

NEW YORK 21 to the WEATHERMEN

THE east village **OTHER**



VOL.6 NO.13 FEB.23 NYC25c OUTSIDE35c

Hilary

The poor state of the movement's morale was properly reflected in the massive outburst of lethargy which was our reaction to Nixon's bungled rape of Laos. When division, busts and general paranoia are the order of the day, WPAX is a welcome ray of hope in an otherwise donothing, uptight scene.

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They have a fully functioning recording studio where all the material will be processed and edited, mailed to North Vietnam and broadcast daily over Radio Hanoi. Many bands, musicians and broadcasters have already pledged their services. They need your tapes just as much. SUPPORT OUR BOYS IN VIETNAM.SUPPORT WPAX.

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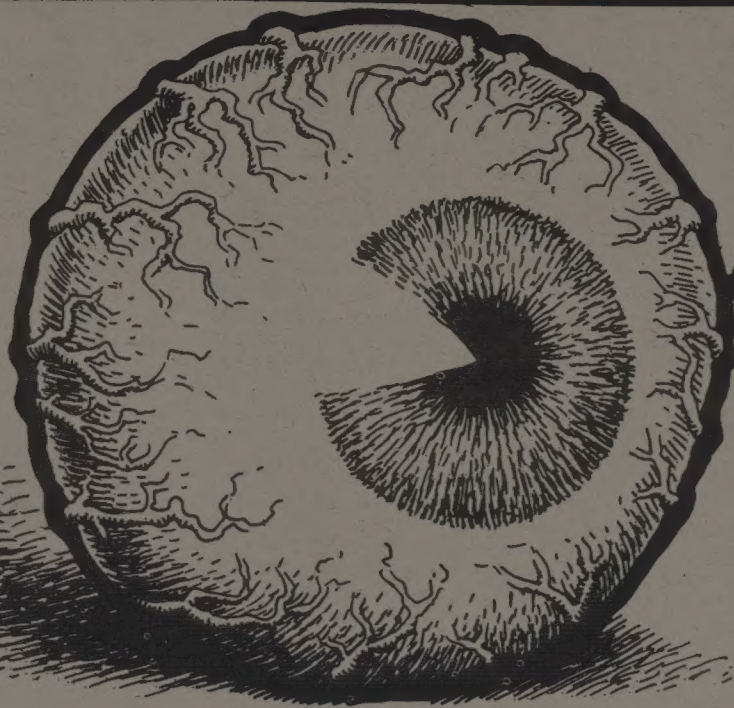
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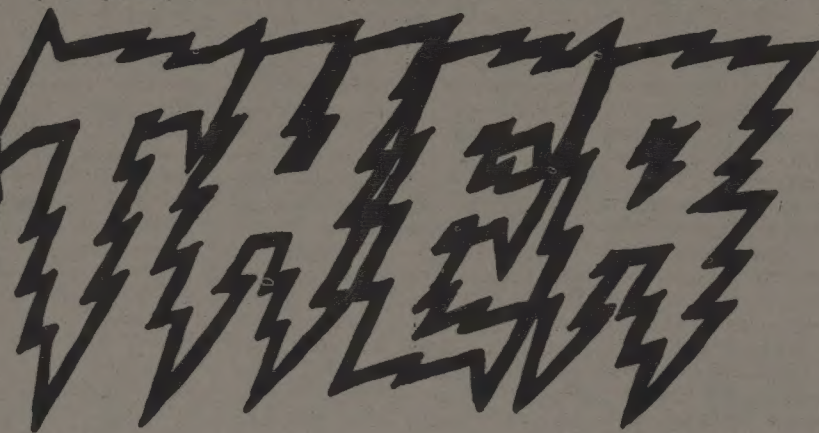
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THE EAST VILLAGE



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HERE'S 6 DOLLARS FOR 1 YEAR (52 ISSUES)

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THIS IS A RENEWAL

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We, of the New York '21' are asking that the *open letter* to the *Weather Underground* be reprinted at this time! We would like to point out two facets of this *open letter*: 1) we named no specific group or party nor did we intend any — but to all the noise and fuss about it — all that we can say to that is — if the shoe fits — wear it! and 2) the National Black Panther Party has labeled this document "counter-revolutionary statement" — we ask for you to read it *yourself* and judge it *yourself*!

The New York '21'

We, of the Panther 21, take this opportunity to greet you with a spirit of revolutionary love and solidarity — that spirit that revolutionists feel for each other — that spirit that our enemies cannot understand nor deal with — that spirit that defies their divide and rule campaign — with that spirit — we greet you.

We wish to make known to you that we feel an unrighteous act has been done to you by the self-proclaimed "vanguard" parties by their obvious neglect to not openly supporting you — by their obvious disregard of and silence on your righteous revolutionary actions. But they have all but ignored us also — so in that respect we are in similar waters. But we wish to inform you that the most revolutionary, and progressive brothers that we have met within the confines of a maximum security Babylon — along with us — have considered you one of the — if not the true vanguard within the confines of the artificial boundaries of the United States of Amerikkka at this time. You related to action — the unequivocal truth — by which revolutionaries gauge each other.

This letter is to acknowledge your actions — and like how we have watched your growth — and to relate to you how we have felt revolutionary joy on both accounts. This letter is also a response to your latest communique — "New Morning — Changing Weather". In it we can sense and feel your frustration and sense of isolation. We know the feeling very well, having felt it ourselves for the last 21 months. We also very keenly feel the loss of direction, the confusion and chaos that is running rampant out there. We see how the pigs are working overtime to try and fuck things up — but we also see how much of the misdirection comes from these self proclaimed "vanguard" parties themselves. How these "omnipotent" parties are throwing seeds of confusion, escapism, and have lost much of their momentum by bad tactics — in fact terrible tactics, tripping out, pseudo-machoism, arrogance, myrmidonism, dogmatism, regionalism, regimentation, and fear. Thus the situation out there has become a sort of the lost leading the blind. We have seen our comrades-in-arms sit in maximum security and dig the contradictions out in the streets — get bailed out — and then not be able to deal with it head-on — so that finally, they too became co-opted by this bullshit — and now cannot confront us — cannot look us in the eye. So from our experiences we are responding to your communique because although we can understand fully where you are coming from — we sensed a certain mood and saw certain statements in your communique that sent chills up our spine.

We can see your attitude towards the mother country "youth culture" — how it was "the forces which produced" you, "a culture that" you "were part of, a young and unformed society (nation)." We can also see "the possibilities that exist for" you "to develop the movement so that as revolutionaries" you "change and shape the cultural revolution" — You "are in a position

to change it for the better." We can also see that you feel — and rightfully so — the need for more support from the mother country youth. But we feel that most of the mother country youth culture communes smack heavily with escapism — a danger you must be aware of and guard yourselves against.

Another facet to be considered is that there is a world of difference between a MOVEMENT and a REVOLUTION. Movements can go in many directions — and all at one time — and can only be used up to a certain point. Like the essence of the government's power has been FORCE and its ability to maintain a gap between the people's beliefs and the realities of society. For what the people do not understand they cannot control. A movement can deal with the belief/reality gap, but not with force. The only thing that will deal with reactionary force and violence is revolutionary counter-force and counter-violence. Another factor to be considered is that just because you "go out into the air" does not necessarily mean that you will be closer to the people — Look at the self-proclaimed "vanguard" parties.

Many of the peace people are out there, not because they feel a solidarity with the Vietnamese, but because they don't like war — something that is inevitable in any oppressed/oppressor struggles — or they are really Amerikkkan — they don't subconsciously want this imperialistic country — their home — to be whipped. We have no idea how you are going to deal with the latter, but as far as we are concerned — with the former — to quote Sartre — "... if violence began this very evening and if exploitation and oppression had never existed on the earth, perhaps the slogans of non-violence might end the quarrel. But if the whole regime, even your non-violent ideas, are conditioned by a thousand year-old oppression, your passivity serves only to place you in the ranks of the oppressors."

You must also deal with racism within your "youth culture" — although as Sartre states — the "worthiest souls contain racial prejudice" — we are talking about overt racial prejudice. You mention the demonstrations over Kent State and Jackson State — but there was a world of difference in them — a racial difference — an overt racial difference. When the Kent State incident occurred — the nation stopped — flags flew at half mast — everybody was uptight — that in no way resembles the magnitude — or rather the lack of magnitude concerning the Jackson State incident. The former — as you said "showed real power and made a strong difference" — the latter did not put anyone "on the defensive" except black people.

We can understand your need to build a strong sense of community — it is a necessity for you in the mother country — Just as it is for us in the colonies. Now while doing this we must use this new consciousness and recognize it for what it is — a perception of reality. We — you especially under the circumstances — must realize that "grass and organic

consciousness expanding drugs" are NOT weapons of the revolution — they may be a tool to bring you together in a sense of a community — but they will not bring the Amerikkkan system down. Remember — the amount of hard drugs increased proportionately with the growing political awareness in the black community — and that was no accident — and the establishment uses as its tools not only "the killer drugs (smack and speed) — to pacify and destroy young people" — but also DANGEROUSLY adulterated organic consciousness-expanding drugs. Also these things — these "tools" can also be used for escapism — and again to quote Sartre — "in other words, the colonized people protect themselves against colonial estrangement by going one better — in religious estrangement and wine and dope and organizations and petitions and congresses."

Then in your "youth communities" of the mother country — the emphasis is on individual freedom still, while we are dealing with group freedom still. Thus where do blacks and the rest of the third world fit into the scheme of things in your "new families"? You see, you state that "none of these changes that people are going through are rules and principles." Now in dealing with the mother country — black and third world relationships — in dealing with revolution — in dealing with "the need for new men and new women" — you are dealing with principles — or are you trying to tell us that these contradictions have been dealt with — we are not convinced. We realize that this will be a protracted struggle — but when does protracted become non-movement — escapism-isolation-and retrogression? Those contradictions — all of the above — must be dealt with — and rapidly — without a drop in the armed struggle. As Dowbar of Brazil states — "You cannot build the revolutionary consciousness of a population through political explanations. But military actions can create this consciousness." And as history has shown, Martin Luther King's tactics can only work to a certain extent. It is your duty as revolutionaries to "change and shape the cultural revolution" into a real revolutionary culture — to shape your youth to fight.

For instance, take a group, a party and its supporters with a few activists — it can move in a revolutionary manner against the pigs OR it can function — have a newspaper, hold rallies, conventions, congresses, etc. — then rhetoricians rhetoric, functionaries function, printing presses print, delegates travel, international friendships grow, "leaders" become overwhelmed with "work" — then the prospects of armed struggle — real revolution diminish. It gets lost in the "works" — it becomes to be looked upon as "adventurism" — always premature — it might "sabotage" the legality of the party — (which if it was effective would be illegal anyway) — it might bring down too much repression — meanwhile, the fascists snatch out the activists —

who are not so noisy — but deemed more dangerous. Does this not sound familiar?

We say — Right on! — Use the new consciousness BUT remember this new consciousness of love, creativity, and liberation will not stop the exploitation of the third world. You state that you "had all come together around the militancy of young white people determined to reject racism and U.S. exploitation of the third world." This involves a very basic fundamental thing that cannot involve much vacillating — the people's hunger — 2/3 of the world — the third world is starving — with an average life expectancy of 33-35 years of age. Do you believe that your "Acting openly, denouncing Nixon, Agnew, and Mitchell," and sharing your "numbers and wisdom together with young sisters and brothers" will — in the eye of the octopus of Amerikkka — significantly deal with such situations as South Africa, Latin America, Palestine, Rhodesia? — Will it "blow away" the people's hunger? Will it free in any way any of the chains upon the Red Man, The Black Man, the Chicano, The Puerto Rican? For over four years the new consciousness has known about the contradictions concerning Vietnam — yet the largest mass demonstrations were in May 1970 — that's Vietnam. How long will it be before all of the contradictions are known and make themselves felt about conditions for third world people in this country, in South Africa, Panama, U.S. aid to South Africa and Portugal, U.S. and Russia moving closer to try and contain China? Will rallies and demonstrations — even on a mass level — do much to combat racism and the U.S. exploitation of the third world? Remember the U.S. economy is based on this very exploitation and the U.S. is also a warfare state — a dynamic capitalist power, requiring periodic wars to survive! No philosophical masturbation or no other "ism" is going to deal with it. The Amerikkkan machine and its economy must be destroyed — and it can only be done with intelligent political awareness and armed struggle — revolution! Or do you believe that this new consciousness can really reach Westmoreland and Laird and Stennis and Eastland and ———?

We are sorry to hear that the townhouse "forever destroyed" your "belief that armed struggle is the only real struggle." That places us in a unique position because, as Che stated — "Armed struggle is the only solution for people who fight to free themselves" — and we have lost dearly loved comrades. Also — probably every experienced revolutionary has — but we realize that risks must be taken — some will die — others will replace them (or us) — like people rapping about ending racism, colonialism, sexism and all of the other pig "isms", exploitation and all that — but these things can only be ended by revolution — and revolution is — in the final analysis — ARMED STRUGGLE — revolution is VIOLENCE — revolution is WAR — revolution is BLOODSHED! How long have different successful national liberation fronts fought

before they have won large popular support?

Che stated — "A revolution is a handful of men and women with no other alternative but death of victory. At moments when death is a concept a thousand times more real, and victory a myth that only a revolutionary can dream of." Are you hip to Marighella — Carlos Marighella? "Revolutionary action unleashed by small groups of armed men was the great strength that nourished our struggle." "Revolutionary organization usually grows by two important methods; 1) grouping and training of political cadres to hold meetings and discuss documents and programs; 2) revolutionary action — its method is extreme violence and radicalization. We chose the latter because we feel it is the most convincing method and that the former leads — if not combined with the latter — to bourgeois tactics and loses initiative." "Action is what will awaken the revolutionary energy among our people, that is what will determine the formation of such a battle force that on one will be able to hold it back." "Our methods and forms of organization are subordinate to revolutionary action and we will not stand for anything that may impede and limit such action — everyone of our actions is a revolutionary action and aims at seizing power through violence of revolutionary war."

We have had too many martyrs. We desperately need more revolutionists who are completely willing and ready at all times to KILL to change conditions. Just to be ready to die does not make a revolutionist — it just makes a martyr — "revolutionary suicide" and "only those who die are proven revolutionaries" — are bullshit — tripping escapist bullshit — a revolutionist accepts death as a natural phenomenon, but MUST be ready to KILL to change conditions. Revolution is ARMED STRUGGLE — revolution is VIOLENCE — revolution is WAR — revolution is BLOODSHED — and the "duty of a revolutionary is to make revolution."

Now we must make ourselves clear — we agree with you that demonstrations and rallies may have some use — and as you state "someone must call for them, put out leaflets, convince people that it is a priority" — but the only way to get good support — to quote Marighella again — "The rebellion of the urban guerilla and his persistence in intervening in public questions is the best way of insuring public support of the cause we defend — we repeat and insist on repeating: IT IS THE BEST WAY OF INSURING PUBLIC SUPPORT. As soon as a reasonable section of the population begins to take seriously the action of the urban guerilla." You state "People become revolutionary in the schools, in the army, in prisons, in communes, and on the streets." BUT the only thing that "will blow away the fear of the students at Kent State, the smack of the lower east side and the national silence after the bombings of North Vietnam" is victorious military

(Continued on Page 19)



On Friday February 12, I called WMCA Dialogue Radio, New York, Plaza Nine, One Thousand, and told the producer I wanted to talk about Alex Bennet. I was told that this subject could not be discussed on the air. I then reached R. Peter Strauss to complain about Monologue Radio. Liberal that he is, he graciously granted me the following interview.

Who is R. Peter Strauss? His own self-image has him the crusading young potential governor-president. He's the guy who fought for the vote for 18 year-olds. His station was the first to drop cigarette commercials. He's been against the Indo-China war since 1966. Furthermore, he's the guy who hired Alex Bennet in the first place. How's that for crusading?

We now leave Strauss's self-image for a more realistic view. "Who's Bill Graham?" he said when IN informed him of Bill's plan to drop all advertising from WMCA over the Bennet issue. "Certainly we don't accept advertising from Plain Truth Magazine. Absolutely not." Someone ought to tell R. Peter just who Ambassador College is. He honestly doesn't know that a youth culture exists in America today. Yankee baseball is where its at, he thinks.

This Bennet thing would all blow over in a few days if it wasn't for outside agitators who claim to represent the youth culture, but are only into ripping off the happiness of 15 million Yankee fans, who are desperate to listen to all the games on MCA instead of watching their TV sets. He categorically denies that sponsor pressure is the reason Bennet is leaving the air. Or that there are any political motivations to Alex Bennet's firing. A Rolling Stone reporter informed me, however, that the FCC had demanded and received an air check of Alex Bennet's live telephone interview with Tim Leary in Algeria. One usually can't trust Rolling Stone, but this story is true, I understand.

I have spoken with R. Peter Strauss on three different occasions. My questions remain unresolved. Perhaps Strauss speaks nothing but the truth, and all the inconsistencies in his story are mere blunders of a callow youth. Or perhaps he is a clever manipulator of weasel words as one nine-year-old girl accused on his recent farcical listener-response telephone program. I leave the judgment to you, dear reader. Am I a false prophet of the youth culture or

is our friend R. Peter Strauss trying to put one over on us?

On Sunday, February 14th, two days after my interview with Peter Strauss, he appeared on his own radio station (the one that he works at because Dad owned a piece of the action), and attempted to answer his listeners. Every single call concerned Alex Bennet. All save one violently against his firing. During the hours Strauss was on the air, 10,000 busy signals were registered at the station. After the hour, titled, by the way, "Call Up the Boss," complaints ran 55 to one against Strauss. At this time thousands of letters and cards have been received by WMCA. The phone at the station has been deluged by calls 24 hours a day. During two demonstrations, one of them led by Jerry Rubin, hundreds of people have marched in front of the studios at 415 Madison Avenue, including two of the station's own talk-show hosts, and Strauss' own daughter. Shades of Kim Agnew. This support for Alex Bennet has been unsolicited by Bennet himself. The fact is that Dialogue Radio doesn't recognize that we exist. Here is the text of Strauss's Sunday Februaury "Call Up

the Boss Show." One young lady's remarks:

Were you listening to Alex on WBAI?
Strauss: No.

He just mentioned one comment that you said to him that there were only about 12 kids in Brooklyn listening to Alex Bennet's show.

Strauss: No, I never said 12 kids in Brooklyn. I never said anything of the kind. If he said that, it's simple. Let's say I didn't say that, okay?

Peter Strauss Interview

Strauss: The big thing, Terry, is to distinguish between what this really is, and what it is not, and what it might be. There are whole sets of things that it might be, some of them nightmares, some of them perfectly acceptable possibilities. They just don't happen to conform with the facts.

Terry: What are the facts?

Strauss: The facts are very, very simple. The facts are that last summer or fall we contracted with the New York Yankees, at about the time that we went

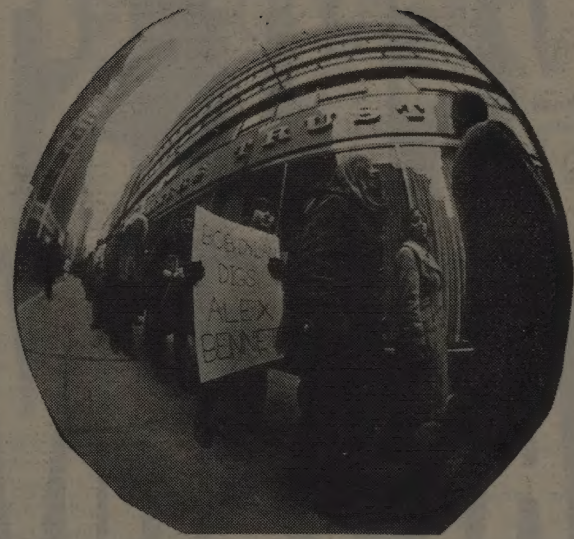
into dialogue radio. We did alot of things then in the hurry-up to get dialogue radio on the air in New York, with those kind of decisions. One of the things that we saw then although I don't think we focused on it very much, is that we were going to have an embarrassment of choices come the end of Alex's contract which was about a month after the Yankees begin. Our view was to cross that bridge when we come to it. The honest other part of the answer is that if the times were different, very much different, and we were in boom times, I suppose we would say to ourselves, we're going to sports in the eveing, we don't know what the hell we're going to do with Alex, let's just give him a new contract and we'll work it out in a few months. Okay, we'll put him someplace else, we'll do something. This is not the kind of time we can afford to do that.

We can't afford to have

PETER STRAUSS INTERVIEW

by

TERRY NOBLE



non-paying customers around here.

Terry: I understand Leon Lewis's contract is up just about this time.

Strauss: Another couple of months. But we're not about to, because one contract is up, to reshuffle what has been a fantastically successful program from top to bottom.

Terry: Has Leon Lewis been a successful program?

Strauss: I think there's no question about that. But I don't think we're enough into the general rating situation 'cause we only began in September. I don't think we have enough detail to say on what Alex is going. I think if you were going to do that the honest answer is that he is not doing much worse and certainly not much better than anyone else.

Terry: I called up, I said I'd like to discuss Alex Bennet on the air. I was told I couldn't do that, and the reason given was if we put all these calls about Alex on the air that's the only thing we'd be talking about. It seems to be that a station committed to dialogue radio should be responsive to what the listeners want to talk about. And that's the thing that disturbs me about that.

Strauss: Let me tell you about that Larry.

Terry: Terry. Terry.

Strauss: I'm sorry. I apologize. I wrote it down wrong in the first place. Terry, look. We told Alex a month or six weeks ago before his contract ran out that we would not be signing a new contract. We surely did not have to tell him that until the contract ran out — but because we thought that he's a good talent and a good performer and we thought it would be better if he had the month to quietly look for a job in a market where these things is hard to find. He chose to announce it on the air that night; that's up to him. He has to run his life the way he wants to. He talked about it at length that night, which surprised us, but so be it, for a couple of hours. He talked about it the next night, and he talked about it the next night. By that time, we said to him look, most professional performers in this business would no more conceive of ever mentioning this on the radio, than fly. I mean you don't go to a great off-Broadway production and in the end expect a guy to come out who's the second lead and say I want to tell you it hurts me right here. Simple, that isn't show business. It's excessively unprofessional conduct. . . . the switchboard all day and a large part of the night is filled with people saying *oi vey*, we've heard about the guy getting fired — isn't there anything else to talk about? It's disastrously bad radio for most of his audience! There are a few aficionados who are deeply

interested, and Alex is deeply interested, as I would be if I were Alex, but out there are 15 million people. Fourteen million nine-hundred and ninety-nine thousand of them don't give a good Goddam, okay? If I found that anybody in Brooklyn beyond two dozen people gave a good God Damn, peachy, we'd have him on the air forever. So what we did, we made a mistake. Terry: How many is more than a few? We're in the numbers game now.

Strauss: Now you're getting to the heart of the problem. That's a characteristically good journalistic question. That is really good. Alex Bennet is a great talent. And a guy who would be on the air, and who should be exposed to public conversation. He is GOOD. So is the guy who teaches early Yiddish at the New School, okay? or the guy who teaches cabinet making at Woodrow Wilson High? To the people who are going to be cabinet makers, it's very important.

Terry: How about all the long-haired kids in New York City who think that Alex Bennet is the greatest thing to happen to AM radio? How about all the audience you've stolen from FM radio because of Alex — it's alot.

Strauss: These are the judgments, and the difficult ones.

Terry: What are the numbers? Strauss: If you're talking in general terms of numbers, we talk to a couple of million people a week. That's our circulation. Alex talks to a few thousand a night. Two thousand or twenty-seven hundred.

Terry: Let's say it was four thousand.

Strauss: One-hundred thousand . . . it's miniscule.

Terry: If three thousand signatures show up on a petition, will you be responsive to that?

Strauss: No, absolutely not.

Terry: Five thousand.

Strauss: No.

Terry: Ten thousand.

Strauss: No. You see this is the whole problem, Terry. We're not talking about the same thing. We — I — I mean anybody here — comes to work here — I chose to work at WMCA. Maybe because dad owned a piece of it. We could have bought a press . . . you can lecture at the new school, you can write at EVO, we chose this as a medium. And this, with all its strengths and weaknesses, is a mass medium. It speaks to alot of people. It also has weaknesses. One of the weaknesses is it is very inhospitable to minority views, okay? That doesn't mean we should have Gunsmoke on all day and all night, but the difference between this and EVO or Screw . . .

Terry: Alot of minority views originally expressed in EVO are now majority views.

Strauss: No question about that.

But between that and becoming . . . if we told you the extreme of having only really fine cabinet makers talking to cabinet makers, or guys speaking Yiddish in the middle of the morning, at that stage we're not a mass media. There are more people listening to Alex Bennet than to Swahili, agreed . . .

Terry: Don't say not many.

Strauss: Not many in terms of the real scheme of things.

Terry: What is the real scheme of things?

Strauss: The real scheme of things is the Yankees. You may like it or not. You see what I mean?

Terry: How many other hours are there on the radio?

Strauss: Well, we could reshuffle the whole broadcast schedule. I'm sure we could do that every single day. I'm sure we would do that at the greatest penalty in all of broadcasting. You lost all your audience, to start with . . . we only began this. I trust we're not going to make many changes in programming.

Terry: Would you take a poll of listeners on every show to find out just what kind of audience Alex has?

Strauss: We know fairly accurate . . .

Terry: I think you don't if you think he's doing a little better than the guy teaching Swahili.

Strauss: No, no, I didn't, not . . . not true. I said, 'let me . . . how Alex is doing compared to . . . we think dialogue radio is going sensationally well.' Way ahead of what we had projected.

Terry: I think maybe Barry Gray has a bigger audience. I don't know who else has.

Strauss: It's not a debate that either of us can dispose of usefully for another year, because the rating services are so goddamned slow and inaccurate, so we don't have any figures on which you can base anything. It is our best judgment that Alex is not doing distinguishably better or distinguishably worse than anybody else. . . . what you're saying is the people you know . . . if you go out to the Italian part of Brooklyn, nobody ever listens to anything but Bob Grant.

Terry: There're 16 year-old kids listening now.

Strauss: Who says we're broadcasting to 16 year-old kids? We're broadcasting to 15 million New Yorkers. Get the difference?

Terry: But 15 million New Yorkers aren't listening. Who's listening?

Strauss: Alot. Alot of New Yorkers.

Terry: How many of those are under 30? How many relate to Alex Bennet, pro or con?

Strauss: How many of those are under 30? About the proportion of the population that's under 30.

Terry: There's alot of us who feel that the only guy we like on AM radio is Alex Bennet.

Strauss: Now we get to another thing.

Terry: You're cutting off our voice. You're taking him off the radio.

Strauss: No, we're not taking him off the radio. We're taking him off this radio station.

Terry: All right. You got us the vote, why have you deserted us?

Strauss: I don't think we are deserting you. You're only one part of a 24-hour day.

Terry: What can we do to show you there's alot of us who will buy your sponsor's product if you keep him, and we won't if you don't. Would you be responsive to that?

Strauss: No.

Terry: What would you be responsive to? Cause you see I'm not sure . . . I feel he's being stepped on politically.

Strauss: I know. I know. I know. And you should, it just doesn't happen to be true.

Terry: I don't think you're honest with me. I think you should believe what you're saying.

Strauss: Let me just tell you two things. If there were anything at all, a) why would we have hired Alex Bennet two years ago? Picked up all his options along the way, suffered the screaming then which was far worse than it is now . . . Why would we have done that, number one. Number two, we are alot of things, and sons of bitches among them, we've been accused of that . . .

Terry: Can I say that on your radio station? Those words?

Strauss: No, I don't think so.

Terry: We let a bitch go on the other day.

Strauss: Sure. They get through. But by and large, we're not wild about it because the FCC is dynamite.

Terry: I think the FCC is moving to a more liberal position.

Strauss: I think just the opposite. . . . We were the first station in the country to dump cigarette advertising during certain hours of the day. They said okay, screw you guys, you don't let us on when the kids are listening, we're not going to advertise. If we were going to submit to this kind of pressure, I think we would have in some of those cases.

Terry: I know that Bill Graham is going to pull his advertising out because he can't afford to alienate that segment of the . . .

Strauss: Who's Bill Graham?

Terry: He owns the Fillmore East.

Strauss: Ah.

Terry: That's right. Because he's the kind of person that does advertise in the Alex Bennet show, because it is a youth audience and he can't afford to be on the wrong side of the Alex Bennet issue.

Strauss: He's certainly entitled to do that. . . . If these were not times when CBS lays off 50% of

its people, and ABC cuts its news staff to ribbons, it's not because they enjoy doing it. It's because it's not a boom era. We are in . . . the mass media . . . a Goddamned expense account operation. We are not in the kind of shape where we can have a guy sit around for seven or eight months. It would be nice . . . if it was a much better era, we would do that.

Terry: Here's a proposition. I'm going to offer you a proposition. How would you like to support WBAI, and give them a chance to put Alex on the air?

Strauss: Alex is on the air beginning this . . .

Terry: How would you like to throw a few thousand dollars into that station so they can afford to take him on? Their operating costs are a hell of a lot less than yours. Would you underwrite it?

Strauss: Why? Why in the world, if we're letting him go to save money, why should I pay the money to let somebody else have him?

Terry: You're paying less money. He's willing to work for union scale.

Strauss: What he means by that, Terry, is that he's never made that proposal except on the air. That's just straight window-dressing.

Terry: No, it's true, I've talked to him.

Strauss: Well, he's never told me that.

Terry: Okay, now you know.

Strauss: Do I? No, I'm not . . . I don't deal with Alex Bennet except through intermediaries. It's totally irrelevant . . . he doesn't know what he's talking about, he doesn't know what scale is under the contract, which is what he's virtually getting. But it is absolutely irrelevant. We're not trying to starve him to death. We made a decision to get along with one less guy. Unfortunately that guy happens to be Alex Bennet. None of it is pleasant. It's pure tough economics. If he can make it sound like anything else, he is entitled . . . it just isn't true. It's goddamn unfortunate we're in this kind of economy. Goddamn unfortunate. I'd love to have Alex sitting around here, for scale or schamial, until next fall, when we figure out what to do with him but we can't. We can't explain why the hell he's sitting around when we just fired three little girls who're keeping their mothers alive in the Bronx, now they're out on the street too. It's a capitalist lousy Goddamned system. We asked to get it. Here we are.

KENT STATE AFTERMATH

PART 2

by p.j.o'rourke

Part II: AFTER THE FALL,
The Political Situation at Kent

THE MASSES

In the American press — land of hype and blackout — Kent doesn't exist aside from an applauded prosecution of the surviving commie malefactors. It was a quiet fall across the nation's campi, a quieter winter and a spring of collegial bliss and pantie raids is expected. It's 1951 except the Asian war is drawing to an honorable close. Nothing's said too much but you get the idea that the Kent State murders did indeed (though it took awhile to set it) end an era of student dissent. Actually most papers have been burying or simply not reporting campus uprisings. It's almost unknown that 2,000 students demonstrated at Kent State the day the Grand Jury indictments came down, as many or more than had demonstrated on May 4th. A clever variation on this theme is the (supposedly liberal) Akron "Beacon Journal's" coverage of the Feb. 5th KSU demonstration against the invasion of Laos. This was on page two and headlined by KSU President White's threat of legal retaliation which is alright but page one carried the story of an ex-Marine who rescued the American flag from the prosecutors.

Well, Kent State may not have become an American foothold in Ohio but dissent has been anything but quashed. The university administration is frightened as well it should be, and the atmosphere on campus is repressive, but subtly so. The ruling class wants to avoid any news-worthy shows of force while making sure that NOTHING EVER HAPPENS AGAIN AT KENT. It's well-known that twenty-five people were busted because of the May demonstrations but it isn't so well-known that nine of them and thirty-four others have been arrested for dope sales in Portage County. In Ohio one count of selling is twenty to thirty years in jail. Many of the forty-three busted have more than one count and some have up to six. Political leaders, especially Black United Students leaders, have been repeatedly harrassed. In fact, two BUS leaders have been busted since I arrived. At this time, to the best of my knowledge, there are at least seventy-five persons in jail or under indictment in Portage County for what amount to political reasons. Not bad for a supposedly apathetic campus.

A number of well-meaning and/or chicken-shit liberals are aiding the administration in its campaign of disguised oppression. Chief among these is Craig Morgan, the ROTC cadet who was elected by mail over the summer on a "Power To The Peaceful" platform. Morgan was indicted in the paranoid frenzy of the Grand Jury and that should have snapped his head around as to where liberalism is at but apparently not. (Even KSU President White — a fatuous pig — was severely blasted by the Grand Jury so Morgan's indictment is hardly a red badge of courage.) These liberals have lent their support to the administration's fervent advocacy of non-violence about which I quote the Kent underground newspaper, "Dragonfire":

To isolate and fragment us has been one clear strain inside Portage County's, KSU's and the State of Ohio's strategy of repression. For example, Think Week, the slogan for which was "Powers To The Peaceful" [again]. Think Week was put up by the administration the first week of fall quarter to convince folks to be passive and smile nice under the guise of standing for a non-violent movement. Why do we need a movement here? After all, the administration's leading one!

And the liberal "Daily Kent Stater" campus newspaper (which Stone, in some fit of malapropism, called "militant") warned in the fall, "Weathermen, keep off our campus." But

these people ARE liberals and that is a step in the right direction for an Ohio State School. Ultimately they are not on the Administration's side so the administration needs other measures to insure peace and quiet. One method of official repression is a campus ban on all "non-traditional" events. This prevents any fund-raising concerts or freaky happenings and attempts to get back to Senior Proms and hay rides and god knows what other kinds of "Beach Party Gang Goes To College" horseshit. But the best weapon to quell campus dissent and frighten would-be radicals is Ohio House Bill 1219 — rushed through the statehouse in the wake of last spring's disorders. Student Senate, faculty, the "Daily Kent Stater" and most everyone else is violently opposed to these new laws and the best condemnation of the bill (to give credit where credit's due) is Craig Morgan's Student Body President's position paper, which I quote in part:

A number of terms used in the bill appear vague and potentially dangerous, the referral in several places to "disruption of the orderly conduct of lawful activities" is the most obvious case. This phrase is practically the backbone of the entire bill and yet is nowhere succinctly defined. In fact, it should be noted that Sec. 2023.61 (A) prohibits certain activities in circumstances which create a substantial RISK of disruption.

The bill, in brief, provides that any student, faculty or staff member who is arrested for any of a list of offences (including the disruption phrase referred to earlier) shall have a hearing before a "referee" appointed by the Board of Regents [Seabury Ford is just such a referee] to determine whether he should be suspended pending his court trial. If the court finds the student guilty of the offense for which he was arrested, he is dismissed from his University and cannot be reinstated in any school receiving state funds for a period of one year.

... This bill ... expands the punishment for ... misdemeanors ... to the point where a student convicted of one of them may be irreparably damaged for life.

The law specifies that the hearing before the referee "shall be adversary in nature," yet there is a glaring absence of any mention of who is to oppose the student ... the conclusion can be reached ... that the individual adjudicating the case is also prosecuting it.

... the State is required to be represented by an attorney while the defendant ["counsel need not be furnished for him"] is ALLOWED to be represented by an attorney.

The requirement is set ... that the hearing be public, even if the student himself requests a private one and, apparently, even if he is a juvenile.

... the referee ... may either ... permit the student to return to the University on "terms of strict probation" ... or order the person suspended ... there is no provision mentioned in the bill for the referee to find the student innocent ...

... Declaration of ... [a state of emergency] ... by either the Board of Trustees or the President of the University gives that party the power to restrict the right of assembly by groups of five or more persons — a provision which is flagrantly unconstitutional.

The Kent State student body as a whole hasn't changed its attitudes very much. That's the consensus of most liberals and the more cynical radicals. They're too close to things, I think, to really see the changes and perhaps

they are disappointed in the amount of change as compared to the enormity of the deaths — a great many of these students, after all, witnessed the killings. But I've had a lot of experience with the conservative Ohio colleges and I think the KSU student body is remarkably opposed to the Indo-China War and has had an awakening of political consciousness — albeit a low level political consciousness. The following appeared in the "Daily Kent Stater" on Wednesday, February 3rd, 1971, in an article about a research study by Dr. Steven R. Brown and Dani B. Thomas of the KSU Political Science Department:

The May 4 shootings at Kent State were cold-blooded murder. The Ohio National Guardsmen were not cornered, shot at, or threatened. The Guard should never have been allowed on campus.

These are the dominant beliefs of KSU students concerning May 4 ...

The more committed leftists are more optimistic. They count the number of revolutionaries, a number they don't expect to amount to much and they note that two years ago, when the Kent 4 Weathermen were charged with trespass, maybe there were forty and at the time of the killings there were no more than sixty. Now there are well over a hundred in school and more in town so that the total numbers around two hundred. And that means that there is 1% of the student body worth of really committed people. That may not sound like much but if 1% of New York's population were revolutionaries, Lindsay would be faced with an army of 80,000 crazies and if 1% of the U.S. population were revolutionaries that would be more than the army, navy and the marines combined. Listening to Jerry, the two Mikes, Nancy, the two Lindas and other Y.I.P. members, I began to get another view of KSU students. Their opinion wasn't over-optimistic or given any revolutionary hype and I think they've had this question very much on their minds. They felt that the May 4 killings increased student alienation from the established order and that this could be the first step towards politicalization and that the average student now recognized the validity (no matter how he sides) of the ROTC question and that protesting the war is a real and even courageous thing to do. The Yippies felt that black and white radical co-operation had greatly increased since the killings, that white leftists now saw themselves in the black position and that the blacks were shocked out of some of their nationalism towards a better class analysis of oppression. Though everyone admitted that the mass of students still don't make a strong connection between repression of white radicals and exploitation of third world peoples. KSU activity in the form of legal protest through regular channels is increasing greatly. This is bound to lead to politically enlightening frustration. Interest in non-violent civil disobedience is very much on the rise. There's a newsletter ("The Phoenix") concerned exclusively with non-violent protest which comes out of an old-fashioned type peace and good vibes organization called Life Center. The radicals feel that the Life Center people are pretty much wet fish. Actually they were nice and almost painfully sincere. But, yeah, they were wet fish and looked entirely too likely to swallow the administration's peace and quiet line. Radicals, conservatives and liberals alike agreed that the interest in civil disobedience is all talk and no action and that most anti-establishment KSU students are "passive pacifists." But, most important, the sub-culture thing is spreading with the steady unalterable expansion that only peer group pressure can create and as it spreads, political consciousness is only one step behind.

THE VANGUARD

The radical left is healthy and in good spirits

(Continued on Page 23)

clip & mail

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED
TO ATTEND THE
1ST "INTERNATIONAL VISIT
KENT OHIO DAY"
MAY 9, 1971

R.S.V.P. THANK YOU, I WILL BE ABLE TO ATTEND
 UNFORTUNATELY I'M TIED UP, BUT I'LL SEND ALL MY FRIENDS AND RELATIVES
 I WILL BE FIGHTING IN THE HILLS OF UPSTATE NEW YORK AT THIS TIME

PLEASE RETURN TO Y.I.P. OFFICE,
STUDENT ACTIVITIES CENTER,
KENT STATE UNIVERSITY, KENT, OHIO
44290

FASCIST FOLLIES 24rd WK.

conflicting squeals of agent white

by JACKIE FRIEDRICH

Wed. Feb. 10
 After the bombing of the 25th precinct on November 11, 1968, on Nov. 12 agent White reported a conversation he heard between Sekou (Nathaniel Burns) and Mshina (Thomas Berry). In his direct testimony White said that this conversation had to do with a building on 126th street, the very street which housed the 25th precinct, but under cross examination, he did not recall a particular street having been mentioned nor did he hear any talk of explosives or of the planting of bombs in that alleged conversation. When talking to his superiors at BOSS about the conversation, White said he ASSUMED they were talking about the bombing. He said that he did not recall hearing about a bombing in Queens done by a group of kids that took place on the same night as the bombing of the 25th precinct, and denied that he was trying to implicate that the Panthers were responsible for the bombings by using his own assumptions to interpret meaningless conversations he had overheard.

Tues. Feb. 15
 Court had hardly begun when under cross examination, agent White asked us all to believe that he joined the police to "help" people as he had grown up in Harlem and realized that things were hard for black people.

In April 1968 he was sent out to direct traffic after Martin Luther King's assassination and admitted to being afraid that someone might have seen him doing that and blow his BP cover. He expressed this fear to his BOSS superiors, however their response to it was not always to his satisfaction.

White said that he received his assignment to infiltrate the BPP after having met a street hawker of the BPP paper who told him about the party. White reported this incident and was told to infiltrate and to look for a cover apartment. In the following weeks he spoke to BOSS officials who instructed him on what to do and who in particular to watch for. (There was no BPP chapter in NYC at that time.) White said he was not really curious about why he was assigned to this, he was just doing his job.

He had been told that some of the

individuals he was to report on were "dangerous" and said he came to believe they were after he heard them talking about catching pigs and icing them, but admitted he never saw a Panther do that. Another "dangerous" thing about the Panthers, White said, was that they spoke about guns. He admitted that none of this was rare talk in the black communities.

White said that he experienced fear resulting from the conversations taking place in BPP meetings at Long Island University in June 1968, although the talk, he admitted, was no different than talk at Black Mulsim street rallies which have been going on for some ten years.

When previously asked if the original name of the BPP was the BPP for Self-Defense, White said he didn't know. However, he now admitted that he had an I.D. card saying BPP for Self-Defense.

Many of the reports not mentioned by Phillips contained conversations White had had with the defendants concerning community work. Murtagh later ruled that these reports were "irrelevant" but a couple of July 68 conversations did come out concerning Lumumba having spoken to White about an addict rehabilitation program and getting some time on WWRL to state his position. Lumumba did not mention bombs.

White, who was one of the first "members" of the N.Y. BPP and who opened the Harlem office, said that if he had advocated killing police, it was only to protect his cover.

July 68 was the time of a rent strike in Lumumba's building in which White took part. No talk of bombs or guns there, but White did pick up a pipe or a stick for a weapon. Contradictory testimony at times had Lumumba reading a press release about the strike and other times had Bill Hampton reading it. White now insists it was Lumumba. But then Bill Hampton is not on trial here.

White reported that on July 25 there was a discussion of the Model Cities program and that later that day he made a speech for the party as he was "trusted" politically. On Aug. 1 there was a meeting discussing a drug program, supporting the Model City program, and recruiting people. White doesn't recall whether or not he recruited anyone, although he told people that he had. Recruiting is against BOSS rules, so White said that

he was lying when he told people he had brought people to the party.

When D.A. Phillips asked White about a meeting at Long Island University on Aug. 3, White testified that Jourdan Ford spoke of a shoot-out in Brooklyn involving police. What White neglected to say at that time was that Ford said the police were blaming the Panthers for the shoot out but the BPP had nothing to do with it.

On Aug. 6 there was a meeting in which there was a discussion about White representing the party at a Cultural Festival at I.S. 48 on Aug. 25. White did MC that festival wearing the Panther uniform.

On Aug. 9 White spoke to the

they saw a stray pig they would deal with him. White now admitted that that was not said as a statement, rather as a question and that Lumumba was testing White as he had been and was to continue doing all weekend.

White went to a decent housing rally on Aug. 21. Lumumba spoke, talking not of bombs and killing police, but of decent housing.

In August 68 White was in a responsible position at the BPP as section leader of the Bronx chapter, whose functions were to organize, to bring the Panther program into the community and to teach T.E. (weapons) which White said he tried to do without recruiting anyone. However people often asked him about the party and White was wont to not only giving the address, but telling people to ask for him. White said he got to be section leader by working hard, selling papers, making posters and doing work in the community. There were about 200 party members at the time and ten section leaders. Among those in White's section were Ali Bey Hassan

in White's original report was that Lumumba said they would form a TCB squad. White admitted that TCB can mean many things and is a common expression.

Wed. Feb. 17
 White said that he used to tell people in the BPP that he used to mug people to make money as part of his cover story and the agent seemed to think nothing of taking short vacations from his infiltration activities, obviously not of the mind that in his absence the Panthers would pull off some of those "criminal activities" he had been sent in to report on.

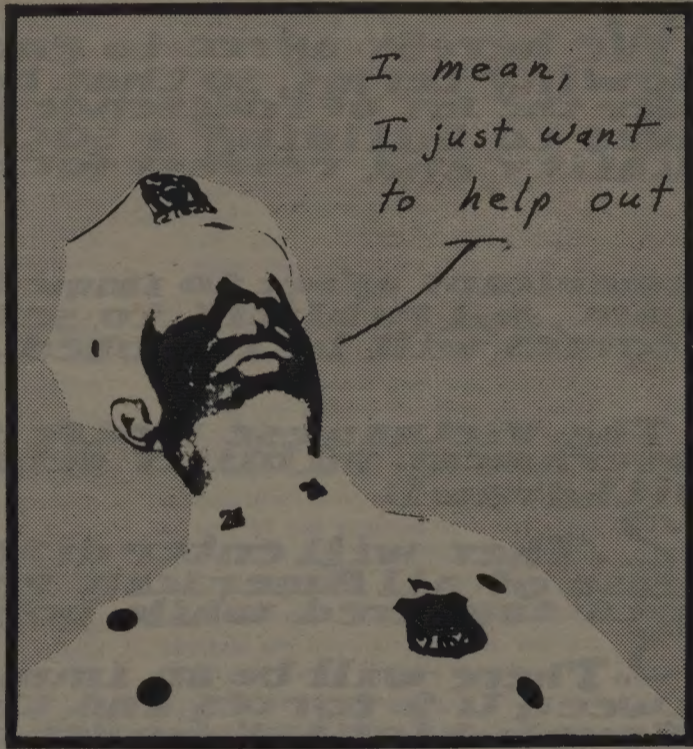
On Sept. 19 White went to see "The Battle of Algiers" and under cross examination said that he did not remember seeing any Panthers in the audience at that time. Before the Grand Jury, however, White said that there were about 30 Panthers in the audience including Lumumba, so when confronted with that contradiction White said that there were other members of the BPP there, but he could not recall their names and he could not remember if Lumumba was there or not.

White did not remember Lumumba having said that the BPP should relate to the average black citizen and Murtagh would not allow the defense to ask questions about the BPP housing, drugs and community programs.

White had reported that Lumumba told him that he had brought back some dynamite from California sometime in November. Didn't Lumumba say that he brought back some dynamite shit from California? White said, no, dynamite, but he admitted that he never saw it. White then admits it was possible that he went away on a "vacation" from Nov. 9-11 (the night of the bombing of the 25th precinct) because he had no reports for those dates. Then on Nov. 13 he reported to his BOSS superiors that Lumumba had come to work at 9:30 the day of the bombing, which White deemed unusual. White admitted that he often came to work later than 9:30, so he would really have no idea whether or not that was an unusual time for Lumumba to appear.

When Bob Bloom tried to question White further about the difference between "dynamite" and "dynamite shit," Murtagh accused him of trying to intimidate the witness.

White said that he had found newspaper clippings about the bombing of the 25th precinct which took place on Nov. 11 in Lumumba's desk - on Nov. 27. But on the beginning of his report that day (Nov. 27) White reported that nothing of interest had happened - it wasn't until the end of that report that White mentioned the clippings, but White insisted that he had not added that portion after BOSS gave him the clippings, but had found them in Lumumba's desk.



Bronx Action Group on the behalf of the BPP, telling people he was proud to be black and proud to be representing the BPP and that the BPP was working for the black community.

When asked if he had rolled the joints on the Aug. 17-19 trip to Baltimore, White said that he didn't know how to roll joints then, but later was taught how to by party members. He said the first time he had ever turned on was on July 11, 1968.

White had previously testified that on a walk in Baltimore with

and Richard Harris (co-defendant).

White testified that on Aug. 29 Lumumba said they would set up a TCB squad to Take care of Business; harass and control pigs and put bombs in garbage cans outside of precincts, to which Dharuba replied that when the pigs vamp on the BPP, they would vamp back. And Sekou allegedly said that the brothers should get out on the street and the sisters should get ready to do the same. Then both Lumumba and Sekou were to have said that all the brothers should have guns. After this whole spiel, the only thing appearing

by C.Z. Michael

Talk about future shock. This past fortnight has been filled with such shocking informational input, that in another time each would be monumental, but today it's just the news.

From Algeria - Tim and Eldridge, From Detroit - The Winter Soldier investigation, From Indo-China - The Invasion of Laos, and of course from outer space...

With the first news of the revolutionary "bust" we had no choice but to be confused. This confusion was justified. Was Eldridge right about acid?

good germans by default

Was Tim right in his life-style in Africa? Were we right in our ignorance?

Whatever the historical significance of this revolutionary rift will be, is anyone's guess. But here, right now, in the belly of the whale, we were shocked. Shocked into examining our own positions and allegiances. What we found was a necessary step in our revolutionary education. We put sentiment aside and realized that Exiles are not relevant to us

who struggle on the homefront. We all try to understand the frustration of Tim and Eldridge, the frustration of being a million miles from home. We all extend our hope and prayer for their safety. We hope that they find success in communicating with our international brothers and sisters. But as far as influencing what we do on the frontlines, or how we conduct ourselves with weapons, be they explosives or acid, they

are too far removed.

Here at home we face a big danger in becoming too far removed within ourselves. With almost a total news boycott of the Winter Soldiers Investigation, the majority of the people in this country were spared the news of the testimonies of returned honorably discharged vets of the Indo-China War. Their testimony confirmed our most



A Joint Treaty of Peace

between the people of
The United States, South Vietnam & North Vietnam

Be it known that the American and Vietnamese People are not enemies. The war is carried out in the names of the People of the United States and South Vietnam but without our consent. It destroys the land and people of Vietnam. It drains America of its resources, its youth and its honor.

We hereby agree to end the war on the following terms, so that both peoples can live under the joy of independence and can devote themselves to building a society based on human equality and respect for the earth.

1. The Americans agree to immediate and total withdrawal from Vietnam, and publicly to set the date by which all American forces will be removed.

The Vietnamese pledge that as soon as the U.S. government publicly sets a date for total withdrawal:

2. They will enter discussions to secure the release of all American prisoners, including pilots captured while bombing North Vietnam.

3. There will be an immediate cease-fire between U.S. forces and those led by the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam.

4. They will enter discussions on the procedures to guarantee the safety of all withdrawing troops.

5. The Americans pledge to end the imposition of Thieu-Ky-Khiem on the people of South Vietnam in order to insure their right to self-determination and so that all political prisoners can be released.

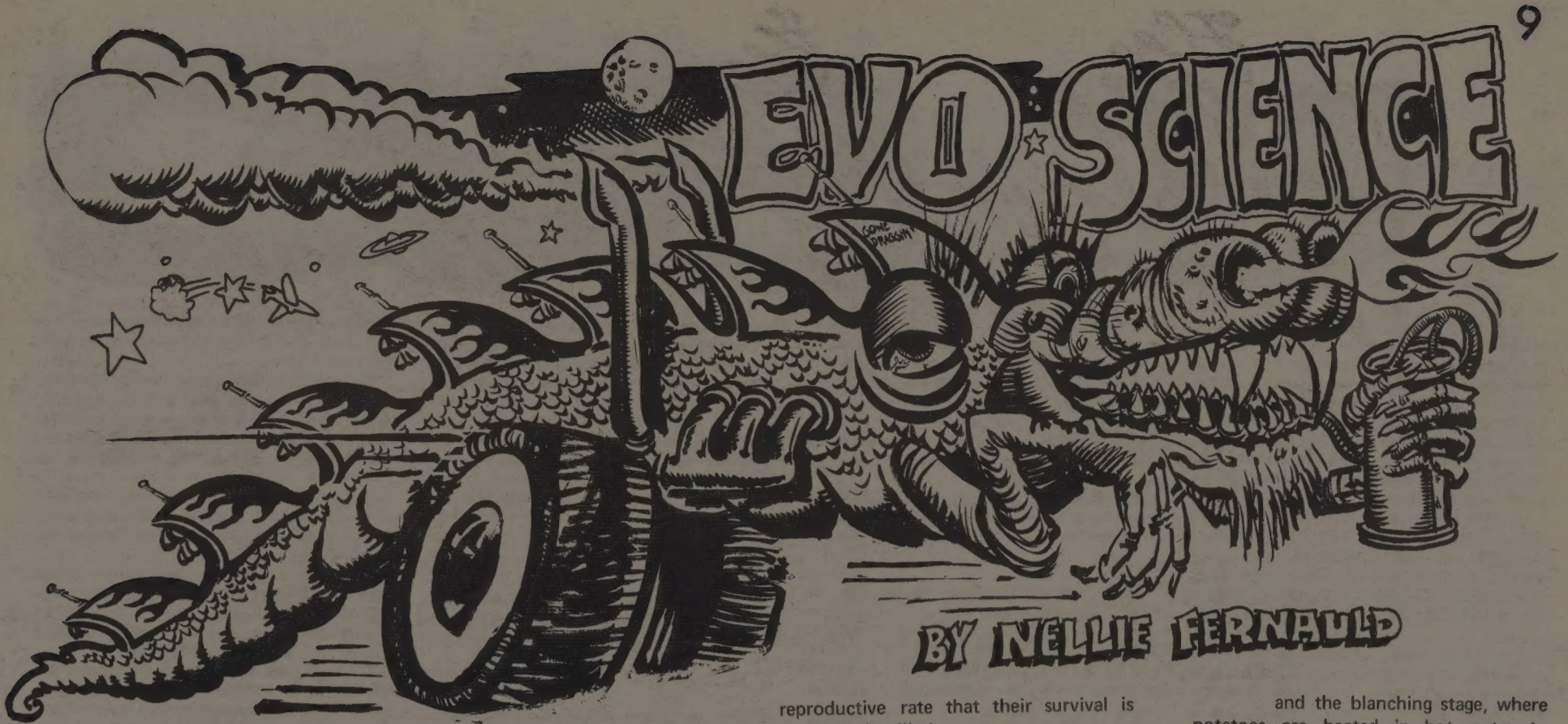
6. The Vietnamese pledge to form a provisional coalition government to organize democratic elections. All parties agree to respect the results of elections in which all South Vietnamese can participate freely without the presence of any foreign troops.

7. The South Vietnamese pledge to enter discussion of procedures to guarantee the safety and political freedom of those South Vietnamese who have collaborated with the U.S. or with the U.S.-supported regime.

8. The Americans and Vietnamese agree to respect the independence, peace and neutrality of Laos and Cambodia in accord with the 1954 and 1962 Geneva conventions and not to interfere in the internal affairs of these two countries.

9. Upon these points of agreement, we pledge to end the war and resolve all other questions in the spirit of self-determination and mutual respect for the independence and political freedom of the people of Vietnam and the United States.

By ratifying this agreement, we pledge to take whatever actions are appropriate to implement the terms of this joint treaty and to insure its acceptance by the government of the United States.



One of the major sufferers in the Southeast Asian war is the natural environment. For almost the first time in history, a war is being waged directly against the environment in a deliberate plan to destroy the enemy by affecting its habitat. This, in the minds of sane people, is inexcusable—partly because of the permanent nature of much of the damage and partly because of the inevitable suffering of civilian populations as a byproduct of habitat destruction.

The military maintains that its programs of defoliant spraying are largely to reduce the hiding places for the enemy. But a recent survey done by U.S. scientists reveals that the effects go far beyond this. For one thing, even a single spraying can kill off a significant portion of mature trees in the area, and repeated sprayings can kill the complete forest. Almost a fourth of Vietnam's forest cover has been sprayed more than once.

In the river deltas southeast of Saigon, the mangrove forests are especially susceptible. One spraying is enough. Some of the forests there may never recover and this will have a profound effect on wildlife. The survey also revealed that in the mountainous areas, chemical poisons are being used on so-called Vietcong cropland. Military sources report that Vietcong soldiers captured in the area show signs of malnutrition—but they don't say what

effect the poor harvest is having on the women, children and elderly civilians who also depend on these crops for their lives.

Another danger is that chemicals have a habit of drifting far from their points of application. Rubber plantations near target areas have suffered windblown defoliants—even though the military insist they never spray rubber plantations directly.

And there is also the danger of direct poisoning. Insect-eaters—birds and fish—have already shown a population decrease in sprayed areas—and the chemicals used in some parts of the country are identical to those carefully labelled "Caution: possibly dangerous to humans and animals."

In Cambodia, one of the battle casualties seems to be a rare wild cow, the kouprey—thought to be an ancestor to India's zebu cattle—and thus a valuable source of genetic improvements for the domestic breed. By 1964, the world's remaining kouprey population (about 200 animals) was in two or three Cambodian reserves. All of the reserve areas have been affected by the war, directly or indirectly, and it is now thought that if there are any survivors they are at large in the forest, subject to hunting by hungry civilians who now have arms for the first time in their history—and also subject to such a low

reproductive rate that their survival is considered unlikely.

It is an unnecessary, but sad, comment on war that the only animal so far to benefit from the madness in Southeast Asia is the tiger. It has learned to associate the sound of gunfire with the possibility of a meal of human flesh—the bodies of soldiers and civilians, killed in battle.

PLASTIC POTATOES

When you say plastic food, what do you mean? TV Dinners, Pizza, Hot Dogs, Hamburgers, any pre-processed, frozen, shrunk, petrified, salted stuff. And, heh, heh, french fries. It may not, therefore, surprise you to learn that they also create a Number One industrial waste problem.

It takes a million gallons of water to process seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds of raw potatoes in a day. This means, therefore, a million gallons of waste a day. Most plants which process frozen french fries and dehydrated potatoes are in rural locations, without municipal sewage facilities. People in the ecology and environment protection game are urging proper layout of drainage systems within these potato plants because various stages in the processing of frozen and pre-cooked french fries produce great pollution hazards.

Perhaps the worst stages are in the production, so from the pollution point of view, the peeling stage—where lye is used to remove the peel from the potato—

and the blanching stage, where potatoes are heated in hot water to improve their color and texture and cooking qualities—present the worst problems. At these stages the waste is usually stored in a pond which is technically called a lagoon. These lagoons tend to leak and the foul water from the potato waste tends to contaminate the ground water in the regions near the lagoon. This contamination can spread to people's wells and spoil their water supply. The smell is repulsive and people living anywhere in the area have this to contend with.

In the course of manufacture, an appreciable proportion of the processed potatoes are wasted and thus, one also gets a solid waste problem. There is a considerable amount of starch released during the processing, but this probably can be recovered and the water—once the starch is taken out—could probably be recycled and used again. In some factories, the waste starch is dried and sold.

Fat is THE big problem. Most of the plants have shown that they are releasing fatty muck into their waste water. They have got to stop doing this—the industrial incentive being they can probably save the fat and use it again, too.

Industry seldom thinks about cleaning up anything unless there is some salvage money in it.

TWO THREE MANY VIETNAMS



NIXON MASTERS CHE'S STRATEGY WITH LAOS INVASION

NEW YORK (LNS)

"WORST AIR TOLL IN WAR SINCE '67" blared the headlines, while Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese gunners sat back and blasted U.S. planes and helicopters out of the sky at a record rate. Military spokesmen in Saigon conceded that some 20 aircraft had been lost during the first five days of the U.S.-Saigon invasion of Laos, and pilots agreed that they'd never seen anything like it: "I've been flying for six months," one reported after bringing his bullet-riddled helicopter in for a safe landing, "took my first hit yesterday, and since then I've taken thirteen."

But it seemed clear as the days wore on that the worst toll in the operation for U.S. strategists was not going to be the millions of dollars worth of airplanes littering the floor of the Laotian jungle. Because the whole myth of "Vietnamization" was getting shot full of holes as well—and perhaps with it the "Nixon in '72" campaign that has yet to get off the ground.

Maybe it didn't hit people right away that the whole idea of this Laos invasion amounted to an admission that Vietnamization wasn't working. But it couldn't take long for people to see things that way when it came out that in order to pull off the operation the U.S. was actually bringing back to Vietnam some of the troops that had been withdrawn with great fanfare last year. And when

the U.S. pledged that no American ground troops were involved in the Laotian invasion, and a day or so later reporters for ABC and CBS stated that they had seen a helicopter set down to pick up casualties from the fighting in Laos—bodies in South Vietnamese uniforms hurriedly and secretly dragged out of the jungle, bodies that were not those of South Vietnamese soldiers, but of Americans.

These reports only confirmed a statement made several days earlier by Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, head of the NLF peace delegation in Paris, that U.S. infantry and armor were fighting inside Laos.

Finally the U.S. command began to come up with some semantic acrobatics to explain the situation, referring to "reconnaissance teams," and "special missions"—and of course veiling any further information behind a wall of security precautions.

Whatever the semantics, whatever the excuses, whether the bulk of the troops in Laos were South Vietnamese or American, plitudes about winding down the war sounded preposterous. Especially while South Vietnamese President Nguyen Cao Ky was urging heavy renewed bombing of the north, as well as "land operations"—i.e., an invasion of the north. Especially while ships of the seventh fleet were standing in off the southern part of the coast of North Vietnam, ready to shell the region or land troops in the event of fighting.

Maybe Ky was just being more honest about his intentions than Nixon. Certainly he was being more realistic. His proposals are the only logical conclusion of the whole "sanctuary" strategy that was tried in Cambodia last year and is now blundering into Laos. Nine months after the Cambodian invasion, about three-fourths of Cambodia is controlled by liberation forces (providing a bigger sanctuary than ever) and even as "allied" troops were plowing into Laos, the capital of Cambodia was coming under rocket fire from just outside the city limits.

In the same way, there is every indication that the Laos invasion will do little more than divert the course of the Ho Chi Minh trail supply route while Laos itself is dragged deeper into the war, and secured even extensively by the Lao liberation forces that already control three quarters of the territory.

(While the U.S. command reported light fighting in southern Laos, the Laotian government declared a state of emergency because of the deteriorating military situation around the royal capital of Luang Prabang.)

The light fighting reported in the south indicated that Lao liberation forces and North Vietnamese working on the Ho Chi Minh trail had had ample time to move out both their forces and supplies. And although Saigon reported capturing a major supply center at Tchepone, correspondents on the spot say that the town is still in Pathet Lao hands, with only the surrounding valley occupied by the invaders.

The Ho Chi Minh trail can move. And the South invaders who are trying to block its old path can be forced to move also. Already NLF guerrillas inside South Vietnam have begun to harass the operation severely with shellings of the base at Khe Sanh and heavy anti-aircraft fire.

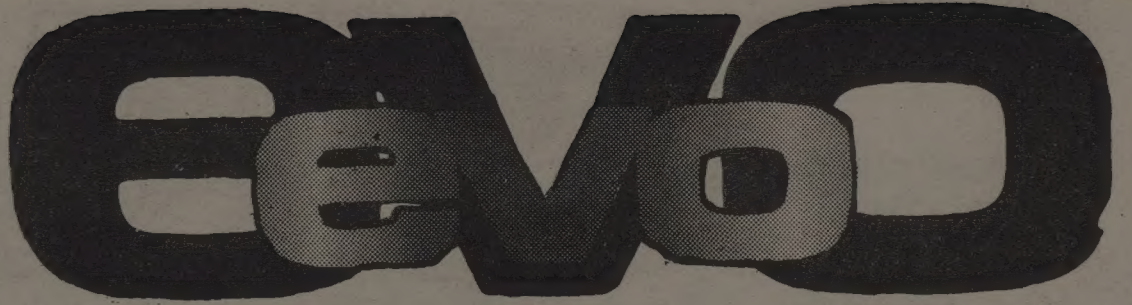
Ky talks about staying in Laos until May. But that will mean settling down for a long stay in an area that has been securely in guerrilla hands for many years and letting them wittle away at the invading force. No wonder Ky prefers the idea of pushing on into North Vietnam—after all, this may be his last chance to do it with heavy American support.

Yes, he may be more realistic in some ways than Nixon. Or maybe Nixon is just waiting to see if he can get away with it, with his own slippery brand of realism. Either way the whole thing is crazy. In the long run they stand only to lose by spreading their forces out thinner and thinner, across Indochina. Crazy is the only word for it.

It's up to us to do our best to prevent them from inflicting more of their lunacies on the people of Southeast Asia. This year the Spring offensive starts in February. And it doesn't end there before May First. And it doesn't end there either.

SPRING OFFENSIVE COMES EARLY

AS THOUSANDS AROUND THE COUNTRY
PROTEST LAOS INVASION:
A ROUND-UP



ALL AROUND AMERICA (LNS) — A media blackout clamped down on the ever-expanding Indochina war as thousands of U.S. troops thronged on the border of Laos. What everybody suspected however, was happening: a telegram from Mme. Binh, chief negotiator of South Vietnam's Provisional Revolutionary Government at the Paris Peace Talks, arrived in Ann Arbor during the People's Peace Treaty Conference Feb. 5-7:

ALERT YOU LAOS INVASION BY TENS OF THOUSANDS U.S.-SAIGON-THAI TROOPS. ACTION INTENSE U.S. AIR FORCE. EARNESTLY CALL YOU MOBILIZE PEACE FORCES YOUR COUNTRY. CHECK U.S. DANGEROUS VENTURES INDOCHINA.

Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh

The 3,000 people who had come to the conference to plan for spring anti-war activities responded by issuing an urgent call for nationwide demonstrations to kick off a renewed anti-war offensive while snow was still on the ground.

The call spread all over the country by word of mouth, by mimeographed leaflet, and by announcements scrawled on the sides of buildings. The media reluctantly buried blurbs on the expected demonstrations on their inner pages, while longer articles heralded the death of the anti-war movement.

Thousands of angry Americans spontaneously responded to both the news of Laos and the call for action: they turned out from Tucson, Ariz. to Minneapolis, Minn., Albuquerque, N.M. to Cleveland, Ohio, Springfield, Mass. to Albany, N.Y., in the streets, in high schools, and on the campuses that were shut down only last May over the same old war.

The following is a sampling of the larger actions that hit the country — a sign of what is to come as spring approaches:

NEW YORK — The electric news-sign that circles the Times Building in Times Square spelled out **DEMONSTRATORS PROTEST SOUTH VIETNAMESE INCURSION INTO LAOS IN MANY U.S. CITIES**, as three thousand anti-war marchers gathered for a rally in sub-freezing weather.

Carrying Pathet Lao flags (red and blue with a white circle in the center), the demonstrators made it clear that they were protesting a U.S. invasion of Laos, not just a South Vietnamese "incursion." After an hour of picketing around the Times Square military recruiting center, the crowd marched toward the NBC building, chanting "U.S. out of Laos now, Victory to the Pathet Lao!" and "Mme., Mme., Mme. Binh,

Pathet Lao is gonna win!"

NBC was chosen as a target for the marchers to protest the media black-out that attempted to hide the invasion from the American people. A delegation from the march went to meet with NBC officials to demand that the media not black out the anti-war movement too, and asked that they be allowed to read the People's Peace Treaty on the air. They were refused.

Generally peaceful, the march moved in a loop around downtown media corporation buildings — NBC, A.P., ABC and CBS. As the **DEMONSTRATORS PASSED NBC**, they found themselves next to the Radio City Music Hall backstage area. One flight up, ten members of the Rockettes, dressed in tights and spangles, leaned out the window. Marchers shouted up to them: "U.S. out of Laos! Free the Rockettes!"

The Rockettes answered with waves, V-signs, and a couple of clenched fists.

When the march finally broke up, with a short rally and a call for a national student strike, hundreds of people poured into a nearby subway station, and liberated the turnstiles, making a free get-away.

ANN ARBOR, Mich. — Even the Mayor of Ann Arbor and several city councilmen marched to city hall on a freezing afternoon

with 4,000 other demonstrators amidst a multitude of flags and banners to protest the invasion of Laos.

The day's activities were kicked off with a rally at the University of Michigan, site of the recent Peact Treaty conference which originally issued the call for mass demonstrations against the invasion. Members of the Ann Arbor community swelled the numbers all along the march route. As demonstrators marched through the business district, many businessmen stood outdoors and greeted the marchers.

While a permit had been granted only for the right side of the street, the chanting throngs spilled easily into the entire avenue, with no reaction from Ann Arbor police who stayed out of sight during the demonstration.

Once at City Hall, people climbed to the balcony and unrolled large colorful banners which criticized U.S. involvement in Indochina. One speaker told the cheering crowd that "this was a march of solidarity with the Vietnamese people." Another speaker announced that a telegram was being sent to Nixon and several congressmen expressing outrage against the expansion of the war, and demanding the total and immediate withdrawal of troops.

Later that evening, 250 people met in the student union and formulated a list of demands

D.Q.U.

INDIANS "CAPTURE" CALIFORNIA
ARMY POST; HOPE TO FOUND
DEGANAWIDAH-QUETZALCOATO U.

LIBERATION News Service

DAVIS, Calif. (LNS) — Only four Army guards stood on duty when a band of Indians — twenty women and six men — scaled a six-foot cyclone fence topped by barbed wire and took over the old Army Communications Center near the University of California at Davis.

The occupiers, including students at Davis and Alcatraz veterans, claimed the 640 acre post for use in development of an Indian cultural center and university. Treaties signed last century promise the return of unused U.S. government lands to the Indians, but so far only direct seizure has brought any results.

Soon after the takeover, the Indians began pitched a towering white teepee and set out a large table, benches, barbecue equipment, coffee urns and sleeping bags. They gathered around a charcoal fire and rapped with a young GI on guard duty.

"I saw these people," reported the GI, "and they said they were Indians. 'Are you for real?' I asked."

"They started laughing at me and said I was trespassing on their land."

"We're still laughing," said Reta, a Maidu Indian.

The Indians staged the takeover when a federal agency recommended that the army base go to the University of California for a primate and rice research center. Since the

FIVE POLITICAL COLLECTIVES RAIDED IN BERKELEY AREA

LIBERATION News Service

BERKELEY, Calif. (LNS) — FBI agents and police carried out raids on five political communes and collectives in the Berkeley area over a two-week period in early February. They claimed to be looking for Weathermen.

All the raids were different in some ways, but the general scenario was exemplified by the tactics used in the raid on the Berkeley Tribe.

The Tribe, a large Bay area underground, has been under constant surveillance — agents write down descriptions of all people entering and leaving the building, and many people have reported being followed.

The raid on the Tribe occurred at 7 a.m., a half hour after police had returned home from work. The police, accompanied by FBI agents, knocked on the door, then pushed their way in. They woke everyone up and herded them into

occupation, the University has dropped its claim to the land in order to avoid another struggle like People's Park.

Well before the take-over, the Indians had applied to the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare for acquisition of the old Army base. If they get the land, they have access to \$50,000 in OEO money to help finance the creation of Degawidah-Quetzalcoato (D-Q) University.

Says Mary Six, a spokeswoman for the Indians, explaining the need for D-Q University, "Education in California does nothing but reinforce non-Indian values. I have been both routes. I have gone four years to college and now I need this. We don't want to worry about legitimizing everything to the standards set by the white man."

one room. They collected IDs and confiscated address books, passports, birth certificates, pictures, fifty dollars, and a letter written by jailed Weatherwoman Judy Clark.

Before the raid, the invaders had already collected a lot of personal information about the people living in the house. They knew who was married to whom, where people went on vacations, where they went to school, etc. Police showed people pictures of Weathermen and asked if anyone had seen them.

Only one of the five houses raided was busted for drugs, though drugs were found at other houses too.

At a protest demonstration held Feb. 5 in front of the "secret" FBI headquarters, the raided collectives distributed a leaflet which pointed out that the purpose of the raids was to intimidate people engaged in general political work. The leaflet urged people to take the following precautions:

1. Doors with chain locks will enable you to see and speak to someone on the outside without their easy entrance. This will give you a few minutes while the pigs break down your door; this will make it clear that they are entering against your wishes.

2. It helps to be "clean" — remember, once the cops are in your house, uncovered and illegal guns make for unpleasant busts.

3. Brothers without draft cards can be busted, and many cops have been asking to see them.

4. Before busts happen, assemble the personal/political information needed to bail comrades out.

INDIAN'S CREATOR POINTS FINGER AT HOLLYWOOD: "THEY WANT SOMEONE WHO CAN'T EVEN SPEAK ENGLISH!"

LIBERATION News Service

HOLLYWOOD (LNS) — Hollywood's treatment of Indian actors is so bad it is even difficult these days for real Indians to get cast as Indians. So claims Jay Silverheels, better known as Tonto, of the Lone Ranger TV series.

Silverheels, a full-blooded Mohawk, started a workshop several years ago for aspiring young Indian actors and actresses, who want to receive training in writing, acting and dancing. But graduates of the workshop run into a brick wall out in Hollywood.

Producers refuse to cast Indians in part not specifically Indian because they "look like Indians." And yet when it comes to hiring people to play the parts of Indians, they often hire white people rather than Indians who do not fit Hollywood's rigid stereotypes.

"The producers say, 'I've got to go to the reservation to get an Indian! That's where the Indians are!'" reports Silverheels. "They want someone who can't even speak English."

"All the time you get this — 'you don't look like an Indian, you just can't be an Indian because you look like a person. This is the way it is. Yet white men can paint their faces and be cast for roles as Indians!'"



PEACE IS COMING

BECAUSE THE PEOPLE
ARE MAKING THE PEACE":
3,000 ATTEND PEACE TREATY
CONFERENCE

LIBERATION News Service

ANN ARBOR, Mich. (LNS) — The anti-war movement is not dead. Three thousand people coming from as far off as Seattle and Maine braved freezing blizzards and hazardous highways to attend the Peace Treaty Conference for Students and Youth in Ann Arbor the weekend of Feb. 5-7. The three days of plenaries, workshops, caucuses and regional meetings served as one long planning session for a renewed anti-war offensive while in Vietnam, thousands of American troops massed on the border of Laos.

The opening plenary defined both the serious spirit of the conference and its basic issues: the ratification and implementation of the People's Peace Treaty, and the organization of May actions. Speakers stressed the urgency of the situation in Indochina as the dry season approaches. The general sentiment at the podium and in the audience was that only massive numbers of American people in solidarity with the Vietnamese will be able to prevent Nixon from making a last desperate drive for military victory before the '72 elections.

Standing before a huge banner reading "Peace is coming, because the people are making the peace," John Froines read a message from Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins

that stressed the need for all Americans to become involved: "No heroes, no rhetoric," urged Ericka, "but whole families of people, female, make, gay, everybody."

"I extend to you my most affectionate and friendly greetings," began the tape from Mme. Binh, negotiator for the PRG in Paris, that heightened the seriousness of the opening meeting:

"Standing amidst tear gas and braving the threat of being jailed in 'tiger cages,' South Vietnamese youths and students have been singing at the top of their voices: 'Not to be slaves, even for one day! Not to be slaves, even for one hour!'"

"We think that like us Vietnamese, the American people are the victims of this war. American youths and students revolt at injustice just like youths and students in South Vietnam or anywhere else in the world."

"Youths (in both Vietnam and the US) now wish to coordinate their actions, to be the motive force in the fight of our two peoples, compelling the Pentagon to put an end to all the suffering of our peoples... Let us overcome the explosions of bombs and shells with our voices..."

Mme. Binh urged the crowd to demand that Nixon implement the PRG peace plan which calls for the withdrawal of all GIs by June 30, 1971.

"There are one thousand bombing sorties every day in South Vietnam," a member of the recent NSA delegation to Hanoi told the plenary, "and the chance of a deformed baby being born in areas heavily sprayed with defoliants is six times greater than after Hiroshima." As he spoke, TV cameras and spotlights focused on his face and on the young, white audience, many of whom wore buttons that read "The War Ends in May." The speaker had travelled to Vietnam with other student body presidents to sign the peace treaty with Vietnamese students.

In a lighter vein, he recalled a boat-ride across the clear and sparkling waters of a Vietnamese bay studded with mountain-islands including the rugged cliffs where the Vietnamese people had once defeated Genghis Khan. One of his hosts, the composer of the Vietnamese national anthem, popped a cassette out of his pocket. The music that suddenly burst forth turned out to be no other than Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits and Volunteers of America.

Cynthia Frederick — a journalist — who supports Asian revolution — spoke of the meeting she recently attended in Saigon which led to her immediate expulsion from Vietnam. Diverse groups had come together to form the Popular Front for the Defense of Life and the Saigon authorities want to make sure such events go unreported.

NEWS

to present to the University, around the issues of ROTC, war research, recruiters on campus and child care. They also demanded that the university make facilities (like radio stations) available to publicize anti-war activities.

The group resolved that if these demands were not immediately attended to the administrative functions of the U. would be shut down Monday, Feb. 15.

CHICAGO — Three ministers, a housewife with her young daughter and a refugee from Auschwitz were among the 30 people who were able to crowd into the offices of Illinois' Senators Percy and Stevenson before the police who ringed Illinois' federal building in Chicago, got wise to the infiltration and increased their guard. At the same time, five hundred students and working people rallied outside of the building to protest the U.S.-Saigon invasion of Laos and to demand that the senators return from Washington, D.C. to ratify the People's Peace Treaty.

Students from the University of Chicago, Roosevelt University and the Circle Campus of the University of Illinois had marched from campus rallies in the late afternoon to join the crowd at the federal building. While a guerrilla theater troupe performed an anti-war play, federal marchers started to drag out the thirty

people occupying the senators' offices. When people in the crowd asked television reporters why they weren't covering the eviction or interviewing any of the demonstrators, they refused to comment or muttered that they "just weren't interested."

EVANSTON, Ill. — A Northwestern University war crimes tribunal charged Nixon with "the demonic maniacal slaughter of tens of thousands of innocent citizens."

Hundreds of students watched and heard the testimony of prosecution witnesses: a Laotian peasant, a U.S. soldier, a journalist and the wife of a P.O.W. The crowd cheered as an effigy of Nixon went up in flames as the witnesses proclaimed, "His incendiary action has prompted our incendiary sentiment and for his unabsolvable crimes we commit him to symbolic incandiation."

BOSTON — Four thousand people rallied on Boston Common in the heart of old Boston, following three feeder marches from Boston University, Cambridge, and Northeastern University.

The march was organized by women and speeches written collectively were delivered by women who were not media stars. The speeches

stressed the fact that the demonstration was only the beginning of a spring offensive against the war and demanded ratification of the peace treaty.

A guerrilla theater troupe wearing white death masks and long black robes and carrying a huge paper mache black vulture performed under the shiny gold dome of Boston's State House.

After the rally, three thousand people regrouped for another rally near Copley Square and a march around Boston University.

A few hours later, 300 people took off on a trashing action and broke bank windows. Fifteen were busted on charges of assault and battery with deadly weapons.

BALTIMORE — A crowd of three hundred people marched and ran through downtown Baltimore, breaking windows of banks, a gas and electric company and other corporations.

The action followed a rally protesting the invasion of Laos.

The militant demonstration took the police by surprise. Their brutal response shocked bystanders. Twenty-three people, including six women, were busted. The heaviest charges — attempted murder — fell on two men.

Lesser charges were, assault and disorderly conduct.

Bail for the attempted murder charges was set at \$8,500, for assault at \$1,000.

The Baltimore police had one saving grace — gallantry. One cop thought he was beating a man. When he discovered the "man" was a woman, he stopped and apologized to her.

Six police were hospitalized before the day was over.

PORTLAND, Ore. — Several hundred people, led and organized by Portland women, marched from Portland State to a rally at Women's Park, which sits next to Portland's courthouse.

In the Park, women performed a "flippie" theater demonstration, flipping a series of colorful posters over while several people narrated a story about the invasion of Laos.

After the rally, demonstrators marched without opposition through downtown Portland.

SEATTLE, Wash. — Speakers from Women's Liberation and the Chicano movement addressed two thousand people at a noon rally on the University of Washington campus. The rally served mainly as a teach-in on the Indochina war.

That night at eight o'clock, people gathered at the University to talk about actions, moving to the ROTC building, which they intended to take and convert into a day-care center. Campus police quickly ushered people out of the building, busting one demonstrator.

People then visited campus dorms, talking about the peace treaty and asking people to join them in an action against ROTC. Then they moved down the main street of the campus, marching and chanting.

When they stopped to do a circle dance, plainclothes police who had been sitting in darkened prow cars, moved in and slapped hand-cuffs on several unsuspecting dancers. Nine arrests were made in all.

Dissatisfied with that evening's protest, Seattle people called a noon rally for the following day.

KENT, Ohio — Five hundred people who had happily occupied the student union during the day to discuss the invasion of Laos were just sitting down for a teach-in when police entered to arrest three people for defacing the American flag during an anti-war demonstration a week earlier.

John Froines from the Conspiracy 7, Nancy Kurshan and two members of the Seattle 8 Conspiracy were all on campus for the scheduled teach-in. After the arrests, students marched through dorms picking up supporters and then on to the president's house to present him with an ultimatum to come out and meet with us by the end of the week or face the consequences.

When the three charged with defacing the flag were arraigned the next morning, 75 supporters unfurled an NLF flag in the courtroom — the same flag that had flown high over the school six days earlier, when 2,000 Kent students had defied a ban on campus demonstrations to protest the war.

WASHINGTON, D.C. — An NLF flag visible from the windows of the White House flew from the top of a statue in Lafayette Park, Wednesday night, and two thousand people marched on the White House to protest the invasion of Laos.

Guerrilla theater performers dramatized the U.S. role in Southeast Asia and small groups of demonstrators made forays into the street, leafletted drivers and disrupted the flow of traffic.

BERKELEY, Calif. — Berkeley police fired wooden pellets from their new stun-gun "anti-riot" equipment into a crowd of several thousand angry demonstrators, as they thronged outside the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) which stands on the edge of the Berkeley campus. Demonstrators overturned an AEC car and set it on fire.

The battle followed a rally where speakers demanded ratification of the people's peace treaty and an end to the war.

Five policemen and an unknown number of demonstrators were treated for injuries as the night wore on.

with their signs on the icy roads, the press disappeared, and the campus slowly emptied of people taking home with them news of the People's Peace Treaty.

For more info, contact the People's Peace Treaty Office, P.O. Box 203, Old Chelsea Station, NY, NY 10001. Or call [212] 924-2469.

PEACE CORPS PEACE PIPES GO UP IN SMOKE: INDIANS FLEE "RACISM, BUNGLING AND IGNORANCE"

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — Peace Pipe I and Peace Pipe II — two Peace Corps projects designed to send North American Indians overseas — have ended in wholesale resignations, firings, and attempts by officials to cover up the fiasco.

Peace Pipe I lost 90% of its trainees before it crashed into the ground. "Peace Pipe seems like an effort to make us nice little WASPs so that

we can fit in," summed up one of the program's disgruntled victims. The Peace Corps decided to start over from scratch, avoiding the blunders of Peace Pipe I.

So Peace Pipe II lost four of its thirty-three trainees during preliminary training in Puerto Rico, six during advanced training in California, and ten more once they arrived in Colombia on assignment. By the end of the first year, only four were left.

The official peace corps evaluation charges the program's administrators with "racism, bungling, bureaucratic deafness and sheer ignorance."

According to the report, Peace Pipe II provided the Indians with poor preparation for Colombia, lied to them about assignments, and gave them such miserable medical care that many were ill for weeks with diarrhea, chills, cramps and fever:

"Anyone who doubts there was racism can look at what the Peace Corps did to help the two Indians who had draft problems: nothing at all... while everyone was killing themselves for some of the white trainees."

The Peace Corps is so embarrassed that the formal evaluation of the projects has been classified Confidential.

fable

by Vincent Titus
typed up by

Consolidated Amalgamated Fable Typers
Inc. "A fable in every chicken"

Once a bird found a rock and
sat on it for twenty years
He kept it warm and nice but it didn't hatch
MORAL: Such perseverance for nothing

Typers Note: Fucking air pollution
is putting strange matern
al instincts in birds of male
gender. He who fouls his own
nest etc. And who is next?

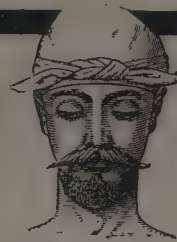
hi Mom!

news poem

A LIFE'S POEMS GONE

Laura Humphreys had been writing poetry since she was a teenager and as she turned 60 it was about all she had left. She once had a family. But her only child died at the age of 9 of muscular dystrophy. Then a few years ago her husband died leaving her alone and somewhat of a recluse to her neighbors in Flushing... "She said she called after them, "Take everything but leave the books" ... Today Mrs. Humphreys asked for the public's help in finding the manuscripts, "worthless to the thieves" but containing the only copies of hundreds of her poems... "An ordinary person, he might just throw them away and she'll never see them again. She hasn't really got anything. Her poems, they're her life."

NEW YORK POST February 1971



dont put your faith in money
dont put your faith in looks
dont put your faith in family
& dont put your faith in books

dont put all your eggs in one bastard
dont trust one god, beware of crooks
beware of dew beware of rust
beware the banker at Bankers Trust

beware beware
look behind
look in front
dont loose your mind

all things are full of bleariness
men cannot other it
vanity of vanities layeth the teacher
fuckings for youn 'uns brayeth the preacher

o round we come to where we start
pick a song, pick a part
gather ye rosethorns while ye may
for joy must come another day

Tuli Kupferberg

After briefly outlining the history of recent aggression against the Vietnamese people beginning with the French in 1950 up to the newest refinements of the Nixon Doctrine, Cynthia concluded: "We are POW's in our own country. Stop the war, we want to come home."

The plenary then heard from two Vietnam vets who had recently testified at the Winter Soldier tribunal in Detroit. A Winter Soldier is the opposite of a Sunshine Patriot — Thoreau's term for a fighter who deserts the cause when the going gets rough. At the Detroit tribunal, 150 Winter Soldiers had given their personal testimony on atrocities they had observed and committed while they fought in Vietnam. The two Winter Soldiers who had come up to Ann Arbor communicated a dramatic sense of accelerating militancy and urgency in the GI movement.

"I cut off the head of a Vietnamese person and held it up for a photograph," an ex-Marine lieutenant told the plenary. His long hair and mustache did not hide the agonized, burning look on his face. His face quivered and his fists clenched and unclenched as he spoke. "I was filled with guilt. I wanted to cry. I wanted to go insane. Hundreds of guys said what they'd done [during the tribunal]. And I cried. I had done the same thing."

"It wasn't me alone who'd gone insane in Vietnam."

He told of the first Vietnamese he had killed in Vietnam. His victim was a lieutenant, too. He had found a letter on the body addressed to the dead man's wife and children.

"We are all veterans of this war," he said quietly. "We're not going to stop because there's snow on the ground. They are dying because we're not doing anything!"

The two Vets told a stunned and emotional plenary that GIs were going to march on Washington to stop the war if other people followed them or not. The two then embraced each other as GIs had done several days earlier at the Winter Soldier tribunal, warmly and firmly.

"The U.S. government sent me to die in Vietnam," one of them concluded. "I cheated the hell out of them because I came back!"

The vets then played a tape recording of a ceremony between Vietnamese living in Canada and 50 GIs who had travelled from the Winter Soldier conference in Detroit to meet them and jointly sign a peace treaty. On the tape, you can hear GIs laughing, and the warm voice of a Vietnamese man: "We hope that peace will one day come to Vietnam. We hope that peace will one day come to the States. We hope that peace will one day come to the world." The last voice on the tape was that of a GI: "We did it, we signed a peace treaty with the Vietnamese!" and the sound of weeping could be heard amid laughter.



SEVEN REVOLUTIONARY POEMS

by Diane di Prima

I have just realized that the stakes are myself
I have no other
ransom money, nothing to break or barter but my life .
my spirit measured out, in bits, spread over
the roulette table, I recoup what I can
nothing else to shove under the nose of the maitre de jeu
nothing to thrust out the window, no white flag
this flesh all I have to offer, to make the play with
the immediate head, what it comes up with, my move
as we slither over this go board, stepping always
(we hope) between the lines

can you
own land, can you
own house, own rights
to another's labor (stocks, or factories
or money, loaned at interest)
what about -
the yield of same, crops, autos
airplanes dropping bombs, can you
own real estate, so others
pay you rent? to whom
does the water belong, as it gets rarer?
the american indians say that a man
can own no more than he can carry away
on his horse.

(for the Poor People's Campaign)

if what you want is jobs
for everyone, you are still the enemy,
you have not thought thru, clearly
what that means

if what you want is housing
industry
(G.E. on the Navaho
reservation)
a car for everyone, garage, refrigerator,
TV, more plumbing, scientific
freeways, you are still
the enemy, you have chosen
to sacrifice the planet for a few years of some
science fiction utopia, if what you want

still is, or can be, schools
where all our kids are pushed into one shape, are taught
it's better to be "American" than black
or Indian or Jap or PR, where Dick
and Jane become and are the dream, do
you look like Dick's father, don't you think your kid
secretly wishes you did

if what you want
is clinics where the AMA
can feed pills to keep you weak or sterile
shoot germs into your kids, while Mercke & Co
grows richer

if you want
free psychiatric help for everyone
so that the shrinks
pimps for decadence, can make
it flower for us, if you want
if you still want a piece
a small piece of suburbia, green lawn
laid down by the square foot
color TV, whose radiant energy
kills brain cells, whose subliminal ads
brainwash your children, have taken over
your dreams

degrees from universities which are nothing
more than slum landlords, festering sinks
of lies, so you too can go forth
and lie toothers on some greeny campus

THEN YOU ARE STILL
THE ENEMY, you are selling
yourself short, remember
you can have what you ask for, ask for
everything

When you seize Columbia, when you
seize Paris, take
the media, tell the people what you're doing
what you're up to and why and how you mean
to do it, how they can help, keep the news
coming steady, you have 70 years
of media conditioning to combat, it is a wall
you must get through somehow to reach
the instinctive man, who is struggling like a plant
for light, for air

When you seize a town, a campus, get hold of the power
stations, the water, the transportation,
forget to negotiate, forget how
to negotiate, don't wait for De Gaulle or Kirk
to abdicate, they won't, you are not
"demonstrating" you are fighting
a war, fight to win, don't wait for Johnson or
Humphrey or Rockefeller to agree to your terms
take what you need, "it's free
because it's yours"

The value of an individual life a credo they taught us
to instill fear, and inaction, "you only live once"
a fog in our eyes, we are
endless as the sea, not separate, we die
a million times a day, we are born
a million times a day, each breath life and death:
get up, put on your shoes, get
started, someone will finish

Tribe
an organism, one flesh, breathing joy as the stars
breathe destiny down on us, get
going, join hands, see to business, thousands of sons
will see to it when you fall, you will grow
a thousand times in the bellies of your sisters

Left to themselves people
grow their hair.
Left to themselves they
take off their shoes.
Left to themselves they make love
sleep easily
share blankets dope and children
they are not lazy or afraid
they plant seeds, they smile, they
speak to one another. The word
coming into its own: touch of love
on the brain, the ear.

We return with the sea, the tides
We return as often as leaves, as numerous
as grass, gentle, insistent, we remember
the way,
our babes toddle barefoot thru the cities of the universe

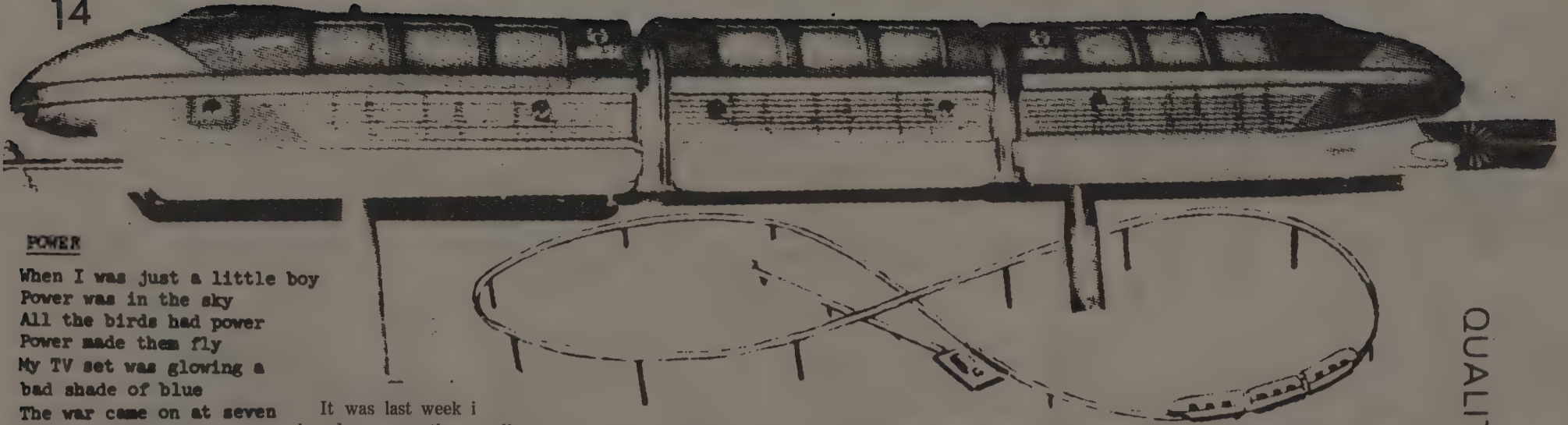
Everytime you pick the spot for a be-in
a demonstration, a march, a rally, you are choosing the ground
for a potential battle.
You are still calling these shots.
Pick your terrain with that in mind.
Remember the old gang rules:
stick to your neighborhood, don't let them lure you
to Central Park, everytime, I would hate
to stumble bloody out of that park to find help:
Central Park West, or Fifth Avenue, which would you
choose?

go to love-ins
with incense, flowers, food, and a plastic bag
with a damp cloth in it, for tear gas, wear no jewelry
wear clothes you can move in easily, wear no glasses
contact lenses
earrings for pierced ears are especially hazardous

try to be clear
in front, what you will do if it comes
to trouble
if you're going to try to split stay out of the center
don't stampepe or panic others
don't waver between active and passive resistance
know your limitations, bear contempt
neither for yourself, nor any of your brothers
NO ONE WAY WORKS, it will take all of us
shoving at the thing from all sides
to bring it down



Hefty Macdise



POWER

When I was just a little boy
 Power was in the sky
 All the birds had power
 Power made them fly
 My TV set was glowing a
 bad shade of blue

The war came on at seven It was last week i

I dreamt it was true heard em on the radio.

My father said to me, son Not your commercial station,

none of this is real but whai listener-supported-station

But I woke up next morning in nyc. They were talking about

To the sound of men and steel where they had been lately

Oh, father, father, father and what they did. Long

If you knew what was to be time fans will remember

There's violence in the streets ELEPHANTS

And the piece to make us free MEMORY

Now's the time to stop complaining from wild nights at

Seize the time is what we're saying the palm gardens

You gotta give us back our constitution with the group

Or else you're gonna get a revolution image and the

All power to the people. gratefull dead

all power to the people. and a whole bunch of other

all power to the people stars. Those were the days when

Take it to the streets people boogied it down in all

Rip off the bank sorts of ways.

" " " store They got with Buddah

" " " pig records a long time ago and

" " " war released 2 albums in their

" " " judge association with them. Both

" " " jail recorded in 1969, they were

" " " fee ELEPHANTS MEMORY and an

" " " mail album of sound track music

off the the bill which they rote for the movie

" " " tax Midnite Cowboy.

" " " shirt, right off your back They got kind of

" " " A screwed around a lot

" " " p being that they composed

" " " subway, make it free all the music and played

" your nose it too. They got hardly

" " " toes any money at all and very

" " " foes, off your pants, little credit on the screen.

" " the kid, off the true, The picture was a united

off the red, the white the blue artist release. another

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh (scream) company famous for

All power, all power not treating their

Give us power, all power artists

All power to the people (repeat six times) anyways.

Take it to the streets (repeat three times)

LIBERATION SPECIAL CHORUS:

I'm on a freedom special Liberation Special

Racing through the night Moving on through the night

Busting through the jailhouse Liberation Special

walls Calling you to fight

Watch my people fight Ad man steals our culture You can jump aboard

You can't see me running And sells it back to me We got room for you

I aint got no light I aint paying no money You can jump aboard

I'm carrying black powder To buy back what is free We got room for you

And a ton of dynamite

Tear gas makes my eyes run Time to make your mind up

But it don't make me cry Time to take a stand

The only thing that hurts me Time to come together

is to see my people die Power's in your hand

They got and told them that revolution wasn't selling in 1971 and dropped the album altogether, advertising at all.

On the album there are songs of street freak and love songs about young freethinking up vibed people. They (The band) are an accurate reflection of the vast FREAK SILENT MAJORITY.

Its been on the radio a little bit cause its got a good beat to if and you can tap your feet along with the melody but the words are something else. But the revolution isn't selling and the killing goes on. People are asleep but with music like this it wont be for long. They played up and down the coast and were greeted by wildly screaming audiences in Orlando, Florida of all places,

PIECE NOW

Come all my brothers, all my sisters
 Build a fire
 Come all my brothers, all my sisters
 Make it higher
 Dance all my brothers, all my sisters
 Come together
 Dance all my , all my sisters
 Through stormy weather
 Everybody thinks they've got the words
 to tell eachother 'bout solutions
 But words can't kindle fire for the
 people to inspire revolution
 Yeh, I say, Revolution
 Free all my brothers, all my sisters
 From their jails
 Free all my brothers, all my sisters
 Free their bails
 Try all my brothers, all my sisters
 To unify
 Try all my brothers, all my sisters
 To seize the time
 I said, seize the time
 Yes it's true, I said, me and you,
 we can do revolution
 it,s time to do revolution
 (repeat along with)
 Come all my brothers, all my sisters
 Revolu-lu-lu-lu-lu-lu-lu-lu-tion

The album is called
ELEPHANTS MEMORY,
TAKE IT
TO THE STREETS,
 Metro media records
 No.MD1035.

When they presented the finished product to the ceremonial of knocked their socks off. With liner noted from Rat newspaper and a cover foto of the band playing at May Day Free Bobby Seale rally in new haven.

The Boo at the record company werent pleased at all

and told them that revolution wasn't selling in 1971 and dropped the album altogether, advertising at all.

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waving their fists in the air in time with the music. It does something made the bells ring in the back of my mind. They went to take their music to the streets. Love songs for yuppies and dippies.

Their latest thing just released this week is a thing called SKY SCRAPER COMMANDO. Its the pick of the week in cash box for some strange reason its got a good rock and roll beat and you can dance to it. The birds are something else. You may not get to hear this on the radio at all, it speaks for itself.

Theyre going to be at the village gate from The 23 of this month till the 27th. They are a truly unique musical experience and listening to their music gives you a chance to redefine which side of the line youre on — Charlie Frick

SKYSCRAPER COMMANDO
 Sitting on a girder
 Hat painted yellow
 He's a beer-drinking,
 God-fearing American fellow
 He's at every parade
 Protecting his flag
 From peace-creeping hippies
 Who call it a rag
 High above the city
 Manning his station
 He's dropping his tools
 on the demonstration
 He hates the kids
 For screwing up the culture
 He calls his son
 A longhaired vulture
 Ya know what they call hii'n
 Do ya know his name?
 Skyscraper commando
 Don't you vamp on me
 Skyscraper commando
 Why don't you let me be?
 Skyscraper commando
 Why can't you see?
 Skyscraper commando
 I just wanna be free
 He says the freaks
 Are getting all the sex
 And buying dope
 With welfare checks
 But he don't know
 That, that freak he'd slaughter
 May turn out to be
 His teenage daughter

QUALITY QUANTITIES



42nd STREET by Honest Bob Singer

Collectors of documents of decadent America will know the niche of this item in our decline and fall: on May 8, 1970, three days after Kent State, a teenage girl of Detroit and three hippie friends were shot by the girl's father. Full account in *Sundance No.3*. The *Detroit Free Press*, a straight daily, editorialized, "People say that they might even have done what Garland did, if they had walked in on their daughter naked in bed asleep with a hippie, a black boy in another bed in the same room." The gods are a-thirst. Draw, stranger, I don't like your face.

This atmosphere is said to be one of meaningless violence but of course it is meaningless violence. It is the violence of fascism, the paranoid fit that seizes the populace of toppling capitalist states. Jules Feiffer's play *Little Murders*, now a movie directed by Alan Arkin, exhumes the bones of Amerikan dinosaur consciousness, diagnoses the psychoses of the scrofulous national soul (classic Feiffer analysis: sick, sick, sick), imputes it with impeccable sociology to the Breakdown of Institutions... I saw an infinitely more gripping film last week that traced our problems to the invasion of the body snatchers, it all comes down to the same thing... *Little Murders* is a very funny film about society and existence, the Big Jokes.

Alan Arkin has directed *Little Murders* with an emphatically theatrical (as opposed to cinematic) production style, in fact it visually resembled a souped-up tv situation comedy but since film art is big enough to embrace many opposing concepts thereof it is still a pleasure to see and also affords me the chance to be, along with P.J. O'Rourke and D.A. Latimer and Richard Watts, Mr., no theatre critic, almost as good as not being a vegetarian. Apart from Arkin's style and his own performance as the paranoid policeman are saturated with the maniacal desperation of his recent incarnation of Yossarian in *Catch-22* suggesting that lunacy has forsaken us rebels and decisively lodged with them reactionaries. So what is Bernadine Dohrn if not mellow?

Little Murders is about the Newquist family, happy souls whose television American hominess and humanity is all too clear beneath their burgeoning: they're quite real. The father, Carol ("Don't call me that! I hate that name!") But lots of famous men are named Carol—Caryl Chessman! That dates Feiffer) is a frantic facade of insecure bluster and middleaged fluster about the meaningless games that keep his life busy. Kenny, the idiot bastard son, woofing and rolling on the floor, he's the comedian of the family. Marjorie, the vague dreamy motherly mother. Patsy, the daughter, is a ferocious Feifferean invention, a bundle of 1950s

cheerleader's good spirits, dedicated to saving men by making them worship her, has "already reformed four fags," who meets Alfred (Elliot Gould), a blank, cadaverous photographer specializing in shit, who has become an apathist in response to a hostile world of muggers. He closes his eyes and they go away—it particularly annoys them if you hum while they're beating you up. When Patsy decides to marry him, make him love her and give him some fighting spirit, he brings a catalogue of contemporary institutional backfires to the Newquists, who are already living in the crossfire of power failures ("It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness" Marjorie says wistfully, uttering an epitaph for contemporary liberalism) and sudden unexplained murders. Alfred won't fight back, he doesn't see his parents, he doesn't want God in the wedding ceremony, which is finally performed by Donald Sutherland as pastor Dupas of the First Existential Church ("Christ dies for our sins—who would make that sacrifice meaningless by not committing them?"). After the wedding, Patsy is shot.

The Newquist universe plunges into paranoia. Kenny, whose moronic antics have been the displaced assertion of the masculine sex role his sister assumed, comes out of the closet and also the water closet.

Alfred starts to take pictures of news photographs, turning reality into abstract dots. Carol's last grip on institutional reality is shattered when a detective frantically explains that the 345 unsolved homicides including Patsy's have been a conspiracy to undermine faith in the police. The family winds up joining the snipers and Marjorie, the sanctity of motherhood upheld, comments "It's so nice to have my family laughing again. For a while I was really worried."

THE PROJECTIONIST: A COUNTER REVOLUTIONARY HAPPY ACID TRIP

by Rudi Stern

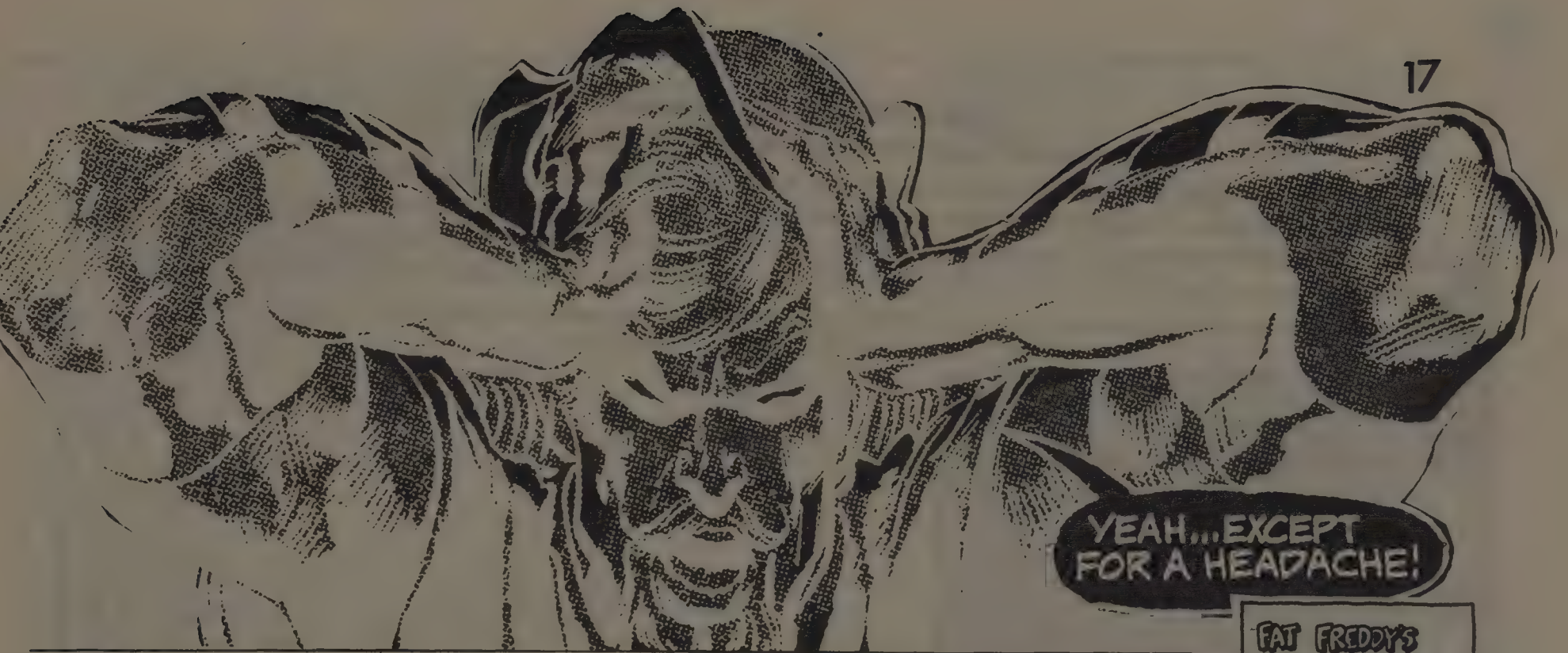
Feiffer's satire of law, religion, marriage, family, the bonds that hold American psychic life together in its untogether way, is relentless, incisive, inventive; his celebration of their collapse before finally manifesting themselves in their one essential form, senseless violence, though not so senseless to the revolutionaries who have bitten the dust from the bullets of the dirty bourgeoisie and vice versa as the situation will be in the future. *Little Murders*, sort of the inmates of the asylum of Charenton under the direction of the Marquis de Sade enacting *Love Story* is at the Beekman. A funny movie.

It's also effective to see these values in a pure form, the tragic effect of experiencing a great artist who believes in them. The idealism of Woodrow Wilson and first World War, Southern womanhood, the gentlemanly valor of the Ku Klux Klan and other long shot to hell American dreams had some of their tenderest moments in the films of D.W. Griffith. One of the great capitalist sentimentalists, he would put all his sentiments in capitals, Love, for instance, or Evil. His pleas for pacifism, like Richard Barthelmess as the Yellow Man in *Broken Blossoms*, bringing the message of the Buddha ("Do unto others as you would have them do unto you") to the West, are hopelessly fraught with nineteenth century paternalism and bourgeois individualism but are raised by Griffith's cinematic sense of narrative dynamism and the superb acting of lovely ladies like Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh to overwhelming dramatic art. Furthermore, Griffith's well-known racism is a great deal better intentioned than exploitive crap like *Cotton Comes to Harlem*. Both revivals (except some later pictures like *Dream Street*, *Abraham Lincoln* and *The Struggle*, really dull bummers) at the Elgin and the Bijou are worth checking out.

Remember words like *happy*, *funny*, *human*? In a time when pleasure and joy is suspect (often with good reason) and good acid trips seem counter-revolutionary, some people have put together a film in which beautifully carved daydreams transcend living nightmares. A Times Square union projectionist lives his job and through it lives all film, past, present, and future. What happens in his head as he changes his reels of common memory banks becomes your trip too. He's using your mind's theater to project them into. Chuck McCann is Captain Flash as he travels through psychedelic americana landscapes inhabited by weird visions of our culture's hallucinations. Primeval caves, kaleidoscopic orgies, Cecil B. DeMille Woodstocks of the mind, Bogarts, John Waynes, Errol Flynns on a kind of General Staff with battle scenes raging in a *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Indians, Arabs, Nazis, Bats, etc.... His mental "Coming Attractions" includes a fantastic "Terrible World of Tomorrow" with a Trans-Lux Saturday afternoon Kiddie Show crescendo of thundering cavalries into time.

The film was written, directed, produced, and acted in by Harry Hurwitz. Chuck McCann is the beautifully flipped-out projectionist. Rodney Dangerfield is the awesome theater manager/sargeant, the recurring demon in the Projectionist's life and head.

This Inner Space Odyssey cost \$160,000 and five years of hassles and great craftsmanship to make. See it before it becomes enshrined as a "classic" under the offending glass of "Great Films." If you can stand the guilt of laughing and the warmth of richly embroidered dreams, tune in on this beautiful trip.



"As moving as anything the cinema has discovered in years."

—London Times

"I was astounded that something so fresh, good and truthful was made at all. A remarkable film."

—New Statesman

"Extraordinarily successful, a triumph."

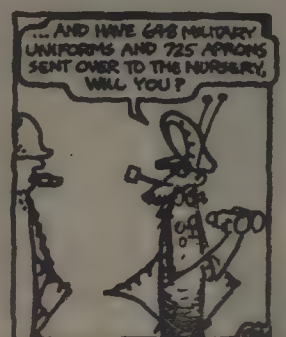
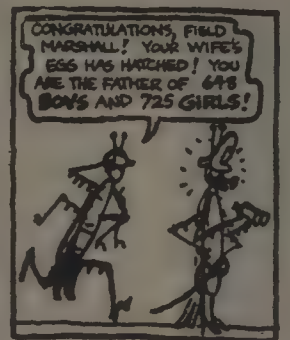
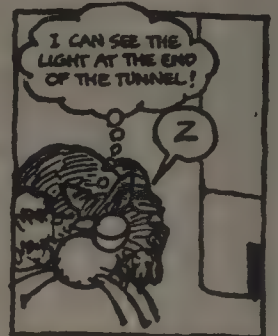
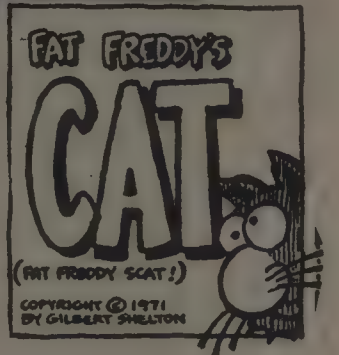
—Punch

"'Wanda' is so true it really hits you between the eyes."

—Sight and Sound

"Had Barbara Loden worked for a lifetime in the cinema, this would have been a remarkable achievement. As a first film it's little short of miraculous."

—London Observer



Barbara Loden's

wanda



Harry Shuster presents "Wanda", a film by Barbara Loden. Photographed and edited by Nicholas T. Proferes featuring Barbara Loden and Michael Higgins. Produced by Foundation for Filmmakers.

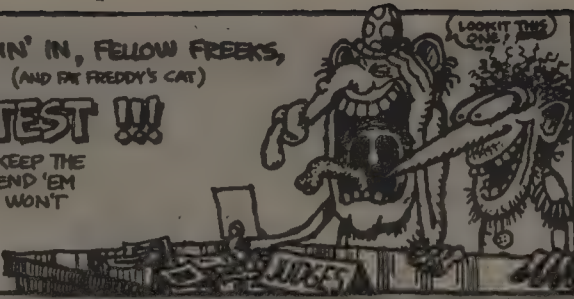
American Premiere Sunday at Cinema II

KEEP THOSE PICTURES COMIN' IN, FELLOW FREERS,
FOR THE BIG BIG FREAK BROTHERS (AND FAT FREDDY'S CAT)

LOOK-A-LIKE CONTEST !!!

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HEY UNDERGROUNDERS... THERE'S FINALLY A COMIC THAT DON'T CATER TO PANTIE-WASTES!!!

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PLEASE USE
SAFE
TONG LANGUAGE

SORRY!
ADULTS
ONLY!

Panther Open Letter

(Continued from Page 3)

action by the revolutionaries here in Babylon who are in complete solidarity with the third world revolutionaries. Information has to be distributed on ALL of the contradictions caused by the U.S. exploitation of the third world — but while we see that rallies and demonstrations on a mass level are a contribution — like keeping Nixon and company off the streets — at this point intensified mass demonstrations will serve a dual purpose and be much more functional only if they are used in coordination with armed action — military action. For instance — we know full well and feel and can relate to your frustration — like when we were in the Long Island City (Branch Queens) jail rebellion — we felt that the people outside could have supported us in the fullest revolutionary manner in two or three

simultaneous ways: 1) mass demonstrations at each of the prisons involved, 2) while the pigs — quite a large percentage — were surrounding the prisons — and if there had been mass demonstrations — more pigs to contain the demonstrations — while leaving the city vulnerable — in this case for five days — for some righteous urban guerilla military actions, and 3) if the chance occurred — to liberate the prisoners at any jail that the opportunity presented itself. Thus you see — the best tactics in revolution is in CONTINUOUS FRONTATION AND STRUGGLE.

As George Jackson states — “Every mass movement in history has been led by one person or a small group of people. Although everyone is born with a brain only a few choose to use it. The difference between successful and unsuccessful mass movements is in the people who lead them. Successful ones are led by persons gifted with a delicate balance of both mental and physical forcefulness. Brains are useless without the nervous equipment and muscle required to execute their orders.” So it is a necessity that you — when you deal with the mother country “youth community” — must take this new consciousness love and redirect it — so that it becomes revolutionary love — love to destroy the enemy — love to destroy a pig’s life to create a human life. So as you say — it is true — “People become revolutionaries in the schools, in the army, in prisons, in communes, and on the streets” — like Kent State showed what can happen in schools,

in the army — they can change sides or desert, you have seen about all that can be accomplished in prison, and on Wall street in May about on the streets — if these revoltings are done alone — without coordination and outside help. Thus the underground and military actions are very necessary — very necessary — and very necessary that they are very much together. You must also spread your light of knowledge and encourage more of your “youth community” to FIGHT.

We don’t accept the pig’s boundaries — thus when we talk of an American revolution — we are speaking of America — north, south, and Latin — ALL of America — therefore even here we are talking about a third world revolution — this is also a third world situation because Amerikkka is the world’s largest white monster — and in America north, that is Amerikkka — the black, Puerto Rican, chicano, red man’s revolution is the heart and core of the revolution of America north — Also to buttress this is the fact that revolutions come from the bottom up — the bottom becomes the banner — the leadership — can your “youth communities” accept this realization? You must form your mother country new consciousness, “young and unformed society (nation)”. — They, as a nation, if they are going to progress as a nation — can either take a position similar to that of France (reactionary — but taking personal swiping pot shots at Amerikkka) or Sweden (neutral — but giving some aid to the third world) or Albania

(fully committed to the struggle) (And we can only have full solidarity with the Albanian position) — Because if you and your “youth nation” don’t keep the pressure up — not only with mass demonstrations — but also with military action — then — basically — as you state — “Black and third world people” are forced by necessity to go “up against Amerikan Imperialism alone.” In that event — we say to your “youth nation” — if they can not be of aid to us — then keep them out of the way!

Now no successful war for liberation has ever been waged without violence — the question is how intelligently are we going to use it? We must fight with gun, bomb, mind, and heart — we must match the enemy AT LEAST blow for blow — AT LEAST! You see — for us things are critical — every day — every hour — how many of our people are suffering? How many die? That’s why our fight will not be over until no human being in Washington D.C. is more important than any human being in Wall Street is more important than any human being in Guatemala, no human being in Ohio is more important than any human being in the congo, no human being in London, Paris, Moscow, Stockholm or Rome is more important than any human being in Hanoi, Peking, the concentration camps of South Africa, Dar-es-salaam or Kingston, Jamaica — in other words — until everyone is free — nobody will be secure. We, of the third world, MUST of necessity destroy this highly automated and cybernated society or be destroyed by it — NOW!

We need allies — we have a powerful enemy who cannot be defeated without an allied effort. Anyone who has the same interest as we do — the destruction of this evil society — is an ally — all others are foes. Now how are our allies going to aid us? You speak of “Almost random bombing offensive” and “most of” your “political actions have hurt the enemy on about the same military scale as a bee sting. But the political effect has been devastating. The world knows that even the white youth of Babylon will resort to force to bring down imperialism.” Well — let’s look at that — for one — Mohammed Ali boasted of his “Floating like a butterfly — sting like a bee” — and with enough of his “bee stings” could destroy a foe — and he himself admits — as he got more mature his “bee stings” began packing more of a wallup. We think the same principle might apply here — also picking targets — let’s ALL try to pick targets with more care and planning — The object is to 1) destroy the economy — like bombing sites which will affect the economy the most; 2) rip-off money, weapons, and etc; 3) sniping attacks. Bomb factories, mine factories, gun factories, and bullet factories are needed. Let’s talk about “Large scale material damage” — This economy must fall — There is a war on, you know! And we KNOW that “twos and threes” can “do an armed action without getting caught.” As you say — your power is that you “are mobile, decentralized, flexible...”

In conclusion — we would like to leave these few thoughts — we wish you revolutionary victory in all that you do. But remember — the degree of racial co-existence greatly depends on your successes. Secondly — remember that this is not a national war, but a global war — and we who are in the eye of this evil, monstrous octopus — we who are in the belly of this beast — a lot depends on us! Thirdly — remember “In a revolution one wins or dies!” The stakes are very high — humanity versus inhumanity — do you recall the old “Ask what you can do for your country?” — Destroy it — mentally, morally, psychologically, and physically — destroy it. And whatever you do — do it good!

Your fellow guerillas in the revolution

The Panther 21

San Francisco MIMETROUPE

AMERIKKA'S ORIGINAL GUERRILLA THEATER...

an agit-prop documentary

SEIZE THE TIME

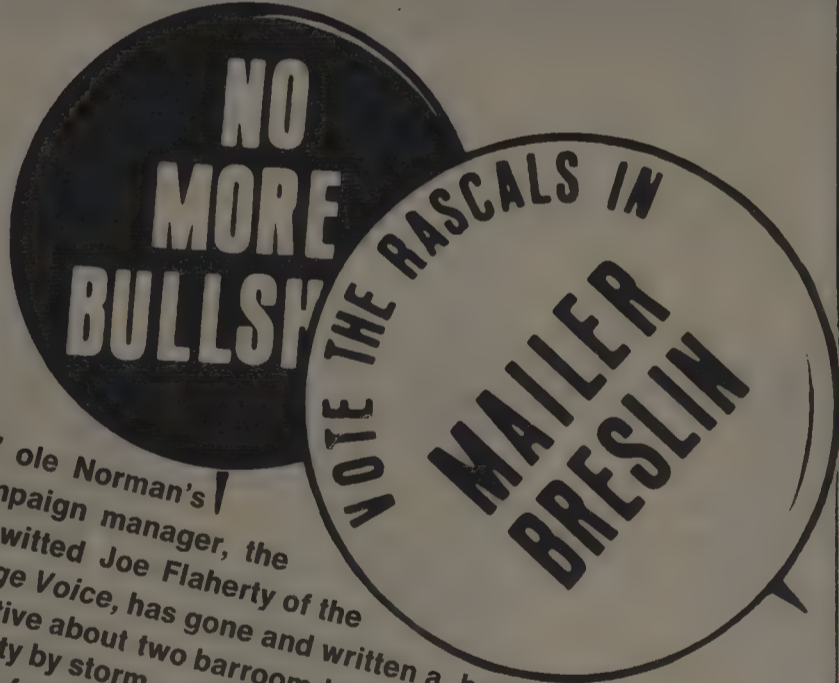
MONDAY, MARCH 15th - 8:00
N.Y.U. LOEB STUDENT CENTER
LA GUARDIA PL. WASH. Sq. S

TOM HAYDEN

AND

BARBARO GYMNASIUM
DONATION \$1.50

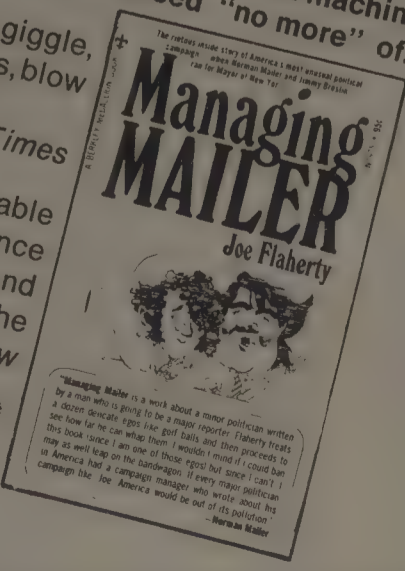
TUESDAY, MARCH 22nd
8:00



Lil' ole Norman's campaign manager, the wry-witted Joe Flaherty of the Village Voice, has gone and written a bawdy, hip, political narrative about two barroom bon vivants who decide to take Fun City by storm... and fail... because the political machine cannot function without what they promised “no more” of.

“One is forced to smile, then to giggle, then guffaw, then wipe one’s eyes, blow one’s nose and sigh for mercy.”
—New York Times

“...an unfettered, immensely readable insider’s account of what was at once the most colorfully improbable and seriously inventive campaigns in the city’s history.”
—Saturday Review



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95¢

Who would have thought it would only cost me a dollar and a half? Why, it seemed as though I'd been shooting pool for hours. Click, twelve-ball in the right-hand pocket, with just a little draw on the cue-ball to draw it back against the cushion so that it would bounce out a few inches and be in position for a shot on the fourteen in the left-hand pocket. The good end of the table, where all the balls tend to bunch up after the break. If you stay at that end, you can just chip one ball away after the other. If you keep to that end. However. Exultant at getting a good position on the fourteen, I clopped it into the left-hand pocket with just a trace too much exuberance, sending the cue-ball ricocheting between the corner cushions, glancing off the twelve, and eddying back up way to hell the other end of the table.

But that's cool too, it means I get a long shot. They're always fun, stooping over the table, drawing a bead on one of the prettily-coloured little globes far away across the felt greensward (how can pool be fun, I ask you, if you're not nearsighted?) sighting the orange one over the cue-tip between thumb and forefinger, and whick! sending the cue straight away over the miles of green, and knowing just as you let it go, you did it wrong, wrong, wrong, and it sideswipes the little orange ball and hurls it galley-west into the cushion.

But lo, the cue-ball comes to a rest, after careening about among the bunched-up balls, in a dead line with the one-ball and the uptown corner pocket. As a matter of fact, it would probably be easier to send the one into the Jersey-side pocket, but it's so much prettier to send that bright yellow ball all the way across the sea, straight as a bullet, flashing over the green straight into the leather-padded pocket with a thud. A solid thud. A thud such as the one with which you clap a buddy on the shoulder, saying, 'Sheee-it!' Unhappily, in the transports of idiot concentration, you send the cue-ball, having forgotten to put any drag on it, right into the pocket after the one like a little brother tagging along stepping on its heels.

All that fun, seemingly hours and hours of it, and it only cost me a dollar and a quarter. It gets cheaper all the time. Pretty soon I will be able to go up to Julian's pool parlour on fourteenth street right by the Academy of Music, and shoot pool among junkies trying to score and bookies running for the telephone and sharks looking for someone to fleece and shoot pool all day for nothing at all.

Outside, it was a bitter night, a black and windy night up fourteenth street off the river, and much earlier than I had supposed. As a matter of fact, it was only seven o'clock, by george. But still, the gentleman on the other side of the street, between me and the automat where I was



going for a nice dreamy cup of coffee, he was lushed out of his head. And not only was he lushed, but he seemed to be damned old, and to have lost his overcoat, supposing he had one, for he was floundering about the sidewalk, fetching up against the wall of the little Irish bar there, out of which he had doubtless been thrown only moments ago, Ye've had more than enough and it's the bum's rush for yez, falling over inebriated in the freezing wind wearing only sport coat and shirtsleeves. A poor old man, prey to the elements. His life one long dirge of disappointment and rejection and failure, he finds in his

DECOMPOSITION

mailbox that morning his social security check, cashes it, and sets into boozing it up. Somewhere in the donnybrook he loses his overcoat, his dull, faded, worn ragged faithful old topcoat, and then is thrown forth from this dingy little tavern by some self-righteous Jesuit bartender. He will pass out on the sidewalk, fall down and maybe even hit his head, causing a concussion, and lie there ignored by the passers-by until well after pneumonia sets in, to carry him away in less than a week. But in that week what coughing, what pain, what delirium, with the revolting memories of past disappointments and failures swilling through his morbid brain! Ah, the poor old motherfucker. Let's give him a hand up, shall we, into the automat where it's warm.

by Dean
A. Latimer

By the time I got to him, he was sitting on the sidewalk, reclining that is, propped up on his elbow, smiling vaguely at the back of his hand on the pavement. A trace of drool at the corner of the grinning mouth, on the skinny shins the brown socks spindled around the ankles. Saying Here man, let's get ourselves out of the wind, I awkwardly grasped his armpit and endeavoured to hoist him up to standing. Swinging at the end of my arm like a bale of hay, he turns his face up to me in casual curiosity. Who is this that pulls at my armpit? Then, breaking into a radiant smile, he utters, Saaaaan Fran-cis-co.



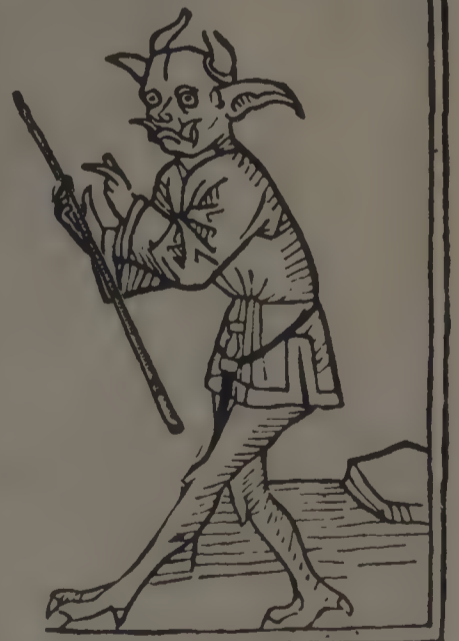
Ah, what a great old fellow. Whither has he travelled in his day, what exotic sights has he seen, what boxcars huddled in across the country during the icy Depression winters? How great. Suffering me to hoist him up to his unsteady feet, he teeters there a moment, marvelling, Saaaaan Fran-cisco, over and over again. But then, as I move to clap him on the shoulder and impel him toward the automat, he recoils away from me, protesting, Saaaaan Fran-cis-co! Suddenly it does not sound like such a good thing to remind him, no doubt by the length of my hair, the flare of my bellbottoms, and the drooping of my moustach, of San Francisco. Hurtling away from me, fetching up again against the side of the bar, he manages to repeat San Francisco again in a most perjorative tone, before sinking back gradually down to the sidewalk like a gob of spit down a Nixon poster.

This causes me to look a little closer at him, as I try to hoist him, protesting, back up to his feet. Not a lot of old people, really old people, dislike hippies for our appearance: having been rendered harmless themselves by the years, they have no violence left in them to project on anybody who looks strange to them. And to really old folks, we just remind them of the way older people looked to them when they themselves were our age. Is this guy all that old after all? No, as a matter of fact — his face is clean-shaven, his hair merely unkempt, not shaggy, and his clothes are well-laundered and fairly expensive. What he is is a forty-year-old bourgeois businessman out on a bender. I probably remind him of his son who ran away to San Francisco. Shit.

But now I've started, I might as well try to get him out of the wind, at least. So once I get him back on his feet, I endeavour once again to propel him in the direction of the automat, but lo, there's another person, at the other side

of him, trying to get the poor fucker in the lee, it appears, of the bar.

Okay, I'll let this other guy take care of it. Bigger than I am, the other dude puts his arm around the drunk and walks him away from me, murmuring, Stay cool



man, we gotta get you out of the wind. You'll be all right, take it easy, etc. Well, he's in good hands, I reflected to myself as I headed up the street.

Latimer! You stoned son of a bitch! Wheeling about, I ran back to the bar, around the corner, and nearly tripped over the old drunk, who was sitting on the sidewalk smiling contentedly as this other dude went through his pockets. Wallet, watch, even his tie-clasp and key ring. Hold it hold it hold it, I protested to the other cat — it just now dawned on me that the guy was obviously a junkie — that's not cool, man, that's bad!

As he grappled in his leather coat for knife or gun or whatever, I realized with a flash of illumination the true nature of the entire incident. God damn the pusher-man!

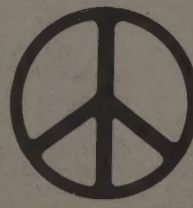
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Close To It All

By **Lynda CRAWFORD**



Hedge & Donna
Special Circumstances
Columbia Records

Whoever it was that said the "Love Generation" is over, is being haunted by the voices of Hedge & Donna. But much more real than plastic flowers or love beads, Hedge & Donna are fragrant blossoms projecting love, as only children know it, through their music. Their latest album, "Special Circumstances," is no place to start to tell you about them, though, for in many ways it's an end more than a beginning. They have completed one cycle, and can only go to a new level. The heights of experience that can be reached with this album are so phenomenal that I wonder if they can go any higher. This is especially evident in their medley, "Higher Country." With the help of Evelyn Freeman and the Exciting Voices, Hedge & Donna place you in a state only comparable to a heavy trance.

But I must tell you about my favorite on the album, "He's a Rainbow." All of you that in your darkest moments sit and anxiously wait for the sun to rise will know what I mean. It's promise, life, and everything that means "Don't give up."

After they've given you that much, Hedge & Donna then take you to beautiful countries such as "Strawberry Malt" and "All Becoming One." The last song on the album, and appropriately so, is "My God & I." Not much can be said about this, in the same way as you find yourself speechless after seeing the baby you've nursed grown into a beautiful child. Words can't describe moments of such feeling. Hedge & Donna, I'm sure, have found their happiness in singing what they are continually experiencing — love.




My first impulse on finding I was to hear a group named Bloodrock at the Fillmore East was to get some cotton swabs and a few tranquillizers to dull the sound and ease the pain as the music came shattering through. Never having been a great lover of Acid Rock, I considered I might not even be able to fairly review the group. However, my anxiousness to finally see a show at the Fillmore (first time) overrode all other objections.

Well, I was in for quite a surprise. As the group started to play, lead vocalist Jim Rutledge, with long blond hair flowing, began to put on a performance which spurred on near frenzy for everyone in the audience. Not to disappoint you hard rock freaks, it was hard, loud and frantic, yet it built up in such a way that you found yourself gently taken into it, rather than blasted out of it. It was only at the end of the number that you realized where it had taken you.

The group musically has a very good sound, and Steve Hill on the organ is one of the biggest contributors. Two of the best songs they did were "Jessie" and "I Remember." In speaking of "I Remember" I can only say — Eerie. Its impact left me overwhelmed, but due credit must be given to "Joe's Lights" for its just-as-erie accompaniment. Bloodrock was certainly made for the Fillmore. The audience couldn't get enough of them and demonstrated this by their continual calls for a third set. I just wonder if they could get into something soft and pretty also; but I don't think that's where their heads were at. At least with Bloodrock, it was well worth any eardrum damage.

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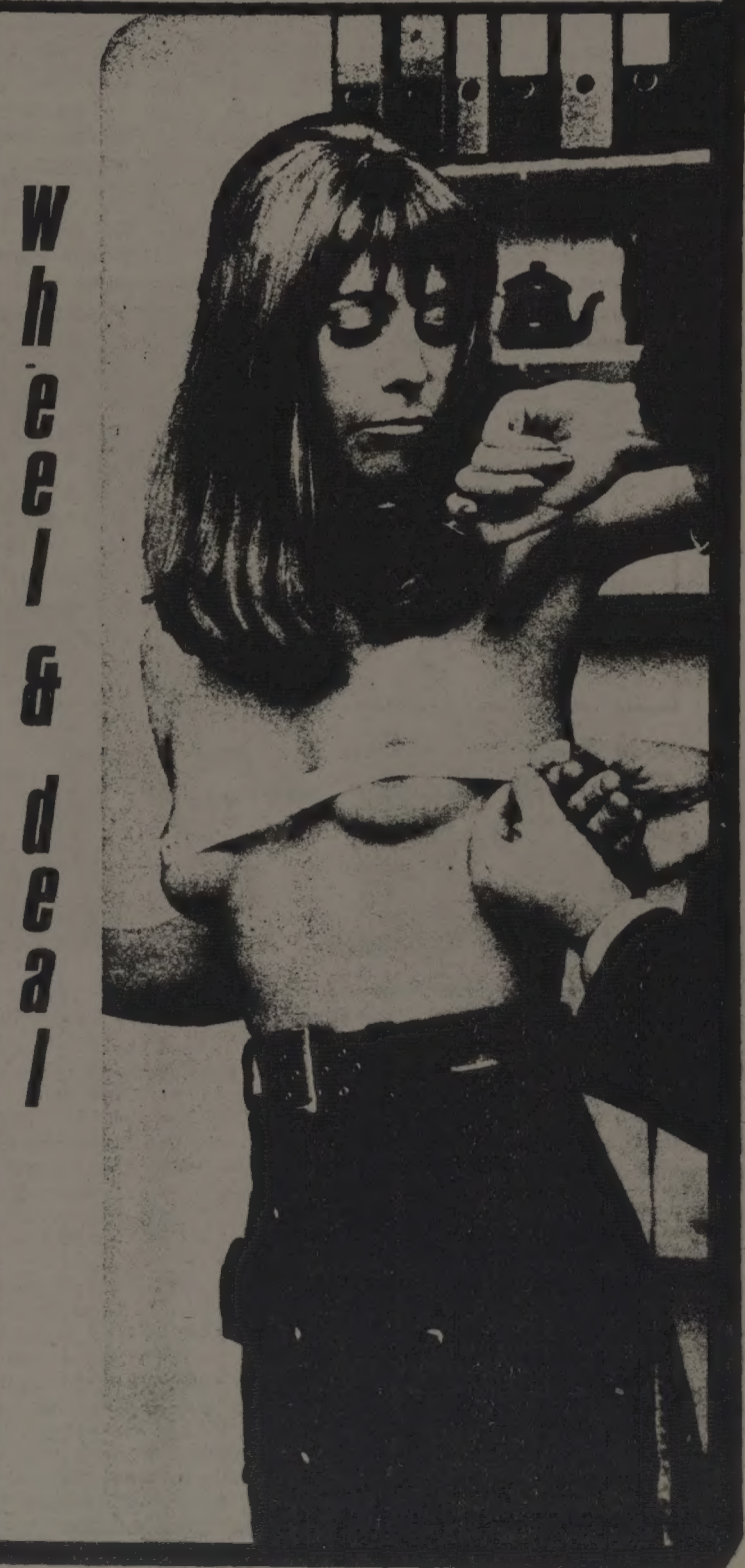
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KENT

(Continued from Page 6)

interestingly with the aforementioned 23% black population of Ohio, especially since about 1/3 of that black population is concentrated within a hundred miles of Kent). Less than 7% (\$810.55 out of \$120,000) of student activities funds are allotted to black-oriented events for this small and isolated community. BUS wants \$40,000 from the University allocated to black-oriented programs but in the meantime BUS members visited a student senate meeting to struggle with them over \$6,000 for Black History Month. The BUS level of struggle was a little heavy for some candy-assed student senators and two of them have pressed assault and battery charges against BUS members Erwin Blount and Randolph Perry. On Feb. 4th all the radical organizations called a press conference to announce the nation's first protest of the Laos invasion. BUS representatives were late but came in at the end, announced the new charges against them and their support for the Laos protest and asked the support of the radicals against student senate. The radicals applauded but Craig Morgan (who'd read an anti-war statement on his own behalf to the press) spoke up against BUS "Intimidation" (as close as I can gather, BUS had just been very pissed-off as opposed to intentionally intimidating) and one of the liberal senators who had pressed charges also spoke up and the press conference ended in all manner of argument.

The next day the sun came out and the weather warmed up a little. About a thousand students demonstrated as a cardboard model of the ROTC building was burned and the administration building was marched on. President White was "not there" and his aides

refused to see the rather quiet crowd on the grounds that the students were "too emotional." So the American flag was cut down and a Viet Cong flag and Yippie banner were run up—for the first time in Ohio. I was surprised at the enthusiasm over that action. A thousand people were cheering the Viet Cong flag in Kent, Ohio. It knocked me out! We snowballed the new ROTC headquarters and broke a window and did some spray-painting and road-blocking. Then we went to the student union where Yippie Woman Nancy Kurshan led a teach-in about her experience in North Viet Nam. This was also well-attended. Organizers are hoping for a strike but the faculty seems frightened. This was probably the largest winter quarter political demonstration in Ohio college history. It's COLD here in the winter. President White has already promised to press criminal charges against all those who can be identified (which may include me) and to furthermore enact HB1219 against those who are students. That's life in Ohio.

Beyond the demonstrations, busts and showier aspects of politics, important changes are taking place in the Kent community. A Kent Community Store is functioning, and so is a food co-op. Community dinners are being thrown and the atmosphere here is homey and friendly, if a little scared. "Dragonfire" will be out with its second issue soon and it's an excellent paper with unusually thorough concentration on local events and issues besides national radical happenings. The real test will come in the spring. May 4th, 1971, is an open question as yet but YIP is inviting everyone in the nation to come out here for the memorial service and to show America that we're more committed than frightened.

1ST IN WAR/1ST IN PEACE/AND 1ST IN THE HEARTS OF WOODSTOCK NATION
(— Laos demonstration cheer at KSU)

germans

(Continued from Page 7)

paranoid fantasies of what the American Imperialist Genocidal Machine is doing to our brothers and sisters in Southeast Asia. Their description of the barbaric torture and murder of men, women and babies, make Hitler's genocidal methodology look insane.

The management of the corporate news media by now should come as no surprise. It does serve as a strong reminder that we are responsible for disseminating information.

When the news boycott at the Laotian border was imposed, none of us could be deterred from thinking that an invasion was imminent. With Nixon's Domino Plan in full gear, the people of this country were again denied the news. When the fabricated story was released, the actual data of the invasion was reported as happening days later.

We must at once deal with the imposed lethargy seducing the people of this country into a passive acceptance of these monstrous assaults on life! Now is the time for action! From wherever your at, whatever your conscience tells you your mode of fighting is. Now is the time!

And shocking is the only word to describe the reaction, this time, to the

escalation to the war. Have we become immune to injustice and barbarism? Are we so concerned with getting it together ourselves that the concept of a long protracted struggle is too overwhelming for us? We all speak of revolution but act in such a way, that personal sacrifice seems to be too much to ask.

Prior to Hitler's climb to power in Germany there was a cultural boom. There is no way to determine how many people who remained silent were just getting it together for themselves. We now refer to them knowingly as "Good Germans."

The dimensions of Revolution are infinite. As dedicated as we may be to art, music, theater, creation of alternate life-styles and communication as revolution, there are times when we must extend ourselves. We must channel our collective madness to encompass all that is necessary, by whatever means are necessary to eliminate the Death Culture and its Military Genocide.

There are countless rationalizations to describe our periods of inactivity. Of course we need time to develop ourselves and pursue our interests. But if we turn off to the struggle we will become Good Germans by default. We are all students and we are all teachers. We all at times want to be able to expect more from others. We all must expect more from ourselves.

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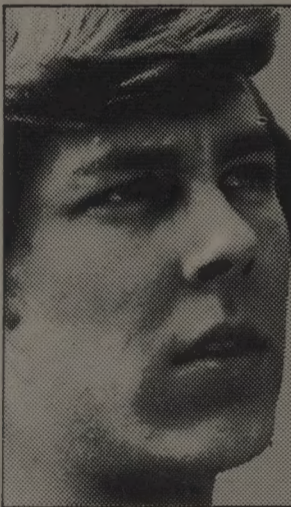
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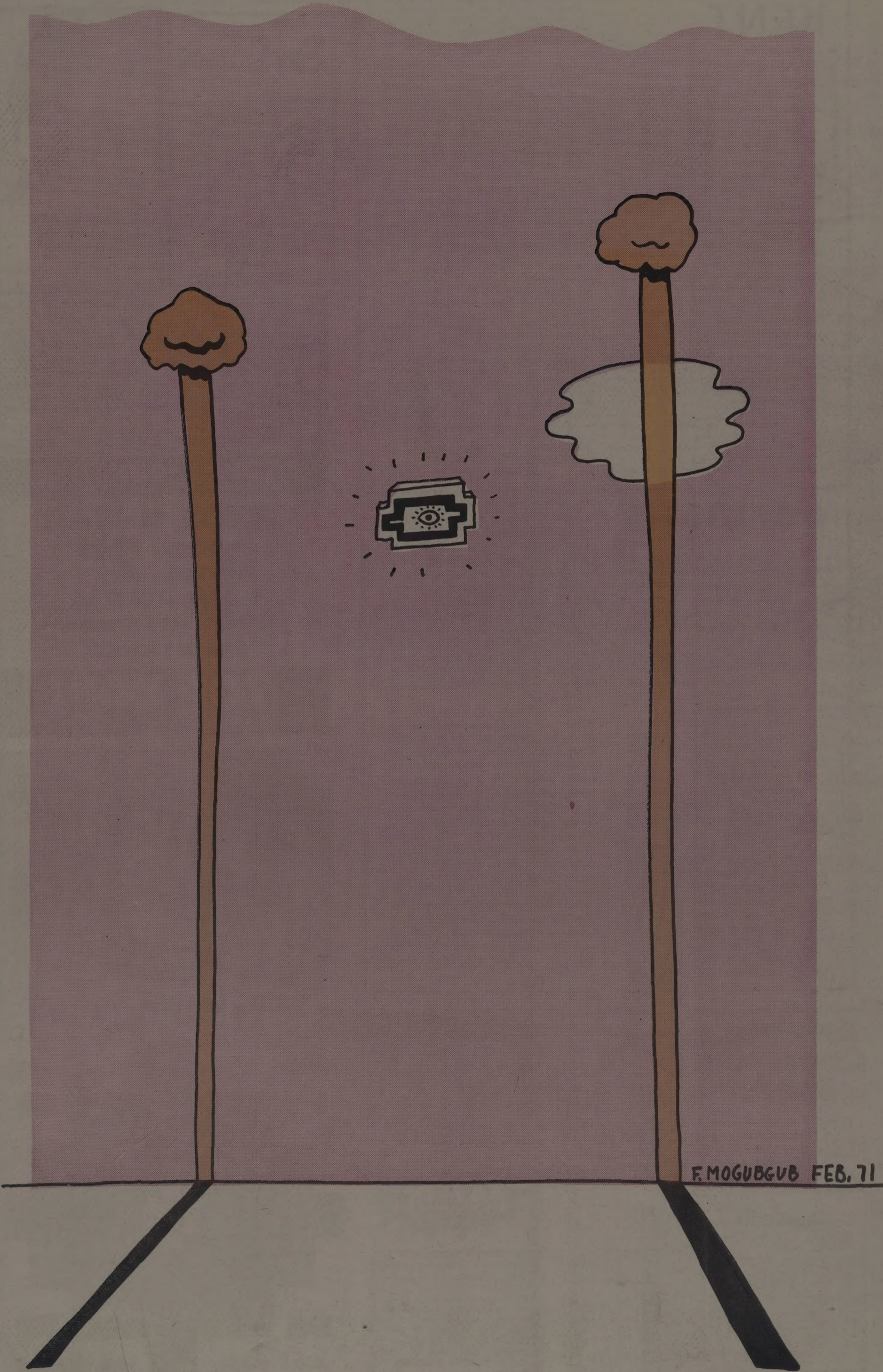
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