

**THE**  
**THE**

east  
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**INNER**

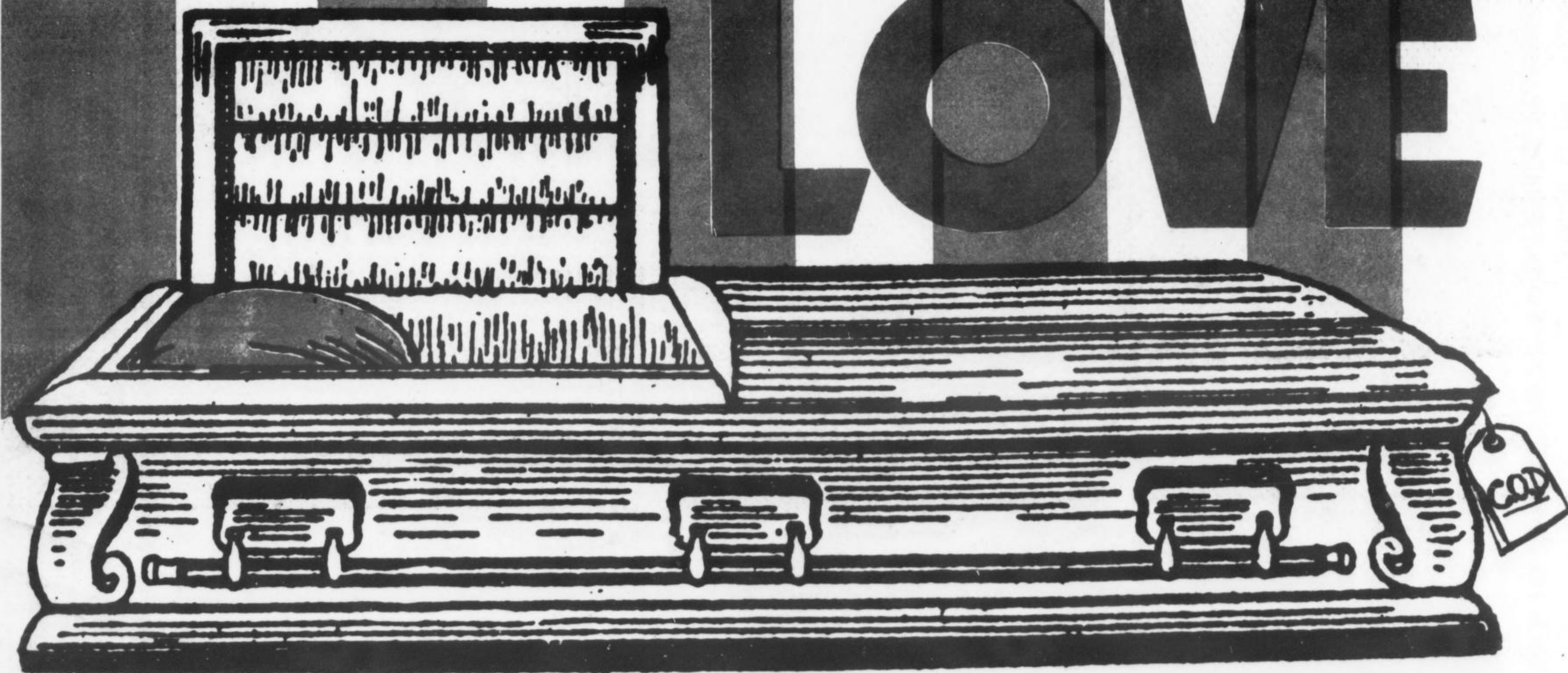
VOL 6 NO 12 FEB 16 NYC 25¢ OUTSIDE 35¢

**FROM**

**LAOS**

**WITH**

**LOVE**



*Hilary*

At a time when earthquakes pull Los Angeles apart at the seams, when Amerikan helicopters get swatted out of the L-otian sky like flies on a hot afternoon and when OUR BOYS get killed in Laos wearing South Vietnamese rags, it seems fitting for us to focus on the case of Alex Bennet.

For those who have not had the opportunity to participate, call in or just listen to Alex's nightly show on WMCA, the following data is of importance. Alex is what is known in the trade as the house radical. The left radical as opposed to Jeffrey St. John who is the house right radical. The House is owned and operated by one R. Peter Strauss, by all accounts a liberal from way back. During the past two years Alex's ratings were right behind those of Barry Gray, the undisputed prince of the station. No mean feat for one who spoke his mind openly and granted others the same privilege. As for sponsors or management - no undue problems were in evidence. Therefore, the assumption was that upon the expiration of Alex's contract renewal would be automatic.

It didn't turn out that way. Last Monday R. Peter Strauss informed Alex that due to economic considerations no renewal would be forthcoming.

**BULLSHIT.**

In radio, one just doesn't give up a well-rated show for "economic" reasons. TYPICAL CHICKENSHIT HYPOCRACY. It is evident that the man was either bullied by the powers that be or simply succumbed to a bad case of liberal paranoia. Quite common these days.

The loss is ours. It doesn't really matter if you agreed with Bennett or not. What matters is that as of next week Alex's and our voice will not be heard in the vast/boorish plains of AM radio.

It was a true oasis where one was able to speak unencumbered by the dull hypocrisy that is AM's trademark.

Alex's offer to work for scale (1/3 of his present income) should make it incumbent upon us to do everything possible to insure his return to AM radio.

If it is true what they tell us and the airwaves are really ours, then the R. Peter Strausses should not be permitted to get away with their despicable schemes.

Get off your asses and do something about it. Don't let them screw you again. The next time you may have no recourse.



*Jackie Acon*

- 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
- Roy Weiner
- Vincent Titus
- Rudi Stern
- John Reilly
- Renfreu Neff
- Gianfranco Manged
- Vaughn Bode
- Lil Picard
- Alex Gross
- Jackie Acon
- Spain Rodriguez
- Kim Deitch
- Perfecto La Gogo
- Nellie Fernauld
- Irving Shushnick
- S.R.K.
- Timothy Leap
- Tuli Kupferberg

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**'The lowest circle of Hell is reserved for those who betray their comrades.'**

# THE NY11 TRIAL

## 23<sup>RD</sup> WK.

by  
**JACKIE FRIEDRICH**

The following is a press release dated Feb. 9, 1971:

The Black Panther Party denounces the counter-revolutionary actions of jackanapes Connie Mathews Tabor, her husband Michael Cetewayo Tabor, and Richard Dharuba Moore, which have jeopardized the lives of the Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party Huey P. Newton and Chief of Staff David Hilliard, dealt a serious blow to revolutionary Intercommunal Solidarity Day for Bobby Seale and caused Joan Bird and Afeni Shakur to be thrown back into maximum security jeopardizing the entire outcome of the New York 21 trial.

Connie Mathews Tabor was the primary person responsible for coordinating Huey P. Newton for current East Coast speaking tours to mobilize support for Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins currently on trial for their lives in New Haven. The day before she left Bobby personally asked Connie to testify in his behalf.

On Friday, February 5, Huey spoke to a group of Black student unions at New Haven College after the meeting he left for Boston. At this point, Connie Mathews Tabor slipped away with her husband Michael Cetewayo Tabor and Eddie Jamal Josephs. Connie Mathews Tabor never communicated again with David Hilliard or Huey P. Newton. She took with her details of the Supreme Commanders speaking tour and stole the European contacts necessary for the Revolutionary Intercommunal Solidarity Day, March 5th. These acts could jeopardize the mobilization campaign in support of Bobby and Erika. The East Coast speaking tour and Revolutionary Intercommunal Solidarity Day are key points of the strategy to defeat the government's plan to put Bobby and Erika in the electric chair.

The Black Panther Party urges all Intercommunal friends and Solidarity committees to contact directly Huey P. Newton and Eldridge Cleaver so that Revolutionary Intercommunal Solidarity Day will be a success in spite of the plans of Connie Mathews Tabor to sabotage it. If Connie Mathews Tabor has the audacity to contact our Intercommunal friends or Solidarity Committee we ask them to contact Black Panther Minister of

On Monday, Feb. 8, Michael Cetewayo Tabor and Richard Dharuba Moore failed to appear for another session of Murtagh's "Circus." By their deserting their comrades they gave the pigs an excuse to throw Joan Bird and Afeni Shakur, four months pregnant, back into maximum security. They jeopardized the chances of the two other brothers getting bail and they dropped up the diving case of pig

Phillips against the New York 21. They fled just at the time when the prosecution was finishing parading its pig witnesses on the stand showing to the world the frame up they were perpetuating to keep the brothers in jail and the flimsiness of the show case trial whose purpose is to justify pig Mitchell's attack on the Black Panther Party.

The fact that the New York 21 in jail were expelled from the Black Panther Party for their attacks on the party in their letter to the Weathermen can in no way justify the dirty actions of those dogs Moore and Tabor towards their "comrades." This vicious back stabbing act of Moore and Tabor dwarfs the difference between the "21" and the Black Panther Party. The lowest circle of Hell is reserved for those who betray their comrades.

The fact that Connie Mathews Tabor left the Black Panther Party without regard for the importance of the mobilization campaign and that Michael Cetewayo Tabor and Richard Dharuba Moore joined her at this time without regard for the fate of their comrades in New York shows the low-natured individualism, insensitivity and scheming minds of those jackanapes. The fact that Michael Cetewayo and Connie Mathews Tabor executed their plans of disappearing immediately after a public appearance of Huey and David greatly jeopardized the lives of our Supreme Commander and Chief of Staff. Besides this supreme act of navery, their disappearance also endangered the homes and offices of all Party members by giving the pigs an excuse (as if they need one) to vamp. Remember the case of George Sam's disappearance and the immediate wide-scale raids on Black Panther offices.

In retrospect it is now clear that this treachery is not a haphazard spur of the moment thing. One week ago at Woolsey Hall where Richard Dharuba Moore intended to kill the Supreme Commander. Pending verification of these comments he was put on temporary suspension.

Connie Mathews Tabor ordered her European contacts and made personal arrangements for a book she is writing concerning the Black Panther Party. For the above-mentioned reasons the Black Panther Party denounces the treacherous acts of Connie Mathews Tabor, Michael Cetewayo Tabor and Richard Dharuba Moore. The Black Panther Party considers Connie Mathews Tabor, Michael Cetewayo Tabor and Richard Dharuba Moore enemies of the people.

(signed)  
Huey P. Newton  
Minister of Defense  
Black Panther Party

On Monday, Feb. 8, as stated in the press release, Tabor and Dharuba did not appear in court. Murtagh began by saying that the defendants appeared desirous of delay, but Jerry Lefcourt reminded him that that kind of thing hurt the defense more than anyone else.

Murtagh then announced that bail was forfeited and issued bench warrants for the arrests of Tabor and Dharuba. He said the court was confronted with the apparent flight of those two defendants and he was worried about the continuance of the trial while others were out on bail. He therefore remanded Joan and Afeni, saying that if Tabor and Dharuba showed up, he would consider reinstating the bail of the two women.

Bob Bloom said that he found it shocking that two would be punished on the basis of what others had done and Bill Crain pointed out that Joan Bird had never been late and the court had never had any reason to complain about her behavior. He then pointed out that Afeni was six months pregnant and that putting her in jail would only engender ill will.

Murtagh stated, in his non-sequitorial fashion, that counsel had advised the court of the absence of Dharuba and Tabor in a manner that suggested they knew those defendants would not appear.

Bill Crain, noting that Murtagh would insist on remanding Joan and Afeni, asked that they not be subjected to internal examinations or to disrobing in front of guards.

On Tuesday, Feb. 9, D.A. Phillips informed the court that Michael Tabor had recently married for the second time. His new bride is Connie Mathews, an officer in the BPP, an Algerian citizen with an Algerian passport. Her visa allowing her to be in the U.S. would only last until Mar. 3. Phillips' lackeys were not successful in finding Dharuba and Tabor so the D.A. asked that counsel be ordered to produce the wives of the two men. (Tabor's first wife.) He finished his philibuster by saying that the only other possible alternative was that one of them had taken an overdose of narcotics, but he really felt that they were on their way to Algeria.

Jerry Lefcourt had spoken to Tabor's first wife, Myra Bennet, who did not know where Tabor was, but suspected police involvement. No one could locate Iris Moore, Dharuba's wife.

Phillips wanted an adjournment until more information could be found, but the defense asked to proceed.

Murtagh asked to see the lawyers express their regret for having asked for lower bail for the other defendants. When Sandy Katz objected to Murtagh's remark and ruling, saying that both Joan and Afeni have always appeared in court and were being punished for what had been done by others, Murtagh said that there had been a strange atmosphere in court on Monday,

suggesting that counsel knew "infinitely more" than what they were saying.

Jerry Lefcourt said that he was shocked by the court's remarks which were untrue, insidious and insulting. He does not know where Dharuba is and as far as he is concerned, Dharuba would have been acquitted as there is little evidence against him and it would have been to his benefit to be in court.

Murtagh suggested that the D.A. start a Grand Jury investigation concerning Jerry's involvement in the "apparent flight," obviously ignoring the fact that Jerry had said that he would swear under oath that he knew nothing of the whereabouts of his ex-client, Dharuba.

Shortly after the jury and the defendants were brought in Afeni spoke, saying that the conditions at the Women's House of Detention are far worse than they had been. The walls are broken, there is no hot water, the dinner is cooked and placed on the tables the night before it is to be eaten, and there is no toilet paper. Joan and Afeni had been separated and put under lock because they refused to be examined by the so-called doctors in the prison. (Both had to be hospitalized for abdominal infections after their last stay in that hole.) Afeni then requested that the court assist in seeing that there is how water and that they may have their own gynecologists brought in.

Murtagh said that this was the job of counsel and kept on saying that even after Bill Crain told him of all the steps he (Crain) had taken - to no avail.

Murtagh then informed the jury that the trial would continue without Tabor and Dharuba, saying that those two defendants were "welcome to come into the courtroom at any time they see fit."

Agent Ralph White took the stand again, and contrary to the statements in the press release, concerning Murtagh's "circus," White is perhaps Phillips' most important witness and has by no means had his testimony shaken to the satisfaction of anyone who cares about the 21.

In his Grand Jury testimony, White said that on Jan. 17, 1969 he ASSUMED Lumumba was giving Kinshasa dynamite because he couldn't see it. In this court White insisted he COULD see and it was dynamite.

Before the Grand Jury White said that Lumumba sat next to him while seeing "The Battle of Algiers." White now said that he saw that movie alone - no one from the BPP was with him.

White got his job at the Elsmire Tenant's Council through Shirley Jones of the Bronx Action Group. She was his immediate superior. White admitted to having had a "relationship" with Miss Jones, but said he only turned on with her to make his cover consistent, and that she never got high.

He apparently resented her having the higher position and was known to punch the walls at the Tenant's Council after arguments with her - although he says he doesn't recall that.

White said that he and Kuwesi had gone to a hardware store to get supplies for a demolition class on Oct. 15, 1968. The agent said he spent only about 25 cents. However, his report for that day has him down to be repaid for \$1.20 under "sundries." White said that "sundry"

referred to the BPP paper and other things. However, he bought the BPP paper weekly and it had never been listed under "sundries."

White testified that on Jan. 13, 1969 he heard Mshina and Lumumba talking about a building off the Major Deegan. This was a few days before the 44th precinct, which is off the Major Deegan, was bombed. Before the Grand Jury, however, White testified that he had JUST ASSUMED they were talking about that precinct.

White testified that in Feb. '69 he told Dharuba he could not hold any more T.E. (weapons) classes, yet White admitted that shortly thereafter he did hold one. He said that he would rather teach Political Education because it was "the lesser of two evils." However, if his Baltimore story is to be believed, he said he went out with Lumumba to snipe at stray pigs. He admitted that no one had actually instructed him to snipe in T.E. classes.

White said that he did not recall the Panthers talking about self-defense - yet in one of his reports he wrote that one of the points in the ten point program was self-defense.

White reported that on Nov. 4, 1968 Lumumba said something to him about having brought back dynamite from California. On Nov. 8 White told Det. Walters that he had tried to get Lumumba to talk about the dynamite but to no avail. (White had received orders to find out about it.) On Nov. 13 (the day after the 25th precinct was bombed) White reported that he tried to get Lumumba to talk about that incident, but again to no avail. His superiors at BOSS had ordered White to investigate Lumumba, and finding nothing, White deemed it unusual that Lumumba came to work at the Tenant's Council at 9:30 AM on Nov. 13 - even though Lumumba sometimes skipped mornings there entirely.

White admitted that he, personally thought Lumumba had bombed the 25th precinct, acting for the BPP. He insisted that he wasn't lying when he said that Lumumba told him he had brought dynamite from California and said that he had not just assumed it was dynamite because Lumumba had referred to bringing some "stuff" back.

On Nov. 15, 1968 White reported that no one had said anything about the bombing of the 25th precinct.



# SAFE & GENTLE SABATOGGE

TOKYO (LNS) — The Japanese have perfected a slow-burning explosive called "Urbanite" that blows up rock and concrete so safely and quietly that it can be used in the middle of a crowded city.

Nippon Oils & Fats Co. says it's added secret ingredients to nitroglycerin so that it burns

only one quarter as fast as dynamite and is only one-third as noisy as a jackhammer, Business Week magazine reports.

Urbanite is packed in a thinner-than-normal cylinder to cushion the outward blast, air space is left around the stick. Its price is expected to be about four times that of dynamite.

# LAOS

In New York, the demonstrations against the Laotian Invasion were lacking that old craziness. A carefree crowd of 2,500 NYU and Columbia students and veteran peace marchers lined up under the Allied Chemical Tower on Times Square last

Wednesday and began marching in a circle, chanting the usual stuff and shivering in the cold. The usual crew of marshals tried to keep order, and police surveillance seemed unusually tight and effective. About six o'clock, most of the demonstrators poured out of Times Square and down 43rd Street to Sixth Avenue, up Sixth to 49th Street, down 49th and past the NBC building, then around 51st Street, up Sixth again, to the corner of 58th where the crowd was broken in two by the police. One small contingent of kids bursted down 58th, and a construction fence was knocked over — one kid was busted at the corner, and a few rocks were tossed at the cops. The marchers were gradually eased onto the sidewalks however, and the thing disintegrated very quickly.

A small delegation sat in the NBC building for two hours waiting to talk to NBC officials about getting equal time. NBC refused to talk.

Workshops and rallies were scheduled for Columbia and NYU for later in the week. The Emergency National Student Antiwar Conference planned to hold talks in Washington, D.C., February 19-21, to plan for a spring peace offensive.

— Ray Schultz

## JUDGE RULES WIRE-TAPS ILLEGAL IN ANN ARBOR C.I.A. CASE

by Ken Kelly  
LIBERATION News Service

ANN ARBOR, Mich. (LNS) — An historic decision curbing the self-appointed power of the U.S. Attorney General to use illegally-obtained wiretap evidence against defendants was handed down by federal district Judge Damon Keith on Jan. 25.

The judge told the prosecution to turn over their records of the tapped phone transcripts of White Panther Minister of Defense Pun Plamondon before the start of the CIA conspiracy trial. Defendants Plamondon, W.P.O. Whairman John Sinclair, and Minister of Education Jack Forrest are charged with conspiracy to bomb a CIA office in 1968; Pun is charged with doing the actual bombing.

This is the first time the government has been ordered to release wiretap transcripts prior to a trial, and only the second time the government has had to turn over the records at all.

"This is an important decision in the fight against repression," said Pun's attorney, William Kunstler, who argued the motion asking for the turnover. "Judge Keith has realized that the unchecked power of John Mitchell is a serious threat to a person's constitutional rights. The government has been caught with its pants down."

Indeed, Assistant Prosecutor John Hausner was so surprised with the black judge's ruling that he asked for a two-day delay in the trial, which was originally scheduled to begin Jan. 26. He then asked for another delay until Feb. 9. In the meantime, the government will appeal to the U.S. Sixth Federal Appeals Court in Cincinnati.

The law states that the government may tap a phone without permission from a federal judge only when "national security is involved." The government did not ask for such permission when they violated Pun's constitutional rights. In a flimsy argument defending their action, the prosecution cited a ruling by Chicago Judge Julius Hoffman, chief engineer in the Chicago Conspiracy 8 railroad. (John Mitchell's interpretation of the law of "national OR domestic security" was upheld in the Chicago case.)

"The contention of the Attorney General is in error," Keith said. "Such power held by one individual was never contemplated by the framers of our constitution and cannot be tolerated today."

Mitchell does have the power to wiretap in foreign espionage cases without first getting a court order, but a court order is required before

Americans can be wiretapped in domestic security cases.

"An idea which seems to permeate much of the government's arguments," said Keith's written opinion, "is that a dissident domestic organization is akin to an unfriendly foreign power and must be dealt with in the same fashion."

If upheld by the higher courts, the wire-tap decision will be far-reaching. Every case where the government wiretapped without a warrant and obtained a conviction will be subject to a new trial. In this instance, the government has the option of either following the court order and turning over the transcripts, or of dropping the case against the three defendants entirely. Speculations are that the government will drop the case, since they are very reluctant to reveal their secret files to the public.

"Either path they choose is fine with us," said Kunstler. "If they drop the case it will be clear to everyone that their evidence is as weak as we know it is. If they turn over their records we'll have a first-hand glimpse of how extensive Mitchell's 1984 application of justice is headed."

Judge Keith did overrule the defense motion which asked that young people be included in the jury pool to ensure the defendants a jury of their peers.

As it stands, young people are 700% underrepresented in the jury pools. No one under 24 year old is included in the pools and people over 40 are grossly overrepresented (the age of the average juror is 48).

Extensive research was prepared and defense co-counsel Buck Davis presented several experts to testify about the unconstitutional discrimination, but the motion was nonetheless turned down.

During the testimony of Allen Ginsberg, one of the defense "experts" prosecutor Hausner huffily told the court that Ginsberg hadn't talked to any 4-H clubs or Urban League discussions, or gone on any tours of South Vietnam to "see our boys fighting for their country," so Ginsberg could not qualify. "In fact," Hausner concluded, "I'm as much an expert in youth as Mr. Ginsberg, your Honor."

# BEVOD

## LOS SIETE STILL TARGETS FOR POLICE HARRASSMENT AFTER ACQUITTAL

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) — On November 7, six young Chicanos were acquitted of charges of murdering a San Francisco policeman 18

months earlier. The acquittal was a great victory for the Chicano community in San Francisco, for the movement and for the six youths who had faced the gas chamber. A great victory and a great lift — "like the impossible had been done," said Jose Rios, one of the group.

Less than three months later, Rios lay in a bed of the San Francisco county hospital, his head bandaged up, his jaws wired together — the victim of a continuing campaign of harrassment by the San Francisco police. It was the second run-in with the police for Rios since his release (and he's still up on burglary charges left over from the first incident some 21 months ago.)

In December, Rios and Nelson Rodriguez, another member of the Los Siete group, stopped outside a house one night on the way home from a party to let Rios' brother get a jacket. The night had turned cold. The stop provided ample opportunity for two vigilant cops to start questioning them, discover who they were, exclaim to one another that "We struck gold," and haul the two off to the station where they were congratulated by the other cops. Later, Rios and Rodriguez were informed that they were being charged with possession of marijuana and dangerous drugs.

About a month later, Rios and a companion, Michael Gerogopulos, were approached by policemen while sitting in their car and booked for illegal parking. According to the police version of the incident, one of the cops noticed Rios reaching under the seat, yanked him out of the car and saw a large automatic pistol sliding out into open view. At this point Rios and Gerogopulos attempted to run away and had to be subdued with "minimum force."

Rios and Gerogopulos deny that there was any gun or any attempted escape. The "minimum force" resulted in a broken jaw and severe bruises on the head and back of the neck for Rios. And apparently in some satisfaction for one of the cops who did the beating, Rios says that during the assault one of the policemen knocked him to the ground, yelling, "Don't you remember me... I'm going to kill you!" The San Francisco Chronicle reported that the officer, Raymond Montaverdi, had testified against Los Siete last October.

The solid support of the Chicano community built up during the long murder trial has seen to it that Rios and his companions have been bailed out quickly on both occasions. They go right back into the community to work on the programs that have grown out of their long struggle: La Raza Legal Defense office, La Casa de la Raza (a half-way house), and El Centro de Salud, the health center.

Still they all have charges hanging over them — and the bitter hostility of the police force. The drug bust seems almost laughable in the light of the testimony given by the ex-wife of the chief prosecution witness Officer Paul McGoran, during the murder trial. She told the court that her former husband kept a bag full of marijuana and drugs always handy, ready to plant as evidence on anybody he arrested.

But the harrassment goes on. "In a way, Rios said recently, describing his feelings about being out of jail after a year and a half, "you're not in bars anymore, you're in a different type of cell. A blue uniform is looking at you wherever you go."

Adds Danilo Melendez, "The only one of us [Los Siete] definitely free is Gio." Gio Lopez managed to evade the police dragnet two years ago and is now living in Cuba.

## KENTUCKY H.S. ORDERS SPANKING FOR WOMEN IN SLACKS

PAINTSVILLE, KY. (LNS) — Fifteen women in Paintsville have been suspended from high school until they submit to paddlings according to the High School Independent Press Service (CHIPS). The spankings were ordered by the school after the women showed up for classes in pantsuits during near-zero weather at the end of January.

The school has repeatedly denied requests to allow women to wear pants on cold days. The high school principal, pronouncing that the women were guilty of a "deliberate rules violation," told them to go home and not to return until they were willing to be spanked.

## OAKLAND INDUCTION CENTER BOMBED: "THIS IS OUR REPLY TO THE INVASION OF LAOS"

OAKLAND, Calif. (LNS) — A powerful bomb exploded just outside the main entrance to the Oakland Induction Center early Feb. 4, a swift California response to the invasion of Laos. The blast, which caused an estimated \$20,000 worth of damage, shattered windows and ripped doors off their hinges at the Center, for years a favorite anti-war target here.

The bomb did not destroy selective service draft files, which are stored on the third floor of the center.

"This is our reply to the invasion of Laos," said a note from the Bay Bombers, who took credit for the bombing. "[This is our reply] to the increased air war in Laos, Cambodia, Thailand and Vietnam; to the Pentagon's 'protective retaliation' policies."

"Bay Bombers" is also the name of a favorite Bay Area roller derby team.

by Vincent Titus  
typed up by  
Clancy Q. Clangwheedl  
Minister of Fable Typing

Once a Dog and a bird led a discussion about whose diet was healthier. "I eat meat every day said the dog and look how healthy I am."

"Birdseed is the greatest it helps you to fly," said the crow. A passing worm got in the last word: See you!

MORAL: We are all on his menu.

## THE B52 and the air war

by Orville Schell  
LIBERATION News Service

[Editor's note: The author is editor of the Pacific News Service. He is co-author of the *China Reader* and has written widely on Asia for newspapers and magazines such as the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *New Republic* and *Look*. He has spent several years in the Far East as a journalist.]

As U.S. troops have been withdrawn from

Indochina, the war has become almost exclusively an air-war. Each year the bomb tonnage has climbed to a grand total of over 10 million tons since 1965. (One and a half million tons were dropped on all of Europe during World War II.) The most important weapon of this new air war has come to be the B-52.

Some 744 of these giant stratofortresses were built by Boeing at their Wichita and Seattle plants between 1952 and 1966, when the last one was delivered to the Air Force. They were used as part of the Strategic Air Command (SAC) forces headed by General Curtis Lemay, who is well remembered for his advocacy of bombing the North Vietnamese "back into the stone age." These Leviathans of the air are 156 feet long, 40 2/3 feet high and have a wing span of 185 feet. They weigh almost half a million pounds, cost over eight million dollars each and are crewed by six men.

Their maximum speed is only 650 mph, a subsonic speed which renders them vulnerable to all kinds of missile attacks. But in raids over Indochina they have been invariably escorted by supersonic fighter bombers past North Vietnamese SAM missile sites on the Ho Chi Minh trail. The growing threat these missiles

# NEWS

## A POISONOUS IDEA

BROUGHT TO YOU BY "FOOD STAMPS"

CHICAGO (LNS) — Not only is Chicago doing virtually nothing to detect or prevent lead poisoning from damaging the brains of ghetto youngsters, it has helped promote the disease. The Cook County Food Stamp Program monthly leaflet for August 1970, a guide for the poor folks on how to use those stamps the government gives them, suggests that hot dogs may be cooked "using a straightened hanger." A month later, after distribution of thousands of leaflets, the coat hanger idea was retracted.

## TURKS PROTEST 6th FLEET

IZMIR, Turkey (LNS) — Hundreds of young Turks battled police outside the Turkish-American Friendship Association in Izmir (Smyrna) Jan. 29, in a protest against the presence of three U.S. Sixth Fleet ships in the harbor. Chanting anti-imperialist slogans, the demonstrators broke windows in the building. All police leaves in Izmir were cancelled, until the fleet pulls out of Izmir.

In Ankara, the Turkish capital, a group of young people stoned a U.S. military logistics group headquarters and then blew up a U.S. Air Force truck.

**IMPERIALISM IS NO PICNIC**  
**KINSHASA, Congo (LNS) —** Major Hugh Bauer of the U.S. Military Mission to the Congo (Kinshasa) was killed by a crocodile while taking a dip in the Congo River during a Sunday picnic with friends.

## CALIFORNIA WORKERS DOWN AND OUT

LIBERATION News Service

PALO ALTO, Calif. (LNS) — December was a bleak month for the workers in California. And January was even bleaker. Unemployment, at seven percent, reached the highest point since the Depression. 619,000 of the state's men and women are now unemployed, and the number is growing month by month.

The depressed condition of the aerospace industry in the state continues to be the most important factor in the state's economy. In Santa Clara County, 600 more aerospace jobs were recently cut, bringing the county's unemployment level up to 7.4%. The Oakland-San Francisco area is only a little less hard hit by the severe recession: 85,300 workers (5.9%) are now looking for new employment.

The sag in the aerospace industry is now reaching airport workers, too. 136 more men and women, mostly mechanics — but also clerks, secretaries, and other administrative staff — were laid off at United Airlines.

have posed to the B-52s has led to a policy shift directing pilots to take "more aggressive actions" when they find North Vietnamese radar locked in on them. To date, no B-52 has been lost to hostile fire, although the growing number of SAMs is posing a threat to U.S. supremacy in the air.

The range of these intercontinental bombers is immense. The record was set by a crew which flew a B-52 12,519 miles from Okinawa to Madrid — almost half way around the world. They are powered by eight Pratt and Whitney engines which are fed by two 2500 gallon wing tanks of fuel. But the planes can also carry auxiliary "tear drop tanks," or be refueled in the air by KC-135 Stratotankers. So they have had no trouble flying the almost 6000 mile round-trip from Guam to the "drop zones" in Indochina.

There are reportedly 100 B-52s in Asia now, stationed at Guam, Okinawa and Sattahip air base in Thailand. Chiang Kai-shek's military regime, with U.S. aid, has just built a new B-52 base in Taiwan, in anticipation of the loss of Okinawa to the Japanese in the near future.

Almost every day the B-52s roar off their runways loaded with 750 and 100 pound

## CAPTAIN TRIES TO DISCHARGE "WAVE" FOR PREGNANCY: WORRIED ABOUT 'DILUTION OF MORAL STANDARDS'

LIBERATION News Service

PENSACOLA, Fla. (LNS) — Navy Seawoman Anna Flores, became pregnant last Spring by her fiance, a Navy enlisted man stationed with her at the U.S. Naval Air Station, Whiting Field, Fla.

After she miscarried at the base dispensary, her commanding officer, Capt. C.H. Signey, moved to discharge her under a Navy regulation:

"To do otherwise would imply that unwed pregnancy is condoned and would eventually result in a dilution of the moral standards set for women in the Navy," Signey said.

In a January lawsuit, Seawoman Flores asked the Federal District Court in Pensacola, Fla., to prohibit the pending discharge on grounds that the Navy is unconstitutionally discriminating against women by discharging them for becoming pregnant while not discharging the sailors who make them pregnant.

## STANFORD STUDENTS TRASH BUILDINGS, POLICE CARS

STANFORD, Calif. (LNS) — Angry Stanford students rallied, charged and stoned police cars, and trashed campus buildings Feb. 7, in reaction to news of the invasion of Laos.

Trashing began at 9:30 pm after about 600 people attended a performance of the San Francisco Mime Troup's guerrilla theatre. The students held an anti-war rally after the performance, and from there began stoning the

Safire, who is 40, has come a good way since I first met him around town in the late 1950s. He was then embarking on a press agent's career, initially as a protegee of Tex McCrary's and subsequently on his own for clients like Lionel trains, the Miss Rheingold contest, Pfaff sewing machines, Good Humor and Ex-Lax. Now he writes speeches for President Nixon. While he is nominally but one of four Presidential speechwriters in residence, Safire is considered to be the one Mr. Nixon relies upon the most; he drafted, for instance, Nixon's last two major addresses — the Vietnam cease-fire speech in November and the more recent oration on economic policy before the National Association of Manufacturers — and this past fall he devoted a considerable amount of time to churning out such terrific alliteration for Vice-President Agnew as the "nattering nabobs of negativism" and the "hopeless, hysterical hypochondriacs of history. . . ."

NEW YORK Jan. 25, 1971

ounds how disappointing!  
how could I have known  
the shit in your mouth  
is not even your own!

Tuli Kupferberg

A complaint said that Miss Flores "is informed and believes . . . that numerous male members of the United States Navy:

- 1) Have sexual intercourse with women to whom they are not married, and are not discharged therefore;
- 2) Fathered children out of wedlock and are not discharged therefore;
- 3) Incur in the sexual activities venereal disease and are not discharged therefore;
- 4) Are not subjected to 'the-moral standards set for women in the Navy.'

The projected discharge reportedly has been delayed in Washington pending an investigation requested by a Texas congressman.

## LEGISLATORS ARE VULNERABLE

ALBANY, N.Y. (LNS) — New York State legislators are planning to invest about \$200,000 to install bullet-proof plastic around the galleries of both Houses. A spokesman said they "realized how vulnerable they are sitting there without protection."

Graduate School of Business, the Engineering School, the School of Education, the library, and administration offices, including the offices of the University president.

Three police cars parked by the library turned spotlights on some of the demonstrators, so 30 protesters charged the cars, hurling rocks at them as they ran. Two of the police cars had broken windows before they were forced to drive off.

There were no injuries or arrests reported.

## LAYOFFS CAUSE NEW DISEASE:

# WORKAHOLISM

NEW YORK (LNS) — A midwestern paper products company recently reported that many of its workers were displaying a remarkable "pick-up in disposition to work."

"We've got this one guy who you almost have to order to go home," one company official complained.

The Wall St. Journal calls such people "workaholics"; but they admit that there is a simple explanation for this curious phenomenon; the midwest paper company, for example, informs us that workaholism increased markedly "since lay-offs became widespread."

blockbusters for their "carpet bombing" raids over Indochina. Each aircraft is capable of carrying 30 tons of ordnance. They fly at an altitude of 40,000 feet, above the cloud cover where they can be neither seen nor heard from the ground. Sighting is done by sophisticated infrared and electronic devices. This means that members of the crew never need to see the target, and few actually witness the strike since it happens long after the aircraft have passed over.

An "average daily bombing" by the B-52s has been around 250 tons, although during the fall of last year they were laying down 1000 tons a day for a three month period. Reports for January 1971 indicate that the B-52s have been flying 1000 sorties a month. A sortie is one raid by one plane. Their maximum capability in Asia is said to be upwards to 2000 tons, or 4 million pounds of explosives, a day. The B-52s alone have accounted for some five million craters, 30 feet deep and 45 feet in diameter. The craters have proven to be hazardous breeding grounds for malarial mosquitoes throughout Indochina.

The B-52 was originally designed for nuclear warheads before the development of recent

missile technology. They were due to be scrapped, but then in 1964 the Air Force found that the planes could be refitted for conventional warfare. In action, the B-52 has proven to be one of the most indiscriminate and destructive weapons in the history of warfare.

The B-52s bomb areas rather than targets, making no distinction between various structures, terrain and living creatures on the ground. It is exactly for this reason that military commanders have continuously expanded their use. In a war where the military has long since given up on distinguishing between friendly and hostile forces in "insecure" areas of operations, the B-52 has well implemented the new tactic of "draining the countryside" within 30 miles of ground zero of any strike. Nonetheless, NLF leader Nguyen Huu Tho recently told French photographer Marc Riboud, "For some time now, we have been unable to receive visitors in the liberated areas because we cannot guarantee their security. The U.S. possesses colossal power and these B-52 raids are terrible. But of course we have means of surviving and living even against such bombardment."

## oil & water don't mix

STANDARD OIL TEACHES THE HARD WAY

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) — Travelling at dawn through heavy fog, January 18, two tankers belonging to Standard Oil of California tried to fit into the same space under the Golden Gate Bridge.

The Arizona Standard collided with the Oregon Standard and dumped 850,000 gallons of crude oil into the already brown San Francisco Bay. The oil slick has spread 200 miles north and south from San Francisco along the Pacific shore. Thousands of birds have died in the black slime that lies three inches thick on some beaches. The ecological chain of the Bay area has been broken.

After the crash, local radio stations broadcasting the disaster began to call for volunteer rescue crews to wash off the half-dead birds suffocating in the oil. Standard Oil, mobilizing itself against adverse publicity, magnanimously offered to supply materials for the clean-up.

Thousands of people came, and our spirits were high. It seemed, if you read the newspapers and listened to the radio, that if we all pitched in, we could remedy the "accident." Then, against Standard's best efforts, the news began to trickle in that the birds weren't healing. Three-quarters of the ones we treated died; and we found just a small fraction of the countless others that must now fill the bottom of the bay.

The Standard Oil boats were pretty successful at removing some of the oil by skimming the surface, but at least half the oil was hiding in pools, or sinking to the bottom and sloshing up against the orange of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Oil spills are just normal business practice to the Standard people. Standard Oil of California just recently finished paying a \$1,000,000 fine for "willfully and knowingly" creating a 53-sq. mile slick and the largest fire in the history of the petroleum industry in the Gulf of Mexico. Just last week in Portland, Oregon, a Standard tanker was leaking as it travelled the length of the city on the Willamette River.

One week after the spill, Standard was awarded permission to begin drilling off-shore at Santa Barbara, where two weeks before the Union Oil Co. dumped 750,000 gallons of oil into the Pacific. To date the only reprisals against Standard are a very slow-moving Coast Guard hearing (where Sierra Club lawyers have been denied a part), and a proposed congressional hearing. Californians have begun to boycott Standard Oil (and its subsidiary, Chevron) gas stations, and to send their credit cards back.

But it will take a lot more than a localized campaign to knuckle Standard down. In 1969, their assets were over six billion dollars, controlled by the Rockefeller family (which owns 11.9% of the stock). The parent company, Standard Oil of New Jersey, has over 250 companies and organizations in 77 countries. Standard Oil of New Jersey is just one of the American oil companies bidding for the soon to be announced, lucrative off-shore drilling rights to South Vietnam — that the U.S. government has worked so hard to preserve for American investment.

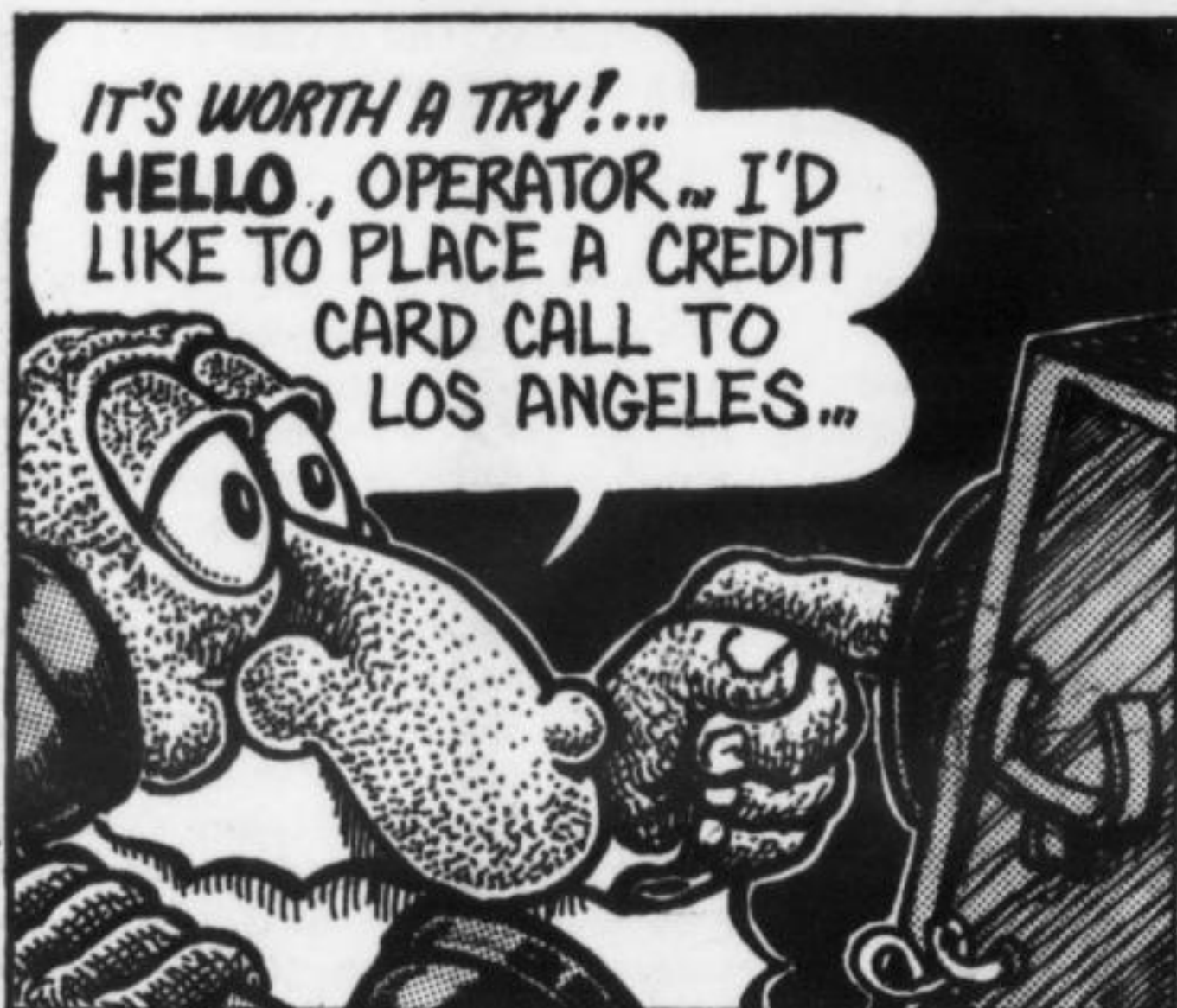
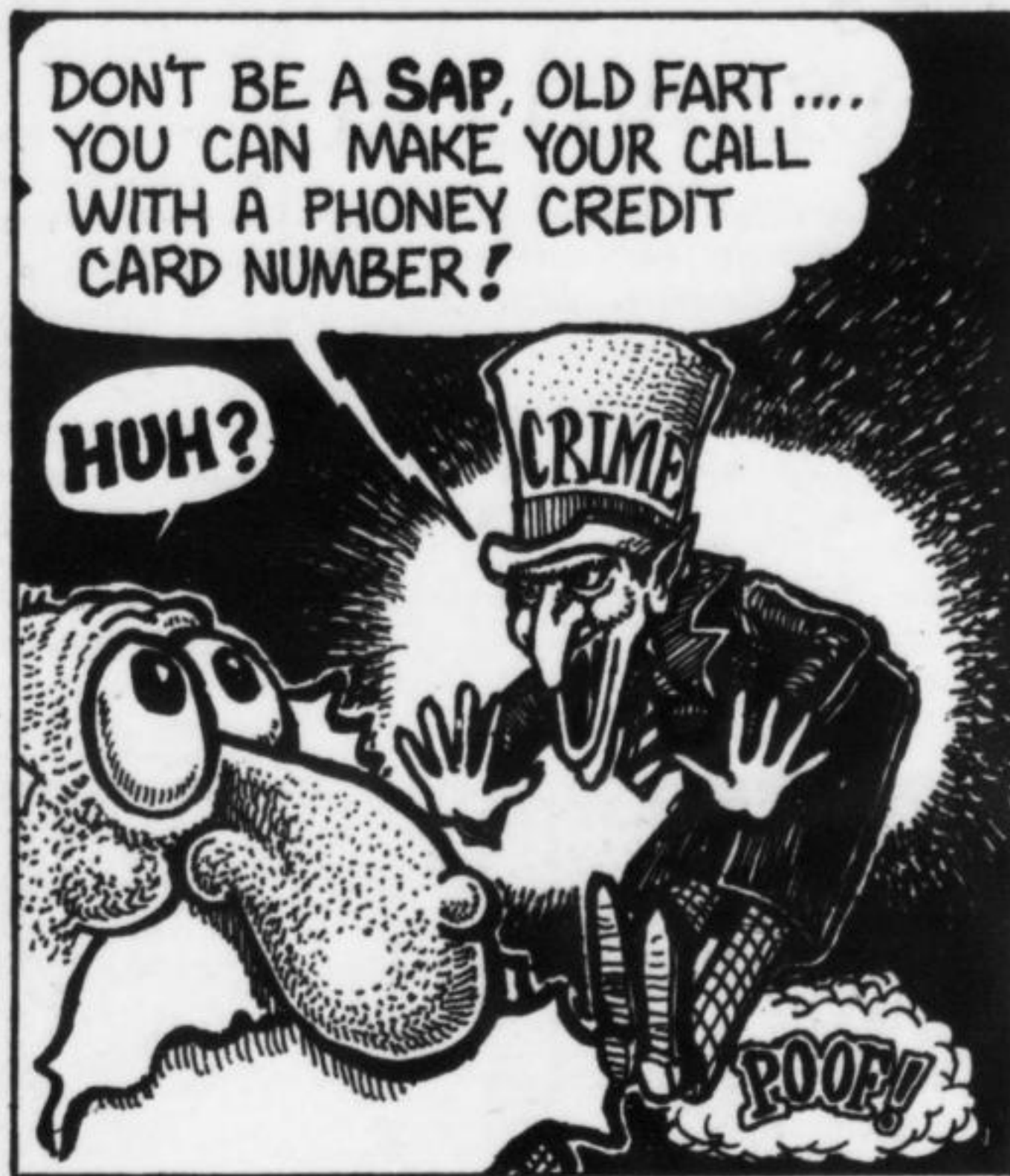
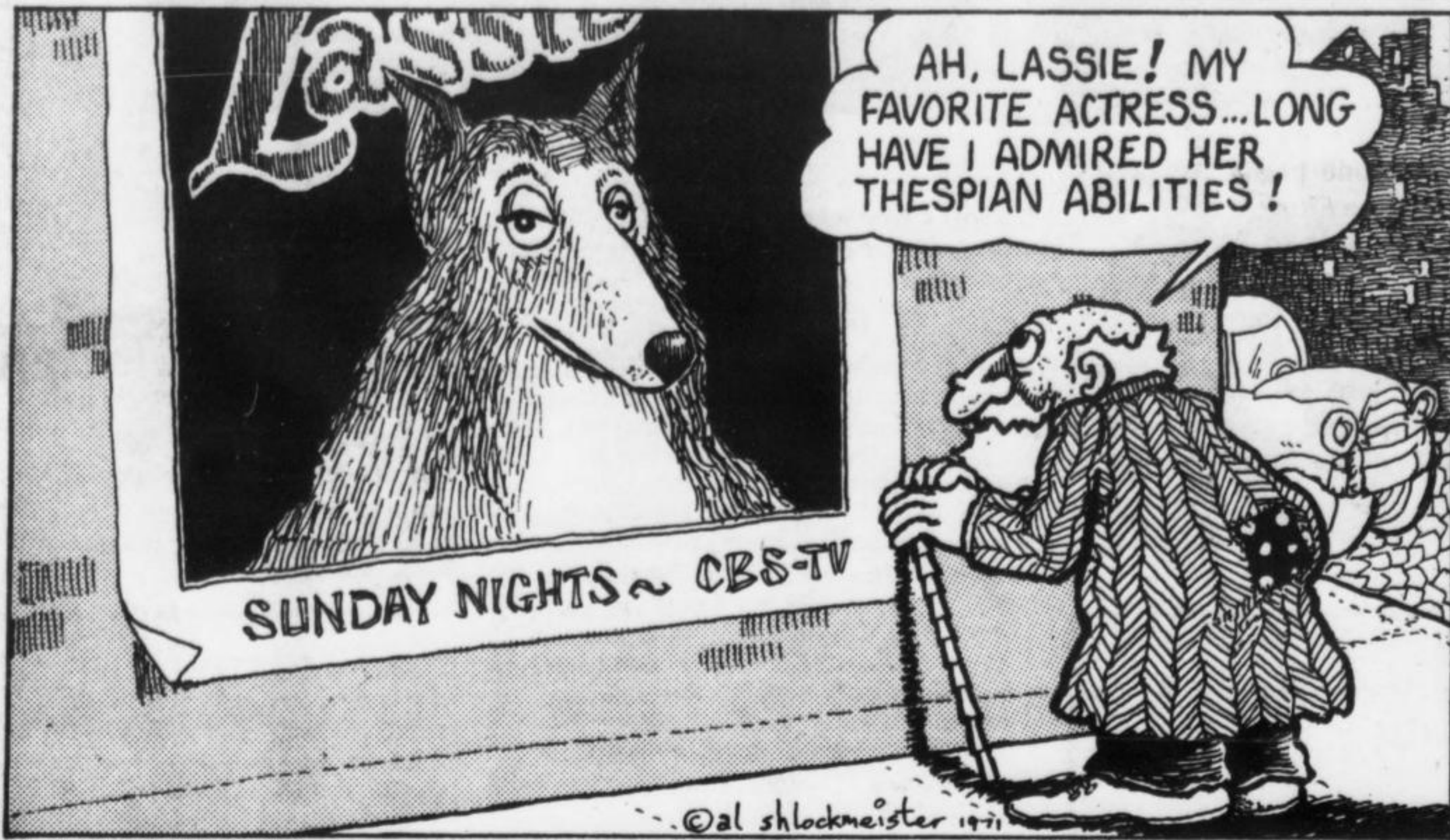
The amount of petroleum produced and consumed by the U.S. is accelerating. More oil will be consumed in the 1970's than in the entire history of the earth before us. American oil companies control 70% of the petroleum production in the world.

Oil companies are drastically increasing the size and magnitude of tankers to move this oil. The 10,000 ton tankers which collided on Jan. 18 are considered miniatures when compared to the newly built 200,000 and 500,000 ton super-tankers. They're even planning a one million tonner!

As the capacities increase, the possibility of more "accidents" also increases. Standard Oil has signed a policy with Lloyd's of London which insures the corporation against the costs of any further clean-up activities.

The future of San Francisco Bay does not look good. The smell of the hot, sticky oil and the black residue on our coast are going to be around for a long time.

# THE OLD FART in PHONE PHUN!



**CRIMESTARTER TEXTBOOK ①**

- PLAY IT SAFE!... ALWAYS MAKE YOUR PONEY CREDIT CARD CALLS FROM A PAY PHONE ~ SO YOU CAN'T BE TRACED!

**CRIMESTARTER TEXTBOOK ②**

- TELL YOUR PALS TO PLAY IT COOL! IF AN OPERATOR ASKS WHO CALLED... TELL 'EM TO SAY IT WAS "THE OLD FART!"



YES FRIENDS... IT'S PHUN TO PHOOL THE PHONE COMPANY... JUST LISTEN TO MR. CRIME.....

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- THE 1971 CREDIT CARD CONSISTS OF 10 DIGITS AND A LETTER.
- THE FIRST 7 DIGITS COMPRISE ANY N.Y.C TELEPHONE NUMBER (THE PHONE COMPANY WILL BILL THIS NUMBER, SO MAKE SURE THE NUMBER YOU USE IS NON-EXISTENT, OR THE NUMBER OF A LARGE CORPORATION.)
- THE NEXT 3 DIGITS ARE THE CREDIT AREA CODE. N.Y.C. IS 021.
- THE LETTER IS BASED ON THE 6TH DIGIT OF THE PHONE NUMBER. IF THE 6TH DIGIT IS 1, THE THE LETTER IS Q, 2-A, 3-E, 4-H, 5-J, 6-N, 7-R, 8-V, 9-W, 0-Z.

PHONE No.    AREA CODE    LETTER    HAPPY DIALING!

The Theatre De Lys,

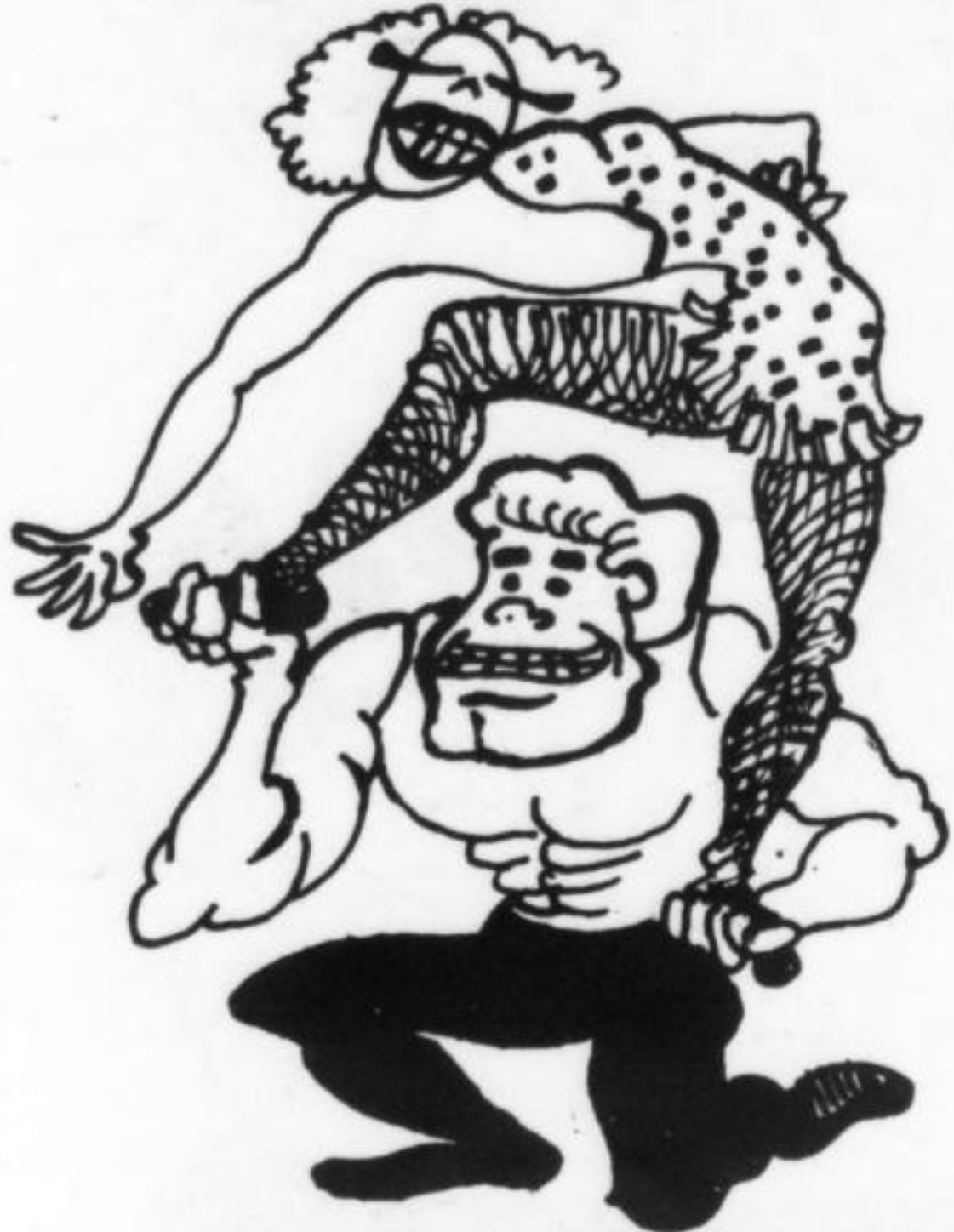
Pitch black. I mean black. In Lisbon every year, on the dazzling day of the feast of that great City, they seize some poor beggar and thrust him into just such a black as this, in the wall of a cathedral under tons of wonderful Moorish

## 2 STUDIES IN DECOMPOSITION

architecture, and in that black he stays forever. What I wonder does he see in there, before he is drawn away from even black itself?

Well, a precise cone of blue light melts down from overhead, and into it bounds, arms embracing a keg of air, smile ripped across his face from ear to ear, the male performer in *Acrobats*, by Israel Horowitz: a brawny lout he is, on his shoulders alone Art' ur Rubinstein could play a nocturne. They come in handy for him: for as he flexes his biceps a second later, pecs and dorsi rumbling like the California earthquake beneath his tight sleeveless jerkin, in behind him two-steps the lady performer, and before long she has gotten upside-down in a handstand on those shoulders. Marvellous! They are smiling, strained into this traditional Circus posture, skewered over the flaming audience on a spit of blue light, and he shrieks through his smiling teeth:

'I HATE YA GUTS, EDNA!!'



It 'brings the house down,' as P.J. O'Rourke, the East Village Other drama critic, would very likely put it, were P.J. not involved right now in a pornographic production of his own, for a one-lady audience at Kent State, in Ohio. Yes, when the dude shrieks smiling that he hates Edna's guts, then whole bloody strips of ciliated epithelial tissue are torn forth with laughing from the esophagea of the audience at the Theatre De Lys, and the applause floods over the acrobats like the Red Sea over Pharaoh's chariots.

That's the problem: how do you follow a tableau-punchline like that? It is really magnificent the way the whole thing is achieved in twenty seconds: after the black the forms move briefly in the light, they resolve into the Attitude, and with one explosive statement appears the Illumination, like a big dog with Buddha nature licking your face with a wet tongue.

After that, all is eyewater. 'In the event,' cautions the program, 'that *Acrobats* cannot be performed, Samuel Beckett's *Film* will be shown.' How is *Film*, anyway? P.J. O'Rourke in his drama reviews incessantly reiterates that he is not a drama reviewer, which is a splendid tactic because then he can utter just any old foolishness that comes to mind and get off free as a coon with a chicken's egg. Well I want you should listen to this: me, I am not only not a drama reviewer, but the only drama review I ever wrote in my life was of the play *Che*, and to this day Lennox Raphael's attorneys will swear that it was that review alone that hung poor Lennox on umpteen counts of Obscenity. Nossir, I sure am not a drama reviewer, but I know what I like. I like Beckett. How is *Film*, anyway?

Once the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation broadcasted *All That Fall* and I caught it on a portable radio whilst on a hunting trip upstate — I had a rabbit skinned and cleaned before ever she got to the Foxrock railroad terminal — and that was the closest I ever got to Beckett's drama. If God forbid one of the two people in *Acrobats* pulls up lame some night, will someone please tell me so I can cop a pass to see *Film*?

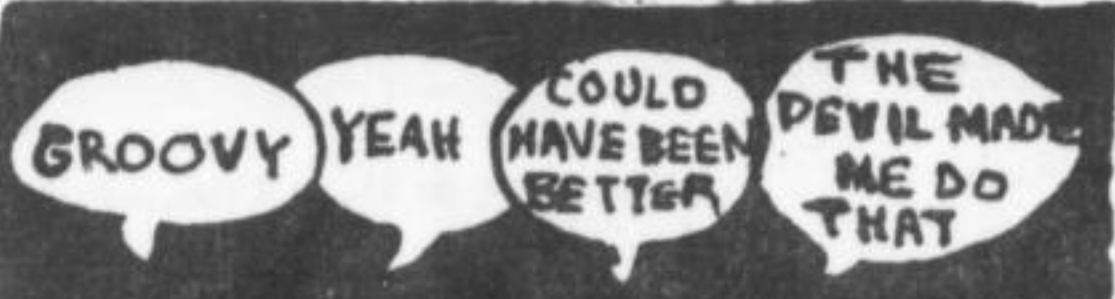
Actually, *Acrobats* isn't so bad as all that, it's just sort of redundant: after that first shattering tableau, the twenty minutes occupied by the rest of the performance is no more edifying really than watching a speared nightcrawler anelating itself to death around a pitchfork tine. It's as if *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* (Incidentally, the bright-eyed carrot-haired little old lady on the second floor of our apartment building claims to be Virginia Wooolf herself. 'So what?' asks Schultz. 'I'm not afraid of her. I'll kick her ass.') as if I say any Albee play about married people were condensed into a form nearly as austere as *Act Without Words*. Well no, not nearly that austere, but tending in that direction. His nibs and her ladyship are going at it tooth and claw, they despise the stench of each other's existence, they abhor themselves as they have made each other — but the fierce polka of civilization keeps them dancing, dancing, dancing these pernicious acrobatics, lest they be hooted at by derisive canned laughter off in the wings. His back gives out; her tits start to sag under her chintzy Midway-spangled outfit; they brawl, they bawl, they fall, they crawl... It's an awful thing to watch, if you happen to care about the agone of nightcrawlers.

Me, I use 'em to catch fish.



Black again, here we are immured in Lisbon again, casualties of Portuguese superstitions. You can really work up a righteous resentment of Israel Horowitz in that black of his between plays at the Theatre De Lys: these two poor journeyman acrobats, good working folk like you and me, God knows what sort of a strain it puts on the body to climb into those gymnastic contortions and hold them while expressing profound existential agonies through fixed, immovable smiles. God damn, but they do a fine job of it, the two of them! This Horowitz character, this effete intellectual liesure-class Jew snob, he has the gall, comrades, the bloody fucking gall to give them a lousy script to break their poor but honest backs on. Oh, that dirty exploitative son of a bitch!

But hold on, now. In the second play, the main play, *Line*, the principal production of this bi-partite evening, he has written not a bad little drama, or so it seems to me. Of course I am easily deluded, thanks to my profound and it must be admitted belligerent ignorance in all matters pertaining to the Stage. This play for me was merely an excuse to accompany a beautiful lady out on the town — no, two beautiful ladies, and a beautiful man too, and I've been looking healthier lately myself thank you — so I was understandably absorbed in the scripting of my own little vignettes, mine and hers, and mine and hers, and mine and his, not to mention hers and mine,



and hers and hers, and hers and his, or hers and mine, or hers and hers, or hers and his, and to be sure his and mine, and his and hers, and his and hers. We were ad-libbing and a capelling like a vaudeville quartet dosed on speed all night long. There was someone nicer than pen and

note-pad to occupy my right hand that evening, last Sunday, and so I couldn't fairly apportion the blame for the excellence of *Line*, either to the author or the other persons involved in its production.

Like *Acrobats*, the gimmick alone is brilliant: five people, four men and a woman, queued up before a white line on the stage, jockeying for position. Unlike the first play, however, which bounced Mooing up onto you (like I said) like Joshu's hound, this one unfolds progressively before you like a chilly soggy overcast sunrise over Mount Foogie-yama\*, as you sit like a sneezing pilgrim before the mystery of it all. Oh, it's all such bad Zen.



Terrible Zen. Although nobody there is very sure why he's lining up (for a Mets game? a symphonic production? to purchase fragments of the True Godot?) everyone is determined to be first, before the Mob fall in raggle-taggle behind him, scratching and vomiting and giving birth messily over miles of countryside. First, dammit! Even to be second would be unbearable, it's winner-take-all, even if there's probably never going to be anything there to take.

Four men and a woman, it's hilarious. Being terrible Zenners, none of them is the slightest bit interested in any of the others, except for their rank in *The Line*. The desire to be First eclipses all other sentiments, and to get there they will scabble like starving rats at a —

No, not yet, not yet. It all starts very civilised. The people enter one by one over the space of twelve and a half minutes, allowing you to get acquainted with each of them in series. First a middle-aged mensch in a teeshirt, then a longhaired thirty-year-old kid in fautige jacket and blue jeans, then a slick-talking



Brooklyn numbers player type in Mod dress, then a yummy caramel-haired lady in a short skirt, and finally her tweedy bald incompetent cuckold-husband. And these are all marvellous actors, before the play is half over you despise every one of them.

Like, what's to like? Every one of them is patently carnivorous, obsessed with Firstness, ready to move heaven and earth to get to be First, so long as they have a lung and a few shreds of brain left with which to exult when they get there. As they bamboozle one another out First to the rear of the line, and each person is at one time or another First during the play, you view all the vinest techniques and philosophies of one-upping and First-making known to twentieth-century man. Whatever sympathy you might originally have been prepared to bestow

\* This word, the name of a sacred mountain in Japan, is nowhere to be found in the Second Edition of Webster's New Twentieth Century Unabridged Dictionary, Illustrated. Not under 'F.' Now under 'A Dictionary of Geography.' Not under 'A Dictionary of Noted Names in Fiction, Mythology and Legend.' Not under 'A Dictionary of Foreign Words and Phrases.' Not under 'Principal Geographic Features of the World.' Not even on the map of Japan. Can I then be blamed for this? But it's a good book.

on this person or that swiftly becomes exorcised from you. Unlike many contemporary writers, Horowitz first presents you with fairly likeable people, and exposes them eventually as vermin. The kid Stephen for instance you might



dig because he looks like a Youth Culture representative, but before long Horowitz reminds you that the Youth Culture is just the same old collarbutton Playboy-tieclasp French-cuff tyranny in Proletarian dress. Maybe you dig the middle-age beer-swilling mensch? Hell, who can dig a middle-aged beer-swilling mensch, the only time he holds First plast is before anybody else gets there, and then he directly loses it for good. The Brooklyn dude, Dolan, you like for his quiet sneaky shrewdness? Beneath that quiet sneaky shrewdness, friends, lies



murder, plain and simple. And how about Arnall the loser husband, is he not at least a pathetic figure, a decent non-aggressive philosophical coward terrorised by his shrew wife into a semblance of aggressiveness? No, man, he's the worst of them all with his black-magic understanding of the mechanics of terror. And the lady? Molly? She who opens Pandora's box right there on the stage and destroys the whole concept of *Line* and Firsthood? Women are poison, everybody knows that.

An astrologically-inclined drama reviewer could probably do a much better job than either me or P.J. O'Rourke on this. The kid would be a double Aries, and the mensch a Capricorn, and Dolan would be a Gemini of the sneaky variety, and the lady of course a Scorpio, and her husband perhaps a Sagittarian with heavy Aquarius element. And then a classical scholar type drama reviewer would mention that Molly sounds an awful lot like Moly, a Greek herb used to induce slumber; while Fleming invented penicillin and cured the clap; and say what there is about St Stephen; and so on. Whereas a numerologically-inclined drama reviewer would delve into the significance of each of the numbers one

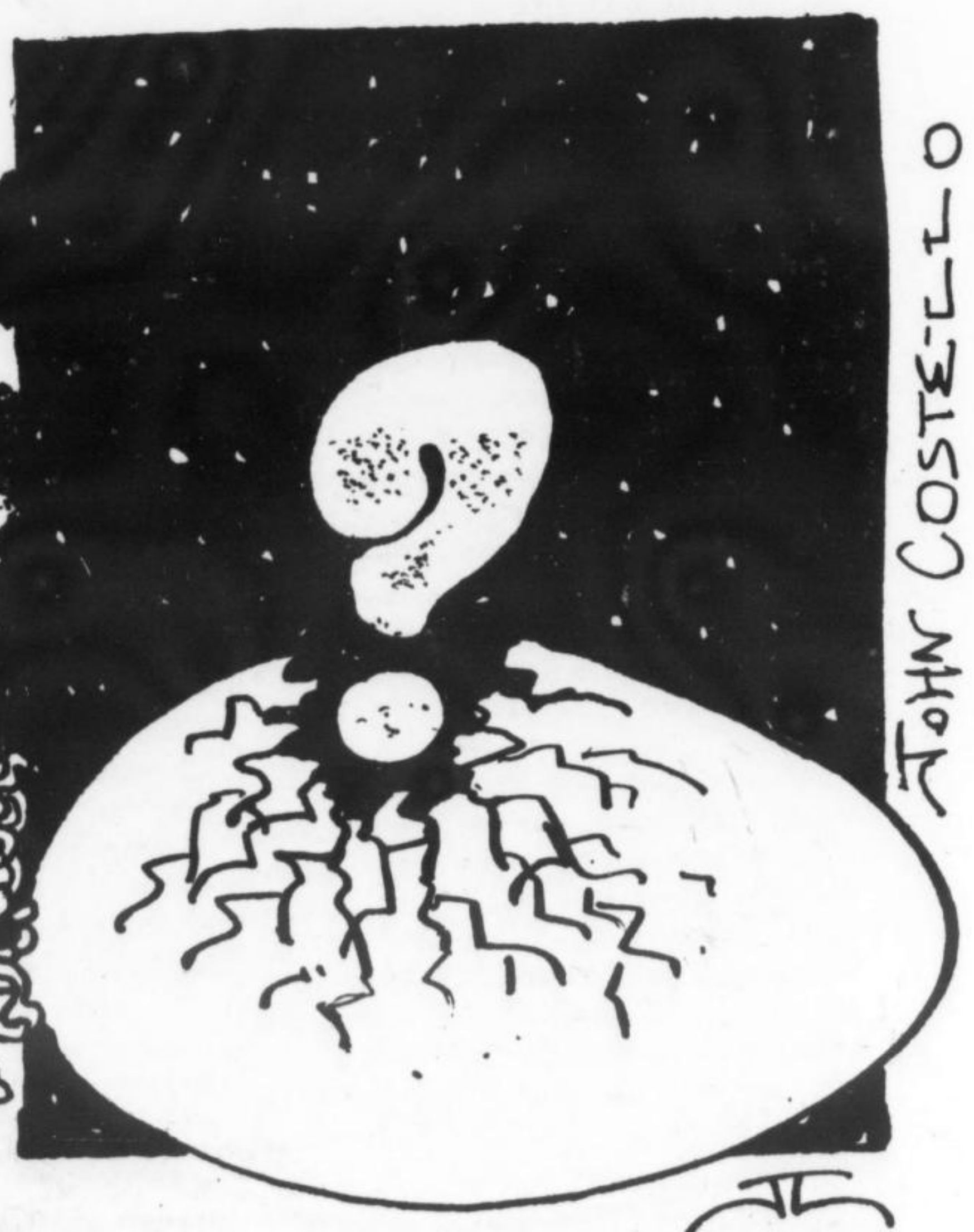


to five, and whatever series of which they are a part. And you could go on like this for many happy pages if you were a drama reviewer, but me, all I saw was a bunch of punks. Punks, man!

That's the only thing really wrong with this play, which is admirably scripted, skillfully staged, extraordinarily well acted, lit, costumed and otherwise produced — it just happens to be about punks, and who cares about punks? There are two kinds of people in the world, the punks and the smart people; and the smart people don't fuck around trying to

(Continued on Page 21)

# COSMIC CAT



JOHN COSTELLO



# JOCKS OF POLITICS

BY RICHARD MELTZER



## BRADLEY'S BUBBLE BURSTS

by R. Meltzer

There's this guy named Tom. I'm not kidding. That's his name. It's short for Thomas but they call him Tom. He's Carol Troy's boyfriend. He went to Princeton. His senior year he lived in or was gonna live in a suite of rooms with 12 other guys. One of them was Bill Bradley. Bill was the biggest thing that had hit Princeton in a billion years. Cosmo Iaccavazzi was there then too. That was class of '65 but Bill was much bigger. They used to set their alarm clocks. Everybody used to set them and at 4 AM everybody on campus got up to welcome back the team. Bill was the star of the team. So it was basically just for him. And this was 1965. The year of rock and roll taking over completely. And they were still doing stuff like that. Well y'know you can understand it when you realize it's a matter of geography and lots of years going by. Sports is a matter of that, it's a matter of you got years of lean pickings so when the going gets good some enthusiasm gets generated. So when the going suddenly gets real good all sorts of cretins are gonna get outa bed for it.

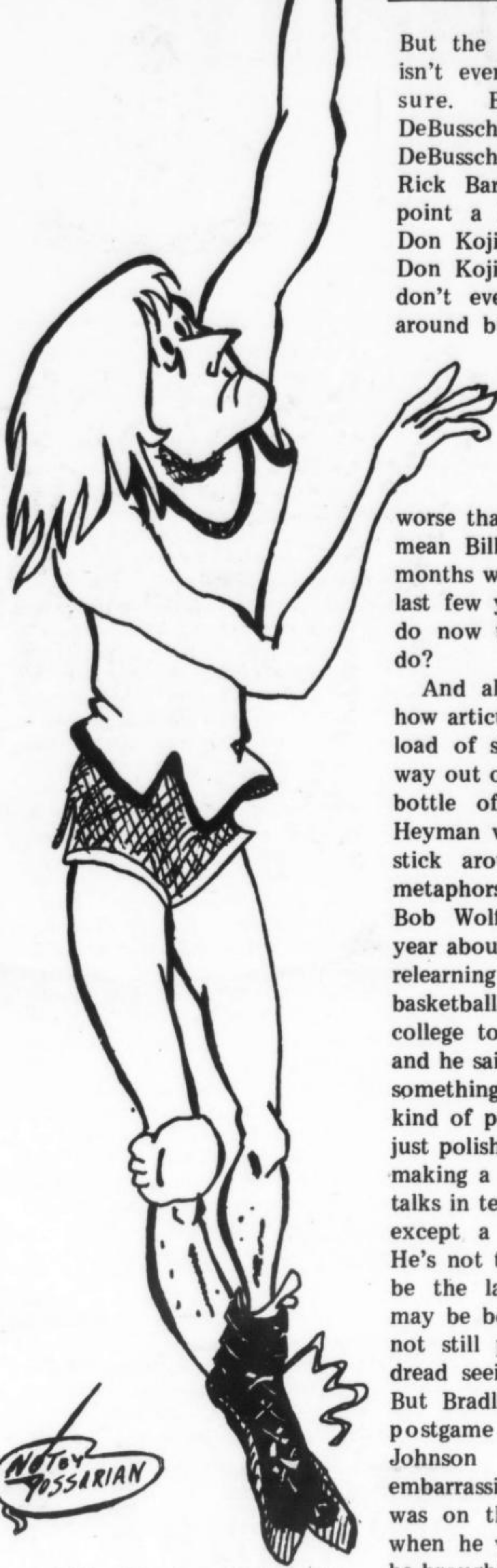
And Bradley used to go to bed at exactly 12. They used to time their watches by it an; he used to get up at 9 to study cause he was an athlete-scholar. And he was tellin everybody he was gonna be president. Congress from Missouri and then the Senate and then President. And basketball was the ticket (it still is so beware). Ticket to ride, ticket to England, ticket to the Johnny Carson Show, ticket to Manhattan, ticket to lectures in North Dakota. And that was way back when he was getting busy readying himself for the big move. So when these chicks used to take the bus up from Scranton he was hard to find. He had his own bedroom and all the other guys had to share one other room or something like that and the girlies went snooping around his room saying "We wanna fuck for Bill Bradley." Some of them were good lookers and the rest of the guys said "He's not here, so how's about fucking one of his roommates? Or how's about one of his friends? We can tell you all about him if you want." They never went for that so they'd stick around waiting for the man himself to return but when he got back he was pissed off that they might interfere with his study habits so he said get rid of them. If they wouldn't leave he'd sic the cops on them.

Weird motherfucker, I mean what's he goin to college for? So he can be President.

That ain't bad if you can manage it but he's not good enough or bad enough a player to pull it off. Vinegar Bend Mizell who used to pitch for the Pirates is some kind of state thing somewhere or maybe he's even a Representative from West Virginia or something like that. Well he was a shit pitcher, he's obscure enough to have his mere sports career as just one piss-shit credential on his list. But Craig Morton could never do it. He's marginally good enough to get entrusted with blowing the big games. Had he been worse to begin with nobody would've known him to be anything. But that's the thing with any kind of superstar hype, if you don't make it you're shit. Like Rod Gilbert, Rod Gilbert's shit. He never made it, he's just a piece of shit. But by being a piece of shit he's able to surprise people once in a while by being decent like against the Philadelphia Flyers.

Just take a look at Bud Palmer, he played on the original Knicks and he was the only one with a guaranteed salary. He was average good which was okay for then, like there were all sorts of worthless creeps bouncin the ball around the league like Chuck Connors. Chuck Connors was center on the Boston Celtics and he was on the Rochester Royals too. What good was he? No good. Well anyway Bud Palmer survived to become a soft spoken announcer and last year he was Official Greeter of the City of New York. That's political, he got that from Lindsay or somebody and he deserves it, he's a swell guy and all. He deserves it, you can't hold it against the scumbag can you? And up in Wisconsin they tried to talk Bart Starr into running for the U.S. Senate. He didn't wanna so they talked the owner of the Milwaukee Bucks (some guy named Erickson) into it and he lost. But the point is that Bart Starr is an overrated bum in an overrated role, I mean like what good is a quarterback? Analogous to him is Ronald Reagan, is Ronald Reagan any better than Dick Powell or Alan Ladd? Like that's what his role was, it was a bummer role and he wasn't even the best at it. Same goes for Bart Starr, he woulda won for sure but he was such a dummy that politics awed him, he was real humble and he figured all he was good for was campaigning. Some dumbass prick he is.

Well back to Bradley, Bradley these days isn't any better than,



say, Mike Riordan. Stallworth's got him beat by a mile and meanwhile he's busy dribbling into somebody's hands, throwing out of bounds, losing it on his foot and he's not even deflecting passes on defense the way he used to. He's not taking as many shots that he can't make as Riordan used to take last year but there's just getting to be shots that he can't make. It didn't used to be that way, he just ain't very good from way out anymore.

And all this talk about how he's in there instead of Cazzie Russell because he's white is just more jive too. Like the whole racial financial situation in basketball is obvious and boring. And boredom plus sports jargon equals just more jive, like why give a shit on that level anymore?

But the point is that Bradley isn't even Maravich, that's for sure. But he isn't even DeBusschere, he never was even DeBusschere, or Havlicek, or Rick Barry, or—to stretch a point a little—somebody like Don Kojis. Now I haven't seen Don Kojis in a couple years, I don't even know if he's still around but he couldn't be any

worse than Bradley right now. I mean Bill's had a couple good months worth of games over the last few years but what can he do now that Bill Hosket can't do?

And all this hogwash about how articulate he is, that's just a load of shit. He can't talk his way out of a paper bag or even a bottle of piss. Too bad Art Heyman wasn't good enough to stick around the Knicks, his metaphors weren't so dull. Like Bob Wolfe asked Bradley last year about wasn't it a matter of relearning how to play the basketball that he learned in college to make it in the pros, and he said no it was a matter of something like college was one kind of pottery and pro wasn't just polishing up the vase, it was making a new one. I mean who talks in terms of potter's wheels except a potter or a pedant? He's not the former so he must be the latter. Dave Meggyesy may be boring but at least he's not still playing so you gotta dread seeing him in interviews. But Bradley was even on some postgame show with Gus Johnson and he was more embarrassing than Bill Russell was on the Dick Cavett Show when he was guest hosting and he brought out a blackboard and did some dumb routine with jokes that went over getting checked off on one side and those that didn't getting checked off on the other side. A dumb routine but Bradley thinks he's cool enough to pull it off without a routine and he's not.

But he's not the only worse guy for this year's Knicks. Dick Barnett is worse too. But it's a different kind of worse. His patented awkward lefthanded jumper was patentedly famous because he used to sink it. Now he doesn't but at least it's still classy in its own awkward way. And Dick was real good on the Joe Franklin Show and Joe Franklin's son likes him. And another guy who hasn't lived up to his initial hype is Walt Frazier. But then again the kind of hype he got—along with the

hype that Earl (the Pearl) Monroe used to get—was just a matter of the whole youthful flash trip. And neither one of them is youthful anymore, just solid as hell. And Oscar Robinson and Jerry West are the only kind of guys who get the solidity hype year in year out. So fuck the hype, Frazier's still alright. But it used to be that he'd do something ridiculous like shave his mustache and sideburns and say that it made him faster by a whisker. He doesn't do stuff like that anymore, he's just another old man.

So what the Knicks have become is just another Boston Celtics. Occasionally overwhelming and generally palatable with lots of guys on the team contributing lots of teamwork. A real labor force due to lots of labor. Ordinary labor and extraordinary labor but no fuckin magic at all. But Boston even had some left after they got to be merely the best. And the Knicks don't. And the reason for that is when Boston got the innovative spirit with first the fast break and then Russell's defense there weren't enough decent players or coaches around to catch up quick. So their superiority stuck and the longer it stuck the flashier they got in reveling in it. But with the Knicks it's just the old story of "hitting the open man" and "defense is the name of the game," that shit. And anybody can learn that sort of thing, it's just a matter of coaching the machine to work once you've got all the parts. Even if you don't have enough parts you can force them to emulate something not that hard to copy. It wasn't that way when Russell called the shots at Boston, it was years before guys were able to figure out some gimmicks from watching him. And meanwhile Chamberlain was the big star starwise so offense hadda still be what it was all about. Basketball was interesting then, now it's just another discernible bureaucracy. And the really best team of the whole long line was the Philadelphia 76ers when they won it with Wilt. But the Los Angeles Lakers experiment with West and Baylor and Chamberlain was so much of an overstatement that even if it had worked it would have been at least as silly as the Yankees when they beat Cincinnati in 5 games.

And then there's all this shit about the draft. That guy Meulli who owns the San Francisco

(Continued on Page 20)

# KENT STATE AFTERMATH

## PART 1 by p.j.o'rourke

PART I: I. F. Stone at Kent State

**THE KILLINGS AT KENT STATE;**  
How Murder Went Unpunished  
by I.F. Stone  
The New York Review  
New York, 1970

On Feb. 3rd, 1970, I.F. Stone published "THE KILLINGS AT KENT STATE; How Murder Went Unpunished," the first major book on the Kent State deaths and a publication which (in view of Stone's well-deserved reputation as an honest and accurate reporter) will be historically and politically important. EVO writer P.J. O'Rourke has been visiting his friends regularly at Kent State since 1967 and he went there again to see how Stone's book reads in its proper context and to see what has happened to Kent State since it became a focal point of student radicalism last May.

### NOTES TOWARDS AN EVENTUAL DEFINITION OF OHIO

I.F. Stone, for as good-hearted and just a man as he is, is a hot-shot eastern liberal and doesn't really catch the ambience of Ohio or really try to. But to understand the Kent State deaths and to understand the future of student radicalism it's necessary to understand Ohio, to catch the drift of Ohio. I was born and raised in Toledo, went to school at Miami in Oxford and I've lived in those places and in Morning Sun and Columbus and stayed in Carey and Kent, Ashland, Athens, Yellow Springs, Norwalk, Cleveland, Akron, Cincinnati, Middletown, Hamilton and most of the rest. It's a whole thing. The east really IS effete,

intellectual and snobbish — also it's crowded and burned-out, very tired and European. The kids in Kent see Long Island transfer students come in in forty dollar bell-bottom pants and shag hair cuts and they have a phrase for people like that, "get down!" they say. And the west coast freaks live in Disneyland — "Whoopee! Revolution! So much for Adventureland, lets shoot some acid and dig Fantasyland, then go see Marcuse over in Tomorrowland..." and on and on. The west is Mascho and the south is impoverished, embittered and twisted. Ohio has none of that. Ohio doesn't even have that Norman Rockwell Iowa charm. Ohio is ugly and comfortable like a huge trailer park bounded by the wild north, the down-home south, hookey Indiana and the pervert east. And the Ohio freak is a calm soul, given to drifting out to see these wonders and wandering back home. He's on speaking terms with his parents and within a hundred or thirty or three miles of them. And his dress is less distinguishable from those beats, bohemians and folkies before him. He's Gnosso Popodopolopilas more than Mark Rudd or Hugh Romney. There's a better chance that he fought in Viet Nam and less chance that he's under seventeen. It's not Easy Rider in Ohio. You're far removed from the Life magazine fringes of America. You drink more beer, you know more cops by name and you move all the time — but not in the romantic search of the west or the frantic missions of the east. There's no scenery and few heavy movies to be made, just constant homey American car travel on the empty super-highways at night — up 75

from Cincy and across the turnpike to Cleveland, down 71 to Columbus and out 70 to Athens and the steel mill towns. There's no THING to see. There's no Big Sur or Mexico, no pentagons or Vermonts. Just people, and every freak in Ohio knows freaks almost everywhere else in Ohio well enough to move out every couple of weeks and drift around to Mt. Adams in Cincinnati, N. High St. in Columbus, University Circle in Cleveland and to Antioch, Oberlin, OSU and Kent, too, to the bars along Water St. and the bars along Water St. and the off-campus hosing on College and Erie Streets.

Here in Ohio there is no mellow arrogance of the unnoticed center. If we don't move, no one moves. The west coast cometh and the east coast passeth away but the midwest endures forever.

So how did Ohio, without overt hatred, insanity or heavy revolutionaries, manage to kill four of its college students last year? That has to do with the people, the great mass of white middle-class people, who live here. What kind of person stays in such a dull, unattractive wasteland as this solely to be prosperous? They can hardly claim, like their long-haired children, to have transcended it. Not many can point to the southern pull of land and clan. Even a lot of the farmers have come up from the mountains to where they could work part-time in the tire and auto-body plants. Ohioans are just too dull to make a culture for themselves or to go anyplace where it already exists. New York and Risico are filled with straight, bourgeoisie adults who've fled Ohio because they were too bright to stay. Ohioans aren't

ignorant or warped by evil sociological pressures. They lack the redeeming qualities of our nation's other more xenophobic and bigoted peoples. They have none of the westerner's self-cufficiency nor the Californian's pathetic search for the good life, nothing of the southerner's loyalty nor the north country stoicism. The people of Ohio are mean, greedy and stupid. That's the goddamned truth. I've spent most of my life here. There are many people that I love here. I even like it here But that's the goddamned truth. So the bright Ohio kid grows up and instead of running like hell the way he used to he goes to college and lets his hair grow out, tries to broaden his own horizons instead of going to New York to let Leonard Bernstein do it for him. And the not so bright Ohio kid grows up and digs in like a cockroach in the rich garbage of the affluent society. The bright ones dodge the draft in college, live and fuck in shabby apartments and work summer jobs. The dull ones dodge the draft in the National Guard, get married and have babies in shabby ranchhouses and work in the factories. They are the same kids. They lived next door. They went to high school together (you don't go to private school in Ohio unless your parents hate you). They were friends when they were younger. The kids at Kent SHOT THEMSELVES, not because of the generation gap but because of the IQ gap.

Maybe I'm crazy but I say the story of Kent is the story of young, naive intellectuals (man, in the old C.P., I.W.W. sense of that word) trying to raise the level of consciousness of a society which has been drained of its most intelligent members for fifty years and which, worse, has everything it thinks it wants. These kids died only because they rocked the boat. Bourgeoisie inertia in the long run always proves to be vicious inertia.

### READING I.F. STONE IN AN OHIO ON THE LEFT

"The Killings At Kent State" is a well-researched and well-written book made up of three essays by I.F. Stone, a remarkably frank and angry introduction by Ohio Senator Stephen Young plus five unedited documents relating to the Kent deaths (the Justice Department Summary of FBI Reports, The Akron "Beacon Journal's" account of May 4th and the incidents surrounding it, the correspondence between J. Edgar Hoover and the editor of the "Beacon Journal" and the Portage County Grand Jury Report — since thrown out in Federal Court).

The very best thing about the book is that the author's royalties go to the Kent Legal Defense Fund whose primary concern is raising the \$100,000 (at least) that's necessary to see that the twenty-five indicted Kent students are properly defended. And they very much need the money.

But there are some serious problems with this book. Many of these are political and theoretical differences that I (and we, the radical left) have with I.F. Stone. Of course that takes nothing away from Stone's factual objectivity, but there is one problem that is much more serious. I.F. Stone (and Stephen Young) repeatedly call for a new (Federal) Grand Jury to be convened and a new and just (!?) placement of blame to be made. This howl and cry is being echoed by the liberal establishment all over the country and is likely to increase with the publication of "The Killings..." BUT THE KENT 25 ARE UNEQUIVOCALLY OPPOSED TO ANY MORE GRAND JURIES. In a press conference called on Thursday, Jan. 28th by the Kent Legal Defense Fund, Ken Hamond (an indicted student) stated: "We don't want it. [a federal Grand Jury]. It is possible that some of us could be indicted on charges of sabotage. Conviction of that crime carries a thirty-year sentence." At the same press conference Bill Whitaker (an Akron U. law student working for the Defense Fund) said: "The best... [a Federal Grand Jury]... would do on indictments is to get a few enlisted men in the Guard."

On the surface, the call for a Federal Grand Jury appears to be a well-meaning tactical error on the part of the liberals, but the problem is more than that and in being more than that goes to the root of what's wrong with "The Killings..." Stone

knows all the facts but he doesn't seem to know what they mean. It's like he knows every note but can't play the tune. He comes right out and says the words but doesn't get the music. I quote:

The destructive potential of the reports [on Kent and Jackson State by the President's Commission on Campus Unrest] comes from the fact that they have honestly and thoroughly shown that the killings were unjustified and unnecessary. The established order mustered its best and they fulfilled their moral and political obligation. AND YET THERE IS NOT THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE THAT ANYTHING WILL BE DONE ABOUT IT.

His own italics, but, incredibly, he doesn't see this as a call to revolution. He thinks it's an outraged request for a fair and impartial Federal Grand Jury! Inventive phrases fails me. There are just none so blind as those who will not see. Thoreau said, "All men recognize the right of revolution, that is, the right to refuse allegiance to, and to resist the government, when its tyranny or inefficiency are great and unendurable. But almost all say that such is not the case now."

So I guess you have to read this book and become outraged as Stone would have you do at the behavior of the government. But then do what the facts given imply that you should do and forgive I.F. Stone for his liberal's faith and reformist's optimism.

Ohio Democratic Senator Stephen Young's introduction gives very informative insider's information about the shady political maneuvering behind the calling of the National Guard by Governor Rhodes and the subsequent Portage County Grand Jury. His portrait of the Ohio Republican Party is as ugly as it is accurate. Of course as a liberal Democrat already retired, Young can afford to speak (remarkably enough men like Young, Representative Lud Ashley and present Governor Gilligan are occasionally elected in Ohio due to a growing black population — 23% — and progressive labor leadership which drags the rank and file members screaming and kicking into the Democratic camp). Young makes a strong statement right up until he says (in conclusion): "There must be no more campus massacres like those of Kent State and Jackson State. THAT is the lesson of this excellent book." That isn't the lesson of this excellent book at all. The lesson of this excellent book is the same as the lesson of "Catch 22," that they can do anything we can't stop them from doing.

The first chapter of "The Killings..." "What's A Little Murder?" records to exactly what disgusting extent justice miscarried at Jackson and Kent and how and why the Scranton Commission failed to do anything about it. Stone makes an extensive point of how this is the way the legal system has always functioned for blacks and how the same shit is being extended to students. I don't think Stone realized it but "student" is something of a misnomer. The people who were attacked May 4th are not so much what liberals call students or what John Sinclair calls "you culture" as they are members of a loose and growing politico-cultural movement in which many (Ginsberg, Leary, Kesey, etc.) are not so young and who are labeled students mostly because that's where they are most visibly and vulnerably involved with the established order.

The second chapter, "Strange Lessons for the Young," is Stone's own portrait of the Kent tragedy, a sort of companion piece for the various "factual" accounts included. His picture of Kent is tailor-made to liberal sympathy for the pure and middle american guiltless Kent student body as victimized by McCarthy-era hysteria. Well, no place is as dull as Stone paints Kent. Kent, Ohio, is no Palo Alto but a pot and politics and old-time drop out scene has existed for years here just as it has in every other college town and as it was portrayed at Cornell over a decade ago in "Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me." The idea of KSU as a Sis-Boom-Bah collection of corn-fed Future Farmers of America is a piece of east-coast provincialism. IT IS ironic that such a dramatic event as the killings should have taken place here. But there's a



second level of irony too. KSU is unknown but any real strength of the vague hippie left (or whatever) has to lie exactly out here in the cool center of the American meat ball where, after all, most of the people and most of the kids are. It is perhaps even fortunate, in a grisly sort of way, that the people of Grand Rapids, Cedar Falls, Omaha and Beloit were informed that The Movement is real and not some weird Tom Wolf second feature to the surf cult. It's in this chapter that Stone recounts the behavior of Seabury Ford, sixty-eight year old Chariman of the Portage County Republican Party and one of the three special prosecutors named by Governor Rhodes to handle the Grand Jury investigation. It was he who said the National Guard "Should have shot all the troublemakers." Ford is mentioned at various points in the book as a fascist asshole (not quite in those terms) but the Kent Legal Defense Fund has a press release which explores this example of local talent a little more deeply. The following quotations represent an unfortunately typical example of the usually latent Ohio political consciousness:

Ford said the incidents that led to the shooting deaths of four students... were "Communist inspired."

In addition to his role as prosecutor, Ford recently was appointed by the Ohio Board of Regents, the state's highest educational body, to preside at academic hearings for Kent State students arrested as a result of the Grand Jury.

"I think the whole damn country is not going to quiet down until the

police are ordered to shoot to kill," Ford said in an interview.

He said he agreed with what he called the "average" opinion of most people in the Kent-Ravenna area: "Why didn't the Guard shoot more of them?"

Ford said there have been numerous threats on his life. He keeps a .45 caliber pistol concealed under a manila folder on a table next to his desk.

Ford earlier warned two persons leaving his office — across the street from the Portage County Court House — to "be careful and hurry up" with their business at the Court House because of recent bomb threats.

"These kids have declared war on society. People had better wake up," said Ford.

Evidence before the secret Grand Jury indicates that "Communists" were behind the activity, he said.

He labeled a number of groups on campus "subversive" and said they all "mouthed the same Communist-inspired propaganda."

Ford speculated that money for such subversive groups comes to this country from "Russia through Cuba and the United Nations."

... Ford produced a copy of a message allegedly distributed on campus shortly before the shooting.

The message alleges that guns can be obtained from the Weathermen and says that "tactical squad" of the SDS... will lead an armed assault on the university's Commons.

The message also says the group's slogan will be "Do or Die," and concludes by saying: "Some of these people will be wearing Army fatigues, will attempt to infiltrate the N.G." (National Guard)

Referring specifically to the volley of National Guard bullets that killed four persons and wounded nine others,

Ford said: "The point is it stopped the riot — you can't argue with that. It just stopped it flat."

Ford said that "99%" of the people he had talked to supported the Grand Jury.

Of his experience as a prosecutor in the Grand Jury investigation Ford said: "I wouldn't want to do it again, but I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

Stone's third (and last personal) chapter, "Fabricated Evidence," reports evidence that Guard members conspired to give identical and exonerating testimony before the Grand Jury and how the news of this fairly well substantiated conspiracy was blacked-out. This is all very interesting (and predictable) but there is other evidence that Stone could have incorporated into the book but which he does not either because (I suppose) it isn't as well substantiated (which I'd take issue with) or because he doesn't know about it. One thing was repeatedly told me by witnesses including Tom Grace who was twenty yards from the Guardsmen and was wounded in the ankle: that the guards turned in unison, lowered their rifles, and fired directly into the students as if by plan or order. Starting with my own phone call from Baltimore to Constance Nowakowski in Kent about fourteen hours after the shootings, I have heard this claim made by numerous eye-witnesses. I think Stone should have investigated it. Secondly, there is another Kent Legal Defense Fund press release from which I quote:

BOSTON, Mass. (P) — Joseph Rhodes Jr., the youngest member of the President's Commission of Campus Unrest [the Scranton Commission],

claims two Ohio National Guardsmen went to Kent State University last May intending to kill students.

Rhodes Sunday told parishioners at a Unitarian church in suburban Northboro: "There were a few Guardsmen who committed second degree murder. They went there with pre-meditation — meaning intending to kill students."

Rhodes said a Federal Grand Jury should be called to probe the May 4 shooting incident because a state Grand Jury had exonerated National Guardsmen who fired.

He said, however, he doubted a Federal panel would be called.

No mention of the two Guardsmen — who according to Rhodes, intended to kill — was ever made to the state Grand Jury. Although "We (the commission) know about it," Rhodes said.

"The FBI knows about these two guys, but it wasn't before the (state) Grand Jury," he said.

Reached at this Cambridge home later, Rhodes said he recommended the Federal Grand Jury inquiry to clear up discrepancies between the findings of the FBI and the commission and those of the state Grand Jury which said Guardsmen fired in "the sincere and honest belief" that their lives were in danger.

Rhodes is a 22-year-old junior fellow at Harvard.

That brings us back to the Grand Jury problem. Kent Legal Defense Fund workers feel that the Portage County state Grand Jury charges are legally flimsy and there's a good chance they can be beaten. Gilligan, the new liberal governor, is being a slick politician about the whole thing and publicly states that he feels obligated to allow legal proceedings against the Kent State 25 to continue. It can be speculated that

privately he too feels the indictments will be ultimately thrown out and reasons that there's not use in risking his neck to save the 25. Any federal charges would probably be much better put together. The best thing all these liberal do-gooders could do is to shut up and send money.

KENT LEGAL DEFENSE FUND  
Box 116  
Kent, Ohio 44240

The remaining chapters and the four appendices are reprints of varying degrees of interest. The Justice Department Summary of the FBI Reports is most interesting for its Robert Kennedy tone which one can notice has been softened with phrases like "allegedly," "so-called," and "self-styled." Dick Nixon must have been pissed when he read this thing. The other really strange item is the nasty letter that J. Edgar Hoover wrote to John Knight, editor of the Akron "Beacon Journal" because the "Beacon Journal" said the FBI had "Concluded" such and such in its Kent investigation rather than "reported" such and such. Knight, in his reply says:

It is interesting that you have not contested the pertinent information contained in our story, but only the notation that the FBI made a "Conclusion" about the tragedy at Kent State.

Furthermore, I am surprised at the hostile tone of your letter which is evidently intended to mollify public opinion.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED  
TO ATTEND THE  
1ST "INTERNATIONAL VISIT  
KENT OHIO DAY"  
MAY 9, 1971

R.S.V.P.

- THANK YOU, I WILL BE ABLE TO ATTEND
- UNFORTUNATELY I'M TIED UP, BUT I'LL SEND ALL MY FRIENDS AND RELATIVES
- I WILL BE FIGHTING IN THE HILLS OF UPSTATE NEW YORK AT THIS TIME

PLEASE RETURN TO Y.I.P. OFFICE,  
STUDENT ACTIVITIES CENTER,  
KENT STATE UNIVERSITY, KENT, OHIO  
44240

# DEJA VOO

BY KIM DEITCH

THE STORY THUS FAR, ... WALDO, SUMMONED BY FELIX, AN AGING CIA OPERATIVE, HAS BEEN PREVAILED UPON BY A SPECIAL PRESIDENTIAL COMMISSION, TO UNDERGO A BIZARRE MISSION

AS WE OPEN EPISODE TWO, DR. KEESLER CONTINUES HIS BRIEFING

MILO'S PROGRESS WAS AMAZING! COUPLED WITH A THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE COMPERABLE ONLY TO THE THIRST OF A BOWERY WIND, ..... HIS INTELLECT WAS VASTLY MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN THAT OF ANY MAN!

GODLESS THING THAT HE WAS, I SOON DETECTED A KIND OF FLAW IN THE MAKEUP OF HIS PERSONALITY; HE WAS DEVOID OF ANYTHING RESEMBLING HUMAN WARMTH!!

IF I MAY CONTINUE GENTLEMEN  
BE THAT AS IT MAY, A TWINGE OF AFFECTION FOR THIS ERSATZ BRANCHILD OF MINE, GREW WITH IN ME.

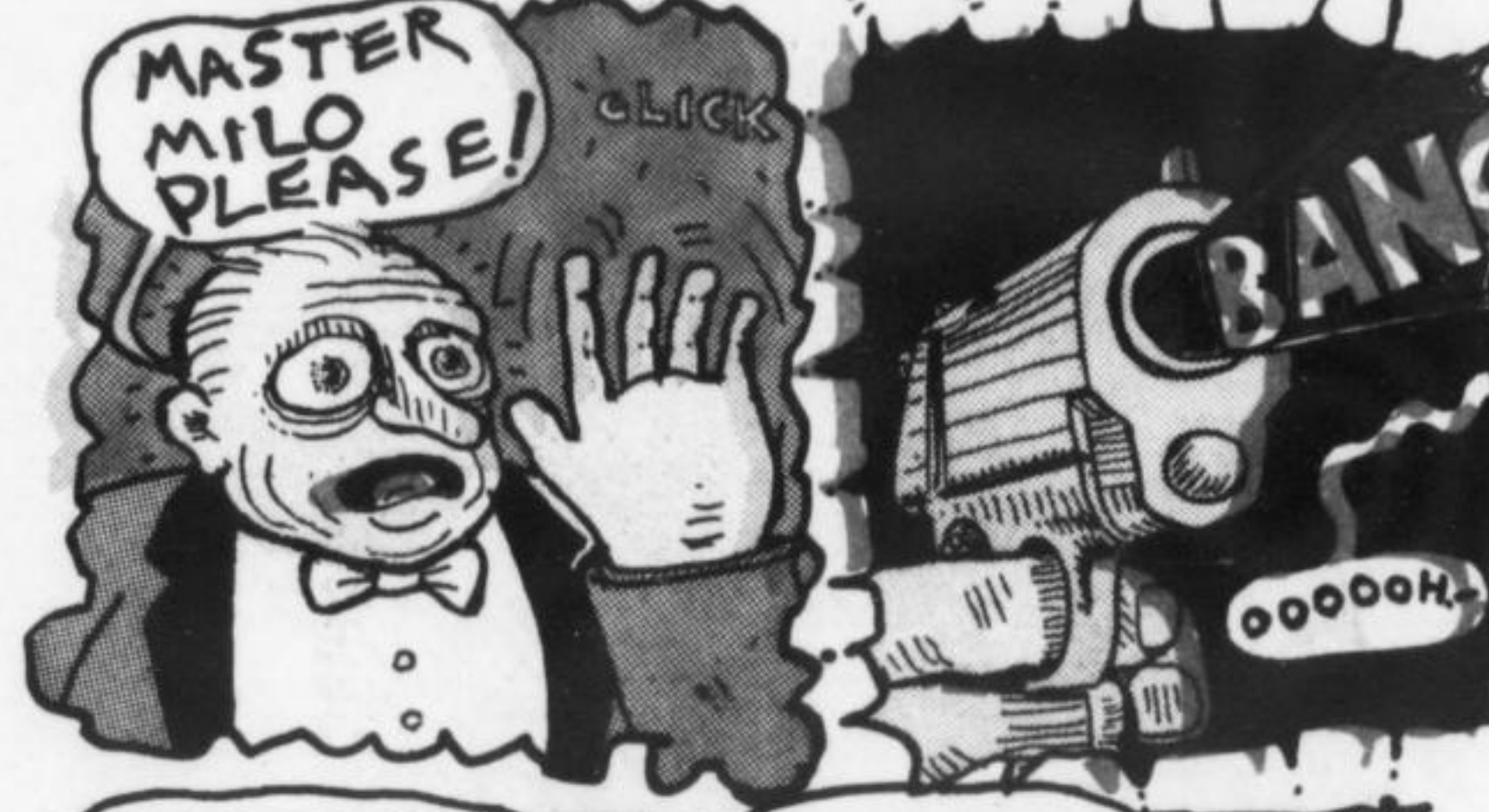
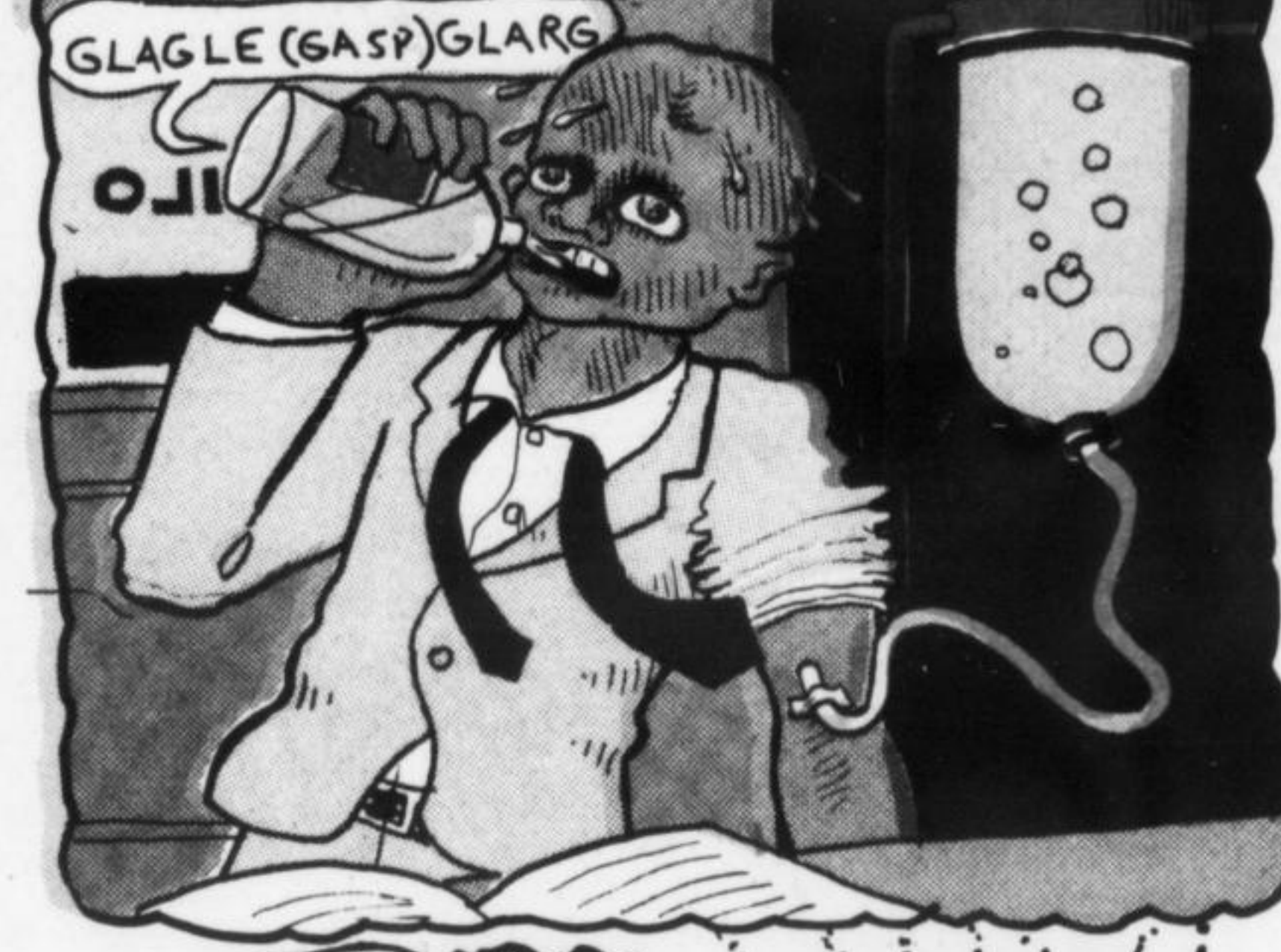


HIS NEED FOR BLOOD BECAME A COMPULSION! SOON IT WAS NEARLY LUST!

THE MORE HE DRANK THE MORE GROTESQUE HIS MANNER BECAME

I COULD SENSE SOMETHING WAS GOING TO GIVE!

FINALLY IT HAPPENED. GROGAN, AN OLD FAMILY RETAINER, BROUGHT MILO HIS MORNING BLOOD ALLOTMENT..... NEARLY SEVEN PINTS!

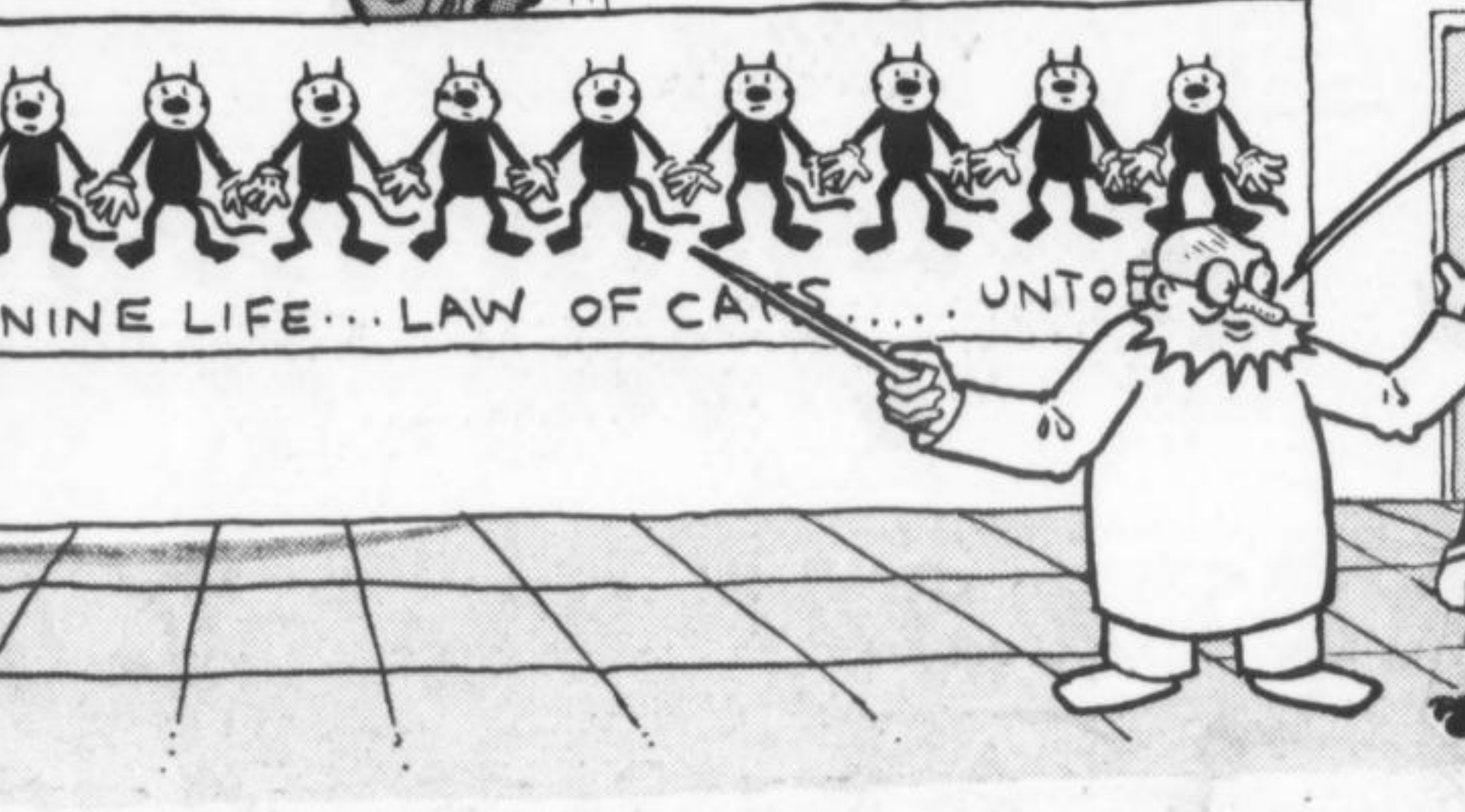


THE AUTOPSY SHOWED THE BODY WAS TOTALLY DEVOID OF BLOOD!

WHOA!

BUT I STILL DONT GET IT! WHERE DO I COME IN?

IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE



IT IS A MATTER OF RECORD MY FELINE FRIEND, THAT THE ONLY SPECIES TO HAVE A SURPLUS OF LIVES (NINE TO BE EXACT) IS THE COMMON CAT

ALLRIGHT, ENOUGH BABBLING, LETS WARM UP THE MENDELEculator CHECK

MOMENTS LATER

WELL, HERE GOES NOTHIN

GULP

RIGHT THIS WAY MY FRIEND

THATS TH' STUFF!

HELL, IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS BUM TICKER OF MINE, I'D DO IT MYSELF

WALDO! I'M SURPRIZED! I HAD YOU PEGGED FOR A TROOPER!

MENDELEculator MY ASS! I'M GETTIN OUT OF HERE!

WITH A KENNEDY HALF-DOLLAR GIVEN TO SUGS PERSONALLY BY PRESIDENT NIXON, DR. KEESLER ACTIVATED THE MENDELEculator!

WAWA WAWA WAWA

PLUNK

MOMENTS LATER, I WAS EJECTED..... IN A TOTALLY DORMANT STATE!

RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE

NOHIN DOING!

AND FED INTO A FRESH BATCH OF ARTIFICIAL EMBRYONIC HOMUNCULI

THE NEXT DAY, UNDER A HEAVY VEIL OF SECRET, EIGHT EXACT COPIES OF MY BLUE RIBBON CHROMOSOMES WERE MADE!!

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THERE WERE NO LESS THAN NINE OF ME!

NONE OF US TOOK TOO KINDLY TO THE CHANGE

COME NOW GENERAL...

WHY JUST LOOK AT THEM! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

WHAT TH...

...FUCKS GOIN...

...ON HERE!

THEY HAD FINGERED ME TO BE A NINE PEICE CAT, COMMANDO UNIT! WHATTA GREAT IDEA!

AS LONG AS THIS MILO REMAINS AT LARGE, NO MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD IS SAFE!

HEY LOOK THERE!

\*G!!!G\*!

YOU MUTHA!

BECOMING NINE BEINGS UNDERSTANDABLY CAN BE A BIT UNSETTLING

THE ADJUSTMENT PERIOD, THOUGH BRIEF IS A BIT UNPREDICTABLE

IT WILL SOON PASS

HMM

HEY LOOK THERE!

OKAY YOU MUGS KNOCK IT OFF

GROAN

BOY, YOUVE GOT TO DO IT!

ME CAGO EN DIOS!

THATS RIGHT GANG, MILO'S NEXT VICTOM COULD BE YOU!!!



# CHARLIE

The book is about death and what a bad trip it is when it happens to a pop star. It stories about Jimmi and Janis and Brian Epstein and Brian Jones. Robert Somta who edited it is the editor of *FUSION* a boston semi underground newspaper. I accuse all of them of short sightedness and ignorance. Maybe they're afraid of the magic that surrounds these strange events maybe they had a visit from those guys that come around and tell you what to publish maybe it was a lot of reasons put together, I dont know. Its a bad vibe book. Its documents are accurate portrayals of what happened in the eyes of these reporters, but nothing is mentioned of the message that all these rock stars were trying to blow out their brains with or the colorful pictures that happened everytime they played. Or the happiness they brought to the millions of kids who witnessed the magic in person. Its a bad vibe book, looking only at the circumstances that surrounded the deaths.

Now that Charlie Manson (he's a pop star too) has been convicted of the crimes with which he was charged. The entire country has picked up on the down vibe death trip attitude. Death sells too, Madison Ave. is finding out, and this book is a prime example. No mention is made of Alan Wilson of the Canned Heat, he passed away too. It's like the headlines on the front page of the daily news announcing Manson's guilt before the trial was over, theyre trying to shade history so all that remains is a lot of microfilmed records of daily news stories about long hairs and musicians and all the bad things they get into.

In their last issue they elected Janis and Jimmi to the playboy musicians hall of fame. Now stop and think, how many playboy readers ever heard of janis or jimmi before the headlines slashed out over all the front pages of the national news giving false views about how the deaths were drug induced? Stop and think how many cared, how many knew??? Sure, theyre dead and gone so why not elect them to the hall of fame? Just think of how many more hip readers will pick up on the magazine if they start running pop stars next to the naked broads? Playboy, youll get yours too.

The only place the real messages were carried in the old days when they were happening was the underground radios and newspapers the peoples press, the ones that were in touch with the dream and pictured it as it seemed. Now more that ever there is a need for alternative communications networks and recording mechanisms so the pages of history will accurately reflect the magic and the dream and the new world scene that's going down.

For a long time there have been many people bootlegging albums of music that you wouldnt ordinarily get to hear. Now the record companys are pressuring government agencies to go harder on the bootleggers and producers of counter intelligence counter-culture instructional materials. These tapes and pictures and memories are the clearest pictures that we have. There was a pirate tape turned into a beautiful album in england not long ago. It had the tapes of the performances of Jimmi's last performance at The Roayl ALBERT HALL in London. The tapes were cut by that master of electronic realization, Glyn Johns. Another company in England goes by the name of *TRAK*. They hold the tapes from Jimmi's performance at the isle of wight last summer.

Englands teens arent so into the media fixation as americas kids are. Theyve got other kinds of diversions like collecting tapes of jimmi when he was there, some of the music is absolutely unheard of in the states,

theres an honest attempt being made to get these valuable documents to the people cause its part of their heritage part of their dream part of the growing up they did part of their scene theres thousands of home made tape recordings of some of his cabaret and backroad night club performances in the early days. The things taht started him off on his way. There was always someone with a tape recorder going. A friend of mine sent me a clipping from a london rock and roll paper. it went something like this . . .

**SMALL SUPPLIES** of a brand new Jimmi Hendrix bootleg album entitled *WOW* have arrived in london shops, it was recorded live at a concert at fillmore east, fillmore west and the woodstock festival. The material on the album is as follows, *RED HOUSE, STAR SPANGLED BANNER, VODOO CHILE*, the other side has *Like A Rolling Stone* and a fast version of *ROCK ME BABY, CAN YOU SEE ME* and *WILD THING*

Id give my next months stash for a copy of that album . . . Its got a plain white sleeve and no label at all. Only when there is free access to all these small pieces of the dream will the whole story be known. The question in my mind still remains **ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?**

There was a scene with the NYC Folkies and all the college kids that got flipped out over the kingston trio. They have this thing about collecting tapes of bob dylan's early performances and woody guthrie's early works and its like reading a new book everytime you hear a new tape. The west coast kids do it with The Dead's early performances and ken keys and wavy gravy and countless others are running around with cameras grinding and tape recorders running and theres miles and miles of video tape by now and its all part of a dream. A vast archive of What Happened. Its like a book i saw being put together with all the peoples faces and all the places and all the important happenings that happened, a book with color pictures of california and how it really happened back in the early sixties. A couple of folks passed thru the evo office on 2nd ave with some of the pictures out of *THE CALIFORNIA BOOK OF THE DEAD*. I dont know if the book ever came out, it was really nice.

Theres these tapes and pictures that all the teenagers in the rock and roll world have. Countless apartments filled with bootleg albums and pirated radio tapes and 8 mm movies of live performances that we all remember. Theres magic in the lines of those disappearing heroes and if the pig nation and all their uptown recording devices have their way theyll darken the dream so that the entire picture will fade away in the eyes of history. Are we going to let all those old people steeped in the traditions of american journalism, these people in the pay of the establishment record the most colorful of magical memories that there are????

**PEACE AND LOVE ARE STILL THE IMMEDIATE OBJECTIVES** all help from interested partys will be gratefully appreciated. Spring is right around the corner and a new season awaits in the wings brothers and sisters will this be the last time??????? **OUR** brothers and sisters are being held powerless in the clutches of electronic implimentation, their minds scorched by flickering images that pass on the screen, its called the american dream that theyre pushing at you, its being held powerless by outlaws from the other side of the galaxy, night raiders known as the guys that wore black hats in all the teevee westerns. But

now its a little more serious than you would think.

Certain sinister forces are in a desperate struggle to obtain possession of the earth its a haven in this part of space and a pretty nice place.

**THEY WANT THIS PLACE FOR THEIR OWN. WAKE UP KIDDIES BEINGS FROM SPACE ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE. YOU CANT TELL THE GOOD GUYS FROM THE BAD GUYS WITHOUT A THIRD EYE.**

There are also members of the guardian forces here on this planet to help us along, walking around as free as you please. To help all clear thinking people repel the bad magic thats filtering into our lives day by day, in ever way things are getting more and more strange.

Does anyone really know who watches the close circuit monsters that bill Graham has in the fillmore east. I know that the excuse for putting in a closed circuit teevee system was so that the light show back stage could see what was going on in front of the stage. Theres more than one monitor plugged into that line, and what about the television cameras in the ceiling of the port authority building watching the people come and go. And the closed circuit teevee cameras in the lincoln tunnel and the george washington bridge and all these teevee cameras out at the airports, **NEW YORK IS AN ARMED CITY**, stronger walls have never been built to keep out magic the pigs uptown are really freaking out cause theres all this magic in the air coming out of everywhere, and rock and roll singers singing from the land of the dead with new albums released after theyre gone . . . The people that are watching the monitors are getting freaked out. Its going off at such strange angle that theyre even sacrificing 3 men to the moon god in an effort to ease the freakiness. Did you know that one of the men in that space capsule is a millionaire?

The guardian forces of cozmik liberation take great care in presenting the changes and doing the rearranges in the system with the least possible commotion. Its not the thing to blow up the computers and the societys that it fosters but rather take charge of the energy with wich it runs and there by controll it.

All you got to do is what you got to do. If theres any special tapes that you have of things that have gone by make a copy and give it to a friend, (this goes for you too a.j.) cause the more information there is the more we will know, and be able to pass along to those who will follow. Make tapes now and pass them around change the way the information network is being made to function. Subvert the computers by becoming pure information so that you may pass thru the maze of electronic wizzardry that has been wound up around this old rock and roll town . . .

"Nahh," said shultz, lets stomp the insides of this detestable bourgeois capilasts machien and forever put an end to this electronic tyranny. Why, do you realize that in the next room they have our comrades hypnotized speaking into microphones for their governmental taperecorders, why do you realize that j. edgar may be listening to every word were saying? I say lets put an end to this detestable machiene while we have the chance. Let us seize the time, he said and break from the bonds of electronic oppression now while we have the chance to release our brothers and sisters who sit hypnotized by their car radios, not only that but theyre holding bob dylan captive in there with all revolutionaries i say let us strike now for freedom . . ."

Now is the time to find out what has taken possession of us thru our music!! Professor Fade and his many faceted lectures on the american scene started me thinking a while back just waht is going on with the energy thats focused thru the normal everyday communication devices that we have all grown to know and love?

There we were, inside the electric mecca's top wattage computer, checking things out. I was goofin around in the hall watchin out for other members of the evo visitation squad that had traveled uptown in the freezing cold to try and answer the question what has happened to our jukebox? Out in the hall keepin my eyes peeled for my comrade inside the studio. It was a tense situation. They all were there to talk to the Jewish Defense League (see article this issue), so anyways someone had to ride shot gun so to speak and the jdl dont interst me too much, so there i was outside in the hall with 59¢ worth of brand new yoyo watching the scene thru the soundproof studio door. I mean it was more than your normal everyday news story. Inside was a discussion panel and one legged terry cutting a tape for new show on the radio. The JDL and their goons and rabbis. There was a representative of the arab side of the story and evo's own arabian nights Mickey Mogubgub and the Chief, and ace shultz and steve. That made up the assault team. Also in the room was a crossection of underground newspaper headlines, Abby Hoffman and his lovely wife Anita and Paul Krassner, Peck's bad boy of the revolution and Larry yuridin from the radio station and bob Dylan the famous songwriter was sitting in the corner as far away from the action as he could without being in the hall. Also a scattering of unidentifiables, radio unnameable from wbai looking well rested from his vacation, and a whole control room full of radio personalities twittering "theres bob dylan" It was a comedy like no afternoon movie ever seen. Action packed drama, thrills, adventure, Bullshit!! A bunch of semi old men sitting around arguing points of war like the geneva conference. Its pitiful what happens to people when they lose their sense of youth.

Like i said, I was out in the hall behind the sound proof doors. I couldnt hear anything. Just look at the pictures. I wandered away and walked down the hall. There behind another sound proof door was one of my boyhood heros. In a sharp sports jacket and turtle neck with a crew cut Cousin Brucie.

His voice was going out over a 200 mile radius centering at the empire state building and coming out of every single teenaged car radio in six states. Bob Dylan and abby hoffman and timothy leary put together still dont reach the consciousness of 18 million people 6 times a week for 4 hours at a stretch, but Cousin Brucie does!! Thats real power!

Peering in the control room window i stood transfixed in awe of this great man. Some say he's the best in the land My bearded friend tugged at my arm and we were off down the hall past the news room, past the antiseptic offices with the peter max ashtrays and the silk a delic posters on the walls. I mean it was enough to make me sick. Remember kiddies, form follows function. This place has uniformed guards at the door and white noise generators hidden in the ventilating system. Its a strange structure built to house the computer that robbed your children's sense. Its the biggest hypnotizing device in the electric mecca plugged into am and fm simultaneously. My friends i ask you, who took the rocks out of rock and roll??? IBM thats who.

Along the deserted carpeted halls we walked, to the on-the-air fm studios where there was a little bit of life and at least a dream of the future. They had the tapes from the soon to be released

**JIMMI HENDRIX** album  
Warner Brothers MS 2034.

Its the last of his studio work, the stuff that he was doing at the electric lady land studios that he built on 8th street and it was jimmi all right, you could hear the magic even though the tape, a rotten copy rushed over to the radio station as soon as it could be acquired. Its been on the air now for about two weeks and by the time you read this story itll be in your record stores. Its the last studio stuff but by no means the least. Theres all sorts of Jimmis magic all over the place but its important that it gets set down for all of history to know. Theres a lot of people that would like for the heroes of dissenting differentiating youth to look bad in the final analysis of history. It really pissed me off when I read a book on rock and roll culture called *NO ONE WAVED GOODBY*.

Its a casualty report on rock and roll written by old people for old people's imagination and vision and not once in the whole book is there mention of *ATLANTAS* or *THE FLYING SHIPS* that Jimmi sang about.

# FRICK

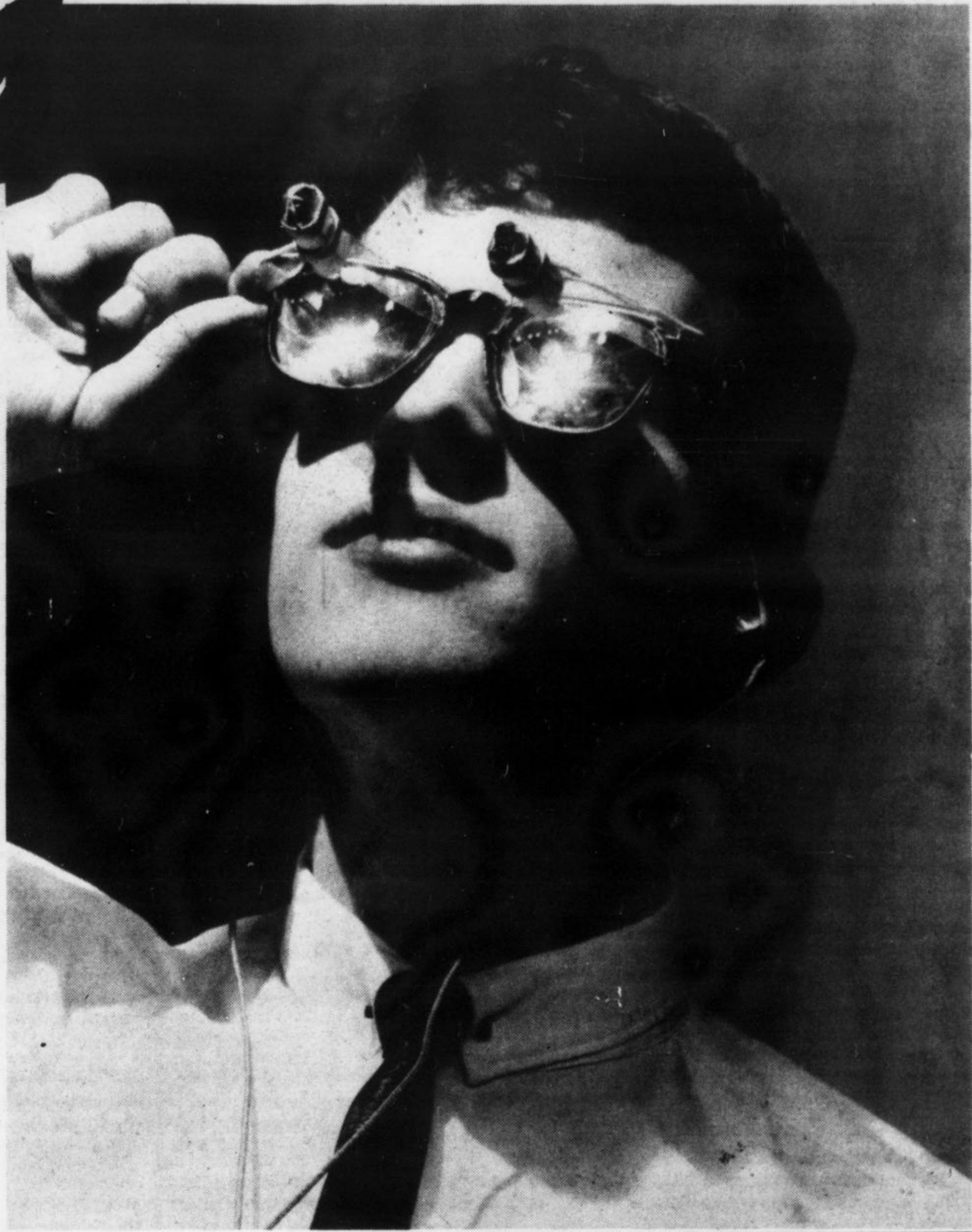
He was heading for the back panel of the computer with a look of determination in his eyes.

I said no shultz, listen, and coming out of the speaker that was monitoring the signal going out to a wednes day eveing listening audience of perhaps 10 million stoned teenager listeners was **JIMMI HENDRIX** singing from the other side of the line. I mean hes gone from this place but the pictures of his smiling face linger on. I stood there listening to the new songs that i hadnt heard before. You better pick up on the album to see what i mean. I said no shultz harm not a killowat of theis electronic dream but rather mark it with some words where itll be seen that we were here and recognized thw scene.

While whipping out my exacto blade i carved on the back of the rock and roll computer that kidnapped your daughter and son these simple lines one by one:

"Not a dream not a dance only this radio station in a trance." i carved my name in the computer and handed the knife to shultz to do likewise. An android came in and asked us not to fool around with the wall of buttons knobs and dials that lined the wall "EXPECIALLY THAT ONE MARKED PANIC" he said and left the room. shultz continued scratching his name into the mecanisms outter walls and we disappeared down the elevator. Jimmi was still singing in the muzak system as we signed out and hit the street.

charlie frick, 2/2/71



## RADICAL T.V. RADICAL

Recently, I interviewed Woody and Steinunn Vasulka and Eric Siegel about their upcoming shows... Woody and Steinunn are presenting a program of their videotapes at Max's Kansas City and Eric will be showing his tapes at the Raindance loft.

Eric Siegel, unlike many people involved in video today, has a vast technological background from which to draw upon and it is this combination of creative and technical ability that gives his work its own flavor. He spoke of the Synthesizer that he worked on in San Francisco. In his own words, it is "the world's first all electronic video synthesizer. It has a keyboard and it will have foot pedals and a number of knobs and a program panel where you can set up a specific kind of abstract program on your own. And you can program in the keyboard so you can use the keys for different things and the pedals will provide a zooming type of action sometimes and they'll do other things as well." This instrument has been "designed in such a way so that it can be played on the networks. So a person can sit down and play this thing as if they're going to give a visual concert right into the video viewer."

His new program at Raindance will be an edited version of a tape he did recently in San Francisco of the Cockettes.

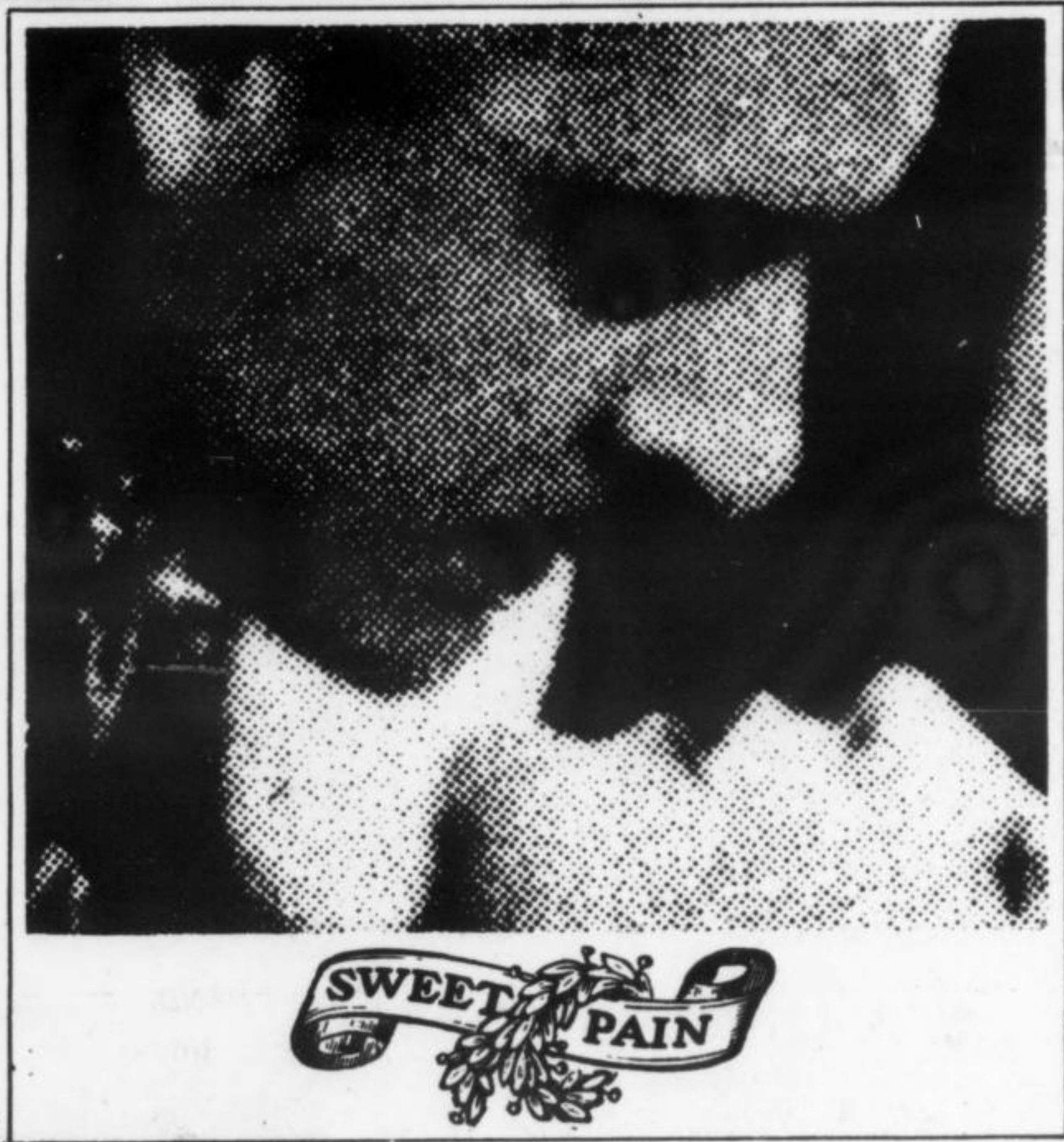
The program that the Vasulkas have put together for Max's will be shown once nightly for 3 days, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, starting Feb. 8. Each program will be different although some tape segments will be repeated.

RADICAL T.V. RADICAL T.V.

by John Reilly T.V.

They use a wide range of techniques and subjects... from realistic sketches to abstract patterns using music to complete their environment. One of the highlights of their presentation is a half hour tape of the many moods of Jackie Curtis.

A rather technical perfection seems to be Woody Vasulka's primary guide toward editing. He resists the urge to edit tape down to those two pure minutes of "message" because he feels that the message is in seeing things as the videotaper does. Every mistake, every effort that goes into conveying the visual scene to the viewer is a revelation for him. In this way, he says, one is really using the medium of tape to its fullest. In most situations, the cameraman is only a tool who shoots a certain angle or a certain shot and the end result is not a reflection of him but something rather



anonymous that has been saved from the fall to the cutting room floor. I asked him if he didn't then think that this non-editing would be likely to produce rather lengthy uninteresting tapes for audience viewing. To this he replied that "some people always tape things that are quite uninteresting. And if I would arrive to that discovery in my case, I probably would give up."

Unlike many of the video groups around today, the Vasulkas are not into a heavy political bag. Their interests draw them more towards theatre, dance and most anything that is happening that is interesting. Both Woody and Steinunn have been born and raised out of the U.S. and I feel Steinunn best expresses their feelings when she says "I don't have to be liberated... I am."



"Louise. Please call Gert collect. 965-1487"

# BEING A MANIAC WAS AN INSANITY TRIP



by  
Netty  
Mac  
dise.

Photographs by  
Jill Freeman

Last week a film company with one million dollar movie to its credit, hired thirty of the cream of the underground team to play the "parts" of maniacs in a film to be called Asylum. What transpired was certainly bizarre.

We started out from Mr Pancake in New York Sitty at five a.m. and drove in darkness for a long time, the bus was strangely cold.

Just as dawn was licking the frozen landscape like a raspberry popsicle, we arrived at an incredible house.

Outside, not quite Charles Adams enough, gables and peaked roof somehow lacking that pure Victorian vulgarity, but the interior made up for it.

Great stretches of florid "persian" carpets covered in plastic, and in every niche and on each pedestal, "Eros after Picasso but never catching him," all nicely cast in bucolic bronze. In one huge vase there was a clutching hand trying to heft itself over the edge. Made one wonder from the start.

We were not given much time for either sightseeing or conjecture, but were herded down to the cellar; a blond farm hand yelling furiously "Get them down there and keep them quiet." Very ominous.

There was no water and the lavatory made one fear the worst.

Someone said "Let them melt ice."

"From where," I asked.

"The bay."

"Good God, don't you know that Oyster Bay is salt water and polluted to boot."

"Well miss I don't know what else to suggest." I would not drink the coffee they served after that, it seemed risky.

They gave us rot gut whiskey.

They heated the windowless cellar with butane gas heaters which emitted the most noxious fumes and appeared on the point of conflagration. There we sat, on a most motley collection of furniture, from Burma rattan to Detroit steeltube.

We sat there for hours in the murk and stench. The whisky, rot gut brand though

"weapons," which were ancient, rusting farm implements, hoes, rakes, spades; I really wanted a scythe, but it was very sharp. Stanley Alboun selected a gigantic mallet, "who's for cruet?"

We lurched like zombies through the house, any blinking produced a bat-like scream of rage from the director.

I suppose we were catatonics, but catatonics don't kill and that was what we had to do, KILL SIX DOCTORS.

These doctors had been very unkind, had kept us chained up in a barn for three years. When we came to that scene the realism was chilling.

Six degrees above freezing, (weren't we lucky, it could have been fifty below) and there we were frolicking around the grounds in high fashion Bellevue gowns. One of the crew, (they were all huddled into vast layers of clothes) remarked that a little cold never did anyone harm, and it was all the same whether one had clothes on or not. Naturally they did not shoot the greatest piece of natural theater,

which was the maniacs swarming up the sides of the house in a frenzy to get in out of the cold. I felt like a crumbling stone pillar. However they then served "lunch."

We had been told that a pig was to be stand-in for the doctor who has his eye gouged out with a glass. (Ondine was wonderful in the role of the gouger). To our horror said piggy turned up in the vegetarian stew. Instant heartburn. As we were waiting to go on for the big killing scene, someone (who would not own up and I don't blame them), laid an incredible fart which blew out the nearest arc light.

Whetting our weapons we crawled around the passages, shared the bath with manikins, trying to figure out what was happening. Chanting mantras outside a large room in which stood figures in 1930's evening dress, the doctors and their mates. They seemed alarmed at the way things were turning out. It was all so real, all hell seemed about to break loose. Young girls, naked and covered with gore being screen tested for slaughter victim roles added to the tension.

We maniacs were a witches coven turned into a confraternity.

We knew it was a very heavy cosmic time.

it was, seemed to comfort and enliven, although some people seemed to be getting tipsy; what a strange cocktail party, so early in the morning. One by one our names were called and when we returned to the tomb we were transformed. Bare blackened feet, begrimed faces and wild teased and smeared hair. We were dressed in cotton long johns and cotton hospital gowns which had been dyed to appear as though we had slept and even perhaps urinated in them for several years. Time warped then, for we were mad indeed.

"They" (the film crew), started at this point to call us

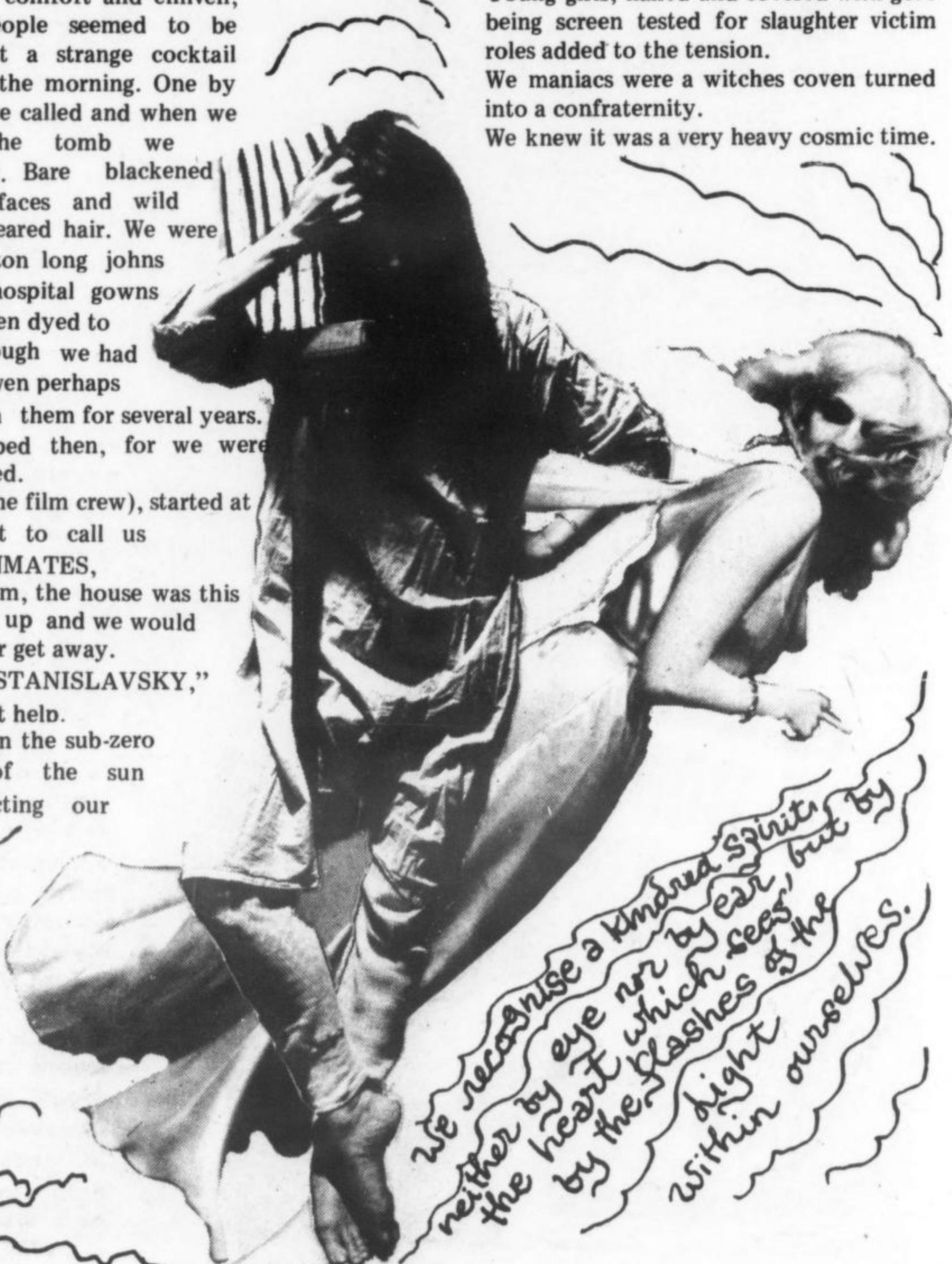
**INMATES,**

and boom, the house was this sinister lock up and we would never get away.

I yelled "STANISLAVSKY,"

but it didn't help.

We were out in the sub-zero temperature of the sun porch, collecting our



We recognise a kindred spirit, neither by eye nor by ear, but by the heart which sees, but by the light which clashes of the night within ourselves.



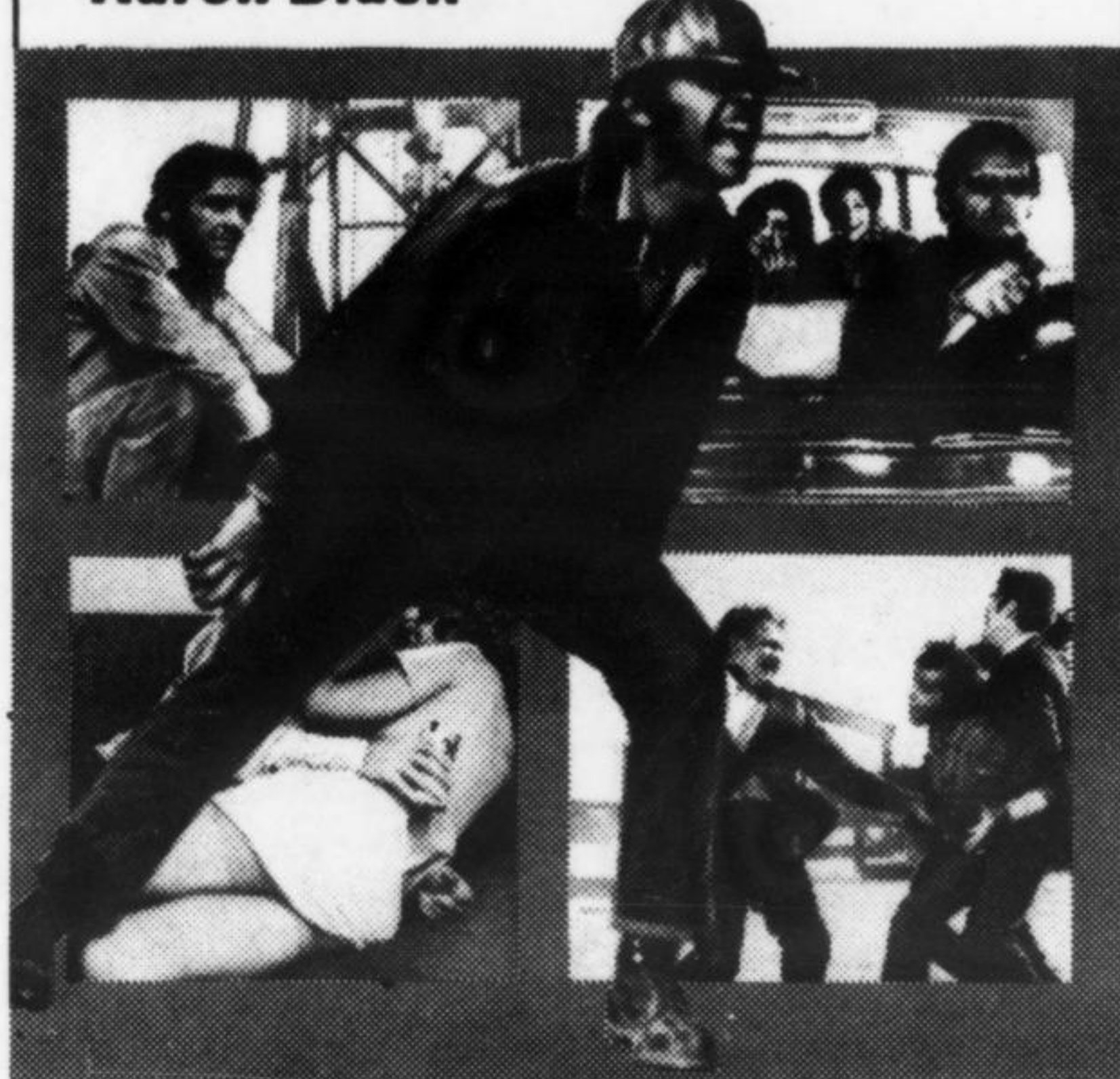
There were little black animals running on the frozen lake, they left no pawmarks in the snow, and they grew. The house was built on an Indian burialground. Candy Darling tried to call the moon long distance, to talk to the new bunch of lunar strollers. What next? The lights blew. Total darkness, and a titanic shout "NOBODY MOVE." Tally Brown moved through the rooms with a candle. Bell book and candle, the vandals on the handle. "Is it my eyes or is the light dimming?" "Sometimes I feel it's like Noah in the Ark and nobody knows it's raining." "Why are you wearing gloves, are you going to kill someone?" "You have to mingle to survive." They gave up and told us we could either return to N.Y.C. by the perambulating freeze, or spend the night in the fuming cellar.

**OUTCRY.**  
The overfed young owner of the house, who was receiving ten grand in property rights, would not hear of anyone setting foot in any of the fourteen bedrooms as "We have valuable objects in them." They did put a few up in a nearby hotel and Jack Smith, ominous in blond straw wig, red lips and grey wool dressing gown, clutching to his breast a heavy hack saw; still very much in character. Totally horrified the staid Long Island desk clerk. There was a dainty vampire movie on the telly for everyone's entertainment. For this delightful caper we received thirty dollars a day (roughly three a.m. to three a.m.) and it would not have been more if we had been nailed to the cross.



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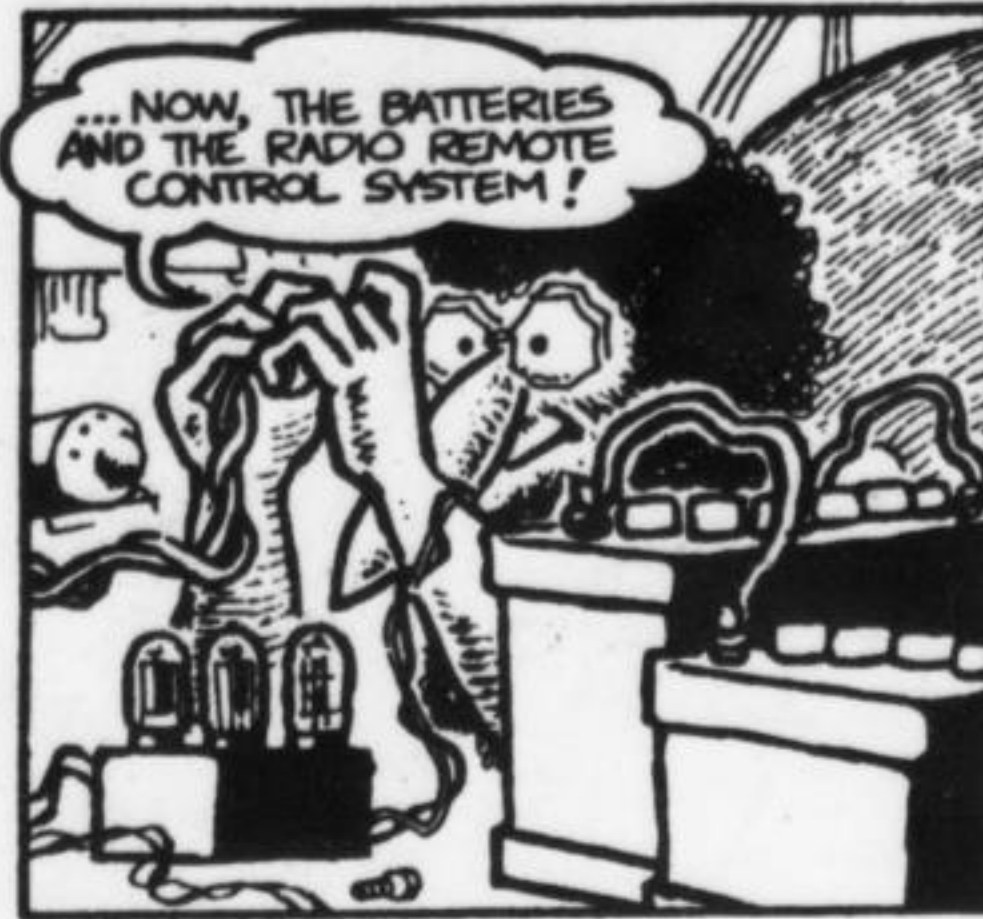


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<b>BROOKLYN</b> WALTER READE'S ALLERTON BRANDT'S EARL BRANDT'S LIDO	<b>NASSAU</b> CENTURY'S ALAN NEW HYDE PARK CENTURY'S BALDWIN BALDWIN	<b>ISLIP</b> LIT'S ISLIP ISLIP LIT'S SAYVILLE SAYVILLE	<b>N.Y. STATE</b> WALTER READE'S COMMUNITY KINGSTON LESSER'S ORANBURG ORANBURG ARC'S WINDSOR VAIL'S GATE	<b>TRINIDAD</b> WALTER READE'S COMMUNITY THANKS! S HAWTHORNE MUSIC MAKER'S INTERSTATE RKO-STANLEY WARNER'S JERSEY CITY
<b>BROOKLYN</b> WALTER READE'S BENSON CENTURY'S BROOK CENTURY'S SHEEPSHEAD STATEN ISLAND	<b>STATEN ISLAND</b> LIT'S RIVOLI HYDE PARK	<b>STATEN ISLAND</b> LIT'S RIVOLI HYDE PARK	<b>STATEN ISLAND</b> LIT'S RIVOLI HYDE PARK	<b>STATEN ISLAND</b> LIT'S RIVOLI HYDE PARK

# THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

## TET OFFENSIVE



# THE DRUG BUST

JOHN DOMINICK

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

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## A NOTE TO WOMEN

The attention of the law is directed at men. Few women are arrested. The charges against them are often dropped and only women with a record of several arrests need worry about going to jail. The psychological game being played by the police and prosecutors is one of male competition. Women are not a part of the competition. In a psychological sense they are the object of the struggle. Woman's secure legal position is insured by the sexual attitudes and fantasies of the type of men attracted to the authoritarian roles of the policeman and prosecutor. When hassled by the police she should remember she is dealing with a man. Her femininity is her best protection. If arrested—should she forget all else—she should remember to cry.

## A NOTE TO MINORS

If you are a guy under 16 or a girl under 18 you don't have legal rights. Often police pick up minors and take them to the police station to check if they are runaways. A phone call to home will usually result in your release if Mom and Dad make it clear that you have their permission to be wherever you were when the police hassled you. Since a minor can be picked up at any time he would be foolish to carry drugs on the street. If a minor is busted he is usually released in the custody of his parents. If arrested he should not say anything to anyone except that he wants to see his parents. Sometimes irate parents tell the police to "keep him." In such a case he should call an understanding adult, preferably a relative, to come down and help him.

A bust involving a minor is handled in family court. First offenders invariably are released in the custody of their parents. However, multiple arrests can lead to confinement in a reformatory, which is simply a euphorism for jail—the only distinction being that the defendant is released without the "stigma" of a criminal record.

If you are a male over 16 or a woman over 18 the case will go to criminal court. Cases involving people between the ages of 17 and 22 are often referred to a Youth Counsel Bureau. If it is your first offense and you assume the proper attitude (scared and sorry) the case will often be referred to The Bureau. It is then handled by an officer who is a cross between a parole officer and a social worker. The defendant will be required to see the officer every few weeks and keep out of trouble. The officer has the discretion to send the case back to the D.A. for prosecution if the defendant fails to stay out of trouble or does not go along with whatever "program" (school or job) they have in mind to rehabilitate him.

Men between the ages of 17 and 22 will generally find themselves in criminal court on a drug bust. In such a case he is treated as an adult offender. (See Section—The United States of America vs. You)

In cases involving young people it is the person's background and attitude that determine the outcome. If busted, tact is the best defense. He would be wise to act frightened and apologetic when talking to police, social workers and parole officers. If he has a middle or upper class background chances are he will get off light.

If a person between the ages of 17 and 22 is involved in a heavy bust or if he has had previous busts the D.A. will often attempt to make a pre-trial agreement whereby the defendant pleads guilty under the Federal Youthful Offender Act. This statute provides for an indefinite sentence of 6 months to 6 years. The statute is considered "progressive" because it provides that upon completion of the sentence, the arrest and sentence are struck from the record; the defendant is legally considered to have no criminal record. The Youthful Offender Act is no gift. Although one is considered to have "no record" for the

purposes of employment etc., in the event of a second bust he will be treated as a second offender. Any value the no-record provision may have is far outweighed by the reality of an indefinite prison sentence. Although the D.A. will tell you everybody gets out in 6 months this is not the case; many people serve several years in jail under this statute. In addition, upon release, one must spend the remainder of the six years on Federal probation.

## A NOTE TO PEOPLE WITH PROFESSIONAL BACKGROUNDS

People with professional backgrounds have less to fear in the way of criminal liability for a drug bust. The vast majority of criminal defendants are from a lower economic background. When a judge is confronted by a teacher, writer, artist, executive, accountant, etc., he is generally responsive. As a rule, bails are set within reason and often the defendant is released on his own recognizance. A person's background weighs heavily in his favor even when charged with sale or possession of considerably more than a personal stash.

The "stigma" of a criminal record causes many professional people as much apprehension as the thought of jail. A criminal record is a limited liability. Large corporations with close government ties and some government agencies, check applicants for criminal records. However, the vast majority do not. The judicial bureaucracy is complex, most employers don't check for criminal records; unless the information is volunteered by the applicant it is rarely discovered. In addition, the growing number of arrests involving people from all sectors of society is having its effect on public feelings.

The author is familiar with several professional people who had their personal lives temporarily disrupted by a drug bust. However, the arrest had little effect on their professional careers.

The use of drugs is growing among professional people as well as other sectors of society. In most professional circles the attitude toward drugs is shifting to one of growing acceptance.

## A CRIMINAL RECORD

Crimes are divided into two categories: misdemeanors and felonies. Misdemeanors include traffic tickets and other violations that carry a prescribed penalty of no more than 1 year imprisonment plus fine. More serious offenses are categorized as felonies. When a person is convicted of a misdemeanor he loses no legal rights. A person convicted of a felony loses his right to vote (for 5 years in most jurisdictions), and of holding public office. He is barred from obtaining certain licenses (liquor license). A convicted felon does not lose his right to travel, he can still obtain a passport; however, anyone convicted of a drug felony is required to register before leaving the country and is subjected to a thorough customs inspection upon returning to this country.

Other aspects of a criminal record are discussed in the previous section.

## BAIL JUMPING

Many people facing drug charges jump bail. When a defendant fails to appear in court a bench warrant is issued for his arrest. The police make a routine check of the defendant's home, place of

work, school, etc. Then a fugitive warrant and the defendant's fingerprints and photograph are filed

with the federal authorities. The police do not pursue a fugitive; they wait for him to be arrested again.

The police know that most fugitives continue to engage in illegal activities and sooner or later they will be arrested again. When a person is arrested his name and fingerprints are checked. If a person has a fugitive warrant pending under the same name the police will become aware of it the same day. If the second arrest is under another name it will take three days to a week for the fingerprint check to reveal the warrant. When the authorities become aware the defendant has previously jumped bail, a high bail is set and it is unlikely that he will be able to find a bondsman.

A person who has jumped bail, left the area, and changed his identity does not have to worry about being pursued by the police; however, if arrested again he is in considerable difficulty.

Jumping bail is a rash action and generally unnecessary. Once out on bail the defendant is in a position to raise money and retain a good criminal lawyer. A lawyer can drag a case out for years. While the case is pending there is little restriction or inconvenience placed on the defendant. If it is the defendant's first arrest he is not likely to go to jail. Unless the defendant is facing a serious threat of imprisonment, bail jumping only complicates a problem that is far better off resolved.

The first thing a defendant should do when he gets out on bail is consult an attorney. A lawyer will always advise a client not to run. Even if it is obvious that the defendant will go to jail, a lawyer will advise him to face prosecution. Jumping bail is an individual decision; however, one should consult a lawyer so as to ascertain how much trouble he is actually in.

## NOTE TO FUGITIVES

There are a large number of fugitives from drug charges; as stated previously, the police do not pursue a fugitive, they wait for him. A fugitive does not have to worry about being "caught from behind." However he must exercise care to avoid a second arrest. If he wishes to remain in this country he would be wise not to deal, he should change his identity, move to another state, avoid being fingerprinted, and assume a legitimate role in society.

Often people flee before consulting an attorney. Often the matter can be resolved. A fugitive can retain a lawyer (one well established in the area of the arrest) to make inquiries. As time passes, interest in the case fades. Often a pre-trial agreement can be arranged before the defendant returns. In many jurisdictions the right lawyer, with proper financing, can resolve a matter without the defendant returning at all. If a fugitive has a passport it is no problem for him to leave the country. However, if the authorities know he has left they will notify customs officials who will arrest the defendant if he returns to the U.S. (or its possessions) under his own name. In addition, thousands of fugitives enter Canada every year. A fugitive who needs assistance from the underground can make contact through the draft resistance on any major college campus.



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(Continued from Page 9)

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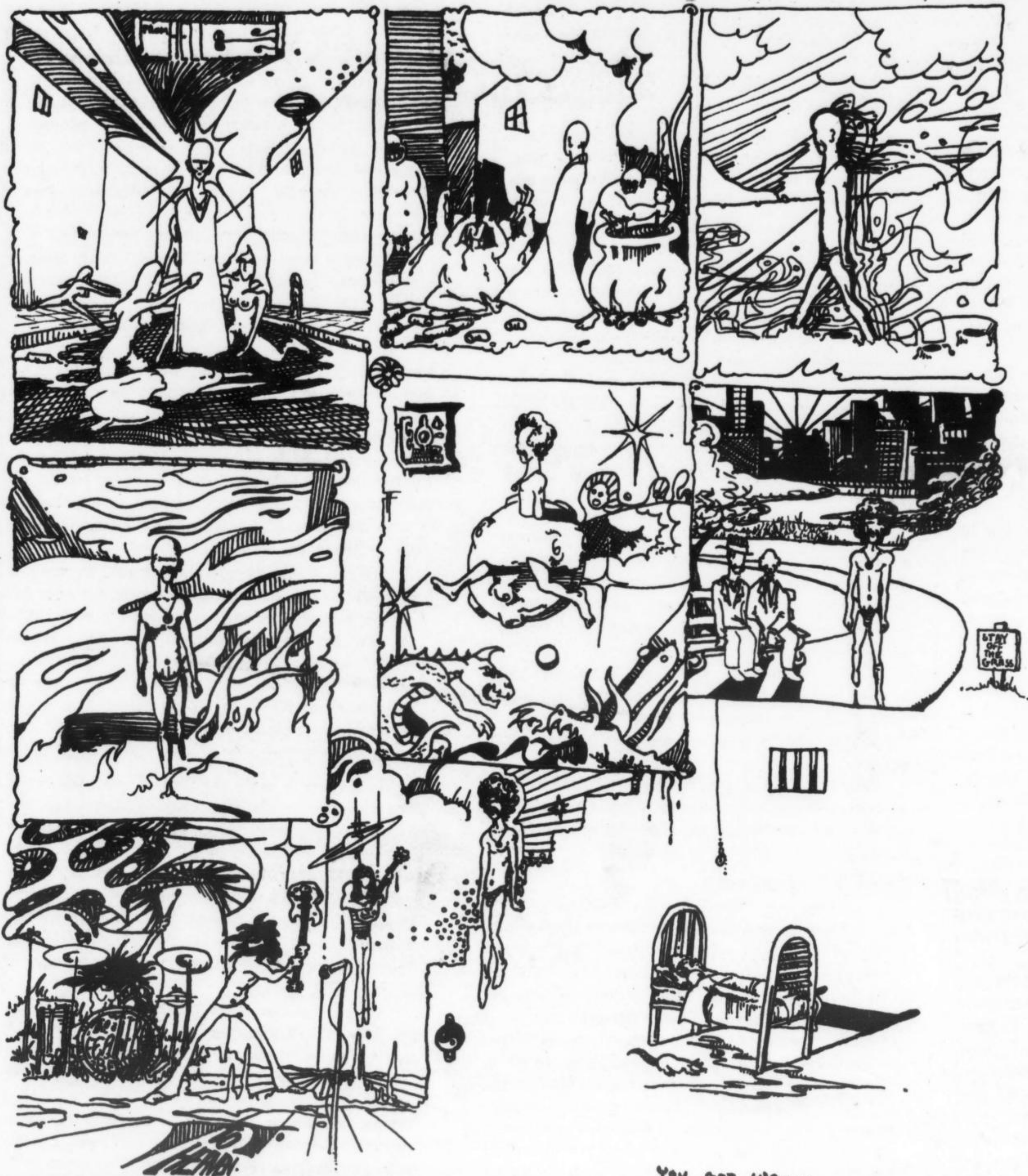


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Warriors is really bitching about how Seattle got ahold of Spencer Haywood. They got ahold of him by him getting sick of Denver of the ABA after quitting college after two years. So the NBA owners and everybody are pissed because one team was lucky enough to get him and without the draft. Their line is the draft is around for the benefit of those shit teams who finish last and close to it, it's supposed to equalize the whole business. But it takes years unless you get somebody like an Alcindor. And you don't unless you're somebody like a Milwaukee Bucks such and such a year. And besides, these stupid owners keep voting for expansion so they can get new millions to make up for their deficits and all they're doing that way is generating more shit teams every year. Seattle is one of those worthless teams and creeps like Neulli are insisting that grabbing Haywood out of turn shouldn't be their prerogative. But meanwhile there ain't any procedure for equalizing things over a period of years in some additional way. Like if a team has been bad two years running but hasn't finished last and there's been no real increase of status why shouldn't they be allowed to just go grab what they can get? Like Meulli isn't gonna get his hands on Haywood so why doesn't he shut the fuck up? I mean why should Cleveland—they have something like a 6-46 record—get him before Seattle? Is it just to do a nifty promo job to satisfy people in Ohio that there's some fairness in the NBA? Then you can go through this routine about how if Seattle had picked well the year before in the draft they wouldn't have had to resort to such trickery. But why put the onus on the poor fuckin general manager, shouldn't a team be allowed to make up for weaknesses not just on the court but also in the front office? And why should the end of the season be the only time things can be rectified. Seattle did a real good thing and it's obvious there's some post-expansion guilt in the heart of Walter Kennedy the commissioner or there would've been some sweeping edict by now. But there hasn't been. So fuck him, and Bradley too. They both suck.



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(Continued from Page 7)  
**Decomposition**  
 (by Dean Latimer)

be First in every old Line that comes along. Punks, on the other hand, are obsessed with Lines and Firstness. So you spend your life trying to avoid punks, who will rip you away from the smart people at the first sign of weakness, and then you come to the Theatre De Lys and they expect you to care what happens to punks? You laugh.

As a matter of fact, this is a hilarious play. Israel Horowitz could turn a pretty dollar writing dialogue for the Jack Benny show, so we should be grateful he sticks to the Off-Broadway stage, where the entertainment is so much more cultured. There's this one technique, the recurring joke, which he employs with consummate artistry. For instance, the kid Stephen is deeply attached to his wallet, not for the money there but the identification and credit cards; he is also obsessed with Mozart, and hence breaks into song occasionally translating the prose on his Hertz card into a Mozart sonata. Also he has pictures of his kids, who are all dead, or so he says; and the funniest single moment in the play occurs when he's going through them singing, 'This one's dead... And this one's dead... And this one's dead... And this one's dead...' and Dolan benda over him and says, 'Sing something else, kid, that part of your wallet depresses me all to shit.'

The different sorts of music preferred by the different people here, and their attitudes toward them, would be extremely intriguing to a musically-oriented drama reviewer. The first thing on stage is Fleming the mensch, stuffing his mouth with beer-soaked Lay's potatoe chips, singing 'Take me out to the Ball-game' and fucking up the words. This dude is so lame he can't even remember the folk songs of his own people. Then Stephen's admiration of Mozart quickly boils down

to this: 'I got all his records: '72's, '45's, '33 1/3s...' As he is balling Molly before Arnall's very eyes, Dolan sings 'I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad': is there a paternal thing between Arnall and Dolan here? My note-taking hand was occupied. And Arnall uses Mozart to destroy Stephen at the end, showing where he's at with music. With a bunch of punks!

Because if you have any kind of good Zen at all in your Karma, you are fucking impervious to this kind of Line shuck. Who gives a damn? (Of course, a psychologically-inclined drama reviewer might interpret this play as the tumult inside an unsettled person's brain, as various modifications of his essential personality strive for ascendance, freezing finally into a sort of schizophrenic stasis. But I never said I was a drama reviewer or a friend of shrinks either.)

I mean, really smart people just fuck around all their lives without much bothering about their place in any old Line, right? After Joshu's dog bites you, you can live without First place easy enough. It could be worse. And besides, there are always plenty punks around who will kick your ass into Line for you, into their Line, punks are very aggressive that way, bless their little loser hearts. I myself find it amusing to bull my way into First every now and then for as long as I can bear it, just for the opportunity to kick the punks' asses.

But essentially, who gives a damn? What profiteth a man from his labour under the sun? Do not despair: one of the thieves was saved. Do not presume: one of the thieves was damned. Consider the lilies of the field, they neither sow nor do they reap. They just lay there by the juniper, schmecked out on the sunshine that falls on every one alike, be he First or somewhere in the middle, unless of course the Portugese have ravished him away from the light under a church. One could do worse than be in fourth or fifth in Line.

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When we left the Theatre De Lys into the rain of Christopher Street, we did not know that the Empire State building was out, and all of midtown was plunged in black.

ED: What the hell does epithelial mean?

DAL: Look it up in your Funk & Wagnell's, Ed.

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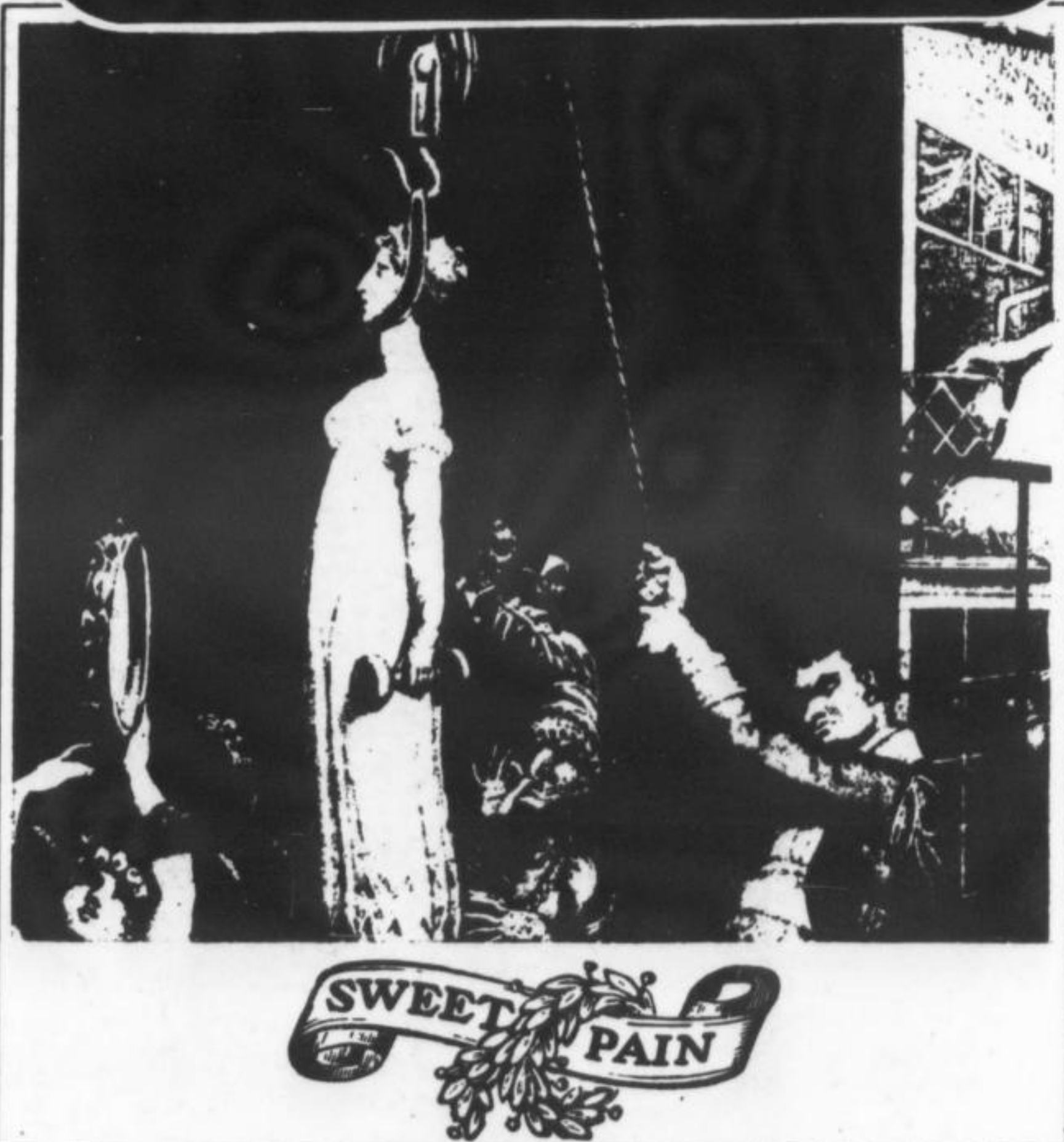
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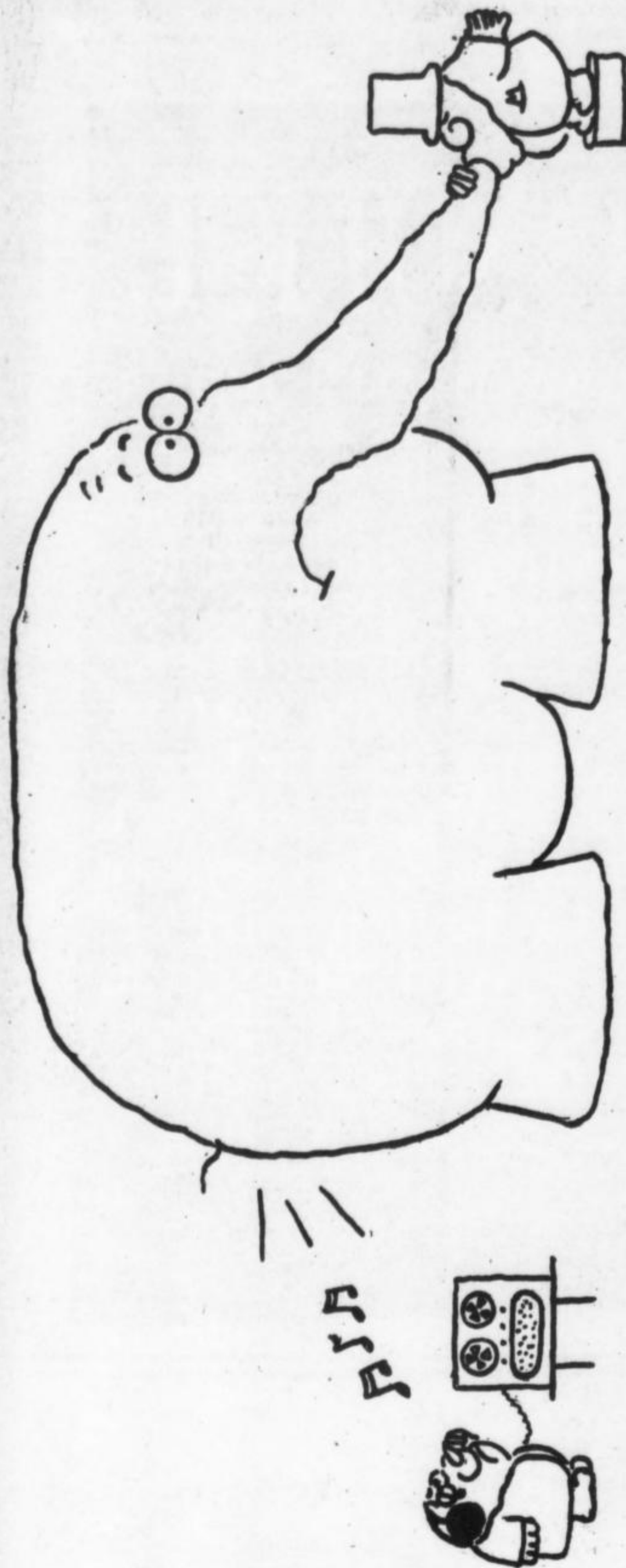
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