

e Have a Coke



THE east village **OTHER**



Have a Coke

ITS THE REAL THING

Shortly after his ordeal with CBS' Dan Rather, Pres. Nixon, in an unprecedented move chose to grant us an interview. / The following is a taped transcript done aboard the Rebozo houseboat off the coast of Honduras.

Hilary

Interview With President Nixon

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THE PRESIDENT: Good evening, Mr. Other. As you well know, Mr. Other, it is not a common practice for the President of the United States to grant interviews to the press, let alone what you call the "Underground" press. Now, bearing this in mind and anticipating the dubious nature of your questions, let me make it perfectly clear Mr. Other, that it is my firm conviction that the Fourth Estates proper place is indeed underground-buried- if you will. At a time, when in spite of Jack Anderson's red lies, a major breakthrough in our relations with the People's Republic of China is about to take place-make no mistake about it, I am going to have a 25 course chinese dinner with Chairman Mao, I deemed it proper and in keeping with the policies of this administration to grant you this privilege. Mind you, Mr. Other, I have been briefed and am fully aware of the dangers and pitfalls this may entail but nevertheless you will be granted the privilege of asking questions which, I am told, will most probably lack any socially redeeming value, reason or credibility.

OTHER: Do you anticipate the possibility of you not being a candidate for re-election?

THE PRESIDENT: Now Mr. Other, you have confirmed the point I made in my last statement. I have often said that it is not well to be coy about this business of candidacy, but in this case I shall- fearlessly, mind you- to choose the latter course. You may recall, however, that when President Johnson was faced with this difficult decision, he decided not to be a candidate. I on the other hand, with Mr. Chou En Lai on my side, shall not consider the circumstances that confronted President Johnson, as a factor in the decision which I have already made long before the first days of this administration. As you may well be aware of- or perhaps you aren't- we have been successful in achieving an admirable record as far as people are concerned. We have put more people on the dole, created more- er- junkies and swelled the unemployment rolls. Mind you, all this in spite of the obstacles left behind by President Johnson. Furthermore, we have been extremely successful in protecting American lives by an ever increasing number of self protective strikes against the enemy. In answering your earlier question, let me point out that since February 1970, the enemy has ceaselessly attacked our latrine facilities in Chu-Lai. In keeping with the noble and courageous principles which govern the thinking of this administration, this is an intolerable situation totally unacceptable to us. As long as one American's right to his regularity is threatened, we shall pursue a firm course of action destined to assure and protect every free American's right- and privilege, if you will- to move his bowels in Chu-Lai or elsewhere for that matter. Therefore Mr. Other, you have to bear in mind that it is not only my sincerest wish but, alas, my sacred duty as the President of the United States to assure every American's right to attain his regularity. Take Chu-Lai. It isn't a pleasant place- I have been there a number of times- nice people but not a pleasant place for Americans in uniform to maintain their regularity. Now as to the second part of your question-which, if I am not mistaken you did not ask but which is in keeping with the subject on hand - let me make it perfectly clear that I believe in the myth of a winning team and therefore, for the time being at least, I intend to keep the Vice President in his place. What I mean is that should the opportunity present itself for the Vice President to be in need of his regularity in Chu-Lai, I am sure that he would handle his difficult assignment with dignity and courage. He has been a man of controversy but when a man does as good a job as the Vice President has been doing -he would indeed deserve the right to take his place alongside every other freedom loving American desirous of attaining his regularity in Chu-Lai or elsewhere. As long as this right is threatened - this inalienable right - by the enemy's incessant aggression against our outhouse facilities in Chu-Lai, I have no other choice but to bomb. In this case our targets are selected regularity centers in the north and numerous hygienic supply depots along the HoChi Minh Trail. The results have been highly effective and I think that their effectiveness will be demonstrated by the statement I am now going to make. In view of all the points made previously, we shall now proceed with our intended withdrawal of toilet facilities from all those who did not have the courage or conviction to support their President and their government.

As to your probable question in regards to amnesty - let me make it perfectly clear that this is out of the question as long as one single uniformed American's privilege to move his bowels in South East Asia is threatened or denied. Just let me say Mr. Other- on that score- I don't say this because I am hard hearted. I say this because this is the only correct thing to say for a President who hasn't been able to take a good crap for as long as he can remember. I for one would be very liberal with regard to amnesty, but not while my constipation is killing me. Believe me, it is a heart rendering matter to listen to my cries of anguish, my hopes dashed year after year. Remember that amnesty is the prerogative of the Chief Executive- so therefore-as long as my regularity is irregular, so will have to be our posture toward those who have chosen to crap blissfully elsewhere.

BEBE : Time for doo-doo, Dickie!!!

OTHER: Thank you, Mr. President.



MAIL CALL: The Voice From Within



I have now started my fifth year, and am still waiting for the court to hand down their verdict. You have helped me keep my head rightous, and I hope to be able to express my thanks, when their trip ends.

ON ABBRZO TO THE STAFF
Charles Van Johnson

Joe Corrow
Box 6
Waupun, Wisc. 53963

Dear Mr. Kohn,

I've never read your newspaper publication, however, I've heard of it and have a general idea of its contents. For this reason, I wish to ask your consideration of a request I have.

I'm incarcerated in a prison, with no living family/relatives, and a limited amount of contact with the few friends I have. For the sake of brevity, I don't receive much mail. If you can see fit, I would like you to run an ad, asking that someone -- an interested female -- write to me. If possible, I would like to hear from someone before the Christmas holidays.

I'm not particular as to the lady's color, shape or looks as long as she digs writing letters. I am white, 165 lbs., 5'10", 31 years old, single/divorced.

I would appreciate if you would keep the ad as short as possible and place it but one time, because I live solely on what I make in prison, which is but 30c a day. If you will kindly tell me how much I owe you before the 20th, I will send it to you on that date -- we are allowed to send money out only on the 20th of the month.

And I thank you for whatever you give this letter. I would like to kindly request that you send your bill only, i.e. without details. And again, thanks.

Sincerely,

Mr. Joe Corrow

Blain G. Gamble
State Correctional Institution
at Huntingdon
Drawer R, #Y-0078
Huntingdon, Penn. 16652

HIGH!!!!

This scribe is to let the staff of EVO know that I dig the shit out of your paper... recently a back issue (June, 1971) made it's way to my cage and the conten's (Comix issue) really put me into stitches.... I was chuckling like I was into some good smok -- Also, I'm scribing so that I may possibly get a bit of info concerning a one act farce I "attempted to write" titled "get-your-mind-right." The play (or farce) is on the hypocritical, unjust and Dual Criminal Justice System as it "deals with" the poor members of the alienated masses. I am not a writer or a playwright but a few months ago while I was a P.O.W. at this Western Penitentiary, I was "coaxed into" writing a play (or try my hand at writing a play) for the inmates there to produce and put on for "inmate enjoyment." Well, being that my head is where it's blessed to be... I could not, nor would, write the traditional stereo typed inmate skit. So like when I submit "Get-Your-Mind-Right" and the oppressors got into it, they immediately concluded that the play was the product of a sick mind, garbage and filth. I finally was allowed to submit the manuscript to an outside agent (a dude there in the apple) but he, after reading the script, decided that it wasn't saleable. Really his rejection slip was expected by myself because I didn't write the play with the thought in mind of becoming a big commercial playwright.

Really I wrote the play especially for my people-- "FREAKS" (who are hip to the establishment and hypocritical system of Amerikan justice)... I was wondering if I would send the "rejected manuscript" Get-Your-Mind-Right to EVO there would be chances of the "play" being published in the paper? I do not seek no bread from my play being published... All I would like is for it to be exposed to as many together people as possible. To allow them to dig how I know the bullshit and hypocritical criminal justice system to be... Also I think that the play will cause a few chuckles "every now-and-

then" As I mentioned it wasn't written for commercial rewards, so there are a number of grammatical errors, etc. But the satirical gist of it all I feel certain will compensate the fact of my "grammatical errors." If you brothers and sisters, of the EVO may be interested in digging the manuscript. Maybe for possible publishing on just for the sake of reading. Just scribe to me and tell me and I'll gladly forward a copy of the manuscript to your office and whatever you may decide to do (publish it or just read it). I would appreciate the script being forwarded back to myself. Oh dig! I would like to have a subscription to your paper, so run it down to me what I must do to cop, OK? Peace, after the Revolution.

Yours in the struggle,

Brother JuJu

Wesley Johnson
State Correctional Institution
at Huntingdon
Drawer R, #P0493
Huntingdon, Penn. 16652

Greetings Brothers and Sisters:
I trust this little note finds you all in the best of mind and body. As you can see I am being incarcerated and only because I chose to believe and live the way I felt (and still feel) was best suited to my being. I would very much appreciate it if you would run an ad in your paper in my behalf so that I may correspond with sisters (black/and or white) who are intune to our warped and congested system and are open-minded and outspoken on any subject. I am thirty years of age, born under the sign of Aries, am five feet eight, weigh one hundred and sixty-two pounds and am in excellent physical shape. I will promptly answer all letters. My love to all the Bro/Sis(s).

Establishment prisoner,

Brother Wesley Johnson

Alexander S. Young
Lebanon Correctional Institution
Box 56, #79 403
Lebanon, Ohio 45036

Dear East Village Other,
EVO articles r th fantastic dreams of th status quo come true... reality. eternal didos, plastic pricks and dicks, electronic things and stuff and things. world "peace." don't believe thatrogerkatz knew what put on the his guts let that brainwashhedg out. someone put soap powder in his nacl. shaker as they do here. EVO terminating fever? r.a. dysentery???? he cdn't bear that euphoric feeling from thetoilet blues & browns. "blowing" shtbubbles, phosphatedelic colors throughs diarrhetic anus. put his rye/pumpernickel mi account. shd. ps dr. scatology after durance. mi pa 3c/hr. on wipe it. EVO is thegreatest. c more of yr best. send rogerkatz/masoncity, ia his x-lax. carry on great l's. brothers & and sisters of th EVO love and peace. alexandersyoung s/n79403

gratitude for th article "elec-tronic snooping: for fun and blackmail" by James McAleer. we need th info. superbud. & tell "big al" goldstein too/to sharpen up that photog "further to th right" on!

Pete Biagiarelli
State Correctional Institute
at Pittsburgh
PO Box 9901, #P0178
Pittsburgh, Penn. 15233

Dear Brothers!

On October 19, 1971, myself and four other inmates were taken from the general population and placed in the Isolation Block (better known

as the "hole" or Home Block) so we're calling ourselves the Home Block Five. And I'm -- well-- sort of the spokesman and I'll try to run our situation down. We inquired to why we were being punished and received no answer at all! Well, I'm going to run down how I feel about all this so the brothers and sisters in the free world have some idea how things like Attica happen. I've really been trying to get my head together but -- wow! -- like its so hard under these adverse conditions. I mean, the vibes I get are so mixed up! I'm really getting into this heavy hate bag and I'm starting to dig it! It's not bad enough the pigs have taken my body and my name, but now they're trying to get into my head after my brain! It's really blowing my mind! All a man has is his identity and they've managed to take mine -- to make me conform to their appearance -- which is the main thing I hate. But now they aren't satisfied with that -- they want my head, to make me into an establishment robot like they are. I must not let them! I must fight with all the strength I have! I am a man -- or what's left of one -- not a machine! And no matter how hard they try, I will not open up my mind! Not to their lies or their propaganda. I must not become another victim of the higher reality! I must not be caught in the eternal tide of passiveness! I know the age of the "plastic people" is upon us and the capitalistic pigs are desperate but the indissoluble will happen --

POWER WILL COME HOME TO THE PEOPLE!!! But how long must I endure the atrocious degradation from these bureaucratic swine? I see my brothers chained like wild animals, tormented with mental cruelty more severe than the Chinese could ever develop. Deprived of the simple necessities which every human being should be entitled to, like, cleanliness, privacy, freedom of speech -- things that this corrupt government so-calls guarenteeing all the people!

I'm not asking forgiveness for what I've done for that shouldn't even enter into the question. All I want is to be treated like a man -- not a wild animal! I bleed! I hurt! I cry! I feel despair the same as everyone else but the one thing I don't feel anymore is sorrow -- which has been driven away from my body and replaced with hate --

HATE! All I have left is my mind and my hate. So please if it is at all possible could you let the brothers and sisters know what the pigs are doing to us and help us by writing letters of love, hope and strength so we may overcome this establishment hell!

POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
Right on...

The Home Block Five

Gary Bunner
State Correctional Institution
at Pittsburgh
PO Box 9901 #C-9062
Pittsburgh, Penn. 15233

"I'm a man."

We came into this hell hole with our feelings aflame, and the first thing they did was to take away our name.

They took away our street clothes and issued us prison brown, and that was the first of rubbing our faces in the ground. We are examined and tested and studied likegerms, and then issued a status sheet telling

Willie Ferryman A-30787
P.O. Box A - E
San Luis Obispo, CA.

East Village Other
20 East 12th Street
New York, New York. 10003

People,

It freaked me that you flashed my letter on our world it is hoped that some of the things I had to say were relevant in some way.

I want you to know that many of the newspapers are not getting into the joint because of the censorship surrounding ATTICA, The Berkley Tribe hasn't reached the con in over two months and the last three editions of your publication have been confiscated, had this continued I would have been unaware of my letter being printed. That's just a flash to the Amerika out there.

A lot of people responded to this last paper because of your concerned response, it flashed on me to ask you if a spot in the EVO could be set aside for prisoner response and questions you would be suprised at how much kick back you would probably get from many good people who want to get involved in the happenings of todays society.

It is understood that many people have some pretty bad hang-ups about money, I would hope that you can find some support in the prisons to assist you a little. I will make an effort to get the con in California to subscribe to EVO, is there a subscription rate that I can quote to them that they can afford? Hip me soon so I can take care of business...

One other item I would like to crash into you head, maybe I'm out of line but I gotta say it. We talk all that good shit in regards to loving each other and caring about people (with respect to your papers' needs) but the ads in your paper are not in contact with the purpose of your publication I'm sure... I am convinced that self-kindness & awareness will not happen until the revolution is complete, until humanity liberates itself from the tyranny of cooptation and survival-of-the-fittest. We live in a world in which it's just not practical to care about human beings. In his insane strategy for survival, Western man has forgotten how to love, so naturally he's forgotten how to fuck with love. Hence all the serie contacts we labor at to communicate & contact people, I love them though I feel sorry for them I wish I could free them.

Tell A.J. he's alright we dig his action and Yossarian freaks me with his shit...

Got to get on,
love and peace,

Willie

Dear Willie,
I read your letter as it came into the EVO office and to use a rather dated expression, (but one that puts it where it is) it touched me. To give is a beautiful feeling an expression of love, without thought of compensation. It makes a perfect circle - a cosmic one (when that love is returned. The concern you show for our welfare completes the sphere of brotherhood. We are in business to get that message out to anyone who is alive

enough to dig it. Practice makes perfect and the only way to liberate anyone is to know how and show them. Not this is how it should be or will be-but this is how it is. John Lennon's song says, "You may say I'm a dreamer but I'm not the only one..." A friend of mine who used to be in SLO (and went over the wall), used to say that love is every powerful energy vibration which you radiate to others- it's catching. Thanks for "crashing into our head", but sometimes it's the only way to eat. You got your spot -keep the juico flowing! Strength, Love, EVO

our terms.

We were told if we cooperate we'd get along here just fine, to join all the programs and make the best of our time. That was the biggest joke they could tell.

because that is where we all entered this hell! They have possession of your body and also your name, but that's not enough -no- they must own your brain! They try to make you and make you less than a man, and they all use the diabolical ways that only the pigs can.

They plant seeds of racism to make brother fight brother, ring bells to do one thing and blow whistles for another. When you refuse to be establishment, and try to remain a man, they again use the measures that only the pigs can.

You're took from your cell and drug through the veard,

Not told what you did just made fun of by a guard. You're taken to the "Home Block" and never told why.

You can't get an answer from them no matter how hard you try.

Now you are treated like animals harrassed and shamed, wherever you go you're strapped down in chains.

You're locked in a cage from morning till night, only 30 minutes a day do you see the sun's light. You're stripped of your clothes and striped outfits you wear, and subject to cruelty that's impossible to bear.

You're fed through your bars like monkeys in a zoo, then they come along and give you a smoke when they're through. You stare at the walls and the gray concrete floor, and the dim shadows coming through your steel barred door.

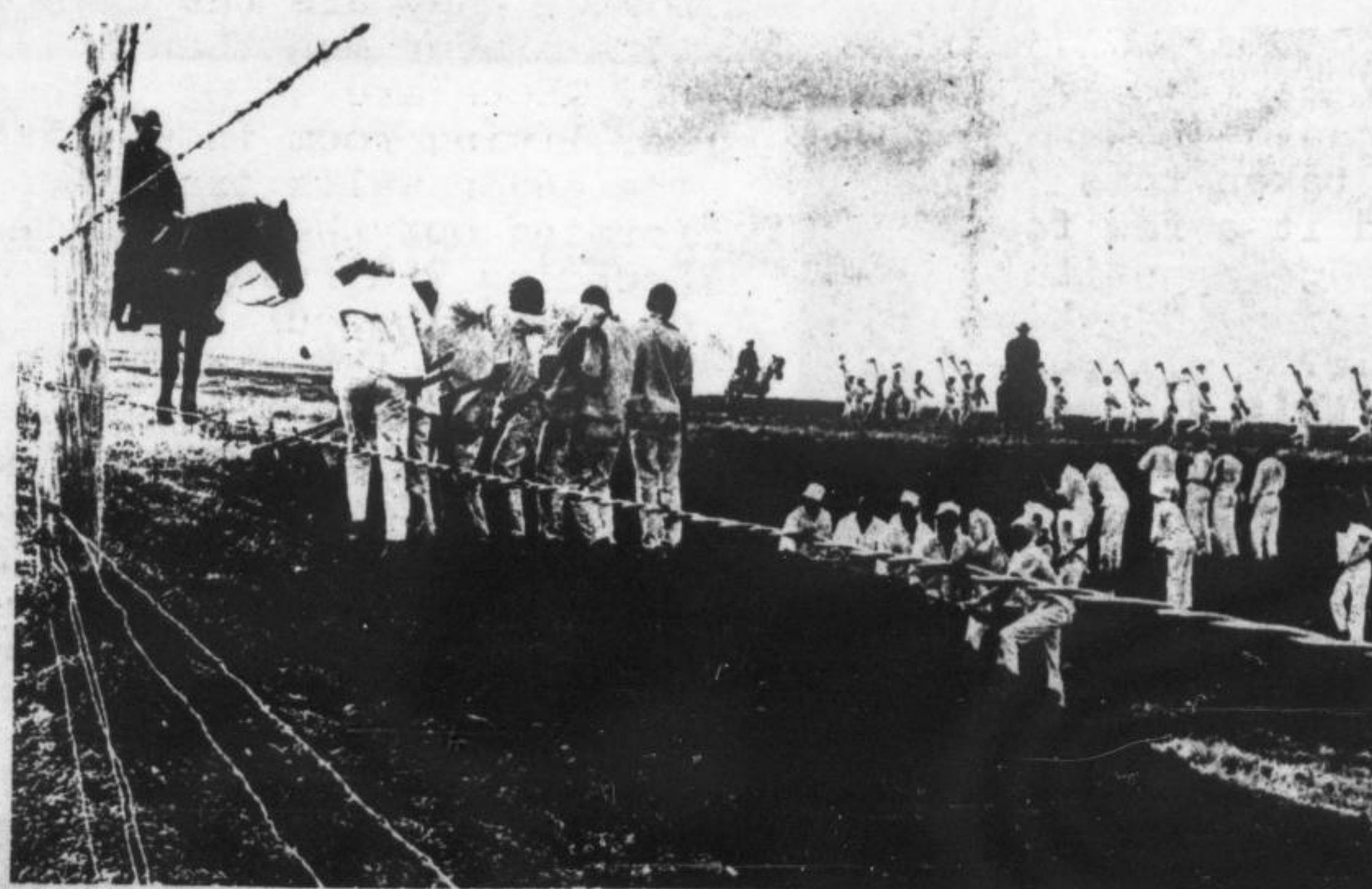
They give you nothing to occupy the simplist mind, and it builds up to the only outlet you can find. That is hate, destruction and thoughts of escape, and some men are driven to murder, even rape!

How many Atticas where the men must rebel, will it take to realize that life in these justice jungles is hell? The rebellion in these pits where judges send the poor, will keep erupting in violence Till the prison wall is no more.

In peace,

Peter Biagiarelli P-0178
Gary Bunner C-9062

(will answer any letters)



THE TOMBS

"You eat! You don't eat! Now the rest of you get in line!" said one of the guards, pointing a chunky digit into the cell. We begin to move out, in single file, going slowly, in our neat little train. A tiny person bringing up the rear. A pathetic caboose when one looks at the fellow leading.

Wack, punched out! He falls, other pick him up. The guards single out the unknown person and beat him. Their fist turning his face to a crimson pulp. I watch. He was out of line. He receives a pounding for stepping out of the goddam line!

"I didn't eat yesterday. Please, just the ta." A prisoner pleads, eyes wide and expectant.

"Anyone who gives him tea gets his ass kicked and don't eat either! Down you niggers!" Shouts a burly white guard, his southern belly covering his belt. He spits in the cell. A snotty spittle, with bubbles floating on top quietly creeps towards the hungry one's foot. "Drink that, Nigger!" The black man did not drink the spit nor did he drink any tea, or eat, for that matter. He watched the blob of spit spread and then he devoured, as if being sucked into the floor. With a majestic dignity the Black man fluffed his soiled coat to a form which resembled a pillow, layed his head gently upon it and went to sleep.

I was moved from floor to floor, cell to cell. You do not quite know just floor you are on. If you inquire, the answer is bound to be sarcastic and ridiculously irrelevant assuming you are answered. This ludicrous form of harassment, (not being informed as to where you are), is perhaps applied to prisoners to further disorient them, thereby hastening the breakdown of the human spirit which remains the last of all obstacles barring the authorities from their ultimate goal of achieving total submission. I can categorize this particular 'policy' along with the psychology of a society which appreciates the flashing lights and sirens of human creation.

When one is in the Tombs, you have the impression of being lost within the depths of Toliens "Mines of Moria." Being lost in the Tombs is a horrifying possibility and such thoughts make your heart turn to a lump of ice when you feel that you are forgotten by some typographical error. A simple mishap, such as your papers being misfiled, or lost! A nightmare of walking, babystepping through long narrow stone corridors, past endless rows of cages, to seemingly endless granite and porcelain passages and more sealed boxes, forever! "I'm lost here...no one knows where I am. Three days and I'm not before a judge." The guy next to me whines in a high shrill voice.

I'm in another cell, where, what floor? I do not know. A junkie is tossed in with us. He needs a fix. His eyes are all blood-shot, he is shaking slightly. Soon, the junkie will shake more violently. He will grab at the bars and begin to scream at the guards to give him his bottle of methadone. He will accuse some of us of having conspired to torment him. The guard who brought this patient to our cell had taken this junkie's methadone and placed it a few feet beyond his reach up on the ledge opposite our cell. The guard, cat-calling, "Junkie, how do you like being a junkie?" will periodically come back to enjoy this unnecessary crucifixion many times for two and one half hours. Then, I will be taken out and moved again to someplace, leaving the junkie to lie there. I will not have to watch him reaching desperately, his fingers groping grotesquely at the air between him and peace. I have been spared the hideous spectacle of vomit and convulsions which are to be the delight of a twisted mind who views himself, no doubt, standing before the pulpit of justice.

Another cell, someplace. There's shouts and the sound of dull thuds. Fists and bodies. A moan bounces off the walls out in the hallway, where even the light bulbs are caged in. I suppose it is the wigh of the rulers here to cage in all light, no matter what it's source. The moan echos close, the tap-a-tap of feet blend in. Keys jingle, the lock to our cell is sprung. A tall and thick Black man is braced by two guards. His eyes are closed most of the time. Sometimes he flutters his eyes but you can only see the white part of his eyes. He is not looking up or around but someplace deep within himself that no outsiders can visit. His face is coated with blood, great drops of blood from his nose land on his overcoat, the blood trickles for a little bit in narrow rivers and then forms a tiny pool. The ill-fitting coat drinks the fluid like a blotter. He is tossed in with us. He stumbles about and others make foam. He sits at last, head bowed, hands striked with coagulated blood folded on his lap. He mutters, "They beat me...they beat me..."

What I found to be exceedingly frightful about the Tombs is the fact that the guards do not display their badges. On their chest is only the dark outline of where the badges should be. The reasons for this sinister prank on the part of these bastards is not obscure. They wore Amerikan flags.



He sits by the bars, his fingers curled listlessly, a hopeless expression on his face, waiting for a half-assed judgement. His eyes have lost their glow; they stare icily, they are the eyes of older and much more bitter men than he.

There are 34 of us here. This cell is our living room in which none of us may live. The anger wells from deep within us, transforming our thoughts. The Hounds of Hell pounding and rushing through our veins, dis-figuring our hearts that they should never beat the same again. The malice you welcomingly harbor begins to command your existence. You want to strike out, crush what is, lay it asunder and dance in jocularity over the rubble of a civilization which has wrought such conditions. The guns flash through one's mind as lighting through a July night sky.

The authorities ask the great WHY? Why the machine-gunned police car?

(Continued on Page 16)

by Jared Seth November

A LETTER TO J. EDGAR HOOVER FROM DAN BERRIGAN

From the November 8, 1971 Congressional Record of the House, comes a fascinating document entered by Representative Anderson of Tennessee.

Titled "Supreme Court Nominee Powell and Berrigans", it is a record of the thoughts of Dan Berrigan in a letter to J. Edgar Hoover.

Anderson is showing the House how ill-fitted Powell is for the Supreme Court and quotes an article by Powell in which he shows his (Powell's) ignorance of the Berrigan Brothers case, and his confusion of indictments in the case.

In Powell's article, "America is not a Repressive Society", he praises truth while practicing its opposite by misrepresenting the facts in the Berrigan case. To clarify the facts to Powell, Anderson enters the following letter of Father Daniel Berrigan to J. Edgar Hoover:
(Ed. Note: Mr. Justice Powell has, in the meantime, been un-animously confirmed by the U.S. Senate.)

May 16, 1971

DEAR MR. HOOVER: The removal of my name from the Federal indictments in the Harrisburg case affords me the opportunity to address you. Such an opportunity could not be said to exist while I lay under the jeopardy of the law, as announced by yourself last November. So I hasten to write you while I enjoy the status of a disinterested party.

I ask you to recall, lest the above sound ironic, the "progress" of my case. According to your November announcement I was a ringleader in a spectacular plot. Then at a later date, I was shunted to the outer circle of guilt; my status was reduced to that of "unindicted conspirator". Finally I was purged of that nebulous criminality. I was declared, out of court, not so much an innocent person, as a non-person, with respect to this case.

But this letter, with all respect, concerns yourself as well as me. You are much in the news these days. In a sense, and with no intemperate irony, it seems that our roles have been strangely reversed. A year ago I was the object of a purposeful manhunt by your agents. The political officeholders, even certain highly placed agents of your household, declare or imply that your public usefulness has ended. The defense offered by your superiors and colleagues is tepid; your removal from office is regarded in many circles as an event urgently required, as some say, "for the welfare of the Bureau", or others, "for the welfare of the nation".

Thus our present situation, yours and mine. It may be fitting before I continue, to outline what I do not intend to discuss in this letter.

1) I will not needle or prod you in a spirit of revenge. Indeed I have a serious quarrel with your misuse of authority, your intemperate and illegal "revelations" of last November. But luckily for me your accusations have not stood. Their untruth is evident, and I am content.

2) Neither does this letter announce a suit against you for defamation of character. Such an action holds no appeal for me. My honor depends on no settlement from you.

3) Nor do I wish to enter into your motives of last November, or of any other occasion. Whether vindictiveness, pique or outraged ego have governed your attitudes toward myself and others (many of them respected public figures) is not mine to conclude. In the final analysis this matter rests between your conscience and God.

When these matters are put aside, I believe the ground is cleared for fruitful discussion. I would like to believe that the spirit of nonviolence may govern your pen and mine. Further, that same spirit may create its own ground rules and style: no hidden plays, no invisible writing, no subtle or sweet revenge.

Rather, fidelity on both sides to the saying of St. Ignatius, "That the truth might appear." A truth that neither of us is in possession of, but that might be granted us because each is open to its demands.

Perhaps, in this spirit, we can (in a manner of speaking) destroy those "files" which opponents are tempted to accumulate against one another. Let us keep no memory bank of one another's delicts or sins. I would like simply to share with you certain experiences, views of life, impressions of America and of American prisons. I would like to reflect on your role and mine in society, on conscience, on religious tradition, on war and peace, on crime and punishment. On these subjects and whatever others you may wish to pursue.

A persistent suggestion was made to me during the past days, that I should urge you in this letter, to resign from office as soon as may be convenient. I rejected this counsel with only small hesitation; it seemed to me both inappropriate in principle and dubious in value. By what right should I intervene

in such a matter, especially when I am convinced that your replacement would offer no solution to the problems which bedevil us? Indeed if 51% of Americans believe that you should be replaced in office, it is not because they object in principle to spies, probocateurs, defamation of character, or trials through public media. It would be difficult to discover indeed whether Americans judged you had gone too far, or not far enough, in these matters.

It is of small interest to me therefore whether you choose to continue in office or not. In such offices as yours, replacements are at hand; qualities of inflexibility, stern moral conformity, so permeate the national character as to throw up, with regularity, men who will do honor to such offices.

What the nature of that office has become under your guiding genius, continues to intrigue many. It even offers me a kind of chilling comfort to reflect that being a prisoner in America today is a way of anticipating the America of, say, 1984. You and others are even now creating that America. In prison, our civil and human rights are curtailed or suspended. Our mail is censored, public speech is cut off, access to family and friends is restricted, dissent summarily (some would say brutally) dealt with. We prisoners are in fact (I am a veritable Quixote in pursuit of positive thinking) the subject of an important paramedical experiment. We today, America tomorrow! Authorities are persuaded that the amputation of human rights is of benefit to delinquents; so they proceed to put saw and ax to the body social

Better a healthy basket case than a sound troublemaker! Or again, if a delinquent is rehabilitated by cutting back his manhood can not society be reformed by a like radical surgery? Crutches and prosthetics will then be no embarrassment to anyone; a gimp will join a limping society. Dissent will be a dim memory of early heroes and their happenings, but America will have created her final revolution against all revolution, including her own.

I do believe this process is already underway. By say 1984, the ineffable benefits of my present existence ought to be available by law, to all Americans. That is to say, their social intercourse will be monitored, their speech tapped, their access to

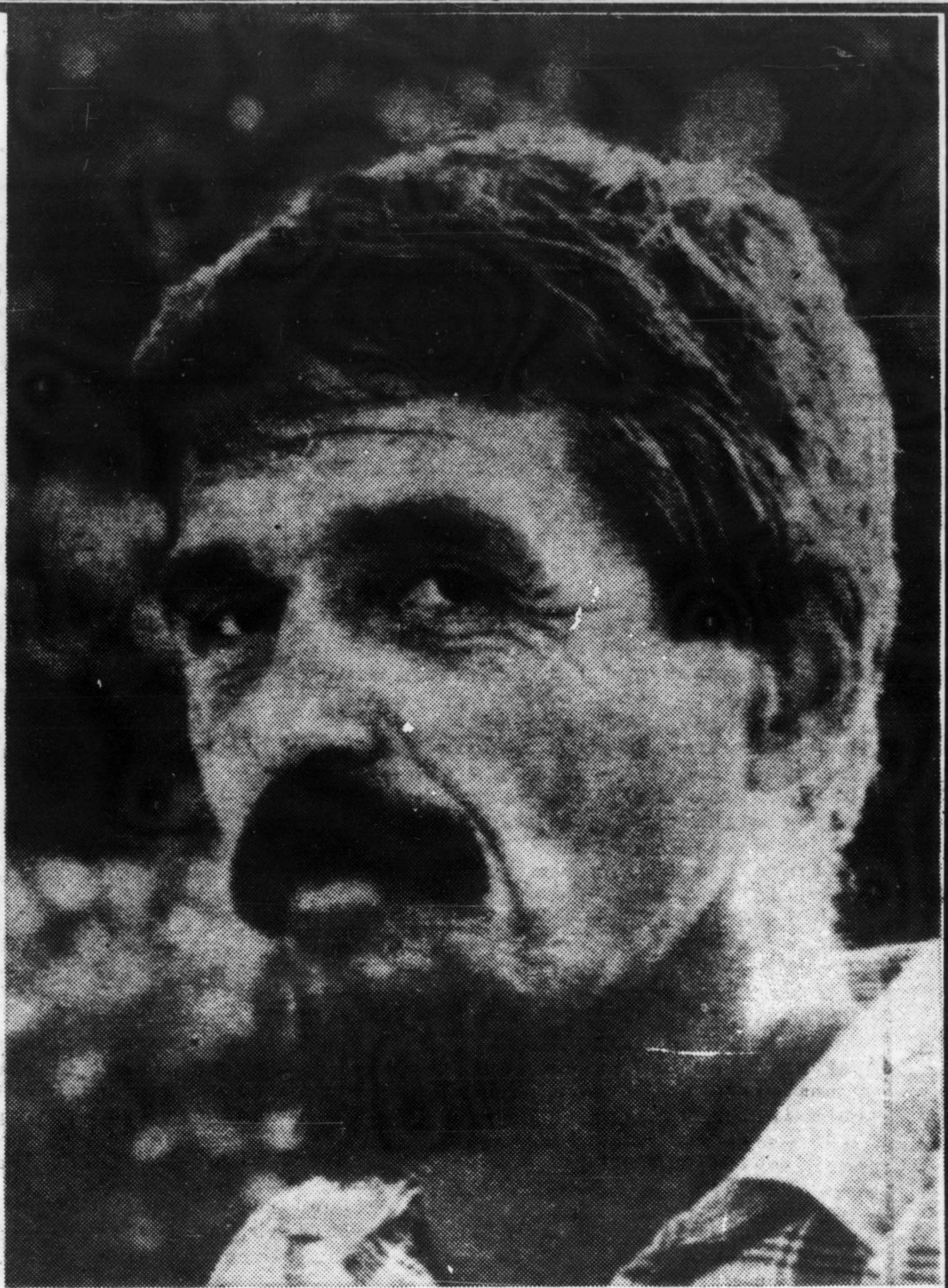
family and friends controlled, their urges toward dissent summarily (some would say brutally) dealt with.

Undoubtedly a larger talent is required to get such machinery in motion, than to fall under its gears. Not talent alone, but organization, moneys, charismatic purpose, morality. My congratulations. You can at present point to all sorts of evidence that the machine is in motion, and functioning to satisfaction. One has only to think of the army of trained agents (many of them religiously afire), of access to Congress, to the President, to the media. As for me, I have fallen under yours gears. I am officially reduced to silence and can address you only under the legal fiction of a court action. I am moreover smeared with the large brush you wielded last November. Alas for me, no American brush cleans quite so well as it dirties - a fact well known to yourself. Removal of charges does not leave one untarred. The mark you traced against my name remains a "yes, but..." a question mark. Bravo for you.

I am thus a specific instance of a general trend, an American trend for which credit within measure must be given to you. Let me try to define the trend. It moves our country in a single direction toward the death of freedom, which is to say the death of man as we have known him and nurtured him, the death of America. Of the reality of this trend, I am one example, that of a criminal, of its success. You are an articulate witness.

But let us be exact. Large as your role has been in creating the first stages of the New America, still your part has about it a certain necessary modesty. One must admit if you had not been available to the America of our century, American genius would have created someone like you. Not so skillful or single-minded perhaps, not gifted with that longevity which has enabled you for so many years to be warden and spokesman for the conscience, the tears, and hopes of a turbulent and tortured nation.

You are not in other words to be confused with the direction America has chosen, but you have sensed the direction, have legitimized it, bestowed on it the sacrosanct name of the law and order, won for it the blessing of the churches. The nation called you and you responded - with nearly heroic constancy. Political trouble-makers, the angry and disenchanting, the clairvoyant and deviant



- these you unmasked, punished, put away. By such crusades, so the reasoning went, Americans might become at length the people they so fervently longed to be - a people of innocents, of conscience, of benevolence. One would not be so blind as to deny your crusades in peculiarly American terms have produced "results". You were able to announce, year after year, a rising tide of crime, and to confront it. You and the Bureau stood at the open end of a stinking cornucopia, as the "criminal" poured out. You were empowered not only to seize on them and bring them to justice, but to help America define their crimes as well. Crimes against the sound dollar, against General Motors, against laissez faire, against national security, against NATO and abetting or conspiring toward a vision of man that was in conflict with yours, and therefore in conflict with America. And therefore criminal

You have grown in that effort,

and I am in prison, and we are not yet the people we long to become. In fact, you and I for vastly different reasons, might agree somberly that America is further than ever from realizing that vision. The people are distempered, ridden with fear, distrustful of one another, itchy to take and to inflict blows. Their faces reassure neither themselves nor the world; God fearing and bellicose, spartan and self-indulgent, puritanica and prurient. Alas, some would claim that the immaculate purity of the goal is all numbered Vietnam, Kent State, informers, misuse of grand juries. This impurity besetting the nation and besetting its soul is, let me confess, the clue to my peculiar pride. I believe that the means and the goal must be one. So, in America, in 1971, I had rather be a prisoner on my own terms, than a President on yours.

(Continued on Page 18)

Yoko- I really feel that people like is who have relative freedom as far as earning money for living and all that is concerned, have more responsibility. For example WBAI is full of people from well to do families who really don't have to earn their money for living, you know, but they want to dedicate their work. When the Beatles made it with "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" they weren't copping out, but they wore those suits they really didn't want to wear and in that sense they compromised. They made it big and that's why John can do this now. There is that way of doing it too.

EVO- In that sense the end justifies the means because you two are in N.Y. and things are happening. So OK, they had to wear the suits and do their number, but in the long run it was worth it.

Yoko- Yes, but there is something wrong with it, you see. It should have been possible for for example, who struggled for ten years and believed in these concepts, to come to New York and do this with my own name. But the fact of the matter is that people don't get stimulated by somebody who is unknown. Now that's a trick we are using right now and it's alright but it is a very sad thing how little confidence people have in themselves. It shouldn't be like that. It shouldn't be like it's John & Yoko and that's why people are doing it, you know what I mean? It should have been possible for me because I am a purist and my works were clean. But people wouldn't hear it because I was unknown, oriental and a woman. There is something wrong with the whole system when people chase after images. Image is not where it's at. you know? There is such perversion going on, for instance in the Syracuse Museum when I did this show, there was this guy who went through the whole show and was asked by a radio interviewer what he thought. He said "Oh well, I don't know, I would like to find out what Dostoyevsky would have said had he seen this show. I would like to know what Pascal would have thought of it.?" He knew all these names- Bravo! But the point is that his mind is so perverted that he can't even think for himself. He has to view it as through the eyes of Dostoyevsky, Pascal etc. If it's alright with Dostoyevsky it's OK with him. But the trouble is that he can't find out because Dostoyevsky and Pascal are DEAD. Now that's a really comic situation but that's what we are really like. We don't say "Oh, this is a beautiful dress" unless Yves St. Laurent tells us so. We have to change that somehow. In order to do that we have to break the image scene but at the same time we have to use the image- it's very complicated.

EVO- It's maintaining a very delicate balance.

Yoko- It's a delicate balance, that's it, and at the same time I would like to do this exchange program as much as possible so that people would start to understand that everywhere is the same.

EVO- It's re-education -- getting out of that cocoon that everyone is in.

Yoko- Right, So let's do this thing about Youth Exchange Ser-



JOHN &

vice -- this is also realistic in a way, because we are getting the money from all these music publishers or music magazines who really need this information as well. You see, the music supports us because music is where the money is for some reason or other and we don't have to question it, we just use it.

EVO- Exactly!

Yoko- That's one thing I'm thinking about but that can be part of this fantastic compact structure which has all these different other things which has a music library and all that. The difference between other music libraries and this one is that most music libraries here you can just rent out the records but you can't listen to it there, you know, so this one will give a place for people to get together to listen to music, etc. and that's very important.

EVO- There's another point that you brought up about bringing two items and making one.

Yoko- Yes -- one room is going to be that. It's a very realistic idea. This structure will have one room for exchange where people bring 2 items and take 1 item, we'll have one room that's a music library where people can come and

Part II



YOKO

listen to music and also we'll have one booth where struggling composers can bring their tapes and people who want to, can listen to new music. So that composers will have an outlet there. I'd like also to somehow connect it with Harlem so that people wouldn't be scared of going there -- you know, we have to open up that end too. Right now there's a lot of suspicion and tension and fear going on. With these little projects we're going to start very small, because we can't afford to otherwise, you see, the concept is the thing so even if we have just one tape recorder and one record, that's the concept so we start off with that, you see, and that will stimulate other people to do it too.

EVO- I would imagine that it could branch out beyond music for example it could develop into a job exchange too, any number of things which are lacking in N.Y. which aren't happening now -- which should be happening because, indeed, the energy is here.

Yoko- Yes, yes, of course, and the fact that in our past history something's failed, you know, so-and-so has been done -- those cyniscisms

should be forgotten. Maybe the time wasn't right 2 years ago but it's right now!

EVO- Oh definately -- it's overdue. People get demoralized.

Yoko- The best thing that happened to John and I was that John encouraged me for what I am, and I encouraged John for what he is. I mean, not as a Beatle, because he had enough encouragement there, but there were other things besides being a Beatle that he wanted to do that he was not encouraged to do. He was making 8mm films and I looked at them and they were like Stan Brakhage and he didn't know about Stan Brakhage. I started to see that side of John and if anything, I can take credit for encouraging that side of him.

John- That she can.

Yoko- Right? And he encouraged me about what I am, you know, and that's one thing we can do for other people too and for each other in this city.

John- It's like I read somewhere -- it takes somebody else to tell you who you are -- until they agree that you are, then you aren't.

Yoko- All of us need a mirror, right? And we can act for each other as a mirror.

John- We work as each other's mirror, but if as a result of us coming to New York, the vibes get good, it's just cause we come in and say, aren't you all great and they all go "Yeah!" and then we do something.

EVO- But you can do it.

John- Yeah, we can *do it!* but they can do it, too. If you and Jerry and Peel and different people hadn't come to us and said, "You're important to us to do this, please *Do It!*" then we wouldn't have done it, right? And, like, if nobody tells us about it we'll go on in our own way, blind, you know.

Yoko- No, no, but we did come to New York to.....

John- Specifically to *do it*, yeah, but we don't exist without them telling us we are important.

Yoko- Exactly!

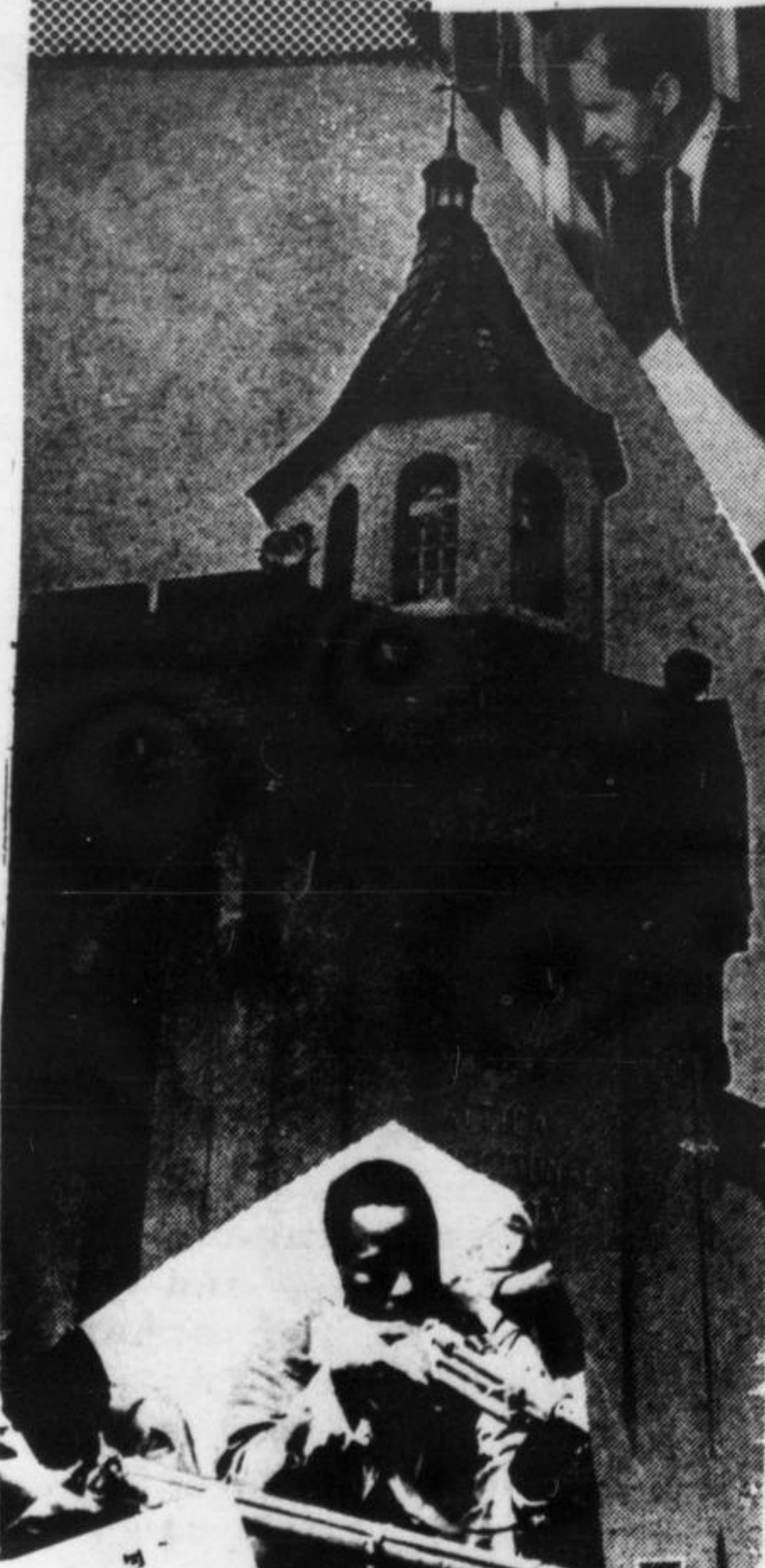
EVO- Do you plan to stay in New York?

Yoko- Yes, we want to. Now another thing is this -- in the early 60's, end of 50's and early 60's, I was doing these concerts in Chambers St. and there were several people involved in it, you know, several artists that are now very well established in New York, and they all think, oh alright, so we know that same, Joko, I mean we've been doing it in the end of 50's or whatever. But there really is a distinct difference between my work and theirs. The avant-garde game was that they always wanted to make a cynical remark -- like Dada. Dada ia a cynisist and they said our movement was a new Dada which it wasn't -- for me it wasn't, because while people were doing things...

EVO- What year did you come to New York?

Yoko- In 1952, but the point is this -- even in the early days I tried to invoke people in my things -- my thing was mainly saying "yes" When John first went into my Indica Gallery show where we

(Continued on Page 16)



Douglas R. Bailey
 San Quentin
 B-14707
 Tamal, Calif. 94964

People:

I had a free subscription to the East Village Other, over one year ago, while imprisoned at California Men's Colony-East Facility, San Luis Obispo, Calif.

About a year ago, I was transferred to San Quentin State Prison, and since then have attempted to ask EVO for a change of address. However, there's no way of knowing when mail is scrapped or seized in the hostile hands of censors.

Anyway, I'd like to request the people at EVO to change my address, or begin again a 6-month free subscription.

It should come as no surprise that the captured in Amerika are from the bottom of the social scale, or from the ranks of society's lower class, and don't have the bread to apy costs of even a special rate for prisoners.

Your publication is welcome as a step towards broadening things to include the detained in trashing the chain of causes holding brothers and sisters everywhere to some form of prison.

All power to the people.

"Sleepy Bailey"

Mike Wisneski
 Indiana Reformatory
 #52187
 Pendleton, Indiana

Dear Sir,

I am contemplating getting a subscription to your paper, *The East Village Other*, but being locked up like I am I have run into a problem. The problem is that in order for me to get permission to receive your paper I have to first get it approved by a literature committee they have here, and in order to get it approved I have to give them a copy to investigate. I don't have a copy and so I was wondering if it would be possible for you to send me an issue so that I could let the committee do their thing. If so please send me the issue and a subscription blank to the name and address below. Thank you.

Mike Wisneski

Howard E. Mackey, 55805
 135 State St.
 Auburn Prison
 Auburn, N.Y. 13022

Sirs:

Please send me the subscription rates covering one, three and six month subscriptions in order that I can send a money order, for the proper amount, upon receipt of same.

Sincerest thanks, I am.

Cordially,

Howard E. Mackey

Have been sentenced 75 years for a crime I did not commit. Desperately need help to appeal. any and all donations will be appreciated. I will answer all inquiries.

*Thank You,
 Tommy Marshall
 500 Commerce
 Dallas, Texas*

William B. Evans
 State Correctional Institution
 at Huntingdon
 P-0482
 Drawer R
 Huntingdon, Pennsylvania 16652

Salaam Bro/Sis !!

When you recieve this small letter, I hope it finds every one in the best of health. As you see, I'm being held in one of Tricky Dic's slave camps, for my political ideas on how the system should be dealt with. I would like for you to run an ad in your paper, so I may correspond with sisters that are intune with the struggle. I am 32 years old, Aries, 175 lbs. I am well versed on any subject, will answer all letters. Tell all the Bro/Sis there, I send my revolutionary love.

Political Prisoner,

Brother Billy Evans

Dear EVO,
 Could you brand of guitar Eric Clapton "Creem" days send me the Fenders, Gibb Fender Guitars not exactly this information Rolling Stone they hardly so I don't see They're so w materialism hear the voice people.

I would like it if you would information I nice guitar w if you can hear thank you.

Wit

Richard Smith
 Box 307
 #13841
 Beacon, N.Y. 12508

Form JBC-315A
 M.L.S. 5-29-61, 10/1
 Address all letters to:
 STATE CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION
 AT HUNTINGDON
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 Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pennsylvania 16652
 Messy Johnson

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NO



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 All correspondence must show name, address, and phone number. Postal money order, certified checks, stores or visits are prohibited. News may be purchased by the resident from the commissary list. Visiting hours are from 8:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Length of visits will be determined by the institution.

LEBANON CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION
Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036

FROM Alexander J. Yorn SERIAL NUMBER 79 40

Mississippi State Penitentiary

PARCHMAN, MISSISSIPPI

Joseph Littlepage
#35354, Camp 6

Dear EVO -

I'm doing a 5 year bit here for Possession, and would really dig getting EVO in here.

I understand some of the free Press people will send subscriptions to P.O.U.'s free. I hope this is where you're at, because I don't have any bread.

I hope to hear from you soon.

Kevin Collins
Ohio State Reformatory
#81699
PO Box 788
Mansfield, Ohio 44901

Power,

Joe

Editor,

As you can see, I am presently crashing at the Ohio State Reformatory in Ohio, for possession. I was turned on to your address by another freak who's in here and I'd like to know if you could do me a favor. I'd really like to correspond with some people on the outs. It would sure help me keep my head together and keep some of the loneliness away that comes with being imprisoned. The fuckers here are really a drag and these Pigs that run this place seem to get their rocks off on seeing a guy get constantly hassled. Anyhow if you could please run an ad for me in your personal or wanted column, I sure would be grateful. Something like, 22 year old, prisoner would like correspondence with anyone who cares to write.

As soon as I can scrape the bread together at \$4.00 per month it may take awhile, I'd like to get *The East Village Other* sent to me here. That is if the fuckin' administration will let it in.

Thanks for your time, man, and since it's that time of the year, I'd like to wish you and your staff a Merry Christmas and a new year fill of good luck.

From a freak behind bars,

Kevin Collins

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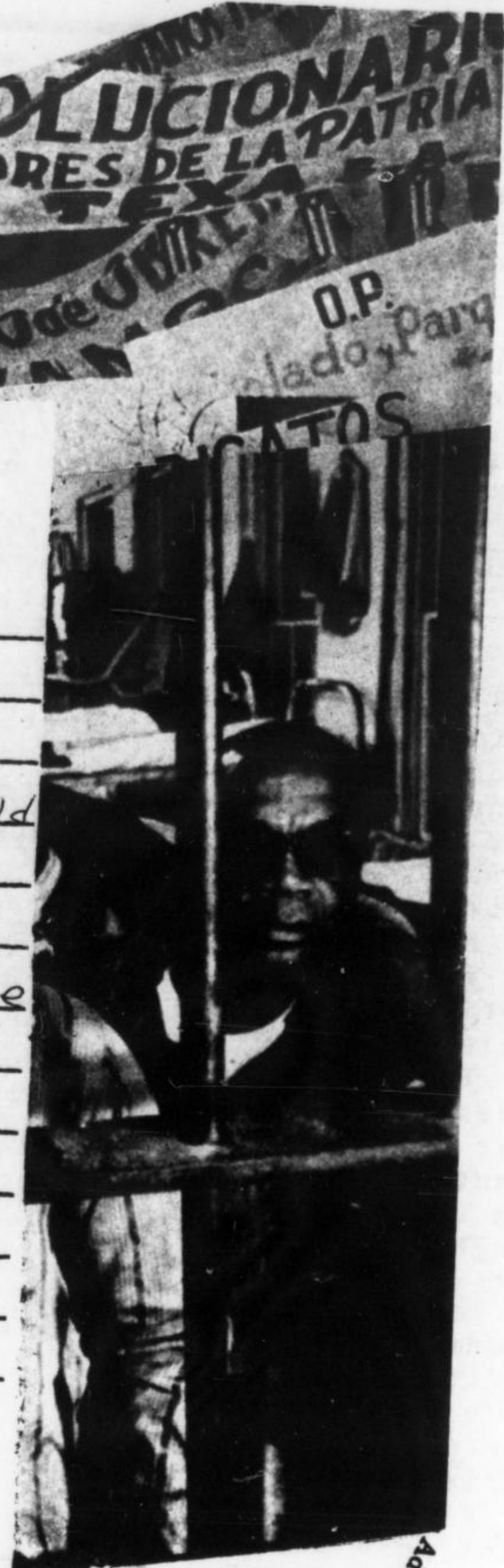
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3. MONEY SENT TO INMATES MUST BE IN THE FORM OF MONEY ORDERS OR CERTIFIED CHECKS.

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FOR THE GUIDANCE OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS OF RESIDENTS
address of sender. Incoming and outgoing mail is unlimited. Money should be sent only by express money order. Personal checks not acceptable unless certified. All packages from home, commodities are available to residents in the commissary. Books, newspapers, and magazines approved lists. Residents are permitted three visits monthly for those on the approved visiting list. 3:30 p.m. daily including Holidays. Visitors are limited to four persons per visit and none will be extended to a maximum of three hours if visiting conditions at the time permit.

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Yours truly,
Richard Smith

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FOR THE GUIDANCE OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS OF RESIDENTS

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UN

ACHILLE'S HEEL

About those Indian Point Guerrillas...

DAILY NEWS: "A multimillion-dollar fire that wrecked an auxiliary building at Consolidated Edison's nuclear generating complex on the Hudson River south of Peekskill Nov. 4 was determined yesterday to have been deliberately set...it was learned that a prime suspect has been identified and an arrest is expected shortly."

They're bluffing. They don't have the slightest idea which guerrillas did this

* * *

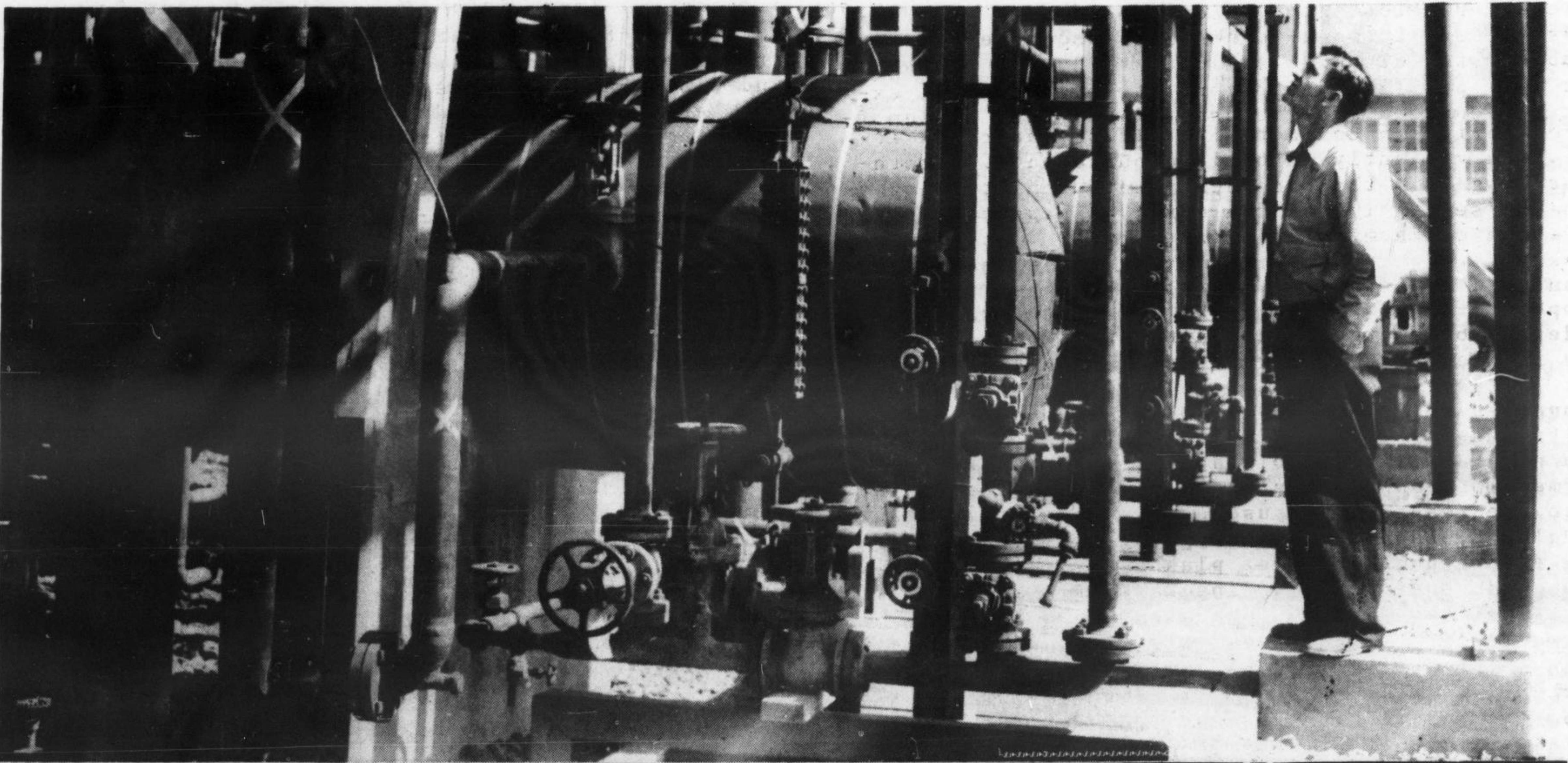
On November 4, 1971 a fire caused approximately \$10 million worth of damage to electrical equipment in connection with the construction of Consolidated Edison Company's new nuclear power plant No. 2 at Buchana, N.Y. The cause of the fire was described as "suspicious" and "possible arson" by police and insurance officials. In the meantime, two conservation groups had petitioned the AEC to stop construction of nuclear plant N. 3 contending that the Indian Point area cannot take the impact of three nuclear plants and two additional nuclear plants planned for the future. The arrogant criminals of the AEC and Consolidated Edison conspired to go ahead with construction although a full environmental review of the facility had not been completed. Such legal machinations by lawyers representing environmental groups are naive and utterly ineffective. If the American people wish to save themselves and their children from murder planned by the AEC and the utility companies, including designers and constructors of nuclear power plants, it will require more positive methods such as sabotage or arson. Here is why.

Albert Speer, Hitler's Minister of Armaments, in a recent *Playboy* interview stated, "There is, unfortunately, no necessary correlation between intelligence and decency; the genius and the moron are equally susceptible to corruption." Capitalist America produces more than 50% of the world's goods and is literally trampling upon the Earth, polluting the air, water and warth with wastes from its industries. There may be only 30 years left to control "normal pollution," but the pollution is reversible and can be stopped, although we stand at a point where the very survival of man is being threatened.

However, there is one form of pollution that is not reversible or controllable and is the ultimate catastrophe awaiting life and the environment on this planet. And that is "radiation pollution!" Aside from a nuclear war, which would completely destroy all life, the next most dangerous "radiation pollution" is that radioactivity resulting from atomic power reactors are so dangerous that insurance companies will not cover them; Congress pays \$500 million of insurance on each plant in case of a nuclear accident. The dangers from the so-called peaceful uses of atomic energy stem from three sources: the possibility of a nuclear accident, the disposal of nuclear wastes and the dispersal of radioactive gaseous wastes to the air at the site or discharge into water including thermal pollution of nearby lakes and rivers.

Government Frankenstein scientists-engineers of the Atomic Energy Commission, including the criminals of the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, have been stifling any criticism of the atomic energy program and have purposely lied in order to underestimate the risks from nuclear radiation. The AEC had arbitrarily set a radiation tolerance of 0.17 Rads (Radiation Absorbed Dose) per year as permissible radiation dosage for human beings. John Gofman, a professor of medical physics at Berkeley and a research associate of the AEC's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, disagreed with this arbitrary determination and stated, "The statement that there's some number that's safe is an absolute, unmitigated lie." Scientists such as Ernest J. Sternglass, professor of radiation physics, have contended that nuclear reactors at Indian Point and at Brookhaven National Laboratory have increased infant mortality in the surrounding areas.

Accidents with serious release of radioactive material into the environment have occurred in England and America. In 1969 the reactor core of the Enrico Fermi breeder-test plant near Detroit melted down when a coolant line became clogged. On May 11, 1969 a plant located in Rocky Flats Denver, Colorado had a fire that burned \$20 million worth of plutonium. This AEC plant fabricated into nuclear triggers for hydrogen bombs. There is a long history of explosions, fires and plutonium spills occurring at this plant with many workers overexposed to plutonium. AEC-sanctioned nuclear enterprises have contaminated the Colorado River, Lake Mead, Great Salt Lake and the Columbia River. It was the AEC criminals who permitted the removal of more than 300,000 tons of uranium



mill tailings to be used as construction fill in towns like Grand Junction Colorado. With a history of criminal negligence going back to the 1940's, can we accept the word of the AEC concerning the safety of nuclear reactors when such reactors have shut down due to "malfunctions" in Michigan, New Jersey, New York and Minnesota?

Consider the subject of the burial of radioactive wastes from nuclear reactors in special AEC storage caves or in barrels dumped far out to sea. At the proposed atomic waste disposal dump near Lyons, Kansas of an abandoned salt mine, Geologists found that water could seep into the atomic burial areas. Geologists contend that such areas must be water free; if not, the salt may dissolve and allow radioactivity from the nuclear waste to move to the surface. Some subterranean emissions may continue for hundreds of thousands of years. In the town of Lewiston, near Niagara Falls, federal radiation experts found radioactive "hot spots" in a field where contaminated radioactive equipment (tank drums, pipes, etc.) were stored. The level of radioactivity showed some levels of five millirads an hour the maximum permissible level. The magazine Ecologist has pointed out that of 183 atomic waste storage tanks in the states of Washington, South Carolina and Idaho, nine have failed so far! These failures occurred in less than 20 years and yet the contents of the tank are utterly lethal for thousands of years.

The loss of the nuclear submarine Thresher in 1963 contributed to the radioactive pollution of the oceans. The oceans are being polluted through leaks and discharges from atomic ships and power plants. Embryo fishes with deformed backbones have been found in the Irish Sea due to the radioactive pollution caused by the Windscale nuclear power station on the British coast. A Dr. Jer M. Lowenstein of the University of California Medical Center at San Francisco stated, "Every living thing on and under the sea is being poisoned with radioactive wastes." Containers of high-level radioactive wastes mixed with concrete are being dumped into international waters whose hazards are yet to be reckoned with future generations. Lord Ritchie-Calder, president of the Conservation Society of England in an interview on Nov. 23, 1968 stated, "When scientists and decision-makers (capitalists and AEC) act out of ignorance and pretend it is knowledge, then they are putting the whole world in hazard."

There are 22 conventional nuclear-powered plants now in operation in the U.S.. These reactor plants are of the boiling water type where the heat of a reactor is used to convert water into steam, which then drives turbine generators to produce electricity. A new type breeder-reactor is being developed that also uses fission to make both steam and more fissionable material such as plutonium 239. In these breeder plants' turbo-generators. However, extreme caution must be used to keep the sodium from coming in contact with air or water, as it bursts violently into flame on contact. Another danger is that breeder plants tend to clog and cause melting of the core, as happened in the Enrico Fermi plant. But the AEC decision makers are very optimistic that these reactors can be designed and built to keep these catastrophes from happening. Boiling-water reactors depend on emergency coolant waters to reach the reactor core to prevent a melt down. Recent tests conducted in a mock-up reactor last November and December (1970) at Idaho Testing Site showed that in six straight tests, where the plants primary cooling loop was ruptured, the emergency coolant waters failed to get through to the reactor because of steam accumulations. Ralph E. Lapp, a nuclear physicist, stated that future nuclear power plants should be designed and constructed to insure that the coolant reaches the reactor core within ten seconds. Any longer, he contends, might mean a violent chemical explosion that could spread radioactive materials for miles. If this is true of the boiling-water type reactor, imagine the extreme danger that would result from liquid metal fa-

st breeder reactors where no coolant, like water, can be used under any circumstances.

Why has the AEC spent more than \$600 million on the development of liquid metal fast breeder reactors? The reason are that by the end of the century the world's available supply of uranium may be exhausted. The fast breeder reactor, which converts uranium 238 to plutonium 239, is expected to produce enough plutonium 239 not only to replenish itself but also produce enough for another reactor (boiling-water type) over a period of 20 years.

In the U.S. the total electric utility installed capacity as of Dec. 31, 1970 amounted to 335 million kilowatts. Of this total, 7.5 million kilowatts are operable nuclear plant capacity. 44 million kilowatts representing 53 nuclear plants are representing 36 nuclear plants are planned (reactors ordered).

Between 1970 and 1990 the utilities are expected to increase their capacity from 335 million kilowatts to 1.1 billion kilowatts. In 1969 the AEC estimated that this additional capacity will require at least 255 new sites of 5000,000 million kilowatt plant capacity, of which 164 are expected to be reduced by \$400,000 from the previous year. by this determination the government had indicated its preference for "radiation pollution" in attempting to get a demonstration breeder system by 1980 rather than invest in obtaining a positively "clean" reactor which is only possible under the fusion process.

There are at least ten fusion reactions being considered for reactors. In one of the fusion reactions, light atoms such as deuterium and tritium which are forms of hydrogen, are fused or combined to form heavier atoms such as helium and a single neutron which is ejected at 14.1 million w electric volts. To gain energy from this process, the neutron penetrates and heats a lithium blanket around the reactor which is then circulated through a heat exchanger to produce steam for power generation. Unlike the fission process which is "dirty" and manufactures a variety of "radioactive" by-products dangerous to man, fusion involves the splitting of atoms and is so incredibly complex that it requires non-stop monitoring by automatic instruments and non-stop monitoring of the instruments by men. At the end of the fission reaction the spent fuel is so dangerous that it must be stored in underground tanks for hundreds of years. Despite this, truckloads of this waste are driven through towns.

In fusion processes there is no danger whatsoever of a "runaway" or "accident" as is possible in a fission plant where the core can melt and release radioactive fumes. Fusion, the other hand, is so dependent on a difficult to achieve combination of factors that any accident would shut down such a plant, not turn it loose in a rampage. There is another gain or asset from fusion reactors in that they may "burn up" some of the radioactive wastes from fission reactors, and also there would be reduced thermal pollution because of improved efficiencies from use of high temperatures and direct conversion to electricity.

There has been significant progress made in controlled fusion research within the last few years in both the Soviet Union and the U.S.. The best estimates are that a fusion demonstration reactor could be constructed by 1985, sooner with a crash program, and with significant commercial impact by 1980 and/or a fusion reactor by 1985 amounts to a bear 5 years, then the emphasis is placed by government and industry on the "radiation pollution" breeder plant is nothing less than murder.

Until such time as fusion reactors are developed on a commercial scale, all fission plant research, development and construction must be stopped and all existing fission plants must be dismantled or destroyed or sabotaged as occurred recently at the Indian Point plant. The murder must be stopped by any means since the arrogant morons and "genius"-hoodlum scientist-engineers will not listen to any logical, scientific studies or pleas showing that their activities are detrimental to mankind. Wilcox and Bechtel

(Continued on Page 16)

Citizen Hearst built a publishing empire that was at one time powerful enough to start an international war. "You provide the story", he told a reporter, "I'll provide the war". The next day the battleship Maine sunk in Havana Harbor, and the Spanish-American War was off to a rousing start. Although Hearst's company no longer flexes its muscles so blatantly, it is still strong enough to influence domestic politics.

Hearst, Inc. publishes Avon paperback books, several magazines (including Cosmopolitan, Harper's Bazarre, and Good Housekeeping) and lots of newspapers, some of which are the only major dailies in their cities. Thousands of people get their news from Hearst Publishing, which carries its founders legacy of hate, elitism, and capitalism.

Last spring (1970) I went to work for Hearst as a researcher. My boss, a sweet little old lady, explained the job in rather vague terms. "I do two kinds of work here", she said. "One is consumer

work for the magazines; the other is my husband's work. He died and I'm carrying it on".

Being a trusting soul, and also being in great need of a job, I didn't ask questions. I assumed the consumer research was focused against the big corporations, for the benefit of suburban housewives who read Good Housekeeping to find out which soups have botulism and which appliances have defective wiring. Her husband's work? She mentioned something about a book he wrote-- maybe she just wanted to use the file space and typewriters.

My first week went fairly well. I spent most of my time in the newspaper library, researching people's lives and writing short bios. This is normal procedure in any publishing house--if someone dies or does something extraordinary, they would have background information for a story at their fingertips. But at Hearst, it turned out to be less than normal -- I was in actuality witch-hunting.

One day dear old Mrs. Matthews, the boss, went to Washington to do "consumer research". She hired a twenty year old police cadet to put up bookshelves in her absence and probably to keep an eye on me. He was pleasant enough and we talked. He suspected me of having liberal sympathies and tried to straighten me out. In the process he told me much more than he intended.

Ruth Matthew's husband had once been a Communist, but luckily he realized his sins and returned to the service of free enterprise. However, he was deathly afraid the other Communists would become powerful and destroy his newborn love of money. So he and a few buddies organized the House Un-American Activities Committee. Bother Mr. Matthews and the committee had died, but they left his wife and the House Internal Securities Committee, to finish their dirty work. Mrs. Matthews was sincerely and honestly trying to rid the country of vile Communists and other moral perverts. So was Hearst.

My research, far from being used

(Continued on Page 15)

You Provide The People...



WE'LL PROVIDE THE SCANDAL!

by PAT MORRIS

SCANDAL

(Continued from Page 14)

for an obituary file was for the guardians of morality in Washington. The "consumer work" was for the benefit of capitalism. They were trying to uncover scandals about such un-American perverts as Ralph Nader and Betty Furness. Get a scandal. Publicize it (not hard to do when you own so many magazines and papers). Result: the American public will think the consumer advocates are dishonest, greedy, and probably Communists, and will place their faith back in industry.

The next week I began to snoop. Most of the files were locked, but I did get to see some. There were several cabinets containing index cards, most of which read like:

SMITH, John and Mary
100 Main Street
Anytown, USA

9/9/69 - Wrote a letter to Senator William Fullbright expressing support for his stand on the Vietnam War.

Then they simply began collecting information about the people, hoping, I suppose, to find some horrible skeleton in their closets (a former roommate who had since joined the Yippies? a planned trip to Russia while in the Boy Scouts? pimples from masturbation? Who knows?).

Some of the files were concerned with rather well-known people. William Fullbright, Jules Feiffer, and John Ciardi are three that I remember. The files I saw contained every public statement made by the men. I suspect the locked files contained more personal information, but I can't prove it.

While wondering what in hell Hearst was planning to do with all this data on all these people, I quit the job. A few weeks later the House Internal Securities Committee released its list of "subversive" college people. There were all the people Mrs. Matthews had been hunting down! It's interesting to note that outside New York, the Hearst papers gave the most space and biggest play to the list.

It's been a year since Hearst's little trick. They were unpleasantly surprised to discover that Joe Mc Carthy (an old friend of Mr. Matthews) would be unemployed today. The country did not jump into a wave of collective hysteria. Publications did not fire their writers and editors. Colleges did not cancel speaking engagements; no one was seriously hurt. In fact,

one man who was rather high up on the list reports that its publication helped his career. More colleges than ever wanted him to speak; he was given lots of material to write about, it was reprinted, and the royalties have been nice, indeed, to have.

Since then several people with impeccable connections have tried to penetrate Hearst Publishing, but with no luck. They're as tight-mouthed as ever, which sounds suspiciously like they have something to hide. Mrs. Matthews is still employed there, so something is rotten at 57th Street and 8th Avenue.

The brute force tactics of Mc Carthyism can't work in a society that has loosened up considerably since the fifties. However, Hearst is prepared to work in more subtle ways. They read all the leftist papers and take notes. Any advertiser is suspect. Any children's camp advertised is a Communist front ("That's where they send their children to be brainwashed"). Etc., etc., etc., etc.

And although by now Mr. Richard Benjamin (the president of the company) and his witch-hunting friends have learned the public won't take his little lists and other such projects seriously, he can still do a lot of damage. I remember typing a speech he gave to a group of small businessmen in Omaha - all about how the Communists are nefariously taking over our universities, etc. This one speech most likely cost a lot of schools a lot of money. Multiply by 100 speeches a year. Then add all the little news items in all the Hearst newspapers. All the headlined stories. All the editorials. All the articles in the magazines - Middle America is being bombarded with lies all so the fat little rich men who run places like Hearst can keep their fat little wallets.

For once in his life, Spiro Agnew was right. There is indeed a conspiracy in the press to distort the news. But it sure as hell isn't coming from the left (Evo's entire office space is smaller than the personnel office at Hearst). The power of the underground press is laughable compared to that of the corporate giants. Anyway, no one expects the leftist press to be objective - we all know the biases of its writers and editors. No one is afraid of the National Review; we all know what assholes put it out.

What can hurt the people is a press that is controlled by a government agency but pretends to be presenting news factually and objectively. Mr. Benjamin and Mrs. Matthews should be publicly challenged to explain the connection between Hearst Publishing and HISC. All Hearst publications should have in 36 point bold on their covers, An organ of the House Internal Securities Committee.

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JOHN & YOKO

(Continued from Page 9)

met the first time -- he climbed a ladder and saw my ceiling painting which you have to climb a ladder (with a magnifying glass) to see. And the ceiling painting said "YES!" Now, John said if it had said No -- the usual avant-garde trick is you climb up and it says no -- fuck you, you know -- then he wouldn't have gone threw the show--so we wouldn't have met then. We wouldn't have gotten together. That statement is so significant because every one of my avant-garde friends I'm willing to bet would've said "No." That was the clever thing to do -- you know what I mean? Now, "yes" was my message and that's why we met. Among the avant-garde there was one element (which was me) which was like an optimistic, affirmative one and they were always making me feel like an outcast because they said, "Oh Yoko, your thing is a bit too easy to understand or commercial or outgoing," or whatever.... They had to be closed down, saying no to others -- that was the message for them and I was saying Yes to them -- that was the difference. So the very element that created my art was the element that brought my art to connect with John or connect with the world, etc.

The negative attitude that others in the avant-garde had, made them eventually retire -- and they are retired completely -- you see what I mean?

EVO- They sure did -- some of my best friends....

Yoko- So it was my work that just sort of carried me through, and it was my work that had this affirmative ness. They think of Yoko -- oh Yoko went up there and she was lucky but it wasn't luck or anything -- it was a very precise and functional thing that happened.

EVO- But Yoko was an outcast.

Yoko- Right, it's so funny, the outcast that they hoped would just go to Austria and die -- which I practically did -- you know, London. It's like going to Austria, right? They said, o.k., go to London, o.k., that's fine.

In the 1960's there was an imaginary conceptual gallery I created -- only a phone number actually existed -- no physical gallery, and I would ask people to draw circles and my avant-garde friends said "Draw circles? That's so silly," and all that. But when a canvas is filled with circles done by many, many people it's a connection, you know? And it's so much better than a circle or target or something that somebody made that looks esthetically beautiful or Barnette Sewmans line that's supposed to be a revolution because it's a black on black line. You see, if the lines were drawn by Barnette Newman it's \$100,000, right? But, I'd rather say no, let's make a painting that doesn't cost a cent because they are lines drawn by many, many people. The exclusiveness of the art world has nothing to do with the society and the people.

EVO- There are some that feel that The Movement owes them something...

John- The Movement doesn't owe them a fuckin' thing -- they owe the people -- it's the other way around. Because they were around in the beginning doesn't mean a damn light. The movement is people -- it's not fucking some organization that's attacking them, or not attacking them or backing them or not backing them. The Movement is any fucking body that's doing anything, so the movement doesn't owe them nothing. They're the ones that owe. Let's just get them less paranoid. Let's tell them we love them, then it'll all be alright, and they'll come out and say Revolution or something and get the shit off

their backs. Let's not kid ourselves. We all got very big heads. Nothing ain't good enough for them Kings, including me, I know the situation. So they feel that everybody owes them something for being so great. That's their position: you owe me cause I'm great.

Yoko- Yeah.

John- "I did it first so I'm great." And they can't get over it that people drop them you know?

Achilles

(Continued from Page 13)

Corporation must cease work on fission research or they will be held accountable for their crimes. The scientist-engineers employed on such projects should seek other employment or transfer to non-nuclear research. Anarchistic science (!) coupled with anarchistic capitalism (!) will not be tolerated.

The development of non-nuclear conventional plants such as hydroelectric or steam plants using low sulphur content coal will be permitted to be constructed. However the control of pollution at these plants must be so rigid as to prevent arrogant bastards from violating strong anti-pollution laws. Federal, state or local boards responsible for cleaning up the country's air and water pollution must not be permitted to continue to cover up for the criminals. They, in fact, are the representatives of the corporations who have been destroying the environment. These corporations have planted their stooges on 35 state boards and have, in fact, increased pollution. Air pollution has increased within the last four years from 142 million tons of contaminants to well over 200 million tons.

As the president of the Monsanto Envire-Chems Systems recently stated, "We are all living in a fool's paradise if we think that industry will do anything until forced to." The time has come to force them.

The effective guerrilla attack on Con Ed's Indian Point Nuclear Plant No. 2 indicates that some people agree with this. It also indicates that they know the right time and place.

Project: Achilles' Heel

Tombs

(Continued from Page 5)

Why the police blood splattered throughout the land, the angry shot in the back? Let these proper 'authorities' look to the Tombs and the Attica's for their answer. Injustice will not breed justice, but intoxicates the law to a hopeless delerium, insurrection results. The WHY??? For the goats of Judas they have become, who willfully lead their breathern to the slaughter. For the sadists they choose to hire, these ghouls who commit crimes against humanity in the holy name of law. It is the authorities who hired these ecropheliac's to lord over the men and women. The Amerikan society has made the living dead.

Hands cover faces, winding around legs or reaching out to a distant plane beyond these vermin infested walls. Convicted and condemned, some, because of color, other's for the misfortunes of poverty, apparently crushed, defeated. Through the cruelty of the guards, the trademark of prisons, let these people who refer to themselves as the 'authorities' know that it is they who have sporned the THIRD WORLD PEOPLE.



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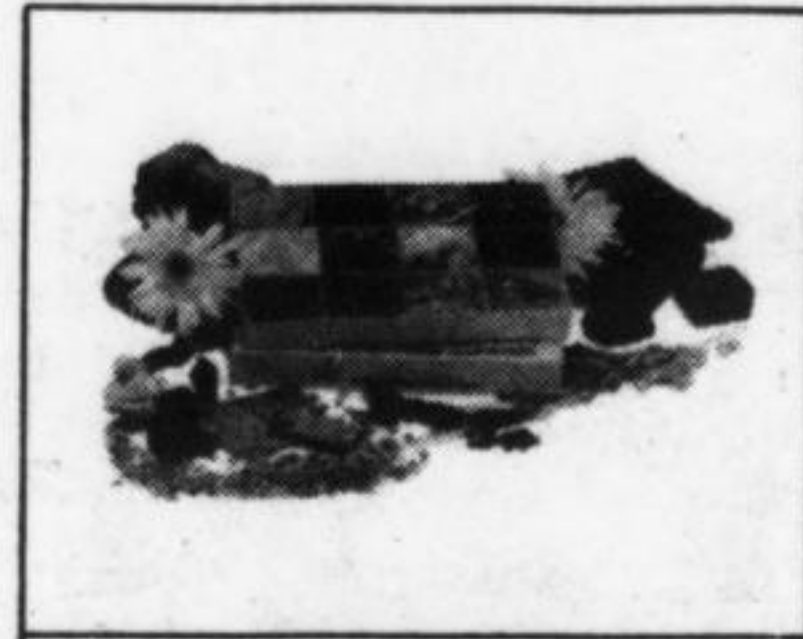
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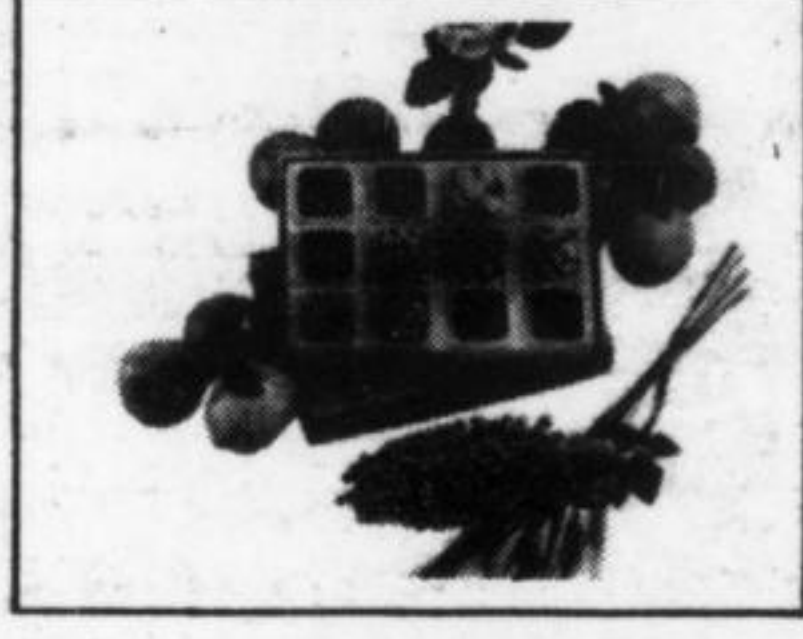
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BERRIGAN HOOVER

(Continued from
Page 7)

This summer I will have completed a year of my prison term. I will appear before a parole board to give evidence of my rehabilitation. I should like you to be the first to know that I am indeed rehabilitated. This year I have counseled and befriended young prisoners, helped conduct classes in such books as "St Matthews Gospel", Gandhi's "Autobiography", "Gulliver's Travels", Erikson's "Young Luther". I have worked in the prison dental clinic, meditated on my crime and punishment, celebrated mass; in every way I know I have lived according to the best urgings of my soul. Thus my 50th year has come and gone in the urgent effort to rehabilitate my life to the tempo and hope of humanity.

I have no hope at all that this program will be found satisfactory to my keepers. In every likelihood, I will be informed that my prison term is to be extended to the maximum. The Decision I accept in advance; it is predictable, and in the logic of present day America, right and just. I have not, after all, murdered children under military order, nor tortured prisoners nor napalmed women, nor laid waste a foreign culture.

My crime in comparison with such incidents of war is plenary; I have burned papers instead of children. Let us rejoice that justice can distinguish criminal priests from military heroes.

You will pardon me if a vexing question sticks in my mind. It concerns you. You have publicly accused me of plotting crimes against humans and property; your accusation denied me a hearing or a trial. How, I ask myself, does American Justice apply in your case? The answer is a simple one. Justice does not apply. The bold assurance with which you spoke against me is proof that you gathered nine points of the law to yourself. Your conduct of November last declared more forcibly than words the truth of the matter; there exist summits of authority at which the law is irrelevant. And indeed your assumption is correct. Our judge conceded as much during the Catonsville trial. He granted that no American President could be summoned to his court on charges of waging a war in violation of the Constitution. You stand, evidently, in the aura of that same exalted immunity. Still, I think, in the errant way of a prisoner such an arrangement should not go unchallenged. The law of the land must apply in principle to every citizen; otherwise the law is void in principle, and guilt becomes a matter of

the spleen or caprice of those in power. No; if a priest is answerable before the law so must a President be, or the chief of the F.B.I. Therefore, it occurs to me that you are guilty of a serious offense against the law and that I should invite you to undergo a period of rehabilitation, even as I am undergoing it. My reflections proceed carefully, and I hope with compassion. You are an old man, aged as several prisoners here, who languish and mourn at Danbury, while health and spirit fail them. I would not have you condemned to the fate to which you (and others) have consigned them - not even in my own mind. Other alternatives occurred to me. Perhaps you should be invited to pass a period of time living among black Americans. You held their martyred leader, Martin King, in peculiar regard, Perhaps the spirit of his people, their courage and patience, the poverty in which the majority of them live and die, their faith in man's goodness, might revive your soul. Perhaps they could be persuaded to receive you into their midst for a time, as one more white man in search of a soul. You might be brought to tears and a change of heart. Among these people, steeped in the wisdom of suffering, such things are held possible. You could share their buffets and humiliation as they seek justice in our courts or healing in public hospitals, or survival on public welfare. The teeth of rodents, the cries of hungry children, might pierce the tranquil armor of your isolation and open you to the realities of life as experienced by so many today.

A like plan might be workable among our Spanish peoples, concerning whom you have vented certain feelings of late. Or among peoples of Appalachia or the slums of Brooklyn or Chicago.

But then I thought in near despair, who am I to choose for you, or for the peoples of poverty, the form of your soul's rebuilding? The people must choose; you must choose for yourself. No man can easily enter as a friend or disciple, among those he has stigmatized. Nor can I choose, for you, so to enter. It might even happen that such despair, such anguish (as well as such invincible love and long sufferance and courage) as is the daily portion and resource of these people, would break you in pieces as it nearly breaks me, each day I live among them in prison. No, in the cold daylight of America, it is clear that my reflections are nearly hopeless. I cannot choose for you, or for the people the form of your healing.

Still, perhaps my words have not been entirely without point. I have insisted, and continue to insist, that you stand under the law in spite of all.

You stand there, as I stand there. The government has

obligingly set the term and condition of my punishment. If I refuse to apply the same harsh word to you, or to "Punish" you even in my thoughts, it is because I continue to take seriously one truth - that no man can be punished into manhood. Neither you nor I nor the prisoners in domestic Tombs nor those in foreign Tiger Cages. No, if some men, suffering the rigor of the law, choose to become men, which is to say if they persevere in nonviolence toward the keepers of tombs and tigers, it is not because punishment or cages, or tombs, are tools of human change. Such men are reborn because they choose to punish no one, to work no violence in return for violence. Thus, they choose, when manhood is defaced by official violence, by war, by law and order masking lawlessness and disorder - they choose to love. In that choice, you are included. In that choice I venture to say, you will be saved. For both of us, and for many others as well, whatever their circumstances of power or powerlessness, one question remains, - It will take many forms; it is one. How shall we become men? How shall we live with other men? How shall we so live that no man need die - whether of hunger, of violence, of vengeance, of despair, of the accumulated burdens of life, so that no life be lost in the keeping? And inevitably, when is violation of the laws a vindication of human life?

In court, in prison, at prayer, I have come on only the most tentative answers to these questions. I can only say to you, I have come on the questions. But I have never heard, that in almost 50 years of volinous public utterance, you have framed a single such question. You have summoned Americans to many a crusade - against violators of law, against delinquents and deviants. But have you ever given thought to the victims, to the poor, who seek a life worthy of human beings, to those whose "criminality" is a great cry against injustice, against the law inequally applied, against institutional disorder?

This letter is a long one. I hope it proves neither burdensome nor accusative. I hope through it to offer you thoughts which are of more profit to you than the encomia of those who praise thoughtlessly.

My father who died, at 90, would say a late wisdom is better than no wisdom at all. I pray for you, as for myself, that better wisdom.

Sincerely,
DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.

Bambers

(Continued from Page 20)

this, how much is that, can I order whatchamacallit and where are the doohickeys. Most of the toys they wanted for their little angels struck me as being what those in the cess-pool biz term "shit", pure and simple. Others were merely insipid. I wasn't aware of the variety of dolls available on the market. One of these little plastic humanoids does the shopping; another serves tea and crumpets, while yet another irons and vacuums; still another has hair that grows and can be dyed a dozen different colors. We didn't have a goddamn Barbie doll in stock, but we had her wretched playmates, Stacey, Heather, Glori, Beautiful Chrissy, Malibu Francie and Swingin' Groovy P.J. Regardless of their particular abilities, I found the only function they had in common was that they all sucked.

The biggest seller in the toy department was an amateur walkie-talkie set that was always on sale for \$10. Supposedly a message could be clearly transmitted over a distance of one-quarter mile, or about as far as you can throw your average spoiled six-year-old. During a spare moment, a cohort and I demonstrated the effectiveness of these walkie-talkies. He went into the stock room and I stood at the register in the salesroom about 100 feet away. He returned two minutes later and asked shy I hadn't answered his calls. I said I hadn't heard them, despite the fact that my volume was up full. Sales of this marvelous item seemed to pick up after this little test. A salesperson's faith in his merchandise is inversely proportional to a customer's desire to buy said merchandise. All this so his kid can take it home and smash the thing into a thousand pieces before it's out of the box. You begin to understand the reasoning behind the vulnerable plastic construction of so many toys. It's all part of the planned obsolescence game. And still the product sells. You see, humans, like flies, gravitate to shit. How do you think MacDonald's has managed to sell seven billion hamburgers?

After a week on the job, I started doing what every sales manager dreads; when customers asked my opinion on an item, I told them the truth. The competition should have sent me a commission check for all the business I threw their way, especially Sears'. I spoke out at every opportunity against merchandise with which I had become disenfranchised, particularly a battery-operated yo-yo that lights up on its journey down the string. Seems it seldom makes it back up - it usually

just stops at the bottom and spins itself out. The only way a professional yo-yo champ could get this model to walk the dog would be to dress it up in a cocker spaniel suit and drag it along on a leash. Naturally, it sold for \$2. I stole four just to demonstrate in front of skeptical friends.

I envied the stock help. Their eyes were always red and they seemed to have so much fun on the job. They were affectionately termed "RO's" or Fuck-Offs. My brother was an FO. His superiors were scarce and he spent an awful lot of time bull-shitting in the cafeteria. He related adventurous tales of aerosol can fights, behind-the-scenes shoplifting and wanton destruction of stock-ed merchandise. If they had nothing else to do they might disembowel a mannequin for kicks. I believe most of them were studying nights to be psychopaths. How I longed to join their ranks.

The employee cafeteria was an experience in itself. A starving St. Bernard would have turned his nose at the crap they offered for lunch. There were usually two kinds of sandwich; one was composed of what a few employees dubiously described as "mystery meat," a beefy sort of shoe leather from an animal that must have been dead a long time. The other sandwich (I venture it was egg salad but I wouldn't bet my meager paycheck on it), according to the FO's, was referred to as "co-worker sandwich," made from real co-workers. You played Russian roulette with the desserts. The right one just might make you throw up your entire dinner. I won such a round one day with the chocolate pudding, a thick, pasty substance that should have been outlawed along with biological warfare. The taste stayed with me for three days.

The highlight of the cafeteria was the presence of a microwave oven, a revolutionary gizmo that could barbecue a live kitty-cat in less than 30 seconds flat. All the cooking is done without heat, using microwaves, I imagine. It didn't help the food though. No matter how long Phyllis Diller stays at the beauty parlor, she's not going to come back looking like Kim Novak, and that's a fact. Thousands went hungry, rather than submit.

You know what else I found out in the toy department? Santa Claus is a lush, or something closely akin. Santa's headquarters this time around was in the home furnishings department. The reason he wasn't stationed in Toys, I assume, was because if he asked the greedy little beggars what they wanted for Christmas, they might take their cues from the surroundings, some-

thing the mothers might not be too happy about. Anyway, one day after lunch, Santa staggered into Toys, flashed a peace-sign to customers and proceeded to ask me what I wanted for Christmas. His breath, properly tempered, could have dissolved the shellac off a kitchen table. I told him what I thought every good boy wanted in return for 365 days of excellent behavior - a pound of fine Columbian tea. He replied that if he knew the whereabouts of any decent weed he wouldn't be stuck with this dip-shit Santa Claus job. He then fired a clenched-fist salute, reeled into a rotten about-face and proceeded to knock over a stack of Baby Smart-Ass dolls, before regaining his composure and returning to his headquarters. Several youngsters witnessing the scene appeared disillusioned. Reality shes is a heavy trip.

Bamberger's pride and joy must be its security department. We were warned early in our training to be on the look-out for YOU, the shoplifter, America's favorite criminal. The whole system was very 1984-ish; one-way mirrors, tv cameras, plain-clothes "shoppers," an elaborate computerized register process, strategically-placed armed guards and perhaps an anti-tank mine or two for good measure. Despite the extraordinary precautions, however, they forgot to tell us to look out for ourselves. Within three weeks I had stolen

a double-record album, the aforementioned yo-yos, three kiddie books, a miniature racer, two bayberry candles and five ashtrays. I was considered small time by my colleagues.

I rarely took pride in my work, I'm proud to say. I really didn't give a pound of camel crap what the shelves looked like, how much damaged merchandise was on the floor, or how low the stock. I got pissed though; when I cleaned up the shelves only to find the same merchandise out of its boxes again five minutes later following an onslaught by the juvenile demolition squad. So, I took to policing the aisles, playing Joe Cop with the punks. I strode up and down past the Fisher-Price section, methodically stepping on all youthful wrong-doers, reveling to the sound of little hands and feet squishing beneath my boots, or hearing the crunch of an immature skull under my heel. God I felt powerful. I felt like Mayor Daley at Chicago. I probably scared more youngsters out of shoplifting careers than all the security measures in the whole rotten store.

All in all, I found the job to be a richly rewarding, highly educational experience, and like they taught me in school, that's what counts. I can't wait until next year. Wonder if they'll hire me again?

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MA & GAMES AT BAMBERGER'S!



By R. Tadpole

I don't know why I jumped at the opportunity to work in the Toy Department at Bamberger's for the four weeks preceding Christmas. I guess my masochistic streak surfaced when I heard there was an opening. I had originally been assigned to Men's Outerwear, but was a bit hesitant because I don't know the first thing about men's wear. I don't consider myself a man, don't usually give a shit about what I wear and I'm lost when it comes to color coordination. I'm the guy who wore orange socks with a dark blue suit to a high school dance.

Ah, but toys...now let's talk shop. Regardless of what my birth certificate says, I'm

nine years old and will continue to chronologically stagnate to my dying day.

It was with this youthful ebullience that I plunged into training. Following two days of intensive orientation, I emerged from the training room, an eager, raw recruit, my leatherbound copy of *The Sensuous Salesperson* tucked safely under my arm and visions of cash registers dancing in my head. I gleefully entered the toy department wearing my most commercial happy-face smile, ecstasy overflowing in my bosom. I was in my element. Seven and a half hours later I emerged, the remnants of a man defeated in combat. They don't make toy stores like they used to.

To put it subtly, the job was

a bitch. I was naive to assume it would be anything but a bitch. Between the goddamn snotty little brats trying to destroy floor and shelf merchandise and their elegant charge-card carrying mothers catering to their kid's every selfish demand, I was transformed into a horrible ogre, the plague of every department store -- a Rude Salesperson. My cynical attitude sharpened; my sadistic instincts manifested themselves in strange ways; I found myself treating customers with the same common discourtesy with which they treated me. The customer is always right, they say. Well, if so, I'd rather be president.

Fifty shoppers addressing me simultaneously. Do you have

