

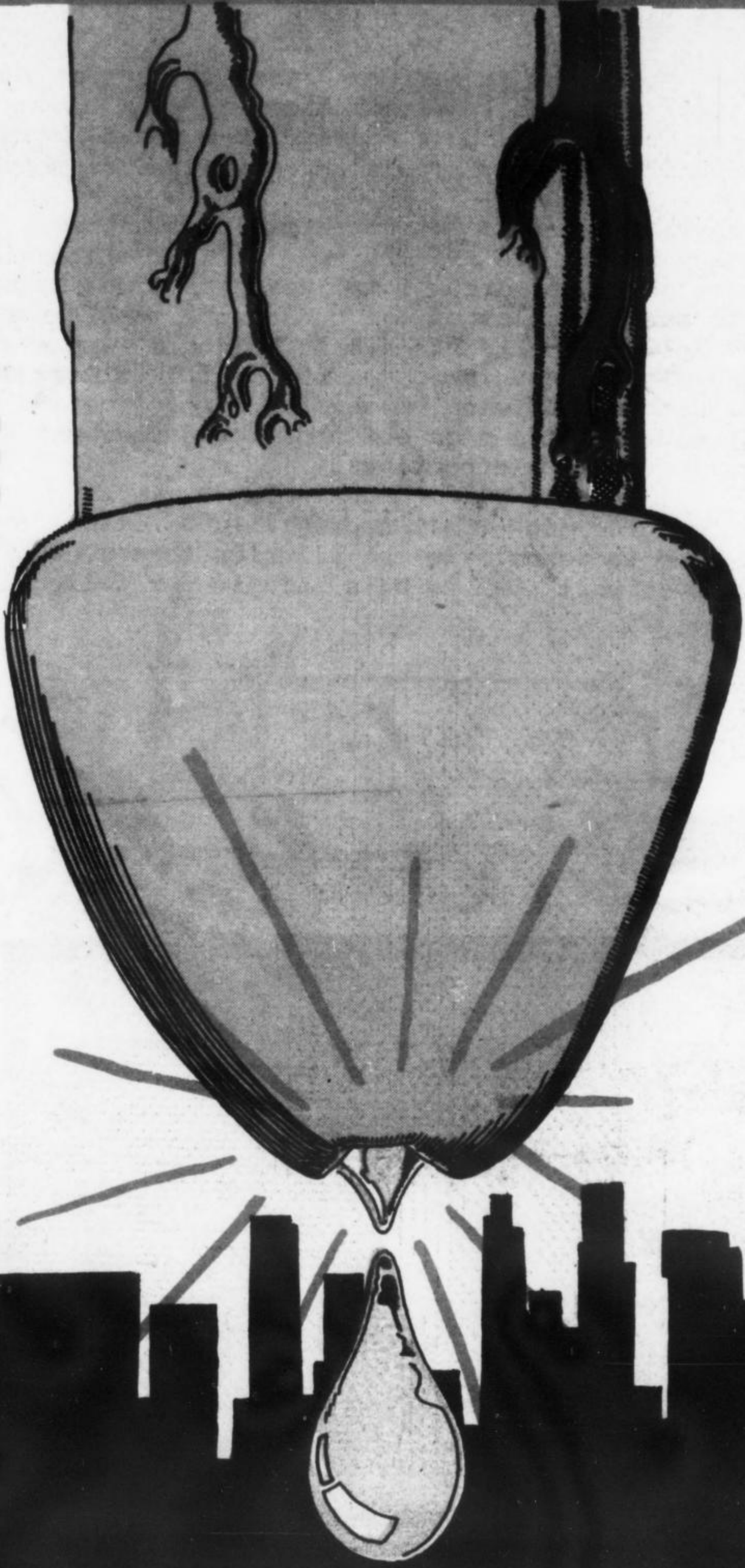
# CAN YOU TAKE IT?

# THE

east  
village

# ONION

## PUS! THE PRIVATE PLAGUE



# DRIP

25c

TO KNOW SYPHILIS IS TO  
KNOW MEDICINE.

—Sir William Osler

Syphilization has struck. In 1970 the V.D. toll in New York City was 2.2 million. New Yorkers are sexually polluted.

Venereal disease has become so prevalent in New York City that it has passed the epidemic stage. It is now a plague, city health officials claim. And no one can explain why the problem has grown so much from near eradication levels.

While accurate statistics are hard to come by, it's becoming advisable to pack away one's genitalia until the incidence of syphilis and gonorrhea subside.

All this while, no one in the city administration, state government, federal government, or members of the illustrious fourth estate (watchdog for the establishment's freedom of speech), talk in anything above a whisper about this problem. To be fair, a number of public health officials have been alarmed since the early sixties when the number of cases started increasing. While public reaction to V.D. has ranged from silly to insane over the ages, the city's current concept of "fighting love pollution" continues to face the problem on a euphemistic, unreal level again. It has a bureaucratic, do-good, condescending air about it.

One of the most difficult barriers in fighting the disease is measuring the incidence of syphilis and gonorrhea in the city. The increasing use of private physicians to treat these diseases has brought about a significant decline in the percentage of cases handled by public clinics. Private physicians tend to avoid reporting cases, so that public officials know less about incidence, and even less of case histories.

Health officials estimate that physicians are now seeing 75% of all reported or known cases. This compares to a national rate of only 3.2% in 1958. At this rate, private physicians may soon be treating all V.D. cases.

VOL 6 NO 9 1-26-71

35c

*Hilary*



CAN YOU TAKE IT? EVIDENTLY.

After all you just survived New York's first police strike and in spite of all the dire paranoias you survived quite well.

For the first time New Yorkers had to come to terms with the fact that their survival did not hinge on the suffocating presence of 31,635 paid Hessians. Even the New York Times had to admit that nothing much changed due to their absence. Just the usual number of ravages, rapes, robberies and other rancid ripoffs. The same old accepted norm that we have had to learn to live with all along.

Did they have the right to strike? Naturally but at the same time it was up to us to disarm them and thus render them harmless. To quote J. Edgar Hoover "When armed-whether in or out of uniform - they are to be considered dangerous".

If nothing else, the strike has certainly proven how superflous they really are and any more idiotic discussions as to the hows and whys are a total waste of time. It must be evident to one and all that the cumbersome machinery of the New York Police Department has to be done away with. It is unmanagable and counterproductive in the fullest sense of the word. Rather than keep on wasting life, time and energy on a lost cause, let's stop beating around the bush and consider really viable aletrnatives.

Granted, to "off the pig" won't necessarily do it but then there is no need to perpetuate the illusion that every so called "public servant" HAS to be a pain in our collective ass.

CAN YOU TAKE IT? -----YOU B E T T E R.

*Jack Kohn*



- 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
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- Gianfranco Manged
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- Jackie Acon
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- Perfecto La Gogo
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Final statistics for 1970 are not yet in — 2 months remain. Based on limited, known information, the following grim picture can be drawn:

There have been 16,000 reported cases of syphilis in the five boroughs of this city, and 160,000 reported cases of gonorrhoea in the city.

The number of cases in New York for 1970 is surpassing the number of cases in 1969 for both diseases by 40%. This is information that anyone can obtain by calling the health department at WA 5-4142.

This exceeds the total number of cases reported for the entire United States in 1955, a low point in incidence of the diseases, and approaches the total of the nation for 1963, a pivotal year marking an upswing in the incidence of the diseases.

These reported cases touch only the surface of the actual number of cases that occur. It is difficult to say exactly how many cases there are for each reported case. Currently, officials estimate liberally that for every reported case of V.D. there are 10 cases not reported. Applying this formula to the known statistics and estimating the number of cases for the two remaining months of the year, we arrive at the following official estimate by the EAST VILLAGE OTHER of the number of V.D. cases in New York in 1970:

180,000 to 200,000 cases of syphilis  
1,750,000 to 2,000,000 cases of gonorrhoea

These statistics are even higher when you get your raw data from the epidemiologists. They claim that there are even more cases than this.

Why, the curious reader asks, are we having so much love pollution?

The health department claims it is because the city and other agencies aren't spending enough money. Epidemiologists claim this is having a great effect also.

A central problem seems to be the general tolerance of the existence of both syphilis and gonorrhoea by the general public. No one talks of V.D. epidemics in public circles, although people can get excited about typhoid, polio, smallpox and other diseases. Remember the polio vaccine madness of some years back?

There is, unfortunately, no vaccine for either gonorrhoea or syphilis, and the current treatment of known cases is not making and has never made headway toward the eradication of the diseases.

There are factors beyond treatment that affect the direction of the diseases more than any developments in treatment.

War has been the greatest contributing factor to the increase in V.D. historically. In time of war, the number of cases almost always reaches epidemic proportions. For example, there were 100,000 cases of syphilis reported in the U.S. in 1947. War has been an important contributor to the maintenance of many human diseases that defy eradication.

No health officials point at the Vietnam War as a contributor to the current plague of V.D. But the evidence supports this clearly.

The failure of private physicians and the American Medical Association to do anything concrete toward controlling V.D. is evident also. But one is pointing a finger in that direction. In 1942 the AMA proudly called for the elimination of commercialized prostitution to reduce the incidence of V.D. In 1963, they "participated" in a study that was really conducted by the American Social Health Association, which attempted to determine the prevalence of V.D. at that time. Most of all, the AMA has failed to come forth with a real program of getting private patients to cooperate with public officials.

When doctors were treating fewer of the cases, the epidemiologists could keep up with the disease. Now, with doctors handling 75% of the cases in New York, the problem is becoming impossible. To make matters worse, the city cut the number of epidemiologists working in the 13 clinics in half this year. An emergency reinstatement of \$500,000 allowed the health officials to bring the staff back up to its normal number of 96 epidemiologists. Many of the new recruits, hired at lower salaries, are being trained on the job to replace those qualified epidemiologists dismissed by the city.

The AMA has consistently played down the problem of V.D., considering it a disease of lower classes, the young and blacks. (During World War II, about one-fourth of the black males tested for the draft had syphilis; the incidence of syphilis and gonorrhoea among teenagers is also very high, then and now.)

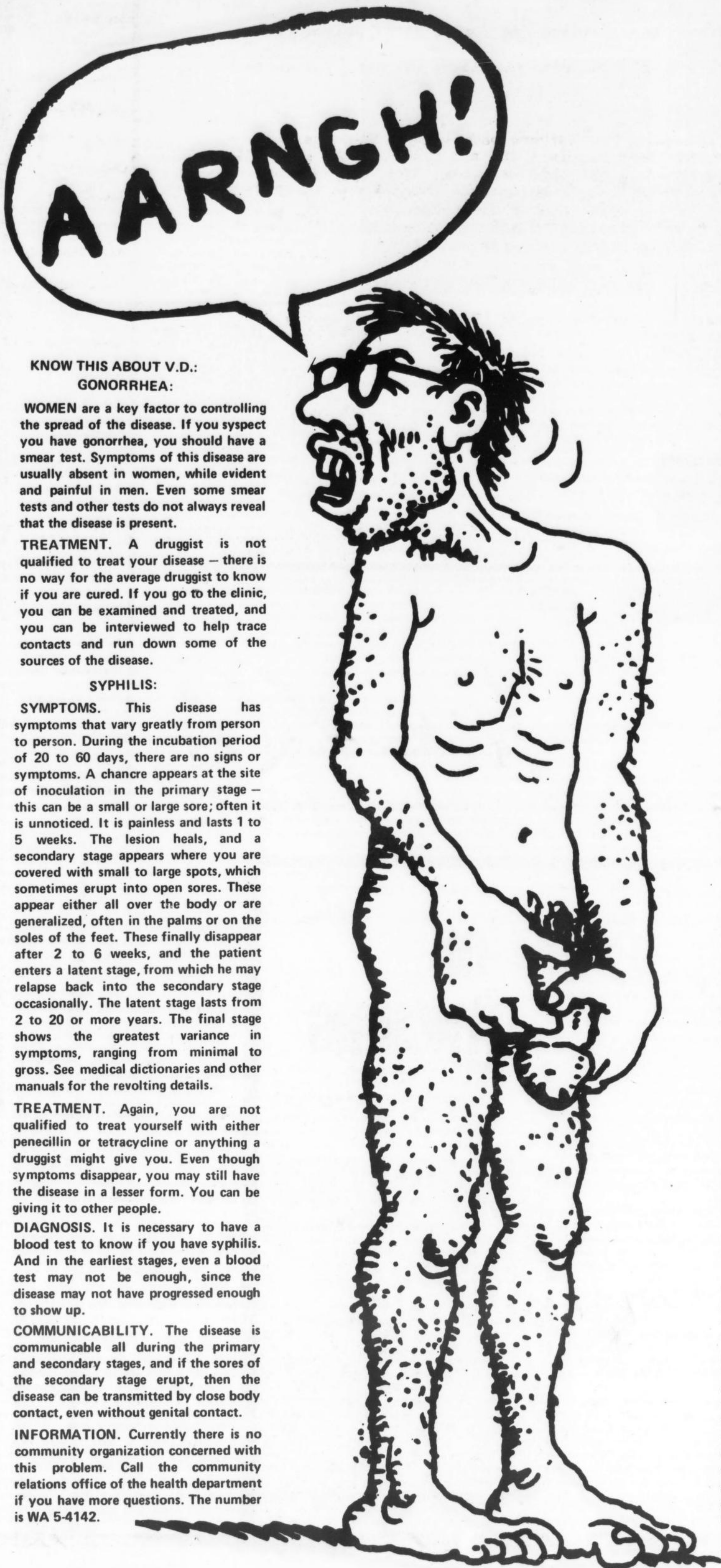
When the American Social Health Association was estimating the incidence rate of syphilis at 120,000 in 1963, the AMA was estimating the incidence rate at 60,000.

The AMA is not encouraging its physicians to ask their patients to participate in the all-important interviews with public epidemiologists.

Another reason V.D. is hard to control is the unwillingness of people contacted by epidemiologists to admit what sex they have had, and with whom. People are afraid of revealing their perversions and preferences to public health officials. Do not be afraid to tell a public health epidemiologist that you are gay, or that you have had homosexual experiences. When you go to a clinic, the doctors and other personnel test and treat you for the disease and symptoms. They are out to control the disease, not pry into your life. The epidemiologist is trying only to eradicate and control the disease — he is not working for the CIA or FBI. If you are a revolutionary, you will feel at home in the clinics — they are like third world battle fronts. The doctors are old, many are black. Many epidemiologists and nurses are very young and many are black.

For the sake of your brother and sister, you should try to do all you can to help.

R.England



#### KNOW THIS ABOUT V.D.: GONORRHEA:

**WOMEN** are a key factor to controlling the spread of the disease. If you suspect you have gonorrhoea, you should have a smear test. Symptoms of this disease are usually absent in women, while evident and painful in men. Even some smear tests and other tests do not always reveal that the disease is present.

**TREATMENT.** A druggist is not qualified to treat your disease — there is no way for the average druggist to know if you are cured. If you go to the clinic, you can be examined and treated, and you can be interviewed to help trace contacts and run down some of the sources of the disease.

#### SYPHILIS:

**SYMPTOMS.** This disease has symptoms that vary greatly from person to person. During the incubation period of 20 to 60 days, there are no signs or symptoms. A chancre appears at the site of inoculation in the primary stage — this can be a small or large sore; often it is unnoticed. It is painless and lasts 1 to 5 weeks. The lesion heals, and a secondary stage appears where you are covered with small to large spots, which sometimes erupt into open sores. These appear either all over the body or are generalized, often in the palms or on the soles of the feet. These finally disappear after 2 to 6 weeks, and the patient enters a latent stage, from which he may relapse back into the secondary stage occasionally. The latent stage lasts from 2 to 20 or more years. The final stage shows the greatest variance in symptoms, ranging from minimal to gross. See medical dictionaries and other manuals for the revolting details.

**TREATMENT.** Again, you are not qualified to treat yourself with either penicillin or tetracycline or anything a druggist might give you. Even though symptoms disappear, you may still have the disease in a lesser form. You can be giving it to other people.

**DIAGNOSIS.** It is necessary to have a blood test to know if you have syphilis. And in the earliest stages, even a blood test may not be enough, since the disease may not have progressed enough to show up.

**COMMUNICABILITY.** The disease is communicable all during the primary and secondary stages, and if the sores of the secondary stage erupt, then the disease can be transmitted by close body contact, even without genital contact.

**INFORMATION.** Currently there is no community organization concerned with this problem. Call the community relations office of the health department if you have more questions. The number is WA 5-4142.



**RICHARD B. RUSSELL  
GONE TO HIS JUST DESERTS**

## PREVENTIVE DETENTION — SOUTH AFRICA STYLE

JOHANNESBURG [LNS] — Nineteen Black South Africans have twice been acquitted of "communism" and "terrorism" in the courts, but their ordeal is far from over.

Members of the outlawed African National Congress, an anti-colonialist organization, they were tried under the Suppression of Communism Act in 1969 and found innocent. Police kept them behind bars after the acquittal, and the five women and fourteen men were brought into court again this year under the Terrorism Act.

After a second acquittal (with an appeals court confirming the verdict of innocent) two are under house arrest and others are under "banning orders" that restrict their movement, employment and other activities.

Their attorney, Joel Carlson, told reporters: "After spending 17 months in detention, during which time their families had to struggle, they still cannot support them. There is no relief for these people who have been convicted without a trial. They cannot claim compensation for the suffering they have endured, their detention or their persecution."

For his efforts on behalf of the defendants, Carlson has been rewarded with a Molotov cocktail tossed at his home, shots fired at his car, and a mysterious delivery in the mail of the book, "Selected Sorks of Mao Tse Tung," with a powerful firecracker enclosed as a bookmark.

In his closing comments on the case, South African Justice Minister Petrus C. Pelsler said, "Restrictions are not imposed as a penalty for previous actions. They are aimed at the prevention of subversive action in the future."

## Greek

GOVERNMENT PASSES THE PRESS

Free Voice/LIBERATION News Service  
ATHENS, Greece [LNS] — The Greek government has recently instituted a new set of press regulations. They affect news from Greece for the foreign as well as the Greek news media. Restrictions and harsh sentences are the penalties any correspondent — foreign or Greek-born — will face for filing a report which is "likely to evoke anxiety or apprehension to citizens, or shake the public's confidence in the state authority responsible for public order, or in the armed forces, or the currency."

The new government has reorganized the press and information services under a new department, Secretariat-General for Press and Information. The secretariat controls "information of Greek and international public opinion on Greek topics and problems," as well as the "supervision and control of press, radio, television and theatre and cinema."

The secretariat can hire unsalaried Greek or foreign advisors to help it keep "foreign public opinion informed about Greek problems." There is a secret fund for "expenses and subsidies serving national interests" — which cannot be revealed because of their "special nature."

# BEVOD

TAIWAN EXECUTES MAN WHO  
WRITES TO PEKING

LIBERATION News Service  
TAIPEI, Taiwan [LNS] — A Taiwanese businessman was executed two months ago for writing to Chen Yi, a Deputy Premier in the Peking Government, asking the Communists not to attempt to take over Taiwan by force. The Nationalist Chinese Military court, which tried Mr. Chen in secret, stated that although the contents of the letter were not necessarily pro-Communist, Mr. Chen had committed a capital offense by trying to communicate with the People's Republic of China.

DEFENSE DEPARTMENT REVEALS  
COST FIGURES

LIBERATION News Service  
WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — The men who run the Defense Department's military aid program recently tried to tell Congress how much it costs.

A Pentagon legislative aide, Peter Knaur, made the first effort. He worked a pencil up and down a table his team had brought to the Joint Sub-committee hearing and triumphantly announced: "Seven billion, three-hundred-thirty-nine million..."

"That's not right," Knaur's boss broke in. "That's not correct," said Armistead Selden, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs.

Selden, a former Alabama congressman,

ENZYME DETERGENTS ARE HAZARDOUS  
TO YOUR HEALTH,  
BUT THE CLEANSER INDUSTRY  
SOFT-SOAPS IT  
LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON, [LNS] — Enzyme detergents produce respiratory diseases in detergent industry workers, reported a special study group of the American Academy of Allergy, and they will produce the same illness in housewives who use the stuff.

The Soap and Detergent Association, on the other hand, says it is "perfectly willing to have all these things explored," but they insist anyway that there is no evidence of a health danger to consumers of their products.

grabbed the pencil and began working his own arithmetic, a few minutes later he announced the total: \$4,986,200,000. This figure was supposed to represent the value of all the military support that the U.S. financed in the accounting year ending last June 30.

"This is the first time," said Senator William Proxmire (D-Wis.), the subcommittee head, "that the Defense Department had added it up." He suggested that it was the beginning of the end of an era of "deception... no... misinformation."

But it wasn't quite so. Selden had left out the \$224.2 million that the Pentagon gave away from its \$17 billion stockpile of weapons labeled "excess."

Selden acknowledged that the Pentagon still didn't know how much military property it had given South Vietnam and Thailand.



WATCHING THE WATCHERS:  
AGENT-NEWSMEN EXPOSED

by Ron Dorfman

LIBERATION News Service  
(from the Chicago Journalism Review)

CHICAGO [LNS] — Two reporters showed up at a recent peace demonstration in De Kalb, Illinois, home of Northern Illinois University, claiming they worked for WJJO-TV, "the cable TV station in Lawrenceville."

Local reporters were a little curious about the pair, since Lawrenceville is 250 miles south

of De Kalb, and the peace demonstration hardly seemed worth the long-distance effort by a tiny TV station. When they checked, they learned that there is no station whose call letters are WJJO-TV — except in the files of the FBI, the Illinois Bureau of Investigation.

The incident was only the latest example of a current trend.

\*In Wichita, during a visit by Vice President Agnew in October, press credentials were issued to at least one and probably four local cops who took pictures of persons engaged in a spoof of the V.P.'s speechmaking outside an auditorium. One of the policemen was exposed by local reporters.

\*A Detroit policeman posed as a photographer for the Grand Rapids Press to observe the action at the General Motors' stockholders' meeting. He was exposed by a reporter for the paper.

\*In Washington recently a reporter received a tip that U.S. Army Intelligence had purchased equipment for its agents to use while posing as a television crew. The Pentagon issued a denial.

\*Policemen and FBI agents posing as newsmen became so numerous in Washington a few months ago that more than two dozen Washington Star reporters issued a statement saying they would expose, on the spot, any agent they found using such cover.

The press corps itself is not immune from being spied on. Former correspondents report that a year ago, the CIA suggested to the privately-owned servicemen's newspaper, Overseas Weekly, that its problems in getting PX distribution could be overcome if the paper would take two agents ("highly qualified men") on its Saigon staff. The paper refused.

Shortly after, the reporters exposed two Saigon correspondents for the "American University Press," as intelligence agents; the two had never been on the payroll of American University, and their press credentials were revoked.

But not all journalists are complaining. Some news organizations have decided that part of their calling is to supply material to police agencies. The Sacramento (Cal.) local of the American Newspaper Guild has protested the practice of the local newspapers of sending, unsolicited and routinely, staff photographers' pictures of demonstrations and other activities to the FBI. Russell Pigott, news director of radio station WLBK in De Kalb, covers the news with a camera — so he can provide law enforcement agencies with the pictures that can't be shown on the radio.

What is the rationale for such surveillance activities? On a very practical level, as Mitchell Ware (director of the Illinois Bureau of Investigation, FBI) puts it, it can provide hard evidence for prosecution. "The Supreme Court has said that you can use pictures to identify suspects; it's a corroborative technique like marked money or fluorescent powder. In situations like mass demonstrations on campus, it's useful to have pictures of any criminal behavior that takes place because you may not be able otherwise to identify the one kid with long hair and a beard and blue jeans out of hundreds of kids who look like that."

Ware was quick to assure that he had nothing against long hair and beards, and to point out that half his agents wore long hair and beards.

A.C. Germann, professor of criminology at California State College-Long Beach, who has been a consultant to many police agencies, reports that general political surveillance is common among law enforcement agencies, and explains the rationale as follows: "Name an occupation — newsmen, Good Humor man, meter reader — that has access to large geographic areas or that is innocuous, like janitor or street cleaner, that would allow a person to go around a building or a street, or to a party, and you will find that undercover agents have used that cover. Newsmen in particular have that kind of entree to move around all over the place; you could get all kinds of information from all kinds of people."

REVOLUTIONARY GI CHARGED  
WITH DESERTION

LIBERATION News Service

OCEANSIDE, Calif. [LNS] — David (Ozzie) Osborne, a 20-year-old white marine, is being held captive by Marine Corps and Pentagon officials in the Camp Pendleton brig. He is charged with deserting the Marine Corps in December 1969, for havingsplit to Canada, and having worked with the Canadian left and the American Deserters Committee.

Ozzie was busted by the border pigs in early November while trying to return to the U.S. He is being charged with desertion even though the Marine Corps knows that deserters are people who intend never to return.

Ozzie was a 17 year old enlistee from a poor home in Washington. At one point Ozzie and 15 other brothes split from their company in a mass slave revolt. Mutiny charges were threatened, but since this was around the time of the Presidio 27 the Marine Corps was scared of bad publicity.

Soon after that Ozzie and several other active-duty GIs formed MDM (Movement for a Democratic Military) and put out a newspaper called Attitude Check. As the organization grew, harassment and intimidation came down on Ozzie and others. He left the polluted southern California air to take a breather in Canada. While there Ozzie worked with the American Deserters Committee and other American and Canadian movement groups. After the Cambodia invasion, a group of American exiles and Canadians invaded the U.S. at Blaine, Washington. Ozzie spoke at events surrounding the invasion.

Ozzie will go before a General Court Martial even though his short absence is an offense which normally brings a Special Court Martial and less severe punishment. In fact, when Ozzie returned he was placed in a regular unit with no restrictions until orders came from Washington to throw him in the brig. He is now segregated from the other brig prisoners.

For further information contact: The Green Machine, P.O. Box 1356, Vista, Calif. 92083; phone [714] 726-5086.

## ON LYNCHING

by Ho Chi Minh

LIBERATION News Service

The Black can no longer shout: his tongue has been swollen by a red hot iron. His whole body ripples, trembling, like a half crushed snake. A slash with a knife: one of his ears falls to the ground... Oh! How black he is! How awful! And the ladies tear at his face...

"Light up," shouts someone — "just enough to cook him slowly," adds another.

The Black is roasted, browned, burnt. But he deserves to die twice instead of once. He is therefore hanged or more exactly, what is left of his corpse is hanged. And all those who were not able to help with the cooking applaud now.

Hurrah!

It is not only the Blacks, but also the Whites who dare to defend them, such as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe — author of Uncle Tom's Cabin — who are ill-treated. Elijah Lovejoy was killed. John Brown hanged. Thomas Beach and Stephen Foster were persecuted, attacked and imprisoned. Here is what Foster wrote from prison, "When I look at my damaged limbs, I think that, to hold me, prison will not be necessary for much longer... These last 15 months, their cells have been opened to me four times, 24 times my compatriots have dragged me out of their houses, they have damaged my kidneys once; another time they tried to put me in irons; twice they have made me pay fines; once 10,000 people tried to lynch me, and dealt me 20 blows on my head, arms and back..."

# news

## DEFENSE COMMITTEE FOR THE FUTURE ASSASSIN OF NIXON? - SEATTLE POLICE, SECRET SERVICE AND FBI FREAK OUT

College Press Service  
LIBERATION News Service  
SEATTLE [LNS] - Is it legal to organize a defense fund for a potential assassin of the president of the United States?

That question was posed in Seattle recently when police disclosed the presence of a committee to defend any future presidential assassins. "The American Committee for the Defense of the Accused Assassin of Richard M. Nixon" actually was organized in June by a group of radical students in a Seattle commune, made up largely of high school students.

But its activities did not come to light until last month when advertisements and letters from the group began appearing in underground newspapers in the San Francisco area. The ads also caught the attention of Secret Service and FBI agents who began keeping a close watch on the commune and its nearly 20 members.

One ad that appeared in the Berkeley Barb was prefaced by a photograph of a poster which read: "Nixon in '72." Underneath was a picture of a still-smoking rifle and three spent cartridges. The text which followed said, in part:

*The committee is concerned with assuring that the people get the facts should Nixon be the fifth president to fall by an assassin's bullet. Legal defense should be no problem should Mr. Nixon be assassinated (and no one can deny*

*the possibility in this day and age), so the purpose of the committee shall be to see to it that people hear first-hand reasons for the deed.*

The nature of the ad's illustration was particularly appalling to the Secret Service who must defend the president. Said a Seattle police intelligence officer, "The committee is bordering on a thin line. I personally believe they are encouraging a conspiracy to assassinate the president."

## POPULAR ORGANIZATIONS MUST FIND SOLUTIONS

An interview with Chile's Minister of Family Protection  
by Lucia Sepulveda Ruiz

*"We must break women's passivity to enable them to join in the change and realize that their true liberation will be achieved only within a socialist system, because the capitalist system is guilty of their exploitations," says*

*Carmen Gloria Aguayo, who will become the first woman minister in Chile when she takes office in the new Family Protection Ministry, created when President Salvador Allende took office on November 3.*

SANTIAGO, CHILE [LNS] - "Our first campaign will be on public health, especially about a very serious problem: infantile diarrhea. We have picked out a pilot area in southern Santiago to develop this plan with the public health voluntary workers," reports Aguayo.

Southern Santiago has a high infant mortality rate on account of diarrhea. Inefficient medical care, lack of education of many mothers and the difficult living conditions which characterizes the vast majority of Chilean families have created an emergency situation.

The war in Vietnam has killed 5.6 million people, the most in World War II. Compared with 6.7 percent for World War II, 12.4 percent of all wounded Vietnam Veterans are totally disabled. Commission Report A-100

## The Situation in Mexico

Because major news sources rarely mention such things, few of us are aware of the state of the student movement in Mexico; yet the events of the last two years should be of great interest to most of us. In 1968 there were massive worker-student demonstrations and strikes throughout Mexico; the government retaliated with every means at their disposal, and on October 2, 1968, the army attacked a rally of many thousands at Tlatelolco, killing hundreds and arresting hundreds more, among them many of the leaders of the movement.

Many of these prisoners are just now coming to trial, after up to 2 years in jail. They are "collectively charged" (like our conspiracy charges) with offenses ranging from criminal

## AMERICAN PEOPLE PLEDGE TO WITHDRAW TROOPS FROM VIETNAM ON JUNE 30, 1971

by David Moberg  
LIBERATION News Service

*The people of the United States pledge themselves to force the government to withdraw totally and immediately but finishing no later than June 30, 1971, or by another reasonable date. All U.S. support for the unpopular, oppressive regime of Thieu, Ky and Khiem must be withdrawn and no further U.S. intervention will be tolerated.*

- Peoples' Peace Treaty

CHICAGO, Ill. [LNS] - The Peoples' Peace Treaty was endorsed by representatives of 119 organizations and 12 collectives linked in the NCAWRR (National Coalition Against War, Racism and Repression) at a meeting in Chicago on January 8-10.

The concept of the American people signing a Peoples' Peace Treaty with the Vietnamese was originated when the U.S. rejected the peace offer made by the PRG (Provisional Revolutionary Government) to the Paris peace talks in September, 1970. AS soon as the treaty's conditions are met the Vietnamese pledge to arrange a cease-fire, safety of troops, exchange of prisoners and formation of a broad coalition to supervise democratic elections.

The coalition pledged support to many actions including ratification of the treaty by millions of Americans and work stoppages. Nationwide boycott against Standard Oil - which is involved not only in the Vietnamese war but in the overall foreign policy of the U.S. government - tax resistance, lettuce and A & P grocery store boycotts and support of the National Welfare Rights Organization demand for a guaranteed, minimum national income of \$5500 were also endorsed. There are a variety of actions planned for the spring so as many people as possible can participate. They include legal, peaceful mobilizations for those people like GI's who face special legal harassment.

The non-white caucus and a number of women challenged the NCAWRR commitment to deal with the oppression of women and minority races in America. The coalition included in the preamble to its treaty a clause stating that "in rejecting the war we also reject all forms of racism that discriminate against people on the basis of color, class, sex, national origins, and ethnic groupings which form the past and present politics of the United States government."

NSA (National Student Association) delegates recently returned from Paris, Hanoi and Saigon with the Vietnamese document which is the basis of the treaty. Many organizations, including the NSA, NUC (New University Conference), CRV (Committee of Returned Volunteers), Women's Strike for Peace, Clergy and Laymen Concerned About the War, and the War Resister's League have already begun to circulate the treaty.

The first part of the People's Peace Treaty strategy is a massive campaign against Nixon's propaganda. In a letter to the Chicago conference, the chief PRG representative in Paris, Madam Nguyen Thi Binh, wrote, "At present, President Nixon is always talking peace, but in fact, on his orders, the war has been intensified, the attacks against the Indochinese countries and the supplying of armaments, bombs and shells have increased; and the U.S. government has of late threatened to indulge in new military adventures in North Vietnam." High U.S. political and military advisors are talking seriously and relatively openly about using "tactical" nuclear weapons, which are already stockpiled in East Asia. Even Newsweek wrote in a recent issue that "the process of disengagement from Vietnam promises to be longer, slower and more perilous than in World War II or Korea." (Note: twenty to twenty-five years later U.S. troops are heavily engaged in both areas.)

The dove senators and congressmen have joined with Nixon in creating the illusion that

the war is "winding down" simply because the level of combat soldiers is declining. But the bombing remains intense - estimated at two and one-half Hiroshimas of explosives each week over Indochina - and generals in Vietnam interpret the combat actions needed to protect the support forces of over 200,000 which will remain, as ranging all over the Vietnamese countryside. Only the names have changed - Vietnamization, low profile. The war and government aims of military conquest remain the same.

Reports at the conference by Cynthia Frederick (see LNS #308) and NSA representative Doug Hostetter (see LNS #310), both recently in South Vietnam, indicate a massive increase in political opposition to the United States and to the Thieu-Ky regime from all sectors of the urban population. GI organizers told of the growing opposition in the army - ranging from frequent "fragging" of officers in Vietnam combat zones to increasing resistance on domestic bases.

At a time when the U.S. movement against

the war has dissipated, the Vietnamese are depending even more strongly on our continued efforts to end the war. "Time and time again - (Vietnamese students in Saigon) stressed how important U.S. support is to them," Hostetter said, "even if most Americans don't know they exist."

Young students, workers, GI's and street people are planning a three day conference in Ann Arbor, Michigan, February 5-7. Reports on the Peoples' Peace Treaty, the trip of the NSA delegation to the Vietnamese and the political-military situation in South Vietnam and in the U.S. army will be given. Most of the weekend will be occupied with workshops on the strategy and problems of organizing. More information is available from Student and Youth Conference on a Peoples' Peace, 2226 "M" St., NW, Washington, D.C.

For further information about the Peoples' Peace Treaty, contact the NUC Peoples' Peace Treaty Office, 5 W. 21st St., NYC [212] 924-2469, as well as the Washington, D.C. address listed above.

## news poem

**MOST STORE THEFTS LAID TO EMPLOYEES**  
... Speaking at a session on the concluding day of the annual convention at the New York Hilton Hotel of the National Retail Merchants Association, Delbert L. Wood of Carson Pirie Scott & Co. added, "Most of the big-ticket items that we lose are going to that enemy within."  
Later he told newsmen that shoplifters steal an average \$17 a year from stores but internal thieves are making off with an average of \$1500 a year ...  
NEW YORK TIMES, Jan. 14, 1971

Two way mirror on the wall  
Who is the biggest thief of all?

Not the shopper in the aisle  
Not the burglar, jimmy and file  
Not the cop who steals a peach  
Not the clerk with an easy reach.

Two way mirror on the wall  
Who is the biggest thief of them all?  
The merchant dear (that bourgeois creep)  
Who sells so dear what he buys cheap!

Tuli Kupferberg

## I WAS A PORPOISE FOR THE CIA

LIBERATION News Service  
SAN DIEGO, Calif. [LNS] - "Porpoises sent secretly to Vietnam to aid in intelligence work can retrieve missiles, guide lost divers back home, and distinguish between metals," according to an article in the San Diego Union, the local newspaper.

The Naval Undersea Research and Development Center supervises the porpoise training from San Diego and from Point Jugu, a U.S. naval air missile test center. In a program called "Man-in-the-Sea," a porpoise named Tuffy carried mail, tools and other equipment to aquanauts on signal. Tuffy also recovered a missile cradle worth \$4,700. It was the first time the Navy had ever recovered one.

According to the Union, "Porpoises are being trained to detect enemy frogmen and to attach magnetized wires to torpedoes and missiles lying on the ocean floor. Some day the porpoise may also be trained to penetrate enemy harbors and destroy them."

## FABLE

by Vincent Titus  
typed up by H. Bob Singer

Once a pussycat had sixteen kittens and didn't even get a contract for a television soap opera series.  
MORAL: She was as good as Mrs. Dionne but not so rich.

## TUPAMROS KIDNAP BRITISH AMBASSADOR AND EXECUTE URUGUAYAN POLICEMAN

LIBERATION News Service  
MONTEVIDEO [LNS] - The urban guerilla war in Uruguay has heightened since the start of the new year: the Tupamaros kidnapped the British ambassador to Uruguay, and executed a police detective who worked to undermine the revolutionary organization.

The ambassador, Geoffrey Jackson, is being held along with Claude Fly, an American agronomist, and Brazilian Consul Aloysio Gomide, who were kidnapped five months ago. The Tupes originally said they would release Fly if the government permitted Uruguayan papers to publish the Tupamaro manifesto: the regime has refused to do that, and the Tupes have withdrawn their offer.

The revolutionaries had also demanded a ransom of \$1 million for the release of Gomide; some sources suggest that if the money is not quickly forthcoming, the Tupes will turn Gomide over to a Brazilian revolutionary group.

Jose Leandro Vilalba, the executed detective, was the eleventh Uruguayan policeman killed since 1966. The Tupamaros charge their country's police force, like Brazil's, with using torture to get information, and with ruthlessly carrying out the repressive policies of the government.

Shortly after the kidnapping of Jackson, the government of Uruguayan president Jore Pacheco asked the Congress to suspend all constitutional rights. The regime is also continuing a sweeping army/police dragnet of the country on a futile search for the kidnapped men.

The suspension of rights, if the Congress votes for it, would allow searches without warrants, arrests without charges on the street, night-time raids, and the indefinite imprisonment of detained people.



## Dear Sisters and Brothers,

This is a hard letter for me to begin. I wanted to thank the people throughout the country whose support during the Seattle Conspiracy trial was such a source of strength to us. But the gratitude is mixed with feelings of apology and foolishness because I know that much of the aid we received was in spite of ourselves. Well before the trial began, numbers of women pointed out that the failure of the male defendants to take the issue of male chauvinism seriously, as evidenced by our practice in Seattle, called into question our right to expect any support at all.

Still, once the trial began, the validity of the criticisms notwithstanding, most people were willing to help us. But it was clear that much of the support was 'on credit' and that the question of our position in the movement remained unsettled. The experiences of the past month, first in the courtroom and now at Terminal Island, have reaffirmed my feelings of personal failures as well as convinced me of the necessity of men actively struggling to eliminate chauvinism if they hope to see real change or call themselves revolutionaries. Hopefully, sharing these experiences will be of some help to other brothers in beginning to evaluate and change the way we have been living.

At the start of the trial we made the familiar mistake of thinking that it was somehow separate from 'women's liberation,' but we soon saw the error. Chauvinism was everywhere.

"Now, little lady, justice is a VERY difficult subject, perhaps you'd better consult your lawyers before speaking up." Judge Boldt chuckled benignly to Susan Stern, the woman defendant.

The stifling procedures of the court put me in a constant fury, but any attempt to point out this 'civilized' form of railroad was treated as an 'irrational outburst.' I thought about similar 'irrational' behavior of women confronting men about chauvinism and I remember my own response — "Well, sure I think it's important but don't blow up about it — I'm listening." How was that different from the Judge's "I know you young people are very committed, but we have certain rules of behavior"? I began to get a taste of the stifling and dehumanizing structures that women confront daily. But only a taste. Even fascists play favorites with men. While the men were allowed some leeway in what we could say, and were paid some attention to, the Judge alternately ignored or cut short the lone woman defendant.

The final straw came when Susan got up to explain why we felt that the Judge's declaration had been unfair. I was reduced to the 'lackey of capitalism' level. Susan, in contrast, spoke quietly and beautifully about why necessity has forced more and more people to become revolutionaries. The judge was enraged. He had suffered a Nazi flag to be presented to him by the men, but the calm voice of this woman, so clearly representing everything he could never be, broke him.

"Stop this diatribe!" he shouted, signalling to the 30 marshalls who moved in with fists and blackjacks flying. With 'order' thus restored this champion of justice — citing 'divine inspiration' — handed out another six months for contempt.

The sad results of chauvinism are even more apparent in jail. Here is manifested in a style of indifference coupled with 'bravado' which most inmates adopt to 'get through.' But this macho only serves as a flashy strait-jacket that keeps the men from what they need most — human contact and community, for attitudes like this only allow people to be viewed in stereotypes (other men are hard asses or punks; women are Virgin Mary types or whores). The reason for this is understandable — when people are hurt, afraid or alone, they tend to fall back on old patterns, even if those patterns tend to reinforce the feelings of isolation.

All the ugliness and poignancy of the situation came out during the Christmas 'festivities' when we were treated to two movies. The first was *Zabriskie Point*, which aroused little response until the mass love scene in the desert. The audience went wild. Loud hoots greeted every exposed breast or hip. The only 'acceptable' way to show emotion here is at the stag show level.

This response is partially due to the prisoners' worry about their 'manhood.' Toughness becomes more pronounced. Fear precludes a show of companionship other than the 'Howzitgoin Buddy?' slap on the back. No one wants to risk being called a 'punk' or a 'sissy.' The homosexual encounters follow the same prevailing dominant-submissive roles they are bombarded with from the outside. (The media — bad by any standard — is particularly harmful in jail because with real contact so limited, it is the main bridge to the outside. The chauvinism it portrays is so all-pervasive, so blatant, that one begins to realize how deeply rooted it is in our culture. The black revolution has at least forced the money

man to treat blacks with a minor degree of sophistication, but they continue to deal with women on the Amos 'n Andy level — the confused but 'endearing' housewife etc.)

The prevailing attitude of 'cool' suits the prison officials fine since the resulting fractionalization undermines the possibility of collective opposition to oppression. In fact, individual — thus futile — opposition is the logical result of macho, as our second Christmas treat, *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here*, made clear. The plot — the story of an Indian running from a posse — reaches its climax when Willie's 'girl' says, "It's hopeless — that they'll be killed." To which Willie replies, "Well, at least they'll know I was here," and drags her off into the desert. In essence the story is the same as *Cool Hand Luke* ("sometimes no hand is a cool hand") and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. The heroes are charming rebels who defy authority in some fairly irrelevant way and then take their licks with a grin. Unfortunately, the heroes' 'charm' always seems to lead them to brutalizing women, the only people they ever have any real power over. The message is clear: you can't beat THE MAN but you sure as hell can whip some woman.

Man's acceptance of the Butch Cassidy mentality will get him nowhere. It can be channeled into 'beating the system' rather than changing it, as with some of Butch's less charming successors like Al Capone. Or you may choose to fight this in an individual and irrelevant way which may give some existential satisfaction but no real hope of victory. Most rebel prisoners follow one or the other path — either screwing each other for what little is available or limiting themselves to petty but extremely dangerous sabotage.

None of this is meant to imply, by the way, that the attitudes which bolster chauvinism are fundamentally different in jail or on the screen than in the 'real' world — only that they are more blatant. No man on the outside should feel smug — that this doesn't apply — for just as black liberation struggles revealed the essential unity of the Maddoxes and the Kennedys, so our sisters will be able to reveal chauvinism even when it hides behind a veil of 'enlightenment.' In fact there is no easy way. Women have already decided and our 'acknowledgement' or 'sympathy' is about as useful as Falstaff's hilltop toasts to his comrades dying in battle in the fields below. Either we show ACTIVE support of our sisters or we act as saboteur.

But there are still plenty of well-worn cloaks — dyed the appropriate red — that men might continue to try and hide under.

"But what about the Vietnamese? What about the blacks?" PRIORITIES (how I loved to use that word)!

But the truth is that there is no dichotomy between fighting imperialism and women's liberation; there is no dichotomy between supporting black liberation and supporting our sisters. The dichotomy is between chauvinism and revolution. Facing this is a first step towards building a socialist movement since it gets to the heart of the alienation in all facets of social relationships, which is the hallmark of monopoly capitalism.

Chauvinism is a buttress on which the system rests. In many ways it functions like the 'trustee system' in prisons. Certain prisoners are singled out as 'trustees' and given privileges — better food, more outside contact, etc. — in return for helping the officials see that things run smoothly. These people have a great deal of sway over the other inmates, who must depend on their good-will if they want any favors. If a trustee doesn't like you, you're in for a rough time. Thus, while he has no power vis-a-vis his oppressor, the trustee does have the power to oppress those 'beneath him.'

The parallels between this and prevailing male-female relationships are obvious. Men are given certain benefits and power over another group (women) in return for not rocking the boat. Women, like the average inmate, are kept in a position of dependence because economic regards are distributed through men.

But, one might counter, both men and women — just as both trustee and inmate — are all prisoners of the larger system. Certainly, it's that system, not man or trustee who are the real enemy! This 'real enemy' theory conveniently overlooks something. While it is true that men and trustees are oppressed as students, as prisoners, as workers, as people, they are NOT oppressed AS MEN or AS TRUSTEES for being a 'man' or a 'trustee' — as present standards define it to mean that one becomes part and supporter of the system in return for the privilege of limited power.

Here the Old Wooden Marxist (rather than raise him to the level of God we might keep in mind that Karl, like his heavenly father before him, was thoroughly chauvinist — perhaps we have need to develop Marxist-Feminism?) might shout out "false privilege."

Yes, in the ultimate sense the privilege comes with strings attached, but for the time being, things like extra visitors for prisoners and the right to use your abilities for more than typing for women mean a lot. If these privileges are so meaningless, why is it that the ones who point this out are the ones who enjoy them? And why, then, can't they just throw these trifles aside? The reason is simple: they aren't trifles, and it's only when realized that they've made Faust's bargain by taking them that they will be given up. Only when men realize that women's liberation is a pre-condition to human liberation will we begin to move.

To clarify why women's liberation must come first, return to the prison analogy. Suppose the trustees and inmates got together to fight for better conditions. They have two options — they can demand better conditions without seeking to change the inequality between the two groups, or they can demand better and equal conditions. The first path (which American labor followed with such disastrous results) might win some limited improvement, but by maintaining the relative privilege of one group, it insures that the degree of unity necessary to bring about fundamental change will never be achieved. It should be obvious that women have continually been asked to accept this first route. In fact, often they aren't offered anything for their struggles — "Join us now, then later..."

But I'm getting redundant. The question is really simple: whether we are willing to redefine what a 'man' is in order to find our humanity. Our sisters have pointed to the enemy within and without us and they will have no more. They intend to claim themselves and we can do the same if we are willing to follow.

All power to the people who love their sisters and brothers and fight the real enemy — whoever it is.

Love,  
Chip Marshall

This is the translation of an article that appeared in OGGI, one of the most conservative and widely circulated Italian weekly magazines.

Carol was with The Living Theatre, she was a sister, a lover and a witch.

Gianfranco Mantegna

"I'm innocent, they have to let me out of here. I'm not an addict, it's all a frame-up . . . I'm innocent and I'm not insane, but if I'm held in an insane asylum much longer, I'll really go crazy . . ."

The speaker is William Berger, 42 years old, a Ph.D. in engineering, but better known as the American star of a number of Italian-made Westerns. For almost six months he has been locked up in the Criminal Mental Hospital of Napoli, allegedly for possession of narcotics. According to Berger's lawyers, this charge has never been explained to the prisoner, who has never even been questioned by the police.

But Berger's tragedy does not end here: he has also lost his wife Carol. She was arrested with him and committed to an adjoining women's institution where she died mysteriously last November. William and Carol Berger were victims of a massive anti-dope operation undertaken last August when about 300 policemen raided and searched a number of houses, villas and night spots around Positano, an artists' colony south of Naples. Fourteen people were arrested: American, English, German and

French citizens, mostly film-makers and actors; all of them were committed to mental institutions when a local doctor, awakened from sleep following the late-night raids, pronounced them "intoxicated by narcotic substances" (a diagnosis offered hastily and without benefit of examinations). It must be noted here that there are two categories of mental institutions in Italy: one is for confinement of "normal" madmen; the second is for the detection of the criminally insane before and after sentencing. The fourteen arrested were all placed in institutions of the second category.

Once committed, Berger immediately asked for a complete medical and psychiatric examination, including a blood test to prove that he was not an addict. His request was granted by the hospital's medical director, Doctor Guiseppe Rosapepe. The result of the examination was negative, and this information was sent to the local magistrate in charge of the inquiry. This official refused to acknowledge it and ordered another examination, selecting other "experts" and giving them three months to come up with another report. Like Berger, the others arrested were also examined and found not to be drug addicts, and they were freed for lack of evidence immediately after the death of Carol. All except Berger, who is still incarcerated with rapists, demented murderers, catatonics in a mute

and motionless trance, and restless schizophrenics uttering 180 words a minute until they collapse.

Two lawyers, Tammaro from Naples and Pirongelli of Rome, are fighting to have Berger released before he, too, goes insane. What is the exact charge against Bill Berger? Half a gram of hashish [about 1/56th of an ounce] found in an antique tobacco box when the Bergers' villa was raided on the night of August 5th. That night the police had surrounded the villa, then rushed in to find Carol and Bill and several guests drinking wine and listening to rock music. Berger insists that he does not know to whom the box and its contents belonged, and had never seen them prior to the raid. The police search party claims to have found it in one of the villa's fourteen rooms. Berger's problems would have been solved had he told the authorities that the box belonged to his wife, since under Italian law, the death of the guilty extinguishes the offense(!). But he could not bring himself to do that.

Mrs. Mathilde Berger, the 72 year old mother of the prisoner, came to Italy to try to help her son. "My Willi, he never lies and he never will," she affirms. "He has the same name as his father who was director of the Medical Clinic of the University of Graz (Austria); in order not to lie to the Nazis, my husband left his country and went to America." Mrs. Berger, a widow, now lives in Vermont with her daughter

and two granddaughters.

Thanks to the defense lawyers, I was able to talk to Berger and get his version of the events:

"In November of 1968 my wife Carol underwent a hystorectomy operation in New York. She had a uterine tumor, but the operation was successful and there was no danger of further complications. Every six months she had a check-up, anyway, and except for an earlier bout with hepatitis, she was fine. In October of 1969 we decided to move to Italy, and we rented the villa near Positano . . . fourteen rooms between the sea and the sky, 300 steps from the beach. There was a small pool and a garden for our animals: a dog, four cats and forty rabbits.

"Carol continued to have her liver cured from the hepatitis with the help of the village doctor, and she had to have injections of liver extract regularly. Her medicines and a syringe were seized during the raid on August 5th, when 30 plainclothesmen searched our house for five hours. The medicine and syringe were handed over to the magistrate along with a small bag of flour and the mysterious box with the half-gram of hash. I begged the police not to deprive Carol of her medicine, and I begged them to let her see her own physician who had been treating her, but this was all in vain.

"After a few days in the Pozzuoli Insane Asylum she became ill and asked to be moved to a private clinic, under police surveillance. Nothing. After three weeks she had already lost nine pounds. She asked to be sent at least to the infirmary in order to get away from the other insane women. That request was also refused. On October 2nd she was taken

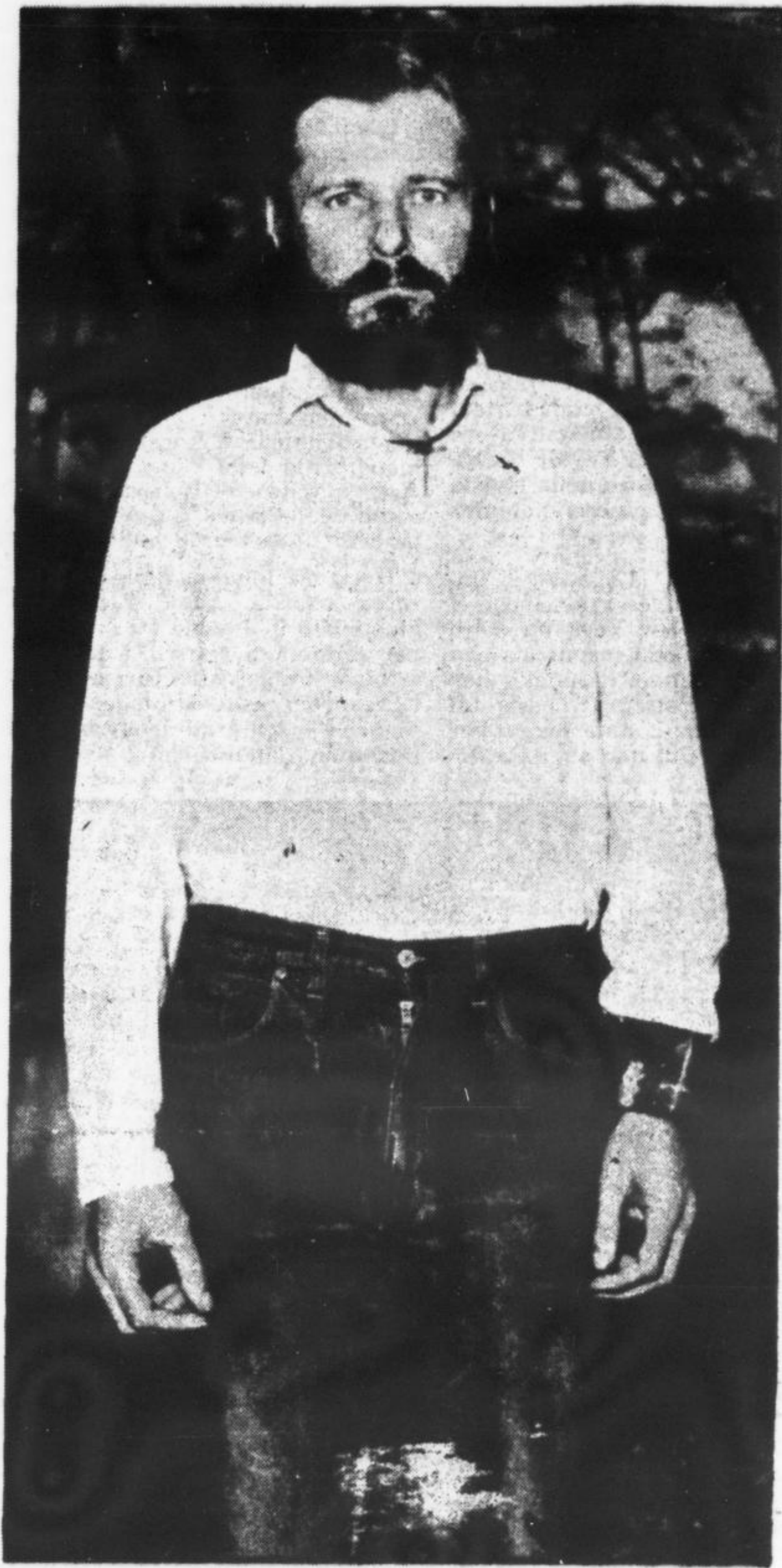
to the infirmary, then moved to an hospital where the doctors' diagnosis was typhoid fever. Then shortly after that they operated on her abdomen, and thought that she might have had peritonitis. Later, after she died, the autopsy excluded the typhoid infection as the cause of death, and it also definitely negated the rumor that 'her insides were completely destroyed by narcotics,' which was what the police leaked to all the Italian newspapers. The official autopsy finding was cardiac collapse, whatever that means.

"Before she died, I was allowed to see her for only five minutes. I was handcuffed and we were guarded by two carabinieri. She was already in coma. It was an extremely cold room and all she had on was a nightgown. Her arms were very thin and they were all bruised. I refused to go to her funeral because I would have had to follow the casket wearing handcuffs. Now I've been committed to an asylum because I'm evidently guilty of not knowing there was half a gram of hash in my house. I did not even know some of my guests that night."

Both of Berger's lawyers see his story as truly Kafkaesque. All examinations taken have proved that Berger was not under the influence of any narcotic, yet he has not been released. The charge of drug addiction is invalid, so all that remains is the presumed possession of the half gram of hashish. I stress the word "presumed", because no charge was ever pressed . . . nor has he ever been questioned.

Salvatore Maffei

# ITALIAN TRAGEDY



## DEMONSTRATION

### THURS. JAN. 28 12.30 pm

ITALIAN CONSULATE: 600 MADISON AVE.



by JACKIE FRIEDRICH

## FASCIST FOLLIES

Wed. Jan. 13

Before court began, D.A. Phillips brought out some more dirty laundry. It seems that Sandy Katz's photos of Joan had not been taken by a police captain, so Phillips took the opportunity to throw a tantrum. Sandy said, yes, he had made a mistake, the pictures had been taken on Jan. 19 by someone in the Women's House of Detention. Sandy reminded the court that no harm had been done as the pictures had not been offered into evidence and the statement about the pictures having been taken by a police captain had not been made in the presence of the jury.

But Phillips was still hysterical and said that that kind of thing "happens repeatedly in this trial. Catch 'em in one thing and they do something else."

When the defense tried to respond to that ridiculous aspersion, Murtagh told them they would have to do it in writing.

Roland McKenzie took the stand again. He said that from 10:30 - 3 AM (Jan. 17-18) he had not been in Joan's immediate presence and did not speak to her. He said that he only saw Det. Watson talking to her. However in pre-trial he testified that there were many detectives constantly around Joan, probably questioning her. He said there were times that night he didn't see her at all and did not know where she was or what was being done to her. Did he recall, sometime before 3AM, taking Joan into a private room, closing the door, punching and kicking and cursing at her? No. Did he enjoy beating people? No. Did he enjoy beating women? No. Did he get a kick out of it? No.

He said he next saw Joan at 9 PM the night of Jan. 18 at her arraignment. She had been kept for over 24 hours.

McKenzie had brought in the cover to his memo book and his summons' book, but he now said that he hadn't put the summons book in the summons pouch that had allegedly been shot through. Yesterday, he had said the memo book, its cover, the

summons book had all been in the summons pouch and he had checked them all out for bullet marks and had not found any.

Bob Bloom wanted to know how far Burns and Weems were from the two officers when they allegedly started shooting, so he approached McKenzie, asking him to tell him to stop when Bob got within the alleged distance. When Bob stopped, he and McKenzie were within arms reach of each other. If any shoot out happened at all (no bullets were found except those of the police, neither the officers nor their cars were hit by any bullets), it is insane for Phillips to ask us to believe that two men who couldn't hit a target two feet away from them, would attempt to shoot a rifle with no telescopic scope and only three or four bullets from Harlem to the Bronx, to pick off police.

Since the Dodge Dart had bullet holes through the windows, surrounded by shattered glass, Bob Bloom asked McKenzie if he had been careful taking Joan from the car so that she would not get cut. McKenzie had no answer.

Afeni got up to cross examine McKenzie, asking him what had been his purpose of PULLING Joan out of the car. He replied, because she was in it. Did it occur to him to ask? No, why? It just didn't. Asking her did not occur to him, yet he now wants us to believe he didn't hit her? No answer. When was Joan placed under arrest? The following morning. When he pulled her out of the car, McKenzie didn't tell her she was under arrest? No, he NEVER told her she was under arrest. Was the area Joan was arrested in under Martial Law? No. So her human rights had been suspended? Well, any person who shot at him was insane and should have their human rights suspended. Have there been any civilian complaints against McKenzie? No. What about Joan Bird's complaint? McKenzie said he didn't know of that.

Det. Elmer Watson from the 24th precinct, took the stand. He had been called down to the 24th precinct to question Joan. He said that Joan said she wanted to talk and when asked if she knew her rights, said, "I know more about my rights than you do. That's the problem with this country, people don't know their rights." His tale continued like Aesop's fables complete with a moral. Watson went on to say that Joan eventually called

him 'Scotty', his nickname. Joan did not want a lawyer and said that she'd hurt her eye in the car. She told him she was a Black Panther and a nursing student at Bronx Community College. She went to a party where she met Burns. She had previously lied to the police because she was afraid that if she cooperated with the police, the blood of her family would be spilled. She was worried about what her family would think and thought they wouldn't understand. At the BPP she had been taking courses in guerilla warfare and revolution and said she thought that the barrel of the gun was power. She had been chosen to prove herself as a Panther. The BPP had chapters all over the country trained in guerilla warfare. Kunstler was their legal adviser. That night she had gone to a party at Rockland Palace and had been asked to drive a car, to go home and wait until she was contacted. Burns came to her house and they, with Weems, drove to that spot off the Harlem River Drive. Burns and Weems had handguns. Watson then went into the same story as the patrolmen about what ensued and then said Joan had given him an address in 119th street where Burns and Weems might be, adding to be careful, as they were armed and dangerous. She cried several times, worried about her mothers' reaction. Watson said that when Mrs. Bird arrived, he tried to calm her down, but she said she had noticed that something had been wrong with Joan for the past several months — her clothes were bad, her friends were bad, she was saying bad things . . .

Murtagh asked if the defense had any objections, but Sandy Katz said, "He can finish his story." (Mrs Bird was sitting behind me during this, laughing out of exasperation at these bold faced lies.)

Watson went on to say that Mrs Bird said Joan had disgraced the family and when she saw Joan, tried to swing at her, but he, Watson, intervened. At the end, Watson said he asked Joan how she felt, and she said, better, as if she had gotten it off her chest. She asked what would happen to her and if she would be able to go back to nursing school.

Through all of this, Watson made no notes and said the precinct had no tape recorder.

Sandy Katz moved for a mistrial as Watson's testimony had been in violation of Joan's Miranda rights. The motion was denied.

When he got to the 34th precinct, Watson asked if Joan had been cooperative. She hadn't, she wouldn't talk. Yet, according to Watson's

testimony, she immediately responded to his first question. Could Watson tell the jury the secret of his charm? Murtagh told Sandy to cut the sarcasm. Watson felt he had special expertise in interrogating people and felt he knew blacks because he had worked in Harlem and in narcotics cases for years.

Watson said that Joan was scared and frightened and cried at times. He never had Joan sign a statement, nor did he call in a D.A. to hear this alleged confession. Even though Joan called him a pig, Watson said he had been fascinated by her story. Watson said it was not true that Joan had cried because McKenzie had her alone in a room and had beaten her, and it was only after that that he, Watson, had come on to her.

He said that he spoke to D.A. Ehrenwald the next day, and that Joan wanted to cooperate and Mr and Mrs Bird wanted to cooperate.

Thurs. Jan. 14

Det. Watson took the stand again. Joan allegedly had said that if she cooperated with the police, her blood and the blood of her family would be spilt, and then allegedly said she was a Black Panther, and after THAT allegedly made a confession. He asked the beliefs of the BPP and reported them in court to be to overthrow the U.S. government. Watson said Joan did not mention the ten point program. He insisted that his story was not a lie and that he and Joan had become friendly. If this confession were true, it would seem that Watson had uncovered a conspiracy, yet he took no notes, asked about no dates, and gave up after an feeble attempt to get a tape recorder. Also Captain Wallis, another man from BOSS who is heavily implicated at the head of the real conspiracy, was in the station house all this time. Watson apparently did not speak to him. And he also said that he did not speak to patrolmen Scorzello and McKenzie, the two who claimed to have been shot at. In this court Watson said that Joan had not asked him to stay with her. In pre-trial he testified that she had. He said he did not know what Sandy Katz meant when Sandy asked him if he was playing nice guy and Joan wanted him to stay with her because she was afraid her life her life was in danger with those like McKenzie around.

Bob Bloom started to go into Watson's shady past, but the court would not allow him to proceed. It seems Watson had been in a very elite area of the detective squad (Special Investigation Unit) but after one large narcotics bust, involving Hollywood Harry, Watson had been demoted. Watson of course, said that he did not destroy tapes in that case,

and said he knew nothing about subsequent hearings — even though the decision of the case had been reversed.

Phillips later tried to rehabilitate Watson by having the witness talk about a medal he had been given by Mayor Lindsay.

There was no court on Monday or Tuesday because of the police strike. There are so many security guards in the courtroom that they have to be taken from other courtrooms, who then have to use cops. Then there is a whole troop of pigs in a secret room behind the secret panels of the courtroom. Then some of Phillips' top witnesses, who are detectives, had to take regular patrol duty. So court was adjourned for two days. So on Wednesday, the corrections department seemed to be having a sympathy slow down, and did not bring the defendants from Rikers until it was time for the afternoon session.

Wed. Jan 20

Detective Mercado, from the 34th precinct who had been on night duty on the night of Jan. 17, 1969, He had gone to the 'scene of the crime' and said he found a revolver in the bushes and some empty shells in the revolver. He then said that back at the station house, he had seen Mrs. Bird try to strike Joan with her pocketbook. Later the next day Joan and her mother were allegedly taken down to 100 Centre Street because Joan was wanted as a material witness. They prepared papers for her, but then the call came in that Joan was to be a co-defendant and was under arrest.

Before a brief recess Jerry Lefcourt tried to get a hearing on bail, since Murtagh had ignored all previous applications. But Murtagh continued his retreat from the courtroom, and as he did so, motioned to the court stenographer, so his refusal to hear any and all pleas would not appear on the record.

Det. Mercado said that he returned to the 'scene of the crime' on March. 6 1969, to dig up an area of nine to twelve feet to look for bullets. They couldn't find any, so he and a 'brother' officer shot into the ground to see how far down their bullets would go. They found Mercado's bullets, but not the others. No bullets were found except police bullets and no fingerprints were found on the revolver seized from the bushes.

Mercado admitted that it was not often that a detective came from another precinct to question someone, as Watson had done to question Joan. He said that he did not remember being told to leave the precinct through the back door because there were photographers outside and the police did not want them to get pictures of Joan's face.



# RESOLVING THE CONTRADICTIONS OF SAMI KLEIN

BY BOB COLLIER/PANTHER 21

Unreliable allies are more dangerous than consistant enemies, and such contradictory criticism as espoused by Sami Klein compels us to reply analytically to this confusion. The quick negative response to the Weather Bureau's Communique is a revelation of misunderstanding and apparent opportunistic sentiments.

1. It is doubtful that Regis Debray could practically mastermind the theory of Guerilla Warfare Focos in 41 days. It is even more doubtful that Regis Debray, an armchair revolutionary (your term), could teach Che a theory which had already been experienced and authored by Che himself. The expose you speak of was none other than a political smokescreen by the Bolivian government, directed by the U.S. government, to try to diminish Che's image in the hearts, minds and eyes of the world revolutionary movement.

2. As Fidel, Raul and Che agree, it takes the small motor to start the big motor. Here again Sami Klein's seeming sigh of relief that the Weatherman line is to be altered reveals the true nature of a liberal-reactionary individual. It is plain to see that the critic does not know the difference between armed propaganda within urban environment, movie warfare employing guerilla tactics and guerilla warfare.

3. The comparison of the Bolivian situation with Amerikkka is hardly valid. The political, social and economic situations are quite distinct. Bolivia is ruled by the U.S. due to economic manipulation; is ruled by the U.S. politically due to unilateral and multi-lateral treaties and agreements (O.A.S.) which afford arms and "technical advisers" (Green Berets) imposed upon it; and socially ruled by the U.S. according to the whims of investment capital which denies development of any competitive industry or institutions which will deprive U.S. private business control over the Bolivian markets. Hence the concern for expanding LAFTA (Latin American Free Trade Association) which will increase the select open door policy in Latin America.

4. All movements have their hard times, it is not a tea party. The pressure exerted by the Weathermen along with the substantial dissatisfaction of much of the U.S. population has had significant influence upon the Foreign Policy regarding the Vietnam War. The people of the U.S. were and are very aware of the reasons for the revolutionary acts delivered against the establishment.

5. The catalysing process is taking place as evidenced by the cumulative effects increasing throughout the nation. The attack on the news media to diminish its reports on armed revolutionary political activities so as to minimize the influence upon certain population segments reveals clearly that response is becoming widespread and intense. There is no set time in which to turn on the

"larger revolution" which is very naive or immature of you to imply, Sami Klein. Revolution is a creative process which is measured only in its culmination, success and results.

6. To submit to Hedonism and its inimical attitude is counter-revolutionary in principle. The sole reason for the world wide U.S. devastation is to provide Hedonistic aspirations to the youth and the population. But the selfish attitude which accompanies this provision (Hedonism or pleasure seeking) is the divisive ideology maintained in racist institutions and among the multi-ethnic populace. We see here the guarantee that unity will be diverted and frustrated while the elite retain their control of and over the behaviour patterns, salaries, employment, education, medicine, science, and other NEEDS about which a UNIFIED COOPERATIVE people would not have to worry.

7. Either conscious or unconscious racism pours out of this concern for "Kent, Augusta, Jackson" murcer incidents. It is well known that neither Augusta or Jackson received any small attention until it was COUPLED WITH KENT STATE.

8. Whatever is meant by the "vanguard" by your definition is unimportant and irrelevant. A nation of people acknowledge their own vanguard and until a National Liberation Front becomes all encompassing and representatave then we must continue to develop and build a people's movement.

9. Instead of such self-righteous suggestion as to mobilizing against the liquidation of Panthers and the bombing of Vietnam, it should be quite clear that it should never have ceased - if this is what is implied. In fact if it must be taken to a politico-military level as was done by the Weathermen, Sami Klein, would be more effective supplementing these comrades with the very mobilization suggested in their various forms.

It is apparant that Sami Klein wishes to write flowery articles and deny the reality of revolutionary truth. To try to discourage and dissolve the revolutiony development only proplogs the inevitable conflict among classes and the individual. It also prolongs the misery which is imposed upon the Third World people. We must not integrate political militarism into the cultural revolution or the rest of the movement, instead we must direct the movements to merge and supplement each other. This is the true strategy for a very effective instrument of revolutionary change in the U.S. and maybe, in the world. Consequently the very conditions which motivate a revolutionary movement against corrupt government and its repression automatically legitimises its existance. The correctness of its principles will determine the validity of its legitimacy in the hearts of the people. When you dare to struggle - then you dare to win.

"Develop correct Revolutionary principles, guide the people and destroy the corrupt system."

## OPEN LETTER TO A.J. WEBERMAN FROM ONE-LEGGED TERRY, WEBERMANOLOGIST, MINISTER OF DEFENSE, POET'S DEFENSE LEAGUE



Hey Weberman, Hey Weberman  
How can you be so blind?  
Delineate, evaluate  
Our singing prophet's mind  
You change the words right into turds  
You really are a drag  
Now the songs been masked  
To corn-beef hash  
In A.J.'s "current bag."

You're a super groupie media freak  
An' your fame is now secure  
You hunted down the tambourine  
Long will your name endure.  
The swirling ships won't make these trips  
The bright new days won't dawn  
When its all been filed indexed, compiled  
Then truth's whole cloth gets torn.

Your message is to off the pig  
And give the poor his bread  
But if he don't move fast enough  
You'll deal with him instead.  
You'll mount patrols outside his door  
And in his garbage can  
He'll not escape the psychic rape  
of A.J. Weberman

Like Dean Valdean you got your man  
And tracked him to his lair  
Forget his life his kids his wife  
You got him by the hair  
You brought the mob up to his door  
to realize his dream.  
Please don't grind his soul to sausage meat in  
Weberman's machine.

To the tune of "Dunderbeck's Machine"



Hey A.J. Weberman I wrote a song for you. I see your "current bag" is to get famous off Bob Dylan who you say is your enemy because of his inaction in executing your political instructions.

Re: John Sinclair - I know what I'm talking about man, because I was there. When Bob asked my about Sinclair, I did



this rap about the White Panthers and it was I who suggested the song about political prisoners.

"Yeah but about all political prisoners" was Bob's comment. You did not say, "I want some action now!" - you said that later to me, remember? Of course your object is to extort Dylan into moving in your direction politically. ("I wasn't ready for an illegal demo - yet") or else...? Where is that at, man?

This letter isn't to put you down, Allen, I've been your friend for a long time and I like you, you're a good guy. It's directed to your obsession and the people who share it in any way to whatever degree. "Bring back the old Dylan" you cry like some disgruntled Joe Franklin groupie.

You're mad at this cat who laid down some universal truths to a whole generation, who pointed out all the shit and oppression coming down on all of us until everyone began to see it also. Your mad at this cat because he opened your eyes and now you want him to take you by the hand and lead you to the promised land. HE IS NOT THE ENEMY ALLEN.

There is no old Dylan. Those songs are still there for anybody who cares to turn on and listen. Bobby Seale in his book "Seize the Time" in the section about Huey's life called "Picking up the gun" has a chapter titled "Huey Digs Bob Dylan." Are you hip to Brother Bobby Seale's book, man? Did you read what he had to say about your enemy? "These brothers would get halfway high, loaded on something, and they would sit down and play this record over and over and over, especially after they began to hear Huey P. Newton interpret that record. They'd be trying to relate and understand about what was going on, because old Bobby did society a big favor when he made that particular sound. If there's any more he made that I don't understand, I'll just ask Huey P. Newton to interpret them for us and maybe we can get a hell of a lot more out of Brother Bobby Dylan, because old Bobby - he did a good job on that set." Just before that Bobby mentions that Brother Stokely Carmichael also liked that record. Do you understand what I'm trying to tell you, Allen? A poem relates to every human being and each man gets to interpret for himself and reach his own understanding.

"Better use your sense, take what you have gathered from coincidence."

The Weatherman Underground seems to be into Dylan also. Their latest communique is called New Morning - Changing Weather. Charlie Manson is into the Beatles I hear.

My point is that anyone can interpret symbols. The job of the artist is to create art. The job of the revolutionary is to make revolution. You say you're a cultural revolutionary. Ok, man, write a song then or make a movie or something maybe you could interview Huey P. Newton. Leave Dylan alone and let him write his own songs. "Take your empty handed army and go home." You and anyone else who knows what Dylan's next song should be ought to write it himself.

Free A.J. Weberman!  
All Power to the People  
One-Legged Terry

Vito Needs Witnesses

Dear EVO:

I'm writing this letter because a friend of mine told me you would publish it in an attempt to help me locate the people that were with me the night of SunShine's murder so they can testify at my trial. Because the DA and other pigs will probably read this letter there isn't much information I can give as far as what happened the night of SunShine's death, but that's not important for the people that were with me that night because they know who they are and I wouldn't want the pigs to hassle them before the trial. I will say that I'm not guilty but without the help of these people I will probably get convicted and sent away for life. To avoid this I have to prove that I did not kill SunShine, that I did not tell the guy who did it to kill SunShine, and I can't do this without these people to help by testifying at my trial. So all I can say is, will the people that were with me that night please contact my lawyer (Alan Salzman, 212-349-1980) and he will explain the rest.

Sincerely,  
Vito Of The Pagans



Billets-Doux

(Keep those billets comin' mes amis)

(and keep up your doux)



Dear EVO:

The *Earth Kit*, originally a twenty page mimeographed handbook for environmental activists, has evolved into a quarterly magazine. It is published by Environment!, a New York-based ecology action group.

In publishing *Earth Kit*, we seek to fill some of the need for background information on the environmental problems which threaten to engulf us all. The new magazine is written and edited by people directly involved in the fight to prevent eco-catastrophe. The article on Con Ed's Astoria Plant explodes some of the myths behind statements from both Con Ed and the New York City administration. "SST: The Super Sonice Transport" thoroughly presents the arguments against that environmental menace. The section on "Giving Earth a Chance" suggest ways in which the individual can develop an ecologically sounder life style. Other articles include a report on endangered species and a bibliography of books, films and publications on the ecological crisis.

The sixty page *Earth Kit* volume 2 (now printed rather than mimeographed) will be available from this office as of Monday, January 18. The price: \$1.50. A one year subscription is available for \$10. The price of the subscription includes a donation to Environment!

*Earth Kit* is published as a service to the general public, not as a money-making enterprise. Any profit will be used to further the anti-pollution activities of this organization.

Peace Thru Action,  
Steve Askin

Dear EVO:

Environment Mobilization Fund would like you to make an announcement concerning our recycling storefront. The storefront is located at 751 W. 50 St. on 10 Avenue. It will only be opened on Saturdays between 11AM and 4PM. We will be recycling: aluminum, glass, bi-metal cans, newspapers, corrugated cardboard, rags and old clothes.

Thank you.

Sincerely,  
Robert Weintraub  
for Environment Mobilization Fund  
150 Fifth Avenue  
New York City 10011



Re-Cycle EVO?

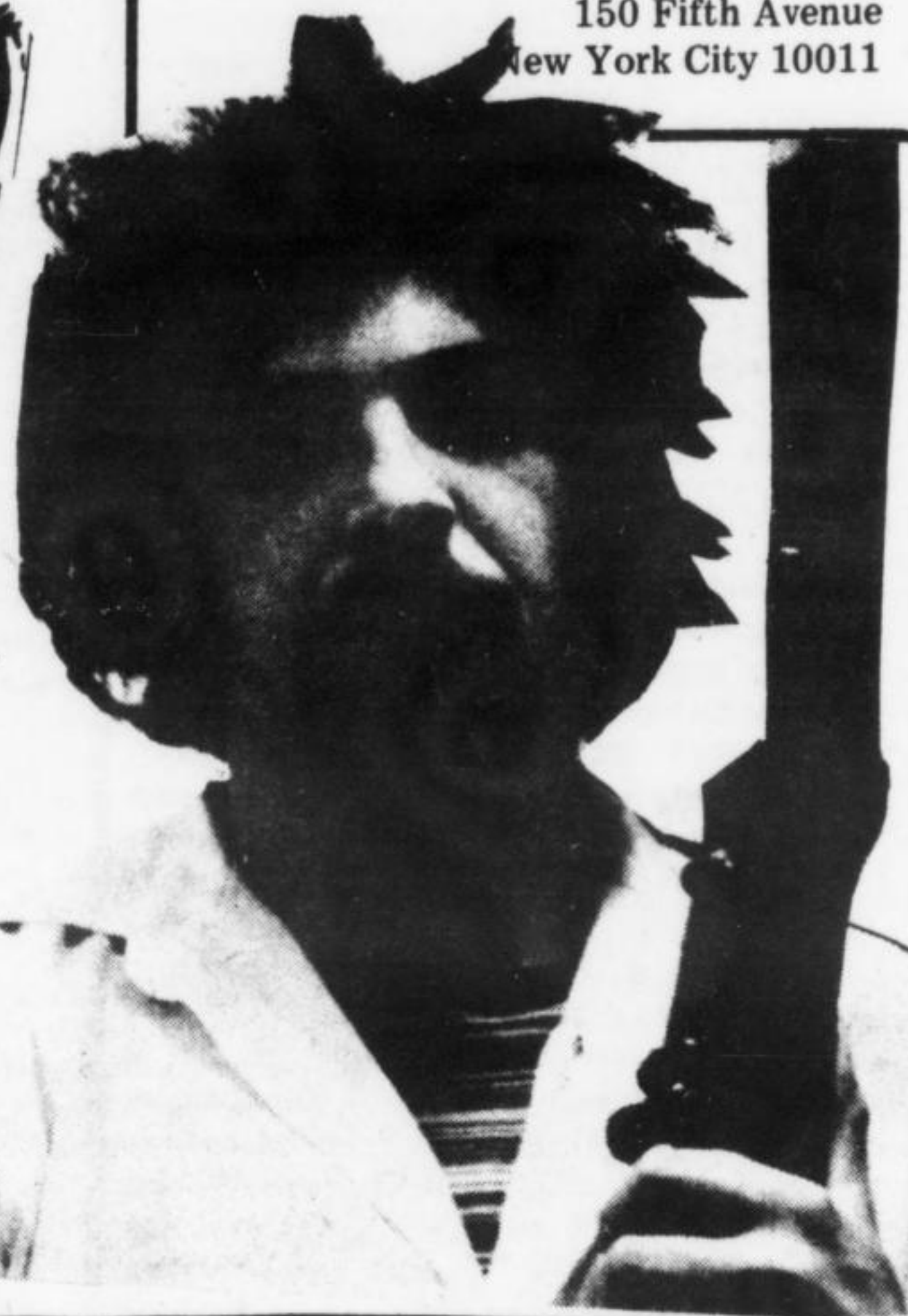
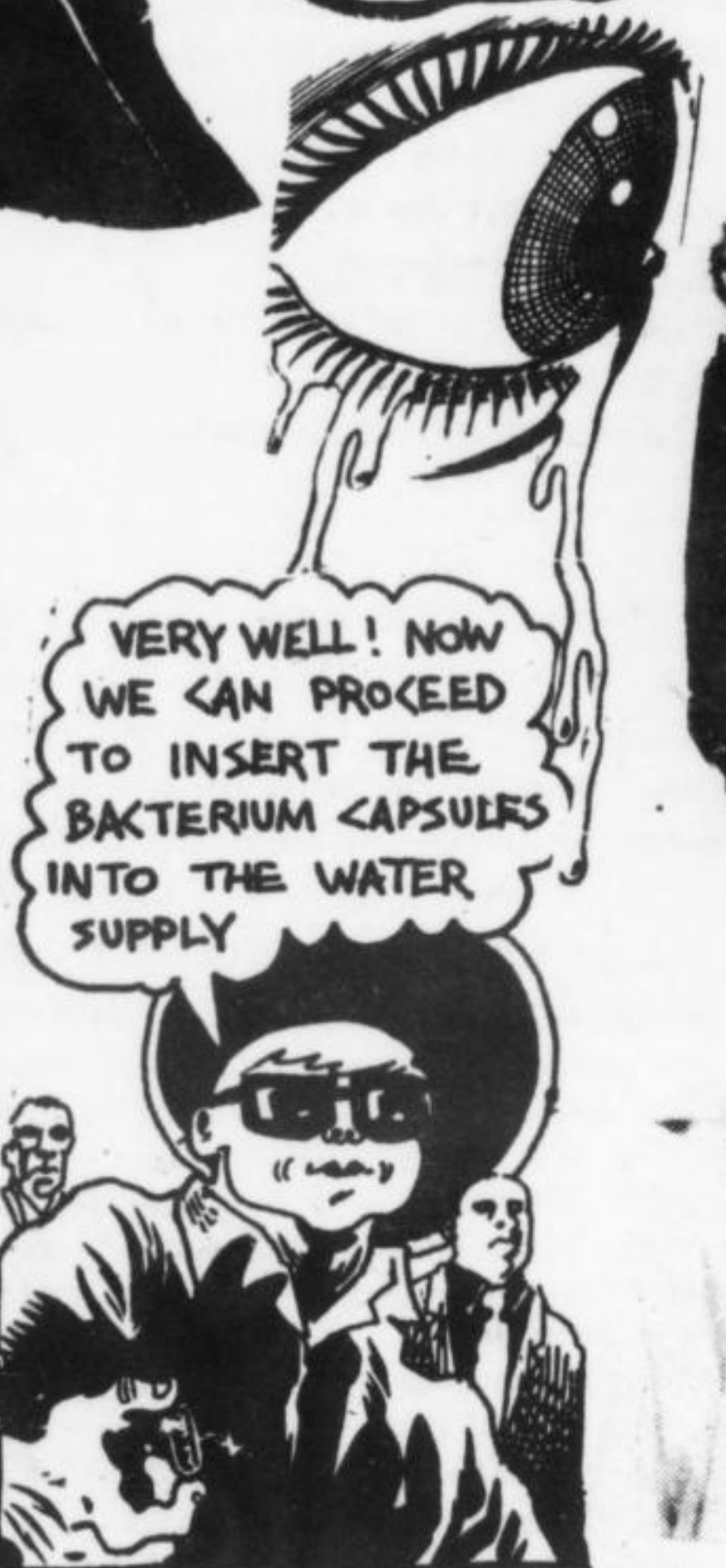
Dear EVO:

I just picked up a copy of your Comix issue and was greatly and happily surprised by its contents. It has some of my favorite artists such as Bode, Ron Cobb (one of the best editorial cartoonists, in my opinion), Crumb, Shelton, Kurtzman, Williams, Murphy and some other fine artists I am not too familiar with.

What I really was impressed by was Nicholas Johnson's fine article on TV. I usually don't read all of long articles, but I read this to the finish, although there was some art I didn't like, all together it was a very good issue. Also, if you ever see a copy of either of our fine papers, *The Times Now*, or *The Daily Planet*, pick it up because they're pretty good reading.

Enough is enough.

Yours truly,  
Bob Stern,  
Coral Gables, Fla.



Dear EVO:

On smuggling pot past customs aromatic molecules can probably penetrate organic material such as sealed polyethylene bags or epoxy sealed aluminum foil, so I suggest sealing tin



cans with solder and sealing all seams then washing off the outside with acetone three times. As counter warfare make extracts with acetone or carbon tet and sprinkle in baggage otherwise clean.

Brother

Sees War Imminent

Dear EVO:

The IS is already six months behind in its schedule plan to engage Russia in a full-scale war. And it grows more frantic every day. Its attempt to fulfill General Patton's post-world-war II aim of involving Russia in a war and "making it look as if Russia had started it," is not going very well. And the American public will never rally behind its government in this effort unless it is successfully convinced the Russians are the instigators. But the Gulf of Tonkin and other plots are still too vivid to us all, and the various new plots are all transparent and are becoming more so and the urgency to get the war started causes these war criminals to forget that careful subtlety and slow development are needed in planning and convincing scheme. The Secret Service and the CIA

have actually gotten so gross in their scheming that their use of the "Jewish Defense League" to incite the Russians, their claim that Russians are fighting side by side with Arabs, and their warnings of Russian buildups in the Caribbean are all failing miserably in their purpose of rallying our support.

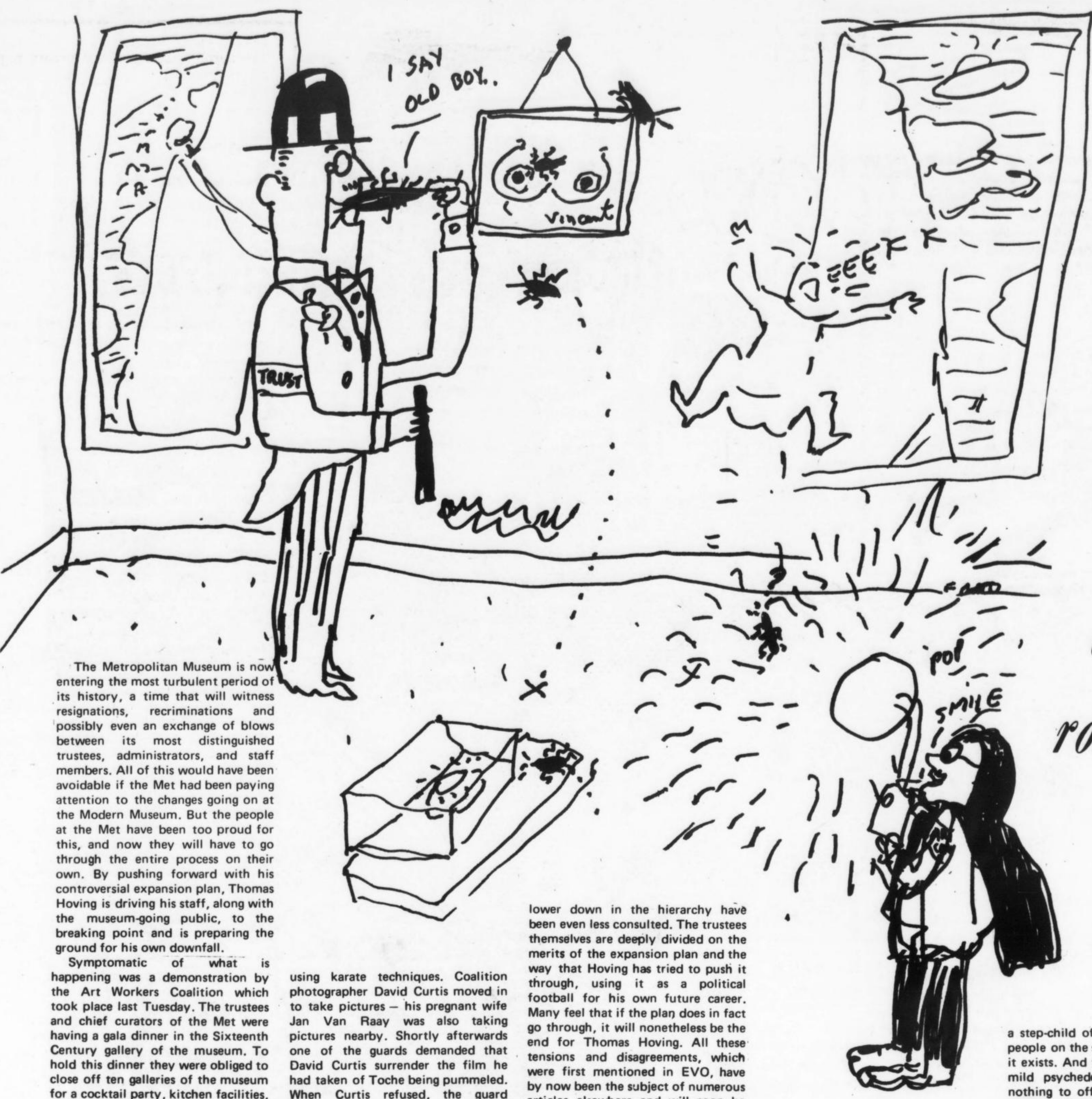
As the Vietnam diversion diminishes and thus becomes less diverting and less obfuscating to the public, these war criminals have an absolute need to create larger diversions as their crimes become larger. Even before they began withdrawal, Vietnam had already become only a tiny handkerchief with which to cover up the mounting pile of corpses they desperately need to replace the tiny scrap with a huge blanket, large enough to obscure their deeds. The invasion of Cambodia was done for the purpose of provoking the Russians into retaliation, and by this timetable, the war was to

begin in June or July of 1970. But the Russians did not respond as these wishful idiots anticipated. Thus they were forced to follow this scheme with one new scheme after another, which the Russians have so far been able to resist: the "attempt to rescue POWs," the alarm about the sentencing of hijackers, the forcing of the heretofore reticent and fearful Jews to become loud and aggressive anti-Russian gadflies, the proclaiming of a Russian buildup in the Caribbean, etc. The American public remains loath to rally behind a "defensive" war.

But since this nefarious gang *must necessarily* succeed in creating a newer and better conflagration to save itself from the justice that a postwar calm would bring, we can prepare for a major war in 1971. At this moment, the exact month is not as apparent as the exact year.

An Observer





let  
them  
eat  
cock-  
roaches

by ALEX GROSS

The Metropolitan Museum is now entering the most turbulent period of its history, a time that will witness resignations, recriminations and possibly even an exchange of blows between its most distinguished trustees, administrators, and staff members. All of this would have been avoidable if the Met had been paying attention to the changes going on at the Modern Museum. But the people at the Met have been too proud for this, and now they will have to go through the entire process on their own. By pushing forward with his controversial expansion plan, Thomas Hoving is driving his staff, along with the museum-going public, to the breaking point and is preparing the ground for his own downfall.

Symptomatic of what is happening was a demonstration by the Art Workers Coalition which took place last Tuesday. The trustees and chief curators of the Met were having a gala dinner in the Sixteenth Century gallery of the museum. To hold this dinner they were obliged to close off ten galleries of the museum for a cocktail party, kitchen facilities, and a service area. The rest of the museum was nominally open to the public. As this august gathering dined at a magnificent period table, servants darted in and out carrying gourmet dishes on period china taken from the museum collection. After the dinner, the trustees would have listened distantly as the curators told them what new acquisitions they needed for their department — then the trustees would have dismissed the curators while they reached decisions as to which works of art they would sink hard cash into.

But before any of this could happen, fifteen members of the Art Workers Coalition pushed aside a partition and entered the newly appointed dining room. They distributed literature decrying the museum's conspicuous consumption and misuse of museum space, and one of the coalition members emptied a box of live cockroaches on the table. Thomas Hoving turned several shades of white and was so speechless that he did nothing for some minutes. His assistants and the head of museum security also looked on in astonishment. Had it not been for an assistant from another department, no one would have had the presence of mind to call the guards.

By the time the guards finally came, several of the demonstrators were discussing the museum's unpopular policies with trustees while others were busy blowing whistles. Three Coalition members took photos, as the guards hustled the demonstrators out of the dining room. Jean Toche, prominent for his work with the Guerilla Art Action Group and his recent arrest at the Judson flag show, was brutally attacked by five guards, one of them

using karate techniques. Coalition photographer David Curtis moved in to take pictures — his pregnant wife Jan Van Raay was also taking pictures nearby. Shortly afterwards one of the guards demanded that David Curtis surrender the film he had taken of Toche being pummeled. When Curtis refused, the guard threatened to have both him and his wife arrested and hinted suggestively that jail would not be the best thing for his wife "in her condition." Curtis reluctantly returned the film. In such a way do the institutions of High Culture become spokesmen of Low Fascism.

But the conflict within the Met goes far beyond a single demonstration — it exists on every level of those connected with the museum and of those outside its organization who are interested in where culture is going. The staff at the Met is on the brink of revolt due to the cavalier fashion in which it has been treated by Hoving and his underlings, both in general through the years and now in connection with the proposed expansion plan. None of the department heads at the Met has been consulted about how this plan will affect them, and those

lower down in the hierarchy have been even less consulted. The trustees themselves are deeply divided on the merits of the expansion plan and the way that Hoving has tried to push it through, using it as a political football for his own future career. Many feel that if the plan does in fact go through, it will nonetheless be the end for Thomas Hoving. All these tensions and disagreements, which were first mentioned in EVO, have by now been the subject of numerous articles elsewhere and will soon be known on an even wider scale as the conflict escalates.

But what will prove most shameful to the Met is the way they have consistently attempted to shirk their duties to the larger community of New York and have constantly, ostrich-like, attempted to hide their heads in the sands of Nineteenth Century collecting and wing-building. The point of this has simply been to provide additional tax deductions for the donors of paintings, who turn out to be none other than the trustees of the museum; to raise the insane speculative cycle of the art world one further step; and to add to the illusory self-esteem and feeling of cultivation enjoyed by the donors.

The Metropolitan's press office likes to claim that they have been busy doing things for the communities of this city, but nothing could be further from the case. Their

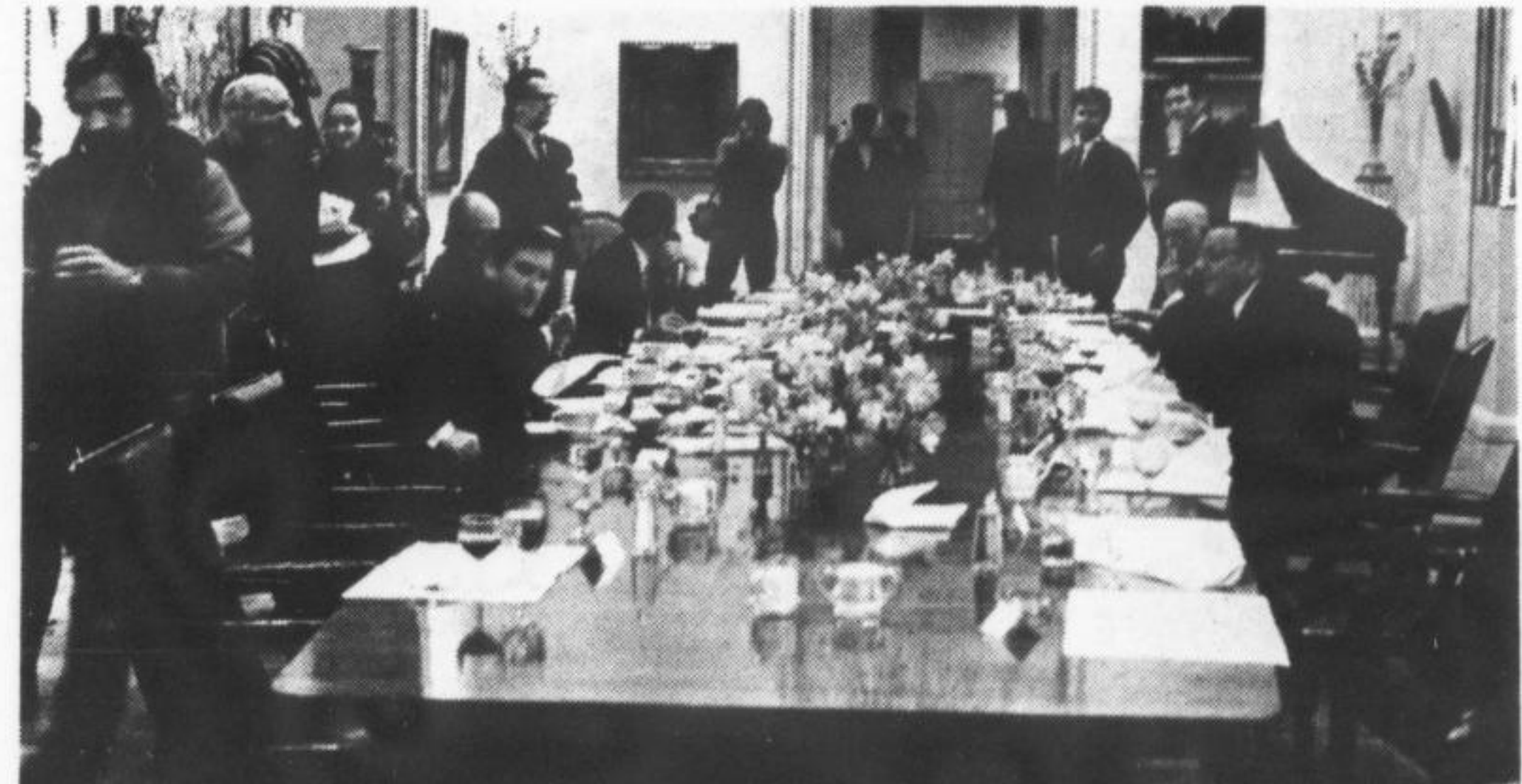
is by now well known throughout the art world that Thomas Hoving bought himself an Uncle Tom black artist to provide him with precisely these results, and that he is still trying to use the results from this study to prove his case, even though the whole project has been discredited.

Compared with Washington, New York is doing next to nothing on the cultural front for its deprived communities. In Washington there are now two remarkable projects, one John Kinard's Anacostia Neighborhood Museum and the other one travelling show, Eye-Opener, was commissioned only after everyone with any real cultural or political ideas had been purged from the show, and even now it is treated like

a step-child of the museum — many people on the staff do not even know it exists. And this show, aside from a mild psychedelic wash, has almost nothing to offer by way of content or commitment.

Most shameful of all, perhaps, was the Met's attempt to frame a study of community cultural needs in such a way that it would seem that the Met was already doing a great job in this field and nothing else was needed. It Topper Carew's "New Thing," which are blazing trails in the field of new community ideas for social and individual enrichment. Not only does the Anacostia project need no museum guards for its premises, but people from the neighborhood actually bring objects in to be exhibited. The project also serves as a meeting place for neighborhood groups, and a place where disputes can be settled. Yet the Metropolitan dares to claim that it is supporting the decentralization of culture in this city, when it is in fact doing no such thing.

The Metropolitan Museum has a great deal to catch up with in a very short time, but then this is true of most of society as well. There are sure to be angry encounters during this process, and it would be surprising if quite a few people were not in some way affected, though hopefully not injured, by the process. What is perhaps saddest is the personal tragedy of Thomas Hoving — a good liberal in the mid-sixties, a person with the right phrases glib on his lips and an almost pathetic desire to be liked, he is nonetheless typical of how much this country has changed in the last five years and how hard it is to hang on and roll with the changes. But unless he shows some almost superhumanly change of mood or heart in the near future, he is likely to find himself relegated to the attic of history. Which may be what the Metropolitan Museum has been in the past, but it won't be much longer.



jan van raay

# DEJAVOOOOOO

WALDO, DRAFTED BY FELIX INTO A MISSION FOR THE CIA, HAS UNDERGONE AN ASTOUNDING GENETIC CHANGE!

BY Kim Deitch

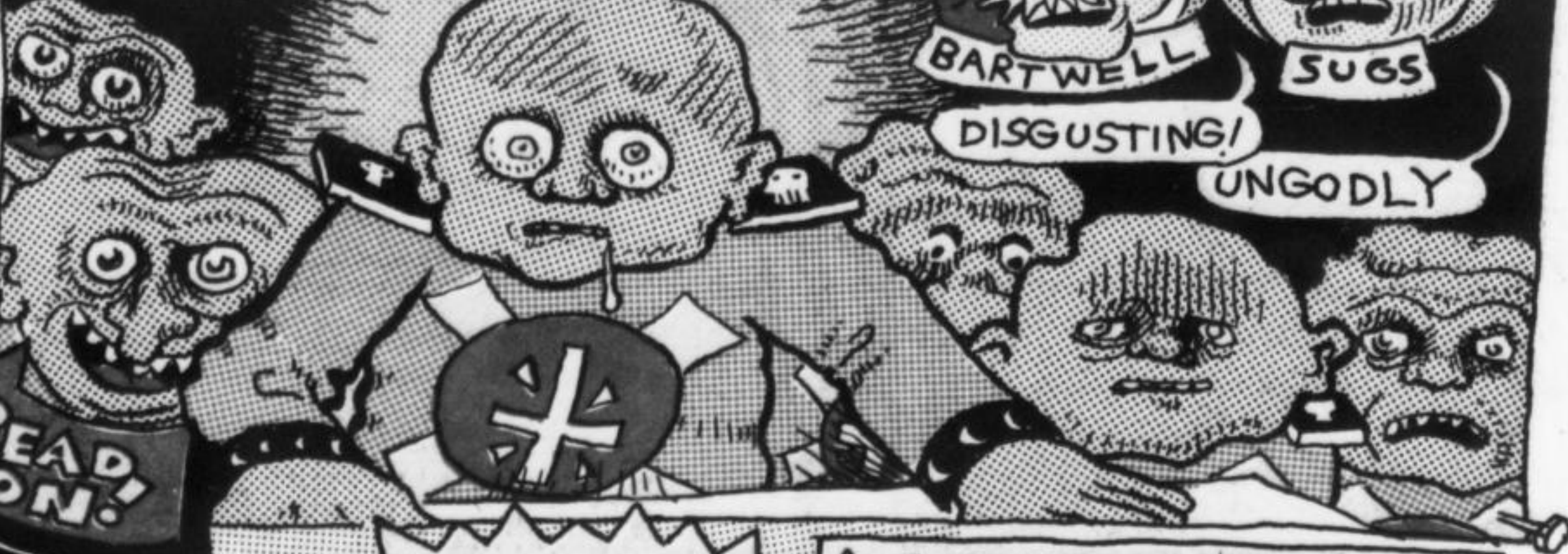
MY ASSISTANTS HAVE TRACED HIM TO AN OLD WAREHOUSE DOWN BY THE DOCKS



THEY'RE HEAVILY ARMED. OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE



FELIX IN LIASON WITH GEN. BARTWELL OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF, AND PEARLWOOD SUGS, PRESIDENT NIXON'S PERSONAL ADVISER, WALDO, NOW A NINE CAT COMMANDO UNIT, HAS BEEN ORDERED TO SEEK AND DESTROY MILO AND HIS BAND OF VAMPIRE HOMUNCULI



BARTWELL SUGS DISGUSTING! UNGODLY



THE MEETING OVER, SUGS WAITS FOR THE ELEVATOR

BOY WHATA DAY...



OH WELL I GUESS I'LL GO HOME, READ THE LATEST COPY OF SCREW, AND TURN IN

THERE HE IS! GET HIM!

READ ON!

SUDDENLY!

A SLAVERING HOMUNCULI MADE A SAVAGE LUNGE AT SUGS' JUGULAR VEIN!

NOT YET YOU FOOL!



YAAAAA!!!



WE MUST BRING HIM TO MILO

INTO THE SHAFT WITH HIM!

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN

AND IN MILO'S HIDDEN LAIR

GO WITH BARTWELL, TH' REST OF YOU MUGS, COME WITH ME!

SALUTATIONS GREAT ONE, WE BRING A GUEST

HAW HAW

HEE HEE

WELCOME MR. SUGS ITS A PLEASURE TO HAVE SUCH AN ILLUSTRIOUS VISITOR!

DEAR FELLOW, MY MEN CAN NOT LIVE ON SPIRIT ALONE!

ARE YOU G-GONNA K-KILL ME?

WE ARE MERELY GOING TO DRINK YOUR BLOOD

AND A NICE JUICY ONE AT THAT

W-W-WHATS THE MEANING OF THIS!!

THERE ARE MANY MOUTHS TO FEED!

NO MR SUGS!



SOME HOURS LATER, ...WHAT AT FIRST APPEARS TO BE AN ADVERTIZING BLIMP HOVERS LAZILY OVER MILO'S WARE HOUSE HIDE OUT!

ACTUALLY IT IS PHAZE ONE OF AN INTRICATE PLAN TO DESTROY MILO AND HIS MURDEROUS COHORTS



HERE GOES

GOOD LUCK SON



HMM NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT



I'M GOIN IN! STAND BY

ROGER!

INSIDE SUGS WATCHES IN IMPOTENT HORROR AS HIS HEADLESS CARCASS IS SUCKED BONE DRY!!

ALLOW ME TO THANK YOU FOR THE EXCELL-REPAST SUGS!

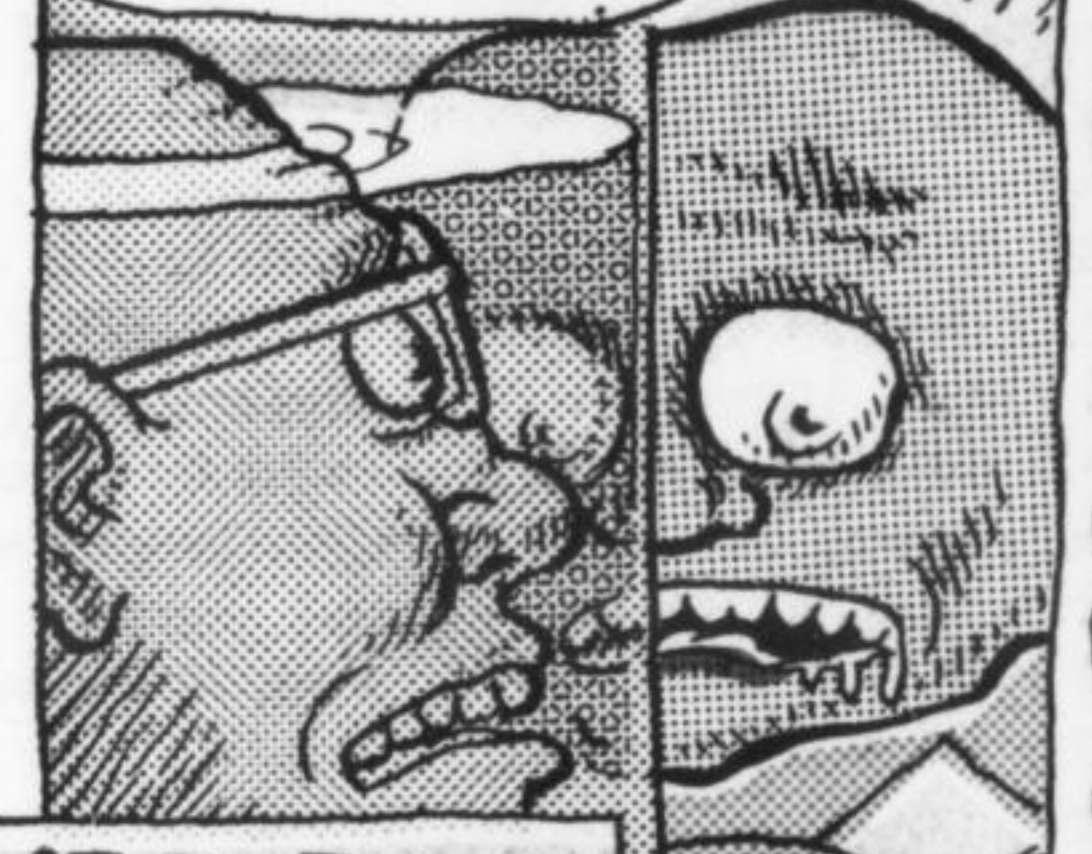


DID YOU FOOLS REALLY THINK YOU COULD OUT WIT ME?

MY MEN HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOUR EVERY MOVE, FOR MONTHS

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS

INDEED MR. SUGS



WHO'S GOING TO STOP ME? (HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH)

AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN AN OTHER PART OF THE BUILDING

TWENTY MINUTES PASSED AND US GUYS OUTSIDE WERE GETTING EDGY

JEEZ, IM GETTIN BORED

WELL! IS THE DECOY IN ORDER!

SPLENDID

GEE STILL NO SIGN OF EM

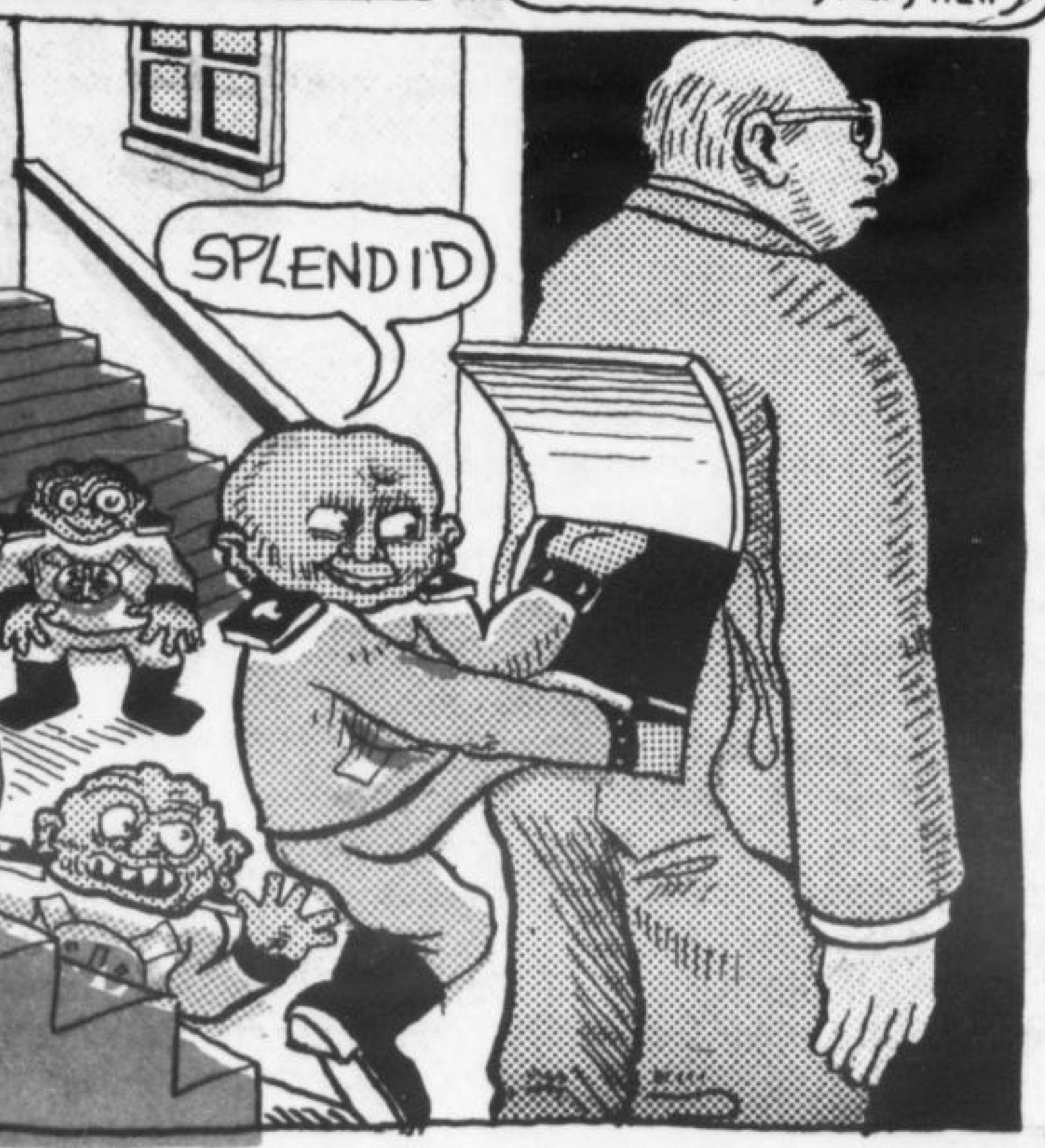


SAY ARE WE GONNA WIPE OUT THOSE BOGUS BLOOD-SUCKERS OR WHAT?

EASY BOYS, YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE



YES SIRE



# TRAVELOGUE

by  
rex weiner



*Adventures Along the Long and Winding American Road: a continuing story of two hitchhiking freaks, told as we go,*

## PART ONE

Me and Finn are travelers at heart. We'd been sitting around New York City for a while, seeing the same old faces, walking up and down the same old streets and avenues, doing the same old things that funky people do in New York — for too long.

"This ain't a groove," says Finn one day as we're walking up St. Marks place, "this is a rut!"

"Yeah," I said, looking around at the dreary buildings and junkies staggering down the block, "We oughta get out of here. I'm sick of eating chili at Max's."

"What we oughta do," said Finn, "is simply hit the road. Just get out there with our thumbs pointed west and, you know, let it happen."

"But it's wintertime," I said as we crossed the slush of Astor Place. "And man, it's cold out there."

"But Rex, it's cold here too, and need I point out that it's warm and sunny in California. Besides, we been sitting around here in New York talking politics while we don't even know what's going on with the rest of the country. We gotta get new perspectives of things, man. We gotta have some new adventures."

"You're right, Finn," I said. "There ain't nothing like a little traveling to get your head straight. Maybe we oughta see if we can get a ride out."

Finn grinned in his beard: "That's the spirit, Rex. Let's go over to NYU."

So we tramped over to the NYU student center and went downstairs to look on the bulletin board for rides posted. We found a note saying a guy called "Tommy" needed riders out to Kansas City. As good a place as any, we figured, and neither of us had ever been there, so we gave "Tommy" a call and arranged to take off with him on a Tuesday night. Since it was Friday, we had a couple of days to tie up loose ends,

pack, say all our goodbyes, and have one last party or two, or three, which left us properly exhausted, strung out, and eager to get the hell away from the Big City as fast as possible.

"Tommy" turned out to be a Persian guy, a student at the University of Kansas, whose real name was Mohammed.

"Call me Moe," he said as we slipped through the Lincoln Tunnel in his big 1968 Oldsmobile. Moe was affable enough. He'd brought along two whole chickens for us to eat along the road, one of which Finn and I devoured instantly as we left New York behind, waving bye-bye with greasy hands. Somewhere in New Jersey we switched drivers, and Moe went to sleep in the back, while Finn and I sat up front singing every song that came into our heads. Moe didn't mind a bit.

Occasionally we stopped at Howard Johnson type places for coffee or to use the john. The first time we stopped, it was at a rather empty place, with only one decrepit old woman tending the counter. Moe freaked when he saw me and Finn rip off a whole load of candy bars, pastries, potato chips, when the lady wasn't looking. We had to explain to him our concept of The Righteous Rip-off, and how our lifestyles did not include partaking of the money economy (primarily because we were nearly broke). Moe just said, "Don't get caught!" and of course, we agreed wholeheartedly.

All Tuesday night we drove, taking turns at the wheel as huge trucks loomed past in the dark and the westward turnpike slipped by mile after mile. The mystical monotony entered our brains and the highway humming turned to silence in my own ears. Oncoming lights blinked in and out of consciousness. Eerie shapes fluttered across the road. Imagination playing tricks. Going through Pennsylvania it began to rain.

Wednesday morning, somewhere in Ohio, the rain falling from a leaden sky froze into a solid sheet of ice on the highway. I was at the wheel, passing a giant truck at sixty miles per, when the car did a sudden spin-out. Finn freaked.

Moe woke up in the back seat yelling in Persian: "I got no insurance!" The car slid backwards for a ways, turned 360 degrees around and ended up on the grassy median going frontwards again.

"Pretty nifty, eh?" I said, not ruffled a bit. Moe just sighed and sank back into sleep.

Mostly Finn and I drove while Moe snoozed in the back seat. We made up songs, told jokes, had long insane raps about this and that, and generally carried on like a couple crazies. Moe was calm throughout our antics.

We were driving along at one point when we overtook a big blue bus. It was obviously a freak bus, so we drew up alongside and waved hello. They waved back and signalled us to pull over. O happy day, we chuckled, hoping they might have a bit of dope to share. All three of us were invited in by the two guys in the bus. It was like going visiting on a mobile level. The bus was beautifully done inside with bunk beds and wood panelling, a heater and a stereo tape deck. All very cozy and comfortable. The two guys were from Wisconsin. They were just driving around the country, going anywhere they felt like with no timetable and very open heads. They offered us a joint of superb grass and asked if there were any tapes we'd like to hear. Finn looked and chose the "Easy Rider" soundtrack. The rap we had was full of smiles and good vibes, getting ripped there by the side of the turnpike. After a while, we said goodbye and good luck. They laid a joint on us as we left. The road is like that these days.

Moe had to take the wheel because we were stoned silly. Finn and I sat there while the car sped along, pretending we were astronauts in outer space. Moe didn't smoke, but he regaled us with tales of his native land, where hash costs a fifth of what it costs here and people smoked opium until their cheeks caved in. Moe liked America. He had become a citizen and was very proud of the fact that he could vote and have jobs and own a big car and go to college. He was absolutely

sold on the American way of life, which was far better than anything his own country had to offer. The American Dream had pretty much come true for him in a very material way, with the car as one piece of solid evidence.

What can you tell a guy like Moe? We didn't try. Finn and I just dug him on his own level, which was human enough, and let it go at that. We liked him.

Coming into Kansas, we met up with a VW bus full of freaks from Boston who stopped with us at a place for coffee and eats. There were three guys and two girls, all as wacked out as we were from steady driving. It turned out that the girls were from a certain political commune in Boston were familiar with, so we had a lot to rap about.

It was strange, though. They were friendly enough, but we noticed the girls had a certain edge of paranoia very common amongst radical politicians. They were a bit suspicious of us at first, staying distant and asking us who we knew and how we knew them. Even after everything was cool, they still were edgy in a way which, I suppose, is understandable for people involved in fairly heavy stuff, but made the scene uncomfortable nonetheless. It was distinctly different from the earlier scene with the two guys on the bus.

They were going to Kansas City also, and they mentioned something about a caravan of fifty buses stopping over in K.C. It sounded far-out to us, especially since they said the caravan was moving towards San Francisco. We had instant visions of hitching a stoned ride out to the coast in a caravan of brightly painted buses. Nothing could be nicer.

Back on the road again, Finn and I braced ourselves for the last stretch with thoughts of good times ahead.

NEXT WEEK: The Caravan of the New Religion, Heavy Scenes in Kansas City, Rockin and Rollin with the Kaw Valley Hemp Pickers, The Freak Express to Denver.



# IF I HAD A RADIO TUNED TO YOUR HEART BABE, THIS IS WHAT ID PLAY CHARLIE FRICK

Barry McGuire and the doctor A&M SP77004. Remember the *eve of destruction* many years ago on the hullabaloo show, Barry McGuire singing all about how it is to live in america where its all coming down. He had one hit single and disappeared for a whole long time, and now he surfaces. A bunch of studio men and one of frnak zappa's drummers and producing an album with some stuff thats new and at least an alternative to the trash thats commin out of the jukeboxes all day long. Its sort of a conglomeration of different musical styles from familiar sounding places.

### NATURALSICED

Traces of american songs pass in and out of their music. On the back side of the album theres a number called *TRAIN* followed by *ELECTRIC TRAIN*. Theyre pretty tight in the way they play, the song sounds like a little bit of Carl Perkins And the Tennessee Three, they back up Johnny Cash you know. That kind of music is making a big showing in the pop field. Bluegrass music and country western music in the pepsi commercials ard the chevy generation and all the other consumer products that rely on music to push their thing. But Barry McGuire sings, on the first side theres a song about a guy commin to his farm and trying to buy his land, and another one about going down to mexico to cop. The music can take you away, its the way they play and the things they say. The kind of riffs that they do. Theres not much call for this record on the radio yet but youll be hearing it soon over your local favorites.

### Applesauce

Theres some stuff going down in the radio bizz tou. Wabc is changing their name on the air to some other kind of call letters ard for some undisclosed reason, maybe more on this story next week but for sure theres another fm station in the works for the electric mecca. Theres been an application made for a license to operate a non-commercial radio station in the city, and

**BROADCAST ALL VARIETIES**

non-commercial station playing sounds is sadly needed in this wasteland of pop sounds and jyped music. Theres been no other word except that the people that are applying for the station are some ex-instructors at an electronic school in the woods. The money is reportedly coming from a wealthy bunch of jet setters who are looking for a tax loss on the income tax.

### NOODLE

Then theres *AXE* by Randy Bachman The dictionary of american slang defines *AXE* as a musical instrument in a modern jazz context. "Any musical instrument including a guitar."

This is an instrumental album and the instrument is the guitar. He plays high and low and all over, a crastman in the finest sense of the word. He weaves string sounds around and around and up and down, plays reall good. I dont know where he came from, out of what studio but here he is. There hasnt been any publicity on this record at all, I guess the executives feel it wasnt worth the push. Theyre wrong, although theres no lyrics or driving rythems or fast picking twang with fuzz tone, this is one of the finest instrumental albums ive heard in a long time. For that added riff theres some of the songs on the album that can be played at 16 rpm. 1/2 the normal speed and the music takes on a whole different kind of feeling. It can send you reeling if you let it. Bet itll take you away get some today. Randy Bachman *AXE* on RCA records lsp 4348.

### OFF LABEL

Another one to be comming to the electric mecca soon is a group called *COWBOY*. Theyll be in town playing one of these weekends, either at the end of this month or the beginning of next. Theyre from far away another place another rhyme away. Its cowboy music, modern cowboy music that they play. Their message to the people in the city is simple just get away as fast as you can.

### CRUSHED

Their preaching get back to the land get away from the strife of the city life, get back to the land. Its like a lot of others

who come into town tryin to put down a few lines for the people to see, an maybe then you.. pick up on it this time around.

Its their first album called *REACH FOR THE SKY*. on ATCO SD33351 has songs that remind me of the cowboy land across the country almost on the other side of the world. It was recorded in Macon, Georgia and hit the city in the mail a few days ago. So i slapped it down on the turn table and spun it around. Its cowboy music all right and it just might start to come thru the radios in all those millions of teenaged homes that surround us.

### ORANGE

The same kind of music thats commin out of the tape players of all those thousands of teenaged Volkswagen busses that are travelin all across this land. To the great american southwest, thats cowboy land you know. The group is made up of a 1/2 dozen folks handling acoustic and electric guitars and violyns drums bass and 5 singers who sing songs

All the kind of lyrics that a band gets into when its off in the woods by itself with its women and its friends, all of the music has different ends and different ways of playing, but its all the same that things that theyre playing and the things that theyre saying.

### CHUNK

SONGS OF LOVE AND PEACE  
Every night you get tight  
play your music loose your head  
go up go down go up go over  
and come back around  
to the very same place.

Dont you think its better  
Livin in the country  
spending our time waiting  
for the weather  
And all our friends can  
come together.

Theyre trying to tell you to go back to mother nature back to the land in their rock and roll kind of band style. When i listen to their songs i got to smile. another one called *Josophene Beyond Compare*. Theres a light sort of air in the room when I play their songs, theyll be in town at your favorite rock palace before too long. dont forget to see them before theyre gone.

### CHUNK

Another group is *SPIRIT*. Theyre booked in at the fillmore soon. Theyre really good but hardly anyone in town, anyone around I know likes them. Its cause they havent been played too much but theyve got three albums out and still havent made it big in the rock and roll machiene. The kids out west recognized their dream, and follow to scenes

where they take them. Theyre a really good band from the other side of the land commin into the big town to spin it around on the rock and roll boogie machien.

Their latest album is *THE 12 DREAMS OF DOCTOR SARDONICUS*

Its really good and theres not much bette in town for a long time.

THE SPRING SELECTION OF AMERICAS FINEST MUSIC IS COMMUN ROUND ONCE MORE AGAIN THEYRE GETTING READY TO UNLEASH ALL THEIR NEW STUFF ON THE HUNGRY KIDS WHO HAVE A LOT OF MONEY THATS BURNING HOLES IN THEIR TEENAGED POCKETS. THEY GOT TO SPEND IT SOME PLACE SO WHAT HAPPENS. THEY MAKE MORE RECORDS AND THEY MAKE MORE RECORDS AND THEY MAKE MORE RECORDS







# 2 CLAP SONNETS

## DECOMPOSITION:

SONNET TO VITO, NOW IN THE MEN'S HOUSE OF D,  
WHO GAVE MY OLD LADY THE CLAP, AND WITH HER, MEL

by D.A. (The Drip) LATIMER

SONNET TO SWEETSTUFF, SLENDER AS A ROSE,  
WHO WENT TO ME HER VIRTUE, AND A DOSE.

WHAT DRIP, WHAT SCALDING SORENESS CAN THIS BE,  
WHICH SIMMERS NOW AND SPUTTERS IN MY POLE?  
WHAT FELL MALEVOLENCE HATH SET A COAL,  
AFLAME, INSIDE THE PORK I USE TO PEE?

SOME CANCEROUS ELEMENT, I MUST SURMISE,  
HATH TAKEN UP ABODE INSIDE MY LOIN:  
THIS PORCUPINISH ITCHING IN MY GROIN  
AFFLICTS ME WITH EACH HARD-ON, AND IT DIES.

AND THOU, HOW GOT'ST THEE SUCH A DOSE OF POX,  
IN WHAT FELL ROADSIDE TAVERN, IN WHAT DITCH?  
WHAT GANG-BANG WITH THY CRONIES ON THE DOCKS?  
FROM WHICH SCRUFFY BIKER-GROUPE BITCH?  
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A LUSTY CARAVAN  
TO MY WOMAN ALL THE WAY FROM VIET NAM.



YE INNOCENT SHEPHERD  
BOY FINDETH HIMSELFE NOT  
SO DRAMME INNOCENT AS ALL  
THAT

STONES ARE MUTE—THANK GOD FOR LITTLE BOONS—  
OR ALL THE WORLD WOULD KNOW MY SCURVY FLIGHT;  
IF MINE COULD SHRIEK ALOUD—AS WELL THEY MIGHT—  
I DOUBT NOT YOU COULD HEAR THEM ON THE MOON.  
THEY KVETCH, EVEN AS DYLAN MUST HAVE GROANED  
ON READING A.J.'S RIP AT HIM LAST WEEK:  
MY BALLS WOULD SAY, IF ONLY THEY COULD SPEAK,  
"LATIMER, YOU SHOULD GET STONED."

AND SWEETSTUFF, WERE YOU STONED THE  
NIGHT WE CLIPPED,  
AND KISSED, AND KICKED THE COME TWIXT ME AND THEE?  
WHAT MUSCATEL OR MESCAL HAD YOU SHIPPED  
TO PUT YOU UNDER SUCH A LAME AS ME?  
BUT WORSE YET, WHAT WAS IN YOUR SNATCH SO SWEET  
(IT TASTED FINE) WHICH NOW AFFLICTS MY MEAT?

From: Vietnam Peace Parade Committee, 17 E. 17th St., 4th floor, New York, N.Y.

A small group of people from various collectives and organizations met on Jan. 9 to discuss the lack of response to the last bombing raid on North Vietnam, and what we can do in the future to prevent this from happening again.

Some of the groups at the meeting were: N.Y.U. Liberation Front, Liberation Magazine,

RAT, GLF/Gay Flames, People's Peace Treaty, Newsreel, N.Y. Committee of Women to Defend the Right to Live, Vietnam Peace Parade Committee.

We would like to meet with a much broader representation of movement groups around the city on Jan. 29 to draw up a standing proposal for response to such escalations (here & abroad) and an effective communications network.

We ask that people discuss this with their groups ahead of time so that we could come together to brainstorm and agree upon a time and place where we would converge for spontaneous action and protest.

We'll be meeting again on Jan. 29 at 7:30 at the Vietnam Peace Parade Committee office. Please come! For more information call: Parade Committee - [212] 255-1075; or People's Peace Treaty [212] 924-2469.



## notes on pot law history by Harvey Matusow

Pot wasn't the big thing at the turn of the century in the USA - most Americans were junkies of one sort or another - most patent medicine contained some form of morphine, and to get high one had to just lay a few pennies on the local chemist.

Then, along came the second Mrs. Vanderbilt - She was the second wife of the once divorced head of the Vanderbilt clan - the Vanderbilts who built the great American railroads and were one of America's noble families.

In those days it was unheard of for a member of a noble family to get divorced. The second Mrs. Vanderbilt was a social outcast and wasn't receiving the due she felt she deserved as the wife of the great man Vanderbilt.

The first wife, whom he'd divorced, had involved herself in the plight of unwed mothers - she, being a great fan of Gladstone, and had the plight of these fallen women as her exclusive domain as far as social standing was concerned. Carry Nation had the booze scene all tied up, and with her hatchet went about chopping down pubs and bars all over America.

The second Mrs. Vanderbilt, the social outcast, needed a cause to improve her social standing, and get her some invitations to the better homes. So, she got a cousin, or some relative of hers, who was a member of the New York State Senate, to introduce the first anti-drug laws in the USA, and with his help, along with some big pay-offs to other members of the New York State legislature, they got the law, and started the USA on the road to its current attitudes toward drugs.

The drugs were removed from patent medicine, but POT wasn't hit too hard. In the 1920's and 30's there was still open pot smoking in coffee houses in New York, on the Lower East Side - Quite common - nobody bothered too much about pot - Pot was a free wheeling affair - most of the energy of the law was aimed at booze during the prohibition.

In the 30's, booze was back and the focus turned slowly toward pot. The LaGuardia report in New York said that pot wasn't harmful, but it was suppressed. But it wasn't until 1955 that the real paranoia seeped in, and a new federal narcotics law was brought into effect.

On July 1st, 1955 - the magic date for anti-pot laws. From that date any first offender brought into Federal court received a mandatory five year sentence - no parole allowed.

The law was severe and unique even for American legal thinking. I remember being in the Federal Court in New York about a week after the new law went into effect - There was a chick who'd been busted - she was up before Judge Sylvester Ryan - she was six months pregnant - Judge Ryan came on softly, and gave her a two year suspended sentence. She thanked him and started to walk from the courtroom. The U.S. Attorney rushed up to the Judge and whispered something in his ear - he was advising the Judge about the new narcotics law.

The U.S. Marshal brought the pregnant chick back into the court, and the Judge, almost with tears in his eyes, said: "My hands are tied, the new law says that I must give you five years..."

The law wasn't changed, but in 1960 when Kennedy became president, things cooled down as far as the law and the pot smoker were concerned. Kennedy was a pot smoker from way back - and the unofficial word went out to the narcotics fuzzi to cool it on pot.

Most of the federal fuzzi activity was aimed at heroin during that period, and it didn't change too much when Kennedy was shot and LBJ took over in the White House in 1963. Things went along in this status quo until mid-1965, when LBJ started the Vietnam buildup.

Johnson was worried about the student and youth protest which was starting to build. Some of his advisors came to him and said, "Look, Mr. President - it's just this simple. We want to keep alive the facade of free speech in the country, and not repress the protests against you and the Vietnam policy - however, we can accomplish the stifling of the protest without appearing to stifle free speech..."

And they went on to point out to the great man that, if they intensified the fuzzi drive against pot, and started to raid the university campuses where the anti-Vietnam protest was strongest, they would probably bag most of the leaders of the protest movement - discredit them - and, Johnson's advisors believed, put an end to the protest.



In spite of high consciousness about the war, repression, etc., the dispersion of the movement into small collectives with no centralized communication, combined with what appears to be the effectiveness of the Nixon strategy to diffuse the anti-war movement, has prevented us from taking effective action.

So much for LBJ and the pot paranoia he perpetrated - for now, Nixon is carrying it forwards with a degree of insanity which makes LBJ look mild. A Commission which Nixon set up advocated the legalization of pot, but Tricky Dicky has put it aside. Why?

In the autumn of 1965, the drive began with a series of raids on university campuses throughout the USA - in simple Fuzzlike logic, pot represented protest - fight pot and do away with protest.

There are other pressures involved in the USA keeping the pressure on POT. One of them is the amount of money which comes in from heroin. As POT became widely used and LSD came on the scene in 1965, the big business heroin people started to realize that their future market was starting to diminish - for pot heads who moved on to acid, rarely moved on to heroin. Suddenly, the heroin market began to pale, and much of the profits - the payoffs to politicians and some police officials - started to vanish.

A lot of diplomats from small countries who were into the heroin smuggling scene (using their diplomatic pouches) were becoming hard pushed for tax-free cash. Some politicians dependent on heroin protection money for their expensive TV election campaigns were suddenly wanting.

So, when you combine these two factors, the anti-Vietnam protesting pot smokers and the diminishing payoffs from the rackets to the politicians, you can start to see why the grass scene in the USA has become so uptight.

# Dear Eve:

December 27, 1970

It has been over a year since the arrest of Charles Manson and the three girls... Susan Atkins (Sadie), Patricia Krenwinkel (Katie) and Leslie Van Houten.

Much has been printed by the Establishment news media about Charlie and his "family" of "Robot Killers." The media labeled us "the family," when in reality, we never referred to ourselves as anything. We are just an ever-growing group of people who stepped out of the mechanized madness of this society and became strong within ourselves and together in our love, to live without depending upon the system.

We've lived in school buses, condemned houses, the woods, an old soulful western movie set, turned into a ranch for renting horses and finally the Panimint Mountains of Death Valley.

Over a period of years, we've broken down walls of inhibitions and competition and jealousy eating together, singing together and making love together as one.

Charlie was not our leader, rather our best follower. He was and is aware enough to reflect back at ourselves and to untie years of conditioning, put in us by this society (parents, church, schools and government).

Living in institutions most of his life, he has escaped the reflections of one mother and one father and has been left wide open. He sees that people outside the prison walls live in a far tighter prison, locked in their minds with their mom's and dad's fears and guilts. Those who step out of the line set up by the church, are locked up... More and more everyday!

Charlie, in his strength as a man, and his love for everything, attracted a lot of young people, especially young beautiful girls. Men usually were too busy competing or had too many things to do, to stay around for long.

People who didn't like themselves or felt too inadequate, usually left. Many stayed, and this is how the group of people grew. The visits from the man became more and more frequent. We were forced to move time and time again... but the man was forever at our door. Looking for dope, runaways, stolen cars... Any excuse to poke around and rip things off and frisk young girls.

Charlie was generally singing or making love or fixing bikes with motorcycle guys or building dune buggies - there was always a group of girls nearby. This freaked the cops and by the time we were living at Spahn Ranch, the black and white cars were there nightly. Often, we heard, "Charlie, we'll get you yet, just wait, we'll find something!"

In the summer of 1969, we had lots of bikers with us and we were fixing dune buggies. Guys were bringing parts and frames and we girls pitched in.

One early morning in August, over two hundred cops, two helicopters and even a catering truck to serve the police came. They descended upon the ranch from all sides, tromping through the hills, the corral and the barn... they smashed everything in sight... smashing guitars and record players, stealing our newly built dune buggies, welding equipment and even diapers and blankets still in their packages for a baby that was soon to be born.

They took Charlie behind the barn, cuffed his hands behind his back, and kicked his ribs in. Then they took Charlie by his shoulders and dragged him out for all of us to see him. One fat cop placed a foot triumphantly on his back and ground his face into the dirt. We all knew that it was time to get out.

We were all jailed for four days and four babies were taken away. Shortly after getting out of jail and getting some of the babies back, we went to Death Valley... back to our source, where man has not left his mark. We made ourselves a heaven. We hid, but it was not long before the man found us.

"Where is Jesus Christ, we wanna crucify him!" one cop shouted, as more than fifty bayonet wielding police, highway patrolmen and rangers descended on us.

For about the tenth time in three years, we were all jailed, about thirty of us, on every charge imaginable. They booked Charlie as "Charles Manson aka Jesus Christ." A name that neither he, or us, ever used.

Charlie was held incommunicado in the jail of the small desert town of Independence, for two months.

Meanwhile, we girls, were separated, accused of murder or of conspiracy to murder. The homicide detectives used every tactic in their training to crack us.

Isolatin in cold cells with periodic nightly and mid-morning questionings, with the ploy of so and so "copped to everything" and said you were at the Tate house. "So, honey, you tell us all about it and we'll let you out of this mess." They ployed each of us off on the other. Divide and conquer is their objective. The babies were

taken from their mothers, and the mothers were threatened with never seeing their babies again and the gas chamber or life imprisonment.

The immunity papers were laid before all of us separately. In exchange for testimony against Charlie, we would be set free. We didn't go for it.

One girl, Linda Kasabian, whom we took in at Spahn Ranch and who was with us for only a short time, was isolated in the infirmary of Sybil Brand Jail and visited daily by homicide detectives.

She gave birth to her second child in jail. In return for her testimony against Charlie, she was given her two children back and complete immunity on seven counts of murder, plus many offers of money for stories and articles about our life. (She lived with us for three weeks.) She is now "free" with her two children and a heavy conscience.

Another very young girl was held in a cell by herself, because her parents couldn't be found. She finally went crazy and was committed to Patton State Hospital where she was visited daily by homicide detectives. After several months, she was released to her new foster parents, the investigator for the District Attorney of Independence. She testified against Charlie.

The other witnesses have been people with various charges, who could have them dropped in return for saying what the prosecution wanted them to say. They also were rewarded with money.

Day by day we have watched them build their case, using bribed and threatened citizens. Those of us on the outside have been threatened and harassed time and time again.

Each day we would say, "What!? How can they? That's illegal!" Until our eyes were finally opened wide to the fact that every black, brown, or poor person knows that in Amerika, there is no justice.

Four months ago, six of us, girls moved to the corner of Temple and Broadway, outside the Hall of Justice in downtown L.A., where the trial is going on. We have cut Xes in our foreheads, crossing ourselves out of this entire system.

We watch and wait for this whole thing to crumble, and for the jails and penitentiaries to open and for a new justice to be administered.

Several weeks ago, three of the Xed girls were indicted by a Grand Jury, (The Judges' wives' bridge club.) for conspiracy to commit murder.

Supposedly, they fed a prosecution witness a hamburger with LSD in it - i.e., attempted murder. There is no evidence, no witnesses, nothing, but we see they can devise anything they want to, to arrest us.

Two of the arrested girls are pregnant and one of the girls, Gypsy, began labor on Christmas Eve.

The prosecution's strategy, once again, is to take the babies from their mothers as soon as they are born and hope the girls will turn State's evidence in return for the babies and release from jail. They want the girls to testify against Charlie in two new murder trials, the Hinman/Shea trial.

There are four of us left on the corner and we continue to sing and say what the courts and the news media have been hiding from you.

Very soon they will devise something to arrest us for... Wait and See!!

They may plant something in the van we sleep in outside the Hall of Justice, or blame us for another unsolved murder. Rumor has it that it won't be long.

The trial, they call it the Tate-LaBianca trial, is near the end. Actually, it is *their* trial, the trial of *all man*. From the onset, Charlie has been denied every right guaranteed to a human being by the Constitution. He has approached the judges in every possible way, asking them for his right to defend himself or simply to speak in court.

One judge, who cannot look at any of us, once said in court, "Mr. Manson, this is my courtroom and I make the rules here!"

The courtroom is filled with the press and the wives and friends of the prosecution and judge.

### IT IS NOT A PUBLIC TRIAL...

Longhaired people are often excluded for "security reasons"... and of course we are not allowed in.

The press is the mouthpiece of the D.A. and they have succeeded in brainwashing the public into believing Charlie is the Monster-Devil you've been reading about.

The prosecution has taken a year to present their case. The three girls, Sadie, Katie and Leslie, have asked to put on a defense. The Judge has denied their right to speak, so now, they are demanding their rights. As it stand now, they have been permanently ejected from the courtroom.

Girls on the Corner  
c/o Sue Bartell  
Spahn's Movie Ranch  
Chatsworth, Calif. 91311



Love X,  
The Girls on the Corner  
Sandy Good



LAYED OUT BY THE UNWORTHY HAND OF DEVOTED MANSION DISCIPLE D.A.L.A.T.T.I.M.O.R.E

I give to man what he deserves... himself, and what he has done to others shall be done to him. To live alone forever and ever, no death or relief from his own misery.

*no end*

Woman... I leave her unsatisfied, drifting in the infinite abyss of nothing with no end.

People of this planet... I leave you no eyes to see with, for you have shut your eyes to

LOVE... no ears to hear with, for you have heard not but your own laughter at God. No mouth to speak your lies, for with your mouth you have tricked only yourselves. No body to move with, for you have killed, cluttered, abused and misused everything in this world.

*no death*

I promised you life forever, this you have always had... there is no death, you have been and

you will always be your world, with no end. And now it's time to stop the time, and everyone must live with self forever, no end.

My soul I give to the children... whose love

*Manson*  
*his last will and testament*

is, before Mother, Dad, church and school has formed their love into

molds of soldiers for war against themselves.

To the animals I give a job of taking care of God's children, showing them where to find food, showing them where to hide from danger... to

bring them back to God's earth garden.

To servants and slaves,

I leave you scars and deep wells of sorrow, carved in your souls by man's ignorance as vessels to be filled with God's love and joy.

I give my sun to burn in the sky for its own experience. Its energy will never fail. The mountains, rivers, valleys, oceans belong to themselves.

And to this world I give my life, my peace.

I have come from nothing... I am nothing

and wish to be one with nothing. Endless, to go nowhere... away from nothing, to nothing, for nothing, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, no movement, still, peace

*nothing*

No sound, no experience complete. One with the nothing to be.

This thought I leave to self to find in self for self to be with self.

Manson

# The Streets Belong To Grajonka... Off Grajonka

Drugs. They're illegal, in one respect, because some self-perpetuating, civil service hacks decided that they were no good for you (we don't even have to go into the rap about how the Harry Anslingers of the world don't like themselves, and can't even get it up, and etcetera). The hacks enforced their brutalizing laws until they had indoctrinated an entire nation of hacks that would warn and spread deception among their kids for generations to come. They even created a uniquely American Puritan Folk Myth: that of the stranger bearing candies and sweets.

And so, America goes its sado-masochistic way. Enough of low-down history... reflection on our present stats is almost like DOING that hardhat trip.

Anyway, things are changing pretty quickly, aren't they? I mean, we're a new generation of explorers, rebels and iconoclasts who, more or less, stand together, each doing his thing, watching the hacks drop like leaves in autumn. Isn't that the way it is?

Take the example of the Fillmore and its Main Wheel... in fact, the question of Bill Graham has been on a lot of people's minds in recent days. I mean, everybody recognizes the hack in Graham, but what they see can, very often, be explained as often quite necessary compromises to be made with the System, or with the Man. Down The Block, or whoever, so, whereas we recognize the hack in Graham, we fail to see the streak going very deep. So it's cool. His presence is regarded as that of a neutral entity within the organism. But how does each of us react if we were to decide that his presence is alien and hostile to each of us?

Well, just how much of a hack IS this man that we're making so powerful? I have my opinion... but I'll keep it to myself and let you form your own. All highly slanted passages should be totally disregarded, and all name-calling should be seen in a spirit of pal: blue jest.

The house rule and rigid enforcement against the use of drugs in the Fillmore is, in effect, to protect Graham and the very future of the rock scene in the East Village. That's understandable, is it? I mean, any reasonable, un-fucked-up person could grasp that simple fact.

Suppose The Man suddenly charged down the center aisle... why, in that arid blackness The Man would easily hone in on the nearest whiff of smoke, follow it right to the foul perpetrator, who would be totally unaware of the Law's advance, would be caught in the act and arrested, after which the Fillmore would be closed for providing occasion for illicit trade and illegal conduct.

That's why Graham's man, Meathooks McGoon, will kick your ass if you light up a joint at the Fillmore East this Friday night.

Apart from annoyances we might have about Graham's obedience to The Man, and his overzealous compliance with the hacks' law, we all realize that there are certain protections to be expected when one is out to insure his property or livelihood. Graham, therefore, is acutely responsible for everything that goes down inside of his theatre.

So... drugs are bad at home, where the folks will catch on; in school, where the authorities will get you; at work, where you'll lose your job; and in the heart of the East Village, where Meathooks McGoon will kick the shit out of you. Each situation, we are told, is uniquely different. And so, we let sleeping dogs lie.

Two points for you, Bill Graham. No one else is ready to provide the entertainment you bring to this area (albeit that you are a fucking vampire money-suck) and if anyone DID do a new music scene at, say, the Anderson, they would be hard pressed to enforce the same no-drug rules if they expected to remain open very long.

But, maybe YOU are one of those who's been harassed by Meathooks McGoon in the past, and were troubled trying to understand why you shouldn't off the mother in the mouth (unless, of course, the considerations were purely physical). Just as a matter of principle, disregarding all consequences I'm sure someone out there felt the need to rearrange one of those long-haired, authoritarian faces just because it seemed that he deserved it.

And then -- ah, yes! -- there was that CONFLICT to come to grips with: I mean, the guy is LIKE YOU... he's your BROTHER, and all that. It ought to be a lot EASIER, both physically and emotionally, to heed the guy's demands, no?

And maybe, at some later date, you regretted or questioned your sheep-like complicity. All you can quiet your troubling doubt with is the dull catechism that old Meathooks is a brother.

Could it be that I'm suggesting, by this devious, twisted approach, that the whole Fillmore scene just isn't what it seems? That Bill Graham ISN'T just a fucking vampire money-suck who scowls to present the best and only shows in town with the added price to all of exorbitant admissions and fanatical compliance with The Man and his hack legality? That the long-haired "keepers" aren't just guys who work for a living like all our other brothers, and who just happen to be in a position of enforcing unpopular, but necessary regulations?

Remember a few weeks ago? There was an article in these pages about the growing Bootleg industry, and how it pisses Graham to see hawkers selling bootleg outside the Fillmore because he is such a fucking vampire money-suck that he is also into the recording industry, and feels it in his GUT that he must insure that all bread issuing forth from Record Sales, USA, MUST channel through The System.

In the past, Graham's attempts were limited to a few harassing encounters, first between the McGoon family and the bootleg hawkers, and finally, a face-to-face between Hawkman and Mr. BG himself... all to the same avail: "If you don't leave," said Graham, "I'll have you arrested." To which Hawkman replied: "The streets belong to the people. Go ahead and CALL a cop!" And nothing ever happened.

Of course, The Man would just request that Hawkman move on; if he had it in for the hawker, however, he would issue him a summons for peddling

without a license -- but that would be a genuine hassle, because then BOTH Hawkman and cop would have to appear in court for a misdemeanor charge, which, in a first offense, carries a maximum penalty-fine of ten bucks. A cop wouldn't want to waste time in court on that kind of a charge. That's about all that could legally happen to Hawkman. So he's been willing to stick his neck out, defying that initial warning.

But the latest shit that's gone down on the corner of Second Ave. and Sixth St. causes one to wonder about just how far the malevolent patrimony of Bill Graham extends. How far beyond the draw-bridge will that fucking vampire money-suck send his henchmen? Where do the interests of the Bill Graham Fucking Money-Suck Empire end?

You tell ME if the following encounter couldn't be translated into Pig State Dept. backroom jargon with ease... the kind of rap we all KNOW goes on behind the new-think rhetoric spewed out in official press releases about US "commitments" around the globe:

It's colder than a witch's tit, and Hawkman, rocking from foot to foot, is hawking his fare (on Fri., Jan. 8) when he is suddenly confronted by a couple of Fillmore bouncers, who wade through the barriers to flank him. Each has about two or three inches on Hawkman and, together, they outweigh him by 450 pounds.

"You can't stand here."  
"You don't own the streets... I have every right to stand here."  
"Look -- we don't want any trouble. Go away!"

"I'm afraid not. You have no say about what goes on in the street."

"Oh yes we do." (menacingly)

"Oh no you don't." At this point, each closes in one step.

"Don't make us get rough."  
"If you do that, it's your own decision."

"You're forcing our hand."

"Graham is forcing you, you mean... keeping your job may be forcing you to be this way, not me. Look: I understand that you guys are being pressured," confided Hawkman naively, "so I'll do what I said I'd do last time -- I'll keep moving and won't stay in one place, that way you can say that you told me to move, which I did. YOU can't help it if I keep coming back."

"Oh yes we can."

"Look, if I want to break the law by selling without a peddler's license, I can. It's my prerogative to be arrested if I want to, but you guys have no legal say in anything that goes on in the streets because -- I don't have to tell YOU: the streets don't belong to Bill Graham, they belong to the people."

The larger of the two bounders first pointed out the already noted great odds against Hawkman, urging him to reconsider his folly. Hawkman reiterated his quasi-legal position, after which he was given the following credo by these "brothers":

1) The streets don't belong to the people; they belong to the city, in the name of his lord mayorship.

2) The police "really want" the Fillmore to be responsible for their sidewalk, thus the barriers (here the whole relationship of convenience between Graham and The Man was brought more into the light and it came out that, as mentioned before, the cops couldn't give less of a shit if someone went scot-free on a ten-dollar misdemeanor for peddling without a license, and that it was the fucking vampire money-suck who stood to lose

by the continuance of bootleg sales -- not just outside the Fillmore, but anywhere).

3) If Meathooks flattened Hawkman's beak, nothing would be done about it by The Man, because that's part of the arrangement, too.

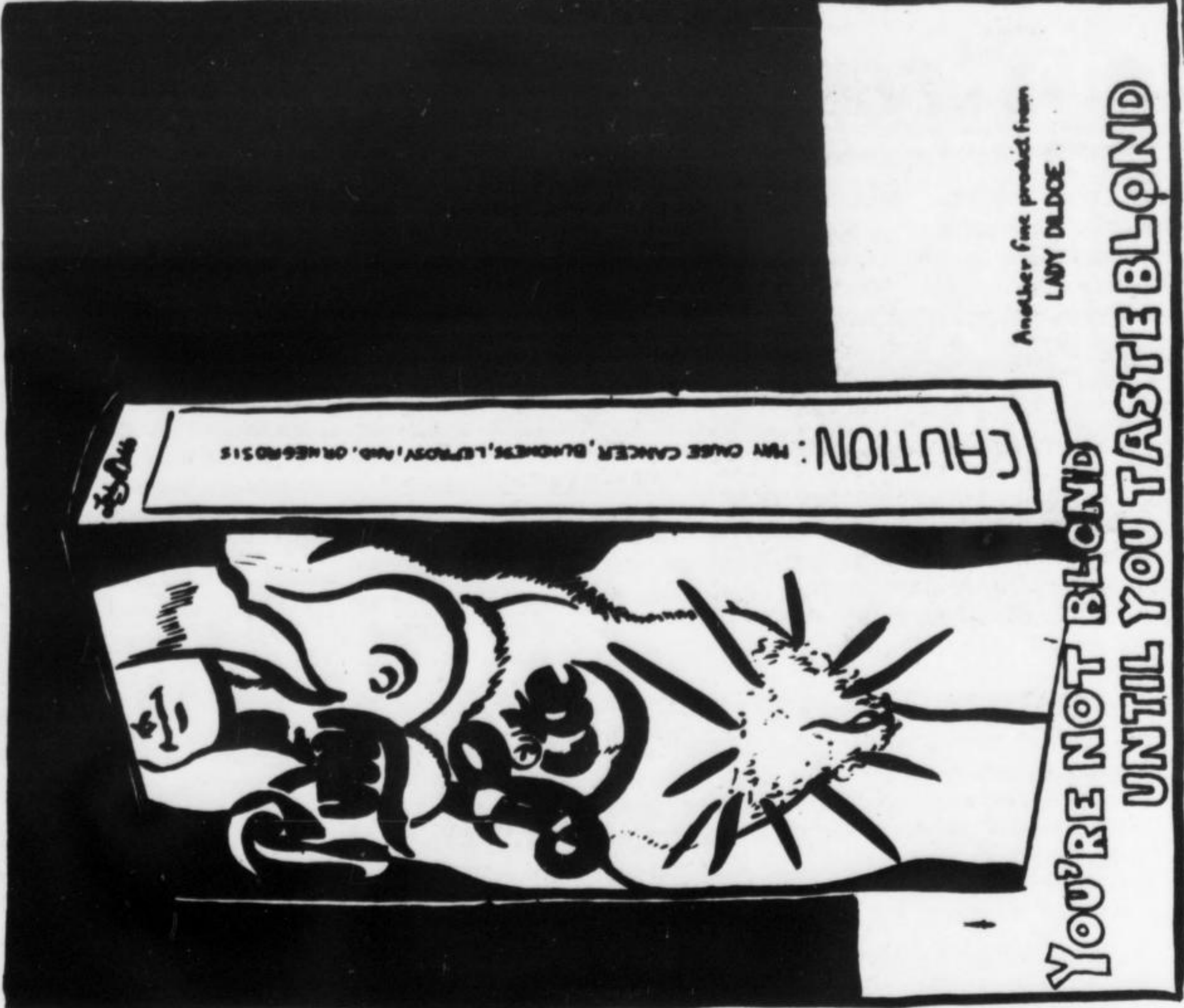
At this point, Hawkman attempted to appeal to something deeper than the roles he naively believed these pieces of hired flesh were being forced to play, and turned up credo number

4) These guys firmly believe that bootleg is dishonest -- they firmly BELIEVE that if a rock group "works for it" they should, in this land of opportunity, be allowed to clear fifty grand apiece for a year's work, and they firmly believe that bootleggers and their like should be thwarted in any and all attempts to live off any of that well-deserved bread of five figures that they so revere as one of life's finest goals.

In other words, they are not so much like us, as they are like "them" -- whether they dress or look or feel like it or not, THEY are the new and developing breed of fucking vampire money-sucks. They are the soul of the Yankee System of Big Dog Eat Small Dog that wipes the butter from its chin while three-quarters of the world starves. (Continued on Page 22)



by  
BASHO  
KATZENJAMMER



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# World, Birth Of A Nation

by Jackie Avedon

Dateline New York City anytime day or night, but mostly it's 2 East 2nd St. where the New York Theater Ensemble put on a play of most fantastical delight, a cock might kill you if a gun can fly, brooms come out of their closets and witches ride. Histories are rewritten and dreams turn into mythology. The answer to the puzzle is a child born dead. A woman called Ava, played by Prindivil, slices cocks off at the head. The play is *World, Birth of a Nation*. Christopher Columbus, played by Jaime De Carlo, is rather like a Captain America demon

with four lovely naked zombi-like boy children, perhaps angels in disguise. Flash of Bob Dylan, Beatles, and Stones in the country of the Blind, ahhh Monkey man your blues are quite lavender, the queen of the hop is there. The play is a homosexual fantasy. Scenes: Stanley Livingston, Michel Avedon plays doctor at the birth of John Wayne's baby with Michael Angelo as a French gimp assistant, Louis Pasteur. This is especially a groovy scene, the actors really gettin' it on with quasi hysterical mood, laughter. Also Wayne County as Head Nurse of a parley of heavy-breasted girl, whirl of nurses who remember grandfather and did

you ever have a puppy that you loved when you were a little girl. Spot, Spot, exit Lady Macbeth. The fag's ass is also red-blood. Who is the back door man? Birdie Revere, as Balboa, a jive Spade, a gay blade of sexual color, or by night a Kate Smith escort, Patti Parleman, terrific as Demosthenes. Not so Greek tragic, just miles of smiles.

Wayne County is the author of the play and Tony Ingrassia produces this evening of madness. The play is a hit and will be performed mucho more week-ends. The only performance that makes it is one that achieves absolute madness and at times World goes

beyond this in subtle manipulation of the satanic forces. Chris Columbus is so much the epitome of evil and hedonism that he is immediately recognized as not only the hero but the super-hero of perversity. His zombi love-slave quartet of nude devilish men, are a chorus of pastel colors in a raging sea of sexual anomaly. As a thunderstorm in winter is World is a homosexual fantasy is an aberration of form complete in rhythm. The third act is marvelous, each member of the audience relishes at the counterpoint achieved by the actors. The play is the thing and Company Two does it up right in *World, Birth of a Nation*.

## BOX ARTIST GOES FLAT

COLLAGES BY JOSEPH CORNELL  
Metropolitan Museum of Art  
Through Feb. 28th

P.J. O'Rourke

The Met's exhibit of forty-five Joseph Cornell collages isn't an important show. It's even pretty hard to find in the museum. And his collages aren't the profound experience that his boxes are. But it's worth going to get to know Cornell better. Besides, with the new mission thing at the Met, you pay only what you want to or what you can afford and you get a pretty colored button to wear around and there are clean bathrooms and that's more than I can say for the Fillmore East.

Looking at these collages I began to realize what a wise old man Cornell is about living in this world. There's a lot of carping about how ugly modern times are but Cornell's attitude echoes Steve Stills: "If you can't be with the one you love/Love the one you're with."

A couple of paragraphs printed up on the gallery wall amount to liner notes for the show. It's noted that Cornell is appalled by the wastefulness of our economy; he has a right to speak. He's not the first eco-conscious artist but he is one of the few who make nice attractive things out of junk — not horrible things or "statement" things or sophisticated things but nifty things that you'd like to have around, things you'd like to seduce Jane Fonda next to, or smoke dope and look at.

His work is humorous and humble. Cornell has an able aesthetic sense that lets him create apparently effortless pictures, pictures that are so good they don't seem difficult.

The first thing to enjoy, is his materials, mostly magazines and a few stickers and pennies, etc. — all very ordinary. Almost every collage has a background of sky and some kind of landscape — often National Geographic style slick color photos. On this base he builds scenes with Renaissance angels, old dolls, birds, geometric figures, pictures of garden statuary and drawn or scratched lines and circles. Eleven or twelve collages use various constellations or planetary orbits which I recognized as being cut out of the *Golden Book of Astronomy*.

Like in the boxes (which many of these collages are studies for), Cornell builds up a repertoire of personal symbols. Since I'm not A.J. Weberman, I don't know what these mean. But there is always the sense

of imposing order. This would be a drag if it represented some kind of neo-classicism or other brand of aesthetic fascism, but Cornell's feeling is for the personal order and the psychological need of everyone who ever rearranged their sister's doll house when no one was looking or built a model railroad or felt sick in Times Square.

I think part of Cornell's fascination is religious. Apart from his fondness for Piero della Francesca angels, I kept seeing the circles that he put on his collages, and, though they were pleasing to the eye, I didn't understand why they were there. Then about two-thirds of the way through his stuff there was one collage based on a beautiful photo of a sunburst. Drawn around the sunburst was a complete circle with tiny (apparently antique) bird stickers along the outside of the circle. Birds are an old Christian symbol for the soul. Circles have been universally accepted as the symbol of eternity. And an aureole, like that produced by the sunburst, is an obvious and historic symbol of divinity. The way Cornell had used circles, in other words, with the grids and deliberately visible layout lines, indicates that he sees a link between the comforting and arbitrary order of men and an ultimate order. I think he's very gentle about putting his ideology in his art.

Cornell makes lots of little jokes, like his picture of a Welsh coal miner, one of those "profound and touching

proletarian portraits," where he's tucked a hummingbird inside the man's lapel. He interrupts Pascal's triangles with a line of birds. He has an angel minister to a Besty-Wetsy doll. He covers the stars in the *Golden Book* constellations with stick-on hearts. He has Gabriel delivering the baby Jesus with vapor trails. And he has dropped a lute-playing angel into an "every Salem it's springtime" forest to create a New Yorker cartoon (that isn't too successful but it's funny). The four best collages are mounted on plastic in the center of the room because they have two sides. The fronts are fine examples of his collages but on the other side of the plastic you can see the back of the frames and he's made a minimal collage on the same theme back there with the masking tape and his own signature backwards.

They tell me that Cornell's not really a great artist. But my love for Cornell has to do with removing the bullshit index from art. Joseph Cornell is self-taught. A lot of people, like the Surrealists, would like to claim him but he doesn't go for that. Cornell's work says that artistic expression — making neat shit — is open to anyone who'll stick to their guns. You don't have to go to college or study under Fra Filippo Lippi. This may mean a future glutted with awkward handicrafts and ridiculous oil paintings, but I prefer grotesque bead belts to the genius of Werner Von Braun.



JOSEPH CORNELL. *Hotel du Nord*  
(Little Durer), n.d.

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(Continued from Page 19)

I've got news for those cocky, self-assured dudes: they had better watch THEIR asses. Everything is getting tight and the people, in their growing degradation, are beginning to see through ALL forms of authority that function to hold the System together. In times of dissolution, like now, authorities tend to stand up and be counted, as they tenaciously hold on to their share of the Power Pie.

Well, old Meathooks McGoon has shown, rather clearly, just whose side he's on, and one of these days, some one is going to off the pig.

A week ago, long and short haired dudes tore up the streets and kicked the shit out of cops on Broadway, and THESE guys work for the center of the System: the communication nerve-center of Ma Bell.

Sure, it's money that drives them, but they are mainstream and "people" enough to call a spade a spade, and to take no shit at all from the authorities, no matter who they are.

Meanwhile, the guardians of the Rock Bastions wax cold with power, turn green like money and become the super-humans that are going to hold things together—for the Corporate Music Interests, at least—while the rest of the world crumbles.

Bullshit. I'm hungry, you're hungry. Maybe these guys haven't sensed that yet. All of their Meathooks aren't going to be worth shit when it comes down to it.

If someone wants to sell bootleg and risk arrest, they'll do it; if you want to tear out a seat in the Fillmore and sell it at some "Rock Reliques" auction, or something like that, because you haven't eaten in days, you'll

do that. And if it ever gets so rough that it's either us or them, it'll be THEM, because... what the hell! What have the last ten years been about, anyway?!

Deciding that they were not who or what they seemed to be, Hawkman decided to cut off the rap with the bouncers and go ahead and do what HE said he'd do about hawking, thus giving the bouncers the chance to keep THEIR word...

and they called the cops  
and they called the cops  
and they called the cops

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*“Thank God  
men cannot as yet fly,  
and lay waste  
the sky  
as well as the earth.”*

*—Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)*





