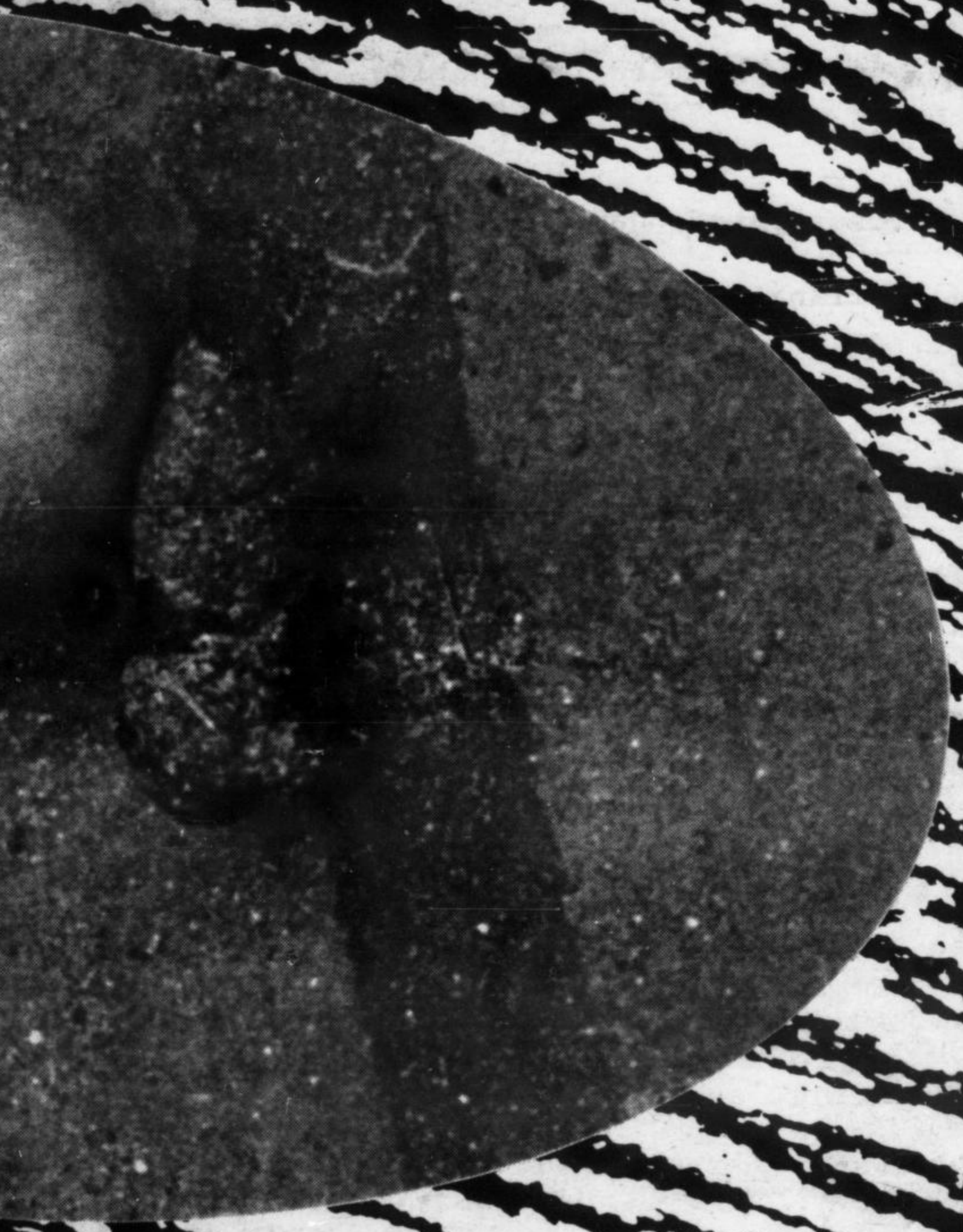


# OTHER THE

village  
east



N.Y.C. 25¢ OUT 35¢  
VOL 7 NO.3 FEB.20



The New York Times/Michael Evans  
While court deliberated  
Clifford Irving, his wife  
Edith, and son Barnaby  
strolled to lunch here

His Rip.

Clifford Irving probably committed one of the most imaginative revolutionary acts of the season.

In what seems to be a masterfully orchestrated game of sequential logic, he exposed the system's affinity for gullible stupidity.

His ripoff has class. When Time magazine made him Conman of the Year, it bestowed on him an honor not to be smirked at. At a time when Ralph Ginzburg is serving time for eros of yesteryear and Al Capp can still buy his way out of a botched up stump job for a mere five hundred beans, Clifford Irving is showing us how it is REALLY done.

When he said: "All the world loves to see the experts and the establishment made a fool of. Everyone likes to feel that those who set themselves up as experts are really as gullible as anyone else." he speaks for us all.

Thanks for the lesson.

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# NIXON'S NEW INITIATIVE

Imminent military moves by the liberation forces and disintegration of the military-political situation in South Vietnam—not just a desire to undercut his electoral opponents—prompted Nixon's latest "peace offer" and the revelation of Kissinger's secret visits to Paris.

Nixon presented his "peace offer" just when signs are mounting that the Vietnamese liberation forces are preparing a new Tet-style offensive. The liberation forces set the stage for this new offensive by smashing American-backed forces in Cambodia and Laos late last year. Now that offensive appears to be evolving into one of big "annihilating attacks" by main force units.. Quan Doi Nhan Dan, the North Vietnamese army newspaper, has announced that the time is now ripe for all-out warfare that would "rapidly change the balance of forces and the situation on the battlefield." (NYT 1/27/72). As of February 1, only 169,000 American troops remain in South Vietnam—of which only about 10% are actually combat troops. Even if he were willing to risk more American bloodshed, Nixon has no significant ground forces with which to respond to a major liberation forces offensive. And Thieu's armies, battered in every major engagement with liberation forces, are pulling back toward the urban areas, particularly the Saigon region.

Defeat and heavy casualties have not only weakened Thieu's main force units, but his army and police-imposed "political stability" is cracking. An essential aspect of a Tet-style offensive is the support or at least passive acquiescence of the urban population. Ngo Cong Duc, editor of one of Saigon's major opposition papers now in political exile in Sweden, declared dramatically: "The time will come when we will

kill twenty American soldiers a day in the streets, in the bars, everywhere in the cities of the South. If the Americans have not completely withdrawn within the coming year, the moment will have come to arm the non-communist opposition, which till now has had no weapons." (LM. 1/25/72).

The American press has been publishing an increasing flow of articles (like the latest Jack Anderson revelations) indication the hatred by Vietnamese civilians against Americans—a hatred that could reach a terrible flashpoint when the liberation forces offensive comes. Le Monde's



Saigon correspondent Jean-Claude Pomonti, who has lived in South Vietnam for many years and speaks Vietnamese, wrote in the most recent issue of Foreign Affairs (January 1972) of a "triple process of disintegration, demoralization, and disaffection" in South Vietnam. And a Saigon university dean, Nguyen Van Trung, in an article published by the New York Times (1/27/72), said: "Americans have oppressed too many Vietnamese for too long a time... In the end the Vietnamese people will destroy the American 'democracy' enforced by American guns."

The NLF is mobilizing this massive urban discontent as the political prong of the offensive. Last October, Nguyen Huu Tho, president of the NLF, called for a broad front of all segments of the Vietnamese population to oppose the Americans and oust Thieu, a figure so detested by the Vietnamese that even his supporters do not hide the fact. The representatives of the PRG, the liberation forces' new government for South Vietnam, have stated in Paris what many in Saigon suspect—that large groups within Thieu's own regime are ready to abandon him and join in a new revolutionary upsurge in Saigon. Nixon's "peace offer" consisted of an eight-point plan submitted to the DRV/PRG negotiators in Paris on October 11, 1971. That plan was to have been discussed on November 20, but on November 17, the Vietnamese cancelled the meeting. As far as is known, no further secret meetings took place. Between those dates came Nixon's speech of November 12, which announced a modest rate of further withdrawals but threatened to keep a residual force in South Vietnam allegedly until all American prisoners

had been returned. On November 20, Pham Van Dong, The North Vietnamese prime minister, arrived in Peking and was greeted with great fanfare. On November 22, he was publicly photographed with Mao Tse-Tung, something the Chinese only do to show the highest policy commitments. To underscore that fact, the Chinese press widely publicized a slogan demonstrating the fullest support for the Vietnamese in their struggle.

In a speech before the meeting with Mao, Pham Van Dong attacked Nixon's Nov-

(Continued from Page 8)

ATTICA DID NOT START  
HERE, NOR WILL IT END HERE.

# ATTICA

it's  
only  
just  
beginning

Taken from the prisoners general statement after the Sept. 13 massacre, this sentence exemplifies both the general context within the events at Attica occurred, as well as the particulars of the struggle at the prison itself. In a very real way it points to the fact that the state authorities have upped the ante for militant action.

The pre Sept. 9 efforts to achieve a minimum wage, religious freedom, proper food, and an end to racism, stretch back over two years. Three months before the 1200 prisoners claimed D yard, this struggle emerged in the form of the now famous "July Manifesto" which called for peaceful negotiations around these issues. After assurances from State Corrections Commissioner Oswald that "change was coming" the men found that the only manifestation of change was the addition of water pitchers to their mess tables. Efforts to expose conditions and enlist public support for their initial demands through press interviews led to beatings and harassment for those interviewed. Exhausting every peaceful means, they took action. The subsequent events are, comparatively speaking, well known. They include the state-murder of 43 men (at least one of whom, it is claimed by state assemblyman Arthur O. Eve, was alive and well after the initial assault). Indictments, against the prisoners, are due at any time.

In an effort to bring everyone up to date on what has occurred since Sept. 13, and to counter the blackout of real news--medical, legal, and general defense efforts--this first letter will be extensive.

**MEDICAL:** Health conditions at Attica had been an issue well before September. The primary responsibility had been assumed by two state-employed doctors, only one of whom was full time. Both have private practices in the rural areas in and around Attica. Both, of course, are not too well prepared to deal with Blacks and Puerto Ricans in any capacity--so much so that medical exams were conducted across a sheet of chains. "Back up" doctors and facilities were provided by the University of Buffalo Med. School only for surgical patients. Other services extended only as far as "epidemiological research" performed on the inmates.

In the hours following the retake of the prison by state troopers and National Guard, some university medical people (14), mostly nurses and med. students, were granted permission to enter the prison, but they were hustled out before they could do much more than patch work. They left dozens of post-operative patients unattended. Out of a total of 400 seriously wounded or otherwise injured men, 50 were judged so critical that transferring them to better surgical facilities, away from the primitive prison facilities, was absolutely necessary. Only 8 were transferred. Several of those not moved were called "ring leaders" by the prison officials.

Fifteen nurses and doctors from New York City, with a court order from a

Federal Judge, were detained for hours at the prison gate, and returned to N.Y. without ever getting inside. Within hours after issuing his order, the Judge faced with the prison officials' refusal to comply withdrew it. At the medical school, several hundred people staged a sit-in and forced the dean to make a statement (three hours later) saying that the medical school would accept full responsibility for the inmates health. He was fired the next week.

What has emerged from the letters we have received from the brothers is simply that medical conditions are worse now than before the events of September. At least eight of the men retain bullets or bullet fragments somewhere in their bodies. Others still have fractures and internal injuries from the vicious beatings they took after the yard was retaken. The nutritive value of the food, always low, is barely at subsistence level. Some inmates have lost over fifty pounds since September.

One brother, just out lost 47 pounds. Diabetics no longer get their proper medicine. Literally dozens of men are still without glasses, hearing aids, dentures--all of which, along with family pictures, books, etc., were either confiscated or destroyed by the troopers and correctional officers. But what is most disturbing is the high level of hostility between the brothers and the prison doctors. Understandable in light of the evidence we are collecting that shows that the doctors are medically, and deliberately punishing the brothers.

Since September, one of the prison doctors has tried to resign.

By the first week January, the medical school has extended its "commitment" by doing nothing but establishing a committee whose sole purpose is to investigate what role the university might play in health care at Attica. To date, not one inmate has been examined by the group. To date, only one other doctor, not of the committee, from the local medical community has volunteered services to us.

At this point we are insisting upon the implementation of those demands from the September Manifesto that pertain to medical conditions. \*We demand a change in medical staff, and medical policy and procedure. The Attica prison hospital is totally inadequate, understaffed, and prejudiced in the treatment of inmates. Numerous "mistakes" are made; improper and erroneous medication is given by untrained personnel.

\*We demand periodical check-ups on all prisoners and sufficient licensed practitioners available 24 hours a day.

**LEGAL:** The ADC office is staffed by Law students, legal workers and others, mostly from the University of Buffalo. The staff, is not large, and efforts are currently underway to expand by involving the local community. We answer about 50 pieces of mail, pertaining to the events of September, per day. We also try to meet small individual prisoner needs, such



## Witness To An Execution!

© by BARRY SATLOW 1972

Eight-and-a-half years ago I watched a man die. It wasn't accidental, but no one would be called to account for it. It was an execution.

Ralph James Hudson had waited a long time to die. In 1961, when he was 41, he stabbed his wife twice with a saw-toothed knife. Now, more than two years later, he walked into the death house at Trenton State Prison in New Jersey, sat down in the big wooden chair 15 feet from where I sat and, shaking slightly, was strapped in by two men ministering to him like valets. That was 9:54 P.M.

At 10:04 he was dead, after eight jolts--each 2,200volts of direct current--had passed through his body.

Men have done worse than Hudson and lived. He was poor, like nearly all men who have died for their crimes--he had been a short-order cook--but he was white, a fact which usually weights the scales of justice in a man's favor. Hudson's mistake was that he killed in public, practically at the public's dinner table, in Starn's Restaurant on the Atlantic City boardwalk. And the public wasn't about to forget it.

Hudson said he was drunk. The witnesses said he looked sober. One of Hudson's lawyers said he was the kind of drunk who never showed it, but everybody believed the witnesses.

He took it up to the state supreme court and then appealed to Gov. Richard Hughes for clemency. In the end it was the same, although Hudson's two years on death row did change him: He added 70 pounds to his 138 pound frame and died pudgy.

(Continued from Page 9)



# ★ • OPINION! • ★

Dear EVO,

I have enjoyed your publication for a long time and think it and the other Underground papers have rendered a much needed service. I am much in tune with the current generation and am very sympathetic toward them since they have managed to do what I wanted to do 20 years ago but was a distinct minority of one. Since my appearance is against me (43 and bald) mingling too freely with any assemblage of freaks, thanks to the efforts of the fuzz and the military, I try to keep abreast of what's happening by reading the underground press.

There is remarkably little that I have been able to find to do to help this movement, since the younger set have been able to say and do it as well or better. The current inactivity and shift toward religious sects has distressed me somewhat and on the two attached pages is a suggestion for re-viving some interest in spearing Spiro in his own field: Would you consider publishing it? You have Carte Blanche to use it as you will and if the law requires such a statement, then there is no charge, fee, payment, gratuity or stipend expected by me as author.

I imagine that there are others like me hiding in the woodwork but I've met only one and he is in North Dakota. We appear to be establishment WASPS, are "gainfully employed", straight heteros, from "good families" of comfortable means, but are actually vipers in the bosoms of all these good people. That great government intelligence service, Internal Revenue, with whom I have a running battle has described me officially as un-American because I oppose them, have no debts, and am not in hock to my eyebrows, nor have bank accounts that can be attached by them.

Keep up the good work.

Very sincerely yours,  
Kenneth H. Mills

From all outward indications, the burgeoning underground of a few years ago is either disappearing, dissolving, dying or totally disillusioned. Underground papers are all suffering financial pains; the various movements have ceased moving; even the Weather-

men are silent. A recent diagnosis by one of the Establishment columnists joyfully proclaimed that the young, the dynamic young, have become convinced that there is nothing that they can do to change the foul system, neither from without nor within, and that their elders are in the unhappy state also of not knowing or even caring about changes and how to bring them about. As a result the young are beginning to withdraw into religious cults and far too many to the heavy drug scene. What follows is a possible solution, a channel for this good and useful energy.

The young lack organization, or rather a central organization to utilize their ideas and abilities. What this organization should be is a political party but not organized along the lines of the current ones nor should it be so overly organized (as everything else in Amerika ends up being) that it can become a new and oppressive governing force - in other words organized as a confederacy of all the dissident groups, each of whom is a hopelessly small minority but collectively a potential political force.

Since men need slogans in order to fight and causes must have names to garner recruits, the name for the party would be a revival of a pre-Civil War and old British use, WHIG. Now the puns are obvious but the following quotes from some writers on the subject of the British version of the party will demonstrate the appropriateness of the name:

John Gwynne in 1655: "...most of them were no souldiers, but country bumpkins, there called Whigs."

Samuel Johnson in 1781: "The prejudice of the Tory is for establishment; the prejudice of the Whig is for innovation."

Henry Hallam, circa 1827: "...A Whig deemed all forms of government subordinate to the public good, and therefore liable to change when they should cease to promote that object."

Sydney Bailey in 1958: "If an institution were failing to fulfill the purpose for which it was created,

the Whig would have little hesitation in abolishing it."

Is this not what the whole underground bit is all about? Such a party or confederacy would certainly have room for Hippies, Yippies, Internationalists, Communists, Amerindians, Blacks, Orientals, Political prisoners, Gays, Women's Lib, and the freaks who are not committed to any of the foregoing groups. The election of one member to national legislative office would wreak havoc in the establishment, more on the first try would be devastating.

A few rules for the governing of this party should be innovative and designed to effect quick national prominence, but as in government where the best one rules least, so it should be with a political party. Two suggestions are:

(1) Limit the age of party members to 37 years until such time that a constitutional amendment can lower the age of presidential candidates.

(2) Establish a system whereby party members must vote or be fined some fee of nominal size whereby failure to vote will hit him where it hurts most. This could be done in a completely legal fashion although it will bring anguished cries from the opposition while ensuring an excellent turnout at the polls. This register of voters would not dare be used for any coercive means otherwise. This worked admirably for the ancient Greeks. Also this system would not in any way require that a voter signify the party candidate but would keep him involved at least. After all, people get only the government they deserve.

The party should also make it a continuing policy to review the immense legal code as it now exists and eliminate, consolidate and re-write it in an effort to make the code concise, understandable and useful, rather than a useful refuge and financial windfall for the legal profession. We have too many Julius Hoffmans already.





## Mingus Mellow Fantastic

by VAN WOLF

The faces were there, certainly the faces were there. Philharmonic Hall was decked with old heads; buffs and beats. Blink your eyes and you had brought back a touch of the 50's and you awaited the appearance of Symphony Sid, to get it together....to swing in the city.

A few nights earlier Charlie had appeared on Sid's late night FM thing plugging the Concert. Some sides from the new album featuring 36 sidemen and 6 bases. It had sounded like Emmerson, Lake and Palmer with Moog synthesizer but instead of Muzorsky, Mingus....I panted with anticipation half the audience was passing weed--the sixties went whizzing past and the galactic time machine brought me back to the Lindsay police state of night-time February 4, 1972---sweet smelling hemp freely ignited and inhaled.... The sold out house heard Bill Cosby introduce Mingus. Looking a good 350, bedecked with necktie and jacket. He shyly acknowledged polite applause, embraced the base...somehow, smiling Teo Masero, the conductor for the evening, was introduced and suddenly 28 or so musicians started playing some shit that Maynard Ferguson was doing in "55"....A few seconds before I had been fantasizing being present

at great moments in musical history...Paul Whiteman at Aeolian Hall circa 1922 introducing Gershwin Jew Jazz to the black tie society. Young George G. nervous at the piano as the clarinet started its weird way up to begin Rhapsody in Blue, and 2,800 prohibition society buffs passed the flask and "came in their pants."

Now I heard the first of what I thought to be a long night with Charlie, blessed my aisle seats and began to recognize familiar faces in the band. There was Gene Ammons and Wow! Gerry Mulligan and Lee Konitz, McPherson, etc. I wondered what they thought... they had rehearsed this shit. The number ended and the a-plause was wild. Fuck-shit, that music was a bore and the audience was stoned, they had just noticed who Charlie had gotten together for the evening for our nostalgia and listening pleasure. But what had Charlie played the other night on Sid's show. That had been dynamite, it had also been 3:00 in the morning. What passes for a sober night in my household. Still 36 pieces 6 bases. It had gone out the next day and bought seats and here I was sort of being ripped-off, again. Sid Bernstein and Bill Graham wouldn't book this but Bill Cosby, A Mingus buff for years, would. He has. Oh well, it's good to see Mulligan,

Ammons, McPherson, Konitz.....Cosby is introducing the second song and also explains that there won't be two intermissions, only one. Man, only one intermission I gleefully elbowed my Lady and say too loudly, "We'll split then." She shushes me impatiently, shit man, she liked the first number. Oh well, she's 25, what does she know about suffering! Or even mediocre Maynard. All she ever knew about Birdland is what she's read in books. I am the average age between all the known Jazz reviewers. Feather, Gleason, Mike Zwerin, Wilson, Nat Hentoff, the other guy, and the funny looking guy with the glasses. In other words almost twice her age. I look around. I had missed a significant part of the audience, most of them are "under 30". Mingus Mellow Fantastic. Wow, they seem to be having a good time. Cosby looks out at the audience, high-assed, adorned with cigar and derby hat. Man, he thinks to himself, I think to myself, a fucking-sell-out, and all I wanted to do was help Charlie. He introduces the second number. It's better. I feel my feet move in their 17 yr-old fleece lined boots. I notice a contemporary across the aisle; he is now Chief Executive of a big theatre chain. His neck moves spasmodically in the fashion of newly turned-on intellectuals

listening to Monk in the 40's. No display, keep it in but dig it man. Be hip, what is this "hep" shit. Oh reefers don't taste the way they used to taste and women's thighs have lost their grip.

The tune ends, the appreciative applause is thunderous. I join the throng. What was that? I look behind me to see if people aren't perhaps standing on their chairs! It's like Janis Joplin at a Hunter College Concert. Charlie removes his tie. This is just the second tune. The black chick, the seat in front of me passes a joint. I take a long toke, pass it on to my chick, she smiles and knows I have no eyes to leave. Mingus Mellow Fantastic!

There are 11 more pieces, some marvelous singing by an Anita O'Day black lady (Honey Gordon). I leave 160 minutes later ---the audience applause and carrying-on---caring for you and what you've done, Charlie, has made them run overtime. Also two well-rehearsed numbers that will appear on the Columbia album have been cut, otherwise we'd have been at Philharmonic till the AM, (the concert started at 8:00 sharp--shades of the Dead?). I am overwhelmed. Charlie, you've brought it all together...bridged the generation gap. The new sound rides in there with the best of the old jazz. It isn't unorganized; it was fun what you and Ammons did a little of the old, but your disciplined sound that flowed free and nice and heroic. That's what got us on. That's your tribute. That's what puts you there with Ellington as America's leading composer and puts you in the Big. 100 years from now Aaron Copland and Bernstein will be hardly heard while your minor works will be hummed by school kids.

Okay. Sunday morning gets to New York. I hear the thud of the Times and the elevator whirrs away. I pull myself awake and think of what I want to do more --stack up a few more Z's---see who won the 4th at Gulfstream! I got 5 win on a maiden named Determined Kate.. What was 34 across in the puzzle....did they

(Continued on Page 19)

# TELEVISION

the buyer and seller  
of people

by maud frank



Television, the magical electronic wonder, can bring into your home anything from Sesame Street to Medical Center to Vietnam. The A.C. Nielsen company plays a big part in the network programming. Nielsen has more power in the T.V. programming than the FCC, PTA, TV critics or even the president.

The Nielsen Company collects data for national network ratings. It has a monopoly in the field of TV number collecting. A rating simply is the percentage of TV viewing households who have their sets tuned to a certain program. The ratings are broken down into more specific categories such as male, female, white, non-white, and different age groups. In order for a show to become a financial success, the six minutes of each hour in advertising time must be valuable. Those minutes are made valuable by a high rating number of the show. Usually on prime time (7:00-11:00pm) a show must have a rating of 17 or above to earn

money.

Nielsen takes two samples of people in collecting their information for ratings. The first consists of 1,200 households with a meter attached to their TV, which records the program that the TV is tuned to every hour. The second sample consists of 2,400 households who keep diaries. They record which members of the family were watching.

The information that the ratings are made up of, is not critical of the shows. The numbers are really not about the shows but rather the people who watch them. In spite of this, shows are cancelled solely because of their ratings being too low. And usually ratings are the main reason for a show to be cancelled. When new shows are created, the formats from previous successful shows are copied. That is why there are so many of the same kind of doctor-lawyer shows, variety shows, and situation comedies. By the way, Marcus Welby, M.D. has a rating of 35.2, which theoretically means that 21,860,000 people were watching him the week that the rating was taken.

In order to understand the Nielsen logic, we must assume that all people basically think alike, therefore they have the same taste in TV shows. Their sample of 3,600 is miniscule compared to 62,000,000 American TV watchers. How can 3,600 possibly represent the opinions of such a great mass?

(Continued on Page 18)



# NIXON

(Continued from Page 3)

ember 12 announcement of withdrawals as a "smokescreen for enlarging the war." In another speech after the meeting, Pham Van Dong stressed the fact that the liberation forces were "developing their active offensive superiority." He prominently mentioned both Dienbienphu and Tet. And he stated that this emerging situation forms "the powerful rear shield of the diplomatic struggle." It goes entirely against the grain of the "Dienbienphu thinking" of the Vietnamese to believe they would slacken in their military pressure in the hope of achieving something at Paris. Offensives are in the works and only a decisive dissolution of the Thieu regime could avert them.

Pham Van Dong obviously told the Chinese that their side had broken off the secret talks with Kissinger--most likely because the public stance of Nixon on November 12 was at such stark variance with the private stance of Kissinger when he presented the eight-point plan. Moreover, while Nixon spoke of more withdrawals, 57,000 Thieu troops were on the offensive and American planes were stepping up their attacks against North Vietnam. But Pham Van Dong also informed the Chinese of the liberation forces' plans for their own new general offensive. He requested and received full Chinese support for those plans, a support attested by the dramatic meeting with Mao Tse-Tung.

Nixon had to make a move in order not to be overwhelmed by events in South Vietnam as he is preparing to go to China. He chose to commit himself publicly to a proposal that had little force of conviction as long as it remained private. The DRV and PRG have always demanded a public response from the Americans to their own seven-point plan offered on July 1, 1971. Since the structure of the American eight-point proposal is modelled on that of the Vietnamese seven-point proposal, it appears to constitute a response. By offering Thieu's resignation a month before new elections, Nixon appears

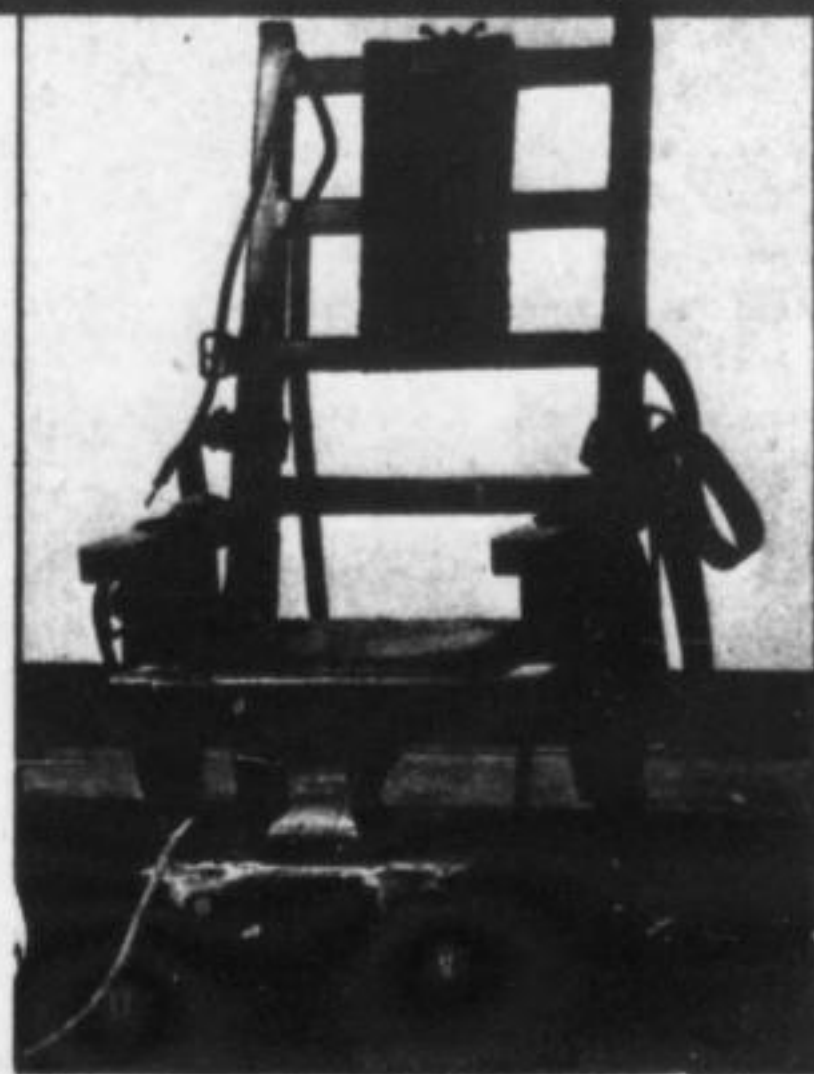
to be scaling down his earlier unconditional commitment to that regime. The proposal also appears to be agreeing eventually to total withdrawal not only of American forces, but of all bases and matériel in South Vietnam.

The fact that the Vietnamese are "studying the proposal" has suggested to some Americans that perhaps Nixon did make some concessions. If he did so it was not out of generosity or even a desire to impress the electorate, but due to the rapid deterioration of the American position in Vietnam. But an unexpectedly sharp response has come from the

Chinese, whom the establishment media had presumed more predisposed towards Nixon than the Vietnamese--they labelled the peace offer as "absolutely preposterous." The allegedly moderate Chou En-lai went even further and said it would be impossible to end the Vietnam War with Nixon's eight-point proposal; (SFC, 1/31/72).

Could the Nixon "peace offer" be a ploy to justify new escalations? Even with all his vaunted air power, Nixon does not have the conventional forces to reverse the tide. And if he used nuclear weapons, he would blow up his own bridge to China, a flashy election-year move on which he is counting heavily to show the American voters that he is inaugurating a generation of peace. By revealing the secret negotiations, Nixon has tried to show that he has for a long time been willing to make more concessions than he was ready or able to do publicly. To escalate dramatically now will not only incur grave new international risks but will blot out whatever points he may have scored with voters with this show of "reasonableness."

The question is no longer one of Nixon hoping for military victory in South Vietnam or even avoiding defeat--it is simply one of delaying or blurring the emerging reality of defeat to avoid out-and-out humiliation. The Vietnamese have no desire to inflict such humiliation, and they offer Nixon a simple way out: withdraw support from Thieu (that is, stop the flow of dollars, supplies, and air support), and his regime will collapse, permitting the formation of a new administration which can negotiate with the PRG. Needless to say, the Vietnamese do not trust Nixon, seeing him as "waslike, stubborn, and crafty." So while they are willing to explore his new offer in Paris, they are escalating the pressure in South Vietnam. Nixon and Kissinger may still hope that by dickering in Paris and Peking they may get a lucky break so that later in this electoral year they can tell voters that Vietnam no longer is an issue. But the tricksters are running out of tricks and only the hard realities of power in South Vietnam count. Never in recent years has the balance of power so favored the liberation forces as in the recent months.



## EXECUTION

(Continued from Page 5)

The press--I was a young UPI reporter--sat in the front row behind a waist high white curtain. It looked like a long, narrow bedsheet and made us spectators instead of participants.

I had an unobstructed view of the electric chair 15 feet away. The chaplain, warden, executioner, three doctors and several guards and policemen were already there on the other side of the curtain near the chair.

It was a small room, with pale blue-green walls, and it quickly filled with 50 or 60 hushed spectators. Besides reporters, there were policemen and detectives who had worked on the case; for them it was the successful end of a long story. Other policemen had come reluctantly, for insertive training.

The speaker of the state assembly was there, an honest man with an honest belief in the death penalty. He was fulfilling a promise to anti-capital punishment constituents who had said, "If you'd ever seen an execution, you wouldn't feel that way." There were others who seemed to have no role or purpose, but no relatives of victim or murderer and no photographers were present.

Hudson entered with two guards. He said nothing. What could he say? He was not a martyr dying for a cause. He could not even simply say, "I didn't do it." He had.

He had entered the restaurant where his wife was a waitress. He said, "I'm going to carve up your pretty face," then drew the knife from a paper bag. He stabbed her spat on her face and said, "Suffer, Myrtle. Suffer the way you made me suffer. Nobody double-crosses a Hudson."

Maybe nobody asked what he meant. To those who watched the condemned man passively going to his death like an excess laboratory animal, it seemed unimportant what he had done or why. The state which condemned him for the premeditation that had made him bring along the knife was killing him in a manner far more efficient, cold, planned, scheduled.

Hudson walked to the wooden chair in carpet slippers and sat down quietly. His two guards fastened leather straps around his waist, chest legs and arms and over his eyes and mouth, catching him between breaths. (Once, years ago, a big black man had filled his lungs and emitted a terrible scream when he expelled the air at the first jolt of

current. An old, pot-bellied reporter I knew had quit coming after that one, his 30th.)

Now the metal cap with its electrode and thick, coiled cord was placed over Hudson's head. The ground was put on his right calf, bared by a slit in the khaki slacks. Maybe any man looks small in the electric chair, but Hudson looked absolutely harmless.

At 9:59 the executioner, an ordinary-looking man with gray hair and a gray three-button suit, slowly turned a large wheel on the wall behind the prisoner.

Ten small glass panes in the wall lighted gradually. There was a zzzt sound, and Hudson jerked back in the chair. The wheel was slowly turned around further, and the panes dimmed and went out. Further, and they began lighting again; further still, they were bright, another zzzt, then around again.

As I watched the turns, glancing at my watch, recording the time of each jolt, I could almost feel the wheel go round, and I braced for the next zzzt: 9:59, one, two; 10:00, three, four; 10:01, five, six; 10:02, seven, eight.

The executioner signaled, "Enough," and shut off the power. The power line was disconnected and discharged, the straps removed, the man's shirt opened.

Three doctors listened with a stethoscope, then, at 10:04, one pronounced the ritual words: "This man is dead."

The putty-faced prisoner had quivered slightly while the straps were being tightened. He had blinked before his eyes were covered, but he had not moved his lips.

The body was removed to an anteroom for the autopsy. The spectators filed out into the cold air. In the courtyard 12 signed as witnesses, but the reporters got into position at the gate for a quick getaway.

The chaplain, a Methodist had been with Hudson in his death row cell all day. He said Hudson had asked him not to reveal his prayers nor what they had talked about in those hours.

The warden, filling in another part of the ritual, said Hudson had eaten most of his last meal, a roast beef dinner. He had shared his after-dinner cigars and cigarettes with the nine other prisoners on death row and with his guards.

Waiting for the big gates next to the death house to open onto Third Street, a block from where we had entered the prison, the warden smiled sheepishly, looked at the death house and said, "They call this the short stop between Second and Third."

When the gates opened and we went out, the ten or 12 anti-capital punishment pickets left quietly.

From a bar, I called in a few paragraphs to be added to the advance story I had put on the wire that afternoon for the morning papers. It had gone according to schedule. All I had to do was fill in the time of death, the color of the walls, and a couple of other details.



Interview with  
**RICHARD NEVILLE...**

# THE WIZARD



# Z

by  
**JAAKOV KOHN**

JK. In the last issue of OZ, you wrote that in the upcoming (fifth anniversary) issue you would explore and offer some solutions to the general malaise and philosophical torpor of the contemporary radical scene. Would you care to elaborate?

RN. What I have done is that I have elaborated not so much on the solution, but on the problem. It is much harder to elaborate on the solution. It is very very hard to discuss it without it taking five hours. A lot of people are talking about their own depression and anger. The way rock music went and where rock music is now and how it has become alienated from the alternate culture. In fact that is symbolic of the much wider alienation and malaise. It's not just rock music. It's everything. Whether it's clothes or styles or whatnot.

JK. The state of rock music is just a symptom.

RN. It is sort of the top of the iceberg. I think that a lot of the initial enthusiasm and collectivism and sense of purpose has died out, yet

there is still a revolutionary constituency. Before the OZ trial, 10,000 people turned up in Hyde Park. Dope was given away free, and it happened without much publicity. They just came because the underground press wanted to organize a rally along the lines of the former "Legalize Pot" rally that took place in Hyde Park some years ago. It was just a coming together just in terms of numbers. 10,000--that's a lot of people. But then people sort of lost their way and I don't include myself from that statement.

JK. That frame of mind dates back to the years of love and laughter and its flower children.

RN. Yes--except that that evolved into a more political direction.

JK. We have all gotten older.

RN. But have we gotten wiser?

JK. Being a Leo---I say yes and I tend to get very upset when I see so many that didn't. But do you think wisdom

was acquired?

RN. I think a new hipketeing was acquired. Village was packaged in I remember when beatitudes were organized in gone. That sense of e N.Y. anymore. But the lot of people wearing spoons around their ne apartments on Fifth Av that in a way regard t of the revolution, but are part of the presid what has happened is t has absorbed the disse of the dissent and is it. In the end, if th failed, it will have a the quality of life sl bably marginally bette times I am dubious. I have a Hugh Heffner as ther than a Nixon. It better for people to g ther than to get drunk wear purple rather tha these things slightly lity of life. Because



to learn to shed his need, for money power, aggression, careerism, in other words the race to the top, trampling on the way, over bodies of millions. We were going to turn ourselves backward. This is why communal living, Woman's liberation, acid--all these things were important. But as you said---this hasn't happened. Vietnam escalated into Northern Ireland--therefore the OZ trial is in many ways totally irrelevant. At the very best trivial--in comparison. A few hundred miles away from where I live, we have British troops shooting unarmed people, for no reason, except that a very small percentage of the Northern Ireland population also happen to be Protestant and also happen to have all the power. That's what it's all about. It's a fight against power. The power of the middle class protestant rides against the working class catholic poor. The religious thing is a secondary issue. It's a struggle for power to the people.

JK. What is your opinion as to the eventual outcome?

RN. No one feels optimistic on the eve of a civil war. I am not a fortune teller. I am naturally hopeful that the British will be thrown out of Northern Ireland but on the other hand, there is going to be an amazing amount of bloodshed for that to happen.

JK. Have the heads in England taken any meaningful position in regards to the war?

RN. Short of going there, which is perhaps what we ought to be doing--we ought to start thinking in those terms--The underground press has covered Northern Ireland extensively. There are groups such as "FREEDOM", who have been there making films. There have been rallies to raise money for the families of the interned--Yes, there is a reasonable amount of support, weekend support. It's like going to the movies--you are going to a demonstration.

JK. To my great distress I find so many young people hopelessly plugged into the system, unwilling to shed the bad habits that tradition has superimposed upon them. At times, there is a bit of pessimism creeping into my mind when I see so many young people hung on the profit motive, who are so completely hung up on the "making it" concept. What happened to the beautiful philosophy? What happened to the last ten years?

RN. The simplistic answer to that is that quite a few got hit on the head by policemen. That made them more political and militant, which was excellent because that was a progressive step forward.

JK. Just to fall into the trap of demagogic sloganeering which essentially was a cop out.

RN. When I say militant, I don't mean picking up guns or going to Karate class. I mean in trying to analyze the causes of the situation we are pretesting against--in other words getting our minds beyond the "hip" fashionable copycat sort of revolution. I think the politicization was a good step, inasmuch

ginal changes in the quality of life which we can call fashion and I include music in it--still depends on converting parts of the Third World into a market place for America and Europe. I am talking about Vietnam. The war hasn't ended--and that is what has triggered the dissent--not only hasn't the war ended, but we reduced Vietnam to such a state, after killing or maiming 10 million people since 1964-- But now they are in a position where, instead of wanting to remain rice growers and living their tribal lives, spiritual, mystical lives---they now all want the Japanese made Honda motorbikes, they now want refrigerators. In other words, we depend on violence. Violence has become our fetish in terms of media, cinema, TV, the new paper "Mobster Times"--to which I am ideologically viciously opposed to--yet it seems to me inevitable because what we deep forgetting is that we depend on violence. even while you and keep talking into this taperecorder, we have to realize that this machine has cost some people their humanity. Because of the exploitation of over two thirds of the world--let's face it, we haven't been able to stop that at all.

JK. Closer home to you--take the situation in Northern Ireland. In Asia, we have white against yellow--but in Belfast, you have the reformation wars all over, with class conflict added for good measure.

RN. It's a class war.

JK. It's a class war, a religious war.

RN. It's a class war complicated by religious bigotry.

JK. With an imperialistic umbrella hovering over it.

RN. Absolutely. It's a war of exploitation. It's about money and power. Everything is about money and power. The optimism some of us derived from the early stages of the revolution was because we felt that man was going

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that it got people thinking about economics, classes and the Third World. Violence in itself seems to me to be in negative attitude. Power may come out of the barrel of a gun if you happen to be fighting in the Vietnam jungle but that's not the same as living down in the East Village. When some of the Weathermen blew themselves up, people suddenly said, "That's the end--I'm going back to Madison Ave". That's the depressing thing that there are an awful lot of people who pass themselves off as hip and revolutionaries who are just part of this great capitalist market.

JK. During the past 10-15 years, there was a tiny minority that rejected the power values and at the same time--was pretty much together. It was an almost invisible brotherhood of heads that generated that, what for the lack of a better word, I'll call the period of enlightenment. Now on the other hand we have a situation where people in the mainstream of American business will instead of the customary offer of a drink, come out with their silver cokes and their golden spoon. Their hair is longer and they may even have a beard. Yet, the question is if all that made any inroads into their heads.

RN. The answer is that the inroad is so minor--what we call in England a lay by--that it is of little significance.

JK. You have been in N.Y. for a few weeks and you saw a lot of people. You are probably aware of the fact that the every is here, yet, so much of it has gone to waste because people have not gotten rid of their old bad habits and they are so involved in internal, insignificant squabbling so that all their energies are really wasted on petty, gossiping feuds. Do you have a parallel situation in England?

RN. I think that on recent issues--such as the OZ trial and Northern Ireland, people in England have been pretty united. Neither is there such a fantastical obsession with one's reputation. Even though people take the piss out of each other, they can still operate as partners. Take the OZ trial, we would meet and plan our strategy. The strategy which we undertook, which was a mixture between getting radical lawyers, walking the tightropes of being political inside the courtroom and still trying to win the case. That strategy was not so much defined by myself, Jim, and Felix, but very much by the community. We had meetings with people whom we regarded as friends and we tried to reach a collective consensus.

JK. You received tremendous popular support. Why, after sentencing you, had a riot in front of Old Bailey started, something unheard of.

RN. It was fantastic. They built a bonfire and burned the effigy of the judge.

JK. It was mindblowing to anyone who ever had the misfortune of dealing with English justice. Enough of the past. What do you consider as the current priorities on our agenda?

RN. What we have today--and this is very relevant to what John and Yoko are trying to do--is to redefine our goals. Whenever one has conversation with movement people you are generally talking about personalities. It is negative. It's like Hollywood at the peak of the Thirties. "Is Rudolph Valentino going to come and dance the tango on my black and white checkered floor?" It's empty gossip and personal Hedda Hopperism and we aren't even making "Gone With the Wind".

What I would very much be a part of is to try and redefine our goals, our objective in relation to this society, in relation to quasi post scarcity capitalism which takes in America and Europe. We have to realize that we aren't living in Brazil or Uruguay. We live here. We have to find our context, to define our goals and strategy and then work together.

JK. Any thoughts on that?

RN. In my letter in the current issue of OZ, I am saying that I am taking a sabbatical from the movement. A year in which I'll go away and think and contemplate for a while. I am very determined to explore a Third World area. Africa, specifically Tanzania, which is the only country in the world which has not declared as its objective to increase its Gross National Product. People have accepted without thinking that their main purpose is to raise the GNP. To have more telephones, more TV, more of everything. Consumerism. Tanzania is trying to improve the quality of life. I would like to drift around there. I am sick of talking. If we are at this dead end, I just want to take a breather and work out an analysis. As to what John and Yoko think, there is terrific high moral purpose there, great energy but it is ultimately going to be a productive and fruitful enterprise or is it going to alienate even more people.

JK. I think that those people who are going to be alienated will just have to be written off. The gossip mongers and those who fall prey to them. There is a whole new generation coming up, a generation which grew up during the past few years, when grass and acid were not the novelty but the norm.

RN. Sure.

JK. I tend to believe that those quasi radicals who are unable or unwilling to evolve will have to be written off. It's a waste of time and energy that should go to the new generation.

RN. Sure, but the disadvantage there is that writing people off as individuals involves making judgements. Let's admit that whereas one tries to be a revolutionary 24 hours a day. No one ever is. All of us are pigs some of the time. The way my mind is fuzzily working, I wonder, either one abandons ship and hit the road, stay stoned and not worry about it. Thus, one participates less in the machine and therefore assumes less of a responsibility. On the other hand there is that constituency. I think about England. There is the alternative of forming a complete new party. It's loose, working name would be Freaks United, obviously freaks is not used in a pejorative sense. The objective of F.U. would be to win an election. I was going to mention this idea to John since one obviously would need a vote catching candidate. As Bernadette Devlin has shown Parliament does not necessarily oppress one make it impossible to operate. Imagine a bench full of Bernadette Devlins and then you would have street politics right in Parliament.

JK. But you will still have the Speaker with his robes, wigs and tradition and the system would thus still remain intact. The characters would hopefully be an improvement on the present lineup, but the system as such would prevail. Here in American, you have a problem. Take Huey Newton who just came out with "No arms, no violence, voter registration, back to church, and black capitalism" which is a total contradiction of everything that was said until now. Then you have a segment that believes that all is for naught--a waste of time and a waste of energy and that indeed the search for an alternate culture, society, system has to be the priority.

RN. But who is conducting the search and how?

JK. The issue is, are we going to accept the system and operate within it and in the course of it go out and beat the drum for any of the more attractive candidates on hand and all this time knowing out front that the personalities don't really matter at all? Does it really make a difference if Nixon, or Shirley Chisholm, Teddy Heath or Harold Wilson are there? I doubt it.

RN. Except if Bernadette Devlin would be in Teddy Heath's place. There would be a difference. The reason I say this is that some people are going to care more than others. For instance, there are currently over 100,000 people without homes. Now any one of us dropping acid or publishing underground newspapers--is this going to alter that situation or is this going to effect the people who are forced to participate in jobs that will bore them for the rest of their lives, monotonous factory function with the only relief being their weekends when they get caught up in that plastic spectacle called football which is just another massaggressive number. Divide any human beings into teams and you have the perfect capitalist sport. An experiment with children currently being conducted at the University of Bristol, showed that whenever you divide any group into teams, they will immediately build up prejudices against each other. Football and the whole sporting cult amplifies this whole tendency of competitiveness and aggression. Even though they talk hippies and take acid--the majority are still caught up in this. Throwing nuts and bolts and watching bloody football games.

JK. It's the national purpose.

RN. Right. The gross national purpose. It's very difficult. Yes, one wants to provide some more homes and be somewhat conventional in that sense and give power to the streets. On the other hand, is one interested in having homes so that people can form families, have children, go to work and watch football on television, and acquire goods? You see, does one reform the structure--and it is important because many people suffer from it--or do we try to blast the whole structure apart. The only way to do that without violence is to change everyone's head so radically that they wouldn't even be interested in consumerism--which is what makes the structure function. If I could press your navel and as a result people wouldn't be interested in what they can get at Macy's. The Revolution would be won. One is interested in two sorts of revolution. On is radical socialism, equalizing income and distributing resources fairly and having common ownership. That's stage one and it is worth fighting for, but there is also stage two.

JK. Can you give me an example where that has worked?

RN. Cuba after Castro has attained a higher quality of life and a fairer distribution of resources.

JK. For one segment of the population. According to reliable information, there are right now black Cubans returning to the same mountains where the revolution started and they in turn are there to fight for the rights they feel they are being deprived of. It's a simple case of racial discrimination. So therefore, my question relates to as whether socialism as such is still a viable solution. Take Algeria--It is a socialist country per say but veiled women are still fifth class citizens.

RN. Hopefully they are working out their own destiny, and spiritually, at least, they are better off than when they were tortured and slaughtered by the French. In spite of all its faults, a socialist Cuba is vastly better than a Batista Cuba. In Engaand workers control of factories would be vastly better than the existing situation with aristocrat managers and so forth. I agree with you that social protest actions are all done under the broad assumption that the race that the whole world is participating in is more or less worth running. It's probably slightly fairer over socialism. Yeh, you and I, when we talk about the psychedelic revolution we ask ourselves whether we want to run the race. But we are the victims of history.

JK. Are we going to accept it?

RN. What are the alternatives? You might go to New Mexico and live in a commune.

JK. Or you might acquire an island in the Pacific Ocean and start a brand new society.

RN. But who is going to stop a psychedelic Hitler coming along and taking over. There may be oil found on the island and somebody would come and exploit it.

JK. In that case we may as well give up now, go uptown, settle for the status quo and ride the dollar trolley.

RN. A lot of people have done that, but we have got to be realistic. Even though my heart is with the people who live in communes, it probably is just a holding action. Let's face it, the objectives of people in the Third World are absolutely those objectives which we are trying to overthrow. All through Asia they are seeing these grade B Hollywood movies. They are seeing people drive around in cars and they want to watch television, too. They want it all. Yet, there are people who romanticize the peasants. Yet, the peasants want nothing more than what Wall Street can give them. We are caught in the

middle---we are fucked!

JK. Are we going to accept it or are we going to search for an alternative? My last question to you is---is this the objective of your sabbatical?

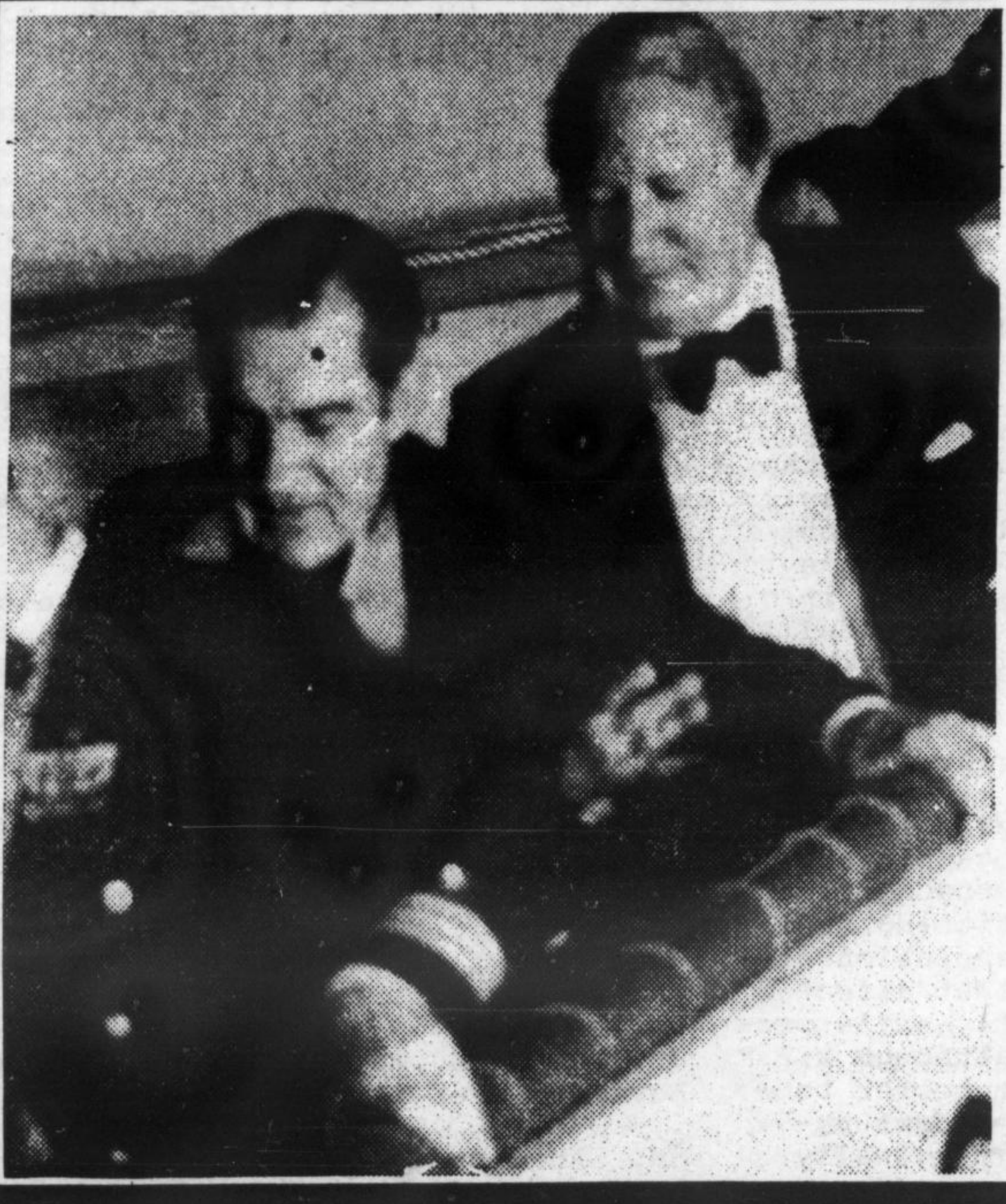
RN. One of my objectives is a period of contemplation and research. Now, having turned thirty, after having been an adolescent up till now, is to work out how best to channel my energies. I am just speaking personally. There is nothing exceptional I want for myself. There is no great material passion. Probably for a while there was a power-ego thing with OZ. I think that has been worked out now because the trial was sort of a climax for that. So therefore, I would gladly trade in Richard Neville for anonymity. Even those things which we are conditioned to---power, name, etc. I think I could do without. How best one can aid and abett the forces of destruction and creation is something I just don't have an answer to. I have kicked a lot of people in the balls but now I am going to try to work out the next stage. It is terribly tempting to go off with a number of people I love and live on some island in the Mediterranean--but that is a cop-out. Maybe we should just charter an amazing sort of a Titanic and take a cruise. In retrospect, perhaps we shall look at ourselves as some sort of a bohemian cult that went through a period of exaggeration because of media. People have always been sitting around Persian bars, spouting revolution. We are probably on the same thing, but it snowballed a bit because we are pretty hip with television.

JK. Plus, with future shock on hand---The absence of manpower, with computers doing the job better, faster, and cheaper, and with it, offer people leisure which in turn freaks them out. I can't help but suspect that the frame of reference that we are dealing with has changed so much so that all that's going on around us, be it positive or negative, is really irrelevant. We have got to relate to the future. That mammoth thing that's going on around us and which in turn makes us all obsolete.

RN. The question is--what to do with our leisure. Hopefully we'll loose our work and find ourselves. Like Don Juan. We'll all become Don Juans

JK. Find our place.

RN. Find ourselves.





What makes the whole thing go around? What can keep your feet on the ground when you want to fly? What can get you off when you want to slide and what is the reason why?? Probably behind everyone's excuses for existence, and the rock and roll dance, is a chick-- a female, a body, a sweet ball of fluff with whom you can dance the boogaloo all night long. Most of the time it's females that keep me going strong, and it is to them that I dedicate this weeks series of flashes and dreams. This week a look at rock and roll scenes from the world of today, and those changes that aren't far away in the never-never land of musical bands and singers that are always singing somewhere over the rainbow. It's all cause of love if you really want to know. I thank all you sweeties out there and away we go.

What can be said about soul sister #1, Aretha Franklin? Atlantic records most valuable talent and the heroin of a million people, releases her new album this week, called Young, Gifted and Black, #sd 7213. It's a collection of a dozen songs done as only she knows how. Some oldies-- Otis Redding's "Been Loving You Too Long"; Lennon and McCartney's "Long and Winding Road"; Elton John's "Border Song"; Burt Bacharach's "April Fool"; and some new ones, written by Aretha herself.

What can be said about her voice? Her en-

ergy? Her motivation for performing? If you don't know where she's at as a performer by now, you might as well go back to lunch. About the only new thing I can tell you about her are the names of some of the people she had help her out on this new record. Some of the best unknowns in the business. Studio men of the highest caliber, cats that not only can read notes but can blow, too. Donny Hathaway--piano; the amazing Hugh McCracken--guitar; background vocals by the Sweet Inspirations and the Sweethearts of Soul; Bernard Purdie on drums; Hubert Laws--flute. On a song she wrote called Rock Steady, which by the way is destined for that million seller mark in the pop charts known as AM Gold, she adds the Memphis Horns arranged by Tom Dowd (who produced the album) and on miscellaneous percussion, Robert Popwell and Doctor John...

Yeah Doctor John. Almost anyone who is anyone from Atlantic records stable of fine artists shows up here and there on this album.

To me, Aretha Franklin is one of the few females in the business who really earns her gold records, not by promotion, not by payola, and not on the whims of a fickle audience looking for bargains on a Saturday afternoon in Sam Goodys. Her million sellers come to her rightly through her talent. One that is unsurpassed. She may just be the number one musical entertainer in the world today. Whose gonna say she's not???

Judy Collins doesn't make bad records. There's almost no way you can hide a talent like hers behind commerciality. Her success is limited to an audience of would be poets and priestesses, ex-folkies, and lovers of soft melodic

Charlie Frick!!



contemporary prose. Who knows maybe with this album her fame will spread. Her name may become a household word as Dylan or Joplin or maybe even Patti Page.

Judy Collins, LIVING, is the title of her new album, living is what it's all about. Her songs reflect pictures and situations in life that many people can easily relate to. The first song on the album is Leonard Cohen's "Joan of Arc."

This album has an audience. It was recorded live at one of her concerts. She was playing for real people not cold glass lined studio walls. It comes across very real in the sounds of her voice.

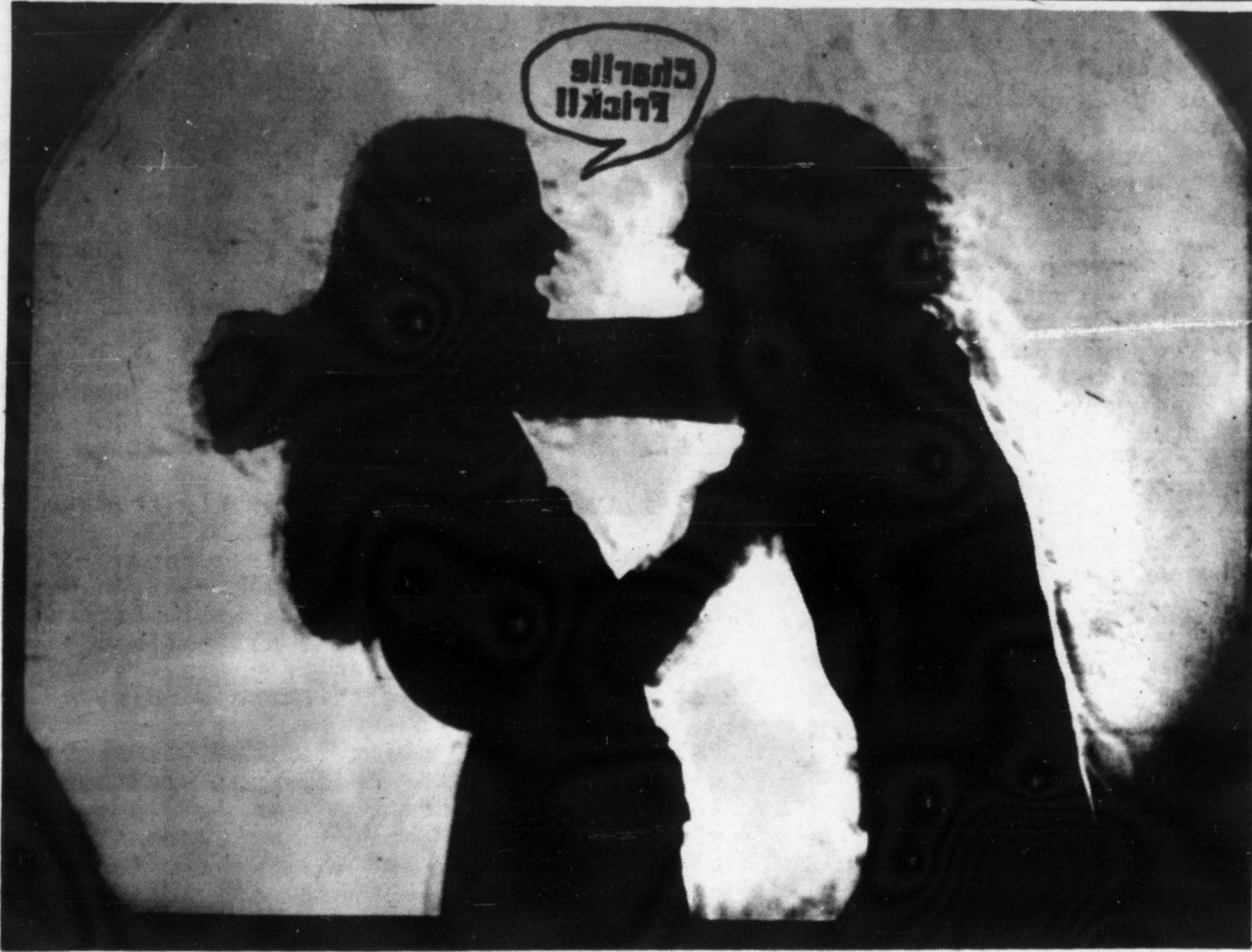
She floats smoothly from acoustic music to songs with piano, electric bass, electric guitar, and drums. Some of the songs have large chorus backing up her vocals. Unlike most other similar situations the album was well

produced and Judy's voice stays on top of the music throughout. That's the way it should be, NO?

Stuck in between all the sweet sounds, all round melodies, is a song called "Vietnam". A reflective musical interpretation of all that place connotes in ones mind. It's an ugly song about an ugly situation and no matter how big a star she is now, or becomes, you won't hear this song on the radio. It's too heavy cause it says true things about a part of every Americans responsibility. It's the truth and the truth sometimes hurts.

Judy Collins, LIVING; Electra Records #eks75014

Another new face, Olivia Newton John, and her album on MCA records called If Not For You. She won't excite too many people possibly cause not too many people know about her. Possibly because no one knows who she is or where



babe who has, in my opinion, a clear shot at that crown of stasis Ruth Copeland. Who??? Ruth Copeland. Another collection of really talented open minded studio cats were put together to play along with her. Material written, produced, and arranged by Ruth Copeland. Very far out, a chick who has complete artistic control over her product. You know, the sounds you hear are the way she wanted you to hear them, and not the way a studio engineer mixed the tapes. Keep this in mind and listen to what she does on her latest record I Am What I Am, Invictus records #smas9802.

Listen to how she sings some old standard Jagger-Richard's cuts, like Gimme Shelter and Play with Fire. It's heavy. Maybe I'm partial to the Rolling Stones music, maybe you don't believe there are chicks that can cut that kind of sound, that kind of emotion, or maybe you just don't like rock and roll with a strong beat. But that cut of Play With Fire has got to be the heaviest 7 1/2 minutes of rock and roll new or old I've heard in too long a time.

Where did she come from? Well, there was another Ruth Copeland album before this, if that answers that question. Called SELF PORTRAIT it was all her own music again arranged and produced as well as performed by her. It had the able assistance of the Detroit Symphony as well as the Choraliers Gospel Singers to beef up the sound. This girl has been around

The album cover says I Am What I Am. The album cover also unfolds to

(Continued on Page 17)

this down for long. Her music is electric rock in spots, other places it sounds like cajun rock, other times like really loose, raunchy, get down blues. There is however in my opinion too much music provided by the back up men that played with her. The album could have spotlighted her talents a lot more than it did. She doesn't remind me of any other female artist I've ever heard. Her material is her own brand of insanity her own look at humanity as it comes whizzing by. I'm looking to give her next album a try when it shows up in the mail. I hope that maybe it'll be something like an Alice Stuart acoustic album. Maybe that's what the money flashing record buying wants to hear from her. The only question is...where did Alice Stuart disappear to????

\*\*\*\*\*

Another young

her album a year or less ago. It went by the name of Alice Stuart Full Time Woman on Fantasy records. All the straight rock press picked up an add or two in a wave of publicity that was unleashed by the top hype people in the business. Still the album remains a mystery to the majority of the listening public. That don't say too much for the power of the promotion people behind this sort of talent. It's amazing how something like this could have slipped by for so long. Like I said, she disappeared after that first blast of publicity. All that remains is this album. All songs written by Alice Stuart, all acoustic and some electric guitar tracks by Alice Stuart. Her magic is spread all over this record. It kind of makes me wonder where she'll pop up again cause you can't keep talent like

roll machine comes to town. Figure she'll be big around the beginning of the summer if all goes well. They (new wave singers) haven't been advertised or promoted in any way what so ever. The record manufacturers take all of this unknown talent and don't even bother to let the public know what's going on. Their attitude towards an artists first record is one of complete indifference. It usually takes 2 or 3 albums before a reasonable cross section of the audience has been made aware of the artist or their talents. Maybe it'll be different and by some strange twist of fate this unknown will fall into favor with the hip hit power sounds on the AM dial. Wait and see a while longer. \*\*\*\*\* Alice Stuart the most unknown of all the female unknowns disappeared after the release of

she came from. Neither do I, but her album cover a face beaming with a million dollar smile, would lead you to believe she's just another pretty face who made it into the record business. Her voice is another story all together. It's almost perfection in a very strange way. To quote Shakespeare: "...soft as the sinews of a new born babe." An interesting sidelight to this almost unknown album is the talents of Bruce Welsh and John Farrar (from the album Martin, Welsh and Farrar). They were responsible for the production and arrangement of most of the music on this album. Who are they? Just another bunch of relative unknowns. Like others in this column, Olivia Newton John is riding the wave that will be lapping up the against the seashores of your mind the next time the rock and

"Black South Africans felt that, if nothing could be done to stop the system, Polaroid film could be an asset. They would not have to stand in the sun so long (waiting for their passbook pictures to be taken)... One intellectual told me that the 'pass camera' was good because it only took a few minutes of humiliation to get the picture done."

Chuch Jones, black member of the Polaroid 'fact finding' team, upon the team's return from South Africa.

On December 30, 1971, the Polaroid Corporation announced its intention to keep distributing its products in South Africa. It declared that in the time since January 13th of last year, its "anti-apartheid experiment" had "exceeded the expectations of many".

The Polaroid "experiment" was the company's justification for continuing business as usual in South Africa. It came in response to a protest and boycott launched by black workers within the Polaroid Corporation's Cambridge headquarters. The protest brought to public attention the fact that Polaroid, while maintaining a liberal image in the United States, had for 30 years been enjoying profitable business relationships in South Africa. These relationships included providing the racist white minority government of South Africa with the Polaroid instant ID2 system, used by the government to take pictures for the passbooks which all blacks are forced to carry.

The Polaroid Workers Revolutionary Movement Demand:

1. that Polaroid announce a policy of complete disengagement from South Africa.
2. that Polaroid announce its position on apartheid publicly in the U.S. and in South Africa.
3. that Polaroid contribute profits earned in South Africa to recognized African liberation movements.

In response to these demands, Polaroid launched a slick and costly public relations campaign. It sent four employees, two black and two white, on a ten day "fact finding mission" to South Africa. Upon their return, Polaroid took out full page advertisements in every major paper in the country, declaring its "abhorrence" of apartheid, but its intention to try to "push the door on South Africa further open, (rather than close it)". The advertisements stated

that Polaroid would not terminate its business activities in South Africa, but would undertake an "experiment" of one year's duration, to: 1) "improve the wages of non-white workers", and to train them for "important jobs", and 2) financially support educational betterment for blacks, to the tune of \$75,000.

The ads announcing the "experiment" cost Polaroid at least \$100,000, \$25,000 more than their total commitment to the experiment itself. Now, one year later, it has reported back to the American public on the "success" of its venture.

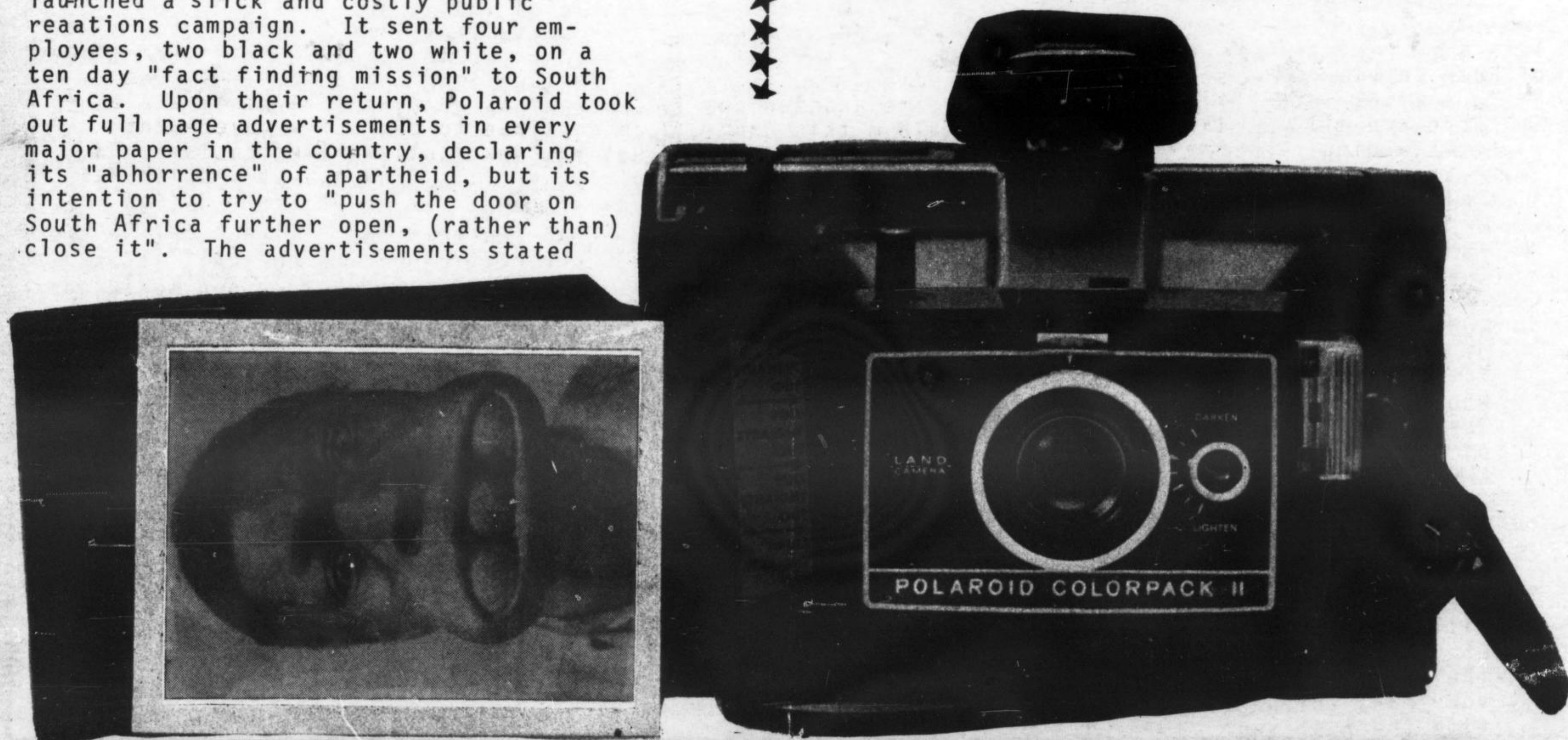
This "success" requires careful scrutiny.

The Polaroid experiment called for a "dramatic" improvement in non-white wages by its local distributor in South Africa, and the initiation of a "well-defined program to train non-white employees for important jobs within the company."

Polaroid's first claim is that its local distributor, Frank and Hirsch, has "been engaged during the past year in a program of wage and benefit improvement for black employees", and that wages "for black employees have increased an average of 22% during the year."

While average African salaries have gone up, Polaroid has failed to mention that more than 1/4 of Frank and Hirsch's black employees still receive an average wage of R58 (\$75) per month, well below the Johannesburg povertyline of R70 (\$91) per month. In addition, Frank and Hirsch continues to hire African clerks at the lowest possible salary allowed by the South African government (which is also below the Johannesburg Povertyline). Financial Mail, a South African business journal, questions how Polaroid "can justify itself to its U.S. detractors when its distributors still pay some employees the minimum rate allowed by law."

Far more important is the fact that the difference between white and black salaries still remains enormous. Even the





# liberal friends

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top black wage earners in South Africa cannot hope to receive anything close to the average salary given to white wage earners.

But above and beyond the specifics, is the fact that, in South Africa, it is illegal to promote any significant wage or position improvement for African people. When Polaroid tried, in its first attempt to counter protest, to assert that its distributor in South Africa was an equal opportunity employer, a spokesman for Frank and Hirsch quickly replied: "I do not know where they could have obtained such a statement. We are governed by the laws of the country. Would they allow the existence of such a policy? It is impossible." (Johannesburg Star, November 21, 1970).

In South Africa, it is against the law for any black man to occupy a position senior to any white man in the country. The Minister of Labour, Marais Viljoen, asserted vehemently during the height of the Polaroid crisis last year, that he would "act within hours" if a white worker anywhere in South Africa was placed under the authority of a non-white. The appointment by Frank and Hirsch of eight additional African "supervisors" is ludicrous tokenism at best, and the limits to this tokenism remain openly and sharply drawn by the racist white minority government of South Africa.

The other half of the Polaroid "experiment" has to do with contributing to the education of blacks--- which Polaroid declared last January to be the key to change in South Africa. Toward this end, Polaroid boasts of having contributed \$10,000 to the U.S.-- South Africa Leadership Exchange Program, which brought two blacks, a librarian and a clinical psychologist, to the U.S. this year. In addition \$15,000 was contributed to a "black organized and operate institution", the Association for Educational and Cultural Advancement (ASSECA), and \$50,000 to the American-South African Educational Trust (ASSET).

What Polaroid does not tell us is that the overwhelming majority of the people they choose to send to the U.S. are shites many of whom are advocates of the racist policies of the South African government. What Polaroid does not bother to clarify is that ASSECA and ASSET are not institutions that may act autonomously to promote educational programs over which the government has no control. Most fundamentally, what Polaroid does not and cannot deal with is the fact that in South Africa, all black education is under the direct control of the government. It is the law in South Africa that all African education must be education for servitude. The government's Bantu Education Act states explicitly that the "Bantu (the black) must be guided to serve his own community. There is no place for him in the European community above the level of certain forms of labour." The man under whose aegis this act was passed, Hendrik Verwoerd, former Prime Minister of South Africa, stated his intention in plainly understandable language: "I will reform it (the educational system for Africans) so that Natives will be taught from childhood to realize that equality with Europeans is not for them." Any amount of money which Polaroid gives, be it \$75,000 or 75 million dollars, only serves to aid the South African government in more efficiently education South African blacks for inferiority. Polaroid has systematically refused to acknowledge these facts.

The real success, the real significance of the Polaroid "experiment" is its development of a new public relations facade. Behind the facade, over 300 American corporations operating in South Africa can continue to support a government that has institutionalized racism, and to reap profits from a system which has made the humiliation of human beings by their fellow human beings a way of life. We can expect in the near future, to see other American corporations, corporations with a large stake in South Africa, such as General Motors, launch their own "experiments", equally meaningless for black South Africans. African liberation movements, and countless United Nations committees which have studies on South African racism have called for economic withdrawal as a means of beginning to weaken the base of South Africa's white ruling elite. During World War II, trading with the Nazis was considered a crime. Collusion with the South African fascists, in any form, is no more justifiable than was collusion with the Nazis. The Polaroid Workers Revolutionary Movement has called for a continuation of the boycott against all Polaroid products.

# FRICK

(Continued from Page 15)

refeal a third life size picture of Ruth Copeland. She's a tight looking scrounge all right, standing there in blazing flesh toned full color long legs, long arms, long flowing hair cascading over her shoulders, yeah she's selling something, it ain't rock and roll.

Her sexuality drips off the music like strawberries from a jelly doughnut. It's got to be jelly cause jam don't shake like that. It's for that reason and that reason alone, not to mention her talent, she might be the one to cap-

ture the next wave of chauvinistic fascination all pimply teenagers have for horny looking rock and roll stars. It's what makes records sell sometimes the kines between the lines.  
\*\*\*\*\*

My apologies to Sandy Denny and Merry Clayton for not checking them out live when they were in town last week. Apologies go also to some other female singers both old and new that newspaper space restrictions wouldn't let me get into right here and now. I'll tell you their names any-how....

Annette Peacock, a fascinating experimental jazz rock electronic

vocalist from the electric mecca. Labelle and Laura Nyro's recent adventure together into the land of rock and roll. Cass Elliot of Mamas and Pappas fame and her new album, this one's really off the wall.

And my hat's off to a female vocalist whose name I don't even know. She sings a couple of the tracks on Cornette Coleman's new album

called Science Fiction. Special thanks go out to all of those teen- aged queens with rock and roll dreams that make the whole thing possible. Happy Valentines Day, girls, you deserve MUCH better.

## Mingus

(Continued from Page 7)

review the Mingus thing and how did the Knicks do? I opt for more sleep and immediately fell-out. When 3 hours later I had the Times on my chest I remembered having even gone through the Book Section before I got to John Wilson's review of the Mingus Concert. Having been held on a Friday evening this review could not appear on the amusement page. The Times Amusement Section goes to bed (a curious but true expression of the Times), the previous Wednesday. Therefore the John Wilson opinion of that evening appeared between Obituaries and Wedding Announcements.

Oh John Wilson, Mingus and his Friends "...did you leave after the first number." I remember the ditch in which I almost got frozen. Did that happen to you? Oh so many things can make one person experienced as they might be in the field, feel one way. Even one way one time, another way the next. John Wilson you are entitled. Even to bring in the ribald history of Charlie Mingus' past moments. You depicted this genius in a negative light for a happening 10 years before. Cool man, 10 years later, here is the same man, beloved by his peers, respected--venerated by the greatest Blowers of his generation coming up with a molding of that which has always been there.. with the new. Charlie, Loyd tried it, Miles has been trying, Mingus Mellow Fantastic has tried and succeeded. Mr. Wilson didn't you see that?

Remember years ago when Richard Goldstein reviewed the Beatles new album also for the Sunday Times (that was even more embarrassing ....it was on the Amusement Page)? Goldstein blasted the album as inept and not up to the Beatles previous highly held standards. Of course the title of the album was Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.... Mingus Mellow Fantastic.... indeed incredible!

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If your bag is getting involved, than consider me. I am an inmate at the Md. Correctional Inst.. Been on this trip 4 yrs. But this bumper ends in March 72 I'd like to get my head straight by exchanging viewpoints on the system, ecology, drugs etc. Write: Mike Buchta 101910, Bx 2000 Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740

WANTED: Investor(s) ecologically minded in young architects who own 40 acres of mountain paradise in Marin County California adjoining state park. 360 view of ocean, mountains, meadows, lake. Will pay 10% on suitable loan(s). Write: Brook, 27-95, 16th street, Sf, Cal, 94103.

MODELS- TV Producer can use several black male models 18-25. Call 269-3652- if no answer keep trying.

PHOTOGRAPHER seeks female model, white, 25-35 who shares my interest in experimental & glamor photography. No pay, but I'll make you a full set of 8x10 enlargements plus giant poster size print. Strictly NOT COMMERCIAL. Call only if you really enjoy being photographed and are not afraid to experiment. Call JERRY LM4-7142 weekdays 10-4

(Continued from Page 8)

## T.V.

The TV advertisers, who have made our society so small and germ conscious, use the Nielsen numbers to guide them in deciding which shows would best suit their product. A show with the right kind of audience and a rating of 15 might be better for them than a show with a rating of 17 and an unsuitable audience. By this I mean, a feminine hygiene spray company would probably want a predominantly female audience. In the eyes of the networks, TV viewers are not people, they are merchandise, sold to the advertisers in numbers, more or less like \$25 a dozen, the price varies.

In local ratings, the New York area educational TV (NET), ranks very poorly compared to the three networks. Other shows that supposedly had intellectual or artistic wealth also have rated very poorly. TV has become a habit for millions rather than a tool with which to feed their minds. The kids come home from school, TV goes on and stays on till bedtime (The Partridge Family has a rating of 39.9 in the age group 6-11). The vicarious thrills, chills, and laughs, are such an important part of the lives of millions.

And looking into the future, maybe they will invent TV screens that are bigger than life size. And traveling even further into the future, they will completely eliminate the box and send TV programs through the air, straight to our brains. And then will Nielsen control our thoughts?

Moral: Some pigs satisfy their appetite.

Once a pig met a wolf, and they got to talking.  
The wolf said to the pig, "Why don't you come to dinner with me?"  
So he came and the pig ate him.

FABLE

By Vincent Titus

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NEW VIDEO DOCUMENTARIES  
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2 HOUR PROGRAM

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# ATTICA

(Continued from Page 4)

as the reprinting of a particular case or helping families send in Xmas packages,

## Status of Legal actions:

A. Inmates of Attica v: This is the original case (mentioned under medical) stemming from the order issued Sept 13 by Federal Judge Curtin, allowing doctors and lawyers into the prison. Curtin reversed himself the next day. The action sought several types of Federal relief, including an injunction against brutality. Curtin denied all relief but the Court of Appeals reversed him and ordered him to enjoin all physical abuse. He subsequently, ten days later, issued such an injunction. The injunction left open the question of placing Federal monitors inside the prison. That question is currently under argument. Recently persons in HBZ (segregation) refused to fold their arms or face the rear of the elevator when going to see counsel on the belief that such treatment constituted harassment in violation of the injunction. Curtin again did not accept our argument in this area. Information on harassment is being collected for future litigation.

B. George Nieves, et al v: Under this suit, Federal Judge Handerson issued an injunction barring the state from conducting any further Administrative hearings on events of Sept 9-13. Our argument was that anything a prisoner said at such a hearing could be used against him before the Grand Jury.

C. 6 Co. Suit: The object here was to secure the release of the men in segregation. We argued that segregation was punishment. Since on one was allowed a hearing (above), such punishment was being conducted without due process. Hearings could not be held because, as long as the Grand Jury was in session, anything a person said could be used against him. We argued that people could not be put in the position of bargaining one right away in order to secure a second right. The rights of due process and freedom from self incrimination are both

constitutional rights. Curtin did not accept this argument, deciding that segregation was not punitive. In addition, the case was filled with certain prisoners wishing to act as their own attorneys. Curtin refused to allow them to appear in court, thus denying them effective counsel of their own choosing.

D. Center of Constitutional Rights Suit: This suit seeks three types of relief from the Federal Courts. 1) the inmates of Attica are asking the court to insure that there will be a fair and impartial investigation of ALL alleged criminal acts, including those relating to the behavior of the National Guard, Corrections Officers and State Police. The suit asks the court to appoint an impartial prosecutor. 2) The suit asks the court to appoint an impartial prosecutor, as well as federal officials to investigate the alleged violations of federal civil rights laws. 3) The suit asks the court to put the N.Y. prison system under federal administration (receivership).

The above suit, in the process of its argument, gives the best account of the Sept. 13 massacre and the subsequent events. We have translated it into civilian language and are making it available to any one who wants it. Also let us know if you want other materials: posters, a film.

The Grand Jury investigating the Sept. 9-13 events was impaneled on Nov. 29 in Warsaw, N.Y. It consists of 23 persons. 12 are needed to hand down an indictment. On the morning the Jury was impaneled, attorneys for the ADC made three motions before State Supreme Court Justice Ball: 1) The Jury should not be composed solely of Wyoming county residents (many of whom are friends and relatives of prison guards and officials) since the county population is not reflective of the prison population; 2) Since the prosecutor was asking questions of prospective members of the grand jury we asked for the same right. In the absence of that right, we asked that neither party ask questions and that only the judge do the selecting; 3) We argued that the placing of men in segregation was analogous to arrest, and moved that these men be

released to general population of charged and arraigned. ALL THREE MOTIONS DENIED.

## GENERAL DEFENSE:

Conditions--Over 300 inmates are still being held in segregation.

--Others, presumably defense witnesses have been transferred to other institutions and isolated.

--Abuse by Correctional officers has intensified: midnight strip searched, cigar butts in food, windows broken deliberately from the outside in sub-freezing weather.

--The prison continues as a slave labor camp, turning out office furniture in the metal shop for Albany, at 40¢ per man, per day. Prisoners who refuse to work are, at best, confined to solitary.

--The numerous law suits (listed above) that have been brought against the state to stop the abuse and harassment, have either been denied, or ruled upon in such a way as to make them unenforceable.

--Summonses issued by the prosecutor for the grand jury have been based upon information gathered through illegal electronic surveillance in the cell blocks. (A hearing to stop this has recently been denied)

--Hooded witnesses have been brought from the prison to testify before the Grand Jury.

--Forced "immunity" has been given those who have been hesitant to testify.

## INDICTMENTS ARE DUE AT ANY TIME!

Please help by sending money.

All of these efforts take money, money which we do not have. The funds it will take to send out this newsletter and appeal will just about break us. Unfortunately, because Western New York, and especially Buffalo is a particularly conservative area, we cannot rely on it even for funds to run the office. Also, because Buffalo is a primarily working class, industrial city, the money is not available.

A brother in prison wrote us saying: "It is no crime to be in here, for Amerika itself is a prison with a flag. You are just as much in prison as I am. The only difference is that the pig gives you a little more walking room than us. But our struggle for freedom is your struggle."

## Materials Available

For more information, or, for any contribution please write or send to:  
Attica Defense Committee  
816 prudential Building  
30 Church Street  
Buffalo, N.Y. 14202

