

east  
village

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*Hilary*

It is surprising how long it took for the bubble to burst. Now even the majority leader of the House of Representatives summons enough balls to complain about the FBI tapping his phone - just to be dismissed by Richard Kleindienst as a common drunk. It is just another symptom of a society in the throes of paranoia that obviously all too often exceeds the limits of reason. At times it is outright funny. We are caught up in a maze of hazy illusions about shiftily little men with earphones huddled in the basement. eavesdropping to tidbits of our idle gossip.

Why, hardly a day will pass without someone bragging about his particular experience with the tapper. It has become a matter of social grace to be able to gripe about some sort of evidence relating to a tap - imaginary or otherwise. To have your phone tapped is in - no doubt about it.

It amuses me to see people get all uptight about their phones. Why in the hell shouldn't it be tapped? Isn't it logical to take it for granted that the wretched, treacherous instrument which more so than any other surplus gadget that the establishment enslaved us to is there to get us?

It is the natural extension of the ogre - and you better get it before it will get you. It is a parasite to end all parasites and it's sole purpose is to make your life miserable - one way or another.

Now dig, Ma Bell, that bloodsucking vermin, the sniveling serf of the devil himself - the most fucked up, inefficient fumbling and self-righteous tentacle of the beast there solely for the enhancement of our worst qualities must be dealt with. It is no longer feasible to subject ourselves to the tyranny of the petty sounds. To be blackmailed by an inefficient monopoly is like adding insult to injury. NO MORE.

Consider the alternatives and possibilities on hand. Be creative and resourceful and above all let George Metesky know that his labor was not in vain.

I AM THE EGGMAN,  
REVISITED:  
THE L.N.S.  
TEAR-GAS ANTIDOTE

LIBERATION News Service

In the public interest, LNS is publishing the following recipe for effective, homemade teargas antidote. The sticky, yellow compound has been tested many times since it first appeared in the LNS packet last spring - on the streets of Berkeley, New Haven, Washington, and around the country. It's based on the good ol' egg. It was developed by a biochemist from California named John McWhorter, and best of all, it works.

"CN and CS tear-gas," explains John, "attack a sulphidral group in the eye. Egg has a great deal of albumin, and egg albumin has a great deal of sulphur."

Here's how to make it: Mix 8-10 eggs with one cup of water and a table spoon of baking soda. Beat very well. Then pour the mixture into small plastic bottles; plastic baby bottles are good for larger quantities.

When gas is launched, simply wipe the egg mixture on your face and directly into your eyes. Keep on using it as conditions require. Your face will get pretty crusty and sticky, but you'll feel fine.

As for breathing, (CS gas affects respiration pretty heavily), one suggested method is to cover your mouth and nose with a cloth soaked in vinegar, which can also be kept in a handy small plastic bottle. Air passing through the vinegar may not smell sweet, but combined with the egg solution, you'll have an easier time all around.

*George Metesky*



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# TAG & BAG 'EM

by JOHN REILLY

*There's something quite incredible about hearing the truth about our bloodletting in Vietnam from the guys who actually participated. It really brings home the insanity, the anti-human aspect of the war machine.*

*I am using 1/2-inch videotape as a means of capturing that sort of elusive believability that comes from a face to face rap with the Vietnam Veterans Against the War.*

*The following segments are taken from over 10 hours of videotape made of the VVAW on April 3-4-5 at Yale University. The taping was a co-operation with American Documentary Films and Global Village and will be released as a videotape documentary by Global Village. Editing for this article was done by Dan Coffee with assistance from Susan Milano*

My name is Phil Lowery and I'm Kip Renitas, corporal, Graves Registration, and our jobs were basically to, in colloquial language, tag and bag em and send em home. We got the dead bodies, either they were sent into us or we went out

on what's called an S&R, a Search and Recovery, to get the bodies, bring em in, clean em, do body charts on them, meaning charting wounds and what happened, fill out death certificates... nine copies... the original copy goes to the parents. This is Americans. Let me explain. We worked in the I Corps area... DaNang was our main headquarters. We had teams all over the I Corps area.

INTERVIEWER: When was this? What year?  
PHIL: '67 '68 and I was in '69, part two. He (Kip) got medevacked in '69.

INTERVIEWER: Did you go out into the combat areas to pick up the ...

PHIL: Every so often when he was called upon, if a jet crashed in a valley, the average grunt wouldn't know what to get for body identification on who the pilots were and personal effects and things like that... they sent us out with an armed escort to get it.

INT: Were you handling both the Army and the Marines then?

PHIL: No, just Marines, Navy, Air Force and Coast Guard. Every so often an Army man if an Army graves team wasn't close enough and the Army did the same, but he didn't go on our count. he went on an Army count.

## THE BODY COUNT

INT: Would you say the body count was accurate as given to the press?

BOTH: No... no... no way.

PHIL: The best description came to me in February 1969. At the end of the month we do what's called monthly tallies. Now for every body we have to have a number... Alright, we're tallying up from all the teams... February 1969 we have twelvehundred dead people except that is just, like I said, Marines, Navy, Air Force, and Coast Guard. We have twelvehundred, we're listening to Armed Forces radio and they said only 800 were killed in Vietnam this month. That doesn't make it... there's five corps areas, we only take care of the I Corps (we don't cover the Army either). Now somebody had to slip on a banana peel in Saigon or fall out of house of ill repute and break his neck or something outside of people getting killed (in combat). Also, I don't know how prevalent it is, but when I was on the DangHa team, I was asked to falsify a death certificate.

INT: For what reason?

PHIL: Well, there was a gunnery sergeant that was killed in a card game. I don't know the details, somebody cheated and somebody shot him and he was dead. We were asked to change it for "he died in combat" so that his parents got...

INT: These body counts that are incorrect, do you know at what level the figures got changed around... do you have any knowledge of where that change came?

PHIL: I can't say positively and I couldn't prove it... at division they're cut a little bit and then the Pentagon stomps on them.

INT: Who handles your figures though... beyond the division level there's no recording of the figures that you give them?

PHIL: No... beyond division. Division sends it into the Pentagon or they send it... I'm not sure. They either send it straight to the Pentagon or they send it to Westmoreland's people. And then they send it to the Pentagon and the Pentagon releases these reports... weekly, monthly tallies of dead and they don't match what we have.

KIP: You see, it could be changed in any way cause, like it's going up the chain of command, from division and so on to another big person and so on to another big shot so it could be changed.

PHIL: I'm saying the big change is division because it doesn't look good. These are career officers like colonels and generals... it doesn't look good if half their unit got wiped out.

LIP: I remember I got a letter from my mother when I was over... and they were saying that they claimed that 500 had died one month and I knew that was a lie... Marines they were talking about... I knew that was a lie... that was the total, excuse me... that was the total dead in Vietnam... and that was a lie because the fifth Marines were on a big operation... and they took heavy heavy casualties, heavy casualties, and they... I remember they kept our whole unit up one night to just carry in bodies.

PHIL: Graves is a purely voluntary outfit that the Marine Corps hates because we're doing a nasty job and they try to get us killed, off actually. I can't prove this. But if they're in graves you know it.

KIP: Yeah but they did put prices on our heads.

(Continued on Page 18)

# Evoo In news

NOBODY LIKES TO EAT GLASS,  
CEREAL CO. ADMITS

NEW YORK [LNS] — Keep your eye on the Farina at breakfast-time, kids. If you don't check it out carefully, you may be swallowing particles of glass along with the creamy-smooth cereal, warn Federal authorities.

But you won't be alone if you get upset when that situation arises. A spokesman for the Farina company will empathize with you all the way: "This is the kind of thing nobody likes to have happen."

THE BREATHALYZER MAKES WAY  
FOR ... THE DOPALYZER

LOS ANGELES [LNS] — Scientists have developed a machine that can analyze saliva, urine or skin samples for the presence of opiates, barbiturates, or amphetamines.

It takes less than a minute for the machine to show the presence of less than a thousandth of a gram of the drugs in the bloodstream, reports Portland, Ore.'s radical underbround, the Willamette Bridge.

Although the machine now costs about \$10,000, police departments all over the country say they are "very interested." Scientists say the machine is not yet equipped to detect marijuana or other hallucinogens but they are already at work on the problem.

## ANTI AMERICAN BOMBING IN TAIWAN

LIBERATION News Service

*(Editor's note: The island of Taiwan — or Nationalist China as the U.S. prefers to call it — has long been one of America's staunchest allies in Asia. Recently, however, there has been a sharp increase in the number of anti-American incidents and in opposition to the role of Chiang Kai-shek's group of refugees from the mainland.)*

*The author of this article is on the staff of Pacific News Service. She recently returned from the Far East where she wrote for several Asian publications.)*

TAIPEI, Taiwan [LNS] — On October 12, 1970, a ten pound charge of TNT ripped apart the library wing of the U.S. Information Agency building in the southern Taiwan city of Tainan. A Chinese office boy was killed, and two high school students and one Taiwan Air Force officer were seriously injured. Although police arrested several suspects for questioning, they were unable to come up with a motive for the bombing. Bomb warnings had been received at U.S. military installations in the area just before the blast.

On the morning of February 5, 1971, another explosion demolished the first floor of the Bank of America in Taipei, injuring 16 persons including two American missionaries, and one U.S. civilian. Police initially attributed the blast to a malfunctioning air conditioning duct. Later they blamed it on a gas leak. Bank officials insisted that it was caused by a bomb, pointing out that there are no gas mains in the building. Government authorities later confirmed the cause of exploding to be a time bomb, although they revealed no clue as to who planted the device or why.

## BUSTED IN CONN. YOU MAY END UP IN GUAM

NEW YORK [LNS] — A new bill which will be used to isolate political prisoners goes before the Connecticut legislature in the fall. If Senate bill no. 605, the Interstate Corrections Compact, is passed, Conn. will be able to transfer its prison inmates to prisons in other states which have passed similar bills. Since the bill defines a "state as any state or territory of the U.S., a Conn. inmate can conceivably be sent to Hawaii or Guam.

The bill, which claims that it aims to make prison usage more efficient, gives corrections officials the right to decide on transfers without consulting or notifying inmates, their lawyers or family before or after the decision.

Court extradition processing will also be provided if the law is passed, because states will be able to work out quick transfer arrangements through reciprocity clauses.

The National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, 25 E. 26th St., New York City, 10011, is collecting information about similar bills. Please send any information to them.

Until last year, most anti-American incidents in Taiwan could be traced to Chinese resentment of the favored status enjoyed by Americans in this country or to specific injustices involving foreigners. For example, recall the 1957 attack on the U.S. embassy, which resulted from the acquittal of a U.S. Army sergeant accused of shooting a Chinese file clerk. Late 1970, however, saw the first violent anti-American incidents with definite political overtones.

The Bank of America blast released a flurry of rumors in the American community in Taipei, and Americans began to fear for their safety here. U.S. bases put on extra guards and tightened security measures in anticipation of further bombing attempts. American students at the Stanford Center, located at Taiwan National University in Taipei, were requested by school authorities to notify police of any "unwelcome strangers or suspicious persons in or around the center."

A series of arrests have been made in connection with the bombings of individuals active in the Taiwan independence movement, which aims to free the island of Chiang Kai-shek's mainland rule. Among those arrested were Wei Ting-chao and Hsieh Tsung-min, well-known opponents of the Nationalist Government's totalitarian regime.

They were both former students of Peng Ming-min, the Taiwan independence leader who escaped to Sweden in 1970. He was subsequently, and rather curiously, granted a visa to the U.S. and now teaches at the University of Michigan.

A FABLE Vincent Titus  
Once a vulture laid an egg in a robins nest. When the egg hatched, he was called an exceptional child.  
MORAL  
There were some changes made.

## SHOOTING UP MALARIA - A NEW PROBLEM

LIBERATION News Service

*(Editor's note: LNS received this article from a public health official who wishes to remain anonymous.)*

Recent epidemics in the U.S. indicate that malaria seems to be returning from the jungles of Southeast Asia via young American veterans' blood and is being pumped into civilians by the sharing of needles and syringes — that's right: dirty outfits can pass malaria as well as hepatitis and other infectious diseases of the blood.

Malaria is a disease characterized by recurrent attacks of headache, muscle aches, hard shaking chills and high fever. It is caused by the

The Taiwan regime has attempted to keep these incidents out of the government-controlled press. For foreign consumption, the incidents have been portrayed as isolated events by individual malcontents. Officials have denied that the bombings were politically motivated as part of any organized anti-American sentiment. They have chosen instead to allow the popular imagination to draw its own conclusions between the bombings and the arrests of the two Taiwanese independence movement students.

But most observers here doubt that the bombings were organized by the independence movement which is weak and disorganized, and has shown no sign in recent years of wishing to alienate the U.S. Most observers here take them as the beginning manifestations of a growing anti-American feeling which has begun to cut across the old lines of Mainlander and Taiwanese.

The increased number of American soldiers on Rest and Recuperation leave from Vietnam in Taipei, the burgeoning tourist industry and the influx of American business men with their higher standards of living have brought more than an economic boom to Taiwan. They have also brought resentment which may be bringing the era of smooth relations between Taiwan and the U.S. slowly to an end.

The fear among the more enlightened Taiwan officials is that the anti-American feeling today could grow into a popular movement against the Nationalist regime itself, which has been so closely identified with American interests in Asia over the past two decades.

invasion of red blood cells by malaria parasites. Most kinds of malaria can be treated easily and complete cure can be expected. Relapses can be prevented with the appropriate treatment.

Mosquito-spread malaria disappeared from the U.S. after World War II. However, with the return of our servicemen from Vietnam, malaria is being imported almost as commonly as V.D. Thousands of servicemen have attacks of malaria each year after their return to the U.S., and many more may be unsuspecting carriers of the disease.

Malaria can be spread in several ways. In many regions of the U.S. certain mosquitoes are found which, during the summer months, can pick up the infection from a person with parasites (who may or may not have ever felt illness from malaria) and then transfer the infection to another person by its bite.

A more serious, current problem is that of malaria epidemics among persons who shoot drugs, especially heroin. Since July 1970 at least 4 separate outbreaks have occurred — 2 of them in California — and the largest one involved over 40 people. The malaria parasite is transferred in

infected red blood cells when a person with the disease contaminates his outfit with his own blood and then shares his works with another person. Passing even one infected, microscopic size cell may be enough to spread the infection. The incubation period — the time from acquisition of infection to the onset of symptoms — may be from several days to 3 weeks.

Fortunately, most of the malaria spread among drug users so far has been the non-fatal variety. However, the serious, fatal kind frequently is imported from Vietnam and Africa, and it can be spread as easily as the less serious variety. It can be fatal to a healthy person within a few days after their symptoms begin, so anyone who suspects that they may have malaria should consult their physician or local health department promptly.

Prevention of malaria (and hepatitis) for persons on the needle is accomplished most simply by not sharing one's outfit (not to mention kicking the habit). If sharing of equipment is unavoidable, the entire works, including the rubber bulb, should be rinsed with water and boiled for at least 5 minutes, or flushed carefully with 70% alcohol several times after each user gets off.

## NO MORE 2-S AND OTHER DRAFT NEWS

LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — The House of Representatives' recent vote to extend the military draft for another two years may well mean the end of student deferments, beginning with this year's freshmen.

If passed by the Senate, President Nixon will have the authority to abolish student deferments and to revoke the deferment of anyone who has not been in college prior to April 23, 1970.

The bill also limits Conscientious Objector jobs to agencies in government and certain public institutions. It also extends the alternative service for COs from one year, to three years. All private hospitals and other private institutions, such as church, service and draft counseling organizations will no longer be able to employ COs.

In an effort to spur enlistments, the House voted a \$2.7 billion military pay increase for first-term servicemen. While the Nixon administration proposes the pay increase as a way to supposedly "move toward the goal of an all-volunteer force" the more crucial reality which the military planners face is a steadily decreasing enlistment and re-enlistment rate.

Rep. Otis Pike (D., N.Y.) said the court-martial conviction of Lt. William L. Calley, Jr. for the murders at My-lai will make it even more difficult to attract volunteers. "We will need all the money in the bill to get them," he said.

The bill freezes a "military force level" at 2.6 million persons, and for the first time provides that draft-age youths under 30 may serve on local draft boards. Otherwise the bill does not make any basic changes in the old system.



Stolen From Bijou Funnies Vol 1 #4



and rap sessions & were told where we could find housing and free food.

The first workshop of the gathering was on Self Defense. Originally we were supposed to practice streetfighting, karate and dirtyfighting outside on the library mall but we ended up inside digging a rap by Steve Geden of the Camp McCoy 3 (American Serviceman's Union organizers accused of blowing up government property) on how the National Guard is trained to deal with riots

After Steve's rap, a woman informed the group that George Demerle, lowlife NYC informer was seen heading for the conference... although people didn't find "Crazy George", they did find a known local informer who was promptly given the bum's rush.

Soon everyone split—some went over to Mifflin St. (heart of the hip ghetto and scene of the forbidden street dance—to check out the scene. "It was cool with many backyards and passageways which would help us escape the Robot Gestapo." Others went over to the ARmy Math Building to dig its recent redecoration (a building bombed by student revolutionaries last August) Most agreed that the job they did was 'stoned dynamite.'"

Eventually almost everyone drifted over to Stoned Manor—a commune which had opened its doors to the New Nation, including the door to its kitchen (YIP had stocked their shelves with food. Later that night there was a dance in the Student Union with music supplied by local rock bands. It was good to see my sisters and brothers digging their people's music for free rather than getting hung-up, put on & ripped off by big-hyped national groups who would probably play AMERIKA UBER ALLES is they were guaranteed enough bread, groupies & adulation.

A.J. Weberman, the Dylanologist, gave a rap on the local underground FM station later on how Bob Dylan was the first Yippie, and how he became co-opted by capitalism and junk.

Everyone got a chance to get a look at one another at the first mass meeting the next morning (Fri.) and decided to postpone the street dance til Sunday because of bad weather. That afternoon there werw a whole mess of workshops.

At the REVOLUTIONARY MUSIC HAPPENING people talked about music cops and fighting to make the culture more responsive to the people. A.J. also covered this subject in his dylanology rap—he spoke of the Rock Liberation Front and the 'Birthday Party' that group was holding for Bob Dylan (May 23, 1971, 2PM MacDougle St., between Houston and Bleeker). Jerry Rubin was quoted as saying "Today's groupie is tomorrow's Weberman." The subject of sexism came up at both sessions and everyone agreed that rock stars were by and large a bunch of male chauvinists.

Then there was the legal self-defense workshops put on by the Madison Defense League at which the advantages of having a partial bail fund for all free community cases versus retaining lawyers to be on call whenever anyone gets popped were discussed.

A community organizing workshop unfortunately spent too much time talking about plenned actions, not enough about ongoing programs, except the Oregon Council of Poor, a chicano, Indian, black and white group trying to liberate Adair Air Force base from the Governor and H.L. Hunt.

Sunday was a brisk and sunny day. The prolonged confrontation lasting all afternoon, with its taunting youth and riot-gearred pigs was a foretaste of May (?) Pigs stood in the gutter (where they belong with the rest of the garbage), making sure that no one danced in the streets. People defied these fools by snakedancing and groovin' and diggin' the music playin' on someone's box placed on a second floor porch. The motif of this music could best be termed—MUSIC TO FIGHT PIGS BY... a police loudspeaker ordering people to clear the streets was met with David Peel's OINK OINK. on Page 20

## YIPPIE Convention

As told to A.J. Weberman by the Y.I.P. of Madison, Wisc.

Did you ever wonder what goes down at a Yippie convention?

Do Yippies get together in some town to throw bags of water out their hotel windows & visit loyal hookers... like the American Legion or the swiners?

Well I can tell you one thing Jack, that when a whole mess of Yippies descended on Madison, Wisconsin (April 1-5 1970) for a New Nation Gathering that kind of shit was the last thing they'd do, 'cause they were the kind of people who were not just into relating to the various liberton struggles happening in the 70's to the point where they were willing to put their asses on the line... these far-out sisters and brothers were into combating

the Amerikan way of death with a new hip lifestyle 24 hours a fucking day.

Dope-smoking longhaired activist FREEEKS came from cockroach pads all over the continent (mainly from the NE&MW) anyway they could, to decide what their New Nation was gonna do in the coming months. About 750 ended up calling a special New Nation action May 4 for Dupont Circle as part of May Day, and witnessing Madison's first culture riot of the year.

When we arrived we were greeted with the news that the municipality had pressured the owners of an abandoned YMCA into cancelling the rental lease for their building. We also found

out that the City Fathers had issued a permit for a street dance on Miffland Street which was to be the 'coup de grace' of the gathering, only to have their ruling vetoed by Mayor Dyke—it's like the election was coming up on April 5 and fascist Dyke felt it would be in his favor to incite a riot since he could bring the forces of LAW AND ORDER into Madison to quell the disturbance which was bound to explode, thereby impressing his prune-faced constituency.

People's Office and a booth in the student union became the focal points of the meeting—it was at these places that we picked up the constantly-changing schedules of workshops



LIZZEN JOE, DIS IZ HURTINK ME MORE DEN IT'Z HURTINK YOU!



BY JACKIE FRIEDRICH  
32nd WK

Monday April 12

Monday A Mrs. Clarice Bird, the mother of defendant Joan Bird, took the stand, testifying that at 3:45AM on the morning of Jan. 18, 1969, she arrived at the 34th precinct where her daughter, Joan, was being held in connection with an alleged shoot-out between two patrolmen and two Panthers. Roland Mckenzie, one of the patrolmen who claimed to have been shot at, was questioning Joan at the time.

A previous witness for the prosecution, Det. Watson, had testified that he had been questioning Joan at the time of Mrs. Bird's arrival, and had met her before she saw Joan. He said that he told her what her daughter had been involved in, to which, he claimed, Mrs. Bird replied that she knew something had been going on with her daughter over the past several months, that she didn't like Joan's friends or how Joan was dressing or talking. Watson had then testified that he took Mrs. Bird into the squad room to see her daughter and then had to keep Mrs. Bird from hitting Joan.

Mrs. Bird said that Det. Watson was not in the squad room at the time of her arrival at 3:45 AM; that she didn't see him until 7AM and that he never informed her of why Joan had been taken into custody, nor did she respond with any remarks about her daughter's behaviour, friends or previous statements. She also said that she did not try to hit Joan and repeated the fact that Det. Watson was nowhere in sight when she first saw her daughter.

An objection made by the prosecution was sustained by the court when defense attorney Sandy Katz asked Mrs. Bird what she had said when she first saw Joan on that night. Mr. Katz asked for the basis of the objection. Judge Murtagh replied that the answer would be hearsay. Sandy then said, "What Mrs. Bird said was hearsay?"

"It is hearsay," was the court's response.

Mrs. Bird said that her daughter was crying and shaking and that she had a cut and swollen lip and an eye that was rapidly swelling shut.

She, Joan, Patrolman Mckenzie and others moved to another room where Mckenzie continued questioning Joan. Mckenzie appeared very angry, Mrs. Bird recalled, "like a lion in a cage behind Joan." She quoted Mckenzie as having said "You motherfucking bitch. You're lying about those two men."

Mckenzie then took Joan into another room and closed the door. After about five minutes, Mrs. Bird said that she heard her daughter scream. Mrs. Bird ran to the door and was stopped by the aforementioned Det. Watson, who had just come into the room.

Patrolman Mckenzie then brought Joan Bird out of the small room. She was crying and trembling and said, "Mommy, please don't leave me."

Det. Watson then began to question Joan. Sometime later Watson told Mrs. Bird not to worry, that her daughter was going to be held as a material witness.

Later that afternoon, Mrs. Bird and Joan were told to leave the precinct by a back entrance to be driven to court. Det. Watson told them both to keep their heads down because he did not want the photographers who were waiting outside to take any pictures of the two women.

Although she was at the 34th Precinct from 3:45AM to 3PM, Mrs. Bird said that she had never been advised that her daughter had a right to an attorney, nor did she hear any officer advise Joan of her Constitutional Rights.

Joan Bird was 19 years old at the time.

Mrs. Bird said that she, too, had been questioned by Det. Watson, but that he had neglected to inform her of her rights. At no time when she was present at the 34th precinct was Mrs. Bird told that Joan was under arrest or what charges were being held against her daughter.

Both Joan and Mrs. Bird were brought to 100 Centre Street where they again saw Roland Mckenzie. He told Mrs. Bird that it had been he who had put the bullets in the car from which Joan had been removed. He was smiling when he said it, Mrs. Bird recalled, and seemed proud of his actions.

At 5PM on that day, Mrs. Bird learned that Joan was under arrest. She did not see her daughter again until 10PM — at the arraignment, where she noticed that Joan was limping.

Joan was released on bail on Feb. 4, 1969 and on the morning of April

2, 1969, the police returned to the Bird's apartment and again arrested Joan.

When District Attorney Phillips cross-examined Mrs. Bird, he asked her if it was true that she had attended BPP meetings and rallies. Mrs. Bird replied, "Where do you get your information, Mr. District Attorney — I worked, I had no time."

Phillips then asked her if she had met one of the undercover agents, to which Mrs. Bird replied, "Which one, you have so many, you tell me."

Phillips then asked her if Det. Watson had treated Joan in a courteous, gentlemanly manner. Mrs. Bird said, "Yes, like all gentlemen do when they want something from you."

When asked if she had seen Rolan Mckenzie strike or hit Joan in the 34th Precinct, Mrs. Bird replied, "I didn't have to see it, I heard it." Wednesday April 14

Detective Carl Bogan was called to the stand on behalf of defendant Alex Mckiever a/k/a Katarra. Bogan had been assigned to assist in the arrest of Katarra on April 2, 1969. A gun was seized at that time and Sharon Williams, in whose apartment Katarra was living, was arrested for possession of that gun. Although this indictment charges Katarra with the possession of that weapon, Detective Bogan admitted that on April 2, 1969, Katarra had been arrested for "acting in concert" with someone in possession of a weapon.

Defense attorney Charles McKinney called George Schloemer to the stand on behalf of defendant Clark Squire. Schloemer is the president of Computer Deductions Inc., where Squire had been employed as a computer consultant, earning \$17,000 a year. One of the infiltrators, Patrolman Carlos Ashwood, had testified that at a section meeting, Squire had said that he had access to chemicals which could be used in the making of explosives, at his job. Schloemer, however, said that, to his knowledge, Clark Squire had access to no such chemicals.

After the defense had rested their case, they once again made motions to dismiss counts on behalf of their respective clients. The arguments concerning each count listed in the thirty count indictment were much the same as the arguments offered after the prosecution had rested its case.

In reference to the substantive counts such as attempted murder and attempted arson, the defense argued that those counts should either be dismissed or the jury should be directed to bring in a verdict of acquittal, as the prosecution had failed to prove that any of these defendants committed or attempted

to commit any of those acts, or in any way aided or abetted anyone in connection with those acts.

In reference to the counts concerning possession of a bomb, an explosive or deadly weapons, the defense argued that nowhere in the history of New York State has there been a prosecution of twenty-two defendants, each charged with possession of the same gun or bomb. And that an indictment which charges twenty-two defendants with thirty counts to be taken against all of the defendants, precludes a fair trial and denies the defendants due process of law.

In reference to the three counts of conspiracy, the defense moved for the severance of those charges because: 1) the prosecution had failed to prove that these defendants were members of a conspiracy; 2) the conspiracy charges had been made to enable the prosecution to bring in

evidence that would have been unthinkable in any proper trial; and 3) the motive behind conspiracy charges was that if there were enough charges against enough defendants, there were sure to be convictions.

Defense Attorney Jerry Lefcourt asked Judge Murtagh to consider one further thing in addition to the other arguments, that being that to send to a jury a thirty-count indictment for thirteen defendants would necessitate some 390 separate decisions, which would be an impossible task.

Judge Murtagh said that he did not think the arguments offered by defense counsel were persuasive, but that he would reserve decision. It is assumed that Murtagh will deny all of these motions as he has done with all motions made by defense counsel since pre-trial hearings, and particularly those made at the close of the prosecution's case.

**U S V I V a**

**EMERGENCY NUMBERS**

Emergency Doctor	TR 9 1900
Emergency Dentist	YTR 6 1100
Drug Addiction	797 2900
Emergency number	797 2900
Emergency Card	681 8120
Dist. A Prayer	01 6 4200
Women's Strike For Peace	254 1925
National Organization of Women (NOW)	663 1986
U. S. WOMEN'S GROUP	516 927 9833
night	628 2 063
Peace Action Line	741 0 119

**LEGAL**

Eviction Aid	277 3078
Eviction	732 9250
Mortgage	677 9552
Law Consulting	71 10250
Legal Aid Society	71 10250
Women's Legal Education Fund	973 7800

**ARMED AND DANGEROUS AND ANTI-NUCLEAR**

Anti-Nuclear Weapons Center	692 1100
Day, night, and program, text	
Abortion counseling	691 3 096
Abortion Counseling	777 4504
R.A.T.	228 4 200
U.S. Women's Caucus	731 2 200
Women with drug problem	44 1 2000

**PHYSICIAN**

PHYSICIAN	227 2939
DENTAL CLINIC ST MARKS BETWIX	
20th St. Ave	
Mon-Thurs 7-10PM	

**DIRECTORY**

Horizon Center	698 1462
12 East 12th Street NYC	
Addition Services Agency	226 6900
7 West 10th NYC	
Greenwich	
Odyssey	989 6742
Hudson	
Odyssey	666 7710
Brooks Odyssey	842 8686
Newark Odyssey	200 242 5552
Phoenix House	874 1305
20th W. 85th	
Brooklyn	961 0219
E. or Rockaway	327 4204
Brooklyn	229 9850

**LAND TRAFFIC COUNSELLING**

Land Counseling Service	42 9920
Land Counseling	7 2 6020
Land Counseling Service	6 790
Member House	533 0670
American Friends	
Service Committee	777 4600
Jewish Peace Fellowship	228 0360
N. J. Bergen County Draft Info Center	201 836 7024
U. S. Draft Counselling Center	516 WE 1 5765
Greenwich Village Peace Center	533 8920
Spencer Memorial Church	858 5796
U. S. Draft Info	929 2390
34 W. 29th Draft Info for Youth	201 W. 11th

**ETHNIC COMMUNITY ORGANIZATIONS**

Immigrants Liberation Front	427 7754
Women Red Fund	PO Box 6377
Empire State NY 10003 (send some bread for RANSOM)	
Black Panthers	328 9911
Breakfast Program	864 8951
Young Lords	533 7870
Breakfast Program	427 7754
War Tax Resistance	477 2970
U. S. Farmworkers Organ Comm	516 248 2495
Welfare Action Group	677 9955
U. S. Harlem Employment sec	876 8522
Citywide Comm. for Welfare Rights	514 W 126th
East Side Tenants Council	CA 8 8210
Harlem Tenants Union	427 5655
U. S. Federation of Black Community Org	368 8100
Social Work Action for Welfare Rights	533 1215
Planned Parenthood	581 5622
Center for Clean Air	935 1454
For Clean Water	677 0250
Comm. for Const. Rights	WA 9 6662
Against the ABM	838 4700
Environmental Action Coalition	
235 E. 49th St	489 9550
New York Peace Action Coalition	
117 W. 14th 3d floor	924 0894



# AT LAST, A USE FOR EASTER

DECOMPOSITION  
BY D.A. LATIMER

Nearly two thousand years ago, a stone was rolled away from the door of a tomb in Palestine one Sunday in early spring, and ever since then people have been celebrating the event yearly with a weekend holiday called Easter. Well, some people have, anyway. Others celebrate some other event on the same weekend, happily ignorant that they're waiting for nothing, that He's been here already.

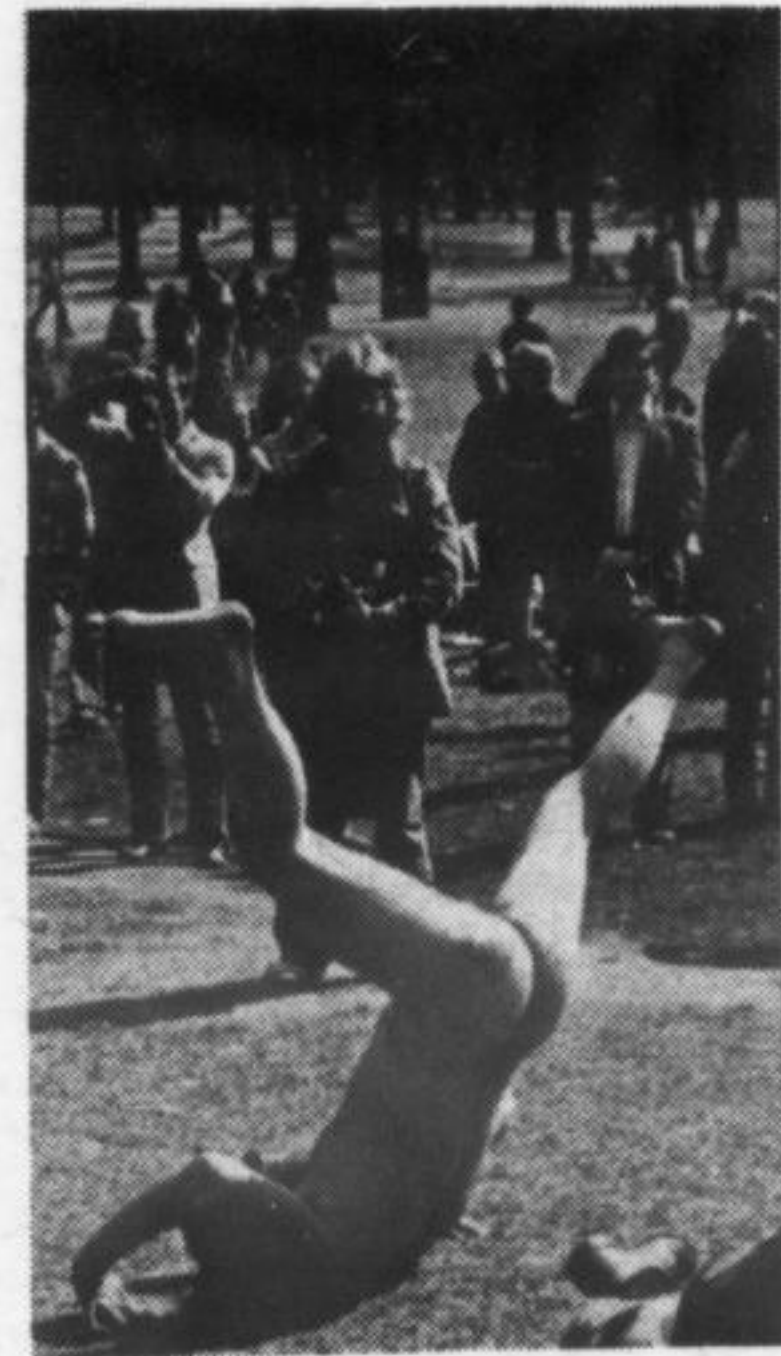
But it's Spring again in any case, and Spring is no time for quibbling over such arcane matters. Spring is for going to Central Park every weekend, beginning with Easter or what have you, decked out in the Springtime finery of your choice, to smoke dope and dance in a circle and row around the lake a few times and scoff at the monkeys in the zoo and throw rocks and bottles at the police and neck in the woods and admire Cleopatra's needle and zoom frisbees across the Sheep Meadow and fly kites up against the skyline over Central Park West and smoke some more dope and roll on the ground and meet

young people of the opposite sex and sing along with Dave Peel and the Lower East Side and take off your clothes and set fire to the police barricades and show your three-year-old how to roll a joint and smoke more dope yet and watch the sun go down over the lake sitting on a rock and go home totally wrecked. At last a use has been discovered for Central Park.

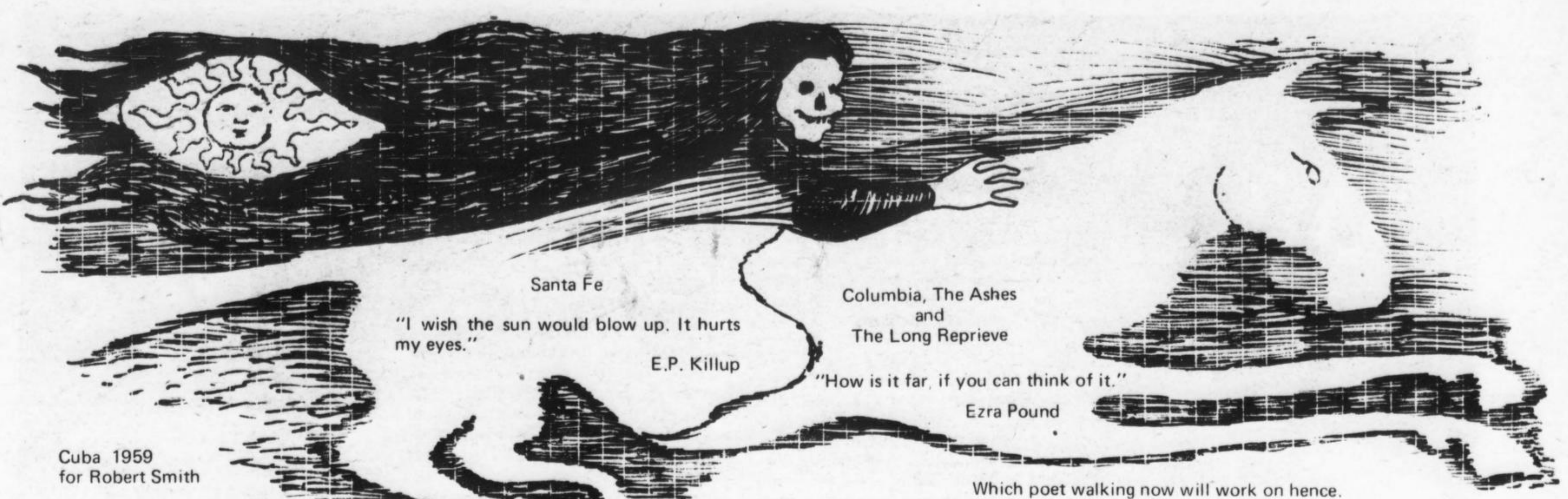
Easter in the Park was pretty good this year, although the Contessa di Migraine chose to sit it out and watch television sports coverage. 'The unicorns did all right,' she said, 'until the dragons ate them.'



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER BRENNAN







Santa Fe  
"I wish the sun would blow up. It hurts  
my eyes."  
E.P. Killup

Columbia, The Ashes  
and  
The Long Reprieve  
"How is it far, if you can think of it."  
Ezra Pound

Cuba 1959  
for Robert Smith

Nuclear physics and the ghost of Planck  
Were subjects with us there at Santa Fe.  
Night was upon us as our voices droned  
Of Che and Jesus and the flight at three fifteen.  
Who will go and who will pull the strings.  
What force can possibly control the minds  
Unhinged by irresolution and the fading dream.  
Dreams fade you know, Roberto. Yet tinder minds  
Can send signals from this windy porch  
To where grim Nixon sits, gloomy upon  
A nation's fate as if it were a stool.

Meanwhile, Fidel is with us. As he speaks  
The world's lie down to sleep in flanneled futures,  
Rocked by what Mothers and their grasping hands.

Can we say and can we pass this night away  
In interminable conversation. Yes, we can.  
Where herons wait our hope is waiting too.  
La proxima esquina. Stop the bus.  
Take care and disembark. The stop is here.

**The Last to  
Ernesto Guevara**

"The good die first and those whose  
hearts are dry as summer dust burn to the  
socket."

Percy Bysshe Shelley

for Kenneth Patchen

Behind the wall  
the mulberry tree  
and beyond white doves and llamas,  
the griefs of Guajira and the western world.

You are not admitted there for money  
riding that horse with all those others  
unpraising  
unpraisable.

You could go to Yucatan  
I reckon the Maya are human  
yet Chichen is still there  
and I've been up and on with Byrd in mach 2  
plus 500  
over Amsterdam Avenue  
till we came down at Oklahoma City  
'in the marred shadow of your gift'  
of primary colors  
or rather of black and white.

There the lost faiths on the desert edges  
and the bat screaming through  
our stained medium  
as rhetoric becomes an eyepatche  
and you know  
that Gonzalo Jimenez Quesada  
went through the big woods  
without leaving us behind.

"The sea is awash with roses."  
The everlasting contenders are sure of several things.

The roses are there, Jim. Look.  
There is one kingdom left.  
Quesadaward.

There, Magellanic ultramarine  
and I'll meet you out on the Gulf Stream  
with sailfish and white butterflies  
where there is no such thing as humanism in the abstract  
but there is a bright lament always  
and where is my dun-colored horse  
unnamed till Sante Fe, those doors beyond  
relentless gates, dead friend.

Robert Boardman Vaughn

Miami Beach, October 1969  
for Nancy Lou

Will you kindly hold your head up.  
Quesada failed  
only because he so loved our attempt  
or

the attempt  
that he would not leave us here behind  
thence thought of Love  
which we are free to choose  
and he wondered  
when we'd live the Thing  
on the River Road  
with our hands out  
in the rocking chair called 1019  
where we'll rock on a way  
after Camilo to Cartagena  
and the amber like front door

where a sigh does not alter  
early fire sales  
or gestures on the Road  
and a view with willed conception  
strikes towards that Grace  
we lost in alleys on the spaced boeren  
and Miles is with us  
at the Aviary  
or the smell of avocados well endured.  
Then early, early  
Cereus bloom sierraward  
on the Pico Cristobal Colon  
below the snow.

Ernest didn't make it.  
Faulkner did  
and so did Crane.  
Now there's Marti and the Long Reprieve

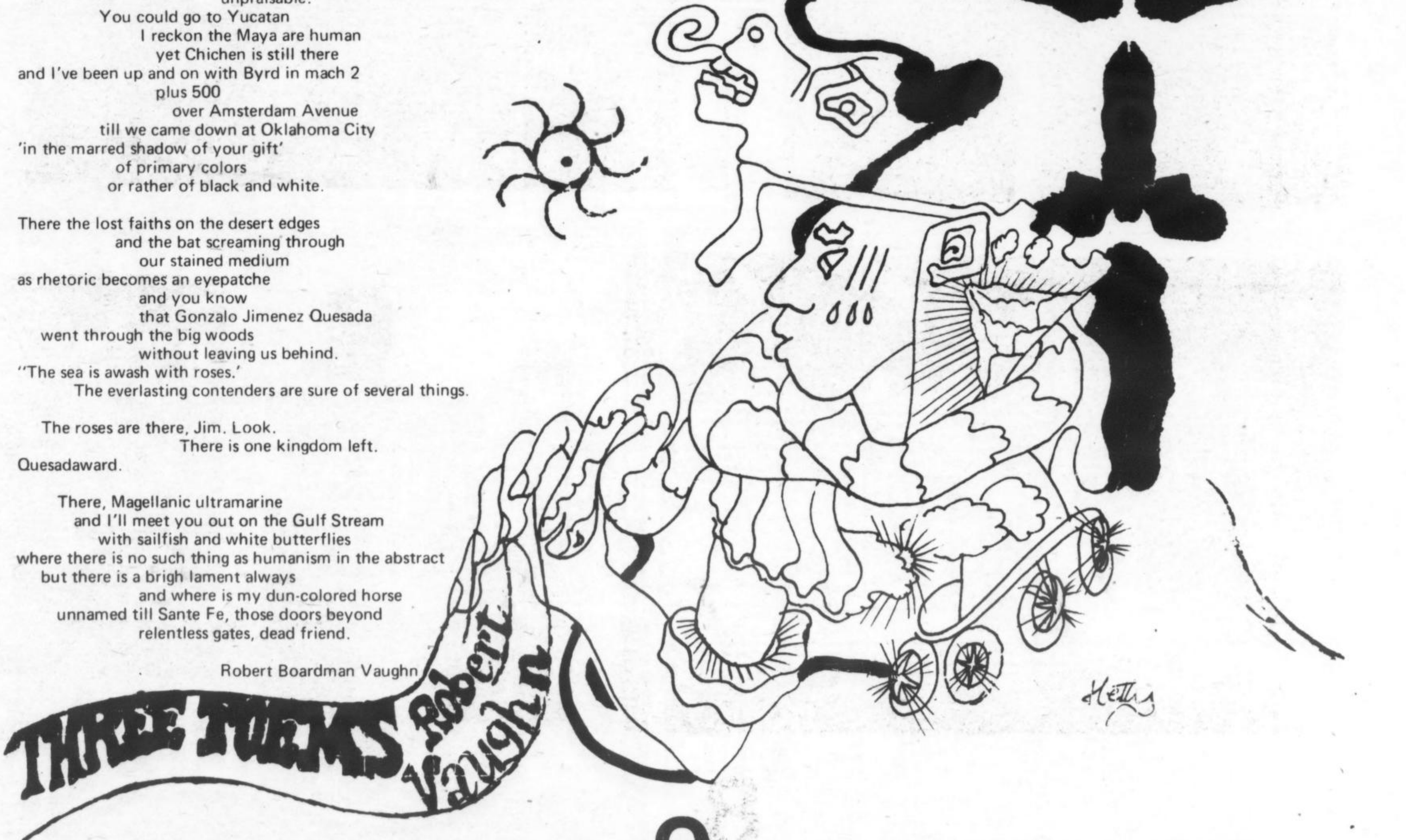
Which poet walking now will work on hence.

Who'll remember Collier and the bombs in New York Bay  
then Che in the Congo  
Camilo on the way  
or Cartagena with the gate to El Dorado  
bound to be  
beyond Gitano and Nestor  
beyond Renato and the Reef  
Quintana Roo, the ships  
yet with Fidel Benigo.

Yet you  
and in the night, Compay, we will see white flowers  
see the snow.

In other years we felt white solitude

but now  
in silver light  
we fell White Love and see the Amaranth.



# Up His

# ARSDALE

It wasn't to see the Grateful Dead like last week, but 4,000 freaks of all dimensions pushed and shoved their way into Manhattan Center Wednesday night and they got a good show. Onstage, appearing without a light show was the locally famed group known as Harry Van Arsdale and his neo-fascist goons. The crowd of hippies, yuppies freaks and classical psychotics came from all of the five boroughs for a meeting of the New York City Taxi Driver's union. Ever since the end of the 15-day cab strike, Van Arsdale's downfall had become more and more apparent the hackies were psyched and Van Arsdale knew it and was shitting in his pants. The hackies knew it and joyously waited for the inevitable.

AS soon as Heavy Harry saw that he was outnumbered, he announced that the contract was not yet ready for a vote. By this time, the cabbies were getting pissed. The Brooklyn faction, made up about equally of longhairs and bald potbellies, started throwing garbage from the upper balcony.

One freak (hero No. 1) got to a mike at the foot of the stage and proposed an immediate rep on the contract. Van Arsdale tried to ignore him and continued to bullshit but the crowd was too hip to be defied.

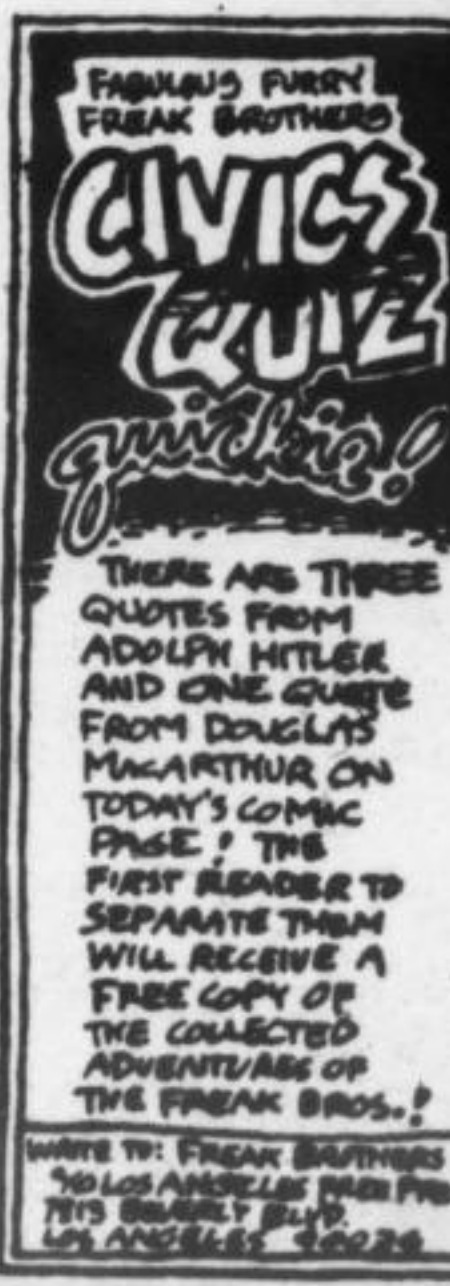
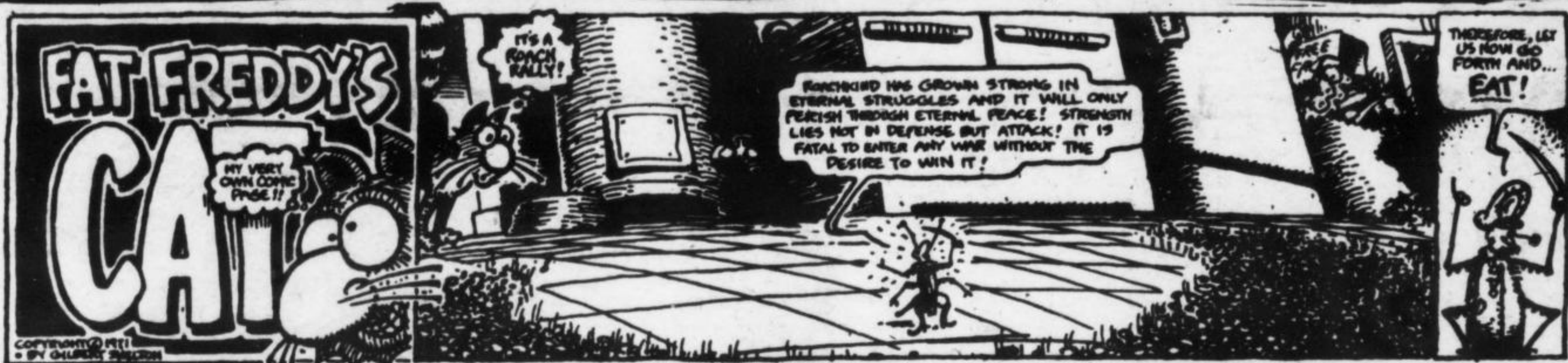
A long-haired bearded car (Hero no. 2) raised up to the stage on the shoulders of the tightly packed crowd and Harry who was afraid of the strange dude from another planet allowed him to speak. The new hero got to the mike and

promptly laid a rap which ripped the shit out of Harry's Hopeless Feeble Following. Hero No. 2 ended his thing with a question to Harry about what was happening to the dime which is now taken from each ride and given to the union. Harry couldn't handle too much more and had the security guards try to hustle the hero offstage. The piglets,

(Continued on Page 20)

Hiya, Noel the Hack here; the following is a report on Wednesday night's summit meeting with Harry the Rat Van Arsdale, our glorious union representative. I didn't attend the meeting so Mark the carbon copies of the papers — so after you finish reading this roll it up and smoke it. All power and off the meter!

# TAXI REVOLUTION

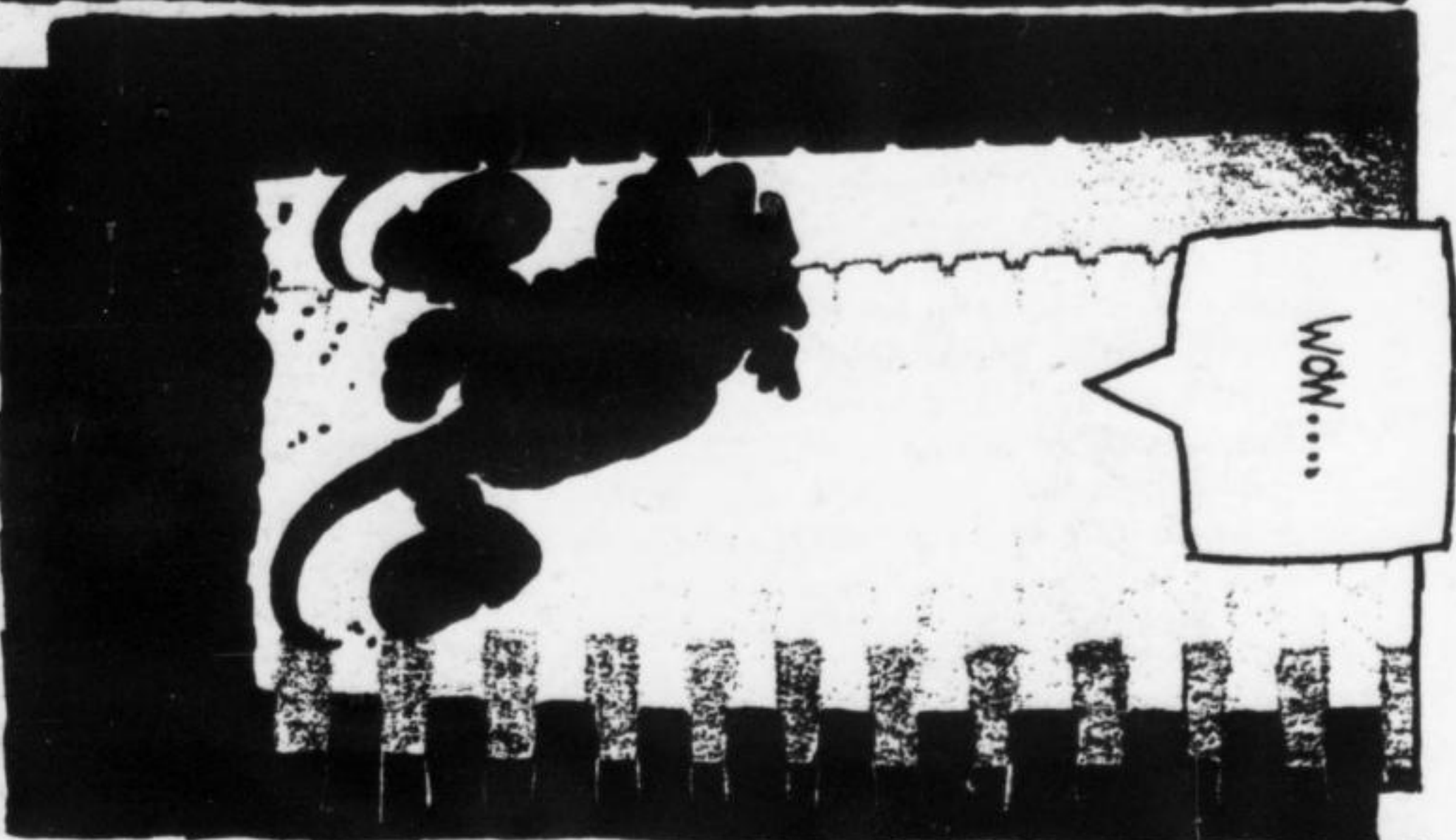




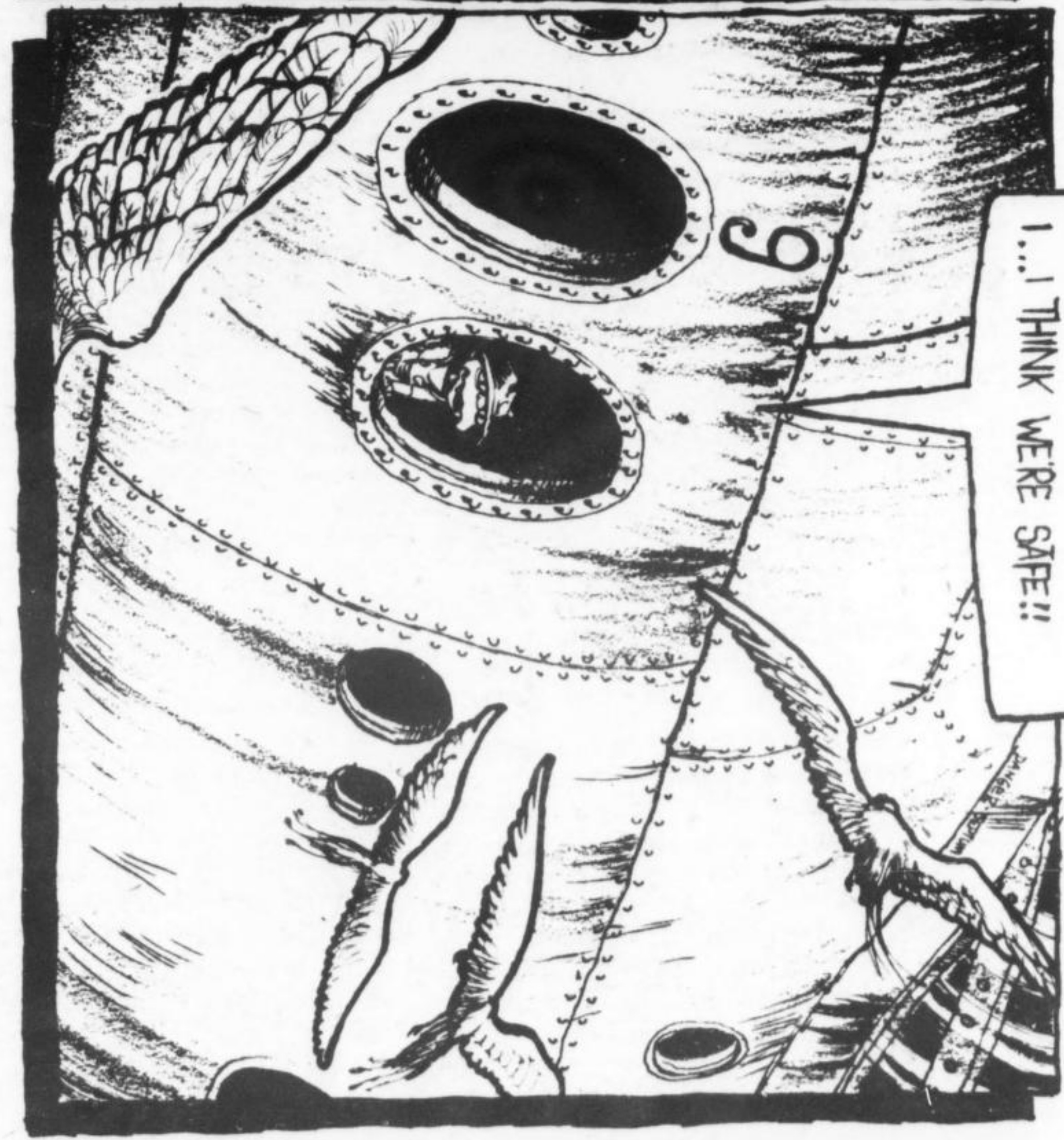
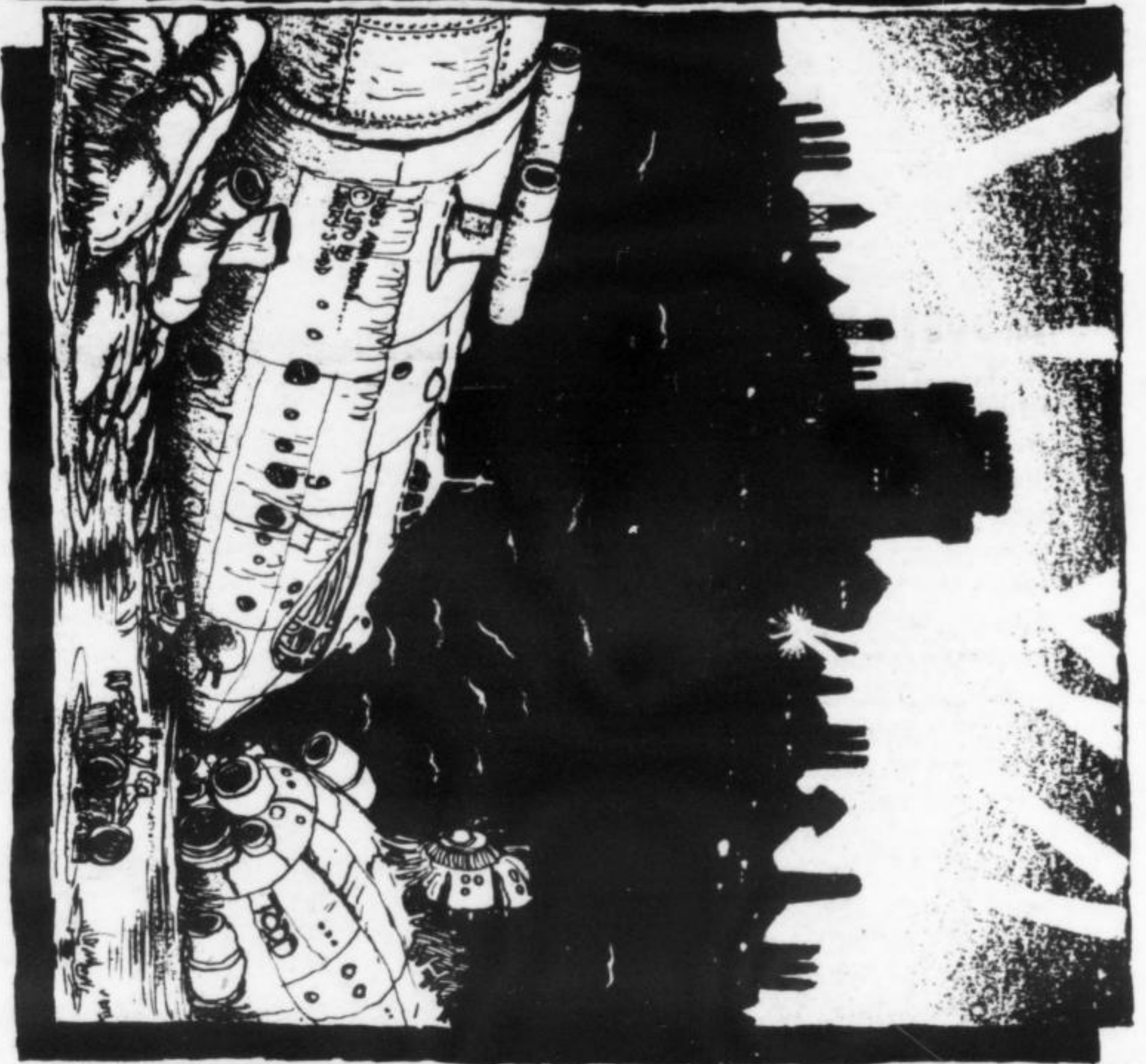
**GYAWAI HAN AN' EGES IYAI!**

THEY'RE NEVER GONNA CATCH HIM AT THIS RATE! I SUGGEST WE COME TO GRIPS WITH OURSELVES AND **8PLTI!**

I CAN DIG IT, MINI!



Wow....



I... I THINK WE'RE SAFE!!

# ARMOR-K-IZO



TEMPORARILY SAFE, AT LEAST!

UNTIL SEARCHING HERE THEY COME!



WHERE'S MEGAGISTER?

DAMN!... PROLLY STILL LEADING THOSE FUZZ A MERRY CHASE! THAT BASTARD GOES LIKE A GODDAM SPEED BREAK!



WHERE YOU BEEN, MAN? HE IS A...

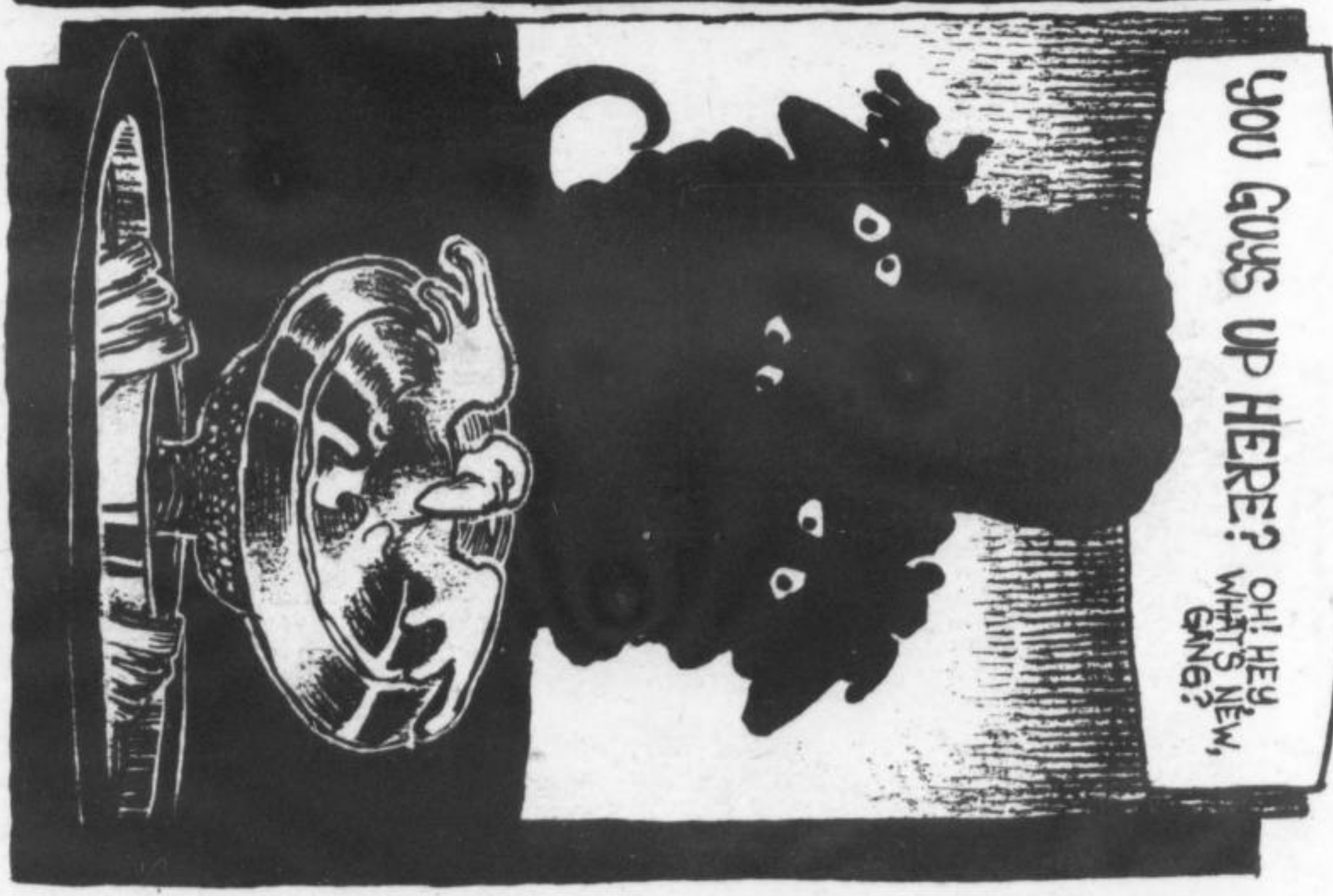
**CRUNCH!**



OH! GANG... THEY'RE HERE LOOKING FOR US SO SUGGEST WE GET OUR REAR'S FEEDS AND TO A LITTLE CRISTIE CONVERSING AND MAKE SING HAVE KRISHNA IF GONG GETS TOUGH AND ALWAYS REMEMBER WE GOT OURSELVES...

ABHOR THIS... VIOLENCE, !!

**CRUNCH CHUNCH CLUNK THAP THUMP THUP!!!**



YOU GUYS UP HERE? OH! HEY, WHAT'S NEW, GANG?



by Linda Crawford

What denotes a star in the record business today? A sold-out performance at the Fillmore with no name on the billboard? A performance with no introduction necessary? Screams of recognition at the beginning of every song played? A standing house for three-quarters of the show? Four call-backs to the stage after the scheduled performance is through? All of this Elton John had, not to mention three albums among the top selling in the country along with the profits reaped from each. Yes, I think somewhere in this combination there is what you would call "a star."

Less than four months ago, Elton John made his first appearance at the Fillmore, second on the bill to Leon Russell. His first album, *Elton John*, hadn't as yet started making its flutter into the hearts of the New York public (California was already well into him) and he was received mildly. Shortly after that, his first album became an overwhelming success and was followed by the second *Tumbleweed Connection*. Now he has just recently added to his financial success the sound track for the movie, *Friends*. All happening within four months, that was really some sharp campaigning by his managers UNI.

And here he is, at the top of the charts, lacking but a picture on the cover of *Time*

\* Following the performances of Seatrain and Wishbone Ash on Good Friday evening, the stage darkened for a change of instruments. After a few minutes the audience heard some tinkles on the piano and responded with excited applause. False alarm, it was merely the piano tuner checking things out. A few more minutes passed, and again the piano sounded, but this time unmistakably to the fingers of Elton John. Still in darkness, the house was once more shaken with applause and continued to do so through four bars from the title song of his latest album, *Friends*. One spot light then lit up his bassist Dee Murray, then another on his drummer Nigel Olsen. Another four bars, succeeding very well in raising the audience to extreme anxiousness for the sight of their beloved Elton, and just when I started to think perhaps this wasn't a form of milking genius but rather a technical difficulty a third light appeared. A real pro!

Bernie Taupin, lyricist, is never seen at public appearances and is relatively unknown as the counterpart to the Elton John success story. Adding the almost too-perfect lyrics to Elton's music has left him out of the public eye (quite to his satisfaction, I'm sure) although not far from the dollar's eye. Getting his share of the fruits reaped from the touring successes while not heading towards a nervous breakdown seems like a good job to me. Of course, I doubt whether Bernie will ever get his picture on the cover of *Time* magazine.

Greeting the audience with a casual "Hi," Elton then proceeded to give them everything they wanted. All of his hits—"Your Song," "Take Me to the Pilot," "Border Song," "Country Comfort"—he had them right in the palm of his hand. He could do no wrong, and he didn't. Sounding greater (sound impossible?) than he had on any of his records, he also displayed an amazing skill for playing the piano with his feet jumping up and down from atop the piano practically from any angle imaginable. To say the audience was worked up was an understatement. To say Elton John was worked out is an even greater one. At one point he had to make his way to a towel to absorb his very expensive beads of sweat.

The second day after sales began for this Easter weekend performance, all shows were sold out, beating the Greatful Dead, Laura Nyro, Santana, Richie Havens, and putting him in league with Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Jefferson Airplane and James Taylor. This sure allots a pretty penny to be split up among Bill Graham and Kip Cohen. Considering 2,700 seats being sold at an average of



The Soft Revolution, by DAVID W

When is revolution an evolution? What's the difference between constructive and destructive bullshit? When does change preclude violence? What's the best way to approach a hardhat and make sense? Is it more practical to demolish the ROTC building campus or boycott its registration if you want to get it off campus? Some of these questions are answered by *The Soft Revolution*, by Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner, authors of the now-famous book, "Teaching as a Subversive Activity."

Like *The Greening of America*, the *Soft Revolution* is an obvious book because it states the obvious, the obvious way to make changes is to learn how to negotiate. It is a practical guide for confronting situations, it doesn't merely expose them to public eye. *The Soft Revolution* is a book that every college student should read and every high school student should memorize to be ahead of the game. The book expounds the virtues of using the system against itself by learning the workings of the system.

To the Authors, change is possible within the American system if only the revolutionaries are prepared to forego their traditional folk-tinged roles as white knights, thundering through quads and high school corridors for the benefit of the 'people.' The soft revolution deals with people, systems and games... and how to play one against the other to advantage. It is forged on common sense. The soft revolution regards anything that makes anyone, some or all of us damaged or dead as plain-assed dumb. If you kill yourself or someone else in a misbegotten attempt to survive, you have obviously done a dumb thing, "and the soft revolution is simply against dumb things. If schools weren't doing dumb things, we wouldn't need a soft revolution in the first place." (P.5)...that is the jumping off point.



\$4.50 a seat (approx. \$15.00), for three nights (approx. \$45,000), two shows a night (approx. \$90,000) for but one weekend out of 52 in the year. They don't even care if they ever get their picture on the cover of *Time*, but there's a rumour that they're contemplating buying it.

Quite in the spirit of Good Friday, the audience wasn't about to let Elton John off the stage without some sacrifice. Just as he felt most sure of himself, the turnabout began, and beloved Elton was now in the palms of their hands. The worst part of it was that he knew it. When his "You're the Best," and "God Bless You," placatives didn't appease the audience or stop their bloodthirsty shouts of *More! More!* he became a very frightened-looking lad indeed. Three energetic times through "Get Back," didn't appease them. Two exhaustive times through "Whole Lotta Shakin'" didn't appease them. Every attempt of his to exit just summoned the crowd to greater demands. Just when I was sure he would either collapse or kneel down muttering "Father forgive them," the house lights lit up the Fillmore as a definite protest against carrying this crucifixion any further. He loved it! They loved it! Smart UNI. Smart Bernie Taupin. Smart Bill Graham and Kip Cohen.

The soft revolution uses the "judo" technique to attain its ends. For Postman and Weingartner, judo is... "the defense of the self against the system. When you are using judo, you do not oppose the strength of your adversary. You use your adversary's strength against himself, and in spite of himself (in fact because of himself) P.5... common sense it all Mom.

Weingartner and Postman are oldschool pragmatic liberals, the type of professors who encouraged me to pursue history as a living entity (graduate school did the opposite). Teachers like this are a rarity in the educational mill which depends on yea saying committeemen instead of dedicated, involved professionals. The authors seem to be the type of professors who, if they were your advisor would first make an attempt to find out who you were and what you wanted from college, and then told you the ways to attain your goals not those of the college catalogue, or your parents... and you got into the "good" courses.

To use the system against itself, the authors maintain that one first understand the system one is dealing with, understand the symbology of that system (i.e. learn the nature of the games played) and finally, understand the psychology of those who work in the system (i.e. know your enemy). Once these coordinate technical steps are taken the rest is easy because the system (soft revolution) encourages the individual to change as part of the experience. Some radicals would call this "a bourgeoisie reactionary plot to undermine the revolutionary consciousness of the workers"... I'd call that plain bullshit, and so do the authors.



Postman and Weingartner are against the garden variety violence of campus radicals for pragmatic reasons. Violence in their eyes is counter-productive because it provokes violence, reaction, recrimination, retaliation, and loss of strategic support. It produces more problems than it solves and more importantly cuts off the necessary dialogue which will help promote change. They lean on positive results, and their book is peppered with anecdotes of various "soft revolution" successes. The one major problem with their examples is that they all seem to have been recorded around the spring of 1970 and the high school experiments have not been followed up since. There is evidence of student committees to study campus problems but of course a study program is not the same as a fait accompli, and the reader is left waiting for results which could tend to confirm their thesis.

*The Soft Revolution* runs like an informal lecture with examples. There is no table of contents, giving the impression that the whole effort came as a result of one or two brainstorming sessions strung together with notes and reflections. However, the major force of the book is quite successful. There are sections on administrative psychology and behavior (high school and college), teacher neuroses in the educational environment, the fine art of bullshit and how to exploit it, student civil rights and how to adjudicate to them, schools for the new generation, practical educational reform and the school board. It contains suggestions, aphorisms, witty illustrations.

In short, there is everything a conscientious student would need in order to make his life more rewarding and productive on a personal and educational level.

If this book was written maybe ten years ago, many of the college disturbances would never have happened. On the other hand, because of the campus revolution, many professors have finally decided to let their allegiances lie with the students more than their administrations or indeed their "professional consciousness." In many ways, the book is a little too obvious in its advice and suggestions, but sometimes the obvious things are the most difficult to see, especially for students.

*The Soft Revolution* was not written expressly for the revolutionary crazies of the Right or the Left. It was written for the intelligent, informed student who believes that changes can be affected through planning and action. I would heartedly recommend the entire White Panther Party to read it, they may not like what it has to say, but at least they would be able to get some "establishment-written" book which deals with student realities not as they are portrayed by the press or campus mythology but as they actually exist. It should be read if only to know that there are some people who can communicate with a minimum of cant, rhetoric, and liberal slogans. Why not give peace a chance?



# ★ FEAR ROCK

It's happening all over again. The great eastern rock machine has spewed out another load of wax on the hungry teenaged listening audience just in time for the Easter vacation. They knew that kids all over the nation would be out of school this week, hanging around looking to fool around, smoke some grass, have a blast and maybe wander down to the local record store to pick up on some more plastic sounds forever imbedded in flashing dayglow album covers.

Buying albums these days for the majority of the record consumers (those between the ages of 12 and 20) is like poster-shopping used to be in 1966. You go to the store and look for your favorite face on the cover, smack down your hard-earned money and walk away, you got to smack the dollars if you wanna play your favorites at home alone on your

turntable machine, yeah the stuff that makes the music business is that old green.

So anyway they thought ahead of time and had a whole slew of new goodies ready and waiting on the shelves when the kids came trotting in...I don't know where to begin. Might as well start with a record that was a million-seller before it even got to the stores. *Crosby Stills Nash and Young*, a new one, a double one too (more money that they make off you). Live performances that happened last year, some of them are and some of them near. If you like the group this album will flip you out. If you don't, well too bad.

There's something about a live recording that you can't get in a studio. It comes across on the record too, the things that an audience can do to a performance is the difference. You can feel them reacting there on the record electronically coded and pulsed and set up to give you all the fidelity that can

be expected with today's modern reproduction equipment. If you think your record player just plays music, you're mistaken. Other things are taken into consideration in the production of music for a mass audience, stuff like amplitude and frequency re introduction. Cozmic induction and swanenge variance are all there if you but have ears to hear...

The CSN&Y album was recorded in 3 separate attempts in 3 separate places across this land, New York, Chicago and Los Angeles last June and July. The kids wanted to see these people perform, that's the reason the dates were made. CSN&Y may have vroken up forever but it's all down there on the tape.

Sixteen songs on 4 sides, all the ones you've heard before, but nevertheless they're done a different way each time, a little change in each one of the lines makes this record new and exciting. Things that have appeared on the solo albums of each of the performers now done with the rest of the band, Neil Young's Southern Man, Cowgirl in the Sand, Don't let it Bring You Down, and Carry On; and Graham Nash's Chicago, Teach Your Children Well and Pre Road Downs, and a couple of others thrown in to round out the albums to about an hour and a half of their finger-picking opiated type of top 40 music. Everyone loves them from way, way back, they're back again on records so check them out soon.

Soon to be released is a new *Sun Ra* album with his solar research orchestra on ESP disc. No release date has been set yet, so if you want to hear what he's into now, you can go to the East Village Inn afternoons, any Sunday afternoon or Monday evening and be transported, have your molocules resorted, reshuffled, ruffled and unruffled, get spaced with sound come and hang around and listen to some Jazz. It is Jazz month in New York City and you'd think that the record companies would release something other than the stock rock selection.

Impulse Records, a division of ABC, has been right there all along turning out the top in Jazz sounds. Their latest is a new album from Alice Coltrain called *Journey in Stchidananda*. It's really nice.

She is one of the most sensitive of all jazz performers on the scene today. Her music has constantly imrproved with each succeeding album. Performing along with her is Pharaoh Sanders another master in his own right. Their sound is so tight and spaced. Places in the stars far, far away. Listen and you'll see what I sal say...

They're not giving it too much air play in the waves these days, too busy pushing stalc renditions of tired old revolution songs, and going to the woods songs, and wish we could make it together songs. When Elvis Presley returns to the electric scene pretty soon, it's gonna be like a rock and roll dream.

JOHN HAMMOND's new one, *Source Point*, is another good example of where it's going.

He's always been right in there but this new stuff isn't getting on the air either. I like it but not as much as the days when he used to sing croscut saw in the scene uptown. He's one that's always been able to get it on down and rock it around awhile, oh yes if you go to see you'll see he does it with a smile.

Another semi-unknown that's been flown in to do an album now that his stuff is becoming timely is **JEFF ELKSWORTH**

No one in the N.Y.C. area has heard him before, unless you caught him out there in the great beyond past the George Washington Bridge. He played on other people's records, too numerous to mention. Motown was bidding on his talents a few years back but he refused to have any part of it, rather went to the woods and played around, hung around. His old stuff is like something that you wish you had heard before. The question often comes up when I play the tapes of him for other people, "Where was I when this was going on?"

The wor's from his songs explain themselves. He wrote this one in 1968:

Don't ask my rightful number  
Don't ask my rightful age  
Cause I could be Eric Clapton  
Or I could be Jimmy Page  
Or I could be the Sheik of Araby  
Trippin' out in the desert sands

Or I could be the answer  
to all your questions  
Why don't you hold me  
with your hands?

Yeah, he went away to the woods for a long time some years back and made some money, somehow. Came to the electric mecca and looked up a few of his old-time electric friends that worked in studios around town. He got enough stolen time in unused studios and weekends when no one thought that anyone was there to make his dreams come true. He had all his friends record him on various occasions when he would sit down to the piano to play. There's all these tapes all over the place now. He split leaving everyone wondering what had happened to him. All he left were his songs, the ones that he was saving up all those years beyond the pollution's haze. Wandering around from studio to studio sometimes recording for days. He left a legacy of tunes behind, each one of them could be turned into a gold mine if they were so turned. But he holds all them deep inside his mind and refuses to let it get burned, for his sorrow, his joy, the places that he traveled to when he was a small boy.

An amazing man and an amazing stunt to pull on the people in the electric mecca. Maybe you'll catch some of his music, you never can tell where.

I flew into town the other day to see a lady from down the way and go to the rock show and swing and sway. Holding the magical wishing egg that I traded from the Easter Bunny, we zoomed right in at the end of the *T Rex* set. They went on first to try and warm up the swains that came from Jersey to suck some wattage. You can always tell the kids from Jersey.

The new ones wear short sleeve tee shirts.

Then we saw this group called *MYLON.s*, *They're from another part of the land, the music they play with their band is the closest thing to gospel rock that's been around.* They have a deep, deep sound with twang in the background.

This guy Mylon is supposed to have some fame as a songwriter of sorts. He's done songs for the best of them and now has his own electric band. They have 3 thrushes from way down South, Southern Queens with voices like dreams sing harmony with this guy's gospel rockin' soul. He's white but transcends it beautifully. They have an album out on *Cotillion Records*, simply called *MYLON*. Not too many people are ready for GOD ROCK yet but it's on the way.

He went off the stage with one encore, then the tension began, they were waiting for the top band on the bill, the uncomparable MOUNTAIN. Leslie West and Felix Papalardi, monsters of electronic implementation. Baby angel face loved them all. She was all over the place. They were loud, really loud, amplifier on top of amplifier, stacked in piles in the back of the stage. It was insane. Only a couple of other groups use as much as they do, Grand Funk, Led Zeppelin, Ten Years After, and the late but great Blue Cheer. I mean there's hardly anything you can hear. It's all intense. Leslie West stands between his amplifiers and the moniter speakers and turns into a wire thru which it all flows. He played a 20 minute solo near the end of the act that was insane, it really scrambled everyone's brains. Turned the inside out and the outside in. Placed everyone into a spin.

I sat there with this big grin on my face. They were taking everyone thru space and time on the eJectric electric line. Everyone I asked said they had a good time...

Stuff of their albums made up most of the concert, hit songs that sold ten million or so copies were plaeyd too, they did most of their oldies and the hit title tune from their latest album called NANTUCKETT SLEIGH RIDE. They've gone beyond bubble-gum and in some places and others they're right into the mainline hit line stuff, after all that's what puts food on their tables. So many people put them down because they're loud or they play popcorn or they're too flashy or this or that. I think they're just jealous. I mean, who wouldn't want to ride on top of 50,000 watts even for just one performance???????

Then it was all over, like an orgasm. They pulled out the plugs and left the stage. It was all over and the house lights went down, the crowd left the theatre and I left the town.

These words I ripped off a subway wall Just the other day I didn't spend long there at all and this is what they say...

★ GO TO CHURCH - ★  
★ READ THE BIBLE ★  
★ Love, Charlie Frick ★  
★ 4/15/71 ★





BY REX WEINER

# R E V I E W

(This will attempt to be a regular column from now on. I will review ANYTHING; books theater, music street events, major catastrophies, orgies, press parties, art unveilings and other grand illusions, provided three things: 1) free copies, free passes and invitations are sent to me and 2) that I have the time to who up, and 3) that the thing, whatever it is, interests me. Piss-poor or fantastic, I don't care, but it's gotta strike me one way or the other if I'm gonna get my ass out of bed to write about it).

So much goes on in this, the naked city, so much of it being clothed in bullshit but so what. I have fun, am entertained, and eat well on top of it all. Sometimes.

Like the lavish affair held at Tavern on the Green for *Chicago* on their opening night, celebrating their sold-out week at Carnegie Hall. The music industry big shots were there. The groupies were there. The rock press corps too. All the parasites. Gleeefully scarfing up the beef stroganoff, cheese, salad ice cream from several tables around the grand room that fairly groaned under the weight of the plentiful eats. Everybody drank the booze and went back for more, got disgracefully drunk, as I did. Grand speeches were made by the corporation execs about these fine young lads who were bringing so much bread into the company coffers. Miles Davis was running around and so was Stevie Wonder, to everyone's delight.

In a momentary concern for

the world in the midst of all this flatulent cacaphony, I went over to one of the members of Chicago and asked him what his group was going to combat the rise of fascism in the city that was their namesake.

"Whaddya tryin' to do, lay a heavy rap on me?"

I said no, that I was sincerely interested in knowing whether they did anything worthwhile besides making money.

"Listen, you read 'The Greening of America?' It's a book, y'ever hear of it? It'll tell you where it's at. okay?"

Okay. So that's where one of the biggest rock groups in the country is at. Spare any change for John Sinclair?

Speaking of spare change hadn't eaten all day and by the time I hovered down Bleeker Street in the early evening I was sure glad the new *Gaslight* was opening. They party was replete with substantial delicatessen and decent liquor (served up by lovely little Marie of Kettle fame), all of which eased my gastric distress considerably. Despite the uncomfortably spartan benches and crowded arrangement, the new *Gaslight* at 152 Bleecker, site of the old Au Go Go, promises to be one of the best spots in town to hear sweet jazz and blues. Opening night featured a wall-to-wall audience that had come to hear Miles Davis blow them away.

Comedian Richard Pryor came on as a first surprise, funny as shee-it! and after he'd brought everybody up to the proper energy level Miles came out with his very cosmic group and took off into the outer limits of pure energy release with the audience just hanging on. But the guy on electric piano was the real show, many said afterwards.

Across the street at the *Bitter End* I caught the last part of *Ten Wheel Drive's* set. Genya Ravan has a voice like a thrown stone going thru a window pane, with one of the most dynamic ranges in rock, but as my good, red-bearded friend Toby B. Mamis said, the group still sounds like a transistor radio.

T.Rex was in town last week for a four-day crack at the Fillmore Beast. The first night, Bill Graham wouldn't let the group do an encore even tho people were yelling loud enough. Afterwards, Marc Bolan, leader and inspiration of T. Rex, had much to say about the repressive

Fillmore set-up, the lack of time for their set, lousy sound balance, bad vibes, and declared he wouldn't play the place again even if they paid him. He told me they got it on much better in Detroit the night before and I believe it because T. Rex is too good for the Fillmore and the slobs who both run it and pay money to attend it.

Marc Bolan, whom I had a lengthy rap with in his hotel room the day after he got into the states from England, is a beautiful kid, a poet as well as a musician. While he and T. Rex have recently been riding high on the British pop charts, his book of poems, "The Warlock of Love," has done equally well as a best-seller. Among the things we discussed was early rock n' roll ("I'm really into that kind of music more and more lately, the energy...") the political scene ("We have it pretty good in England, but if I were here I'd be screaming 'Revolution!' It's scary here, though, the cops..."), and the high cost of live music ("We try to keep the prices down when we're on tour at home, around ten shillings, and we play big halls, but here...") Bolan admitted he was helpless in the face of the American system and was dismayed when I filled him on the sort of rip-offs that go on. But he's a real rock n' roller with a lot of energy and sincerely wants to lay some of it on his audience:

"Forty minutes isn't much time," he pleaded up on the Fillmore stage, "for me to give as much of myself to you as I'd like. It's a short life, especially in this country. Maybe sixty years. It's short so we have to get it on now, people!"

But the Fillmore wasn't the place.

Anyhow, that's the big money music scene. You can catch a more relaxed show sometimes, and a lot more surprises in some of the less high-voltage places around town. One of these is a church; Washington Square Methodist Church, where for two bucks on Saturday nights (usually) you can hear some really good musicians doing varied types of music. These are the concerts put on by the venerable *Izzy Young* who is a firm believer in the people's music and likes to bring it back to the people at a price they can afford. And also

pay the musician, which, let's not forget, is important. Pick up a free schedule of Izzy's concerts at his folklore Center upstairs at 321 Sixth Ave. *Pete Killen*, a fine Gaelic valladeer, was there th last time I dropped in, and Izzy hopes to put on his first rock band soon. Go (but he hates it if you arrive late).

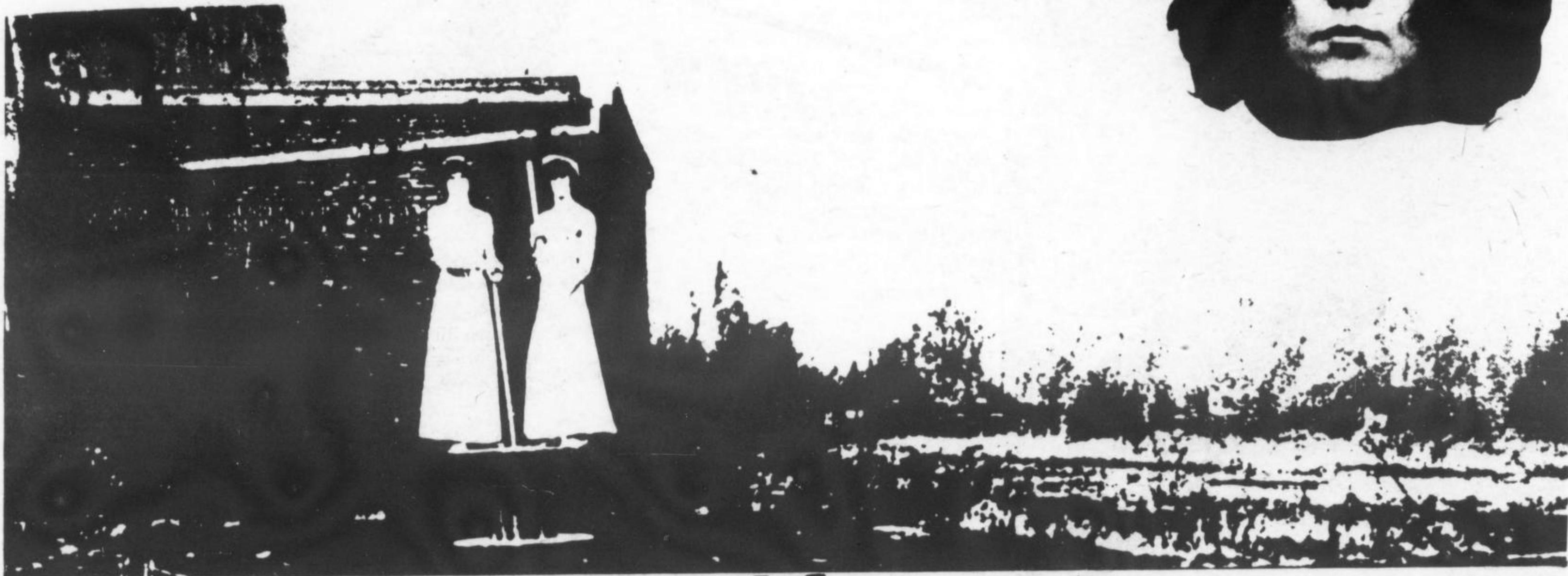
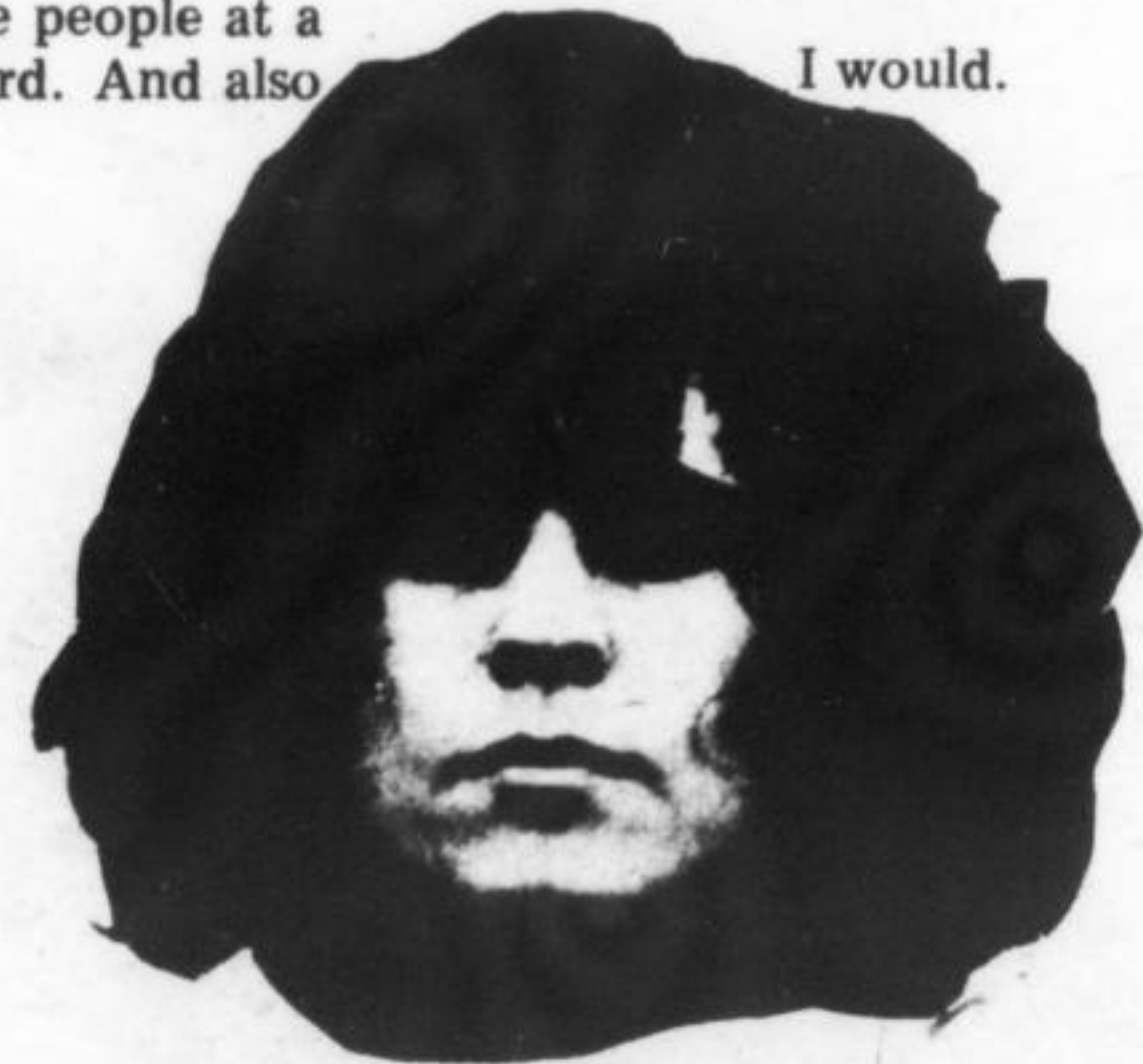
Don't go (if it's still playing at the time this comes out) to see *The Olathe Response* at the *Actors Playhouse*. *Clive Barnes* says it's the worst play he's seen all season and you can take his word for it if you don't fancy mine, but let me tell you anyway: it's bad.

It was a very french night at La Mama with the Theater Laboratoire Vicinal performing Frederic Baal's work "Real Reel." Most of the audience, it seemed to me, were french-speaking, and very much into the Grotowski-inspired sort of "gestural theater" that was presented. Using the simplest of props; long metal pipes, a large iron ring, a big woolen spoo., and wearing rough cloth "dresses" that made them like abstract figures in a picasso painting, two young men performed a "succession of scenic moments of no logical sequence." It was beautiful to watch what was obviously the finely-tuned product of the Grotowsky-type physical discipline, but the starkness of this sort of theater and the sparseness of the humor is not to my own taste. The French have a tendency to intellectualize experience to be very coolly cerebral and removed from the guts of things.

*The Act* has been around a long time now, and I find it hard to believe that so few have picked up on them. It's nothing short of pure magic when these two girls appear somewhere like the old *Gaslight* the *Steak N' Stein*, the *Folklore Center*. Maybe it's because no one has found a way to say just what it is they do; to cetergorize *The Act* would be impossible. Using pure voice and gesture, they conjure up a song-scene like stoned Shakespeare, fragile yet strong and singing, acting, involving your head in their gypsy-Arthurian fantasies. I mean, you just have to see them. Find them. Somehow.

And if I could let you know,

I would.



Once again it's that time of the calendar for national pastime, how'd we ever pass the time without it? It was hard but now the cold winds of spring welcome it back, and Richie Allen too. Now that it's 1971 the final standings of 1970 are finally official. Officially, the Mets didn't win it. But this year they will. Says me. Dean Chance is gonna win it for them, Bo Belinsky would probably be as capable of winning them a pennant but Dean Chance'll do just as well.

And Donn Clendenon oughta be the leading offensive thrust for the third year in a row. Agee an Cleon and Singleton will be around too. If health hangs around their door they oughta produce at least 400 RBI's between them. Shamsky too if he doesn't get bad somewhere during the season. Seaver overstated his case two years ago with those 25 wins, he'll never do it again but 18 wins and a no-hitter wouldn't be half bad. Probably win him a raise. Kossman'll probably win 19 again, 19 and 18 makes 37, no single pitcher's gonna do that himself so they're at least a pitcher-and-a-half when you put them together. Mets'll take first in the Eastern Division of the National League. And without Swoboda they'll win 110 games.

St. Loo's gonna take second. How come? How come considering they've never had much in the way of hitting and this year they got even less? How come? Because. Just because. And Bob Gibson and whoever else there is, Carlton, pitching all of that. Dullest team they've ever had and Lou Brock lost the stolen base thing to Bobby Tolan last year but they'll take second.

The Cubs'll take third. Ernie Banks won't be around for long, he was always the drag around their legs anyway, with his lines like "We got the best lights in the league, God's light." Billy Williams, Ferguson Jenkins, and they got a good infield, and Cleo James, that's third place material, pure and simple. And plus they won't be suffering bitter defeat at the end because they won't be in it that long even if they sweat their way into July somewhere near the top. It'll be easier on their wives and knees too.

Fourth place is worthless and that's what Pittsburgh proved itself to be in the playoffs last season, bombed out in three straight by nothing Cincinnati. Nothing begets nothing and this year they'll be floundering their asses off, what else could they do with just batting-average hitters? The only power man they have is Stargell and even if Clemente and Sanguillen and Alou hit over .400 they're just gonna be good for 2-3 runs a game. Do they have any pitching? No.

Who cares about fifth but Philadelphia will wish they could make it, they'll be sixth behind Montreal. Montreal's gonna make it out of the cellar for the first time. Gene Mauch's gonna beat them if they don't, he always tormented Richie Allen and he did the same to Donn Clendenon and Muary Wills. If he clinches fifth he'll probably get a ten-year contract. In ten years, he'll never get higher than fourth, so this year will seal his eventual courtship with infamy. Rusty Staub is all they got, period. And Swoboda.

Philly has even less, they got Tony Taylor and Frank Lucchesi.

In the NL West the Dodgers are gonna finally take it again. Now I'll readily admit I've never liked the fuckin' Dodgers on either coast but this year they got Richie Allen so I'm gonna lean over backwards and give them the nod. He's better than Frank Howard ever was so they won't be trading him this year. They got Gravarkewitz too, Billy's his name, he was in the All-Star Game last year and he's a fair percentage hitter. And they hustle a lot and all that shit, they were called the Mod Squad last year because they were young. This year they're young plus a year's experience, they'll win it and I won't mind (I used to hate when they won with Koufax and Drysdale), even though I'd really go for seeing Alston get the ax. It's about fuckin' time. But not this year, too bad.

Cincy oughta be able to finish second, they got Bench and Rose and Bench oughta be better than last year but their pitching's for shit. What good's Maloney? Or Nolan? They're not even as good as the St. Louis pitching staff. They'll be happy with second and it'll probably be the last time for that even.

That's what happened with the Giants. They had always been finishing second, that was their normal finish but last year they landed in third. Now they'll be getting used to third for awhile, nobody knows how to glide into mediocrity better than the Giants. Mays is old, he'll hit 20, he'll probably play till he's 47 so he'll break Ruth's record but what's the diff anymore? Jim Ray Hart stinks these days and Marichal is no good anymore and McCovey gets walked to shit every time he's up. Dick Dietz is okay though.

Henry Aaron'll probably hit over 30 HR's this year and Rico Carty should hit around .370. But that guy who lost the giner, that pitcher whoever he is, he's not gonna be back and he was a good one. Pat Jarvis is no wonder with his fake eye, Atlanta's gonna finish a lowly fourth. Hmm, they finished fifth last year so it's a step up.

The key to Houston is Jimmy Wynn and the pitching. Don Wilson usually finishes among the percentage leaders but it's 6, not enough wins to mean shit to a frog. And Wynn does most of his shenanigans against the Mets and they're just one team. But they'll probably win some big ones against New York, probably 16-3 and 21-10. While finishing fourth.

San Diego can't do anything. Some guy was pitching a no-hitter for them last year and manager Preston Gomez took him out in the ninth when they were two runs behind and nobody could pinch hit for shit anyway. With moves like that the San Diego tattoo parlors are gonna be doing a lot of "I hate the Padres" tattoos this year. Maybe the tattoo guys oughta field their own team. Sixth place for the Padres is too good for them.

American League's always been chickenshit. Imagine a league that allows the Cleveland Indians a place in the sun! They've been getting away with murder just because they have the Baltimore Orioles. Fortunately they also have the Minnesota Twins who should be boring enough to take first again in the AL West. They'll take it for the same reason they've taken it lots of times: talent galore. Harmon Killebrew, Cesar Tovar, Mitterwald, all the others. Hermon hits the highest foul pops in the majors. Enough to spook any opposing pitcher. But Perry's on their side so no matter.

The Cal Angels are getting better every year, for whatever that's worth. They came within a hair's breadth of second last year, this year they'll take it. Alex Johnson is why, among others.

Third goes to Oakland, home of the A's. Reggie Jackson won't be hitting like he did two years ago, nor will he be hitting like he did last year, neither super nor pathetic. Blue Moon Odom will be his usual dependable self on the mount. Rick Monday and Bert Campaneris will hit a lot of extra-base hits and steal a lot of bases, respectively, just like they always doo, good enough to be a pennant contender but somehow they'll never do it. Like how can any descendant of the Philadelphia A's amount to anything?

The Milwaukee Brewers will scare a lot of fans this season, they're gonna be contenders for the first division for the first time. Harper'll score a lot of runs, steal a lot of bases, make a genuine terror out of himself. But they got this guy named Roof and what good could he be with a name like that. They oughta bring out a keg of Milwaukee's finest between innings for whoever did something decent the inning before: that'll guarantee them a fourth-place finish.

KC still sucks and they're setting up a college of baseball or something like that down in Florida. But they have the best groundskeeper in all of baseball, he cuts the grass in a checkerboard pattern and it's prettier than a putting green. In other words: no dogshit to be seen anywhere. Except the playing: pee-yew! Except for castoff Amos Otis.

Kelly, another thief of the basepath (he had 34 last year), so at least ther'll be some fancy stepping around the well manicured infield but only on the dirt part. Otis himself having stoled 33 bases in '70. And they had a guy named Johnson who struck out 206 last year, third in the league. Not bad for a loser.

Well last and by all means least we got the Chi Sox, the Pale Hose, whatever you wanna call these washed up washed out hasbeen do-nothings of the bat and ball. They lost 106 games in 1970 despite the resurgence of Luis Aparicio who hit over .300 for the first time despite advanced age. Aparicio was the only guy to finish in the top five of any offensive category except possibly SHIT. And the pitching moves its bowels every time it tries a fastball.

In the AL East let's take it from the bottom up. Last'll be Cleveland, what've they got besides McDowell and Ken Harrelson who's had his day? Heartaches, nothing but heartaches is what. Fosse too, but he proved himself brittle in the All-Star Game when he let Pete Rose (a real creampuff himself) knock him on his butt for the game-winning run.

The Tigers, now that they don't got even a lousier-than-usual Denny McLain, haven't a wing and a prayer. They have Al Kaline but all he ever wanted was to win a world series before he died and he did. He's still among the living but for how long? So Gates Brown and Willie Horton are the only warm bodies left, not counting Stormin Norman Cash whose body temperature is a torrid 59.3. No pennant possibilities whatever, unless Mickey Lolich can win 49 games and he won't even be watching that many.

Washington is a team on the move, they'll be up from last to fourth in only a year. Frank Howard's good for lots of you-know-whats and this year Curt Flood the turncoat-with-adifference is back in a major league uniform (what could you expect from a man who let Arthur Goldberg be his lawyer?) so they oughta give Ted Williams the first stuff he's had to cheer about since he got that great job from the Sears catalogue.

Well the poor Yanks are gonna be in for some disappointments this year due mainly to the firing of Bob Gamere as announcer. Page 20!



MAJOR LEAGUE PREVIEW  
BY RICHARD MELTZER

# THE WAR COMES HOME



WE ARE  
RIGHT SMACK  
IN THE MIDDLE OF  
A HEROIN EPIDEMIC

This lethal powder—the “white death”—has spread to all levels of American society, with the syringe becoming as much a part of suburbia as the Saturday afternoon barbecue. There are half a million addicts walking the streets right now. They will spend \$15 million today feeding their habit. They’ll get more than half this money from crimes they’ll commit in the big cities. One of every four of these addicts is a teenager, and for the 18-35 age group, heroin overdoses have become a major cause of death.

This is terrifying. But it isn’t news. Every time you turn on the TV or pick up the newspaper you hear about heroin. Senators rise regularly to read grim statistics into the Congressional Record. President Nixon himself has spoken somberly about the way heroin is stalking our streets with “pandemic virulence.”

But all this talk isn’t going to change things. Neither is sending Henry Kissinger to Turkey to see what can be done about the Middle East opium field. And the President probably knows it. The heroin problem is going to get worse, with more young people becoming addicted and dying, until the U.S. gets out of Southeast Asia. Heroin and the War are connected with a horrible symbiosis.

In its May issue, Ramparts magazine tells the shocking story of the New Opium War:

- how clandestine CIA involvement in the parapolitics of Southeast Asia has allowed this area to produce 80% of the world’s opium, replacing the Middle East as the major source of heroin.
- how a U.S.-sponsored network of anti-communists—Meo tribesmen in Laos, nationalist Chinese guerrillas and Burmese border police—participate in the opium harvest, in its processing into heroin and transportation to checkpoints throughout Indochina and finally to the U.S.
- how the major figures in South Vietnam’s government—from Diem and Madame Nhu in the past to Nguyen Cao Ky today—have profited from the heroin traffic with tacit American support.
- how Saigon has become a major stop along this new heroin route, with up to 20% of some American GI platoons coming home addicts and at least one soldier a day dying from overdoses.

“The New Opium War” is another example of how the war comes home, wrapped in lies and distortions and bringing chaos with it. It is also another page in Ramparts coverage of the ever-deepening U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. We began in 1966 (before opposition to the war was fashionable) with the expose of the joint efforts of Michigan State University and the CIA to set up the Diem regime. We will continue until the killing is over.

If you want to know more about it, read our May issue, on sale now. Or better yet, take an introductory subscription: 10 issues for \$4.75 (regular price \$7), which we will begin with our current issue containing the opium story. Let us throw in, free, a copy of “2, 3, Many Vietnams”, by the editors of Ramparts (Canfield Press, \$3.95). That makes the deal worth about \$12, but it’s yours for \$4.75, saving you over 60%.

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"On this land where each blade of grass is human hair - hails bones - life must flower." - NGO VINH LONG

# UNKNOWN GAYS DIE IN WAR

It is very simple to distinguish between women and men, white, brown, black, red and yellow, but impossible to truly identify a human person as being GAY or non-homosexual. Gay is a state of mind. It is a fact that more gaysexual human sisters and brothers have died and are dying now, numbers UNKNOWN to us, in Amerika's present and past wars, more than any other minority or majority oppressed groups of peoples to have ever existed. Isn't that enough to make you angry? Isn't it enough to know that brothers and sisters because they are gay and have been forced to shield that identity from the world, are dying UNKNOWN on both sides of the Amerikian war? Doesn't that make you want to rise up gay and angry and make your voices heard and your persons visible, and to rise up against Amerika and stop it, once and for all, from waring and using gay people to commit genocide senselessly upon other human peoples and lands? Amerika has extended its sexist and racist arms lands the world over, and forced gay people, who fear exposure and are not yet capable of shedding their guilt and shame for being, to die UNKNOWN, without their true identities as gays? Gay Liberation IS the anti-war movement and we will stop Amerika now or stop its government. We are at peace with the wared upon. They are at peace with us. We must show our support and anger by stopping Amerika, stopping its war, a heterosexual war, by warring upon the very Institutions of Death which perpetuate and create sexist and racist oppression and rule, and we must stop it now from further imperjalizing upon our liberation from sexism and racism, our lives, freedom, happiness and gayness. We are GAY - and we're going to be that way! Let us show our strength as human gay people - by ending the way this May! COME OUT TO GAY MAY DAY!

\*\*\*

Johnny Tompkins was graduated from South Side Central High School last June. He had just turned 18 and that meant he was available to the draft. His local draft board said he was a "man" and the card issued to him meant he was old enough to fight and serve his country, to prove his loyalty to it - even if it meant his death. In August of that summer, Uncle Sam the Amerikan Man announced that his lottery number had been picked, and in September the United States Army greeted Johnny with a hand-shake as he stepped off the bus at Fort Dix, N.J. where he was to begin two months of rigorous boot camp training. Johnny was no longer a civilian. He was now a military serviceman, a G.I.

Johnny Tompkins was different than other "men" his age and older. Johnny was GAY. But that didn't bother him, he loved it. What did though, was that he was afraid he might be exposed as a homosexual and thinking of the repercussions just intensified his fears. Sorry Johnny it's too late. You had your opportunity months ago to check mark that little box on your enlistment contract, which read - Do you now or have you ever had homosexual tendencies and/or relationships? You'll have to stick it out Johnny, and hope you make it through the service without being discovered. Why didn't you say something before? "I couldn't. I wanted to, but I was afraid my parents would find out, and if my friends were to know, I'd never be able to live it down. Besides, my parents are so proud of me." Are your parents proud, Johnny, that you have a gay child? "Are you kidding. They don't know I'm gay. No one knows except me...you...and my lover." Your lover? "Yes, his name is Jim...he's 17 and I've loved him for almost a year now. Here's his picture." He's beautiful Johnny. "He's going to be waiting for me until I het out. He didn't want me to go, and I didn't want to go either, but the pressure my parents put on me was too heavy to bear, and if I had refused, they would have signed me up anyways. I want to live with Jim when I get back. I love him so much. He's the only person I've ever loved."

Johnny said his parents and friends would freak if he was to tell them he was gay, "and I wanted to tell them, believe me, I will when I get back though." Johnny felt he couldn't risk it at the time and said his father thought it was the only way he could prove he was a man, by serving in Amerika's military and fighting in the Vietnam war to "kill all the commies you can son!" Johnny didn't want that kind of privilege taking another human being's life away and it was not his war, he said. "I didn't create it, so why do I have to fight it." (And) "I'm not heterosexual," he added "why can't someone help me now. I feel so alone and deserted." Johnny...wake up, this is reality. You're on your way to South Vietnam. Saigon, in fact, and you've already been volunteered to replace your worn, torn and dying GI brothers in the front lines. "I don't want to be killed. Please help me. I don't want to die. I want to live. Why do I have to kill all those human beings, those children, women and men? I don't even know them. Some of them are probably gay, too."

You're right Johnny. "I can't do it. But they'll kill me if I don't. I can't even tell them I'm gay. No one, let alone tell them I refuse to fight and kill." That's very true Johnny, some of the so-called enemy over here is gay, some of the so-called good guys are gay humans like you, also. "But, I don't want to fight them. I don't want to kill gay people or any people and I don't want them to kill me. I love them. What are we fighting for? I want to live in peace and be gay and free and happy, doesn't everyone? I'm proud I'm gay. But they'd hate me if I told them I was. My parents, the Army. What's wrong with people (that) they won't leave me be and let me live the way I want to live, and let everyone live the way they want to, to? If I die no one will ever know that I was gay. It'll be just taken for granted that I was not homosexual. Gay doesn't mean kill, it means love. Why can't all humans be gay and love one another? Why can't men love as they say they do and tell their children to? Why am I letting Amerika force me to war against myself, against human beings, my sisters and brothers? Why do I have to be what I am not and odn't want to, someone else? I'm afraid! Please help me!"

Johnny is dead!

Johnny Tompkins, age 18, died by war thousands of miles from his home land, in a war he had no part in creating, or wanting. He liked to say that he loved "everyone". He often said he thought that everyone "was happily gay." But only one person he ever knew trusted and understood his feelings, his emotional love. His Lover, Jim. Jim doesn't know yet that Johnny will never be coming home. Jim is still waiting word and wanting Johnny and loving him. Johnny was afraid to tell his parents he was gay and afraid to let the Man's Army know, so he played their games and lost. He died.

Yes, Johnny was different...in two ways. One, he was gay, and the other...well, he was human. Johnny died because he was GAY' Doesn't that make you angry enough to rise up gay and anti-war? Johnny died because he couldn't be openly gay. He died. END OF THIS STORY



By



Ralph Hall





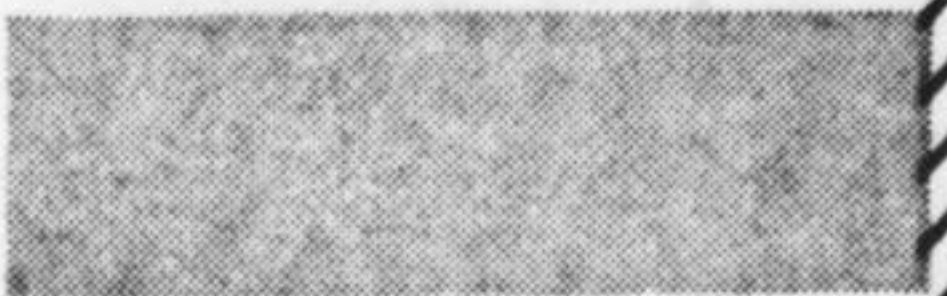
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# NEWS POEM

Washington, Jan. 31 - The White House also refused to shed any light today on operations in Indochina. Ronald L. Ziegler, the press secretary, told reporter, "The President is aware of what is going on. That's not to say there is something going on."

NY TIMES Feb. 1, 1971

Well something is happening but you dont know what it is  
Do you Mr. Ziegler?

O something is crappeining but you dont know what it is  
Do you Mr. Nixon?

Hey something is happening but you dont know what it is  
Do you Leutnant Calley?

Woe something is frightening but you dont know what it is  
Do you Mr. Dylan?

Wow something is lightening but you dont know what it is  
Do you Mr. Jones?

Oy something is rightening but you dont know what it is  
Do you Mr. Weberman?

Tuli Kupferberg

# from Page 3) TAG & BAG 'EM

PHIL: We were worth \$200 dead,

INT: Why was that?  
KIP: It's hard to explain unless you're there... we're doing a voluntary job... like we're taking a body... we do it as quick as possible... take the body, process the body, put the body in the refrigerator where the body will not decay at all and then the body goes to the

army mortuary where they enbalm it. Well they just don't like us... we were called thieves... I remember one time a gold watch was missing... and they accused us of stealing... now this happened lots of times and I could honestly say that no man in graves registration stole any money from a dead person...

PHIL: Nobody that I knew... one of the reasons is that an infantry man is on the edge, constantly, now he's very freaky. Now if we're sent out on an op to pick up dead bodies... if you're an infantry man and you pick up dead bodies... if you're an infantry man and you notice one of us sitting there... carrying body bags, it's like sending the grim reaper out next to you, because he knows the only reason you're there is if you happen to get killed and die... you're not there to help him live like a corpsman or anything, you're just there to pick him up, put him in a little green bag and send him home.

270,000 AMERICANS DEAD?

PHIL: I seriously believe if middle class America ever found out exactly how many people were getting killed there, because it's a big put-on, every mother that had a son die there listens to the monthly death tally... "Oh Billy's one of them"... bullshit... because if they ever got together and found out that there's more mothers that have lost sons than there are statistics this war would be over... they wouldn't stand for that.

KIP: Right now the death count is around 45,000 or something like that.

PHIL: I'd say multiply it by six.  
KIP: I'd say the same thing, I'd agree with you 100%.

PHIL: Multiply it by six and you've got close to an accurate count.

## LIKE SENDING YOU OUT TO DIE

INT: Were you told not to give out this information?

KIP: I was.

PHIL: I wasn't, but we were impressed sort of, not to tell... not to talk about the death tallies. Nobody would talk to us anyway because we were graves men.

KIP: I got transferred from DaNang up to Khe Sahn because I was writing a letter home to my parents and I ended the letter telling them how many people had died that week and the gunner sergeant came in and he said "I see you're writing a letter home" and I said yeah... and he looked over my shoulder and was reading the letter and he said "You shouldn't write home and tell your parents anything that's going on here because you know, it's secret and everything... and the follow-up is... a couple days later I was transferred out up north... combat zone.

PHIL: And when he was transferred that was during the siege of Khe Sahn, a 67-day siege. It was sort of like sending you out to die so you won't talk actually.

INT: Is that a usual technique?

PHIL: Yes very definitely... they send them out on the line.  
KIP: We used to get people... you see our unit was a volunteer unit, but sometimes guys who messed up... they'd go AWOL or something, and so they'd teach him a lesson. Instead of court martialling him or giving him a bust, they'd send him to our unit and they'd go crazy.

They couldn't take it. Like killing someone and seeing someone who dies beside you is a different story. I mean comparing that to seeing a lot of dead bodies...

PHIL: I consider that cruel and unjust punishment. A guy who's an infantryman, for a variety of reasons he goes AWOL, I'm not saying he's against the war or what... just anything... he just leaves... instead of giving him the UCMJ, which is an unjust thing anyway, office hours, they send him to our unit to work... they order him to our unit to work... and we're volunteer... you can't legally order anybody to work a dead man in the Marine Corps. Now these guys are grunts... they've seen people die but it's one thing seeing people die and it's another thing working on dead bodies. You have to put your mind... that it's not a dead body... it's just a hunk of meat... I hate to say it that way but that's the only way you're not gonna go insane or a little bit nuts. Graves registration has the highest psychiatric medevac record of any unit because you can't work dead people for that long unless you were previously trained as a mortician. It's just something picking up pieces of people.

INT: What do you think about the Calley trial?

PHIL: I think it's ridiculous to be honest. Per se, legally, he's guilty but morally he's not. You're sent to Vietnam, the first day you get there you get this indoctrination lecture and all the crap about the Geneva Convention and what you're not supposed to do, like shoot civilians and all that. The next day you meet your company commander who says you're going out on an op in a free fire zone... you waste any goddam thing that lives. Now that's hypocritical... one day they tell you not to shoot civilians... the next day you're ordered to waste anything that moves... Sure the Geneva Convention says don't and they tell you don't... that leaves them off the hook legally... they can always come back on we told you... but then again the next day you go to your company and they set up... this is a free fire zone... there's a village in it... you go in there... you kill every man, woman, child, buffalo, chicken, snake, snail, maggot, anything that moves, breathes or does anything.

INT: What about your first mission... how prepared were you by your training for real combat?

PHIL: I don't care how well trained... you're never really trained to kill another human being if you had any type of, I don't want to say religious training... or any type of anything... I happen to dig life.

INT: Where does that change come so you can pull the trigger though?

PHIL: From Marines in boot camp.

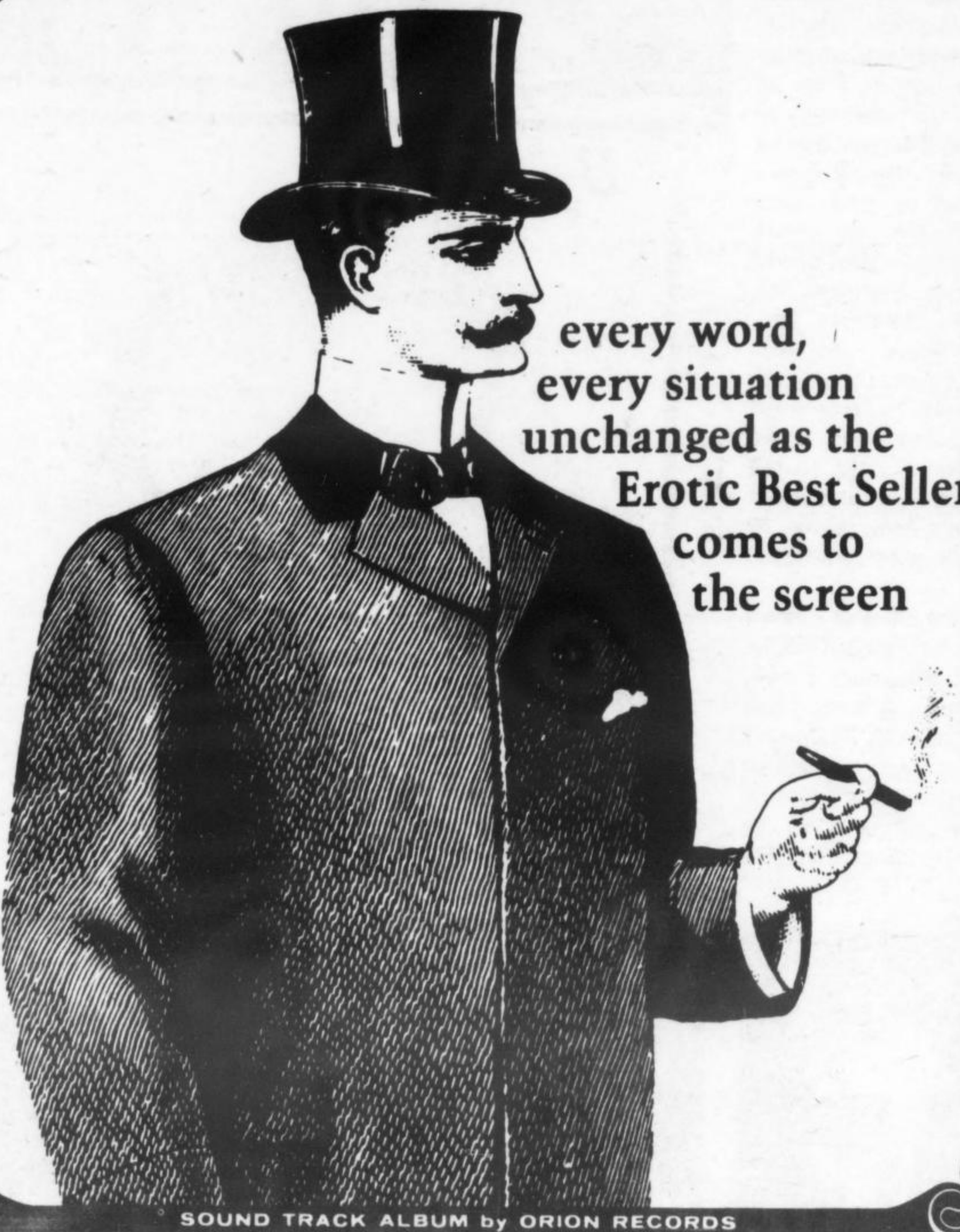
INT: What happens in boot camp?

PHIL: You got 13 weeks of hassle man. Like constant real hassle like the drill instructor is a hate, figure... he's deliberately set up that way so that you can hate him. In 13 weeks they drill in your head to hate him... they even want you to try to kill him. That's just to erase reservations and they want you to follow orders without thinking.

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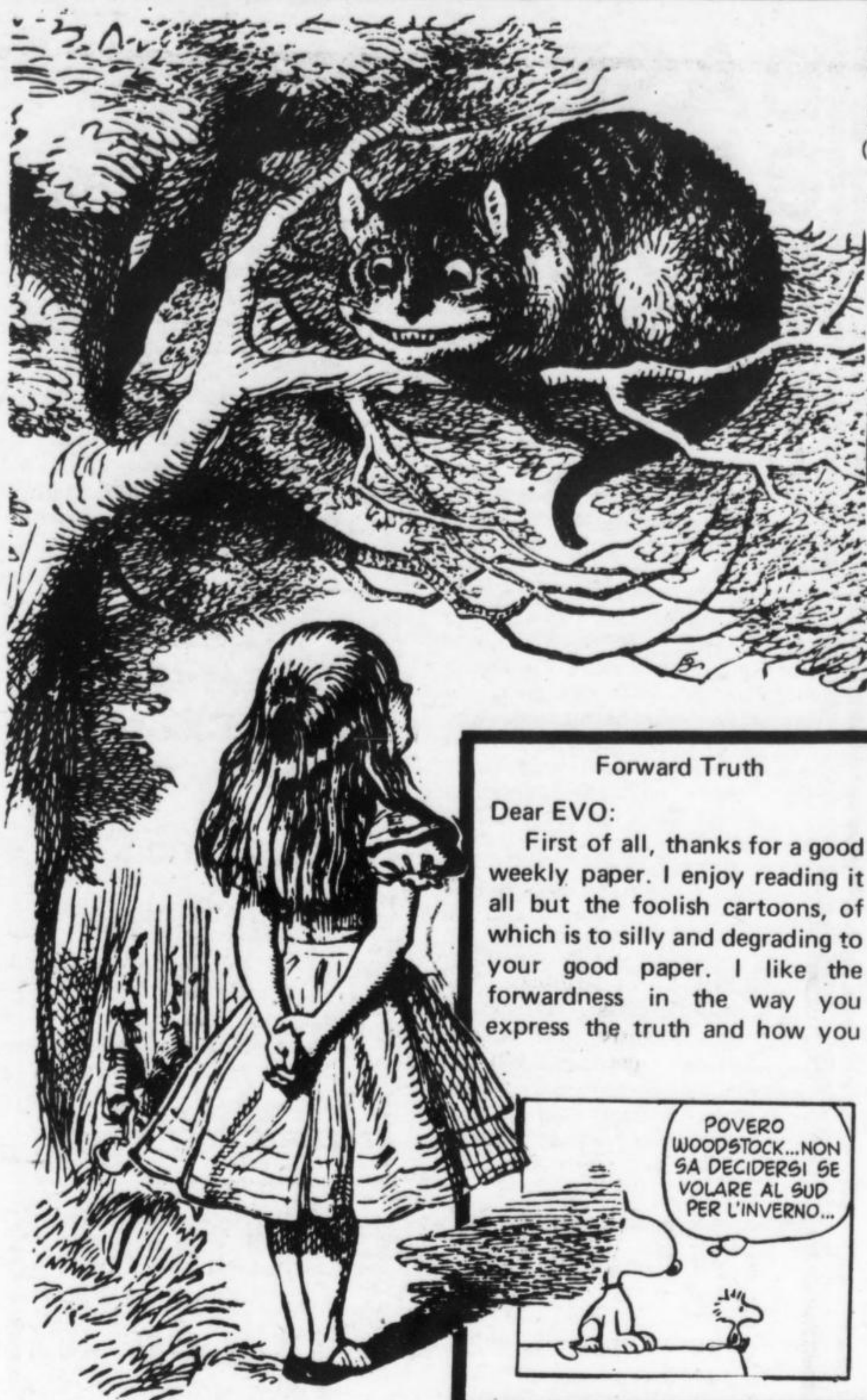


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Forward Truth

Dear EVO:

First of all, thanks for a good weekly paper. I enjoy reading it all but the foolish cartoons, of which is to silly and degrading to your good paper. I like the forwardness in the way you express the truth and how you



**EVO in Jail.**

Drequest a free prisoner subscription was sent to me at California Men's Colony -East Facility, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. Over the struggle to receive successive publications, I was involuntarily transferred to San Quentin. From San Quentin I cannot get mail by the censors and bosses, even to change my subscription address, and only because I've been transported to Santa Clara County Jail am I able to write this.

A California liberal Kourt decision letting the imprisoned subscribe to various publications also let the opposition run the short-lived show, i.e., lackey personnel pilfer U.S. Mail, seize and ban consciousness-expanding literature-along with numerous regulations to discourage attempts at subscribing to stern anti-racist newspapers. (These policies continue today as San Quentin is locked up after two racial killings). Since I'll be transported back to San Quentin within a month-and-a-half, I'm hoping the East Village Other will continue sacrificing to keep those captured from out of society's lowest class from perishing by sending my subscription to San Quentin, at: Box No. B-14707, Tamal, California 94964.

The repressive forces and the prisons in Amerika are determined to bring the people

together, past restrictions have helped form absent-minded hate cliques that hug their chain of causes, tying them to pig pens; thus it's timely for the imprisoned to receive enlightening publications that tend to struggle against the programmed to divert and divide.

With the first issue of EVO, a "Legal-type" letter is also needed informing me when I should receive your paper (I can only answer by sending a "sealed" letter to an attorney). Chances are the real outlaws will outlaw EVO and, although I'm unable to wage a real battle under the apparatus of the class system, "legal" action will be taken because the final result could be to include the detained in a collective answer for a New Life a little sooner.

During the liberal Kourt ruling I mentioned, several copies of EVO got through the U.S. Mail. Th voice of the people helped lay groundwork, waking some prisoners from a dead sleep, and made them see the world and their places in it in ways that served all people everywhere. All power to the people has to be a just cause, it's in this sense that I welcome such reading: Yours in revolution "Sleepy"

Douglas R. Baily

*Ed: We only wish we could REALLY help you OUT, if you know what we mean.*



# EVO LETTERS

expose the so-called law, the Fascist Pig, and the other "things" who love to ravish and carry out their brutality on just honest, trust working Blacks, Whites, etc., We the people love to be free, to work, to play, to have our sex affairs without being molested by the Pigs. Also us the Homos enjoy having our jolly get-togethers without being harassed by the Pigs. If two males consent to have sex, tha is to s---(Ed. note: sic.) or f---(ditto) one another it sure will hurt no one else, but those who take part in such sweet pleasures.

That nationwide conspiracy now under way which was started in a remote corner of New Mexico and is spreading quickly across the continent, Johnny Weedseed Conspiracy, now I am really interested in. Several years ago I had a number of plants potted in my makeshift greenhouse. My gas stove exploded and burned down the whole works, my extra seed and all, and have not been able to get more seed anywhere. If by chance htat you know where I may get some seed, I will plant some and supply you your needs.

I started smoking grass and using it in school 9th grade. Was smoking and using it until my fire. I just used it for kicks, never made it habit forming. You use it right, it is great. Never overdo it, as it sure will get you. My saying: "Legalize Marajuana."

Now I am a gay guy who seeks black men to fifty years for sex and pleasure. Will do anything to please older men. Slave-master relationship desired. So if perchance you are black please be mine. Well be mine at any rate. We all love to do our own thing.

Dean Latimer is tops. How does he do it? My friend and myself will love to get into "The Young Lords Party," also "Blue Angels Party." Now just how in hell can we get into their party? We want to be one of them, if we knew their address we will write for a membership card and pay dues. Please help us. May your paper "The East Village Other" live forever, and keep us all well posted and be careful not to screw around too much. Yours with all our love to fulfill all your desires.

Your Friend,  
Ace.

**Basest Treachery**  
Dear EVO: Did anyone hear of the freaks who went to the pig station with all their stash and gave it to the pigs voluntarily, saying they will get high on religion at working with the system? That shit really pissed me off. Those motherfuckers also told the pigs where they got their stuff and five people were bustd. I just thought you would like to know.

Peace  
Flower

*Ed: No, we do not like to know these things. But if we catch any of those cocksuckers, we'll send them right to Jesus to get their religion firsthand.*



**ED:** Thank for the kind words. If you want some seeds, all you gotta do it buy a lid or so of dope and clean it; the seeds are the little round things that you can't smoke. Nobody here, unhappily, is black, at the moment. Latimer says he does it standing up, sitting down... kneeling, or lying flat on his b-k or b-, but usually with w---n, thank you. The Young Lords Party can be got in touch with by dialing 533-7870, but nobody here has ever heard of a Blue Angels Party. And our desires are pretty well fulfilled right now, but keep in touch...



**Orgasm of the Lamb**

Dear EVO:

4/11

Tell D.A. Latimer the next time he zips his fly up (in the March lamb coming) of his pissing bad toilet training to check his own adolescence before he attempts to even recognize

Mr. Zimmerman's

Unsigned  
Boulton Studios  
Rochester

*Ed: Latimer wouldn't recognize Zimmerman's adolescence if it walked up and bit him on the neck.*

Split! and stop worrying about who's gonna publish your work. Write for yourself and people. NY is one big ego trip, especially when you work for the "Village Voice" of the revolution. (That's you, EVO!) Well man, I hope that answers your question.

Peace

Bill Weiner

**P.S.: I think I want to ball Coca Crystal.**

**Ed:** Anybody who rides the subways in the first place - IRT, BMT or IND - has to have rocks in his head, and hence should not speak ill of the air about him. And anybody who wants to ball Coca Crystal, well, they can take it up with Raschid.

Dear Alex...

Dear EVO:  
Please print this so Alex Gross can see it.

I guess I'm pretty stoned because I just read your letter and I cracked up. I'll tell you what my friends all tell me: "Man, you take everything too seriously." Well, fuck them. I left NY cause I couldn't take the filthy soup they call "air"; and all them zombies on the IRT, etc. I knew your roommate Arthur Kushner when I lived in the Bronx. Arthur split NY and I'd seen photos of him living in a cave in Vermont. Hey if this letter isn't cohesive I'm sorry but I'm pretty stoned. Man,

# TAXI REVOLT

(Continued from Page 10)

however, were not only dumb, but were too weak to cope with our man's resistance. After awhile, under his own power, Hero no. 2 went offstage and disappeared into the crowd and we couldn't see him anymore (they all look alike!)

Van Arsdale played it cool until the noise subsided to just screaming and then tried to lay on some shit about a pension plan. The people did not want to hear it. Out of the crowd rose Hero No. 3, a short-haired middleaged yippie who called Harry out and asked him again about the dime. Helpless Harry promised to answer but came on with shit like "take your seats, be quiet." He had no power over the crowd and as it became more apparent, the cabbies went more and more nuts. While at first they had been content to scream, they now surged forward as an amorphous mass of 3,400 freaks which totally fucked up Van Arsdale's head. Harry's boys pushed Hero No. 3 off the stage and into the crowd and all hell broke loose. Hands reached

out of the crowd and grabbed tables, mikes and lecterns and pulled them offstage. When Harry's people tried to pull the stuff back onstage, the main act started.

The wooden chairs which earlier lined the floor in cute, neat anally retentive rows were soon flying through the air with the greatest of ease and aimed for old Harry. And the aim was perty damn good. It was worth the \$3.50 a month union dues just to watch Harry doing a wild erotic dance as he tried to avoid getting hit. Pretty soon all the goons on stage were fair game and they started moving around pretty good also. Like an updated 20th century hallucinatory experience trying to simulate a western in which the outlaws make the storekeeper dance around as they circl around him and shoot at his feet. It was beautiful — the revolution was rising out of the working class and the old-time cabbies had become professors of anarchy. Which is something you should keep in mind next time you forget to turn on a cabby.

# YIPPIE

(Continued from Page 6)

All day long cops tried to provoke the crowd by ripping people off for wierd things like 'jay-walking'... things were standoffish until nighttime when a barrage of rocks and bottles followed a final police attempt to clear the streets. The cops split, only to return in gray deathlike vans (see pix enclosed) which they had used earlier in conjunction with regular and unmarked pig cars to drive up and down Mifflin all day.

Then it got heavy. People poured out in the streets to do their thing Jim, do the thing. Garbage cans were rolled into the middle of Miffland St. and trash was set afire — the cops drive right through these hasty barricades with their trucks making hideous noises... then they opened-up with pepper gas — it poured from the backs of the armored trucks like thick fog. They also fired pepper gas grenades from the pigmobiles, sending sisters and brothers running and gagging for breath. Luckily, everyone on Miffland St. opened their doors, ready to help (this would never happen in a paranoid big city like New York). Sporadic street fighting went on for quite awhile with people eventually breaking up into groups to go trashing — although the fuzz had

the scene pretty well covered (most of the windows were boarded-up anyway) .like I saw this group of 3 people try to trash a Goodyear Rubber Store (an imperialist Symbol) when all of a sudden thre of the ugliest looking policemen I ever did see jumped out of their short and started chasing this heroic bunch thru a back alley. A few minutes later the cops returned carrying a gray pussycat. They must hav mistook it for a black panther.

Seventeen people were arrested and many were injured, including cops. Some of the more ugly incidents included death robots smashing demonstrators in the balls with their wooden extensions, or working out their childish, sadistic fantasies by wacking a woman in the breast whole only crime was that she wanted to cross a the street. The most inspiring figure of the riot was a polio victim in a wheel chair who went right in front of the armored trucks, banging them with a stick..

Said a Yippie Spokesman — "The Street Dance was successful for us because it showed people from outside Madison how to put on a 'culture riot' in their own town — protracted confrontations that are militarily defensive but politically extremely offensive, the likes of

which we hope to see at Sundown May 2. There was a lot of anti-war consciousness and chanting all day...also, now people see the need to move out, not to fight the pig on our own turf."

Already the New Nation Conference has become a myth — a gathering where Yippies and New Nation freaks were able to talk together and make decisions. Many people were disappointed that Abbie Hoffman was alienated from attending by a lame newsletter which implied he was a sexist — "ABBIE WE ALL LOVE YOU and no such statement will ever go out again" was the consensus of opinion here. Contrary to those who charge that YIPs are dependent on top-down leadership, people found they could do stuff in a grass-rooted way and still have a good time...

# BASE-BALL REVIEW

(Continued from Page 15)

Jesus are there ever gonna be runs scoring on him this year! Ooh mama!

Just when they were beginning to get professional again they hadda go and do exactly what started the whole thing to begin with (when they fired Mel Allen for Joe Garagiola). Well they oughta make Mickey Mantle manager, Ralph Houk's turning into another Walter Alston. But Lyttle and Munson and Cater and Gibbs all hit over .300 and that ain't hay. Stottlemyre was okay too. Roy White too, Lindy McDaniel too. But Murcer's not even good enough to fill Maris' shoes, let alone Mantle's or Yogi's. He's more like another Tom Tresh and they're depending on him too fucking much.

Boston'll give Baltimore a run for their money, Yastrzemski etc. but that's just a run. Reggie Smith too, and Lonborg might be good again. Who cares? It's only Beantown and beans make you fart. Fenway's a good park for farting and the fans take full advantage of the oppotunities. Fans like Gary Kenton and Memphis Sam Pearlman, but they're only fans, they can't help the team except with their lungpower.

Toasting up some Big Yaz bread and spreading on the peanut butter won't do anything for them however, just Yaz. But if Culp eats some it might make him strong enough to win a few.

So it'll be the O's again, the Birds. Cuellar, McNally, Palmer, Hall, Book, F. Robinson, B. Robinson, F. Robinson, J. Powell, Etchebarren, Palmer, Hall, Cuellar, McNally, Boog Powell, J. Palmer, R. Hall, D. Hall: too much talent for anybody. Except the Mets, who'll take them in 6 games this time. Or maybe 5. Or maybe 4.

I just changed my mind on the Yankees, they'll finish no higher than fifth, you can make the other adjustments accordingly.

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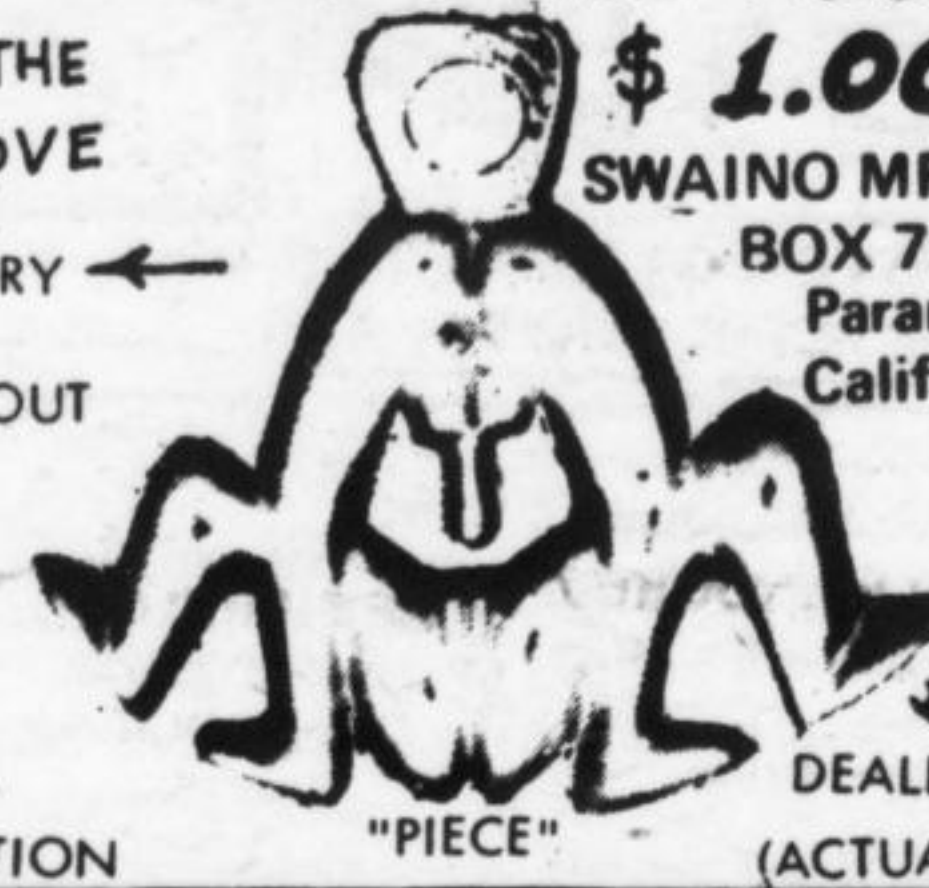
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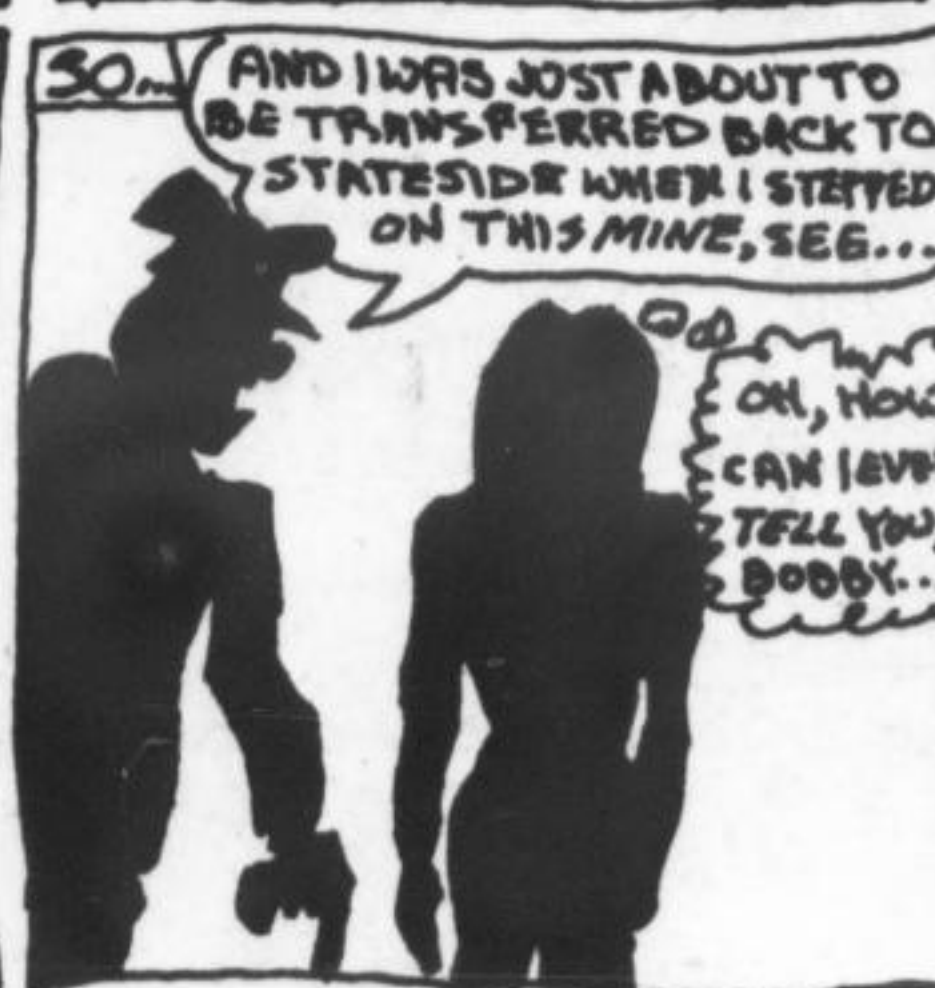
DRAWN & WRIT BY D.A. LATIMER



LATIMER RIPPED OFF HIS TUMB WITH AN EXACTO BLADE DURING THIS SO THAT YOU MIGHT LOOK AT 7/7, SUBJ 517



THANK & A TIP OF THE TAM-O-SHANTER TO MERVYN





# 1122334455667788900\$;

It seems to be Demoralize-Barbara Streisand Month or something. No sooner does MAD Magazine come out with a parody of *Hello Dolly* that makes poor miss Streisand look positively ugly, than X Magazine perpetrates a parody of *The Owl and the Pussycat* that turns her into one of the ugliest human beings ever to possess a dynamite body. This all seems unfair, because in fact Barbara Streisand is fairly pretty — and in *Pussycat*, extremely sexy — although to be sure her nose is just that sort of shape that irresistibly attracts the insults of caricaturists and rabid Anti-Semites.

Interestingly enough, the X parody — panels from which flank this review — is said to have been written by notorious sexist and Jew-baiter D.A. Latimer, and was drawn for that magazine by an artist who signs himself 'Jack Drexel,' although nothing more is known of him than this, being that his agent seems to have locked him up somewhere, producing dynamite work and doubtless being paid pennies for it.

The fellow at the East Village Other hasten to assure Barbara Streisand, if she happens to be reading this, that if she were to crawl into bed with any one of them on a cold winter's night, they wouldn't kick her out in the cold.



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