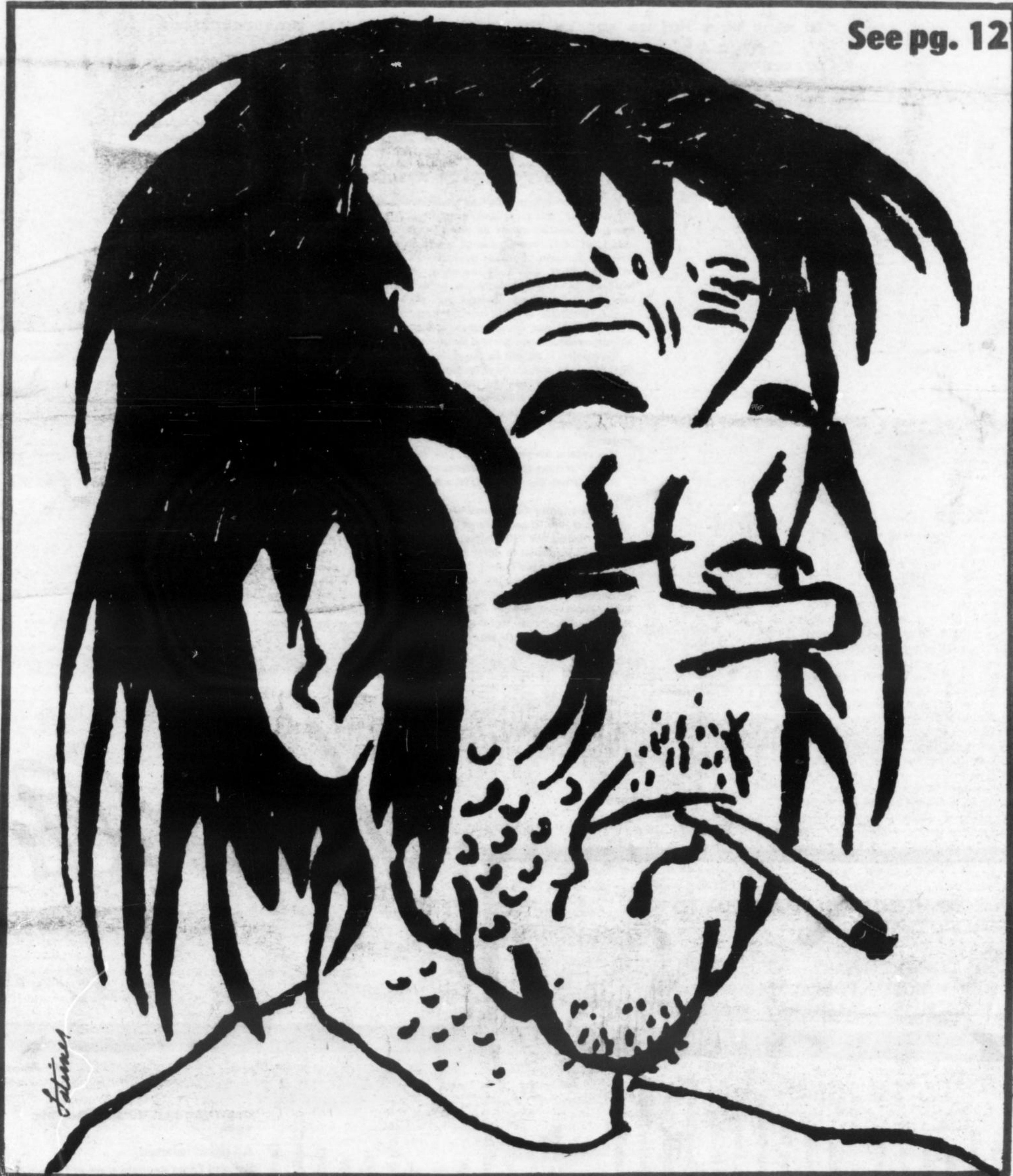


INSIDE: MUTILATION-CASTRATION-TORTURE USA

THE ^{cast} ^{village} OTHER

WHO IS THIS MAN?

See pg. 12



VOLUME FIVE, NUMBER FIFTY-TWO NOV. 24 CITY 25' OUTSIDE 35'

HIRAP

In a recent interview in the Village Voice, John Clellon Holmes, the original Beats' pseudo fellow traveller, expressed his disdain and repulsion of what he calls "that revolutionary stuff" which turns him off. "I can't see all this trashing and bombing and Weatherman nowhow(?). If we go that way we are finished".

Having said his bit, he finishes on a typical note "I guess in the end I am simply an incurable romantic. I believe in spirit change".

In many ways Holmes speaks for those whose static preconceptions prevented them from keeping up with Tim Leary.

Perhaps the following excerpt from one of Tim's recent letters will enable us all to understand a little better what indeed is incomprehensible to the incurable romantics amongst us.

"We are amused by startled speculations about our supposed "conversion" to revolutionary thinking. Almost everything that has been written about us (even in the underground press) is based on blind acceptance of media imagery. The astonishing power of media myopia, neurological inertia! The anguished irritation that we kept evolving, changing, experimenting, learning, blundering, stumbling onto new and higher forms of energy. The puzzled outrage that we wouldn't remain static frozen. We made it quiet explicit from the first days at Harvard that our goal was the complete destruction of every vestige of white bourgeois mechanical mentation.

We spelled it all out in the early 60's. That the great meaning of LSD was serial re-incarnation. It really is a death-rebirth experience. Each time you blow your mind you begin a new life.

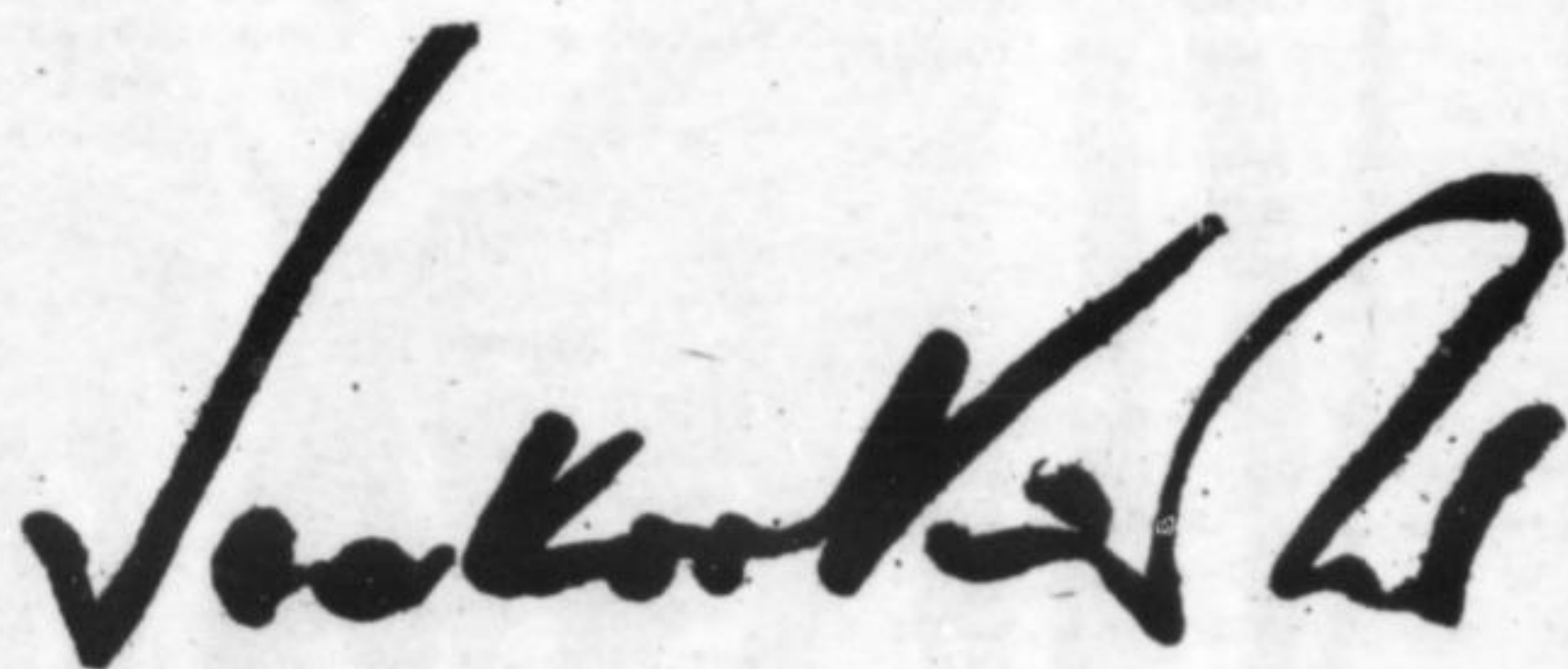
All handwringing soul-searching debate about "violence" is a pig-media scam. Violence is the destruction of life by machines or mechanical men. Amerika was conceived in genocidal violence.

Violence is the national trip. The Yankee trip. Black Panthers for Self Defense are not violent. Weatherman bombing ROTC's & trashing store fronts are not violent.

The possibility that a new breed of Blacks and Young Whites will stand up in self-defense to protect their lives and their homes throws the FBI-Pentagon into a panic. Wild-animal slaves just aren't supposed to defend themselves.

The liberal-hippie fear of the gun is a hypocritical cop-out. Everyone who lives on Amerikan soil relates to The Gun. Is protected by A Gun. You are either protected by the White-racist policeman's Gun. Or you are protected by the Panther Holy Piece. Your home today is protected by Nixon's Offense Department Or Huey's Ministry of Defense."

RIGHT ON, BROTHER TIM !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



ANYONE WISHING TO COMMUNICATE WITH TIM LEARY
ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS AS FOLLOWS:

DR. TIMOTHY LEARY
% BPP - BOITE POSTAL 118
GRANDE POSTE, ALGIERS, ALGERIA

Jaakov Kohn
Allen Katzman
Fred Mogubgub
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MUTILATION CASTRATION TORTURE USA

by **DON JACKSON**

Just north of Santa Barbara, travelers on U.S. 101 pass what appears to be a beautiful school. Its neatly chopped lawns, its unobtrusive cyclone fence, and its majestic location on a hilltop add to the image of tranquil serenity.

It is in fact the Atascadero State Hospital, a maximum security facility designed to treat "sex offenders, sociopaths and cultural deviants." Most of the "patients" are plain, ordinary homosexuals who had the misfortune of being at the wrong place at the wrong time and so were selected by the monstrous lottery called morals law enforcement to fall into the hideous clutches of the doctors at Atascadero.

"Patients" at Atascadero are being tortured and used for savage medical experiments similar to those of Dachau and Buchenwald. Victims of sadistic doctors are being turned into vegetables with brain surgeries, castrated and tortured to the point of death with pain-causing drugs and electrical shocks.

A constant supply of new victims are supplied for the concentration camp by right-wing extremist judges in a few counties.

Under the "Mentally Disordered Sex Offender Act," any person who is suspected of committing a sex crime can be incarcerated at Atascadero until "cured." All sex acts other than solitary masturbation and a married couple fucking with the man on top are defined as "sex crimes" under California law. In several rural counties it is the practice to commit all such suspects to Atascadero. In addition to the homosexual "patients," there are also many heterosexuals. Among them is a young man who allegedly was caught performing an "unnatural sex crime against nature" with his girlfriend in an automobile parked on a secluded road. Another was committed because a woman complained he had "felt her ass" in a crowded elevator. Any act of violence not for gain or vengeance is also considered a sex crime. Originally, this provision was to provide a way to "put away" firebugs, sadists and other people who get a sex turn-on from violence. The law can be used to commit for life someone who, for example, throws a brick through a window but fails to steal anything.

Under the MDSO law, the suspect can be sent to a state "hospital" for observation. They need not be convicted of a crime, or even arrested; thus the inconveniences of a trial and

evidence are avoided. Once committed, the person loses all legal rights, and can be kept in the hospital forever, used for atrocious medical experiments and even murdered.

DEATH PANIC DRUG EXPERIMENTS

The newest experiments tried out by the masters of Atascadero is with death panic and acute anxiety producing drugs. Succinylcholine, a drug causing instant paralysis of all muscles, including those needed for breathing, is forcibly injected into the unwilling "patient." The victim is taken to the "brink of death," and kept alive only through mechanical devices. The doctors admit that at least 167 "patients" were used for the experiments.

The purpose of the experiments, or "exploratory study," was to find out if the drug was effective as "an agent in behavior modification," according to Dr. Martin J. Reimringer, Chief Psychiatrist at Atascadero.

Although the establishment press reported that the "treatment" was used only on "incorrigibly violent inmates," Dr. Reimringer said "The criteria for selecting men for the experiment varied, but included physical or verbal violence, deviant sexual behavior and lack of cooperation." The establishment press account was verified to be a rewrite of an earlier story in "Medical World News" magazine. The Medical World News story was based on a paper by Dr. Reimringer and a telephone conversation with a Dr. Nugent. Both the Medical World News and the establishment newspapers were presumptuous in reporting that the patients were physically violent inmates. The original sources for the story do not indicate how many of the patients were violent, and there is no reason to presume that many, if not most, of the patients were merely verbally violent; nor is there any reason to believe that many, if not most, were "sexual deviants" or merely "uncooperative."

When the drug takes effect, the victim loses all control of his muscles but retains consciousness. Dr. Nugent, Chief Psychiatrist at Vacaville Medical Facility (who also uses the drug) says, "The sensation is one of suffocation and drowning. The patient feels as if he had a heavy weight on his chest and can't get any air into his lungs. The patient feels as if he is on the brink of death."

Then a technician commences to brainwash the victim, scolding him for being "wicked." The doctors feel that the victim might connect the behavior he is being scolded for with the feeling of dying and therefore refrain from such behavior in the future.

"The doctors are in a tenuous legal and ethical position," said the San Francisco Chronicle. Both the state law and ethical rules of the American Medical Association prohibit experiments being performed on patients without their consent.

Dr. Grant H. Morris, professor of law at Wayne State University (Detroit), recently visited Atascadero. "The succinylcholine experiments were conducted in apparent violation of the Nuremberg Code, the Declaration of Helsinki and the AMA's 1966 ethical guidelines for clinical investigation," Dr. Morris said.

The Nuremberg Code provides for an international tribunal to try government officials and doctors for "gross crimes against humanity." The Nuremberg tribunal was set up after the Second World War under international law. Many German doctors were tried and convicted by the tribunal for conducting similar experiments on human victims in the Nazi concentration camps. The AMA ethical guidelines call for expelling doctors who experiment on unwilling "patients."

A private psychiatrist described the drug as "worthless" as a treatment for behavior, and equated it with the worthless experiments of the doctors of Dachau. "The doctors' own statistics show that only 7% of the cases showed any improvement," he said. He also pointed out that the drug could cause severe permanent brain damage because it cuts off the oxygen supply to the brain. "Of course," he said, "a person's behavior can be changed if there is severe brain damage."

CASTRATION PUNISHMENT

Although no judge or other official has the power to order an involuntary castration, Sec. 645 of the State Penal Code provides that an operation "for the prevention of procreation" may be forcibly imposed on anyone found by state doctors to be a "mentally disordered sex offender," or who is convicted of certain sex crimes.

California law provides for "indeterminate" prison sentences. A person given an "indeterminate" sentence remains in prison until the State Parole Board feels that he is "rehabilitated." The Parole Board has a long tradition of refusing to fix the length of sentence for "sex criminals." Therefore, persons convicted of sexual irregularities are virtual lifers. Moralistic judges use the threat of life imprisonment or permanent incarceration in a mental "hospital" as a means of forcing homosexuals, peeping toms and cunt eaters to sign papers to have themselves emasculated.

In cases where the victim still adamantly refuses to sign the papers, one doctor boasts of his ability to coerce men to sign under the influence of a hypnotic drug.

How many such castrations have been performed in California nobody knows. The reluctance of the press to discuss it has kept the public in the dark. When newspapers refer to castration, they customarily substitute the nicer but inaccurate term sterilization. The State Department of Mental Hygiene reports that 19,042 involuntary "sterilizations" have been ordered by judges. What percentage of these operations are vasectomies and what percentage are castrations is not revealed.

San Diego County Superior Court Judge Lawrence N. Turrentile boasts (in Time magazine) of ordering 60 such castrations. Los Angeles County Superior Court Judge Frank C. Collier (retired) claims credit for 41. Warden Duffy (retired) of San Quentin mentions many such castrations at San Quentin in his autobiography. In addition, this writer has personal knowledge of three other such castrations.

One is a boy from Pasadena who enjoyed watching ladies at their bath. One night, he was arrested while quietly peeking through a bathroom window. He is one of the most gentle people I have ever known and has never harmed anyone in his life. He was charged with "disturbing the peace," a misdemeanor, but was threatened with being committed to Atascadero for life by a Pasadena judge unless he agreed to get castrated. The second was a 24-year-old UCLA law student who was charged with "child molestation"—he was having a love affair with a 16-year-old boy. The third was a quiet and refined businessman from Bakersfield who bought pretty fuzzy sweaters for "nice" junior high-aged girls who let him kiss their monkey.

Most psychiatrists say that castration is worthless as a "treatment" for sexual deviation, since sexual differences are in the mind, not in the sex organs.

During the Nuremberg trials, many psychiatric authorities testified for the prosecution, stating that there is a primitive drive called the castration drive, and that some depraved people get a sexual thrill and ejaculate while witnessing or performing castrations. Other witnesses testified that the "doctors" demonstrated such a perversion; and that many of the concentration camp "doctors" were not doctors at all but merely guards, SS men or military officials who had seen the operation performed and insisted on performing it themselves.

An omission was made in my last week's article. That black guy, smiling at you from the picture, was none other than pig BOSS agent, Ralph White, who sometimes goes by the name "Jawal." Forewarned is forearmed.

Court began on Monday, Nov. 16, with pig Roberts taking the stand again, and having been recched during the recess, began tracing his previous 'testimony.' He said that he went to a security meeting at Hassan's on March 27, 1969, where he said that he saw Shaba Om, Afeni, Lumumba, Eddie Josephs, Kinshasa and Lonnie Epps. Anyone else? He needed his script again—yes, Michael Tabor. What about Walter Johnson? Oh, yes, he was there too. Kinshasa then allegedly asked Roberts to give Afeni a rundown on the department stores. An objection that Roberts was at no time a part of the conspiracy was overruled. Roberts then assigned his statements to Johnson, about the prime targets being Macy's and Alexander's. Kinshasa then said that, although Afeni had said she felt that there were no reliable sisters, he wanted her to pick two sisters anyway. He said that he wanted Johnson and Roberts to get gasoline. The defense again objected when Phillips asked if Kinshasa had said anything about aerosol cans, as that was a blatantly leading question, but the objection was overruled. Roberts needed his script again, and then said, yes, and went into a description of molotov cocktails and aerosol bombs, and what was the best way of making them. Did Kinshasa say anything about Curtis Powell? Yes, Powell would tell them how to make gunpowder. What else about gunpowder? Shaba Om and Epps were to get certain chemicals, Josephs and Johnson were to get sulphur, etc. Was there a map? Yes, and Kinshasa had circled certain sites of the New Haven railroad, where they would take a molotov cocktail and wrap two aerosol bombs around it to put on the tracks. A precinct was also encircled as the first target to be hit. On the following day they would hit the stores. When Phillips started asking about McKiever, the defense again objected, but again, it was overruled, so Roberts went on to say that Kinshasa had said that McKiever wanted to resign from the security group, but that Kinshasa would not let him. McKiever allegedly said that his piece was nonfunctional, but he was allegedly told that, once in the security group, you don't get out of it that easily. If you wanted to get out, you were, in effect, asking to be 'iced', as you would become too great a security risk. Phillips wanted Roberts to repeat this piece of 'testimony', the defense objected, but Murtagh overruled, so Roberts repeated the whole story. Did Lumumba say anything? Objection-leading/overruled. Lumumba said he had some time fuses, but that they would be saved for later.

Did Roberts go to Hassan's on March 28? Yes, and he saw Curtis Powell, Lonnie Epps, Eddie Josephs, Kinshasa, Michael Tabor. Anyone else? Roberts needed his script again—yes, Johnson and Shaba Om. Roberts then went on to say that there was a conversation between Powell and Kinshasa, where Powell allegedly said that he was only sorry that other branches of the BPP didn't have a guerilla team and that SDS was planning to take over Columbia around April 14. Did Powell say anything about New Jersey? Objection-leading/overruled. Yes, he said he would go to Jersey to pick up chemicals. Did a dry firing class follow? Yes. Was anything said about charcoal? No. Look at your script again. Roberts did so, and then said that Hassan had told them that he would get charcoal. Roberts then said that Kinshasa, Tabor, Hassan and Shaba Om all had guns at the meeting.

On March 29, Roberts said that he, Shaba Om, Epps and Kinshasa had a physical drill in Van Cortlandt Park. In a conversation, Kinshasa said that he would get potassium and that Powell was going to New Jersey to pick up chemicals. Why? Roberts checked his script again—for bombs. Phillips next asked Roberts if he

had gone to a subway station on March 30. Objection-leading/overruled. Roberts said that Kinshasa had called him and asked him to bring some pills to his job at a certain subway station. Roberts brought the pills and then told Kinshasa that he had aerosol cans. Kinshasa told him to keep them until he was told what to do with them. Did Kinshasa say anything about dynamite? Objection-leading/overruled, so Roberts said that Kinshasa had told him that the security section might not get to do the pig stations because there was no dynamite. What other actions? One man would take each railroad station and each man would "do his own thing." Bill Crain moved to have that piece of ridiculous testimony stricken, but Murtagh denied the motion, saying once again that everything would be taken "subject to connection". (This might be a good time to explain that phrase "subject to connection" which is the byword for pigs like Murtagh and Phillips, the governments pet in a conspiracy case. If you remember, Murtagh instructed the prospective jurors that "the guilt of one may be the guilt of all" and that is what STC is all about. Phillips can introduce a gun or a statement, allegedly belonging to one of the defendants, that piece of 'evidence' is then taken against that defendant and then taken "subject to connection" against all the other defendants—even if they were no where around, maybe even in jail at the time (as Joan Bird was during most of this alleged conspiracy)—all part of the Murtagh/Phillips "no bit player" theory that they hope will enable to incarcerate the "21" forever.)

So Roberts went on to March 31, saying that there was another security meeting at Carolyn Lewis' house, but when he got there there was no one there. (Now this was two nights before all hell was to break loose (in the pigs eyes, anyway) so no one shows up for a security meeting???? You can bet the pigs showed up for the security meeting in THEIR conspiracy.) Roberts then called the BPP Hq and spoke to Shaba Om, who told him to come over there. When he got there he said that he saw Johnson, Hassan, Epps, Josephs and Shaba Om. Shaba Om then allegedly told him that Kinshasa wanted them to get medical packs and gas masks. The defense objected to this hearsay evidence, but it was overruled. Roberts stuck around and went on to say that Sharon Williams told him... but he was interrupted by Phillips who said that he couldn't say that—did he receive a message from Miss Williams? Objection-leading/overruled. He got a message to wait for Dharuba, McKiever and Kinshasa, who came into the office with BPP papers. At 10pm Roberts allegedly left for Baltimore with Dharuba, Tabor and Kinshasa. They arrived at 6:30 the next morning. Captain Hart met them and brought them an M14. Kinshasa and Roberts took turns disassembling and reassembling it, when they wrapped it in towels, put it in a guitar case, and left for N.Y. They got back to N.Y. at about 11am and took the guitar case to Tabor's apartment. The rest of the day was spent seeing about renting a car and delivering papers. At around 9 o'clock, Pig Roberts went to the Grand Jury to arrange for the massive pre-dawn raids to take place on 5AM April 2.

This made up the major portion of Roberts' testimony, but Phillips forgot to ask him about three days, so he had to go back. Did Roberts go to BPP Hq on Jan. 16, 1969? He went because he had office duty that day, and witnessed a conversation between Johnson and Dharuba. Johnson allegedly gave Dharuba some money for a gun, so Roberts asked Dharuba if he could get him one. Dharuba said yes, for 50 or 60 dollars. Sandy Katz asked that that last bit of testimony be stricken, as it was clearly hearsay, but Murtagh overruled, suggesting that Katz read the new penal law. Katz replied that the new penal law would have nothing to do with whether an agent can act and bind a defendant. Phillips and Murtagh indulged in speeches, congratulating themselves on the new

BIG BROTHER IS FRAMING YOU TOO

by
JACKIE FRIEDRICH

penal law and vamping on the defense in front of the jury. When Bill Crain tried to object to this public relations ploy, Murtagh called him out of order. Roberts then said that he had seen Kinshasa, Hassan and Henry in a rented car, and that Kinshasa had given him the receipt for the car to give to Clark Squires. Did Roberts go to the BPP HQ on Jan. 17? Yes, he had office duty again, and said that Fred Richardson had called looking for Lumumba, who wasn't there. Sekou came in, also looking for Lumumba. At 7:30 Squires came in to pick up buttons, posters, etc, to bring them to Rockland Palace. Woods, and McKiever went with him. At 9:30 Lumumba and Afeni came in to take over office duty. Did Roberts have a conversation with Hassan on Jan 18? Yes, Hassan told him not to talk about assignments to anyone because he thought there were informers in the party.

Phillips then picked up the M14, asking if it was the one picked up in Baltimore. Yes. Phillips then tried to prove that it was, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the same gun because of some rust on it. He then went through most of the guns in evidence, asking Roberts to tie them to the defendants. All objections raised by the defense were overruled, with Murtagh even allowing evidence about people not on trial here, "subject to connection".

Did Roberts go to New Jersey with any of the defendants? Yes, he went with Dharuba, Tabor, & Powell to Linden to see a party member who was having some problems, but he wasn't there. Coming back, their car was stopped on Houston Street, because the rented car they were in was defective. Did they have guns? Well, Dharuba said that he was glad the pigs didn't ask them to get out of the car because they all had weapons, and Powell said that his gun had a hair trigger, and Tabor said that he had his stuff too. Phillips then entered his bugging device into evidence.

The defense objected, saying that the device had not been possessed by any of the defendants, and that there was no testimony proving that this was the same one. The objection was overruled, and the bugging device received into evidence. Detective Joe Williams took the stand and Weinstein took over the questioning. Williams is another one from BOSS and has government licenses in radio telephone and radio telegraph. He then presented the bugging transmitter and attache case holding the receiver, and the "evidence" was passed around for the defendants to look at. As they were looking at it, Murtagh asked that the defendants not "tamper" with it and that counsel see to it that they didn't. Crain objected to the prejudicial word "tamper" and Murtagh objected to Crains objection. Williams then showed how a bug was used and then the jury got to look at the equipment, with no instructions being given about not "tampering" with it. Williams said that he had been given a special assignment on March 11. He was given his equipment and told to go to 114th st and 8th avenue with another pig. They picked up a signal at about 8:30, and the reception told them were to drive their car. They stayed there, taping a "meeting" for about a half an hour until the meeting was over. They then drove around a 6 block radius, until they picked up the signal again, about a half hour later, and started recording again, at about 7th avenue and 110th street, spending about 15-30 minutes there. Sandy Katz objected on 4th and 6th amendment grounds. He said that

there was no evidence that this was obtained pursuant to a court order or warrant, and cited many cases supporting him; there must be probable cause in an application for a search warrant, and there is an obligation to give people a warning before invading their privacy. This was overruled by Murtagh. Bill Crain then cited some cases, asking that there be a cross examination on the tape out of the presence of the jury, to see whether or not it was admissible. If it turns out not to be admissible, the jury will know that it was in question and that might prejudice them. The defense, by law, should be allowed to hear the tape first. This, too, was denied by Murtagh. Sandy Katz asked whether or not the voices could be identified, but Murtagh said this was all "subject to connection".

Williams went on to say that it sounded like the ones being bugged were climbing mountains. Mc Kinney objected, saying that that was subjective, not at all verbatim, and prejudicial—overruled. Williams then said that "they" seemed to be out of breath. Lefcourt objected, saying that the uses of the words "they" and "the group" were prejudicial—overruled. Williams then said that "they" said, "Come the revolution, we'll take this hill." and then he said he saw them leaving the park—a group of at least 6 of them running in formation, and he turned off his recorder because of the noise made by "combat boots" on pavement. He said that he tried to follow them, but that the traffic was too light and they would be noticed. When they heard "the group" going upstairs and the meeting resuming, they re-positioned their car and started taping again, spending about two hours there. Williams said that he heard voices discussing a "plot" — "a conspiracy." He said "the group" described trips to department stores like Macys, Korvettes and Abercrombie and Fitch. He then went back to his office, labeled the tape and put it in the evidence file.

Gerry Lefcourt got up to question Williams, who has been working for BOSS for the past five years. Was he acquainted with many such devices? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Does he use tapes to monitor phones? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. How many other devices has he installed? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. In March of 69 did he install any devices in the investigation of the BPP? No. Did he know Detective Roberts? No. (That's how BOSS works. BOSS seems to be following the cell structure shown in "The Battle of Algiers" — not the BPP) Did he know whether Roberts worked for BOSS or not? No. Is that the policy? Yes. Does Williams usually just drop equipment off? Yes. Did he measure the footage on the tape recorder? No, it was approximately 1800 feet. Did he measure it when he got back? No. How many keys were there to the cabinet it was locked in? Three. Is exhibit 33 a copy or the original? The original. Could Williams see on the label where it said "copy"? Yes. He then said that he made another

copy simultaneously, and marked the original "copy", and the simultaneous tape "original." He made other copies, but didn't recall when. Did he make a report about March 11? Yes. Where is his report? In his office. Would he be able to tell if five or ten feet of the tape were missing? No. How many times did he turn the recorder off and on? Any number of times. Did he see the group coming out of Central Park? Yes. Were they sneaking out? No, they were jogging in formation. Was someone giving orders? No, they were shouting "hup, hup, hup." Did he see them go into the building? No.

Sandy Katz took over the questioning and asked Williams if he had taken any notes while the monitor was on and the tape recorder off. Williams hadn't because he said he had to watch out for his safety in the dangerous neighborhood he was in. What was the length of time that the tape recorder would be off, while the monitor was on? About 15 minutes at a time. Was the statement "Come the revolution, we'll take this hill" recorded? Yes, Has he heard the tape since? Parts of it. Did he recall anything that wasn't on the tape? No. Anything about bombing precincts? No. Killing pigs? No. Bombing department stores? No. Bombing roses and petunias in the Bronx Botanical Gardens? No. Murtagh then admonished Sandy for his tone of voice and choice of words. Did he know if the group in the park was the same as the group in the apartment? No. Were the defendants carrying guns? Williams couldn't see any. How many copies of the tape were made? Only one more. Did Williams make it? He thinks so. Is it difficult to edit tapes? Williams didn't know. Is it possible? Yes. Is it difficult to erase? No. Is it difficult to dub? No. Did he ever dub? No. Did he know how to do it? Yes. Did he ever speak to Roberts prior to March 11? Williams didn't recall. Had he met with him since? No. Had he heard his voice? After that tape. Did he hear Roberts' voice on the tape? Yes. Frequently? No. Did he have a lot to say? Not a lot. Did he talk about bombs? Not him specifically. Were there any long gaps? Yes. Did he have any idea that this taping involved the BPP? No. Was Williams', (who is black) partner black? Yes. How were they dressed? Conducive to the area they were in. Except for the attache case, there was nothing unusual about them or their car being in that neighborhood? Correct.

At the end of the day Gerry Lefcourt again made a motion that copies of Roberts' report be made available to the defense. One copy was obviously not enough for eight people. Murtagh denied the motion and court was recessed for the day.

On Tues. Nov. 17, Bob Bloom took over the questioning of Williams, whose memo book from the night of March 11 was taken into evidence. He had only written about two lines in it, however, due to his



Exclusive Daily World photo.

Police informer Gene Roberts (center, with beard, whiteshirt) stands with clenched fist raised as member of honor guard at funeral of Black Panther leader John Huggins in New Haven, Conn. last year. To Roberts' left are Black Panthers Janet Cyril, and Erica Huggins. Miss Huggins goes on trial next week in New Haven along with Panther chairman Bobby (Seale). This week, New York Police detective Roberts surfaced as a plant in the Panther organization, testifying for the prosecution in the "conspiracy" trial of Panthers in New York City.

apprehension of the neighborhood, where he saw a lot of people nodding out. Was there a lot of drugs and crime? "... something of a suspicious nature." Williams had explained one technically possible reason for blips on the tape, but could blips be caused by dubbing? Yes. Could skips on the tape be caused by faulty dubbing? Yes. If anywhere the operator (guy wearing bug) went he would pick up the voices of those around him, was it conceivable that he would have picked up a lot of voices? Possible. Voices of innocent people? Possible. Was it possible to monitor a lot of people? Possible. Almost anyone in the city? Possible.

When Carol Lefcourt took over the questioning, Williams said that he had only done this kind of thing once or twice before. (He had previously testified that it made up 10 to 20% of his job) Was he always aware who he was monitoring? Not all the time. They don't necessarily tell you? No, he would be instructed to monitor certain groups, and then could sometimes identify them by their conversation.

Jerry Lefcourt stood up to ask a few more questions, causing Murtagh to emit one of his snide, demonic grins that could chill blood. Jerry asked Williams if he had testified in a previous case involving members of the BPP. He had. Was his previous testimony that monitoring took up 10 or 20% of his work? Yes. Did he remember that in that previous trial he had testified that monitoring took up 90% of his work? Possible.

Piglet stood up again and started asking Williams about speed differentials, because it turns out that although the pigs had just gotten this \$2000.00 recorder three days before March 11, the speed was faulty. The tape recorder was entered into evidence and Williams gave a demonstration on how it worked. After this, Murtagh took the time to declare that in the court's eyes, both tapes were "originals". (The copy marked "original had been recorded at a "one second lag" by holding the

mike of that recorder (Uher recorder) up to the monitor (Kel)-but a second leaves enough time for a pig to select what he's monitoring) Crain objected to Murtagh's speech, and Murtagh told him he was out of order, adding the proper emphasis on each syllable. So Weinstein continued, preparing questions that only needed yes or no answers, they were so complete in themselves. Sandy Katz objected to that line of questioning, but was overruled. Williams then said that he refrained from writing in his memo book, because, due to the kind of neighborhood he was in, writing his memos might endanger the lives of his fellow undercover agents.

Bill Crain tried to question Williams, but Phillips kept interrupting, first telling Crain that he was not referring to the exhibits properly, and then telling him that he was not phrasing his questions properly—liberties belonging only to teacher's pet. Crain went on to question Williams about the differences between the Uher recording and the Kel recording, getting him to admit that any sounds that took place near or in the monitoring car, would pick up on the Uher recording (marked "original") and not on the Kel (marked "copy"). Thus, Crain objected to the introduction of the Uher tape, because, 1) it was made after the original and 2) it has extraneous, ambiguous sounds that did not come from the scene of the bug. As lucid, as legal, and as logical as that was, Murtagh denied the motion and Detective Anthony Saranio, of the D.A.'s office took the stand. An electronics technician, he said that he made a copy of the tape on Nov. 5, 1970, but recorded it at a different speed because the speed on the other recording had been "faulty".

Ed Cavanagh, a criminal law investigator from the D.A.'s office took the stand. His job had been to work with pig Roberts in providing a transcript of the tape (the third tape). He said that there were sections that were inaudible and that Gene Roberts supplied him with the

identity of the other people on the tape. (Who would be better—Phillips maybe?) Bill Crain asked that the court allow the defense to hear the tapes before the testimony went on any further. The motion was denied. Crain then said that a later ruling of the court might prove useless because the knowledge of the prejudicial nature of the tapes would be in the jury's mind anyway. That motion was also denied.

Sandy Katz got up to question Cavanagh, who said that it took two weeks for him to transcribe the tape. How many hours? 8-10 hours a day. What was the first time he had heard the tape in its entirety? A week after starting—after having made up the transcript. Cavanagh said that on first hearing the tape, he immediately found out, just how difficult it was to hear it. Inaudible? At that time. What did he do to make it audible? Played it over and over. He then said that the third copy of the tape was more audible than the "original". With the assistance of Roberts and repeated hearings, could he make sense out of the tape? Yes. Did Roberts have notes with him? Yes, a skeleton transcript. Was he there most of the time? Yes. Did he ask Roberts any questions? Yes, Roberts would supply his version. Did he take Roberts' version? Sometimes. Did he reject it? Sometimes. Accept it? Sometimes. Did they debate anything? Yes. Did he ask Roberts what certain idioms meant? Yes. Were there many drafts of the skeleton transcript? One. How many drafts were finally made? Three. Were there deletions made from the final transcript? Not sure. Additions? Yes, sir, definite additions. Who prepared the skeleton draft? Gene Roberts, Ralph White and others. Not in Cavanagh's presence? No. Cavanagh, who threw away his notes on the transcript, then said that there might be a major change of substance in the different transcripts. Did he ever disagree with Roberts about the identification of voices? Yes. Was Roberts the final arbiter of voice identity? Yes.

When McKinney took over the

cross examination, Cavanagh said that when disagreements arose, he would deem the section "inaudible". That was a question of judgement? Yes. Were there times when Roberts may have been correct? Possible, but not likely. Did the skeleton transcript, prepared by Roberts, White, and others, prompt the final transcript? Yes. So, Cavanagh had never heard the tapes without a transcript? Yes, correct.

Sandy Katz asked him where the skeleton transcript was, but Cavanagh didn't know, and Roberts took the stand again. Phillips had him look at the final transcript and asked him if it was the same as the conversation that took place on March 11, 1969. Roberts said that that was most of it, and Phillips asked to play parts of it. Sandy Katz said that the court must rule whether or not the tape was audible out of the presence of the jury, so the jury was excused. Jerry Lefcourt objected that the defense had asked for this much earlier, and that now they were placed in a position that if the evidence were not admitted, the jury would think that the tapes were really incriminating. That now they were only further prejudicing the jury, and that the transcripts should be excluded and it should be up to the jury to determine what was being said on the tape. The prosecution made the tape and the transcripts and they can only be allowed to draw their own conclusions. The motion was denied. Then, for some reason, Murtagh again started vamping on Bill Crain, calling him many names and saying that the "court is straining to be fair to your clients" which brought laughter from the "clients", and when Crain tried to defend himself, Murtagh declared him completely out of order, with "no comprehension of basics." Bloom started to defend Crain, but they were both ordered to sit down. The prosecution then handed out copies of the transcript to all the press, hoping to make the evening editions. The tape was totally inaudible, except for Gene Roberts. Bob Bloom objected, saying that the

entire tape should be played, not just the parts selected by the prosecution. Phillips said that he would play it anytime or anyplace. Bloom said, here and now. Phillips said that the rest of the tape was just noise (so was this part) and Murt helped him by asking, "Inaudible?" Phillips said yes, and Murt said that the court ruled that the parts Phillips didn't want to play would not be heard. Jerry Lefcourt said that the defense had asked for the tapes 8 months ago, and that since it might be played for the jury tomorrow, they would hear just what was audible and what was inaudible. Crain stood and said that he'd like to make an objection, but Murt screamed "BE SEATED!" Crain said that he represented a client here and Murt stood up, screaming, "IF YOU WON'T BE SEATED, I WILL START CONTEMPT CHARGES!" Crain sat and immediately stood up again. Murt "YOU ARE IN CONTEMPT OF COURT!" and Murt went on to say that the court ruled that Phillips could play whatever he wanted to play. Jerry said that the entire reel was in evidence; that three copies were in evidence. Phillips said that he would only play what he wanted. Crain said that the entire tape should be played and cited rulings in other cases to support him. Murt said that he didn't recognize those cases in HIS court and declared that Crain was trying to mislead him. Crain told him that if Monday's transcript were to be read back, the point would be cleared up. Murt answered that he would adhere to his previous ruling—that Phillips could do what he wanted. The inaudible tape started again, and Michael Tabor rose and said "Your honor, it is impossible to follow the transcript." but Murt said that he would not tolerate any interruption. Phillips decided to play the tape page by page, and announce when each new page was beginning. Murt liked this idea. Bill Crain made a motion that the court stenographer try to take down what was said on the tape, and use that to rule on audibility, but Murt said that "... the court does not adopt that procedure" and that they would follow Phillips plan. (The court won't follow the procedure of its OWN STENOGRAPHER taking down what's said?????) The tape started again, and Kinshasa called out, "Hey Murt, what page are we on?" Murt played deaf and Jerry Lefcourt said that if there were no transcript he would have no idea of what was being said. Murt wanted to hold the argument, although the tape was blatantly inaudible. Jerry repeated that it was so inaudible that now was the appropriate time to rule on it. Murt said no, and tried to cool out the defendants by saying "gentlemen", but one of the defendants interrupted, saying, "We're no gentlemen." Phillips took on his tattletale role again to say that some of the defendants were making noise, and that's why Murt couldn't hear. He went on to say that in the spots marked "inaudible" there was a time given, so the defendants should look at the time given, pause and count up to that number. No one could hear because the defendants were talking and BOUNCING PAPERS ON THEIR DESKS. (BOUNCING PAPERS ON THEIR DESKS?????) Sandy Katz said that blaming it on the defendants was nonsense, the tape was completely inaudible. Murt interrupted, saying that it was being shown for him, and that the defense was not helping, that they should give him a chance and "assist the cooperation" of their clients. Jerry stood up, but Murt said, "You be seated. The rudest thing I can think of is when someone is talking, for someone to stand..." at that time both Jerry and Bill were standing, and Murt told them they were both

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interview with andy stapp: ONE MAN'S BATTLE WITH THE BRASS

by CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Last month, Simon and Shuster published a new book by Andy Stapp, the GI who singlehandedly organized the beginnings of the American Servicemen's Union [ASU], an organization of soldiers dedicated to destroying the American military machine as we know it. Stapp's book, "Up Against the Brass," is a witty, yet highly political account of his battle with the military monster. In it he discusses his two court-martials, his organizing efforts, and the history of his blitzkrieg with the Army.

We spoke with Andy shortly after the book was released.

CD: WHAT MADE YOU JOIN THE ARMY?

AS: I joined primarily to organize against the war from inside the armed services. At first, I just tried to build a core of guys who were opposed to the war and would fight against it. What happened after a year was that Military Intelligence got wind of my activities and they ordered me to open my footlocker—which had a pile of anti-war literature in it. I refused. So, I was Court-Martialed. Out of the Court-Martial came the American Servicemen's Union. A lot of GIs sympathized with my position and they began organizing.

CD: YOUR ORGANIZATION, THE AMERICAN SERVICEMEN'S UNION, IS OPEN TO ALL GIs BUT NOT TO OFFICERS. WHY IS THAT?

AS: It's a class thing. On the whole, officers are the enemies of the GI. Our organization exists for the ordinary soldier and not for his enemy. I say that officers are the GI's enemy because, in the Army, officers and soldiers live in two different worlds. The officers have all the privileges. The soldiers have all the shit. An enlisted man gets about \$1,400 a year in pay. A General gets somewhere from \$50,000 up. The officers are all completely for the war, with one or two exceptions. But they don't die in the war. It's the GIs who die!

for the torture murder of a vietnamese. he was sentenced to only six months!

CD: CAN YOU CITE SOME OF THE OTHER INEQUITIES?

AS: Sure. Military law has an absolute double standard when it comes to brass and enlisted men. For example, an organizer for the American Servicemen's Union named Mike Smith was

sentenced to six months for refusing to salute an officer. Contrast that with an officer who was recently tried for the torture murder of a Vietnamese. He was sentenced to only six months! And of course, that officer didn't have to serve his six months' jail sentence. His sentence was suspended! Whereas Smith had to serve six months in the most brutal stockade for refusing to give an officer a simple salute.

The My Lai massacre is another example of Army justice being unequally applied. Take Lt. Calley, who is charged with murdering over a hundred human beings! He's not under pre-trial confinement! He's traveling all around the country like some kind of celebrity, getting thousand-dollar checks from the American Legion, shaking hands with such heroes as George Wallace. At the same time, there are four GIs stationed at Fort Gordon in Georgia who asked their fellow soldiers to bring them information about war crimes in Vietnam. These guys were arrested, thrown into the stockade, and are facing thirty years in prison on "subversion" charges. None of these guys can get bail.

an officer rarely lands in the stockade.

CD: IS THERE ANY BAIL IN THE MILITARY?

AS: None.

CD: SO HOW COME LT. CALLEY IS RUNNING AROUND THE COUNTRY WITH THE AMERICAN LEGION?

AS: Calley wasn't bailed out. The officer class, of which he is a member, has the power to dispose of his case as they see fit. And because he's a brother officer, they chose not to put him into pre-trial confinement.

CD: DO YOU THINK LT. CALLEY WILL BE CONVICTED? AT THE MOMENT IT LOOKS LIKE THE PENTAGON AND THE HOUSE ARMED SERVICES COMMITTEE ARE CONSPIRING TO SWEEP THE WHOLE INCIDENT UNDER THE RUG.

AS: I think Calley will probably get off. An officer rarely lands in the stockade. At Fort Leavenworth, there are 600 prisoners in the stockade. Of those 600 prisoners, only SEVEN are officers. Officers just don't get convicted of crimes. If by some fluke they do get convicted, conditions are much better for them in prison than for enlisted men. At Leavenworth, the officers have their own separate billet, tv, radio, all the books they want. They don't even have to go out on work detail. In the Fort Dix stockade there are six... maybe seven hundred prisoners... not one of whom is an officer. Officers aren't convicted of

crimes because the Army's so-called system of "justice" is entirely brass controlled. A Commanding General will order a Court-Martial—that's how it begins. He'll appoint OFFICERS to serve as the jury. He'll appoint an OFFICER to be the judge. He'll appoint yet more officers to serve as defense counsel. HE will review the case, if there is to be an appeal. There's no such thing as a jury of peers in military justice; the whole game is brass controlled. I don't see how a GI can expect to get a fair shake with those kinds of cards stacked against him.

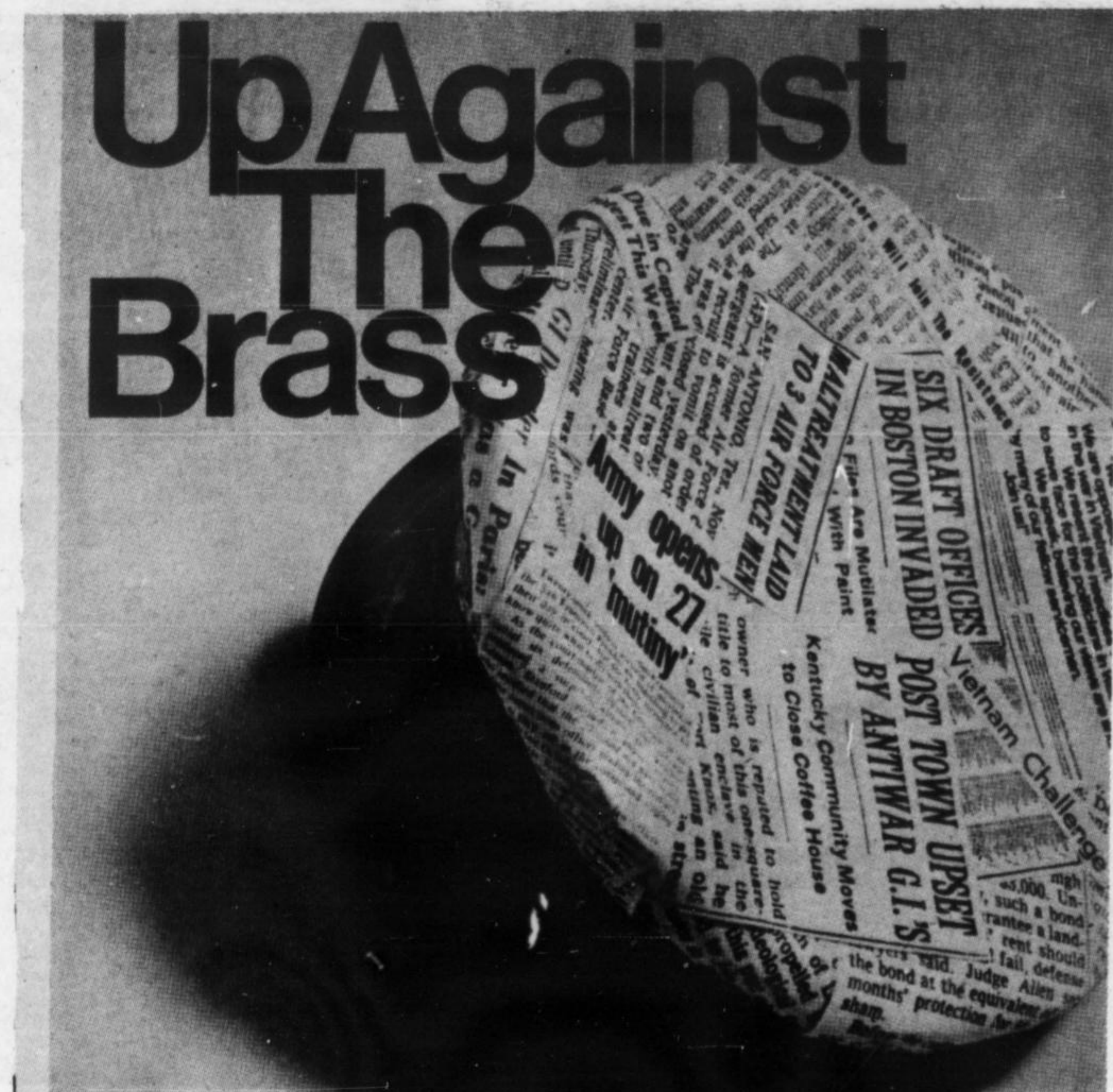
CD: WHAT HAPPENS IN THE FEW INSTANCES WHERE AN

OFFICER ACTUALLY IS COURT-MARTIALED?

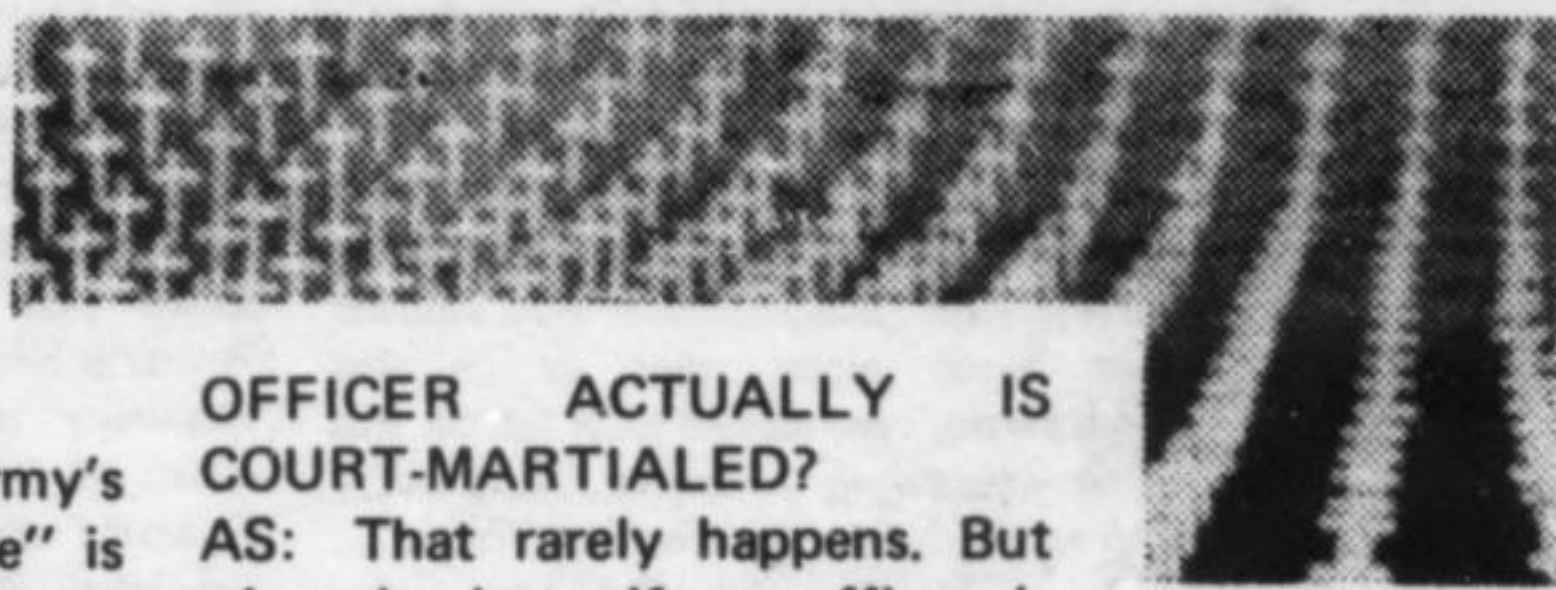
AS: That rarely happens. But when it does, if an officer is found guilty, he is almost never sent to the stockade. What an officer usually gets is a discharge—"a separation for the good of the service." There's no such similar discharge for enlisted men.

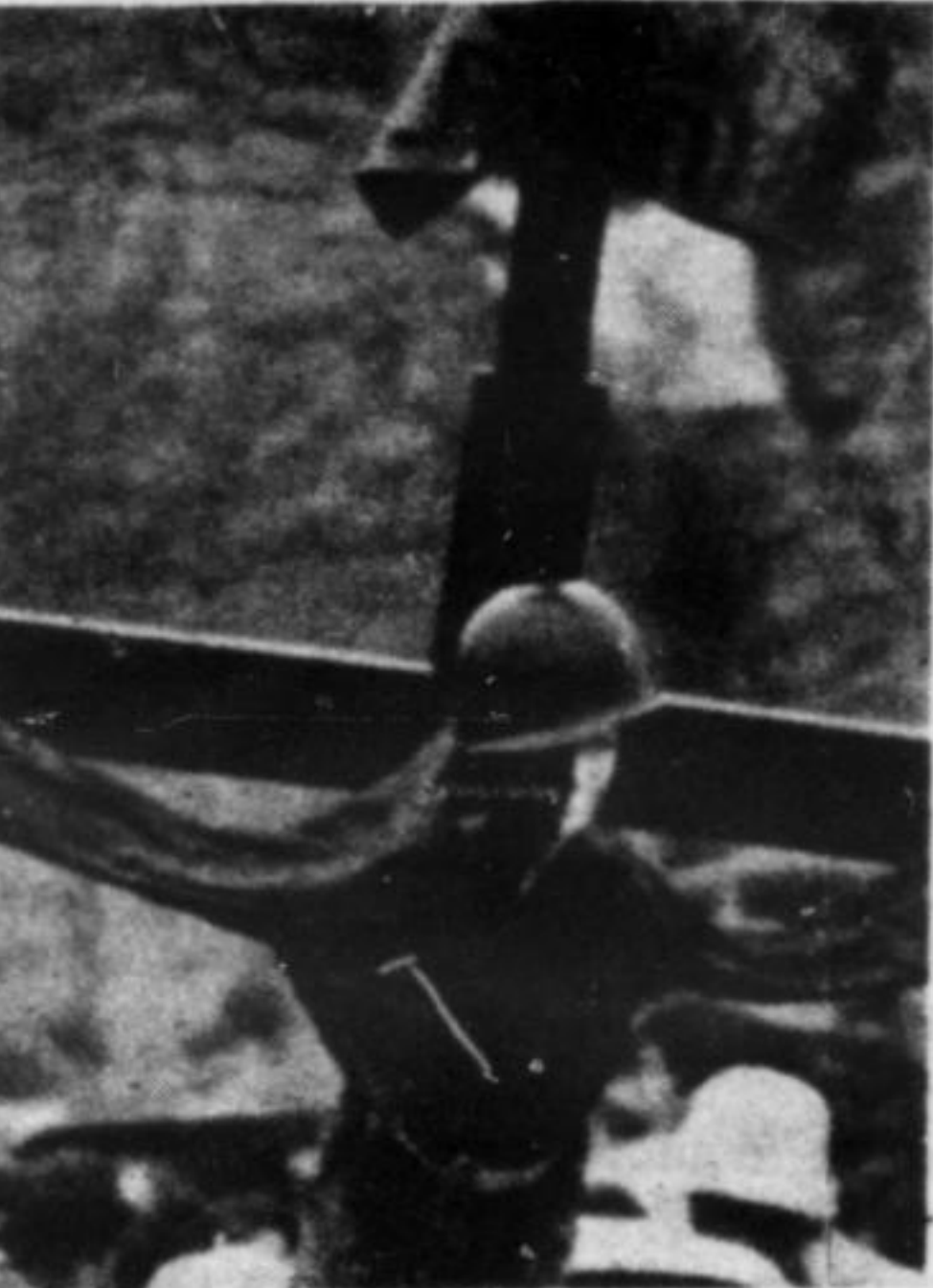
CD: IN THE MY LAI CASE, HAS THERE BEEN ANY DIFFERENCE IN THE LEGAL TREATMENT OF THE OFFICERS—LT. CALLEY, FOR INSTANCE—AND SOME OF THE GIs WHO ARE CHARGED WITH PARTICIPATING IN THE MASSACRE?

Up Against The Brass



The amazing story of the fight to unionize the United States Army
Andy Stapp





THE MY LAI MASSACRE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE OFFICIAL VERSION: BATTLE WEARY MEN WHO WERE UNHAPPY BECAUSE SOME OF THEIR PALS HAD BEEN KNOCKED OUT AT "PINKVILLE?" ARE YOU SAYING THAT THE SLAUGHTER WAS PLANNED BY THE ARMY AND THE CIA AND THAT IT WASN'T A FREAK EVENT, AN ACCIDENT?

AS: Most definitely. An intelligence officer for the Americal Division, in a UPI dispatch, said that the CIA gave them the names of the people to be executed as part of something known as "Operation Phoenix." "Operation Phoenix" is a terror operation carried out by the U.S. military against the families of guerrillas. It's an assassination program. Frankly, the whole thing was so well planned and so officially sanctioned that General Westmoreland sent a telegram of congratulations to the unit the very next day. The CIA operative who directed the slaughter was awarded some high Vietnamese medal for "successful completion of the operation at the Songmy complex."

Ultimately, I feel the real criminals in the My Lai incident are the officers and the military structure that forced men into that kind of situation. But, one of the goals of the American Servicemen's Union is to smash the chain of command, so that GIs will feel confident in refusing to obey immoral or illegal orders. We work at organizing this kind of healthy disaffection.

CD: FOR A WHILE THIS FALL, IT LOOKED AS IF THE UNITED STATES MIGHT BE SENDING TROOPS OVER TO JORDAN ON THE PRETENSE OF SAVING THE AIRLINE HOSTAGES THAT WERE HELD NEAR AMMANN. WHILE THERE SEEMED TO BE ABSOLUTELY NO ENTHUSIASM FOR A SECOND WAR HERE, AT HOME, HOW DID THE GIs ABROAD—WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN SENT TO FIGHT THIS WAR—REACT? WAS THERE ANY RESISTANCE?

AS: There was organizing against a possible invasion of Jordan. An ASU chapter in Germany put out mimeographed sheets protesting Nixon's Mid-East alert. A lot of the guys

fort dix stockade was condemned as unfit in 1940

stationed in Germany were the ones who were going to be shipped to Jordan, so the leaflets were important. I can't say for sure, but I think if the orders to invade had actually come through, an awful lot of GIs would have refused to go.

CD: LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT FOR A MOMENT. YOUR BOOK, "UP AGAINST

THE BRASS," IS REALLY A RATHER FUNNY PIECE OF NON-FICTION. IT SORT OF READS LIKE THE ADVENTURES OF A LEFT-WING SERGEANT BILKO...

AS: It's not really meant to be funny. The situation for soldiers in the Army is deadly serious—DEADLY SERIOUS! I mean, it's a life and death struggle. There are guys in Fort Leavenworth stockade who are there for killing seven officers. About 20-30% of the officers killed in Vietnam are actually killed by their own men!

CD: I CAN BELIEVE YOU. I REMEMBER MY FATHER SAYING THAT IF HE HAD EVER GOTTEN NEAR HIS SERGEANT IN A BATTLEFIELD DURING WORLD WAR II, HE WOULD HAVE SHOT HIM. BUT STILL, WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR EVIDENCE FROM?

AS: Well, I've been working with Viet veterans for three years now. If I've heard it from one guy, I wouldn't know whether or not to believe it. I've talked to dozens of guys you've witnessed this kind of thing.

CD: ON YET ANOTHER SUBJECT, WE OCCASIONALLY READ ARTICLES IN THE UNDERGROUND PRESS ABOUT DEPLORABLE CONDITIONS IN THE ARMY STOCKADES—ABOUT BRUTALITY, MALNUTRITION AND MISTREATMENT. WHAT ARE CONDITIONS REALLY LIKE?

AS: The stockades are unbelievable. Inside the army's prisons, systematic torture is carried on. In Fort Dix, New Jersey, we know of cases where the prison officials strapped GIs' wrists to their ankles and let them lie like that for forty-eight hours. After a while, the guys would develop convulsions and pass out. When the guards came to get them, they were lying in a puddle of excrement. In the Long Binh stockade in Vietnam, GIs have been beaten to death for just making routine complaints about conditions at the prison. Prison conditions are so filthy at Fort Knox that an ASU organizer incarcerated there had to have an operation to have maggots removed from his intestines and rectum. The Fort Dix stockade was condemned as unfit in 1940—but the government never stopped using it. It was built to house less than 250 prisoners and it actually houses 900. The crowding is like in a concentration camp.

CD: ON ANOTHER SUBJECT, I READ SOMEWHERE THAT ASU MEMBERS REFUSE TO SALUTE OFFICERS AND SALUTE ONLY EACH OTHER. IS THAT TRUE?

AS: It's half true. Guys hate to salute. It's a symbol of their whole oppression. So most ASU members just refuse to salute the brass—whenever that's possible. But that really scares the shit out of officers. They feel this is a crack in the dam of discipline—once the guys refuse to salute the brass, they can't imagine what kinds of awful things will come next. It's like a

white racist becoming furious in the South because a black person wouldn't step off the sidewalk for him. When the guys in the Fourth Division in Vietnam stopped saluting their superiors, General Stone put down a "salute or die" order. He said anyone who didn't salute would be sent immediately to the front. Officers really get up tight about not saluting. They feel that if GIs don't show complete subservience that it means that the guys are getting up off their knees.

CD: ARE THEY RIGHT?

AS: They're absolutely right. That's why we're for abolishing the salute. How the hell are the guys going to smash the officer caste if they can't even refuse to salute? What the hell are they supposed to do? Are they supposed to go into the Commanding Officer's headquarters and jump to attention and salute him and say: "Sir, we're no longer going to obey your orders, sir!" The guys are so oppressed now, that a soldier can get six months in the stockade for refusing to salute an officer.

CD: RESISTING THE BRASS, YOU SAY, IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING A SOLDIER CAN DO WHILE IN THE ARMY. WHAT KINDS OF RESISTANCE DO YOU HEAR ABOUT FROM GIs ON THE BASES?

AS: Recruits resist the military establishment in a thousand ways—covert and overt. The other day, I got a letter from a guy in Germany who told me

the right to disobey illegal and immoral orders.

that he and his buddies had burned down the Commanding Officer's Headquarters no less than three times. Guys do everything from labeling the CO's HQ to little things like sticking copies of the ASU eight demands up on officers' cars' windshields.

CD: PERHAPS YOU OUGHT TO TELL US WHAT THE ASU EIGHT DEMANDS ARE.

AS: Sure.

1. An end to saluting and sir-ing of officers.
2. Rank and file control over Court-Martial boards.
3. An end to racism in the armed forces.
4. Federal minimum wages for all enlisted men.
5. The right of GIs to collective bargaining.
6. The right of free political association.
7. The election of officers by enlisted men.
8. The right to disobey illegal and immoral orders.

CD: DO YOU THINK YOU'LL MAKE IT?

AS: Sure. But it will take some hard fighting.

The office of the American Servicemen's Union is located at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

AS: I understand what you're getting at. But there are really two ways of looking at this question. Frankly, I wouldn't care how low-ranking a soldier was ... or how oppressed he was, when it comes to the question of massacres. Anyone who blows off the head of a two-year-old is a criminal—even if they are "under orders." So, I'm not about to go excuse enlisted men who participated in this. On the other hand, if you look at the whole picture, you do get the feeling that this massacre was ordered at the top. The Central Intelligence Agency had given the Americal Division, which carried out the massacre, the names of one-third of the entire village complex of My Lai. On the CIA's execution list were children who were in the local Communist girl and boy scout group and old men who were in the Farmers League.

CD: ARE YOU SAYING THAT

SAN QUENTIN, Calif. (LNS)—George Jackson is one of the Soledad brothers. When a Soledad guard was found dead last January—a few days after a tower guard opened fire on a group of Black prisoners, murdering three—Soledad Prison officials chose Fleeta Drungo, George Jackson and John Clutchette to try for the killing. The three are now joined by seven others, young Black men who are being charged for the killing of a second prison guard, and face the same mandatory death penalty. The guard was killed on July 22, and since the three were safely locked away the officials had to find another conspiracy. The following interview was done by Wildcat, a workers' paper from the West Coast.

WHEN DID YOU BECOME POLITICAL?

JACKSON: Early in 1960 when I first arrived in prison. In Soledad during this time there was the Cuban Revolution. Castro had just taken over and declared himself prime minister. I was upset, angry, confused. What I noticed was that the Cuban situation upset the authoritarian types. I read the things in the media about proletarian socialism but I had no real sense of the thing. I started reading in that area because of the attitudes of these guards and the authoritarian types in the joint toward the Cuban Revolution. I thought that if they felt that it was harmful and detrimental to them then it just might possibly be good for me.

HOW ABOUT THIS BLACK-WHITE THING AND THE WAY PRISON AUTHORITIES TRY TO KEEP THE CONVICT POPULATION SPLIT?

JACKSON: It's the control mechanism. It's almost impossible for a small knot of guards to hold down 5 or 6 thousand men without some kind of divisive tactics. They use the race issue like they use the homosexuals to divide the convicts.

I think we all understood what was happening—that it was really a case of the prison administration using convicts to strengthen and maintain their own position. For example, the prison authorities would make the "mistake" every now and then of opening the doors of white convicts at the same time we were on the tier. And they would attack us. That's the silly, stupid, infantile way they would use to get us.

Prior to January 13 in Soledad, there were two specific instances of Blacks being beaten to death by white and Mexican convicts that I know of. In another instance, a prisoner was beaten to death by the police in a back room and the doctor certified that he died of a heart attack—that was in San Quentin.

Since I've been here, there have been small groups attempting to counteract the divisive tactics of police here. They haven't been successful until recently and the reason for the recent success is due to outside support and attention that revolutionary circles are giving men in prison.

HOW MUCH EFFECT HAS THIS OUTSIDE SUPPORT HAD FOR THE MEN INSIDE?

JACKSON: It's had a profound effect on the efforts to unite the prison population. The Blacks have recently veered away from the nationalistic thing—the Muslim ideology. Now it's gone from just brother to comrade and from Black to just people. The white convicts have stopped feeling threatened and they're able to respond to the new approach. Add that to the fact that all convicts are intelligent enough to see the advantages of working together.

Everybody in prison identified with the Marin County shoot-out. (Jonathan Jackson, George's brother, Janes McLain and William Christmas were killed in an attempt to free the Soledad 3 during a session of their trial.) I think that this incident did more to solidify the unity effort than anything that's ever happened in the past nine or ten years.

COULD YOU GO INTO DETAIL ABOUT THE LATE AUGUST REBELLION IN SAN QUENTIN?

JACKSON: The rebellion was an effort on the part of convicts to gain more control over our lives. There were between 22 to 2500 Black, white and Mexican-American convicts who were involved. Two hours after the thing ended they transported Warren Wells (a member of the Black Panther Party convicted last year of attempted murder in connection

to the modern industrial state. He was the victim of a hundred vicious racist attacks leveled at him by prison officials—but through other convicts, those who cooperate with prison guards. But when the convicts can't handle it, then they handle it themselves like they did with Nolen. The thing with Nolen is that in spite of the attacks leveled at him by other convicts, he never stopped fighting . . . When you are the victim of these kind of racist attacks from all sides, like he was, usually you withdraw, but not him . . .

At one point I felt that it was impossible for white people to ever accept real socialism, or to accept the idea that the United States just had to be brought to its knees. So I would just withdraw. I didn't withdraw from revolution, but I just withdrew whenever it was possible from working with whites.

the head. They took him into Folsom once in chains and let him lie on the floor and kicked him and let him bleed—but he wouldn't break. There are people in here who won't break.

HOW DOES YOUR TRIAL STAND?

JACKSON: They want to move it to San Diego, they've got the guns, they've got the disposition and they'll do it if they want to. Drewes (San Francisco Superior Court Calendar judge) reversed himself completely on that particular item. Two months ago he ruled that he couldn't move the trial out of S.F. Two months ago he stated that it was up to the defense to ask for a change of venue. And that makes me feel that any cooperation—even sitting in court and watching things going on—it makes me feel that I'm betraying myself and the people I believe in and who believe in me. I'm thinking of non-cooperation all the way—I don't recognize their authority over me, but my lawyers contend that that's not the proper procedure, that it would isolate me further from potential jurors.

BUT THE THING ABOUT HAVING A DAY IN COURT IS THAT IT HAS A POTENTIAL FOR EDUCATING PEOPLE.

JACKSON: It wouldn't educate them if I sat down and went through the process. I'm thinking about making them drag me into court every morning—that's the way I feel; and the idea of allowing Barnes (Monterey County DA) to interrogate me on the stand—that's repulsive. Anyway I hope I don't have to go through the process. You might come up with some maneuvers—legal, political or military—so I don't have to go through the process.

I'm not concerned with the opinion of people who are tied into the establishment. I'm concerned with the opinion of the people who say they identify with the revolution. And we do have people of the liberal-left who condemn these types of military activity. I'd like to emphasize here that if it's just violence they condemn—then I want to state that there's productive violence and there's counterproductive violence.

Jonathan felt and James felt and I felt that carefully planned, staged and ordered political attacks are at least the minimum that we have to support if we are going to support the revolution. The people's demands can only be imposed with some type of violence. If we are going to support the people's demands, I think that the selective, organized, minimum level of violence is preferable to letting things go completely out of control. I think that violence tied into an exact political purpose is the minimum we have to support if we're going to support the revolution. We can't organize first stage guerilla operations right now, but we do have need for revolutionary aggressiveness, and that implies violence. The point that Che Guevara made and the point that Angela made: there is the cultural aspect of revolution but it has to be tied right into the struggle.

I think that Jonathan understood that an attack on the last institution that the establishment uses to contain revolutionary violence, an attack on the prestige of these institutions, was necessary before people could accept revolution. He was in the vanguard.

If people are afraid of repression they have to get away from us, because we are going to bring down repression. Repression is a necessary stage in what we are trying to accomplish. If we accept revolution we have to accept all that revolution implies. Revolution definitely implies funerals, violence, blood. We can control the levels, but we can only do so by being aggressive and by supporting the Marin action.

**One
Of
The
Brothers
Speaks:
AN INTERVIEW WITH
GEORGE
JACKSON**

with the 1967 shootout in which Bobby Hutton was murdered by the Oakland Police Department) and one white and one Mexican out of the prison. These were the fastest transfers I've ever seen.

During the thing Warren made some speeches along with a couple of other guys. The pigs sallied out with tear gas and the convicts threw it back at them. Some shots were fired—that's not unusual, they fire at us all the time.

Nolen wasn't so lucky. (W.L. Nolen was one of the three Blacks murdered by a Soledad guard on January 13 of this year.) Politically active at Soledad, Nolen sent a letter to his family only two weeks before his death warning them that prison officials meant to kill him.

Nolen was a beautiful individual. He was a revolutionary in the true sense of the word. I mean a revolutionary suited

You just have to keep on trying. Nolen did. He was a physically strong brother. He was a boxer inside. He'd win all the fights. They could send convicts armed against him and he'd win.

Tommy Walker is getting out after a 12 year sentence. The prison authorities manufactured criminal charges against him for assaulting a pig. They're moving him from prison and taking him to Marin County jail to process him on charges of assault. The assault that they're talking about happened about a year ago, and the guard who they say Tommy assaulted swears up and down that Tommy didn't do it. He quit his job because they tried to make him say that Tommy assaulted him. Think about it.

At the end of twelve years—he did full time—they gave him shock treatment, they beat him in the ass, they beat him in

INTERVIEW WITH
TOM FORCADE by
RUDI STERN

RUDI: Could you tell me about the structure of UPS and how it works?

TOM: UPS was founded about five years ago; there were about six papers at the time. And the idea was just to communicate with each other at that time and to project some solidarity. And to freely exchange our articles, to exchange papers with one another, and it was also the idea that we could perhaps get together and get some national advertising, perhaps some publicity, to build a consciousness that there was an underground press and that you should read it. And it continued along the same lines, except that now there's about 200 papers in the syndicate. Last year we got about 2 or 3 hundred thousand dollars' worth of advertising. Thousands of papers were exchanged. Hundreds of thousands of articles were written about the underground press. We microfilmed all the papers after 1964, when the LA Free Press started, and sell those to libraries and make them available in a number of ways.

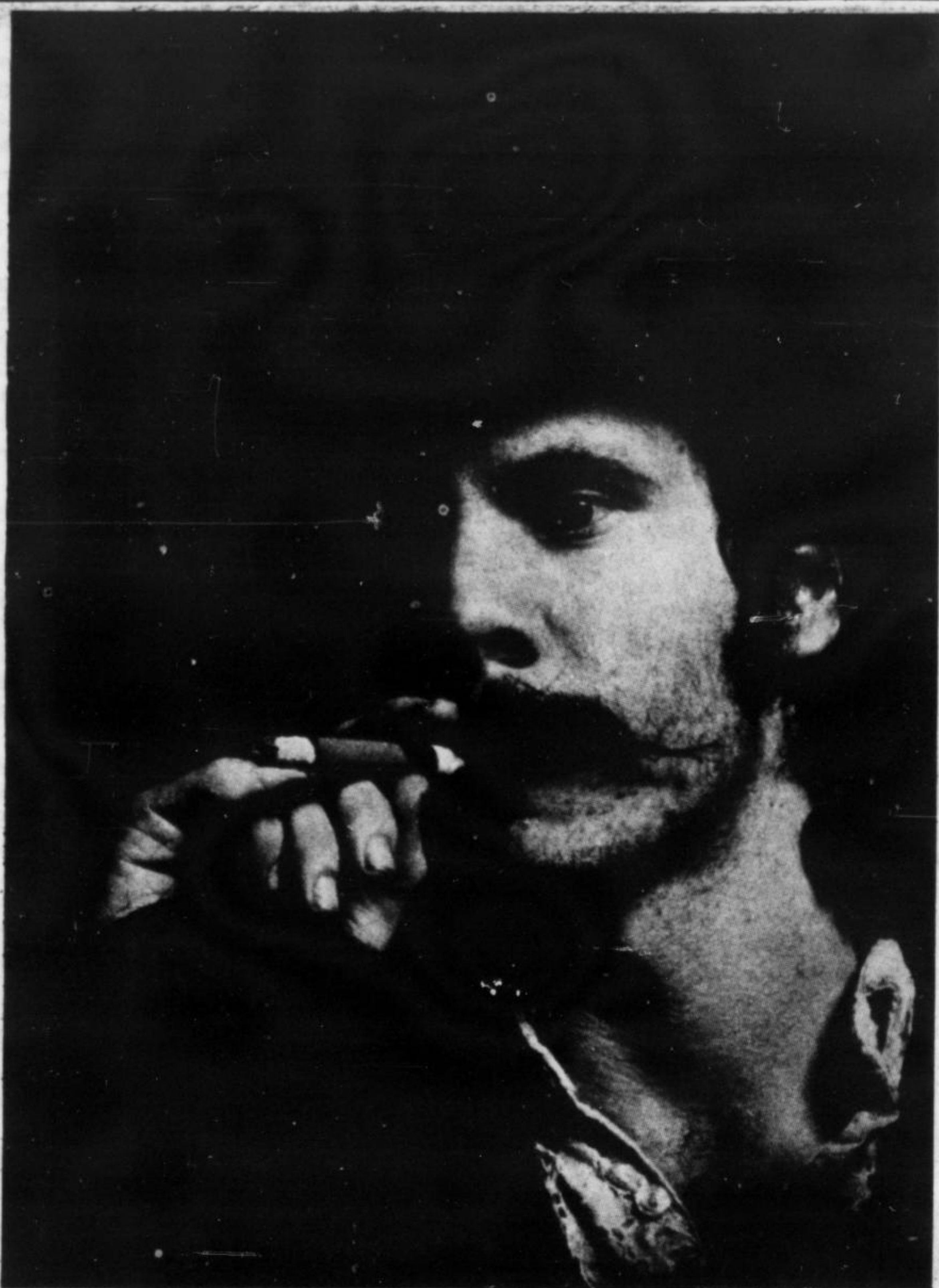
RUDI: How does the Underground Press Service compare with the Liberation News Service? What's the relationship between the two?

TOM: The Liberation News Service, as I understand it, conceive of themselves as propagandizing a political viewpoint. The political viewpoint is that of the people who run the collective. People subscribe to LNS. Lots of people subscribe to LNS, people who aren't underground papers like college papers, while UPS is an association of the papers. Our objective is to serve the Underground Press. Which is different than LNS. They're trying to build a certain political viewpoint which is a very valid one.

We also have a news service which is called The Intertribal News Service, which is a conglomeration of the services of the members of UPS. We subscribe to LNS. We don't have a bad relationship, we just don't relate that much because we're functioning very differently.

RUDI: How do you see the medium of video relating to the structure and development of UPS and LNS and the dissemination of information? How do you imagine the development will take place?

TOM: I can see a couple of ways. The people who put out underground papers are the people who grew up on TV. That's very evident in the way they represent themselves and the way they relate to news. Another difference between that and the straight linear media is the sort of subjective point of view of what was happening from where they stood. And now it's getting to a political analysis of what that was. And beyond that, it's irreversible that people who grew up on TV are putting out newspapers which are much closer to what's happening on TV or what should be happening on TV than the New York Times and the other straight newspapers. If there's nothing happening in the cities, we start an underground paper and the whole scene develops, the movement starts, you know: draft resistance, peace groups, and later White Panthers, Yippies, whatever.



RUDI: What is the general health of the papers now?

TOM: Very good. What I was saying before was that I can see from the underground papers that perhaps as Newsreel sort of has branches though not very many, TV would do the same thing, but through the underground papers since the papers already have a network serving 100 papers all over the country that already exist and there's no reason not to use this for a number of things besides just putting out papers and exchanging news. As for the health of the papers, it's never been better. There's a phenomenon taking place and it's been going on for perhaps 10 months: a sort of liberation. The papers that already exist are growing and increasing in circulation and are already getting much better superficially. But what's really happening is that many, many new papers are starting.

RUDI: What are the forms of communication between the different papers right now?

TOM: We just had a meeting in Milwaukee, of some of the underground press people. The whole idea of editors is passing out and staffs are becoming collectives. And out of that meeting came the idea that there are so many papers, papers which are under so much repression that it was perhaps better to have regional meetings. And so it was decided to have regional meetings as well as national meetings, and from regional meetings leading up to national meetings, out of which there would be more consciousness. And so we've had an East Coast regional meeting and a Southern regional meeting since then, both of which I think were very good.

There's not that much to be put together. We have a couple of good news services already. We have a system for getting national advertising. UPS is doing

all the basic functions that can be done, so that what mostly comes out of these meetings are a basic conception of what we are doing with reality. It really seems to me after each meeting we've had (we've been having them for five years), the movement of the underground press's ability to deal with reality and the ability to cope and move forward takes a big jump. Everybody soaks up everything and they exchange it at these meetings.

RUDI: In times of repression is advertising ever withheld on a national or regional basis?

TOM: Two and a half years ago there wasn't enough legitimacy for an advertising union being established for the underground press, and only a few papers got ads. The big papers got ads and I'm talking mostly about records, because that's one of the most basic and largest sources of advertising in the underground press. But aside from that, which is very limited and which affects only a few papers, there weren't very many then. We set up this structure so that we had a subcontractor who sold advertising for the underground press. They were very high-pressure people, who were still open and were able to relate to the papers, you know, they were not greasy capitalists. The best thing I can do as a radical person is continue to sell ads. Nixon made a deal with the three major networks and the record companies which were advertising very heavily in the underground press. He called his anti-trust dogs to do two things: get rid of the Smothers Brothers Show, and stop the sale of advertising. We lost 2/3 of all our advertising in this community.

ED: Mr. Forcade's opinions are his own and do not necessarily represent those of all UPS members.

PREVIEWING THE VIDEO THEATER
GLOBAL VILLAGE

CREATED BY JOHN REILLY AND RUDI STERN

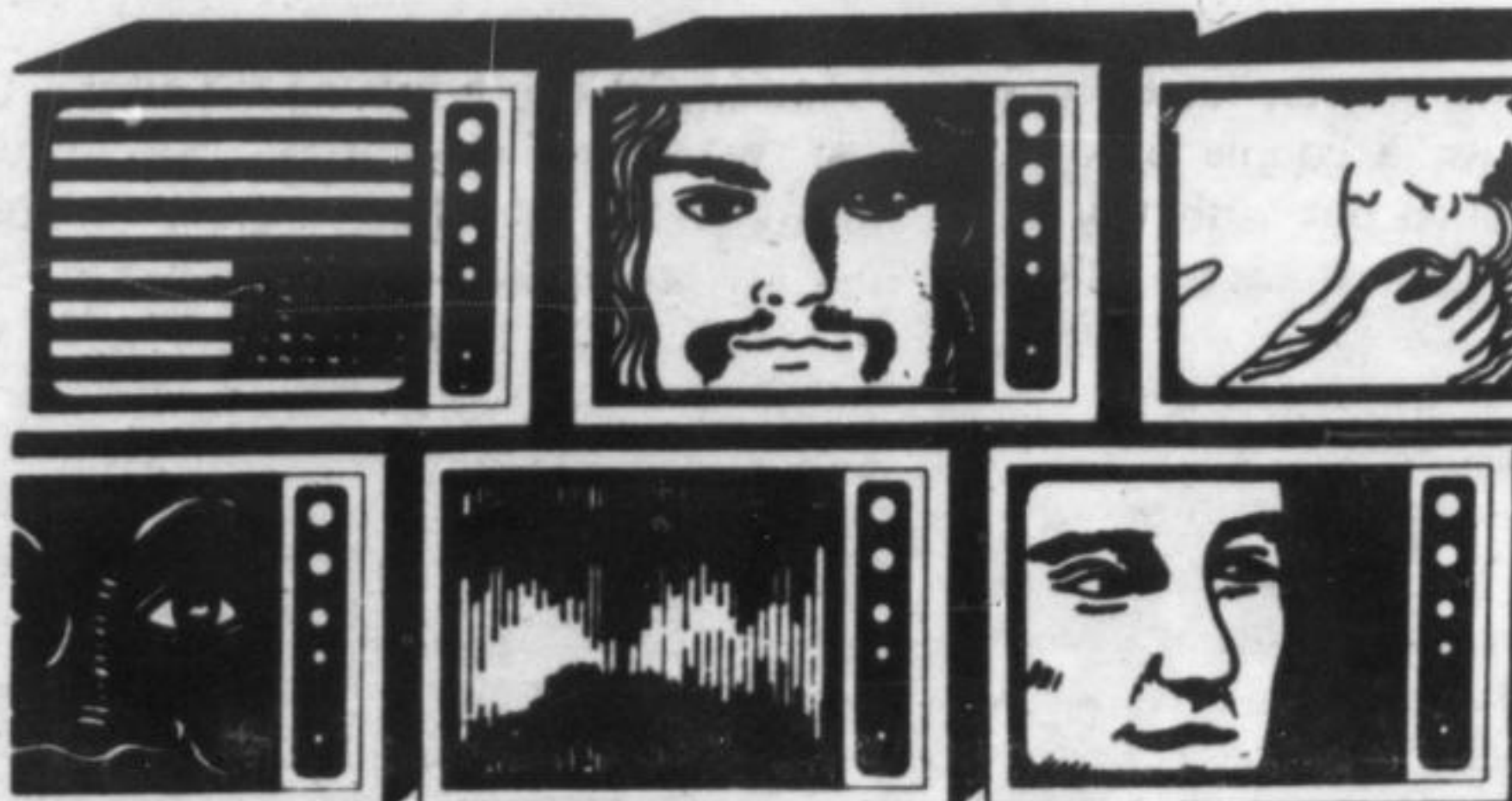
GLOBAL VILLAGE IS MORE THAN ENTERTAINMENT

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Dear EVO:

In the last five years the liberation struggle in Amerikkka went through various developments of consciousness. In the liberation struggle from the civil rights movement to the verbal militants—to narrow minded Nationalists—to do-nothing armchair revolutionaries—to the black political pimps and also the gun freaks who just sat around talking about this gun is more accurate than that gun and all they do is just clean their guns—because they do not have the courage and the initiative to go shoot their enemies. The people who I mentioned have read Malcolm X, Che, Huey P. Newton, Fidel, Mao, Fanon, Ho Chi Minh and Carlos Marighella backwards and forwards. Also the charlatans quote all the great revolutionaries for days and days—but when it's time to implement or manifest the great revolutionaries' tested theories into practice, the pseudo revolutionaries tremble and vascillate; then give you an hour's dialogue about why they cannot move militarily and that objective conditions are not ready yet. THAT'S BULLSHIT because true revolutionaries create some of their own objective conditions with their own initiative. The dinosaur, the dodo bird and the buffalo sat around waiting for objective conditions, and that's why they are extinct. Beware of charlatan revolutionaries who always say that he or she will never make a mistake, because that's the person who will never do anything. Carlos Marighella says, "It's better to err acting than to do nothing for fear of erring."

In the last couple of years the liberation struggle in Amerikkka created some of the most flamboyant rhetoricians of this rea—but created very few guerillas. The rhetoricians' forte is when they are on a podium, just rapping and rapping about valid revolutionary principles, without a thought of action or a program in their heads. The rhetoricians constantly tell the masses to pick up the gun and move on the pigs—but the thetician revuses to move on the pig or his own inaction. No true revolutionaries will tell the masses to do anything that the revolutionaries are not willing to do themselves. The revolutionary must illustrate to the people the correct example by his experience—not his rhetoric. Rallies have their propaganda effects—but rallies must be complemented with military action because rallies never free anybody. The people who always come to rallies for political prisoners should concentrate the energy that they used at the rallies and utilize the same energy to militarily rip off the political prisoners from the pigs. That will be a concrete achievement and a victory for the people. The revolutionaries should stop trying to raise exorbitant bail money for political prisoners from the people and go to the piggy banks and rip off all the money they need. The people will support the revolutionary action enthusiastically. (Do you know how many piggy banks there are in N.Y.C.?) When revolutionaries go on trial for political frame-ups, the duty of their brothers and sisters in arms is to rip off some pigs in the community and give the pigs a 30-second trial, verdict and

sentence in the streets. Keep on giving pigs swift, speedy and just trials until the political prisoners are released. This will have a tremendous psychological effect on all pigs because the pigs will not know what pig will go on trial next for war crimes against humanity. The pigs will capitulate because of the immense pressures. (Do you know how many pigs there are in N.Y.C.?) These methods must be implemented through armed propaganda, because the people must be educated on why the pigs are going on trial in the streets. Also by taking violent action in the streets on the Fascist pigs, the revolutionaries will be putting protection on the people and on political prisoners. The people will begin to physically support the revolutionaries immensely, because the people will relate to the concrete results from the violent action in the street.

Amerikka is very vulnerable to violent action. Huey P. Newton's tested theory of moving on the pigs in twos and threes or firing groups is a very effective tactic to implement all through Amerikkka. There are countless targets in Amerikkka vulnerable to destruction by sabotage and terrorism. The essential qualities that revolutionaries must develop are iciness, initiative, insight, vigilance and decisiveness. Revolutionaries should not sit around waiting and vascillating about moving militarily. Because being in Amerikkka gives you all the reason in the world to go and eliminate your enemies. Revolutionaries should follow the correct example of initiative and decisiveness practiced by Huey P. Newton & Jonathan Jackson; the Weathermen and the Panther

21. The duty of a revolutionary is to make revolution. Not calculated rapping, rapping, rapping! But calculated bloody violent disruption!!! disruption!!! disruption!!!

To all revolutionaries who are always rhetoricizing beautiful revolutionary theories—IF you are really serious why don't you go to Cairo, Illinois and put some of these revolutionary theories into practise. If Cairo is too far away, then see your local pigs.

DARE TO STRUGGLE — DARE TO WIN

P.W.

Dear EVO:

For over a year gay women and men have been working towards getting a gay community center; free space where gay people could come together in a human atmosphere. Having previously been forced to meet each other only on the streets or in exploitative Mafia bars has colored all our relationships. We need a place where we can meet each other as people, not sex objects. A place to dance in. A place to hold classes in things we'll need to survive and grow: karate, theatre, crafts, discussion groups, history of gay oppression. We need a place to provide services for the gay community: legal, medical, housing, jobs, a gay switchboard. A free food program, day care for children. We need to have space in which to start to understand the things that keep us apart: sexism, racism, loneliness, fear. We need to discover what we can become as fully actualized gay people. We've never had a place to try it before!

The possibility is here. We've found a large loft in the heart of the Gay ghetto: the West Village. We need money now to help make our dreams come true. Your help will be fantastically appreciated! * The future begins in the present.

Please make checks and money orders payable to:

Gay Community Center
P.O. Box 40
Village Station
New York, N.Y. 10014

*(Also in the next few weeks we'll be needing donations of paint, furniture, tools and WORKERS!)

Dear EVO:

I can usually tolerate your smattering of distortions and bullshit in the name of the "MOVEMENT" hoping for change. But the last page of your last issue (volume 5 no. 50) was just too ridiculous and so far from the spirit of the movement that i feel the need to comment.

I realize that many things you publish are put ons. Like when you publish letters from Nazis and the like. To me that exposition about the holy space people that are watching us is dangerous and warped. We are space people, yet if our astronauts arrived on an inhabited planet im sure we wouldnt consider ourselves as being holy . . .

Some day we may be visited by other creatures of the universe but the fact that these creatures exist doesn't make them candidates for gods or any more than the fact we exist makes us canadates for gods. Lets not forget the lesson of Genocide as practiced by the spanish over the poor deluded Aztecs who thought that the spanish were gods from outter space . . .

The fact that we all know what is holy and good and these laws are universal and everyone every creature in the whole universe is subeject to them . . .

We are all from outter space let us not forget true goodness.

True psychedelic genocide. Read SUNDANCE the white panther paper for a more detailed account of the Aztecs versus the spanish . . .

UNSIGNED . . .

STOP RHETORICISING THE GUN — AND GO ELIMINATE YOUR ENEMIES



LOWLY

A FABLE
by Vincent Titus

Once a vulture was indulging in his usual diet when someone offered him some people food. I'll take a sample he said. After he ate it, he turned blue and fell down on the floor. Boy, am I sick said the Vulture. Do people have to eat like this all the time?

MORAL: Foreign cuisine is not always gourmet.



EVOL

F. SMITH NOV. 70

Among the many nickel-and-dime lice-ridden coffee-and-cake scumbags who appear now and again at EVO pasteup, one of the worst off and least viable as a human being has been this tall shambling string bean of a junkie, who has been referred to variously as The Needle, Captain Tracks, Bill, Joe, and Gianfranco. Everybody here thought he was a friend of someone ELSE for quite a while, and even he didn't seem too sure. He'd just come in once every few weeks and stand over a light table all night, scratching his neck with his exacto and pasting up mediocre pages, mumbling in language not even Zlagobodinski Karsholsk could understand, and the only person who ever spoke to him was Jaakov Kohn, who would grab him by the shoulders occasionally and whine, 'I haven't got any money. If I did, you'd be the first to get it.' Occasionally, he would bring along a television set or an outboard motor, and offer to sell it cheap. Everyone would laugh.

This miserable and quite irrelevant state of affairs continued until one night last week when The Needle, Captain Tracks, Bill, Joe, or Gianfranco, as you would have it, tripped over a collection of EVO freaks who were having a zircle-jerk over the latest slew of Archie Comics. Enraged, Schultz seized the miserable needle freak by the scrawny throat and shrieked, 'Wretch!' Slapping him across the leathery cheeks and slamming him up against the wall, Schultz asked him if he had any last words before he broke two legs and hung him out the window.

You remember how close Archie and Veronica were all the way through high school. Well, there was that last blossom-laden springtime when Ronnie would come blushing out of many a closet at the old school, and Archie gave her his class ring the night she was elected Queen of the Prom, and it looked as though they had plighted their troth for good and all. Archie's acne—which we had always mistaken for freckles—magically cleared up, and Veronica was so beautiful she almost took your mind off school and graduation. She sure took Archie's mind off it: the poor schmuck flunked two subjects, missed graduation altogether, and had to finish up in summer school.

Ronnie, of course, accepted her honours diploma, plus the \$150 Hiram McGuffey Young Debs Award, and left immediately for Europe on her Finishing Tour. Grief-stricken, Archie managed to get through summer school and receive his belated diploma, and after a meagre two-week layoff, entered Migraine State Teacher's College, which had generously accepted him.

Once in college, of course, Archie's exuberant adolescent spirits bloomed forth again: he became quite the ladies' man, and was forever being kicked out of the girls' dorms at 11 o'clock, bedcheck time. Dope was just then becoming



ARCHIE ON CAMPUS, 1964

Everyone applauded this suggestion, since The Needle, Captain Tracks, Bill, Joe, or Gianfranco—take your choice—was suspected of a series of thefts which had transpired about the office recently. As all looked on gleefully, awaiting the sound of fracturing femurs, the dissipated wastrel slid down the wall to the floor, pathetically clutching a 25 cent copy of JUGHEAD'S JOKES, and whined: 'Don't hit me. Don't hit me. I know what you must be thinking, but I was not always as you see me now. Once I was a callow middleclass snotting much like you'



JUNK-HEAD JONES
by D.A. Latimer & Ray Schultz

'Snuff him,' grunted Titus, clapping his fist together like magnets. 'He's a pig. I was a snotting once. I know.' 'Okay, kill me, I don't care,' snivelled the wretch. Then, as his pinpoint eyeballs glazed over and he seemed to be slipping

popular on campus, and Archie became one of the first dealers: he set up a water pipe in his room and thereafter became, according to his friends, progressively spacier. At this point, he abruptly ceased dating his steady girl, and spent most of his time sitting Lotus-fashion on his dorm bunk, reading Kahlil Gibran and SIDDHARTHA, listening to Dylan's 'Another Side Of Bob Dylan.'

Hardly anyone, except Archie himself, was surprised at the end of the spring semester when the Dean handed him his walking papers. This occurred three weeks after his eighteenth birthday; during the summer Archie was torn between impulses to launch out on a 'Find America' WANDERJHARE, or to sign up with a new free-form experimental college. His little folk-singing group was playing in a mountain resort town when he got word from his mother that the Selective Service had solved his existential dilemma for him.



ARCHIE AS DOGFACE, 1965

In the Army, Archie did pushups, situps, the 16-count manual of arms, the 96-count manual of arms, and a lot of crying. Because of his high school diploma, he was eligible for radio school. To avoid active combat, he signed up for an extra year, to get a full Army school and his choice of duty. Accordingly, when he graduated from Refrigeration School in the spring of '66 and applied for duty in Germany, Japan or England, he received immediate orders for Vietnam.

But sure enough, he hadn't been in The Nam two weeks before he wound up back

away, he began muttering, 'Why should I care? The Lodges and the Mantles of this world always get the gravy. I'm through.' Suddenly the light of reality invaded his eyes, and he sat up screaming, 'SHOOT ME!! SHOOT ME!!! Bullet, I'll give you anything for a bullet. In the head. Here. Shoot me!'

'Oh no, I can't believe it,' Latimer quietly marvelled as Schultz loosened his grip. 'It's really you, Jughead Jones.'

'Junk-head Jones,' nodded the former Needle, Captain Tracks, Bill, Joe, or Gianfranco. 'Riverdale High, '64.'

'I went to Riverdale High,' said Titus brightly. 'Did you know Coach Cleats?'

Yes folks, it turned out to be none other than Jughead Jones, late of Archie Comics. Like many another poor devil of his generation, Jughead graduated from high school in 1964, and began a strenuous career of doing nothing. 'Who needed me?' he explained in an exclusive EVO interview. 'What could I do? Play a guitar? So can everybody else and his ass-hole.'

While everybody else split Riverdale immediately on graduation, Jughead hung around the house for a couple years, taking many drugs: 'You recall my passion for food? It quickly degenerated into a passion for alcohol, but that didn't

in Japan anyway, on R&R after shooting himself in the foot. 'This hideous war is the greatest abomination since Hitler,' he wrote his folks from the Kyoshu hospital. 'I don't know how they let it go on. I always believed in God. How could he let this happen?'

His ankle irremediably shattered, he wound up working in the swank officers' club in Da Nang, playing guitar on weekends. What with his large salary and plentiful supplies of Vietnamese dope, things were proceeding better than usual. 'I may just sign up for an extra six months' duty tour,' he wrote his folks at this time.

Nobody is precisely sure how it happened that, during a drinking spree in late March of 1967, Archie was shot in the head. Near death and in a coma for three days, he underwent a series of major operations, and wound up with a metal plate inserted in his head, requiring regular readjustment. He was shipped home before the end of the year, and wound up in Riverdale for Christmas.

He was coherent, but tense and moody, and did little but watch television in the morning and go for long walks in the afternoon. He had no social life. The plate was painless, but quite frequently he bled from the nose or mouth. After about six months of this, his parents convinced him to enter a therapeutic job program, but he couldn't tolerate being closed into an office, and soon left. In February of 1969, after a bad month, he passed away.



ARCHIE AS VETERAN, 1967-1969

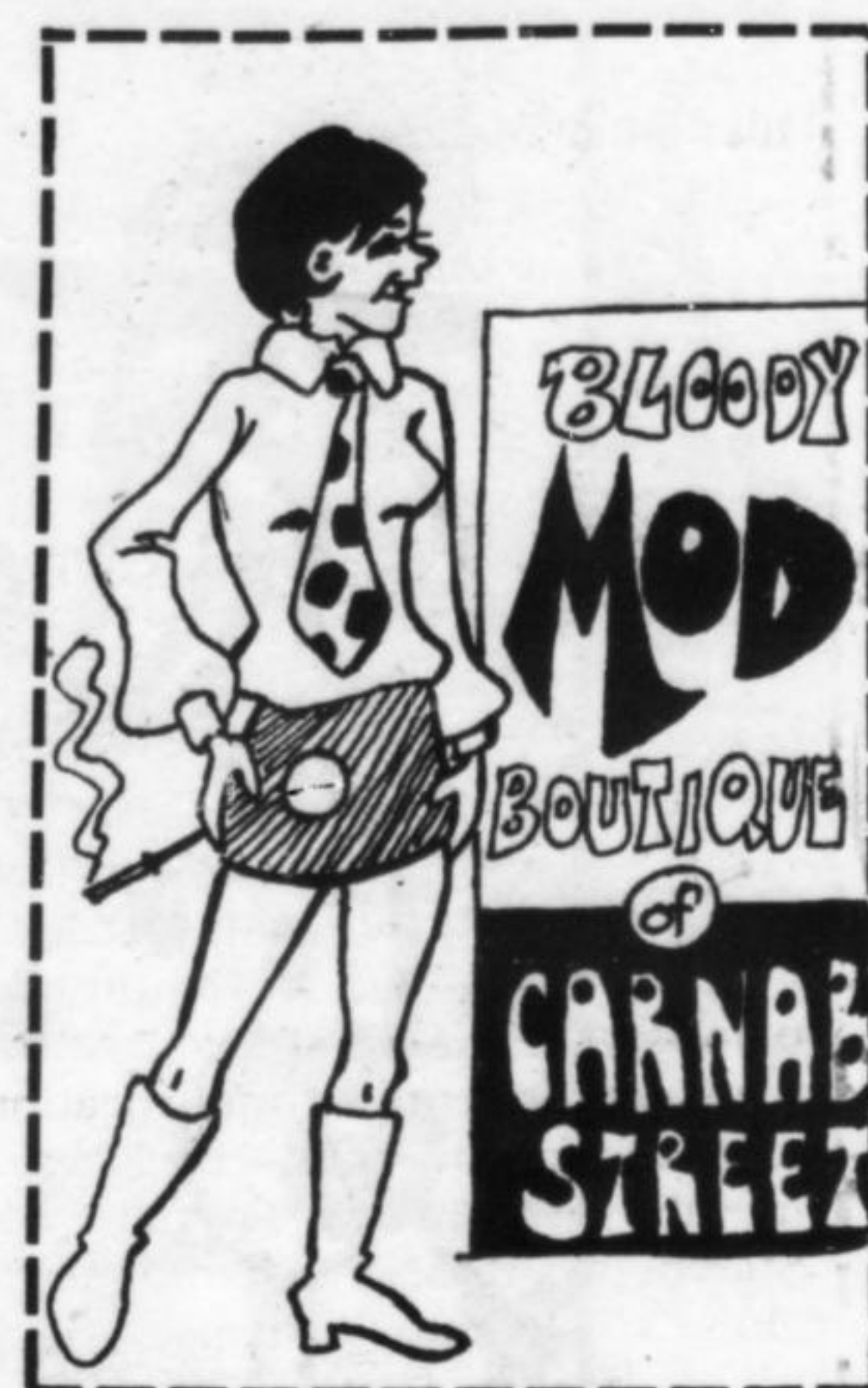
last long. Before I knew it, I was hooked on my mother's barbiturate supply. But then I became a man of fashion: when it was hip to smoke grass, I smoked grass; when LSD was popular I did LSD; when MDA was popular, I did that too, and STP; I smoked banana peels; swallowed nutmeg; shot the oil from the top of peanut butter jars. And then I did the worst of all.'

'What was that?' asked Latimer breathlessly.

'San Francisco.'

In San Francisco's famous Haight-Ashbury, Jughead quickly proceeded to lose his health, his sense of morals, his teeth, the sight in his right eye, and the ability to pronounce sibilants. Then one night he lost San Francisco.

(Continued on Page 17)



VERONICA IN SWINGING LONDON

Veronica's European Finishing Tour was cut short in August of 1964 when she refused to leave Morocco, having fallen in love with a blond laborer named Raschid. However, in return for a new Jaguar from her father, she returned to the States to begin school at Skidmore College in Sarasota Springs, New York.

School was fairly interesting at first, and Veronica was exhibiting a little-suspected gift for the study of French Romantic literature, when in her second month she discovered herself to be as pregnant as any antelope. Rushed to Puerto Rico for 'a brief vacation,' she promptly fell in love with a blond Puerto Rican laborer named Jose. This time it took an XK-E to get her back to the States.

After a series of stormy confrontations with her parents, a compromise was effected: she would dwell in London for a year, working in a boutique that her father agreed to purchase for her, before resuming her studies. Slyly, Mr. Lodge retained a bright young English homosexual to actually run the shop, and keep an eye on her. Things went smoothly for a while, but after three months she was discovered to be pregnant again by a blond Pakistani laborer named Abdul, with whom she had fallen in love.

'I was a Pakistani once,' said Titus.

After a 'brief vacation' in Amsterdam, she returned to London, where her shop was losing

Moose Grajonka's I.Q. was so low he couldn't even get into college on an athletic scholarship. Accordingly, he enlisted in the U.S. Army and kissed a tearful Midge goodbye at the train station two weeks after graduation. In the infantry he demonstrated such remarkable abilities and motivation he was promptly selected for special services training. In Vietnam he made combat history, slaughtering thousands.

His career was one long bloodbath, interrupted occasionally by the pinning on of medals, and once by his marriage—featured on the cover of The Daily News, 16 October 1966—to Midge,

fortune but making frequent headlines in Swinging London's fashion press. She was seen variously with Mick Jagger and Mary Quant in any number of intimate nightspots, and Donovan actually wrote a song about her on his album 'Mellow Yellow.'

Her father was also making headlines at this time, in The Times financial pages. Not long after he brilliantly merged Lodge Industries with Scrooge McDuck Enterprises, the ailing McDuck was pushed out in a fantastic proxy battle, and the name of Lodge was ranked with Hughes, Getty, Hunt—and on the social pages, with the Radziwills and the Mellons.

Wary of his new social position, Lodge tried to summon home his madcap daughter with the promise of a yacht. Veronica was just then recuperating from a 'brief vacation' in Stockholm, after discovering herself pregnant by Spyros Spiro Karvo Aristotle Papadopolous, a blond Greek shipping magnate with whom she had fallen in love.

Mr. Lodge was enraged at first, until his associates in Lodge/McDuck slyly arranged a marriage and a new multi-billion-dollar merger with Papadopolous International. The World Bank complained somewhat at first, but soon found its vaults magically stuffed with Lodge/McDuck bullion.

For about a year Veronica lived with Papadopolous in Greece, an enduring marriage as such marriages go. Rushed to an Athens hospital in July of 1968 suffering from a massive barbiturate overdose, she died for divorce on the grounds of extreme mental cruelty as soon as she could move a pen. Since then, she has shared a flat in Rome with Gianfranco Giuseppe Sinatra.

Extreme Unction' Mantegna, a blond Italian import-export associate with whom she had fallen in love. She was last seen in public in June of 1970, after the rites for slain Cosa Nostra leader Luigi 'The Pipe' Pirandello, at the little Sicilian chapel where he studied his first techism. Significantly, Mantegna was not at her side.



RITEs FOR "THE PIPE"
Her father is presently under indictment for four yards of federal anti-trust violations.



MOOSE TO HAIPHONG?

on a quick stateside furlough to Riverdale. One of President Johnson's final acts in office was to present Moose with the Congressional Medal of Honor, after Moose had furiously leapt out of a reconnaissance plane over North Vietnam, without a parachute, and fought his way all the way across the De-Militarized Zone with a sprained ankle—therewith doubling the enemy casualty count for that month. 'It was nothing more than any patriotic American would've done,' he told the President.

Dubbed 'Mr. Vietnam' in November of 1966 by his comrades-in-arms, Moose gained the highest accolade of all: an

exclusive speech dedicated to him over Radio Hanoi by President Ho Chi Minh, who cited him for 'exceptional treachery.' In Congress, Senator Fulbright facetiously suggested that the war be ended by sending Moose to Haiphong.

Shortly after this, Moose's arm was blown off from the elbow down when, in a rage after losing a hand of poker, he crushed a grenade in his fist, thinking it was a beer can. Back in the States, he immediately cut a best-selling l.p.—ONE THOUSAND MEN—and began making the rounds of the television talk shows.

Reggie Mantle's customary supercilious composure was shattered just before graduation when his mother, deciding the youth was old enough now to handle the truth, admitted that in fact the name on Reggie's birth certificate was Reggion Mantillo; the family, that is, had been passing for WASP all these years. Crushed and demoralized, Reggie withdrew into himself and spent the summer brooding over many a brew at the local tavern. He grew a moustache, effected a pinstripe Brooks Brothers look, and shunned his old gang, who never could understand his new frostiness. Toward the end of the summer he was seen frequently in deep conversations with various official-looking older men, and vanished as if into thin air two weeks before he was due to enter Migraine State Teachers College.

He wound up instead on the campus of the State University of California at Berkeley, much altered in appearance and behaving most peculiarly: his moustache had become shaggy and unkempt, his hair was nearly Beatle-length, and he dressed exclusively in field jacket and blue jeans. The Free Speech Movement quickly accepted him as a member of good standing, especially after he was arrested



REGGIE THE RADICAL?

for carrying a sign saying the word 'Fuck' during the October demonstrations, which wound up with thousands of armed state troopers wiping up the student body. He became a fast friend of all the radical FSM leaders, and the following May, it was he who rented Jerry Rubin's revolutionary war uniform which made

such a splash at the HUAC hearings in Washington. Then one afternoon just prior to finals week, three maroon-suited crew-cut men entered a physics laboratory in which Reggie was working on a stink bomb, identified themselves before the whole class as FBI agents, and demanded of Reggie that he hand over his badge. When Reggie, consternated, asked the reason for this, they merely replied, 'We know what you've been doing. You aren't with us any more. You're lucky we don't put you in jail.'

It turned out, much to the amazement of everyone at Berkeley, that Reggie had all along been working for the FBI as a part-time undercover informer. 'I didn't really do anything,' he told the campus newspaper, bewildered by the hostility his exposure generated among the student body. 'I just took down a weekly list of names and addresses, shot some photographs, made notes of plans for demonstrations... It wasn't anything, really—it might even have helped some of us from getting hurt, if the police knew what we were up to beforehand. Beside, if it hadn't been me, it would've been someone else.'

(Continued on Page 17)

When Betty's father died during an ulcer operation a week before graduation, her friends barely had time to console her when she and her mother moved to Centreville, Ohio. Mrs. Cooper's home town. There Betty promptly married a local fellow of indeterminate means named Lou Fuscoe. From then on, we hear of Betty only when she was announcing the impending issue of a new child: 'Dear Gang,' she would write. 'Guess what? I'm GROWING again!' In six years there have been seven bundles of joy, and the Fuscoes' split-level Toyota mobile home in the Centreville trailer park has been filled to overflowing.

Of course, word has also inadvertently filtered back of the young Fuscoe's alcohol problem. Hopefully, this will clear up when Lou finally gets his I.C.S. high school diploma, on which he has been working for the last eight years. Presently he works as a carpenter in post offices around the county, thanks to his uncle, who is big in civil service. During the winter months he drove a school bus until last year, when local mothers complained that his bus 'smelled like a brewery.' Subsequently, he held down a night watchman position at the lumberyard for a short while, but lost it in December after firing a shot at a couple of teenage lovers whom he had mistaken for a bundle of snakes. Fortunately, however, the Fuscoe children had a real Christmas dinner that year, from the sale of Fuscoe's old pickup truck—which had been a wedding gift from his father—after Lou had picked up 15 successive drunken driving citations and lost his driver's license.

Jughead's mother visited the Fuscoe trailer last summer, while on a trip to

New York to visit Jughead, just then recuperating from hepatitis in St. Vincent's Hospital. When she arrived, she was gratified to see that most of the children had decent shoes. Betty Fuscoe, attired in a pair of green short shorts, her figure now a nicely-rounded 165, wearing a pair of almond-shaped glasses taped together over the nose, explained through a mouthful of chocolate cake: 'Oh, the

Welfare not only paid for the new shoes, but they even bought me my new top plate.' Slipping her front teeth out onto her lower lip, she grinned garishly until one of the children started shrieking in terror. 'Shut up!' she said, hitting him with a coat hanger. 'You dirty little son of a bitch.'

It seems Betty at that time was eligible for relief payments, what with Lou spending 180 days in the county jail for assault and battery on their 3-year-old son Drew, who had innocently identified a gentleman in a supermarket as 'Uncle Daddy.' Also at that time, Fuscoe had attempted unsuccessfully to drive Betty's head through the window of a Sealtest freezer. 'That was a rough time for me,' admitted Betty, rubbing the bump on her nose. 'I was having some trouble with my bladder, and the doctors gave me this medicine that made my piss come out purple. And underwear isn't any cheaper.'

Digging at a varicose vein with an artificial fingernail, she went on: 'I don't know why I stay with that bastard. He's not too good in the bed department any more either, if you know what I mean.'

'Mommy,' announced the five-year-old girl, 'Derek just made poo-poo in his spaghetti!'

'You little prick!' she shrieked, throwing a radio at the child. 'I'll wring your neck if you do that again! I'll wring your neck!' Then she sat down on the davenport and began crying.

Just as Mrs. Jones was preparing to leave, there came a hefty knock at the trailer door. It was opened from within by a crinkly-haired coffee-skinned youngster who happily announced, 'It's Uncle Daddy Mailman! You got a present for me, Uncle Daddy?'

'By the way,' Betty asked Mrs. Jones, hastily drying her tears, 'whatever happened to Archie Andrews? Is he—married, yet?'



BETTY: A CONFIRMED HOME BODY



A recent video glimpse of Billy Wilder's 1950 tragicomedy **SUNSET BOULEVARD** once again liberated Gloria Swanson from the rotting palace where solent movie queen Norma Desmond had for 20 years been planning her comeback ("I hate that word. Call it my return."), attended by her butler Max (Erich von Stroheim), who is by heartbreaking, icy turns revealed to be a retired director, once ranked with Griffith, Norma's first husband, now her servant, dedicated to preserving Norma's dream that she is still "the greatest star of them all." Haunted by the ghosts of greatness (fan mail posted by Max, bridge with Buster Keaton), humored by Cecil B. DeMille (who tells her he will film her atrocious script of **SALOME**), she begins her "return" by having an affair with William Holden, an unemployed screenwriter who takes refuge in her 1920's stucco and imported walls mansion. When he leaves her she shoots him. The world looks up after 20 years and when a horde of cameramen arrive, Norma believes they are on the set and, directed by AUTEUR-butler Max, gives for the newsreels her last great performance.

Twenty years of what is called—for want of a better term—real life pass, and Mister Average Moviegoer finds himself

pursuing the pursued person of Chas (James Fox) to the **MAISON** of the rock star manque, Turner (Mick Jagger), where exotic groupies and child-servants replace von Stroheim (but who could replace von Stroheim?) as keepers of the dream. If Norma can still "say everything with her eyes," Turner has "lost his demon," yet both, in the relatively Apollonian and Dionysian spheres of their media, seek the release of total **PERFORMANCE**, unity of style and soul—she the suppleness of silent screen acting, where spoken dialogue obliterated the perfected nuances of face and body, he Satanic rock 'n' roll. In either case, as Turner says, "The great performance is the one that achieves madness." We speak of **PERFORMANCE**, whose pretentious metaphysics of good, evil, reality, etc., are nowhere near as illuminating as its vision of the predicament of the rock artist (read contemporary artist) at the end of the Heroic Age of rock—much as **SUNSET BOULEVARD** showed us Hollywood at the close of that era pretty well described as **When Movies Were Movies**.

Greatness eludes liberals, for liberals do not aspire to madness. Greatness in modern art is invariably associated with the rumblings or ragings of discontent,

revolts against the impossible sufferings and separations of the human soul under capitalism (or with the magnificent quixotic conservatives who tilt against the windmills to which they ascribe the dilemmas of capitalist culture: Pound's Fascism; Wallace Stevens' atheism). Gloria Swanson, divine cog in the Hollywood Dream Factory; Mick Jagger, electric **UBERMENSCH**; escapism pure and simple and escapism not-so-pure, both expressing (and reflecting, to speak briefly of audiences) energies of the soul straining to be free from baseness, banality, servility, futility, all the hypocritical conditions and oppressions of life under death-directed capitalism. But capitalism would rather have its rebellious elements perform than transform (observe that the verb is intransitive; performance relieves rebellion as masturbation does desire), so it buys and sells performances, creating the essential paradox, the futility, of commercial performance, leaving those energies to repeat themselves (most rock today, also most films, to which we will soon properly if tortuously return); to die (Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joblin, James Dean, Rudolph Valentino); or to become meaningless, megalomaniacal, frustrated and just not-so-good "stars," victims of lives of hype and too much raw energy spent in pointless performances (British blues stars, Marlon Brando, Federico Fellini, the protagonists of **PERFORMANCE** and **SUNSET BOULEVARD**).

However, the show must go on. Let us leave these burnt-out **ARTISTES** and see where their genres have fared without them. Not well or far; these films are of the sort whose double-billing is to be awaited to miss them **ENSEMBLE**.

Above all, there is **Cromwell**. Meaningless to a seventeenth century Puritan, what this slogan conveys to the victims of advertising is made clear only by the portentous presence of a penis, in the form of an arm brandishing a helmet. But phallic swagger was more typical of Cavalier King Charles I, who, popists and male chauvinists beware, is ceremoniously beheaded by Old Fiddlesticks, or whatever they called Oliver, who, above all, there is.

CROMWELL is largely a rip-off of **A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS**. The topper of that flick was when everybody stands up to hear Sir Thomas More (Paul Scofield) be sentenced, and he says that when HE was practicing law it was customary to let the accused speak before sentencing, so everybody has to sit down. (Margaret Dumont: "If nobody wants another cup of coffee, let's go into the

garden." 400 dinner guests stand. Groucho: "I think I'll have another cup of coffee." Gets 'em every time). But when King Charles asks Old Phallic Symbol (Richard Harris) for his shtick, he's just hustled off-screen. Political expediency? Ideological struggle? Nah—they just couldn't think up any good dialogue. There isn't a well-written line in the three-hour thing, which doesn't stop it from being delivered with the Ladies' Dramatic Society's idea of Shakespearian acting. An inspiring battle speech? "I promise you we're going to win! Let's go!" With a completely unimaginative use of its vaginal 150-degree screen (perfect for **CROMWELL**). Penis envy is alive and well at the Rivoli, this is the ugliest movie of the year.

LITTLE FAUSS AND BIG HALSY. An exercise in applied boyish charm, starring America's most charming boys, Robert Redford and Michael J. Pollard (all of whose shticks, like sexual immaturity, folksy rural parents, sniveling and being a mechanic are from **BONNIE AND CLYDE**). Results: Charming. But boyish. Typical Redford witticism (referring to these two girls, see, he'd picked up): "When they swing AC/DC on ya, split. Once it's cool, twice it's queer."

PERFECT FRIDAY. No wit, no style, no suspense in this story of a husband, wife and lover who rob the Bank of England. You know by the third reel that, though husband and lover each expect wife to skip with him and the loot, she will leave them both at the post. Caricatures substitute for characters; elaborate flashbacks for exciting storytelling.

LICKERISH QUARTET. Phoney metaphysical skin flick without even much skin. Dubbed.

MONTE WALSH. Nice cowpoke characterizations by Lee Marvin and Jack Palance spoiled by a mixed-up, possibly non-existent plot reminiscent of **THE BIG SLEEP** and indicative of the dilemma of the "classic" forms of capitalist cinema (the Western) finding meaningful new material that is not subversive. Cinematic radicals could find worse slogans than Free Jack Palance.

So ends another golden week at the movies. For future reading, be it known that this column is named in celebration of the last great stronghold of the low-priced first-run double feature and fresh hot buttered popcorn, the entertainment and ass-grab capital of the world, theatres populated by the snoring or decomposing bodies of hustlers and bums, and, to be sure, the shabby dead end of **Sunset Boulevard**.

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PANTHERS

(Continued from Page 8)

in contempt. Crain then said that there was no possible way he could represent his client in this court, and that this court should not try this case as the court was prejudiced and biased. This transcript and this tape were such a farce and the D.A.'s case was being destroyed right in front of the court's eyes. The defendants and the spectators responded with "Right On!" Jerry stood up again and Murt again screamed, "BE SEATED!" Jerry said, "When will this intimidation end?!" Murt answered that it would end when he behaved

properly, so Jerry said, would that be when he smiled only when the court smiled, etc? And Murt once again directed that he be seated. The tape continued, inaudibly, and Bob Bloom asked the court to reconsider having the court stenographer try to get down what he could, but the motion was again denied. Jerry asked which tape we were hearing—the Uher. Bill Crain asked that the record reflect that the only audible thing was Detective Roberts, and Murt declared him out of order. Bill then asked that the court not take total responsibility on deciding whether or not the tape was audible, but that the court stenographer take down his transcript, as other cases have done, but Murt said, "You are presuming on my patience. Be seated." Crain asked him if he was denying his motion. "Denied." Murt then asked if this was a fair sample of the tape, so Phillips said, "It gets even better as it goes on." Murt told him that those pages played were not sufficient and that if the remainder was similar, he suggested that Phillips not waste the court's time. Bloom rose, and Murt told him he was out of order, but Bloom continued, objecting to the fact that by stopping and introducing each page, the court was being given

a guide. Murt overruled this, but then Michael Tabor rose and objected to the manner in which Murt was determining how the tape was inaudible. He couldn't see how Murt could be following the tape, as he was turning the pages before the guide instructed him to do so. His objection was overruled. Jerry then said that on page 11 alone, there were 1 and 1/2 minutes that the transcript itself declared inaudible not including the blips. McKinney then said that he noticed that copies of the transcript had been given to the press, and if the tape was not admissible and the press printed what the transcripts said, it could be very damaging. So he requested that the press not print what was in the transcripts, and that the copies be returned. Tabor requested that the court admonish Phillips for passing out such prejudicial material, because no one would have been able to understand the tapes without the transcript, unless they happened to be Cavanagh who had 18 months to listen to them. Tabor also said that the defendants didn't have enough copies, because the D.A. had told them there weren't enough even though he had given the press copies. Murtagh denied this motion, and

Jerry got up to say that since the D.A. had made 30 or 40 copies of this, why couldn't he make copies of the material the defense had asked for to prepare their case. (Like copies of Roberts reports), Murt told him to stop it, and that his motion was denied. He went on to say that he did not think the tape was audible, so Phillips said that HE had followed every word, except for when the defendants were making noise. He then said that a noticed that even the defendants and counsel could follow the transcripts, that the inaudible sections were marked, and that every word was there. Maybe the speaker near Murtagh wasn't good enough, he said, and just cause it's difficult, that's no reason to exclude it. He continued whining that if they were to listen to it three times, they

would hear every word (and have memorized the transcript) and that they should hear it under better conditions. Murt said that he had no doubt that it was an exact reproduction, but the inaudibility made him say no to it. Phillips asked that they hear the rest, but Murt said that there was no need. Phillips begged Murt to listen to page 28, but Murt reminded him that a live witness could use the transcript to "refresh his memory" and repeat exactly what was on the transcript. Phillips again begged, turn to page 28—it's audible—it just takes getting used to. Page 28 consisted of Gene Roberts reading from the Red Book—loud and clear—with no background noise. Phillips said that every word could be heard, but Murt said that that was Roberts and the

(Continued on Page 20)

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When This Musician Bombs, It's For Real

San Juan, Oct. 27. San Juan police arrested Fillberto Ojeda Rios, 37, in connection with last December's bombing of five tourist hotels and a midtown bar. Rios, a musician and native of Naguabo, was charged with six violations of the Explosives Law, six violations of the Weapons Law and conspiracy. Rios identified by police as a member of the Armed Revolutionary Independentista (MIRA), was one of two persons still sought by police in connection with the bombing at the Americana, Howard Johnson Racquet Club, Puerto Rico Sheraton and San Jeronimo Hilton hotels, and the Big Bamboo Bar.

Abraham Pena, president of the Puerto Rico branch of the musicians federation, said that Rios "is not and never has been a member of our union." He noted that "our members 'bomb' only on stage, figuratively, and then only on very rare occasions."

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Friends remember her simply as "Big Ethel," an outgoing but hardworking student who would never do anything "radical." Deep beneath that friendly exterior, however, a storm was brewing. Being the ugliest girl in school and the brunt of countless scatological jokes on that account, Big Ethel was extremely bitter by the time she managed to get away from Riverdale. Certainly her first year at Columbia was nothing exceptional. An average student, she spent most of her spare time working in a free children's leukemia clinic, but that summer she did volunteer work for a community center in the neighboring Harlem ghetto where she quickly gained an understanding of the frustration that foments racial unrest in the American Negro Community. Beginning to read heavily from the works of Franz Fanon, Karl Marx, she changed her major from French Romantic Literature to Political Science, and joined the Columbia SDS where she quickly gained a reputation for being a hard-line theorist and relentless worker. She kept herself out of the headlines and out jail until the spring of 1968, one month before her scheduled graduation, when she and Mark Rudd led the famous takeover of Columbia. Interviewed by several major newspapers and TV networks, she quickly emerged as a horrifying, criminal figure in the American mass consciousness—compounded when she began taking a feminist point of view as well. She was arrested that summer when she stabbed a detective from the Bureau of Special Services in the throat with a knife. Beaten senseless by police and taken away to a precinct house where she was awakened with cold water and beaten again within an inch of her life, she was promptly indicted on 17 counts of assault, conspiracy to commit assault, battery, conspiracy to commit battery, treason, conspiracy to commit treason, attempted murder, conspiracy to commit attempted murder, and littering—and conspiracy to litter. An enraged District Attorney Frank Hogan told reporters "Off the record, fellows, I hope the victim dies, so we can burn that dirty little cunt in the chair."

Later, all charges except conspiracy to litter were dropped when it was proven that the BSS agent had posed as a mugger, trying to get private papers away from her. Convicted of conspiracy to litter, she was sentenced to one year in prison and served 90 days in the Women's House of D. before her attorney, Gerald Lefcourt, won her release on appeal. Lefcourt was cited for contempt. One month later, Ethel was indicted for violation of the Selective Service laws—failure to report for draft induction—and actually spent 30 days in



Big Ethel greets YIP supporters on release from Tombs. (Lefcourt in background, under police.)

the Tombs before attorney Lefcourt won a hearing before the Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart, which he gained by bursting into the judge's chambers at 10 at night. Lefcourt argued that since Ethel was a woman, as per HIGGINS vs. ARIZONA and EARP vs. NEW JERSEY, she was not eligible for the draft as per GIBBONS vs. ILLINOIS and JONES vs.

U.S. and therefore, as per WILLIAMS vs. MAINE, was not liable for prosecution for failure to report. Furthermore, as stated in the landmark GRAZIANO vs. BOARD OF EDUCATION decision, and BELL vs. OHIO, she was not eligible to be held in the Tombs. After studying the briefs for 26 days, Judge Stewart ordered Big Ethel released, but had Attorney Lefcourt jailed for 6 months for contempt. Three days later, Ethel was picked up and questioned for 76 hours about the sinking of the Andrea Doria, then released in her own custody. Back in Riverdale, her father was fired from his job and her mother was cited for contempt of court.

During an emergency appendix operation at Bellevue in the spring of 1969, Big Ethel was arrested on the operating table for possession of dangerous drugs (sodium pentathol) and beaten senseless, causing the doctors to make a mistake and sew up a set of forceps in her body. — for which she was arrested four days later for possession of stolen property. After a hectic trial, she was sentenced to two years in prison, with an additional 4 years for contempt. Her attorney, Gerald Lefcourt, who had cited MOORE vs. NEVADA, GUARDIAN LIFE vs. MASSACHUSETTS and the DRED SCOTT DECISION, was sentenced to three years for contempt. Ethel served 8 months, and eventually had to cancel out on her scheduled diplomatic mission to Hanoi with Nancy Rubin, Judy Gumbo and Genie Plamdenom. One day before her scheduled release, however, a guard came through and told her she was under arrest. When she told him that she was in jail already and couldn't be arrested, she was arrested for resisting arrest and beaten senseless. In a brilliant legal defense, during which he cited TEXAS vs.

SANTA ANA and OHIO vs. KANSAS and MARCIANO vs. WALCOTT, the bedraggled Lefcourt won a mistrial for his client but was himself sentenced to life imprisonment for contempt. Big Ethel is now waiting in the Women's House of D for final disposition of her case.



DILTON AND ARMBAND

Little Dilton Doily went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he excelled to such a degree that he was graduated two years early, and indeed, called in frequently to confer with resident scientists. Upon his graduation, he accepted a prestigious position with the Activon Corporation which makes small plastic gaskets for rocket ships and decals for Revell Model planes. Last year he was fired for refusing to take off his black armband on Moratorium Day, and he sued Activon for reinstatement. The case inspired great local passions, and Dilton's Attorney, Gerald Lefcourt wound up being cited for contempt of court. Dilton won his job back, though, and is now working on an idea to transmute lead into gold. He is 23, and has a wife and two children.



Grundy & Bee: Gone & quite forgotten

Most of those grand old folks on the Riverdale High Faculty are still with us, despite the turbulence of our times. Professor Flutesnot, for instance, has gone on to the chairmanship of the Migraine State Teacher's College where he has worked since 1968, doing occasional applied research in cooperation with the Rand Institute.

Old Miss Beazly is still the head dietician at Riverdale High, just as testy and caustic as ever. There was a brief flurry of consternation in the community in 1966, when a State Inspector discovered that she had indeed been dousing the cafeteria food with saltpeter all along; but when it was pointed out that saltpeter in such minute doses is perfectly harmless, and Miss Beazly promised moreover never to do it again, a good laugh was had by all and she kept her job.

Miss Grundy and Principal Weatherbee fared less well. It seems that in August of 1968 all the Riverdale High Faculty gathered to discuss their projected year's lesson plans, but Miss Grundy was nowhere to be seen. What's more, no one could remember seeing her for the last few weeks. Mr. Weatherbee then drove out to her home on the Willow Road, where he found her lying peacefully in bed with the covers drawn up to her chin, dead two weeks. "They had to burn the mattress," notes Jughead's mother. Two months later to the very day, Mr. Weatherbee himself was found by Coach Cleats lying on the floor of the private bathroom adjoining his office, his pants around his ankles and a large discolored bruise on his forehead. He was

(Continued on Page 17)

If you took your father to see 'Trash,' he'd probably try to molest a traffic light on the way home.*

— Marc Laffie, Hofstra Chronicle

Andy Warhol presents Joe Dallesandro in



TRASH

introducing Jane Forth and Holly Woodlawn directed by Paul Morrissey

3rd Avenue at 68th Street - PL 3-0774

CINEMA II

*"Extraordinarily funny. I loved it."

OLD FOLKS

(Continued from Page 16)

pronounced dead on arrival at Riverdale Mercy Hospital, the cause being listed as cardiac arrest. This occurred during the sixth period on Friday, and although no one was told about it officially, word passed quickly through the Student Body, and the kids immediately took to the streets screaming "The Bee's dead!" and trashed the town until Saturday afternoon when 1,500 state police came in to break it up with dogs and tear gas. Coach Cleats made history when he mobilized his championship football squad who, dressed in Riverdale High blazers with American flag lapel buttons, waded into a mob of 6 or 7 hippies and

beat them senseless. Cleats, quickly gaining a reputation for public speaking, was then named principal—but left in the fall of 1969, to campaign for the office of Assistant Town Supervisor on the Republican ticket. The campaign poster was a shot of Cleats watching his team decimate the hippies under the caption, "The kind of man who doesn't take any crap." He won the election by a wide margin.

Riverdale folks don't talk much about old Pop Tate any more. Growing weary of his failing soda shop in 1967, he switched his attention to his new bookstore concern which he ran at great profit until late that year, when he was closed down by Riverdale Citizens for Decent Literature. As a result, Pop took up with a syndicate in L.A., and moved there later that year. He now owns and runs a topless massage, body-painting and photo parlor. He also publishes eight sex newspapers and

distributes them in a fleet of trucks that he co-owns. "Free enterprise," he wrote to Jughead's mother, "is our only bulwark against Communism."

Old Mr. Svenson, the janitor, retired with 53 years of proud public service behind him in 1965, and is still to be seen doing odd jobs around town, and going back to the old school to help out when needed. "I'll never die," he screams to children as he swaggers along his way.

REGGIE

(Continued from Page 13)

Thankfully for Reggie, the cause of his dismissal from federal service did not come to light until well into the summer recess: it seems Reggie had been experimenting with the gay crowd in Venice, and had actually been seen consorting with known male hustlers along San Francisco's Tenderloin district. Since investigation of homosexual activity was in no wise any part of Reggie's assigned area of endeavour, it did not take long for his superiors to put two and two together.

As usual, of course, Reggie had other tricks up his sleeve. Moving to North Beach, he worked his way through San Francisco State College assiduously shooting photographs for skin magazines. Also, using a carefully edited version of his career as an FBI agent, he managed to moonlight quite frequently as the flash man for a number of private detectives. For recreational purposes, he employed the classified sections of the Los Angeles Free Press and the Berkeley Barb. A typical Mantle ad read thusly: Tall, dark white male, AC/DC/LSMFT, 8½", well

versed in French, Greek, and Costa Rican Cultures, seeks similarly inclined singles and couples. Not adverse to light b/d, but draws the line at g/v and animal training. Call Reggie, 989-' Just prior to his commencement in 1968, with a B.A., he was the very first person ever to be barred from the BARB classifieds for using them to blackmail eminent Bay Area persons. At first he decided to stay with his present employment in a mediocre ad agency on Grant Street, but one afternoon that summer he intercepted an intriguing phone call to his immediate superior: a publicity agency in New York was seeking someone to handle promotion for a promising new rock group. Now, Reggie was not altogether unfamiliar with rock music—despite harbouring a personal preference for Liberace and Johnny Ray—having cruised the Winterland every weekend since the Haight-Asbury came into hippie style. Also, two of his most lucrative blackmail clients were noted male rock singers with heavy macho images, from the mention of whose names here only the craven fear of libel suit deters us. Accordingly, he immediately hung up on the call from New York, and dialed back a half hour later.

'Look,' he told the producer, 'my friend Eddie here tells me you're looking for a new group promoter. Now, Eddie's not too hot on the idea of relocating and all that, but I'll tell ya, it just so happens I was thinking of moving to New York anyway ...'

By the time Eddie found out about this deal, Reggie had already been in New York for two months, and was blowjobbing his way into an even better position at Columbia Records. It is difficult to determine precisely what Reggie's function there presently consists.

Last summer he was integral to the arrangements behind the disastrous Randall's Island Rock Festival. In fact, Latimer and Schultz briefly encountered Reggie at the Randall's Island production office, when the EVO Studs paid it a visit, armed with golf clubs and baseball bats, to collect on twenty pages worth of ads. Two hundred freaks from the Lower East Side Rip-Off Collective were also present, and only Reggie's realistic imitation of a man suffering a heart attack got him off with nothing more severe than deep contusions. 'I'm on your side,' he kept gasping. 'I'm on your side.' Presently Reggie makes the better part of his income from the dealing of dope out of his exquisite West Side apartment, which he shares with a blonde Moroccan masseur named Raschid, with whom Randy Agnew is said to have once fallen in love. Ever since this last development threatened to come to light through the Jack Anderson column, Reggie has made any number of trips to Washington, and returned smiling broadly. He has been seen frequently snorting cocaine from hundred-dollar bills.



REGGIE AS RIFOFF ARTIST

JUNK-HEAD

(Continued from Page 12)

'I don't know how it happened,' he admits. 'One night I was destroyed on opium, lined up in front of the Fillmore for tickets. But when I got them, they said "Fillmore Easi." I looked around in a daze; sure enough, I was in New York City, in the East Village. I kinda had trouble with that. For a couple of weeks I kept waking up in places like Coney Island, Philadelphia, and Lewiston, Maine ... But then after reading a record by Tim Leary I managed to get myself centered in the East Village, from which I have not been able to stir since 1968. By the way, could you spare a quarter?' 'Could you spare a quarter?' repeated Titus.

'These days I do a lot of smack,' he admitted. 'Have you tried that new pink

stuff from the Coast?' Latimer nodded happily. 'Of course, it can get down on your head after awhile, so every month or so I do a speed run to burn the junk out. I'm an artist, too,' he said.

'What do you do?' asked Schultz cynically.

'Well, I was trying to paint my bathtub ...'

'I was a bathtub once,' said Titus helpfully.

'Titus, will you get the fuck out of here?' snapped Latimer.

'You can't touch me,' retorted Titus with a glare.

Liberal honkey bleeding hearts that they are, Latimer and Schultz immediately began trying to milk old Junkhead for a buck. Being that he was just then drying out on speed, they bought the twitching addict a spoon of meth and began picking his brain, what little remains, in bad

shape, for information on his famous counterparts from Archie Comics. Junkhead himself can remember but little of those old days, but among the letters from his mother the two journalists discovered a veritable mine of information. Rifling his personal belongings while Junkhead lay twitching and gasping in amphetamine overdose, they managed to piece together an illuminating chronology on the Class of '64 at Riverdale High.

'But I have one final statement to tell the readers,' Junkhead roused himself enough to say, as Latimer and Schultz made to depart with the booty. 'Drugs are the major destroyer of our youth today. Look what they did to me. If you're not on them, don't get on them. If you're on them, for God's sake get off. If you can't do it yourself, find help. Now can I get paid for this interview. I gotta find some of that new pink shit from the Coast.'

'I was on the Coast once,' said Titus.

MOOSE

His show business career was recently cut short when, for National Security reasons, his account—on the Dick Cavett show—of a raid he had led on a Hawaiian village was blipped off the air.

A civilian now, with possible political designs in store, Moose traveled the Republican fund-raising circuit during the last election, excoriating draft-dodgers 'and other queers.'

'Duh ... What about da sacrifices of our brave boys overseas?' he asked a screaming crowd in Tampa, waving aloft his unbound stump. 'Why, I had dis good buddy back home named Archie ...'

Moose's second l.p., due soon, is titled 'Straits of Formosa.'

NEW ALBUM

AMERICAN BEAUTY: THE GRATEFUL DEAD



The Grateful Dead are consistently the best performing group in this country. They recently became one of the best recording groups in the country with their album, *Workingman's Dead*, a collection of countrified songs, economical instrumentals, and newly

expanded vocals. *American Beauty*, their latest, is, in Jerry Garcia's words, "an extension of what we started to get into with *Workingman's Dead*."

American Beauty is on Warner Bros. Records. Tapes are distributed by Ampex.

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John Ireland, Jr.





HI KIDS! YOU DONT KNOW ME YET...



OH, DONT WORRY... THERE'S MANY A YEAR TWIXT THOU AND ME! HEH HEH!



"AND BESIDES, CHANGES ARE YOU WONT FEEL A THING!"

I GUESS YA COULD CALL ME FATES' CLEAN UP MAN. YOU SEE, I'M THE...

Conqueroz Worm

THERE ARE THOSE HOWEVER WHO WOULD CHEAT FATE OF IT'S DUES! SUCH A MAN WAS ANDRE VESTINE!



A PAMPERED, YOUNG DECADENT, WHO OUT OF BOREDOM, MADE A DEADLY MOCKERY OF LAW & ORDER



ANDRE VESTINE WHO LAUGHED AT HIS PRESCRIBED DEMISE.

...AND ON THAT DAY YOU SHALL DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!



AND CONTINUED TO LAUGH

FIVE MINUTES, VESTING!

HEH...



... ALL THE WAY TO THE SEAT!

KIM DIETCH and Feoie

NOTHING like it has been seen or heard before. Thermodyne embodies an entirely new principle of radio reception—so simplified and so certain that a child can tune in six to ten stations a minute. If it's in the air Thermodyne will get it.

Calibrations are in wave lengths, just as listed in the daily press. There is nothing to remember, no figuring to do, no fuss or bother. Select the station wanted, turn arrow to position—the station clicks in at once.

It comes in at the same point *always*, no matter where the set may be—all other stations are shut out completely—and each signal is loud, clear and wholly free from distortion. Local stations and distant stations cannot interfere.

Six Tubes With One Control

Charlie Frick

So lots of people don't know why they're hearing psychedelic gospel music on their radio sets inside their heads all the time. The electric mecca is up up and away, and the whole town looks like they're crammin' for their finals.

Most of the rock and roll stories from the electric mecca sound like fairy tales and fantasy trips. Head dreams. Everyone's got their own head trips. My name's Charlie Frick and I call em as I see em.

It was an incredible time squash and pressure push Tuesday, assembling an assault infiltration team for the evening's festivities.

The radio said 8:30 and everything was go. So we head up town and all sorts of strangeness is going down all over the place. People running nowhere in the streets and taxicabs' horns going beep beep on into the night. The radio set was doing a change: all those 4 sides of the new **SOFT MACHINE** album went through the speakers in my head all over again; I ain't heard that kind of music since I don't know when. They're really nice, and jazz has a way of helping you feel where the beat is. So everything was okay and we were well on our way. Parked the car by some uptown construction site, put up the camouflage and got it out of sight. It was 9 p.m. and we were crossing 7th Ave. pickin' up on the action and all that it had to offer... We hit the A&R recording studios like a splash. There was some studio rented cops standing around on the ground floor. Some more important looking people with suits on and clip boards in their hands. Endless lists of names, all designed to keep the dummies out and the freeloaders away from the action.

Flashing heavily now Coca's dazzling smile and my own bewildering footwork made havoc of their high-priced security system. Gene and Paulette got by the checkpoints with a fast idento-stimulator. Into the elevator and up to the 7th floor recording studios. The elevator door opened and there were more people with clipboards and 2 more rented cops. The security was tight.

naturally, we went into action again. The management tried to cool things out by putting straight executive secretary types at the doors to all these important functions of the rock world. But it's to no avail. They can't really keep out the forces of liberation, so they just stand around making like they're cool and hip, and all the time scared shitless, wondering whether their head is going to be the next to go on the chopping block—So we slipped by and into the main arena. The throbbing mass of people were deep in the throws of a party.

FLASHBACK: I was walking down the halls of the Port Authority a few weeks ago looking at buses leaving town and I ran into Larry; I hadn't seen him in a long long time. Whatcha doin', huh? I mumbled to him. Goin' to work for ABC-FM, he said, then I saw him at the rock auction and he said the same thing. WABC-FM Live broadcasts of live performances; radio transmission from the studios where your favorite musicians work and play. It's something new that they haven't used in a long long time. They were going to try and bring it back to the NYC pop scene, like a dream from another time another place, so I called up my friend Larry and he told me all about it... Seems that **ELTON JOHN**, the hottest thing to swing into town in a long while, was supposed to do the first in a series of live concerts out over the FM airwaves, no tapes, no delays, as live as live can possibly be... I said to Larry, see you there.

There he was, as unsuspecting as he looked that day truckin' round in the Port Authority, now here he was in the darkness of the center ring; the rock and roll show was in town and all these things were going down and all the people I know were in the center ring... We shook hands. "Be sure to stay around after the show for wine and cheese. 37 different kinds of cheese from around the world? I picked them out myself, this afternoon," he said, then disappeared into the crowd. 37 flavors, I thought; out of sight.

There were 150 people jammed into that small recording studio hooked up by phone line to ABC-FM. Vin Scelsa back at master control minding the meters and the dials. Dave Herman, ABC's prime time hitline deejay, was at the studio to serve as master of ceremonies. A live radio show; it was almost too unbelievable to go off according to plan... The crowd was made up of kids, the winners of some obscure contest where the first prizes were tickets to come to a real live radio show; they were all there to see Elton John be on the radio.

All the rest of the people were the killers and the clowns that make the music scene their home. There were groupie chicks and rent-a-cops and Jewish record company executives, complete with semi-hip suits that were too tight in all the wrong places and the ulcers in their stomachs. Italian record company executives that were too tight in all the places. Photographers. People from the straight press. Token spades and fags. Friends of the musicians' friends, radio station technicians, recording studio technicians and other technicians that remained unseen to the human eyes, yes, it was a big day for the rock and roll world. It got off the ground slowly in the dark studio. They played the radio out over the speakers while everyone was waiting for the action. Hardly anyone realized the significance of what was about to take place... Live radio is merely a transference of an energy event to others in a different place from where it actually happened.

Dave Herman came to the microphone looking cool and hip and all those other things that a pop star is supposed to look like. He said, "Hi folks, welcome to WABC," and so forth and so on,

the same old party line for all those who were in on the dance for the first time around, he told everyone that they would be on the air live and that they should behave themselves.

When I was but a glimmer, I was on the **Howdy Doody** show. They gave us the same rap about don't misbehave on camera. I recognized the red lights from another time... Dave Herman said we'll be on the air in a little while. We waited and waited and waited; then he came back to the microphone, this time with an earphone. The red lights flashed several times and it was underway.

He said, "Thanks Vin, well we're down here at the A&R recording studios for a live radio concert with **Elton John** and blah blah blah... on and on he went. So there was **Elton John** and his drummer and his bass player and a studio full of people waiting to be turned on. Many things all over the place are being said about **Elton John** lately. He's got an album out on the **UNI** label. Pick it up to hear what he sounds like. If you react the straight and the hip trades you'll find out all about what he's going through.

I don't get excited too easily and this was no exception. He spun off a handful of songs from his album and his hit-selling single and a song about the Indians. It sounded pretty empty there in the studio without the strings and all the overdubbing that the industry is famous for slipping into an artist's work... but then again, it was a live concert, so how could you expect it to sound like the record???

All around me there were guys in tight fitting hip-looking suits rubbing their hands slowly together with dollar signs in their eyes. They were **Elton John's** owner and managers and agents and producers and all the others that had a piece of the action; they were real happy. They're all tight fisted when it comes to the old fast buck. I can see why some artists just go insane having to deal with these low lifes, they can get to one's brain. It's too bad for **Elton John**. Maybe he wants to get to the top of the top 40 charts or something, maybe that's what his managers want him to do. He played on and on, turning everyone around a few times in

their seats, it was really neat when he did the things he did, turning them out in a slow, methodical manner. The audience loved him; they squirmed in their seats trying to tap their feet to the beats in the songs. It wasn't long before everyone was on their feet boppin' away.

Everyone had a good time, it was certain that this kind of radio should go on all the time.

There was much more there than meets the eye. The rock and roll scenes and the groupies' dreams of star fucking and the hype control turned up all the way. He played on and on and on, all the songs sounded like they were in the same key. Sometimes loud sometimes soft. The drummer was different than the one on the record. And the bass player had a few tricks up his sleeve...

Their sound was strange familiar and people were wondering where they heard it before. There were some stolen Beatle licks thrown in and some parts that sounded like they were from **Lee Michaels**. All in all an enjoyable performance altogether. Then it was all over, the red lights went off and they returned to the studio for some pre-recorded music with Vin. At the studio the party went on and on. The free eats were set up and everyone went for the table. The important straight press and the groupies headed for **Elton John** for a story or a touch or an autograph on a tightly clutched album cover. The **EVO** assault team hanging around watching the various scenes go down sipping wine from plastic glasses, was watching plastic people make plastic passes at one another on and on into the night. There was some graffiti scribbled on one of the walls. I read: "Revolution is a mind game." It was shortly thereafter that we made our flight past the faceless few that were still around, down to the street, but not before I had tasted the cheese. Yeah, there were 37 different kinds of it, from around the world, at the rock and roll show that day. With the 36th in my mouth and the 37 in my hand, we made our getaway.



PANTHERS (Continued from Page 15)

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tape was inadmissible. So court was recessed for the day, and we all left Phillips, who was once employed as a professional laughter, sitting and staring in front of him at all his monolithic, expensive equipment, on the verge of tears.

But Phillips could not take the defeat, so on Wed. Nov 18, he made an application, saying that the transcripts were damaging and about the bombing of department stores, railroads, precincts, and the killing of pigs. He said that the references were audible and essential and therefore admissible. He was not ready to submit a brief, but said that he had many authorities to support him, and taking one book from a large stack, began reading other cases. He said that he wanted the jury to hear the tape, and that by using the transcript they would see what was on the tape. He said that the defendants and some of their lawyers had never heard that kind of tape before and were inexperienced people, so that was not a real test, as expertise is required. Cavanagh, after two weeks, could hear every word, and the numerous outbursts on Tuesday, with the counsel constantly jumping up and down, and two of them found in contempt, made it hard to hear—it wasn't fair. He went on to say that it was very damaging evidence, proving that the defendants had been trained, and he was, therefore, entitled to a full hearing. Phillips said that he sympathized with the courts inattention because of the disruptions and arguments caused by the defendants and their lawyers, and that it was clear to him that the tapes were admissible. He felt that better and more equipment was needed and that earphones should be given to every juror. Hearings should be held in the courts chambers or in an audio studio, and if that is not sufficient, MORE equipment should be gotten.

It would just be a small matter of patience—like if a witness who didn't speak English, too well took the stand—that kind of patience, time and effort, because this is "tremendously important evidence" showing at least five of the defendants involved in a plot.

Murtagh said that he would receive a brief, but doubted that that would affect his ruling. The witness, however, could use the transcript to refresh his imagination. Phillips then asked for an adjournment until Thursday to give him time to prepare his brief. Murtagh again said that he didn't think he would be affected by the brief, because the tape was clearly inaudible. Phillips replied that the tape should be heard in a conducive atmosphere, and that he felt the courts ruling was unfair. Murtagh granted the request for a recess. Jerry Lefcourt objected, saying that tapes should be heard before the jury was told about them to avoid unduly prejudicing them. Murt answered that there was nothing to uphold that, and that, in this case, where the tapes "manifestly" contain what the D.A. says they contain, the witness may look at the transcript. Jerry said that he was concerned about other tapes to be presented, which are also probably inaudible. Murt answered that the tapes were inaudible in the legal sense, but not inaudible, and that the statements would probably appear, but that that kind of effort is not for a court to make and the D.A. should make that evidence known in another way.

Jerry said that he did not wish to waste the time off, but Phillips felt that this was important to his case and that HE should have the time he needed. Murtagh then had the nerve to say that he was doing it to protect the rights of the accused!!! Bob Bloom said that there was no limit to the time Phillips might want, and that the defense should have the right to answer the brief, but saw no reason to draw up a brief now.

Murtagh told him he could waive that right, but Bob said that he didn't want to—if Phillips submits a brief, they might want to at a later date—they should be able to see his brief before they reply. Murt said that he would judge on procedure.

And Bob reminded him that the defendants can't reply to something they don't have before them. He then asked to have Roberts reports, so that the defense would not have to ask for another recess. Phillips said that he would have the reports on Friday. Jerry said that the reports were essential and that no cross examination would take place without them. They had also asked for the Grand Jury reports, but Phillips kept postponing giving them that. It was necessary that they get as many copies of both as soon as possible. Phillips said that he had only one copy, and the defense needed eight copies, would the court make an effort to solve the problem. Phillips then said that he would not let the Grand Jury minutes leave the courtroom, and that he would not let Roberts reports leave the building. If they wanted to, counsel could look over these things in HIS office or with an armed guard watching them. Jerry said that this was the first time

Phillips had said that for the record and a transparent ploy to make the defense counsel unprepared. By taking notes on the reports or minutes, these things would, in effect be "leaving the building", and since the D.A. made about 50 copies of the tape transcript, he could do the same with the other things. Sandy Kats said that he resented being watched like a common thief, and that he had a right to prepare his defense in the normal manner, in HIS OWN OFFICE, and not with an officer standing over him. He had a right to be in a place where he could discuss things freely with his colleagues, and not in the office of the D.A. Phillips said that prior events in the trial caused his reaction and when Sandy asked what, he said "wire taps". Afeni told him not to speak with a forked tongue. Jerry again said, that aside from this being insulting, it was a transparent ploy by Phillips to try to make sure that the defense was unprepared. Murt made no decisions.

Phillips continued crying on Thursday, November 19, saying that he wanted the court to hear the entire transcript in a room with no distractions. He said that the court had already heard pages where every word had been audible (that was the page where Gene Roberts read from The Red Book.) He then said that the court must educate itself in regards to listening to tapes and reading transcripts, and began citing cases that would support his opinion. This was a critical part of his case, he said, and Murtagh should carefully compare it to the ones Phillips had cited, so Murtagh asked to see the file.

Bill Crain cited some cases, later cases, where the ruling supported the position of the defense, and reminded Murtagh that he had said that the tape was inaudible. Murtagh, however, having realized that these tapes could make or break Phillips' case, said that he had not called the tapes inaudible, just that they were not up to sufficient quality. (Murt DID say they were inaudible) Crain went on to say that the transcript had been written under the guidance of Gene Roberts, the BOSS informer, who had identified the voices. The transcripts, therefore, contained double hearsay. Murtagh interrupted again, saying that he did not agree that the transcript consisted of double hearsay. Crain then asked Murtagh to listen to the tape ruled inaudible in another BPP case, and said that since this tape was largely inaudible, it would lead the jury to speculation. The only thing one could hear on the tape was Gene Roberts, and the page with Roberts reading from Nico was totally irrelevant to the case.

Jerry Lefcourt objected to the fact that Phillips had blamed the defendants and their lawyers for interrupting the court, but Murtagh, of course, said that he agreed with Phillips, saying that the defense interrupted in a contemptuous manner. Jerry Lefcourt continued,

saying that he was not objecting so much to the introduction of the tape, he was objecting to the transcript, which is what Phillips really wanted to introduce. The jury would read, and not listen, and the defense did not concede the validity of the transcript, and that was the heart of the matter, since everyone agreed that the tape was totally inaudible.

Phillips then had the NERVE to say that HE "...went through months of pretrial hearing where the DEFENSE tried to suppress the truth." Some laughter followed that, and Bob Bloom asked for the defendants to be brought out. Murt, however, said that the court was discussing a legal matter, and that the defendants were not needed. Bloom answered that he had gotten word from one of the guards that the defendants wanted to come in, but Murt just said, "Proceed." Bill Crain then said that because of the prosecution's heavy reliance on the transcript, the defense was being forced into the position of suppressing the tape, as they felt that the transcript was inadmissible. Testimony revealed confusion in determining certain sounds coming out, resulting in admitted debates between Cavanagh and Roberts, with Cavanagh conceding that his decisions had been subjective. Then as Murt tried to rehabilitate Cavanagh, a guard locked the door between the court and the prisoners. Bill Crain went on to say that if the tape is ruled audible, then the court stenographer should do the transcript, and not use the transcript made up by the police informer and a paid employee of Phillips' office. Crain then said that Phillips was allowing a lay witness to affect the jury, as it was unmistakable that without the transcript, the tape was total garble, static, and unidentifiable sounds, with the exception of Gene Roberts. Cavanagh, himself, admitted that the tape was inaudible, and that if Roberts hadn't been there and given him a skeleton transcript, the final transcript might have been entirely different. Transcribing the tape had occurred on Cavanagh's first day on the job in Phillips' office, so obviously he wanted to please the D.A. and must have been aware how important the case was to him. Cavanagh was also heavily assisted by a man who has spent the past six years infiltrating various black organizations, so obviously, the transcript was prepared in the most prejudicial, and tainted way possible. Phillips obviously wants the jury to close off their ears and just to read.

Murtagh then said that he would reserve his decision, and although he would prefer a live witness, who might use the transcript to refresh his memory, he would listen to the tape again, under more appropriate circumstances.

Phillips then said that he was ready to go with his second tape, which he thought was even better than the first, and he wanted to introduce the tape to the court. Bill Crain objected, saying the defense had tried very hard to lay out their objections to the introducing of evidence in front of the jury before they had seen or heard the evidence, to find out whether or not it was admissible. But Murt said that the defense hadn't persuaded the court, and ruled that the jury would be brought in. Bob Bloom noted that it was 11:35 and the defendants have been kept out of the courtroom, receiving blatantly prejudicial treatment. Phillips noted that Afeni, Dharuba, Joan Bird, and Michael Tabor were present, but Afeni reminded the court that the only reason they were there was because they happened to be out on bail.

Pig Roberts took the stand again, and said that on March 13, 1969 he wore a bugging device to a dry firing class at Hassan's apartment. Robot pig Williams came to the stand next, saying that his assignment on that date had been to monitor another bug, somewhere around 170th st and Grand Concourse. He went through a whole spiel about waiting by subways, zigging up and down streets trying to locate the signal, and finally finding the signal and having to park

(Continued on Page 22)

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UNDERCOVER PIG BUSTS 70 IN CONN.

Seventy warrants were issued in New Haven last week for possession and sale of various kinds of dope; the warrants were issued on the same day, filed by the same plaintiff, undercover pig George Miller. The selection of the jury to sit on the railroading of Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby Seale was barely two days in swing before the heat came down on the New Haven radical community, as exemplified by these seventy pig swindle frameup arrests. These New Haven busts exemplify the basest kind of rabid pig treachery imaginable, and the

sympiotic collusion of the media with the lying New Haven swine is clearly outlined as part of a morbid conspiratorial pattern.

Pig Miller swilled around in the New Haven community for months previous to the arrests, getting chummy with everyone, but especially the staff of the radical underground New Haven newspaper, VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM. Since this paper is staffed by volunteers, distributed on the streets by vendors much like the Black Panther Party Paper, the pigs realized that it posed a threat to their domination of the

community, and they determined to squash it. Pig Miller's duties consisted mainly of hitting every brother and sister he met up for dope, again and again, until finally some of them would get sick of him asking for it all the time, and lay some on him. Then Pig Miller would shrewdly pay them money for it, thus constituting illegal sale of narcotics, a felony.

Obviously the destruction of VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM was one of the primary pig-aims of Miller and his coevals in the New Haven swine herd. For example, he actually has the editor of the paper up on a flimsy fabricated heroin charge, an obvious lie. When these cases

go to court, it will be a simple matter of Pig Miller's lying word against the word of the defendants, and it takes little experience in frameups of this low-life type to realize who the judge will wind up deciding for.

But it should also be pointed out that this malefic endeavour just happened to occur at the very beginning of Chariman Bobby's lynching in the New Haven courthouse. Clearly the pigs seek to intimidate any radical support of the latest Panther AUTO-DA-FE by drumming home the fact that any activity of this kind will meet with the most oppressive kind of Nixon/Agnew/Mitchell pig fascist vamping conceivable.

In this way the Babylonian oppressors of the Third World community hope to keep it isolated from the support of its comrades-in-arms in the underbelly of the White community. This transparent pig ploy must be recognized for the divisive tactic it is, and countered with every last breath and bullet at our command.

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(But they can be rented)

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& satisfy all classes. How?
with the common man's common Senator
Earning(?) a measly hundred thou

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Its to whom they do it
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Congress means: come together!
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PANTHERS

(Continued from Page 20)

in a spot near a hydrant where they stayed for about 20 minutes, until they saw another parking space. Phillips asked him if he moved his car "in an effort not to violate the law" and pig Williams respectfully said "yes." They then spent 2 to 3 hours recording, using three reels, and left when they thought the meeting had ended. Williams had taken about 8 reels with him, all of which were marked, but said that he marked the three used with the date, the number, and the code name "Adam" which stood for Roberts. He then said that he made a copy of the original in roughly the same week.

Bob Bloom asked him if he had made any notes. Only in his memo book. Did that entry also consist of only about two lines? Yes. Did he use anything to refresh his memory? No. Did he take any notes in the car? No. This time he was in a partly Jewish neighborhood, correct? Yes, mixed. So he was not apprehensive, as he had been on March 11? No. Then why no notes? Well, the model of recorder he was using was older and had no automatic features, so he had to watch over it, to see that it kept running correctly. How long did a reel run? Forty minutes to one side. What time did he arrive back at his BOSS office? Around one o'clock. Did he do some work then? Yes. He made no notes though? Correct. So he was testifying as to his assignment, the time, the streets, the locations, etc., etc. completely from his memory of twenty months ago? Yes. Has he worked steadily since then? Yes. Almost 600 days have passed since then, has he worked all of them except for weekends and holidays? Yes. Had he made other surveillances? Yes. How many? Numerous. Any notes on any of them? Sometimes. Nothing special about March 13? No. Did he realize that it involved the BPP? Well, he had a vague idea. Did he prepare his testimony with Weinstein? The general nature. Did he show Weinstein how to use the equipment? Yes. Did he have a conversation with Weinstein? No. Did he read about the case in the papers? William said that he did not read the papers very often. Was he aware of the BPP? He was aware of its existence. How long had he been working for the police department? Fifteen years. And he took no notes? No. Had he been directed by BOSS or the D.A. not to make notes? No. Was he aware of the investigation by BOSS on the BPP? No. Did he have a standing order respecting taking notes? Yes. What? To make normal entries, and then to write "confidential investigation". On March 14, did he tell any of his superior officers what he had done the night before? Williams didn't recall. Was he required to report on his activities? No. So there was NO requirement imposed on him by a superior officer to report on March 13? No. So there WAS a requirement for him to report? Yes. Did he do so? No. At this time, it was time for lunch, so Murt interrupted Bloom to ask him if he was done. Bloom said no, so Murt gave out one of his snide, demonic grins, and looked at Phillips, who then leaned back, in silent laughter.

After lunch Bob Bloom continued questioning Williams, asking him if BOSS owned devices that someone could wear that had a bug and a recorder on them. Yes, about 6 of them. Murtagh and Phillips both started vamping on Bloom, calling his line of questioning irrelevant and a waste of time. At a given time, could there be about a dozen people bugging people in any given place? Yes. What was Williams assignment before joining BOSS? A patrolman. Did he keep a memo book at that time? Yes. Did his notes consist of more than just two lines? Yes. Murtagh again started vamping on Bloom, but said that HE WOULD ALLOW the questions. When

Williams joined BOSS did he receive any instructions about note taking? Yes — and he repeated the "confidential" number. Did he fill out any of the normal forms in re March 11 or 13? No. Did his superior officer tell him not to? No. Was he told that it involved the BPP? Possibly. Did Williams tell anyone what he had testified in court? Phillips. Bob Bloom then asked to see Phillips' notes from that meeting, and Weinstein handed over his notes too.

Did Williams remember telling the content of any of the tapes? Yes. Did he remember any of what was on the tapes? Yes. From twenty months ago, with no notes? Yes. How many times? Numerous. More than 10? Yes. Twenty? Yes. Thirty? Yes. Weinstein objected, and Murt and Phillips started vamping again, but Bloom went right on. Did he do any other monitoring in this case? No. Did Williams know Det. Roberts? No. When did he meet him? After the arrest. Where? At BOSS. Did they discuss the arrest? No. Was he told that Roberts was "Adam"? Yes. Was that in April of 69? No, in the latter part of March. So Williams met Roberts, after the arrest? Yes. Was he sure it was in March? Yes. Was he sure of his testimony in court? Yes. Would it change his testimony to know that the defendants had been arrested in April? It might. Was he aware that the case involved the BPP? Maybe. What was his opinion of the BPP in March 69? Murt interrupted again, telling Bloom to get in line and that the BPP had nothing to do with the case. When Williams met Roberts, and became aware of the arrest, did he think that he might have to testify? Yes. Did he then consider making any notes? No. Did Williams think he had a good memory? Yes.

Piglet Weinstein got up again, and asked Williams what he heard coming out of the monitor. After the objection from the defense was overruled, Williams said that when he first picked up the signal, he heard jumbled political talk, and later he heard a conversation about equipment. Katz asked for this testimony to be stricken, but Murt took it all subject to connection. Lefcourt reminded the judge that the tape was not yet in evidence, but Murt said that this testimony had NOTHING TO DO WITH THE TAPE. Bloom said that accepting this testimony, subject to connection, might be the thing that suggests a conspiracy, so Murt said that the jury "need not consider it, but they may," and went on to say that BLOOM was distorting things. So Williams continued, saying that he heard the bolt action of a rifle. Bill Crain objected, saying that Williams was not an expert, that this was prejudicial and that the D.A. had anticipated it. Weinstein went on to have Williams testify about his entire army career, when, obviously, Murt would have accepted him as an expert on the sound of rifles or anything else, if he'd just so much as shot a BB gun or a water pistol. So Williams went back to the night of March 13, 1969, and said that he heard the bolt action of a rifle clicking several times as if to make sure that the rifle was clear, and more clicking sounds like those of a trigger. These sounds, Williams said, made up about one third to one half of the tape.

When Williams left the stand, Jerry Lefcourt asked to have the reports that the defense had asked for, over the weekend, so they could prepare themselves. Phillips said, that he assumed that the tapes would be accepted, so that the defense would not need the reports until next week. Jerry then said that the cross examination of Roberts might begin on Monday or Tuesday, so the copies were needed. Murt told the defense to work it out with the D.A. Jerry told him that that was not possible, but Murt said that HE would not do it. Jerry reminded the court that Phillips would only allow them to look at the report in HIS office, so Murt responded, "That's all the law requires."

Dip shit Cavanagh took the stand again and Phillips got up to question him. Did he make the transcript of the March 13 tape? Yes. In the same way as he had made the previous transcript? Yes. The transcript was

entered and marked as 39E. Cavanagh said that Roberts had helped him again, and had again identified the voices.

It was about time for court to adjourn, so Murt said that on Monday the court would listen to the tapes, so the jury and the defendants would not be needed until two o'clock. Sandy Katz said that the defendants insisted on being there, and if they were not allowed, counsel would not come. Murt denied the request and directed the counsel to be there. Katz responded that the defendants lives were at stake, and that they had a right to be there, but Murt said that the tape had already been played in court, when the defendants were present. (Part of one tape was played, the second tape was not played at all.)

After continuing objections, Murt said that if Phillips could work it out, the defendants could come (But we know how Phillips would "work it out"). The lawyers suggested many different rooms, but Murt just responded with, "We'll see." Bob Bloom said that he must have the advice of his defendants as to the truth contained in the transcripts, and to deprive him of that right was prejudicial. Jerry said that the purpose of the voir dire was to see if the evidence should come before the jury, and the defendants might be able to prove that the whole thing was a fabrication, but Murt just said that the court would "work it out." Knowing full well how "the court would work it out" some of the defendants told their lawyers that if they were not allowed to hear the tapes, and the lawyers went, they would discharge them. The lawyers passed on this information to Murt, who told them if they didn't come, he would begin contempt proceedings, and then left the bench with his body guards, to avoid further confrontation.

At this point it looks as if Murt might allow the tapes, because he finally realized that, not the tapes, but the transcripts, written by Roberts and an ass kissing lackey, make up Phillips' whole case, and without them, he runs slight chance of proving anything. We have already seen what kind of pressure Cavanagh was under; just having passed his bar exam, he went to work in the D.A.'s office, and his first job was transcribing tapes, something he had never done before. Obviously, he wanted to please his new employer and knew how important this case was to him and was guided along by Gene Roberts. Now Roberts is in the position he has dreamed of all his life. His role in the assassination of Malcolm X has yet to be explained, although it seems incontestable that he played a big role. And now he is Phillips' main man, and probably feels some guilt for stabbing his own brothers in the back, (especially Kinshasa, who he grew up with), so he must rationalize this guilt, and distort the "evidence" that he has already carefully and neurotically selected, so that he will feel justified for this sick, genocidal act that just

leaves him being a bigger pawn in the Man's game. Even with all of this, he has stated nothing more than that the defendants possessed guns, that they held physical "drills" (i.e. doing push ups, running through parks) and talked about various acts of insurrection and belonged to and took part in the Black Panther Party. If this is Phillips' case, and he gets a conviction, it will definitely be due, not to the evidence, but to the hysteria of the times, reflected in the blatantly prejudicial and illegally partial behaviour that is becoming more and more rampant in Murtagh's courtroom.

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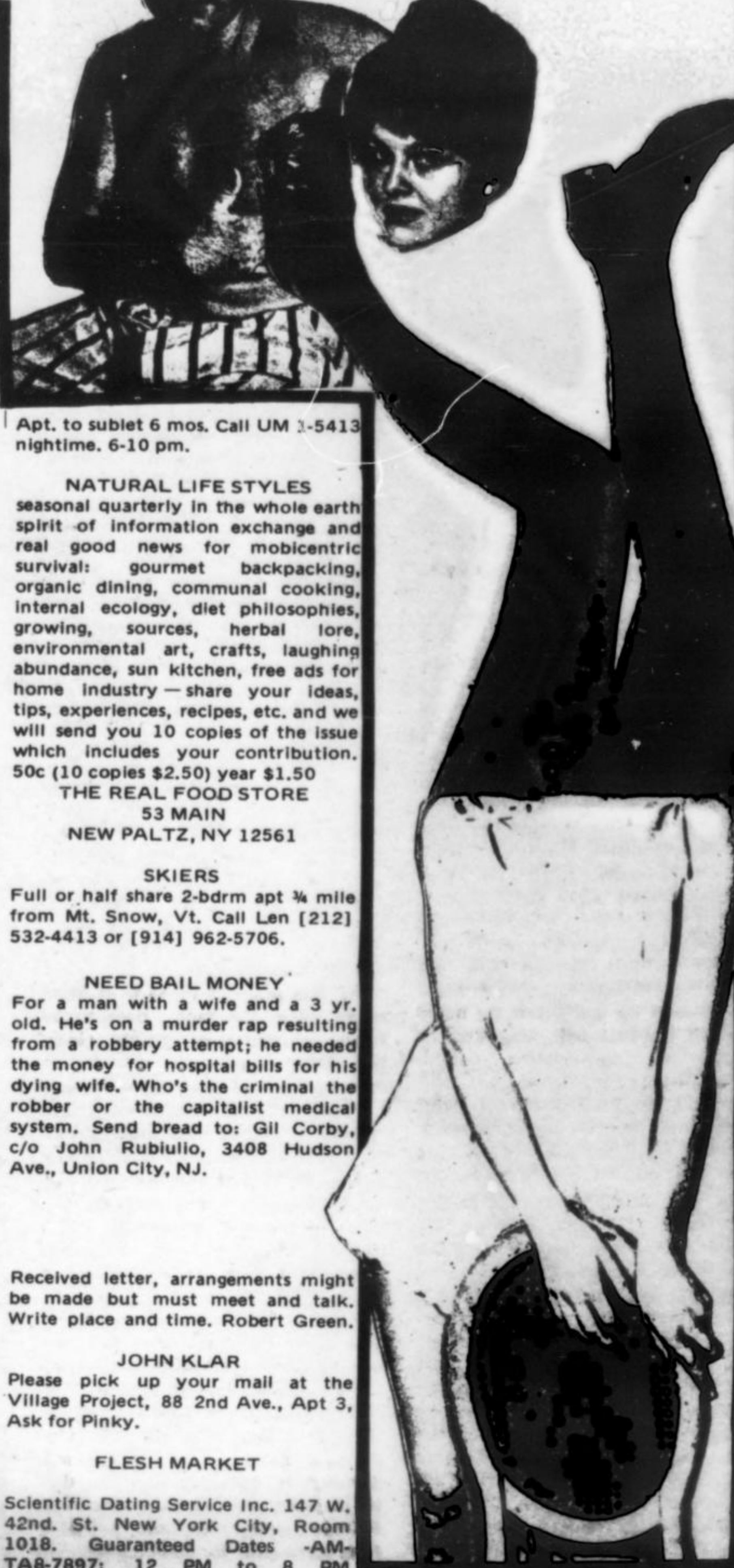
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