

THE EAST VILLAGE CENTER

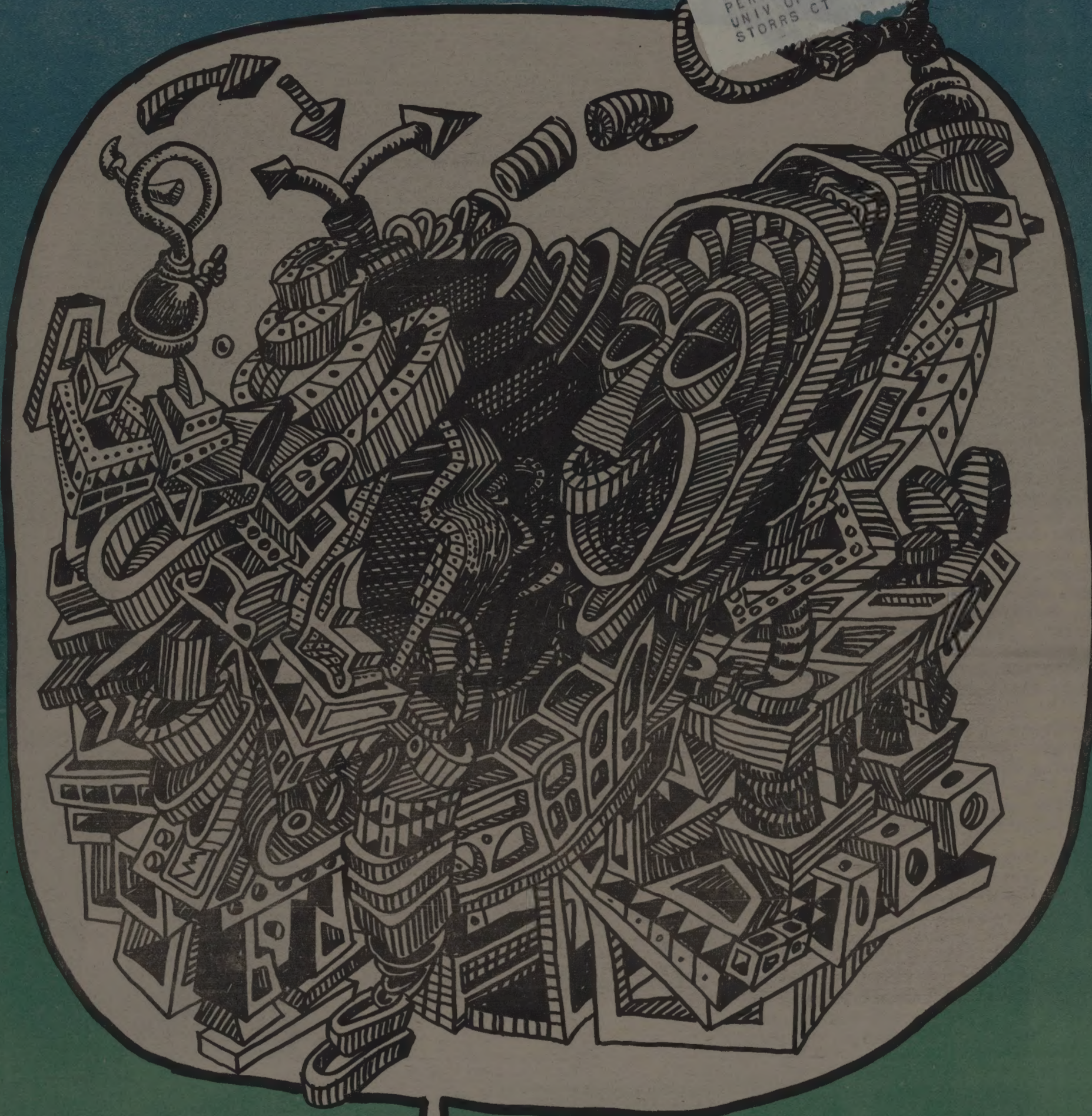
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DEC 17, 1969

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"Just the facts, ma'am."

Soon after Fred Hampton's assassination, the attorney general of the state of Illinois issued the following statement: "We wholeheartedly commend the police officers for their bravery, their remarkable restraint, and their discipline in the face of this vicious Black Panther attack, and we expect every decent citizen of our community to do likewise."

On the same day, an autopsy was performed on the body of Fred Hampton by three leading pathologists, who issued the following statement:

A bullet hole was found just below Fred Hampton's hairline above his right eye. An examination of the angle of the wound showed that if Hampton was lying on his back, the person who shot him would have been standing above him, slightly to the right and behind his head.

Another bullet hole was below the right ear with an exit hole on the left side of the lower neck, showing exactly the same angle as the other bullet hole. There were two other bullet grazes, one of the front left shoulder, again at the same angle, and one on the right arm."

One can certainly get a clear picture of what happened on the west side of Chicago on that cold morning of December 4:

MURDER, period.

It is curious, but a few hours before the bloodbath of Chicago, in a totally "unrelated" action, David Hillyard, the BPP chief of staff, was busted in San Francisco on a phoney "assassination" rap. As this is being written, hundreds of pigs are laying seige to the Black Panther Party headquarters in Los Angeles, and only due to media presence has another massacre been avoided.

In light of all this, it might be interesting to consider John Mitchell's credo relating to confrontations: "We're trying to anticipate these problems and deal with them by proper mediation and the implementation of whatever resources we have so it won't come to a violent confrontation."

Stop--compare this to the Illinois attorney general's statement, add the casualties of the week, and you'll arrive at the logical conclusion.

I don't think we ever comprehended the Panthers for what they really are. To many of us, their self-appointed friends and sympathizers, their presence was always shrouded with the awesome mystique of our know-nothingism. This in turn resulted in a distance of friendly apprehension. Like the Establishment, we never dug them for what they really are. What difference does it make if your familiarity with Chairman Mao's little red book does not measure up to Bobby Seale's?

What is important is that the Black Panther Party has succeeded, under the most trying circumstances, to reach the Black people and to relate in the most concrete terms to their basic needs. The Party has also succeeded, to a large extent due to the Pigs' systematic annihilation of their leadership, to overcome, the historic suspicion of the Black community toward their "political leaders". None of the usual stigma could ever be applied to the BPP leadership because Brothers Huey, Bobby, Eldridge, David, Fred, and Masai embodied the here and now of Black Amerika.

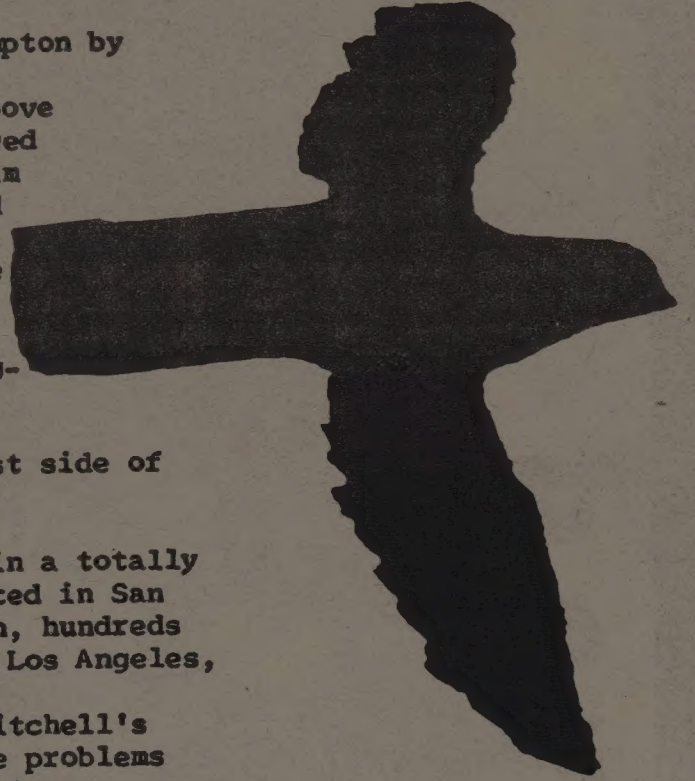
To kill them off will turn out to be Whitey's most tragic mistake.

In light of all this, our own attitude deserves re-examination. It was dealt with last week, and the Panthers are certainly a case in point. By merely clenching our fists and tsk-tsking we are nothing but a flabby echo of a Pig's bullet. By indignation alone, the massacre will not be brought to a halt. Emulation and the continuity of the Panther's projects are but a small way to manifest our solidarity with them.

LET'S STOP TALKING--LET'S DO!

[Handwritten signature]

Contributions to the Black Panther Party Defense Fund are to be sent to:
Black Panther Party
2350 West Madison,
Chicago, Illinois



HIRAP



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JUST PLAIN GONE

WELCOME HOME!

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PHOTO/ARMANDO

BY RENFREU NEFF

DON'T MOURN: ORGANIZE

Thursday, 4 December 1969--I had never met Fred Hampton. My only contact had been by way of a tape that someone I knew had been permitted to make in the course of a meeting with Hampton a couple of months ago. A rage honed by oppression and frustration had been beautifully articulated in words that could never be contained by the mass media, there had been a cutting humor through which his impassioned message came across as vividly as the barrage of epithets aimed at the dozing bourgeoisie, black and white, and at a system that employs racism as an opiate in the name of law and order.

At 5:00 a.m. this morning (Central State Pig-Time) 21-year-old Fred Hampton, Illinois State Chairman of the Black Panther Party, and Panther Mark Clark were murdered in a raid by Chicago police in Hampton's apartment in the west side black ghetto. Four other members of the Black Panther Party (two men and two women, one of them eight months pregnant) have been hospitalized for bullet wounds, all inflicted with dead-on Freudian precision aim in the groin.

Official sources--that is, the Chicago police reports--claim that the raid was staged following reports of a cache of weapons and ammunition on the premises. Headlined in local papers as a "shoot-out", numerous indignities were alleged to have been committed by the eight people asleep in the apartment against the raiding party, and once again "self-defense" has become the petulant smoke-screen for yet another political massacre. Even an objective observer--if one could be found on the premises tonight--would resent the police alibi on its implication that he is as stupid as those who invented it.

Hampton's apartment lies in shambles, everything has been ransacked and overturned, bloodstains dry on the dingy carpet in the front room. Dark puddles of blood congeal on the bare floorboards, glisten in slippery splotches on the linoleum, and

bloody footprints leave stained tracks through the narrow, dimly lit passage that connects the larger front room with the kitchen in the rear where another entrance, one leading out to a rickety wooden stoop, attests to one more lie having been transmitted to a horrified world. Police reporters claimed that the raiding party had been forced to divide in half, some finally gaining access to the apartment through this door while others were said to have been under Panther fire at the front door. But this rear entrance is neatly padlocked, its glass-paned upper half undamaged. There is no sign of entry, forced or otherwise, through this door.

Neatness counts. There is a chilling tidyness in the bullet holes through the main door, a terrifying order in the spray of gunshot across a wall that separates the two rooms where beds have been overturned and used as barricades against the bullets. There is the clear pattern of bullet holes jagging across the plaster at the wall-level of someone lying in bed.

(FRED HAMPTON HAS BEEN MURDERED IN HIS BED!)

Unprepared for having prevented the death of Hampton and Clark, one intrudes now in its hideous aftermath and stands numbly, impotently in the doorway of a bedroom, on newspapers spread to cover a pool of blood... a surreal sense of propriety... but the blood has soaked through the papers, they have been walked on and torn by those with perhaps a stronger sensibility for death, and one stands here amidst the wads of blood-soaked paper, frozen in horror impossible to articulate, incapable of moving out of the blood and on into that tiny bedroom where mattresses lay strewn at bizarre angles and soaked through with blood that has dried in huge stains and trickled in incongruously fragile tracings down the sides of the mattresses.

A voice behind me speaks with harsh impatience, a young black man with shades and an oversized visored cap "What's the matter? Does it turn your stomach? Well, that's what the Revolution is all about."

MESSAGE TO THE MEDIA

BY WALTER H. BOWART

Dear Messrs: Severeid, Wallace, Smith, Brinkley, Huntley, Reasoner and Cronkite:

Thank you for enriching the evening of November 25th with "60 Minutes," Volume 2, Number 6. Much more than being a retort to a government executive's political attack on the television news industry's integrity, it was a rallying of the best professional brains in the media.

The solution to the problems you presently face and will continue to face in the future—that of seeming to report only negative events—is more news time, thoughtfully guided tours, editorials, features, how-to explanations, travelogues, and the basically educational material you call "the news" presented in time proportionate to the hard core horror report presently called "the news," reflecting the real world ratio between serenity and violence in everyday life.

Your medium is growing more and more important and will soon encompass the world from Bangkok bedroom to New Zealand parlor. And it must improve in quality as life improves in quality.

Your surprise at the flood of letters agreeing with Agnew's criticism is not well-founded, for

what do the networks expect of their viewers if they feed them daily corn? The majority content of television is weak-minded, which amounts to giving the public a poor education. The frightened "patriots" who support Agnew haven't realized yet that "the medium is the mesmer." Woe be unto you if you haven't improved their education by the time videophone is made available and they can feed back to you on the air. Woe be unto us if the general level of the media has not improved by the time the electronic public forum is instituted.

The television medium is more important than the cold type press ever was, and may provide one of the only avenues of escape from totalitarian technocracy if it is used intelligently.

More feedback in the form of audience participation will be required, leading gradually to the day when cable television permits unlimited channels, town meetings of the air and, in conjunction with videophone, access to computerized data and direct vote referendum. But at least for the next decade the role of the news commentator will be to explain the very complicated, highly technical issues produced by a growing technocratic

society to simple (and sadly obsolete?) manual laborers who are looking and demanding, just like everyone else, to get involved.

There's not much else to do in an environment that is total learning except interact and keep learning.

By every indication of your intelligent response to Agnew's criticism, it was well-needed and it may turn out to be most constructive if the news media continue to meet mashed potatoes in the face with thoughtful self analysis.

I assume that because of the global village effect of television that people are getting more well informed, more sophisticated, and more demanding of the straight poop, but you will have to keep experimenting to come up with more live time with feedback participation, more programs originating in the Great Plains and other than the coastal metropolises, and much, much less light entertainment and soap opera pap.

Judging the quality of the thought expressed and just general "humanity" shown by you celebrity news commentators, I vote that the news departments run the networks, putting the media merchants in the back seat, where they belong.

Just as Spiro Agnew has realized the potential of the media, so did the Chicago Eight and so are more and more people everywhere realizing that now is an electric stage where a drama of mythic proportions is occurring almost daily. And though it's beginning to take on the weight and tone of the Greek Theater, from the television I watch, it is politically and morally well-balanced.

One thing no one seems to have noticed: live and taped television communicates on levels on which film does not communicate. And this is a most significant difference: the orthocon tube, an electronic sensor, picks up human electromagnetic vibrations and passes it on to the picture tube which outputs those vibrations broadcasting to the viewer a direct visceral experience which transcends word and picture. Just as you can feel a rush of anger inside someone and elicit the response known as fear when involved in four dimensional space, this three-dimensional medium of television communicates some of those almost telepathic, or at least non-symbolic signals. Film must be looked upon as a statement, like a drawing, filtered through a severe discipline. A piece of

celluloid which must go through a chemical developing process cannot detect subtle human resonance like the electronic sensor of the television camera. So film must be recognized as a statement of one or two individuals developing an aesthetic to reflect this fact.

One day in the no-too-distant future, after this relatively new electronic technology has been assimilated into the unconscious of the mass, it will take little or no discipline to operate television, which will then be available to everyone.

It is not hard to envision a lonely glass booth in the middle of the town plaza, a miniature television studio open for the public to broadcast to the world their feelings and opinions with no director or human technician between them and the home television set, should the viewer choose that particular channel. Then the cable hookups, unlimited channels, videophones, and voice registration will have secured our new forming electric web culture, which is just now becoming totally verbal.

Meanwhile, God bless literacy.

Sincerely,
Walter H. Bowart
President
OMEN PRESS



The Silent Majority

GOTCHAGOOZOM

Red-Handed

Dear Evo—

Last Saturday afternoon I went uptown with a few friends. At about 3:00, we decided to check out Alexander's Department Store. We went up to the famous "Tomorrow Shop". I was looking around and I saw a shirt I liked so I put it in a clothing bag I had. As I walked out of the department I stole it from, an alarm went off. The guard ran up the steps and put his arm out in front of us, in order to stop us. When he did this man who was working on something told the guard to cool it. This man happened to be fixing the alarm system and probably thought he must have touched something off himself, so I just walked out of the store.

When I arrived home I found a plastic card attached to the shirt. On the card it said no one may remove this unless you have the authorization to do so. I had a very hard time taking it off. When I finally broke it off the shirt, I found a small alarm system embedded in it, which I am sure triggered off the alarm.

I am sure many respectable shop lifters don't know about this and I think it's a great way to fuck up the Alexander's security system, so shoplifters take heed, if you do steal from Alexander's get that fuckin plastic card off all merchandise before you leave the department you stole if from.

Incidentally, the shirt sucks.

Helpfully yours,

Gluefingers

ED: Thanx & a tip of the hat, and may all your Christmases be white.

Beale St. Blues

Dear EVO—

I just got through reading an article in your Nov 19 EVO by Thomas King Forbade called "Write On!—Rat On." The reason I am writing is I was a vendor on the streets of New Orleans all summer long. Actually, the only place I sold was the French Quarter. It seems that is the only place you can sell because the man is down on you all the time and he wants to keep an eye on you. I used to sell these papers every night, all summer. I'm speaking of the

N.O.L.A. EXPRESS, a real together paper. But still every day the man was down on us for my "I.D." checks and they used to ask us for rent receipts. If we didn't have them we went to jail for a vag charge.

One night I want to tell you people about. Three of us, I, my buddy and a visitor from England were walking to get a cup of coffee after an all-night party. All of a sudden the Pig pulls up and says in so many words, "I gotta take in three hippies or three winos." We couldn't believe it, so the Man pulls out a quarter and flips it and says, "Call it." Luckily, we called right. My buddy from England said he couldn't believe it.

All I am trying to say is I am a witness to the attempted repression of the Underground Press Syndicate. The U.P.S. fed me, paid my rent, and helped me ball it with some pretty together women. Let me say this, I have met some beautiful people on Bourbon Street.

Now comes the bad part of the letter. After going through the constant hassle that the Man put out in Louisiana and Mississippi, I returned home and got back in the plastic world. Call it a combination of love and pity for myself. Anyways, this is what is. I gotta pay \$3,000 of my old man's bills, I gotta pay \$900 of my old man's car payments, but that ain't bad cause I expected it. I was another sucked-in chump. When I was in Vietn Nam, I sent my old man my paychecks. When I got home I had nothing. The old man spent all my money on his bills. Real Together!

To get back to the people in New Orleans, I am still writing them and they are mostly gone. They can't take it. All I can say is, "Keep going UPS." You are all we have.

Love you,

Thomas Borgio

Bristol, Connecticut

ED—Jesus, are things that bad already?

Dear Evo—

Words really become a stupid and a very inadequate means of expressing true sorrow: however,

simply put, that's what I feel concerning Marshall Bloom's death. Extremely sorry. He was a beautiful guy. Unfortunately, we saw each other only twice, yet we corresponded and shared the same focus on practically everything.

I met him, the first time, at the New Left Convention here in '67 and sat in when he tried to bring the Resistance Press Service into being (before LNS). I could tell after only five minutes with him that he certainly had the word, and I listened accordingly. The last time we saw each other was that crazy confused Wednesday night of Aug. 28, '68. We had dinner together in a small, very straight restaurant just off Michigan Avenue. He told me all that had gone down with LNS and why he didn't want SDS to grab it, or "any other one purpose bag." Whether he knew it or not, he *did* change journalism. I hope he's happy now.

Ernest Thompson

Stay-At-Home

Desires Correspondant

Dear EVO—

My cell mate, Charlie Van, turned me on to your white & black & brown printed matter, and it gassed me no end. You're right in your fight for the freedom of us all, this is a beauty full world, even in the steel & cement hole of the Black Palace of Mexico City. Zihuataneja Henry is a world of trouble, and those who remember me from the Village with Howie Gold, or from S.F. or from the Lib. or any hip chick or guy—drop me a line.

Henry H. Haag

Admon, 9-L

Mexico, 9 D.F.

ED—"Strange, travel instructions are dancing lessons from God"—Bokonin.

Fulfills Desire

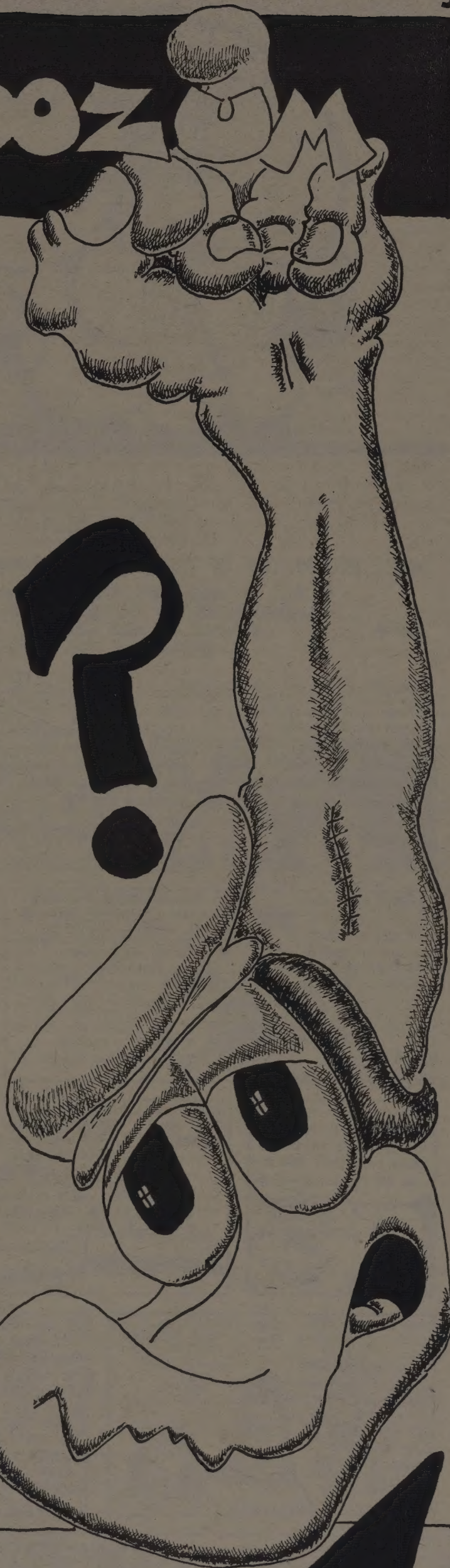
Dear EVO—

I've been wanting to write to you for some time passing to say I think you publish one of the best, possibly the best, communications which are apparent.

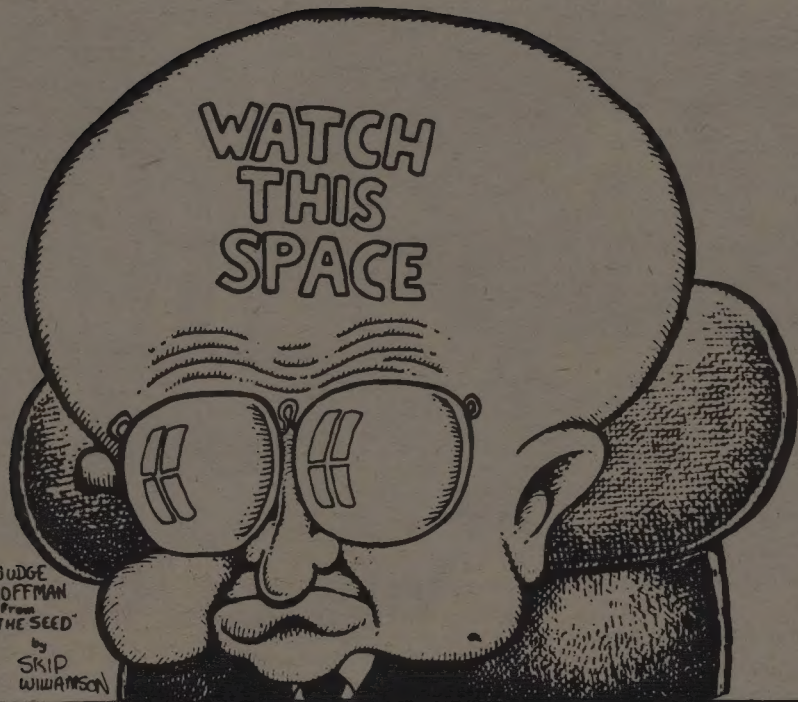
Love, James Coker

Starship Enterprise

ED—Apparently what?



HYDROPTICS!

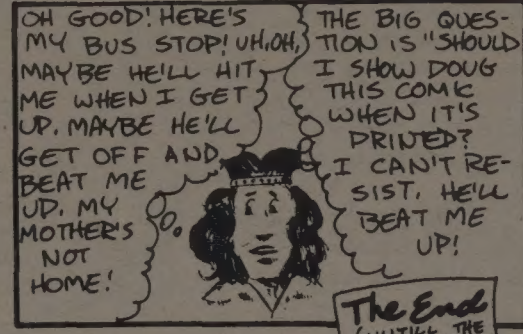
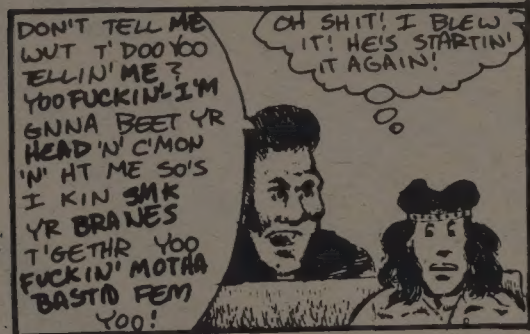
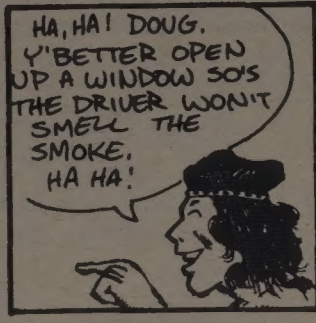
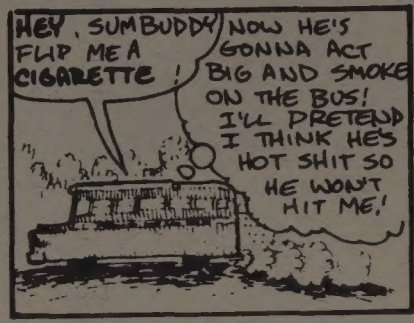
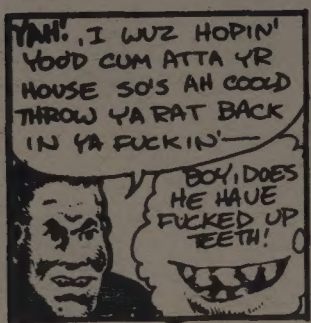
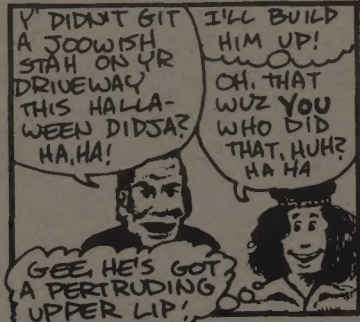
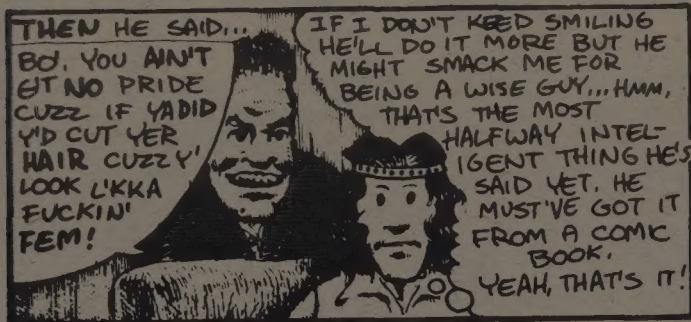
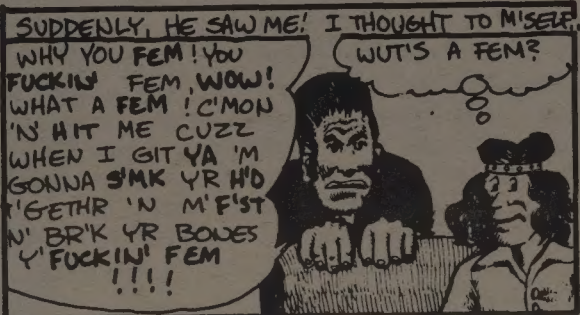
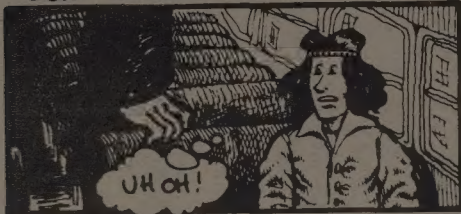


"BOY, DO I HATE SCHOOL BUSES"

"HOW I BECAME ONE OF THE GREATEST THINKERS OF OUR TIME!"

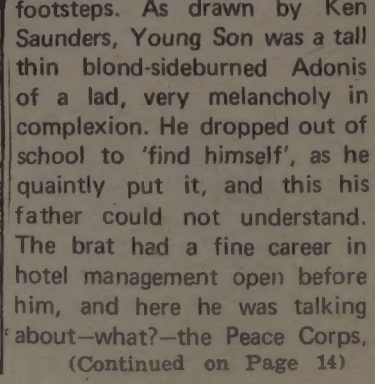
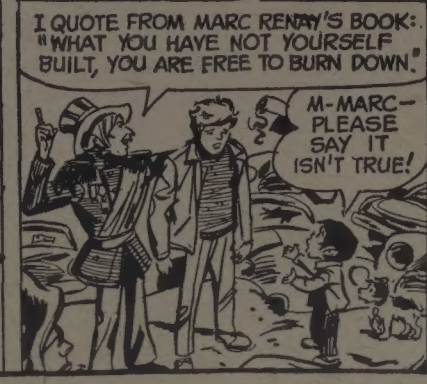
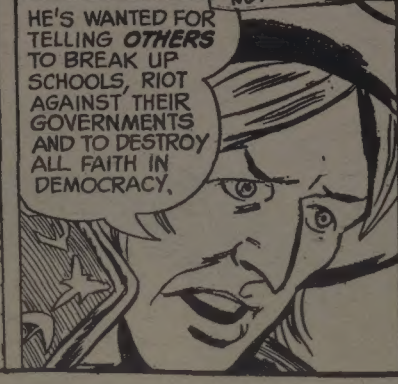
- A TALE OF ONE MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR NONCONFORMITY IN THE GREASER JUNGLE OF NEW JERSEY!!!
- (ABSOLUTELY TRUE STORY!)

ONE DAY, I GOT ON THE SCHOOL BUS AND "BIG" DOUGIE McCARD-TRICK SAT RIGHT DOWN ON THE SEAT BEHIND ME.



The End (UNTILL THE NEXT DAY.)

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DECOMPOSITION

BY D. A. LATIMER

We will open today's sermonette with a reading of The Ten Commandments of Militant Protest, as handed unto Spiro Agnew from that 32-year-old housewife in Baltimore who composes his speeches on her formica kitchen table:

- I. Thou shalt not allow thy opponent to speak.
- II. Thou shalt not set forth a program of thy own.
- III. Thou shalt not honour thy mother or thy father.
- IV. Thou shalt not heed the lessons of history.
- V. Thou shalt not write anything longer than a slogan.
- VI. Thou shalt not present a negotiable demand.
- VII. Thou shalt not present any establishment idea.
- VIII. Thou shalt not revere any but totalitarian heroes.
- IX. Thou shalt not trust anybody over 30.
- X. Thou shalt not ask forgiveness for thy transgressions, rather thou shalt demand amnesty for them.

That just begs to be spread around. Can't you see it done up in bright blue Medieval Text letters on cardboard placques and distributed through gift stores and mail-order houses? Hanging on fake knotty pine barroom walls all over the country? In the john, too? 'Those who write on shithouse walls/Roll their shit in little balls/And those who read these words of wit/ Should eat those little balls of shit.' Right on! They look well together, those two compositions—identical levels of erudition and inspiration. One wonders how Spiro's 32-year-old lady speechwriter in Baltimore did in high school. Did she win or lose the Truman R. Potrzebie Award for Most Patriotism displayed by a senior at S. Clay Wilson High School?

One also wonders how many hairy bikers have been clubbed to death with axe handles since she took off after us effete intellectuals. Probably not many more than usual, considering that contrary to all expectations the American people are not swallowing this down-home dogshit. According to the latest Harris Poll (one takes comfort in swill these days) a plurality of American folk think of Spiro as something less dignified than a horse's ass. Another plurality sympathises with the Moratorium demonstrators. We're getting along.

The question is, what makes these 32-year-old housewives in Baltimore tick? Why do they look at young people the way they do? People who write speeches like that—supposing they really think that way—have to be pretty horrible. Chances are their kids reject them for this, so it's little wonder they can't find much good to say about the younger generation. For example, the way Spiro puts the muzzle on Kim cannot make for a happy family, nicht wahr?

To gain a composite impression of what these people think about kids, it's probably best to inspect their favourite reading matter—comic strips. Next to Sharon Tate murder stories, nothing so excites a 32-year-old Baltimore housewife as a good comic strip. That comics also blow the minds of such as me, well, that shows you what a great medium comic strips is. Lately there's been a lot of Generation Gap stuff in the daily comics, and a fairly astonishing sort of attitude has come through at all. They don't get the point, these elder honks, they just don't quite see where it's really at.

In the Post, for instance, until recently you had Mary Worth sort of presiding over a father-son alienation. She rarely gets into things these days, Mary, which is reasonable considering her advanced age—she just moves around from place to place, and the stories are concerned with the families who happen to be putting her up at the moment. In this latest one, she was playing chaperone, after a fashion, to a middle-aged hotel executive and his fresh young brunette fiancée. The problem was, the exec had two offspring, a teenage girl and a college-age youth, and they were predictably resentful of some young snip of a girl taking over their beloved deceased mother's place in the household. At least the teenage girl was—the college youth developed hot pants for his step-mother-to-be, and the fight was on.

The fight was not so much over the woman, though, as it was over whether Young Son was going to follow in Ole Paw's footsteps. As drawn by Ken Saunders, Young Son was a tall thin blond-sideburned Adonis of a lad, very melancholy in complexion. He dropped out of school to 'find himself', as he quaintly put it, and this his father could not understand. The brat had a fine career in hotel management open before him, and here he was talking about—what?—the Peace Corps.

(Continued on Page 14)



"All right... all right... (yeah)... all right!"

It was midnight. We had sat through a loud but good Terry Reid, a sweet but long B. B. King, the mechanical soul-girl who has spent too much time in white night clubs stage intercourse of beautiful Tina and the Ike-ettes, in tiny silver mini-dresses (supposedly in the see-through nude in Vegas) and an intermission. 4 hours since we arrived, and suddenly the hord. Not heads, not hearts, not sobbing teenage girls thighs moist from the first climax (that would have been beautiful), but no, it was simply a hord. Jam the front aisles, side aisles, back aisles to see "Mick", or how many freshmen does it take to fill a chinese telephone booth.

It went black, and there he was. There they were.

Recorded and filmed—Albert Mayseles and his fantastic home-made camera pitched jaggedly above the packed mob—it was a concert of pure Stones music which, as time

clears the dazzle of the light shows from our eyes will rise like a Kilimanjaro from the plain of rock culture. Jagger's fantastic prancing and incredibly flexible gyrations (more than one lady was surprised at how "effeminate" he was in person—ah, puritain Americans, if you knew the daughter of the Nile who sweetens his nights) are a kind of demonic distraction from the sound (far better at home than at the hanging Garden) which is of such jangling sweetness to remain ever new. "Satisfaction" roared through as though it was the first year of its reality. At one point Jagger leaned back from the waist, put one hand behind his head as though he were leaning on pillows and made love to the universe... tombs of Tarquinia, eyes of the Renaissance, children of the electric space tribes.

Not without its human level. The half million people who on a single impulse sat down like a rolling ocean wave around the Washington monument very

more docile and sweet. Jagger gently attempted to get on to a Homeric level of discourse but the crowd was up for the Circus Maximus and Mick is too much a man of wealth and taste to let them down. "Midnight Rambler" was the bright star of their constellation but it went unrealized by the multitude.

He seemed to see and understand everything from a stoned Olympia of his prodigious sensual intelligence, as if everything around him were happening in slow motion. One lone girl (not Janis) managed to reach the stage. His body curved and crouched, always in the music, slipping effortlessly through her frenzied grasp as they pulled her away and threw her off the stage under his benign, indifferent gaze. As deft and agile as an Egyptian cat he knew how much to provoke to reach the edge of trouble, skirting hysteria, cooling passion with scorn. Understandably, the beautiful blues he did alone, with Keith Richards playing a fantastic metal accoustical

guitar, "Prodigal Son" from "Beggar's Banquet" and "You Got The Silver" from the latest (please don't let this one get past you) "Let It Bleed", went totally unrequited.

But then hearing the Stones should be an experience equal to seeing Sophocles when Athens was the city of the daughter of Zeus at the amphitheatre of the shining Acropolis. It's time to build that great musical dome on the plains of Taos. And when the sky is orange and as turquoise as a Hopi jewel, we'll go hear them together.

Didn't weep at the Stones concert. Don't weep at most concerts. Cried three times at the Fillmore with the Airplane.

Whether a common record company is coincidence or cause of the Youngbloods appearing with the Airplane doesn't change the greatness of the combination. The Youngbloods: smiling sweetness, pure sincerity, stone country wise and rocking. They have remained true to themselves and that's why it has taken so long for people to get to "Get Together".

Your head feels like a summer country morning when there are too many beautiful things to try and see them all. Devoted sons of the serene mother weed, to be known for delight and gentleness and colors, a philosophy set forth in the frolicsome "Wine Song" on "Earth Music" and which infuses the entire fantastically beautiful "Elephant Mountain":

"I was sittin' pickin' on a ragtime tune
(As it was, as it was as it was as it were)
Set(?) no cry high on a rainy afternoon.
Let me tell you
Crazy is the way you're gonna be
Give the folks the opportunity to blow your mind.
Turn your head around.
Don't let the rain
Bring you down."

"Rain Song"
And as if all this weren't enough, they are absolutely sensitive to the "ripple"—a joyful soft clapping that jumped from Youngblood freak to true Youngblood freak between songs, fluttering like a butterfly at a picnic, which blew their minds. At one point Banana came down to the edge of the stage to talk to it and kind of conduct it. "Just beautiful! Makes us feel so good." Youngbloods for your veins. "Happy is the only way to be."

Intermission and a reel from the cartoon version of "Alice in Wonderland" when she meets the hookah-smoking caterpillar and his magical graphic smoke rings. Traces of Hollywood plastic but a great double bill with "Yellow Submarine". Now is the moment to make a little love to Glen McKay's "Headlights" who "travel" with the Airplane, a lightshow of primal beauty and endless fascination. Joshua, were you watchin'?

Dark again, figures flitting over the speakers as you wait for

Mr. Graham to come on and do the Thanksgiving speech. It didn't happen. Suddenly it was the Airplane, it was "We Can Be Together" and was it ever together. When Grace started wailing "Tear down the walls" tears and sobs a total crack up, head and hart lifted out of the body, held, caressed and returned. I don't know how many people are moved like this with rock music... wow, that's Thanksgiving.

Having heard the Airplane in concert more than any other group, I have come to love the variations. There are so many strong elements that each time you get a different look. Marty Balin was very pale, and sang a lot less than usual. Grace kidded him about being there at all, and reportedly he was somewhat indisposed all weekend (atoning, perhaps for that sneaky borrowing of lyrics from A.A. Milne). It's amazing how uptight they still get about New York audiences and about the shouts for "White Rabbit". But look, if you show people fifteen minutes of "Alice" before you come on what do you think they're going to be thinking about?

Grace wandered back and forth, making fun of their unplanned sets and waiting for the word to come down. At one point someone yelled out something incomprehensible. She spun around and stared out into the dark, "I didn't get that at all... but it sounded like you said 'Prophylactic!'". (Mutual stoned silence). "Hmm, wonder what you... forget it!"

The revelation of the concert was Jorma, who was definitely keeping it all together with his irrepressable presence and shining guitar. "Good Shepherd, that's a combination of Jorma," said Grace. "There should be an and, but there isn't". High praise. (Interesting that the new albums by the Byrds and The Airplane both contain traditional religious songs "Jesus Is Just All Right With Me" and "Good Shepherd". Are we in for a grass roots revival from the California head lands?). "Shepherd" was beautiful, but David Crosby's "Wooden Ships" wasn't really there at the Fillmore. Maybe it doesn't work without Crosby singing, as he goes on "Volunteers".

"Volunteers" is very fine, but certainly there is a lot of good humored irony and pleasant anger at the dismal political situation. It's a surprise to see the Airplane somewhat down instead of being on an ecstatic plane several light years ahead coaxing things along. "Got To Revolution" for the beauty of it, I'll agree. "We are all outlaws in the eyes of Amerika" (effete snobs, commie liberals, bomber radicals and drug addicts). Come on, Airplane, take off again.

And know that inspite of all you are dearly loved even in speed city. With a little help from the stage the house lights got into the act as the aisles filled with admirers during the encore (shades of hanging Garden). But peace was in their hearts.

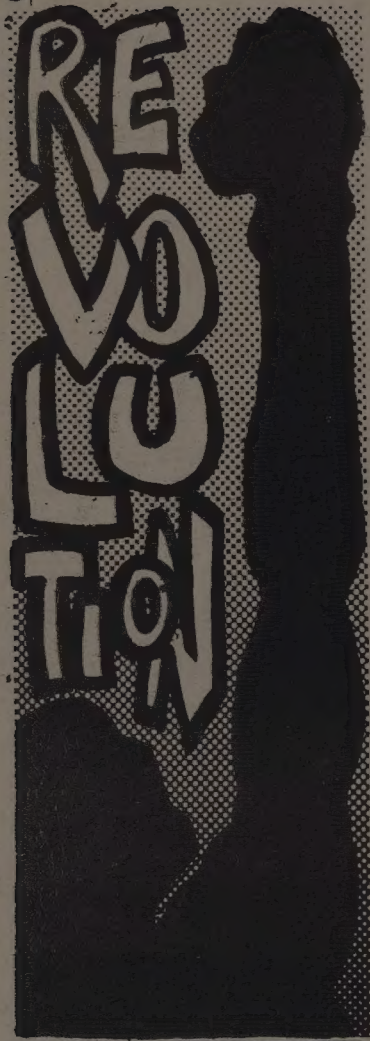
Thanks, Fillmore, for making Thanksgiving an audible as well as high holiday!



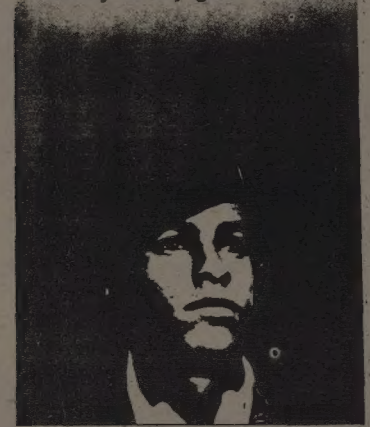
THE NAMELESS TERROR

ROLLING KNIGHTS IN THE GREAT HALL OF GREED

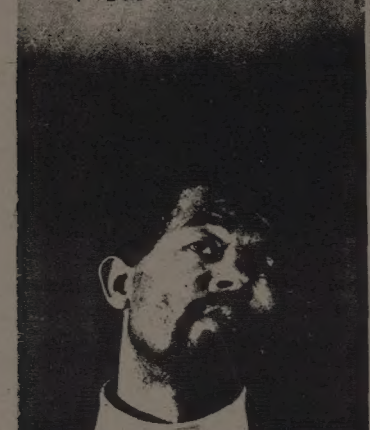
—James Lichtenberg



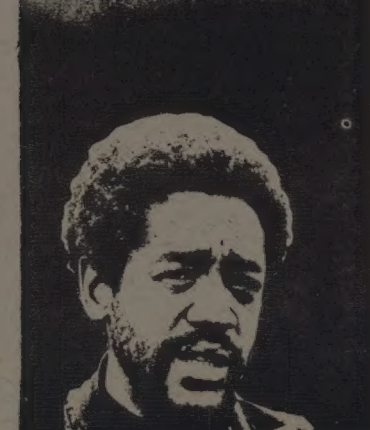
"An unarmed people are slaves, or subjected to slavery at any given time."



"Revolution In Our Lifetime"



"Fascism breeds when the lazy, tricking, demagogue politicians lie and mislead people about the suffering that Black People are subjected to."



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS
WE KILLED 350 VIETNAMESE AND MASSACRED OUR OWN MEN

VietNam 1968 At a little camp about 14 miles northwest of Qui Nhon on the sunny coast of Vietnam, a Camp called Lane Army Heliport. A party of Warrant Officers (3) with a civilian Fire Chief in a stolen jeep, left the base without authority of any kind and went to a near by village to clean out their tubes. Early in the morning, after having the orgy of orgies, drunk, and speeding down the road, the jeep, with the Fire Chief driving, crashed on the road. The Fire Chief was killed and the other Officers were injured. The only punishment given to the survivors was a written reprimand to be placed in their 201 Files.

VIETNAM 1968

A pilot from the 48th Assault Helicopter Company, located at

Ninh Hoa was returning to base from Battalion Headquarters at Phu Hiep. While passing over an open field the Pilot noticed a flare parachute in the open. A flare parachute is a burnt out cylinder of an aerial flare connected to a T6 parachute by a steel cable about 3' long, they make dandy souvenirs. The pilot decided to land and pick up the chute. Now, a chute is worth about 23 dollars and a UH 1D Helicopter is worth about \$150,000. As the copter neared the chute, the prop wash wind generated by the moving blades inflated the chute and caused it to billow. As the chute rose higher the steel cable became ensnared in the tail rotor of the helicopter, causing sudden stoppage. Without the anti torque (which is generated by the tail rotor to keep the helicopter from spinning in the opposite direction of the main rotor blades) the Helicopter faultered about 10 feet off the ground and crashed. Luckily, nobody was killed, but the ship was lost. The pilot received a

written reprimand, and was transferred to the 129th Assault Helicopter Company, where he was still allowed to fly.

ANOTHER NAIL IN THE COFFIN Lane Army Heliport. An Son. On the way to Qui Nhon, a pilot from the 129th Assault Helicopter Company decided to show off his fabulous flying skill, by flying under a bridge. As the UH1D Helicopter passed under the bridge one of the blades broke as it hit the side of an embankment. The helicopter crashed, killing the Aircraft Commander, the Pilot, the Crewchief and seriously injuring the gunner. An error in judgement on the part of the Officer.

VOLUNTEERS

IN SERVICE TO AMERIKA

The United States Army has sent out a directive to many of the posts of the Third Army Division asking for volunteers to

test the Army's new nerve gas. As incentive they are giving you a temporary transfer to Aberdeen Proving Grounds Maryland for up to 9 weeks, and you only have to make 2 tests, which probably meant that you do no work. As word leaked out the US Army is testing a new Nerve gas destined to revolutionize the War effort in Vietnam. I wasn't allowed to go test the gas, cause they said I couldn't keep a secret, but, I would really like to hear from someone that did.

AN APPEAL

Friends, ex servicemen. If you have any information on any massacres you have participated in, or have seen, or any information. Please, don't hesitate to call on you ol pal here at EVO. I hate telling old war stories from my life, and variety makes a bit of difference, so please, get in touch.

FIGHTING FOR PEACE IS LIKE BALLING FOR CHASTITY!!!

PIGS EAT SEALE PIGS EAT SEALE PIGS EAT

Bobby Seale's problems with his oppressors are endless. The following is a taped conversation between Seale and his attorney Charles Garry held on November 27th in Bobby's cell in the San Francisco County jail.

CHARLES GARRY: I got the word Bobby from an attorney by the name of James Knight that you were beaten up last night by the sheriff's men. And he also told me that there was a witness by the name of George Bervich. Now pick it up from there and tell me what happened.

BOBBY SEALE: Well I think, I can't hardly hear or talk as you can hear and see. I was viciously choked, when they were getting ready to put me in the hole. I didn't care about going to the hole, but all I wanted was my legal papers with me. And not only that, I'm slightly ruptured, where I had an infection while I was in Chicago, it's coming back on again. Where one of them grabbed my testicles while the other was choking me; and others were holding my arms, trying to put handcuffs on me. He grabbed and yanked on my testicles and penis. And the choking was so vicious that the only thing I remember after that was that I was thrown on the floor inside the solitary confinement hole, cell.

CHARLES: What were you sent to the hole for? Why were they trying to put you in the hole for?

BOBBY: It all started because I had a Black Panther Party Newspaper. When I had asked the guard, as you know Charles, could I have the Paper. Because I wanted, had to, as you explained to me; write out what I mean by certain statements and things in the Paper. So that you could have them in my defense in court. So that you would be able to explain thoroughly. Well

anyway, I had the Paper for this reason. I was in the hole cell, and they had to clean it out. Because the hole that was in the floor, that was suppose to flush down, would flush back up. And all the crap and stuff just came back out on the floor. And they finally pulled me out after all day yesterday of that kind of crap. And the officer who actually let me have the Paper, admitted that he had let me have the Paper, and it wasn't contraband. And that's where it all started. While I was visiting Sunday I went back to the cell, and they said that I had a Black Panther Newspaper in my cell, and that's contraband. And I readily explained to them that the officer on duty the other night gave it to me so it could not be contraband. And tried to explain to them that it was wrong. They said that they were taking my visits away because I had the Paper, and I told them it was wrong. So in the process an argument pursued, in trying to get them to understand that if they would just simply investigate, they would find that the Paper was allowed in by another officer, right here. And in turn the argument wouldn't have broken out. But I called him a pig for defying me my rights. And not at least going through the process to investigate to find out that the Paper wasn't contraband. Because I had been allowed to have it for the purpose of writing out a complete outline on some of the statements that the Party had made and especially that I had made. That's the reason. And then they came the next morning and took me to the hole.

CHARLES: Would that be Monday morning, yesterday?

BOBBY: Yes, I don't know maybe it was about 9:00 or 10:00 and I went down to the hole. I told them that they could

have the rest of the property, but I wanted to keep my legal writings with me. And they told me I couldn't have them. And I told them that I thought I had a right to have my legal statements or anything relating to my legal rights with me, while I'm in jail. And they called up about 6 or 7 officers, sheriff's men around here. And I told them that I wanted to keep my legal stuff with me; and I'm not scared of their hole, I'll go to their hole. And proceeded to walk towards the hole with my legal statements in my hand. And they jumped me at that point, and snatched me back. And threw me to the floor. And at the same time another one grabbed my testicles and penis and yanked at them, while another one viciously choked me. The choking was so bad, that well, I have a tonsillitis case, bad tonsils and they're swelling up right now, and I can't even half talk.

CHARLES: Have you called a doctor? Have you asked for a doctor to see you?

BOBBY: Yeah, they came by, and he realizes that I'm totally sick. And he's trying to keep the temperature down by giving me penicillin. He's trying to give me penicillin and some antibiotics. They say that's what they're giving me, but...

CHARLES: Are you still in the hole?

BOBBY: Yes, I'm still in the hole.

CHARLES: What are you in the hole for?

BOBBY: They say I'm in the hole because I called an officer a pig. I'm trying to explain to them that if the officers hadn't of violated my rights and we hadn't of pursued into the argument. If they would have just

went and checked out, that I had really violated nothing. Which started all of this mess. That they wouldn't have to be doing this to me. The officer who let me have the Paper had admitted in front of 4 or 5 other officers that he actually, in fact did let me have the Paper. And that's the reason that this mess started in the first place. They said that they were taking away my visits. I said for them to at least check it out and check with the other officer to see whether or not he actually let me have the Panther Paper. And for them not to check it out, and take away my visits then they're acting like pigs. They're denying me my rights. They know I have a right to visits, at least they could check it out. And they didn't do that. So they say, that since I called him a pig, that they're going to take all my visits away. I said and since you're violating my rights and haven't even got enough intelligence to check it out and find out that I really haven't done anything contraband, the officer allowed me to have it. If you just find that out if you don't want to do that then I see you as a pig. You're a pig a hundred times. You can say what you want take all my visits away, but that's the case. So this is why I can't talk right now.

CHARLES: How long are they supposed to keep you in the hole?

BOBBY: 10 or 15 days. So they say.

CHARLES: Bobby, you told me that the hole, that the flushing procedure comes back up. Would you tell us more about that.

BOBBY: It was broken last night, I guess. But I had to lay in it all day yesterday.

CHARLES: Had to lay in what?

ART LINKLETTER'S 'HOW TO TELL A HIPPIE' PAGE

GOOD HIPPIE

MOST PEOPLE THINK THAT HIPPIES ARE BAD. WHILE THIS IS TRUE OF THE VAST MAJORITY, THERE ARE SOME JUST AS GOOD AS YOU AND ME.

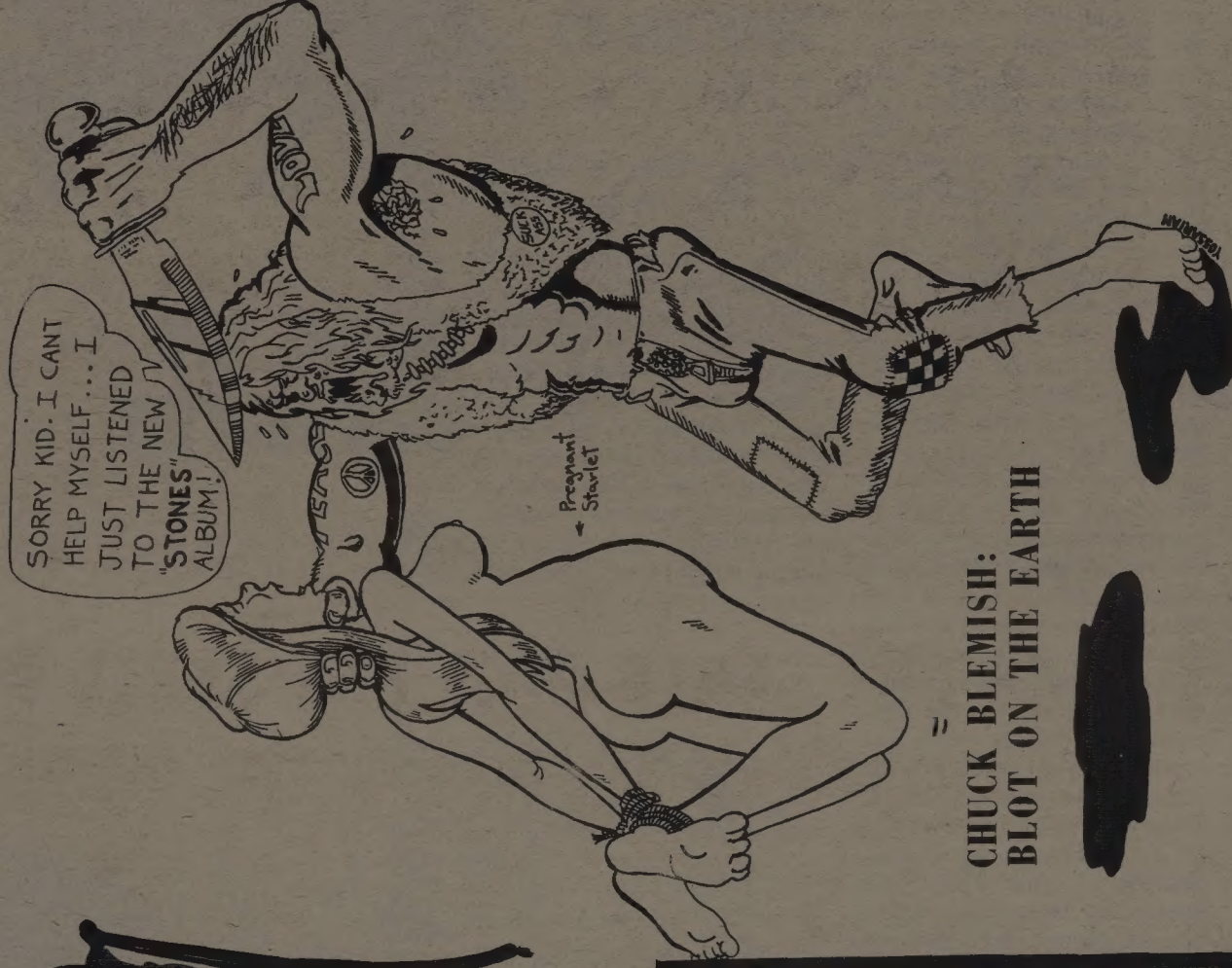


**DAVIE-BOB COWSILL:
CLEAN LIVING POP IDOL**



**ART LINKLETTER
SPACE AGE TEEN GURU**

BAD HIPPIE



**CHUCK BLEMISH:
BLOT ON THE EARTH**

'Old Folk's'

Understand Your Kids!!

Real Jake—	quite proper
Horse—	heroin
Hophead—	drug addict
Coon—	jigaboo
Duck's Ass—	hippie haircut
Copasetic—	copasetic
Wheels—	car
Shiv—	knife

Art Linkletter is a registered trademark of the WHAM-O Corp. and bears no relation to any person living or dead.

Although he talks funny, with words like 'crazy' and 'bop-a-re-bop', this Good Hippie is one of Us. His hair, although long, is clean, and he always wears a big Howdy Doody smile. If you have a Good Hippie in your school, invite him to church sometime; that would be a good deed. Get to him quick, because a Good Hippie always grows up just like the rest of Us.

**A
Latimer & Yossarian
Production**

He does not take baths, rather he takes narcotic dopes that make him do horrible things. When Bad Hippie girls take dopes, they jump out of windows; when Bad Hippie boys take dope they cut people up with knives. They live in sin. A Bad Hippie always wears his hair below his ears and bare feet that stink. They 'shoot' dopes called 'reefers', and listen to colored people's music. This Bad Hippie is not one of Us.

Picturebook reality came home in the pages of Life Magazine this week. There were pictures of a massacre, pictures of people caught in an unnatural position of death by a natural hail of a mechanized society. Look at those pictures long enough and they become unreal—there could be no empathy with Asiatic faces, smashed Asiatic faces... and a gook for some people is still a gook. Those pictures in Life can be transposed and taken anywhere in the world; the face of war is the face of civilization, the part which is most out front. Bullets and rats do about the same job, only the time lag is variable. There are other wars being fought, much closer to home, much closer to what the newspapers choose to call reality, much closer than well-meaning public servants care to imagine. These elevated few may find it behind their plush houses, four blocks from the White House, or driving cabs. Song My is lowereastside on acid Wednesday, massacre of sensitivity walking from the park on East River to Second Avenue/Seventh Street. The humanity in those blocks speak as loudly as the anonymous pictures of civilian slaughter in an anonymous southeastasian country.

The East River from about 14th Street down is ringed by middle-class apartments, surrounding lower Manhattan like a sanitary napkin. They keep the ghetto dwellers from spilling over into Staten Island and New Jersey, a civic buffer zone encapsulating the lowereastside with its rows and rows of tenaments. Seventh Street, my block, is basically a tenement area though the houses are well kept. They are still habitable while the high risers which dominate the East River are antiseptically spiritually killing. No matter, that life-style is the Nixon style (again Nixon is a catchword, like Fauvus in the 50's, a term synonymous with sterility, but the sterility of the "good" life). These palaces for the people are badly built, ill-lit, and poorly landscaped. The best that could be said for them is that they are easily policed. They look swell from the air, just the same way as Song My looked before Charlie Company finished it off. But back to the trip.

That particular Wednesday, the wind was clean and brisk. There were leaves on the trees and kids were playing ball in makeshift uniforms, jabbering in shrill Spanish. No one needed a translator to know what they were saying; baseball has its own universal language, especially when the umpire makes a lame call at the plate. Lenny and I were sitting under a tree staring out over to Brooklyn while the sky was turning fantastic patterns. A police car rode on the concrete fronting which aprons the river—they were probably taking a shortcut to bypass the traffic. They could have just as easily been there, just a few yards ahead of us because of the view, the weather, or the kids playing baseball.

It was summer then, we were there for ourselves because we decided to take the afternoon off to trip. We sat under a tree for three hours talking, laughing, and joking at the absurdity of everything (you always discover cosmic absurdity on acid, it never fails). We waxed expansively over the possibility of the most powerful men paying for this moment which we were enjoying, idly wondering whether they down on Wall Street wouldn't want to take the afternoon off to sit under the trees and talk about the baseball and the quality of the softball pitcher whose game we were watching. We guessed they would have given all they possessed for those few hours of joy, solitude and inner mystery.

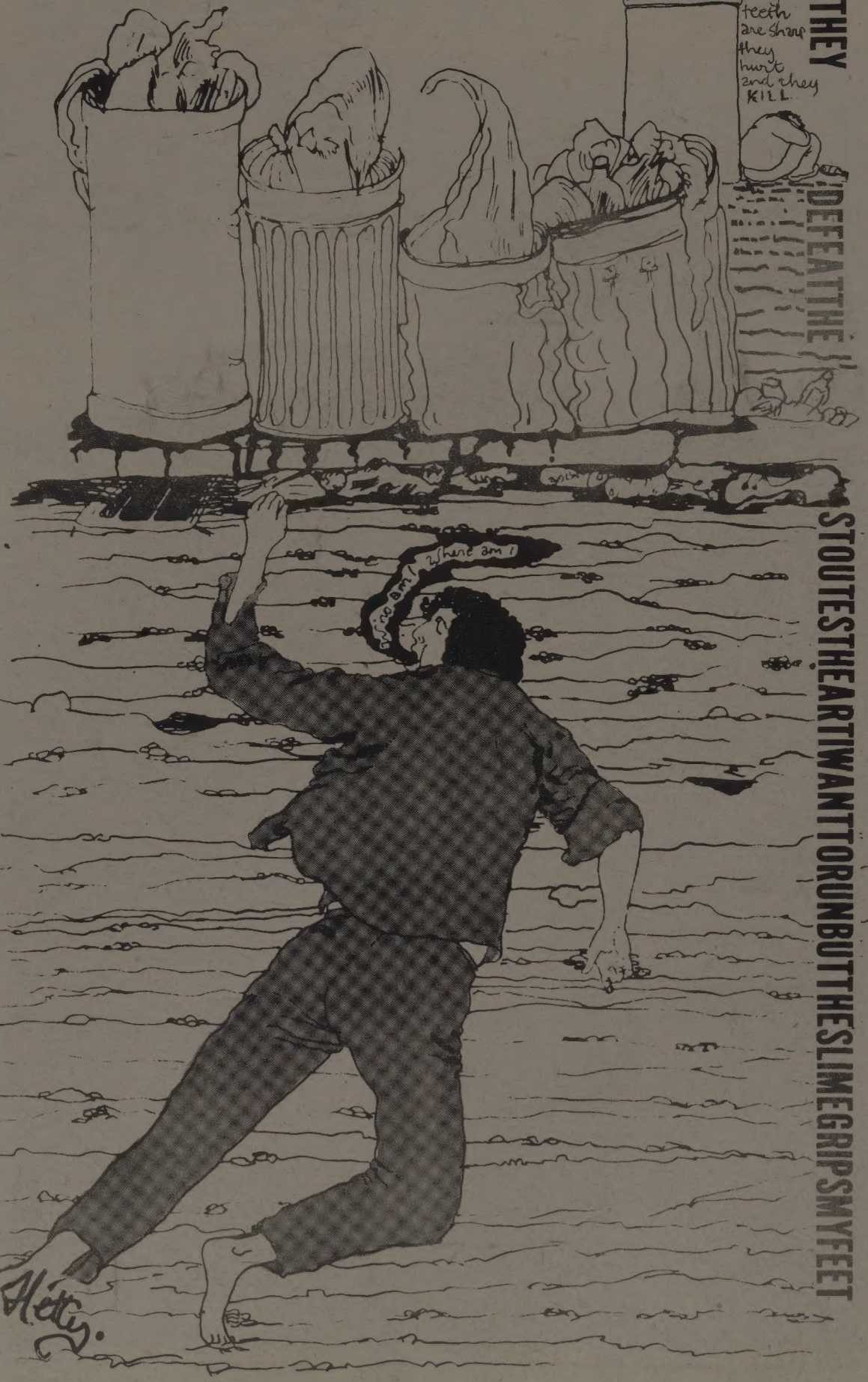
It was getting late, maybe 4:30 or 5:00. It was still light outside, but it was time to head back to Seventh Street. Something was drawing us back. There were six blocks which had to be traversed back to a book-lined apartment. We crossed the pedestrian bridge at Tenth Street and walked through the housing project. Kids were hanging out on the broken concrete benches kids who were dirty and scarred. (The acid had a lot to do with that appearance, perhaps we were seeing their souls). The concrete on the walls of the apartments was crudely lettered with miscellaneous obscenities, catcalls and racial slurs. Not actually on the walls as much as floating on them.

We walked up Tenth to the crossroads of Avenue D—a wide avenue with gigantic holes in the pavement. Cars careened wildly to avoid misfortune. We were almost hit. People down there seem in a great hurry to get through. Tired blacks and Puerto Ricans lounged on each side of Avenue D in small bunches, drinking softdrinks, beer and gesticulating madly at each turn of their conversations. Broken glass seems to be the only form of pavement there, the kids accept it as their natural birthright. Each new bottle tossed out by the drinkers is promptly shattered, refuse overflows the meager garbage cans, latin music blares from a jukebox somewhere in the distance. Burned out tenaments line streets between Avenues D and B, 2 blocks of burnt-out misery. Perfectly good apartments are gutted, monuments of city-sponsored inefficiency or neighborhood hostility against the dwellings in which they are forced to live. I wondered what would happen if the City renovated and then maintained these places, I wondered about paint. Even if these buildings had one fresh coat of paint, the neighborhood elan would rise. Garbage in streets, burnt-out buildings, ill-hit hallways while the landlords live

DAVID WALLEY

in Bayside, Grown Heights, or Great Neck in their hard-earned homes. They live outside the squalor, products of many of the same buildings but unwilling to remedy the things which they complained about (but now reminisce) when they were growing old. Is garbage any legacy for these or any other people? (Midwest spaceoriented, neat and clean, sans garbage, sans junkies—everybody's clean and it can't happen here... ringing in my ears, random (Continued on Page 21)

SONG MY REVISITED



OH MYGODTHEFILTHHEREDEGEDSAROUNDEVERYTHINGTHEY

DEFEATTHE

STOUTESTHEARTIWANTTORUNBUTTHESLIMEGRIPSMYFEET

KHAKI JUSTICE:

BY CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Report From The Fort Dix Court Martials

Fort Dix, an endless desert of row on row cinderblock buildings and small men in green-mud uniforms, seemed like another world to the girl reporter from the East Village. Everything so straight, so colorless, so perfectly controlled. "SAEDA—Subversion and Espionage Directed Against the Army: Don't forget your reporting responsibilities," one frequently posted sign read. Everywhere men with small hats scurried about saluting men with bigger hats, while heavily armed MPs patrolled the camp to make sure that salutes would be executed smartly and subversion reported promptly.

I had come to Dix with Marianne Weissmen, the National Coordinator of the Committee for GI Rights, several organizers from the American Servicemen's Union and Mrs. Rochelle Sopata, a tiny woman whose husband, Doug, is serving time in the Stockade on charges of desertion. Our goal: to witness the court-martial of Private Terry Klug, one of the "Fort Dix 38," who is facing thirty years imprisonment because of his alleged involvement in a stockade riot last June.

"Is the case a frame-up?" I asked Marianne as we drove to Wrightstown, New Jersey, the site of the Army base.

"Well, the riot really

happened," she answered, "but many of the major defendants are being prosecuted NOT because they participated in the rebellion, but rather because they are known opponents of the Viet-Nam war or members of the ASU or people whom the stockade commandant simply doesn't like. Besides, the riot happened because that stockade is like a concentration camp and something had to break!"

Brutality, overcrowding and malnutrition were always facts of life for those GIs incarcerated at Fort Dix. But conditions went from unbearable to subhuman when Major Casey (no officer in the Army has a first name) was assigned as commandant of the stockade last year. Prisoners were beaten regularly, often within the presence of the Commandant himself; mail, including privileged correspondence between lawyers and clients, was delayed or not delivered; solitary confinement and a diet of bread, water and lettuce became a common punishment for even the slightest infraction of the Major's idiosyncratic rules; visiting time was restricted to one hour each Sunday; drinking water was served in a bowl, not a glass; and only approved christian sects were allowed to hold religious services. As for racism, Major Casey could hardly miss that one. Black and Puerto Rican internees were always singled out for the most brutal punishment.

It was against this background that last June 5th several hundred prisoners participated in a riot. The trouble began when the prisoners were made to stand silently in the sun for four unending hours before being permitted to go to the mess hall for lunch. In the cafeteria their usual bowls of drinking water were not served. When a young Private named Chabot rose without permission to fetch a glass, he was arrested and placed in solitary confinement. The incident was not an unusual one, but that day it became the final straw in a long chain of indignities. Three cell-blocks demonstrated their anger by throwing furniture, smashing windows and setting mattresses aflame—costing the Army about a thousand dollars in damages. Thirty-eight prisoners were arrested and charged with everything from "conspiracy to riot" to "aggravated arson." While the Army knew that the charges against most of the 38 wouldn't stick, they were determined to get stiff convictions for those GIs they considered "troublemakers." One of these "troublemakers" was a private named Terry Klug.

Twenty-two year old Klug began his Army career in September, 1966, when he enlisted. "I had lived most of my life in Central America and Italy," the thin, blond GI explained during a break in the court-martial. "You see, my family works for the U.N. When I was eighteen, my parents sent me to the States to live with my

grandfather. It seemed like I was going to get drafted here anyway, so I decided to volunteer for the military. At the time, I really believed all this stuff about 'the Army making a man out of you' and all that."

Klug immediately volunteered for Officer's Candidate School, which he quit two weeks before graduation because he "didn't want to order anyone to do anything I didn't wish to do myself." A buck private again, he soon discovered that his unit was to be shipped to Viet-Nam. That news was enough to propel Terry to the nearest airport, where he caught a plane for Europe and became a deserter.

For the next year he worked in Paris with RITA—Resistance Inside the Army. After a while it struck Terry that it "was a bit hypocritical in wanting others to defy the authority of the US Army while I was safe in Europe." That realization brought him back to Kennedy Airport last year, where he was promptly arrested for desertion.

Since his arrest, Terry has only been out of solitary confinement for all of nineteen days. "I think I prefer being in solitary," Terry admitted with a slight smile. "Things are so bad in the regular barracks what with the constant searches and standing out in the heat, that segregation is the only place in the stockade a man can get some peace."

Klug sat with his attorney, Hank Di Suvero of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, as an Army lawyer named Denizen began to call the prosecution witnesses.

"Your honor, the Government would like to call Private Miguel Morales to the stand," declared Lieutenant Denizen, the squared-jawed Aryan looking legal officer. For Denizen, it had been a bad day. The Defense had already knocked his star witness off the stand by proving improper behavior by Army attorneys. It was Lt. Denizen's hope that Morales' testimony would be sufficient to prove Klug's guilt. Several days after the riot, Private Morales had signed a statement claiming that Klug threw a piece of furniture out of a cellblock window during the rebellion. Morales' testimony was important. It would pin Terry Klug to a specific act of riot.

"Do you know the defendant?" Denizen asked his witness.

"I think I do."

Morales' face was sweating. He was tense, frightened and could hardly lift his glance from his lap. In an inaudible mumble, the young private recited a carefully rehearsed story of how he had seen somebody who might have looked like Terry Klug defenestrate a footlocker.

Lieutenant Denizen, displeased by his witness' reluctance to clearly identify Klug, rephrased his question: "Was the person you saw with

(Continued on Page 17)





PHOTO ALFONSO BARRIOS

BY ELLEN SCHECTER

ADALEN 31

PHOTO RAYNE RUBENSTEIN

Al offer week and each moment clamoring for right to breathe when the right to privilege and responsibility like every thing else . . . to be real-ised, to be given the old-hand reality of print. I wish this were tape so that the ramblings would have definition and act-of-god Michaelangelo muscles, make this a Sistine Chapel for headphone-listeners and obligated seekers. Anyway this was a full week. *Tell Them Willy Boy Is Here* is a film about American Indians, about this one Southwest Navajo Indian named Willy Boy and Katherine Ross who cut her wonderful hair, dyed it black, because she plays his true Indian love. Abraham Polonsky directed, his first film in far too long a time, is technically brilliant, some intercutting between face and space is dramatically perfect. The story is, for the first half, multi-textured, a rich complex invention whose sympathy for the American Indian and his 'displace person' environment is always compelling, never compulsive. The story of the Indians is truly a study of inexorable survival fights, cruelty, inhumanity, perhaps (Continued on Page 14)

maintain a delicate balance between humiliation and purpose will end in the violent death of four men and one young woman. But it's hard to believe. We refuse to accept the foreknown conclusion—partly because of the immaculate beauty of the Swedish setting, partly because of the plangent cinema of light and shade—and mostly because it is unacceptable. It is always difficult to accept the absurdity that deaths occur because issues temporarily eclipse human judgement and lovingkindness. Strikes are essentially grubby things. Over there, long ago in 1931 . . . perhaps, we hope, they weren't so tediously humiliating, so tense with long-suffering. For a while, this seems so. It's all so peaceful and lovely that it is momentarily unconvincing and somehow poignantly naive. However, this same quality of being long ago, far away, and perhaps immune to horror lends just the note of incredulosity and skepticism that make the climax that much harder to bear. Widerberg meticulously (and somewhat marginally) knits a fabric of details which temporarily ward off ugliness. (Continued on Page 16)

Adalen '31'—a new film directed by Bo Widerberg, exhibits the same romantic tendencies as his periodically styled, "Eltva Madigan." It is at times almost more painted than photographed, with strong filmic echoes of impressionist art. It is beautiful almost to a fault. Obstant realistis may be uneasy with this portrait of a Swedish village gripped by a long and increasingly bitter strike, as they were with the seeming lack of realism in Widerberg's previous film. But simplicity and power emerge in the film from astute textures of the lyrical and the brutal. From the outset we know that the days of waiting—which we share so intimately—of striving to

THILM

BY LITA ELISCU

Al offer week and each moment clamoring for right to breathe when the right to privilege and responsibility like every thing else . . . to be real-ised, to be given the old-hand reality of print. I wish this were tape so that the ramblings would have definition and act-of-god Michaelangelo muscles, make this a Sistine Chapel for headphone-listeners and obligated seekers. Anyway this was a full week. *Tell Them Willy Boy Is Here* is a film about American Indians, about this one Southwest Navajo Indian named Willy Boy and Katherine Ross who cut her wonderful hair, dyed it black, because she plays his true Indian love. Abraham Polonsky directed, his first film in far too long a time, is technically brilliant, some intercutting between face and space is dramatically perfect. The story is, for the first half, multi-textured, a rich complex invention whose sympathy for the American Indian and his 'displace person' environment is always compelling, never compulsive. The story of the Indians is truly a study of inexorable survival fights, cruelty, inhumanity, perhaps (Continued on Page 14)

Following reports made to the Board of Directors of the Society by Madolin Convent and Austin Wade, the Society's delegates to the meeting of ERCHO in Philadelphia on November 12, the Board voted to inform you that the Society wished to disassociate itself from all the resolutions passed at the conference.

We wish to disavow the resolution, presented and strongly urged by the Gay Liberation Front, to boycott the paper, GAY POWER, not because we approve of the paper—we do not—but because we believe in the freedom of expression which has long been a tradition of this country. For the most part we do not like what Gay Power says, but we will fight for the paper's right to say it.

We wish to disavow the resolution to hold a "Christopher Street Liberation Day" because we do not feel that the Stonewall riots were particularly beneficial to the homophile movement, and because we feel that a large rally of the kind apparently contemplated could too easily spark another riot and make the situation in the Village far worse than it is now.

We wish to disavow the resolutions submitted by the Gay Liberation Front because we believe that, while to some limited extent they cover objectives in which the Mattachine Society believes, nonetheless, the intent of the GLF is basically nefarious, and therefore suspect. Furthermore, we feel that the resolutions are not, per se, particularly relevant to the homophile movement, and that there is so much difference of opinion among our own membership, to say nothing of homosexuals in general, that we cannot endorse them.

The Board was extremely disturbed by the report of the actions of the radical group, The Mattachine Society of New York, has worked hard for many years to build a viable relationship with the heterosexual world, and an image of responsibility, believing that this is the only way in which we will be able to achieve our objectives of bringing about homosexual law reform and wearing down social, economic and religious prejudice against homosexuals. Although we seriously doubt that a small group of militants can destroy in a few months what it has taken us fifteen years to build up, we do not wish to support their attempt.

We wish, therefore, to have the record show that the Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York is not associated with the above resolutions and that they do not express the majority opinion of the members of this society.

Very Truly yours,
Robert Amsel
President
Mattachine Society Inc. of N.Y.

POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

BY ALLEN KATZMAN

and magazine. We pay it no heed and unconsciously buy it as a necessary experience.

And even when it shrieks at us in human terms, we deny its existence. The closeness of flesh like the mass mania of overcrowded cities feeds back on us in the form of premeditated assault. People screaming in the street, a woman following our human predicament, "NO! NO! I'M NOT LONELY! I HAVE FOUR WALLS," on a crowded Sunday afternoon on Second Avenue and St. Marks is to be avoided at all costs as illegal. All this screaming meat left unnoticed will rise up one day and destroy America's plastic senses.

The massacred of Songmy will rise up from the pages of *Life* and the *Daily News* to mete out sanity, justice and peace. The short haired freaks of the U.S. Army will be seen and sentenced as the real murderers of Sharon Tate. Or else Charles Manson, nicknamed "Jesus, Satan, Hymie", the so called accused real murderer of the Sharon Tate 4 should be given a medal.

Manson was doing nothing the rest of America wasn't doing. When murder becomes a way of life, a politically prescribed policy, the victims are not enough. To protect the originators of such a doctrine, a sacrifice substitute has to be offered up to mimic justice, sanity and peace so that "ONLY THE BEAUTY IS REAL."

And the beauty of it is that "Hippies" have become our new "Niggers." They are dirty, degenerate and worship "the Devil." All of them are out of step and murder to a different tune and without the sound of trumpets. Surrounded and outnumbered by all those crew cut disciples of America's 'save the world from communism' policy, they are an opposing army with false orders. No one could sanction their crimes except the White House or the Pentagon. If Sharon Tate and her friends were slanty-eyed 'gooks' and lived in Viet Nam, Manson and his followers would have been following orders and therefore immune to the Ten Commandments.

Whether Manson and his followers are guilty or not is irrelevant at this time in history. We are all murderers and the only thing that matters is not to get caught, at least not without orders. Manson is judged already guilty by his appearances alone. He becomes a new victim to the long line of lies of America's morality.

If he was truly possessed, mad, and a murderer, then his only crime was mistake; of being in the wrong place and the wrong army. For the only way open to him now is to stand accused as he really looks, the essence of all of us. Let him shave off his beard, shear his long hair and don the uniform of his country. Let him be judged guilty along with the society which bore and nurtured him. Let him not be second hand and give no thought to substance about his crimes. And if he is not guilty, then let him be real and meaning. Signs freak out at us from every corner of the street and from every newspaper.

Sanity is hard to come by these days. It is as rare a commodity as peace. And justice doesn't fare any better. Only in America can such scarcities go unnoticed and not be missed. After all this is a land of substitutes and synthetics; knowledge enough to make the real thing bleed with second hand perfection. Like the time I came across a plastic rhododendron plant for sale in one of the many flower shops around New York. Its advertized qualities struck me as prophetic: "NEEDS NO EARTH OR WATER. WILL LIVE AS LONG AS YOU LIVE. AND ONLY BEAUTY IS REAL."

"That's America," I thought at the time. The irony of that last line stuck in my memory banks. We advertize our falsehoods with such veracity and give no thought to substance and meaning. Signs freak out at us from every corner of the street and from every newspaper.

(Continued from Page 12)

hubris, and the film is conceived on the same level. The perspective is always sensitive, the filmmaker hard at his invisible work of unrolling a story—and making a film out of it, not just a visual propaganda.

I forgive the choice of Katherine Ross, although she does mar the emotional sensibilities: she is too beautiful, too fine-bred WASP looking, and not enough of an actress to suggest, through brief sketching of word and gesture the necessary depths of character. If that is stilted, so is her performance. Robert Blake as Willy Boy is fine, escaping the usual noble savage approach, and making more like a red John Garfield—Bogart, short on dialogue, long on unplumbed, iceberg emotions. This is the year for this film, certainly. It tells a story long ignored for the shame of it all, and it tells it in swift, fierce moments until the exhausting chase sequence, when White Man hunts Red Man for no particular reason except that he might as well, and he always has, and he is gonna do it. Still, this is 1969, and while liberal Amerika knows the time has come for truth, the time is over for this film to be a strong statement rather than a merely beautiful film. Ironically, it is the story which proves the film's downfall rather than the technical, material and cinematic qualities. As film, it is an achievement to be proud of; as social document, see Burt Lancaster in *Apache*. The real tragedy of the Indian people is not explored enough in the character of Willy Boy or indirectly through the reactions of the whites... it is always dangerous to try to create a straw individual as symbol of a people's tragedy, and though the character of Willy Boy is entire and well-drawn, the nitty gritty facts are missing, the qualities which would make his story unforgettable long after cocktail conversation over the Plight of the Indians has waned. And if Willy Boy fades, to be replaced by impersonal "Indian" then the film has not carried us past the easy chairs of our minds and consciences, may they rest in peace.

Z has received standing ovations metaphorically and really, at the San Francisco Film Festival, and here, the opposite of "Willy Boy" holds true. As a cinematic effort, the film does nothing to revolutionize the art form. Here, the story to be told is considered all important, and the film as substance becomes a visual narrative, a way to see and tell. But the game of show and tell is here so vital, so important, that this film should be considered only in terms of what it says. The basic story is true: in Greece, in 1963, a prominent, loved leader of the leftist-pacifist front was murdered as a political action carried out by the Police and the Government. An investigation was held, the facts were uncovered, and then

(Continued on Page 16)

(Continued from Page 6)

and turning the goddamn hotels over to the coloured people, and all this sort of Free Silverite Albigenian hogwash. Henry Ford II claims to have similar problems with young Edsel glory be.

Anyway, Max Ernst—he writes the thing—seemed to me to actually be putting the father in a bad light. Now, it's true that the boy was no prize himself, he was pretty dull and stupid and adolescent, so I may have misinterpreted the whole affair. But the father made absolutely no attempt to get into the kid's head—"You want a dialog? All right, you say you want to join the Peace Corps, I say you go back to school. There's your dialog, now git."—and his shirt was stuffed with pious platitudes straight out of the Thirties, and he just generally came off like a creep.

The bone of contention, Ole Paw's pretty fiancée, wound up with the son. You come home to find yourself and walk off with a piece of ass that's cool. All things considered, you'd have to say the younger generation came out smelling like roses in this one. The only problem was, the kid was a real Charlie Brown—any self-respecting college age youth would've burned down his father's hotel and taken the girl and run off, but he just sat around and whined until the chick took him.

In *The Daily News*, things have been more interesting. *Dondi* just concluded an episode wherein notorious European loudmouth youth Marc Reney infiltrated bovine Midville to see how the American people really live. Now, you'll remember *Dondi* came to Midville from Italy just after the War, and you'll also remember the astonishment with which he encountered America's incredible affluence. Things have not changed all that much, according to Irwin Hasen, the artist: Marc Reney, looking at a typical small-town American street undergoing a typical big-city traffic jam, wonders, "They must know I am here, to have stocked the streets with all these automobiles. Surely the average American cannot afford one of these magnificent machines. Where are the working people?" The working people were stuck in the traffic jam.

Marc Reney came off pretty cool too, compared to the rest of the young folk in that strip. Like, he wound up being blackmailed by a colony of 'Sappies'—wierdo dropouts who lived in a junkyard they called 'World's End.' They wore wierdo outfits like Revolutionary War Jackets over psychedelic bowling shirts, and they talked this kind of late-fifties hip jargon laced with clever slogans like 'Destory Everything That Stands'. These cats were so mean, man, they not only blackmailed Reney into throwing in with them but they also slapped *Dondi* around some.

The worst thing you can do is slap *Dondi* up, miserable little eavesdropper that he may be.

But the assault was in harmony with the rest of the Sappie philosophy, which went to the effect that everything now standing should be destroyed by contemporary youth, and we'll leave it up to those who are not under ten years old to put things back together for us. A wierd thought there. Irwin Hasen is also nowhere.

Also in *The Daily News*, though, you have Leonard Starr's 'Mary Perkins', which is a Mary Worth strip essentially, only super-contemporary and staggeringly well-drawn. In the last episode, Mary Perkins was doing a gig at the Minneapolis Repertory Company, which apparently puts on two or three separate plays every evening, with different casts. Just after Mary's program, a modern-dress *Julius Caesar* went on, starring a very talented young fellow whose name eludes me. This guy was strange, for although he could cause audiences to swoon at the grandeur of his performances, nobody knew who the hell he was. There was one spinster in town who was halfway close to him—she had a fetish for helping out young, good-looking actors—and it was

she who eventually spilled the beans to the F.B.I. that he was a draft-dodger.

He had this great sport car, see, on which he ran up a couple thousand miles a week going to Saskatchewan and back. He was living in Saskatchewan, understand, in an effort to avoid conscription into the Army. How it helped is not clear, but that's cool, because the thing that interests us here is his convictions, such as they were.

He was convinced that he didn't want to go to Vietnam. 'Do you see any parades for Vietnam vets?' he kept asking. 'Do you hear any bouncy patriotic songs? There's no class to this war.' Being an actor, I suppose he was hung on class, and if there'd been a sufficient house for production, he'd have starred at Mai Lai. Some convictions. After the lady had sicced the F.B.I. onto him, he told her she might have been a good patriot and all that, but he thought she was a fink. The Generation came out of this one looking very tortured, but goofy.

So if this is what these 32-year-old housewives are being fed, little wonder they turn out

like Spiro Agnew. Something ought to be done to rectify it. Perhaps whoever's drawing Gasoline Alley right now could do up a thing about Chipper in Vietnam... He once fixed a Vietnamese girl's leg, a year or so ago—if he went back to her village to find her, and found the village wiped out in an air strike, that might be worth something. Mort Walker's got a good head, maybe he could have Sarge throw Beetle Baily into the Camp Swampy Stockade, and just hint at the gruesomenesses that go on in those places. Or dig it, Albert Alligator just received his draft notice—but no, you can't make anything funny out of Vietnam. Maybe that's why it remains impervious to propaganda from Spiro Agnew and his 32-year-old lady speechwriter. We want out.

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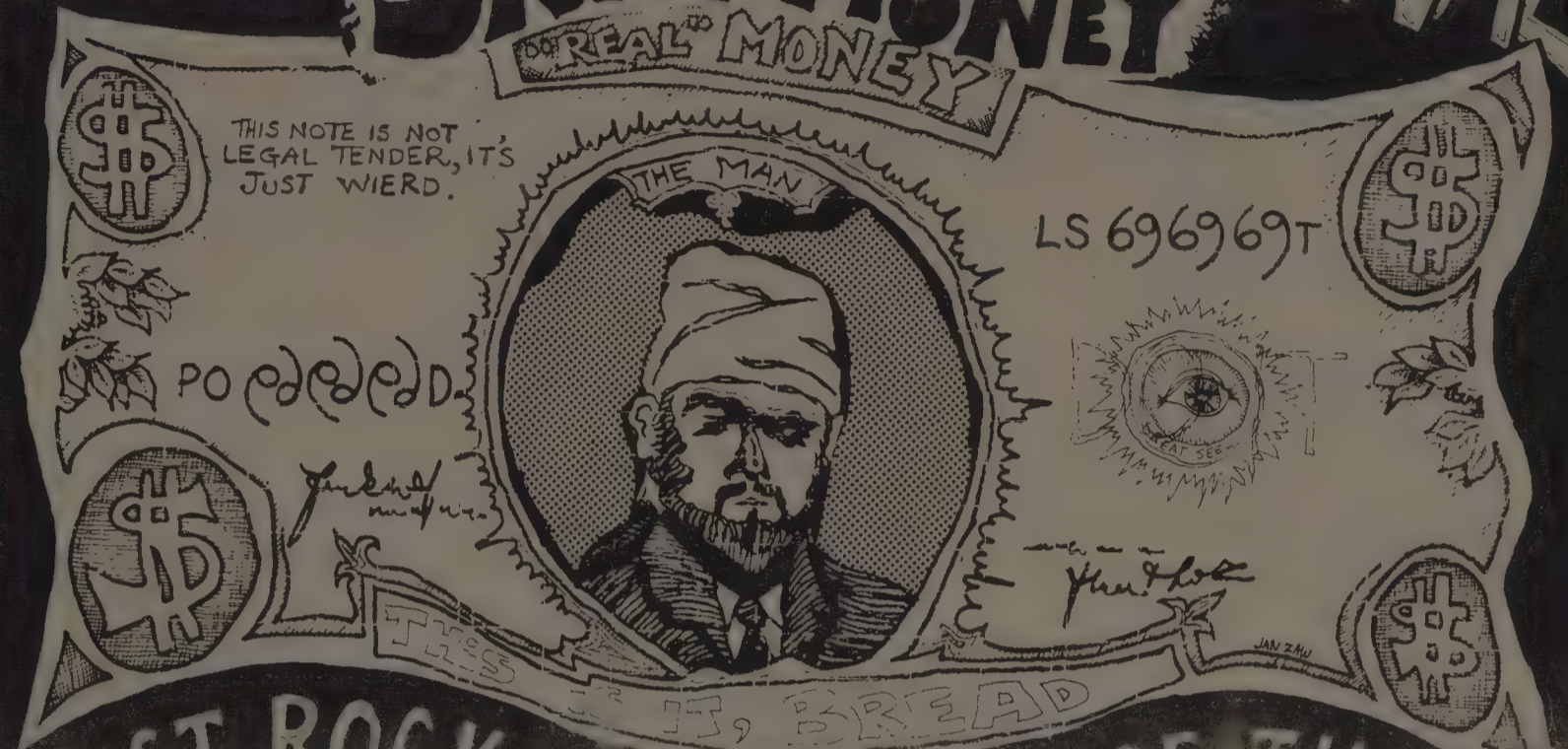
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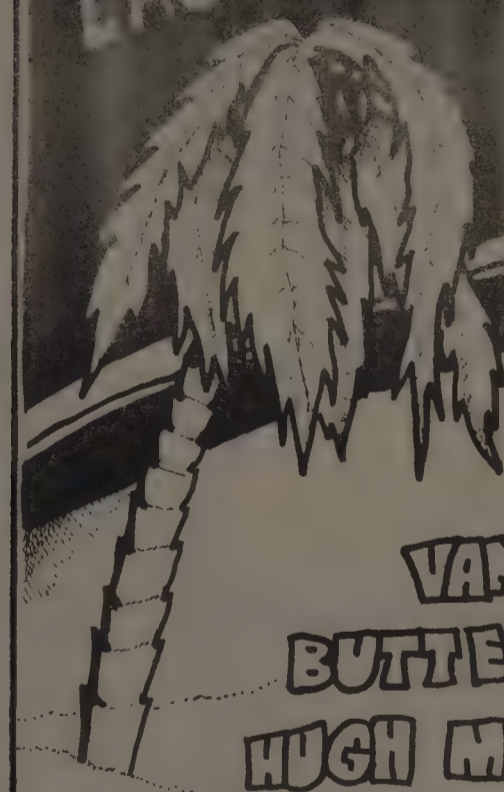
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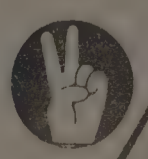


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THILM

(Continued from Page 14)

political expediency replaced justice, and law and order or rained, and the Flood of destruction was on. Z has to be one of the most moving, significant and relevant films for our very own times, our winter of discontent when the clouds seem permanent and the sensational "Tate murder" headlines about "hippie cultists, marauding hippie types, gang of roaming hippie types... etc." recall Joe McCarthy's day, rocket cone brassiers and the word 'beatnik.' Costa-Gavras, the 13-year-old director, said that "The theme of this 'adventure film'... is not a plea in favor of a political party, but a plea in favor of Man and an Idea... In the course of this detailed inquiry... this plea becomes an indictment against a system that calls itself revolutionary but in which everything is a parody including justice."

((Aside))

(... Godard makes films which are revolutionary artworks about the idea and substance of revolution, revolt, eradication, erasure, freedom. Many find his films boring, almost all find his films irritating. He is perhaps the only filmmaker today whose films are consistent challenges to the nominally 'revolutionary' (as in "fashionably so") set, pushing them and all of us past the genteel limits of our own weak, constipated efforts at untying aesthetics and action...)

Z tells its all too true, too prevalent story in simple, convincing terms. Yves Montand plays the assassinated Deputy; Irene Papas plays his wife. The former brings to his brief moments on stage a wonderful magnetism, managing to provoke all the sympathy of the audience for the terribly deed, while the latter brings a face frozen in a Greek tragedy mask, chalked as a Kabuki actors and almost as

(Continued on Page 20)

31

(Continued from Page 12)

Overviews reveal silent, empty factories. But the sun is bright on the sea, petals shower lyrically from the trees, and the people of Adalen are so skillful at keeping remnants of warmth and fun in their lives that we carelessly overlook rising tension.

The characterizations are sufficiently detailed to give a sense of individual personalities on Both Sides—but this is primarily the town's story. We are bemused by children flying a homemade airplane from a barn roof—and amused by the homespun adolescent seduction scenes that sometimes fail and sometimes don't. We are treated to a Scandinavian version of Duke Ellington's jazz—performed on trumpet pot-lid cymbals, and Ma's washboard with blonde soul.

But each little stitch eventually drops back into reality. One tender seduction brings pregnancy and abortion; one child flies down to break a bone; wholesome, loving family fun, framed in clean early sunshine, rings hollow when the father leaves only to wait out another day chafing with inaction.

The weight of poverty gathers slowly—with sure direction and superb actors. An unexpected loaf of bread and 'lucky fishing trip bring on a heady little celebration. But lovemaking is too expensive because there is no money for another child—and, later, even mourning is a luxury which cannot be overindulged.

There is much humor and tenderness in this sensitive portrayal of decent people who strain to retain civilized values under the tension of need. The pace toward violent confrontation is slow, reluctant. For a while, purposely, the photography subtracts from the sense of reality. The villages seem to be too full of genuine joy in life, too surrounded by

hope, too flooded with fresh summer beauty, to be moving much too slowly toward that moment of bloodshed for it ever to arrive.

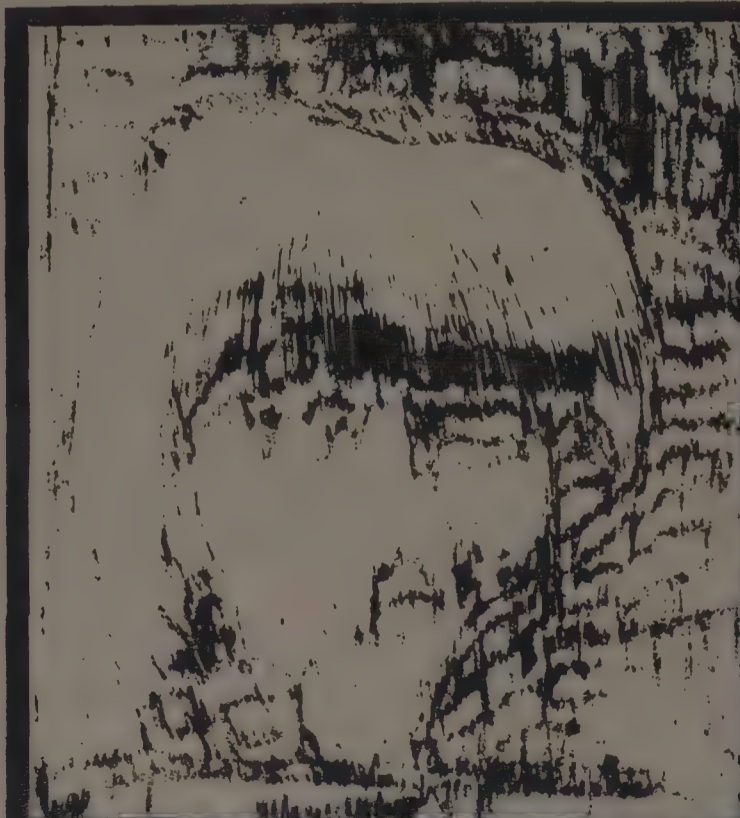
Even the soldiers are temporarily lulled into smelling lilacs and fastening them to their mortars. What? Confrontation under falling appleblossoms? To the tune of the town brass band? Never! Never till later. But the measured progression toward the final absurdity gains weight because we participate personally in the days of helpless waiting which wind toward totally unaccepted—yet wholly expected—tragedy.

The hand-held camera trembles convincingly during the massacre sequence. And the voice that calls out "STOP!" (in the name of the law) quavers with indecision and even with surprise at its own audacity. What law? Whose? And why so sacred? All—soldiers, townspeople, audience—are frozen in a clear realization of absurdity... and the terror of power. The shots are fired anyway.

There is an abiding sense through the film that the episode happened to such wholesome people in such pastoral surroundings that this particular dilemma is not only far-removed but could never be repeated. This, certainly, is one of the ironic statements made with low-keyed bluntness by "Adalen '31."

The film works by forcing points between its' self-imposed dichotomy of calm and chaos, of innocence and inevitability, of beauty and brutality. The heavy pacing and broad expanses of cinematic embroidery only temporarily celebrate their own artistry. Ultimately, a clear and bloody irony cuts through everything—serving, at the right moment, a larger end.

And, after the end, the focal point of the film emerges as not one of time (1931) and place (Adalen). The same questions haunt us still with similar brutality, much the same tedium, far less beauty, and endless persistence.



Mon—Sat Wed Thurs Fri
 Ralph Cat Fish



FORT DIX

(Continued from Page 11)

the footlocker in court today?" Without lifting his eyes, Pvt. Morales answered: "I think he is... BUT... it could be someone else."

"Don't you remember POSITIVELY telling me that it was KLUG? You did swear to a statement saying that it was him. Wasn't that true?"

"Well," Morales, stuttered, sweat pouring from his face, "only—only part of it was true." From a corner an officer looked up from his copy of "The Jury Returns" by Louis Nizer.

"What is true? Are you certain today that the person

you saw throw the footlocker was Private Klug?"

"No, I'm not certain."

"Was there ever a time in the past when you were sure?"

"I wasn't ever completely sure."

Then, knowing he'd probably be beaten when he returned to the stockade, knowing that Denizen could well prepare a perjury indictment on him, Private Miguel Morales blurted what he knew to be the truth.

"When I was in my cell," he cried out, "the men from Criminal Investigation Division told me if I wanted to make a statement against Klug, I tell them no. But they came back again. They asked me when I was planning on getting out and I tell them. But they laugh at me and tell me not to count on it. They keep telling me 'you don't think you're going to get out, do you?' Then they keep putting Klug's name in my head. 'It was Klug. It was Klug, wasn't it?'"

A furious prosecutor demanded to know why Morales had lied in his original statement. "I was frightened... very nervous... they brought me to CID in handcuffs..."

Denizen could only stare dumbfoundedly as Klug's

attorney cross examined the witness. To Hank Di Suvero, Private Morales freely admitted that the scene at the riot was one of confusion, that he couldn't really identify anyone, and that most of the white guys in Terry's cellblock all had the same color hair and all looked alike.

The next government witness proved equally uncooperative to the prosecution. Robert Williams, a Black GI whose release from the military was being held up several days as insurance for his appearance at the court martial, said little to connect Terry to the riot. Williams did however suggest that the government was trying to blackmail him into making statements against Klug.

Another prosecution witness, Airman John Liske, was brought to the stand. Liske, chunky-looking all-American boy, was sent up for two years on charges of Grand Larceny. The fact that he was charged with stealing nearly a quarter of a million dollars from the Army PX made him an extremely popular man around the stockade. Under oath, Liske joined Morales in refuting an earlier written statement against

(Continued on Page 19)

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EVO

For the people who think that *The Arrangement* is not their kind of picture, read what Andrew Sarris had to say in the *Village Voice*.

the village VOICE, November 27, 1969

films in focus

by Andrew Sarris

Elia Kazan's "THE ARRANGEMENT" is well on its way to becoming the most underrated movie of the season. For weeks people have been stopping me in the streets and in hallways to tell me how awful it was. For my own part, I found the film a completely absorbing entertainment, and infinitely preferable to such modish as "Medium Cool." Not that "The Arrangement" is a piece of great art; overall it tends to be tortured, even turgid, more touching than moving. Its satire of advertising agencies is as overstated as it was a dozen years ago in "A Face in the Crowd." Nonetheless "The Arrangement" is so completely Kazan's movie that even its weaknesses seem consistent with a vision of life that is supposed to have died in the '50s. The most aggravating scenes between Kirk Douglas-Elia Kazan and Deborah Kerr-Molly Kazan ring not only with autobiographical truth, but with a kind of inarticulate '50s fury which owed nothing to such contemporary pain-killing devices as pop, camp, and absurdism. Some reviewers have complained that the Kirk Douglas character doesn't ever suggest the kind of talent that would justify his superior attitude to his job in the ad agency. So what? That's where the problem comes in. It is always the intermediate sensibility—too

good for advertising but not quite good enough for the great novel—that cracks up in doubt and indecision. Kazan never claims genius for himself or his protagonist. Only an acute psychological conflict between the Arrangement and the Aspiration. Mediocrity, after all, has its own malaise.

Kazan has been charged also with copying Fellini's mystical madonna and family and graveyard images in "8 1/2." Leaving aside for the moment Fellini's stylistic debts to Alf Sjoberg's "Miss Julie" and Ingmar Bergman's graveyard gimmicks, it must be remembered that Elia Kazan was experimenting with morbidly Marxist expressionism on the stage with Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" back in the late '40s when Fellini was not yet even a film director, and that the Kazan-directed Miller and Williams plays had a great impact on Italian intellectuals. If Fellini has chosen to add a pinch of Augustine and Dante and Chaplin to the Broadway stage salad of Marx and Freud, that is his



business. Kazan does not have to apologize to anyone in the film industry if he wishes to idealize his mistress (Faye Dunaway) or commune with his father (Richard Boone).

Kazan is perhaps too close to his characters and their problems to see them with the objective clarity of a properly distanced artist. His intellectual confusion and emotional self-indulgence are sometimes embarrassing to behold in the acted-out traumas of Kirk Douglas. Still, the very intensity of Kazan's involvement redeems much of his material. By filming more in the first person than in the third, Kazan reminds us that however blurred his vision, he has been where it's at, and that in his own life he has come back from the brink of oblivion on his own

terms and with his own memories. Unlike Miller and Wexler, he doesn't lecture to us about our lives from the pedestal of Great Artists as much as he confesses the guilt of his own life, and not with anything approaching the satirical smugness of Fellini. Even Kazan's virus of virility, so much more contagious in the sex-starved '50s, looks less ludicrous today at the end of the '60s than it did at the beginning of the '60s in the Kazan-inge "Splendor in the Grass." Again the emphasis is autobiographical rather than sociological as Kazan invokes the materialistic machismo of his Greek immigrant ancestors. And I must confess that I was moved by a shared cultural insight with Kazan, perhaps only a shared curse of

the restless Mediterranean, that driving spirit that somehow consumes our ideals as it achieves them and leaves us finally with the ruins of a burnt-out life.

"The Arrangement" may never find favor with the courtiers of film fashion. The young, we are told, are singularly uninterested in reminiscences of the past, and despite its implicit updating, "The Arrangement" is indeed a film of the past. What is fascinating about it is its reminder of the meager rhetorical resources of that dull decade. Those of us who came of age in the '50s, be it 30, 40, or 50, had no one to blame but ourselves for the failures of our lives. We didn't know then as we know now that it was the world's fault for not adapting to us. Hence, the endless arguments leading nowhere except deadlock and death, the stultifying illusion of time standing still, and still a world to be saved and a life to be salvaged. Although Deborah Kerr may seem a trifle worn and overwrought for today's tastes, their deadly earnestness is right for the roles, and their incredible resilience is not without a certain charm in this brittle age. Faye Dunaway is cadaverously beautiful as the self-consciously modern mistress, and Richard Boone's brand of ham is perfectly flavored for the retsina-soaked role of the father. Humie Cronyn deserves a special commendation for playing a heavy with lightness.



elia kazan's **the arrangement**

a film written and directed by elia kazan

starring **kirk douglas · faye dunaway · deborah kerr · richard boone · humie cronyn**

produced by elia kazan from his novel "the arrangement" · associate producer charles maguire
music composed and conducted by david amram · production designed by gene callahan

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18
SEALE

(Continued from Page 8)

BOBBY: Defecation, and crap and piss and what have you. It's not a real toilet it's only a hole in the floor. It has some kind of flushing mechanism. But all day yesterday, until they stopped it, I had to lay in the stuff. Because every hour and a half that it would flush, it would not flush down, it would flush up. And flood the floor with water and defecation and urine and everything mixed up together.

CHARLES: Was there a cot or a bed for you to lie on?

BOBBY: No, there was no cot, just a flat square box floor, 4 by 7 cell. Four feet wide and seven feet long, approximately. Anyway you're just there.

CHARLES: What do you lie on?

BOBBY: On the floor.

CHARLES: On the cement floor?

BOBBY: Well, yes. It's cold. It's kind of like a rubber padded cell but it's cold. It's right next to the cement, it's only got about 1/2 inches in there.

CHARLES: 1/2 inches of what?

BOBBY: Nothing. it's really all floor.

CHARLES: Did they give you a blanket?

BOBBY: No blanket none whatsoever. I went to see Doctor Fine. Because we have to deal with this tonsil thing. This thing is swollen up so bad that I can't even talk.

CHARLES: How about the doctor that you did see? Did he give you some medication for your tonsils?

BOBBY: He just looked down at it. And I told him that if he didn't give me anything that I would most likely run a temperature, because I could feel it coming on.

CHARLES: Did you tell him you were sleeping on the cement floor?

BOBBY: They knew I was laying on the floor. When they came to the door, I was laying there shivering.

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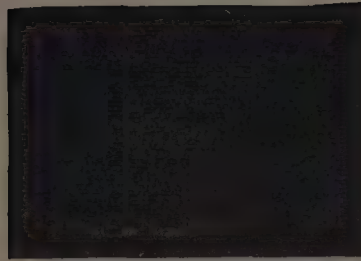
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FORT DIX

(Continued from Page 17)

Terry Klug. "I was nervous and frightened at the time I signed it," he declared, "I didn't read the statement... things are

typed differently than what I said... I'm not sure that it was Klug that was throwing things."

Only one of the four government witnesses would say that he positively saw Private Klug holding anything and that witness was Airman Henry Hallock. Hallock said that Terry was holding a fire-extinguisher

— a natural enough act considering his cell-block was on fire.

With the Army having presented such a weak case, it seemed only proper to offer my congratulations to Klug's two civilian attorneys, Hank Di Suvero and Dan Pahoda.

"What are you congratulating us for?" Pahoda asked. "We haven't won the case yet."

"But you will. Most of the prosecution's witnesses said that they had signed statements implicating Terry under duress..."

"THAT means nothing around here," Pahoda interrupted. "Nothing! In a civilian court, I'd have moved to dismiss the charges given this kind of evidence. After all they haven't proved that Terry did a thing that might be considered arson or riot. But there've been other cases. In the past couple of weeks, they've convicted two of the other 'Fort Dix Rioters,' Jeff Russell and Thomas Catlow, even though government witnesses confessed to signing statements under duress. This is just the way military justice works."

As we walked to the car, we were joined by Rochelle Sobata. "They're transferring my husband to Fort Leavenworth prison in Kansas on Saturday," she said. "I called the stockade to try and get a chance to see him for the last time cause I know I'll never get enough money to go all the way out to Kansas. But they told me 'no.' Seems that the Major's rules are that I can only see Doug during the visiting hour on Sunday and you know 'rules are rules.'"

"Yeah," sighed Dan Pahoda, "the Army is a real stickler when it comes to rules."

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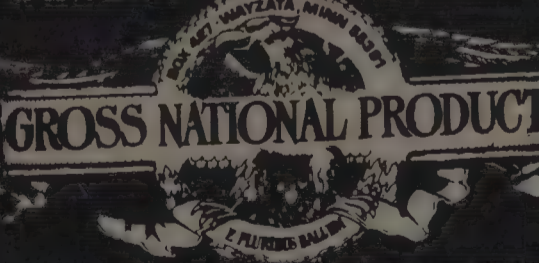
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(Continued from Page 16)

ritualized. Not to mention a pervasive sexuality and austerity which gives her the Great Woman-scope the part requires. Unlike the earnest, open, thoroughly attractive faces of the leftist-pacifist-protagonists, the opposition are a bunch of dirty old and young men, all puffing from various kind of gluttony, including the penchant for boys and other lusts. They have uniformly paunch, darting beady eyes, too much flesh and jowls, and a smelliness about their clothing (it comes across in the film). A composite of their features would probably look like a good caricature of Richard Nixon.

Z is a film to love, admire, and fervently wish well; in this tinselfafa land of the Academy Awards and Oscars, one can only hope that it is this film which becomes a symbol, a raised fist to all the movie malarkey, and earns itself the symbol of being

chosen, of representing a sentiment which enough loyal American payola-babies can admire, feeling in their hearts that they have done a righteous action for sure.

So, now I have a bone to pick with the film (great phrase: imagine 2 dogs warily circling this bone, dripping with shreds of fat and blood-flecked marrow, both wanting to win the bone but neither sure of what the opposition is capable of, and both, by the way, being good friends) I have a bone to pick with Z... this film is so easy to admire, so righteous, yes... and so classical in its approach to the preordained tragedy presented—a sort of Macbeth plot—that I fear the audience will be catharsized by the action presented. Instead of being frustrated, as Godard manages to make us, so that we turn to action for relief—even if it is just discussing the film which leads to theories expounded in the film, and so on—this film is complete, a work of shining emotion, wet with the slick of tears from both our faces and the filmmaker's. But it

is so easy to cry; somewhere in America's history, someone will write a thesis on The American Character and the Incidence of Crying When Faced by/with Historical Crises Which Require Our Being Bad. We cry, we tell all, we reveal how bad we are, and thus purged, we prepare for the next round of dirty fighting. Z provoked comments of magnificent and so on at the screening I attended—comments all worthy of the film. But the people who said those words—these Americans. They had on their faces that self-satisfied contentedness: Look, now I have established where I am; I loved that film! It's as good as wearing a button! I haven't felt this exhilarated since I told my kid he should go to Washington!

The villains in our world aren't all such a handwringing, sneering, blue-joweled bunch as these, and our heroes are rarely as shining as Yves Montand. The villains are nicer and the heroes all have a past, too.

That's all, that's the bone of contention: that this film is set up as a piece of propaganda, on some levels, and that it succeeds as well as films have... but that it doesn't do more, in 1969 when more is what has to be done. Whether this is fair to ask of a film, I don't know, but it was JFK who pointed out that the world isn't fair or just.

Saw *The Constant Prince*, presented by Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Lab Theatre. First thoughts, in the form of questions, to be answered and expanded next week or so:

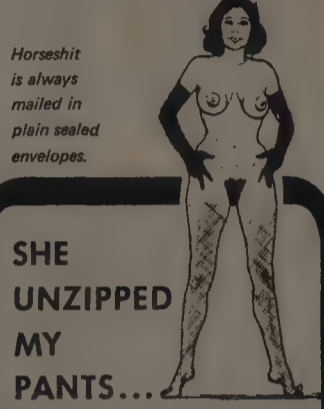
1. why the insistence on premeditated action, all controlled?
2. the beauty of the actors! the way they use their bodies and voices and very breathing to manipulate, to create!
3. why the insistence on no audience participation?
4. why the insistence on such small audiences, given no

audience participation, when so many are so curious to see this theatre's work?

5. why this form of magic—flawless choreographies of whole bodies obeying unseen command—to the exclusion of others?

6. why am I, after the performance, so respectful and reverent without feeling involved; able to recall only the whole experience as one vast storming of my cerebral activities but not my visceral one.

6. what is this theatre in terms of Theatre?



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SHE UNZIPPED MY PANTS...

and then (Horseshit Magazine is great) she drew out my penis and looked at it. Her mouth opened (get Horseshit) and I let my eyes roam over the lush curves of her body. "Good God!" she said. "What have you been doing to your penile member? (send for Horseshit) Christ! Your procreative organ is all beat to hell!" "Well, Doctor," I said. "I... uh..." (you can't live without Horseshit) "Aw, I know," she said. "I've had cases like you before. You've got a copy of Horseshit Magazine at home, haven't you?" (Horseshit is good for you) "Well, yes," I said. Then she said, "And the girls all come over and read it and then they go wild. I know." (Horseshit forever) "I've got all the issues of Horseshit," I said. "Oh my God," she said as her hips began to move. "All the issues!" (Horseshit readers make it) "Horseshit #3 has got Doity Pictures in it." I said. "Stop! Stop!" she said as she unzipped her skirt. (This has been a subliminal message. Thank you for your attention.)

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SONG MI

(Continued from Page 10)

visions flashing while the pavement undulates and the buildings crumble).

Faces on the people, scarred as this Kafka-like landscape. Tourist buses rarely enter here, except when they have lost their way. Let them go to Saint Marx Place to catch all the strung-outs caging change or revolution. Let them go here rather than glimpse

people living out their days under the shadow of futility and Con Edison pollution courtesy of the 14th Street smokestacks. Even when there is sun in New York City, there always seems to be clouds over the area. Sunlight here gives up and seeks more cheerful places of repose.

Lenny and I are still pointing towards Seventh and Second. Further up Tenth, people are still hanging out of social clubs, composed of a few card tables, rickety chairs, and a radio. The

men sit around playing cards while the children run over everything in their way—they have nowhere else to play. Abandoned cars lie like shattered tanks after a skirmish. Their windows have been smashed, engines stripped, tires stolen—nothing but a shell left, fit only for some automobile graveyard. They lie like bleached skulls in the afternoon sun. Children swarm in and out of them.

Nearer to Avenue A, the buildings begin to lose some of their grayness. The block fronting Tompkins Square park is lined with neat brownstone-type apartments. The streets are swept, the garbage is in cans hidden away until collection, and the broken glass so prevalent in the

neighborhood is nowhere to be seen. Real estate values here are high because of its choice location, rents range anywhere from 50 to 400 dollars a month, authors and poets live here (the successful ones). We walked through the park after touching the base of Avenue B. The residents have this all to themselves... themselves... a colossal mound of dirt, little grass, some scrawny trees. A few german shepherds are romping in the late afternoon sun. Around the bandstand at the Seventh Street side, there are park benches for concerts and broken glass—the winos come here to drink their cheap wine and the kids come to break the glass. Efforts have been made to clean it up, but somehow it gets away from the park attendants. There is still a greyness in the air, the residents have lived with this greyness all their lives, the new inhabitants take a little time getting used to it. Tompkins

Square is much different from Washington Square Park, but then again, there are more influential in that area anyway.

Cars, people become more recognizable; not nightmaredream skeletons. Less scarred tissue outside, the streets are cleaner, people not as beaten down. Few ever leave the environs of the Square-life and death on one block. That is some legacy for those who migrate from the suburbs to revel in the squalidness only to return at night in Daddy's car... so much for vicarious living.

The trip started to slow down, all the visions, events people had started to come back to normal perspective, though the reality of the afternoon in its surrealistic sense was firmly impressed on our unified consciousnesses. All these people, all the scenes, all this living... for what? For the garbage in the streets, for the abandoned car cum playgrounds for the children, for the squalid way people are forced to live because a government and a city can't define human rights in concrete instead of symbolic terms? I wondered and Lenny mused with me—that such a city should have such contrasts went far beyond the acid and the reality of what we had experienced. Then the picture book reality of Song My courtesy of Life intruded.

Funny how reality has much more of an impact when people look at it rather than experience it. I wondered about the bullets from the machine guns and infinitely slower death which these people were undergoing. So this is America—take your pick, Song My or Tenth Street and Avenue D, lowereastside or southeastasia it's all the same, only the participants have been changed to protect humanity.

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Young man, virgin, seeks young woman to teach him true sensuality. Lady should provide accommodations. Write to Dick, General Delivery, General P.O. N.Y. 10001.

Guy willing to please any sexual desires a girl may have. Am sincere and love experimentation. Box 1191 Linden Hill Station, Flushing, N.Y.

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Male, 37, wants to meet girl who is uninhibited about sex. Send phone number. Write to S. Morris, 2645 Homecrest Ave., Bklyn, NY 11235.

CLANDSTINE MANNER. Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the lowly is wisdom. For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desire arent to be compared to it. Mickey Volner.

Am seeking sensitive white girl, 30-35, with or without child, to share my comfortable four-room apartment and food gratis. I'm a considerate, sincere and moral fatherly-type fellow; white, 52, 5'10", 170 lbs. Will provide maximum companionship without sex. Write: Leonard Shotay, 220 Beach 32nd St., Apt. 1A, Edgemere, N.Y. 11691.

Hear my Heart when the fable forgets its birth & yearning reaches the earth Hear my Heart when memory begins with the smoke & liberty returns to a cloak yu-2-4471-Orpheus jr.

Man wants to meet personable man 30 - 40 seeking permanent relationship. Give details and phone no. Box 405, Planetarium Station, New York 10024.

Lonely guy, 26, 6'4, heavysset, digs radical politics, underground culture, seeks close relationship with sensitive, straight-looking guy, 20's. Please send descriptive letter, phone number, photo if possible. Occupant, P.O. Box 1417, FDR Station, N.Y. 10022

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