

A MID SUMMER NIGHTS MARE

THE EAST VILLAGE UNDER

vol 5

no 38

aug 18 metro 25¢ nat 35¢



IF I DON'T MAKE
THE BANK I'LL
REALLY BE
PISSSED!!



CRACKERS

YOSHIMIN 70

HIRAP

THERE IS A METHOD to the madness, and its repeated manifestations tend to be reassuring. The Tupamaros of Uruguay are a case in point. EVO, having scooped the general media long before they ever heard of the Tupamaros ("Uruguay", EVO Vol. 4, No. 42, Sept. 17, '69) looked with especial relish on the latest terrorism in Montevideo. Quite evidently, a lot has changed since last September. The Tupas have become a force to be reckoned with, and in their latest Crimes Against Humanity they have again succeeded in applying an elegant sense of selectivity and proportion.

TAKE THE ABDUCTION and eventual execution-snuffing of the Dan A. Mitrione. Reams of newspaper have already been wasted on this poor bugger's life story. A first generation American, he seems to have made out pretty well by the standards of his Indiana home town, where in short order he oinked his way up to the redolent position of police chief. No mean feat. Very little information is available about this phase of The Deceased's career. He must have been tops among his peers, such as they were, since it is otherwise doubtful if the CIA would have bothered to extract him from the wastelands of Indiana and unleashed his rare sadistic talents upon hordes of political prisoners from Brazil to Uruguay.

VERY LIKELY, few who survived the late Dan's ingenious investigative techniques would share the sanctimonious mourning drivel heaped upon the Loved One's corpse. "God was no stranger to him. He illustrated ideals to be a full Christian man, and when the time came for him to die, he would be unafraid. For death is not an ending, it is a beginning."

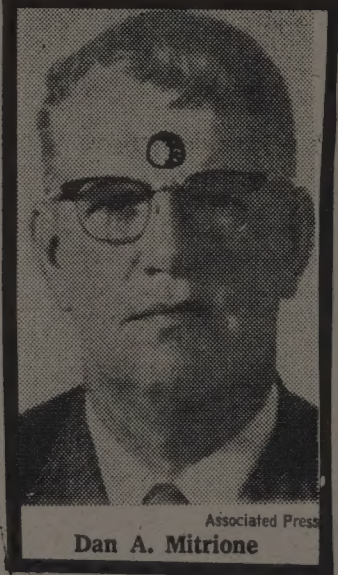
YES. THE BEGINNING, hopefully, of a good long eternity graced with one less God damned Dan A. Mitrione. As if our imagination could not suffice, Reuters, in a marginal note on the wretched Mitrione's curious profession, offered this bit of typical British understatement: "A Brazilian newspaper today quoted a former secret police chief in Uruguay as having said that Mr. Mitrione had 'used torture' in his job."

WHAT JOB MIGHT THAT have been, you ask? Why, just check page 364 of Who's Who In The CIA: "MITRIONE, Dan A., b. 4/8 1920; 1942-45 in US Navy; 1945-60 Police Captain; from 1960 in AID; SpA: V Belo Horizonte, Rio de Janeiro (Security Officer).

DANIEL A. MITRIONE should encounter nothing new in Hell.

WE ALL OWE THE TUPAS a token of gratitude for lightening our American conscience.

See below



Associated Press
Dan A. Mitrione
R.I.P. - FOREVER

- JAAKOV KOHN
- ALLEN KATZMAN
- IRVING SHUSHNIK
- STEPHEN KOHN
- JACKIE DIAMOND
- RAY SHULTZ
- JOSEPH STEVENS
- JACKIE FRIEDRICK
- KARIN BERG
- DON KATZMAN
- HETTY MACLISE
- STEVEN HELLER
- FLICKA DE MOID
- NORTH: THE KID
- CHARLIE FRICK
- YOSSARIAN
- JOHN DA SWEDE
- JACKIE ACON
- FRED MOGUBGUB
- ALEX GROSS

- SPAIN RODIGUEZ
- KIM DEITCH
- R. CRUMB
- DEAN LATIMER

- DAVID WALLEY
- CLAUDIA DREIFUS
- RENFREU NEFF
- AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG

- JOHN PETER ZENGER
- LIL PICARD
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- TRUMAN PATRICK CRAIG TITUS
- ALLEN SHENKER

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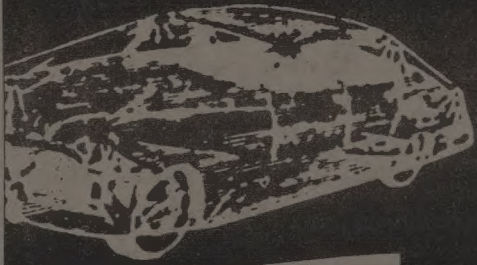
France: the Hot Summer

PARIS (LNS)—In the evening of July 13, past history caught up with present-day Paris. A large group of youths, yelling "Free the Bastille!", resisted police attempting to break up their street festival.

Militants from the dissolved group called the Proletarian Left and members of another Maoist group, Vive La Revolution (VLR), had decided to beef up the traditional people's ball which takes place annually at the Place de la Bastille in commemoration of the spontaneous eruption of joy and dancing which followed the fall of the Bastille on July 14, 1789.

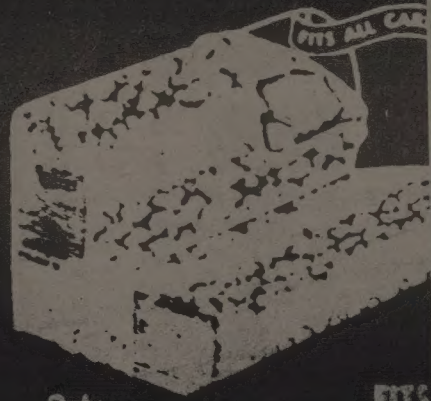
ANYWHERE!

by Groupe 76



After a while, the resistance died down and most of the people split who had been fighting, leaving the pigs alone on the Place as a milling crowd booed and mocked them. But a contingent of roughly 1000 exasperated militants and

COWHIDE-



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FITS ALL CARS

same time, on the other side of the Seine, incidents broke out around the Place St. Michel between the pigs and Maoists who were shouting "Free Geismar!" And finally, fighting occurred also that same night in at least two provincial towns: the port of Le Havre (there working-class kids—greasers—did the job all by themselves) and in the university town of Grenoble, where the official ball gave birth to a big melee and several busts.

Numerous incidents took place throughout the country during the celebrations on July 14, incidents that seem to be part of the Maoist summer campaign of "no vacations for the rich."

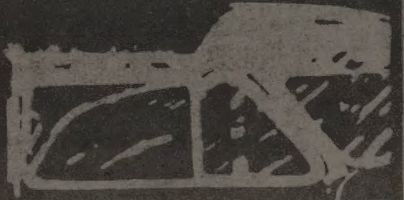
The Proletarian Left came with paint-bombs, pots and pans, and the slogan "Free Geismar!" Alan Geismar, one of

FOR EXTRA PROTECTION

SPORTSMAN'S SUIT KROMWHEELS

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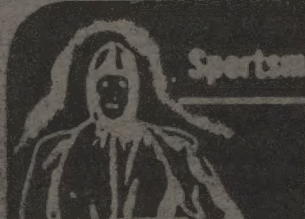


their leaders, has been in prison since June 25 for an article published in a journal he edited. VLR came with two rock groups (one of them English, one French) and lanterns, wine, and French fries for free distribution.

The "Wildcat" Ball had been announced several days in advance, so that by 10 p.m. a

TOUCH TO YOUR AUTO-MOBILE!

working-class kids took off down the rue St. Antoine with the cry of "Down with the police state!" and "Freedom for the people!" and crashed the windows of several stores, sacking three banks and attempting to storm a police precinct station before erecting a symbolic barricade and splitting for the Latin-Quarter.



In resort towns, expensive cars have been burnt or covered with red paint, and a Motoriv cocktail was thrown into a "chic" hotel in La Baule. In a provincial village 100 miles from Paris, a group of young people waving a red flag attacked the local police station after having disrupted the town's official ball.

Adjustable shoulder and belt or trousers. Full zipper. Pockets and pockets on blouse. Together with Crown with Buttons.

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major beaches in France, surveillance operations have become intolerable. They shadow suspected trouble-makers and arrest them whenever they feel they can get away with it.

CAN ADD THAT DISTINCTIVE TOUCH



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BLADEMAST

At the same time, in the Place d'Aligre near the opposite side of the Bastille, another group of several thousand people was dancing to the music of David

large crowd of mostly young people completely filled the immense Place. When the music was late in showing up (the van carrying the equipment for the groups was caught in a traffic jam), things began to heat up as people joined hands and danced in a chain, shouting "Free Geismar!"

It took only a few minutes for a veritable army of pigs, equipped with full riot gear, to show up and attack the crowd, which responded immediately

with a rain of stones, bottles, and various other projectiles. Full-scale street-fighting broke out on the Place and in surrounding streets, lasting more than half an hour.

SHAVE THE YEAR ROUND

Allen (ex-Soft Machiner). The musicians waved red flags; people danced on roofs; firecrackers went off all over; young workers, immigrant workers, and student militants all got together over free wine and fries. The militants improvised a new dance (called the "Left Rock"), danced with a fist in the air accompanied by a rhythmic chant of "Mao! Mao!"

BINOCULARS

LONG VIEW



Youths, militants, women, and older workers all fought side by side, resisting the repeated gas attacks of the police.

By one in the morning, people were ready to return to the initial location of their ball and to re-take the Bastille. While the crowd shouted "The streets belong to the people—Off the pigs!" and the musicians kept time with the chants, the riot brigades of the Parisian police quickly made their appearance, charging and tearing away.

The people dispersed. The only casualty was the musician van and its driver who was severely beaten later in the precinct house. At roughly the

CHRONOGRAPH

JEWELLED MOVEMENT

Bourgeois vacations haven't been stopped, but an awful lot of tires have been slashed. The big-time actions being planned by Maoist groups will be concentrated in the month of August, and haven't yet begun.

Nevertheless, a full-blown hysteria has swept through post-vacation spots. In Deauville (an internationally renowned resort on the Atlantic coast), the well-to-do inhabitants concluded that the officers of the law weren't "doing their work" and formed vigilante groups that patrol the town after ten o'clock looking for long-hairs. On all the

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'CIA KILLED JFK

TO KEEP WAR

by Mark Lane

What is new about that headline? Nothing much, since Jim Garrison and I released that information more than two years ago. During the past two years we have witnessed numerous denials, primarily based upon the assumption that John Kennedy never showed any inclination to wind down the war, and was in fact fervently committed to maintaining American troops (then called advisors) in Vietnam. Now Kenneth P. O'Donnell, appointments secretary and close personal friend (later for that) of the late president, reveals that John Kennedy was committed to the complete withdrawal of all American personnel just after his re-election in 1964. O'Donnell said that Kennedy felt "that if he announced a total withdrawal of American military personnel from Vietnam before the 1964 election there would be a wild conservative outcry against returning him to the presidency for a second term."

O'Donnell then quoted Kennedy: "In 1965, I'll be damned everywhere as a Communist appeaser, but I don't care. If I tried to pull out completely now, we would have another Joe McCarthy red scare on our hands. But I can do it after I'm re-elected. So we had better make damned sure that I am re-elected."

Instead they made damned sure that he was dead and unable, therefore, to run for re-election.

O'Donnell's statement was not immediately followed by the official denials that we have come to associate with the aftermath of all truthful revelations. Instead, the Senate Democratic leader, Mike Mansfield, said at once that, after a White House breakfast meeting in the Spring of 1963, Kennedy told him he agreed that a "complete withdrawal of all Americans from Vietnam was necessary." The president added, Mansfield reported, that this could not be done until after the 1964 elections, but should be done immediately after the elections.

According to O'Donnell, Kennedy met with Gen. Douglas MacArthur and then gave his staff a complete account of the discussions:

"MacArthur implored the President to avoid a US military build-up in Vietnam, or any other part of the Asian mainland, because he felt that the domino theory was ridiculous in a nuclear age. MacArthur went on to point out that there were domestic problems—the urban crisis, the ghettos, the economy—that should have far more priority than Vietnam."

I take you back to Nov. 22, 1963. Do you remember what kind of a country we lived in then? Compare it to America 1970. Think of the months and years that followed the assassination of President Kennedy. Years of silence. Two years in which not a single voice dissenting from the official version of President Kennedy's assassination was permitted on network radio or television. Think of the responsible editorials in the responsible press congratulating Lyndon Johnson for his every act of escalation, declaring that he has donned the Kennedy mantle as he increased our investment from 15,000 advisors to more than half a million combat troops. Do you recall how the voice of the liberals was heard in the land? I.F. Stone, the *New York Post*, *The Nation* filled with support for the Warren Report and condemnation for those who dared to think that not all the questions had been answered. And how many radicals were heard to jeer that JFK was all part of the pig power structure anyway, and that his death was an insignificant bit of trivia

During the past half year we have learned that the former chief of the Dallas police force, Jesse Curry, has concluded at long last that they never did have any evidence to show that Oswald did it alone, and that Senator Richard Russell, a member of the Warren Commission, always did believe that there was a conspiracy to murder the president (even, evidently, when he signed the report holding quite to the contrary); and that Lyndon Johnson, himself, never really did believe the report and always did harbor suspicion that there was a conspiracy to kill Kennedy. The pretense that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone assassin of John F. Kennedy has now been so thoroughly discredited that even the pretenders have felt constrained to abandon it. Curry in a book and in subsequent media interviews, Russell in an Atlanta television interview, Johnson to CBS in an exclusive interview—the relevant portion of which he then asked CBS to delete. CBS, of course, having had a great deal of experience with re-writing and falsifying information in the field, complied.

Where this all leaves poor Earl Warren and his lone hapless defender, Louis Nizer, is a matter for self-described "contemporary historians" such as William Manchester to ponder.

The rest of us might wonder what Ken O'Donnell, described in the press as JFK's close personal friend; Robert Kennedy; Ted Kennedy; Ted Sorenson and all the other JFK confidants were thinking as they heard Lyndon Johnson order more men to Vietnam and explain that he was following the policy laid down by his predecessor, and what the surviving Kennedy confidants have thought until now as Nixon escalated, invaded a neutral country, bombed North Vietnam, sent troops into Laos as quietly as one can send troops into another neutral country, and explained it all as part of a commitment of American military personnel to Southeast Asia—a commitment, he explained, that was entered into and fully supported until his death by John F. Kennedy.

They all said they were his friends, and surely he died as much for them as for any others. Yet in cowardly deference to power and with craven aspirations for a place near the throne, they remained silent as his memory was tarnished, the cause for which he died scattered to the winds, the best of our youth became victims or executions and often both, and as the evil that was always present here—as it is in all countries—became so dominant that the country lost its basic redeeming characteristics and became an evil place.

Neither Lyndon Johnson nor Richard Nixon could have wrought such a monumental change alone. They required the silence of John Kennedy's friends and relatives.

L.A. Free Press

► The world is full of significant happenings that never hit Page One of the newspapers.



DATLINE CENTRAL PARK

Peter Pigtol, 18, has reason to appear worried, for business has been terrible. If he were selling hot dogs and cracker jacks, and not vegetable juice and seaweed, things would be better. But Peter is a visionary, and only when people see the importance of natural foods will his business thrive. Meantime, Peter stays nice and high. (STEVENS PHOTO)

Dear EVO:

I am writing this letter to ask for information on how to seek your help me stop a small minded police department from jailing my well advanced mind along with my body.

If you will accept my story I will write my story. I have an identical twin brother in jail on two frames. I myself have been jailed twice for pot. I have no father, only a mother and no money. I must get them off my back or at least expose them.

May I please have your support if possible or at least some help.

Thank you,
Joseph Polillo

Dear Editor:

I am writing this letter to inform you about all the bull-shit this fucken Army has given me. At one time, which, when I was a confirmed juice-head, I wanted to be a lifer. But since then I've been in the Army (8 fucken months) I realize that this is no place for straight cats which society calls freaks. The Army is no place for us type people.

Now to let you know about the bullshit which started in Basic Training.

It all started when I broke my arm trying to become a PROFESSIONAL KILLER. Not really being gung-ho about it they (the Army) told me I was bullshitting. There I was standing with a broken arm and being called a liar for it. Finally I talked them into believing my arm was broken, so they fixed it; and boy did they fix it but good—like wow! I've seem better arms on a raggy Ann doll. Then the shit hit the stove. Like the doctor asked me if I wanted a discharge. Naturally I said hell yes. Well, the mother fucker told me I had to change my attitude first. That

mother fucker really has balls (but to tell you the truth I think he's queer). Then I try another way out since the Army digs on people with fucked arms. I took an OD on librium (24 Caps) it didn't work. I cut my wrist and it didn't work either. Then yesterday I dropped about 90 caps of tranqs sure I really got stoned, but that didn't work either. Well I was really giving up hope, but then I went AWOL and the mothers gave me \$120 fine, 30 days hard labor, 30 days extra duty and 30 days restriction; them dirty asshole mother fuckers. I'm wondering if any one on the outside world could help. Please could you write and give me advice or call, anything that will ease the pains of Uncle Sam's elbow up my ass.

Thanks
Pacem En Terris
Louis Austie



TUNE IN THE VOICE OF VIETNAM

HAVANA (LNS)—You can hear the "Voice of Vietnam" broadcast daily in English to the American people—the official voice of the Vietnamese people in their struggle to expel the United States occupation forces—bringing you news, commentary, documents of war, plus special cultural programs from Vietnam and the peoples of Indochina.

"The Voice of Vietnam" is beamed northward by the transmitters of Radio Havana in Cuba at 9:10 p.m., 10:40 p.m., and 11:40 p.m. EST on three different frequencies: at 9,525 kc. on the 31-meter band, at 11,970 kc. on the 25-meter band, and at 17,715 kc. on the 16-meter band.

The Vietnamese who put the broadcasts together would like to hear from people in the United States. Letters, which are often broadcast, can be sent to "The Voice of Vietnam" at P.O. Box 6116, Habana, Cuba, or at 58 Quan Su Street, Hanoi, Democratic Republic of Vietnam.

GENERAL DORNBERGER FINDS A NEW HOME



DIETETIC RACISM IN LAOS: REFUGEES DRINKING A PRODUCT BANNED IN U.S.

VIENTIANE, Laos (LNS)—Sixty spokesman for Carnation Company, thousand cases of Carnation who donated the drink said, "We Slender, a drink withdrawn from gave this product before the sale of the United States market because it it in the U.S. was banned. We gave contains cyclamates, have recently Slender for humanitarian been shipped to feed war refugees purposes."

in Laos. Hadley claims that while Norval Hadley, director of World cyclamate sweetener products were Vision, a liberal relief organization, banned in the U.S. for fear they said an official of the Food and may be cancer producing, no such Drug Administration assured him danger "applied to underfed the drink would not be harmful. A people."

BUFFALO, N.Y. (LNS)—During World War II, Walter Dornberger was a general. And, like most of the Big Brass of the officer caste in the Army, he retired to become a top executive for one of the big corporations in America. Walter Dornberger is now an executive vice-president for Bell Aerosystems in Buffalo and resides in Boston Hills, a rich Buffalo suburb.

The only thing distinctive about this story is that Walter Dornberger was a Nazi General. Walter Dornberger, like Werner Von Braun and other Nazi big-wigs, now resides and makes good money here in America while many Panthers and others fighting against American fascism reside in prison.

ANTI-BLACK TERROR SOARS IN LOUISIANA TOWNS

HOMER, La. [LNS] — Black people plan to ask the Federal Courts to help stop a reign of terror against them here and in nearby cities. Twenty-seven of them have been ailed this month and fourteen are still in jail under bonds ranging up to \$40,000, on charges of aggravated assault on property and, in some case, battery.

The victims have been placed in jails in Homer, Arcadia, Minden, Farmerville, Bolger City and Rustin.

Metal sheets have been placed over doors and windows of the Homer jail, so that little air enters.

Last month, a group of whites in a car shot David Mozeke as he walked along a road. He is now paralyzed from the waist down.

When the white country club and several old and unoccupied buildings in Homer burned down, police invaded black homes and arrested people wholesale.

One highway patrolman said, "We are going to arrest every black body until we get the right body."

Paul Kidd, white attorney from Monroe, who is defending those arrested, said it all started last September when a dairy bar refused service to a black veteran and his wife. One incident after another led to a protest march on March 25. Police beat the marchers. The black people began a boycott of merchants which is still in effect.

Kidd said he will seek writs of habeas corpus in the US Court of Shreveport, and will also charge violations of the US Civil Rights Act.



DATELINE TRANS LUX EAST

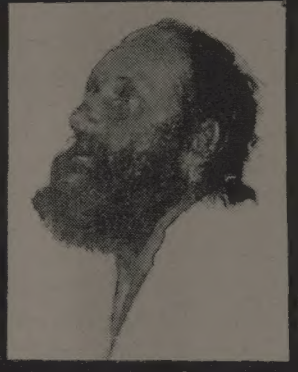
Sick Mick has done it again, and his latest, a film, "Performance," is packing them in. Jagger

freaks are having a field day with this one. The popular Stone cavorts before the cameras nude and in drag. Sings too! (STEVENS PHOTO)

TITUS

A FABLE

Once a bird went from Alaska to Patagonia. He walked all the way. Moral: Don't get out of your element or you'll have sore feet or a sore ass.



AMERICAN RABBLEROUSERS BEWARE! DRINKING BEER MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR FREEDOM.

All American and otherwise subversive elements entering Montreal and probably all other Canadian cities should be aware of the sobering fact that there exists one Highway Code, designed with the benevolent foresight of controlling those weak-willed souls, who, unable to resist the temptations of Belial, might and undeniably do go about carelessly and dangerously consuming brews of malevolent alcoholic content, thereafter pilfering and raping the purity of the Canadian Land And Populace. To insure against reprisals from the surly criminals after apprehension, the Canadian

officials, blessed as they are with their infinite wisdom, have ruled that there shall be no bail for Americans whatsoever. In Montreal the center of sin and evil is located at 282 St. Catherine Ave. (Rue), better known as the community switchboard, who were foolish enough to aid in the release of two American illuminaries who were recently held on the selfsame highway code charge (drinking beer in a parked vehicle).

Wrongdoers may avoid detection by walking instead of travelling in cars with foreign plates.

EXPLOITATION FOR FUN AND PROFIT

African Research Group

Have you been zapped by the stock market recently? Have your high-flying glamour stocks taken a plunge? Here's a tip. When things start to go sour in the business world, you can't really count on those secondary glamour firms. You need something really solid. You need to invest where it's safe from the ups and downs of the American economic crisis.

Take gold mining, for example. Most of the gold mined in the "free" world comes from South Africa, which is now considered one of the most stable countries for investment. Companies there pay workers less than 31¢ a day and gold is still selling at \$32 an ounce (sometimes higher). Now that's a good, solid, blue chip situation. You know those profits are going to keep rolling in.

The record for the first half of 1970 certainly bears out that confidence. Gold mining stocks as a group went up 32.8% for those six months. This was the largest gain registered by any group. Only one other group showed a gain at all—natural gas pipelines up .6%—all other groups suffered losses.

The biggest gainer in the gold mining group was a company called American-South African Investment Company (up a whopping 57.3%). A little background will quickly give you an idea of just how solid this stock is. Strictly speaking, American-South African is not a gold mining company. Americans invest their money in the company, which then invests it in the South African economy. (More than 75% of the money is in gold.) Charles Engelhard—personal friend of LBJ and HHH, and the man whose career was the inspiration for Ian Fleming's Goldfinger—directs the company. So, for your money you get gold and other selected investments in South Africa's dynamic economy, all watched over by Charles Engelhard, a man very close to the action there.

With American-South African you get still another bonus. Besides a good investment, you get the satisfaction of knowing that you are really helping white South Africa. When 69 people were killed in the Sharpeville Massacre of 1960, the South African economy suffered a severe crisis. American-South African hastily organized a new \$30 million investment portfolio to bolster the badly-shaken economy. As the then South African Prime Minister Henrik Verwoerd said at the time: "For South Africa, American-South African came just in the nick of time." Since 1960, American-South African has found apartheid an increasingly profitable area for investment.

It's nice to know that opportunities for sound investment and public spirited work are still available.

It was nother part of the rock and roll story, one of the scenes that you dont find out about on your local and top pop FM station. It was low all the way. I mean Dirty Pool is Dirty pool. There ought to be a Law.

Last thursday afternoon and the EVO office was a scene of last minute copy deadline amphetamine rush. General freakout was the order of the day. Walking in leisurely with last weeks column in my hand all neatly typed and corrected i met full force head on with last thursday. Dean had on a brand new pair of shoes and some new pants, the kind the greasers and all the 1935 gansters used to wear. Blue with white pin stripes on them. I knew something weird was up,

Golden Toy Tunes

it was no ordinary thursday freakout but some more work of those cozmik bad guys from sector four, well anyways, one thing led to another and round about six o clock i was flashing over to the village gate in the wild and wooly west village, tourist attraction. It was at rock and roll promotion party, one on a long endless list, i guess theyll still have them after the money runs out of the jukebox machiene cause parties are part and parcel of the rock and roll business.

I was early and decided to do some SCOUT WORK on my own. headed over to the Taystee Freeze stand to get some icecream and see a friend of mine, he works there in the

chocolate covering department hes a Junky for a long time now and is a member of the OBSERVATION SQUAD, watches things go by, and people get high and all sorts of things that you wouldnt think are being watched. we looked out of the windows in the front of the vanillia machiene.

There was the west side in All its glory, the store was empty cause who eats ice cream sundays at 6 pm? My friend scratched his arm a little bit and chewed on a bloody toothpick that was dangling from his lips, "Look at them sitting there eating and drinking and carrying on right there out in the street where everyone can see, its a fucking eye sore." He was pointing over across to the Village Gate, owned and operated by Art D'Lugoff, but i'll get to him later. The Gate, in case you dont know, features a side walk cafe where if you want to you can sit out on one of the

dirtyest streets in the whole world and sip your favorite while the rest of the world goes by.

"What a circus" my friend said shakeing his head "Yeah i said, thanks for the ice cream and i was out on the street again, Boppin around a little bit i hear

"FRICK!! HEY FRICK!! It was my distinguished compatriot and honorary under 21, Coca Crystal, bless her acid ridden heart. Leaping from a cab that was still moving she dashed across the busy street completely oblivious to traffic. They were oblivious to her, i mean how can you hit the someone with your car if you cant see them, Coca Crystal is a fast mover. Behind her shattering smile and her foster Grants there lurked the mind of a true crazy, an honor to the cause.

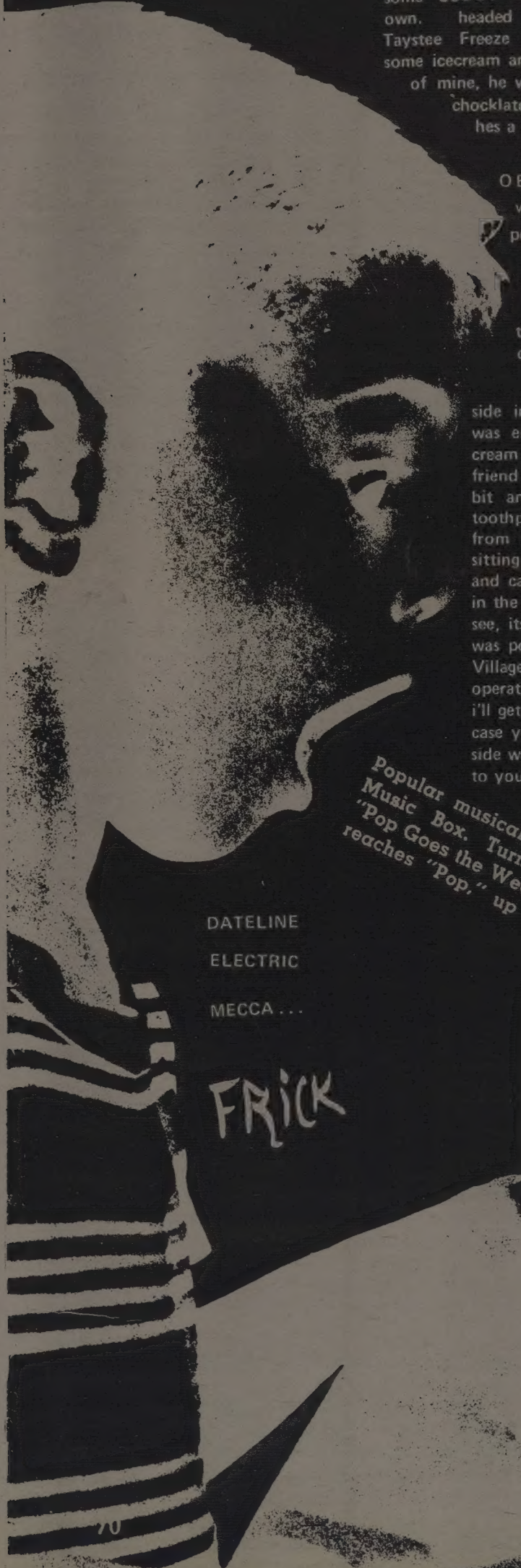
It was a press party put on by Flying Dutchman records. The name of the group on the invitation was EUCLID. They were all sitting there drinking wine and eating apples and cheese, this was no ordinary press party. CoCa and me made the rounds and met all the important people who were there from all the different angles of the rock buisness, Freeloaders each and every one of them.

Coca and me have this number that do wherever we go we dose the place with evos, we got it down to a science, inside of five minutes everyone had a copy in their hot little hands and were thumbing thru them looking for something,

dirty pictures? Maybe, I dont know. By this time we were all the way around the other side of the table and who should pop up in front of our eyes? Alice Poleskiy One of the top rock riters around these days and a true flip in her own rite. She was munching on an apple and looking off into space we run into her alot these days, shes a true rock and roller from way back, we sat down and exchanged notes on what was happening and this and that and the other thing and every so often there was this dynamite little waitress who came around and replaced the empty wine bottles with fresh ones and this went on for a long time. It was an hour later and many bottles under the bridge and the group still hadn't made their debut, they were waiting for something, obviously it wasnt for everyone to get into the right mood cause everyone was lushed out of their birds, It was quite a trip,

Around 8:30 there still wasn't no music but there was action by the groups equipment in the front of the room. Up on the little stage was crammed a whole lot of Marshal amplifiers, theyre the big ones and theyre the loudest in the business, there seemed to be enough for at least 1/2 of the rock groups appearing on the street, i mean there was a whole wall of marshal amplifiers. This was no ordinary rock group. The drums were kind of strange too, they were oversize, big ones, 26 inch double bass drums, oversize double tom toms, the whole works, We were getting drunker and drunker by the minute.

One by one the performers got themselves wired into position tuned up and ready to go. Page 22)

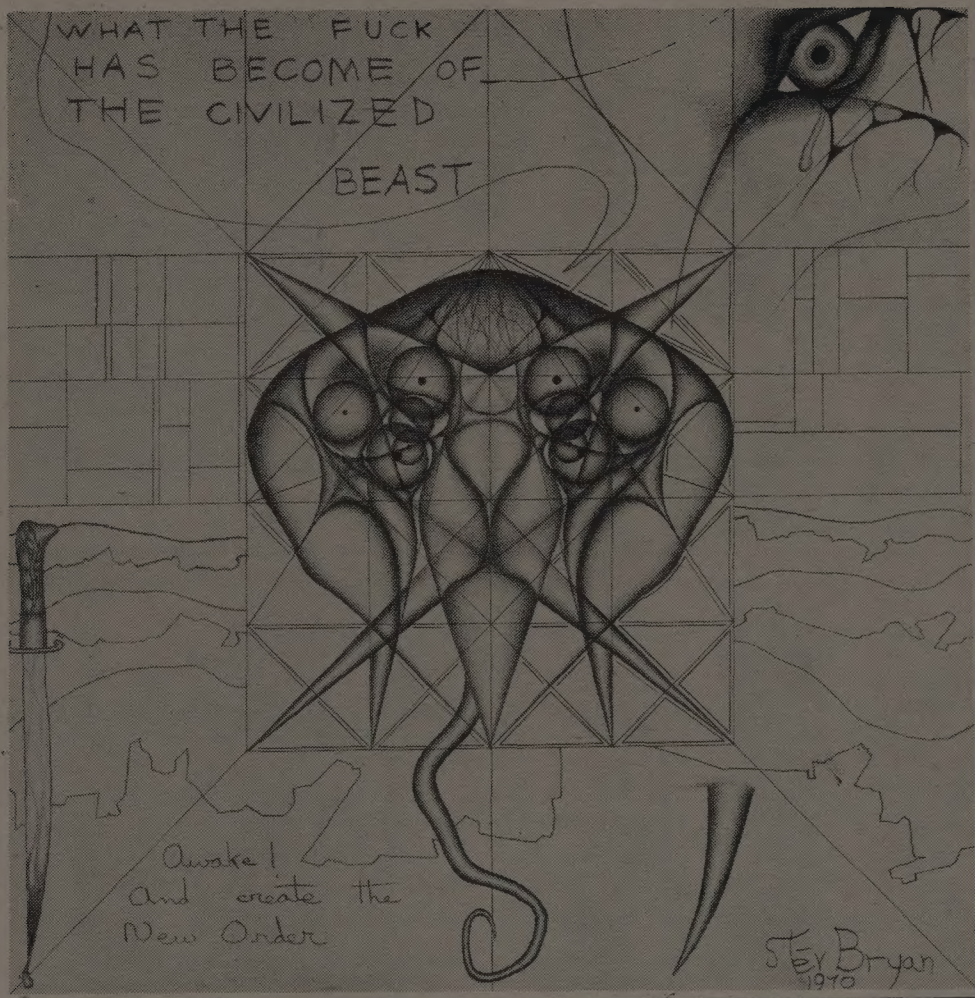


Popular musical-toy is Jack-in-the-Music Box. Turning crank plays "Pop Goes the Weasel." When tune reaches "Pop," up jumps a clown.

DATELINE
ELECTRIC
MECCA ...

FRICK





CLAUDIA CLAUDIA CLAUDIA CLAUDIA CLAUDIA CLAUDIA

THE NATIONAL WOMEN'S STRIKE: There's a well known women's magazine that touts its readers to "never underestimate the power of a woman." Unfortunately, Woman Power has been a grossly underestimated force. But Betty Friedan the author of *The Feminine Mystique* and the Mother Superior of the Women's Liberation movement, has decided that the era of female underestimation is over. Last week Mrs. Friedan held a press conference to announce plans for the National Women's Strike for Equality to be held on the 26th of this month. The Strike, planned for the fiftieth anniversary of ratification of women's suffrage, will be a sign of masculine Amerika that after fifty years of comparative docility, women are again on the move. "Women are a force to be reckoned with," Miss Friedan said. "It's about time that the menfolk start taking us seriously."

Men are going to have to take the Strike quite seriously because women from all walks of life are banding together to make it a success. Included among the sponsoring organizations are such diverse groups as Hadassah, the National Coalition of American Nuns, Socialist Workers Party - Women's Caucus, New York Radical Feminists, and the National Organization for Women. All the groups have agreed to support the Strike's three basic demands: 1) equal educational and job opportunities; 2) free community-controlled, 24 hour day care facilities; and 3) free abortion on demand.

At first glance the Strike's three demands seem rather bread and butter/labor unionish in their impact. But as one Strike staff member explained, "You could never achieve any of these things in our present society. Free day care under capitalism? Impossible! Our moderate demands are highly

revolutionary because women can't achieve shit in this society."

Some rather wild plans are in the making for the 26th. It will be a "do your own thing" kind of demonstration. For those happiest marching, there will be a parade lead by some of the survivors of the first Suffragette Movement. The March begins at 5:30 at 50th Street and Fifth Avenue and ends with a rally at 7:30 at Bryant Park on 42nd and Sixth. On other fronts, women are being asked to leave their places of business for the day and let El Boss type his own letters. Housewives; Strike leaders are suggesting a "baby-in" - leave junior with hubby's capable hands. It's about time he shared in the child rearing. Waitresses; It's time to stop scrambling for tips. Models? Let them use *male* bodies to sell their trash for a change. Playboy Bunnies? Let the businessmen masturbate. They've had enough vicarious fantasies at your expense.

Women with a more Yippie bent can become more creative in their sabotage of the patriarchal system. One Yippie feminist, Miss Ruby Tuesday, drew up a long list of havoc-filled possibilities. "I think a lot of wierd things are going to happen on Women's Strike Day," she told EVO. "Women who work in offices are going to over-ink their machines (Yeech!) Our mimeo technologist tells us that it takes days to clean an over-inked duplicator. Secretaries are going to put all their letters into the wrong envelopes. Waitresses will put salt into sugar bowls. Wives are going to feed their husbands Swanson's Frozen Mexican Dinners and watch their old men get Montezuma's Revenge. Some wives aren't going to feed their husbands anything. Some may feed them brownies cooked in Ex-Lax. We've even heard it rumored that it is possible to walk through the tape libraries of television and radio networks with a heavy magnet and do some heavy erasing. It's strictly wherever your own head is at!"

Sisters, wherever *your* head is at—on the 26th of August the motto will be "Don't Iron While the Strike is Hot!" See you at Bryant Park.

SAVE US FROM THE PIGS DEPARTMENT: Except for Dana Ohylemeyer's short note in EVO two weeks ago, very little has appeared in the media about the case of Debbi Paley, a young woman who was arrested for not wearing a bra. Miss Paley, a Barnard student, was standing in the Sheridan Square subway station with her sister when she was approached by a Transit Authority patrolman and told that she was dressed "indecently." Though Paley was not wearing a bra, she was wearing four layers of clothing and it would have taken Superman, complete with X-ray vision, to find anything obscene about her attire. What happened, it seems, was that the pig in his own inept way was trying to come on to her. When she didn't respond to him or play docile, he arrested her.

The Paley arrest should begin to get women thinking about the whole question of who is going to protect *us* from the police. Police are men ... and they have male ideas about women. Feminists throughout the city have reported that pigs are frequently guilty of making obscene and sexist remarks at women in the streets. There are all too many instances of young women reporting to police stations after having been physically attacked, and being greeted by cold indifference from the fuzz. When one of the RAT women was assaulted by two burglars, the local pigs asked her if her rapists were "friends." "Friends," she replied, "don't usually rape me."

And then there's the case of the wife of a college professor who was arrested for "solicitation" (pig talk for prostitution) by two cops as she waited for her husband in front of a Chinese restaurant. The charge was

obviously ludicrous. But I don't know of any straight men who have ever been arrested on that kind of charge ... and yet a female can't walk two blocks in this city without some greaseball coming up to her and "soliciting" her attention.

The problem is that cops are men, and that when it comes to sexual assaults on women (physical or verbal), most pigs think "there but for the grace of God go I." But women throughout the city are dependent on them for survival. We're going to have to find some alternative ways of taking care of ourselves. For when Debbi Paley told her arresting officer that he would do better to protect people rather than spending his time leeching after females, the pig replies: "Yeah, I'm a cop. But I'm a man too." *That's* what we're worried about!

MEMO TO McSORLEY'S: Eleanor Holmes Norton, New York's right on lady Commissioner of Human Rights, released this memo last Tuesday:

"Following Mayor Lindsay's signing of the new law on Monday, there were newspaper reports which this commission regards as very disturbing.

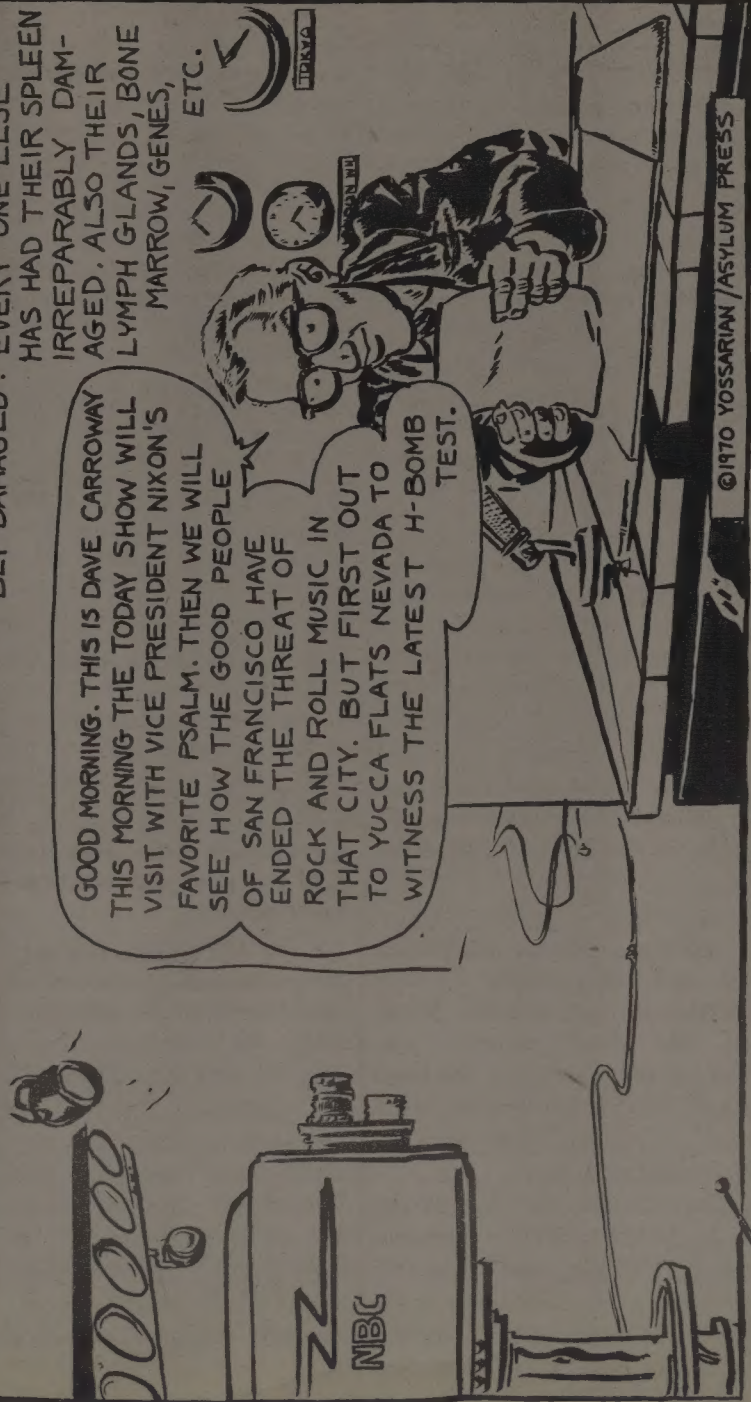
"It was reported that one woman was subjected to unusual harassment by the management when she attempted to enter McSorley's Old Ale House and, later, by other patrons of this establishment.

"All owners of places of public accommodation should be warned that the new law obligates them not only to allow access to their services and facilities to all, but also to provide these services and facilities, *in every respect*, in a fair and equal fashion. Thus, it is incumbent upon owners to apply the same standards to all patrons regardless of sex, and to require the established standard of conduct *equally* from all patrons at all times."

Good Old 1954

ANYONE OLD ENOUGH TO REMEMBER THIS HAS HAD THEIR BRAIN IRREPARABLY DAMAGED. EVERY ONE ELSE HAS HAD THEIR SPLEEN IRREPARABLY DAMAGED. ALSO THEIR LYMPH GLANDS, BONE MARROW, GENES, ETC.

GOOD MORNING. THIS IS DAVE CARROWAY THIS MORNING THE TODAY SHOW WILL VISIT WITH VICE PRESIDENT NIXON'S FAVORITE PSALM. THEN WE WILL SEE HOW THE GOOD PEOPLE OF SAN FRANCISCO HAVE ENDED THE THREAT OF ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC IN THAT CITY. BUT FIRST OUT TO YUCCA FLATS NEVADA TO WITNESS THE LATEST H-BOMB TEST.



©IRTO YOSSARIAN /ASYLUM PRESS

EAT YER CORNFLAKES!

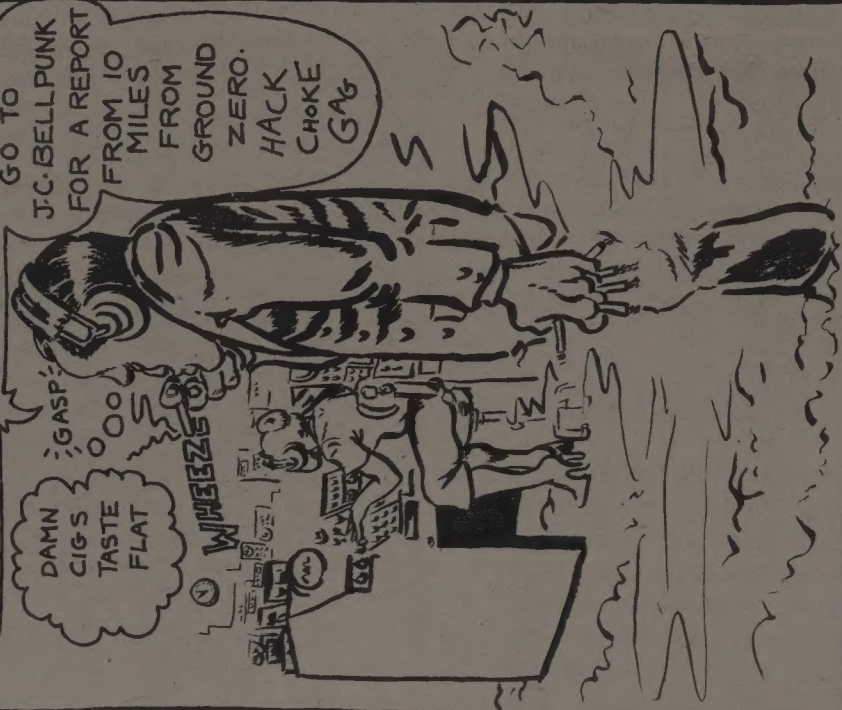
I WANNA SEE THE BOMB!



THIS IS EDWARD R. BURROW AT THE COMMAND BUNKER 25 MILES FROM GROUND ZERO COUGH THE WEATHER IS PERFECT FOR TODAY'S TEST CHOKE GAGS: NOW WE'LL GO TO

DAMN CIG'S TASTE FLAT

JC-BELLPUNK FOR A REPORT FROM 10 MILES FROM GROUND ZERO. HACK CHOKE GAG



THIS IS J.C. BELLPUNK 10 MILES FROM GROUND ZERO. IF WE LOOK THROUGH THESE

BINOCULARS WE CAN JUST SEE...

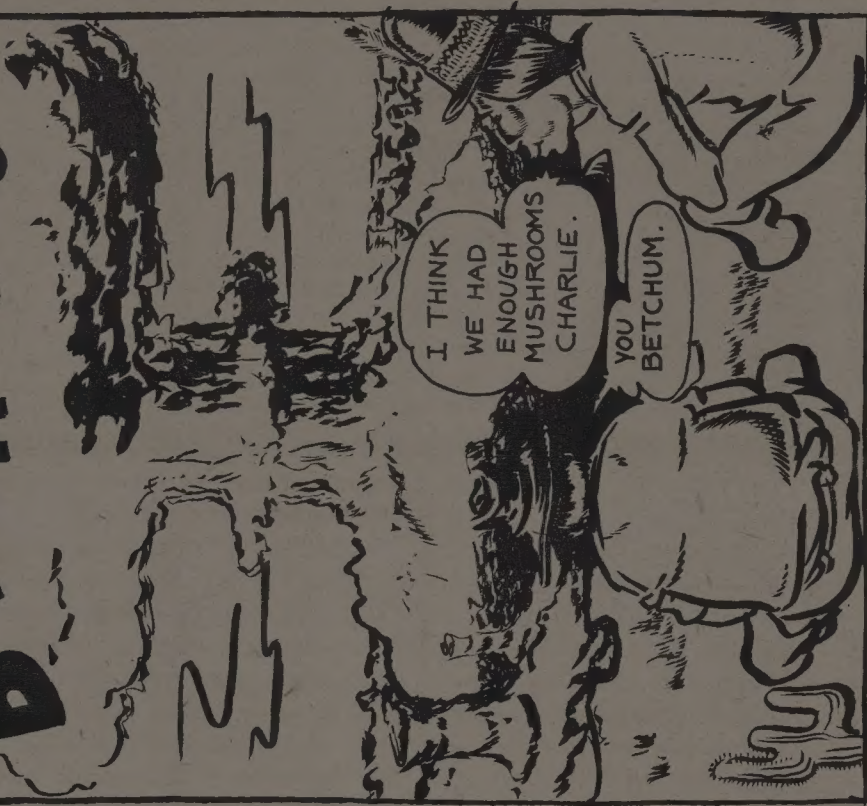


THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS CHAINED DOWN AT GROUND ZERO. THERE IS NO TRUTH TO THE RUMORS OF MEMBERS OF MINORITY GROUPS BEING CHAINED DOWN HERE. OF COURSE NOT, THEY'RE CHAINED A GOOD HALF MILE DOWN THE ROAD

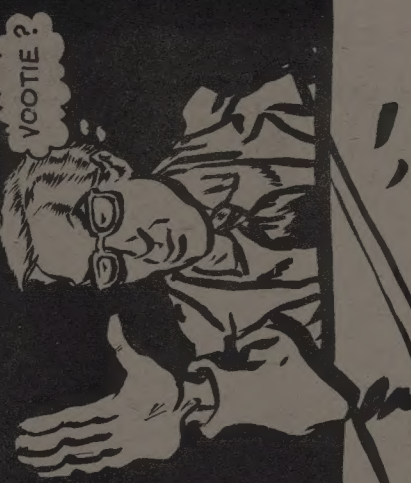


WE'RE 10 SECONDS FROM DETONATION ...9, ...8, ...7, ...6, ...5, ...4, ...3, ...2, ...1, ...

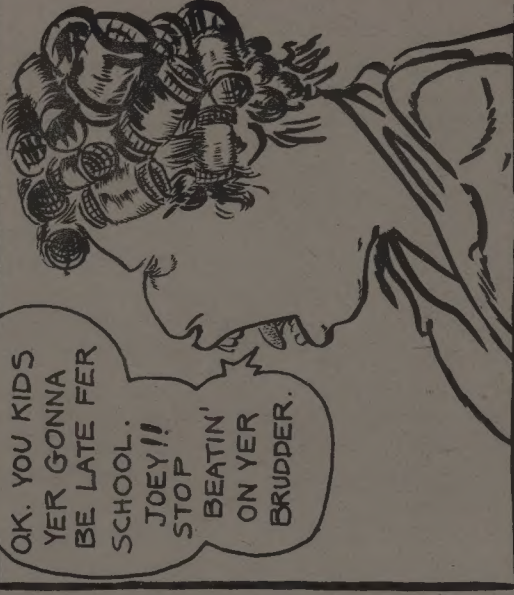
BAROOMFROONCH



PEACE



OK. YOU KIDS YER GONNA BE LATE FER SCHOOL. JOEY!! STOP BEATIN' ON YER BRUDDER.



***!!☆

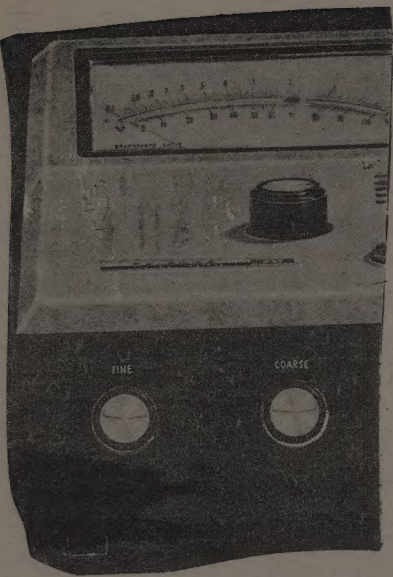
COME SEE DA H-BOM! COME SEE DA H-BOM! CANTA' GUY GET ENNY ZLEEP ZZZ ZNORK ZZZ



HOW TO LIE

to a lie Detector

by Harold DeGrak



Lie detector tests, more accurately polygraphs, are being used with alarming frequency by employers and prospective employers. This big-brother honesty system is, in a rapid and paranoiac fashion, extending itself throughout the business system. The band that serves you that 19¢ hamburger and the salesman in your favorite red-white-and-blue money-tripping clothing store and your liquor store counter man more than likely have had their stint with the polygraph.

Like any value systems, the "truth" that the polygraph verifies is vastly subjective. For the most part, employers are interested in determining if their employees are stealing from them. They are also concerned about narcotics use, compliance with company rules, and "guilty knowledge" of any other employees who might be breaking rules. Sometimes, however, a polygraph test may be given to determine culpability for a specific theft or incident.

The procedure for a polygraph test is fairly constant, whatever the purpose of the test might be. The person to be tested is asked to enter a small quiet room with the polygraph examiner. The examiner "goes over" the questions he is going to ask you. This interview gives the examiner time to size you up and to put you at ease. It also gives you a chance to confess. In a truly client-centered fashion, the examiner will inform you that whatever you've done is done; and that all he wants to do is give you a clean start.

Confess all, he will decry. Who hasn't stolen something in his life? he will ask. Everyone smokes dope, he will admit.

Confess nothing. Everything you say will be noted and forwarded to your employer. You can be fired on the basis of what you admit. You cannot be fired on being "caught" lying; besides, if properly handled, you won't be caught.

The examiner knows that only by getting you to confess can he be 100 per cent sure of your guilt. In order to get you to confess, he will promise not to reveal what you say to your boss; he will agree with you; he

will lie to you. He will also, as a psychological trick, try to convince you that the polygraph is deadly accurate. It isn't. Not at all.

After the interview, the examiner will "hook you up" to the polygraph. Being "hooked up" in most cases consists of having three instruments attached to your body. The instruments are a pneumograph, a sphygmomanometer, and G.S.R. electrodes.

The first two instruments operate on a compressed air system which goes to pen drives; the third on an electrical amplification system which goes to a pen motor drive. These three pens then draw charts on a roll of graph paper moved at a constant speed by a kimograph. The resulting chart is called a polygram.

The pneumograph is an accordion-like rubber tube which is fastened around your abdomen (with women, the tube is fastened on the woman's chest above her breasts). As you breathe, the tube expands and contracts, compressing or decompressing a column of air which in turn raises or lowers a pen. The instrument measures breathing patterns.

The sphygmomanometer is a blood-pressure cuff, which is usually fastened around the upper part of the left arm. The cuff is inflated with air until the arm is compressed. The apparatus then measures relative changes in blood pressure and volume. Also recorded by this instrument is the positioning, temporally, of the closing of the aortic valve. This, on a polygram, is known as dichrotic notch. The sphygmomanometer measures relative changes in blood pressure. It is the most accurate in determining if someone is telling the truth or not.

G.S.R. is an abbreviation for galvanic skin response. It is measured by two electrodes being placed on the fingers or in the palm of the hand. It is the same type of apparatus used at the Sunset House and at the Scientist's E-metering. A small electrical charge is passed through your hand and balanced to equal the electrical resistance of your skin. Should the electrical resistance of your skin change, a pen will show the relative change.

What does all this measuring mean? Characteristically, a person responds in a particular fashion when he lies. Characteristically, blood pressure increases, breathing is suppressed, and skin resistance drops. These responses closely parallel physiological changes accompanying a stress situation in which adrenalin is introduced into your system. Usually there's a parallel, but not always.

Because these changes don't always accompany a lie, a polygraph examiner is forced to ask questions to which he knows whether or not you're lying. He also should ask a control question, i.e., a question which produces a stress situation, such as "Have you stopped masturbating yet?" Theoretically, there should be no response to irrelevant questions and a "lie" response to the control question. It is by comparisons to these responses that the examiner determines whether or not you've lied to relevant questions.

BEATING THE TEST

The easiest way to beat the test is not to take it. The State of California Labor Code specifically states that you can't be fired for refusing to take a polygraph test. But beware! If your boss tells you to report for a test and you don't report, you could be fired for not obeying

your boss's order or for not showing up for work. Go to the test, but refuse to take it. Don't give any reason other than that "section 432.2 of the labor code says I don't have to take the test." You're free to go then. If you're fired, whatever reason is given, call the labor board and report your boss and the examiner and the examiner's company.

Most companies can't afford their own polygraph examiners and subcontract to polygraph companies.

No matter what your strategy for beating the test, always get the examiner's name and the name of his company. If nothing else, it intimidates him.

The next path of intimidation is to ask to see the examiner's license. He won't have it with him, because there is no such thing. The State of California doesn't license polygraph examiners. Tell the examiner that even your barber has his license displayed. Ask the examiner where he got his polygraph training. There is only one small school on the West Coast, but the chances are that the examiner is not qualified to administer polygraphs, or to cut your hair. Tell your boss that the examiner was incompetent. Tell the Labor Board the same thing. Tell them both that the reason you didn't take the test is that this matter is much too important to be placed in the hands of an incompetent person.

Another good approach is to say that blood-pressure cuffs make you faint. Say you always pass out at the sight of blood; that you're afraid of any "medical" equipment. As soon as you're hooked up say that you're going to throw up. Nobody likes to get thrown up upon. Or say that you have a very weak heart valve and are on medication. Say that the doctor doesn't use an arm cuff to take your pressure because the valve might burst. The examiner might know you're lying, but he won't take the chance.

However, if you fail to respond to the control, and if your patterns are too regular, a good examiner will know you're on downers.

A polygraph test is usually constructed of seven to 11 questions. The control question comes near the end.

When you hear the control question, recognize it and think of something truly exciting, like Yoko Ono. Hopefully, you won't be too zonked to respond.

If your response to the control is huge, then other, smaller responses have to be discounted.

Because the polygraph relies on automatic responses, which are dependent on adrenalin release, you won't respond if you have a minimal supply of adrenalin available. You can deplete your available supply of adrenalin by exercising strenuously immediately before the test. Run around the block a time or two. Get to the test completely exhausted. Your polygram will swear to any lie you tell.

Don't go to a polygraph test loaded on grass or whites. An examiner can easily recognize the chart of someone on whites—huge fast heartbeat, rapid even respiration, etc. If he sees this pattern, his control question will be, "Did you take any medication in the last eight hours?" On grass, reactions are disproportionate and disorganized. That sudden "he knows I'm stoned" causes really erratic patterns.

Another similar method is to take a small quantity of a depressant, such as reds. These will generally level out any responses.

The easiest way to beat the test once you're hooked up is to move, which throws the whole test off. The examiner will know very well what you're doing, and will warn you to stop. Eventually, he will say "Keep still or leave." Leave. You still have no obligation to take the test.

Above all, if you have anything to fear, lie. Don't admit to anything. At worst, the test will go to your boss with the remarks that it is the examiner's opinion that you lied. Opinion. That doesn't even hold up in a conversation. The Labor Board scoffs at it openly.



Girls asked to take polygraph tests are in a particularly advantageous position. As in any other situation where a girl is in a room alone with a man, she can demand a chaperone. This is almost always impractical for two reasons. It's too expensive, and the examiner resents an intrusion on his private prying.

If the examiner offers to tape the session, refuse. Say that you don't trust him. If he doesn't offer to tape it, demand that he does tape it. Say you don't trust him. Above all, don't trust him.

If you do submit to the test, call the Labor Board and report that the examiner made lewd advances to you. Report that the examiner took liberties with your bod when he attached the breathing apparatus. Report that he asked personal questions of an embarrassing nature. It won't take a formal complaint or a lawsuit to get action. Employers are paranoid about the Labor Board and will discontinue their polygraph program. Nobody has the money to fight a charge like that in court if the examiner really was alone with you in a small room.

Before you take the test, call the nearest State of California Labor Board. Know what the law is. If it looks like your employer or the polygraph examiner is breaking the law, report him. Remember that the test is only opinion, and not terribly valid opinion at that. Liberate what you will from your employer, but admit to nothing. There's no creativity like a good lie. (L.A.F.P.)

(A VIDEOTAPE WAS MADE OF THIS INTERVIEW AND IT IS AVAILABLE THROUGH EVO.)

Rudi: David, how do you feel about the family of video in New York City? How does it seem to you?

David: Well, it's best to be positive, so the one thing that I'd say about it which is, I think, indeniably true is that the Videofreex, Global Village and Raindance are right sort of close to the things that are happening that are important in terms of evolution, in terms of karma, in terms of politics, and that in contrast to what for instance the most avant-garde of the establishment media are doing, like NET for instance, is just phenomenal. The tapes that I've seen of the marches, the fucking tapes, all those things, which are close to our consciousnesses are there on the screen with no bullshit in between. No hosts, no compromises, no cushioning, so safety valves, no pacification and in contrast to what's happening in the media that's incredible. But its logical eventually with the whole movement of the general consciousness of the last ten years in America towards involvement, towards honesty, towards togetherness and its logical that it should have happened in video. The only thing that worries me is how do you fund it—that's the first thing. There are plenty of commercial entrepreneurs who are ready to jump in on talent and maybe you could see a situation where a Bob Dylan of the video world could make three or four fine albums and come out with "Blonde on Blonde" and then finish up with "Self-Portrait" and soft crappy music that sort of comes full circle and answers to the establishment in the most palatable way possible. Once we've struggled, once we've gone through our own intellectual and aesthetic and social meanderings, once we've made it we're soft. That's the thing that frightens me. So in funding, I think we've all got to be very careful with the kind of money we get. While we're doing it be aware of the two words: "power corrupts." I don't believe that power corrupts if you are aware of the fact that power corrupts. In my own case, still working within the establishment media, I'm pretty clear if I can't do what I want to I can't relate to the people I want to relate to which are the workers, students, and those people involved in change, basically humanizing, the humanizing process, then I won't do it; it doesn't matter whether it's NET or whatever. But the great thing about your stuff and about the Freex stuff and so on is that it's human, there's no intermediary between the truth and what's happening and what comes out of the box.

Rudi: David, what did you think were the most important results from the conference at Goddard, the Alternate Media Conference?

David: In a way I'd say the most important things were theory, theory backed by emotional change. This is what I said when

I came back from the Conference. At last, at least the video people got together and realized that in-fighting and competition were the very root causes of the general fuck-up of the system. You could analogize between, say, a group of video people who were supposedly avant-garde fighting amongst each other and Xerox and all those people fighting against each other. To me the competitive spirit is the root cause of alienation between people. What happened at Goddard, particularly at the final meeting that we had, which was a pretty heavy encounter session was that we all realized that whatever we did in whatever field, a commitment was made and even if people cop out of it and rip off of it and whatever else they do to it, they're always going to be aware that at one particular place, at one particular time in 1970 there was a time when people said, "we're going to form a collective," and that very impetus, to me, is important. Whether it fails or not is not for me to say. It's not going to be a pure success. It can't be straight away, but at least that statement was made. To me the "zeitgeist" of the age is not an aesthetic one, it isn't really an artistic one, in those specific terms, it's a humanitarian one. All the artists and all the people who are trying to create new images, new truths, and present these truths are involved in the "zeitgeist" that says that if we aren't collective, if we aren't together, then we're useless, we're fighting each other and the whole spiral fuck-up is going to come again. Maybe it will take until 1984 and then we'll all be in the same position as CBS is. Goddard really made me aware of my responsibility, not so much to other video people, but to those people that you're broadcasting to and broadcasting with. To quote current terminology, it was a raising of consciousness. Now, how it's going to work out I don't know because money is the key. Not money to make, not money for profit, but money for equipment. Somebody once said to me that in England the Conservative Party was always very unanimous in everything they said, everybody agreed. When Eden marched into Suez, they all agreed. Whereas the Labor Party has always been split down the middle. And at the time, years ago, someone said that one of the greatest ramifications of socialism, collectivism, is factionalism, because what you're getting is people really being up front about their ideas and that factionalism is very healthy. It means that people are really being honest and not telling lies. So I think there's going to be a lot of hassles and probably fights, but I think it's healthy. To me, and I'm pretty simple minded about the whole thing working in establishment media but I think that what's wrong, what's basically wrong, disregarding all the capitalist criteria, is that television of all media, is potentially a humanizing media, because with new portable equipment and

whatever, you can get people to see themselves, and to dig deeper into themselves, in a way that I don't think even psychiatrists have got at their disposal, or even LSD. Whereas television in actual fact has got to the point of total dehumanization. Like when you're waiting to switch on the television set, what you realize is that the human being is no longer existent, that what's been created in its stead is a series of very predictable computerized figures, situation comedies, news readers, everything has been categorized and computerized. My God! You know with the advent of holographs, wall-to-wall television, we're either able to use television to humanize and save ourselves, or we totally dehumanize ourselves. And we

They're not there yet. I think one of the reasons they're not there is because they're so fouled up with foundations, and with a kind of very naive attitude towards the community. See, their community is bourgeois because the only people who watch educational TV are bourgeois. And that sort of messes it up to begin with. If they were only willing to take the risk of saying, "Well, we want to change our concept of who the community is," then I think they'd do programming that was good enough. On the whole, I'd say that GBH is a pretty mediocre kind of compromise, but better than a lot of things.

Rudi: If you were to look into the crystal monitor and predict what was going to happen in the

front of them and I think that's why the cassette thing is so beautiful. Maybe by 1980 it's going to be these two forces. On the other hand, it depends on the blatancy or the subtlety of repression in the country. If repression in this country gets worse than it is, it may happen that there'll be so few people around to do any good work in video that it'll fuck up. But I'm kind of disbelieving that; I don't think it's going to be so blatant. I don't think they dare. There are many freaks and too many blacks around to do that.

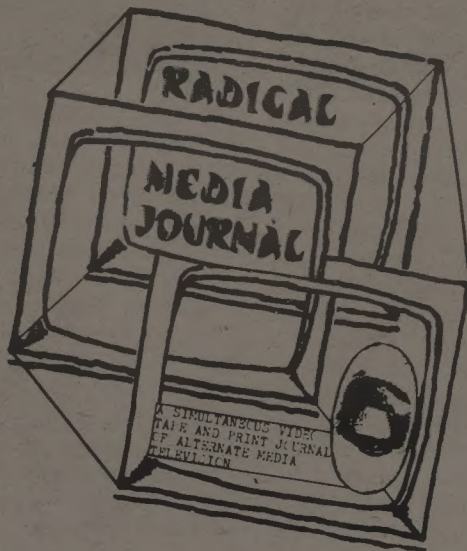
Rudi: Do you think politically the tapes that will be distributed to the home market will be able to be far out enough to be relevant to underground culture or do you think the same forces that act as repressive agents even in terms of some LP's will be at play with this?

David: I think it will be both. I think there'll be a major attempt by corporations involved in profit making, via cassette television, to co-opt. The lesson of the last five years has proved that the more you educate America's children, the more you radicalize them. But given that as a basis, I can't see, how it can't permeate through video. It's got to. Mainly because kids don't want to write books anymore, they're wanting to get into video, and the more they want to, the more they'll get into it. Apart from the fact that there are a lot of rich kids who can afford camers, I think that the intention of groups like the Videofreex and yourselves is to give camers away to the community.

For instance, black communities can start taping their own existence, and becoming more and more aware of their own repression, I think video can take an incredible part in the revolution. In the sense that it will sensitize people more and more to the gap between affluent America and the vast numbers of people who are not affluent.

Rudi: Are you optimistic about the possibilities of cable television in so far as the creation of a neighborhood system of communication?

David: Not at the moment because the question of cable television is capital. I think you've got to have a lot of capital to get into it. Given that, the people who have the capital, their ideas of change and radicalism are to say the least, liberal. And I think that again they're going to compartmentalize. For instance, the kind of thing that cable television could do is create a neighborhood news service. But I think that people like Frank Gillette and Nam June Paik would say you can't have a news program. That it's a distortion of reality to have news. You have to have news, comment, education, entertainment all thrown together in the same way that our consciousness is loaded. I can see cable television falling into the hands of people who don't believe in the system, because cable television is still subject to the vast corporate structure and to the FCC.



INTERVIEW WITH
DAVID SILVER
BY
RUDI STERN

totally fuck up because we create a totally homogenized, pre-packed reality, for people to get involved in. You know, at home people switch on the reality and it's injected and that's how they attack their life. Behavior is conditioned by television, and I think that's what our fight is. Humanize, humanize, humanize. All different methods.

Rudi: You've done a lot of work with WGBH in Boston. How would you describe the concepts of the station and the direction it's been going in?

David: Well, relatively it's been pretty good. It's better than all commercial stations I'd say. It's better than ETV stations. Mainly because, somehow or other, there were people at GBH who were enlightened enough to see that you had to open up to people outside the television establishment. So they decided to do a black show and to invest a lot of money in a weekly black community show. My show they decided to invest quite a lot of money in. But the problem is that it still comes out of a basically bourgeois culture. You know, art is art, politics is politics, sport is sport, human encounter is human encounter. Nothing inter-relates. I still see it as a very limited consciousness. GBH is comparable to the educational system, it's liberal, it wants to see the freaks, it wants to put the freaks into the freak's spot. You know, it's 6:30 and it's time for the freaks. But it doesn't really want to see that there's an inter-relatedness, which is a universal problem.

next five or ten years, what would you imagine?

David: I think there are going to be two concurrent forces. I think that the establishment media, commercial television, is going to get worse. I think it's going to get more involved in much more subtle forms of propaganda. I think its going to tow a line, which is safe, completely uninvolved in anything aesthetic. Never live, I think it's going to get more and more pre-packaged. I think what we're going to see are more and more programs relating to violence in a much more subtle way. You know, psychological violence. The vulgarity of television is going to get worse. Every season it gets worse. Concurrent with this there will be a lot of video groups springing up. And the basis as to whether they have strength or not is whether they're together or not. It seems to me that if the people who are behind the cameras are not there because they want to make it in television but because they see television as a fantastic consciousness raising and expanding media, I think that force, that counter-force will be really powerful. And with the advent of cassette television, right now, it's the time that it's very crucial as to who gets the options. By 1980 I think cassette television will have taken over completely from commercial television. People are already in the process of buying albums, of going to the movies and of choosing the information they wish to have in

You are probably aware that President Nixon is prodding Congress to enact some dozen anti-crime bills, such as the recently-passed D.C. Crime Bill, which authorizes preventive detention, no-knock entry by police, and harsh punishment for teenagers convicted of minor crimes.

S. 30 would apply to the entire nation. Its avowed purpose is to fight organized crime, but the bill can be read just as easily to apply to civil rights workers and peace activists. Its worst provisions are briefly these: it licenses special federal grand juries to recommend the firing of any public employee for non-criminal misconduct, even in the absence of evidence sufficient to return an indictment; it provides the machinery for prosecutors to force witnesses to testify against themselves, or face summary imprisonment for up to three years; it empowers prosecutors to designate certain convicted persons as "special dangerous offenders," including those *once* guilty of participating in a "conspiracy"; and empowers judges to sentence them to jail terms of up to thirty years.

S. 30 would be used by unscrupulous people to frighten and punish dissenters as easily as criminals. The black, the poor, the young, the socially non-conforming, the politically involved—all could become victims of S. 30's repressive features.

The bill is now in the House Judiciary Committee, where Emanuel Celler is waging a lonely battle against it. He wants to thoroughly redraft it, retaining its many good features while eliminating the ones we must all be concerned about. What Representative Celler needs is immediate and massive support during the month of August—from a wide spectrum of citizen groups. Mr. Celler is stalling, hoping the country will wake up. There is enormous pressure from the Nixon administration and legislators eager to advertise their tough stand against crime.

1. *Expansion of grand jury powers.* Federal grand juries will be authorized to issue public reports condemning and recommending the removal of officials and public employees for 'noncriminal misconduct' or misfeasance, even in the absence of evidence sufficient to justify an indictment. (S. 30, Title I)

Comment by American Civil Liberties Union: "There is no limitation on the nature of the 'misconduct'; there is only a requirement that the facts have been revealed in the course of an investigation into offenses of any sort against the federal criminal laws. Thus, a jury investigating alleged bribery of police officers could apparently report on whether particular policemen may have breached some non-criminal regulation, such as being improperly uniformed." (ACLU letter to U.S. Senators)

Comment by New York City Bar Ass'n: "Title I would allow a federal grand jury to issue a

report criticizing a public official who is suspected of wrongdoing, even though the grand jury lacks sufficient evidence to indict him. Such an accusation—made on the basis of conclusions reached and charges heard at closed hearings where the accused cannot adequately defend himself—can be devastating.

"Further, the secrecy of the proceedings ordinarily means that the public has no way of evaluating the basis for a charge, and that its publication in the press may be tantamount to a conviction.

"Finally, there are no objective standards governing the grand jury's conduct—as there must be under any criminal statute. *Lack of conformity to the private morality of a majority of a 23-man grand jury can result in public censure.*"

2. *Self-incrimination.* The bill would undermine the Fifth Amendment's protection against self-incrimination by instructing the courts, on request of Government prosecutors, to force reluctant witnesses to testify in return for immunity *not* against prosecution but only against *use* of the compulsory testimony as evidence. A recalcitrant witness, although convicted of no crime, could be summarily jailed without bail until he agreed to testify. (S. 30, Titles II and III)

Comment by ACLU: "Being a blanket provision, Title II obviously is not limited to organized crime. But there are defects more striking than its unselective breadth, particularly the restriction of immunity to protection against use of compelled testimony or documents against a person in a criminal case, rather than protection against prosecution for matters as to which the person was compelled to testify or produce documents.

"The power of the district

attorney to compel a witness to testify is not limited to cases in which the government is a party. It is apparently available in any case in a federal court, including civil actions between private persons . . . This unjustifiable breadth—coupled with the lack of any effective court review or control, and the power granted under Title III to incarcerate a witness who refuses to testify—compounds the potential for abuse."

3. *Rights of defendants abridged.* S. 30 reverses a Supreme Court ruling permitting defendants to scrutinize the transcripts of illegal Government wiretaps from which evidence might have been obtained. It further limits to five years the period during which such illegal testimony would be barred from use in the courts. After five years, the fruit of any illegal search and seizure would be available for unchallenged use as evidence. (Title VII)

Comment by ACLU: "Supreme Court decisions since 1914 have established the so-called exclusionary rule under which physical or oral evidence obtained directly by, or as the fruit of, activity that violates the Constitution, e.g., an unlawful search or coerced confession, is inadmissible in federal and state proceedings.

"... with respect to the peculiar problem of unlawful electronic eavesdropping or wiretapping, the Supreme Court held last year . . . that once illegal surveillance is established, the government must disclose all records thereof to a defendant . . . so that the defendant may determine what other evidence may be inadmissible as being the fruit of such illegal surveillance.

"Title VII seeks to make the extraordinary—and plainly unconstitutional—determination that, in all types of cases and in all types of federal, state and local courts or agencies, after

five years, a person no longer has a Constitutional right to exclusion of the fruits of illegal action as evidence of subsequent events.

"Of all the methods by which we attempt to insure that law enforcement officers act in accordance with the Constitution, only the exclusionary rule has been at all effective.

"Underlying Title VII is a disturbing disregard for constitutional rights, covering privacy, unlawful searches, self-incrimination, among others—and an equally disturbing assumption that the people who will be affected by Title VIII are all guilty criminals seeking only delay and 'technicality' to avoid conviction. Such an assumption is not only inaccurate but totally inconsistent with our traditional presumption of innocence."

Comment by New York City Bar Ass'n: "We fear that such a law—which is especially disturbing in view of fast-developing electronic data storage techniques—might encourage the collection by illegal means of masses of computer-sorted and processed information on the theory that such information would be valuable in detecting future crimes.

"[Title VII] deals with basic constitutional rights as if they only mattered when asserted by mob leaders in criminal cases. The suggestion is that the innocent do not need such rights and the guilty do not deserve them. But the right to be protected from illegal searches and seizures and from unlawfully compelled testimony is designed to protect all citizens, and is an absolute right.

4. *Dangerous Special Offenders.* A new, vaguely defined category of dangerous special offenders is proposed, including persons who have been

convicted *once* of taking part in a 'conspiracy.' Also, of persons convicted twice before of federal offenses and of persons who show a pattern of 'criminal conduct.' These offenders would be subjected, at sentencing, to arbitrary terms of up to 30 years. Where a judge refused to avail himself of the opportunity to impose such a sentence, the Government would have the right of appeal to seek imposition of a more severe penalty. (Title X)

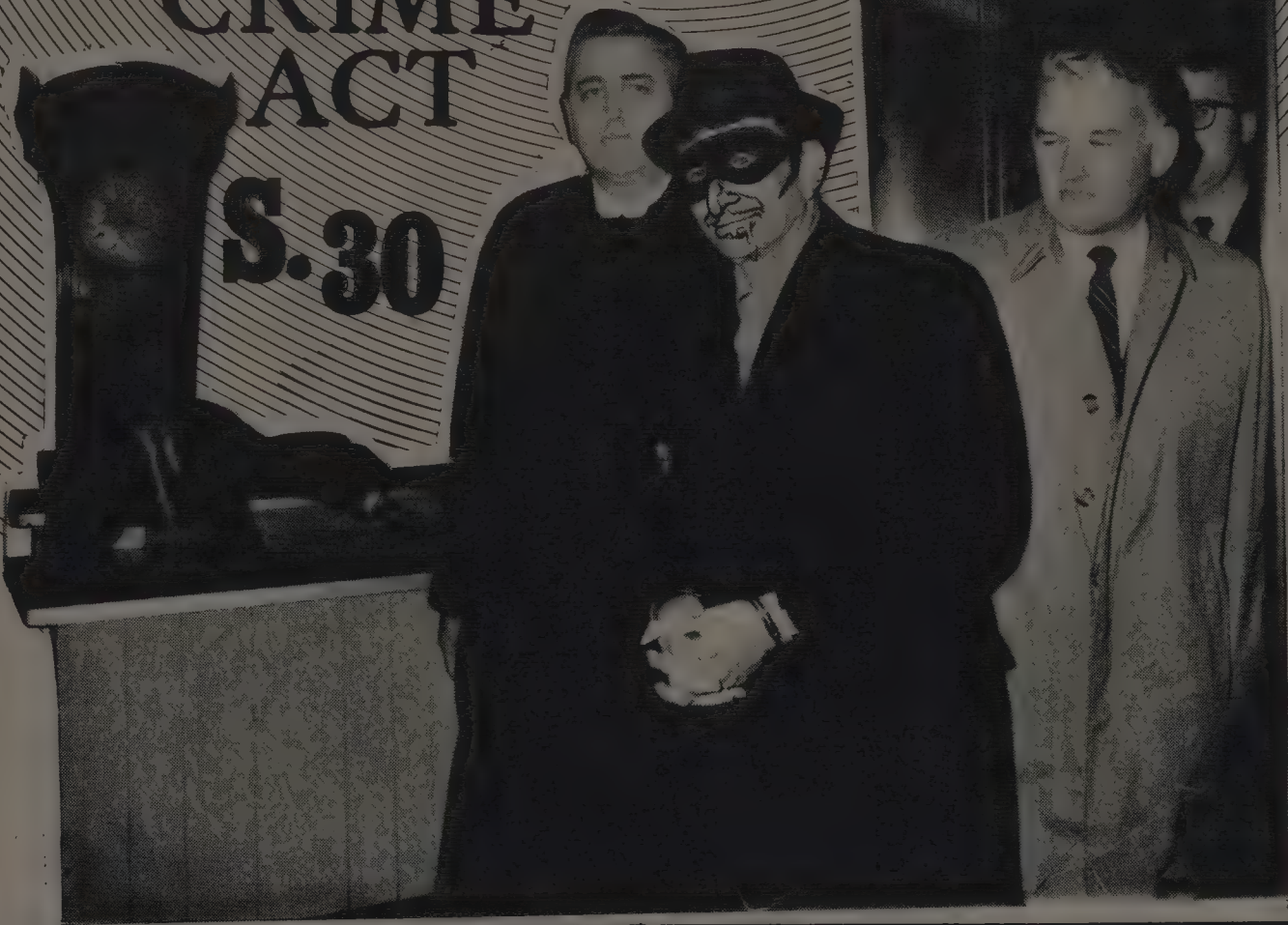
Comment by ACLU: "A special offender is defined as including a person whose present felony was 'part of a pattern of conduct which was criminal under applicable laws of any jurisdiction, which constituted source of his income, and in which he manifested special skill or expertise. It is unclear whether a 'criminal' pattern of conduct includes misdemeanors as well as felonies. Moreover, the criminal conduct need not have been previously established beyond a reasonable doubt, but can be established in the sentencing hearing by a mere preponderance of the evidence, on the basis of any type of evidence, even if obtained in violation of the defendant's constitutional rights.

"Again, there is undue breadth. In addition to organized crime cases, this provision might be read as applying to civil rights activists or political demonstrators (where a pattern of criminal conduct might be a series of technical trespasses). [a net which would have caught Dr. Martin Luther King, as well as Dr. Benjamin Spock]

"Finally, Title X would permit a court to receive and consider in connection with sentencing, information of any sort from any source about a defendant's 'conduct,' subject to 'no limitation.' This provision

ORGANIZED CRIME ACT

S. 30





RIOT

IN

THE



TOMBS



The honorable John Vliet Lindsay needed a fresh change of linen, among other things. He was sitting in a second-floor study of City Hall last Tuesday afternoon, puffing on a roach and drinking a cup of coffee, and reading for the 17th consecutive time a list of demands made by prisoners who had rioted in the Tombs the day before. Now Lindsay at this point was in a bad temper. He was tired and a little grubby, and wanting to get to St. Louis, and worried slightly about the non-discrimination bill he had just signed. He was sitting across from his press secretary Tom Morgan who was in a particularly catty mood today himself, and George McGrath his Commissioner of Corrections, a rather serious snotnose who had taken to the television after the riot to tell the people of New York that he was in favor of the prisoner's demands and could and would not hold the men responsible for the acts they were performing mainly because 1) the Tombs were, as the prisoners claimed, desperately overcrowded and excruciating to

the prisoners also claimed, were so overloaded as to be unsalvageable. It was true, of course, that during breakfast at around 6:30 last Monday morning, five guards were physically overpowered on the Ninth Floor of the Tombs and locked in two cells and barricaded for their own protections while prisoners in that cell-block went on a rampage throwing cups and other hard objects onto the street, and shattering windows, and yelling racial epithets at cops and other passers-by. This outburst appeared to be entirely spontaneous and was motivated by the desperate living conditions in the prison. Originally built to house 932 suspects and other short-term prisoners, the Tombs now contained behind its bars 1,992 men awaiting trial, sentencing and transfer to other institutions. A least 40% of these men were in for narcotics offenses. The majority of the prisoners were Black and Puerto Rican. Three men were confined to each cell and of this three one man had to sleep on the floor each night. A more accurate

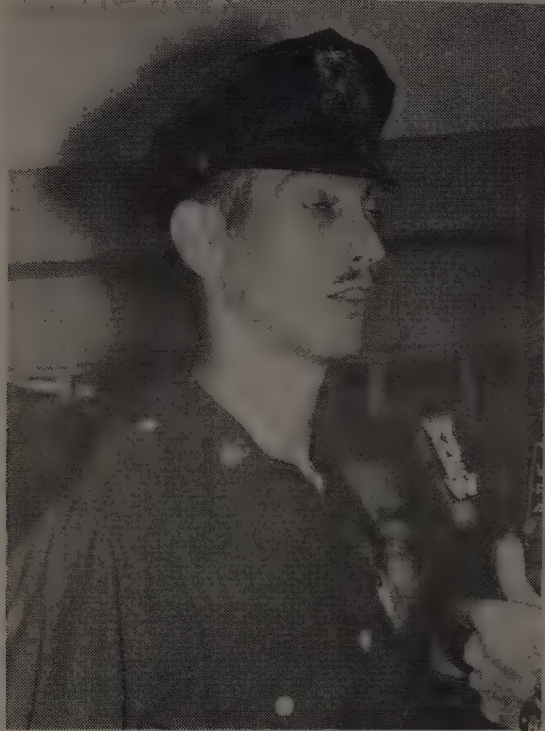
rundown of conditions, however, as presented to McGrath Monday by the prisoners themselves included the following specifics: first of all, the prisoners claimed they are denied preliminary hearings in the crowded courts, and that when they win such hearings the procedures amount to what is known as Kangaroo courts; that they are given excessive bails and are forced to wait in detention cells near the court for extensive periods of time, in some cases never getting inside the court itself; that they are denied proper hearings on writs, and detained in the Tombs for periods of eight months and more to wait for trial; that Legal Aid is totally unresponsive to the needs of the prisoners, leading them to cop pleas on charges of which they might be entirely innocent, and refusing to subpoena witnesses on the prisoners' behalf. The second section of charges deals with the physical conditions of the Tombs itself; that Black and Puerto Rican prisoners are frequently subjected to beatings by the guards, these beatings being done with blackjacks,

night sticks, fists and feet; that doctors who examine such victims are guilty of collusion and cover-up, as are the Commission of Correction, the assistant commissioner of Correction and the Warden of the Tombs; that wives, mothers and sisters of prisoners are mistreated and sexually insulted when they come to visit; that the food served is highly inadequate — molded bread, not enough jellies and spices to cover up the foul taste, rotten potatoes, powdered eggs with "the consistency of tapioca," not enough desserts; that the institution is ridden by mice, lice, roaches, and rats; that clothing is scarce (two outfits for men serving up to eight months of time); that doctors prescribe drugs without proper diagnosis of ailments, and that serious ailments are often treated by nurses and medical aides — which is contrary to proper medical practice. These demands were capped by this summarization: "The manner in which we choose to express our grievances is admittedly dramatic, but it is not as dramatic and shocking as

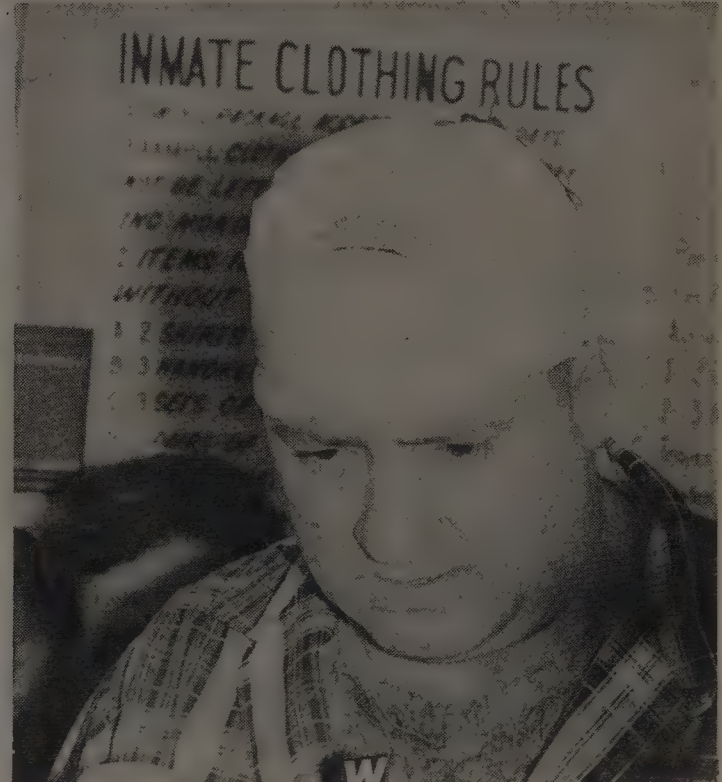
the conditions under which society has forced us to live. We are indignant and so, too, should the people of society be indignant.

"The taxpayer, who just happens to be our mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, sons and daughters should be made aware of how their tax dollars are being spent to deny their sons, brothers, fathers and uncles justice, equality and dignity. Respectfully submitted, WE ARE ONE WITH THE PEOPLE—THE INMATES OF THE 9th FLOOR—TOMBS PRISON."

McGrath met with the prisoners at noon. By 2:30 p.m., the hostages had been released and conditions agreed upon: the press would be notified (and the list of demands printed in the *Times*), the demands would be carefully studied and changes implemented, as well as possible, at once. McGrath, of course, announced that he supported the prisoners and basically agreed with their rundown of the situation. Lindsay, accordingly, called a press conference and laid down his



Joseph Stevens



by Ray Schultz

own plans. Step by step he said that he was directing McGrath to seek out how the population of the Tombs could be reduced to a liveable level, and how to stop the influx of sentenced prisoners; 2) he would send representatives to work with the governor's staff on alleviating the mess by moving sentenced prisoners to state institutions and forcing the governor to live up to his earlier commitment to integrate 2,500 city prisoners into the state system; 3) he would meet with the director of the State Narcotic Addiction Commission to see if narcotics prisoners could be integrated into state narcotics facilities; 4) construction would be expedited on Riker's Island so that 1,400 beds would be available by April of 1971 (is this a prison or a hospital?); 5) the Criminal Justice Coordinating Council would try to secure federal aid to assist the courts in speeding

up their calendars; 6) more courtroom space would be made available; 7) an attempt would be made to get more Spanish-speaking employees to work in the Tombs; 8) some offenses would be declassified to misdemeanors, and other methods of adjudication would be found; 9) investigations would be made of Legal Aid, guard brutality, sanitary conditions and medical facilities, and the appropriate adjustments would be made after the findings.

Lindsay performed well at this press conference. Cocky and looking well-fed (though tired), he read a telegram he had drafted to Governor Nelson Rockefeller asking for assistance. "On every level," he told reporters, "we must make our prisons as comfortable as our homes. If there are no snakes swarming the matter under the carpet, but removed, and

from the podium when he was approached by a sallow-faced young aide on the sly and informed: "Your honor, they're at it again. This time they have all twelve floors."

In fact, the prisoners had taken only four floors, and they had started even while McGrath, Lindsay and Morgan and various other city officials were sitting around schmoozing and talking about how to handle it in the press. Yeah, the Tombs went up on Tuesday for the second time. It had begun around 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the prisoners began smashing the windows and throwing debris into the street. It started on the fourth floor, then jumped to the fifth, the seventh and the eighth, the psychiatric unit where three guards were overpowered and placed in cells one by one as hostages. These guards were seen standing on the eighth floor when prisoners jumped on them

from a catwalk 12 feet above. The three guards, Officers Clancy, Taylor and Mraz, were placed in a cell, and prisoners stood guard outside to keep them from injury at the hands of other prisoners.

The police at one point lobbed some teargas at the prisoners. This, according to McGrath, happened on the seventh floor and was due to an extremely tough situation that was coming down there. McGrath would refuse later comment on the matter except to say that gas would not be used again.

The television stations and other media quickly arrived at the scene, along with a few demonstrators. The TPF was deployed and maintained a no-man's land around the Tombs extending a block in all directions. Cups and other objects, lowered out of the windows and the streets were filled with glass. Signs were hung

out the eighth floor windows: "Justice Now" and the like. The prisoners chanted:

*One, two, three, four
Power to the people!*

The demonstrators, a block over, were mostly from the Youth Against War and Fascism. Small in number, they chanted *Jail the rich, Free the poor, Power to the People!* They carried signs: "Down with racist McGrath," and "End Brutality by racist prisons!" They were joined by the friends and families of prisoners who were concerned over their loved-ones' welfare. A Black woman, Miss Tanya Reynolds, was seeking information about her boyfriend, Elvin Parsons, who was supposed to be bailed out that day. He was on the sixth floor, and awaiting trial on the 27th for illegal possession of a gun.

(Continued on Page 2)

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VOTE!

The EVO awards for outstanding advertising decadence and commercial irresponsibility on TV from September 1969 to August 1970, as a way to pick up the drag of summer replacements. Here is a list of categories for TV commercial awards. EVO readers are all members of the Academy and can all vote. Just have your votes in by Labor Day, so we can tally the results before the new fiscal year begins.

1. Most annoying commercial (dramatic)
2. Most annoying commercial (musical)
3. Most insulting commercial (dramatic)
4. Most insulting commercial (musical)
5. Most frustrating commercial (dramatic)
6. Most frustrating commercial (musical)
7. Most boring commercial (dramatic)
8. Most boring commercial (musical)
9. Most repressive commercial (dramatic)
10. Most repressive commercial (musical)
11. Most poorly made commercial (dramatic)
12. Most poorly made commercial (musical)
13. Commercial most artistically consistent in being poorly made (dramatic)
14. Commercial most artistically consistent in being poorly made (musical)
15. Most hated actor in a dramatic commercial
16. Most hated actress in a dramatic commercial
17. Most hated actor in a musical commercial
18. Most hated actress in a musical commercial
19. Most hated product
20. The commercial that most exposes where Amerika is at (inadvertently of course)
21. Commercial most irrelevant to its product
22. Most irrelevant commercial
23. The commercial you'd most like to have TV time to rebut
24. Worst commercial by a politician
25. Commercial bad enough to make you turn off your TV

I realize that in many of these categories there could be a

doubt as how to vote. For example, in the most insulting category, one commercial might win hands down as most insulting to women, while another might be equally as insulting to blacks, and so forth. In such cases, split the categories up and send in as many sub-category selections as you like. But please, no popularity contests. In case of a tie, the winner will be selected by the proportion of their affiliation with the government — although that's one place where their all sure to be tied.
GET YOUR VOTES IN!

WORK!

"I spend 40 hours a week here — Am I supposed to work too?"
graffiti in a tavern near a plant

It seems that the morals among young auto workers in the big factories is much the same as the morale of university students. Unlike the silent majority picture Nixon would have us believe, with his union waged hard hat supporters — young blue collar workers are

Management has tended to assume that good pay with a good fringe is enough to command worker loyalty and performance... Since pay alone does not work, management must study the lessons of campus political dissent among youth."

Some quotes from some workers:

"I don't like nothin best about that job."

"You're like in a jail cell — except they have more time off in prison."

"When you punch in you wish it was go home time."

"When an order is given the young want to know why."

"I got a job — but it's pretty bad."

As might be expected, the young have little faith in the unions. They are suspicious of the close ties between union and management.

There has been a sharp increase in the use of drugs and heavy drinking is a continuous problem.

Management, in turn, has tried sending foremen to sensitivity training, plaid stamp and monogrammed glass incentive rewards, and stricter discipline.

The young have not responded and a new contract is to be negotiated this fall. But then, with the recession and all those over-drawn bank accounts and collapsing brokerage offices, it looks like nobody'll be buying cars anyway. Now go put on a Mother's album.

beginning to question and to demand that the system respond to them, instead of they to the BIG IT.

Of the 740,000 hourly paid workers building cars today, 40% are under 35 and have had considerably more schooling than their older co-workers. To quote Fortune Magazine (who has obviously researched the subject thoroughly) the young workers are "... restless, changeable, mobile, demanding, all traits that make for impermanence — and for difficult adjustment to the assembly line. The deep dislike of the job and the desire to escape become terribly clear twice each day when shifts end and the men stampede out the plant gates to the parking lots, where they sometimes actually endanger lives in their haste to be gone."

Absenteeism is on the rise with an average of 5% of General Motor's hourly workers missing from work without explanation every day. On Fridays and Mondays the figure rises to 10%. Some workers are so turned off they walk away from the assembly line in mid shift and don't even return for their pay for the time they had worked.

In some plants internal sabotage is rampant. Screws have been left in the brake drums, tool handles welded into fender compartments to cause mysterious, unfindable, and eternal rattles, paint scratched and upholstery cut.

Again to quote Fortune — "The visual evidence of a new youthful individuality is abundant in the assembly plants. Among the main production line and in the subassembly areas there are beards, and shades, long hair here, a peace medallion there, occasionally some beads — above all, young faces, curious eyes. Those eyes have watched carefully as dissent has spread in the nation. These men are well aware that — bishops, soldiers, diplomats, even cabinet officers, question orders these days and dispute commands. They have observed that demonstrations and dissent have usually been rewarded. They do not look afraid... They are creatures of their time.



After years of pledging allegiance to progress — our most important product, we are finally witnessing the death of the Amerikan Frankenstein. Nixon keeps assuring everyone that things are looking up, but even the most dyed in the orlon capitalist optimists see nothing, even in the distant future, to save the rapidly declining economy.

I glanced through the business mens monthly manifesto — "Fortune" to check out the pulse rate of the dying dinosaur. According to them, life insurance companies are about to become the landlords of us all. A quote from a summary on their article dealing with this "phenomenon" — "For a long time life-insurance companies have wielded enormous power over commercial real estate in the U.S., and the past is merely a prologue. Once satisfied with providing fixed-interest loans on a long-term basis for builders of housing developments, offices, hotels, and industrial parks, the major insurance companies have now become aggressive managers of real-estate money.

Prudential, Connecticut General, John Hancock, and others are adding a variable interest clause to their loans. What these companies like best, however, is a hefty equity participation, and in some instances they demand 50 percent ownership in the mortgaged property. John Hancock expects to earn from 13 to 20 percent by combining loans and equity. With such attractive returns, life-insurance companies would like to carry more and more of their assets as real-estate, and they are devising new ways of overcoming legal and regulatory restrictions that might keep them from becoming the nation's largest landlords."

CINEMA

THALIA (AC2-3370) Bway and 95th St
18 "Nights of Cabiria" and "Dreams"
19 "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Volpone"
20 "Pather Panchale" and "The White Sheik"
21 "Battle of Algiers" and "The Sky Above and the Earth Below"
22 "Hour of the Wolf" and "Cul-de-sac"
23 Cartoons and "The Circus"
24 "Lonliness of the Long Distance Runner" and "A Taste of Honey"

ART (GR3-7014) 8 St and Univ Pl either "Z" or "Satyricon"

BLEECKER ST (OR4-3210) Blkr and La Guardia

18-19 "Greetings" and "Hi Mom"
20-24 "The Damned" and "Pretty Poison"
ELGIN (OR5-0935) 8th Ave and 19th St
18-19 "Top Hat" and "Swing Time"
20-24 "La Ronde" and "The Rules of the Game"

Free Concerts

Tuesdays Aug 18, 25, and Sept 1, Sea Chantey Folk Song Concerts aboard the Caviare at the South Street Pier at Fulton Street and the East River. 7 pm 349-4310.

Tuesday, Aug 18 at Metropolitan Museum of Art the Berkshire Boys Choir will give two concerts. The first concert will be at 4pm in the Museum's Blumenthal Patio? the second concert will be in the Medieval Sculpture Hall at 7:30pm.

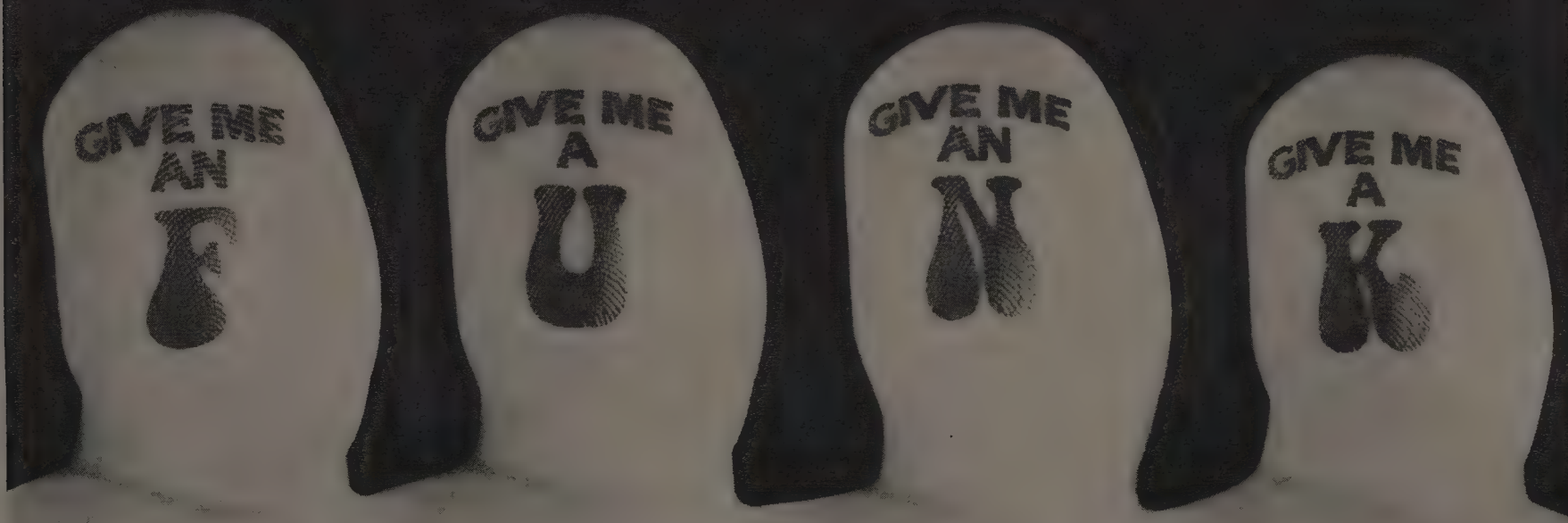
Insomniac Bike Ride

AUGUST 16 2:30 AM RAIN DATE AUG 22
FIVE MILES, THREE HOURS, MORE OR LESS. CONTRIBUTION ONE DOLLAR PROCEEDS GO TO THE CENTRAL PARK AND PROSPECT PARK TREE FUND. THE TREE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN. TOUR INFORMATION UN1-9696—ESTELLES WOLF BICYCLE RENTAL INFO 879-0740 Pedal Pusher

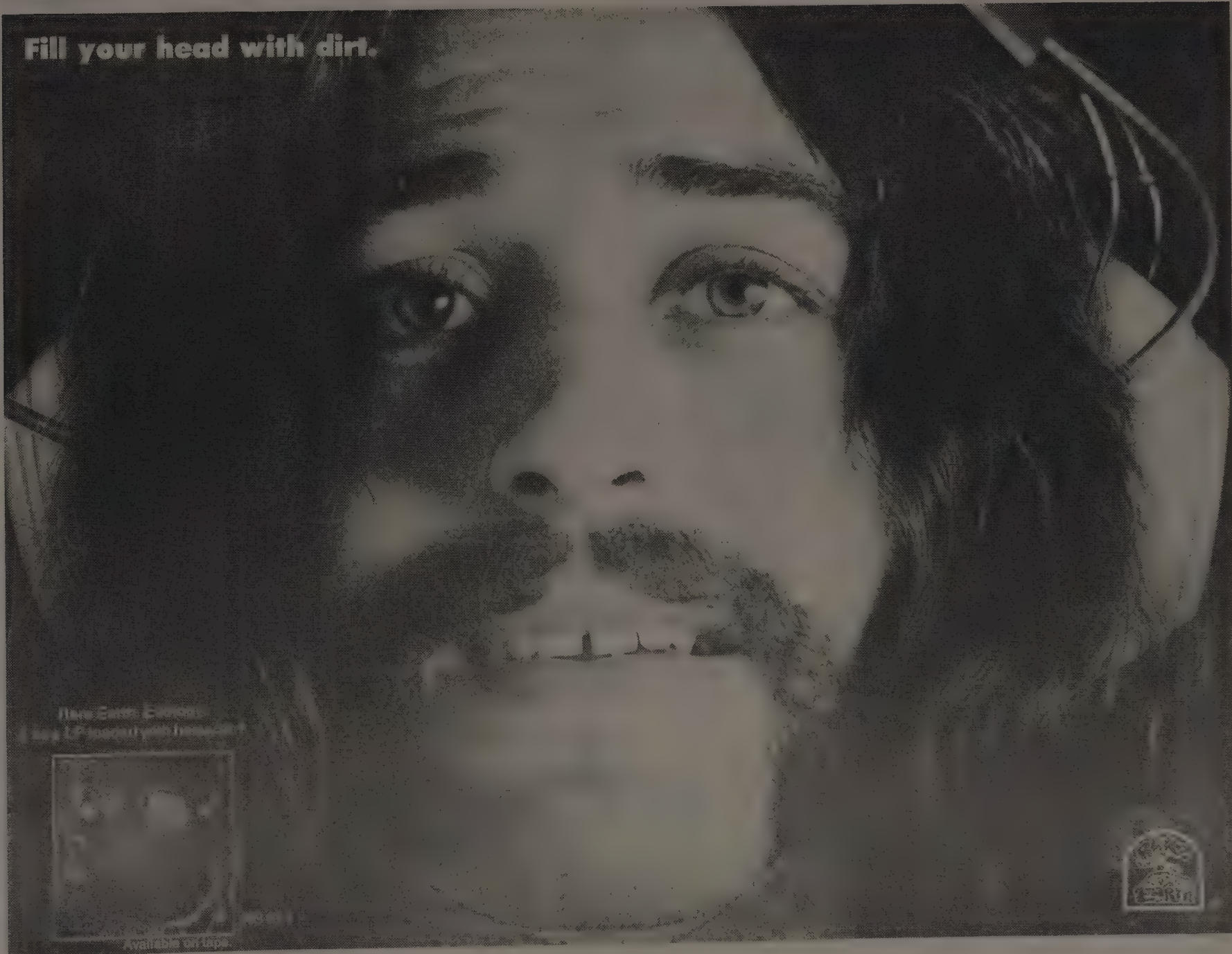
If you think Toe Fat's cover is funk wait till you hear what's inside. Toe Fat—a really together group from across the sea.



Available on tape
RS511



Fill your head with dirt.



More Earth. Excuse
I say LP record with frequency



Available on tape



INTERGALACTIC

SYMBOLS	
DL	Day Letter
NL	Night Letter
LT	International Letter Telegram

UNION DOPOGRAM

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

Hi brothers and sisters--

There's a lot of pot in town. If the streets of New York don't smell of dogshit, you smell sweet marijuana, at least in the Village. Everybody is high. The prices are lower than ever. A pound of good grass can be gotten for \$100 to \$130. At almost every street corner, in Downtown Manhattan. Also, a variety of LSD is offered. The lowest price we know of is 15¢ a trip, in quantities. The highest, 50¢ (Quick-silver.) This is a very mellow, very smooth LSD. A pure head high, with no body effects.

The brotherhood spirit of heads has risen triumphantly above all the shit of our dead middleclass parents, who seem to succeed in preventing our rock festivals this year.

Don't buy Honda bikes. They donated 90 machines to the cops in San Francisco to chase dope heads in Golden Gate Park.

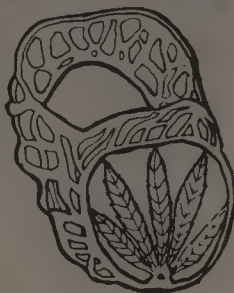
If you're interested in human beings, go and see POUND, by Robert Downey (a prince).

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
RAY SCHULTZ



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AFTER PROGRESSIVE HEAVIES

TRAFFIC -Feelin' Alright, Dear Mr. Fantasy & Forty Thousand Headmen • **JOHNNY WINTER** -Rollin' And Tumblin' & Bad Luck And Trouble • **CANNED HEAT** -Boogie Music & Catfish Blues • **SPENCER DAVIS** -I'm A Man & Gimme Some Lovin' • **BONZO DOG BAND** -Urban Spaceman • **BEE GEES** -Words • **CREAM** -White Room • Available on album, cartridge & cassette from United Artists Records

Cream & Bee Gees appear by arrangement with Atco Records.

RAY GRAY

Get it all together at the Downbeat Festival

"In the beginning there was Blood, Sweat & Tears. But right now the band to hear is ILLUSTRATION, a unique and infectious group personality."

—Rolling Stone

First New York Appearance

ILLUSTRATION

plus

THE JOE CABOT GROUP

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CRIME ACT

(Continued from Page 11)

covers sentencing of all defendants, not just 'dangerous special offenders.' More importantly, it would purportedly permit a court to consider—without regard to relevance—a coerced confession, evidence seized in violation of the Fourth Amendment, or the rankest hearsay, all of which would be plainly inadmissible in a trial to determine guilt or innocence."

Comment by New York City Bar Ass'n: "As we read the habitual offender definition, a person who has received a suspended sentence on a marijuana conviction (often a felony), in some instances more than one year in jail, or served a term arising out of a political demonstration, would be a 'special dangerous offender' should he be convicted in a federal court thirty years later for income tax evasion.

"It depends upon a demonstration of a 'pattern of conduct which was criminal' yet nowhere defines what is a sufficient pattern of conduct.

"We believe that such terms as 'pattern of conduct,' 'substantial source of income,' and 'in which he manifested special skill or expertise' so vague as to provide no clear standards for the sentencing judge to exercise his discretion, or for the appellate court on review.

"To put a case which seems somewhat extreme but which we believe could be covered by Title X, one of four or more defendants who is charged with counseling young men to avoid the draft, and conspiracy to accomplish that end, could be sentenced to thirty years upon a conviction if the court were persuaded, by a mere 'preponderance of the information,' that he played any meaningful role in such a conspiracy. Moreover, there is nothing in the statute to prevent this result even if he were acquitted by a jury of the conspiracy charged in the indictment.

"The criterion that long confinement 'is required for the protection of the public from further criminal conduct' is subject to most of the definitional problems discussed above and may, because of its broad sweep, bear no relation to 'danger.' For instance, 'criminal conduct' could presumably include minor offenses, such as littering or panhandling, involving no threat to personal safety or property."

5. *Summary of S. 30 by New York City Bar Ass'n:* "Taken as a whole, while S. 30 demonstrates commendable effort and attention to a terribly serious problem [in sections not analyzed here], in its present form it contains the seeds of official repression. Some of the aspects of the system of criminal justice S. 30 would seek to impose are almost Kafkaesque: a public official could be publicly condemned on the basis of accusations of the grand jury which he had no opportunity to rebut at a trial; a grand jury witness could be imprisoned for three years for civil contempt without trial and without bail; a defendant could be precluded from raising constitutional objections to evidence introduced against him—even after having established conclusively that an unconstitutional search and seizure had taken place; and one convicted of any federal felony could be sentenced to 30 years imprisonment on the basis of 'information' which could never be used against him at a trial."

S. 30 passed the Senate in January, 1970, and is presently being considered by the House Judiciary Committee. Letters recommending that S. 30 be rewritten to protect traditional constitutional rights should be addressed to members of that committee (listed below):

DEMOCRATS

Emanuel Celler, N.Y.
(Chairman)

Michael Feighan, O.
Peter Rodino, Jr., N.J.
Byron Rodgers, Colo.
Harold D. Donohue, Mass.
Jack Brooks, Tex.
John Dowdy, Tex.
Robert Kastenmeier, Wis.
Don Edwards, Calif.
William Hungate, Miss.
John Conyers, Jr., Mich.
Andrew Jacobs, Jr., Ind.
Joshua Eilberg, Penn.
William F. Ryan, N.Y.
Jerome Waldie, Cal.
Edwin Edwards, La.
Walter Flowers, Ala.
James Mann, S.C.
Abner Mikva, Ill.

REPUBLICANS

William McCulloch, O.
Richard Poff, Va.
Clark MacGregor, Minn.
Edward Hutchinson, Mich.
Robert McClory, Ill.
Henry P. Smith 3d, N.Y.
Thomas Meskill, Conn.
Charles Sandman, Jr., N.J.
Thomas P. Railsback, Ill.
Edward G. Biester, Jr., Penn.
Charles E. Wiggins, Calif.
David W. Dennis, Ind.
Hamilton Fish, Jr., N.Y.
R. Lawrence Coughlin, Penn.

We are asking you, therefore, to fight this assault on the Bill of Rights by: (1) writing immediately to members of the House Judiciary Committee. One letter, addressed "Dear Congressman," xeroxed and sent to each member of the Committee, will serve the purpose; (2) contacting your own representative urging him to oppose S. 30; and (3) writing to editors about S. 30 and informing as many other persons and groups in your vicinity as you can.

TOMBS

(Continued from Page 13)

"I was at the bondsman this morning," she said, "and I had a release order. I had \$500 in bail. I was down here this morning before this all started and I sat there and waited and they didn't bring him down. They told me to come back at 4:30, but when I came back this thing was happening and they told me they couldn't do anything. All I want to know is, is he all right? And when is he getting out?"

Two young Spanish children, 9 and 14, were inquiring after their father. They would not give their names or any information beyond the fact that they were scared and worried about the welfare of their father. The police would not allow them to come within a block of the Tombs, and no information was offered on where they could inquire after the riots were over. The two children were hesitant to speak to reporters.

Another Black woman attempted to get near the Tombs but was continually chased back by police. Folding her hands in prayer, she said, "My son is in the Tombs. I want to speak to him. I will see him with God's help." The police refused to even give her a civil answer to her inquiries about where she could find out about the safety of her son, and the TV reporters thought she was a joke. She stayed in the vicinity, however,

for several hours and was not to be turned back.

TPF units continually arrived and departed and stood around the vicinity of the Tombs. At the truck entrance of the building, on the side, emergency trucks were stationed with police in bullet-proof vests and helmets, and holding riot guns and tear gas cannisters. It was the first time such equipment had been sported by New York police in many months.

George McGrath conducted a press conference in the receiving room of the Tombs itself at approximately 7:30 p.m., and he put on a good show. The press was marched in along the side of the building, running single-file and protecting their heads from flying objects with their hands, and inside they were crowded into a hot stuffy area and told that 1) three hostages had been taken; 2) that the only floor totally held by prisoners was the 8th floor, which also contained the psychiatric unit. All the medical records had been destroyed and certain medicines and vital services were being lost to the prison population at this point. An offer had been made to the prisoners, McGrath continued, that anyone who was ill and in need of surgery, medication or comforting words would be taken care of and removed to better quarters. There were still no takers. The three hostages were safe, and had been given food and cigarettes by the prisoners. The prisoners themselves would be fed on schedule, if things continued going relatively

smoothly.

McGrath said that he had met with the prisoners and listened to their demands.

"There are four ringleaders," he said. "Their demands are basically the same that were released to the press yesterday. These floors were not involved in the disturbance yesterday, but we are making a study of yesterday's demands and are implementing some changes right now. This was a matter building up to the rampage yesterday, and now the other prisoners are trying to make a thing of it today. Their demands say nothing new.

"How much damage was done?" someone asked.

"Damage is negligible," McGrath said. "Each floor is built of cement and steel, and the prisoners have a limited area they can move around in so great damage is difficult to cause. Mostly, it's a lot of noise and broken cables and windows. Nothing more than that."

"Do the prisoners have weapons?"

"No, they do not have weapons. Pocket knives were taken from the three captured officers, but these were turned over to us promptly."

"How are the officers who were captured?"

"They're being treated extremely well. They've been given food and cigarettes, and they're being treated very well."

"Do you have any fear for them?"

"We always have fear."

Catholic Chaplain Lawrence Gibney, stationed at the Tombs for the past ten years, said he thought the only solution to the problem was immediate reopening and use of a correctional institution on Harts Island. Father Gibney appeared from a side door shortly after the press conference was over and when questioned, answered that he favored most of the prisoners' demands.

"Most of them? Which ones don't you support?"

"Well, it's not that I don't support them," he said. "It's mostly a question of priorities. Like, the main problem is overcrowding and we should see to that right away. But then there are less important priorities, like the prisoners say they want more dessert at night."

"You'd deny them dessert?"

"No, it's just that's not a very important consideration in view of the whole situation."

"Have you talked with the men today?"

"I'm in constant touch with them."

"Do they consider you an official or a friend?"

"A friend. I think they trust me. I'm looking out for their welfare."

"What's your personal view of the conditions here? The prisoners claim there are rats."

"Oh, I don't know about that. Maybe a few roaches and some mice..."

"Mice?"

"Yes, I admit there's a few mice in here, but I've never seen any rats."

"There's no rats," a nearby guard said.

"It might interest you that one of the objects thrown from the windows today was a dead rat."

"I think it was mistaken for a mouse," Chaplain Gibney said. "Well, what do you think, anyway?"

"I think that this situation is typical of the state and country at large. All the prisons are like this, and we desperately need more facilities. I'm sure that if we don't act now, there will be incidents like this all over."

"Do you think that today's thing had a racial cast to it?"

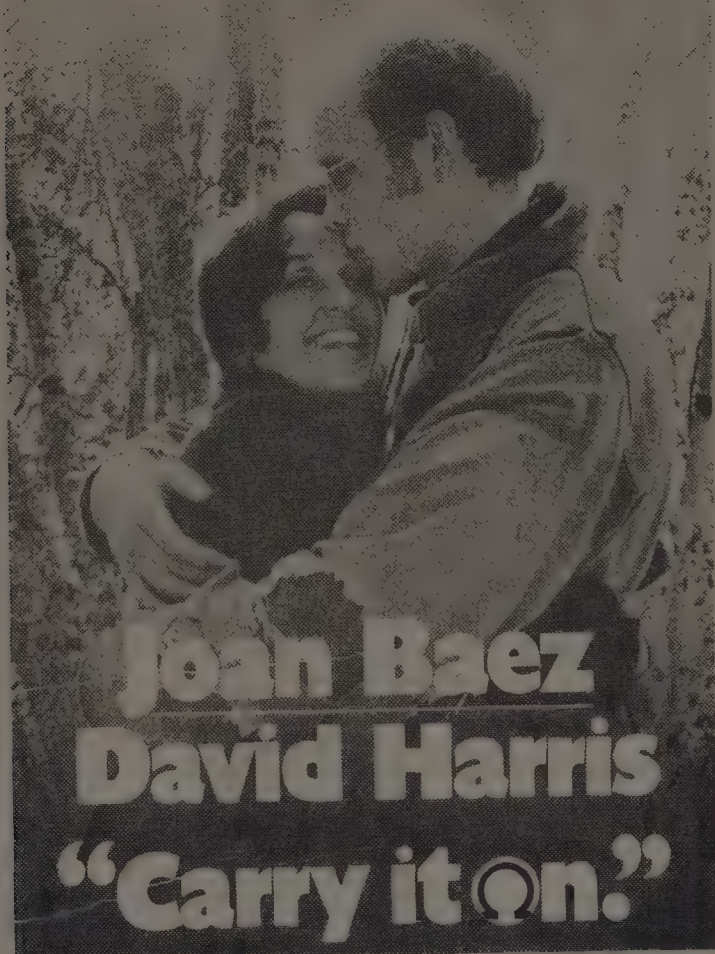
"No, I don't think there was anything racial about it. The majority of prisoners here are black and Puerto Rican, but I don't think that had much to do with it. The main problem was the overcrowding. I think it will be repeated elsewhere."

For three or four more hours, the yelling continued out of the windows. Burning rags and other objects were thrown to the street, and the Fire Department stood on the ready. The TPF still guarded the street in the dark, and new detachments were seen arriving all the time. Fire trucks and ambulances occasionally passed through the area. One officer was hit in the head with a flying object and taken to Beekman Downtown Hospital.

(Continued on Page 21)

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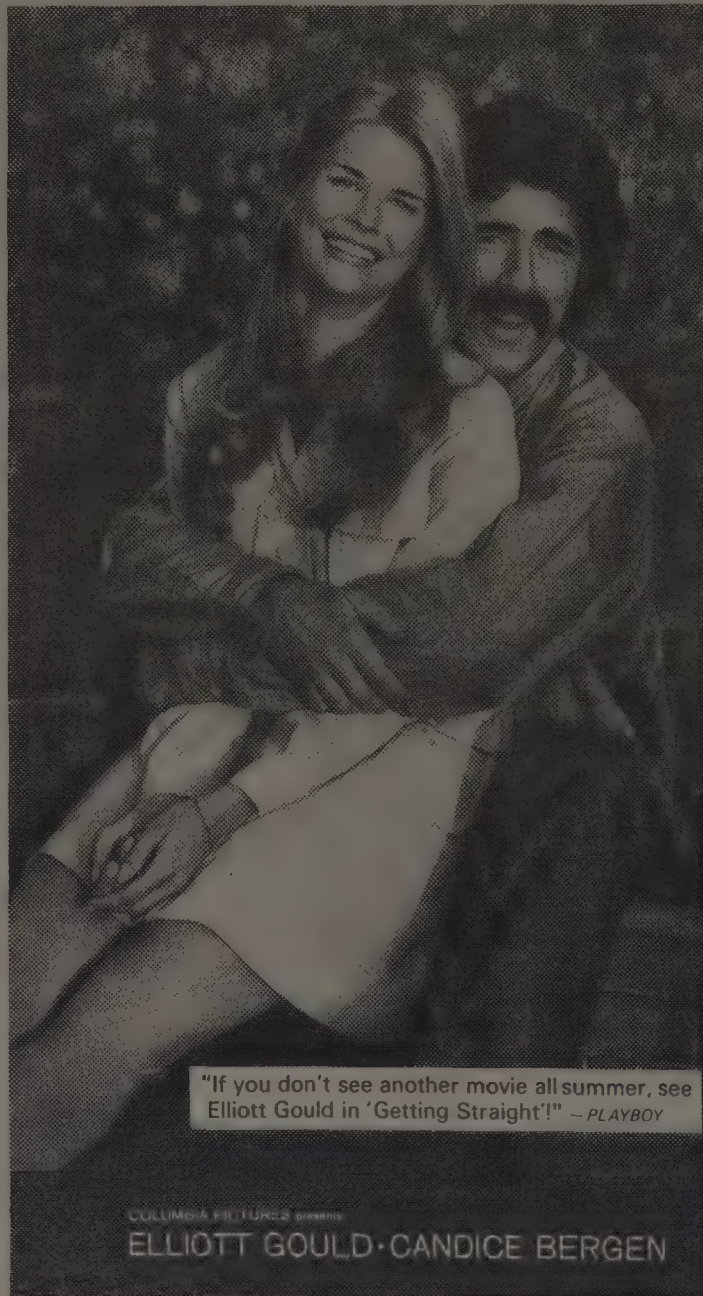
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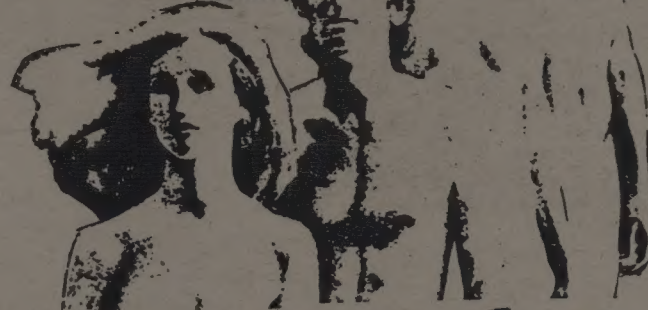
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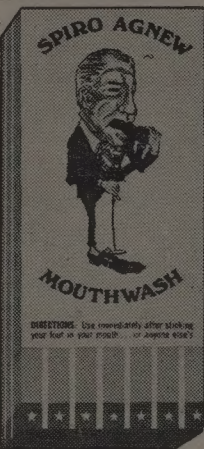
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TOMBS

(Continued from Page 20)

At 10:30 or so, the reporters were rushed in again and told that the incident was over, and that all parties were satisfied. The three officers who had been seized as hostages were brought forth to give their own account of the incident. Officer Clancy, a tough-looking white officer, said he was treated royally, and that he basically agreed that conditions were unbearable.

“Will you be able to defend yourself if you go back in?” someone asked.

“I don’t see how I can defend myself,” Clancy said.

“Will you go back?”

“Yes, I’ll go back.”

Officer Taylor, a black officer and the head officer on the eighth floor, was a bit more expansive in his theories.

“We need less inmates and more officers,” he said. “We have no time for psychiatrists and rehabilitation right now,” he said. “The public is suffering a bad injustice, as are the prisoners. It’s simple, the house is overcrowded.”

Officer Andrew Mraz was next. He said little except that he was treated well and agreed with the prisoners’ demands. Assemblyman Charles Rangle was present and had talked to the prisoners.

“Rockefeller is relieving us of 300 prisoners,” he said. “That won’t do a thing. This is an emergency situation. I don’t give a damn how they throw this political football back and forth but something must be done, and soon. This institution is over-populated by 200%.”

A guard who would not identify himself asked this reporter to

ask two questions during the press conference. A heavy man, he was standing next to me against the wall. His two questions were “Were the captured guards afraid of injury at the hands of psychotic prisoners?” and “Will the guards be armed for future service in the cell blocks?” Both questions were answered in the negative.

This guard told me that he agreed with the prisoners’ demands basically, particularly pertaining to overcrowding, but he thought more guards were more appropriate, and more protections for the guards. He said he was thoroughly disgusted with the situation.

The situation was ruled over, but prisoners still shouted out the windows. A Mrs. B. Albandoz tried to get in to see her son Arturo, or to find out about his welfare, but she was continually and literally driven back behind the barricades outside the “House.” At one point, she was actually threatened with arrest, as were Joseph Stevens and myself who were walking with her across the street. By Friday, she still had not received any word from her son (quartered on the fifth floor), and she was not allowed to see him.

The situation was ruled over, but the next morning, Wednesday, a minor repeat occurred and a couple of very small disturbances erupted in the Women’s House of Detention, where conditions, if anything, are worse than those of the Tombs. The official line among the politicians seemed to be “It’s all under control, but it can erupt at any time.”

In light of the recent Soledad Brothers Incident in California, it would appear that prison riot and kidnapping of relevant judges and other officials might well become a widely-used political tactic. The politicians are talking, meanwhile, about “transferring” prisoners but there is nothing about releasing prisoners. Contrary to popular belief about the “criminals” who inhabit places like the Tombs, most inmates, in fact, are in prison for rather minor public violations and for drug abuse. Many have not been proven guilty yet of anything, and maybe never will. The Tombs itself might be cleaned out, but what about Rikers Island? What about Attica? What about the countless “houses” across the country, a few of them enlightened and modern, but the vast majority more reminiscent of the Black Hole of Calcutta than anything else?

“It doesn’t stop at the prison gates,” David Rothenburg, the executive secretary of the Fortune Society, told me the other day. “When the prisoners are released, they’re sent to hotels like the Greenwich and the Keystone, where conditions are equally overcrowded. Welfare sets them up there. I predict that hotels like that are the next place you’ll see prisoners rioting. The whole rotten system has to be revamped.”

Yes, and fuck John Lindsay and all his promises. The prisoners will let him know if conditions have not been changed.

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FRICK

(Continued from Page 6)

The little pilot lights on the amps went on and then the guy behind the drums said, "Good evening, were EUCLID" we'd like to sing a rearrangement of a song made famous by Spencer Davis, and they did and it was massive, i mean a really incredible sonic experience. For a five man group to handle all that power takes superhuman efforts of gargantuan strength. They didn't try to ride all that sound but rather direct it in a creative way, i mean isint that the name of the game??

Gary Levitt, guitar player, dressed in a suit of stars and with a different sort of guitar strung over his shoulder danced around teathered by only the thin cord connecting him to the massive wall of sound. Wayne Kramer of the MC5 used to dance around like this but no more.

They was dancein round and a boppin and a slidin and groovin and in general lettin it all hang out. it was good stuff. Then came the trouble, in thru the doors came Art D Lugoff the owner of the club, he looked pissed, he had the biggest of the goon squad thats in his employ right in back of him. Dressed in a shiny gray suit, his little eyes were bulging in their sockets, He looked like he was having a heart attack or something. There was no avoiding the confrontation that followed. It was obvious, it was too loud for everyone else except the Under 21 Crowd. It

seems that downstairs, directly below where the band was playing there was a performance of Jacques Brell. The rock and roll was too much for the actors and the tourists who didnt pay their money to hear it. By this time the band was all warmed up and into their second number. all the record company executives and the group's managers were in the kitchen with D'Lugoff and there was a hasty decision made. The group was too loud to continue like it was. so there was what is known as a power play. I mean they took away the power. The amps were unplugged. That's dirty pool. The Geritol generation had won still another round, curses foiled again. The group was scheduled to give a press party and the press was there and the record company had paid for the use of the place so what was to be done?

"The partys over, you cant play that loud," he said, now where does a shiny gray suited punk like D'Lugoff come off telling artists how loud they could play? He should have the thought of that before he rented the room to them, the money grubbing pig. well anyways in order to avoid a near riot some fast fancy assed dealing was made and it was decided that *Euclid* could play a set downstairs later when the rock and roll went on. so everyone sat around till tne oclock feeling pissed off and drinking more wine.

I watched the smug look on D'Lugoff's face as he walked out. He's a real 2 bit shyster niteclub owner but ill deal with him more in a later column.

The biggest crime of all was against the guys in the group. I mean they were just starting to get off and some one pulled out the plug. so a couple hours later they were set up downstairs again, and it was the waiting game all over again, There was some conflict with the other groups that were scheduled to play a group called SEA TRAIN was especially hard to deal with. Bullshit ego games and rock and roll deformity was in progress.

Coca and i were casing the joint. It was plastic from the word go. Everyone from the scheduled groups was pretty uptight with *Euclid* cause they were invading the sacred space known as the spotlight, But things proceeded, the crowd from the bronx and long island and all those other really hip places started to come in and take their seats. They sat at plastic tables, in plastic chairs with plastic candles and plastic insenxe burning in atmospere of plastic totality. It was nauseating. but *EUCLID* was incredibly live and in technicolor. They got it on in a hurry comming almost to full volume with the first note. They were realer than real and bigger than big. They played with a vengance like there was no turning them off once they got started this time. ROCK ON.....

The people in thr front rows didnt quite know what they were lettng themselves in for. They nearly got blasted out of their seats. it was nice to see things like that happen, they didnt know what to do and their warped sense of cool wouldnt let them get up and move farther away from the sounds so they squirmed in their seats. it was a regular scene. The band just kept getting it on and on and on.

We saw one of the guys from Sea Train walking toward the door with his hands in his ears, i asked him what was wrong, he said he didnt like rock and roll and further more he went on "Its too loud," he was pissed off cause there new comers were hogging the spotlight and the crowds affections.

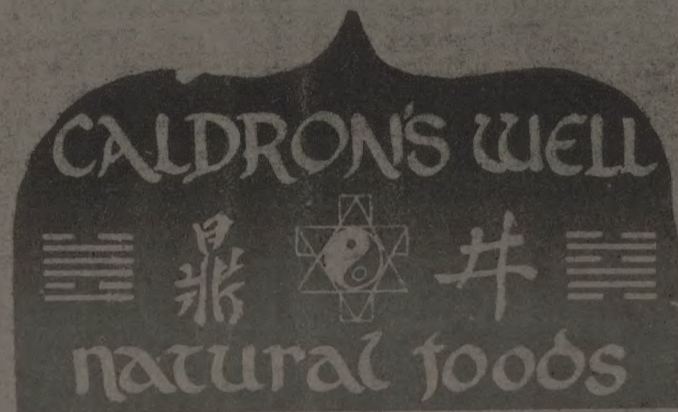
"MY band, he went on, was supposed to play the first set, he just went on and on about his band and about that they were real musicians and on and on. It was a pretty down rap from a pretty downcat. Not only a down cat but a true low life.

He stormed out of the place in a huff. Coca and I laughed.

But the true test was happening right in front of our eyes, people were dancing and grooving and lettin it all hang out and having a good time, and the music got louder and louder and *Euclid* was up there turning it out like there was no tomorrow and the crowd was digging the shit out of it.

The music followed me up the stairs and out into the street. McDougal street in the middle of the tourist season The flashing lights and the wine and the smell of sidewalk pizza swirled out like a painfull cancer on the body of the rock mainline.

Yeah in the music buisness there is no tomorrow. The subway brought a painless end to a most complicated day Rushing to the typewriter to get all this down i realized that the underground newspaper buisness there is no today only tomorrow and yesterdays press clippings.



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Scientific Dating Service, Inc., 147 W. 42nd St., New York City, Room 1018. Guaranteed Dates. AM: TA8-7897; 12 PM to 8 PM, and Sunday, OX5-0158.

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Girls - Figure models needed. Up to \$100.00 per day - paid daily - call Mr. Brandon, 242-2260.

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio, 255-2711.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe, 255-2711.

Attractive young man, 24, seeks sensible young lady 18-26 for fun and pleasure. Please write: Dan Becker, 202 6th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10013. Discretion assured.

TALL, dark handsome, 33-year old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and... let's talk about it; you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., New York City. Please, gals only.

Handsome blonde 6' model for photos. Call 242-6262 or 242-6263 anytime.

Beautiful 6' blonde model will pose for your thing. Call 242-6262, 63 anytime.

Well-built young man available to do your thing. Bob, MU3-8646.

COMPLETE RUBDOWN, for men by young man, call evenings, weekends SCOTT, 628-9771, 628-9771.

WANTED: Teenagers and boys till 23 years old. Must do what told, ready for anything. Write Warren Price, PO Box 1061, Long Island City, NY 11101.

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Young boy seeks young boys for friendship and good times. PO Box 163, Parkchester Station, Bronx, 10462.

MEET GAY FRIENDS - Non-computer buff personalized Gay Service. For sophisticated adults. Write: Just Mate, Dept. E, 509 5th Ave., NY, NY 10017.

Happy, prosperous family lovingly seeks girl who's into beautiful country, kids, stability, own kid greatest. Box 234, Fountainville, Pa. Must drive.

Mature business executive would like to share his posh east side apartment with a young gal. This gal should be willing to do copy typing 2 hours per day. All expenses will be paid to the right gal. Evenings, 638-7425.

Powder Ridge chick, working at gate, whom I laid psilocybin upon. I know you, youk now me. Please call Mark, (404) 255-6604.

Is there a young, groovy girl around who is intelligent and interested in everything and dislikes boredom. Contact young goodlooking businessman, 29. Richie P., PO Box 2073, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

Shares available in Catskills. Entire season \$100 each plus utilities. Straight, head, gay, all welcome. Write PO Box 197, Lexington, New York 12452.

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Tom Carmody, Jr., Diane DeJoseph, Carlos Ann Lee, Margaret Petruchkovich, Ann Drennan, Guy Zelenak, Bernard Walden, Richard Nash, John Anthony, David Hawkins, Gail Kozma. Please call for your horoscopes or leave correct phone numbers with hour when you can be reached. Waifer Breen, 984-2808.

Dance practice partner-model to replace departing girl sought by man studying ballroom dancing and photography. Poor dancer acceptable only if willing to try absorbing dance steps. Figure modelling experience unnecessary, sessions at west 16th St. apartment, occasionally at Roseland. Call 924-6216 all day Saturdays, or Mondays - Wednesdays 6 PM to 10 PM. Moderate fee.

FOR SALE: 13 years of PLAYBOY. 156 issues, 1956 through 1968. Every issue complete and in excellent condition. \$150 or best offer. Phone (516) 587-2727.

Young groovy chick for part-time work. Low pay, light typing * booking. No speed/acid. Box 5, Village Station, NYC 10014.

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Sensual and talented Actors and Actresses wanted for higher quality adult feature film, experience a consideration but not a must. Attractive salaries. Call 663-5250, Mr. Ruskin, leave message if not in.

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When can you be with it? Yours or anyone's Physical, Intellectual, Emotional biologic rhythms carefully calculated and interpreted. Send birthdate and \$10.00 for personal analysis covering next four months. VECTOR ANALYSES, 2 PENN PLAZA-1500, New York, N.Y. 10001.

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hear my heart when a feather swakens the beast & the pyramid falls to feast hear my heart when a pilgrim ignores the shore & death pursues the door yu2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

hear my heart when completion exceeds limitation & yesterday defies continuation hear my heart when tomorrow delivers a shell & closeness predicts a fare-well yu2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

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FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting, all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe, 255-2711.

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