

CLEAVER'S RAP

THE FRONTIER

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Hilary

Lockwood: Obviously you are a man who enjoys life a great deal. But you are also a man who is disciplining himself to be a revolutionary. What do you consider your biggest failings, the things about yourself that you must work hardest to overcome?

Cleaver: Talking too much. I think that's my biggest problem. I'm a fat mouth and a fool, you know? I talk too much.

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Granted, the whole affair could all too easily be dismissed with a string of barnyard epitaphs. The mere thought of anyone, let alone Tim Leary "suffering revolutionary bust" is an absurdity one doesn't easily adjust to.

The cold, calculating logic of Eldridge Cleaver does at times escape me, yet the necessity to understand and cope with it certainly overrides any and all other considerations. The put down is heavy and the sting hurts no matter what the current status of your particular brand of racism may be. All counterrevolutionary subjective sentimentality put aside one can't help but be struck by the many tragicomic overtones which in turn so point out the tragic pitfalls of exile.

LACK OF INFORMATION, ALIENATION FROM THE SOURCE

BITTERNESS RESULTING from the frustrations of inactivity and last but not least the inevitable personality problems that result from too close proximity. It is too early to relate coherently to Cleaver's edict on LSD. It is too complex to be flippantly attributed to a bad trip. Even though we are not privy to the goings on among the tiny exile community in Algiers, we ought not be subjected to tripe like: "Your God is dead because his mind has been blown by acid." It tends to block out his positive points. At a time when the movement as a whole and the BPP in particular are in serious internal disarray, Cleaver's substance and timing are to be questioned. None of us can afford further alienation. In the Babylonian hinterland the madness he claims to be finished with is just about the only conduit left at his disposal. We understand his position vis a vis the rampant prudery of the third world but the fact is that here that particular madness is still being heavily related to. We beg his forbearance for aversion to BUSTS. WE still tend to be leary of them. When you get right down to it - to us all busts look alike. Revolutionary or otherwise THEY STINK. As for Tim and Rosemary - in a recent phone conversation both seemed in good shape and no traces of blown minds were to be detected. They say that they are working things out together and according to them everybody is getting along well. Perhaps the madness has come to pass.

Lee Lockwood

- Jaakov Kohn
- Allen Katzman
- Fred Mogubgub
- Ray Schultz
- D.A. Latimer
- Jackie Friedrich
- Stephen Kohn
- Charlie Frick
- Coca Crystal
- Yossarian
- Roger Tomlinson
- Honest Bob Singer
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- Spain Rodriguez
- Kim Deitch
- Perfecto La Gogo
- Nellie Fernauld
- Irving Shushnick
- S.R.K.
- Timothy Leary
- Tuli Kupferberg

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CLEAVER

Today is January 12, 1971. Since September 1970 Dr. Timothy Leary and his wife Rosemary have been with us here in the Intercommunal Section of the BPP here in Algeria. During that time much confusion has been generated partly because of our own silence on the subject as to the relationship between the BPP and Dr. Leary and his wife. I want to take this opportunity to set forth our position on that and also make a few observations on the dope culture as a whole inside the U.S. Specifically, as it relates to the process of carrying out a Revolutionary struggle against The Facist Imperialist Empire of the U.S.A.

A couple of months ago I was talking to Dr. Leary about how we would deal with his case, how we would integrate him into our operation here, what role he could play and how he could function and specifically how he should be projected to the press in terms of his public image.

His suggestion was that because of the difference in the psychology of this part of the world, particularly he was referring to Europe, that we had to use terms, concepts and images, that they could relate to and so he stated that he thought that he should be projected as the Aristotle or the Socrates of the American Revolution. I think that kind of symbolizes or typifies how Dr. Leary has constantly tried to relate to us. That he seems to be taking himself seriously as The High Priest of the Revolution and that he in some sense sees himself as sort of the secular God around which the universe is constructed, around which the Revolutionary movement inside the U.S. revolves. After many discussions with him on the subject of drugs, the relevancy of drugs, specifically L.S.D. — Acid as a weapon in the Revolutionary struggle, I have come to the conclusion that Dr. Leary is irrevocably wed to the idea of the beneficial aspects of L.S.D. in the context of the Revolutionary Movement that he is willing to, well, that he would rather die than give up the idea of changing American society by dosing everyone with L.S.D. This is not a principle or a suggestion that we in the BPP can in any way endorse because we think it is absurd and unrealistic as an approach to carrying out our struggle. Leary seems to continue advising people to turn on, tune-in, and drop-out, that he really means it when he says that freedom means getting high. This is in direct conflict with the needs of the American Revolution. We feel that we need people with clear heads, sober people who have their wits about them because we are confronted with mindless facist pigs who will stop at nothing and who have so much manpower at their disposal that they are able to change shifts on us. Each crew putting in 8 hours a day while we ourselves are not able to do that. So it is not realistic or serious to suggest that people try to deal with the situation in the U.S. by taking acid trips, or other drugs or being high at all in any way, shape form or fashion. People who have taken a close look at what the BPP has stated in the past with notice that why we condemn the use of harmful drugs, that we do not include marijuana in that category because many of us who like to get high on marijuana once in a while, rather this does not mean that we advocate a constant state of being high and intoxication, that we want to make it absolutely clear that we do not advocate people indulging in revolutionary activity while under the influence of drugs of any type, that is harmful to our cause and the use of drugs under the present circumstances should be viewed as counter-revolutionary activity.

This does not mean that we do not recognize the progressive role played in the past by the whole youth-drug culture in the U.S., that it was very useful some years ago when people rebelled against the straight-jacket rules and regulations of Babylonian Society, by turning away from the standards and values of that society and by shattering to smithereens those values by getting high, freaking out, freaking off, whatever terminology you want to use, that at a certain point in our struggle this was a progressive step to take. But things have changed since then. It is no longer useful to our struggle and it has to be stopped, it has to be dealt with.

We have a dim view of it. And we want nothing to do with it and we want to see it ended and want people to gather their wits, to sober up and get down to the serious business of destroying the Babylonian Empire. And this is what we must do and this is our duty.

On January the 9th of 1971 I issued an order to Field Marshall D.C. who works in our intercommunal section here in Algeria, to go to Leary's apartment and to take Leary and his wife Rosemary to another location and to confine them there until further notice. And since that time, Dr. Leary and Rosemary Leary have been placed — I don't know, I don't really know what term to use but would you say that on January 9th we busted Leary. Leary is busted. Here you can see him busted. He and Rosemary.

At one point he was talking to Rosemary about the situation and he said, "They are just some niggers flexing their muscles."

The point is that in using drugs as an escape, trying to use drugs as a way of dealing with reality, the horrible reality of oppression in Babylon, serves the function of escaping from that reality, but it is the harmful side effect of leaving many contradictions unsolved. In the case of Leary, I think he symbolizes this. We have had to very carefully observe Leary's reactions, his behavior through this very close association we have had with him over these months. We find that although he is able to make political gestures and political statements, essentially the man is apolitical, an opportunist and he has a very deep strain of white racism in him which comes out in very surprising form and which he thinks goes undetected.

Although I have no pretensions of being a psychologist or psychiatrist, it has become very clear to me that there is something seriously wrong with both Dr. Leary's and his wife's brain. I attribute this to the multiple number of trips that they have taken. It makes me very sad looking at this situation while on the one hand I like Leary, I like Rosemary, but objectively I find them both to be nonfunctionable in a political context, not helpful and really we have grown to look upon them as sort of patients, sort of as responsibilities that we have to take care of.

Also we have noticed they are very dangerous people because whatever the use of LSD has done to their brains — one thing it has very clearly done was to destroy their ability to make judgements, particularly in the area of security so that we are forced constantly to use manpower to watch them. We have had to separate them from various elements that they have gotten themselves involved with.

Dr. Leary seems to wither away without an audience. He needs people around him who have a worshipful attitude towards him. He has a need to be seen as the High Priest, as the God.

In this part of the world such Gods don't have the ready audience at hand so that Leary scrapes around for any audience that he can assemble, whether it is an audience of C.I.A. agents masquerading as hippies and tourists. We do not regret having done that, but we are only now beginning to fully realize the heavy burden that wipped up when we did that. This also we see in terms of our duty to the revolutionary movement in the U.S.A. that we must deal with all of the destruction and damage of people that has been generated by the very evil, vicious social system that holds sway in Babylon. To all those who look to Dr. Leary for inspiration or even leadership we want to say that your God is dead because his mind has been blown by acid and we are saying that if you think that by tuning in, turning on and dropping out you are improving the situation, that you are changing society, — this is very clear that you are doing nothing except destroying your own brains and strengthening the hands of our enemy because I think that in this day and time, when the enemy no longer needs our labor power, when the enemy has machines to replace men that they would very much like to have everybody walking around having their minds blown away by acid so that they could continue to run their game down on a mass of robots.

I think that the use of LSD, as it is manifested in the High Priest of LSD, Dr. Leary, brings 1984 with all of its horrible ramifications so much closer. That's not the future that we are fighting and dying for. That's not what it's all about. That's not what we are into.

Since Leary has been here in Algeria there have been many hippies and yippies and so forth, tripping over here, making their pilgrimage to see their God and with them they bring sacrificial gifts to their God and we want them to know that this is not

acceptable to us here and you will not receive a warm or happy welcome, if you show up here coming out of that bag.

What I am saying also applies to the Jerry Rubins, the Stu Alberts and the Abbie Hoffmans and the whole silly psychedelic-drug culture, quasi-political movement of which they are a part, of which we were, have been a part of in the past, which we allied ourselves with in the past, which we supported in the past because it was our judgement that time this was what we had to work with from white America. **But we are through, we are finished with relating to this madness, we are through tolerating this madness and we want everybody to know that the serious work of uprooting and destroying the Empire of Babylon with its vicious facism and imperialism, this has to be dealt with. We want it dealt with the only way it can be dealt with — by sober, stone cold revolutionaries, motivated by revolutionary love. Men and women who fit the description given by Comrade Che Guevara: Cold, calculating, killing machines to be turned against the enemy. People who have a firm ideological foundation who know what they are doing, who know how to do it, who know how to implement their ideology for the purpose of carrying out this revolution.**

Yes, we had to bust Timothy and Rosemary. We have to take care of Timothy and Rosemary and we will do that too. As long as Timothy and Rosemary remain in Algeria they will have the protection of the Intercommunal Section of the BPP. That's the only protection that they have. They don't understand that, but we do. That all of us who are out here, our very survival is depending on a political situation. That's all. Because the U.S. imperialists, those fascists have armies of agents scrounging and crawling all over the planet Earth, making trouble for progressive forces. They have finally focused in on us here and they are trying to move against us. They are trying to destroy us here. It is for that reason that we can no longer tolerate this stupidity from Leary and by busting him we let him know that we are serious about that. He sees this as a contradiction. He thinks that a prison is a prison. Confinement is confinement. I find it ironical myself, having spent long years in prison myself, not relating to it, not relating to imprisonment or confinement. Yet finding myself in a position where I had to make a decision to **BUST TIMOTHY LEARY**. I say this half jokingly because he will be released tomorrow. He will be allowed to go back to his apartment tomorrow. He will be liberated tomorrow but this machinery that we have in our hands is revolutionary machinery and Leary has received a revolutionary bust. He escaped from a reactionary bust in Babylon, came to Algeria and now he has suffered a revolutionary bust. That's exactly what it was. The man was busted. We busted him and it is acceptable to us. We see in Leary's behaviour, his attitude, a good example of opportunism of the white section of the revolutionary movement. Something that has to be stopped. We hope that the **Weathermen** will have a chance to see and hear this and we want to say **Right On! Brothers and Sisters!** We took upon ourselves Timothy and Rosemary at your request in order to demonstrate our love and solidarity for you and our great and undying respect for your beautiful revolutionary work. And we say keep it up. But we also want to say that we think it is a mistake when you suggest or advise people to turn to acid as a revolutionary weapon — it is not necessary. We are not speaking out of ignorance because we know what acid is about. Some of us have taken trips to check it out. We know what it is about. If we had more information on the subject, we could take a definite stand on it, but we don't claim to be authorities on the use of LSD and at this particular moment we have no interest in becoming authorities. If we did we could certainly do that by tripping out on the acid that we confiscated from these hippies and yippies and trippies that have been flocking to Algeria to pay homage to their God — Timothy Leary. But that's not where we are coming from. That's not what it's about and we think that it would be good if you could define your position on the relevancy of this whole drug culture in our struggle against the death culture of Babylon, because in terms of protracted struggle and in the long term view, the drug culture is part and parcel of the death culture and as a result of the pressure of the Babylonian social system on people, it forces them to seek escapes from the awesome confrontation that is upon us.

FASCIST FOLLIES or To Protect a cover by Jackie Friedrich 22nd wk.

Thurs. Jan. 28

After the corrections guards had finished beating nine of the handcuffed defendants and brought them to court from Rikers Island, agent Ralph White took the stand again. He said that on Jan. 26, 1969 he met with Curtis Powell and Bob Collier who said that they would assume responsibility for the BPP while it was reorganizing. Curtis would be the head of military and security and he asked if White could arrange a meeting with the brothers who were underground — Tabor, Dharuba, Richard Harris, Sekou and Kuwesi. On Jan. 28 this alleged meeting took place and Curtis allegedly told the others not to take any action while the party was reorganizing. Michael Tabor then allegedly said that Roland Hayes (agent) had given someone bad dynamite, to which Richard Harris (co-defendant, never apprehended) allegedly added that if he found Hayes, he would kill him. White said that he had a conversation with Michael Tabor on Feb. 4. The conversation allegedly dealt with spies, and the possibility that it might be necessary to kill the spies. In an alleged conversation with Dharuba, White said that that defendant had said that it might be necessary to ice Roland Hayes. Both Tabor and Dharuba allegedly told White he should be giving more T.E. (weapons) classes. D. A. Phillips had been skipping around in his questioning, so he returned to Jan. 30, 1969 where Curtis Powell allegedly said that they might have to ice Roland Hayes because that agent knew too much and had given someone 100 sticks of bad dynamite. White said that he received a phone call from Powell on Feb. 5, 1969, asking him to get Tabor and to come to the Thompsons Square Community Center where they were holding Brown who was supposedly giving a confession about Hayes being an agent. White said that he then went to Harris' apartment where Tabor was supposedly hiding out and called Powell back to say that they were on their way. Powell allegedly told them that Brown had walked out of the center, but that they should come down anyway. When they arrived at the center and discussed Browns having walked out, Bob Collier allegedly said that they shouldn't kill Brown because the FBI would know that the Panthers had done it. White then said that he saw chemicals in Collier's office and that Curtis showed them how he could add sugar to a chemical, strike a match and cause the chemical to go up in a high flame. White said that on Feb. 8 Dharuba told him that section leaders should be teaching brothers and sister how to use guns and then take trusted members into the field to be tested. He allegedly asked White, who was a section leader, to

do this, but White said that he was too involved in the political side of the party and did not have time to do "revolutionary acts" — and therefore resigned as section leader. He allegedly recommended Eddie (Jamal) Josephs to take his place. White said that he met with Jamal on Feb. 14 and that Jamal told him that Walter Johnson was giving T.E. classes. In a phone call between Curtis Powell and White on Feb. 22, 1969, Curtis allegedly told White that there had been a meeting between members of the Oakland BPP and other BPP chapters. Lumumba and Afeni were said to be present and allegedly arguing that killing pigs and blowing up precincts were political acts. The Oakland branch allegedly told them to cool it for awhile. White said that he and Dharuba were walking by a lot on Mar. 6 and that Dharuba said they could set up an ambush on pigs from that lot and that they had things lined up for the pig stations. White said that he was in a car with Lumumba, Dharuba, Tabor and Zayd Shakur on Mar. 8 and that Lumumba said he knew where he could get a machine gun for \$250 and that they could use it in the same way they did in New Jersey. White then said that from time to time Dharuba spoke about consolidating weapons — White offered to keep them but said that he would not put his weapons in with the others — he would keep his. Phillips went back to Nov. 26, 1968 when Ralph White said that Kuwesi had told him that he had been running for a bus when his 38 fell out of his pocket and down a manhole. Kuwesi, Mshina and White allegedly returned to the busy intersection at 2PM to go down into the sewer and look for the gun, but they couldn't find it. White later saw it in the D.A.'s office. White admitted to having turned on in the course of his undercover work, but said that he discussed it with his superiors. He went around the defense table identifying the defendants, but named Joan Bird as Rosemary Bird, who is another person entirely, and only on trial here insofar as the BPP is on trial here. Phillips then declared that he was done with his direct examination of White.

Mon. Feb. 1

The defense was to start its cross-examination of White, having spent all week end in the D.A.'s office with a guard looking over their shoulders, but Jerry Lefcourt said that some of the material needed in their cross had not been given to them until 6 on Sunday. Also, out of some 200 reports that White had

made, 1/3 of the set that was supposed to be made up of originals were xeroxed copies. Jerry said that they would like to proceed but that in all fairness to their clients, they should wait until Wednesday. Murtagh would not allow this and Phillips hopped up offering to bring in some minor witnesses and Patrolman Fiorello was brought to the stand. On April 7, 1969, he had been assigned to recover the pistol from the sewer. (The pistol allegedly dropped there in Nov. 1968) He allegedly found the pistol, and after it was cleaned off, it was found to be operable.

Det. Mercado took the stand again and said that on April 2 he had been assigned to arrest Sekou Odinga (Burns). Sekou escaped however, and is now in Algiers. Mercado said that he seized a carbine from Sekou's apartment. Mercado had been assigned to apprehend Sekou after the alleged Jan. 17 shoot out and said that he went various places and spoke to various people in an attempt to find him. Would he be annoyed to find out that BOSS knew where Burns was every minute and that Mercado had wasted his time? Mercado said that he just did his job, he did not ask questions.

Sgt. McTigue, previously of the bomb squad took the stand. He had conducted an examination of the 25th precinct after that place was bombed. Bob Bloom asked him if he had also investigated the scene of a bombing on the same date in Queens. McTigue did not remember doing so. Bob then asked for the newspaper clippings that White allegedly found in Lumumba's desk, which had apparently linked the two bombings and pointed the finger at a youth gang. Murtagh would not allow Bob to show the clippings, saying that they were not trying that case.

After lunch Jerry Lefcourt again asked for an adjournment until Wednesday and asked that all of the original copies of White's reports be turned over to the defense. (Phillips said that these originals had been lost on their way over from BOSS). Phillips then accused the defense of stalling for time, bringing laughter from the spectators who had already witnessed the shakiness of the agent while on the stand. Phillips then changed his story about the originals, saying that they were innocuous and had been separated from other reports and "misplaced". However Jerry was forced to start his cross examination.

Jerry began by pointing out a contradiction between an original report and the xeroxed copy. White testified that Lumumba and two other people wrote an ultimatum

concerning a rent strike on July 25, 1968. In one report he did not mention who had written the ultimatum and in the other he described a 6' male negro as having written it (not Lumumba). Before the Grand Jury, White testified that Bill Hampton had written the ultimatum, but now insisted it had been written by three people including Lumumba, even though he admitted the statement was not in Lumumba's handwriting.

White testified that on Aug. 16, 1968 he went to Baltimore with Lumumba and Kuwesi and that Lumumba had asked him to go for a walk with him and said that if they saw a stray pig they would deal with him. White admitted however that Lumumba had warned them all to cool it while in Baltimore.

They stayed at the Soul School and White reported getting "very high" by smoking grass and drinking bad bourbon. He said he felt a little sick and had never been that high before.

White then said that he had only read his reports about 6 times, starting about two months before he was to take the stand and said that Gean Roberts had done the same thing. (Roberts testified that he had read his reports over 200 times) So White then said that it was possible that he had read his reports over 100 times, but that he would testify to 6 — 10 times.

Back to Aug. 17 — White said that he felt bad and wanted to go to sleep — that's what getting high meant to him, he said. Then he said that Lumumba asked him to go for the walk and "deal with" any stray pig they might run into. White said that his response was "he didn't give a . . ."

A What? "An Eff."

A What? "A four letter word."

They allegedly saw a cop 40 yards away — but White said that he said that was too far away and that was that. Shortly thereafter they returned to the Soul School. White admitted to having been the object of some kidding the next morning. One side has it that he ran out crying as a result. He says that he was just acting upset at the time to protect his cover, but that he did not run out. He said he did not remember what he was being kidded about.

Tues. Feb. 2

White said that being high did not affect his memory and that he really did see a policeman in that park in Blatimore. Before the Grand Jury he said "luckily we didn't see a cop." Now he qualified that to mean a stray, walking cop.

White said that he offered people grass only to protect his cover and occasionally kept it in his house along with his "regular household items." His regular household items included a shot gun and a revolver and he admitted to having sawed off his shot gun — with the help of Kuwesi, he qualified. He admitted that Kuwesi had told him not to saw off the shot gun but said that was because Kuwesi allegedly said he wanted to use it to snipe with, although White never knew him to do that.

White had been assigned to infiltrate the BPP in June of 68. The party was new in N.Y. at that time and White helped open the Harlem chapter. None of the thirteen defendants were in the party at the time White went to his first meeting. When asked if he had recruited people into the BPP, specifically Kuwesi, White seemed surprised and said, oh — that Kuwesi had come up to the buttoned and bereted White on the subway and asked where the Panther meeting was. He later said that Kuwesi came up to him on the street and when asked what happened to the subway, White said, "Subway, what subway . . . Did I say subway?" He admitted that Kuwesi asked him if he was a Panther. As the court relieved the agent from answering the next question, we can only assume that White replied, yes, he was a Panther.

White was promoted from patrolman to detective in August 69 — after the indictments for this case had come in. When asked if he had to report twice a week to his controls at BOSS to make sure he didn't defect, White said no. Jerry read him his Grand Jury testimony where White said that the worry of possible defection was one of the reasons why BOSS wanted to see White so often.

The only times White ever saw an

of the Panthers shoot guns were 1) when he and Thomas Berry went upstate, and 2) in the Elsmire Tenant's Council when he and Thomas Berry shot at the table tops. White never wrote in his reports that he was wont to shoot at table tops nor did he report that he had pointed a shot gun at his landlord, although he told the Panthers that. He testified that he said that to protect his cover and that he was trying "to be bad."

When White was acting upset in the Elsmire Tenant's Council on Jan. 9, 1969 he said it was to protect his cover and that was why he shot at the table tops. There was a bathroom between the table tops and the alleged case of dynamite behind the refrigerator (White previously said there was only a thin wall between) White said that he knew no one was in the bathroom at that time. He said that he was shooting to "be above suspicion" although he had previously testified that when you were "tested" (killing pigs, bombing precincts), you would be above suspicion. So White had never been tested and said that he made statements and shot at table tops to be above suspicion. To get people to trust him he said he used to say "by any means necessary," and called police "pigs" but did not say to shoot pigs. He told Panthers that he'd pulled burglaries and that was how he got his money.

Roberts had testified that on Nov. 23 he went to Ralph White's section meeting, White had said to get money to free jailed Panthers by any means necessary and not to act as Panthers while doing it. When asked about this, White asked to see his reports. Like the not reported shooting at table tops, Jerry informed the agent that that episode was not in his reports. White recalled handing out grass on that day but that also did not appear in his reports.

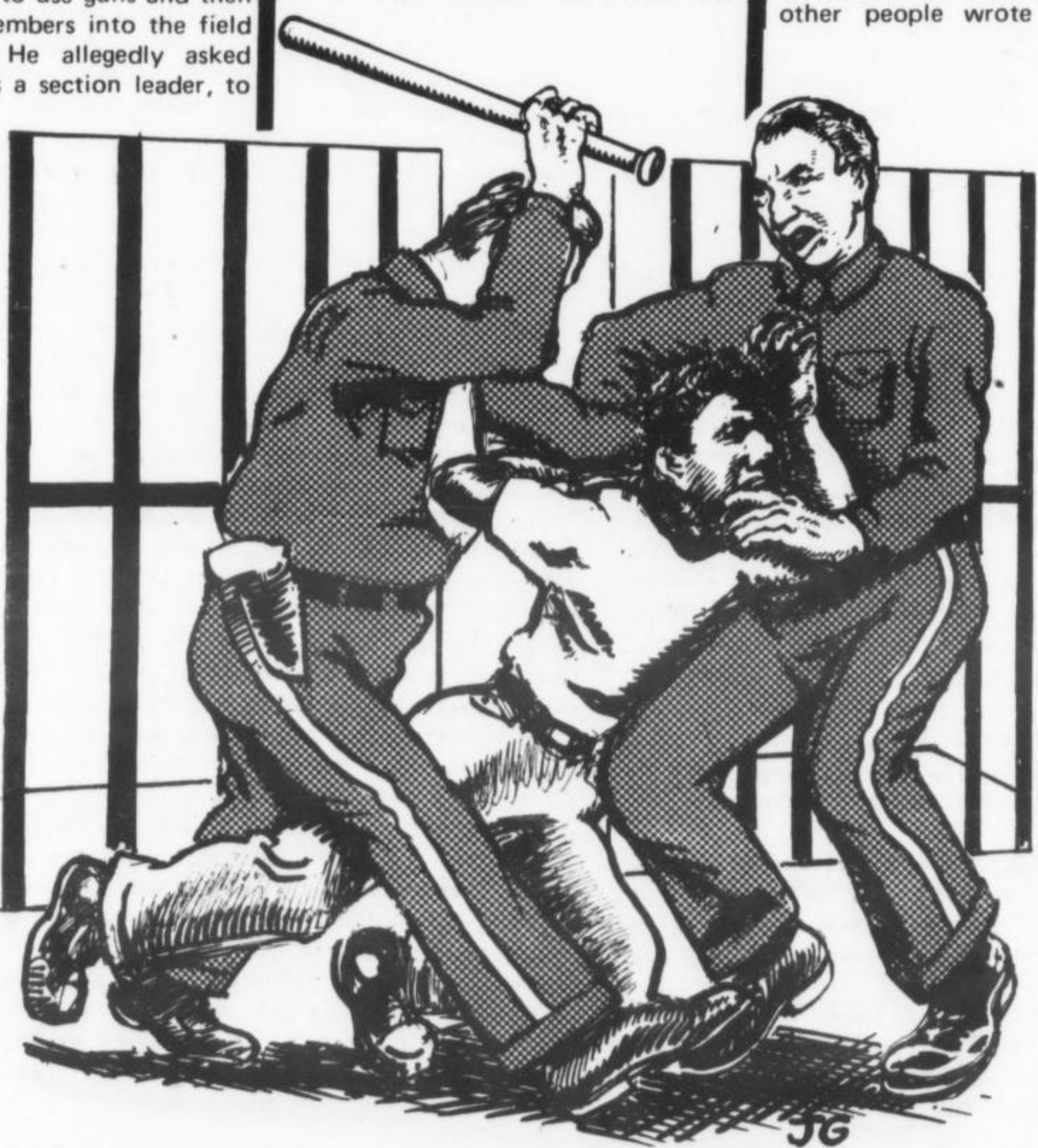
At the end of the day Jerry reported that of 265 reports, 106 originals were missing.

Wed. Feb. 3

It seems that the FBI had been investigating White about money he may have been embezzling from the Elsmire tenant's Council, but Murtagh quickly stopped Jerry from asking questions about that incident. White also admitted to having told people that he shot cats and dogs — to protect his cover. He then admitted that he had been on "intimate" terms with some of the wives of the defendants, and other women in the BPP, and for once, said that he did not do that to protect his cover. White had told people that he feared jail because his mother used to lock him in the closet. That, he said was also to protect his cover.

White couldn't recall much of anything without his reports, but he said that on Jan. 14, 1969, Lumumba and Mshina (Thomas Berry) had been talking and laughing and Lumumba asked Mshina if they should tell White about the dynamite behind the refrigerator. White had never said that that conversation had occurred, either in his reports or in any of his various testimonies in the past two years. He later said that Mshina asked Lumumba if they should tell White about the dynamite. There were many other things White never spoke about until arriving in this court (i.e. the broken latch on the alleged attache case, the straws White put where the case had allegedly been when he removed it, the position of the handle on the case.) White said that he had gone to a section meeting that night, and then later to a party at Sekou's. He admitted that he was smoking and drinking but said that he never got high after that time in Baltimore because in Baltimore he had been scared that Lumumba might kill someone and White did not have a gun. Didn't White always carry a 45? Yes. Didn't White bring a 45 to this court house during his Panther days? Yes. White then admitted that he bought a case of wine and charged it to BOSS. White did not know who the alleged attache case belonged to and did not see Lumumba or anyone else put the case behind the refrigerator, but he admitted that many people, including himself, carried attache cases around the Elsmire Tenant's Council.

After some more questioning, White, in his simpering, protect his cover manner, let out a long PHHHEWWW. The gallant Joe Phillips suggested that court recess for the day.



When I arrived for this interview, Kate was on the phone explaining to a caller that she would not debate a prominent author — Women's Liberation versus Male Chauvinism was like the Black Panthers debating the Ku Klux Klan — an amusement to the audience but of no real value in itself . . .

Kate Millet, author of *Sexual Politics*, proved to be a sensitive, intelligent woman. Although I didn't find myself in 100% agreement with her, I think what she had to say was very important, as a whole. And so I want to let her be heard out (a rarity in itself).

LN: Let's start with one of the most controversial areas of the Women's Liberation movement — that's the question of your bisexuality — In terms of yourself as a leader of Women's Liberation . . .

KM: Don't you know we don't have leaders???

LN: Ideally you may not, but you are looked upon as . . .

KM: I'm just somebody who has worked in the movement, a lot. And I wrote a book which put the case before a great many people. In order to do that I had to use the media — to use the media is very difficult . . . even to get their attention. We use to have to think of things to make them come because women were so unimportant. So that I thought it was possible to exploit the book to use the media to talk about the movement and that's sort of how it happened. I can't stand the whole media scene —

LN: Understandably, it's done you an injustice . . .

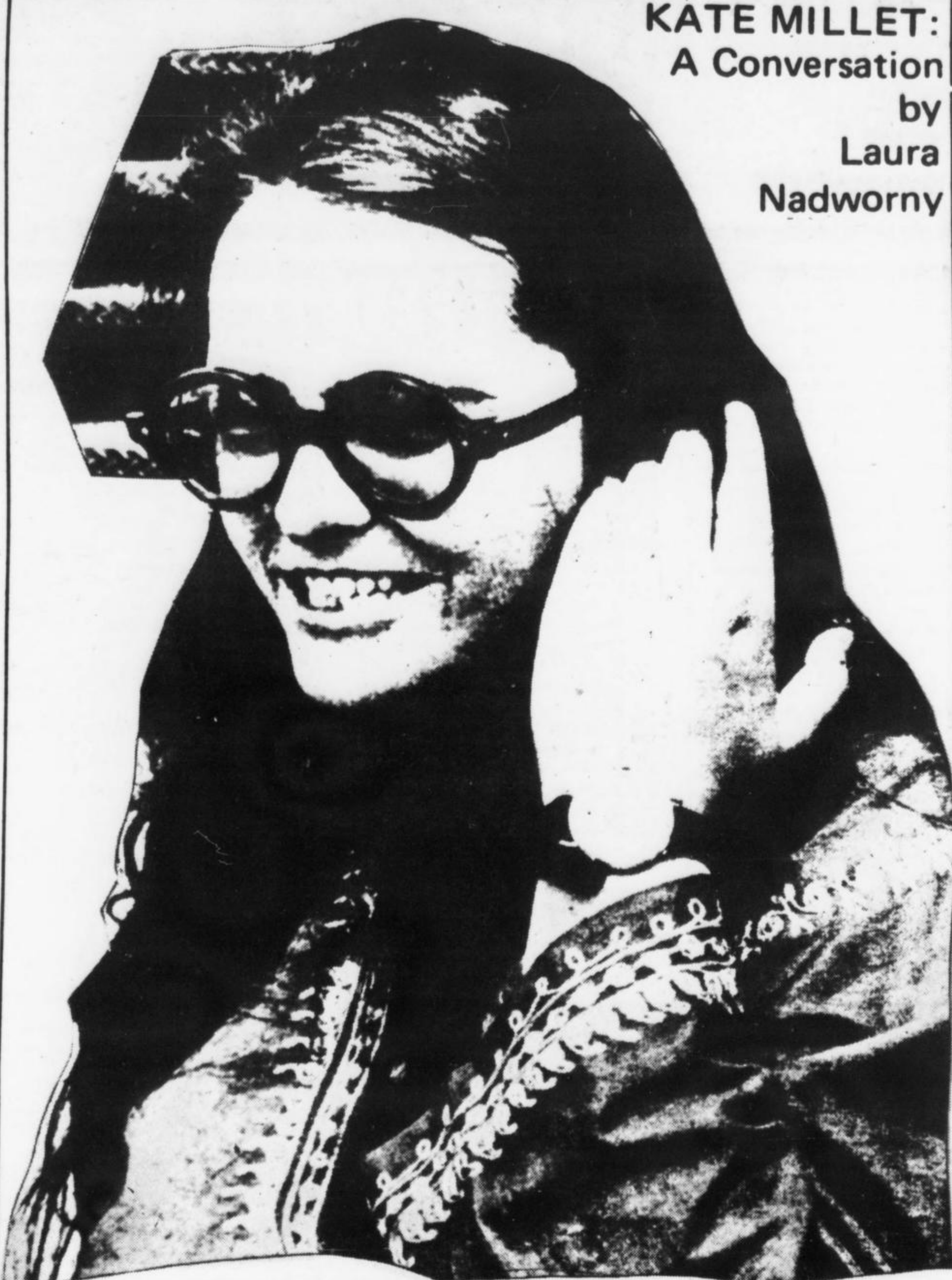
KM: Well, yes it did. Again it was out to get the movement and it was under the impression that it could use me to do that — I suppose still more absurd and vicious, was its attempt to exploit peoples' prejudices. This was what *TIME* (magazine) was doing. *TIME* wasn't interested in what I had to say about gay liberation — because that, in fact, is what I was trying to do. I was trying to talk about the enormous oppression of homosexuals in America. And *TIME* converts this — which is about something real — into a piece of sex exploitation, personality stuff. And then, hoping and counting on the vast prejudice against homosexuals, which is part of their oppression, uses it to attack the women's movement. I think, however, we've set the record remarkably straight on this subject — (using straight here in another sense) . . .

The movement for the first time confronted the issue of tarring feminists with gay-baiting and went even farther than that. What we've done is to say look, you can't call us that and think you've done something terrible to what we're talking about. As long as we were vulnerable to gay-baiting, we were very vulnerable indeed. Women and homosexuals are the two groups that are left that you can still turn into scapegoats. But I think we did even more than expose that sort of approach in all its ugliness and thereby render ourselves no longer vulnerable to that kind of thing. The group of people in the movement who made this press statement after *TIME* came out with its attempted assassination, hatchet-job, etc., had managed to come together and make a real policy or directive statement in the movement — that we did, in fact and very definitely, support the cause of homosexual liberation in the movement.

LN: But in fact what the *NY Times* did with that joint statement was 1) not to quote the whole of your statement . . . 2) did quote Ti Grace Atkinson as being in disagreement with the statement and 3) the *Times* made special note of Betty Friedan's absence. I might add they used a very unflattering — unfeminine — photograph of yourself to further their particular point of view . . .

My own deepest concern is not with the women of the sophisticated urban areas — my concern is the gal in Kansas who still isn't sure of her own sexuality, being scared off by the idea of homosexuality . . . Do you care about her?

KM: I think all of us in the movement have been terribly worried about this hypothetical Kansas gal. And we're aware of how terrorized people really are about homosexuality, I mean really afraid.



KATE MILLET: A Conversation by Laura Nadworny

being taken at the grass roots level — I am deeply concerned with the hinterlands — What is being done?

KM: Well, I think the Women's movement has always had something like a two-fold attack. It has to. One is what can one do in terms of immediate relief — working within what we're stuck with — the establishment . . . On the other hand working on a much more basic, gut-level. Which is more long term and is more with changing people's basic attitudes. That's the consciousness raising aspect. Now they are always impossible to separate — there are more moderate and right-wing aspects who have the patience to deal with the legislators who got the abortion bill. And you've got to know somebody who has that much patience and pragmatism . . . On the other hand the whole issue of consciousness raising did change the forces that motivated or could bring pressure on the legislators so that those who had time to trifle with them were effective — because of demonstrations, because of public meetings about abortions, etc. The 2 things co-operated as such because you can't have the action without the understanding and that's what consciousness raising essentially is: teaching people at a direct personal level — so that when things are to be changed the people involved have already gone through changes . . .

LN: Isn't it also 2-fold level in terms, not just of the young women, but also the young women bringing up children. They must not only raise their own consciousness but they must extend it to how they bring up their children — simultaneously . . .

KM: Yes, and if you are in fact affected by the movement, it has to make enormous changes in your life — and if you teach little children you've got to change the way you do it, if you raise kids, etc.; if you're living with a man, it's going to be affected, all one's relationships. That's why it's important that the thing be really experienced and not just talked about or read about — I think the movement has had its successes in both areas. Probably a great deal more success in consciousness raising and reaching people than it has been in changing legislation and then there are a lot of issues to which the movement has in store for it — Obligations, ways in which it could become broader — issues to be raised in the future. It certainly has to acquire a more democratic base.

Now I think it's almost futile to belabor the fact that the movement began in some part with middleclass and educated women — women of this category had the time and the tools. And in any revolutionary movement, there is a whole period in which the intelligentsia — people with a certain amount of education and privilege have contributed. But if you stay there you don't go very far . . . The movement has to make really strong inroads into the poor white constituencies, has to do a great deal more to appeal to black women and — the whole question of violence towards women. Now one of the first steps made in that direction is the "Speak out on rape" (St. Clement's Church — 1/24/71) which the Radical Feminists are doing. I think that we have to realize that there is a whole dimension of force in this system that it's not a matter of party jokes gossip and banter and only for private agony at the psychic conflict level — Women are kept where they are ultimately by force. I think issues such as that are going to come up. — I think one of the reasons homosexuality is brought up is because legislation is about to be heard on the subject. There is a possibility that this grievous situation might be mitigated legally — The more the movement can do to improve the economic status of women, the more effective it's going to be in reaching women we haven't had an effect on —

LN: Another radical area — the communal way of life and the theory that certain people (as mentioned in the book) "those who chose the vocation of bringing up children." This immediately brought to mind the Universities with their schools of ed. and the "ed" girls who were, sadly but definitely, a type — they were not interested in the education

We're aware of how enormously the subjection of women and homosexuals makes a sexist system go — Everybody's enormous emotions of sexual repression and this whole weight of history that we have behind us in our culture . . . could always be mobilized to make very timid people more timid.

On the other hand you sort of have to decide what is the right thing — whether or not it's good or bad PR — whether or not it turns people off. And when you begin compromising principle — you're in an awfully tight bag — so that you're endlessly redefining yourself away — 'til there's nothing left of what you tried to represent. And I think that we — in a wonderfully ironic sense — were forced to commit ourselves to gay liberation, not only through the pressure of women in the movement who are gay — because like all women they deserve to be represented — but also from the outside by the media using homosexuality so often to put us down, made it enormously more sensitive to the issue than we might have been otherwise —

LN: Do you still feel after having that happen, that you should continue in that direction — sustaining a very radical front, thereby holding on to those people who are finally freeing themselves of their own oppression (the minority of women) and thereby forfeiting reaching the hinterlands (the majority)?

KM: It's not as if we decided to become some narrow little super radical movement — Women's liberation is involved with all the women in America and wants to be — and we are in fact the majority of the population — homosexuals aren't — but neither are blacks. You know there are all sorts of issues in Women's lib. — childcare is not a universal issue either, a great many women don't have children and some of them don't need abortions — but some do and many women have children and that's a good enough reason — if it's involved with women and of course gay liberation is . . .

LN: So therefore you do see the gay liberation and women's liberation as ONE liberation movement?

KM: Yes, because as one analyzes the situation under which one lives it comes up as the obvious answer — there is no way of escaping it — another aspect of this system's repression. Everybody has to be repressed . . . secretive . . . to walk around deprived of the sexuality they need and desire — deprived of any sense of self respect, in terms of sex — I think one of the sickest things about our society — about a patriarchy in general — about what Freud would call its repressive aspects; what Reich, who has a better term, would call its sex-negativism — that is we have enormously negative attitudes towards sex.

Sexuality comes to mean females and since this society despises and deprecates sexuality, looks on it as some sort of shame, filth and so on, those terribly negative feelings are attached to women . . . women = sexuality. Now even in such a tight little system, sexuality of many types still flourishes, often under the double standard, under exploitative even economically exploitative situation — prostitution, etc., under situations of violence — i.e. rape. And homosexuality exists so the system has to deal with it, having declared heterosexuality as natural, god-given, the only form, and all the rest, and then trained almost all the people to believe this — so much so that their own natural affections for people of the same sex are squelched, turned into self-hatred, guilt, shame. So the system finding it even difficult to explain the existence of homosexuality, then thinks up crazy theories like it's genetic, it's inherited depravity, it's unnatural — or the more modern theories — the result of a traumatic childhood — arrested development, all sorts of other prescriptions — it continuously is forced to have to define why it exists, so it deals with it as a medical problem — you know curable and all the rest — if not curable, adjustable and so on . . . Everyone has to conform.

But for the homosexuals themselves it reserves its venom — And so they become convenient scapegoats in this society — Because they have had the affrontery however miserable, or curtailed their lives have been, to challenge the system by their very existence — and they're put through all kinds of hell — Now it seems to me the contempt with which the male homosexual is held is very obvious — he's like the women therefore he's dirt. After all he's suppose to be one of the superior caste — and how can anyone choose not to be. Lesbians are enormously threatening and particularly recently. There used to be a time when one could pretend — as when Victoria did that "such a thing did not exist." She could believe it of men but not of women. She thought it was impossible — Recently there has been some acknowledgement that indeed such a thing does exist and I think perhaps an even greater enmity will now be held for lesbians. They challenge the system in two ways: they're not only homosexuals, they're women who choose to live without men — without sanction to draw in breath without a male's permission . . . which is how women are supposed to live. And this is particularly threatening.

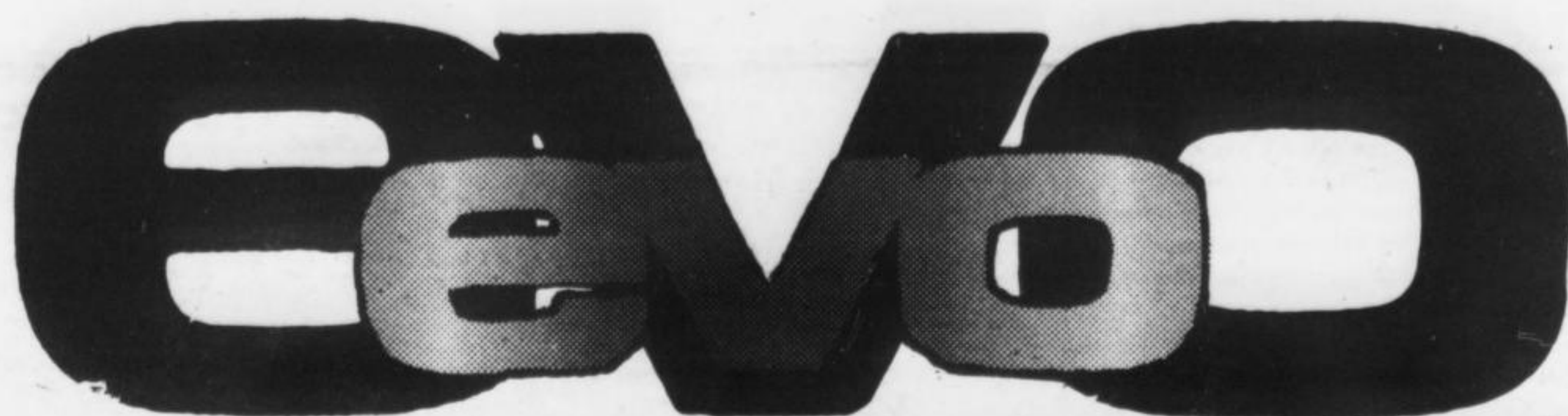
And I don't know another group of people struggling for their civil rights who have been subject to this kind of baiting that the women's movement has. The very fact that the establishment needs to stoop so low proves that we really do threaten them. Probably the very idea of lesbianism threatens them even more than Women's Lib. does. We've hit upon some terrible nerve. These are probably the most independent women they can think of. All women in the movement, all independent women in general, are always called lesbians — so in a sense it's absurd because the very sight of one's independence, is enough to have one labeled as such.

LN: OK, so we've defined the essence of the movement . . . Now I would like to know what action is

(Continued on Page 20)

LAOS:

HALF OF THIS SCORCHED
LAND'S PEOPLE ARE
REFUGEES



LIBERATION News Service

[Editor's note: This is the second (and last) part of the article on Laos by the Committee of Concerned Asian scholars. It supplements the background information on Laos supplied in the first part and makes the case for why a good time to worry about Laos is now—before the country is totally obliterated by bombs or invaded by U.S. troops.]

The end of the bombing of North Vietnam in 1968, which was widely heralded as a de-escalation of the Vietnam war, was in fact an escalation of the unpublicized war in Laos.

In the words of one correspondent, writing from Laos early in 1970:

the nominally neutralist government of Prince Souvanna Phouma for nearly six years has allowed the United States to bomb the trail, and use Laotian territory to make war against North Vietnam . . . The most significant development in the recent history of the Laotian war came in November 1968, when the full might of the U.S. air arsenal—previously concentrated on North Vietnam—was trained on Laos and the trail. As one U.S. official said in early 1969: 'We couldn't just let the planes rust.' The five-fold escalation of U.S. bombing in Laos, the observers say, convinced the North Vietnamese that they had to meet force with counter-force.

Previous to this escalation of the bombing, targets had been mainly limited to the sections of the Ho Chi Minh trail passing through Laos and to Samneua province, the headquarters of the Pathet Lao forces. At present, however, U.S. jets are treating most of northeastern Laos as a free-fire zone, and are flying 27,000 missions a month over this small and sparsely populated country—the most intensive bombardment suffered by any nation in history.

Despite official U.S. assurances that the policy is not to bomb populated areas, all unofficial comment and refugee reports from Laos confirm that towns and villages in Pathet Lao-controlled territory are in fact the main targets of the bombing.

Escalation on the ground. The effect of stepping up the air war—apart from the creation of starving and miserable refugees—had been an escalation of the ground war. And on the ground the Pathet Lao enjoy the advantage.

Before the increase in bombing, the civil war had been carried out in rather static fashion, described by one scholar as follows:

The prevailing ground rules, established when the government and Communist forces resumed fighting in 1963, were that the Communist forces—North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao—take the initiative during the dry season (generally October to May) followed by ripostes during the wet season by RLG forces, with U.S. air support.

The war in Laos . . . consisted largely of small unit attacks on isolated positions, struggles for certain tactical mountain-top and road control positions in sparsely populated highland areas, ambushes, and hit and run encounters in some valley sites.

The RLG (Royal Laotian Government) retained control over the Mekong Valley regions, where the bulk of the lowland Lao live, and they held certain adjacent mountain areas and a few scattered sites within enemy territory which they could reach only by U.S. aircraft. The Communist forces controlled the northern and eastern segments of the country, including all territory which borders on Communist China and North Vietnam, covering regions largely inhabited by highland minorities.

In the dry season of 1968-69, Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese

forces succeeded in taking most of the mountain-top sites deep within their own territory which had previously been defended by the CIA-sponsored mercenary army of General Vang Pao and used for radar guidance of bombing missions to North Vietnam.

During the summer of 1969, Vang Pao's army occupied territory on the Plain of Jars which had been in Pathet Lao hands since the 1962 ceasefire. The "occupation" was possible only thanks to heavy U.S. bombing, which reduced cities in the area to rubble, causing the population to flee and allowing Vang Pao's forces to move in unopposed.

Vang Pao and his American advisers knew that they could not resist a renewed Pathet Lao attack in the next dry season. Before the expected Communist offensive began, therefore, they forced the evacuation of thousands of inhabitants from villages on the plain, transporting them in American aircraft, to be relocated in the area of Vientiane. After the refugees were evacuated, the Plain of Jars was systematically furrowed by B-52s, then saturated with defoliants.

Refugees. Estimates of the

number of refugees in Laos range from 300,000 to 1.5 million, in a country where the total population is only 3 million. Although the refugees are instructed to say that they are fleeing North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao terrorists, even U.S. mission personnel admit in private that the U.S. bombing is almost entirely responsible for their removal, whether voluntary or forced.

The reason for this evacuation is not simply to ease the conscience of the Americans carrying out bombing raids, who assume that any Laotians who evade the refugee transports are enemies to be destroyed. American counterinsurgency authorities, intrigued by the Maoist axiom that guerrillas move among the rural population as fish swim in the water, have decided that the only method for containing insurgencies as persistent as those in the Indochinese nations is to literally "dry up the ocean" by removing the population which is likely to sympathize with the Pathet Lao and provide them with recruits, rice, labor and intelligence.

The result of this policy of population removal and "scorched

(Continued on Page 23)

PARATROOPERS INJURED IN WAR GAMES . . . BUT THE SHOW GOES ON

LIBERATION News Service

FT. BRAGG, N.C. (LNS) — In December, Fort Bragg was honored with a visit from Melvin Laird for its annual Brass Strike (elaborate war games put on for the amusement of the officers and visiting dignitaries—ed.). I was lucky enough to be chosen to prepare the area for them. Raking, dusting bleachers, etc.

We were told that if we were good boys and worked hard we could stay and watch. Of course we were too dirty to sit on the bleachers or even stand behind them. So we were forced to watch them from the woods. From this point we were able to see the Drop Zone (DZ) clearly.

Starting off the show was a mass troopdrop. The winds were too high to safely drop personnel, but they jumped anyway.

From my vantage point, I saw two

men land and not get up. Other jumpers could be seen bending over them.

With the help of an Air Force radio we heard a call from the drop zone to the radio team in the bleacher area. The DZ team informed the control area that two men were injured. They requested medical help and that that two men be removed from the Drop Zone.

After a pause the control team informed the DZ team that they couldn't stop the show because the planes were on the way, and therefore the men would have to wait.

So the show went on with two men injured on the Drop Zone. Planes flew over, heavy loads were dropped, and war material demonstrations were put on. When it was over everyone applauded and prepared to leave.

10,000 PROTEST MEXICAN JAILINGS

LIBERATION News Service

MEXICO CITY (LNS) — More than 10,000 Mexican students, professors and workers recently gathered at the National University in Mexico City to demand amnesty for 68 prisoners who are serving prison sentences ranging from 3 to 17 years. They also face impossible fines, adding up to \$80,000.

The 68 are charged with theft, sedition, inciting to rebellion, looting, criminal association, damage to private property and assault and battery. The charges stem from their presence at a police shoot-out, now known as the Tlatelolco Massacre, on Oct. 2, 1968. On that day 500 people were killed at a rally called to protest political repression.

The rector of the National University and the Bishop of Cuernavaca have called upon the new Mexican president, Luis Echeverria, to grant a general amnesty to all those arrested around the time of the massacre.

Supporters of the 68 are asking Americans to picket Mexican tourist bureaus and consulates, to boycott Mexico and Mexican products and to write letters to President Echeverria, at the Palacio Nacional in Mexico City. The prisoners would like to receive literature and letters (all mail must be registered). Write to them c/o Bernard Philip Ames, Admin. de Correos No.9, Letra M, Mexico 9, D.F., Mexico.

ANGOLAN LIBERATION ARMY NEEDS FUNDS FOR MEDICAL TRAINING

LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK (LNS) — Malaria, TB, scurvy, sleeping sickness, leprosy, kwashiorkor (protein deficiency), amoebic dysentery — and napalm.

These are the enemies that the liberation forces are fighting in Angola, apart from the day-to-day military combat against the Portuguese colonial rulers of this huge southwest African country.

The Movimento Popular de Liberacao (MPLA) desperately needs funds to provide medical care for its guerrillas and for the Angolan people. Sixteen percent of the MPLA doctors' and nurses' patients are war-wounded; many of them suffer from severe napalm burns, inflicted by the same U.S.-manufactured and distributed napalm that has ravaged Vietnam.

There are now only four physicians and seven nurses serving Angola, a country the size of France, Germany, Holland and Italy combined. The MPLA is setting up classes to train medical assistants and first-aid workers, but they need money now to print textbooks and provide training equipment.

Contributions should be sent to the Liberation Support Movement (LSM), 2531 Grove St., Apt. 2, Berkeley, Ca. 94704. Te. (415) 843-1638.

WORLDGRAM FROM THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD Paris . . . Jerusalem . . . Pnompenh . . . Ottawa . . .

. . . That is the feeling you get from our survey of men in the streets, fields, stores, and workshops of today's world . . . If ordinary people of the world followed only what interests them today there would be bread and circuses, not much else. Isolationism would carry the day, for a while at least. Nations would dissolve into villages and neighborhoods. Government beyond those levels would be in trouble . . .

U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT Feb. 8, 1971

*if wishes were horse then junkies wd ride
delusions of commonplace stick on our side
the pig freed from poke, the sward swathes the pen
and stuporman fallen to Eden again*

*if only the fuckers wd leave us alone
may be we cd patch the roof of our home
but they send us 10,000 miles to kill
& 1000 more to collect their bill*

*if only "they" wd go away
(we see the dark at the end of the tunnel)
get the fabled lead out of yr ass
& pour it back in the fateless funnel*

*all things are wound, the cynics hot
the idealists have bombed on pot
no one knows where to Rome
I write, you read this stupid poem
& afterwards we Dilone* . . .*

**tradename of a pain reliever manufactured
by Endo Corp., Garden City, N.Y.*

Tuli Kupferberg

\$1.6 BILLION RAKED OUT OF CANADA BY U.S. IN ONE YEAR

by Canadian Univ. Press

LIBERATION News Service

TORONTO (LNS) — American corporations are taking more than \$1.6 billion a year out of Canada in profits, Univ. of Toronto economist Abraham Rotstein reported recently.

Rotstein says U.S. investment in Canada has now reached the stage where there is a financial drain on the economy—they are taking more money out than they are putting in. Not only are the Americans taking the profits out of the country, but they are also using Canadian money, from Canadian-based banks, to finance expansion of their corporations in Canada.

In 1969, Rotstein estimates about 60% of the expansion of U.S. companies in Canada was paid for through Canadian money. "In other words, we are financing our own take-over," he said.

More than \$40 billion in U.S. capital has been invested in Canada to buy 90% control over such industries as automobiles, rubber, petroleum and oil.

Since 1969, he said, about 1,000 Canadian corporations have been taken over by U.S. conglomerates which, within nine years, will control two-thirds (66%) of world production

OZARK AIR

rules on hair

NEW YORK (LNS) — "Beards are inconsistent with the public image Ozark is endeavouring to project." So reads an interdepartmental ruling sent out by Ozark Airline's vice-president just before the new year, spelling out the firm's "approved" hair styling.

Authorized styles include sideburns "if neatly trimmed and not worn below the lower lobe of the ear." Mustaches "are acceptable if short, neat, and well-kept." Hair "may be worn down to the collar in the back but must be neatly trimmed. Shaggy, unkempt hair styles worn down over the ears will not be permitted. Nor will "bushy hair styles."

The memo concludes with the explanation that: "No beards or goatees of any type are permitted for the reason that while many people wear beards today, beards make an unfavorable impression on many people whose business and goodwill we must depend for the revenue to make our payroll."

"We intend to fight this all the way," said the president of the Air Craft Mechanics Fraternal Assoc. which represents some 450 mechanics of Ozark. The firm is presently negotiating with the union.

NEWS

U.S. HAS TROUBLE GETTING BRAINS INTO THAILAND

LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK (LNS) — "Many of the best American academic specialists on Thailand seem so beset by criticisms and attacks within the United States that significant assistance cannot be expected from them," an Agency for International Development (AID) official complained recently.

It seems that CIA/AID desperately needs anthropologists and sociologists to evaluate U.S. counter-insurgency programs designed to "win the hearts and minds" of the Thais. The programs are particularly directed at people who live in areas "threatened by the Communists," according to the New York Times.

Only a few years ago hundreds of American "scholars" leapt at the change to help design and build the concentration camps that would save millions of Vietnamese who were "threatened by the Communists." Thanks to the strength of the American anti-war movement, the experts won't be able to collaborate so readily in the destruction of another Third World country.

Three different AID requests for American specialists to come to Thailand have been turned down recently, the Times reported. In one case, a professor at a mid-western university accepted the AID offer, but his administration, bowing to campus pressure, refused to approve the trip.

At another school, a man who had already done research in Thailand and was offered an assignment had his files burned and his office ransacked.

American officials have refused to release the scholars' names for publication.

RADIOACTIVE WASTE: A CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER

LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK (LNS) — Now that we've been exploding atomic weapons and creating other nuclear reactions for almost 30 years, the question posed by none other than the Wall St. Journal, is what do we do with the leftovers. The "left-overs" are the highly radioactive wastes that are produced by the atomic reaction that produces atomic bombs and on the more respectable side, atomic energy that we are using more and more for fuel.

The wastes have a longer life than you or I — plutonium has a half life of 24,000 years.

The Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) has already come up with the following tentative solutions:

* For a while now the AEC has been storing radioactive waste in Southeastern Idaho, 600 feet directly above the Snake Plane Aquifer, a huge underground river whose waters eventually reach much of the Pacific Northwest.

* The AEC stores millions of gallons of liquid radioactive wastes in huge underground tanks near Richland, Wash. The tanks have a life expectancy of 20-30 years, while the

6,000,000 SIX MILLION VIETNAMESE LAUNCH PEACE CAMPAIGN IN SOUTH VIETNAM

LIBERATION News Service

SAIGON (LNS) — Six million Vietnamese participated in prayer ceremonies for peace held throughout South Vietnam on January 3, marking the beginning of a massive campaign for a ceasefire in Vietnam. Vietnamese of many different religions, including Catholics and Buddhists, support the peace campaign.

At the An Quang Pagoda in Saigon, 150,000 people gathered to pray and to demand peace. After the religious service a declaration was read, calling for an immediate ceasefire and the withdrawal of all foreign troops from Vietnam. The statement demanded that the United States respect Vietnamese national sovereignty and allow the Vietnamese

people to elect their own popular government. The declaration's demands corresponded closely to those of the Provisional Revolutionary Government's 8-Point Program.

Among the organizations represented at An Quang Pagoda that day were the Catholic Movement for Peace, the National Progressive Forces, the Women's Committee for the Right to Life, the Vietnamese Women's Association, the National Front of Struggle for Peace, and the National Student Union.

During the ceremony 14 members of the Taxi Drivers Union shaved their heads as "an act to wake up the conscience of the war-like people."

Earlier, Thich Thien Hoa, Chairman of the Central Executive Council of the Unified Buddhist

Church sent an appeal to more than 1000 religious leaders all over the world:

"The war in Vietnam has dragged on for more than 25 years and the sufferings undergone by the Vietnamese people cannot be described. We can no longer bear this war. This war is not ours — it has not been created by the Vietnamese people.

We beg religious communities all over the world to cooperate with us in a realistic and practical way to end this tragic war.

Beginning Sunday, January 3, 1971 we start a nationwide religious campaign in Vietnam to demand peace. All temples, pagodas and monasteries of the Unified Buddhist Church throughout the territory of Vietnam and abroad will organize

prayer meetings with tolling of bells, every Sunday to give expression to our demand for an end to this war. We shall persevere in this until the war is ended.

We call on religious leaders all over the world to organize peace meetings, and prayer meetings for peace in Vietnam, in temples, churches, synagogues, both in the cities and in the countryside in support of the action in Vietnam. We should coordinate our efforts and continue until the killing and the destruction in Vietnam come to an end."

Harassment and suppression of the peace campaign have been reported from many areas throughout Vietnam. In Go Vap, the District Chief ordered the police to halt a Buddhist peace procession on January 3; police burned the flowered cars and fired on the crowd. The same day in Saigon, police stormed into the Quang Duc Buddhist Youth Center, fought with the students inside and seized all peace banners and symbols before dispersing the crowd. The Center has been surrounded by police and people banned from entering it twice since then.

"THIS COUNTRY IS RUN BY

3 G's

GUNS, GOLD & GOONS" BUT SOME SAY A FILIPINO REVOLUTION IS ONLY SHOTS AWAY

by Ellen Ness

LIBERATION News Service

MANILA, Philippines (LNS) — "If the Marcos administration keeps on there will be civil war," said a young tourist guide in Cebu. "I will join the revolution. I am one of those against this government."

A hotelkeeper joined in. "This administration has brought misery to the people — and the country is bankrupt."

He was echoed by a textile merchant. "The time will come when the people cannot exist any

longer — 80% of them are poor — and then they must fight out against the government. The people don't want war but when they can't exist any longer there is nothing else, there is no other solution."

Filipino housewives, small businessmen, teachers, secretaries, pilots, writers, artists — they all talk freely of the inevitable revolution.

The Philippines is an archipelago of 7,000 islands off the southeast coast of Asia, with the northernmost island only 65 miles from Taiwan. The Philippines were held as a Spanish colony from 1521 to 1899.

In 1896 a majority of the population which lived and worked on feudal haciendas armed themselves against the Spanish; in 1898 the Filipino people declared themselves independent of Spain and elected Enulio Aguinaldo president. But, the Spanish, refusing to recognize the sovereignty of the Filipino people, sold the islands to the U.S. for \$20 million as a concession in the Paris Peace Treaty of Dec. 10, 1898.

As soon as the deal was made the U.S. moved right in, but it took the U.S. armed forces two years to crush the revolutionary government. William Taft, who was later to become a U.S. president, as head of a 5 man commission was made ruler of the Philippines.

During World War II, the Hukbalahap — the People's Anti-Japanese Army, was born out of resistance to Japanese occupation of the islands. U.S. forces led by

(Continued on Page 19)

Controls on industrial wastes in Japan are lacking. In the port of Fuji, 380 pulp and paper factories are spewing untreated wastes and sludge at such a rate that not only are the fish being killed, but the harbor must continuously be dredged. Cadmium poisoning, which affects the liver and kidneys and eventually makes the bones soft and painful, has taken over 100 lives since it was first discovered in the early 1950s. Yet as recently as this April another case of industrial cadmium poisoning was cited. Over three hundred acres of pasture land and rice paddies around the Nippon Mining Company's zinc refinery have been quarantined due to cadmium poisoning. The refining goes on.

Perhaps the most appalling example of industrial callousness and government indifference relates to mercury poisoning. In the fishing town of Minamata, 46 people have been killed and over 70 paralyzed or blinded over the past 20 years. The cause has been mercury poisoning yet the Nippon Nitrogen Company continues to discharge its mercury waste into the bay. The government has mirrored the indifference of the company. For eight years, from 1961-1968, Japan's Economic Planning Agency suppressed a report that demonstrated that the plant's effluents were lethal.

The families of the Minamata victims have engaged in militant demonstrations and sit-ins that have captured the attention of the Japanese public. However, in the absence of governmental intervention, they recently began a drive to buy control of stocks in the offending chemical company as a desperate means to end the poisoning.

Escalating public concern and the opposition parties' goading, obliged Prime Minister Sato to convene an extraordinary session of the Diet (congress) on November 24, to pass a dozen anti-pollution laws. But government and business in Japan

work notoriously hand in glove, as in the U.S., and the laws already on the books are often not enforced.

In November, therefore, a major U.S. copper company concluded an agreement to shift its most polluting operations to Japan, explicitly to avoid U.S. anti-pollution laws. Sato's government has decided upon a similar solution, recently announcing that an industrial park for some of Japan's worst polluters would be established on South Korea's south shore.

The surging Japanese economy will likely triple in the coming decade. But many Japanese are already wary of their impending prosperity, for as the wits in Tokyo have it, in Japanese GNP means Gross National Pollution.



by Jon Unger

Pacific News Service/ LIBERATION News Service

TOKYO (LNS) — Seven year old Seiichi Yasuda, from the heavily industrialized city of Yokkaichi, Japan, recently collapsed and suffocated despite doctors' attempts to revive him. The cause of death, according to city authorities: air pollution. Young Seiichi, an asthma sufferer since the age of 3, became Yokkaichi's 41st officially designated pollution fatality.

The mounting casualty figures in Yokkaichi suggest the growing dangers of breathing Japanese air. The day that Seiichi died, Osaka (Japan's second largest city) issued its first smog alert. And within three days, in the smog-bound city of Kawasaki, the air claimed a new victim, Mrs. Natsuko Hojo, the

28-year-old mother of two children. Due to the rapid industrialization, air pollution is a serious problem in many areas of Japan, although Tokyo presents the most striking example. During only one smoggy week in July, over 8,000 people were treated in Tokyo hospitals for severe eye and skin irritation and other pollution-induced ailments. Tokyo traffic policemen do not stay at busy cross-roads longer than 30 minutes, and 40 such junctions have oxygen machines available.

The number of private cars in Tokyo has doubled in the past three years, and the resulting increase in hydrocarbon pollutants has created a white "photochemical smog." To make matters worse, the Japanese oil industry adds benzene and toluene to the cheaper grades of gasoline, and the chemical exhausts are converted into poisonous gases by the sun's ultraviolet rays. And to make matters worse, Japanese automobile manufacturers equip cars exported to the U.S. with exhaust control devices, but follow no such restraints in their own domestic market.

Concern, outrage and protest are mounting among the Japanese almost as rapidly as the thickening air. According to a poll conducted by the Japanese government in January, 52% of the residents of the Tokyo and Osaka metropolitan areas are convinced that they are suffering from the effects of pollution. And a third of those polled blamed the pollution on the weak measures taken by the central and local governments. However, the prospects for effective anti-pollution restrictions are slim, for the government is slow to regulate the industrial machine which has brought Japan to a position of world power.

SIX ANGRY JEWS

by
**Ray
Schultz**

Six big-talking Jews and two Muslims gathered in the ABC-FM studios last Wednesday evening to argue, cajole and flatter each other into accepting various theories regarding that land of camel dung 6,000 miles to the east: Palestine. They included Abbie Hoffman, Paul Krassner, Rabbi Meir Kahane of the Jewish Defense League; Dr. Muhammed T. Medhi of the Action Committee on American-Arab Relations; Jaakov Kohn, the editor of the East Village Other; Dov Spierling, a Soviet Jew; Sami Amhed, a Black Muslim, and radio host Terry Noble, who was making a pilot tape for ABC. They were seated in chairs in a circle in the center of the room, while their seconds, friends and lovers sat on tables and on the floor. When EVO staffer Charlie Frick bursted in screaming "Is there where I get barmitzvahed?," a Zionist thug of approximately 250 pounds said "Yeah, would you like to be circumcized?" "I already had that," Frick said. "I mean from your neck down." From the beginning, they were

conning each other like card sharks. Kahane was the star of the show, he was the center of attention, and the most charismatic. Of all of them, he was the one most directly involved in the cause he was espousing. He was a Jew: period. "What we have here with our group is a very great concept," Kahane said, "to bring back the old Jew. The old Jew is that Jew who lives again in Israel. Many people think somehow that there's some sort of a new Jew, but that's not true. The old Jew is that Jew who wants to live in that land, the Jewish land, who fought for it, defended it, lost it, won it, and wanted it back again. The new Jew is a product of all the guilt feelings, insecurities and self-hate. What we're trying to get through to the Jew is two things: every Jew is part of one great people, the Jewish people, and he has to feel the pain of every other Jew. Jewish is beautiful. It's about time that young Jews who march for every miserable cause in the whole world, who bleed for Mozambique and Angola, Biafra, Vietnam and Antarctica and Angela Davis—that's beautiful—but we'd like to see them put in a day, just a day a year, bleeding for something Jewish too." The rest of them had varying opinions on the matter, but Kahane was the strongest. Dr. Medhi, for instance, who had obviously debated Kahane in the

past, was swamped early and continually on the defensive defending his good will.

"We believe," he said, "that American policy towards the middle-east has been morally wrong and politically detrimental to the interests of the United States, to the Arabs, to the interests of the Jewish people, the interests of international peace. In the Action Concern Committee, our concern really is not with the Arabs. The Arabs are at best a small portion of this beautiful human race. And so our concern is really with the human being. The recent trials, say, in Moscow—we protested against the trials, not because the accused were Jewish, the accused were human beings."

"I've followed you for about seven years," Kahane broke in, "and I've always felt that you're an extremely clever man. You know exactly what issues to press at the proper time. When you first began there was no hint of this sudden love for all people. I still have some of the things you were putting out at the time. There was no love for Jews. The point is, all of a sudden, you say that you had protested against the Moscow trials. You said because it was terrible. I really don't recall a great protest from you. I saw the statement you put out after the trial... it was no protest of the trial. You did not say this was a terrible thing. Dr. Medhi, you

are first and foremost for the Arabs. And you're using humanism to hopefully catch all our young Jewish friends. And that is dishonest."

One of those young Jewish friends, presumably, was Abbie Hoffman who seemed delighted by Kahane and who was careful to assert his own Jewishness.

"Within the Jewish tradition, and I certainly consider myself Jewish," he said, "there's a history of identification with the oppressed that the rabbi sort of passes on in one broad sweep. The Vietnamese, oh the poor Vietnamese, a half million victims of genocide, Angela Davis trapped in jail, and you can't have it both ways. You can't say that we are American Jews and we are a minority and the victims of oppression and on the other hand identify wholeheartedly with that oppressor, the United States, with its imperialist policies around the world. I mean, the rabbi's position is just an extension of American foreign policy, his attitudes about Vietnam, his attitudes about the blacks in this country..."

"He didn't say anything about the blacks," Terry Noble broke in.

"He implied that to stick up for Angela Davis is bleeding-heartism which I incidentally, always associated with Haddassah, cause of my backgrounds," Hoffman said. There were several heated

outbursts during the debate, but Terry Noble comically used a stopwatch to keep it in tow. Kahane's every word had the rapt attention of his followers. Hoffman sipped from a bottle of Heinekens. A series of unidentified knocks caused Terry Noble to ask "What's that knocking?" and resulted in the simultaneous remarks "It's the Mid-East," "The Final Solution!" and "It's the oil going through the pipelines." Dr. Medhi made a statement:

"Rabbi Kahane and some of the Jewish and Zionist groups have recently rediscovered themselves and so they have out of proportion to become nationalist while the rest of us having discovered ourselves over hundreds of years, were getting out of the narrow isms, and becoming more members of the human race. Whereas those recent arrivals who have recently discovered themselves... they are going to the shell, joining the tribe, strengthening the tribe, the Jewish race. The rabbi and the others have gone backward, a sort of a regression, whereas the rest of mankind is moving forwards to a more universalist pattern of life.

"I think there's really several points that have been made," Kahane answered. "I think that the major point of this program is certainly not JDL or Zionism or anything else. I think the probably what has come out from this thing, the major point,

AND TWO ARABS

is, Jewishness.

"I'd like you to address yourself to Dr. Madhi's statement," Terry Noble said.

"No, no, no I will address myself . . ."

"You'll get the chance."

"I'd really like to talk about this now and answer Dr. Medhi later. . . . The question is not whether one is Jewish because Herzl said so or the Bible said so, when you get right down to it, you are Jewish because non-Jews said so."

"Second, I think the question is here, are we for Jewish or human beings? We Jews, quite to the contrary, Dr., are not backward, but quite forward. We've been where you're trying to be. In short, 50 years ago we leaped into the great humanity business. When the first politboro met at the Kremlin, there were so many Jews there that we could have prayed the afternoon Jewish service. We really did say, this nonsense of narrow racism has got to end. We learned the hard way. We learned the hard way. Stalin taught it to us. We learned the hard way."

Noble gave Hoffman and Kahane four minutes apiece at one point.

"To talk about Zionism, I think that on paper it was a good idea," Hoffman said. "From Herzl and Chaim Weitzman right up to Moshe Dayan, the problem is that in recognizing this Jewish state would be in Palestine, they

overlooked one problem and that was, mainly, that there were people already living there. Especially with Herzl and the European philosophers at the turn of the century. There was sort of a drawing-room intellectualization of the whole problem. Well, we can put people here, and it didn't come from the people who have to plow the fields and borrow sugar from the neighbor next door. Zionism, I think, is by definition imperialist. The U.S. has its own imperialistic goals, and it serves the U.S. purpose not to have peace . . ."

"And Russia," said Kahane.

"And Russia, because as we all know there's a lot of oil under the bround but let me say this. If you're a Palestinian living in the mid-east and you year David Ben-Gurion say there, we will open the gate, there will be millions of Jews coming, which is an illusion in itself because Jews aren't flocking to Israel. There are more Jews in Brooklyn right now . . ."

"They are flocking from Russia," Dov Spierling said.

"Possibly from Russia. It didn't all of a sudden happen. Like everybody in 1948 envisioned that everybody was gonna pour there because people had developed other identities."

"If the Russians opened their gates."

"Russians are pigs. If you want me to say that, I'll say that. Russians are pigs. Now — Ben

Gurion and Moshe Dayan and Golda Meir from Milwaukee . . . when they stand up in Israel and say there will be tens of millions . . . if you are an Arab sitting there and you hear someone give a speech that there are 10 million Jews coming on the next boat, you get a goddamned gun, you see, and I think that until the Israelis recognize the fact that there are Palestinians, that they are possibly the only people in the Arab world that have a real possibility for self-determination for a new humanist world, they're the only force fighting the corrupt regimes, in Jordan, which has killed more Palestinians than even Israel, it's the only force possible of fighting an Egyptian oligarchy, but instead Israel says oh, we'll just talk to all these kings and the U.S. says GREAT because the kings are letting them steal their oil from them, and we won't talk to the Palestinians because they don't exist. Well, they damn well do exist and until the Israelis learn it, there'll be no peace in the mideast."

"There are several errors, Abbie," Kahane replied. "First, Zionism did not start with Herzl. Zionism started the day after the second temple was burned. When that Jew turned not to Mecca, as Arabs of Palestine turn, but to Zion. The great problem that you raise, that Zionism — you're a Zionist according to the Panther Paper

April 26, 1970, you're a Zionist."

"Yeah?"

"You like that, eh? That was a fun issue. From that day on, Jews said 'we want to go home.' It's our home. Now, Dr. Medhi raises an interesting point, if the Palestinians can go home after they've allegedly been driven out, then why can't Jews go home? So you said but there's a basic difference, but what you really said was Palestinian Arabs have only been driven out for 20 years, Jews have been driven out for 2,000 years and up. And that's the difference, time. Dr. Medhi, if you give the Jews of Israel enough time, we'll keep the Arabs of Palestine out for 2,000 years at which point you use your argument that after 2,000 years you have no right to come back. It's an assinine argument because time has nothing to do with rights. And Jews have rights."

"I . . ."

"Excuse me, Dr. Medhi, I still have a good two minutes."

"Two minutes and 40 seconds."

"Therefore, what I want to say to you is that we Jews want nothing more than what Arabs have except that Arabs have a great deal more than we have. They have not only one country, they have many countries. We don't begrudge the Arabs their countries. They can have Arabia and Kuwait, Libya and Sudan and Algeria. Wonderful. Beautiful. Do what you will there. You can fight with each other. You can have monarchies, or Marxist states. All we ask is one little thing, we want our land back. Back. Back. Back. Back. Back. Now you did raise a good question — what right does Abbe Eban have to go back? Simple. Because Aba Eban is a Jew, going back to the Jewish state. And being a Jew is a question of being part of a nation. If you ask me however, isn't it also a faith? That's quite true. We have an interesting past. In ancient history, all peoples were both nations and faiths. Every land had its god. However, ancient peoples have died out except for Jews. We hang around. So we have a hangover of 4,000 years that other people don't have. So we are both a nation and a faith. That's why Abba Eban has a right to come back."

"How about Sammy Davis Jr.?" Krassner asked.

"Sammy? Beautiful. Right on. He can come right home. He's a Jew."

"Could I go there?" Hoffman asked.

"Sure."

"I have a doubt because of Israel's political ties with the United States. That would be quickly extradited and the doors would be closed."

"You are wrong. We've had far worse than you."

"It's a sacrilege! The Macabees are puking in their graves when they see an Israeli fighter-jet made right here in the U.S. dropping napalm on an Arab village, the Macabees puke!"

"I haven't visited graves recently so I don't know if they're puking or not."

Dov Spierling defended the Zionist viewpoint with gusto all evening, and gave accounts of his past life in the Soviet Union. Dr. Medhi used him to challenge Zionism:

"You say a man just because he's a Jew has a right to that land. He's going home. What kind of racist mentality is this? Now Dove here sitting in front of me with his beautiful hazel eyes, good Slavic nose . . ."

"No personalities."

"Watch it."

"This man has one thousandth percent of Abraham's blood, or Semitic blood."

"I want to interrupt you for one second," Terry Noble said.

"Do not interrupt me."

"This is not . . ."

"Don't interrupt me."

"I'm going to interrupt you for one second."

"Do not interrupt me."

"Okay, but I get a chance later, 'cause it's my show."

"Dov has no ties, at least bloodwise, to Abraham, and in no sense can you claim you are going home. If it is because of a religious and cultural commitment, it means that if I believe in Confucius I have a right to go to China."

"I want to talk about black people," Terry said then. "If a black person came to America as a slave and the Plantation Owner slept with a woman, that guy has half-black genes and half-slave owner genes. He calls himself a black man because that's his heritage. Now if a Jew goes to Russia and a Cossack rapes his grandmother . . ."

"I disagree," shouted Spierling. "I don't care if you disagree," Terry said.

"You can't speak to about our mothers!" Spierling said to uproarious laughter. "Even if you are an American Jew, you can't speak like that!"

The problem was resolved. Jaakov Kohn expressed his opinion of the "outmoded European concepts," by which Israel is run. Kohn went to Palestine in 1939 from Czechoslovakia and not only helped to liberate it from the British, but fought the Arabs as well and was wounded in the process. Terry Noble, too, spent years in Israel, working on kibutzim. Both of these men, while sympathetic to the Arab point of view, retain a certain affection for Israel and were careful to make this clear to Kahane. Abbie Hoffman told of an anti-semitic incident in his childhood, and Krassner gave his own version: "I was a victim of circumcision, which was the first act of anti-semitism in my family for me. And it was probably because of Jewish tradition even though I don't consider myself Jewish. An important point, because it was the Nazi philosophy that Judaism was something that was inherited like a race rather than a culturally acquired religion. I just refuse to identify with the philosophy which among other things is male chauvinist. It's appropriate that there's only males on this panel. And I think it should be gotten into a kind of perspective that at least we recognize that we're talking here about value judgements. Not only may Jews not be the chosen people, people may not even be the chosen species." Sami Ahmed, the black Muslim, said little throughout the proceedings, and was standing on the side in the beginning, arguing occasionally with the JDL people. When Terry told the JDL to keep quiet, one of them said "We were quiet before Medhi's toilet seat opened his mouth."

"How about your mouth being his toilet?" Ahmed replied.

The thing ended after a furious shouting match between Kahane and Medhi. Kahane was the undisputed winner. After the broadcast, he was greeted warmly by Hoffman, Kohn, Noble and Medhi, and introduced to Bob Dylan who had been sitting in the corner inconspicuously all evening. Presumably he too, was not unaffected by the charisma of the Rabbi.

As any dedicated user of the long distance peoples telephone knows, each new year brings a modification of the existing code, a half-assed attempt on the part of the telephone monopoly to hang us up.

Peoples roving intelligence has come up with the following information: use it well fellowphone freaks!

When the operator asks for your credit card number, give her any telephone number, followed by any other three digit suffix between 001 and 599. This suffix must be followed by a letter, which is determined on the basis of the SIXTH number in your credit card. Here is the chart:



If the sixth number is

then the code letter is

1	Q
2	A
3	E
4	H
5	J
6	M
7	R
8	V
9	W
0	Z

For example: 622-5695-032w (which happens to be a Bank of Amerika credit card number). The last three numbers as always are geographic codes. So far the only one we know for sure is 032 for San Francisco, California. If you know any more definite geographic locations for the suffix, let us know.

HAPPY RAPPING PHONE FREAKS.

There are 5,000 or more long-haired cab drivers in this city right now, and you may be one of them. As a freak who happens to drive around, up and down, you probably feel good that you're in a position to help people sometimes, spread the good vibe here and there where possible. You probably pick up hitchhiker and take people to demonstrations. You turn people on and get turned on by people who dig the fact that you have extended liberated territory to this little yellow submarine, the people's transportation service. You often serve as a community-builder who passes the sacrament around as he gets it.

If this is you, you should know about Dennis from Phoenix. This guy is a consummate rip-off artist who preys on freak cabdrivers disguised as Mr. Goodvibes from out west, here to spread chemical love to hungry freaks oppressed by New York prices.

He's not the usual taxi demon junkie who pulls out a gun and relieves you of the day's receipts — he's a flying shithead.

He crossed my path the first time about six months ago.

I picked him up outside of Max's, where freaks are known to wait for fares in the wee hours. "Hey man, I just got in from out west and I'm kinda new in New York. But the nicest thing happened to me coming in from Kennedy airport yesterday. This long-haired cabbie turned me on to some really good shit and we really got it on."

He said his name was Dennis from Phoenix. He was maybe 20 and he had that big toothy smile you might have seen on the spaced-out acidhead who picked you up on Route One out on the coast, or going across the Bay bridge as you floated along in a fog of smoke. His credentials, as they say, were impeccable. He really came on like a beautiful head, and I wondered what he was doing here in this miserable greytown.

He rode around with me for about a half-hour in the front seat while I picked up fares and we rapped; we established, you might say, a relationship. He came on like the kind of guy who might be chuggin along on his way to a campsite with two or three other glassy-eyed people who jingles a baggie of green flats that later take you to the promised land. This boy carried a set of vibes.

So, naturally, when he offered me about 30 orange tabs for twenty bucks I said "sure." He then did something else. He also laid on me what he said was 7 caps of what looked like organic mesc, which he stopped to pick up at a friend's house and came down with ten minutes later. He handed these to me, saying, "These are for your old lady," and he said it with a smile. He also took my address and phone telling me he'd be back in a month or so with some really cheap pounds, knowing how tough it was for people around here to get good shit for a decent price, and he made it sound like he was doing us all a favor.

I dropped him off at Slugs', where I assume he had a good time enjoying McCoy Tyner while I went back to a long night's hacking.

You're probably not surprised by now that the orange wasn't; and neither did the mesc shine too much either. Matterfact, not even a mild buzz. I shared my presumed bounty with a few friends, and everybody said, "What is this, some kinda joke?" Except Guido the hack, who raved about it, the four tabs he had. But that must have been some strange chemistry because none of the rest or even the mesc had any holy effects at all.

Well, here it is six months later, and I'm toolin up Sixth Avenue passing Nathan's on the right, and out of the gloom of old neon Eighth Street this guy hails me and I stop. The door swings open, and this head sticks itself in, saying, "Hey, man, could you take me down Eighth Street for six tabs of sunshine?"

Now I'm not generally the kind of driver who lets himself get hot about the schtick that some passengers try to lay on me. So this time, when I saw my old friend Dennis, I just said, "Fuck off," implying that he should leave my immediate vicinity very soon.

But that's not the end of the story. Today my friend Kenny the Hack called me up. "Noe the Hack," he says (all my friends from driving are called 'The Hack'; it's like a trade name like James Taylor or Scott Carpenter), "I picked up this guy last night, a Dennis from Phoenix. He says he knows you."

"What?!"

"He says you drive him from the airport last week and from you he found out that he could deal on good terms with freak cabdrivers and turn them on to good shit knowing how hard it was these days to take care of your head with New York prices and all . . ."

"So you bought phoney sunshine off him," I said, feeling possibly that we were confronting a movement.

"No, I told him I got no use for it, so he offers me Mishuakhan. He had me wait for him at Slugs' while he got me three ounces of California supersmoke for \$24. Somehow I ended up with nothing and he ended up with \$24, and on top of that I didn't book very much that night either, so I had to take an advance from the dispatcher."

"Far out," I said, but with many levels of expression.

"But lissen, Noe, could you give me Guido the Hack's phone number? Maybe he wants to buy some of this Mishuakhan."

All kidding aside, folks, this guy has got to be offed. The taxi-drivers' union has screwed part-timers plenty (and most of us can stand hacking for only a few days a week) by leaving us less scraps from the proposed fare settlement than we ever had before. But we expect that from them; they are a bunch of crabby old men who work hand in hand with the bosses for their crumbs. They are broken men who look at us with envy and sometimes hatred because we still possess the capacity for joy and brotherhood, and we get stoned a lot. But we don't really expect to be ripped off by our own people, or even people who come on like our own people. We know who you are and where you hang, Dennis, you fucker, and you better stop your shit before you get righteously stomped.

All Power Off the Meter
Noe the Hack

taxi bulletin



THE DRUG BUST

The following article is an excerpt from *The Drug Bust* by John Dominick. Written by an ex-law student who was busted on drug charges, the purpose of the book, says Dominick, "is to reduce fear by providing information about the drug laws, the cops, the narcs, and the courts." What follows is an explanation of when a cop can legally make a search or an arrest, and some practical information about what goes on in the street, and how to protect yourself if you get hassled.

The Drug Bust can be obtained by sending \$2.00 to:
The Light Company
1348 Brooklyn Blvd.
Bayshore, New York 11706
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
Name
Address
State Zip

"We know the pot is in the door panel of your car." (Note: Mr. X was not placed under arrest.) He would have been within his rights to demand to see a warrant. He could have closed the door and gone back to bed. But he thought "The gig is up." One policeman stepped aside. Mr. X, head hung low, walked out of his room. The police guided him to his car and asked him to unlock it. He unlocked the car. The police told him to get the pot. He obliged, and then was placed under arrest.

Many a shaky case has turned into a sure conviction by evidence obtained incident to an arrest. All too frequently defendants inadvertently allow themselves to be arrested sitting on their stash. A typical case arose in a small town in Ohio. The local police had been questioning people for weeks in an attempt to crack down on the use of marijuana. They managed to accumulate barely enough evidence to acquire an arrest warrant. They went to the defendant's apartment, hoping to catch him in possession of marijuana, but were informed by the defendant's roommate that he was not home. The police, realizing any search would have been illegal, left. The roommate found him and told him the police were looking for him. The defendant panicked. He went back to his apartment to get rid of some pot. The police were watching his apartment. They waited until he entered the apartment and then busted in to make the arrest. The search, incident to the arrest, revealed three marijuana cigarettes. Thus, a shaky case was turned into a sure conviction.

Many defendants have unknowingly waived their rights by consenting to a search. A student in Detroit was arrested in front of his house. The arresting officers had an arrest warrant, but did not have a search warrant. However, when they arrested the student they handcuffed him, produced an arrest warrant and said, "Let's take a look inside." The defendant unlocked the door and allowed the police to enter. He was not aware that he had the right to refuse!

A person, upon being confronted by a policeman, has every right to request to see a warrant and should do so. Before he admits a policeman to his premises he should demand to see a search warrant.

Defendants are not the only ones to suffer from ignorance of the law. The policeman's knowledge of the law is usually so superficial that—when confronted with a unique situation—he will not know how to handle it. The following incident occurred in Chicago. The police acquired a search warrant and went to the apartment of the defendant. The defendant opened the door without unlocking the chain and asked the police what they wanted. The police produced a warrant and ordered the defendant to open the door. The defendant demanded to see the warrant, so one of the policemen handed it through the partially opened door. The defendant lit a match and ignited the warrant. The police stood stupefied as the warrant went up in smoke. They demanded he open the door. The defendant politely requested to see their warrant. The police, momentarily confused, left to call their superior and find out what to do. Before they returned, the defendant had given his apartment a thorough cleaning.

Limited Area of the Search

When a policeman is making a search with a warrant, the area he is authorized to investigate is clearly defined on the warrant. In regard to searches made without warrants—incident to an arrest—the area a policeman can search is limited. In federal court and most states, the police can only search the room of the house in which the defendant is arrested.



If the defendant is arrested in his car the police are allowed to search the interior of the car. However, in most jurisdictions they are not allowed to search the trunk without first acquiring a warrant.

The defendant, upon being arrested, should not take any action that might be construed by a court as consent to an extension of the search. If the defendant is asked to unlock a room or a trunk he should request to see a search warrant. If a demand is made to open up the room the defendant would be wise to be as passive as possible. If a policeman breaks down a door, it becomes difficult for him to be about consent or state he saw the illegal drug before he entered the room.

In view of the limited area doctrine, where a defendant is arrested often becomes an important matter in a trial. Unless the defendant is arrested in his house, the police cannot search it. If the defendant sees the police approaching, he can avoid having his house searched by stepping outside and meeting them in the street. The police do not have grounds to search a defendant's house unless he is arrested there. The fact that a person is arrested for possession or sale of a drug is not sufficient grounds for the police to acquire a search warrant for the defendant's home.

The federal authorities pay particular attention to the laws governing searches and arrests. State and local police are more eager to make arrests and are far less concerned with "technicalities." They frequently make illegal searches of cars, houses, and persons. Many cases are dismissed each year because the police acted illegally. For this reason, an understanding of the laws governing searches and arrests is important. However, the reader should not make the mistake of allowing knowledge of the law to become a substitute for common-sense precautions to avoid detection.

Stop-and-Frisk Law

Recently many states have passed stop-and-frisk laws. Under this statute a policeman can stop and question anyone on the street if he has "reasonable cause to believe his behavior warrants further investigation for criminal activity." And if he "has reasonable cause to believe there is danger to himself and/or others" he may conduct a limited search for dangerous weapons.

In practice, police stop and question young people whenever they feel like it. When harassed by a cop on the street, a person would be wise to assume an attitude of friendly cooperation. If asked, a person should show his identification. He should answer all questions politely since any affront to the officer's ego is bound to result in further harassment.

If a person is searched on the street and dope is found, the defendant can challenge the legality of the search in court. In order for the search to be justified under the stop-and-frisk law, the officer must show he had reasonable cause to believe the defendant had a weapon. Many cases involving the stop-and-frisk law are dismissed for lack of evidence because the policeman was unable to convince the judge that he had "reasonable cause" to make the search.

Arrests Without Warrant

In order for a policeman to arrest a person without first having obtained a warrant, he must witness circumstances that would cause him to conclude a crime had been committed by the arrestee. It is not necessary for the policeman to actually witness the crime, but he must have some first-hand knowledge. If a policeman hears a shot and sees a man running out of a bank he would have reason to believe the man had committed a crime and would have grounds to arrest him. If a policeman were to walk into a room and see marijuana burning in the ashtray, he would have grounds to make an arrest. However, if an informer should tell a policeman there was marijuana in a room or that X had LSD in his pocket, this would not be sufficient evidence to make a search or an arrest.

The Arrest Warrant

When the policeman has not witnessed a crime, in order to make a legal arrest the policeman must go to a judge and acquire a warrant. The police must present sufficient evidence to cause the judge to believe an arrest is in order. If the police were to produce signed statements from several witnesses saying that they had obtained marijuana from X, the judge would issue the warrant. However, an anonymous phone call on a tip from an undisclosed source would be insufficient evidence for issuing the warrant.

Searches and Seizures

The 4th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution protects the people from "unreasonable searches and seizures." In order to compel the police to comply with the law, the courts have established the rule that any evidence obtained as a result of an illegal search is inadmissible in court. The results do not justify an illegal search.

There are only two ways the police can legally make a search: with a search warrant or "incident to a legal arrest." Upon making an arrest the police are allowed to search the defendant's person and the immediate area around the defendant.

Technically the police are searching for a weapon; but anything found is admissible. Of course, if the arrest is illegal, the evidence found would not be admissible.

Search warrants are acquired in the same manner as the arrest warrants. However, it is usually more difficult to acquire a search warrant because the police must present enough evidence to a judge to warrant the belief that a particular thing is in a particular place.

If a policeman knocks on your door without a warrant, you may refuse to admit him. Unfortunately, most people "consent" to a search because they're unaware that they have a choice.

In practice these legal principles are often circumvented. The police frequently act on tips and bits of information from undisclosed sources. Although this is insufficient evidence to obtain a warrant, the policeman knows from experience that people are ignorant of their rights, frequently fail to exercise them, and often waive them.

For instance, Mr. X was driving through Indianapolis with several friends and had three ounces of marijuana in the door panel of his car. When they stopped to spend the night in a motel, one of Mr. X's "friends" felt a moral obligation to report the presence of the marijuana. He called the police. This tip was not sufficient to obtain a search warrant or a warrant for Mr. X's arrest. Since no policeman had witnessed any illegal activity, there were no grounds to make an arrest. The police went to the motel; when Mr. X answered the door they showed him their badges and said, "The gig is up."

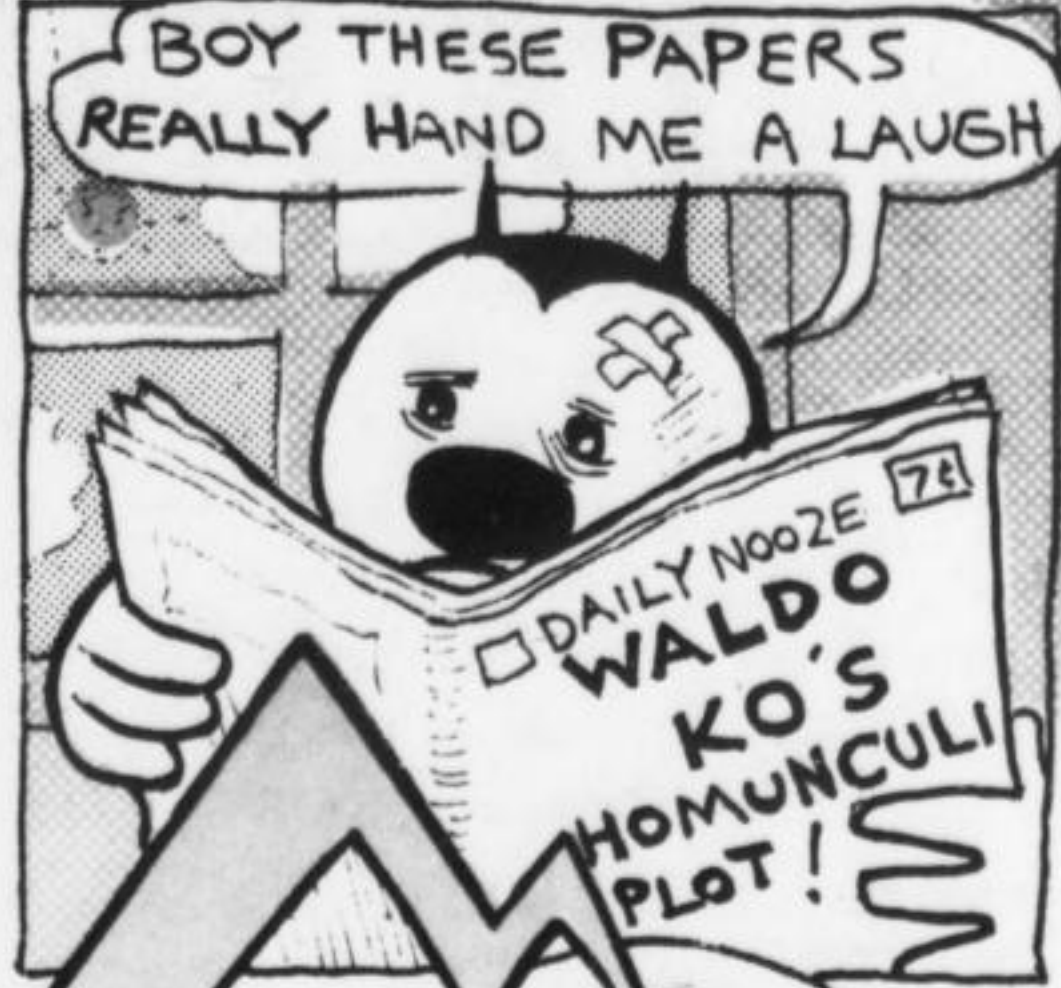
PROLOGUE

AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, NEARLY ALL OF US HAVE BEEN POSSESSED BY WHAT COULD BE CALLED, SORT OF A COSMIC NUDDGE, ...

YOU KNOW, ITS WHEN YOU GET THAT FUNNY FEELING THAT YOUVE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE

ARE THEY THE FINITE FRAGMENTS OF MEMORIES? FOGGY GLIMPSES PERHAPS OF AN EARLIER INCARNATION? WHO REALLY KNOWS?

ONE SHORT MONTH AGO, WALDO, INTERNATIONAL ADVENTURER, WOULD HAVE CONSIDERED SUCH SPECULATION JUST SO MUCH HORSE DUNG: TODAY HE IS SADDER, ... ALBEIT WISER



READ ON AS WALDO FINDS HIMSELF VICTIM OF AN EXPERIMENT WITH THE STRANGE PHENOMENON KNOWN AS

DEJAVU

I JUST HOPE WERE DOING THE RIGHT THING!

LET US HOPE SO SENATOR

DONT WORRY GENTLEMEN, THE SITUATION WILL SOON BE UNDER CONTROL



IT ALL STARTED LAST WEEK, I WAS WATCHIN TV AND SUCKIN BEER. SUDDENLY THE DOOR BELL RANG.....



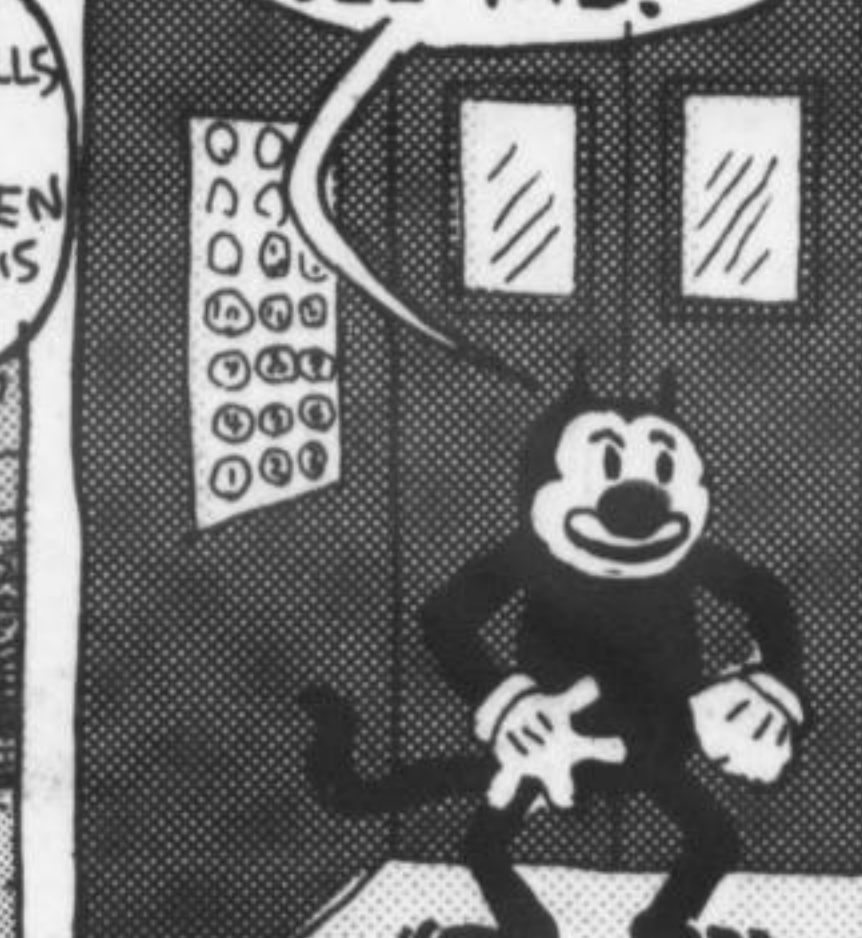
IT WAS FROM UNCLE FELIX



LOSING NO TIME, I MADE FOR THE ASSIGNED RENDEZVOUS



TO THINK THAT HE, IDOL OF MY YOUTH, MOLDER OF MY VERY LIFE STYLE, WANTS TO SEE ME!

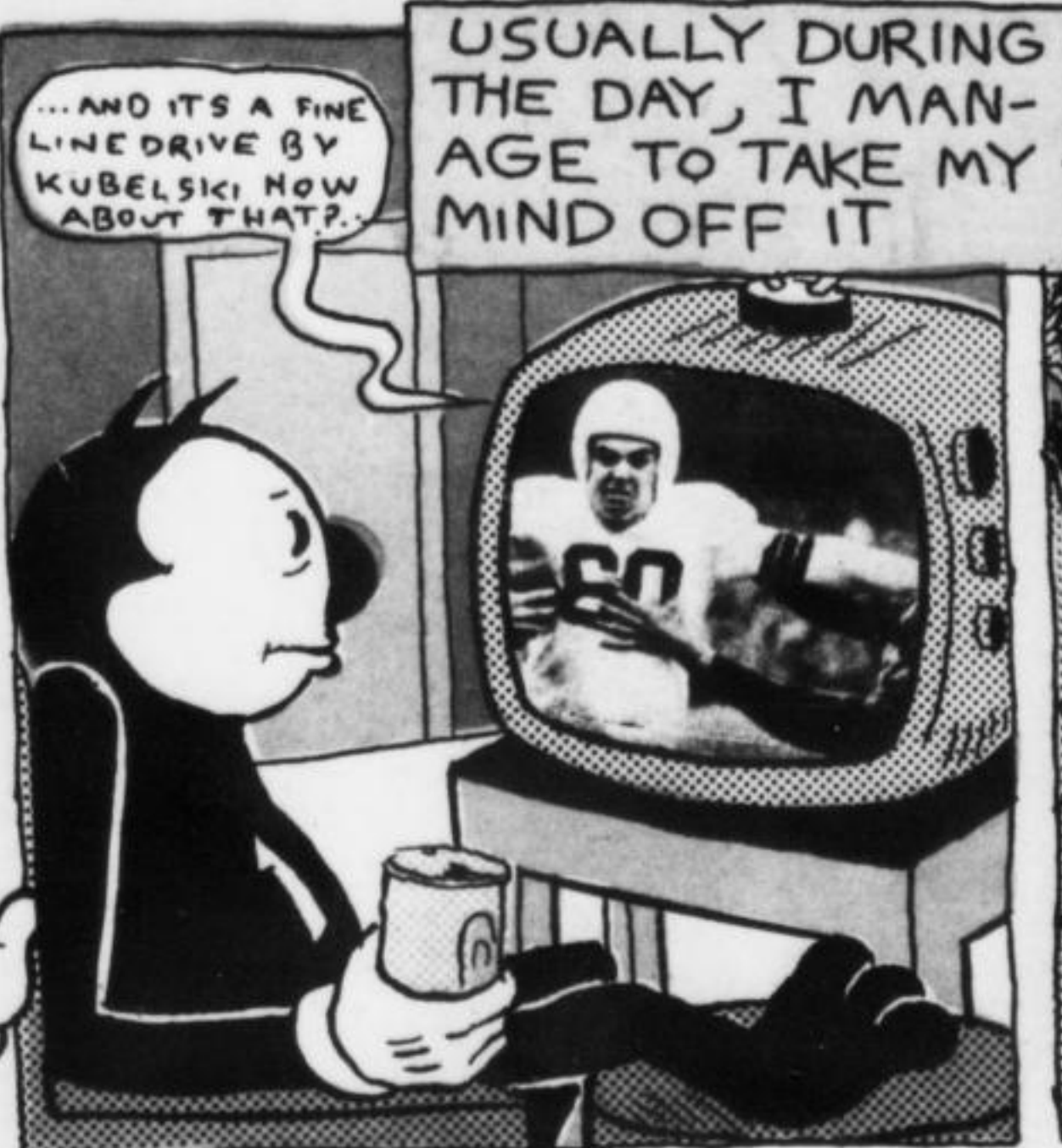
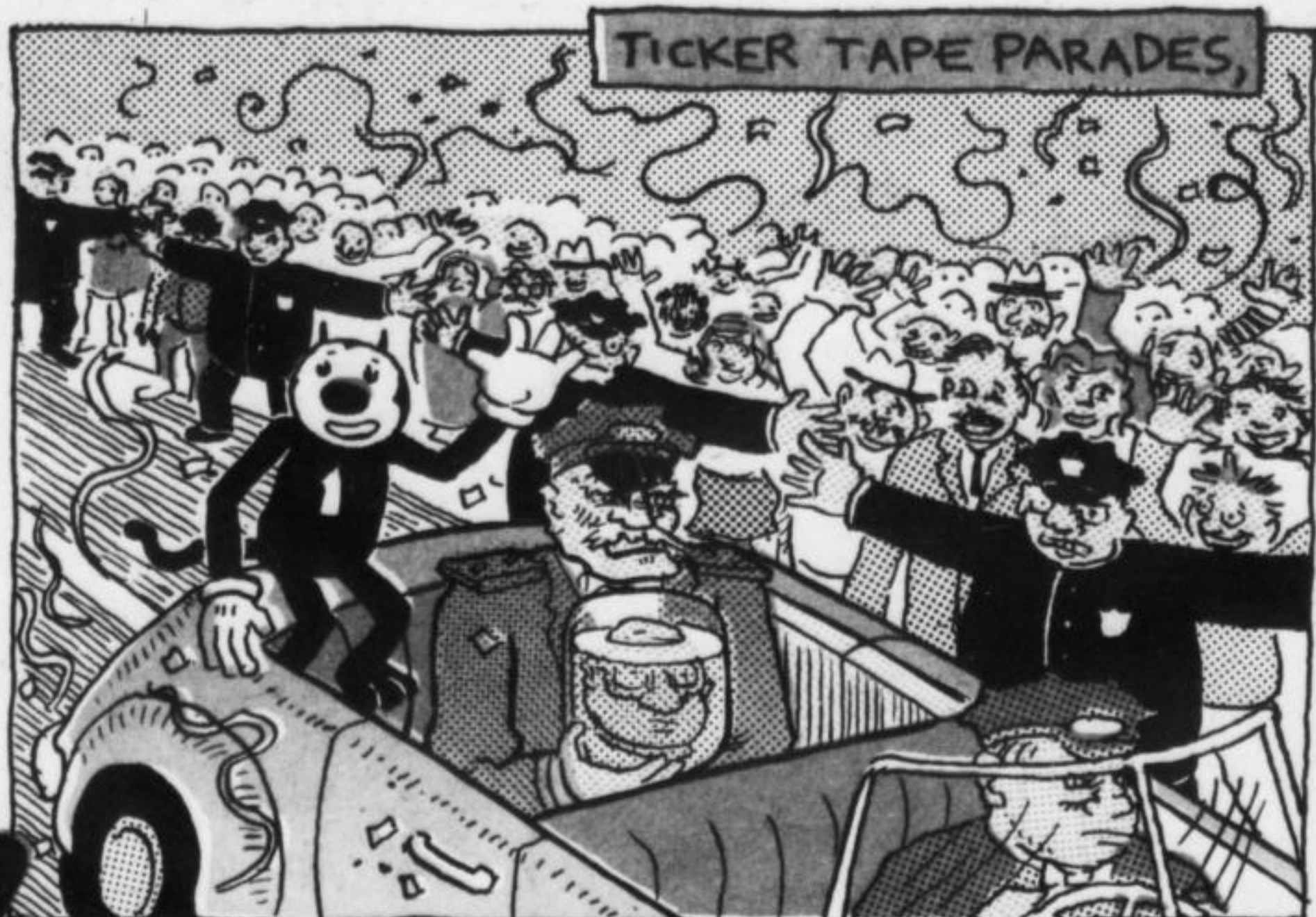
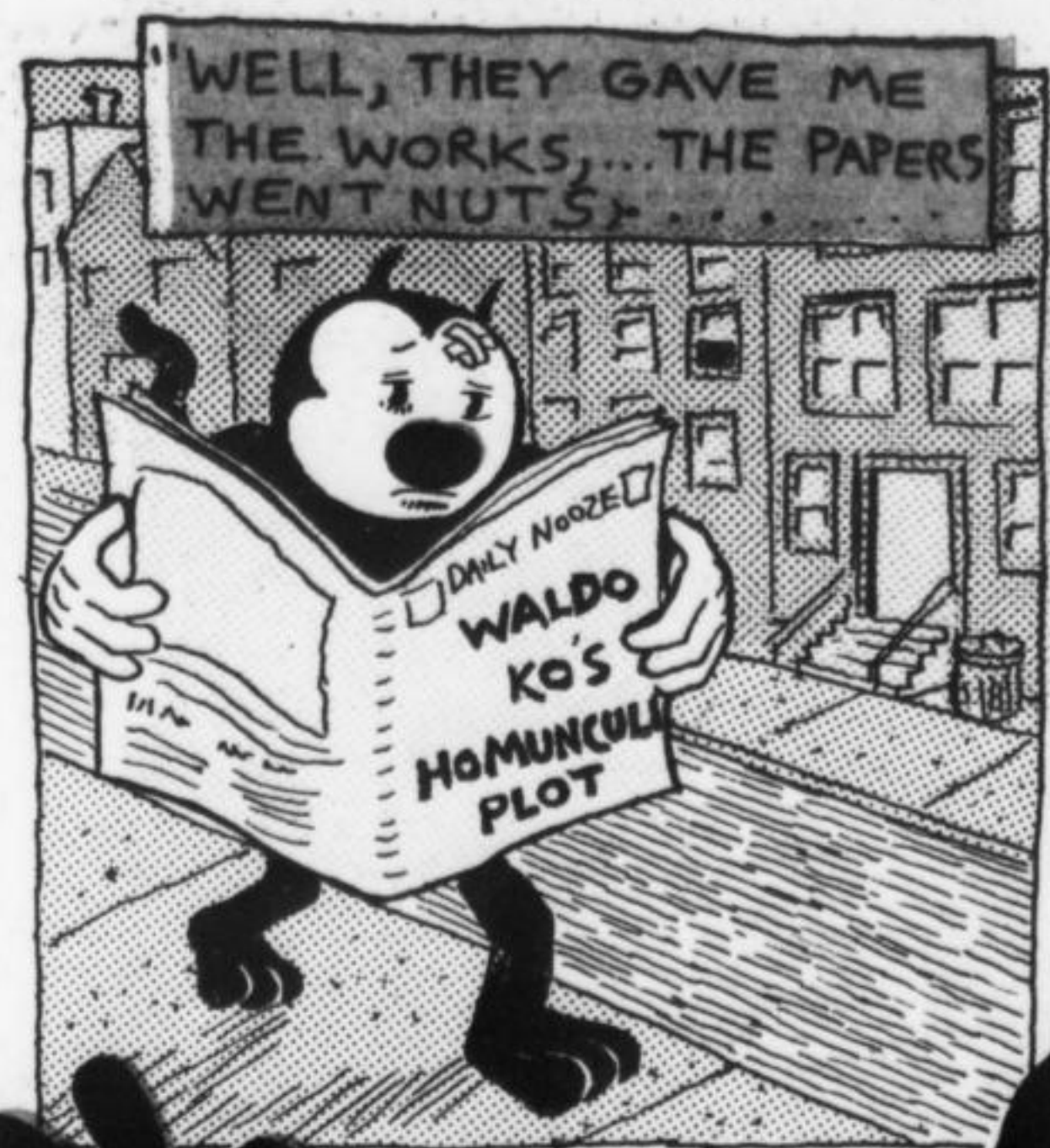


UNCLE FELIX GREETED ME WITH OPEN ARMS

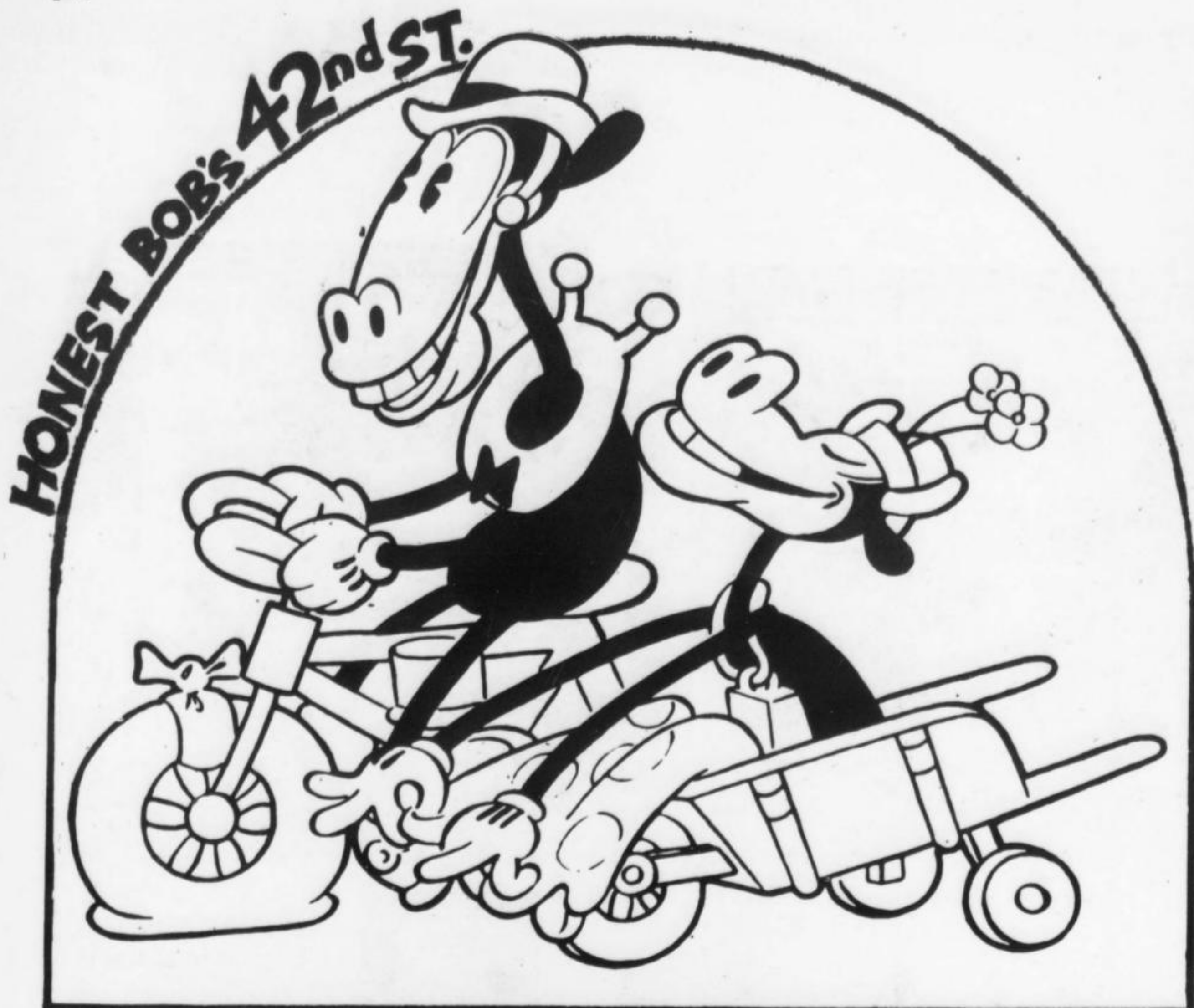


WALDO, WE MEET AT LAST!





The End



Ketchup you want? Ketchup you get. Alexander Jodorowsky uses all 57 varieties ad nauseam in *El Topo*, in addition to a lot of real corpuscle soup as red as Stalin's drawers. In the tradition of post Grand Guignol retching realism, Jodorowsky stomps 'em, stabs 'em, whips 'em, beats 'em, rapes 'em, castrates 'em, literally does whatever is necessary to exact from his actors the most portentous performances since the days when Joe Friday would tell a criminal "You slipped up..." and the band would come in DUM DA DUM DUM.

Like his first film, *Fando and Lis*, *El Topo* is about a quest. In *Fando and Lis* two fey lovers go around in surrealist circles looking for the "city of Tar." In the fruity unforgettable synopsis distributed to the press: "Fando and Lis realize that Tar is within themselves and that the only way to reach the promised city is by facing their personal ghosts. Fando, feeling that he has failed in his quest, kills Lis, and through that murder, he comes to understand himself." Cute? This is the prologue to *El Topo* ("the mole"): "El Topo is an animal that burrows underground; sometimes El Topo reaches the surface; he stares up at the sun, and goes blind." *El Topo* is a more personal quest for Jodorowsky (who, despite his mordant realism, has never killed anyone), in the course of which he symbolically snuffs a number of his own — and by extension, God's — nemeses.

El Topo is a cowboy who has a thick black beard and a black leather cowboy suit with pearl-handled guns, silver bullets and disemboweling knives. Riding around with him on his black horse is a naked little boy who is Jodorowsky's in real life; and since Jodorowsky plays El Topo, I assume he is El Topo's son, a distinction of some importance since later he turns up as maybe the son of God — and where does that leave El Topo? Anyway, they ride into this town where everybody has been massacred. In retribution, El Topo hunts down three fetishist-banditos and finds out that "the Colonel" did it. He tracks down the Colonel, who is raping a

nun while his men massacre another town and rape four young monks. He castrates the Colonel, who says to him, "Who are you to judge me?" "I am God," El Topo modestly replies.

El Topo trades in his little kid for the defiled nun and rides off into the desert. She tells him that in order for her to love him, he's got to be "the best"; and the way to be that is to off the "four masters," who are sort of Zen gunslingers domiciled here and there in the desert. First, however, there is an Adamic interlude where they're living simply in the desert, and they're looking for food. She spreads her legs and he digs in the sand, finding eggs. Positions reversed, she finds only smashed ping pong balls, demonstrating thereby his relative metaphysical purity.

Anyway, he snuffs these guys as requested, cheating, of course, since they all are pure and he's not so pure. They tell him he should work on his purity; and after he kills the last one he goes nuts and runs around burning their corpses and so on. Finally, a mysterious woman, who has been tagging along bullwhipping and tonguing the nun, shoots him and rides off with her. Left for dead and somewhat disillusioned, he is picked up by a band of foraging freaks (of the deformed, not turned on, congenital syphilitic variety), who bring him to their mountain home and he goes into a lotus for about thirty years or long enough for his hair and beard to turn white.

He wakes to find himself cared for by a female midget who is in love with him. He also finds that the freaks have been put into the mountain by the evil townspeople outside. He vows to free them. He has his head, beard, eyebrows and what all shaved. Then he goes to beg in the town with the midget who loves him.

The town is a Western town to the point where the signs read City Marshall and Land Office (this is a Mexican film). The people are evil as can be, branding the flesh of their black slaves, etc. They practice a strange religion symbolized by an eye in a triangle (whatever else it

means, that's the sign on the back of a dollar bill, and the whole scene is a metaphor for yanqui imperialism and lackeys), whose ceremony involves a test of faith by Russian roulette. This is done with a blank shell, until one day a monk comes along, who is apparently the son who was swapped for the nun. He uses a real shell and some kid blows his brains out, which causes a religious crisis and a revival of Christianity.

Meanwhile, El Topo and the midget have been digging a tunnel to the freaks. One day they are hired at gunpoint to make love for laughs at an orgy in town. Later he asks her to marry him. The priest recognizes him and, mad about being abandoned, wants to kill him. They convince him to wait till the tunnel is finished. To move things along, he puts on the old gunfighter duds and digs with them. Finally they break through, but now he can't kill him; "I can't kill my master." Meanwhile, all the freaks run into town and get massacred. El Topo grabs a gun from one of the townspeople and massacres all of THEM. Then he immolates himself. Meanwhile, the midget has given birth to another son and she rides off with the first son. All this in a compact 2½ hours.

I don't know why people are going around saying *El Topo* is the greatest movie ever made. I suspect it's on the level of when the "Colonel" comes out of a doorway followed by a herd of swine, all the radicals snicker. But Jodorowsky's mixture of revolutionary propaganda with quixotic Christian/Zen evangelism comes down to an apocalyptic High Noon wherein he personally frees the people and dispatches the neocolonialist blasphemers; and that borders on egotism. In addition, he has synthesized

every surrealist cliché since the Andalusian dog days of Luis Bunuel into the most tedious film style I've seen in a while.

El Topo is shown every night at the Elgin at midnight.

One of the more objectionably opportunistic stepping stones in *El Topo*'s ego trip is the showy use of freaks, more so because Tod Browning's 1932 horror masterpiece *Freaks* is in town. Among other things, *Freaks* creates a touchingly human drama between circus freaks; then throws it into ambiguity in the horrifying end when our sympathies are shocked onto the side of decidedly evil "normal" characters, broaching a moral uneasiness that is by no means resolved by leaving the theatre.

The story is about a beautiful (sic) trapeze artist who marries a dwarf for his fortune, and the revenge the freaks take on her: they graft her head onto a duck. The bulk of the film is a sympathetic look at the lives of the dwarves, pinheads, sword swallows, fire eaters, legless and bearded women, the living torso, hermaphrodites, and others, spiced with the high camp of Wallace Ford and Roscoe Ates walking around like Abbott and Costello.

Some of the horror scenes, particularly the scene where the freaks crawl through the mud beneath the circus wagons to attack the cringing strong man, are as scary as anything ever done. And the scariest moment is when you realize that there — but for the contingency of fate or grace of God — go you.

Freaks is with *White Zombie* at the Bijou Theatre, a nifty new low-priced revival house located conveniently for 42nd Streeters at Broadway and 45th.

FABLE BY TITUS

Once two pigs were arguing. One said to the other, you're a pig. And the other replied in kind.

MORAL: It's nice to see a friendly face around you.

Typed by

the IBM Free Enterprise
Fable Typing Corporation

Once a lost bird flew to Algeria. The crows received him with open arms and wings extended in fraternal solidarity.

MORAL: Algeria's okay if you're a bird.

EARTHLIGHT

I haven't had such a feeling of warm good vibrations since last May when we trashed the Federal Building in Baltimore, Maryland; smashed the front windows in, tore down the picture of Richard Nixon, put up a Viet Cong flag and smoked half a kilo of dope. But "Earthlight" is less parochial. I'd recommend it for all purposes like acid trips and seductions of airline stewardesses or busboys from Queens. I'd even recommend it as therapeutic if your parents should happen to come in from Des Moines to convince you to go back to medical school.

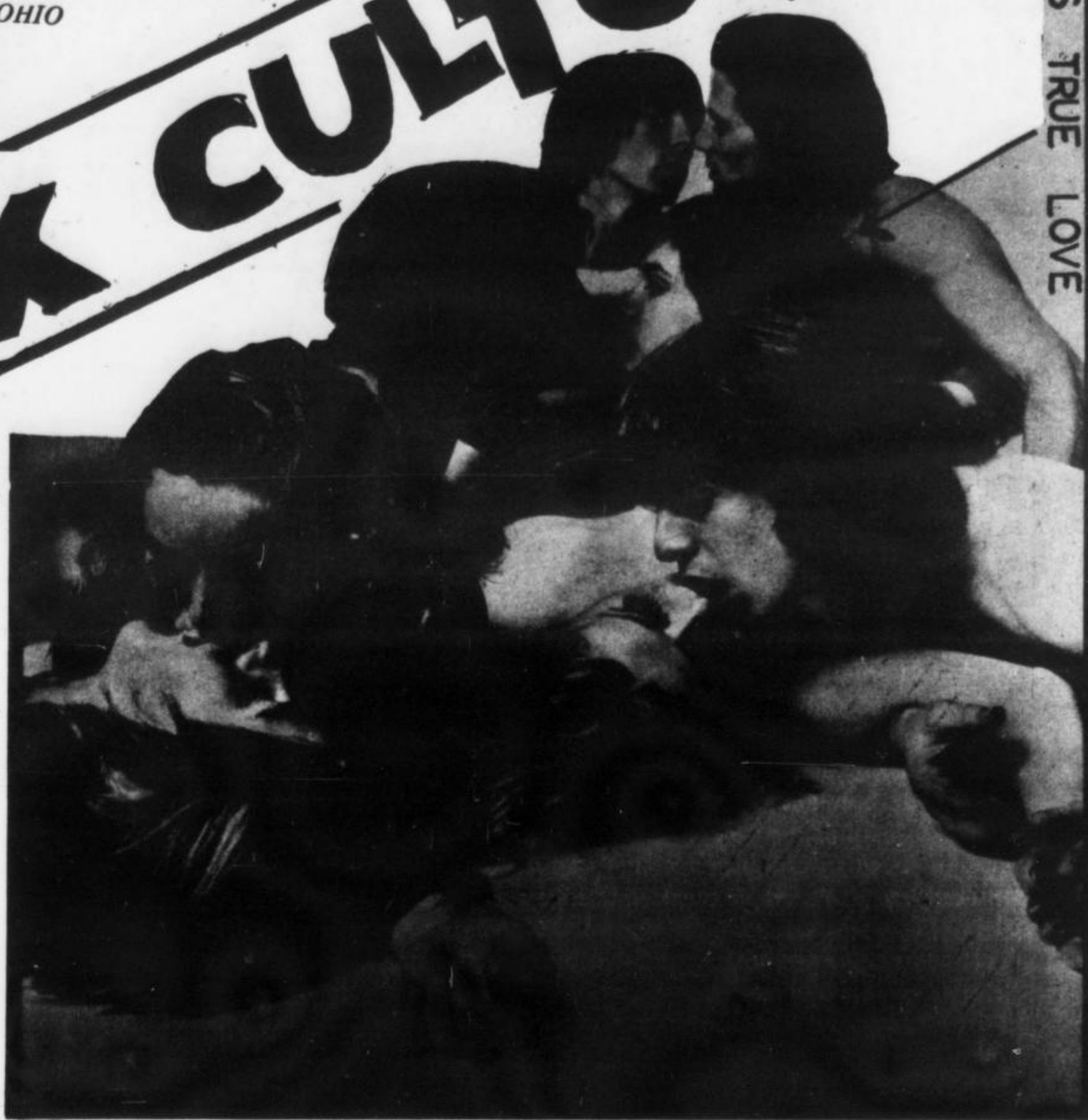
by P.J. O'Rourke

EARTHLIGHT
Garrick Theatre
152 Bleecker St., 533-8270

PJ IS FONDLY REMINDED
OF HIS YOUTH AS A
HIPPIE IN TOLEDO
OHIO

CLUE CLUX CULTURE.

PJS TRUE LOVE



NO WHERE NEAR THE DIRTIEST
SHOW IN TOWN IF YOU HAPPEN TO
KNOW D.A. LATIMER

THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN

Astor Place Theatre
434 Lafayette St., 254-4370

This is going to be a hard review to write because "The Dirtiest Show in Town" is a boring piece of shit and I fell in love with the cast and I feel bad about having to put down what they have obviously worked so hard to save. The Theatre of the Eye Repertory Company produced the best acting of the worst play since the Japanese surrendered to MacArthur. They are really fantastic and they sure as hell deserve something better than this crap. Not only is there that problem but the direction is superb, obviously the work of a first-rate director. Unfortunately, this first-rate director also wrote the play and as a play-wright he's a first-rate director. Tom Eyen, what is this shit? I used to make up better dialogue than that to get the airline reservation girls to tell me if my stand-by flight was filled. TDSIT is a limp (!) fuck show strung together with some comedy skits about "faggots," "dykes," "swinging," high apartment rents and the Village Voice (whatever that is). The

worst thing about these jokes is that they aren't funny. The second worse thing is that they represent the first concerted attempt to show a lower level of political consciousness than the 1968 Democratic convention. And as a fuck show... well, they do have some pretty bodies up on stage there. I can't take that away from them. But pretty bodies are cheap in the big city. And if you folks out in Disneyland think that TDSIT is gross you should have been around back in '69 when Paul Krassner came through Cincinnati. If only the jokes had been funny, I could forgive Eyen for exposing a socio-economic comprehension that sounds like a synopsis for "Gidget Reads Screw." I suffered watching the cast do everything humanly possible to milk the few good lines only to have to sink back into a morass of blue Rowan and Martin

gags. What flatus! — smoking room humor about the concerns of the lackey mentality — of the bourgeoisie, for the bourgeoisie, by the bourgeoisie. I will not dignify it with the word bullshit — a term I reserve for high-level dialectic struggle.

But the cast was something else. I think that William Duffy played Cyril the night I saw it but whether it was he or the regular actor (Jeffery Herman) that effeminate outcast part was played for everything it was worth. Cyril has the best lines in the play, but that's not much. The program doesn't make it at all clear who plays what but the old lady

(Elsa Tresko, I think) does a fine job with what Eyen has given her to work with. My favorite by far was the 'skinny dark-haired girl who plays Connie the dyke. As closely as I can figure out this is Nana Winter but she's pointed out in the visual, whoever she is. She isn't given much time but she exhibits the most earthy sexual appeal in a cast that I thought was made up too shaved and smooth to be really sexy. (I'm sure this was intentional.) Admittedly, my heart is easily stolen, but my aesthetic critique is rarely moved. Nana Winter moves my aesthetic critique.

"Earthlight" isn't the title. The play, or whatever, is an untitled collection of short pieces by the Earthlight Ensemble. But there's no feeling of sketches exactly.

The cast of ten mime, dance and speak through a smoothly fitted series of little psychologies dealing, mostly, with human relations. I think their idea is to produce a kind of enlightened sensitivity training without the grim horseshit and *mea culpa* junk ("Ok, who's going to admit they're a homosexual tonight?"). This is a nice idea, mushy, but nice. I was there with another writer, Grace von Hulsteyn and we represent the Shirley-Temple-hearted-cynic school of behavior (three drinks and I once tried to get Ohio Express to play "As Time Goes By"). Well, we fell for it right away. That's not entirely to our credit because "Earthlight" is maybe too sweet and groovy. It's like they're making a very cogent statement of what the hippie movement is all about four years too late. If media burn hadn't ravaged everything east of Cornell and west of Reno, "Earthlight" would have been a good way for Walter Hickle to be briefed before going to see "Hair." But I'm not putting it down. I'm just agape at some people's limitless optimism. "Earthlight" is completely without pretension or hip chauvinism. It is devoid of the plastic beauty hype. And it maintains a consistently high level of metaphysical consciousness without ever going off into the esoteric yoga-u-manship that Allan Watts once described as "You wouldn't understand even if I were allowed to tell you." I felt that the Earthlight Ensemble were friendly, sincere people working hard to create good theatre that neither condescends nor overreaches. If the end product isn't profound that alone should be relief enough to make you go see it.

The performance is held together and reinforced by the band, Pure Love And Pleasure. Musically they're competent and work well with the players but they have a girl vocalist, Pegge May, who sings like Tracey Nelson out of Janice Joplin and Billie Holiday. She's just a fucking knock-out.

The Earthlight Ensemble has been together for a couple of years, starting out in New York, then up Woodstock direction, out to the coast, around the country and back — tracing the route of many New York freaks. This tramping seems to me to be in the best theatrical tradition (*a la* The Seventh Seal) and a considerable improvement over the dog-eat-shit world of the big time. It's these artistic communes that provide the most interesting stuff in the new arts — from the Pranksters through the San Francisco Mime Troupe and the Grateful Dead, Hogfarm and the Weathermen. I mean, it's all art, isn't it? (Q: And Charles Manson? A: And Charles Manson.)

My real interest in companies like the Earthlight Ensemble has to do with things that have happened to the theatre as an entity these fifty years. The live performance (especially outside New York) is in trouble. The classist structure which supported the likes of opera and ballet long beyond their life-span as are forms is giving way to a less romantic fascism and the theatre as a true dramatic form got offed by the media. Drama depends on the suspension of disbelief. Movies and television provide suspension of that disbelief with much less audience effort than even the best theatre. There you are, watching Arthur Miller's "The Price" for your \$14 seats in the extreme wing of the balcony and you can see the stage hands behind the curtain and hear

the actors fuck up their lines and cues (if you can year them at all) and you're perfectly aware of the unrealistic scenery, etc., etc. All of which makes it hard for you to slip into the belief that you're watching some slice of life just like the lord God himself would. Now at the movies you can stare at Rachel Qelche's tit fifteen times and it's perfect because they shot 12,000 feet of film to get those three seconds of tit and it ain't her tit anyway, it's plastic. Movies are realer than real. And theatre can't compete for DRAMATIC impact. So out go Chekhov, Ibsen and Shaw and in come Zanuck, Mayer and Warner AND the musical but Busby Berkley soon discovers that that too can be filmed better than acted and this left a lot of dreary fuckers like Tennessee Williams, Albee and Miller who wanted to angst everyone to death, except their stuff, when it was any good, grossed more at the movie houses too and the theatre should have died a graceful death. So much for PJ's one sentence history of the modern play. But there were a couple of die-hard fools left around who had no respect for their fiscal security and knew there are certain things that live actors can do to audiences that movies and TV can't. All those happenings, cacaphonic dance experiments and weird shit off-Broadway, o f f - o f f - B r o a d w a y a n d off-off-off-Broadway ever since have been the performing arts trying to figure out what those things are (and not being any too successful). In fact, as far as I'm concerned, the only truly powerful live performances in the past thirty or forty years have been those of Blues, Jazz and Rock musicians (sure Strauss is great but how many people have heard anything but his score for "2001"?). I'm not

(Continued on Page 23)

To shift to another level, "Dirtiest Show" IS a put-on. It's designed to be a commercial success and I'm sure Tom Eyen knows it doesn't carry much weight. The program is also a put-on so it's pretty hard to tell what's going on but the impression is that at least some of the Theatre of the Eye Repertory Company have been together and with Tom Eyen for some time. This would mean that they have some faith in him and, probably, that he has written better stuff (I know he's written OTHER stuff). This doesn't excuse TDSIT for being a bore but it does give me an opportunity to talk briefly about some of the commercial (read: paper tiger capitalist running dog lackey of pig U.S. imperialism) problems in the theatre — like eating. There are five thousand actors in New York. Some may be better than others but most of them have tried hard. Six hundred are working. That's four thousand four hundred hungry actors and you don't know what to do with yourself on Saturday night or can't afford to do it if you do. I don't think I have to tell you where the fuck-up lies. Scarsdale businessmen set respectable fuck shows from four thousand four hundred people who are holding part time jobs and getting food stamps to try to perpetrate something else entirely. Even with TDSIT a hit, the company isn't getting rich. The Astor Place theatre is too small and I know the actors are only making about \$135 dollars a week. They needed a hit, not to get fat, but to keep going at all. So TDSIT is drawing the Scarsdale types with hygienic sham ballings and "anti-establishment" humor that won't cut anyone too deep. I don't like to see art forms made the whore but it's even worse to watch artists work so hard to breath life into trash. Not only that but when I go around to the stage door with a dozen long-stemmed roses ripped-off from an uptown florist, Nana Winter will probably slam it in my face.

RADICAL'S GUIDE TO GRAND JURIES

WHAT THEY ARE

AND WHAT TO DO

IF ONE WANTS TO SPEAK

TO YOU

system have shown that the poor, the young, women and the third world population are systematically excluded from serving.

On the Federal level, service is compulsory. On the New York State level, service is voluntary. To give you an idea of how grand jurors are chosen — this is how it's done in New York. From the voter registration list, the county clerk selects those he will write to, asking them to serve on the grand jury. So far, he generally only invites those over 35. If a person receiving such a letter decides to volunteer to serve, he/she is then asked to a personal interview. After the interview a credit check is run on the individual. The county clerk then decides whether or not to accept the volunteer. Other pools of volunteers for service come either from recommendations of former grand jurors or from large corporations (i.e., Con Edisin, etc.) who regularly ask their junior executives to volunteer for service.

SUBPOENAS

You are summoned before either a federal or state grand jury by subpoena. These subpoenas come in two varieties. Usually a subpoena will compel only your presence before the grand jury at a specific time and place, but some subpoenas (subpoena duces tecum) will compel your presence along with certain records (financial books, minutes, letters, etc.). You must be served personally with either type of subpoena. It can't be left with a friend, relative or spouse to pass on.

If you are personally served with a subpoena, the very first thing to do is contact a lawyer. Although you do not have a great many options opened to you once served, there are some and these should be calmly and carefully discussed.

CHALLENGING A SUBPOENA

After discussion you and your attorney may decide to challenge the issuance of the subpoena. There are very few effective grounds upon which you may challenge a subpoena. The most important one, however, is lack of proper service, or in the case of subpoena duces tecum, that the papers requested are either not in existence or are not in your possession or control. The judge hearing the motion will decide whether or not to grant it. If he rules in your favor, you won't have to appear. If he doesn't grant your motion, you'll have to appear.

YOUR GENERAL RIGHTS

Once before the grand jury, your basic right is your fifth amendment privilege against self-incrimination. Under both federal and state law you cannot be compelled to be a witness against yourself — to give evidence that incriminates or tends to incriminate you. There is a great body of law built up around the use and misuse of the "privilege." In some instance you might legitimately claim your privilege when asked the very first question — specifically your name. When to invoke the privilege and when not to is complicated.

By answering a certain question, even though the answer to that particular question does not incriminate or tend to incriminate you, you may waive your right to claim the privilege on other questions in the same general area — by answering you have "opened the door" to that line of questioning. For instance, you may be asked if you know John Doe. If you answer yes, you may then be asked when you saw him last. Suppose the answer to that second question is the night he bought some grass from you.

A good general rule of thumb is to answer no more than your name, address and age, unless you and your attorney feel that answering even those questions would tend to incriminate you. In this instance, suppose a homicide victim was found with your name scribbled in blood next to the body — giving your name would tend to incriminate you.

A second right that you have is the right to counsel — but grand jury proceedings are secret so your lawyer will not be allowed into the grand jury room with you. Therefore, the only way to avail yourself of your right to counsel is to leave the grand jury room after each question in order to consult with your attorney who will be out in the hall. However, while you do have this right to counsel, you do not definitely have the right to leave after every question. (Catch 22).

If you are appearing before either a state or federal grand jury and you have not been granted immunity you should be permitted to leave the grand jury room after each question is asked. You do this by requesting the foreman of the grand jury permission to leave the room to consult your attorney.

Consulting with your attorney in this fashion serves a number of functions. It enables you, together with your attorney to decide on a question-by-question basis if you should claim your privilege against self-incrimination. It enables both of you to keep a record of the questions and your answers. But the right to counsel between every question is vague, and the government's attorney may try to keep you from leaving after every question. You and your attorney will have to decide whether you should be the one to test the law.

Once immunity is granted things change somewhat if you are before a federal grand jury. For in this case you will be provided with the exact questions before entering the grand jury room so there is usually no need to consult with your attorney between questions. The questions you are to be asked will be annexed to the government's papers requesting immunity.

INVOKING YOUR PRIVILEGE

Invoking your fifth amendment privilege is a fairly simple matter. All you need do is simply say: "I refuse to answer that question and invoke my privilege against self-incrimination under the fifth amendment in that the answer may incriminate or tend to incriminate or degrade me." (It is a good idea to bring in a piece of paper on which that sentence is written.) Be careful though — an astute attorney's next question will be "why do you think answering that would incriminate you?" Don't explain! Just simply repeat the same sentence. Attempting to explain why you feel the question is incriminating will result in the waiving of your right to the privilege. No matter how sophisticated we may think we are, government attorneys are much more at home in the grand jury setting and have much more experience.

CHALLENGE TO THE PRIVILEGE

There is a possibility that your use of the privilege will be challenged by the foreman of the grand jury. He may challenge you on the following grounds. The privilege was improperly or ambiguously invoked. The answer to the question could not possibly incriminate you. You waived your privilege by already having answered a question on the same subject. If this happens, you will then be taken before a judge. (Grand juries meet in rooms of courtrooms, but not in official court rooms. Judges do not sit in grand jury rooms.)

The judge hearing the motion will decide whether or not you misused your privilege. If he feels that you have, you will be ordered by the court to return to the grand jury room and respond to the question. You can still refuse to answer the question — then you will be brought back before the judge who will order you to answer the question in front of him. Or when the judge first rules against you, he may order you to answer the question in the open courtroom and not order you back to the grand jury room. In either case, failure to respond will result in your being cited for contempt.

IMMUNITY

Sometimes the government may feel that the knowledge you possess is, in the long run, worth more than a prosecution against you and may try to grant you immunity. All that immunity means, generally, is that once immunity is conferred on you, the testimony you give cannot be used in a prosecution against you. This does not mean that you can't be prosecuted — all it means is that the evidence used against you cannot include the testimony you gave to the grand jury while under immunity. Immunity works differently from state to state and between state and federal inquiries.

In New York State, immunity cannot be granted until you have first claimed your fifth amendment privilege. Once you have claimed your privilege though, the foreman of the grand jury may grant you immunity. He is authorized to do so by a general immunity statute which lists those crimes for which immunity may be granted. (Your lawyer will be able to tell you if the grand jury foreman could legally be able to grant you immunity.)

Federal immunity cannot be granted until you have first gone before a grand jury and claimed your privilege. However, the new Organized Crime Control Act contains a new general immunity statute and it is unclear under this new law whether you must first claim your privilege before a grand jury, or whether an application for a grant of immunity may be made when the government feels it is "likely" that you will refuse to testify or provide other information on the basis of your privilege. In any event, federal immunity must be granted by a Federal District Judge upon a written application from a U.S. Attorney bearing the written approval of the attorney general of the United States.

You may be granted either one of

two types of immunity — use or transactional. New York State immunity is transactional. Let's say you bribed a cop and at the time you passed the bribe a third person saw you. If you were called before a New York State grand jury that granted you immunity and in responding to a question, admitted bribing a cop, you could not be prosecuted for bribery.

Federal immunity, under the new immunity law (contained in the Organized Crime Control Act) provides for use immunity. That means under the same circumstances described above, you could be prosecuted for bribery, because although they could not use your testimony, the third person who oversaw the act could be brought into court to testify against you. It is important to note, that in some instances, federal immunity may be transactional. (That is, like New York State.) The immunity portion of what we commonly refer to as the Rap Brown law (crossing state lines to incite a riot) provides for transactional immunity and that portion of the law will not be repealed until October 15, 1974.

CONTEMPT

Grand juries do not have the power to punish, only courts (judges) have. As you have probably gathered by now, contempt is the power of punishment the court has over you for refusing to play their ball game. Failure to: 1) respond to a subpoena, 2) produce records in response to a subpoena duces tecum, 3) answer a question after losing a challenge to your privilege or 4) answer a question after having been granted immunity will all produce this result.

If the judge finds your conduct contemptuous, he can hold you either in civil or criminal contempt. There is a very fine legal line between the two. Civil contempt tries to coerce you into cooperating, while criminal contempt is solely for the purpose of punishment.

If you are found to be in civil contempt, you can be held in jail either until a) you purge your contemptuous conduct — that means cooperate and answer the question you have previously refused to, or b) until the term of the grand jury before which you stood mute ends. Grand jury terms differ from state to state and between state and federal jurisdictions, but they can sit for as long as eighteen months and perhaps under certain circumstances longer.

If you are held in criminal contempt, you will receive a fixed sentence from which there is no recourse other than appeal to a higher court. In other words, in civil contempt, you hold the keys to your release — all you need do is talk. Criminal contempt offers no such alternative. Criminal contempt sentences differ, depending upon whether you refuse to talk before or after immunity is granted and whether you are before a state or federal grand jury. It can be anywhere from a few days to, in New York, four years.

BESIDES CONTEMPT

There are two other crimes surrounding grand jury appearances that you can be tried and jailed for. One of them is perjury — that is giving false testimony. Perjury sentences also differ between state and federal jurisdictions, but they can be as high as seven years in the case of New York.

The other crime, recently enacted by the new Organized Crime Control Act, makes crossing state lines to "knowingly" avoid service of a state grand jury subpoena or to avoid contempt proceedings a federal crime punishable by a maximum of five years and/or five thousand dollars.

General Approach

Intelligence is a big business in the United States and sometimes those of us in the movement can inadvertently aid the effort. One good way for this to happen is to testify before grand juries. An initial approach to such an appearance should always be to say as little as possible and claim the fifth amendment privilege as often as possible. Of course, once your privilege has been challenged or a grant of immunity has been given (neither one need happen in any given case) and the threat of jail is imminent, decisions become harder. It is then up to you, your movement lawyers and perhaps other brothers and sisters you are close to — to evaluate the political-legal situation and come up with what you know to be a correct way to handle the problem.

by Alicia Kaplow
and Ann Garfinkle

(National Lawyers Guild)

LIBERATION News Service

Grand juries were originally set up to protect Englishmen against the Monarch. But just as a lot of things have changed since then, so too have grand juries. Today, the grand jury is an arm of the DA's office. No matter what the investigation is, even the killing of two black students at Jackson State or four students at Kent State, it is not a friendly grouping of people whose only purpose is to find the truth and thereby determine whether any laws were broken.

Often, a grand jury will be impaneled in an attempt to discover "evidence" which state or federal agents have been unable to learn. Actions which you may view as totally innocent, or more, often, irrelevant may — when pieced together — provide just the necessary evidence needed to prosecute you, a brother or a sister.

TYPES OF GRAND JURIES

Grand juries exist on both state and federal levels. Federal grand juries can investigate to determine whether any federal laws have been broken — for example conspiracy to cross state lines to incite riot. Similarly, state grand juries investigate to find infractions of state laws such as possession of marijuana.

WHO SERVES ON GRAND JURIES

On both the New York State and Federal level, grand jurors are usually picked from voter registration lists. However, law suits that have challenged the grand jury selection

BUKOWSKI - from pg 24

Then The Double announced that he would take a pleasure drive... that it pleased him to be driven about in the rain..."

"And the rest?" asked the old man. "The Double is dead."

"Fine. Let's get on with it then. History and Science have arrived on Time."

The agents began walking the President toward one of the two operating tables. They asked him to disrobe. The old man walked to the other table. Dr.'s Graf and Voelker climbed into their medical gowns and made ready for the task.

The younger-looking of the 2 men arose from one of the operating tables. He dressed himself in the President's clothing, then walked to the full-length mirror on the north wall. He stood for a good 5 minutes. Then he turned.

"It is miraculous! Not even any operating scars... no recuperating period. Congratulations, gentlemen! How do you do it?"

"Well, Adolph," answered one of the doctors, "we've come a long way since..."

"WAIT! I am never to be addressed as 'Adolph' again... until the proper time, until I say so! ...Until then, there will be no German spoken... I am now the President of the United States of America!"

"Yes, Mr. President!"

Then he reached and touched above his upper lip:

"But I do miss the old mustache!"

They smiled.

Then he asked:

"And the old man?"

"We've placed him in the bed. He will not awaken for 24 hours. At this moment... everything... all appendages of the operation have been destroyed, dissolved. All we need do is walk out of here," said Dr. Graf. "But... Mr. President, it is my suggestion that this man be..."

"No, I tell you, he's helpless! Let him suffer as I have suffered!"

He walked over to the bed and looked down at the man. A white-haired old man in his 80's.

"Tomorrow I'll be in his private home. I wonder how his wife will enjoy my love-making?" he gave a small laugh.

"I'm sure, mine Fuhrer... I'm sorry! Please! I'm sure, Mr. President, that she will enjoy your love-making very much."

"Let's leave this place, then. The doctors first, to go their way. Then the rest of us... one or two at a time... a transfer of cars, then a good night's sleep at the Whitehouse."

The old man with the white hair awakened. He was alone in the room. He could escape. He got out of the bed in search of his clothing and as he walked across the room he saw an old man in a full-length mirror.

No, he thought, on my god, no!

He raised an arm. The old man in the

mirror raised an arm. He moved forward. The old man in the mirror enlarged. He looked down at his hands - wrinkled, and not his hands! And he looked down at his feet! They weren't his feet! It wasn't his body!

"My God!" he said aloud, "OH MY GOD!"

Then he heard his voice. It wasn't even his own voice. They'd transferred the voice box also. He felt his throat, his head with his fingers. No scars! No scars anywhere. He got into the old man's clothing and ran down the stairway. At the first door he knocked on the door marked "Landlady."

The door opened. An old woman.

"Yes, Mr. Tilson?" she asked.

"Mr. Tilson? Lady, I am the President of the United States of America! This is an emergency!"

"Oh, Mr. Tilson, you're so funny!"

"Look, where's your telephone?"

"Right where it has always been, Mr. Tilson. Just to the left of the entrance door."

He felt in his pockets. They had left him change. He looked into the wallet. \$18. He put a dime in the phone.

"Lady, what's the address here?"

"Now, Mr. Tilson, you know the address. You've lived here for years! You're acting very strange today, Mr. Tilson. And I want to tell you something else!"

"Yes, yes... what is it?"

"I want to remind you that your rent is due today!"

"Oh, lady, please tell me the address here!"

"As if you didn't know! It's 2435 Shoreham Drive."

"Yes," he said into the phone, "cab? I want a cab at 2435 Shoreham Drive. I'll be waiting on the first floor. My name? My name? All right, my name is Tilson..."

It's no use going to the Whitehouse, he thought, they have that covered... I'll go to the largest newspaper. I'll tell them. I'll tell the editor everything, everything that happened...

The other patients laughed at him. "See that guy? The guy that kinda looks like that dictator-fellow, what's-his-name, only a lot older. Anyhow, when he came in here a month ago he claimed that he was the President of the United States of America. That was a month ago. He doesn't say it too much now. But he sure likes to read the newspapers. I never saw a guy who was so eager to read a newspaper. He does know a lot about politics, though. I guess that's what drove him crazy. Too much politics."

The dinner bell rang. All the patients responded. Except one.

A male nurse walked up to him.

"Mr. Tilson?"

There wasn't any answer.

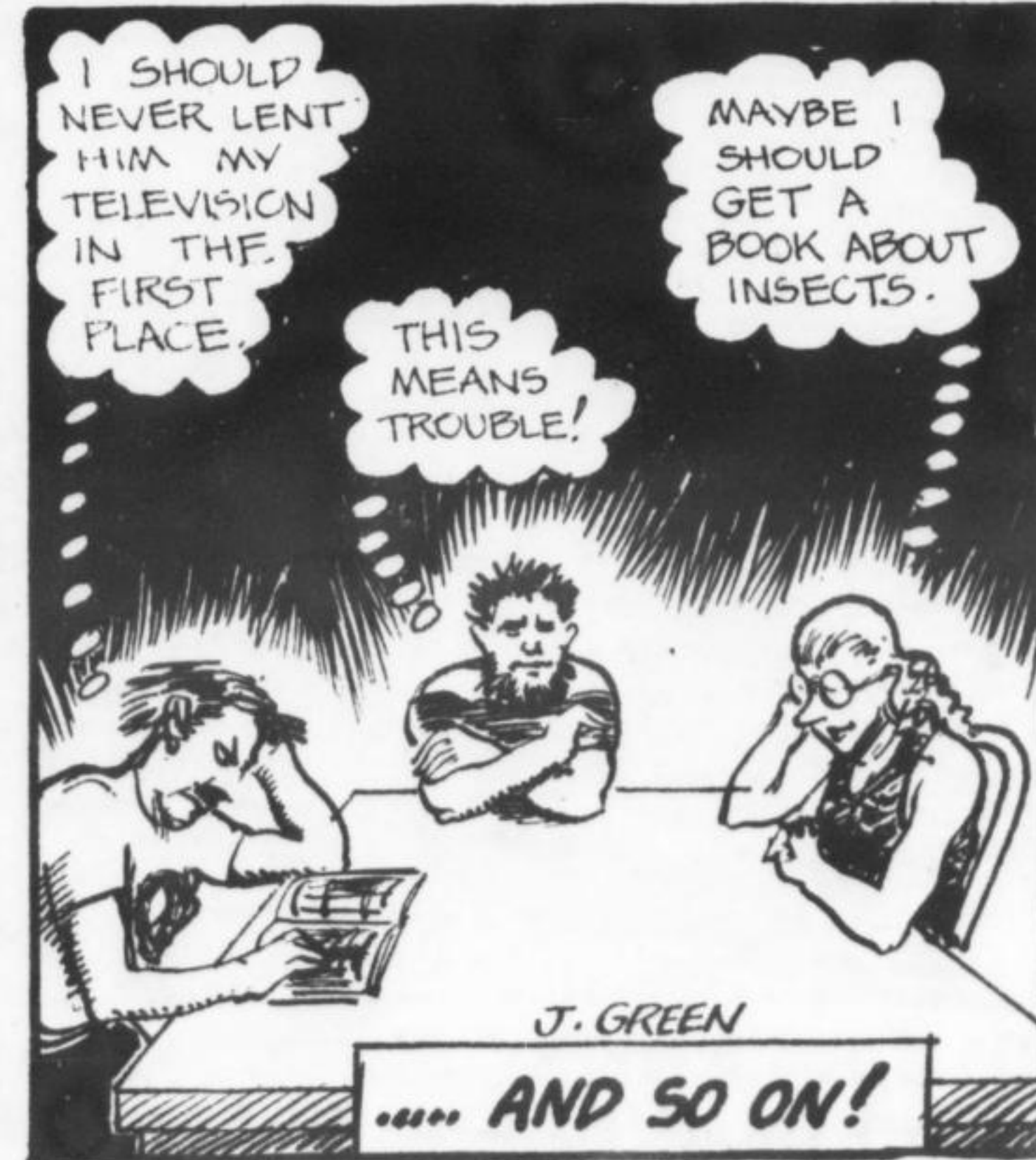
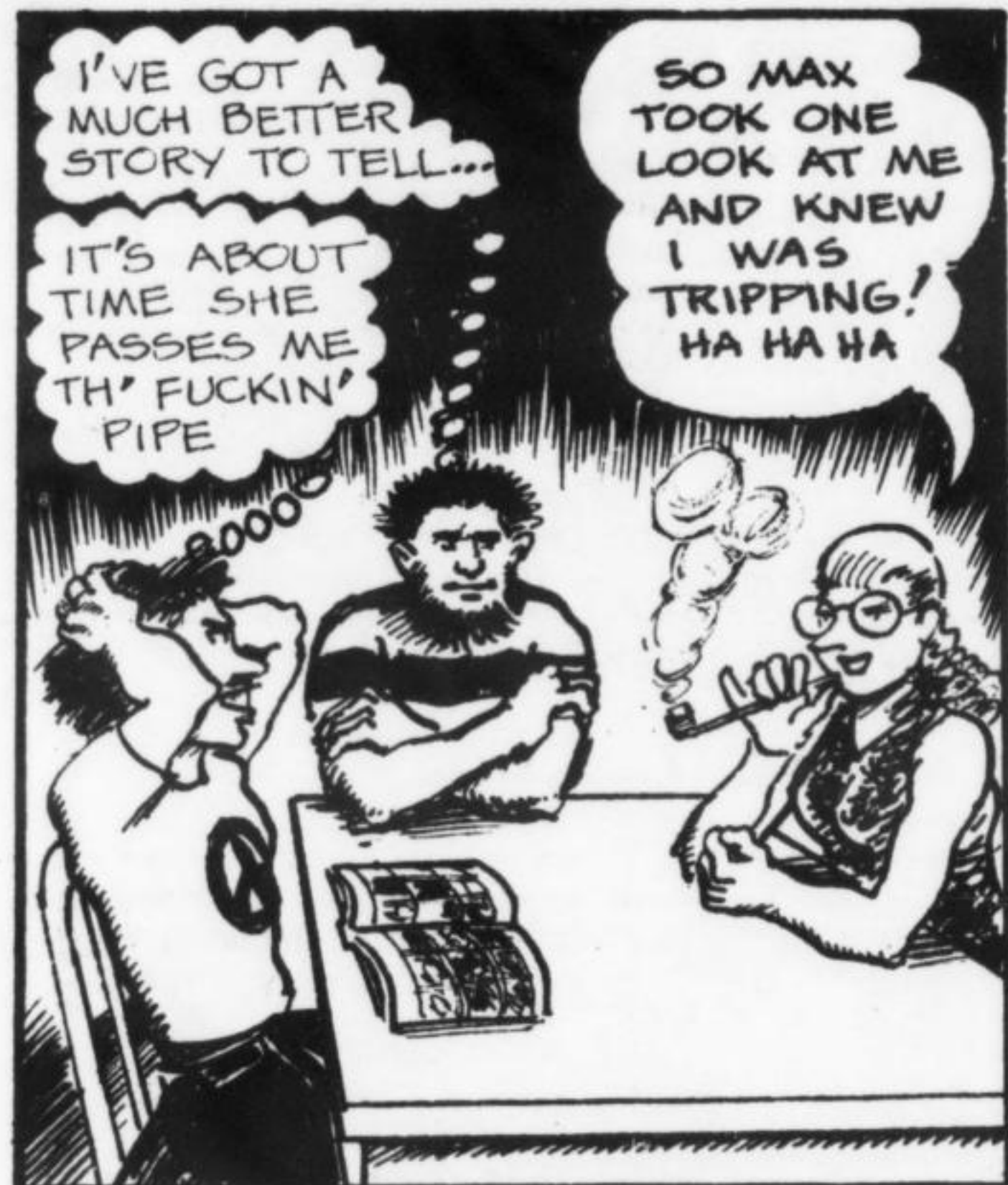
"MR. TILSON!"

"Oh... yes?"

"It's time to eat, Mr. Tilson!"

The old white-haired man rose and walked slowly toward the patient's dining room.

SHOWING AND TELLING TIME

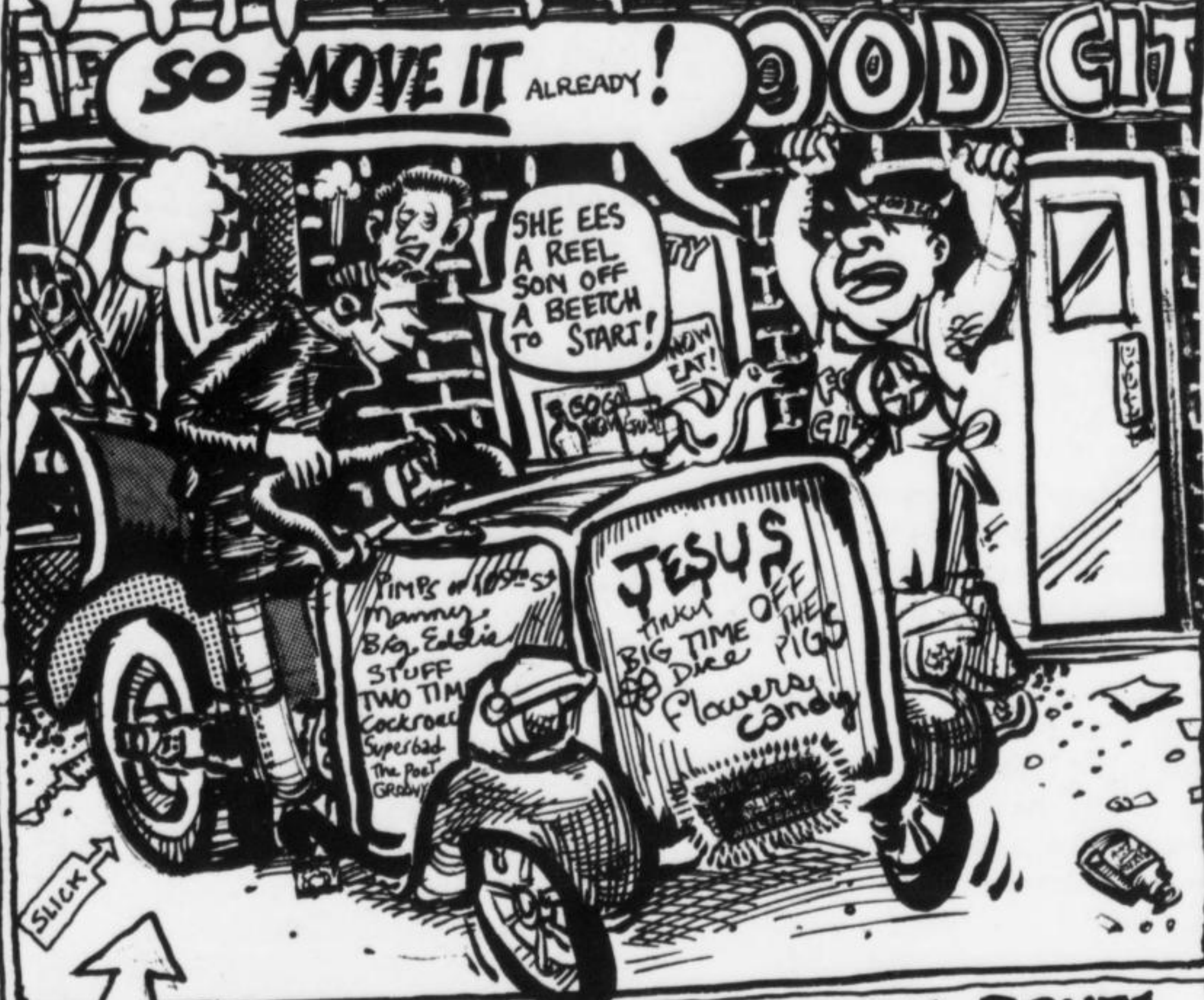


J. GREEN

.... AND SO ON!

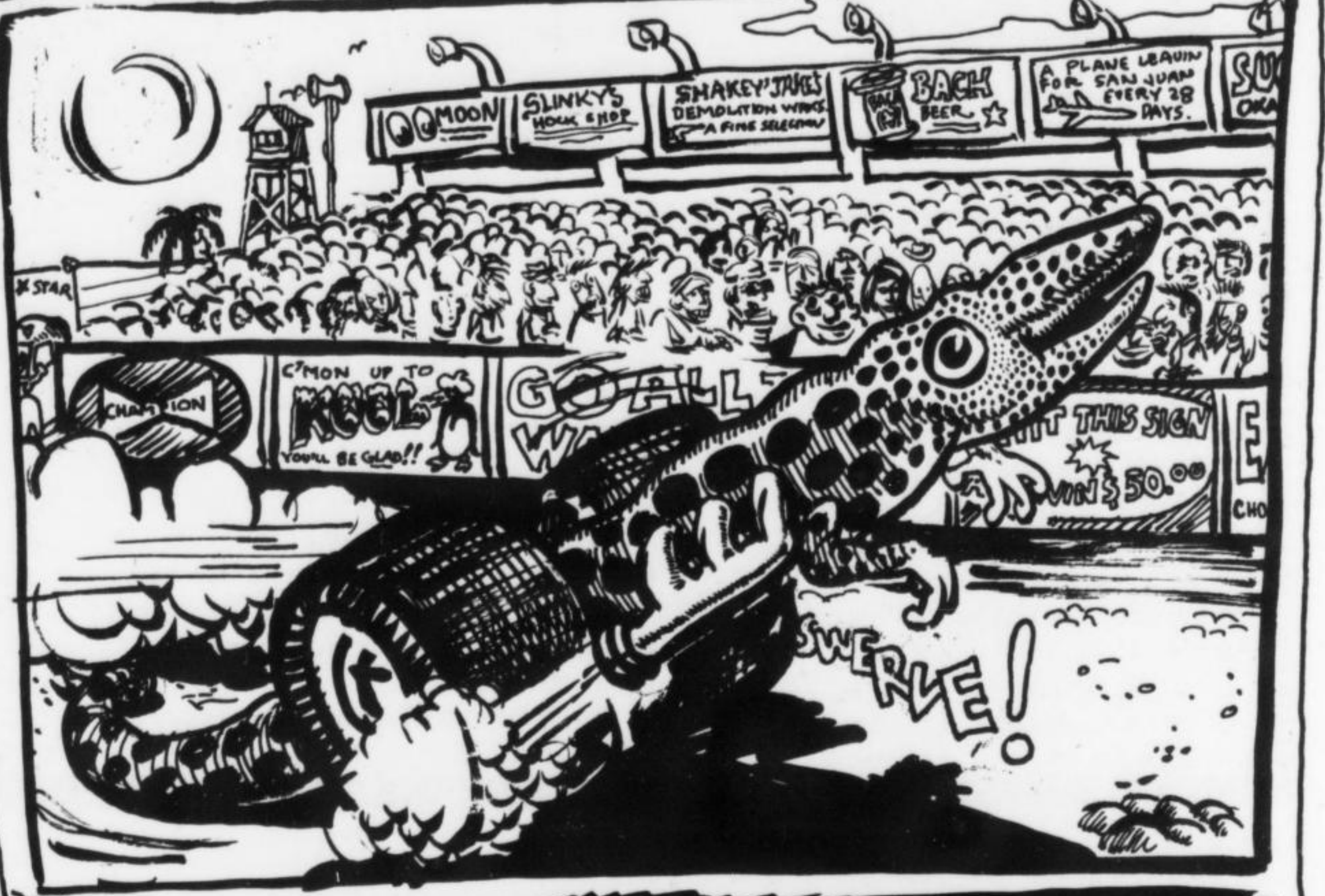
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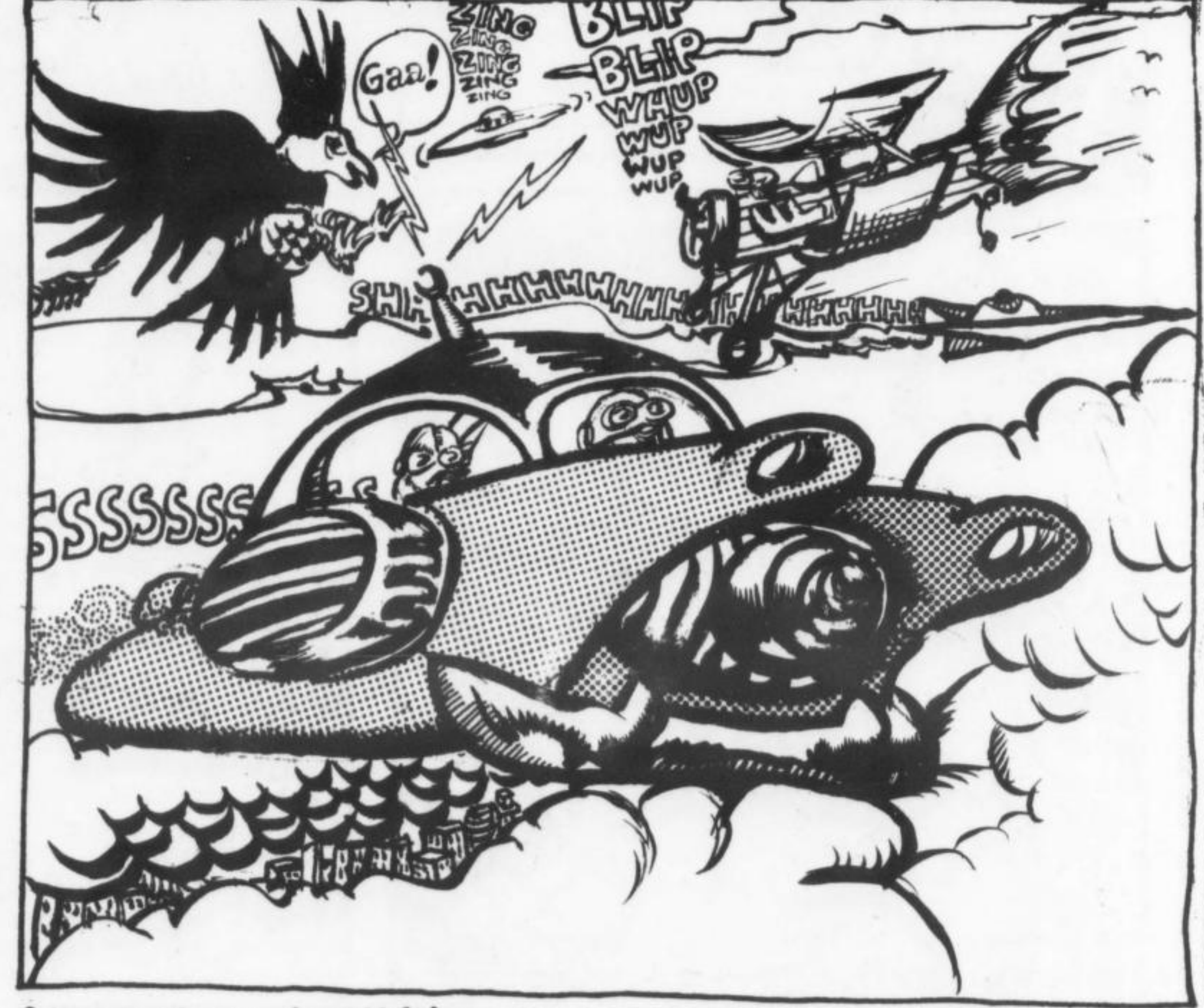
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3G'S

(Continued from Page 7)

General MacArthur "liberated" the island from the Japanese in 1944. Since that date the U.S. along with Japan, when it was allowed back into the united capitalist fold, and West Germany have controlled all Philippine exports and imports. The U.S. also has a 99 year lease on several armed forces bases thanks to General MacArthur. Filipino natural resources include coconut, timber, and sugar and an abundance of nearly untouched minerals: gold, silver, iron, copper, chromite, manganese, lead and zinc.

At the end of 1969, the Philippine left united under the umbrella of the MDP (Movement for a Democratic Philippines). In January and February 1970 they organized mass rallies to protest the re-election of Ferdinand Marcos. Many wealthy families had their suitcases and their art treasures packed - believing that the revolution had already come.

The newly organized NALF (Philippine Army of Liberation), the military arm of the MDP, penetrated a U.S. military base on Oct. 20, 1970 and killed Colonel Lamayo, the head of the national police and director of all anti-communist operations, and several other high ranking officers. Simultaneously, a government radio station was taken over and the mayor of Capas was assassinated. This attack followed a September raid on the police barracks in Papanga.

According to Manila newspaper sources, Eurile, the Philippine Secretary of National Defense, admitted that in the provinces of Tarlac and Panaga, during the first eight months of 1970, the NALF had executed 61 government army officers. They were carrying out sentences from the people's popular courts brought against well-known torturers and murderers. Eurile has publicly admitted that he is worried about the strong ties between the guerillas and the local population. Many Filipinos feel that a revolutionary government will be able to take power in ten years.

Marcos' recent heavy campaign spending created such an over-supply of money in the economy, that the peso had to be devalued to stabilize inflation. 3.90 pesos used to equal one U.S. dollar; now the rate is 6.435 to \$1.

At the same time (between July and September 1970) consumer prices increased 18.5%! Sales are 25% of what they were a year ago. In Cebu, a textile merchant said that last year his shop sold 1,200 to 1,500 pesos' worth of material each day. Today, sales are down to between 300 and 400 pesos a day. The shop is laying off employees because it is unable to pay them.

A resident of Jolo, one of the southernmost islands of the Philippines, pointed out the old home of the local congressman who was elected a couple of years ago. It was a modest wooden frame house. He drove on a few blocks. "And that is his new home," he said, pointing to an expensive, elegant home, nearly finished. "He built this after he was in office."

Meanwhile, you can still see old women living under strips of cardboard pinned up to a fence or several families bunched into a one-room shack of boards and paper tacked precariously together.

"This is a rich country," said a

teacher in northern Luzon. "Why is there no money in the government? Why are the people so poor? Because the government officials are robbing the people."

President Marcos is one of the richest men in Asia. Every day the newspapers report scandals about the swindling of public funds. Recently, it was reported that the construction of a new airport—a U.S. Civil Aeronautics Administration project—had been overpriced by as much as 2,000%. For example, paint had been purchased for 156 pesos a gallon when the price on the open market is 32 pesos a gallon.

"Cheating and bribery have become a habit," explained one person. "Ever since I was little we've been doing it. We do it for everything. We bribe customs officials, we bribe at nightclubs; for papers and documents—everything." Forty-seven senators and congressmen have their own private armies. Political assassination is commonplace. A prominent congressman was recently gunned down in a Manila church. On the day of the election of delegates to a constitutional convention—the most peaceful election in the history of the Philippines—at least 10 people were killed.

Every politician has bodyguards. President Marcos has six and there are rumors that he himself has a private army to handle political opponents.

The people in the countryside, in the small barrios, in the towns and cities, decry the violence and corruption. A signboard on a highway near Tarlac, a very poor area, reads: "We want safety, not coffee," a reference to the coffee served at funerals.

In Angeles City there are sandbags along the highway as in a city at war.

Another small businessman stated: "There is no security in this country. It is easier to kill a person than a chicken. A chicken, you have to pay the owner. But a person, they don't even find the murderers."

As another person put it, "This

country is run by 3 G's—guns, gold, and goons."

President Marcos appeared before the Philippine Congress several weeks after his army killed four demonstrating students, to call eloquently for a "revolution" which

would transform the nation's entire social order.

4,000 angry radicals showed up. Standing by to protect the president were 1,000 heavily armed riot troops. The government also felt it necessary to bus in several thousand counter-demonstrators—government workers and small town policemen—equipped with bottles, sticks, and lead pipes to deal with any opposition that the President's revolutionary speech might incur among the Filipino people.

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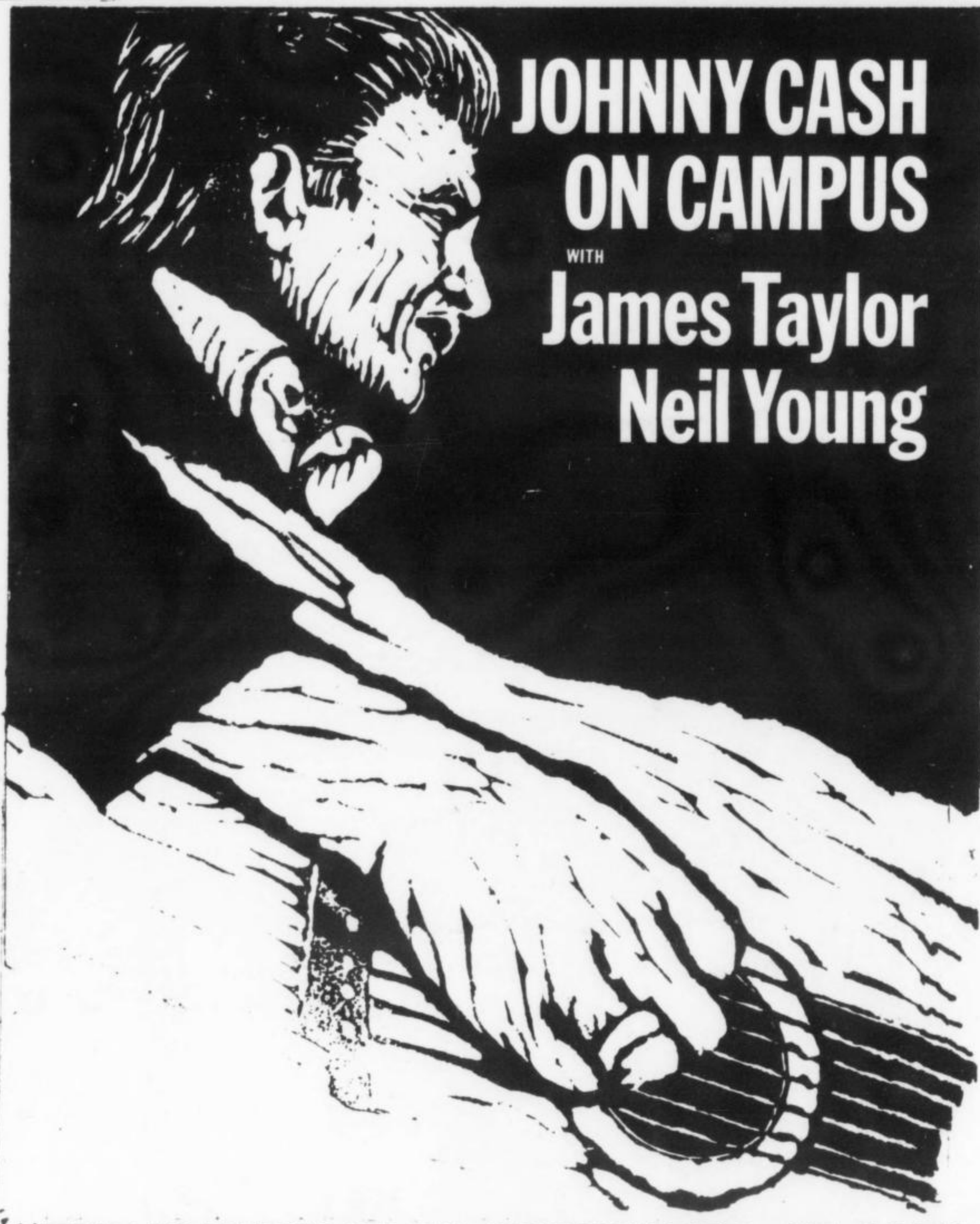
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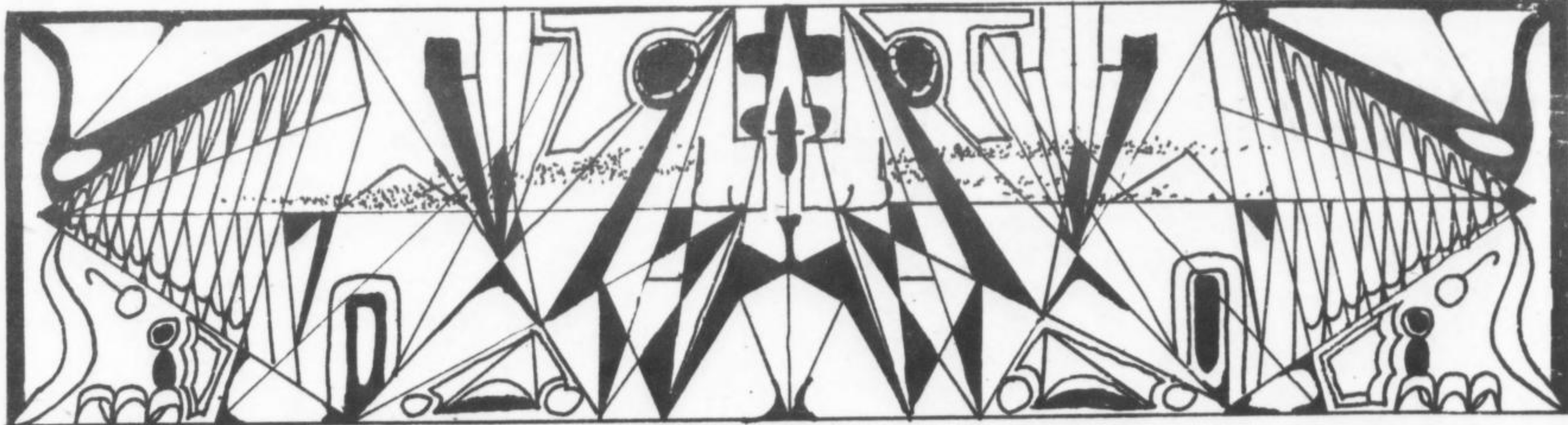
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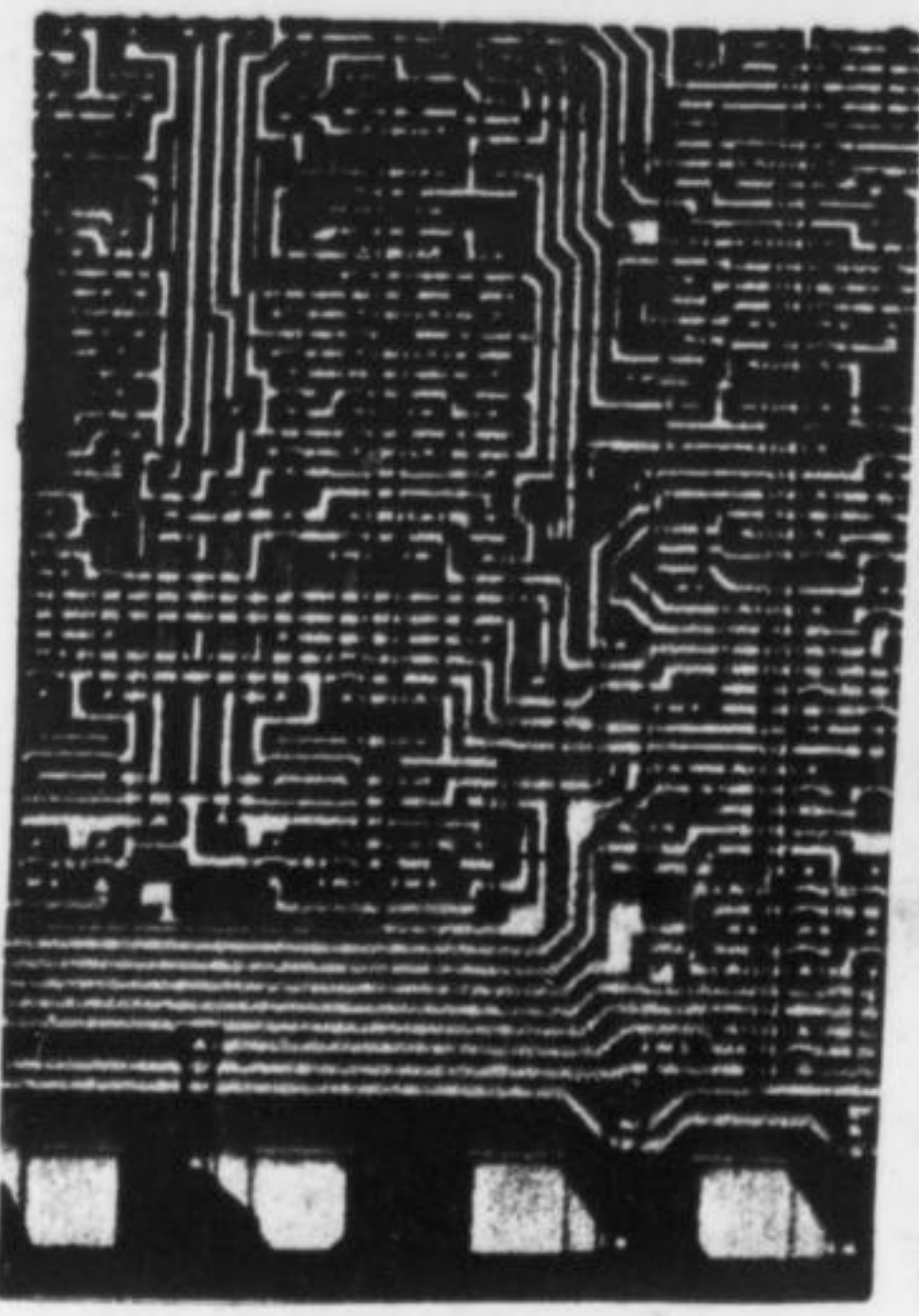
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february festival

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HEARD
FRAS
ASTELLY



KATE MILLET

(Continued from Page 5)

of the next generation and I am speaking in generalities now, they're interested because it was husband-bait, it would keep them busy 'til they got married and it was insurance that they'd have something to do after their own children were grown... These are the people who are choosing to teach our children...

KM: I went to a state university and did see what you mean. Along time ago Susan B. Anthony was at a meeting of school teachers and they wouldn't let her speak because she was a woman - though she was a school teacher - and she said to the overwhelming majority of male school teachers - "As long as all you're going to let us do is teach there will not only be women school teachers but more and more" and this in fact is what did happen - it became a low status job which women with a lot to fear could clamp onto - I think only a 50-50 sex balance is good in education and I don't care, by the way which education it is - kindergarten or the university (where there are no women).

There is a great tendency to dump it all on the school marm - but in fact this really is very unjust. Not only is she merely an agent of this

system - she's one of the most oppressed people in it - Because what she must do everyday is deny her own freedom and continue to conform with the system and that's very depressing indeed...

LN: So shouldn't she be another important target to emphasize to raise her consciousness?

KM: Very much indeed - I think organizing among school teachers is one of the most important areas...

But I also realize that it's going to be very difficult to do because these women have been so oppressed that, that's why they are, where they are, - they've been brainwashed and so much of their security depends upon their continuing to conform - one with a lot to lose, too I think - Their unions are completely controlled by men... their board of education is men, their principals are men. But I think this is beginning to change somewhat... it seems to me there is a minority who are changing their minds. If that could grow and develop, it would be very important. I think a new kind of woman may be going into teaching pretty soon and be putting up some kind of a fight...

LN: I believe more and more that education may be just too important an area to overlook...

KM: Yes, children are too important.

LN: ... You discuss in the book "pre-natal preference" - choosing before birth the sex of your baby - This is a devastating thought...

KM: Under the existing prejudices, yes... I think prenatal preference begins long before conception. It begins in earliest childhood... indoctrination into sexrole stereotypes. Everybody knows from that point on that boys are better quote unquote... Everybody values them more... Think too of the economic incentive of having sons, even here, and especially in countries where the parents future depends on sons to support them...

LN: This is another area which requires fast action - yet violence won't achieve anything, either -

KM: It's probably a nice example of how important consciousness raising is.

Ultimately I don't think you can make real inroads in sexism beyond superficial reform unless you basically, drastically radically alter the attitudes of people who raise children. The whole sex role orientation is completed by the time children enter school and if you don't change parents you don't change anyone else...

LN: Is this being worked at? Is there a tight enough and large enough network through the country of Women's lib groups working at this?

KM: I don't think you can have a vast bureaucratic organization...

LN: I wonder though if it's not a threatening enough situation to validate an intensive drive???

KM: I think the movement needs co-operation among all its groups and far better system of communication than it does now. But I don't think it can be effective by being tightly organized - I think we would get orthodox in no time... and we would lose our vitality. That genuineness is our grass roots quality. People really are interested, really are moved, changed, convinced and altered by what we have to say.

LN: But then there are things going on in all areas of the country???

KM: Yes, and only if we are affective in honestly presenting a different point of view to people and they let them choose. It's the only way you can become the truth rather than just a new form of thought control... sexism is a form of thought control.

LN: In relation to the family structure, the vital link in thought, I doubt that the communal way is anything more than a return to purer patriarchal life style...

KM: Anthropologists posit that the commune preceded the patriarchal family. They see the commune as a matriarchal communistic sharing form. - But when people who grow up in a patriarchal society, where there is a lot of masculine privilege and a very rigid definition of roles try to make a commune, then the thing at its worst could become a harem or a pool. - But I don't think that's the spirit of a commune at all. And I think there are a lot of them that escape from it - You've got to

remember, all of us grew up in families. And also, we all grew up in male supremacist society. That's why it's important for younger people than us. In a lot of ways we're hopeless victims of the system. I can see that the hope of this kind of changed society would have to be people who were damaged-less.

LN: Now to you, what are you going to next... You've mentioned a book and more recently a film. How do you relate these to women's liberation?

KM: I feel very very committed to women's liberation, of course. I worked in it for 6 years when they used to be a handful of people. - Whether it succeeds or fails, it's something I identify with enormously, something which my life is committed in many ways. - There are a lot of things I want to do... I did make a film about women and strikes me as, with all its faults, or of the most honest films ever made about women. I feel that film more than any media distorts us. It does not convey our experience. They can't describe our existence - they are really hung up with rigid sex stereotypes. So that I wanted very much to capture the essence of the real lives of 3 very alive women. The were sociologically more representative - age-wise, sex preference-wise, education-wise. I got as much class variation as I could possibly get... We didn't have a black woman because we felt that that film was better made by black women...

LN: And writing?

KM: I think the way I want to write next is, not as someone forced to conform to a masculine set of standards in a masculine situation, the "her profession," who give out phd's, but much more personally. And much more in terms of what have experienced as a hume being - For me anyway, I've had enough analysis. The next thing for me seems to be to go on, as an artist to convey the female experience. one who knows it... I don't think one sees one's own experience put across in any media form. I can only write for myself but maybe what says is shared experience.

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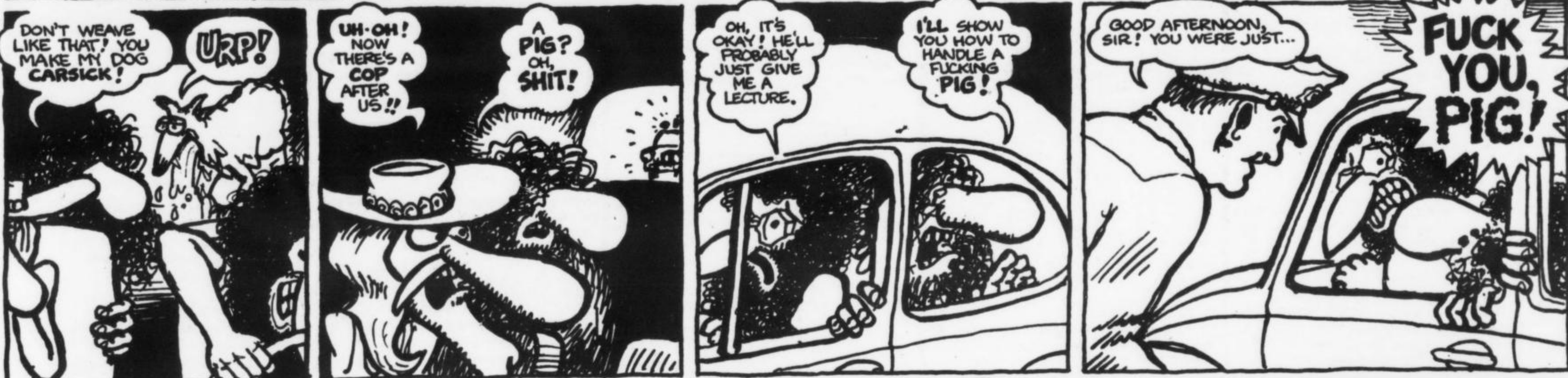
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LAOS

(Continued from Page 6)

earth" is that the Plain of Jars, which formerly supported 200,000 people now has a population and production of zero, and its ecosystem has been destroyed beyond reclamation.

Both the bombings and the forced relocation persuade many of the young and able-bodied people to join the Pathet Lao. The bombing undoubtedly makes life hell for people in the affected areas - refugees tell of digging trenches where they have to stay during the day to avoid bombs, while farming can be carried out only at night.

"One refugee said that as the bombing increased the Pathet Lao forces in his district started getting more volunteers, whose attitude was 'better to die a soldier than stay at home waiting for the bombs to kill you.' He also said the bombing tended to heighten the fighting spirit of the Pathet Lao." (Quoted from the Christian Science Monitor.)

Journalists who have visited Pathet Lao territories report that factories manufacturing cloth, munitions, and pharmaceuticals are operating in caves which have been enlarged by dynamite, and that rice is cultivated by night, when bombing raids are less frequent.

The refugees who end up in the camps outside Vientiane are mainly the old, the very young, the sick and disabled. The young men who do not stay to fight with the Pathet Lao are conscripted into Vang Pao's army, which in recent years has had such trouble finding recruits that it has used ten-year-olds in some cases. A small percentage of these refugees have been resettled on tracts of land outside Vientiane. However, visitors

to the refugee camps report that even those adults who are strong enough to work the land they have been given, are so demoralized and apathetic that they have not begun the work of clearing the land.

A report from one such visitor, Noam Chomsky:

"When asked why no one was farming, one man answered, 'Let the war end and we can return to our village. I don't know how to farm here. No one comes to explain or help or tell us how to do it. . . . We are too tired to cut the bushes and trees.'"

Many of the refugees hold their savings in Pathet Lao currency, which is worthless behind government lines, and they saw their buildings and livestock destroyed before they were evacuated from their home villages. Medical conditions are desperate in the camps: "In one camp of nearly 2,500 people thirty have died in four months, twenty-one of them said to be children over four months old," reports one journalist.

Recent Pathet Lao victories. The 1970 dry season found the Pathet Lao regaining the territory on the Plain of Jars which they had lost a few months before, and by April government losses were so serious that one correspondent predicted, "If the Communists decide to continue their offensive . . . it is not likely to be contained without substantial military escalation or significant concessions on the part of the Americans."

When the Lon Nol government in Cambodia cut off one of the important supply routes for the NLF, Communist forces in Laos captured two important towns near the Ho Chi Minh trail, in order to secure that supply route.

In the wake of these escalations - the intensified American bombing and Pathet Lao victories on the ground - peace proposals have been passing between Souvanna Phouma's government in Vientiane and the Pathet Lao. A breakthrough was apparently

achieved during the summer, when the Pathet Lao agreed to preliminary peace talks without making cessation of U.S. bombing a precondition.

However, the U.S. attitude toward these talks is unclear - President Nixon did not even mention them in his peace proposals of October 8. Nevertheless, the U.S. attitude is of key importance, since a halt in U.S. bombing is about all that Souvanna Phouma can offer in the negotiations.

However, as the preliminary peace talks got underway in August, there were reports that U.S. forces were massing on the South Vietnam-Laos border, as if for an invasion. After the Pathet Lao had charged that South Vietnamese and American troops had entered Laos and were endangering the peace talks, the State Department admitted that both South Vietnamese and American soldiers had entered Laos on "protective missions." This story, which contradicts administration assurances and congressional legislation that no ground troops would be sent into Laos, appeared in La Monde (a French newspaper) and in the Asahi Shimbun (in Tokyo), but in no American papers. The Tokyo paper also quoted the State Department spokesman as saying that the U.S. was considering an invasion of southern Laos similar to that of Cambodia.

The month of October revealed an unmistakable escalation in the area, with the U.S. admission that company-sized operations had been launched across the border from South Vietnam into Laos and will probably be sent into battle there. Bombing of the Ho Chi Minh trail area escalated last month as big B-52 bombers were sent into action there.

President Nixon proposed a ceasefire over nationwide TV in October and constantly talks about winding down the war, but U.S. activities in Laos and on its borders speak a different language. Close observers are suggesting that Laos may, like Cambodia last May, become the victim of the next invasion.

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CULTURE

(Continued from Page 15)

counting World War II. Anyway, my particular hope is that versatile theatrical family core groups, especially in conjunction with musicians like Earthlight Ensemble is, will breakdown the ridiculous distinctions between the performing arts and pull together what's worth saving in all of them (dance, music,

theatre, Rockettes, poetry readings, etc.) into some new artistic synthesis - some new live form. Important precedents have been set already - Dadist and Surrealist happenings, mixed-media events, the Grateful Dead at the Prankster's acid tests, "Hair" (so it's a rip-off, let's see you sing and dance), Bejart's Ballet of the 20th Century and the July 4th Smoke-In in Washington, D.C. But the form has yet to jell into anything important. If and when it does it'll make the Ring Cycle look like Disraeli's Bar Mitzvah.

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The President of the United States of America entered his car, surrounded by his agents. He sat in the back seat. It was a dark and unimpressive morning. Nobody spoke. They rolled away and the tires could be heard on a street still wet from the preceding night's rain. The silence was more unusual than it had ever been before.

They drove along a while and then the President spoke:

"Say, this isn't the way to the airport."

His agents didn't answer. A vacation had been scheduled. Two weeks at his private home. His plane was waiting at the airport.

It began to drizzle. It looked as if it might rain again. The men, including the President, were dressed in heavy overcoats; hats; it made the car seem very full. Outside, the cold wind was steady.

"Driver," said the President, "I believe you're on the wrong course."

The driver didn't answer. The other agents stared straight ahead.

"Listen," said the President, "will somebody tell that man the way to the airport?"

"We're not going to the airport," said the agent to the President's left.

"We're not going to the airport?" the President asked.

The agents were again quiet. The drizzle became rain. The driver turned the wipers on.

"Listen, what is it?" asked the President. "What's going on here?"

"It's been raining for weeks," said the agent next to the driver. "It gets depressive. I'll certainly be glad to see a little sunshine."

"Yes, me too," said the driver.

"Something's wrong here," said the President, "I demand to know..."

"You are no longer in a position to demand," said the agent to the President's right.

"You mean...?"

"We mean," said the same agent.

"Is it to be an assassination?" asked the President.

"Hardly. That's old-fashioned."

"Then what...?"

"Please. We have orders not to discuss anything."

They drove for some hours. It continued to rain. Nobody spoke.

"Now," said the agent to the President's left, "circle again, then turn in. We're not being followed. The rain has been very helpful."

The car circled the area, then turned up a small dirt road. It was muddy and now and then the tires spun, slipped, then gripped again and the car went on.

A man in a yellow raincoat held a flashlight and directed them into an open garage. It was an isolated area with many trees. A small farmhouse sat to the left of the garage. The agents opened the car doors.

"Get out," they told the President.

The President did so. The agents kept the President carefully between them, although there wasn't a human within miles except for the man with the flashlight and the yellow raincoat.

"I don't see why we couldn't have done the whole thing here," said the man in the yellow raincoat. "It certainly seems much riskier the other way."

"Orders," said one of the agents. "You know how it is. He's always gone a lot on intuition. He does so now, more than ever."

"It's very cold. Do you have time for a cup of coffee? It's ready."

"That's good of you. It's been a long drive. I presume the other car is all ready to go?"

"Of course. It's been checked again and again. Actually, we're about ten minutes ahead on the timetable. That's one reason I suggested the coffee. You know how he is about precision."

"O.k., then, let's go in."

Keeping the President carefully between them, they entered the farmhouse.

"You sit there," one of the agents told the President.

"It's good coffee," said the man in the yellow raincoat, "hand-ground."

He walked around with the pot. He poured himself one, then sat down, still in the yellow raincoat, only the head-piece thrown on the stove.



By CHARLES BUKOWSKI

"Ah, it is good," said one of the agents. "Cream and sugar?" one of them asked the President.

"All right," he said...

There wasn't much room in the old car but they all managed to get in, with the President again in the back seat. ...The old car also slipped in the mud and ruts but made it back to the road. Again, it was a silent ride most of the way. Then one of the agents lit a cigarette.

"Damn it, I just can't stop smoking!"

"Well, it's a hard thing to do, that's all. Don't worry about it."

"I'm not worried about it. Just disgusted with myself."

"Well, forget all that. This is a great day in History."

"I'll say so!" said the one with the cigarette.

Then he inhaled...

They parked outside an old rooming-house. It continued to rain. They sat there some moments.

"Now," said the agent next to the driver, "get him out. It's clear. Nobody on the streets."

They walked the President between them, first through the front door, then up 3 flights of steps, always keeping the President between them. They stopped and knocked at 306. The signal: one knock, pause, 3 knocks, pause, two knocks...

The door was opened and the men quickly pushed the President inside.

The door was then locked and bolted. Three men were waiting inside. Two were in their 50's. The other sat in an outfit that consisted of an old laborer's shirt, 2nd-hand trousers that were too large and ten dollar shoes, scuffed and unpolished. He sat in a rocker in the center of the room. He was in his 80's but he smiled... and the eyes were those same eyes; the nose, the chin, the forehead hadn't changed much.

"Welcome, Mr. President. I've waited a long time on History and Science and You, and all have arrived, on schedule, today..."

The President looked at the old man in the rocker. "Great God! You're... you are..."

"You've recognized me! Others of your citizens have made jokes about the similarity! Too stupid to even realize that I was..."

"But it was proven that..."

"Of course, it was proven. The bunkers: April 30th, 1945. We wanted it that way. I've been patient. Science was with us but at times I had to speed-up History. We wanted the right man. You are the right man. The others were too impossible - too alienated from my political philosophy... You are far more ideal. By working through you it will be easier. But as I said, I had to speed-up the reel of History a bit... my age... I had to..."

"You mean...?"

"Yes. I had your president Kennedy assassinated. And then, his brother..."

"But why the 2nd. assassination?"

"We had information that that young man would have won the presidential election."

"But what are you going to do with me? I've been told that I'm not to be assassinated..."

"May I introduce Dr's. Graf and Voelker?"

The two men nodded at the President and smiled.

"But what is going to happen?" asked the President.

"Please. Just a moment. I must question my men. Karl, how did it go with The Double?"

"Fine. We phoned from the farm. The Double arrived at the airport on schedule. The Double announced, that due to weather conditions, he was canceling the flight until tomorrow.

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