

BRING IT ON HOME: 8 PGS. OF MAYDAY COVERAGE

THE

east
village



OTHER



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Hilary.



IT IS FRUSTRATING TO WATCH YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IMPLEMENT THE PEOPLES PEACE TREATY FROM THE IMPOTENT VANTAGE POINT OF A HOSPITAL BED.

YET EVEN THROUGH THE MORPHINE INDUCED HAZE OF A PHYSICAL, MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL TWILIGHT ZONE, IT HAS BECOME ABUNDANTLY CLEAR THAT THE RIGHTEOUS, REVOLUTIONARY, NON-VIOLENT KICKASS THAT HAS GRIPPED THIS COUNTRY DURING THESE PAST DAYS HAS BEEN MORE THAN SUCCESSFUL.

THE STUPID, CLUMSY, AND CUMBERSOME WAY IN WHICH THE OGRE HAS CHOSEN TO OVERREACT HAS PROVEN ONCE MORE THAT WE HAVE THEM RUNNING SCARED.

THE AUDACIOUS STUPIDITY AS MANIFESTED IN THE RE-INDICTMENT OF THE CHICAGO CONSPIRATORS PROVES ONCE MORE THAT WE ARE DEALING WITH A VINDICTIVE, UNSOPHISTICATED ENTITY THAT FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER REFUSES TO COPE WITH AND FACE UP TO REALITY.

**THEY MUST BE
BROUGHT UP TO
DATE!!!**

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MAYDAY WAS HEAVY

by Ray Schultz

Gather around brothers and sisters for a tale of righteous revolutionary nonviolent kickass that begins last Saturday with the arrival of 50,000 people in Algonquin Peace City, better known as West Potomac Park, in Washington, D.C., the capital of this great land of ours. The freaks were lined up from one end of the turf to the other, camping out in tents, lean-to's, trucks, Volkswagons and woodies much in the style of the Beach Boys who took the stage at 1:30 p.m. to begin a slate of entertainment that included Charlie Mingus, Linda Ronstadt, the Pride of Woman, Mother Earth, Elephant's Memory, N.R.B.Q., Phil Ochs, and two officially-reported rapes before the day was done. It was a pleasant affair with high good vibes, although 200 or so people bad-tripped on yellow-dot acid that was 90% strychnine (and most likely introduced by the authorities) and several others Od'd on methadone stolen from a local addict rehabilitation center. Moreover, good grass was scarce, the reds were miserable.

At six the next morning, during a performance of "When the Roll Call Comes up Yonder I'll be There," by Claude Jones, the police arrived in numbers on the Washington Monument side and announced that because of various drug, trash and fire violations, the park must be cleared by noon on penalty of arrest. Slowly, the weary people packed and left, except for some obvious misfits who stayed to be taken, about 215 in all. Thus cancelled was a soul rally for the afternoon that would have featured a speech and a preach by Reverend Ralph Abernathy, and a performance by James Brown among other highlights. The move seemed a direct slap in the face of the black community, and was in direct contradiction of a promise made by the departments of Justice, Interior, Parks and the police when they issued the permit that ample time for correction of violations would be given. Touted for his liberal attitude in such matters, D.C. Police Chief Jerry Wilson all but admitted that he was trying to head off the subsequent scheduled activities, mainly, a complete shutdown of the federal government the next morning by means of a traffic tie-up of strategic points throughout the city.

An extension of last week's anti-war rallies, the Mayday demonstrations were designed to push the People's Peace Treaty, an impressively simple and eloquent document, on an unwilling Congress by means of nonviolent physical force. Discussed last summer by Rennie Davis and Dr. Arthur T. Waskow, a fellow at the Washington Institute for Policy Studies, the disruptions were intended to dramatize the seeming indifference of Nixon to anti-war sentiment in this country, and at the same time, avoid the violence and childishness that alienates so many would-be supporters among both the blue and white collar classes.

"From a propaganda point of view, and to minimize the number of enemies we will produce, the style and method of our actions are crucial," wrote Jerry Coffin in an excellent 24-page tactical manual that received wide distribution before the events.

"Our disruption of Washington must be seen as an attack on the Federal government, specifically those sections dealing with the war against the people of Indo-China and America. It must not be seen as an attack on the employees of the Federal government.



JAIILED

May 4, 1971 — We marched from Franklin Park to the steps of the Injustice Department. There was chanting, singing and people walking arm in arm. I walked with EVO reporter Ray Schultz to the steps and we sat down. We listened to speakers and chanted along with the crowd and kept a sharp eye out for the police. And they came in droves, tear gas masks and cannisters prepared. They started assembling at one end near the steps where we were sitting. They stood there waiting for orders. Mitchell watched from a balcony. A flute player took the microphone and played while demonstrators danced and sang on the sidewalk and street. Everyone was in great spirits. This type of activity went on for several hours. Someone had written Fuck Nixon with the X in the form of a swastika. He was hauled away through the metal gates in the middle of the injustice department building. Chaos broke loose. Undercover pigs grabbed the mike and called for storming the gates. Then a member of the People's Army recovered the mike and asked for protection against the pigs. He got it. An announcement was made that at the other end, the police had formed a line and were putting on their gas masks. We were trapped, hemmed in on both sides of the block. Then a police captain came up near the speakers platform and said that we should leave or face arrest. We hadn't planned on being arrested, and we were going to make a run for it. But it was too late. We walked to the front

lines where they were carting people away. We wanted to get busted early in the game so we could be set free; perhaps by the evening. It was about three o'clock when they ripped off Ray. I got up to follow and they wouldn't take me. I had to wait, sitting on the sidewalk until they finally took me. I was taken by Patrolman Tapscott, who was in a good humor, and we engaged in revolutionary dialogue. He gave me a cigarette and soon we had our picture taken together. EVO photographer, Captain Snaps, couldn't have taken a better picture. It was far out. Both of us smiling, him with a tight grip on my arm, and me giving the peace sign. Papers were filled out and I boarded the awaiting bus. As the bus filled up we were cheered by the demonstrators waiting to be arrested and we cheered those who were being taken away. There was still dancing and singing going down when the bus pulled away.

The bus ride was one of the most high energy experiences of my life. We chanted continually and stuck our arms out the windows, either in clenched fists or peace signs at people on the streets while chanting:

One side is right

The other side is wrong

We're on the side of the Viet Cong

We got amazing reactions from people in the streets and people in cars.

Even straight people gave us the peace sign or waved. We drove through a section of the black community and chanted:

*Free Bobby, Free Ericka
Stop the war on black America.*
Enthusiastic response from the streets. Clenched fists all the way to the 14th precinct somewhere in the NE section of D.C.

We got off the bus and were forced into the garage of the precinct. Many of us had to go to the bathroom. We were being guarded by the army AND the air force (about forth all together) as well as the police from the precinct. We asked the police if we could use the bathroom, one woman in particular had a kidney infection and was promising piss if the situation was not soon alleviated. They told us we had to wait. We waited another five minutes and began screaming, "We want a bathroom, we want a bathroom." We clapped in time and stomped our feet, making quite an echo in the garage. There were about a hundred of us. Finally they said the women could use the bathroom, one at a time. Escorted by a policewoman, I was the second woman allowed to use the bathroom and was taken past the desk and led into a cell, locked in, and pissed. Then the men started freaking out and demanded a toilet also. The pigs said no. They started freaking out and ended up peeing against the wall of the garage. Then they started processing us.

They would call one name at a time, the person would identify themselves and go off. With the announcement of each name someone in the crowd would

by **COCA CRYSTAL**

say, "Let's hear it for him/ger." then there would be cheers, applause, yips, and then someone would ask where they came from and there would be cheers and more applause wherever they came from. There was quite a mixture, people from New York, Philadelphia, Michigan, N. Carolina, Wisconsin, Everywhere. Every five minutes someone would be called and taken away. We continued chanting such things as:

One Two, Three, Four

We don't want your fucking war.

After about an hour and a half of such activity, a police van pulled up and two black middle aged women, one barefoot, were dragged in. We cheered and expressed our solidarity with them. About five minutes later, the barefoot woman ran through the garage, past the guards, out the open door, and supposedly jumped in a car, and escaped. FAR FUCKING OUT was the immediate response of the crowd and we wondered why we didn't try it ourselves. My name was called and I went up to the desk where I was relieved of my pack, forced to take the buttons off my clothes, and searched.

They asked me questions but all I would tell them was my name, Address (fake), and age. They took everything away from me except forty-five cents and put me in a cell... It was occupied by one other woman. There were twelve sisters in the cell next to ours, and soon ours was filled with the same number. The cell was the usual one man cell with a metal slab for a bed and a toilet. It was approximately five by seven feet. We had two girls under the slab and we still couldn't all sit down at the same time. One girl sat on the toilet, five across the slab, and the rest standing or sitting on the floor. We soon noticed that it was unbearably hot inside the cell. Maybe 85+ degrees. We started peeling off jackets[and sweaters and removed our shoes and socks. Soon we were left with only shirts and jeans and we were still hot. We took off our shirts and it was a little cooler. We covered ourselves when the guards went by.

We were given no information as to our fate or how long we would be detained. We thought

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IN WASHINGTON



Upwards of 12,000 people went to jail in Washington this week, most of them guilty of nothing more than being in the general proximity of a policeman. Once again the right of free and peaceful protest was attacked by the forces of so-called "law and order." When asked if he were surprised at the number of young protesters in this country, D.C. Police Chief Jerry Wilson remarked, "I'm surprised there are so many malicious vandals in this country." That's how it is.



photos: topleft-SKRAUS top right-R.BALAGUR bottom-PKOUWENHOVN

by Steve Kraus

The dawn came up milky, rainy thursday morning in new york after five days in washington the sky seemed empty and the city traffic strangely muted without the roar of the helicopter rotors overhead, the distant rumble of the jeeps and the trucks carrying the soldiers and the national guard troops into the city, the first few shreds of the police cruisers' sirens. Wednesday we woke up packed with ten or twelve others into one-man cells of the seventh precinct in Georgetown we were woken up to be taken to the central jail where we were in the bowels of the building and couldn't see the light of the dawn.

The morning before, Tuesday, we woke up in a city shaken by the actions of the day before, a capital of a mighty nation occupied by troops and hovered over by helicopters like a field in that far away Vietnam that, ravaged by this government, had inspired us to come and get arrested, thousands of us who've had enough. Monday morning we all got up at dawn and walked through a city under military occupation to our assigned target, the traffic circles and bridges designated in the angry sunday afternoon when the city filled with the people thrown out of their camp by the river.

And on Saturday it all started for us on a noisy over-heated train barrelling for the first time under us govt. administration - AMTRAK - and full of freaky and straight people going to washington to protest the killing.

I had gone to Washington the week before for the april 24th march when half a million people good naturedly walked up to the capitol and clogged the grounds with bored and semi-happy crowds wondering what to do next as the speeches we all agreed with droned on through a more than imperfect sound system.

We thought about that mass of half a million people ten days later, as the cops' clubs beat people to the ground around dupont circle monday morning, as the tear gas filled the george washington campus, as the phalanx of the boys in blue advanced towards us between constitution and pennsylvania avenues at the department of justice on tuesday's sunny afternoon. Where were they then - why hadn't it been organized so that the cops would have to arrest not ten thousand but half a million? How do you arrest half a million people? Can you dig it?

The jails filled to overflowing, the Robert Kennedy stadium, the Colosseum, the cops on duty 20 hours a day since Saturday, the paratroopers, the troops, the national guard, the helicopters, the police cruisers and bikes tearing up the sidewalk after some long haired freak who had thrown a trash can into the traffic - they wouldn't have sufficed against half a million people.

We sat, lay, twisted ourselves around our brothers' legs and backs in sweat stiffened clothes in the cells, fourteen or twelve or (lucky) ten people in one man cells as the night wore on. You know, when you don't know when you're going to get out, the time really crawls!

So april 24th was a real groove, right, the day wore on, you went to look for some food that wasn't pure shit, no freaky restaurants like the B&H or the Asia Cuba or the Paradise in unfairly despised, unappreciated new york. Then it was night and woodstock lived again as the slope from the washington monument to the sylvan theater filled with people sharing boone's farm apple wine, popcorn, grass, cigarettes as the music poured on from the stage till dawn, country joe, phil ochs, brat, pete seeger, tuli's revolting theater, john the heroic M.C. and Rennie Davis' brief speech paying homage to that distant nation which had stopped the machine, and then it was sunday and time to go home, right?

We came back on saturday and west potomac park was supposed to woodstock again and maybe it was with all the people walking around toward the strident voices of the lesbians haranguing the crowd in the evening darkness someplace up ahead, cars, bikers, tents, people sprawled in sleeping bags, people walking around, then the music, grass, wine, people from all over, looking for the massachusetts contingent, but it wasn't the same, it was already early sunday morning and we knew that we should catch some sleep, right, for on monday morning we would have to make up our minds if we wanted to get busted or not. A volks going around washington circle, staturday afternoon, a woman leans out of the window, need someplace to sleep, hands over an address of a townhouse on the outskirts of georgetown, so that's where we went and slept saturday night or rather sunday morning and woke up and turned on the radio to hear of the cops chasing the people out of their west potomac park encampment, so it really wasn't woodstock for the troops were coming and we watch the tv screen sunday on the news the giant planes are landing the troops at local airports, ten thousand troops, paratroopers, regular army, national guard and we tell each other how the troops are full of disaffected Nam vets, how the national guard is full of freaks but now it's sunday, tomorrow we must

make up our minds if we want to get busted or not. Now it's afternoon at george washington university, abbie in shades in the crowd saying hello and splitting, tactics, assignment of targets, people deciding which affinity group they want to go into action with tomorrow morning. And before you knew it it was monday morning, but first it was sunday night full of the hum of trucks as the troops came into the city, the mps with their jeeps, you couldn't sleep so you got up at one thirty a.m. and walked from the town house up penn across little bridge into m street into the biograph theater which david levy had turned into a giant free crash pad with joe cocker's mad dogs movie on the two in the morning screen and free coffee and doughnuts and rolling a joint in front with some dude from texas as the streets remained empty except for an occasional car or mp jeep flashing by now it was monday. We walked over to the south side of mass ave at dupont circle, the new york contingent's assigned target. The streets were grey with the post dawn morning, we checked our pockets for the ids and the gauze pads. We looked at the others in the group, we exchanged smiles with our brothers and sisters walking, walking, the streets were full of freaks, going to the assigned targets, washington circle was ringed by troops, every minute or so a helicopter roared overhead.

I won't write about the action monday. Go to the next one and find out for yourself what it means to sniff the gas. Find out what it means to be beaten to the ground and hauled off for trying to take pictures. Find out for yourself what it means to be busted because you want to stop the killing. But you don't have to. There will always be enough freaks to go. Don't feel badly you didn't and just caught the eleven o'clock news. So maybe by next time the shit will have gotten so bad that you will go and get the club in the back, thrown down against a cruiser, thrown into the buses waiting to haul the people off to jail.

The cop's daughter has dropped out, the movies, you can't go to them anymore, roy rogers is

(Continued on Page 17)

MAYDAY



IMPORTANT

PEOPLE WHO WERE IN WASHINGTON DURING THE MAYDAY ACTIONS ARE REQUESTED BY THE NEW YORK MAYDAY TRIBE TO SUBMIT PERSONALLY OR BY MAIL ANY DOCUMENTED INFORMATION THEY MAY HAVE ON POLICE BRUTALITY OR IRREGULAR ARREST PROCEDURES THEY MIGHT HAVE WITNESSED: NAMES, BADGE NUMBERS, DESCRIPTIONS OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES ETC. THIS INFO WILL BE HANDLED BY MOVEMENT LAWYERS IN SUITS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT BY ABUSED CITIZENS. THE MACHINERY OF INJUSTICE WILL BE JAMMED WITH THEIR OWN MONKEY WRENCHES!

SEND INFO TO:

MAYDAY
156 FIFTH AVE. RM. 508
N.Y.C. 691-9540

WASHINGTON



by Rex Weiner

It's nearly a week now since I left Washington D.C. and I'm still trying to sort it all out. Five days of rage and outrage, running in the streets, guerilla tactics in the capitol of Amerika, mass arrests, gas, beatings, concentration camps, it was in insurrection that definitely brought the political struggle in this country up to a new level.

But so suddenly, so chaotically, with so many varying definitions of "success" and "failure," did the Mayday action occur, that while the event was certainly as important as, say, Chicago in 68, just what the implications are and what the next direction will be is something we can only speculate on at this time.

Some things are certain though. For sure, the sort of organization that went into Mayday, whether it failed or not, had never been attempted on such a large scale before, with such an emphasis on democratic participation. The idea, that of stopping the government by obstructing the flow of worker traffic into the Federal Triangle on successive days, was researched thoroughly by the core of the Mayday Tribe and presented with a clear explanation of theory and practice. That is, a small group of people with an idea for a radical political action, did the hard work of explaining the whys and wherefores, carefully assessing the value of the thing, and coming up with the strategic information necessary to carry it off. They laid out the basic tactic (non-violent civil disobedience) and detailed some specific ways of effecting the tactic... but that was all. I mean, it was not a situation of a small bunch laying down what the larger mass was to do. No. The choice of actions, what to do and how far to go, was left for really the first time up to the people themselves. Grouped on a

regional basis, those participating in the action could chose their tactics and targets, and splitting down further into smaller affinity groups of trusted friends and lovers, they had a freedom of mobility and self-decision which only an army of guerrillas seriously interested in freedom and self-determination could have agreed to operate with. In this respect, I think, the ultimate ends of the Mayday protest were reflected in the immediate means.

Another thing that's certain is that the Mayday protest proved that the radical political Movement in this country isn't as dead as so many cynics have been saying recently. We aren't "cooling off" as TIME magazine would have it, nor is the white Movement as split or factionalized as a lot of critics would like to think. On the contrary, things are hotter than ever before with the Mayday escalation of the struggle as evidence. To see the determination on the faces of the battlers and the busted in D.C. during those intense five days was enough to know it. There is real resolution in this country, if not among the entire seventy-three per cent of the nation's population that oppose the war then certainly among the over ten thousand people who felt it strongly enough to go to jail in Washington D.C. last week.

We are bringing the war home, and that's also for sure. The actions that took place during Mayday in D.C. will not end there. The struggle intensifies. We move to a new plane of activity. The government believes it has beaten the forces of revolution merely because they were jailed. But as Hosea Williams (SCLC) sang Monday night at St. Stephen's Church after the first seven thousand had been thrown into detention camps around the city

*Oh, Nixon, you know you
can't jail us all,
Ohhh, Nixon, you know you
can't jail us all...*



KLANSMEN WALK.. NOBODY TALKS



EGG PRODUCERS TRY TO SUPPRESS
U.S.D.A.'s DAILY PRICE SURVEY

GRAND JURY REFUSES
TO INDICT KLANSMEN
FOR KILLING OF BLACK MAN

OXFORD, N.C. [LNS] — Three white men have been freed by a grand jury which was investigating the June, 1970 murder of Henry Lee Marrow, a black Vietnam War veteran. Robert G. Teel, an officer in the Granville County branch of United Klans of America, his son Larry, and a cousin Robert Oakley were arraigned last summer after their first trial ended in acquittal.

All three have admitted to the shooting, but claim that when they accidentally bumped Oakley's shoulder his rifle went off and hit Marrow, who was standing nearby. Several black witnesses have testified that Larry Teel fired point-blank at Marrow, who lay helplessly on the ground, after Robert Teel ordered

him to "Shoot the nigger." Oakley, the witnesses have said, was far away when the murder took place.

The three men were freed almost immediately, to the joy of fellow Klansmen who came in from nearby Virginia to hear the verdict. The black community was not surprised.

While some blacks expressed disappointment in the verdict, most said, "We really didn't expect anything else." Some were glad that the Teels and Oakley had been turned loose. "Now we can take care of them properly," was a predominant feeling in the community.

Shortly after the acquittal was announced, the home of a black family was dynamited. A shopping

center owned by the Teel family (in the middle of Oxnard's black community) was destroyed several days later by what the FBI said was three or four sticks of dynamite. One part of the shopping center still stands — the gas station where the local Klan hangs out.

Since the black community began boycotting white businesses last summer, Teel has had to depend on white patronage exclusively, and blacks who have driven by his station report that they have been fired upon. Though some twenty-five businessmen have left Oxnard, Teel has been quoted as saying: "They will never drive me out."

[Thanks to the Southern Patriot for the above story]

HUE: A DEVASTATED
IMPERIAL CITY
WITH A GROWING
PEOPLE'S POWER

HUE, South Vietnam [LNS] — Hue, a northern provincial capital and trading center, was once the Imperial city of a united Vietnam. Today, three years after the Tet Offensive in which U.S. and South Vietnamese forces fought for 23 days to dislodge the North Vietnamese and NLF forces, the city remains physically and economically devastated. The Saigon regime in nominal control of the city desperately fears the emerging political alliance between the NLF, students and war-weary civilians. Such an alliance could topple Saigon's control of Hue and the five northern provinces of South Vietnam.

Hue, whose population in 1967 was estimated at 100,000, now numbers 150,000, half of whom are refugees from nearby rural areas which suffered heavy U.S. air attacks in 1968, and are still uninhabitable. Most of the refugees are forced to live in urban slums as most of the city's lower and middle class housing area was destroyed during the Tet offensive and has not been rebuilt.

Anti-U.S. and anti-Saigon feelings are not new in Hue. In 1966 the U.S. Information Service Library was burned, Buddhist monks marched in defiance of the Saigon government and armed students demanded the withdrawal of U.S. support of the Thieu-Ky regime.

So it wasn't surprising when, on April 14 of this year, 15,000 people demonstrated in Hue. They denounced a news blackout on the Laos invasion, demanded to know the fate of relatives who were in the invasion forces, and accused the Province Chief, Colonel Than, of corruption and misappropriation of funds.

Two days later Thieu made an appearance in Hue. In an obvious attempt to muster support for the Saigon government, Thieu addressed a crowd at an armed forces parade, citing the possibility of another Laotian invasion and calling for a "military victory over the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong."

[Thanks to Ed Rasen, a Pacific News Service correspondent who just returned from a teaching post in Hue, for the information]

FRIEND OF NIXON
"FIGHTING"
IN THE PLUSH TRENCHES
OF THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — If your father is a heavy contributor to the Republican party and palsyswally with President Nixon, you can expect to spend your two years in the grueling trenches of the White House.

Lt. Jonathan C. Rose is the prize son of H. Chapman Rose, a prominent Cleveland lawyer and socialite. Chapman served as Under Secretary of the Treasury under Eisenhower (while his friend Nixon was Vice President). So when young Jonathan came up for the draft — after getting a deferment while attending Harvard Law School and Yale, where he was active in ROTC, — he was assigned to the White House as a "civilian assistant." No mention is made of the fact that he is serving his two years as an intelligence officer there. He must get awfully lonely because he's the only person serving in the military assigned there.

ARMS'S MILLION \$\$
TV CAMPAIGN A
"DISMAL FLOP"

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — Congressional sources say that the U.S. Army's multimillion dollar attempt to win over "voluntary recruits" with hip radio and TV advertising is a dismal flop.

According to U.S. News and World Report, only 12,657 volunteers showed up in March, 1971. This was down from February's figure of 14,152, and down even from the 14,306 figure for a year ago March, before the media campaign.

MARTIAL LAW IN TURKEY

ANKARA, Turkey [LNS] — The government has declared martial law in eleven Turkish provinces in an effort to halt urban terrorism and student disorders. The move was also influenced by concern for the safety of Secretary of State William Rogers, who will arrive at the end of April.

bowl of Laddy Boy. He ate the Laddy Boy and bured the bone.
Moral: The dog watched T.V. a lot and was brainwashed.

A FABLE BY VINCENT TITUS
Once a dog saw a bone and a

Consumer Affairs Commissioner Bess Myerson said today that an important government price report may be discontinued because of industry pressure. She warned that this would result in higher egg prices to consumers.

The United Egg Producers, an industry organization, has asked the U.S. Department of Agriculture to halt the daily report of egg prices printed in the "USDA Dairy and Poultry Market News." The daily report shows the range of prices being paid to farmers for all grades of eggs. These figures are then used to compute the price for eggs in retail stores.

"The only other sources for this information are private publications," said Miss Myerson, "and they regularly report a higher range of prices than the USDA newsletter."

In a letter to the USDA, the Commissioner stated that "the USDA daily report serves as a deterrent to price manipulations by providing guidelines for fair competitive bidding. Any change in the reporting system would, in all probability, give increased influence to commercial reporting services and mean higher prices for the consumer."

The Commissioner also noted that while the USDA publication is sent without charge to all interested persons, the cost of commercial services might prove a burden to small producers and wholesalers who would have to raise their prices to cover this cost.

The UEP has suggested that the USDA substitute a weekly average price for eggs for the current daily range of prices. "This after-the-fact reporting would be an extreme disservice to the consumer," Miss Myerson said. "Since eggs are produced daily, delivered daily, and subject to a rapid turnover, the prices change daily."

Clifford J. Earl, director of research for the Department of Consumer Affairs, said that "by eliminating daily reporting the USDA would deprive the consumer of the advantages of supply and demand pricing."

Commissioner Myerson urged all consumers to write to the USDA and register their disapproval of the UEP proposal.

"The Agriculture and Marketing Act of 1964 requires the USDA to report the market prices of eggs," Commissioner Myerson said. "If it is allowed to shirk this mandated responsibility, the consumer will be left with less cash in his pocket, and fewer eggs on the table."

Ed: What else did you expect, sucker?

1/2 MILLION INSIDE

NEW YORK [LNS] — Antonio Garcia witnessed a killing one night in Springfield, Mass. Although he had nothing to do with the crime he was jailed for six months as a "material witness" because the judge predicted that he might violate a court order forbidding him to leave the state.

Garcia and more than half a million other Americans are being held for crimes they have not yet committed in institutions ranging from mental hospitals to reformatories, and there are indications that this number may be on the increase, says a recent New York Times report . . .

More than twice as many citizens are imprisoned on the basis of a prediction that they may commit a crime in the future than on the basis of a conviction for having committed a crime in the past, the article states.

Preventive imprisonment rests on the assumption that "experts" are able to predict which individuals will commit violent crimes. It can take many forms: vagrancy laws were recently described by an appellate court as a predictive device to "suppress crime in the future." And conspiracy — the law under which the Berrigan indictment was brought — is commonly used to jail anticipated or imagined "criminals."

Preventive detention is widely used during some wars and emergencies — for example, the mass

internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II was based on the prediction that some of them might help the enemy. The McCarran Act authorizes preventive detention of persons who would "probably" engage in espionage or sabotage during an "internal security emergency."

There is growing evidence (based upon follow-up studies of escaped and judicially released inmates) that psychiatric and judicial predictions of violence are extremely inaccurate — that the vast majority of persons confined on the basis of these predictions would not, in fact, engage in violence if released, according to the article. The Times does not even attempt to gauge the "accuracy" of predictions made by people like J. Edgar Hoover and John Mitchell.

The Justice Department was recently asked to cooperate in an experiment under which a small number (say 10 percent) of defendants judicially predicted to engage in nonviolent crimes would be released at random; they would then be followed up in order to determine the accuracy of the predictions. The Department turned down the proposal, saying that it did not want to experiment with the safety of its citizens.

But the confinement of people who have never committed crimes is also an experiment — in fascism.

WASHINGTON [LNS] — Watch out! "Operation Red Alert: Target Americas" is on!

"The American public has been cleverly lulled into forgetting about the Communist menace on our doorstep . . . Operation Red Alert will expose . . . Castro's battle plans to Latin Americans (and inside Cuba itself to anti-Castro underground forces) . . . provide materials to college radio stations in America to offset the influence of the radical on campus . . ."

The U.S. Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba, Inc., believes that "The Revolution" is right around the corner, and at least 4,000 U.S. citizens who have travelled to Cuba since 1959 are behind it. In the revolutionary vanguard are Angela Davis, Bernardine Dohrn, Eldridge Cleaver, Stokely Carmichael, Mark Rudd, Jerry Rubin, and Tom Hayden and their power base — the Venceremos Brigade.

The Committee is convinced that "on the silver sands of Jibacoa Beach outside Havana, young American Leftists are taught how to make bombs, elude the police and terrorize innocent citizens."

The "Free Cuba" people are trying to raise \$150,000. Everyone who contributes \$15 or more will receive (in a plain brown wrapper?) a copy of the "Terrorists' Bible," The Minimanual of the Urban Guerrilla by Carlos Marighella, an Uruguayan revolutionary.

Three thousand straight media operations and all the representatives in Congress read "Free Cuba" reports, the fruits of their "research," the Committee boasts. Now, as it contemplates expansion, the Committee is hoping to reach new people through its Speaker's Bureau "of students and others who have seen Castro's tyranny first hand and who can testify to the threat Castroism poses to the American way of life."

For a free speaker and a \$15 copy of the manual, write U.S. Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba, Inc., 721 National Press Bldg., Wash. D.C. 20004.

news

SWEET TURD OF YOUTH

NEW YORK [LNS] — By staying abreast of the styles and even adopting some of the counter-culture's own rhetoric, businessmen have been able to buy their way into the "youth market."

According to the Wall St. Journal, the captains of industry feel that for every hippie truckin on down the street wearing a pair of \$10 boots there are dozens more who are willing to spend \$25-30 a pair. Blue jeans, Army surplus shirts and jackets, rugged work boots and sandals have all become part of the "in" culture and men like E.A. Morris, Chairman of Blue Bell Inc., a blue jeans manufacturer, know where the profit lies.

"We're very attentive to what the kids do. We're not trying to put them

on a couch to find out what they're thinking. We're just trying to give them what they want." To this end, Blue Bell's engineers quickly figured out how to bleach and tatter jeans before they even left the factory. "We just got a machine that does it. It saves the kids the trouble." It also adds up to \$2 extra on the retail price of a pair of jeans.

In an effort to profit from youthful concern for the environment, one company markets "ecology pants," — white jeans with "ecology flag" patch pockets.

Denim has blossomed as a raw material for high fashion, and many expensive clothes for both men and women now are styled to vaguely resemble work clothes. You can even buy a denim coat with a sable collar for \$2,300.

RADICALIZATION OF A PRIEST

LIBERATION News Service

BOSTON [LNS] — When FBI agents arrested Neil McLaughlin on conspiracy charges on Jan. 12, the young Catholic priest from Baltimore was, he says, "frightened and puzzled."

McLaughlin, one of the "Berrigan Six" is less frightened now but still puzzled. Speaking here to a group of young priests, seminarians and nuns recently (800 invitations were sent out, 35 showed up in the library of the Episcopal Theological Seminary) he said he never "conspired to kidnap Kissinger or blow up Washington heating systems."

So the puzzle is, McLaughlin said, "how the Department of Justice would intend to go about proving I did what I didn't." Penalties under the conspiracy charge range from five years and a \$10,000 fine to life imprisonment.

He said that for several years as a priest in a parish covering 50,000 persons — 50 percent black, 50

percent white, almost all poor — he learned something about their victimization by police and courts. "But I knew really nothing about it," McLaughlin stressed, "until I got arrested myself."

The priest said the agents barged in, showed no warrant, told him he was under arrest, mumbled something about "conspiracy," frished him, handcuffed him, took him to jail, fingerprinted him, gave no opportunity for a phone call to a lawyer, held him for three days before allowing any contact with the outside and kept him in jail for a week until his bail was set and raised.

"Later," he said, "I learned that the grand jury in Harrisburg, Pa., worked in reverse procedure. Theoretically, the grand jury was established to protect individuals against frivolous tactics by the authorities. But the six of us were indicted first and then, it's become clear, the Justice Department started hunting around for material to make the indictment stick."

McLaughlin told his small audience that his experience in the poor Baltimore community convinced him "little by little" that

the war in Vietnam was the major obstacle to social justice for the people. "So I began," he continued, "to talk to high school students, mothers' clubs, at universities, about the horror of the war and the need for peace."

McLaughlin said he had no doubt this was why his ecclesiastical superiors removed him from parish duty and why he "landed where I am right now — a man charged with a federal crime."

His years as an anti-war protester have taught him one thing, he said: "The political and military mentality which can direct what we are doing in Indochina, and the public mentality which still accepts what we are doing, is jungle territory which it is almost impossible to penetrate with arguments of reason and morality."

McLaughlin and another indicted Baltimore priest, Joseph Wenderoth, appeared here under sponsorship of the Harrisburg Defense Committee, 211 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass. 02215. The committee needs money, organizers, speakers and workers.

ISRAELI "BLACK PANTHERS" PROTEST DISCRIMINATION

JERUSALEM [LNS] — About 300 Jerusalem Jews, calling themselves Black Panthers, demonstrated here recently against discrimination because of their non-European background.

The group, consisting of young Israelis from North African and Middle East countries, demanded better housing and higher paid jobs, which they said were reserved for European emigrants now reaching Israel.

Long-time Israeli residents said it was the first sizeable ethnic demonstration in 15 years.



CAPITALISM HEADACHE #203

NEW YORK [LNS] — Until now, U.S. businessmen have been afraid that their American customers might not like the idea of their doing business with Communist China.

As a result, most of the deals made by U.S. subsidiaries so far have been concluded quietly. Representatives of U.S. firms use Chinese speaking middlemen who operate primarily out of Austria, Switzerland, Britain, Australia, and Japan. The middlemen bargain with officials of Chinese state enterprises while the U.S. clients hide out in hotel rooms.

The bargaining, as many impatient Americans have learned, is often long and drawn out. Negotiations are often prefaced with days of ideological interrogation and political lectures.

Japan, by far the People's Republic's most important trade partner, may do as much as \$1 billion worth of business with Peking this year. For this privilege, a delegation of top Japanese businessmen must make a yearly pilgrimage to Peking to sign, along with a trade agreement, a communique denouncing their own government.

This year's "annual humiliation," as the Tokyo press calls it, contained a new section excoriating Japanese militarism.

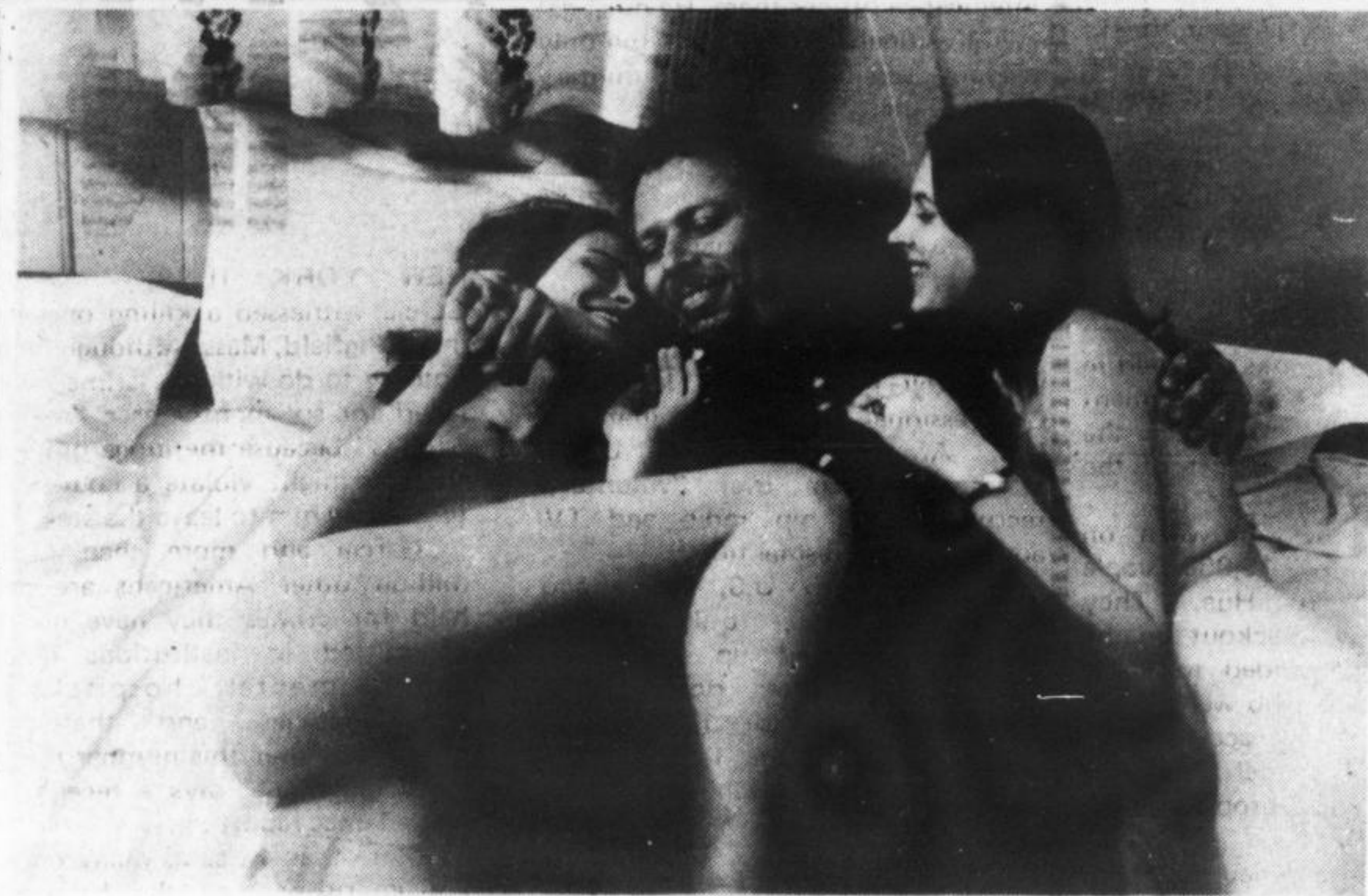
Still, some American businessmen are greatly encouraged by the opportunities presented by China's 740 million potential customers. "You just can't look at a market of that size," says a spokesman for the chemical company Monsanto, "and not believe that eventually a lot of goods are going to be sold there. Just one aspirin tablet a day of each of those guys — and that's a lot of aspirin."

by JOHN REILLY

Al Goldstein, star of several obscenity trials, now being signed for a role in the D.A.'s child molestation extravaganza, and founder/editor of Screw has been a key figure in the liberation of sexuality. Of the alternate media, his is the most consistent in dealing with human change directly, in terms of the connection between the sexual and the political.

This article was excerpted from a video interview I conducted with Goldstein following his recent bust. Videotape copies are available through Global Village. The article was edited by Susan Milano and Shridhar Bapat.

The whole thing of pedophilia is, I think, a very sick act but my implication in it and Screw's was a real bum rap, because our whole involvement pertains to running classified ads which sought photos of pre-teenagers so I assume because parents' consent was requied they're legitimate pictures. Taking a picture of a nude young boy and nude girl isn't illegal... in the minds of some people maybe, but nudity is not synonymous with some terrible thing. That was our involvement. And our point has always been that to bust us is like busting the New York Times for running an ad for a car which pollutes the environment... but of course it was good politics. Now in the public image,



goldstein's new rap

Screw and I are part of this whole babyfucking menace... or the Jewish bearded, hippie, pedophilia ring which is out the change the government sort of take it out of the safe hands of J. Edgar Hoover... it was really sick... but that's the whole thrust of the thing.

I like to defend myself against obscenity... I like to defend myself

against the fact that Screw is a shitty paper, a sexist paper, because I know it's a charge that's defensible, and it's something that I'm prepared to fight because this is the kind of confrontation I want, but when you're trying to say that... no, I'm not into screwing four year olds... there's so much mud on you... it's sort of like saying... I

stopped beating my wife... people think where there's smoke there's fire... or really how far was he involved. It's the old character assassination. But my real feeling is one of... on one level anger and on the other level... one of tremendous disappointment and dejection. I really felt hurt by the whole thing. And I'm an egomaniac... we all are... but this was the first time people have recognized me. I found it uncomfortable... people were asking me what it's like to fuck a four year old.

Whenever we make political blasts at people... that's when we get busted. They never charge us with the political end of it, they charge us with obscenity, which of course is a great cloak. So they strike at us, I think, because we deal not with just jerk-off fiction but we deal with truth as we see it. I see us as a sort of evolutionary alteration with Paul Krassner's *The Realist*. I have always identified with Paul's publication and Paul hasn't come out in two years, we've come out every week for two and a half years, so we're so irreverent, we're so tasteless, we're so controversial, we're so obscene in the political sense that we're an easy target. And it always saddens me that the left doesn't defend us either. They think, that in many ways, sex interferes with the revolution, so we get shot at from the right and the left. I don't want to be a martyr about it but I think

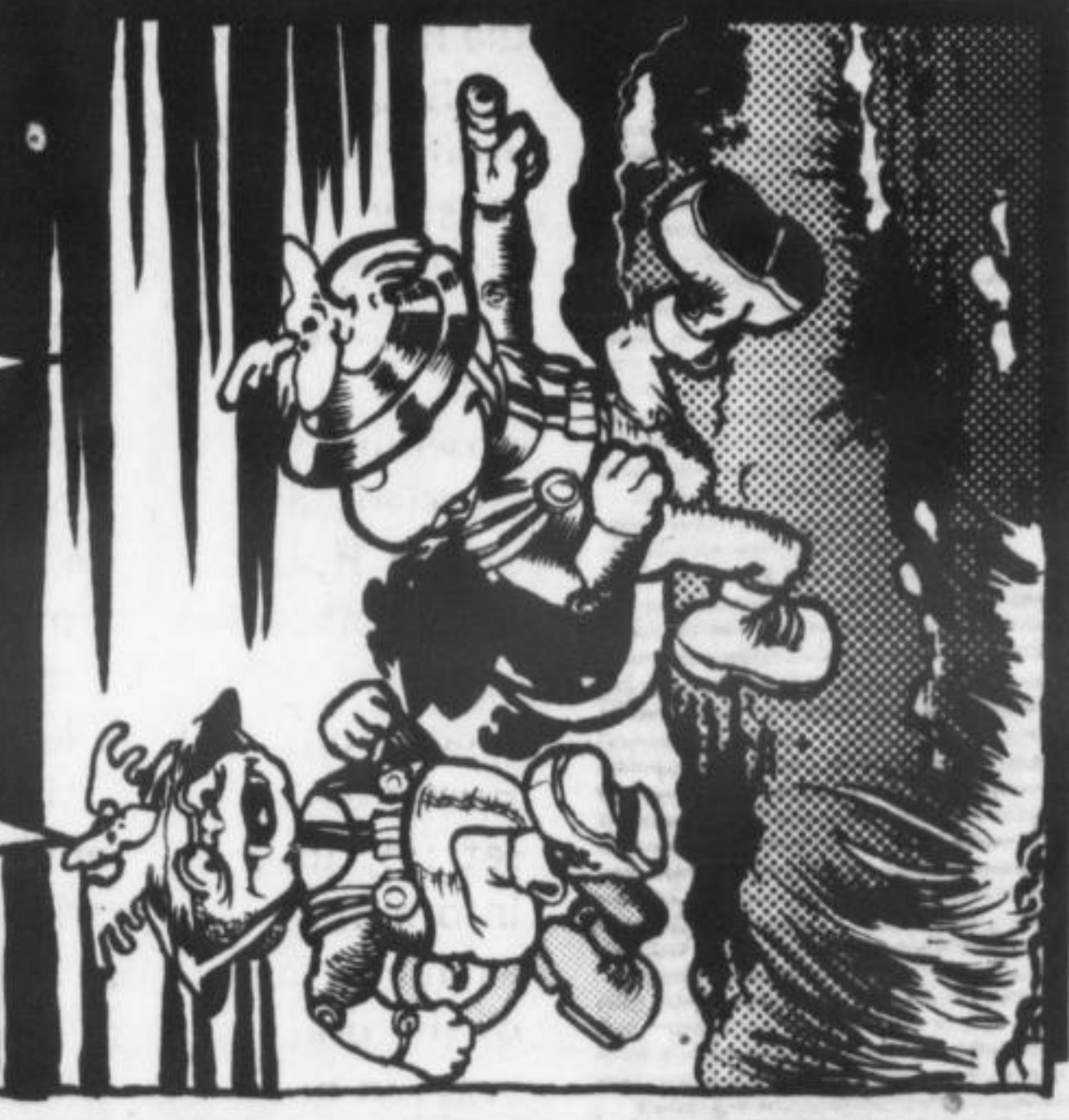
(Continued on Page 22)

THE ARMORAKS

AS YOU PROBABLY DON'T REMEMBER FROM LAST WEEK, THE GANG WAS HEADING FOR A MINE SHAFT, SO TO ESCAPE THE LINE OF APPROACHING GUARDS!

HOW MUCH FURTHER IS THAT SHAFT?

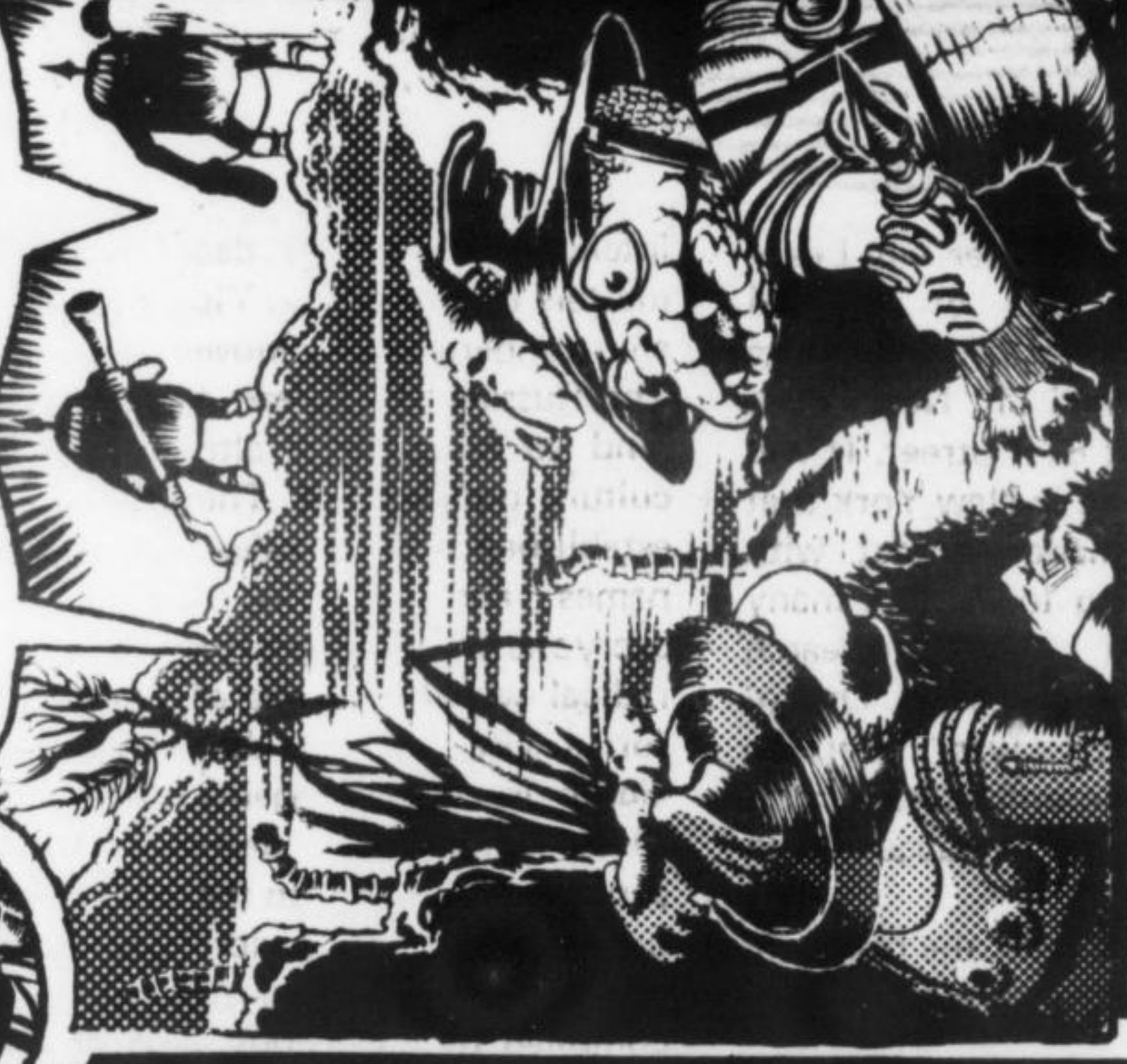
HUNNERD YARDS, MAYBE



OH SHIT! IT'S THE DAMN POSSE!

WE GOTTA SNEAK BY THOSE MOTHERS SOMEHOW!

WE GOT ONE THING GOIN' FOR US, MAN! THEY'RE REAL STUPID!



"EH... THIS TRY WE!"

HEY! NOT WAZZAT?

I DUNNO! IT CAME FROM OVER THERE!



DO YOU SEE 'EM?



NAH! IT MUSTA BEEN A FROG!



SNEAK! SCUTTEE!

JEEZIZ H. FUCK! THEY GOTTA BE STONE COLD DEAF!

OR STONED DUMB! THIS WAY!

MAYBE A SHIT!



THERE IT IS!



HEY! WHERE'S THE RADIATION BLANKET?

I DUNNO! WE CARRIED HIM PAST THE GUARDS! HE SHOULD STILL BE WITH US!

WELL, HE ISN'T! AND HE AINT GOT AN ARMORAKAP SO WE CANT GET LOCATION SPECS ON HIM!

THAT AINT ALL, MAN! LISTEN!



ROLL! ROLL! ROLL!



OH SHITMAN! OUTTA THE FRYIN' PAN...

Anti-Matter

by Harvey Matusow

The Pentagon in Washington has confirmed that an experimental Navy unit has been established in Vietnam "for the purposes of evaluating a surveillance and detection system using porpoises."

The U.S. Navy spokesman admitted that the unit used personnel and porpoises from the Naval Undersea Research and Development Centre at San Diego, but refused to comment any further claiming that the details were classified.

What in fact the U.S. Navy is afraid to reveal to the public, is that the training of porpoises has been accomplished to some degree by the use of L.S.D. and other mind expanding drugs.

In more than one experiment, the porpoise being trained and the human trainer have taken trips together in an attempt to establish psychic rapport between the human and the porpoise.

were some of the Navy officers, that they even allowed their names to be used by Dr. John Beresford and Michael Hollingshead (two of the people working at the institute) who were attempting to get private research grants from large American drug companies.

The institute eventually dissolved, and the various people connected with it going their separate ways — but the U.S. Navy continued its classified work with drugs and porpoises.

Porpoises are not the only creatures which have been trained with the use of drugs. Police sniffer dogs, used to locate pot get their basic training on a diet of hash impregnated food. After a short period of time, the dogs become so hooked on the pot that they have an abnormal need for it. They are then given a diet free from pot, so that when they are used in a raid, their craving is so great that they immediately go for even the slightest amount of pot in the place being raided.

Why hasn't this sort of abuse of dogs been taken up by the ASPCA?

United States Military Intelligence has been under fire of late as news of their activities in and among civil rights and underground groups has become known. But a new twist on the story is the activities of the Soviet Union's intelligence operations in the Western countries. For the past eighteen months to two years, in every Russian embassy in the West, they have established a special

put thyclamps on any youth underground activities.

Although many people in the West don't see it, the Russians see the alternative cultural revolution in the West as related directly to their own youth unrest.

William Greeman, director of the Indiana (USA) Criminal Justice Planning Agency, looks and sounds like a man who could easily be interchanged with his Russian equivalent. He has set up a new informer agency, recruiting young people, calling them "monitors" and paying them L1-1-0 an hour to get out and report on all conversations which might put the system up tight.

A leading Democrat in Indiana said "the idea smacks of Nazi Germany in 1937..." Why does he have to go back to Germany in 1937. In November 1970, just two months ago, five old SS officers went on trial in Wiesbaden on charges of murdering 65,000 Jews in the area of Lublin. It's not an isolated trial of ex-Nazis, and it's expected to take about eight months.

But the thing which boggles the mind about this case, is that up until their arrest, four of the five accused were officers in the West German Police — doing just what they did under Hitler —

One of the men, Bruno Meinert was an SS Captain, and when arrested in 1970 he was commander of the mobile police in Eutin, Schleswig-Holstein. Another, Herr Hoffmann was an SS lieutenant, and when arrested he was head of the detective branch of the Limberg police. A third of the group, Herr Schubert was an SS Lieutenant, and headed the registry department of the police in the province of Hessen when arrested. The last, Herr Hess who was also an SS lieutenant, was teaching criminology at the Weisbaden police college until he was arrested.

The oddest aspect of the case was that all of them were living openly under their own names, and provided full details of their SS and Gestapo records to the West German police authorities when applying for reinstatement in their old profession after the war.

I don't know — maybe we shouldn't be bothered by it — after all, they did have all that good training in bashing on people and it would have been a shame to waste it — and let's not forget, they were only following orders.

But what is the reality behind the protection of former SS men in Germany? Some of the answers can be found in an organization known as ODESSA. The name comes from, "Organisation der ehemaligen SS Angehörigen" (Organization of former SS members), which was formed immediately after the shooting stopped at the end of the second world war. A mutual aid society of former Nazis who ran an underground railway out of Germany and also providing Nazi war criminals with false identities, money and alibis.

Beside this friendly, life-giving service,

(Continued on Page 22)

In the 1960's after Tim Leary was kicked out of Harvard University, a research institute was established in New York City on East 81st Street. It was at the institute in New York that the Navy made contact with them, wanting to explore many avenues of naval research through the use of LSD. One of the problems was how to develop communication outside the area of language, with porpoises.

So pleased with the results of some of the overall experiments,

intelligence desk to deal with matters of the Hippy, Yippie, or any underground movements. The Russian agents read, file and send to Moscow all alternative culture publications. They have established a mass index file of names and data on almost everyone in the Pop world, the radical world. Anyone applying for a visa to visit the Soviet Union is checked against these files, and the degree of surveillance placed on the visitor once inside the Soviet Union depends upon the size of the file compiled by the Hippy desk of the local embassy.

Besides information obtained from the underground press, Russian agents in France, Holland, Italy and England, frequently attend pop concerts and the like — listening, observing and reporting back. Russians attend each implosion at the Round House. And they were sent to the Isle of Wight.

There has even been some suggestions on high levels in the Russian/American intelligence set up, that they enter into an information sharing and exchange operation in the area of the underground. For the top brass in both countries believe it is in the best interest of all, to

We Are Everywhere

by JERRY RUBIN

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I DON'T TRUST ANYONE WHO DOESN'T GET STONED ALL OR MOST OF THE TIME.

We wanted to be indicted.

It was like getting a prime-time national TV show. The demonstration dealt a death blow to the Democratic Party. Yet if Humphrey had won, we would not have been indicted. The Democrats would not want to turn off the youth. Ramsey Clark was so outraged at the indictments that he testified for

us—a real coup—which turned the ears of the prosecutors red.

The victory of the Republicans brought cowboy uptight Mitchell into office and he tried to preserve 1898.

J. Edgar Hoover took over the White House.

No more LBJ politics of consensus. We could hurt LBJ because we were part of his consensus. But to Nixon we do not exist.

For months we waited eagerly for the indictment. I prayed especially hard because I had already been indicted by a state grand jury for the same crime and if you can get a federal or state trial, prefer the federal.

A state trial would have raised few constitutional questions, generated little publicity, and had little symbolic meaning. I would have been up shit's creek. 10 years in the joint!

What chance to win?

Merely to arrest you is to put you up against the wall. The power to prosecute is fatal. What chance did I have to beat a Chicago jury? They'd send me to the pen for 10 years just so I'd get a haircut and shave. But in all analyses of government repression, we often do not take into consideration the human factor: I had a lazy prosecutor. I postponed the case eight to ten times, waiting for a federal indictment.

The grand jury was meeting and I ran up a \$200 phone bill calling inside Washington reporters, Chicago crime reporters, trying to get a lead. Would there be indictments? I had the best yippie intelligence at work and we could find nothing.

Then a tip!

All would be indicted but me. I was crushed.

Nothing tasted good—not food; I couldn't even get high. I convinced myself the rumor was phony. Finally a newspaper blazed headlines: **GRAND JURY TO INDICT-8.** We were thrilled. We met and decided we'd call ourselves **The Conspiracy**.

The next day we were all destroyed by the report that since the Justice Department tapped our phones, a Supreme Court decision might force them to reveal one day Dave Dellinger called to find out the weather in Havana. Revealing the tapping of embassy phones might expose the USA for the way it is.

Indictments were off. We were the saddest motherfuckers around. I remember Rennie, Abbie, Dave and me meeting for supper and getting drunk (it was that bad. You get drunk when you want to forget something. You get stoned when you want to be real.) and commiserated, wondering what we were going to do now now that we had failed to trick the government into indicting us. We wanted to use the trial as a national platform, to build a national organization, to expose repression.

WE SOUGHT REPRESSION IN ORDER TO EXPOSE IT.

The dialectics of yippie revolution. Some busts are good and some busts are bad. Got to force the government to indict you on your terms. Federal better than state. More publicity the better. Can't be yourself on trial—must be dissent, all young people. Going to jail is never good, except as a learning experience.

A week later I was home biting my nails wondering what to do with my state beer and all when I turned on the radio: "Eight indicted in Chicago!" I had an Academy Award acceptance speech gathering dust in my drawer. I sent it out to the underground press, claiming Mitchell vetoed the indictments when he saw an advance copy of the statement.

I rushed to the phone, called up AP. "Who got indicted?" I stammered, words falling all over themselves. A voice gave the names: Rennie Davis, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin. I screamed: "Yippie!" AP must have thought I was crazy. Then "Bobby Seale!" I fell on the floor. Bobby Seale!

We must have a yippie running the Justice Department as well as the State Department.

An alliance between the yippies and the Panthers!

I rushed to call Abbie and all my friends. "Let's celebrate," I said to Abbie. In an hour the apartment was full with dope, champagne, cheering. Some straight New Left fellas came over to tell us how sorry they were. What fools!

In a year we'd be household words.

In a year we'd incite more riots than our wildest fantasies.

In a year we'd expose and destroy the federal court system as unmercifully as we dusted off the Democratic convention. Yippie!

Abbie and I knew that in our guts and that's why we're so happy, why the organization is called Yippie! Dave knew it too, and he'd admit it with a wink: Rennie would admit it intellectually. Tom Hayden would call us "crazy." Lee and John had a "How'd I get into this?" look.

Bobby Seale quoted Mao: "It is good if we are attacked by the enemy, since it proves that we have drawn a clear line of demarcation between the enemy and ourselves."

For weeks I walked 100 feet off the ground, then I locked myself in my apartment, with grass and rock music, and I wrote *Do It!* in two months. I knew soon we'd be making history and that's the greatest trip of all.

No one knew how, but we knew, that's all.

Next we needed good actors for the various roles. We needed a good judge. Preferably he should be a capitalist, a rich motherfucker, and since most judges are, we felt safe.

He should be as old as possible to dramatize the dinosaur quality of those who have power in American society.

We considered asking for a postponement of the trial for 25 years 'cause only the next generation can decide our guilt or innocence.

A Hollywood production demanded a Hollywood typecast judge. Most of all, he should be a yippie.

A yippie says everything that comes to her or his mind, all instinct. The door opened, "Everybody Please Rise!" And there he was! It's Mc Magoo! No, it's Elmer Fudd! "Oh, fuck," I thought, taking one look at this amazing creature, "he's too good, he's going to upstage us." Abbie was thinking the same thing.

Julius Hoffman—What? Hoffman? What Hoffman! Oh, too perfect, Abbie's illegitimate father! His face looked like it was chiseled out of stone. His voice was Scrooge-like, pure evil. His body had been frozen in ice and kept in cold storage since the last trial he presided over—the Spanish Inquisition. And then we heard the words we were to hear throughout the trial:

"I will not hear from you, sir. You have a lawyer to speak for you."

Abbie came to the arraignment in a Chicago copper's tight blue shirt—he pleaded not guilty.

I liked Julie from the first moment I saw him. I hated and loved him. I loved his evil because it was so honest! Julie never hid his hate for us behind "judicial impartiality." He's a lovable fascist with a great sense of humor. He had the best lines in the trial.

We laughed through the whole trial—laughed at and with Julius. He proved to us that pigs can have a sense of humor.

I DON'T TRUST ANYONE WHO'S NEVER DONE TIME

If I had not been indicted, I might have considered suicide. Psychological war could be much more effective than outright repression. I know the government does not have a psychiatrist advising them. Just knowing you are going to miss history was enough to send you on a massive bumper.

Collective living is our ideal. But here in Cook County life is an enforced, unhealthy collective. Amerika does all it can to destroy any feeling for collective life. Jail is like the army. Like a mental hospital. Like kindergarten is like school. You learn in jail to eat with a spoon out of a tin plate and cup, eating in the line. Why does food have to be such shit? Everyone has a sad story, and the most shocking thing is if you ask the backgrounds of the black and white prisoners, it is Vietnam!

From Nixon's army to Nixon's penitentiary

Tonight a fight broke out in the day room over what TV program to watch and everyone was locked up in their cells. Then the lieutenant came and lectured us. "If a fight starts, fellows, break it up." ("Hah, I'm not going to get my head split open and another beef trying to break up a fight.") "Tell the officer." ("I'm no snitch.")

Today in court, one guy told his judge, "No, I'm not going back there. Anything but jail." Frightened, scared, he panicked and turned and ran and was gunned down by a cop in the courtroom, wounded and taken to the hospital. Court is a highly middle-class scene requiring technical skills, way above the education of most of the poor prisoners.

I'm in the new tier painted pink and white! The air is heavy inside a jail. Really, the air of jail and free air smells different. Your world is so small, a six by eight cell! What happens to you when your world is reduced to six by eight feet? Day follows day in deadening monotony.

The little things make each day a new adventure. On Monday you change sheets, Tuesday is commissary, Wednesday, one and a half hours in the yard. People in a fight are taken to the hole for 10 days, just the floor with a hole, no bed, no light, food once a day. I've heard people going crazy there, pounding on the walls with no one to listen.

A totalitarian police state requires absolute control of information. Long before Spiro leveled his rifle at the head of Walter Cronkite, we told the reporters at our daily trial press conferences that their heads were next to go. The day is not far off when political commissars, appointed by Spiro Agnew will censor the national TV news and newspapers and magazines, and completely outlaw the underground press.

In fact what was the first move the judges made before the trial began? Bar the press. Bar demonstrations inside 120 feet of the Federal Building.

Cook County Jail and federal marshals absolutely prohibited the press from any contact with Bobby Seale, so that Bobby's version and vision could never be expressed to the public except through notes smuggled out or through our voices. By already being a prisoner Bobby was naturally goaded to the desperation that resulted in his rising politically and demanding his rights in the courtroom.

It was the press which decisively settled the Battle of August, 1968. Images of police viciousness and brutality—everyday life in Amerika—flashed across the TV screens. Cronkite even called it a "police state" and the Democrats were washed with blood.

From that week on, policemen became pigs. Student street fighting spread across the land. TV spread the riots by spreading the information, which is just another way of saying reality creates more reality.

Spiro is only pissed off that the right cannot manipulate the media as well as we can. With the hardhat marches, they are catching on. But it is not a technical skill, or a conspiratorial one, it is history which decides who can best use the media. We used to hold daily press conferences until they got too repetitive to dramatize and explain what was really going on. The courtroom is no place to discover truth. Everything important is "irrelevant and immaterial."

The jury never found out that Ramsey Clark was kicked off the witness stand until the trial was over and they read it in the papers. The prosecution had the judge on their side; we had the press on ours.

REPRESSION MUST BE SECRET.

It is only fear of exposure which prevents the pigs from really spilling the blood of blacks and freaks.

Two months after the trial the Honorable Julius was invited to the White

(Continued on Page 19)



MENTAL INSTITUTIONS by kandi

Mental Institutions, for the most part, are tin cans, find the opener and you're out. Bellevue... Bellevue is a gigantic, rat-infested seven story building staffed by masculine women and effeminate men. But you can get by them baby, I did it three times in the last eight years. When you're admitted they give you a state dress with Bellevue stamped on your ass and chest, in case you make it the man is sure to pick you up on the street. But... you're allowed to keep pajamas and shit from the time you're admitted, so it's no hassle just bring in something like psychedelic pajamas that will pass on the street. It takes a few days, you have to get tight with the attendants (it's easy if you're gay) and you have to get off the ward privileges. I took off from the movie, hit the attendant for change for cigarettes, and waited. The man is right by the door but if you keep going you can pass for a visitor. You've got about five minutes to get your ass in the wind. They put out an alarm as far down as fourteenth street, so it's a good bet to catch a cab. My line was my old man kicked me out and I was going home to mamma, even with no bread you have a pretty good chance of making it, go to a friends and hit him for the cab fare. If you're lucky you can get town passes and walk from there. The job counselor happens to be an old trick of mine who supplies you with all the bread you need for job hunting, but it's a hassle getting out of bed to look for work, anyway you can always bring stuff back in, they never search you. I walked in last trip with two ounces of grass and half the girls were flying for a week, a couple of the attendants too. A few of the girls make a run for it with the visitors, but it's rough, they drag your ass back in handcuffs and beat the shit out of you if you're caught. There's a back yard where they have dances and the gate isn't locked too tough, with a car waiting outside you can split from there, easy if you lay a little grass on the attendants, or lay the attendants. They're damn glad to get your ass out of there afterwards. Of course with the attendants balling you and with dope on you, you may not be in a hurry to leave. But you've got ten

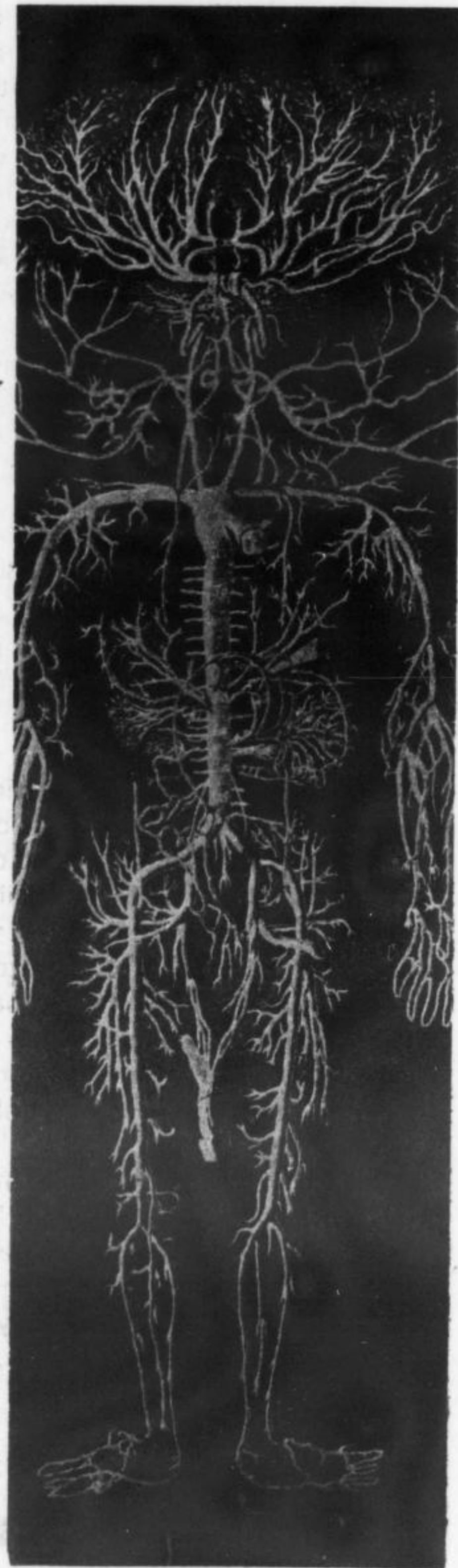


days to decide. In case you are committed to a state institution you can get out a little easier from there. Rockland... I was in Rockland in '64 when the scandal broke about prostitution on the grounds and dealing by the attendants. I was talking loud and got out on a writ. Two weeks later they fired half the staff for prostitution, drugs etc. They had a reward system for the druggies. Mop the floors and get an extra dose of pareldehyde at night. Of course they got a little up tight when they found one girl dead in bed from an overdose of sodium amytal and pareldehyde. She dies in a sheet, we found her the next morning, blue with her tongue hanging out. Staff claimed she had no extra medication. Nothing was done. The next week a girl hung herself on the porch. She lived, no thanks to the nurses who were popping their pills and doing their thing with the female patients. Second trip I got a job with the gym teacher and started balling one of the ground patrol. A girl sent there from the Rockefeller and I took off with him, but Rockland is a little tough. The whole place is surrounded by a fence that you have to climb, but if you're high enough the fence isn't. Of

course you can always take the bus straight into Manhattan, but you'll need a friend's identification and it's a little bit of a hassle. No car, no bus, forget it. It's goddam easy to get lost in the woods and they'll have the Rockland County police force after you in a minute. Central Islip... C.I. is way out in the middle of nowhere. You're two miles from the train station and two hours from the city, but it's simple as Hell to make it. First time, a chick of Warhol's named Vera Cruz (she's in the House now) came up and picked me up in a car. The doctor asked her what the Hell she thought she was doing and she ran her some shit about taking me for a cup of coffee, handed the doctor a bunch of roses, and off we went, with half the attendants watching us go. For this you need grounds permission which takes about two weeks. You can make it sooner, take out the garbage, have someone downstairs with a car, go to recreation and call a cab from the rec building. They put an alarm out for you in Suffolk County for ten days and then you're discharged. Don't try to make it on foot. I did the second time, a friend from Cooper came up to help my girlfriend

escape, she panicked so I made it with him. We walked into C.I. and caught the train. But it made for a lot of paranoia, and the Suffolk County cops are a little mean. One old lady made it on foot, she wound up hitchhiking to Creedmore. The drivers will pick you up on the main street, and there's no fence you just have to walk fast, and half the patients are going into town for booze anyway. With a little effort you can get an attendants uniform and shoes together, the first week I was there I walked around in a kitchen attendants dress and nurses shoes and stockings. Half the staff thought I worked there. For the guys, there's one crazy character up there who accumulated a policeman's uniform, nightstick, badge and all and went out on the main highway and directed traffic. It took them two hours to get hip to him and by then the traffic was piled up for miles. A little time in these places may help you, more than that and you start freaking out from the confinement, if they don't discharge you after two weeks and you're uptight, split. They can't do a goddam thing, except

discharge you even on a court commitment. And if you stay you may wind up there for life.





FASCIST FOLLIES

35th week
by
**JACKIE
FREIDRICH**

Monday May 3

Defense Attorney Charles McKinney delivered the last summation by defense counsel. While referring to the various testimonies and exhibits brought before the jury by the prosecution, he said that he was being charitable when he called it "evidence," as it was really "non-evidence." McKinney then said that he must acknowledge being outraged that the D.A.'s office would seek to indict 13 young men and women on such flimsy evidence and that if each defendant were to be tried alone, *not one* of them would be convicted.

The prosecution's case, McKinney said, was geared to the prevailing atmosphere of fear in this city, this state, and this country, and was based on surmises, innuendo, conjecture, guilt by association, and circumstantial evidence with the hopes that the jury would be influenced by this smokescreen of ambiguity and convict *somebody* for something.

McKinney pointed out the Det. Gene Roberts, who had attended virtually every important meeting in the Harlem Branch of the BPP and who was the only witness to testify as to the so-called Easter plot, *could not* testify that he had any knowledge of anyone having been given an assignment to do any of the things charged in the indictment. McKinney then asked if the inability of such a major witness to show any evidence that these defendants did any of the things charged in the indictment, did not raise *at least* a reasonable doubt.

In reference to the alleged dynamite at the Elsmere Tenant's Council, McKinney asked if someone were about to engage in a criminal act would they tell someone about the contraband (dynamite), but not say where or how it was to be used as Det. White has testified, or would that person either keep the whole matter a secret or tell all?

McKinney pointed out that Det. White had mentioned dynamite in Nov. of 1968 and for two months the Bureau of Special Services hounded him to find out more about it. White had, McKinney said, raised the ugly spectre of dynamite, opening up an area of inquiry which he later had to satisfy.

McKinney then asked the jury, are we to convict 13 men and women on the

basis of Det. White's having said that he saw dynamite at the Elsmere Tenant's Council and that it *did not belong to him*?

McKinney then referred back to the discrepancies in White's testimony itself. In this court, White has said that he saw defendants Lumumba Shakur and Kwando Kinshasa transferring dynamite on Jan. 17, 1969. However, in his reports and before the Grand Jury, White said that he could see *nothing*, but that he *assumed* the two defendants were transferring dynamite.

McKinney then asked if there were not something strange about the fact that Det. White had waited until Jan. 20, 1969, to make out his report for Jan. 17, and that the detective had gone up the headquarters of the Bureau of Special Services to be under the supervision of his supervisors while making out that report.

McKinney then asked if the *District Attorney* could answer the question of *who* put the bombs in the sites listed in the indictment, and then said that the D.A. could not answer that question based on the testimony that has come before the court. McKinney added that that, in itself, raises, not only a reasonable but a monumental doubt.

McKinney again asked where the direct corroboration was and singled out Det. Scotty Watson, a man who suggested that he had a peculiar feel for and understanding of black people and who said that he had gotten a confession from defendant Joan Bird. McKinney asked why it was that Det. Watson had not asked Joan Bird to sign a statement as corroboration.

McKinney then said that in spite of two years of preparation on this case, with unlimited facilities and funds, the prosecution had only offered reports of overheard statements, and he asked, "Is this the kind of flimsy evidence the District Attorney's office would ask you to deprive 13 men and women of the liberty for?"

McKinney then cited some other evidence which might give rise to at least a reasonable doubt.

First, Det. Gene Roberts, whose main role was to describe the so-called Easter Plot, drove to Baltimore and back with three of the defendants a day or two prior to the April 2 arrests. *Not one word* was mentioned about the so-called imminent plot in the privacy of that car, which would raise some question as to whether there was a plot at all.

McKinney then pointed out that the three infiltrators had been members of the New York BPP before most or all of the defendants, yet they were unable to say they knew from personal knowledge, of any acts the defendants were supposed to have committed. As longstanding and

trusted members of the New York party, McKinney asked, wouldn't they have been privy to those plots if there had been any plots?

McKinney then pointed out that with all of the guns brought into evidence by the prosecution, the only testimony as to a gun having been fired by a member of the BPP, was by Det. Ralph White, who testified that *he* went around shooting at table tops. McKinney, while referring to Det. White, asked, "is that the kind of stable, mature individual whose word can be accepted to deprive 13 people of their liberty?"

In conclusion, McKinney said that if the jury were to be judged on this kind of evidence, they would wish to be found not guilty and that a verdict of not guilty was the only one they, the jury, could conscientiously allow. McKinney then said that when the jury comes back with a verdict of not guilty, they may be criticized by those who are uninformed or by bigots, but that "when history is written, it will be said that you helped the State of New York preserve its honor."

McKinney's conclusion was met with the applause of all the spectators present. This response brought an admonition by Judge Murtagh, who warned the audience that he would clear the courtroom if they were to react again.

After the jury was excused, McKinney asked that defendant Afeni Shakur, who is now nearly 8 months pregnant, be released in her own custody for proper pre-natal care. Judge Murtagh granted the request and Afeni was released.

Tues. May 4

District Attorney Joseph Phillips began his summation by bringing out defendant Kwando Kinshasa's work file. Kinshasa had worked for the Transit Authority during the time of the alleged conspiracy and Mr. Phillips pointed out that Kinshasa had taken a day off on Jan. 17, 1969, deeming this dramatic corroboration to the allegation that Kinshasa had taken part in certain attempted bombings which took place on the night of Jan. 17 with which these defendants were charged.

Phillips then brought out a press release concerning a rent strike in Lumumba Shakur's building in July of 1969. Phillips then read that press release, which he called an ultimatum, and said that it showed "direct intent to kill police officers."

Phillips then read some testimony which attributes certain statements to Jordan Ford, an undicted co-conspirator. These statements urged Panther party members to kill police who entered their apartments. Perhaps Phillips has forgotten that most of these defendants were arrested on April 2, 1969 and according to police testimony, none of the defendants even attempted to shoot at their arresting officers.

Phillips constantly referred to "repetitive themes" in this case: such as the "repetitive theme of talking about guns." Another such theme, Phillips said, was talking about going up to a police car and shooting the officer in it, this repetitive theme was, Phillips said dramatically, "repeated at least once."

Phillips again insisted that "The Battle of Algiers" was used by the Panthers as a training film and with some emotion, he declared that he could not believe that people would actually place bombs in department stores. Phillips then stated that the bombing in the stores in "the Battle of Algiers" might have "great

effect to an uneducated mind" and then added, that thus, the jury could "see the intelligence of these defendants." Phillips then referred to defendants Michael Ceteway Tabor and Richard Dharuba Moore, who are now in Algiers, and said that it was "ironic that they have returned to the source of inspiration."

Phillips went through the period of the alleged conspiracy, more or less chronologically, referring, *cj* conveniently, only to *direct* testimony (practically repeating his opening statement) to show "how police officers were telling the truth."

When Phillips got to the point of the great dynamite switch, he said that there "shouldn't be any doubt in anybody's mind about the dynamite" adding, "If that's not true, then nothing's true in this case." Phillips had hit the nail on the head and his remark was met by laughter from all of the spectators, bringing another admonition that the court would be cleared if the audience reacted again.

Wed. May 5

Phillips continued in much the same vein: drawing his own conclusions from innuendos which were supported by the most circumstantial, ambiguous and dubious evidence. While going through the testimony, Phillips would pepper his delivery with recitals from "Urban Guerrilla Warfare," a book written by defendant Kwando Kinshasa. This book was sold in public bookstores and was purchased by the Bureau of Special Services *before* Kinshasa joined the BPP. There was no testimony that any of the defendants (other than Kinshasa) had read this book — in fact, the only people we know read it are members of BOSS.

Phillips' manner of drawing conclusions proved him to be a master of the art of non-sequiturs. For instance, the Red Dodge Dart found on Harlem River Drive on the night of Jan. 17, 1969, was allegedly rented by Clark Squire. Phillips presented the rental document with Squire's signature on it. Now, according to Patrolman Ashwood, defendant Squire is supposed to have said that if something happened that night (Jan. 17, 1969) he would have to deny that the car was his. So Phillips concluded that since he had the rental document with Squire's signature, that this was corroboration that Ashwood's quote was true.

Phillips also accused defense counsel of demonstrating "a callousness towards the lives of police officers" when they cross examined his witnesses. Phillips called this "disgraceful", but perhaps he has forgotten the abominable way in which he treated defense witnesses like Colin Connery, Shirley Jones, and Mrs. Bird, whom he accused of having been a member of the BPP, and the despicable way he treats these defendants, constantly hurling racist slurs (accusing the defendants of stupidity, having "no roots in the community" etc. etc. etc.).

As expected, Phillips has not yet concluded his summation, but by the time this paper hits the stands, the jury will most likely be deliberating. If I were to be on this jury, having heard all of the "evidence," and presuming I were objective and would follow the law of the land — that being that 1) the burden of proof lies with the prosecution and the defendant need do or say nothing, and 2) that each defendant is cloaked with a presumption of innocence until the prosecutor proves, beyond a reasonable doubt, that that defendant is guilty, there would be no way in the world that I could convict any of these defendants.

MASTER OF DECEIT MEETS THE JESUS FREAKS

As members of the most conservative, established and orthodox institution in Western civilization from the Middle Ages to the present, the Berrigan Brothers and their followers are unlikely revolutionaries. Their moral eccentricity, their attempt to invigorate the fatigued ethic of Christianity, presents the typical Catholic — and the typical American as well — with a series of possible responses: he can dismiss them as mad, perverse heretics worthy of a burning at the stake (for both religious and political unorthodoxy); he can laugh them off as a joke, an amusing circus of crackpot priests; or he can agree with them and yank up his rooted sensibilities.

The third choice is the most painful — in practice if not in theory. For the Berrigans demand more than simple acquiescence in their beliefs: they demand action, the working out of moral conviction in overt acts. They insist strongly on the need for action because the two of them, particularly Daniel, had themselves undergone a painful process of trying to determine what shapes the act of conscience should take. It was not enough, Daniel decided, to encourage draft resisters when one remained free while the young men he counseled went to jail. It was not enough to petition and parade. It did nothing to change the system, to dismantle the evil machines. And it cost one nothing. A legitimate moral act had to be one which would help to locate and undermine the war apparatus and at the same time demonstrate passionate moral conviction. There could be no dodging or evading the awesome and destructive power of the system by obsequious pleading and suppliant gestures. And this meant there could be no personal safety, no going home after the march or rally to supper and t.v. The moral men belong in jail — as witnesses to the immorality around them.

From the Berrigans' point of view, then, it is impossible (or at least hypocritical) for one to agree with them and yet stay Safe. Some of their friends angrily accuse the Brothers of unrealistic and arrogant preaching — it is fine for two nationally prominent priests (with neither wives nor children, of course) to beckon everyone behind bars. But who cares, who would even know about the imprisonment of an anonymous Mr. J? And what about Mrs. J and the kids? And is it really an intelligent and meaningful political act to be jailed by your adversary? (Daniel's flight from the FBI recognized the validity of some of these questions.) But the Berrigans have come up with few "practical" answers except to propose a revolutionary celibacy, underground communes, etc. In the end, the response of many of their admirers has been a kind of political paralysis and moral anguish.

The unsympathetic experience no such anguish. The conservative Catholic, for example, can circumvent his traditional reverence for the clergy only by making the Berrigans into monsters. It is very clear: the Brothers are lackeys of Hanoi, misguided freaks, not real priests at all. They are somewhere between the Drunkard Priest and the Seducer of the Rectory Maid. But, at any rate, their identity as holy men is discounted. They are better seen as sinister distortions, more in the Devil's service than in God's. One of my uncles, an otherwise friendly and warm man (and a good "Catholic") has recommended their immediate execution.

But to not take them seriously — as Mr. Kissinger apparently hasn't — is to reveal a blindness and insensitivity that is hardly worth discussing. For is precisely the power of the Berrigans to incite reaction, whether anguish or denunciation. To miss that is to demonstrate an incredible numbness. They are for real, no mistake. Nor is it terribly funny or incongruous for priests to be opposed to war and to express that opposition in a ritualistic, symbolic fashion. It is part of the Berrigans' logic, in fact, to see as truly bizarre and freakish those Christians who support America's domestic and foreign politics.

But the upcoming trial may transform all the reactions to the Berrigans. For one, it will give them a wider audience and a chance to expand and communicate their beliefs. They are not into silence, or retirement. The whole point of the Catonsville action and the resultant trial was to provide a platform from which they could announce their ideas. In a sense, J. Edgar has foolishly accommodated the Berrigans, for they will be glad and grateful for another, even more publicized, chance to deliver their message to the American people. They are men who will welcome the time out of jail and the opportunity to talk again to people and to preach their version of the revolution.

Which leads one to wonder why Hoover has not let sleeping priests lie. There are two possible ways of seeing Hoover: as the cunning chief of the FBI who has everybody's number or as the tired old bureaucrat full of spleen and paranoia. If he is the tired old hack there is no mystery: he has played right into the Berrigans' hands. In a fit of imaginative idiocy — a desire to punish further these commie priests — he has given the Berrigans the possibility of enjoying exactly what they most thrive on: communication, contact with people.

But there is the lingering suspicion that the old fellow



may have his wits about him, that he is a sophisticated and wily man who would not revitalize the peace movement without being convinced that he could nail the Berrigans to the wall, shut the door, and throw away the key. There is a vengeance to be exacted for

Daniel's embarrassing cat and mouse game with the FBI last year. And the execution of that vengeance could quite possibly be a well-thought out program for ending the Catholic Threat.

Consider the roles: Philip as chief conspirator, Daniel as merely an unindicted "co-conspirator." Very odd. It is quite inconceivable that Philip, in the same prison with his brother, would carry on his machiavellian subversion without fraternal aid. They are very close, personally and politically. And Hoover may be trying to dilute their punch by dividing them up.

In a way, it fits. Philip has long been thought to be the practical Berrigan, the hard-nosed political realist, the strategist. While Daniel is the impish poet, full of words and laughter, but no threat really. It's that quiet one you gotta look out for. So you divide the Brothers, zeroing in on Philip. He's already in jail for a longer sentence than Daniel, and this may be the opportunity to put him away for good, and possibly to separate him from his brother. As for Daniel, let him

continue his poetry, no one understands that stuff anyway. Separating the Brothers would be demoralizing not only to them but to everyone in the peace movement as well.

Such may be Hoover's immediate motives. But in a more expansive way, the Berrigan case would be a handy fear tactic for the government, a chance to blow the whistle on peace people, to serve warning that You better keep in line or you'll get what these renegade priests are getting. If you'll lock up nuns, you'll lock up anyone.

This kind of blackmail, if that's what is really behind the indictments, is full of promise for the left. Vindictive purges have a way of backfiring, of consolidating your position. They are threatening, they catch your enemies off guard, but they help to bring people together. Remember the Crucifixion.

That is how I read it, or how I hope it will go. The Berrigans' style is infectious and, to turn the metaphor around, can be the most sanative force accessible to the anti-war movement. They have been effective political activists without violating their faith in non-violence, they have been persuasive without the rigid scaffold of political rhetoric. And they do it all with a sense of humor and celebration and a profound conviction that God is not only on our side, but inside us.

MAY DAY

(Continued from Page 6)

screwing lassie and she loves it, the taxes are up, why don't they work, drugs and welfare, we are sorry to inform you your credit line has been exceeded, too soon the global purple, on duty twenty hours, all the paperwork and the long hairs are smiling as they are pushed into the bus, they seem to be having a good time, the fuckin queers, don't they have any respect for anything.

Now the bus drives off to the jail filled with songs and slogans echoing down the streets that really belong to us, nixon is shitting in his pants as we chant one two three four we don't want your fucking war, we thrust our clenched fists through the windows and even the hard hats give it back to us, five six seven eight, organize to smash the state, some give the peace sign and some soldiers give it back, as the bus races up the wide avenue past the white house we know that the city and the future, they belong to us,

nine ten eleven twelve, free our souls free ourselves for as hugo said, there's nothing stronger than an idea whose time has come...

But if you didn't get busted monday at one of the targets, if you went to george washington university and got gassed, you probably went some place for some food and took a leak and then wound up at st stephen's church for the news that it was to be the department of justice the next day, if you knew some one with a radio you heard that six thousand got busted that the jails were overflowing

So you got some sleep and wandered around tuesday morning and milled around Franklin Park near downtown and went over through the busy streets full of the lunch time crowd looking at you with curiosity and fear, wonder and sometimes even tenderness, the freaks were everywhere drifting over the the Justice Department. And we spot old friends in the

crowd and we walk over to Justice Dept., Jackie like a freaky little girl five feet nine barbarella type, putting out a snatch weekly under a pseudonym and ray the writer and pauline the photographer and we sat down like ten feet from the attorney general's entrance at the justice dept. That's when we got busted.

It was there under a sun filled sky, people are filling the windows of the office bldgs and the press walks around with their badges and tape recorders and three cameras, and jerry wilson arrives, bald-domes, sideburned gauleiter of the District of columbia, who had a choice he said, of doing the legal thing or what had to be done and, says he, he chose the latter. Let the nation decide.

And three o'clock comes and the people are sitting down, hundreds and hundres, fixing their gas masks, linking arms that sometimes tremble, the street so wide between the

federal piles of departmental gray is now full, full, full ranks of riot police in their gleaming helmets and the sound truck armored car makes the clear the area announcement and the people are sitting down, linking arms, shouts, helicopters overhead buzzing the sun as the sea of police gleaming and blue moves towards us, the photographers on the ledge are shooting furiously, officers, scurry giving orders on the edges of the police wave that anyway started from about thirty feet away we were in the 2nd row from the constitution ave. end of the demonstration.

Then they are moving forward no they are just a few feet away, you kneel linking arms and now they are in front of the first row and they begin to peel off the people, arresting them, now is the time and it all seems so natural, the cop with the tired face and his arm is trembling as he grabs you and you feel his relief and surprise as you rise offering no resistance.

Then the ride through the city but i've written that already. About the jails you have to find out yourself. It's so great to go to jail, because when you are out you realize what a treasure freedom is, the freedom to go across the street and have some coffee and buy some cigarettes and go see a movie...

So you must make up your own mind whether the fight is just ours or yours too. Let me tell you I had a great time in washington even though jail did get a bit heavy sometimes. But you remember longfellow visiting thoreau in jail when was in for protesting the mexican war and longfellow says henry what are you doing in here and thoreau answers what are you doing out there?

We came back to n.y. for free on a n.y. univ. chartered bus that left from a st stephen's church filled with sleeping bags and the rice with vegetables that tasted like heaven after all those god damn bologna sandwiches in jail that's all they fed us god damn bologna sandwiches over and over again and people going up and down the stairs and running into ex cell mates and exchanging the details of their arrests and prison experiences. And on that bus we sat with tom and joan fuller nee susienka who got married just after their arrest at justice on tuesday, while waiting to be taken off to the jail which was to be their honeymoon hotel. They were married by the Rev. Klinefelter, a long hair United Church of Christ minister from Atlanta, as Mitchell watched, among the thousands of their brothers and sisters, some in plainclothes, some in uptight suits and collars, some in police riot gear, some in jeans and field jackets, uniforms of the new american revolution, really just a continuation of the same old one - humanity's march into its future, that nothing can stop. A delightful season is on the say. "We shall overcome," sang the wedding spectators at the Fullers' request. And so we shall.

MAYDAY HEAVY

(Continued from Page 3)

We wish to win them as allies and so we need to minimize their antagonism towards us...All of the targets selected deal directly with the Federal Government and blocking these targets will have a minimum impact on the surrounding black community. These targets were specifically chosen to minimize disruption of the black community."

The Justice Department was not fazed by talk of good intentions, and weeks before the event, had F.B.I. tails on most members of the Mayday Collective, including Leslie Bacon who was arrested and rushed to Seattle under full guard and publicity, thus discrediting Mayday in the eyes of many people. Then, too, the phones were turned off in lieu of a \$10,000 deposit on the poles in Potomac Park, "The Land," even though the bill was paid to date. The press wasn't exactly friendly either. The night before the concert, Alfred G. Aranowitz wrote a column that squelched a rumor that James Taylor, the Jefferson Airplane and other big stars might appear. Radicals were angered, but even more disturbing was Aranowitz's general disdain for the tactics, his absolute denial of the politics. The reaction to his reaction was such that Saturday A.J. Weberman tried to have him removed from the concert by force. The local papers, except for an occasional column like "Good Morning Government Workers," a sympathetic dispatch by Nicholas Van Hoffman in the Washington Post, were skeptical if not downright hostile. "You will never," they seemed to say, "win the hearts of the workers by blocking their cars." Even the hip community had its detractors. "I think," said rock entrepreneur Steve Paul to a member of the Mayday Collective after the park cleanup, "that the police acted with incredible restraint." Paul is a punk, but

it seemed a fair measure of public opinion on the matter of shenigans in the street, "non-violent" or otherwise.

Just to make sure, John Mitchell ordered in 10,000 federal troops from the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg, the 1st Battalion of the 3rd Infantry at Ft. Meyer, Va., the 6th armored cavalry at Fort Meade, Md., the 91st engineer battalion at Fort Belvoir, the provisional battalion at Quantico Marine Base, Va., and a battalion from Fort Eusticia, plus the regular forces of the metropolitan, U.S., Park, Capitol, Arlington, Fairfax and Virginia State Police forces. The city became an armed camp with visible troop movements, police at every point, and helicopters sweeping out of the gray overcast to report on street gatherings, or perhaps to napalm the shit out of us. The highway department, under the leadership of assistant director Jack Hartley, formulated a plan to ban traffic on many highways, to detour or change the parking rules on others. The government was most emphatic that employees should get to work on time, and some departments

such as the Navy Bureau of Ships and Customs requested that their people come in Sunday night and sleep over on cots. The Federal Civil Service guidelines, which were slipped to us, however, stated: "The regular normal leave policies of the government are in effect on such a day. If an employee requests annual leave on that day (or leave without pay) and his services can be spared, he may be granted the leave."

The odds were obviously stacked, but people were together. No matter where, no matter who, freaks greeted each other on the street with big hello's, the power handshake, and offers of cigarettes, rides, shelter and love. The solidarity was hard to articulate, but it was there - strong. Sunday afternoon, several regional meetings were held to determine

(Continued on Page 20)



frick

Dateline the electric mecca. Last week the entire rock and roll juke box complex was thrown into a state of utter confusion by bill grahams announcement to call it quits. They were freaked out. Why was he suddenly pulling out of a multi billion dollar a year bracket just at the height of the ride?? What secret plans did old grajanka have deep inside, what moves was he planning? A sly dude, hes not beyond anything in the way he plays business against rock and roll. They were all wondering what was going to happen, people were talking like the whole scene was comming to an end. Where was there to go from here?

Notable \$40,000 a year dee jay alex bennet had a show last friday morning to discuss the death of rock and roll. He was very somber in his speech and played this down music all morning long. He had some guests there in the studio with him to help kick some dirt on to rock and rolls grave. David Walley, notable rock reporter and a cat from the rolling stone and Kip Cohen, house manager of the fillmore east

They went on in their over thirty way of dissecting the events of the closing of the fillmore and the possible closing of the Capitol theatre in portchester.

I called them to see what was happening and how come every one was talking like it was the end of the world. Alex told me

"Gee Charlie wed love to have you up to the studio to talk about it but theres no more room in the studio."

It looks like were comming into a dry spell one of them said. Its like it was the last time the repression came down, down, everyone sort of faded town, split with their loot for those fancy rock and roll camps out there in the woods. Leaving the city dry and high. Taking the money of the fly.

For my money im glad to see them go all of them, and i wish they would take a few more of their friends like the people from the kinney corporation, who own Atlantic records, and the people from gulf and western who own paramount records and the people from xerox who own rolling stone. The list goes on. As for rock and roll being on the way out just because a couple of capitalists are leaving town, well the whole thing is absurd.

It seems to be coming out of everywhere. Its in the air, spring time and a whole bunch of new sounds have hit town in the past weeks. Its just for the freaks that most of the small time acts play, as for those multi million dollar rock and roll stars, well you can have them all. Lock, Stock and fuzz tone. If thats the best the talent producers have to offer you might as well stay home, smoke dope, just dont give up hope if it seems that all the magic has left town.

I got out to look around in the past few weeks to see whats going on. The most amazing was EMMERSON LAKE AND PALMER. They are in town doing shows along the east coast for the people that can get off on electricity the most. I think theyre one of the most underrated, high power high energy, groups around today. They got it on and out in every conceivable way. There's nothing much that i can say except that they took me away real quick and real smooth.

Since Jimmi's passing there havent been too many really electric sounds heard on the scene. These guys play as if in a dream. Its electric as it can be. It was their flash and splash that got thru to me. Each of the three musicians are tops. No

superstars in this group. The whole group rates as star quality.

Keith Emmerson in case you forget was the organ player for the Nice. He is a master of ac/dc electricity. Playing a separate keyboards and a moog, he created whole waves of sound that filled peoples heads. His stage presence is something not to be believed. Its amazing the amount of energy that he puts out.

Stage antics and theatrics like walking among the audience with his moog controls shooting sound waves at imaginary space beings. Then he climbed back on stage and danced on the top of the machines stabbing silver daggers into them. Flaying his blades about like the count of monte cristo. He blew minds left and right. It was quite a sight.

Their album EMMERSON LAKE AND PALMER on cotillion is pretty good but in person theyre a positive trip. Its like some sort of ship waiting to take you away. Theyll be back in the city to play for you in a few weeks at Carnegie Hall, May 23rd. Ron Delsener is presenting them at carnegie hall which has a much less oppressive atmosphere than the fillmore but they got hired detectives and the goons working there as ushers and bouncers. I dont like that either.

Ron Delsener is also presenting another group that doesnt come to town too often. The James Gang will be in town for a one night stand. I like this band even though some call it plastic or bubblegum or rock hype. Their sound is tight western rock, so tight in fact that it gets on to the am stations playing in those hamburger joint jukeboxes all across this land. The James Gang is a fairly new band even though they have 3 records out. Their latest is called THIRDS and its on ABC records. Nice stuff for driving roundlistening to the sounds of the juke box in your mind. The kind of music that sits very well if you dont want to listen too hard. Theyll sell out the house cause theyve got a lot of groupie power in this town. The chicks come from all around to see bubblegum music. Ill never know why. maybe it will give them a fly this time around.

Some other people that i saw the last time they were in town was Cowboy. I wrote about them when their album, REACH FOR THE SKY. No one listened this time they were thrown in as a warm up group for jethro tull. They did pretty well considering the kids wanted the action. Cowboy is country western rock too. Lots of different sounds that are new and better than most around these days. They came on stage to play for the swains and get them all hopped up all bopped up ready to rock and roll. The audience wanted Tull.

Cowboy played on, doing some rock and roll songs and some western songs and trying everything that they knew. Susan Sunshine knew too, that they were good and the audience was all wrong. They should have let them play their songs in peace but they wanted Tull. They got them too.

Jethro Tull, the reigning english group in american popularity (under the stones of course).

Ian Anderson is maniacal, masterful and completely flipped! An ace flute player too. Theres nothing that they couldn't do that evening. There was trouble with the sound system but that didnt bother them too much. They played on and on all of their hit songs and some off their new album called AQUALUNG. Its a really real good album and the material is the best that theyve done so far. He plays much more guitar now than he did when i saw them a year ago. It was their second show of the night and things werent quite right but the audience was on its feet screaming TULL!!!! TULL!!!! and thats what they got. It was loud too, just what they were supposed to do. Blow everyones mind away blow things up in the air blow the music up in the air play it so loud that no one seemed to care or mind about the volume. It was really good.

They play music from the other side of the sea, a welcome relief from the staid 3 chord doo wah diddy diddy that most of the american pop musicians have fallen into. Its the things that Ian seems to do above and beyond the music itself. Its how much of himself that he gives to his show. How much he lets the audience know how glad he is to be there playing for them. Yes kids keep those dollars rolling in.

Another bunch of new faces from england that passed thru was CURVED AIR theyre warner brothers new bunch of pop stars destined for fame at the end of the game. They play rock too seems that theres nothing taht they cant do. Theyve got a tight sound and move it all around their female lead singer Sonja Kristina. Shes a knock-out and her voice is pretty good too. An electric violin and a synthesizer hooked into a keyboard gave them something more than the normal 5 piece rock band.

Theyre on tour of this land now makeing their way across the USA, maybe theyll stop in your town soon. Their album is simply called CURVED AIR. Its got some stuff thats been on the fm already. Yes theyre all ready to make the climb to the top of the charts, all they need is a couple more starts like the one they had the other night and theyll be gone away out of sight.

I seen Edgar Winter too all over again he scrambled my brains, theres nothing that can beat the sound of a really good horn band especially when its got edgar winter in it too. This time around id like to mention their lead guitar player. His name is Floyd Radford and he picks his ass off. He really impressed me this time around with a nice clean sound and speed like ive not seen in a while. Their album is on Epic records and its called. EDGAR WINTER - WHITE TRASH. Theyll be a smash on your fm too. Theres nothing really left to do cept sit back and dig it all as it comes floating in.

Charlie Frick May 15, 1971.

BLUE MOVIE

is

"A GREAT BOOK"

says

WM. BURROUGHS

and goes on:

"Well knowing that sex movies on the public screen couple rolling around on top of each other in fake orgasms the man with a limp prick is an impotence image and the actual blue movie posing the all too familiar dilemma of an actor trying desperately to make it when he obviously doesn't want to is another step on the same road, Sid Krassman (a Hollywood archetype) sets out to make a BLUE MOVIE with story lines and sets all the super production buildup for real sex acts performed by enthusiastic and dedicated artists, some of whom including the female star fall by the wayside unable to throw off innate sexual pruderies. "I mean" she screams "just how the hell is me getting fucked on camera by a bunch of stupid . . . dumb-assed . . . nigger extras going to help my image?!?" Yet others like Davie and his sister Debbie perform with spirit and vigor and it seems for a magic moment as if Grey Eminence Films will bring it off. But the negative is kidnapped by a posse of Vatican toughs or agents perhaps of the film industry itself divining in their ripe wisdom that if they give the audience too much they will stay home and do it themselves in front of their own video cameras. Like Doctor Strangelove, BLUE MOVIE is already on set."

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

BLUE MOVIE

by

TERRY SOUTHERN

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WE ARE EVERYWHERE

House as a conquering inquisitor, another one of Nixon's Patton-like heroes, along with Clement Haynsworth, defeated Supreme Court judge, and when Julius and Pat Nixon met who did they condemn? The media.

For us there is nothing the press can say that makes us look bad. The worse they portray us, the greater heroes we are to youth.

In fact we preferred right-wing coverage to the liberals, the right saw the trial as a super-sport event, magnified our evil to yippie levels, and helped every observer participate in the event.

New York Times coverage was an endless search for the "issues" of the trial, an attempt to translate courtroom drama into rational interchange.

Tony Lukas often wore the saddest face in the courtroom as he watched The Battle and knew he could never report it. All life was penciled out of his stories, vivid description cut into the dead frame of the New York Times obituary page. There is more truth in one New York Daily News headline than in 500,000 columns of New York Times crap.

The Times takes the blood and emotion out of events.

Lukas flew to New York for an emergency crisis meeting, then flew back. But he was a defeated man. To what extent was censorship in New York entering his own bloodstream and forcing him to censor himself before he ever got to the typewriter? Self-censorship is more vicious than overt direct censorship.

You know what your boss wants and you fit yourself to suit his needs to avoid a direct ugly clash in which he has all the power. When Julius "shouted," the New York Times blue penciled Lukas's verb to "said." The word was clear. No description of the judge.

The media got on Julius's nerves by revealing that while young kids stood in line all through the night in biting, freezing cold, many of them having driven two hundred miles to get there, then being watched during the trial for any show of support by hawklike marshals and ejected, members of Chicago High Society sat in the press and other front row seats calmly and innocently explaining, "Why, Julie let us in."

That infuriated Julie.
What right did the press have to print such garbage? After all it is MY courtroom.

The Times will print the putting of one million black and hippie people into concentration camps in cold, black and white formal language, using the euphemistic language of the government ("Vietnamization" means put the gooks on the front lines and let them get blown up by mine bombs, etc.), with a long news analysis right next to the column. You'd never know it was real human beings, your sisters and brothers, being carted away like animals.

The Times is able to destroy your sensory perception of injustice and turn potential anger into intellectual nothingness.

We were being railroaded in the courtroom, our only hope was mass popular reaction.

If the press covered every trial the way they covered us, the chances of combatting courtroom terror would be increased. But the press is not interested in the steady march of black people from the ghetto to jail to court to jail. In that courtroom we were fighting for everybody screwed by the judicial nightmare. If the Chicago 8 trial was like that, wow! Imagine what goes on daily in every courtroom in this country.

When an innocent black woman or man is railroaded into jail for one to ten years, that is not news.

We tried to use our TV trial to spotlight the injustice in all the courtrooms. Before our trial, even young people thought some sort of fair justice took place in the courts. They accepted it on faith. No more!

A battle in a courtroom is between unfair opponents. The prosecution has an incredible advantage. The prosecution had large offices in the Federal Building, whereas we had to do our legal work in restaurants and overcrowded apartments.

The "G" had unlimited funds whereas we had to beg, borrow and rip off. The prosecutor and judge go out the same door, go to the same restaurants, work for the same boss. They tap our phones, we don't tap theirs. They intimidate, frighten our witnesses, our first was fired the day after he testified. If we tried to intimidate theirs, we'd be off to their jail for centuries.

With Bobby in jail we had to hold our strategy meetings in a jury room made available by marshals. We assumed the room was bugged. That assump-

tion fucked our heads up. We always assumed they knew our strategy the next day.

The prosecution table always is right next to the jury while our table is across the room. When the prosecutor says, "Good morning, jury," that's human kindness; when we say it, it's trying to influence the jury and contempt of court. Jurors become employees of the government and they felt some loyalty to their benefactor.

We got very excited when we snuck a wino on the jury.
He came to the jury box stoop-shouldered, dirty, unbuttoned white shirt, sloppy pants. He'd know the enemy!

After one week on the jury, he underwent a personal transformation: new horn-rimmed glasses, black suit, erect posture. He moved from rummy dump fleabag hotel to a fancy suite in the Palmer House. One look at him and we knew he was going to repay his struck it rich supporters with a guilty vote.

Later we found he was one of the hang 'em hardliners.

Federal marshals took care of the jurors, chaperoned them, fed them, answered their every need and whim, entertained them.

Hip to why we were going down, we made a motion that we pay half their salary and yippie marshals take care of the jurors half the time.

Yippie marshals.

Everyone in the courtroom saw it as a put-on yippie motion. It was the most serious move we made through the whole trial. I'm sure the incestuous relationship between marshals and jurors turned them against us. All it takes is a nod in the right place, a shake of the head. The jurors know what is expected of them.

You know what we found out long after the trial ended! Ron Dumbrowski, the judge's private marshal, who responded to the judge's orders by going over to us and staring two cold death eyes and shouting, "Be quiet, Mr. Dellinger!" the same marshal who we'd laughed and cursed at, "Would you shoot us if the judge told you to, Nazi Ron?" was the jurors' private chaperone.

He lived with them and cared for them.
Our chief policeman was their closest friend! Naturally their sympathy would be with him as we fought him.

What a farce is a jury trial! They accuse us of making the trial a farce. Hah! The trial was a farce. We exposed it, we forced the system to reveal its soul - and there wasn't much soul there - only an evil crooked deck of cards.

The trial went from one crisis, turning point, high spot to another.

Every day a new trial, another adventure!

Every day better and more exciting than the previous one. I awoke every morning excited to life to go to court.

Suspense, drama, surprise!
Never a dull moment!

Even the dull moments were exciting when you meditated on what was going down. Dig the environment. It was a total environment, what Jeff Shero called a time machine. You had the feeling nothing was going on anywhere else in the world. I used to get stoned and just sit in the courtroom staring at faces and laughing. Everyone so well typecast for their role. And let anyone start taking the escapade serious, there were the artists with their huge pads moving from row to row to get a good shot and then drawing your picture.

Now how can you believe the show when five feet away three artists are busy drawing you for the evening news! CBS artist Howard Brody would sit on the edge of his seat, eyes bulging out, mouth dripping with the saliva of excitement, adrenalin glands a'running, 350 different colored pencils falling all over his lap, and constantly staring at you for his drawings.

You didn't want to turn your back or your head away 'cause you didn't want to make things rough for ol' Howard.

Look a little my way, Jerry, Howard would unconsciously say to you. Howard turned us all into movie-TV actors. Howard didn't create the theater. The theater was already there.

After the trial we'd watch TV and see another trial, a different trial than the one we had attended all day in the courtroom. There was Kunstler, arms flailing to the skies, feet flying. Now I never once saw Bill in that pose.

But CBS always put an extra flourish in the arms.

Makes a better drawing, you know. Since color TV is where it's at, I used to wear bright colors every day to court: red pants, green pants, yellow polo shirt with red lines, multicolored headband, incredible tie-dye shirts.

Bobby Seale suggested once that all of us wear all black one day to court.

One of the reasons we temporarily gave up on the trial movie we were planning is we knew we could never find an actor who could capture Julius. We offered Julie \$100,000 to play himself, but he never even answered our letters. We then offered the part to Groucho Marx but he refused, too. Dustin Hoffman came to the trial for a week to study Julius to maybe play him in a future melodrama - so we shall see. Right on, Rats!

The sketches made the vicious prosecutor, Schultz, look so cherubic, earnest and baby-faced. Like a soft college intellectual.

Actors become known by their sketchability. Abbie's wild hair, gigantic nose, enormous teeth made him a ball to sketch.

Dellinger and Kunstler were tough motherfuckers to catch with a pen.

My beard and long hair made me easy but I was always sneering.

Lee came up looking like Karl Marx. Lennie Weinglass like a matinee idol. Rennie came out as the boy next door. Sketches tried to bring out our essence, but in reality reduced our personality to an image.

We became cartoon characters.

And then in addition to the World, there was another invisible personage in the room, a spirit, affecting everyone's behavior. History. We knew generations from now would read about our trial. It was in the tradition of Socrates, Jesus, Willie Sutton, Galileo, Scopes, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Rosenbergs. Part of us wanted to lose so we would make a bigger impact on history.

"Can you think of any trial throughout history in which the defendants won?" asked Abbie. The winners are forgotten in the dustbin of history. Socrates lost, Jesus lost; Sacco and Vanzetti lost.

That gave us something to think about.

Before the trial started we worried about being assassinated or assaulted in the streets of Chicago. Abbie suggested we ask for a bullet-proof courtroom. It was perverse as we soon discovered: we were the home team. We were the underdog. We thought we wouldn't be able to walk the streets except with bodyguards. It was the other way around!

Julius Hoffman couldn't walk the streets except surrounded by a phalanx of marshals. He once went to visit his sick wife in the hospital and was literally chased out of the place by furious doctors and orderlies and nurses. Julius's phone was unlisted but our spies got it and somehow Julius started getting funny phone calls - he had to change his number 12 times.

Julius lived in fear, marshals permanently stationed outside his luxurious apartment.

He didn't even want to go to parties any more because someone was always asking him that question with critical eyes.

We were overwhelmed with requests to appear everywhere. Every week every defendant and lawyer flew to every end of the USA to speak before overflowing crowds of college students where Julius Hoffman's name was automatically followed with boos and heckling laughter, and we were treated like Amerika in the forties treated its World War II veterans.

We discovered a new problem for a revolutionary to deal with: autograph seekers. Is it counterrevolutionary to sign an autograph? But isn't it counter-revolutionary to refuse to sign a fifteen-year-old kid's request for our autograph?

Money poured in from all over the country: our fight was the fight of the people. We had more speaking requests than we could fulfill. It became news what we did and thought.

Abbie's name began popping up in the gossip columns.

Movie producers and directors, playwrights, newsmen, authors, talent scouts all fought each other to have lunch with the defendants.

We didn't know whether we were going to jail - or Hollywood.

Mail flowed into the Federal Building. Abbie got one letter addressed simply to: Abbie Hoffman, Chicago, Illinois. Julius Hoffman became our private mailman.

Young people started writing us telling us their personal problems. Every morning and afternoon in court began with the huge delivery of mail and we began the trial day reading our mail.

tactics for Monday morning, and one of the biggest was for people from New York City, Long Island and Colorado in a courtyard of George Washington University. It was a working example of pure democratic mob rule. There was no particular power base, just a man with a megaphone, and his role was low-key. When he said something foolish, they yelled him down, and other speakers presented their ideas which were accepted or jeered down accordingly. The discussion moved from one point to the other, but stayed mostly in the area of tactics and rarely visited politics or rhetoric. In fact, anyone who attempted to be heavy or "violent," was immediately suspect. Provocateurs and agents were in the crowd, but they were spotted, then largely ignored. People talked about the physical outlay of their target area, Dupont Circle, northwest of the White House, and intersected by Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire Avenues, and 19th Street. It's outlay, it's accessibility, the times when traffic would be heaviest. It was decided by popular acclaim that all would arrive at the Circle at 6 p.m. in small affinity groups of 3, 4 or 5, each of which would focus on a particular avenue or corner. Then the tactics were discussed.

"This morning at the park," a brother said, "a young brother was ripped off by the pigs, and when they got him to the bus he just bolted and ran like hell. One cop chased him over a wall and banged his leg, really hurt himself. The brother got away. I just think it was a real good tactic cause besides getting away, he diverted 5 cops, and that's a real good diversion we might all get into."

"Right on," several people said.

"At the women's march today, a sister said, 'the pigs drove right into us with motor-bikes. We should be aware of that.'"

"It's easy to knock a motor-bike over," said a brother, "particularly when it's moving."

"Right on!" Several more people yelled.

"No, someone else shouted, 'that stuff doesn't support nonviolent objectives!'"

"I agree with the sister, someone else said. 'We must all try to relate to nonviolence as the tactic that has the most potential at this particular time.'"

It continued. The prospect of driving cars into the circle and stalling them there was roundly applauded. Who had a car? "They said they were gonna use helicopters to pull out stalled cars," someone said.

"You can't fly helicopters in the underpass," someone else said.

"Right on!"

"The reality," a brother said, "is that the pigs know what we're up to, so we're just gonna have to adapt. We all can think, we all can see what's going on. We just have to take it as it comes."

"If you take care of the traffic inside the circle," the brother with the megaphone said, "the traffic outside the circle will take care of itself."

The meeting was finally concluded and the people split up to prepare for the early morning attack. Elsewhere in town, particularly at St. Stephen's Church in the black community, where a meeting was being held, and the colleges, activity was feverish. At the Mayday collective office on the 10th floor of a building on Vermont Avenue, workers scurried back and forth, preparing to leave quickly.

"They're gonna bust us tonight," a collective member said. "We have advance warning. There's some people who have to get out of here right now."

The collective offices weren't busted, though. But the fun was soon to begin. In the morning, people literally poured out of houses, cars, sidestreets and alleyways to begin converging on their targets. It was a cold, bitter morning with the probability of rain and heavy wind, and the sky wasn't even fully light yet. The few workers on the street at this hour seemed amused and amazed by the freaks, who were forming up and trying to get their bearings. Naturally, the traffic island at Dupont Circle was lined with soldiers standing every six feet or so, and the police were in full force on the street. The island was used for troop and prison buses, and was guarded by many layers of men. The very center, a collection of the usual park statuary, was continually occupied by freaks, but not so close to the street. The freaks would begin to cross an intersection, maybe 50, would remain to block cars. It depended on how brave you were feeling at that moment. The cops would move in and grab people, then someone would throw something in the gutter, and the cops would make a mad rush for him, scattering the mob in all directions, and causing chaos, confusion and great noise. Great numbers hung around the circle at first, and seemed confused as to what to do. Then there was a rush someplace and pissph... teargas was lobbed for the first time, but certainly not the last. People, even the straights, scattered for the hills but were met by the open arms of police who didn't seem to be checking too closely who they were grabbing. At this early hour, it was apparent that hundreds had already been arrested. The first aid truck from New York was ripped off, with several medics, and commandeered to transport prisoners. Lawyers, the clergy, old men and pregnant women and even children were equally vulnerable to the law. They were taken from the streets at random and placed in the buses. One or two people struggled; they were beaten senseless. Jaywalking was a serious offense. And God help you if a cop told you to move on: it meant he would grab you by the back of the neck as you moved, then deliver you to the arms of eager captors. The skivvies were small but intense, and more freaks always seemed to replace the ones who had fallen.

As the circle became impossible to approach, what with heavy tear gas and insane concentrations of police, the groups began moving out to the side streets where particularly fast activity went on for several hours. There was moral, physical or geopolitical center to the thing. Baricades and trash were dragged into the street: flower pots, dumpster dumpsters, garbage cans and old furniture. The traffic cops stood in silence, with their luminescent orange ponchos on, their whistles in their mouth, while freaks ran by, or dragged refuse on the road. The traffic was getting heavier on these side streets, and many of the drivers were livid with rage. Just as many more, though, were friendly, and sat in their cars for the duration of the day. Then a stiff wind, and it was tear gas again. Police motorcycles were ripped off: the cops went berserk to avenge them personally, just like the Angels. At one corner, a freak fled madly, chased by a paunchy cop with a red face and an angry nightstick. The freak ran past a bunch of national guardsmen who didn't move for him, but smiled to the freaks on the opposite

corner who were cheering. The guardsmen gave the V-sign; the cop gave up the chase.

On Florida Avenue, moving a little to the northwest, an extremely daring band of revolutionaries pulled Volkswagens, Fiats and other such vehicles into the center of the street. Two men were arrested on a residential block: bolting loose, they outran the cops over several lawns and around a corner. Two very young girls happened to be there, and were dragged away for that fact. When they ed, their arms were twisted.

Coming off Florida Avenue and the undoing of another snazzy sports car, this extremely daring group ran into two cops in a car and fled with the usual haste. One crazy member from the Lower East Side was taken and put in the back of the patrol car. The cop turned to

leave and said, "Stay here or I'll shoot you." The brother leaped out the door and fled for safety. He was not shot. The morning dragged on, but the groups of freaks were sparser, the cops more abundant. "The news downtown was, the score is risin': 4,000, 5,000, do I hear 6,000. Yes, an incredible 7,000 prisoners, an all-time record for one day!" Reports indicated that it was pretty tough on the freaks all over the city, and there were numerous brutality reports mostly of clubbings and kickings, and an occasional crippling. The cops tear-gassed the freaks out of Georgetown University on request of the faculty and the wife consent of the student body. George Washington was blockaded. The collective office was once more in dread of imminent arrest, and the morning was taking a darker turn.

Things turned darker still when Rennie Davis was arrested by 6 G-men coming out of a press conference at the Executive. Davis's code name was delta, and to his dismay, John Proines found himself listed as echo. Still another conspiracy indictment. Next was Dr. Spock, then Abbie Hoffman, neither of whom had the slightest thing to do with planning the demonstrations. Hoffman was arrested for the usual disorderly conduct charge Monday morning, and upon revealing his identity, was beaten senseless, suffering a broken nose and 16 stitches. In New York later, he received his second conspiracy indictment.

We drove out to the concentration camp where at least 2,000 prisoners were being held in the open air. The place was adjacent to the D.C. Jailhouse and the WPK stadium in the rolling suburban hills. National guardsmen drilled in a succession of parking lots leading to the field and a phalanx of police was waiting outside the gate of the compound itself. Hundreds and thousands of freaks were pushing against the fence and screaming for food, water, toilet facilities, shelter and freedom, all of which were lacking. They were lively, though, and were heaping an unprecedented amount of verbal abuse on the cops. I slipped some cigarettes and vitamin C tablets to a couple of freaks and was told by police captain J.A. Bowles, "If you put anything more through that fence, you're going through yours."

Another busload pulled up, and there were wild cheers from inside and outside the fence. A group of people gathered in the center of this melancholy per, and went through some

kind of mysterious rites for a few minutes, then began cheering and singing and hurling oaths at the cops. Two of them had been married by a Baptist minister inside of a prison camp! "This all proves they should have legalized abortion 20 years ago," said Captain Bowles.

On the cell-blocks, there was no particular fear or anger, only frustration and aggravation, and "otten air, and worse food. The prisoners acted almost with a certain arrogance, when dealing with individual cops (group dealings, of course, were on a raucous basis), and some of our more boisterous young jail-mates undertook to convert the police, which, of course, they failed miserably at. In particular, there were three black cops sitting on the processing line.

"Black people should be in solidarity with the North Vietnamese," one particularly insecure and whining white youth said.

"Why?" one of the black cops asked.

"Well, the Vietnamese support the black... movement in this country."

"The what?"

"The black movement. In combat, the Viet Cong have declared a ceasefire on shooting black G.I.'s."

"They what?"

"They declared a ceasefire on shooting black G.I.'s."

"What is he talking about?" another cop asked.

"You mean to say," the first cop said, "that I go out on the field, put my gun down, they ain't gonna shoot, that right? I just say, HEY, BROTHER, IT'S ME!!!!"

"What are you kidding me?"

"This is a circus," another one of the black cops said. "You think you going to jail. This ain't jail. When we went to jail, we went to jail. There's a difference between jail and jail."

"What's right?"

"You remember? I don't see no blood on any of you. Shit, you'd be walking down the street rinding your own business, whoopi! He's got you! You was bleeding. That was jail. You weren't sitting around smoking cigarettes, eating sandwiches. Brother, you was in jail!"

"Where's Rennie?" He out now? Where's he living up at the Park Sheraton?"

"That? No..."

"Yeah, that's where we arrested him, up at the Park Sheraton."

"That's impossible. He was arrested by federal police outside a press conference."

"Yeah, it was up at the Park Sheraton. He had a woman up there, with some champagne."

"What about cavier?"

"Gee, I don't really know. But it must have cost plenty, eh? Not to mention what the woman spends..."

"What happened with you people? You were taken right off the streets?"

"You didn't believe Stokely when he told you they took them right off the streets. You didn't listen to Stokely. Why didn't you listen to Stokely?"

* * *

That night, a handful of tired stragglers hung around St. Stephen's Church waiting for rides or new activity. Rennie Davis, out on \$25,000 bail, spoke to them about the People's Peace Treaty, and about plans for a retreat to the U. of Maryland or some such suitable place to regroup for another assault. He managed to raise some enthusiasm, but everyone seemed a bit too exhausted. Wasted. Spent. Thousands were still in jail, the great civil liberties had been made. What about the war?

"We are going to retreat to make our plans, then we are coming back to do it again," Rennie Davis told them.

EVOLETTERS

Dear EVO, **Three Cheers**

I just wanna say a few things that you might like to hear. Even if you don't like 'em, I'm saying it, anyway. I've been reading EVO for a couple of months now, and I think it's a very good paper, mainly because it keeps the people informed of the bullshit going on with the pigs, etc. EVO is a service to those who take advantage of it. Also, I'd like to say that the Johnny Weeseed Conspiracy is getting around. I've planted some seeds and I'm saving more so I can pass 'em around to friends who will also plant them and spread the word. I would like to ask you to spread another word about WPLJ-FM, because it's a really good station that is getting "freer" little by little. I was glad to see D.A. Latimer's little note about it in the April 20, Evo. Well, thanks for reading this, and please thank Fred Mogubgub for answering my letter. By the way, do you accept any artistic contributions to EVO?

Sue
Long Island City

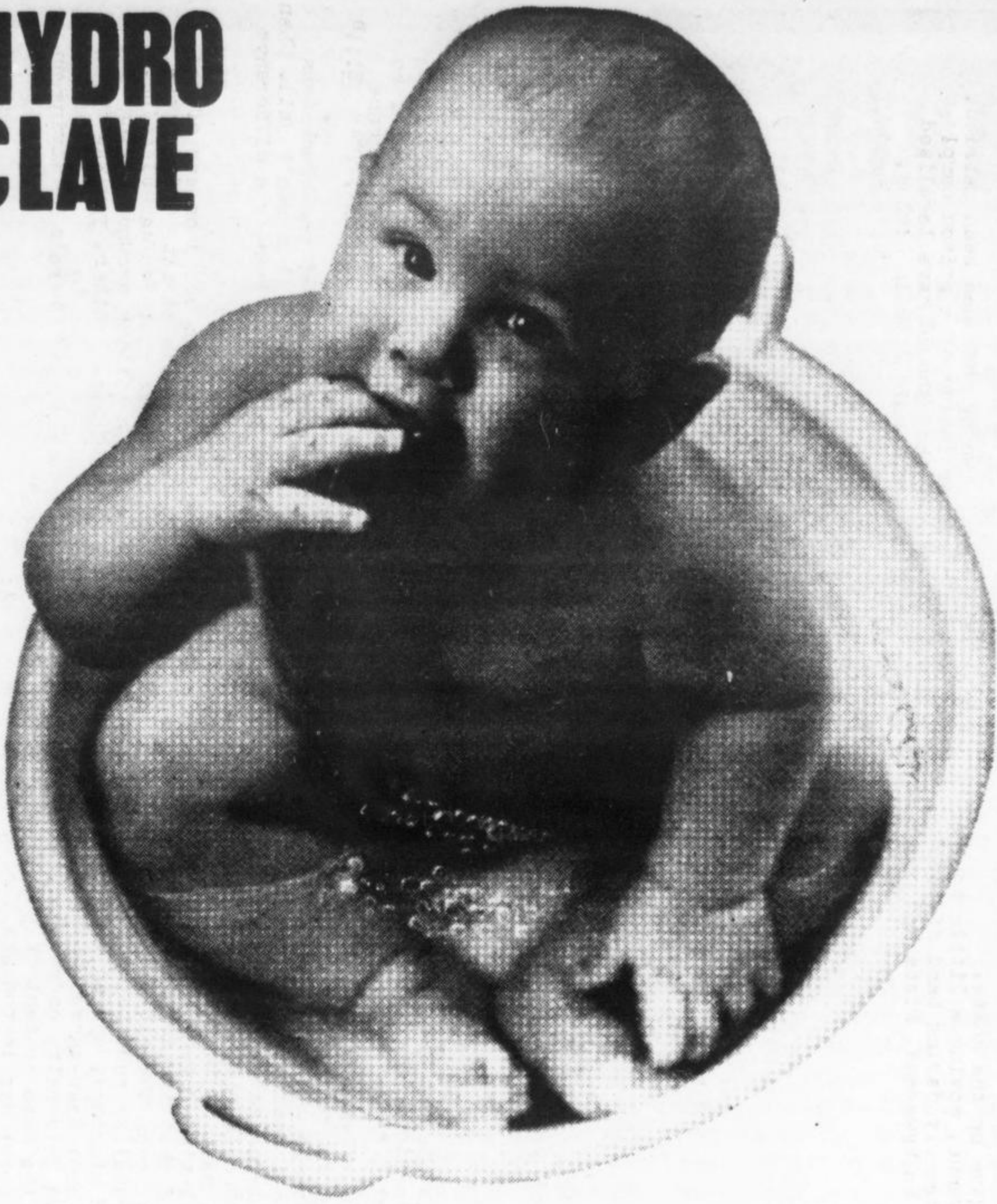
Ed: If those little doodles on your envelope are any indication of your work, you could certainly do worse than bring some of it around to these premises. However, it has to be in black ink, not blue ballpoint. Blue don't pick up too well on the old press...

Dear EVO,

EVO and the peace movement must direct their attention to the entire question of patriotism which has become a form of idolatry. "My country right or wrong," and hard hats kissing a red, white & blue rag, and calling it sacred approaches the golden calf worship of the bible. Society must be based on unity of all mankind, with full allegiance to a Supreme Being with a brotherhood based on this concept of our one Creator, the Lord. Institutional religion has been the partner of the establishment in blessing warfare, economic exploitation, & fostering division along racial, national & even religious grounds. (Ireland is a good example with Catholics & Protestants killing each other over some event that took place in 1250 or 1410.) The Jesus Freaks and all other God-centered groups are bringing our generation back to a concept of God as our deliverer and fighter in the struggle for justice & peace. "The Lord is my banner" (Exodus 17:15): The Lord, not Nixon or Wall Street, or Agnew. Pledge your allegiance to God & not a piece of rag which represents a political body which will be destroyed as all imperialistic empires have been brought to ruin (Roman Empire, Nazi Reich). Let's expose patriotism & all forms of flag pledging, kissing, flag waving, falg saluting as the death culture it is.

Unsigned
New York

HYDRO CLAVE



Pot On The Artillery Range
Dear EVO,

You think the Calley thing put the army in a redfaced situation you can imagine what will happen when the pot is discovered growing on the artillery range at West Point. Seems the boys have been playing Johnny Pot in the sprawling wilds of the reservation. Tired of the fantastic price demanded within the confines of the grey granite walls the returning vets who are finishing out time as part of the regular army stationed there, have been having a planting good time. One kid has been strewing seeds from an army helicopter to the four winds. God only knows the outcome when some Pentagon Big Wheel stumbles over a grassy knoll on one of their inspection tours of the summer camp sites... Too bad we couldn't gather a sack of seeds for Earth Week and let the Jolly crew scatter them all over the Hudson highlands... Maybe

even Central Park by copter...
Johnny Pot
West Point

Ed: That's all well and good, but what's it like harvesting marijuana on an artillery field?

NEW YORK TIMES TO PROTECT GOVERNMENT-HARRASSED REPORTERS

NEW YORK [LNS] — The Newspaper Guild fears that its journalists are becoming "agents of the government's prosecuting machinery," according to the Guild organ "Frontpage."

The latest contract between the Guild and the New York Times pledges the Times' legal and financial support for any reporter or photographer facing government pressure to reveal confidential information.

According to "Times Topics," the internal Times newsletter, an employee "shall not suffer any loss of pay or other benefits" and "need not suffer any loss of pay or other benefits" and "need not suffer financial loss even if he should go to jail." Earl Caldwell, a black Times reporter whose notes on Black Panther Party members were recently subpoenaed, was mentioned as an example.

Ed: "They brought the five kings out of the cave, the kings of Jerusalem, Hebron, Jarmuth, Lachish, and Eglon. When they had brought them to Joshua, he summoned all the Israelites and said to the commanders of the troops who had served with him, 'Come forward and put your feet on the necks of these kings.' So they came forward and put their feet on their necks. Joshua said to them, 'Do not be fearful or dismayed; be strong and resolute; for the LORD will do this to every enemy you fight against.' And he struck down the kings and slew them; then he hung their bodies on five trees, where they remained hanging until evening. At sunset, on Joshua's orders they took them down from the trees and threw them into the cave in which they were hidden; they piled great stones against its mouth, and there the stones are to this day. On that same day, Joshua captured Makkedah and put both king and people to the sword, destroying both them and every living thing in the city. He left no survivor, and he dealt with the king of Makkedah as he had dealt with the king of Jericho. Then Joshua and all the Israelites marched on from Makkedah to Libnah and attacked it. The LORD delivered the city and its king to the Israelites, and they put its people and every living thing to the sword; they left no survivor there, and dealt with its king as they had dealt with the king of Jericho. From Libnah Joshua and all the Israelites marched on to Lachish, took up their positions and attacked it. The LORD delivered Lachish into their hands; they took it on the second day and put every living thing to the sword." Joshua, 10, ad nauseam



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(Continued from Page 4)

that we would be getting out by midnight. The cell on the right held twelve sisters and the cell on the right, nine brothers. We kept chanting and rapping in between cells. We made as much noise as we could. We pooled our change and got a policewoman to buy us a pack of cigarettes. They didn't last long. We discovered that the police would give us no information. They said that they didn't know anything, and would not let us make any phone calls. We were getting hotter as crowded by crowded hour went by. At midnight we assumed we would be spending the night. We knew we'd never be able to sleep because we were so crowded. We were MAD, indignant. We were all illegally arrested and illegally detained, not to mention cruel and unusual treatment. They gave us bologna sandwiches and water. Most refused to eat. I took off my jeans and sat in my panties. We had put our coats and surplus clothing in between some of the bars, at pig-eye level to block some of the view. However somebody must have tipped off the pigs because every five minutes about ten of them would amble by to peek in. We screamed "PIG" and they commented on our bodies. We threw sandwiches out through the bars and lit cigarettes and

countless obscenities. We told our brothers in the next cell what was happening and they joined us in screaming at the pigs. We didn't realize that one of the girls under the slab was fully exposed and we covered her up upon discovery.

A brother in the next cell passed out from the heat and it was a long time before he was removed. The brothers' toilet overflowed and the pigs refused to fix it. Conditions were terrible and we somehow stuck it out. Our energy level was high and our emotions blatant. We showed strong love for our brothers and sisters, and passionate hate for the pigs. We unleashed abuse upon our jailers and promised to get even with them. How many times are you afforded the opportunity to call a pig a pig to his face and get away with it? And we called them much more than pigs.

I started getting really sick. I couldn't stop coughing. It went on for hours. Finally, just about to pass out, I asked for a doctor. I was taken to the hospital with a black woman who was having withdrawal symptoms. I was x-rayed and diagnosed with bronchitis. I was given pills and cough medicine. When we got back to the precinct all the other prisoners had been taken down to court. I was forced to sign for my possessions and was taken in with the black woman in the van. She was let off at the women's detention center and I was taken to court.

I was put in a cell with thirty other women and awaited arraignment. I fell out on a bench and at about five went

before the judge, who was very cool. I was set free on ten dollars collateral given to me by the bail fund. Twenty-five fucking hours. Illegal arrest and illegal detainment of more than ten thousand people is something Nixon will never live down. Pig Nixon and Pig Mitchell are to blame for the mistreatment of more than ten thousand people. There are several groups preparing to take action against the fuckers (and certainly if you were arrested, get in contact with one of the groups). Concentration camps are only one small visible sign of the fascist regime in this country. And I for one will not tolerate it. The war must be ended. Mayday actions are not over. We have only begun. We will return to Washington and we will do it again. Support Mayday and other inspired actions in Washington and in your own community. We will not stop until the war is over.

The straight press is saying Mayday was a failure because we didn't "stop" the government. Anyone who thought that we could "stop" the government is an asshole. There is no way to stop the government with non-violent civil disobedience when we don't have tear gas, tanks, guns and the like. We may never have these things but we will continue the struggle. The government's illegal jailing of more than ten thousand people has done more to radicalize people than any radical group or philosophy. You can jail a revolutionary but you can't jail the revolution.

BACK ROADS TO FAR PLACES

FERLINGHETTI

long poem \$1.50

A NEW DIRECTIONS PAPERBOOK

(Continued from Page 11)

Anti-Matter

During that same period of time, Ewald Peters, also a former SS man, who after the war rejoined the West German police as personal bodyguard to the German Chancellor, died mysteriously in his prison cell.

ODESSA is also believed responsible for the now you see him, now you don't, magic escapes of other accused nazis from German escape-proof prisons.

The latest attributed ODESSA suicide took place in November 1970 in an apartment in Lisbon where the West German Hans Schmidt-Horix and his wife were found dead. Herr Schmidt-Horix had been a Nazi diplomat in Paris, Washington and Lisbon, as well as being an SS officer, active in their intelligence branch.

He rejoined the German diplomat service in 1952, and served as ambassador in Dabul, Baghdad, and finally Lisbon.

ODESSA also is responsible for the execution of a fair number of former Nazis, who in the opinion of the organization were rocking the boat and bringing heat on the organization.

The normal ODESSA murder was made to look like suicide. One such case was on February 12, 1964 when Dr. Friedrich Tillmann fell to his death for no apparent reason from a seventh storey window, and the following day Professor Werner Heyde was found mysteriously dead in a prison cell. Both men were nazi "euthanasia" murders, and were believed done away with when it became known that they were about to name accomplices in their crimes. Within two weeks of their deaths, Edo Osterloh, Minister of Education in Schleswig-Holstein, a friend of Professor Heyde, was "found drowned" in a few inches of water.

GOLDSTEIN

(Continued from Page 9)

that freedom can only be important if your enemies have it too and I think that many people in the left who say that we give freedom a bad name are really deluding themselves and are closer kin to the right than they realize.

We feel everything is subject to ridicule, including the left and its own affectations. When we called Spiro Agnew the talking mule, the left applauds us. But when we put Ethel Rosenberg in the electric chair, a very sick joke too, I think, the left says... wow... that's going too far. We feel we can't go too far with freedom. We feel anything can be lampooned. I see humor as a way of

making points. I feel we have been consistent. We've put our money on the line and our other paper Gay... which lost about 35,000 in its first year, we stuck with and it's now making a great contribution, I think, to the whole homosexual movement, the whole Gay Liberation movement. And we're really putting our money on the line there. We're not perfect... we don't live in a perfect world... but I do think we merit support.

We've been considered the Fat cat... and we have been... We probably grossed over a million dollars last year... everybody makes good salaries... there's no commune approach, everyone gets paid dollars and cents... because we're making dollars and cents and it has to go both ways. But the legal expenses are going up faster than the money is... the money's dropping... a lot of dealers are afraid to carry us now. The money's being curtailed... advertisers are afraid

to advertise with us and legal costs have increased tremendously. And now in a sense, we are an establishment because I suddenly have an office... I have overhead, and I have payroll to meet. That's where we're vulnerable. In the final analysis I probably am a capitalist but I've always had pride in Screw and my belief in Screw exceeds the money because the first six months we didn't make money and for the kind of jail sentence I can get, I'd be much better off trying to rob a bank than to make money this way.

Screw has sort of made me a participant in whatever is happening. It's been a door-opener for me... I've gotten my scars too, but I wouldn't exchange it for anything... it's been an exciting two and one half years... even being arrested, even being handcuffed has been exciting, in retrospect.

I've always felt that Screw is not pornographic, but about pornography...

we've never had a word of fiction in the paper. Pornography deals in depersonalized areas... there's much more in life... but those who want it should have access to it, those who want it should have some guidance in where to find it... what's good, what's bad porn... that's really what Screw is all about. I really consider myself a newspaperman, a journalist, because I feel what I'm selling is a certain viewpoint... I'm commercial enough to throw in enough tits and cock and ass to insure that some people who don't like my message will buy it anyway, but I know that the paper has to have enough money to pay its bills every week or else I'm not going to be in the marketplace of ideas and that's why I'm not a purist according to, once more, the left, because I compromise... we all compromise every minute. But I didn't compromise on the important things such as Screw pleading guilty.



wheel and deal - continued FROM P. 23

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There is not accurate verbal definition of 7 (fast change S LEAST Inaccurate.), THUS THE Quotes. True center of Graph S nu number between plus & minus 0 (Giraffe 1ST Animal In Circus.), my right ear: Alexander Hamilton's SIGHTSEEING BOAT (JOSEPH shortly after my arriving: "A.H.'s buried there-where do you think HE IS now?"); mouth: madison Square Garden Center; Tongue ALSO: CORvette's (pennsylvania STATION: "running Jaw of Hopi speak with forked Tongue?"); EGO: I joined swp right after ELISE new-creat (n wash. SQ.

park Circle.) was SENT 2 CHI. U. ("mariners, renegades & CAstaways: A STUDY of HERman melville & THE world we Live In") (yvyonne is In "ALice's restaurant"; "Songs for AGING CHILdren COMe/ AGing CHILdren, I Am no Longer SHELLEy/yeiley (no 7TH SEALveil: "THE LAST valley" IS ABOUT religious war.); nu right Breast: ELGin Cinema (I GOT STub no. 137149 first Time I saw "EL Tucc", second Time I also saw w.c. (Brit. "water closet") fields (pass faileds) & ELISE Cavanna (Cavanagh's on 23D ST., near EL Quijote/CHELSEA "DEDICATED to BEHan Brenden") n



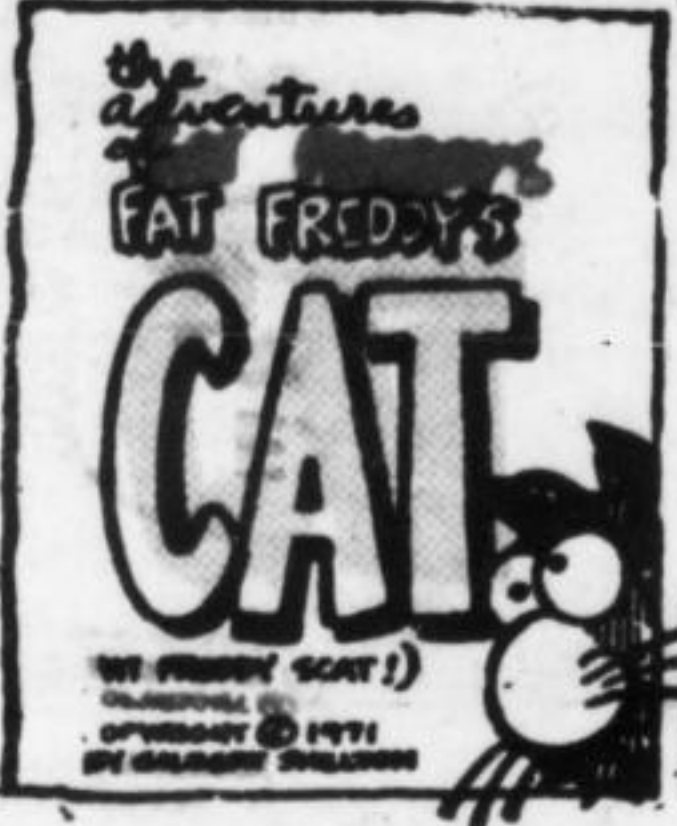
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THE COMIX WEEKLY

yumer & ribaldry

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by Denis Kitchen



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