

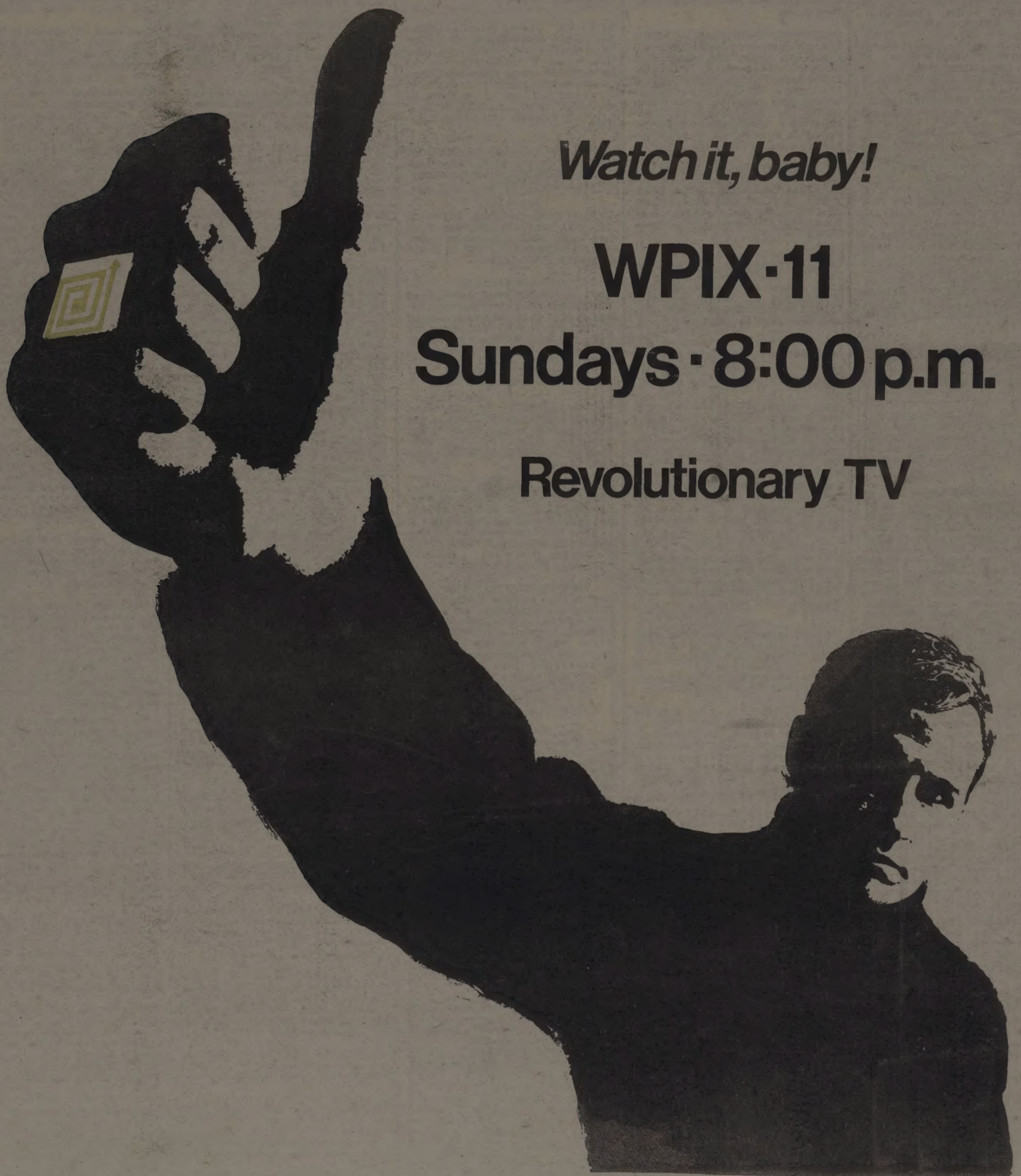
# The Square World of Ed Butler

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JANUARY 21, 1970

## ARMS AND THE MAN: THE ACLU vs. THE NYPD

by DAVID WALLEY

Pretty soon, demonstration time will be rolling around and everyone will get out their gas masks, baseball bats, football helmets and Vaseline from storage for the Spring Offensive. People will be preparing to demonstrate their constitutional rights to peacefully assemble and protest. The police will be there to meet them, probably reeling from the latest excoriating and well-documented report by the New York American Civil Liberties Union called *December 9, 1969—A Report*. It is the latest in a long series of papers concerned with police violence to demonstrators. *December 9* accounts one of the bloodiest outbursts of police violence which, according to Peggy Kerry's scholarship, was "...more extensive and more serious than any demonstration since the police raids at Columbia University in May of 1968."

Those who were there are quite familiar with the terrorist tactics of wholesale arrests and detention of innocent bystanders, unprovoked attacks by uniformed and plainclothes cops, and station house antics of New York's finest. All details are amply elaborated upon in this twenty-one page booklet which you can get by writing the New York Civil Liberties Union at 156 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10010. I'm not going to rehash the details. More enlightening is the foreword to the report which sets up the

circumstances of the report and gives the Union's suggestions for the policing of future demonstrations. It is interesting because it gives an insight into civil libertarian thinking which is relevant to the Movement on both a personal and a mass level.

The American Civil Liberties Union is a guild of lawyers who believe in giving all people access to their Constitutional rights. Recently, they have been fighting various state and local loyalty oath provisions, mandatory prayers in the school, and helping the Conspiracy obliquely. As far as I can determine, they look on the police as necessary, but note that police have a habit of overstepping their functions by dispensing crude instant justice instead of making arrests and having the courts determine guilt or innocence. The ACLU believes in the ideals of law enforcement, and the ideal of participation in the democratic process. Ideals are not what makes this country run, though lip service is always being paid to "the American way" of jurisprudence (meaning a quiet necktie party for unruly blacks or tar and feathering of perfidious radical sympathizers or longhairs) and the Bill of Rights. Idealists are needed in this society to keep everyone at least paying lip service to the law. The ACLU stands as a good watchdog to protect against the deterioration of these vital rights for all of us. Idealism in police matters is something else to consider.

The Union listed in *December 9* 8 suggestions for police in handling future demonstrations. Rather than comment on them separately, I will list them first and comment later:

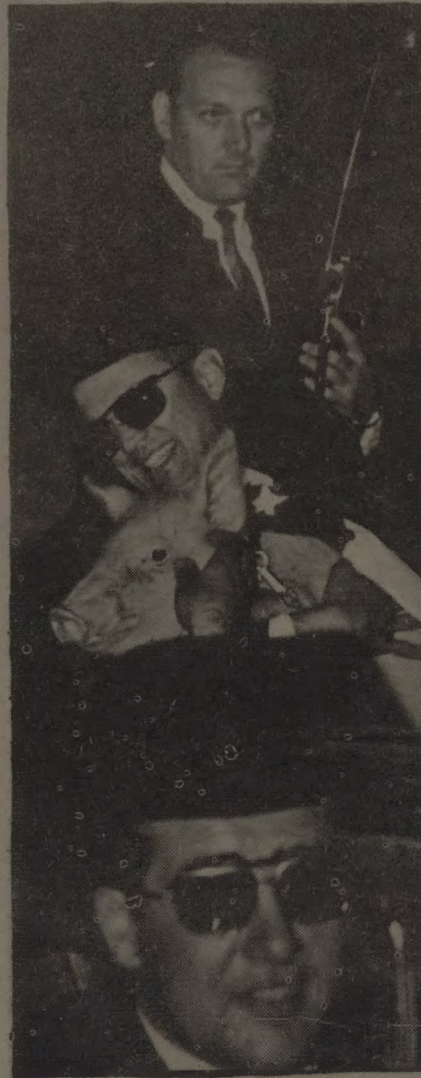
1. Discontinue dragnet procedures and prosecute officers responsible for such practices.
2. Eliminate flying wedge tactics because it leads to unnecessary injuries.
3. Eliminate the use of nightsticks and blackjacks at demonstrations.
4. Eliminate plainclothesmen at demonstrations for they cannot be adequately supervised.
5. Use nametags in addition to shields to aid in police identification.
6. Bring departmental charges against those commanders of units responsible for abuses.
7. Maintain a substantial number of senior police observers and high ranking civilian observers at demonstrations.
8. Establish a centralized booking procedure for demonstration arrests.

If you read between the lines, you can easily see that most of the suggestions deal with the immediate problems arising from police violence. They neither attempt to locate nor effectively deal with the reasons why there is police violence at all in demonstrations. As I said before, the ACLU is concerned with legality, not morality. Morals cannot be legislated anyway. The basic premise of any lawyer is that this is a

country of laws and not men. So be it, but the reasons why people do things are equally important as the precautions one takes against them recurring. This the NYACLU takes no responsibility for, at least in this document. (You can pick up on a perceptive book by Paul Chevigny called *Police Power* (Vintage V-551), *Police Abuses in New York City* which does)

The tale told in *December 9, 1969* is chock full of accounts of aimless violence by uniformed and plainclothes police, but why violence at all? Well, that is another question entirely which the book makes no attempt to expose. Perhaps the reason for violence on the part of the police is that they are confronted with a paradox. They are servants of the law, and in a way, try to become the epitome of THE LAW. They metamorphose themselves into THE AUTHORITY, the final arbiter. They are paid to support the system which feeds them and accordingly, they strongly identify with all that American society holds prominent. In this specific demonstration, the President represents America which the police swear to uphold. Anyone who demonstrates or disparages the country, even if there is no laws on the books, is violating everything the country, and those boys in blue stand for. The result is predictable: overzealous police tactics, flying wedge tactics to take down a red flag over the Bankers Trust building even

(Continued on Page 22)



# HIRAP

A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE TALKING THESE DAYS ABOUT THE RISING STAR OF MAYOR LINDSAY. EVER SINCE HE DEFEATED THE NOT SO SILENT-MAJORITY OF THE MARCHINOS HARDLY A DAY HAS PASSED WITHOUT SOMEONE DREAMING UP HERCULEAN ZOOM IN THE GLORIOUS POLITICAL DESTINY OF JOHN LINDSAY. ONE DAY THE'LL HAVE HIM RUN AGAINST ROCKERFELLER AND THE NEXT, LIBERAL COLUMNIST IN WASHINGTON WILL SWEAT HIS ASS OFF INVENTING A ROSEY TEMPTATION WITH WHICH TO LURE LINDSAY INTO THE DEMOCRATIC CAMP.

ALL VERY NICE. SELLS AND PAPERS AND GIVES JOHN LINDSAY'S SUPPOSED EGO A MUCH NEEDED BOOST.

SPEAKING OF JOHN LINDSAY'S EGO. IF AND WHEN FUTURE HISTORIANS WILL COMPOSE THE EPIC HISTORY OF THE SLUSH POT OF NEW YORK POLITICS, THEY'LL DEVOTE A CHAPTER TO JOHN LINDSAY'S EGO. FOR SOME INEXPLICABLE REASON, A LOT A PEOPLE FREAKED OUT BEHIND IT. WHY, I'LL NEVER KNOW.

MIKE QUILL WASTED HIS LAST BREATH INVENTING AND DENOUNCING IT SIMULTANEOUSLY. " LINDSLEY'S EGO THIS...AND LINDSLEY'S EGO THAT". AL SHANKER BUILT HIS IMAGE KICKING IT, AND THE NEANDERTHAL PIGMONGER IN QUEENS, WHO COULDN'T DISTINGUISH BETWEEN EGO AND ID, GOT ALL HUNG UP BEHIND IT.

EGO??? WHAT EGO??? WHOSE EGO????????????????????

CERTAINLY NOT JOHN LINDSAY'S.

IT IS INCONCEIVABLE TO COMPREHEND AN EGO WHEN ITS OWNER CONTINUES TO MANIFEST A PATHOLOGICAL AVERSION TO ASSERTING IT, SPECIFICALLY WHEN IT COMES TO DEALING WITH THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE ESTABLISHMENT. MORE THAN ANY OTHER CITY SERVICE, THE POLICE HAVE BEEN THE MOST PERSISTENT PAIN IN THE MAYOR'S ASS. THEY HAVE SABOTAGED HIM IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY. FLAGS-REFERENDUMS-PROVOCATIVE BRUTALITY PLUS OPEN FUCKING UP ON THE JOB, THEY HAVE PULLED EVERY CONCEIVABLE TRICK THEIR LIMITED IMAGINATIONS COULD INVENT. IN FACE OF ALL THAT, EGO-MANIAC LINDSAY TOOK IT ALL LIKE A LAMB...AND WITHOUT A WIMPER.


WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

HERE WE HAVE THIS KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOUR, WITH A CARTE BLANCHE AND ALL THE PERROGATIVES OF HIS MAYORALITY AT HIS DISPOSAL DOING SOME PRETTY STUPID THINGS. LIKE PRAISING THE POLICE FOR THEIR RESTRAINT WHILE THEY CRACKED SKULLS LIKE WALNUTS DURING NIXON'S LAST VISIT TO NEW YORK. "IT'S NOT CLEAR WHY MAYOR LINDSAY CHOOSE TO ISSUE SUCH A HASTY AND ILL-CONSIDERED STATEMENT OF PRAISE FOR POLICE RESTRAINT."

(ACLU REPORT, DECEMBER 9, 1969)

IT SIMPLY DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. EVEN THOUGH THE SITUATION IN NEW YORK HASN'T DETERIORATED AS YET TO THE LOW LEVELS OF CHICAGO AND LA-IT CERTAINLY CALLS FOR STRONG AND SENSITIVE LEADERSHIP THAT THE MAYOR PROFESSES TO BELIEVE IN.

HEY MAN, WHY NOT ASSERT YOUR MAYORAL EGO AND DO WHAT YOU KNOW HAS TO BE DONE.  
DO IT OR GET OFF THE POT!!!!!!



JAAKOV KOHN  
 JOEL FABRIKANT  
 ALLAN KATZMAN  
 ARTHUR FELDMAN  
 FLICKA DE MOID  
 D.A. LATIMER  
 DAVID WALLEY  
 IRVING SHUSHNICK  
 CLAUDIA DREIFUS  
 ALEX GROSS  
 LITA ELISCU  
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 NORTH: THE KID  
 LONDON: MILES

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*Allen Ginsberg  
 Dec. 16, 1969*



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**BOOZE, COKE FOOTBALL & VIETNAM**

*An Evening with the Dick Cavette Show*  
**AL HANSEN**

Vincent Titus had been in the juice and was singing, "Dynamitero fusilieron en Chihuahua..." Claudia Dreifus had heard him rap about the Spanish Civil War and the Banda Rosa but this was more lyric than he'd ever been around the office. "You're Spanish is really good Titus..." Alice Polesky and Diane VanderVlis had that Parchesi look in their eyes so I quick flipped on the television set. Dean Latimer moved a milk box up close and stroked his mustache. Valerie had just finished laying out mousakah: Greek eggplant and everybody felt pretty good from the wine and stuff. Gilles Larrain was picking out some flamenco on his big guitar trying to get with Titus when Dick Cavette's twangy Fred Allen voice floated off the tube at us, something about, "Joe Namath has a mirror over his bed so he can shave laying down" ... Everybody cut out the bullshit and got settled down to dig Namath if he was coming on. "Could you call Joe Namath, an underground football player, from all zee trubble he ees in." a French chick named Sylvie asked. "No hes just a bulgoose winner," I said. She started to ask what is it, the bull goose, but Broadway Joe came on and shook hands with Cavette. They ran some sneaky peaky footage of Joe in his dressing room with a Smiling Jack sized chick sporting Cadillac-fender boobs... We could hear Joe's voice off monitor saying, "I dare Y'all to run that whole thing!" Cavette was Fred Allening about Joe's style with girls. You hear he's very active, and here he is laying back taking it easy just rapping, very relaxed and not really coming on to the broad much and being cool. The women were all dropping their eggplant on the floor over Joe Namath's eyes. He has these really beautiful sneaky slant eyes that are left in the Slavs by Genghis Khan and the Golden Horde... June Christy has eyes like that and few men can get away with it but Joe doesn't have any trouble with it at all. He kept saying, "I dare yuh to run that whole film!" and then he'd laugh. He'd spotted the camera lens bug anyway and mentioned that he'd noticed it and wondered if anyone was taking movies of him and the chick. Then they began to rap about football and how some guys are out of it. Once a guy got Joe down, reached his paw up under his face mask and tried to claw his eyes; then stopped, got up, helped Joe up, patted him on the back and said, "Good show." "Get away from me man, youre crazy" Joe yelled at him and a few more like that, then Cavett twanged Breslin on as the man who writes out of the corner of his mouth which isn't quite true, and that he was a modern Damon Runyan which isn't true at all (anymore than Normal Mailer is the modern Maxwell Bodenheim). Runyan ran with the glitter and wrote bittersweets about how simple gangsters are with little kids like Shirley Temple. Getting them to be true to the goodness inside them and it's all from the Adolphe Menjou Joan Bennet era. Gangsters just ain't like that. And

Breslin rejects glitter, he lands on it hard and phoniness too. He is a very short tempered guy with phonies and he has slugged his way up from \$18.50 a week on the Long Island Daily Press. He kidded Namath about how the Broadway Joes out in Jamiaca Ave, and 169 St was once the Terrace Tavern in which he lost big dough when Cosmic Bomb won the Kentucky Derby and at \$18.50 a week he really had to run around to get the money up so the bookie wouldn't hire a guy to manicure him with a tire iron. Broadway Joe knows all about that stuff too but the point was the same joint was the Mailer-Breslin Campaign Headquarters out there. (In the Village it was the Electric Circus where Leary started his campaign for love gov of Calif)

Cavett cited the gap between political rhetoric and logic and Breslin brought out the point that a lot of people missed when they were campaigning. That was, that they conscientiously used english during their campaign and stayed away from political bullshit. When asked what he would say to the blacks, I remember Breslin saying he wouldnt try to tell them a thing. "Those people have been lied to for four hundred years. I wouldn't try to tell them nothin' Let em run their own thing." When asked what he would do about the snow (what the hell do you do about snow?) Mailer said, "Piss on it!" They were asking him about the snow because the rap Lindsay took, when the Department of Sanitation guys were charging an under the sidewalk fifty bucks a house to snowplow streets first. If you didn't cough up you stayed snowed in. People were wondering how the garbage men came out for him after all that and it was because he is one of the few people to understand the most important job in our country. The Mayor of a city New York's size takes the rap. Lindsay is a realistic coper. He was a gentleman and took the rap for it. All those morons yelling at him on the newsreel were hurting from coughing up fifty or pissed because they were snowed in and didnt have fifty to spare.

Breslin came out with how great the Junior High School audiences were, how great the kids they talked to were. School just makes you a little numb. It's when you start to work at a job that they really get to you. Jim Breslin said he felt age eighteen wasnt low enough. He's for taking it right down to sixteen. And the audience applauded. All older people worry about is the snow.

They got into the snobbery and clannishness in politics and the Agnew thing with the media. It was a rough jolt for a lot of publishing chieftains and network TV heads that polls showed 70, 80 and 90% of Americans right on the mark with old Spiro about the dangerous power of the big media combines. Namath cited the front page headlines of the Pueblo Incident and how when it came out that we were spying, everybody put the story on page ten by the ads. Another target was the phoniness of the bestselling booklists and how they are 'arranged'. Namath's book is up to 100,000 copies and they wont put it on the list. Some books on the list have only sold a lousy 25,000 copies but they are by media okayed authors.

Then after an unbelievable Klopman fabrics commercial which really uses Hells Angels motorcyclists... its like the thing the groupies are into now. A reversal where the Rock

Star has to get to the Groupie because he cant go back to England without having made it with certain Groupie Princesses in the cities he played. After the Hells Angels ad Townsend Hoopes came on. Hoopes looks like and is a real old pinstripe diplomatic pal of Coolidge back scenes political inside man. Author of "Limits of Intervention," which is a backstage look at all the trouble we are in in Viet Nam. He is a former Under Secretary of the Air Force and has played quite a few other roles in top echelon politics. His point is that the U.S. is a prisoner of war and everyone over forty is a prisoner of the cold war mentality of the forties and fifties. Few youngsters realize that the cold war was real. Old Dean Rusk was an archetypal Cold Warrior and believed in and was obsessed with the threat of Oriental hordes overflowing the free world in a monolithic mass.

Hoopes places a lot of blame on the Presidents advisors many of whom were disenchanted about Viet Nam. But the real villain was Johnson in that he had a strong megalomaniacal aversion to data that disagreed with his view of things. The whole mess is a story of the reeducation of a nation of believers and followers. Hoopes says in 1967 no one in govt realized that Viet Nam was a major policy failure. Govt was busy around the globe: Peace Corp, S. America, Near East... only McNamara had doubts. The best lesson was the Tet Offensive. It was a cataclysmic upset and Westmoreland could no longer assure everyone in government that it was just short of being wrapped up. When Westy asked for another 1/4 million men the cat was out of the bag.

Breslin put in that there were massive public street demonstrations as early as 1965. Hoopes put it this way: There was an occlusion in officialdom Cavett (I've seen him doing his homework up there at Starks 79: looking through New Yorker, Life, Look, Evergreen Review over a light breakfast) came in with his homework: "Didnt Dean Acheson's coming around make a dent in Johnson?" Hoopes felt it was more that the official policy of optimism was destroyed completely by the Tet Offensive. The pressure on Johnson for a 1/4 million more men was gigantic. But the Democratic party was in revolt and shreds. Gene McCarthy, bitter over losing out to Humphrey at Atlantic City was making trouble and getting to the kids. Westmoreland's announcement that we were winning and could he just have a 1/4 million more men just wouldnt go down.

Breslin: Whats the man in the streets reaction to that?"

Cavette: We are winning and need a 1/4 million more men. Was Johnson frightening?"

Hoopes: Yes, he was volatile, domineering, had a loose hold on facts. He had an inability to accept the unpalatable."

Cavette: (citing Hoopes book) "on one occasion Johnson got advice he liked and Rostow gave him a contrary opinion and he asked Rostow why he had said something different?"

Hoopes: "Yes, a professional alters his thinking and delivery in a spot like that. There are the frightening truths when you get inside the governing of nations. Rostow was an intellectually developed person but he was an ideologue. Viet Nam, Russia and China were testing us globally. Our officials were in the

habit of shaping evidence to fit conceptions.

(One of the things that impressed us all was how clearly old Townsend Hoopes dignifiedly layed out the whole scam. We are going to get that book. Another thing: A lot of people try to cite Breslin and Namath as Hoopes. Nothing is further from the truth. They were listening to old Townsend Hoopes as intently as all of us underground press freaks.)

"How about Nixon?" Cavette was probably responding to the two minutes to go warning.

Hoopes: Nixon is vague. All his hopes are pinned on the idea of Vietnamization. Getting them to take over the whole operation. Its unpalatable and unrealistic. It will never be accepted by Saigon because in being strengthened they become even more antipathetic to dealing or compromising with Hanoi in any way. Nixon sees Vietnamization as an umbrella for our withdrawal.

Breslin. The Elections." Hoopes: "Thats the acid test."

Breslin: "So, 40,000 kids are dead and we just take a walk?"

Hoopes: "Nixon rejects a dishonorable solution. We should admit we were wrong and undertake a major withdrawal. (Thunderous applause from audience in studio and cries of "Right On!" in my loft) March of Dimes Birth Defect Center commercial comes on. A thalidomide kid walks out on a diving board with little knurled flipper arms and dives in the water. He surfaces, swims around laughing like a little fish. One leg is shorter than the other. An adult treads water making sure hes alright...

AMEN

**DECOMPOSITION**

**D. A. LATIMER**

There is a television in my apartment these days, folks. Two cats, a broken alarm clock, a million comic books, assorted pornography, cigarette butts, a super-civilisation of cockroaches, no woman, and a television set. It was given me on my birthday. Once we had a phonograph as well, a battered little machine with a crooked turntable which destroyed all the records that were played on it, but it got ripped off by the junkies last week on their bi-monthly tour through my apartment. Odd they'd take the phonograph, they probably could have gotten more money for the pneumatic umbrella; and besides, they never took it before, so why now? But anyway, they didn't get the television—thanks and a tip of the peruke to Alice Polesky (see KISS)—and it has rather startled me to find myself unaccountably relieved by that.

I mean, never before last month did I have a television. The best years of my life were spent not watching television, who needs one? All I ever watch on it are the L'il Rascals, the late movies, and *Galloping Gourmet*, so why should it leave a hole in my life when it gets ripped off, as it inevitably will?

Well, nobody likes to give junkies anything. After *Con Ed's* ripped you off for the lights and New York Telephone's ripped you off for idle conversation and the mass-murdered lead-poisoner landlord's ripped you off for the rent, well sheet fahr, man, you should get assessed by the junkies! It's that feeling when you

come home and your door's already open before you fish for your keys... There's a breeze hissing through your pad from the rear window which is wide open. How the hell did they get to that window, twenty feet from the ground and no fire escape? The wardrobe drawer is on the floor and your old lady's clothes are all over the livingroom. Why did they pull the bookcase away from the wall? Somebody with big muddy feet has been standing in the tub in the kitchen, the better to check out the shelves overhead. There's a bright clean rectangle in the dirty red tablecloth where your phonograph used to be. Then you recognise the mewling drifting down the stairwell as the voice of your own cat, huddled in the corner of a window on the fourth floor, shivering.

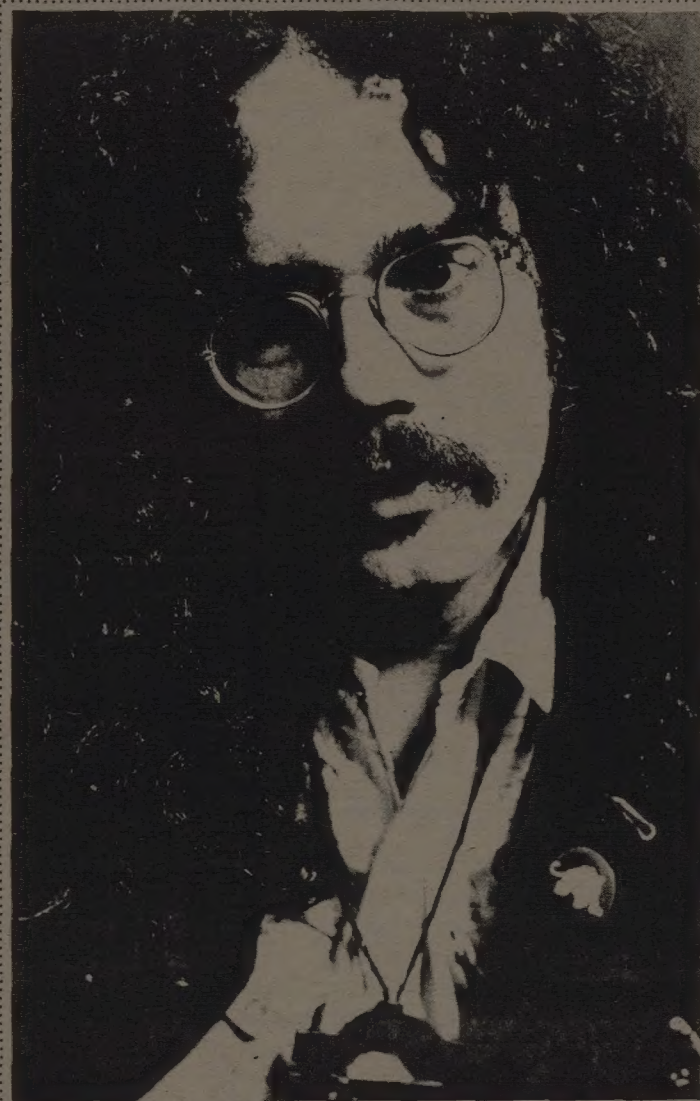
Fucking junkies. But dig it, they didn't get the television. How it happened that they missed the tevee is one of the great mystical stories of our time. I was snowed in uptown for the weekend with Claudie Dreifus and her husband, playing Parcheesi and drinking cough syrup, when Alice Polesky happened by my building to go upstairs and visit Clitoria (also see KISS) and her old man on the third floor. And lo, she noticed that my door was open. 'Now strange,' thought Alice to herself. 'If Dean's not home, why is his door open?' Approaching my pad, she was startled to see the door abruptly close, and to hear heavy footsteps from inside. *Junkies!!* My God, the Moon's in Virgo tonight, that's bad news for Sagittarians like Latimer. Quick as a flash she sped upstairs to the Clit's pad, and the two of them flew back down with kitchen knives, an awesome spectacle. Happily for the junkies, they had split in time to be spared the sight. The television went upstairs for the weekend.

But now I feel cravenly grateful to Alice and in her debt for saving my television. And dig it, every day I unplug the freaking machine and lug it up three flight of stairs to the Clit's pad for safekeeping while I roam the streets in search of copy. Is this healthy? I mean, I only carry it downstairs each morning so I can do up some cough medicine and watch the Popeye cartoons... It could get to be a materialistic bummer, especially if I get so I'm passing up pussy out of concern for my Emerson.

Because dig it, every few weeks Al Hansen shows up here at the office with anywhere from one to five barely pubescent little runaways from places like Far Rockaway and Massapequa Park. And if you think junkies and landlords and bill collectors are mendacious, you haven't put up one of Hansen's runaways for a weekend. Among his various duties as KISS editor, Hansen finds it incumbent upon him to lend assistance to the homeless and tempest-tossed youth of the East Village, and this can bring on phenomenal hassles for everyone under the spell of his kooky charisma, which eclipses Tim Leary's in magnitude.

Don't get the wrong idea about him, though. While most of this philanthropy springs largely from a desire on Hansen's part to screw its beneficiaries, he has been known to assist a few males of the species as well. There was a kid from Baltimore on whom Hansen was laying money and office keys for a few weeks. This kid had short hair and no whiskers and he was always carrying a brown

(Continued on Page 9)



# INTERNATIONAL FREE JOHN SINCLAIR DAY JANUARY 24, 1970

JOHN SINCLAIR was sentenced to 10 YEARS in prison for passing out free, to an undercover government agent, TWO JOINTS of marijuana. He was busted along with 55 other people in Detroit's Artists' Workshop communes, in a "raid" designed by the police narcotics department, Wayne University, and the lying mass media. The "raid" took place on January 24, 1967, and was an attempt to stomp out the growth of a hip cultural alternative which involved black and white people working creatively together. Over two years later, on July 28, 1969, John was sentenced, and became a POLITICAL PRISONER along with tens of thousands of other victims of cultural repression IN AMERIKA who know marijuana is not a narcotics. He has been denied appeal bond by the Michigan courts, even though his case challenges the very existence of all the insane anti-MARIJUANA laws on constitutional, medical, and social grounds. There are tens of thousands of pot-SMOKERS in prison and tens of millions out of prison. We are all victims of a calculated cultural repression. The POLICE-STATE use of the anti-grass laws has created a vast CONSPIRACY of heads; breathing together & struggling to be free. On January 24, 1970, we all have to "get it on for John"; the International Committee to Free John Sinclair and the Youth International Party will organize permanent coalitions to SERVE THE PEOPLE. The energy generated around ROCK 'N' ROLL benefits, smoke-in/teach-ins, petitions and Legalize MARIJUANA rallies across Woodstock NATION on January 24 should be used to unify the life culture, and to make the coalitions strong. Everyone in every city in our Nation is asked to give a benefit. Every band and poet is asked to talk about John's case and to donate a part of that night's earnings toward his fight for FREEDOM. It has been three years since John's bust AND six months at involuntary servitude in Marquette maximum security prison. JUSTICE is expensive under this system, and funds are urgently needed to end pot-prohibition. January 24 is FOR BROTHER JOHN Sinclair and all other political prisoners. We demand an IMMEDIATE end to marijuana prohibition, and amnesty for all political prisoners.

**FREE JOHN**

**FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS - FREE MARIJUANA**

Please let us know what you are planning to do so we can help bring it together.

Contributions can be sent to the International Committee to Free John Sinclair, P.O. Box 444, Planetarium Station, New York, N.Y. 10024.

For more information, subscribe to the Youth International Party News Service, 1520 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104. [313] 761-1709.

[Includes John Sinclair's Prison letters, information from the Ann Arbor White Panther Tribe, catalogs of posters and buttons and literature and records, the UP Rock 'n' Roll Co., Rejuvenation News, and membership in the CONSPIRACY.] Rates are \$10 for 6 months, \$15 for one year. Issues are twice per month.

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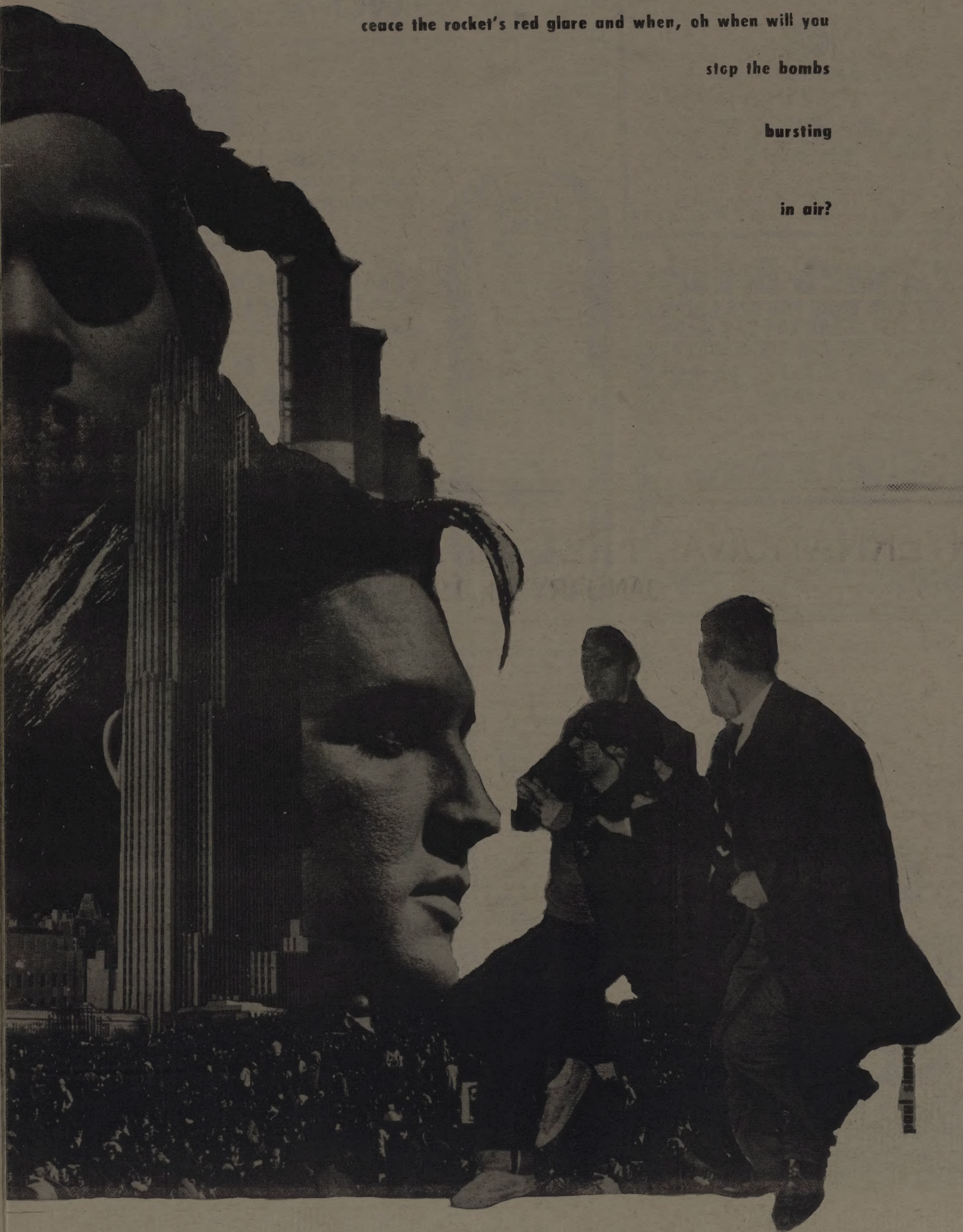
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## DECOMPOSITION

(Continued from Page 5)

quart bottle of Schlitz or Pabst or something, and we all thought he was a nark until Hansen got him to turning out copy for *K/SS*. And what copy! Mother chews on daughter's clit all night until son bursts in and kills both of them; rock singer is dismembered erotically but fatally by screaming female fans. After that, we felt easier having him around the office, but nobody wanted to invite him over to the family pad to crash, no *sir!* Now I think I know what people think of when they read my stuff. Anyway, after a few nights shivering on the cot in the *EVO* back room, the kid went back to Baltimore. Altogether he probably owed me fifty bucks.

Simultaneously with this, there was some business with two little runaway chicks from Brooklyn. Very little they were, with hiplength blonde hair the both of them, and what hips, and perky little tits, and the noses in the air ... Sigh ... But they were seriously flawed in that they refused to put out pussy for anybody, and that they'd rob you blind. People who put them up discovered their drug prescriptions missing, not to mention piggy banks, clothes, and most everything else under twelve pounds but books. And they'd bring out the dirty old man in everybody. Me, I was forever groping the one or the other, and suffering severe facial lacerations from those hysterical teenage fingernails. They were the only two chicks I ever saw who could look luscious in baggy blue jeans and fatigue jackets.

Eventually they came to grief. Two more hard-bitten little cockteasers it would have been difficult to find: they knew precisely the effect their nubile little bodies had on older males, and they used it with exceptional skill. This was pretty stupid of them, because you knew that once you'd balled either of them the glamour would evaporate, and so after a short period the cockteasing would cease to have any effect at all. Eventually it got so nobody'd invite them around to crash for the night, and what with the weather getting on toward January and all, they had to take drastic measures. They went to live with a motorcycle gang.

The stupid little pussies. Obviously the only way for a chick to survive in a motorcycle gang is to pick out one cat and ball him to the exclusion of all others, until such time as he trades her off to someone else for a new driveshaft. (Do motorcycles *have* driveshafts, I wonder?) But no, these chicks weren't going to ball anybody, but merely hang their little behinds in the air like carrots from a stick in exchange for living space and food and lots of attention. This isn't *K/SS*, this is *EVO*, so I'm not going to detail what happened to the two of them. I hear they're home now.

The thing is, I'm trying to project what'll happen the next time Hansen hauls up here with another couple runaway urchins in need of succor. Am I gonna use it as a come-on—"Come on-a my house, we watch the Galloping Gourmet together?" Or am I gonna get very middle-class about it and run a security check first? I mean, it'd be a real bummer to survive the junkies and the landlord and the collection man from the phone company, only to get fucked over by one of Hansen's *K/SS* foundlings. ■

## WHAT IS AN

### 'ART WORKER?'

CONRAD DWORKIN

Where the fuck is Alex gross at? His preposterous rantings about the Art Workers Coalition are the proof of the pudding. This group of self-styled leftists and half-baked revolutionaries is in reality nothing more than a pitiful gathering of third-rate artists and others who simply aren't good enough to create a real work of art. They are nothing but a bunch of embittered losers and publicity seekers, and far from being revolutionaries they are really sour-grapes traditionalists who wouldn't know a real revolution if it came and hit them on the head. They talk about freedom in the art world, but what they really want to do is to impose their own low standards and judge all artists by their phoney political system of values.

They make a big play about being interested in artists' "rights" and trying to improve conditions which artists work under, but I am obliged to ask: "What true artist really cares about that sort of thing? I know artists and the art world inside out, and can assure you that no real artists cares that much about his working conditions. All he really cares about, if he is a real artist, is his own personal struggle with his art and the forces of life and death that he must enter into an intimate wrestling match with, which in turn can sometimes subdue him, but what does that matter if he produces a real work of art, if he somehow has the power to transfer to his piece of stone or canvas the eternal redeeming power of true art? This was how Michelangelo and Van Gogh did it, and this is how it has to be done today if it is going to be real art and eternal.

Perhaps some artists are hurt in this process, perhaps some even starve in their lofts and garrets today, one or two may even die. But this doesn't mean artists really need any help—that is what they are there for, to suffer, to starve, perhaps to die. It is a great privilege for them to do this for us, it is as though they had been picked out from the rest of us for this privilege. They could not possibly function as artists and produce the great eternal works of art we so desperately need from them if they did not live in an elemental state of existence. In any case some of them do make a lot of money from their work, more than anyone else could make from the same amount of work, so starvation is really only a normal occupational hazard of what by most people's standards is an overpaid profession. Don't get me wrong, I don't think it's right for people, even for artists, to starve, it's merely part of the nature of things if we are to go on having great works of art. What the Art Workers Coalition is proposing is sure to lead to a period of great artistic decadence, with all the implications this has for society at large.

Let me tell you one more thing, I have been to the meetings of the Art Workers Coalition, and like a lot of other artists and observers, I have been deeply shocked. They have no idea of keeping order, they just sit and talk to each other. Sometimes they get very excited and shout, and they go on talking as if they were the most important people in the world. They talk about being an oppressed class, but this is the biggest joke I have ever heard, because who would ever bother oppressing an artist?

It is when they start talking about politics that they are really most ridiculous, because they are neither orthodox communists nor capitalists, though they try to talk like communists but want all the money the capitalist system can give them. They seem to think they can work out their own political system just because they are artists and make other people accept it. But the silliest thing of all is when they start talking about Viet Nam and what they can do to stop the war. What on earth can they do about it? The business of artists is to occupy themselves with the true and the beautiful and their struggle to create it out of the hardships of their lives.

Artists are concerned with the eternal, and that is why we hang their works in our museums. That is the way it has been, and that is the way it will always be. But these are not real artists, they are a grubby bunch of losers with all the built-up poisons in their systems that being grubby losers gives them. No wonder they jump onto any cause that gives them some sort of cheap satisfaction.

Real artists are busy in their studios working (and they aren't afraid of cold and hunger). These so-called Art Workers are neither artists nor workers, they are just trouble-makers making things harder for their betters as artists and the art world in general. They wouldn't even be dangerous or worth discussing if people weren't so easily deceived today into thinking that anything is good that calls itself radical.

A thought I would like to leave you with: ETERNITY, because eternity is what art is really about, and our museums recognize this. It is the duty of the true artist to remain above the petty squabbles of our day, which is something that your poor arrogant pseudo-critic Alex Gross is incapable of recognizing. But whatever happens in society or in the world at large, it is eternity and eternal values like truth and beauty which the artist must be concerned with. The artist cannot hope to influence the major issues of his time nor should he attempt to—his is a more important role, to remain in the background like a priest of the good and true, forever reminding us what our lives are really about, however imperfect they may seem in their day-to-day jurly-burly, not trying to pass judgment on things as they are, but standing bright and clear like a beacon to remind us how things might be if they were better.

But then, how would Gross, of all people, know anything about all that? ■

## DARK STAR

JAMES LICHTENBERG

"Dark Star crashes pouring its light into ashes. Reason tatters ... The forces tear loose from the axis.

Searchlight casting for faults in the clouds of delusion. Shall we go you and I while we can Through the transitive nightfall of diamonds?"

—"Dark Star", Hunter-Garcia Jerry Garcia, guitar & vocals and guiding spirit of The Grateful Dead sits feet crossed, beautiful dark leather jacket open, halo hair, eyes "on" in the non-luxury of the wise man, his room at the Chelsea Hotel. Six pieces of furniture: bed, two chairs, lamp, dresser, television also on, the third person, the neutral party. Our talk is an express, no local amenities just the stroboscopic velocity of his rap, totally there and then, "good-by", gone.

Altamont: A Destruction Car Derby Race Track east of San Francisco in the industrial wastelands. Toll: 4 dead, countless injured at the Rolling Stones free concert.

"It's the only thing on my mind ... it's the news ... like a dirty trick ... the best people in San Francisco were working on it ... we started two months before ... this incredible energy was just rolling, so utterly ... I'm responsible for what happened ... I mean you could blame the Grateful Dead, we did the first free concerts ... we wanted to keep it quiet, a free concert where the Stones would come and play ... we wanted to let them loosen up ... get beyond the rock and roll band thing they do ... but the media got to it ... you say 'Rolling Stones' on the radio, 'for free' and 300,000 people just appear ... the Stones didn't know ... they are so out of touch ... their fame makes it impossible ... and everything was handled by their business front in New York ... all dollars, that hassle ... we wanted them to come, walk around, see other people doing what they do ... like the Be-In ... no one announced the Be-In on the radio, it just happened ... it's the whole role of music fighting the money-system-music-business shit ... it's been six years and that's still where we are ... the Stones are a rock and roll band ... they come from that ... an incredibly popular commodity ... we didn't want the media to know ... that's why Gleason (the San Francisco Chronicle rock critic who accused Jagger of being responsible for the murder of Meredith Hunter by the Angels) was so angry ... none of us would talk to him about it before hand ... but he found out and announced it ... the media killed it.

"Everyone here has a new sense of responsibility ... it's all WHERE CAN WE GO FROM HERE? ... it will NEVER happen again ... no more "festivals" until we can get it COMPLETELY COOL ... Woodstock, that was a proven crowd, heads ... and they were really stoned ... yeah, Woodstock was lucky ... but they were cool ... we know if we're going to do it with that many people they have got to be cool.

"The night before Altamont it was really beautiful ... the fires, the stage going up, just a few hundred happy heads ... but the next day ... polluted air, orange-y and thick ... desolate hills ... a downer ... I came in by helicopter ... really high ... this STP ... man, the vibrations ... Santana was just leaving, they're friends of mine ... it was horrible ... people as far as you could see ... sitting in panic ... there was no way out ... walking through the large crowd was like going through the circles of Dante's inferno ... here and there you saw these groups of patient heads ... but the rest ... and up by the stage ... people nodding out on downs, people with no shirts, skin all scratched, eyes in panic ... empty heads ... it was murder ... THE BIGGEST VOLUNTARY MASS BUMMER OF ALL TIME!

"The Angels ... yeah ... imagine if there were still sabre-tooth tigers walking around ... that's the Angels ... and not the San Francisco or Oakland Angels, they're already different ... these were the San Diego Angels, San Bernardino Angels ... and busting heads, man, that's the Angels' whole bit ... but I mean when you live with them you get cool about the Angels ... you learn how to walk ... you learn how to avoid em ... it's cool ... the people there weren't hip, most of them ... it was just people ... Rolling Stones fans ... consumers ... 'Get your free Rolling Stones' ... not heads ... they didn't know about the Angels ... they didn't understand ... and once the Angels get violent they go all the way ... that's it ... imagine a group of Angels standing around something you can't really see ... beating on it ... I was afraid for my life ... I've got to hand it to Jagger ... the music was OH FUCKIN' KAY ... GOOD SHIT ... JAGGER IS A HEAVY DUDE, MAN.

"They filmed the murder ... if the Mayses had any sense or cool they would burn the film ... (the Mayses flew back to San Francisco with the developed film to be used as evidence for indicting the offending Angels) ... that'll stir them up ... The Mayses fly out ... but we have to live with them ... it's cool ... the Angels are always being indicted for murder.

"Everybody fucked up ... it was a hard and expensive lesson ... when I heard there were four deaths, only four ... it was a relief ... you can't imagine what it was like ... it could have been hundreds ... it's the only thing on my mind ... everybody's talking about it ... it's the news."

A river of pure water flowing over the rocks, around the bends, among the trees. Only high up in the mountains, in America, are there any rivers of pure water. The Grateful Dead are seven of the most together musicians that play together.

In the weeks that have passed one impression remained constant: Altamont was so much the outcome of everything that preceded it, back to Kesey and the acid in the orange juice of the Merry Pranksters bus right up to Woodstock, People's Park and everything this year, and the experience is so organic and the lesson so deep—like Dylan's accident or the death of Brian Jones—it's the Dark Star.

"Ken Kesey ... yeah, he is living up on his farm in Oregon ... but he has to explain to his neighbors what happened at Altamont ... he knows that he's responsible ... that we're

(Continued on Page 14)

# CHI ED by RENFREU NEFF

DE BRIEFING ED SANDERS

It's difficult to live in Chicago if you're not accustomed to its peculiar brand of Big City Provincialism, and even people who are accustomed to it don't seem particularly ecstatic over their adjustment, or resignation, as the case may be. Chicago is Paranoia City and paranoia is contagious, a tedious, debilitating epidemic that fucks with your head and wastes a lot of time. One realizes that, for all its ugliness and creeping impossibility, New York still offers a certain comfort and the delusion of freedom, for one knows that it has to tolerate a certain amount of freakery in order to maintain its position as one of the culture capitals of the world. Above the nit-picking realm of taxation and finance where the overburdened city is always at odds with the parasitical state, New York tries to identify with Europe...or rather, with the myth of Europe, since that's pretty much where European art and culture are at these days...and turns its back on "the provinces", these being the remainder of the geographic areas of the United States with the possible exclusion of the state of California. But Chicago is the culture capitol of the mid-west, and who needs that?

Naturally, it's ridiculous to mention this to those involved with the Conspiracy Trial, a mindless foray of bad taste, in fact since they have learned the hard way what Chicago is all about, and you feel guilty explaining that you've just got to get the hell out of there because your head is starting to bleed. But no such selfish explanation or excuse is necessary, you just can't leave quietly without rubbing it in.

In the meantime, it's very important to keep in touch, because the full impact of this trial has not been felt beyond Chicago, and this is only the beginning. No benefits or fund raising events have been held in New York to support the Chicago 7, and we aren't fully awake to the fact that Chicago stands in the vanguard of the political oppression that has been oozing across the country since the election of Nixon as Executive Plumber. Many drug-bust benefits have been held since the trial began in Chicago, but these days a drug bust is usually an easy excuse for anything else. As the New York Underground goes about its daily business...scoring, turning on, bitching about the scarcity of super wham-O shit and giggling that if our phones are tapped, service is so bad that the feds are probably plugged into the wrong number and getting busy signals anyway...it's important to keep the heavy hassles in mind. For this reason, and until I'm able to face the idea of going back to Chicago again, I hope to interview some of the witnesses returning from the trial and give their impressions of the insanity going down out there.

On Thursday, 8 January, Ed Sanders testified for the Chicago 7. Having delayed the proceedings for several minutes while his bright blue shoes were located, Sanders took the witness stand but refused to take the oath, declaring himself a theosophist and offering to affirm instead "in the name of a galactic substance." Judge Julius Hoffman tried to extract the normal oath, but was finally "over-ruled" when the government agreed to accept Sanders' affirmation. One of the founders of the Youth International Party, Sanders identified himself to the court as "a poet, song writer, publisher, editor, recording artist, leader of a rock band, yodeler and peace-creep." and testified on the stand for about five hours. The following is his post-Chicago report on what's happening in the courtroom:

" I went to Chicago Wednesday night to get the feel of it. I wrote a book about the Yippies called Shards of God, so I've done a lot of research into Yippies, and I know like microscopically, what went down in '68. So I went out to Chicago very well prepared to testify on pretty minute details of meetings and things and the chronology of it all. I brought a lot of documents the lawyers didn't have, like the Yippie Fund Letter and a thing I wrote for EVO before the convention, which was an outline of Yippie activities. This was introduced and it was really quite humorous, because the Assistant DA, whatever he is, you know, Forna's assistant (Schultz)...he comes on like Fordham. He's the Chicago version of Fordham Law School, only he's from Loyola law School. He's just a guy who blushes still...so he got all upset and kept questioning me about this point where I'd said in the document " there'll be public fornication." He asked me what I meant by " public fornication", and I said that what I'd written was a mytho-peptic statement about what might happen, but only in spirit, and he asked me what was mythical about public fornication? I said, "Well, now if you think that public fornication isn't a myth in America there's something wrong with you, because the last time there was public fornication was when the troops of Alexander had public fornication to celebrate his marriage to a Babylonian princess. I said the next time there's going to be public fornication will be in 1985, and finally he stopped, because he'd come right up against it. I'd sort of one-upped him, but he's crazy. In fact, Kunstler had to stand up and say, " We object to the dirty old man tactics of Mr. Schultz."

" The jurors were okay with me until I got a little hairy. They were laughing and giggling until I read some of those statements, but one of them kept sneering at me. One of the... I think her name's Miss Walsh, or something like that, who's supposed to be very hostile to the defense and always sneering at everybody, was always smiling at me. You know looking and smiling, we got a lot of eye contact...but some of the jurors would never look at me as I testified, but a lot of them did. Several of them...I have reports, I didn't see it...were kind of laughing. I guess they're under instruction not to show any emotion or humor, so they tried not to laugh openly. But, you know, when I said I was a "peace creep" and yodeler the whole room broke up...I even made Hoffman kind of giggle once when I mentioned meeting Ginsberg before the convention, and he told me that he secretly liked anal intercourse. So in this Yippie plan of activities I had written that Haber Humphrey would confess to Allen Ginsberg his secret approval of anal intercourse, and when I read that to the court, Hoffman gave the nearest thing to a laugh I saw he'll ever produce. Kunstler objected to the...dirty old man tactics of Schultz, and Hoffman ordered the words 'dirty old man' removed from the record.



One hundred five supporters of the Young Lords were arrested Wednesday morning, for failure to remove themselves from the First Spanish Methodist Church (People's Church) in East Harlem, following an injunction the week before that they get out.

The police arrived at seven a.m. and began tearing down the door to the church one bolt at a time. Inside, movie lights were set up, and the people huddled in side areas off the chapel for "political education classes". As the cops actually entered the church, the occupants began singing, "Power to the People".

The people were taken out of the church in groups, and put in paddywagons. There was no resistance, and no injuries.

They were taken to Foley Square, where Judge Saul S. Streit released each one of them in his own recognizance and set a hearing date for Monday, January 26th. Release without bail was granted in exchange for a promise that the church would not be occupied again--before the hearing.

Felipe Luciano and Yoruba, Lords leaders not present at the bust, were arrested the next day and held in \$500 bail. No good reason was given for this. The original warrant stated: "TO THE SHERIFF OF ANY COUNTY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK WHERE THE ACCUSED BELOW NAMED MAY BE FOUND: You are hereby commanded to attach and to arrest the Young Lords of America, Felipe Luciano, Juan Gonzales, Yoruba, David Perez, John Doe, Jane Roe, John Roe, Jane Doe, etc."

The trouble began when the Right Reverend H. Caranza denied a request by the Young Lords that he open the First Spanish Methodist Church for a children's breakfast program. The Lords didn't like breakfast program. The church, he said, would set up its own program. The Lords didn't like this attitude. The church belongs to the people, they said. Well, the church is trying, Caranza said. Trying isn't enough, the Lords said. Well, that's the way it is, Caranza said. On December 7th, the Lords occupied the church. Caranza called the police, and 13 arrests were made. Let that be a lesson, Caranza said. Pigs, the Lords said.

On December 28th, it happened again. The Lords showed up for Sunday services and declared their intentions to the congregation: we're here to stay. The congregation split with Caranza, and the four main Lords, David Perez, Juan Gonzales, Yoruba and the chairman, Felipe Luciano, began setting up an almost foolproof schedule of services and events for children that would prove this whole

thing wasn't just the two-bit terrorism of a street gang, but a serious and important contribution to the Spanish-speaking community of New York. The first item, of course, was the breakfast program. The doors were opened every morning at the crack of dawn to anybody who needed a meal--with priority for the children. Once breakfast was done, the kids were invited to stay for Liberation School, a series of classes in math, Spanish and Puerto Rican history. If this failed to hold their interest, they could bowl around in the gym and play; a regular baby-sitting service just like the public schools. A small medical clinic set up by the Revolutionary Health Movement was capable of handling everything short of surgery.

For all that, the biggest problem was keeping the police off everybody's throats. Caranza was out there crying up a storm, and the Lords, well, you know, they're considered dangerous just like the Panthers, and they can't expect too much mercy when they're taken in. That's just the way it is. From the beginning, white radicals were invited to give their support. Their physical support. Sleep in the church, all that. A number of them showed up, too, a number of free-lance revolutionaries and young attractive mothers and all kinds of committed people, reporters and all, and on New Year's day, our heads spinning from the night before, photographer Joe Stevens and I added our carcasses to the situation.

The church was a modern, neat-looking building on the corner of Lexington Avenue and 111th Street. It looked almost out of place. The only open entrance was on 111th Street, on the side, and it was graced with signs that read "People's Church". We entered into a small vestibule where several people were hanging out. We were told to surrender all weapons, drugs, etc., then we were frisked in the usual professional manner. Stevens surrendered his knife. They put a strip of tape on it with his name, then tossed it in a box full of clubs, lead pipes, switchblades, daggers and cleavers. Guns were locked up in the next room. Stevens was warned not to shoot pictures until information minister Yoruba was consulted.

"If we catch you, we'll have to confiscate your film, but we'll pay you for it, brother."

"Thank you," Stevens said.

We went to the right-hand door, and into the gym where approximately 30 children ran and screamed and fought

and threw things. As soon as I took my coat off, five or six of them demanded that I carry them around the gym on my shoulders. Stevens was forced to give photography instructions. Several small fights broke out, and the security people had their hands full.

"That's the worst part of it," one of them told me. "The fighting."

We were there only minutes when the call came out to go to the chapel, every adult in the building except security. We did so, and found the chapel in immaculate shape. Yoruba spoke to the small assembly. He was a well-built young fellow with an Afro haircut, and shades, looking more like a light Black than a Puerto Rican.

"First, we're gonna ask you not to smoke in here. It looks better in here than when we took it over. Ramon did a job on it before, all by himself, and it sure is beautiful. It's been a slack day today--it'll be slack tonight. We expect Caranza to ask for an injunction tomorrow and we'll probably be busted tomorrow or Saturday night."

We don't believe the pigs will have the nerve to come in the daytime. That's why we'll need plenty of people to support us here tomorrow. There are some Lords who've been here the whole time, and they had to leave to sleep, but they'll be back again, and we'll need plenty of other people tomorrow afternoon. Pigs won't be so quick to bust heads if there's 200 people in here. Safety in numbers. We're getting some wonderful support from the community out there. The people support us. They realize this is their fight and their church. Retailer's-Wholesaler's Union District 65 has supported us. There's hundreds of Black and Puerto Rican men who work in that business, doing the hardest work for the lowest wages, and they say if the cops come down here, they'll support us in the street. That's a beautiful thing. Last night, as you know, we held a mass here--a people's service to bring in the 1970's, the people's decade. It lasted from 10 in the evening to four in the morning, for hours before people started drifting out. And we sang and sang, and really got the spirit. That old-time Southern Baptist righteousness. It was a beautiful thing. And you know that no matter what happens now, whether the pigs bust us or not, we have won this victory. We've won the battle of People's Church. We've already won! There's nothing the pigs can do to take it away from us, absolutely nothing. Like to point out a great revolutionary lady out there--my mother--

she came down last night to see what it's all about, and I think she digs it. I hope she digs it."

More

More speeches followed, some rousing revolutionary rhetoric, then Yoruba asked if anyone had any comments, and one young gentleman arose to offer what he said was a personal testimony:

"My mother, you know, is very old. And she's a very religious person, a Pentacostal, and I went home last night, and she gets all her opinions from the Daily NEWS, and she told me, 'what a disgrace, what you do to the church.' And I told her, but Mother, what about the massacre of El Grito de Lares? And when my mother remembered El Grito de Lares, she told me she supported us and wished us success."

"Right on!"

After the meeting, everyone dined on a meal of rice and beans in the basement. The mood was relatively festive, but the cops were on everyone's minds.

"Wow, some guy just said the New York pigs are more civilized than the Chicago pigs."

"They're all pigs, but the ones in Chicago are worse."

"You really think so?"

"Sure." It's a whole different thing."

"I don't know. You forget, New York is a home of the U.N. and all, an international capital. They can't get away with that kind of shit."

"I guess you're right."

One by one, the children drifted out to the night--and the security kept the people out of the gym while a clean-up was held.

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On 4 p.m. Friday afternoon, the Sheriff of New York arrived with an injunction signed by the Honorable Saul S. Streit of the Supreme Court ordering everyone in or about the premises to quit the scene. He knocked on the door a few times, but they didn't let him in. From that moment on, a crowd of people stood in the street around gas-can fires while hundreds of others went in to put their necks on the line in the church itself. By eight o'clock Friday evening, some 300 supporters had gathered.

The entertainment Friday night was phenomenal. It included such singing stars as Peppy & Flora and Chez Martinez and several local poets. Peppy and Flora did a song called "Little Black Angels".

"An old woman was sad because her little black son was dying," Flora explained. "But she said it would be

okay because her little black son would go to heaven and play with the little angels. Another woman told her, don't kid yourself. There are no little black angels. You never see them in church. So the woman went to a painter and said painter, if you paint the sky as you paint the earth, then the next time you paint heaven, don't forget to paint in some little black angels."

Lawyer Charles Garry was introduced. He is representing the Black Panthers in trials throughout the country.

"I bring you greetings from Huey P. Newton. We spent Monday and Tuesday with Huey in the pen and the eleven hours we had together passed away like it was five minutes. Many of you have never met Huey, the founder with Bobby Seale of the Black Panther Party. He's serving two to fifteen years now for manslaughter, for an alleged killing. I believe that the appellate court, no matter what length of time it takes, will award a reverse conviction. Huey has heard about your struggle. He told me he sends his greetings of brotherly solidarity to those brothers who are here fighting for the common needs of us all.

"I also bring you greetings from Bobby Seale, a great humanitarian, a man who would give you the shirt off his back. In San Francisco, Bobby Seale was shackled, and they choked him and threw him in the hole. He stayed there all night long, lying in fecal matter until one of the guards got word out to me. He was only able to talk in a hoarse whisper. And I want you to know. It's time we start fighting back. It's about time the world heard what black men and women and yellow men and women and even some whites have gone through. It's about time to begin telling the story like it is. And we've got a lot to tell. We're going to fight back so hard, the Nixon Administration and Frank Hogan are going to wake up and say, 'What the hell happened to us?' We're tired of ransom bails without benefit of a trial, we're tired of telephone tapping, we're tired of the Grand Jury. And we're not going to put up with it any longer.

"I'm surprised and shocked. I'm a member of the Methodist church myself and I say that when a denomination has to remove to the courts to protect itself from a program to feed neighborhood children, and that church is not living up to the ideals of the saviour they are supposed to profess. This church belongs to the people."

# WAS JESUS A YOUNG LORD ? ? ?

by RAY SCHULTZ

## DARK STAR

(Continued from Page 9)

all responsible ... what happens to one of us, now, happens to all of us ... and that's not the way things used to be ... it's beautiful."

Of course, there are other things on his mind, like the Earth. "If we don't do something in five years it's too late." The project is called Earth People's Park, devoted to acquiring land and setting up ecologically sound communities. "It's time for a big interruption of the game while we try and get the board back together. It's not political, and I can't say 'You are poisoning the earth!' Difference just don't count anymore. I mean there are infinite differences between every two human beings ... but we're all in this one together. I hope humanity can get it on in the last minute and pull it out ... otherwise, well, it'll be over. There are flashing signs, big neon signs, EMERGENCY. For me, it's the most important thing."

And through it all, music. The scene is "sweeter than ever." Stephen Stills now lives near the Marin county ranch where the Dead are, and is producing their next album. Any of you who heard the Dead's Fillmore concerts this weekend may have noticed the tight vocals, the three voices (Garcia, Phil Lesh and Bob Weir) in soaring harmony ... that's Stills, and Garcia is very happily into it. The set I heard was brought to a close by a most remarkable song, "Uncle John's Band", lyrical with Band influences as well as Stills'. If it sounded awkward sometimes it's because some of the songs are only two weeks old. The album is already revolving around a subject. "We're thinking of a title ... 'The Working Man's Dead'." Any relation to the Stones' "Factory Girl"? "Well ... no that's a banner song ... this is something intimate, personal, not about them but from them ... there are a lot of people whose lives are just work until they get old and die ... Micky (Hart, the drummer on the left as you face the stage) goes out with the cowboys every day ... he looks like a redneck ... well, you'll see him ... he goes drinking with them, too ... they turn him on to juice and he turns them on to dope ... they turn him on to work and he turns them on to music."

Hendricks did New Years Eve, and New Years Day eve, and he sure wasn't the old Hendricks. The group, a Band of Gypsies with Buddy Miles on drums and Billy Cox on bass works out musically very well, but the racial dissonance (cool dissonance) and the flamboyance ... gone with the old year. The guitar is essentially feminine, the shape, the strings, the way you stroke it and caress it ... but at one point Jimi spread his legs, bent his knees, hung it between them, and wow did it change sex ... there it was, stretched foreskin and all, sailing. 15 seconds and that was it. He did it, like an allusion, a reference, the high old times of the Monterey Festival raping the amplifiers, setting his ax on fire, seem to be over. Guess it's time to follow the gypsies.

The most moving thing about the concert was (were) the Voices of East Harlem! Talk about music born from the community! Wow, you could pay rent with warmth and good vibrations they'd have their own penthouse anywhere they want it. Something to get into very soon. The Voices include the youngest singer (he is really something else) in rock

and roll, and on Tuesday night a very likeable Philadelphia group called Sweet Stevin' Chain brought us ... "Here he is folks (said mad Nero, the lead guitar) the biggest singer in rock and roll". And out he came, 6 feet 6 inches tall, about 220 pounds in blue jeans and a tie-dye shirt. It was quite a shock. They were very funny when they were putting on rock and roll ... a wonderfully freaky rolling on the floor "In A Gadda da Vida", and most amazing of all "The Teddy Bears' Picnic (Right, "if you go out in the woods today you'd better not go alone...") dedicated to all the 7-year-olds in the audience. Unfortunately the straight stuff wasn't as enjoyable.

With the Dead were Mr. Graham's protoges, Cold Blood. "Good music continues to come out of San Francisco," Bill said as he introduced them. They are very good musicians. Their lead singer, Lydia Pense, is overwhelmingly similar to someone whose first name is Janis, a lot sweeter. Also there was Lighthouse, a 12 man group with horns, winds and of all things an electric string section, violin, viola and cello (2 of them). Can I report a whole new departure? Unfortunately, not at all. But they did a version of that soul-shaking masterpiece from the Band's first album, Robertson's "Chest Fever" with each word beamed at you like the Midnight Special:

"I know she's a crack-up  
Any scholar would back up.  
They say she's a chooser (oooh)  
But I just can't refuse her  
She watches there, but then,  
She can't be here no more.  
(... I'll never unravel what the Band says ... and don't read "Time" on the Band unless your head can take "Time." There may be heads in that organization, but they are oregano heads.)

And just before she leaves  
She receives!"

## POOR PARANOID'S

## ALMANAC

## ALLAN KATZMAN

Everybody remembers (or should remember?) Ross Peroet. He's the Texas billionaire freak who tried to fly 30 tons of goodies to American Prisoners of War in North Vietnam.

It seems old "Betsy" Ross is at it again with his Justice, Freedom and the American Way bit. This time he's doing his trip on everybody's head right here in New York city at 2 Park Avenue South.

His company, EDS (Electronic Data Systems) recently bought out and took over the IBM punch department of United Medical Service, otherwise known to the security syringe middle class as Blue Shield.

Ross has initiated an "unconventional dress" purge on all his workers. No long hair, sideburns, beards and/or moustaches. Dress *will be* conventional: Dark suit, cuffed trousers, three button variety, white long sleeve shirt, dark tie, no jewelry.

Old Glory has already fired those employees who have refused to comply with his brand of fashion facism. Others have been *strongarmed* into barber shop chairs and excess head and facial hair

sheared off from their sheepish minds and bodies.

If the employees of EDS were really into protest, they would all show up to work with their pubic hair showing and let the Tall Texan figure out his next move. But people who work at IBM jobs like EDS are naturally prone to let themselves be punched and computerized. It's the American Way.

Peroet is definitely into mustering himself together an army of conventional dress freaks. The women who work for him will fare no better; their sex devoured by long dresses and buttoned up blouses.

All this leads to the inevitable surface war against individual expression and taste. All those people caught in the middle, occupying mindless jobs to stay alive will be caught up in one person's expression of fear.

It really isn't important if a man prefers to have long or short hair or extra curricular growth on his face or lip. What matters is that one man refuses to allow him his choice of having it. There is no doubt that this obstruction to a person's basic rights is a violation of the first amendment under the Constitution. A document that Ross Peroet ignores as vital to his own expression of the American Way.

Idiots like Peroet are always cropping up in American history to stem the tide of cultural change. They waste everyone's time with their own insanity to fit everyone else into a straight jacket conception of look alikes. They unnecessarily fuck up individual awareness which is necessary to the growth of democracy as a viable system.

In American society, Institutions like the New York State Employment agency work under the same look alike conception. My own experiences with them were comical to say the least:

My female interrogator was non plussed at my long beard although I was suit straight in 3 button gear.

"Don't you think," she asked, "it would be easier to place you in another job if you didn't have a beard."

"The presence or absence of hair on my face has never affected my abilities as a worker," I neatly replied.

"Well, *why* is it necessary then for you to have one?", she snapped back.

"Because I like it, and besides it keeps my face warm in winter."

"Well," she came back again, "your father doesn't have a beard?"

"No! But my grandfather did and he was much more successful in business than my father ever was!"

She really looked pissed now but held her ground and after a few brilliant seconds of scintillating thought, threw in a non-sequitor clincher to end all non-sequitors.

"Eskimoes don't keep beards. The hair would freeze at *that* temperature."

"Lady," feeling a bit of exasperation coming on but controlling my temper with my reply, "Eskimoes don't *have* beards! Mother Nature over a period of time has done away with their genetic use. When it comes a time for my face to survive, I'm sure Mother Nature will

do right by me. Until then, I'll keep my beard."

Now, years later I am hairless again about my face. And it wasn't Mother Nature who made the choice. I feel sorry for those whose choice has been replaced by such an unnatural being like Ross Peroet. He has replaced other peoples' survival with his own will. If they had enough guts, they would protest or quit or just shave Ross Peroet from the face of the universe.

## ST MARKS FREE CLINIC

## CLAUDIA DREYFUS

The Lower East Side as a community is considered "Medically indigent." That means that if you're poor and sick and live in the East Village, you're not likely to be getting any medical help. There just aren't any doctors in this part of town. And those that are here charge an arm and a leg.

But lately, a new breed of physicians have been graduating from the nation's medical schools. Rather than the usual kind of doctor, the conservative AMA man who makes somewhere between \$50-\$100,000 a year, some young medics have been graduating who want to serve the sick and revolutionize the society. Several of these hip new brand physicians have made their way to the medical disaster area of the Lower East Side. Last Fall, June Finer, an MD from Chicago, opened up the Judson Mobile Health Unit, a trailer that dispenses free health care to any sick East Villager under the age of twenty-two. The trailer is an attempt to dispense medicine to the young and the sick in a political way. Kids come into the mobile clinic with drug or malnutrition problems. June gives her patients the best possible treatment she can, while Paul Ramos, the clinic's community organizer, raps about the kinds of social problems that make for addiction and malnutrition. It's a hip place to be around.

A newer, less politically oriented free health clinic has just opened up at 44 St. Mark's Place (Second Floor). The St. Mark's Free Health Clinic is the offspring of Dr. Jeff Arlen, a bearded 26 year old General Practitioner from San Francisco, his wife Deanna, and a friendly nurse named Andy Rice.

A year ago, Jeff, Andy and Deanna were all working in the Haight-Ashbury Free Community Medical Center. The Haight Clinic, mostly staffed by volunteer doctors and nurses, tried to handle the kinds of problems that frequently plagued the residents of Haight: Heroin overdoses, bad trips, Syph, the Clap. Service was always free, non-pig like and very sympathetic. The clinic was always packed.

Round about the time when Joel was about to finish his internship at the University of California, he began thinking about his future. He had no interest in going into private practice to make his medical millions. "I thought that doctors should cure sick people, not get rich on their suffering." So one night, after a particularly hectic session at the Haight Clinic, he Deanna and Andy went out for a cup of coffee.

"Listen," Joel said, "I've been thinking. The Haight project out here is so successful. Why don't we go East ... to New York and start a

clinic of our own. The kids down in the East Village have the same kinds of problems that the kids out here have but there are almost no doctors in that community to help them."

They arrived in New York several weeks later, quite broke, but certain that they could find support for their idea. To raise bread, Joel began practicing medicine out in Long Beach, a community famous for its wall to wall old-age homes. Long Beach is a great place for a doctor. Old people get sick and they panic. Think its the end. Doctors, tend to get richer than usual in Long Beach. After a few months in the old-elephant world, Dr. Arlen gave up. He took his savings, combined it with a small foundation grant and began converting a nine room St. Marks Place apartment into a clinic. The Stuyvesant Polyclinic donated old medical equipment, some drug companies provided a good supply of free samples, and several Long Island physicians volunteered their services. Last week, the St. Mark's Free Clinic opened its doors for the first time.

I went up to the clinic the day after it opened. It was a spanking clean place, filled with improvised medical supplies, and enthusiastic workers. Greeting me was Dr. Joel Arlen, six foot tall, dark hair, dark beard, bespeckled, wearing an orange sweatshirt. He looked much more like a sociology graduate student than a physician. Dr. Arlen lacked that imperious, formal tone that seems to characterize many MDs. This is not the kind of guy who would reproach you if you came to him with a bad-trip, VD, or a bad pregnancy. He seemed nice. More like one of us, than one of THEM.

"Welcome," he said, peering out from behind an orange painted door. "We wanted EVO to come up here so that East Village people will learn that we exist. So far, we haven't had much business."

Jeff and Deanna enthusiastically showed me around the apartment-clinic that they themselves had redecorated. There were three examining rooms, a large office, a waiting room, a kitchen that doubled as a laboratory, a room with a double bed where a patient might be able to come down from a bad trip, and a small back area where Dr. and Mrs. Arlen live. "This used to be a doctor's office," Deanna explained, "but it was vacant for nearly a year. When the old physician moved out, no one wanted to take his place. No one, until we came."

Settling down in the spacious office that Jeff had built for himself, he began rapping about his project. "Kids down here have health problems that kids in few other places in the country have. But most of them don't have the money to go to private doctors and the public hospitals really treat them like lepers. I can see why an East Village kid wouldn't want to go to some of the City hospitals. I can also see why he'd be scared by the whole scene there. There's no sympathy. No understanding. What we want to be is a kind of family clinic for the community. People can come here and not be afraid. If they've got a bad trip, they don't have to worry. We won't report anything like that to the cops. As far as we're concerned, this clinic is a community service."

Andy Rice, 22, a graduate of Orange Memorial Hospital Nursing School, agreed. "We'll treat anything a family doctor will treat ... and a lot of things he wouldn't go near.

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photo: RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

## FREE CLINIC

(Continued from Page 14)

Only thing, we can't take care of is potentially fatal things like knife wounds. We just don't have the facilities for that. If anyone gets cut-up, they'd really be better off at Bellevue."

Right now, the St. Marks Place Free Clinic is in need of a host of things. They need volunteer doctors, interns and nurses. They need money. (No one has been paid even the subsistence salary that Joel, Andy and Deanna need for living.) More equipment and medical supplies are an absolute necessity. And then of course, the clinic needs patients. You can find Dr. Arlen and his staff on the second floor of 44 St. Mark's Place, which is near the corner of Second Avenue. *Salute.*

## THLM

## LITA ELISCU

A brief note about week-before-last's column: It stunk. It was one of the worst attempts at communication by either me or anyone else, and my desire to escape association can be easily discerned in the use of "it"—I wish "it" were not a part of me; but it was, it was. At any rate, The Byrds and The Nice received better treatment elsewhere, so I say this more in my own behalf than theirs. Wince wince. The only excuse is that last week, I was in a state of wonderment and should have known better than to try regular channels to convey thoughts.

This week's column is a letter. Dear John, Women's liberation, with or without the capitals, puzzles me. Semantics, in this country especially—or maybe because I live here—seem to make for eternal embarrassments in this case even more than others. What is a "woman"? Who is "she"? Is there such a creature, really, as a female human being, or is biology something we shall outgrow the necessity to study in relation to ourselves? What does it mean when someone says, "Hey, lady!" or, "Ladies before gentlemen"? or "I'm a woman"? Or, "I'm a girl"? Why do various people worry so much about these words, and why do the French seem to have solved it with, "mademoiselle" which means *my* (= possessive, but open at both ends—I belong to you, you own me . . . you belong to me . . . I own you) *young lady* . . . ? The reason the french term succeeds is because they believe it, you see: the underlying concept of any young chickie being a possible worthy of the term 'mademoiselle' is a fiction of the same strength as the belief that the Earth rests upon the back of the Giant Tortoise (when did you look?). Believe it or not, but do not try to question the eternal mysteries created in order to have harmony, the proof of faith accepted. (That's why, perhaps, catholicism with a small 'c' means belief in everything in general . . . it all becomes a matter of faith if you try hard enough). In America, people are beginning to question; claiming that the notion of Female is:

1. totally a matter of environment conditioning and our primitive life

forms; that freedom from childbirth will change the whole concept of Female, the parents being whoever chooses to contribute to the test-tube zygote—maybe more than 2.

2. those who believe all females are second-class citizens, mainly because of environment conditioning and generations of false ways of life which are now outmoded in an age when anyone can cry, laugh, or show emotion; be weak, strong . . . be alone, communal, have a sex life composed of various partners in various patterns . . .

3. those who are just unhappy with themselves and figure any kind of liberation may be a help.

Now, that list is prejudiced, ill-defined, does not begin to exhaust the idea of women's liberation—or really scratch much below the surface. But, I don't think any idea/belief/organization named women's liberation can do more than exhaust the surface. People make up this world, and it is people, whether sexually characterized by breasts or balls or both who change the world and one another. The last four arguments I have had about women's liberation were with men who were anything from amused to amazed at my disinterest in the topic.

First, I accept the knowledge gained by me that my instinctive responses most frequently concern *my* welfare. Because I try to believe in Martin Buber's teaching that "All real living is meeting" and that there is no word "I" without the other half, "Thou," my "I" consciously tries to include The World as well—but does not always succeed. In that "I-Thou" word, however, are other human beings whoever they are, both male or female.

Second, just as there is a lot of shit hitting the fan (oh it is already, it sure is!) in a non-dialectic and most definitely contradictory, illogical way, there is good also. I believe in contradistinctions—I did say that last week. 95% of humanity is fit to be worms, which doesn't stop the faith that we will, all together, reach the fulfillment of being brothers and sisters. Just keep both simple facts in mind, for they are building blocks in il-logic.

Any organization seeking movement of consciousness is fine; so women's liberation, men's liberation, all are fine. Still:

If you would have men love you  
Make them happy,  
Not free.  
The mind has walls  
Of its own.

because I don't know what liberation is . . . (see Stokely Carmichael in *Tell Me Lies*). Liberation from what?

I have never been involved with a male who did not do what we both thought was his share of 'housework.' I have certain skills, he has certain skills. Sometimes I like washing dishes, sometimes I don't. Big motherfucking deal: it's easy enough to say I don't wanna do the dishes. One says it, and then the other person either does them or has an intelligent reason for not doing so. If environment conditioning is a matter of whether or not some male human being wants to wash dishes (!) then what revolution are we talking about? If washing dishes is some kind

of easy, common-to-all example of the basic division in our society, I give up. Who are these nifty-keen, middle-class petit bourgeois war babies these chicks have found—and just about all males in america subscribe to petit bourgeois environment conditioning.

I said "just about," which means there are a few who don't. There are a few females who don't either. Until they meet, that means there is loneliness involved, and insecurity, while waiting. There is loneliness and insecurity involved each time anyone tries to grow, because in growing, he or she separates himself (oh well) from others; moves away . . . so the part about women having to give up men for a while is alright, because these women aren't talking about men anyway. They are talking about a way of life which means security and approbation. For some, it helps to talk about the loneliness; for some it doesn't.

I have actually gone out with males who reputedly subscribe to the usual petit bourgeois attitudes and do not get the usual responses . . . why: Because I do nothing to stimulate them. It is not a matter of words, although words have to be used, at least in our present society. It's a matter of inner belief, which is somehow communicated. The only person anyone can truly manipulate is himself, and if you can show someone else that you are manipulating yourself right into a better time/space, of course he'll want to come, too.

Somehow, never having been a pretty child, I never thought a time would come when males would whistle as I walked down the street. (If this part sounds like Rousseau's *Confessions*, sobeit) Now that males do whistle, grab, etc., it never has occurred to me that they do it because I am a collection of attractive sexual parts; but because they find *me* attractive for some reason. That's ego, and ego means I, and I means the whole, the idea that I am secure. This may all be quite false. Occasionally, I have stopped and asked someone why he grabbed at me, etc., and usually get one of a couple of responses:

1. He is totally unbelieving, flattered, and wants to sit and talk for ages about our 'attraction.'

2. He giggles, shakes his head, and says, "You are . . . sexy (or "crazy")." Oh well; I'm not a male, I'm not built rangy and flat . . . that's environment conditioning, for sure—but there must be a reason why it usually never goes beyond that, why nobody usually tries anything more than to interact on some crude level. It is because our society also teaches I have every right to scream, ridicule him, call a cop, or etc. Most males who bother doing this kind of masturbatory behavior do it because it pleases them and either: they feel like it, just for the illogical fun of it (didn't any females out there ever walk up to a man and say, Hey, you're sexy! . . . ? Or, Hello, I'd like to talk with you. Or just hello.) or they do it because it pleases them and it is about the only pleasure they get because many females are trapped. Now, if women's liberation front could reach these females, that would

be good. Unfortunately, that is impossible, security-fears setting in so rigidly at such an early age that it would be impossible to convince any such man's peer females (well; what to call them?) that she could do something about herself and himself . . .

So it becomes a question of *how* to reach others and make them aware that inhumanity, condescension and other negative, closed-off shut-out experiences are de-energizing. For me, there is only inter-personal contact, spontaneity and love of life, which is a changing absolute at best. There are only the threads of one's life and the desire, interest, and courage to see where the threads weave, and with what other live forces in this universe . . .

OK.

To wear a bra or not . . . to be able to stand up and scream motherfucker, you have to pass an abortion bill! . . . to be able to relax with other human beings and not to create age-old useless patterns through unconscious stimulus-response . . . these are all equally important actions. Yes. To have children or not . . . Well, John, when the threads of our society force-weave the overall pattern into a real choice, whether or not I want to carry my child as well as create it—that's when I'll work with that problem. It is a problem for me. The whole idea of cycle is something I still recognize as part of my being female, but it has nothing to do with my being a woman. Being female means I can have sex with whomever I want, if I so want. Being a woman means that most other beings will not please me, no matter what their sexual gender, to do more than enjoy on various levels, but very few will enjoy my very closest, most intense, fullest expressions of love because there are only so many other beings toward whom I feel that much attraction. I guess for now, I still like relationships with men because they seem more satisfying. I need the contradistinctive consciousness which so few women seem to possess; yeah, I still believe there is a difference. For me, there can be no group, or organization, to join because that path is not mine. What I could possibly hope to give such a group is just another story, and I know there will be no return, because that is not my cycle, this time . . . Fear? Irresponsibility? Sure, those words may apply, but they're for others to use because I do not accept them.

I know you feel that I am discriminated against even without my being aware of it; so is each human being. I simply do not think that the prejudice is mainly because I happen to be a female. To each of us is given certain traits—they make up our selves. That's all an ego is, an "I." People have thought I was older, younger, smarter, stupider, nastier, nicer than they later decided I was (and still later thought/felt other things). Some people think I am male, from my writing . . . that's all cool. For some, the masculine quality is because I don't write like a 'woman writer' in their environmental conditioned terms; for others it is because sometimes I do sound more male than female. Big deal? Yes: big deal. It is precisely on this level that I

know how to erase the boundaries, and it is on this level I shall continue to do so.

So that's it for now, John, because that's enough.

I send my love, intergalactic space waves probably getting it there before this letter arrives . . .

## NEWS

## AGNEW'S GHOST

LIBERATION News Service

The radio speech was never broadcast—yet old show-biz Agnew got 14,000 letters of praise the next day. No one will admit who slipped.

What happened was that UPI, a news service, also makes news tapes used by independent radio stations. A month ago they recorded a full hour of the usual hard hitting, always missing, Agnew diatribe. The schedule said it was to be broadcast over dozens of stations on the week end. But a foul up occurred—not a single station aired the speech.

Just the same, come Monday morning, the UPI office was buried under a flood of 14,000 letters of fulsome praise. There was not a single letter criticizing the speech. Agnew was praised for once again exposing the effete intellectual snobs that marched in the protest parades.

14,000 American citizens went zap over a speech they never heard. Only Spiro can get that.

I know of three New York City TV stations that were forbidden by their management to air the story. Makes one think.

Come to think of it, that's the same number of letters that Nixon had on his desk the day after one of his speeches. Makes one think.

## YOU CAN BLAST YOUR HORN, MR. MAN, BUT THE INDIANS ARE HERE TO STAY

LIBERATION News Service

ALCATRAZ ISLAND (LNS) —

The Indians who reclaimed the abandoned prison island of Alcatraz a couple of months ago have not yet faced a serious attempt to evict them. But somebody's been giving them a hard time.

A cable hooked to the foghorns on the island is said to have broken. Whether or not that's true, the foghorns are now blasting continuously and maddeningly (two horns, one every 20 seconds, the other every 30 seconds, for three seconds each blast).

The men who control these things say they can't cut off the generator until the cable is fixed because then if a serious fog rolls into San Francisco Bay, they won't be able to get the foghorns going. Very hazardous. Anyhow, suffering clears the mind.

But the Indians are standing firm. When Christmas came, sentiment in the Bay Area was strong enough (actor Anthony Quinn was among those who came out in support) so that the turkeys, trees, and toys donated by nearby residents outdid what the vast majority of Indians have learned to expect from this country, in and out of reservations.

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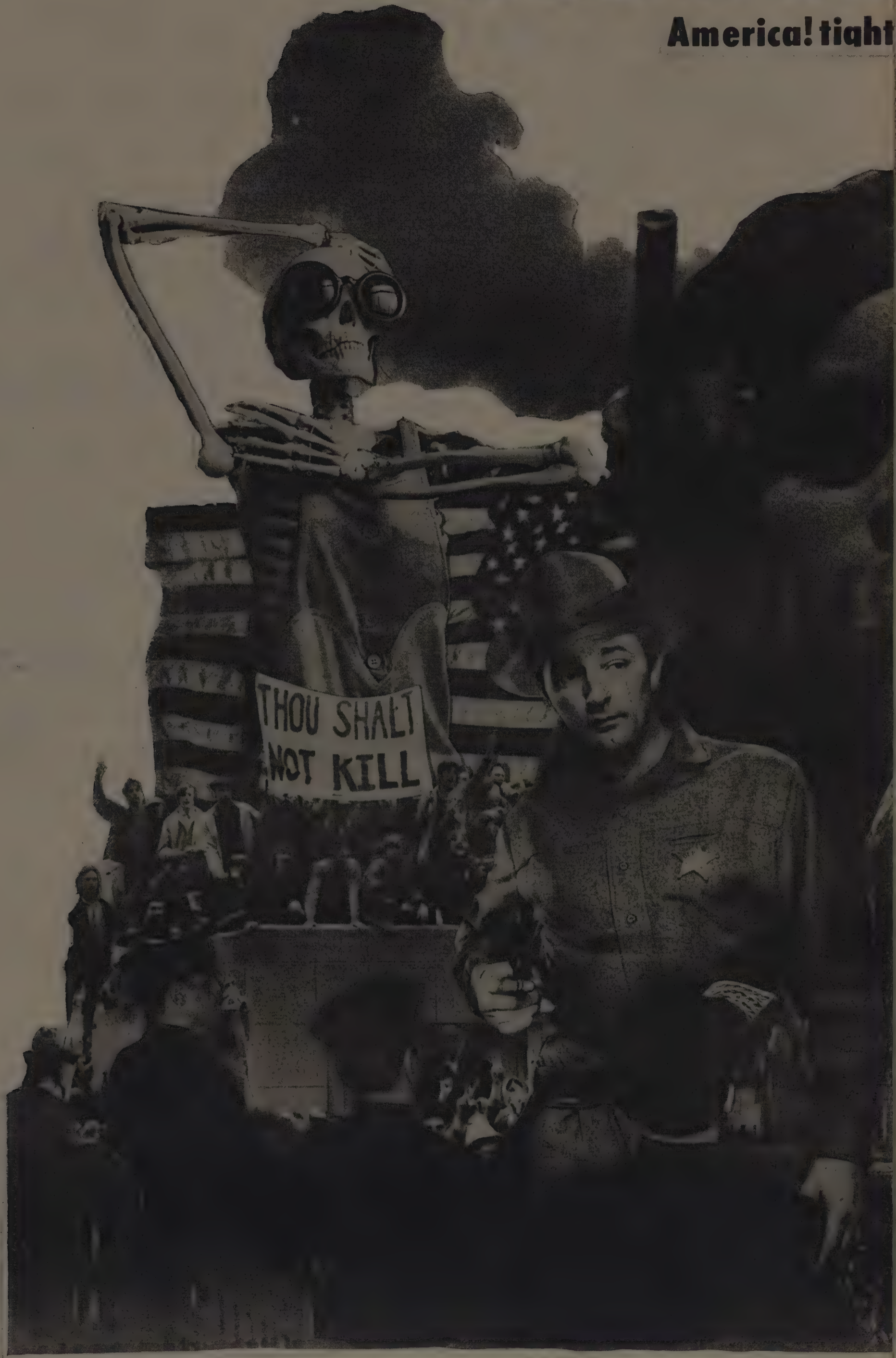
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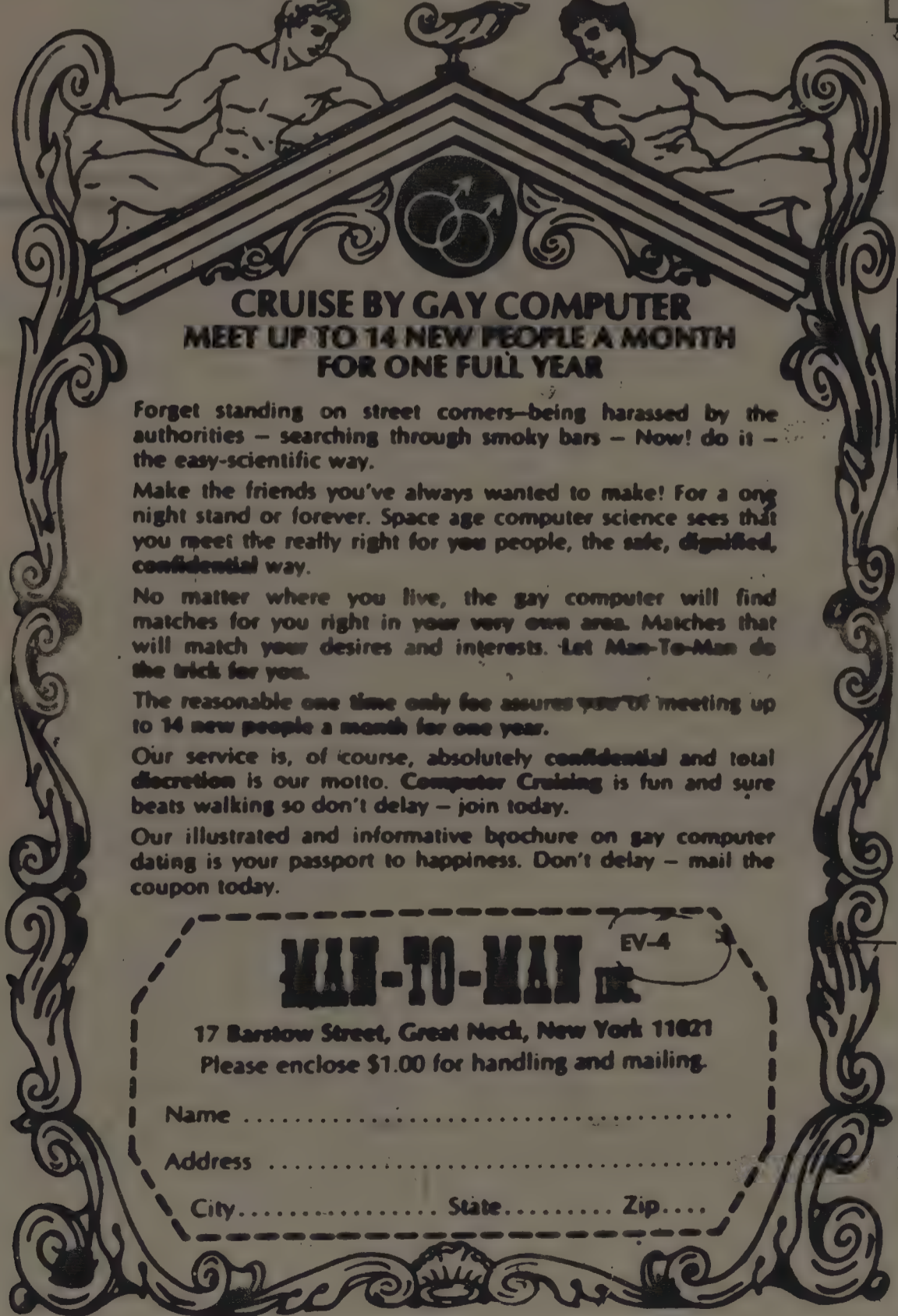
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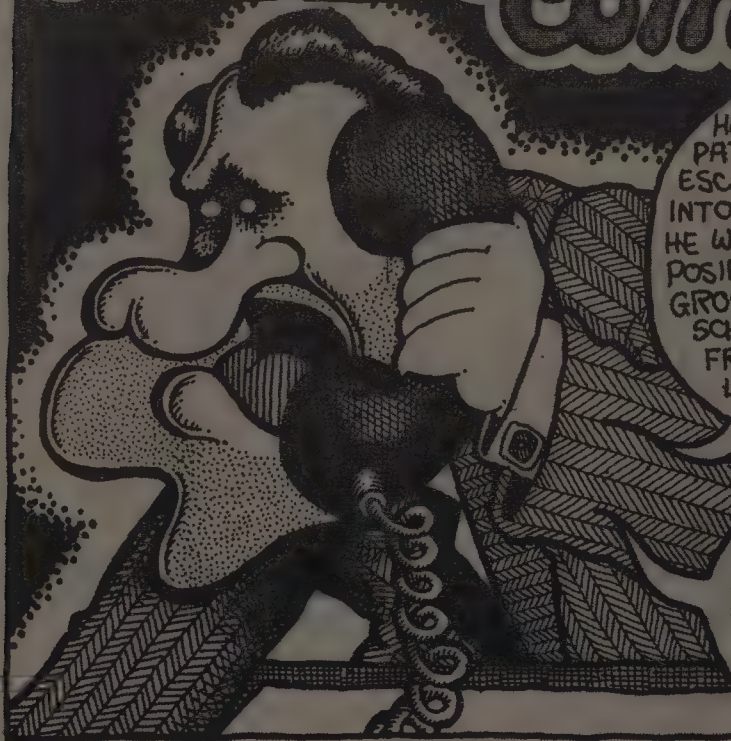
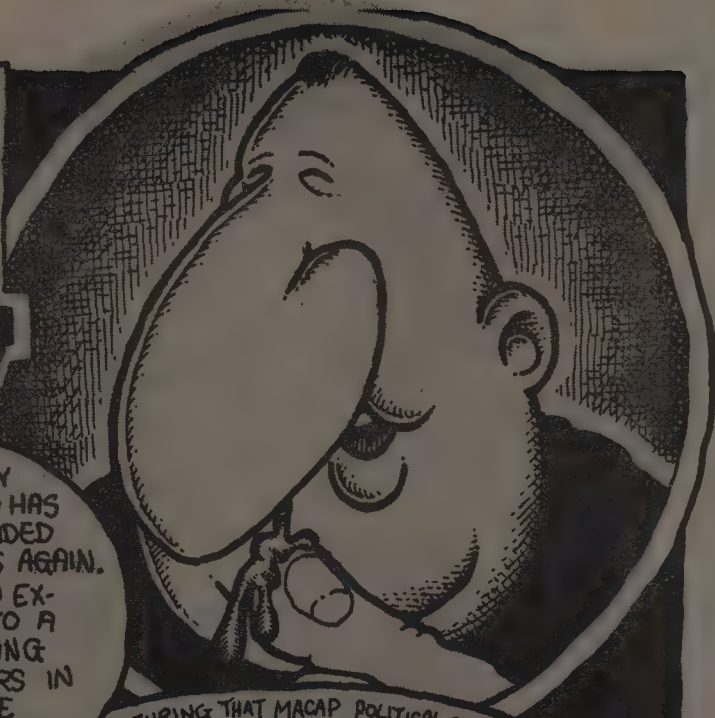
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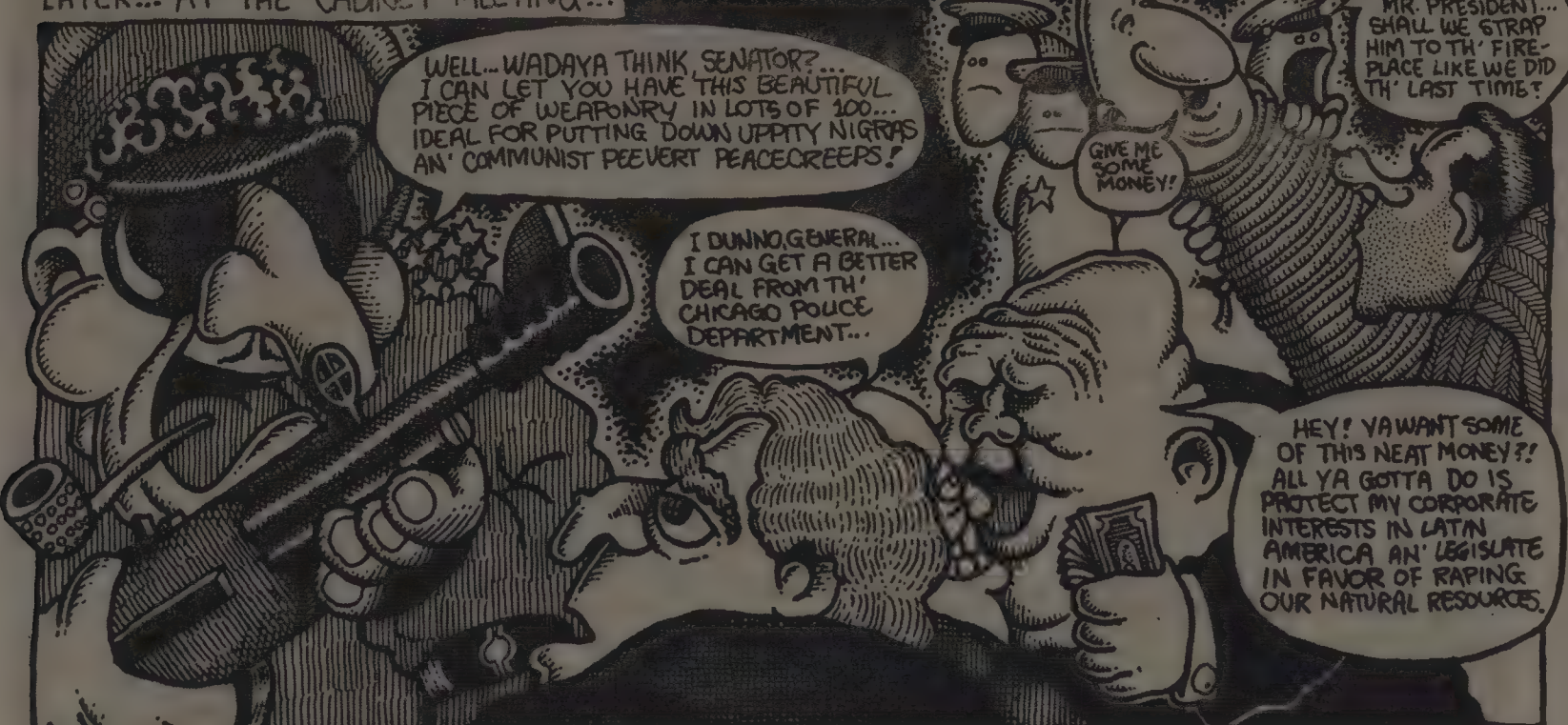
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**MARY! Don't forget!** Lee's Mardi Gras '70 Sat. Feb 7th. Hotel Riverside Plaza, 73rd and Broadway, featuring go-go boys, 2 dance bands,

floor show of female impersonators, door prize trip to Puerto Rico. Only \$3.50 adv. info & tickets call 533-4132/4108.

**MUSCLES GALORE!** Beauties Galore! but no 'Pussy Galore' at Lee's Mardi Gras '70, featuring go-go boys, 2 bands, floor show. and only \$3.50. info-533-4123/4108.

Gay Singles — parties every Fri & Sat. From 9 till 12 at the Riverside Plaza, 253 W. 73rd St. Live band, go-go boys — BAR — come groove to an out-of-sight affair. N.Y. Mattachine Society—212-799-0916—for additional information.

**MALE, 19,** wishes to meet other males, 16-25. Send letter and photograph to P.O. Box 782, Troy, N.Y. 12181.

Young, slim, very good looking bcy, 20, seeks other peace heads, 21 or under to become friends. write: P.O. Box 337 Jerome Ave. Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10468.

Beautiful, young, white, slender, bodybuilding beefcake. Digs bells and boots, rare meat and ripe bananas. Enjoys swinging with someone of like desires. Photo gets quick reply. Peter—P.O. Box 1625—Buffalo, N.Y. 14216.

**SINGLE GUY 35, WHITE AND MASCULINE** SEEKS SINCERE RELATIONSHIP WITH SAME OR YOUNGER. WRITE TO DICK BOX 1337 GRAND CENTRAL STATION NEW YORK CITY 10017.

**GAY SINGLES PARTIES** Starting January 9, 1970. N.Y. Mattachine Society presents gay singles parties every Friday and Saturday nites held at Riverside Plaza 253 West 73rd St. at West End Avenue. Come groove to juke box, go-go boys and bar. Donation includes 2 free drinks. for info call 212 799-0916.

**MODELS**

**BLOND, TRIM MODEL, MASSEUR, HOUSEBOY & TYPIST, 28, LEATHER, COSTUME OR NUDE, YOUR PLACE OR MINE, FOR YOUR THING. CALL SPIKE: 242-7362.**

**GROOVY-LOOKING GUY** with tight round buttocks will do erotic posing for professional athletes. \$30 for a session. Call 628-0508.

Beautiful young boys (under 21) needed by photographer for nude posing. Must be slim and hairless. Send photo and phone number to P.O. Box 205, Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014.

Groovy male models available for your thing—nude modeling, posing etc. All types and shapes—\$35.00 per session at your place or ours. Call 684-5423 after 6PM for appointment.

Male Model, 28, available after 10 PM, weekdays. Studio \$10—Home \$15 283-4237.

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

**TOP EUROPEAN MALE NUDE MODEL, 22, 6'2", 185 lbs.** Blonde, cleancut, blue eyes, great body. Available for all kinds of posing at your place or mine. Call Siegfried 677-2006 anytime.

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

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

"It wasn't so evident in my testimony, but I understand that anytime you encroach upon the main corpus of the government's case, Hoffman will sustain the objections right down the line. In other words, if you bring in a witness to directly contradict a point in the government's presentation, Foran and Schultz will stand up and start objecting and it'll be sustained all the way. It happened to the witness right after me, Donald Kalish, a professor at UCLA, who was testifying about Dellinger, and everytime he indicated how peaceful Dellinger was, that Dellinger wasn't planning violence, they'd object and it would be sustained.

"I've known Dellinger for ten years. I met him on the San Francisco to Moscow Walk for Peace. Through and through his entire psyche he's nonviolent, he's a Gandhian.

(NOTE:

He may be able to associate with people who are violent, but his own politics are non-violent...but the government thinks he's this incredibly schizophrenic person who talks nonviolence and then gets on the phone and taps out messages to Hanoi. They really hate him, and I don't know why. I've been with him in dozens of situations, and I've never seen him do anything violent. I know he's a pacifist, and I don't see why he should be railroaded to jail. It's just government malevolence.

"They'll have to show more evidence, because they have a very weak case, but on the other hand, the jury has no access to the testimonies, and they're relying now on 254 documents of the defense. The only thing they can refer to are defense and prosecution exhibits and some vague memory of four months of a nightmare.

"This is a very expensive trial and there're still of lot of people to call. There may be two more months of defense testimony, and God knows how long the summaries will take. I mean, Kunstler's probably writing his already. It could take a week to present. But they're sitting it out now, hoping for a hung jury. That's about the upper limit of hope, but if they really thought they'd been beaten, if they really thought there was damaging evidence against anybody, they' wouldn't even bother with it, but they're going to continue to call people. They're going to call Arlo Guthrie and Terry Southern and probably Jean Genet and Groucho Marx. It'll be a steady flow of witnesses.

"I can only lay out the Terminal Cancer Ward aspect of the courtroom. Not even that. It's overlit, too bright. It certainly brings the word 'bummer' into sharp focus, I must admit. A lot of New Yorkers have had experiences at 100 Centre Street, and I was trying to think of how this place was different from 100 Centre Street. I guess it's more opulent, more like the lobby of a Howard Johnson's than, say the Hotel Earle. It's that terrible fluorescent lighting and too much of it. It comes through those louvres, there's no visible source of it, there are no shadows in the room. It's really sick.

"But the government operates under a lot of paranoia. Let's face it, Jerry and Abby were indicted for their rhetoric, like they kill Panthers for their rhetoric. That's the way it is in America. For example, the Motherfuckers are basically about ten people, but on the basis of their literature the FBI gets really paranoid about them, and one piece of paper stands for five hundred people. They pay very close attention to what you say, what you write about. If you say 'guns' and start getting heavy about guns, and yet you don't seem to have any guns, then there's really cause for paranoia. I think there's a certain karma of violence, especially when the Right Wing is so satanic and brutal in the United States. It overreacts to violence.

"As far as the trial is concerned, through, there's no telling what sort of jerk-off criteria they set up to figure out who to indict. They may have run it through a computer that turned out a list of those eight guys, but it must have been pretty involved, because they did a good job of picking a 'cabinet', so to speak, for some future Kabal. Those people could run a big country easily, but you just don't know how or why the government picked them out. I mean, it's always a shock when people find out how disorganized intelligence agencies are. Only occasionally are they really together, because if they were really together people, they'd be out running a business or a corporation, they'd be out coordinating other things."

they can be used as offensive tools, and, as it seems in the case of December 9, implements of vengeance for some unspecified ideal.

Plainclothesmen cannot be recognized, and are not present to help people. Nametags are for identification in case of violence, but if the policeman is doing his rightful job of keeping the peace, there should be no reason to have his name on call. Bringing departmental charges against offending police captains do not lessen the threat of violence on the part of the captain's men—it is the men themselves who must see that they are doing illegal acts. The trials are nothing but a coverup which is normally used as a public relations gimmick anyway. Maintaining a number of "official observers" is exactly like having a monitor in a classroom, violence is not abated because it is bad *per se*, but because there is a threat of superior recriminations, and cat will get busted from his job. (One could make the whole thing into a game, and if you get caught kicking ass, you're out, otherwise, everything's cool.)

If policemen didn't take the law into their own heads, and were trained not to do so, "official observers" would never be necessary. Finally, the centralization of booking procedures just makes the mills of justice grind a little faster initially. There's still the problem of justice being the most expensive commodity in the country, and if you're poor, that's tough—you rot in the can just the same whether you get in there speedily or after a few hours. (The real

villains are bail procedures, unconstitutional stop-and-frisk laws and a system of justice which favors property.)

I am not attacking the work that the ACLU or the New York chapter of that organization does—it has not been my intention to do that with a criticism of this fine report. The ACLU is a lawyers' guild, lawyers are servants and interpreters of the law. What I am attacking is the conception of the law itself in the American society. Lawyers know the ropes, they know how to play the legal game. A good radical lawyer knows that the System he traffics in is corrupt, the most he can do for his client is to keep him free to continue his radical work. So it goes. The *December 9* booklet deals quite adequately with the illegal acts of the police and gives suggestions how they can be stopped. *December 9* does not even come close to the root of the problem for the problem is in the very nature, concept, and function of police. There is quite a distinction to be made between an officer of the peace and a policeman (and quite a difference in feeling between peace and order).

There will be many more studies of police brutality. Many good minds will churn out these reports, Presidential platitudes will be wafted in the political air while the violence will continue until people find a way to deal with the violence within themselves. The police who beat and kicked demonstrators on December 9 will never be legally nor morally convinced that they erred. The problem is with the institutions and not the men who staff them.

The suggestions put forth by the NYACLU do no more than attempt to see that the same violations of personal liberty don't recur (but only through childish threat of recrimination), while failing to make suggestions about how to educate these officers of the peace. *December 9* did bring forth one important caveat which is known to any Movement veteran: there will be people who will come to demonstrations to get their personal grudges against authority off their chests. When they do, they involve other people, and bring down the wrath of the police on everyone's head. "If the actions of such persons are allowed to justify police violence, their joint actions (i.e. violence-prone people and violence-prone police) will serve as an effective veto upon people who seek to exercise their constitutional right of peaceful assembly. That is the danger to which this report is addressed."

The problem is much larger than the scope of this small mimeographed paper. Read it yourself, show it to your parents, your old lady, tell it to the Judge—they will agree with its contents. The suggestions for the police do no more than attempt to mitigate the circumstances of police violence, they will never alter its presence. Those eight suggestions are the Establishment way of fighting its own excesses. Perhaps there is no better way to educate but through the use of threats. Certainly the police know better, but the System which they serve does not, and the Conspiracy trials grind on.

# POLICE

(Continued from Page 1)

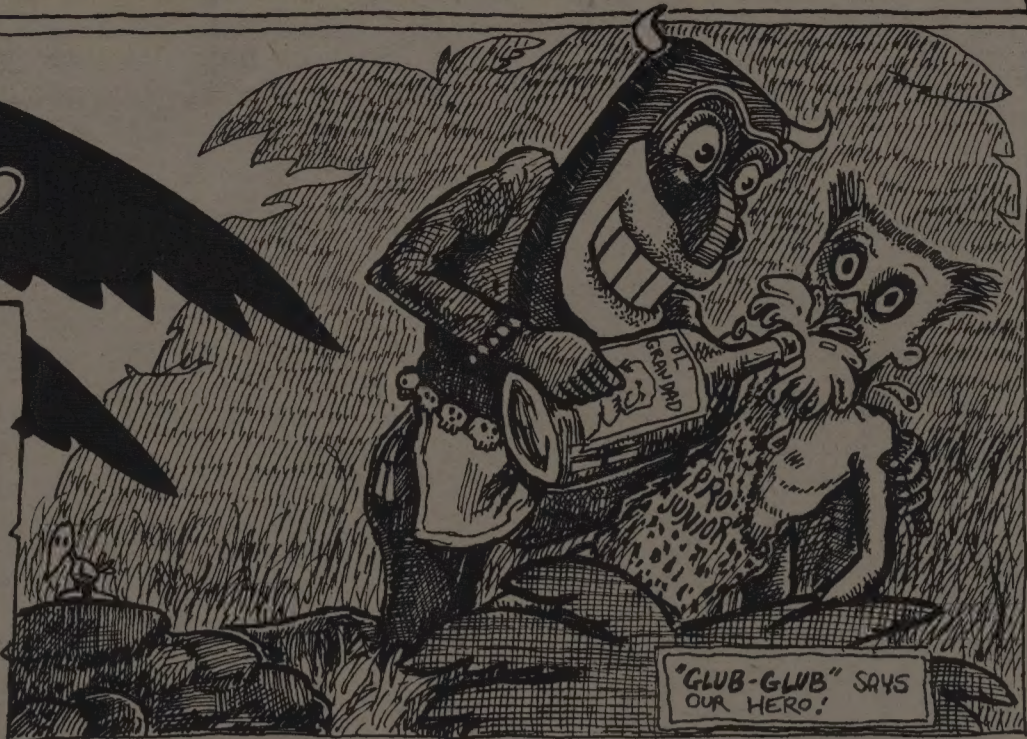
though, according to the writer, "The violation is exactly the same as that which takes place every time someone puts a political sticker or poster on the side of a building without the permission of the owner... the charge through the crowd to secure the flagpole on December 9 can be most generously considered as asinine." (p. 4) All right, so there was an unnecessary charge to secure a flagpole from the red menace of revolution. The booklet doesn't even speculate why there was such a charge in the first place. (It's not really supposed to since this is about abuses. Nevertheless, *December 9* could have offered some reason, and the act itself is certainly no explanation by itself.)

All eight suggestions for better policing do not concern themselves with reasons behind an action, but rather with base legal caveats (prohibitions against continued abuses). Dagnet procedures are abortions of justice besides being excessive. Flying wedge tactics are an inefficient way to stop an illegal (sic!) action in a crowd and besides in a rather outmoded and inefficient police tactic. Nightsticks and blackjacks are defensive weapons only, while in a crowd

WE ARE ALL AMATEURS IN THE GREAT TED MACK AMATEUR HOUR OF LIFE, EXCEPT FOR .....

# Projunior

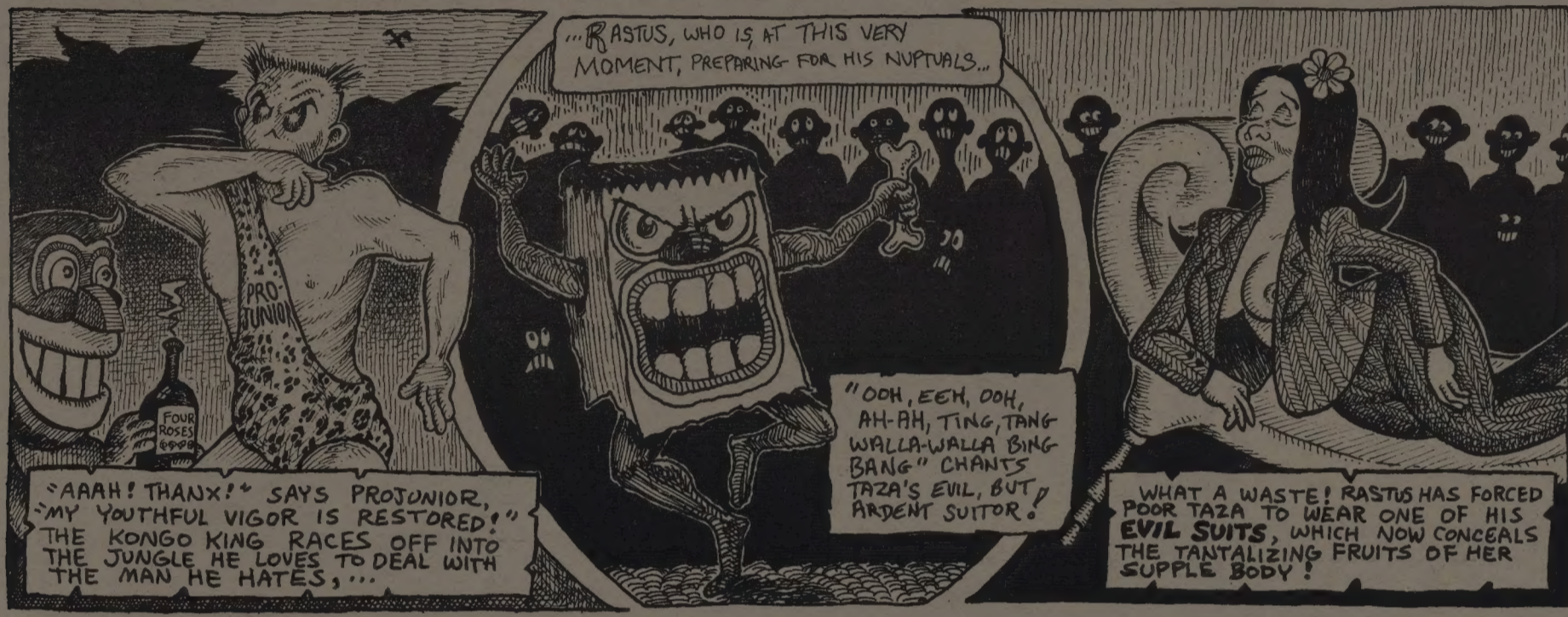
JUNGLE LORD



"GLUB-GLUB" SAYS OUR HERO!

THE STORY THUS FAR: AS YOU MAY RECALL...

PROJUNIOR IS IN LOVE WITH PRINCESS TAZA (SHE IS GOOD). HER FATHER, CHIEF HAZANGA (HE IS BAD), INTENDS TO MARRY HER OFF TO RASTUS THE MEDICINE MAN (HE IS EVEN WORSE) IN EXCHANGE FOR A POTENT HERB THAT WILL ENABLE HIM TO LIVE FOREVER. TO PREVENT PROJUNIOR FROM INTERFERING WITH HIS PLANS, HAZANGA HAS BROKEN EVERY BONE IN OUR HEROES BODY. UNBEKNOWNST TO HAZANGA, CHOCK-FOOLAH-NOTZ (RASTUS' ASSISTANT MEDICINE MAN... WHO IS GOOD) NURSES THE JUNGLE LORD BACK TO HEALTH.



...RASTUS, WHO IS, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, PREPARING FOR HIS NUPUALS...

"OOH, EEH, OOH, AH-AH, TING, TANG WALLA-WALLA BING BANG" CHANTS TAZA'S EVIL, BUT ARDENT SUITOR!

WHAT A WASTE! RASTUS HAS FORCED POOR TAZA TO WEAR ONE OF HIS EVIL SUITS, WHICH NOW CONCEALS THE TANTALIZING FRUITS OF HER SUPPLE BODY!

"AAAH! THANK!" SAYS PROJUNIOR, "MY YOUTHFUL VIGOR IS RESTORED!" THE KONGO KING RACES OFF INTO THE JUNGLE HE LOVES TO DEAL WITH THE MAN HE HATES,...



RASTUS ADVANCES TOWARD HIS RELUCTANT BRIDE-TO-BE!

"HALT, ROGUE!" SCREECHES PROJUNIOR IN HIS MANLY WHINE (MOGEN DAVID) "THIS FARCE MUST CEASE!" HE RUSHES AT THE BLACKGUARD FROM BEHIND A BUSH, RIDING ON A CHICKEN!

HIS MOUNT TRIPS OVER SAID BUSH, AND SENDS PROJUNIOR FLYING. THE JUNGLE LORD LANDS AT THE FEET OF THE BEAUTIFUL TAZA. THE FALL HAS STUNNED PROJUNIOR AND HE IS NO LONGER AWARE OF THE PRESENCE OF THE EVIL RASTUS. HE IS CONSCIOUS ONLY OF TAZA, AND THE LEGENDARY TANTALIZING FRUITS OF HER OH SO SUPPLE BODY. "VA-VA-VOOM!" SAYS PROJUNIOR...



"NAMELY 'NOW!'"

"I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAMPLE THE LEGENDARY TANTALIZING FRUITS OF MY OH SO SUPPLE BODY." REPLIES TAZA. WITH THAT SHE RIPS OFF HER EVIL SUIT.

THE LITTLE MELON (SEE LAST PANEL, LOWER RIGHT HAND CORNER) GROWS IN SIZE, BEFORE EVERYONE'S ASTONISHED GAZE, AND EXCLAIMS IN A RASPING VOICE: "AWRIGHT YOU MUGS, I'M TAKING OVER! THIS IS MY COMIC STRIP FROM NOW ON... SO ALL YOU CREEPOS CLEAR OUT!"



# Walter Melon

JUNGLE LORD

**PENELOPE PARTHENOGENESIS SAYS:  
REMEMBER ECOLOGY!!!**

