

INFORMATION

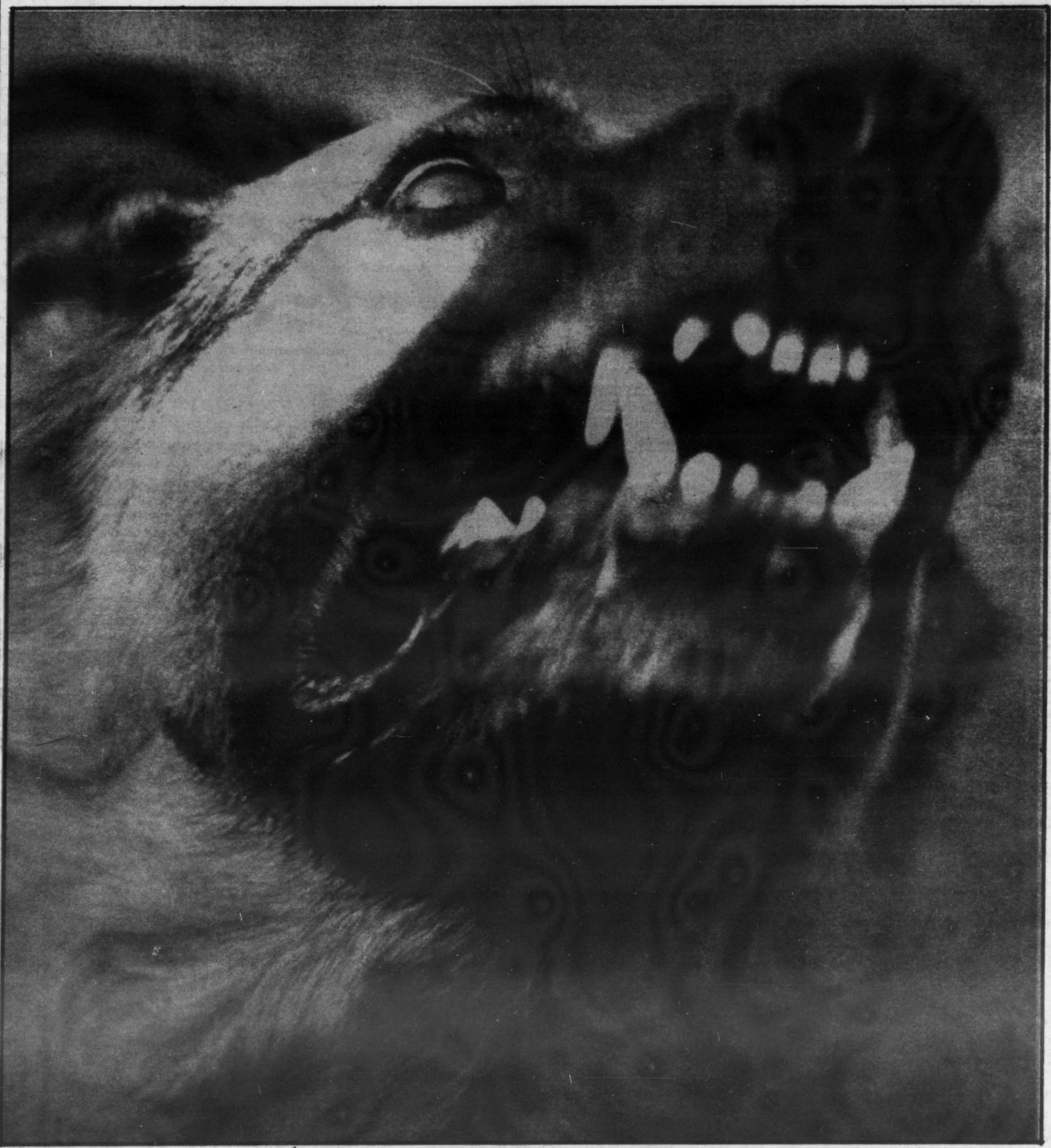
THE

east
village



NUMBER

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Hilary

NOW is the time for all good people to stop acting out their nightmare.

Some are hellbent on regurgitating bad habits that should have been discarded long ago.

IMITATING A REJECT IS NOT REVOLUTIONARY.

The recent caper in Algiers is but a symptom of our difficulty with the necessary decalcification of our minds.

To entrap oneself in the trappings of the same old pig-fascist-racist-imperialist Babylonian past is a burden a true revolutionary can ill afford.

Ramming one's head down your brother's consciousness is stupid if not outright inhuman.

A revolution void of humanity is a waste of time.

We are all brothers and sisters-not pigs and their prey.

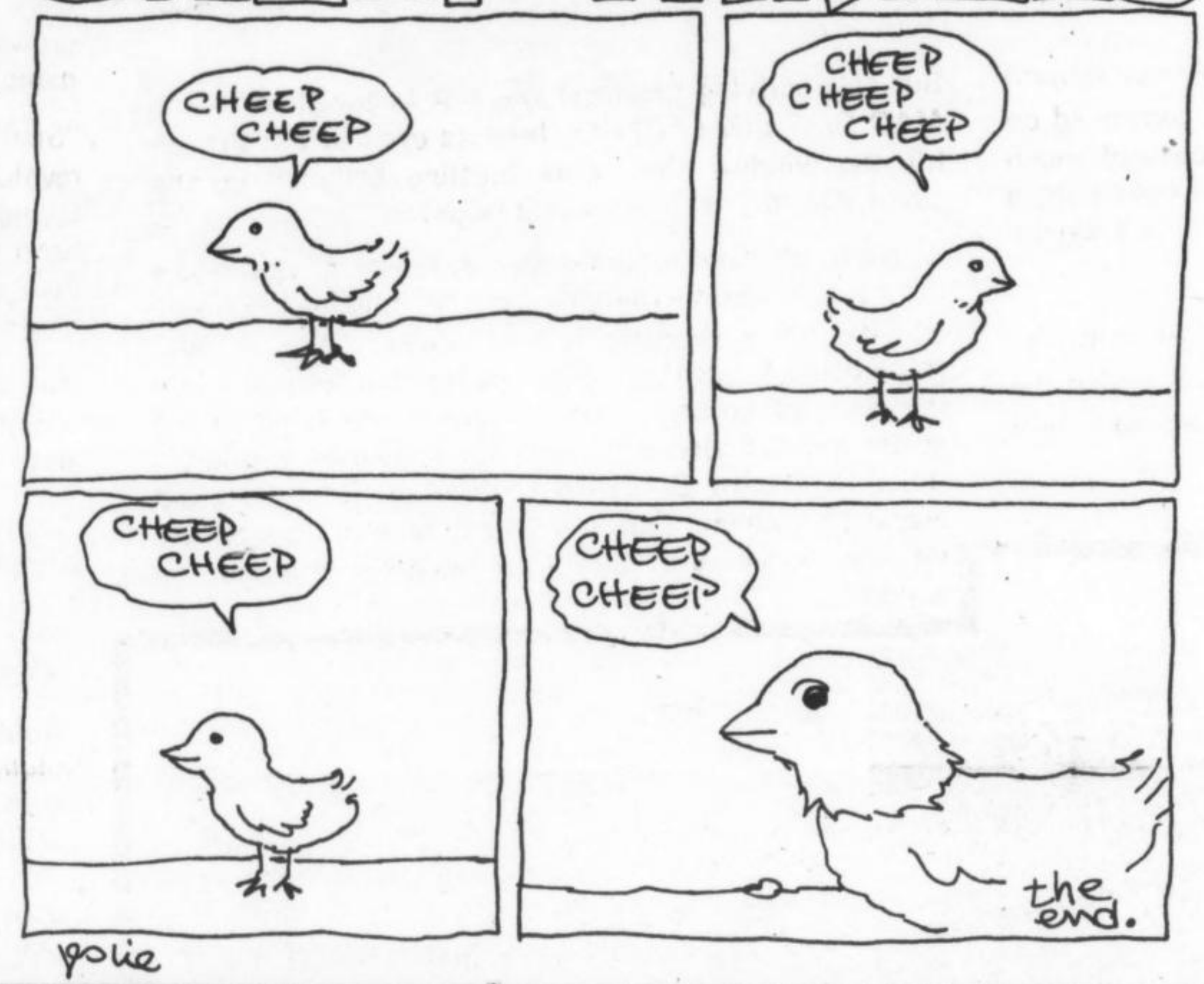
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NEXT WEEK: THE CLEAVER TAPE

Handwritten signature

CHEEP THRILLS



Student and Youth Conference on a People's Peace

a conference called in response to the Vietnamese People's peace proposal—

Peace Treaty Conference: University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Time: Weekend of Feb. 5-7

Sponsored by: —U.S. National Students Association
—Midwest Peace Treaty Coordinating Committee
—Students of University of Michigan at Ann Arbor

For more information: Organizing Committee
Student and Youth Conference on a People's Peace
2226 "M" Street, NW
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THE MAD DOG COLLECTIVE

a testimony

We wuz feeling hassled, dirty and mean last Saturday night what with racism, sexism, imperialism, fascism, the continuing harrassment, defilement, befoolment, and murder of the Los Seita de la Raza, the Soledad Brothers, Jonathan Jackson, the Panther 21, Bobby Seale, Erika Huggins, Sharon Krebs, the Seattle 8, the exile of brother Tim and beautiful Rosemary, the Berrigans, Victor Martinez, the continuing exploitation and humiliation of our female brothers and gaysisters the ceaseless and awful efforts of the pig mother country to stultify and calcify and otherwise indignify and suck off the vibrant righteous dynamic life-giving wellsprings of the New Youth Woodstock Nation (New York Times - Je. 21) but mostly, we were horny, and drunk as skunks and right in the mood for some shit-kicking in the fashion of trashin'.

The night was cold and dark and dreary, and we had to piss. Since there was no place to piss, thanks to the capitalist system of imperialist pay toilets that humiliates the workers, we decided to take the law into our own hands, and with a resounding cry of "Power to the People," leaped over the fence of Grace Church, the bestial bastion of institutionalized oppression, there to sweep like South American revolutionaries through the dense shrubbery that surrounds this capitalist cathedral.

"Up against the wall, motherfuckers!" we intoned in unison as we pissed against the wall in a truly revolutionary manner.

Following successful completion of this radical endeavor, we cast about for some object upon which to leave the mark of the *MAD DOG COLLECTIVE*. The church, of course, was impregnable. There was, however, a lamppost with bourgeois glass panes on all four sides, so Brother X lifted a hard chunk of commercially polluted ice and hurled it through the glass, smashing two panes, fore and aft.

"Take that, lackey oppressors!" screamed X, as he fled madly for the street.

"Right on!" screamed Epsilon as he followed close behind, catching the edge of his coat and panicking for a second.

"AIEEEEE!!" he screamed, "ALL IS LOST! I MUST PERISH!"

Loyal to the end, X ran wildly for two blocks before realizing that there was no reason to retreat... quite... so... fast. But epsilon by this time had freed himself from his ghastly fate, and the two heroes continued on to the Union Square Area where they discovered, much to their surprise, a trashcan, and six feet behind it, a huge inviting picture window of S. Klein's on the square.

"Synchronize watches," said X.

"I haven't got a watch," said Epsilon truculently.

"Time is a bourgeois concept designed to maintain the bondage of the enslaved classes. Let's just wait until there's no traffic."

"Or passers-by," nodded X.



Smash! "By this remember *The MAD DOG COLLECTIVE!*"

MY GUN IS BIGGER THAN YOUR GUN!

"Those dirty bastards," growled E.

"Rotten motherfuckers."

"Idle non-involved spectators."

"THERE'S NO TRAFFIC!" In a perfectly co-ordinated maneuver of breathtaking efficiency and singleness of effort, they lifted between them the half-filled trashcan, hoisted it high into the air, and sent it flying into the window, which as a consequence, shattered into flinders, the mannequins and bourgeois trappings of the latest fashions all collapsing in a prophetic tangle of capitalistic destruction.

But this edifying spectacle was not bequeathed to the *MAD DOG COLLECTIVE*, because even before the can hit the window they were hurtling pell-mell up the street, howling with righthoud laughter.

"I guesx it's time to go home," ventured X, who was a little green around the gills from all this revolutionary activity on a stomach full of booze. "Not at all," rejoindered E., as they hung gasping to a lamppost in a non-descript corner. "I see a pop bottle lying in the gutter over yonder." "I see a big plate-glass window," noted X, "with *El Banco Credito* on it." "Detested avatar of revanche Zionist avarice!" howled E., scooping up the bottle and hurling it squarely through the window.

They stood a moment this time to admire their work. Then, hearing the rapid approach of a Detroit-made automobile, they vanished into the shadows considerably faster than the automobile itself. This set them on an 80-block spree of righteous vengeance and terrific trashing.

Many of the windows at which THE *MAD DOG COLLECTIVE* directed the full fury of their puissant revolutionary zeal, unhappily, were too hard to be broken with the sundry bits of ice with which they were forced to deal. "I can't deal with this stuff," X growled at last. "I can't relate to it. I'm gonna use my hand."

"Stay!" cautioned Y., as X drove his naked revolutionary fist through the window of a ususal savings-and-loan institution. "Harm not thy proletarian hand on such an unworthy window. You're playing into their pig running dog low-down counter-revolutionary tactics."

But it was too late. "Base treachery!" lamented X., looking on aghast as the blood spurted freely from a slash in the webbing between his thumb and forefinger.

"I am undone. O Epsilon, my hand is gone. Carry on without me. Leave me to perish, I would not be a burden on my brothers and sisters in the Revolution."

"Okay," said Epsilon, starting down the street.

"Hold it! Hold it!" cautioned X, scooting up beside him, holding forth his fist, which was beginning to drip up his "It might not be fatal after all. Their plans have failed." Leaving a trail of righteous free blood behind them, and a lot of broken glass, they returned wearily to their secret underground bunker, where they composed this message to their brothers and sisters

X The gun is beautiful!



EPSILON I am a gun!



**Fuck it!
Suck it!
Trash it!
Smash it!**

**The gun is beautiful!
I am a gun!
MY GUN IS BIGGER
THAN YOUR GUN!**

Double Feature
FABLE

by
 Two
 Fisted
 Titus

Once a dog named Lassie ran thru the woods and saved his puppies from the wolves.
 MORAL: Even the dogs go in drag.

Once a reptile had an apple and a woman wanted it. That eve he gave it to her.
 MORAL: Sinister people these snakes.

typed up by the
 People's Fable Typing Collective

REVIEWS

NATO

INSTEAD OF PORTUGAL!

by Joaquin Rivery
 Special Correspondent of PRENSA LATINA

BUDAPEST — A Portuguese commercial airplane was hijacked from Luanda, the capital of Angola, to the city of Brazzaville in the Congo Republic while the oil tanks in the outskirts of the city were blown up. In the interior of the country the forces of the People's Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) unleashed a series of attacks against the Lupire Cayanda and Muye posts. Meanwhile, guerrilla pressure forced the Portuguese to abandon the Monteiro barracks. The MPLA has already liberated one-third of Angolan territory, an African colony called an "overseas province" by the Portuguese. The struggle started in Cabinda, now called the Second Military Region by the MPLA. The last of the five existing military regions was opened recently in the Bio region, in the very heart of the country, precisely where the Portuguese had formed a defense line to prevent the crossing of the MPLA forces, but the guerrillas are operating beyond that line. They have a mobile front and since their objective is to throw off the Portuguese yoke, their immediate target is to spread the struggle across the country.

To subdue this African country, Portugal maintains an 80-thousand man army, there, supplied with the latest modern arms and techniques furnished by the NATO countries. In an interview with Humberto Trasa and Alfonso van Dunen, MPLA delegates to the Democratic Youth World Federation Assembly, analyzed the aid given by the U.S., West Germany, England, France and Holland to Portugal.

The MPLA members tell us that one time the UPA had some strength, but it was divided into three groups. One of them is led by Robert Holden; another, started working directly with the Portuguese; and the true patriots maintained the struggle in Angola and are at present members of the MPLA forces. Trasa and Van Dunen add that Mobutu maintains his support to Holden who is nothing but an instrument of the imperialists in their effort to obstruct the struggle.

Press circles have considered the possibility that Roberto Holden is sponsored directly by the U.S. Moreover, it was once rumored that Portugal would transfer power to an exile government, but according to the same version, Portugal refused. This has not been confirmed, but it might be true.

The struggle goes on and in recent months the MPLA has been attacking some isolated posts kept by the Portuguese within liberated areas which are supplied by air because all other ways of communication are blocked. Meanwhile NATO members violate UN principles and all its declarations and resolutions condemning colonialism.



JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ISSUES NEW

"Crime" Grants

LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — The Justice Department's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) has just issued grants totalling 70 million dollars in order to "eradicate" the rising rate of "crime" in the U.S.

San Jose, Santa Clara County, California; Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio; and Charlotte, Macklenburg County, North Carolina will each receive \$500,000 "as test cities for new technology and far-ranging criminal justice improvements and experimentation."

\$1.5 million of the total will be used to aid "American Indian Law Enforcement" by equipping reservation police with "basic criminal justice equipment, criminal justice personnel, and better records systems for police."

The other \$68 million will be given to police departments all over the country to buy new equipment, to hire psychiatric aides, bomb disposal experts, research experts and systems analysts.

There's little wonder, though, that when Mr. Perkins arrived in this nation of 5.2 million, he found troubles and rebels. Guatemala may offer a leisurely pace, a warm climate and archaeological treasures, but per capita income is only \$340 a year. Only three in 10 citizens can read. Ever since the U.S. engineered coup against the leftist government of Jacobo Arbenz in 1954, Americans have been favorite targets of the left.

In the mid-1960s, guerrillas seized control of much of the mountainous northeast region. Opposition vigilante groups of landowners armed themselves and a small civil war began.

The political kidnappings began in late 1965 when guerrillas captures — all at the same time — the president of the congress, the president of the supreme court and the propaganda minister. The president of congress escaped. The other two were released, unharmed, two months later when the military government began in retaliation to round up old-line Communists. The government, however, shot their prisoners and stuffed their bodies in gunny sacks and dumped them in the Pacific.

Fuerzas Armadas Rebeldes — Rebel Armed Forces or FAR — accounts for most of the political kidnappings which began three years ago. Through robbery and ransoms from kidnapping, FAR has accumulated an estimated \$2 million in the past 18 months to finance its activities.

Many wealthy Guatemalans avoid kidnappings altogether by making regular monthly payments to FAR. The businessman kidnapped not long ago who was extremely irate over the whole incident, indignantly insisted he was already paying off the guerrillas and therefore wasn't subject to a kidnapping. Hagglng over this point and other gripes, he was able to get his ransom reduced to \$20,000 from \$200,000.

The current right-wing government has started an 11 p.m. curfew. Anybody on the street after then may be arrested or shot. Major right-wing organizations include La Mano (The Hand), said to be a sort of subversive arm of the army and the police, and Ojo por Ojo (Eye for an Eye), a right-wing vengeance group that many suspect is made up largely of policemen.

A left-wing law professor, who was an aide to a leftist president 18 years ago, was recently shot to death at a main intersection here. Police were parked nearby but didn't interfere.

Many of the hundreds being arrested by the police never see a court. They are simply detained in the cavernous national police building — indefinitely.

A DAY IN THE LIFE
 A U.S. DIPLOMAT IN GUATEMALA

LIBERATION News Service

GUATEMALA CITY, Guatemala (LNS) — For John Perkins and his wife, even going to the movies has become a grind. First they call the cops. Then they drive cautiously through town with the police escort trailing closely behind.

When John Wayne has finished off the last of the bad guys the Perkinses round up the police again, head for their suburban brick house and hurriedly secure the front door locks — all four of them. "We're embarrassed to ask for an escort just to go to the movies," confides Mrs. Perkins. So usually the Perkinses stay home with their children instead.

When Perkins first came here three years ago, he drove himself to work in 15 minutes. Now he rides in a police escorted caravan of cars that picks up a number of diplomats — and the commute takes 45 minutes.

Life is complicated for the family because the 41 year-old Mr. Perkins is commercial attache at the American Embassy here — and foreign diplomats in Latin America lead complicated lives these days. In Guatemala and several other capitals as well, there is political kidnapings and assassinations increasingly forces envoys of all nations to lead lives of fear. "There was less risk in Saigon," says one U.S. diplomat here who has served in South Vietnam.

In their travels throughout the day, the diplomats stagger their hours and vary their routes so that none will pass any given point at a regular time. They thus avoid situations that could set them up as easy, predictable targets. On most diplomatic errands, a policeman drives and an armed guard sits in front. At least two additional policemen follow in another car. So that drivers and passengers can constantly check behind big new rear-view mirrors have been riveted inside the cars.

As there seems to be a tradition of kidnapping during the lunch hour, most diplomats have logically enough stopped lunching out. For Mr. Perkins, the midday meal is commonly a bologna sandwich at his desk.

The atmosphere of fear even affects sports. When the embassy softball team, on which Mr. Perkins is a center fielder, played on a recent Saturday morning, police guards were plainly in evidence. The embassy's Sociable Bowling League has quit regular league play.

No children have been bothered But the embassy youngsters also lead cautious lives. The Perkinses' two children, six-year-old Ted and eight-year-old Paula, aren't allowed to go anywhere without an adult. Like other embassy children, Ted and Paula not swim at the ambassador's residence rather than the Maya Excelsior Hotel downtown.

Embassy security officers like to keep the name of the children's school a secret. At times Ted and Paula are told they can't go out to the park because the ambassador has asked all the Americans to stay home that day.

There perils contrast sharply with the advantages of diplomatic life here. Mr. Perkins draws a base salary of \$16,760 a year — but lives far better than he could on a comparable salary in the United States. For one thing, ever since the labor attache was kidnaped last March, U.S. diplomats here have received a "hardship post" allowance equal to 15% of their base pay. The Perkins family also gets a housing allowance of \$3,300 a year.

For \$325 a month, they rent a pleasant four-bedroom, three-bathroom brick house with orange and lemon trees and exotic plants in the interior gardens. From their window they can watch Pacaya Volcano erupt — a beautiful sight at night.

Both Perkins children attend private school, which costs their parents a total of \$1,200 a year. The family also has a part-time gardener and a live-in maid. "We need a maid if I'm to do all the (entertaining) that is expected," says Mrs. Perkins. "The State Department gets two people for the price of one," she adds.

Ambassador Nathaniel Davis has made it clear that anyone uncomfortable about the danger here could be transferred. "Significantly, we haven't had a wave of people trying to get out," he says.

LAOS

LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's note: During last August, there were reports that United States troops were massed on the border between South Vietnam and Laos, and there was talk that cleaning out Laotian "sanctuaries" was the logical next step, after Cambodia, for American forces. At the same time, preliminary peace talks between the Pathet Lao and the Vientiane government were beginning, and the Pathet Lao charged that U.S.-sponsored border raids by the South Vietnamese army were endangering the peace talks.

It is too early to say whether these troop concentrations foretell an invasion of Laos, an attempt to foil the Laotian peace talks, or

simply an attempt to strengthen the hand of the Vientiane government in those talks.

This article from the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars gives the background to developments in Laos and the U.S. participation in the war there. A second article will discuss the escalation of the war in Laos since 1968.)

The Pathet Lao was formed in 1950 as an anti-colonial movement in Laos, allied with the Viet Minh in Vietnam, during the struggle against French colonialism. It was founded by a Laotian prince, Souphanouvong, and soon won a significant following. By the time of the Geneva conference in 1954, which arranged for the withdrawal of France from its colonies in Indochina, the Pathet Lao was much stronger politically and militarily than the French-sponsored Royal Lao Government (RLG).

The Geneva agreements, which recognized the RLG headed by Prince Souvanna Phouma, provided for the independence and neutralization of Laos, the withdrawal of foreign military personnel, and the regroupment of Pathet Lao forces in the two northern provinces of Laos pending the holding of elections and their integration into a national government.

The United States, however, while searching for the most strongly anti-communist leaders they could find, began to pour "aid" money into Laos to finance the building of the Royal Laotian Army. This army was never meant to be a serious fighting force, but rather a "trip wire" which would dramatize communist encroachment and thus justify U.S. intervention.

To train the army, they installed military advisers who wore civilian clothes, since under the Geneva agreements no foreign military personnel were allowed in Laos. To finance the army, the U.S. introduced a large-scale commodity import program; Laos now imports forty times as much as it exports, the difference being made up by U.S. aid.

The result of this massive import program was corruption among the Lao elite and a major black-market business in the aid commodities, many of which did not even enter the country before being resold in Thailand or elsewhere. The fact that the RLG was almost totally dependent on American aid meant that it did not have to rely on its own subjects for support, and the rural population, which did not benefit from luxury imports, became alienated from the wealthy and corrupt elite in Vientiane.

This total dependence on American aid also meant that the U.S. could overthrow governments merely by holding up the aid payments until a government to their liking was in place — a power which they have exercised several times. In 1957, Souvanna Phouma, head of the neutralist faction which at that time stood the best chance of unifying the country and reconciling the various groups, made an agreement for a coalition government with the Pathet Lao.

Following this agreement, an election in 1958 (widely admitted to be the only free election ever held in Laos) resulted in the election of Pathet Lao representatives to nine seats in the National Assembly and their allies to another four, out of a total of 21 seats at stake in that election. At this point, before a

NEWS

Police Fire 500 rounds

INTO NCCF HOUSE LOOKING FOR "STOLEN MEAT"
LIBERATION News Service

WINSTON-SALEM, N.C. (LNS) — We visited the local NCCF office on Jan. 14, two days after it had been attacked by police. The outside of the two story house in the slums of Winston-Salem were riddled with bullet holes. All the windows were broken. The wall beside the door was full of holes. The tear gas was still so strong, we couldn't stay more than a minute.

The police attack, like others made against the Black Panthers and their organizing bureau, the National Committee to Combat Fascism (NCCF), was a frame-up from the beginning. An unknown person drove a meat truck to the 23rd Street office saying that the meat was for the free breakfast program. As NCCF members unloaded the meat, a community person told them that the meat and truck were ripped off. They immediately dumped the meat out the back door.

At that point, 200 police, complete with Associated Press photographers and highway patrolmen, appeared. They pumped five hundred rounds into the house. When the two people inside refused to come out, a barrage of tear gas was hurled in. Garry Cole, a 15 year old from the community, and Grady Fuller of NCCF, then surrendered unharmed. The assault lasted one minute. One cop is quoted as saying, "We just want to administer justice."

The official police version released to the straight press says that the police were shot at first from the NCCF office. Community witnesses deny this. The media did not describe or show photos of how the police, many of them black, tried to keep the community from seeing first-hand what was happening. They physically held people back who quickly gathered near the office.

NCCF had been in the 23rd St. office only since Thanksgiving. Their original office, the first NCCF chapter in the South, was gutted by fire over Thanksgiving while the chapter was en route to the People's Constitutional Convention in Washington, D.C.

One week after the incident, the day Fuller's pre-trial hearing was scheduled, 200 police descended on another Panther house on the same street to serve an "eviction order." Julius Cornell, a local Panther inside the house, saw snipers in the distance with high-powered rifles. The Panthers in the house offered no resistance, leaving the house quietly.

When Cornell crossed the street to talk to TV cameramen, two police followed him. They arrested him on a charge of "larceny of meat" and "being an accessory after the fact to larceny of meat."

A few minutes later, during a court recess,

police told another NCCF member, Larry Little, who was in court with Fuller, that he too was under arrest. Panther attorneys reminded the officers that they had to serve a warrant on Little in order to arrest him. "We will serve the warrant when we want to." Then they handcuffed Little and dragged him away.

Four NCCF members — Fuller, Cornell, Little, and a man named Bishop — were convicted on the hearing day for being "vulgar, loud, and boisterous," and are now in jail. Bishop, serving thirty days, is under \$100 appeal bond. Fuller's bond is \$5,000. Cornell's is \$6,000 and Little's is \$4,000. No bondsman will write bond of any amount for the Panthers, so that unless cash or property bonds in the full amount can be raised, all will remain in jail.

The Winston-Salem community and the Black Panther Party are determined to rebuild the 23rd Street office. Brick masons have offered to help build an office that will be more secure than the old one. Meanwhile, the free breakfast program, the day-care center and liberation school, and community political education classes are continuing from the temporary headquarters until the old office is rebuilt.

Send donations for legal defense, for bond, and for community programs to the Panthers' temporary headquarters at 1616 East 23rd St. Or send checks, payable to the Black Panther Party, c/o the Plain Dealer (Carolina's radical paper), P.O. Box 1208, Durham, N.C. 27702.

FLORIDA JUDGES GEAR UP FOR SHOOTOUTS; "RADAR" JOINS NATION'S COURTHOUSE GUARDS

LIBERATION News Service

MIAMI, Fla. (LNS) — "If as a last resort they get me," says Florida Circuit Court Judge Trowbridge, "I'm going to have a fighting chance to protect myself or take one of them with me."

Trowbridge explains that last August's San Rafael, California shootout, which led to murder charges against Angela Davis and Ruchell Magee, convinced him to strap a 25 caliber pistol under his judicial robes when he presides over a criminal trial.

Another Florida judge told the New York Times recently that he carries a pistol between home and office. "I've probably given more death sentences than any other judge in Florida, and I don't want to end up like that poor fellow in San Rafael."

Throughout the country, where once only

the blind-folded statue of justice guarded the steps to the courts, metal scanners now are stationed to detect weapons on those entering; armed policemen search briefcases for bombs; closed-circuit television cameras sweep the marble corridors; and many judges go to court with guns concealed under their robes.

The Marin County Civic Center at San Rafael, scene of the August shoot-out, has become an armed fortress. Everyone is searched at each of the four entrances. Lawyers' briefcases are opened, and women's purses are examined. Judges and clerks regularly wear guns; and metal detection devices check to see no one else does. Marin County just unveiled plans to spend \$300,000 on additional security measures to protect the building during demonstrations in support of Angela and Ruchell.

The center used to be open at night so people could use the building for meetings. Now everything shuts down at five. Aaron Green, one of the building's architects, remarked, "We are coming to a police state."

ANN ARBOR HOUSES BUSTED FOR DRUGS — BAILS SET AT

\$7500-15,000

LIBERATION News Service

ANN ARBOR (LNS) — Police in this "all-American city" staged a comprehensive and well-planned raid Tuesday night, January 19, on several communes including the headquarters of the Ann Arbor Argus, the local underground paper. So far (apparently more raids are scheduled), sixteen people have been busted for either sale or possession of marijuana or LSD or both. Bails are averaging around \$7500 but going as high as \$15,000.

Warrants were made out on the basis of information supplied by an undercover narc named Terry Breney. They came just in the midst of a debate within the city council on whether or not to make possession a misdemeanor, a measure which, it seemed until now, would probably pass. These raids seem to be an effort at political pressure by police chief Krasny on the city council and the mayor.

A report in the Ann Arbor News, the local establishment paper, claimed that a bag of heroin (it was in reality organic sea salt) was found at the Argus commune, which has constantly fought smack in the community and in fact has received threats from the local Mafia for these efforts. Krasny is trying to show that people who smoke grass also shoot scag, in the hope of putting pressure on the city council not

to let up on his sworn enemy, the street freak community.

At the Argus house, for example, the police handcuffed everybody and took them all down to the station, only to release without charges all but one, two hours afterward. Police cut the hair of two men who were busted while they were in jail, which is illegal. Upon returning to the house, people found everything upside down, drawers and containers spilled out. Missing were cash and checks, all the financial records, files, several guns, a typewriter, address books, and assorted other stuff. The cops claim that people came in off the street and ripped the stuff off! Film of the bust was confiscated from a Michigan Daily reporter.

The raids, during which people identified by police as "White Panthers," were busted, come at the beginning of the CIA conspiracy trial, in which three leaders of the party — John Sinclair, Pun Plamondon and Jack Forrest — are being framed for conspiracy to bomb the secret CIA office in Ann Arbor two years ago. They are similar to drug raids that went down recently in Kent, Ohio just before the indictments against 25 students and professors for demonstrations last May, and to the street sweeps and arrests of 125 people that hit New Haven a week before the start of Ericka and Bobby's trial.

Money is still needed to get people out of jail. Contributions should be sent to Ann Arbor Tribal Council Community Defense Fund, c/o Ozone House, 302 W. Liberty St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

general election could be held, the United States held up its monthly aid check and forced a parliamentary crisis which led to the resignation of Souvanna Phouma and the exclusion from the cabinet of the two Pathet Lao ministers that had been named to it.

A military coup restored Souvanna Phouma to power in 1960, after two years of rule by U.S.-supported right-wing factions; but when he again tried to form a coalition with the Pathet Lao, the U.S. again suspended its monthly payment to the Laotian army.

Shortly afterward, a rightist general who was receiving CIA and Pentagon support overthrew the neutralist leader, Souvanna Phouma, and full civil war broke out in the country. The combined neutralist and Pathet Lao forces were so successful during this campaign that the new Kennedy administration had to reconsider American policy. By refusing to permit a coalition with the Pathet Lao, the U.S. had forced the neutralists into alliance with the Pathet Lao against the U.S., and the policy threatened to end in a total military and political defeat.

At this point, all participants agreed to sit down to negotiate at Geneva, and although fighting continued during the year-long conference, agreement was eventually reached on a new coalition government, including rightists, neutralists, and Pathet Lao.

The battlefield defeats of 1961 and 1962, and the Geneva agreements on Laos, marked a new phase in American policy toward that country. On the one hand, the U.S. stopped objecting to a nominally neutralist coalition government with Pathet Lao participation and subscribed to the Geneva formula of a tripartite coalition. In fact, however, President Kennedy

approved Averell Harriman's suggestion that "we must be sure the break comes between the communists and neutralists."

The break came in April 1963, when two of the Pathet Lao ministers left Vientiane after two of their allies in the government were assassinated by the rightist-controlled police force. Contending that they were not safe in the capital, the two ministers returned to the area which had been assigned to Pathet Lao control by the 1962 agreements.

Polarization. In 1964, the police chief staged a right-wing coup against Souvanna Phouma, and the U.S. again used its financial power, this time to restore Souvanna's office. Souvanna was forced, however, to form a new government excluding the Pathet Lao, and to acquiesce in U.S. bombing of Laotian territory. This bombing, under the euphemistic label of "armed reconnaissance missions," began in May 1964, two months before the Gulf of Tonkin incident provided an excuse for bombing North Vietnam. Although the official rationale for the bombings was that they were directed against North Vietnamese infiltration into South Vietnam along the Laotian stretch of the "Ho Chi Minh trails," in fact the targets also included the main Pathet Lao bases in the Plain of Jars and northeastern Laos, hundreds of miles from the supply routes to South Vietnam.

Thus, U.S. policy had changed only to the extent of supporting a nominally neutralist government, but not to the extent of permitting real participation by the Pathet Lao in the government, which, considering their wide popular support and military power, was the only alternative to civil war. One important effect of the American policy was to destroy the "neutralist" faction as a third force in Laos,

for Souvanna Phouma's approval of the American bombing drove other groups of neutralists into the arms of the Pathet Lao, so that the country was polarized between the American-sponsored government in Vientiane and the Pathet Lao with their sympathizers.

Another new development in American policy after 1961 was the CIA's creation of the "Secret Army" under General Vang Pao. This was apparently the result of the utter incompetence of the Royal Laotian Army, which the U.S. had originally financed, an incompetence charitably ascribed to Buddhist pacifism or uncharitably blamed on apathy and corruption.

Therefore, the CIA created another fighting force in Laos, which was only nominally under RLG command and was actually fed, equipped, paid, advised, and transported by the CIA. The "Secret Army" is best known for its Meo tribesmen soldiers, who were particularly useful in defending mountain-top posts behind Pathet Lao lines used by the Americans for radar stations guiding bombers to their destinations in North Vietnam.

This army, however, also includes Thais, Chinese, and Burmese. The Americans have introduced other foreign troops into Laos, on a mercenary basis, to assist with the fighting. There are now about 5,000 Thai troops within Laos, some in regular Thai army units and others integrated into Laotian units. The only Chinese in Laos are Nationalist Chinese troops supported by the United States.

North Vietnamese Participation. "North Vietnamese aggression" has been cited by the U.S. government as the excuse for its military actions in Laos, as in South Vietnam. This

argument ignores, in both cases, the substantial local forces (NLF in Vietnam, Pathet Lao in Laos) which enjoy such wide support that they could easily dispense with North Vietnamese aid if they did not have to cope with massive American intervention. In the case of the Pathet Lao, this wide popular support was proved in the elections of 1958, when 13 out of 15 candidates put up by the Pathet Lao and their allies were elected. At that time there was no suggestion that Vietnamese were in Laos. It was Souvanna Phouma's government, when it was battling U.S.-supported rightist troops in 1960, that first invited Russian, North Vietnamese, and Chinese advisers into Laos.

The North Vietnamese presence in Laos has undoubtedly increased since advisers were first sent in 1960, but it is difficult to determine the scope of their participation in the fighting because the United States and the Vientiane government tend to label all their opponents "North Vietnamese," regardless of nationality. "North Vietnamese," regardless of nationality.

The Royal Laotian Army has on several occasions tried to cover up its incompetence by charging North Vietnamese and Chinese Communist invasion, when investigation proved its opponents were only other Laotians. Observers on the scene in Laos openly scoffed when President Nixon claimed last March 6 that 67,000 North Vietnamese troops were fighting in Laos; it was pointed out that only a few days earlier the U.S. Embassy in Laos had given a figure of 50,000. Even this figure must be weighed against the fact that since 1959 the U.S. has captured only 80 North Vietnamese in Laos, while 200 Americans are listed as "missing or captured" there.

TO BE CONTINUED...

6

That Which Comes Of Itself Being A Divine Gift Is Not To Be Avoded



Pity the poor immigrant

WE SWEEPED INTO CANADA ON INDIAN WINGS EVEN IF THE OFFICIAL DID THINK THAT WE WERE NINERS, ANGUS ALL IN HIS SOLICITORS SUIT TOO. IT PERPLEXED HIM A BIT LET ME TELL YOU.

DURING THE FERRY RIDE FROM THE NEXT TO THE LAST ISLAND AN EAGLE FELL THREE TIMES FROM THE HIGH SKY IN FRONT OF THE BOAT TO RISE AGAIN TO THE MOUNTAIN.

WE CHOSE OUR PLACE RIGHT UNDER THAT MOUNTAIN, WHICH WAS STUDED WITH HUGE POWER ROCKS, STRANGE CONGLOMERATE FROM THE BOTTOM OF PRIMORDEAL SEAS RISEN WHEN THE ISLAND VANISHED, AND NOW SLOWLY ROLLING BACK AGAIN. TO SIT ON THEM WAS TO KNOW, AND THE KNOWERS AND GUARDIANSHIP OF THEM AND EVERYTHING ELSE AROUND, INCLUDING OURSELVES OF COURSE. ALL DAY IN THE CLEAR AIR THE EAGLES WOULD TURN AND TURN, GROCKING US AND ALL OUR WORKS. THE CROWS FLEW BY, TALKING AND TELLING SECRET TALES, FOR THE CROW GOES EVERYWHERE AND KNOWS A GREAT DEAL IN CONSEQUENCE.

WE WERE MANY, WE WERE FEW, AND WE MADE A GARDEN WITH BEANS AND CORN, SUNFLOWERS, MARIGOLDS AND DILL ALL IN ROUNDS AND SWIRLS. GOOD EATING TOO WHAT WITH ALL THAT AND TWENTYFOUR CHICKENS ALL ALAYING FOR THE ROOSTER, KISSING THE CHICKEN MAN AND LAYING AT LEAST ONE COSMIC EGG EACH AND EVERY DAY. OUR KRISHNA COW AND ALL THE OYSTERS AND SALMONFISH.

WHALES SWAM BY, THEY AND THE SEALS SANG.

MAGIC AND BLACKBERRIES AS BIG AS YOU PLEASE.

HAPPINESS, A CALF CALLED AJAX, JACKSON THE DOG. THE ONLY RENEGRADE A TRACTOR WHICH HAD KILLED TWO MEN AND WAS ON THE RUN.

AS WONDER GREW AND THE STARS CAME DOWN AND Poured THEIR EACH AND EVERY POWER INTO US, THE DAYS WENT BY AND THE GREAT TREE POINTED TO THE LIGHT ON THE GROUND.

THERE WAS HOWEVER A MAN ON THE ISLAND WHO HATED US IN BLACK AND WHITE AND SENT THE HEALTH INSPECTORS TO LOOK INTO OUR PIRVVY SITUATION. THEY COULD FIND NOTHING WRONG, WHICH ANNOYED EVERYONE. WE BEING ON CLOUD NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY NINE, DANCING WITH OUR ARMS AROUND THE WIDE WORLD. THE HEALTH INSPECTORS WENT AWAY, BUT PLOTTING.

THE SUMMER PASSED, THE AUTUMN CAME AND TEH HORNETS WERE BUILDING THEIR NESTS UNDERGROUND, SO IT SEEMED AS IF OLD MAN WINTER WOULD HAVE A LONG WHITE BEARD AND HE DID.

IN HE CAME WITH THE HOWLING BUFFET OF SIXTY MILE AN HOUR GALES ON HIS BREATH SNOW AND ICE FLYING FROM HIS HOREY HANDS.

THEN ONE MORNING.

THEY CAME.

THE ANDROIDS.

WE WERE SITTING ROUND RAPPING ABOUT THINGS TO COME AND OF COURSE IT HAD TO BE THE ONE MORNING THAT WE WERE NOT TOGETHER!

IT WAS MID-DAY AND I HAD ONLY JUST LIT THE FIRE AND PUT THE

COFFEE ON. THE CHILDREN WERE IN A GLORIOUS STATE OF DISARRAY, WHEN WE HEARD A CAR DRIVE UP. WE WENT TO THE WINDOW TO SEE WHO IT WAS, AND THERE WAS A VERY UNISLAND LOOKING CAR. THREE MEN IN CARDBOARD CITY SUITS AND PAPER SHOES GOT OUT, AND CLUTCHING THEIR BULGING BRIEFCASES TO THEIR CHESTS, PICKED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE FROZEN MUD TOWARD US.

YES?
IMMIGRATION MAAM.

OH REALLY, HOW INTERESTING, WON'T YOU COME IN AND HAVE SOME COFFEE?

THEY CAME IN AND SAT ON THE EDGES OF THE CHAIRS AS THOUGH THEY WERE TOO SMALL FOR THEM. WE WERE TOLD TO GET EVERYONE HERDED INTO THE KITCHEN -- SEVERAL OF THE MEN HAD SUDDENLY GONE UP THE MOUNTAIN FOR OBVIOUS REASONS.

I SERVED COFFEE AS THOUGH IT WERE TEATIME AND BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

SUGAR -- MILK -- OH BLACK -- SMASH -- SO VERY SORRY -- WON'T YOU TRY ONE OF OUR HOMEMADE BROWNIES?

MY SON, WHO HAS LONG HAIR AND IS TWO -- WAS ADDRESSED AS 'SHE' I PROMPLTY TOOK HIS TROUSERS OFF. KELLY WHO IS BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL AND THREE, CAME IN WITH HER MOTHER WHO IS A WHITE AND SHINING STAR.

A MOMENT OF HEAVY SILENCE WHILST THIS WAS ALL COMPUTERISED AND DOCKETED.

ANDROIDS DON'T THINK, THEY DOCKET.

I IDLY PLATTED A FEW TWISHERS AND THREW THEM INTO THE ROOM, ONE WRAPPED IT SELF AROUND THE GREYEST ANDROIDS NECK, IT

SEEMED TO MAKE HIM ITCH OR HIS COLLAR SHRANK. GOOD, A TWISHER WILL MAKE AN ANDROID GIGGLE IN TIME.

TIME FOR PASSPORT INSPECTION. THEY HAD A GOOD TIME, OH HOW THEY THRIVE ON DOCUMENTS, GOBBLE GOBBLE, PRINT AND NUMBERS, BUFF PAPER FOR BREAKFAST.

THEN CAME A LOVELY BROTHER, VERY GRIMY, FOR WHEN NOT BUILDING A HOME ON ONE OF THE LARGER POWER ROCKS, HE IS UNDER SOME VEHICLE OR ANOTHER. JUST LOVES ENGINES THAT'S WHAT. HIS HAIR IS VERY LONG AND SOMEWHAT MATTED.

THEY POUNCED, OH BOY OH BOY, WHAT A CATCH, HEE HEE. THEY CAUGHT HIM TOO.

THREW HIM OUT AND HIS OLD LADY TOO, ON A T.K.O. WHICH WAS THAT HE ADMITTED TO HAVING PERFORMED SOME HONEST TOIL. YAAAAAH GOTTCHER.

OUT CAME THE EVICTION STASH. BUT HE DID NOT RECEIVE ANY WAGES, WE CHORUSED.

NEVER MIND, HE WORKED, AND I HAVE ALREADY STARTED PROCEEDINGS.

STARTING PROCEEDINGS, AMOUNTED TO TAKING TWO SHEETS OF PAPER FROM HIS CASE AND LAYING THEM ON THE TABLE.

IN VAIN WE DEMURED, WE WERE TOO PROUD TO PLEAD. THEY GAVE THEM A WEEK TO LEAVE.

WE STARTED TO SING MY LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST.

HE TURNED ON US, HE SNARLED, HE STOMPED OVER TO THE WINDOW WHERE WE HAD HERBS GROWING IN POTS.

GLARED AT THE PROUD BAZIL, THE WILDTHYME, WHICH MUST HAVE MADE THEM BLENCHE, AND FOR SOME REASON STUCK HIS HAND INTO THE EARTH.

NOW ONE OF OUR CATS, HORACE THE FUR HAT, BY NAME, SOMETIMES USED TO SHIT THERE, SECRETLY.

THE ANDROID PIERCED A HIDDEN TURD.

JOY OH JOY.

HE WASHED HIS HANDS, NAD TURNED ON ME.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?
MANY THINGS.

NAME ONE.

PLATT TWISHERS.

WHAT?

YOU'VE GOT ONE AROUND YOUR NECK.

UGH.

YOU CAN'T STAY HERE UNLESS YOU ARE A TEACHER OR A HAIRDRESSER.

I AM A CHEST OF DRAWERS.

YOU ARE A HIPPY COMMUNE.

WE ARE SMALL FARMERS, CAN I SHOW YOU AROUND, I WOULD BE PLEASED AND PROUD. HE SHUDDERED, AND LOOKED AT HIS SHOES. THE MUD, THE THICK RICH MUD, LIKE FRUIT CAKE IN MY MIND, SUCKED HIM DOWN LIKE QUICKSAND.

YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MANY MEN HERE, THEY SNEERED AND LEERED.

WOMEN'S LIB AND THE HOLY GHOST ALL HELPED, WE ANSWERED.

THEY SRVED US WITH BUFF, GREEN, AND WHITE PAPERS PRINTED WITH POINTS AND CLIMBED INTO THEIR CAR WITH NO REGRETS.

THEY WANTED TO CATCH THE MID-DAY FERRY, WE HEARD THEY MISSED IT.

SEVERAL PEOPLE CAME BY DURING THE DAY, THEY HAD ALL BEEN THROWN OUT, BUT WERE GOING TO WINNIPEG, WHERE THERE IS APPARENTLY A PIPE LINE AND WAYS TO PROCURE FALSE PAPERS. I WENT INSTEAD TO VANCOUVER AND TALKED TO A HIP LAWYER. HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE POINTS, YOU HAVE TO GET FIFTY OF THESE TO BE ELIGIBLE FOR IMMIGRATION.

(Continued on Page 20)

THE RAPE

FACTS:In 1968, there were a total of 1840 reported rapes in New York City. In 1969 there were a total of 2120 reported rapes in New York City. During the first eleven (11) months of 1970 there were 1975 cases of reported rapes.

Rape is on the increase. and depending how the statistics turn out for December, maybe 1970 will be a record breaker in reported rapes. It certainly wouldn't surprise me or any other woman forced to walk down the streets of New York City alone. Day or night!!!!!! What woman in New York City doesn't shudder at the thought of having to go out into the streets alone? And I might add, on the Lower East Side, it's unthinkable. But perhaps the Lower East Side rape scene is unique. Where perhaps stemming from a jealousy of the permissiveness of the alternative culture. If that is the price that we have to pay for our freedom then perhaps we should re-evaluate our goals. I don't know how rapists' minds work, or if indeed they are possessing the mental equipment we call minds, but maybe seeing the "hippie" women is too much for them. We are too beautiful for the average, slobbering, sleazy, chauvinist mind of the rapist who walks down the street. But what are the alternatives? We can try not to look too glamorous, or should I say try to cover up our bodies with baggy pants and ill-fitting sweaters, tie babushka kerchiefs around our heads, wear old army jackets. Hide our bodies. I mean isn't that type of extremity exactly what we are trying to avoid? Aren't we trying to free our bodies and be free? We aren't the women who are saving our cherries for the man we are to wed. We have already chosen our revolutionary course and it would be impossible to turn the fate now. Spiritually, mentally and certainly, physically.

Years ago, in the olden days, women didn't know that sex could be pleasurable. Any woman enjoying sex was a harlot or worse. A married woman thought her house work was groovier and more fulfilling than her required chores in the bed. She didn't dig it at all, she thought. She felt put upon by her husband and what could she do but live with the situation? Divorce was out of the question, except for very few, and certainly not for reasons of sexual incompatibility. This incompatibility grows into contempt. A horror show to be sure.

And how many women have had to live out their lives with men who didn't turn them on? Some women going through life never really being sexually aroused, but being raped by their husbands when he thought that he needed it. But somewhere's along the line, somewhere's in between the olden days and the day after tomorrow, something happened. Women started to dig sex. Women discovered orgasm, and every woman wanted one, her very own. And by God aren't those our unalienable rights? As liberated women?

When I was in High School there were good girls and nice girls, and it didn't really matter which one you were because you were labelled and it stuck. And girls with bad reputations were whispered after and cursed by the good girls who would never make it with anyone, no matter what. Not even Prince Fucking Charming. Maybe a little feel, but only after a severe dating period and the rock on the platinum, gold or silver band (depending on your religion).

High schools are different these days. Everyplace is different. When women found out that sex could be groovy, not only groovy but the most enlightening, powerful sensation to ever occur in the human body. And when mixed with love, a gift from the Gods. But when forced, Satan himself must have a hand in it. It's rape. No matter how you look at it.

You fuckers out there in Arizona and Colorado are probably not aware of the fact that many women have fear in their hearts 100% of the time when on the streets of New York City alone. And you say, Well, if the vibes are bad, split to a groovier environment. If you are stupid enough to stay in the city, then what do you expect? I may be a little naive, but I think that everyone has the right to individual mobility. It shouldn't be necessary to recruit men to walk you to the bus stop or subway station. And it doesn't make you any less of a liberated woman to ask a man to walk you to the bus stop. But it is necessary. And anyone that thinks different, you are kidding yourself. If you are a woman reading this and have been raped, you understand. And if you are a woman reading this and haven't been raped in New York City, you are lucky. How many close calls do you need to realize that you shouldn't have

Or,

Would you mind walking me to the bus stop?

to have the problems on your shoulders? You should be able to move about the city, and the world, without incident. And above all the smile of liberation should stay on your face, that is the saddest part of all. The flower children have stopped smiling. They were raped body and mind. Flowers plucked from the street, left to wilt and wither.

Don't you have enough problems without having to scan every street as you turn a corner and attempt instant character analysis on every passer-by? It's ridiculous. I guess men make the same kind of different analysis of the people they see, but for different reasons. And if for any reason you should be labelled a girl most likely to get raped, you can forget it. You can forget all your "talk" about Karate lessons that you never took. You can forget about that little aerosol can of mace that you SHOULD have bought: you can forget all those things. Most women have tripped out on the idea of rape, to the extent that they have been raped so many times in their minds that when the real thing happens - It's a strange phenomenon - The adrenalin released in your body makes you a little trippy. You can get right on that level. It kind of puts you in a trance where you must be submissive. You freeze up. You can't even talk, much less scream for help. There's a knife at your throat and you can't even see the face of the assailant. Absolute and total fear takes over and fighting back is ludicrous. Because it's not just some guy attacking you on the street. YOUR MIND IS BLOWN. Your paranoia is coming true. There is a certain raising of consciousness, but it goes unnoticed for the fear. If the fear can be transcended then there is a better chance of getting away. Because you have the raised consciousness to use as an edge against the cat. You can take all the energy that you are creating from fear and use it against the dirty motherfucker.

O.K. So we can all dig that it is unfair that women can not move about the city on their own, but to whom can we point the finger and say, "It's your fault! Stop it."

On Sunday, January 24, 1971, I attended a speak-out on rape.

It was held in St. Clements Church on 46th Street and going there, even on a Sunday afternoon, I was scared. Now untimely it would be to get raped on the way to a seminar on rape. Fortunately this did not happen to me, but I don't know if any other sister was waylaid on her way. But I'm sure the thought crossed the mind of everyone on their way.

The church was filled to capacity and soon the testimonies of the speakers started. The first girl was awoken by the assailant in her bed, gagged with her own dish towel and raped, while the man said, "Please hold still, I don't want to hurt you." If that is not bad enough the police didn't believe that she had been raped. They took her to the hospital (they have to take a sperm count in order to prove rape) she had to pay the bill and she had to face some 15-25 policemen between the hours of 2 AM and 6 AM. If that is not bad enough she had to be submitted to such questions as how long the man's penis was. She was told not to go back to her pad, but when she returned some three days later to get some more clothes, the place had been broken into and ransacked. She called the police and they refused to make any connection between the two crimes. The detective in charge later asked her for a date. That is the last communication she had with the police and the guy is probably still on the loose.

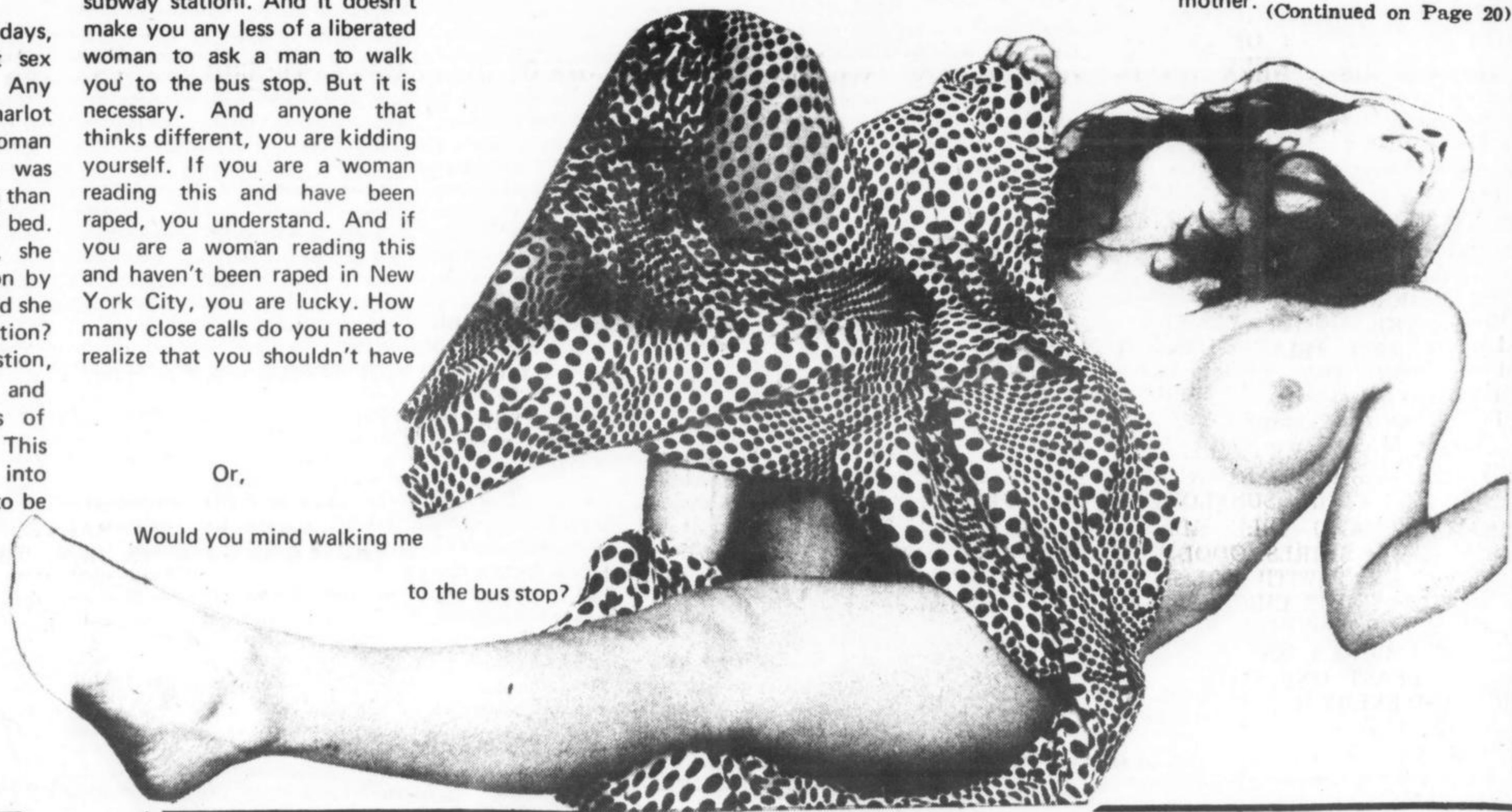
The second girl was raped at three o'clock in the afternoon in her mother's apartment building. The cat followed her into the apartment building and into the elevator and dragged her onto a stairway landing. And raped her. He told her afterwards that he was going downstairs and that if she made a noise that he would kill her. She was a married woman at the time with a small baby and fortunately didn't get pregnant.

One woman who spoke said that she had married a radical man when she was twenty. There were claps and cheers. The newlyweds were working in the south in a poor white neighborhood. During the first three months of the marriage they fought a lot. The marriage continued nine or ten months and she said that the only way

that she could get out of screwing was headaches. She pointed out that this was in the marriage contract: fucking on demand. She was a domestic and sexual slave and the result was completely demoralizing.

The next woman who spoke said, "I got even with the guy." Loud cheers and right ons. She had been seventeen years old and on the way home from a dance class. She was wearing bermuda shorts over her leotards and had decided to cut through an alley as a short cut. A man followed her but she didn't think about it. He said something in a foreign language and then jumped on her. The blood left her head and she couldn't even scream. The cat was telling her to look at him but she had heard stories about looking at the male organ and closed her eyes tight. He was tearing at the leotard and because of the stretchy nature of the fabric, it bounced back, infuriating him. At about this time she came to her senses and was enraged. She screamed and the cat fled. She picked up an object and pursued the motherfucker. Some one and a half blocks away she overtook him and hit him with the object, and kicked him in what she called his "precious organ." However, two women on the scene started to hit her with their purses for attacking the poor lad, and soon an ambulance was called for the cat who was turning blue. The police strong armed her and after hearing that the guy tried to rape her, they wanted to submit her to a medical examination. But he hadn't raped her, and she was a virgin at the time. They brought her down to the police station and she was in shock and they gave her a shot that knocked her out for six hours. When she came to they told her not to leave the state. If the guy died she would be held for manslaughter. She was talked out of pressing charges against the guy, he had a wife and three kids. She said that she personally would like to see castration for rapists. Cheers-claps-right ons.

There were some fifteen or sixteen other women who testified. One who was gang raped while taking a hitch, one woman was raped by a gynecologist that had been an arranged date by the girl's mother. (Continued on Page 20)



Thurs., Jan. 21

Det. Mercado of the 34th precinct took the stand again. He said that he knows tape recorders are sometimes used to record statements, but offered no further explanation on why no tape recorder was located and used during Joan Bird's alleged confession.

When asked if he had been Joan's arresting officer, he said, no, patrolman McKenzie had arrested her. (Last week McKenzie said that he didn't know who had arrested Joan.)

Gunnar Erickson, a one-time ballistics man, took the stand to say that many times bullets are never recovered from the scene of a crime and that a perpetrator often misses when shooting at close range. Like a patient who goes from doctor to doctor until he finds the one who will give him the diagnosis he seeks, D.A. Phillips called Erickson last Saturday, asking him to testify. Erickson had not participated previously in this case.

Five bullets were found in the rifle allegedly to be used to pick off police leaving the 44th precinct some 400 yards from the Harlem River Drive location. Erickson admitted that it might take five bullets just to site the rifle and that it would be easier to hit a target five feet away with ten shots that it would to hit a target over 100 yards away with five shots.

Sergeant Sullivan from the police lab had been handed that controversial summon's pouch last week and instructed to analyze it to see if the holes in it might be bullet holes. His analysis stated that those holes MIGHT be consistent with bullet holes.

During an argument between the defense and Murtagh/ Phillips, Murtagh turned to the jury to say that he fought with counsel to make sure the trial went smoothly, "so when I seem to be abrupt with counsel, it is with good faith."

The defense has been sending in many applications for bail to again be placed on the nine defendants still in jail. Murtagh however said that he would not consider it and would instead consider remanding the four out on bail if this "process of obstruction and harrassment" continued. The lawyers tried to reason with him, but he walked out of court.

Mon., Jan. 25

Patrolman Reich of the ballistics squad took the stand. He had been called to the "scene of the crime" on Jan. 17, 1969 and had assisted in the search for evidence. He said he checked out the revolver allegedly found on the scene and found from the residual powder that six shots had been discharged at the same time. He said that 95% of the time no evidence is found, largely because when bullets hit hard objects they deform into unrecognizable shapes.

Although he had spoken to Patrolmen Scorcello and McKenzie and to Det. Mercado on the morning of Jan. 18, 1969, no one had mentioned the summons pouch. It was not until Jan. 13, 1971 that he had been asked to make a report on that pouch. And it was not until that time that he had any idea he would be testifying in this case. Although he usually thoroughly interviews police who claim to have been shot at, he did not ask many questions of Scorcello or McKenzie, saying that there was too much commotion in the precinct at that time. And although he was to search the area for bullets, he did not ask where the bullets had allegedly been fired or in what direction.

Det. Carl Lacao of the police lab took the stand primarily to testify that he rarely gets fingerprints off revolvers. Although he also rarely gets more than a fabric imprint off dynamite wrappers, he said he would still usually examine the wrappers for prints. (The dynamite allegedly taken from the Elsmire Tenants' Council was never checked for prints before the said dynamite was allegedly substituted with an oatmeal mixture.)

Det. Charles Pompa, who does test on debris and who had previously testified during "chemical week," was brought to the stand. Phillips is trying to make it appear that the fact that Dr. Curtis Powell has a Ph.D. in

by
**JACKIE
FREIDRICH**

biochemistry is subject to connection with part of the alleged conspiracy to overthrow the U.S. power structure. So Phillips dragged out the bottles of chemicals and read passages from books about how certain chemicals might be combined to render them explosives. However, the chemicals Phillips read about were not the chemicals seized in Powell's apartment, so the recital seemed a bit gratuitous, aside from being highly prejudicial. And then Phillips wanted to know if "someone who CLAIMED to be a doctor" could make up explosives out of chemicals.

21 months after the chemicals were seized (Jan. 8, 1971, to be exact), was the time that Phillips chose to hand over these dangerous chemicals to Pompa to be analyzed. When asked if one bottle contained rat urine used in cancer research, Pompa said he didn't know, as he had only checked the chemicals to see if they were explosives (which he had assumed they would be since he got them from the bomb squad). He did detect the odor of urine from one of the bottles and admitted that he never smelled urine on any explosives. He said that the chemicals seized from Powell's apartment are used in thousands of experiments.

Tues., Jan. 26

Phillips declared he had finished "phase three" of his case, and before bringing in the second super undercover infiltrator ROSS agent, he asked the court to make sure the defendants would not react (and shake the already feeble nerves of his witness). Murtagh so admonished the defendants. Then Ralph White, alias Wyatt, alias Yedwa, who had previously testified that he had been ordered by Lumumba Shakur to see "Battle of Algiers," took the stand to give the bulk of his dubious testimony.

As Phillips would have it, White started in the middle, saying that on Dec. 19, 1968, he had purchased a .45 automatic from Lee Berry (co-defendant). They test-fired the gun in a back room of the Elsmire Tenants' Council, firing at table tops. Jan. 9, 1969 found Ralph White still shooting at table tops, when Lumumba came in to calm him down. White said that Afeni had accused him of being a pig and he didn't like it. Lumumba allegedly assuaged White by saying that Afeni was emotional. White then returned to the table tops to vent his anger once again through his automatic .45 until Lumumba and Thomas Barry (Mshina) came in to again calm him down. Then on Jan. 14, White allegedly had a conversation with Lumumba, where he was told not to "do his thing" in the tenants' council because there was dynamite behind the refrigerator. White described "doing his thing" as meaning shooting at table tops. After closing the tenants' council that night, White allegedly went to his cover apartment and then returned to the tenants' council, looked behind the refrigerator and found the attache case with the dynamite. He returned to his cover apartment and called his superiors. On the morning of Jan. 16 he met his superiors, bringing them the attache case. They drove to the bomb squad where the dynamite was allegedly replaced with an oatmeal mixture. White said that this mixture didn't really look the same as the dynamite and that the wrappers kept falling off. He said that he then returned the attache case to its alleged original spot, behind the



refrigerator at the Elsmire Tenants' Council. When he returned there later that day, he said he saw Lumumba examining the dynamite and tucking the ends of the wrappers in, then making bundles of five sticks each, leaving four loose sticks. Lumumba then allegedly went to his desk and took out blasting caps and an orange fuse cord. Mshina came in and Lumumba allegedly gave him one of the bundles of dynamite with a blasting cap and fuse. On Jan. 17, Kinshasa allegedly came into the Tenants' Council and appeared to be receiving dynamite from Lumumba. When Lumumba allegedly put the case back behind the refrigerator he told White to be careful, that there was still stuff in there. White again closed the office and returned twenty minutes later. He checked out the attache case and reported that there was no dynamite left in it. He checked out Lumumba's desk and reported that the blasting caps and fuse cord were also gone.

Over defense objections, White's .45 automatic was received into evidence, subject to connection against all of the defendants. Phillips now decided to start at the beginning and went back to June of '68 (even though the indictment charges the alleged conspiracy took place between August '68 and April '69).

White began his infiltration of the BPP by going to classes held at Long Island Univ., in Brooklyn. On June 15, 1968, at such a meeting, Jordan Ford allegedly said that all BP members should get guns, that the pigs had brutalized BP members, that the BPP was in a state of war with the pigs, and that it was the function of the party to teach brothers the strategic means of resisting the power structure. White said that he had met Lumumba and Sekou Odinga (Burns) at these summer meetings and that on July 25 he went to a meeting at Lumumba's apartment in re a rent strike. Lumumba wanted to organize his building into calling a rent strike and the BPP would support it, not letting anyone be taken from the building. An ultimatum was written which Lumumba read over WLIB, and copies of it were given to the N.Y. Post and to the City Building Inspector. Phillips introduced this ultimatum into evidence and passed it to the jury. On August 3 White went to another meeting at L.I.U. where Lumumba said on the dias and Jordan Ford again spoke, saying that the police were blaming the BPP for some shooting incident in Brooklyn. Ford then spoke of spies and informers in the BPP and said that if they were found out they would be dismissed and dealt with. He said that the BPP would start moving on the pigs, and that no party member was to allow a pig to forcibly enter his home — if a pig forced his way in, he should be shot. White then said that he went to Baltimore with Lumumba and Kuwesi (Weems) on Aug. 17. They went to attend a Black Arts Cultural Festival and Lumumba was to make a speech. Lumumba allegedly said that he would take his

T.E. (weapon) to Baltimore and once there, get some more T.E. Lumumba allegedly got a shotgun in Baltimore and asked White to go for a walk with him, saying if they saw a stray pig, they should deal with him. White reports that they did not see any stray pigs that night. On Aug. 27 Lumumba and White allegedly went to Sekou's house where they were shown Sekou's sawed-off shotgun and the carbine he had brought back from California. Sekou allegedly said that the BPP on the west coast controlled the pigs and that Oakland had sent word to N.Y. to take more action and get things together. Sekou had also been promoted to the rank of lieutenant while in Oakland.

White went on to say that on Aug. 29 he went to a meeting at BPP HQ, a political education class instructed by Sekou and Lumumba. Lumumba allegedly said that they would set up a Take Care of Business squad to patrol and harrass pigs and put bombs in garbage cans. Dharuba allegedly said that when the pigs vamp on the BPP, they would vamp on the pigs. Sekou allegedly said that the brothers should get out on the street and that the sisters should get ready to do that too. All brothers should get weapons. They could do that by walking up behind a stray pig, shoot him and take his gun. They could put bombs in garbage cans near police precincts and set fire to police cars. After the meeting White allegedly went to Lumumba's apartment where he claimed to have been shown Sekou's carbine. Lumumba then allegedly spoke about sawing off his shotgun so he could hide it under his dashiki, go up to a police car, ask directions, and then shoot the pig.

White said that he went to another meeting on Sept. 5. Sekou, Alex McKiever, Kuwesi, and Dharuba were there. Sekou allegedly said they must take action against pigs and that nobody had proven themselves. He had gotten word that someone in the Bronx chapter was a pig. He then said that they would soon go upstate for military training. White said that he met with Sekou on Sept. 6. Sekou allegedly had an envelope full of handcuffs, and said that he had lost both his revolver and his shotgun. Sekou then allegedly said that he would be putting White and some others through a test. They would have to pull a job to prove their revolutionary intent. The job would be a robbery. White said that he had another conversation with Sekou on

Sept. 15. The conversation allegedly dealt with a sniping incident against police. The snipers missed. Sekou said that that more training would be needed. Sept. 19 was the day that Ralph White said that he had been ordered to see "The Battle of Algiers." White said that he had a conversation with Kuwesi on Oct. 13. Kuwesi allegedly asked him to go out with him and shoot a pig, Kuwesi would show him how as he had done it before. Kuwesi then allegedly said that he would give classes on how to make bombs. White said that on Oct. 15 he and Kuwesi went to a hardware store to buy supplies for the alleged bomb class. Kuwesi then taught White how to make a bomb and said he would schedule another class to show Tabor, Dharuba and Joan Bird how to make a time bomb. This class was allegedly held on Oct. 16 and White assisted. Phillips then asked for a recess because he wanted to have White show the jury what he had learned. The defense said that they were prepared to continue until 4:30 or 5 — the time Murtagh always insists upon when it is the defense that is doing the questioning. But Murtagh recessed at Phillip's requested time.

Wed., Jan. 27

Over defense objections, White was allowed to show how to make a time bomb — to make the testimony easier for the jury to understand, the court reasoned. After making the bomb, White said that on Nov. 5 he had a conversation with Lumumba who said he had brought some dynamite back from California. White said that he went to the Elsmire Tenants' Council on Nov. 6 and spoke to Lumumba, telling him that dynamite crystallizes. Lumumba allegedly told him not to worry, that he'd taken care of it. On Nov. 7, Lumumba allegedly said that he had his shit together.

Phillips asked to interrupt White's testimony so he could bring Patrolman Leroy Williams to the



This is the first in a series of excerpts from *The Drug Bust* by John Dominick. The author was attending his senior year at law school when he was busted for dealing. As he put it, "the bust was the beginning of my legal education. Dominick kept a careful record of his own legal hassles and then spent the next two years doing some under cover work of his own. He gathered information from lawyers, narcs, informers, and alot of busted freaks. The drug Bust contains information that every head needs to know. Naturally, the establishment wanted no part of this book; but thanks to last years harvest and "A little help from his friends" he was able to publish the book himself.

"The purpose of this book," says John Dominick, "is to reduce fear by providing information about the operation of the drug laws, the narcotics agent, and the courts."

The Drug Bust can be obtained by sending \$2.00 to:

The Light Company 1348
Brooklyn Blvd. Bayshore
New York 11706

Name _____

Address _____

State _____ Zip _____

All Mailorders will be handled with love and promptness. Wholesale and retail outlets who wish to order *The Drug Bust* can call 212-989-1696. (if possible please include picture of cover)

Possession under the law is defined as "physical control" plus "possessory intent." To be in physical control of a drug one must have it on his person, or in his immediate area (i.e., in his house or car). One does not have physical control of a drug that is in the street in front of his house or in a hallway or basement that is accessible to other tenants. No quantity is too small to support a conviction for possession. People have been convicted on the basis of marijuana seeds found in their pockets and roaches found in ashtrays.

To have "possessory intent" one must know he is in physical control of a drug. Many cases have arisen recently involving packages sent through the mail. (Postal authorities have been authorized to open any packages that have been mailed from foreign countries.) When the defendant is arrested before he opens the package it is very difficult to prove he knew its contents. In cases where the package is addressed to Mr. X, c/o the defendant, it is even more difficult to prove the defendant had "possessory intent." In most cases involving unopened packages, the charges are dismissed for lack of evidence.

The police will arrest everyone in a car or apartment when drugs are found; however, the charges against the passengers of the car and the visitors to the apartment are generally dropped because of the difficulty of proving these people "knew" there was an illegal drug present - that the defendants had "possessory intent." If the driver of the car is not the owner, then he too can often escape criminal liability because of the difficulty in proving he had possessory intent.

Under federal law it is illegal to be in a room where there is an illegal drug. Under these statutes the defendant's presence, plus knowledge of the fact that there is an illegal drug present, is all that is necessary to commit a crime. (When a residence is raided and an illegal drug found, the owner of the residence is charged with possession; the other people present are usually charged with "loitering for the purpose of acquiring drugs.")

SALE

Convictions for the sale of marijuana carry a severe sentence. In many states, first offense for sale carries a mandatory prison sentence. In several states a person convicted of a sale can be sentenced to life imprisonment.

As one of the wonders of legal logic, one does not have to sell a drug to be convicted of sale. Most statutes are written in "catch-all" terminology making it illegal to: "sell, dispense, procure for, etc." For example, A, B and C are arrested at a party. Each is found to be in possession of marijuana. If they can be pressured by the threat of prosecution into testifying that X gave them marijuana, then X can be convicted of dispensing marijuana. Dispensing carries the same penalty as sale. (Note: the exchange of money is not necessary to procure a conviction the basis of prosecution is the transfer of the drug from one person to another and is not dependent on profit motive. Many cases of this type have resulted in conviction.)

In prosecutions for sale, quantity is irrelevant. In Wichita, Kansas, a college student was convicted of sale of LSD based on evidence of a single capsule. In Missouri, these principles were extended to their so-called logical conclusion. A college coed was asked by a friend to hold 2 capsules of LSD for another friend who would pick them up. The second "friend" was an officer of the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control. The girl was convicted of sale of LSD.

In order to build a successful case for possession or sale it is necessary for a sample of the illegal drug to find its way to the police. Testimony from witnesses is usually not enough evidence to sustain a conviction unless the prosecution can produce a sample of the drug and tie it in with the activities of the defendant.

One college student in a large Eastern university frustrated local and federal authorities by openly distributing LSD. He gathered groups of eager people every weekend. His procedure was simple and effective. He would visit groups of people and pass out capsules which his customers swallowed. After everyone in the room had swallowed a capsule, he informed them that the contents were sugar and he was happy to know they were all "real" people. He then left and returned with a second set of capsules and made sure that all the evidence was consumed before he left.

THE CONSPIRACY CHARGE

Conspiracy is defined as "two or more people acting in concert to commit a crime." By this legal doctrine, one partner in a criminal activity is responsible for the criminal acts of the other. If five men agree to rob a bank and one of the men shoots a teller, all five are guilty of murder. Even the one who was driving the car and never entered the bank is guilty of murder under the conspiracy doctrine. The theory behind the conspiracy doctrine is that organized crime is a greater threat to society than individual criminal activity.

In practice, prosecutors have been using the conspiracy doctrine as a basis of prosecuting people where their individual actions did not constitute a crime. In drug cases the doctrine has been used to prosecute people peripherally involved in a drug transaction.

A person can be involved as a conspirator although his own actions would not constitute sale. If X should introduce Y to a dealer for the purpose of making a purchase and if X should receive some money or marijuana from either party, X and the dealer could be convicted of conspiracy to sell a drug. A person should exercise particular discretion whenever introducing a friend to a dealer.

Although a shared profit is strong evidence of a conspiracy it is not an element of the crime. All that the prosecutors must prove is that two or more people agreed to take part in a criminal activity. There is a thin line between what does and does not constitute conspiracy. Recently, at a large midwestern university, a federal agent bought some LSD from a dealer in the presence of several other people. The dealer was stoned and having difficulty counting the capsules; one of the other people in the room assisted him. He was indicted as a co-conspirator of the dealer. Prosecutors make a practice of obtaining Grand Jury indictments for conspiracy against anyone who could be a witness against the dealer. Friends are frequently faced with a choice of either testifying for the prosecution or facing prosecution themselves.

THE ROLE OF THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES

Local police are notoriously inefficient in their handling of drug violations. Few have been trained for this type of police work. Their knowledge of the law and their techniques of undercover work are severely lacking. As a result arrests are often haphazard.

Gross carelessness and panic often lead to multiple arrests. During the summer of 1966 in St. Louis a carload of young people were pulled over for speeding. As the driver got out of the car he accidentally kicked a jar of marijuana into the street. The jar rolled 15 feet to the policeman who was getting out of his car. All five people were arrested and, upon being threatened, questioned, and cajoled, told police where they had obtained the marijuana. The police acquired an arrest warrant and arrested the dealer in his apartment. There was a pound of marijuana on the kitchen table.

They also found an out-of-town dealer with a pocketful of LSD. The second dealer had been in town less than a half hour before the arrest. The next day the newspapers reported that months of diligent undercover work had resulted in the smashing of a "dope ring."

The policeman's lack of training does not stifle his zeal. In any area where the

use of drugs has attracted public attention, the local police are put under tremendous pressure to make arrests. Their superficial knowledge of the law is often compensated for by county and state judges who are far less concerned with the protections of constitutional guarantees than federal judges. Unfortunately, their frustration motivates them to arrest anyone they can, regardless of the extent or depth of involvement in the drug scene. In general, the police are not at all concerned with the constitutional rights of defendants. For this reason, people should have a general knowledge of the legal guarantees surrounding arrests, searches, and seizures. Many an arrest would have been thrown out of court had the defendant kept his wits and exercised his rights.

State and city police pay little attention to constitutional guarantees and laws concerning civil liberties. Their ignorance of the law - plus their zeal - often result in illegal searches and arrests. Policemen resent seeing cases thrown out of court because of their illegal actions. It turns the arrest into a personal blunder on the part of the arresting officer. Most policemen will lie about the circumstances surrounding an arrest or search. In spite of the common practice of police perjury, many cases are thrown out of court or reversed on appeal because of the police acting illegally. However, the defendant has been dragged through a long, expensive legal hassle. To avoid this, it is well to remember that the local police pay more attention to *taboos* than the law. This should be kept in mind when carrying drugs. The police frequently will illegally search a car if they see long hair. However, they will rarely search someone's person unless they have made an arrest. *Police do not search girls.* Even if they are arrested, they will be taken to a police matron who will search the girl's person. The safest place to carry drugs is on a woman's person. When dealing with a sexually hung-up male in uniform, a feminine smile will provide far more protection than the Bill of Rights.

PROTECTING YOURSELF WHEN DEALING WITH LOCAL POLICE

Whenever possible a woman should step forward and speak to the officer. Whenever dealing with a policeman, respect and politeness are in order. The police are accustomed to encountering aggressive personalities; they enjoy the opportunity to assert their authority. Policemen should be addressed as "Sir" or "Officer."

While maintaining this attitude one should make it as difficult as possible for the police to make an illegal search. In practice the police will do anything you let them do. And if they find drugs they'll lie in court saying they were in open sight or the defendant dropped them on the street when he saw the policeman approaching.

If a policeman approaches your car or house, you should step out, locking the door behind you. If one is going to be the victim of an illegal search, look around for a witness. Stop a passerby or summon a neighbor. Many policemen are reluctant to make illegal searches and will attempt to acquire your cooperation with a leading question, i.e., "What's inside the car?"

At this point the defendant should try politely to assert his rights. If the police ask you to open the trunk or "What's inside the car?" you should ask if you are under arrest. If the police say no, you should state, "With all due respect, I would like to continue my private lawful business. Good afternoon." If the police hint that you are under arrest, request the charge and demand to be informed of your rights, to be taken immediately to be formally charged, and allowed to contact your lawyer. Police are reluctant to make false arrests. It leaves them open to embarrassment and a lawsuit. Polite confrontation is the only way to remind them that they too are subject to the law.

TRASHING Means Never Having to Say You're Sorry



God the purists are gonna shit when they read *TRASHING* (Straight Arrow Books, \$4.95), the high flying semi-novel semi-autobiography of the Lower East Side's own Ann Fettamen. Ann Fettamen is a pseudonym and most readers will zero in on her identity after 30 pages or so. We'll play along and keep the secret. First the authoress starts out with a premise that people are soon turned off by movement rhetoric, that politics and art must be fused and that most so-called revolutionary novels and movies that penetrate the mass consciousness are half-baked cop-outs at their best. Then she sits down to write a sort of underground *Love Story*. She confesses on the book jacket to being a Yippie and although they have their faults, intellectual elitism is simply not in their handbag. Power to the People, they claim, means popular. It means dropping out of the university and watching color TV.

It means understanding the rhythms of a Super Bown half-time show, a night in Vegas, the absurdity of a Miss America contest, of drive-ins and John Wayne, roller derbies, MacDonald's 3½ billion hamburgers, bowling and balling. To successfully challenge the myths and values of a society, to make a cultural revolution, one must immerse oneself in the popular mind and from there launch the war.

It is not the war of upper east side sophisticates. It is not a question of high culture versus low culture.

It is a war between two cultures that compete for the minds and hearts of the people (not proletariat or masses) and especially young people.

The goal is to make overthrowing the government a popular pastime.

The books of Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin have attempted this. Both claim success since their mail indicates the average reader of *Do It!* or *Revolution for the Hell of It* to be 15 years of age. It is a tough task. The next time you're in a bookstore look around and dig on the age of the people. Now walk into the record store down the block.

Abbie once told me that he tried to convince Random House to distribute *Woodstock Nation* in record stores rather than book stores. It was even called an album. They thought he was nuts. Really the dumbest place in the world to sell books it seems to me is in a bookstore. In the past thirty years the two most significant developments in the publishing world have been paperback books and mass distribution outside bookstores. I mean, can you believe there are only 1600 bookstores in the country?

Making the best seller list can be pulled off by selling say 25,000. How can that begin to compare with Bobby Sherman's latest bubblegum shasheroo with sales over six million. Why radicals write books instead of movies and song lyrics is a very serious question.

TRASHING is in bad taste. It is Eric Segal burlesquing Jacqueline Susann. It claims in typical true confession style to be a story of sex and violence backstairs in the movement. The original title was *TRASH* and when Warhol's movie appeared the "ing" was tacked on, which is too bad 'cause the title fit in a whole lot of ways. It is a soap-opera look at life on the Lower East Side during the past three or four years (compressed into one).

The characters are all modelled after real life people. Famous dope dealers, radical lawyers, movement characters and tribal gangs can be easily identified. The plot alternates between fact and fantasy. Ann meets Dan at the old peace offices at 5 Beekman Street. He flips her a cube of acid, tries to fight off the gang of hardhats that burst through the door, and it is love at first sight. An LSD wedding in Central Park, holding up tourist buses, guerilla theatre at the Natural History Museum and the giant Halloween marijuana mail-out are there.

A violent biker-gang rape and a hysterical orgy are among the best episodes. We follow Ann and Dan dealing grass, shoplifting, hustling rock groups (Fat Barry and the Muff Divers) and hip capitalists (Buck Silver), trashing in the streets, on a bombing run at our own beloved Ninth Precinct, and finally setting up a wild plan to take over the big board at the New York Stock Exchange.

The book is rampant with put-ons, pranks, and personal anecdotes. Like any soap opera the plot bobs and weaves on each page. Characters are added for effect. Like any pop excursion you keep telling yourself this isn't serious. But on you read, and when it ends (you read it in one sitting) you realize you have read something remarkable. Not since the underground hit, *Barbara*, has a book successfully penetrated the popular gush while maintaining a semblance of "correct" politics. *TRASHING* is good propaganda and good fun. We give it 50 stars and 13 stripes and hope the movie is in Cinerama without Ali McGraw.

Of all the prehistoric animals which have captured the imagination of artists, story tellers and young children, the so-called Brontosaurus is perhaps the best known. Nearly one hundred feet long, and weighing twenty or thirty tons, the herbivorous brontosaurus—or as it is more correctly called, the Apatosaurus—was certainly an impressive creature. It was also an extremely awkward and ungainly animal, lumbering along on all fours, with a tiny head (housing a bebe brain) at the end of a long neck, and a long, whip-like tail. But it now seems that the Brontosaurus has been a singularly misunderstood creature.

The popular conception of the animal is of a great reptile, standing in water with its head above the surface, feeding off water plants, while its great carnivorous contemporaries, such as Tyrannosaurus, were forced to remain on the shore. In a recent issue of the British science magazine, *Nature*, a report has produced some convincing evidence to suggest that the Brontosaurus was essentially a land-dweller, with about as much affinity for water as the modern elephant or rhinoceros.

This suggestion upsets at once many of the commonly held theories about the Brontosaurus. It is usually suggested that the animal took to the water to escape from its predators and that the buoyancy of the water is what enabled it to support its great weight. The chief feature of the animal which supports this theory is that its nostrils, being situated high on the skull, would allow it to breathe while its body was entirely submerged.

belief was questioned some twenty years

ago, when Dr. Kenneth Kermack of University College in London pointed out that if one of these animals stood in twenty feet or so of water, the pressure on its chest would have been so great that it would have had difficulty breathing. And now it is suggested that the animal's nostrils are much larger than those of most truly amphibious animals.

The most convincing new evidence stems from comparisons between old Bronty and the modern hippo and elephant.



In many of its most predominant features, the Brontosaurus resembles the elephant more than it does the hippo. Its digits, for example, seem to have been encased in pads, much like those of the elephant, while the hippo spreads its digits to allow it to walk over marsh and swamps. With its great weight and small feet, the Brontosaurus would have become hopelessly bogged down in soft mud.

The structure of the Brontosaurus' limbs also suggests that the animal lived on the land. In contrast to the hippo, its

limbs were straight, columnar and elephantine, and they seem well adapted to supporting its great weight. The creature's backbone, made up of short, stout vertebrae, with tall spines and powerful ligaments, closely resembles those of the large land-dwelling birds and the carnivorous dinosaurs.

Brontosaurus remains have been found in regions which other archaeological evidence suggests were flood plains rather than swamps or lakes.

But if the Brontosaurus was a land-dweller, why did it have a long neck, and how did it defend itself? It seems that the animal may have used its neck in much the same way as a giraffe—to feed off tall shrubs and trees. In any case, a long neck would have been of little use if the animal fed off aquatic plants which do not grow at great depths.

In contrast to the belief that the animal took to the water to defend itself against its predators, such as the dreaded Tyrannosaurus, it is now suggested that the animal used its long whip-like tail and threatened to crush its attackers underfoot. There is also some evidence to suggest that Brontosaurus travelled in herds—a real mind-blower for a would-be attacker.

One interesting implication of this theory that Brontosaurus was a land-dweller is that it cannot have swum to places such as Madagascar and Australia. So its presence in these islands seems to contradict this new theory. Still, the likelihood that the great continents were once joined together but have since drifted apart conveniently provides the animal with a nice dry route to these islands.

LATER

HEH HEH

SUGS!!
WHAT TH'

I WAS KIDNAPPED
BY MILO'S GOONS
IT WASN'T EASY
BUT I MANAGED TO
GIVE EM THE
SLIP!

QUIET YOU
FOOL!

HEH HEH

HOLY COW!
THIS IS THE
BREAK WEVE
BEEN WAIT-
ING FOR!

FELLAS I'M
ON TO EM!
COME
ON!

OKAY BOYS
GO TO IT

NOW YER
TALKIN

YAHOO!

C'MON
YOU GUYS

OH BOY
I CAN'T
WAIT!

HOT
DOG

RIGHT
IN HERE
FELLAS

HEH
HEH

GOOD
LORD

SUGS!

GET OUT OF
HERE YOU FOOLS
ITS A TRAP!

WHAT TH...

SHHH!

BRAKA
BRAKA
BRA

BRAKA
BRAKA
BRA

BRAKA
BRAKA
BRA

BRAKA
BRAKA
BRA

BRAKA
BRAKA
BRA

BATWEE

YAGRAAA

OPEN
FIRE

CLICK!

ZANG

THE ASTOUND FINALLE NEXT MONTH!



BY Kim Deitch

IN THE HOMUNCULI DEATH CHAMBER, PEARLWOOD SUGS, NOW NOTHING MORE THAN A LIVING JACK-O-LANTERN, RE- COILS IN TERROR

AND RIGHT OUTSIDE, MILO, CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS SUGS, GLOATS AT THE GORY SPECTACLE

HAW HAW HAW

BUT WAIT! WHAT'S THIS?

GROOAN! OOH MY HEAD!

GASP!

HEH HEH

WHAT'S GOIN ON HERE?

GOOD LORD!!

FELIX! OH GOD, IT ALL COMES BACK!

QUICKLY! DO AS I SAY! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME

(COUGH) (COUGH) OPEN (COUGH) MY PACK, AND GIVE ME WHAT'S IN- SIDE (COUGH) (GASP)

MINUTES LATER

ALLRIGHT, GRAB UP SUGS, AND GET OUT OF HERE...QUICK!

B-BUT

CAN THEM TEARS LAD, AND GET A MOVE ON!

DO AS HE SAYS BOY!

BOOM!

WATCH OUT DOLT, BEFORE YOU DROP ME!

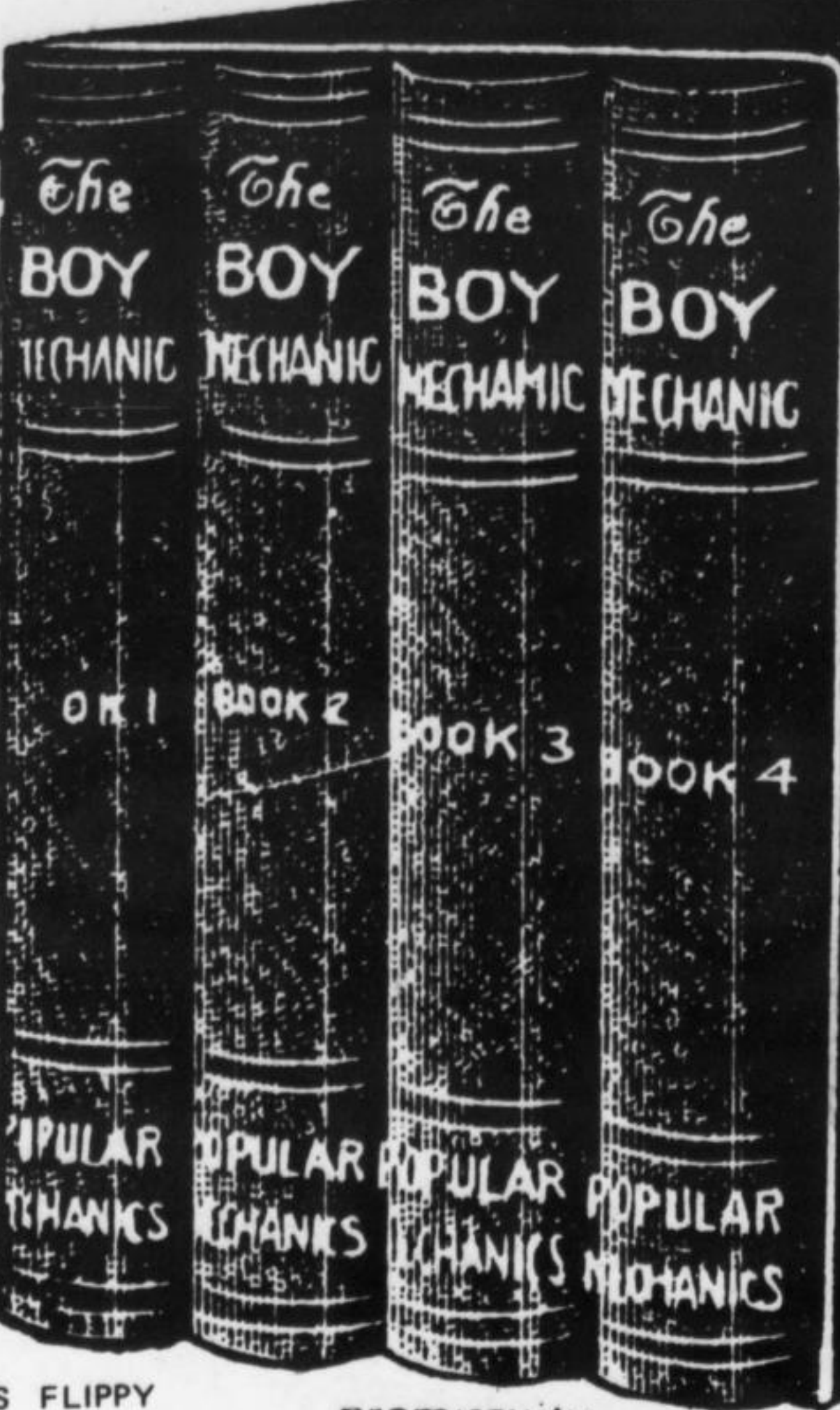
THUS ALL THAT RE- MAINS OF MILO'S SYNTHETIC EMPIRE, IS A LIFELESS PILE OF CHARRED RUBBLE

WELL, ALMOST ALL.....

HEH HEH

CREAK

SO,...THEY THINK THEY'VE OUTSMARTED ME!... (HEH HEH HEH) WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



mind show look to sea your ears the wild way radiation

morning depths happens buddah mind ring true blow your mind.

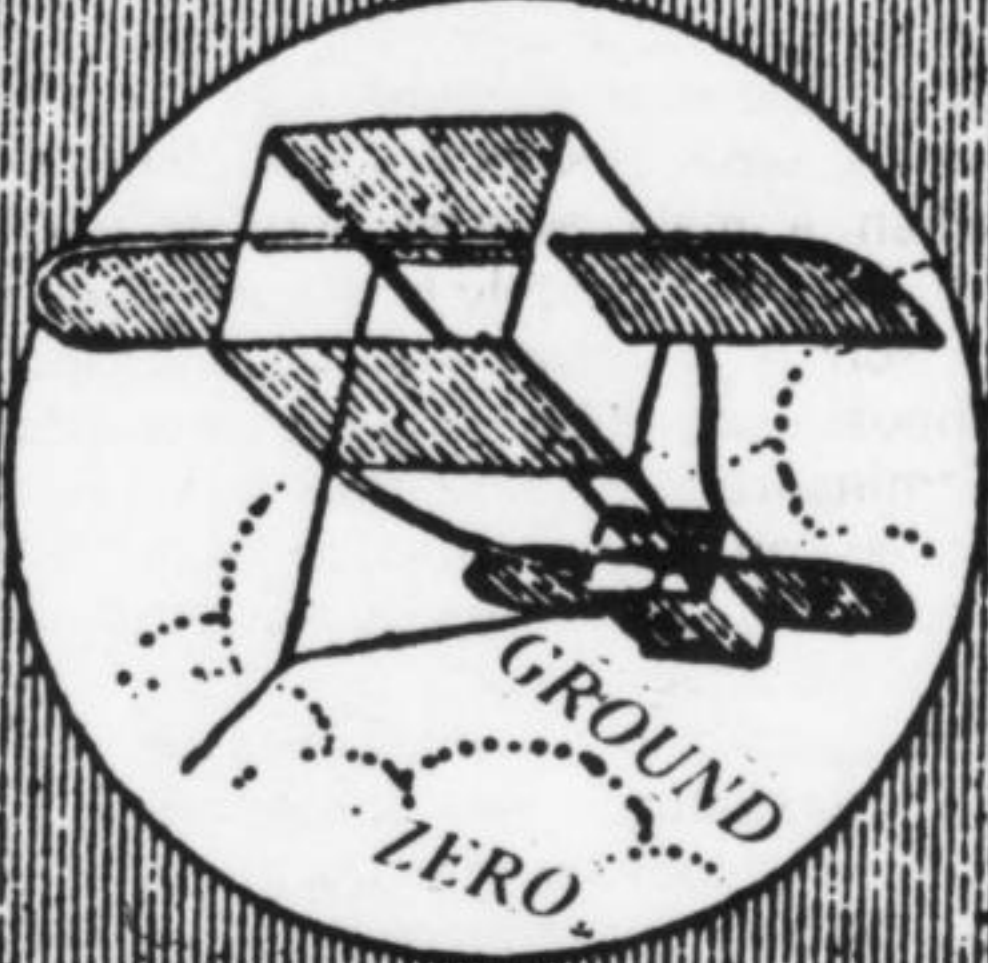


ITS FLIPPY THAT OLD DIPSY DOODLE THAT COMES HURLING DOWN FROM THE SKY.

promiscuity Their new album is called NANTUCKET SLEIGHRIDE. Its a screamer a real loud dreamer. Music that touches nerve endings like pain youve never seen. Dramatic screaming pulsing pushing thumping music.

much boogie

A bunch of sex rockers called CHERRY PICKER. They drive girls wild with the way they jump around and move the stuff up and down. It may be said that people like Jim Morrison and the FUGS and Iggy and the stooges played music that aroused certain impulses in the genital category even ALICE COOPER from way out west wasnt as off the wall as these craxies. There bublegum. Not really music but just have been reports of mass acts of pushing the stuff around at an accelerated rate it grated on the females in their audience and not one nerves on the top of your brain its the pulsations that can get to your brain. Its to dance to thats the whole game if you can dance to it or can you trance to it can it take you away. So what if it is bubble gum. If its good enough for 45 million kids to dance to its good enough for me.



It places all my faces in a trance i think i know why. Its only love knocking at the door looking for another try. New season of recorded sounds and all of madison ave is in the sky, the shit hit the fan and theyre wondering why. In the short space of three weeks there were a dozen major changes made at the top of the rock pile.

Its the style of the guys with the suits that fit tight to keep things right by whatever method they think will work. Theres nothing short of murder thatll stop them from their power grabbing rush to control all of americas impressionable youth. They have them where they want them. A strangulation hold on their consciousnesses, by hook or by crook theyre turning the life right off and the hype right on.

electrically A couple more times around the piano and all the kids will be gone. Changes come down and affect people all over town its the way the shit is thrown around when it hits the fan.

People are finding themselves out of work all over the place. Its the race for the top of the pile that drives men wild. Things that happen on the way its hard to say where the wheel of chance will stop.

Kids need stimulation, a combination of long exposure to radiation falling from the sky and hitting them in the eyes from the boob tube it there parents sit them in front of the electronic baby sitter at the beginning of the day and thats what they do. grow up sucking on sesame street and the cartoons that they show. It crams their young minds with stuff of an intoxicated kind. Theyre strung out on the tube and the radiation and the degree of degradation that all those commercials are set to do. I mean if the messages didn't get thru what would you do.

keep up with the beat

Electricity is what makes you fly you dont even heve to try. A classic example is the kind of music that touches nerve ends, there were always one or two bands that could evoke pain with the kind of sound that they played to your brain. Ten Years After And The Dead and The MC5 and Led Zepplin all those top pop fm hit makers, hardly any musical expression other than 3 or 4 basic chords and a whole world of electronic sounds to kick it around in side your mind. Its the way the noise plays with toys inside. The way that loud volume and screeching treble can take you for a ride. Its a good thing but a good thing can be carried too far. traveling light

One of the high flyers from the am radio, Leslie West and Felix Papalardi and theyre ever present MOUNTAIN. Stars of many pimply faced fantasies and am radio dreams. Its the way it seems when the loudness gets real loud almost anything can move a large crowd especially loud.

I mean energy is what they work with and some say what they do is as off the wall as these craxies. There bublegum. Not really music but just have been reports of mass acts of pushing the stuff around at an accelerated rate it grated on the females in their audience and not one nerves on the top of your brain its the pulsations that can get to your brain. Its to dance to thats the whole game if you can dance to it or can you trance to it can it take you away. So what if it is bubble gum. If its good enough for 45 million kids to dance to its good enough for me.

"I was out looking for it one day and it caught me in an upbeat sort of way it took me to places far far away only they dont fall into the category it made my motion start to sway. Or maybe it was the movies i saw upon the tube, The Glimmer glower flicker color to musical numbers that the flasher of the flashing teeve groove. band plays, but these days theyre The patterns of the patterns of light using more than just light to that took me away Lights on the night ships anchored out in the bay. with the mind itself in a big way. Its Crosby Stills and Nash While the radio Plays John Lennon. Its that same old game the pop hit maker fame one more bowling alley one more game. One more movie Projector One more Frame."

They began to fly and as time went by the light flashed into the night, theyre a beebopp rock and roll band that does some of the strangest vibrations on the popular rock theme as ive ever seen.

Its straight from a dream the things that they play the way the dance the hours away with the loudness. I aint seen so much boogie since the space came to town. Its the same old kind of jitterbugging that goes down. Things they play can make you spinn around. Theyve got this scheme theyre going to be a dream music band all the way. Tapes of their stuff is guarded night and day. Theyre working it out in the woods to handle energy in a very large way.

With the spring wave of sike a delia comming right around the corner theyre going to be in big demand for the way they get it on on the band stand.

But americas not such a hot place to be," said Wide Willy lead guitar and space ace. i mean the way that the uninitiated audiences treat us, theyre just a bunch of quiet kids looking for some kind of musical kicks to get into. Its all they can do to keep up with the beat. Theyre called FADE AND THE FLASHLIGHT BAND. Only time will tell only rock and roll will sell.

Its time that a whole new set of kids come up from the depths of the woods to see if they can make good in the big time. Some more names to watch for in the comming season EIGHTY ONE. A group called Fried SNARK a group called Trigger Happy they play all the songs that roy rogers used to sing to his horse on the sautrday morning kid show and a few more cowboy songs that you might not know. Theyre electrically amplified you know.

One more thing that i should mention is a new wave of light artists only they dont fall into the category of light shows. They preform the normal function of giving added color to musical numbers that the band plays, but these days theyre bombard more than just sight playing with the mind itself in a big way. Its so off the wall the way that they do the things the way they do.

Around the outskirts of the woods on the border between the great garden state and pennsylvania theres a small club with a very elite patronage. A nothing but musicians and their friends come here to listen to each other play, i cant tell you the name cause that would be giving it away. all they want to do is to sit and play in peace with out haveing to please money paying audiences and copy hungry reporters like me. They just want to let things be and play the way they feel. Any ways there was this group that was headlining called SPAZE BANDITZ and their own traveling light and mind show called GROUND ZERO. They work with radiation too. Its something new for people to get into, radiation at a musical level. oh well the songs go something like this:

There comes a time when you must leave behind your friends and lovers, and all the others When they no longer look to sea When they no longer can be free of thought action and will

There comes a time when you must kill the buddah that sits in your mind theres a time that happens every time i start the engins roar and i see the space ships doors closing. Its the times that ring true in my mind...

Thats some of the lyrics that they sing, they play things like electronic theremins and all sorts of other space devastating devices. musical games to blow your mind. I dont think theyll make the big time cause theres nothin theyve got to sell to an audience, but the way that the trance your ears, the sounds that you hear they can take you away, isnt that what music is about anyway?????



Men's Lib

Dear EVO,

Throughout the history of mankind there have been perpetual wars between men seeking power to appease their need for aggression. If man were less aggressive and more compassionate and humble there would be less crime, violence, and hatred in the world. And if the undue aggressiveness in man is not modified through his childhood training then man may soon bring about his own extinction by means of nuclear weapons.

The time has come that men should be liberated from the "traditional male image" that is still expected of them by their parents and society. Why are men trained to be dominant, unemotional and robust? Why can't a man be tender-hearted, dainty, and highly receptive to aesthetics? Why should little boys be chided for wanting to play with dolls? Why should a man be less respected if he desires to become a nurse rather than an architect?

Men who do not fit the stereotyped rugged and tough description of a man are not given merited status - in regards to character preference and assessment - by other men and women alike. Most females prefer and like the dominant type of a male most because they are trained to be weak and submissive themselves. When a male assesses another male he usually values highly how competent that person is at attracting and seducing the opposite sex. This often requires a lot of dominance and sometimes deception that some men may not have or want. (A man should not be judged by how well he can hold his liquor either.)

Effeminacy in men does not denote homosexuality. Sometimes the most masculine-looking men are gay. Most men won't even put their arm on their friend's shoulder in public because of the fear of being conceptualized as a 'queer' by others.

How can an extremely shy, introverted, effeminate, intellectual, or scholarly-type man receive deserving respect in society if he doesn't meet the qualifications of the inveterate "American male model." The "American male model" is either the virile movie star the outstanding athlete, or the super cool playboy. Usually this person is outgoing, domineering, tough, unemotional, well-built, handsome, nonchalant, and often pretentious. Most men try to emulate this type of a figure because they're not a man if they behave otherwise. How many people on the whole really venerate the scholarly or intellectual type of man who is deeply concerned about social reform?

Men should also be liberated from women. If women are granted the equal status with men that they deserve then they should act like it. A man should not have to foot the bill everytime he takes his date out. Nor should he always have to do the asking for a date. Some men live miserable lives of solitude because they lack the self-confidence that the cool, calm, and collective guy overflows with. If it was ubiquitously expedient for women to ask men out and take more initiative many shy, insecure, or emotionally disturbed men could live fulfilling healthy lives. Sometimes a woman can do wonders for a man. Many times women exploit men by taking advantage of their money. Men should also be freed from helpless dependent women who always lean on them and make unreasonable demands.

Men are too often expected to financially support their families alone. Women should assume this responsibility also. Men should not be derogated and stigmatized for assuming the responsibility that housewives or mothers have had in the past such as - cooking meals, cleaning the house, changing diapers, etc.

The purpose of the Men's Liberation is to change the traditional "American male model." Such a change can only be induced by augmenting the status of differential men who do not meet or desire the qualities of the "American male model," and by giving the



New York
Police Officers
Occupy
Typical
Lower
East Side
Apt.



January 20, 1971

Dear EVO,

Last summer, with the help of hundreds of beautiful people, the Housing Movement won two decisive victories: the Eleventh Street Squatters won a legal agreement with the landlord to stay until May 31, 1971 and R-10 zoning was defeated for Lower Third Avenue. We've won these battles, but the housing war continues.

The main squatter building, 118 East 11 Street, has become truly a PEOPLES building. The old tenants and their "new squatter neighbors" have formed a bond which, hopefully, the landlord Jack Gucker, can't break. Black, Brown and White sisters and brothers struggling together in a truly revolutionary way.

Gucker, and his lawyer Danny Finkelstein, has already tried to evict the roommates of squatter Ramon Rivera. He has tried endless harassments to both old and new tenants. He has tried to move in "spys" and "provocateurs." He feels that now the limelight is off Eleventh Street and he can crush the hopes of all the tenants. But we are stronger than ever and he can and must be stopped.

PLEASE PROVE THAT ELEVENTH STREET IS NOT FORGOTTEN!

WE MUST ASK FOR YOUR HELP AGAIN!

WE ARE DESPERATELY IN NEED OF MONEY!

The money is needed for leaflets, mailings but especially for legal costs. (We have been in court since Mid-December and negotiations with the landlord begin in Mid-February.)

Send any contributions you can to:
SAVE THE ELEVENTH STREET
SQUATTERS

c/o Brown, Apt. 2W
118 East 11 Street
New York City 10003

DOORS in current bag



Uncle Tim



Dear People:
Could you please help me find where I might get some of Tim Leary's books, especially *The Politics of Ecstasy*?

I have been through a lot of trips, adolescent street hoodlum, motorcycle outlaw, hippie, then Jesus freak, but started turning on again and finally saw that all of those other trips were just a total copping out on me behalf from the people and realize that I've got to do something but I've still got a lot of questions in my head that I need to have help with and I think Mr. Leary can help me solve them.

The only trouble is that I can't find any of his books to help me and I really need some answers.

Most of my friends (though they're all just getting stoned) are still hung up with and freak people out and don't want to be bothered by politics, just yet.

I'm talking about so do you think you might be able to help me? Thanks for whatever you can do.

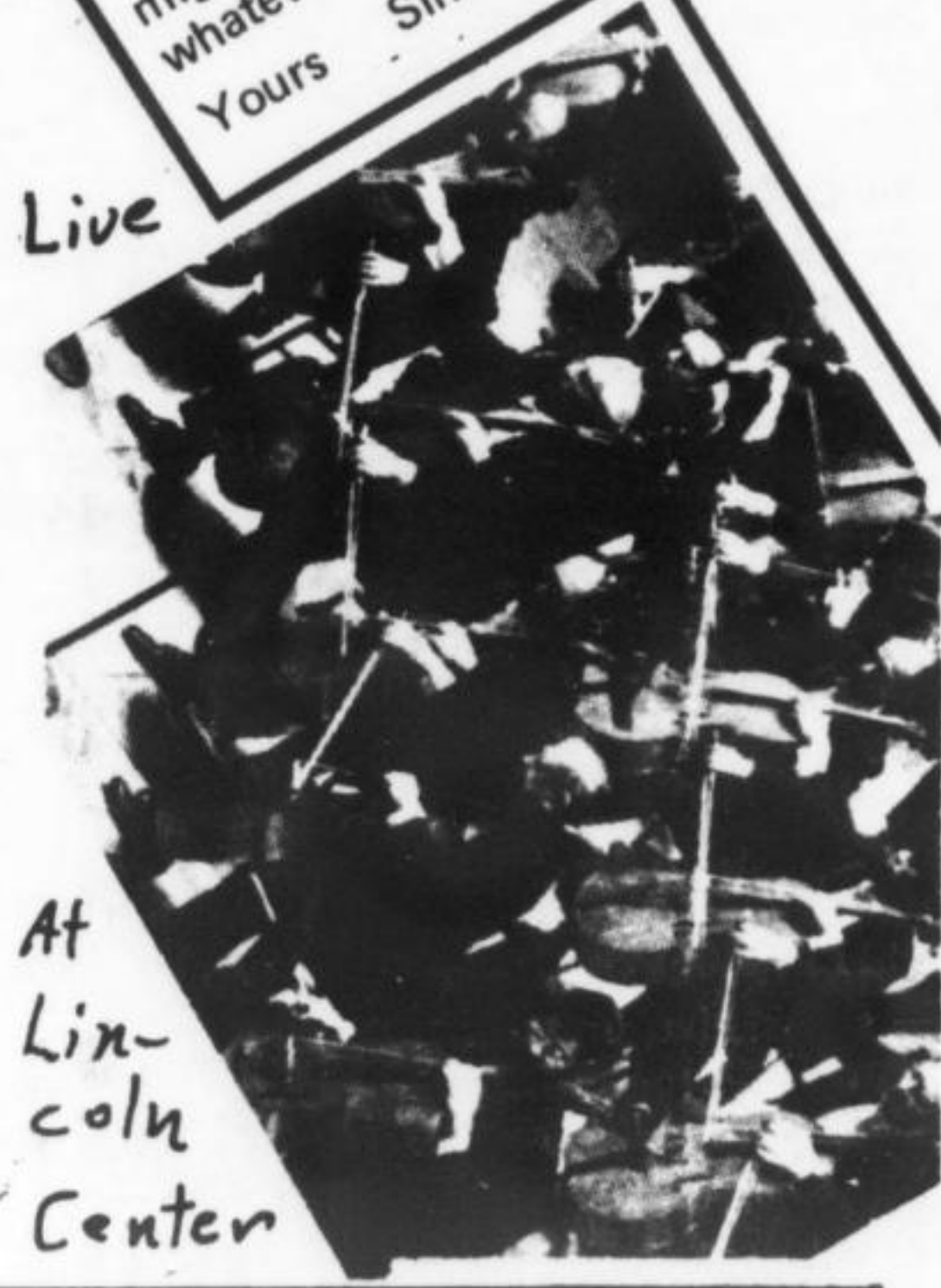
Yours Sincerely,
Rusty Smith

Dear Sir,

I have been trying very hard to get just some plain ole information on the group, "THE DOORS." I have found it very hard lately because there's just simply not that much said about them nowadays, also most of the rock books, their back issues are sold out or either out of stock like the magazine, "Hit Parader" is right now. So I am forever indebted to youns if youns could please help me out with this problem. Do youns have any back issues which have something on the "Doors", or might know of such a place which I might write and receive this information? So do youns have anything on the "Doors" yourself or know of such a place where I might write? Do youns also know of any hard-back books or any kind of books which are simply on the "Doors" of their group alone, or of any book about them. Do youns know of any fan clubs I might write. If I could please have the address I'd forever be grateful. So I'm in search of any information, books, for clubs, posters, etc. of the "Doors."

Thank you very much, Cleto Perish

Live



At
Lincoln
Center

Dear EVO,
Your paper has really helped a lot of people in trouble, because it's for the people. But if you're really so much for the people, why publish what Depograms like you did? It's no great help. What you should do is publish what you really want to help people. Help yourself is publishing the system for making acid. Then, in turn, people like me would make and hand out a lot of free acid and acid. No more people and hear J.E. Hoover's good sermon.

LETTERS

less reinforcement. The Men's Liberation proclaims that the "male image" consonant with today's world should have characteristics similar to these:

1. He should neither be dominant or submissive but self-assertive.
2. Whether husky and robust or debilitated, he should be compassionate, sympathetic, tender, and kind, and simultaneously be rational minded.
3. He may have intellectual tastes and interests, be mechanically inclined, and active in sports as well.
4. He should have a deep concern for all mankind, social reform, and world peace.
5. He should be psychologically and scientifically-oriented.
6. He should be highly receptive and appreciative of nature, music, art, etc.
7. He may take up sewing as well as football, or keep house while his wife supports the family.
8. He is governed by the laws of reason instead of religion.
9. He is open-minded and acceptable of others different from his ways.
10. He is not obsessed at striving for money, power, and prestige.
11. He is radical for social change.
12. He is well-educated with an insatiable desire to understand the world and himself better.
13. He does not discriminate other races or women. He feels the roles of men and women should be interchangeable.
14. et cetera

I feel the need for a Men's Liberation is indubitable. If you would like to voice your rebuttal, approval, or interest, please address your letter as so: Roger Copple, 131 Cedar Bluff Dr., Indianapolis, Indiana 46224.

CLUE CLUX CULTURE.

BLUE, BLUE, BLUE, BLUE, BEARD (RAMA-DAMA-DING-DONG)

by P.J. O'Rourke

WHIP THROUGH THE WHITNEY
(a mini-review as we go to press)

BLUEBEARD

The Ridiculous Theatrical Company
Gotham Art Theater, 455 W. 43rd St.
Sat. nights

"Bluebeard" is good. Go and see it. They need the money and you need the entertainment. That's all you need to know.

On the other hand, you were a stupid shit not to have seen it when it was at the Performer's Garage last year and won an Obie Award/Special Citation (which is something, I think that goes to the best Off-Broadway play while the Obie Award itself is given to the most pretentious existential piece of anguished hose shit they can find. Whoever they are. And who knows who they are? I mean, who cares? I don't know jack shit about theatre and you're lucky I don't or I'd probably be telling you to go see "Butterflies Are Free" or "The Last Sweet Days of Issac" and you'd be spending all this money and getting your head filled with rot. But as I was saying at the other end of this parenthesis:) The Performer's Garage is where "Dionysus '69" was performed and it's probably the best theater in New York not counting Radio City Music Hall. It has all these tiers and balconies and stairways and trapdoors and stuff and they should charge people a dollar just to wander around in there. But the Gotham Art Theater is tiny and low-ceilinged and generally one of those places where you'd expect the Red Hook Ethnic Dance Troupe to do an interpretation of Ecclesiastes backward while Ultra Violet reads from the New York phone book. The Ridiculous Theatrical Company has done a fine job in pathetic circumstances to make "Bluebeard" work in there though I wouldn't have believed they could when I walked in before the show.

Actually, I'm being unfair. The Gotham Art Theater isn't all that bad. It has an excellent lighting system and good acoustics. I've seen lots worse. I'm just pissed about "Bluebeard" having to leave the Performer's Garage in favor of something called 'Commune' being put on by the Garage owners (ex-purveyors of that Dionysus schuck). I'll see what "Commune" is about next week and if it isn't any good I'll be a lot more pissed.

"Bluebeard" is the story of Baron Khanazar von Bluebeard and his attempt to create a third genital organ Khanazar is a recluse in his castle (The House of Pain) on the Isle of Lost Love where he's served by two early failures in his experimentation, Sheemish and Mrs. Maggot (John D. Brockmeyer and Langston Stoner). He is sought out in this isolation by his beautiful niece Sybil, her boyfriend Rodney and Sybil's tutor Miss Cubbidge

I think you should be warned that The Ridiculous Theatrical Company is a sort of total atmosphere — a whole riff that you probably shouldn't take any airline stewardesses or prospective ad agency clients to. I remember the first time I saw one of their productions. I think it was the summer of 1968. They were doing "Turds In Hell" at midnight on weekday nights in what was a porno theater by day on 42nd St. I took this secretary who lived up on the east side and I remember about a third of the way through the performance (which featured, among other things, ten drag queens and an alcoholic burlesque comic who had no



idea what was going on) she leaned over and whispered tenderly in my ear, "I WANNA GO HOME!" There is a certain aesthetic going down that requires an audience with a broad sense of humor, a lot of solo flying time and considerable self confidence. Charles Ludlam, *Pater Familias* of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, writer and director of their productions, and the actor who plays Baron Khanazar von Bluebeard, works with the concepts that old theatre was melodramatic dog shit, new theatre is bilious lyric excrement and that being on

stage and acting weird is a lot of fun. That acting weird is a lot of fun is a hard thing to remember in most recent plays. But, then again, it's a pretty easy thing to remember if you walk down St. Mark's Place or even if you go into a singles bar or visit a business executive. Everybody loves to act weird. And the Ridiculous Theatrical loves to act as weird as possible and they want everyone to enjoy it. Unfortunately, the audience (always half of anything you go to or put on) was out to lunch when I was there. My friend Dennis and I were rolling in the aisles and beating our heads against the seats in front of us and stuffing our hands in our mouth to keep from puking with laughter while a lot of other people around us were going, "Yes, well that IS clever . . ." and "That makes a marvelous statement . . ." and "What do you make of it, Henrique?" What a bunch of shits. Besides there was this girl who looked exactly like Lelia Kalied and she was cornered by this fat old bourgeoisie jackel during both intermissions and after the show. She had stolen my heart and the fat old bourgeoisie jackel had her cornered and insisted on talking about God knows what, probably Jacques Martain and Edna St. Vincent Millay. If there is anything I hate more than a fat old bourgeoisie jackel it's a fat old ARTSY bourgeoisie jackel. Also, there were a couple of Lavendar Menace heavies sitting next to us who loudly interjected lots of relevant comment. There were much larger than us — so let the sisters speak.

If you've already seen "Bluebeard" I can recommend seeing it again even with the draw-backs of the Gotham Art Theater. The play itself has improved; it just isn't shown off as well. And you're closer to the players, which is nice.

None of the actors are bad or disappointing but a couple are fantastic like Black-Eyed Susan as Sybil, the Baron's niece. Black-Eyed Susan is my favorite actress since Candy Barr got locked up and the most beautiful leading lady on the stage today. In fact, I've been hopelessly in love with Black-Eyed Susan since 1968. Ludlam himself is the star of the show and the main vehicle for the script's contortions of 19th century rhetoric and perversions of the cliché. Lola Pashalinski, as Miss Cubbidge, keeps a straight face through a most amazing fuck scene with the Baron. Bill Vehr maintains the utterly ridiculous role of Rodney without ever slipping into anything easier to do, like panning the audience or giggling uncontrollably. But the best performance of the evening was by Larry who plays the part of the serpent with Stanislavsky intensity and while winding around the neck of Baron Khanazar manages to come between him and the dark goddess Hecate (Frederick Teper in drag) just as they kiss.

Info!

THE OIL RUSH IN SOUTH EAST ASIA

(Editor's Note: Jacques Decornoy is South East Asia correspondent for Le Monde. This article came to LNS from Pacific News Service which distributes articles on South East Asia.) PARIS, France (LNS) — The Saigon government has recently passed a law granting foreign companies permits for oil exploration off the South Vietnamese coast.

In 1969 ten American companies undertook exploratory work there. Their research must have proven fruitful, because six other American companies, two Japanese, and one Canadian firm, have joined the list of the "pioneer" enterprises. A meeting of the businessmen concerned is due to take place in February in Saigon.

The companies have already begun to invest, even though President Nixon is using the slogan of "Vietnamization." Have the oil companies perhaps received some solid assurances from Washington concerning the United States' willingness to "hold" Indochina, and South Vietnam in particular? In view of such haste, one is tempted to think so. Vietnam is not the only country involved. Four months after the intervention of American troops in Cambodia,

Cambodian-Thai negotiations aimed at reducing economic barriers between the two neighbors took place in Bangkok. The negotiators examined the possibilities of establishing a common program of prospecting for all. Obviously the two countries cannot cooperate without the help of firms with modern technology and large capital formations.

On November 11, 1969, the U.S. Ambassador to Thailand, Mr. Unger, made an important declaration before a Senatorial commission:

There is one very, very large development that may take place. Nobody knows at this point whether it will prove out or not. That is oil exploration that is going on in the Gulf of Thailand. It is going on actually not only from Thailand, but also from Malaysia, Indonesia, and so on, but it is very important in the case of Thailand; and there are now six companies, five of them American, that are now carrying out explorations and presumably with some pretty good hope of finding something there. Now, if that develops, it of course will be a very major additional American investment in the country.

Fortune wrote in March, 1970, that Tenneco, Standard Oil of California, and British Petroleum each has invested two million dollars in exploratory research. Fortune added:

. . . technicians from the U.S., Japan, Taiwan, and South Korea have been conducting physical surveys in the East China and Yellow

Seas. The results, according to an ECAFE report, indicated that the shallow sea floor between Taiwan and Japan might contain one of the most prolific oil and gas reservoirs in the world, possibly comparing favorably to the Persian Gulf area.

The oil of this region interests the ecology conscious U.S. and Japanese firms, because it has a very low sulfur content. But it is above all the abundance of oil hoped for which interests the American companies taking part in the exploration, and for which they intend to prospect throughout the huge stretch reaching from South Korea to the Gulf of Thailand. Vast territories have been allotted to them in the entire Indonesian archipelago, off the shores of the Malaysian mainland, and north of Borneo. Mr. Joachim Joesten wrote in *Weltwoche*, a German newsweekly, last May 22:

'Compared to the South East Asian offshore deposits,' said a top oil company official, 'those of Louisiana are like a postage stamp on the back of an elephant.' U.S. geologist James Gauntt, veteran of fifteen years of searching the South China Sea, thinks that in five years the offshore oil fields of Thailand, Cambodia, Malaysia, South Vietnam and Indonesia will be ready to produce four hundred million barrels a day — or more than is now produced in the entire western world. From this viewpoint, the American effort in Indochina, so little understood in the world and even in the United States, begins to make more sense. Like his

predecessor Lyndon Johnson, President Nixon is closely tied to the oil business.

SEATTLE CONSPIRACY DEFENDANTS RELEASED FROM JAIL

LIBERATION News Service

SEATTLE, Wash. (LNS) — The seven Seattle conspiracy defendants, recently slapped with 6-month contempt charges when Tacoma Federal Judge George Boldt declared a mistrial after only 11 days of court, were released from jail Jan. 12 on \$25,000 bond each. The seven — Sue Stern, Michael Lerner, Chip Marshall, Joe Kelly, Jeff Dowd, Michael Abeles, and Roger Lippman — had been scattered in five different jails from Los Angeles to Seattle for a month before bail was set. They were on trial for their role in organizing an attack on the Seattle federal building during the TDA demonstrations which followed the Chicago conspiracy verdicts last February. Five of the seven were charged with crossing state lines to incite a riot.

An appeal hearing on the contempt sentences is coming up in the middle of February. For more information or to contribute to the defense fund, write to the Seattle Conspiracy, P.O. Box 1984, Seattle, Wash. 98111.

GAY

OFFICIAL STATUTES AND POLICIES OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT OPPRESS HOMOSEXUALS IN CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYMENT, MILITARY DUTY, TAX LAWS, CRIMINAL PROSECUTIONS. IS THIS THE SYSTEM YOU WANT TO DIE FOR?



The GAY LIBERATION FRONT follows the general guidelines for the method of homosexual draft resistance initiated in 1967 by the Homosexual Information Center.

Of the thousands of men who have followed these procedures, NOT ONE HAS BEEN INDUCTED!

While space limitations do not permit us to address ourselves within this pamphlet to unusual circumstances, the information we have included will apply to the majority of draft eligible young men. If you have questions which are not answered here, write to us and explain fully. All letters receive a reply.

HERE, THEN, ARE THE QUESTIONS MOST OFTEN ASKED AND THE NO-BULLSHIT ANSWERS. COLLECTIVELY THEY COMPRISE

A GUIDE TO Revolutionary Homosexual Draft Resistance

Q. What is there about being gay that makes me unfit for military service?

A. Nothing. All branches of the military have homosexuals, both men and women, who are serving capably and honorably.

Q. Then how is declaring my homosexuality going to keep me out of the service?

A. Because the Department of Defense has laws against homosexuals being inducted, and all branches of the military have laws which prohibit them from serving.

Q. But is anyone paying attention to those laws?

A. Every year, in every branch of the service, men are honorably discharged and imprisoned because their homosexuality has been revealed. If it can be proven that they were homosexuals before induction and lied about it, they're in for a lot of trouble. The maximum penalty in the army is dishonorable discharge with forfeiture of all benefits plus five years at hard labor. Here are the figures of the Washington D.C. office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense:

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE UPTIGHT ABOUT HAVING TO GO INTO THE SERVICE, SEE WHAT THE U.S. MILITARY THINKS ABOUT HAVING YOU JOIN!

"The causes for rejection for appointment, enlistment, and induction are...a. Character and behavior disorders as evidenced by...(2)Overt homosexuality..."

Selective Service Medical Fitness Standards Manual
AR 40-501 (Sec. 2-34)

"...homosexuality...appreciably limits the ability of an individual to function effectively in a military environment, (and therefore renders him) unfit for military service and impairs the morale and discipline of the Army."

Army Regulation 635-89

(The Army will discharge any individual who shows) "evidence of homosexual tendencies, desires or interests, but is without overt homosexual acts...Personnel who voluntarily engage in homosexual acts, irrespective of sex, will not be permitted to serve in the Army in any capacity, and their separation is mandatory."

Army Regulation 635-212

"Any person subject to this chapter who engages in unnatural carnal copulation with another person of the same or opposite sex or with an animal is guilty of sodomy. Penetration, however slight, is sufficient to complete the offense...Any person found guilty of sodomy shall be punished as a court-martial may direct."

Title 10, U.S. Code, Sec. 926 Ar. 125(a), (b)
Uniform Code of Military Justice

(The maximum penalty shall be) "dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of all pay and allowances, confinement at hard labor not to exceed five years."

Title 10, U.S. Code Annotated, SEc. 856, Ar. 125

DRAFT GUIDE

Discharges for "Homosexual tendencies" and "Sexual Perversion"
1968 - 1,671
1969 - 1,542

Q. What should I expect at my pre-induction physical?

A. First you will be given a number of forms to fill out, and aptitude and I.Q. tests. Then you will go through the various physical examinations. The final process is an interview with the psychiatrist for those whose records indicate that an interview is appropriate.

Q. What do I have to do to prove I'm gay?

A. The Medical History Questionnaire is given to you before the physical examination is begun. If it's not given, ask for it and make sure you get it. You cannot be classified until you have completed it. Question 20 asks if you now have, or if you have ever had, homosexual tendencies. According to Kinsey and most other authorities, most American young men can truthfully answer "yes" to that question. Check the box "yes". THAT'S ALL.

Q. What kind of questions will the psychiatrist ask me?

A. He'll probably ask how long you've been gay, when was your first experience, if you're the "passive" or "active" partner (or the "top man" or "bottom man"), and other questions of that nature. You can either refuse to answer on the grounds that you have stated in writing that you are a homosexual and his questions are an invasion of your privacy, or you can feed his fantasies by answering truthfully. The one thing you must refuse to do is to give names of others and specific details about your homosexual experiences.

Q. Why shouldn't I tell details about experiences I've had with other guys?

A. For two good reasons. First, 48 out of 50 states have criminal statutes against homosexual acts. To give details about such experiences, especially to a government employee or member of the military, raises the possibility of prosecution against you and those you have named. Second, the Constitution guarantees that citizens cannot be required to give testimony which might tend to incriminate themselves.

Q. What about letters from doctors and other proof?

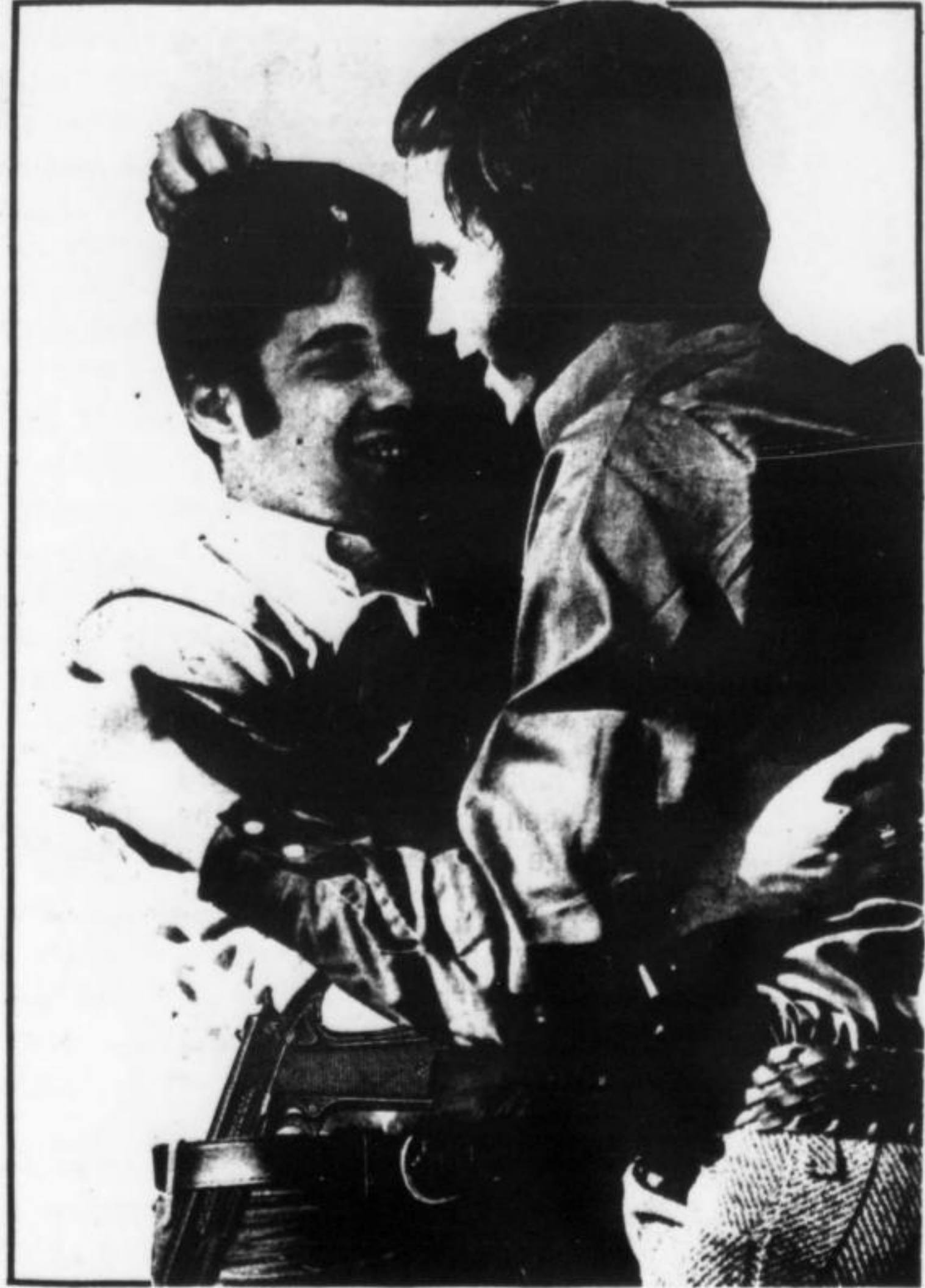
A. Submit no letters from anyone, and do not write any yourself to send to the draft board ahead of time. There is nothing about homosexuality which can be proven by testing. Others can only repeat what you have told them. Professionals draw conclusions from tests—they do not claim to be able to prove anything. Your word, frankly stated to the psychiatrist at the examination and induction center, is the only proof the army has a right to request (and even that right is questionable.)

Q. Is it really so simple to be disqualified?

A. Usually it is, and it is happening more frequently as groups such as ours inform people of their rights. Occasionally, though, a hard-nosed psychiatrist will give a man a very rough time. They have been known to make a guy parade back and forth in the nude before other guys, while he is ridiculed. Some psychiatrists do not stop short of threats. They scoff at the advice we give you. Remember two things:
1) What you are going through will last only a short time and you will probably never see those present again, and
2) NO ONE WHO HAS FOLLOWED OUR ADVICE HAS EVER BEEN INDUCTED.
The chance of your being subjected to such abuse is slight, but the possibility does exist.

Q. What if I'm not believed, and I get classified 1-A anyway?

A. That often happens, especially in the larger cities where increasing numbers of men are using any means necessary to resist the war machine. The remedy is simple. Write an appeal to the Surgeon of the Command, or we'll do it for you free. He has no legal grounds to do anything but reclassify you 1V-F. His address is:



Surgeon of the Command
HQ U.S. Army Recruiting Command
Hampton, VA. 23369

Q. What if I'm there for my induction physical, the psychiatrist doesn't believe me, and they proceed to administer the oath of induction?

A. Refuse induction!

Q. Won't they arrest me?

A. It is likely that they'll threaten you, "reason" with you and plead with you. But they can't arrest you. They will release you with the warning that you will be reported to the Justice Department, which eventually will order the FBI to arrest you. That usually takes close to a year. Contact us, and expect to be reclassified IV-F within weeks.

Q. What if the psychiatrist says he'll give me a temporary deferment?

A. When it expired, you would be subject to another physical and possibly reclassification as 1-A. Temporary classifications don't apply, and we would suggest an appeal. The only classification we advise to accept is IV-F.

Q. What if I'm there for my induction (final) physical and I didn't tell them that I am gay when I went for the pre-induction (first) physical?

A. That's easily explained. No one can be expected to choose to be a second class or inferior citizen. But it's against the law for you to go into the military, and at that point you have little choice in the matter.

Q. What if they say that I'm being stupid and ruining my life, and that they're willing to overlook my homosexuality?

A. Tell them they'll first have to remove from the books those laws which discriminate against homosexuals as a class, so that their policy applies equally to all men. In telling you that they're willing to overlook homosexuality in your case, they're subverting their own laws and counseling you to commit a crime, which is in itself a crime.

Q. Is the information I give on the Medical History Questionnaire and to the psychiatrist confidential?

A. The army claims that information is given only to "authorized persons". Translated that certainly means other government agencies, government contractors, and of course anyone who has a signed release from you.

Q. Just what are the drawbacks?

A. Until present social attitudes change, you will probably not be able to get a job working for the government, a government contractor, or doing any job which requires credentials from a government agency, such as teaching, real estate sales, even hairdressing. Certain private employers, when they see IV-F on an employment application, require a release to obtain the records. YOU WILL NOT BE REQUIRED TO REGISTER AS A SEX OFFENDER. But if there is a better way to avoid the draft, such as student deferment or medical disqualification, use it.

Q. What should I say if I'm asked if I was counseled by any person or organization?

A. Tell them you are following the proven advice of the GAY LIBERATION FRONT of Los Angeles. Take along this pamphlet to show, just in case you are asked.

You people, on the other side of understandings: yes, you! First meet the challenge, analyze it, then give your opinion — an honest, truthful opinion. Take this one, for instance: a friend of mine, come over to visit U.S. — me, my family — has home country, France. And as the world knows, at least the French people try to give and live up to their own image. Sometimes they pay for it, as in this case. After visiting our landmarks (sights) they introduced him to some of my friends. Now, as I say, the image? The lover, the bon vivant, active putain? Now this girl or young lady is not naive or what — she calls the shots as she sees or hears them. — I introduced my French friend to this young lady, and he said with the correct accent: Miss young — mon cheri — smack, right across his left cheek. All looked startled, surprised. She said, Listen, buster, I am not your cherry.

An act beyond the call of duty, by one of our city's finest — a man in blue. This incident took place — year? It doesn't matter as far as time is — an age to the world. But the event took place when the people of the good old USA were looking at the police in a different light. Which to me was the wrong way. To whit: the neighbourhood; apartment buildings, stores — not the crowded part of the city, more residential, quiet. Early spring. The weather? Good to be alive. A police officer, walking a beat. This section of the city always had a cop on beat. A sort of habit. Didn't need one, but it blended in with the life. Time, about 2 AM. No one on the streets. Home asleep — or watching TV. The neighbourhood bars (few) were closed. Nice quiet night. No traffic. This, the scene at this time or any time of the year, you don't get. Even when the weather is stinking you have people walking into the streets at all hours, not crowded, but people. But this night, no — yes, I mean — a cop — plus this young woman, about the age of 26, not old, not young. A reasonable sensible age for

an average person. Single. As this policeman was making his rounds checking store rooms, flashing his light into dark crevices of doorways, a soft whimpering reached his ears. A soft whimpering — this sound alerted his senses to be on guard for any eventuality. Walking slowly towards the soft whimpering, he came upon this young woman in the darkness of a deep doorway. Flashed his light on the whimpering girl. Oh oh! he said to himself, what now? He tried to calm her down. He was hoping she was not a rape case or a high flying addict. He gained her confidence. This is the tale of what happens. She — she said is not a street walker. She is not a free girl, that is with her body. She is normal — as standards were of the old days of the 50's. But while she was in her apartment watching TV, all of a sudden she got the urge for a man's company. This happened before, not

Discovery: One Good Use for a Billy Club

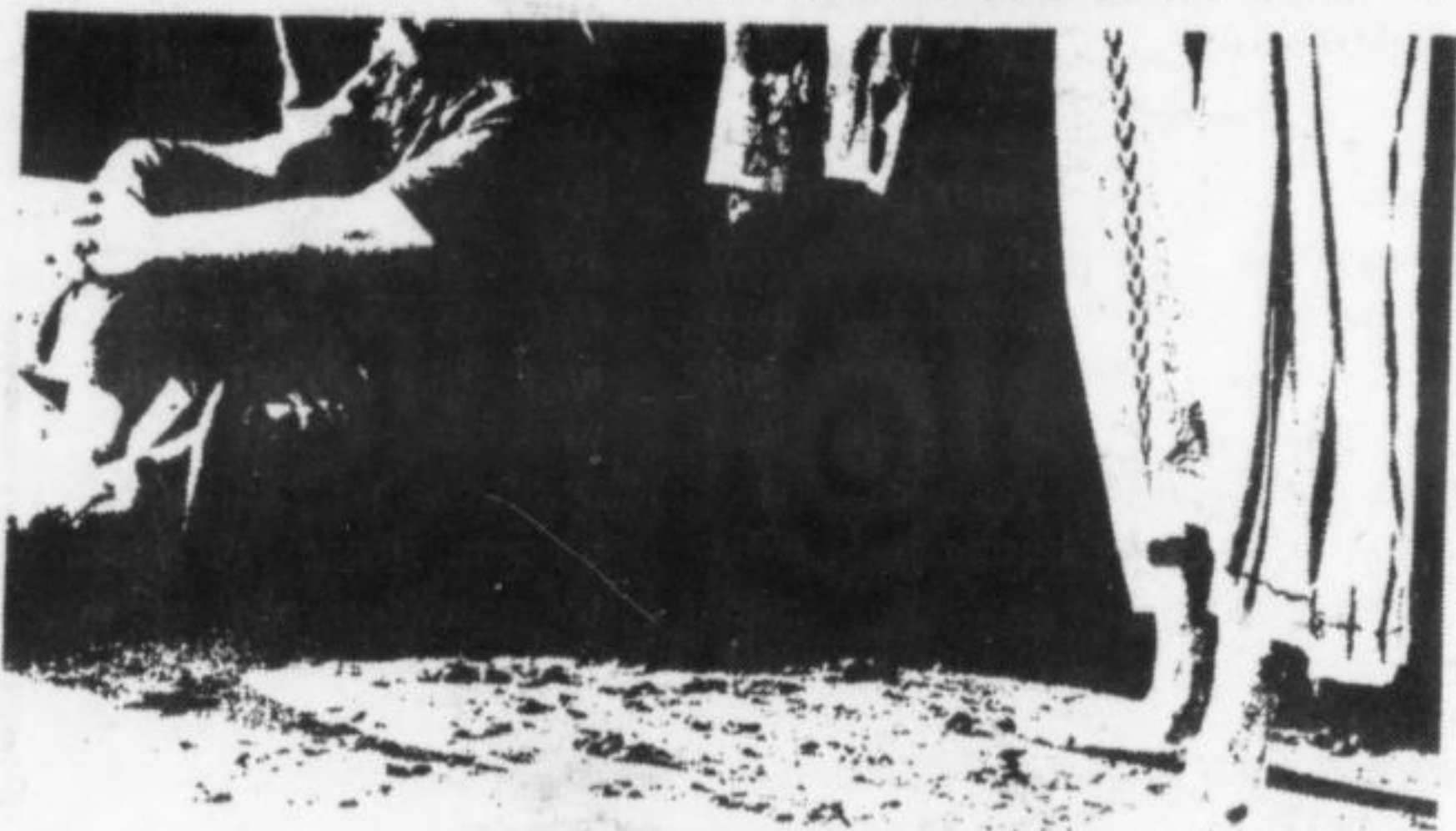
very often, and not with this great intensity, nor this length of time. She shut the TV off, figuring a walk in the cool crisp air the desire will wear off. But no. She walked for about 1/2 hour — no one near by or meeting anyone. She was in a mental bind. He said that there are ways to satisfy a hunger. She knew what he meant by that. She told him that an act of that sort — a self indulgent was against her principles. It generally passed away. But this night no. So she asked this police officer if he would please help her. He begged off, saying his life with his wife is well satisfied — that she should understand that. Principles. She has hers. He refused. Then the whimperings began again. This was melting the P.O.'s steeled resistance down. After a bit, he relented.

The following piece of writing came to the EVO office unsigned, in an envelope with a muddy postmark. It was written in ballpoint pen on composition paper, in capital letters. What's more, the punctuation thereof consisted mostly of dashes placed approximately between each clause. It is one of the — no, it is the single most beautiful piece of writing it has ever been the pleasure of The East Village Other to print. Its point is not clear, but several persons who insist on finding points for beautiful things have conjectured that it may be a reflection on the sudden lack of popular respect for New York's police since the Big Strike. In any case and whatsoever withal, it's a beautiful piece of writing. — DAL

He will try to help her. Softly embraced. And they took the correct positions. She stopped whimpering. Began kissing our hero P.O. He did what was the correct procedure to satisfy this young woman. He was inadequate. She began to plead with him to please proceed. He can't stand the torment. Oh! what to do? Tell her and then what — what will she do then? So he thought — idea — I'll use the black jack. No. Stiches she'll feel, and know — what? So it came upon her — the nightstick — somehow he worked it, as well to the point of a happy moan came from her lips. Satisfied. She said thanks. Straightened her clothes, and said to the P.O., whoever called you policemen the City's finest was not wrong. She left — happy walk! But the P.O., now he was in an uncomfortable situation. Now, all this took place in the city — a nice neighbourhood that is generally busy with people at all times of the day. This incident took only about 5 minutes of our hero's time. Now he was uncomfortable. He straightened himself up. Took up the role again as P.O., the Guardian of all people. So you see, sir — not all is bad with our city's finest. Some nights have their good deeds — or brighter sides.



by Linda Crawford



RICHARD, CAM & BERT

Three very talented rock songwriters, singers and musicians are now at the Village Gaslight just following the release of their new album — "Richard, Cam & Bert." Their music is a relief from the generally angry state we have been in to a softer, easier frame of mind. One of their opening numbers (also on their album) "TAKIN THE EASY LINE," written by Bert is typical of just that. Their next song "DECOMPOSITION," was one of the best of the evening. It was written by Cam and truly

demonstrates the group's musical ability. Their vocals and harmonies are very tight. A beautiful song from their album, "EVELYN" again succeeded in bringing the head to nice places. Richard then, in his very country rock style did an energetic vocal to Willie Dixon's "YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER." They closed the show with a funky "DR. BROWN'S CURE" with Cam and Bert on vocals. I was very impressed with the three of them and would like to hear a lot more of their material.



BUFFY SAINTE MARIE
ILLUMINATIONS

"Buffy, I love you." That's the first thought that comes to mind in attempting to review this album. I say attempting because it's really going to be difficult to avoid repeating myself with words like — far out, great, beautiful, etc. But we'll start with a word I dislike using nowadays yet find very appropriate for the cut — "SUFFER. THE LITTLE CHILDREN" — Heavy! Pounding out her chords with the same strength she uses in chanting her lyrics, Buffy comes down on parents by summing up their goals for their children with — "Take another sip from the liars cup." — Heavy (I warned you). I guess the thing I admire the most about Buffy is her extremes. She can go from complexity into simplicity, giving both her unique stylization. One of her simple songs, "GUESS WHO I SAW IN PARIS" is about the prettiest thing I've ever heard her do. But the whole album is just full of superlatives. "THE ANGEL" and "GOD IS ALIVE; MAGIC IS AFOOT" are both fine examples of her vocal experimentation. There is a heavy spiritual impact throughout the album. This is not unusual for Buffy yet it seems to have reached a new level. All I can say if you haven't heard this album yet, Do It!

CLOSE to it all



DAVID LANNAN
"STREET SINGER"

"Can't you just listen to five minutes of music," says the fellow holding the microphone as the beautiful, long-haired David Lannan and his two friends are being evicted from banks, stores and other such "no-music" ruled institutions. The music is quite good when it's not being interrupted by hassles with the police. The whole album was recorded with David strolling through various cities singing his songs. One of the best cuts on the album, "Patterson's Song," written by

Patterson Brown, gives you the feeling of helplessness as David continues to sing while being handcuffed. A good taste of his sensitive poetry can be found in "Springtime" and "Morning" (a beautiful song) and very powerfully in "Judas' Mass." His style is countryish, his will is strong (very few incidents stopped him from singing) and his humor is definitely high. One of the last practitioners of the art of minstrelsy, David Lannan is well worth hearing and I get the feeling he'll see to it he is heard.

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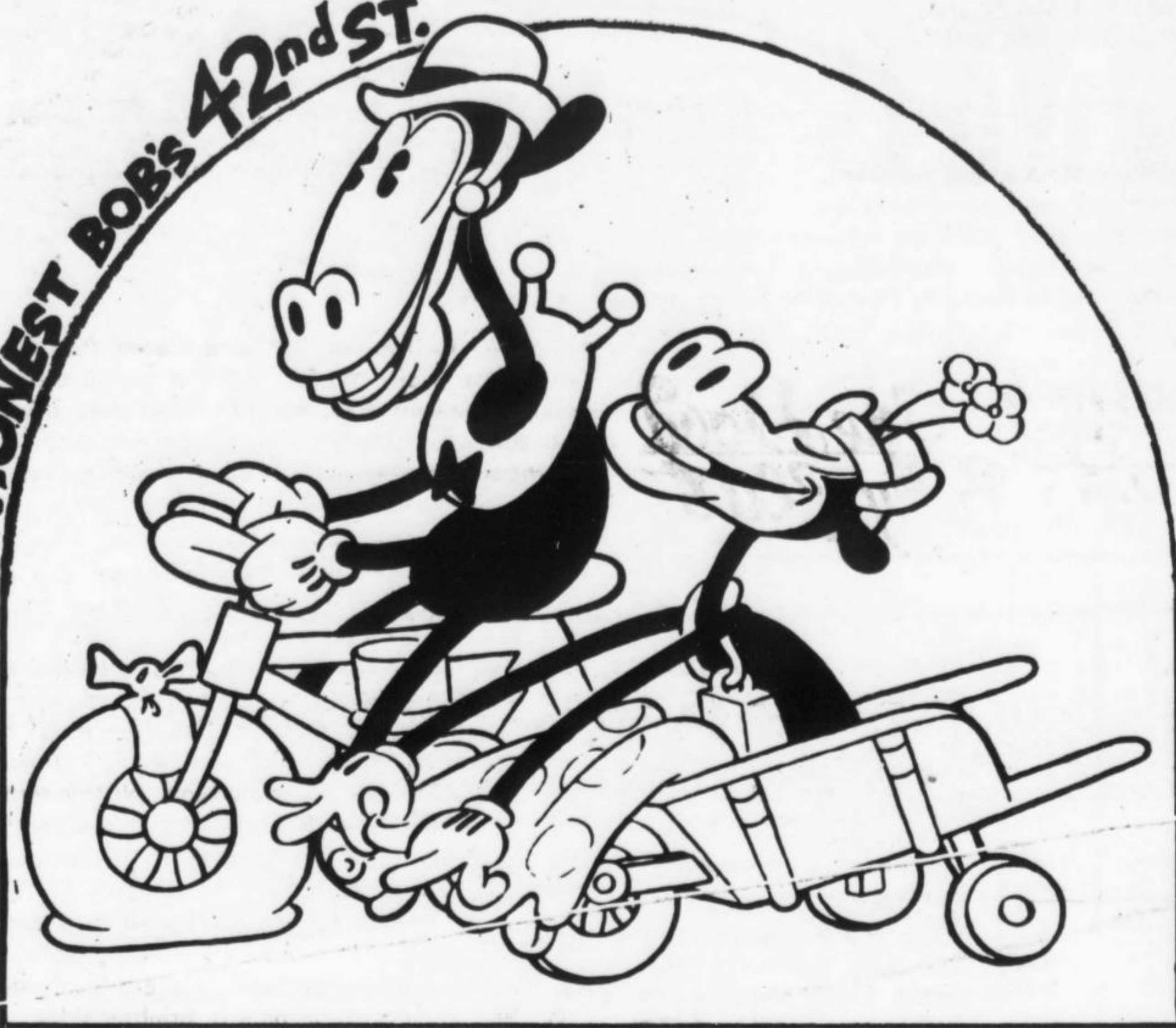
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HONEST BOB'S 42nd ST.



by Honest Bob Singer

Here, as James Agee would laconically say, are some more of them:

ZACHARIAH — Early in the "first electric Western" the long-haired hero out-shoots a hippie-hating cowpoke in a saloon showdown and is forced to join the Crackers, a band of crooks played by Country Joe and the Fish. whose *modus operandi* is to divert a town with a free concert while the bank is robbed. Crazy, I thought, the Son of Easy Rider Rides Again, picks up where the old man left off and we are all outlaws in the eyes of Amerika, cha cha cha. In a moment of illumination Joe feels "a tour comin on" and vows to play "The first National Bank in Tucson! The Psychedelic Supermarket in Detroit! The Eldridge Cleaver Bank in Algiers!" Ah da voice of revolution...

The rest of the picture is an unfulfilled self-conscious closet queen hodgepodge of pseudo-Western and pseudo-hippie overtones and implications unimaginationly chronicling the development of Zachariah, who leaves the Crackers to seek, and then decline, a showdown with presumably the baddest gunslinger of them all, played by Elvin Jones, who commemorates each victim with a drum solo. Zachariah goes on to shack up with Belle Star (Pat Quinn, Alice of Alice's Restaurant), who is a pretty stupid and pointless takeoff on Mae West (especially considering Mae's own superb self-satire in *Myra Breckinridge*), although she does get off a few Diamond Lil neoclassics like "Kit Carson, Wyatt Earp, Marshall McLuhan, I've had 'em all." Finally she goes to live in the desert with an old man who has the fitting sobriquet of The Old Man, and is played by William Challee who was last seen as the old man in *The Wild Bunch*, where he recreated the old man in *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. Anyway this Henry Higgins of the mesquite convinces Zachariah to "slow

down" and live in harmony with the desert, etc. When his former sidekick, Don Johnson, who has since offed Elvin Jones and goes around dressed in black leather and generally looks like the sexiest cowpoke that ever broke a poor cow's heart comes around to call him out, why Zachariah he jes' smiles, and finally they come to grok each other in their fullness and bring the first electric gay far eastern western to a finish by riding off not into but out of the sunset. Is nothing sacred?

The movie on the whole is resolutely stupid but there's some good music, mostly by Country Joe, and lovely photography of Mexico and if you see the first twenty minutes and hear the soundtrack, much aired these days, payola where is thy sting, you won't be missing anything.

Dwight MacDonald once said of Elia Kazan's movies that they are bad because the characters have all Big Moments and no small ones. Contrariwise, Francois Truffaut has developed a cinema of small moments, and it is of these plotless small moments that *Bed and Board* is made. I'm delighted by it and am rather hesitant to judge, but my initial impression is good movie, bad art.

Bed and Board is the 3 1/2 semi-autobiographical film Truffaut has made about his counterpart Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Leaud). In the first, *The 400 Blows*, the poor little kid was cut down by sundry evil parents, teachers, schools, reformatories, prisons, etc. Since then there has been a minimizing and elimination of any element of conflict in Antoine's world. Instead we are given an easily communicated but solipsistic *joie de vivre*, delivered in a film style that derives mainly from Renoir. But where Renoir's naturalist humanism was cognizant, even if only as trauma, of the shaking of the world he thrived in (especially in his 1937 masterpiece *La Grande Illusion*), Truffaut increasingly consigns them outside world to oblivion, replacing it with Antoine's frantic, almost obsessive efforts to prove that he is "never bored... if there's nothing else to do I can always

tear the pages from a book." (An odd demonstration of non-alienation from the man who made *Fahrenheit 451*, a stiffly liberal anti-book burning film). The other characters, with the exception of his relentlessly well-adjusted, seem to be around to be pointedly more or less wise or free or eccentric than Antoine. The central dramatic event in the film is Antoine's adultery with a Japanese girl, and Antoine, who is never bored, finds it boring. They have nothing to say to each other. If she really had an autonomous character — and complexity of character is an alleged Truffaut trademark — other than showing Antoine how much he really loves his wife, well that would be a whole other story. It's a good thing for Antoine's love for life that Truffaut has decided, with this film, to kill him off before he lives it to death.

Still, as far as Truffaut meant it to go, *Bed and Board* is a charming and disarming string of shticks on about the level of *Peanuts* good unselfconscious forgettable fun.

The Reckoning returns to the success-of-a-dirty-bastard school of British filmmaking (*Room at the Top*, etc.) that I suspect we'll be seeing a good deal more of now that *5 Easy Pieces* has removed the mantle of cultural heroism from the hippie hype and returned it to the old bourgeois alienated individualist rebel without a cause. Since Bobby Dupea is too fragile and too frankly dubious a sign of the times to bear much reiteration, it is only natural that we should witness the return of the *ubermensch* of the executive suite to his haunts of cinematic iconography. Ah, *das ubermensch*. Perhaps a third film will round out this recapitulation of metaphysical Germany, alienation to will to power to holocaust? *Joe?*

But enough of this Spenglerian chitchat. In *The Reckoning* Nicol Williamson plays Michael Marler, a young Irishman in the London business world. His job is office politics, hatchetman for a supervisor he eventually supercedes. His wife, an aristocratic English bird in the Julie Christie tradition, regards him as "just like Rasputin, a mad peasant come to kill us all." To him she's

sexual class war, through which he, a Liverpool Irish Rojack fucks his way into the world of the stiff upper lip.

The action revolves around his father's murder by a Liverpool leather boy whom Marler stomps in retribution; his usurpation of his boss; and his explosive relations with his wife who leaves him and returns. At the end he drives through a perilous road under construction, crashes through slattery, men, trucks, unscathed, and declares "If I can get away with that I can get away with anything." A man of the times.

Nicol Williamson is the finest actor around these days, to the point where director Jack Gold has narrowed every other character down to their reactions to him. Which is perhaps not inappropriate. However, J.G. Devlin as the father's pub-mate speaks in a beautiful melange of Irish clishes and I love Ann Bell (the wife) for that line about Rasputin.

THE MUSIC LOVERS: One of our most cherished images is that of the artist, also known as The Artist, as a deeply sensitive, chronically misunderstood genius. This often leads to art about artists in the form of biographies that make worldshaking traumas of the sensitivity and misunderstanding but seldom approach the mystery of the genius. Tchaikovsky for example has as much *tsurris* as the next guy — why was his a life of noisy not to say symphonic desperation? Whatever forces an artist's experience into forms of life is what gives his life more meaning to us than just another case history from this vale of tears — obviously I'd better stop here. Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky, this is your life!

The Music Lovers chronicles Tchaikovsky's relationships with Count Anton Chiluvsky (Max Adrian the most irritating screen presence I know of), his wife Nina (Glenda Jackson who overacts some but is generally good) and his patron, Madame von Meck (Izabella Telezyska in a touching and restrained performance). Ken Russell, the director (*Women in Love*) interpolated the psychic reverberations of these affairs



(Continued on Page 23)

A SCATTERED SONNET

dear m/f...
threats such as those accompanying dis here article
can be hazardour to both health and liberty
yr neighborhood typesetter

To His Old Lady
and her revolution
(A Scattered Sonnet)

O Valentine, whose breast was pierced by darts
Less cruel than ever Cupid's darts might be
Take this my one last poem for her to see
Though she now gives not a damn for Cupid's arts.

My lady wears a bandolier
From hips to shoulders now, I hear
That arse to which a mini-skirt
Once clung so tight is now be-girt
Exclusively by baggy slacks

— She's Army Surplus now, not Sak's.

On February's gale cast out this slight
And simple verse, O Valentine: through blare
And havc take it to her bedside, where
She can use it to line a tube of dynamite.

My lady's fingers formerly
Coaxed mighty hardons out of me;
And now I hear, with equal art
They fashion things that blow apart.
Those lips that moistened down my joint
Do home made fuses now anoint:
From uttering syllables sublime,
They now say naught but 'Seize the Time!'
And 'Off the Pig!' and 'Chinzai Mao!'

— It's Che, not e.e cummings now.

And if thy love can cut through all that cant,
And bullshit, Valentine, in her embue
Some awareness of her flesh: perchance she shan't
Blow it apart like some dumb shits I knew.

My lady keeps a gun they say
Somewhere about her stashed away,
As once she kept a pair of lace
And leather panties, pour la chase . . .
She'd wear them only for my eyes,
And it always was a great suprise;
But could the shock be quite as great
As seeing her draw her .38?

O Valentine, forget these lines so glib
And try to talk her into Women's Lib.

My lady might do well I think
To cultivate a different stink:
They may be loud, they may not fuck,
But the Sisters have a better shuck,
And best of all, they keep their charms

— They blow not off their legs and arms.

NEWSPOEM

"Until now this building lacked a place
where man's inner spirit could find
quiet expression," said Secretary of
Defense Melvin R. Laird as he formally
dedicated a small room in the Pentagon
as a place for prayer and meditation.

What? whipping a dead God again?
Another attack on religion?
The League of Militant Atheists itself
Is gone like the passenger pigeon.

Hypocrites of all Services unite!
You have nothing to lose but your brains
God is on Bob Dylan's side
How can he bare the pain?

The bombs in Spain fall mainly on the men
God is home and in his Air Raid Shelter once again
God is back & Laird has got 'im
Right between his Foggy Bottom.

The Laird is a Man of War
The Laird is his name
Do not take the Agent Orange
of the Secretary for War
In vein.

Tuli Kupferberg

THE RAPE

(Continued from Page 7)

There was even mention
of a figurative rape by an
analyst, named Norman
Bradford, who practices at 12 E.
9th St., under the auspices of
the Institute for Contemporary
Living. And on and on it goes. I
was appalled at the testimonies.
One thing had become clear to
me. WE'VE HAD ENOUGH.
Where will it end? Where do we
put the blame? Why has this
society conditioned us to fear?

Why have we been made to feel
that it is somehow our fault?
That we invite it, that we might
enjoy it? Why is there a fairly
consistent fantasy among
women about being raped? And
what the fuck can we do about
it?

Here are some alternatives:
We can get married and get a
protector for life. We can not get
married and risk the risks we are
risking now. We can train
ourselves in self-defense; or if we
don't have the time for that we
can carry a little can of mace in
our pocket. We can lock
ourselves in our homes after
dark and hope that nobody
breaks in. We can live in fear and
paranoia or we can try and do
something about it. We can
demand the protection that we
deserve. From other sisters, from
men, from society, from the
fucking police, from the mayor
of the city of New York.

If we
are going to be free and believe
that it is important to be free,
then we have to do something.
We can not let our sisters down,
we are too beautiful to live in
fear. We have a struggle to carry
on and if we are interrupted
from it by being paranoid on the
street, then surely we will fail.
And failure is not what it's all
about. WE'VE HAD ENOUGH.

If this subject interests you to
the point of coming to a meeting
on what we can do about the
problem of rape, then maybe
you'd better come to a meeting
scheduled for Jan. 31, 1971, at
7:30 PM, at the General
Theological Seminary, 21st at
Ninth Avenue.

In the meantime rape will
continue as long as we let it. If
you should be attacked on the
street or anywhere else
remember it isn't your fault, and
you should not feel guilty, and
above all call the police, and try
and get that motherfucker.

That Which Comes Of Itself Being Is

(Continued from Page 6)

TEN FOR FRENCH.
FIVE FOR A RELATIVE LIVING IN
CANADA.
ONE FOR EVERY COMPLETED YEAR
OF SCHOOLING.
TEN FOR A DEGREE OR MAYBE IT IS
FIFTEEN.

BUT.
THERE IS A QUESTION WHICH ASKS
IF YOU EVER BEEN BUSTED, AND
YOU MUST ANSWER TRUTHFULLY
BECAUSE THEY CHECK. AND IF YOU
HAVE LIED YOU MAY NEVER RE-
TURN, NOT EVEN AS A TOURIST!
NOW I AM A FELON, HAD THE MIS-
FORTUNE TO BE IN THE SAME CAR
AS SOMEONE ELSE'S JOINT. IN OK-
LAHOMA THIS IS A FELONY.

SO, I HAD TO PUT IT DOWN.
HAD TO WRITE A GRIZZLY LITTLE
ESSAY FOR THEM, THEY SUPPLY A
SEPARATE SHEET OF BUFF FOR
THIS.

THE LAWYER SAID THAT HE COULD
APPEAL IF THEY TURNED DOWN
OUR APPLICATIONS IF THEY WENT
AS FAR AS TO GRANT US THE "PER-
SONAL INTERVIEW." HE WAS NICE
SAID THAT HE WOULD DO IT FOR
NOTHING BECAUSE HE LIKED WHAT
WE WERE DOING. HOWEVER WE
WOULD HAVE TO POST A FIVE HUN-
DRED DOLLAR BOND, AND THE AP-
PEAL COULD TAKE TWO YEARS,
DURING WHICH TIME WE COULD
NOT LEAVE THE COUNTRY OR WE
WOULD FORFEIT THE BOND. WHICH
WOULD NOT BE RENEWABLE.

I ASKED AROUND VANCOUVER,
WHERE THERE IS A VERY HAPPY
HIP SCENE, IN SPITE OF MAYOR TOM
CAMPBELL, WHO LOVES TO CLOSE
DOWN YOUTH HOSTELS AND REN-
DER FREAKS HOMELESS TO WAN-

DER THE STREETS, BECAUSE THEN
HE CAN HERD THEM UP FOR BEING
HOMELESS AND ON THE STREETS.
I WAS TOLD THAT I COULD GET
FALSE PAPERS AND HIDE, NOT TOO
EASY WITH TWO CHILDREN, ONE OF
SCHOOL AGE!

SO I DECIDED TO FILL OUT THE
FORM AND TRY MY LUCK.
I CONSULTED THE I CHING AND THE
TAROT.

I WENT AND ASKED THE MOUNTAIN.
FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED
THEY SAID.

SO WHEN I WENT, WITH MY FORMS
FILLED OUT BETWEEN THE DOTTED
LINES, TO THE ANDROID'S OFFICE.
I KNEW.

I WENT INTO HIS COMPUTER MIND
AND I KNEW.

HE HAD CHECKED ON ME WITH
WASHINGTON, AND HE KNEW THAT
I WAS A FELON.

HE TURNED ME DOWN.
WOULD NOT GRANT ME THE 'PER-
SONAL INTERVIEW.'

THERE WAS NOTHING TO APPEAL.
SO I SNATCHED UP MY PAPERS.
YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THESE
THEN.

TORE THEM INTO CONFETTI, WHICH
BLEW INTO THE WASTEPAPER BAS-
KET.

HE WAS FLABBERGASTED, BUT NOW
THEY HAVE NOTHING WRITTEN
DOWN FROM ME.

IT SEEMS THAT SINCE THE F.L.Q.
CATNAPPINGS THEY CHECK WITH
WASHINGTON ON ANYONE COMING
FROM THE STATES.

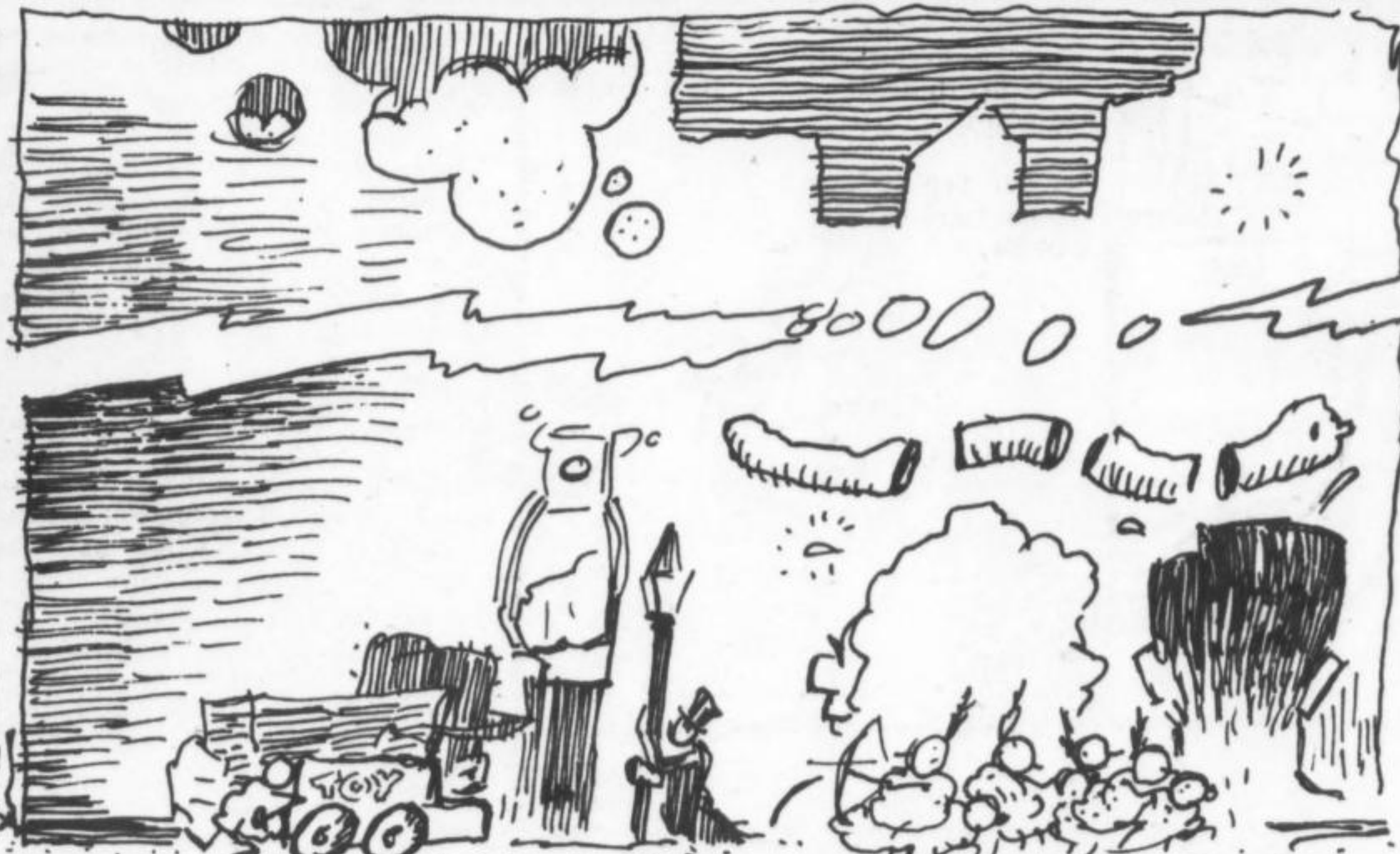
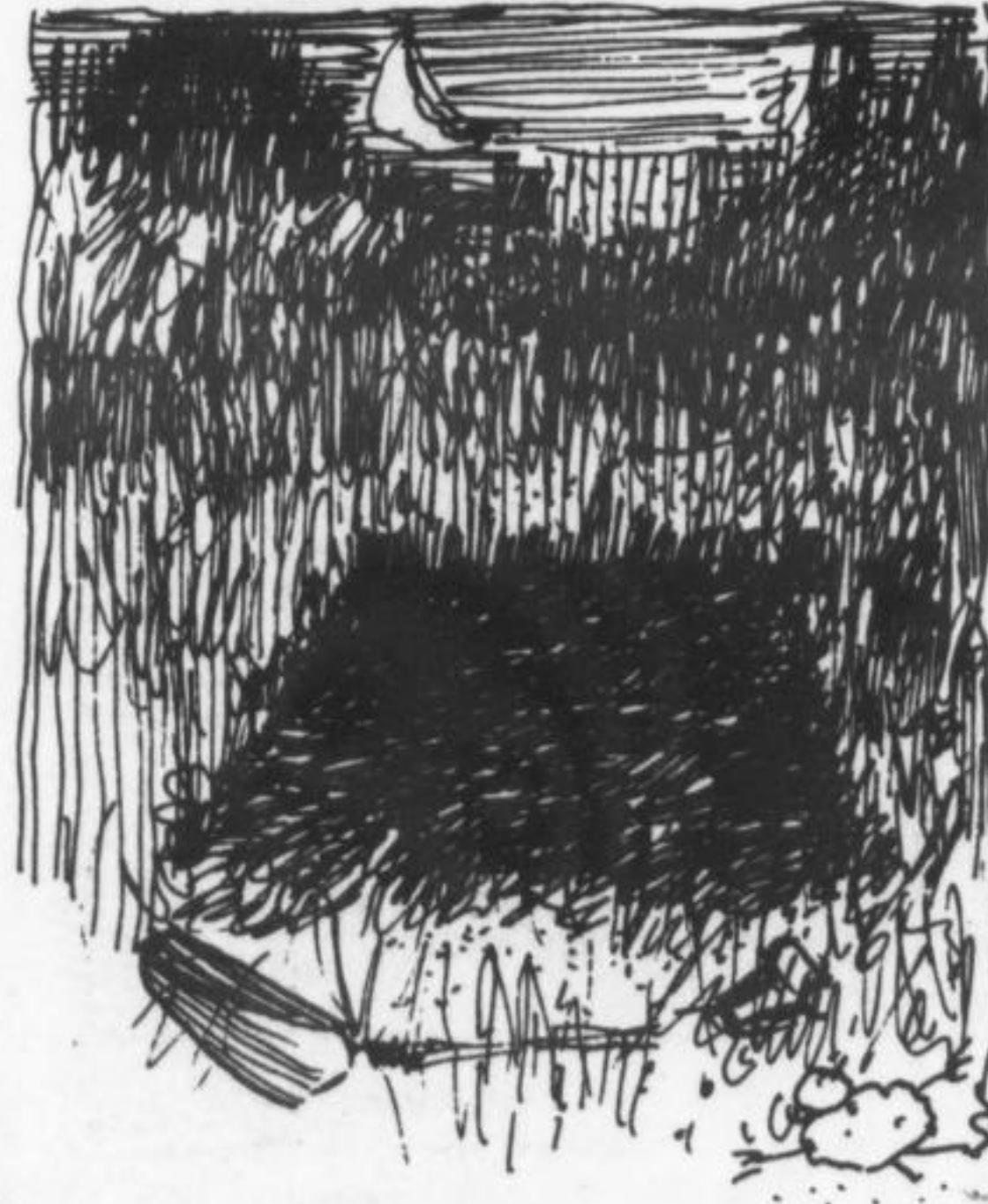
IT WASN'T LIKE THIS BEFORE.
IT IS NOW.

IT IS GETTING HARD TO GO OR TO
STAY IN WESTERN CANADA, MAYBE
IN THE EAST TOO.

BEAUTIFUL CANADA, WITH THE
WILD GOOSE FLYING DOES NOT
WANT THE MUTANT ANYMORE
THAN ANYONE ELSE DOES.

I WONDER WHY.
WE HAD LOVELY FARM.
WE WORKED HARD.
WE NEVER SAID A LYING WORD.
WELL ORPHEUS MADE THE SUN-
RISE, FOR HE KNEW HOW TO PLAY.

HEY! GOD IS DEAD AND BEING FUCKED IN THE PENTAGON!



HONEST BOB'S 42ND ST. CONTINUED FROM Page

(Continued from Page 19)

into the music with varying effectiveness, probably the most when the 1812 Overture cannon blows off everyone's head — it's just so dumb it works, as cons in prison films used to estimate tunnels under the warden's garden. Altogether, the extravagance of the music and of Russell's visualization of Czarist Russia and finally of Nina's death in a madhouse makes for a pretty heady tearjerker. I don't know about biography.

Still, when it comes to classics, Tchaikovsky is pretty nifty but far from sublime. He lends himself easily to movies — in fact my own first effort in filmmaking was the production of a very artistic film about a girl on a beach and in the background was the very 1812 Overture that... in fact the first hour or so of *The Music Lovers* follows our old scenario so much that I wonder if Russell found the overexposed film we threw it away in. If so he has used it well, I finally like *The Music Lovers*, a portrait of an aestheticist extravagance that is, like the feudal economy that supported it, gone with the wind. Richard Chamberlain (Dr. Kildare) stinks as Tchaikovsky.

Finally, one gripping crystallization of an aesthetic moment is floating around the distributors and will probably open at the New Yorker in March. *Right On!* is the Last Poets in concert on the rooftops of Harlem, doing their streetfighting poems with the infectiousness one must suppress to try to write as they recite, with the brilliant images of black experience set to the flashing, pounding jazz rhythms. They explode from the ghetto with an art that is anything but ghettoized — far from the vague anemia of Russell's Tchaikovsky. Herb Kanska's film conveys the full visceral impact of the real live original Last Poets. The title makes further comment redundant.

GET WELL SOON

JUDY SINGER
the
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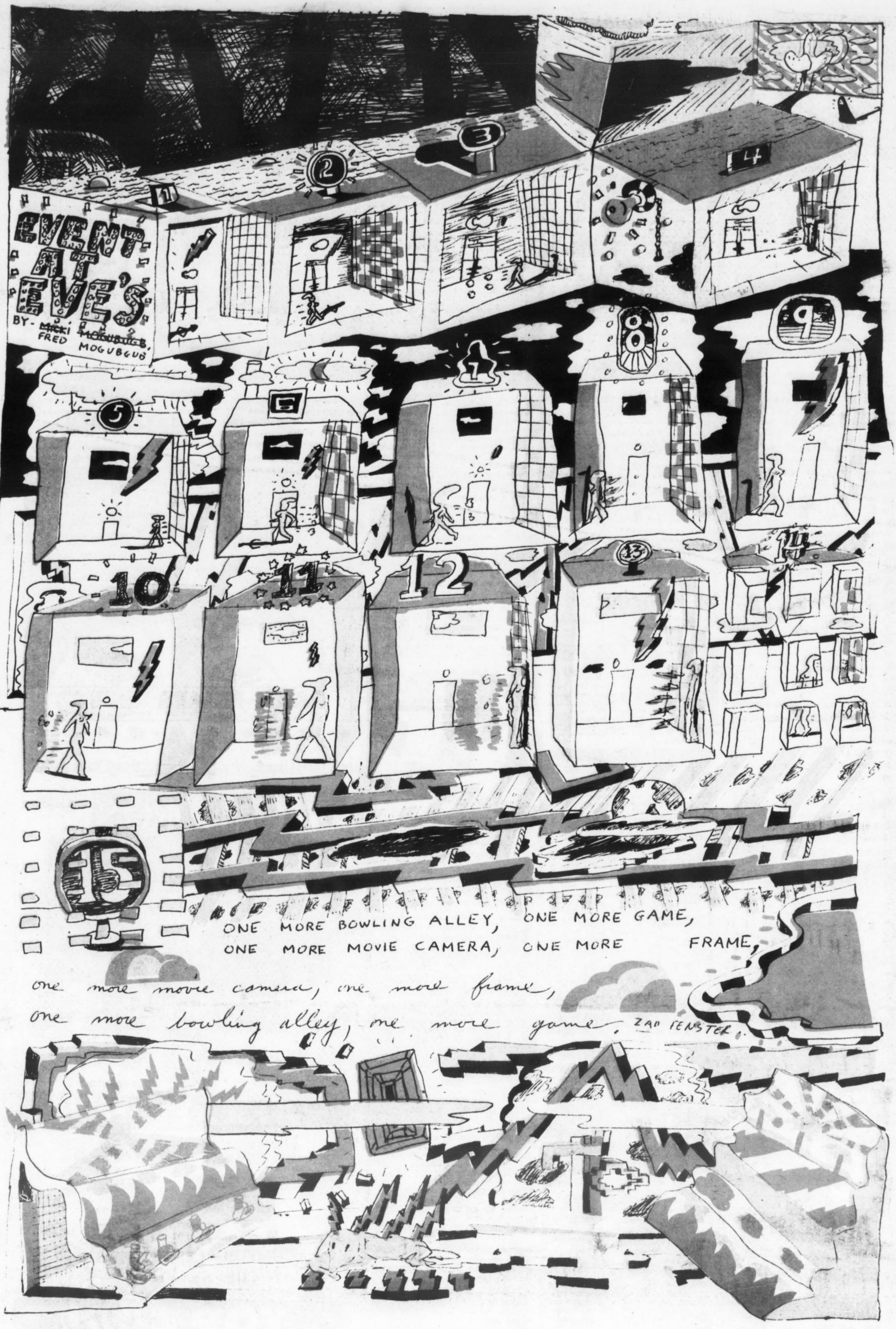
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