

TRASHMAN INSIDE

THE east
village



OTHER

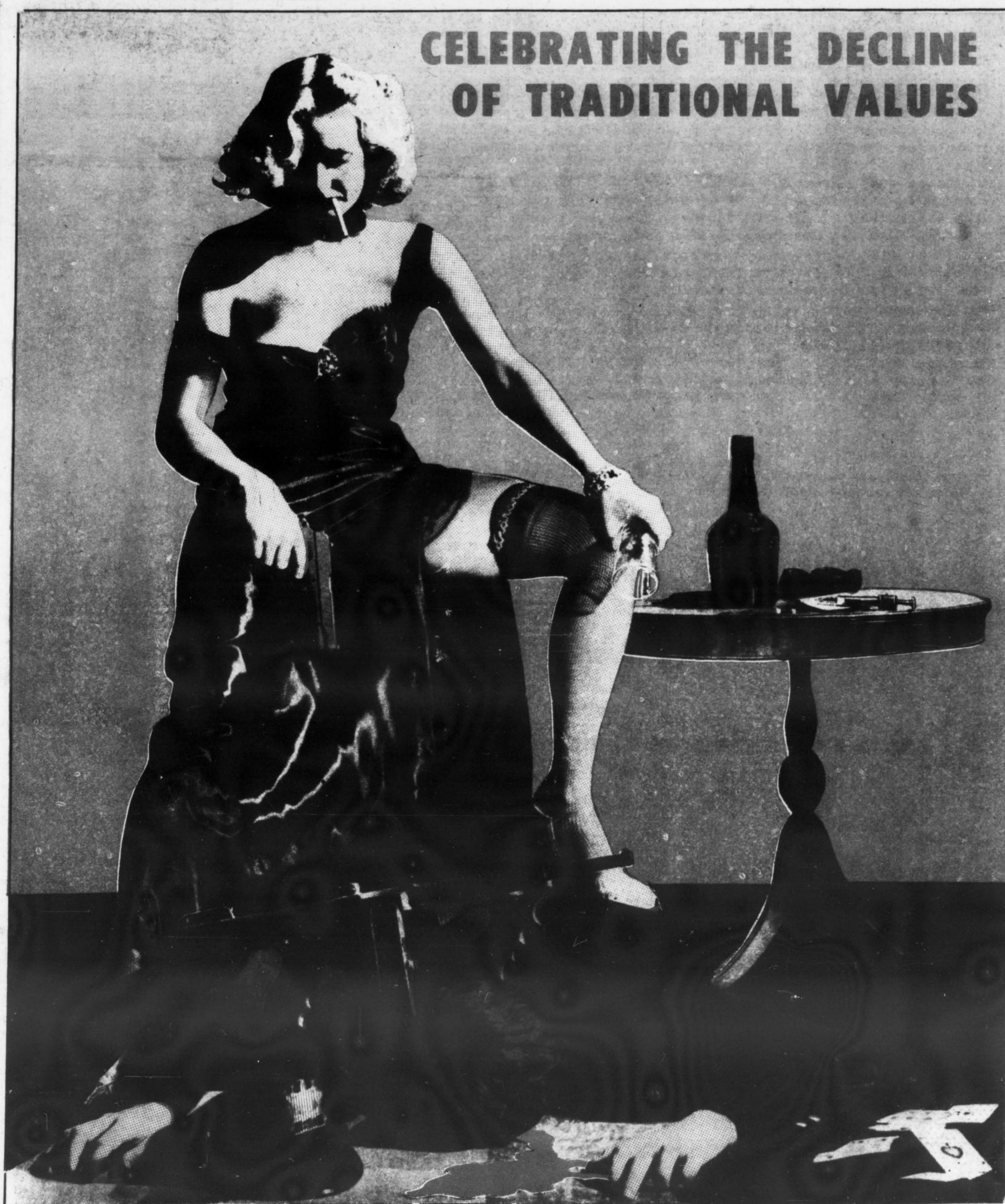
VOL. 6

NO. 6

JAN. 5, 1971

25¢ N.Y.C. 35¢ OUTSIDE

**CELEBRATING THE DECLINE
OF TRADITIONAL VALUES**



The following item appeared in the December 25th issue of THE LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS.

Angela Davis' extradition occurred sometime Tuesday under mysterious and upsetting circumstances.

Supreme Court Justice John Harlan gave the final refusal to release her on Monday morning, and Professor Davis' supporters from coast to coast got badly publicized demonstrations together at a moment's notice.

In New York, a large crowd of people gathered in front of the Women's House of Detention to wait until Angela was removed. Sometime during the night, a prisoner shouted down that someone was being stripped and beaten. (As we go to press, it is still uncertain whether the victim was Angela Davis.) Two unnamed New York congressmen in the crowd tried to exercise their legal right to get into the building, but they were refused admittance according to the National United Committee to Free Angela Davis.

In Los Angeles, about 200 people including Professor Davis' sister conducted a protest demonstration in front of the State Building Monday night, with another scheduled for Thursday.

No doubt about it - perfect copy- good story- an editor's dream- just one hitch- IT'S A FANTASY- a figment of one's wishful imagination.

On that dismal, freezing monday, when the "large crowd" supposedly gathered in front of the Woman's House of D none other than a scraggly bunch of freezing reporters and not more than two dozen good souls were present.

As to the two congressmen, the records indicate that as of today not ONE, let alone two New York Congressmen would have the balls to pull that one off.

Nothing new about getting stripped and beaten in the House of D. Both adhered to traditions that probably had very little to do with Angela Davis.

The fact that only a few showed up had to be expected. The tragedy lies in our affinity to sell ourselves a bill of goods that in the long run doesn't amount to anything but sheer BULLSHIT.

Rather than hallucinate we may as well a face up to the facts - no matter how ugly they are.

It beats an illusion destined to lead us down the primrose path of doooooooooooooooooooooom.

Handwritten signature

Handwritten signature: H. Kohn

- Jaakov Kohn
- Allen Katzman
- Fred Mogubgub
- Ray Schultz
- D.A. Latimer
- Jackie Friedrich
- John da Swede
- Stephen Kohn
- Charlie Frick
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- Algeria: Timothy Leary
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Second Class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
East Village Other published weekly at
20 East 12th Street, New York, N.Y. 10003
Telephone: 255-2130-31-32

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Weathermen: REVOLUTION in

In the same eventful week, Regis Debray, mastermind of the Foco (small armed band) theory of guerrilla warfare, was set free in Bolivia, having mitigated his militarism, and the Weathermen issued a new communique modifying theirs.

Both changes were geared toward a re-identification of the revolution with the people, who are its inspiration, and, after all, its only hope of success. Both were a long time coming.

It took the death of Che, the Bolivian debacle, and the black terror of a 30-year prison stretch to cool Debray's armchair revolutionary fervor. Defending his "innocence" of the 1967 Bolivian guerrilla war before a military court in the name of "objective journalism," he was, nevertheless, indicted, and later exposed, as the architect of that struggle. Only the grace of the recent Bolivian coup d'etat by a more liberal element saved him from a life of very solitary despair.

It took the deaths of Diana, Teddy and Terry and the terror of being fugitives, alienated as much from their peers as from the power structure, to alter the Weathermen line. For, while it is true, they have found, that the "duty of the revolutionary is to make revolution" (Debray), it is also true that the revolution cannot be won without the support of the people — since, as Che pointed out in GUERRILLA WARFARE, that support is what differentiates the guerrilla from the bandit, who, utilizing many of the same tactics, terrorizes only for personal gain.

In Bolivia, the people viewed Che's guerrillas, operating according to Debray's dictum, as strangers (in fact, most were not Bolivians). Subordinating the political effort among the peasants and the workers to the military effort against the Barrientos regime, that is, to the organization and action of the FOCOS, they found themselves in a pitifully untenable situation. Isolated, hungry, sick, demoralized, betrayed by deserters from within their ranks as well

as by frightened peasants, they were decimated by the Bolivian army.

Although, as Bernardine Dohrn pointed out in the communique, the Weathermen have operated successfully underground, proving, among other things, that the centers of power can be struck with some degree of impunity, they have not succeeded in their role of vanguard. That is, they have not catalyzed a larger revolution, since many would-be supporters are leery of either living by the sword or dying by it. Bernardine now realizes that though the Hedonistic hippie streak may be inimical to the political revolution, it is itself a substantive revolution, which must either be worked with, or against.

Kent, Augusta, Jackson, organized an awesome mass of people against the system. The role of the vanguard now, it would seem, is to keep mobilizing that mass of people against other, less spectacular, but equally destructive politico-military moves such as the liquidation of the Panthers and the bombing of North Vietnam. This would mean: using propaganda, armed and not armed, to win the support of the people and to keep them constantly informed of the goings-on relevant to the revolution; incorporating the militance of Women's Lib into the overall struggle; setting up more collectives; holding demonstrations; and, generally, promulgating a revolution from within, rather than from "above" or "below." A revolution in the revolution.

The shift is a positive one. A retreat from the sado-masochism of the Chicago 4 Days of Rage and other Weathermen actions, it should go a long way toward legitimizing the Weathermen, toward integrating their militarism into the rest of the movement, and into the cultural revolution. If it does, it will make the Weathermen, endowed already with superior revolutionary resources of discipline, courage, intelligence, and other forms of guerrilla expertise, a very effective instrument of revolutionary change in the United States, and, maybe, in the world.

the REVOLUTION

by
sami
klein

"THE TRUTH,
THE WHOLE TRUTH,
NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

Anti-Matter

by harvey matusow

Twenty beautiful, turned on Australians raided the Sydney Stock Exchange. The raiders scrawled anti-war slogans on trading boards, and then burned an American flag.

The raid happened soon after the exchange operators went to lunch, at a time when the exchange was lightly guarded.

They burst onto the trading floor, which was nearly empty, carrying cans of red paint, and then calmly covered the trading boards with slogans: DOWN WITH CAPITALISM, DOWN WITH BLOOD MONEY, and others.

Then they burned the U.S. Flag on the floor, threw leaflets around and split. They occupied the stock exchange for eight minutes, and then made a clean getaway. No arrests were made.

In Florence, Italy, a Danish couple were charged by the police with "obscenity in a public place."

After a good night out, they stripped in the street and lay down on the curb together, which in turn, rather upset the locals. One woman even threw a bucket of cold water over the passionate pair.

Calmly, they picked up their clothes, crossed the street and lay down again. More cold water was thrown at them — they then moved to the middle of the street, where the Fuzz decided to make their move — arresting them.

Young, free-love, hippy types?? No! The Danish man, 54 years old, and his chick, a 49 year old swinger.

Sir John Waldron, head of the Metropolitan Police, London, announced that 2807 people were arrested on drug charges last year — an increase of a third over 1968, which was a third up on 1967. Drug convictions as a whole in England totalled 6095 in 1969, compared with 4243 in 1968, and 3024 in 1967.

Surreal New Zealand where the Board of Health Committee's first report on Drug Abuse comes up with a statement by Dr. K.J. Dunlop that cannabis "makes a person a shiftless and degraded member of the community."

This report from the land where Pot grows wild throughout the mountains. Where in 1967, little old ladies were growing it in their gardens 'cause they liked the look of the flower. Where the city gardens in Auckland had a large patch of pot growing because the gardeners liked the look of it.

New Zealand, where protests and demonstrations had until recent times been quiet affairs — in 1967, the students of Victoria University in Wellington, made an issue over the city plans to tear down a public toilet in the middle of town. The toilet was modeled after and named after the Taj Mahal in India. On

one bright and sunny day, the students charged into the centre of Wellington from their hilltop campus.

Within a matter of minutes, the students occupied the Taj Mahal, proclaimed it an independent country and raised the flag.

The Wellington Fuzz, non gun carrying types who wear London Bobbie styled uniforms, were mobilized, the entire fuzz force, and they charged the toilet — an aggressive act of counter revolution — as soon as the Fuzz appeared, the students parted like the red sea in front of Moses. The Fuzz climbed the ladders (which the students had brought) and before anyone knew what was happening, the entire Wellington Fuzz Force was atop the Taj Mahal toilet — at which point, the students rushed in and pulled the ladders away, leaving the Fuzz stranded on the toilet roof — finally to be rescued by the Wellington Fire Brigade.

One Fuzz jumped from the toilet roof and arrested a student, charging him with assaulting a policeman's foot with his chin.

But that was in 1967 in New Zealand — today things have changed. This year alone there have been over six bombings in protest of the war in Viet Nam.

Insane pressure from Nixon - Mitchell - Agnew et al, has led to the formation of a new ultra-secret action group. They call themselves THE SPREADERS, who, according to two of their leaders whom I met in London a few weeks ago, has now grown to well over 100 members.

"We're going to stop at our present figure for the time being," he said, because the aims of the group are better served with a smaller number.

"Less chance of being infiltrated by police informers."

The idea for THE SPREADERS grew out of the increased pressure on Pot smoking in the States.

"We haven't tried to expand outside the States," Johnny Appleseed told me. All the members of the group work under code names such as Johnny Appleseed, Paul Bunyon, John Henry, and other names, all out of American folklore.

They are all graduates of agricultural colleges and specialize in research in improving the yields of food crops.

"We've all cut our long hair, and dress straight, and appear to look like Nixon's Silent Majority — and we've all, since leaving college, taken work with companies and government agencies specializing in ways of improving crop yields.

"Our main task as SPREADERS," he continued, "is to discover and implement ways to cross-pollinate Pot into every aspect of our vegetable harvest. Cabbage with Pot, Carrots with Pot, and just about everything with Pot."

That way, he claimed, no government will be able to destroy Pot without having to first destroy all its garden food. The SPREADERS estimate it may take upwards of twenty or thirty years to accomplish their task. "But if Pot is legalized beforehand, we'll probably stop work.

"Either way, Pot is here to stay — legal and happy — . . ."

ARETHA OFFERS BAIL FOR ANGELA

NEW YORK (LNS) — Popular recording artist Aretha Franklin says she stands ready to post Angela Davis's bond, "whether it's \$100,000 or \$250,000."

"Angela Davis must go free," Aretha said. "Black people will be free. I've been locked up (for disturbing the peace in Detroit) and I know you've got to disturb the peace when you can't get no peace.

"Jail is hell to be in. I'm going to see her free if there is any justice in our courts, not because I believe in Communism but because she's a black woman and she wants freedom for black people.

"I have the money; I got it from black people — they've made me financially able to have it, and I want to use it in ways that will help our people."

So far, however, Angela is being held without bail.

HELICOPTERS TAKE UP WHERE TROOPS LEAVE OFF

SAIGON (LNS) — As American troop strength in Vietnam dwindles to a mere 343,700, "hunter-killer" helicopter teams are quickly replacing them.

Now numbering 200, these helicopters are scheduled to patrol 10,000 square miles around Saigon. The helicopters, which will fly at treetop level seeking out NLF positions and supply stockpiles, are to be accompanied by search and destroy Cobra gunships.

According to one observer, "We can cover a much wider area and fill the gap left by departing United States troops."

The American government now says that while present plans call for all U.S. combat troops to be out of Vietnam by the summer of 1972, "a very substantial number of Americans will remain to give the South Vietnamese advisory, logistic and air support."

SECRET EQUIPT. SHOT DOWN

VIENTIANE, Laos (LNS) — "The plane went down, there was a big white explosion, and nothing was left but splinters."

That was how the pilot described the downing of this Martin Marietta B-57, carrying super-secret navigational, radar and bombing sensor equipment, by ground-fire from the Ho Chi Minh trail in southern Laos.

The supersonic bomber was carrying "secret detection equipment" used to uncover troop movements along the trail, and to plan the continuing bombardment of Laos. Aside from the electronic equipment, the B-57 carried two and a half tons of bombs, rockets, 20mm cannons and .50 calibre machine guns. The downed B-57 was clearly not on an "unarmed reconnaissance flight."

Based at Ubon Air Base in Thailand, the B-57 was the 400th U.S. aircraft shot down over Laos.

There were 20 B-57s carrying secret equipment in the squadron of the destroyed twin-engine bomber belonged. Nineteen to go.

commendation medal for "diligent service."

The night the Tupamaros came, the bank doorkeeper told Daniel that someone outside wanted to see him.

"Let him in, he is my brother," said Daniel.

In walked two women and four men armed with rifles. They proceeded to unlock all the vaults. Daniel helped them load the money and jewelry into sacks.

As he drove off with the Tups in the five cars they had stolen a few hours earlier, Daniel shouted to his fellow bank workers, "Now I'm going underground."

The Tupamaros left the three hostages behind that they had brought to the bank with them — the three bank officials each had a key to one of the vaults. A fourth official was allowed to stay home with an armed Tupamaro watching him — because his wife was sick.

Although police in Uruguay have been conducting a frantic search for the bank robbers, none have been found. None have even been identified except for Daniel.

The Tupamaros are able to carry off such actions and to disappear into the city of Montevideo because of the general support they have built up among the people of Uruguay. Often citizens in "good standing" are secretly Tupamaros.

One of the bank robbers told a clerk: "We lead double lives. We work normally and live with our families. Our comrades on the run are a minority within the movement."

DRAGQUEEN MURDERED IN CHI.

CHICAGO (LNS) — James Caly, a 24-year-old transvestite, was shot and killed by Chicago police in late November. Clay, who had 12 previous arrests for "impersonating a person of the opposite sex," was shot in the back eight times in Chicago's Fillmore District by two tactical police officers, James Finnely and Thomas Bowling.

This was not the first time that Finnely and Clay crossed paths. Caly had been arrested by Finnely earlier in an assault case. According to the police, Clay was trying to flag down passing motorists during the pre-dawn hours. If what the cops say is true, Clay was probably trying to survive in one of the few ways that transvestites can in America — through prostitution.

When police first approached Clay, he fled, police say, but they caught up with him and shot him. Finnely says that Clay pulled a knife; the authorities are sure to rule "justifiable homicide."

FABLE

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.
by Vincent Titus

SWEDEN DEPORTS FIRST U.S. DESERTER

by Chris Jenkins

STOCKHOLM (LNS) — Joseph Parra, a deserter from the U.S. military, was deported from Sweden in late November. Eleven other former U.S. servicemen in Sweden are likely to be deported in a few weeks.

Parra, a Chicano, came to Sweden in 1968 seeking political refuge from the war in Asia. He was wounded in Vietnam, and deserted from a military hospital in Japan, unwilling to be sent back to more killing. He came to Sweden via the Soviet Union hoping to find a better life.

Swedish authorities arrested Parra not long after his arrival, and he spent 14 months in prison on charges of selling LSD. Then, late in November, he was secretly transported from the jail to Stockholm's airport, without being allowed to see his Swedish wife, who was not even notified of the move. In New York, Swedish police handed Parra over to 14 MPs standing by to greet him.

Parra, the first deserter to be returned involuntarily to this country from Sweden, faces the maximum penalty of death for desertion. 23 fellow members of the U.S. deserter community in Stockholm held a 12-day hunger strike to block the move, but the military had their way. Demonstrations were organized. Parra tried to take his own life twice rather than go back and face military "justice." The Swedish Veteran movement, left and center groups, opposed the return; but the U.S. was given its sacrificial goat.

The first signs of the stiffening attitude of Swedish authorities was evidenced this summer, when four deserters from U.S. occupation forces in West Germany were denied permission to stay in Sweden by immigration authorities. They were handed back to MPs and the German Police by Swedish police.

U.S. government pressure on Sweden has been mounting ever since Sweden's recognition of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam in 1969, and the granting of reconstruction aid to the DRV. The prime form of the pressure is economic coercion through U.S. domination of the export-import banks. It has caused Sweden to go back on some of its promises to the DRV.

People concerned about the fate of those deserters still in Sweden can petition the Swedish government for a reversion to independent and sane policy. Write: Olof Palme, Prime Minister, Kanslihuset, Stockholm, Sweden; or Eric Holmquist, Minister of the Interior at the same address.

For support of deserters' activities, or to pass on to people in need, here is the deserters' address in Stockholm: American Deserters' Committee, Kungsgatan 66B, Stockholm, Sweden.

"HOSPITAL" Tortures GAY BOYS

CHICAGO (LNS) — The authorities at Elgin State Hospital near Chicago recently discovered two thirteen year old boys making love. As a punishment, the two boys (who had been diagnosed as mentally retarded) were stripped naked, strapped together on a bed, and displayed for 77 hours in the day room, subject to the ridicule of their peers and the staff.

The parents of the boys plan a suit against state officials. Gay liberal groups in Chicago hope to join with the parents by filing a friend-of-the-court brief. Chicago gays have already filed angry protests with state officials, the National Institute of Mental Health, and the press.

URUGUAYAN TUPAMAROS DO IT AGAIN

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay (LNS) — The Tupamaros, the urban guerrillas of Uruguay, have recently liberated 7.8 million dollars from a Uruguayan bank, with the help of a clerk at the Banco de la Republica.

Government censorship has prevented news of the raid from being published inside Uruguay itself. (Neither did they print a story when the Tups kidnapped a rich banker and paid the ransom money to a clinic in a poor neighborhood in Montevideo.)

Daniel Guinovart is 33 years old and has been a clerk at the state Banco de la Republica for three years. He had just received a

in news

"THEY'VE GOT REAL GRIPES"

TOMBS PRISON GUARD FIRED

NEW YORK, N.Y. (LNS) — When inmates took over the Tombs (the Manhattan House of Detention) this fall to protest the inhuman prison conditions, they took their guards captive.

They chose Alfred Earl Warren, a 21-year-old black prison guard trainee, to take their list of demands to Mayor Lindsay during negotiations. The list of demands included education classes, more Spanish-speaking guards, lower bail, and speedier trials.

Warren has now been fired from his job. He told newsmen that it is because he was the messenger for the inmates. He also thinks that his firing has something to do with the fact that he "treated them [the inmates] like human beings."

"I wore liberation beads, black power emblems and the like — they [prison officials] called me a Black Panther."

Warren received a letter shortly after the rebellion informing him that he failed to qualify for the job. He told the press that he had never been reprimanded or told that his work was substandard. He also said that he was the only black man among nine trainees.

He is fighting the firing, contending that he was dismissed in violation of free speech, due process and equal protection under the law.

"They've got good gripes," Warren had said during the insurrection. "There are real people up there."

"Then someone addressed one of the guests by his full name and it became clear that the two men who were obviously downing spoonful after spoonful of the doped soup were senatorial investigators. They both pronounced the soup excellent. A beaming Chinese waiter ladling out the stew called it 'very special'."

A little later another reporter gave the Americans his view of the war in Cambodia. "The Vietcong could take this place tomorrow, all that's needed is for some guy in Hanoi to get up and say, 'OK plan Y' and the Cong would be marching straight down the road and into this restaurant."

The two investigators started visibly in their seats. Finally one of them leaned over to the reporter. "Excuse me," he said quietly, "is this food drugged?"

By 10:30 the atmosphere in the back room was heavy and the conversation had slowed. The investigators looked very worried. They had stopped talking and just sat anxiously grasping the sides of their chairs.

Finally at 11:30 the conversation died, the bill arrived and the diners staggered from the restaurant and made their way to the side street where the cars were parked. After muttering a few guarded words of thanks, the two investigators got into their car and drifted off into the night.

strong solution from a weak one — in this way a salt water balance is evened out. The poor sea fish contains the weak solution — the blood — and it's surrounded by the strong one — the sea water — so the tendency is for the fish to become dehydrated. The water passes out of its tissues into the sea, so a marine fish is constantly thirsty and is constantly drinking. Some species even have special glands in their gills to take up the excess salt from the swallowed sea water and excrete it back into the sea. And fresh water species of fish has a problem too, but it is just in reverse. Water is constantly being absorbed from the outside into the salty tissues. So a lake fish is always excreting excess water and hardly ever drinks. A fish like a salmon which passes from fresh water into the sea and then back again has a considerable chemical barrier to cross during that migration and its body has to change its chemical activity to adapt to this sudden switch in environment.

Birds and reptiles whose main source of drinking water is the sea have a special gland in the head where extra salt is taken from the blood stream and then excreted in the form of highly salty drops — from the eyes of reptiles and from the upper part of the beak in birds. Few kidneys are equipped to get rid of salt taken in by drinking sea water — certainly ours aren't.

Where did the salt in the sea come from? The simple answer is that it came from dissolved minerals poured into the sea by rivers and streams, but this answer is only partly true. Salt is sodium chloride and 90% of the chloride and 50% of the sodium does not come from the land at all, it comes from the sea. Particles of salt from sea water get trapped in the atmosphere as the surface water evaporates; these particles may then get blown over the land and they act as the nuclei of raindrops in cloud formations. So they literally are rained down onto the land, they end up in the rivers, and eventually back into the sea.

These undersea volcanoes are really the main source of the chlorine part of the salt, although there is one other source which has just recently been discovered. We know of the existence of undersea ranges of mountains where material from the earth's interior is welling up to form a new sea floor. When this rock comes up, it brings something with it called "juvenile water" — a lovely phrase — it is water that never before existed in liquid form. It has been chemically tied up with the molten rock and it is really a solution of fairly rare elements — chlorine, bromine, iodine — and it supplies part of the chlorine of sea salt. As the sea floor moves outwards and then meets the edge of a continental plateau which is also moving, it plunges back down (this happens particularly around the edge of the Pacific) — back down into the sea's interior and it carries a fair volume of sea water with it — so the stock of chlorine is replenished within the earth.

This highly sophisticated recycling process has kept the saltiness of the sea at a balanced level for at least two hundred million years, perhaps longer. Then, along comes man with his technology. He tries to extract fresh water from the sea and he processes sea water to get valuable minerals out of it. In fact, man is on the threshold of developing (I'm beginning to hate that word) marine resources with the same sort of careless abandon he used in developing the land. This has been, as you know, a disastrous process to say the least.

It has been suggested that it is easier to get usable water from sewage than it is from the sea, and it is also cheaper to mine scrap metal junk piles than it is to extract the minerals from sea water. Now that we are beginning to realize what kind of dynamic balances exist between the sea and its salt, maybe it would be wiser, as well as simpler and cheaper, just to leave the sea alone.

news poem

Once I got a message to call a phone number which I immediately recognized as Stalin's apartment. Stalin answered when I called.

"Comrade Khrushchev," he said, "rumors have reached me that you've let a very unfavorable situation develop in Moscow as regards public toilets. Apparently people can't find anywhere to relieve themselves. This won't do. Talk this matter over with Bulganin and do something to improve these conditions."

Bulganin and I began to work feverishly. We personally inspected buildings and courtyards. We also booted the militia off their behinds and got them to help. Later Stalin assigned us the task of installing clean, modern, pay toilets. This episode, trivial as it may seem, show how Stalin, the leader of the world's working class, wasn't too busy to bother himself over a detail of city life . . .

from Khrushchev Remembers, Life Nov. 27, 1970

Asses to asses, bust to bust
Stalin was you, man (In That We Trust)
USA vs SR can that difference be it:
Who gets the biggest slice of the shit?

Tuli Kupferberg

ABOUT THAT POT PARTY IN PHNOM PENH

PHNOM PENH, Cambodia (LNS) — Some members of the Cambodian press in Phnom Penh are known to hold dinner parties every Saturday night in the back room of the Golden Pagoda restaurant. Recently, two investigators from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee came, unexpectedly, to share a meal. A New York Post reporter on the scene described the fare:

"Officially described as a vegetable broth, it reeked unashamedly of marijuana and had a thick sludge of half-cooked grass floating at the bottom. One of the participants was so stunned at the sight of this brew that he almost gave the game away. But the designer of the meal, who was sitting across the table, quickly silenced him with an icy glare.

5000 ATTACK AIR FORCE BASE IN OKINAWA, AMERICAN ARSENAL IN THE PACIFIC

OKINAWA (LNS) — One thousand Okinawans stormed into Kadena Air Force Base Dec. 20, battling U.S. troops with fists, rocks and stones, and set fire to a base school, a guardhouse and 83 vehicles. The angry crowd swelled to 5000 as the fight continued into the predawn hours. U.S. troops reacted with teargas and rifle shots — when they fired into the crowd, 14 Okinawans were injured.

The residents of occupied Okinawa were protesting the latest of a long series of injuries that the American presence has inflicted on their island. A GI had run over an Okinawan with his car and sped off unconcerned, leaving the victim lying in the street. People were enraged when they found out that American MP who showed up at the scene of the accident was equally unconcerned with the fate of the Okinawan — he also left the injured man lying there while he rushed off in pursuit of the hit-and-run driver.

Okinawans know that if the driver of the car is caught, he will probably get only a wrist-slap by his superiors. They remember with deep resentment a similar case earlier this month, in which a GI responsible for the death of an Okinawan woman got off lightly at the hands of the military court after the U.S. refused to turn him over to Okinawan authorities.

These are not isolated incidents. In 1967, 1,407 crimes of violence by American soldiers and civilians against Okinawans were reported. The rate of such crimes has risen rapidly since then. In most of these cases, victims receive no indemnity at all.

People resort to violence when they can't get justice any other way, and Okinawan grievances have been ignored by American generals since 1945, when the U.S. slaughtered 100,000 innocent Okinawans while invading the island. Okinawa, the largest of the Ryukyu Islands, has for 25 years been ruled by a U.S. general called the High Commissioner, who has the powers of an absolute monarch. Neither the Japanese nor the American Constitution operates in the islands. The High Commissioner can make any laws he likes and has complete authority over the minuscule local government — he can remove any local official, elected or appointed, and can veto any local legislation and replace it with a military ordinance.

Although the native population has no control over its government, they are asked to supply through taxes 70% of the government's budget. The 75,000 American soldiers, sailors, airmen and civilians who live on the island are protected by an ordinance governing the taxation of foreigners. One reason that so many American cars got trashed Dec. 20 is that Okinawans have to pay ten times more in automobile taxes than Americans — an American pays \$6.67 a year, an Okinawan pays \$70. The per capita income of Okinawans is \$580.

These splendid wages are paid by the American military who employ almost half of the working population of Okinawa.

Last January, 20,000 Okinawan workers in air fields, naval ports, supply installations, ammunition depots and barracks held a five-day general strike to protest low wages and the reinforcement of the bases. American soldiers drove their cars through the strikers' picket lines at high speed while other troops attacked the lines with a high pressure water cannon. Okinawans who work for the U.S. have no right to collective bargaining and no right to strike.

The Dec. 20 attack against Kadena Air Force Base was not the first. In February, 1969, 6000 radical students attempted to storm the base, hurling Molotov cocktails and rocks, but were driven back by riot police. They were demanding the removal of B-52s from the base.

The B-52s that take off night and day from Kadena to bomb Indochina are only part of the American arsenal that occupies almost a quarter of the land of the Ryukyu Islands. The Pentagon regards Okinawa as the keystone to the U.S. "security" posture in Asia. It is strategically located 900 miles southwest of Tokyo, 800 miles northeast of Hong Kong, 1400 miles from Da Nang in Vietnam, and a scant 600 miles from Shanghai. The U.S. has 124 bases on the islands; 117 of them are on Okinawa.

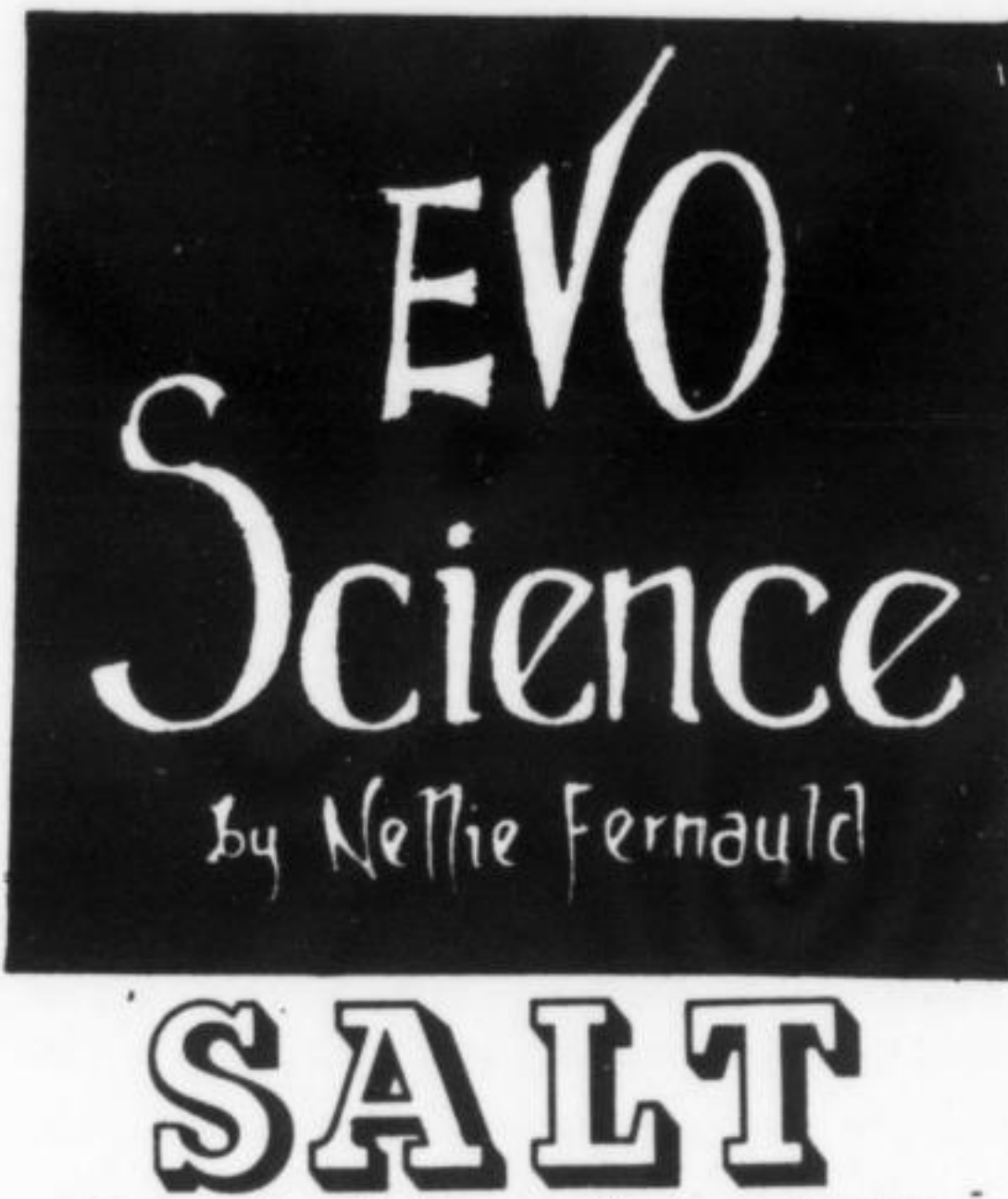
What once was Okinawan farmland now holds four Mace-B sites capable of delivering nuclear bombs, 8 Nike-Hercules sites with nuclear capability, eight Hawk missile sites, 21 various radar sites, four training sites for bombing, nine training sites for shooting, four drilling sites for guerrilla warfare, three drilling sites for paratroopers, and six airports.

The B-52s that bring death and destruction to North Vietnam don't help the Okinawans either. Early in 1968 one of them crashed and exploded near Kadena village, leaving 14 persons wounded, 313 buildings damaged, and many children suffering from shock. The explosion occurred terrifyingly close to a U.S. military ammunition dump.

If you're going to be good at war you have to have a place to practice, and Okinawa is it for the U.S. imperial forces. During maneuvers the Air Force drops dummy bombs, trailers, cement, and jeeps from their planes, damaging crops and setting the Okinawan countryside on fire. One Okinawan was killed this way. Another was wounded by a stray bullet from a rifle range near his village.

And around Kadena Base itself, the sheer noise of the planes — which often goes over 100 decibels — interrupts children's school work and has driven citizens of the area to mental illness and suicide. The village's drinking water has been polluted by large quantities of gasoline and airplane cleaning liquid that has escaped from broken pipes into the water supply and sewers.

Okinawa is due to revert to the control of Japan in 1972, but American bases will remain to torment Okinawans and threaten all Asia.



The salt of the earth is valuable to many animals, especially the plant eaters. You probably know that farmers put out blocks of salt for their livestock and it is also put out to attract deer. Wild animals will travel for miles to a natural salt lick and several primitive cultures have used salt as money. Salt is necessary for the working of most mammalian bodies but it is a scarcity if you don't eat very much meat because plant tissues contain very little salt. So the vegetarian, be he bovine or human, must get his salt straight from the earth. The meat eater gets his salt from the sea, although indirectly.

Meat and blood are so salty because life has evolved from the sea and the body fluids of all animals are really evolutionary descendants of the sea water of over half a million years ago. We've been called animalized water and it's true that our bodies are mostly water. But the chemical salts that are dissolved in our cells and blood stream are, in a sense, animalized sea salt. Now the interesting thing is that blood is not quite as salty as sea water is today and this has been taken as a sign that the sea used to be less salty than it is now. This would make sense if you imagine sea salt has been dissolved out of the land by billions of years of rain and erosion. But before we get to the origin of sea salt, let's take a quick look at some of the problems it creates for animals that live in or near the sea.

The fish lives in water which contains more salt than there is in its own blood. In a simple osmosis experiment, it can be demonstrated that water will pass through a semi-permeable membrane to a

FASCIST FOLLIES

BY JACKIE FRIEDRICH

LAST WEEK, due to the year's-end Comix Issue of EVO, there was no Panther Conspiracy Trial coverage. Accordingly, this week Roxy Friedrich's account covers the testimony of the last fortnight.

SIXTEENTH WEEK: Monday, Dec. 21

SANDY KATZ FINISHED his cross-examination of infiltrator Gene Roberts by concentrating on the serious contradictions in the agent's testimony. After seeing "The Battle of Algiers," D.A. Phillips got it into his head that two sisters from the BPP would "tip" into a department store and place purses with charges in them in the handbag section. Every witness for the prosecution to take the stand had made ominous use of the word "handbag," so when Roberts told of stopping at the purse section in Macy's, Sandy asked, "What did you say when you saw them? My God, there are handbags?" Roberts couldn't recall having said anything. He later admitted that no sister was ever assigned to any department store; that by April 1, 1969, not one store was designated to be bombed; that by April 1, 1969, no specific explosive was discussed in re department store bombings; that by April 1, 1969, no specific time of day or night was chosen for the alleged bomb plots; and that by April 1, 1969, not one member of the security section was assigned to bomb any store.

Although, in a press conference, D.A. Hogan had declared that these defendants were so dangerous, that if they had not been incarcerated on April 2, 1969, the alleged "Easter plot" would have put NYC in a state of chaos by April 3. Roberts said that he knew of no specific dates for any bombings. Was it not true that when these defendants were arrested, there was NO agreement to destroy police stations, department stores, railroad stations, or flowers in the Botanical Gardens? May the fact that Murtagh would not allow Roberts to answer that question linger forever in the minds of the jurors.

Charles McKinney, who is defending Clark Squires and William (Kinshasa) King, took over the cross-examination. Roberts again admitted that he agreed to survey department stores, but made no notations or diagrams, and that no one had ever been instructed to do any damage to any department store. Roberts then admitted, that after leaving the Brooklyn Bridge Subway Station, he had gleaned only the knowledge necessary for a maintenance man and that no one was ever instructed to do any damage to any subway station; the same procedure was true of the railroad "plot."

Perhaps it is not without reason that the name of William (Kinshasa) King comes into play more often than the names of any of the other defendants in Roberts' testimony. Roberts and King were childhood friends and the agent admitted that it was natural for him, when thinking of the defendants, to think first of King. Phillips loves to remind us of that alleged statement made by Kinshasa, that as far as HE was concerned, the Man would not have a very happy Easter. Although this was a personal statement and subject to many meanings, the prosecution has used it as proff of a conspiracy and made it pregnant with the threat of insurrection. It was Kinshasa's belief that internal conflict would come to the U.S., but Roberts admitted that he never saw or heard Kinshasa agree to do any property damage or any bodily harm to anyone.

Perhaps one of the most significant things is that Roberts admitted that he NEVER felt that danger was so imminent that he should contact BOSS and recommend that these defendants be arrested.

Roberts, himself, was as ignorant as to when the arrests were to be made, as he was as to when the alleged bombings were to take place — and this on the day of the arrests. In fact, he had spent the night before the pre-dawn busts on that long ride to and from Baltimore with Kinshasa, Dharuba, and Michael Tabor, and there had been no discussion at all about explosives or arson.

TUESDAY, DEC. 22

THE DEFENSE HAD FINISHED their cross-examination of Roberts, the prosecutions' ace witness. As obviously weak as Roberts' testimony was, Phillips did not try to rehabilitate him, instead the D.A. wanted the agents' reports admitted as evidence. The defense objected, saying that reports such as those were generally inadmissible as they are self-serving documents written by a witness for the prosecution and were used by that witness only to refresh his recollection. Although Murtagh said he thought it would be appropriate to admit the reports into evidence simply because the defense was concerned that they not be, he agreed that the reports were inadmissible. Phillips deemed this a frame-up, and when Jerry Lefcourt tried to answer, HE was declared out of order by the court. Do not be deceived that Murtagh is going soft on the defense. That ruling, in most probability, was motivated by two things: if the court were to admit the reports into evidence, 1) that would probably be overruled in a Court of Appeals, and 2) the jury would spend about six weeks reading all the documents.

Detective Jenoure from BOSS took the stand. His assignment on March 18, 1969, had been to trail Walter Johnson and Gene Roberts as they surveyed Bloomingdales. He testified that he lost them in the mens department, but, GOOD GOD, they looked at HANDBAGS! On March 19, 1969, he said he trailed Shaba Om near a railroad yard. Shaba Om, he said, also disappeared.

Sergeant Durkin from BOSS took the stand. Durkin was one of Ralph White's contacts. Ralph White is an agent who will soon take the stand and who took the stand before to swear that he had been ordered to see "The Battle of Algiers." Durkin testified that on January 16, 1969, he and another detective had met White in the vicinity of the Elsmere Tenants Council. White had with him an attache case allegedly containing 24 sticks of dynamite. Phillips introduced photos of the case and the dynamite. Photos, significantly, do not show dimensions. Also, there was no way of connecting any of the defendants to this "incriminating evidence" — but Murtagh said that it was all "subject to connection." Durkin said that the alleged dynamite was removed from the sticks, which were then filled with simulated dynamite and then the case was returned to the Elsmere Tenants Council.

Under cross-examination, Durkin, who assisted White in the writing of the agents' reports, said that although he knew they were to meet someone carrying explosives, neither he, nor White, nor the other detective knew anything about explosives.

The three of them and the people at the bomb squad handled the brief case and the dynamite without gloves. No attempt was made to find fingerprints or identifying marks or tags on either the case or the dynamite.

Although Durkin said that White returned the case to the Elsmere Tenants Council, Durkin did not see him do it. Before the Grand Jury, Durkin had confused White's address with the address of the Elsmere Tenants Council. They are on the same block. White was picked up in the vicinity of the Tenants Council — therefore in the vicinity of his own apartment.

Durkin did not see White take the case FROM anywhere, nor did he see White return the case TO anywhere. He is relying on the say-so of an agent who had never before told him of the location of any dynamite, and who is schizophrenic enough to still believe himself to be a Panther.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 23

THERE WAS NO COURT due to the illness of two of the defendants. Murtagh took the opportunity to wish the jurors a Merry Christmas and to remind them not to shop in any of the stores mentioned in the case, and to deny a Christmas party for the defendants still in jail. The defense counsel had sent a brief to Riker's Island asking to be allowed to give the defendants a party during lunch recess. The authorities at Rikers said, of course, that that was the usual procedure in a long trial. Murtagh, however, said "ludicrous," and Phillips echoed, "ridiculous."

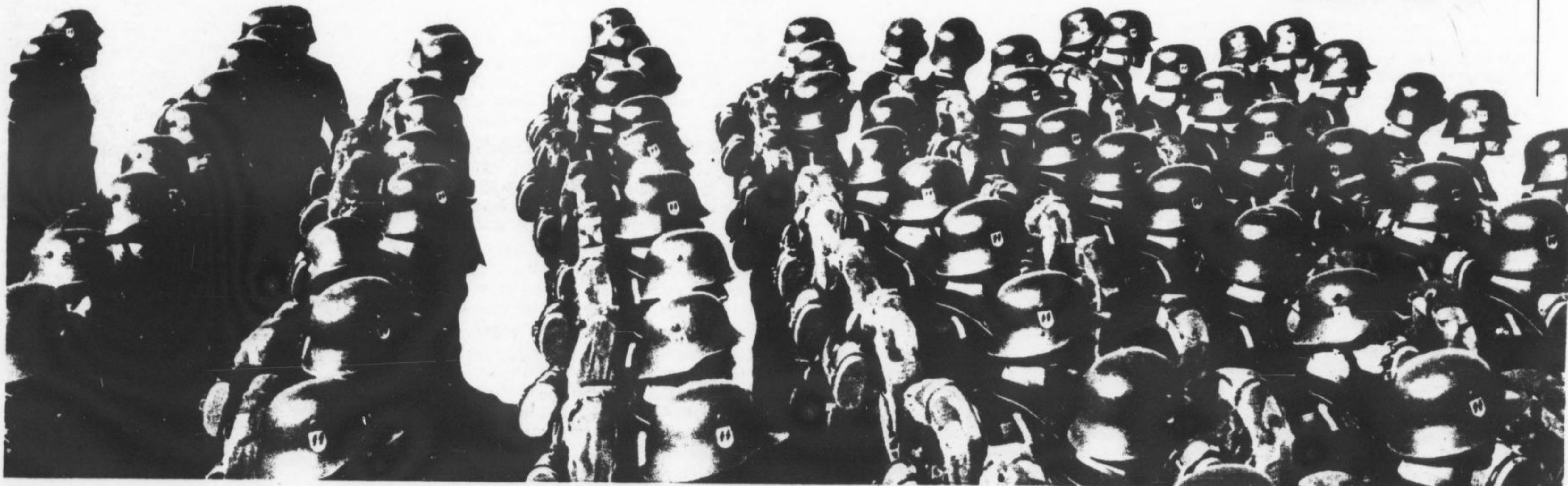
SEVENTEENTH WEEK: MONDAY, DEC. 28

DIRTY LAUNDRY TIME AGAIN. Michael Tabor brought in his sick note, and teacher's pet Phillips demanded to see it, and said that it did not meet up to his standards. Murtagh told Jerry Lefcourt that he was out of order for laughing at Phillips' ridiculous behaviour.

At this time Charles McKinney brought up the matter of Clark Squires' bail. The \$100,000 bail that had originally been set had been reduced to \$50,000 by Judge Shapiro. Somewhere along the line, the record again read, \$100,000, probably due to a scrivener's error. The Computer People For Peace had raised the \$50,000 for Squires, who was a systems analyst. So there now seemed to remain the simple problem of clearing up this clerical error so that Squires might be released. But Murtagh said that considering the nature of the case he felt that ALL of the defendants should be in jail for the remainder of the trial, and that the court had been the butt of contempt from the defendants, who were "aided, abetted, and inspired" by counsel. Especially Squires, who in October had allegedly "threatened" a witness leaving the stand. Murtagh then charged McKinney with contemptuous behaviour, and said, "I am not going to be receptive to any pleas while you trample on the administration of justice." McKinney, as confused by this irascible tirade as the rest of us, said that he could not understand, not only the accusations coming from the court, but why the court chose that moment to speak its mind, when the question before it was only that of a clerical error. Murtagh then said that both the defendants and their counsel were in a conspiracy to disrupt the court, and that, if it continued, he would remand the four out on bail — first the males, and then the females, and that he was now indulging out of charity.

McKinney reminded the judge that he, himself, had recently commended the defendants on their behaviour, and that now there was only a question of bail. Murtagh interrupted, saying that no matter what it once was, now there was NO BAIL, but in a week or ten days the court might entertain applications for bail as low as \$25,000, if the defendants behave themselves. McKinney asked if that would depend on how counsel conducted their case, and Murtagh said yes, it did, as there was a "manifest conspiracy" between counsel and defendants.

(Continued on Page 22)



About three weeks before Christmas I saw the cops drag a peddler from the corner of Seventh Avenue and Fourteenth Street on the grounds that he was blocking a brick wall. BLOCKING A BRICK WALL!; You guessed it. But what he really did was go down to the Department of Consumer Affairs at 80 Lafayette Street once upon a time and fork over two bucks for a piece of paper called a peddler's license which entitles you to stand on certain streets at certain hours and sell certain items to certain people and receive a summons from any particular cop who feels like giving you one. The license is shit. It's worthless. Says Peter Piquot, bike-riding salesman of organic snacks, "I don't have a license, but the cops don't give me any trouble."

"Why not?"

"I ride away every time I see one coming."

It's the only thing to do, but what if you don't have a bike? What if you're standing about, open game, selling puppets on MacDougal Street like Lois Aylworth, a 62-year-old peddler who obtained a license four years ago but finally had to give up her work last December because every time she was about to make a sale the cops would pop up and say, "Okay, Mama, move on?"

"I'm on welfare," she says. "They wonder why people are on welfare. I'm being denied the right to work. What else can you do when you're 62? There's nothing for you anyway — but I'd rather work. I'm a nocturnal person, and I love working on the streets, but as soon as I set up my cart, the cops come along and move me away. I've got a license. They don't care. What about the people who do this for therapy, like veterans? You get into the street selling jewelry and flowers, it's a good thing, but you stand here, they tell you to move on, you show them your license, they tell you to move on. You go back and forth, back and forth — I finally gave it up. It wasn't worth runing my health over."

Lois Aylworth — the puppet lady. She carries a delightful line of furry children's puppets, the kind that adults like too — rabbits, dogs, skunks, they fit onto your hand they range in price from seventy-five cents to ten dollars — but she also has small finger puppets and other little things that she gives to waifs in the street for a nickel, a dime, or nothing. She got into puppets 12 years ago during a show at the Coliseum. A native of California and a former worker in physiotherapy, and a resident of the Village for 20 years, she had a friend who made excellent puppets, and she thought it natural — she set up a cart, "functional and attractive," and four years ago went down and got her license — but that was the beginning of the end.

"The license is worth nothing," she said. "It's not worth the paper it's printed on. Let me tell you, honey, I don't know why they issue them. They don't bother to check for fraudulent peddlers — they don't check the products, they don't do anything. They just give you this paper, and then they don't let you stand anywhere, no matter who you are."

"We all have the same problem. All the peddlers are being harrassed. It's the store owners. They're afraid they'll lose business, and all they have to do is call the police and say, 'I'm a store owner, get rid of the peddlers,' and they do it every time."

"Who in particular?"

"The Greenwich Village Chamber of Commerce. They do everything they can to hurt peddlers. It's a regular racket. The Fifth Avenue Merchants Association. The Eighth Street card shop is particularly bad. The woman in there thinks the police are her private army. She complains that people won't go in her shop. Well, if your shop is no good, if the people don't want to go in your shop, you can't force them into it."

"Do the people buy puppets?"

"Of course. But you know, when I complain someone said, 'but you make \$200 a night.' Ha! \$200 a night! Sometimes I wind up with less than when I started out with because people steal from peddlers. The kids sneak stuff. We get harrassed by drunks and derelicts. The Village is full of them, and where are the police? The police are walking around chasing peddlers away. There's no justice, and it's hard work. You've got to design your display . . . you've got to put it all together."

The Puppet Lady

by Ray Shultz



"The banks complain that we stand in front of their night deposit boxes — well, if they'd run more lines in the daytime instead of letting it get so crowded, maybe people would come more in the daytime. It's not OUR problem. I wrote, I called up. Lefkowitz, Rockefeller . . . you always get some secretary who tells you to contact somebody else, and they're all the same. They're not interested. They think you're dirt. They think there's something wrong or dirty about you if you make your living off the streets. Honey, peddling is one of the best forms of communications. An age-old thing. A lot of people started out as peddlers, parents put some of these politicians through school by peddling. It's very frustrating. I've seen the cops helping themselves to chestnuts. Peddlers are individualistic, we don't want to belong. We're not joiners, we don't want designated spots. We don't mind having to get out and struggle, but at least let us work."

"I saw how it was 40 years when I first started fighting for legalized abortions. I've organized tenants strike for more heat in buildings. People don't appreciate that we have to fight, it's all a struggle. Either you fight or you go down. It's what life is all about. You can never stop fighting. You've got to keep going. I'm from California — during the dust bowl depression I saw the same thing in the Valleys . . . they wouldn't let you come across the border if you didn't have enough money. Why should we take that? They treat us like garbage but THEY'RE the garbage, THEY'RE the ones exploiting the others. shivering in the cold — does the master need a letter written to him? The skunk: this one can symbolize that it's going to raise such a stink. And rabbits — overpopulation. They symbolize the fight for legalized abortion. It's basic human interest."



Of all the scoundrels and hypocrites of Hollywood, there may be none viler than that slimy squealer Elia Kazan, who owes his career and skin to the names he named before the House Un-American Activities Committee back in the merry old witch-hunting days of 1952. Since then he has been among the popishly pious of liberals. For all this he has made some creditably entertaining movies, often with social messages that are compromised in the name of Hollywood's phony liberal humanism, as in his racist *Viva Zapata!* where the great Mexican revolutionary (played by Marlon Brando) gives up the power he has won because it is "corrupting" — when in fact he was faced with extermination by the imperialist forces under Pershing. Falsification of history in the name of "higher morality" is a stock-in-trade of the director whose entire work and ethical priorities could be given the title of his schlocky novel: *The Arrangement*.

If this seems like re-fighting old battles, I can only say he started it. Kazan and novelist-scenarist Budd Schulberg have taken upon themselves the re-release of their 1957 flop, *A Face in the Crowd*, for a two-week run at the Elgin, stalwart Chelsea revival house, late in January, and a school release campaign. The reason given is that that film's probing use of show biz technique in politics foreshadowed such phenomena as Ronald Reagan, George Murphy, Shirley Temple Black, and the New Nixon. Aside from its peripheral political relevance, Kazan's aesthetic trademark of total compromise shows up in time to bring it down to his customary inhumanly "human" melodrama.

Both hands' marks lie heavily here. The story is the same one Schulberg has been spitting forth in endless permutations since *What Makes Sammy Run?* made him wealthy and famous in the '30s — the heel-schlemiel who rises to the top of some industry by stepping on

those who help him, only to find that money can't buy happiness. In this case it's Larry Rhodes (Andy Griffith), a hobo found in a Southern jail by Patricia Neal, a local radio personality, who rechristens him "Lonesome" and puts him on the local air. His rise is meteoric — in what seems to be days he dominates local television. In the process he defies sponsors and breaks all the rules of broadcasting — but by the time he makes it he is willing to do the most outrageous things to sell a product. He is surrounded by businessmen who induce him to cultivate a TV personality in a repulsive conservative Senator. Everything looks peachy for Lonesome Rhodes until one night Patricia Neal, whom he keeps on a string with promises of marriage, gets fed up and throws a switch that lets the good citizens out there in television-land hear Rhodes deriding them as gullible fools, which is the end of his career. He promptly gets drunk, hysterical, and winds up yelling "Marcia (Patricia Neal)!"

(Continued on Page 19)



Dear EVO — I've always had tremendous respect and admiration for the 'Underground' press — maybe awe is a better word for it. Coming up week after week with good copy, everyone turning out a good piece. Presenting new, fresh insights about the relevant Contemporary Scene. How you manage this is a mystery to me. Is there some secret to it? wondered this four years ago when first reading EVO, and now I'm still wondering.

Us readers are mighty glad to have the likes of you writing for us. Which is no small sacrifice on your part, we realize. Honestly now, don't you in moments of extreme weakness sometimes dream wistfully about all that bread you could be making, writing for one of those slick periodicals? Yeah, I'll bet you do. That happens to all of us, the dreaming about what COULD be if we'd but change our life styles. But many of YOU have held out quite well and not given in to the dream at all, the American Dream, that is. Which is not easy, that's understood. But it makes us readers appreciate you all the more, because you write for the likes of US. However, good though strength of character may be, it's not good enough

for writing, which brings me to the main point of this discourse. The name 'Underground Journalism' is a bit of a misnomer, just a bit, because any goddamn fool can 'report' a situation, an event. Anyone can find out the who, what, why, how and when of any given event. An ability, to be sure, but one that can be cultivated, given the Proper Training and Practice. It's an ability that gives the reader only an accurate picture of what's happening to a degree, to a one-dimensional degree. Which is all right for some people, but some of us have a longing and crave for something more than that. We crave for the news within the news. We crave for the reality behind the cardboardish reporting of mere appearances and sequences of events, which the Straight Press calls 'news.' No! We readers feel that it's not enough for us to be made aware of an event solely in our heads. We need to feel it, to feel the experience of that event. We need to know it in our gut as well as our head, because that's where reality is, in the gut. If you don't know something from the gut, you don't know it at all. Which is another reason for our appreciation of you, because you seem to realize that.

You know what we need; you understand.

We are, though, perfectly aware of the difficulties you face in attempting to pull this off. Because, to feel deeply about something is one thing, but to get it across, to COMMUNICATE that feeling, ah, that's the trick. To use the right metaphors, the proper phrasing, it's kind of an art, it is, to make the truth vivid, alive, and comprehensible. Which is what you do, and one is completely powerless to escape a sense of awe when reading your stuff (and if that sounds patronizing, I'm sorry).

In fact, if one confronted you personally with these observations, you'd probably deny, with considerable humor, that you work very hard or have talent, but that's bullshit, you'd be lying through your teeth because I know you better.

All this now, is not in any sense intended as a compliment (fuck that shit). It's just an attempt to communicate, by someone who appreciates you and is mighty glad you're here, what the hell is wrong with that?

James Zeman
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Ed.: But it sure beats working for a living.

Brothers and Sisters,
Evo is a great newspaper and I really enjoy it every week. Keep up the good work. Expand, the paper into more western and Mid-Western info, such as Chicago, St. Louis, L.A. and San Francisco.

PEACE,
SAM GAGE

Dear EVO:
Thank you for your reply about subscription rates. Since I am stationed in "beautiful" Vietnam, I'd like to take advantage of your free subscription rate. How very noble of you to offer that service!

Please forward me copies of THE OTHER until mid-April, as that is when I hope to get out of here!

As a fellow New Yorker, I enjoy and have always enjoyed reading THE OTHER, although now I can only "imagine" the N.Y. scene instead of living it.

Looking forward to receiving THE OTHER, I remain,

Sincerely Yours,
Sgt. Richard Sternberger

EVO Brothers and Sisters HELP!

I have been charged with defacing the good ol' Stars and Stripes! The possible fine is \$1,150 and 1 year and 30 days in jail PLUS whatever the U.S. Navy hits me with. All this for refusing to remove a peace sign that had some red, white and blue behind it! I lost my base pass without a hearing of anytime.

When I said that the 1st Amendment to the Constitution protects my rights I was informed that "It doesn't matter what the Constitution says, the Admira. says it's wrong."

I need all the help and support I can get. I am trying to find a lawyer now who will take the case for the small amount of money I have. If you can help in any way please contact me.

James Christian
9978055
USS TATTNALL DDG 19
FPO N.Y., N.Y. 09501

Charleston S.C. NAVAL BASE — PHONE — 743-5007

TO A. J. WEBERMAN

Dear Allan,
Why don't you take a course in Scientology or else find someone to have Sex with? Join the Art Students League. Start an Impotents Lib Movement! I mean, look, you're a big boy now, and frankly your father and I are beginning to worry.

Love,
Mom

P.S. Allan, I wish you would remove these urine samples from the living room. There's hardly any room for the turtle.

Dear ROY WEINER

How I wish your EAST VILLAGE OTHER could reach every home and office in our Land every week. Your editorials throughout the years have been an inspiration to your subscribers and a rebuke to the hellions who hope to create atheistic anarchy and a return to the dark ages.

Despite my age, 81, and several years of it in and out of surgery and hospitals and recuperation at home — I manage to do something, at least, to thwart the "alien slime" and the homegrown huns and stooges of Moscow and Peking.

You have inspired me tremendously for the decades and I want you to know how deeply I appreciate your unflinching patriotism and friendship.

Cordially,
Marvin C. Mobley
Decatur, Georgia 30033

Dear Mr. Mobley:
It was a pleasure to read the wonderful letter you wrote, and may I assure you

that it was a true inspiration to us all here at EVO. We too wish that every home and office in the Land could be reached by the East Village Other, and many of us on the staff lay awake at night with visions of such a large and healthy subscription list.

You speak of our editorials through the years and it gladdens our very hearts, Marvin, to know that we have reached at least one person in the past. In the future, and especially in the coming year of 1971, we hope to do more of the same regarding those "hellions." Editor Kohn (whose brilliant bombastic style has been imitated everywhere from Classics Illustrated to The Reader's Digest) has promised to forever stay two steps ahead of those "anarchistic atheists" in their return to the "dark ages."

Eighty-one, dear Marvin, is a terrific age to be. "I was eighty-one once," said our dedicated fable-writer, Titus, and we hope that you and your mother are well and fine, despite your recent frontal

lobotomy. Many fine Americans have had it done (even our respected President Nixon, we hear) and are still active in the many walks of life, our resident Dr. Leary assures us.

In your letter you mention that you "manage to do something" to "thwart" the "alien slime," and the "homegrown huns and stooges of Moscow." This is admirable, Marvin, and should you have any suggestions for the public at large, send them to us, because WE KNOW WHO THEY ARE.

In conclusion, I would just like to say for all of us here at EVO, may you live to eighty-two, and even to eighty-three, but not to eighty-four. Eighty-four, Marvin, is a terrible age to be (although eighty-five is okay, reportedly). Our "unflinching patriotism" will continue to see you through all the way to the grave. So keep a stiff upper lip, Marvin.

Unflinchingly,
Roy Weiner

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRITS

Dear EVO:

Those few who are into advanced phenomenology are aware that John F. Kennedy died because he had experienced mystical illumination (or what Dr. Maurice Bucke called Cosmic Consciousness). His writings and his acute sense of history clearly indicate this. Had he lived, he might have been responsible for important changes in the general social and political structure. Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and possibly Theodore Roosevelt, were the only other illumined presidents. Other nations have made it a rule to elect — or submit to — illumined leaders from the times of ancient Rome. The United States, on the other hand, has encouraged mediocre leadership beginning with George Washington, a man of dubious talents, to such marvelous non-entities as Chester A. Arthur (President Garfield's assassination put him in office), Cal Coolidge and Dwight Eisenhower. The American public does not cotton to excellence. It is even suspicious of excellence.

Anyone who has read the Warren Report and the torrent of critiques and quasi-investigations it has inspired is forced to admit that the assassination of President Kennedy was a highly organized, extremely sophisticated operation. A score of false trails were carefully established prior to the event, including DOPPELGANGERS of the ill-fated Oswald, and all kinds of fiendishly clever manipulations were skillfully executed to point the finger of guilt at the FBI, the CIA, Vice President Johnson, Clay Shaw, and dozens of minor figures. Anyone who follows up all the clues and scraps of evidence

single-mindedly along any one of these trails can convince himself, as District Attorney Garrison did, that Clay Shaw was the culprit, or that J. Edgar Hoover was behind it all, as Harvey Matusow did. But if you study ALL the evidence and testimony, each of these single theories melt into a meaningless blob.

The major false trail was built around Lee Harvey Oswald and was obviously meant to implicate the Soviet Union directly in the assassination. If the Warren Commission had accepted this false evidence it would have obligated us to go to war with the Soviet Union. So much of this material was altered or suppressed altogether. Someone on the commission — it was probably Dulles of the CIA — recognized the game that was being played. It was easier to detect the MODUS OPERANDI of the conspirators than to explain it, however. The only responsible course was to suppress the false evidence as much as possible, without explanation and at the risk of considerable criticism.

The real conspirators operated so far behind the scenes, behind such a thick curtain of confusion and false evidence, that they have remained undetected and undetectable. Instead, a lot of amateur sleuths have been running around following up the false leads, mixing in their assorted political beliefs and suspicions, and fooling themselves.

Meanwhile, those whitesses who saw something or suspected something other than what they were SUPPOSED to see or suspect have been suffering inconvenient accidents and heart attacks. The death list is now nearing one hundred. The REAL trail to the REAL

conspirators has now been entirely eradicated. People who could, and have, put the finger on Clay Shaw, the FBI, the CIA, etc., have not really suffered this harassment (except for a few incidents apparently designed to shift the blame to those agencies).

Although J. Edgar Hoover deserves criticism (a recent book presented interesting evidence that the FBI did not really shoot John Dillinger at all; the Bureau's funest hour was probably a publicity sham), it might be a serious error to implicate him in the assassination on the strength of very circumstantial evidence, much of it apparently contrived by the real conspirators. I do not exonerate Hoover. I merely give him the benefit of a doubt.

The death of Kennedy preserved a basic pattern of modern history; the pattern which is leading us steadily towards fascish and, ultimately, the long-predicted armageddon. If he had lived, that basic pattern might have been changed dramatically. So, in the long run, it really doesn't matter who killed Kennedy or what their personal reasons were. The only important thing is that the historic pattern remains unchanged and that the tradition of mediocre leadership is not only continuing but is gradually inclining towards a negative philosophy which rejects progress and endeavors to maintain obsolete standards. Continued long enough, this negative philosophy will induce change... radical change... as the German people embraced Hitler in 1933. By 1980, the American people may be anxious to

GAY REVOLUTIONARIES WAGING WAR

by ralph hall

There is a definite way to foil a conspiracy: conspire within the conspiracy. Humans most adept in devising and contriving an internal revolution are gay. No one actually knows what a homosexual looks like, no one rally knows who they are! Heed every substance of word spoken or written and every action of gay revolt. A revolution-in-revolution is waged: this is a lesson: a gay phenomena: a study which has no visibility, but is living, breeding and breathing all over in nature; and oppression is the target... freedom the prize. There is no time for warning. Warnings are never heeded. Gay revolution must now become vanguard.

A massive gay war movement is emerging inside of and rising up against the evil military forces of amerika. The internal struggle is conspired by gay revolutionaries calling themselves the "Gayrevo Belligeres," who say their purpose is to organize gay men and women presently on active duty in all branches of amerika's armed forces; to obtain discharges for all their gay sisters and brothers and the while organizing radical gay caucuses within, and here in the states of amerika and overseas at all bases and ports, reserve and active; to keep gay people OUT of the military; to disarm and destroy what they term, "a police state structure which exists to imperialize the world with heterosexual amerikanism and control." They are indeed right!

Among the many reasons for their formation and objectives is gay people are unwillingly drafted and enlisted to serve in the armed forces.

You are aware that there is a box which must be checked by the draftee and enlistee before induction, which is a confession that one has homosexual tendencies and is in fact homosexual. This is discrimination in the lowest sense and a violation of private conscience.

In most cases gay people will

not "check the box" because there is fear of what might occur if they did and involves personal ambiguity. On the other hand, so-called heterosexuals do check the box, " 'cause it's an easy way out," or "I don't give a shit if anyone thinks I'm a faggot, 'cause I know I'm not," or that it is an "honorable way to avoid the draft." Their parents even encourage it in times as today. The idea is hypocrisy: classist, racist and sexist.

But, the military services have caught onto this and orders from headquarters read: "Induct all who do check the box regardless, because they're not telling the truth! Once we get them in we'll find out who is homosexual and who is not. It's easy to tell. If they are homosexual we'll find out, break them and make MEN out of them."

It used to be policy for the services to reject homosexuals because "We don't want fairies fighting our wars." Remember the words "our wars."

Now gay people suffer because male heterosexuals felt it was all a practical joke, a game, and checked the box anyway, and were inducted anyway and are suffering too; and gay sisters and brothers who also marked the box, but more conscientiously for they were in truth gay, were also inducted regardless. What the gay people were saying was they didn't want to fight in a "straight man's war," or to war at all, nor play his insidious cock-power games. Besides, the military is not motivated or geared in the concern for gay people's welfare, who are oppressed by an archaic, insane heterosexual culture and morality. Why should gays live or act heterosexually when they do already, but homosexually? A double-standard to say the least. The values within and interpreted by the dictionaries are in part responsible: those mediums are not the message and should be supplemented every quarter period, or disposed of!

As a result, gay people enter the militarys in fear and suffer

gross, personal humiliation or else have to face their families and themselves with reasons why; also that their employers would be notified and friends (?) would eventually find out — they did not serve their time. By "serving their time" I mean a "prison sentence," which it is. They become criminals and are forced to fight on the side of the pig militant forces in return for small gratuities and measly incentives. There are hundreds of gay humans killed in action, in war every day and they are thought to be "straight." That's why the military denies the fact that homosexuals are fighting alongside their MEN. What identity do gays have?

Military complexities compel gays to serve the armed forces under a guise of being heterosexual, when they are not. This is because there is no other alternative but to do so, which is both inhumanistic and involuntary genocide and suicide, mentally and physically.

Gay people are a minority group comprising over 15% of the total nation's population and it is fact that homosexuals cross over into every majority and minority caste in existence. Therefore, gay people must be exempt from all military service and duty because they are performing acts which are unnatural to their natures, both anti-gay and anti-human, as well forced into perpetuating the Big Amerikan Lie and police state.

Gay people are compelled to adopt the he-man identity, a machismo image, when it is not their character nor their own volition to do so, and are ordered to commit genocide against innocent victims of aggression and war, for the sake of continuing heterosexual dominance and superiority while again perpetuating the sexism, racist, chauvinist, imperialist and classist attitudes. Gay people want no part of this because the military and their wars are heterosexually engaged and executed and based upon the "straight man's criminal ideals and philosophy."

More important, reason why

gay people must not serve and should be discharged from all military duty is that they cannot actively and openly express their gay orientation in any branch of amerikkkan military. The heterosexual is free to practice their sexual orientation and is even given contraceptives to prevent "social" diseases and abort conception, the latter being genocide and gay people want no part of it. The military represses gay sex which they term as "unnatural," but would sooner do it themselves in secret.

Since it is the orientation and preference of gay people to express their love and sexuality with a person(s) of the same sex, he and she must tolerate the fear of being caught if they do so and if they do complete their obligated active duties, it then becomes a miracle that they did. Gays are running the gamble and risk of being exposed, discriminated and punished as well suffering personal anguish, which far outweighs the reasons why they should serve in a military, which has no human interest or sensitivities.

None of the codes of military justice protect the homosexual in the service, but do legate against them.

Innocent male heterosexuals, who show the slightest "natural" effeminate traits, even after attempts to drive such character out of the MAN by rigorous boot training, suffer from humiliation and do fall suspect to being labelled homosexual. There has been testimony to this fact. "YOU MUST BE STRAIGHT, or else!"

Gay brothers are also forced to replace the image of and to act in the manner or role of "women" by servicemen who have been without their "normal" sexual outlets of gratification for any length of time. This is rape! Amerika is one beg atrocious crime.

Gay sisters and brothers have always been and continue to be discriminated against and inhumanly tortured by militant sadists and as well fall victim to other gross military injustices and violations of human and

civil rights in all branches of the armed forces of amerikkka: I offer this detestful example as evidence:

The USS VULCAN (AR-5) (an atlantic fleet repair ship) had been out to sea for over a month without yet reaching any berthing port. The ship's destination was Glasgow, Scotland.

Prior a week before entering this port, an 18-year-old gay brother, a recruit just out of Great Lakes boot camp, was "turned in" by a higher ranking/rated enlisted man for engaging in an oral homosexual act with another sailor. It turned out, the other sailor was a (supposed) heterosexual who was vouched for by many fellow mates and went scot free, except to appear as a prosecution witness against the alleged homosexual offender.

The "victim" mate said the "faggot" propositioned him while they were both at their duty stations and alone in a gunnery storeroom. He said our gay brother practically raped him, which the captain's mast intervening interpreted as "a rape upon innocence." Therefore, the other sailor was forced into his participatory role as *object* and *victim* of an "unnatural" homosexual act. Well, who wouldn't believe a heterosexual over a homosexual?

The accused denied all these charges and said that the so-called "victimized" sailor had been boasting and/or complaining of being excessively "horny" because he had been out to sea too long without "pussy." The gay brother could have cared less, but said the sailor continued to talk at length about his perpetual "hard on," until there reached a point when the sailor showed the brother his erection, even withdrawing it from his pants and simulating masturbation.

The brother's response to this was that he reached over and touched the mate's erection, after having been beckoned and dared, at which time the sailor pulled his head down upon the hard on and was ordered to



"suck" him off and he did so; but was caught before completion of the oral sex by a petty officer who had come to relieve the watch.

As a result of a kangaroo mast courts martial aboard the ship, which was to be only temporary, our gay brother was hauled off to the "brig" to be confined until the VULCAN arrived at its home port in Norfolk, Virginia. This would occur in over a month.

The brother was deprived of food and water for several days until he almost passed out from starvation. During this time he was beaten several times a day, kicked in the genitals, head and stomach (having beforehand been stripped of his uniform) by fellow mates, guardsmen and by the *manly* crew of the deck force.

He was also forced to "suck off" these creatures out of fear, under the threat he would be beaten more if he didn't. He was beaten afterwards anyway. He was also held down to the deck by several sailors who performed, in turn, anal intercourse in him. He was too weak to resist, but that didn't matter, they outnumbered him.

While berthed at the port of Glasgow the gay brother was kept inside the brig, fed minimal amounts of food and water, and forfeited all pay. The single light in his cell was kept on day and night. He was given no blankets, no clothing to wear or a cot to sleep on. Death would have been more pleasurable I'm sure.

On the return trip to Norfolk

he was, at times, shackled to the bulkhead and cell bars and severely beaten by two chief petty officers. He was humiliated endlessly by everyone's anti-gay remarks at all hours of the day and night and forced to stay awake most of every 24 hours.

Upon arrival at the Norfolk port the brother was forced to sign a statement that he was not mistreated or neglected. By the way, he was never given medical attention nor did the ship's officer padre know he was in the brig.

Plainly suffering from malnutrition and pain of cuts and abrasions over his entire body; he was then transferred to a land brig to await courts martial at COMSERVLANT headquarters. Inhumane tortures did not stop here either. The brother surmised that life was only torture and planned to commit suicide, but was thwarted. While in this brig he was further humiliated by anti-gay remarks, served tiny morsels of food and drops of water, beaten more, forcibly raped by several marine corps guardsmen again and again and forced into oral sex with them also. The brother had no other choice but to. At one occasion a rusted pipe, 14" long was shoved up into his rectum of lubricant, and burning cigarette ashes poured inside him.

He was now suffering from complete exhaustion, bleeding hemorrhoids, untreated flesh wounds and concussion, moments of amnesia and other

signs of incomprehension, like not knowing his whereabouts, who he was or what he was doing in a brig, and all the while experiencing dry heaves and times of blindness. The medical treatment: aspirin.

When the courts martial convened two weeks later his defense counselor presented an atrocious case, which was not the brother's actual story or statements; *the excuse given* — to get him off as lightly as possible by admitting to untrue statements and to get him a discharge as soon as possible.

The several attempts made by the brother to speak in his own behalf were in vain, stricken from the records, and at one point he was gagged and taken from the court room while proceedings against him continued. His crying outbursts for justice were ignored as was the military's legal bible, the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

The brother's parents were at no time notified of his whereabouts so they were not able to obtain proper defense for their son. Instead, the brother was given a three month brig sentence, which upon completion he was given a medical discharge and sent home to face his parents with his own contrived reasons why he was dismissed from active duty so soon.

When he had successfully explained and covered up the real reasons for his being ousted, he then decided to regain the position held with his employer

previous to induction into the service. But the Navy had already informed his employer. He was not rehired! On the same day his parents received an official statement on court proceedings against our brother and reason for discharge, which gave witness that he was gay.

His parents admitted him to the Poughkeepsie State Mental Hospital, upstate New York, under an assumed name to undergo intensive mental shock therapy to cure his homosexuality. They left him there to become a vegetable and too, disowned him.

The brother is now free! Due to the alertness and cleverness of gay revos forces who infiltrated the hospital as orderlies, from a plea derived from the brother's letter to a friend for help, his escape was carefully planned and executed and our brother is free somewhere in the world.

Of course, ranking military officials will deny any of these tortures and injustices or that they exist in present day military, or that they ever did. *Of course!*

Gayrevos Belligerares are not forcing or asking for governmental intervention or investigation of atrocities committed against gays in the military because their findings would only conclude no such existence or evidence of any said crimes, and would only serve to re-enforce the Fascist Big Lie of Amerika. But of course, they stand to lose the peoples support of a military if they did.

Unless the gay male and

female find other gay people in the service, their sex lives and orientation are forced to remain hidden and dormant for their entire active duty status. This is cruel. He and she suffer much anguish because they are not able to express their sexuality as openly and freely as their heterosexual counterparts.

They lose their sexual and human identities and must take on a role of he-man, she-man soldier.

The Uniform Codes of Military Justice do not protect and are not geared in the interest or welfare of gay people, therefore, the codes are discriminating, cruel and anti-human. What laws are never?

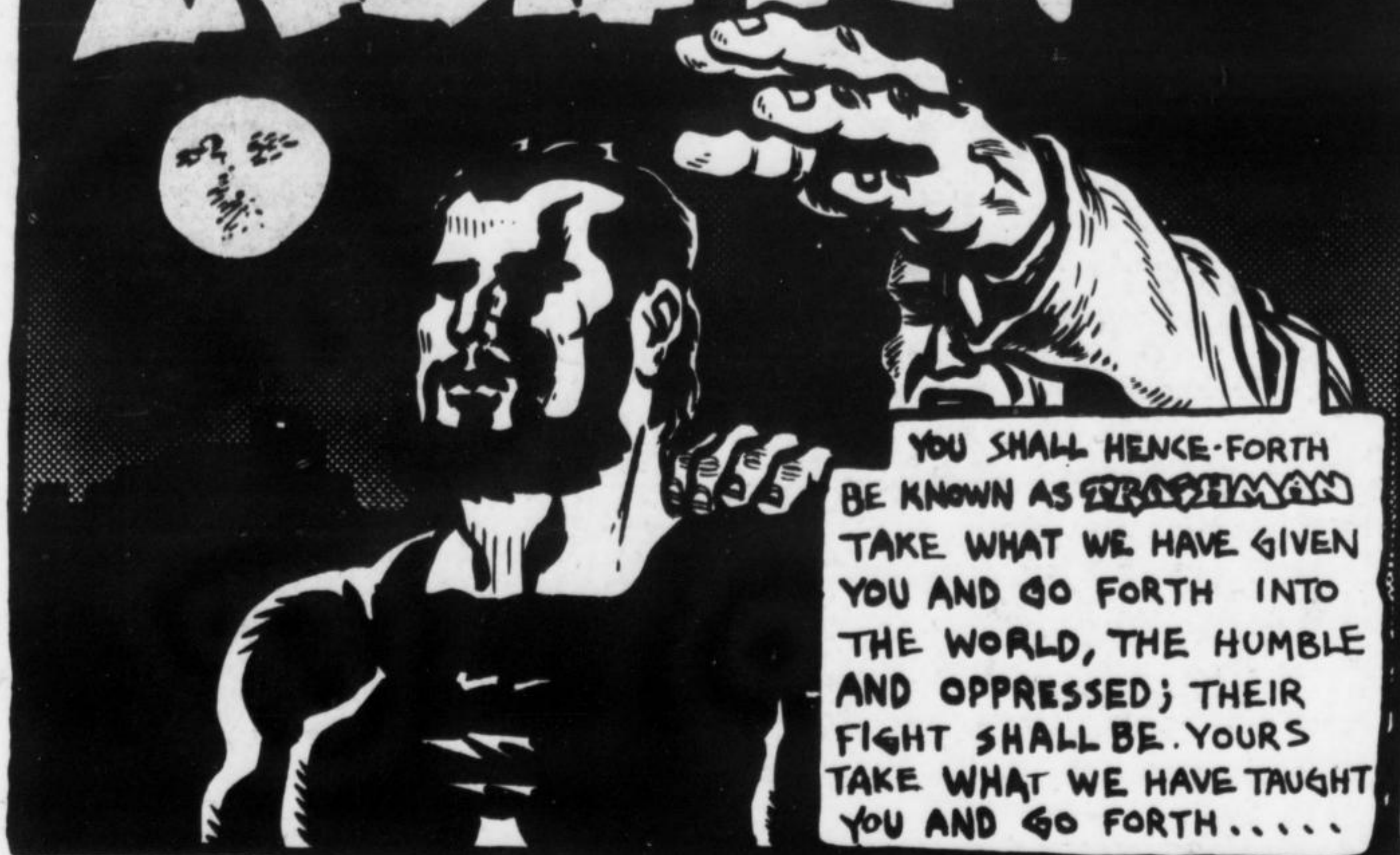
What did result from the horrible event described before was that numerous gay revos forces were organized and have infiltrated all of the armed forces services and are into ranking administrative and field positions, in all rates and ranks of officer and enlisted personnel, and are currently engaged in subverting and sabotaging the evil forces of amerika's "police state" military.

In a communication received recently, the *Belligerares* said they have gained control of three naval vessels, one in the atlantic and mediterranean, one in the pacific fleet; two military bases, one in the states and one overseas and have total control of an air force squadron. They now have several key positions in the pentagon and two lobbyists in Washington. Reserve components in New York State and Vermont are also cited. The BAYREVOS said the military have secret underground installations for records and computers and an arsenal to be unbelievably. This *is* believable, anything that amerika does is believable *and true*.

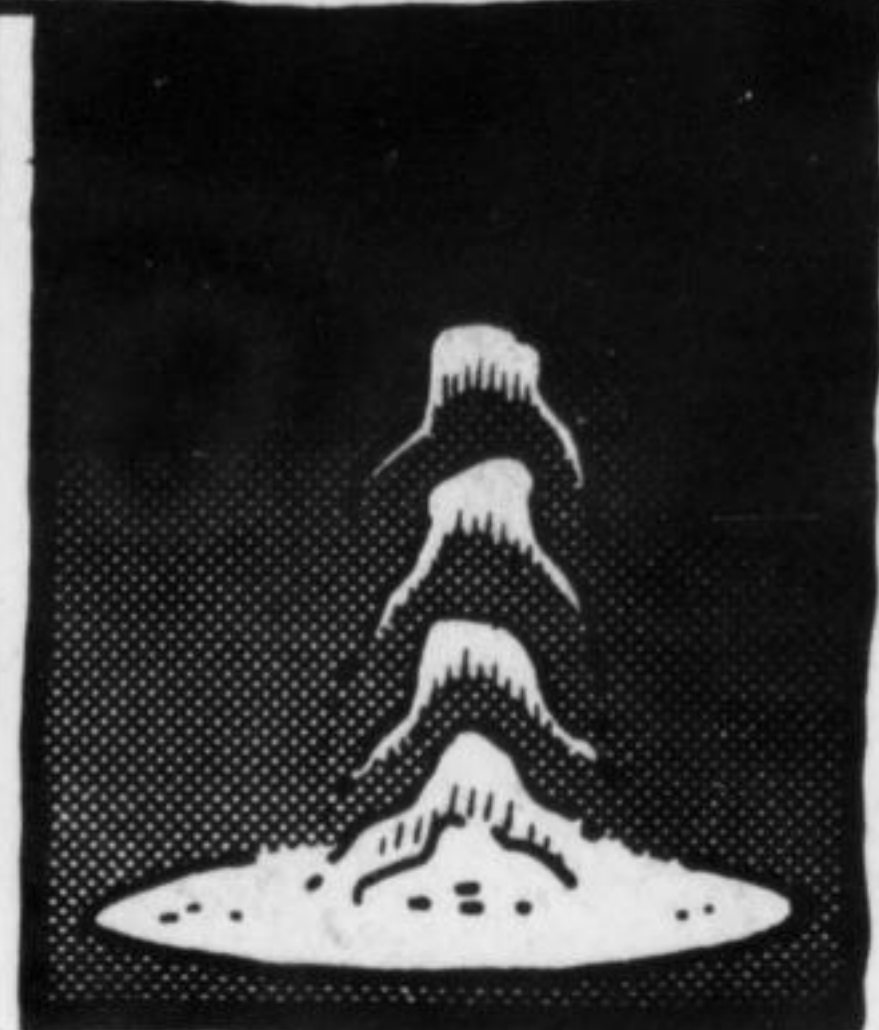
Gay women and men in the military services are warned against *coming out as gays* at this time unless they are fully aware and advised of their rights and consequences by proper counsel. Gay people around the nation are asked to defer from enlisting and to avoid drafts by any and all means necessary. *Don't be fooled by those who are working to keep you in!*

If by chance you have feelings of untruth in what you have read, then you have not yet discovered what truth is in reality. It is unrealistic for anyone to believe that gay revolutionaries are going to stand back and watch their lives die, or that they should follow the directions of the oppressor or vanguard of anybody or wait in line for word to go ahead — it's now your turn to act. Gays have different ultoriors and different ways to achieve them to defeat oppression, and you can be sure gay revos will let the oppressor know when it is too late. *It is too late.* The wheels of gay power cannot be stopped because they are locked in time in the future and are rolling the opposite direction which shall defeat oppression. The revolutionary movement will realize when it is also too late, unless they move to change and progress with gay revolutionaries at their sides. GAY POWER is a leveling equation, *remember the Stonewall!*

THE ORIGIN OF TRASHMAN



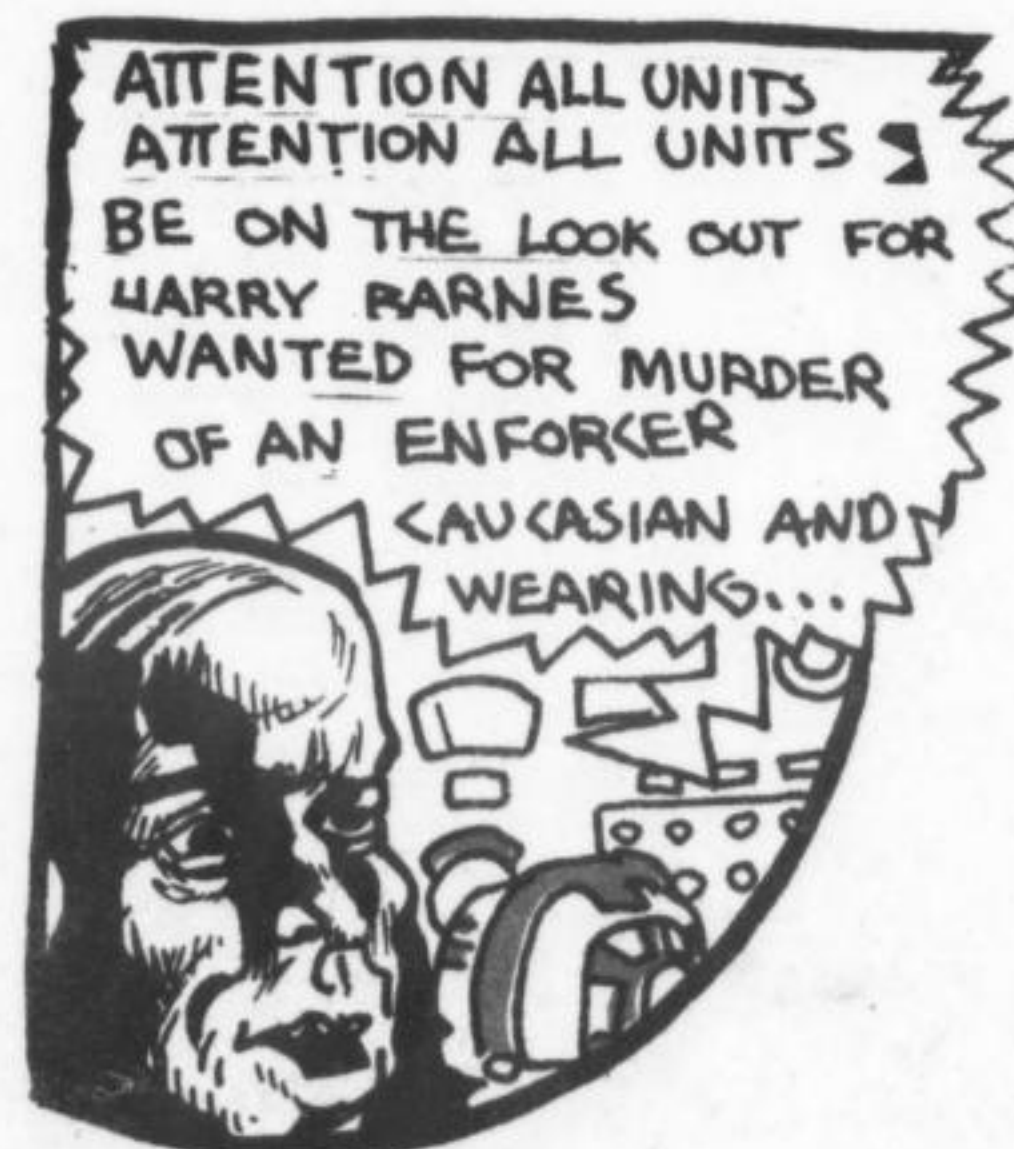
HARRY BARNES, KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS ~~TRASHMAN~~, TRAINED BY THE ILLUSIVE SIXTH-INTERNATIONAL AS MASTER OF THE PARA-SCIENCES IS ABLE TO CHANGE HIS MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OR DECIPHER A CRACK IN THE SIDEWALK.



YOU MAY REMEMBER FROM LAST WEEK



DOWN MURKY THEY TRAVEL SEEMS LIKE AN



OUR STORY CONTINUES



BARNES FUGITIVE FROM "JUSTICE" TO LEAD A LIFE OF CRIME



OVER YER

SORRY YOUNG FELLER DOWN T' MY LAST \$15

AH FORGET !!



THE LACK OF A BUSSINESS LIKE ATTITUDE IMPEDES HIS SUCESS



BLOCKED OFF, LOOKS LIKE I'VE HAD IT

ASSES HIS FORTUNES GROW WORSE UNTIL ...

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF I AM KNOWN AS CITIZEN X, AGENT OF THE SIXTH INTERNATIONAL



AND THIS ABANDONED SUBWAY TUNNEL IS IN ACTUALITY A SECRET TRAINING BASE FOR OUR ORGANIZATION, WE WERE FORMED AFTER THE ...



BRIEF NUCLEAR WAR IN WHICH, THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE SOVIET UNION SECRETLY ARRANGED TO RID EACH OTHER OF TROUBLESOME URBAN POPULATIONS BY MASS NUKLEAR EXTERMINATION



MOST OF THESE AREAS WERE REBUILT HOWEVER SOME STILL REMAIN CONTAMINATED



THE COUNTRY THEN BROKE INTO BLOODY CLASS AND RACE WAR MYRIAD GROUPS, COMPETING FOR POWER, AS A RESULT THE COUNTRY FELL UNDER THE SHADOW OF TYRANNY WHICH HAS LASTED TILL THIS VERY DAY



WELL BY LAST IN THIS LLEY



MAYBE IF I DUCK IN HERE



HELLO HARRY, WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR SOME TIME!

WHA?



T, I DONT, HOW IN MY



THE WAYS OF THAT WHICH WE CALL FATE ARE COMPLEX AND MYSTERIOUS AND YET WE HAVE KNOWN THAT THE MAN NAMED HARRY BARNES WOULD COME HERE AT THIS TIME



BUT QUICKLY THERE IS NO TIME TO LOOSE THEY WILL BE HERE SHORTLY



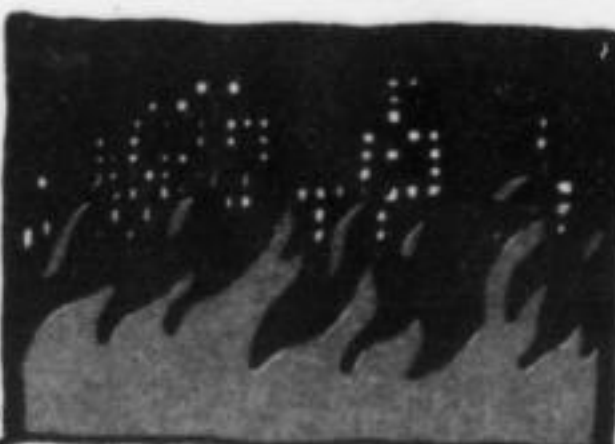
PASSAGES FOR WHAT ETERNITY



TIL FINALLY THEY REACH THE OPENING AND A VEHICLE



OUR DESTINATION LIES AHEAD



OUT OF THE FLAMES OF THIS CONFLICT OUR STRUGGLE GREW. IT WAS THEN THAT WE CAME TO KNOW STRANGE ARTS CALLED THE PARA-SCIENCES WHICH COULD DEVELOP



HUMAN ABILITIES TO A LEVEL NEVER BEFORE DREAMT POSSIBLE. JOIN US HARRY LET US TEACH YOU OF THE PROBABILITY PLANES, HOW TO DECIPHER THE FUTURE FROM SUCH THINGS AS THE CRACK IN A SIDEWALK



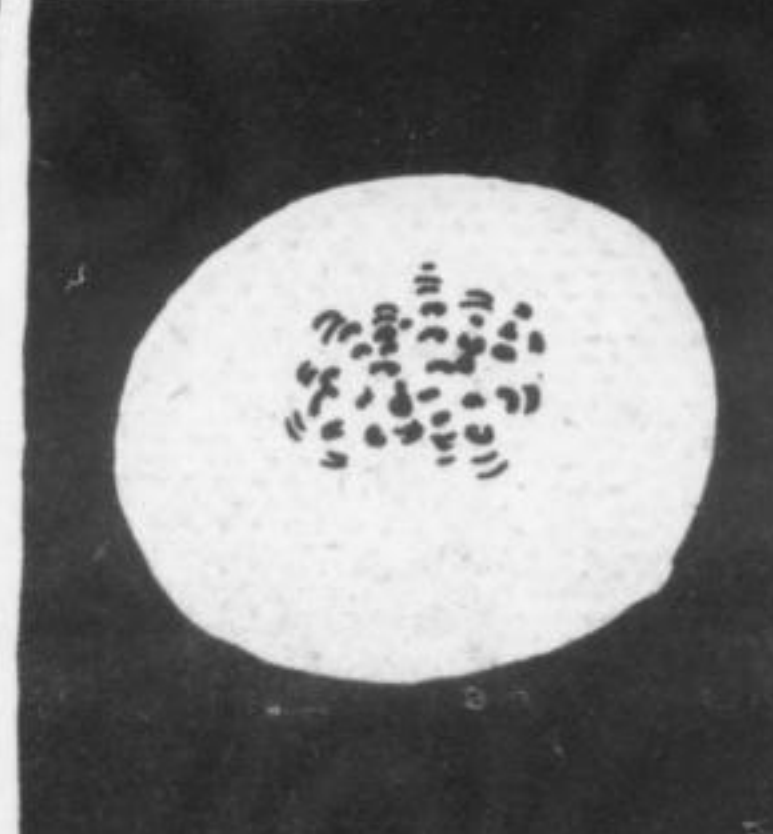
HARRY BARNES ACCEPTS THE DISCIPLINE OF THE MIND AND EMBARKS ON THE STRENDOUS COUSE WHICH WILL LAUNCA HIM INTO HIS STRANGE CAREER



TIC TK T TIC TK



AFTER INTENSIVE CONDITIONING BARNES EMBARKS UPON A SERIES OF MEDITATIONS AND EVEN MORE RIGOROUS EXERCISES TO COMPLETE THE FINAL STAGE



FINALLY AFTER MONTHS OF EXHAUSTING TRAINING HE FINALLY MASTERS THE ART OF MOLECULAR DISINTEGRATION



AND THUS HARRY BARNES ONE OF LIFES LOSERS BECAME KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS ... **TRIPMAN** AGENT OF THE SIXTH INTERNATIONAL

Although it's been out for some time now, you might still be able to pick up a copy of INSECT FEAR #2 on the racks at one of the bookstores along Eighth Street and St. Mark's Place. You really should, if you have any interest at all in contemporary underground culture and dirty pictures. This one is a killer.

Spain Rodriguez originated the concept for INSECT FEAR, which concept is precisely what it sounds like: that particular mental affliction wherein the citizen becomes so bifurcated in his mind that he becomes to himself even as an insect, complete with huge multi-faceted eyeballs, twitching antennae, munching mandibles, and subliminal SCURRY. All the stories drawn for INSECT FEAR bear this condition with them, for really it is not such a rare condition that it is not shared by most thoughtful people in the world. However, as Mendes reminds us in his magnificent three-color back cover, depicting a young blonde lady in a blue satin deep-cut evening gown waltzing through an insect collection with a six-foot anthropoid beetle, 'Some girls NEVER experience INSECT FEAR.'

TWZZZKEEEMMEZZKNGGK

Then there is the opening comic strip by Kim Deitch, called 'Auto Suggestion.' It tells how a man in 1928 lobotomizes his wife with a hatchet, as a response to her obsession with some quack self-improvement program which involves her reiteration



DEITCH: SEX IN 1928

of the phrase, 'Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better.' This sounds

rather much like some women I have heard who go around saying, 'I can't relate to men,' and 'There's nothing here that I like.' Anyway, after the lobotomy, this fellow's wife gives him some excellent head, until things start GOING WRONG... The drawing here is some of Kim's very best to date, although it gives you a speed buzz just to look at the acres of minute crosshatching with which he has embellished it.



Of course, though, not all the stories in INSECT FEAR are about sex and women, although to look at Roger Brand's 'Blood-Murders,' you'd think for sure it was a highly sexist strip. He sure can draw broads, Roger Brand. In fact, Brand can draw a hell of a lot of things with a high degree of excellence, because he is the



BRAND: SEXIST AT FIRST SIGHT!



INSECT FEAR

2 2

LATIMER

Of course, there are some girls who do indeed experience Insect Fear, and apparently, to go by S. Clay Wilson's 'Insect Angst' strip here, they take it pretty bad. To look at two young girls getting devoured by giant beetles and fleas may not be too pleasant, but it affords one valuable new insights into the nature of Insect Fear from the female angle. TWZZZKEEEMMEZZKNGGK!



WILSON: INSECT FEAR FROM THE LADY'S SIDE.

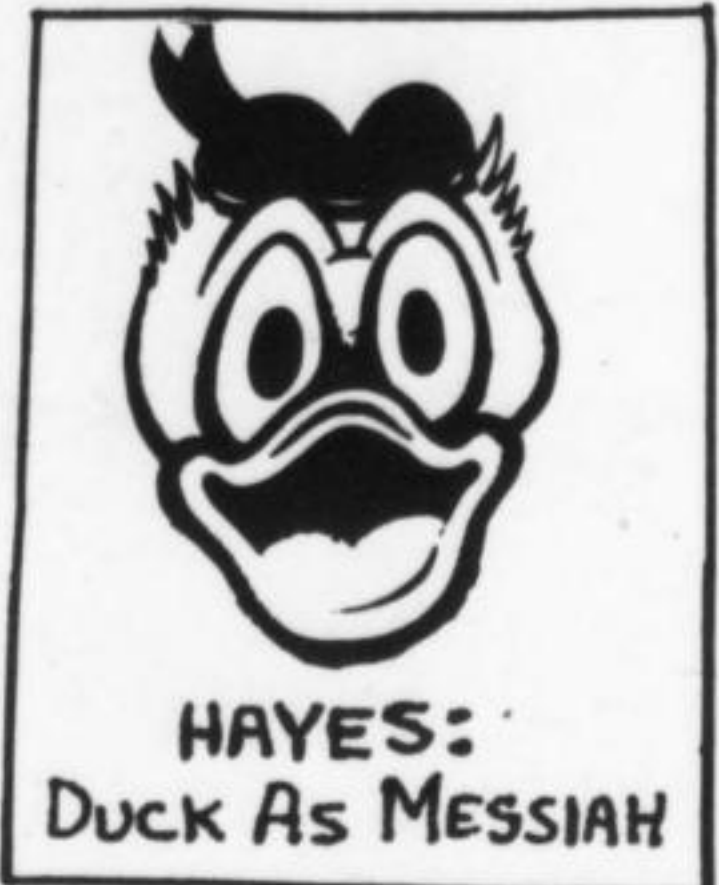
closest thing to a conventional comic artist that they will allow in Underground comic books. If his head was not so extremely far out of the conventional run of comic art, he would probably still be working for VAMPIRELLA. In INSECT FEAR he gives us a powerful vampire story filled with drama and suspense and good cheesecake and one SON of a bitch of an ending.

SPAIN: A HORRIBLE THING TO CONTEMPLATE

In fact there is a lot of this chauvinist type stuff in INSECT FEAR #2. Horrible stories keep filtering back here from the coast about all the difficulties Women's Liberation is giving these artists, and, perhaps as a consequence, these INSECT FEAR stories seem even less affectionate toward women than the usual run of Underground Cartoon stories. J. Green, for instance, has a story in here called 'The Dream of Buxom Vampires,' in which two repulsively pudgy women visit an unsuspecting bachelor, and do horrible things to him. Their eyes, see, have a disconcerting habit of turning up white into their head as demonic expressions contort their faces, and they take to moving about the room in a discoordinated dream-like fashion, flying in and out of



the windows uttering unintelligible words, and otherwise behaving like perfect nightmares. After raping him, they set to sucking the blood out of his throat and scraping his eyeballs out of his head. The drawing of all this is suitably repulsive, being plain and clumsy and darkly shadowed.



But for sheer repulsive craziness, nothing in this periodical quite measures up to Mendes and his strip, 'The Old Codger.' The hero of this one is an old hunchback with two wooden legs who goes about eating children and midgets. The midgets are especially appealing.



And then there's Spain's strip, 'Feeding Time.' Day by day, in every way, Spain is getting better and better. By God, you could walk right into some of these panels and rap with the characters, if that were not a sickening thing to think about doing. The drawing is extremely, almost obsessively clear and sharp, and the odd progression of unrelated events - not to mention Spain's odd way of focusing in his panels on arbitrary, extraneous little details - lead one's mind into a superb state for the cultivation of Insect Fear.

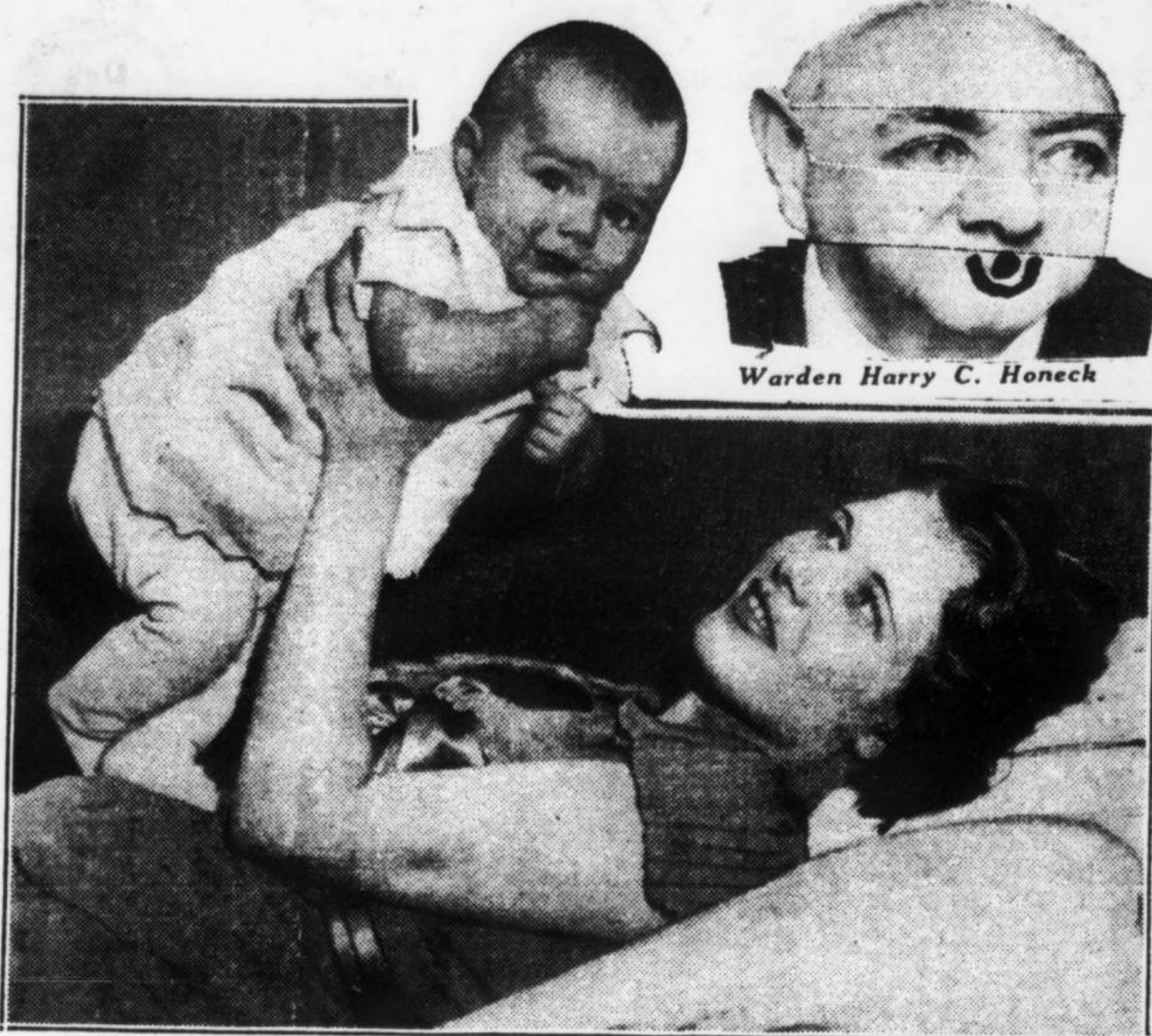
And finally there is the conclusion of 'The Wrath of Mazon Storn,' started by Rory Hayes in INSECT FEAR #1. Here there be monsters. In fact, this whole strip is so crazy as to be indescribable, although pride compels me to note that it winds up with all these horrible critters being smushed to death under the feet of Donald Duck, our saviour and redeemer. It is rewarding to an old Barks freak like me to see that at last somebody is catching on to the regenerative qualities of Donald Duck, although to tell the truth it eludes me what this strip has to do with Insect Fear, for in fact it seems to have much more to do with Stark Raving Terror, and there does not seem to be an insect in it. But it's always nice to be reminded that Donald Duck stands between us and the godless horrors of the Beyond.

WHAT WAS JUSTICE IN THIS CASE ?



Home Again

The happy defendant plays with her baby, William Michael McCormick, after acquittal in connection with fatal jail break. Jury decided she was temporarily insane when she smuggled gun to her husband during visit to Raymond St. Defense held she and he planned suicide pact.



Warden Harry C. Honeck



One Died, Other Killed

Deputy Warden William McConnell (left) fell victim to Red McCormick when he reached for his gun. Keeper Herbert Nolan (right) killed his wife as result of worry over jail scandal.

The Visit Was Fatal

A LETTER FROM TACOMA CITY JAIL

Dec. 17, 1970

The enclosed statement is a letter from Chip Marshall, one of the seven defendants in the Seattle Conspiracy case. He, like many others, are in jail because of the government's repressive response to a successful defense on a political trial. We say successful not only because of the political points made in the courtroom about the way of American justice, but because the defense concretely showed the weakness of the government's case.

The importance of this case as a test of the conspiracy laws cannot be overestimated, and yet the press coverage up to now has been inadequate. Most of the important proceedings of the trial have either been distorted or neglected by the national and local press.

Since this letter by Chip was written, more has happened. They have been separated, and in the middle of the night two — Jeff Dowd and Roger Lippman — were moved to a federal prison; they were not allowed to contact their attorneys, and were kept in solitary. Chip Marshall, Mike Abeles, Mike Lerner and Joe Kelly were put into solitary strip cells, no bedding, no clothing, and improper toilet facilities. They have now been moved to federal prisons without being able to see their parents or lawyers.

We are circulating this letter in the hope that the defendants' view of the trial can be presented to the people.

We are appealing the Judge's decision to deny bail in the Appeals Court of the Ninth Circuit. Public support is crucial to this appeal. Telegrams can be sent to:

William Luck
Clerk of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals

Seventh and Mission
San Francisco, California.

Suggested Re: Case #26889

We desperately need money in order to keep this defense going, and for bail, if granted. Donations or requests for information should be sent to:

Seattle Conspiracy Defense
238 Dorset Street
Bklyn., N.Y. 11236
Seattle Conspiracy
Box 1984
Seattle, Washington

Brothers and Sisters,

The abrupt end of the Seattle Conspiracy trial may signal a new pattern for federal repression. By declaring a mistrial in the case and sentencing five of the defendants to a year in jail without bail for contempt and the other two defendants to 6 months under the same conditions, Judge George Boldt has set a legal precedent for evading the safeguards to justice supposedly guaranteed to every citizen under the Bill of Rights. The new approach allows the state to fulfill all functions, at once — judge, jury and executioner — thus avoiding the possibility of any embarrassing errors (acquittal). Judge Boldt summed up the case in the following words:

"I have no doubt my daily prayers for strength and guidance to be calm and understanding and patient in this case and to do fair and just in the sight of our heavenly Father have been answered. I believe divine providence may have given this court and others guidance to an effective solution of disruptive trials. I pray it may be so.

Within an hour, the courtroom had been brutally cleared of all but the 'safe' media by thirty to forty leather-gloved marshals who continued to fondle their blackjack as Boldt droned on after the trial reconvened. The defendants were handcuffed, several still bleeding from the marshals' attacks. If 'divine inspiration' was involved in this trial, it was clearly of the same sort which inspired the Inquisition and the Salem witch trials.

Earlier in the day, Jeff Dowd had called the court's attention to the American flag flying above the judge's head. He said that it was once the flag of a revolutionary people who believed in liberty and justice for all. The defendants then presented the judge a flag they felt was more appropriate for that

(Continued on Page 21)

A LETTER FROM THE TOMBS

Richard De Leon is a member of the Brooklyn chapter of the Black Panther Party. Last fall, he was convicted with two other Brooklyn Panthers of possession of an illegal firearm — a sawed off shotgun which had been planted in their car by an undercover pig who had infiltrated the Brooklyn Panthers with the aim of entrapping them. Originally this pig had framed the three Brooklyn brothers on a total of 42 counts, including attempted murder, conspiracy to murder, and robbery and conspiracy to rob. After two successive trials — a mistrial ending in a hung jury, and a retrial — during which all the counts except weapons possession were dropped against them — thanks to the obvious perjury of the undercover pig — the three Brothers were railroaded on the possession charge, for which De Leon received a SEVEN YEAR SENTENCE!! He is presently in the Tombs awaiting trial on a charge of "Resisting Arrest" (i.e. being beaten up) at the May 1 Panther demonstration.

Dear EVO

All Power To The People

In this foul pig pen called the Tombs, the NYC Correction Pigs continue to torture, harass and terrorize all the inmates. But special terroristic techniques have been devised for the more politically aware elements that are imprisoned here.

Several areas of the building have been set aside as torture areas, for the purpose of separating and isolating righteous brothers from each other and the general population. The worst of these are the fourth floor and the A side of the eighth floor. Being that the brothers that were on the eighth floor initially set the

revolutionary example, they have been singled out, and they are being kept on the fourth floor — those who haven't been railroaded by the fascist courts and sent upstate.

Other so called "agitators" and "radical instigators" (this reporter included) have been confined to a mad house on the A side of the eighth floor, which the Correction Dept. disguises as "Administrative Segregation." This is supposed to be a "Psychiatric Observation" facility (without doctors), but it doubles as a torture chamber for the rebellious.

The pig's program in these areas is increased psychological torture — 24 hour lockup, no shaves, showers, no recreation, interference with correspondance, no commissary, and threats of physical violence and other forms of harassment. The particular victims of this fascistic repression are all those brothers who articulated the sentiments of the masses of the condemned, prior to, or during the rebellion. All the brothers who have been tagged as being members of specific organizations (Muslims, Black Nationalists, Panthers, Young Lords), are, in the words of a pig dept. warden, "radical instigators." This category also includes all those brothers who were designated as spokesmen, all the members of "The Tombs Revolutionary Committee" and especially anyone who has been mentioned by the media or has contacted the press in any way.

The NYC Correction pigs, like all fascists everywhere, fear the revolutionary potential of the oppressed masses, and they are determined to stop or hinder the liberating process in these warehouses of human souls. As all other pigs, when challenged by those whom they oppress, the correction pigs have met our demands for justice, dignity, and human decency with repression, torture and terror. This is a calculated effort to stop demands on the system, to isolate leadership, and use them as scapegoats.

(Continued on Page 21)

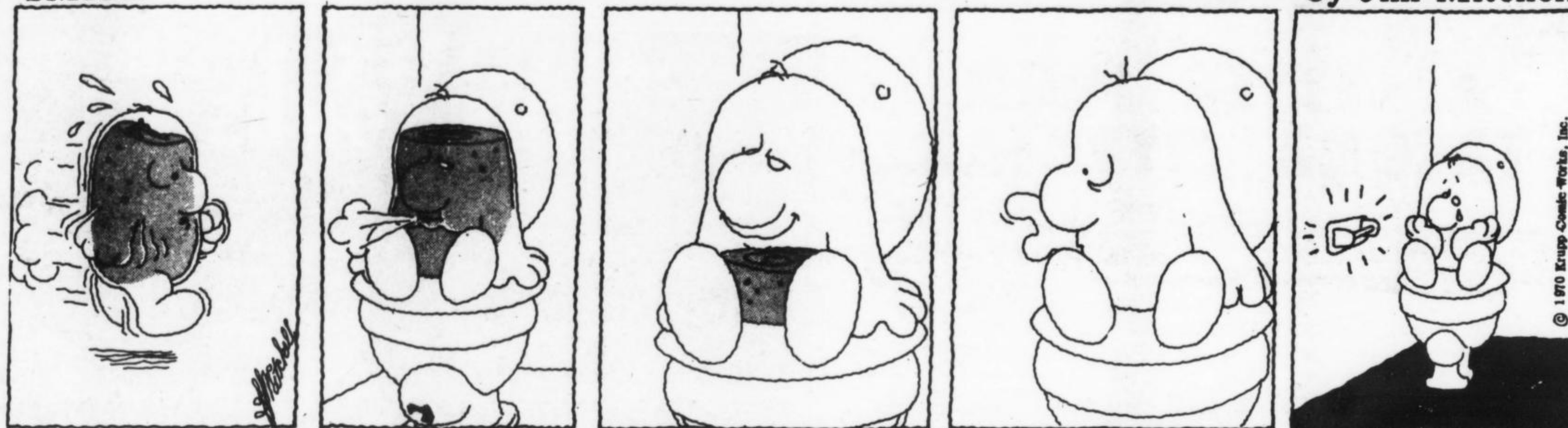
I SWEAR... I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!
EVERY NIGHT I PUT A NEW URINAL
CAKE IN THE TOILET AND EVERY MORN-
ING WHEN I WAKE UP ITS GONE !!

...AND PAT IS ALWAYS LEAVING
LITTLE PRESENTS LYING AROUND FOR
ME... FOR INSTANCE, EVERY MORNING I
FIND A NICE LITTLE COOKIE HANGING
THERE IN THE TOILET BOWL...



SMILE

by Jim Mitchell



global christmas party

No-sleep

Being at the Global Village Christmas party last Saturday was somewhat like being in the eye of a hurricane. Lights and sounds, like wind and rain, swirled around you, and it was totally absorbing.

One wall featured hilarious antique stag flicks, another a revolving circle of mirror-reflected lights, another a stack of ten monitors showing different channels, constantly changing.

Other monitors were strewn around the room for guests seeking a little respite from the visual bombardment, but there was none from the bombardment of sound, which, in the familiar mid-town style, was relentless.

It was amusing that, while the opportunity existed for guests to see themselves on monitor by "performing" in front of the camera set up for this purpose in the room, few did at first.

True to their 25 or so years of TV hypnosis they sat around, albeit haphazardly, gazing with awe at the ubiquitous images, until 12, when David Peel's group showed up and started playing.

Then, mobilized by the three-dimensional presence or something, they started taking off their clothes and dancing.

If there is a message to be interpreted but of it all, it is that there is no escape. The perceptions are there, and you might as well use them to their best advantage.

In any case, the Global Village hypnosis bears little resemblance to the Channel 2 or 7 brand. Instead of an opiate or palliative designed to soothe the Plowman after his long plod homeward, it is an exercise in total awareness. In the midst of sensory confusion, the viewer is inexorably aware of the fact of information being received, being sorted out.

Global Village plans to have more such "events" in the future, although the dates are not yet certain. They hope for more participation from the viewers, compounded with awe, so, for the exhibitionists among you, it will be a worthwhile way to spend an evening.

No-Sleep Video, a collage program of tapes by Raindance, People's Video and Videofreex shown last Saturday at the Raindance loft was, above all, an encounter with people.

Focusing on video's unique capabilities for interacting with and setting up interactions between tape "performers" and tape viewers, the program combined a little "video verite," a little Feedback, and a little documentary, to create an exclusively Video experience.

Reinforcing the concept of interaction as it unfolded on screen, was the interaction among viewers, encouraged by the set-up of the Raindance loft. Divided by perpendicular plywood boards into open sections, somewhat maze-like, each with its own monitor, the loft creates a total people environment, comfortably uncrowded, where viewers face each other at numerous angles. In this way they participate in each other's responses to the medium and to the setting. It is possible if not specifically desirable, for them to move from one section to another during the program.

I found the set-up to be one of the most inventive aspects of the presentation, and one of the most successful.

Timewise, the program was dominated by a Videofreex video verite sequence with a rock-group called "Buzzy," but the most effective pieces were two humorous People's Video Theatre "documents." One recorded successive, increasingly cacophonous arguments between: a) a Chinese restaurant owner (CRO) and a black patron (BP); b) CRO, BP and two hard-hats (HH); c) CRO, BP, HH and passers-by, etc., with the sound briefly cut off to point up the absurdity of a chorus of mouths bobbing and yapping like dummies.

The other, filmed at a Women's Lib march, featured a prize interview with an egregious yenta-a-la-Martha Mitchell who pronounced such profundities as "I believe in high morals and they're against it," and "I'm against everything they're for."

In a Raindance parody piece on a commercial, a grubby, bare-assed cockney-hippie declares the exigencies of grease-stained dishes over a double slop sink, and, reaching for a bar of Ivory Soap from down in the slime, begins lauding its virtues as a grease cutter...

The program also included the tape, shot in London, by THE VISION, of Jerry Rubin breaking up the David Frost show.

FAT FREDDY'S CAT

I GUESS EVERYONE EXPECTS ME TO GET UP ON THE TABLE AND GET THAT LEFTOVER TURKEY?

WELL, I JUST THINK I'LL FOOL EVERYBODY AND IGNORE IT.

SIR, ONE OF OUR SCOUTS REPORTS A TASTY GIANT BIRD CARCASS ON THE KITCHEN TABLE!

THIS WILL MAKE A GOOD HEADQUARTERS! MOVE IT UNDER THE STOVE!

YES, SIR!

WHAT A PIG! YOU EVEN ATE THE BONES!

SUBVERT COMICS



BY SPAIN RODRIGUEZ

FOR ADULT INTELLECTUALS

FOR SALE WHERE ALL FINE COMIX ARE CARRIED

FIGHT THE OPPRESSOR

CLASSWAR COMIX

THE HIGHEST OFFICE IN THE LAND AIN'T NO PLEASANT... EVEN NOW THE INCUMBENT'S ADVISORS ARE INFORMING HIM OF A NEW TOP PRIORITY CRISIS...
HEY, CHIEF! THERE'S A COMRADE ON THE PHONE WHO SAYS HE'S PLANTED A KITTY DOODY STINK BOMB IN SPIRO'S BACK POCKET!...
IT'S SCHEDULED TO GO OFF IN 15 SECONDS!
OH, NO! EVEN AT THIS VERY MOMENT SPIRO IS ADDRESSING HALF A MILLION STAGNANT SOUTH-EASTERN BAPTISTS IN TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI!
RUE!
OH WOE!

14 SECONDS LATER... IN TUPELO...
...IMPUDENT CORPS OF MISGUIDED PINKO LIBERALS ARE RUNNING AMOK...

BRATT!

DAILY NEWS 10¢
AGNEW BREAKS WIND; THOUSANDS DIE!
A SENATOR ESTIMATED AT LEAST A MILLION WERE TORTURED AND DESTROYED LAST NIGHT BY WHAT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN AN AIRCRAFT PART UNLARGED BY VICE PRESIDENT SPIRO'S AIRCRAFT WHICH QUESTIONED THE VICE PRESIDENT'S SAID THAT...

WE'RE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE SPIRO... CRUEL ANARCHISTS HAVE PERPETRATED AN INCREDIBLY EFFECTIVE IMAGE-SHATTERING HOAX ON THE AMERICAN PUBLIC...
INSIDIOUS WORDS OF PINKISH PSYCHOTICS
POOT
POOT

...OUR VERY CREDIBILITY IS AT STAKE!
HAS ANYONE SEEN MY EYEBROW PENCIL?

MEANWHILE... THE TIME IS SEIZED!
THESE YOUNG PEOPLE MAY BE RIGHT, MARTHA... I THINK I'LL GO RIGHT DOWNTOWN AND BUY A PAIR OF BELL BOTTOM PANTS!
SWEET MOTHERS!

AND THE NEW ORDER REPLACES THE OLD
MORNING
MORN FOLKS... APPRECIATE ARNIE, YOUR NEW PRESIDENT AND PEOPLES' CHAMPION HERE... I JUST WANNA SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT GREST, THE PEACE AND LOVE TOOTH PASTE...

OH THERE, YOUR ORNAMENTAL REVOLUTIONARY MAJESTY SIR I READ WITH YOU THE PEOPLE ARE STRIVING TO GUARANTEE MENT TOWARDS... WE'RE IN A STATE OF CONSTANT WAR, THE PEOPLE MUST USE WEAPONS THAT IS I MEAN...
SILENCE SHUINE! BRING ME MORE NAKED WOMEN!
AND JUSTICE YOUVE AT IT... I'VE GOT TO FIND MY CAT...
WELL HERE WE GO AGAIN... EH, KIDS?

by Sami Klein

It was stultifying to Frost, who stomps his feet, flails his arms and bellows like a sore-loser at a hockey game - and he is stuffy enough to deserve it. But more interesting was the commentary, taped afterward, by Lindsay Crinnell of THE VISION on the Idea behind video as an alternate medium.

Talking directly to the viewer, he said, "We must create our identity from within and reinforce it with our own media," which, I think, neatly sums up what most of the independent video groups are doing.

In spite of important differences in conception and style, they are all creating their own identities and reinforcing them in video.

Given the aloofness and inaccessibility of Establishment media, this subculture orientation is inevitable, and it is desirable, but it is also limiting. Saturated with news and views of alternate culture, the viewer, still, somehow, emerges from No-Sleep Video and other video programs

with the nagging suspicion that video artists are not only not exploiting the potentialities of video as an art form, they are not even exploring it. The camera work is weekend filmmaker at best, and there are few and feeble attempts to create a coherent work, relevant but still "esthetic." To some extent the crudity of video technology is its own esthetic limitation, but the fault lies, also, in the obsession of video freaks with the technology, with the process of communicating, at the expense of the content of that they're communicating. The San Francisco Mix, seen Tuesdays and Saturdays in New York on Channel 13, although not totally shot on video, and electronically edited (which local video productions are not), is sufficiently "video" to stand as an example of what can be done, and maybe, of what should be done. For, all the socially relevant communications theory in the world may not be what the viewer wants. It may not be what he will buy - but more important, it may not be what amuses him, entertains him, or inspires him. That doesn't mean that we, like broadcast TV, should give the viewer what he wants at any cost. It simply means that if we aim at No-Sleep video, we should put-together programs less conducive to falling asleep. A whole realm is open to pioneers.

LOWER EAST SIDE

By Yossarian
©1971 ASYLUM PRESS

AN' DAS A FACT

SYLVANUS PIROGI OF 106 AVE. B HAS A MALIGNANT GROWTH SHAPED EXACTLY LIKE A POTATOE

AN' DAS A FACT!

YOU CAN TELL A JUNKIE BY THE WAY HIS MACHINE GUN SHAKES

LET ME HOLD YOUR WALLET MAN.

AN' DAS A FACT

99% OF ALL THE DOG SHIT PRODUCED IN AMERICA COMES FROM THE LOWER EAST SIDE

AN' DAS A FACT

AGNEW SPELLED BACKWARDS = **SMEGOMA**

WOMENS LIBERATION IS A BUNCH OF SHIT PERPETRATED BY A SMALL GROUP OF MOSCOW ORIENTED LESBIANS

AN' DAS A FACT

YOU READ IT HERE FIRST

GOM EDISON DON'T TAKE NO SHIT

AN' DAS A FACT

ONE OUT OF EVERY FOUR VISITORS TO BELLEVUE HOSPITAL WILL DIE OF A DISEASE CONTRACTED THERE. THE PERCENTAGE IS EVEN HIGHER FOR THE PATIENTS... AN' DAS A FACT

BLACKS DO NOT TAKE KINDLY TO BEING CALLED JIGABOOS, COONS OR NIGGERS EAST OF AVENUE A

AN' DAS A FACT

ATOMIC POLICE?

video journal

With all the talk of videotape cartridges revolutionizing television, few realize that much of the programming slated for this newest medium is old movies, earth-shattering football games, and Arnold Palmer on "How to Improve Your Golf Swing."

A welcome exception to this trend is a video magazine — a hip, radical "60 minutes" — tentatively called Global Village.

The magazine's "editor" is John Reilly, co-founder with Rudi Stern of the video theater of the same name. An outgrowth of the Global Village multi-channel concept, it utilizes split screens, juxtapositions, and other mixes of distinct programs. A recent show at the new Global Village theater on Second Avenue, for instance, included the movie "Battle of Algiers" intercut with political interviews and tapes of the New York Panther-support demonstrations.

Reilly sees the magazine as a video counterpart to **ROLLING STONE** and **THE WHOLE EARTH CATALOGUE**: television aimed at building the culture rather than ripping it off. He said, "I want Global Village to be a 'journal' that can be trusted — a together, honest report of the times." A commercial rip-off seems

Guest columnist Bill Kutik is a former editor of the Harvard **CRIMSON** and reporter for the Boston **GLOBE**. He is currently researching the video cartridge field.

unlikely, as Reilly has retained complete editorial control over his magazine. The first edition is slated to include tapes on such topics as urban communes, macrobiotic cooking, the Black Panthers, and the Young Lords.

But most importantly, the new hardware of videotape cartridges adds a new dimension to the old-fashioned magazine format — feedback. Videotape is not at all like film. It does not record pictures. Like magnetic sound tape, videotape records and codes visual images and sound electrically. The result is instant playback and no processing costs.

Videotape recorders will play the pre-recorded cartridges on any television set — just the way a tape deck can be attached to a stereo. The important difference is that by adding a special camera the cartridge player is turned into a video cartridge recorder — turning the

television viewer into a television filmmaker. Although the camera now costs between \$150 and \$200 in Amerika, the Japanese will soon have a version out for about \$40.

At N.Y.U., the Media Co-op is currently producing a series of tapes on Operation Move-In, a group of urban squatters on the Upper West Side.

Student groups at Stony Brook and U.C.L.A., just to name two, are already working on videotapes outside normal department channels.

Of course the three older well-known groups in New York have been reproducing tapes for quite a while. The three — People's Video Theater, Videofreex, and Raindance — show their tapes on an irregular basis at their local 24 East 22 St. Raindance also publishes a new magazine called "Radical Software."

Reilly hopes to encourage this video feedback: "There are a lot of very talented and creative people out there working with the Sony hand-held camera, and they're making some really fantastic material."

Their loft does not use a global village video-mix, preferring to show one image simultaneously on six monitors.

This is how Reilly's magazine will work: This spring, Optronics Library, which is financing the magazine, will be selling videotape players and a package of prerecorded tape cartridges. Subscribers will receive a copy of the Global Village magazine each month. Once the magazine has been viewed, the tape can be erased and used for the subscribers' own material, which Reilly hopes they will send back to him for possible use in the next month's edition of the magazine.

As a first step, Optronics is preparing several videomobiles that will crisscross the nation's college campuses, demonstrating the videotape players and the Global Village magazine and soliciting tapes from students who are already working with the medium.

No one can be sure of where the cartridge field is going. But more ideas like Global Village video magazine could certainly point it in the right direction.

DIAMOND In The ROUGH

**'We all had hung out our stockings
with care,
On hopes that Santa would bring
SMACK this year.'**

PREFACE

**THIS STORY, having caused a good deal of contro-
versy here already, warrants some explanation.
First, it's not true. Nobody at EVO can STOMACH
smack. It's bad shit. But neither can we stomach
Christmas. And the moral in that, for those too
dull to see it, is this: Christmas is even dismal-
ler than smack.**

by Coca Crystal



What could be more depressing than Christmas in the City, with nothing to do and nowhere to go? With no family and no friends and certainly no bread? Now I ask you, what are the EVO orphans to do? We sat around the EVO office all week long discussing the terrors of a three-day holiday weekend. And came up with a solution: SMACK. Yes, smack. We'd snort some smack and lay back and scratch and be sick and let Christmas pass us by. I asked a few friends if they knew where I could score. Score? Score SMACK? I found nothing, except that all inquiries led to paranoia and confusion. My friends thought I was going crazy or turning into a junkie or both. I tried explaining to them that me and the EVO orphans would only be taking it for one fucking day and not to worry about it. But no luck. No smack.

The plan was to meet at the bachelor suite of Schultz and Latimer on Irving Place, and hopefully one of us would have scored. Latimer said there would be some nosh and some wine and it looked to be a festive occasion.

The big day of our Lord arrives and somehow I hauled myself out of bed and down to Smiler's where I bought a naked chicken, Kirin Beer, macaroni salad, and fruit salad. I got to the pad and found Schultz and Latimer reclining listlessly on day beds, and Little Stevie Heller lying pitifully on the floor. Mustering up all the Christmas cheer I could manage into my voice, I greeted the sorry crew.

'Did you score any smack?'

'Nope, maybe Yossarian will get it,' offered Latimer.

We waited around some while for Yossarian and decided he might have gotten hung up in Long Island. So we procured some more food and prepared for the feast. Just as we were setting into it, Yossarian showed up all out of breath.

'Did you get some smack?' we all asked at once.

'No, but I almost got killed.'

'Far out! What happened?'

'Well, I was walking down Avenue D, yelling "Anybody got any SMACK?," and people were running away from me in terror, but then this one guy approached me and asked me if I was looking for any smack? Sure I was, and so we were going to go into a little hallway where he said he had some, and then he pulled out a knife.'

'Yikers!' we all exclaimed.

'But I pulled out my gun and he split.'

Then we passed a pipe around a few times before saying anything else on the subject. Then Yossarian remarked that he was glad the guy wasn't on some suicidal trip: 'It's only a toy gun,' he explained.

How dismal: Christmas, with NO SMACK!!

Harrowed by the preceding events but still hungry, we decided it was time to jump on the nosh. Ira, the naked chicken, was mutilated and devoured — over the loud protests of Little Stevie Heller, who claimed a paternal interest in the little feller — and there was ham, roast beef, Gallo wine, and a host of Cheese Nibs.

Very shortly thereafter, Jan and Rex showed up with some other tykes. Bearing no smack. They partook of Ira and the camel shit and got into the swing of things, and we schmoozed away the evening hours. Oh, God, that it would be over soon! Only a few more hours and Christmas 1970 would be over, and we'd be into Boxing Day.

'Allah is great,' Latimer groaned after a few more tokes on the camel shit. 'I have killed myself.'

Neil showed up presently, and after that the schmoozing got a little weird. We were intoning Gregorian chants of dirty words when the super showed up from downstairs, wearing his grey slouch hat and bright yellow cowboy-pattern pajamas, complaining that we make too much noise and how can anybody sleep? It was at that time eleven-fifteen, so we left and went down to Jeanne's Patio to murder Christmas for good and all.

We were riding in Neil's little car, and miraculously found an open spot directly across the street from Jeanne's. The present occupant was pulling out, and a guy in a black Caddy was waiting for the spot, but we were quick and pulled in before he could switch gears. This pissed him off, and he got out of the car, yelling, 'That's my spot!' but we charged out of the car EN MASSE, about to kick some ass, and he got back in his Caddy and pulled a little ways up the block. Midnight passed some time while we were schmoozing in Jeanne's, and we all began feeling better. It was over. When we left, the guy in the Caddy was still there: 'It's about time you gave me my spot,' he complained churlishly.

We all went our separate ways, Latimer to get laid by an unknown Irish lassie — 'SHE was a damn sight tighter than her BOX' — the tykes to St. Mark's — the little dears couldn't get over their first Christmas at the Gazette — and the rest of us to continue some work on our heads.

God bless us all, Tiny Tim.

Foxist

(Continued from Page 22)

What's more, these were collected without a search warrant. And Josephs, when arrested, and handcuffed, was a full flight of stairs away from the "weapons."

When asked if he was the man in charge of the search, Brody replied, "Primarily I was the man with the shotgun."

Detective Albert Gleason of the Bomb Squad took the stand. He had seized the shower pipes in Bob Collier's apartment, declaring them "bomb components" which were "ready to accept powder." This component, he said, could be made into a bomb in a matter of minutes.

Phillips then went on through a series of the most prejudicial questions yet to be heard in court, all dealing with the effects of bombs, grenades, etc. when placed in department stores during the Easter season. All defense objections were overruled, with Murtagh declaring that this "evidence" was to help the jury "understand the nature of explosives," and Gleason went on to describe mass killings, violence, and other casualties complete with shrapnel flying. Then onto smokeless powder vs. black powder, and the making of aerosol bombs.

film Italians become Catholics) and exchange snappy patter. Jenny supports Oliver through law school and he becomes a rich lawyer and they plan to exchange snappy patter till the cows come home but Jenny dies of leukemia, breaking every heart in the house in the biggest tear-jerker since Spencer Tracy went to Neptune's locker saving Freddy Bartholomew.

Love Story is the latest trivialization of the 1950s collegiate trend that began with *The Graduate* and has meandered through *Goodbye Columbus* and *The Sterile Cuckoo*. Its biggest attraction is that the kids are nice and clean and fall in love very attractively and have problems with their alienated but sympathetic parents. In other words, it sells to young and old alike.

Still, *Love Story* has a direction, although it is a dead end, and should be dismissed not merely as kitsch but as evil kitsch.

The tears choked out of even professional cinematic stoney hearts by Jenny's cut-off by leukemia at the age of 24 are not for her. The disease is her reverse deus ex machina. She doesn't have any internal ambivalence — she gives up her musical studies, in which she is magna cum laude Radcliffe, to support Oliver's law schooling by a relatively degrading teaching job, at the drop of a hat — to bring her to an early Grave (whereas Garbo always did). Without it she is nothing more than a husband-hunting, gold-digging, stand-up comic, wiseass Radcliffe bitch, whose demise would hardly give grown men the weepies.

The real emotion exploited here is the existential fact of death, nothingness, whose inevitable and arbitrary character is the most terrifying thing in human experience — knowledge of it perhaps the thing that distinguishes human from animal. You haven't lived, says Lionel Barrymore in *Grand Hotel*, unless you live with death. To witness *Love Story's* tragedy is to witness the one sure fact of all life, including and especially one's own. So I am the last to scoff at the tear-jerking capacity of *Love Story*.

Death, consciously or unconsciously, has its place in art. But a movie by Arthur Penn, say, can help a viewer face his own death, while *Love Story* squeezes tears and pennies from self-pitying people who never could. It's sort of like Nathanael West's Miss Lonelyhearts, who answered his readers' desperate letters with gossipy, useless advice to make the column popular, rather than give them the religious message he knows they need.

I see film after Hollywood film and they seem increasingly like cries for help (*Husbands*, *5 Easy Pieces*, *Little Big Man*). I have solutions too. Revolution and dope may not conquer death, by God, but it's more fun trying.

(Continued from Page 8)

off the top of his Central Park penthouse.

Well, it's an entertaining, intense movie, with some funny country humor and a tour-de-force satire of Madison Avenue. The cast is great. The theme, capitalism's moral debilitation of its own greatest, is a powerful one. Kazan blows it because he sees people as manipulated, misled, mistaken — he refuses to let his characters understand their actions, or take more than partial responsibility for them. If he did, this red-baiter, this informer, how could he sleep nights?

Griffith, who as Lonesome Rhodes gives the performance of his life and then went on to become TV's own lovable Andy of Mayberry, is putty in Kazan's hands. Nothing is shown of whatever lies between the folksy country boy who ridicules sponsor and suddenly knows just how to give a useless vitamin pill hard sell sex appeal. Who turns his childishness and his cynicism on and off like running water? How is the independent "gentleman of the road" reduced to cringing emotional need for his sponsors and ratings; why must he fall pleadingly, helplessly back on Patricia O'Neal? Like Kazan, he's only human.

You can look at Kazan and see him trying to live it down, all these years later. At a press conference following a screening, he nervously avoided the political freaks, fidgeted with his cigar, looked relieved when we left. To give him his due, okay, Richard Nixon used TV salesmanship to get elected. When Kazan moves beyond his intellectual post-mortem he'll be able to deal with Nixon as a problem rather than a proof of his own foresightedness, and he'll be a better artist and a better man for it.

Meanwhile Rudy Vallee has been made traffic commissioner of Los Angeles, a momentous event that in itself justifies re seeing *A Face in the Crowd* (at the Elgin, starts January 25).

Paramount's new tight-ass press pass policy was appropriately inaugurated with screenings of *Love Story*. Films like these are joys to the black hearts in the public relations section of the industry since the critics are too intimidated with the prospect of seeming like a snotty highbrow if they don't admit they cried at the schmaltzy ending. Even *Variety* was hassled. I'm sure the wolves are gloating because I had to pay MONEY to see a film and like it too, bad as it was. But you have to get-up pretty early in the morning, etc., and I got up at eight today and I hereby detest *Love Story*.

If you haven't heard, *Yellow Submarine* author Erich Segal adopted his own novel about Oliver Barret IV (Ryan O'Neal) and Jenny Cavilleri (Ali McGraw), two educated morons at Harvard and Radcliffe who meet, fall in love and exchange lots of snappy patter, as vaudeville quickies are known in the trade. They confront Oliver's icy WASP father and Jenny's Italian father (in the

42nd street

IF IT'S TOO HOT SOME NEWS STANDS
WONT SELL IT!

SEE THE WONDERS

I, M NOT MAKING ANY PROMISES.

these effects produced by duplicate photographs'

WHY DO WE WANT YOUR MONEY?



WHY?

WHY?

GIVE US YOUR PLEDGE'


you are the lucky ONE' out of thousands.



R.T.

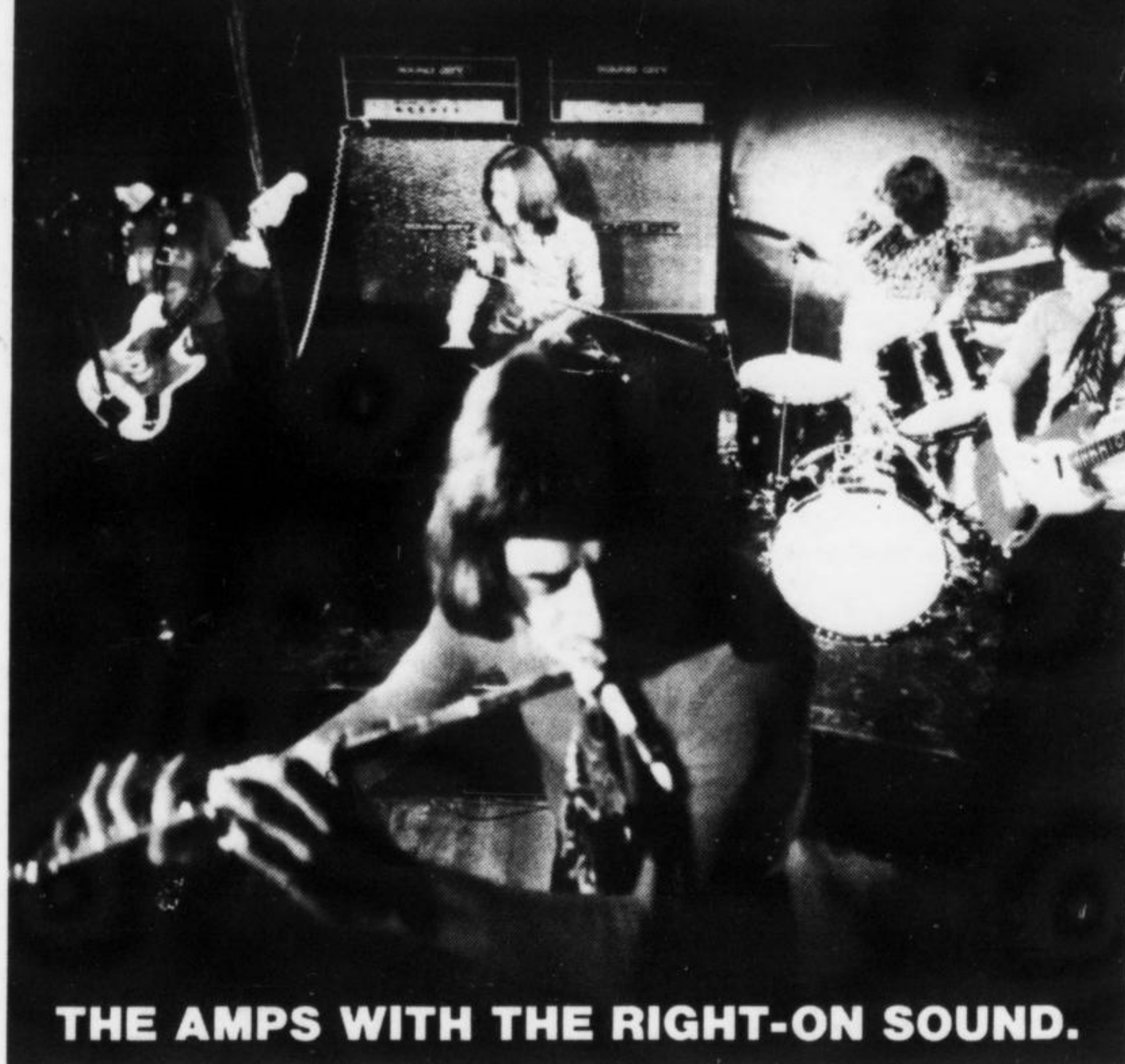


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TACOMA LETTER

courtroom — the Nazi flag. The judge offered one protest, but instead admitted it as Court's Exhibit No. 1. The Bailiff stood nervously holding the flag at his side looking confused. Was he expected to display it next to the Stars and Stripes and the Gold Seal mounted above the judge's bench?

From the beginning, the collective defense was determined to prevent the trial from becoming a circus. We felt that we could discredit the notion of 'conspiracy' and explode the 'outside agitator' myth. We wanted to show that the only people who met in secret, hatched plots, and duped people through clever propaganda were the very people who were bringing us to trial — the federal government.

The government's strategy was to use the 'Reichstag Fire' approach perfected by Goebbels during the '30s. By creating hysteria about Weathermen, bombing, Black Panthers, free sex, and drug fanatics, they hoped that the real issues could be avoided. The government would create a circus to divert people's attention from the growing problems of depression plaguing the Northwest.

The federal judiciary would cooperate in this strategy by making sure that we did not get a jury of our peers and by ruling out anything 'irrelevant' such as the war, racism, sexism, and the court system. At the same time they allowed the D.A. the widest latitude in bringing up facts about drugs, sex, and violence calculated to scare the straight jury. Further proof of the latitude accorded the prosecution was the judge's ruling (a week into the trial) that none of the overt acts listed in the indictment had to be proved to constitute this conspiracy. ANY overt act which the prosecution could come up with would be sufficient evidence of such a conspiracy. This ruling meant, in effect that the defendants would not know what they were being charged with until the prosecution brought the evidence to trial.

At first, things went according to schedule. The judge denied us the right to question prospective jurors about their attitudes, preferring to ask the whole group of 150 things like, 'Now, if any of you have prejudice against black people, please raise your hand.'

The local D.A., Stan Pitkin, as ambitious as he was inept, also tried to follow the script, throwing out any prospective juror whose sideburns extended past the top of his ears or whose opinions extended beyond the Green Bay Packers. When we challenged this, the judge would threaten contempt. We began to realize that we had been fooled by the myth of Chicago. The so-called circus had not been created by Jarry, Abbie and Bobby. They had reacted to narrow and prohibitive judicial structures which denied them the possibility of defending themselves. We found we had to protest, had to object, had to risk contempt to assure the semblance of a fair trial.

Any doubts that the judge was unbiased were completely dispelled once the trial began. Boldt, notorious for his stern handling of draft cases reacted violently to the spectators, most of whom were young 'hippie types' as he called them. The fact that these people sometimes laughed or made remarks enraged Boldt, who had a reputation for speedy and efficient justice.

At times things became ludicrous. To him all young people looked alike and he consistently confused our names — even to the point of telling 5'2" Susan Stern, "Now Mr. Dowd please sit down" (Dowd is 6'4" with bushy hair). When Susan protested, Boldt looked to the back of the gallery and shouted, "I heard that," and ordered one woman to leave. Susan said, "Judge, I said that." Boldt looked right past her and ordered another innocent spectator out of the court. At this point Dowd stood up and told the judge he must be blind. "You be quiet Mr. Abeles!" the judge snapped. And so it went.

Despite the fact that Judge Boldt did everything possible to help the government's case, it soon became clear that Pitkin's case was hopeless. His opening statement painted us as the incarnation of evil. "We will show that Joseph Kelly incited to riot . . . that Chip Marshall passed a tear gas cannister to Mike Abeles . . . that Chip Marshall threw rocks at the federal courthouse in Seattle . . ." he said, staring intently at the jury. When defense attorney Mike Tigar pointed out that on the day in question, Joe Kelly was before a judge in Chicago, that the tear gas cannister was actually a bullhorn, the jury appeared to look strangely at Pitkin. Tigar pointed out that Lippman was in San Francisco on the day in question and stated that if he threw a rock that hit the Seattle courthouse, it was the longest throw in history. Several of the jurors smirked and the judge's face turned red. Pitkin shifted in his seat and looked nervously at his FBI assistant, Mr. Lou Harris.

After Pitkin had brought on a few witnesses, including our landlord who said the only thing he could complain about was the color we painted our living room, and a University of Washington policeman who saw some of us in the student union building a week prior to the TDA demonstration but didn't hear anything we said and couldn't remember if we even talked to each other, the press

began wondering if the government was just wasting the taxpayers' money. Then Pitkin played his ace — an undercover Weatherman who spun out a tale of bombing, dope and guns. But under cross-examination he fell apart. He never was a Weatherman; he consistently tried to get people to bomb things but no one took him up; he admitted that he was addicted to codeine and that the FBI supplied his habit. Then he confessed to me under further cross-examination that "he would do anything to get us — even lie." • Pitkin 'dropped his head. His bombshell had blown up in his face; the government's case was dead.

Pitkin was so shaken that for the next two days he was unable to bring one witness to the stand. He used a variety of excuses, but even Boldt was getting perturbed. Boldt chose to redirect his anger at us. When Abeles accused the prosecution of stalling he issued his "final warning" about our courtroom behavior.

The next day, Judge Boldt solved the government's problems. It was pouring rain outside and the marshals, who had been abusing the spectators throughout the trial, refused to admit into the downstairs lobby about 40 people who were standing in the rain. When Jeff Dowd went to the judge's chambers to protest, Boldt said, "People like that don't mind the rain," and cited Jeff with contempt for knocking on his door too loudly. The defendants, who were waiting in their defense room, demanded the spectators be let in and that a hearing be held on Jeff's contempt charge. (At this point we had no reason to believe that court had convened and that the jury was in the box. On every day prior to this, motions, such as those we had just presented, were heard by the judge before the jury was called in. In addition, it was the practice of the judge or bailiff to ask both defense and prosecution if they were ready to proceed before calling the jury into the courtroom. On this particular occasion this procedure was not followed by the judge. The judge had called the court in session and summoned the jury without our having the slightest idea that this was going on.) After about 20 minutes of waiting, without hearing any word from the judge, we decided to go over to the courtroom. When we opened the door of our defense room, the judge was standing there. We told him we were coming and followed him down the hall to the court.

When we got inside I told the jury we're sorry we were late, but many people were being kept outside in the pouring rain. The judge blew up. He declared us all in contempt for delaying the trial and said that my "outrageous remarks" to the jury had hopelessly prejudiced the jury. MISTRIAL.

We protested, saying we weren't afraid of the jury and wanted to continue the trial. We pointed out that Pitkin had delayed for two days while the court waited for him to bring forth his next witness, but the judge paid no attention to our protest. "I'm doing this for your own good," he said. We had heard this line once before when he moved the trial from liberal Seattle to backwood Tacoma, prompting Mike Lerner to remark, "With friends like you, Judge, who needs enemies?" Afterwards, the press interviewed the jurors and our suspicions were confirmed. No, they were not prejudiced, and yes, they were sorry a mistrial had been declared. Five even said they thought the government's case was shoddy and most thought we would have either gotten off or had a hung jury.

Our strategy proved to be correct. The government had failed to show that we were madmen! Once we began to talk even "middle America" began to listen. But what we hadn't counted on was Judge Boldt's divine inspiration, mistrial plus heavy contempt sentences. When we arrived in court for our contempt hearing on Monday, we expected to call witnesses and have a jury. We were convinced that they would never find us guilty. So was Judge Boldt. No witnesses, no jury, six months.

We were stunned. Then Susan Stern rose to speak. She had been sick in the hospital on Thursday, and she felt that her rights had been violated by the mistrial declared in her absence. The judge was outraged. He couldn't deal with a woman who didn't show him proper respect. He threatened contempt, but Susan continued to speak. It was the most dramatic moment of the trial.

In a low, steady voice, she talked about Vietnam, Bobby Seale, and the things that had moved her to join the revolution. The courtroom was hushed, tears were in the eyes of most of the spectators, defendants, and lawyers — even the D.A.'s head was lowered as she said: "Bring back the people slaughtered at My Lai, bring back the soldiers killed in Vietnam. Bring the half million people of Woodstock bring them all here to decide who is in contempt."

Boldt, feeling his power slip, blurted out, "Stop this diatribe!" Then federal marshals were everywhere. I can't remember clearly what happened. Two pigs grabbed Susan, then grabbed me. As I was pulled out of the courtroom I saw the marshals mace Mike Tigar, one of our lawyers, and begin to swing into the crowd with blackjacks. The rest was anti-climax. The courtroom was cleared, 14 people arrested and order restored. Six more months for contempt — again no hearing, again no jury.

At present we are all in the Tacoma City Jail. We have been denied bail on the basis of an FBI report declaring that we are as dangerous as Eldridge Cleaver and Angela Davis. The judge the D.A. the chief FBI agent and the head U.S. marshal all signed affidavits claiming they "fear their lives" if we are let out of jail. We are appealing the denial of bail, but in or out of jail we continue to struggle. We have already gotten together with the other prisoners and tomorrow there will be a strike. 100% of the people in my block have signed a list of 10 demands, at great risk to themselves.

Whatever happens, we consider the trial a victory. Another facade of justice has been ripped away, more people have joined the movement as a result, thus bringing us a step closer to bringing the monster down.

Love and Power to the People
Chip Marshall

TOMBS LETTER

(Continued from Page 15)

and examples. It is merely the continuation in the New York prison system of the Nixon, Agnew, Mitchell, Hoover, et al philosophy of terror, murder and totalitarian genocide. Our dead, and they number more than ten, can be added to the innumerable victims of fascism in Babylon — they must be added to Kent State and Augusta, Ga.; to those who fell at Jackson State; to all the monstrous crimes that have been perpetrated on the people by the power-mad pigs of the ruling class — crimes that they must account for, before the bar of people's justice.

This murderous barbarism continues, despite the publicity, legal actions, investigations, demonstrations and other ineffectual activity. The goons of the Correction Dept. will not let up on their madness, the capitalist moneybags can afford to ignore all the "liberal" platitudes and commiserations of the innocently naive, and respond with naked terror and violence. Without being able to counter-attack this insanity with revolutionary violence of our own; not having the power to inflict a political consequence on these fascist pigs, we can do nothing but write, petition and appeal to the judiciary, consciously realizing that it is useless. We are dealing with the most viciously violent and terroristic State apparatus in the world.

It is threatened everywhere, and it is determined to show its slaves that they must not rebel — to insure this end, it will use all means at its disposal, genocide if necessary. And here we are, limited to writs and motions!

We at the Tombs and other city pig-pens have reached the limits. Political means have been exhausted and the struggle must be continued by other means. We have been totally immobilized by the Gestapo Correction Dept., and we must appeal to those brothers who are willing and able to deal with the Correction Pigs, on the level where they have to be dealt with, to stop lamenting our situation. It is time for those truly revolutionary forces in Babylon to start making some positive moves to force the correction pigs to realize that they cannot get away with torture and murder — the assassins, torturers and murderers must be dealt with — they have been immune to all law for too long — too many of our comrades have suffered and died at the hands of these malevolent swine. The courts will not give justice to the people. The people must give justice to the Correction Pigs and to the courts.

The struggle must be taken to the streets: the counter-revolutionary violence of the pigs must be met with the revolutionary violence of the people. Those who have suffered, those who want to support us in a revolutionary manner, must be willing to ACT! They must neutralize the calculated terror of these insane pigs, with the people's revolutionary violence — no half-steppin' or jivin' — the obscenely foul, depraved pigs of the NYC Correction Dept. must be put on the receiving end of the people's power! Seize the time! Dare to struggle — dare to win! Death to the oppressor! Long live the Revolutionary spirit of Jonathan P. Jackson.

Ricardo De Leon

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(Continued from Page 6)

Follys

McKinney said that that was not true, as he had never entered into any agreement to behave in a certain way, but Murtagh said that no agreement need be proven, either in the case on trial or in the behaviour of the defendants while in court. Bob Bloom said unless the court could prove that the defendants would not appear in court if

they were bailed out, Murtagh's new ruling on bail was illegal.

But Murtagh stuck to his ruling, Sandy Katz renewed the motion that Murtagh remove himself as judge in this case, as he has obvious hostile feelings toward the defendants and their counsel, and has made no attempts to consider the defendants "innocent until proven guilty." But Murtagh denied the motion, adding that the continuing "freedom" of those four on bail was conditional.

The next string of witnesses had no relevance to the case. They were called in for purely prejudicial purposes — more public relations ploys — and allowed, over defense objections, to testify to matters of a purely hypothetical nature. The first of these witnesses was Isadore Berger, an electrical engineer for the transit authority, who supervised the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge subway station. The prosecution asked what WOULD happen were charges to be placed in certain areas of the station. Berger said that train traffic would be tied up. Under cross-examination, Berger testified that the facilities at the Brooklyn Bridge terminal had never been damaged by fire or explosives.

The next irrelevant witness to take the stand was Stanley Wallner, sales representative manager for the Fisher Scientific Company. The prosecution wanted to prove that Dr. Curtis Powell had bought dangerous chemicals, but under cross-examination it was revealed that those chemicals (hydrochloric acid and nitric acid) are frequently used in cancer research and NR standard research chemicals. He also said that he visits many scientists who keep in their homes small bottles of the chemicals seized in Dr. Powell's apartment.

Detective Brady, who arrested Eddy (Jamal) Josephs, took the stand. The defense objected, as Josephs is not on trial here, and could not advise them as to the truth of the witnesses' testimony. The defense objections were overruled. Phillips just wanted to bring in the paraphenalia seized in Joseph's apartment. This incriminating evidence included Easy-Off, Babo, Right Guard, Mennen, and West Pine spray cans, most still with liquid in them. A working alarm clock, laxatives, a cloth sack.

(Continued on Page 19)

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