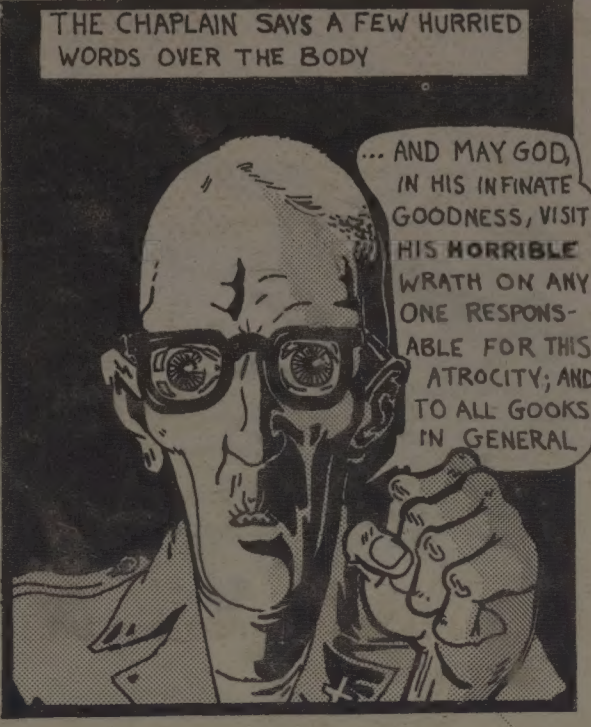
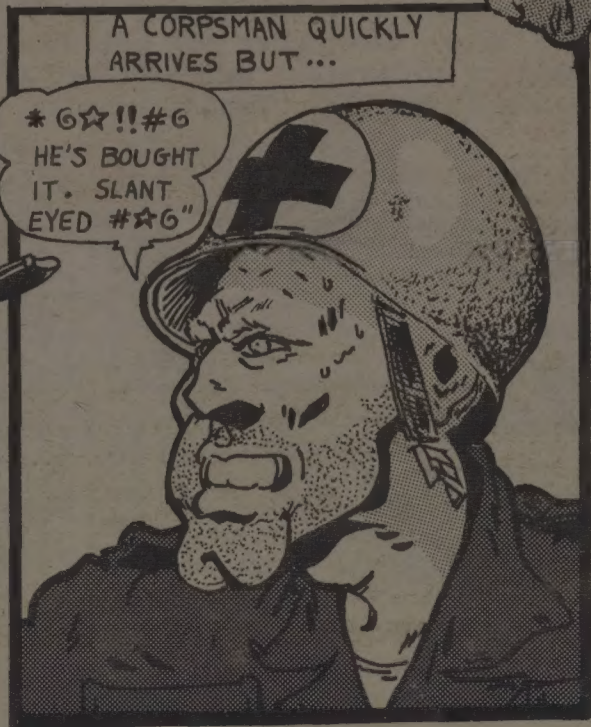
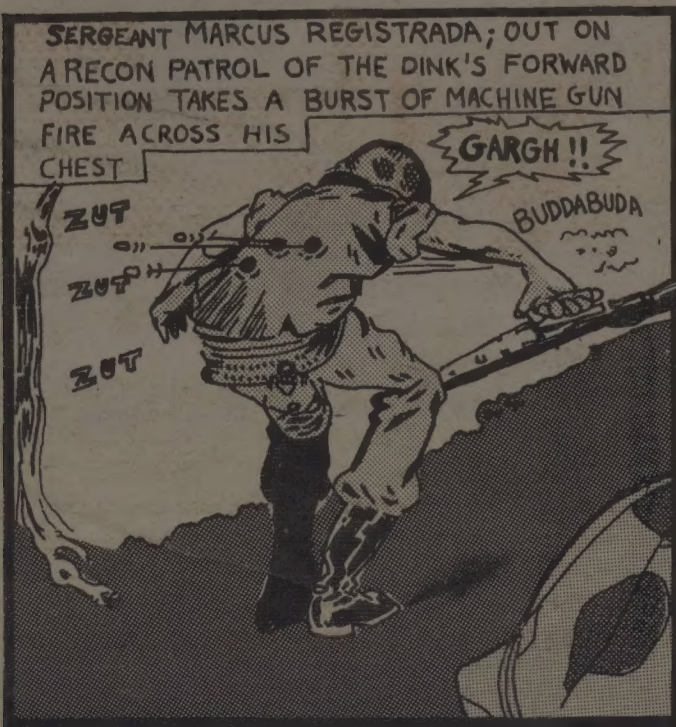


THE EAST VILLAGE LETTER

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Tim Leary breezes into town like a zephyr of unpolluted air. The pleasure of talking to Tim far foreshadows any and all gripes anybody might harbor. The following is a fragment of our conversation:

JK: What brings you to New York at this time?

LEARY: I'm doing three evenings at the Electric Circus this week. Sunday, the Politics Of Dope; Monday, the Politics Of Sex; Tuesday, the Estatic Politics Of The Seventies. These are benefits for the noble lawyers who are fighting our court cases throughout the country.

JK: Your legal entanglements are still going on?

LEARY: Oh yes. There seems to be some kind of cultural lag occurring here. Every perceptive person who is tuned in to what's happening knows that the war is over. The turning point has been reached. The new Age has begun. But unfortunately the people in power are the last ones to know. They are still caught up in some last convulsive spasm of the old system. Still keeping the old quarrels going. The Chicago trials, the war against Communism. Why, out in California the State Superintendent of Education, one Max Rafferty, is even attacking the Darwinian concept of evolution and ordering equal time for the Original Sin theory. That Max is a sin and he's not even original. If Copernicus were alive in America today the Agnew Flat Earth crowd would be busting him. I'm scheduled for four trials in January. All old beefs and all flimsy cases that will be thrown out by the higher courts. It's obvious harrassment and draining on time and energy. All that time in court rooms when we should be high on the mountain loving God. But it won't last long. The year 1970 will see the big breakthrough.

JK: Do you forsee a political breakthrough that soon?

LEARY: Sure. It's all a matter of time and numbers. In 1960 there were less than twenty five people in this country who had taken the big revelatory trip and could see what was coming. Turn on. Tune in. Drop out. Can you remember? By 1966 there were several million people turning on and it was time to announce the new religion. "For God's sake, feel good!" Accept your own divinity. Use your head. Start your own religion. Chart your own trip. At the present time we have the numbers. We are the majority. Woodstock was the demonstration. So now it's time to go political.

JK: What is the positive alternative to our old rituals of dissent?

LEARY: The wise holy peaceful person has two choices. You can drop out entirely. Leave the city. Head for the land. Stay high. Breed. Tune in to nature. Ignore the unreality of the Twentieth Century. Or if you are going to stay in the system at all, use the structure and energy within the system to bring about a mutational evolution in a gentle, easy way. Just register and vote in 1970. This fellow George Wallace obtained less than fifteen percent of the vote in 1968. And look at the mileage he made off that. Why, there are over 25% of the persons over 21 in the state of California who smoke grass. Freedom, pleasure, and ecological harmony will be the issues in the next elections. And most people, when given a choice, will vote to be free, feel good, and be healthy.

AK: What kind of political campaign do you forsee?

LEARY: Aquarian Age, Hedonic politics, they will be very different. No big heavy expensive sweaty shouting campaign. No hard sell. Everybody knows where it's at. All that is required is a calm, humorous, honest statement of the facts. No long speeches. Put it to music. Graffiti. Put it on bumper stickers. The politics of the future is "Live and let live". No more bad trips. We're all here to feel good. To come together with our brothers and sisters. Electronic politics. Dismantle the entire bureaucratic system. Decisions and power back to the people. Back to the neighborhood. Back to the tribe. We can take care of ourselves and each other if we have accurate communications and the government gets off our back. Our communes in the west have worked out lots of technical details on how to make it happen and I'll be talking about these in the Electric Circus. The choice is clear. You're either a head or you're behind.

JK: Do you expect to win the governorship of California?

LEARY: Well, I have already been the highest official in the state for a couple of years now. I have no lust for political power. What I hope to do now is what I did in 1966 with the religious trip. I had no ambition to be Pope, you remember. We were simply setting up one model of how to live a religious life. We want to set up a new model for ecstatic politics which will show how to do it. Rosemary and I are just like everyone else. All we want is to be left alone, to get the government cooled out so that we can all go back to where we belong and nurture our divinities. The basic problems of the psychedelic revolution are not religious. The religious trip is just to handle the fear and confusion that the new energies release. To cool out your own mind. The political trip is just to handle the fear and confusion of the older generation. When we are centered inwardly and balanced out socially, then we can get back to the real challenge of our times. How to use our own nervous systems. How to locate, chart, use the many new levels of energy that are now available to us. How to erotize every moment and every aspect of life. How to break through to the new realities. Telepathy. Time travel. How to manage our cellular reincarnation equipment. Maybe I'm impatient, but I think the time has come to stop messing around with these low level polarities. Let's live and let live. Harmonize the political forces. Defuse the anger and get on with the business of pleasure. Religion and politics are children's games. Necessary but really infantile. Faggot hassles. Let's grow up. Tall and very high.

HI RAP

Handwritten signature: Jackson



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NEWS

The impudent snobs and effete intellectuals who are still smarting from Vice President Agnew's recent paddy-slapping will be even further chagrined to learn that the man doesn't bother to so much as choose his own words. Rather, the inspiration for the invective recently issuing from the mouth of Spiro has originated out of a pretty blonde housewife ("working husband and three children"); one Cynthia Rosenwald.

"Nixon's other voice", in fact, was a comely coed at Goucher College until quite recently. Not until Mr. Agnew began his laborious advance from a Baltimore county executive to where he sitteth on the right hand of Nixon the Milhous, in fact, did Mrs. Rosenwald discover her vocation. It seems she met an Agnew aide at a party while in school, and he was so impressed with her versatile talents that he hired her as a special "research assistant". Before Spiro had even made governor, Mrs. Rosenwald had already made "administrative assistant". Nor was it long after that when a gentle man remarked, shortly after hearing Agnew's inauguration spiel, that he could not remember a rottener speech—and was spat on by Mrs. Rosenwald, who said, "Thanks a lot; I wrote it."

"Actually," she has admitted, "I was a speech writer, not an idea man. Mr. Agnew always decided what to say. I just wrote it up for him. That's the way it

is now too." The lady is credited merely with the phrasing of such inimitable terms as "parasites of passion", "dumb Polack Jew fuck", and others. She composes the calumny with ballpoint pen atop her kitchen dinette, and commutes to Washington to deliver it.

In recent weeks, however, the word has come down from where He sitteth that Cynthia Rosenwald is to keep her pretty little trap shut. She cannot speak publicly of her job, of Spiro Agnew, or even of herself. "They've asked me to clam up," is all she'll say, "so that's what I'm doing."

FLORIDA GOVERNOR CALLS DR. MEAD "DIRTY OLD LADY"

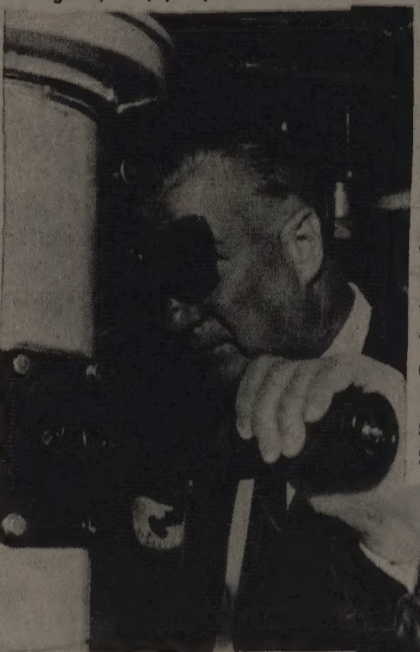
Gov. Claude Kirk, Jr. of Florida denounced Dr. Margaret Mead as "a dirty old lady" for advocating the legalization of marijuana for persons over 16.

Calling the famous anthropologist "that throwback lady," Kirk said his twin 15-year-old sons are taught patriotism and morality in the classroom, "but when they get home from school, they see a television set with this dirty old lady on it — and I hope she hears what I said." (LNS)

U.S. DEFOLIANTS MAY CAUSE CONGENITAL DEFORMITIES

LIBERATION News Service NEW YORK (LNS) — A defoliant used in massive amounts by the United States in Vietnam may cause birth defects, according to a report issued by the World Health Organization.

The suspected chemical agent, "2,4,5-T," has caused



deformities in rats and mice similar to those induced by thalidomide. There is no data available on its effects on human life.



The U.S. government has reportedly restricted the future use of that particular defoliant. But 50,000 tons of anti-plant chemicals have already been sprayed over nearly 4,000 square miles of Vietnam.

A few suggestions from Ecology Action: "Use biodegradable soaps and cleaners or none at all; don't take a bath every day (unless you are dirty or stink); put bricks in your toilet tank to conserve water when flushing; don't use DDT and other pesticides with long residual effects; recycle wastes—paper, glass, aluminum; refuse to buy products in non-returnable/reusable containers; keep a compost heap of grass and garden clippings and biodegradable garbage in your yard—no need to buy fertilizers; begin or tend a park; request a free tree from the city for your yard; grass roots survival education; DON'T DRIVE A CAR" More information and suggestions available from Box 9334, Berkeley, Calif 94709.

SECOND SONG MY WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)
— An Army doctor stationed at Fort Ord, Calif. reported a massacre which occurred last summer in Don Tam, a village in the Making Delta. The doctor, then a medical officer, observed that the company commander of the Ninth Infantry "ordered his men to use village huts for target practice.

"When the occupants came streaming out of the huts, they were shot down, many of them in the same manner as we've been told occurred at Song My." The incident was made public by Rep. Lionel Van Deerling, to whom the Army doctor had reported it. The Pentagon has begun an investigation.



DEBRAY DENIED AMNESTY

LA PAZ, Bolivia (LNS) — Bolivia's new president, Gen. Alfredo Ovando, has turned down an amnesty request filed by lawyers for Regis Debray and Ciro Roberto Bustos.

Debray and Bustos were arrested, tried and sentenced to long jail terms for their alleged connections with the guerrilla front led by Che Guevara. There had been some hope that Ovando would grant the amnesty request because his new regime had taken some progressive steps, notably the nationalization of the U.S.-owned Gulf Oil installations in Bolivia.

Letters

Johnny Marched Home

Dear EVO—

I decided after I had finished 1/2 of my tour of Viet Nam that the war—any war—is wrong, also that I was against regimentation and militarism.

In the Marine Corps they attempt to kill all your finest qualities such as love, wanting peace, acceptance of anything un-material. Statements such as "Kill VC", "You'll learn to hate all of them," "We are your Mother; FATHER" (the Corps) are drilled into you. No mention is made for hopes of peace, or understanding. From the time you enter till the time you leave (in most cases), you are beaten (physically), subjected to violent physical exercises, which are unnecessary and sometimes close to unbearable. Constant reference is made to "slimy civilians", "stinking gooks". In other words, an attempt at installation of "Instant Hate" is attempted in most recruits.

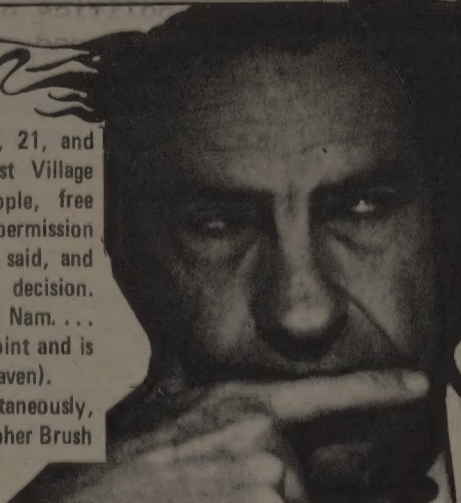
Punishments which I have witnessed (in some cases, experienced) are physical beatings, nearly unbearable punishment of recruits being forced to drink at least a quart of warm water and then being forced to do violent exercises. These are among a few.

Let this be a warning to all who may be thinking of enlisting or being drafted.

I now believe that all free nations and people should come together and strive for world peace, love, possibly all nations becoming one. Then there would be no one left to fight. There's also non-violent resistance. War is always wrong. Now, anyway.

I am an ex-USMC-vet, 21, and now residing in the West Village where people are people, free people. You have my full permission to print anything I have said, and fuck the Establishment's decision. One good thing about Viet Nam. . . The grass sells for 10¢ a joint and is strong as HELL (and/or Heaven).

Spontaneously,
Christopher Brush



No, seriously, you are the victim of some prankster, we're afraid. Which is all you can expect from places with names like the Elysium Institute. (Damn Greeks).

Researcher Seeks Employ

Dear EVO—

I was told by my advisor and the Elysium Institute of Los Angeles that your organization could help me out. I'm a senior at De Paul University in (illeg.) Illinois, and my majors are geography and history, and my minor is political science. Also, I'll be graduating from the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences in June of 1970.

What are the opportunities for advancement and wage scale in your organization for a person in research, and what are the requirements for a researcher? How much do researchers get in a year in your organization? Will you please put my name on your mailing list and send any information about your organization that could help me out. Please help me out, and send all the information to me as fast as possible.

Yours Truly,
James Juzzih

ED—Funny you should ask that. . .

Dear EVO

Last February 18th I opened my shop here in upstate New York as usual. I operate a combination Head shop and boutique. About 4:00 P.M. in the afternoon, three sheriff patrol cars pulled up in front of my shop. Armed with search warrant and a warrant for my arrest, they (8 all told) barged into my shop and proceeded to completely tear the place apart, looking in the ceiling, under counters, etc. The only things they could find were a copy of *The East Village Other*, a copy of *The Rat*, and a poster they took off the wall known as "Yab-Yum". They then proceeded to handcuff me and physically lead me from my shop to a waiting patrol car while emissaries

from the two local newspapers were busily popping away with their cameras. (The photographers had apparently been tipped off to the bust, and were told to be there at 4:00 P.M.) I was brought before the local Justice of the Peace who set bail at \$500.00 and let me go. I have been going to court ever since.

Since then on two separate occasions, I've had to stand by the side of the road, while Sheriff's deputies completely searched my car. I can only guess what they are looking for.

I am determined to fight this to the end as a matter of principle but I am just about drained dry. I can't give up just because the County of

Saratoga has more bread than I do so I am writing this letter to appeal to you, the staff of the E.V.O. and your readers for contributions to help me fight this and beat it.

This is important to all your readers.

Any contributions anyone can make will be put to good use. I will report all contributions received to you and keep you posted on the proceedings until I have won.

Paul Gillingham
The Crystal Mansion, Inc.
Doubleday Avenue
Ballston Spa, New York 12020

Dear EVO—
The Solution:
Statehood for Vietnam

Power to the States





OUR SIDE

The Defense in the Chicago 7 trial opened the case Monday afternoon December 8th and after only 4½ days the prosecution is hinting at a rebuttal when defense testimony is completed. In an unexpected reversal of position, the government is now on the defensive, having taken 11½ weeks to display the contents of its unwieldy and shopworn trunk, the 55 shoddy items therein with labels reading FBI, Red Squad, and "manufactured by the defense, it finds itself confronted with a brilliantly designed stash that could flash out jury. This isn't meant to suggest that this particular lumpen jury will run off with the Hog Farm when the trial ends— not bloody likely; they're sequestered at the Palmer House and one lady juror has bought a wig with part of the 55 dollars that is paid to each juror every day (this is said to be the most expensive trial in American history)—however it's encouraging to know that they've been awake since Tuesday.

So drastic is the change in the courtroom mood this week one tries to avoid speaking of the trial in terms of a theatrical event, but such comparisons are hard to circumvent when a new notice on the door of the press section admonishes us against "audience participation". There are other earnings; ,aninvolved with the notice coming from the chief marshall's office and obedience is encouraged from the risk of losing one's press pass. The New York Times reporter temporarily ejected for calling a marshall a "fucking idiot." Security is tighter than ever, and one can't help but notice after a few weeks absence, but black marshalls have replaced white ones, a propagandic punch that lends a new absurdist dimension to the proceedings.

A total of thirteen witnesses took the stand in the first week, and two of them were dismissed by Judge Hoffman without being allowed to testify— Dr. Edward Sparling, chairman of a commission formed by Chicago residents to investigate the disorders of the April 27 Peace Parade in 1968, was dismissed on the judges charges that his commission's report on police brutality and peace parade was "irrevelent to the case"; and a reporter from the Chicago Daily News was dsimissed because he had attended the trial in erlier days as a member of the press. Nonetheless, there were 11 witnesses in four days and each one contributed a portion of the truth. The most obvious reason for the Defense being able to move so rapidly through its roster of witnesses is the difficulty faced by the prosecution on cross-examination of people who are not lying, as one defense witness put it, "...it's so strange to be put on the defensive about the truth."

On Tuesday, four witnesses took the stand and moved the trial completely into the hands of the Defense by the end of the day. A young Quaker girl, a volunteer marshal at the Grant Park Peace Rally during convention week, began by refusing to take the oath and went on to tell of being beaten by the police in Grant Park when she went to the aid of a black girl who was being held on the ground by a plainclothesman while a uniformed officer beat her fiercely. A British member of Parliament, Mrs. Anne Kerr, demanded a Bible before taking the oath; in a courtroom where the Constitution has been abandoned, it came as no surprise that there was no bible. Mrs. Kerr told of being bodily thrown into a wagon and being maced in the face, of having been held in a cell for several hours following her refusal to leave without the British Counsel; of permanent injuries to her leg, and of her eyesight still impaired by the Mace. The next witness was a classic Little Old Lady whose small body in its blue dress perched on a chair; short white hair— color a sweet smile and a tiny voice that speaks nervously of an afternoon in Grant Park where she had heard "Mr. Dellinger" and Tommy Hayden" address a peace rally. She tells of how in trying to escape a sudden police attack, she had stumbled into the path of a man

by renfreu neff
photo: gianfranco mantegna



who was running with a terrified mob causing her to trip and fall on top of her. The man was repeatedly clubbed by the police, and when she was finally able to get free from beneath him, had stumbled to safety, she discovered that her clothing was covered with blood.

Shultz: (on cross examination): "Did you contact the FBI and report the incident?"
Classical Little Old Lady: "A friend of mine called the Chicago Police and the FBI. They told her I must have been carrying a weapon or it wouldn't have happened to me. My friend had contacted the ACLU."

And there was the boy, a student of architecture at Washington State University, his blond hair neatly combed, his sensitive face and soft-spoken manner. The image projected from the stand is that of Every Mothers' Son, and for at least one juror, the day had been too much, the calm lucid testimonies of horror having cut through the everyday insanity of her existence—and she cried when the boy softly recounted this peace rally in Grant Park and tells of having twelve stitches taken in his head following a police attack in which a billyclub was broken over his head.

On Wednesday, a lovely girl sat on the witness stand, a beautiful creature which had been gassed and clubbed while filming the demonstrations on Michigan Avenue. With a smile which zapped the courtroom, she twisted them out with an explanation of her doctorate thesis, a comparison of abolitionist movements of the 1840's with the radical movement of the 1960's, and she had unbalanced Foran with an "apology" for the brevity of her film which was being offered into evidence. Yes, she had been filming on Michigan Avenue for about four hours, but she had only about 12 minutes of footage because her equipment had been severely damaged by the heavy residue from repeated tear gassings.

Thursday, December 11.

Poet Allen Ginsberg created a new artform on the witness stand with an incredible testimony on Thursday afternoon and suggested that the jury might be levitated before its completion Friday. Ginsberg, always addressed the jury in a conversational manner, began with a concise discussion of ecology as "...the interrelation of all living things on this planet," went on to explain the purpose of the Om, chanted a Hare Krishna before the prosecution could shout its objections, and wound up by offering the best articulated definition of psychedelic awareness this side of Ronald Laing.

Unable to cope with the formidable effect of this, the government struck below the belt on cross-examination and produced two early volumes of poetry which Ginsberg had written. Foran asked the poet to read aloud, The Night Apple, In Society, and Love Poem on a theme by Walt Whitman, each having unmistakable themes of homosexuality.

"It still looks good," quipped Ginsberg, scanning the designated page before reciting.

Each poem was rendered beautifully, and after each reading Foran asked the poet to explain its religious significance.

"If you can accept a wet dream as a religious experience, I can explain," replied Ginsberg the first time the question was put to him following his reading of Night Apple.

Thereafter when a question was posed the subsequent answer twisted Foran's head a little tighter and Hoffman's face was contorted in total agony. The jury completely numbed probably understood Ginsberg's explanations better than his poetry, assuming they grabbed anything at all. Foran finally retreated to a more comfortable and (for him) a simpler matter by going back to questions about violence and obscenity.

On the re-direct examination, Weinglass asked Ginsberg to read Howl. The poet said that this was a much later work, and therefore in none of the books the Prosecution had brought in.

"Could you recite it from memory?", asked Weinglass.

"I'll try," Ginsberg replied.

And when he was finished, when the last MOLOCH! had been hurled at Hoffman, when the last juror has been mesmerized into some state of consciousness never experienced before, the courtroom sat in absolute silence and no one stirred.

The prosecution declined to question the witness further, and as he stepped from the stand, clutching the shoulder strap of his leather-fringed bag, as he strode up the aisle to the exit, young people in the courtroom stood in homage as the poet went by.

The last witness was William Styron.



RANDOM NOTES BY DAVID WALLEY

Maybe it's the weather this week, this wet cold which New York spawns in the bones, or maybe the ennui. I'll admit that I have neglected to write about records, but seeing that I get upwards of thirty a week, thirty of varying quality at that, it's a little hard to keep one's hand in—the pace coupled with the volume is too much. The remedy is in sight this week, dear reader. This column will be devoted exclusively to records and collected witticisms.

Some of these records have been out for some time while others are new, obscure, or both. At any rate, it behooves me to take care of some of the work which has been cluttering up my apartment for the past few weeks. Picture the scene yourself: normal eastside railroad, floor covered with heaps of records resembling a huge industrial compost pile. Not moldering... yet, but give it a couple more weeks, and the floor will sprout dangerous southamerican record eating plants. There are maybe 4 different piles on the floor, casually marked by unseen hands, "Garbage to be sold", "Gold to be stored", "Music to be listened to again", and "Refuse to be used as sheet targets". (Sometimes the records are so bad, that my local outlet won't take a chance on them... and something's got to be done with them, right?).

Although this system may sound a little arbitrary, it is necessary. If I had to keep all the records I received, I would have had to convert my digs into a storage bin. OK, a long preface to some record notes, again I make no attempt to have the latest records on my turntable, though they are sent. Rather, these records I have enjoyed, and I hope you will as well. *Coryell* (Vanguard-Apostolic-VSD.6547) the second in what is hoped will be many more albums by this virtuoso guitarist, product of a small but magnificent studio, Apostolic where the Grateful Dead as well as the Mothers of Invention have walked. I was struck with the honesty of Coryell as well as his musicianship, esp. on a magnificent cut/jam, "The Jam with Albert". After this cut was finished, Albert Stinson tragically died, he was 23 and a fine bass player. In many ways this album is a monument to Stinson. It is definitely worth listening to for it destroys the myth that jazz and rock cannot be fused together into a satisfying brew.... *Paul Siebel* (Elektra 74064) Recently I was fortunate enough to catch Paul at the Gaslight, starting place of many of the folk greats. I was amazed and surprised. Siebel has a pleasant voice and arresting tunes. In many ways, I am reminded of seeing another shade of Bob Dylan, but much better indeed. Most of Paul's songs are country inspired blues with a touch of bluegrass. He makes me smile and laugh. In the recent folk revival scene, Paul definitely shines. There will be many more albums and personal appearances for this great talent.... *Kooper Session* (Columbia CS9551) Not that I am a great fan of Al Kooper, but sometimes he has the talent for bringing people together who can really whale for hours. This son of the son of "Super Session" brings to the foreground two fine musicians, Shuggie Otis, a 15 year-old virtuoso guitarist and Stu Woods, a competent bass player whose style is reminiscent of Harvey Brooks. Otis recently

appeared as a bass player on *Hot Cats*, a Zeppa creation. Woods used to play with *Ars Nova*, and *Ten Wheel Drive* and is currently involved with getting his own band off the ground. Luck to him, Otis, and Kooper for making a fine album.... *Bengali Bauls*... at *Big Pink* (Buddah 5050) Admittedly this is a strange album, but not within other contexts. Remember that cover on John Wesley Harding, those characters standing with Dylan were the Bauls, a group of itinerant street musicians who are considered in their native land to be a little mad. They effect the dress of Hindus and Moslems, are genuinely gifted and play beautiful peaceful Indian music. This particular record, done with the aid of Richard Manuel's \$140 Ampex tape machine, was recorded within the confines of the Band's house in Saugerties. A real basement tape, and legal as well. For those interested in Indian culture or good vibrations, this album is perfect....

Nice (Immediate-Z12-52022) by the Nice, a brilliant trio which fuses classical jazz and rock. This record is exciting and rewarding, containing live performances at the Fillmore East of "Rondo", and "She Belongs to Me". The third in a series of albums, the Nice continue to perform with expertise, especially Emerson's organ pyrotechnics.... *Memphis Swamp Jam* (Blue Thumb BTS 6000) is a fantastic blues archive record containing such greats as Bukka White, Piano Red, Nathan Beauregard, Sleepy John Estis, Fred McDowell, Johnny Woods, and Napoleon Strickland. If you're a blues freak, especially Delta Blues, this album is made for you.. a magnificent 2 album set. Blue Thumbs is probably one of the finest of the new record companies. It has a fine line of blues and rock, like Ike and Tina Turner and Rabbie Basha.

Flash!!!! another Bizarre creation, but really bizarre. This time, Straight Records proudly presents the *G.T.O.'s* (Girls Together Outrageously) Straight STS 1059. The G.T.O.'s are a group of 5 chicks who have been involved with rock in various aspects for a few years, they count the superstars among their friends. No they're not groupies, far past that. Their album an incredible collection of verse, recitatif, fantastic music, and production. No, you can't dance to it, it's more like a circus. Especially recommended is a cut on the second side called "Rodney"—ostensively about a Hollywood pop cream known as Rodney Bigenheimer, but musically more like a translation of Karlheinz Stockhausen's *Songs of Youth*. It is a curiosity, but an interesting curiosity, showing not only what the rock revolution sounds like, but what attitudes it has spawned....

Atlantic Records has again broken through with the release of an album of southern swamp rock called *The Allman Brothers Band* (SD 330308) Caught them last week at Ungano's and was impressed with their sound, two lead guitarists, 2 drummers, organ and bass. Swamp rock is perhaps my own label for southern oriented rock with heavy slide guitar influence. What else to say, they play real motivating music, catch them at the Fillmore East in January, they will make you want to dance... real good smokin' music.... Also on same label, *Fat Mattress*. (Atlantic) is an interesting group. Playing, you guess it, blues, they are rather competent, if a little wooden and predictable. Noel Redding was the

'guiding light behind the band's formation. He himself... *Public Achievement of the Year* award goes this time to those responsible for the Stones' free concert outside of San Francisco. From the reports my spies have sent me, the whole thing was more than a stone drag... it was a colossal mistake. To get 300,000 or so people together for music in a desolate region sans facilities, sans proper management is just too much. The Hell's Angels did their share of messing up, like stabbing one cat to death and rapping Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Airplane, in the mouth knocking him out. If the 60's ended like this, then there are evil omens in the air for the 70's, and if we all need to pull together, the 70's are the time....

Parting Shot: found in a bathroom at the University of California, Berkeley: We have seen the last generation of Grownups.

UP AGAINST THE AMPLIFIER! BY JAMES LICHTENBERG



ENDLESS LIFE

Park Avenue. No parks. Aglitter with lights from the glass office structures and Christmas displays that, like gigantic illuminated mushrooms, have appeared to adorn the doorways of the multi-million dollar corporations' home offices for world wide exploitation.

A plainer than plain clothesman in his completely inconspicuous black overcoat (collar turned up, snazzy!) walks against the crowd, his walkie talkie dangling invisibly from his wrist... (crackle, crackle) Air Force One (buzz, whistle) is now approaching... drowned out by a taxi cab and he is gone.

The troops, well marshalled, in long ropey lines are in great shape, enraged and together, colling around the bottom of the glass and steel pyramids to private enterprise. A very impressive sight. Far fewer visible policemen than during the teachers' anger at Mayor Lindsay. Imagine hundreds of marchers chanting "Ho, ho, ho, Cho Chi Minh/ The NLF is gonna win!" under a thirty foot plastic reproduction of a Disneyed Santa and reindeer. A lot of far out energies are wildcat oil rig gushing.

Not surprising that into this ever-widening vortex of outspoken opposition to the government and its wicked ways would be drawn a rock group or two. From where the Stones sit maybe "the game to play is compromise solution" but this is the land of Jesse James and Chief Sitting Bull. No one is going to give a plastic

flower president like poor Richard an award as "most distinguished American of the year", at the Waldorf Astoria on Park Avenue, no less, without the new free tribe voicing its defiance in fine and righteous anger! So look out your window, tell me, who do you see. I see the Jefferson Airplane comin' right at me. And loping along, red tongue hanging out, Steppenwolf.

Down off the Surrealistic Pillow, Out of Baxter's mind spinning vapors, the Airplane has landed with a cry for "Volunteers"!

"We are all outlaws in the eyes of Amerika..."

Tear down the walls

Tear down the walls."

(Ho, ho, ho, Dick Nixon, the Jefferson Airplan is gonna win!)

And, as I was sayin', right behind them comes their San Francisco brethren from the days when the words "acid rock" would have sent almost everyone scurrying to their books on geology, Steppenwolf with a new album and a new scene called "Monster" (you can take a guess who

they're referring to).

"America where are you now
Don't you care about your sons
and daughters

Don't you know we need you now
We can't fight alone against the
monster."

Very subtle that distinction between Amerika and America. In all fairness to the Airplane though the first verse of "Volunteers" shows how specific their focus is:

" Look whats happening out in
the streets
Got to revolution Got to
revolution
Hey Im dancing down the streets
Got to revolution Got to
revolution
Aint it amazing all the people I
meet
Got to revolution Got to
revolution

(Must confess that it's all happening over a hollowness following Fred Hampton's assassination. A numbness, that vague disquiet. They don't even go through the motions of covering it. The difference between two administrations. The Department of Justice. Christ, what a horror show.)

Gandhi, I think, would be a good thing for people to get into. The clear-eyed strength of unswerving gentleness will probably do more than the ephemeral satisfaction of heavy anger. At the mass level for sure.

Anyway, straight doses of heavy street politicking just aren't too good for music. This in no way puts down the politicking, but thre real

effectiveness of music is on a much deeper, spiritual level, when it comes to changing heads. "Surrealistic Pillow" is for me the most revolutionary album the Airplane has done, and along with "Bringing It All Back Home", "Revolver" and just about all the Stones albums (it's late so I may be leaving something out) one of the most revolutionary albums ever.

In San Francisco, ah San Francisco, in the part of the city that's on its way to the Golden Gate Bridge and Marin county, is a little coffee shop called The Matrix, where the Airplane took off, and where, in May 1967, Steppenwolf evolved "The Pusher", in a fantastic 20 minute recorded improvisational session which Dunhill released on an album called "Early Steppenwolf".

"Steppenwolf" has the incredible quality of loping easiness in what is essential a driving rock sound. A quality which revolves around lead singer John Kay. On the stage at Carnegie Hall the first impression of his long limbs was that of watching a

he looks like a soggy pudding
or like bubble gum about to melt

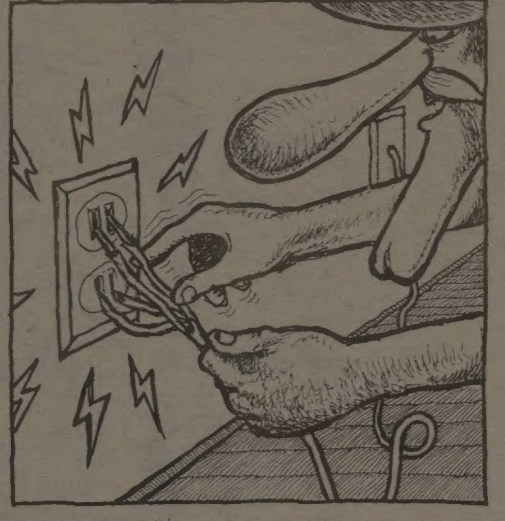
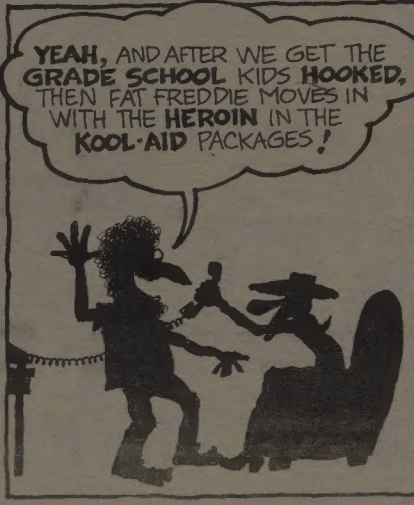
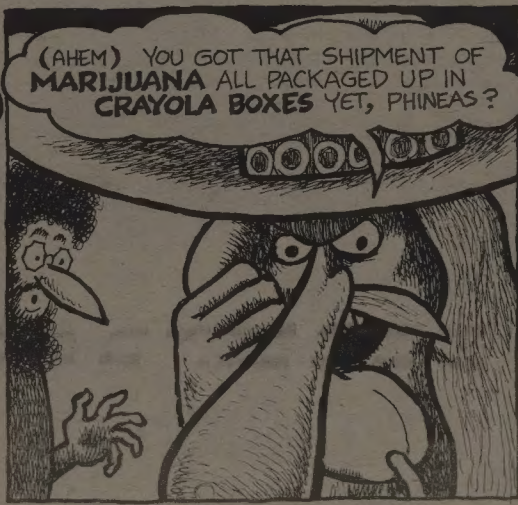
skier practice slaloming a slow motion, but it's richer in asymmetry than that. It's really like a wolf loping along. Quite beautiful to watch. For those who had been unaware of their music no doubt the film "Easy Rider", (into which Steppenwolf's two most famous songs "The Pusher" and "Born To Be Wild" sink with such density that one wonders if they weren't part of the original inspiration for the movie) has turned on America to their sound.

"Monster" is what they are proud of, proud enough to include lyrics with the programs (very fine). Don't be scared, it's a friendly "Monster" (the album not the monster, he's awful) an historical/journalistic musical scroll, unrolling the spiritual history of America, including songs entitled Draft Resister, Power Play, Suicide, America. At this early point in our acquaintance, I think it suffers from the same thing "Volunteers" does, but this may be what you all have been waiting for. Does it grab you? It's still a gas, man, (or an electrician) to write a song about America and call it "Approximately Queen Jane" or "Plastic Fantastic Lover."

BUT, (yes) BUT, what's neat is to see that fine heads of the San Francisco community are into the same community preoccupations (bag, scene, choose one) together. Steppenwolf is relaxed like the Airplane and I really dig watching Kay prepare for one song (puts on his guitar, picks up his harmonica) just as

(Continued on Page 17)

THOSE FABULOUS FURRY BROTHERS



AND THROUGH-OUT THE ENTIRE F.B.I. NETWORK ...



"The man who laughs has not yet been told the terrible news."
© Bertolt Brecht

Bearing in mind that perspective is vital when you're glued to the floor, after Tuesday night when Nixon came, saw and conquered at the Waldorf Astoria, I meditated on earthquakes, floods and other acts of god.

Alienation is definitely when your country is at war and you're cheering for the other side. Tuesday night, 3000 people were more than alienated standing corralled in front of the Bankers Trust Building at the southwest corner of Park Avenue and 48th Street diagonally across from the Waldorf. They were angry.

Coming down on the 3rd Avenue bus, I contemplated my own anger. The growing repression in the country, the murdering and jailing of Black Panther leaders across the nation, the investigation of the Attorney General's office into recent Mobe activities this past November 15th in Washington D.C., not to mention the Conspiracy Trial in Chicago, all pointed to a National and federally controlled effort to silence dissent in this great and democratic land of ours by whatever means necessary.

My anger was momentarily broken by the blaring marquee on the Murry Hill Theater; PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 and LITTLE CAESAR. Two oldies but goldies. Was it a message for Nixon? I adjusted my mind back to a copy of the New York Times, a newspaper I read out of professional courtesy. But the constant stop and start of the bus made it more unreadable than usual.

Traffic was heavier than usual at 5 o'clock, a heavy concentration of cars raping the diminishing space of New York city streets, people pouring out of business buildings to an early xmas buyfest or just home, and more police and police vehicles lining the sidewalks and curbs. The police were out in full force to prevent a crime, even though they were breaking one by cluttering up the city with their blue presence, and you knew the biggest criminal of all would be protected rather than arrested.

the inevitable riot so that police violence could

be justified and the myth of law & order breakdown could be upheld as sanction for Nixon's now & new police state.

Across from Bankers Trust, on the Waldorf Astoria side of the street, press and the curious crowd roved the steps of the accompanying building and stared across at the protestors. More press and mobile units were entrenched in the small island thoroughfare which split Park Avenue like no-mans land. Park Avenue took on the spectre of the last official gasp of democratic protest. The death throes of democracy shivered against the skyline of New York and reappeared in the bullet ridden body of Panther leader Fred Hampton somewhere in Chicago's black ghetto.

Jeering and booing suddenly split the air as Mounted police passed by the protestors. Blue cossacks reappearing from the dawn of history. They trotted past down 48th and around Third Avenue and finally sequestered themselves into the Waldorf's garage entrance on 49th Street. It was here that Nixon would gain access to the

I deposited myself off at 49th Street and 3rd Avenue and proceeded to walk towards Park Avenue to join the protest. I stopped at the corner to survey the terrain. The protestors were cordoned off on 48th in front of Bankers Trust. Banners, flags, placards positioned against the cold night air. 3000 people packed into stadium waves of at least fifteen rows deep.

I walked past the front door of the Waldorf and peeked past the two police guards pillaring the doorway. There was an inordinate amount of free wheeling traffic on the sidewalk as the President had not arrived as yet and pedestrian traffic was still allowed access to their own streets. Nixon was about to learn how dangerous it was to walk New York City streets without a police escort under extraordinary circumstances. Something he already knew when he lived in New York as an ordinary citizen under ordinary circumstances.

The streets were also laden with a lot of free wheeling police provocateurs looking to start

Waldorf, not through the Park Avenue side. Protected by pig and horseflesh from the people he had murdered, harassed and arrested through his political politics.

I ran into an old friend, Ken McClarren, poet & photographer, We decided to cross over and join the protest jailed into its limited domain on the southwest corner of Park. Before entering we were stopped by an older but eloquently dressed woman who inquired of us what was taking place. Ken went into his finest eloquently old woman tirade.

"Can you imagine! That Facist has the gall to come to New York to receive an award! How dare he!"

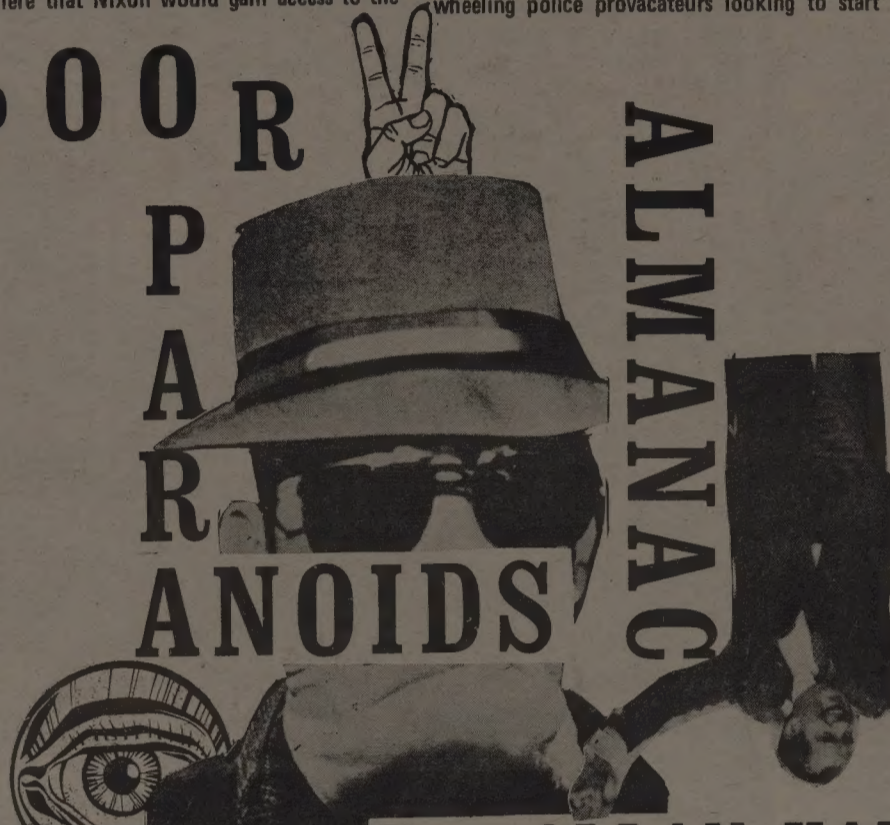
The woman, now angered by his paradic admonishment, lurched free from his grasping words and sputtered a sarcastic 'Tsk! Tsk!' in our direction. We entered into the waiting crowd and walked in back of roved protestors. There was nothing much to see as backs blocked our view of what was happening in front. We decided to walk around and head for a cup of coffee before we braved the arrival of the President.

We sat in a Chock Full of Nuts on Third Avenue recounting old protests and demonstrations, recalling the Ghost of protests past and present. The future at that moment seemed bleak. We warmed ourselves with hot coffee and the origins of what we had been fighting for. 1776 was as relevant as 1969.

Two people swept themselves into our conversation and told us Nixon had arrived. "Man, ya shoulda seen em surrounded by all those facist cops." The one who spoke to us was a young negro just back from Vietnam. We conversed on for about fifteen minutes retelling old experiences and angers and how it was all a game, a deadly game. We parted with a 'good luck' and wished each other well.

I headed downtown away from the window breaking, head smashing and arrests. The old tactics were no longer viable. Something new would have to be added. I went home and meditated on the possibilities; earthquakes, floods and other acts of god.

POOR PARANOIDS ALMANAC



By ALLAN KATZMAN

By DR. EUGENE SCHOENFELD

ALCATRAZ

Alcatraz. Its name evokes images from dozens of Grade B prison films. As a child I saw smoke pouring from the island during the 1946 prison riot, a riot which ended only with the landing and use of the United States Marines. Many times I sailed past the island, never allowed closer than the 200 yard clearance required by the Coast Guard. That's why things don't seem quite real at the moment. I'm sitting outside a solitary confinement cell on Alcatraz. The cell contains medical supplies for the American Indians who have occupied the island.

Indian children play at the other end of the cell block, swinging from a rope tied to bars on the second tier of cells. Many of the cells are in use again, blankets on the bars giving privacy never enjoyed by former inmates.

"You want to see where Al Capone stayed?"

The Indians are fast learning Alcatraz lore. I had seen Capone's home in Miami Beach where he spent his last years and, yes, wanted to see the cell. The young redman pointed to the third tier of the main row, a cell exactly like the others. Scarface Al Capone was said to have bought preferential treatment during his years on the Rock. But no material goods, nothing bought with money could have much relieved the conditions of the men imprisoned on the island.

The Indians have placed a carved American Eagle over the main entrance to the cell block and beneath the eagle a sign, "Land Of The Free." But nowhere on the island can one really feel free. Not yet. Maybe not ever. One of the few Anglos on the island, a young film maker, told a new Indian friend of his desire to take peyote while on Alcatraz. The answer was quick. "You crazy, man? Do you know what kind of spirits are here?" What kind of spirits were left by men whose cages were ten feet long by six feet wide? I entered one of the solitary confinement cells and pulled the heavy steel door closed. Blackness. When the prison functioned some light could enter the cell through holes punched in the back wall, if the guards allowed it.

The "lucky" prisoners worked in one of the two Kafka-like factories or the laundry or kitchen. But everywhere there are watch towers and sagging catwalks. Rusting remnants of barbed wire surround the western side of the island near the cold bay waters. Only a few years have passed since the prisoners were transferred to other penitentiaries, yet most of the structures have been nearly destroyed by the salt air, wind and seas.

I have never been within prison before. Once I visited the concentration camp at Dachau. No

gas ovens were on Alcatraz but it is the same experience.

The exercise yard is now the main eating area for the Indians. Rust marks runs down the high walls. A pup tent is set up on the small patch of scrub brush left uncovered by concrete. Sitting on the great cement steps some of the Indians speak of painting murals on the walls of the exercise yard. Plans are also made for giant teepees.

"Bad as Alcatraz is, it's better than many of the reservations." You hear this over and over from the Indians. Their leader is Richard Oaks and after observing him communicating with Federal officials, the news media and his own people I can tell you he's the Jim Thorpe of Indian negotiators. They have invoked an 1868 treaty between the Sioux and the U.S. Government which stipulates that unused Federal land reverts to the Indians.

The Federal Government declared Alcatraz surplus property and offered the island to San Francisco. Texas oilman, H. Hunt, proposed a futuristic monument and commercial exploitation. His plans were accepted by the S.F. Board of Supervisors on the recommendation of Mayor Alioto. But a civic-minded dress manufacturer ran a full page newspaper advertisement which apparently expressed the feelings of most people in the San Francisco Bay

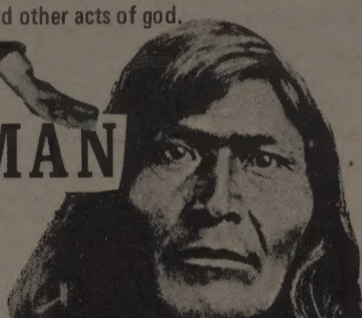
Area. Why rush ahead with these plans so obviously unworthy of San Francisco and Alcatraz? The Board of Supervisors reversed its vote after a deluge of mail and telephone calls.

History has given us few pleasant surprises these last few years. The Indian occupation of Alcatraz is an exception. Public sentiment in S.F. seems to overwhelmingly favor giving Alcatraz to the Indians. An Indian cultural and exhibition center would allow the display and perhaps sale of Indian art and craftwork. Millions of visitors to San Francisco would want to visit such a center and also see the old cell blocks. They would learn at first hand of the need for prison reform or elimination. No better use of Alcatraz Island has been or is likely to be proposed.

Meanwhile, the Indians remain on the Rock and welcome our support. Medical services have been organized and well supplied by physicians like intern Larry Brilliant and psychiatrist George Challis.

Food supplies are especially important. Send vegetables, fruit, meat, cheese, bread (real bread, please), peanut butter, peanuts and grains.

You can also write to Mayor Alioto in S.F. and your representatives in Washington. Let them know your feelings about returning Alcatraz to the first Americans.



"I am interested in process and the human rights. As far as I am concerned art deals with spiritual and emotional release, involving itself with the surrounding social reality, as opposed to the typical western intellectual attitude of materialism, rationalism, non-involvement, trivialities and abstractions. As far as I am concerned, art went astray when it became a commodity to be traded, rather than a spiritual and emotional need."

From a letter by Jean Toche to No Poster Artist Boris Lurie.

As an invitation to an art preview I got a yellow ticket simulating the admission card to a basketball game. On it was written: "Basketball College Stars by HOWARD KANOWITZ for a private reception honoring the artist at Waddell Gallery." On the back of the ticket a photo of mustached Howard Hanowitz by photographer Dan Budnik.

Artist-painter-photographer Kanowitz, well known for his super-realistic portraits of personalities of the N.Y. Art World, went this season into the sports scene. He did this all the way, as one can detect from the text printed in the well planned publicity styling of words; an excellent job of announcing a commodity for sale. It goes like this:

"Realer than real, these original sculptured figures are the creation of Howard Kanowitz, one of America's foremost New Realist painters. Sports Illustrated sent him around the country to photograph the nation's leading college basketball stars. Kanowitz then translated them into paintings on sculptured canvases. They're all in the annual Basketball Issue of Sports Illustrated. The originals are on view with 12 blow-ups of the working photos and 27 of the working drawings. A "start-to-finish exhibition." And further, the art loving preview-privileged on Waddell's mailing list get's all the ART NEWS that's fit... Kanowitz's inclusion in the Whitney, the Jewish Museum and many others in the country, and his painting "The Drinks" adorns the jacket of the Praeger book "The New Painting" by Udo Kultermann.

I decided ten that I knew more than enough about art and sport and I didn't go to the preview, although I like art previews because I like rapping with groovy people. Groovy people of the art world love free drinks and lean on to each other in mutual despair of the scene, the art, the bullshit...

It just happened that on the same day I had seen the colored photos by another photographer in Life Magazine (up to now not translated into sculptured canvases) namely the ones by Ron Haerberle, photos showing the "ball" U.S. soldiers had with kids, women and old people in

Mylai, Songmy-Vietnam. I couldn't face any other photo art on that blue Monday anymore. I was too disturbed, too sad and too frightened. My mind had flipped and art, as is today, really turned me off. And sitting next to my bookcase my eye caught a small pocketbook, already yellowed by age, published by Rowohlt in Hamburg, Germany in 1958. It's the collection of political poems, essays, songs and prose by Walter Mehring, a contemporary of George Grosz. A great German dissenter, writer, a new Heinrich Heine in Berlin, 1919. Some of

Mehring's songs have become in the post Hitler time of Germany "Folk Songs". Mehring had to flee Germany in 1933 to France, Portugal, New York, and he is now living and writing in Switzerland. The old book I read instead of looking at Basketball sculptured canvases, is titled: "Der Zeitpuls fliegt", "The Pulse of time races..." and I quote what Mehring wrote in 1924, in a kind of Science fiction essay called "Topography of Hell".

"You didn't see anything again, did you?" a guy shouted. The other man rushed past him fast... fast

through the crowd in the street.

"Look, look out, look there, they're running, just through the middle of the crowd" one shouted excitedly after them.

"Watch out, they are already shooting again."

"Perhaps because a Jew is passing, or maybe it's a vegetable peddler who tries to cheat."

"Never mind, never mind... the truth is, it's always "THEM"... thunder and lightning, it's always "THEM".

I was thinking 1924... it had been the same as 1969. At that Pre-Nazi time, thunder and lightning, the shooting, the violence in the streets, and the poets trying to fight guns with words. Today, 1969, what are the painters doing? Sports events? Magazines publish photos of ghastly, cruel time events. Where are our Goyas, Mathias Gruenwald's, George Grosz's of U.S.A. today? Could it be that the artists, who pour blood on the floor of MOMA are the relevant ones?

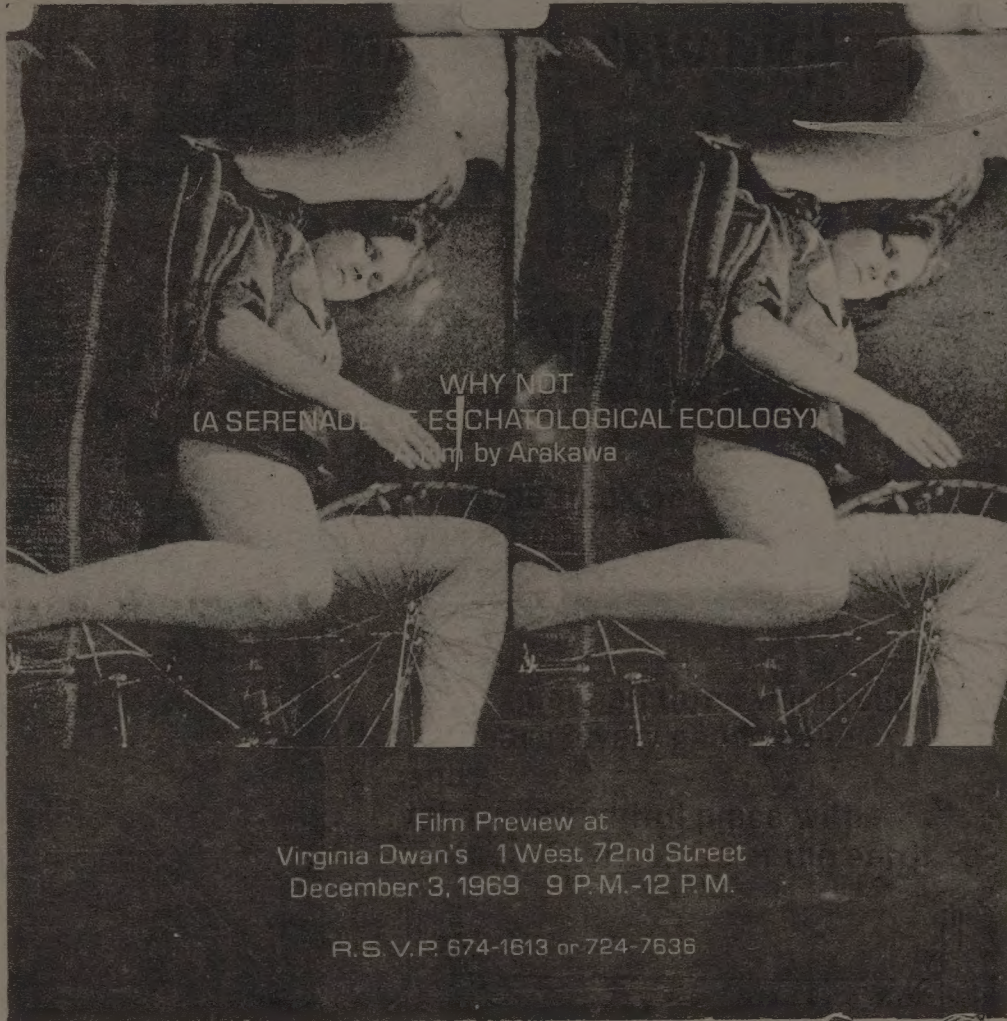
Apollo America

Kriwet is a young German artist who works in the fringe world between "Letters," printed material, photos, T.V. The publisher SUHRKAMP (K.G. Frankfurt, Gruenburgweg 69) published a pocket book by Kriwet titled Apollo America. It's a time chronological, a reportage, a diary, Kriwet assembled last summer in New York, staying in the Fifth Avenue Hotel during the days of the first moon landing. Kriwet has found a form to give a complete cross section of this time in the U.S.A. by reproducing headlines of American Newspapers, reporting all the news of the Moon time, including all surrounding events, the announcing of the War—the dead, the speeches, the sayings of the leaders of the nation, the Pope, writers, Eldridge Cleaver, Arthur Miller, Picasso, and the astronauts. Kriwet tries to give the news in his medium—print, which he changes, alters in form, destroys typographically and transforms, bringing the content of news as it appeared in the daily papers, on radio, TV. He is creating a new art form of relevance, honesty and truth. As an artist, Kriwet has a keen sense for the kichotomy, the insanity, the inadequacies of our techno-crazy-murderous-war-violent-moonstruck rebellious fin de siecle pre-2000 times.

Serenade of Eschatological Ecology

"Why not" asks painter-Filmmaker Arakawa. The film was shown privately at the home of Virginia Dwan, and it lasted 2½ hours. A beautiful girl made love to things. It's the object as a phallus and for the girl after 1½ hours of caressing a table, a door, a plant, an apple, chairs, a fur covered couch, the climax finally came with a beautiful bicycle wheel, which she, the Arakawa Ecological superstar turned around and around and around, wetting it with her spit from time to time... and finally she had her thing... she smiled delightedly... and that should have been the end of the film. But, unfortunately it was not. So the end got lost in a tragically extended mystery of something I didn't get, because the soundtrack did not work properly yet. But, otherwise I liked the film.

ART By LIL PICARD



The day began when I saw Dr. Howard Levy off at the airport. Levy, the former Army Captain who made history by refusing to train Green Berets in counter-insurgency medical skills, was heading to Chicago for Black Panther martyr Fred Hampton's funeral. I had been working on an ESQUIRE article on Dr. Levy and found the only interview time he had available that week was en route to La Guardia.

"You know, Claudia," Levy said with a dark intensity, "I had just met Fred Hampton about three weeks ago. He was a beautiful cat. And now... he's murdered. That kind of thing really shakes me up. I don't know why I should be shocked—we really should expect this kind of thing. But still..."

Levy turned to his newspaper and pointed to that horrifying photograph of Fred Hampton's blood-soaked bed: "Political assassination—that's the tactic from now on. First they'll get the Panthers. They're the most vulnerable because they're Black and because we're such a racist society. But once the Panthers are killed off, whoever gets in Nixon's way is next and that means US, us white radicals."

The return bus from La Guardia left me off by Grand Central Station, a short walk from the Waldorf-Astoria. At the Waldorf, football fiends had paid \$100 a plate to see that outstanding sportsman, Richard Milhouse Nixon, receive a "Gold Medal Award" from an outfit known as the National Football Foundation. Figuring that one award deserved another, the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee decided to hold a reception of its own at the Waldorf's doorsteps. Mini-skirted secretaries and crew-cut executives fled from their Union Carbide and Manufacturer's Hanover offices while shaggy youths from the Bronx, the East Village and Brooklyn descended on midtown Manhattan. Lower Park Avenue was a collage of glass towers, demonstrators, red flags, police horses, sound trucks and plainclothesmen.

The closest one could get to the Waldorf was East 48th Street, a block from the hotel. It was there that demonstrators, perhaps five thousand of them, had been jammed so that they might not offend the eyes of the World's Number One Football Fan. From every corner and sidestreet one could see police and their playtime apparatus: horses, arrest vans, guns, clubs, trucks, and patrol cars.

At first, the rally seemed peculiar, almost like a non-demonstration. How else can one describe five thousand angry people packed tightly against the Banker's Trust building, not wanting to move, to march, or to picket? The non-demonstrators just stood there seething in constricted anger. Every now and then the crowd would come forth with shouts of "Avenge Fred Hampton," "Fuck You—Spir—rew," or even an occasional "End the War in Vietnam." But overwhelmingly the mood was one of frustrated inertia. Meanwhile, the President of the United States was being shuttled into the side door of the Waldorf and saved from the distasteful experience of a confrontation with his constituents.

The police were tense—that was for sure. One could see their tension as they rapped their nightsticks on the barricades. Reporters were being harassed by the pigs—a sign that

they wanted no public witness for what they had in mind. I was nearly arrested, despite my press credentials, for the "crime" of trying to cross the street. Sandra Levinson, of RAMPARTS, had a similar experience. Said Fred Beck, an inhalation therapist who had come to give medical aid at the demonstration: "This looks like its going to be a rough one. The pigs act like they're just itching to club the hell out of everyone here."



Beck's ominous prediction came to fruition right after a group of demonstrators hoisted a red banner on Banker's Trust's sacrosanct flagpole. The flag raisers were dragged from their places, clubbed and thrown into police cars. Rumor had it that they were taken to the 17th Precinct. After that, it was open season on demonstrators. Nervous horseback pigs charged into the crowd at random. As the horses approached, peace demonstrators greeted charges with indian war whoops.

Considering police restraints, it was hard for a reporter to get an accurate picture of what was actually happening. Every now and then one would see clubs flying and a young demonstrator being dragged off by New York's Finest.

I was standing in front of Union



Carbide's glass mausoleum watching improvised guerilla theatre when suddenly the performance stopped. "Look over there," an elderly lady from Women's Strike for Peace shrieked. "They're trying to kill that young man!" In the street one could see a vague configuration: police horses running out of control, charging into the crowd, stomping on someone. And blood, blood in the street. Before me was a squad car and a young man whose face was nothing

but a river of blood. He made a V sign and smiled as the pigs dragged him away.

After the fifth police charge a

group of about a thousand youths broke off from the main demonstration and began running through the streets of midtown. From where I stood they could be seen marching towards Fifth Avenue with a trail of cavalry and foot soldiers behind them.

"Where are the cops going?" I asked a bystander.

"After the Weathermen, what do you think!" He replied. "They'll be some heads cracked here tonight. What we saw earlier was just the beginning."

There was only a small crowd still left at the demonstration site, but the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee decided to continue with the program they had prepared anyway. Speaking to the assemblage was a blonde, clean-cut boy with a southern accent. His name was Roger Priest, and he was the Naval Seaman who was facing a court martial for publishing an anti-war newspaper for sailors. Priest addressed the group earnestly: "I am facing 39 years in prison because I dared to print a newspaper that told sailors the TRUTH about Vietnam. We live in a country that jails people for telling

A RADICAL'S BITTER DIARY

DEC. 9, 1969

By Claudia Dreifus



the truth."

Inside the Waldorf-Astoria, a tuxedoed Richard Nixon told a paunchy group of diners that football was a true American sport because it embodied "character, drive, teamwork and a feeling of being in a class bigger than yourself."

But what of those running interference in the streets?

Nixon loved football because to him it symbolized the "ability to lose and come back and try again."



So THAT'S why we are still in Vietnam—because the President sees the world as a damned football match!

"The honors you don't deserve are the ones you are most grateful for," Richard Nixon said while fingering his award. "This is a small step for the National Football Foundation and a giant leap for a man who never made the team."

As I headed to the subway, an old Nixon campaign quote came to mind: "If a President cannot come

into a city without fear of counter-demonstration, then he should not be President." On the marble walls of the Banker's Trust Building someone had spray-painted the slogan "Power to the People."

At home there was the kind of depressing exhaustion that one feels after every demonstration. On Channel 11, a newscaster named Phil Donahue was conducting a low budget talk show. His guests included an unexceptional Miami Beach lawyer whose speciality was Selective Service law and an Italian father from Boston who had two sons in the Army and was suing the government to save a third from Uncle Sam. The father was a simple man who thought the war was wrong and who was tired of seeing children being decimated for the likes of Our Football Hero. But the lawyer, Steven Butter, was something else again.

Almost by accident Donahue asked his guest, the expert on the draft, just what his views on Vietnam were. Butter, who was making his living by advising the sons of the wealthy in cute but legal ways to avoid the draft, gave what was perhaps one of the most amazing answers ever to be seen on the teevee screen. "I have no opinion on the war," Butter said in his Arnold Stang voice. "I haven't researched the question of Vietnam strongly enough to make an opinion!"

At that point my telephone rang. On the line was an old friend of the early days in SDS. I hadn't spoken to him in years.

"Claudia," John said earnestly, "it's hard for me to call you out of the blue like this, but I'm calling everyone I know. We need money, bail money, desperately. Uh... you see... well, a lot of kids broke off from the main demonstration tonight and ran into midtown where they were trampled by horses and beaten by the police. Several store windows were broekn. Well, there are over sixty people in jail, many of them badly beaten and in need of hospitalization. We need ten thousand dollars by morning and we're just calling everyone for small contributions."

My first impulse was to say "Fuck the Weathermen. They knew what they were getting into. Let their rich daddies cough up the bail!" But I stopped. On the teevee tube, Steven Butter Esq. was explaining why he as an attorney specializing in Selective Service law was not qualified to make judgements on Viet-murder. Other images flashed through my mind: Songmy. Fred Hampton's blood-soaked bed. Our President fingering his football medal. Somehow, one could understand the fury that drove the Weathermen to run through the streets blindly smashing windows and engaging the pigs in futile little battles. "Sure John," I sighed, "I think I could come through with something."

Early the next morning, Howard Levy returned from the funeral of Fred Hampton. "You should have seen it," he said. "The crowds lined the streets. I couldn't even get inside. But they had loud speakers for the overflow, and on the wet, cold street I could hear Ralph Abernathy making an eulogy for Hampton. Abernathy's speech was almost identical to the one he gave when Martin Luther King was assassinated. The whole thing was incredibly *deja vu*. It's like I had heard this whole thing before, but was it for Martin or Malcolm? Sometimes, I wonder if we ever get anywhere."

Last week more or less ended with melodramatic questions in a

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grid all posed, rhetorically to Grotowski. Oh well, another week, another set of answers... maybe even later in this column! First, a few words for our sponsors, the people still brave enough to take out ads in this! our pinko underground rag which, of course, Martha, controls the vacuous minds of all those poor, lost souls in America who don't wanna be part of the silent majority (we are the loudmouth majority, hear hear!). Anyhow, by now, dear reader(s) you must know that we at EVO are part of an international spying Nazi-Soviet-Sino oriented, ask Ronnie Reagan about it. Ask slick dick (would you buy a used dick from that man? a new one? ... did you see the piece in Life Mag about how we are dealing with someone else, that Nixon is dead... play his speeches backwards, and refer to various obtuse—of course obtuse—comments he had made to the press about his last defeat, the one where he said, "Well, you won't have Dick Nixon anymore to crap on" or words to that effect...?) anyway ask anyone of the silent majority and if they can still remember how to talk, they'll be glad to tell you about US.

SERIOUSNESS seriousness, stop this rambling, right. OK. *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* may win, probably will win many of the awards this year; I hold out for *Z* winning best picture from liberal Amerika in its heroic apopleptic efforts to applaud anything smacking of decency (applaud it, pay for it, and then it belongs to you) BUT I also sports fans hold for Jane Fonda winning Best Actress for her performance as a hard bitter chickie, Gloria Beatty, who is a loser. Jane Fonda's performance is extraordinary; her makeup is wierd enough to make her anything but attractive, so she gets an A Plus for sincere effort; her ability to handle the dialogue and pacing is a tribute to what an actress can do with her craft once she learns it and applies it. I wonder if she would have seemed so believable had she tried to play the part while remaining reasonably attractive...? Nope. This is America and Real is Ugly, right?

RIGHT. RIGHT
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and don't forget it.

T S H, D T? is too long, perhaps (over 2 hours) but then so is reality sometimes and the Depression, as they are constantly telling us, was not lived through by US, so we can't imagine the depression, the squalor, the despair, the neverending stretches of tragedy which followed one another like un-funny, eternal Burma Shave roadsigns, curve after curve thrown to you in the road of sighs and no-high. Anyhow, I didn't think the picture was too long, but a lot of people who did live through the Big D thought so, and they should remember. The way they remember all about the Nuremberg Trials and massacre of infants and other innocents and the way they choose to remember just what it was like in the good old days.

This is not a week for writing about movies, I guess. I feel that

all of this page was written by LIKA ELSER

Grotowski. The control of the actors is amazing and in this highly achieved space/pace syndrome, the effect is rich and remarkable. The implication of actors needing this much control—and they all seem like specialized marionettes obeying the wafted strings of Grotowski's consciousness—in a world where we are all trying to make it real if we can't make reality real, somehow seems ominous. I prefer to think of all of us as actors in the show/spectacle/off-off. Big Daddy scene called *Life*. And so, Theatre (inside a building with people speaking lines they know the meaning of before you do—or maybe not) as

opposed to theatre. Happenings the intermediary effort. Anyway, Theatre for me is a ritual, and the actors have their part and I have my part and the common goal is to edify, entertain, illuminate the chaos we call life. Man's rage for chaos, thank you Morse Peckham wherever you are. And the ritual of the Polish Lab is certainly as beautiful as deep breathing exercises, as beautiful as tall redwoods with the sun dappling their shadows, as wonderful as the shine in the eyes of a deer about to be caught. But I am spectator only, not interactor, and unlike Walter Kerr, I prefer the role of inter-actor, which gives me, with each performance, the chance to cash in chips of bone, sweat and experience

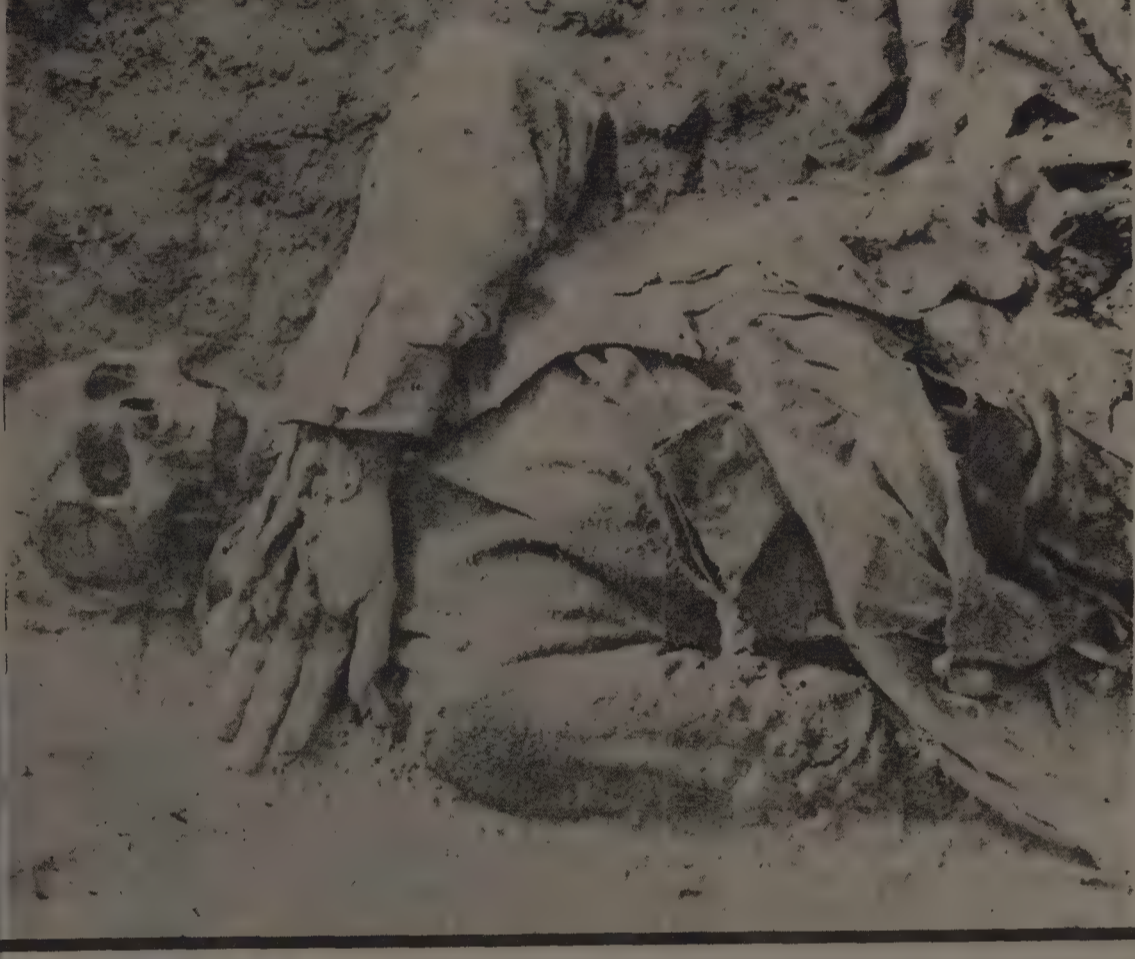
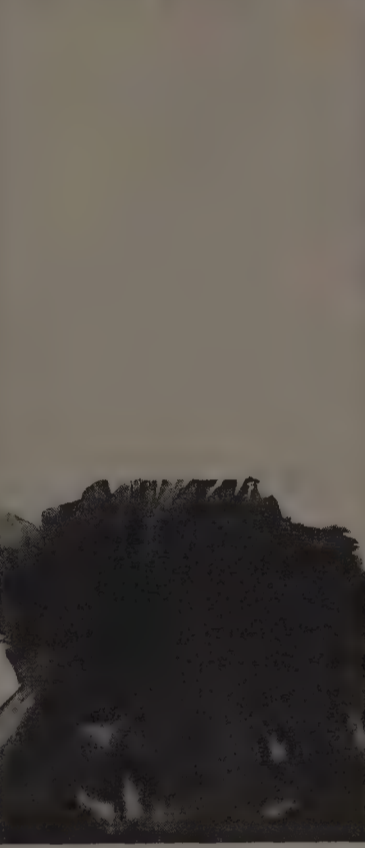
for more understanding, for another moment of intensity bringing me closer to illumination. Instead, as the performance of *The Constant Price*, it seemed that the audience was in a state of hibernation, of cerebral cavedwelling, so that the play would come as a message, an osmotic lumpen cerebralization instead of the mixture of viscera and brains which mone might expect and desire.

Now, I love French intellectual preoccupations, and I even love those crazy Japanese and Brazilian intellectual rambles through life and death with only the mind as your flagstaff to ward off evil women and other sins. But I would ask M. Grotowski how and why he wishes to distil the humanity? and who is he to

play god, or at least something extra-human? I don't want to deny one precious moment of austere profoundness to the experience which is Polish Lab Theatre, but I did miss some communication offering us themselves; his actors are all dedicated to another master besides the audience, and I fear it is Grotowski.

... these are some of the notes I made after the performance; I did not re-read or even think about Grotowski's *Notes on the Poor Theatre*, nor did I even read the program noted. These notes are pure first-hand reaction to the experience, not arguments for or against, hardly analyzed and barely understood by even me.

THILM



somewhere in between the lines and also on top of them is this overwhelming need to make fun of all we have in this all too shitty world of ours which still has John Sinclair in jail, which still allows Justice Hoffman to daily exist while trying to deny the reality of the other Hoffman and Co. including Bobby Seale who was too much there, in Chicago, for *The Good Old Days et. al.*

This is a week for using EVO for what it is meant to be, a place where all those impossible, strange, farout stories can be told, like Claudia's piece last week about the gold-dome pig. Feed on, paranoia, and live off us, right? it's as good as cancer as anything you might get from cyclamates or birth control pills.

So. What else happened his week. Chanukah is just around the corner; Christmas has been with us since the summer solstice, or almost since July First... festival of lights.

I don't know. That's such a great phrase. It fights every inch of my being's desire to say But I do know; I'm a critic, and I KNOW I tell you, I know the

I do know the answers. So do you. So do we all. The answer is...

fill in and mail to someone else, 25 words or more or less as you feel. And let someone else know that you know the answer too. And that way, we'll all not be afraid to make the right answer come true.



Which brings me to music. A few weeks ago, David Amram and Pepper Adams were at the Top of the Gate, and it was sooooo nice to hear plain old good old music, like musicians who just play, and play without worrying about the theatre of it all except in your heads, and weren't trying to pretend that they care about revolution first and then the music; instead slow easy sets, especially a crazy piece left over from the summerwine of Tompkins Square free concerts and pickin up on honeys all over and laughter, softness, before paranoia and winter set in like over-it-all jello. The music was mostly mellow, isn't that the word when something has aged with intelligence, sensitivity and care, allowed to fondle and be loved before it is presented and asks for compassion before commitment. At any rate, the music was very enjoyable, and I wish David Amram, like so many other musicians (like Pepper Adams for a start) would get some of the audience who maybe even deserve to hear him and the others make their music and warmth.

Then there is *Pink Floyd* and as easy, smooth and melodic as is David's jazz French horn, arrangements and flute (oh wow, the flutel) that is how, speaking in antitheses, *Pink Floyd* is far out, into music-as-sound, music-as-Manna and Nectar and parents for all of us, music to give birth by and to weave a life by, to grow by, to admire fine being being made finer... *Ummagumma* is the latest album, a

double set, one LP for what they are doing live these days, in clubs; one LP for what each of them, by turn, is doing with himself in the studio, and with his instruments. Sound, trippy notes, chords, tempos, this is a distillation and expansion of what music can be, controlled and then free to ride over vibrations, pitch, frequency and technology. All the tracks are thought-full, some more musing while others are for blasting through perceptions to get you to look the other way, into roads where we want to go and more, probably need to go.

I could describe the music; it isn't that difficult, but the very words are limited by my perceptions. This album is easily rich enough to be worth buying and it doesn't need any selling. It is *not*: very hard-on sexy, but a sensory exploration of all six sensualities and modalities; it is not an exercise in blowing your eardrums out to reach your mind with either amp decks or upside down lyrics it's just a gas, gas, gas.

LATER... AT THE PLAYGROUND



the cartoon is by skip Williamson from Chicago although it didn't say so



U.S. AIR WAR
AGAINST VIETNAM
by
Lan Thi Xae

Now that even Nixon acknowledged that a massacre indeed took place in Milay (Mendel Rivers still won't buy it), the time might be proper to reexamine the tally sheet of US arial intrusion into the lives of the vietnamese people both north and south.

In our name, the United States Air Force has purposely bombed over 800 schools, more than 1,000 hospitals and medical centers, hundreds of dikes and dams, and 475 churches and pagodas in North Vietnam, to terrorize and demoralize the population. U.S. Air Force manuals give American pilots instructions to bomb "everything built by the new government" of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRVN-North Vietnam), since Vietnam won its war against the French colonialists in 1954. "Fundamentals of Air Space Weapons", issued by the Air University of the U.S. Air Force, dated May 20, 1966, speaks of the importance of bombing four types of targets: political, "psycho-social", military, and economic. In an under-developed country like Vietnam, the Air Force manual says, psycho-social (health installations, schools, churches) targets are "of great importance to the underdeveloped country", and are easy to locate, since they do not move.

HOSPITALS

Every hospital in the DRVN has been bombed except three (two in Hanoi, one in Haiphong), and two of these three show some bomb damage. U.S. planes for years have carried out the most careful reconnoitering of every inch of North Vietnam, the hospitals are clearly marked with red crosses. Yet the U.S. Air Force bombed these hospitals repeatedly: —the Quang Binh Hospital was bombed 11 times in 1965, —the Ha Tinh Hospital was bombed 17 times between July 30, 1965 and May 21 '66.

The Thanh Hoa TB Hospital K. 71, which contained 600 beds, was one of the largest and most modern centers in Southeast Asia for treatment and research into TB. Tens of thousands of outpatients also received treatment at this center. On July 8, 1965 at 7 AM, 40 U.S. planes dropped more than 100 one-ton bombs on the hospital, completely wiping out its more than 60 buildings. Over 50 persons, including 5 doctors, were killed and many other were wounded.

Reporter Wilfred Burchett writes of the destruction of the larger and more modern Than Hoa Hospital:

"The 11 blocks of hospital buildings were left a blazing heap of ruins in an hour-long attack starting at 8:30 AM, Jun 3 1, 1966, in which 1,000-pound and 2,000-pound bombs were dropped." U.S. planes deliberately dive-bombed building after building of Than Hoa Provincial Hospital, firing rockets and machine guns, 12 killed, including 4 children, and 27 wounded.

On Children's Day, June 1, 1966, another hospital in Than Hoa, the Mother and Children Health Center, with 500 beds, fully equipped with modern medical devices, was bombed by the U.S. Air Force. This air raid killed 14 and seriously wounded 28, most of them women and children. In bombing Yen Bai Hospital the U.S. killed 58 persons, most of them doctors and medical workers. During July 9-11, 1965, U.S. planes dropped hundreds of bombs on an area less than an acre of Yen Bai province, on hospitals, offices, the province health services, the prophylactic hygiene station, the anti-TB station and the health center for mothers. This action destroyed

30 buildings. The Yen Bai Hospital had been built on an isolated hill. Like the other DRVN hospitals, it was far from any military target.

Starting June 12, 1965, the U.S. mounted 41 attacks against the Quynh Lap Leprosorium, which was the only one in Southeast Asia, and the finest treatment center of its kind in the world. It had been built on the seashore, remote from any populated area or main road. The U.S. was determined to destroy this and other DRVN hospitals. They were models for the whole underdeveloped world, showing what a people could achieve under socialism and national independence. After the initial attack, U.S. aircraft bombed and strafed the hospital complex for another 10 days running. These air attacks killed 140 patients and wounded over 100. Many of these patients were cured, and would soon have been sent back to their families. 160 modern, beautiful buildings were left a shambles.

American planes returned on May 6, 1966 to bomb the new makeshift premises of Quynh Lap, killing another 34 persons. The following month, they came back to kill three more patients.

Japanese cameramen filmed the ghastly spectacle of U.S. planes

strafing lepers hobbling on their stumps and crutches, seeking shelter or trying in anguish to help their fellow sufferers to safety. American pilots even strafed the medical workers and lepers at the funeral, where they were burying those killed in previous attacks on the leper sanatorium. In the hills to which the lepers were evacuated in the boiling sun, there was not enough water. When the medical workers and stronger patients returned to fetch water, U.S. planes killed 111 patients on the spot. "The carnage was so vast," Dr. Nguyen Van Oai, one of the surgeons said, "that we had to ask people to come with baskets to pick up pieces of bodies." The other reason for U.S. bombings of the leper colony was to terrorize the population by dispersing the lepers among them."

In Hanoi itself, U.S. bombers, raiding populated suburbs as well as residential areas in the capitol's center, dropped High explosive bombs, C.B.U.'s (steel pellet bombs), and rockets on Hoan Kiem, Mai Huong, Thanh Tri, and Dong An Hospitals, the Institute of Malariaology, Parasitology and Entomology, and Bach Mai Hospital, Hanoi's largest, killing and wounding many patients and medical workers.

SCHOOLS

In destroying over 800 schools in the DRVN, the United States has bombed everything from nurseries to universities such as the Teachers College at Vinh. On the very first day of U.S. air attacks on the DRVN—the Gulf of Tonkin bombings of August 5, 1965, U.S. warplanes strafed the Xuan Giang Primary School in Ha Tinh province, and destroyed the Hong Gai Elementary School.

On February 7, 1965, the day when systematic American bombings of North Vietnam began, the U.S. Air Force raided the secondary school in Dong Hai provincial center. The next day, three schools in Vinh Linh were bombed, killing 7 pupils and their 10th grade literature teacher. That same day, the nursery school in Ho Xa district town was demolished.

On January 30, 1966, U.S. planes bombed the Hai Hoa Primary School, killing or wounding 24 pupils.

The Nursery School of Trung Son Cooperative in Thanh Hoa was attacked at the time when mothers

were handing their babies to the nurses before going to work in the afternoon. Among the 70 killed were 14 infants in the cradle.

On October 21, 1966, U.S. planes destroyed the Thuy Dan School in the ricegrowing province of Thai Binh, killing 30 students and their teacher. Ten townspeople also lost their lives in the bombing. A 15-year-old pupil, Le Xuan Thang, wounded in three places during the bombing attack on Thuy Dan, cannot forget his classmates cries: "Help! Help! We are going to die! Teacher! Teacher!"

Huong Phuc School in Thanh Hoa province was the 134th school bombed. One 8-year-old boy was blown to smithereens, 24 pupils and one teacher were wounded.

Nguyen Thi Mao, a fifth grade girl, is obsessed by thoughts of her best friends, who were killed in the bombing of Huong Phuc School. Everything reminds her of them. Speaking of her friends who were wounded, she felt pained that "Suu's

spleen had been seriously harmed. They said he had to undergo a painful operation. Phung had his right leg cut off, and so he could no longer frolic about. I felt very sorry and pitied Phung, who got shocked out of her senses, and now spoke, laughed and cried all day long." (Many children and adults in North Vietnam have suffered severe emotional shock as a result of the air war.)

Thai Van Nam, the young, handsome, sensitive-looking teacher at Huong Phuc, forced himself to talk about the bombings at a press conference:

"... Torn books and copy books, broken furniture, sand and mud were flying over my head; around me the children were crying. I witnessed a heart-breaking sight; some had their heads cut off and thrown a dozen meters away, whereas the corpses of others were cut to pieces. Some bodies hung on the branches with blood dripping continually. Thereupon many people, nurses and

militiamen came to our help. They succeeded in unearthing many pupils. A few of them, after vomiting blood, died in the arms of their relatives." The sight proved too much for him. "Brutally choked by the scene," Thai Van Nam said, "I lost consciousness."

In one trench, many children were buried, still huddled together. One died with her school-books and notebooks pressed against her breast. "Another body lay near a bag containing food, for many of them had no time to eat before they left for school and had to bring their lunch."

Some of the children's bodies were so badly mangled or dismembered that their grief-stricken relatives could not identify them. The father of Dan, a boy who had his head blown off, could not find his son's body for days.

Teacher Thai Van Nam said, "You certainly realize what a shock it was to me, a man who had set the training of a new generation as the

goal of his life. Two only remained out of the best 15 boys and girls (in terms of scholastic achievements). Among those one had dreamed of becoming a musician, leaving behind a broken flute he had made himself. Others who had earnestly wanted to be painters left behind a collection of their sketches though tattered with a nice signature under each. I also saved from the ruins unfinished poems and letters that the senders had no time to post."

DAMS, DIKES, AND WATER CONSERVATION PROJECTS

Mr. Kugai, a Japanese lawyer serving on the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal, (which judged the U.S. guilty of genocide in Vietnam), said that to destroy a dike in the DRVN during the flood season would be tantamount to dropping an atomic bomb. The DRVN's very survival depends on a ramified system of dikes. Yet the U.S. has launched thousands of raids against dams, dikes, and water conservation projects in North Vietnam.

Not even Hitler coordinated natural calamities with bombings the way the United States does. In the southern part of North Vietnam, during the season when the scorching Lao wind blows, making it hotter and drier than a desert, the thatched huts catch fire from the slightest spark. This is when the U.S. put most of its emphasis on napalm-bombing the villages. Similarly, during the flood season when the water rises as high as ten feet, the U.S. concentrated on bombing dikes. Flood is usually followed by drought in the DRVN. During the drought season (October to May) the U.S. attacked the DRVN's irrigation projects.

According to the book "U.S. WAR CRIMES IN VIETNAM", in North Vietnam there are 17 provinces which require an extensive system of dikes. In all of these provinces American aircraft have bombed the dikes. U.S. planes have concentrated especially on the most important dike sections in such important provinces as Yam Ha, Thai Binh Duong, Ha Bac, and Thanh Hoa, which specialize in agricultural production and are very densely populated.

In 1965 the U.S. mounted 68 air raids against the dikes. In August and September 1966—136 attacks. During the first half of 1967—99 attacks.

Hydraulic works insure irrigation in 10 provinces. In 1965 U.S. pilots made 500 attacks against hydraulic works. In 1966 the number rose to 800; these raids were mainly during the drought season.

The U.S. Air Force has carried out hundreds of attacks against dams and dikes, particularly:

the La Nga, Cam Ly, Bai Thuong, Do Luong, and Thac Ba dams, and numerous places on the dikes of the La, Ma, Lam, Day, and Red rivers.

On August 13, 1966, the Nhat Tan dike protecting the northern outskirts of Hanoi fell victim to U.S. bombings.

On September 21, 1965, the U.S. Air Force first bombed the Thac Ba dam in Yen Bai province, a monumental project under construction which was an example for the third world. April 23, June 22, and July 8, 20, 21, 1966, the U.S. continually bombed the center of the construction site, where workers labored on the main dam. 30 workers were killed, and much equipment damaged.

(Continued on Page 14)

My Machine . . .

This is my machine. Mine!
There are many other machines but this one is mine
It is a part of me—I am a part of it
We are one.

Together we are forging the weapons of Victory—
Weapons that will strike the shackles from men who would be free—
As I am free!

With Thy help, O Lord, I will bring forth the most and the best
That is possible from my machine
For it depends on me.
It multiplies the power of my hands—when my hands are on the job
It does true work—when my brain is alert to control it.
It does not falter—unless I falter.
It does not stop—unless I forget.

In the lands of my enemies, slaves, under the whip,
Labor at their machines.
But I am free!
I abide by my machine of my own free will.
No man is my master—no man my slave.
And this way is best.
It is!

By unflinching example we shall prove it is best—
My machine and I.
By argosies of ships and tanks and planes,
In the only language the enemy understands.
We shall prove it.
This is our pledge—mine and my machine's—
Till Freedom's light comes on again.



Down Madison Ave.



"PUTNEY SWOPE"

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42nd Street
Art
Midtown
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BROOKLYN
Astor
Elm | QUEENS
Continental
Forest Hills
Earle
Jackson Hts.
BRONX
Ascol | NASSAU
Bar Harbour
Massapequa
Cinema
Manhasset
Malverne
Malverne
Salisbury
Westbury | NEW JERSEY
Mall
Paramus
Ormont
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Islip
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Hampton Arts
Westhampton
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Lake Ronkonkoma | WESTCHESTER
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UP-STATE NEW YORK
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Newburgh |
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EASY RIDER

IS ON THE MOVE!

NOW PLAYING!

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| MANHATTAN
CINEMA'S
HARRIS 42nd ST. BEVERLY
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GREENWICH
UAS
RIVIERA
BRONX
TRIANGLE'S
DALE
UAS
DAVID MARCUS
TRIANGLE'S
GLOBE | BROOKLYN
RANDOLPH'S
CINEMA
KINGS HIGHWAY
CENTURY'S
MIDWOOD
RANDOLPH'S
OASIS
STATEN ISLAND
FADIAN'S
PARAMOUNT
STAPLETON
QUEENS
INTERBORO'S
PARSONS
FLUSHING
RANDOLPH'S
LEFFERTS
RICHMOND HILL
WALTER READE'S
LITTLE HECK | WESTCHESTER
UAS
CINEMA
WHITE PLAINS
POZNY'S
KIMBALL
YONKERS
TRIANGLE'S
PICKWICK
DOBBS FERRY
UPPER WESTCHESTER
LESSEY'S
TRIANGLE
YORKTOWN HEIGHTS
UAS
VICTORIA
OSHING | NASSAU
CENTURY'S
ALAN
NEW HYDE PARK
UAS
GABLES
MERRICK
UAS
LYMBROOK
LYMBROOK
SUFFOLK
UAS
AMITYVILLE
AMITYVILLE
UAS
BROOKHAVEN
PORT JEFFERSON
UAS
CINEMA
BAY SHORE
ROCKLAND COUNTY
UAS
LAFAYETTE
SUFFERN | NEW JERSEY
GENERAL CINEMA'S
BLUE STAR
WATCHUNG
HECHT'S
CENTRAL
THEATRE
PASSAIC
UAS
CINEMA 48
TOTOWA
LENA'S
FAIRVIEW
CINEMA
FAIRVIEW
GENERAL CINEMA'S
HUDSON PLAZA
JERSEY CITY
UAS
LIBERTY
ELIZABETH
GENERAL CINEMA'S
MADISON
CINEMA
SAYREVILLE
MUSIC MAKER'S
MALL
BRICKTOWN
RKO-
STANLEY WARNER'S
MILLBURN
MILLSBORO
GENERAL CINEMA'S
PALACE
ORANGE
UAS
PASCACK
WESTWOOD
WALTER READE'S
ST. JAMES
ASBURY PARK
UAS
TEANECK
TEANECK
LOEW'S
TROY HILLS
PATRICKSON
SEYER'S
VERONA
VERONA
WALTER READE'S
WOODBIDGE
WOODBIDGE |
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AIR WAR

(Continued from Page 13)

On September 2, 11 and 22, 1966, U.S. planes mauled the Northern banks of the Ma River, bombing and strafing eight times; they damaged dikes and dams in hundreds of meter-long sections, blasting away 25,000 cubic meters of earth. U.S. planes dropped lazy-dog fragmentation bombs on those who were filling the gaps in the dike and dam network after the bombing, killing many persons.

When typhoon Ora struck North Vietnam, the U.S. bombed many important sections of dike in the suburbs of Haiphong. They strafed them 14 times, as the level of the Red River and the Thai Binh River continued to rise.

John Gerassi describes the bombing of a dike which he witnessed:

"Bomb craters everywhere were being filled by scores of people; flattened houses were being cleared, and wounds were being cared for. I was personally present, as were others of our team, when the body of one of the four people killed during the raid was wrapped up in the sheet and made ready for a wooden coffin, while relatives and friends moaned. . . . the area was completely devoid of any possible military target. There was a small bamboo bridge nearby (by which we had crossed), and nothing else—except dikes."

CHURCHES

The U.S. has bombed 475 churches and pagodas in North Vietnam. From March 1965 to January 1, 1967, U.S. planes bombed the Catholic fishing village of Phat Diem 57 times, destroying 5 of the 15 churches, and killing hundreds of people. On Sunday, April 24, 1966, the American planes struck the St. Francis Xavier church while mass was in progress, killing 72 worshippers and wounding 46.

AMERICANS STRIKE AT THE HELPLESS

The bombings of Hanoi seemed to symbolize a penchant for picking on the weak and helpless. Hue Street is a residential and commercial street in the heart of Hanoi. It is an exceptionally beautiful, stately street. The U.S. Air Force picked 8:30 one August morning in 1966 to terror-bomb Hue Street. The people were lined up in front of the drug-store, waiting for a medicine that had not been available for a long time. U.S. pilots bombed and strafed

(Continued on Page 15)

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AIR WAR

(Continued from Page 14)

the sick waiting in line, trapping them under the rubble together with those who lived there in large apartment houses. 125 persons were killed and wounded on Hue Street. Among other targets, the Americans destroyed on that street the National Education Office and a cinema.

SOUTH VIETNAM

In martyred South Vietnam as well, Americans have massacred believers and devastated their churches, temples and pagodas. On May 6, 7, and 8, 1968, U.S. planes used napalm, rockets, explosive and steel-pellet bombs against the town of *Chau Doc*, where Catholics and followers of the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao religions were concentrated. These raids killed or wounded 800 people. Not satisfied, the U.S. military, having "softened up" the territory, moved in to demolish the population's houses with artillery, tanks and bulldozers to build posts on the emplacement.

In addition to air strikes, ground assaults and fiendish tortures, the U.S. and puppet (Thieu-Ky) troops have resorted to drowning South Vietnamese people en masse. The Quang Ngai Committee of the Nation Liberation Front reports that the U.S.-puppet troops drowned 1,200 *Ba Lang An* inhabitants in the sea. A U.S. "sweep" of the area had forced 10,000 persons into the Van Thanh "Refugee Camp". On March 9, 400 persons from the camp were taken on trucks to Phu Tho, shipped from

there to the Co Luy river and shoved into the water. U.S. planes strafed to death all those who tried to swim ashore. Only one person survived. On March 20, about 400 other prisoners from the same "refugee camp" were brought to Co Luy on boats pulled by war vessels which overturned the boats and drowned everyone aboard. During the drowning of the next 400 victims on March 22, many corpses were washed ashore in Sa Ky, Phu The, and Phe An.

350 Catholics in Kontum, were killed by U.S. planes and artillery on February 23, 1969.

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(Continued on Page 16)

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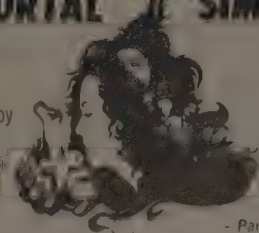
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AIR WAR

(Continued from Page 15)

but they rip apart the flesh and organs of the body. The steel-pellet bombs still used over North Vietnam spew fist-size razor-sharp pieces of steel in all directions. These buckshot-like pellets are scattered so quickly that civilians have no time to escape. Each "mother" bomb discharges 90,000 ball-bearing-like pellets over an area of 600 square yards. The steel slivers lodged in the body usually cannot be removed, and cause excruciating pain. Often a victim will have hundreds of pellets imbedded in his body. They do severe damage to the nervous system and other organs.

Even if the victim does not die, he is rendered painfully incapacitated for a long time. The Vietnamese victims of U.S. steel pellet bombs are invalids, living in a nightmare of pain, who will require help for years to come.

Countless children in the DRVN have died, or suffered unbearable pain, or physical or mental retardation from pellet bombs. To add to the horror, the "mother"

bomb often has a timed detonator. These extensively used time bombs explode hours or even days after a raid, and have made rescue work nearly impossible.

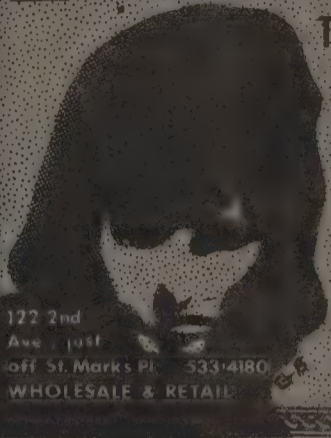
The U.S. is also using against the people of the DRVN a "perfected" fragmentation bomb, which releases a 14-to-16-inch metal piece with a

razor-sharp edge that "literally cuts humans in two." According to eye-witness accounts of the lawyers investigating for the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal this type of bomb is used in the DRVN on "densely populated industrial areas for maximum killing." It has been

(Continued on Page 19)

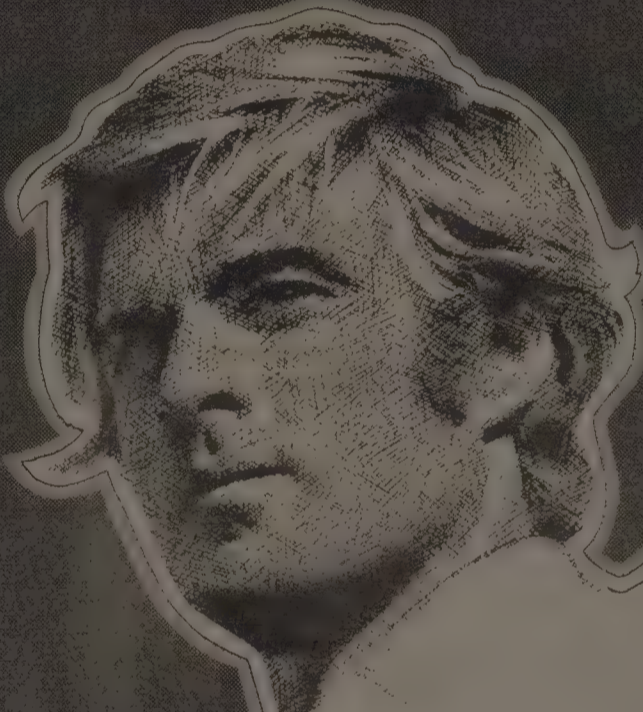
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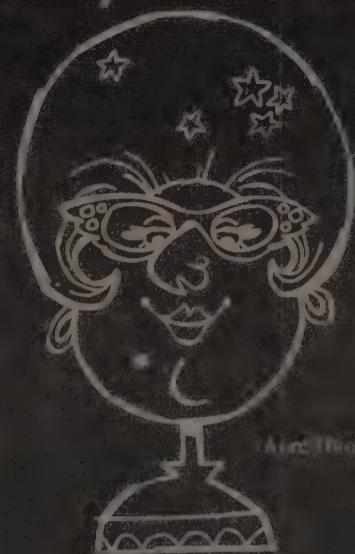
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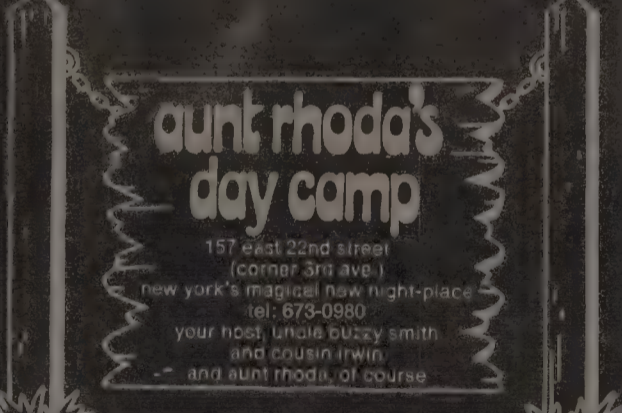


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AMPLIFIER

(Continued from Page 6)

he finishes the one before it. (And, for all you people in that direction, he wore beautiful snakeskin boots). There is a blood curdling drawing on the cover of "Monster" that's worth looking at with the same respect as Mr. Crumb's contribution to "After Bathing At Baxter's".

Community, that's where we were going. New York, as you may have longingly regretted, doesn't have anything like the musical tightness of the mecca of true acid heads. Once upon a time, we dressed pretty fine, in the folk days. And what with Dylan coming back to live in the West Village, and the sudden infusion of country into rock, I was sort of dreaming about a folk-country new-

thing renaissance for the high lands south of 14th Street (give or take a block here and there).

Probably won't happen says Paul Siebel (???)... the name you may have not known but perhaps you've seen the lovely poster, the man looking at you with his chin in his hand all smokey in a shimmering line drawing of reds and blues and yellows. A veteran from the days when folkies would do their acts at the "Zig Zag" and the "4 Winds", passing the hat among the folk, he just did a gig at the Gaslight and released an album "Woodsmoke and Oranges". "The rents are too high, for one thing; that's why everybody split for California. And as far as folk music goes, it was much too exploited too recently. You might go to one Joan Baez concert doing those old songs, but then it would collapse".

The rents are too high for struggling groups. The cafe scene was wrecked by all the police busts. Too much hype. Too much compulsive drug taking. "If you didn't know any better and a chick came up to you after a gig and said 'Let's go drop acid' you might think that was important instead of telling her to fuck off."

"Country music... well, I predict that in a year everyone will be sick of it. It will have saturated everything, peddle steel guitars and fiddles."

Both of which are part of his new album. "Besides, it still makes you think a little of lynch mobs. I saw

Dave Van Ronk and he said "Paul, I really like your album. God damn it."

Listening to Siebel brings home the fact that pre-country Dylan was a style that Dylan learned in the village and made famous and his own. Siebel does very gently what Dylan did very aggressively. "Dylan, who knows... the next thing might be Motown. He may go to Detroit and do an album, you know with brass." (Ready for that?) This conversation was brought to you courtesy of Jack Baker and his folk school, right next door to

(Continued on Page 18)



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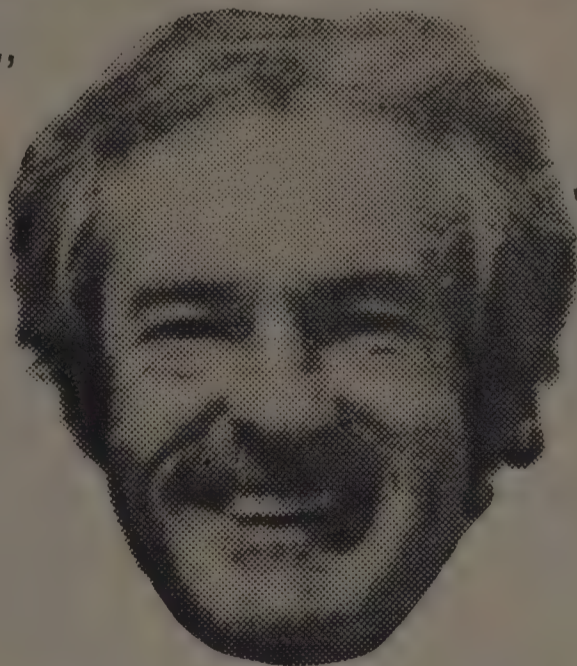
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AMPLIFIER

(Continued from Page 17)

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Hmm. Why don't they let all the ladies go home and turn the House of Detention into rent free rock studios subsidized by the city and run by the Fillmore or some such organization, and get those mind-zapping painters to paint it no end of wild colors. And then close Greenwich Avenue to automobiles, rip up the asphalt and plant trees and grass and a playground and, well, Procacino was defeated, right, and New York isn't going to become a Lefrak City police compound, right. So, it's time for some heavy thinking. "Got a community Got to Community"!

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AIR WAR

(Continued from Page 16)

employed against schools, churches, and residential areas. Americans also used it against such enterprises as the Thai-Nguyen and Viet-Tri industrial complexes and hospitals. Explosive bombs were first dropped on these targets, and when the workers tried to run for shelter, U.S. pilots attacked with steel pellet bombs to fence the buildings in, trapping the workers in tombs of death.

Professor John Gerassi writes that

he saw hundreds of victims of steel pellet bombs in North Vietnam. "An in Hanoi's General Hospital for Surgery, I saw scores of children still suffering or permanently damaged by them... All day long, (and all night long in my nightmares that night), I kept seeing these children, suffering crippled, helpless. One had been struck by a pellet which had entered one temple and exited through the

(Continued on Page 20)

DRY HEAT MATERIAL THINGS

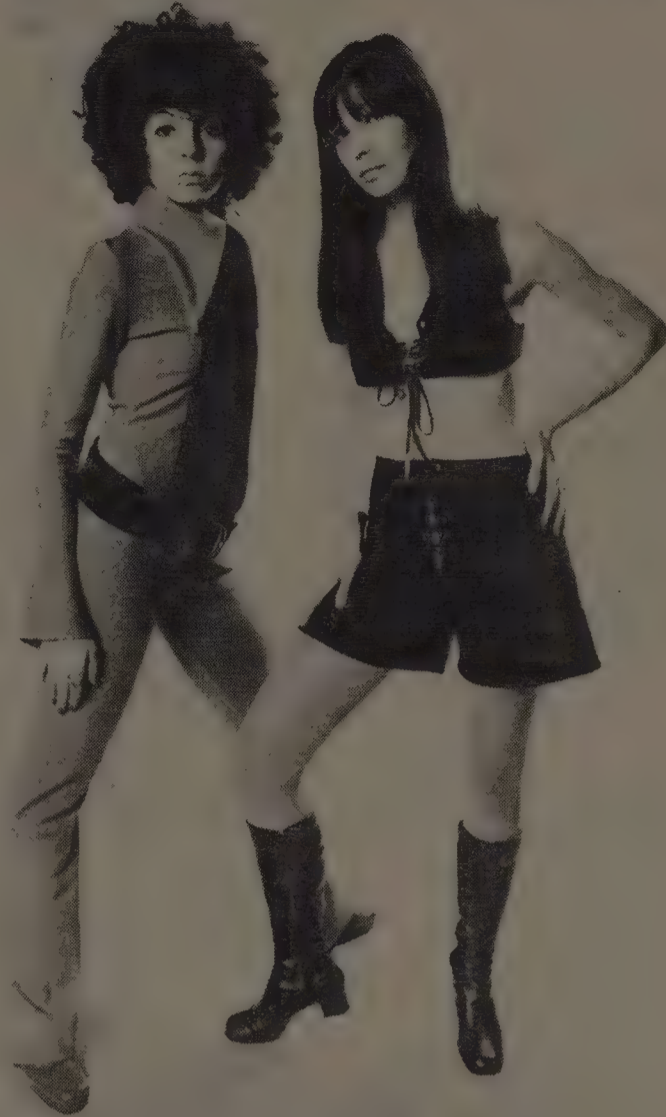


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AIR WAR

(Continued from Page 19)

other, blowing out both eyeballs in the process; the child was technically alive, though, of course, blind and also incurably deranged."

Dr. Nguyen put the X-rays of three victims who had suffered injuries from steel pellet bombs on a small viewing machine for members of the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal. Duang Van Thuan, a 24-year-old factory worker, spoke of his harrowing experiences:

"I was coming home from work and was fifteen metres from my house when I heard the planes and the alert. I went to help my two friends who were invalids, and none of us quite made it. We were caught just outside the shelter by a bomb exploding, and I was tossed to the ground. One of my friends, a girl of eighteen named Nguyen Thi Toan, had her left shoulder ripped open, and her lung was hanging out. Half of her face was shattered. The stomach of my other friend, Nguyen Khac Sang, twenty-seven, was open and his intestines were torn out. He was dead. I myself was covered with blood and I was taken by others to the hospital. I had twenty-two pellets inside my body. I was operated on

twice. The first time, they took fourteen out, then six. The last two eventually worked their way out by themselves; they had been in my thigh."

Dr. Philip Harvey, after visiting North Vietnam, reported to the British Medical Aid Committee for Vietnam:

"... During the past year there has been a massive increase in the use of phosphorus-containing bombs and shells. These cause the flesh to burn at very high temperatures and evoke frightful suffering. Anti-personnel bombs have been modified to explode their contents of pellets and metallic fragments above ground so that they penetrate the trench shelters. Napalm is used to coat the pellet bombs so that the thatched cottages are fired, as well as penetrated by the bullets. The modified napalm is stickier, burns at higher temperatures, and converts shelters into ovens. Thousands of delayed-action heavy explosive bombs and mines are being sown every day in the densely populated areas of North Vietnam. Hundreds of thousands of delayed-action anti-personnel bombs looking exactly like oranges are being scattered over Vietnam. Whoever picks up these booby traps, dies; children are particularly susceptible."

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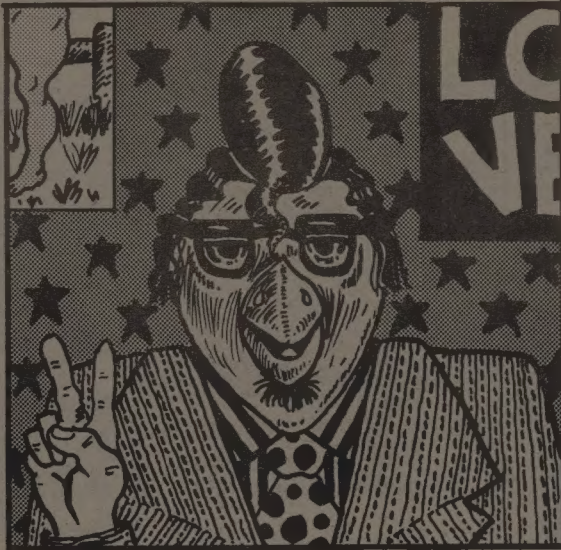
City..... State..... Zip.....

Good Golly, Miz Molly

Your "Community Bulletin Board," edited by - BILL GRIFFITH, A.S.P.C.A.



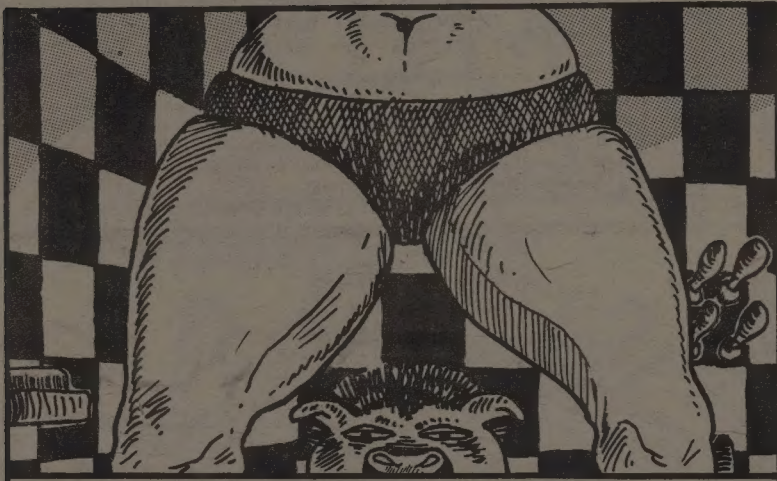
EAGER GAL, 33, FORMERLY PARK AVE. MODEL. I'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS, BUT WHO HASN'T? IF YOU'RE MY TYPE, WHO KNOWS HOW HIGH WE CAN FLY? ALL "QUERIES" ANSWERED!!!



DEFINITELY A SWINGER! REAL GONE CAT HEP TO THE NOW WANTS TO LAY HIS THING ON YOU, BABY!! GET YOUR HEAD TOGETHER AND LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TO-GETHA!!!

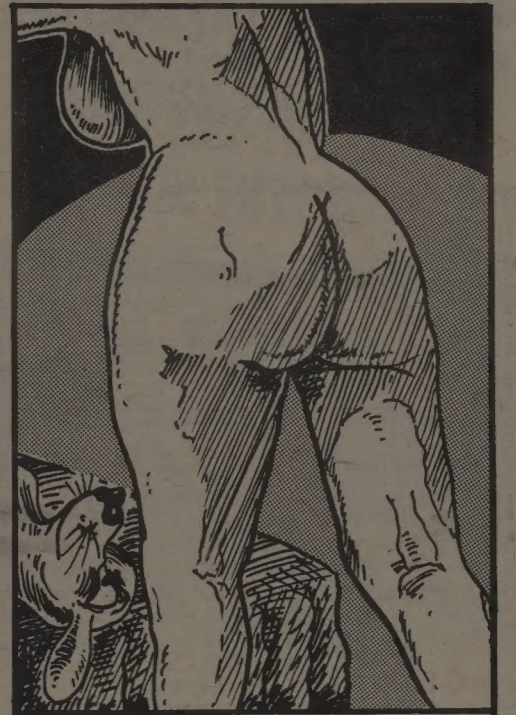


DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE, DOUBLE YOUR FUN, GET DOUBLE EVERYTHING ROLLED INTO ONE! (OR BOTH) WE "COME" AS A SET AND WE'RE QUITE A PAIR! WE'RE STRAIGHT BUT ARTY, SO TAKE NOTICE ALL YOU HANDSOME DOGS!!!



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FRENCH TWOSOME, SHE STRAIGHT, HE BI. GUY IS TOTALLY SUBMISSIVE & PLAYS ORGAN WITH TONGUE! ALSO HAVE TALENTED TWINS, AGE 6. BRING YOUR POLAROID!!!



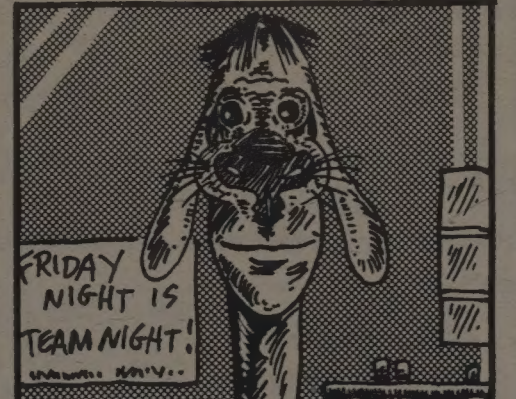
WE LOVE TO HAVE FUN! VERSATILE L.I. DUO LOOKING FOR BI GALS UNDER 5'2" FOR DISCIPLINE LESSONS. POLICEMAN'S UNIFORM A MUST!!



CLEAN-CUT, NEAT SMALL-TOWNER. GIRLS, I'M AVAILABLE!!! GOOD JOB, NEW CAR, COLOR T.V., BOWLING BALL. I NEVER MEET ANYONE INTERESTING IN THIS DULL PLACE. I'VE HAD IT WITH THE LOCAL YOKELS! CAN YOU TURN ME ON? NO BAR-MAIDS OR LAUNDROMAT ATTENDANTS PLEASE.



I'M NO RETIRED BUSINESSMAN! GIVE ME 5 MINUTES, AT YOUR PLACE OR MINE, & I'LL HAVE YOU CLIMBING THE WALL FOR MORE!! THIN-SKINS STAY AWAY!!!

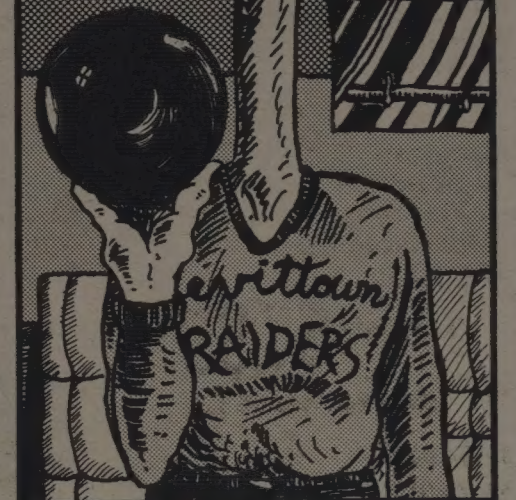


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FUN SEEKERS, Y'ALL COME ON DOWN!! BUSTY GAL FROM TEXAS, OFTEN IN NEW YORK AREA. CAN ENTERTAIN WEEK-END GUESTS. SUPPLY OWN TOILET ARTICLES, BOWLING BALLS, ETC. HUBBIE JOINS.

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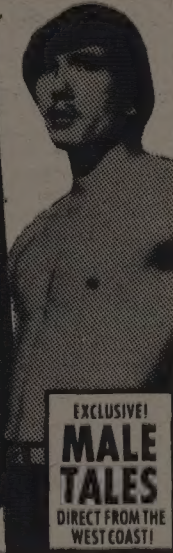
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Groovy Girl, 20, 5'2", 120 lbs. Black hair, brown eyes, 36-24-36 will model privately in your home or studio. \$60 per hour, EL5-6196 2pm-midnight.

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Groovy male figure models 18 and up available for your thing, all different types. \$35 per session. Call 355-6196 2pm-12midnight, 7 days. We have the best looking boys in NY. Known for discretion & integrity.

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Join a group of men and women in a unique and enjoyable evening of making contact thru touch and expressing feelings. Body awareness training, and total honesty. Tues., 8:30 P.M. till 12:00 and Fri., 10 P.M. till 6 A.M. Call 677-4263 mornings or 6-8 p.m. All females a guest the first time!

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literature head will meet with interested groups of 3 or more students jr. h.s. and up to dig into academic and nonacademic literature. Mark Katzman 787-8891.

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Energetic young chap, 33, slim and good looking, will service hot males under 30 who are extremely well hung. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Write P. Presents, 520 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036. Immediate reply promised.

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Boy 18 seeks young boys under 25 for fun and friendship. P.O. Box 163, Parkchester Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10462.

Good-looking butch male, age 24, 5'6", 132 lbs. will pay all expenses both ways on a leisurely motor trip to Calif. Am seeking a male driver-companion 23 or less. Will leave first wk. in Jan. and spend a total of 6 wks. in S.F. & L.A. Will also provide car if necessary. Send info including a brief self-description or picture to: Box 186, Fort Hamilton Station, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11209.

Young photographer seeks young males for nude modeling. Call NI 8-9788, 7-8:00 PM ONLY! Also Sat. mornings—PETER.

Very attractive male model age 24, 6'1", 160 lbs. Very well put together. Available for modeling or your thing. Call Vic GR 5-6263. Rm. 63, 10 AM til 10 PM.

Only few weeks in town!!! Top Californian nude figure model. Age 24, 6'2", 180 lbs. 49" chest, 17 1/2 bycpt., 32" waist. For art, photography, magazines and all kind. Men only. Ask for Rick, PW 9-0277.

YOUNG MODEL, Butch, very good looking, 5'8", 140 lbs., available for your thing. Have studio or will come to yours. Tel. Bob, 691-9831. 2-8 PM.

MANY young male figure models (age 18-28) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary \$10.00 per hours. Call AL5-2711.

MASCULINE AND ATTRACTIVE male, young, neat, and well-hung. Br. hair, 5'10", 150 lbs., will pose nude, your place or mine. Tel: Paul, 691-9831, 2-8 pm.

FIVE YOUNG MALES, masculine, attractive and well hung, ready to pose nude for you in private sessions for your thing. \$15-\$25. Have studio. Afternoons, at 12 E. 18th Street, 2nd fl., or your place, anytime. Tel. 691-9831. 2-8 pm.

CHRIS, nude model, 5'8 1/2", 135 lbs. Blonde and blue eyed, available for photography, and sketch. Call Chris at 961-9831. 2-8 pm.

Figure studio on 661 W. 179th St. is out of business.

NUDE MALE MODELS WANTED. Ages 18-25. Must be well hung with athletic body. No experience necessary. Good pay. 9am-5pm. Call 545-3123.

FRANK & JERRY, two roommates, available 12 to 12 for modeling. Your place or ours. \$25.00 per session. 874-5871. ACTION LINE.

BUTCH MALE MODEL, young, good looking and well hung. 190 lbs., 6'1". Anything you want, your place or mine. Call Dave, 691-9831, 3-7 P.M.

MASCULINE AND HIP. Attractive and groovy model(s) for hire \$30. Call 873-9145, 9AM-midnight.

YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE MASTER for hire. CHARLES, Tel.: 691-9831, 5:30-7:00 pm.

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