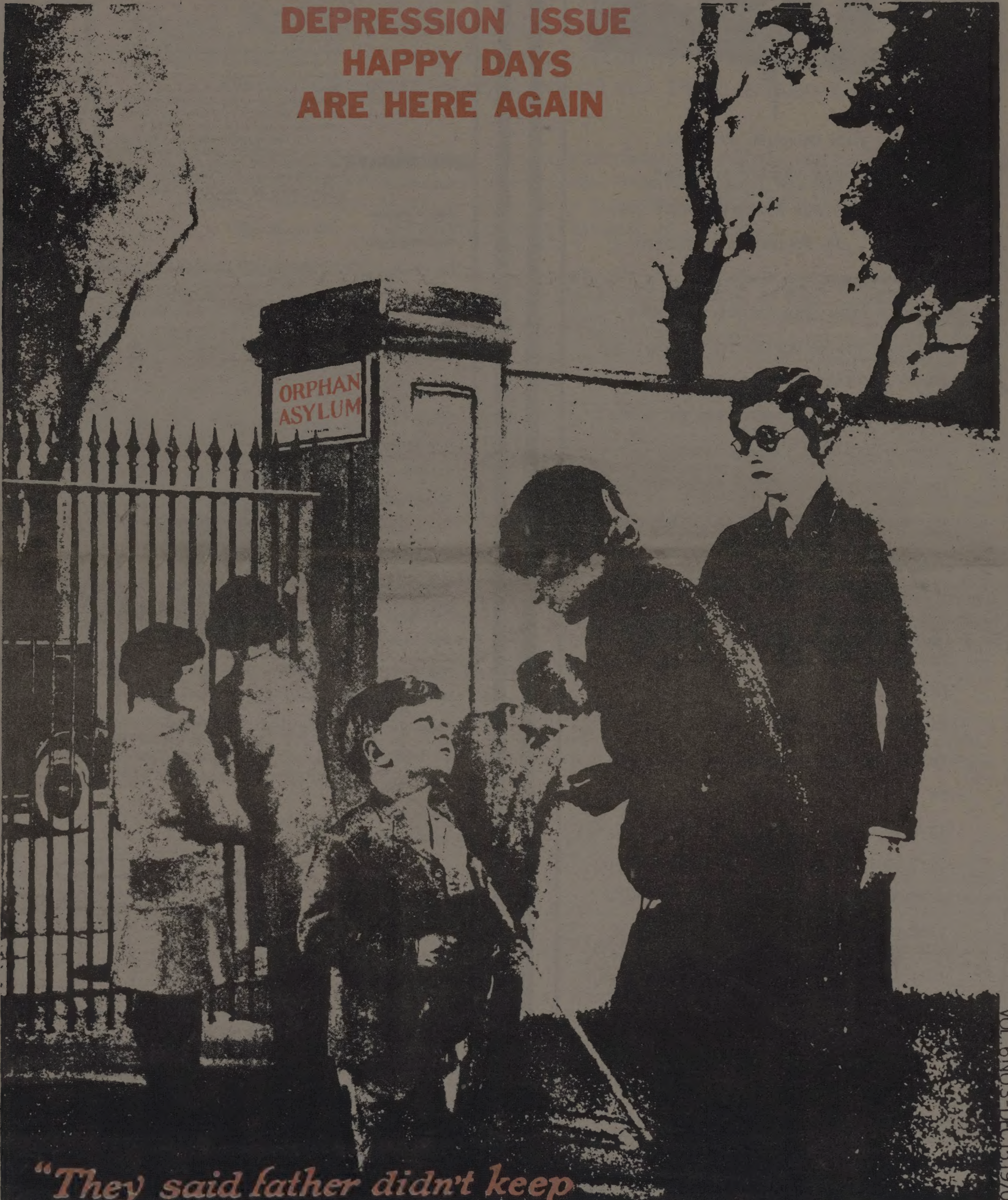


THE OTHER

DEPRESSION ISSUE
HAPPY DAYS
ARE HERE AGAIN



"They said father didn't keep his Life Insurance paid up!"

25¢ nyc
35¢ outside

VOL. 6 NO. 3 - DEC. 15, 1970

HIRAP

WHEN NEW YORK MAGAZINE TRIED TO DETERMINE "WHAT KIND OF MONSTER" SENATOR ELECT JIM BUCKLEY REALLY WAS, (NOV.16), THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPH CAUGHT OUR EYE:

"SOME OF THEM (B'S ASSOCIATES) HAVE TO FIGHT THE RECURRING VISION THAT ONE DAY, WITH NO WARNING, BUCKLEY WOULD SUGGEST LOBBING A BOMB INTO THE MEN'S ROOM OF THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER."

THE TEMPTATION TO LET FANTASY RUN WILD IS ALMOST IRRESISTABLE BUT TIME AND SPACE WILL NOT PERMIT SUCH A JOYRIDE. LET US SUFFICE WITH A WORD OF WELCOME. AT A TIME WHEN MORE AND MORE PEOPLE BEHAVE AS IF A TIME BOMB HAS AT LONG LAST REPLACED THEIR SHREDDED GRAY MATTER, IT IS PERHAPS FITTING THAT THE SILENT MAJORITY OF NEW YORKERS, IN THEIR INFINITE WISDOM, HAVE CHOSEN AS THEIR SENATOR A MAN WHO MIGHT ONE DAY, WITH NO WARNING, SUGGEST LOBBING A BOMB INTO THE SHITHOLE OF THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER.

BILL GRAHAM LIKES COMPANY.

NEWS

PROCEM

FREEDOM MARCH

During a protest at Arlington (Mass.) High School last spring, Martha A. Meyers, 17, burned an American flag. Last week she appealed her six-month jail sentence before Superior Court Judge Frank W. Tomasello, who lectured her on patriotism and suggested an odd alternative. He proposed that Martha immediately carry a big (5-ft. by 8-ft.) American flag on a three-mile march through the city of Cambridge. That chilly morning she dutifully carried her 15-lb. burden through the streets, head high, her face expressionless. The judge then continued the case for a year.

Jaakov Kohn

Allen Katzman

Fred Mogubgub

Ray Schultz

D.A. Latimer

Jackie Friedrich

John da Swede

Stephen Kohn

Charlie Frick

Coca Crystal

Yossarian

Roger Tomlinson

Honest Bob Singer

Roy Weiner

Vincent Titus

Rudi Stern

John Reilly

Renfreu Neff

Gianfranco Mangegna

Claudia Dreifus

Lil Picard

Alex Gross

Jackie Acon

Spain Rodriguez

Kim Deitch

Perfecto La Gogo

Nellie Fernauld

Irving Shushnick

S.R.K.

Tuli Kupferberg

Little Arthur Chaitkin

Subscriptions: Heidi

European Operations: Jenö

London: Harvey Matusow

Algeria: Timothy Leary

Upthere: The ALLMIGHTY

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The Paytriotery: Let the crime fit the punishment!
Clout the hippie runt!
Burn *her* judge! Or at least
Shove the flag right up her cunt.

The Judge: Lo to everything there is a reason
& a crime to every purpose
Lady Godiva's not now in season
We can no longer bare *her* pose.

The Paytriotery: Well then at least let her march
Through the hairy Cambridge marches
While the citizens poles erect
Hell! Detumesce her starchy arches!

The Judge: Let her then learn her lesson well
(The stocks & bonds are now illegal)
We'll postpone sentence for attention year
(Am I not a regal legal eagle!)

Envoi: O Judge you man of monumental grace
You do put all things in their wondrous place
Might one suggest (hope not too crass)
You shove that flag right up yer ass?

FREE MASONRY EXPOSED

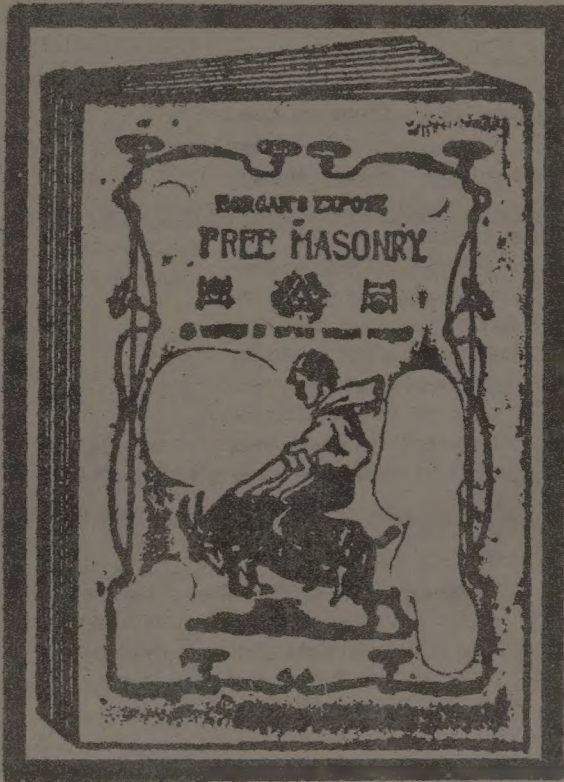
— CONTAINING —

**ALL THE DEGREES OF THE ORDER CONFERRED
IN A MASTER'S LODGE.**

**ALL THE DEGREES CONFERRED IN THE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER AND GRAND
ENCAMPMENT OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS—KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS—
OF THE CHRISTIAN MARK—AND OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE**

— ALSO —

The Eleven Ineffable Degrees Conferred in the Lodge of Perfection—and the still higher Degrees of Prince of Jerusalem—Knights of the East and West—Venerable Grand Masters of Symbolic Lodges—Knights and Adepts of the Eagle or Sun—Princes of the Royal Secret—Sovereign Inspector General, etc.



CAPTAIN MORGAN was born in Virginia, and was a Mason by trade. He commenced business as a brewer at York, Upper Canada, but having lost all his property by fire, he removed to New York State and it was here, in Batavia, that great excitement was aroused when it was learned he had prepared for publication a book which would reveal the SECRETS OF FREE MASONRY. The contemplated publication excited the alarm of the fraternity, and numbers of its members were heard to say that it should be SUPPRESSED AT ALL EVENTS. Meetings of delegates from the different Lodges were held to devise means for most effectually preventing the publication. The majority members of the fraternity were much excited, and alarmed, and dark and desperate threats were made. An incendiary attempt was made to fire the office of Col. Miller, the publisher. Under various pretexts, Morgan was arrested and committed to prison, only to be released. At Canadaigua he was falsely beguiled from the safe custody of the law, and was forcibly carried, by relays on horses, a distance of one hundred and fifteen miles, and secured as a prisoner in the magazine of Fort Niagara. His fate was never known, but it is supposed he was taken out into the lake, where his throat was cut, and his body sunken fifty fathoms in water. However, the volume was put to press by Col. Miller, notwithstanding ineffectual attempts to imprison and kidnap the publisher. Additions have been made to Captain Morgan's revelations from time to

time, until we are now able to make public all the Masonic degrees of any note of interest, entered into by modern Freemasons. The book exposes all the Mysteries of Freemasonry and contains 203 pages of closely written matter and is revised and corrected to correspond with the most approved forms and ceremonies in the various Lodges of Freemasons throughout the United States. The book will be sent by mail postpaid to any address on receipt of **50 Cents.**

BRIEF SUMMARY OF CONTENTS:

Ceremonies of Opening a Lodge of Entered Apprentice Masons—Ceremonies of the Admission and Initiation of a Candidate in the First Degree of Freemasonry—Ceremony of Closing a Lodge of Entered Apprentices—Lecture on the First Degree of Masonry—The Second or Fellow Craft Mason's Degree—The Third, or Master Mason's Degree—An Address to be Delivered to the Candidate After the History Has Been Given—Test-Oath and Word—Fourth, or Mark Master's Degree. Ceremonies Used in Opening a Lodge of Mark Master Masons. Ceremonies Generally Gone Through in Closing a Lodge of Mark Masons. Lecture on the Fourth Degree of Masonry—The Past Master's Degree—Most Excellent Master's Degree. Ceremonies Used in Opening a Lodge of Most Excellent Masters. Ceremonies of Initiation—Royal Arch Degree—Knights of the Red

Cross—Knight Templar and Knight of Malta—Knights of the Christian Mark, and Guards of the Conclave—Knights of the Holy Sepulchre—The Holy and Thrice Illustrious Order of the Cross, called a Council. The Obligations of the Thrice Illustrious Knights of the Cross—The Lodge of Perfection; Comprising the Eleven Ineffable Degrees of Masonry—Degree of Perfect Master—Intimate Secretary—Provost and Judge—Intendant of the Buildings (or I. B.)—Elected Knights of Nine—Masters Elected of Fifteen—Illustrious Knights Elected—Grand Master Architects—Knights of the Royal Arch—Grand Elect, Perfect, and Sublime Mason—Princes of Jerusalem—Knights of the East and West—Sovereign Princes, Masters Advitlam, or Venerable Grand Masters of all Symbolic Lodges—Prince of the Royal Secret—Sovereign Grand Inspector General.

No. 1501. MORGAN'S EXPOSURE OF FREE MASONRY. 50 Cents
PRICE POSTPAID

JOHNSON SMITH & CO.,

RACINE, WIS. 369

FINANCIAL

by
RAY
SCHULTZ

QUICK SAND



Buddy, can you spare a dime? I've got this friend sitting across from me who owes \$315 for bail in a recent bust in California, plus \$300 to get back out there for a court appearance, plus \$250 for lawyer's fees, plus \$105 for his November apartment rent, and \$105 for his December rent, and \$60 for his telephone which was taken out, and \$130 for his electricity which was turned off, and he hasn't eaten in four weeks, and I've got all to do to keep him from banging his head against the wall and screaming "ALL IS LOST!"

But I know another cat who's 47 years of age and has a wife and kid to support, plus a color TV, a car, and a broadloom carpet to pay off and right now he's unemployed for the first time in his life. For this he collects a weekly stipend from the state — he seems to be more worried about losing his credit rating than starving, but he IS losing his health, and he's beginning to think that he should have stayed in the Army after Korea so he'd at least be getting a pension now, and it's rough because his wife and daughter treat him like a schmuck, and he's 47, and his only educational attainment is a suspicious-looking diploma from some high school that burned down in 1945 ... and truthfully, both he and his family would be better off right

now if he were dead. At least there'd be insurance.

Everyone is in the same boat these days. We're all feeling the money pinch. Betting at the racetracks is UP. Contributions to the Black Panther Defense Fund are down. Extortionists are charging you \$800 and up just to introduce you to apartment landlords, who charge you more for the privilege of living in their rat-holes. Some people say it's the war, some people blame it on Nixon; but the majority of people are freaking, they're getting ulcers over it, they're forgetting about the war, revolution and women's lib — they're too busy trying to save what's left of their asses.

You walk into your favorite restaurant at night and count your change. You've got just enough for an order of eggs, bacon and coffee; then you notice the price has slipped up a dime — just a lousy, stinking dime — and there's no bacon for you tonight, and there's no breakfast in the morning, nor any lunch, and you'll be lucky to bum a couple of bucks tomorrow night for a dinner of goats and mush ... and while you're walking home from THAT sobering feast you're hit in the face by the cold, but you're expecting a check so you figure you'll take out twenty bucks to buy a second-hand peacoat so you don't freeze to

death before Christmas, but the check doesn't come, and it's never gonna come, and even if it DOES come, it'll probably bounce, so you go out and join the Nazi party or something like that while these fat theorists sit on Wall Street talking about percentages and other subtle crap not even a shyster could understand, and the outlook is gloomy. Gloom, gloom and more gloom. Get yourself an apple cart, or find a nice high window to jump out of. In fact, fuck you. When you're cold, don't expect sympathy from someone who's warm, as the Russkies would say.

In New York, as usual, we're in worse shape than ever and the politicians aren't even bothering to tell comforting lies. When planning the city budget for the new fiscal year in October, Lindsay announced a happy deficit of \$600 million, and a number of cuts in city services totalling \$700 million.

but you can bet it's still going up. Last month Lindsay ordered the closing of three field offices of Neighborhood Government at a savings of a whopping \$150,000; the elimination of the Operations Research Council and the office of university relations; the consolidation of the office of Intergovernmental Administration with the Mayor's office for Intergovernmental Relations; the suspension of the "purchase of city autos for administrative personnel," the revocation of all merit salaries, salary reductions in several agencies, and the firing of 500 employees outright at savings of sums like \$212,000 and \$133,000 — all adding to a tidy heap of \$10 million or thereabouts. No matter, it's almost inconsequential. We're in big trouble this time. Meanwhile, there are 171,700 people out of work, and they fall into all financial and professional categories.

The secretarial scene, for instance, is floundering,

according to Carol Berlin who works for a general commercial agency which places clerical employees in permanent positions. She reports that jobs that offered \$125-\$200 a week last summer are now going for \$100 to \$175 a week, and that the companies are not soliciting for employees at this time.

"It used to be that if you made placements a week, you were a good counselor. Now it's closer to two or three. Our biggest problem is over-qualified applicants. It's embarrassing to ask someone with a master's degree, do you type? Engineers and lawyers are looking for menial jobs now in droves. Do you know that people 49 years of age and older have the hardest time? Ninety percent of them are never employed permanently again. In clerical work, the easiest person to place now is the dumb little chick 2 years out of college, who can type and is willing to work for \$125 a week. But the saddest ones are the really young kids out of school — 17 and 18 years old — you just watch them get depressed and drained — they think they'll be able to get jobs, and they can't. It's sad to watch them get disillusioned."

"What about dropouts?"

"Dropouts are totally impossible to place."

She continued that it's the same all over, no matter where you look. The State Department, in a major blunder, recruited 60 engineers in India to come here to work. When they arrived, there was no work left. The companies were hiring Americans, if anyone. At the same time, she continued, there ARE a number of jobs open now for collection agencies ... All you gotta do is collect.

Carol's husband is an advertising art director, and HE'S unemployed. He reports that advertising right now is a terrible scene, with salaries dropping in some cases from sums like \$25,000 to \$15,000. At the highest levels, jobs are scarce; the big clients aren't

spending; beginners have no chance at all. He knows of a financial hustler who was the kind of person who "got thrown out of college for using the school parking lot as a used-car lot for profit." The owner of 10 corporations, he now plans to take his investments outside of the country, and his thinking has been turned around about many things. He has lost a bundle.

"But in some ways, I think it's a good thing, this depression. I don't ever want to go back now. I can see it now for what it really is, the whole rat race. Since I lost my job, I don't give a shit. They're not gonna line me up and shoot me I'll survive somehow ..."

Carol and her husband are living tightly right now, with their baby daughter. They have cut the number of their own meals, and have given up dope entirely. But they are still doing well in comparison with most people.

In the poorer families, there is little reason to be optimistic about the situation. Robert Collier of the Department of Social Services reports that in June 15,000 people went on welfare; 17,000 in July; 14,000 in August and 12,000 in September — as opposed to 5,500 in May, before the present situation had fully developed.

"But they're not the ones to count," he said. "What about the marginal cases that don't get on welfare? They have no hope at all ..."

"This is the worst crisis we've ever faced," said Jesse Gray of the Harlem Tenants' Union. "Federal subsidies for housing have been cut right and left. There's almost no federal monies for liveable rehabilitation. Eighty percent of the units in Harlem are substandard in some way. The emergency repair services we have don't even begin to scratch the problem. There's no heat, no boilers — landlords abandon buildings — there are so many complaints that the city can't even take the calls ... they're asking volunteers to help with phone calls. We have landlords attempting illegal evictions. It's the same all over — slum areas in the whole country are in this condition. Landlords make an illegal eviction, the city drops the victim in some dumpy hotel and leaves them there to die."

"It's terrible," says Mrs. Kizzie of the Welfare Action Group. "The welfare won't give them carfare to hospitals and medical centers. The food stamps have gone down in value, because the prices have gone up. I don't know the solution. I think the people should start a whole new damned government. If one program is a flop, the government comes up with another one. It's all the same. But you're gonna have an awful lot of hungry people walking around New York State with not a chance for a day of work ... we'll see what happens."

According to the U.S. Department of Labor Consumer Price Index, prices have risen in New York at a higher rate than the rest of the country. From October 1969 to October 1970,

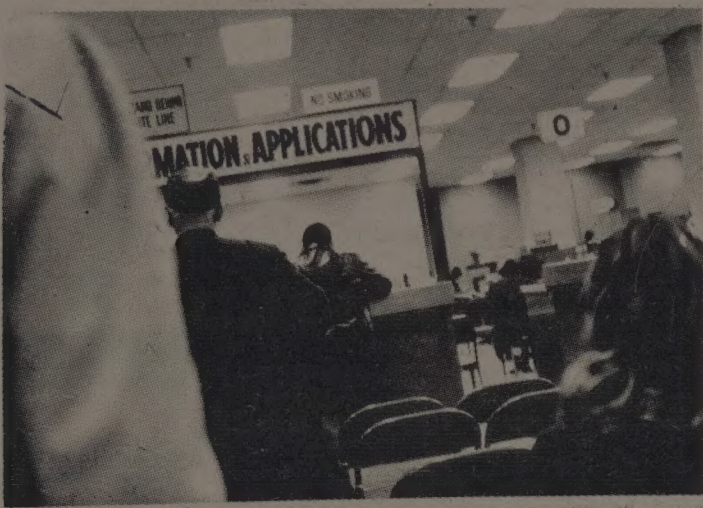


Photo Roger Tomlinson

the index rose 7.5 percent in New York, while the United States as a whole registered only a 5.9 percent increase. The index in New York now is 144.2 as opposed to 137.4 for the rest of the country. This means that the New York consumer has to spend \$14.42 to get what \$10 bought for you during the base period, whenever that was, and the average U.S. citizen has to spend \$13.74. Broken down, the greatest price indexes exist in these areas in New York: public transportation, 177.5; medical care, 178.3; and home ownership, 164.3. Just about all the New York indexes are higher than their U.S. counterparts, sometimes by substantial margins (men's and boys' clothing: 145.4, New York; 136.0, the rest of the country). But prices are rising everywhere — with great speed.

And now New York is beset with a taxi strike; the whole country is faced with a desperate railroad strike; other strikes are taking their toll — the economy is truly falling apart, and people are suffering greatly. We all have

our personal gripes about it — we are all in our own ways affected. The problem isn't going to clear up very quickly, so to survive people will just have to learn to live more tightly — with less overhead all the way around. People in this neighborhood are advised to cling to their apartments, to make the highest use of surplus and free food, to rely on simple but sturdy clothing — and to do your goddamned best to maintain the cure for this or any other financial crisis: the use of hallucinogenic drugs. Many people, of course, will not have all of these sentimental alternatives.

All this sort of thinking is foolish, say the experts. You have no idea of what is really going on. Well, hungry bellies and no work don't lie, doctor, no way. Look around you for a set of living statistics. Or wait till you get fired from your own job, sucker. I have but one question: why the fuck doesn't the government reactivate the W.P.A.?

Please?

We were standing outside the Daitch on University Place. They told me that prices were really expensive. One of the girls told me that one thing that made her mad was that the stores charged different prices for the same item. I asked them what the future looked like from the way they saw it.

"The prices seem to be going up."

"Do you have to make any sacrifice because of the high prices?" I asked.

"You tend to leave out certain things, like green peppers. Basically I get what I need."

I asked them if they thought it would get better or worse and they said that it would probably get worse.

"What are you going to do if it gets disastrous?"

"Probably leave the city," they said. They added, "It costs so much to live here. You pay more for less quality." I asked them what they thought about natural foods. They agreed that it was the smartest thing to eat, but that the prices were prohibitive.

"It's a fortune," said Susan.

Then I went uptown and stood outside the Daitch on Second Avenue between 51st and 52nd. The first person I talked to was Donald Warner. I asked him what he felt about the state of the economy.

"Negative."

"How bad does it seem to you?" I asked.

"I don't know, I usually

"I'm pessimistic. The responsibility is with the administration."

I told him about Nixon's speech last week where he addressed the National Association of Manufacturers. "Nixon was bragging about what a good job he's doing with the economy," I told him.

"Nixon has been saying that all along. To be charitable to Mr. Nixon, I would say there is a credibility gap."

"Why do you think that is?" I asked.

"I don't think he sees any sense of urgency, so he doesn't react to the problem. I think he should have to eat crow more often."

"What are you personally going to do about it?"

"I think people should become more active in the constrains of the system in order to change it."

"Have you had to make any sacrifices because of the prohibitive prices?"

"Probably not. I look for sales, like most people, and then I stock up on that item. I think most people are concerned about sales now than they were before."

I asked him what he thought about natural foods and he said that they were inconvenient to buy. I then remarked that the administration would probably like us to eat the chemically treated food so's they would have us in submission.

"Correct," said Mr. Warner, and I think so too.

The next person who came out of Daitch was Barbara Kaminsky. I asked her how she felt, as a shopper, about the state of the economy.

"Pretty rotten."

"What do you think is the cause of it?"

"Whole bunches of things, but mainly the government. They have a lot to do with it."

"Do you think it will get better or worse?"

"Worse. I don't care for Nixon."

"Will you vote for a new order of things in the next election?"

"If there's anybody to vote for."

"Have you had to make any sacrifices because of the high prices?"

"Yes, the quality suffers."

"In other things too?" I queried. "Clothes?"

"I don't buy clothes any more. I haven't sacrificed much but I watch what I buy."

"Do you worry about the price of each individual item as you shop or do you just throw it in the cart and hope you have enough money at the final tally?"

"I didn't worry about it when I was single. I worry about it now that I'm married. My husband's an artist and I'm the only one that works."

"What are you going to do about it, if it really gets bad?"

"God only knows. I haven't thought that far ahead."

"I hope I haven't depressed you by all this."

"Well, my chain of thought has been so far down these days that it doesn't matter."

I then talked to a middle-aged man who wouldn't give me his name. I asked him what he thought about the prices of the food he just bought.

"I don't usually do the shopping," he said.

"Well, how did you feel when it all added up?"

"Rather high."

"What about the state of the economy?"

"I don't know; economically speaking I'm an Alice in Wonderland. I'm an artist, and perpetually broke."

Then I talked to a young kid named Bill who works for a florist. "How do you feel about the state of the economy?"

"I feel broke, that's my only reaction."

"Do you think it will get better or worse?"

"I think it's going to level off and slowly get better."

"What do you think is the cause of the high prices?"

"Poor management, higher up, on a governmental level, Washington."

I talked to Jose Aponte who is a doorman, and asked him about the prices of food. He said it was getting more and more expensive. He said he didn't have to make any sacrifices because of the high prices. Then I asked him about the cause for all the high prices.

"What can we do? It's up to the politicians; I don't want to fight."

"What about voting?" says me.

"I don't know which one is the worst."

"So, what are you going to do about it if it gets really bad?"

"I guess I'll go back to Puerto Rico. I'm not going to stay here too long."

I asked him if things were cheaper in Puerto Rico.

"I don't have to pay rent in Puerto Rico."

I went down to the International Supermarket on Sixth Avenue between 12th and 13th. I asked the first woman who came out what she thought of the state of the economy.

"Pretty lousy," said Mrs. Rowse.

I found Norman Freedman, who said simply, "It sucks."

I approached a young woman and told her I was a reporter for the East Village Other, and did she have a minute or so.

"No, I've got people waiting for dinner, but what did you want to ask?"

"I just wanted to ask you how you felt, as a shopper, about the state of the economy."

"It's dreadful," and she hurried off after giving me her name, Phyllis Krim.

Then Josh Friedman came out. I asked him what he thought of the state of the economy.

"It's ridiculous. Did you talk to that woman who just came out?" Pointing a finger at Phyllis Krim.

"Yeah, I talked to her," I said.

"It was ridiculous. She didn't have enough money to pay for her food and had to return a few items. She had only five dollars with her, and she didn't realize how much the stuff would be. The government is trying to mislead people. People should be reminded that there's a depression."

"What do you think is the cause?"

"Superficially, Nixon's inability to offend the guys that paid for the election."

"Do you think it will get better or worse?"

"Temporarily it will get better; then it will get worse."

"How come?" I ventured.

"The increasing dependency on defense. There is a growing

(Continued on Page 22)



they've got us by the STOMACHS

by COCA CRYSTAL

As it was, I found myself outside various supermarkets in the city this week. I was asking people who had just bought groceries how they felt about

prices and the economy in general. I wasn't too surprised at the reactions to my questions. The first people I talked to were two young working girls, Diane Gerstler and Susan Goldberg.

don't do the shopping but I've noticed that in every area, the prices are up. There's only an upward trend."

"Do you think it will get better or worse?"

Jackie Friedrich on

On Monday, Dec. 7, Jerry Lefcourt continued his cross examination of Gene Roberts by asking him if he was sure, as he had previously testified, that it was Michael Tabor, who on Dec. 31, 1968, told Roberts about the call box wire cutting mission. Roberts said, yes, he was sure that it was Tabor. Jerry then asked Roberts to "refresh his recollection" by looking at his testimony at the Grand Jury, where Roberts had testified that it had been Ali Bey Hassan who had told him about the mission. Did that refresh his recollection? Yes. Then who told him about the mission? Hassan. Not Tabor? No. Sure it was Hassan? Yes. Positive? Yes. Even though he had just changed his answer? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Was Roberts told to cut the wires? Yes. To accompany Leroy Davis in this mission? Yes. Did anyone give them wire clippers? No. Did Roberts recall cutting the wires? No, Leroy Davis did the cutting, Roberts was the Look-out. Would Roberts have cut the wires if that had been his job? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did Roberts know if Davis was an agent, too? No. Did Roberts see anyone else cutting wires? No. Did he know if Carl Woods was also a BOSS agent? No. Carl Ashwood a BOSS agent? Yes. Was that the same person? Yes. Was Woods on a mission that night? Yes. Did Roberts know that he was also from BOSS? No. Were there quite a few people on the street at the time of the mission? Yes. Did they observe the wire cutting? Roberts didn't know. Roberts was look-out? Yes. Watching Davis or the police? Both. Did Roberts remember that he had testified that on Dec. 30, 1968, he had gone to BPP HQ, and had been told that he was in Afeni's section? Yes. Who told him? Tabor. Was he sure of that? Yes. Positive? Roberts asked to see his reports. Was Roberts testifying from the reports or from his recollection of the day in question? From recollection. So was he positive that it was Tabor who told him he was in Afeni's section? Roberts said he must refer to his reports, and after doing so, found that Tabor had said no such thing, at least, it wasn't in the reports. Did Roberts ever testify differently about that? No. Didn't he testify before the Grand Jury in Oct. of '69 that he was not sure who told him he was in Afeni's section? Yes. So he had not been sure in Oct. '69? No — that was a long time after the incident. Isn't the present date later still than Oct. 69? Well, he'd gone over his reports. But the report makes no mention of that "statement"? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED.

So did Roberts go to Afeni's that night? Yes. Was it Roberts' previous testimony that Afeni said that all members of her section should know how to use ten weapons? Yes. Did Roberts ever learn how to use ten weapons? No. Was it ever discussed again? No. Did Roberts remember testifying that Afeni had asked for \$2.00 a week dues to be used for "heavy artillery"? Yes. Did Roberts ever give the money? Twice. \$4.00? Yes. Did they get any cannons? No. Tanks? No. Did Roberts give the money to Afeni? No — to Clark Squires. Did Afeni ever get the money? Roberts didn't know. Did it ever happen? No. What other topics were discussed? One Panther had said that the weapon of the organization would be a Santa Fe Troupier. Did they ever get one? No. Did Roberts ever see one? No. Did they discuss the movie, "Uptight"? Yes. What did Afeni say? She said that if the movie was shown in white neighborhoods, the sisters should demonstrate. Were there other topics? Roberts didn't recall. When Roberts wrote up his report, did he include topics other than the dues and the ten weapons? Roberts said he mentioned the movie. So other topics were not significant? Roberts just couldn't remember them. Isn't it a fact that he had only one purpose in mind, being a BOSS agent — to see these defendants in jail? No. He knew that the "heavy artillery" would never happen? No. Did he think it would happen? He didn't know.

Roberts had testified that after the wire cutting mission, Tabor had said that the mission was a success, that the pigs were uptight — yet this statement did not appear in Roberts' report — a significant occurrence as Roberts had been strictly instructed by his staff member at BOSS to take down all such statements. Roberts claimed he forgot, however, and suddenly remembered almost two years later. Someone who often would report trivias, Roberts just as often left out "statements" that he had been sent as an infiltrator to report on — unless as it appears, the statements were written by well-trained script writers working for the prosecution.

Roberts had also testified that on Jan. 2, 1969, he went to recon the Brooklyn Bridge subway station and later returned to BPP HQ for a political ed. class. He saw Tabor and volunteered the information he had collected at the station — Tabor never asked him for it, nor did he say anything to Roberts about it after hearing about it, and looking at the diagram Roberts had voluntarily drawn. The Brooklyn Bridge station was never discussed again, Roberts admitted, and no one told anyone, including Roberts, to attack it.

In this court, Roberts had testified that on Jan. 6, he had gone to a security meeting where Afeni had allegedly said that she had an uncle in Virginia whom she would visit, bringing back dynamite. Roberts admitted that Afeni never went to Virginia and never brought back any dynamite. No. Was that also the night of the "retaliation" statement? Yes. Did "retaliation" ever occur? Here Murt interrupted, to say that Jerry was misleading the court with his questions, and to overrule any argument to the contrary.

On Jan. 15, did Roberts tell Afeni that he was quitting his job? Yes. What job did he have? It wasn't a job — it was a cover. What was the job/cover? Supposedly in the garment district. Did he tell anyone in the BPP where he worked? No. Did he actually have a job in the garment district? Before joining BOSS. When was that? Aug.—Dec. 1963. Did BOSS set something up for him in the garment center in case he was checked out? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Was the job something Roberts told them or a set up? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did he tell BPP that he'd quit his job? Yes. What does "security" mean in the BPP? Taking care of the office. Protecting the office, the party and the community? Yes. How often was Roberts assigned to this job? Numerous times. Nothing unusual? No. Was Roberts' apartment a "cover" apartment? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Was the apartment he was living in his real home? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did he live anywhere else?

OBJECTION/SUSTAINED.

Roberts testified that on Jan. 16, he got a call from Afeni, who said that a sister was being evicted and to go to her apartment. Roberts went, meeting some other party members there, watched the furniture being moved out and the police milling around. Under cross examination he admitted that there had been discussion that this might have been a set up by the police to shoot Panthers. Roberts then returned to BPP HQ and he said that Squires had told him that he had a bomb he wanted to try out on the landlord. Roberts admitted, however, that no such retaliation was ever taken.

Roberts testified that he asked Dharuba to get him a weapon after having seen a transaction between Dharuba and Walter Johnson, where Johnson gave Dharuba money. Did Roberts ever give Dharuba money for a weapon? No. Did he ever receive a weapon from Dharuba? No. Did Roberts have office duty on Jan. 5? Yes. Did Clark Squires come in to pick up buttons and posters? Yes. Were these for a festival? Yes. What festival? A rally or meeting at Rockland Palace. Was Squires with pig Wood/Ashwood? Woods was there, but Roberts didn't know whether or not they came together. What time did they leave? After seven. How did Roberts note the time? By his watch. Did he make a note of it? A mental note. Did Roberts testify that Sekou came in at 8:15 looking for Lumumba? Yes. Did Roberts look at his watch then? Yes. Make a note? A mental note. And then Lumumba and Afeni relieved him of office duty at 9:30. Did he make a mental note of that? Yes. Didn't Roberts want to go to Rockland Palace? No. He knew all of the BPP would be there? Yes — LeRoi Jones and Ron Keringa were to speak. Had he been told not to go by his staff member? No. Was it his own decision?

On Jan. 30 did something occur concerning an offset printing press? Yes. Who gave the printing press? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did Dharuba say anything about the printing press? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did Dharuba ask Roberts to do something about the printing press? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did Dharuba ask Roberts to do something that day? He said someone would bring the press to the office. Did Roberts recall that Dharuba said they would start a community newsletter? Yes. Did Dharuba want Roberts to work on it? Yes. After Jan. 30, did Roberts spend a lot of time with Dharuba? On different occasions. Roberts was the driver? Yes. Dharuba often told him where to go and what to do? Yes. Fair to say that Roberts didn't like Dharuba? No. Did Dharuba ever accuse Roberts of being simple? No. Did he, Dharuba, ever ridicule Roberts? In what respect? Calling names, questioning competency, etc? No. Was Roberts positive about that? Yes. Does Roberts like Dharuba? Yes. Dharuba told him what to do? Yes. Did he resent that? No. Did Roberts like all the defendants? "I had no animosity toward them."

Roberts testified that on Feb. 4 he had a political education class and then went to his first security meeting? Yes. Earlier in the day, had Hassan sent him somewhere? Hassan sent him out with leaflets about Joan Bird. To a Welfare Center? Yes. Why? Here Phillips interrupted, saying that this had no relevance. Murt picked up on the theme and warned Jerry to "stay within the limits," saying that his present line of questioning had no bearing on the issues. Jerry reminded him that it had a lot to do with credibility, but Murt told him to proceed, "in fairness to everything, including your own clients cause." Jerry then pointed out that the court couldn't yet judge on relevancy unless it was in league with the D.A., but Murt called that statement "contemptuous."

Sandy Katz reminded the court that Jerry was attempting to cross examine Roberts, but Murt interrupted, saying that Jerry was in contempt. Who was present at Roberts' first security meeting? Hassan, Kinshasa, Dharuba, McKiever, Shaba Om and others. Did they discuss informers during this meeting? Yes. Had Roberts heard many such discussions? Yes. Did he hear several names mentioned that night? Yes. Was Roberts worried? A little. Did Roberts testify that Dharuba said that Roland Hayes was a pig? Yes. And that they would try to get a confession from him and kill him? Yes. Was Roland Hayes a pig? Roberts didn't know. Would it surprise him to know that Hayes is a pig?

Murt interrupted, calling the question improper. Was Hayes killed? No. Did Kinshasa mention others who might be pigs? Roberts recalls some discussion, but not by Kinshasa. Did they discuss planning a fake attack on a precinct to weed out informers? Yes, false information would be given to the suspects. What false information? Roberts couldn't recall. How long did the meeting last? Til about one a.m. What time did it start? Around 11. After a political ed. class? Yes. Don't they usually end at 9:30? This one ended at 10. Did Roberts go home after the security meeting? Yes. When did he write his report? The next morning. Did he take notes in the security meeting? No. So he wrote the report from memory? Yes.

What happened on Feb. 5? Roberts couldn't remember. Wasn't there a benefit for the Harlem Youth Federation, made by the defendants? Yes. What time? Between 7-8. Who spoke at the benefit? Wingate, one of the Harlem five, and Kunstler. Was the benefit to raise money for the Harlem five? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did the speakers say anything about Joan Bird?

Here Phillips made a speech about "impropriety," and Murt sustained, saying that "the district attorney is entirely proper." McKinney objected to this preferential treatment, saying that the court was always admonishing the defense for making speeches, but Phillips had free rein to make all the speeches he wanted, with no admonition from the court.

Murt made another assinine comment, saying that the counsel is not in "proper spirit," and that McKinney had been conducting himself well up until the last two days, and that he was now losing his propriety. But McKinney has more style than Murt ever dreamed of, and said, "I take exception to the courts' exception to my exception."

Did Kinshasa ask Roberts to buy a copy of Mao's "Selected Military Writings"? Yes. What was the purpose of this? For material on protracted guerilla warfare. Did Kinshasa say anything else about "protracted guerilla warfare"? No. But that was the reason for buying the book? Yes. Roberts was sure of that? Yes. Did he put that statement in his report? Roberts didn't think so.

After looking at his report, Roberts found that he had said nothing about "protracted guerilla warfare," instead, he had reported that the book was for political ed. classes.

That was the book Roberts was reading on the Mar. 11 tape? Yes. Was there a physical drill on Feb. 8? Yes. Who was the instructor? Kinshasa. What usually went on in physical drills? Running through the park, climbing rocks and pushups. Had Roberts been on many physical drills? Yes. Had he been on one led by agent White? Yes. Did everyone in the party take part in the drills? Yes. And agent White was once an instructor of a drill? Yes. During that time would he (Roberts) describe White as a militant?

Yes. By the way White spoke and acted? Yes. White used stong language at his section meetings in regard to raising bail for some Panthers who had been busted in Conn.? Yes. Did White say to raise bail "by any means necessary"? Roberts had to check his report, where he found that White had said, "by any means necessary" and something about not acting as Panthers when taking these actions. What does "by any means necessary" mean? Just "by any means necessary". Was White a leader in the party? A section leader. Did Roberts recall White speaking at a meeting at Hunter College? Yes. Did Roberts go to one of White's section meetings? Yes. Did he recall, at the end of the meeting, White pulling out five joints; voluntarily, and passing them out? Yes. Did White have a loaded shotgun? Roberts saw a shotgun on White's wall, but didn't know whether or not it was loaded. In a report, (when Roberts thought agent White was a Panther) did Roberts say that that shotgun was loaded? Yes. So in his reports he said it was loaded, and now he was not sure? Yes. So, when he wrote the report, he was in error? He FELT it was loaded. Roberts looked at the gun and got a feeling that it was loaded? Yes. Was that a distortion?

Murt interrupted, saving Roberts from having to answer. Did Roberts see White with the shotgun at other times? Yes. Did he feel it was loaded then? Yes. Did he KNOW? No. Has he been spending alot of time with White lately? Yes. In the D.A.'s office preparing for this case? Yes. Did Roberts appear at BPP HQ with a gun on Feb. 14, 1969? Yes. Where did he get it from? The police department. From his staff member? Yes. Did he ask him for it? Yes, because in a security meeting it had been said that all security members should have a weapon. Hadn't that same statemnt been made by Afeni in Jan.? Yes. Was Roberts ordered to get the gun? No. Was it in his report? He didn't know. Did Roberts often say in his reports that nothing of significance had happened? Yes. So Roberts blocked out everything except indictable things? No. What was insignificant? Parties, etc. Community work, political ed. classes, etc., were not significant?

Phillips stood up to save Roberts, interrupting Jerry in mid-sentence, and saying that it was time for a break. Murt, of course, agreed.

On Feb. 16, did Roberts show up for a physical drill in Van Cortlandt Park, only to find he was the only one there? Yes. This was supposed to be for the security section? Yes. Did his staff member tell him to go to everything? Well, his staff member said to miss a few things if by going to everything, he began to look suspicious. Did Roberts ever not go to a meeting? No. Did Roberts drive Dharuba, Joan, Afeni, and others to a church on Feb. 17? Yes. Did Dharuba give a speech on the decentralization of the police force, which was on the ballot that year? Yes. Did the decentralization of police mean that the police...

Phillips stood up to make another speech, whining that Jerry was misleading the jury and Murt seconded the motion.

What does decentralization of police mean? People in the community would have some say so about the department, and police would work in the community they lived in. Did Roberts think that was a good idea?

Murt interrupted, to call Jerry incompetent and to ask him to "conform."

Did the BPP often discuss police? Yes. Did Alex McKiever ever say that they would start patrolling the police to make sure the police did not attack the party or the community? Yes. Was it Roberts testimony that on Feb. 18 Dharuba said that Captain Hart would come from Baltimore with weapons for the security gorup? Yes. Did Hart ever bring any weapons? No. On Feb. 19 Roberts said that he took Dharuba and McKiever to the airport where they bought tickets to Rochester under phony names, right? Yes. Did Roberts know why they used phony names? No. Was it to prevent the police from knowing where they were? Roberts said he didn't know.

Murt interrupted, saying that Roberts' ideas were not important. Jerry reminded him that Roberts' ideas had been important throughout.

In a section meeting on Jan. 13, did Roberts recall testifying that Afeni said there would be no more physical drills, but that Kinshasa would teach guerilla tactics? Yes. Didn't Afeni say "simulated guerilla tactics"? Yes. Roberts left that out in his testimony? Inadvertently? Inadvertently. INADVERTENTLY? Yes. Roberts testified that on Feb. 3, Kinshasa asked him to be in the security section to teach first aid and hand to hand combat, and that the security section would Take Care of Business? Yes. What does TCB generally mean? Doing different things. No definite meaning? Correct. The security group would deal with training problems? Yes. Roberts didn't tell the jury that? No. Nor did he tell the jury it was "simulated" guerilla warfare? No.

Here Murt again interrupted, calling Jerry completely out of order, and asking the jury to ignore Lefcourt's sarcasm.

Besides the term "TCB," were there any other terms? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. What did the term "retreat" mean in the BPP? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. On Jan. 13, was there talk of disciplining Shaba Om for having missed a political ed. class? Yes. Did they also discuss going out into the community to bring out two issues of the ten point program? Yes. Which issues? Police brutality and the selling of inferior merchandise for high prices. On Feb. 21, did the security section go to a memorial for Malcolm X at Cooper Jr. H.S.? Yes. Did they perform security at that meeting? Yes. Was Malcolm important to the BPP? Yes. Did they often speak of him and go to meetings and rallies about him? Yes. Was Roberts asked to speak? Yes, but he refused at Cooper Jr. High, saying that he didn't like speaking in front of crowds, and spoke for a couple of minutes later back at BPP HQ, telling what happened at Malcolm's assassination. Roberts was there, right? Yes. Did he do it? No. Roberts was a security guard, right? Yes. and there were no other police? No. Did Roberts do it? Noooo, want to hear the truth? And half the courtroom leaned forward, YES! Did Roberts testify in the trial? No. Why? He wasn't called. But he knew what happened? Yes. And didn't testify? No. There were two Muslims on trial? Yes. Did Phillips warn him that he might be questioned about this, and prepare him? Yes. So Phillips won't be objecting, cause Roberts is prepared, right? Yes. O.K., what happened?

So Roberts went into a long bullshit story about how chairs went flying, shots and screams, and Roberts himself narrowly missed being shot, and later gave mouth to mouth resuscitation to Malcolm, and, hero of the day, caught one of the guys finally convicted. (So BOSS infiltrated Malcolm's org. to protect him? Is that what Roberts is trying to say?)

Did Roberts go to various meetings with Malcolm? Yes. And every time before that there were always large contingents of police? Yes. Not that night? No.

So now was the time Murt decided to break for lunch, warning Jerry that we would talk no more about Malcolm, that the court had only permitted this much because Jerry had accused the witness of murder.

THE BLACK PANTHERS ON TRIAL

14th WEEK

After lunch, Jerry asked Roberts if he had ever testified in re the assassination.

NO MORE MALCOLM! HE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS CASE! Spake Caesar.

Jerry then questioned Roberts about an obvious inconsistency where Roberts had testified he had had to do 25 pushups as a punishment and before the Grand Jury, said that he did them at BPP HQ, and in this court, swore that he did them at someone's apartment.

Murt interrupted, saying that there was NO inconsistency and that JERRY was misleading the court.

Roberts had also shifted testimony as to the date of the memorial; at one time saying it was on the 21st, and another time, on the 22nd., and swearing to each. Roberts testified that on Feb. 25 Lumumba had said that the party had a machine gun and a grenade launcher, and that only Dharuba knew where they were, right? Yes. Did Roberts ever hear about them again? No. Did he ever see them? No. Did he think they were with Afeni's "artillery"? No.

Murt told Jerry to stop the sarcasm, and Sandy Katz started to object but Murt ordered that he be seated. Jerry said that he was doing his job, and that he had used the same words as Phillips had, but Murt said that JERRY was bordering on contempt.

Was Feb. 25 the day Roberts was to hand in the recons of the department stores? Yes. Did he have them? No. Was there any talk about them? No. On Feb. 28 were plans made for a firing class to be held on Mar. 1? Yes. Was that class ever held? No. What did you do on Mar. 1 — sell newspapers or deliver them around the city? Yes. Roberts had previously testified that he had gone to Jersey with Tabor, Powell, and Dharuba, and that they had been stopped by pigs on the way back. They all allegedly were glad they hadn't been asked to get out of the car, as Roberts said that they all said they were carrying weapons.

Did Roberts see any of those guns or mention any of them in his reports? No. He testified to them but did not put them in his reports? Yes. When did he remember the incident? Upon reading through his reports. So he forgot the incident while writing up the report a day after it allegedly happened, and suddenly remembered it last week, almost two years later? Yes. Roberts testified that on Mar. 4 there was a security meeting, but that Kinshasa had asked him to go down to the Lower East Side to check out reports of someone who was posing as a Panther, right? Yes. Did Kinshasa say that checking out a fake Panther was more important than a security meeting? Roberts conveniently couldn't recall. Was there a branch of the BPP on the Lower East Side? Yes. Yet Roberts was sent from Harlem to check it out? Yes. Cause he was in the security section? He didn't know. Wasn't the reason this was given to you because this was a security problem? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did Roberts go to a physical drill on Mar. 8? He went, but no one showed up, so he went back to BPP HQ where he got instructions from Lumumba to go out into the community with questionnaires the party had printed up, to see how people in the community felt about different issues.

Did Roberts do this? Yes. Did all other party members? Everyone who came into the office. Did Roberts do other jobs like that? Yes.

In Oct. did Lumumba ask him to start working around the ten point program? Yes. Did Roberts go to Lincoln Hospital concerning a community problem? Yes. Did Lumumba ever instruct Roberts to attack or bomb anything? No. Did Lumumba ever order anything other than community work? No. On March 10, did Roberts go to BPP HQ in order to meet Walter Johnson, so they could recon some more stores, only to find that Johnson did not show up? Yes. And there were meetings and drills where no one showed up but Roberts? Some. On March 11, did Lumumba tell Roberts to go to Lincoln Hospital? Yes. Did Roberts have the transmitter on then? No. What time did he put the transmitter on? Late evening. How often did Roberts wear the transmitter? At least twice. At least three times? Can't say. More than two? Yes. What comes after two?

Murt interrupted to tell Jerry to "refrain from sarcasm."

Although Roberts was fairly sure that he had worn the transmitter more than twice, he could not remember the other times — perhaps because the prosecution did not want the other tapes in the trial. He said there might have been as many as ten occasions on which he wore the recording device, but that he never put the fact that he was wearing one in his reports because he knew that those reports would be on evidence in the trial, and his BOSS superior had told him to prepare his reports with court in mind. Roberts said that he wore the transmitter only to security meetings and to one physical drill — a normal drill, plus hand to hand combat which Roberts had been asked to teach, but did not teach that night.

Kinshasa had asked Roberts to teach hand to hand combat because they had met while Roberts was infiltrating the Mau Mau's and teaching karate there. Kinshasa also asked Roberts to teach first aid, although Roberts never recalled having done this. He admitted that the BPP wanted to learn first aid as a security measure and that he, himself, feared the police in his role as a Panther — especially at demonstrations when people got "unruly" and gave the police "cause to attack." Roberts testified that Kinshasa had called Abercrombie and Fitch "the jack pot," but could not say that it was a direct quote or anywhere near what Kinshasa had said. Roberts had also been asked to go back to Abercrombie and Fitch but he never did.

Roberts then testified that on March 13, people came into the BPP HQ asking about a controversy involving a black principal at P.S. 149, a dispute at which the BPP was present. On that day they allegedly scheduled a physical drill for Saturday and set aside Monday to bomb the Bronx Botanical Gardens. Roberts testified that the physical drill took place, as planned, but that the Botanical Gardens were never bombed. Roberts admitted that he saw no bombs either on Saturday or on Monday, or at any security meeting — in fact, he never saw any bombs. Roberts alleged that in a security meeting on March 18, priorities (i.e., 1) precincts, etc.) that had supposedly been set up by Lumumba, were discussed.

Lumumba wasn't at that meeting and Roberts never heard him speak of these priorities although they saw and spoke to each other quite often. Roberts then testified that on March 20 he went to a security meeting but no one showed up. On March 21, Dharuba told Roberts to go to a rally for Bobby Seale concerning the Chicago conspiracy indictment.

Did Dharuba ever tell Roberts to bomb anything? No. Did Roberts ever hear Dharuba talk about bombing? Never, except once while passing a precinct (44th) that Roberts said Dharuba said they'd bombed. Did Dharuba ever talk about bombing department stores or Botanical Gardens? No, except when he talked to Larry Mack about his dynamite that didn't go off. Was that conversation in Roberts' reports? No. Roberts put it in his reports that he'd witnessed a conversation between William McKissick and Lumumba, and yet he didn't put in his reports this significant bombing conversation? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. That was a significant conversation, right? Yes, but he forgot it. So that conversation never happened? It happened. Was it Roberts' testimony that on March 30 he went to a token booth (where Kinshasa was working) to bring Kinshasa some pills, and that was when Kinshasa allegedly said there was no dynamite, so on Easter everyone would do "his own thing"? Yes. What was Roberts' "thing"? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did Roberts ever get an order to bomb anything? No. So Roberts had no "thing"? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED.

Murt directed Jerry to cut the sarcasm, but Jerry pointed out that sometimes the testimony was so ridiculous, he couldn't help it. Murt told him he was "so un-lawyerly" and a lot of other things, and that the court must take cognizance. Did Roberts go to a security meeting on Mar. 31 (note date) when again no one showed up? Yes. Did he then end up going to Baltimore to pick up ONE rifle? Yes. Nothing about bombs was discussed? Right. Did he come back April 1? Yes. And still no talk of bombs? Right. When he came back, did they discuss bombs? No. That was April 1? Yes. Then did they deliver newspapers? Yes. And after all that, did Roberts then go to 100 Centre Street to testify before the Grand Jury? Yes. And the defendants then ended up in jail? Yes. At a security meeting on March 26 did Kinshasa hand out a schedule that started with: Thurs.: demolition class; Fri.: dry firing class; Sat.: physical drill? Yes. and each day there was something for the security group to do? Yes. Was Roberts sure he saw this schedule? Yes. Was there ever a schedule before this? No. This was the ONE PIECE OF WRITING out of all the meetings? Yes. Was the schedule made up for people to follow? Roberts imagined so.

Jerry then entered the schedule into evidence, asking Roberts to try to discredit the schedule and Murt allowed it (even though he had blatantly denied the defense this right the many times they asked for it.)

But Phillips couldn't discredit the schedule, so it was admitted.

- Here is the schedule:
- Thurs., March 27 — demolition class;
- Friday, March 28 — dry firing class;
- Sat., March 29 — Physical drill;
- Mon., March 31 — (ended up in Baltimore);
- Tues., April 1 — recon run;
- Thurs., April 3 — Class on sniper training;
- Fri., April 4 — Location of sniper nests;
- Sun., April 6 — physical knife fighting;
- Mon., April 7 — Medical class and demolition;
- Tues., April 8 — demolition;
- Wed., April 9 — political ed. class — Mao;
- Thurs., April 10 — recon;
- Sat., April 12 — critique on recons, knife fighting;
- Sun., April 13 — rope climbing on roofs;
- Mon., April 14 — T.E. class, upstate;
- Tues., April 15 — T.E. class, upstate;
- Wed., April 16 — demolition class.

Was it a fact that Roberts had no idea when the bombings would take place? Only in one statement about Easter. In the schedule, was there anything about bombing the Bronx Botanical Gardens? And Murt screamed that the document spoke for itself (indeed it did). So what was scheduled for April 6 (Easter)? Physical knife fighting.

In his cross examination, Jerry had effectively shot holes through every piece of evidence brought in by Gene Roberts — from "The Battle of Algiers" on down. So on Tues. Dec. 8, Bob Bloom, who is defending Bob Collier, Curtis Powell and Alex McKiever, started his cross examination of pig infiltrator Roberts, asking him, if in June of '68 Roberts had been involved with some ex-Mau Mau's in planning a payroll robbery.

Murt interrupted the questioning repeatedly, saying that this was irrelevant, but Bob said that it would have to do with the credibility of the witness, and it was indeed relevant if the witness had helped to perpetrate a crime. Murt cut off all of this questioning when Bob asked Roberts if any of the people involved in this plot had been arrested.

In Sept. of '68 was Roberts instructed, by his BOSS staff member, to go to public bookstores and buy "Urban Guerilla Warfare"? Yes. Did it bother him to buy a book sold publicly for evidence against someone? No. In Oct. of '68, did Roberts recall Lumumba saying that the party needed a constructive program to meet the needs of the

people in the community? Yes. Did Roberts think of Lumumba as a member of the BPP? Yes. Did it bother him to investigate someone who was trying to deal with the needs of a community? No. In Oct. '68 there was a school crisis and the BPP was involved in opening the schools, right? Yes. Did it bother Roberts to be investigating a group trying to open up schools in the community? No. Did Roberts see a list of names of BPP members on a desk in BPP HQ? Yes. Roberts had previously testified that, of all of the defendants, the only ones in the party before him were Joan Bird, Lumumba, and McKiever, did Roberts see McKiever's name on the list? No. On Dec. 11, did Roberts have a conversation with McKiever about the party patrolling police? Yes. Why did McKiever feel that was necessary? To cut down on police brutality. Had Roberts ever seen police brutality? Yes. Did it bother him? Yes. Did he try to do anything about it? Yes, he would report it to his superiors. Did he report shield numbers? If he could. Did he try? Well, he was trying to get out of the way. Was he afraid? Well, they didn't know he was a cop. All they knew was that you were a man without a shield who had black skin? A man without a shield in a disturbance. Dec. 31 was the night of the alleged cutting of wires in police call boxes? Yes. Did Roberts know which boxes McKiever was assigned to? No. Did he see McKiever involved in cutting wires? No. Did McKiever ever tell Roberts which wires he had cut? No. When Roberts went to "recon" the Brooklyn Bridge subway station for alleged placement of bombs, was there a password so that he would know his contact?

"How ya doin, brother" "O.K., let's go."

This was a clandestine meeting? Yes. On Jan. 1, 1969, didn't many black people greet each other in that way? Yes. So anyone could have said that to him? Well, there was a specific time. So there was no one else in the station? No. He remembered it? No. Did it disturb him that the set up of the meeting was so slipshod? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did he regard this as slipshod? He didn't think about it. Was he afraid of having been set up? No. When he got back to BPP HQ did he report this information to Michael Tabor and draw a diagram of the station? Yes. Did he ever see the diagram again? No. Did Tabor say it was great and keep it? No. Was Roberts trying to help in making a conspiracy by drawing the diagram? No. Did he think that he might provoke a conspiracy by drawing a diagram? No.

Roberts testified that on Jan. 6, 1969, he had gone to a security

meeting where Afeni had allegedly said that the next time the pigs arrested a Panther, they would kidnap a pig and hold him for ransom. Did Roberts respond? He thought he said that if they then let the pig go, the pig would be able to identify them, to which Afeni responded, they wouldn't let him go, they'd ice him. Was Roberts hoping that his remark would make someone say they would kill the pig? No. Did he put that conversation in his report? No. He just remembers it? Yes. When he wrote up his report, did he remember that Afeni said they would kill the pig? No. Were other Panthers arrested after this remark

was allegedly made? Yes. Did they kidnap a pig? No. Was it significant that a Panther said they would kill a pig? Yes. More significant than a physical ed. class to be held in Central Park on Sunday? Yes. But that was in the report, right? Yes. And Afeni's remark about killing a pig wasn't? Correct. Did he really say that? Yes.

Bob then questioned Roberts about an obvious discrepancy in his testimony. Roberts testified in this court that he went to a security meeting on Jan. 13 at Afeni's. Before the Grand Jury, he testified that this meeting was held at Clark Squire's.

Phillips interrupted, calling it a typographical error, and when McKinney tried to object, Murt told him that he was out of order, and that the court would decide when Phillips could speak.

Was Roberts under oath at the Grand Jury? Yes. Did he tell the truth concerning that apartment? He made a mistake. Had he made any other mistakes? Maybe. At that meeting, did they discuss the disciplining of two members? Yes. What had these members done wrong? They had missed a physical ed. class. What was the punishment? Reading Mao and cleaning the office. Did it bother Roberts to be investigating a group that used that kind of disciplining? No. Did Roberts remember the eviction of a party member from her apartment, when Clark Squires said that he had a bomb he wanted to try out on the landlord? Yes. Did that bombing ever happen? No. Did anything like it ever happen? No. Did Roberts ever see a TV show by the Supremes and the Temptations called "Take Care of Business"? Yes. Is that what the defendants planned to do — a TV show? Roberts didn't know. On Feb. 4, was there discussion of a fake attack on a precinct to ferret out informers? Yes. Did that ever happen? No. What does "stuff" mean? Almost anything. Marijuana maybe? Yes. Did Roberts testify as to a conversation between Kinshasa, Hassan and McKiever having to do with someone wanting a match to light a cigarette while passing a precinct, and someone else said, I only have one match, and that's for the "stuff," and then the first person said, that's o.k., I'll light it off the fuse? Yes. Did he interpret that? Yes. What did "stuff" mean to him? Dynamite. Where was the "stuff"? In Kinshasa's vest pocket. How long is dynamite? About 12 inches. Did Roberts think that people would go on a bombing mission with one match? He didn't know. Before the Grand Jury, Roberts did not even say "stuff," he said dynamite, right? Yes. Was he guessing at the meaning of "stuff"? It was his impression. Did those people ever say dynamite in that conversation? No. Was that conversation in his report? No. Wasn't it important if these people had dynamite around a precinct? Yes. Did Roberts write a long report for that day? Yes. And none of that conversation was in it? Right. Roberts also contradicted himself in testimony. In this court, he said the dynamite was in Kinshasa's vest pocket, and before the April Grand Jury, he said it was wrapped in a vest — which was it? The vest pocket. So the Grand Jury testimony was a mistake? Yes, he'd been up all night. Then maybe alot of his testimony that night had been wrong, because he was tired? No. Also, in this court, when Phillips had asked him the meaning of "stuff," he had replied, "just stuff," right? Yes. Those details were from his memory of two years ago? Yes.

(Continued on Page 21)

The Bomb Plot..

"our people" in the sense that they are coming out of the same things many of us have. They have the sense of revolutionary purpose, the rage at the institutions of oppression that many of us feel and are involved in the struggle on the same side as we are. Any criticism of their actions should be made with this in mind.

So, how many people does it take to carry out the sort of action they intended? Two or possibly three at the most. Sabotage is not mass organizing, and seven people is a demonstration. Very difficult to coordinate - very easy to infiltrate.

The people in such a group should know each other as totally as possible. They should know each other so well that they can almost read each other's minds. This is difficult to do, but it seems that the Movement, at this time, is involved in a phase of revolutionizing personality, the sort of thing that goes on in "men's

In a spectacular act against the smelly octopus of the oil industry, persons unknown blew one of its foul tentacles sky-high last Saturday in Linden, New Jersey. The explosion was felt in a forty mile radius and the glow in the sky from the giant flames caused apocalyptic hallucinations among many inhabitants of Manhattan (who happened to be zonked at the time, it being Saturday night).

Right On! It was a clean feat of revolutionary sabotage all the way, from the choice of target (it doesn't take too much insight into the "evils of capitalism" to know what filthy, sea-polluting, monopolistic bastards the oil companies are), to the execution of the act (reports are that a helicopter was used). And they got away with it.

In contrast to the Saturday action, six people were busted the day before as they stood in front of the 91st Street branch of The First National City Bank in Manhattan which they were allegedly about to give the Isla Vista Treatment. Originally there were seven people in the group. But the seventh turned out to be the informer who got them all busted.

The reaction in the radical community to this bust has been everything from harsh ("What kinda stupid, crazy..."), to simple-minded ("Right on!"); but some good, constructive criticism of what happened has come out along certain lines.

The first thing is that whatever mistakes the people made, they are still

consciousness-raising sessions," and women's groups ... some very deep changes being evolved in the radical personality. Against this very emotional backdrop, anyone holding back anything should show up like bas relief.

The people in the group had occasional doubts about the seventh person and knew little of the guy's sexuality. This should have been enough to exclude him but he stayed on due to their liberalness.

It was reported in the straight press that the group had made twenty (count 'em) TWENTY dry runs on the 91st Street bank. Perhaps that was being thorough, but it seems that was maybe 18 dry runs TOO thorough.

And they were FOLLOWED on every run, say the cops. If that's so, then surely they might have noticed it, no?

The methods the group was attempting to use (bash in the windows and throw incendiary stuff in) were clumsy. As one aged saboteur commented, in reference to the Algerian War, - "Hasn't anybody heard of plastique?"

The choice of building was good (a one-story structure), and the chances were that no innocent bystanders would have been hurt, but as far as the symbolism of the target goes, anyone outside of radical circles would have had a hard time drawing a relationship between the First National City Bank and the anniversary of Fred Hampton's death

in Chicago (which it was that day, and which the group was supposedly commemorating).

An interesting thing is the DA's eagerness to charge that the group is part of Weatherman. The mere mention of the name "Weatherman" is enough to cause hysterical blood clots in the veins of the Average American. Whether the people were Weatherpeople or not just doesn't matter any more. In fact, with a little analysis of the government's attitudes towards radicals, it's easy to see that anybody with a leftist urge to re-arrange the system a little (or a lot!), or anybody who has ever in their rage fantasized destruction of the Establishment (especially if they voiced that fantasy, for the walls have ears these days), anybody could be accused of being a Weatherman/woman. Take any high school kid whose thought balloons read "I'd sure as hell like tuh blow this pile o' bricks up!" Or any 19-year-old guy with 1A status who says he'd like to burn his draft board down to the ground. They are Weathermen. We are all Weatherpeople.

But when it comes to sabotage, nothing succeeds - like success, as evidenced by the New Jersey action. Nothing fails so badly as failure, as six people now sitting in jail know.

(Bail has been set at \$50,000 for five and \$250,000 for the sixth. Efforts will be made to raise the bread through benefits, etc., and the trial has been set tentatively for some time in January.)

THAT BOMBED



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GOING TO RAAGY APPEALS

by
**MIKE
GOLD**

Throughout the first round of the Chicago Conspiracy trial, the masses of naive liberals consistently held the belief that the eight — or ten, counting the lawyers' contempt sentences — would be found guilty in Julie Hoffman's courtroom but would be set free somewhere in the appeals process. After all, justice is still basically blind, even if it is caught peeking every once in a while.

These folks must have been disappointed last month when the appeals court decided there should be a hearing into the conduct of Hoffman and his marshal, Ronald Dobroski, during the five days of jury deliberations. Disappointed because the appellate court ordered Hoffman to conduct the hearing himself.

The issue was whether or not the judge and/or his marshal gave the jurors the impression they had to reach a verdict, as opposed to declaring themselves "hung," or unable to reach a verdict. The jurors were called in to testify, as was Dobroski and several other marshal-type lackeys.

The jurors differed upon the number of notes they sent to the court, as well as to their exact wording. Most agreed, however, that Dobroski gave them the impression that they could be sequestered until they reach a verdict; sad news to twelve people who have already been locked up for five months.

Dobroski himself took the stand and babbled about how he didn't know the content of these messages. He didn't willfully play the part of potential scapegoat.

After everybody else testified, Hoffman took a few days off to think the whole thing over, and returned to read a ten minute statement into the transcript. He admitted receiving two notes, one of which stating the twelve couldn't agree. Julie refused to declare the jury "hung" as this note came only one day of deliberation. The note, according to

Hoffman, was a request for a portion of the transcript, which he also denied. Defense attorney Thomas Sullivan, a Chicago lawyer who is working on the appeals, was not permitted to question Hoffman after he read the statement.

The appeals court received the transcript of these proceedings, and will some day righteously decide who's telling the truth and who's full of shit. If the Conspiracy doesn't like their decision, they will appeal to the Supreme Court.

That is, if they have enough money to appeal to the Supreme Court. Right now, they aren't sure they have enough to make it through this level of appeals.

During the trial, the Conspiracy-Chicago Defense Fund raised somewhere between \$250,000 and \$300,000. Of that money, \$40,000 was set aside for appeals, and \$20,000 was given to the Committee to Defend the Black Panthers, three-fourths of which was used for bail. The Conspiracy spent most of the rest of the money on the five-month trial.

As it turns out, \$40,000 isn't nearly enough, although it should have gone further.

One of the greatest costs in the appeals process is transcripts, as the appellants (the Conspiracy) must provide copies for not only the judges but the defense attorneys and assistants as well. About 30 copies are needed on this level (the Chicago district federal appeals court), about 20 more for the Supreme Court. By now, the transcript must be nearly 2,500 pages long.

Chelsea House (a subsidiary of Random House; they publish \$15 anthologies of the collected works of Buck Rogers and Dick Tracy) was going to print up the transcript and sell it in volumes, like the Encyclopedia Britannica, for \$250 a set. They also thought about marketing the series in paperback, like the Tarzan of the Apes series, for about \$50 a set. They were

going to give the Conspiracy the copies it needed. Chelsea House took ads in magazines like the New Republic and the New York Review of Books advertising the project. They didn't get much response, as the only people who could read the entire transcript are speed freaks, and they don't have that kind of money. The Conspiracy must print up copies on their own; it could cost between \$5,000 and \$10,000.

Unfortunately, that isn't the entire problem, although the rest becomes hard for a "revolutionary newspaper" to admit.

About six attorneys are handling the appeals (the number keeps on changing), and each is employing legal assistants. During the trial, the legal people operated under the concept of minimal fees, covering rent, food and expenses. This concept was abandoned by the appellate staff, at least until recently. These people were drawing salaries which are rather high for movement lawyers.

In addition, there seems to have been some misspending of funds after the trial. Conspiracy people don't like talking about it, but several people — perhaps as many as seven or eight non-legal staff or friends — were able to con tickets to various parts of Eurasia, under the pretext of "fund raising." It gets hard to pin down because some people went to Europe legitimately, with their own funds (or money conned out of "unworthy institutions"), or to accomplish "necessary work." However, it is rather hard to imagine what necessary work there is in Europe or Asia for non-legal, non-defendant staff people.

Lastly, there is the problem of the defendants themselves raising money for their own defense; after all, it is their necks. During the trial, money was always tight. When the defendants realized this, they set up a speakers' bureau to book themselves gogs. There was a problem of retrieving the money from the

defendants, as some occasionally copped the loot. Of course, the paranoia level was high; most everybody felt they were going to jail and wanted to have a little enjoyment before the end.

Of course, with all the bombing and incitement paranoia since the trial, the Movement Speakers' Bureau (the New York group took over the task since March) has not had an easy time placing convicted revolutionaries in campus gigs. They have been able to arrange maybe as many as a dozen and a half speeches for the defendants; thus far, only Tom Hayden has turned over any part of his fee to his own defense. This has amounted to \$1300. Hopefully, as the need becomes more obvious, the other four convicted defendants will take a more active part in their own defense. (There hasn't been much call for speeches by John Froines and Lee Weiner, who were only convicted of contempt; as was Bobby Seale, who isn't in a position to speak.) The convicted five also have written books which are still selling; this should be a source for appeals money.

In the fifteen months since the beginning of the Conspiracy trial, the movement has stopped regarding the convicted five as leaders (many people never did). Many movement people have an outright hatred for some or all of them.

Through cocktail parties, art auctions and the like, liberal support money became the mainstay of most left-wing financing. As the revolutionary stakes rose, this support began to fade out — probably because the business-minded liberals realized they were supporting organizations which are out to destroy the very system that made them rich. The people who come through with a good portion of the \$300,000 aren't likely to fork over much more bread.

It would be indeed ironic if the Great Conspiracy Circus ended up with merely a whimper.

JOHN SINCLAIR

On November 10, 1970, White Panther Party Chairman John Sinclair, who is serving a 9½-10 year

prison sentence at Jackson State Prison for possession of 2 marijuana cigarettes, was suddenly thrown in the "hole" (solitary confinement). All his legal papers, books, typewriter and personal belongings were taken away.

John immediately went on a hunger strike, the only weapon

available to him to protest his unjust confinement. He had already been segregated from the rest of the general prison population since his transfer to Jackson from Marquette Prison, and this represents a further escalation on part of the prison officials to isolate John and keep him from communicating with his family

and attorneys as well as with other inmates.

On Friday, November 13, there was a hearing before the Disciplinary Board, the prison's kangaroo court, at which John was "charged" with and "convicted" of "typing subversive and inflammatory" material on his typewriter and sentenced to the "hole" for an indefinite period of time. The Prison officials also alleged that John was involved in the current unrest at the institution and that he constitutes a "threat to the security and good order of the institution."

The "subversive" material in question was a copy of the "Ideology of the Black Panther Party" by Eldridge Cleaver, and a copy of the Black Panther Party 10-Point Program and rules. The latter material had been brought into Jackson Prison with the approval of the censors by an inmate transferred from Marquette Prison. (For the complete charges see the attached copy of the Disciplinary Board.)

On Monday, November 16, 1970, 85% of the inmates at Jackson Prison went on strike to demand a minimum wage of \$1 per day. John first heard about the strike on the news over his prison earphones, yet Perry Johnson, warden of Jackson Prison and former Assistant Director of the "Corrections Department," said in a statement to the press that he believed John Sinclair to be one of the "ringleaders" behind the strike.

This is typical, in the long string of absurd lies Perry Johnson and his partner-in-crime, Gus Harrison, director of the "Corrections Department," have tried to perpetrate ever since John's incarceration a year and a half ago. When John was at Marquette Prison, a number of black inmates organized the Society for the Advancement of Educational and Rehabilitative Opportunities (SAERO). The main demand was that a course in Black Studies be added to the prison curriculum. This was interpreted as a "planned effort to disrupt Marquette Branch Prison" by the officials; and 10 of the organizers of the SAERO and John Sinclair were put in the hole in Marquette.

Seven of them, including John, were transferred to Jackson Prison on September 11 as punishment. On October 7, six were released in the general population of Jackson Prison. Only John Sinclair was kept in the punishment block until November 10, when he was removed even further from the general population and put in the "hole."

Johnson states as part of his "evidence" the fact that John is intelligent and well-educated, and in Johnson's racist opinion, John is the only prisoner with enough of those qualities to organize such a group as the SAERO or to organize a general strike for wage demands. (As a point of fact, the Society was founded and organized solely by black prisoners, and Johnson's comments reveal his practicing racism.)

John Sinclair wrote in a letter to his wife Magdalene on November 19:

"I don't know if you've received anything from me this week, since the letter I sent twice before - Sunday and Monday nights - was returned to me by Deputy Walbreck today. He tried to tell me it was 'obscene and derogatory.' What it contained was my ideas on proposals for the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention and a description of the charges made against me and the treatment I've received here in 5-West, including the charges that I'm supposed to be the 'mastermind' behind all the progressive activity in Jackson and Marquette, including, but evidently not limited to, the SAERO strike and the current wage strike. It's quite an honor, as I've said, and I only DREAM of being so effective someday, but it's a blatant LIE, as usual."

Johnson and Harrison and their ilk have been feeding the people of Michigan lies for a long, long time. They believe that the people are stupid and will believe whatever they say because they are in power right now. We feel that the people themselves, once they learn the real facts about these politicians, will demand that they resign from their jobs or be fired, and that responsible people be elected who are truly interested in correction and not just in punishment. To further that effort, the White Panther Party and its attorneys, Buck Davis and Marc Stickgold, filed a petition for a writ of Habeas Corpus in the Federal District Court in Detroit on November 18. The writ was denied by Federal Judge Cornelia Kennedy on the grounds that the Federal Court had no jurisdiction over the matter. The attorneys are now preparing a major suit, in which the corrections department is charged with violations of John's civil rights, with demands for damages and restoration of normal prison conditions for John. The facts will come to light as soon as John Sinclair and Perry Johnson take the stand and testify.

CSO-144

MICHIGAN DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

DISCIPLINARY BOARD REPORT

Inst. SPSM Inmate (Name) Sinclair No. 123507 Viol. Date 11-10-70

Officer Reporting Deputy Egeler

Nature of Viol. Violation of institutional rules

Officer's Statement The custody staff has received reports that Mr. Sinclair has been writing material for radical groups in the institution. Recently, we have obtained Black Panther material in the cells of other inmates believed to have been typed on Mr. Sinclair's typewriter. Black Panther material in the possession of Calahan, 118625, and Dorsey, 124961, has been positively identified as having been typed on Mr. Sinclair's type writer. This constitutes a violation of an order by the Department of Corrections given Mr. Sinclair in August, 1969, and the typewriter rules given to Mr. Sinclair when his typewriter was registered.

Inmate's Statement Sinclair's advocate was Sgt. Norm Ames.

Mr. Sinclair denies writing material for any radical groups within the prison. He does, however, admit that he typed material found in the cell of Calahan, 118625, and Dorsey, 124961. He states that he did not know it was wrong to type such material for these men. He noted that Callahan asked him to type some material for him as the original copy was rather tattered. He also notes that Dorsey brought him some material to be typed, and that he typed a copy of this for Dorsey and also kept one for himself. He also indicated that he typed so many things for other individuals, such as legal papers and so on, and again maintained that he did not know this type of activity was against our rules.

Findings. We believe Mr. Sinclair is involved in the current unrest in this institution. Persons alleging to be Black Panthers have claimed credit for the recent assassination attempt on a corrections officer and the disturbance in the academic school and have made threats to the administration. The petition allegedly originated by Black Panthers circulating in the institution demands the release of John Sinclair from any form of segregation. The typewriter material coming from Mr. Sinclair in question here, is definitely Black Panther literature. There are distinct similarities between current unrest and planned efforts to disrupt the Marquette Branch Prison a short time ago in which John Sinclair was believed to be vitally involved. This coupled with Mr. Sinclair's avowed intentions of creating trouble for the Department of Corrections, leads us to believe that he constitutes a threat to the security and good order of this institution. We do not believe disciplinary action in the form of punishment would serve any useful purpose but it is apparent that Mr. Sinclair must be held in maximum security segregation.

Disposition Move to 5-West "000" indefinitely. To be seen by the "000" Board in December.

Deputy Walbreck Signed P. Walbreck
Officer Wojton CHAIRMAN
John Lawley Date 11-13-70 hv



hospital workers come out or

Yes, Virginia, There Is
Such a Thing As An
Orderly Demonstration

On Friday, November 20, at 1:00 in the afternoon, a group called Gay Hospital Orderlies to Stop Torture planned to administer electro-shock therapy to a live puppy in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral to protest the inhuman treatment of homosexuals in places like Bellevue. The spot was well chosen, being a kind of mecca for puppy lovers and homosexual haters, and the shock of seeing a shocked puppy just conceivably might have driven home a valid point.

Not that the community is especially noted for its sensitivity. Before the demonstration I wandered into St. Paddy's (never ask for a men's room in a church) and passed by what passed for a religious service: the priest speedreading the gospel over a loudspeaker like a schoolmarm running through a spelling drill, with the nasal monotony of a taxi dispatcher or hog auctioneer; the assembled multitude kneeling, standing, sitting, then kneeling again on some secret cue that repeatedly escaped me; the handmen, key rings rattling on their belts, moving unnoticed through the flock to replace burnt-out spots and oil squeaky pew doors; a class of black kids bored and pissed with whitey's mumbo jumbo; a portly priestlet waddling down the aisle to the bathroom (truly does He make His children's tables plentiful); the lost souls in mink coats sampling the side shows along the walls, clutching their bags and gloves with one hand and crossing themselves with their fingers crossed with the other, pausing every five seconds to stoop and pray at some new relic; the priest again, directing the faithful to chapter and verse like an airport loudspeaker directing passengers to Orient-bound jumbo jets; with the whole illuminating spectacle spiced with the flickering flashcubes of chubby girl schouts from Kankakee getting snapshots of Christ in His agony. It would have been better on time lapse photography and, true, the organist played like a sentimental fool — but what of that? The stained glass murals are fab and the place must be worth a mint. Each gold plated coffee is a constant reminder of what is truly valuable in life.

Only a handful of gays showed up for the picketing, and no one seemed to care about forcing St. Patrick's hand. "You think Terence Cook gives a damn?" Even the puppy act was cancelled due to a mandatory one to three years for cruelty to animals. A special ASPCA cop, no doubt trained

to distinguish dogs from people, was on hand to nab any offenders, and the gays settled for placard waving and raps with passersby. A blond boy laid it on heavy:

"Gay people have a beautiful, free life style and this country is committing genocide on us every day. We're fed up with fascism. We're tired of liberal reform. All this about the Church rethinking its positions is irrelevant. I want to go into Patrick and light a reefer on the altar."

Someone asked if homosexuals didn't have their own churches to go to.

"Three people go to them. We don't need churches."

Most of those out on their lunch hours seemed to lose their appetites at first sight of the gays. Verging on panic and growing faint, they careened and bumped into each other, their dull eyes staring straight, their tight lips buttoned. (Blessed are they who have nothing to say and cannot be persuaded to say it. No wonder the silent majority keeps its mouth shut.) Older homosexuals who had long ago made their peace with the straight world also felt out of place, and one whispered to his friend in mock desperation, "Let's get out of here." Younger gays beamed proudly at their brothers and sisters on parade; still others seemed not to notice.

There was a queer rapport between a manic young cop and several gays standing inside the wooden barricades. Each side was trying to outdo the other in being friendly and funloving. The humor was forced (imagine tricky Dick playing up to college freshmen), and the sideburned rookie's use of the vernacular to gay hangers-on was clumsy, miraculously managing to combine bad grammar with bad taste.

"Okay, let's get it together now, boys. Move on, get it on, move on, get it on..." Cha cha cha. Like a cheerleader in drag.

A cheer went up and a troupe of drag queens joined the parade with a big banner that read "Street Transvestites Action Revolutionaries." It didn't mean anything but it spelled STAR, which may have explained the red star on the banner. The teeves were more noisy and merry, and rather uplifting or upsetting, depending on your point of view.

Naturally the older female passersby, the uptight dried-up dames with funeral parlor makeup who could never be more than pale caricatures of the show-stopping

queens, all had heart attacks on the spot and swore oaths of revenge under their breaths. One breastless windbag treated them to a dissertation on the penal system:

"You oughta be goddamn locked up, ya hear me?"

As for the demonstrators, they had known all along that they were in enemy territory. The show was a hit and run affair, and they were all in it together like the Kent guardsmen who decided to stick to the same silly story. *How honest can you be in front of an intimidating dinosaur like St. Patrick's Cathedral? And if you can't use the persuasive power of truth, what's left? The contagious delusions of paranoia? Chants, liturgies, slogans? No, that was as bad as the witch-doctoring going on in the church across the street, and what chanting there was was half-hearted at best. Sending out good vibes? No, crewcut admen don't know a good vibe from a toilet bowl. Disseminating information?*

The leaflets said that homosexuals were once burned at the stake and that faggot means a bundle of sticks or twigs. The sympathy ploy has its charms, but the facts needed to judge homosexuality were not footnoted. The blond boy told everybody that he had a beautiful free life style, but all he wanted to do was light a reefer on the altar and talk about fascism, genocide and his beautiful free life style. Brave talk and flamboyant posturing had sanitized his cynicism and contempt. The politics of paranoia had risen him starry-eyed to his feet. Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition. It was the pledge of allegiance all over again.

Yet from the resentful cracks and visible wincings of the passersby, it seemed about time that homosexuals stood up for themselves and talked back. The crewcuts, walking Fuller brushes with their bristles raised, seemed chastened and resigned to the fact that homosexuals have the right to picket, to shout, to be proud, to love each other shamelessly. Their cracks were masochistic, like the last bitch of a loser leaving the ring. Young straights tried to feel good about the whole thing, to accept what they couldn't quite understand, to let go of the pursestrings of prejudice and let a little sunshine in. And with the help from their friends on the other side, a point indeed seemed to have been made. Gay liberation had taken one more baby step.

—Dean Hannote



They Can't Jail a Generation

In a system that depends on the submissiveness of its youth to supply the manpower needs for its army, our only recourse is effectively organized resistance. Denying the legitimacy or the very existence of the draft as an institution demands that we join together to both end the draft and protect ourselves, for if enough of us refuse to be inducted the draft cannot function. Acts of individual resistance over the past years have not been an effective force in ending the draft precisely because they have been individual acts; our potential lies not only in the strength of our personal moral convictions but is rather a function of these beliefs acted upon as a group.

What you are being asked to sign today is a personal commitment to refuse to be inducted. By signing this statement you become part of a rapidly growing national movement. This is a movement aimed not only at ending the draft but is focused at attacking those institutions, be they corporate, governmental, or educational, which benefit economically from a large and active army and a large military budget. What does this mean? In Oakland, 50% of those called have not even shown up for induction; of the remaining 50%, 11% have refused induction. This shows the inability of the government to handle even unorganized draft resistance. With a draft resistance movement consisting of anywhere from 100,000 to 1,000,000 committed individuals, our chances of success are great. But the biggest danger we face now is the self-fulfilling prophecy of defeatism. We can do what we think we can do — and no more. Until now the system has convinced us we are impotent and has placed us on the defensive through isolation, fragmentation, and intimidation. It is time WE take the offensive to defeat the draft. Remember — they can't jail a generation if that generation refuses to be jailed.

This is a Pledge, not a Petition — Understand that Before you Sign. My signature on this pledge means three things:

- I feel that the present draft system in America is a violation of my constitutional rights and/or simply immoral.
- I pledge that, when fifty thousand draftable men have signed pledges like this, I will return my draft card to my local or national resistance headquarters where it will be forwarded with the other returned cards to the proper authorities. I pledge that after that time I will cease to cooperate with any type of draft system in any way.
- I recognize that I am in no way immune from Federal prosecution either for resisting the draft or conspiring to resist the draft.

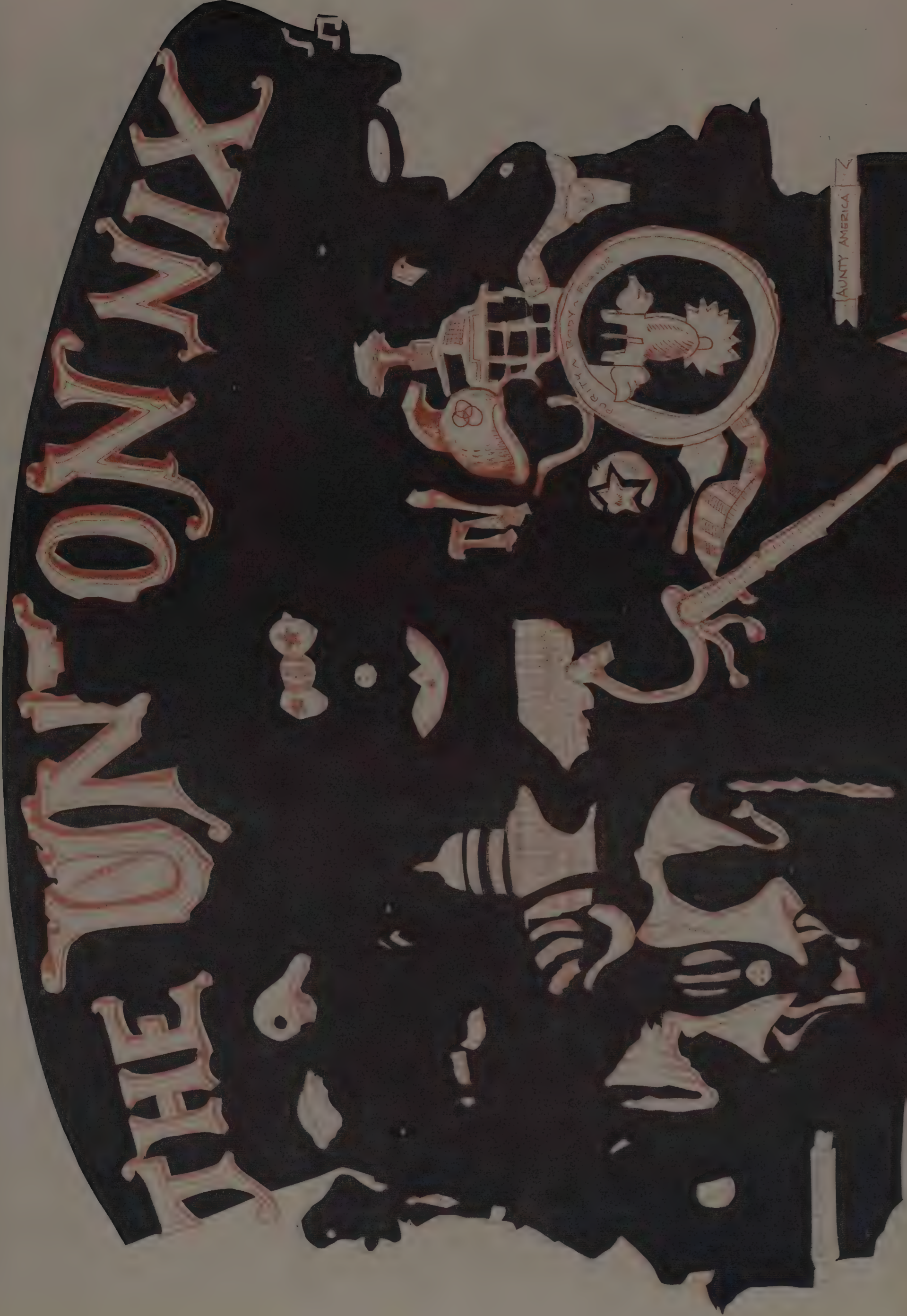
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

PHONE:

Return to: Vietnam Moratorium Committee; 156 5 Ave., Rm. 508, N.Y., N.Y. (212) 691-9450



ONYX
GUARD

America





That middleclass American males are childishly unable to handle adult emotional realities comes as no news to these parts. But back out Hollywood way, it's a continual source of surprise. John Cassavetes' films about our national neuroses (*Shadows*, *Faces*) have in the past come as refreshing letters from the insane asylum. *Husbands*, with approximately the same subject, produced money-up-front for Columbia Pictures, is disappointing, bogged-down, stagey, and, in its role as one of the more

important, better American movies of the year, only really makes it as a case history, to wit:

There be four husbands, suburbanites, homeowners, commuters (dentists and businessmen), well-off beer-drinking buddies with wives and kids. Stu (David Rowlands) dies; and Gus, Archie and Harry (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk and Ben Gazzara respectively) realize that their own deaths are not only inevitable but implicit in the homes and wives they don't love and the lives they don't live.

They seek freedom in a three-day bout of drinking, horseplay in the streets and basketball in a gym, and a spur-of-the-moment trip to England; they seek love from girls picked up in a London gambling house; life in each other's desperately exuberant company. In a long drunken discussion in the bathroom of a bar, Archie says something like, "It's this, uh, anxiety, you know..." The existential shorthand of the film, "a comedy about life, death and freedom," spells out that here

are three guys who didn't know what to do with their lives so they got married; they don't know how to escape from their marriages so they get drunk, try to recapture their youth (where there must, they feel, have been the chance, the options for adventure and freedom and meaning they missed) by playing basketball. Afraid of death, afraid of dying or perhaps of being dead already, they try to prove to themselves that they are alive, clutching "life" and "freedom" with adolescent exuberance and indiscriminate, not really knowing what life and freedom are (free to drink, free to play basketball, "We're free not to wash," says Cassavetes). They hurt themselves, make fools of themselves, which makes the film a very sad comedy, comedy being the realm of illusion mistaking itself for truth, tragedy being in large part the living reality of men's illusions.

Cassavetes, Falk, Gazzara and all the minor characters (especially Jenny Runacre as the girl Gus picks up in London) create intensely charged, emotional characters. The camera follows long, intricate scenes fluidly. The film never lets up in its probing of the men's dilemma. But this is its main fault: it's morbid; Cassavetes sees no way out although he's free as an artist to imagine one. At the end of the film, Gus and Archie come back to America, wondering what Harry will do without them (read: What will I do?) and go back to their miserable lives. Samuel Beckett's work concerns the same essential problem and he can't find a way out either, but he has at least been able to get the problem stated (as a pile of breathing garbage) in thirty

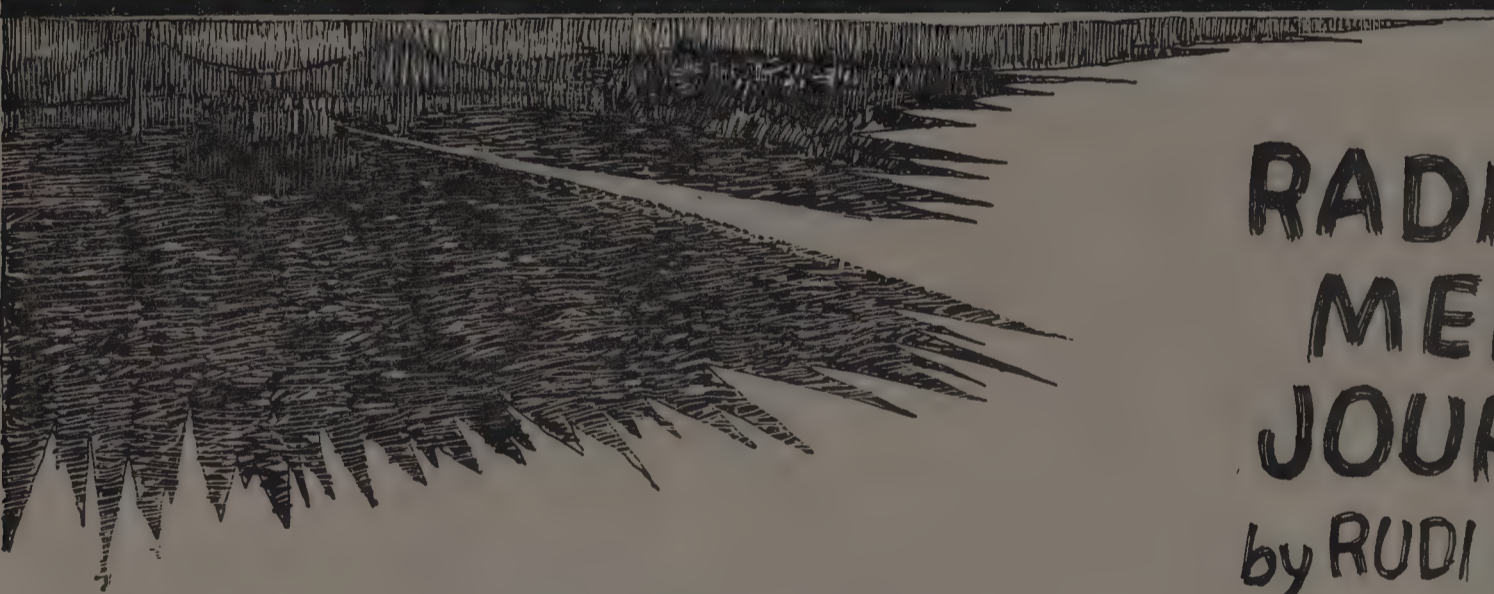
econds. Cassavetes & co. beat their ambivalent breasts for two and a half interesting but redundant hours.

And imagine, he's got all these long scenes where everyone is set up to get to the bottoms of their souls, or characters brought in who knew something beyond their middleclass horizon of "life" and "freedom," bringing real shakeups into their constipated lives, but nothing ever happens. A film that could end lives of lost moments merely chronicles more lost moments. It becomes morbid psychological observation, self-pity, and a total failure of imaginative cinematic vision.

Bus listen, that's what it is to be bourgeois. It's the ultimate argument against capitalism: the people who benefit the most suffer as much as anyone. What Cassavetes needs is a little LSD and a little TNT and he could become the greatest American filmmaker. He's already got the most balls.

Costa-Gavras' political commitment is as sincere as an offer to sell the Brooklyn Bridge. He is strictly a faddist ("I make political movies because I like political movies. If I wanted to make a musical, I'd make a musical"). *The Sleeping Car Murders* is a classic of French mystery. *Z* is a political cartoon whose characters are clearly grouped into good guys (peaceniks) and bad guys (fat generals); and the audience has little more to do than applaud and boo at the right moments. *The Confession* is a little more complex, only to be a lot more inane. A Czech communist (Yves Montand) is persecuted under Stalin, jailed, rehabilitated; he

(Continued on Page 20)



RADICAL MEDIA JOURNAL by RUDI STERN

Rudi—How large is the film community in San Francisco?

Sandy—I would say there are about five hundred people interested in making films and getting into it. There are probably a hundred people who have been making films and have some kind of reputation. Let me say — there's one need in San Francisco, and I think that exists here too: a theater for 8 and 16mm film; that is, a media place, a comfortable place where the public will come and enjoy some films. At this point it doesn't look as if there's anyone setting them up. There are similar groups of people who have open screenings, and there are places to see underground film. There's the Telegraph Repertory Theatre in Berkeley, and Cinema Workshop has weekly open screenings. There's also Media Project, which has weekly screenings.

Rudi—What's Cinema Workshop?

Sandy—We set up a non-profit

community organization to answer three needs of the community. First of all, we want to build a low-cost post-production studio that can achieve professional results and would be open to anyone (similar in operation to Millenium Workshop). Secondly, we want to provide a street film school so that people can look at film, discuss film, and teach each other their respective skills. Thirdly, we formed a communications umbrella, through a newsletter, to bring filmmakers, video freaks, associated artists and the community together. Right now, we don't have a studio or very much equipment and one of the things I'm doing here in New York is trying to find low-cost or donated equipment. The video workshop with Panasonic half-inch stuff has been our most successful effort.

Rudi—What has the transition been to videotape? How many filmmakers are now experimenting with video?

Sandy—Well, as you know, there are maybe a dozen well-known filmmakers on the West Coast, some of whom, like

Bartlett, have been working in videotape for quite a while.

Rudi—How would you describe the media situation in San Francisco?

Sandy—The media situation is moving ahead. There are a number of problems facing filmmakers and media people in San Francisco just like there are here in New York. I think the main problems are those of distribution, and there are a number of people trying to meet those needs with a variety of organizations. There's been a lot of excitement caused by the possibilities of cable TV, video cassettes, video tape distribution, etc., and there are a lot of people trying to get into that. The thing I'm most involved with is production — trying to make means of production available to filmmakers. There are other groups of people — Ronnie Davis is working on national distribution of videotapes, of politically relevant films, either to closed circuit systems in colleges, or regional distribution through cable setups. Canyon

Cinema is making an attempt to revitalize the film community, not just to keep running the films of the same old people but to bring in a lot of new films, and open up their distribution. Recently some videotape equipment has become available to budding filmmakers. There's a project on the educational station NET (KQED) Cinema Workshop by some videotape people who have a Panasonic system, and a lot of people have been given a chance to work with videotape that way. Also, there's the Video Obelisk, which is a small production company which is now doing shows in North Beach in San Francisco every week. There's a new outfit out there called Hocus Pocus. There's some equipment around and people are experimenting with it, but as yet nothing really big has taken off. There's a thing called the Exploratorium, which is kind of a living museum, and they've been getting some videotape equipment, but that's really like a

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In recent months comic books have undergone enormous changes. No longer are they concerned exclusively with shallow slambang adventure stories, insipid romance vignettes, and boring repetitive fifth-rate teenage comedy routines. Open any comic book these days and you are bound, rather, to fall upon a thoughtful comment on one or another of the myriad of social issues that grip a divided America. Yes, today you find all manner of important relevant issues being dealt with by comics, from the rending drama of the generation gap to the fact that we are being viciously mugged by our industrial urban environment. This disclosure will come as a shock to

no one, of course. Has it not already been observed in Newsweek Magazine that the comics industry, in a frenzied rush toward augmented profits, has unleashed its creative people onto the larger issues of the day? And was there not in New York Magazine a while back an article by Lawrence and Lindsey Van Gelder discussing the current dabbling of comics in such vital areas as ecology, racism, campus unrest, and even — gasp! — WOMEN'S LIBERATION?!!

Sure there were. There was even an article in PLAYBOY some time ago which announced the discovery of some kinky new West Coast cult of hippies calling themselves Underground

Cartoonists, who also seemed to be rather concerned with issues relating to the social relevance, sort of.

And where was The East Village Other all this time? This paper is supposed to be on top of new developments in the Arts, for crying out loud. What was Latimer, that pig, doing while all this was going on? Why, this month in the ass-end of the D.C. BATMAN title there transpires an eight-page Robin Strip in which the Boy Wonder, now separated from the Batman as he attends college, foils a right-wing jock students' plot to discredit an environmentalist candidate running for public office. And for the last few months running in the Marvel DAREDEVIL title, there has been witnessed some great numbers revolving about The Tribunal, a right-wing super-villain who self-appoints himself as the final judge of long-haired war protestniks. And then there was this business in CAPTAIN AMERICA where old Cap destroyed a plot by the commies (or was it the fascists?) to seduce the impressionable coloured folk of Harlem into rioting for better living conditions. Not to mention the latest TEEN TITANS production (you can't miss it — it's got Wonder Girl on the cover, wearing her new skin-tight red uniform, swooning prettily whilst surrounded by screaming long-haired students with protest signs), which describes the excesses of a maniac college psychologist quack who plants into all the students' brains a little gadget that makes them behave in an exemplary patriotic fashion like automatons.

And where was EVO all this time? Where was Latimer?

Well nobody ASKED me to write anything for them about this, see. Nope,

nobody asked ole Dean to do anything. What's Latimer know about comics, anyway? Who the fuck is he, some kinda dope addict, working for the Underground Press? Shit, you want a story on comics, you NATURALLY get some God damned Women's Liberation husband-and-wife team of liberal newspaper hacks to do it, or better yet, some faggot free-lance; it's SO much more professional. Latimer wouldn't know Sub-Mariner from Superboy.

Well, it may be kind of late in the day, and all, jumping on the bandwagon, carrying bullshit to Washington, but I think people ought to know what great stuff comic books are getting into these days. Like this one beautiful piece of work in the current issue of LOVE DIARY, published by Charleton Comics; it is titled 'This Can't Be Love,' and it just possibly represents the very acme of penetrating thoughtfulness of which comics generally are capable.

As usual with Charleton, the artwork is extremely thin on development, much like the old Lichtenstein Pop Art panels, only with lousier colouring. The heroine, however, displays a generous amount of thigh here and there among the drab panels, and in the following story, there are some EXCELLENT bikini pictures. If anybody like New York Magazine or Newsweek or Playboy wants a piece on cheesecake in comics, they should be advised that Latimer is available.

Anyway, the story starts with a vivid splash panel of a peace demonstration, into the middle of which the narrator-heroine has seemingly wandered, quite by accident. She is holding a 'Make Love Not War' sign, which has been evidently handed to her by a nearby hippie, who needed both hands to smite the hard hat off a marauding construction

worker. Another hard hat has her by the arm, telling her to go back to Hanoi, and she's saying, 'Get away from me, you warmongering moron.' Of course they fall in love.

They fall in love on a nearby park bench, resting after the exertions of the melee. In the midst of an argument, he blurts: 'If you were my wife, I'd...' This appears to give them both ideas, for in the next panel but one they are kissing, deep in a clinch — just before being disturbed by a blustery police officer, 'ere wot's this now, b'gorry? He is an engineer, it transpires, and when not labouring at 'The World Trade Building', he dresses in impeccable double-breasted hopsack, and drives such a flashy car it makes you want to go get your union card.

The following day, on their way to lunch together (he changes into hopsack, dig it, for LUNCH), they encounter a sign-wielding hippie who unaccountably begins excoriating them fanatically: 'You put your stomach before the fate of mankind?' Now, all these hippies here tend to look like head-banded Mephistopheleses, and so, seizing the miserable unpatriotic wretch by the beard, this hopsack hard hat shoves him aside.

'I'm glad you didn't hit him, Nick,' she gushes, as the dirty little Commie lurches off, holding his chin in anguish.

'Maybe I would have before I met you, Anita,' he admits. 'But, after all, you were a peacenik like him...'

This starts them off again, arguing about The War. Mind you, they both agree that they want 'our boys' home again soon. He in fact was wounded in The Nam, himself: 'I hated it,' he reveals,

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JESUS CHRIST SUPERstar

by
bob
england

Jesus Christ Superstar is the hottest religious event since John Lennon boasted that the Beatles were more popular than the Savior himself.

This album takes a mass cultural phenomenon — Jesus Christ — and humanizes, demythifies and reconstitutes him for mass youth consumption. Rock is expanded with this album to the operatic form — in short, it becomes the vehicle for dramatic conflict.

The words by Tim Rice and the music by Andrew Lloyd Webber are fused into a neo-Passion Play — the story of Jesus' last days. The two Englishmen's work is successful as an operatic performance, even though the listener must create his own picture of the stage and character interactions.

The basic sources are the four Gospels' story of Jesus' Passion. But Tim Rice converts this triumphant view of Jesus' sacrifice and resurrection to the tragedy of man against the entrenched authorities and of man against his mission.

This is a tragedy. No one rejoices when it is over. Jesus' death leaves his followers disillusioned and confused. No converts stand at the cross at his death. Instead we have the crowd, now unconvinced but still impressed, saying:

Jesus Christ Jesus Christ
Who are you? What have
you sacrificed?
Jesus Christ Superstar
Do you think you're what
they say you are?

The tragedy is permeated by a non-tragic tone that borders on the humorous and comes near to the sacrilegious. The tone is, however, not sacrilegious. Neither is it religious, or even historical tragedy. Jesus is not a story; he's a cultural phenomenon — Jesusmania. It is the mania that characterizes the tone of the tragedy. Jesus is the cultural hero in this work — friend of the common man, the outcast and even the outlaw. (The fact Jesus can be a symbol of freak power today surprises no one.)

The mania ridicules itself with such adorations as "Superstar", which belittle man's tendency to create Gods of men.

Herod intends to be irreverent and belittling of Jesus in his flippant ragtime address to Jesus:

So you are the Christ the
great Jesus Christ
Prove to me that you're
divine — change my
water into wine.

The judgment of Herod, of course, is not the final judgment of the work.

The one view of Christ most offensive to Jesus in the context of the tragedy is that of the

crowd at his arrest.

Tell me Christ how you feel
tonight

Do you plan to put up a
fight?

Do you feel that you've had
the breaks

What would you say were
your big mistakes?

Do you think that you may
retire?

Did you think you would
get much higher

How do you view your
coming trial?

Have your men proved at all
worthwhile?

This is the view of reportorial objectivity — and it demonstrates effectively the difficulty of being unbiased towards the Jesus phenomenon. It also belittles objective journalism — it would have been the story as it appears in the NEW YORK TIMES.

The work neither supports nor denies divinity or Messiahship to Jesus — it is not concerned with this issue at all. In fact, the work opens up a closet full of human flaws and weaknesses that leave Jesus open to such charges as "hero of fools" and "jaded Mandarin." The question for some people is, "Was Jesus a lunatic?"

This tragedy, unfortunately, does not attempt to clarify even this question. It provides little of Jesus' purpose in pursuing the Jerusalem spectacles. The man's teachings are not presented at all, leaving only his method. It is the means and not the end that attracts the attention of Tim Rice — again, the phenomenon and not its significance. For many, the means is the end. So be it.

The focus of the tragedy is the conflict the mania phenomenon brings between the man and authority, the man and his followers, and between the man and his mission.

Jesus' conflict with authority involves Caiaphas, the high priest; Herod, the ruler of Galilee; and Pilate, the Roman procurator of Judea. The tragedy makes it reasonably clear that the real threat of Jesus was to the priests. The priests' religious authority, of course, was threatened. Jesus, however, threatened to create such rabble and riot that the Romans would suspend the limited power of the priests. This was the threat perceived by Caiaphas. Herod had tolerated the Jesus phenomenon in Galilee, where John the Baptist had also upset a few applegarts, and felt obliged to become involved in the Jerusalem dispute. He did not see Jesus as a threat to anyone. Neither did Pilate.

Pilate, however, was apprehensive that the mob would get out of control and Caesar himself would be

displeased. The question for the authorities was: who would be blamed if there was a people's riot or even a challenge to Rome — Caiaphas? Pilate? Everyone wanted to let someone else take the blame.

It was the mob which demanded the reluctant Pilate to crucify Jesus or they would riot! The mob was in control finally:

Pilate! Crucify him!
Remember Caesar — you
have a duty

To keep the peace so crucify
him!

Remember Caesar — you'll
be demoted, you'll be
deported

Crucify him!

The conflict between Jesus and Judas is perhaps the biggest change in the known facts of the story of the Passion. Here Judas is Jesus' most trusted confidante, his right hand man. It is a convincing role sung beautifully by Murray Head; in fact, Judas almost becomes a larger character than Jesus the man (not the phenomenon). Judas had no quarrel with Jesus as teacher and champion of the oppressed. Judas believed Jesus' admonitions to help the poor. He felt that Jesus' journey to Jerusalem and his consequent behavior there were destructive to the real mission of the man (as Judas saw that mission, of course). The tragedy opens with Judas' song:

Jesus! You've started to
believe
The things they say of you
You really do believe
This talk of God is true
And all the good you've
done
Will soon get swept away
You've begun to matter
more
Than the things you say

It was beautiful but now it's
sour

Yes it's all gone sour

Judas fears the Romans will try to do away with the merry band of Hosannah-shouting followers if they get out of hand. His fear of Rome's threat to Jesus' personal safety — and the safety of the followers — played into the hands of the priests. Judas wasn't convinced, however, that he would betray Jesus until Jesus drove the moneylenders out of the temple. Never had mere prophets had the audacity to interfere with the high religious authority of Jerusalem! Next remained only a threat to Rome itself. Thus, Judas betrayed Jesus to save his country. He later regretted this when Jesus was beaten by the Jews and taken to Pilate and the mobs had turned against him, bringing an end to the Jesusmania.

Judas laments:

Christ I'd sell out the nation
For I have been saddled
with the murder of you.

The fear that someone would have to take the blame for Jesus' innocent death plagued not only Judas, but also Herod and Pilate. The tragedy of Jesus and Judas' relationship is that they both did what they felt they must do and each did what the other expected — Judas, however, lived long enough to regret it. His guilt for the death of Jesus forced him to commit suicide. He felt God had murdered him, since God had decreed this should all take place. What sort of friendship kills both partners to the relationship? (As usual, this tragedy only raises provocative questions, but does not presume to answer them.)

Judas symbolizes the basic



JESUS

conflict with the followers. Judas' action is a microcosm of the mob. Jesus is rejected because he threatens the stability of the world. His followers must, of necessity, betray him to save themselves, even to save their country.

The disciples' reaction to the whole effort is offensive. No matter what is going on, the disciples can't stop enjoying their magnitude as right-hand men of the Great One long enough to see what is happening. Their continual chorus is: "What's the buzz — tell me what's happening." They recall Dylan's line, "There's something happening here but you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?" from "Ballad of a Thin Man." The disciples reveal the nature of many true believers too close to glory to appreciate reality.

A sincere appreciation of Jesus is demonstrated beautifully by Mary Magdalene, the Jerusalem whore, who sings, "I don't know how to love him." Mary loved him as a man — she was a woman who prided herself on non-involvement. (Mary's role is sung by Yvonne Elliman.) She is the only example of a true believer in the tragedy. Mary could become a follower of Jesus' teachings, but the only love and adoration she could give him is that of friend and lover.

Jesus' most tragic conflict is that between himself and his mission. His acceptance of his mission as the will of God is, in the classic sense, his tragic flaw. Jesus the man was finally overshadowed by Jesus the phenomenon. The singular failure of this work is its refusal to shed any light on what Jesus' real mission was — but then, neither does the historical or Biblical evidence really show the relationship between Jesus' teachings, his goal, and his sacrifice. This shortcoming in the tragedy demonstrates a need of Rice to avoid confusing his audience with religious arguments or rhetoric. He just might have a point.

The beauty of Jesus is his human reluctance to accept his mission. He hated the ego-tripping, the self-seeking disciples, the pushy mobs. Jesus the man also hated the hypocrisy of established religion, but was not the type who demonstrated his distaste for

hypocrisy by driving moneylenders out of the Temple — that was Jesus as the mission. Jesus is the man who loved Mary Magdalene and told Pilate he had no power to execute him; who said, "Forgive them for they know not what they do" of the men who executed him. It was Jesus the man who prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane that the cup of poison be taken away from him.

The mission, although undefined, did not include throwing off Roman rule. Jesus was not ready to be the Zionist Messiah Deliverer of the Jewish people. He never intended to be a revolutionary leader, as his scene with the Zionists demonstrates:

SIMON: There must be over
fifty thousand
Screaming love and more for
you

Every one of fifty thousand
Would do whatever you ask
him to

Keep them yelling their
devotion

But add a touch of hate at
Rome

You will rise to a greater
power

We will win ourselves a
home

You'll get the power and the
glory

For ever and ever and ever.

Jesus shows in his answer that he has no intention of saving the Jewish people or Jerusalem from what he sees as sure destruction at the hands of the Romans. In the most beautiful display of Jesus the man in the tragedy, he states:

Neither you, Simon, nor the
fifty thousand

Nor the Romans, nor the
Jews, nor Judas nor the
Twelve,

Nor the Priests, nor the
Scribes

Nor doomed Jerusalem
itself.

Understand what power is

Understand what glory is

Understand at all . . .
understand at all

If you knew all that I knew,
my poor Jerusalem

You'd see the truth, but you
close your eyes

But you close your eyes
While you live your troubles
are many, poor
Jerusalem

To conquer death you only
have to die

You only have to die

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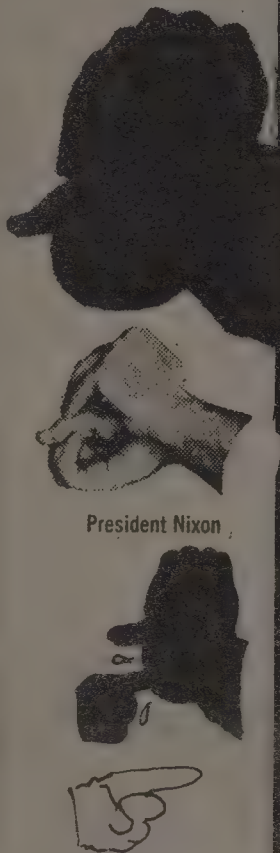
RADICAL MEDIA JOURNAL

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scientific demonstration.

Pudi How large is the public for such experimentation with video or with film?

Sandy—I'd say if you put together a good show over a period of a few months, you could draw maybe fifteen thousand people from the community, who would tend to be interested in media events. For the last few years there's been a thing called Light-Sound-Dimension which was kind of an off-shoot of light shows, that became a media event in itself. That was improvised music and light shows in a studio. That kind of limped along for a while. I don't think they ever made it financially, to be self-sufficient, but a lot of people came to see it. Video Obelisk has maybe 25 people at a show. Groove Tube did very well. They got a big hype in the newspapers, and that drew that fringe of viewers that might go to more relevant events if they were publicized.

The address of Cinema Workshop in San Francisco is: Mike Purcell, 1016 Cole St., San Francisco, Calif. 94117. Cinema Workshop, Supko Andreae, Box 4446, Berkeley, Calif.



President Nixon

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR

(Continued from Page 16)

Jesus, of course, knew that everyone wanted a political Messiah. He knew that he was not the one. It was Jesus the mission, the phenomenon of people's hero, who used the political situation and the needs of the people to further his sacrifice as the people's hero — not as King of the Jews.

Jesus was never fully committed personally to his mission — it was always God's will, or fate, or powers beyond that which he controlled. He, as a free will agent, however, had to follow those orders. Jesus the man had to choose to follow fate. Jesus' concept of resistance to and the inevitability of fate are highlighted in this tragedy. At the beginning he answers the disciples' questions about their trip to Jerusalem as follows:

Why are you obsessed with fighting times and fates you can't defy?
If you knew the path we're riding you'd understand it less than I
When Caiaphas demands that Jesus calm the adoring crowds, he replies:
Why waste your breath moaning at the crowd? Nothing can be done to stop the shouting.
If every tongue was still the noise would still continue
The rocks and stones themselves would start to sing.
When Pilate tells Jesus he has his life in his hands, Jesus answers:
You have nothing in your hands
Any power you have comes to you from far beyond
Everything is fixed and you can't change it.

Jesus' most powerful statement about his goals and his willingness, or lack of it, to accept his mission is found in

the prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane. Here Rice outdoes himself and creates one of the most believable descriptions of Jesus that I have ever read. Ian Gillan, the singer, executes the scene like Jesus himself.

Here, Jesus gives the final fight against his fate, that is, God's will. He reveals his frustrations with his mission; and the agreement to accept death seems to come more out of the frustration of the man Jesus as teacher and champion of the oppressed and the weak. For a moment, Jesus' acceptance of his death echoes his lament for Jerusalem:

To conquer death you only have to die.

For a moment, Jesus is dying because he could not carry out his mission. Nothing could save the poor of the earth from starving (the poor will be with us always); nothing can improve the position of the weak; nothing can change the lot of man; nothing can alleviate the pain and suffering of mankind; and the great Savior of mankind must admit defeat.

Is this what Rice is saying? Is Jesus sacrificing himself as a sign of ritual atonement for the injustices of men upon men? Is that atonement to achieve anything? Is Jesus himself to live after death? Is perhaps dying the only way Jesus can get his message to more people? Is there a triumph after all? Are we not discussing and analyzing him

once again? Listen to Jesus moaning alone:

I have changed, I'm not as sure
As when we started
Then I was inspired
Now I'm sad and tired
Listen surely I've exceeded expectations
Tried for three years seems like thirty
Could you ask as much from any other man?
Listen to him finally give in to death:
Show me there's a reason for your wanting me to die
You're far too keen on where and how and not so hot on why
Alright I'll die!
Just watch me die!
See how I die!
Then I was inspired
Now I'm sad and tired
After all I've tried for three years seems like ninety
Why then am I scared to finish what I started
What you started — I didn't start it
God thy will is hard
But you hold every card
I will drink your cup of poison, nail me to the cross and break me
Bleed me beat me kill me take me now — before I change my mind!

From this point on, you know nothing can save Jesus, not even Pilate's determined effort to save himself the guilt of having executed this innocent man.

What is left then? Are we all still looking for someone to blame for the guilt of an innocent murder? What is so different about this innocent death and that of a thousand teachers and prophets. (Socrates himself was accused of crimes against the state and committed suicide.)

Perhaps this world is too oriented to fame, power and glory to appreciate truth. As Jesus said to Pilate:

I look for truth and find that I get damned.

Is this the message Jesus is telling us? If he thought he would get his teachings across through the dramatics of innocent execution, he has not succeeded. We still don't know what he said or what he wanted. The fact that JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR can not overcome this problem is perhaps no shortcoming at all.

But we can't accept the suggestion that nothing can be done to change man. But maybe he was the wiser.

'Gimme Shelter' is a great rock and roll movie about the best rock and roll band in the world.

—Honest Bob, EVO

Because we believe it, watching the film is very much like taking part in some encounter group—there's no way to escape the image on the screen, nor to deny its truth. We blew it at Altamont; 'Gimme Shelter' lets us watch ourselves blowing it, and makes us understand how and why. It's a lot harder than it looks to make a film as good as this one.

—Michael Goodwin, Rolling Stone

The Rolling Stones

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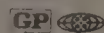
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CINEMA I

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BOOTLEG: BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE by BASHO KATZENJAMMER

"Bootleg!" Click.

Guys with cameras were more up front about snapping his picture lately. They would step out of swelling Fillmore eddies, streams of panhandlers, cool-ass junkies, stumbling winos...

Click. The guy with the brown trenchcoat, wearing a "Free Angela" button, steps back into the crowd.

Record company execs, cameras slung around their necks to snap groups on the Fillmore stage, notice this GUY...

"Bootleg!"

And as the exec stares, incredulous over the BALLS of that guy, and fumbles for the buttons on his camera case, the hawker runs down his litany:

"Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Tull, Zeppelin, Hendricks, the Stones, single albums, \$4.00, doubles, \$7.00."

Click. Side shot. Click. With marquee in background. Click. Click.

Now, Bill Graham, who can be called a record exec, is suddenly in a position to have his ass rid. FELLOW execs have the whole thing on film. They tell him about it. What can he say? Or, more significantly, what can he do?

The burliest of the Fillmore ushers approaches the hawker on a howling, rainy, dismal night and asks him to leave the premises. He explains, quite civilly, that there's been pressure from the big companies, and that the "boss" instructed him to ask of the Hawkman would mind NOT standing near the theater.

"What?" asks the shifty hawker, "stand in the rain?"

He is basically gentle, this imposing minister of Graham's Law, and suggests that our man stand five feet away from under the THEATER marquee, and under the protective marquee of the hotel next door instead.

Who could have resisted such a reasonable offer? Under the circumstances, Hawkman thought it best to postpone discussion of WHO it was that owned the streets; and besides, there were more people coming...

"BOOotleg!"

Nowadays, Graham has passed the word on to all of his gendarmerie that, if seen, Hawkman must immediately be "asked to leave."

"I will have to ask you to leave," recites each two-hundred pounder, after he's given some sort of notice to the cuts on the bootleg. Hawkman moves around a lot, nowadays.

On the aforementioned howling, rainy, dismal night, Hawkman had been following a Canned Heat freak who, although in a rush to make the concert, wanted to buy the Jethro Tull "My God!" The deal was consummated, as it turned out, under the Fillmore marquee.

When the negotiation was over, hawkman looked up.

He didn't have to - he could tell, by the general outlines and posture above his field of vision,

just who it was: the pursed grizage of none other than Graham himself, eyes honed to skin Hawkman with bad vibes, the way Bela Lugosi razor-trimmed Karloff in "The Black Cat."

He laid the same trip on Hawkman that he had his bouncers lay on him:

"I'll have to ask you to LEAVE."

"That you may well do, my good man," says Hawkman, stoned-out as usual, "however, these are the streets, and they don't belong to you."

"I don't want you out here. I want you to go AWAY," grinned the capitalist crocodile.

"The streets belong to the PEOPLE!" scowled the hawk.

Then came the supreme grahamism:

"I will have the cop ARREST you and TAKE you away."

And the heat goes on.

Why should something like this ten or twelve record-a-night business of a local regular cause such a stir?

The growing threat of the bootleg industry seems to be becoming intolerable to the record companies.

As early as last summer, Atlantic had its dogs out in force. That's when the CSNY bootleg, "Wooden Nickel," was just beginning to cause a stir.

Several of the record stores that had underground sections were getting slapped with subpoenas. All over town, bootleg departments were disappearing. (Today, the only place bootleg can be found in stores is in the corner of an occasional boutique, or in a record shop in some far-off place like Prospect Park.)

James Bond, who is NOT a counter-agent in our midst, but who works at Gramophone, on St. Marks, and who is the brother of Atlantic's scrapper,

Julian Bond, said that, after served with their civil suit, Gramophone got in quick touch with Atlantic's lawyers. They were informed that, if found guilty of violation of contract, the store would be liable for several hundreds of dollars in damages. The case would NOT be pressed, however,

if the store would 1) discontinue all future dealings in ANY bootleg, and 2) sell out their entire stock of bootleg on hand at cost. Which they agreed to do.

This seems to have been the case wherever Atlantic struck. At one of the stuffier downstairs record shops on W. 8th Street, the manager refused to comment, but did say that his store had been among those "singled out and made an example of."

In case there is anyone still in the dark about bootleg (some people think they're "hot" records) let me illuminate the anguish of the companies:

Some people make a Led Zepelin concert, say, in Canada. Between them, they smuggle in the components of a superior tape system. They get up close, throw a blanket over their knees and the works, and tape away!

Then someone (on the coast, usually) will buy those tapes and invest a few grand in having them transformed into saleable record albums... or into bootleg tapes, an item the FBI is currently on the trail of in (where else?) the green, green state of New Jersey.

The return on this investment is about 100%. Local distributors buy them in turn, passing them on to hawkers or "campus reps."

The prices aren't low for many reasons. First, it costs more per album to press 5,000 copies of a record than it does to press 50,000...

a lot more.

That goes for packaging and shipping as well, and when you take into account the anarchistic of so many handlers taking their cut, it becomes necessary to charge almost the same price that albums retail for in stores.

All this does, in effect, is to give the record-buying public a wider choice of performances.

The real significance of the threat of bootleg is that, suddenly, the control of American Big Business over the People's culture is being threatened on new and vital fronts. They're scared, and their fangs are showing.

"The Revolution" what there is of it has brought us a long way in a decade. A lot of scenes are growing, fading, happening that we aren't even aware of. One very wide view of what his happening will tell you that the area of pop culture has become so ingrained in our life styles as to wield an influence so pervasive as to be a potential danger to the future progress of the rebuilding of Amerika.

It's not so much the image of the cigar-chewing, promoter-type exec who prostitutes culture that must be guarded against, but that of the long-haired, drug-using, hip-talking "young hopefuls" who should be watched, who are becoming more and more powerful in their ability to control and shape what you hear and see and read.

Who controls THEM? It certainly isn't The People (and, here, I'm not just referring to matters of taste):

Mike Curb, of MGM, is an example of how Pig Establishment influence can get to anyone who presumes to be an American Business Leader in these times of domestic showdown.

Weathermen off Pig Structures with pipe bombs, and usually no one gets hurt, but sometimes they do. Meanwhile, we continue to seek more effective, less haphazardly violent means.

With these Controllers, these record companies, bootleggers are THEIR weathermen.

No one will get killed when they strike, but salaries will fall and it will be less lucrative for a group to sell itself to a company and the publicity department will suffer from lay-offs, and the most powerful will be less powerful.

To what end?

Call it beating them at their own game.

By now, most people have heard and know they can trust bootlegs, and will pay as much as for a "legal" album in a store.

Attacking Corporate Capitalism, America's Mr. Big, with guerilla capitalism: destroying potential for socio-political control with the Pig's own creations; from the bootleg entrepreneur's profit motive to the basic needs of the hawker for habit, room and board.

It isn't Socialism.

"Bootleg is Underground, and UNDERGROUND should be for free, or, at least, a lot cheaper." Sure.

And some people think that music IS the Revolution; and some people think it's "really unfair" to rip-off boss groups (so that each member makes only fourteen thou, instead of fifteen, five in 1970).

Meanwhile, record companies lose their grip; groups stand around with their hands in their pockets, not knowing which foot to put the weight on and hungry rip-off freaks are storing fat for the winter, and lean and hungry rip-off revolutionaries are storing fat and other things for the Long Amerikan Winter. Bootleg, Brother?

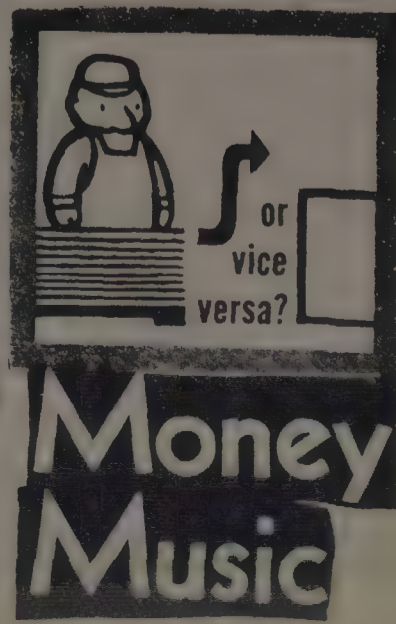
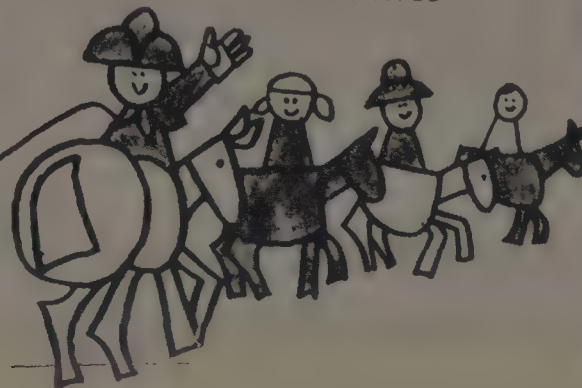


A FABLE

Once a virgin vixen met a foolish fox. She conned him into staying with her and giving her chickens and all.

MORAL: With a little urging she could have remained a virgin.

MORAL: You've got to be a fox to get that box. BY VINCENT TITUS



green revolution

The Green Revolution has been methods by which much greater crop yields have been obtained in many parts of the world. The increased yields have been possible because of the development of new strains of disease- and parasite-resistant grains. There could be great difficulties, as has been illustrated in the U.S. corn belt this past summer.

If a disastrous new development in the corn belt is any indication, modern agricultural technology — through the so-called Green Revolution — may be setting up the underdeveloped countries of Southern Asia for the worst human catastrophe since The Flood. It simply illustrates how good intentions, bolstered by imaginative technology and capital and the absence of a thought for long-range consequences, can backfire.

The big, rich United States can stand an occasional crop failure like the summer corn flop in the Midwest where a popular strain of hybrid corn, bred to resist a certain species of fungus blight, fell victim to that very fungus. The fungus had undergone a mutation which made it more virulent than ever — sort of like the super strep strains which produce infectious outbreaks in hospitals.

Agricultural scientists and technologists tinkered with the genetics of corn to produce the strain which is now threatened, so they can probably tinker some more and get around the newly-mutated blight. In any case, the United States will survive.

But what about India, Pakistan and the other countries of South Asia which have been — supposedly — the beneficiaries of the Green Revolution? New miracle grain crops are up 20 to 30 percent over what they were before they were introduced. Now vast acreages of Asia are planted with hybrid wheats and rices — just as millions of acres in the United States were planted with the blight-resistant hybrid corn before the fungus underwent its ominous genetic shift.

People who were hollering calamity five years ago about the prospects of the overpopulated nations of South Asia are complacent now because the green revolution has supposedly come to save the day. Many former pessimists are euphoric optimists today and believe that the threat of famine has been dispelled in the world . . . at least until the end of the century — a sort of 29-year let up. A minority of experts are not so sure. Some say those clowns who were talking of feeding a big population in the year 2000 from make-believe Green Revolutions should learn some elementary biology, meteorology, agricultural economics and anthropology. A report from the Rockefeller Foundation sounds this note: "All across Southern Asia, there has been a rush toward one dominant family of wheats, prized for its yielding ability. All of this wheat carries the same kind of rust resistance, which means that if a new race of rust — to which it would be specially susceptible — were suddenly to appear, much of the wheat crop of that whole vast stretch of the world could be devastated overnight."



In 1946, thirty million acres of oats in the United States fell victim to a previously unknown disease. The potato, which was introduced to Ireland after a famine in the 18th Century, succumbed to blight in the 1840s and caused an even worse famine which wiped out a quarter of the population, expatriated another quarter, and left the remaining half to live in worse poverty than ever. The corn blight crisis in the Midwest is just another example.

Some agriculture experts won't even grant the Green Revolution the advances its sponsors assert for it. A drought year followed by rain will cause a spurt in production with or without new technology. Meanwhile, world population increases and when the next dry spell comes along, there will be millions more to feed on crops with correspondingly small yields. What will happen if a sudden new blight strikes the miracle grains in one of these dry years?



Dear EVO:

ORGANIC FARM PROJECT

In our attempts to find land, we are sending out this letter as a request for assistance in any form that you could offer. If you have a newsletter or a bulletin board and could advertise our need for land briefly, we would greatly appreciate it. The following letter is to give you a fuller picture of what we are attempting to do and why we need land.

Environment!, an ecological, education action group, has been operating as a group for one year. Our initial efforts were to popularize ecological issues through demonstrations, leafleting, forums and the like. Group attitudes evolved toward an interest in longer-term projects which would benefit the environment, as well as the people affected by these projects. This change in attitude led to the building of "Earth" Park in the heart of New York City in an underprivileged area. The park is now completed and is being maintained by the combined efforts of Environment! and the community surrounding the park. The second long-term project we set in operation was a recycling center in the city.

We are collecting recyclable solid wastes at the moment and have future plans to include organic wastes which would be converted to organic fertilizer. Presently we are working on a third project, which is an organic farm.

Environment Mobilization Fund, the tax deductible group associated with Environment!, is trying to obtain a farm within a three-hour driving distance from New York City, with suitable soil for growing organic vegetables and fruits, and with room to sustain the people who will be running the farm. Our objectives are sixfold:

- 1) To grow organic food.
 - 2) To provide people from poverty areas of the city and the volunteers of Environment! with a direct tie to the soil.
 - 3) To teach the skills of rural living.
 - 4) To be self sufficient.
 - 5) To be an asset to the community in which the farm is located, and
 - 6) To properly protect and care for the land. (We would not be opposed to paying taxes or reasonable rent but we cannot afford to buy the land.)
- On the farm will be people who have knowledge of agriculture, mechanics, organiculture, construction, plumbing, electrical wiring, cooking, weaving, pottery, sewing, etc. Everyone on the farm without skills will learn from others who have skills.

The people here at Environment! are not yet skilled in farming; however, we know people who have the knowledge we need. We will be receptive to skilled and unskilled workers. We hope to have Peace Corps Volunteers who, in overseas assignments, have learned agricultural skills.

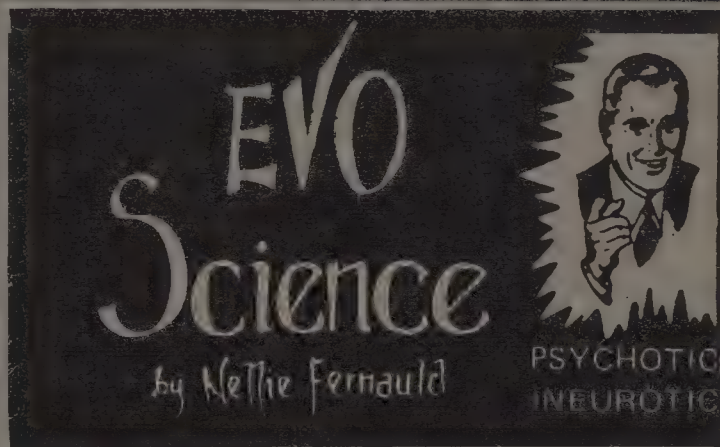
We realize the need for rural ties with the city. The organic farm will supply an important connection between the two. Because we want to educate and inform city dwellers on organic farming, we think it necessary to gain first-hand knowledge through actually operating the farm ourselves. In operating the farm, we realize that the community in which the farm is located must be involved in what we are doing, and more importantly, we must be involved in the community's activities and functions. We visualize an exchange of information, skills and facilities. Volunteer work in local institutions is also in our plan. We wish to make the farm an integral part of the community.

The farming would focus on the need to retain the land in its natural state while working it for food needs. We will use every means at our disposal to insure that the farm is in no way polluted. We will also engage in such projects as using recycled waste as organic fertilizer.

In conclusion, this organic farm is the first step in the development of an experimental organic community. The development of nonpolluting methods of living is our aim. Thank you.

Richard Lesnick
Betsy Shands
Michael Cassara

Environment Mobilization Fund, Inc.
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10011



The words "neurotic" and "psychotic" are used all the time. We hear about "psychotic" escapees from mental hospitals and the like, and we refer to ourselves and our loved ones — including our pets — as "neurotic." You may have some vague idea of what these words mean but if you were asked, you probably couldn't define either one of them.

Neurotic disorders are a group of mental ills which have been caused by conflicts in the mind. A major, basic consideration is that in a neurotic there is no apparent loss of touch with reality. In a psychotic disorder, the personality actually disintegrates and the mind becomes so distorted that the psychotic cannot distinguish reality and unreality. Ordinary everyday frustrations and angers are not neurosis or psychosis. One can vent a frustration or an anger on friends and family. Neurosis and psychosis are a lot more difficult to deal with.

A neurotic person often knows that many of his emotions, thoughts and impulses are strange to him but he cannot control any of them. And though most of the causes and symptoms are internal, often someone with skill and training can see external signs of a neurosis in a patient's physical reactions. To a great degree, every neurotic behaves somewhat like a child. He is sensitive, suggestible and introspective. He likes to fantasize and may be difficult to get along with. Often he feels inadequate and inferior, although his attempts to compensate for this may create exactly the opposite impression.

A neurotic is afraid to be alone. He resents interference in his life from anyone, yet he requires a great deal of attention. Sometimes he will quarrel and pick fights with his loved ones, and yet remain closely attached to them. His immature ideas and mental development may lead to severe frustration and enormous misery.



Medical people sometimes classify neuroses into six categories:

1. anxiety reaction, in which anxiety is the prominent symptom.
2. dissociative reaction, a disorganization of the personality in which a person represses large parts of his personality, e.g. those with amnesia or multiple personality (remember "The Three Faces of Eve"?).
3. a conversion reaction involving what looks like a physical illness but is actually caused by a mental disorder.
4. phobic reaction involving irrational strong fears: claustrophobia, acrophobia, ochlophobia (fear of crowds).
5. depressive reaction, an emotion dejection in which the patient is extremely unhappy and pessimistic, particularly toward himself.
6. obsessive reaction, anxiety shown by a recurring thought, an obsession and persistent urge to perform some kind of act. These are only general categories, although neuroses may overlap and fall anywhere in between these rather arbitrary groupings.

The psychoses are more severe. To the psychotic, his imagination often becomes reality. Psychoses could be put roughly into three categories: 1. schizophrenic reaction which is characterized by a gradual withdrawal from the environment and a breakdown of proper or appropriate emotional responses and confused thinking. 2. paranoid reaction which consists of delusions of grandeur and/or delusions of persecution. 3. affective reaction which consists of alternating periods of elation and depression, although patients may show only one or the other.

In the psychotic, there is such a disintegration of the personality that he cannot relate effectively either to his work or to other people. In short, in distinguishing a neurotic from a psychotic we might say that the neurotic has a partial disorganization of the personality while he still maintains some kind of touch with reality. The psychotic has a very seriously disorganized personality and quite likely he cannot tell what's real from what is not.

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Spanish

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DECOMP

(Continued from Page 15)



'but I still think we have to back our President in whatever he decides.' She agrees after a moment's thought, and under a conveniently-hanging American flag they melt into an embrace.

'We're both loyal Americans, Anita...'

'What else, Nick?'
... And very much in love.'
And when their Godalmighty President decides to march all those bearded sign-carrying hippies off to the gas chambers, presumably they'll feel obliged to back him in that, too.

HONEST BOB

(Continued from Page 14)

defects to the West, remains a communist, writes his memoirs and returns to publish them in Dubcek's liberal Prague, only to arrive on the day it is invaded by the Soviet revisionists. The idea is that the poor sap (most of the two-hour movie shows his harassment and torture by Stalinist secret police making him confess he is a spy for the Americans — he isn't but confesses as the only to avoid the death sentence) is betrayed by his faith. Get it? Behind all the glorious rhetoric, communism is just a totalitarian shuck. And there's Costa-Gavras, the uncompromising liberal defender of freedom, always ready to expose Stalin.

Expose Stalin.

Takes guts. Next thing he'll be criticizing Hitler. Pretty soon he'll be taking on Boss Tweed and even old King George. Is nothing sacred?

If Costa-Gavras' chutzpah is doubtful, his talent is positively questionable. It's one thing if John Cassavetes wants to be Arthur Miller; at least he's self-critical and can see past obvious evils to see evil in obvious good. Costa-Gavras' Technicolor world is really black and white, pure good and evil, and naturally, he's on the good side. As a result no contradictions, no characters, only caricatures: evil inquisitors, impassive soldiers, innocent, uncomprehending Yves Montand. His technique is completely impersonal, turning complex political issues in fast-paced thrillers with morals tacked on — acceptable as mere propaganda when directed against the Greek fascists but hardly suited to the ideological complexity of Soviet and Eastern European socialism (for which this is not a brief). Costa-Gavras is an opportunist trickster whose aesthetics and politics each have but one dimension — slick, cheap thrills.

I Can Do Without Broadway (But Can Broadway Do Without Me?): I have reached the doubtful peak of critical eminence whose criterion is a advertising blurbhood. Apparently Mick Jagger's presence in *Gimme Shelter* wasn't enough to sell it, it had to have my o.k. Well, I'm quietly proud. But since EVO editorial acumen withdrew my more pertinent comments on that flick, I'd like to recapitulate.

The purpose of film, to paraphrase Ferlinghetti, is to reveal the secret meaning of things. To film the invisible. A *modus* which has political as well as metaphysical applications.

At this point in rock (the continuity of a self-conscious culture), it is no secret that the music has passed largely into the hands of the businessmen. Businessmen belong to the category of fascist pigs. A film about rock which does not make these connections is either ignorant or in bad faith. I don't consider the Maysles Brothers ignorant.

There is footage of lawyers negotiating for the Altamont Speedway. These men come off as petty, greedy, dull. They are. But there is no cinematic connection with rock: the secret that it is to opportunistic and manipulative purposes that these men put the excitement of rock is unrevealed. To fail to bring this out is not only political collaboration but a failure of cinematic vision.

More telling is the Meredith Hunter murder. Although footage of the Altamont disaster is edited to a cynically melodramatic climax, the only point the film makes is that it was a "bad scene," that the Rolling Stones were not responsible. Maybe so, maybe not, but the Stones had artistic control of the film.

A great rock 'n' roll movie, sure, but who needs another one? After a hard day of smashing the state you can always settle down to watch reruns of *A Hard Day's Night* on television. It won't set you back a dime.



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Panthers

(Continued from Page 7)

Another contradiction in Roberts' testimony came out concerning the weapon allegedly belonging to McKiever. At different times Roberts had classified it as a 38 automatic, a 32, a revolver, although he testified that he could tell the difference between these weapons. It also appeared that Roberts had altered his testimony after finding out what brand of gun was picked up by the police in McKiever's apartment, and Roberts could not even be sure if the gun belonged to McKiever or to Sharon Williams, who was also a Panther and arrested at the same time as McKiever, as McKiever lived with her. Roberts did admit, once again, that he may have made a mistake.

In his report of Feb. 8, Roberts had written that the BPP had discontinued using ranks for most of the people in the party. Did he tell that to Phillips? He thought so. Did Roberts ever see the indictment (where the BPP is classified as a "para-military organization")? Yes. McKiever was a member of the security group — the tight-knit, well-disciplined group that was to take care of business? Yes. When Roberts went to pick up McKiever on Feb. 22 for a mission, was McKiever there? No.

Bob then went into another contradiction in Roberts' testimony.

In re a grenade launcher that the party allegedly had, but that no one ever saw or spoke about, Roberts had, at different times, said there was one grenade launcher, and at other times, said there were two. So, either Roberts or the court stenographer had made a mistake? Right. There was a time in Feb. when Roberts left

town for a vacation? Yes. With the permission of his staff member? Yes. When was this? Feb. 8-14. Did he think he might miss something while he was away? Yes. On Feb. 4 there had been a discussion about getting a confession from Roland Hayes and possibly killing him, right? Yes. Was that in Roberts' report? Yes. Because it was significant? Yes. Didn't Roberts think something might happen to Hayes while Roberts was away? He didn't think about it. Until then Roberts reported everyday? Yes. And his staff member was impressed with his work? Yes. And it was o.k. to go away? Yes.

Is Roberts still in BOSS? Yes.

Phillips interrupted to say that BOSS no longer exists — it goes by a new name now. Jerry reminded him that this has been BOSS' twentieth name change since 1912.

Was there a lot of boasting in the group Roberts was involved in? He didn't know. Did Squires ever bomb a landlord? No. Did Afeni ever kidnap or kill a cop? No. Did Roberts ever see Powell with gunpowder? No. Did Roberts ever see anyone light a cigarette off a dynamite fuse? No. That would be foolhardy, wouldn't it? Yes. Suicidal? Yes. Did he believe that statement? He didn't know. Was it Roberts job just to report? Yes. To interpret? No. To provoke? No. He had been clearly instructed not to provoke, hadn't he? Yes.

Bob then asked Roberts about a report written by the agent saying that the three most important theoreticians in the party were Huey, David Hilliard, and Masai — leaving out Bobby Seale. Although Roberts admitted to knowing that the history of the party was a paramount area in

the organization, and that people had been punished for not knowing information, he said that he knew today that Seale and Newton were the two chief party theoreticians, and he knew it on Feb. 26, the day of his report, yet in his report he put that the top three were Huey, Hilliard and Masai. Roberts then tried to say that he was quoting someone, although in all of his other reports, he had been careful to associate statements with specific people.

Did Roberts receive a call from someone on Staten Island while on office duty on March 5? Yes. That person had been stabbed? Yes. Since Roberts knew first aid, they asked him to come out, as the person was afraid of going to a doctor? Roberts didn't recall. Had Roberts been a medic? Yes. Was he a Panther? Yes. As a member, should he help brothers? Yes. Did he tell the person that Harlem was too far from Staten Island, to call the Brooklyn chapter?

Roberts went into some bullshit rap about how he'd pass on the information to the Minister of Information etc., while the person was bleeding to death. Did Roberts report that incident? No.

On March 11, when Roberts was wearing the transmitter, Kinshasa said something about an insurrection in the spring or summer, right? Yes. Did Kinshasa say "if" there's an insurrection? Roberts thought he did. Was it Roberts testimony that he was not to provoke any criminal activities? Yes. Did he participate in the taped conversation on Mar. 11? Yes. Did he describe Abercrombie and Fitch, saying that the floor was like half a football field, there were wall to wall shotguns, and security

guards? Yes. Did he talk about butane and gasoline stored in the basements of other stores, hoping to get a response from the group? Yes. Was that just reporting? Yes. Did Roberts take any notes when he got home? No. When did he write up his report? The next day. The report included 15 to 20 direct quotes attributed to the defendants? Yes. Roberts wrote that from memory? Yes. The exact words? In substance. Did his staff member thank that Roberts' saying all those things about butane and gas in basements was making him seem like a provocateur? No. Did Kinshasa say that Lumumba would get dynamite? Yes. Did Roberts ever see that dynamite? No.

Phillips interrupted to make a speech here, and when Bob objected,

Murt admonished Bob not to interrupt the D.A., saying further that it was the "duty" of the D.A. to point out the misdirection of counsel, and then said that Bob was obviously avoiding something, and charged Bob with provoking this whole interruption of courtroom procedure. Bob said that he felt he was doing an honest job, particularly under the circumstances.

Bob continued his cross examination on Wed. Dec. 9, by asking Roberts if, on Mar. 11, he had said anything about a 330 shotgun. Roberts said that he had, that he had heard someone say that they had a friend who was selling this shotgun for \$100.00. Did anyone ask Roberts about this or did he bring it up? He brought it up. Did he use the word "sell"? No — "off." "Off" meant sell? Sell, get rid of. The guy wanted money for it? Yes. He didn't want to kill the gun? No. At this meeting, did Kinshasa ask Shaba Om if he and McKiever had gone on a certain recon, and Shaba Om told him that they hadn't? Yes. On March 15, did Roberts go to a security meeting in the park? Yes, a physical drill. Was McKiever there? No. Powell? No. Was Powell in the security section? Yes. Had Roberts ever seen Powell at a security meeting? No. The security squad was a "tight-knit group to take care of business"? Yes. On March 19 did Roberts go somewhere with McKiever? Yes, to recon a railroad yard. Who called whom? Roberts called and picked up McKiever. Did Roberts know how old McKiever was? No. Did he know that McKiever was in high school and president of the Afro-American Society? Yes. Was that when McKiever was injured? Roberts thought McKiever had recovered by then. Did Roberts lead this recon? He was told by Kinshasa to do it. If Roberts hadn't called McKiever, McKiever wouldn't have gone on this recon, right? Yes. Did Roberts get a call from Dharuba on Mar. 21, telling him to go to Foley Square for a demonstration for Bobby Seale, where they would do their thing? Yes. What was meant by "do our thing"? Anything. Bombing? No. Killing cops? No. It could mean anything? Yes. Dating? Yes. Eating? Yes. Did Roberts remember a day when Kinshasa told him to start getting aerosol cans, 5 gallon cans of gasoline, molotov cocktails, etc.? Yes. Except for aerosol cans, did

Roberts ever get any of that stuff? No. Did he ever see anyone else with any of that stuff? No. Did Roberts get aerosol cans? Yes, 3 or 4. Did he make molotov cocktails? No. Roberts often did things cause he was ordered to by the defendants? Yes. But he didn't get gas cans or make molotov cocktails? No. What did Kinshasa say when Roberts told him he had the aerosol cans? He said to keep them until told what to do with them. Kinshasa didn't say to bring them over and we'll make up bombs? No. Did they go to Barnard that night where Dharuba made a speech about "doing our thing in Harlem"? Yes. Where is Abercrombie and Fitch? 45th and Madison. Is that in Harlem? No. Where is Macy's? 34th and 7th. Is that in Harlem? No. What did "do our thing in Harlem" mean to Roberts? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. In a security meeting on March 26, was Roberts asked to give a report on the railroad recon he made with McKiever? Yes. Did he give it or McKiever? Roberts. Because he had been the leader? Right. Was Powell there? Roberts couldn't recall. Powell was on the security squad? Yes. Had Roberts ever met Powell at that time? Once, but he didn't know who he was. And they were both on the security squad? Yes. Did Roberts know Powell was a chemist? No. Did he know that Powell had been doing cancer research? No. Did Roberts ever see Powell with gunpowder or the chemicals to make it? No. Did Roberts go to a security meeting on March 27? Yes. This was the squad that would blow up department stores? Yes. This was the squad that would blow up precincts and railroad yards? Yes. Was McKiever there? No. Was Powell there? No. This was about 6 days before the arrest? Yes. Was that the day that someone said that McKiever wanted to resign from the security squad for health reasons and because he had a non-functional piece? Yes. Had McKiever's gun ever been operative?

Roberts then embarked on a story about how he went to see McKiever one night and McKiever went out onto the terrace of his apartment and shot the gun in the air.

That was a week before someone said he had a non-functional piece? Yes. Did Roberts believe that McKiever was sick? Yes. That was on the 27th and McKiever had been ill for two weeks? Yes. How about on the 19th when they reconed the railroad site? He seemed o.k., then. On March 28 was there a security meeting? Yes. Was McKiever there? No. This was 8 or 9 days before Easter? Yes. Was Powell there? Yes. Was that the only security meeting Roberts had seen Powell at? Yes. Did Powell say anything? Roberts thought Powell said that SDS was planning to rip off Columbia and that he wished that other branches of the BPP had guerilla teams. Did Roberts see Powell with chemicals? No. Did Roberts know if Powell was working full time at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in cancer research? No. On Sat. Mar. 29 was there a security squad physical drill? Yes. Was McKiever there? No. Powell? No. Did anyone tell Roberts that Powell was going to New Jersey to get large quantities of chemicals? Yes.

(Continued on Page 22)

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'BOYS IN CHAINS'

Panthers

(Continued from Page 21. Did Roberts have an impression of what a large quantity was? No. Did he ever see Powell with chemicals? No. On Sun, Mar. 30, did Roberts go to see Kinshasa at work, where Kinshasa told him that there was no dynamite and that each man would do his own thing? Roberts alleged that Kinshasa said that if there was no dynamite, each man would get molotov cocktails and pick out a railroad site. Was that in Roberts' report? Yes. Where in the report did Roberts say anything about molotov cocktails? It's not in the report. Isn't that most important? Yes. Roberts put down complete quotes and forgot that? Yes. On March 31 Roberts went to Baltimore, returning on April 1 with one rifle? Yes.

Bob then went into another contradiction in testimony, where Roberts had testified in this court that there was rust on that rifle, while he testified the opposite before the Grand Jury. Roberts again admitted to a mistake in testimony.

When McKiever allegedly shot into the air from his terrace, did Roberts warn him that there were people around, security guards in the building (a co-op)? No. Did Roberts put this incident in his reports? No. Did he just say it to cover the problem of a non-functional weapon that doesn't even belong to McKiever? No. Wasn't that occurrence significant? Yes. And Roberts didn't report it? No.

Bob then went down a list of security meetings, where McKiever who was in the security squad, did not appear.

Did Roberts find that members of the security group often didn't show? Yes. Did anyone ever get five gallon cans of gasoline, aerosol cans or molotov cocktails? No. Did the defendants often talk about the heroin problem in Harlem; the education problem in Harlem; bad housing; inferior merchandise; and police brutality? Yes. Did the defendants often say "take care of business"? Yes. Did they often say "do your thing"? Yes. Did anyone ever bomb a landlord? No. Did Afeni ever take retaliation on a pig? No. Did Roberts ever see a grenade launcher or machine gun? No. Did Roberts ever see the "heavy artillery" for which dues were collected? No. Did anyone ever talk of bombing the Brooklyn Bridge subway station? No. Did the fake attack on the precinct to ferret out informers ever happen? No. Did Curtis Powell ever get chemicals from New Jersey? No. Were the three chemical bottles allegedly seized from Powell's apartment in large enough quantity to do anything? No. Did Roberts ever see any bombs on any of the defendants or in any of their apartments? No. Was agent Roland

Hayes ever kidnapped, resulting in a confession? No. Was Hayes ever killed? No.

In his cross examination, Bob Bloom did not have to question Roberts about Bob Collier at all, as there was not one mention of Collier in all of Roberts' testimony. Carol Lefcourt began her cross examination, clearing Walter Johnson of the criminal aspersions put on him through the prosecution's case, and casting further doubt on the credibility of the witness.

Had Roberts always been sent to infiltrate political organizations? He didn't know if they were political. Were they always organizations in the black community? Yes. So Roberts could talk with some facility about what was going on? Yes. Was that part of his cover? Yes. Part of his training? Yes. On July 23, 1968, had Roberts been asked to join an organization, to which he replied he was tired of joining bullshit groups? Yes. So he wanted something to happen? No, he just didn't want to appear too anxious. How many years had Roberts lived in N.Y.? 13. So he knew his way around? Yes. Did Roberts get a good salary from BOSS? Yes. Did he get his expenses paid? Yes. Did he get raises as time went along? Yes.

On Dec. 31, the night of the alleged wire cutting mission, was a New Year's Eve party announced at a meeting in BPP HQ? Yes. And people started to leave the meeting talking about the party? Yes. Did Roberts go to this party? Yes. Were there a lot of people there? Yes. Were meetings almost a daily occurrence in the BPP? Yes. Roberts then testified, that following a security meeting where he and Walter Johnson had been instructed to recon department stores that he met Johnson at BPP HQ and suggested that they go downtown. First they went to Kaufman's surplus store, where Roberts wanted to look for a gun holster. The salesman suggested that they look in Abercrombie and Fitch, so they went up town.

Roberts admitted that he knew that Johnson had only lived N.Y. for a short time and did not know his way around, and that Roberts himself was well acquainted with the city, yet Roberts still insisted on saying that it was Johnson that had led them to Abercrombie and Fitch. Roberts then said that when they got to the store, he wanted to look around, so he did. Shortly after this "recon," they went to Macy's, which Roberts admitted was large enough to walk around for days. Roberts wanted to look at leather coats and toys for his daughter and he thought Johnson wanted to look at cameras. They browsed around and Roberts tried on coats. They brought no paper or pencils, though, and made no diagrams.

Instead they window-shopped and talked about toys and clothes, and Roberts related his vast political experiences in the movement and with Malcolm. Then they went to Korvettes and browsed around there as Roberts was attracted to a certain pair of gloves, and was thinking of ripping them off.

The next day Roberts wrote up his report, talking largely about Macy's and Alexander's, gasoline and butane in basements and the good places to place bombs. Of course, he attributed all the incriminating statements to Johnson, although under cross examination, admitted he wasn't sure who said what and that he may have said the things he attributed to Johnson.

Under further cross-examination, he admitted that at a security meeting the next night, when he thought he was supposed to report on the store recons, no one asked about them and Johnson did not volunteer the information. Roberts then admitted that on March 10 he went to BPP HQ to meet Johnson for more department store recons, but that Johnson never showed up. Did

Roberts go on the recon alone? No. Roberts had previously testified that he had been told that Johnson had done some recons on his own. Although he and Johnson were instructed to stay in close touch, did Johnson ever describe those stores to Roberts? No. Did anyone else ever recon any department stores? No.

Did Roberts or Johnson ever produce any diagrams, pictures or anything else about the department stores? No. When they finally did TALK about the stores (at the March 11 security meeting - the night of the tape), did Roberts often find himself correcting Johnson? Yes. Because Roberts wanted to make things clear?

Yes. And it was Roberts who pointed out the things about butane and gasoline in basements? Yes. Did Johnson ever report things like that? No. Although Roberts testified that Abercrombie and Fitch was the "jackpot", he was the only one to ever give a recon on that store, and when he was instructed to go back there and go back to Macy's, he never went back. Neither did Johnson.

On the night of the tape Easter was mentioned several times, and Johnson started talking about New Year's Eve, right? Yes. Roberts corrected him however? Yes. But Johnson started singin "Auld Lang Syne"? Yes. He was fooling around? Yes. And Roberts wanted it to be serious? Roberts said that he didn't have any feelings.

Roberts then testified that he and Johnson went to Bloomingdale's and Alexander's, and although they were both large stores, again they made no diagrams, just browsed around. They never made a report on those stores in any security meetings. After that Roberts was allegedly told by Kinshasa, that he should recon no more stores, but should start collecting five gallon cans of gasoline and aerosol cans. He testified that he never saw Johnson with gasoline or with aerosol cans.

Any self-respecting judge would have thrown this case out of the courtroom months or years ago and indicted the prosecutor, but as it now stands, the trial continues on Monday.

Stomach

(Continued from Page 5) gap between the services for the people and the war. And the people are going to feel it."

Out comes Victor Choron from the supermarket, and I asked him how he felt about the economy.

"I don't pay any attention to it. I buy what I need and if I don't have the money, I live cheaper. I think the whole system sucks."

Susan Perler replied to my question about the economy, "Terrible."

"What is the cause of it?" I asked.

"The war."

"Is it going to get better?"

"Not until it gets worse."

"Do you have to make any sacrifices because of the high prices?"

"No."

"What are you going to do if it gets worse?"

"I don't know, get out of the city maybe."

I talked to Mr. Dutary about

the state of things.

"I don't shop very often and I'm not too aware of how the prices have changed. But from what I've heard everything's going up."

"Why do you think that is?"

"People want more of the good life."

"Do you think they'll get it?"

"I think they'll go off the other end."

I talked to Angela Foote and asked her how she felt about the economy.

"I think it stinks."

"Why's that?"

"I have no idea. I don't know. I just think it stinks."

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"Well, I'm trying not to spend so much. I'm getting skinnier and skinnier."

"Well, at least it's in fashion," I said, trying to make light of the awful situation.

The last person I talked to was a writer named Bazemore. I asked him how he felt about the economy.

"It's frightening. Every time I go into a store the items are up. Sometimes frightening leaps on a particular item, up ten cents."

"Do you think it will get better?"

"I can't see any prospect of it getting better, with the unions trying to get more money. The prices will continue to go up."

"What are you going to do about it?" I said.

"I just have to go on doing the best I can, as always."

My hands were frozen and I couldn't write any more. I walked over to the office and walked up the eleven flights of stairs. As I was walking up the stairs, I tried counting the steps and taking a huge breath in through my nose on one step, and out my mouth on the next step. I did this all the way up the eleven flights and didn't even need to stop. I was thinking about the economy while performing this not so easy trick, and decided that things were in bad shape indeed. We here at the East Village Other, are used to poverty, as I am used to walking up maybe four or five flights of stairs. But when it comes down to the heavy shit, like middle-class people accepting a poorer state of existence, or me walking up eleven flights of stairs without stopping, I mean, it's really far out.

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