

THE east village OTHER

PRESENTS

RAT

Washington was black and lonely, even the bone white buildings gave no warmth, only the darkly dressed people carrying flickering orange candles on the Death March gave warmth to the frost on Pennsylvania Avenue. The names of the dead had all been carried but we marched with them to the stone white Lincoln Memorial; to the Ellipse, where those who had carried names of the dead put them into dark coffins.

Three hours in the cold made us flock to Saint Marks church which was a nearby eighteenth century red brick building in a quaint section of town. Inside we were warmly welcomed by the Reverend. And warm people busily planning and preparing free food at the altar. People slept on the amber floors which smelled of linseed oil.

Saturday morning was bright and sunny. The Washington monument shone like the few white clouds in the water blue sky. Everyone's face had life, like the rippling red and yellow flags. The streets were yellow, only the trees had no leaves. The March down Pennsylvania Avenue was solid and hopeful, but to many people's disappointment there were very few black marchers. Along the perimeters of the march were shivering peace Marshalls holding the line and jiddering from side to side in their frosted blue jeans.

The Rally was a field of bright colors and ruffling banners held beneath the towering phallic symbol and the sky blue reflecting pool. All the green grass rapidly turned into a pool of life.

(CONTINUED ON 18)

WASHINGTON



PHOTO: CATERINE MILINAIRE

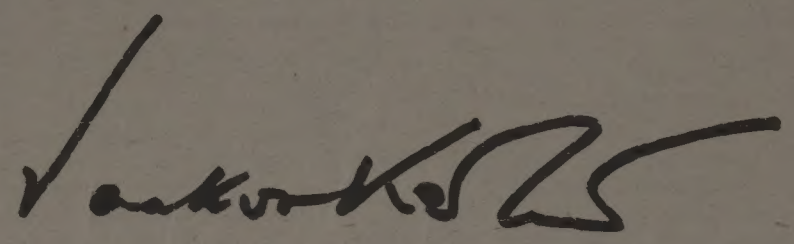
HIRAP

THERE WERE PROBABLY FEW WHO CAME TO WASHINGTON LAST WEEKEND TO GET THEIR ROCKS OFF. THERE WERE SOME WHO WENT THERE LOOKING FOR SOME KIND OF ACTION OF WHICH THEIR MUNDANE LIVES ARE PROBABLY DEVOID AND A FEW CAME FOR THE LACK OF ANYTHING BETTER TO DO. BUT THESE WERE THE FEW. THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THE 800,000 WHO MADE IT IN SPITE OF THE DARK THUNDEROUS CLOUDS OF ARMAGEDDON SO DOURELY PREDICTED BY JOHN MITCHELL, MADE IT A HAPPENING OF THE HIGHEST ORDER. IT WAS A HIGH MANIFESTATION OF THE DETERMINATION OF THE VOCAL MINORITY THAT RICHARD NIXON IS TRYING SO FERVENTLY TO LUMP TOGETHER WITH HIS NIGHTMARES OF YESTERYEAR. THESE WERE COMMITTED AND WITH IT PEOPLE WHO MADE THEIR POINT IN SPITE OF ALL THE SHIT PUT IN THEIR PATH. THESE WEREN'T PEACE PICKNICKERS (OH, HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE LAST YEAR'S MARCH) NOR WERE THEY ACTION FREAKS LOOKING FOR A CONFRONTATION NO MATTER WHOM THEY CONFRONT. THEY CAME FROM AFAR AS CANADA AND MEXICO TO BE TOGETHER AND MAKE WITH THEIR SHIVERING PRESENCE A MOST MEANINGFUL MANIFESTATION OF THEIR DISSENT. IF THEIR SEEMINGLY ENDLESS CHANTING OF "ALL WE ARE SAYING IS GIVE PEACE A CHANCE" MADE THEM A "LOUD" MINORITY, THEN THAT IS WHAT THEY WERE. BY THE SAME TOKEN IF BARRICADING ONESELF BEHIND A GHOSTLY LINE OF IDLE BUSES AND HERTZ RENT-A-TRUCKS CONSTITUTES SUPER PARANOIA THEN THAT'S WHERE RICHARD NIXON WAS AT. IT REALLY DID NOT MATTER. NEITHER DID THE BURNING VAPORS OF CN - PEPPER GAS WHICH HOVERED ALL OVER THE CITY BECAUSE JOHN MITCHELL INSISTED ON GETTING HIS ROCKS OFF. NOTHING REALLY MATTERED BECAUSE THE PEOPLE WHO MADE NOVEMBER 15TH HAPPEN DID NOT LOOSE THEIR COOL. THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON ASSERTED IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS THE GROUND RULES OF THE GAME. NO MATTER WHAT THE NOXINS, THE WENGAS AND THEIR COHORTS WILL HALLUCINATE, THE EFFETE EUNICHS OF DISSENT AREN'T ALWAYS WILD BEASTS RAVAGING THEIR ENVIRONMENT. NO MATTER HOW FERVENT THE COLD WAR PARANOIA OF THE MCCARTHY LEFTOVERS MIGHT BE, THE 800,000 HAVE ASSERTED A FACT THAT A MILLION PHONY TELEGRAMS ON THE WHITE HOUSE DESK CANNOT DISPUTE - ALL OF US, YIPPIES AND DIRTY LIBS ALIKE ARE SICK TO DEATH WITH THE DEATH AROUND US.

MUCH WAS MADE OF THE MARCH ON THE DEPARTMENT OF INJUSTICE. SINCE IT'S INCEPTION IT WAS A HOTPOTATO NOBODY WANTED TO COME TO TERMS WITH. THE NEW MOBE COMPLAINED ABOUT NOT HAVING BEEN CONSULTED IN ADVANCE - AN EGOWEAKNESS TO BE EXPECTED FROM AN ORGANIZED STRUCTURE WHICH TOTALLY VINDICATED ITSELF WITH THE FANTASTIC JOB IT EVENTUALLY DID. THE STREET GUERRILLAS FUCKED THINGS UP BE COMING FROM THE REAR WITH FLYING SHIT WHICH IN TURN SPOILED A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR A CONFRONTATION WHERE MITCHELL'S HAND WOULD HAVE BEEN FORCED. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IN KEEPING WITH THE MOOD OF THE DAY. THE PIGS OVERREACTED AS HAD TO BE EXPECTED. THEY SHOT THEIR WAD OF GAS ALL OVER THE CITY WHICH IN TURN GOT THE NATIVES TOTALLY PISSED. PERHAPS JUST BECAUSE IT BUMMED WILL THE MARCH ON THE DEPARTMENT OF INJUSTICE SERVE AS A REMINDER OF THE INSEPERABILITY OF THE CURRENT POLITICAL PERSECUTION AS PRACTICED BY NIXON & COMPANY, FROM THE ANTI WAR MOVEMENT AT LARGE. THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL IN CHICAGO IS AS MUCH ON OUR AGENDA AS THE GENOCIDE IN VIETNAM. THE PERSECUTION OF THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY IS AS PERTINENT AS THE LEGAL HARASSMENT OF TIM LEARY.

ALL TOLD, THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON WAS SUCCESSFUL. IT REACQUAINTED US WITH OURSELVES AND MADE US MORE AWARE THAN EVER THAT EVEN THOUGH WE ARE CONFRONTED WITH THE PARANOID SOFTBELLY OF THE PLASTIC SOW, NOTHING CAN DETER US FROM BURSTING IT - THAT IS IF WE DO KEEP OUR COOL.

NOVEMBER 17, 1969



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| JOEL FABRIKANT ALLAN KATZMAN ARTHUR FELDMAN FLICKA DE MOID D.A. LATIMER DAVID WALLEY IRVING SHUSHNICK CLAUDIA DREIFUS ALEX GROSS LITA ELISCU DON KATZMAN LIL PICARD MANUEL RODRIGUEZ (SPAIN) AL SHENKER KIM DEITCH HETTY R. CRUMB STEPHEN KOHN ARTHUR RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN LORDAN | GILBERT SHELTON (CHICKEN HISTORIAN) PAUL ZAK ZAVORSKAS CANDY S. CORNFLOWER DON LEWIS TIMOTHY LEARY LONDON: MILES PARIS: J. J. LABEL AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG NORTH: THE KID Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate). The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Avenue, N.Y., NY 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (52 issues). Copyright 1969 The East Village Other, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Sale to Minors without written consent of their parents is prohibited. | <p style="text-align: center;">THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER 105 Second Avenue New York, New York 10003</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Please enter my subscription. <input type="checkbox"/> Please renew my subscription. <input type="checkbox"/> I have enclosed \$6 for a one-year subscription. <input type="checkbox"/> I have enclosed \$10 for a two-year subscription.</p> <p>NAME</p> <p>ADDRESS</p> <p>CITY STATE ZIP</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 2em;">• subscribe •</p> |
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HAPPPYY BBIIRRTTHHDDDAAYYY SSSTTEEEPPPHHHEENN!!!!!!!!!!

REPORTS ON BOMB PLOT

by Jeff Shero

Almost five years ago an idealistic SDS turned from the issues of civil rights and poverty and organized the first March on Washington. When twenty-five thousand turned up to demand an end to the war, critics were astounded, and organizers jubilant. The press discovered the new left, and a generation was turned on to the dream of reforming America.

The plan was straight-from-the-shoulder optimistic Americanism. SNCC, The Student Non Violent Coordinating Committee, (think how liberal and antiquated that sounds now) would organize poor blacks in the South; and SDS ERAP would organize poor whites in the Northern cities into a new force to tip the pluralist balance scales bringing about the renovation of decrepit America.

The idea seemed plausible. Organize the politically powerless, as a lever for needed change. Students dropped out of their universities, gave up privileges, moved into the white ghettos, developed new accents, and went to work. A long series of unsuccessful rent strikes, welfare demonstrations, and local political campaigns began.

For the bright-eyed militants of the new left the dream quickly corroded. They had said, "The hell with theory and ideology, and abstractions—lets see what changes can be made, let's give it a try." The lessons came hard and fast. Frustration sank hope. Attempts to bring change eventually ended with the same equation: hope plus energy, when applied within the system, produced defeat. The projects closed down; SNCC in the South; SDS's ERAP in the North. The legacy of the inflexibility of the system was the left-over.

Draft card burnings, Teach Ins, Vigils, marches, non-violent demonstrations culminated in the persistent and aggressive disruptions of President Johnson and his political allies. LBJ and the Democrats were defeated—but the war somehow managed to go on. The new left billowed into a hundred factions, split over questions of analysis and style. Yet most who stayed active for even the shortest time began to realize that we in America with eight per cent of the world's population owned half the world's wealth. It became clear that Vietnam was more than a colossal mistake, undisputably the outgrowth of a policy of third world economic domination and control. Some called the process Imperialism, and those activists whose tongues curled on the word still acknowledged the facts of the case.

The last year, with the draft breathing heavy on many necks, and feelings of moral outrage compounded by a sense of impotence and frustration, produced fire- and dynamite-bombings, a seldom publicized fact of American life. Draft boards in a dozen cities were attacked. Bombs crumpled electric

transmission towers in Colorado and blasted Pacific Gas and Electric in the West. Berkeley vibrated regularly with explosions. The ROTC building in Ann Arbor was shattered, and numerous other explosions took place in the Detroit-Ann Arbor area. The Bay Area produced quotations on the latest prices of pot or explosives. Take your pick.

The recent bombings in New York are not really a new phenomena then. They are merely a new stage in the existing trend. Instead of attacking draft boards and centers of campus war research, the bombers chose corporate headquarters at the Empire's heart. The letters from the bombers made their intentions clear. Their actions were not designed to injure people, only institutions which profit from and perpetuate the War Machine.

Maybe the bomber's inspiration came from the great Northeast power black out—the image of the technology which begins to devour itself. The magically complexed city, a steeled giant appears pathetically weak in its nerve centers—the city, father of the army with the most destructive force ever conceived, an army whose logic prepared weapons to wipe out the human race four, five, six times over, and with a choice of weapons—nuclear bombs, deadly nerve gas, or germ warfare too deadly to even test. And yet, a single generator's collapse paralyzed the Industrial North East.

A new logic emerged: If the destruction of Vietnam couldn't be halted by choosing between Nixon and Humphrey, or by staging the largest peace marches in history then the hour had arrived that the machine itself must be shut down. As Kenneth O'Neil, Chief of the police department bomb squad said, "There's no doubt in my mind that if the bombings continued, they would have crippled the economy of New York City." And it became clear, after a week in New York, that the bombers were going to get some unexpected aid. 300 bombing scares were called into office buildings in one day. In a week the New York Times building was vacated twice: the Pan Am building and numerous schools were cleared. Instead of calling in late to work, employees called in bomb scares and took the mornings off.

Because of mounting pressure, and the possibility of the phenomena spreading to other cities, Federal agents scoured the city for every available clue. They had to make arrests or watch the collapse of orderly city functioning. In a flash four people were picked up, and a fifth is still being sought. The papers claim that two men, Sam Melville and George Demmerle, were caught throwing canvas bags of explosives into the back of army trucks. John Hughey and Jane Alpert were picked up at their apartment in the Lower East Side and charged with conspiracy. The truth of the charges against Melville and Demmerle is open to anyone's conjecture:

the seemingly air tight nature of the evidence depends on how much one can rely on the newspaper accounts obtained from the police. Sam Melville has confessed to all eight bombings, though he apparently hasn't implicated any others. The evidence against Jane Alpert and John Hughey appears entirely circumstantial.

U.S. District Attorney Morgenthau presented a written statement before Judge Marvin Frankel that the two were "at the very heart of the plot." Judge Frankel noted that no evidence supporting the allegation was presented. Attorney General Morgenthau finally hedged by saying the case was still under investigation. Judge Frankel then lowered the bail on Jane to \$20,000 and on John Hughey to \$25,000, a far cry from the original bail of a half million dollars!

Both Jane and Pat Swinton, who worked at RAT as advertising manager are seemingly tied to the case because they lived in the same building as and were friends with Sam Melville. Little else implicates them. Pat, apparently cognizant of Justice Chicago Eight-and Panther 21-style probably heard on some newscast that she was wanted and has disappeared. Despite hordes of FBI agents shadowing her friends, nobody, including the FBI, seems to have any idea of where she is hiding.

Jane Alpert, meanwhile, is cooped up in the Women's House of Detention, charged with conspiracy in the eight previous New York bombings. She says she doesn't want to be bailed out of jail until the two Black Panther women who are also charged with a bombing conspiracy are released. In the Panther 21 case no explosions occurred yet the defendants have been imprisoned since summer on \$100,000 bail each. In Jane's case, eight bombings occurred, but bail has been reduced to \$20,000 and the judge has said there may be a further reduction. Jane hopes to bring attention to the unjust and racist imprisonment of Panthers Joan Bird and Affina Shakur.

Jane's absence continually haunts the RAT office. You expect her to bounce into the office each morning, filled with talk about Women's Liberation plans and carrying the morning mail. The movement gossip of the day would be interspersed with her exclamations concerning letters from high school kids writing RAT as their mothers might write Ann Landers, and joy to see the subscription checks that always come in. Jane, like everyone else at RAT, worked one of those underground press weeks that really has no beginning or end. If you added up the number of work hours, they would probably total 60 or 70, but they always merged with Women's Liberation and other movement meetings. When you're awake you're doing it, when you're not, you're all too often dreaming of what you want to get done. Underground press proletarians work on what's called the orgasm schedule. You start slowly after

the birth of one issue and proceed through an increasingly intense week of foreplay which culminates in a 36-hour orgy of coming together, climaxing in the new work of printed love.

It's hard to imagine Janie working as she did at RAT and in Women's Lib and still finding time to plot bombings. We are all the more suspicious because people plotting bombings would be considerably paranoid: the stakes are too high to be otherwise. Jane, however seemed no more freaked-out than the rest of us become living on the Lower East Side and trying to redeem a concrete jungle. She acted normal, and probably just a little less uptight than most.

To us, the charge wasn't very convincing. Anyone would know that, if the bombers were busted, then surely everyone back at the base would be too. So it seemed unlikely on the face of it for someone involved in bombing plots to sit round an apartment waiting to be picked up. In all the spy movies the heroine always sits in a cafe, worriedly sipping coffee while her cohorts are planting the bombs.

Then too, it seems strange that Jane and Pat, if they were part of a bombing plot, would work at such a public place as RAT with its tapped telephones, watched mail, and the ever-present possibility of an undercover cop doing volunteer work around the office and acting as an informer.

Meanwhile you pick up the daily news reports, and they claim that the motives of the bombers are obscure, that they are probably mentally imbalanced madmen trying to wreck the life of the city. Yet the bombers' letters, regardless of whether you think their tactics are correct, are lucid. They are siding with the revolutionary forces throughout the world, and attempting to disrupt the Corporate backbone of America. They think they can accomplish this by destroying files, records, and producing havoc in the usually smooth-flowing bureaucratic channels of operation. Their opponents, almost by necessity, must brand them as insane. If the bombings are a rational act of people morally outraged with the US government's role in the world, then there will be no end to the bombings until moral outrage disappears.

The government's remedies are equally clear. It can rush to a technological, mind-police, totalitarianism (which many people fear will be the result of the bombings) in which it is impossible for groups to secretly gather to plan sabotage. Or, it must ward off collapse by creating political channels for bringing about a redress of grievances in an inflexible-appearing system.

We believe Jane is innocent. The logic of the discernable facts, and her thoughtful out-going personality, unmarked by frenzy or desperation, point in that direction.

But if Jane Alpert is guilty, then the American people are a time bomb.

write on!

Write On!
(Repression Comes Down, But U.P.S.
Papers Write On!)
By Thomas King Forcade

The more effective the underground press gets, the more the repression comes down. Since overt political repression will not be entertained by the courts, repression is achieved by more circuitous means. These means fall into five main categories: 1) obscenity busts; 2) drug busts; 3) printer intimidations; 4) bombings; and 5) distribution monopolies and busts.

The first great obscenity bust came down in Boston, appropriately enough. It was against Avatar and the Avatar people responded with a centerfold of giant four-letter words and an uncharacteristic editorial by Mel Lyman that may be the most vicious and four-lettered essay ever written. Avatar fairly challenged the Boston and Cambridge authorities to bust them and the suckers responded with glee. A mass sell-in in Boston Common resulted in the arrest of dozens, but Avatar's circulation skyrocketed as articles appeared in Time, Newsweek, and Playboy. Those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd never end

Since then hundreds of political/cultural underground papers have been busted for obscenity. The transparency of their ploy is painfully obvious in the face of a flood of specifically salacious material, incomparable to the U.P.S. papers' predominantly political and social content. If they were really worried about pronography, they would bust the color crotch magazines, but it is obvious that obscenity is only an excuse. And they realize they can't win in the high courts, but their purpose is to bleed the papers with legal costs.

Among the more famous papers busted have been Open City (twice and died as a result), Dallas Notes, Kudzu, Milwaukee Kaleidoscope (twice), Great Speckled Bird, Berkeley Barb, East Village Other, Miami Free Press, San Diego Door, Seed, Ann Arbor Argus, Georgia Straight (about 20 times), Water Tunnel, International Times, and others too numerous to mention.

Another popular way to suppress underground papers is by busting the staffs on real or phony drug charges. Any statistical comparison of the general drug using population with the drug using population of underground paper staffs would reveal the rate of busts among underground journalists to be 100 or more times higher than the general rate among drug users. Like, they're out to get you, man.

Among editors busted have been those of the Minneapolis Free Press (serving 5 years), Canadian Free Press (5 years), John Sinclair of the Sun (9½ to 10 years), and Urban Gwerder of Hotcha! and too many staffers to name. Our case in Phoenix putting out Orpheus Magazine was a classic example. Over a period of a year they systematically busted nearly every person on our

staff, forcing people to quit to earn money for lawyers and making potential new staffers afraid to join us. In my own case, a narc worked for us for six months trying to get something on us. Finally, in desperation, they set us up. We got off, but it cost us almost \$2,000 in legal fees to do it.

In the category of printer intimidations, the situation has gotten so bad in the Midwest that one courageous printer in Port Washington, Wisconsin is now printing dozens of printerless papers, some from as far away as Omaha (it's that desperate). The Seed in Chicago got turned out of their long-time printer when the Chicago Tribune bought him out. The Seed now drives to Port Washington.

Helix in Seattle lost printer-after-printer, finally secretly restored to sneaking their paper into an obscure printer. Orpheus has been turned down by nearly 30 printers, including the L.A. Free Press's. Open City's editor John Bryan tells the story about being kicked out of Andrews Brothers, with them saying, "We're sorry, John. The L.A. Free Press is one thing, but you mean business." OZ's printer in London burned 6,000 newly printed OZ's after a visit from the bobbies.

There's nothing like a heavy-handed visit from the FBI to cause a printer to thin out his clientele. This happened to the L.A. Free Press and only the opportune offer from a broke pornographer who turned over his keys to Editor Kunkin saved the paper. The printer of Abbie Hoffman's book, Woodstock Nation, got a visit from the FBI, but he didn't flinch—he was an old CP member. Most printers either print or publish one or more straight papers, and pressure from advertisers and clients takes a considerable toll on the U.P.S. list of willing printers.

As for bombings, they have been an ineffective but worrisome form of repression. Kaleidoscope has been fire-bombed, as has editor John Kois's car. Space City News was bombed once, the L.A. Free Press three times. Kunkin sought the bomber's identity through tarot readings to no avail, but it was more than the police did. Orpheus was bombed and our insurance agent demanded that closely spaced barbed wire be strung across all the windows. Many other papers have been bombed, to the extent that store front offices are not popular with the underground press.

The last means of repression is in distribution. None of the monopolistic major national distributors will take an underground paper, leaving them to rely on one weak, under-financed, out-flanked, national distributor. Most papers end up doing their own distributing in their own city, relying heavily on street sales by kids. In New York, they're at the absolute mercy of their distributors, and every time Hoover burps, they quake, understandably.

Last year when a newsdealer was busted for carrying EVO, it practically disappeared from the stands because no one wanted to risk thousands in legal



rat on!

During last year's Democratic Convention in Chicago, Mayor Daley gave a televised news report. Pointing to a copy of RAT's Special Convention Issue, he said "... an this, this is the terrorists' guide to Chicago."

RAT posed a threat to Daley in the same way that it has been posing a threat to city and federal authorities in New York: by challenging not merely the politics of the state, but the total culture, the basis of the property value system. We know this simply by the reaction of those authorities: a series of sometimes subtle, often blatant, attempts to prevent RAT from reaching the public.

After Chicago, we learned that the F.B.I. had paid a visit to our landlord and printer. Suddenly our rent was doubled, and we were told to find a new printer. Our distributor said the F.B.I. had been talking to his neighbors and had questioned his wife.

We were forced to move to a new office. Then the phones began doing strange things. Clicks, buzzes, beeps, and sudden cut-offs. A young, sort-of-hip telephone worker trying to repair the problem informed us that all our lines were tapped. One day a friendly postman came in with the mail and said, "Oh, you've been bad boys!" Ha Ha. Seems a mail cover had been ordered. That means return addresses on all incoming RAT mail are recorded on a master list at the Post Office.

At the end of August RAT and LNS were to only media to publish an anonymous letter which claimed credit for the bombing of the Marine Midland Grace Trust Co. building, a New Jersey arsenal, and the United Fruit pier. In September RAT received another letter referring to the Federal Plaza bombing. That day ten detectives vamped down our

costs for a few dollars profit. So this busting of newsdealers is an especially insidious attack. Street selling is almost as bad. The San Diego Free Press has about two sellers busted each week on trumped up charges. Nola Express in New Orleans lost nearly a dozen, and other papers have comparable problems. As for vending machines, the vandalism rate is appalling.

With obscenity busts they get your money, with drug busts they get your people, with intimidation they get your printer, with bombings they get your office, and if you still manage to some-

office with an illegal search warrant, prevented any other RAT staff members from entering, and turned over the office in search of the original letters. Since then staff members have been followed; their apartments observed, and their phones tapped.

Yet RAT was still being published and distributed, still printing the letters we received. Meanwhile the straight press tried to treat the bombings as "possible accidents" or the work of a mad misanthrope; their political nature was suppressed.

On Nov. 12th, five suspects were charged—and four arrested—for "conspiracy" to commit all the bombings. Two of the five were RAT staff members—Pat Swinton, advertising manager, and Janie Alpert, writer. The next morning our city distributor told us he could no longer distribute RAT. "Heavy pressure" from above. He was scared, very scared. In addition he kept nearly all the copies of the just-printed edition of RAT locked in his office.

The authorities have succeeded in frightening away, at one time or another in the past year, every essential resource that RAT depends on to publish. Through a "guilt by association" tactic, RAT has been implicated in the bombings. And by suppressing our distribution, they have effectively infringed upon our rights: freedom of speech, freedom of the press.

RAT is already receiving tremendous support from the underground culture and from various progressive forces on the fringe of the establishment. We are setting up our own distribution. We are enlisting a small army of street hawkers. We are soliciting volunteers for office work. RAT's survival now depends upon the people and culture it embodies and symbolizes. RAT on.

how get out a sheet, their distribution monopolies and rousts keep it from ever getting to the people.

The Constitution says, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press . . ." Joe Pool, late HUAC Chairman, says, "The plan of this Underground Press Syndicate is to take advantage of that part of the First Amendment which protects newspapers and gives them freedom of press." Bob Dylan says, "Without freedom of speech I might be in the swamp." I say, "WRITE ON!"

REPRESSION...A WAY OF LIFE IN THE UNDERGROUND PRESS

UNCLE RAT WANTS YOU

Come to work for a dynamic on-the-move firm—the nucleus of a burgeoning publishing empire. R.A.T. Publications—located in a beautiful, spacious suite on East 14th Street—boasts of many endorsements by America's foremost leaders. Said Richard Daley, after the '68 Democratic Convention: "... this is the terrorists' guide to Chicago." Said Spiro Agnew: "Bleeeeeaaaaahhhh!" Said Richard Nixon: "Ooooooearrrkk?" And so it goes—universal acclaim.

It's like this. The FBI's recent, grandiose bombing raid lost RAT its distributor and one-third of the full-time staff. This has left us, as you might have guessed, with a staff and distribution problem.

Hence we need:

1. RATHawkers. RAT is going to start moving a large part of its press run by street sales. This socko position gives you something to do while walking the dog, allows you to yell weird things at complete strangers, leaves a warm glow in your heart at the thought of having gotten the ol' RAT to so many people, and moves a helluva lot more papers than the impersonal, alienating newsstand route. It also nets you a dime for every RAT sold which adds up to anywhere from \$3 to \$10 an hour. Many Horatio Alger stories have begun in such humble circumstances.

2. A vice-president in charge of circulation, customer relations and scientific office administration—also known as secretary. RAT secretaries, of course, do more than simply secretary. As occasion requires, they must do lay-out, tote bundles of papers to the post office, and write pulitzer prize-winning journalism (a la Janie Alpert).

3. An ad manager who can wheel and deal to bolster the depleted RAT bank account and still be a paragon of revolutionary virtue. And that ain't easy. But this assignment is renowned for its great growth potential. Former RAT ad managers not only grace the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list but also include the porn king of New York City.

And of course, we can always use classic authors, ace photographers, epochal artists, and miscellaneous sugar daddies.

HOT SHOT!

BENEFIT FOR RAT SURVIVAL AND
JANE ALPERT'S
LEGAL DEFENSE
AND FEATURING...

NUMEROUS ROCK BANDS
OF WORLD RENOWN!

TULI KUPFERBERG
AND HIS
REVOLTING THEATER!

COLOR CARTOONS!
SINGING! DANCING!
LAFFS GALORE!

MAYBE EVEN SOME
FBI GUYS!
WHO KNOWS?

NEWSREEL'S
WORLD PREMIER OF
PEOPLE'S PARK!
PAUL KRASSNER!
JACK NEWFIELD!
ROBIN MORGAN
OF WOMAN'S LIB!
MANY MORE!

NOV 23
HOTEL
DIPLOMAT

43RD EAST OF TIMES SQ.
8:00 P.M. - TICKETS \$2⁰⁰
DONATIONS \$5⁰⁰ -
\$10⁰⁰ -
WHAT-
EVER



Two years and several bloody congressmen later...

'I'D STILL RATHER HAVE MY DAUGHTER SMOKING MARIJUANA!'

by James Lichtenberg

Prologue:

The amazing thing about politics from now on is that it is no longer a matter of ideologies. The closing of the American Frontier was, in a sense, the closing of the earth's frontier. There is no where else to go. We are one place. New politics brings us back to the word in its original meaning: "polis-city-civilization". The issues of political reality are the issues of civilization itself. The twentieth century has so accelerated the problems that even a beaurocratic hassle like garbage collection is now one of basic concern involving to pollution of the entire ecological environment and the destruction of the earth as a life-sustaining planet. To support the war is to refuse to solve the problems of the nation itself which are not ideological problems...but life problems. To refuse to admit the truth about marijuana is the same as permitting the air to be always partly polluted or the mass trnaspotaion system to be always inadequate or one race of people to be exploited...each factors which contribute to the

only political (city-civilization) consideration worth keeping in mind: our mental and physical survival depends on immediate and intelligent solutions to life problems--which benefit "everyone".

Cries of "it's already too late" are a pointless overstatement, reactionary freaking as obstructive as indifference. The solution to all the problems now exists, the resources to impliment them are now at hand, and the basic human will to carry it out gets stronger every day. It's time to change from AM to FM politics...not "Revolution for the hell of it" because all we seem to get is "the hell of it", but revolution for the beauty of it, for the life of it. After all, "the kingdom of heaven is within you."

And with solution in our grasp, how sad it is, alas, to see a good man, an early saint, go down among the wreckage. Dr. James L. Goddard is selling his stash, and just when Maryjane was coming to Life, too.

Story:

Once upon a time in the "keep it all hid" days of Lyndon the Last, when Marijuana was still the

"killer week" of fabled legends...turning men into homicidal monsters, women into insatiable sex fiends and reducing children to idiocy for the rest of their days (ah, fable), in those mighty times good doctor Goddard held the august post of Director of the Food and Drug Administration, in the mythical land of the US of Golly.

A peacefully warring land, Golly came to be threatened by the Red perimeter, inflation, pollution, assassination, angry "children" and that snake's head, that sirene, Maryjane. In the tradition of Blind Harry of Olde, Lyndon saddled his charger of rhetoric, rode to the halls of the beleagured nations and had her bannished from the universe for aye and for ever. All would be well.

When what to our wondering eyes should appear but good Doctor Goddard with words of good cheer: "I'd rather have my daughter smoking marijuana than drinking alcohol." Quite suddenly, two years ago, august became Novemeber and the good doctor was shivering in the political cold, as an ex-director of the Food and Drug Administration.

Since then Golly has taken several turns, learned that a joint is a connection between two parties and "12 million strong" has indulged in the most ancient, mystic rite of "blowin' a little grass."

-Miracle! Sirene killer girl becomes angelic healer, goddess of ecstasy, patron saint of the New America and "hey kid, can you get me a key for my buddies at the office?"

America, for all that has been said and done to you, you remain a light unto the world. A mere handful of months before the smoke-in on the Capitol steps, "Life" came to Maryjane, swaddled her in blue paper (Blue paper? Who rolls joints in blue paper, the editor of "Vogue"?) and laid her before the American public: "MARIJUANA" (Spelled with a "j" like the commonpeople do, not with an "h" like the government does), Should it be legalized?" A headline of radical proportions.

At such a moment the good doctor Goddard should obviously feel elated, rewarded, positive stoned satisfaction at seeing the cat he let out of the bag (a dime bag) become a national pet. And

"Life" with her unerring sense of the proper thing gives him a full page to tell us where his "head" is.

Critique:

"We are in a near crisis caused by ignorance and the blanket misinformation which governmental agencies have used to cover their ineptitudes."

"Our laws governing marijuana are a mixture of bad science and poor understanding of the law as a deterrent force. They are unenforceable, excessively severe, scientifically incorrect and revealing of our ignorance of human behavior."

"Marijuana is not a narcotic...does not produce tolerance...nor does it produce addiction."

But these pearls of wisdom and delight are scattered in a muddy field of doubt:

"It has the potential to harm society...If it turns out to be quite harmful--a distinct possibility...One has only to visualize marijuana being more freely available and more widely used by adolescents who have not learned to cope with the problems of daily life..." And listen to the questions which "we (research) must answer."

(Continued on Page 19)

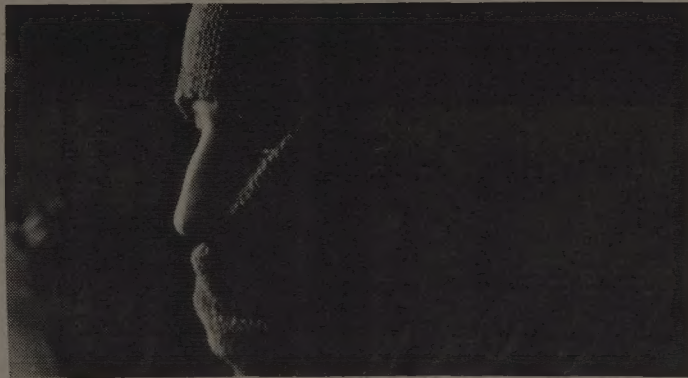
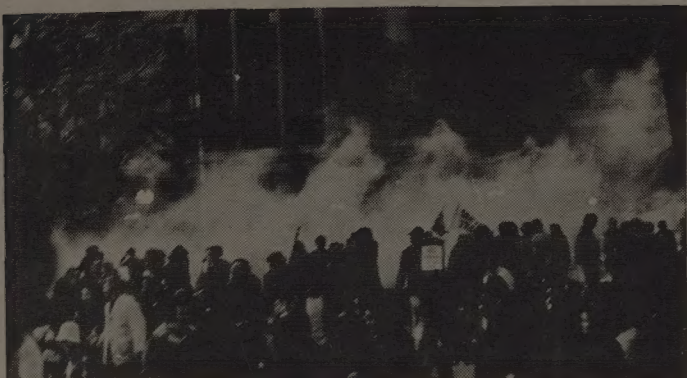
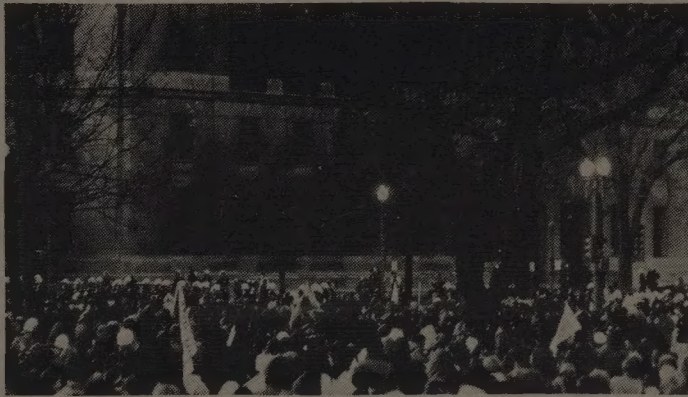


PHOTO:
JOHN DA SWEDE
CATERINE MILINAIRE

POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC by Allan Katzman.

/STATEMENT BY THE RAT STAFF CONCERNING THE RECENT BOMBINGS IN NEW YORK

/Today hundreds of thousands of Americans are demanding an immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. Yet President Nixon has already announced that the most massive Anti-war demonstration in the history of the country will have no effect on him...A moments reflection on this fact may yield insight into why some people frustrated by long years of organizing and protest have begun bombing corporations and institutions which perpetuate or profit from the war.

/We were stunned to learn that two members of the RAT staff, Jane Alpert and Pat Swinton are connected to these bombings by Federal authorities. At this point the evidence on the two appears circumstantial at best.

After a staff discussion we have decided to help raise funds for their legal defense. As their friends and working companions we are doubtful they had time, after drudging away many hours here at RAT, to help plan and execute eight bombings as has been alledged. If these two women, who were never known as the most extreme or emotional opponents of the Amerikan system, are involved in these crimes against property, then every American morally outraged by the war is a potential saboteur.

Our connection with these bombings has been to print letters and do cursory research into corporations which have been tarket. We were the only media to print the bomber's first letter after the Marine Midland explosion. As a result ten detectives illegally invaded our office searching for evidence, and now pressure has been

applied to our newsstand distributors. This harassment is designed to silence a free voice of the alternate culture of our Freedom of the Press.

/The following letter was mailed to the RAT. It gives some facts on the Marine Midland bombing:

/Pictures of Che Guevara adorn the walls of many a hip home and growing numbers are on to the fact that U.S. Business spends an enormous portion of its time raping the Third World. Everyone can reel off names of a few of the hungry imperial giants. There's United Fruit, there's Standard Oil, there's Chase Manhattan, there's...

If you lived in Latin America, you could reel off a lot more names. And one of them you wouldn't lave out is W.R. Grace Co. The empire of Peter Grace (which includes, as the banking division, Marine Midland Grace Trust) is hard to ignore. Grace

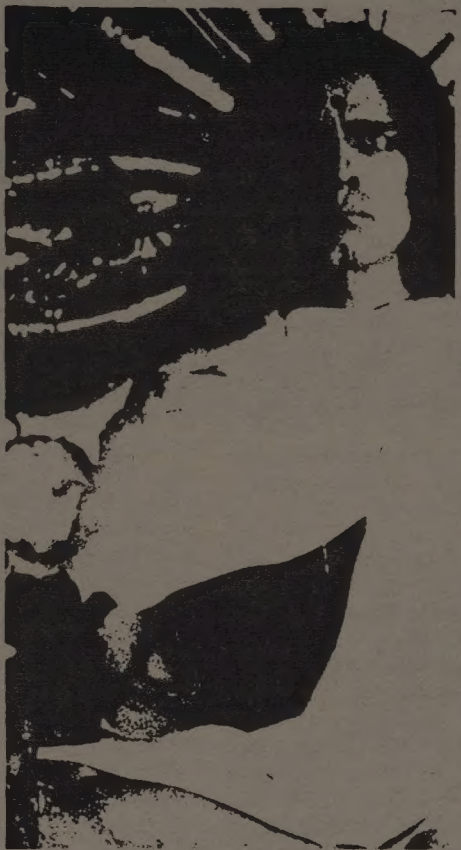
owns land, shipping facilities, chemical plants, economies, and people.

/The empire got its start in bird shit. Don't laugh, it's profitable business. Bird shit (guano) is "harvested" off islands in the Pacific and used as fertilizer. But, Grace quickly moved into more dignified pursuits. Grace became the name in Latin American shipping (Grace Lines) and also owned an airline (Panagara) until recently. It now has extensive interests in sugar - Grace sugar plantations were just nationalized in Peru - and has complementary interests in a variety of products, which are sugar derivatives, like liquor and chemicals. The company's current trend is to diversify itself out of landholdings (shich aren't the safest investments during times of nationalistic fervor) and into concerns like chemicals.

/There are reasons why Grace isn't known as a household word. U.S. Business is, after all, an elite operation, and people aren't to understand; it's a given. Grace is just the name of another office building. But for Latin Americans, Grace - W.R. Grace, Marine Midland Grace - is an enemy, an owner. That apparently, is why the Marine Midland Bank was bombed.

/New York City is becoming a boom town of late. What you might call the "WE BOMBED IN NEW YORK" variety. The above statement and letter gives us some insight into why such bombings are taking place. But why they are happening at this juncture in time is a matter of frustration and desperation. These acts are basically individual ones and not connected to a large political group or groups.

(Continued on Page 18)



BETRAYED



BETRAYED



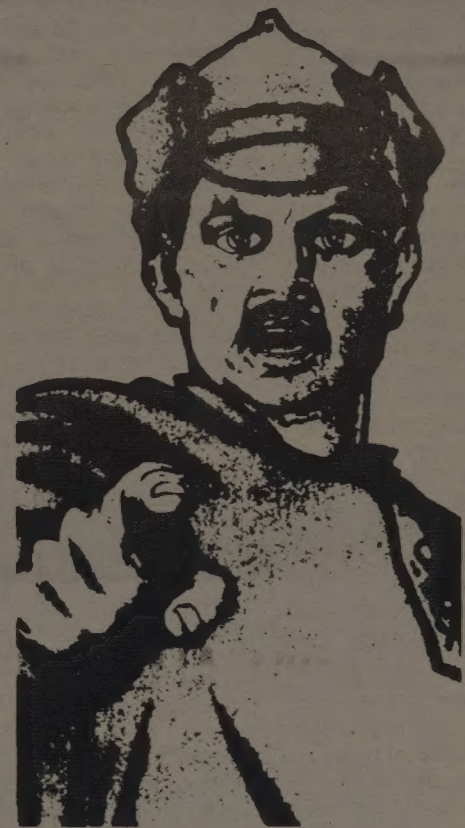
BETRAYED



BETRAYED



BETRAYED



YOU

YOU ARE THE GOD

WHO MAKES THESE CARICATURES

IT ALL COMES FROM INSIDE

WISE UP

THE FUTURE IS YOUR BABY

WASHINGTON BLUES & I READ IT IN THE DAILY NEWS

by
david walley

New York City sits in foggy eminence-people scurry about the lowreastside to get out of the rain. The cabs all have their "Off Duty" signs on as well as their high beams. It is Veterans Day. On my block there are some forlorn War Veterans trying to sell American flags to the passing freaks. They in turn are hassled for spare change-it's a placid scene. The "silent majority" are walking the streets, sleeping in doorways, buying the anti-tobacco cigarettes, the newest model of the oldest automobile. They are pursuing the American Dream packaged in slick magazines which proclaim: consume, buy, spend (and it's all paid for by credit cards). Oh yes, the "silent majority" buy it all, the

hollow men, the stunted men leaning together, headpieces filled with straw...alas.

Nixon lives in a world which passed out of existence when Ike died and the nation underwent a month-long period of anti-mourning, a month long orgy of crying and wearing of ashes while lines of mourners scourge themselves-the insurance agent (land values will go down because there is no one around to say, "Don't worry, I'll take care of everything), school teachers in their menapausal forties (students would no longer be docile, would no longer be content to get a pass to take a peaceful shit or tok-up...in the little boy's room), and generals (gold braid drooping in the afternoon sun, shooting off rounds of ammunition in remembrance of the days of glory when there were good guys and bad guys and America was always right, Far Right).

Nixon lives eternally in the

Fifties, rock and roll revival notwithstanding, with the repression, with McCarthy (no one was neat and clean for 'Gene then), and sack dresses. It was a period of intense self scrutiny for the Lonely Crowds, The Organization Men, it was time for Confessions of Advertising Men. Everything was so simple then after the police action known as the Korean War, after everyone went back to living the good life. Colleges were chuck full of GI Bill students who were looking for an education, a piece of paper so they could partake of the good life. Nixon never had to scratch for anything, except his cloth coat and Checkers (and how could anyone not love someone who had a dog). Nixon hung up on the loveless generation; Nixon making furtive phone calls in the night to people saying, "Do you know that so-and-so's soft on Communism?" Nixon seeing this generation and those behind it who weren't silenced as threats

to his own sexuality. To be unliberated in a liberated society is a paranoid trip, and Nixon is taking one.

Turn back the clock, Dick, Richard, Richard Milhouse, turn back the clock to the day when masturbation was a secret sport, something to do when the teacher had her back turned and the chick behind you was throwing a tremendous class-wide beaver...and you couldn't get it on, and so pulled it in the quiet of your furnished mind. You, and all the rest of the Alexander Portnoys of that generation thought sex was something to read about. So uptight about a little screen tit, "foreign movies", the Brigitte Bardot syndrone, those sexy little foreign movies, and those calloused Europeans knowing that breasts, mouths and cunts were all for pleasure. TV screen clean white America, cars in a row, automobile junkyard of the mind, spirit shaken and then the recession but no one was

jumping out of windows, Dick, only you and your insurance salesman were still concerned about keeping the niggers in their place. The only good nigger is a dead one, a maid, a sanitation man, or a sewer cleaner. And everyone knew on which side the bread was buttered, the Hollywood bread with all the vitamins taken out and put back in, sea kelp added for additional flavoring. No cyclimates here, the sugar lobby was firmly entrenched along with the segregationists in Southern California, the America Firsters in the South, and the silent good Americans who supported politics of sadness. (Is the only "good" American a quiet one?) Nixon, with all your media control, with all your advisors, with all your make-up men, I still wouldn't want my son to take out your daughter, much less ball her. I still wouldn't want my old lady to turn you on, except to yourself.

(Continued on Page 18)

don't stop all the bombing

by d.a.latimer

Now, at the very bottom of the yonder side of that hill--and mind, the east slope is strikingly steeper than the west--lies a fine green house, beyond a driveway flanked by two skyscraping elm trees. That's my house, where I grew up, and the curve at the crest of the little hill above it is frequently called 'Latimer's Curve' in the accident stories in the local papers of St. Lawrence County. Now, there's another house at the top of the hill, but no family who ever lived there was privileged to have the curve named after them: by the time the accidents are through happening, you see, they're generally found in our front yard, thanks to the steepness of the eastern slope of the hill. Fewer mishaps occur on the leveller west slope, and they tend to be less spectacular.

But if you aren't altogether sober, or very much familiar with the terrain, you're bound to have trouble with that curve. A lot of hard rubber is burned there, I used to wake up often in the night hearing it and waiting for the French-horn sound of steel and iron crumpling, and the long shatter of glass. It happened rarely enough--two or three times a year--but when it did I'd get up and call the state police.

You have to call the state police to get an ambulance, see, otherwise they won't come right away. I was always reluctant to do this, out of an instinctive reluctance to do business with the Pig, and so I'd generally check first to make sure an

ambulance was needed, until the night three teenage girls bought it on the west slope. That was a bad one, and after that I tried to make sure there wouldn't be one second wasted, even for a nosebleed. But let me tell you about that particular Saturday in November of '62--just after the Cuban Crisis--when all those college guys piled up on our lawn.

The first one happened around eleven in the morning. It was a chilly day. I was splitting wood in the garage when the familiar squall of rear tires locking on the curve and sliding over sideways brought me up short, listening. Sure enough, there was a sharp preliminary bang, and then another long squeal--they're coming down the hill sideways--and then a great extended classical-funneling sound as she fell over along on her side, and the rolling with a long chitter or broken glass and shearing fibreglass, and two flat bouncing bashes. By this time I was around the corner of the house, running off toward where a flattened white corvette was lying belly up in the hayfield on the other side of the road. Ma could call the troopers.

Every year a couple hundred thousand people are slain on the highways of America. Slain. Killed. Snuffed out. Their families grieve, gifts of food are clumsily tendered over by well-meaning acquaintances, the preacher is called and the insurance man comes around with a glum face. Two hundred thousand or more every year. Dead. Of course, it's really quite

difficult to die by accident, and thus a correspondingly higher number of people are mutilated every year, many permanently. They go to hospitals. Well-meaning acquaintances bring flowers, and the insurance man comes around with a sour face and gruffness in his voice. Every year this happens.

Sure, everybody else will be writing about the November Moratorium this week, driving the EVO typesetters insane with planks and cords of last-minute copy. But being that whatever has happened in Washington was fated to have happened, and since the obscenity trial of The New York Review of Sex & Politics had to be covered Friday, I am not going to write about the November Moratorium. Because more Americans are killed on the roads every year than are killed in Vietnam--and for precisely the same reasons--I want to dwell this week on a subject that is closer to the hearts of all Americans, both the quick and the silent. Gore.

About eight miles due east of Canton, New York, along the old Pierrepont road, there lies a little round hill, sort of an antehill to the much taller, steeper hill just beyond it. The highway heads straight at this little hill up a moderate grade, and not until you get to the very top of it do you notice that your car is halfway already through an extremely sharp curve to the right. Hit the brake, idiot! An observant driver would have noticed, about a hundred yards back, a dingy yellow sign

perforated with bullet holes of various calibres, and the sign indicating a rightward curve, saying, 25 MPH. But it's pretty heather country along that stretch, and to the left is the pasture where Jimmy O'Brien's two huge lovely grey and white work-horses graze, so I could not fault you for missing the sign. So many people do.

By the time I got there, a guy was already rolling out from under the driver's side of the car, kicking himself loose of the twisted aluminum. The front tire on his side was still spinning madly, wobbling a little. As he stood blinking at the flattened corpse of his new Corvette, another kid slowly goosed his way out of the other side of the thing, on his belly, ripping the shoulder right off his jacket on a spike of crumpled fibreglass. They're all right, I thought, they're both all right. Thank God...

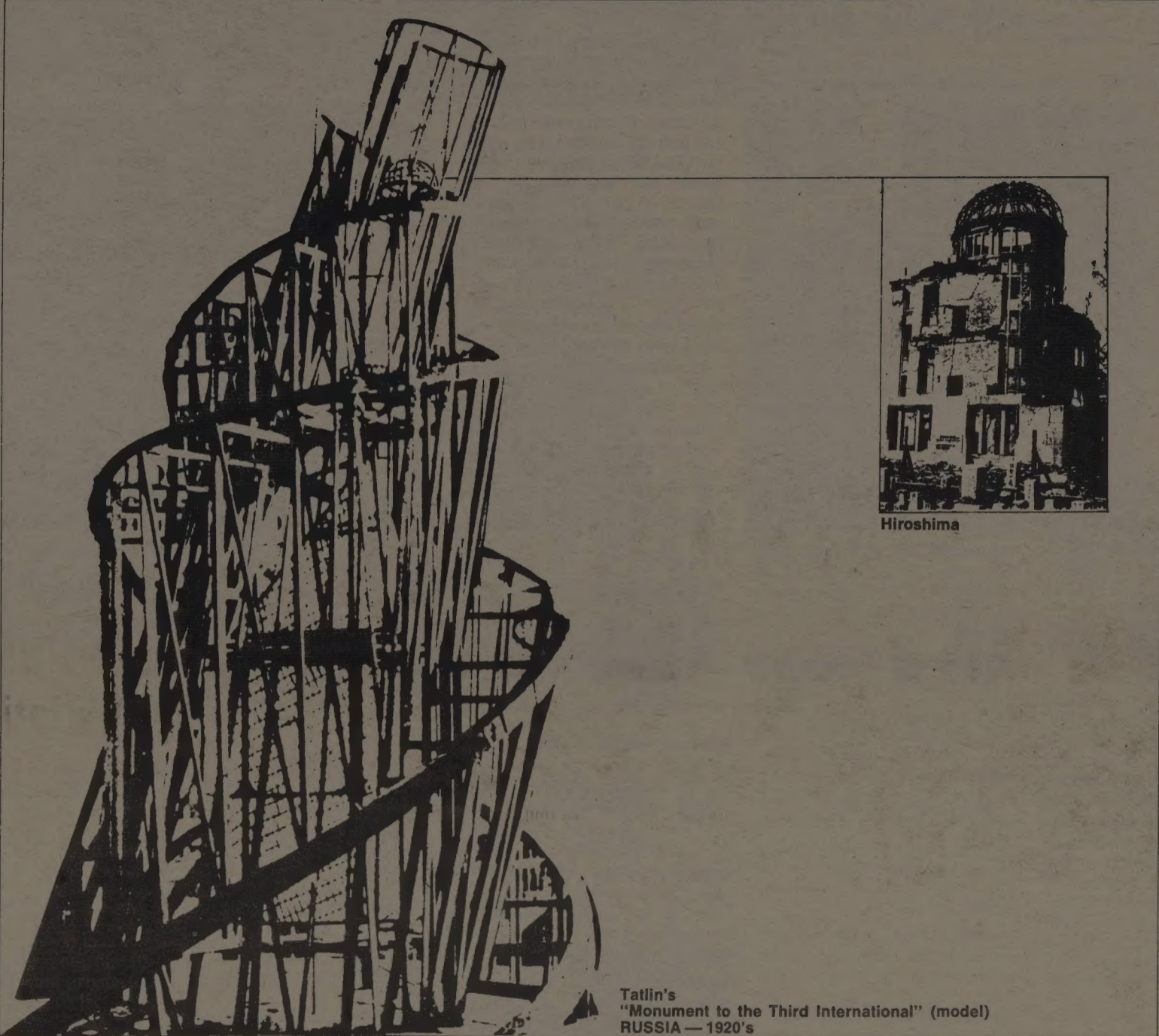
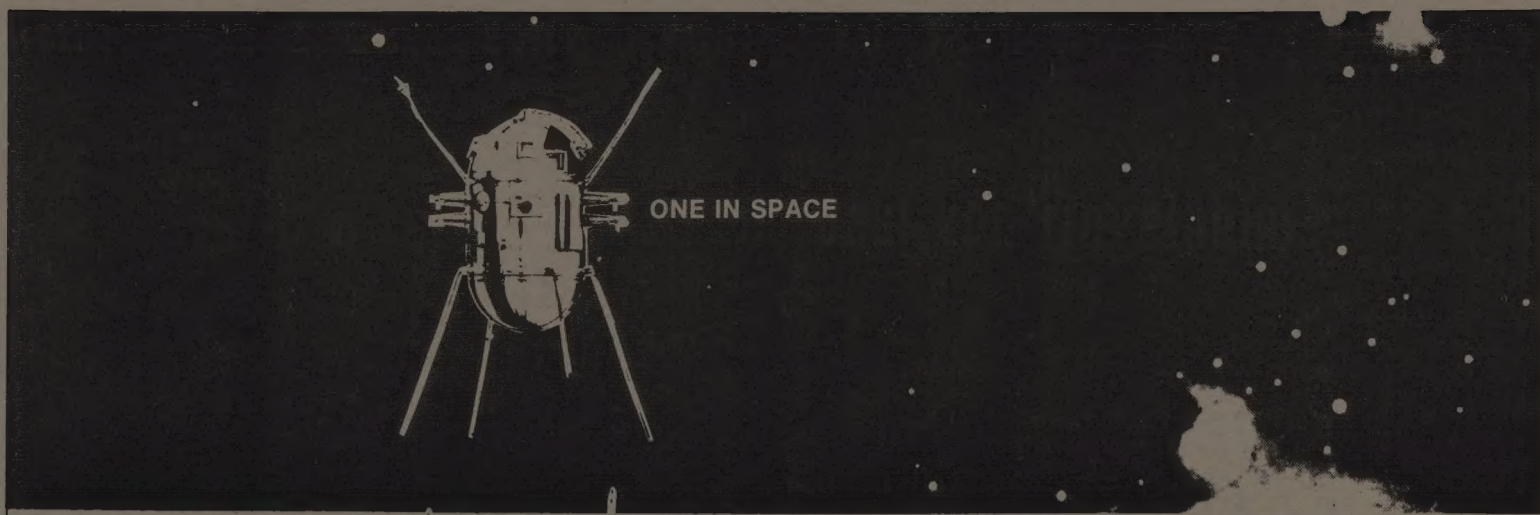
But then the driver hollered 'Mike!' suddenly, snapping awake, racing around to the other, higher side of the car, and they both gripped under it and tried to tip it over, shouting, 'Mike! Mike! Can you hear me, Mike? Are you all right, Mike?' So I got down with them and we tried to get her over. But it was too heavy, and when it rocked back a little I nearly puked at the thought of what it was rocking against. Casting around, I found a fencepost and a large rock. 'Here.' Setting the rock against the car, we jimmied the point of the post under it, tipped it up, and gripped the side and threw it over onto its springs with a bash.

Mike slipped out of the open right door like a finger out of a glove, joint by joint.

He looked dead. He was blonde, built big like a middle linebacker, but there wasn't a drop of colour in his skin. He was whiter than this paper, white as the belly of a trout. The other two guys just stared, but I dropped down to find his pulse. His wrist was warm and wet, it flopped into my hand by its own relaxing muscle tone. I couldn't find a pulse, but then his eyes opened, drawing my attention to his face. The aluminum windshield frame had been lying right athwart his nostrils, there a perceptible grainy dent, a semicircular cup in the bone structure where his nose met his forehead. One of his eyes was twisted slightly out of line with the other, and when he opened them blood escaped from them in small red lines down both sides of his face. They were not like tears, those lines, they were blood. His eyeballs swam in blood as he blinked them, trying to clear his vision. He tried to memble something. 'Easy, Mike,' one of his friends breathed, 'easy, now. You're all right, Mike.' Desperation started to creep into his voice, but he choked it off. 'You're all right.'

Ma came out with bandages. The police didn't get there for twenty minutes; the ambulance took longer, the wrecker showed up before it did. Blood had started running down the driver's head in crazy patterns by that time, into his shirt, which he'd unbuttoned after taking off his jacket. He seemed very hot

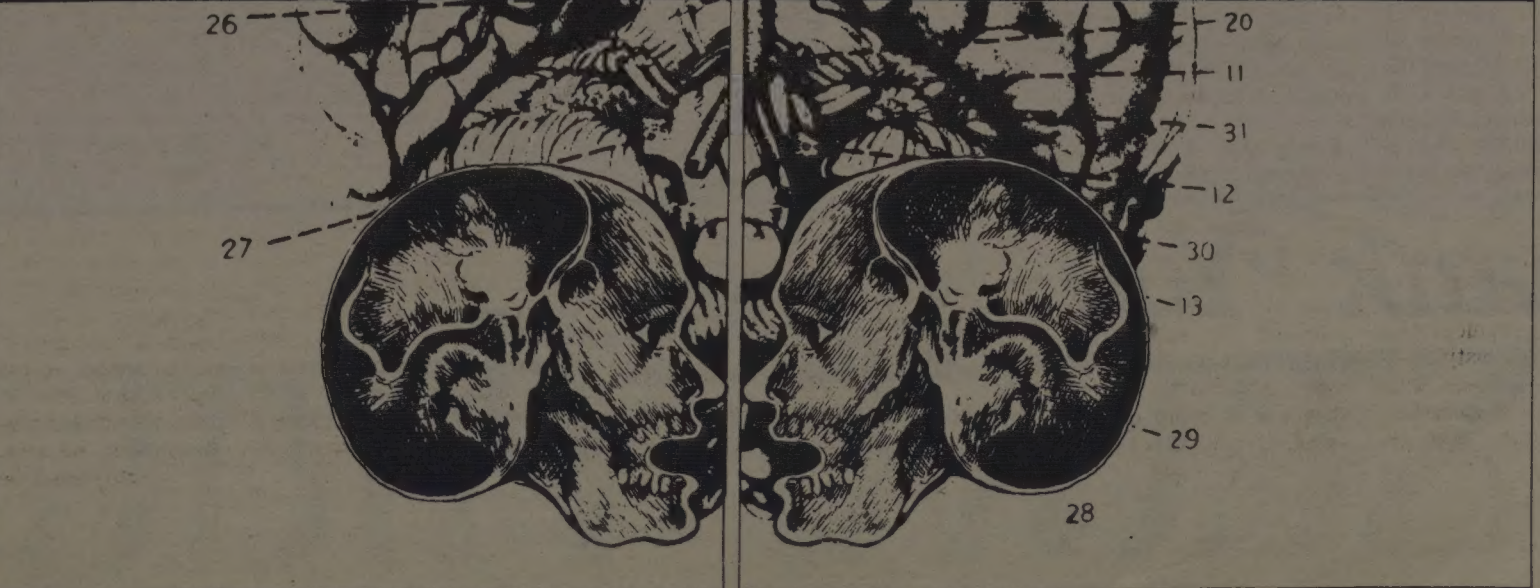
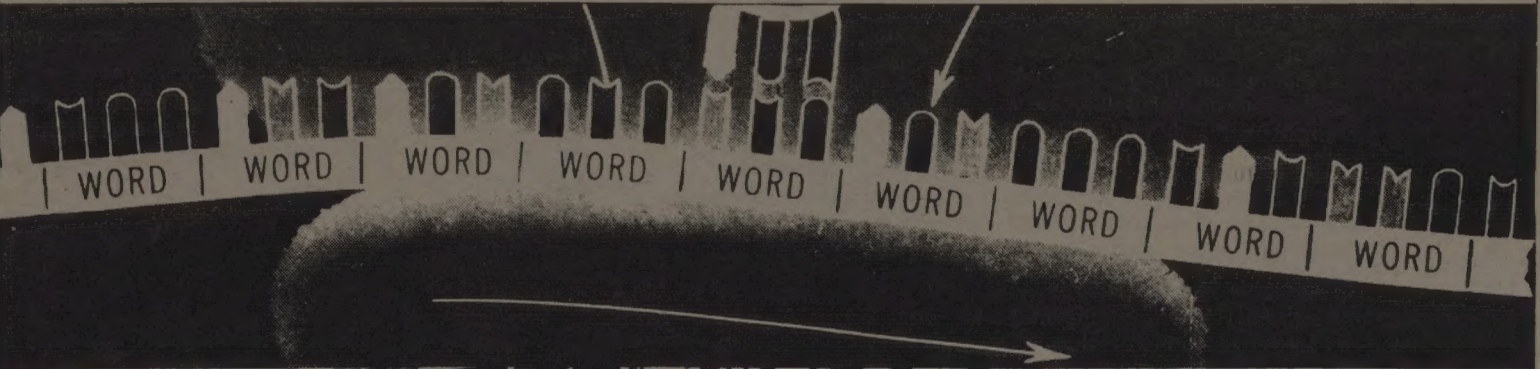
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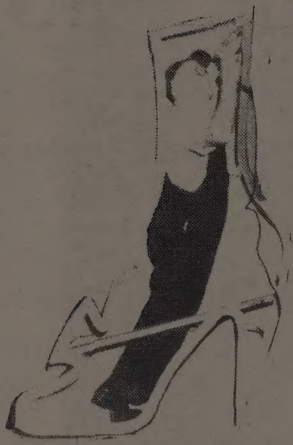


Hiroshima

Tatlin's "Monument to the Third International" (model) RUSSIA — 1920's

BITS OF INFORMATION JOINED TOGETHER IN LINE, ONE BY ONE,
 BECAME "ORGANIZING PRINCIPLE OF LIFE ON THIS PLANET"
 —IT DROPPED AN EGG ON HIROSHIMA





THILM

by lita eliscu

Once upon a time, I was invited down to Texas (Texas???) Houston to be exact (and in Tex...as spread out as it is, you have to be exact, with the instinct of a homing pigeon, even if they are extinct) to attend the opening of a new Andy Warhol exhibition, **Raiding the Icebox**, at the Institute for the Arts belonging to Rice University (a university function? how vulnerable innocent and delicious) originally donated by John and Dominique de Menil, who also had the idea for this exhibition.

What is art? What is "on exhibit", what does it mean? With whose eyes and heart do you see your environment and how do you categorize what is important, relevant, necessary, luxury, delightful, ostentatious, pretty - remember: your debutante knows what you need but I know what you want. Do you?

There are Drawings and Watercolors by artists from unknown to famous through anonymous who has several showing; there are 19th century bandboxes, exquisite American Indian baskets, blankets, and prehistoric ceramic pots made by the Mound Builders (ca. 1,000 B.C. ff) come from a mound in Arkansas on the west side of the Mississippi River, called Pecanpoint (try the french pronunciation for variety). All the pots are gift of Granville S. Standish, thank you sir.

Then there are chairs, attached to the wall of a sharply angled labyrinth hallway, left there by a madwoman of chaillot or some other, most all of them early American, of the variety known as Windsor Chairs because they were all made there, in Windsor (perhaps America, perhaps England). And the shoes, mmmm the shoes and you don't have to specialize your taste to indulge in this fabulous array of shoes: Chinese, 4 inches long (try bending your big toe under and your heel forward and try walking to understand the pain of Chinese women's shoes: just try walking like a willow swaying in the wind!) and French slippers of the 18th century: white cashmere embroidered with salmon, yellow-green, red, and brown silk in long and short stem, satin stitches and French knots, rose

and carnation sprays, green satin binding. OK, smart-ass, Andrew Geller, top that foot fetish number. There are hundreds of shoes, in the cabinets in which they were discovered down in that grotty cellar. (Everyone thinks this is whimsy on Andy's part; it isn't at all: ask any lazy peasant and he will wince for the industry of others. Besides, art is such a variable, trust chance that you have picked the right way - the way of least resistance), and boots and oxfords and rubbers and pumps and iceskates and slippers.

And parasols and umbrellas too delicate to open, lace hanging like Miss Havisham's hair before she put it on fire.

Paintings, too. See note about Watercolors and Drawings. Wallpaper, a 20th century copy of an early Buddha, some marble columns...

Andy exhibits all this just the way he found them.

Why not. If art is reality given a big smile and a howdedo, then why bother improving on nature?

...Once upon a time, I was invited down to Texas for the opening of an art exhibition, and this is what happened to me: The last exhibit of **Raiding the Icebox**, no. 405.

We went to catch a plane at 2:15 but made the airport at 2:20 or so, dashed inside to be told that the 2:20 had just taken off and the next plane was at 6 pm and I said, well, I'm going home. But I couldn't. So we sat there in Zombieland with a german-accented cocktail waitress and some midwest rednecked tight suit types and drank (club soda for me) and ate pretzels and waited for Time to pass but it seemed to be waiting for us, and we had run through all our tricks, having discovered we could have made it at 2:25. 6 pm finally came and we got on board the plane with other people including some semi-literate pilot, some stewardesses dressed in latest Mammy designs for what to wear in the ol' Massa's Op-Art kitchen (no, no they were not colored; heavens forbid! spade stewardesses, you out of your mind?) and we were served some chicken with wet streaming brown sauce all over it. OK; we got to Houston and

were met by Arthur, a big (mild-mannered? is that what they always say) anyway taciturn Texan, a student at Rice. And we met another invitee of the trip who told us that that morning this friend of his had salted his pancakes with that well known hallucinogen. So we all piled into Arthur's car and I announced that we would get to the opening at 10:30.

1. We had missed the honorary dress-up-fun dinner and had eaten chicken on the plane (or not, depending on your values and sense of history).

2. The opening would be over at 11 pm. It was just then about 9 pm. Arthur said we were only 15 minutes from the university. We got into his shiny new red car and took off. Minutes later on the turnpike, Michael Benedik of **Art News** and poetry said, our wheel's on fire so we obligingly sang "Wheel on fire, wheel on fire, rolling down the road" to finish the harmony just as we hit a gas station and jumped out of the car, to discover that the wheel was on fire. The whole car went up in smoke. It was fixed, said the gas station man minutes later, so we got back in. Minutes after that we hit another gas station and the car obligingly went up in smoke again. Arthur gave me a dirty look as I laughed heartlessly.

The third time this happened, the car gave up and we pronounced it dead, outside another gas station, and left Arthur in the front seat, arms folded, to wait for a tow truck while we repaired to the university in a taxi. We walked in on the stroke of 10:30, into this function, yeah, into the middle of a Houston, Texas, gala art function replete with golden bangles, long dresses, Lilly Pulitzer pants, long tall drinks of scotch (home brought) and wine and university kids in sandals, long dresses and jeans.

And when we walked in, everyone turned to see the latest addition to the exhibition, for surely we were from raiding the icebox, weren't we? or at least from hunger?

...Once upon a time, someone said, Make it real! and so we did. Obviously, we had been caught in a time warp, a moment when the Pi Man was gone. The Pi Man goes around using the formula, pi to compensate errors and make life come out art, or art come out life. Somehow, the two got separated while we were along for the ride. Well, the question, my question, is, did we get caught in reality or art...?

A word about **Raiding the Icebox**. It is a consummate experiential stab at creating instant art environment by recreating a 'storage' environment and making it an 'exhibition' environment through a possessive proper noun at the beginning of the clause-thought: **Andy Warhol's ... anything**. Put that possessive noun in front of a word or phrase and that word or phrase's content immediately

(Continued on Page 17)

INJUSTICE by john da swede

Arriving at 4 o'clock (Saturday afternoon), the Yippies had just begun their march around the Department of InJustice, Viet flags waving in the breeze and thousands upon thousands of followers yelling "Free Bobby Seale, Free Bobby Seale, Free Bobby Seale." Aha, this was more like it. For the first time, we forgot about the cold.

The pigs were lined up across the street, down the sides, and the National Guard was stashed in nearby buildings. A couple of the approaches were blocked by tow trucks, but strangely the front of the InJustice building was left unguarded. They knew we were coming, had prepared for it and yet had left the front doors unguarded. I couldn't help but feel they wanted to give us just enough rope to hang ourselves with.

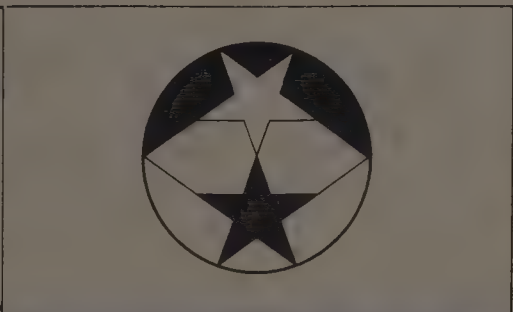
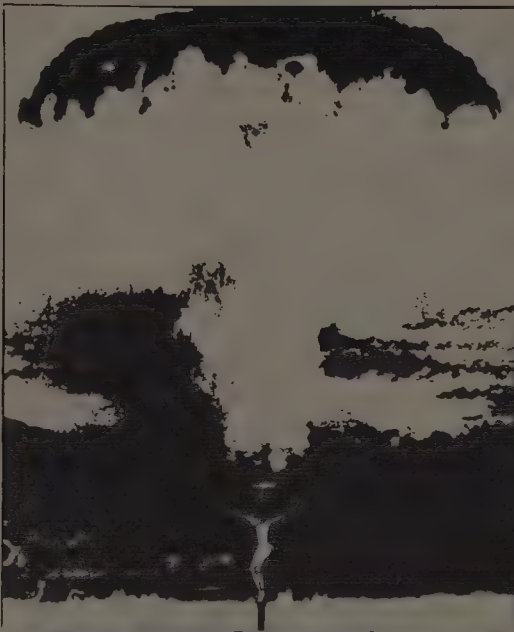
The march stopped at the front door, the mob screaming "Free Bobby Seale" and other choice comments for Attorney General John Mitchell to dig (Mitchell and one of his flunkies observed the proceedings from a window high up, well out of range of missile throwers, while a plainclothes pig on a balcony about halfway down shouted instructions into a walkie-talkie.) A few brave souls planted Viet Cong flags at the door and ripped down one of the American flags flying atop a flagpole to one side of the main entrance. Then, bottles and rocks started flying through the windows. Still nothing happened. A row of pigs with nightsticks raised to their chests, gas masks on, stood impassively behind the crowd, others down the side streets.

I told my old lady that they might just be trading a few broken windows, a small price, for the possibility of a full-scale riot. Then the barrage got heavier, and not even parade marshals standing on the steps and in front of the ground floor windows stopped the flying bottles. As cherry bombs and ink bottles crashed against the walls, I suggested we drift away from the front lines, not believing the pigs would be indifferent forever. As we faded back towards the mall to our rear, the tear gas canisters went off, popping just behind us. Fortunately, nobody panicked, although we all got gassed. we just walked away. Some hardy bastards regrouped for another attack and again the tear gas came, driving us further back.

After about half an hour of milling around, almost everybody split. We headed back towards our bus to wash off the gas and saw huge clouds of gas floating down the streets near the Department of InJustice, sirens blasting and flashing red lights. Then we ran into an invisible cloud of tear gas, getting the worst of it before we found a grocery store that let us in.

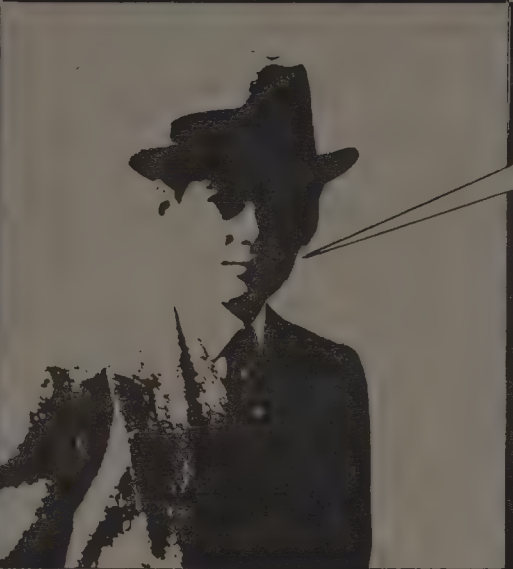
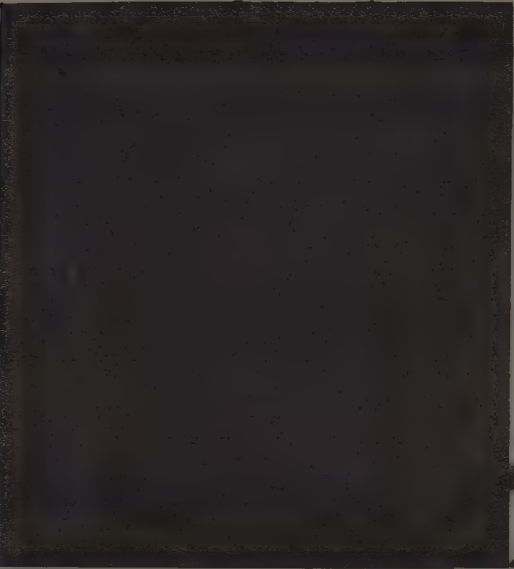
Thank You

STEVE PAUL

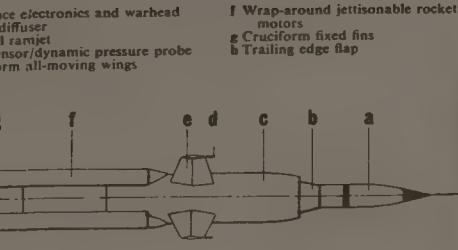
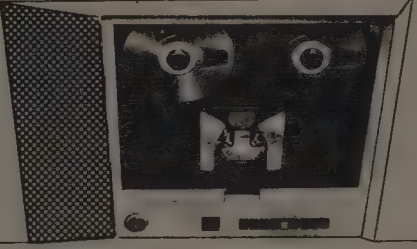


TWO CAN PLAY THE GAME
 North Vietnam and its Viet Cong henchmen have resumed large-scale terror attacks on the cities of South Vietnam in open violation of the agreement that ended U.S. bombing of the north in October.
 This latest piece of perfidy should surprise no one familiar with communism's unbroken record of treachery and double-dealing in war and peace.
 What are the allies going to do about it?
 South Vietnamese Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky warns his nation will bomb North Vietnam

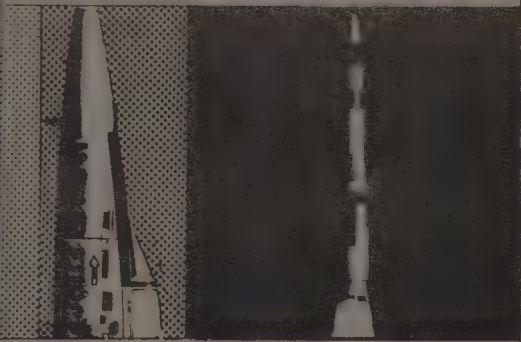
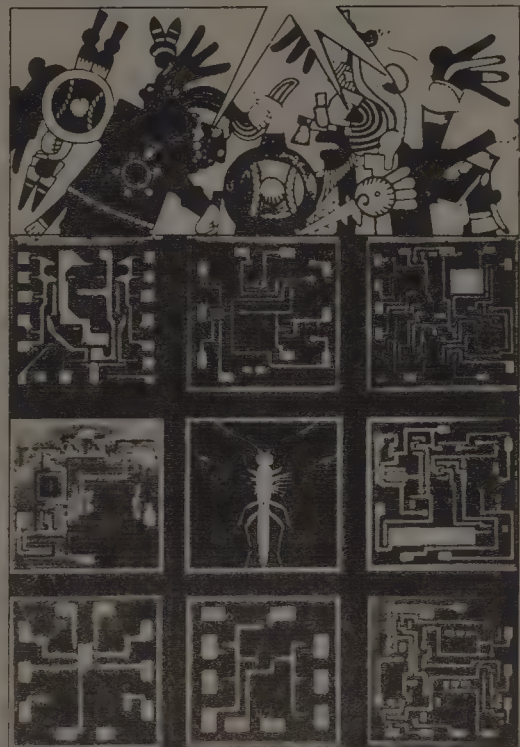
Gentlemen of the Daily News Editorial Staff,
 Board members of the War and Death Industry,
 I call your Red Queen,
 I call your White Ace in the hole
 — the game is not worth the candle . . .



This thing must be seen
 as a nearly fatal accident in evolution
 — a long way down the wrong road
 which will be disconnected immediately.



viet Ramjet missiles in the 1964 Red Square May Day Parade.



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NEWS

ANTI WAR PROTEST IN NEW ZEALAND

WELLINGTON, New Zealand (LNS) - Students in New Zealand are engaged in a spring offensive against the war in Vietnam.

More than 1500 students demonstrated recently in front of New Zealand Army Headquarters in Auckland to demand the withdrawal of New Zealanders from Vietnam, where they are fighting in collaboration with the U.S. Army.

Demonstrators also gathered in front of the U.S. Embassy and the Saigon Embassy in Wellington. They demanded that all U.S. troops be withdrawn from Vietnam and that all of the people in the Saigon Embassy get out of New Zealand.

LA JOIE DE LIRE

Paris (LNS) -- Francois Maspero, the man responsible for distributing Tricontinental magazine in France, has been sentenced to four months in jail and ordered to pay a fine of 18,000 francs. The French government says it is illegal to distribute the publication, which is the organ of the Havana-based Organization of Solidarity With the Peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America (OSPAAAL).

More than 5,000 French intellectuals, scientists and workers have signed a petition protesting the ban on Tricontinental.

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR A FRIEND OR LOVED ONE

BERKELEY (LNS) - If you happen to be in the U.S. Army and don't particularly like it, you might be interested in a pamphlet called "Military Duty, Service or Subsistence?". It costs 25c and is published by Student Research Facility, 2214 Grove St., Berkeley, California 94704. The pamphlet describes the legal rights GIs are supposed to enjoy according to the Universal Code of Military Justice, and how to fight the army when those rights are denied.

STUDENTS BATTLE POLICE IN JAPAN

TOKYO (LNS) -- As the date neared for a major showdown on the U.S. Japan Security Treaty, the Japanese police finally went on the attack and moved on Hokkaido University buildings in Sapporo recently.

Radical students had not allowed a class to be held on the campus since June 28 (though classes are scheduled to go on throughout the summer on the Japanese term system). They had occupied several buildings, barricaded the entrances to the campus, and held on for five months.

Now forces are readying for Prime Minister Sato's trip to the United States to discuss the fate of Okinawa (at present an American colony) and the Security Treaty. Students and workers have vowed to fight to keep Sato from going. They oppose Sato and the Security Treaty for the same reason -- because they are both part and parcel of the Japanese policy of cooperation with the United States, a policy which has made Okinawa a base for American armed forces and Japan an agent of U.S. activities including the war in Vietnam.

that at least 28 universities and colleges across Japan are still in the hands of radical students.

PANTHERS APPEAL FOR PHOTOGRAPHS

BERKELEY, Calif. (LNS) -- The Black Panther Party is gathering photographs for a book about the party. The book will be a photographic history of the party and "the economic, political and social injustices which the people's struggle is fighting to eliminate."

They would like photos from the Party's beginning in Oakland in 1966 to today's Panther Party. They also want photos about the real America: the contradictions, lies, injustices and oppression and exploitation as seen by you, the people.

Photo credit will be given; anonymous photos are also welcome. The project is happening now, so people must move on it to speed completion of the book.

Please send your photos to: The Black Panther Party National Headquarters, 3106 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, California 94705. For further information, contact your local BPP branch or the Ministry of Information (415) 848-6705.

PEYOTE WEDDING

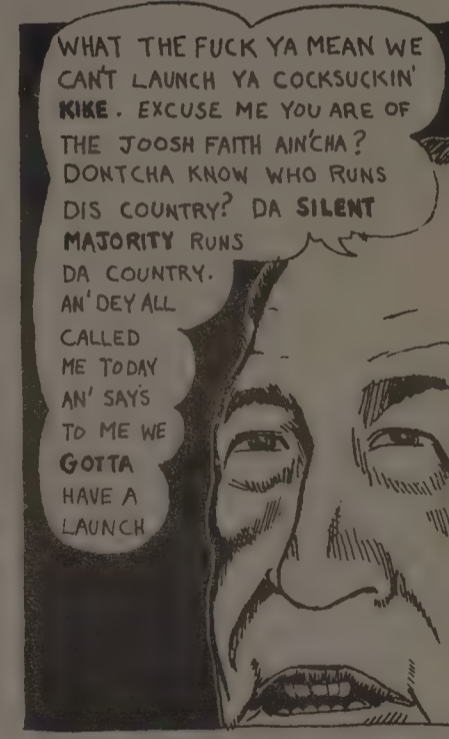
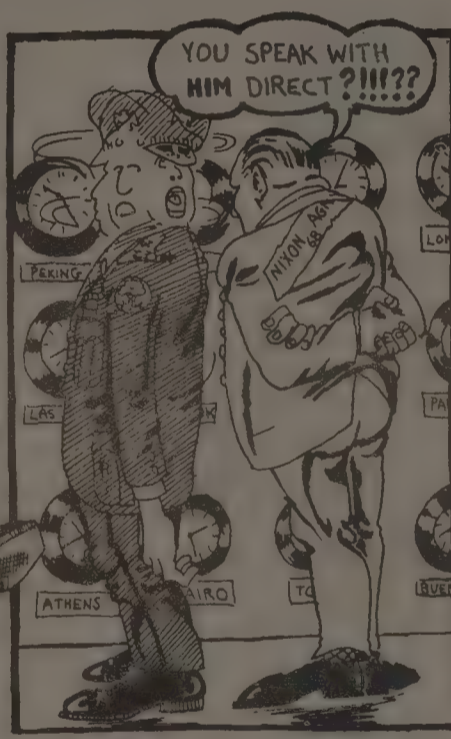
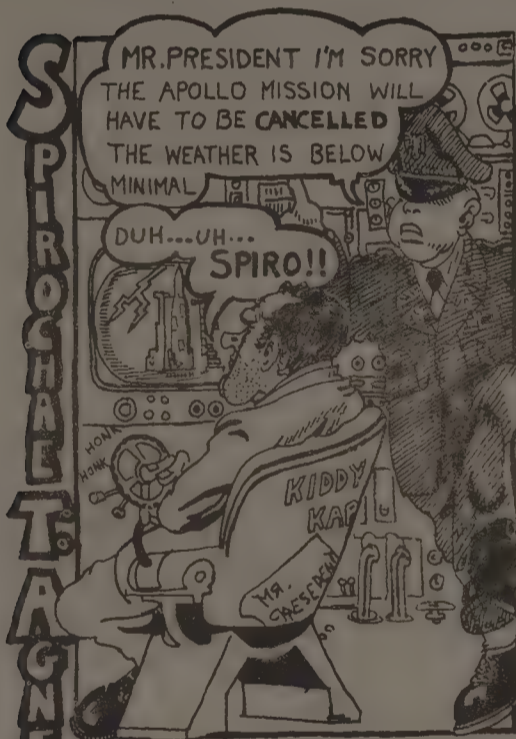
The traditional use of peyote as a sacramental host by the Native American Church was threatened last month as narcotics agents invaded a church in Parks, Arizona, desecrating a wedding ceremony and arresting the entire congregation. On

the judge selected to hear the case was shown to have a decided antipathy toward Indians. Superior Court Judge Lawrence Wren denied the writ on the grounds that the public danger presented by mescaline overrode the right of the Native American Church to religious freedom. Judge Wren had served as prosecuting attorney in the case of Arizona vs. Attikai some years previously, in which a Navajo woman was found guilty of possession of peyote. The case was later overturned by the Arizona Supreme Court, who condemned the original trial procedures. Although Judge Wren was clearly involved in a conflict of interests in the Native American Church decision, his ruling has been allowed to stand.

The defendants were indicted on October 27 by Justice of the Peace Thomas E. (Spike) Way. Justice Way, who has never been an attorney, is 70 years old. At the conclusion of the brief hearing, Justice Way read his decision word for word from a sheet of paper which had been lying on his desk throughout the proceedings. It is not clear at this time whether Justice Way wrote the decision himself, but--as is customary--it is clear that due process was not rigorously observed.

More than one hundred Navajos had travelled from throughout the Southwest to view the hearing. At the conclusion, one of them confronted complainant pig Hammerstrom and said angrily, "You came into our church with guns; the next time we may come into yours."

Attorneys for the defense of the Native American Church desperately need funds to appeal the decision of the colonial Arizona courts. Conceivably, if the case were to be taken to the United States Supreme Court, a precedent could be set



SHOOTING RANGE IN KOREA PROTESTED

BOOKOK-RI, South Korea (LNS) -- The U.S. Army has angered residents of this Kyonggi Province village because of a shooting range built here.

More than a hundred families staged a protest against the shooting range, built on a hill at the edge of the town last April. The ceaseless firing of shells has upset the quiet calm of the village and several fatal accidents have occurred. In September, three children were killed by stray bullets.

NEW BOOK FOR DRAFT RESISTERS THINKING ABOUT CANADA

TORONTO (LNS) -- The Toronto Anti-Draft Programme has published a revised edition of its Manual for Draft-Age Immigrants to Canada. Copies are available for \$2 from their office at 2347 Yonge St., Suite 14, Toronto 12, Canada. If you can't afford \$2, send whatever you can; if you're really broke, the Canadian comrades will send you a free copy.

The police didn't like the idea of leaving Hokkaido University in the hands of the students to serve as a base of operations in the coming battles. So they moved in -- 2,000 riot police with water hoses and tear gas. It took them over six hours to clear three buildings. Students set fire to barricades, bombarded the police with rocks and Molotov cocktails, and battled

with them hand to hand, before they were finally evicted. Thirty people, including a number of policemen, were injured in the fighting.

Meanwhile, police announced that they had raided Tokyo University's Institute of Space and Aeronautical Science, confiscating materials that had transformed the school into a firebomb factory.

The police still have a lot of work ahead of them if they plan to clear out all universities and Molotov cocktail manufacturing operations. They admitted

the evening of Oct. 18, Road Chief Andy Scott of the Parks diocese had just distributed the hallucogenic sacrament, which had then been partaken of by the 45 Navajo and white participants--including seven undercover pigs--when 20 agents from the Arizona State narcotics department burst into the services. Holding scatterguns on the congregation, the pigs instructed everyone to stand up against the wall while they destroyed the crescent-shaped sacrificial altar. Charges of possession of mescaline were levied on the entire congregation.

As customary with such colonial proceedings, the charge was false: peyote is not mescaline. Later it was found that the official pig complainant, narcotics officer Thomas Hammerstrom, drew up his complaint against the Native American Congregation before the seized sacraments had even been delivered to the police laboratories for analysis.

Attorneys for the Native American church immediately sued in Flagstaff Superior Court for dismissal of the case. However, as is also customary with such proceedings,

which would legalise the use of peyote and other hallucinogenic substances--such as marijuana or LSD--in the context of religious freedom. At this time, the Church is unable to provide funds for the transportation of expert witnesses, transcripts, appeal fees and other exorbitant court charges--which are also customary in colonial cases. Donations are asked for, and may be sent to the Native American Church, c-o The Arizona Bank, Flagstaff, Arizona 86001.

LETTERS

First Crush

Dear D.A. Latimer -- Please forgive me, but I could no longer refrain from expressing my true feelings. I am no longer in control of my physical being as my emotions compel me to bare my very soul. To be quite honest, my affection for you has so overwhelmed my spirit that it has become the one

motivating force in my life.

Permit me to explain the nature of my affection. Explicitly, my love for you is one of totality—embracing both body and soul. It was your inner being that originally attracted me to you. Such qualities as concern for your fellow man, hatred of injustice and sense of humor are evident in your writings as well as your daily contact with people. My desire to become one with a person such as you is more than I can bear. It is unfortunate that, at present, the only vent allowed me for my desires is fantasy. Just before I fall asleep, I lie there imagining that I am holding your cock in my hand while teasing it with the tip of my tongue. Becoming more excited, I proceed to bury my nose between your balls and go on to devour them...sucking...licking. My tongue then finds its way up your shaft until, arriving at the tip, I administer an all consuming kiss as I cram its entirety into my pulsating lips. Occasionally I

allow myself to imagine that you are simultaneously nibbling at my clitoris or fucing your adept spear into my vagina. All the while, I have continued my ministrations to your love-spear, making it grow harder and longer until you can hear its pulse in your head. At last, you change positions and prepare to mount me. I take your weapon in my hand and guide it to the place it most desires. Then you begin, slowly at first, moving in and out, in and out, until you hear me begging you to do it harder. You pound at me. Our bellies slap together. Your balls flap at my ass. We sweat. Finally, it begins to happen and I come—clawing at your buttock cheeks, moaning, begging you to stop. But you persist, exercising expert control, causing me to experience several more orgasms until you finally flood my cunt with glorious gism. We lie there, straining for breath, sharing a smoke. Then, weary of body, we sleep the deep

cosmic blurb. fucked up your snot encrusted head so that you cop a feel by breathing the etheric breath of this Goddamit life? I am getting so fucking "far out, groovy" bored of this cosmic life -- myself, I think I will split and join some toilet-making establishment to work with Real Shit instead of this spoon-fed Mind Shit. In the immortal words of that cocksucker Steve Jamieson (my Hero), "Dig it, you Goddamit."

Now to tell you a bit about myself. I was born in Atlantis way, way back, and after fucking up 31 big ones, I am now in my 32nd life and I am HUMBLE, man, am I humble! (whisper) I gotta be or else I won't make it. I am playing the biggest mind game invented: "Essence or Bust". So you dandruffy scruff fuck off and find your "stairway to essence" (where the eternal are) 'cause it's Now or Never. 'Course, Never is nice too. Now NOW has its' hangups—like hangups, but NEVER; well like you don't have to worry about NEVER 'cause it will never happen and you'll never get there. Sorta makes all your wet dreams worthwhile, 'cause even though you will never get there as long as you think you can—you're there man—you're IT—you're Mr. IT, top dog—top banana--Top off.

P.S. Say hi to Lita for me and my old man. Apparently he gave her 7 kid (count 'em) sons in China a couple lives ago.

Hotcha (what prose!)
Cumdrops & Cuntslurps

ED— Didn't we see you on the fifth descant of the twelfth inferior circumscription of the Astral Plane last Thursday week? Or was that Walter Bowart?

run the Johann Sebastian Bar at Villa Gessel, Buenos Aires, Argentina, until a financially lousy season put them out of business and they had to put some thousands of miles between their creditors and themselves.

By the end of the interview with the maestro they were convinced that the cinema deserved urgently to be rescued and freed from the hands controlling it; something had to be done to put it to work, to free it from its sad condition of the "Seventh Art" and make it become, to the most possible extent, a way of living, a daily thing, a physiological need.

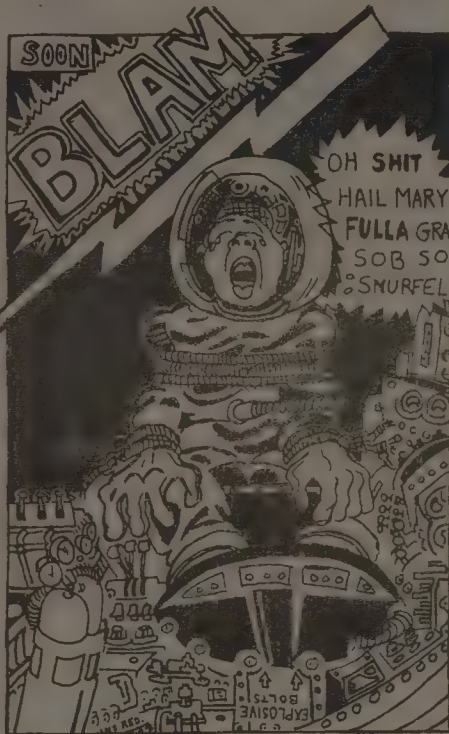
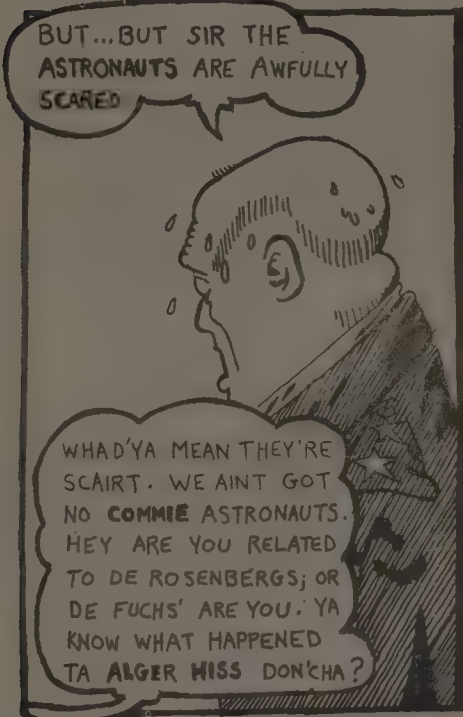
But the Trastevere Community was created in 1966. Its first work was done as a happening. Fractions of a numerous group walked all over the ancient Roman pavements picking up different experiences and views with the camera. A common montage gave birth to the living

creation of a revolution which is 'pueblo fiesta'. A film shot in London, Paris and Rome with two main characters: the Son of Marx and the Prophet Gangazumba.

WITCHCRAFT MAGIC & REVOLUTION

Five is a magic number because it is composed by adding two perfect numbers: 2½ plus 2½, which are the only numbers divisible by themselves. After this statement, it is easy to understand that only Enrico Malatesta and Bakhtunin can be allied to them.

First Roman group setting its black and red flags influenced by the Incas which spread all around the Italian Peninsula fighting the dogmatism of political parties, fighting the antiquated



sleep of lovers.

Alas, as this is naught but the imaginings of a foolish heart, I cannot bring myself to approach you for fear that you would reject me and this would do damage to my delicate heart. I would then no longer be able to indulge myself in such fantasies as the one I have described and I do not wish to risk the hours of pleasure they have given me. That is why, my dear Bassanio, I must not allow my identity to be known to you. Rather, I must be content to revel in those few moments you are near me, secure that only I know what is in my heart. Perhaps, someday, you will take the initiative not realizing who I am. Until then, I can only dream and live in hope.

ONE WHO LOVES YOU DEEPLY.

ED—When contacted, Latimer had only this to say: "That fucking Steve Heller will do anything to suck another manuscript out of me. Tell him I'll have it by Thrusday latest."

Toilet-Maker Seeks Employ

Dear EVO, Commie Turdhead -- Popped your rocks lately? Or has the

WITCHCRAFT
+ MAGIC
+ REVOLUTION
= LIVING CINEMA

Once upon a '66 December day at Fellini's house the telephone rang and when his secretary answered she learned that George Hurlingham and Giorgio Giannoni wished to have an interview with her boss.

In the daily life of the famous director of 'LA DOLCE VITA', 'LA STRADA', and '8½', one more-or-less interview didn't really have to mean anything, but perhaps due to the impressive names, he agreed. This one could have been the most important, or at least outstanding interview for the maestro for several reasons, mainly because it was not going to be published anywhere by any paper or magazine. Giannoni and Hurlingham were not journalists but merely fans of Fellini, who had faked their journalist tag in order to see the maestro and talk with him. Giannoni and Hurlingham used to

cinema. This first work was named 'CINEMATOGRAPHIC GUERRILLA'.

The second experience consisted in giving to children aged 3 to 10 one dozen 8mm cameras. The children went through their cinema party and the results were incorporated into the living cinema. Thus was created the 'alternate culture circuit'. As in London, Rome mushroomed with several places devoted to theatrical experimentation, happenings, cinema...

The main group, the Trastevere Community and the Living Cinema, made up a place for the youngsters: The Piazza Santa Maria di Trastevere, where the Center for Magic and Revolution is placed, became the only orozumba spot for 'imagination power'. Gioigio Giannoni-of-now Giorgio Denti, ancient combattant in Paris, May '68, have accomplished the third living cinema experience: MOLOTOV PARTY - a film which started at the May '68 Paris Revolution satirizing all political European groups within a putting-down-of-all-political-groups metaphor and the

beaurocracy, ...and that's enough...UFA!!!! A base committee, alternating culture against the State and the official culture.

Culture; an Italian 'quechua' group wakes up the old Roman Walls after a century's slumber with 'erotocosmic' vibrations, old Yerba Mate lovers as well as San Martin and Che, making Rome a hallucinogenic city.

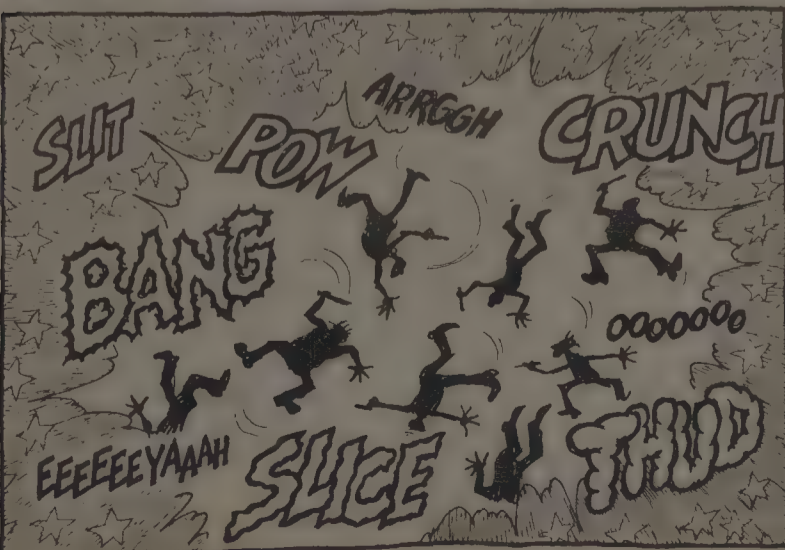
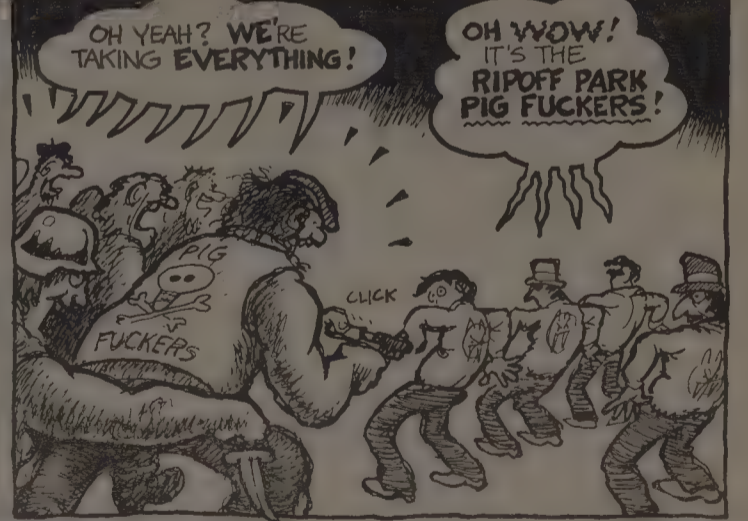
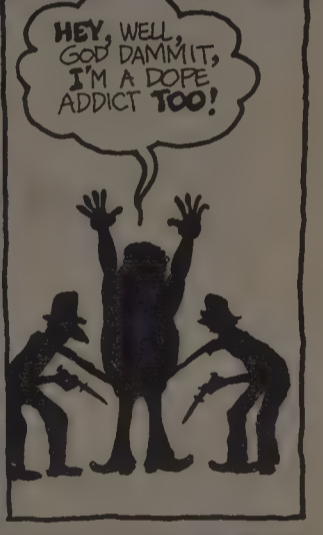
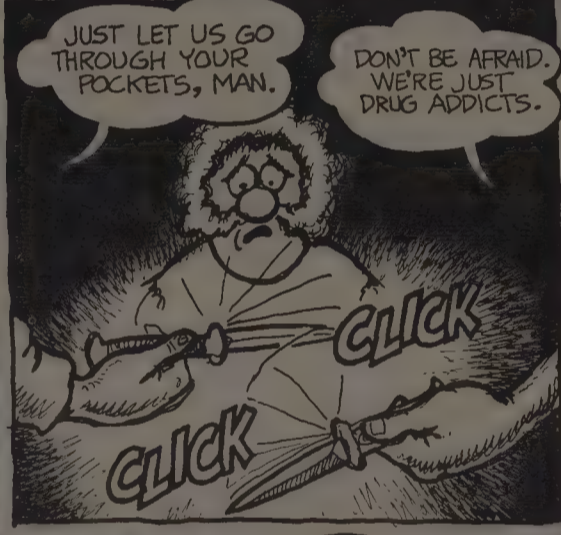
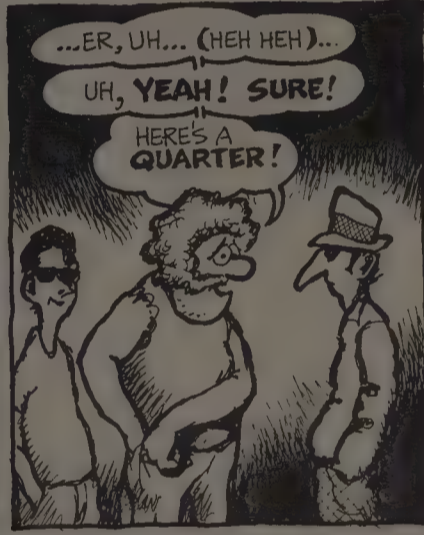
Vaporetto and Mimo, telepostographic magicians, and Phillipino skilled artisans, peyote and guajolote lovers reincarnate under God Yepal shape.

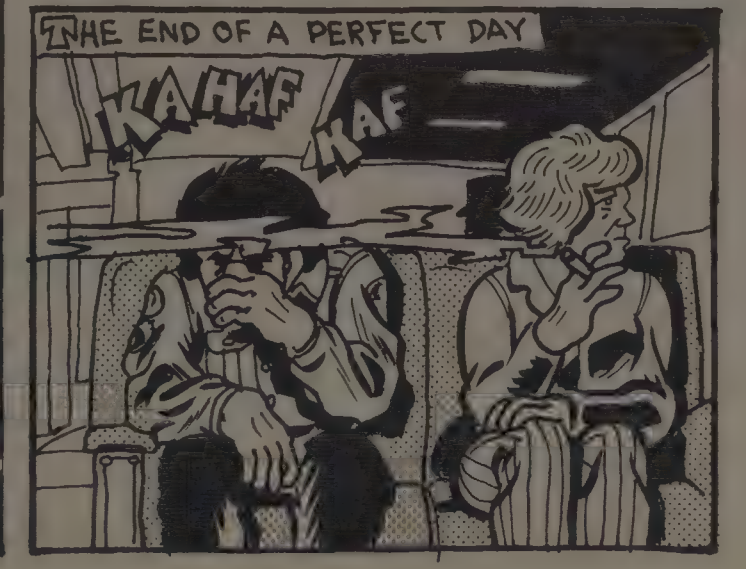
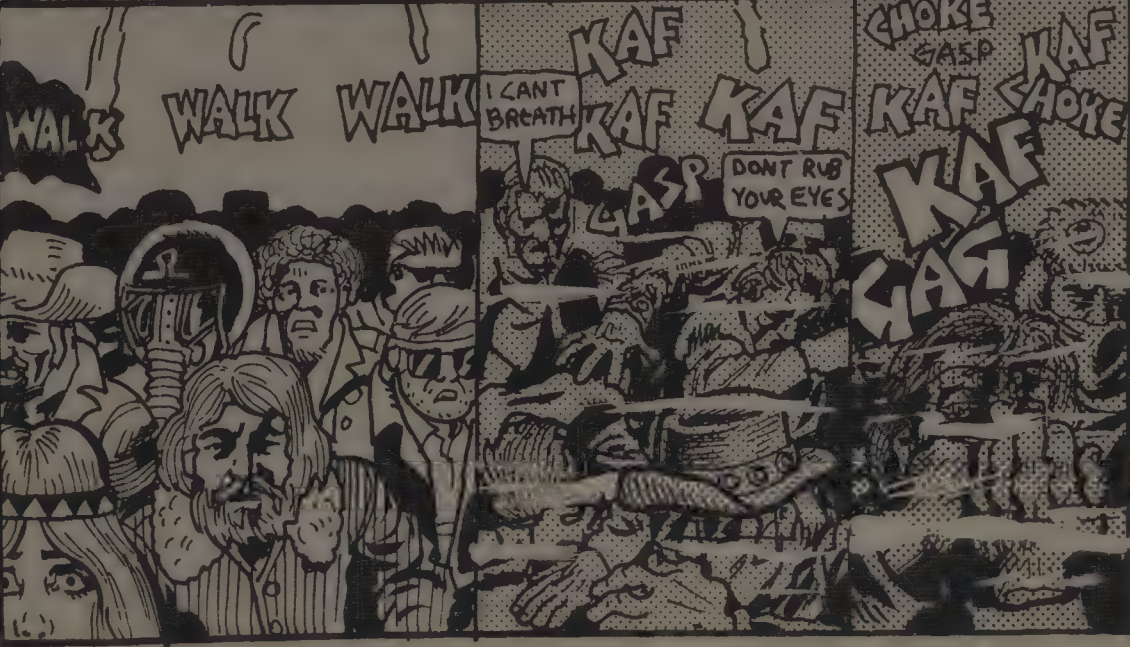
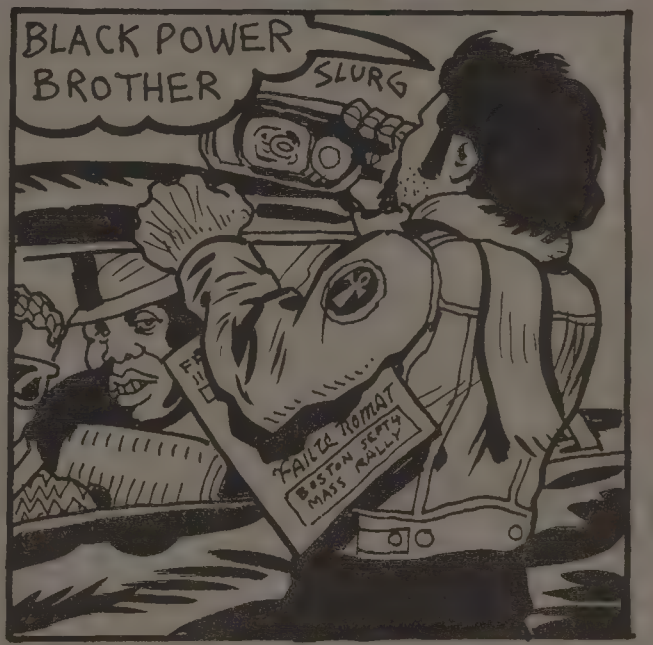
The Living Cinema, during the Seventies, shall invade America in partnership with "THE FOUNDATION FOR THE TOTALITY". Both organizations' muscle will be occupying the Americas from Canada Dry to Tierra del Fuego of the Airado Patagon.

Programmation for the Seventieth Cosmic Happening: "THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. ROLANDO," and EDIPO HOMOSEXUAL & AMERICA '70.

By Gereomo

THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS





The 32 foot, silver-colored Duraply sculpture I created for the mall at 55th Street and Park Avenue was described in THE SUNDAY NEWS as

"an atrocious contraption...that offends almost everyoneA frightful intrusion into the Park Avenue scene...An insult to the people's intelligence...a disgrace to the city..crass, vulgar, ugly...an indecent vulgarity...cheap, garish, profane."

This description was quoted from a letter dated October 2 that was sent to Mayor Lindsay by Gilmore D. Clarke.

Mr. Clarke, according to Who's Who in America, is a 1913 graduate of Cornell University with a degree in landscape architecture, was the first Bronx Borough Commander of the boy Scouts of America (1916-1917), author of two books of Sonnets published privately for his intimate friends, and was the chairman of the National Commission of Fine Arts from 1937 to 1950. He lives on Park Avenue.

Another quotation from Mr. Clarke's letter, significant in view of the pre-election date was:

"Unless this monstrosity is removed before Election Day, you will lose many of the votes of those who are outraged, as I am, over this horror...Denounce it, Mr. Mayor, and publicly chastise whoever gave the permit that made it possible to be placed where it is. I shall send copies of this letter to my friends, including Mr. Bethuel M. Webster."

To quote the NEWS again, "Webster, as Clarke was sure Lindsay would know, is a heavy weight Lindsay Supporter".

The violence of his words remind me of similar reactions to the works of Oldenbur, Lichtenstein, Smith, Morris, and Bladen. Also, the works are a clue to why Claus Oldenburg's inverted popsicle was not launched at 96th and Park, and why I put in 18 months waiting and three months legwork to get private corporate OK's and city permits to crash Park Avenue's flower beds.

It is true, however, that Mr. Clarke may well have given us insight into how some of the elite feel and react to non representational sculpture placed on "their" street. Is it possible that Mr. Clarke thinks of Park Avenue as his Private walkway and feels that anyone violating his personal aesthetic is trespassing on his pastoral estate?

To the best of my knowledge, that city street is run by the Department of Highways, cleaned by the Department of Sanitation, and looked over by the New York Police, and that tax-paying members of the Village, Harlem, Bronx, Queens, Bedford-Stuyvesant, and Richmond are all paying dues for the luxury of his super clean, super protected street. Obviously, the thoroughfares do not belong to the people who work on Park Avenue, walk on Park Avenue or just choose to hang out on Park Avenue. It belongs to the Gilmore D. Clarkes who live on and run Park Avenue. Our re-elected mayor happily paid no attention to those heavy "we're going to take away all our money! get rid of that piece of crap! get it away from my co-op" threats!

Funny thing on September 14, THE SUNDAY NEWS published a photo and facts about "Tangential 32", to wit: that it is a disposable monument and can

Tangential No. 32 Gets Park Avenue To Turn On

by paul von ringelheim

3. I myself received clearance from New York Central Railroad whose trains run underneath the piece, the Park Avenue Association who are responsible for plants in the area, the Department of Buildings that does not give a permit, and the Department of Highways that finally did.

4. "Tangential 32" is the first Sculpture-of-the-Month work that was privately funded by a collector for the city's pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull supplied the funds to erect the piece because "now art" should be seen on the street for all to experience. we need more pioneers like the Sculls who do it instead of just talking about it; who help rather than procrastinate so that more and more of the Sculpture-of-the-Month Program can happen in all the boroughs.

Art is not a museum thing; art is everybody's thing. How can you dig it and get people to like it if you hide it? People should be walking into it all the time, on all streets, especially big streets like Park Avenue, 14th Street, 34th Street, 86th Street, 125 Street, and Lexington Avenue in New York, Grand Army Plaza in Brooklyn, Queens Boulevard, Kennedy Airport, and floating in the harbor to welcome immigrants and tourists alike. New York is known to reflect the best, the grooviest, the outrageous, the most of what's happening in 1969.

We are the showplace of America. We don't need to be put down by Gilmore Clarke or W.C. Wright of the Professional Artist League just because we are trying to show how we feel today through our work. What they should try to do is help us raise the money to get more and better things for the public to see and not sit in a private club and write letters to Mayor Lindsay threatening his campaign because he was the first mayor to give us back the parks and let us get out and enjoy our city. Anybody can give static, what we need is help. I feel sorry for Messrs. Clarke and Wright; I really wish there was something I could personally do to help them.

As a result, Boston, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Dallas, Chicago, are all asking how can we send the work from New York to their city? Who are the artists who make large works? The Cultural Affairs Commission is giving all the advice, on the ground rules, and telling them all the particulars and drawbacks which they have discovered so they can do their thing easier in their town.

Also, the Cultural Affairs Commission is privately funded and needs help.

2. "Tangential 32" is a dynamic example of how the business community can help art become a reality. U.S. Plywood-Champion Papers supplied one ton of Duraply from which the outside skin and pedestal of the work was made. Amman and Whitney (the builders of the Verrazano Bridge) lent the talents of Jacob Eldar to be structural consultant to erect this piece without putting a bolt into the ground and yet allowing the work to withstand a 120-mile-an-hour hurricane wind. Con Ed donated 12 tons of steel plate to secure the piece and make it safe. Seymore Evans Associates created the lighting which was the first time a piece could be seen as easily by night as by day.

The Broadway Maintenance Corporation was kind enough to arrange for the lights.

be taken down like a large erector set and be re-erected in any borough, city, or university. "Tangential 32" is a representation of "art now", what's happening today, what the artist is thinking about and feeling at this moment, in a world dehydrated by committees who ask: "is it worth this kind of money and what will people think about it in later years?"

Under the guise of a traveling reporter, I interviewed passersby. Only five were from Manhattan; the rest came from Bronx; Queens; Long Island; Brookfield, Connecticut; Chicago; San Francisco; Paris; and Montreal. Their ages ranged from 9 to 62.

The 62-year-old Manhattanite thought it would be a good ad for Wrigley's Gum.

A 22-year-old from San Francisco thought it was unusual and wanted to see more like it and maybe get some artists to paint murals on the streets.

A Brooklyn lady thought it was nice but she preferred to see flowers.

A 36-year old man from Long Island hated the piece specifically but wanted to see more modern art throughout the town.

A 20-year-old girl working at 400 Park Avenue said that she could not stand it while it was

and was hoping that it would come down soon.

A 9-year-old from Queens said she liked it because it told her which way was uptown and which way was downtown.

And a 11-year-old boy from Brooklyn would only say I want more, more, more, more, more.

Many of the people that I interviewed told me that they were confused and did not understand the aesthetic or symbolic meaning of the piece. Some of them said they had never seen anything like it and the only museums that they were in was the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or the Museum of Natural History, or the Hayden Planetarium. I think all the reactions are great. To hate it and be outraged is only the other side of the coin from its great,

groovy, I love it. The only bad reaction is no reaction.

By the way:

1. Cultural Affairs Commission of the Department of Parks under the leadership of Doris Friedman is a first. It is the first time a major city has created a program to allow modern works to get on the streets. With the aid of museum curators, art advisors and responsible members of the artistic community, they invite artists to place a work of art of any scale, any color, anywhere within the five boroughs. The site is the artist's choice; the peice chosen is the artist's. He is allowed to do his own thing anywhere, anytime, and that's a first.

WHERE IS TRANQUILITY?

THILM

(Continued from Page 10)

becomes subject to a new kind of scrutiny. Perhaps no other single artist's name, besides Picasso, that other household number, could so completely attract attention if not interest. Warhol--nudity, sex, commercialism, the guy who does what every one else knows how to do but seems to make money doing it just because...

/Because he is an artist who understands so well, when he says he believes in artists but not Art, and that "we're entertainers now." Andy Warhol and John Cage both realized a long time ago that great performances were always being hailed as "works of art." Art is just entertainment for the non-mass market, now suddenly opened and re-made available to us all. So wear that pair of old sneakers proudly, it has as much meaning as Bonwit's window, the hydrant over there, and the Empire State Building, either the original or the Warhol film.

TEEVEE. Gahhh. Just watched Music Bag. GAHHH. It is execrable. It sucks. It has lousy music, lousy productions and maybe one act which is currently playing music, period, Steppenwolf-- and they have never sounded tinnier. Gahhh. The show is terrible. Bad productions of bad songs; bad lighting, sets, mixing. Bad comedy. Bad Dick Clark. Bad. Bad. Full of cyclamate. In the name of all good, holy and well-meant, who put this show on the air? How dare they take the name of Aquarius in vain; how dare they mock life and people. How dare anyone be so stupid as to put this show on the air. I'm nauseous. Nauseated. This show must be the dregs of our society...Thought to cheer up by: This is the worst and it will get better; or, this is the worst and now we will get better and do our own shit.

Rip Torn's Richard III played at the New Theatre on East 54th Street, and play is, for once, the perfect word. It played on stage, it played on video cameras, it played on a large video-image screen right behind the stage, and it played... from 9 pm Friday night to 2 am Saturday morning. This is the third piece of theatre

I have seen, in almost as many weeks, which I enjoyed. I can only presume that theatre has once again, in time for another season, been brought back to life. The phoenix shall rise from the ashes, the fairy tale is true. This version of Richard III depends on centemporary information for both technique and tongue-in-cheek atmosphere. Those opening lines, "This is the winter of our discontent," are spoken by our very own Richard, tricky Dicky Nixon, complete to wrinkles, cross-hatched blue jowls, skidtire nose and shifty beady eyes. They play's own political nature (politics of experience, thank you RD Laing) is given the more common definition of political slant, and the murders, or bloody deals and other phenomena of the play are re-illuminated. All the force and satire of Macbird! are present and Clarence (Richard's brother whom he quite sneakily, and conveniently has shut up in the Tower) is played by Michael Hawkins who played J.F.K. in Macbird!

The stage itself contains a butcher block (yeah, a butcher block) on stage right and a bunch of crazy musicians on stage left, playing jazz, be-bop, Happy Birthday and whatever other riffs cloud their common head. In fact, the whole play is treated as a jazz improvisation: basic lines laid down by agreement prior to performance, but actual spaces filled by electric synapses going from one brain's pleasure center to another. Time takes on a whole new fascination as the play unfolds, gently unwraps its corners, toys with them and eventually plays with itself.

The plot of Richard III, if it is unknown, can be summed up in the description of Richard as that Spider Prince hunchback who wanted power so terribly that he killed everyone in his way including his young relatives, the Queen's little boys.

Time is actually at the heart of this play. Time as in Our Time; time as in time passing; time as in...if you spend a certain amount of time getting yourself entertained then you gotta get entertained. So this play is an entertainment of overlong 5 hours (with 2 intermissions) during which lots of people left on the assumption that they were supposed to be entertained in 3 hours or else they were being put on. Yeah, maybe; watching the audience watch themselves on the video camera lined up the length of the theatre as they watched themselves thinking they were being put-on...you knew you were a separate identity, not part of them because you were above it, outside of it, and besides that, you were amused.

...Enough on time. I don't know what else happens with the play in this version. It is the first of a series of Director Projects which are part of the New Theatre Workshop. This Director's Project is conceived of as "a laboratory for talented professionals to develop, stretch and experimtn with their craft." One (meaning me) doubts that Mr. Torn is going to let this "sprawling scrawl of what (he hopes) will become a tragic American cartoon completed (sic) by the Bard and a bunch of "bad" actors (ouch)" just be a two-night existing organism. It has hardly taken its first breath or its first audience.

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PARANOIDS

(Continued from Page 6)

/They are the beginnings of a new radicalism which has its roots in such institutions which now bomb and devastate whole nations and peoples in such faraway places as Vietnam. Both are done in the name of eventually peace. America is as polarized as it will ever be and certainly bombed out its mind on destruction.

/Of course, before there were the bombings, there were the eventual suspects. Before certain people were involved and arrested, I suggested to an ABC-TV interviewer, who had asked me my opinion in that matter, that there were four such suspects; a political nihilist who wanted to spread the seeds of anarchy, an FBI and CIA undercover agents who wanted to spread the seeds of doubt and a man with no specific revolutionary leanings than that he had a true grievance against Otis elevators and men's rest rooms.

/The joke was not meant to be, at the time, irreverent towards the seriousness of bombing or destroying, but towards what anyone might know of the people who did it.

/Now the FBI tells us they know who did it. In their list of suspects are people, reporters, from one of New York's underground newspapers, the RAT. To Jeff Shero, editor of RAT, and myself, it is just another form of harassment by the "powers that be" to put underground newspapers out of business by scaring off printers, distributors and arresting underground journalists.

/It is hard for both Jeff and myself to believe that Jane Alpert and Pat Swinton could be involved in the bombings. We believe in their innocence before we believe, as if we could believe, the FBI. Our dealings over the years, which has been the experience of most underground newspaper editors, with this American institution, leaves a lot to be desired in the area of trust.

/As far as justifying the bombings, there are none which can uphold the need of destruction except that it is taught and nurtured by a nation's own need to devastate and destroy. If I believe anything, it is that the underground press wants to change that need into a powerful weapon for peace. It can only reiterate what has gone before. Stop the bombings and you will stop the bombings. Bring the Boys home. Now!

WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 8)

Throughout the rally Pete Seeger gave the kind of warmth and loving a father gives to his sons. Dick Gregory gave a mind warming witty rap about Agnew's stupidity, which made everyone crack up laughing. Mrs. Martin Luther King gave a serious and sincere speech. Republican Senator Goodall said we should withdraw all troops from Vietnam this year. Arlo Guthrie came on as one of the crowd and said some loose things and warmed us all by saying his dad was probably in the crowd. Ossie Davis made appeals for money and also said "Watch us clear a million and a half people out of Washington a hell of a lot faster than the American Government can clear Vietnam of our troops." Near sunset Peter, Paul and Mary sang as the sun rays hit only the peak of the obelisk and made it orange against the darkening blue sky. Throughout everyone would get rushes of excitement and dance and shout "Peace Now!". We gave spurts of energy and sang "All we are saying is give peace a chance" for half hours at a time. At sunset we hovered close together, swayed together, with our peace signs and the cast of Hair and sang: "Where's the Sunshine". During the finale Dr. Timothy Leary who was as orange as the sun, slowly repeated during the singing: "Too much, far out, too much..." We were all one as Pete Seeger liberated many doves. People began to leave as bus information was given out.

At dusk bonfires were built which lit the sky with orange. A powdery mist hovered over the orange sky and we were sneezing and rubbing our eyes. As the night grew darker the Yippies, who had left at about the same time Pete Seeger liberated the doves, surrounded the Justice Building and threw red paint at the building and replaced an American flag with a Vietcong flag. Finally the free Bobby Seale cries were answered with tear gas canisters and arrests.

After clearing the area the police surrounded the park where we were warming ourselves around the bonfires

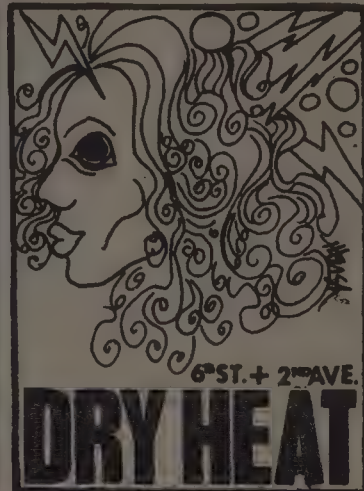
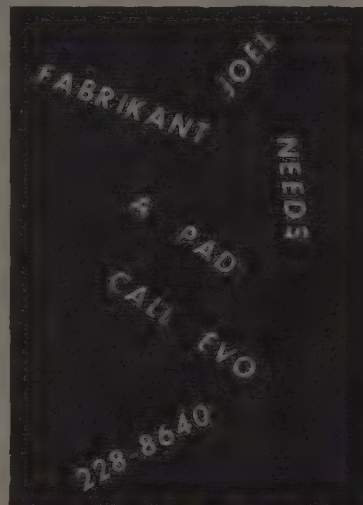
after the rally. Then we were fired upon by tear gas, rockets of flares and search lights. The scene resembled a battle except we had no lines of defense; we were busy getting warm. Our Marshalls told us to go into a plastic tent next to the stage where we would be safe. The police ripped through the plastic door of the tent with clubs and bright search lights. We panicked when gassed and ripped through the clear plastic walls to escape. People ran out screaming. Police also threw gas into filled busses. As a result the busses were abandoned and returned empty and thousands of students escaped and ran into the Northwest sector of the city.

Many feel the clearing of the park and the gassing of the

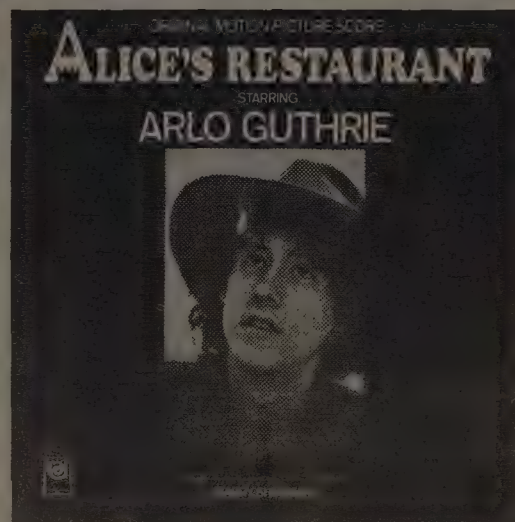
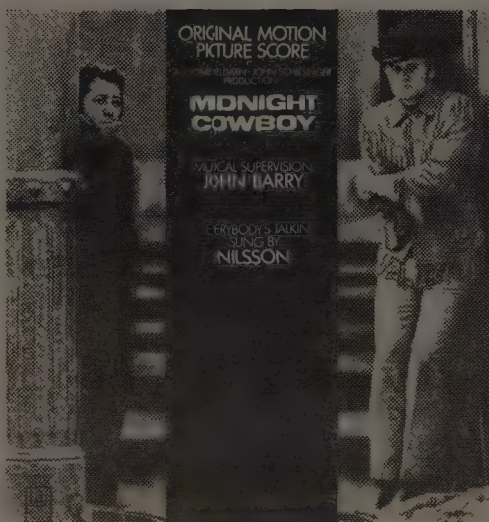
busses was an overreaction on the part of the police. These same busses were called to return to Washington to pick up stranded people at greater expense to the people and greater profit for the bus companies. Overnight churches

were open and Washington University buildings were open. It was here that we all agreed that we would march again and again and again until either Nixon opens his eyes or more probably the troops withdraw themselves from Vietnam.

(Continued on Page 20)



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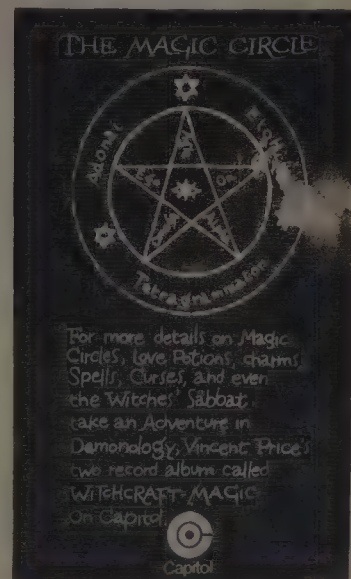
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MARIJUANA

(Continued from Page 6)

(Get ready)

"Does long-term usage of marijuana have harmful effects?"

- Does it affect the reproductive process?"

(Get ready)

- What type of treatment will be most effective in rehabilitating chronic marijuana users?"

(And, as a stunning climax...)

- Does marijuana affect human chromosomes?"

Good golly, Miss Maryjane, didn't they decide that kind of question was beneath scientific dignity even for acid, the tpsy, the mind zapper? You'd think that marijuana was born yesterday instead of being one of the oldest substances known to mankind, used for thousands of years consecutively without producing even one thalidamide-type little baby?

Interview (real, live!):

It won't help the millions who might be led astray by the phrases "questions we must answer"... "potentially quite harmful"... and his conclusion "I do not believe that marijuana should now be legalized", but

fortunately for you and me it was possible to reach him by phone at a moment of relaxation during the APHA Conference in Philadelphia. (I don't know what that stands for, but it's not Americans for Pot, Hash and Acid.)

Dr. Goddard is a very kind and very gentle man who knows what EVO is and was sincerely flattered at being called "one of my cultural heroes." His most revealing and important remark was "I have lived most of my adult life in the political arena..."

You see, his piece in "Life" is not about the truths of marijuana, it is a political statement, the farthest endorsement he thinks he can give at the moment in light of the realities of the "political arena".

The kind of heat he must have endured as a result of his stand two years ago ("We can talk about it now. You couldn't even do that... You should have heard what some of those congressmen said when I testified.") is something which the fate of the "conspirators" sheds light on. He is a normal, intelligent man who told what he felt was the truth and suddenly found himself fighting hand to hand with vicious and voracious political

lions. But he has no desire to be a gladiator or a martyr and his remarks are now tempered by considerations of personal safety.

His shield against the pressures of truth and openness is "the effect on the 13 and 14 year olds."

JG - "Marijuana is a pleasant experience, a very pleasant experience! (laugh) You know that! Now I can handle it and most of the people I know can handle it... but I'm worried about the young teenagers."

JL - "You mean, having instant pleasure around they're not going to deal with reality."

JG - "Yes. Reality isn't always pleasant, that's part of it, and these very young people, just growing up, frustrated by our society, instead of handling the aggravation will use grass as an answer."

JL - "But as the experience is enlarged it is becoming recognized that grass isn't an escape, it's 'a reality trip' as Alan Ginsberg called it."

JG - "Well, I've heard that. Maybe for certain individuals, but I'm used to thinking in terms of very large numbers of people. I've given it a lot of reflection and I'm worried about the young people. I'm sure you'll be worried too, when you think about it."

That was his polite way of saying there is nothing more to discuss in this direction. Just for the fun of saying it, young people, even little kids, are incredibly adept at dealing with reality, much more so that the present older generation. If the last five years in America have shown nothing else, they've sure shown that.

But apart from this one area he was remarkably straight in saying that research "must answer" the questions he set forth not to clarify any unknown realities about marijuana, but to cool a very anxious and reactionary social and political situation. By "potentially quite harmful" in addition to the poor young teenager he was referring to a possible situation of violent

conflict within our society were grass suddenly legal. (Whew!) He is very disturbed about the present legal situation and feels that all penalties should be de-escalated to the realm of a misdemeanor.

On the whole, he was quite happy about the "Life" issue.

JG - "Weren't you? How do you think they did?"

JL - "Oh, well I'd give them about a C plus; it wasn't harmful."

JG - "(disappointed) No, it wasn't. That good story about the young athlete who was sent to jail."

JL - "What about the real history of marijuana? What about the recent authoritative conclusions at Harvard, in England, the things pointed out by that great PBL program last year? What about the completely unacceptable way, from a purely legislative standpoint, that the laws were originally railroaded through congress by Mr. Anslinger?"

JG - "You have to remember we have a very strong liquor lobby. The Congress had just been forced to repeal Prohibition as unworkable. It would be very interesting, don't you think, to look into the political situation at that time, around 1937, not that it would really help the present one."

Implying, I guess, that the country has been in the hands of alcohol-gangsters too powerful even for the government to resist.

JG - "You also have to realize that "Life" goes into schools, libraries... It's a general reference. It's not "Playboy." I turned down "Playboy", you know, in order to be in something like "Life". I thought they did quite well."

JL - "I don't mean to draw any analogies but just because at one time the authorities didn't like it, the earth still goes around the sun and not vice versa."

JG - "Yes, and look what

happened to Galileo. (Said sportingly.)"

JL - "But things are different now. Marijuana is no longer a fringe phenomenon. 12 million people, isn't that what "Life" said? The first political figure who has the courage to endorse it wholeheartedly might just find himself in the position of a Mr. McCarthy. You have lots of friends."

JG - "(laugh) That's good to know. I can sure use them. (Seriously) Maybe when enough people who exercise the franchise become involved. Right now there are not enough of them. You see, I am concerned with how to bring about a change in our political and social structure. And this is very difficult...very difficult. You've got to see it and tell it like it is, and deal with the reality, man! Isn't that right?"

JL - "(laugh) Ok. Thank you very much for speaking with me."

JG - "Not at all. It was good to talk to you."

Epilogue:

I could end this two ways.

Way Number 1: Socrates, Patrick Henry, the kid who spoke up in "The Emperors New Clothes": do you see how foolish your sacrifices and chances were. Who needs hemlock, the noose or a spanking for making fun of the kind. "If you live in the political arena, you've got to tell it like it is and deal with the reality."

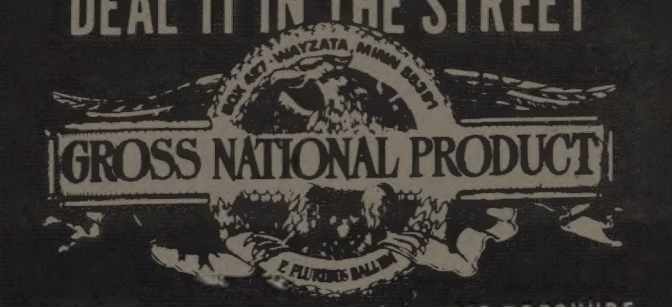
Way Number 2: Since no one has the right to demand even heroic sacrifices... He has fought the good fight, been hit very hard and is recovering by not antagonizing "the powers." He really does want what we want, and he's doing what he can. You've got to admit it's getting better, a little better... or at least a lot more people are buying cigarette paper. My local drug store sells Bambu by the gross and is putting in a "head shop" counter... "You know, water pipes, papers, the works. It's good business!"

Like the man said, "I'd rather have my daughter..."



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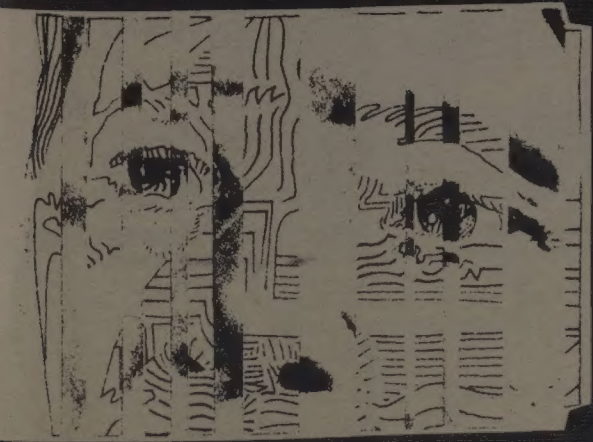
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Ketty



BLUES

(Continued from Page 18)

Many years hiding, hiding in the fascade of cheerful Dick, loving Dick, sportsman Dick (too weak to raise his own flag). For many years ignoring another generation growing out of the ashes of the Second World War, the Korean War, the Vietnam War (yes, you promised a war for all of us, everyone can find his own death)...while you sit ensconced, protected by all the paranoid military men and their concrete-bunker minds, just as entrenched as you are now while ignoring the media, our media. So the Beats were lonely men, crying in the winds, they didn't want a revolution, they wanted to dig their own spiritual emptiness, born of an age which thrived on emptiness, on knownothingness, on the Miss America Pageant, on Spam, on castrated intellectuals, on plastic art. The Beats were the voices in the wilderness, without expense accounts, without tweed suits, without the better idea, with a Westinghouse.

Do you remember the Beat television skits, just like the media hippie rock musicals of today? Do you remember his bulldog visage and his chant, "I object, Mr. Chairman. Point of Order Mr. Chairman. I have here a list..."? And you, you following his line, "I have here in my possession a master plan for peace which I can't divulge." Come on Dick, that trick went out with the first stop and frisk law which you gleefully enforced, or want to have enforced against those who really understand what America stands for, who know that freedom of choice is real, who know that freedom means joy.

You lead such a joyless life, I'm surprised that you haven't forgotten how to laugh. The most powerful tool in your reputed media arsenal but no jokes, except at others' expense. And that joke of a Spiro with his sneering "effete snobs" and his daughter gets busted for grass, and he wants to be the big man in the family. The family that smokes together gets busted together. I wonder what happened to the rest of her stash, Spiro? Perhaps she's secreted it in your vice-Presidential armchair, perhaps within your shoe which no one will ever get because you always manage to keep it in your mouth.

Come on, Dick, let's play something interesting. Let's play that you recalled the troops and then put into legislation all those campaign promises about re-aligning the economy. Let's play a game, Richard, Richard Milhouse, let's pretend that you can walk down the streets of the ghetto in Washington and no one will stone you. Let's pretend that you can go into a bar and talk about the weather, about politics, about a dirty movie. Let's pretend that you're human (and you could be, even if you fight against it). Let's play the game that you are aware of the theater in Washington, November 14, and you know that the eyes of the world are watching. No, this won't be Daley's exercise of power, this will be your own, your own American exercise of power. Let's pretend that the troops turn on you and your inhuman policies and peace breaks out.

Do you realize that peace can never happen while you are the way you are? No, I-we don't want your ass, except metaphorically. We want you to recognize that we are all human beings, all over the world.

Politics is a fiction concocted by political scientists to keep themselves in grants. Politics is people, that "silent majority" which you want to stir up, that righteous majority which you think will come down like avenging angels and save your pride. Have you ever stopped to consider that they may be for peace as well? Have you ever considered that they really believed you, and now that you've gained the ultimate impossible political wet dream of unlimited power, that they want you to do something?

They may turn on you, Richard, Richard Milhouse, Richard from Southern California, Richard with the cloth coat, Richard with the hound and a smile, they may turn on you yet. The presidency is hard work, that is if one makes an effort to get out on the streets and meet the people, not the people your advisors want you to meet, not the symbols, not the crowds of flag-waving freaks. Are we not for America, but is not the vision a little larger? America as a repository of the best of all cultures and not the residence of cultural paranoia. America means that everyone has a chance, everyone is equal (not to be an insurance salesman, or keypunch operator feeding the machines because

that is all that can be done). America means that every can try and fail and cry and laugh and fuck and live in peace. America is a place where the only barriers to an individual are spiritual indifference and moral callousness.

Instead of erasing the ghetto's and putting up modern concrete, efficient ghettos with easily policed exits and entrances, why not examine the ghetto culture for its good points, where there is a solidarity which your own little nightmare-media cannot enter. You can kick a man in the ass, Richard, and you may break him and he may say to you, Richard, but you'll always live in fear of your life.

It's so needless, all this government violence, sanctioned and unsanctioned, all this national guard, all the super police. Listen to the people, all the people, not those clean-shirted comfortable men and women with whom you are constantly surrounded. Get some dirt on your hands, Richard, play some football, go down to the beach, drink some wine, Richard. The Conspiracy Eight are not your enemies, listen to their programs. Better

to be remembered as the one who listened and acted instead of the man who acted before he listened.

1979 is coming up soon, Richard, Richard Milhouse, two hundred years since England had the Declaration of Independence served. In 1976, another declaration will be served on you, on your compatriots in Washington, in Southern California, in Newark, in Memphis, and in Dallas. Why not do something now. Time waits for no man. Now that you are an actor on the world's stage, why don't you learn your lines?

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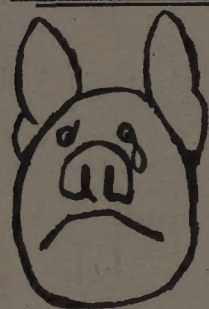
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DECOMPOSITION

(Continued from Page 8)

for some reason, dabbing sweat and blood away from his face as he limped around nervously answering the troopers' questions. Finally, as they were hooking his Corvette up to the truck, pieces of glass and machinery falling from its belly, I heard him say, 'Why? Why do these things just have to happen to you? Why?'

You just never know when these things are just going to happen to you. Not twelve hours later, around eleven that night, I was watching 'Gunsmoke' when I heard an altogether new noise out front. This time there was no preemprory shrilling of brakes and rubber, just an indescribable racket of something falling down and down and down, as a pair of headlights pinwheeled past the living room window. I called the police myself this time, and ran out.

It was worse this time. In approximately the same place as the Corvette, in the hayfield, lay a vaguely rectangular automobile, its headlights still on, glowing out toward the woods. The road was littered all the way up the hill with broken glass, bits of metal and rubber and a few streaks of slick wet stuff. I later learned that the car was a TR-4, but at the time I thought it had been an MG, it was so bashed together. In the middle of the road lay a human being.

He rose to a sitting position as I approached. 'Where's my shoes?' he asked, feeling around him. One side of his head looked as though it had been caught in a mangle iron: it looked burned, ragged, the flesh peeling away and the hair matted under the

brilliant blood. 'Where's my shoes?' he asked dreamily, feeling around the square patch of leather on which he was sitting. 'Where's my shoes??' He was beginning to sound querulous. He wasn't wearing any shoes: one brown stockinged foot projected at an acute angle from his ankle, and he seemed very careful not to move it as he looked for his shoes. 'Here, lie down,' I told him, pushing gently at his shoulders. 'I'll find your shoes. Be back in a jiffy.' He lay down, gratefully, relieved of the responsibility of finding his shoes.

No one was in the car. All four wheels were turning noisily in the air, the radiator was cooling with a soft hiss, clouds of steam piled out between the headlights. As I was still checking around it, I heard a siren off to the west, approaching rapidly. I sprinted like a sonofabitch for the top of the hill to wave them down: the way those troopers drive, they'd be over that guy in a second without even noticing him. Waving my arms frantically, I managed to slow them down a little, and they screeched to a stop a few feet short of him. He tried to struggle up in the headlight flare, gave up, and settled back down.

Night-shift troopers are much quicker than day-shift troopers. Also they are bigger, monsters, I don't think men that size come out by daylight: six-seven, six-eight, and all of them broad and heavy-wristed as Vikings. They moved around in the headlights of the two cars like bad old dreams from childhood, and I was glad when the ambulance showed up.

After the shoeless guy was strapped quietly onto the stretcher and carried away, I was temporarily arrested by the

sight of one of our barn dogs quietly chewing on the blood soaked square of leather roof in the middle of the road. A little ways beyond was a thick red gob of something which turned out to be the tip of somebody's tongue. Suddenly I noticed that there were wide gleaming streaks and pools of blood all over the road that would leave stains for days. Then a trooper called me over to the side of the road a few yards up the farther hill.

'Gimmie a hand with this stretcher.' Sure enough, there was a body in the ditch, about fifty feet from the steaming car. It was a body, he was dead. No question about it, he was flat, all the life had been crushed out of his face and his chest and his pelvis. He seemed about ten feet long. I took his ankles and shifted them onto the canvas stretcher: he was wearing red socks and loafers, and there was a deep bloody unbleeding gouge a little further up his shin, which was hairy and dead.

Actually, when we got him into the light, I saw he was really pretty short, not long at all. It surprised me. But he was dead.

When they hoisted the car onto a little aluminum wheel frame to cart it away, one of the wheels drew up straight into a trooper's flashlight beam: it was a spoked wheel with a pointed hubcap, and the blood was dripping off the spokes, all the spokes, gleaming. There was a dent in the hubcap.

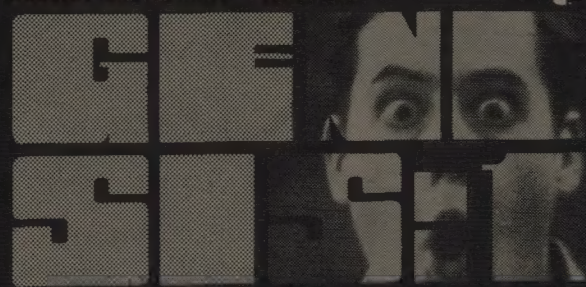
Now, things like this happen every day around this country. People die, hundreds of thousands of them. They buy their cars from the smiling, sincere auto salesman, get the warranties and the insurance cleared up, and they become very proud of their cars. They drive to work in them every day, take their loved ones for rides in them, they budget for gas and oil right along with breakfast cereal and Christmas presents. They put things in the glove compartment and under the seats, things they're fond of. They wash them and polish them. Then one day it just happens to you and your car lashes out at you and turns into a killing thing that hates you and maims you and the people you love. It happens, and it will keep happening as long as there are cars. No nationally televised road safety education program is going to stop it. You can't stop it by becoming the best possible driver you can: that won't help you avoid it, and it won't save one life from the hundreds of thousands who died this year, who will die next year and after that. Nothing's going to stop it, until the private automobile is banished and free mass transport is provided everywhere.

But that's Commie talk, right? If I had the power, I would deprive you of the privilege of owning your family car, which makes me some sort of Red, right? Why, if cars were banished, what would Standard Oil do? What would Firestone rubber do? We've been fighting in Vietnam for ten years for the oil and rubber rights, so I got a lotta gall to want to sabotage those industries. Right? Right!

Fucking A, Mac. And when they bombed General Motors and Standard Oil here last week I was not among those who were enraged and bewildered at the 'senselessness' of the operation. Power to you, Mac.

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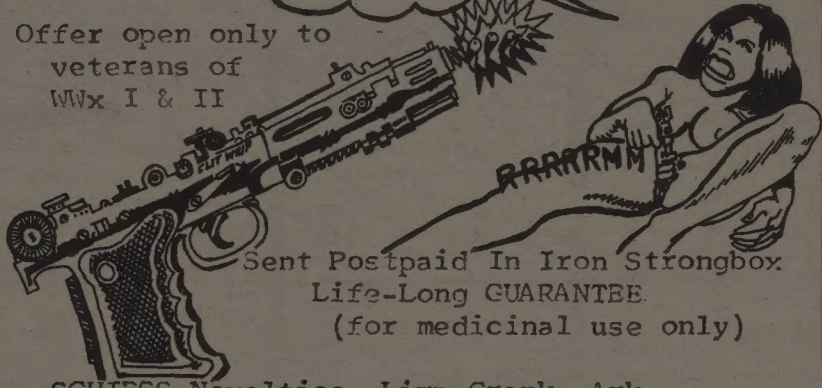
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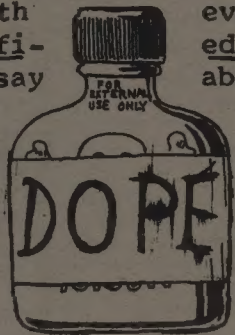


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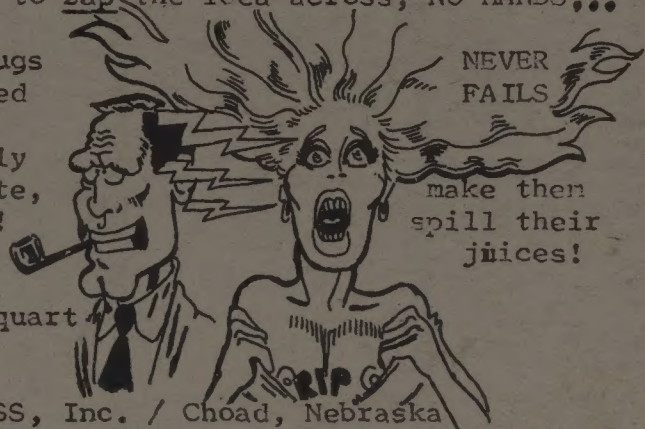
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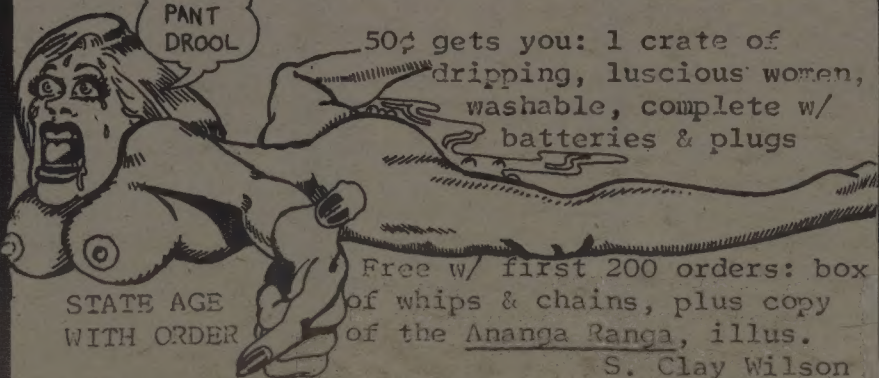
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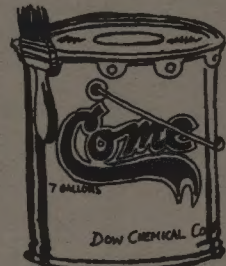
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