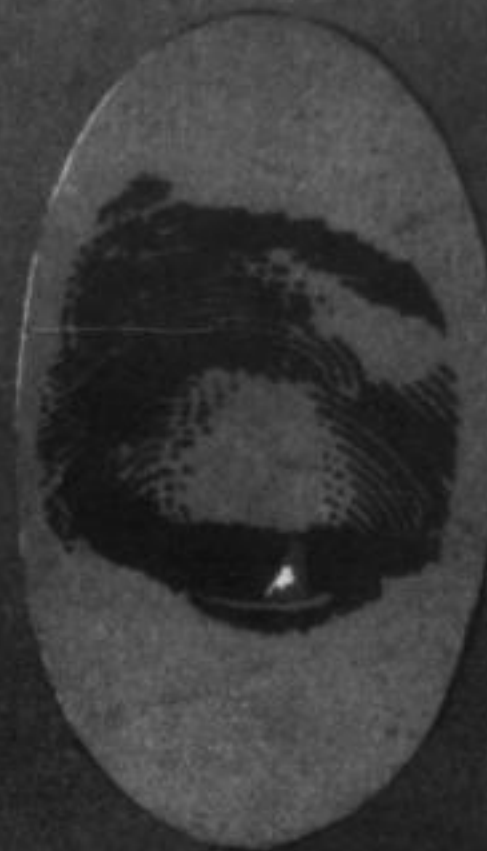


INSIDE: WEBERMAN ON LENNON

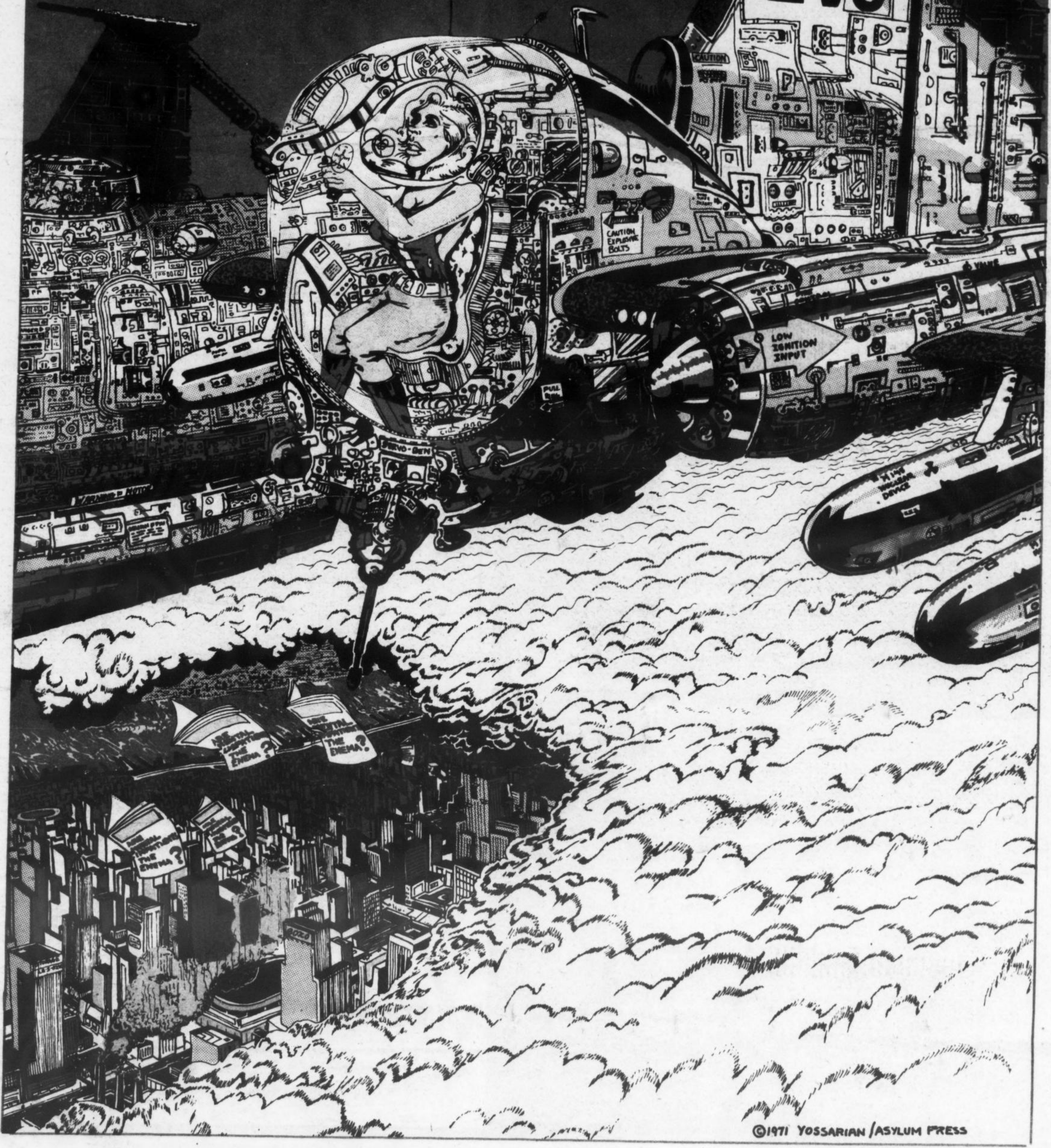
east
village

THE NEW YORKER



VOL. 6 NO. 7 JAN. 12, 1971 25¢ N.Y.C. 35¢ OUTSIDE

ARE MENTAL IMPATIENTS THE ENEMA?



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Hirap.



After having been reprimanded and berated for hirap's supposed affinity for doom and related bumtrips, I really tried to come up with a positive and affirmative item. Not that these are easy to come by these days, but nevertheless the effort paid off handsomely.

The following documents are certainly the proof of the pudding.

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES AIR FORCE
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20330



6 NOV 1970

SCHIO
Bomb threats

ADC AFPC AFCS
AFSC AFMCD USAF AFCE
ATC MAC AAC AFCS

(Surgeon)

1. Air Force hospitals and dispensaries, because of their location and accessibility, are inviting targets for terrorists. The risks to people and facilities from bombings and the loss of time as a result of bomb threats create a situation which requires quick and effective action.

2. Medical plans should include actions to be taken when bomb threat is received. Each Director of base medical services must collaborate with local law enforcement and other base agencies in the planning stage. This will help to insure coordinated, prompt action in the event of a bomb threat in the medical facility. Attached is a checklist for suggested actions. Additional information is contained in a pamphlet published by the National Association of Manufacturers, 5 1/2 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., 20006, entitled "Bomb Threats to Industry."

3. Suggestions to improve the checklist or additional pertinent comments are solicited. Inputs should be forwarded to HQ USAF (AF SCHIO).

FOR THE CHIEF OF STAFF

Thomas H. Branch

THOMAS H. BRANCH, Chief of Staff, USAF
Henry Haysen House

1 Atch
Checklist

Copy to: 1 2 10 20
AFCE, Boston AF, California

FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES AIR FORCES IN EUROPE
APO NEW YORK 09431



8 DEC 1970

SCHIO
Medical Facility Security

Medical Facilities

The attached letter from the Surgeon General USAF (SCHIO), regarding Bomb Threats, with attached checklist, is being forwarded for information and appropriate action. Suggestions regarding the checklist should be forwarded to this headquarters not later than 20 December 1970.

The information outlined in the SCO letter is one important aspect of the security program for medical facilities. It is essential that USAF medical facilities develop and maintain security plans and measures. Located in unsecured areas, some treatment groups are active, after hours, in unsecured areas. USAF medical units are exposed to bomb threats, sabotage, bombing, etc. which could result in staff and patients at all times.

Each USAF medical facility to be inspected in accordance with the letter will be subject to future inspections by this command.

Confidentially yours,
(Signed)
The Ombudsmen

It may be of interest to know that recent actions of Weathermen and miscellaneous other tribes are having repercussions in some government circles. They are running scared because of bombing of sundry institutions. It seems that someone high up in the military establishment has become paranoid and the alarm has gone down through the commands to the various units to beware. Here are copied letters that have come to our attention, so we are passing them to you in the hopes that you can make some use of them in informing the people. If you find that you are unable to use them, please destroy to avoid misuse and tracing. YOU ARE YOUR BROTHER'S KEEPER (Protect your source).

Friend:

- Jaakov Kohn
- Allen Katzman
- Fred Mogubgub
- Ray Schultz
- D.A. Latimer
- Jackie Friedrich
- John da Swede
- Stephen Kohn
- Charlie Frick
- Coca Crystal
- Yossarian
- Roger Tomlinson
- Honest Bob Singer
- Roy Weiner
- Vincent Titus
- Rudi Stern
- John Reilly
- Renfreu Neff
- Gianfranco Mangeg
- Vaughn Bode
- Lil Picard
- Alex Gross
- Jackie Acon
- Spain Rodriguez
- Kim Deitch
- Perfecto La Gogo
- Nellie Fernald
- Irving Shushnick
- S.R.K.
- Timothy Lear
- Tuli Kupferberg

Ombudsmen Observations:

1. The November 6th letter is addressed to all air force commands as indicated by the numerous initials such as ADC (Aerospace Defense Command), TAC (Tactical Air Command), AFCS (Air Force Communication Service), USAFSS (U. S. Air Force Security Service), etc.
2. The checklist mentioned in the letters is not available.
3. Neither of these documents are "classified." The FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY stamp is merely a non-official classification indicating that everyone is not supposed to know about it.
4. Although the letters express worry about possible threats of damage to medical facilities by "dissident groups" and "terrorists," it is inconceivable that anyone would be so cruel as to bring harm to hospitals and the helpless patients who may be inside. It is to be emphasized that the medical facilities are not usually as well protected as are other fortified areas that are more critical to the operation of the military machine.

Little Arthur Chaikin
Harvey Matusew
Subscriptions: Heidi

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The Leary interview was broadcast on
the Alex Bennet show - WMCA.

DECEASED

I was real sad when I heard about Sonny Liston, captain. You could really learn to feel sorry for a cat like that. Folks right now are casting nasty aspersions about the Ali fights, about Frankie Carbo and Blinky Parlermo and all these other strange associations old Sonny Boy was accused of having, and now there's a bag of smack in his room at the end, and more rotten tales about his background, and it just kind of makes me sick, Captain, cause Sonny got one of the worst fuckings in the history of boxing, or any other sport and it's kind of weird to hear all these moaners and groaners now talking about Sonny and his sensational unsavory career in Sports. Why don't you play back the films one of these days — take a look at Sonny sitting on his stool at the end of the first Ali fight — there's a hurt man, captain, there's a broken man. He was this big Arkansaw nigger who gut paid for fighting as far back as 1953, and that's a long haul. So he was a labor goon, and he did a little time. He came out of jail in '57 or '58 and resumed his boxing career — some chaplain taught him how to jab — and he drove Wayne Bethea's teeth through his tongue and turned Mike DeJohn's belly inside-out and he deserved a shot at the title money, but who was champ but Floyd Patterson, a fine young fighter managed by the perenial Cus D'Amato, who took boats instead of planes and wouldn't deal with the Garden and who thought that Liston's image was not the right one for such an important figure in sports as the heavyweight champion. Liston had done time, and Liston was being managed by the mob, and this D'Amato had the nerve to come to Liston's hotel room and tell him he wasn't *clean* enough to mess with his boy Floyd, like Floyd would never *forgive* himself if he lost the title to an undesirable, so it was back to the road for Sonny, and he met the best fighters of the period, Zora Folley, who he knocked out in three; Eddie Machen, who he decided in twelve; Cleveland Williams (twice), who smashed his nose on his face for him; but finally fell in three. Liston was a *champ*, captain, he beat everyone, and he ducked no one. Needless to say, the men he beat were all men who never got their rightful chance. They all deserved it, they were all terrific fighters, but Machen went berserk and tried to kill himself, Williams assaulted a cop and was shot.

Patterson was making millions fighting the likes of Pete Rademacher and Ingemar Johansson (*bums*, captain!) while Liston and the others were killing each other just to keep alive. They were great fights, too, Captain, and Liston might have made a pile if he was fighting them as *heavyweight champion*. So five big years after his rightful time Patterson finally gets driven into the ring with Liston and falls apart immediately. Remember that night, in the dressing room, when Willie Reddish told the press "Treat him with respect. He deserves it. He the heavyweight champion of the world. That's real important. Treat

CHARLES
('SONNY')
LISTON



him like you would the president of the United States?" But what did they do, that fine fourth estate fraternity, like Dan Parker who wrote some dirty poem in the Daily Mirror, "Sit upon my knee Sonny Boy, tell me about the mob Sonny Boy," and Sonny never got treated like a champ, he never got in no Broadway show, never posed outside the Shick razor plant in Goteberg, Sweden, never got a license to fight where it counted the most — Madison Square Garden, he never even got to kick the fat Ingo Johansson's ass for a cool mill up front. He got shit. It was one investigation after the other, slur after slur, very little money, finally he folded in his corner and they had the fucking gall to yell "*fix!*" They said he was the greatest, but they beat him like a dog.

In short, captain, they did everything to him they couldn't really get away with Muhammad Ali. Muhammad's fighting Frazier now for two and a half million and folks are wondering how he's going to do, but with two and a half million coming there ain't no way he can lose. A man with two and a half million ain't no loser, even if he slobbers at the mouth a bit like *some* champs I could mention. All the smart boys now, captain,

closing out the books on Sonny; old Floyd talking like "I *knew* Sonny would wind up bad," or "I *knew* he wouldn't have any money," and Floyd's pretty crushed about it because he won't be able to whip Liston now and avenge his previous ignominious defeats. Poor Floyd. I'm really impressed by these millionaires who feel sorry for themselves. Him and John Lennon. My heart bleeds. What about the Rademacher debacle, Floyd? What about the financing of the three Johansson fights? Why don't you and Cus give us a rundown some day, just for old time's sake? And don't forget to mention the lousy 12% you gave Liston for knocking your fucking head in. That was pretty generous, Floyd. Who's gonna take care of Sonny's two grown daughters?

So Captain, it's farewell to Sonny. He died like a man, with his pants on. He didn't get no Bill Gallo cartoon like Marciano got, but what did he deserve? He was just a two-bit thug. A pug. Marciano was a white man. Even Max Baer got better than Sonny Liston. The old boys are faithful to their own. Don't forget about Jake LaMotta and the others. Is Jake La Motta dead yet? What about Rocky Graziano's war record?

Right up to the end, stodgy

reactionary old Ring Magazine run by Nat Fleischer supported Liston and tried to get him a license. They also recognized Muhammad Ali (under the name Cassius Clay) until he announced he would retire. There's *some* honor left in the game, Captain, but the men who believe it are old enough to remember Jack Johnson — and Sam Langford. I went up to *Ring* one day looking for a picture of Muhammad Ali for a story we were running, and these hack reporters up there asked me what we were writing about Muhammad Ali, and I told them about the persecution and all that and they nodded their heads at each other and said, "If it was Sonny Liston, they wouldn't have said a fucking word." They were right, Captain. Did you read Rex Reed's story about the guy who made the movie "*Head?*" Did you read why they put Liston in that picture? Ah, but what the hell? As Ring Magazine would say, Sonny Liston has gone to Valhalla. It's all blood under the bridge.

by
Ray
Schultz

A FABLE

BY VINCENT TITUS

Once a bird developed tracks from shooting up birdseed, so the government passed a law against it and all the birds starved to death.

MORAL: Off the government, free the birds.



TAKE PURE LSD

THE BANK MORTGAGES INDIA

by Michael Sweeney

Fertilizer is a different thing to different people.

To the people of India, fertilizer for their crops is the only way to avoid massive starvation?

To Bank of America, fertilizer is "one of the most interesting profit opportunities in the last third of the Twentieth Century."

When Bank of America and the other titans of Western finance decided that they were going to build India's new fertilizer plants, they gave India a choice: let us run your fertilizer industry on our terms, or you will starve even faster than you feared.

The grisly story begins in 1964, the same year Bank of America opened its first branch in Bombay. A blue-ribbon lineup of U.S. corporations was getting ready to invest in Indian fertilizer, including Armour & Co. (backed by Bank of America), Standard Oil of Indiana, Bechtel, Allied Chemical and Phillips Petroleum. The Indian government had built most of India's existing fertilizer plants, and wanted to build the rest. This was an important issue. India wanted to keep the profits from fertilizer production inside the country, instead of siphoning them off to the U.S. But to finance the new plants, the hard-pressed Indian government needed loans from sources like the U.S. government and the World Bank. India found out quickly that no loans were available for projects which would compete with the plans of U.S. corporations.

India had no choice but to enter negotiations with the U.S. companies. The first in line was Bechtel Corporation, head of a syndicate which included Texaco and Gulf. They proposed to build five giant fertilizer plants that would quadruple India's production. The syndicate demanded majority ownership of the plants, a guaranteed profit rate of 20 per cent a year, and the repeal of a law that said the Indian government would set prices and handle distribution of fertilizer. Besides all that, Gulf and Texaco demanded that the plants import naphtha (a raw material for fertilizer) from their Middle Eastern refineries, even though India already had enough naphtha from its own supplies. It was extortion, corporate style. India said no.

Bank of America and the other investors didn't lose interest, however, because they suspected India might soon be persuaded to change her mind. They knew that the U.S. government was capable of getting practically anything it wanted from India, if the necessary pressure was applied. The summer monsoon rains had failed and India faced a famine that would last two years. Eight million tons of grain from the U.S. "Food for Peace" program (later known as Food for Freedom) was the only thing that prevented starvation. When the Food for Peace agreement with India expired in June, 1965, President Lyndon Johnson refused to authorize a new agreement. Grain shipments were put on a month-to-month basis, with India never being sure whether the grain would arrive on time. The famine worsened. In September, President Johnson tightened the screw by suspending all U.S. foreign aid to India. The U.S.-controlled World Bank did its part by slowing down loans to India. The Indian government was threatened with bankruptcy. It needed U.S. aid just to be able to pay the interest on its old debts to the West.

By December, India had had enough. It announced that foreign investors in fertilizer could set their own prices and handle their own distribution. But the corporations wanted more.

"President Johnson is reported to be making India's progress in signing agreements with private fertilizer investors a major condition for the resumption of aid," disclosed the New York

Times.

By early 1966, food riots had broken out. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi admitted that peasants were dying of starvation. She flew to Washington in April to deliver her total capitulation to the U.S.

U.S. corporations were given the right to own a majority control in fertilizer plants. "Private bankers in the U.S. would not approve loans" otherwise, reported the New York Times. India also made a drastic 36.5 percent devaluation of the rupee, which pleased U.S. bankers even more, since it raised the buying power of their investment dollars.

Eleven days after these concessions, President Johnson announced the resumption of full-scale aid to India.

A few months later Bank of America closed the deal to finance a \$70 million fertilizer plant near Bombay. The bank, Armour \$60, and U.S. Steel would share ownership with Indian capitalists.

A storm of criticism arose against the Gandhi government's sellout. In New Delhi, 100,000 demonstrators demanded her resignation. Two Parliament members from Mrs. Gandhi's Congress Party broke with her in an open letter: "It appears that the American government and the World Bank would like to arrogate for themselves the right to lay down the framework in which our economy must function." The Patriot, a big Indian daily newspaper, said Mrs. Gandhi was "succumbing to monopolist American pressures."

Bank of America took a different view of the affair. Bank president Tom Calusen called the fertilizer investment "a typical example of the ways in which Bank of America is helping the lesser developed nations."

DOWSER

by

Nellie

Fernauld

Dowsing is the art of finding water hidden underground by using a divining rod. Art, you say? Bullshit? Maybe. But some experiments conducted in Canada by a leading scientist at Canada's respected National Research Council laboratories strongly suggest dowsing is a scientifically verifiable ability that may involve an underdeveloped sixth or seventh sense in man.

The dowser in the experiments was a National Research Council engineer in the Mechanical Engineering Division. He is an amateur dowser who has chalked up a moderately successful record for detecting water and other buried objects during the past twelve years. He does not compare to the dozen or so professional dowsers in North America or to the more famous dowsers in much drier parts of the world who find oil as well as water.

The Canadian used a standard divining rod, made from hazel, or another forked piece of wood from a nearby tree. He holds the forked stick up in the air, vertical to the ground, and he calls on what he regards as a sensitive sixth sense — for water. Like many dowsers, he believes he detects small electrical currents associated with running water or other buried

objects. He also believes it is his subconscious that forces his arms down when water is detected. It could also be that he detects the distortion effect these currents have on the earth's magnetic field.

The dowser's skills and theories have been put to the test by the NRC in recent years. In the most important experiments, the dowser was instructed to walk the length of a room, divining rod in hand, and detect which of four wires he crossed carried a small electrical current. The results of this experiment were startling. The dowser was able to detect the proper wire about eighty percent of the time. (Luck would have been able to assure him only about twenty-five percent correct answers.) What is more, he was able to detect a fifth wire hidden behind a wall which wasn't even a part of the experiment. The fifth wire was the return wire for the system and carried current all the time.

The ability applied to small currents of about one to twenty milliamps, or about the amount a small transistorized radio would draw. Larger currents from one hundred milliamps to one amp seemed to overload the dowser and what was termed a "fatigue factor" was noted. As added proof, another scientist in the United States tried to duplicate the Canadian experiment with another dowser, with strikingly similar results. The same experiment, but using only one wire, was tried later. It was a flop.

The Canadians intend to pursue the subject when they have more time and more money. Despite the fact the experiments were done by hard-nosed and professional skeptical scientists, they were fascinated by the results. They see in the dowsing skill the possibility of what they call an additional sensory modality — a sixth sense — and they suggest other people may possess the ability, just waiting to be developed. The dowsing ability would obviously prove tremendously useful for prospecting — both for oil and for water. The method is certainly less expensive and less destructive than any existing methods.

More important, perhaps, is the possibility the ability could be perfected to allow man to communicate more effectively with machines, machines like computers, and to take the step a little further into the future, maybe we'll be able to communicate with each other without speakers, without radios, without telephones.

CHILDREN DISPLACE MULES ON TOBACCO FARM

CHILD LABOR LAW ABUSES RISES 15% IN 1970

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — Twenty-eight children between the ages of 7 and 15 were recently found working at a Southern shade tobacco farm. Cheesecloth canopies covering the tobacco fields make hot and stuffy outdoor tunnels which cut off most of the air supply. The plantation owner claimed that he hired the children because the tobacco rows were too narrow and cramped for mules.

1970 Labor Department official statistics state child labor law abuse rose 15% in 1970. 1472 children aged five to fifteen were illegally employed in agricultural work. More than 11,500 minors (under 16 years old) were employed in non-agricultural work. 7800 of the

non-agricultural workers operated dangerous machinery like forklifts and cranes. The remainder worked mostly in restaurants or food processing and canning factories during school hours.

Half the young people illegally working on farms are children of migrant workers. More than half of all the youth doing this agricultural work, which includes driving tractors and fertilizing and harvesting vegetables, do very poorly in school. Nine of ten migrant children between the ages of 14 and 15 have either dropped out of school or are several years behind the grade level for their age.

GOING TO CANADA???????

OTTAWA, Canada (LNS) — "Revolutionaries would be kept out of the country if they are intending to subvert our democratic process."

Otto Lang, Canadian Minister of Manpower and Immigration, said this in a recent press conference and also said that stringent immigration rules proposed in a special report for the government are aimed at ensuring that Canada gets "the cream of the crop."

The Canadian Federal government is moving to crack down on the flow into Canada of draft

dodgers, deserters, and politically active people in general.

The report, compiled by Toronto lawyer Joseph Sedgwick at government request, calls for a security review board which would consider the cases of people engaged in "extra-parliamentary" opposition in their homelands.

The government would have the last word in defining security risks because the minister of immigration would decide on appeals against negative review board decisions.

MAN FACES 15-YEAR TERM FOR HANDING OUT ANTI-WAR LEAFLETS by Jose Reyes

NEW YORK (LNS) — Juan Farinas, a 23 year old janitor at Columbia University and a City College graduate, is facing a 15 year jail term and \$30,000 fine for handing out leaflets to fellow inductees at the Whitehall Induction Center in the summer of 1968. With sentencing scheduled for January 22, an appeal is being planned to the U.S. Court of Appeals.

The original charges were failing to report for induction, failure to submit to induction, failure to cease and desist from distributing leaflets and failure to cease and desist from speaking; each carrying a maximum of five years and \$10,000 fine.

What actually happened was that on August 13, 1968, Farinas reported for induction as ordered, with leaflets explaining that he was against the war and that he and those like him had the right to organize against the war, inside the Army as well as outside. When a sergeant asked if he intended to refuse induction, Farinas answered that he did not. He proceeded to hand out the leaflets and was bodily thrown out.

On December 10, the trial began as 100 people demonstrated on his behalf outside the courthouse. The prosecution witnesses gave conflicting testimony about whether or not it was illegal to distribute leaflets. Under cross-examination, they admitted that Farinas did not interfere with the induction process and that it was not necessary to call police or MPs. When the prosecutor stated that Farinas had "as much intention of going into the Army as Cassius Clay," it was stricken from the record.

The defense asserted that Farinas didn't refuse and had no intention to disrupt, and charged that he was being tried for his anti-war convictions.

A Juan Farinas Defense Committee, 135 W. 14th St., has been formed to fight what it sees as an attack on Farinas' democratic rights and a political attack on workers, youth and Third World people.

The committee needs contributions and all other possible aid to continue its fight.

news

Delusions of terror at Fort Lewis: WILL PANTHERS AND WEATHER PEOPLE ATTACK?

FORT LEWIS, Wash. (LNS) — Major General Willard Pearson, post commander of Fort Lewis, Washington, has responded to GIs like the Fort Lewis Six, who actively oppose the Vietnamese war, by concocting scenarios of Black Panthers and Weatherpeople attacking his base.

The brass is preparing to counter the "severe internal threat posed by guerrilla type terrorism on the post" by tightening all security measures. All movement to and from the base will be carefully scrutinized and the movement of ammunition will be tightly regulated.

During recent months General Pearson and his officers have been inspecting first class mail and denying religious counseling and legal aid to GIs who question U.S. policy in Indochina.

Theoda Lester, a black GI from Fort Lewis, who was indicted for refusing to cut his natural hairdo, was sentenced to three years of hard labor and given a Bad Conduct Discharge.



ANGRY FRENCH WORKERS TAKE THEIR BOSSES HOSTAGE

PARIS (LNS) — "The sporadic outbreak of an unusual form of labor protest — confinement of the boss until he agrees to wage demands — is causing a certain disquiet in France." To the French management organization, Patronat, which calls the actions of factory workers in Normandy and Brittany and the miners of Lorraine who recently took their bosses hostages, "an outrage against freedom and dignity" and the mild-mannered unions the workers' revolts are disquieting.

But to french workers, rising inflation, 5% every year, and sky-rocketing unemployment, up 17% from last year according to the government's inadequate statistics, are more disquieting.

HIT-RUN TAXI KILLS MAN, DRIVER DEMANDS FARE

New York (AP) —

... Police said a 26-year-old woman said she had hailed the cab with two friends. While the cab was headed north on the Bowery, she spotted the pedestrian and shouted to the driver: "Watch out, you're going to hit him." One of her companions sobbed: "Oh, my God, you must have killed him. Please stop," she reported. The driver, described as about 50, drove two blocks. The woman said she told him: "My God, do you know what you just did?" She said the driver answered: "Never mind that. Just give me \$1.45."

I heard a wise man say when I was six & dodging curses then (together with the sticks) "The smartest saw there is beneath the shit & snow is: 'Take the cash & let the credit go.'"

We all are here for but a little while (The jet-age lover charges by the hundred mile) The California black picks up the time-seized gun The New York cabbie takes the cash & runs

Now Brooklyn Weisenheimers may Bronx cheer

Execs in super jets may even Lear

But I call only cynics in their stance

Who want their fucking dime before the dance

Tuli Kupferberg

NEWS
POEM

POW CAMPS EXPOSED VOLLEYBALL, 3 MEALS A DAY, ART MUSEUM and A CHRISTMAS TREE

HANOI (LNS) — It was right before Thanksgiving that the U.S. tried its dramatic invasion of the Son Tay prisoner of war camp in North Vietnam. After two and a half months of intensive training, the Green Beret volunteers jumped from their helicopters to find — a deserted camp.

The defeat or victory of that little escapade really meant very little to the high command. (Considering the efficiency of the NLF intelligence system and the weakness of the American one it's possible Nixon and his cronies actually expected heroic success.) The most important thing was to prove once more that the Pentagon, the Defense Department, yes, the whole military-industrial complex itself was doing its damndest to save our boys locked into concentration camp prisons by those evil yellow men behind the bamboo curtain.

The administration has found a rationale to justify the escalation of the Indochina war: increased bombing raids, the invasion of North Vietnam, and possibly tactical nuclear weapons. The POW issue provides a cheap stimulant to keep up the sagging faith of the U.S. presence in Vietnam.

The establishment press jumped on the band-wagon full force. Time magazine circulated a dialogue between a military advisor and Nixon:

M.A.: "If you get 50 men out, sir, it's worth it."

NIXON: "No," [pause, crack in voice] "If you get five, it's worth it."

Every major magazine has had a spread on prisoners' wives and their dilemma about "how to tell the kids about daddy" and how to raise the children without a father.

In Vietnam that kind of dilemma doesn't exist. Vietnamese children often have to raise

themselves without a father, a mother, or maybe without an arm or leg which has been napalmed or bombed away. And of she or he is killed, the whole dilemma is solved.

1,500,000 Vietnamese men, women and children have been killed; 5,000,000 are refugees living far away from villages that are now defoliated craters. The fact that an American president made a dramatic television speech about stopping the bombing has made no difference because the bombing in Vietnam, as well as in Laos, Cambodia and Thailand, continues with the force of two and a half Hiroshimas a week.

So it's not surprising that Pham Van Dong, Premier of North Vietnam, could only react with anger when the U.S. quibbled over whether the 386 names released by the North Vietnamese as prisoners of war was the exact figure:

"The Nixon people are really scoundrels, really scoundrels to talk of this. It is they who show no humanitarian concern by talking like this. We Vietnamese know all too well what it's like being prisoners of war — under the French. Yet when they were our prisoners we treated them well. Ask them. Ask the Americans in our camps. I swear to you that these men are well treated."

Michael Maclear, a Canadian who is the London correspondent for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, toured a prison camp on Christmas Day with some other newsmen. He was able to interview two captured flyers.

"I know I've had the deepest discussions I've ever had in my life with my fellow prisoners here," says Commander Robert James Schweitzer, shot down just outside of Haiphong in January 1968.

"We've had to go to the very core of a number of things — loyalty, what it is, where does it lie; and morality, legality, things that in our affluent, rushed life I suppose that in our country we don't normally give much thought about. But here we definitely do. I feel all of us do. We talk about it at GREAT length."

He is wearing gray-green fatigues and sandals and sitting at a table in a large communal hall with a stage at one end. The stage is aglow with colored bulbs, tinsel, and a lavishly decorated Christmas tree. There are four other buildings like the one they are in. The buildings are grouped around a spacious grassy area; in the center is a concrete-lined pool with willow trees hanging over it. On the opposite side of one of the buildings are volleyball and basketball courts. The complex is enclosed by a 15-foot wall with two strands of barbed wire at the top.

The four other buildings resemble army barracks which were built before the French left in 1954. Each building is divided into 6-10 rooms. The rooms have bars on the windows and bolts in the doors, but could not be described as grim cells. Each is about 20 feet long and 12 feet wide and contains three single beds. Only two of the beds in the room are made up — with two blankets on each. On the walls are plastered family pictures, crayoned Christmas drawings, and religious messages. In one room a guitar is hanging on the wall.

Commander Walter Wilber, shot down over Nghean Province in June 1968 after 20 missions, spoke.

"The answer, of course, is that the war must be ended and must be stopped now. We've just got to stop this thing. We've got to grip the facts as they lie and stop the war. And of course, we must withdraw our troops to stop the war. That's a condition we have to face. Then the Vietnamese can solve their own problems. I'm confident of that. Stop the war, get the troops out. That's what we've got to do. That's what the big job is."

"Of course I agree." Commander Schweitzer went on. "As I say, I'm terribly concerned about my country and I feel that the future of our country as well as Vietnam and Indochina cannot be served by the prolongation of this war, whatever the reasons and causes. I don't feel it's necessary even to rake over the old reasons of who was wrong, who was right. It has been proven, as far as I'm concerned."

The night before, Christmas eve, there had been a special dinner for the prisoners. Schweitzer said, "Last Christmas eve we visited the Roman Catholic cathedral for the midnight mass, which is a very enjoyable and a very moving ceremony. The place was tremendously crowded with Vietnamese."

Commander Wilber told Maclear: "We have made several trips into Hanoi to see the museums — the historical, the army, the art museums. Otherwise the routine is that we rise at sunrise, have exercises, get our room cleaned up and have breakfast. We usually play volleyball or have other sports in the mornings, then have our noon meal. In addition, there's music programs and the like."

Schweitzer added: "We observe the Vietnamese siesta in the afternoon. The volleyball court and the basketball facilities are available to us all day. We also have a great deal of literature, including many books by American authors."

The two have received letters — there have been over 1800 of them — which have been carried over by the American Committee of Liaison, a movement group.

"We get letters about every month, packages about every two months. My packages contain candy, various food items, special little snacks like peanuts, and some underwear," Wilber said. Small items, chocolate, candies and things we appreciate all the time."

"And of course," added Schweitzer, "our wives send the usual underwear, handkerchiefs, socks. We send out one letter a month, a regular form letter which both our families and we use."

"For Christmas, Mother's Day, special occasions," Wilber said, "other letters are sent out. And we make many radio messages a year. If we have a special occasion, an anniversary, children's birthday, all we've got to do is say we want to send a message and it's transmitted. I understand these things go through Cuba."

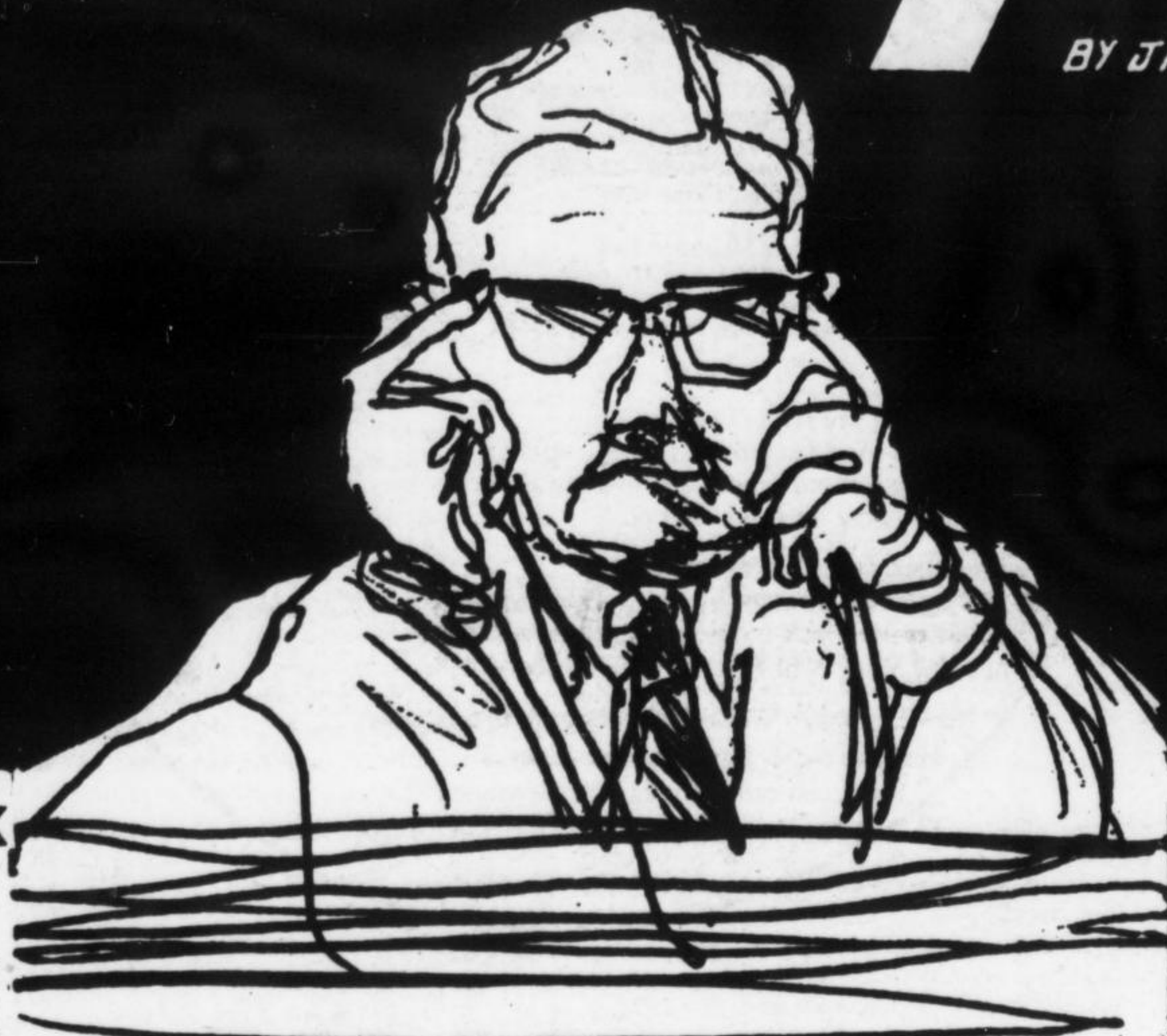
"This war is bad, it's bad," concluded Commander Schweitzer, a man who had flown 12 missions of death before he was shot down. "Given our situation or the Vietnamese or Indochinese people's situation, we've got to get out and let them solve their own problems. We've got our own problems to solve."

The camp is only ten minutes from Hanoi. Can the POWs feel the earth tremble when one of their fellow pilots drops his bombs?

FASCIST

FOLLIES

BY JACKIE FRIEDRICH



EIGHTEENTH WEEK

Tues. Dec. 29

Rumor working the way it does, you have probably heard by now that Michael Tabor is back in jail, joining the nine who never left, at Riker's Island. The forfeiture of his bail occurred on Tues. Dec. 29 when Tabor had another asthma attack and did not appear in court. He had notified someone at the Law Commune who, in turn, notified part 32 of the Supreme Court, but no one in the courtroom seemed to have gotten the message. Murtagh then issued a bench warrant for Tabor's arrest and announced that his bail was to be forfeited. Tabor somehow heard of this and called the court, saying that he would come in even though his doctor had instructed him to get 24 hours bed rest. When he arrived with a doctor's note which was read into the record, but which both Murtagh and Phillips chose not to believe, Murtagh announced that Tabor was to be remanded and given no medical treatment.

Tabor soliloquized on the action taken by the court: "The whole omnipotent record on which you are always reflecting, reflects that you have conducted yourself in the manner of a foul, fascist, swine-pig and it comes as no surprise that you are taking this course of action. As to the disbelief of my illness, I could care less. We expect this. No, I don't want to proceed today. I'm sick. As a matter of fact, I WILL NOT proceed today. I hold you responsible for anything that happens. That is not a threat and let the record reflect that it is not a threat — it's a statement of reality. As to your statement yesterday — we don't want you to 'err on the side of charity in our behalf.' Compassion we don't expect from you. Mercy we don't expect from you. Justice we don't expect from you of any kind. Your total disregard for whatever rights we are supposed to have . . .

MURTAGH: The defendant Tabor will be removed from the courtroom.

TABOR: The defendant Tabor will WALK out of the courtroom.

Wed. Dec. 30

J.A. Phillips brought Det. Gleason,

I plug my ears, the better to hear you with.

the bomb expert, back to the stand to tell more tales about casualties caused by various types of bombs when placed in department stores during the Easter season. Periodically, Phillips would take an innocuous piece of 'evidence' seized from one of the apartments, add it to 'evidence' from other apartments, and have Gleason declare the thus 'connected' times bomb components. Objections made by the defense to this speculative, hypothetical line of questioning were overruled by Murtagh, who said that the witness would 'enlighten' the jury in his specialized area of knowledge.

When asked by the D.A. about how dynamite was sold, Gleason, the well-trained 'expert,' said that there has been growing concern over the sale of dynamite in the past year. The defense objected — what could be more irrelevant to this case than the 'past year,' as the defendants have been in jail for almost two years? But the trained witness got his innuendo in.

In the course of his questioning, Phillips referred to every pipe, every fuse, every aerosol can, as a "bomb."

It was Gleason who filled those alleged sticks of dynamite with simulated explosives and later went to the 24th precinct to retrieve those sticks, after receiving a phone call from Patrolman who found them, and who was the next witness to take the stand.

Phillips brought out his pictures of the precinct and the witness said that the material had been found near gas tanks, jail cells, and the storage room for ammunition.

As Austeran left the stand, Phillips peevishly asked that the record reflect that Afeni had been singing. He then brought Gleason back and wanted the jury to look at the sticks under a fluorescent light. The defense objected

to the admission of the sticks into evidence as no one had proven any connection between the sticks and any of the defendants. Murtagh said that the defendants were responsible for what they attempted to do, but Sandy Katz reminded him that they are merely CHARGED with the attempt, but the sticks were shown to the jury and Gleason went to testify about what would have happened had the dynamite been real — walls would have been blown in, fragmentation and pressure might have forced the gas tanks to blow up. Sandy Katz objected, saying that the point the court had reached was so severe in its prejudicial and speculative nature that the defense must disrupt the proceedings to protect the rights of their clients.

But Phillips was allowed to go on and he asked Gleason what would have happened had someone been standing on the other side of that wall. Sandy again interrupted and objected to the prejudicial nature of the question, adding that if the hydrogen bomb had been in the 24th precinct, half of N.Y. would have blown up. Bob Collier then spoke, asking about the explosive force that hit a church, resulting in the death of four children.

Murtagh felt it was good strategy to recess for the day at this point and wished the jury a Happy New Year. The spectators all laughed and one girl was singled out and shoved across the courtroom to face the judge.

Murtagh said that she had committed contempt of court by making noise and extending her hand in an upward motion and by acting in a loud, noisy, insolent, and contemptuous manner, tending to precipitate violence in the courtroom and to breach the peace of the court. He then asked her if she had anything to say about why she shouldn't be punished. Jerry Lefcourt asked that she be allowed

to speak to counsel. After speaking to the defense lawyers briefly, the girl, who was in N.Y. on vacation and a student from the U. of Illinois, was fined \$250 or 30 days in jail. She was then taken away and Michael Tabor was brought in.

McKinney said that that morning they had made a motion for the reinstatement of Tabor's bail, bringing in the necessary affidavits. Murtagh again ruled on a technicality — the affidavits were there, but no written motion. Bill Crain said that he had prepared the papers and that the court had said that it would rule once the affidavits had come in. The defense had asked to be heard before lunch, but the court insisted on waiting until the end of the day — thus preventing the defense from getting what was needed before court recessed.

Murtagh said that he had doubts as to Tabor's illness and his efforts to notify the court. The court would reserve decision, he said, as it had a duty to see that this trial proceeds "to a verdict . . . or to a conclusion." In light of that, Murtagh also decided to remand Dharuba for the remainder of the trial.

Jerry Lefcourt then spoke. First stating that Larsen, the man who had received Tabor's phone call at the Law Commune and who had then called the court, was in the courtroom, but would be going back to school in Antioch in a couple of days. If the court wanted him to take the stand, they should do so now. But Murtagh said that he did not know whether they would want to hear Larsen or not. Jerry went on, saying that on Monday, when McKinney made the application for Clark Squires' bail, Murtagh had accused counsel and defendants of conspiracy to disrupt the court. Up until that time the trial had been proceeding with no interruptions. Dharuba had never been absent or disruptive and his name never appeared on the court's records. In the face of the provocative action going on in the courtroom, the defendants have tried to see that things went smoothly.

Murtagh told Jerry to re-educate his clients and said that court might begin proceeding 5 days a week. He then said that he would consider letting Dharuba go if they would give their "collective assurance" that they would "refrain from contemptuous behavior" — otherwise, he

(Continued on Page 20)

"THROW LIME ON THEM UNTIL THEY DIE":



WOMEN EXPOSE LIFE IN SOUTH VIETNAM'S TIGER CAGES

CHI HOA PRISON, South Vietnam (LNS) — The "tiger cages" on Con Son Island, South Vietnam, made headlines last July when a fact-finding tour of American congressmen stumbled upon these cells where Vietnamese political prisoners are held. Con Son, described as a "re-education center" before the scandal broke, was exposed in the press as a complex of inhuman torture chambers.

Official U.S. opinion reflected in the straight press was one of polite horror. The U.S. had "nothing directly" to do with the conditions, of course, but we were chastised for not bringing our standards of humaneness to bear on South Vietnamese prison officials. Reform was promised. Pressure would be put on.

After the bizarre human interest value of the story died down, nothing more was heard of Con Son Island. Even now, where there is so much lamenting about the U.S. POWs in the North, there has been no further mention of prisoners in South Vietnam. Perhaps people assumed that the South Vietnamese government was really going to destroy the tiger cages, as they announced shortly after the expose hit the papers. Later, it was reported that the cages would not be destroyed but "repaired." Five hundred prisoners were moved out of Con Son with much fanfare. But the cages are still in use.

A document smuggled out of Chi Hoa Prison by women who had been imprisoned in Con Son recently found its way to Don Luce. Luce was in Vietnam with International Voluntary Service for 12 years, until he resigned to protest the war. He was recently fired from his post as an AP reporter. Still in Vietnam on a grant from the World Council of Churches, Luce translated the letter and sent it to this country.

The women who wrote the letter were political prisoners. They had been taken to Con Son as punishment for a hunger strike in another jail protesting the murder of a fellow inmate.

All of the prisoners on Con Son Island are being confined, tortured, and murdered, for protesting the American presence in their country, for demanding peace, or for not "actively denouncing the Communists."

The women were transferred to Con Son after they went on strike demanding that conditions of prisoners be improved, that prisoners not be beaten and tortured, and that women unsentenced or with expired sentences, as well as the sick and crippled, be released.

In the middle of the night, a loudspeaker told them to "pack your luggage and get ready to move on to another place. You will find better conditions and comforts at the new place." They were reassured that "military police will help the women with packing, and will not beat the women."

As soon as the loudspeaker went off, a shower of lime dust and tear gas fell on the women, and they were beaten and dragged

from their cells by armed police, under the direction of the wardens and in the presence of officials from the Ministry of Interior, Police Headquarters, and National Directorate of the jail.

Dragging us down the steps, they threw us one on top of the other and stepped on our bodies. Lime was thrown on two of the babies who were about two months old. We thought they could not survive. At the prison gate they threw us into the trucks like animals. Our bodies burned — our bleeding wounds were mixed with lime dust. Our clothes were torn, some of us were naked. Some big trustees got into the truck, shackled us, and threw more lime on us. While waiting at the airport, shackled, the trustees and military field police continued to beat us and threw more bags of lime. Then they threw us onto the U.S. military planes. The Americans who were watching laughed.

The tiger cages were built with U.S. dollars and so is the detention equipment. The U.S. has an advisory body to handle such matters on the island. The \$450,000 they spend each year for the prisons in South Vietnam are not meant to improve them, but to build more. For prisons are needed to "detain" the population who oppose the present Saigon regime and its complicity with the U.S. All "troublemakers" are herded into concentrated zones, otherwise known as detention camps, "rehabilitation" or "re-education centers" — or "tiger cages."

A tiger cage is five feet wide, ten feet long and eight feet high. The walls are made of stones a foot thick. Above us were the iron bars. In each cell there is a cement bench, less than 3 feet wide six feet long, and two feet off the ground.

The cells were narrow and hot. Five of us were in one cell so we had to divide the space: two people lay on the cement bench and three persons lay below, squeezed together like canned fish, the limited space occupied by the iron bars used to shackle us. One of us had to lie sideways, close to the latrine bucket, with her legs bent day and night. Over our heads on the iron bars, there was always a barrel of lime dust. The trustee prisoners were allowed to place canvas beds over the iron bars where they could sleep and watch us day and night.

Across from the tiger cages are the outdoor toilets which continuously send out bad smells. Each gust of wind brings the dust from the toilets and covers our head, eyes and nose as well as our food and water. At night we could not sleep because of the cold, the mosquitoes, our dirty clothes, thirst, and because of the trustees sleeping above our heads.

We were never given enough food and drink. If we asked for more they sometimes answered by mixing our rice with petroleum or mixing our dried rotten fish with soap, or giving us uncooked rice. Often they did not allow us to wash our bowls. So we had to eat out of dirty bowls which the flies, dogs and poultry stepped

on, and the mice ran over. Rice was usually mixed with the dust from the outdoor toilets.

Each day, they allowed us to empty our latrine bucket once. The narrow hot cells always smelled of excrement and urine. Each day when they opened the cell door, flies came into the cell in swarms. At night the bugs crept all over the walls and mosquitoes flew around sucking the prisoners' blood until morning. There were thousands of mosquitoes and bugs, their bellies swelling with the blood they sucked until they could not fly or creep any more. Ants and worms also bit us; our bodies itched and we were festering from scratching.

Each week we were allowed to wash ourselves three times. Each time they gave us five minutes, time enough to quickly undress and pour one or two cans of water over our bodies. Sometimes before we could put our clothes on, the trustees would push the door open and come in with their whips, looking at us naked, swearing and kicking over the bucket and the remaining water, not allowing us to wash our clothes.

The conditions at Con Son caused many of us to suffer intestinal diseases, stomach disorders, diarrhea, cholera, malaria, TB, typhoid, as well as open wounds and the vomiting. When any of us fell seriously ill and when we called for emergency treatment, not only did the trustees do nothing but they also threatened to throw more lime on us and swore:

"This is a cattle cage."

"These are brick and lime kilns."

"If you do not obey and if you keep demanding things, we'll give you more lime dust."

"Death is common in Con Son. If you die, we'll send you to the cemetery of Hang Duong."

One of the women had cholera and called for the nurses. However, no nurse was sent down. She was accused of being a "peace disturber" and her arms and legs were shackled to an iron bar. She lay there in the midst of the feces.

In the eight months the women were at Con Son, they were "repressed" twice with lime dust. (Lime was used in Nazi Germany to cover and slowly dissolve the bodies of Jews who were thrown alive into trench graves.) On the fourth day of Tet (the lunar New Year), a sacred day in Vietnamese tradition, the women were beaten in the dispensary and in their cells. When they protested, they were immediately showered with lime dust. The second time, the women began protesting when they heard men in nearby tiger cages screaming.

We heard orders to "throw lime on them until they die." So the trustees rushed towards us, throwing bags and buckets of lime upon us, which had been set on the iron bars above. Buckets of water flowed. We were choked and burned by the lime mixed with water. Many

fainted, others vomited blood. One woman was seriously injured when a block of hard lime fell on her head. At the same time, they went into the dispensary and threw lime onto the patients four times until all of them collapsed. They stuck the rest of the lime into the noses, mouths, and eyes of the patients so that some were blinded, others vomited and coughed up blood. After this, our bodies were all covered with lime. Yet they did not allow us to wash ourselves, or clean the cells. So for two months, we kept lying in the lime. We did not have a bit of water to cool ourselves. We had to wash our clothes with urine, consequently we itched and were covered with wounds.

One hundred and eight women were finally taken to Chi Hoa, another jail on the mainland. Here, they made demands that contacts between prisoners and their relatives be allowed and that prison conditions be improved. Shortly after, the trustees came into their new cells and beat them with clubs, table legs, iron rods and iron wheels.

These are only partial facts about the cruelty of Con Son and our present prison. We know that:

*The denial of freedom of thought is against international law.

*The detention of prisoners who have never been sentenced or with expired sentences, or of crippled and chronically ill prisoners, is an illegal act.

*The act of leaving the prisoners in thirst and hunger, not giving them adequate medicine, killing them slowly, is an inhumane act.

*The disrespect of the prisoners' human rights, treating the prisoners as if they were animals, are violations of human rights.

We, the women prisoners, denounce the repression, the beatings, the killing, and the violation of the prisoners' dignity.

We strongly protest against the Ministry of the Interior, Police Headquarters and the Directorate of Corrections which have given orders to the managers of the prisoners to terrorize, repress, beat, and shackle the prisoners and send them to Con Son prison.

We ask the Committee for Prisoners' relations, women's Committee for Human Rights, Saigon Student Union and all other organizations to denounce the cruel acts and crimes of these people in front of the people in our country and throughout the world.

We put all our faith in you and impatiently wait for your intervention.

Chi Hoa, Sept. 20, 1970

(The letter is signed by 82 women. The others are scattered all over South Vietnam in other jails and were not able to sign.)

DECOMPOSITION



the splendor and variety of its failures: simultaneous inflation and recession. And what's more, the Stock Market has climbed out of the hole well up into the .800's (Listen to him now talking about the Stock Market. Does he smoke a cigar and wear a pocket watch too?), which would seem to indicate that the Right People are making money, even if your average Joe is serving to his children their shoe leather for supper.

Reading these bloody entrails of Capitalism, one might augur that America is embarking on an entirely new form of economy, or if you will an amalgam of old forms: Industrial Feudalism. If under Nixon the Right People have discovered some way of making plenty money without giving any of it back to such as us, surely then they will be tempted to maintain this situation as a status quo. But I hear you saying, Then the suffering of The People will become finally unbearable, they will recognize their Bloodsucking Slavemasters for what they are, and truly The Revolution will rise at last in bloody dialectics, complete to Thermidor, Reign of Terror, and La Vita Nuova! Chinza Mao!

Unhappily, while I personally am only an egg and in no wise qualified to even disposed to expound on these sanguine prospects, I have my doubts. For fourteen weeks now my shapely colleague Roxy Friedrich — larely become The Black Panther Party Minister Of Information For The East Coast Riker's Island Chapter Of The Black Panther Party — has been recording the almost supernatural lengths to which The State (not to mention The County, or The City) has exerted itself to frame the Panthers auto da fe them off to the slams for good and all. Look at it!

On those poor bastards they used near-telepathic electronic surveillance equipment; they riddled their every meeting with undercover pigs, who kept making inflammatory suggestions into that equipment; they ripped them off in midnight shotgun raids, confiscated everything they owned and turned it into anti-personnel weaponry ('You're under arrest for possession of Brut spray deodorant, mac.'). and the prosecutor and the judge are virtual bedmates, and teh straight press coverage of the trial is purest propaganda, and by God now that the nitty is getting gritty

Robt. Crumb -

Everybody's worrying about The Economy these days, they are. And considering the really extraordinary lengths to which Inflation has whilome gotten us — it takes nearly a pound of dollar bills these days to buy half as much sirloin — this widespread concern with fiscal matters is certainly understandable: and when to that you add this, that there are no new jobs around for those youth that ought to be growing into them, and moreover that many many jobs which had previously been available are available no longer, and moreover that many citizens who previously held those jobs no longer hold them, why, then you see that Nixon has in fact accomplished something quite new, over an administration that has otherwise been distinguished only in

the prosecution witnessess are lying through their teeth. And they've already been in jail for two years. When The State can all but read your mind — when an undercover pig need only suggest you do something illegal in order to bust you for it — then you are going to have a damn fine time throwing a Revolution, even if The People have rickets and pellagra every one of them.

DA. Latimer

Puissance

As for the Weathermen, well... They got Tim Leary out of jail, after all... That was a great thing, getting Tim Leary out of jail. I certainly am glad they sprung good old Tim, it does me a world of good to know Tim Leary's at large again, and I'm sure that in his maximum security cell in Michigan nothing so fills the heart of John (Nine Years) Sinclair with hope and warmth as the news that Tim Leary made it all the way to sunny Algeria with beautiful Ro for their second honeymoon.

Yeah, they're a dedicated an imaginative bunch of puissant Revolutionaries, those Weatherman. 'I was a Weatherman once,' said Titus proudly. With bated breath we await their next communique, detailing the latest heavy changes going down in their thinking. But somehow, I doubt if it'll put any bucks into my pocket, or in yours.

Irrelevance

How irrelevant! they'll be saying in Algiers now. There are certainly more important things in the world than bucks! they'll sneer, and sure I'd drink to that, if they'd buy me a beer. The love of a good woman, now, that's worth all the gelt Little Stevie Heller makes in a year. However. Money isn't everything, but what's left can't be expected to go out with you unless you have any. Surely Robin Morgan and Kate Millet will wholeheartedly subscribe to that assessment.

Why, even the drug-addicted paupers around these precincts are talking a lot about the Dollar these days, as if the idea had just now crept into their heads, to perch uneasily there alongside of the Revolution, the Dope, and the Office Gossip. The general consensus is this, that if things keep going along in this fashion, you will presently be hearing a lot less talk about the Movement, and a whole lot more talk about the Bank, and not just among us, but among the Great Woodstock Nation in general. It's positively frightening how quickly the evil humours of Materialism rise up from an empty stomach to invade the chambers of the brain, there to disperse the airier spirits of Idealism and weigh down upon the consciousness with all the force of a lead safe. It hardly need noting that it was precisely this that made our parents (and for many of us, our grand-parents) the money-grubbing middle-class consumer-automatons that they are.

The Automat

Ah, but me, I was born poor, not middle-class; and perhaps, never having been rich, I'll adapt to Industrial Feudalism with a clearer head and a less perturbed spirit than the rest of you unhappy bastards, who always had socks in the winter-time. Certainly I know what to suspect, if these suspicions are correct: why, I eat in the Automat every day!

That's the Fourteenth Street Automat, Horn & Hardart's on

(Continued on Page 18)

TARBABY

JUSTIN REMUS '71



RIGHT ON! JOHN

AJ Weberman



"Last Concert" Gregory D'Alessio

When I interviewed Dylan recently he told me — "You're gonna like the new Lennon album" — and he was wrong, as usual — I LOVE the new Lennon album. John seems to be one of the few cats who is together enough to retain his humanity while experiencing the insanity of being a rock superstar since he ain't afraid to admit that in many ways he ain't no different than the rest of us. Most of the other rock poets are into intellectual elitist bags & consider it degrading to talk about their private lives, intimate experiences etc. Dylan (the Howard Hughes of rock) is the leader of this school.

But John is willin to share — in MOTHER he relates the Oedipal paradox to his fucked-up childhood — "Mother, you had me but I never had you" (this song is probably a direct result of the psychoanalysis John & Yoko recently underwent in Calif.) John then tells us he had to break these psychological chains of the past in order to get his head together — "Goodbye". After a literal rap about his father who left him when he was quite young (see his bio.), he advises his listeners to get their own heads straight — "walk" — before trying to change the world — "run" & then John ends the song by verbalizing part of his subconscious personality — "Mama dont go/Daddy come home."

Unlike most of the rock poems being written nowadays, the next poem, HOLD ON JOHN, is easy to understand. Everything's gonna be cool, John tells himself and Yoko, the world is gonna git it together, because there are some together people fighting on the side of life (& it ain't gonna come together magically).

The first verse of the next riff, I FOUND OUT, can use some interpretation; I think it's written from Dylan's point of view — "I told you before stay away from my door." I told you before, John, I dont want you trying to change my mind about life ('door' is 'mind' in D's symbology — in a riff about acid he calls it "a door

enlarger") "Dont give me that brother . . ." dont give me that political bullshit (like in INSTANT KARMA, a song to D, Lennon tells him to "Recognize your brother, everyone you meet"). "The freaks on the phone" the

other rock singers (the phone is the mass media, e.g. — "It's you and me and the telephone" — it's D, his cb and the media — "Our destiny is quite well known"), "wont leave me alone," wont let me enjoy my current bag ('to be alone' is to be in D's cb-like "To be alone with you") "I found out": Lennon found out what a creep D is. In Verse 2 John tells us that it's up to us to define reality so that things get better & that he's gonna try doing it by writing poems which 'cry-out' against injustice — "Now that I found out I know I can cry." The rest of this song is quite literal and also quite radical . . . it deals with co-optation — "Didnt want me so they made me a star"; reactionary religion — "Hara Krishna"; & control drugs — "dope & coke" RIGHT ON JOHN.

The next poem, WORKING CLASS HERO, (melody — NORTH COUNTRY BLUES) . . . holy shit man what a poem! Aint nothing I can say about this one except I'd like to see a 3 album set of poems like it. RIGHT ON JOHN.

ISOLATION is another SCHARKER . . . capitalism, with its class structure and inherent racism makes us afraid of ourselves and one another — WE'RE ALL FUCKING VICTIMS — even Dylan — "I dont expect you to understand/After you've caused so much pain" (D put a lot of people uptight by getting into his cb) "But then again you're not to blame / You're just a human victim of the insane" (it really ain't D's fault since capitalism has flipped him out a little)

Side 2 (what a drag, side 1 is already over) begins with REMEMBER, a plea to John's listeners to get hip politically and culturally . . . it's an easy poem to understand. The next cut, LOVE, is impressionistic rather than symbolic so everyone can get their own thing from it, while in WELL WELL WELL ("He smiled when he saw me comin and said WELL WELL WELL")

Lennon tells us that his erotic drawings of himself and Yoko come from his experience rather than from his imagination when he tells us — "I could eat her". Soon a DANGLING CONVERSATION ensues regarding liberals, Women's Lib etc. But later on, John & Yoko feel nervous and guilty about this rap since they knew they were making excuses for the moralism and pacifism . . . like it's much easier and safer & you can enjoy more comforts by being a liberal-pacifist than by throwing your lot in with the majority of humanity — who are like starving — and who are fighting PIGAMERIKA.

LOOK AT ME is probably about a moment of doubt John's life while GOD (David Peel has a song with the same title) is definitely far-fucking-out. Lennon begins by telling us that the basis of all religion is fear — "God is a concept by which we measure our pain & that he dont go for it — "I dont believe in Jesus, The Bible, etc." Lennon also doesnt go for traditional political leaders — "Hitler, Kennedy" or rock poets — "Zimmerman, The Beatles" (calling D Zimmerman is a stoned insult) John just believes in John. And like who John is will become more and more obvious since he's thru writing abstract poetry — "The dream is over" ("dream symbolizes 'poem' in most of the rock poet's symbology: e.g., in DEAR LANDLORD Dylan tells his interpreters to take a rest — "My dreams are beyond control") John goes on to say "I was the walrus". Man, like I've been saying Lennon was the walrus for years in my articles — everyone thought I was wrong when GLASS ONION said — "The Walrus was Paul" but dig it, it was Paul from the Bible (Lennon the preacher) since he was standing on a "cast iron" (modern) "shore" (Biblical Paul was a fisherman). MUMMY'S DEAD, like MAGGIE MAY (another shortie) is about D and his cb & what its done to his head.

Anyway you look at it (musically, lyrically) this album is in-fucking-credible and is probably THE BEST ALBUM OF THE YEAR. BUY IT. You'll dig it . . . (and dont forget Yoko's LP, it's some farout music)

GLF UNSTAGES STAG MOVIE ACT 1 by ralph hall

to this bomb, is's sure to be a success," one pig manager was overheard to say, "and we'll pack them in to see why GLF objected to it, or maybe it'll work vice versa, and it'll still be a go!" STOP, oh, is that how new theatre works now? There was a time I didn't believe the guy who said to me, while holding his gideon, that the age of Aquarius was just a joke, a plastic one, and now I'm ready. "Ya wanna COME OUT mister, 25¢, and ya can't beat it!"

GLF women and men sit quietly (only 'cause we were smoking pot) through the first 34 seconds of the play and suddenly an actor belts out the word "fag" (Boo, hiss, sexist pigg!!). "Gimme shelter, another puff off the pipe!"

The audience rustles while the managers rush up to the balcony to shush us, ("give them actors some respect!"), boo, hiss, and the show goes on.

Then, every 30 seconds following, a sexist remark or racist/sexist action is pigged, using women against women, stereotyping gays against gays, as the "grocery boy" is seduced by an estranged wife of an oppressive, stag, male chauvinist pig husband who dreams only of WINDING UP DA VALLEY of Shirley Temple-like 'dolls' at a bus stop!

I couldn't believe how the woman actress was being tossed about the stage, NAKED AND LOVING IT! We boo and voice our rage!

Management pulls a tricky to calm us by saying the play "is really a satire, just a put-on." Woe, what an insidious excuse to cover flagrant sexism, dubbing the whole play/acting as satirical. Uh huh, phony baloney, and they wanted us to sit still and not squirm because "Clive Barnes is reviewing the play tonight!" Boo, hiss, GAY POWER Clive!

Managers are getting annoyed with us, the publik too, AND WE TOO, so we continue to boo, which is our right, 'cause they're down there laughing like hineys at (sic)est humor(?) and not even conscious that it was oppressive to human being(s), and even themselves.

One actor on stage pulls the martyr bit and interrupts the play to make a bid for an extra star, "It's obvious you people up there don't like the show, but the people down here do, so why don't you leave now. Besides, this is one of the cleanest shows I've ever been in." Aw, c'mon, we were just exercising our right to present dissent and dislike with your play-acting jock, so lay off the soap (sic) opera dramatics!

Then five or seven bully, belly-button bouncers are sent to us and shouted that we, the oppressed, must shut up or leave!

Three seconds thereafter another sexism, boo and hiss (piggggs) and we were then asked to leave. A few left but the rest stayed and ignored the bullshit. Seconds later, though, the sexist slurs grew worse, our objections heightened and we were told, "YOU are now uninvited, get out you FISH-EYED FAGGOTS and DOITY DYKES!" UP AGAINST THE STONE WALL YOU PIGG and we then proceeded to slice the bacon and shouted the show to a standstill and house lights went up and we were pushed and shoved to leave. But not until we got our thing in.

We yell down to the awedience some consciousness-raising about the stag play, the stag action, among other stag vulgarities, while they just gawked at us as if we were queers, peons, filth, and even yelled up "get outta here you sluts!" (We've been called better!) I really hate classist attitudes of theatre-going.

As we steamed down the stairways, who should come running up to belch "hi," but ob-legged stag hero #1 Barry Farber: "Why don't you come on my radio show and I'll give you equal time to present your counter-views." Anything to make a little money and gain an audience, huh, Barry, and git yer hand off my friend! We refused his invite, and then confronted the blond/surfer type bully who mouthed the anti-gay remarks, while the rest of the management tried to stave us off.

"We never wanted you fags here in the first place," said one pig. Yeah, well, we're here now, porky, so you're gonna listen to us. We want to go up on stage and tell the people what this play is really all about. They blocked us.

"Why don't you come on my show, don't disrupt the play, be nice, let it go on, we can talk later, maybe, huh?" NO BARRY, get away from us and go talk to a corner! We embarrassed Barry (because he wouldn't stop annoying [bothering] us), by announcing his presence to other GLFers, who laughed and ridiculed him the same way Bella Abzug defeated him, BY STANDING UP TO THE GOOK! He didn't like the way we "heathens" were picking on him and finally he said, "I wouldn't have you on my show" (we wouldn't give you that honor, Barry). Fine revolutionaries you all are, you're not helping the revolution, you're only slowing it down (when did he turn pro-revolution and vanguard spokesman; and who asked your opinion anyways, Barry?) That mouse is such a bore, and many pig-vibes in his air!

One GLF woman said, "I WANT RESPECT AS A WOMAN!" That raised a few brows, and came the reply, "Ya gotta earn your respect, baby!" Fuck, shit, fuck up against the wall all you pigggs! That stag play in there is garbage and swill and you're all in the muck-middle of it. They didn't care, they paid their dues to see it. I heard one guy (about 25) say this was a free country and I asked him how much he paid to see the lousy play, what price freedom, eh??

Then some 30 pig stallions were herded into the theatre and while they looked for the disrupters, we filed by them and out the door and left behind some gay power rhetoric and the mood WE were not at all action. Someone called a coroner and said there was a death at the pearly Gate, come quick!!

Well, we're gone for the time being. The Gate theatre and their follies have not seen the last of us, we want to close Stag Movie down. The theatre is being leafleted in preparations.

Now I ask the question: If STAG MOVIE is theatre and life is as well theatre, then why don't we close down all theatres which do not depict reality in human, liberated life?

(NEXT ISSUE, ACT II, CLOSE THE PLAY DOWN!)

New York GAY LIBERATION FRONT and affined community was invited, by management, to a sit-in with such harlot-dubbed efffetish closet critics as Clive Barnes and radio dumkopf Barry Farber, for a prevueing of one "STAG MOVIE," a stag play(?), stag musical(?), stag comedy(?) about making a stag movie(?) whilst in front of a dryasdust stag audience, using dryasdust dialogue too!!

The scene: GLFers providing the agit-props, while the house pigs oinked

near us, guarding their precious garbage down on stage, to prevent our eating (aggression) at it!

We were given a free-bloc of some 60 seats (in the balcony) while the middle-class "ermmins and spats" shelled out a ten spot and more at the box office (serves'm right) and we were seated upstairs and THEY on the 1st floor (if that isn't chauvinism!).

The management seemed quite happy that we were there, "just think, if we get GLF to give its stamp of DISAPPROVAL

Dear EVO:

Bellevue has changed a lot in 11 years. The boastful, thieving attendants have not changed. The locked doors still remain. Shock treatments are given liberally. The patients cannot get their heads together by ordinary means. Fearful and frightened, they go on, day after day, waiting for medication, lunch, anything that will relieve their minds from the hell they are going through.

My experience at Bellevue is not unique. I was taken there at night - 3 o'clock, to be exact. I was taken in an ambulance by three cops who handcuffed me. As soon as I reached N7 (the 7th floor ward) I was tied down to a bed, in such a position that I wasn't able to move. This was in a room that was so bright that it was impossible to sleep, even if I wanted to. This punishment was inflicted because I wasn't able to sleep. After many hours, I was finally released and thrown into seclusion, the euphemism for a dirty, bare room with a tiny window leading to the ward. I was kept there for the whole day, despite my desperate pleas to be let out.

Bellevue is an experience that no one should

BELLEVUE BLU

go into voluntarily. It is too dangerous. People who go in there in a healthy state of mind can come out of there very sick. It's a very sad situation. On N7, there were approximately 50 patients and 4 doctors, whose main function was to either ship people to state institutions or to send them home. They don't give a damn about any of the patients. All they care about is getting their salary and doing their "job." This job is not an easy one. They get pressure from all sides. In my case, my brother is a doctor and he called my doctor about once a day. I think that this is the reason why I wasn't sent to a

state institution. He did suggest this to me at one point, however. I am not ready to comment on what goes on there, but I'm sure it's much worse.

Thorazine, even more than food, is the staple of Bellevue. Six times a day, the nurses shout out "medication" and everyone waits in line to get their Thorazine. If one refuses to take the pills (and gets caught) they give you the vile tasting liquid. If you refuse that, you get an injection. To say that Thorazine is a mind-boggling drug is an understatement. I was on approximately 2500 mg. per day. At this

point, I had a seizure in my doctor's office from the overdose. Until recently, I was hopelessly addicted to this drug. It makes you unable to do anything: read, carry on a conversation, or do any of the things that come so easily to an undrugged person. The use of Thorazine, like that of lobotomies, should be outlawed as hopelessly backward.

Signed:

Nancy Porzio & Susan Bonito
P.S. Bellevue could be anywhere, anyplace. It's just a state of mind.



INTERVIEW WITH TIM LEARY

HEDONIC ISOLATIONISM

On January 5th, Alex Bennett and Jaakov Kohn conducted a live interview with Tim Leary. If nothing else, the reaction of the audiences should prove once and forever that no matter where he might be, Tim Leary is still a potent factor on the American scene.

ALEX: Hello Tim? How are you feeling?

LEARY: We're feeling just very happy, Alex.

JAAKOV: How do you feel, how are you, what are you doing, and what's on your mind?

LEARY: We're indescribably happy. It's a beautiful country, it's a new world and we're living a new life. It's heaven.

ALEX: What have you been doing the last many months?

LEARY: Well, we're breathing fresh air, we're breathing the air of freedom, we're learning how to become Africans.

We're learning a new perspective on life from the vantage point of the Third World. For the first time in eight years we're able to live without police harassment and without the continuous threat of raids and repression. It's the first time we've been able to enjoy our love. We're doing a great deal of writing and just enjoying life.

JAAKOV: Will you tell us something about the work you're doing, your book? Or would you consider that premature at this point?

LEARY: We're writing a book. Rosemary and I are writing it together. It describes our experiences during prison, the reasons why we escaped, the

sequence of events that led us to become completely disillusioned with the American judicial process and completely abandon any pretense that Constitutionality. It describes the adventure of the escape, it describes our life underground with the Weathermen. As far as I knew, we're the only people to have been underground with the Weathermen that can come aboveground and say, what we experienced. That the Weathermen are warm, beautiful, turned on, dedicated people who are not violent. It's your government that is violent. The book also takes up our adventures here in Algeria, our life with the Black Panthers and our perspectives from this new vantage point of freedom.

JAAKOV: Tim, when you and Bernardine Dohrn's original letter was published, it messed with a lot of people's heads. There were quite a few people who haven't been able to comprehend why and how you took the road you took. Would you want to go into it?

LEARY: Of course, but it all seems very natural. We didn't change at all, it's the United States Government that

became a very repressive force. At no time during the last five or six years did we preach that people should masochistically sit by while their homes, their friends and their families are raided and destroyed. Self defense is the first rule of life. We've not changed at all. For many years I've been teaching people that the Christian martyr trip or the Gandhi trip is a masochistic trip. Gandhi and Jesus, you know, they had sexual problems. They got their pleasures from being booted or having thorns stuck on their heads or starving to death. That's all right, but you can't base a politics of freedom on sexual masochism as Christianity and Buddhism. We're not violent, we simply say as the Black Panthers say,

that we must stand up as strong men and women and defend our beliefs and defend our lives against armed oppression by robot forces which have taken over the United States and, of course, Russia. There has been no change in our policy whatsoever. It just got to that point when the robot police system broke up our family and our home and had me in jail for the rest of my life.

just will not live like a slave. The main point of the psychedelic revolution and the main thing that we've always believed in is freedom, individual freedom. We don't impose our thing on other people and will not. But, our way of life, our style of life, our way of worshipping God must not be interfered with. Robot police repressive strength has to be met by equal and opposite strength on the part of those people who believe in freedom and life as we do, because the American government does not believe in freedom and does not believe in life. It has to be met by strong men and women and the robot police have to know that we will not be murdered, we will not be masochists.

ALEX: Tim, you have been over there now a couple of months.

LEARY: About three and a half months.

ALEX: Can you tell us, has the United States Government approached you in any way, or talked with you or tried to make deals or anything?

LEARY: No, we have had no contact whatsoever with the American government. The Black Panthers have an Embassy here. The Black Panther Embassy is legal. The American government does not have an embassy here. The American government here operates under the guise of the Swiss Embassy. We're legal and Uncle Sam is illegal here.

JAAKOV: Have you read Bernardine Dohrn's last statement?

LEARY: Unless we read EVO, we can't keep up with what's happening. Because as you well know, the overground press and Time Magazine give you an incredibly distorted picture, so we don't know what Bernardine's been saying.

JAAKOV: You have to attribute that mistake to the United States mails. I guess that's another minus on the record. Bernardine's statement said, in part:

"It is time for the movement to go out into the air, to organize, to risk calling rallies and demonstrations, to convince that mass actions against the war and in support of rebellions do make a difference. Only acting openly, denouncing Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell, and sharing our numbers and wisdom together with young sisters and brothers will blow away the fear of the students at Kent State, the smack of the Lower East Side and the national silence after the bombing of North Vietnam."

Now this statement points out the need to get out into the open and relate to the masses. I can't help but see your very strong influence. How do you feel about it?

LEARY: It seems that the Weathermen are not giving up their exemplary guerrilla tactics.

JAAKOV: In so many words. Not necessarily giving up, but rather expanding their activities.

LEARY: Well, it depends what you want to do. See, Rosemary and I don't believe you can work with the American system, because we have been forced out. We're outlaws. We feel that there is a place for guerrilla outlaws. There is, of course, a place for mass action. Everyone has to decide what their karma calls for. Everyone has to examine their own life and see what they can do for freedom. Our loyalty and our brotherhood is now with outlaws. We live here in Algeria with resistance people and liberation people from many countries in the world. We've met Appolodorus Carvalho, for example, the beautiful elderly Brazilian gentleman who kidnapped the American Ambassador, several months ago, in order to get his comrades out of prison where they were being tortured by the Brazilian government. Now first we support what the Weathermen are saying, there should be mass action and we still feel there is a place for urban guerrillas and my advice to the Weathermen when we left was that they should not continue bombing ROTCs, that they should escalate the violence, they should start hijacking planes, they should kidnap prominent sports figures and television and Hollywood people in order to free Bobby Seale and in order to free John Sinclair.

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The force of American repression has been met by equal force. If they are holding our people as POWs, prisoners of war, we must apply the same rules of warfare and hold the members of the establishment as responsible.

We now have our country, led by the Panthers and the White Panthers, and we intend to change the rules of warfare. At war with the United States Government.

My trip to the Weathermen in September was that I should definitely not use the violence, escalate the terrorist tactics and they also internationalize. Some time has come for the Liberation Forces to have a base in another country and we hope that in the next few months that we will have a large space in the world where Americans come and a cultural revolution will be set up and the American revolution can be based as liberation forces from countries are in neutral and pending the when we can come back to the United States. Of the last analysis it is going to be a mass action part of the American revolution, it's going to be a revolution of laughter.

Now, from this vantage point we can't see how we can take Nixon down, we can take the American Republic seriously.

Right on! It's an insane laugh. I think that in the next few years, certainly before the presidential election, the majority of the people of the United States will look at the Weathermen and look at the and just laugh and just and laugh until the system just stops and I be free.

Tim, there were a running rampant a of months ago that we were going to show up in Haven. Was there any for people to believe rumors? Were you going to sneak back in?

I have no intention of going back to the United States. A lot of rumors were spread around the East back in October. They were all fabricated by the American press. The people were led to that we were thrown in many Arab countries that's not true at all. I went with a delegation of the Panthers and we were very well in every way. We were not able to get to the Palestinian as we planned to, because of the elements, but because we were rounded and actually captured by an army of a hundred radio and a people and of you can't move around and live with an guerillas when

you're carrying a troop of 150 television and news people with you. And that's the reason why we didn't get to Amman, Jordan and why we came back to Algeria, but at no time were we asked to leave or treated in an unfriendly manner by any of the Arab countries that we visited. And that rumor about us coming back to New Haven was again part of the ... you know, the sad thing is that most of what Americans read in foreign news is highly distorted. The AP man or the UPI man in Beirut or in London just makes up really what he wants to and that's what the American people are getting as news.

A tremendous amount of it going on over here that American people just never hear about unless they read the underground press.

ALEX: Tim, going back to your escape, was there one moment in the escape that you almost thought that you had been had, that you thought you might have been caught?

LEARY: Yes, I tell you that for a period of about one hour the chances of my making the escape were about a hundred to one against me. If I had to do that over again I tell you I'd get a balloon or a helicopter or I'd levitate because it was a very risky adventure. The odds were much greater against me than I had realized and for a period of at least one hour it was only miracle, luck and prayers of my beloved family and friends that carried me through because it was highly unrealistic and really quite risky and miraculous.

ALEX: Can we ask you what the one hour was or do we have to wait for the book?

LEARY: Well, I can tell you when it was. It was about 8:30 and 9:30 on a Saturday night. The details of how I got out of the prison will have to wait until the book is published. I was picked up on the highway by Weathermen and the story about my leaving my jail uniform in a gas station is of course completely fabricated. We had several Weathermen cars down there, there were six Weathermen cars in on the operation, I changed clothes immediately and then one car took my clothes in a southerly direction to throw off the pursuit. The police were just extraordinarily stupid, extraordinarily slow and extraordinarily blind because it is just very difficult to escape from an American prison and it just took not only luck on our part, but very slow thinking, a real stupidity on the part of the police. I guess they figured that everyone leaves their own press releases.

ALEX: Did you feel maybe the government might perhaps aided your escape because maybe you were too hot a situation to handle and if you got out of the country they wouldn't have to worry about you any longer?

LEARY: You know, at times that has occurred to me. The whole operation was so easy and really so miraculous that it occurred to me that the government might have been happy to see me out of the country. My respect for them, of course, increases for them tremendously if they thought that way but on the other hand, if they felt that way, why did they drag me through three trials in which the American Constitution was found wanting. I don't see why they would go to all that trouble and then let me go. In any case, whether it was the government of America or the love of friends, it worked and we're just so happy that we're free.

We're talking about revolution and about liberation and I don't want anyone to be misled. We don't feel bitter about anything. We're praying for the police. We hope that the establishment can release its up-tight grasp on the world. What we're recommending now is that the best thing for America is a period of neo-isolation. Not isolation in the old sense of political isolation, but isolation in the sense of a sick person who's contagious.

American imperialism really is a contagious illness and we thing that the next five or ten years, the best thing that America could do is pull out of every country that it is involved in, bring her armed forces back, even bring her embassies and her consulates back. Let's pull all American forces back to the United States. The savings in taxes would be tremendous. And why doesn't the American Empire spend ten years, instead of meddling with other people's business, spend ten years learning how to have fun at home? Let's have a Hedonic isolationism, in which America instead of showing the world how to drop bombs, can show people how to clean up the air, and improve our sex lives and how to live with one another.

That's the great thing Americans can do. Crawl back, isolate, and get it together back there in the United States.

ALEX: Tim, is there something especially that you miss about not being here?

LEARY: Nothing special. We think that what's been happening in the United States is in the nature of a second revolution. And the revolution has to be internal, that is you have to liberate your own head first. You have to see your internal imperialism and your internal repression by the use of drugs, naturally, and then you can liberate your society and your life around you. We have a sevenfold, seven liberation salutation. We wish you all peace, we wish you all balance, we wish you all the union of love, we wish you tolerance and strength and courage. We'll all be together soon and love to everyone. Good night.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALLEN GINSBERG ON THE SEVENTH LIBERATION

NEW YEAR NEW LIFE

Being Our Revelation About Armed Self Defense At Crucial Survival Moment Against Mechanical Violence To Maintain Life After Having Exhausted Every Other Means Of Preserving Life

As those who have consciously Made the Ancient Gamble Spinning the Wheel of Life & Death

Brother Allen
It was about Time
For a Loving Call to Arms
Celebrated in mantra
SHOOT TO LIVE

Who choose to speak little
Using the language of silence
But grateful eye shares

As we shared with Sunny Weather
As we shared with Appolodoro Carbalho

Which could have been
AIM FOR LIFE
But energy needed to balance
The SHOOT TO KILL of Police Robots
And certain understandably angry
Brave Young Revolutionaries

Brave Brazilian
60-year-old Apollo

Who kidnapped Amerikan Ambassador
To free his comrades
From torture prison

AIM FOR LIFE
As electrons
Obeying the Nuclear Code
At critical millisecond
Veer again from collision

As we share with Angela Davis
Raising her clenched fist
In handcuffs in California

Yet anticipate
That ultimate moment when Code
Will fail to send Life Message
Chanting instead
Junk mantra SHOOT TO DIE
SHOOT TO LIVE/AIM FOR LIFE

with Jonathan Jackson, age 17:
"This is it, gentlemen.
I've got an automatic weapon.
Everybody freeze."

As Seed Message moment of orgasm sends
Flash of sperm whirling thru fallopian barrel
Mantra of sunstars exploding outward
Before moment of inverse implosion
Disintegrates the Word
LA CHUTE to die
Farewell to Arms
Dying to be part
Of the All again

with James McClain:
"Take these handcuffs off me.
I've been in San Quentin 20 years
And I want to be a free man
So help me God."

with John Sinclair:
"If we don't survive
We don't do anything else."

SHOOT TO LIVE offered as
Our Seventh Liberation Mantra
Existentially valid during passage
Through delimited space-time

As we share with noble Cleaver
And his comrades Martian D.C.
Fleet Mercurian Sakoo
Quicksilver Larry

Survival Zone: 8:25 p.m. PST Sept. 12, 1970
San Luis Obispo, California
Minute of climbing over fence
In gunshots of two
Guardtruck Sharpshooters
Valid until: 5:31 p.m. CST Sept. 23, 1970
O'Hare Airport, Chicago, Illinois
Minute of Armed Federal Agents
Passing within 12 inches of us
On their way out TWA plane door

As we share with all
Who aim for New Life
In Babylons of the Planet

Slammed shut
On all of that for now
SHOOT TO LIVE no longer our mantra

Beloved Brother Allen
We try as always to tell you
How it is with us
Out here in Free Space

Now being filed by Archivists in Babylon
Illham'dilla
Signalling NEW LIFE
In which Inshal'la
Hour Karma spins us
Away from Seventh Repression

Twin-stars Venutian
Spinning thru Free Time
Beaming Love to you
Orbiting round the same Sun
"To us you will all ways be holy
May we be holy to you"

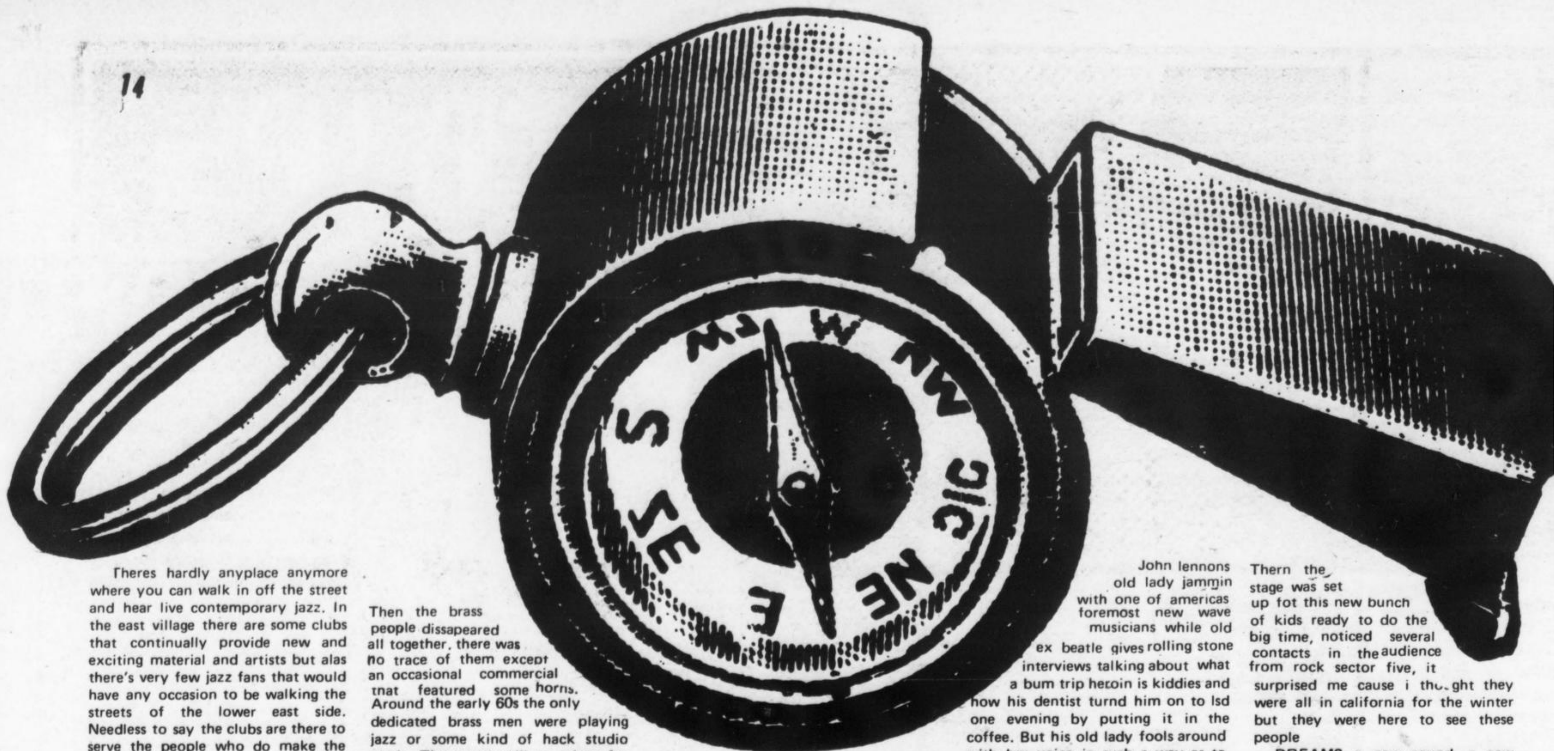
TIMOTHY AND ROSEMARY LEARY
ALGER, ALGERIA
DECEMBER 31, 1970

But we all ways pledge
Deepest love and readiness to join
All Brothers & Sisters passing thru
Their Space-time Survival Zone

Six Revolution-Liberation Cycles -
Rights of Passage 1960-1970:

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|---------------|-------------|-----------|---------------------|
| 1. Sacramento | Acid | Energy | OM TAO |
| 2. God | Spirit | Center | OM MANI PADMA HUM |
| 3. Mate | Tantra | Love | COME TOGETHER |
| 4. Tribe | Brotherhood | Tolerance | LIVE & LET LIVE |
| 5. Home | Possession | Sharing | GIVE & RECEIVE |
| 6. Freedom | Politics | Strength | POWER TO THE PEOPLE |

Our Loving Defense of them
Having made inevitable the Seventh Liberation -
7. Life Body Courage SHOOT TO LIVE/AIM FOR LIFE



There's hardly anyplace anymore where you can walk in off the street and hear live contemporary jazz. In the east village there are some clubs that continually provide new and exciting material and artists but alas there's very few jazz fans that would have any occasion to be walking the streets of the lower east side. Needless to say the clubs are there to serve the people who do make the effort to see the music performed where it's played so where is there any place to see big band jazz, the stuff that has hardly any commercial potential outside of the jazz community?

I could go so far as to say that That Jones, Mel Lewis and their 17 piece Monday night jazz band is the only living jazz band in nyc.

At the village Vanguard on the west side of town every monday night these musicians come from their different studio gigs and what ever else they do to support themselves to blow together, for themselves I suspect. Its a funny kind of sound that jazz gives you when you play it or rather it plays you. Sometimes Thad Joens plays the flugel horn, sometimes he conducts the ensemble, sometimes he writes and arranges the material that the band plays. On their recent album he composed and arranged all of the songs.

They fell together, all these different musicians, in a relaxed atmosphere and played and played and played. It was relieving to hear this kind of music again. By the end of the evening each of the musicians has had a chance to blow his brains out and it's nice to hear so many different talents in such a short space of time. The most amazing was the female vocalist that sang with the band Nancy Bridgewater. She's got a set of lungs that don't stop. I mean she really has a voice. It knocked some socks off.

In the finest tradition of jazz singers she uses her voice not only as a singer would, but as a musician might use his instrument, she was all over the place. The Village Vanguard, one of the few places in this rock and roll jukebox town that you can hear some live musicians blow down a few tunes. They appear as if they're enjoying what they're doing. The place only holds 125 people, but they filled it with sounds, un-amplified sounds, no twang and screech but real live musicians playing real live musical instruments. It was great. They sound good on their record but it was done in a studio and nothin is quite like being there in person. Live music is the closest you can get. They did 2 or 3 cuts of their album CONSUMPTIONS.

You don't have to split the sound into electronic impulses before it gets to the brain. Being there is 1/2 the fun. But the album is pretty far out.

Up until a short time ago, musicians whose diversions fell into the field of wind instruments, especially the brasses, could find no suitable outlet for their work other than playing traditional union gigs, weddings, barmitzvahs, high school proms and the like. There were a few brass men in the lawrence welk orchestra too but they were the only ones. There was no direction in which horn players could move and still stay in with the listening audience's favors. No fault of the performers, just a whole country full of people that don't know real music when they hear it.

Brass instruments were too loud to even back up singers and too brassy to be used in supper clubs or where ever they needed dance music. James Brown and Joe Tex used brass but still as a background sound to sing over.

Then the brass people disappeared all together, there was no trace of them except an occasional commercial that featured some horns. Around the early 60s the only

dedicated brass men were playing jazz or some kind of hack studio work. There was still no place for them in the music world. Many young horn players disappeared into the studios where they just read charts 8 hours a day at union scale. It wasn't creative, but everyone has to make a living some how. The jazz field was dominated by piano players and the like and the only one to really stand out in my mind was Clark Terry. He played on a program called Jazz Casual. He played good, too, stuff that no one was listening to. There's an excitement in something new and the only one to take full advantage of it was Herb Albert. He took brass and molded the sound into something that was commercial at the time. It was definitely new and unheard of, so everyone picked up on it. He and his band made up from Italian studio men calling themselves the Tijuana Brass made a gold mine pay off. Their talent was there and they cashed in on it. It was the first time in 15 years that a trumpet player had the top hit in the country. There were others, Al Hirt and Louie Armstrong, but they were already established jazz men with a long list of credentials. After the Tijuana Brass died there was nothing, a lot of middle class songs and of course the Beatles, and rock and roll was here to stay, but rock and roll used only amplified electric instruments and when the big change came and everyone was plugged into acid rock there was no need at all for studio men playing outdated non-electric un-amplified things like trumpets and trombones and saxophones. There was no need for these relatively quiet instruments. The electric pickup for wind instruments hadn't been invented yet so again the serious brass men were forced into either playing jazz or working in a studio playing someone else's charts.

Blood Sweat And Tears almost made a beginning on their first album. It wasn't pop enough and there were too many long horn solos to fit into a 3 1/2 minute cut for the juke box, so after their first album the brass section was again buried in a wave of guitar twang and razzmatazz and the horrendous musical interpretation of their lead singer, David Clayton Thomas. Once again there was no need for any sort of brass instruments and they faded again.

A young inventive guy named Don Ellis started fooling around with his trumpet, playing around with quarter tones and electronic implementation; around the end of the 60s he was the only one who actively experimented with the possibility of amplifying instruments that previously had no conjunction with electrical apparatus. He put together the first electronic stage band made up of trombones and trumpets and saxophones and a large rhythm section. Made a few albums and a few public appearances but got no recognition at all, the whole country was still strung out behind acid rock and couldn't pick up on the multi-leveled music that he and his band was playing. Some call it jazz. He's got a double album out on Columbia called DON ELLIS AT FILLMORE. #G30243. It is perhaps a picture of things to come: he combines the best in musicians with the latest in electronic equipment, to come out with sound that he describes in the liner notes as "Conceptually Free".

He says "We take pride in being able to play the shit out of things that no other bands have even attempted". Yeah, you got to call it Jazz cause its nothing else but. And its good too. There's some sounds that are new cause the band is using new equipment: Multividers on the brass to split the sound up electronically, and a thing called a Ring Modulator, and a host of other goodies that have yet to be perfected. Oh yes, Don Ellis sometimes uses this horn that was made especially for him: its a X-tone trumpet, that can play the notes between the black and white notes on a piano. Its something new and maybe a sign of where the whole thing is going.

The only place you can hear horns now days is in jazz cause guitars and drums got the rock category sewed up tight. It was clear that it was time to find a new bunch of stuff. Somewhere where all the competent brass people can play. Jazz gives them the freedom to play what they feel is music and rockets you the money for playing anything that will fit into a jukebox. So they made up the name jazz rock. There's been many who've just scratched the surface of this new field that may prove to be more fruitful than any other of the categories to come down the road in a long time.

This summer everyone got plugged into it. Miles Davis, one of the most respected jazz trumpet men of the 50s, took a stand and went semi-rock, playing up and down the pole. He melted his once powerfully romantic sensitive playing into something corrupted from the desks of some office in the rock business that said: "Give them rock, call it Jazz Rock but give them rock". So Miles Davis gave them rock. He did a live album at the Fillmore too. Also in Columbia records, #G 30038.

Anyone who has heard any of his early works like SKETCHES OF SPAIN can't help but agree that Miles Davis is just another unsuspecting victim of the money cancer that comes with trying to please the paying audience. He was eaten up by the dream.

There's only one station on your radio that plays jazz as a rule. WLIB FM; its all the way at the top of your fm dial. They play this stuff all day long, and like I said its the only place in the city where these artists can have their material aired. No one else wants to take the time to play that stuff especially when certain FM radio station executives are receiving large gratuities from record companies and people that come from the juke box repair company to play their commercially potential rock and roll music. None of the deejays are ready to take a chance and present something new to change from the electric garble of the present rock scene to the more refined and polished sounds that come from jazz. Its got just as much trance power as anything that John Lennon could ever do.

His old lady, Yoko Ono, these no fool...

Yoko: Apple SW3373
in her recently released album, she includes a rehearsal tape from the show at the Royal Albert Hall in London in 1968 with Ornette Coleman. It is a jazz document that should be heard and absorbed.

John Lennon's old lady jammin' with one of America's foremost new wave musicians while old ex-Beatle gives Rolling Stone interviews talking about what a bum trip heroin is kiddies and how his dentist turned him on to LSD one evening by putting it in the coffee. But his old lady fools around with her voice in such a way as to come out of the common every day cross-section of female vocalists into an innovator and inventor of new vocal techniques. Yeah, Yoko Ono, ex-nyc artist. The rest of the album is her and the plastic Ono band, John Lennon, Ringo Starr, Klaus Voorman but that one cut with Ornette and Edward Blackwell, David Izenzon and Charles Aha Hayden is enough to show you.

The other surprise was Larry Coryell playing in some of the downtown places where you see the same old faces, the same old traces of the trance. For a long time I didn't catch him around the city. He used to play a couple of times at the Scene but that was years ago and is now but a dream. There he was Sunday night playing as thousands of kids jammed the 3 metropolitan area airports in a feverish attempt to get back to school on Monday morning. It was quite a hectic evening. The vacation was over and all the tourists were on their way back to where they came from. The west side was almost deserted but people of the industry the ones that are in the electric mecca all the time they were out on the town looking to have a good time, sock some wine go down and catch the rock and roll show. They were all here to catch the featured act DREAMS a new brass and electric jazz rock ensemble. All of the n.y.c. regulars were there to sit in the darkened air of this nite club and watch and see if the new act could really get it on. Larry Coryell was supposed to play the first set and warm the audience up the audience had no trouble warming itself up they were out for a good time and could care less about the three people on the stage every waitress was running around with trays of beer and liquor and everyone was getting lushed. I mean this was a drinking bunch of people. They were getting it on and Larry was trying to get it on and the cash register at the bar just kept ring jing a ringing and no one cared about the guys on stage cause after all they were just there to set the stage for what was to come. Its too bad cause what this guy was playing was really good. I mean Larry Coryell used to be a pretty fine guitar player but now he's a thousand times more polished. Along with a bass player and a drummer he stood there for 45 minutes wailing his ass off. I mean there were things coming out of his electric guitar that I had never heard, at one point he took the guitar off from around his neck and began to rub it up against the amplifier. It was amazing but the audience was lushed and just gritted their teeth at the noises that were coming off the stage, after all these were people in the industry and you can't fool them. Besides his songs are too long to fit in the jukebox. But damn he picks real good. His playing has gotten more outrageous than could be believed. He stands there and plays and sings too, one of the songs he sung with his wife, but he was all over the guitar with no bull shit about he knows the neck real good. All the while the cash register was ringing ringing ringing like some kind of background noise that's always in your ear. The people were getting drunker and drunker. Larry Coryell finished off his set and left to polite applause.

Then the stage was set up for this new bunch of kids ready to do the big time, noticed several contacts in the audience from rock sector five, it surprised me cause I thought they were all in California for the winter but they were here to see these people.

DREAMS a new sound, a new combination of talents from here and there and everywhere. A trumpet trombone, saxophone, piano, drums, bass, guitar, and lead singer. A combination that worked before. They blow pretty good together all of them looked like they were in their middle 20s and still were feeling around for a definite style to hang their notes on but they produced. Sounding at times like a blood sweat and tears gone wacky they showed off a cross-section of their repertory. I mean there was a lot of different directions that you can go with a group like that and they explored most of them. The trumpet player was blowing thru an electric amplifier with some controls hooked up, sort of what like Don Ellis does but in a less flashy way. Its hard to use electronics and brass successfully but he made them fall well together. Some one told me that the drummer and the bass player had at one time worked with James Brown, but im not sure, anyways they're headed for the filmore east and some air time on the fm stations and yes maybe even an appearance on the Ed Sullivan show. They're that kind of a group. It just so happens that because of what they look like and the way they play and the state of the American juke box they have a lot of commercial potential. Their first album is on Columbia # C30225 Its just called DREAMS.

They say of their music on the back of the album "Each voice has to be heard for itself as well as how it works with the others a sort of organized jam." Yeah well whatever you call it the crowd liked it, there was dancing in the middle of the floor as a few of the young girls that always are around musical organizations break the ice and get it on. It was weird, so these guys on the stage completed their game attained their fame and entered into the hearts of those that were there to suck on the experience Rock and roll is here to stay but it changes from day to day depending on which way you slap the jukebox around. They got a sound and they move it around and they're headed for the top of the charts maybe thru the back door. They're waiting for you to go out and buy their records...

The other thing is the movie with Mick Jagger. PERFORMANCE its still playing at the Bleeker Street Cinema and whats more theres an album of the songs on you can buy to spin around on your record player PERFORMANCE THE ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUND TRACK WARNER BROTHERS 3 #2554 Its got songs by Mick Jagger and Randy Newman and Merry Clayton and Buffy St. Marie and a cut from the last poets. Its a whole lot of stuff rolled into an album of movie music. The movie if you haven't seen it is a trip. James Fox plays a hired enforcer who is forced to hide in this London house that belongs to this artist of sorts played by Mick Jagger, along about the 3rd reel they have a dinner with real magic mushrooms and all wind up wacked out in this fantastic house of toys and games. Its a great trip movie and the chance to see Mick Jagger acting the role that he created is mind blowing, sort of watching the movie while you're watching yourself watch the movie. 1/6/71

see you in the funny papers Charlie Frick

"TRIPS"

VIDEO

Anybody who saw "Groove Tube" at Channel One knows what a happy, freaky, spaced-out, un-alienating medium television can be. You went into the Channel One Theater on funky fourth street, sat down in front of three TV monitors, and for the next ninety minutes you laughed. They must be among the funniest ninety minutes ever recorded on video tape, and also among the most creative. It seemed, underneath all the skits, sketches, and camera experiments that flashed across the screen, that the very limits of the television medium were being tested and extended to a new point. It was something you wanted to see more of.

But if you are thinking of going to see Channel One's new show, forget it. "New York," as it is titled, is a complete bore, a waste of time, and a disappointing use of the video concept. All the show is is a rambling, disjointed, camera-on-the-streets sort of thing, as badly made as a home movie. It's hard to follow because there's nothing to follow. Just a dull series of jumbled-up scenes with no point to them at all. "New York" is even worse than a home movie, because home movies are free and this costs.

Maybe it has something to do with Channel One's move to their new location on East 57th Street. To put it poetically, if I may, should you pluck a flower from the creative soil where it was first nourished, and try to transplant it to an artificial climate, that flower will wither and die. If Channel One's move from Fourth Street to the upper East Side had no actual effect on the Channel One people's heads, at least the move was indicative of where their minds are at. They just wanna make money.

Perhaps my disappointment with Channel One comes from my belief in the potentially radical value of video tape. No other medium can match video tape in its immediacy, the super-reality of events magnified on the TV screen. Almost everybody is more entertained by TV news coverage than by the regular shows, and the political impact is tremendous. Whereas film is a rather unweildy

medium, from production to projection, video tape is much more handy and easy to present. The educational possibilities of closed circuit TV have just begun to be explored. As far as an alternative medium is concerned, video tape seems to be a real direction.

Global Village is one group that has been experimenting with video productions. They present some terrific shows that are artistically advanced (in their use of color and mixed-monitor syncopation), while at the same time they present radically political content. But when Global Village, having scraped themselves together at the beginning down around Houston Street, decided to "make it," they moved no further than to Second Avenue between Sixth and Seventh Streets. It's obvious that Global Village's interests lie more in serving the people they come out of, their community, rather than in simple money-making.

Any moron with a little bread can run around with a video camera and present his private video-vision of the world to uptown audiences at three bucks a throw. It takes a contemporary sort of integrity to use such a medium for more than just personal advantage.

Fuck the Shuck.
Seize the Tube!

LINEAR

It's difficult to find a novel about the Freak culture that doesn't turn out to be an offensive caricature of the whole scene. Several have appeared, mostly centering on the rock scene, mostly lousy, with cartoon characters, vague plots, and still vaguer purpose, by various vague rock critics. They're a drag to read because they're not written for Freaks. Most of these books, with their attempts to describe wild drug parties and nonchalant sex, are written for straights, to shock them and show how "weird" the freak world is, the old eparter les bourgeois bit. And the writing style is either psychedelic stream of consciousness or matter-of-fact expose. Both a drudge to read.

But finally, a book has been written of Freaks, by Freaks, and for Freaks. DEALING, OR THE BERKELEY-TO-BOSTON FORTY-BRICK LOST-BAG BLUES (Knopf) is the title, and it's by "Michael Douglas," nom de plume for Michael Crichton and his younger brother, Douglas. Michael Crichton, if you remember, is the author of THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN, one of last year's best-selling pieces of fiction. Crichton is one of these guys that writes for fun and profit, anything from cheap mysteries to whimsical science fiction. His writing style is light-weight and clear; which is perfectly suited for DEALING.

The novel is about this Harvard guy who, along with his wealthy, eccentric partner, deals grass around the campus. He makes a trip out to Berkeley to pick up a load and goes through such changes as a minor bust, and falling in love with a Berkeley blonde. He gets the stuff back to Boston all right, but only after being hassled by a nasty narc from Boston who happened to be in Berkeley at the time. Also, he has to leave the girl behind. So he

sits around in Boston, getting high and pining away for his Berkeley babe. Then his partner decides to do a large haul but he needs somebody to do the job right away. The guy figures he can solve two problems at once by having the girl fly in to Boston with the stuff.

Unfortunately, she gets busted as soon as she gets into the airport because one of her suitcases, containing part of the forty-kilo shipment, gets lost and opened in the baggage shuffle.

Then the exciting part of the book begins. It seems that the aforementioned nasty narc is famous in Boston for being, among other things, a corrupt son of a bitch, and it's a well-known fact that dope officially confiscated by this narc finds its way onto the market. With the help of a seventeen year old dope-smoking Harvard genius, the guy manages to outwit the villainous narc at his own game, thus regaining the girl and a happy ending.

The triumph of freak over narc at the end is almost as good as if Easy Rider had maybe pulled a pistol from his belt and plugged the two creeps in the truck. But there are several places in DEALING where the author "blows it." He completely puts down radical politics by portraying this one Berkeley radical as an asshole who goes around getting his head busted, has a whole arsenal, and waits for the "big day of Liberation." The Harvard dealer, speaking of the political cat, says, "Our excuse for not digging Ross' trip was that we figured that any changes that were really going to happen were going to happen in people's heads... So we blew our dope and stayed in our heads; maybe that was nowhere, but that was our problem." Well, that IS his problem, because, as most of us have learned by now (hopefully), long hair and dope ARE POLITICS. The novel's main fault is that it has no politics, despite the very radical content of the story. Crichton's attitude is amazingly bourgeois in that he seems to be saying, "Sure, society's fucked up, but I can go on outwitting them and do my thing."

BY
REX
WEINER

So, whereas the book might have drawn some radical conclusions from the events described, none are, and DEALING becomes really not much more than Boy-meets-Girl, Boy-loses-Girl, Boy-gets-Girl, freak style.

And of course, with the absence of any up-to-date political consciousness, Crichton falls into the usual male author's habit of making two-dimensional caricatures of women. The blonde

Berkeleyits is pictured as a nice, sexy semi-moron, a pawn in the author's plot. All the men are slick, witty, sharp, and cool as hell, while the women are just there and nothing more. This sort of thing in literature has got to go.

Otherwise, DEALING is well done and fun to read. It is also, I am told, quite accurate in its description of the dope dealing scene, with all its tight moments, rituals, and attendant paranoias. The language is hip in a natural way, and though it will probably be dated by the time it comes out in paperback, DEALING conveys the feeling of the immediate Freak-scene with all the freshness and familiarity of a marijuana high.

At first I thought that if American Gothic Revival neo-bitch and wooden actress had recovered from the fatal chestnut blight she contracted in LOVE STORY, she and Ryan O'Neal (a sheer nump whose likes have not been seen since the days of Grady Sutton) would probably have gone on to act out the



dance-of-death maneuvers of DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE. I see now that they are infinitely more suited to being the kind of couple that produced ROSEMARY'S BABY. That's how movies went last year, from bad to evil. And so went the nation.

First of all, my hero sold out. Arthur Penn's LITTLE BIG MAN started off as a string of unrelated cowboy and Indian anecdotes, later fell apart into a hodgepodge of tearjerking massacre scenes and latterday White Men's Burdens which missed the whole point of Tom Berger's novel by submerging its spiritualist view of the Indian's transcendence of defeat and of the ever-present rebel in man in a swamp of corny sympathy for our Red Brothers. This was the major movie disappointment of the year. Close behind was Mike Nichols' CATCH-22, a fine film faulted by being ten years too late. Few other flicks had such high models to live up to and few did.

The Youth Movie, which a few years ago appeared to be taking over the industry, is not being kicked out with curses, imprecations, and sighs of relief. A nearly classical tragedy form was evolved (Zeffirelli's mod ROMEO AND JULIET was quite a trendsetter), the Youth Movie opted for hubris instead of genuine hell-raising, extracting perverse "existential" triumph ("... all he wanted was to be free and in the end that's the way it turned out to be...") in the Icarian demises of Peter Fonda, Mark Frechette (ZABRISKIE POINT), James Fox and Mick Jagger (PERFORMANCE), Bruce Davison (STRAWBERRY STATEMENT), Bud Cort (BREWSTER McCLOUD) and wound up wallowing in the total apocalypse of JOE, who curiously became a hero to the counter culture. Like the man says, "The fuckin' kids are taking over the culture." Anyway, there was nowhere to go after JOE except into rock documentaries (essentially commercials for the soundtrack albums, bands, etc.) and cynical flicks like 5 EASY PIECES, which

relies on slick Youth Movie technique to achieve its position as the cultural vanguard of Nixon-Agnewism, reducing

discontent to the neurotic level James Dean was on in 1955 (an all-time great level to be sure, but things have changed in 16 years).

Now that black people can get lung cancer, drive unsafe cars, eat poisoned food and otherwise participate in the good life of American advertising, it's time they had their own movies, too, to keep the help happy, you know, which is why Hollywood produced an astounding number of black-oriented movies this year, the biggest and most profitable and worst of which was COTTON COMES TO HARLEM, which rode into boxoffice history on its reverse racism and cultural nationalism. Some good came out though: Melvin van Peebles' WATERMELON MAN gave a devastating satirical picture of a white racist who turns black and finds out what it's like, winds up a revolutionary, natch, far out. William Wyler's LIBERATION OF L.B. JONES brutally depicted racism in the Deep South and ended in a wronged black man tossing his persecutor into a thresher and GETTING AWAY WITH IT, for the first time in the movies, an intimation of revolt and how refreshing that is.

Women too have come a long way, baby, and DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE was an entertaining, touching reductio ad absurdum of middleclass marriage as social-climbing master and house-cleaning slave, drowned, finally, in a caricature encounter group whose grotesque members anticipate criticisms of the film ("She's got a husband, a lover, two daughters, a fancy apartment; what about real problems, blah blah") — and so copped out on them. Ladies can look forward to more of the same.

Westerns were mostly forgettably arty (BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE, THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN), but Clint Eastwood and Shirley MacLaine were pleasantly indomitable in 2 MULES FOR SISTER SARAH. Jack Palance was cool and groovy in an otherwise mishmash MONTE WALSH. SOLDIER BLUE and A MAN CALLED HORSE, Indians-on-our-conscience movies that were far more impressive in this dimension than LITTLE BIG MAN and both had a strikingly coarse-grain camera style that was quite effective and poetic, in a primitive way, in visualising the Indians in the mid-nineteenth century before the white flood.

The most successful comedies were the maniacal ones, HI MOM! and WHERE'S POPPA?, which went back to old Black Humor histeria with motherhood and traditional values while of course MASH slid into an easygoing hedonistic humanism that was very subtly stoned. The funniest things in movies generally were Franco Nero saving Joanna Shimkus from the phallic-symbol flood and seducing her while it rages through her house and drowns her tyrannical granny (THE VIRGIN AND THE GYPSY), and Mark Frechette's now-excised line from ZABRISKIE POINT, after balling Daria in Death Valley: "I always knew it would be like that."

Jonas Mekas took his underground movies into the black box at the Anthology Film Archives and gives no

sign of coming out, which is fine with me. Independent political production was not too productive: dull documentaries and Costa-Gavras' opportunistic schlock Z and THE CONFESSION. Joan Baez and David Harris, who tell people that the revolution means not following leaders, became the "first family of revolution in the thoroughly boring CARRY IT ON. ELDRIDGE CLEAVER was the heaviest political picture, no thanks to director William Klein who hacked up many of Cleaver's raps and the best stuff in the film was shot by the others (Newsreel, etc.). Gillo Pontecorvo's BURN! — imperialism in action in the 1850s — was cut to pieces by United Artists, but although a major disappointment, it is still a fine film in many ways, especially the exposition of a plot that follows the patterns of political domination precisely and with obvious reference to Vietnam, etc., and in the lyric use of crowds as characters.

It was a rotten year for horror pix, but one took genuine pleasure in the lyric togetherness found by THE HONEYMOON KILLERS.

John Cassavetes' deeply-felt but dead-ended HUSBANDS showed more or less where American moviemaking is at: highly sophisticated, realistic, congenitally constrained by the dictates of the boxoffice, so, all dressed up with no place to go, fumbling in the abyss. Partially in this light, here is my three best movies of 1970 list, limited not by perversity but by the number of films that, having sunk in, continue to excite, the preference being frankly for at least remotely revolutionary wrath instead of dreamworld rapture. I've got my own head for that.

MYRA BRECKINRIDGE — In a society where sexual identity is a masquerade and sex itself is a power struggle, Michael Sarne attacks these apple-pie values through their mythical exemplar, Hollywood, tearing down its sexual bravura to reveal the motivating

manipulations for power and money, reveals pathos and hypocrisy of celluloid magic world. Raquel Welch, Mae West, John Huston and Rex Reed (despite himself, he says) deliver a crunching one-two. Sarne is an explosive, subversive director, and MYRA BRECKINRIDGE, which has kicked the film-critical firmament in its ass and drawn upon itself total condemnation for being vulgar, of all things, is the best American movie of 1970.

ANTONIO DAS MORTES — shown at the unlamented Grove Press Film Festival, Glauber Rocha's film is a blend of opera, ideology and the folklore of the Brazilian certao that tells the poetic and extravagantly psychologically complex story of a hired gun of the latifundista (landed rulers of Brazil) who becomes a revolutionary. Considered a key work of the Cinema Nuovo movement and a beautiful movie in its own right.

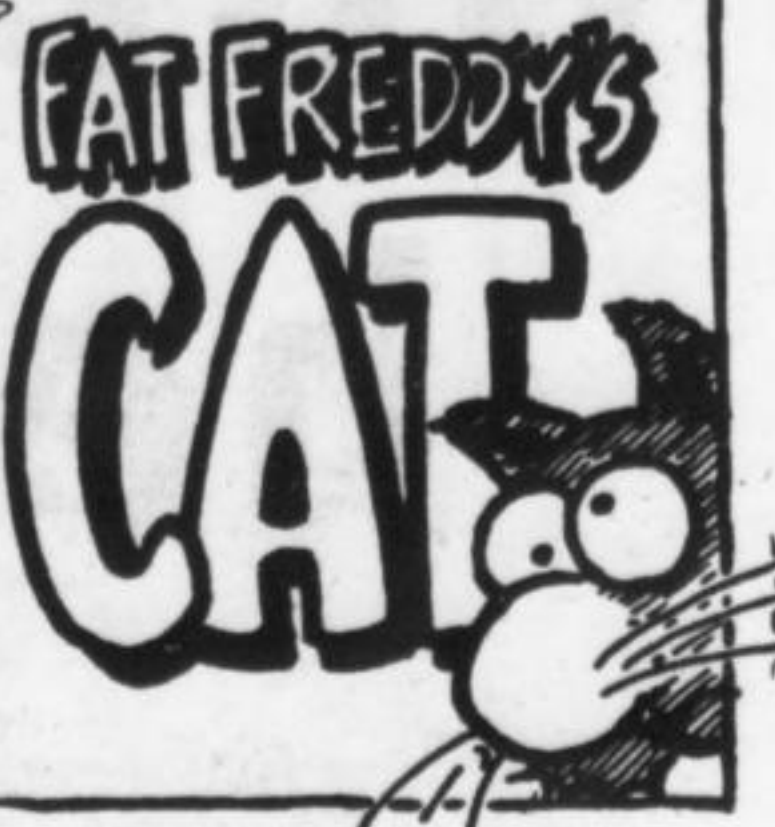
PERFORMANCE — "The ultimate performance is the one that achieves true madness" could be the epitaph to the Youth Culture — where else could Hendrix or Joplin go? The burned out rock singer who converts the sadomasochistic criminal, the paradigmatic straight, into a regular flower child is ultimately obliterated by the inexorable death culture that neither they nor their culture can escape. Mick Jagger and James Fox both fine in this violent, poetic film.

Well, there was other good stuff but I think these are the ones that tangled with reality and came out on top. Looking for more hits in '71, happy New Year, America.



All Doors of planet earth are closed:

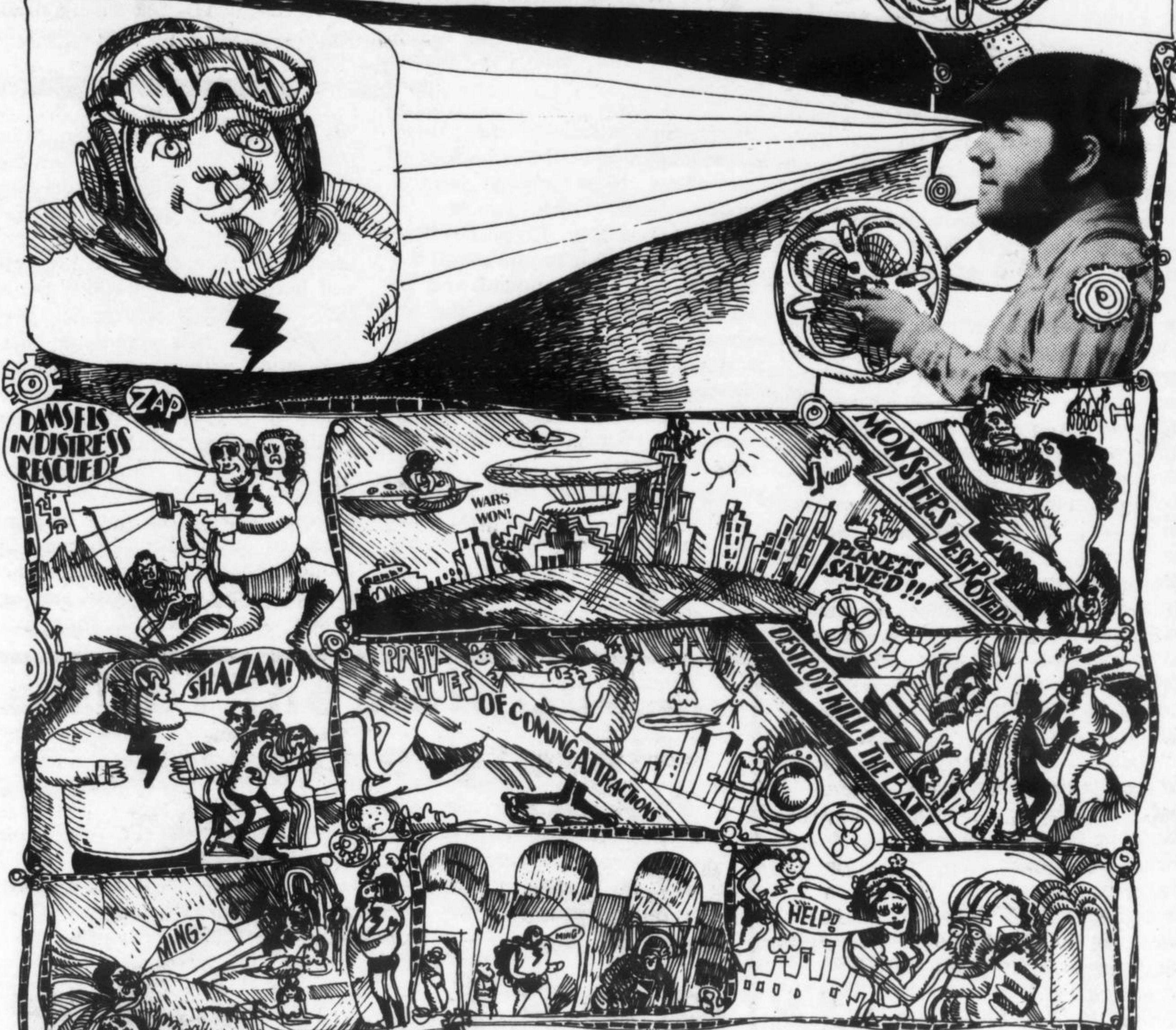
No one leaves until the planet is in order.



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Remember, only those who love money can enter. Some crazy far-out Charity Premiere, huh?
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hep... hep... hepatitis

DECOMPOSITION

Hepatitis or inflammation of the liver is probably the most serious complication of blood transfusion and is a major illness of drug addicts. So far it is not known what causes it. Research on hepatitis has been hindered greatly because it is a human disease — there is no susceptible laboratory animal. Recently it was discovered that an antigen — the so-called Australian Antigen — was present in the serum of people suffering from hepatitis

and this discovery has resulted in a laboratory diagnostic test of enormous value. There has been a lot of discussion among scientists about the exact nature of the Australian Antigen, and a piece in a recent issue of the "Lancet — a British medical journal — suggests that the Australian Antigen is, in fact, a virus.

The Australian Antigen has been found to be present in 80 percent of the patients suffering from "viral hepatitis" and is also present in patients suffering from "serum hepatitis" which occasionally follows blood transfusion or use of contaminated hypodermic needles. The Australian Antigen is now known as the "Hepatitis-Associated Antigen" or HAA for short.

Although HAA has not been definitely proven to be a virus, scientists at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, believe there are strong reasons for at least a virus association. Virus-like particles 20 millimicrons in diameter have been recovered from samples of blood serum which give positive tests for HAA. These virus-like particles have been seen repeatedly in many laboratories and have not been detected in any one of the appropriate controls. Antibodies produced in rabbit serum against the antigen will quantitatively clump the particles seen in electron microscopy. This suggests that the actual antigenic site is intimately associated with the virus-like particle itself.

The size of the virus-like particle — 20 millimicrons — is identical to that previously proposed for the hepatitis virus on the basis of filtration

experiments. HAA has also been localized within liver cells because of a specific fluorescence which is a virus characteristic.

In a typical case of hepatitis, the particle and HAA appear during the incubation and acute stage of the disease but disappear during convalescence — this is consistent with the behavior of an infectious agent. The virus has not yet been cultured in tissues; and one puzzling feature is that nucleic acid, which one would expect to be present if the agent were a virus, has never been isolated from the particles. However, there is overwhelming evidence on the virulence of blood with the antigen. In a study with volunteers who received blood containing HAA, 22 out of 37 recipients developed hepatitis. 75 percent of patients who receive at least one unit of HAA-positive blood develop clinical hepatitis.

This association of HAA with hepatitis is so well documented that finding the antigen means that a person has had hepatitis. Since a clinical history of hepatitis precludes a person's donating blood, the detection of HAA in a prospective donor's blood sample should surely do the same. It has been estimated that hepatitis produced by blood transfusions results in 30,000 serious cases of illness and up to 3,000 deaths a year in the U.S. alone.

If every laboratory capable of doing an estimation of hepatitis-associated antigen — HAA — performed the test on all donated blood — and this is a simple test to do — this morbidity and mortality could be greatly reduced.

Union Square, right across the street from the Academy of Music, where Rock Magazine presents its rock-and-roll revivals every couple months, when the block is clogged all the way to the Rat offices with Woodstock Nation youngsters. The Automat is right across the street, see? over beyond the path of that club-footed old wino in the greatcoat, bearing the We Buy Used Gold sandwich sign, limping to and fro along the sidewalk day after day, muttering incessantly through his whiskery gums in the language he invented for himself years ago, when people finally ceased talking to him, and he to them. You can't miss it, it's a three-story Versailles of a place, adorned strobing Automat sign hanging before it; vestiges of the glory that once was East Fourteenth Street.

Inside the place they still have the impressive balcony dining area raised terrace-like above the main floor, although this section has long ago been roped off (along with the comfort stations) to preserve the maintainance thereof. Along the right side of the cafeteria are banked the famous mechanical food-vendors, hundreds of little windows displaying the typical cream cheese sandwiches, bran muffins, lemon meringue pies, baked beans and macaroni dishes — although to be sure many of these little windows now display only the little aluminum curtain which indicates that they are always empty. And marvellous how marvellous! the tea and coffee still are spat steaming out of the mouths of little brass ornamental lions' heads, a trip you should really pick up some time. And of course the imitable Horn & Hardart silverware is free for the lifting. Forget the steam tables in back: not only is the slop served there indigestible even by New York standards, but expensive to boot, and comes what's more in half portions. The place is strictly for old people on pensions, too rickety in the joints to cook their own food, too set in their ways to dine anywhere but the Automat (which used to be cheaper), and too low-basal to need more than half portions. So the place is full, if full you can ever call it, with damaged old ex-Communists who were purged in the Forties from the union halls around Union Square, old Jewish widows whose husbands croaked putting the kids through college, paraplegic veterans of a half-dozen patriotic Peace

initiatives, five kinds of refugee who fled here for freedom and never found it, and just a host of senile grey dotards who by this time have been Old for the greater part of their lives.

(And does it not gall you a bit to hear all this new talk about Ageism — you abhorred Racism, you despised Sexism, now you can puke over Ageism — as the persecution of children by their elders? Fuck!! When it comes to being shat on, ripped off, paralysed and destroyed, Old People have every American minority beat hands down. I don't care if they bloc-vote for George Wallace, they get the best part of my sympathy.) It's the sort of place William Burroughs was talking about in *Naked Lunch*, this Automat: a vast dim crumbling ruin of an auditorium, populated with junkies, hustlers, the aged and infirm. The best time for it is around six in the morning, right after it opens, when the French toast is sure to be still fluffy and warm (it turns to cardboard by eight) and through the huge front windows you can watch this Malebolge of a town stoking up its volcanoes for another eight hours of slavery and cannibalism. There is nothing quite like sitting through a winter's dawn in Horn & Hardart's with a cup of coffee and a hard roll, watching as the sun obliques gradually up Fourteenth Street, revealing all those poor sons of bitches scuttling into and out of the subway. There's the relevance of the Buck for you.

Crazy Lady

At seven in the morning nearly every morning an improbable thing happens. From far in the rear of the cafeteria, lost in dimness, to the smash of silverware dashed against the floor, you will hear an anguished female voice shriek: 'CAAAN-CER! I GOT CAAAN-CER!' A murmur of patient voices, a slight scuffle of feet, and into the light will emerge a dessicated old lady, the Crazy Lady Of Union Square in fact, bowed over almost double with her years and her enormous S. Klein's shopping bag, issuing crabwise toward the front of the cafeteria, ushered forth by a merely middle-aged corpulent seneschal, the Automat's bouncer. Fractured twisted strands of brittle white hair frame a face that looks like a subway map; you could not pass a guitar pick between her chin and

her nose. 'Cancer,' she keeps mumbling indignantly as he tugs at her elbow. 'Fine way to treat a poor woman with cancer.' (I wonder does John Lennon believe in cancer?) This lady you see all the time around Union Square and its environs, complaining to the air about the endless wraiths that torment her. (Will you march for her equal rights, Gloria?) Aggrieved, every morning she will suffer herself to be pushed along by the elbow as far as the change booth, where she invariably halts and with a stiletto forefinger transfixes the fat smirking change-maker in his box: 'You!' she screeches. 'You starved me and my brother for seventeen years.' Has he been there

for five, that's the question. 'You starved us! You'll rot in hell for that! You'll rot in Hell!' From here to the revolving door in front she will be kvetching about her poor sainted brother, God rest his soul, and herself, she's not much better off, and the afflictions they suffered in their seventeen years association with Horn & Hardart's. Then at the door she balks! She won't go out the door! 'I got my rights! You can't throw me out! I got cancer!' At this point the manager will threaten to call a cop, whereat, seizing the door in some kind of triumph, gathering up proudly to her sunken bosom her shopping bag, she exits, crying, 'Police you want? I'll show you Police!'

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EVO'S Weekly Reader QUIZ

BEING THAT the format of the new rite-wing DAILY MIRROR was copped straight out of the WEEKLY READER, EVO has resolved to compete wit those old fucks on their own ground. That is to say, deep in the shit. Yesterday the COLUMN, tommorow the MIRROR.


COMPLETION:

WHAT IS THE REAL ENEMA? 
 How MANY BULBS WERE SHOWN ON THE COVER?
 THE HOG FARM THINKS THE RED CROSS _____
 SONNY LISTON WAS AN ARKANSAS _____


TRUE OR FALSE:

DOWSING IS A COMMIE PLOT. _____
 HEPATITIS ORIGINATED IN AUSTRALIA. _____
 JULIAN SOUERWINE IS REALLY DEAD. _____
 BOB DYLAN IS REALLY THE ENEMA. _____


ALTERNATE CHOICE:

WHAT IS THE MANTRA FOR GOD?

 (a) Om Mani Padma Hum.
 (b) Our Father Who Art In Heaven...
 (c) E=Mc2
 (d) YIKERS!


JOHN LENNON BELIEVES IN:


 (a) the Oedipal paradox.
 (b) A.J. Weberman.
 (c) Cancer.
 (d) Paul McCartney


THE MOST PERSECUTED MINORITY IS:


 (a) Blacks
 (b) Women
 (c) children
 (d) EVO readers.

LATIMER'S BELOVED HAS EYES LIKE:


 (a) NOBODY ELSE.
 (b) Chestnut horses.
 (c) a brimming tide
 (d) chalcedony.

GOOD OR BAD:


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Invocation
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Mat Ghandi

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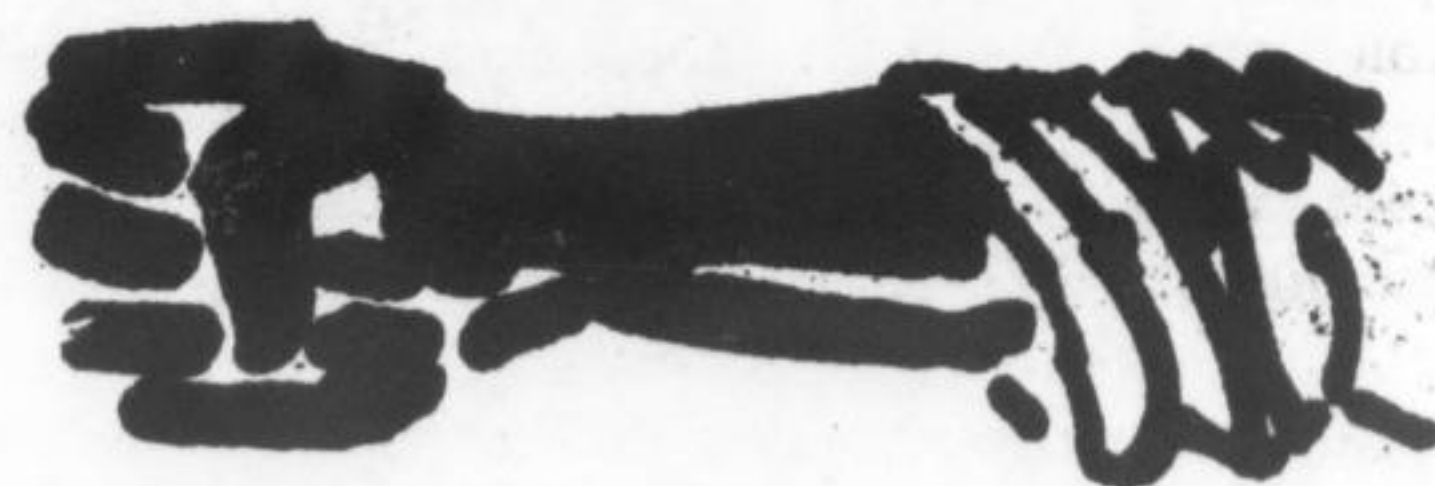
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Fascist Follies

(Continued from Page 6)



would have no reason to be receptive. He then instructed them to get the "assurance" of their clients, saying that "You have collectively disregarded the canons of ethics and have done everything that counsel could conceivably do to disrupt proceedings." Jerry said that neither he nor anyone else had ever been contemptuous, but Murtagh said that not only had he been contemptuous, but insolent too.

Phillips piped up, saying that it was "out and out absurd" to say that there had been no misconduct — Lumumba, Afeni and Dharuba "comment about us all the time" and Lefcourt says nothing to them, he whined. Murt sympathetically nodded, saying, "I know."

Jerry Lefcourt pointed to the atmosphere in the Connecticut courtroom that does not make every sound a contemptuous remark, but Murtagh said that the court would be run the way HE wanted it to. Jerry asked who had been hurt by a defendant saying "right on" to a relative. The big deal that Murtagh and Phillips were making of that was not helping anyone.

After more arguments, Murtagh decided to let Dharuba go — for the moment — but decided that he must have an 'abject apology' from Tabor before his bail would be reinstated.

Phillips then complained that Tabor often sleeps in court and that, at side bar conferences, his eyes are hardly open, so, he concurred, Tabor is obviously using drugs.

Tabor demanded an apology for that remark, but Murtagh denied it, recessing court until Monday.

Monday, Jan. 4

Under cross examination, Det. Gleason of the bomb squad admitted that it was an unusual occurrence to be called to a precinct to check out dynamite, yet he took no special notes on the event.

He said that he had probably warned BOSS that it was dangerous to carry an attache case full of dynamite and yet of the three who brought the alleged dynamite to him on the night of Jan. 16, none knew anything about explosives. In his 17 years as a police officer he had only "switched" dynamite once or twice before, and yet he took no special notes on this occurrence either. Nor were the case or sticks of dynamite tested for fingerprints.

When Gleason went up to the 24th

precinct to pick up the dynamite, the bag had been moved into the sitting room. He admitted that he probably told them not to move the bag, but to evacuate the area, yet the bag had been moved into the sitting room.

At the time in question (Jan. 17, 1969) there had been strong security measures at the 24th precinct, so the thought was that someone might have thrown the 'bomb' over a fence, which probably would have detonated the blasting cap. Bob Bloom then showed Gleason the bottles of chemicals seized from Dr. Curtis Powell's apartment. Gleason said that one could use them in the making of a bomb, but admitted that a bottle of Coke could be put to similar use. In fact, many innocuous things found in people's homes could be used in the making of bombs and many things explode in households every year.

Although Gleason had been called to Bob Collier's apartment on April 2, 1969, in his capacity as a bomb expert, and later testified that the lengths of shower pipes seized there were closed at both ends, containing a couple of 'ashcans' (fireworks), none of this 'information' appeared in his reports. When asked if it would be possible to take a pipe bomb with an ashcan as a fuse, put it in a purse, and leave it on the purse counter of a department store, detonate it and escape, Gleason said it would be possible, but not likely.

Gleason admitted that he has, in his home, many items which could be used for bomb containers and many things that could be used to detonate a bomb (i.e. flashbulbs, kitchen matches, etc.) He then admitted that police can obtain ammunition and gunpowder more easily than other people.

Before court recessed for lunch, Michael Tabor asked to have a hearing on his bail, saying that if he had known that the court was ignorant of the fact that a call had come in concerning his illness, he would not have made the statements he made. When asked if he apologized, Tabor said yes. Murtagh said he would consider the application.

Austeran, the officer from the 24th precinct who found the alleged dynamite, took the stand, and under cross examination said that he had not found the "bomb" until his fourth check of the precinct, as a car had been parked over it up until then. He didn't know whose car it was, but was sure it belonged to someone in the police department. He never saw the car again.

It would be a pretty tight squeeze for a car to get into that particular area, yet the bag of explosives had not been crushed by car tires.

After he found the bag, numerous people from the various media arrived. Although some remember Austeran as having said that he put out the fuse with wet fingers, he insists he said he was "making sure" the fuse was out.

Walter Meierdierks, a custodian from the Board of Education, took the stand to testify that on Jan. 18, 1969, when he went to work, he found a back room had been damaged. Windows had been broken and there was a hole in the wall. John Attles, who lives across the street from that building, took the stand to testify that on the night of Jan. 17, 1969, he had heard a loud noise.

Objections made by the defense dealing with the fact that the testimony of these witnesses had no connection with any of the defendants, were overruled and taken "subject to connection."

Michael Tabor again asked about his bail. Murtagh said that he was far from satisfied as to Tabor's illness; however, the court would err on his behalf — reluctantly. But the continuance of the four out on bail would be contingent on the cessation of the conspiracy between counsel and defendants to disrupt the court. Tabor's counsel must now take action to have the bail reinstated.

Tues. Jan. 5

The last several days have been spent with Phillips brick-laying in preparation for the last of his two key infiltrators — Ralph White. All witnesses have spoken about simulated dynamite, lab tests, or minor explosions at the 24th and 44th precincts and the Queens Board of Ed. building. Phillips hopes eventually to connect these "bombings" to the thirteen defendants here on trial.

The witnesses testified over continuous defense objections to irrelevancy — as none of the "evidence" has been "connected" to any of the defendants. I will not go into this testimony now — as I will probably only have to repeat it once Ralph White takes the stand and Phillips tries to make his "connections". Most of the testimony was much like Monday's — including the contradictions that came out under cross examination. One new interesting contradiction that did come out was when Det. Heslin of the bomb squad took the stand. He had collected the debris at the Queens Board of Ed. building and because some of the

debris phosphoresced, he declared it to be some of the same simulated dynamite he and Det. Gleason had prepared. It came out, however, that although he had investigated some 150 bomb sites in the course of his career, he had never checked that debris under ultra violet light, so he would not know if other debris would also phosphoresce.

Wed. Jan. 6

Pretty much the same as Tuesday. Again the few minor things of interest occurred during the defense's cross examination of the witnesses. At one point while Jerry Lefcourt was questioning Det. Gleason about his possible collusion with BOSS, Phillips interrupted, asking that that line of questioning not be allowed, as Phillips had called these witnesses only to testify about chemicals — another obvious public relations ploy, as Phillips has continually asked these 'chemical witnesses' what would happen if certain explosives were to be placed in department stores at Easter time.

Perhaps the most amusing thing that happened was when various "chemical experts" took the stand for more prosecution propaganda. Now in most court rooms, these experts come off as real whizzes, but not every trial has a Ph.D. in biochemistry among its defendants. So Curtis Powell would give his attorney, Bob Bloom, certain pieces of information about chemicals that would also phosphoresce, and etc. and the trial turned into Chemistry 1, with Bob instructing these so-called experts. At the end of the day Murtagh again threatened the defense with future "action" if they would not stop behaving contemptuously (smiling). He said that their behavior was calculated to inspire misbehavior in their clients, and asked the record to reflect that. Bill Crain then said he would ask the record to reflect each time the judge and the D.A. laughed together at things that were not at all funny (usually against the defense). Murtagh declared that statement in contempt of court and a complete falsehood. Jerry then reminded him that right before luncheon recess, Phillips had called a side bar conference for the sole purpose of telling a joke making fun of the defense. Murtagh claimed he didn't hear the joke and did not laugh, but everyone in court remembers the collective guffaws of the judge and the D.A., once again reaffirming their love for each other.

Oh, by the way, Tabor's out on bail again.



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ANTI MATTER by Harvey Matusow

The report infers plot and counterplot, and if one were to take the trouble to go back 15 years and read some of their other tomes, one might well discover that the structured mind of the committee's thinking, remains the same; that this new report is a re-worked ghost of one of those haunted documents of the Joe McCarthy period.

This is probably why I feel sad for Julian Goode Sourwine, who is, today, fifteen years older and a lot greyer than when I knew him. He no longer lives with the possibility that he may one day be a member of the Senate, although he may dream and fantasize about what may have been, were he elected. His reality must be his "power" as chief attorney for a United States Senate Committee, and the comfortable pension he will get some day, at the tax-payers' expense.

The memories and unfulfilled dreams of Julian Goode Sourwine are the cracked remnants of the harassed fifties, crippled by time and a new generation which won't play the fear game. Sourwine is like a punch-drunk fighter trying to stumble to his feet at the count of eleven, refusing to admit that the fight, or his kind of fight, is over.

A few years ago someone told me that he had died and I believed it to be so. But last year in London, I picked up a copy of the New York Times, and there he was, aged and life-like, and still going. I looked at his photo in the Times and couldn't help but think that he'd have been a happier man if he'd stayed in Nevada and played local politics. Making money as a divorce lawyer, a power wheel like a desert sheik, having the locals on the only legal crap game in the country.

My last impressions of Sourwine were during those seven or so hectic days I spent before the Committee back in 1955. Sourwine was all out for victory over the evil which I represented.

The questioning somehow got sidetracked and Julian G. was leading the Committee charge on my refusal to tell them who was manufacturing a toy which I had developed. In his slow, ponderous way, Sourwine asked the Acting Chairman to remind me that I would be cited for contempt of the Senate if I refused to answer the question about the toy. The Acting Chairman, Price Daniel of Texas, took the hint and so ordered me to answer.

"Answer the question," Sen. Daniel said. "What sort of a toy is it?"

"A Stringless Yo-yo," I replied.

Sourwine didn't bat an eye. The ball was in Senator Daniel's court. He kept pressing the issue and said, "Now, Mr. Matusow, the Chair will order and direct you to answer the question, is the manufacturer of your Yo-yo known to you to be a member of the Communist Party?"

What could one say? Sourwine and the Committee had achieved victory. I wasn't talking. The result, I was cited for contempt of the Committee and the entire United States Senate took valuable time in floor debate and confirming the Committee's finding, sent to the Justice Department a citation, that I was in contempt of the Senate for refusing to tell them who was making my Stringless Yo-yo.

Sourwine, Julian Goode Sourwine to me is one of the great names of current American politics. Not that Julian Sourwine is great, it's just his name. It conjures up all sorts of images and adds a little flavour to the kaleidoscope of Washington politics.

Sourwine is a sad man of frustrated political ambitions. He came to Washington as a protegee of the late red-baiting Senator Par McCarran, of Nevada. McCarran installed Sourwine as Chief Counsel of the Internal Security Sub-Committee, of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Sourwine was a diligent man, hunting out reds from all corners of the country, and sometimes finding them where none existed.

After McCarran died, Julian G. made a bid to capture the Senate seat left vacant by McCarran, but he failed, and returned

once more to the Senate Office, this time with an appointment from the Grand Ole Man from Ole Miss., James O. Eastland

Sourwine was the master mind behind the committee investigation of me, back in 1955, using his attorney's mind like a steel trap which was a little rusted around the edges. I'll never forget him, talking with the slow western drawl, playing like a Perry Mason cowboy before the TV camera, occasionally wiping the sweat off his chubby fingers with a clean white handkerchief, sometimes leaning over and having a hushed conversation with Senator James O., who sat back in pompous plantation style chomping the end of a cigar. Eastland would then remove the shredded brown leaf from his mouth and say, "You may proceed, Mr. Sourwine." These words, "You may proceed, Mr. Sourwine" became like a meaningless song from a grade B movie. And Sourwine would lean forward, his

heavy body and jowly face looking like a walrus, his upper lip covered with a non-descript bush-like moustache, and ask some ludicrous question, like, "Mr. Matusow, did you ever live in Greenwich Village with a Negro woman?", to be followed up with, "Didn't you and this Negro woman plan to adopt two children, one Chinese and one Indian?" He really wanted to get at the facts of the 'great American conspiracy' and the problem of whether I ever intended to adopt two children, was, to Julian Goode Sourwine's mind, a key to the so-called plot to overthrow the country by force and violence.

I mention all this about the able Mr. Sourwine because that very same Senate Committee for which he toils so diligently, issued a report last winter, (which to many right wingers has become a guideline for the strategy of today's new McCarthyism.)

