

THE east village **OUTER**

**'Penetration,
however slight,
is grounds for
conviction'**



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EVO PHOTOG. IN IRISH JAIL

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GAYS IN CUBA

A. J. WEBERMAN

DETROIT ANNIE

MOGUBGUB

MAYDAY

NEWS

Hirap.



The feeble, trumped-up charges against Joe Stevens are just another symptom of the decline and fall of the British Empire. I know British jails and they ain't no picnic. I know Joe Stevens and he ain't no lemonade, but then neither is he a 'petrol bomber' or whatever else these fucked-up Limies are trying to pin on him. It just isn't in keeping with the man's character.

Joe Stevens has a curious eye, a quick mind, and a boundless passion for a byline. It is obvious that types like him simply don't relate to the shit Her Majesty's Pigs are trying to send him up the river for. Their paranoia is as far-fetched as Muhammad Ali running for dogcatcher on the Republican ticket. It simply doesn't make sense.

All of us who know and worked with are willing to bet all we have that all Joe wanted was to get his pictures and split from the fortress called Belfast as fast as possible. No time for Petrol bombs. His principles wouldn't allow for that kind of shit. Only dogs and Englishmen could be smitten with enough madness to cast Joe Stevens in the image of a principled activist.

All of which makes it evident that something must be done.

All too many sacrificed lambs have already been written off. Joe Stevens mustn't be one of them. We have had our share of absurdities. This one we can do without.

Some time ago EVO brought to light the case of both Berger whom the heirs of Mussolini tried to railroad on a bum depe rap. This and subsequent demonstrations and various other representations resulted in Berger's eventual freedom (see EVO News).

It is evident that similar tactics are called for in Joe's case. Let the British government know that Joe Stevens is not to be fucked with. Exert maximum pressure and prevent a grave injustice from taking place.

The world of Snaps and Schmooze couldn't afford such a loss. He is one of the best in both.

JAAKOV KOHN
STEPHEN KOHN
JACKIE FRIEDRICH
CHARLIE FRICK
YOSSARIAN
STEVE KRAUS
HONEST BOB SINGER
REX WEINER

RUDI STERN
HETTY
VINCENT TITUS
NELLIE FENAULD
NINO BARKA
ARTHUR
LINDA CRAWFORD
ALEX GROSS

JAYM E
ALLEN KATZMAN
RAY SCHULTZ
COCA CRYSTAL
D.A. LATIMER
TULI KUPFERBERG
A.J. WEBERMAN
PAULINEA KOUWENHOVN

LARRY S' TODD
HEIDI
JOHN REILLY
THE BLADE
LIL PICARD
HARVEY MATUSOW
PERFECTO LA GOGO
KIM DEITCH

DORA KEARNEY
SPAIN
THE D.C. TWELVE THOUSAND
KANDI

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The following is a list of those in the Legislature that aided Rockefeller in his Rent Control Rape by voting for Vacancy Decontrol. All are Republicans. All live in New York City. All are part and parcel of Rockefeller's plot for Revenge. Know the enemy!

STATE SENATE:

William T. Conklin, 7905 Colonial Rd., Brooklyn -No phone listing
 Martin Knorr, 61-46 Palmetto St., Queens 821-3528

ASSEMBLY:

Joseph Kunzeman, 93-18 Hollis Court Blvd., Queens Village Ho 5-8420
 John T. Gallagher, 49-14 217th St. Bayside-No phone listing
 Alfred D. Lerner, 101-68 130th St. Richmond Hill 847-1518
 Rosemary Gunning, 1867 Grove St. Ridgewood- No phone listing
 Vito T. Battista, 290 Highland Blvd. Brooklyn- No phone listing
 Dominick Di Carlo, 1348 83rd Street, Brooklyn BE 6-3240
 Robert F. Kelly, 226 76th St. Brooklyn 836-8968
 Vincent A. Ricco, 375 16th St. Brooklyn 965-4653
 Luccio Russo, 82 Romer Rd., Staten Island 351-2793
 Edward J. Amann Jr. 285 Kissel Ave. Staten Island 447-4651
 John Flack, 78-14 64th Place, Glendale GL 6-2526



Rent Control has ben abolished! The landlords will now do their best to harass tenants into leaving so that they can raise the rents. Squatting and rent strikes will be on the rise. Prepare. . .

SQUATTERS

July 25th, the site of a proposed home for the aged at 1046 Amsterdam Avenue: Fifty-four families, part of the Squatters' Movement, planned to take over two buildings with the aid of a group of Columbia graduate students and Bob Tendler (on the steering committee of the Squatters Action). The only problem was that there were two guards watching the building to protect it from such a take-over. Equipped with walkie-talkies, two look-outs were outside the building waiting for the guards to leave and then

relay the message to the families that the coast was clear for entrance. They waited and waited and waited and...the guards were going nowhere.

After an hour and a half the students decided to move the families in anyway. The two look-outs and Bob Tendler approached the guards and started asking directions to half-a-dozen sites in the area, being very careful to block the view of the entrance of the building. In five minutes a procession of families, carrying furniture, wheeling baby carriages, children over their shoulders, made their way to the first building. Just as the last person seemed clear of the door and the look-outs were thanking the guards for being so helpful, the families still carrying their furniture, wheeling baby carriages, children over their shoulders, marched right back out of the

building — the inside door was locked (there was still one family living in each of the buildings, whose errand had been to make sure the door was open, and obviously this was foiled by one of the guards noticing the unlocked door earlier in the day).

Sweat pouring from their brows, the look-outs re-opened their discussion with the guards who were by this point becoming quite friendly, as the procession made its way to the corner and filed into the second building. The lookouts, from the corner of their eyes, spotting that only about 15 people with their furniture, baby carriages and children over their shoulders had yet to enter the building, were getting underway with their string of Good-byes just as one guard turned around and noticed the entrance being made. "What's this, a Fiesta?" As

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Rent Control
 by LINDA CRAWFORD

STEVENS IN JAIL

by Ray Schultz



The letter on the right-hand page was written on bog paper which is the Irish equivalent of shit paper, and which has a thicker quality like wax paper, which is horrible for wiping your ass, but great for writing letters and legal briefs. The author is Joseph Stevens, 32, a photographer late of this paper, who has also worked for ROLLING STONE, CAVALIER, ROCK, CHANGES, CRAWDADDY, SCREW, LNS and many others, and had earlier run a theatre in Greenwich Village, and later road-managed the Lovin' Spoonful and Miriam Makeba, and has an undeniably healthy zest for women, money, stimulants, booze, big photo credits and arguments, and who once hitchhiked across the continent of North Africa just for the bloody hell of it. Stevens is reduced to the use of such stationary by his latest fiasco: arrest in Belfast, North Ireland, on charges of arson and possession of a sawed-off shotgun, and his subsequent confinement in Crumlin Road Jail, a barbaric fortress in the middle of Belfast filled primarily with political prisoners, where all mail is censored and all sheets of bog paper stamped with the words: GOVERNMENT PROPERTY.

The lad fell into this mess late last March while touring Europe looking for good pictures and money. Hearing of bedlam in North Ireland, he popped into Belfast where as usual he managed to find first-rate lodgings for himself in the flat of a student near Queen's University. Comfortably ensconced there with his lady Jilly, he teamed up with the trio of Felix de Mendelssohn, the former editor of International Times (London), Peter McCarten, a Belfast journalist, and James McCann and Irish poet, and several other friends and acquaintances who were jolly, intelligent and a high-altitude crowd. Stevens would have it no other way.

Belfast was hopping at this time with bombings and shootings on the hour. On the afternoon of March 30, Abbie Hoffman made an appearance in an IRA uniform which caused no little furor. Abbie departed quickly in a fast plane. Later that night, de Mendelssohn, McCarten and McCann were observing a heavy scene on the street when approached by officers of the Royal Ulster Constabulary (cops) and placed under arrest. The cops claimed they saw them fleeing from the scene of a petrol-bombing at the University, and that McCann had a sawed-off shotgun with 10 cartridges that he pointed at them. McCarten, 20, employed by the establishment paper Newsletter became very scared, and began talking. In short time, he signed a statement saying that he had purpose-

ly infiltrated the underground press and had interviewed Abbie Hoffman who promised to "bring American revolutionaries to N. Ireland to help the cause," while implicating de Mendelssohn, McCann and STEVENS in various revolutionary activities, while exonerating himself. Stevens at this very moment was sitting back at the flat with Jilly, Louise Denver, photographer David Redom, and two other persons, schmoozing and enjoying the good life. Finally they all fell out and Joe and Jilly were drinking hot chocolate and getting ready for the old sack when great numbers of the Royal Constabulary and Special Branch arrived and checked out the flat and asked Stevens to come down to the station to identify some people. Stevens went, as did the other five people voluntarily, but upon arrival they were arrested. A vicious 36-hour round of questioning followed, then Jilly and the 4 others were released, but Stevens, de Mendelssohn, McCarten and McCann booked. When Joe said goodbye to Jilly, he was kicked in the head by a guard. Allowed to see solicitor P.J. McGrory for approximately 2 minutes, the four men were dragged into court and charged with arson and possession of the gun, which could lead to sentences of 2-5 and 5-7 years respectively, by last unofficial estimate. Besides McCarten's statement, the main evidence came from constable Gordon Lockwood who said he saw the four prisoners running from the scene of the burning building at Queen's University. "The first time that bastard ever saw me," Stevens wrote in a letter, "was after Peter's statement when he came to the flat. When there he asked our names, when I gave mine he said 'You're the American, aren't you?'" Nonetheless, the evidence was accepted and bail was refused except for McCarten who was released on 1,000 pounds. Stevens offered to surrender his passport as a guarantee that he would not split the country, to which the magistrate replied, "In the case of Stevens, the evidence is quite thin, but even without a passport he could jump bail to Eire." They were committed to Crumlin Road Jail, and there left to rot to the present moment when a trial date has not yet been set. Stevens, who wrote in the beginning that "my spirits are good, thanks to the fantastic buoyancy of the Irish lads in here, with big chunks of their lives in the balance," now writes that he cries alot and is getting more desperate. McCarten supposedly promised to come clean on Stevens at the trial, but is really "not to be trusted." McCann, meanwhile, is a down-home Irish poet who has done several years and is entirely pleased at the prospect of doing several more. "He's completely out of his nut," writes Stevens, "and he wavers into this delirium periodically, which drives Felix & I up the wall. Once convicted, there is little or no chance for appeal or redress, and "a sentenced prisoner gets & receives one visit and one (1) letter per month. Cuts wood for years." His spirits did not improve when told that the R.U.C. told the press that an "international anarchist bomb ring posing as journalists" had been busted. The subjudica law prevents further discussion of the pending case in the press. Too bad, Joe.

In the States, a movement of sorts to help Stevens has been started, but communications between the States and the other side are poor. Because of the political nature of the case, and the support which the U.S. government usually gives to repressive governments abroad, politicians here have been reluctant to get involved. Senators Ted Kennedy and Jacob Javits, have made "public and private inquiries," into the matter, and Congresswoman Bella Abzug, who Stevens assisted photographically during last year's campaign, has taken a special interest. She has been concerned for some time over the plight of American prisoners abroad, and the

LETTER FROM BELFAST

BY JOSEPH STEVENS

On the night of March 30, 1971, I was arrested in bed. I was staying with friends at a student's flat near Queen's University, Belfast. It was in the early hours of the morning and I was drinking hot chocolate and preparing to go to sleep when the flat suddenly filled with policemen & Special Branch agents. They asked me to go down to the police station & identify some people being held there: I went down with the other friends there — who were not asked to come but went along of their own accord — but on arrival we weren't asked to make any I.D. of anybody. Instead, we were locked up in the cells and interrogated on and off for over 36 hours on the people we knew and the places we had been to in Belfast. Finally my friends who had accompanied me there were released: I was brought up to court charged with arson (setting fire to one of the buildings of Queens University) refused bail and remanded to Crumlin Road Jail, Belfast, where I have been for 7 weeks. Subsequent applications for bail have been turned down.

In here and on the same charges with me are 2 young Irishmen, Peter McCarten and James McCann, and an English journalist, Felix de Mendelssohn (who once edited International Times under the name of Felix Scorpio). They were apparently arrested on the street near the university.

As if things weren't bad enough, we have been charged with an additional offense: "possession of a sawed-off shotgun with 10 cartridges with intent to endanger life or property." Police allege they found the gun and cartridges on McCann. Under N. Ireland law, Felix, Peter and I are also automatically held co-responsible for possession. Sentences for this combination of offenses are savage: a minimum of 5 or 6 years if convicted on both counts. The maximum doesn't bear thinking about. Recently a man here was sentenced to 8 years in jail for possession of 4 rounds of ammunition.

At committal proceedings, the evidence for the prosecution came entirely from police officers, one of whom claims to have identified me, under the most impossible circumstances, as being on the street at the time the others were arrested. Felix — with whom I'm sharing a cell in this dungeon — who was on the street, says there was a fire but he has no idea of who started it, & knows nothing about any gun. There was a lot of action on the street when he came by, but being a

newspaperman, he stopped to try and find out what was happening & got arrested! The other two also deny any involvement in the affair, which has all the elements of intrigue and possible frame-up. At committal proceedings when police witnesses gave their evidence, they were not separated from one another in the courtroom & thus gave identical corroborated evidence. They said they saw petrol bombs thrown at the University building but did not say in their evidence that they could give facial or any other identification — of who was supposed to have thrown these bombs, but stated that they only saw 4 men in the vicinity, i.e. the 3 men arrested on the spot, and myself, later arrested in bed. Some aspects of the police evidence are odd to say the least, and will be heavily challenged at the trial. In the meantime, we are hoping that the whole mystery will be more a question of mistaken identity than the conspiratorial rigamarole it sometimes appears to be.

Disturbing factors: hours after our arrest, police "leaked" gleeful reports to London Evening News & Daily Mail that they had "smashed an international anarchist bomb gang," coupled with fantasies about "crates of petrol bombs & subversive literature taken from the flat where I was arrested which however they did not produce at committal proceedings as evidence (none of it ever existed except in their imagination.) A couple of days following, references were made in Parliament to "International elements stirring up trouble." The trouble in N. Ireland is what and always has been internal terrorism, bombings & burnings are guerilla tactics of the IRA (Irish Republican Army) dedicated to establishing a unified Ireland free of British rule and of the UVF (Ulster Volunteer Force) a right-wing Protestant "loyalist" outfit dedicated to wiping out the I.R.A. It would be convenient to suggest that foreigners, anarchists, etc. were involved in this at all.

The role of journalists over here is also subject to misinterpretation — "smear tactics." We had some unpleasant experiences while out taking pictures in town: mobbed by "loyalists," who ripped film out of our cameras & threatened to turn violent with police & Army standing nearby without the slightest concern for our safety. Government authorities don't like pressmen giving the world the "wrong image." (the truth) of the state of affairs here. They like to suggest that the media are giving undue exposure to the root causes of the

trouble — corrupt government, economic repression, and in the eyes of I.R.A. leaders, imperialist rule over a colonial statelet — and disapprove of newsmen trying to get both sides of the trouble. A recent case was Bernard Falk, a TV reporter, who refused in court to identify a suspected IRA man as having appeared on his program, and received a 4-day jail sentence. Journalists almost everywhere were in solidarity with him, except of course, the local establishment paper, the Newsletter where a columnist suggested that journalists should stay away from interviewing Republican leaders, or they might be asking for trouble.

Add to this the general situation where bombings, arson & violence are becoming increasingly stepped up and government & courts react with ever stronger penalties. In one week, while we were here, there were 11 bombings in Belfast alone. We could hear the explosions at night from our cell. The army has a base just outside the jail and helicopters buzz the exercise yard almost daily. The jail is full of IRA men, mostly on gun charges, many of whom refuse to recognise the courts as being instruments of colonial power. It is certainly true that the vast majority of judges are political appointments, and jury selection is loaded. Defendants are allowed to challenge 12 jurors each — the prosecution has an unlimited number of challenges, which means that the ultimate selection of jurors is entirely under their control.

To sum up, we have justifiable fears that we will not get an impartial trial under the circumstances — and these are only external circumstances. The internal ones are intimidating and debilitating too. It's been a long stretch in jail already and the place is overcrowded. It is full of rival political factions with the threat of internecine violence constantly on the boil. We spend a large proportion of the day locked up, with nothing to keep our minds active, with no access to legal books on the grounds that we have solicitors and that should be enough. We hardly ever get to see the solicitors because they are over-loaded with work — it is a small community with a staggering crime rate and constant political busts, so we're badly hampered in preparing our defense.

All in and outgoing mail is censored, and we are allowed one visit a day of 15 minutes, separated from visitors by 2 layers of wire mesh, as if we were monkeys in a zoo. It's hard to keep our heads together, but we're trying.



GAY IN CUBA

BY RALPH HALL

"we gays don't want to do so much, we just want to change the world"

I'm still wondering, as we all are wondering, 'by the light of the silvery moon, (we) sit and croon, if that's how the tune goes; as to whether or not there will ever be any real-life, honest-to-goodness revolutions made in this 'ole world. ("Free man, liberated from alienation, master of his own destiny, will not be subject to the imprisonment of his being in any exclusive practice.") We've all heard those words muttered in the past many times before, but, do they actually apply with women in mind? Nope, not if its only meant for man. Does that statement represent what gay people feel? Nope, not at all. Well, to whom then do these words apply? Men Only, of course! You know, and as well I know, that there are no more free islands left for "the new man" to live on and endure, let alone there be room for gay people or women. ("The game of playing with the destiny of the peoples must come to a final end without further delay.") Those oh so revolutionary words sound nice, but from whom are they coming? Men? Are they uttered to be real, or just alot of talk? Well, let's see. Ah yes... opening the world map to the section listing Islands, islands... yes! islands, here it is: a possible Third World vision of socialism by marxist revolution? ("Cultural Institutions cannot serve as a platform for false intellectuals who try to make snobbery, extravagant conduct, homosexuality and other social aberrations into expressions of revolutionary art, isolated from the masses and the spirit of Revolution.") Ummmm... here it is... C-U-B-A. An isle, 90 miles from the impending shore and core of world-wide imperialism. I wonder what's going on in Cuba? ("It was resolved that all manifestations of homosexual deviations are to be firmly rejected and prevented from spreading.")— all words in "quotes" and italics are carefully usurped from a horrible declaration of pseudo-revolutionary treachery, supposedly prepared by the such and such congress held by Cuba in April, 1971, with text of same published in GRAMMA on May 1, 1971; but actually written by Castro and his Men to spite "the people."

This is Cuba today: "heroes to immortalize, heroines to exalt"— Jose Marti. Marti was once an obedient follower. Once!

Is Cuba actually a revolution? Speaking before 100,000 delegates of the "First National Congress on Education and Culture," and speaking to the new policy and program the Cuban Revolution will follow under the dictatorship of Fidel Castro, he answered, "There you have the programs and the resolutions. Now we must carry them out." The people were

fooled into submitting to a theoretical paper revolution. Well... here for you are some more choice contradictions, if they are, to ponder. First, think about the title of this story again. This time very carefully. CUBAN GAY LIVE IN DANGER. Think about what's already been read, then read on.

("Sisters and Brothers — By chance we got a copy of your publication with the 3rd World Revolution Platform (Gay Flames, Pamphlet No. 7). (Pardon... C.F. was once a New York City gay street newspaper).

"We believe, as elements which are discriminated (against) in a country that believes itself in a revolution for the new man, against the traditional injustices that we have suffered and still suffer as a reminder of a classist society, it is our duty to inform you of our situation as homosexuals, and at the same time let you know a series of events that denies fundamentally the postulates of the social and political movement in Cuba, each time in higher crises and disagreement with what is exported as real gain.

"If in a society of consumers, capitalist and obligarchical, like the one you are living in, the life of a homosexual is discriminated against and suffers limitations, in our society entitled 'marxist revolution'— it is much more so. Since its beginning, the Cuban Revolutionary Movement, first in a veiled way, later without scruples or justification, has pursued homosexuals with methods that go from the common ways of physical aggression to the attempt of psychic and moral disintegration of such individuals, who to them are incompatible to the development of a society that aims to communism, at least in theory. Here the homosexual is attacked, and this is done obliging her or him in many cases to join to a series of formulas to "conceal" what the authorities judge as "an aberration of repudiable fault, formulas that go from confining them in marriage as a pretense of living a 'normal' life, to confining them in farms where they receive brutal treatment, as happened with the concentration camps; of the UMAP, which, for the one that doesn't know the reality of them, were simply military units to help the production where people did agriculture labor, received instruction and the youth was oriented within the norms of military service, as it may happen in any civilized country. This situation, because of the international scandal that it provoked, was eliminated as an appendix of the obligatory military service, but they have kept farms of prisoners who are exclusively homosexual.

"On the streets we suffer persecution, aggression and a constant abuse of authority, identifying I.D. cards, arresting

us for the use of clothes, hair styles or simple group meetings, which are right guaranteed by the Declaration of Human Rights, that, contradictorily, are more respected in societies that are called fascist than in ours, which you often see or feel as a solution to the problems of individual and collective freedom.

"The methods of psychological repression, social isolation, control by districts, zones and centers of work and study, always with negative aims, are a common thing of this regime.

"It can be said that there are many homosexuals, intellectuals or not, that live out of this situation. In the first place, they are very few, and if someone like this really exists he or she knows that he or she cannot trespass the barriers that have been outlined for them, and in that case of opposition there is only the risk of exile or a dictatorial system that can lead them to the worst consequences.

"Freedom, respect and justice for homosexuals in the whole world cannot be advocated without knowledge of the situation of thousands of individuals in our country, without protesting also for the treatment that they are given, looking for an effective solution, not a theoretical one, to such problems.

"We hope in future emissions to give plenty of details and to clarify many situations that you do not know about in this uncertain and chaotic pseudosocialist system.

"Note: as a method of protection we have given a false return address." END OF LETTER. "Help us please," is what they've said.

Cuba professes to be in a revolution? If they are, then Cuban gay are, indeed, in danger! Is G A Y really an aberrant behavior? If one is gay, what does not say to that? How does one go about saying that ones love lifestyle is natural as all the others? It seems in Cuba, as in all other nations, revolutionary or not, that ruling class authority makes that decision for the individual, and too, for the mass. Who gave anyone that right to take steps to eradicate an entire people? No one. It was self-declared, withonly a minority whose objections were squashed. A socialist and christian precept conception; the people the subordinate. Gay are angry, because gay are and is really in danger now. In a society, which thinks commandments and then rules in terms of 'social deviation' from the declared norm as the problem, as being the diseased, then it will do anything, save no costs, to prevent it from spreading or reaching temper that would be considered dangerous and plagueing. That's the way it's always been for gay people, a repression and suppression of anger and way, or can it be

cured? Of course not, and that's why Cuban gay are in danger. What are we going to do for our gay sisters and brothers in Cuba? Protest? Yes. By all means... and ways.

The letter which you read just a few moments ago was written as of late by Cuban gay and sent to we gay people here 'on the outside.' It is the first of such kind of angered and desperate letter ever received in history, and present, and from inside of Cuba, to make that point clear. It may just well be their last communication to us. Who knows, by now Fidel has received his copy of the letter, tortured them and by the process of elimination...

On the other hand, by my not anarchistically insisting publicizing this grave situation and plight of Cuban gay people now, how could we ever begin to help them? Cuba is trying to cure a disease by educating their people against it and isolating the cause of this so-called deteriorating infection. Cuban gay lives are still in danger, no matter what we here were to do, if we were able to do, if anything at all. In fact, gay people's lives all over the world are in danger, as pointed out by Cuban gay explicitly, who say that Cuban people believe themselves to be in revolution. A revolution can't cure gay because gay is a revolution too.

Liberation News Service (LNS) out of New York, has been of no help, rather a hindrance, and in fact, they are a people who have shown their monumental ignorance and disinterest and prejudice of gay people and our oppression, by refusing to print the above letter (when we demanded) in their packets for world-wide distribution, or wherever they send them. Who knows? So what if godly baby stork Fidel Castro picks up his very own LNS packet and reads the Cuban gay peoples letter and gets a face to eye dose of what's going on in his own back yard? That's the blues. Who cares? It's better to receive, than not. It wouldn't endanger lives of gay in Cuba any more or less than they are endangered now. Instead, what about the LNS subscription the New York Times, Post and Time Magazine have? They're not in any way helping the movement, or the revolution, or any kind of movement that's helping us, we gay. Still paying token allegiance to the slavemasters, eh LNS? Wake up LNS, your governor is falling.

Now, here are the angered words of a brother gay committee of returned Brigadistas (I hope I got that right), who have experienced the fields of Cuba: (The statement is longer, but I don't have access to the entire text):

"The anti-homosexual policy of the Cuban government does not simply fail to include gay people in the revolutionary

process — it specifically excludes them from participation in that process and the right to self-determination. We have been told that it is reactionary for us to criticize and condemn our oppressors when they call themselves "revolutionary" or "socialist." A policy of ruthless and incessant persecution of gay people is contradictory to the needs of all people, and such a policy is reactionary and fascist."

"We call upon all progressive people to join our protest against this reactionary policy and to make their feelings known by writing to the Cuban Prime Minister and the First Secretary of the Communist Party in Havana." We don't have to put up with that repulsive tyranny going on in Cuba, but our Cuban gay sisters and brothers do. This is Cuba. 2nd only to Concentration Camp No.1 just one decade ago, 1961, now No.1, and only 90 miles from the nearest shore called Amerika. How can we help our people? We must help them escape, if that be their wish. I hope we hear from them soon.

By now, you're probably wondering about the Cuban policy I and others are so passionately protesting against. First, read what the "puppet intelligentsia" of the Congress on Education and Culture has resolved about prostitution, and their own flagrant form of exploitation and pleasure in backroom politicking:

"A study (I bet!) of prostitution was made through its socio-economic origin within the bourgeoisie society (what about their own society?), as was its total liquidation in the course of these years of revolutionary work that has transformed our society. (Only the governing elite enjoy this privilege now). It was agreed that its residual manifestations fall rather within the field of delinquency than anything else." (Blame it on the poor individual, rather than their own societal attitudes and mores. A very scary thought: Castro's pretty tricky. He's probably got "his own women" standing in the backroom waiting, don't let him fool ya!).

Here are major excerpts from the anti-gay policy of... ahem, sexist, unrevolutionary Cuba:

("The social pathological (pathological?) character of homosexual deviations (deviations?) was recognized. (how may I ask?) It was resolved that all manifestations (manifestations?) of homosexual deviations are to be firmly rejected (from the body?) and prevented (by a pill, a shot in the arm... how?) from spreading. It was pointed out, however, that a study, investigation and analysis of this complex problem should always determine the measures to be adopted

HONEST BOB'S 42nd ST.

NEW TREND DISCERNED

The recent craze for glorifying the degeneration of our youth, their kinky hairdos and their irreverence for their elders, is at an end. Now, the whippersnapper who steps out of line will get his comeuppance faster than he can say "Dennis Hopper."

Remember the 1950's science fiction classics where the kids would be contaminated by some crackpot scientist and the other adults would grieve that it was indeed everyone's fault. No more. Consider, if you will, the Cannon release *Blood On Satan's Claw*. In this latest, generally well-made film, the kids are taken over by a Satanic skin disease that no amount of PhiSoHex can allay. While preparing to take over the world, the brood participate in

mysterious diabolical rites that recall the shameful orgies of today's "hippie" cults. Old Scratch is finally "laid" by a Judge who beats the turds out of all of them and Beelzebub to boot. Earlier we have encountered the jurist telling his nephew he may not sleep with his (the nephew's) wife (the action is set in Olden Time). Don't let 'em get soft, that's this wise adult's motto.

Then there was *Making It* a film that subtly stated the case against the rampant promiscuity among our rebellious progeny. It's about a sexy long-haired kid who makes it with the gym teacher's wife, the "class virgin" (whatever that is), all the sheep in New Mexico and finally learneth the quality of mercy or something when he dreams he is

in a Ben Casey rerun performing an abortion on his mother and realizes it might have been him he's scraping. He is nauseated but thence flows the milk of human etc. or impotence in his breast. I guess that MADE A MAN OF HIM. This film, too, shows how sick our children are.

And then there's Milos Forman's *Taking Off*, which sets out to prove that hippies are as messed up as their parents. The only thing they do is go to record auditions! — obviously a substitute for parental Babbity. Forman diligently researched the lifestyles of hippies and came up with a resonantly true-to-life character who makes \$100,000 a year, writing for EVO, perhaps? Thereby proving that they all have long hair, the lousy bunch of conformists...right?

But at least there's one man who doesn't pussyfoot around, trying to prove he is "hep." That's right, John Swain, who merely punches the teeth out of any damn fool kid of his that gets uppity. / Its time to put th youth back into euthanasia, sez the Duke, who as yet exhibits no signs of encroaching

senility although in an occasional Pirandellian moment of pique he will rehearse his fight scenes with "surprise" volunteers from California's hippie community. Thus in addition to his renown as lover and fighter Wayne equably exemplifies the wise father who brings his children up straight with none of that commie Spock crap about coddling criminals, I mean children.

Next time you're at the zoo, stop in and see *Big Jake*, his latest Grand Guignol. The plot has to do with a bunch of cardboard bozos who hijack his grandson and Wayne goes to fetch him back, accompanied by his dum dum sons, fresh from the Yeshiva and unknowing in the riding of the horse, the tracking of the coyote and the kicking of the shit out of anyone who gets in your way, and other folksly woodlore. All they can do is ride around in horseless carriages (Reos, if you're interested). But the Duke pounds the facts of life into them so they won't forget. Also manners. He doesn't like to be called "Daddy." But being a democratic sort he lets them have a go at him once in a while but of course they fracture their pink fists in a dozen places. Hitting the Duke is like hitting a rock, especially if you aim for the head. Anyway he gets them in shape to take on an evil looking Richard Boone and his bad guys and all ends well. Lots of yuks when a baddie named Pauncho hacks up Wayne's faithful Indian companion Sam and his faithful dog Dog with a machete, but even more when Wayne with his Kafkaesque sense of irony prongs a pitchfork into the fat slob's beery guy.

Big Jake is set at the turn of the century and aims for that vogueish period irony wherein our hero, be he Wayne or Monte Walsh or the Wild Bunch, takes the code of the West for one last roundup. At one point someone says, demonstrating the superiority of the Stanley Steamer to the horse, "But Jake, it's 1909!" The Duke nonetheless proceeds serenely and equinely to his rendezvous with destiny, leaving the big steps to mankind and the Steamer in the dust. If you told him it was 1971 he's still kill you the old way but at least he's do it himself. No National Guard or B-52s or helicopters or Reos.

Just a fair fight with his own dumb ass on the line. Personally I'd rather tangle with the Mackine any day, but when the big showdown between the Human and Computer comes, I won't be sorry to have the Duke around. But how ya gonna make the kids brush their teeth if they don't got teeth to brush? In the Revolutionary World, Wayne will be the kind of guy we go after with a net.

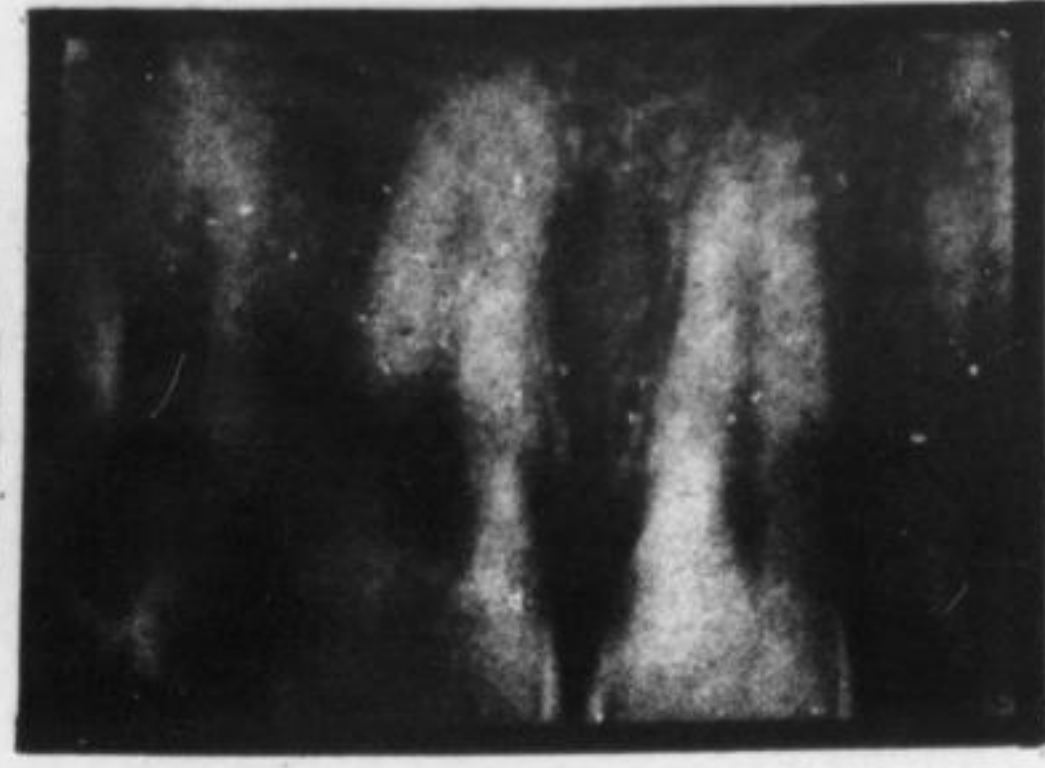
BRUCE DEUCE LIBERAL BLUES

It's getting so any leper can write a play about Lenny at the drop of a finger. Throw in a kike and a dyke and a spike and as Ike said to Dick you're my boy. But I have reservations about "Lenny," the play at the Brooks Atkins theatre and "Dirtymouth," soon at your local kno. Both Cliff Gorman ("Lenny") and Bernie Travis (Dirtymouth) have a good deal of elan as our hero and if Travis had been able to do enough of Bruce's material he might have
(Continued on Page 22)





Evvo



VIETNAM REBUILDING TOUGH JOB AHEAD

CHICAGO [LNS] — For the people of Vietnam, the destruction only begins when the bombing missions end and the planes speed off to their home bases. When the smoke clears it reveals people wounded for life, animals and plants destroyed or poisoned, and land made unable to grow anything.

Science for Vietnam is a program started by people working in science in this country to help the Vietnamese solve some of the problems created by American firepower. It began when Richard Levins, a professor at the University of Chicago visiting Hanoi in January, talked to many Vietnamese scientists and discussed ways Americans working in science could aid the Vietnamese struggle.

When Levins returned to the U.S., he met with other science workers and they started the project. These scientists feel Science for Vietnam is a way to disassociate themselves with "the American war effort" and as one means of actively implementing the People's Peace Treaty. Wherever possible the work is being done openly to show that whatever Nixon and company hatch in Washington, other people are not at war with the Vietnamese people.

The most pressing scientific problem in Vietnam is now in the field of medicine. For many years the U.S. has been dropping antipersonnel bombs on Vietnam. The most common

form of this weaponry is the metal fragmentation device which strikes the ground, explodes, and sends hundreds or thousands of small, irregularly shaped metal splinters whizzing in all directions. These fragments, because of their small size, are useless in attacking buildings and weapons installations. They are, however, quite effective in destroying and injuring human beings.

The terror from the air intensified two years ago when the U.S. Air Force switched its anti-personnel bombs from metal fragmentation devices to plastic fragmentation devices. Once the plastic fragments become embedded in the flesh, they cannot be detected with conventional X-ray techniques, and they cannot be localized surgically because of the irregular trajectories they follow after penetrating the skin. Thousands of people survive with permanently implanted plastic fragments that cause chronic pain and organ dysfunction.

The Vietnamese have asked people in the United States to develop the bioengineering techniques necessary to localize plastic fragments in human flesh and the surgical techniques necessary to remove them. Both medical people and engineers are working on this project.

Another project requested by the Vietnamese entails researching the ecology of reforestation. U.S. saturation

bombing and defoliation have left tremendous areas of Vietnam deforested and pockmarked by bombraters. The reclamation of this ground will be one of their major post-war economic problems. U.S. ecologists and soil scientists can help.

With so much of their land poisoned by U.S. defoliating agents, agronomists must develop procedures for cleansing the soil or must try to bypass the contaminants by developing new crop strains. Though cleansing the soil is possible, it may require many years or decades to be effective. Consequently, Vietnamese agronomists are becoming more interested in exploring new crop strains and believe that their American friends can help.

A great deal of library research on crop diseases is necessary for Vietnam because of the inability of researchers in that country to get their hands on Western professional journals. People in this country will collect research on specific problems, such as rice diseases, reforestation, pest control, herbicides, and war-related medical problems, and send detailed reports of their findings to Vietnam. There is also work to be done on collecting books and reprints from journals for use in basic science courses taught at Vietnamese universities.

Some specific projects have

(Continued on Page 22)

SAIGON STREET-SCENE M.P. BRUTALITY!!!

[Editor's note: the following article comes from Don Luce, an American who has lived in South Vietnam for several years.]

SAIGON [LNS] — There were a few moments of drama in front of the USO in Saigon today.

A woman and a policeman hassled over a Samsonite suitcase.

The woman, about fifty, was dressed simply — a brown blouse and black trousers. She wore no shoes. She is the seller of black market goods on Nguyen Hue street. The suitcase, worth thirty dollars, represented her entire stock. The policeman caught her trying to sell it. "She doesn't have a license," he shouted.

He tried to yank the suitcase from the old woman's hands. She was pulled along, waddling in short steps and swaying from side to side. I thought she would fall down, but she didn't. Nor did she let go of the suitcase.

"Let him have it! Let him have it!" a girl of about 18 screamed. The girl was crying.

"That's her daughter," the woman beside me said. This woman was also a seller of black market goods.

The older woman replied defiantly: "It is my suitcase. I will not let go."

The girl tried to get closer to the USO where the struggle was going on, but an American MP who was guarding the USO pushed her away.

The girl shouted profanities at the MP and at the Vietnamese policeman who was still trying to yank the suitcase away. The MP raised his hand as if to slap her and she moved back.

A high school boy in a clean white shirt and blue pants, books still under his arm, told the MP in a squeaky voice: "This no your country."

The 220-pound MP, unimpressed by the boy's English, shoved him aside.

Then a Vietnamese sailor, his face dark red with anger, started shouting at the MP in Vietnamese. The MP clenched his fist and appeared about to hit the tiny sailor who weighed around 120 pounds. But a second MP interceded and prevented the first MP from slugging the sailor.

The crowd kept growing. All the black market sales ladies were there, several cyclo drivers and some garbage collectors who happened to be loading the USO garbage at the time. The schoolboys were huddled together in rapt conversation. The crowd was clearly on the side of the old lady. The policeman kept trying to jerk the suitcase away from her, but couldn't.

The American MPs were afraid someone would throw a grenade and kept shouting at the crowd to get away. No one moved.

At this point a police jeep pulled up, its siren blowing. Three policemen jumped out, pushed the crowd back, and pushed and pulled the old lady, still clinging to her suitcase, in to the police jeep. Her daughter got in too, but was pushed back onto the sidewalk. A bystander helped her up and she was crying.

Every Vietnamese that I talked with said that the policeman was trying to take the suitcase so that he could sell it himself. The women beside me who sold black market goods spoke bitterly about having to pay bribes to the police.

I realize that this is only a small event in the big picture. But it is also extremely important politically because it is typical of tiny dramas going on all over Vietnam.

The government tries to crack down on the black market by arresting the small operators — and the big shots are left alone. The police are underpaid — and very corrupt. The U.S. is seen protecting the corrupt.

So every day in hundreds of places in Vietnam, these things go on. And each time the lives of a few people are destroyed a little.

NEWSPOEM

"The American Eagle," he said, "has a right wing and a left wing and if those two wings don't flap together the bird don't fly."

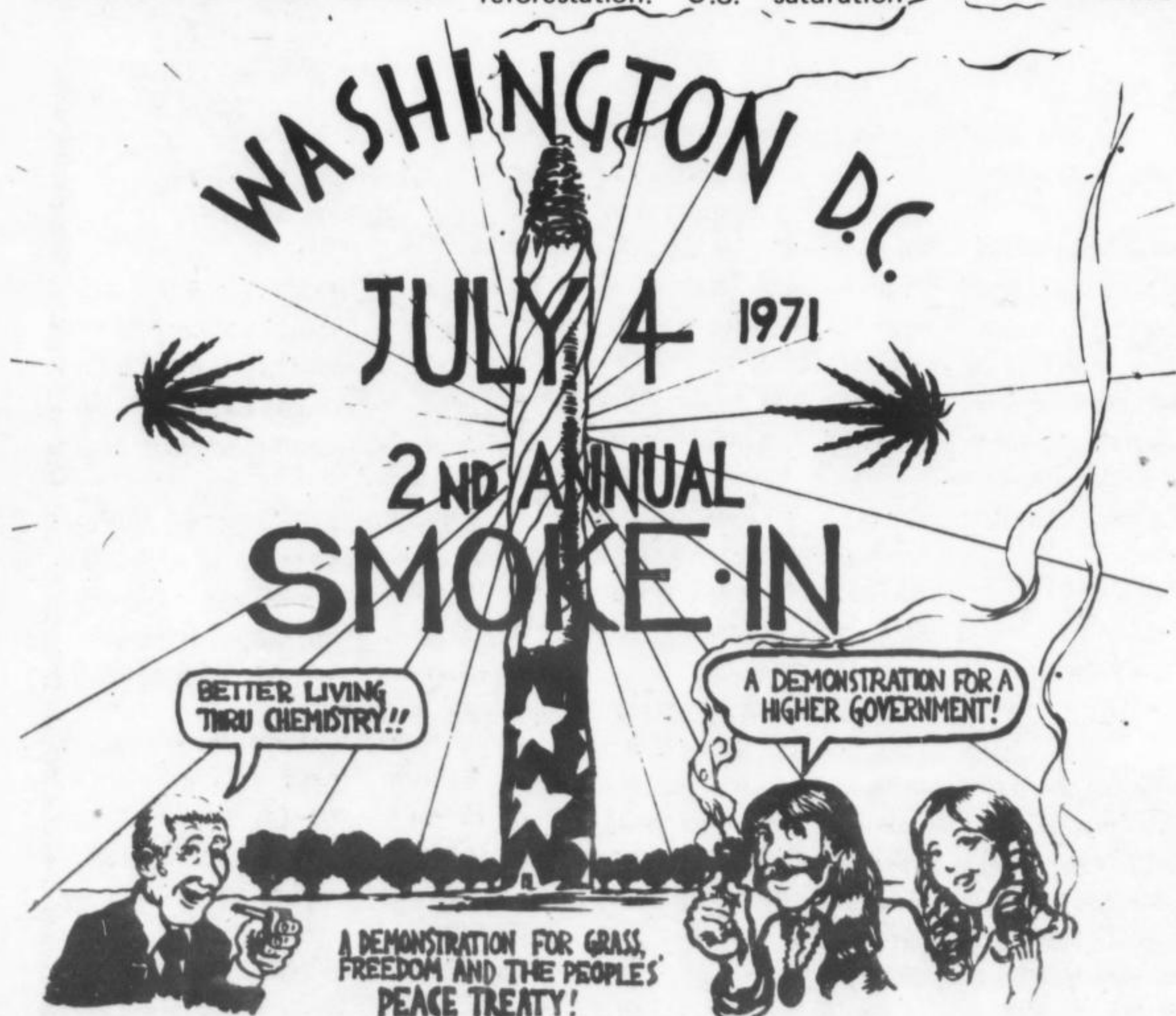
NEW YORK POST May 10, 1971

The Am Eagle is a burden of pray
It takes a left claw & a right to slay
The Am Eagle is no tom-tit
Its United Sphincter takes one helluva shit

Everything is everything
Nothing is not
The mystic pees in the magical pot
& unlike God's chemist (who changes wine to piss)
The alchemist of newsmyths (proud) reverses this

Hail hodgepodge, hail feeling good!
What if your hate is misunderstood?
Dont worry . . . in time truth will out
Or is it the lie . . . have you figured that out?

Tuli Kupferberg



NEWS

ANTI-WAR ACTIONS BEING PLANNED IN INDIANA

BLOOMINGTON, Ind. [LNS] — One hundred and fifty anti-war organizers from all over the US met May 21-23 to plan summer and fall anti-war actions. They gathered on the 900-acre farm of the Raintree Tribe, the homesteading collective who had the enormous task of feeding everyone in West Potomac Park the week before the May actions in Washington.

The summer and fall plans emphasize coordinated regional actions on specific dates all across the country. It was decided that a coordinating office in Washington should be set up, but it will have no decision-making power. The Washington core staff will include members of the gay liberation and women's liberation movements, as well as some Mayday Tribe people. People from different regions will rotate into the core staff every four to six weeks. This is an attempt to decentralize leadership and have the office really serve in a coordinating capacity.

Women and gay people caucused throughout the week conference. The women's caucus decided that they would form their own group which will work with the May Day group.

Following are some of the tentative plans for the next few months. Regional meetings will be held from now on to come up with concrete plans for the various actions:

** July 4-6 — regional

"celebrations" and related disruptive actions. July 6 is the second anniversary of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam.

** Early August — a national conference (proposed by women). No place has been suggested yet. Hopefully thousands of people will come. Women plan to have their own conference in the same place as the national conference a few days before in order to really get together. They plan to travel in caravans from all parts of the country to the conference. On the way they'll talk to people about the war, get signatures for the People's Peace Treaty, do guerrilla theater and in general just make their presence felt.

People at the Indiana conference also expressed the hope that some sort of a mass national organization might come out of the national conference.

** October 9-13 — national actions in Washington and San Francisco. South Vietnamese elections are scheduled for October 12.

Regional training centers will be set up during the summer to teach anyone interested skills like self-defense, first aid and civil disobedience tactics.

For more information contact the Temporary Coordinating Committee, c/o Mayday Collective, 1029 Vermont Ave., Washington, D.C. Phone: [202] 347-7613.

ARIZONA SENDS BLACKS TO DEATH ROW EVIDENCE LOOKS SHAKY

TUCSON, ARIZONA [LNS] — Robert Lee Skinner is a 20-year-old black man who has lived in Tucson, Arizona all his life. He has been active in organizing and educating his people to their oppression although he is not a member of any established group. In the course of time, local police have told Bobby and others close to him, "We're going to get you."

What follows is the story of how they did.

On October 3, 1969, Mason Branch, a liquor store clerk (and reputedly one of Tucson's big heroin pushers) died in a hold-up at the Crown Liquor Store on Grant Road in Tucson. After an "investigation" (during which a prime suspect in the case was murdered), four men were arrested and charged with murder, armed robbery, and conspiracy. The four were David Williams, Donnell Thomas, Paul Wright, and Bobby Skinner.

A Preliminary Hearing was held, and ended with Skinner and Wright released for lack of evidence. The other two were held on mere threats. About one month later, the police re-arrested Bobby and Paul and another hearing was scheduled for the sole purpose of hearing testimony from a prosecution witness named George McDonald.

Prosecutor Horton Weise introduced a statement that McDonald supposedly made to the police. But when George took the witness stand, he called the statement

a complete fabrication which had been spoon-fed to him by detectives in the Sheriff's office at the Pima County Jailhouse. He faced eight robbery charges at the time.

McDonald told the court that detectives offered to drop seven of the eight charges and give his aunt a thousand dollars if he'd sign their prepared statement. His aunt had been present at the Sheriff's office and was willing to back up McDonald's story but the court wanted no more of it.

The prosecutor then brought its star witness to the stand: Lucius Sorrell. Sorrell is blind in one eye and admits to being under the influence of heroin and LSD on the night in question. State psychiatrists conveniently declared Sorrell incompetent to testify so the prosecutor introduced a statement Sorrell supposedly made to him while Sorrell was interned at the Arizona State Mental Hospital. According to the statement (written in advance by Weise and signed by Sorrell in the hospital) Sorrell saw and recognized all four men (though he never knew Skinner and Wright) running across an unlit park, on a moonless night, about 100 yards away, with only one good eye, while under the influence of two powerful drugs.

The defense could not cross-examine Sorrell because of his "incompetence." And so, on the basis of two highly questionable statements, Skinner and Wright were bound over for trial.

The first to go to trial was Donnell Thomas. His first trial ended in a hung jury, but the second time around the prosecutor took no chances. Donnell is another politically aware black man that the police said they would "get."

The day before his case went to the jury, Tucson was treated to sensational headlines — MURDER SUSPECT CHARGED WITH SODOMY ON PIMA COUNTY JAIL. The stories did not mention that the "sodomy" was supposed to have taken place inside a locked one-man cell in the maximum-security tank with the guard-witness situated at the other end of a hundred foot catwalk.

The charge was laughed out of court but the damage was done. Donnell was found guilty of murder as charged and sentenced to death in the gas chamber.

The unbelievable verdict had a great effect on Donnell's cousin and codefendant, David Williams. Through his lawyer, David made a deal with the court. He would plead guilty and make a confession if in return he would not get the death penalty. The deal was made, and in his confession David stated that although the other three men had been with him earlier the day of the murder, they did not go along with him and they had no knowledge of his action.

In spite of the agreement, David Williams is now on Death Row with Donnell Thomas in the Arizona State (Continued on Page 22)

LOOKING TO S. AFRICA



US TRADE WITH SOUTH AFRICA

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa [LNS] — There are 35,000 policemen in South Africa. In the past two years 455 policemen have been kept on the force after being convicted of crimes of violence. Of these 455, seventy five had had previous convictions, 24 of them for assault.

The police have shot to death 54 people in the past year, and wounded 149.

Forced by the love progressive party member of South Africa's legislature, Helen Suzman, the South African minister of Police recently released these statistics.

13 SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE KILLED BY GUERRILLAS IN PAST TWO YEARS

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa [LNS] — Thirteen South African policemen have been killed and 3,699 injured during the past two years according to a very small article published in Johannesburg Star, March 1971.

US COMPANIES IN SOUTH AFRICAN BORDER AREAS

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa [LNS] — Border industries are industrial sites set on the outskirts of black reservations in South Africa. The government has established the "border area" program to try to forcibly pull as many Africans as possible from the white cities back to the reservations, known as Bantustans.

According to the South African Digest, International Harvester is expanding a truck factory to the tune of \$2.8 million in the Natal border area. American Motors is completing a \$17 million plant there next year.

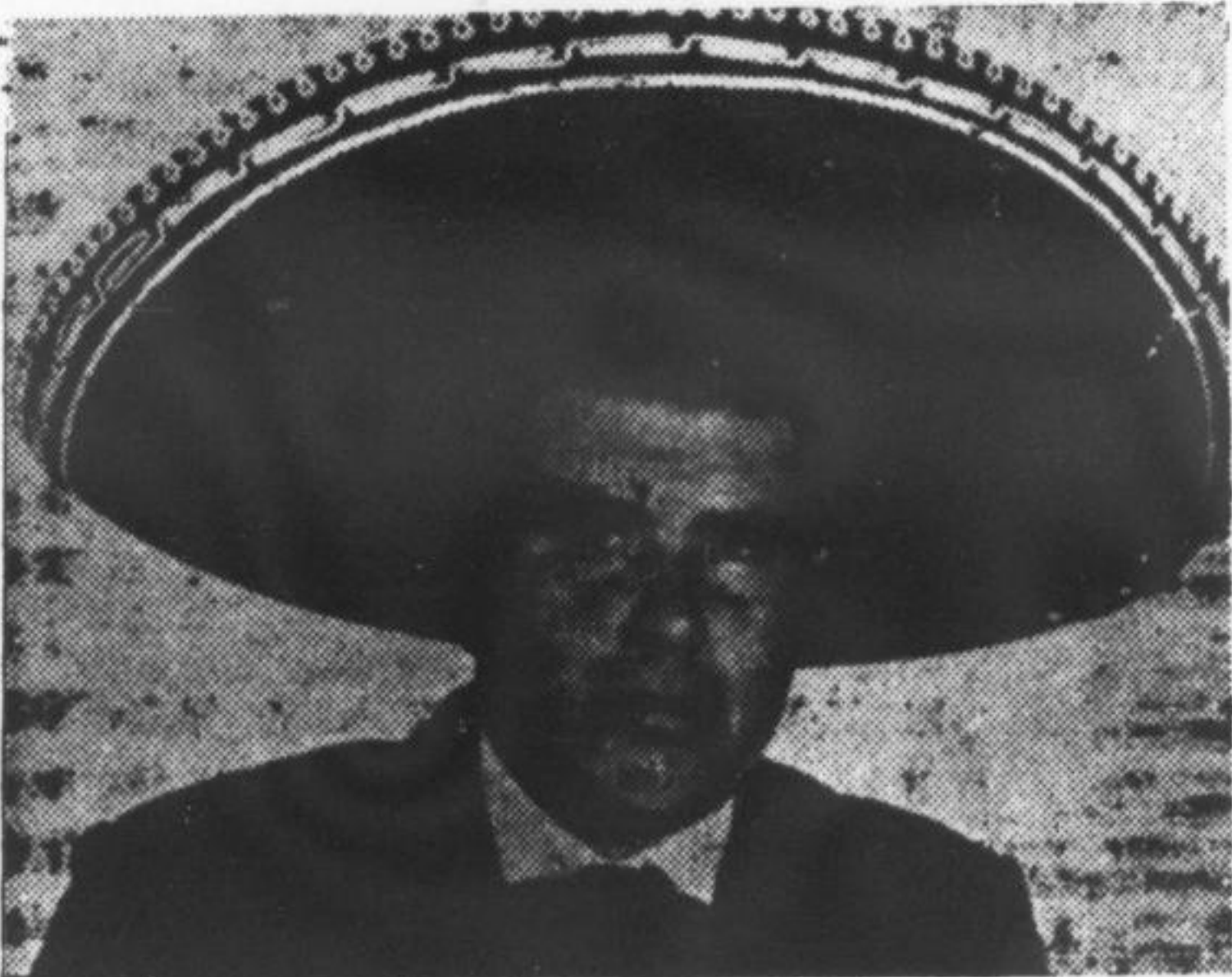
Any company setting up shop in these areas helps the government in its policy of keeping the cities white. Wage rates in border areas are substantially lower than in the cities. The government argues that there is "unlimited potential" in these areas because African laborers are so plentiful.

NEW YORK [LNS] — US exports to South Africa (2% of total US exports) rose 11% in 1970. Main gains were in aircraft, motorcars, and machinery.

Seventeen percent of South Africa's exports go to the US. Those commodities include chrome, copper, diamonds, manganese, nickel, rock lobster tails, and wool.

A recent report on US-South Africa trade published in Pretoria (the capital of South Africa) explains that with few exceptions, there are no import controls in the US for South African products, and customs duties in most cases are fairly low.

WHY IS THIS MAN ANGRY? 24?



mayday lives!



What happened in Washington? What's going to happen next? Nixon promises us more of the same shit if we try it again in D.C. or anywhere else. Mayday is for real. They're giving out convictions in Washington for those who are showing up for their trials. Four people from New York were subpoenaed to appear in front of the Grand Jury, June 8th. Be there folks at one o'clock at Foley Square. We are making Nixon and his co-conspirators shit in their pants.

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May 21-23 was the date of the national conference of regional representatives in Needmore, Indiana. About two hundred brothers and sisters attended from all across the country. Our purpose was to analyze self-criticize and come up with some heavy shit for future action. After two days of camping out, meetings, caucusing, music, chanting, swimming, loving, creating, and living, the final meeting was on Sunday. The various proposals were brought up and voted upon. The ideas that passed were: 1. Regional caravans to travel within the region with literature, the People's Peace Treaty, buttons, fund raising leaflets, etc.

2. Women are planning a separate women's caravan to travel throughout the country, perhaps making films and silk screening and/or making videotapes. The women will travel out to the national women's conference to take place a week before the national conference.

3. Regional training centers to be established where people get together during the summer.

4. Nationally coordinated regional action during the week of June 21-26.

a. Can be local, draft boards, war manufacturers, etc.

b. Can be aimed at state capitols.

c. Regions are asked to send people to Washington for action around govt. buildings.

This week is very important because there are various pieces of legislation aimed at ending the war and the draft before the Congress as well as a planned filibuster that will only turn over the floor to proposals aimed at ending the war and the draft.

Any actions will use the Peace Treaty as a focus and also demand that Congress set the date of December 31, 1971, for complete withdrawal.

5. July 4-6 will be a celebration of the second anniversary of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of North Vietnam. The Peace Treaty and the Declaration of Independence can be given out to people who are celebrating July 4th.

6. Nationwide Mayday conference sometime during the first two weeks of August. This conference will decide the actions for the fall action.

7. October 12 will be the date for the beginning of the next National action in Washington. This date is the tentative time for the elections in South Vietnam.

8. A new DC collective is being formed. All regions can send one or two full-time persons to work on the staff with the new collective in Washington. They have asked for money from the regions to get it started (\$50 or more)

9. Proposal for an anti-war "tax" to be discussed in the regions.

10. The formation of a North American intercommunal revolutionary organization, to sustain the energy of Mayday.

The most important outcome of Needmore was the focus on the regions and a step-up of organizing in the regions for strong regional actions across the country.

Here, in New York the Mayday spirit is still alive and strong. There was a meeting last Thursday night at the new school. The first part of the meeting focused on whether we should throw out some

well-known pigs who were sitting in the group. It was decided to let the fuckers stay, seeing that there were probably more than the one or two well-known ones there anyhow. Reports were given on Needmore and it was decided that we should have a demonstration June 8, at Foley Square at one o'clock in support of Brothers and Sisters, Stew Alpert, Judy Gumbo, Walter Teague and Jim Rutherford. They have been subpoenaed to appear before the Grand Jury where they will refuse to testify and will be in contempt of court and probably sentenced on the spot. Be there at one o'clock.

Some other interesting possibilities for New York have been brought up at the meetings. A proposed action against RCA for their diabolical hand in the war, with their sensors and automated battlefields, fuck them, and boycott albums and stars on RCA. We'd like to see an extension of Peace City (with the name of the Indians first inhabiting Manhattan) perhaps in Central Park on a day to day basis. A New York Mayday newsletter or paper. A festival to be held in the next few weeks in Prospect or Central Park. Training sessions daily in political education, self-defense, nutrition, etc.

We have got a very together group of people in New York Mayday. We are going to be one of the strongest regions and need all the support that we can get. We need money to help pay debts that were incurred throughout the Mayday activities, bail and to help start the national office. We need people to pass out the Peace

Treaty at the beaches and the parks. We need people to call their friends and get them to come to the meetings. For any information don't hesitate to call the Mayday office for times and places of meetings and actions. 691-9450. They are located at 156 Fifth Avenue. Check it out.

We are going to pull it off in New York. We may, all get subpoenas and end up in the cells again. But remember what Jim Rutherford did last week in the true spirit of revolution. When he received his subpoena, he filled it up with some grass, rolled it up and passed it around to his friends. Right the fuck on, Jim, we are supporting you and the brothers and sisters in our struggle to end oppression.

Regional Actions will take place during the week of June 21-26 focusing on the draft boards and some war manufacturers and some people will go help our brothers and sisters in Washington. There will be a heavy celebration of the PRG here in our region July 4-6, with a proposed Wall Street action for July 6th. Be involved. Support Mayday. End the war. Coca.



James L. Penland, B-17687
 P.O. Box 2000, M-364
 Vacaville, California 95688
 May 26, 1971

Brother J., and all the Brothers and Sisters of EVO:

My first issue of EVO came this evening and I've read it in its entirety. It's heavy and right on; I'm sorry to have missed so many past issues. Is it possible that you have some available to send me? Write on!

Brother J., your rap relative to the "split" in the BPP, the Panther 13, and Amerikan jurisprudence is saying something. If I may, I'd like to object it a bit further by saying that 1) it is not within my providence to choose sides in the split issue, but to employ the same energies which brought to light many contradictions outside the BPP which we, the Brothers and Sisters of the People's Revolutionary Army, must deal with; 2) dialectic analyzing reveals that (a) Eldridge doesn't care to admit (or recognize) that not all revolutionaries are prepared, neither psychologically nor physically, to employ militant, that is, armed militant, tactics. Consequently, he discredits those persons though they are doing all within their physical and psychological limitations to bring about the change we are all supposedly working towards--collectively. On the other hand (b) Huey refuses to accept the fact that there must be an armed vanguard prepared to function instantaneously when one or more Brothers and/or Sisters are in need of defense against oppression. It is my view that both should recognize and accept each others limitations and, hand-in-hand, join forces with themselves and all factions of the movement in an effort to more expediently attain our goals.

Armed militancy is a threat to the Brothers and Sisters who are not yet prepared to "go to the streets." On the same token, they will, following a bust, rap down needs for defense. Ergo, the viable alternative to the name-calling and back-stabbing of today is to implement within each collective and cadre a faction specifically concerned with the defense of the rights, property, and machinery of those collectives and cadres. This would allow each personality to lend his/her utmost to the cause of all.

Those of us who have performed revolutionary feats most probably have experienced individual, concerted, and collective damage to ourselves and the movement. We reacted, sometimes violently. Those who are prepared to defend that which is established in the name of revolution are no longer revolutionaries, but revolutionists. The revolutionist is a doomed man; he has no personal interests, property, not even a name of his own. Everything in him is absorbed by one conclusive interest, one thought, one passion: The Revolution. There are not many revolutionaries who are willing or prepared to relegate themselves to the posture so many of us have committed ourselves to because of our irrevocable love for the people. Individually, or as separate and independent bodies, we shall fall. Let's get our shit together by getting together with our Brothers and Sisters who are putting forth their lives today so that our children may have lives tomorrow.

Brother J., I'm looking forward to more of your right on rap.

In struggle,

"JP"

We Are Ever

You walk up and down the tier stir-crazy. You stare at the cell. You hate the jail and the judge but that's too bad—they're too powerful—so you hate yourself. You hate your fellow prisoners.

I arrived at the tier where Jack, the head of the Mafia, was held after being sentenced to five years, along with his brother. When I arrived they immediately abandoned their card game, asked who I was, offered me oranges, cookies, toothpaste, envelopes, a cell next to them and wide arms and smiles. We—me, hairy Commie yippie dope addict, and he—fifty-six, bald, gambler, rich—recognized we were both political prisoners. They fixed up my room, tied up a clothesline and moved me closer to them.

Jack bought \$50 of commissary every week and gave it all out free to the prisoners. He told me he accepted his five years, as he got it, "like a man."

"I was railroaded! They had a stool pigeon on the stand and you know, I never saw the sonovabitch before in my life.

"The jury came back after 12 hours and said they were hung on me.

"The judge ordered them back to reach a verdict. It was Saturday morning and they wanted to be home for the weekend, so in an hour they came back with a guilty verdict. Ain't that something? Well," he shrugged philosophically, "it's an occupational hazard. The government has had 100 feds on me for the past 10 years. The press has crucified me. If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."

Jackie didn't mind my Communist ideas but he tried every way to get me to shave and he didn't like the fact that I didn't bathe as often as he did. He showered three to five times a day. When he left to go to the joint I was depressed for a day. Maybe even Commie revolutionaries and Mafia capitalists can get together behind bars as criminals. We didn't agree on politics, but we shared hot chocolate, tea, coffee together, and exchanged jail stories.

The effect on the jailer is lousy. Power over others knocks out your humanity and turns you into a mad sadistic animal.

Monday, July 6

Santa Rita County Jail has a strict policy: every inmate must get his hair cropped to one or one and a half inches within 24 hours of arrival at the institution.

It is their way of rehabilitating you through humiliation. One of the first things done in the concentration camps in Nazi Germany was to shave *all* the hair off inmates' heads and bodies.

I had not gotten a haircut in two years or a shave in one year and I felt sick at this destruction of my identity.

I felt very sick about it all.

The trial was due to begin in a month and I was going to be shaved, like an inmate of a concentration camp. My hairless appearance would be a testimony to the repression and sexual violence and jail oppression of Amerika—what a drag.

IT IS MORE EXCITING TO BE A SYMBOL OF FREEDOM THAN A SYMBOL OF SUFFERING.

Amerika asks us, "Why the beards, hairy legs, arms and long hair?" but we ask Amerika, "Why do you do the unnatural act of cutting your hair and having the beautiful hair off your face and body?"

Our hair prevents Amerika from seeing its reflection in our face—therefore we are a living rejection of its misdeeds and violence—our hair is our picket sign and our Molotov cocktail. Our hair hurts/offends them more than anything we can say or do.

Hair naturally grows—to cut it or shave is unnatural.

I had been denied my individuality, denied my humanity.

The state had decided for me how I should look.

I had finally discovered the person in me that I liked.

For the first 21 years of my life I'd shaved once a day—what a waste of time!—and got a haircut every three weeks.

When I took my first radical act, visiting Cuba in 1964 with 84 others in a trip banned by the State Department, I decided to let the hair above my lip and under my nose grow. Soon I had a mustache—from a straight clean ex-newspaperman, sports reporter and college student, an anarchist activist was born.

The handlebar mustache transformed my identity.

From there it was a short step to dropping out of school and organizing anti-war demonstrations. But my hair was still short—and I used to wear white shirts and sports coats with holes in them.

The birth of the hippies in 1966 liberated me from protestor to revolutionary and enemy of the state as I let my hair grow long.

The prison uniform for men in Amerika is the white shirt, tie and sports coat or suit.

The prison uniform for women is girdles, bras, stockings, high heels and a painted and perfumed mask.

That uniform symbolizes the fact that you owe your soul to Business Amerika, the necktie around your neck is like a hangman's rope around your neck.

The uniform means you are working for Someone Else.

You must arrive at work at a certain hour and leave at a certain hour and you must look a certain way to fit the expectations of everyone else in the Amerikan prison.

Business Amerika is just an extension of the army and the jails.

The jails enforce their rule by forcing everyone to look alike. So do the schools. So business. Rebellion begins on your face. Long hair, beards, no bras and freaky clothes represent a break from Prison Amerika, a rejection of the God is White Milk, cleanliness-is-godliness values and the birth of us as a new nation of freaky artists.

We are not alienated artists because our art is our way of life. The yippies were on trial in Chicago for combining lots of hair, dope, freaky clothes with disruptive demonstrations and international revolution.

Sadly, I was led into the barber's chair. An inmate, a black inmate, was forced to do the cutting. I slipped him a pack of cigarettes not to make it too short. But the head pig sat watching and he ordered the prisoner to keep cutting. Cut, cut, cut. Destroy, destroy, destroy.



JERRY RUBIN

Amerika loves to destroy the culture of native minorities, from blacks to Vietnamese—and now we, Amerika's children, had become a foreign minority whose local cultures were being destroyed, raped by an imperialist culture. Cutting our hair is an act of cultural genocide.

I'll never forget the expression on my co-defendants' faces when they met with me finally in the lock-up and saw my new appearance.

They gasped.

Abbie said, "Jesus, you look like the Free Speech Movement—like you did three years ago. It's awful!" Kunstler tried to make me feel better. "Hey, you're really handsome underneath all that hair." But I felt sick to my stomach. For the first three weeks of the trial I was ashamed to look in the mirror. I began to hate myself—which, of course, was the goal of the head and face rape in the first place.

Then Abbie and Lee came up with a brilliant idea, to turn my haircut into an act of theater: a wig! Yippies from all over Amerika would be asked to cut a lock of their hair and mail it to me c/o the Federal Building so that I could turn the hair of all my sisters and brothers into a beautiful wig to wear the rest of the trial until my hair grew back.

Better than that, we'd have a contest!

Julie was stone bald and wow did he need hair. "Send a lock of your hair to your favorite yippie—Jerry or Julius. The one who gets the most hair wins a pound of dope."

At a sacred moment before court ceremony one morning Abbie and Lee sat in a barber's chair and symbolically cut one lock of their hair and at a ceremony at the beginning of court presented their locks of hair to me.

News of the yippie contest was published in the underground press and within days envelopes with hair from all over the country began flooding into

rywhere



me from every state in the union. Brown hair. Black. Red. Green. Yellow. Curly. Straight.

All hair was attached to a note explaining the religious significance of each yippie donating a part of herself or himself for myself.

Tons of hair.

Sometimes 30 letters a day.

I'd open the boxes, packages and letters and pour the hairs out on the defense table for the press, jury and Julie to see—a testimony to the loyalty and sisterhood and brotherhood and solidarity of yippies across Amerika.

Julie must have been receiving tons of hair too.

Wonder how he felt when locks of hair fell out of 10 straight envelopes! I got letters from communes and underground papers where members got together and had cut a lock of their hair and mailed it to me.

The notes said they were mailing some to Julie too 'cause they couldn't decide which yippie was more deserving.

Julie never acknowledged the receipt of hair but maybe that scowl on his face was because he'd just opened his mail?

I won the contest and one day I came to court with a long flowing bush-haired wig.

I put the wig on in the morning and took it off at night. I was a longhair again.

Suddenly spectators and press and marshals came up to me and said, "Wow, your hair grew back fast."

Sometimes I'd take a naive liberal behind a corner and dramatically yank off the wig. The liberal would scream and faint.

Before the wig, Schultz and Foran used to ask witnesses, "Did Jerry Rubin look like that during the convention week?" "No," was the pig's answer, "his

hair was much longer then." Once I wore the wig those comments stopped. I wanted to rip off the wig some time dramatically before the jury as a lark.

But I worried about alienating the jury.

The woman in the first row wore a red wig and I figured two or three other jurors might be wearing wigs.

Wouldn't they be offended?

I decided to wait till the right moment and if the right moment never came I wouldn't do it. The moment came unexpectedly one morning.

A Red Squad cop testified he saw me screaming, "Kill the pigs!" in the middle of a rock-throwing riot. It was an absolute lie.

"Did Jerry Rubin look as he does now?" asked Schultz.

"Yes," said the pig.

I ripped off my wig.

With my hair matted down I pretty near looked bald. The courtroom broke out in stitches. All the jurors smiled and laughed—one of those rare moments—even those with wigs, and Schultz and Foran suppressed smiles.

"Your Honor, I think Mr. Rubin took off his wig," said Schultz.

"Yes, I see he did something," Julius said.

The next day, the two most favorable jurors, Mrs. Baldwin and Kay, wore wigs to the trial and when they sat down they winked at me. It was a subversive communication. They were on our side.

I passed a note around the table telling all the other defendants about the wink. How great is the human ability for self-delusion!

They were putting me on, the yippies, fucking with my mind.

I read in the paper that longhair wigs are a booming business, especially around military bases where soldiers on leave wear wigs to hide the compulsory military short hair which they hate.

Julius's goal was to destroy our psychological balance. He knew Lennie Weinglass was young, so he deliberately kept mispronouncing Lennie's name. Weinruss, Weinstein, Feinglass. We made a sign, WEINGLASS, and held it up as a cue card when the judge began talking.

Julie said, "That may be how you do it in New York, Mr. Kunstler, but here in Chicago we do differently," playing on the jurors' Middle Western prejudice against Easterners.

He sat on his tiptoes when Foran summed up, but when Lennie rapped, he looked to the sky and put on a charade of daydreaming.

It was in battles with Julie that Kunstler rose to heights of dramatic greatness rarely achieved in any courtroom. Kunstler one-upped Julie and Julie gave him four years 'cause he's a fucking sore loser. He wanted Bill on hands and knees; he found himself pinned up against the wall. Bill refused to follow corrupt "professional" practices. In 99 per cent of the cases, the lawyer tells the defendants what to do. The lawyer runs the case. In our case Bill and Lennie were brothers, making decisions collectively with the defendants.

Purpose of a lawyer is to maintain the hypocrisy of the system. Lawyer is a court official, sworn to uphold rules of the court. Professional rules exist to protect the system at the expense of truth and justice. Professional ethics are criminal. No doctor tells on another doctor. Fuck professionals. Purpose of professional school is to prepare you psychologically to accept the system.

Each cell has a washbowl with only cold water, toilet and bunk bed. The metal door clamps shut and you are alone. Describe process when you arrive: Finger-printed, stripped of belongings, deloused in Santa Rita, fed, blood taken, catalogued, given number, put on tier.

Lots of leisure time.

I remember when first locked up how thrilled to find an old magazine and the Bible.

On this tier is a Muslim with a picture of Mohammed hanging on his wall, wears a Muslim cap, types all day. He's been here 23 months awaiting a trial on three murder beefs.

Each prisoner has a sad story to tell you and one after the other they can get you real down.

What political leverage do prisoners as a class have? What leverage as individuals? Judges make decisions with the D.A. symbolically looking over their shoulder. Judges live and eat in the same environment as bank presidents, police officials, politicians.

Judges are fat creatures who rule to protect their stomach.

Stomach power!

How many judges have ever *seen* the inside of a jail? How many judges have ever spent *one night* alone behind a locked steel door?

What would have happened if Bobby Seale was driving that car in which Mary Jo Kopechne died? Would he have been strung from a tree? What if Mary Jo were driving and Teddy died? Would she ever get out of jail? THINK ABOUT IT.

Every judge should have one qualification to be a judge: spending a year in jail.

Every judge over black people should live in the black community, not the white suburbs.

If a defendant is found not guilty, then the prosecutor and judge should automatically be forced to serve the same jail sentence the defendant would have served had he been found guilty. Otherwise, it's not fair.

Nobody but nobody behind bars has respect for the courts, their judge, the D.A., the laws or the police. In a just society even the criminals being rehabilitated will respect the fair way they are treated.

Yes, I'm concerned for those murdered and robbed.

But it is the court system and jails which create criminals, which perpetuate murder and robbery.

Every prisoner is a political prisoner 'cause she/he is a victim of an unfair system. A lot of prisoners are in jail for stealing—I've looked in all the cells and I don't see Nelson Rockefeller in jail. A lot of prisoners are in jail for murder but I've checked each jail cell and I don't see the murderers of Fred Hampton or the Kent State and Jackson, Mississippi, students in here.

IF ONE MORE COOL CAT COMES UP TO ME AND SAYS HEY BABY WHATS HAPPENING, THERE'S GOING TO BE MURDER. I MEAN I'M FED UP WITH SLICK LOOKING SMOOTH TALKIN HAND JIVIN SHARPIES WITH SOMETHING TO SELL ME. SOMETHING TO TELL ME SOMETHING THAT THEY THINK I DON'T KNOW. JUST TOO MANY OF THEM WALKIN AROUND LOOSE OUT ON THE STREETS FOR MY TASTE. THEY BETTER VANISH IN HASTE CAUSE BROTHERS AND SISTERS THE SHIT IS BEGINNING TO HIT THE FAN ALL OVER AGAIN.

JOHN LENNON AND HIS OLD LADY FLEW INTO TOWN THE OTHER NIGHT ON A STRICTLY NON BUSINESS VISA. THEY'RE HERE TO LOOK FOR YOKO'S 7 YEAR OLD KID WHO IS IN THE CUSTODY OF HER FIRST HUSBAND. RUMORS ARE FLYING THAT JOHN WILL CLOSE SOME IMPORTANT CONTRACTUAL NEGOTIATIONS WHILE HE'S HERE TOO.

IF YOU BELIEVE IN HORROSCOPES AND ESPECIALLY IF YOU BELIEVE IN THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER (THE WORLDS LARGEST SELLING WEAKLY NEWSPAPER) YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND MOST FREQUENTLY ACCURATE FORECASTERS DID A WORK UP ON OLD JOHN LENNON THE OTHER WEEK. IT SAID THE USUAL STUFF AND ONE OR TWO SENTENCES ABOUT THAT THIS IS THE YEAR THAT JOHN WILL COME INTO BIG BIG MONEY THRU SOME KINDS OF FINAGELING IT ALSO SAID THAT SOME OF THE PEOPLE THAT HAVE BEEN CLOSE TO HIM FOR QUITE SOME TIME NOW WILL BE LET GO. IT DIDN'T SAY WHO WHEN OR WHERE BUT LEFT THE DOOR OPEN TO ALL KINDS OF OFF THE WALL SPECULATION. MAYBE THE WORLD'S WEALTHIEST WORKING CLASS FRAUD WILL SNAP SOME MINDS AND TURN INTO AN ALBERT GROSSMAN TYPE, MAYBE JOHN LENNON WILL BE THE JOHN LENNON CORPORATION BEFORE THE YEAR IS OVER, ONLY TIME WILL TELL AND ITS EASY TO TELL A PIG BY ITS SMELL. NUFF SAID.

ON TO MORE PRESSING MATTERS. THE RECENT WAVE OF MONETARY DEPRESSION IS TAKING ITS TOLL IN THE ROCK AND ROLL WORLD. PEOPLE ARE GETTING FIRED LEFT AND RIGHT, ALL DAY ALL NIGHT THERE ARE OUT OF WORK EX HIP CAPITALISTS WALKING AROUND LOOKING FOR WORK. PICK UP ON ANY ONE OF THE INDUSTRY'S TRADE MAGAZINES AND LOOK AT ALL THE NAMES OF THE PEOPLE OUT OF WORK. I GOT NO LOVE LOST FOR A DUDE MAKING \$40,000 A YEAR LOSING HIS JOB, I MEAN THEY HAVE IT COMING, THEY BEEN RIPPING OFF THE KIDS THAT BUY THE MUSIC FOR SO LONG THAT THE CHICKEN HAS FINALLY COME HOME TO ROOST NOW IF THERE WOULD BE SOME CORPORATION VICE PRESIDENTS FIRED AND SOME NEW BLOOD BROUGHT INTO THE INDUSTRY, MAYBE THINGS WOULD START MOVING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

ONE SAD CASUALTY IS *DETROIT ANNIE*. SHE'S GOT SOME FAME FROM THE MID WEST OF AMERICA WHERE FOR A LONG TIME SHE WAS BOPPING AROUND IN HER BUS DOING THAT AND THAT AND WORKING ON THE CHICAGO SEED AND WORKING WITH THE WHITE PANTHERS AND WORKING IN THE COMMUNITY IN GENERAL.



DETROIT ANNIE



PHIL SPECTOR

SHE'S WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A QUASI-HEROINE WITH A NAME AND A FAME THATS NOW KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST. WELL ANYWAYS, SHE WAS OFFED. MAYBE YOU HEARD ABOUT IT. SHE WAS REQUESTED TO MAKE A DEMO TAPE FOR THE ABC NETWORK FM STATION IN NYC WPLJ, SHE DID. LARRY YURDIN HAD CONTACTED HER ON TELEGRAPH AVE IN BERKELEY WHERE SHE HAD BEEN INVOLVED WITH SOME PEOPLE THAT CALLED THE AIRWAVES COLLECTIVES. ANYWAYS THRU A LONG SERIES OF CIRCUMSTANCES SHE WAS BROUGHT TO THE BIG APPLE AND GIVEN A SHOW ON THE WEEKEND REACHING A COUPLE OF MILLION FREAKS IN THE METROPOLITAN AREA. SHE TOLD THE BIG WIGS AT THE CORPORATION THAT SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE WAS DOING AND HAD NEVER DONE A RADIO SHOW BEFORE. THEY PUT HER ON ANYWAYS.

"I FIGURED THAT IF I PLAYED HEAVY MUSIC WITH SOME SORT OF CONTENT IN IT THAT IT WOULD MAKE UP FOR MY NOT KNOWING ANYTHING. IT WASN'T AS EASY AS I THOUGHT. THE ENGINEERS GAVE ME A LOT OF TROUBLE. THEY'RE UNION GUYS AND DON'T GIVE A SHIT FOR THE WAY THAT THE SHOW SOUNDED, THEY JUST TRIED TO MAKE IT AS HARD AS THEY COULD FOR ME. I DIDN'T WANT TO TALK TOO MUCH SO I PLAYED STUFF THAT PEOPLE COULD GET OFF ON AND UNDERSTAND.

"WHAT KIND OF MUSIC" I ASKED.

"WELL LOTS OF THE MCS AND THE STONES AND HENDRIX AND JUST HIGH ENERGY MUSIC. THE STUFF HAD MESSAGES OF ITS OWN SO I DIDN'T HAVE TO TALK TOO MUCH. THEY (THE STATION HIGHER-UPS) DIDN'T LIKE IT THEY WANTED ME TO STOP IT ORAT LEAST PUT SOME HONKOID ROCK IN BETWEEN THE LOUD STUFF, THEY SAID THAT I WASN'T PLAYING ENOUGH ELTON JOHN OR CSN&Y OR JAMES TAYLOR. HONKEY ROCK AND ROLL, WHITE MUSIC FOR WHITE THINKING MIDDLE MIDDLE WEARING BELLBOTTOMS. I WANTED TO PLAY MORE STUFF LIKE DETROIT ROCK AND ETHNIC STUFF, MOTOWN, BLUES JAZZ, ANYTHING EXCEPT ALL THAT AWFUL CANDY COATED STUFF THEY WRITE ABOUT IN THE ROLLING STONE ALL OF THE TIME. I MEAN IT'S AWFUL. THEN MITCH WEISS THE PROGRAM DIRECTOR HANDED ME A LIST OF DRUG SONGS THAT WERE ABSOLUTELY TABOO, NONE OF THE STUFF COULD BE PLAYED ON THE AIR FOR ANY REASON WHATSOEVER. THINGS LIKE COMIN' INTO LOS ANGELES AND HAPPINESS IS A WARM GUN, ALL THE COCAINE SONGS WERE ON THE LISTS TOO. THEN I MADE A TRANSGRESSION ON THE CORPORATIONS IMAGE. THERE WAS THIS NIXON NEWS CONFERENCE AND I FOLLOWED IT UP WITH A TAPE OF THE SOUND OF A TOILET FLUSHING. IT WAS TOO MUCH. I GOT A NASTY MEMO FROM WEISS AND ALAN SHAW WHO IS THE VICE PRESIDENT OF ABC STATING "THERE WILL BE NO COMMENT ON ANY NEWS ITEMS OR ANYTHING THAT THE PRESIDENT SAYS." THERE WERE OTHER THINGS THAT WERE WRONG BUT YOU GOT TO REMEMBER THAT I HAVE NEVER DONE THAT STUFF BEFORE.

IT WAS MY FIRST TIME AND THEY WERE CHOPPING ME AT EVERY TURN. IT SEEMS THAT I WAS HIRED AS THE HOUSE CHICK & THEY FIGURED THAT IT WOULD BE A GOOD THING TO HAVE A HIP CHICK ON THE AIR ONCE AND AWHILE SO THEY GOT ME UNDER SOME KIND OF SCREWED UP DEAL AND PAID ME SCALE (\$16 AN HOUR). AFTER 7 SHOWS THEY DECIDED THAT I WASN'T WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR AND FIRED ME UNDER THE PRETENSES THAT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING. I TOLD THEM BEFORE THEY HIRED ME THAT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING BUT THEY WANTED ME ANYWAYS. "SO NOW I'M OUT OF A JOB AND STUCK IN THIS OLD TOWN. I THINK THAT I'M GOING BACK TO THE MID-WEST."

THAT WAS ALL THAT I GOT OUT OF HER EXCEPT THE FACT THAT SHE TOLD ME THAT AT HER BRIEFING SHE FELT THEY WERE RIPPING OFF THE COMMUNITY.

"YEAH THERE WERE ALL THESE CORPORATION CATS AROUND TELLING ME WHAT WAS HAPPENING WITH THE STATION AND HOW THEY WERE TRYING TO RELATE TO THE COMMUNITY. IT WAS THE COMMUNITY THIS AND THE COMMUNITY THAT AND THEY MADE ME UNDERSTAND THAT THEY WERE REALLY CONCERNED WITH THE COMMUNITY AFTER ABOUT 1/2 HOUR OF THIS THEY SWITCHED THEIR TUNE AND WERE TALKING ABOUT THE CORPORATION. IT WAS THE CORPORATION THIS AND THE CORPORATION THAT AND THEY MADE ME UNDERSTAND THAT IT WAS THE CORPORATION THAT WAS PAYING MY SALARY AND I'D BETTER KEEP THAT IN MIND. IT'S THE SAME CREW THAT PERPETRATED THE LOVE RADIO MYTH. THIS IS THEIR SECOND ATTEMPT TO KEEP THE COMMUNITY UNDER THEIR CONTROL."

A FEW DAYS LATER MIKE TURNER WAS BOUNCED OFF HIS SUCCESSFUL LATE NIGHT SPOT ON WPLJ FOR REASONS THAT WEREN'T TOO CLEAR. THERE'S MORE TO THIS STORY AND THE DEVELOPMENTS WERE TAKING ON REVOLUTIONARY PROPORTIONS. DON'T FORGET THAT WPLJ IS THE HOME OF THAT WONDERFULLY JOVIAL OVER 30 EARLY MORNING LOUDMOUTH ALEX BENNET. WPLJ WANTS TO REACH THE COMMUNITY AND SUCK THEIR MONEY AND FEED THEIR BRAINS WITH SENSELESS TALK AND PLASTIC MUSIC. THERE'S AN ABUNDANCE OF BAD TASTE IN PLAYING NOTHING BUT THE BEST-SELLING ALBUMS OVER AND OVER AGAIN. THERE IS ONE ON THAT STATION THAT IS A LITTLE BIT SENSITIVE TO HIS AUDIENCES WANTS AND TASTES, VIN SCELSA, MID MORNING MAN ON THE BOX HE PLAYS OTHER STUFF DIFFERENT THAN THE MEALY-MOUTHED EXCUSES FOR ROCK AND ROLL.

LIKE IT SAYS IN THE DAILY NEWS, THE SHIT IS HITTING THE FAN ALL OVER TOWN. THERE'S THINGS GOING DOWN THAT APPHEN ALL OVER TOWN INSIDE THE ELECTRONIC MAZE THAT THE PEOPLE PAY FOR.

(Continued on Page 22)



DID YOU SEE THIS ARREST?

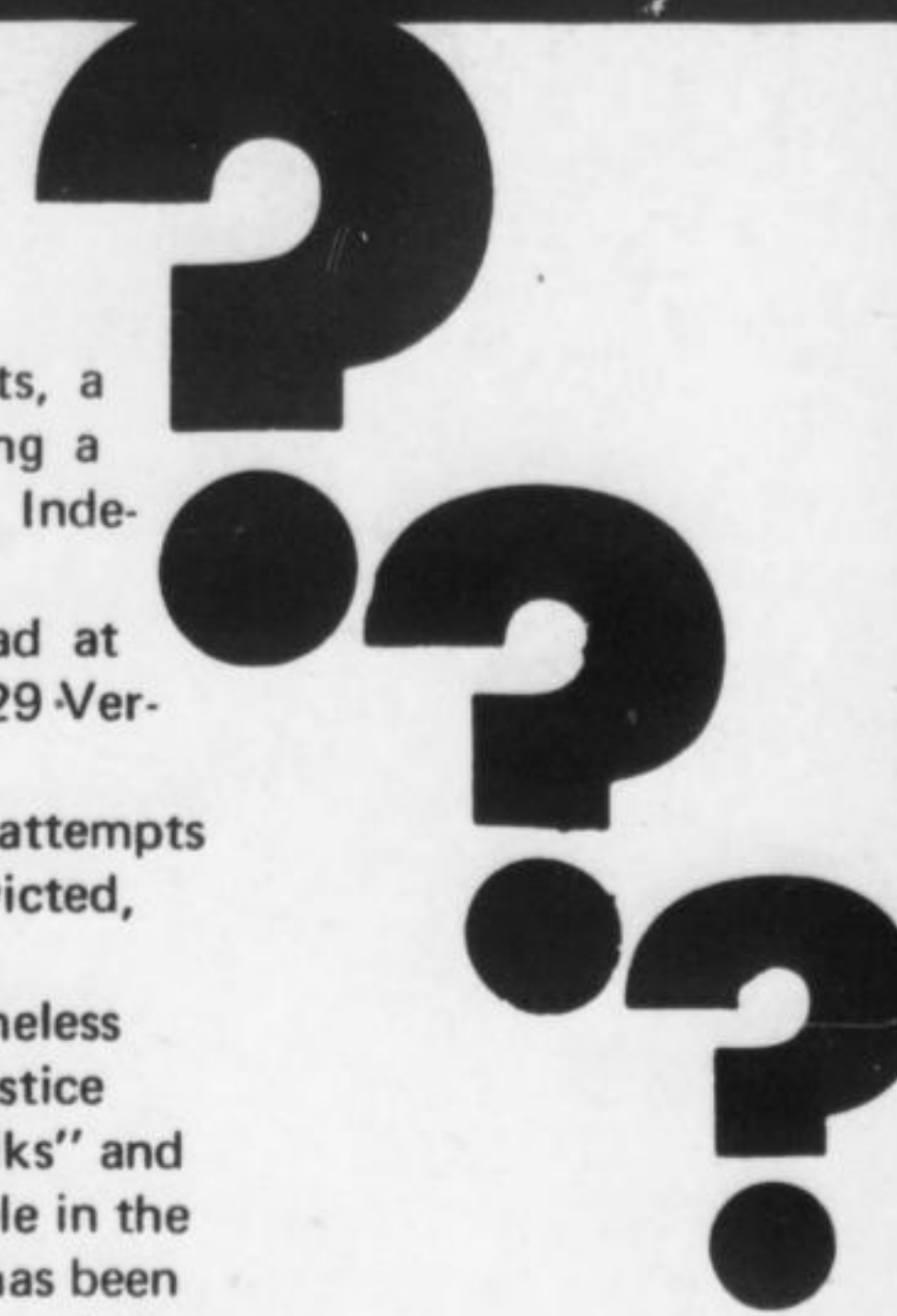
In one of the more flagrant recent cases of false arrests, a long-time pacifist, D. Bradford Lyttle, was arrested during a nonviolent demonstration at 6 a.m., May 3, at 14th and Independent Ave., Washington, D.C.

Anyone witnessing this arrest is urged to contact Brad at people's Coalition for Peace and Justice, Room 400, 1029 Vermont Ave., Washington, D.C. 20005.

The arrest was evidently consistent with government attempts to single out and incapacitate movement leaders. If convicted, Lyttle could get a prison term of several years.

A person who avoids personal credit, Brad has nonetheless been a full-time, nonviolent participant in peace and justice actions for many years. He participated in "freedom walks" and was jailed in the South in the early 60's, played a key role in the organizing of the Moratorium of the past several years, has been instrumental in movements such as War Tax Resistance and the War Resisters League. He is known as a committed non-violent pacifist and one of the most gentle persons in the movement.

He is charged with assaulting a policeman with a bullhorn.



RENT

(Continued from Page 3)

he moved toward the corner for a closer look, Bob Tandler and the look-outs started easing away from the other guard lest their part in the take-over be discovered. Backing away, they were suddenly stopped by the return of the first guard, all smiles and obviously ready to continue their conversation. He patted them on the shoulder and as the last family entered the building, he said, "Fuck it, let them have the Goddamned building!" The families are *still* in the building.

These buildings are owned by Morningside House, an affiliate of the Church of St. John the Divine. Morningside House planned to displace over 600 persons and change habitable housing into an institution for the elderly which could be built on vacant land elsewhere. The present crisis is heightened by the fact that in the last six years over 2,000 people have been displaced by institutional expansion in a four block area around 112th Street. This was a significant victory for the Squatter's Movement (with due credit going to the Guard), but there are many fights going on in which the outlook isn't as cheerful. Outside of squatting, many tenants have gone on rent strikes.

Now that the four bills of Rockefeller have been passed, virtually bringing about the end to Rent Control, there will be quite an upheaval in the City. One of the key people involved in the fight (also present at the take-over just relayed to you) is Bob Tandler, President of the Village Independent Democrats and the original Co-Chairman of the Metropolitan Council on Housing (he left the Met Council recently due to his growing and time-consuming interest with the Squatter's). In speaking of the Squatters, he had this to say: "The Squatters' Movement seems to be gaining a respectability from the press and help from the City that could see it co-opted by the Establishment. There will soon be as many people claiming to have been busted or belted by the Tactical Police Force at a Squatter's Action as claim to have been in Chicago during the last Democratic convention. The Village Independent Democrats, who were the first political club to endorse the movement, have been quickly outflanked by upper West Side clubs which seem to be happily taking the blame for the Squatters on 112th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Currently, there are close

to 300 families who have liberated apartments in various parts of the city, and most cases will be total or partial victory. Who are they? . . . white, black, Puerto Rican; most of them poor; some with as many as 11 children; all of them desperate enough and frustrated enough to resort to this drastic action. On West 15th Street, the Squatters moved back into the building from which they were ejected by over 100 policemen, who took into custody 20 children, 24 women, and 14 men. While awaiting a decision from the City, they occupied a City-owned building on West 21st Street. The City quickly agreed to let them stay until their own building was ready.

Downtown, the week after the Amsterdam Avenue action, Columbus Hospital became the first institution to file criminal trespass charges against Squatters and their supporters as two busloads of Tactical Police Force officers plus local precinct cops piled into East 19th Street to arrest five persons at 210 and 214. The hospital wants to empty the buildings of people so it can build a four-deck garage on this residential block. The arrests were made to cries of "people, not auto pollution," and "despiertan inquilinos defienden los tuyos" (awaken tenants, defend what is yours). A short time later, two persons were roughly handled by TPF officers as three additional arrests were made. One of them, an attorney, was trying to reach her client as he was being beaten by a ring of officers. Civilian complaint charges were filed against police who participated. While supporters waited outside the 13th Precinct station house for release of those arrested, a piece of plumbing piping was thrown at them from an upper floor of the building. When this missed, a short time later a bucket of water was dumped on them. When an attempt was made to enter the building to complain, 3 TPF officers barred the way stating, "If you want to enter you will have to pass us first!"

"One of the prime targets of the movement now has been against Kal Associates (5 brothers by the name of Kalimian) who have been evicting tenants from seven of their buildings by means of Demolition for Improvement (which usually means adding a few painted fire-escapes and shudders) in order to raise all the rents. Taking an apartment now renting for say, \$90 a month for one bedroom, they will then rent (and have already begun to do so) for \$230 upwards.

"The eviction procedures are presently all in the landlord's favor. First they apply for a Certificate of Eviction and inform all the tenants. A Hearing is then scheduled at the Rent Control Commission at which they must a) prove good faith (this means good green money in their terms. They most show letters of credit from a bank, and in their case the bank is Sterling National; b) submit their building plans for approval (as mentioned before, Fire-escapes are their usual plans for improvement, this being the cheapest way to come into the fire laws).

The third step in the eviction process stems from the tenants trying to fight the previous ones. After losing (as they do 99% of the time) the tenants can have a protest (which they will also lose). Then there is the Relocation Hearing at which the landlord discusses his plans for relocating the tenants; if he can offer them an apartment he gives them \$450 to move; if he can't they get \$750. If the tenants have lost through all the previous procedures (as they do) and decide to continue the fight (as they do) they can then make a "Protest against Administrative Decision" which they lose, and continue all the way to the State Supreme Court. The only thing in their favor is that *with good attorneys* they could conceivably drag the thing out for a good 2 to 3 years. Here again, though, the landlord is in the better position for their only job is to make court appearances with their attorneys, whereas the tenant must take many days off from work. This tends to wear them thin (quite to the landlord's knowledge; they seek many adjournments in order to hopefully tire the tenant from continuing) and after awhile, they just give up. Those that don't, however, gradually start taking action on their own, such as rent strikes or ultimately — Squatting.

It's very interesting what happens here because every Kal building, depending on the time element involved, has taken different actions. The closer you are to being exterminated though, the more *militant* you get."

Bob summarized the reasons for Squatting as "The Real estate Industry has failed to meet urban housing needs. Government at all levels has failed to meet urban housing needs. People are seeking their own solutions. Squatting is not the end result, but merely a tactic. . . used by people who have exhausted all possible methods to get some relief. People are no longer willing to see good housing disappear. They are sick of landlords who threaten and harass tenants who refuse to be thrown out. They are sick of seeing their communities torn assunder. There is little doubt that the Squatters Movement will cause change in New York City. Not only will it affect legislation and the Housing Administration, but it will surely, with the fight against the new rent-decontrol law, bring a permanent awareness to tenants throughout the City, if not the Nation."

At the end of my interview with Bob Tandler he suggested that anyone now seeking help with housing problems come up to the Housing Clinic, at the VID Office, 224 West 4th Street, any Tuesday between 8 and 10 pm. Also for those interested there will be an all-day Rent Strike, Saturday, June 12th, 9:30 to 5PM, at the Metropolitan Council on Housing. To quote the Squatters, "Awaken tenants, defend what is yours." Right on. . . or more appropriately, **HANG ON!**

Newest Car

MPH Averages
Gas Mileage

Special Blueprint
Reverberator ECHO SYSTEM

Makes Old Records Live Again
Other Handy Data

Performance-
Rating the

Newest Air Car



EVOSCIENCE

BY NELLIE BERRALL

AUTOMOBILES

About a year ago, American industrialist William Lear who is noted for his ability to engineer the impossible (eg. the Lear jet which combines long range with light plane accessibility) talked about making an automobile powered by an external combustion engine using a vapor device for propulsion. In other words, he was talking about a steam powered car.

A few months later, the inventiveness seemingly ran out of the Lear machine and rumor had it that all development on the steam car had stopped. Inquiries at his Reno, Nevada plant seemed to support the hypothesis that the project was indeed abandoned and there — so it seemed — the matter had come to rest. Maybe Mr. Lear got leaned on a little too hard. Anyway.

In the meantime, people had begun to wake up to the intolerable pressure of the beast automobile with its pollutants attacking our

most sensitive tissues, its need for ever longer and wider expressways and highways, and all that. Talk started about the urgent necessity for alternatives to this loathsome piece of antiquated engineering and it all became a sort of national emergency. The U.S. Department of Commerce, for instance, published a study that concluded "if the internal combustion engine cannot be cleaned up in the very near future, then its only feasible replacement will be some form of gas turbine, hot air or steam engine."

Now just where are these alternatives being developed? The answer is everywhere. A recent check revealed no fewer than 14 companies engaged in the steam vehicle field. They range from General Motors in Detroit right down to the Pritchett Steam Power Company in Melbourne, Australia, who are road testing a 1962 Ford Falcon equipped with a two-cycle steam engine. Lear Motors are included in that list

(even though they say they are not doing anything) and they probably have on hand about 50,000 unsolicited orders. At least they own enough plants to produce engines at the rate of 1,000 a day.

The U.S. Department of Transportation has voted \$300,000 to the Dallas Transit System to test two buses equipped with closed cycle engines developed by Walter Mineault.

All of this seems encouraging to all potential emphysema victims but as I look uptown towards the Newsweek Building, I see the air is as full of shit today as it was yesterday.

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All of this seems encouraging to all potential emphysema victims but as I look uptown towards the Newsweek Building, I see the air is as full of shit today as it was yesterday. I mean, how can we expect those corporate dinosaurs — the automobile and the petroleum industries — to move quickly in installing these new steam engines when they took nearly a decade to install seat belts

and they're still hollering about it. We can dodge the dinosaurs, though, if we are willing to change certain demands as consumers and allow our engineers some flexibility in their approach to this problem.

The first thing, which we just talked about, is the fact that there is a steam power plant that can fit into the existing concept of a car.

Now, maybe it is the whole concept of the car itself which should really be questioned. You and I as consumers demand an all-purpose vehicle which will whipcrack away from traffic lights, smash the 60 mile and hour sound barrier in a matter of seconds and cruise for 500 miles on the open road at 70 or 80, and we also want to run the same thing down the street for a quart of milk. The result is a vehicle that uses full power for only maybe five or six minutes out of every hour's driving time, that wears excessively, that is too expensive to fix and fill up with gas, and that is now becoming ecologically unsuitable in crowded and built-up areas. It is also a tremendously expensive machine to buy and it spends most of its time sleeping — or when engaged — it usually transports only one person.

If we were to change —

(A) our engineering concept — that is, not one standardized engine and chassis but a variety of responses to transport situations and (B) if we were willing to use our heads and not our balls with regard to acceleration requirements — maybe we could arrive at a very nice balance with our environment.

First of all, we could then utilize electric propulsion in mini-vehicles around the city which with their cost and power curve could be programmed by computers. Second, we could explore the use of turbine powered hydroplanes for our country use and eliminate the staggering cost of highway building and maintenance. On all fronts we would have cleaner air and less despoliation of the countryside. And finally, the country which would pioneer in this could become rich because the world is creaming for a new transportation policy.

We either get a new transportation policy — along with a few other new policies — or we split from old friendly earth altogether because the boys who know tell us it'll not be friendly much longer the way we abuse our only environment.

Cooking With Gas

At Indy 500

BY RICHARD MELTZER

Nobody got killed at Indy this year but the next best thing happened anyway: serious injury. Those stupid dumbass dodos in the pace car couldn't control it and so they bumped into a photographer's wagon and shook things up pretty good for awhile. Chris Schenkel (a notorious peabrain) got shook up but he didn't die and neither did John Glenn (the Ohio spaceboy) and Chris Schenkel didn't even continue with his superficial race coverage and yet he still got a full pay check. Meanwhile, one of the world's leading race fans - Dr. Vincente Alvarez - was in critical condition "but responding." He responded and now he's alive and so's Rick Muther who skidded up onto his side in one of the best accidents of the day. Tires flying and all. And one of the world's leading dullards - Al Unser who won it in '70 - hogged his way thru during accident after accident and won all the bacon and roses. He won but he only finished first. He didn't finish second and Peter Revson did. You'll remember Pete as the son of the Revlon fortune but he's not an idle rich. He's not idle but sometimes his engine does. And he's one of New York's own! And Mark Donohue is originally from Stony Brook, home of dope and more dope and education, and noe he's from Media, Pennsylvania where they got those FBI files from. And he was supposed to win but he didn't. Wait till next year. No limeys won either but a son of a dead man finished fourth, Billy Vukovich. His pops got his ass killed in '56 and he's probably due for the grim reaper-by about '79. Write that year down, stranger things have been known to happen.

Such as Big Lew Alcindor stepping lively to the altar on the day of the big ABA-NBA all-star showdown. And he HAD TO GET MARRIED THAT DAY but not because she was

knocked up or anything. It was just on account of it had something to do with according to Muslim stuff you have to get married forty days after deciding on it. That can be rough cause you have to pop the question on a day 40 days before a day when nothing's supposed to happen: could it have been intentional on Big Lew's part? Did he not wanna play against tough Dan Issel? Was he playing it cutesy with the Buck brass since the commissioner of the NBA said everybody had permission to play in the game? Come on Lew: Answers!

Jim Brown (he used to run with the ball but he was more of a halfback than a fullback which existed than before they adopted the "running back" lingo) may have been called Jimmy Brown once or thrice but never James Brown (not since grade school). On the other hand there are two (2) James Browns, the singer/athlete and the actor James Brown. The former of whom has been called Jimmy Brown (once in a surf mag). Similar complications developed around the two Don Rickles, the comedian one and the announcer one who does the announcements for the NBC bigtime movies. Also on the same agenda was the music from Park's sausages, directly stolen from Movie 4, or was it Jones sausages? But that's not the end of it by a long chalk, for you're sure to see more plagiarism on a basketball diamond (called a court) than even there.

One of the biggest jerks in town is Mr. O'Shea the head track starter at Madison Square Garden, who also teaches gym at Far Rockaway High. He foregoes the usual gym commands in favor of "At attention, stand at east" instead of the more common shorter version of the same. Although he isn't actually the type who'll goose you when you're looking the other way, watch out for his breath cause he drinks the hard stuff as often as not (it's rumored).

Kick the bum out of organized sports but be kind fo him cause he's old.

Aram Katcher, a one-time star of the Hollywood Hills Mountain Boys semi-pro studio team, had a belated screening of his sports epic *Right Hand of the Devil* in which he stars, writes, directs, and does the hair. It's a dynamite flic, polo fans are gonna dig it, here's a capsule description. He shoots guys thru the head and poisons them but they don't die just yet, he sticks them in a bathrub of acid and they try to get out and you see their faces get eaten off slowly but surely, he seduces this old bag who's the cashier of the Los Angeles Sports Arena and she reads her copy of *Modern Guide to Sex* and he dumbs her over the cliff in her automobile so she gets burned up but years later he doesn't recognize her so she takes off her wig and her gown to let him see all the scars and then she shoots him thru the head three times but he lives long enough to fall down the stairs.

More from Jay Lee ("I've done everything, Sandy") once got ahold of a three-legged dog (one leg missing) and charged 50 cents a person to see him whack the canine off and \$1.00 a person to see his girlfriend do it. Now there's two classes of bred dogs, sporting and non-sporting. No information whether it was a sporting 3-legger, that's the kind of information you have to pay for. Get it?

Drugs and sports don't mix. No exceptions generally. Who can ever forget what heroin did to Big Daddy (Gene) Lipscomb and the late Mr. Liston? Or what too much speed did to that Swedish bike racer in the '60 Olympics? But just in case you're a sportsman and you succumb to the temptation you really oughta keep track of what you take and how much, along with your other records of personal athletic achievement. So here's a first-of-a-kind checklist for you for just that

purpose. It works by you record in each column each time you take something.

ACID Mescaline
PSILOCYBIN MARIJUANA
COCAINE HASH SPEED
SMACK YAGE GLUE BOOZE
DET DMT PSILOCIN
TOBACCO BEER DOWNS
OPIUM STP MORPHINE
LSD - 19 HOG AMY
ANGELDUST OTHERS.

Flyweight contender Toy Yamanaha lost his legs in Pearl Harbor. Ever since then color guard ceremonies have been a staple in American sport. Even if they weren't compulsory I'm sure we'd retain them for sheer excitement alone. So on this very solemn Memorial Day let us recall one man who stood as an innovator in color guard itself, and I mean Andy Bobroff. Once back in the winter of '57 there was a big snow so the English/social studies teacher (she asked not to be mentioned by name and that's her privilege, but she was a Mrs. and her first name was Grace) couldn't make it in to class at JHS 198 for a full ten days, so she was aptly replaced by a Mrs. Yanow or other. After her first class as a sub (she served as a target for eraser throw) home room period arrived and that meant pledge of allegiance time. The usual procedure was for everybody to stand up at their seats and get it over with. This time an idea dawned on Andy, why not add some flash and nonsense to the fabulous occasion: he organized a color guard (this teacher was a real dumb cluck) with everybody combing their hair like Hitler and marching up carrying the flag in their belt and then he roused everybody with "Attensione, Porky Peeg." A real gas.

Food can present problems, particularly if you're fat, skinny or don't like what you're eating. Say you weigh 25 pounds overweight and have to lose it in two weeks to make the team. That's a mighty steep order but

it's not impossible. A number of people have lost the full 25 pounds by eating no more than 250 calories worth of food per day plus a stepladder exercise program in which you move up to harder stuff as you go along. First day you do 20 pushups, 20 situps, 5 minutes of jumping jacks and a 3/4 mile run. Next day you move up to 1 full mile and increase everything else too with a goal of over 200 situps and 35-50 pushups and even running in place and the exercise known as the rocker, where you rock on your belly using your legs for control and watch out for your gabongas. Do that every day and never exceed the recommended food dosage, and you'll do fine, losing an average pf 12.5 pounds during each of the two weeks. Others have done the same with a one thousand calorie limit but only insufficient numbers reported the equivalent weight loss. Try it both ways yourself some time, whaddaya got to lose?

And man's opposite number, woman, often suffers from a weight problem too, but more a matter of weight distribution. If the mammary glands are not sufficiently developed in terms of the style of the day, finding a mate for the propagation of the species becomes difficult. Mark Eden has an answer, for only \$9.95 you can have a device that adds inches to your bustline in a matter of weeks, is that fast enough for you? So try it ladies (if you need it). If you don't, then you're lucky. But all size breasts can nurse a child, so don't worry none if you've already cornered yourself a man. Particularly if he's a baseball star, they're plenty rich.

One situation you may find yourself and your summer hockey team frequently is the two-on-one. These things occur and unless you and your teammates know exactly the correct way to perform under fire you scoring possibility will vanish into thi, cold air.

(Continued on Page 19)

ALAN J.
WEBERMAN'S

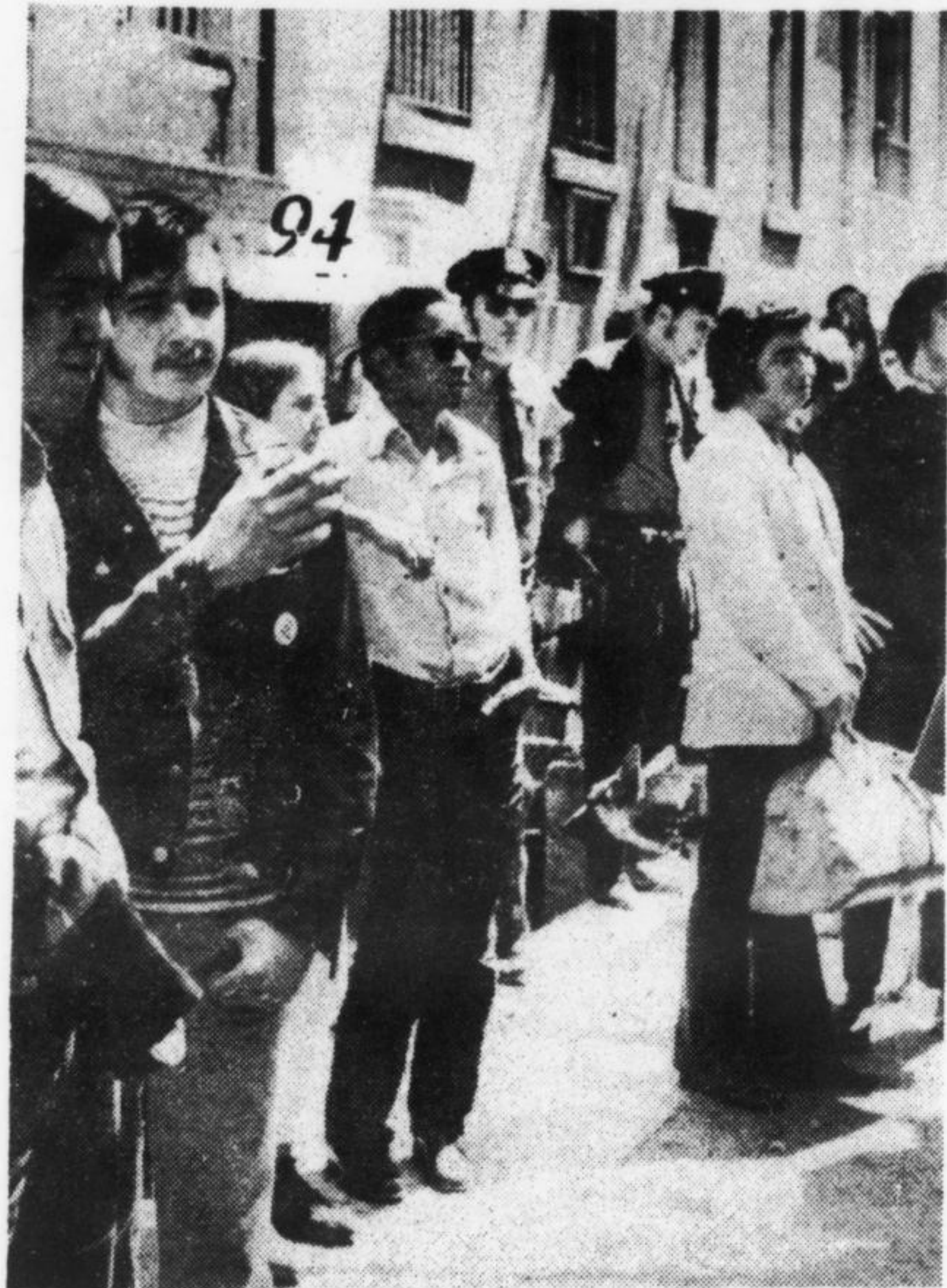
'BAD VIBES'

... "We're probably all gonna get offed eventually..." this quote, from Larry Yurdin, formerly of WPLJ, proved to be prophetic last week when Detroit Annie & Mike Turner the 2 hippest jocks at the station, got the ax. (Yurdin, originally hired as 'special underground consultant' then given his own show, had quit after the management forced him to do taped syndicated programmes rather than live community radio). Detroit Annie was allegedly offed for cursing - according to Annie - "The word shit coming from a woman, the token woman at PLJ, was ten times dirtier than if it had come from a man," and for not talking with the station's CENSOR (Mitchell Weiss) & asking him if it was cool for ELEPHANTS MEMORY to be on her show... like the management passed a rule that all guests had to be approved by Mitch altho you could call Mitch at home, 24 hours a day, and get his okay. But due to the 'Seize the Time' nature of a lot of underground productions Annie didn't book the Memory till the Sunday she was on. She called Mitch but he wasn't home so she righteously said FUCK IT & had them on anyway (they're a boss group - buy their record on Metromedia) PLJ also said 'she wasn't professional enough', man, they hired her cause they wanted to experiment with someone who wasn't part of the FM radio establishment AND SHE WAS GOOD!! She played a lot of high energy music, the Last Poets, people like that, she was part of the community and is really a beautiful person. She's lookin for a new gig. . .

Annie's bummer was a forshadowing of a change in direction at WPLJ. I'm gonna discuss this with Mike Turner and next week they'll be an in-depth story on the whole affair. By the way I hear PLJ is changing their call letters again... this time they're calling themselves WPIG. John Lennon is in town trying to regain custody of Koko, Yoko's child by her first marriage... I'm trying to get an interview with him... One legged-Terry, Dylan's ex-Hebrew teacher, has split for Israel, where among other things, he'll be joining his ex-pupil to act as a guide and interpreter... speaking of the devil, Dylan's birthday party was a stoned success and his house at 94 MacDougal Street has been turned into a National Swine I mean SHRINE for Woodstock Nation. News of 'The Party'

went out as an Associated Press wire story to almost every radio, TV and newspaper in Pig Nation hopefully hipping young people that there are many freaks around who aren't buying the shit that the capitalist rock stars are trying to pass off as 'hip culture.' I think that just getting the idea across that there's an alternative is a victory... like I wonder what kids thought when they saw that *Daily News* picture of those porkers standing around Dylan's door guarding his property - I thought to myself - "The National Guard stands his door - I ain't gonna work for that singing real estate broker no more" Bobby, just in case you happen to read this man, the Penn Central Railroad is selling the Pan Am Building man, and maybe you should add it to your real estate holdings man (like the DLF has got to have an action around Dylan's office building at 1500 Bdway one of these days)... this from Danny Fields (former company freak at Atlantic now managing Iggy and the Stooges) "Well dearie, you finally done it. By getting Al Aronowitz to write that nasty article about you in *The Post* you've got a lot more people on your side." Big Al wrote that I tried to incite a riot at the birthday party with inflammatory rhetoric, that I had illegal narcotics paraphernalia (hypodermic needles) on the cake & that Jerry Rubin was there (Al likes to connect me with Jerry & Abbie in the hope that I'll get put under increased surveillance or get indicted) NONE OF WHICH WAS TRUE. He also published my address & wrote "It's about time Dylan fans start to do something about Weberman" (all publishing my address did was to get me a few more orders for rare tapes) Like if you get tired of calling big Al (I published his phone no. 2 weeks ago) you can visit him at 325 West 93rd St. But more on the party next week in EVO in an article which will include a reprint of the permit & the bill that I sent to Dylan for my services as a publicist etc etc... oh yeah, Big Al has refused to debate me about Dylan etc on Alex Bennets morning WPLJ radio show. Speaking of Alex, I heard that after getting paid by an anti-Indochina war group for his services he endorsed the checks back to them. Alex is just about the only radio personality I know of to show up at a lot of demonstrations, not as a reporter but as a participant. Like BAI's Bobby Fass gave that

shit up long ago... lately he's been renting a house in Woodstock & hanging out with all those beautiful country people getting away from all the uptight vibes of the city man - altho Fass says he's thru with the house and wants to live in a tent. Bobby (I don't know what it is, I don't like people with the name Bob) generally comes in late for his show. When he's in the city he lives in a high-rent pad in a Times Square Office Building (where did I hear that before) totally isolated from the community and gets by because he dutifully puts on most of the underground cultural and political people who find WBAI their only nightly media outlet. Not only that, but the mother puts me down every chance he gets. I think that Fass has lost a lot of his effectiveness as a cultural revolutionary but has consolidated his power thru his ten years of nightly media exposure and thru his expert fund-raising abilities, thusly becoming a hip culture institution. Because of this, my criticism is gonna mean shit to Fass. Why even if someone more creative, intelligent and articulate came along he or she would be up against J. Edgar Fass's never-ending tenure on WBAI and never get his time-slot. Well everyone knows that institutions often become corrupt with age and that new ones arise to take their place (Village Voice - East Village Other) but, as we can see from what happened at PLJ, it's unlikely that another righteous radio station will appear so... hey I better shut the fuck up or WBAI ain't never gonna have me on again (Fass reluctantly gave me my start - he created a monster) come to think of it Uncle Stevie Post has already been banning me - every time I call up and he hears my voice he hangs up on me (no-one knows he's doing it because of the 30 second delay mechanism) One thing about Stevie, tho, he don't even pretend to be where it's at - like he tells you three times a night 'I'm a schmuck, somehow I got a radio programme, you might as well sit back and laugh at me, bring back the old days. In fact him and his friend Carl Waxman (MC at the Gaslight and Gerdes and alleged comedian) have developed a new genre of underground 'humor' (which I term *schmuck* humor) based on the theory that it's cool to play down to mentally retarded chimpanzees. For example,



"The National Guard stands around his door..."



AJ researching Aronowitz's Jersey address - 120 Cambridge Ave, Englewood 201-567-0719

INDY BAD vibes

(Continued from Page 17) In such a play, mes amis, the center hauls himself quickly to his left after crossing the blue line, then immediately passes the puck to the wingman to his right (a feat generally quite easy in the NHL where three-quarters of all players are left-handed. This winger takes the puck with him into the attack zone. Should a defenseman move to check, the wing passes back to the center (who meanwhile has been chugging along in anticipation), who speeds in for the shot, which he makes because he's been practicing all week long. And practicing well. Unless he's Rod Seiling.

Step on a cat's tail and you'll get an indignant howl. Treat on Bob Lanier, the biggest cat in organized basketball, and the vocal reaction is equally swift. Nobody has ever accused Mr. Lanier — the world's tallest night club owner, real estate investor and hoops technician — of hiding behind a door when his critics start chasing him. Latest to play the game of Bob knocking was Memphis State's Bob Vanetta, who quietly heaved a few barbs at Mr. Everything before a basketball writer's meeting. Vanetta said (1) superstars such as Bob are protected by the refs because only 84 fouls were called on Lanier last year, (2) Bob could be great "but he paces himself something terrible," and (3) Bob Love, not Lanier, is the most valuable player in the league. The first thing Bob did when he discovered those needles pinned in his 6-11 hide was to seek the needler. He accosted Vanatta at Philadelphia Stadium.

Billy Hardwicke, everybody's consensus bowler of the century, has just recovered from bad knee. Bad knee=bad bowling. Bad bowling is bad to do. And watch. Improved knee = improved legmanship. Good news!

Sam Parilla used to pinch hit for the Phillies, probably the dullest team to play for in organized sports. Lucky for him he made it back to the minors so he can get down to some real baseball business, namely supuerb right field for the Rochester Redwings. Where he's hitting a stupendous .379. He could be next year's Ralph Garr and he doesn't even have enough major league at bats to eliminate him from rookie of the year honors. He's from Brooklyn and sometimes he spells his name Parrile and last year he pulled a hamstring. He he hadn't he'd probably be tearing the National League East apart at the seams, you can bet your butt on that!

Carl's idea of a joke goes like this — "Hey AJ, I saved Ann from a rape the other day. . . I changed my mind." The joke may not be funny, but to see a grown man tell it is. Catch Carl at Gerdes before the police do (the cat is in desperate need of a pad, among other things, by the way). . . a friend of mine (yes, I still have some friends left) was up at Elektra records the other day and overheard Bruce Harris, head of publicity, run down the following rap on the phone —

"Someone stole your pocketbook, well the only one I know who'd steal the pocketbook of a woman making \$100 a week who comes around here is AJ" (paraphrased). When I asked Jac Holtzman, president of Elektra, about this he told me Bruce was referring to A.J. Foyt or somebody. Jac, by the way, has a swimming pool that's heated 24 hours a day when the atmospheric temperature requires it (in the winter, fall etc.) It cost him about a buck and hour to do this. Man, you could feed ten welfare families on his pool-fuel bill alone. . . but at least Holtzman is honest about having sold out. . . he has to be. . . KINNEY Corp. has receipts to prove it. . . in my last article in EVO I said that I HAD HEARD that *The Post* had been harrassing newsdealers who carried the *Herald* — the following is part of a letter I received from the *Post's* executive editor — "The *Post* does not have a Sunday edition and does not have any interest whatever in the presence of *The Herald* on the news-stands. *The Post* has exerted no pressure to interfere with *The Herald* nor has it interfered with the distribution of any other journal in the memory of living man." I asked the person who told me about this where he got his info and it seems to come from a reliable source. . . but the *Post* does have a point about their not having a Sunday Edition. . . who knows? I'll have to investigate this further and report back. . .

So people, I guess I've attacked my quota of media liberals for the week and I've purged my system of all that ugly hate — but there is a reason for all of this — like I feel that a lot of hip culture and underground media has eithe sort of Pedroed out (as they say in Mexico) or has become co-opted by a bunch of 'hip' capitalists & I want to do something about it. . . do you? Catch you all later down the lime — A.J.

"Goddamn Everything but the Circus."

e. e. cummings

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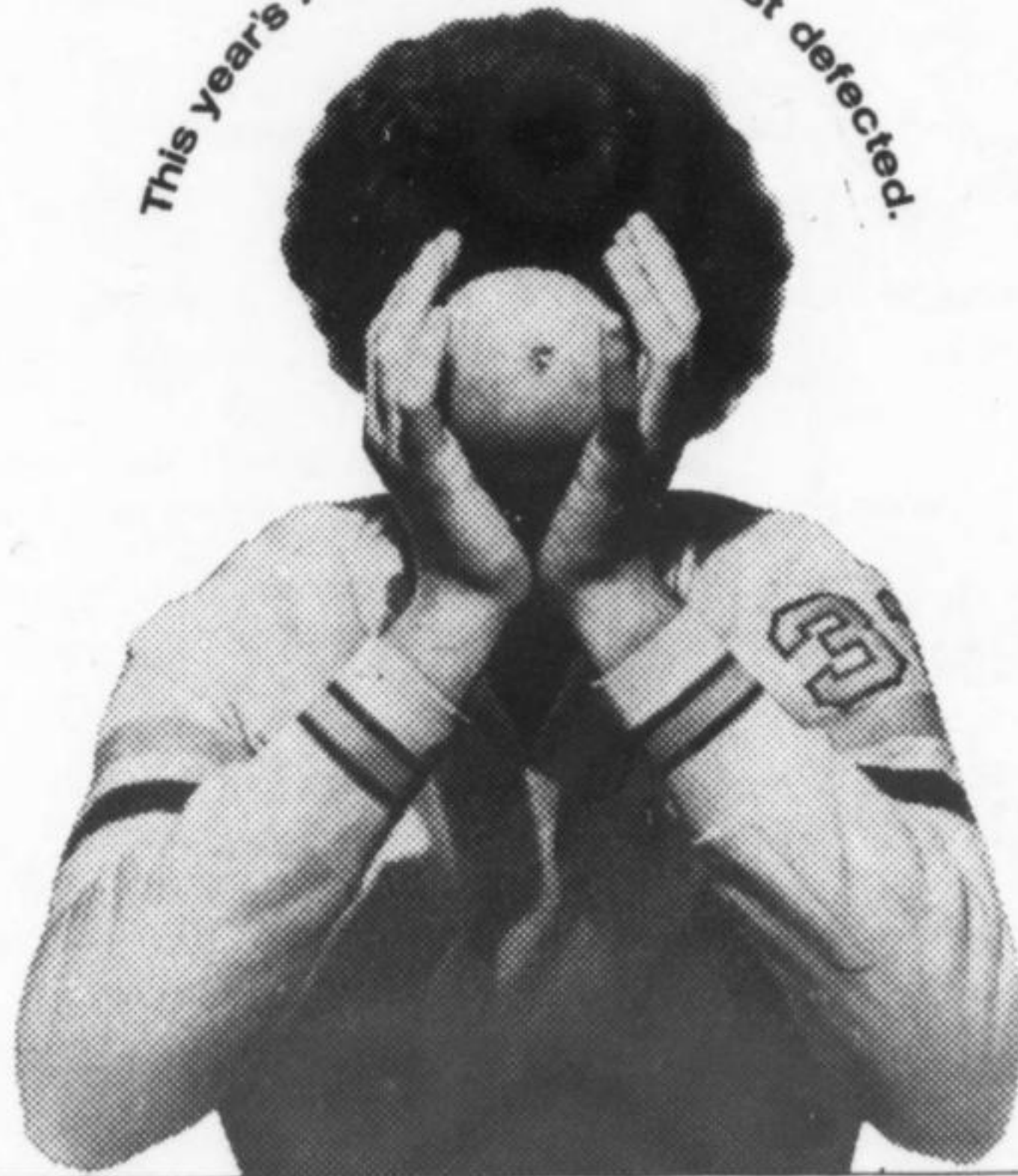
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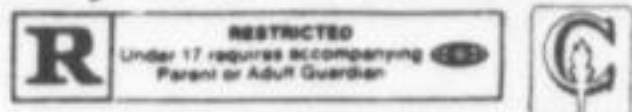
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GAY in CUBA

(Continued from Page 6)

(how inhuman to be treated as like a squirming pig and having sentence passed upon you (chop!) by a jury (chop!) who know nothing about you (chop!) and as if you were an insane criminal (chop)

"It was decided (by whom, certainly not by gay) that homosexuality should not be considered a central problem or a fundamental one in our society (gay has never been a problem to us, why is it to you?) but that its attention and solution are necessary. (Call out the Salvation Army! Call Nix Nix maybe, to see what system he uses against gay here?).

"A study was made of the origin and evolution of this phenomenon and of its present-day scope and anti-social character. An in-depth analysis was made of the preventive and educational measures to be put into effect against existing focuses, including the control and relocation of isolated cases, always with an educational and preventive purpose (ohh sure...uh huh, you can't cure love with hate!) It was agreed to differentiate between the various cases, their stages of (gay disease) deterioration and the necessarily different approaches to the different cases and degrees of deterioration (since when is gay bad for anybody? Gay is good for everybody! Have you ever seen any deteriorating corpse-like gay people walking down the street; do you know any? Gay, Gay, Gay they go, walking down the street; merrily, merrily on their way; gay is such a treat! ta dum de dum, ta da de dum).

You know what I'm interested in is how Cuba is going to such the venom from the veins of the gay and be able to transfuse gay with their kind

of heterosexuality. That's what gay is, a rejection, a positive rejection of heterosexness, and for healthy reasons too, not vicious ones, fearing ones own, or for hating any body. I've never seen a case where heterosexuality cured a gay who was never inflicted with that problem, who was never diseased in the first place. Don't they realize that gay is a state of healthy mind? I mean, doesn't Castro? Whoops, he's gonna change their minds about that, too? The only way he's gonna do that is kill everyone. Oh, he's gonna do that too, I hear. That totalitarian fascist scumdinger.

What kind of socialist revolution has he going in Cuba? Is that the way a revolution goes, by having it run by one person? Contradictions anyone?

"It was resolved that it is not to be tolerated for notorious homosexuals (in other words, 'gay outlaws') to have influence in the formation of our youth (how puritanically naive and ageist) on the basis of their 'artistic merits.' (The scum. Who would ever want to be a party to that which is passed as a mono-revolutionary art and culture? The revolution in Cuba is a fake. The real one has been stolen from the minds of the people.

"Consequently (Oh, oh...here it comes) a study is called for to determine how best to tackle (macho) the problems of the presence of homosexuals in the various institutions of our cultural sector. (Can you really believe all that rot? How Castro maneuvered one/20th of the people to dare say that and then let it be law, is beyond me).

Concluding,

"It was resolved that those whose morals do not correspond (with ours) to the prestige of our (our?) Revolution should (you mean, will be, don't ya?) be barred from any group of performers representing our country abroad. (Do they actually mean to say that only artists and intellectuals are gay? What a classist, classic example of stupidity and inanity!)

"Finally, it was agreed to demand that severe penalties be applied to those who corrupt the morals of minors (sound familiar, folks?) depraved repeat offenders (repeat 'depraved offenders') and irredeemable antisocial elements." (You mean you want your money back (sic) if not satisfied, or what? I wonder what they'd do if they knew that there were millions of gay bugs in the world all ready to swarm down on them and bite 'em to death? It seems to me that Castro has once again proved how insane his politik is and how mad he's getting while bringing down a lot of innocent peoples with him. Remember, Castro isn't convertible?).

The New York Gay Revolution Party (GRP) called this stupid, up-dated policy, "a threat to the lives and freedom of gay people because of the severe penalties," demanded for 'repeat' offenders and also because it encourages individual physical violence against homosexuals." (Well, that kind of thing is already going on and always has been). "It is also a threat to gay people throughout the world because of Cuba's reputation as a revolutionary nation." (I would not say Cuba is or ever was a revolutionary nation. It's still got a lot of de-amerikanization to go through, and sympathy for Cuba's unrevolutionism, isn't helping gay people there or anywhere! Socialism, certainly in their form, is not the answer! Why don't we all resign to that fact?). okay.

"In studying this (so-called) phenomenon of fashion, customs and extravagant behavior, we reaffirm the need for maintaining the monolithic ideological unity of our people and the (macho) battle against any form of deviation among the youth." (How bout letting the youth decide that, Fidel?).

"We find it necessary to take direct action to eliminate extravagant aberrations." (How about if we found it necessary to eliminate you, Fidel? There are more of us, than there are of you, 'cept you can't see us, but we see you.)

"...the delegates warmly support the document worked out by the revolutionary leadership (ah hah, just as I thought. Castro did write this new revolutionary policy. The speech he gave before the delegates is very, very similar in word character) which establishes the structure and role of the popular educational organizations." (A nasty, sexist thought, wouldn't you say? I don't know, but does it seem to you that Cuban people have any more or less control over their own lives than we do here in amerikakaka? Do they actually have self-determination? Are they really happy? Is it a joy to struggle and revolution in Cuba,

when you know you're being pursued day in and day out, or in danger 24 hours of the day? Ask any Cuban gay. Things aren't so great here in Amerika for us gay either.

Quite possible, if Cuban gay people were to declare their gayness a 'cult,' they might escape extermination and be given sanctum and be able to exist in an environment controlled and created for and by themselves so to be joyed and at peace with themselves; (but big brother is watching), and still be participants in the meta-morphic Cuban Revolution and cultural change of life; but as it is, the Cuban government has denied gay their way, a life and place for rebirth and origin, although as a front they state: "The Revolution respects religious beliefs and cults as an individual right. The Revolution does not impose nor persecute nor oppress anyone for religious beliefs." (But, but, but, it will 'cults', the liars!)

On the other hand, if all intellectuals of any level of awareness and consciousness; small groups and individuals; large organizations; the American Revolutionary Movement (ARM), and Revolutions around the world (including Bulgaria maybe?), including all gay peoples the world over, Third World peoples and Women, and if we were all together individually and massively to publically protest the treatment of gay in Cuba, enough to induce and scare and force the Cuban government to re-evaluate and revolutionize their thinking processes, which are a little backwards, then perhaps we can save the lives of thousands of our gay sisters and brothers there in Cuba.

On the other hand, if we have to cope with revolutions and their uncooperative, irresponsible news service (give us any aid, then we'll all be wanting. From now on I suggest that no individual gay or gay-group ever work for and within the Establishment and so-called revolutionary media forms; and that from now on we only USE them to serve us as the people we would like them to do. It is advised that we gay here give serious thought to "withdrawing" from the American Revolutionary Movement until we have their full support, that means visible support; be given support of Cuban gay in their hours and days of danger; and welcome the entire gay movement as a revolutionary party to theirs. All heterosex males had better get their heads together and make some quick decisions and analyze what's going down in Cuba and here against gay people. Uniformed gay people better start joining the bandwagon too, we've got a lot of revolution to do.

The Cuban government's new anti-gay policy is outrageous, profane and pitiful, and of a quality inherent to the liking of satanic-minded hitlerists of hellhole amerika and elsewhere abroad.

It will be impossible for any sort of kind of revolution, wherever, whenever, to exist or survive without first moving out all levels of mental and corporeal oppression;

without the willing inclusion and participation of and by all the people in any revolution. If a revolution has formulated an anti-gay element, then it is no revolution, it is nothing, it is of no use, it is phony, it is dangerous to all, counter-productive and must be destroyed. Either the attitudes change of one person, many or all, or havoc shall reek and soil this earth with the dead we don't need for the honest, natural revolution to take place. Gay people have been oppressed by man ever since the existence of man and his many systematic ways of exclusion and competition between peoples which deprive them from their freedom wants, demands and needs. We have always been an age-old minority and will probably always be a minority, until our revolutions tune. But, that is no excuse for any form of society to oppress or oppress ours, to decide a control over our individual lives and destinies, which we don't want. We want our own kind of freedom.

Gay people owe no allegiance to any nation; for no nation never, nor society ever let us be gay, or let us represent ourselves nor given us the simplest decency of respect and understanding for which we more than deserve our own ways and creations. We will not qualify ourselves for any nation or society, let alone any man. All representation in a political form is false. All demands made of us are insane and refused. Revolution is our need, our demands.

Castro must surrender to the revolution of the people. Castro, and men like him around the globe, are my very-objections to the present-day so-called revolutions and Establishments. The people should realize that if they in any way on the outside support a revolution which oppresses a minority on the inside, then they are guilty of endorsing death and hate, fascism, sexism, racism and the imperialization upon liberation and Revolution of a people and all the people. If the American Revolutionary Movement continues to support the Cuban regime then they shall have to answer for their treasonous adherence to and as our oppression, our deaths and misery, as well as their giving blinding endorsement to all sorts of genocide which is fatal to any people, most all gay people.

Cuba's Revolution is still in the early stages of theory, not practice. What is contrary to their preaching is that Cuban Gay Live In Danger. All Gay Live In Danger. Gay are prisoners in a world out of their own.

Speaking of Concentration camps, I wonder what's happening in amerika, right now!! Oh, this is amerika! Then we must seize our own lives in our time.

We gay don't want to do so much, but just change the world! GAY IS WON.

We send our aiding vibrations of love in spirit to help our gay sisters and brothers in Cuba. Gay power to you from the american revolutionary movement gay. We extend our arms to you.

This is only the beginning.

DEMONSTRATION!

FOLEY SQUARE

JUNE 8, 1971

1 PM

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GOOD VIBES



WOMAN'S HOUSE OF DETENTION



This Ad Has Been Refused By 13 Major Newspapers

steal this book

Abbie Hoffman



Bureaucratic buck-passing and callous indifference have frustrated every effort of the Committee on the Women's House of Detention to obtain sorely needed medical attention for women prisoners through official channels.

The Committee, therefore, is setting up a Medical Fund to send outside doctors into the prison to treat the sick and ailing among the over 700 prisoners - 500 of whom are hostages of our infamous bail system.

The appalling lack of medical attention for women in the House of D. was brought to light following an official tour of the prison in January by Councilwomen Carol Fretzler and members of the Committee.

The House of Detention has a resident staff of doctors whose numbers the officials refuse to make public.

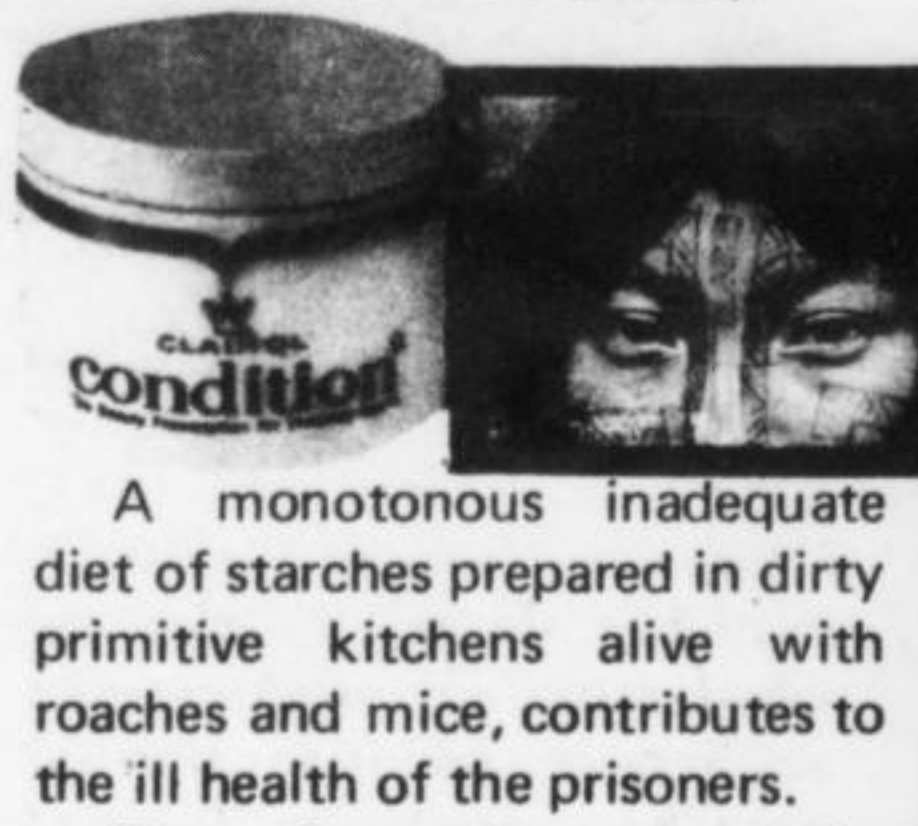
These doctors, described by inmates as "old and senile," spend the bulk of their time conducting "required" vaginal finger-searching for contraband before and after the prisoner's routine visits to lawyers and the courts.

Except in dire emergencies, 700 women must depend on the weekly visits of two specialists - one gynecologist and one podiatrist.

Sick prisoners have to plead for days for a doctor...over a weekend even the simplest medication is impossible to obtain. "Emergencies" are judged by the guard on duty or the nurse in attendance, who, the prisoners say, often refuse to take complaints with any degree of seriousness.

Women in pain are told that they are not allowed to see a doctor two days in a row, regardless of their symptoms of misery.

Vaginitis is treated without testing for a causal agent - pregnant women are given no prenatal care - neglect of minor venereal disease has led to serious and painful consequences.



A monotonous inadequate diet of starches prepared in dirty primitive kitchens alive with roaches and mice, contributes to the ill health of the prisoners. The Committee on the Women's House of Detention is planning a series of benefits to raise money to send doctors and dieticians into the prison - responsible professionals who will be understanding and sympathetic of the prisoner's needs.

Further plans include the establishing of a teaching program so that women confined in the prison can take courses and learn skills ranging from knitting to basic law.

Two top calibre events will kick off the initial drive for funds for the Committee on the Women's House of Detention Medical Fund program.

On Sunday, June 6th at 8 p.m., Sam Shepard's "Back Dog Bait," will be presented for its first public performance at the American Place Theatre, 423 West 46th Street. Previously performances have been limited to subscribers of the theatre. All proceeds of Sunday's performance will go to the Medical Fund.

On Monday, June 7th, at 7:30 p.m., a group of well-known artists will contribute their talents to a Multi-Media Festival at the American Place Theatre to help raise money.

Scheduled are Kathy Posin and Dance Group, Adrienne Rich, Morocco, the Wizard, Thorin & Co., Anne Wilson, Chris Rohman, Constance Berkeley, Ruth Lisa Schecter, Lynne Thigpen & Cindy and Reek Havoc Jam.

Reservations may be made for either or both evenings at 725-8104. Donations may be sent to the Women's House of Detention Medical fund, Apt. 6C, 245 East 25th St., NYC 10010.



- New York radio stations have refused this ad.
 - THIRTY PUBLISHERS REFUSED to publish this hand-book of survival and warfare, forcing the author to publish it himself.
 - TWELVE PRINTERS BALKED at printing the contents.
 - 5 000 BOOKS SEIZED at the Canadian border.
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- There has never been a book like this: detailed instructions for getting everything in the country free, from airplane rides to apples, from boxcars to buffalos... and more...

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DOUBLEDAY FORCES AUTHOR TO BREAK LAW BY REFUSING TO SELL HIS BOOK ABBIE HOFFMAN AND A BAND OF YIPPIES WILL BE IN FRONT OF DOUBLEDAY 72 1/2 FIFTH AVE AT 12 NOON JUNE 10 TO SELL STEAL THIS BOOK PROTESTING THIS FORM OF CENSORSHIP

STEVENS CONT. from P.4

indifference of the state department. In a letter to Stevens, she wrote: "I am...awaiting a report from the British Embassy. However, I don't have any news that you don't except possibly that your attorney is very optimistic."

"Come on home soon. I will probably need some pictures by the time you return."

"Cheer up - we are all rooting for you and you may be sure that I will stay on top of this situation. However, next time please stay at a hotel."

Stevens, Captain Snaps, the hero of a thousand campaigns, is being railroaded by a repressive government. Any kind of money or help you can offer should be addressed to Stevens Defense Fund, c/o East Village Other, 20 East 12th Street, 255-2130, New York, N.Y., or attorney Bernard Simons, 39 King Street, W.C. 2, London England, (01) 836-0097. A trial date is expected to be set this week.

honest bob's 42nd street

(Continued from Page 7)

equalled the necrophiliac grandeur of Hal Holbrook's Mark Twain or even Mick Taylor. But then it's not as if Bruce never made records or films or the unaired Steve Allen shows or the "Sick World of Lenny Bruce," pilot (Dan Tablot's New Yorker Theatre recently showed the Bruce kinescopes opposite a tape of Nixon's Checkers speech) so all they've got to do is to play up the repression, which, frankly, is a dull, familiar story, and, considering the liberal audience the film is aiming at, characteristically masochistic.

The play is marked by a cast of bleeding hearts trying to make up for not helping Bruce years ago. They run around panting and drooling his jokes

("punch in the hunch ha ha ha," like that, no *delivery*) and trying their darndest to entertain the kind of people with inflato chairs and Bella Abzug posters and oregano joints and coffee table doors. "They couldn't entertain a doubt." Broadway is dead. Dig yourself.

And you, supposedly hip *machers*, how about a decent double feature for the paying crowd? *Battle of Algiers*, *Performance* or *Planet of the Apes* would be ideal, but there are others.

Escape from Planet of the Apes, ain't so bad either. I have overrun my space but let us allow for the nonce that it is fast, funny, halfway to "radical" (isn't everyone) and don't miss it. A giant step for apekind.

This week we honor the Elgin Cinema which is extending its empire to the Lower East Side. They're taking over the Orpheum Theatre where they will show a different movie every day as well as cartoons, newsreels and serials. *Flash Gordon* will be shown Friday nights (science fiction every Friday), starting June 11. The new Orpheum opens Wednesday June 9 with Orson Welles' *Touch of Evil*. Admission will be one dollar at all times. A good place to shoot up. No, wait a minute, they can't quote that. Here's one: "a great step for mankind."

Across the barriers of cultures, many things remain inscrutable, yielding only to the most assiduous attempts at translation.

Other things communicate instantly, thanks to the *brotherhood of man's*, *SEX AND DEATH*, for instance. Therefore I can wholeheartedly recommend *This Transient Life*, which I didn't understand, and *Sword of Doom*, parts of which I slept through, as being respectively the most erotic and the bloodiest of the "Films of Japan" I've seen so far at the Bijou. I guess the reason I like them so much is for their uncompromising involvement with *the act*, that old existential thing, heightening one to the most lyrical incest and the other to equally sensual involvement in mass annihilation. Tatsuya Nakadi, best known as the gunslinger in *Yojimbo*, stars in *Sword of Doom*, and shows he is every bit as versatile an actor and athlete as Mifune, and deserves to be as well known. Again, these films are true peaks of prurient interest. Check 'em out when they come round again.

The Billecker Street Cinema, once a shrine, has been defiled by all sorts of reprehensible shenanigans ever since it was taken over by Grove Press. The most recent is this, every few weeks they get some lousy headliner and they put it on a double bill with the greatest Yippie film ever made, Phillippede Broca's *King of Hearts*. They shove it next to asinines, merde like *Something for Everyone*, and *Barbarella*, which they can't even spell right. *King of Hearts*, which came out in 1962, I believe, was the most important political film after Mack Sennet and before *Battle of Algiers*. It's a tragifarce about love, war, mortality and the "stifling shackles of the so-called rational world" (Kim Deitch). In Washington a local hip theatre programmed it during Mayday and it was an incalculable source of spiritual and tactical regeneration to those who saw it then. So next time you fly over the cuckoo's nest, check it out.

VIETNAM REBUILDING

(Continued from Page 8)

been underway in the US since early February and are already nearing completion: an investigation of the possibility of using ants for pest control; a study of types of medicinal plants; research on luring insect pests into traps by using synthetic mating smells; a collection of different varieties of agriculturally important plants for use by the Vietnamese in their breeding studies; and a collection of information that might be useful to large-scale agriculture.

The science for Vietnam people stress that you don't have to be a scientist to help in the project. Much of the work involves looking things up in the library, packaging and collecting books and articles publicizing the whole program and getting more and more people involved in it.

Groups can get together on campuses and in different regions. Some of the projects — like treatment for people who have been wounded by the plastic pellet — are being worked on by people all around the country.

The Vietnamese are also interested in obtaining information on computer technology, including actual computer programs. They would ultimately like to pair the computer at the University of Hanoi with a computer here in the States.

They also need many specific pieces of equipment, like a mass spectrometer, and spare parts for equipment they already have. A list of these items has been obtained from a group in London that has been working on getting them. It is hoped that surplus items can be located in physics departments and laboratories in this country.

Anyone interested in helping to develop the Physics for Vietnam program should contact Bob Ivano or Larry Lambert of

the Department of Physics at the University of Chicago, Chicago 60637.

The Vietnamese also need modern mathematics text books. They can use several copies, because their duplicating facilities are few. English is OK. They can also use cash contributions in Western currency for purchase of books. Both books and checks may be sent to: Delegation Generale de la RDVN, 2 rue Le Verrier, Paris 6, France, Attn: M. Tran Tri; or, Chandler Davis, Dept. of Mathematics, University of Toronto, Toronto 181, Canada.

People interested in participating in any aspect of Science for Vietnam, should contact Dick Levins and Dick Lewontin, Dept. of Biology, and Claudia Carr, Dept. of Geography, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill. 60637.

ARIZONA BLACKS

Prison. Both were sentenced by the same judge.

Paul Wright's trial came next. Paul took the stand and admitted being with Williams during the day but said he and the others left David before the hold-up occurred. Paul has never been considered an activist and the police had no special reason for wanting him. For being "cooperative," he received five years probation for manslaughter.

Bobby came to trial last. He and Paul Wright had been out on \$15,000 bond apiece. This is a high bond by Arizona standards — one week earlier a stockbroker who shot and killed a longhair who had trampled on his lawn was released on a \$5,000 bond. The judge said that she was setting the high bond for Bobby because she was "afraid that Robert Skinner might become another Jonathan Jackson."

While Bobby was in jail, the prosecutor offered him a "deal" too: they would drop all three charges against him if he would sign a statement admitting that he was a member of the Black Panther Party (there's no Black Panther Party or affiliate in Tucson). The police still publicly insist that Bobby and Donnell are Black Panthers — they must have been indoctrinated from the outside, right? But, considering the weakness of the prosecution's case, and remembering the "deal" that David Williams got, Bobby went to trial.

Prosecutor Horton Weise asked for a mistrial 12 times, his case was so

weak. Prosecution witness George McDonald denied, as he had at the preliminary hearing, that his statement was his own doing: "Mr. Weise, I told you when you came up to see me last week at Florence (the state prison) that that statement was a complete lie. Why are you hassling me?"

Lucius Sorrell, the one-eyed witness, next took the stand and said he didn't know what anyone was talking about. The prosecution whisked him away and brought him back a week later and he seemed to remember everything that Weise wanted him to.

Unfortunately for Weise's case, Sorrell did not know when to stop talking. Under cross-examination he admitted that prosecutor Weise had told him to say "certain things" and he would be a free man the day after Skinner's conviction. Even the testimony of a detective was discarded by the judge amid obvious lies. It looks like the case against Bobby Skinner had fallen flat on its face and we went to hear the verdict with less apprehension than usual.

But juries in Arizona, like juries everywhere, are very carefully picked — the verdict: guilty of first-degree murder — the sentence: life imprisonment.

Bobby Skinner is a 20-year-old black man with a wife and two sons, one just three weeks old.

Obviously, money is needed for appeals. Send it to: Bobby Skinner Defense Fund, c/o the Mad Funk Collective, P.O. Box 3433, Tucson, Arizona 85722.

WAR RESEARCH & FBI LITERATURE AVAILABLE

PHILADELPHIA [LNS] — An American Friends Service Committee project called NARMIC (National Action Research on the Military Industrial Complex) has published a series of books. They include a study of the role of medical institutions in war research, an expose of government strategies for maintaining lethal arsenals while appearing to ban them, and a supplement of FBI files on youth programs and riot control weapons and tactics. For further information, contact: NARMIC, 160 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

FRICK

(Continued from Page 14)

IF YOU WANT TO GET REALLY ENTERTAINED, MAYBE YOU SHOULD GET UNPLUGGED FROM THE ELECTRONIC STUFF THEY PUSH INTO YOUR MINDS.

TOO MANY MILLIONAIRES RUNNING AROUND LOOSE IN TOWN WITH THEIR FAST SPORTS CARS BLASTING THE RADIOS LOUD. THERE'S PEOPLE GETTING CRUSHED UNDER THE WHEELS OF THE SYSTEM, ROCK AND ROLL STARS ARE GETTING FAT, BOB DYLAN IS OFF IN ISRAEL LOOKING TO BUY OIL WELLS AND YOU'RE READING THIS WHILE THE ROCK AND ROLL INDUSTRY IS SELLING YOUR CHILDREN A BILL OF GOODS. THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD OF THE PAST 10 YEARS HAPPENED SO FAR AWAY FROM "THE SCENE" THAT IT WOULD TAKE A JET PLANE HOURS TO GET THERE. FAR FAR AWAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD IN VIETNAM YOU REMEMBER VIETNAM, DON'T YOU, WELL OVER THERE ON MONDAY WHILE LOTS OF AMERICA WISHED FOR A SUNNY DAY SO THAT THEY COULD GO OUT AND FLAG WAVE AND PAY HOMMAGE TO THEIR WAR DEAD, THERE WAS A ROCK AND ROLL CONCERT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SEA. IN A TOWN IN SOUTHEAST ASIA THERE WAS A ROCK CONCERT UNDER THE OPEN SKY. A SHORT NEWSREEL STORY SHOWED SOUTH VIETNAM'S ANSWER TO HIPPIES. BRIGHTLY COLORED SUNGLASSES WEARING YOUNG FREAKS WALKING THE SAIGON STREETS LISTENING TO ROCK AND ROLL. IT WAS GOOD OLD AMERICAN MUSIC OVER THERE WHERE AMERICAN KIDS ARE STRUNG OUT BY THE THOUSANDS. THERE IS A CULTURAL SHIFT HAPPENING ON THIS EARTH AND ONCE AGAIN THE FORCES OF YOUTH ARE CONTROLLING THE BALLGAME. I'M FED UP WITH THE ROCK AND ROLL MACHINE AND ITS SILLY MONEY-GRUBBING DREAM. BESIDES WHAT IS EVERYONE GOING TO DO THIS SUMMER WHEN THERE'S NOT ANY ELECTRICITY TO PLUG THEIR FM RADIOS IN TO. WHAT IS EVERYONE GOING TO DO. WHY DO YOU THINK THE FILLMORE EAST IS CLOSING DOWN ALL SUMMER LONG? WHAT DO YOU THINK IS GOING ON. IF YOU SWAINS OUT THERE STILL HAVE THE POWER OF COMMUNICATION, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A VIEW OF THE NATION AND MAIL IT IN TO

CHARLIE FRICK THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, 20 EAST 12th STREET, N.Y.C.

MAYBE IF SOMETHING INTERESTING HAPPENS NEXT I'LL WRITE ABOUT IT. AND OH YES, GOODBYE AUDIE. SAY HELLO TO IKE FOR THE BOYS.

HAPPY FULL MOON
LOVE CHARLIE FRICK

REGRETFULLY, THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER HAS BEEN FORCED TO SUSPEND ITS SEPARATE-RATE POLICY FOR BUSINESS AND PERSONAL ADS. FROM NOW ON, ALL ADS IN THE CLASSIFIED SECTION WILL COST \$5.00 FOR THE FIRST 25 WORDS, AND 20¢ FOR EACH ADDITIONAL WORD. IN VIEW OF RECENT COURT DECISIONS, THE EDITORS OF EVO RESERVE THE RIGHT TO EDIT ALL PERSONAL ADS.

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IMPERSONAL

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