

east
village

THE CONEHEAD



NOW AMERICAN PER-
HAPZ YOU SEE VE HAFF
VAYS OV HARMINK YOU!!

MARGARET!!
THERE VILL BE
NO FRATERNIZATION
MITT DER ENEMA!

SEGMA
FOR

VOI. 6, No. 23
MAY 4, 1971

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LASSARIAN
ARTIST PRESS



...AND THEN THE CHICKEN CAME HOME TO ROOST.....

Fillmore

"Ever since the creation of the Fillmores, it was my sole intention to do nothing more, or less, than present the finest contemporary artists in this country, on the best stages and in the most pleasant halls.

"The scene has changed and, in the long run, we are all to one degree or another at fault. All that I know is that what exists now is not what we started with; and what I see around me now does not seem to be a logical, creative extension of that beginning. Therefore I am taking this opportunity to announce the closing of the Fillmores, and my eventual withdrawal from producing concerts.

The unreasonable and totally destructive inflation of the live concert scene. Two years ago I warned that the Woodstock Festival syndrome would be the beginning of the end. I am sorry to say that I was right. In 1965 when we began the original Fillmore Auditorium, I associated with and employed 'musicians.' Now, more often than not, it's with 'officers and stockholders' in large corporations - - only they happen to have long hair and play guitars. I acknowledge their success, but condemn what that success has done to some of them. I continue to deplore the exploitation of the gigantic-hall concerts, many of them with high-priced tickets. The sole incentive of too many has simply become money. The conditions for such performances, besides lacking intimacy, are professionally impossible according to my standards.

For six years, I have endured the abuse of many members of the public and press (in most instances people who did not know me personally). The role of 'anti-christ of the underground' has obviously never appealed to me. And when I asked for people to either judge me on some factual personal knowledge, or at least base their opinions on that which I produced and gave to the public, I was rarely answered.

Rock has been good to me in many ways, but the final and simple fact is that I am tired. The only reason to keep the Fillmore in operation at this point would be to make money. And though few have ever chosen to believe me on this point, money has never been my prime motivation; and now that it would become the only possible motivation to continue, I pass.

"My personal future will begin with a long-needed rest. What will follow, I do not know. The several hundred good people, maniacally dedicated to our standards, will, no doubt, go on to other creative things on their own. Fillmore West, as you may know, has been allocated for demolition for a long time now. It will neither relocate nor be reopened.

"The 'Fillmore' will become a thing of the past. I will remember with deep emotion and fondness the great and joyous moments of that past. I sincerely thank the artists and business associates who contributed to our success. But I warn the public to watch carefully for what the future will bring.

"The rock scene in this country was created by a need felt by the people, expressed by the musicians, and, I hope, aided to some degree by the efforts of the Fillmores. But whatever has become of that scene, wherever it turned into the music industry of festivals, 20,000-seat halls, miserable production quality, and second-rate promoters -- however it went wrong -- please, each of you, stop and think whether or not you allowed it, whether or not you supported it regardless of how little you received in return.

"I am not pleased with this 'music industry.' I am disappointed with many of the musicians working in it, and I am shocked at the nature of the millions of people who support that 'industry' without asking why. I am not assured that the situation will improve in the future.

....BUT THEN WE ALWAYS KNEW THAT SWEET GRAJONKA HAD A HEART OF GOLD.....

Joe Raposo

- | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| Jaakov Kohn | Roger Tomlinson | Perfecto La Gogo |
| Allen Katzman | Honest Bob Singer | Nellie Fernald |
| Fred Mogubgub | Vincent Titus | Irving Shubnick |
| Ray Schultz | Rudi Stern | Tuli Kupferberg |
| D. A. Latimer | John Reilly | Rex Weiner |
| Jackie Friedrich | Vaughn Bode | P. J. O'Rourke |
| Stephen Kohn | Alex Gross | Robert England |
| Coca Crystal | Spain Rodriguez | David Walley |
| Yossarian | Kim Deith | Hetty McLise |

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'Stop The Turnpike. . . I Want To Get OFF!'

DELAWARE

photos :
WAYNE HELLER
MARK REING

by MARK REING



When the news media carried the story, they characterized the event as being a spontaneous demonstration against the Vietnam war. It wasn't. It was another conspiracy. A conspiracy linking hundreds of people who were fellow travelers returning from Washington on Interstate 95, a conspiracy for life, a conspiracy against the Man's bullshit — a conspiracy molded in "the state that started a nation." A conspiracy given life by agents of the first state to ratify the constitution on which Amerika forgot to build. . . a conspiracy triggered by none other than the Delaware State Police.

When we pulled off the turnpike at the service station in Delaware, we were tired, hungry and we needed gas. We had turned off the road for a short pit stop and had no idea of the confrontation which was soon to come.

The Delaware Hot Shoppe had never looked better. Usually it is one of the most nauseatingly sterile places in the country and ranks high up on the list of things to avoid (in the company of Howard Johnson's, Stuckey's,

the Wall St. Journal, J. Edgar Hoover, and the clap).

On Sunday April 25th, however, the Hot Shoppe was beautiful. As we drove in we were greeted by the relaxing sight of a couple of hundred people just relaxing. Brothers and sisters were sprawled on the grass, sitting on cars, running around, eating, smiling, laughing, we hung out for a little while and went inside the building — planning to return and enjoy the scene outside in a few minutes.

We never got to enjoy the scene. Right after we stepped out of the bathroom, we heard that the troopers had joined the party. Only it wasn't a party anymore. The Troopers looked like they were about to riot. If it hadn't been real, it could have been mistaken for a comedy. They were all ready to riot because their drab, little Hot Shoppe was becoming alive and colorful. The simple acts of peaceful assembly and having long hair were threatening their sacred sterility.

About thirty of them cleared out the building, pushing the people outside with their nightsticks. They invaded the bathrooms and pushed more people out.

They pushed all of our people outside, but left the straight middle-aged people alone.

Once outside they kept on pushing, threatening us and threatening to smash the cameras of those who were taking photographs. No one was really up for a fight, so we all let ourselves get kicked out of Delaware once someone had suggested that we fuck them up by getting in a convoy and running all the tolls back to New York. So about a hundred cars lined up in a convoy with their lights on and got ready to run the next toll. Once we got there, we saw big, beefy porkers straddling the island between toll lanes all ready for us with shotguns in hand and braced on their hips. Some cars ran the toll and got away while the gestapo jumped in their cars and chased others. The one car we saw them pull over was one of those who paid the toll.

Shortly after, those cars in the front of the convoy started slowing down to about 30-45 MPH and the traffic started slowing in the rear. About an hour later those in the rear of the first convoy stopped and the Jersey Tpke. was shut down.

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ZIP.....
TREET



WASHINGTON

by COCA CRYSTAL



Between 200,000 and 500,000 persons assembled in Washington on Saturday on the capitol lawn. They listened patiently to speakers. They were peaceful, nonviolent, and if I thought it was important I would cite excerpts from the speeches. However, their demands were:

1. Complete and immediate withdrawal of U.S. forces from Vietnam.
2. Repeal the draft.
3. End oppression of all oppressed people in this country.
4. End unemployment.
5. \$6,500 guaranteed income to family of four.

The call from the Mayday collective is for non-violent civil disobedience and for those who

don't know what that means there are training sessions. Needless to say, trashers are also on their way to Washington. They will be implored to trash on their own time. To read the tactical manual. To see that it can work without violence — and see that the goals conceived in the manual can only be achieved with non-violence. If people are willing to put their fates in the hand of the Mayday collective and follow directions accordingly, then it is unfair to jeopardize all the work they have done by violence.

Peace City is cold at night. Pneumonia cases are steadily increasing and appeals over local radio stations for blankets and warm clothes and firewood are being made. A&P and Safeway have offered canned food for Peace City citizens, and appropriations are being made. Health food stores have offered discounts and supposedly the Orson Welles restaurant in Boston is providing a lot of free natural food that will arrive May 1st.

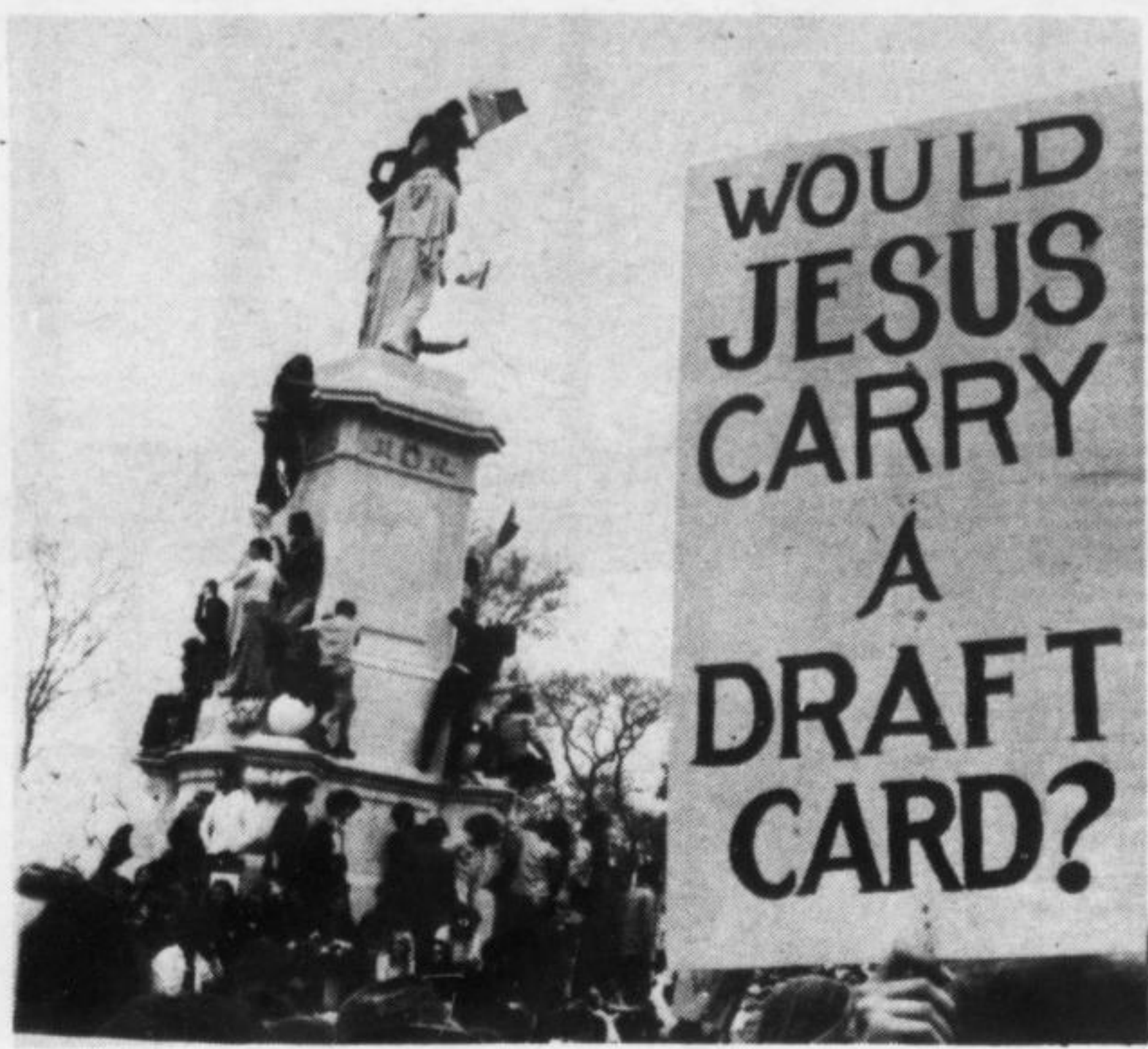
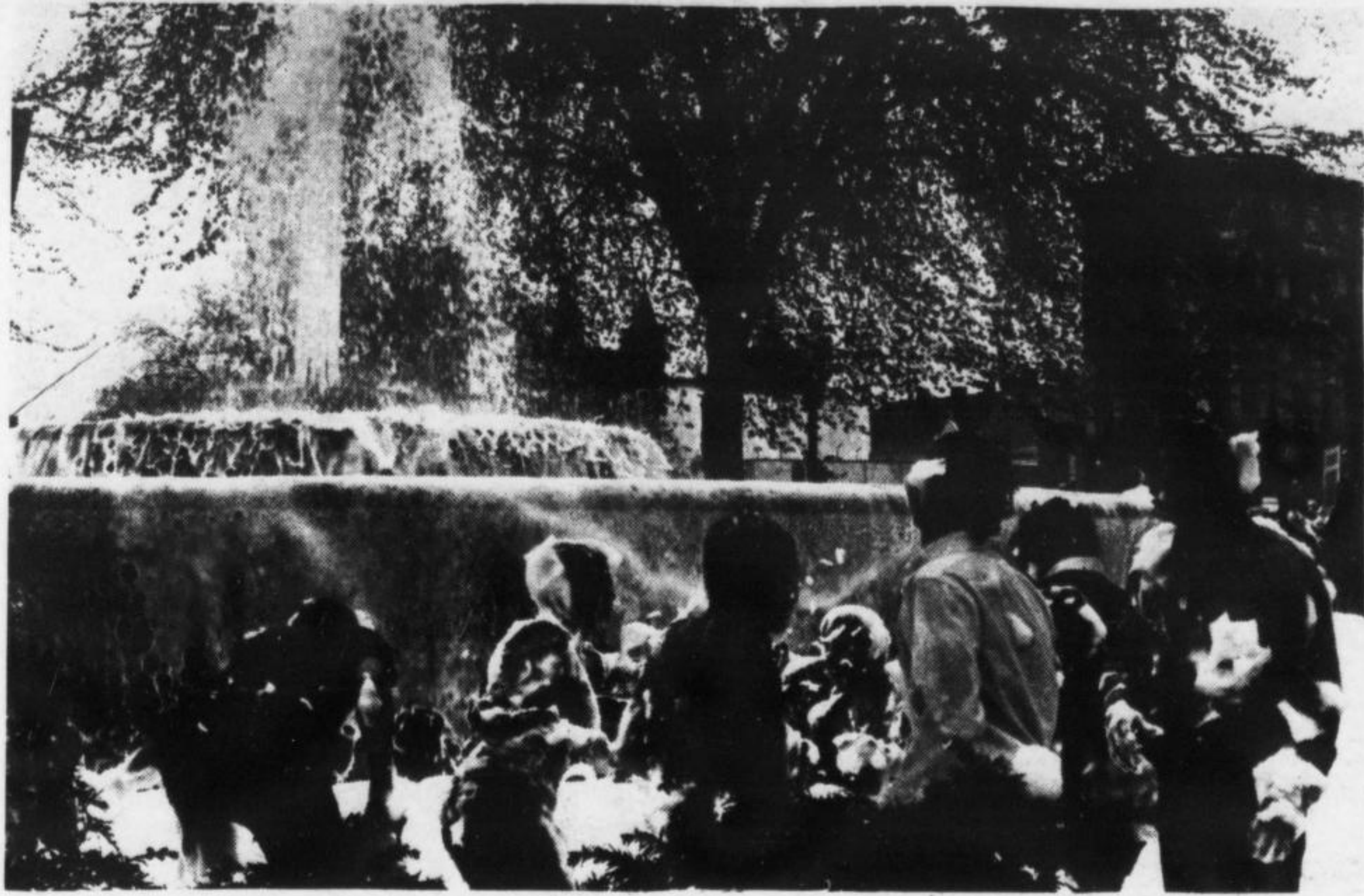
Wednesday, April 23rd: Today was significant in that five persons from the Mayday Collective were allowed to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The five people were Jay Craven, who was a member of the National Student Association delegation to Northland South Vietnam, which helped negotiate the People's Peace Treaty; John Scagliotti, Gay Mayday organizer; Chip Marshall of the Seattle 8; Susan Gregory and Cathy Sister, representing women from Algonquin Peace City.

I attended the hearings after having my knapsack carefully searched. Fullbright called the meeting to order and introduced the Mayday Collective. Jay Craven started speaking about why they were there. Why, when on Feb. 6, 1971, United States and Saigon forces invaded Laos, there was no information available to the American people, in whose name this bloody war is being carried out. Jay talked about the automated battlefield, with guided bombing strikes against civilians, 100 tons of bombs are dropped every

hour on Laos. Napalm, white phosphorous and anti-personnel devices are used. Anti-personnel are presently outlawed by international law. Children do not see daylight and live in the darkness of caves. They suffer from vitamin deficiency. Women are being raped in Southeast Asia, sometimes in front of their families, before they are murdered. Funerals in Southeast Asia for victims of American atrocities are turned into anti-war demonstrations; The situation could only be carried out by men. MEN MUST BE HUMANIZED. The young people will bring forth life from the death that surrounds them in Amerika at the beginning of her decline.

Then Chip Marshall spoke. He said it was indeed a unique opportunity for the anti-war movement to be speaking in front of the foreign relations committee but that it is nothing to be overjoyed about. "Last year thousands of young people took to the streets only to be told to stop and wait... wait for their friends in the Congress to act. Well we've been waiting and waiting for two years but the war still goes on... we used the name Mayday because it is an international signal for distress. The majority of the people in this country went out now. But there isn't much hope. So we've taken matters into our own hands. We've got the People's Peace Treaty. Jay had to go to Vietnam to do YOUR job for you. The Vietnamese people have a right to freedom and no liberal rhetoric double talk is gonna change this. I view the Senate and the House as illegitimate. The real seat of the government is in the Potomac Park... Algonquin Peace City. We are the people bent on peace and we're gonna do something unless some very fundamental changes are made in this country's domestic and foreign policies... until this happens we shall not rest nor be at peace. Senator, there are things you can do RIGHT NOW... FILLIBUSTER... you could talk peace until peace is reached in Paris. And don't allow any appropriateions to go through... you face the crisis next week when we act non-violently to stop the war





machine. Join us if you believe that this country was founded on self-determination and SIGN THE TREATY." Chip's rap was followed by a great reaction from the audience which was primarily Mayday people. This kind of spontaneous outburst was too much for our staid legislators and Senator Fullbright threatened to stop the hearing unless 'order' was restored.

The next speaker was Cathy Sister. "The struggle is difficult," she confessed. "We have allowed ourselves to become factionalized... maybe this is because we don't fear for our lives, as is the case with the Vietnamese. We must show our strength more visibly. We are now in the midst of forming a united front since our basic intentions are really pretty much the same. We will stop the actions of the government that we know are wrong. But there is still the fight against hypocrisy amidst our own people. Every Vet's head has been warped by fighting and the ycolldly patrol the food and medical tents out of a hard sense of duty instead of out of concern and love. The Gay contingent has been laughed at and women were being treated as sexual objects with some reports of attempted rape. But things are changing. We're getting it together. And we will do everything we can to end the war.

"Little John" Scagliotti spoke about how America is crushing the cultural aspects of Southeast Asia - "We have taken away their heritage by bombing their land. We have stripped the Vietnamese of all their dignity. Men are socialized by Amerikan deathculture to think in inhuman ways, in other words, militarily.

"It seems that Mr. Marshall has lost all confidence that this system can work. I have found no other system that works any better. In any other system, you'd all be in prison. When you say women have no influence, it is an overstatement. Women don't care to exercise influence. Hisses-boos.

"I do not believe people, until recently against the war only very recently that war is not in their best interests."

Chip Marshal spoke up. "You aren't aware of what's happening in this country when you say that we can protest. I am personally facing ten years. What about the Berrigans, Angela Davis, Bobby Seale, Erikca Huggins. This country has an *illusion* of democracy. We are every way as brutal as any

tolitarian system. Profit comes before need, and I think it is naive to believe in the electoral process. The people have no right to vote on the war. It is corporate decisions that decide the fate of the war. Only a very small group has power. The system has to be reavamped. We do not have time to wait for resolutions. 150 million people are against the war. We will have thousands surrounding Congress. You have the power and we re going to force you to act.

Fullbright: Well, what system do you think will work?

Marshall: No advanced country has a good system - the main point is *not* discussing systems. If you want to invite us back, outasite. We want to discuss the people's peace treaty.

Hoots, yips, cheers.

Jay spoke up. "The Indo-Chinese women suffer a great burden on account of the war. Women need only to drink 1 quart of water a day to give birth to genetically deformed children. Prostitution is rampant. The children are pimping for their mothers. They have undergone silicone shots to increase breast size and eye operations to be more appealing to America's G.I.'s. Loations don't even know what America is. They only know that monsters come out of the sky and destroy their land.

The peace treaty had to be smuggled out of the country. 250 students were imprisoned because of their oppisiton to the war.

AKEN: Well, there's no law against you leaving the country.

SUSAN GREGORY: We will never leave this country. We want to change it. We want a country where men and women can relate to each other as human beings and not as objects. The Indians were destroyed like we are destroying the Vietnamese. We feel some kind of vibrations from the Indians, as we do from the Vietnamese people. American women are the hope of this country. Women are trying to get together. As long as we are permitted to vote and influence our husbands our power amounts to nothing. We have to reinject some sense of humanity, what is real.

Then some senator said: "You talk about destroying the Indians. Do you know who does all the sky-scraping work in this country? Do you know how much they get paid?"

Stoned disbelief from the crowd. Booing hisses.

"What the Vietnamese people do is justifiable as self-defnse." Fullbright: Let's have order.

Scott: Did you discuss with Madame Binh tactics for next week?

Jay: Madamn Bihn represents the people.

Scott: I repeat, did you discuss tactics with Mme. Bihn?

Jay: We indicated our activities to the world peace council in Sweeden, to the students in Saigon and to the delegations in Paris.

Pell: I'm asking you to tell the truth!

Jay: She has expressed approval of our tactics.

Scott: What about the kidnapping of public officials?

Jay: Absolutely not.

Susan Gregory: Sen. Scott, I think you're paranoid!

Cheers.

Scott: I detect traces of paranoia in all your statements. Why is it that Hanoi refuses to release prisoners of war before a date of withdrawal is set.

Jay: Because the U.S. is still bombing North Vietnam!

photos:
wayne
heller &
mark
reing



INSIDE ISLIP STATE

by KANDI



Central Islip State Hospital, one of the "best" mental hospitals in the country, has organized an alcoholic-drug unit to help the stumbling addicts and alkie to overcome their problems. But, Central Islip has a problem of its own. A good percentage of the personnel is hooked and C.I. is trying its damndest to hush it up. Take for instance, the Social Worker. He holds groups for the patients weekly, comes in stoned on grass and advocates the use of Heroin and Speed to cure schizophrenia etc. But you mustn't mention this and you mustn't make waves. In the beginning, when I hit the staff with this they supported me, but then they wanted to know who else was involved. O.K. I mentioned a few of the attendants who were turning the patients on to tranquilizers, the Social Worker who was and is engineering escapes and a certain doctor who has been creating a lot of C.I. babies, and all of a sudden, I was "hallucinating." But I still had the run of the place, they figured what can one person do and who will believe her, anyway. C.I. has a Rehabilitation program primarily for addicts and acid heads, the only trouble is the Rehab building is filled with New York drug pushers and by the time you make it to class you're twisted. It's a

bitch walking in and seeing all of your old friends from the city pushing dope. It's a bitch having a Social Worker, who, instead of getting the patients out on welfare engineers escapes encourages the use of marijuana, and tells you, escape, join a commune. I mean his head may be where my head is, but he's supposed to be helping the patients not screwing them up. One girl has died, over-medicated, on drugs she was allergic to (I had access to the Medical Doctors files and case histories of most of the patients, including mine.) It was hushed up. She brought drugs, according to the staff, in from the outside. I say she didn't need to. She was tripping so tough from the medication that it was enough. She died. If you make trouble, talk loud, talk about the staff, you wind up in maximum security. This consists of a bunch of homosexual, sadistic attendants who over-medicate the patients to keep them quiet and slap them in Restraint Sheets if that doesn't get it. I know I've been in them, I've had convulsions behind their damn thoraxine (which I'm allergic to and they didn't bother finding out). I've been threatened with long term commitment if I continue to criticize the Staff. But I don't intend to shut up. They're keeping most of the patients quiet

by buttering them up. I'll give you an Honor Card, I'll discharge you if you don't talk badly about the nice doctor, just keep your little mouth shut, Governor Rockefeller is cutting off our funds as it is, and we have to look like a good hospital.

Third Floor, a girl lies on the floor after a seizure, her brains spilling out on the floor, the doctor comes, sews her up, slaps her in restraint with the help of a few male attendants who feel her box while they're putting her in. Remember our names baby they say, we'll be around when you get permission to go out on the grounds. Another lies on the floor in a diabetic coma, the nurse shoves her medication down her throat and slaps her face for throwing up on the floor.

I was "lucky," I had a modern doctor, she wanted to start a therapeutic community (like Phoenix House), let the patients say what's on their mind. But once they started talking, and she found out if they were believed, a lot of people with seniority would lose their jobs, she changed her tune. Speak your mind children but do it quietly, and if your complaints are too heavy, why your hallucinating, and we'll give you some nice medication so you'll stop imagining things.

It seems they're starting something with this patient

government that they can't finish, and C.I. will probably stay the Snake Pit it is now, because the patients, mainly the addicts and alcoholics are getting a little loud, and if they're listened to, too many heads are going to roll.

Something has to be done, I was tight with the girl who died, more are going to. If they continue to treat acid withdrawal with thoraxine and restraint sheets they may have a bunch of permanent catatonics on their hands. They refuse to accept the fact that some people can't take it. When the girls say they're hallucinating from the Thoraxine they're told they're "hearing voices," that it's their own heads, that the medicine is helping them.

Bullshit. Why don't they test the girls when they come in. Why punish them with restraints if they refuse the goddam thoraxine. Why aren't there people to talk them down from their trip. And why the Hell aren't they doing something about all the New York dope pushers who are floating around the ground. I'm only one person, there are more, but they're splitting, you can't fight from inside the hospital so I'm trying it from the outside.

Central Islip should be torn down, or half the goddam staff should be fired. Someone should be held responsible for my

friend's death, maybe the bitch who dragged her up to the punishment ward, maybe the attendants who were drinking while she was convulsing, maybe myself for not talking loudly enough then, maybe God for not listening to her prayers.

Why the Hell doesn't Mr. Rockefeller really investigate this place, when the legislators were up their investigating because of the budget cut, everything was tidied up, but nobody talked to the patients, and the patients were fed candy and cigarettes for being good and not making a scene. Someone has to put an end to this. If the patients get a little support from the outside world, they'll fight.

I tried to see a lawyer twice, I was put on a ward where I saw none, my visitors were not allowed to see me, I was on restriction. I was there two months without receiving commitment papers. I yelled lawyer and they converted me to voluntary. They're running scared. Let's get rid of the corrupt attendants, doctors, social workers, let's get the patients some real help. They're dying, mentally and physically, their souls and bodies are imprisoned and they're afraid to tear down the bars. With a little support, just a little, they'll fight. Power to the Patients, and God help them.



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Alice Crimmins seemed wasted from six years of trials, appeals, motions, jail time, divorce, sickness and public scorn when she walked into court last week to be told that she was found guilty of murder and manslaughter in the first degree and would have to spend the rest of her life plus twenty years in prison. She fell apart when she heard the news, collapsed and was dragged away while her people moaned and sobbed that she might not even live to be sentenced. The jig was up, Alice was finished. Convicted the second time for the murder of her daughter and the first time for the untimely killing of her son, she was a pitiful wreck, a bundle of nerves, an alcoholic slut-bitch cold-blooded killer of her own two children who in the hearts and minds of families throughout Queens deserved to burn in the chair if there was a chair to burn in. Instead, she is doomed to a slower death.

She was born Alice Marie Burke of respectable church-going parents in the Bronx 32 years ago. A beauty with no particular mental powers, unlike her younger brother John who went to college and became a teacher, she was obviously intended for nothing more than marriage like so many girls before her. She attended St. Jerome's Grammar School, then St. Helena's High School, then worked in Alexander's Department Store, then finally the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. She was attractive, and knew how to put a guy down, and had truck with only those who could afford to keep her in the style to which she had become accustomed, and this included Ed Crimmins who she met when she was 15. They were married on November 8, 1958, in St. Francis De Chantel Church. An airline mechanic with a good job at Idlewild and plenty of overtime, Ed moved her out to

Richmond Hills so they could be closer to the airport. Alice continued working for Metropolitan Life and with two salaries coming in they did pretty well for a young couple: they could afford those little extras that mean so much.

Then, around June 1959, she became pregnant with her son and had to quit work. A daughter followed, and just about then things started going wrong. Eddie was working nights and Alice didn't particularly savor the life of a housewife, and little by little it fell apart and finally around '63 or '64 they decided on a separation. He moved out and she settled down in a garden apartment in Kew Hills with the two kids, Eddie Jr. and Alice Marie (Missy) and proceeded to get herself quite a reputation as a swinger. As she admitted on the witness stand during the first trial, she dated many men — admitted to 12

names in particular, among them Anthony Grace a Bronx construction magnate with some questionable connections; Carl Andrade who had "a good many dates" with her, and Joseph Rorach, a Huntington, L.I. contractor, and a jealous father of 7 kids who wanted her to have a child by him. She worked as a cocktail waitress and was able to keep herself in the stylish clothes she loved. According to popular account, her weekends were

fainted at the sight. Five days later the boy too was found dead in a wooded area not far from the World's Fair, then in progress. The body was so badly decomposed it could hardly be identified. Significant autopsy was virtually impossible.

Two years passed, Alice and Ed were reunited, and the thing began to be slowly forgotten. A neighbor, Mrs. Sophie Earomirski, wrote the D.A. a letter claiming she saw Alice leading away a child and carrying a

CONVICTED

dreamy interludes consisting of Long Island Night spots and motels, dancing and drinking and spreading her legs. Grace in particular enjoyed taking her down to Atlantic City, then to the Bahamas where she suddenly remembered to call up her maid, Evelyn Atkins, to tell her to babysit for the kids while she was gone. Evelyn didn't like this sort of thing too much: she kept Ed Crimmins fully informed and agreed to testify on his behalf at a custody hearing set for July 26th, 1965. By this time Alice was acting so naughty even her mother was going to testify against her.

What happened on the night of July 13th, 1965, is anybody's guess but Alice swears she fed her two kids at about 7:30 p.m. (a meager dinner of manicotti and soda, according to the DA) went to the Kew Hills Gas Station, and at 9:30 or so put the children to bed. Theresa Costello, a local teenager who sometimes babysat, testified that she passed the kids' window sometime around then and "heard Mrs. Crimmins yelling at Missy because she wouldn't say her prayers right." Joe Rorach called around 10:30 or 11 and asked her to meet him in the Bourbon House in Syosset, L.I., but she said no. But then she called Tony Grace at a Bronx bar he was hanging out in and asked if she could join him, and he said no. "I knew she had no babysitter," he later told the court. At midnight, she swears she looked in on the kids and they were sleeping soundly. This was the last time she saw them alive. At nine the next morning, both of them were gone.

She called her husband and the police and was fully dressed with make-up on when the cops arrived. An intensive 300-man search was begun and somewhere around 1:45 in the afternoon of July 14th, with Alice present, they discovered in a nearby lot young Alice Marie, lying dead, her pajama bottoms tied around her neck. Alice screamed hysterically and

bundle wrapped in a blanket that night, however, with a man leading the way and making sarcastic remarks like "Did you have to bring the dog?" The letter held water and on September 12th, 1967, as she was walking through a parking lot, Alice was approached by two detectives and told "Alice, you have to come with us."

"No I don't" she told them, "I'm not going anywhere. Drop dead."

She was indicted for manslaughter in the death of young Alice Marie, and convicted after a sensational 4-day trial in Kew Gardens, Queens in May 1968 that was attended by upwards of 300 scandal-crazed housewives a day. Breaking down frequently, she was a wreck by the end of the trial and screamed and fainted when she was convicted. Apparently, she had a serious alcohol problem and at one point in the prison ward of Elmhurst General Hospital was near death. There were discrepancies in the trial procedure, however, and her two crafty new lawyers Herbert Lyons and William Earlbaum got her released from jail and eventually won a reversal. An eager D.A. Thomas Mackell added on a first degree murder rap for the son's death when he announced the new trial. Alice screamed and fainted several more times, but had high hopes for acquittal. Great new witnesses were introduced, fantastic new alibi's.

One day, after court, Lyons led her into the press room for a talk with the boys. She was dressed in a cream-color wool dress with turquoise lining. She backed right against the wall and stood there, shy and frightened, a mask of pain.

"It's been hard," Lyons had said in the hallway one day. "It's taken its toll. Look at her now, and look at the pictures of her six or seven years ago. She's aged. She's a different woman. It's been hard."

"Are you working?" someone asked her.

(Continued on Page 23)



NABBED!

The pigs are oinking with porcine glee about the arrest in Washington, D.C. of Leslie Bacon whom they say is "suspected of being a possible participant" in the capitol bombing last March. This is the first arrest they've had in connection with that feat. The sister is being held as a "material witness" on \$100,000 bail. This is, of course, outrageous, and it is reported that a plea for bail reduction was denied. Efforts will be made to free her and collections will be made in Washington during the Mayday gathering. Leslie was a member of the Mayday Tribe in Washington, and, like the other members of the group, experienced much harassment by government agents over the past few months. She will be freed.

SOUTHERN JURY FINDS CHINESE STUDENT GUILTY OF RAPE

HOUSTON, Tex. [LNS] — "... if someone comes to this country and mistreats her people, then he should be punished severely." Paying close attention to the prosecution's closing words, a Houston jury found Millar Chick-ye Tsoi, a 24 year-old University of Houston dental student from Hong Kong, guilty of rape and sentenced him to twenty years on March 13.

In early January, 1970, a 22 year-old white student was raped by a man wearing gloves and disguised by a paper bag which covered his head, who had forced himself into her apartment.

A few days later, in the same neighborhood, a middle-aged white woman was pistol-whipped by a man wearing a handkerchief over his face who had forced himself into her apartment. When she pretended he had knocked her unconscious, he fled without raping her.

Houston police never came up with the rapist. But since that time, women who live in the university neighborhood call the campus patrol whenever they notice men who seem suspicious to them or when they get crank calls.

In early January of this year, Tsoi was picked up and charged with the 1970 rape when a student noticed him in the parking lot of her

apartment building minutes after she had gotten a crank call.

Millar had been waiting in the lot for a man interested in buying his car. He was getting ready to go home, because the man never showed up, when police forced him out of his car. When they found some paper bags and a pair of gloves in the trunk, they quickly rushed Tsoi back to his house where they made a fruitless search for weapons. A few hours later, Tsoi was taken to police headquarters where he was booked on the rape charge.

At his trial, Tsoi's roommate, who is also Chinese, and the roommate's two sisters swore that Tsoi had been sleeping on the January, 1970 morning when the student was raped. Another student, a white woman, testified that Tsoi was in the library at the time the older woman was attacked.

Many others appeared in Millar's behalf, including the director of the International Student Office at the university. But all of their testimony was ignored.

The Committee for Millar C.Y. Tsoi Appeal Fund, a group of Asian American students and supporters, is trying to raise \$25,000 to pay for Tsoi's current court expenses and an appeal.

Contributions should be sent to the Committee, c/o Chinese Students Association, University Center, Box 50, 3801 Cullen Blvd., Houston, Tex. 77004 or call 214-644-2053.

MAY DAY IN IOWA CITY, IOWA: MUSIC USA

IOWA CITY, Iowa [LNS] — For those who don't go to Washington, there will be a get-together in City Park. Besides people speaking from the People's Peace Treaty, Welfare

Rights, Farmers' groups, Women's groups, and workers, there will be nine bands. It's planned from morning until sundown (at least that's how long the permit for the park lasts.

INFLATION: AIN'T IT AWFUL?

HOLLYWOOD [LNS] — Amidst the sequins and tuxedos of the Academy Awards an interesting fact came out. The bombing of Pearl Harbor scene from "Tora, Tora, Tora," a dual American-Japanese production, cost more than the real-life 1941 event.

Evvo

CHI. YOUNG LORD SNUFFED

BY STREET GANG: "I HAVE NO REVENGE FEELINGS," HIS WIFE SAYS

by David Moberg
LIBERATION News Service
CHICAGO [LNS] — Jose Luis Lind had just left the home of some relatives with his brother and sister-in-law. They were Puerto Ricans, and Jose — known as Pancho — had been a long-time supporter of the Young Lords Organization, a revolutionary Puerto Rican group on Chicago's northside.

The neighborhood at the corner of Damen and Chicago where they were waiting for a cab around midnight was an old Italian and Polish area, riven with racist fear of blacks and Latins encroaching and long known for gang wars.

Suddenly a crowd of a dozen young whites appeared. There was the murmured ritual incantation of street encounters — "What are you looking at us like that for?" — and without another word the gang attacked beating on Pancho, Virginia and Pancho's brother Jose Ramon with pool cues, baseball bats and clubs, knocking them to the ground and stomping them. The police arrived, threw the victims in the paddy wagon and drove off. No arrests were made. After more than 24 hours in semi-consciousness, Pancho Lind died.

The Young Lords are no strangers to gang fights. They had gone through that before they reacted to the attack of urban renewal on their homes by turning political. They discovered their real enemy and actively tried to cool out all gang fights. But the death of Pancho Lind hit the Puerto Rican brothers and sisters hard, and in the days following the assault on April 9 there was lots of talk of revenge.

"Our revenge," the Young Lords responded in a leaflet to the neighborhood, "is not dealing with other victims of the society but dealing with those that teach us racism and exploit and oppress us and make us victims of their racism. We are not saying that Pancho's murder should not be avenged but

instead organize ourselves to deal with the real enemy, the rich ruling class. We ask all those brothers and sisters who were planning to go out gang banging to get together with the Young Lords and gang bang against the system."

It is hard to put this message across to angry and oppressed people who see this murder as a last, totally irrational culmination of abuse. "Everything is coming down on the community," Rory Guerra of the Lords said. "There's no jobs for the people. Urban renewal is pushing us out. [Gov.] Ogilvie is threatening to cut welfare. The hospital is not cooperating with the community. You try to tell them it's class struggle, and they see all the white people doing these things, and it's hard for them to understand class struggle."

When the police arrived at the scene of the beating, Rory said, "instead of seeing it was fifteen to three they said it was 'trouble with Puerto Ricans.'" Instead of arresting anyone, they let them all go and put him in the paddy wagon."

They did not even try to contact Pancho's wife, Angie, who was in Toronto meeting with Vietnamese women. Friends called her as soon as Pancho was injured but when she came home it was to redden, saddened friends and a dead husband.

As Angie sat around her apartment, the four kids (ages 1 to 4) were putting on each other's shoes and taking them off or demanding something to drink, and friends were dropping by to chat after the funeral.

She tried to see the event as more than just a personal tragedy. "My reaction to all this was if it had been up to me, I wouldn't have ever looked for them. [Three white kids were arrested by police after Pancho's relatives pressed police for action.] The problem goes much deeper. Some of the guys off the block came over and wanted to gang bang, but I said this is a good time for us to join forces with oppressed people in that neighborhood. I have no revenge feelings. I'd like to go down there and leaflet that neighborhood."

That, in fact, is what the Lords

intend to do — leaflet the community of the attackers explaining their common fate, their need to unite.

Pancho had been with the Lords through all their phases — from street fighting to social clubs to sit-in at McCormick Theological Seminary (which won a pledge of \$600,000 for low-income housing in the Lincoln Park neighborhood), the takeover of the Armitage Ave. church, which houses YLO headquarters and the Emeterio Betances free medical center, and welfare demonstrations. He was one of "Los Cuatros Lords," four Lords charged with aggravated battery for having been witnesses to the 1969 slaying of Young Lord Manuel Ramos by an off-duty Chicago cop.

He and Angie had met back in the days of street corner hanging out and both had gone through the changes of political consciousness together. Angie, 21, is Italian but "I never felt any tension" hanging out with the Lords. She and the kids joined in the McCormick sit-in, and gradually she became more active politically than Pancho, who was worried about the charges that had piled up against him for his political actions.

"He got a political awareness," she said. "He realized the need for change. But after this thing with Manuel, he became less active. We had three kids and I was expecting another one, and he had a responsibility to the kids, you know."

He worked long nights as a parking lot attendant and just a week before his death quit the job and was planning to go to New York to find better work. His hospital insurance was terminated at that time, and now the family faces heavy expenses. (Donations to the Pancho Lind fund can be sent to People's Law Office, 2153 N. Halsted, Chicago, Ill. 60614.)

Pancho Lind was a typical Lord in a lot of ways. "People forget that the Young Lords were from the lumpenproletariat class," Rory said, "lots of us were just off the street. We were just pushed into the movement by urban renewal, by the death of Manuel Ramos."

They responded with direct action, and the police came down hard. When YLO leader Cha Cha Jimenez went underground last year, the Lords seemed nearly broken, but they have rallied. Now they are consolidating, spending more time on political education, trying to build a tighter organization with less reliance on one person, confronting sexism (their chief of staff is a woman, Marta Chevila), and building a solid base in the community, especially through their revolutionary health program (a free clinic for all, regardless of race, which has served mire people in the past three months than in the first half year of operation and community health education). They now publish a biweekly paper and have expanded their organizing efforts to Milwaukee, where they recently staged the first political demonstration by the growing Latin community there.

Pancho, 24 when he was killed, will not be forgotten by the Young Lords but neither will his death demoralize them. "One thing that blew my mind coming home to this after the Toronto conference," Angie said as she sat in the kitchen, worrying just a little about how she would take care of her kids and hold a job, "was thinking of this one Vietnamese woman who couldn't have been more than five feet tall and weighed 100 pounds. She told about how she was held prisoner for years and her family was killed. I have thought a lot about those women, about how they have suffered and still keep on struggling."

GAY LIB. NOT ALLOWED AS CAMPUS CLUB

LOS ANGELES, Calif. [LNS] — "We filled all the requirements for a campus club, but the trustees took a secret ballot and we've been denied our rights of free assembly," said a speaker from the Gay Liberation Forum at the University of Southern California.

The group was organized last October as an Experimental College class.

"With an office and a telephone, we could provide counseling for homosexuals and bisexuals, and educate the public," the spokesman continued.

The group plans to take legal action against the university.

PEOPLE COULD DIG TAXPAYER'S REVOLT

WASHINGTON [LNS] — Nearly seven out of 10 Americans now say they could sympathize with a "taxpayer's revolt" where "people would refuse to pay any more taxes unless taxes and spending were reduced," according to a recent Gallup poll. By 82 to 14 per cent, people agree that the "big tax burden falls on the little people in this country today."

OKINAWAN U.S. BASE WORKERS STRIKE FOR INDEPENDENCE

OKINAWA [LNS] — At the U.S. military base, Sukiran, on Okinawa Island, native workers are arrested if they hold union meetings or distribute literature on base. A U.S. riot squad is on 24-hour alert to put down any demonstrations.

In spite of these conditions, 20,000 Okinawan workers marched down the main street of Koza City to the edge of Camp Sukiran where they fought with riot police on April 15. The workers, members of Kenrokyo the All Okinawan Federation of Trade Unions and Zengunro, the All Okinawan Baseworker's Union, were winding up a 48-hour strike against the U.S. military. It was the third two-day strike the unions have held in the past few months.

The strikers were demanding the reinstatement of 4,250 Okinawans who have lost their jobs to machines since January, 1970 and Okinawa's independence. The U.S. is now planning to give Okinawa to Japan under still unannounced conditions.

The workers have announced that there will be an all-island shutdown on May 11 which is supported by teachers', lawyers', and communication, tobacco, and postal workers' unions.

news

TEACHER BURNED AT STAKE

TUCSON, Ariz. [LNS] — Anne Steward, an English teacher at Flowing Wells high School, has been notified that she will not be rehired next year after she was accused of being a witch. "I surely would have been burned at the stake by now if this had happened in 17th-century Salem," she said.

The whole thing started when an expert on witchcraft and folklore was invited to talk to one of her classes. He talked for a short while about witches, and described their characteristics. Witches supposedly have blonde

hair, blue or green eyes, a widow's peak and like to wear devil's green — a color between lime and chartreuse. A positive sign, the speaker said, is a pointed left ear with a node. Mrs. Steward has all those characteristics.

Naturally, her students started joking about her being a witch, and she took it good-naturedly. "I like to get the kids involved," she pointed out, and this was a good way to get into the folklore of early American literature, which she teaches.

Later, she was asked to dress up as a witch for another teacher who was also teaching a folklore course. She did so, and soon students started greeting her with "Hello, witchie."

Mrs. Steward feels that part of the reason for her dismissal may be that she has had conflicts with the conservative administration in the past. The official reasons given for the action were:

— Teaching about witchcraft ("having stated you are a witch") in such a way that it affects students psychologically.

— Causing mental stress for many teachers.

— Being a poor influence on subordinates.

— Being insubordinate.

However, Mrs. Steward denies having ever said she was a witch and the school is unable to show specific examples of occasions when students have been psychologically affected by anything she has said.

She is now suing the school to be rehired, and plans to use "every legal stratagem" available.

NINE SEIZED SECRETLY SINCE FEB. 1 FOR PREVENTIVE DETENTION

WASHINGTON [LNS] — Since the Crime Control Act came into effect on Feb. 1, nine people have been seized for preventive detention — arrest of those the police think will commit a crime in the future.

Superior Court Judge George Revercomb ordered on April 13, all persons connected with the two most recent detentions not to reveal any aspect of the hearings, including the names, ages or alleged crimes of the two prisoners.

A few weeks earlier U.S. District Court Judge Gerhard A. Gesell had warned that the practice of secret hearings will "grow and spread like cancer."

STOCKBROKERS SAY NO TO TV'S BUT YES TO GUNS

NEW YORK [LNS] — For quite a while now annual corporation meetings have become the scene of disruptions by people angry at the companies' role in destroying Vietnam, in gobbling up Third World resources, in discriminating against blacks at home, and in polluting the country.

A public relations firm surveyed a large number of stockbrokers about what they think should be done about the crisis. Though a majority were against using closed circuit TV to outfox disrupters (like many courts are considering), many felt the management should use armed guards.

Delaware, home of Dupont, has solved the problem by abolishing the requirement for annual meetings.

GAY COUPLES FILE TAXES JOINTLY

NEW YORK [LNS] — At income tax time, two can live as cheaply as one, including gay couples.

A number of "married" homosexuals filed joint returns last year and planned to do so again this year. One couple in New York who weren't even "married" filed jointly and received \$400 from the government.

The IRS, while it doesn't exactly welcome that prospect, admits that it's difficult to detect. "The form doesn't ask which member of the household is male and which is female, so it might not be readily apparent on the face of the return," according to a D' C. spokesman. A computer can't pick up two male or female names — only an auditor can.

There is no legal procedure for a homosexual couple to file a joint return.

U.S. LAUGHS OFF THREAT OF MICRONESIAN SECESSION

NEW YORK, N.Y. [LNS] — A classic battle testing both the strength and will of United States' colonial interests abroad is shaping up in the South Pacific. The legislature of the Mariana Islands — part of the American-run UN trust territory known as Micronesia — has informed the UN that it "will secede... by force of arms if necessary, and with or without the approval of the UN."

Micronesia, composed of more than 1000 islands with about 100,000 inhabitants, is officially a UN "strategic territory," but is in reality under firm U.S. control. The islands recently turned down a U.S. offer of "commonwealth" status, and demanded self-government instead. This plan is unacceptable to the Defense Department, which has several bases in the islands now and looks to Micronesia as a future U.S. military outpost after our withdrawal from Okinawa.

Speaking of the impending revolt, a spokesman for the U.S. mission to the UN said: "We're not particularly excited or concerned about it." And a State Department official, commenting on the threat of armed rebellion, laughed it off, stating: "First of all, they have to get arms."

IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE

NEW YORK [LNS] — Richard Helms, director of the CIA, as well as chairman of the U.S. Intelligence Board (which oversees the entire intelligence network of the government) started as a cub reporter for UPI. His big story was an exclusive interview with Hitler.

NEWS POEM

Albany, April 23 — State agencies have started laying off employees and education, welfare and local government officials are still trying to assess the full impact of the Legislature's budget cuts, but one major unit of state government has been spared such problems.

The legislature did not cut the budget of the Legislature...
NY TIMES April 24, 1971

men are wise
says the fool
men are fools
says the wise

& I aint nobody's fool
(I aint married)

well...you can fuel some of the people all of the time
& all of the people some of the time
but you cant fuel all of the people all of the time

how stupid can ya get
stupider still, wanna bet?

masochism still delights you
o you feed the hand that bite you

what will it matter anyhow
when
in another five years
New York will be
a mound of dog-shit

Tel Ha Shit

and they'll sell little gold-plated turds
soveniers of New York
at the New York Visitor's & Information Center
at Pershing (that old police)murderer) Square
where I once asked about the cheap boat around Manhattan
& they said:
but it does not exist
(because they werent members of the Association)

HEY! WHOSE GONNA PAY FOR THAT EXECUTION!

HE'D RATHER SWITCH THAN SNITCH: OPEN-MINDED FBI INFORMER GETS INFORMED

PHILADELPHIA [LNS] — A former FBI informant now doing draft resistance work says he changed his mind because of what he heard at rallies the FBI assigned him to cover.

"My downfall as an effective informer came when I found myself agreeing with what I heard said at the various rallies," Robert F. Tatman said at a rally sponsored April 16 by the Vietnam Veterans Against the War.

Tatman, 24, said he reported on about 10 events from 1964 to 1966 and was paid about \$150 for his efforts. He showed reporters copies of an FBI document stolen from the FBI office at Media, Pa. Tatman's name appeared on the document as one of a number of persons suggested as possible informants for a conference of war resisters at Haverford College in August, 1969.

SOCKIN' IT TO THE F.B.I. part II

WASHINGTON [LNS] — Still smarting from the embarrassment of having one of the FBI's own offices ripped off, J. Edgar Hoover has hushed up another humiliating theft. Someone made off with his birth plaque which used to hold the place of honor in Washington's Capitol Hill Methodist Church.

The bronze marker, commemorating the famed G-man's birthplace, disappeared several weeks ago from beneath the John Edgar Hoover Memorial Window. Rev. James P. Archibald, the pastor, reported the theft to the Washington police, not the FBI.

CHIEF WITNESS AGAINST MARTIN SOSTRE ADMITS HE DIDN'T BUY HEROIN

BUFFALO, N.Y. [LNS] — Three years ago, Martin Sostre, black militant and radical bookseller, was sentenced to forty-one years in prison for allegedly selling heroin. Now, in a dramatic turnabout, the chief witness against Sostre has admitted that he lied about buying heroin from the imprisoned revolutionary.

From the day of his arrest in 1967, to the day of his conviction by an all-white jury, Sostre has conducted a personal legal campaign for his freedom. With the official recanting of the prosecution's only witness, Arto Williams, a worker in a California drug rehabilitation center, it is possible that Sostre may win his release.

That would be his second major victory during his three years of incarceration. In May, 1970, Sostre was awarded \$15,000 in damages for the mistreatment he received while an inmate in Green Haven (N.Y.) State Prison. He contended that he had been confined to solitary for

arbitrary reasons, without a hearing, for 13 months.

(The ruling, by Judge Constance Baker Motley, was later overturned by the circuit court of appeals, but an important precedent was set to defend the constitutional rights of prisoners).

Sostre has been the target of political intimidation for several years. In 1966, FBI agents visiting his radical bookstore — where the works of such militants as Stokely Carmichael, Malcolm X, W.E. DuBois, as well as anti-war and anti-imperialist literature from socialist countries were being sold — had warned Sostre: "You're really asking for trouble."

A year after his arrest the House Unamerican Activities Committee, "investigating" the black rebellion in this northern industrial city, cited Sostre as an instigator of the violence which occurred three weeks before he was busted on the drug charge.

The witness Arto Williams' change of heart came after he read a profile of the Sostre case in Ebony magazine, written by William Worthy, a black reporter for the Baltimore Afro-American. Worthy

was one of the first journalists to take up Sostre's case after the trial — which received inflammatory coverage in the Buffalo press.

Williams now explains that he had been in the Erie County Jail, on a felony theft charge, just prior to Sostre's arrest. Then he was released on his own recognizance. Six hours after he left jail, Narcotics Squad detectives drove him to Sostre's Afro-Asian Bookstore, where they arrested Sostre for having "sold" heroin to Williams. In exchange for helping the cops frame Sostre, Williams had the charges against him dropped. He now faces possible perjury charges.

Sostre was arrested along with Geraldine Robinson, who drew an "indeterminate sentence" for resisting arrest. She has been in jail since September, 1969, and her five children (ages 4 to 10) have been divided up in several foster homes.

Now that Williams has reversed his testimony, defense attorneys argue, the midnight raid on Sostre's bookstore was illegal, and the charges that resulted from it should be dropped. They are pressing for a new trial.

**A
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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%.

Ramparts

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screaming hollering standing ovations as the old favorites. It was well worth it. They have done it again. To no one's surprise, they have come up with a new direction, a new sound, a new way of saying the same old things. On the last cut of their album **SALTY DOG** there are the lines:

*I sat me down to write a simple story
which, maybe in the end became a song
The words have all been read by ones before me
We're taking turns in trying to pass them on*

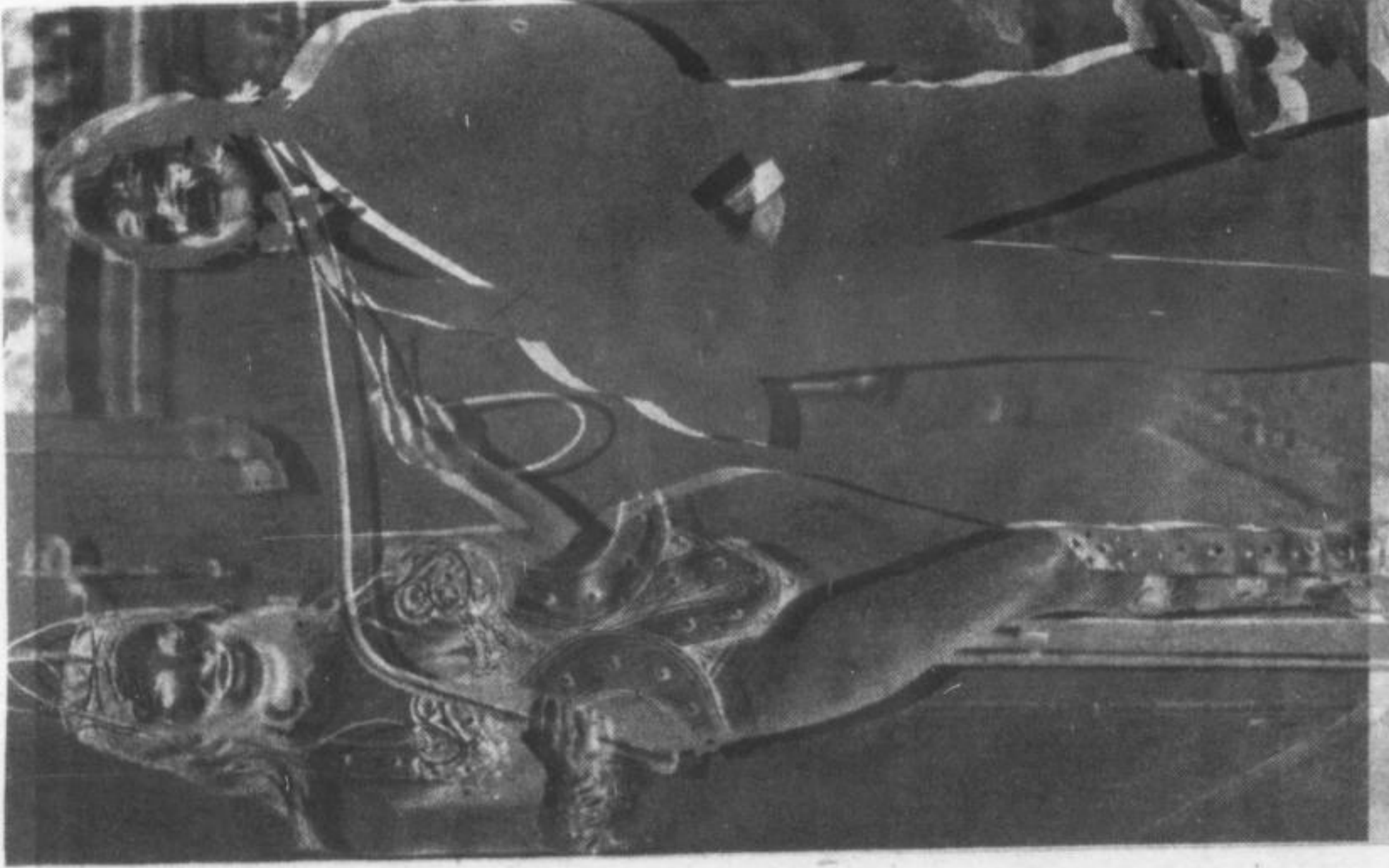
Then the phone rang. It was **Charlie Hayden**, Ornette Coleman's bass player. He said there was going to be a benefit for the people's coalition for peace and justice (they used to be called the new move) on May Seventh at the Village Gate and would I mention it in my column. I said who is going to be performing? He said a group called **THE LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA**. Something rang a bell. I don't remember too well but at one of the third world electronics conferences that I was at there was mention of this group that was musically moving into other directions, other places, other lands, other traces of stuff in the air. Music has power to move people, get them off their asses and out on the streets. The Stones once used the title 'street fighting man,' and sold a million records. Well, anyways this guy Charlie starts telling me about the group and about their album which is supposed to be distributed on **IMPULSE** records. I said, you mean you guys got an album out? He said yeah, didn't you hear it? I said no, they don't send us albums to review...not even any jazz.

He told me that **ABC Corporation** was supposed to release this record of the Liberation Orchestra but hesitated and finally released it without so much as a press release to **EVO**. It's a jazz album you see by the word **REVOLUTION** on the cover scared some people away.

Not to be outdone by John's new single **POWER TO THE PEOPLE**, or Paul's new single **ANOTHER DAY**, or George's single **MY SWEET LORD**, Ringo, everyone's favorite Beatle, comes out with his new single, **IT DON'T COME EASY/EARLY** 1970 Apple Records 1831...it hit the stores last week and the cash registers started ringing away. I don't care what you say, they still play the same way they used to, the magic hasn't disappeared, just separated into 4 separate but equal pieces. Ringo wrote the words and music but George Harrison produced it. Sounds like George played some on the record too, George plays nice electric guitar. He's by far the tastiest musician of them all. The words go like:

*It don't come easy, you know it don't come easy
Got to pay your dues if you want to sing the blues
and you know it don't come easy
You don't have to shout or leap about
Forget about the past
and all your sorrow
I don't ask for much, I only want trust, and you
I don't ask for much, I only want trust, and you
Open up your heart and let's come together
Use a little love and we will make it work out*

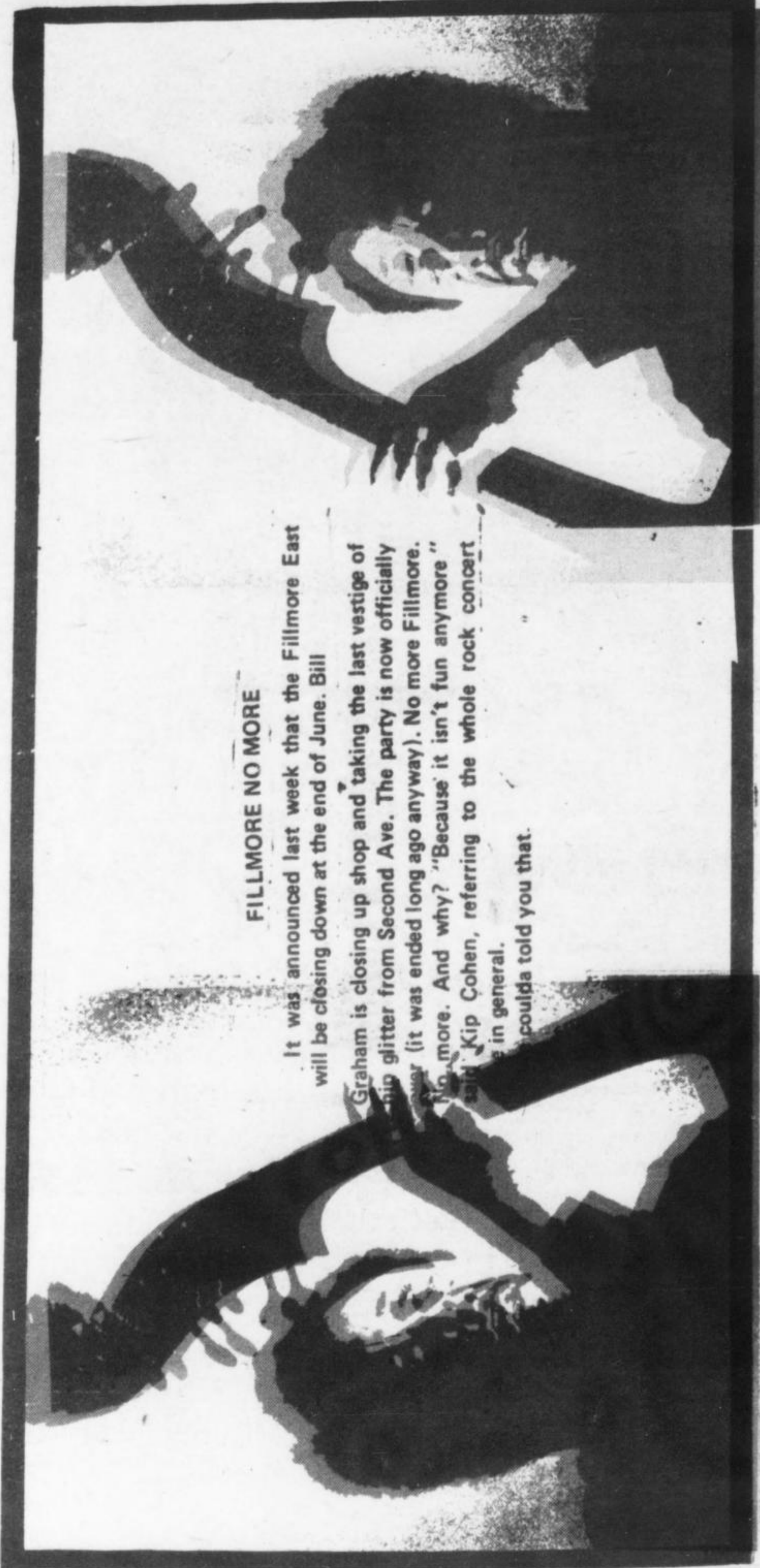
Then **George's** little 4-bar twang. It's really nice and then back to the chorus, I don't ask much, I only want trust, this love of mine keeps growing all the time and you know it don't come easy. That's it, 3 minutes on the nose. It'll sell millions and what's more most of the swains that'll buy it can understand the words. Ringo Starr who has been silent about the whole Beatle myth has a new record. On one side is this song he wrote for the am fm pop top market. On the other side is something a little more important than your normal everyday non ton 40 cut. He wrote this one too, it's all



Charlie Frick 4/28/71

radio fill the air everywhere in the electric mecca these days they're rockin' and rollin' doin' it in all sorts of ways. It's full speed ahead, production schedules are running on tripple shifts, recording studios are going day and night, thousands of people walking around the city with guitar cases truckin' on down. The rolling stone published an article about America's famous rock and roll stars taking cocaine and reading real good, so 2 weeks later there's an epidemic of cocaine overload freakout blues among the highschoolers around the electric mecca. They all want to get into the action, want to be where the rolling stone says it's really happening so they all went out and got coked up out of their brains, running round loose driving fast cars and hanging out at the Fillmore and...well you know the rest. It's a shame that the article took such a light attitude toward this dangerous and physically depleting drug. (by the way, do you know that Xerox now controls most of the stock in the Rolling Stone corporation???)

It was William Shakespeare's birthday and I was sitting there for awhile waiting for the procol harum to come out on stage and freak my mind out. They're back in town to push their new style and their new album, **BROKEN BARRICADES**. What do you expect from the Procol Harum? Well it's down there on their new album on A&M records. Amazing. They never put out a bad piece of music. They're rock and roll from another point of view. Hit single off the album is on all the radio stations too. It's called **Simple Sister**...they get more people after them here than over there in England. They're nothing special to the kids over there, just another rock n' roll band. Gary Brooker in a recent



FILLMORE NO MORE

It was announced last week that the Fillmore East will be closing down at the end of June. Bill

Graham is closing up shop and taking the last vestige of his glitter from Second Ave. The party is now officially over (it was ended long ago anyway). No more Fillmore. No more. And why? "Because it isn't fun anymore," said Kip Cohen, referring to the whole rock concert in general.

coulda told you that.

by REX WEINER

Our deadline is such that while you're reading this there's a whole lot going on D.C. that would naturally be the talk-topic but this piece isn't talking about it, mainly because it was written a week ago. And I'm sitting here at the EVO office late at night a week ago-thinking ahead to the day when this issue will be out and how this column will read, kind of juggling that time around in my head, finally suspending myself above that time so that I'll be able to tell you about this book I just finished reading.

BENEATH THE UNDERDOG (Knopf) is the best damn book I've read in two years. Subtitled "His World as Composed by Mingus," it is the book that Charles Mingus, has apparently been talking of writing all his life about his life.

The review copy came to my desk and I just casually opened it up, glancing thru; the next thing I knew I was totally immersed in one of the most exciting hunks of writing to ever be fed to my mind's teeth. A very rare book indeed that draws you in so suddenly and so heavily when you know as little about who he is as a person and also about the author as I did about Mingus.

Charles Mingus the great understand that the book is part

Watts who has played with the reader shares in just as much but actually goes on and and banjo with the ease of a greats such as Duke Ellington, as the author. So while Mingus on...like everything else. Everything else includes some super-market, just pulling them Charlie Parker, Thelonious stands there looking at all he has. The two of Monk, Miles Davis, who has been and done, we are allowed of the great music coming out of notes out of the air. The two of mad the many scenes that add to stand next to him catching the good ol' West Village scene them along with a lot of other up to the blues, gaining a the same view, digging all the these days. A really manic group S&S have with a lot of other reputation for being one crazy success. failings and that's been playing around presently unknown musicians fucker with a lot of stories self-contradictions of this (recently at Folk City) is playing around the place the passed around about his person.

Another interesting thing picture these two girls playing **HOLDING TOGETHER**. Just tourists call "Greenwich exploits. But his story, as told in this Mingus does is tell his story cellos dead-pan faced with a. Honest Bob, our witty film book, is essentially very sane, no mostly thru dialogue. A very gentle-looking electric-bass critic, took me to the movies last matter how wild Mingus tries to little narrative is interspersed player standing in the week and it's always an make it. It is the very sane story between great conversations that background, and this tall, lanky, experience to go to the movies maintain his own human self in sound as true as jazz with the buck-toothed freak singing and with Honest Bob, let me tell the face of a very dehumanizing like be-bop, swing like a trumpet they play is country with a city very first row each and every society. And tho it is the story Which makes the writing jump very center out front. The music manic insists on sitting in the solo. **What's this? motherfucker? twisted Stoned-spoof.** Kevin time. "Which is all right if you going to stop talking and start Michael is lead singer out front have lousy vision like Honest playing, instead of just Dadowho has this hilarious air of Bob does, but me, I got 20/20 or and Stan over there jacking trianht-faced-hick disdain for all at least I had before I started the "Laydeesangemmenen" out going to flicks with him. And

"Miles, you're so vulgar." there in the audience where then there's the popcorn. Honest "I want to hear Bird blow, you're sitting, cracking up at the Bob regards eating popcorn at not all this dumb-assight of this incredible group. movies like a Catholic regards conversation." But the music, though it sounds eating wafers at mass. He can't "So gone. One, two, one, simple, even off-hand, took a lot do without the salty buttery two, three, four."

"Yeah. Bird. Play, baby! Go, turn out. And they are good and throw fits on the floor in "Hooray!" good-slap-thigh music. What Honest Bob also has this habit of "Ladies and gentlemen, will Frank Zappa did for fifties rock, muttering curses in a Marxist you all shut up and just listen to Holding Together. does for vein when the movie he happens this motherfucker blowing!" country music. Catch them to be watching is a bad one. So The only other writer whose when and when you can if you're ever in a theater and style is comparable to Mingus' is (especially their outrageous you notice a guy sitting up in Kerouac, and he learned from number, "Kick 'em in the Balls, the front row with his eyes glued, to the screen shoveling popcorn the music that Mingus and his Steal his Gun and Run!") friends played and the talk that An interesting music scene into this face, muttering stuff they talked.

One of the themes playing time at a little place called Honest Bob, a damn fine writer, STEAK I wish and a filmmaker

everyday pop top 40 cut. He wrote this one too. It's all about the Beatles and since Ringo wrote it it must be the way he feels about their present situation. People will play it after they wear out the grooves on the hit side. Many will not understand, many will not care. Many will have their minds blown. After all, wasn't Ringo your favorite Beatle all along????????

SUMMER 1970

by RINGO STARR

*Lives on a farm got plenty of charm
Got not cows but sure got a whole lot of sheeo
A brand new wife and family
When he comes to town I wonder if he'll play with me
Layin on bed watchin' teewee, cocaine
with his mama by his side these Japanese
They screamed, they cried, now they're free
when he comes to town I know he'll play with me
He's a long haired crosslegged guitar player
His long haired lady in the garden picking daisies
for his soup
A 40 acre house he doesn't see
cause he's always in town playin with me
I play guitar
I don't play bass cause that's too hard for me
I play piano if its in C
When I go to town I hope they'll play with me
It sounds like the Beatles all four of them, Ringo's drums,
Paul's bass, John's piano and George's guitar, but then it
could be Ringo doing it all just to blow your mind.*

"Yeah, 4 years ago when everyone was all flower power and peace 'White Shade of Pale' was a world-wide hit. They loved it all over the place, it was just another record but it made people conscious of us as a musical group on the scene. People were much more sensible at that time. It seems now that in America the trend is to read things into the music. The people that listen to rock in Britain aren't more aware of the music than Americans, just the Americans read more into it. Most of the time they read things that aren't there into it too. We were lucky that we recorded a couple of hit singles because they were what we wanted to play. We never compromised our music and we won't start now...."

The screaming crowd was on their feet. They didn't want any compromise, just a lot of loud music to fill up their ears and flashing strobes to blink their eyes. Procol gave them what they came for. With the exception of their single hit of the album called Simple Sister all of the stuff was never heard before. It was the Friday night early show and they were going to be performing most of the stuff for the first time. . . most groups that come to the big time have two kinds of songs in their repertory, the old stuff off their records and the new stuff from the forthcoming album. They played both. Everyone loved them, all of the new material received the same, insane

A lot of people wondered why Ringo went to Nashville to cut an album. It's pretty easy to figure out from the sound of the second side of his new single. George produced the first side and it sounds like it but there on the second side, the b side the one that'll never make it to the radio music much less sell a million copies is Nashville as played by the world's most loved rock 'n' roll drummer Ringo Starr. Electric Bottle neck slide guitar and riffs that Carl Perkins would be proud of.

GODDARD-RIVERSIDE COMMUNITY CENTER
WILL PRESENT THE ANTHONY COLEMAN
SEXTET, IN A CONCERT OF TRADITIONAL AND
MODERN JAZZ. ANTHONY COLEMAN - PIANO;
DORY DEQUATRO - TRUMPET; MATHÉW
ROSENBLOOM - ALTO SAX; JOEL PERRY -
GUITAR; FRANCHISCO CENTERRO - BASS; PAUL
KIM BAROW - DRUMS.

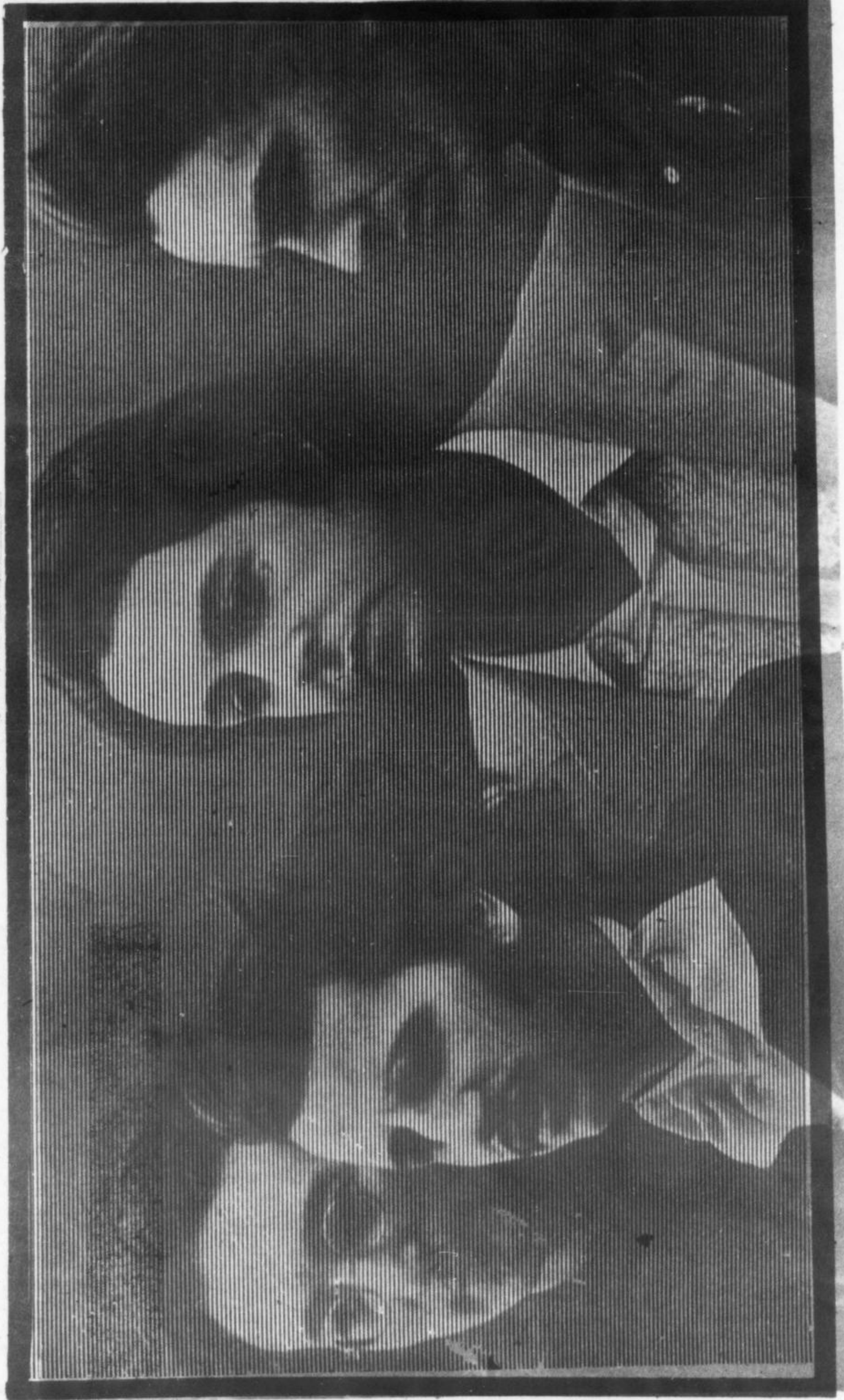
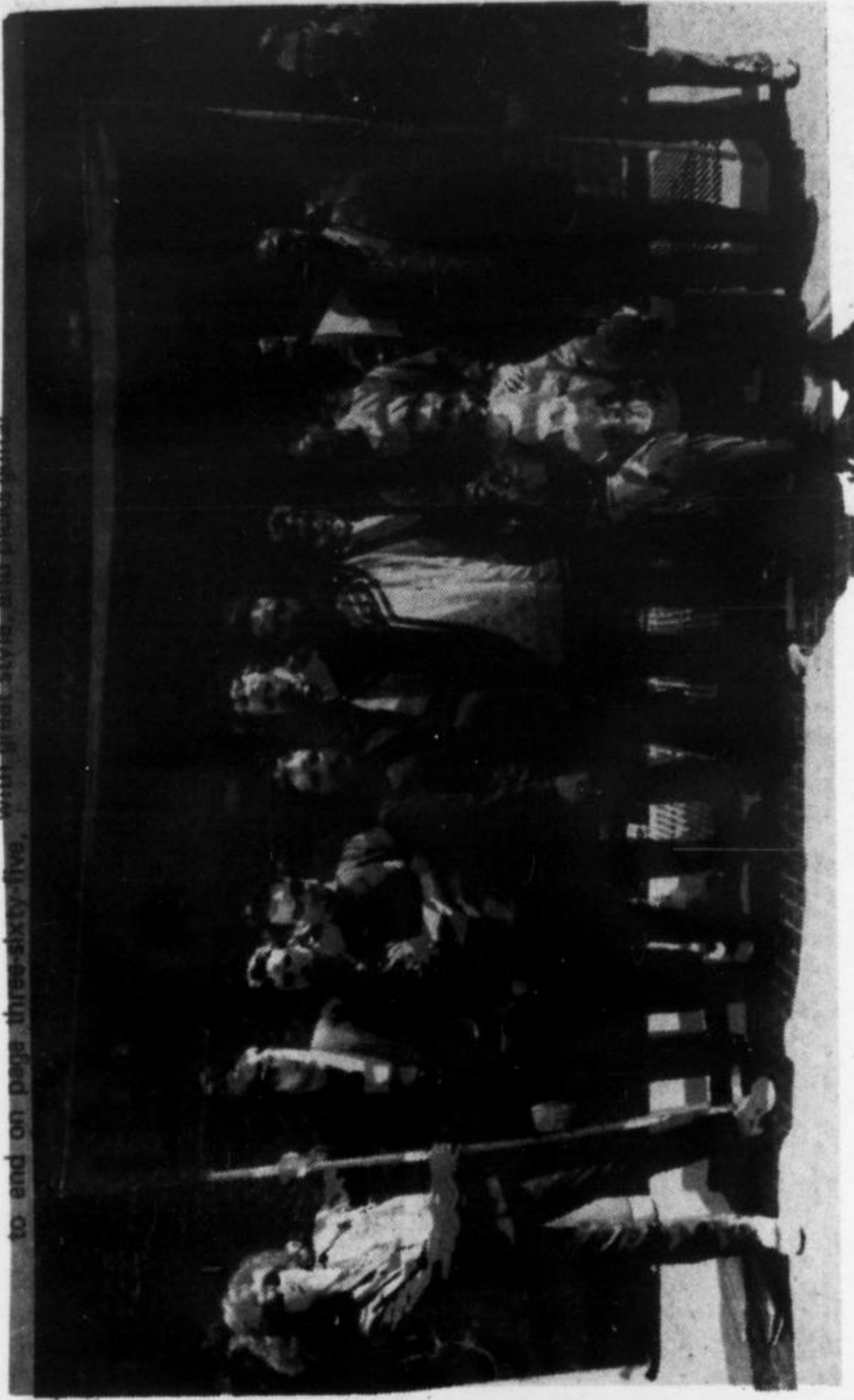
THE CONCERT WILL TAKE PLACE ON SUNDAY,
MAY 9, AT 3 P.M., IN THE GODDARD-RIVERSIDE
COMMUNITY CENTER AUDITORIUM, 647
COLUMBUS AVENUE. ADMISSION IS FREE.

Charan and bassist, the great understanding that the book is part of jazzman and bassist, is a black of a very human process; that of man born forty-nine years ago in personal introspection, which

thru this book is the fascist theft (unexcitingly enough) STEAK I might add, and a filmfreak of the Black American's music: N' STEIN. On the corner of extraordinary (fourteen flicks in jazz. Mingus listens to his Thompson Street and West 3rd, one day he saw, that must be friends, Fats Navarro tell just down from Washington some kind of crazy record!

it: "Mingus, you a nice guy Square Park, this former burger from California, I don't want to joint may look undistinguished disillusian you. But I been on the outside, kind of flakey on through all that schitt. . . Jazz the inside, but the music that ain't supposed to make nobody happens there is, at times, a joy no millions but that's where it's to experience. I say "at times", at. Them that shouldn't is raki it because it's hard to pin down in but the purest are out in the exactly when you'r gonna during the devastating Sumarai story legend about simple people wars in feudal Japan. The Bijou is showing a series of really fine Japanese films now thru May 20,

in there's some lead-voiced dude or girl banging guitar and laying clouds of boredom on the few including some really good note in this piece and the who are too polite to leave. melody played around that concerns Women. Mingus has the little platform is there and quite a reputation for being a great one with the women, writes of how he once balled twenty-three Mexican whores in one night, and he's always getting the most beautiful women around. But despite the fact that he did a little weekend recently and frequent pimping, juggled women around like ten-pins, Mingus constantly rejected resorting to the outright degradation of women that some of his friends were into. Love is all he wanted. Mingus maintains, and he certainly couldn't help the fact that women threw themselves at him with all kinds of nonsense and demands. That's Mingus and Mingus' book, which is great and seems to end on page three about the with great style and picky guitar.



HONEST FORTY SE STREET

It is in the nature of the aging swain, male of the species, besot with beer, baseball, radlibs and blabbermouth wives, to sit in senile rapture and cast the eye of experience over the tarnished triumphs of the past, refurbishing them with nostalgic lustre. In perpetual need of visual aids he is quick to seek out the popular films and fictions and public fancies of his bygone prime. And here Hollywood stands ready to fill out the sunset years with hours of simple mental exercise, adding into the bargain the somber guise of art to cover these orgies of doddering.

on the dangers of "marijuana smokers" to the cause. He shared with the group his special message from "you know who" to save all these unfortunate, misdirected, degenerate pot smokers from the peril of punishment they face for overlooking the commandment — thou shalt not have any other Gods before me. Answered by a flock full of "Praise be to Jesus," and "Hallelujah's," he carried his condemnation a step further. It seems there existed a restaurant called The Coming of the Lord run by those "unfortunate sinners, homosexuals," who interpreted the name of the place in a more *ejacular* form than practised by Christians. As I tried to silence my hysteria, I found all eyes of the group upon me, and with the mention of the group leader of there being some still "unsaved" among them, I straightened myself out and was ready to exit. But just as I was nearing the door I heard an announcement that Devotion was about to start and being in my unsaved state I decided to stay.

Psalters, which are the psalms set to music, were passed out and the group, now quite larger (as I had been expecting, a few long-hairs had now joined the group, contributing the God they found through Acid) was told that in between songs they were invited to share with the others any of the scriptures they chose. Starting out with (by Raymond's request) "Jesus is a walking and a jumping in my heart," I soon found out why the group leader, Rob, was the group leader — he had the best voice! He also had this tremendous obsession to witness some real fired performances within his own group, egging them on constantly to jump up and down, slap their knees or do whatever else I assumed he considered a demonstration of their fervor. To his dismay the group was hardly able to keep in tune much less add any choreography. But he gleamed at the fact that at the end of every song a chorus of "Praise Be to Jesus's," were spouted in unison. The passages read from the scriptures were all vaguely familiar to me — the Beatitudes, Corinthians and even a few from the original tripper — Revelations by John. There was no explanation made after any of them were read but everyone seemed to acknowledge the message of the reader with yet another chorus of "Praise be to Jesus's". Just when I was really getting bored with these Bible-carrying psalm-singing, drug-downing, sin-scolding bunch of Neo-Calvinists, my interest was re-ignited.

One of the groups suggested it was time for prayer. This I took as a wise decision after their singing, so I bowed my head to observe the moments of silence. Not a single Hail Mary had passed my lips before the silence was broken by Raymond in a palintive chant to Jesus — "Please help me rid the world of those undesirable Homosexuals. Please Lord give me the strength not to hit them again. Please aid me in destroying their gay church. Please direct me how to bring to punishment all those among us who are smoking marijuana instead of worshipping you." And then the topper, "Please help me make money to do your work." The others seemed quite undisturbed by his dollar-sign outburst and carried on making their own individual pleas. The group leader though, responded quickly as he realized the impression this might make on the outsiders (or unsaved) at the gathering. He stood up as a signal to the others that prayer was over and fingered his way through the psalter for a final song — a great job of silencing. Another chorus of "Praise be to Jesus's," and the Devotion was over.

As I made my way west on St. Mark's Place I carried with me a fear, far different from the one of junkies that had driven me into the Livingroom. The fear of fanaticism spouting in the name of Christianity, the fear of a search for power demonstrated through self-righteousness taking hold in my own age group (strongly resembling the same finger-pointing as that displayed by Agnew) in the name of Jesus. Another divide, another split in our unity in the name of Love. And not too far in the future — more willing martyrs!

30-30-30



THE
DEVIL
MADE
ME
DO
IT by LYNDA CRAWFORD

While taking an evening stroll down the picturesque St. Mark's Place, if you manage to reach the block between First Avenue and Avenue A with body and/or wallet still intact and as the sound of close-following footsteps is sending shivers through every nerve of your now paranoid being, and you sight three very suspicious looking characters with strange shiny objects in their hands who seem to be closing in on you with not a cop in sight or even a hippie, and just then you see a well lit store front called "The Livingroom" with the words "JESUS SAVES" on the door, you might just go in. Once inside, however, as your heart beat ceases to ring in your ears and you slowly manage to unclench your fist from your nail file, you begin to realize that the place you are in is far

from just a rest stop and that these 12 or so super-sweet-looking Jesus apostles are not here to save you from the junkies but rather from the devil. Now me being in just this situation not too long ago and being a Good Christian Girl, I figured I'd have nothing to fear from their sacred seance and so I decided to stay awhile and get acquainted.

After helping myself to a free peanut butter & jelly sandwich and a few cups of coffee, I found out this particular group was one of many being run by Teen Challenge whose main efforts seem to be devoted to spreading the Jesus Movement, no already very much on its way. I saw down feeling a little bit on the uncomfortable side and eavesdropped on the surrounding conversations. The group was made up of kids

between the ages of 18 and 25, strongly resembling a reunion of Peanut Gallerites from the 50's. The girls, all with their Ruby Keeler, Breck shampoo hairstyles and the guys could easily have been stand-ins for any Andy Hardy movie. I was still very much in shock from the chick who served me the coffee singing "I'm a walkin' and a Jumpin' with Jesus," but I had no idea what was yet to come. The conversations reminded me of my eighth grade in a very Catholic school, ranging from a guy discussing a girl he wouldn't go out with because she wasn't Christian (change that to my fifth grade) and another bible carrying youth declaring his vocation was to rid the streets of the evil running rampant. My ears really opened up when this same guy, name of Raymond, went into a twenty minute spiel

BOBS COND

And bounding over the geriatric threshold comes Richard Mulligan's *Summer of 42* a picture of such pretentious sententious and tendentious dimensions that it is hard not to imagine a stately robed Grecian Muse of Cinema being groped by a profusion of scaly rotting chickenshit hands somewhere... as a vision of life, written produced and directed by fools, full of sound and fury signifying nothing, *Summer of 42* is the kind of movie that asks What is Life? and with the straightfaced tightassed fatuous mien of coming of middle age in America answers Life is a magazine. And because to believe and live by such a spiritual tenet as that as these swains do is such a degradation of humanity, this film is a self satisfied product of turds and *salauds* that fills the viewer with alternate derision and loathing. Me for a merry paranoid John Wayne Grand Guignol any day. At least it's pure.

Summer of 42 is about the blooming puberty of Hermie, Oscar and Benjie, three problematic chums on Cape Cod in the fateful aforesaid year of our Lord. They drool over their parents' sex manuals, buy contraceptives from a credulous druggist, give each other dumb advice and otherwise run through the tricks historically practice by the humorously inept American Adolescent stereotype. These scenes are passably amusing but this value depreciates somewhat in the face of the totality crystallized by the wartlike and boring ending. Jennifer O'Neill, as a war bride who receives The Letter from the War Department, gets drunk and lays Hermie for no reason at all. That is, he's not particularly attractive (although compared to the burgeoning cretinism of Oscar and Benjie he is somewhat

inexplicably Strong and Silent), and there's no evident reason why she's so oppressively horny (Garbo, after all, suffered the demises of innumerable lovers without putting the make on Freddy Bartholemew), no there's no character motivation, Mulligan's commercial need to cop *The Graduate's* lucrative older woman business to bring the picture to an end (there's no plot to speak of), and then to top all that off with a lousy imitation of the last beautiful long shot of the beach in *Last Summer*, while Hermie's grown-up voice tells us that "after the summer of '42, things were never the same again" — and if voices tell us anything I'd say they never were the same for Hermie, too, who sounds as gay as Everett Dirksen or HAL 9000 ever did. An irony I doubt Mulligan intended.

Summer of 42 is so flat and uninspired as sexual art that it is too ugly to be erotica and too unexciting to be porn, save in the cosmic sense. For what Mulligan has done in removing both sensuality and metaphysic from the act has been to localize the center of our interest in sex in his dubious comedy, comedy of a sophistication better left to Beaver and Wally and satirists of similar bite. By the end Mr. Average Viewer is ready for everything including standing in awe of what he gets, which is nothing, nothing but a vague apocalyptic feeling that Innocence has been Lost, whatever that means. By this time we are moving in the stratosphere of sterility, that touches sex and intellect alike. Like Middle America, it's so clean it's obscene. (Incidentally, speaking of production values, this is not the first film I've seen lately that wallows in pseudosex to the exclusion of interpersonal emotions, love among others. Who needs Antonioni?)

Mulligan's film is ugly. His only stylistic devices are lousy arty shots of Cape Cod. All the cosmic scenes are shot a flat, stagey way, the sex is rather plainly uninviting, albeit Jennifer O'Neill is a fetching artifice of femininity. Mulligan's

vision of our sexual experience — for he aspires to a mass nostalgia — is revealing only as the flip side of the Middle American nightmare documented in *Making It*, the young hip stu who gets laid, defies the Establishment from here to Tuesday, and gets his comeuppance when he has to assist in an abortion, which to judge by the film is the modern middleclass equivalent of hellfire. (I'll come to your abortion if you'll come to mine) but apart from all this morbid shit, compare *Summer of 42* with the sublime and poetic Czech film *Closely Watched Trains*. A typical naive youth humor line from *Summer* goes "Duh, lemme have 12 dozen contraceptives please." But *Train's* jokes aren't even lines, they're a part of a whole visual universe where sex is not a gargoyle but the essence of a state of being to which all the beautiful images point, and which points back at the reality. The profundity involved in distancing our amusement at the young man's impotence being cured by the revolution is one of the great understated triumphs of radical cinema. The fact that Mulligan's film is connected with American myths (hell, with our fucking foreign policy) is reflected by the way no character ever doubts himself, all conflicts reside in breaking down the barriers to the individual (imperialist) will. And despite fine acting and grace and beauty *sui generis*, Jennifer O'Neill, unmotivated and manipulated, is to Richard Mulligan and the collective unconscious of straight America what Thieu and Ky are to Nixon and Howdy Doody is to Buffalo Bob. Sexual politics, forsooth.

BIJOU CINEMA HYPE

But I'm not going to do any more free autopsies while there's still a piece of Heaven on Earth, namely the Bijou Theatre, whose labors of love in screening weeks of miles of reels of sundry esoteric and hitherto treated as at best marginally profitable films has paid off in a loving clientele that may be seen stretching around the corner of 45 St. onto Broadway waiting to get in. When they

do get in, they rush for seats like rats scurrying to abandon a sinking ship. It warms the heart. Such fandom seems above and beyond the call of duty. And what, all things considered, is finer than a movie freaks hard day of rushing from the Elgin to the Thalia to the New Yorker to 42 Street capped off with a relaxing 3-feature midnight special at the Bijou? Nor are the sparkling lemonade and the freshest saltiest popcorn in Manhattan, provided with minimal cost by a management with the creature comforts of the film-going animal near and dear to the part to be overlooked. Truly an oasis of genteel *divertissement*, is the Bijou.

Now playing, or about to be, is Kaneto Shindo's horror masterpiece, *Onibaba* (*The Hole*), a folklorish tale that creates a chilling ambiguous tension of sex, jealousy and stark bloody macabre. Set in caves, huts and a vast field of tall swamp grass in medieval Japan, it is the story of two peasant women (mother and daughter-in-law) who kill off wandering wounded samurai and sell their armor for rice, disposing and throwing their bodies into a deep pit. Hachi, the friend of their son and husband, returns from the feudal war and seduces the wife. The mother climbs into the pit to take a demonic mask from a samurai general, and uses it to scare her daughter-in-law back to her. Finally it sticks to her face and comes off only to reveal her rotting flesh.

With the bizarre mask and the inexplicable hole in the middle of the plain of grass as symbols of the subconscious, and a moody texture supplied by the eerie, reedy tall grass and the murdered samurai and horrifying moments as when the dying general grabs the mother's leg in the pig, Kaneto builds a perfect environment of fear, ameliorated with shots of the lovers running in the grass to moments of magical sex. It's a sort of frightening metaphor for Avenue D. A beautiful flick. At the Bijou, natch.

(Continued on Page 23)





BY JACKIE FREIDRICH

Defense attorney Bill Crain gave his summation, saying that he would talk about a man whose name the jury may have forgotten by now, his client, Ali Bey Hassan. Bill added that the prosecution is hoping that the jury would forget that these defendants are living, breathing, human beings, with homes and families, and instead, think of them only as names listed on an indictment.

Bill said that he and his client, Ali Bey Hassan, had waited through some 60 prosecution witnesses to hear any proof that defendant Hassan played any part in the crimes charged in this indictment. Crain said that a conspiracy had unraveled before the eyes of the jury, but that they had only seen the tip of the iceberg — which began with snips of overheard conversations, reported by agents, which were then orchestrated into a plot by the district attorney. Underneath this tip of the iceberg, Bill said, was the largest spy network in New York. And all the while BOSS remained cloaked in a veil of anonymity, while young black and white women and men ran around New York to do the dirty work of the higher ups, breaking bread with people from day to day, and then making daily reports on those people. Bill added that history has shown that rich people have always paid poor people, whom they have oppressed, to spy on other poor people who are fighting for their freedom. Bill reminded the jury of the recent exposure of the stolen FBI file concerning infiltrators joining and reporting on all Black Student activities, when he pointed out that the white ruling class has always had a fear of black people meeting together, especially young black people.

Bill then asked why it was that the district attorney wanted Ali Bey Hassan behind bars. Because Hassan was a bomber or an arsonist? No, Bill said, but because, as stated by one of the infiltrators, Det. Ralph White, Hassan was a hard working, political-minded human being.

Det. White was the section leader

of the section that Hassan was a member of and White, who testified that his section members confided in him and looked to him for guidance, said that Ali Bey Hassan had worked in such areas as school decentralization.

Bill then said that if Ali Bey Hassan had been tried alone, the trial would have lasted only a few days, and the jury would have had to deliberate for a few minutes before they came back with a verdict of *not guilty*. Bill added that that was true of all the defendants here, and that was why there were conspiracy charges.

Bill then went into what little evidence there was concerning Ali Bey Hassan. On Jan. 13, 1969, Hassan was present at a party where defendant Kwando Kinshasa asked Det. Gene Roberts if he could borrow his drivers license. The indictment states that Kinshasa, Hassan and others then went to recon the 44th precinct. Roberts testified that Kinshasa and Hassan were gone for an hour, which would leave no time for any recon, if the two men did, indeed go to the 44th precinct.

On Jan. 16, 1969 Det. Roberts got a call to go to the apartment of a woman named Afrikana, who was being evicted. There he saw Ali Bey Hassan, other Panthers and a group of policemen. Afterwards they returned to Panther headquarters where they discussed the fact that eviction might have been a police set-up.

Patrolman Ashwood said that Ali Bey Hassan received four boxes of bullet shells on that night and left Panther headquarters with them. However, Det. Roberts, who was on office duty on that night, never reported having seen Hassan leave the office and said that he saw Hassan put the boxes of shells on a shelf.

Bill said that the prosecution hopes the jury will assume the defendants are guilty because of ambiguous circumstances. For instance, Patrolman Ashwood testified that on Jan. 16, 1969 there was a "private meeting" going on, and he quoted defendant Dharuba as having said those meetings were only for "trusted brothers." Det. Roberts

who was also at Panther headquarters on that night reported no such private meeting. When Patrolman Ashwood was asked why he thought those meetings were private, the agent replied that it was because certain people went to defendant Lumumba Shakur's apartment after a political education class without inviting everyone who had attended that class. Ashwood attempted to find out what happened at that so-called private meeting. Bill then said that the D.A. was trying to infer that Hassan was guilty by referring to two dates, Jan. 18 and 24 of 1969, when Hassan allegedly spoke about informers in the BPP. However, Det. Roberts said that the subject of informers was discussed virtually every day and was one of the most common topics of conversation in the BPP. But, Bill said, the D.A. selected those two particular days in order to infer guilt, as those days fall shortly after the alleged Jan. 17th plot.

In his opening statement, the D.A. said that Ali Bey Hassan had made a confession of guilt as to the bombing of the 44th precinct on Jan. 17, 1969. Bill said that he had listened carefully to all of the testimony, finding nothing, so had decided that the D.A. must be referring to a conversation where Hassan asked defendant Katarra for a match and Katarra laughed and said it reminded him of the time he had asked defendant Kinchasa for a match, to which Kinshasa allegedly replied he had only one match and that was for the "stuff." Det. Roberts, *himself*, said that he didn't know whether or not to take that conversation seriously, as it was being treated as a joke, so Bill asked, how could the jury be expected to take it seriously?

On the night of the alleged Jan. 17th plot, Det. Roberts, who was on office duty at Panther headquarters from 6:30-9:30 p.m., said that he saw Hassan there and did not see him leave. Det. Roberts was relieved from office duty at 9:30 p.m. by Laumba and Afeni Shakur. Later that night, Patrolman Ashwood reported seeing Hassan and the Shakurs come into Rockland Palace together.

And that is all of the evidence in respect to Ali Bey Hassan except for March 27th, when Det. Roberts said that he and Hassan were assigned to get charcoal. Roberts then reported that he saw two sacks of charcoal in Hassan's closet. The inference here is that the charcoal was to be used in the so-called Easter Plot. However, four days later, when Hassan was arrested, the police took two suitcases full of posters and literature from his apartment, but they found *no* charcoal.

Bill then said that one thing was clear, that no one had the foggiest idea *who* did any of the crimes spoken about in this case. Bill asked why there had been no stake-outs or surveillances, either at Panther Headquarters or at the various precincts, since the Bureau of Special Services supposedly had all the information they needed for at least a week before Jan. 17th. Bill said that was because the prosecution did not want direct corroboration, but wanted only police witnesses, testifying to snips of conversations and personal assumptions.

Bill concluded his summation by saying that the D.A. would ask the jury to make the same assumptions that the police witnesses have made; that the Bureau of Special Services have made, while Ali Bey Hassan asks only that the jury weigh the evidence against him.

Monday April 26

Defense Attorney Carol Lefcourt, who is representing Walter Johnson, a/k/a Baba Odinga, began her summation by saying that all of the testimony concerning Baba had to do with his having been present at various meetings and rallies and the alleged "reconning" of certain department stores with Det. Gene Roberts. During those so-called recons, the two men, so Roberts conceded, looked at gloves, cameras, toys and leather jackets, taking no notes and making no diagrams.

Carol pointed out that phrases like "off the pig" are just rhetoric and do not amount to a conspiracy. She added that membership in the BPP is supposed to be protected by the

Constitution. "You're not supposed to be arrested for being in the Black Panther Party."

Carol concluded her summation by saying, "There is no evidence — nothing — that he (Baba) ever committed any act or damaged property."

Defense Attorney Bob Bloom began his summation by saying that this case is about a conflict between two forces represented here in this courtroom. One force being the defendants, who have in common their being black, young and dedicated to eliminating the evil done to black people in this country. The background of this case, Bob said, goes far beyond the indictment and he brought up the other side in this conflict — that being "John Mitchell and his charming wife, Spiro Agnew, J. Edgar Hoover and many others." And what they have in common, Bob said, is their fear of a unified Black community in Amerika. The tools that this side has, Bob said, include a police force in New York some 30,000 strong, and the office of the District Attorney, whose power extends as far as having been able to select the judge in this case. At this point Judge Murtagh, who had been interrupting Bob all morning, called for a brief recess. Murtagh then informed Bloom that he would be held accountable for his behaviour at a later date.

Bob continued by briefly describing the two different groups of witnesses: the first group, he said, were the ordinary people like Det. Coffey, who had been unusually forthright, felt it was their "duty to common decency to see that the BPP was eliminated." Bob moved on to the second group of witnesses, the infiltrators, who spent from 8 to 10 months living a lie from day to day.

Bob pointed out that each one of the defendants pleads *not guilty* to each and every one of the counts and asked the jury to consider the amount of time that BOSS had put into this case which would motivate them to make arrests *no matter what they found*.

Bob, who represents defendants Robert Collier, Curtis Powell, and Alex McKiever, a/k/a Katarra, proceeded to examine the testimony concerning Collier, who was the director of the Thompkins Square Community Center before his arrest.

The first mention of Collier by any witness in this case, came from Det. McDonnell, who had been on the team to arrest Collier. Three pipes and four pieces of tubing were seized at the time of the arrest and labelled "bombs." A subsequent defense witness, Colin Connelly, had testified that he had assisted in the making of a shower at Collier's apartment and that those pipes were the leftovers from that project. Bob noted that the D.A., when cross-examining Connelly, failed to ask him about the making of the shower.

The next object allegedly seized from Collier's apartment was a red can containing gun powder. The one prosecution witness to testify about this red can, Det. McDonnell, said that when he first arrested Collier, he had cuffed him in the back, and then later, when Collier asked to get dressed, re cuffed him in the front. Then at 5:30 McDonnell said, Collier handed him the red can which had been sitting on a shelf in the bathroom. However, when Det. Wheaton was brought to the stand by the defense, he testified that at 5:15 he saw Collier seated, not dressed, cuffed in the back, and a Detective standing near him, holding the red can.

Bob then asked — who is telling the truth, McDonnell or Wheaton? As McDonnell said, they knocked on Collier's door for several minutes after having announced who they were, so if Collier did have that red can full of gun powder, wouldn't he have hidden or tried to get rid of it? And, if that can were really there on the bathroom shelf, wouldn't at least one of a team of 6 police officers have found it in their search of the apartment, rather than waiting for Collier to lead them to it? Bob asked the jury to consider that that can was *not* in Collier's apartment before the police came, but was there after the arrival of the police. Bob added that if there is not at least a reasonable

doubt in regards to that can, then reasonable doubt has no meaning.

Bob then moved on to the testimony of the undercover agents in respect to Bob Collier. The first infiltrator to take the stand and the only one to testify as to the alleged Easter Plot, did not mention Collier's name once except when called upon to identify him in court. Then Det. Ralph White took the stand, mentioning Collier in his testimony as to Jan. 16, 19, 24 and Feb. 5.

In his direct examination, Det. White said that on Jan. 16, 1969, he spoke to defendant Curtis Powell who told him that he and Collier were going to "do something that night," to which White, with his infiltrator's mind, responded "Be careful." Then during cross examination, White admitted that he received a call from Collier and Powell two hours later. They called White concerning some leaflets on school decentralization that they had been preparing.

White testified that on Jan. 19, 1969, he went to John Wilson's apartment where Collier said that a rifle, belonging to him, had been found on the Harlem River Drive, that his fingerprints might be on it, and that he needed a place to hide out. Not only did that not appear in White's reports for that day, but when John Wilson took the stand, he said that it had been White who was looking for a place to hide out because he said that he had been involved in the bombing of a precinct in the Bronx, that the dynamite hadn't worked, that the police were after him, and that a rifle found on the Harlem River Drive belonged to Harold Avant. Collier then said that they should warn Avant and find White a place to hide. When D.A. Phillips cross-examined Wilson, he significantly asked him nothing about what happened on Jan. 19, 1969.

Bob then asked, "Where are the other agents?" Ralph White's code name was W6 - Bob suggested that W1, W2, W3, 4, 5, - ? might be at the juror's various places of employment.

White testified that on Jan. 24, 1969, Collier had said that he was assuming responsibility for the BPP. Bob pointed out that the only thing sinister about this is what the D.A. thinks about the Panther Party. As White testified, Collier spoke only about community work on that date.

White said that he received a call from Curtis Powell on Feb. 5, 1969, who asked White to bring defendant Michael Tabor down to the Tompkins Square Community Center because they were getting a statement from a man named Richard Brown. When White returned the phone call, he was told that Brown had walked out, they couldn't hold him.

Patrolman Ashwood, the fourth infiltrator to take the stand *did not mention Collier's name once*. And when Lester Eggleston, the third infiltrator, took the stand, he testified as to one date, Jan. 4, 1969, when Collier spoke at a public meeting at Long Island University. Collier spoke about getting an electric stencil to make up phoney police orders, and phoning in false demonstration sites to divert police from real demonstration sites. Bob asked the jury, "isn't that a long way from blowing up precincts?" Bob added that the fact that the prosecution put Eggleston on the stand, was a sad commentary on how they had to search and grope for evidence against Collier.

Richard Brown was the last prosecution witness to mention Collier. He testified that in Feb. or March of 1969, Collier along with others, took him and Roland Hayes to an apartment where, Hayes was questioned about having brought dynamite into the BPP.

According to Det. White, he, Collier and Curtis Powell were in charge of checking out spies in the BPP. And, as the evidence supports, spies were a major issue in the BPP. So, Bob pointed out, it would stand to reason that Collier would be the one to question Hayes, who had confessed to having been a police informer. Richard Brown, when on the stand, admitted that he could not remember if Collier had been mad at Hayes for bringing bad dynamite or

bringing dynamite all into the BPP, and said that Hayes told Collier that he had been asked to bring the dynamite into the BPP by a man named Gordon Cook. Bob then asked, "Who is Gordon Cook?" An agent? Who is bringing dynamite into the BPP?"

Richard Brown also testified that he and Hayes were given a ride home by Collier. And Hayes, at a later date, went to ask Collier to give him back the statement he had made. Obviously, Bob pointed out, Hayes was not afraid of Collier, or that Collier would hurt him.

And that was all the evidence against Robert Collier. Bob asked how Collier could have even been indicted by the Grand Jury, specially since the Grand Jury had no knowledge of the Richard Brown incident or of those things allegedly and/or subsequently seized in Collier's apartment. Obviously, Bob said, BOSS saw an important person in the BPP and on the Lower East side, so Boss, who fears a united Black community, wanted Collier and wanted something to stick on him.

Tuesday April 27

Bob Bloom continued his summation by concentrating on the testimony concerning his two remaining clients, Dr. Curtis Powell and Katarra.

Out of four infiltrators to take the stand, only one made any significant mention of Curtis and that was Det. Ralph White, whose testimony concerning Powell was much the same as his testimony concerning Bob Collier. White's testimony about Curtis consisted of snips of conversations on about four different dates. (As to Jan. 16, 1969 see Collier/Monday). Another date was Jan. 30 1969, when Powell allegedly said that Roland Hayes, an FBI informer, might have to be "iced."

The overt act attributed to Powell, which got him into this so-called conspiracy, was that on that date, Jan. 30, 1969, he had told others that certain persons should be killed in New York County. That, ostensibly, is why Dr. Curtis Powell is on trial here, however, under cross examination, Det. White conceded that Powell had said that Roland Hayes might be valuable as a doubt agent, to get information from the FBI, that if they could get Hayes to sign a statement they could file a suit against the FBI for invasion of privacy. Bob Bloom then asked, "Where is Roland Hayes? Why wasn't he produced by the prosecution?"

Bob then pointed out that the prosecution had neglected to ask Det. White about the many times he had met with Powell when they discussed and worked on school decentralization at various rallies and meetings with the Union of Concerned Parents. And on Jan. 18, 1969, the day after the explosion at the 44th precinct and the alleged shoot-out on the Harlem River Drive, White said that he saw Dr. Powell in his lab at the Delafield Institute for Cancer Research, where Powell again started discussing the school issue and talked about producing a record with Art Blakey and statements of Huey P. Newton. Bob pointed out that the D.A. is trying to tell the jury that Powell was a criminal because he was trying to change the plight of black people in this country.

Bob then said that perhaps the most eloquent testimony in regards to Powell's innocence came when Det. White admitted that he had received instructions from BOSS late in March 1969 to try and become more involved in the Harlem Branch of the BPP instead of "hanging around with Curtis Powell so much."

The team of officers who arrested Dr. Powell seized several jars of chemicals, some of which contained rat urine used in cancer research, and not in the making of bombs. The other chemicals, which the prosecution has stated would be used in the making of bombs, were deemed standard research chemicals, kept in the homes of many scientists by a representative of a chemical corporation who had testified some months ago.

The state's case against Alex McKiever, a/k/a Katarra, who was 18

years old at the time of his arrest, consists mostly of McKiever's having been present at certain meetings and allegedly having made certain statements. Bob Bloom pointed out that the evidence tended to show that Katarra had *missed* many more meetings that he was supposed to go to than he had attended and Bob proceeded to explore the absurdity of the several snips of conversations attributed to Katarra:

There were three such alleged conversations - two of them reported by Det. Gene Roberts. The first of those, the match conversation/Hassan "confession" Det. Roberts conceded that he, himself, did not know whether to take seriously. The second of those two conversations occurred under rather strange circumstances. On March 19, 1969 Det. Roberts called Katarra and told him they were to survey a railroad yard together. Roberts proceeded to go to Katarra's apartment and take him to the railroad yard. Under cross examination, Det. Roberts admitted that Katarra would never have gone to that railroad yard if it were not for the fact that Roberts had taken him there. It was at that railroad yard that McKiever allegedly made a statement, which, if believed, might implicate him in the alleged bombing of the 44th precinct (although it contained "information" contradictory to the "match" conversation - which would tend to render them both dubious anyway). However, also at the railroad yard was one Det. Genoure, who was supposedly there for surveillance. Bob pointed out that Det. Genoure was an electronics expert, whose usual job was monitoring tapes from tape devices worn by the infiltrators - so why would he have been sent out on a routine surveillance? No, Bob said, Roberts was probably wired for sound on that date. Bob then asked, "Where are those tapes? Where is the direct corroboration of that conversation?" Bob then suggested that perhaps that was why police witnesses made sure that the defendants were only talking to them - to avoid all too embarrassing contradictions.

The third alleged conversation was reported by Patrolman Carols Ashwood. Those statements, too, if believed, might be incriminating, connecting Katarra to the bombing of the 44th precinct on Jan. 17, 1969. However, Ashwood testified that those statements were made at around 10PM on the night of Jan. 17 after Katarra had come into Rockland Palace. While Det. Roberts who was on office duty at Panther headquarters earlier that night, reported that Katarra left the office at 7:30 with Ashwood, and that they were going to Rockland Palace.

Bob then demonstrated the absurdities of the statement by itself and the subsequent behavior of Patrolman Ashwood, who, instead of immediately notifying BOSS as to this so-called information, said he went to the apartment of a Panther woman and helped her *clean her guns*. From there, Ashwood said that he went home, went to sleep and called BOSS at his regular time the next morning. On the following day, Ashwood, with the permission of BOSS, took the day off.

Bob asked, "Could anything have really happened if they let him take the day off?" Bob then proceeded to explore the inconsistencies in Patrolman Ashwood's entire testimony, by itself and in relation to the testimony of the other infiltrators.

FOLLIES cont.

Bob then asked, concerning all of the defendants, "Are these people criminals or victims?" Bob reminded the jury of the conflict represented here in this courtroom, an indication of which is the difficulty the D.A. appears to have in accepting the fact that Dr. Curtis Powell has a PHD and was working in cancer research.

Bob then asked the jury to consider the amount of time and money BOSS has put into this case, making them want to come out with something.

Bob concluded his summation by saying to the jury that while deliberating, the answer lies with their consciences and he asked them to take their places in "the history of freedom."

Wednesday, April 28

Defense Attorney Jerry Lefcourt, who represents Lamumba Shakur and Richard Dharuba Moore began his summation by asking the jury to keep in mind the unreliability of testimony given by police infiltrators. Jerry repeated some of the statements made in his opening to the jury concerning the mind of an infiltrator, which needs a plot in the same way that a private eye needs an adulterer or an adulteress; a mind that needs to find organizational guilt rather than individual guilt; a mind selective in what it hears and selective in the inferences it draws.

Jerry said that he would like to look more closely at the personality of one witness in this case - that being Det. Ralph White. As an infiltrator in the BPP, White led a rather schizophrenic life. As director of the Elsmere Tenant's Council where he employed other Panthers and as section leader of the Bronx Chapter where he taught and gave guidance to the defendants here on trial, White became involved in the "first meaningful community work in his life," as part of his Panther activities. White then had to select snips of conversations to put in his daily reports and distort those quotes, giving them insidious connotations, to justify what he was doing. There were times, while on the witness stand, that Det. White said that he had taken days off because he was "tired of playing the whole game."

Jerry then proceeded to describe a number of irrational things that Det. White did and said, such as sleeping with the wives of several of the defendants, (surely not the way to gain their confidence) and telling people that he shot dogs, beat women, mugged people - "in order to protect his cover."

Jerry then pointed out some of the discrepancies in White's testimony in this court when compared to his Grand Jury testimony. For instance, before the Grand Jury White said that he went to see "The Battle of Algiers," which his political education class, and that Lamumba Shakur, along with thirty other Panthers, were in the theatre. In this court, however, White said that he went to see "The Battle of Algiers" alone and that there were no other Panthers there not even Lamumba Shakur.

Guessing at a date, because none of this appeared in White's reports, Det. White said that on Jan. 9 1969, he had been shooting at table tops in the Elsmere Tenant's Council to vent his anger, and several days later Lamumba Shakur told him to stop because there was dynamite behind the refrigerator. According to White, the table tops and the refrigerator were separated by only a thin wall. However, when Det. White was confronted with a sketch of the Elsmere Tenant's Council, he suddenly remembered that there was a bathroom between the table tops and the alleged dynamite. Still later, the evidence came in that the table tops were placed against an entirely different wall which faced the outside of the building. Jerry pointed out that it was clear that the incident never happened, but that it had been thought up so that Det. White could talk about some dynamite.

Jerry then explored other examples of Det. White's ability to concoct a story and his subsequent confusion when faced with his own contradictions. For example, in this court White testified that on Jan. 14 1969 he heard about the dynamite behind the refrigerator, went home at 5 PM, returned to the Elsmere Tenant's Council at 7PM, picked up some papers to look like he might be doing work, and with the lights still off, sneaked around in the dark to see if anyone was in the office. However, when testifying before the Grand Jury, White said that he waited until 5, when everyone had left the office, and then looked behind the refrigerator. When asked

under cross examination, which of the two stories was true, White said that he could not remember.

Jerry went through the days from Jan. 9, 1969 - Jan. 17, 1969 (the night that some explosion occurred at the 44th precinct), pointing out and exploring similar contradictions in White's testimony. Another example of such a contradiction was that in White's direct testimony concerning Jan. 17, 1969, he said that he was in the Elsmere Tenant's Council and could see Lamumba giving Kinshasa two bundles of dynamite. Under cross-examination, White said he saw Lamumba give Kinshasa *one* bundle of dynamite. Before the Grand Jury, White said that he *could not see* Lamumba and Kinshasa, but that he *assumed* that they were transferring dynamite. (The Grand Jury testimony agreed with his reports for that day).

The person perhaps most heavily implicated in the explosion at the 44th precinct, (by the prosecution) is Lamumba Shakur. However, Patrolman Ashwood testified that he went to Lamumba's apartment at around 8 PM on the night of Jan. 17, 1969 and then drove to Rockland Palace. Ashwood said that Lamumba left Rockland Palace at about 9PM. And Det. Gene Roberts, who was on office duty at Panther headquarters was relieved from that duty at 9:30 PM by Lamumba and Afeni Shakur. Patrolman Ashwood said that it took about a half an hour to get from Rockland Palace to Panther headquarters. The explosion took place at 9:05 PM. Thus, Jerry said, the prosecution witnesses show clearly that Lamumba Shakur did not do what he is accused of having done.

In reference to the night of Jan. 17 1969, Jerry asked why it was that Det. White, who was a section leader in the Panther party, did not know anything about what was going on, just that there was dynamite. He then asked if the D.A. had proven that anyone did anything and if so, who. Jerry asked where the uninvolved people, such as ex-Panthers, who were not part of the police department were; why there was no surveillance on the night of Jan. 17 1969; and finally, why these people were not arrested until April 2, 1969 (unless, perhaps, BOSS did not trust the information Det. White had given them.)

In reference to Dharuba, Jerry said he had agreed to a stipulation with the D.A. that Dharuba was in Algiers, and said that he thought the jury could understand how somebody who had been a member of the BPP and had been dragged into this courtroom, might have certain definite feelings about the state of justice in this country.

Jerry, again referring to the unreliability of testimony from infiltrators, quoted Henry Demarest's lawyer, "a spy at one end of an organization proves there is a tyrant at the other end," and reminded the jury that the government has declared war on these defendants and that they, the jury, are the only ones capable of separating government from the Panthers. And, in conclusion, he asked the jury to free these defendants and "strike a note of hope for movements everywhere."

Afeni Shakur, who is defending herself, then began her summation by saying that she had chosen to represent herself against the advice of friends, family, lawyers and her own intellect, because "I know better than any lawyer in this country that Afeni Shakur is innocent." Afeni, who is 7 1/2 months pregnant, said that she was not asking for pity, but just asking that the jury judge her, as they, themselves, would like to be judged. Afeni then said that the district attorney hadn't proven anything, because there had never been anything to prove. She told the jury that, not even considering reasonable doubt, "none of these charges have been proven - period -

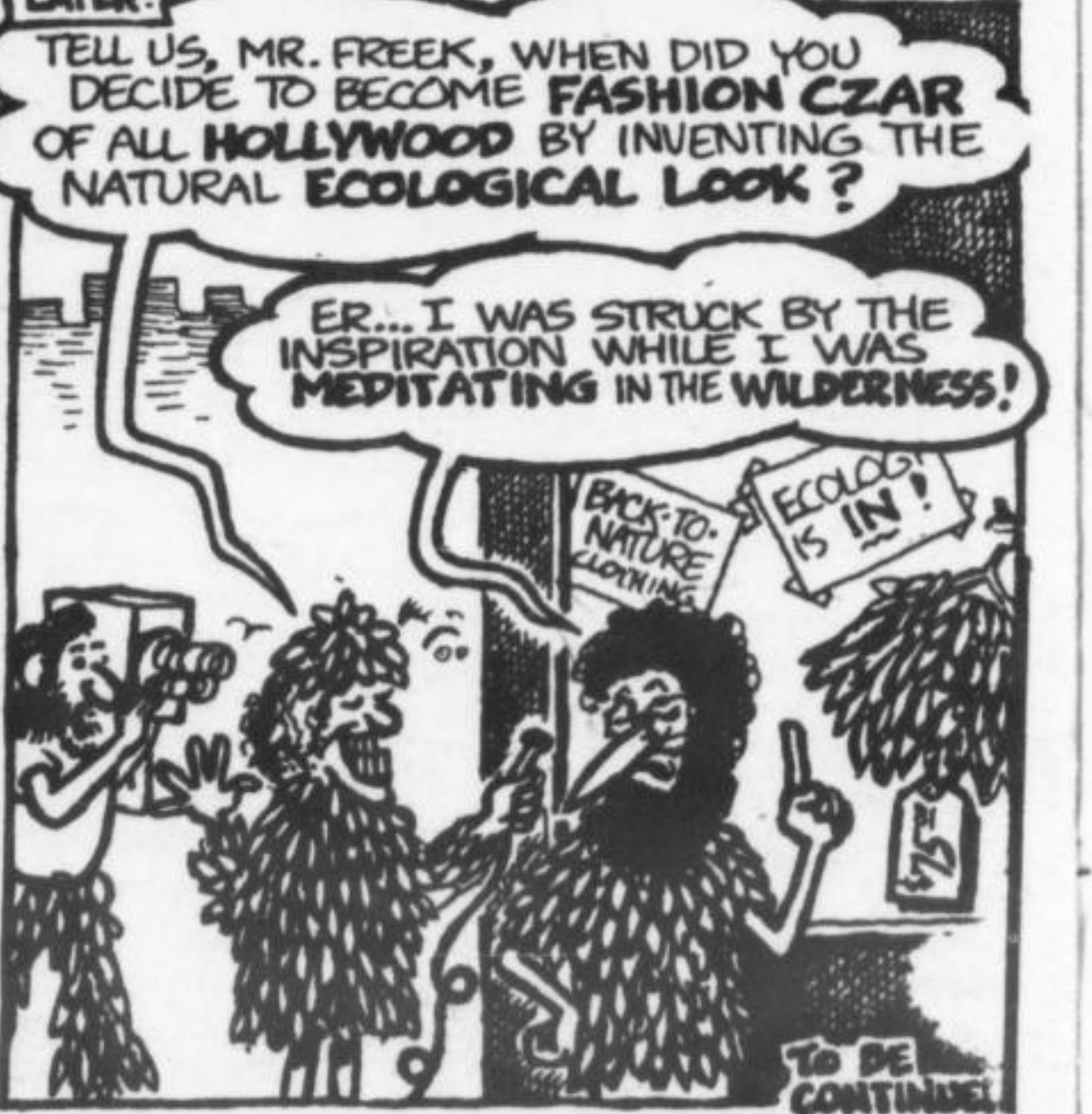
that I or any of the other defendants did any of those things.D.A. Phillips insists we did."

In conclusion, she asked the jury not to forget what they saw and heard in this courtroom and said, "let history record you as a jury who would not kneel to the outrageous demands of the state."

THOSE FABULOUS FUREY

FREAK BROTHERS

Gilbert Shelton



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When small men cast large shadows it means the sun is setting. — Sign of Richard Nixon at San Francisco Peace March, April 24, 1971.

It would like a giant prairie rattlesnake over the North Frisco hills, creating itself in the beginning from vertavrae and scales of factions as different as tumbleweed and cactus, slinking and falling up and down Geary St., an endless tidal rainbow acid dream of a snake as you turned and looked back at the undulations, heard a roar and then a softer one, more of a rumble than a roar, the whap of the snake's tail against concrete and then turned and marched some more and realized sadly the roar was just a rattle, perhaps the last rattle, for the snake had no venom.

"Peace marches," a stoned-out freak gushed a few paces back, "are fucking beautiful."

One hundred thousand people doing anything together is beautiful. Business executives and the Communist Party doing something together is Holy. When Army and Marine Veterans and the Gay Liberation do something together you may be one step from the Lord's fucking heaven, brother.

Or Cecil B. DeMille's.

The Organizers had done a good job, a bang-up crackerjack job everything considered, and well they should, having at hand the failures and successes, do and don't of a decade of demonstrations, strikes, rallies, marches — the "Logistics of Non-violent Protest in America," — you could imagine it as a handbook on the shelf of every potential Organizer in EgoLand. And the San Francisco-Washington Marches '71 would be the fruits of the book, the culmination of a ton's worth of peace data processing. It was going to be a Gem of a March.

You felt the precision of the planning as much as a week before with the publication of the National Peace Action Coalition (NPAC) leaflets. Viet Nam Veterans and High School Students for Peace would form the first contingent and have the longest march because (the Handbook reads): (a) all that medium-length hair would look mighty nice to the home folk on the front page of the Iowa Bugle Sunday morning, (b) after a year's horror of dodging bombs,

bullets and blowguns in the jungle, a six-mile stroll down rolly-polly Geary would be a picnic and (c) the high school kids (untapped energy for all left causes, virgins of the Revolution — prime meat for another Children's Crusade?) would look up to the Vets, they were *there*, the Vets were in the tactic-littered minds of the Organizers some perfect mold of Audie Murphy and Abbie Hoffman.

The Women's Lib. contingent, which means some babies in the bargain, would have the shortest distance to march. Yes, we're very together here in the march and all that, but keep the yips away from the execs, the gays apart from the army just in case. After Wall St. May '70 avoid downtown business areas reads the updated version of the Handbook: no major Banks of America, General Hogwash, or hard-hat hangouts. (The tiny Crocker Citizens Bank at 20th and Geary suffered a broken window during the march — the only reported instance of material violence, or any kind of violence for that matter. Police later reported six arrests for public intoxication. Ah, California!) Last, but certainly not least, make the conditions for media coverage on the route optimum. Choose panoramic Geary St., one click of the camera shutter on top of the right overpass and presto! three-quarters of the march in one DeMillean shot. Seventy-five thousand marching people sans fish-eye lens. Field day for the photogs and WOW-TV.

It was to evolve into a field day-and-a-half. The psychedelic snake slunk ever on, California freaks stoned silly from Friday night's partying or stoned anew from joints they carried with them to the march, dancing and skipping, chants reverberating off the Geary glass high rises where aged couples peered down bewildered, and higher still, in the bright blue California bubble, helicopters darting like pesky insects over the snake. (Were they police? media? Fear and flashes of Berkeley Peoples Park, Kent, Jackson, Atlanta, Dealy Plaza).

How different, all of it, from past marches up New York's slimy Sixth Avenue, where office workers hung from their windows thirty stories up to signal thumbs down on the

march, thousands pass by on the street in their daily routine and stop, and think, and move on with business-as-usual. Or stop to shout encouragement, flash peace signs or scream, "Scum Commie-Hippie-Fag" through cringing scowls, and there is no sky. Apt surrounding for a snake.

But in California, April of '71, the March to end All Marches, the snake moved smooth with hardly a hitch, the eyes of its head turning at red lights to watch the middle-unfortunate metaphor for the Movement's shouted on the Webster St. overpass, and the head of the snake roared its approval.

They have a word for it out here: mellow. It was mellow, man. Endorsements from labor, business, good liberal politicians. Monitors, many and big, trained by God-knows-who to handle troublemakers should the problem arise (but of course it won't); the cops seemed as carefree as the refreshment vendors who lined the route selling soggy cheese sandwiches for 80 cents. And when the snake changed into a sea at scenic Golden Gate Park, the Organizers were ready and waiting.

"For those of you from out-of-town and require housing facilities, see Madam Blah-Blah at the east end of the oval," blared the loudspeaker. "The San Francisco Girl Scouts are caring for lost children in the green van to your right. Those in need of medical assistance go to..."

You needed six hands for the fine Panama Red being passed, three more for the gallon jugs of Ripple wine. Grinning freaks were covered from neck to crotch with royal-blue "4/24" buttons like peddlers at the old Dodger-Giant doubleheaders. Big Brother for your listening pleh-shah, balloons and hot pants for the eye.

But suddenly in the midst of the music and the speeches (keep 'em short, says the Handbook, people get turned off at long speeches and the rally loses momentum) something went wrong. The organizers had their first hitch. Chicanos all over the field were jumping on the stage:

"The time for talking is over" rasped the loudspeaker. "No more fucking music...not going to start until the Brown

Berets are allowed on stage...Burton is a motherfucker...asking poor people for money..."

And it ended this way, in confusion. If the snake had a rattle, it was contained in the YAWF, Chicanos, La Raza, Native American and Anti-Imperialist contingents, and the rattle proved to be backed with a drop of venom which promised ounces and quarts behind it. Rep. Paul McClosky, Nixon's newest Goedell, arrived, took a gander at what was happening and split faster than the New York ethnic vote in an off-year election. Oy, the shade of green on the faces of the Organizers.

On the way out, echoes of the march sounded again, haunting wails from all the years of marching: "Peace now! Peace now! Peace now! Peace now!" A little girl grasping tightly to a sign as large as herself was almost blown over by the wind. "They've been killing," she said to anyone who cared to look, "all my life."

Yeah, you thought, that's right, outasight. And then you thought, my God, they've been killing all my life. They're killing now and not even passing a glance at the snake...they're killing now...killing now...killing now...killing now...



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Amiable bachelor editor needs GIRL to share comfortable Village apartment. (My rent has "legally" increased—rent-control notwithstanding—32% in three years.) Great deal. YUkon 9-2798

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announcements

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IN THE NAM

by JOHN REILLY

This is the second article taken from a series of videotapes I shot with the Vietnamese Veterans Against the War. Over ten hours of tapes were shot of a V.V.A.W. event in New Haven (April 3 thru April 5).

I feel strongly that the impact of seeing and hearing the testimony of men, who lived through Vietnam and who rap about the madness they have witnessed, is the most powerful anti-war statement possible. The video-tapes will be distributed as a documentary by Global

Village, as well as a film by American Documentary Films.

This article was drawn from the testimony of Basil Paquet (age 27, E-4, Medic, 24th MedEvac Hospital, 1967-68, and assembled from the original video material by Shridhar Bapat.

My testimony deals basically with situations I saw during the Tet offensive of 1968. I don't any story to relate in the sense of direct atrocities on a large scale; rather it has to do with those on a small scale, in the sense of the very usual everyday treatment we gave to wounded Vietnamese. I'd like to give some examples of this usual treatment which I think leads to those larger overt acts we label "atrocities."

Morning at Long Binh. Casualties coming in at an incredible rate. On one of the first helicopters in, there was a small child, between 11 and 14 months old, with her left arm shot off. I put her on a bed and began treating her. She stayed on the bed for about half an hour. Her surgical wounds were not open and it appeared that we could hold the line until we could get her to surgery. But more dust-off ships (helicopters) came in with more and more wounded. They were primarily American wounded. These were carried into the pre-op section. Before long, all the beds were occupied and we were putting men on litters on the floor.

A nurse came up to me as I was treating the child. She was someone I had always thought of as a basically good person, a good American, etc. etc. She ordered me to put the child on the floor, free the bed for a soldier: "No G.I. will ever be on the floor while I'm around, if a Vietnamese is taking up a bed." Under threat of court-martial I carried out her order.

There are no official policies to treat the Vietnamese as sub-human. Officially they're out allies and treated as equal but I saw what a farce those official communiques are. Official policy as far as I am concerned is the way the war is prosecuted. In other words, real policy, I'm sure, goes something like this: G.I.'s first because you've got to have combat-ready men to defend your position. But when you're in the middle of Long Binh, not out in the middle of the field, and the person you're taking down off the bed is a child with an arm blown off, in imminent danger of death, and you put on the bed instead a G.I. with a "stateside" wound who had two or three pieces of shrapnel in his ankle. . .

The Vietnamese were just as severely wounded as any of the Americans and some of them more so. They were taken, bleeding body upon bleeding body, and dumped into beds and litters in the small quonset hut, sometimes as many as three to five to a bed. No care was given them till days later. And when it was because of the totally inadequate number of personnel here's who treated the wounds: one medic, a Spec 5, who had hopes of being a doctor someday. He carried out all treatment of internal injuries (as with head cases, these were just wrapped), all surgery and removal of dead tissue and foreign objects. This went on for the entire time.

Two litter-bearers carried a prisoner of war off a dust-off ship towards the hospital facility. A colonel was standing outside the emergency room door: "What is this man?" they replied that he was a VC. The prisoner had a rather severe head injury — they could see part of his brain. The colonel continued: "Well, Goddammit, you're not going to take him in

his facility. No Viet Cong coming in here! Take him over there and drop him."

"Drop him?"
"You heard my orders, you drop him." So they dropped him from a height of about three to five feet — however tall a man carrying a litter is. They dropped him and watched his head bounce off the ground. To their request for further instructions the col. replied: "He ain't going nowhere. You just leave him there."

And they left him out in the sun. I think it got up to over a hundred that day. He was dead within the hour. The colonel was the one who headed the medical facility.

When we talk of atrocities, we think of the common soldier as the more usual personality to be involved in such actions. And when we think of American medical personnel, we think of the cream of the crop, the most highly educated people functioning in the army. One would suspect their attitude to be what we'd call "enlightened." Instead, to give a small example of their attitude, (and it is important to remember that the example set by officers is taken as truth and proof by the enlisted man):

There was a small Vietnamese girl born in the hospital. Shortly after birth she was placed in a makeshift crib we had made. Some officers came over, majors, captains, and with the enlisted men standing around proceeded to remark on the monkey-like qualities of the child. "See the feet, how monkey-like. See the head, how monkey-like." For the year that she was there, the child was referred to as Little Monkey, which I assure you was not a name applied out of a sense of love or cuteness but as a racial term.

One of the best X-ray technicians I knew in Vietnam made it a practice to mistreat all Vietnamese who passed through his facility. And particularly to maltreat all prisoners of war. Unless the wounded prisoner was a head case, it was common practice to have the injured X-rayed. After the litter-bearers had left, the technician would be left alone with the prisoner in the small 2 by 4 room. If for example the VC had an arm wound near the elbow, the technician would break the arm at the wound, before the X-raying. He was careful to do this when no one was around.



LITTLE MONEY

He bragged about this insistently. When I threatened to report him if I ever heard of doing this again he said that I was being silly. Of course he was right because nothing would ever have been done about it. And as long as there was no direct proof, they probably would have ended up doing something to the person who reported the crime rather than to the one who perpetrated it.

I don't believe the man was a nut or any kind of psychopathic personality. The men to whom he spoke of his actions commonly reacted with: "That's fine." Or "That's right," or "They deserve it." His actions were not those of an aberrant psychopath because, far from showing a sense of horror, these men reacted with approval.

I came into the quonset. I worked in the pre-op and recovery ward. Attached to the surgery and pre-op there was also a neurosurgery hospital. They brought in a Vietnamese. He was what was called an expectant case (i.e. expected to die). . . very often head cases are found to be incurable in the absence of any surgical techniques that could save them.

So they are put in a room to die. That's bad enough as it is, but when I walked into the quonset, I saw a fellow in the back, in the "expectant" corner. He was making huge spitballs from paper and dropping them down the tracheotomy tube of the wounded expectant case. The Vietnamese was not in any condition to know what was going on. He could be classified as semi-comatose. He had no

awareness left and his brain was gone. He was, as we call people with this kind of head injury, a vegetable. However, as you might see, his involuntary muscles continued to react whatever the condition of the brain — his lungs kept on functioning and as the spitballs dropped into the lungs through the tube, that section of the body would undergo violent

paroxysms, because this was taking the breath away. And up out of his tracheotomy tube would come shooting piles of blood and mucous along with the spitballs. . . you know what quonset huts are shaped like. There were streams along the top arch of the quonset so I imagine that he had been playing the game for some time.

I told the man that unless he stopped immediately, I would report him. Again the reaction was one of "what a strange person I must be" to try and stop this. Again dismissal of my threat as if it didn't count. I think they knew truly that it didn't count. That nothing would be done whatever my own actions. . .



DISPOSABLE ALLIES IN LAOS "WE'VE USED THEM TO THE HILT"

LIBERATION News Service VIENTIANE, Laos [LNS] — For years before Nixon invaded Laos with South Vietnamese troops, the people who bore the brunt of America's war effort in Laos were Meo tribespeople. Set up on mountain-top bases where they depend on the CIA-operated Air America for supplies and for transport of the opium which is their only cash crop, they are armed primarily by the CIA and carry out raids against territories controlled by the Pathet Lao.

The Meos have paid a heavy toll. Their army has been chewed up so badly that the average age of recruits is now 15 years and their total population has been reduced from 400,000 to 200,000.

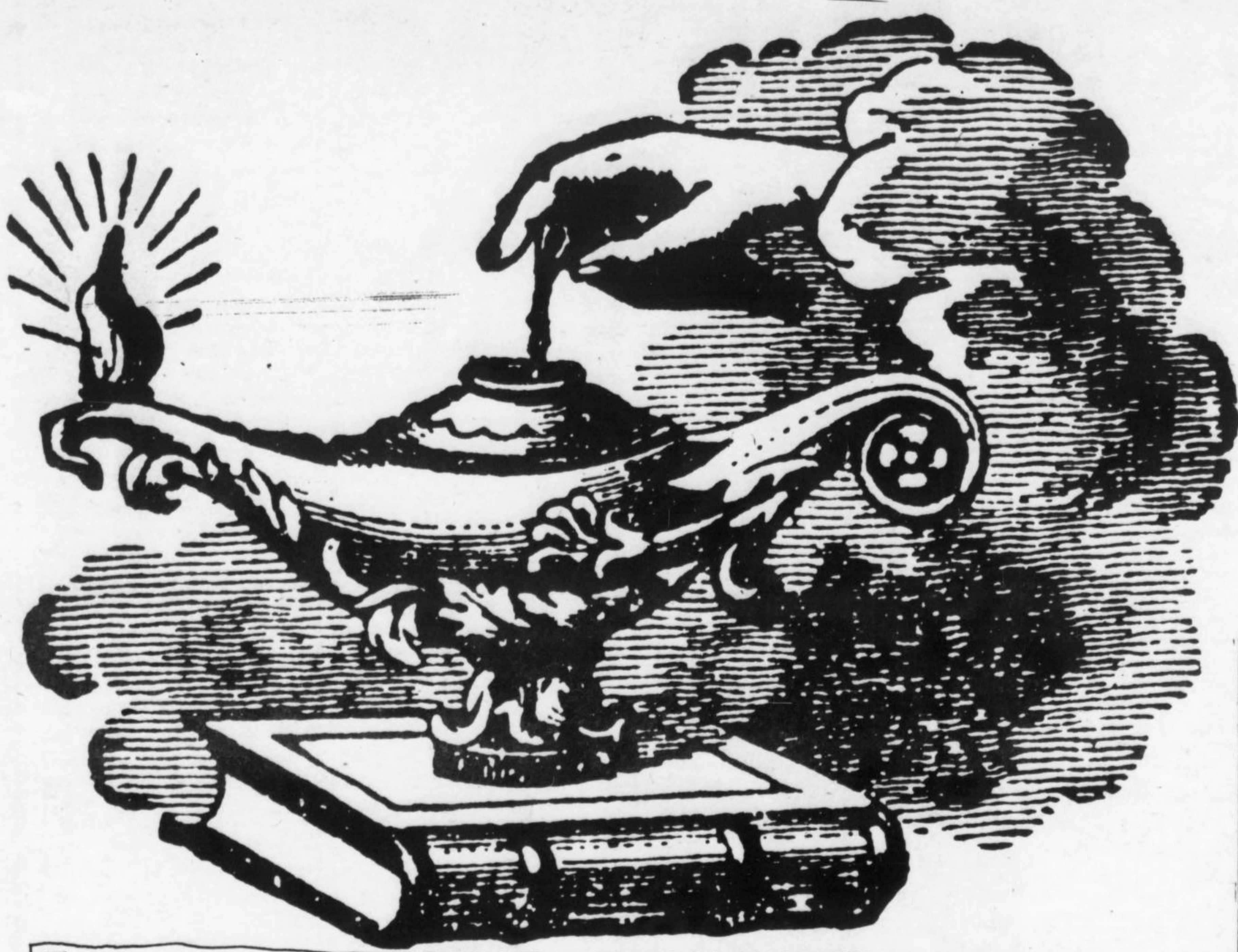
Naturally, this makes them something less of an asset as allies (or pawns). Here are excerpts from an internal memorandum of the U.S. mission in Vientiane which indicates how the U.S. regards its allies in the hill tribes:

"We must recognize that inasmuch as a great measure of the effectiveness of a military force lies in its fighting heart and its numbers, as well as leadership and equipment, the Meos and Lao Teung (another mountain tribe) are no longer the military asset they were in the past — particularly when weighed against the cost of their support in dollars and in all the psychological, social, humanitarian problems that develop from the manner in which they are employed.

"In other words they have been used to the hilt and as many of them are expressing — they have had it! . . .

"Our immediate problem . . . is what to do with the mass of refugees who are moving south and west into the already crowded hill areas of Xieng Khouang and Vientiane Provinces. The 1500 Black Thais as well as 39,000 ethnic Lao of Xieng Khouang Province have already moved into Vientiane Plain where they are either being absorbed into the population or will show up as a social welfare problem. . . . The hill people . . . are standing on a cliff so to speak, abandoned at present by their Lao government officials and looking to us to help them.

"for the friendly Meo that are located deep in northern areas and are cut off by commie forces, it is prudent that we not aggravate their situation by our continued support or use of them in such a manner that will make them targets for enemy counter-measures. They are lost to us: let's leave them alone and not trigger further actions that will worsen their lot and/or have them added to our refugee burden."



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CONVICTED

(Continued from Page 7)

"I'm not working," she said quietly, almost in a squeak.

"What good is it for her to work?" Lyons butted in. "It wouldn't make any difference with the trial and

all. At this point we're operating with a limited budget anyway, and whatever she could make as a secretary, \$125 a week, wouldn't do any good. We're trying to convince the court that she's an indigent person."

"How does she live?" someone asked.

"She's living with her mother. Her family is very good. Her food is adequately taken care of. Anyway, she doesn't eat much."

"Didn't she just buy a new car?" someone asked.

"No," Lyons said. "Absolutely false."

She was like a rare beast on display, Lyons a carnival barker pointing to the prize. A woman reporter from NBC took her aside and began chatting with her quietly, trying to make her feel at ease. It took some doing.

"Do you always wear short skirts?"

"I like the maxi too."

"What did you do over the weekend?" "I watched the super-bowl. I really love it. Oh, and my dog Brandy had his leg amputated. He had cancer. He's all right now. He's 11 years old."

I slipped into this. Up close, you can't help but search her eyes for any trace of guilt or innocence. There is none, only pain and aggravation. She seemed a typical Queens housewife.

"What's that button?" she asked me.

"A yuppie button," I said. "Here, you want it?"

I handed it to her. She accepted it reluctantly, turned it over in her hand, then asked "What's it mean?"

"The green part is a marijuana leaf," I said.

"Oh, she said, quickly handing it back to me, "I better not."

"This is your chance to square things," a photographer from the *Daily News* said. "You know, the whole thing is gonna be rehashed and people will say it's a question of morals. People shouldn't make judgements of morals unless they look at themselves in a mirror." "But they do," she said.

"Well, you look better now than you did before."

"I'm feeling more relaxed."

A reporter showed her a postcard from a colleague staying at some big resort hotel in Singapore.

"That looks so inviting," she sighed with a truly wistful look. "I'd like something like that when this is over. A nice vacation. I haven't had a really nice vacation in..."

And she's not about to, either. Alerted that she might split the country if convicted, justice George Balbach had her remanded before the verdict was given, and now she is behind bars, her youth her freedom her husband her children her very life — clinically and legally over. Goodbye, Alice, thanks for the laughs.

42ND STREET

(Continued from Page 15)

ADF HYPE

We hear that the radical distribution group American Documentary Films has acquired the notorious CBS special *The Selling of the Pentagon* which Spiro Agnew took an hour of equal time to denounce. Of course, Mr. Agnew is handled exclusively by the William Morris Agency. For rates and info, call AD ADF is at 336 W. 84 St, NYC 11 10024, phone 212-779-7440, or 379 Bay St. in Frisco. ADF is making money for the first time in its existence and is starting to go into production. They also have classics like *In the Year of the Pig*, *Battle of Algiers*, and *The People and Their Guns*. Check it out.

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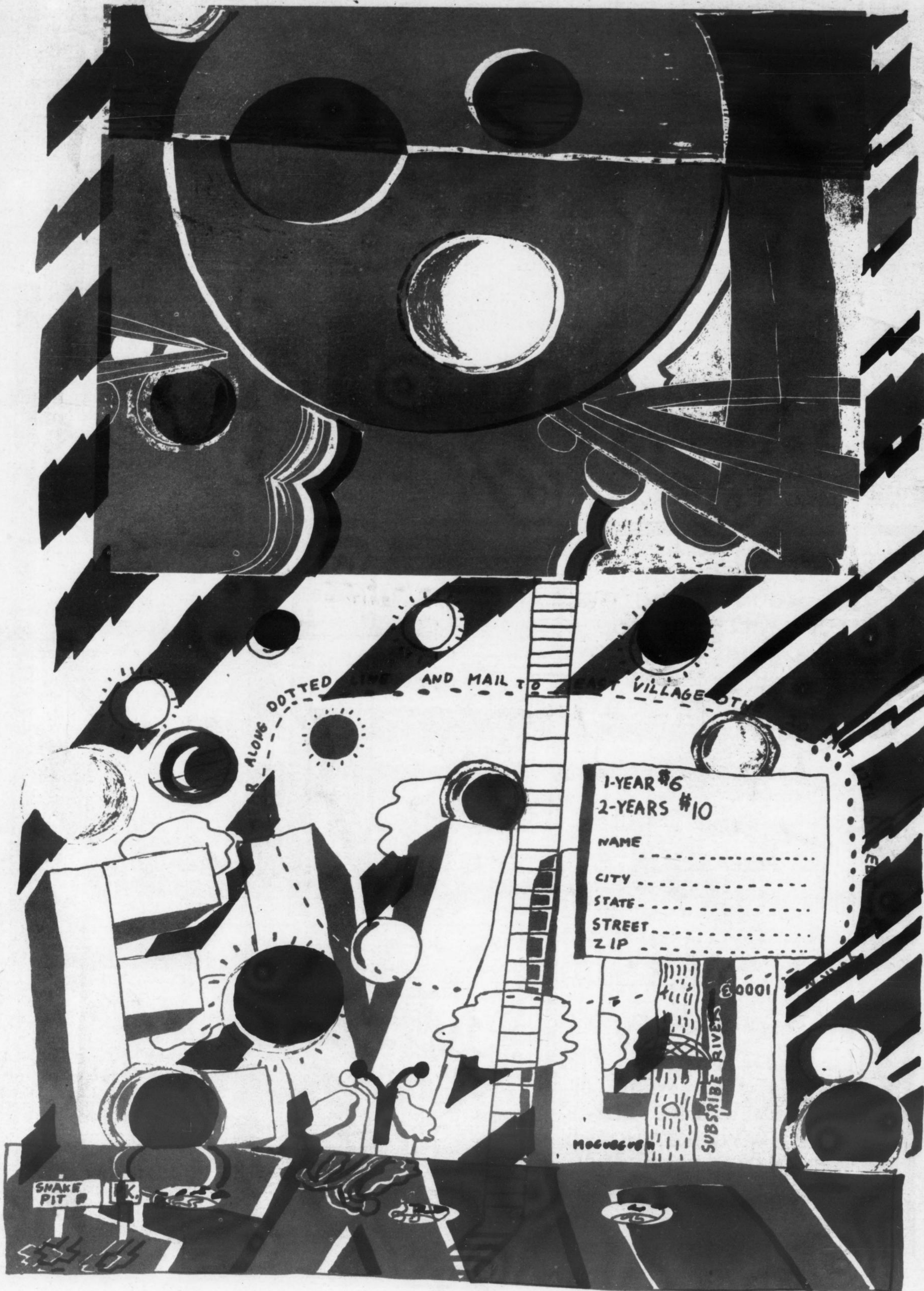
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