

PANTHERS, KUNSTLER, RUBIN , DOPE, COMICS AND MUSIC

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EXTRA!

EXTRA!!

**EVO COVERS
THE NATION**

SEE HI-RAP PAGE 2

HIRAP 比

THE FREAKOUT IS ALMOST COMPLETE. THE ACTION FOLLOWS THE SCRIPT SO CLOSELY, THAT THE SCENARIO IS BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE. THE NIGHTMARE IS BECOMING MORE AND MORE OF A REALITY AND THE LAUGH IS ON THOSE WHO REFUSED TO TAKE THEIR PARANOIA SERIOUSLY.

IN SPITE OF THIS BEING THE ERA OF LAW AND ORDER, MORE AND MORE BOMBS ARE BEING EXPLODED AND MORE AND MORE UNIVERSITIES ARE BEING TAKEN OVER BY THEIR STUDENTS. WHY, EVEN MARTHA MITCHELL MANAGED TO GET HER ROCKS OFF. EVIDENTLY PISSED OFF BY HER OLD MAN FOR TAKING A SOLITARY CRUISE DOWN THE POTOMAC WITH THE MAN FROM WHITTIER, SHE DID HER THING BY CALLING FOR THE CRUCIFIXION OF SENATOR FULBRIGHT. EVEN THOUGH THE RARITY OF THE OCCASION PUT EVERYONE UPTIGHT, THE SENATE DID NEVERTHELESS MANAGE TO FIND IT'S LONG LOST BALLS AND THREW CARSWELL TO THE WINDS. AS IF TO MAKE UP FOR LOST PATRIOTISM, ONE OF OUR MOONBOUND ASTRONAUTS SUCCEEDED IN GETTING HIMSELF ALL WOUND UP, UP THERE, ABOUT HIS FORGOTTEN INCOME TAX RETURN, DOWN HERE. IT ALL FOLLOWS THE SCRIPT. PREZAGNOSTOPOLOUS' LATEST CONTRIBUTION

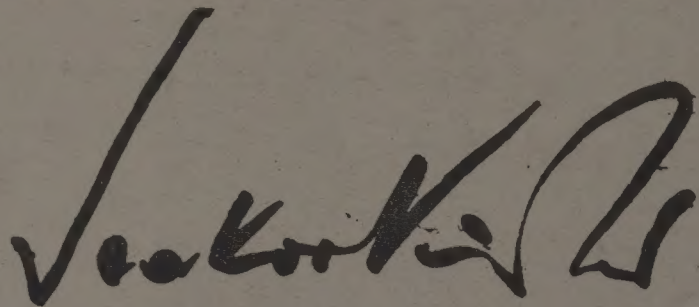
CERTAINLY DOES JUST THAT:

"I MUST SAY IN COMPLETE CANDOR THAT HAVING READ THE LATEST PUBLICATION OF JUSTICE DOUGLASES, I AM A LITTLE BIT CONCERNED ABOUT HIS QUALIFICATION. I THINK THAT IF WE ARE TALKING ABOUT QUALIFICATIONS OF SUPREME COURT JUSTICES, IT MAY BE APPROPRIATE TO LOOK AT SOME OF HIS BELIEFS, AMONG WHICH IS, I RECALL, A STATEMENT THAT REBELLION IS JUSTIFIED IN CASES WHERE THE ESTABLISHMENT HAS ACTED THE WAY ITS ACTING AT THE PRESENT TIME. IT IS RATHER PECULIAR FOR A MAN ON THE BENCH TO ADVOCATE REBELLION AND REVOLUTION. POSSIBLY WE SHOULD TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT WHAT THE JUSTICE IS SAYING AND WHAT HE T H I N K S .PARTICULARLY IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT TWO FINE JUDGES HAVE BEEN DENIED SEATS ON THE BENCH FOR STATEMENTS THAT ARE MUCH LESS REPREHENSIBLE THAN THOSE MADE BY JUSTICE DOUGLAS."

YEAH, IT ALL FOLLOWS THE SCRIPT AND IT IS A SHAME THAT THE NEW YORK PRESS WON'T BE THERE TO COVER THE NEXT INSTALLMENT. TO BE DEPRIVED OF ALL THESE GOODIES IS SOMETHING WE DO NOT DESERVE.

BEARING ALL THIS IN MIND, WE AT EVO HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE THE SUPREME EFFORT AND FILL THE GAP LEFT BY THE STRUCK NEW YORK PRESS. THE FREQUENCY OF OUR APPEARANCE WILL DEPEND ON FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS BETWEEN THE UNIONS AND THE PUBLISHERS. ARRANGEMENTS ARE BEING MADE BY US TO SECURE A TYPE OF NEWS COVERAGE HITHERTO UNKNOWN TO NEW YORK NEWSPAPER FREAKS.

IT'S A TREAT WE ALL DESERVE.



rosemary we love you

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The Positive and Negative Sides of The News

THE BIG STRIKE! Lawyers Commune Burned Out!

By the time you read this, the three daily newspapers of New York City may be out on strike. The Newspaper Guild has already voted to hit the New York Post with a strike on Tuesday morning, and the situation for the other papers, according to mediator Theodore W. Kheel, is "very bleak." In the event of a strike, the East Village Other will publish three times a week, just for you folks.

The offices of the Lawyers Commune were seriously damaged Sunday morning in a fire that started in the Tarot Bar and eventually burned out the better part of two buildings on Union Square West. The Lawyers Commune is currently defending the Black Panthers in pre-trial hearings on charges of Conspiracy before Judge John Murtagh.

Attorney Gerald Lefcourt, speaking for the Lawyers Commune, said that records pertaining to the trial had been destroyed, and that he would ask Murtagh for an adjournment of the proceedings. He expects Murtagh to grant the request.

Thirty firemen were injured during the blaze, which was discovered at approximately 6 a.m. According to late reports, police described the origins as possibly being "suspicious." A move was underway to question people who had attended a party at Tarot the night before, but as of this writing, the majority of opinion holds that the fire was "natural" in circumstance.

Firemen kicked down the doors of the Asylum Press, an art studio on the 13th floor of a building several doors away on 17th Street. No other offices in the building were tampered with. The Asylum offices are shared by several people in the underground press, and the offices were ransacked by the firemen, but no reason was given. Previously, the offices had been used by Screw, the sex tabloid. People at the office received a bomb threat two weeks ago.

Government Will Open Sealed Mail

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS): The Federal government has authorized the opening of sealed mail from overseas without the recipient's permission. According to Marquis Childs of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, the new regulation permits the opening of first class mail whenever a postal clerk decides that the mail is suspicious.

Martin Wolf, a post office official, admitted that the new regulation had been issued. He claimed that the measure was intended to stem the flow of pornographic material and lottery information from overseas.

According to Childs, "Those long familiar with the procedures feel that the initiative came from above, either from the Department of Justice or the White House."

Acid Termed 'Great'

Captain Jeffrey R. MacDonald, 26, a Green Beret physician working in preventive medicine at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, was charged last week with the murders of his wife and two daughters seven weeks ago. MacDonald's wife, Coleen, and her daughters Kimberly, 6, and Kristen, 2, were found dead February 17th, bludgeoned and stabbed. MacDonald also had several stab wounds in his chest, and the word "Pig" had been scrawled in blood on the headboard over the master bed. According to MacDonald at that time, the murders had been committed by two "hippie" boys and a girl, who had chanted throughout the murders:

"Acid is great, Kill Pigs."

"Acid is great, Kill Pigs."

"Acid is great, Kill Pigs."

"Acid is great, Kill Pigs."

"Acid is great, Kill Pigs."

"Acid is great, Kill Pigs."

"Acid is great, Kill Pigs."

MacDonald is now confined to quarters, and can visit camp facilities only under guard.

NO ELECTIONS IN 1972?

In the meantime, is there any credence to the story printed in the Staten Island Advance last Sunday, 5 April, that President Nixon has engaged the services of the Rand Corporation to study the feasibility of not holding presidential elections in 1972 - in the interest of national security?

YOUNG LORDS INVESTIGATED

District Attorney Tannenbaum has ordered a complete investigation of the Young Lords, who will be studied A to Z. Four Lords were arrested last Saturday during the Black Panther march to the Queens courthouse. Others are awaiting trial for allegedly beating up a police infiltrator.

GARCIA CURSES

Radio station WUHY in Pittsburgh was fined \$100 by the Federal Communications Commission last week for what was termed "indecent language" by the prosecution. The fine grew out of an interview with Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead, during which he used "the four-letter word for defecation (shit) 10 times and the short term for sexual intercourse (fuck) eight times"; also cited by the FCC was a visitor to the station

called "Crazy Max," who after the Garcia interview said "fuck" a number of times. This was the first time the FCC had ever fined a broadcasting station for indecent language.

Commissioner Nicholas Johnson of the FCC dissented, saying, "What the commission decides, after all, is that the swear words of the lily-white middle class may be broadcast, but those of the young, the poor, or the blacks may not."

WOODSTOCK SWAMPED!

The residents of Woodstock, N.Y., are uptight about a continuing influx of young people into the community now that the weather is warm. Well-known as the upstate "Village," home of such as Bob Dylan, and now connected with last year's festival and the term, "Woodstock Nation," the town is facing a housing and health crisis brought on by hordes of youngsters who arrive but have no place to stay.

Music promoters are currently putting together a weekly "rock festival" in neighboring Saugerties, and according to local residents the amount of tickets being sold "far exceeds" the space and sanitation facilities currently available. Word also has it that the local rednecks are in a bad temper.

CBS OWNS VILLAGE VOID

Carter Burden owns the Village Voice. The Yorkville Councilman recently purchased controlling shares of the paper, which has moved to from its traditional Sheridan Square office to the former Evergreen Review-Grove Press complex on University Place. Burden is married to the daughter of William S. Paley, president of CBS and the president of the board of trustees, Museum of Modern Art.



LITTLE SUSPECTING that her picture is to turn up in the old East Village OTHER, young local lassie "mugs it up" for EVO photog Joseph Stevens at last Saturday's block party between First and Second Avenues on East Third Street. Party was attended by many neighbourhood folk, and was termed a success in that no one was slain.

Back To Court

The Panther 13 pre-trial hearings resumed last Tuesday after a 6-week recess. The trial itself is still a long way off with some observers estimating that it could be another month before selection of a jury begins. The purpose of these hearings is to determine what evidence will be suppressed from the actual trial, since it now appears that much of the evidence seized by police on the morning of 2 April, 1969 was obtained without search warrants. There were no disruptions this week as a number of detectives took the stand to testify on those pre-dawn raids that had netted 21 members of the Black Panther Party, 13 of whom are now being brought to trial.

Before the defendants were brought in on Tuesday, Judge Murtagh addressed the court at length, dealing in detail with the recent Supreme Court ruling on the Allen case and at another point, in special reference to the two defendants, Afeni Shakur and Dharuba, who are free on bail, defense counsels were advised to warn their clients against making inflammatory public speeches concerning the trial. Declaring that a defendant

is often more dangerous when he is free on bail after his trial has begun, Murtagh cautioned that the bail of these defendants could be revoked at any time the court saw fit to do so.

Stating his objection to the prosecution's motion for the installation of closed-circuit television in the event that disruptions occur as the trial gets underway, Murtagh cited the constitutional right of a defendant to face his accuser, concluding, however, by asserting that the hearings would resume whether or not the court had an assurance of proper conduct from the defendants. Since no opinion was expressed concerning binding and gagging, the most horrendous alternative handed down by the Supreme Court, this presumably has not been ruled out, leaving one to speculate that his opposition to the use of television was motivated by budgetary considerations, since such an installation would cost the city an estimated \$7000.

Following a recess called to allow the defense attorneys to relay his address to their clients

With The Panthers

by RENFREU NEFF

and to confer with them on a possible end to the stalemate, attorney Charles McKinney, speaking for all the defense counsels, announced that the defendants were ready to stand trial. Murtagh responded that he would take this to mean that the hearings would proceed under the conditions he had set down.

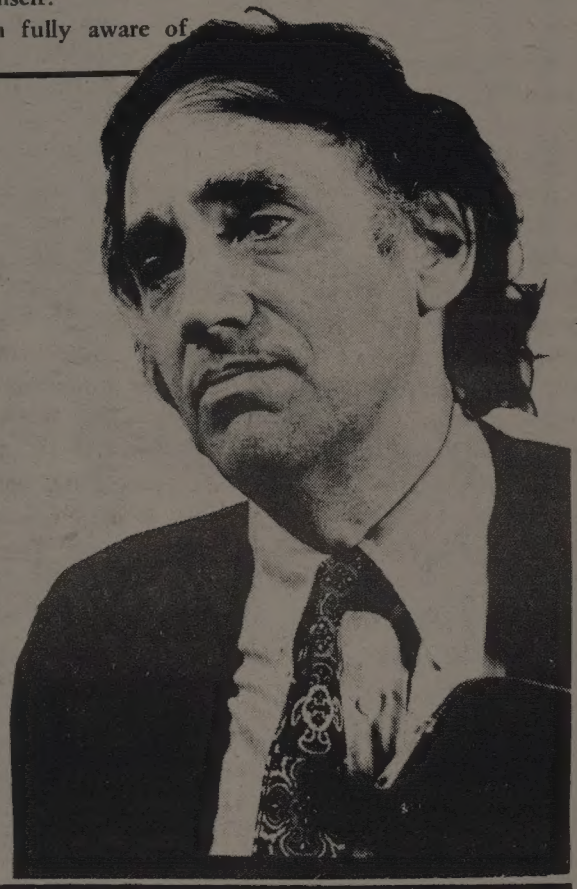
The most important issue this week was the application of William Crain, attorney for Michael Tabor, asking permission to withdraw Tabor's case in accordance with his client's desire to represent himself. Tabor was brought in and in questioning his ability to act as his own counsel, Murtagh read the 13-count indictment against the defendant, advising him that the charges against him were of a most heinous nature, that these were crimes for which conviction would result in the most extreme penalties, and that accusations such as those leveled

against him were difficult for even the most competent counsel to handle. Urging Tabor to reconsider his decision very carefully, Murtagh noted, "It is often said that the defendant who represents himself has a fool for a client!" and concluded by saying that if Tabor persisted in his application, the court would have to grant his decision, however, in exercising its own responsibility, the court in turn would have to hold him to the full standards of the American Bar Association. Careful reconsideration was suggested once again, and Murtagh directed Crain to remain as counsel until such time as defendant Tabor might choose to represent himself.

Tabor: "I'm fully aware of

the magnitude of this case and of the seriousness of the indictment against me, and I appreciate the . . . er . . . concern of the court with my welfare. My counsel has done an excellent job in my behalf, however neither he nor any other attorney would be capable of explaining the principles and purposes of the Black Panther Party. We have discussed this at great length, and we have all agreed that it is necessary to have someone present who is able to address the court and express the party's point of view. I fully understand my position and responsibility,

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KUNSTLER AT COLUMBIA

by CHUCK ZAREMBA

There were just too many coincidences.

William Kunstler was speaking at Columbia University.

William Kunstler had been the lawyer in Judge Hoffman's court in Chicago.

Judge Hoffman had just been chosen to preside over the trial of former Columbia SDS leader Mark Rudd and several others on the same charges that the Chicago Seven had faced.

The New York Panther trial had just resumed with all sorts of warnings from Judge Murtagh against courtroom outbursts by the defendants. Kunstler had joined the defense lawyers in that case.

And, it was the first day since last October that the temperature had gone above 65 degrees.

It all came together at Columbia Wednesday night.

Kunstler spoke for 80 minutes to an attentive audience of 1400. Most of what he said was what he has been saying in speeches ever since the Chicago trial - "A beleaguered establishment is attempting to destroy a way - a state of mind. To destroy the hopes of

everyone for some kind of better world. And they're doing it through the courts."

But toward the end of his speech, Kunstler opened up with some comments on violence. They, too, were what he's been saying - for some time - a strong call to action, but qualified just enough so he won't get hauled in on conspiracy charges himself.

"This is the time to resist every illegitimate imposition of authority - whether you're breaking laws or not," Kunstler said. "You must become a cohesive union of students who will achieve by any means necessary the end of racism, private property, and the domination of one sex over another.

"But burning banks and breaking windows do no good," Kunstler continued. "I'm not against bombs - President Nixon likes bombs - when violence is the only way to achieve significant social

progress. But bombing is a bad tactic at this time. It can do no more than lose us some of our people. We've already lost the Weathermen. They've gone underground and some are blown to bits."

After the speech, everybody filed out onto College Walk and Low Plaza and waited. It was as if they were waiting for the Weathermen to come out from underground and lead the destruction. But it looked as if the people were at a cocktail party. Everybody just stood around while six guys walked through the crowd chanting "Free the Panther 21."

But finally, as we said before, it all came together. It was hardly a replay of the 1968 Columbia riots, but then it was only the first warm day of the year.

The six chanters grew in number, and soon a group of about 400 marched twice around the campus, continuing their chant all the way. On their

way, they hurled rocks at windows in Low Library and broke a window and door panel in Uris Hall.

As the demonstrators attempted to gather on the steps of Uris, a campus cop had the idea that that wasn't a good idea. Then somebody tried to take his club - a scuffle.

Suddenly, about 20 guards rushed to the scene. That only made the scuffle bigger. The guards clubbed several demonstrators in the process of clearing them from the steps.

But refusing to disband, the group toured the campus again. This time, they broke windows in Hamilton Hall.

Shortly, they were back at the steps of Uris ready for another confrontation. A couple of bricks flew in the direction of the guards, who were lined up on the steps. As the bricks flew that way, the guards flew the opposite way, charging the crowd and clubbing several students.

For the demonstrators, it was back to the steps of Low Library, where they surrounded Columbia's Assistant Vice-President Robert Cooper and held him hostage in order to obtain the release of protestors apparently being detained by campus security officers.

Some negotiations ensued, and it never became clear whether there had been anyone actually detained, or if they were ever released. Before anything could be established, the guards were charging again.

The remaining demonstrators gather once more below the Sundial, but the guards were ever-present. So much so that the demonstrators dispersed.

The toll: about a dozen broken windows, a lot of bruises, but no serious injuries.

After the whole thing was over, the University, holding true to form, claimed that the demonstrators had violated a preliminary injunction which

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"The myth is real if it builds a stage for people to play out their own dreams and fantasies."

— DO IT! by Jerry Rubin

That cold wind whipping across West Street waiting for a ride to Jersey State College. Jerry Rubin is to speak before 1500 students. We are to pick him up on the way.

Somewhere I am waiting for the time; twist and turn my head around until everything is unclear. The corner I am standing on becomes a battlefield of trucks and cars. Noise is much the pursuer as the person looks like who is to pick me up, nor the car's make she or he is driving.

All I know is that at 12 o'clock, someone will come for me and it is now almost 12:20. It turns out that it is a she who is to be our guide. She has been standing inside the building (where I live) all this time. Only a fluke accident of meeting my wife tells her I am waiting outside.

We head uptown through the heavy traffic to 9th and 42nd St. Traffic is more than heavy. Someday it will all come to a halt. The Revolution will be complete; nothing moving, not even the wheels.

We swerve through traffic desperately to pick up Jerry in time and get him to Jersey State College. My guide is nervous about being late. I tell her to be calm, that the Revolution won't start until Jerry arrives.

Jerry is busy at the Constitutional Law Office. A meeting is in preparation with the *heads* of the new state. Consciousness is a cause, and sometimes it takes meetings to explain itself.

I barge into a meeting still in motion, partly because the secretary tells me to go in, and partly because I am stoned and would not have done otherwise.

Part of the Conspiracy is there, along with their able lawyers Bill Kunstler and Lenny Weinglass.

Lenny sees me and greets me with a big hello. Abbie and the rest are deep in conversation and don't bother to be annoyed or aware of my presence.

Jerry spies me immediately because he is on the phone and closest to the door. He gives me a knowing wink, cups the phone, and a softly "to wait outside." I acquiesce, not because I am not interested but because I know what is going on.

I wait outside on a bench. Bill Kunstler exits and sees me there. There is a big hello and a how are you. I smile.

I like all these people. They accept both the human and the god in themselves. Somehow I fit into all this as a messenger.

I get up and talk to the secretary. There is a relaxed friendliness about the office. Rennie Davis comes out abruptly. There is an immediacy

MOVIN' with RUBIN

by ALLAN KATZMAN

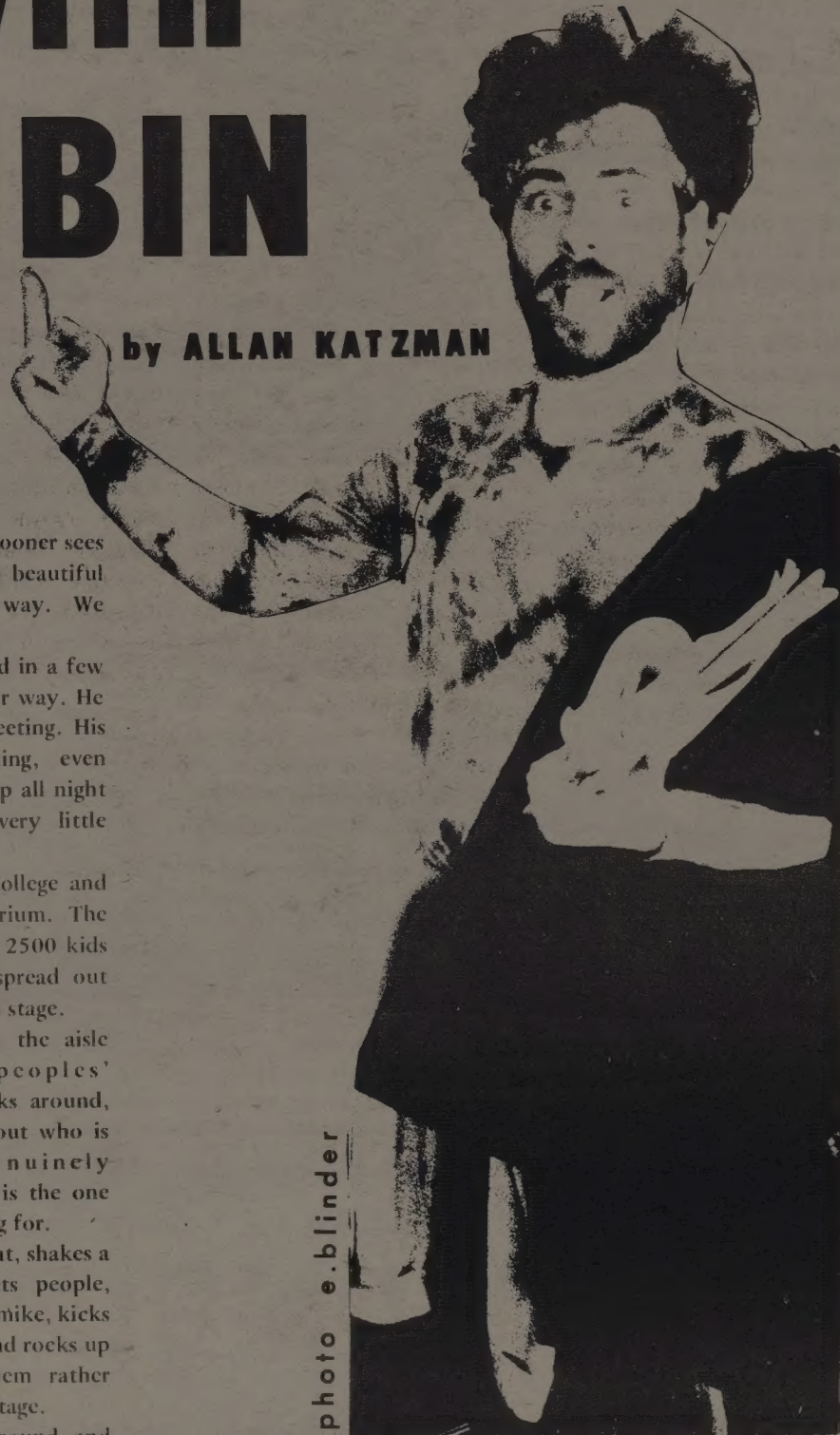


photo e.blinder

about him, but he no sooner sees me and there is a beautiful greeting sent my way. We exchange hellos.

Jerry comes out and in a few minutes we are on our way. He fills me in on the meeting. His enthusiasm is catching, even though he has been up all night and has had only very little sleep.

We arrive at the College and head for the auditorium. The place is packed, over 2500 kids standing, sitting or spread out before the proscenium stage.

Jerry walks down the aisle oblivious to peoples' expectations. He looks around, smiles, is curious about who is there, and genuinely unimpressed that he is the one they have been waiting for.

He flings off his coat, shakes a few hands and greets people, grabs the head of the mike, kicks its wire behind him and rocks up his heels among them rather than going on to the stage.

He pauses, looks around, and waits to begin when he feels he is ready. He begins and delivers his enthusiasm without effort. He is completely spontaneous. He believes. He is his belief.

The kids cheer, eat it up because they know it is the only important information they have been fed in a long time. They understand the truth because it nourishes their dreams of a world that must be because what they are living in now is incredible and poisonous.

Jerry's delivery is direct, visionary, correct by any standards dealing with a body politic bent on a lifestyle. The kids, and a few teachers, cheer, laugh, sloganize the new rhetoric with vigor and enterprise. It is the first time in school that they feel alive, needed, necessary.

"Kill your parents," Jerry says. "Destroy the schools."

"The Revolution begins at home."

"School is only an extension of toilet training."

The kids know instinctively that their society has become

constipated with lies, deceit, death. Jerry's experiences of the courtroom of Amerikan Justice creates an enigmatic situation in their heads. They relieve themselves with cheers, shouts of "right on" and total involvement in what he says.

And what he says is right, and they know it. They know the experience because they live with it every day. In the school, home, the streets and their daily lives. What is happening to Jerry's head as well as his soul and body is happening in the state of New Jersey. Consciousness is catching like cancer but unlike cancer, its own cure.

Jerry purges the audience with the experience of their own youthfulness. He takes them out of a state of sacrifice into a state of grace via his own experiential politic: Conspiracy; to breathe together.

For the first time since the Mets won the World Series, they are on their feet cheering, an ovation, a thank you.

Someone hands Jerry a joint, asks him to join the smoke-in in the park that afternoon. The kids crowd around, their long hair, knowing looks, their appreciation of him for standing up for them when they were not yet strong enough to do it themselves.

Jerry has to leave. But no one is disappointed. They are now strong enough to stand up for themselves. Jersey State College is not long for their world; and they are not just a handful.

There is a small incident before we leave the auditorium. One unisexual, uptight Jewess with a button inscribed with "Shalom" (Peace be with you) on it starts attacking Jerry for calling Judge Julius Hoffman, (a Jew by birth, a Nazi by appointment) "Hitler." Jerry yells back and sends her reeling for a few feet. She yells from a distance now, the only thing noticeable about her, her button which language she speaks but does not understand. She retreats back into the early

forties defending all Judaism with her generational gap prejudice. She is lost among all the long hair, hip smiles and uniform awareness of her fellow students unfooled by a Jew-dess goat like Hoffman. Easily led, she backs off behind a barbed wire consciousness of a dead past and is engulfed by a future of students pushing past her to wish Jerry good luck.

Jerry convinces me to come with him to Washington, D.C. He is to speak at American University and Catholic University.

We depart next day early arriving in the Nation's Capitol at 12 o'clock after almost a two hour delay.

We head for Quicksilver Times, Washington D.C.'s underground newspaper. We spend a few hours greeting old and new friends and exchange information.

After awhile, we jump into the company car and head for Jerry's first interview at Metromedia TV, Channel 5.

Some young punk plastic interviewer spends about 7 minutes asking Jerry questions. After it is over, he refuses to run Jerry's statements about Kim Agnew being busted for pot or Judge Carswell being a racist creep. Both statements which are true.

We split fast as Jerry's request for not censoring it is met by Mr. Plastic's cynical reply that, "Ah, Jerry, I know you're an actor." Only his 7 second delay saves him now from getting riddled with the real truth.

We break for lunch, paid by some obnoxious 30-yr. old lengthy haired suit straight creep from the Washington Evening News, and then head over to Watergate.

Watergate is the latest in fortress apartment complexes where Nixon's cabinet, including John Mitchell, lives; and Sal from Quicksilver Times wants to shoot some pictures of Jerry giving the monument the finger.

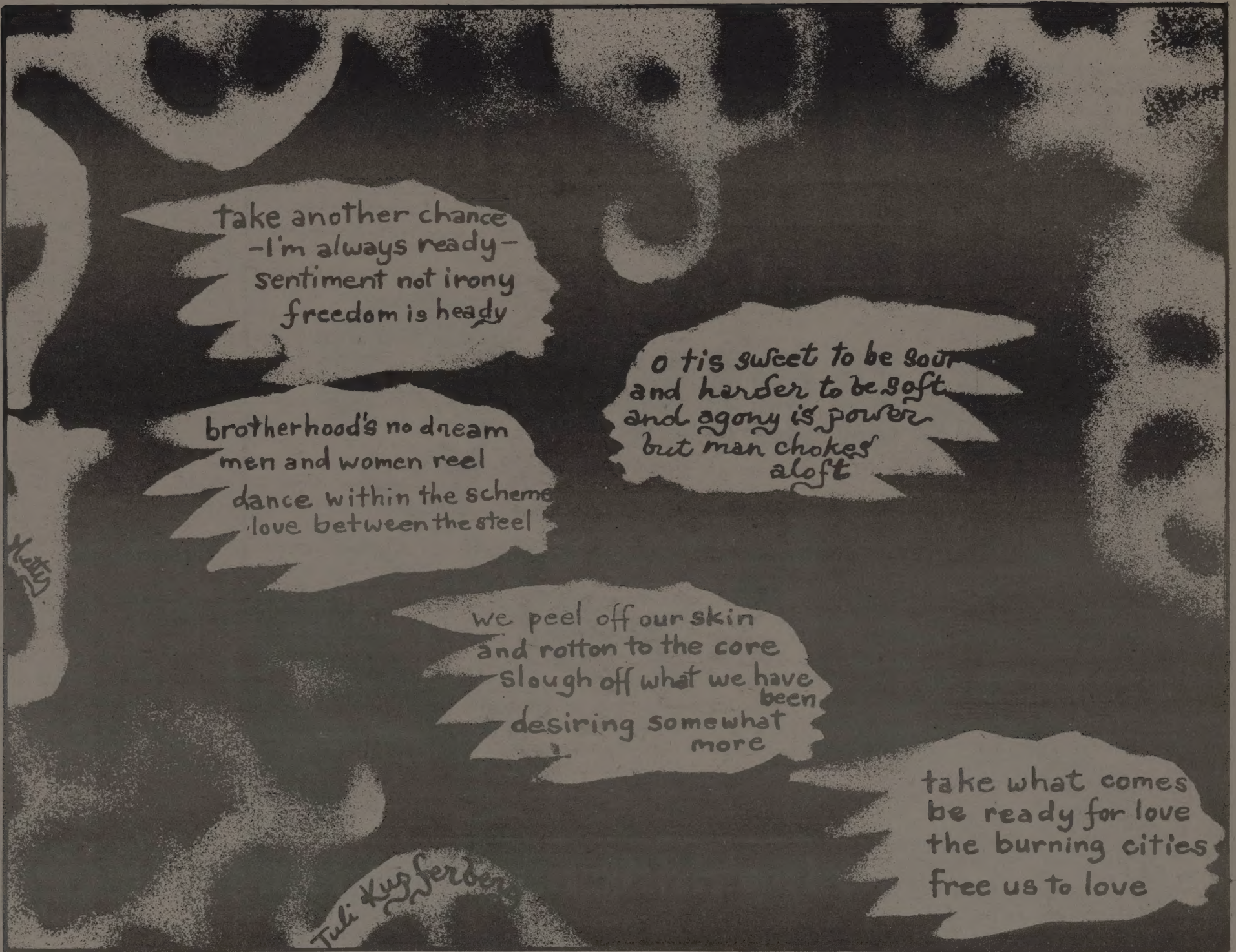
We head on over, do it, and walk around like visiting dignitaries. Jerry decides to go to Watergate's bookstore to see how his book is selling.

We enter the store, bivouac among the books, ignoring the enemy and sexually assault the young, hip, red haired beauty cashier and bookseller with our looks. She grooves on our presence. Jerry talks to her like one of the troops, inquires on how *it* is selling and on how *she* is doing. Sal clicks his camera on the parley and Jerry signs some of the unsold counter copies of DO IT! with a "FUCK JOHN MITCHELL! JERRY."

We carouse awhile and walk around surveying the ruins. We head on to the Martin Yabronski Show on Channel 9.

Martin is waiting in his leather chair off stage studio in the make-up room complete with

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CHICAGO 7 GROUP BAILS 16 OUT OF COOK COUNTY JAIL

Chicago, March 30 — The Conspiracy bailed out today 16 men who had been fellow prisoners with the Chicago 7 in the Cook County Jail. . . "Virtually all of them are in jail for want of a few hundred dollars and are kept here for months. The truth is that every single man in this jail is a political prisoner. Charges have been leveled against them because they are black and they serve time before they come to trial." As the prisoners were released after a long day of processing late this afternoon many crowded around Mr. Davis shaking his hand and grinning. NY TIMES March 31, 1970

OR-IT

BY JACKIE FRIEDRICH

As you ride up Broadway and look West at about 65th Street, you will see, in the flesh, what I remember seeing drawn in the color-sections of the old Sunday tabloids. It was then called "The World of Tomorrow," but as you look at Lincoln Center, or the Mausoleum of the Arts, as it is fondly called, the world of tomorrow exists today — a stark superstructure that turns partly country club in the summer, thanks to Louis Sherry. The only reminder of sanity or beauty in this whited sepulchre is the Henry Moore sculpture in its reflecting pool, which brings to mind earth and growing things in the midst of ABM and moon shot oriented edifices.

I have several friends who have been hired by Lincoln Center as "journeymen" for the Vivian Beaumont Repertory Company. Their moral is incredibly low and twice in the last three weeks they have been ready to stage a walk-out (which would have been the most theatrical event ever to hit Lincoln Center). But they didn't go through with it. Visions of unemployment hassles and

theatrical blacklisting by Jules Irving and his lackeys made the ball and chain just a little tighter and heavier. A fantasy of a doctor's note enabling them to break contract became the only way out of hell.

Journeyman is a quaint word for slave labor — bringing to mind Shakespeare's England and ale house actors. At Lincoln Center a journeyman is paid \$97 a week before taxes and brings home \$76 — if he has paid his union dues and initiation fees — if not, the dues are subtracted from the \$76. For this they put in some fifteen hours a day, watching mediocre actors who have politicked well, working for directors who expect line readings to coincide with the beat they have set up by clapping their hands, and putting on costumes so they either form part of the scenery or change it. They have found themselves lower than the proverbial low man on the totem pole, to be pushed around and compartmentalized by everyone — assistant stage managers who tell them they can't laugh or leave the theatre during breaks

and producers who tell them they can't quit.

So Jules Irving and his front man, the casting director feed the journeymen's fantasies by saying, "Well, we couldn't do anything for you in this show, but sit tight, so and so is coming back to direct the next show and he asked specifically for you." For me? For what? That is what is never explained and never materializes.

A repertory company is supposed to use its resident actors in each show. This is not the case at Lincoln Center. The shows are all cast, except for walk-ons, a month or two before rehearsals begin. Actors are jobbed in from all over. The director of *Camino Real* brought half of his cast from a production he had done of the same play on the west coast. But for each new show the journeymen are told to prepare to read (the men are all told to work on the same role) and they are told to prepare a song and dance. Then the mock auditions are held. No one gets to read — even if he asks. Part of the song is heard, and on rare occasions

some of the dance is seen. During one girl's audition Jules Irving sat in the orchestra with a tuba which he doesn't know how to play, and proceeded to tell the girl not to be nervous while he played some diddy shit on the tuba — during her song. He then told her not to bring her homework into the audition.

The false promises and incredible pecking order and politicking (i.e., Irving's wife, a notoriously mediocre actress, can play any role of her choosing — such as Mary in *The Time of Your Life* and Lady Mulligan in *Camino Real*) seem to have reduced the journeymen to the same level as their environment — bickering about hours and pay.

But it has got to be inconceivable to any mind, other than that of a producer or general to whom human life is the cheapest of all commodities, that \$400 a week could be spent on a white cockatoo which appeared briefly in two scenes in *Camino Real*, or \$6000 for a plastic snake, a battery, and two flashing lights in *Operation Sidewinder* and only \$96 a week

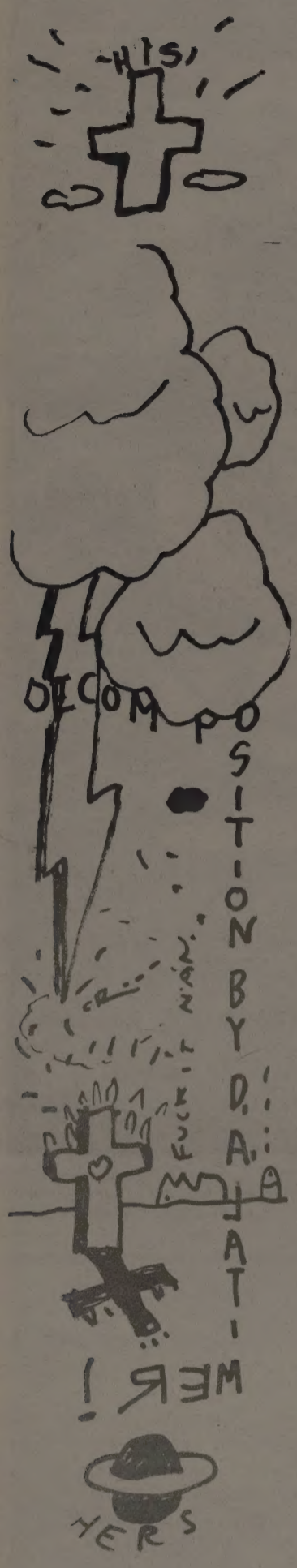
on a human being. Somewhere along the line someone got the priorities fucked up.

The journeymen have found that every rule can be bent in favor of the hierarchy. They had planned to walk out when one journeyman who has a wife and two kids was fired because Jules Irving was purportedly "cleaning house." It seems that this actor had signed a journeyman — stage manager contract which states that he could act in only two shows and must then be a stage manager on two shows. Well, he had put on a costume and walked on stage in two shows, so his time was up. In the middle of a performance some assistant lackey handed him a pink slip and said, "Sorry about that."

The journeymen's contract stated that four weeks notice must be given either way. This rule was broken, with Jules Irving stating that since the season had not really been a season of repertory — the repertory contract was not valid.

When several journeymen subsequently tried to quit, two were told they couldn't because

(Continued on Page 17)



'N Pat, with a little help from his friends. And Spain, shit, Spain drew Trashman and Manning, with Penelope Prope and Big Ernie and Professor Krankeit and Rosie Stark with her unicycle dykes, and those five little Rican street kids on Avenue F with 'I fuk yo motha

source of inspiration to him: two of the most successful characters have been Waldo, the grand-nephew of Felix The Cat, and Chong Bo, the dreaded mystical instrument of vengeance wielded by the legendary Chicken-Heads. Now, Chong Bo lives, he's the

So now, before we get into the second Chong Bo story, which appears in *Insect Fear*, I want to take this opportunity to announce that I right now have no less than five of Chong Bo's siblings yowling blindly under my little chest of drawers in my bedroom, and they need a home. Their mother I call Mama Katz, since Kim called her 'Mama,' and Trina called her 'Mrs. Cat,' and I'm not Jewish and therefore have every right to admire the shit out of everything that is Jewish. Now, their father is one Twombly - Twombly the Terrible, he styles himself, Rat-Killer Extraordinary, Slayer of Eagles, etc. - and he is fraught with the good karma and vibes of Martha Sowerwine, who brought him up from kittenhood in large part, in spite of all I could do to persecute him. From all indications, the kittens here have all the splendid attributes of their parents, and I'd like to get them promised off before I become too attached to them.

And now a few words on *Insect Fear*... Kim started the Chong Bo story before he left, and thus you have here the product of four months' work. It runs for four tightly-packed pages of uncommonly detailed artwork, even for Kim. He certainly has picked up the knack of crosshatching... The story concerns the theft of Princess Pamela, sacred temple hen of the League of Albuminite Enlightenment, by the dreaded quasi-mystical organization called the Silver Scimitar. As usual, Kim's story is wild with incredible physical and spiritual transmogrifications, men into chickens, all like that there. In order to stymie the Silver Scimitar in its quest for world domination, Howard Chickering - now a human private investigator - drinks the yolk of the sacred temple hen and turns into a Chicken-Man, thus gaining control over Chong Bo and wiping out the Silver Scimitar. For his efforts, he is awarded eternal custody of Chong Bo, and goes off scratching his comb, wondering where he can hock the thing.



Baby Jerry

(All visuals lifted from INSECT FEAR Comic Book for Adult Intellectuals Only)

an then I make hu eat gobbage! Oh, that was a whole Era in underground comics publishing, for the end of which we have to thank certain paranoiac tendencies of certain underground comics publishers, nor let us forget the tireless efforts of the City Obscenity regulators Conboy and Beckler, and there is no discounting the slightly damp and faintly smoggy allure of San Francisco, to which both Spain and Kim have gone these past six months or so.

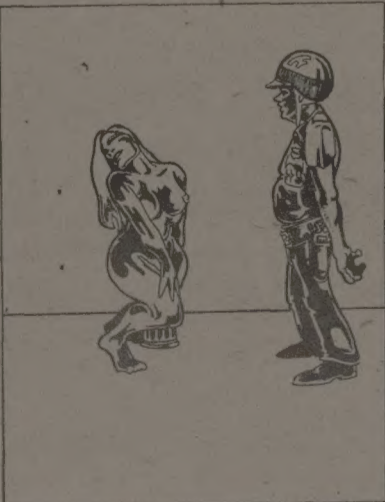
offspring of the two cats Kim and his old lady, Trina Robbins, had been keeping before they split. Although they dumped the mother on me and left the father with Don Lewis, who sublet their storefront, they managed to smuggle Chong Bo into a jet and get him across the country. - Now, Chong Bo made his first appearance in Kim's work last fall, just after the exact fare requirement had been instituted on City busses. It was also the debut of the legendary Chicken-Heads (they were legendary the moment Kim cooked them up in his hash-riddled mind - you know what these hash things are like).

We all have suffered greatly without these two fellows. This is New York; with the junkies and the dirt and the paranoid people, with the traffic; with the strikes, with the prices what they are and the snotty chicks from the East Side who look so great until they open their mouths. So Spain and Kim are in San Francisco. But this is also New York with the junkies and dirt and paratoids and traffic and strikes and prices and chicks, and so some of us are hung on it, and we're still and always here. It's the Big Apple. Love it or leave it.



Rory Hayes

a cult of people with noses like chicken-beaks and little fleshy combs growing from the tops of their heads. In this first strip, one Harold Chickering, a Chicken-Head, had decided to chicken out on the chicken plot to take over the Earth. When we first see him, he's being kicked out of the local police station, where he's just tried to spill the beans to some incredulous fuzz. Then he's pursued through the streets by the other Chicken-Heads and Chong Bo, a 7-foot bug-eyed snake-tongued black cat that walks on its hind legs. At the last moment, help miraculously appears in the form of a city bus, which opens its doors just long enough for Harold to hop aboard. But then, when it transpires that he doesn't have the correct change, he is kicked off - into the arms of the dreaded Chong Bo.



Alan Shenker

They left it. Now we get to the point of this article, which could hardly after all be a critical review of *Insect Fear* since what is there in these artists to criticize? The point is, when Kim left, he had to get rid of his cats quick. This was a drag, because it's obvious from Kim's work that cats are a vast



Kim Deitch (CHONG BO)



Truly, they're Mendelian heredity come true, these kittens. Both Mama and Twombly are black and white, totally Jellicle, and out of the six original kittens, three were black and white and three were pure black, demonstrating the principle of dominance. (I know, there should have been a seventh, white kitten, but whaddya want from poor Mama?) Unhappily, the runt, which was black and white, died shortly after birth and was eaten by Mama, who left not a trace to account for him. The five remaining seem quite altogether healthy and lusty, and show all indications of becoming the fuzzy little bright-eyed, bouncy jumpabouts that no one can resist. Anyway, they'll make fine fiddlestring material, and you can get them for one thin phone call to the EVO office, 228-8640.

Spain has done the cover and the last story - 'Ice Cube of Blood' - in *Insect Fear*. The most prominent figure in the cover is a horrid chartreuse insect, all cockroach and housefly, standing atop a laboratory table, saying 'Zong,' with a disembodied hand grasping the table beneath it, and the hand saying *Gurgul!* In the background, sifting through the various chemical laboratory apparatus, winds the sound effect, *Twzzttzkzzzt zzztzwwwwtwz*. The effect is that sort of anxiety/dissociation reaction you feel when the texture of your mind goes all bug-eyed and six-legged with hair at the joints. And 'Ice Cube of Blood' I don't even want to talk about, because it's fabulous and you gotta check it out yourself.

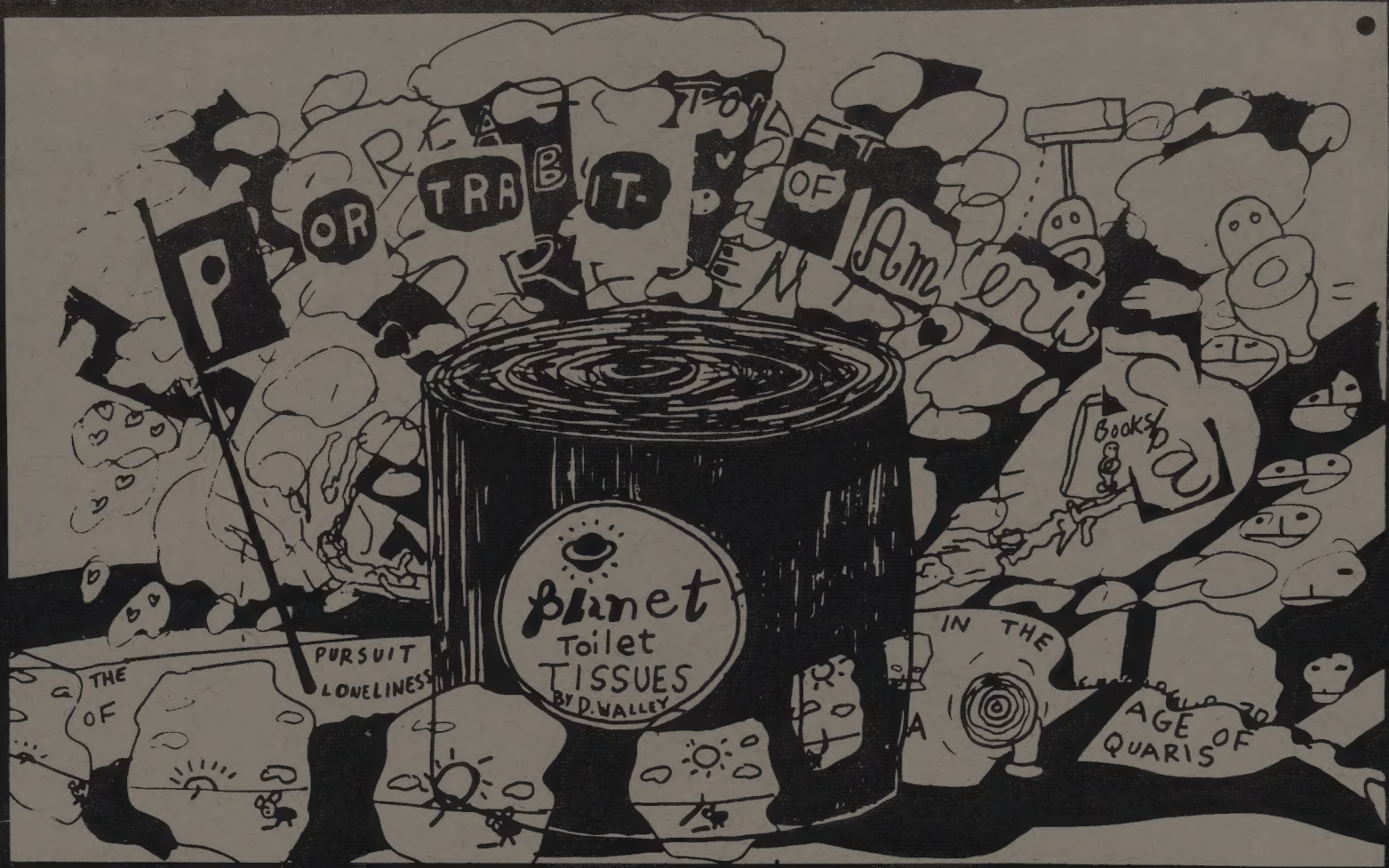
Gilbert Shelton contributes the inside front cover, which recounts a great moment in the history of Chickens: the Tree Frog Beer can makes its



Spain Rodrigues

(Continued from Page 15)

Sometimes you have to wonder whether no mail at all isn't better than most of the mail you get, but now and then comes a missive which is a delight. And such a one came here, addressed to me just a few days ago, from Kim Deitch, from San Francisco. And it said, "Hi, Dean - Here's something for you to read," and that's all it said. And... And I nearly broke down and bawled. For with it was a copy of *Insect Fear* For Adult Intellectuals Only, the very comic book for which all us adult intellectuals have been slaving for the last year, nearly. Kim Deitch and Spain Rodriguez pretty much put it together. You remember Kim, you asshole, he did Sunshine Girl, Waldo, Uncle Ed, Zoroaster The Mad Mouse, he resurrected Santa Claus, he invented the Chicken-Heads - he drew Dick



Portrait of America:
The Pursuit of Loneliness
in the Age of Aquarius

by David Walley

America is a self-conscious country trying to substantiate its existence to the elder nations, feeling like Portnoy while acting like Custer — the insanity of it all. America has a blacker side to it, a black literary genre known as self-criticism. As we all know, Americans can write the most odious and self-searching exploitative essays and not be effected a bit by it. There have been books which have sought to formulate America on paper, *The Lonely Crowd*, *The Organization Man*, *Autobiography of Malcolm X*, *Soul on Ice*. All these books have been digested, picked over, and vomited up again and again since their publication. They have been discussed by PTA groups, college professors, "Informed" government officials, Presidents, and Anarchists as well as free-thinkers, atheists, Seven Day Adventists, Jews, Muslims, and Silent Majorities. Guilt is the American game, the game the whole nation can play whether packaged, mediated, or censored. Guilt makes everyone aware of the "problem" but causes most people to gag to any solution short of dispassionate analysis and beneficial neglect. Ah the ingenuity of it all!

In the great American tradition, I have before me, not a list of the 200 major conspiracies in the Yippie Movement, but two more books on America written by, I presume, honorable men: Philip E. Slater's *The Pursuit of Loneliness — American Culture at the Breaking Point* (Beacon Press), and William Braden's *The Age of Aquarius — Technology*

and the Cultural Revolution (Quadrangle Press).

Two books about America, on the American sickness, wonder whether they'll help, but again that doesn't matter either. There is a certain incantory good out of being Job, and a literary Job is even better. Guilt can be sold as well as napalm and Americans are always fond of reading about their neuroses and psychosis. The two books are really good even if their messages are unheeded. (Sometimes an artist does something to see his thoughts on paper or in medium — whether anyone bothers to experience them is a moot point once the deed is done. At least he got it off his chest — cathartic expressionism as a literary art form.) But the books ... oh them.

The Pursuit of Loneliness is a disquieting venture because it succinctly highlights the peculiar cause of the American sickness. America encourages independence and individual freedom unheeded of their logical consequences. Independence has always been a great American cop-out — if a person wasn't satisfied with the way things were, he could assert his independence and move over the hill. (Try it again, Sam.) According to Slater, this condition precluded an inability to take care of problems which were caused before the classic frontier cop-out, a refusal to take the responsibility for one's action. This attitude metamorphosed into the Toilet Assumption, "... the notion that unwanted matter, unwanted difficulties, unwanted complexities and obstacles will disappear if they are removed from our immediate field of vision (p.15)." This mentality is the driving force behind the new

Civil Rights Law, Discrimination Clauses in Public Housing, Desegregation Laws, and Law and Order paranoia.

Slater sees the principle of independence coming into conflict with the fact that in a world of some complexity, dependence must be stressed along with teamwork. Independence leads to an unreal sense of one's own superiority which cannot be gratified within this society. American culture suppresses the spirit of community, engagement, and dependency to pursue its commitment to an imperfect idea of individualism, the pursuit of loneliness. In following chapters, Slater handles with similar facility America's penchant for violence at a distance, the problem of delayed adulthood, the conflict of "scarcity-oriented" society with the affluent society (the consequence of technological wealth), the problem of overcoming American subservience to technology. Braden's work comes in at this juncture.

William Braden is a reporter for the Chicago Sun-Times, and a damn good reporter he is. This book is very fair, accurate, aloof, degage, and informative. The only problem is that half of the stuff he discusses needs no elaboration while another third could be simply restated. *The Age of Aquarius* is an attempt to plumb the problems that technology has raised. It's the same conflict which Slater, or indeed any thinking man knows, it's the problem of those born in a scarcity-oriented society having to come to grips with the fruits of their technology which has led to a re-thinking of political ideology. The essence of the book is summed up in the opening quote by Teilhard de Chardin,

"What finally divided the men of today into two camps is not class but an attitude of mind — the spirit of movement. On the one hand, there are those who simply wish to make the world a comfortable dwelling-place; on the other hand those who can only conceive of it as a machine for progress — or better an organism that is progressing."

Again the problem of living in the present tense or living for some unknown and frightening technological ideal. Braden states conditions, positions. He has chapters on the conflicts of adolescence, Black Panthers, Hippies, Student Rebels, and Theology.

Braden for some reason shies away from a one-to-one analysis of the problems he sets up. He uses lengthy quoted material from people like Christopher Lasch, Bruno Bettelheim, Noam Chomsky, and Kenneth Keniston — all the gurus of the New York Review of Books Left, those highly committed academics who sit in judgment in the pages of the magazine, who discuss the problems of the world while feeding each other's cavernous egos. And even that could be interesting provided that his audience was familiar with all his numerous critics and friends (like William Braden and Friends do *The Age of Aquarius*). Catchy title, lengthy quotes ... eminently pedantic, boring, and quite unilluminating if the reader has thought over any of the problems of technology himself.

You should give the man credit for trying, but then again you have to think past his language to figure out that for all his scholarly annotation and fairness he has said little which

was not said before and even more bizarre, he makes his own voice little heard. Like a good reporter, Braden has kept the "I" out of his researches, but like a good reporter also in striving for objectivity, he has not made use of his own perceptions except as mirrored in those to which he speaks. There is no fire in his prose. It trudges onward with dismal regularity; Example: assessment of the right of young people to question the "scarcity" mentality.

"If the moratorium indeed is a product of the technological economy, and if it has resulted in a great deal of personal suffering, it also has produced a Greek chorus of protestors who have the time and the freedom to bite the hand that created and feeds them.

This hand needs biting." (p.114)

Reasoned language to be sure, but again the whole question in this decade is getting some of the reasoned coolness out of logic and making the logic move closer to reality. It is one thing to calmly and dispassionately discourse on pollution and pollution devices. It is another to make the personal connection between the black gook which comes out of your nose in the morning and the automobiles on the street and the smokestacks which clog the air in Jersey City. Personal rage must be coupled with intellectual observation if anything is to be done, if the impetus for change is to occur. After all, man can abstract himself out of existence anytime.

The Age of Aquarius is a reasoned if non-descript adventure in popular explication (Continued on Page 17)



RIPOFF:

by
KARIN BERG

Q: WHAT'S WRONG WITH Good Ol' Rock N' Roll?

A: PLENTY. (like a little imperialism, racism, male chauvinism, a few things like that)

You're on this press bus, see, and you're rattling off to see some groovy group someplace and you're with these groovy rock folks. No, I mean it, I really do, there are some nice people around the scene — some not so nice, but a lot of nice people. Joints are being passed and after just three or four tokes you're zonked because money has been very scarce and you have been eating hardly anything. So you dig the passing sights.

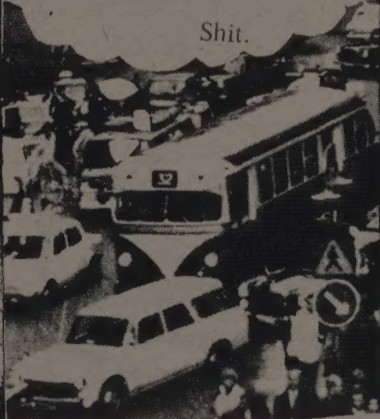
And I have these recurrent thoughts. I'm the only woman writer on the full bus. Lillian and Anne Marie and Patricia and Alice have stayed home. And I do wish we had some black folks in this business.

No black folks because it's not their culture? Yes, but black people are not heavily into *arts criticism*, either. They have more sense.

The bus is taking us to this place where the male animal reigns. Really unabashedly reigns, onstage and off and I think about the whole scene, the groupies and all. "I'm too old for this... no place for an independent woman... my politics don't mix with this." The cannabis flitting about my senses only makes me more uneasy. Everyone else *seems* to be having a good time and I'm getting

depressed.

Shit.



But I write about music because I love music and radicals shouldn't dismiss rock music, to dig, but not to try to relate to in terms of the revolution.

Sigh. It's a drag to get so serious about something that should be fun, but the fun of the rock scene is fleeting for everyone, judging by the looks on the faces of rock audiences. Jeezus, what a depressing lot! They don't move anymore, they don't whoop their enjoyment,

ushers have absolutely no trouble keeping them from dancing or standing in the aisles at the Fillmore, they're leaden at Ungano's. Bleak faces.

(We've lost our spirit, sir, where do you think we might find it again? Why, look to Neil Young, my daughter, and while you're at it, check in with Dave Peel & the Lower East Side — they haven't lost their spirit...)

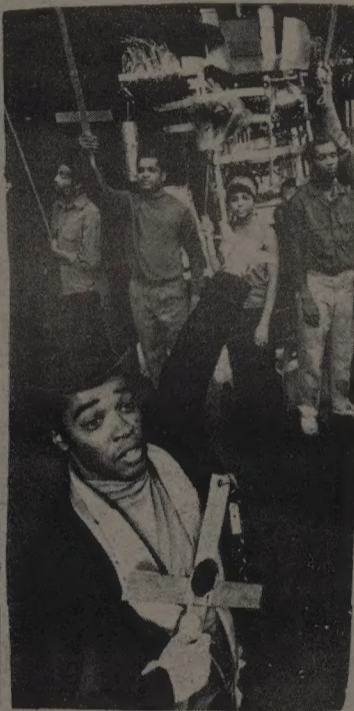
POSSIBLE REASONS FOR LOSS OF SPIRIT AND MOUNTING RIPOFF: a to z. This is an imperialist, racist, male chauvinist nation and it should be of no surprise to find the arts in the same fix.

But this generation and this culture was supposed to be different. Some sources of bullshit could be:

Rock is very, very intelligently written about. But the best of the criticism and comment is often over-written, e.g., *Rolling Stone*, reflecting a narcissistic fascination with the culture, extending that collegey kind of intellectuality, that specialization, that we wanted to get away from in the first place. I think New York writers should liberate a few pages of *Rolling Stone* and get some fun in there, for chrissakes (Ripoff notes: a full-page ad in *Stone* now costs \$1600). And it's not just *Stone*, because other rock papers copy them, use them as a standard. (A good rock paper to pick up on, though, is *Creem*.)

While rock has done a lot to free young white people, it still has indications of this white quirk which we seem to have so much difficulty in shaking off, this uptight white condescension to black music, which rock sprung from. I think there's some kind of English Blues Pool over in London that's repeatedly drawn on. The groups wear new faces and new names, but it's the same musicians doing the same tired things. And white audiences eat it up. Rock is largely based on the blues, but a white buyer/listener prefers their music through a filter, giving a token nod to the black mentors, or not even that. Take the money and run. White folks get

together and decide rhythm and blues should now be called rock and roll — coopted by categorization. But if it's rhythm



and blues, the paying audience thinks "black, not my music" so we call it early rock and roll. It boggles the mind.

There has been a similar hipper-than-thou attitude toward folk music, one of the few beautiful arts white people have given to our culture. The Gaslight has always been a good place to go lick at your Fillmore/WNEW wounds. When an artist sings alone, with acoustic guitar, sometimes piano, or lean accompaniment, there is enjoyment of the music coupled with an intimacy, a lack of *angst*, that is too rare in rock. But fresh air is coming to push aside some of the pollution. Neil Young brings magic to Crazy Horse and Crosby, Stills, Nash, resulting in two beautiful albums; Paul Siebel stays away from the clubs to write songs for his second album; Loudon



Wainwright III's first album due from Atlantic in early May; James Taylors appearance at the Gaslight brings traffic jams; Van Morrison due back at the Gaslight soon; Dion is great as a single with acoustic guitar; Tim Buckley is still out there; David

Ackles' very fine songs and performing beginning to get attention; John Hammond is finally getting some of the more widespread notice he deserves; and as you read this, Ramblin' Jack Elliott will be coming back into the Gaslight.

In the April 4 issue of *Rat*, Arlene Brown writes, "A woman can relate to rock music now only is she is a groupie, if not literally, then figuratively. As the drooling sex-hungry little girl dying for IT from Pigpen, Jim Morrison, or Peter Townshend, I can't relate to that bullshit. I don't think music should be asexual either. I think music is communication on a very emotional, sexual level. That's why I've always dug it so much. But sexual not in a male chauvinist context nor narcissistic display. Women and men should be playing in groups together..."

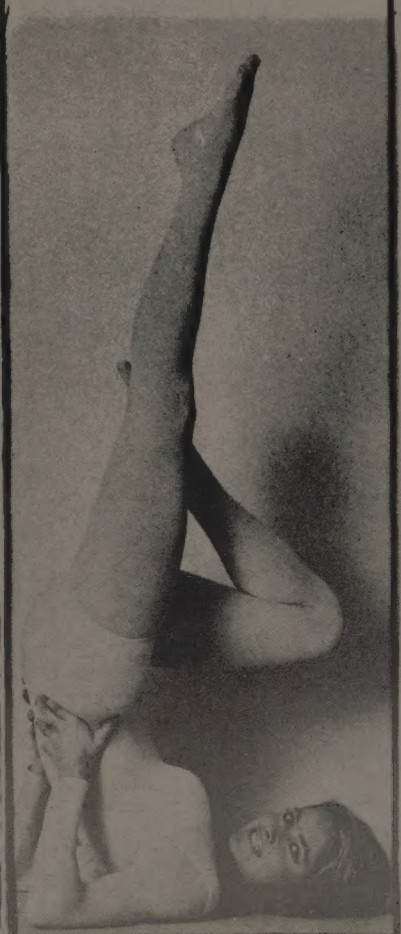


Tom Smucker is the best writer that happened to rock and his article on the MC-5 in the May 4 issue of *New Times* is an example of why. "Elektra records is not the Revolution, you know, and whatever form the Movement will take, it will not take the form of a record company, and that is the form that the MC-5 had to relate to." "The MC-5, the message of their music based mainly on energy, on a pro-violence attitude, obvious respect for Black music (from Little Richard to John Coltrane) and pro-dope and pro-fuck attitudes, with no respect for women."

The rock scene has become our small substitute for what used to be the scene at court in pre-revolutionary France; the groupies are its courtesans, the popular scene-makers its aristocracy. Male chauvinism is so *heightened* in rock that discussing it almost seems too obvious, until you think of how accepted it all is. It seems heightened now partly because the blues of the past had a lot of great female artists, singing about that good ol' jellroll; it was more balanced, more give-and-take, less neurotic.

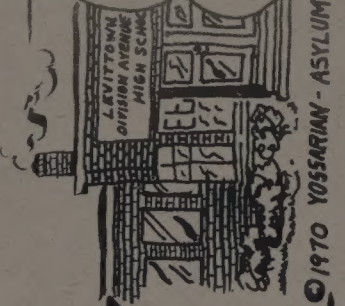
Maybe the new softer, more plaintive sounds will bring some fresh honesty with it. I wonder. When Dylan split from Hard rock with "John Wesley Harding" and even more with "Nashville Skyline" we had to know what was coming. It looks like healthy growth. But it's still a multi-million dollar industry, and there has to be a more equitable balance. The audience, or the non-audience who can't afford to buy the records, who can't afford to see the artists, is exploited, and the artists are exploited. Artists have to fight all kinds of pressure to give a free concert.

We should begin to think in terms of organizing economic boycotts. Let's get a free night, a free day. Record companies should be able to help with sound systems. Spring is here! Remember the Motherfuckers! Don't mourn — organize!



NANCY KOTEX

HIGH SCHOOL NURSE
AND HYGIENE TEACHER



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IN MY PROFESSION I COME ACROSS MANY CASES OF EMOTIONAL TURMOIL CAUSED BY UNSANITARY HYGIENE

OH ROY! DO YOU HAVE A DATE FOR THE GIRL ASKS BOY TAG HOP?

THANKS BUT NO THANKS KIDDO.

BLUSH

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME... ANYHOW?

BLUSH

LATER

THAT GLORIA HAS ONE SWEET BODY.

YEAH; BUT HER CUNT SMELLS LIKE GORILLA FART!!

GLORIA!

NOT THAT!!

SOB

HONEY MY BOY-FRIEND ONCE SAID MY PUSSY SMELLED LIKE THE LINCOLN TUNNEL

NOT TO YOU MISS KOTEX! WHAT DID YOU DO?

I DISCOVERED TWINKLE TWAT!

ONE SPRAY AND I'M SAFE ALL DAY.

PHLEST

AFTER

CHEE GLORIA YA WANNA GO TA THE DRIVE-IN?

BOY DO I SMELL SUMPIN GOOD!

EAT SHIT MOTHER FUCKER

I'M GLAD SHE USES TWINKLE TWAT.

AND SO WILL YOU.

© Twinkle Twat

FOR ANGL0-SAXON AND ARYAN TYPES

ALSO: PUSSEY

© PUSSEY

© PUSSEY

TWINKLE TWAT AND PUSSEY PURE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE POW CHEMICAL CO. WHO ALSO BRING YOU:

- SLIME & SLUDGE FOR YOUR TOILET,
- BEAUTY BASIN FOR YOUR SINK AND NAPALM FOR YOUR BABY

WATCH FOR NANCY KOTEX ADVENTURES COMING IN: FRESH FRUIT & PRODUCE

FOR SWARTHY, HAIRY, MEDITERRANEAN AND AFRICAN TYPES

PURE

by Ray Schultz

was sitting around the barracks listening to Henderson the postal clerk talk about how he and his friends used to put cherry bombs in the exhaust pipes of busses on Morningside Heights one evening in the winter of '65, when who should come in but Taylor or "T" as he was known to his peers and intimates. Henderson and Taylor were both black. Both were from New York. Both were doing their time in the navy, and both of them hated each other. Taylor walked in, reached in the lining of his bell-bottom pants where most sailors keep their combs, and pulled out a bowie knife.

"I'm gonna slice your ass," he said. He twirled the knife around in his hand, threw it in the air, caught it by the handle and flipped it around his back and through his legs, then he slashed for Henderson's throat with a wide sweep of the blade. Henderson, separated from his own stiletto, hit the deck and Taylor was right down on top of him. They struggled for about twenty minutes, rolling and groaning around the deck.

"Looks like a fight," someone said.

"Sure does."

"Let the black bastards kill each other is what I say."

They fought some more and Henderson managed to kick Taylor in the face, then he split. Taylor jumped up and went after him, swinging the knife.

"Goddamned motherfucker, I'm gonna kill him! I'll kill him!"

He ran out after Henderson, but he couldn't find him. He came back to me, and put his arm around my neck, with the knife.

"How's it going, Schultz?" he asked.

"Fine," I said.

"Schultz, you and me always been tight."

"The tightest," I said.

"We ain't never had any shit," he said.

"You'd better believe it."

"Take care of yourself, Schultz."

"You too."

Taylor left the barracks. I stood back, felt my throat. I had only met that crazy bastard two days before and now I was stuck with him as a boss once a week for the next several months. What happened is that my division officer, Lieutenant Milton G. Carrier or Uncle Milty as we referred to him around the barracks, called me into his office and told me he had some news. Carrier was a 57-year-old mustang who was also crooked, drunk, lazy, incompetant and stupid, but he was also of the opinion that the men under him should be sharp.

"Schultz, the security office just called me and told me he needed one man from my division to serve on the funeral detail once a week. You're the only seaman around here, and we can't rotate, besides, I think you need the training, you're

looking pretty sloppy lately. Anyway, you're to report to the armory whenever they call you up, that's

By law every veteran of the armed services is entitled to a military funeral, which means that at the time of death, nine men are sent by the closest military installation to do the honors which include a twenty-one gun salute. I received my first call in short time, and I hustled my young ass down to the Armory where I found that Taylor, the short, jiving, quick-talking, diddy-bopping spade was in charge.

"Now you just line up here. Buncha new fucking dudes, gotta teach you right."

There were seven of us, the motliest looking crew you ever saw in your life, and all of us were new to the job. Taylor and his assistant, a Puerto Rican kid named Louie, made up the rest of the compliment. I have no idea how they wound up in charge, but Taylor issued us helmets, all of which were heavy and none of which actually fit, and guard belts, which we had to put around our waists, and leggings which we had to wrap around our ankles, thereby

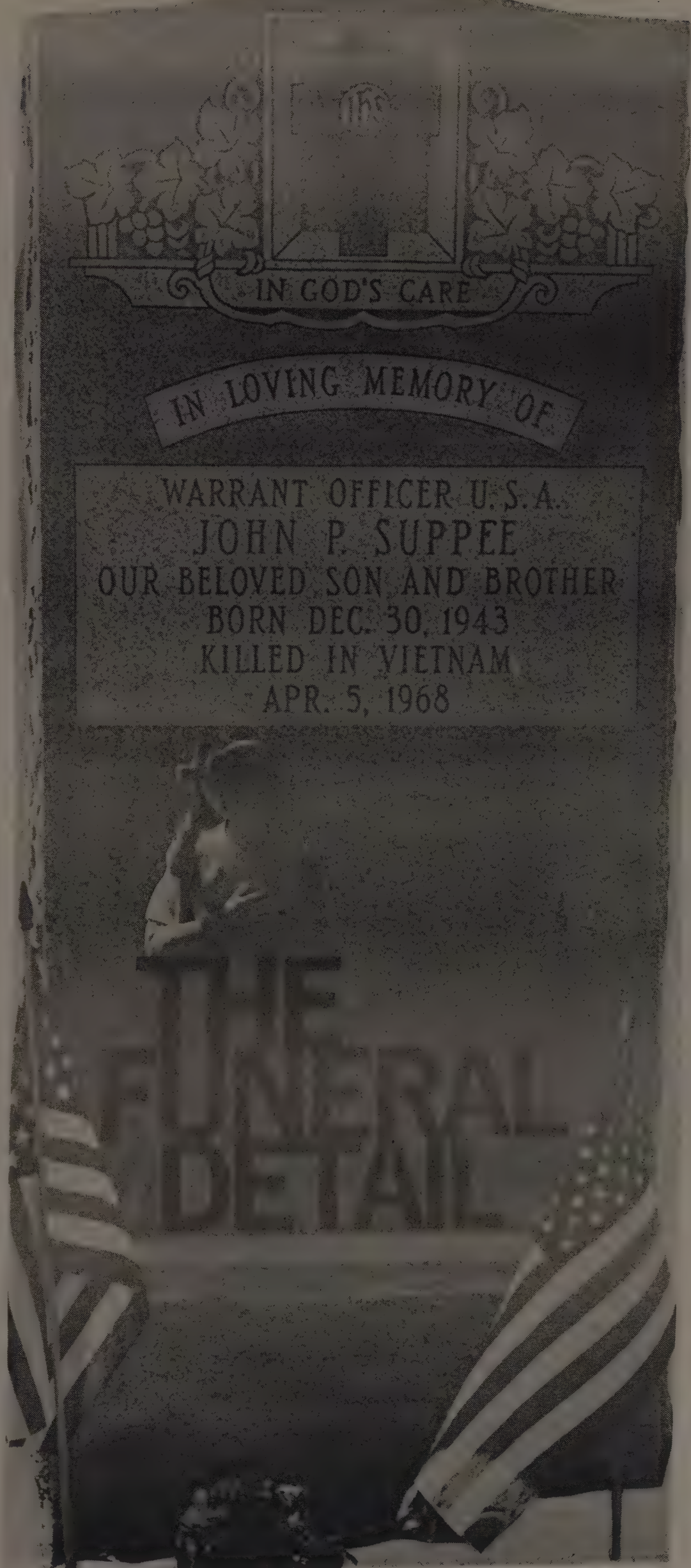
cutting off the circulation to our feet, and guns which we had to fire. Taylor marched us out the back to practice shooting at some skeets with live ammunition. Gunnery training is not universal in the navy, and this was the first time most of us had ever fired. We stood in a line and missed almost every target, and occasionally Taylor pulled out his pistol and blew a skeet right through the middle, then twirled the gun around like Gene Autry, and put it back in his holster. He announced that he would kill the first man who

crossed him, then he laughed. One kid actually cried.

From that day on, I helped to bury one or two people a week under Taylor's direction. The procedure was always the same. Taylor, the night before, would get a message that someone's family had requested a military funeral, and the rest of us would be notified. The next morning, we would don our dress blues and convene in the armory where we would all be given our gear, then with guns in our hands we'd board an old, gray navy bus that would take us to a windy cemetery in Fall River or some other God-forsaken place in southern Massachusetts or Rhode Island where we would debark the bus and fire a couple of practice rounds and generally fuck around until we heard the first hum of a hearse engine coming around the bend, then we would line up at attention and stand like that while the hearse pulled up, followed by any number of private Fords, Pontiacs, Kaisers and Studebakers depending on how popular the honoured guest was before he died, then the pall-bearers would carry the casket encased in an American flag to the hole, and the folks would gather around and the preacher, always Catholic in these parts, would recite several prayers and incantations then Taylor would say "Ready," and we would load our rifles, then "Aim," and we would point them into the air, and then "Fire" and you'd hear five or six scattered shots three times in succession then Taylor and his assistant would take the flag off the top of the casket, fold it carefully, and present it to the wife or widow who at this point would inevitably throw herself on the casket while the members of the funeral detail snickered to themselves. After all that, they'd climb into their Fords, Pontiacs, Kaisers and Studebakers, and we'd have to stand at attention until they were all gone. And it sure was cold in those cemeteries.

By military regulation, funeral details are supposed to be conducted with blank ammunition, but Taylor always carried a few live rounds with him for "contingencies," like the one time we found a pile of whisky bottles and beer cans in a new section of cemetery, and Taylor pulled out the ammo and set the bottles on top of a couple of headstones and held target practice on the spot. Another time, the local grave diggers were on strike against the catholic church and the Cardinal was denouncing them as heretics and hiring scabs to do the digging, and we pulled into this one cemetery and the picketeers began shouting at us and throwing their signs and shovels at the bus, and we were stuck there and it looked bad, and Taylor pulled out his revolver, loaded it full of lead, and jumped out of the bus and shot six clean holes through the biggest sign they were carrying. They all stood back and Taylor

(Continued on Page 20)



On March 1, 11:32 AM in Houston, Texas, Rosemary Leary performed an ancient ritual, the tossing of the coins, a casting of an oracle, a request for divine guidance upon her knowledge that Timothy Leary, mate, friend, fellow traveler had been sentenced to 10 years in prison for possession of less than an ounce of grass.

Pi

Holding Together

I met with Rosemary in Laguna Beach. Here, surrounded by blooming Southern California, 200 yards from the Pacific Ocean wave mantra a corporation was formed. . .

"Holding Together is something joyous"

To unite with others in order that all may complement and aid one another. Rosemary joined with Allen Ginsberg (now vice president of Holding Together) and Mrs. James Colburn (secretary) to collect \$100,000 needed to ransom Tim out of jail.

As I write Timothy is incarcerated in a California State Prison along with his son Jack. Rosemary for all practical purpose is now in jail, having been confined to California and unable to make any public appearances or statements by order of her probation officer.

Now is the time to gather together in joyous harmony, to unite in musical dance, to hold together in laughing friendship. Rome is burning. Caesar's act unable to raise the applause for an encore. The seed tribes are gathering. Spring reminding us to listen for the messages from nature's Universal Picture Images

"... as water flows together so should the organization of society show union. . ."

We invite everyone to join us in this celebration.

"HOLDING TOGETHER BRINGS GOOD FORTUNE" *— i ching*

Send any green energy to Holding Together, 1230 Queen's Rd., Berkeley, Calif.

OM 1980

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Join the Party**



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THE UNDERGROUND, CARE THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

HI, BROTHERS AND SISTERS,
THROUGHOUT HUMAN HISTORY THE HERBALIST, THE ALCHEMIST, THE MEDICINE-MAN HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE CENTER OF RELIGIOUS, ESTHETIC, REVOLUTIONARY IMPULSE.
THE DOPE DEALER IS A REVOLUTIONARY.
IF YOU ARE A YOUNG AND CREATIVE PERSON AND THINK OF BECOMING A FELLOW-TRAVELER, SIT DOWN, RELAX, GET HIGH, CONSULT THE I CHING, YOUR ASTROLOGER AND EXAMINE YOUR SITUATION. CHECK YOURSELF OUT AS TO YOUR POSITION IN THE PRESENT STATE OF THE REVOLUTION.
KEEP THREE IMPORTANT POINTS IN MIND:
1) HOW TO DEAL - CHANNELS OF DISTRIBUTION.
2) DOPE MONEY BELONGS TO THE REVOLUTION!
3) THE FUNCTION OF THE DOPE DEALER IN THE REVOLUTIONARY COMMUNITY.
HOW DO YOU START? WITH WHOM WOULD YOU LIKE TO UNDERTAKE THIS HIGH, ADVENTEROUS SPIRITUAL VOYAGE. SEE UPIR FROEMDS. GET HIGH WITH THEM, MAKE LOVE, TRIP WITH THEM, TALK TO THEM ABOUT YOUR VISIONS. SOON EVERYONE WILL KNOW WHERE THEIR HEAD IS AT. IF YOU THINK THERE ARE SOME BROTHERS CAPABLE OF BECOMING A FAMILY OF RIGHTEOUS DEALERS -- FORM A CELL. YOUR SEED TRIBE SHOULD CONSIST OF 7 TO 12 PEOPLE, NO MORE. START WITH MARIJUANA. THEN HASH. DEALING LSD IS A RELIGIOUS SERVICE. START SMALL, BUY ONE POUND OF GRASS -- TOP QUALITY. ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU ARE INTRODUCING AND ESTABLISHING YOUR TRIBE AS A HOLY CLAN. IF YOU BUY A POUND OF LET'S SAY MICHLACANGRASS FOR 150 DOLLARS, DIVIDE INTO 16 OUNCES, KEEP ONE OUNCE FOR YOURSELF AND SELL 15 OUNCES FOR TWENTY DOLLARS EACH, YOU WILL HAVE DOUBLED THE INVESTED MONEY. EACH FAMILY MEMBER WILL BE ABLE TO SELL TWO OUNCES OF GRASS. THIS WAY YOU MAKE SOME GOOD MONEY (OF COURSE IF YOU DEAL IN QUANTITIES YOU WILL WITH MUCH SMALLER PERCENTAGE OF PROFIT. AND REMEMBER, IN THE BEGINNING, OF YOUR TRIP, YOU NEED A GOOD DEAL OF BREAD. GRADUALLY EACH OF YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS WILL FIND THEMSELVES DEALING WITH A CERTAIN CIRCLE OF FRIENDS. IT WILL BE ONLY NATURAL THAT THEY WILL FORM A FAMILY OF THEIR OWN WITH YOUR BROTHER FROM YOUR FAMILY. ALL THE MEMBERS OF THOSE FAMILIES WILL HAVE FRIENDS AND WILL FORM NEW CELLS.
I = YOU - 7 = YOUR FAMILY. 49=THE OUTER CLAN. 343= THE BROTHERHOOD.
ALREADY AFTER A FEW MONTHS YOU AND YOUR TRIBE SHOULD BE ABLE TO HANDLE A TON OF GRASS IN 24 HOURS.
HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE TELEPHONE TREE IN SAN FRANCISCO?
TEN PEOPLE PHONE TEN OTHER PEOPLE: THESE TEN EACH PHONE ANOTHER TEN: IN ONE HOUR, 1000 PEOPLE ARE CONTACTED.
THIS IS THE WAY TO FORM A BROTHERHOOD OF RIGHTEOUS DEALERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, ALL OVER THE WORLD. ALL RIGHTEOUS DEALERS SHOULD WORK IN BROTHERHOODS. THIS IS THE ANCIENT MESSAGE OF THE MIDDLE EAST: THE BROTHERHOODS OF MEN ARE ENGAGED IN THIS SPIRITUAL JOURNEY TOGETHER WHICH IS ALWAYS, OF COURSE, AGAINST THE LAW, ALWAYS HAS TO BE ILLEGAL AND ALWAYS HAS TO BE THE OBJECT OF PERSECUTION BY CEASAR, THE SULTAN, THE POLICE.
THE I CHING = PI = HOLDING TOGETHER (UNION) SAYS:
WHAT IS REQUIRED IS THAT WE UNITE WITH OTHERS IN ORDER THAT ALL MAY COMPLEMENT AND AID ONE ANOTHER THROUGH HOLDING TOGETHER. OM.
DOPE NEWS: PREDICTED GRASS SHORTAGE IS ALREADY HAPPENING. STILL VERY GOOD QUALITY. VERY FEW POUNDS OF HASH THIS WEEK. FREE SUNSHINE AT THE BE-IN IN CENTRAL PARK LAST SUNDAY. THC, STP, Mescaline. THE TWIN BROTHERS SELLING FALSE SUNSHINE ARE STILL IN TOWN. BE CAREFUL.

G.I.A.

What Means "GANJA"?

FEED.....BACK

SP/4 Don Hamilton
APO San Francisco

Ed: Join the army and get a free sub to EVO, yes.

Dear EVO Fellow Heads,
What kind of smoke is GANJA?
Perplexed

great. Let's see some more great work.

Praises Buffalo

Deserve Chance?

Remembers Maine

All Power to The People,
Marc Suzdak

Dear EVO - Wow man, Vietnam is a fucking down. Are you still grinding out free subscriptions to GIs in Vietnam? Need your mag to get me off.
Buffalo is Beautiful.
Up against the wall motherfucker.
Loyalty to their kind
They cannot tolerate our minds.
Our
Loyalty to our Mind we cannot Tolerate their obstruction!

Dear EVO - Even if he was mediocre, there are a lot of mediocre judges and people and lawyers. They are entitled to a little representation, aren't they, and a little chance?

Ed: Ganja, pronounced gan-jah, or sometimes gan-gee, or often gan-ge (or perhaps just "good shit") is a variety of hashish native to the plains of northern Africa, black in appearance, crisp in texture, delicate in fragrance, and dynamite in your head. When consulted, Dr. Kohn prescribed it as "good for what

Dear EVO - What the fuck do you mean that High School Helcats has had its final chapter? It was a fucking great cartoon, not like some of your other sexist cartoons. Also your expose on Maine where the land (ocean) is being traded to the pig capitalists for exploitation was

Ed: Well see, when we say High School Helcats has been concluded, we mean, Joe Shenkman says he's finished with it; nor does he bring in any more panels of it, and this seems to fortify our unhappy conclusion, that High School Helcats has reached its own Conclusion, that is.

Sen. Roman L. Hruska (R-Neb.)
Ed: No, man. Not a chance in the world.

IT'S ALL RIGHT MA, AMERICA'S ONLY BLEEDING

by JAMES LICHTENBERG



Contradictions, threats, bluffs, scorn. Anyone who speaks up in favor of "Zabriskie Point" would certainly seem to be using the fool's mouthpiece. The repression that went on in Los Angeles during the filming - the sheriff's office revoking permits, the company whose building was to have been a shooting site suddenly deciding "it was no longer possible," a general blacklisting in the style of the mad McCarthy - all of this is not so different in spirit from the kind of blacklisting which the film has received from the critics of the major New York based media.

The ad run by MGM under the headline "It's not a gap... it's an abyss!" is a sociological document in which the frantic defensiveness of those publications generally most deeply invested in the present structure is contrasted with a calmer, more reasonable appraisal by publications on the outskirts of massive media influence.

"Stunning superficiality" - The New York Times

"One of the worst movies I've ever seen" - ABC-TV

"A tin ear, a glass eye and a dim mind" - Newsweek

"Antonioni hates

everything!" - NBC-TV

Now, whatever can be said for Antonioni, in the almost irrevocably plasticized and commercialized world-wide industry of motion picture production (much-maligned Hollywood has even surpassed contemporary Europe for an occasional film of artistic or social merit), he is one of the few filmmakers whose every new film is an event of cultural significance. A rainbow of aficionados, from student film buffs to national media critics, have at one time or another acclaimed his work as works of genius. A man who has shunned the tinsel of the film world, who has endured public scorn (the anger publically vented at the Venice Film following the showing and then the prize awarded to "Red Desert" was something of a phenomenon in itself), whose independent viewpoint and artistic saturation is a marvel contrasted with the group grope mental laxity of most of the world's movie makers, simply would not author a work that could honestly be described in any of the above ways.

I am not accusing any of these publications or critics of willfully distorting either their

impressions or their judgments. But it becomes more and more apparent with the passage of time that their reaction is as politically motivated and harassingly reactionary as any of the stumbling blocks thrown in Antonioni's way by members of the Los Angeles community.

But if any one event has changed the coordinates on "Zabriskie Point," it was the explosion on 11th Street. There is a certain very reality which can no longer be denied that deepens that last 5 minutes of the film with the resonance of prophecy. With the 5th dimensional prescience of an artist, the Italian director created a visual metaphor for a state of mind, before that state of mind had even surfaced in the national psyche. The N.Y. Times continues to show us photographs of homes in Viet Nam being burned because their owners are "suspected" of liaison with the Viet Cong. This same publication with near hysterical intensity denounces the "bombers" as arch criminals. And Mr. Canby calls "Zabriskie Point" superficial. It seems to me that there is a certain profound self-reevaluation that still powerful and essentially good-willed organizations in this

country must undergo if they are to survive at all. And there is no better point to start than "Zabriskie."

Had the bombs never exploded on 11th Street (but they did) intelligent Americans would still have to face up to political realities. In her denunciation of the movie, Judith Crist complains: "A depressingly Adolescent vision of this country, depicted in by now trite terms." It may come as something of a shock, but to the European sensibility and its deep historical, cultural background, most American politics is overwhelmingly adolescent, if not infantile. We are obsessed with power, materialism and the most superficial status competition. We deal with problems by avoiding them, and the profound changes in our society come about as the result of acts of violence. From a certain point of view the assassination of Robert Kennedy is "trite," after all both his brother and Martin Luther King, Jr., had already been assassinated in the same decade. Certainly; by now, peace marches are trite, war dead are trite, pollution is trite, civil injustice is trite, police brutality is trite. This kind of sophistication is both self-deluding and dangerous.

There is something else at work here. As long as Antonioni's cameras are lovingly focused on Milanese skyscrapers (which we rarely see) or English photographers's lofts, or Sicilian islands, then we raise the flags of artistic triumph. But when he turns to things we know, and with that same devotion to simple reality displays them for us in all the glory of their 100% American character, it's a little hard to take. That's what American office buildings look like, that's what American businessmen talk like, it's that easy to go into a gun store and buy a gun "to protect our women"... and the police, well everyone(!) it's time once and for all to give up this too easy myth of the "good cop on the beat." As the blacks, the university students, the political activists and protesters know from direct and bitter experience, once you are considered an effective agent in provoking changes in the

community, the ruthlessness with which your activities will be harassed and broken up by force, by the police, defies the imagination. The murder of Fred Hampton, asleep in his bed, the unsolved murder of John Kennedy, the "police riot" at the Democratic convention, the head cracking on the campuses of Columbia, Harvard, Berkeley, and on and on, attest to the truthfulness of Antonioni's rather careful, unemotional portrayal of police power and the way it is used for political ends.

In general it's almost amusing the way the critics, while paying the respects to canons of reality and truth, tend to look to films for a different experience. Spectacle, shock, historical panorama (all within the bounds of the not-too-exceptional, the number of about-faces, for example, on "2001: A Space Odyssey" is one of those amusing little footnotes to film criticism in America) these are really what the establishment expects and wants from movies. Give it to them straight, and no matter how beautiful the form, they will refuse even to look.

With regard to the characters in the film, even people generally sympathetic to "Zabriskie" seemed dismayed by the "woodenness" of the hero and heroine. Since the days of "L'Avventura," Antonioni's people have always been more spirit than body, representational not specific, even if the beauty and power of the actors, as in the case of Hemmings and Vanessa Redgrave (in "Blow-Up") masked the essential spareness of their roles. As he expressed it in an interview with Larry Cohen printed in the March issue of University Review:

"Well, in a way I think that characters are *always* pretexts, even in life. It's all a matter of characters, though, I don't see anything else. I didn't want to shoot a film *about* America, but about two young people in America. Behind them is that background - I couldn't avoid it and I didn't want to avoid it. In my film - in all my films - there is always a relationship between the characters and the landscape.

(Continued on Page 17)

DECOM- POSITION

(Continued from Page 7)

obligatory appearance in this one, to the lower right of the panel. Then there's the opening story by Rory Hayes, called 'Mazor Storm,' which is sort of a horror story verging on the purely supernatural. My distinguished colleague R. Meltzer of *Changes Magazine* claims to not like Hayes' stuff, but fuck Meltzer, this stuff is certainly the way the Bogey Man looked to me when I was a tot. Then J. Greene, who is a real fucking weirdo, offers a long view of shoe fetishism, and we pass to Baby Jerry's *Answer*.

Now, this is a curious one, Baby Jerry's strip. It concerns an American Indian, buried up to his neck in sand, and his final peyote hallucinations, and his death and decomposition, the eating of his flesh by ants and vultures, and the snakes that come to inhabit his skull. The panels are embroidered with strange poetry, and the last panel is very insane and beautiful.

'Fire Plug Funnies' by Alan Shenker takes up the next page. Shenker has gone through so many weird-ass changes in the months since this one was done that his present stuff bears little resemblance to this strangely laminated blonde frigging herself to ecstasies on a fire hydrant. The contrast between the highly plastic, almost religious rendering of the blonde, and the ludicrous situation Shenker puts her into, is excessively amusing and sexy, and should get him bombed by Women's Lib.

Now we're into the good

stuff. After Kim's thing, we get a whole page from S. Clay Wilson on the subject of Insect Paranoia: 'Under a clinging blouse, beads of sweat broke out upon Bernice's boobs as she found her room, swarming festering crawling and writhing with thousands of detestable insects.' Picture of sexy Bernice with billions of hornets and termites flooding down upon her from the walls and curtains...

'Her friend Pearl was visited in bed by one of mind-boggling proportions,' and Pearl wakes up screaming with an enormous black buy-eyed crawler lashing a hairy tongue around her arm, going, 'Burreeeeth Burroooo Bik Bik Bik Pik Chitter Eecerrrep.' Oh, great shit here... 'When old man Rooter came home from a hard day at the shoe shop and opened his door he was dismayed when a huge reeking snuffed insect fell upon him... Bad vibes! And Rooter is being *flopped*-on by a hornet as big as himself, which causes him to groan, 'Ooooooh shit.' This Wilson cuss is so fucking evil he can't even get printed in *EVO*, you gotta buy his stuff on the stands.

After that, there's this thing by Artie Speigelman which was obviously composed for the edification of stoned people. Five tons of flax to Artie Speigleman for totally eluding any kind of intellectual apprehension of his panel.

And finally, the back cover, in colour, is by Robert Crumb. Could you ask for more? Go nag your friendly neighbourhood bookstore until he stocks *Insect Fear*, distributed by the San Francisco Comic Book Company. Get one of my cats to terrorize him with.

JOIN THE ARMY



And Get A Free Subscription To EVO!

That's right, fellers! Free *EVO* subs to anybody out there in The Nam, to help him keep his shit together. Remember, free subs to anybody in The Nam. If you're stationed anywhere else, you gotta pay for it. We'd like to give free *EVO*s to everybody, but, well, we gotta look out for old No. 1, y'know... Just like you do, when you're out there in The Nam.

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CHARLIE FRICK

I'm a fan of the Everly Brothers and on top of it I'm a fan of the late but great Fifties. They were around then along with a lot of others that have been forgotten and relinquished to the oldies but goldies department in everyone's head. It's not true, The Fifties Live!!! The name of the album is *The Everly Brothers Chained to a Memory*, No. HS 11388 on the Harvest label. Harmony is presented by your old favorite of the capitalistic uptown record companies, Columbia Records. They present the most renowned artists in the world of musical entertainment. The stuff that'll be coming out on the new label according to a promotion blurb, has been newly recorded for Harmony or has been carefully selected from Columbia's vast library of great recordings. "Just what the world needs, a new record label. Oh well, I guess it's a free country as far as record companies go, as long as they pay their taxes."

Getting back to the Everly Brothers, it's some of their old stuff that never really made it before. This album should be a smash. This friend of mine, he's a piano player, said, "It don't matter where you put the needle down cause the record is always spinning." I'm reminded of the \$9.95 play songs on the guitar in three weeks or your money back advertisements in the back of the Popular Mechanics... I always hear Roy Orbison in the back of my mind, think a lot of 1957 Chevys and getting drunk, hanging out in the drive-ins with the juke box rocking away... Roy Orbison is back in town... makes me all jittery in my feet... I keep tasting malts and hamburgers I wake up at three in the morning in a cold sweat cause I realize that the 50's just may show up again. Sure hope I'm ready for it... Be sure to catch Roy this time around. Those honey-throated tones that used to come out of the dashboard of america just a few years ago. In case you forgot his picture is on the front of the album. Such heart-rending lyrics as "Step up and play, the machines seemed to say, as I walked around the penny arcade." *The Great Songs of Roy Orbison*. MGM Records, SE4659.



Humor

A lot of people have been hanging around the Haight turned off to John Mayall in the Ashbury?

If they had pop fm radio back there in the days of Bonnie and Clyde and John Dillinger and Al Capone i wonder what you would hear. One of the sounds of the times is to be found on RCA LSP 4289. *Nilsson Sings Newman*. There's times when the time transporter cranks itself up in the middle of the night when the laboratory is empty and all the folks have gone home to sleep. The silver ship skitters across the years to someplace any place america back before the twist and dairy queen and that old supermarket sickness that is you, america. As soon as i put the records on the turntable and give 'em a few spins, they lose their shape and get bent out of whack. It may be my record player? Signed, An Angry User.

Also from England in the new release category is Manfred Mann. Its the first thing hes done since they split up last June. They had been together for 5 1/2 years. Then they all went their separate ways. Manfred Mann and Mike Hugg found themselves together after not a long period of time. The new group is still called Manfred Mann and their album is *Chapter 3* on Polydor records 24-4013. It was well worth waiting for. There is a great tradition being built up slowly in the Music Machine in England. Its not spoken about to much. M.M. uses lots of brass and he uses it well. There are still the touches that made the original group what it was. On the album is an updated version of their smash hit of a while back, "Mister, you're a better man than I." There was this whole incredible scene going down at West Side Music Village USA. It could have been in Disneyland but in reality it lived on Bleeker and McDougal streets but it was when the Night Owl was a dance hall instead of a crummy tourist sucking poster store. Fuck American merchants got no sense of the Great. It was rainy afternoons and saturday nights in the summer. John Coltrane sitting in with teenagers in a subterranean rock hole. It was a great day for a lot of people. Sometimes lately i get the impression too many people are taking things too seriously. The Jaggerz, theyre a music group from america's middle, they might just remind you. The name of their album is *We Want to Drive at Schools* Egebe Kumbe S. 101 KBS 2017.

How would you ever wonder what it would have been like if the Vanilla Fudge grew up in the West Valley of the mountains. Young B. S. S. on Beach Boys

looking for. It aint rock and roll but then again it aint Shostokovich. *The Children Of One* on REAL records R101.

Cuts by The Pink Floyd, The Kaleidoscope, The Youngbloods John Fahey, the ever popular Grateful Dead, Patti Page and Roscoe Holcomb. 7 different kinds of stuff in one album. Its a collection of some of todays finest american sounds. It just happened to fall together, the original sound track from *Zabriskie Point* MGM Records SE-4668St. The fact that the movie has been in the news of late or whats on the album cover has nothing to do with the above mentioned artists. Its just the way it worked out. They just happened to be in the movie. The movie, whether it is good or bad served a great need in calling to attention stuff that doesnt appear on the silver screen too much. There is general disrespect for not only the new wave motion pictures that are appearing all over town but also for the people connected with them. The American Movie business is not as one New York Times reporter put it to me (off the record of course), "A bunch of pot smoking free loving overgrown 12 year olds." He was very clear. I told him i knew a lot of twelve year olds and they werent such a bad crew after all. Most of the folks that are complaining about the lack of any social redeeming value in todays cinematic assault on the problems that are plaguing this country and the rest of the world, are usually upright, cant get their rocks off at the city desk movie critics, you know the uptown variety. The disrespect and obvious dislike for the new wave stars and directors is another means of distortion of the media. A cardinal sin in these times. Support WBAI FM NON-POLLUTED LISTENER SUPPORTED RADIO IN N.Y.C. Congratulations are in order for Antonioni for stirring up so much interest in media pollution and congratulations to the pictures two young stars, Mark Frenchette and Daria Halpern for the magnificent supporting role they played in, "The Night Abby was electronically removed from the Merv Griffin show cause he was wearing an American Flag Shirt" affair.

And over here we have the Trance Music record pick of the week. If youre in the store you might pass it right on by on the shelf. Its got a lot of hot media organization-20th century type on the cover. Its like camouflage. But the name is *Home Lost and Found* (The Natural Sound) done by Wali and the Afro Caravan, its Afro underground, i kid you not. That is on the front of the album. It was in the reject bin so I scrounged it up and took it home and put it on the turntable. The biography Blurb on the inside of the album cover says that The Afro Caravan is from Southwestern united states Texas to be exact. It was formed by a 22 year old guy named Wali, originally from New York he found himself in Austin when he went into the armed services. He made this group up cause there were other black men at the same military base. They began playing this music in an effort to recall some deep flowing jungle river. What it is is five Afro americans dedicated to the music of their native country. Wali plays the African drums, Congo drums and Vocals, J Murray on Tennon and alto recorder and back up vocals. Robert Moore on conga drums. Ronald NANCE ON BASS VIOLIN. Too bad the hype people uptown dont go on vacation more often.

You should look into *Children of One*, I cant quite figure it out but it was all over the windows of a record store i pass by on my way to the Communications Control Lower. It says on the album cover, The spontaneous music of the *Children of One* represents a breakthrough for the human race. It is a new sound and a new way at a new

Exploding Dance

looking for. It aint rock and roll but then again it aint Shostokovich. *The Children Of One* on REAL records R101.

Cuts by The Pink Floyd, The Kaleidoscope, The Youngbloods John Fahey, the ever popular Grateful Dead, Patti Page and Roscoe Holcomb. 7 different kinds of stuff in one album. Its a collection of some of todays finest american sounds. It just happened to fall together, the original sound track from *Zabriskie Point* MGM Records SE-4668St. The fact that the movie has been in the news of late or whats on the album cover has nothing to do with the above mentioned artists. Its just the way it worked out. They just happened to be in the movie. The movie, whether it is good or bad served a great need in calling to attention stuff that doesnt appear on the silver screen too much. There is general disrespect for not only the new wave motion pictures that are appearing all over town but also for the people connected with them. The American Movie business is not as one New York Times reporter put it to me (off the record of course), "A bunch of pot smoking free loving overgrown 12 year olds." He was very clear. I told him i knew a lot of twelve year olds and they werent such a bad crew after all. Most of the folks that are complaining about the lack of any social redeeming value in todays cinematic assault on the problems that are plaguing this country and the rest of the world, are usually upright, cant get their rocks off at the city desk movie critics, you know the uptown variety. The disrespect and obvious dislike for the new wave stars and directors is another means of distortion of the media. A cardinal sin in these times. Support WBAI FM NON-POLLUTED LISTENER SUPPORTED RADIO IN N.Y.C. Congratulations are in order for Antonioni for stirring up so much interest in media pollution and congratulations to the pictures two young stars, Mark Frenchette and Daria Halpern for the magnificent supporting role they played in, "The Night Abby was electronically removed from the Merv Griffin show cause he was wearing an American Flag Shirt" affair.

Spring time is here and the American Rock and Roll Machine goes into secondary overdrive suspension, america packs a picnic basket full of goodies and puts up the out to lunch sign.

April Fool
Charlie Frick



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DO-IT

(Continued from Page 6)



their bodies were still needed, and one, who had the same journeyman-stage manager contract and had also been USED in two productions was allowed to quit.

The rehearsal schedule is so time-consuming that looking for other jobs is just about impossible. And if by some chance you get another job, you had also better get a doctor's note to get out of your contract.

These are just a few of the examples which make for a theatrical stench which has somehow been Lysol-ed away in the sterility of Lincoln Center. But it suggests visions of cotton fields and tyrannical, inhuman landowners. Dig it, actors — you're an oppressed class. You have become the slaves of slaves. Your masters are the lackeys of their backers. The "No Curtain Holding" policy is blatantly waived when Jackie Onassis is detained, and any cracker with a \$400,000 tax loss to get rid of will be kow-towed to.

You only sign your life away with such a prohibitive contract if you allow it. ACTORS, DROP OUT — ALL YOU'VE GOT TO LOSE IS YOUR PARANOIA!

* * *

At this juncture I'd like to say something about "The Unseen Hand" by Sam Shephard

at the Astor Place Theatre. I hear it may be closing and there's a very good reason for that. Establishment critics reviewed it and it ain't for them or for their audiences.

Clive Barnes said that Shephard's plays were as disposable as Kleenex and "It certainly isn't *Hamlet*." Richard Watts found it hard to take Shephard seriously as a playwright.

This all reminds me of an evening when Dick Cavett had Beverly Sills and Isaac Stern (I demand equal time for our musicians to confront their musicians) on his show. Dick said something to Miss Sills about her music being "serious." I'd like to know what's not serious about Dylan, The Beatles, The Band, etc.

Miss Sills came out with a beauty when she said she used to like the Beatles' music when they wrote nice songs like "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" and "Yesterday."

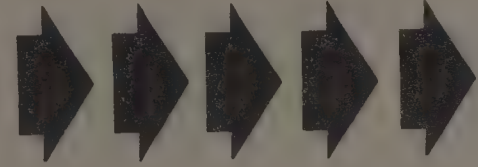
So the Beatles aren't Bach and Sam Shephard isn't Shakespeare, they never pretended to be. But the Barneses, the Sills and the Bettelheims of this world are no more fit to criticize our music and our theatre than they are to criticize our life styles.

"The Unseen Hand" is not co-optable in the way that "Hair" was. It is 300% ours and we are its audience.

While you're there, buy some ABBA ZABBA bars and Moxie Root Beer in the lobby.

America's BLEEDING

(Continued from Page 14)



Even here — but perhaps, the landscape is stronger here, maybe because it's more beautiful and more peculiar, more complicated." 11th Street has made it clear that in the face of mounting indifference, after years of intelligent and coherent protest, selective destruction of institutions that block the evolution of a saner, peaceful, just and ecologically sound society (unfortunately a man who wears a police uniform is also an institution of repression) is an avenue of activity which the truly active and concerned are turning to as the only effective means of carrying on the struggle for responsible change. As the "real bomber" whose chilling reasons were quoted in Life magazine said: "We are revolutionaries, not reformists. We are not trying to frighten the Establishment, we are trying to destroy it, so that a just society can be built on human values, not on financial or commercial values... Ours is an attempt to attack capitalism, racism and exploitation — directly and militarily."

In spite of their rudimentary ability as actors, Mark Ferchetti and Daria Halprin work perfectly in Antonioni's non-dramatic, iconographic style. If anything the absence of traditional dramatic shading amplifies the power of their representations of the student "cowboy" turned militant revolutionary, understanding that this may be the only frontier left for effective action, and of the flower child, daughter of afluence, whose radicalization is the result of the Establishment's brutal dealing with what still is a positive if strident force for change. If anyone has any doubts that this process of radicalization is not going on, let them examine the effect which first the brutality in Chicago and then the brutality of Hoffmann's court has had on young people, and the fact that the Chicago 10 are becoming folk heroes for an ever-widening portion of the population. The climactic imagined (?) destruction of a desert luxury house, in which businessmen are conspiring to exploit the desert in the most lucrative way possible as real estate of geriatric automatons — apart from providing some of the greatest visual poetry in the history of movies — reflects the conclusion that more and more people are coming to: the only way to revolutionize institutions of capitalism, racism and exploitation, is physically to destroy them.

America may be the only country in the world whose inhabitants live at radically different places on the time spectrum simultaneously, from the immigrant still struggling for that foothold on the golden shores, to the militant revolutionary described above.

"Zabriskie Point" is simultaneously yesterday's papers, present reality, tomorrow's reality, an unattractive but increasingly possible alternative... and so on down the spectrum. How profoundly its truths will be realized depends on whether a non-violent revolution is possible any more.

With their now traditional, almost loveable cultural near-sightedness, the same establishment media who are most anxious to cool the possibility of military/revolutionary activity in this country are working against themselves in putting down "Zabriskie Point." It isn't news anymore that one of the most effective ways of dealing with inhibitions and promoting healthy, sane evolutionary change is precisely that of fantasizing the traumas and the extreme solutions which repression will inevitably lead to. By fantasizing the extreme solutions, you then see very clearly exactly the repressive forces that are causing them to become reality. Once you clearly see the repressive forces — in the case of "Zabriskie Point" the use of police violence to harass the ferment of responsible and necessary change — you can then deal with them and eliminate them before the situation reaches the level of general violence.

An exceptional artist, Antonioni has looked at America and, in spite of everything, managed to get on the screen a very coherent portrait, a portrait of the spirit, the psychic state, the direction in which things are moving. Not to see it is to forego a rare and exquisite film experience. But to see it and then deny its balance, its intelligence, its psychic intuition about the soul of the country is identical to the political response of the people who didn't want the film to be made, and is precisely the sort of response that will on the large scale bring about the most violent realization of the film's projections.

"Depressingly adolescent?" That's America. And, maybe that's "Zabriskie's" point.



PANTHERS



however the Constitution does not specify that one must be a graduate of Harvard Law School or a member of the American Bar Association to defend himself in the courtroom."

Permission was granted for Tabor to act in his own defense and attorneys Crain and McKinney were directed to act as his advisory counsel. This will allow Tabor to cross-examine witnesses and question prospective jurors when the time comes.

William Kunstler sat as an advisory counsel at the defense table on Tuesday morning, and at the press conference that followed, he stressed the differences between the present trial and the Allen case, which is all too readily accepted as the guideline for dealing with courtroom disruptions by defendants. Expressing his own opposition to closed-circuit television as a means by which a disruptive defendant can be tried *in absentia*, Kunstler made it clear that this was a political trial like that of the Chicago 7, and in both cases the defendants' outbursts had been provoked by prejudicial actions of the court. The Allen trial was

not political in nature and, secondly, the defendant in that case had initiated the disturbances that had led to his being removed from the courtroom. In sum, the question still remains Who Will Judge the Judge?

Continuing through Wednesday and Thursday, hearings on the charges against Ali Bey Hassan were completed and Robert Collier became the next subject of police testimony, the major points of agreement in the latter's case being that Collier had "behaved like a perfect gentleman" during the 5-a.m. raid that caught him in his underwear, while his wife, police consensus held, had shown bad form in attempting to tear up his arrest warrant. No fashion report was offered on his wife. Due to conflicting statements and certain contradictions of police witnesses, the remaining testimony against Collier carried a vague whiff of mendacity. Warned beforehand to watch out for a loaded shotgun in the Collier apartment, the police, who had no warrant authorizing them to search the premises, found no shotgun, no firearms of any sort, in fact, but their search and seizure resulted in some allegedly "inflammatory" literature and personal papers and several objects which seem

to have been listed as "pipes" and "caps" in police reports filed after the raid, but which witnesses are now inclined to refer to as "pipe bombs." There was also a rather impressive large red can that looks like a stage prop, which Collier allegedly took from a shelf in his bathroom and handed to a Detective McDonnell shortly after the detective placed him under arrest and handcuffed him. The big white label reads "Hercules Bullseye Pistol Powder... Inflammable," and it's sort of a far-out thing to have on your medicine shelf. Especially when you have to remove it with handcuffs on. You wonder if it has any other bathroom-type slogans in smaller print, like "For external use only," or something like that.

It looks like a long hot summer in courtrooms around the country, from the Panther 13 to Sam Melville and the Rat-Rap, Bobby Scale in New Haven, Tim Leary in Poughkeepsie, Rap Brown in Maryland, the Weathermen vs Julius the Mad in Chicago, David Hilliard and the LA 18 in California, and the latest word in has it that Brooklyn DA Tannenbaum is gathering evidence in preparation of a move against the Young Lords. It's all part of the trial of the U.S. 200,000,000.

AMERICA'S LONE — LINESS

(Continued from Page 8)

of public myths. It gives insight but provides no course of action.

Perhaps that is all Braden wanted to do, and books of this type will most certainly find their way into some classroom where a seminar will discuss its implications seriously and just as seriously decide that there is nothing to be done about the problems. *In Pursuit of Loneliness*, on the other hand, is a rather fascinating study because the author is obviously engaged in an examination of those things which make American culture and will break it unless some new fusion of spirit is consummated. Slater sees the salvation of America in leaving behind of the classic individualism which leads to a denial of the communal aspects of living in the Twentieth Century (and facing the consequences of the Industrial Revolution). As times change,

technology also changes and where there was a need for individualism at least in the corporate sense, that need is no longer apparent or desirable. For Slater, community is the most important word. No matter what the relative merits of a particular political system are, the problem of technology has lead us right back to looking at life. At least there is some hope, "...the only obstacle to utopia is the persistence of competitive motivational patterns ... Nothing stands in our way except our indivious dreams of personal glory. Our horror of group coercion reflects our reluctance to relinquish these dreams, although they have brought us nothing but misery, discontent, hatred, and chaos. If we can overcome this horror, however, and mute this vanity, we may again be able to take up our original utopian task. (p.150"

Given another decade, Braden will probably turn out another book entitled *Adventures in the Age of Aquarius* which will sum it all up. One needs more than dispassionate analysis, one needs insights and illuminations ... Slater does both.

Quote of the Week

Q: Who is your favorite composer?
A: Salvator Dali
Leon Russel, troubadour

RUBIN

(Continued from Page 5)

clown mirrors. Jerry greets Martin as if he knew him personally before this. It is their first meeting and they sit down in opposing leather chairs as if they are going to have a father to son talk.

Yabronski starts off by attacking Jerry for his own inability to understand Jerry's book, even though he has read it "thoroughly."

For the next five minutes, Jerry literally wipes the floor with Martin for not understanding what he read.

By the time they get before

the actual cameras, there is no contest. Jerry dusts him off in public and hangs Martin out to dry. Liberals have no chance against their sons, and Jerry does right by them by giving Martin a proper funeral for the friends and relatives of Martin's viewing public.

(Continued on Page 19)



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RUBIN

As they depart offstage, Martin explains himself with a *How can you expect me to understand your book if I can't understand my son* bit. Martin exposes himself off camera and like a true liberal lets Jerry kick the dirt in too.

Jerry autographs his book for Martin and his son with a little note for both which, to paraphrase, says something like "now that you've killed your dad, why don't both of you sit down and get stoned." Martin reads the inscription and then departs and heads for the hills.

We sit around and goof about while Jerry makes a long distance call to his answering service in New York.

Jerry finishes and attracts our attention with a "Outta sight."

The answering services in New York are going on strike at 12 midnight." Everything was breaking down and people were finally getting the message. Or in this case, no messages at all.

We head on over to a friend's apartment to get stoned and then onto Dick Davis's house before Jerry speaks at American University.

Dick is one of Rennie's brothers. Jerry tells me later that Rennie and his brothers have all the same warmth, beauty and goodness about them. Something that the family of man has had trouble in duplicating.

Dick tells Jerry that American and Catholic U's are conservative. We expect a cool welcome of straight suits, short hair and vegetable-ism. But even Jerry is not prepared for what we see as we arrive.

2500 kids spilling out of a too small and overcrowded auditorium. We have to literally walk over bodies to get through to the stage. The trip is arduous and long, and complicated longer due to the fact that everytime we fall or grab on someone for support, they push a joint into our hands or a pipe into our mouths.

By the time we get to the stage, the excitement in the audience is stoned out of its

mind. Jerry whips them up like mashed potatoes. Everything is in it. It's a rally, a movement, a war. Banners are flying, voices are cheering, guitars are strumming. An army begins to emerge. If American U is conservative, it has the longest hair, stoned out look, biggest sex any conservative ever had.

It is total theater and Jerry uses the opportunity to get the truth across.

"If Bobby Seale gets the electric chair, every school in America will be closed down."

The charge is set and suddenly explodes as one girl screams across the room, "Jerry Rubin, you want to kill us." The whole front part of the audience gets to their feet spontaneously, and in unison shouts, "Bullshit! Bullshit!", over and over to her. They wave her down with the banners which have written on them the words "Ecology" and "Environment Rally." The reason for the rally has been forgotten. The kids are now declaring total war.

Before Jerry can speak again, one kid from the balcony jumps to his feet and begins to shout to the audience to do something about the situation on campus concerning the new police training academy. He wants Jerry to lead them. "Commit yourself, Jerry," he yells.

Jerry tries to argue with him on why the kids on campus must lead and not himself. But voices echo all over the place. People are saying anything and everything.

Jerry has unknowingly touched a sore nerve when he tells them the truth. The Blacks, Poor and Viet Cong are truly free because they are fighting for what they believe in. The white suburban kids were enslaved because they felt they had nothing to fight for.

Jerry has to leave, and it looks like the kids won't let him go until he leads them into the streets. But we manage to leave mostly unnoticed as the audience continues to build themselves up to the inevitable dream of Revolution.

We head on over to Catholic University. 400 kids are already settled and waiting for Jerry to arrive. He strolls in nonchalantly, throws off his his coat, looks at the impending blackboard which has some chemical formulas written on it; goes over, erasing the coded knowledge and replaces it with his own: F*CK SCHOOL! The kids cheer. Catholic U is no longer Catholic, but on the verge of another miracle.

Even Dick Davis, who has lived in Washington D.C. for years, is amazed. The thing is more advanced than even he had imagined. The kids are imagining it.

Jerry goes on for another 40 minutes. There is spontaneous

applause all over the place playing havoc with the catholic sterility of the monasterial auditorium. One black student unable to contain himself, embraces Jerry in the middle of his rap. There is unbelievable ecstasy rampant in the huge hall of a classroom. Something the Catholic Church has not experienced in the last 2000 years.

At the end, the audience is again on its feet, embracing him, cheering him on. One girl throws herself at him and kisses him for his strength. Before we are about to leave, there is one last confrontation with the same kid from American University who had asked Jerry to commit himself. He had followed us across Washington D.C. and now he stood face to face with Jerry and asked again.

I see Jerry getting angry. The kid is beseeching Jerry to commit himself.

"What are you, a CIA agent?" he shouts angrily at the kid.

"You're full of shit then," the kid shouts back.

Jerry turns and looks straight into his eyes, ready to bash the face which towers over him.

"How many times have you been in jail?"

The kid answers, "None," and Jerry now gives him his commitment.

"I have 5 yrs. You're nothing but a spoiled middle class brat."

With that, we move past him as he ponders his own lack of commitment.

We ride out to the airport but the last flight is gone. We drive back to Dick's house to stay out the night.

It is a full day, and Jerry and I sit, stare at the Academy Awards on TV and evaluate what we have seen and heard.

Washington D.C. is ready. We agree. The late news agrees also as the local newscaster reports "the breakout of four fires at American University soon after Jerry Rubin's guest appearance."

Jerry and I look at each other in silence. Outside, that cold wind whipping across the house is rattling the windows.

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FUNERAL

(Continued from Page 20)
week, what'd he give us, five dollars?"

"More like twenty."

"Ten motherfucker! Now listen to me! I don't give a shit about the money around here. We don't make none, we ain't allowed to. This is the navy. You think I'm worried about some fucking little sum-like ten dollars? You think I can't score when I want to score? You're giving. You full of shit. There's only three classes of people in this canoe club, whores, hoods and homosexuals, and as long as you all know it, and we dig it, then we're cool. But you mess with me, you get stepped on. Now get your fucking gear on, we got to go to Massachusetts, and we gotta look sharp. Assistant security officer is coming with us."

The Assistant Security officer, Lieutenant Wyndham, was a red-faced nervous little dudewho continually belched. He rode with us that day, and we gave an extemporary performance. Taylor was very deferent, he didn't pull his gun one. Wyndham sat in the bus for the entire ceremony.

"You did a good job men," he told us later, "but there's one thing that's bothering me. In the Navy, some of us are privileged to wear two hats. In my collateral duties as billeting officer, I've noticed that the barracks of this base are in terrible shape. You know what I mean, writing on the walls, carved-up mattresses, why these buildings look like pig sties. The navy didn't build these buildings so they could be destroyed. From now on, every single mattress, sheet and blanket will be numbered and when you are issued that equipment, your number will be registered and you will be accountable for that number at a later date. Do I make myself clear? Men, we're trying to operate a tight unit here, one we can all be proud of. But if we have to run it like a prison, they we'll run it like a prison. Dismissed."

With that, Wyndham let out a belch, and he was gone.

One week later, on Friday, we had a detail to do up in Fall River and it was a pisser. It rained like hell, and we stood there shivering for the longest time, and some young beautiful chick slipped in the mud and fell into an open grave, and folks being superstitious in those parts; they had to perform another separate ceremony on her so she wouldn't be possessed by whatever causes people to fall into graves, and we all thought it was pretty funny, but it was still pretty cold out there. This funeral was the result of the Vietnam war, and there were plenty of young folks there, and some of them were laughing. The old folks, though, were hysterical. Everyone cried, even the priest who was crippled, and who fell in the mud several times with his white vestments. Our guns didn't go off properly, and

it was a very sloppy funeral. The only thing was, the event was staged by one of the oldest, most venerable funeral homes in New England, and the retired director himself, a 78-year-old coot, decided to honor the bereaved family with his presence, and he stood out there with his thick silver glasses and black hat and cape looking very wierd. After the event, his two sons helped him over to where we were standing.

"Glad to see you boys," he said with some difficulty. "It is very important to honor the dead. And believe me, it has always been one of my strongest faiths that they know and are aware of what we do for them."

"Right," Taylor said with a smirk.

"Yes, I believe they know. I believe they are watching over us at this very moment in time. So, here. Take this."

And with that, he distributed five dollar bills to each of us, then blessed us with his hand, and hobbled off with his sons.

"I know how we're gonna spend *this* money," Taylor said.

I'd say most of the rest of us wanted to keep it for the time being, but Taylor decided we'd all have to get drunk, and to that end, he instructed the bus driver to pull up in the rainy mud outside the Portugese-American club in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, which he did, and we all went inside where all the old Portugese boozers saw us coming in with our uniforms and helmets and let up a big cheer, and began buying drinks for us on the spot, and we didn't spend a penny of our own money. It was getting to be about four o'clock in the afternoon by now, and the Portugese were just settling in for an evening of serious drinking, and they had a Canadian Hockey Game on the tube, and we all just sort of settled in with them and drank for seven hours. Meanwhile, the driver had been sitting out in the bus in the rain. At length, we all rejoined him, and began firing our guns out the window and told him to drive us back to the base. It was a great night. It was a great night until we arrived at the base and went around the winding road past the armory.

"Hey, what's going on?" Taylor asked. "You passed the fucking armory."

The driver pulled up short in front of the brig. He honked the horn.

"Hey, what's going on?" Taylor asked from under one of the seats.

The door opened and several agents from the Office of Naval Intelligence clambered on board.

"You're all under arrest."

"Who?"

"You're under arrest. Now get up and file out of this bus one by one, and stack up your equipment, and don't say a word."

"Fucking drinks," the bus driver said.

"You fucking rat!" Taylor said to him threateningly.

"I don't know. They saw me

ago, and told me to drive you here when you got out. I didn't do anything."

"GET MOVING!"

Outside, a row of brig attendants were waiting. It was raining like hell, and we were all very drunk. We could see the fluorescent lights shining behind the bars of the brig windows.

"This is a disgrace," Lieutenant Wyndham said. "I've never seen anything like it before. I put all my faith and confidence in you men, and you screwed me. Well, now you're in for it. You'll pay for this. Take them away."

All nine of us were thrown into two drunk-tanks. Taylor immediately flipped out, and he tried to set a roll of toilet paper on fire. We spent a night of misery, and one or two people puked, then at 11 the next morning our angry division officers started arriving in civilian clothes to get us out. It was Saturday morning, and some division officers didn't show up, and some of us spent the weekend in the brig. For two weeks, there were stacks of reports, affidavits, and various other forms filled out, and we were all expecting the worst, a court-martial, then one by one each division officer got the charges dropped, except for those against Taylor. He was thoroughly investigated, and found to be possessing two guns

in his barracks locker, plus a knife, and an apartment downtown that we filled with equipment from the armory, and he was on the take and everything else. He was court-martialed on 23 counts against the Uniform Code of

Military Justice, convicted then acquitted because of a technicality. He passed from sight on the base, and the rest of us were instructed that from now on we could order nothing stronger than coffee and donuts after a funeral detail.

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Now is the time for war tax resistance. The most powerful acts against war have been those of the young men of the Resistance who have said NO to the draft. Now it is time for those of us who have been paying for the war in Vietnam to say NO to taxes for war. Join us! War Tax Resistance. 339 Lafayette St. NY, NY 10012. Write and ask for information. Phone (212) 477-2970.

Town Hall Meeting — "You and the Homophile Movement." Mattachine Society, Freedom House, 20 W. 40th St. Friday, April 17, 8:15 PM. \$1.00 donation.

Connie Martin call Jim S. at 834-8263 evenings.

YOUNG GIRLS WANTED: For nude modelling. No experience necessary. Must be free and nympho for nympho film being made. Call or write for screen test. Spanish International Magazine Inc. Mr. Bol BE3-3300—Box 624, New York, NY 10025.

PRIVATE SOCIAL CLUBS, NYC, Queens & LI. Girls and couples free. Send photo and phone number. T. Pepe, 439 Knick Ave., Ridgewood 37, NY.

\$1. Social — Friday, April 17 — 8-12 PM, 116 E. 19. Studio, one flight up between Park and Irving Place, join 200 girls and guys in a happy evening of fun and dancing. Meet the sexiest, nicest singles in town.

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Lost on 4th Street and 2nd Ave. Irish Setter, Puppy Male, 12 weeks old. Reward, Call 475-9444.

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Nude Male Model, 6', 175 lbs. Well proportioned physique. Well endowed, masculine, will pose for photographers in your studio. \$25.00 per session. Call 246-3292.

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TERRY — call home — URGENT. BILL, SALLY, MOM, DAD.

SEAN TANNIAN: Please call Andy Stener at 624-7488, or Pat Tannian at home, or either at HA2-6767.

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Production Co. & Model agency expanding looking for extremely handsome young men age range 18-30. Opportunity for big money. Send photo & telephone number to jeff reynolds productions, 197-64 110th St., Richmond Hill, NY 11419. Interviews will be held in office in NY City.

GROOVY MALE MODEL with tight round buttocks will do erotic posing; rubber tights; nylon. 628-0508. Will also consider salaried position as personal aide; travel companion.

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1959 Chevy stepvan. Complete living set-up. Many extras. Engine block cracked. \$325. 266-8939 or 473-9826.

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WE ARE HOLDING OUR
6th SPRING DEMONSTRATION
TO END THE WAR AGAINST VIETNAM
(IF YOU THINK WE'RE TIRED,
ASK THE VIETNAMESE
HOW THEY FEEL!)**



**APRIL 15
NATIONWIDE TAX-WAR PROTESTS
*U.S. Out of Vietnam & Laos Now!***

11:30 - 1:30 Mass Rally Internal Revenue Service Hdqtrs. Murray & Church Sts.
then Parade to (1 BLOCK WEST OF CITY HALL)

4:00 - 6:00 Bryant Pk. Rally (42 St. & 6th Ave.)

for complete listing of actions scheduled throughout the city,
call 255-0062 or 691-9450)

MORATORIUM - NO BUSINESS AS USUAL ON APR. 15!

Vietnam Peace Parade Committee
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Phone: 255-1075, 255-0062

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I enclose \$_____ to help support this demonstration.
 Put me on your mailing list. I enclose \$1.00 to cover costs.

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