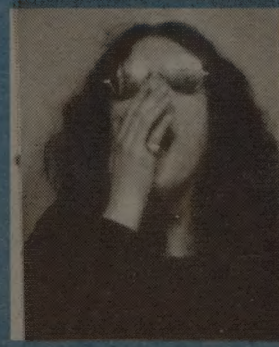
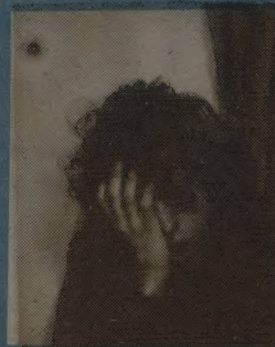
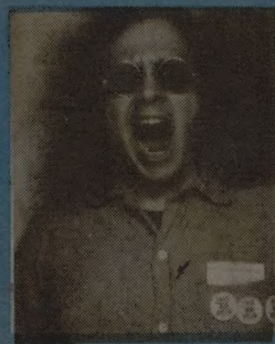
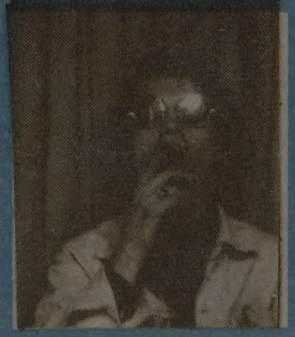
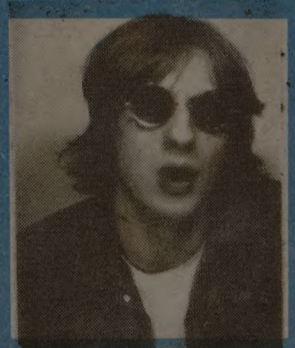
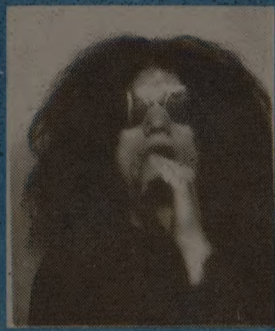
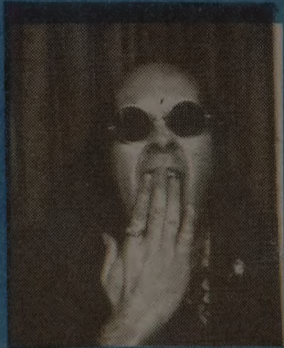


CLEAVER REPLIES

THE east
village  THE

VOL 6 NO 14 MARCH 2 NYC 25& OUTSIDE 35&



Hilary.

The following letter arrived by way of Geneva, Switzerland. Unless proven otherwise, it is to be considered authentic. Adhering to the ageold concept of noblesse oblige, this space is gladly ceded to Mr. Cleaver.

Volker Kohn

AN OPEN LETTER
IN ANSWER TO MANY INQUERIES
ABOUT THE REVOLUTIONARY BUST
OF TIM AND ROSEMARY LEARY
AND IN ANSWER TO
THE PUNKASSED SNIVELING
FROM MOTHERFUCKERS
WHO KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT

The object is for everyone to do their own thing, but the thing is to make one's thing the Revolution. That's all that I relate to. Anything else, I don't want to hear it. I said what I said about Timothy and Rosemary Leary, and about Acid, the drug culture, the counter-culture, the youth culture, white people, white revolutionaries, the Movement, etc., etc..

Now I'm talking to you from a distance -- as distant as you want it to be. But I'm speaking to you as a brother, as a revolutionary, as a Total Outlaw, and I have on my hands shit deeper than you know exists. In the middle of this shit I've got Leary -- Timothy and Rosemary.

I'm in the shit that you're in, and in an extension of that shit, out here, and I know, even if you don't, that all of this shit has to be dealt with at the same time, as a whole. And in the world that we live in today, the shit has no geographical center, and it's just as deep here as it is there, perhaps even deeper. You're nearer the controls, the Control Panels of Babylon! You're right there with them. They are within your reach! Smash them! But you had better hurry, or these hands will get there first! Nothing stands between us but the pigs, and we must kill them from both ends in towards the middle. I've already started, on both ends.

I've said what I had to say about Timothy and Rosemary, and about Acid, the drug culture, the counter-culture, the youth culture, white people, white revolutionaries, the Movement etc., etc., Now I'm only talking about guns, counting our guns, relating to that, and to dead pigs, counting them, and our explosions, and ways and means of liberating our political prisoners. And the only thing important to do is to bring forth, by any means necessary, our peoples' army, our nationwide, intercommunal, Peoples' Army, adding guns to our numbers.

Meanwhile, I can't relate to irrelevant behavior and activity, even if it does come in pretty colors -- Psychedelic. Pretty colors. Really beautiful. But not lethal.

ALL POWER TO US, THE PEOPLE, THROUGH THE INSTRUMENTALITY
OF THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE LUMPEN --- THAT IS, IF ALL
THE PEOPLE GET ARMED!

Eldridge

P.S. If some of you longhaired cats, motherfuckers, would get crew cuts, a "clean shave", put on a suit, white shirt, and tie, and go down and join the local police force, the Army, GM, AT&T, Dr. Ross' Dog Food, etc. etc.etc., and then begin imaginatively to turn that shit around, blowing it away, delivering crippling blows from inside, by sabotaging shit, ripping shit off, giving up useful information, setting pigs up to be ambushed and ripped off, etc. etc. etc. -- such would be much more useful than a thousand finky Zionist Jakob Kohn editorials in EVO, or all the stupid headlines in the stupid Berkeley Barb -- before and after the CIA took it over (Stew and Gumbo, say?), before and after Max's heart of hearts failed him.

P.S. Don't worry about Tim and Rosemary: Pappa's seeing after them.

Jaakov Kohn
Allen Katzman
Fred Mogubgub
Ray Schultz
D.A. Latimer
Jackie Friedrich
Stephen Kohn
Charlie Frick
Coca Crystal
Yossarian
Roger Tomlinson
Honest Bob Singer
Roy Weiner
Vincent Titus
Rudi Stern
John Reilly
Renfreu Neff
Gianfranco Manges
Vaughn Bode
Lil Picard
Alex Gross
Jackie Acon
Spain Rodriguez
Kim Deitch
Perfecto La Gogo
Nellie Fernauld
Irving Shushnick
S.R.K.
Timothy Leary
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ALEX BENNETT

Alex Bennett's arbitrary dismissal by WMCA boss R. Peter Strauss (see last week's EVO) aroused the otherwise docile New York listeners to unprecedented activity. People cared. They demonstrated, they passed petitions, they were angry and they let the man know where they stood. Now that it helped too much, Alex is still out of a job and the usually provocative hours of the late Alex Bennett show have reverted on WMCA to the usual dull, monotonous and irrelevant drivel that New York AM radio is so singlemindedly dedicated to.

The following conversation between Alex and Jaakov Kohn relates to some of the crucial issues at stake.

EVO: Alex, on what do you think did Strauss base his decision to fire you?

A.B.: I don't think it's based on ratings — it couldn't be, that's impossible, and it can't be based on economics because when I offered to work at 1/3 my current price just to keep the show on the air, because I've always said that it was important to keep it on the air and that I would do it at any cost — that the money wasn't a factor and they didn't respond to that. I think it's quite obvious that it wasn't an economic measure — that it's somewhere else. It's either in Strauss' head and from a purely objective viewpoint, I mean if I were working at another radio station I would probably think that this move was a very stupid move on the part of the radio station especially with a man who is trying to have such a liberal image. Well, we're beginning to find out that he isn't quite as liberal as he'd like the public to believe. He wasn't willing to see through something that was a very distinctive service — that was unduplicated on the AM radio band. But likewise, I don't think for instance that we have any women's liberationists, and the situation, once in a while they'll do it as a kind of tokenism. We have one black who works on the station, but the program certainly isn't aimed at blacks. I think they are trying to go to that great white underbelly of America, that great middle section without trying to offend them and to

have your house liberal, which we have, and your house conservative.

EVO: Who's the house conservative?

A.B.: The house conservative is Bob Grant. Then you've got your house radical leftist, which I guess, was me and your house radical rightist which is a guy by the name of Jeffery St. John. Now, as it stacks up, you have your liberal, your conservative, your radical conservative and nothing on the other side. I know that they're going to try and appease the audience, I've had feedback to this extent. They will go out and find someone who will come in and do a show primarily about rock, will do all the things that are cultural but let's keep off the legalization of grass, let's keep off the Tim Leary's and Abbie Hoffman's and let's just talk about rock music, you know. I'm sure that's going to happen eventually.

EVO: What're you after, Alex?

A.B.: What I'm after is — all I care about is being on the air. That's really what it amounts to — somewhere, doing something. But basically, my fight is with commercial radio, I could go into non-commercial radio — I've often thought about hitting Pacifica for a job in Houston simply because I've worked down there and really feel that area needs to be changed but my fight is not with non-commercial radio, primarily because non-commercial radio doesn't need changing. It's doing the things that it has to do.

EVO: Trying.

A.B.: Yeah, but it's also doing them too. It tries sometimes and fails and other times it tries and it really works. The point is that commercial radio's got to be changed and because I have the ability, because I've been in the business and worked my way up to working commercial radio I think I'd be totally wasting an area of trying to change some thing by going to non-commercial radio.

EVO: That brings us to the ridiculous position that the listeners are in, they being an integral part of the whole setup — owner, sponsor, and listener.

A.B.: Well, the listener really has very little to say about the whole thing.

EVO: The listener has absolutely

nothing to say.

A.B.: The rating systems do which don't tell you what the listener wants.

EVO: But in your case, your ratings are good.

A.B.: The listeners are being screwed. You know I'm not really fighting much for my own job but I'm fighting for the kind of thing that I'm trying to present. If they were to say, well, we're hiring another guy who's going to do exactly the same thing you do and we think he does a better job of it — ok, I'll accept that. The fact is they're just going to do away with it completely — I don't think they're serving their function. I don't think they're totally serving their community.

EVO: Have you had any reactions from your fellow workers?

A.B.: Yeah, I have, I won't say who they are. A lot of 'em are fearing for their jobs. There have been a lot of cutbacks at the radio station. They let 5 newsmen go, the general manager quit, who they've not since replaced but rather absorbed (that position). There were two producers fired at WMCA in a recent shake-up. One was a woman, the other was a long hair and he was my producer, Bob.

EVO: What reasons did they give him?

A.B.: Well, in Bob's particular case they said it was seniority and I said okay, well, you know they said — the guy who had once been my producer, Jim Hill, had seniority over Bob so that they would have to like go with seniority. I went home and I thought about it and I suddenly remembered that they'd hired somebody recently as a producer and I went back and I said, hey, Bob has seniority over that guy, why don't you let him go? Oh, well, we can't do that. So what they did is they chose to let the longhair go. What it was was the difference between letting a longhair go or letting a black go. Strauss will never fire a black — the only one I can't recently remember was a newsman. To him this is liberalism. The fact that while I like the two people I'm talking about, they're not really what you would call black, if you know what I mean.

EVO: Right.

A.B.: I don't want to make any enemies when I say it but they're the white image of what blacks should be and not what black is. In fact in a recent thing somebody asked Peter Strauss — hey why don't you have any black people on the air and Strauss says we do and they said which ones and he says I won't tell you and nobody has really figured out to this day which one of us is black. That's how white the guy is on the air — so it was a matter of letting the longhair go and keeping the black, just because he would hate to go after the black if someone said — hey, you fired a black man. It's sort of reverse racism, if you ask me.

EVO: I've become aware of a recent development at ABC FM where the people that work there are indeed encouraged supposedly, to play the alternate culture thing up to the hilt — now this is ABC FM. How do you reconcile that these two developments — you're at MCA with that one at ABC.

A.B.: Well, you see, they're trying to create an audience.

EVO: It would seem to me that if you go off the air R. Peter Strauss is going to hand over your audience to them.

A.B.: Well I hope they get it. The fact is see, that they're taking their whole 24 hours a day and saying we are going to aim at this audience so of course they can safely do alot of things because that's the audience they're going after. At WMCA they're going after a rather fragmented audience. They're going after little old ladies but one part of the day, they're going after intellectuals. Another part of the day — they're going after the alternate culture, another part of the day — and the Barry Gray freaks. So really it doesn't pay for them to get away from that middle ground that they've sort of established — I'm the exception rather than the rule at the station, I always have been actually. When the station was music, I was a talk show.

EVO: All it took was to switch on at 7:00 o'clock.

A.B.: Oh, I think I'd still be on the air if I were on from 1 till 6 in the

morning. I think I would still be working because that's a safe spot. They figure not too many people are going to hear you and they can always point to you and say wee we've got a longhair working around here. The only guy they've got now would be Fred Gale. Who is radical politically, but not culturally radical.

EVO: Do you foresee a possibility of working things out?

A.B.: No, I don't. Strauss is a very stubborn man. The more pressure is brought upon him by the public —

EVO: In that case perhaps the public should forget the protest.

A.B.: No — they should protest anyway. Perhaps it will make some other station aware that there is a need.

EVP: Where does that leave Alex Bennett?

A.B.: Looking for a job. I don't really worry. But people should react.

EVO: Isn't that a futility?

A.B.: Let me put it this way — it may show the rest of the industry that they aren't responsive to the needs of a very large minority in this country. I think that might be the basic value of it. If the industry finds out that an X number of letters went to a radio station because they stopped counter cultural programming, if X number of calls went to a radio station — if there was a certain amount of activity along this line, then other broadcasters might say — hey — this may be a sizeable number of people — maybe we should do programming along this line. It might not be me who gets the job but nevertheless that kind of thing would exist. Right now there will be nothing of that sort on AM radio. That's it. That's the end. I may wind up going to FM — but that still leaves the AM band the silent majority's turf. I think it is time that the public realizes that according to the Federal Communications Act the airwaves belong to the people. They don't really belong to the people — they are franchised to people who are making a fortune on them. And I think that the only way that the people can be served is by about a 3-fold plan, maybe 2-fold, I'll wait

(Continued on Page 20)

FASCIST FOLLIES

agent white
squeals

25th
wk.



by
**JACKIE
FRIEDRICH**

Thurs. Feb. 18

Agent White said that he first met Dr. Curtis Powell on Dec. 1, 1968. They discussed bail money. Curtis was not a member of the BPP at the time and said that he knew some people in Sweden who might contribute money so that they could set up an organization. Curtis did not discuss bombs.

Discussions taking place in mid-December centered around the school strike and assisting Rhody McCoy. Again no talk of bombs.

White reported that Dec. 19 was the first time he had ever seen Bob Collier. This was at a meeting at I.S. 201 where a school decentralization bill was being discussed. Collier said that the custodial services in public schools were bad and that the general standard of education in public schools was not up to par. He also discussed the drop-out problem. He did not discuss bombs or killing police.

White had testified that on Jan. 9, 1969, he had shot at the table tops in a back room of the Elsmere Tenant's Council and Lumumba had asked him "not to do his thing" there because there was dynamite behind the refrigerator. Did White make up that shooting story to justify the dynamite tale? No. And yet White never reported to his BOSS superiors that he had fired at the table tops and it did not appear in his reports. The building housing the Elsmere Tenants' Council has since been destroyed and White is well aware that no one can check up on that story. At any rate, White said that during the entire course of his infiltration, he only saw Panthers fire a gun three or four times. Twice by himself at the table tops and once by Lee Berry at the same table tops.

Before the Grand Jury White testified that in Jan. 69 Lumumba asked to borrow White's overcoat to conceal a weapon, saying that he would see "have lots of bucks." Under cross examination it appears that Lumumba never said anything about concealing a weapon under the overcoat, he just asked to borrow it.

White handed in no reports on Nov. 10 and 11, nor on Jan. 12 — indicating some sort of 'vacation.' Was it not coincidence that White was always 'away' right before he reported something important? Due to the court's intervention, White was not allowed to answer that question. (The bombing of the 25th precinct took place on Nov. 11 and White allegedly found dynamite behind the refrigerator shortly after Jan. 12.)

White said that he met Curtis Powell on Jan. 17 at the Theological Seminary at a meeting of concerned parents, discussing the issue of decentralization. This took place at about midnight. In previous testimony White said that Curtis told him that he and Bob Collier were to do something that night, to which White replied "Be Careful." Curtis then told him not to worry, that Bob had a lot of experience in doing that kind of thing.

At 2 AM Bob and Curtis called White, asking for a stencil so they could make up a circular they had been preparing about community control being destroyed.

Obviously White had only fed us with innuendos while being questioned by Phillips.

White then said he met Curtis on Jan. 18 at Powell's lab and Curtis told him they were to do a record with Art Blakey about Huey.

On Jan. 19 White said that Bob Collier was trying to find a place to hide because he was afraid that the gun found at the Harlem River Drive scene might have had his fingerprints on it. The gun was found on the 17th. White went with Collier and Powell to a public coffee house for an interview with WBAI on Jan. 21. Did Collier walk down the street? Yes. Was he wearing a mask? No. So he wasn't hiding? No, he wasn't.

Mon. Feb. 22

Agent White admitted that it was possible that around the time of Jan. 19, 1969 he had told people that the police were looking for him and that he needed a place to hide. White had previously testified that Bob Collier had been looking for a hide-out on Jan. 19, but White conveniently could not recall whether or not it had been him — White — who was the one looking for a hide-out (to protect his cover) and he had just switched it in his reports.

White said that on Jan. 23, 1969

he met Curtis Powell at the Theological Seminary where school decentralization was being discussed. There was no talk of bombing or killing police — just school decentralization. White never heard Curtis Powell, Bob Collier or Alex McKiever talk about bombing or killing.

After meeting Curtis at the seminary, White and Powell went to the Tompkins Square Community Center where they met Bob Collier, the director of the center. They then discussed a confrontation between police and Los Angeles BPP in which some Panthers had been shot and went on to discuss, not bombings or killings, but reorganizing the BPP.

White saw Collier again on Jan. 25 and Collier discussed the BPP relating to the people and had a community survey form which would show what the community was thinking about the party. White handed this form into BOXX and when Bob Bloom then tried to introduce it into evidence, D.A. Phillips wanted White's report of that day to go with it. Murtagh agreed with the D.A. Bob Bloom tried reason, that being that Phillips had introduced things his agents had "found" — such as newspaper clippings — but reason, again, found no ear in the court and the survey was denied entry.

White had testified that spies were often a topic of conversation around the BPP and said that certain defendants had said that if they found a spy, they would kill him. One suspect was Roland McKenzie (an informer). White testified that the BPP wanted a statement from him. Did they say what they would use that statement for? They would bring it to the Cuban Embassy. Didn't they say they would present it to the U.N. to show that black people were being spied on in the U.S.? White did not recall.

White did recall Curtis Powell having said that Roland Hayes was valuable to the BPP — presumably alive — and that they had known Hayes was an agent for a long time, but they indicated that they thought he might be a double agent.

White had testified that on Feb. 5, 1969, Curtis Powell told him to get Tabor, that they were holding this guy Brown at the Tompkins Square Community Center until he would sign a confession, but that when White called back, Brown had left. He had just walked out. Bob and Curtis had no guns and could not keep Brown there. White said that he had never seen Collier with a gun and although he said he saw a gun in Curtis' apartment, it was never in his report. White also testified that Collier had said not to kill spies — because the FBI would know who did it and bring pressure on the BPP. Didn't Bob just say that it was wrong to kill someone and then White made up the rest of the story? White didn't recall.

Murtagh, for some reason, found Bob Bloom's line of questioning "improper." Bob asked "Why, but Murtagh said it was too improper to explain.

In previous testimony White said that Curtis had some chemicals at Thompkins Square Community Center and after mixing and igniting them, they made a high flame, like a welder's torch and could eat through metal. When asked what these chemicals were, White said sugar and hydrophoride. In his reports White had said sugar and sodium chloride (salt). The bit about eating through metal and welder's torches was not in the agent's report. Was White trying to make Dr. Powell into a mad scientist who would blow up the world? No.

Phillips interrupted, complaining about Bob's line of questioning and Murtagh said that he would "leave it to you, Mr. Bloom. Can't we get somewhere?" Bob replied, "As long as you leave it to me, we WILL get somewhere."

During Feb. 69 Bob Collier and Curtis Powell were preparing a school plan to present to the Board of Education and Curtis was trying to get White a job with the Union of Concerned Parents. The Elsmere Tenant's Council had closed down due to lack of funds and White said that he could have gotten the funds to keep it going.

There was also a lot of talk at this time of people being arrested on conspiracy charges and White complained to Michael Tabor that he was never asked to go along on any exciting things — like bombings.

White did not recall having gotten an answer from Tabor on that one.

At the end of February 69 Curtis told White that he was going to quit the BPP in a week and that Bob Collier had already quit.

Around March 3 White said that he cleaned up the Elsmere Tenants' Council, seizing the newspaper clippings about the Nov. 11 bombing of the 25th precinct. It did not appear in his reports that he had taken the clippings, so White said that it must have been some other time, but he didn't know when.

White reported that Alex McKiever (Katarra) and Eddie Josephs (Jamal) discussed handcuffing a custodian and getting the keys of the school from him as an action during a custodian's strike. They did not talk of bombing the school.

On March 10, 1969 White met Powell at a hotel where a discussion was in progress in re a hospital workers' strike.

In March White befriended a Patrick X who was working with some students from Fordham U. They had gotten some dynamite and worked out tactics for bombing the armory at Fordham but later discarded the plan. White's BOSS superiors were not interested in Patrick X's group, however, but only in the BPP.

As late as March 69 White said that he never heard any of the defendants talk about dynamite. Around March 20 White reported that Curtis Powell talked to a high school student union about a students' strike. There was no talk of bombing, just talk of organizing other schools.

White reported that he went with Dharuba, Afeni and Lumumba to Harlem Hospital to help the workers there in their strike. They talked about assisting workers in their demands — not of bombs.

This was two weeks before the arrests were made. Four months after White testified before the Grand Jury he received his promotion from patrolman to detective. Bob Bloom had no further questions. Tues. Feb. 23

While in the Army, White was trained in the use of explosives. The agent did not know if any of the defendants had any knowledge about the use of dynamite or any other explosives. He could only assume some knowledge on the part of some of the Panthers who had also served in the army. Throughout the course of his infiltration White knew of only one class in explosives; the class in which he and Kuwesi allegedly showed others how to make time bombs. There were no classes in the use of dynamite or in the demolition of buildings.

While in a gym class at the Police Academy White was randomly selected along with about twelve other men for "special assignments." From April 68-June 68 White and his partner were assigned to report on general activities within the black community — like who was saying what, who was advocating riots, and who was appearing at rallies and other meetings.

Did White call this community work? He called it liaison between the police and the community. He was reporting to the police what went on in the community? Yes. Did he report to the community what the police were doing? No.

White reported what he overheard about housing and welfare, community control of police as things "going on in the community." Did he report on basketball games? No.

It was in late May or early June that White ran into someone who was selling the BPP paper. He told BOSS of this and they instructed him to join the party. Before the Grand Jury White had said that the hawker had "talked him into" joining the party but he now said he had been using "loose talk" before the Grand Jury. Sandy Katz replied, "We don't want loose talk, detective."

White first found out about the Elsmere Tenants' Council sometime in Sept. 68. The Elsmere Tenants' Council was a community organization funded out of the taxpayer's money and, later, directed by an infiltrator. His BOSS superiors had wanted White to find a part-time cover job and when he told them about the Tenants' Council, even though it was full time, they said that was fine. So the Elsmere Tenants' Council in effect, became a cover for

BOSS.

Shirly Jones, with whom White testified to having had a 'relationship,' gave the agent his job as director of the tenants' council. He said she had seen him work in the community with the BPP and instead of telling her about his real former employment (TWA, Klein's, Burn's Detective Agency) he told her he had been a numbers runner.

The Elsmere Tenants' Council was funded by the O.E.O. and White was paid \$163 a week for his job as director. He said that he did not make as much from BOXX. At first he said he gave the \$163 to BOSS, but later on he kept half of it. His money from the Tenants' Council did not appear on his tax returns for 1968 or 69.

White was supposed to be working full time for the Elsmere Tenants' Council, but he said he considered himself a policeman first and spent most of his time watching the activities of the Panthers whom he employed there. (Lumumba and Mshina). When Sandy asked White if he spent most of his time looking behind refrigerators, Murtagh jumped in, demanding that Sandy refrain from sarcasm. Sandy replied that this was a trial and not a Victorian tea.

White said that he felt some sorrow when visiting the homes of some of the people who came to the Tenants' Council for help. Their homes were in grave need of all kinds of repairs and he said he told his BOSS superiors about this. However in Feb. 1969 the Elsmere Tenants' Council closed down and we have Ralph White to thank for that. White had not sought refunding. Was this the decision of White or BOSS? It was White's decision, but BOSS later went along with it because the Tenants' Council kept White away from the BPP too long. White did not want to continue working at the Tenants' Council and did not want it to get into the hands of the people already there (the BPP) so he let it fold, even though the Human Resources Administration said that they would fund it for another year. Was the H.R.A. funding White or the Elsmere Tenants' Council? The Elsmere Tenants' Council. Did White ever consult with the community to see if they wanted the program continued? No. Did anyone in the Human Resources Administration know White was a police agent? No.

White testified that on Aug. 29, 1968 Lumumba said that a TCB squad would be formed to take care of business. Some of the "business" White said would be harassing pigs, putting bombs in garbage cans by precincts and on the steps of precincts. White admitted that that particular meeting was "pretty far out" and a lot of talk was flowing. He also admitted that he never knew any of the defendants to put bombs in garbage cans or on the steps of precincts. When asked if the TCB squad was ever formed and who was in it, White said he didn't know any of that but perhaps the TCB squad was the security section.

In previous testimony White said that Lumumba said he would conceal a sawed-off shotgun under his dashiki, go up to a police car, ask directions and then shoot the cop. Then asked if Lumumba laughed while saying that, White said, yes, but he took Lumumba to be serious. Did Lumumba say he was GOING to do that? No, he said he would LIKE to do it. Did anyone respond, saying, let's go do it? No.

Was White ever present at a meeting where any of these defendants agreed to blow up sites of the New Haven Railroad, subway stations, or department stores? No. White admitted that a substantial portion of the work of the security section was to protect the party and its speakers from police attacks. But while being questioned about this, the D.A. jumped up to testify, saying that Sandy had left out a portion of the Grand Jury minutes where White said the security section was also supposed to ice and kill pigs. Sandy Katz objected to this and a loud side bar conference was held in which Murtagh threatened Phillips with contempt.

Sandy continued and read the Grand Jury minutes of White's previous testimony. To White "military work" consisted of killing police. Who told him that? Long pause — different things happened that made him believe that — but he couldn't recall anyone saying it. Nor could he recall when or by whom the

term "military work" was used. He had heard of military drills and did take part in them. They, however, took place in public parks and involved physical exercises.

Wed. Feb. 24

White had testified that in Sept. 68 Sekou had said that he would put White and others to a test to prove their revolutionary sincerity. What test did Sekou put them to? Long pause — White supposed it was the time in Baltimore with Lumumba. (But then that was in August, and this alleged statement was in September.) White could not recall any other tests. Although White had intimated that the test would consist of offing a pig, the agent admitted that that had never been stated by any one in the party. Did White conclude that the test would be offing a pig because that's what was done in "The Battle of Algiers"? No, different people indicated that the test was offing a pig. White could not be more specific.

In his direct testimony, White said that on Feb. 8 Michael Tabor told him to take trusted brothers from his section out onto the street to be tested. Did Tabor say what the test was? It was "generally regarded" as sniping at police. In direct testimony White also said that on Feb. 8 Dharuba said that White should teach his section street tactics. What are street tactics? Harassment of police and setting fire to police cars. Sniping? Possibly. Did Dharuba tell him that? White assumed it from general conversations in the past. Had White ever been tested in the streets of N.Y.? Well, he was involved in different things. But White admitted that he was never present with any of these defendants when a police car was set fire to or when explosives were put in the garbage cans of precincts (if that was ever done). White did not know if any of these defendants were tested in the streets of N.Y. after Feb. 8, 1969. Nor did he know which of these defendants, if any, were tested in the streets of N.Y. between October 68 and April 69, although he quoted Lumumba as having said that he (Lumumba) and Sekou has been tested. Which of these defendants was to be tested on Jan. 17, 1969? Another long pause — and White said that sometime after the Harlem River Drive incident, someone said that Joan Bird hadn't passed the test and they didn't know why she had been taken. What was the test — a driver's test? White didn't know. White did not know of anyone else who was to have been tested on Jan. 17, 1969. Throughout his course of infiltration in the BPP, White never attended a class in dynamite nor did he recall such a class being held.

White testified that on Oct. 15, 1968, Kuwesi showed him how to make a time bomb. They did not discuss possible targets for it or when it would be used. The agent had also testified that on Oct. 13 Kuwesi had said that the next night he wanted to shoot a pig — he would walk up behind the pig and shoot him. Kuwesi said this on the subway, after a night of drinking and smoking grass. White said that he took Kuwesi seriously, yet he did not immediately call BOSS or recommend that someone keep Kuwesi under surveillance. White said that on Oct. 16 Kuwesi showed others how to make a time bomb. White assisted in this class which was held at the Elsmere Tenants' Council. Joan Bird brought a classmate who was not in the BPP. White did not object to this non-party member being there, nor did Kuwesi. Again there was no discussion of when or where such a time bomb would be used. White never participated in such a demonstration again and Kuwesi never conducted any more classes. In fact, after Oct. 16, White could not recall any demolition classes having been held. The time bomb that was allegedly made never had any explosives in it and White admitted that he never saw a bomb containing explosives in the BPP.

Although White had seen Joan Bird in the Harlem BPP office and at Political Education classes, he never saw her with a gun or with dynamite. Nor did he ever hear her discuss the bombing of precincts, department stores, subway stations, railway sites or the killing and maiming of police. He thought she was primarily involved with school and community

(Continued on Page 21)

VIETNAMIZATION, PACIFICATION, AND THE NLF: HOW THE MILITARY JUGGLES ITS NUMBERS

HONOLULU, Hawaii [LNS] — Harvey Myerson, a former war correspondent for the Chicago Daily News, and author of a book on Vinh Long Province in South Vietnam's Mekong Delta, recently returned to the province to update his information.

Vinh Long, according to the U.S. command, is a major battleground in the Vietnam where Vietnamization and Pacification are succeeding nicely. Myerson not only found that the liberation forces had great strength there, but also discovered some statistical techniques the U.S. army uses to come up with its distorted picture of U.S. gains in the war.

Now a teacher of American Studies at the University of Hawaii, Myerson recently delivered three lectures reporting his findings. The following excerpts come from summaries of his lectures broadcast by Hawaii's KPOI-FM.

The U.S. command reports that Vinh Long's Vietnamization is moving along, that U.S. troops are pulling out steadily, and that only 20,000 U.S. troops remain in the Mekong Delta. What the command didn't report was that in 1967 the U.S. had only 4,000 troops in the Delta — now there are five times that many.

The U.S. military announced that the U.S. had turned over one of the two biggest helicopter bases in the Delta to the South Vietnamese. In fact, since 1967 the U.S. has increased its force in the Delta from five helicopter companies and two bases to 12 helicopter companies, two heavy-lift companies and three bases.

Saigon forces, equipped to a man with M-16 rifles, now carry the bulk of the fighting and operate also at night, according to the military briefings. If you talk to American advisors in the field, you find you however that there is little contact with the NLF. Saigon troops are now required to make nightly forays into the jungle, so they go out a few yards every night sometime between 10 p.m. and midnight usually along the same path, and then return.

If any ammunition is expended in one of these forays, it is reported as an ambush by South Vietnamese troops. In one district, out of 1,200 nighttime "ambushes," only three involved any firing of guns, and no one knows what the targets of the shots were.

The U.S. Army claims that 92%

of the Mekong Delta is pacified, meaning that the people in control of the village are loyal to the Saigon Government. Such figures are really a product of the statisticalization of the war.

Each hamlet sends its answers to multiple-choice questionnaires to a district advisor who passes it on to Saigon where it gets computerized. The computer then digests the data and sends word back to the hamlet telling it whether it is pacified or not. Hamlet leaders are not supposed to know whether their hamlet is pacified until the computer tells them.

The American computer names one Vinh Long hamlet a Class B pacified hamlet — not quite Class A, but highly pacified. Not long before, the villagers had assassinated the hamlet chief and his deputy — both of whom worked for Saigon.

In an average month, a district advisor must feed the answers to 5,397 multiple choice questions into the computer in Saigon. In one district the senior advisor had visited only 25 of the 43 hamlets and yet had filed scores of reports on each one. In many districts, clacking sounds are more likely to spit forth from typewriters than machine guns.

One of the biggest distortions of the U.S. Army's press agents is that 60,000 NLF troops have defected to Saigon since 1968.

Under the "third-party inducement system" anyone who convinces an NLF soldier to defect receives a handsome bonus. The reward varies according to the defector's rank, but in the case of a captain, it might amount to one month's income for a rice farmer. Many of the 60,000 "defectors" were recruited under this program: no doubt a large percentage were staged simply to collect the bonus.

The most current scheme for defections works differently. When large U.S. forces enter an area and planes begin to mount bombing raids, people leave their villages, show up at the defection center of their district capital, and receive housing, clothing and food for up to 45 days. When the U.S. troops and bombs recede, the people return to their hamlets. The only price they pay for this protection is to admit they are defecting from the Vietcong.

BEAVER

ALGIERS CONT.

The word came from Eldridge and Tim, directed to the followers of the counter culture "to stop the clowning and start the revolution." The statement came out of a video taped discussion between Cleaver and Leary to be broadcasted over KQED in San Francisco. The tape was made by Glenn Angell on Friday, Feb. 12, and it was to resolve the recent split between Cleaver and Leary over LSD. The tape called for counter culture leaders Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman and Stew Albert to start "Weathermanning and Panthering." Cleaver said that he had used LSD in the past but implied that the drug fostered the drop out attitude which was counter revolutionary in effect. He said that activists should "not be guilty of tripping while their comrades are dying." This was in reference to Panthers who are in jail or who have been killed in shout-out confrontation with cops.

Leary indicated that a short vacation of drug use would aid those feeling uptight and added that "the time for the clown demonstration I think is over." He said that he and his wife, Rosemary, are under no coercion or danger from the Panthers that they wish to stay in Algiers and work with that group.

Cleaver pointed out that while Jerry Rubin was once his Vice Presidential running mate during the '68 election, he would now prefer Bernadine Dohrn to be

running on the ticket with him, and he said, "I would also be her Vice Presidential running mate."

Although agreeing to the need for revolutionary action instead of a drop out attitude, Cleaver and Leary remained at odds on certain issues concerning psychedelic drugs. Leary said that he would dose Nixon and Hoover if he had a chance and Eldridge said that he would "do something else" if he were close enough to slip them drugs.

Leary maintained that 30% of young FBI agents would adopt revolutionary attitudes if they had an LSD experience. Cleaver accused Leary of being chiefly responsible for the use of LSD in the counter culture. He said, "I think it is time for people to be encouraged in the right direction and not left on a trip." Leary agreed that his followers should work for "revolution and liberation," but said that taking LSD would not allow people to "walk away from twentieth century" or from "racism, genocide, and imperialism." He added that although no one has the right to encourage the use of LSD, he would advocate the use of it for someone who was "right wing, republican, short haired, jock strap from Texas." Leary indicated that LSD was a determining factor in the revolutionary stances of the Weathermen and the White Panthers.

LAWYER SUES TO WIPE OUT ARREST RECORD FOR CHARGES HE WAS NEVER CONVICTED ON

LIBERATION News Service

RIVERHEAD, L.I. [LNS] — In what could become a precedent-setting case, attorney Edward Ryder has brought suit to have all court records

accusing him of bribery destroyed on the grounds that they constitute a "perpetual libel."

The original case against Ryder, in which he was defending a judge on traffic charges, were dismissed. He therefore feels that all records relating to his arrest are a personally damaging libel.

Should he win his case, an important precedent will be set for everyone who has ever been arrested but not convicted. As the law now stands, millions of people can find reports on them feeding into the massive federal computer maintained by the FBI even if they have never been convicted on any charge.

ARMED BLACK STUDENTS DEFEND WILMINGTON CHURCH DURING THREE-DAY SEIGE WITH TWO DEATHS

WILMINGTON, N.C. [LNS] — "What happened here was as close to an insurrection as anything I've ever seen," said one black observer. "About 1300 high school students became involved one way or another."

For three days in early February, armed black students defended Wilmington's Gregory Church which serves as a black community center, from attacks by marauding Klansmen and police. One black student and one Klansman died in the attacks.

After four black public school students were suspended for alleged participation in racial disturbances, students got together and demanded black studies programs, greater black control over decision-making, and a holiday in honor of Martin Luther King from three Wilmington high schools. A boycott of classes was called when the city school administrators refused to negotiate the demands with the students.

On February 4, the second day of picketing, 2000 students and supporters marched on the city hall to once again present their demands, and found the offices padlocked.

When the marchers regrouped at Gregory Church, they found that bomb threats had preceded them to the church. Since Wilmington has long been a stronghold of Klan activity, the people in the church began to build barricades and arm themselves, fearing an armed attack.

That night, bands of prowling Klansmen converged on the church in cars and pick-up trucks loaded with

weapons. They drove straight through the police lines set up a few blocks from the church. Some of the men jumped out of their trucks and began to shoot. The blacks inside returned the shots, and fatally wounded one of the Klansmen.

Police claim that the dead man Harvey Cumber was just coming from the grocery and was not part of the Klan offensive. But people in the church saw him hop out of his truck and point his gun at them.

"I guess he figured he could just walk into the area and start shooting. Maybe he could have twenty-five years ago," said one of the blacks who witnessed the incident.

The next day, when a fire believed to be set by arsonists broke out a block from the church, firemen at first refused to enter the area. They finally showed up one hour later. Some unarmed blacks from the church had come earlier to fight the fire.

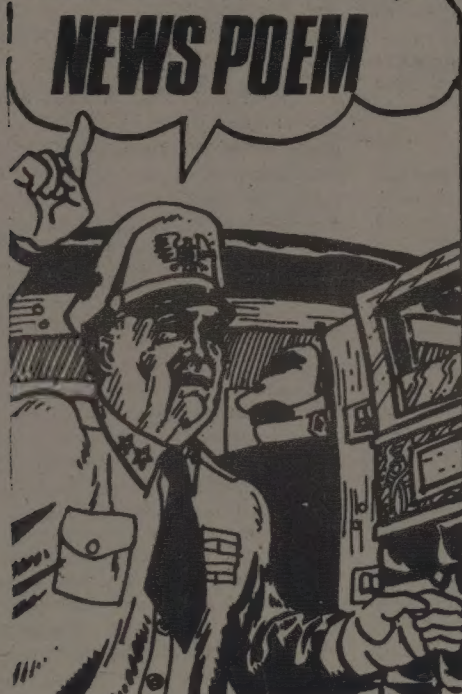
Police who showed up with the firemen, began shooting at the people near the fire. The police repeatedly shot Stephen Mitchell, a member of the student steering committee, dragged him 50 feet to one of their squad cars, and beat him to death. The police claim they shot Mitchell in self-defense.

Six hundred National Guardsmen came in on February 7 and Wilmington "quieted down." Church trustees, who were under tremendous pressure from the city government, asked the students to leave. The students returned to their homes in the community. Eugene Templeton, the white minister of Gregory Church, was fired for supporting the students. The next night, a detachment of 50 National Guardsmen and local police charged the church with rifles and machine guns mounted on tanks. But only the janitor was there to meet them.

THERE IS SOME PIECE I WILL NOT EAT

Washington, Jan. 4 — The General Accounting Office told a Congressional subcommittee today that the Food for Peace program had permitted foreign countries to purchase nearly \$700-million in military equipment in the last five years.

NEW YORK TIMES Jan. 5, 1971



first eat, then kill
it used to be
one could depend
on order and respect
in this most mundined world

but now
the very fundament
the whitest meat
is spoiled

we vomit blood
before we eat
it is a greasy trick
spooned up our sinistram
Meretriciouscal?

butter or guns?
try some butter on your guns

which side are you on?
herbicide

what a piece, what is it?
Foodomat (45 cal) Carry(don)!

Kiss me
I'm burp(gun)ing

DIET!

Tuli Kupferberg

in news

ARSENIC IN TEN MINNESOTA LAKES; WEED KILLER MAKES WATERS POISONOUS

LIBERATION News Service

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. [LNS] — Joseph Shapiro of the University of Minnesota has released the results of studies of ten Minnesota lakes which show that all of them have large amounts of arsenic, and four have concentrations so high they are unfit for human consumption. All the

lakes are used for swimming and other recreational purposes.

Dr. Shapiro points out that most studies of water pollution concentrate on just the amount of phosphates, which, while they have unfortunate effects on plant and animal life, are not directly

poisonous to humans.

All the arsenic seems to have entered the lakes from a weed killer which contains sodium arsenite. In the years 1956 to 1969 over 900,000 pounds were used in Minnesota, and presumably similar amounts were dumped on the soil of other states.



GEORGE WALLACE
FINDS
MAX RAFFERTY
A NEW JOB

LIBERATION News Service

TROY, Ala. [LNS] — California's right-wing former Superintendent of Public Instruction, who lost re-election last November to a liberal black, has found a new job.

Gov. George Wallace has helped Max Rafferty gain appointment as dean of the Education School at Troy State University in rural Alabama. The University's President, Dr. Ralph W. Adams, predicts that Rafferty "will be an asset not only to this institution but to all the state."

Rafferty said that he has had several job offers, all from schools "with philosophies congenial to my own." Troy State has been an undergraduate teachers college. It is converting to a full liberal arts university, and Rafferty will guide the growth, development and philosophy of the school of education.

FABLE

by Vincent Titus

Once a pussycat plays Russian roulette 9 times.

MORAL:
He didn't play the decimal system.

of political activity is probably directly responsible for the surprising, abrupt end of the "Conspiracy 5" trial on February 12. Judge Roger Ouimet threw out the charges on the grounds that they were too vague to allow the accused radicals to defend themselves.

The five are still charged with "membership in the FLQ" which is a crime under the repressive umbrella of the War Measures Act, the martial law that was imposed during the kidnapping crisis. Two are out on bail (Chartrand and Lemieux) and the judge may soon grant it to the others.

But if the Quebec establishment was sensitive to the pulse of popular opinion in the conspiracy case, they continue to blunder in the trial of Paul Rose. Rose was banned from court February 8 during the selection of jurors when he called the judge and other court officials "whores of the establishment, but at least whores work for their money."

Jacques Rose was cited at the same time for shouting "Vive le FLQ!" in court, and Paul Simard (the third man charged with kidnapping and murder in Laporte's death) for telling the judge to eat shit — a phrase that the Prime Minister recently popularized.

MORE FUNDS SUPPORT RESEARCH TO ROUT DISEASES THAT SPECIALLY AFFECT THE GENES OF WHITE KIDS

RICHMOND, Va. [LNS] — The funding of medical research for treatment of severe genetic diseases favors whites over blacks, according to a study just completed by Robert B. Scott of the Virginia Commonwealth University.

Dr. Scott looked at four diseases — PKU, muscular dystrophy, cystic fibrosis, and sickle cell anemia. The first mostly hit whites, while sickle cell anemia strikes only blacks. All four result in death or severe mental retardation.

Medical funds are distributed very unlike the two to one ratio of white victims to black victims. In 1968, the National Institute of Health with Federal funding gave \$172,000 for research on the three white diseases and \$22,000 for the black disease.

Private fund drives — more racist than the National Institute — raised a total of \$9 million for research into muscular dystrophy and cystic fibrosis, while the same sources provided only \$50,000 for sickle cell anemia.

Christmas day to demand that all political prisoners be freed. And on New Year's Day, hundreds gathered outside Montreal's women's prison to protest the contempt sentence and jailing of Lise Rose (sister of Paul Rose and Jacques Rose, two of the three men accused in the kidnapping and killing of Laporte). They carried roses in symbol protest.

And on that New Year's Day, the Lapalme workers began wearing their red, green and white *toques*, like the *patriotes* of 1837.

Quebec was not to be a quiet, snow-shrouded provincial place after New Year's. Paul Rose went on trial in the first weeks of January, and official Canada probably counted on the quick trial of this "murderer" to keep the lid on political agitation in the *Belle Province*.

But as the trial opened, a curious thing happened — the French press in Montreal saw in Paul Rose a folk hero. A *toque*-wearing memory of the heady days of rebellion in 1837. They called the trial "judicial guerrilla warfare." They publish front-page portraits of Rose. They ran columns of his courtroom quips labeled "The Humor of Paul Rose."

SKY MARSHALLS PROGRAM MAY END, VERY QUIETLY

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — The Federal Aviation Authority is considering dropping the highly publicized "sky marshalls" in September. The sky marshalls were organized to prevent hijacking of planes.

The government now feels the expensive program may be unnecessary because the number of hijack attempts has dropped and methods of searching passengers before boarding have improved.

There will be no publicity if the move is made.

QUEBEC STAYS HOT: STRIKES, TAKEOVERS & TRIALS

MONTREAL, Quebec [LNS] — In 1837, the French-speaking *patriotes* of Quebec put on red, green and white stocking caps, took up arms, and began a long, unfinished struggle for liberation from English domination.

Now, in 1971 — as Quebec groans under the weight of martial law, conspiracy trials and massive unemployment — modern-day Quebecois have donned the colorful *toques*, or stocking caps.

They are the workers of the Lapalme trucking company. Fired last year during a strike, they have since been fighting the Liberal government which attempted to deal a death-blow to the strike by hiring government employees to do the work of the Lapalme truck drivers. In the first week of February, the Lapalme drivers, topped with *toques*, marched on Montreal's union headquarters and occupied it.

The occupation came as thousands of striking Montreal teachers, French and English speaking, took over their schools in protest against a wage cutback.

The story of the Lapalme workers, the plight of the teachers, the continuing political repression (two heavy trials are still in process), all contribute to a sense of continuing crisis in Quebec.

The Quebec crisis exploded onto the front pages when militants of the Front for the Liberation of Quebec (FLQ) kidnapped Quebec's Labor Minister and a British trade official last October. The Minister — Pierre Laporte — was found dead in a bleak suburb of Montreal. Briton James Cross was released.

Far-reaching martial law was imposed after the kidnappings, and deceptive calm settled on the troubled "province" of Quebec, located just across the St. Lawrence River from New York State.

Once the kidnapped men were released, as Canadian soldiers still patrolled the streets of Montreal and Quebec City, a short-lived lethargy reigned. People questioned the death of Laporte, who was — some

reasoned — a Quebecois among others. The whole affair came as a shock, a sobering.

Of course, the deep social evils that the FLQ spoke so eloquently of in their Manifesto would not go away. Life would remain plodding and oppressive for what FLQ writer Pierre Vallieres calls the "white niggers of America."

In fact, things were as bad as ever. One of the demands the FLQ made for the release of Laporte and Cross, for example, was the reinstatement of the Lapalme workers. The demand went unnoticed, unremarked, unheeded. Hundreds of drivers remained jobless — a few hundred among thousands of Quebecois unemployed.

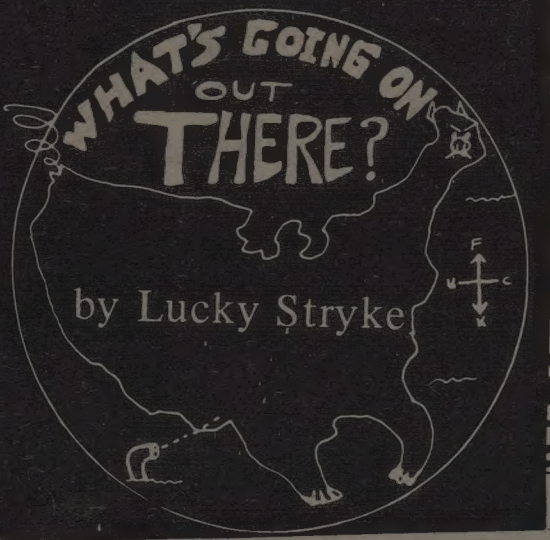
For all its sanctimonious tirades against violence, the Liberal government of Pierre Elliot Trudeau was powerless itself to grapple with the economic depression that enshrouds life in Quebec.

So powerless that when a Lapalme driver who was picketing the Parliament buildings in Ottawa shouted "Damned traitor!" to Trudeau as he passed, the Prime Minister's only response was a sharp "Eat shit!"

Nothing had changed in Quebec in the desperate lives of a few million people. Slowly and surely the political torpor of the post-kidnapping days had to wear off.

October had passed, then November, then most of December. Demonstrations were banned in Quebec, public meetings difficult to hold. Some of the FLQ people involved in the kidnappings had been caught, and many other political people were still in jail. Five of them — Michel Chartrand, a popular radical union leader; Pierre Vallieres; Charles Gagnon, an FLQ activist; Jacques Larue-Langlois, a journalist; and Robert Lemieux, a lawyer who tried to defend FLQ members — were up for trial on vague charges of "seditious conspiracy."

Then a thousand people came into the streets of Montreal on



An interview with Rex "The Thumb" Weiner, cross-country traveler and Venusian War veteran.

L.S.: Res, you don't want to talk about your experiences in the Venusian War, do you?

Rex: No, I don't want to talk about it. It was, uh, well, let's just say it was apocalyptic, O.K.?

L.S.: O.K. You just got back from a hitchhiking trip across the country. What places did you go through?

Rex: Well, me and my friend Finn started out here in New York and caught a ride all the way out to Kansas City. Spent some time there and in Lawrence, nearby. Went on to Denver, then up into the mountains to Boulder. Beautiful scene there in Boulder. And then we went south back through Denver, following the mountain range down through Colorado Springs, took the La Vita Pass across into New Mexico. Drove through Taos and Santa Fe and landed in Albuquerque for a day or two. Then we hitched out on Route 66 aiming to cross Arizona by way of Flagstaff and hit into L.A., but we got a ride with these maniacs from Minnesota who were heading for San Diego so we turned south at Flagstaff and covered the entire state in the middle of the night on mescaline. We got lost for hours driving around Phoenix, and somehow we made it to San Diego where we got dropped off. Went up to L.A. Got stuck, couldn't find the freeway going out, so we blew some bread on a bus and that's how we ended up in Frisco.

L.S.: Did you have any trouble getting rides?

Rex: Naah, occasionally we'd get stuck out in the middle of nowhere for an hour or so, like once in Kansas. Some guy dropped us off on the highway with no sign of civilization around for miles, not one burger stand anywhere. Just the Great Plains stretching out into infinity. We were there for some time until this van full of freaks came along and gave us a nice three-hundred mile ride to Denver.

L.S.: Did mostly freaks pick you up?

Rex: Yeah, there's freaks all over the country, man. It's like the People's Transportation Service, you know? But a lot of nice straight people gave us rides too. There was this one guy, an army captain, a lifer, who picked us up. I don't know why. He was all for the war and

told us about how he'd killed all these people in Vietnam because it was his duty and war was war and all that. Me and Finn were sitting there freaking out, I mean, here was this guy, and he looked like, you know, a nice guy. He didn't

look like a killer. And yet he was driving along saying things like Calley was okay, they were just making him into a scapegoat and South Vietnamese liked the U.S. despite them getting killed every day and their country raped, because we were protecting them from the evils of Communism. It was strange.

L.S.: He really believed all that.

Rex: Sure. He believed everything the government told him. But most of the kids we met had no use for that shit. They were just into getting high and listening to music and having a good time.

L.S.: How was the dope situation in the provinces?

Rex: Beautiful. You know, we couldn't carry anything with us because of the risk, but we never really had any problem getting high. Everywhere we went, kids had stuff to get us stoned on. There was this scene where we'd get rides from these kids who were like, skipping school and driving around smoking dope, just picking up hitchhikers and getting them stoned and taking them where they wanted to go. That happened in Kansas and Albuquerque. It was real nice. Some of the best hash we smoked was in the middle of Kansas.

L.S.: Rex, what's the political atmosphere in some of the places you visited?

Rex: Well, in general, it seemed to me that in most places there was a slow sort of revolution going on. Kids all over are pretty hip, especially in the college towns, but also in strange, out-of-the-way places. They're concerned with ecology and how the big corporations are messing up the land. They like rock music but are righteously pissed off at the high prices they have to pay to enjoy it. They have no use for cops or the government or the war, and because so many kids are smoking dope there's a whole country full of young outlaws.

L.S.: What about the sort of organized political activity that we see a lot of in New York? You know, underground

papers, demonstrations, and so on . . .

Rex: In Kansas City there was an underground paper, but it was very a-political. Just into "peace, love, good vibes," etcetera. But fifty miles away, in Lawrence, where the University of Kansas is, there was a whole lot of political stuff going on. That's where they got the Kaw Valley Hemp Pickers Association, a brotherhood of righteous dealers who keep dope prices down and bail people out of jail. It's where Phil Hill, a local dealer, was elected Justice of the Peace for a brief while, and crazy George Kimball ran for sheriff on a power to the people platform and lost. A lot of buildings get bombed and trashed on the campus there, and people are really wired up for confrontations, although things were relatively quiet when we were there. We saw revolutionary slogans painted on the walls of buildings in Boulder, Colorado. In Albuquerque there's a free store that's run by a collective that was also getting together a People's Gas Station and they put out some good radical literature concerning survival, ecology, local and world politics, the war, and women's rights. They were really good people doing solid organizing in their community. They'd heard of us.

L.S.: They'd heard of you?

Rex: Yeah, we said we were from the East Village Other and they said, Oh, that sexist counter-revolutionary rag in New York! The one with that guy Dean Latimer on it? We're gonna get him! Ha, ha, ha, ha.

L.S.: Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Rex: But the heaviest political stuff we saw was in Berkeley. They really have things together out there. There's this election coming up where they have a good chance of taking over the local government, including the police department. There's a big drive on to get all the freaks to register to vote. Finn registered twice.

L.S.: How about Frisco?

Rex: Frisco's a little different, Haight Street is all boarded up and deserted. On the surface it looks like very little is happening, but actually there is a lot. But it's quiet stuff, like the many food co-ops they've got going, and the city communes that are getting bigger and stronger in the sense of being able to look out for their

people and take care of each other. In Frisco, people are finding genuine alternatives. They're unplugging themselves from the money economy as much as possible and carrying on with their lifestyles. A lot of them are into all kinds of rip-offs like welfare and food stamps. There was one big thing that happened while we were there, when two tankers collided in the bay and this giant oil slick hit all the beaches. Reminded me of the Venusian War days. Hundreds of freaks worked voluntarily cleaning up the shoreline and trying to save the birds that got coated with gunk. Then there was a big demonstration outside the Standard Oil Building downtown where they threw the dead birds into a big pile on the sidewalk. There was also a demonstration when Laos was invaded, but it was pretty weak. They were trashing in Berkeley that week and at Stanford two students were shot.

L.S.: All in all, it sounds a lot heavier out in California than here in New York.

Rex: It is, man. Maybe it's because the weather's a lot nicer out there, I don't know. I think there's a lot happening here in New York, but it gets lost in the day-to-day tumult of the city. People here aren't in touch with each other like they are in Frisco or Berkeley or other places around the country. There's no real community here. But we had a nice time in Colorado Springs. Hi, Veronica, hi, Judy!

L.S.: Rex, how would you summarize your trip, you know, as an experience what was it like?

Rex: Well, man, I got very high off of it, seeing the land and how beautiful it all is, the mountains and deserts and plains. Meeting people opened up my head to a lot of new ideas and feelings. Staying in the city can be so isolating, you know. And hitchhiking is the only way to get out there and really see it. It was a real trip!

L.S.: By the way, how long did it take you?

Rex: It took me and Finn about two weeks getting out there, and Finn is still in Frisco. Took me about six hours to get back.

L.S.: Six hours?

Rex: Yeah, I flew back, courtesy of Rip-off Airlines. Ha, ha, ha, ha.



WEAR WAVE

★ PLAY FLIPPER GAMES FOR SKILL & RECREATION

J. Schenkman © 1971



I beg yore pardon,
...I NEVER PROMISED YOU UH ROSE GARDEN.

THE DRUG BUST

JOHN DOMINICK

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THE NARCOTICS AGENT

"The money is good and I like the people I meet."

The narc is a trained, highly disciplined cop. After a year on the streets dealing with heroin pushers, brushing with the syndicate, and working in conjunction with other vice squads, he becomes a hardened, confident professional. He dismisses any attacks of conscience that might arise out of busting young people by looking at his badge and mumbling the magic words, "They are breaking the law!" He has been trained and is constantly practicing the art of acquiring people's cooperation. His attitude toward the people he meets during a day's work can be generalized as follows:

Pusher—Scum of the earth, dangerous, violent, vicious.

Head—Long-haired kooks, creeps, weirdos, dirty, divorced from reality. Many narcs believe hippies are dupes or willing participants in a communist plot to subvert the youth of America. Narcs consider heads paranoid, foolish people living in fear, trying to be fanatically careful without the faintest idea of how to protect themselves.

College users of pot and LSD—Intelligent but lacking in common sense, looking for kicks—an extension of the phone-booth stuffing, goldfish-swallowing days, a threat to the cream of the youth of the country.

Informer—A person to be used but not to be trusted, kept in the dark as much as possible, dispensable.

The law and Constitutional guarantees—Frustrating limitations, but sacred. The narcs are meticulous in their observances of any technicality that might cause them to lose a case. **Local Police**—Inefficient, bungling, to be avoided, cooperated with only when necessary.

FEARS IN THE LIFE OF A NARC

To be Discovered—The fear in the mind of an agent is as great when operating on a college campus as when dealing with the syndicate. He is a man living a lie. He believes that—if discovered—he will be in threat of serious bodily harm. **Girls**—Any girl involved in the drug scene is a threat to a narcotics agent. Federal officers are well aware that an accusation of immoral or illicit activity will cast a shadow on the entire agency. A narcotics agent who has allowed himself to get involved in any situation that might appear indecent is likely to lose his job. As one agent put it, "Now, how is it going to look when the defendant's girl friend takes the stand and says this federal agent tried to lay her?" The fear of girls is one of the more obvious characteristics of agents. They will avoid involvement with girls. They will even try to avoid being alone with a girl. Many agents will not buy from a girl who is alone. The federal officer must be inscrutable. Any indiscretion is likely to come out in court—possibly highly exaggerated. Most agents are married and have families.

Drugs—Most narcotics agents are afraid of drugs. They believe every negative fact that has ever been written about narcotics. He will not take LSD, opium, etc. In addition to his fear of the drug itself, he is not allowed to break the law he is paid to enforce. (If put on the spot, most agents will smoke rather than blow a case.) A small but growing number of agents are "weekend smokers."

Getting Burned—The narcotics agent is spending the government's money. He is afraid of having a legal substance palmed off as an illegal drug. Buying \$50.00 worth of sugar is not the way to

impress one's superior.

One should not burn a suspected narc because it is illegal to "purport to sell an illegal drug." People have been prosecuted for selling sugar to a narc. The sentence is the same as if they had sold the illegal drug.

MOTIVATION

The narcotics agent is not out to reform the world. He is on the street to make arrests. He would prefer to arrest the large dealer, but if he meets a "little man," that is better than nothing. If he makes a case against both of them, the papers will announce that a "dope ring" has been smashed. The agent wants to make a buy. He will resort to arrests for possession only if there is no hope of him making a purchase or if he discovers a large stash. A person in possession of several pounds of marijuana is vulnerable. The agent can tip off the local authorities (they can acquire a warrant on the basis of his testimony), and the arrest can be made without suspicion being cast on the agent. But it looks better on the agent's record if he makes a buy. The bigger the buy, the better. He would rather buy ten pounds than an ounce, but he'll buy a nickel bag if he cannot do better.

The question in the agent's mind is not, "Is this man a dealer?" but, "Can I make a buy from this man?" Many people have sold for the first time to an agent. The defendant can cry, "But I'm not a seller!" The obvious answer is, "You sold!" In the eyes of the law, one sale makes a seller.

The agent is aware of the defense entrapment. Since he may have been aggressive to make the first buy, he is sure to come back and make the second. The second purchase is always easier to make. Two buys generally alleviate any doubts in the jury's mind concerning entrapment.

The narcotics agent purchases drugs for the purpose of making cases. He will not buy from a stranger if there is a chance he will not see the dealer again. The three-way transaction complicates the legal case. (Give money to A. Receive drugs from B.) The agent wants a straightforward exchange—drugs for money. He is reluctant to front money, i.e., advance the money before he gets the drug. The agent will do this only if there is no other choice, and he knows he can find the dealer if he gets burned.

The agent is a man whose job it is to "make cases." Like any other job his personal advancement in the agency is determined by how much he produces, that is, how many buys he makes. The narc, much like a hustler, con man, or encyclopedia salesman, must be aggressive.



APPEARANCE OF AN AGENT

Narcotics agents are college graduates. The agent on the street is generally between twenty-three and twenty-eight years old, though some look younger. He is a middle-class government employee. When he's working he tries to fit in, but after work he doesn't want to look like a kook. Some agents wear beards and long hair in an attempt to acquire a "beat" look. Others will buy "work clothes"—striped pants and mod shirts to look "weird." The agent will usually wear a sweater, jacket, or other bulky garment to conceal his gun. He generally carries his gun when he's on the street. This may surprise people. It is well to remember that the agent buying grass is accustomed to dealing with heroin pushers.

There are no female agents working for B.N.D.D. The work is considered too dangerous for women. Since the federal government is an equal opportunity employer, there are many black men working as narcotics agents.

The Team

The narcotics agent is never alone. When he's in a bar making conversation, there's a second agent sitting on the corner keeping an eye on things. When an agent goes into a building to make a buy, there are agents waiting outside. These agents are called "cover" men. They are there as a precautionary measure. Should the agent meet a dealer and unexpectedly leave to meet another person, the cover men follow. If the agent has a car, so do the cover men. Agents prefer to use their own car; use of public transportation or allowing the dealer to drive makes it difficult for the cover men to follow. When the agent leaves a dealer the cover men make sure he isn't followed.

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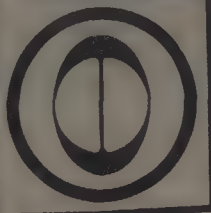
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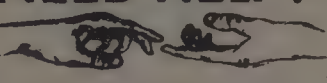
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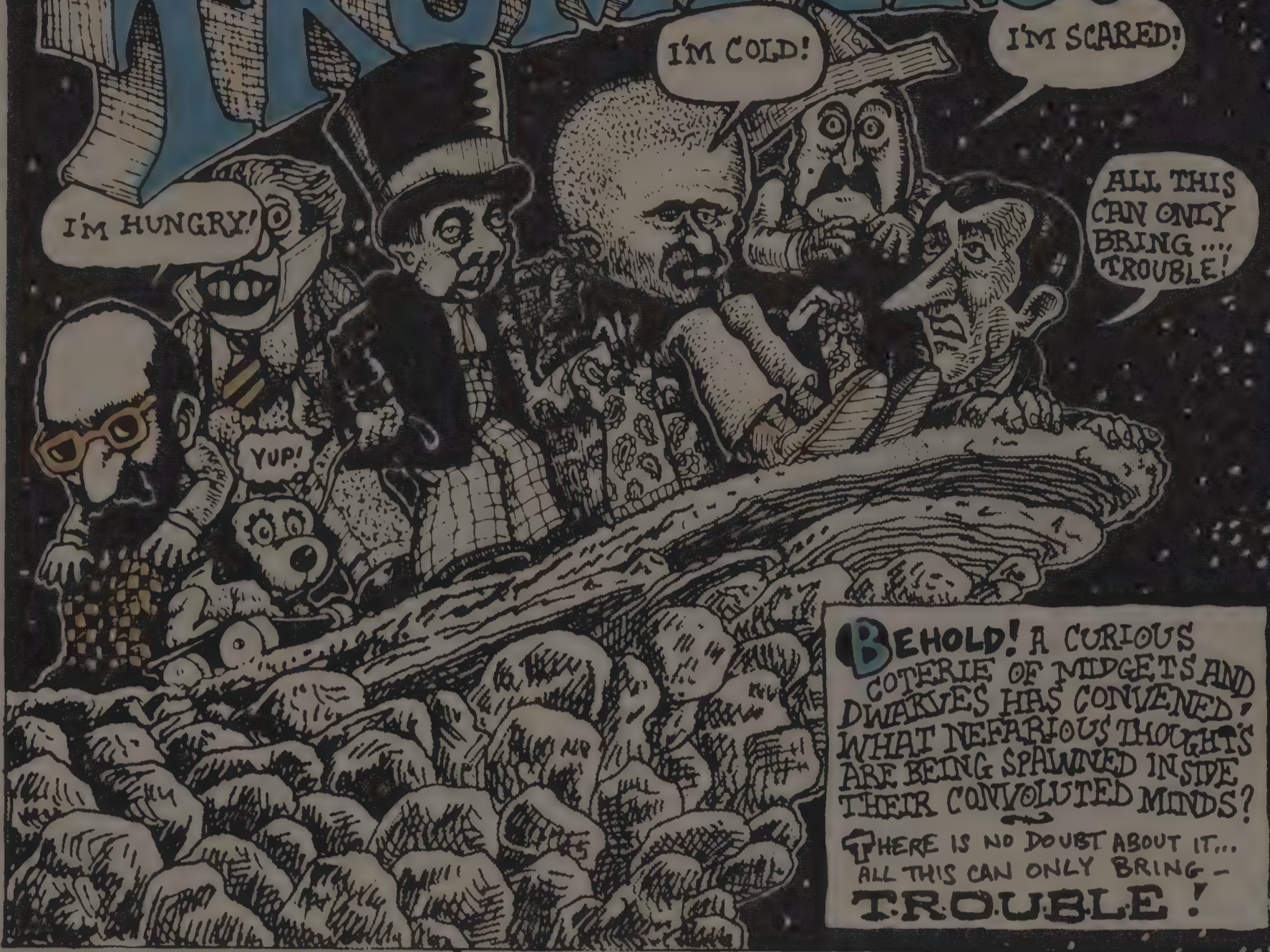


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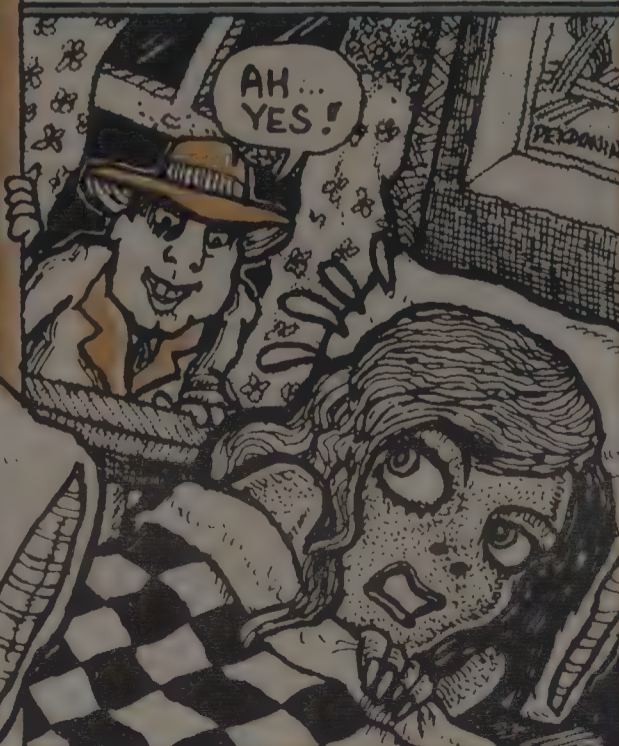


BEHOLD! A CURIOUS COTERIE OF MIDGETS AND DWARVES HAS CONVENED. WHAT NEFARIOUS THOUGHTS ARE BEING SPAWNED INSIDE THEIR CONVOLUTED MINDS? THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT... ALL THIS CAN ONLY BRING - **TROUBLE!**

IN THE VILLAGE DOWN BELOW, A DAMSEL DREAMS...



DREAMING DAMP AND STEAMY DREAMS, UNTIL:



A MIDGET APPEARS ... THEY ALWAYS SPOIL THE FUN!



ELSEWHERE, IT IS MUCH THE SAME...

EVEN IN DIRTY EDDIE'S BAR AND GRILL ...

EDDIE! THERE'S A -CHOKE-MIDGET IN MY BEER!

YES, EVERYWHERE IT IS MUCH THE SAME ...

丸首花!
MIDGEES!

AI! CARAMBA!
EES DWARFS!!!

LAWSY!!
A DWAFF!!!
(I GWINE GIDOUVA HEHH)

OY GEVALT!
IT'S COMING-
DE MIDGETS!

FOR TOO LONG HAVE MIDGETS (AND DWARVES) BEEN ABUSED...

3 ON A MIDGET... ATSA BAD LUCK, BOSS!

HA-HA!

...AND DOWNTRODDEN!

FASCIST GIANT PIG!

THE MIDGET (AND DWARF) LIBERATION FRONT SHALL CHANGE ALL THIS!

(MIDGET DRIVING CHICKEN TO WASHINGTON, D.C.)

(UNSUSPECTING: AN ARTIST WORKS...)

SHORT SHIT!!!

HAW- NOTHIN LOWER THAN A BLACK MIDGET!

☆★! (MPP)

EXCEPT A FEMALE DWARF! HAW, HA, HA!

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HEH, HEH!

DAILY BUNGHOLE

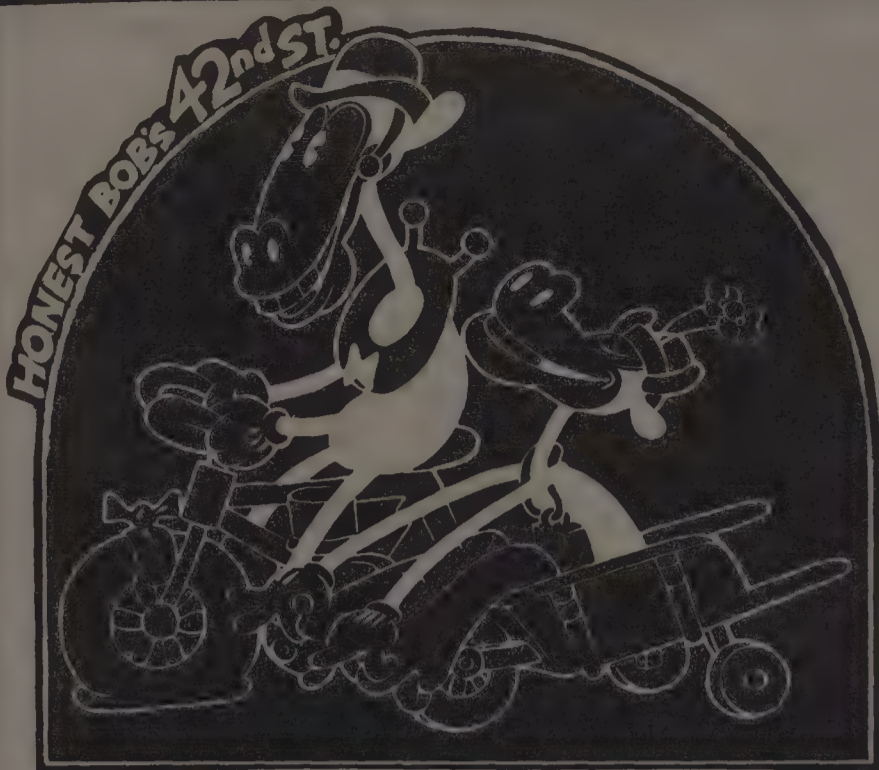
FAMOUS ARTIST SLAIN

STOMPED TO DEATH!

SMALL FOOTPRINTS LEAD POLICE TO SUSPECT PYGMIES!

A. FLOOGLE

I'M A DWARF... NEXT YEAR AT THIS TIME I HOPE TO SAY THE SAME FOR YOU!



by Honest Bob Singer

The first 90 minutes of Fernando Solana's *La Hora de Los Hornos* opened last week at the New Yorker. It is the

best film since *Battle of Algiers*, a people's film in every sense, so much that it has been banned from his own people, a great political documentary that perfectly exemplifies the cardinal principal of political filmmaking: that the film grow directly from the experience of the people, makes its revolutionary point with clarity, economy and force, as Solana would say, of a gun — film for the people, of the people (no need for any but the real protagonist in the drama of history), by filmmakers who are involved in the fight for liberation. For all that it's still a good film.

Solana has worked over a lot of familiar ideas with the freshness he knew it would take to present them to the peasants of his native Argentina (where it is therefore banned). His approach is a very original collage relying heavily on titles. They're a little on the banal side, overused quotes from Fanon and such, but they fit ok in the context. The music is a running operatic commentary. The editing is the essence, far more sophisticated than anything in Hollywood films, certainly more meaningful, and some cuts (like one from passengers on a train giving money to little boys running alongside, to one of the boys looking

with a panicky face of desperate hope, to a towering Buenos Aires steel and glass office building, back to the boy, back to the building and a raucous braying burst of baroque trumpets that echo and mock the edifice of the urban bourgeoisie — if this sounds like the thirties, Argentina has never really left that decade) are unforgettable. Solana's touch is light and never morbid; the vignettes of puberty of poverty are never grotesque, no need to be, his native audience knows all too well whereof he speaks. And his lightest moments — like the rich lady proudly comparing the Argentinian ruling class to the Polish nobility — are his best.

The picture is nearly a catechism of Marcusian and Fanonian catch-notions of Third World radicalism but Solana swings it into a violent but elegant waltz of images and ideas, delineating if not documenting exhaustively the structures and mechanisms of the dependent neocolonial state. Sometimes he is incomplete and not entirely convincing — the intellectuals may be Eurocentric softies but that doesn't explain away a genius like Jorge Luis Borges — but the indictment as far as it goes, stands. Nor is the statement that Argentina has the highest standard of living in Latin

DECOMPOSITION

by D. A. Latimer

Now here's a peculiar place for a singer such as this to be playing, Phillip Morgan, in the cellar coffeeshop of Trinity Episcopal Church, down near Wall Street. In the Gaslight, say, or the Bitter End, or especially in the White Horse Tavern, he'd be just part of the element, a spectacular part, one of those handsome and gentle and startlingly poetic young fellows such as James Taylor who are beginning to thrust 'Country-Western' into your vitals a little deeper than the heaviest Rock & Roll ever went. Even in these times of Active Clergy (is that like, 'Danger: Active Driveway?') it's a trifle incongruous to find a church sponsoring really fine-assed talent. I mean, churches have traditionally been around primarily to confine people's heads, right? You got to God

through the digestion of the Host, or through the study of the Scriptures, or through the tossing of coins into the cedar platter whilst singing the Doxology, or you did not get to God at all, if the Church had anything to do with it. Not so? So what in Heaven's name accounts for this beautiful bearded Welshman perched on a stool on the little stage (labelled 'Stage') of Seventy-Four Below, the Trinity Church coffeeshop at 74 Trinity Place?

Well, you could go down there and check it out for yourself sometime. Great place to meet chicks. You don't even have to be an Episcopalian, and in fact it might be more fun if you're not. It's pleasantest to get there by going through the church itself, Trinity Church just off Wall Street on Trinity Place, that lovely burnt-umber steepled granite chapel with the old cemetery around it, blackened headstones sunk throat-deep into the yellowed Manhattan

earth like Dante's Barrators peeping up out of the pitch. Do not confuse the white-collared proprietors inside with Catholic priests: even if you forget to address them as 'Father,' they'll likely as not be glad to help you through the church to the coffeeshop. And as you pick your way among the kneeling penitents, rapt in their orisons here and there about the floor, at high noon, be sure to take note of the stained-glass window over the altar at the rear of thy place: surely it is the very War And Peace of stained-glass windows, at least in New York. And you will pass, led by the Father, through the long pillared corridors, under the high-gabled arches, through a gloomy silence fragrant with holy pew-varnish, to the huge maple back door, if you're lucky. Y'know, one could

do worse than get to God that way

Seventy-Four Below, the coffeeshop, is right the yonder side of the street, down a romantic twist of granite steps, between high pointed cast-iron fence palings. This is all so lovely a walk, it should put your head in precisely the proper place to listen to Phil Morgan's songs, supposing you go there on a day when he is playing there. Because he doesn't play there every day, no no, he's a busy man, got a lot of gigs to do, the Gaslight, the Bitter End, the White Horse Tavern, all those places . . . You got to chase him around, he has not yet immured his voice in a phonograph record which you could play in the intimacy and comfort of your home, say whilst taking a long warm stoned bath. It'll be ever so nice when he does this, but for the time being you got to pursue him hither and thither like Narcissus after Echo.

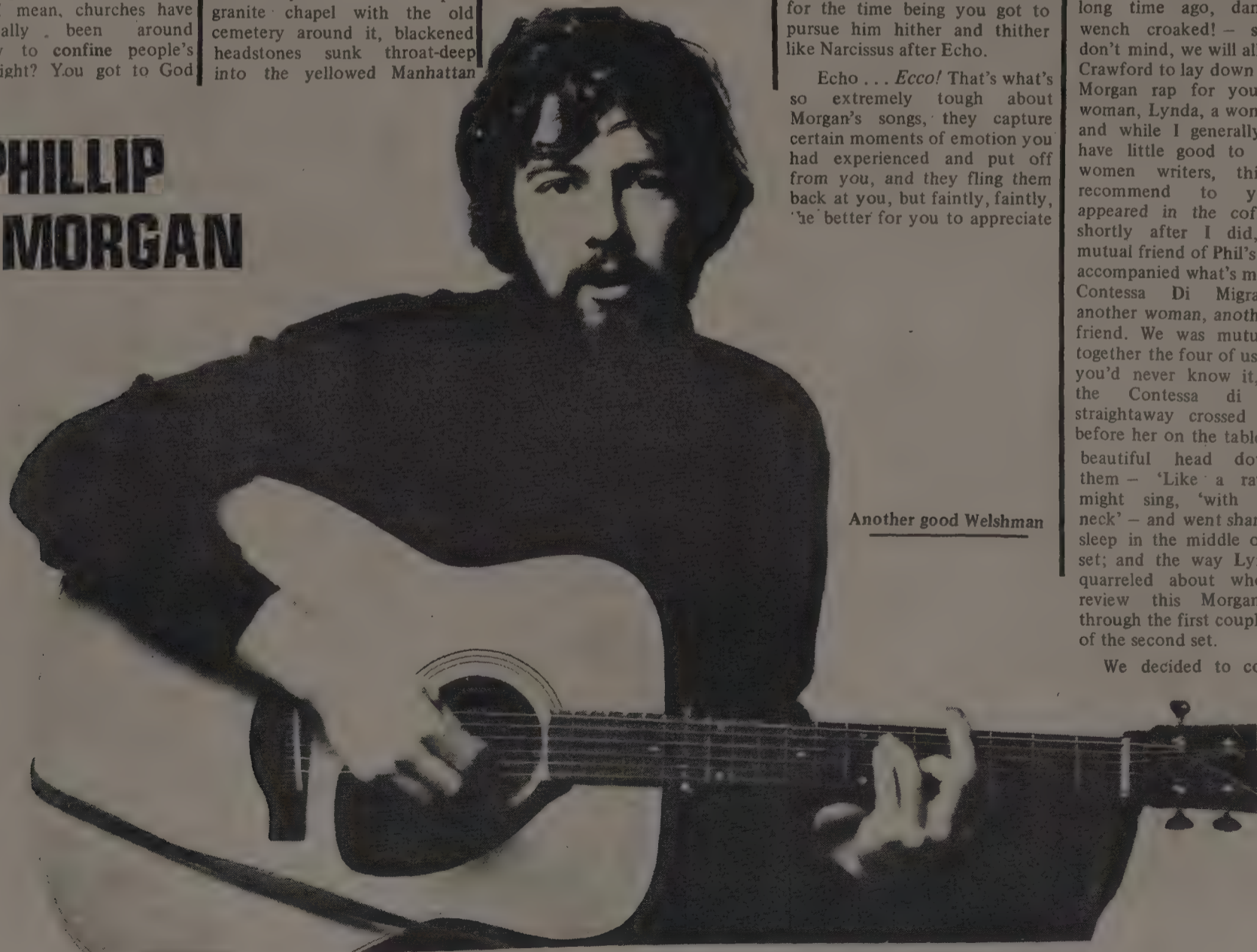
Echo . . . Ecco! That's what's so extremely tough about Morgan's songs, they capture certain moments of emotion you had experienced and put off from you, and they fling them back at you, but faintly, faintly, 'be better for you to appreciate

the loveliness of those anguished moments. The inevitable desolation after love he communicates wonderfully, for example: he presents in his lyrics a precise and shattering symptomology of heartache, and in his voice further impresses you with the inevitability of heartache, after love, and how the desolation after all is really just a part of the beautiful loving. I forget the names of the particular songs in which he accomplishes this, but I want to tell you, for one such as me, who has not been anywhere near heartache for a good comatose season of the earth now, for my musty old breast to be stirred like it was by one lonesome Welshman with a guitar, that is something.

But this is hardly my milieu, this disgusting exhumation of moribund emotions — it was a long time ago, dammit! the wench croaked! — so if you don't mind, we will allow Lynda Crawford to lay down her Phillip Morgan rap for you. She's a woman, Lynda, a woman writer, and while I generally speaking have little good to say about women writers, this one I recommend to you. She appeared in the coffee house shortly after I did, being a mutual friend of Phil's and mine, accompanied what's more by the Contessa Di Migraine, yet another woman, another mutual friend. We was mutual friends together the four of us, although you'd never know it, the way the Contessa di Migraine straightaway crossed her arms before her on the table, laid her beautiful head down upon them — 'Like a raven,' Phil might sing, 'with a broken neck' — and went shamelessly to sleep in the middle of the first set; and the way Lynda and I quarreled about who was to review this Morgan concert through the first couple numbers of the second set.

We decided to collaborate:

PHILLIP MORGAN



Another good Welshman

America sufficiently reconciled with the assertion that they live in unbelievable poverty — but then the standards of living in Latin America is a very relative thing and again, Solana's people know what he's talking about without gross overstatements. Such are the parochial considerations of the political filmmaker. His ideology[sic], if not technically precise, is lively, authoritative and forcefully prescriptive, just what such a film should be.

The one major objection to political cinema is that it is what it should be. *La Hora de Los Hornos* resists any charge of being formulaic. Solana's fusion of consciousness and visual concept, his mastery of editing and photography, suggest that his nearly "pure revolutionary cinema" is an individual artist at work, he's a whole collective ethos, he's the spirit of an age at work. It is a direct and infinitely engaged film, far surpassing though not invalidating Godard's obscurantist experiments or the fictive pathos of *The Organizer* or *Battle of Algiers*, it's just a measure of its own reality that brooks no quibbling, leaving only the options of acceptance or suppression (you won't be seeing *La Hora de Los Hornos* in Sioux City or 57th St.).

I have one qualm. They finish off with this three minute closeup of Che Guevara, seeing this makes me angry enough to run out and snuff some porker in pure rage, for about two minutes, but three minutes is a long time in the movies and I soon lapsed into feeling pretty silly about the whole thing. There's a kind of moviegoer person who might have had a bit more righteous revolutionary wrath and wasted me. Perhaps these weakling bourgeois carpings suggest the intensity of the film. They'd love it in Buenos Aires.

It's pretty fitting to have a Roger Corman festival after D.W. Griffith's orgy. Corman was Griffith enough to the first television generation, a fantasist on the order of Hitchcock and Disney, perhaps the American director closest to Fellini. If the science fiction of Jack Arnold (*Incredible Shrinking Man*) and Don Siegel (*Invasion of the Body Snatchers*) probed the national moral cancer, Corman's vampires, beach parties and bikers were romps in the swamp on the festering surface. I particularly recommend the Poe adaptations and on March 19 and 20, *The Trip* and *X the Man with the X-Ray Eyes*, at the Kips Bay.

she does Morgan, I do the coffeehouse, fine. But of course, having tenure here, I get to lay

the page out. And this is the way I am doing it: this week 'Decomposition' will be cradling 'Close To It All' to its busom

loke Pluto carrying Persephone into Hades, and Robin Morgan can go sit on a fireplug for all I care.

decomposition RESUMES

Exquisite! She certainly gives you a much more flavourful impression of Morgan's singing than I would, thanks to my reluctance to discuss such sloven emotions as love and beauty, and my lousy ear for songs anyway. When music goes into my head, good music like Morgan's, I am seized in transports of primitive enthusiasmos, the very thing that also frightened Plato away from music: it's all rhythms in sequence, form and content indistinguishable, you cannot eff it or intellectualise it unless you're another poet, or maybe a woman. Here are my notes on his first set: 'gentle plucking,' yes, it was a gentle number he was playing right then; 'voice is as resilient as a girl's,' that would certainly give you a lousy idea of his stage presence; 'should get a group to back him up and record this shit,' and so on, a screed of immaterialities. It was a comfort to have Lynda there taking the notes whilst I copped an occasional clandestine stroke of the insensible Contessa's hair.

Oh yes, this is a wonderful

between us and started his own come-on, after this wise:

'I work,' said he, 'down on the floor, dispatching quotations up to the Big Board.'

'I work,' she answered modestly, 'right up there under the Big Board, punching those quotations into the IBM.'

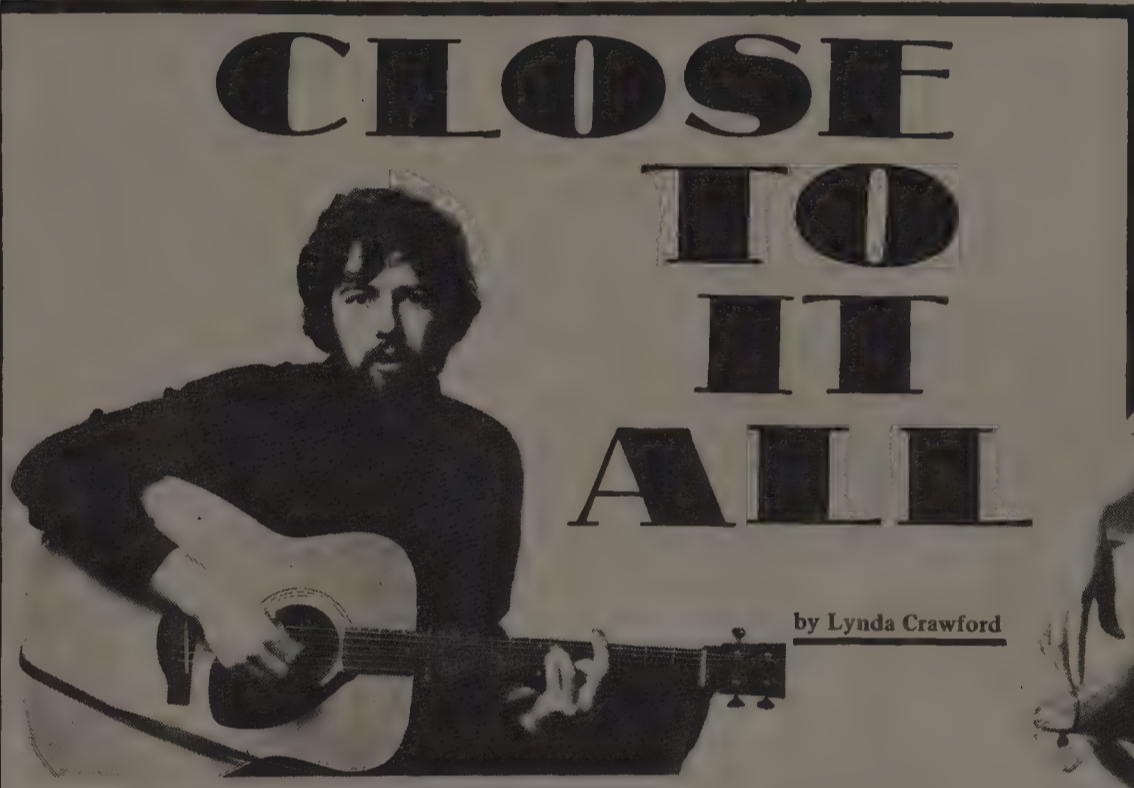
Consecutive convulsions in the peristalsis of capatilism! God damn! Had I struck but a moment earlier, I doubtless would have had an excellent chance with her: 'Hey baby, I got some reefer in my pocket...' But obviously they were made for each other.

Happily, Phil Morgan struck up his axe a minute later, drowning out the murmurings of these two ships passing in the night, and before very long afterward the girls showed up. So I was not exactly gnawing my heart out.

Afterward, I asked the puffy-eyed Contessa what she thought of the show at the Seventy-Four Below. 'Oh,' she smiled, stretching like a little sequence of alto piano notes: 'The unicorns were awfully pretty, but the dragon scared me.'

*Wrote to Diz: I love pretty lushes myself, fitting this thing all.

Thou hast turned My Father's house into a place to meet chicks!



by Lynda Crawford

Phil Morgan
74 Below

Last Friday morning found me rising earlier than normal to catch the concert of a dear friend at Trinity Church's coffeehouse, 74 Below. Thanks to the coffee very cheaply supplied by the establishment, my eyes began to open as Phil Morgan started his set. From then on in there was no problem staying awake, for me (which is more than can be said for a dark-haired young lady sharing the table). As I had witnessed previously, in the White Horse Tavern, he is a great singer. Accompanying himself on guitar or switching to piano, Phil sings his songs and seems to lose himself in them, oblivious to his surroundings. (I later found out this was because he forgot his contacts and couldn't see the audience, and accordingly decided not to try.) Massachusetts-born, Phil is nostalgic of this in many of his songs — "A Song For Massachusetts," "Narragansett Springtime." As he sits there, beautifully bearded, eyes closed (no contacts, remember) you can

almost hear the soft rain and picture the shore he speaks of. His rap in between songs is very weak, but when he's singing he has everyone right there with him, wherever he may be traveling to in his head.

His concert was primarily made up of his latest compositions, with the exception of one written a year ago, "I'll Never See The Rose." I find it hard to look at a 24-year-old man and hear him singing lyrics like, "I know my life has ended and I'll never see the rose." I found this same down in many of his songs. Oh, they were dynamite numbers, but Phil — where's your head? "Then You'll Know What Love Is" was the same sort of old-wise-man, looking-back kind of song. I certainly give him credit for his sensitive poetry, but would personally enjoy seeing a smile cross his face occasionally.

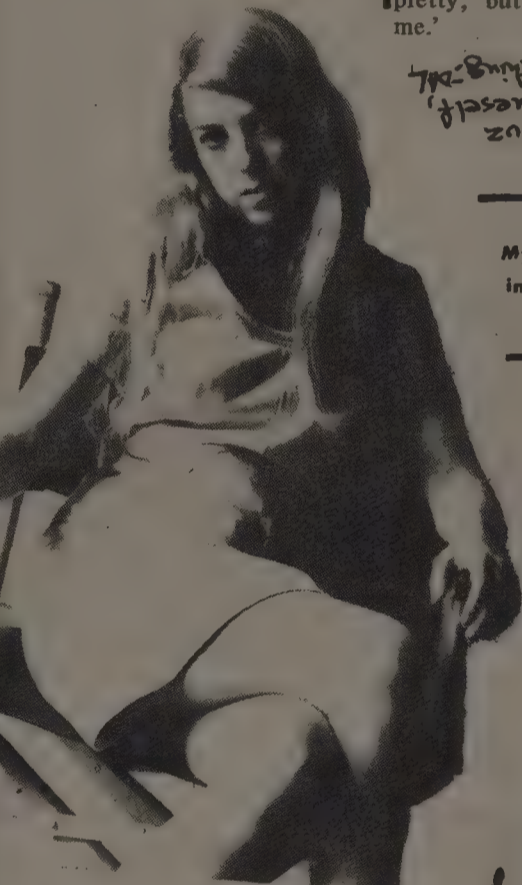
Enough of this, there certainly are plenty of good things to say. First off, "Morning Is A Lady"! That's it! "Morning Is A Lady" was the number of the day — the week — year — whatever! It's the best I've heard him do and I'll go further to say it's about the best song I've heard anyone do lately.

Why it hasn't been recorded yet I'll never know. The brilliant changes undergone in this song were only surpassed by his brilliance of delivery. "From a wilden animal at night to a gentle lover in the morning," Phil coaxes your mind through a whole sudden geography of places, and does it sooooo gently.

Also as a credit, Phil shook the room with his version of Stevie Winwood's "Forty Thousand Headmen." The gutsy way he did this becomes him well.

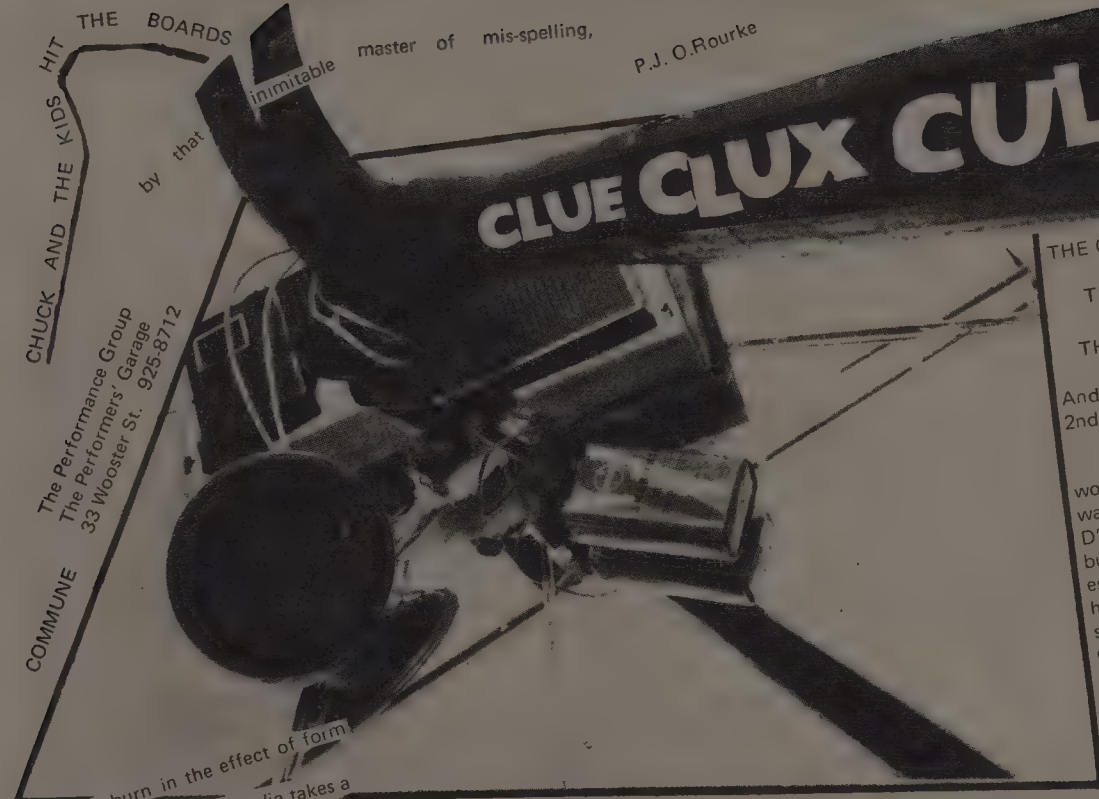
After the last set, Phil seemed to have put out a little more than he'd expected to: namely one guitar string and strap. "Bayou Man," with its sharp chords and lyrics, was the number that caused it: not even eight bars through the song, the E-cord sprang loose and coiled around his knee, which apparently was the signal for the shoulder strap to fall off on the floor. Phil's remark was, "It's one of those songs," and it certainly was. He put everything into it (before and after the mishap.)

I hope something good happens for Phil Morgan soon, for he definitely warrants it. A fine composer, a fine singer and a fine friend.



place to meet chicks, the Seventy-Four Below, whether Morgan's playing there or not. Go on down around noon, be an early bird, and just grab a seat at one of the thirty-odd tables in there. It's cheap, coffee's a dime and sandwiches are a quarter, and it shouldn't be long before some pretty Wall Street lunchbreak honey or other will set down beside you her sandwich and coffee, asking, 'Is this seat taken?' Just such a thing happened to me, while waiting for Phil's first set, but I was so startled by this appealing apparition — she had long black hair teased at the top, gentlemen, and a pair of huge round clear glasses, and lipstick, and eyelashes, and upon my word she was wearing a pleated miniskirt!! — so bewitched was I with the 1968 perfection of this cuddly anachronism, that I failed to get my tongue working in time. Because before I could utter a word, an equally archaic-looking young dude with thick-rimmed glasses, short hair, tie and sport coat, sat down





CHUCK AND THE KIDS HIT THE BOARDS by that inimitable master of mis-spelling, P.J. O'Rourke

COMMUNE
The Performance Group
The Performers' Garage
33 Wooster St. 925-8712

Media burn in the effect of form becoming content. The media takes a set of events with a significance of its own (e.g. the Tate-Bianca murders) and exposes this set of events to large numbers of people for whom those events are vicarious or who do not understand them. Thus the original significance is lost and a new significance is created, the medium as the message. It's not really important to the public that Sharon Tate et al died. Neither is it important who killed her or why. What's important to the public in its private life is the coverage. The Tate-Bianca murders were not actual events in the life of the public. The actual events were reading magazine and newspaper articles, watching the TV news, reading the books, listening to the album and (soon no doubt) watching the movie.

The reason for all this is exploitation and exploitation is a plastic phenomenon, a moulding of something. Now, moulders of something need something to mould and that something has to fulfill two criterion[sic]. First, it has to be something. It's got to attract plenty of attention. Second, it has to be malleable[sic]. You have to be able to do something with it. A big tornado attracts plenty of attention but it doesn't have any of that original significance. The original necessary to the creation of the media significance. Otherwise the public can't get that cheap thrill of, "it really happened!" (Never mind that as far as they're concerned it didn't "really happen" and that they don't know what "it" was anyway.) There has to be suffering, triumph, horror, despair and all that other touching shit to work with. The newsmen have to find a "human interest story" in the tornado wreckage.

Charles Manson had to be the best exploiting news since JFK got shot. The Manson business has been so thoroughly[sic] fucked with that I find it almost impossible to talk about. But according to the O'Rourke Thesis the very fact that it has been so fucked with indicates that it was originally a very significant event. And it was. This was a real goodie. Not only was the experience vicarious but the public didn't understand it either. A filed[sic] for the media who made shit-loads of money describing the horror show then shit-loads more explaining it.

The point of all this is that *Commune* is a non-exploitative interpretation[sic] of the Manson business. It's not the first (though damn near): within the underground press there have been some (reasonably) non-exploitative Manson stories. But *Commune* makes a courageous move or two which helped reassure me that art, not politics Honest Bob, is the vanguard of reality. Without naming names or any banal stuff like that, The Performance Group assumes that Chuck and the kids did do it. Something which, in the hip world, only Weatherman has been able to do and only then in a kind of Black Mass peace sign (four fingers, Charley, we're with you). Secondly, *Commune* avoids the temptation to deal with Manson and friends solely on the level of how they're being vamped on. Treating the Manson story that way is like talking about

Jesus in terms of what a pig Pilate was. That was a lousy analogy but we might as well get it over with. I think it's important to understand that the Jesus myth and the Manson myth are neither identical nor polar opposites. And I'm sorry the Performance Group felt it necessary to play with the anti-Christ riff (what rough beast slouches towards SoHo to perform at 8:00 Friday through Sunday?)

In my Feb. 2nd review of *Bluebeard*, I talked about the Performers' Garage where *Commune* is being put on. I called it the best theatre in New York and I'll stick to that. It's one huge[sic] room with lots of scaffolding that can be arranged any way the performers want. I'm still sorry that the Ridiculous Theatrical Company had

to leave but the Performer's Garage is



the Performance Group's theatre and they put it to better use than the precienium-oriented Ridiculous Theatrical Company. The scaffolding has been arranged around all four walls so *Commune* is played in the round. The play itself is (as you might have guessed from my long lead-in) more interesting than good. But it's not bad. The Manson subject is presented subtly [sic] and without much overy characterization. There's a good deal of flat and self-indulgent experimental theatre fooling around but not enough to put you to sleep. There's some audience involvement and I'm frankly a little tired of having actors crawl all over me. At one point a courageous patron refused to be in a Mai Lai audience/victim tableau and the actors stopped the play, refusing to go on if he wouldn't cooperate. So there was a big discussion and I had a chance to go take a piss. This was all for real. I talked to the guy after the show and he was on the level. I hope this never happened to Checkov[sic].

What really redeems the play as entertainment is some of its most polished, creative dancing and singing (and without benefit of any back-up musicians) that I've ever seen. One girl particularly, Joan MacIntosh, had a remarkable voice and not just talent but training and discipline in that voice. The whole cast, in fact, seems to have training and discipline in their music and moves. But I wish I could say the same for their acting.

What is is exactly that they are trying to say about Manson mostly escapes me — not all of it, though. *Commune* skillfully ties the Tate deaths in with the violence at large in the social structure and (with more originality) touches on the problems and dangers of partial metaphysical awakening — problems and dangers so loudly evidenced in Weatherman communiques, Leary babbelings, John and Yoko interviews, Sundance rhetoric and Webberman articles. Perhaps there is an intentional element of non-intellectualization. This could be embarrassing if, say, I as razor-sharp alternate culture critic have missed an obvious metaphor or moral to the story. If the refusal to draw conclusions is intentional, more power to the Performance Group. After all, a myth is a method of subjectively coming to grips with a



complex matrix of cause and effect and as such is not liable to ready explanation. The original significance of the Manson story is the stuff that profound myths are made of. Maybe the Manson family is Woodstock Nation's answer to the House of Atreus or an up-dated version of the Bacchaes' dismembering of Pentheus (the Performance Group has shown interest in this direction before — *Dionysus 69* — though they haven't seriously rivaled Euripides). But, as a myth, *Commune* is marred by a very modern emptiness at the end — no catharsis, no tragic stasis, no pathos, no bathos, no kenosis or epiphany — just that old New York City existential pooh. It occurs to me that *avant garde* is *passee*.

But I want to applaud *Commune* again for its non-exploitativeness. There's been no hype or splash about *Commune* having to do with Manson. His name is never uttered. There is no mention of him or his family in the "Voice" ad for the show. And best of all, Performance Group didn't use any part of the Manson family record album "Lie" (which is awful). *Commune* also manages some unsexist and non-pornographic nudity and the set-up is non-profit. The Performance Group gets a People's Art Against The Capitalist Rip-Off double red star, and, all told, it's worth going to see. You'll enjoy it. I don't know if I made that clear enough.

THE ORDER OF SANCTITY AND THE SMELL OF SHIT

THE SURVIVAL OF ST. JOAN
A Medieval Rock Opera
Anderson Theatre
2nd Ave and 4th St. CA8-5737

The *Survival of St. Joan* is the worst piece of shit I've ever sat all the way through. The idea is that Joan D'Arc was not burned at the stake but sent out to a farm instead, escaped, roamed around the country having traumas and got burned at the stake in the end anyway — girl meets God, girl loses God, girl finds God. The music is bad, the lyrics are wose, the book is insipid, the acting wretched and the set is hideous. The show promises to be a hit. Which means it should get to Broadway about the same time as the New York production of *Jesus Christ Superstar* and there's another Christ and dance show rumored in the works so Times

Square is going to look like Billy Graham's answer to Disneyland. *Survival* is a "Medieval Rock Opera." I can hardly wait for Paul McCartney to write the music for a rock opera adaptation of Henry James' *The Ambassadors* or how about a nude version of Spencer's *The Faerie Queen*?

The show centers around an almost militantly mediocre band named Smoke Rise, who have the hubris to play all original (sic) material while Gretchen Cobett reduces the character of Joan D'Arc to a Calvinist Tri Grace Atkinson and Shaw presumably dances the Philly Dog in his grave. This thing has absolutely no redeeming virtues. It's much too long for a one act play, the plot and its development are catastrophically boring, the dancing is awkward and stupid and the ticket prices are outrageous. At one point, while Joan is screeching around in despair on stage, she screams out, "Oh God, do you want me to be killed?"

"No," spoke a voice in the audience, "I just want the curtain to fall."

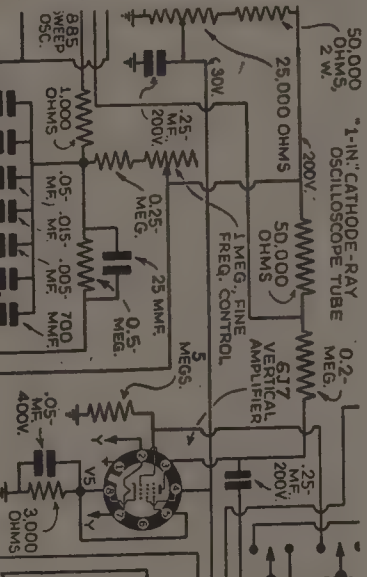
I think this was supposed to be a serious play. I can't imagine how or why. It didn't say anything. It didn't even say anything stupid. It didn't even say nothing. I mean it said a thing or two so you can't say that it meant to say nothing (which is ok to do) but what it said was nothing. You know what I mean. *Survival* makes the shocking, courageous and relevant insight that war is a drag. Far-out! Where do they get these things? What incivice[sic] and discerning wit.

Hardly anything happens in the play and it's vastly over-dramatized. I don't know how they did that. I really don't. The set is a pile of vaguely symmetrical platforms with the band up in the air in the middle. This would have produced good acoustics if there'd been anything to hear. At least there's a sort of progression to the performance — it gets worse and worse. The end is acutely embarrassing. Old Joan is strapped on a stake up at the ceiling and the whole cast forms a pyramid on the platforms. The light show is zapping around and Smoke Rise begins this heavy organ riff which sounds exactly like the intro of "Vanilla Fudge's" version of "You Keep Me Hanging On." So much so that I expected Gretchen Corbett to belt out "YOUUUU DOOOON REEEEEEELEEEEE NEEED MEEEEEE..." as the smoke-capsules went off at her feet.

After the show there was a press conference. Boon of boons, there will be a *Survival* album. Producer Haila Stoddard asked us, "did you like the show?" Silence. I asked the writer, James Linburger, what his attitude toward Christianity was. I told him I was from *Watchtower*.

"Oh," he said, "none — I'm a Christian. That's it." My da^m told me, "If they'd advertise it as a comedy, no one would have laughed."

AC/DC
The Chelsea Theatre
Brooklyn Academy of Music
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn
ST3-5110



remaining possible support for their endeavors by producing Heathcote William's *AC/DC. The Survival of St. Joan* is now the second worst piece of shit that I've ever sat all the way through; this despite the excellent performances of Edward Zang, Stefan Gierasch and Susan Batson and more than adequate acting by James Cromwell and Jillian Lindig. John Scheffler's set is also fantastic and the TV work by Video Free American is much more interesting than could be expected within the limitations of the script. Everything about *AC/DC* is wonderful except the play. The play is an incredibly boring and remarkably long speed rap on the effects of the media on the modern mind. It reminded me of one night in the summer of 1968 when I was cornered by three eleven-year-old meth freaks in the old Eatery. The show has a remarkable amount of monitors, tapes and closed circuit TV systems and it would be hard to imagine a duller use to put them to. This production should be avoided like the plague and if you happen to feel in an aesthetically responsible mood you should write to Oliver Rea, Chairman of the Chelsea Theatre Board of Directors, and tell him that it'd be a big help in his search for funds to put on such worth while things as Argue's *Eros And Psyche* and Genet's *The Screens* if he promised never ever to do any more dog shit like this.



a PJ AOK
lay-out

CHARLIE FRICK

Ok kids its official now, The New York Daily News, the worlds most amusing daily newspaper has released the results of their readers poll. Rock and roll in the Daily News?? why not if the New York Times is so hip that they can review plastic products of a consumer society why cant the daily news.

The top ten groups in order are GRAND FUNK on the top of the list, followed by CREEDENCE,

SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE, JACKSON 5, THE WHO, CHICAGO, SANTANA, TEN YEARS AFTER.

Honorable mention went to the three top male and female vocalists, JAMES TAYLOR BOBBY SHERMAN AND ELTON JOHN MELANIE DIANA ROSS AND DIONE WARWICK. Yes it looks like the top ten money makers instead of the top ten group talent wise. Isn't it a coincidence that the top group is also the wealthiest.

Like Grand Funks spring tour which takes them to 38 appearances will get them a guarantee of at least \$760,000 and a possible gate take of 2 million. What kind of nonsense is this i ask you.

Money runs the rock world as tightly as any other industry in times of a depression. Theres all sorts of bad vibe cats out looking for the buck in all walks of like just seems that theres a lot more of them in the music business.

The media maketh and the media taketh away, Cursed be the name of the media. Its wore out its flash and sparkle and now has become another device to keep people in their slumber, somber smiling bopping and jiving, Everyones danceing and the people that are playing the tunes are tranceing and its all spinning around faster and faster.

Its. the paranoids that are accused of spending time looking over his shoulder but i accuse all the idealists running round these days looking upward never seeing whats right under their noses. Those who know wont be afraid to go when the time comes around once more on the guitar.

To celebrate the opening of his new office deep in the heart of the electric mecca, Paul McCartney and his lovely wife have a single out in your favorite buble gum store. Its the first we've heard since his solo album last year, (except for EMMET RHODES who everyone says sounds like paul.) Its pretty nice but then again paul is an extremely sensitive musician who can cram more emotion into a 2 1/2 minute single than most of the folks on the top 40 all put together, one side is called OH WOMAN OH WHY. Got a freaky sort of beat that is new to the electric mecca, sort of a cross between druid marching drums and indian danceing rhythms. a song about his woman - a likely topic for inspiration. Like a sort of stoned 2 step it comes and goes. It'll be all over the radio soon, even on the am stations cause after all he used to be a Beatle. The flip side is pretty good too. Its called ANOTHER DAY. With a doowahh doo waha lots of background voices playing games with sounds. A bopping truckin tune about a house wife or something . . .

"Another day. another day its just another day, so sad so sad she feels so sad alone in her apartment til the man of her dreams comes to break the spell. So sad so sad she feels so sad."

The middle part has a really iner interesting set of changes not like to many of the rock songs that are around these days. Pauls music isn't formulae, i just happens sort of in a stream. like dream his vo ve takes it away. Th orriginal sweet faced rhythm guita player still going strong. Mccartney Productions is the name of his new firm and theyre located at 257 central park west.

In other news of up town the two major record producers in the pop market have announced price rises as of april first. Its going to cost you more to buy back your own culture. Capitol's raise will be from \$4.99 list price to \$5.98 and singles will be upped 20 cents to \$1.29 a clip.

Columbia not to be out done hikes their wholesale price on albums from \$2.70 to \$2.77 and their \$5.98 list price albums will go to the distributors for \$3.35. any way you cut it the audience is being screwed more money for less and less music. The stuff that theyre turning out now isint worth 1/2 that and besides its our culture at that theyre selling back to us.

Maybe along with this springs round of campus demonstrations and other political activity there should be a national boycott of all records no matter what company no matter what artist - until they lower their prices. Just a one week's moratorium on buying new records would cripple the record industry to the tune of 38 million dollars, theyre depending on your support to keep their pig computers stocked and well loaded, if you dont pay they cant play. Think about it??

Theres always some more new stuff i suspect that after the final day when everyone has gone away the computer will be turning out more rock and roll automatic pre programme boogie stuff. Theres osome now. Its called

MAGIC SAND on UNI RECORDS.

From out of nowhere they came a jukebox out there somewhere along the wilderness road, i heard their songs in a fast danceing truck stop bar not oto fa from the gates of the electric mecca. They remind me a little of a long time ago when a group acled the Blues Maggoos got the 13th floor elevator.

Their sound is electric rock with overtones of advanced boogie. They got some oldies recorded in the album too ar old jimmy reed number done really well, Cutting guitar gork and lots of reverb and echo chamber effects but done tastefully and with style. They make. Im glad that woever did the mix down on the album left in the drums instead of covering them up. On the cover is afoto of a man sized rabbit walking across the desert. check it out.

More boppy music. A double album on verve forecast called WIGWAM. Too much music for me to tell you about it all a couple dozen cuts. Some heavily produced rock numbers but nice for the most part. This album should have been recorded live instead of in the studio. Something about what a live audience adds to a preformance. Even if the audience is made of screaming juke box freaks. How bout it kids chew any good buble gum lately?? The interesting thing about this album is that it was recorded in FINLAND of all places rock and roll from across the sea. It reminds me a little bit of the first time i heard UNCLE MEAT I mean theres a thread running along between the songs, its all tied together in a nice neet package for you. Music from another warp for you to listen to.

It combines folk lore with rock and comes out with a product thats got a lot of flash and a lot of smash potential. Tight snappy sizzling cymbal solos from the drummer who reminds meme of every american kid with a drum set ive ever seen. WIGWAM FTS 3089.

Bloodrock a group thats been in the headlines nowdays has some trouble. The fcc is comming down on them for their recent record called D.O.A. It seems that somewhere in the song is the sound of sirens. Thats a violation of some kind of law, Theres not supposed to be any sirens on the air, upsets the listeners too much.

Their objection is that the sound of the sirens on record may



be confused with the real thing. might upset too many people.

Its a hit cause its making trouble.

Well thats the rock business for you. Theres not much you can do except sit back and listen to the changes comming down.

Its happening all over town the rock empire is crumbling down in front of the astonished eyes of the media controlers, its upsetting to them cause theres money being lost left and right, things are getting uptight at the top of the pile.

Theres going to be more changes in the structure after a while. Music is becoming free to the people again, and with the upcoming free concert for all on sunday march 21st in the sheep meadow of central park the forces of rock and roll liberation will be there in full regalia performing for the assembled multitudes under the springtime sunshine, An all day affair. maybe i'll see you there.

LOOK SHARP FEEL SHARP BE SHARP

BY R. MELTZER

There's all kinds of rangers. There's the Rocket Rangers, they used to have a TV show with a real nice theme song. Dennis the Menace used to have a favorite show called the Danger Rangers. Jungle Comics, which was all about white women who ruled over the jungle and were sometimes bad and ruled over tribes of killer apes, had a strip in it called Captain Terry Thunder & the Congo Rangers. But the granddaddy of them all was the Texas Rangers and that's who the New York Rangers were named after. Which is amusing because a whole lot of other hockey teams got Indian names like the Chicago Black Hawks and the Detroit Red Wings. Or if not direct cops from Indian stuff it was animals and nature: Toronto Maple Leafs, Boston Bruins and some newer teams like the Pittsburgh Penguins, California Golden Seals and oh yeah there's the Buffalo Bisons. So when you consider the pure French Canadian nationalism of the name Montreal Canadiens you're left with only the Rangers out of the surviving original NHL teams with a dumb-ass jive name of imported pseudo-rough-and-tumble import.



The Rangers Puck Up Another Season

Rod Gilbert

What can a ranger do against a bruin? There's not even any inherent hype in the conflict. It's not a ranger versus a bear or better still one of Davy Crockett's bars. So the Rangers and their press never even hint at their lowly out-of-it nominal origin, there's just no use for cowboys or any of that unless you're the Dallas Cowboys or the Denver Broncos or one of them. And what's a range got to do with ice? Nothing but what's an ice got to do with a black hawk either? And what's ice got to do with a puck? Nothing so it all equals out.

So the Old West has nothing to do with any recent Ranger myth (although they could call it into play when it's them vs. the Western Division, maybe they even have once or twice), but the rough-and-tumble straight shooting shit is another matter. Only trouble is it's the Bruins who always get the honors as far as that's concerned. Last year it was the Rangers in first for a while so it was a cryin shame when the Bruins, the Black Hawks and even the Red Wings overtook

them. This year it's strictly Rangers in second and Boston in first so there's been an additional come-from-behind necessity attached to Ranger ineptitude, heightened by a few desperately dull early and midseason trades and a final reliance on the two-goalie system.

The goalie business in recent years for Rangers has been Eddie Giacomin playing nearly every game and somebody worthless like the late Terry Sawchuk filling in about every 20th game. He got so tired by the end of the season that — even though he was the number one all-star goaltender — he was just as worthless himself by the end of the season and nothing at all by playoff time. Meanwhile all the other teams were employing two full-service goalies so Emile Francis finally got wise and decided on Gilles Villemure as his netminder for all games against the West, the weaker division which this year got ahold of Chicago to bolster the density of quality. Villemure did so well in the early going that both he and Giacomin were the goalies in the East-West All-Star Game (won ironically by the West on two Chicago goals in the first period).

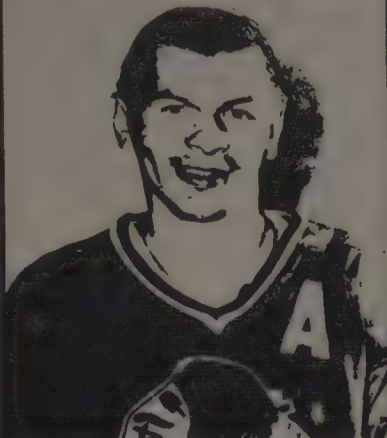
Funny thing was when the Rangers took the ice against the Bruins on February 9 and the chips were really down Giacomin had the flu. So they had to put Villemure in. Coach Francis' line on it was that Giacomin had only been a tentative starter anyway (ha). Well it only took Boston about half a minute to score first blood. Bobby Orr at the 32-second mark. The same Bobby Orr who got voted greatest player of all time

matter of his early legitimacy having depended entirely on two goals he got in the Stanley Cups in his first week of play with the Rangers as a sub-rookie. He's never scored more than 29 goals a season since then so periodically they've discussed dropping the superstar prefix to his name. The only way the talk has been hushed this year, the only thing he's done to silence it, all he's done has been to tie up a couple games, one against the Philadelphia Flyers and the other against the Los Angeles Kings, neither one worth their weight in piss. But the Rangers needed someone to give symbolic leadership to, so why not?

Next thing in the game was an elbowing penalty to Teddy Green. As soon as the official signaled the penalty he gave Balon an additional knee. But no additional 2-minute call. Green's really come back from last year's concussion and to prove it he's even changed helmets. It used to be something that looked like an inverted white plastic spaghetti strainer but now it's dark so it doesn't show up against his hair on TV. The only Ranger skater with a helmet (helmets got big when Stan Mikita donned the first one after some guy on the Minnesota North Stars died when his head hit ice but now even Stan has stopped wearing one) is their most recent trade acquisition, MacGregor, Balon hasn't had one in two years but you don't wear a helmet in the balls anyway so it's your cup that's gonna stop a knee. Orr killed the penalty anyway, pulling off some real showstoppers like skating around his own net to get away from Gilbert and collect some cheers from the Boston crowd. The passing was precise but the shooting was a bottle of dung or the score would've been 5-1 Boston after the first period. But it was only 1-1.

In the second Walt Tkaczuk made it 2-1 Rangers. This year they're finally calling him "Ka-chook" instead of "Tay-chuck," the former's the way he calls himself and the latter's the way the fans came to regard him due to announcer inefficiency, illiteracy or anti-ethnicity or something. In short order another ethnic, Mr. Esposito, scored his 47th goal to tie it 2-2. But then Tkaczuk did it again to make it 3-2 for New York.

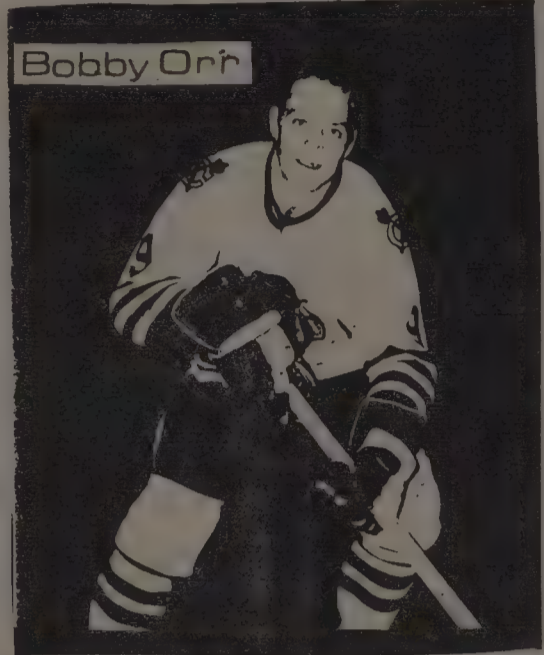
On that goal there was a misconduct penalty called on Boston's Derek Sanderson. Sanderson's not only the first hockey guy to wear a mustache on ice, he's also the Joe Namath who has never been butchered out of existence by the higher-ups. He wanted to wear white skates, the commissioner said no but he also said no to an owner with similar intentions for an entire team, Charley Finley



Stan Mikita

of the Seals (Finley did the white shoe thing for the Kansas City A's, later the Oakland A's),

at least Sanderson wasn't being singled out. New coach Tom Johnson of Boston decided this year he wanted a new image and a new style of play for his Bruins, "Straight hockey," no fighting, fewer penalties, etc. But Sanderson, always a big penalty getter, got his penalty this time for cussing in his dispute over the second Tkaczuk goal. No cussing allowed in this man's game, it's ten minutes if you do. But no effect on the numbe; of men on ice since it's only cussing.



Bobby Orr

Well Bucyk tied it at 3-3. Right under Rod Seiling, the same Rod Seiling who should've been traded instead of Arnie Brown, the same Rod Seiling who's been a drag for years and had some kind of groin pull last year and deserved it. And it kept him off ice for a while which was okay. Jim Neilson was actually the only Ranger defenseman who showed anything and he showed a lot. He was unbeatable and even Orr was getting sloppy, practically handing a goal to Jack Egers.

Between periods Bill Mazer interviewed Boston general manager Milt Schmidt of the famous "kraut line" who defended today's hockey players against the verbal onslaughts of Rocket Richard: slap shot and more fore-checking made the difference to him. What's his stake in today? Great. How come? All the reasons in the world. Bill asked him to compare the Rangers and the Black Hawks: nobody skates better than the Rangers or moves the puck around etc., so he said. Where's his eyes? And how about those of the much vaunted guy who drives that thing around to resurface things before the guys come back out? He missed a really bit patch of old ice, really big.

The Rangers weren't willing to settle for a tie as the third period started. In one situation three forwards went in after a puck in the corner, Nevin, Irvine and Stemkowski, leaving the center wide open but nothing came of it either one way or the other. Then Cashman scored for Boston, making it 4-3. Villemure had been real good, his knee mobility after going down was especially superb but this time he got beat standing so his knees didn't count.

With 3:50 to go it was still 4-3. With 3:20 remaining it was still 4-3. With 2:48 remaining it was 4-3. With 2:35 left it was 4-3. It was even still 4-3 with 1:05 to go. Same for 1:04. And 1:00. And 0:54 for a faceoff. And 0:45 when they pulled Villemure for an extra skater. Orr got the draw and Gilbert stole it from him. He blasted it but Hadfield blew it by

deflecting it into the seats. Only 0:36 to go, last relevant chance for the Rangers to do anything this season against the Bruins.

The Rangers always rise to the occasion. Always, they never fail. Not when it matters so much. So on the next draw Sachman got the puck, he sped down ice in pursuit of a clear shot at the open net with Gilbert giving him a moderately hard time. Too moderate because Wayne got around him and scored. Boston 5, New York 3.

So they put Villemure back in. Why do they always do that? Can you tell me, I don't know why they do it. If it had been two goals down to begin with they woulda taken the goalie out so why put him back in when it's two goals out? Well they put him back and just to prove it didn't mean nothin Bobby Orr scored on them even with Villemure in there, 6-3 Boston. It looked like Bobby was hurt as he caromed into the wall but the Ranger fans weren't even permitted that last laugh as he got right up. And it was still 6-3, they didn't take a point away just because he wasn't dead or out for the season.

That would be a good way for the Rangers to get something going one of these years, propose a new rule at a league meeting that if you wanna move up in the standings you can do it with a sacrifice. Sacrifice Ron Stewart's tibia or Bill Fairbairn's digestive tract or Glen Sather's life. They could win all the time that way and always bring up some new hotshot prospects like Mike Robitaille to use or trade



Brad Park

away and make room for other up-and-coming duds. And yet the Rangers dominated play throughout the game so how come they lost? And yet Williams was great in goal so how come five goals allowed? Why-o why-o why-o: why do the Rangers suck?

They suck because they suck, one of those great inexplicable mysteries of urban life.



LOCUSTS
by Nellie Fernald

The locust looks about as harmless as his cousin, the grasshopper. On his own he is. The trouble is, he's so rarely on his own. And it is the locust's mating habits that are costing the world at least 20 million dollars a year in pest control and a lot of head-scratching in scientific circles as well.

The latest idea for curbing their breeding habits is none other than — arrrgggghhhhh — the pill. The theory is that if we cannot kill them all, we should at least sterilize them.

The kind of damage they inflict, especially in Africa and Asia and the Middle East, gives some idea of the problem they pose.

A typical swarm contains 50 to 100 million of the insects in a single square mile. But swarms have been known to up to 600 square miles — which adds up to 40 billion locusts. As each one can eat its own weight — about two grams — a day, this big swarm could stack away about 80,000 tons of food in a day. Or enough to feed almost half a million people for a year. In 1958 indeed, swarms destroyed 167,000 tons of cereals in Ethiopia alone — enough to feed a million people for a year.

Locusts have been around since man first started growing his own crops eight thousand years ago. And like the swarms that were sent to plague Egypt in Biblical times, they have been coming back again and again to plague modern man and his crops.

Locusts in fact, always have been and still are the world's biggest agricultural pest. Apart from North America and the polar regions, they inhabit every major land mass in the world. And every so often an upsurge of them wreaks havoc on crops and entire economies.

They reproduce at a startling rate. And because they are so gregarious by nature — unlike the less ravenous grasshopper — they form swarms and take off, leaving a swathe of destruction on their wake.

Not that these lemmings of the sky have been getting it all their own way in recent years. Two of the most destructive species — the African Migratory and the Red Locust — have had their wings clipped in no uncertain terms.

Scientists discovered by plotting their courses that these particular species breed in what they call small outbreak areas in Africa. When it got to be too crowded, their natural

gregariousness forces them into swarms and they took off for the invasion areas. If conditions looked favorable there, the swarms swarmed again and then huge clouds of them invaded vast tracts of Africa and wrought wholesale destruction.

Scientists found, however, that by controlling them at the outbreak areas they could not only eliminate large numbers but could also deter the rest from swarming. By reducing their numbers, their group instincts were blunted.

The third species, however — the desert locust — is a different proposition. At the moment he inhabits more than 20 million square miles — or one fifth — of the world's land surface. He is a tough nut because, unlike his now tamed brothers, he has no comparable outbreak areas.

He literally comes and goes with the wind, letting it carry him on seasonal migrations across what has become known as the locust belt: roughly a line from Senegal to Ethiopia and then across south Arabia to Pakistan and India — and back again in time for winter and spring breeding.

The wind leads it to rain and rain is the key factor in the upsurge or recession of the desert locust.

He has an uncanny nose for water and despite sparse desert rainfalls, he seems to know just where and when to find it. Which is more than weather forecasters can do with any accuracy. In recent times, however, some of their rainfall predictions have alerted countries earmarked for invasion. Pest control operations have been mounted, crops have been sprayed, and the danger averted.

Since the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization began coordinating the efforts of vulnerable countries in the early fifties, the tide has begun to turn back the invaders. It is not easy, though. The desert locust, with no fixed home, must be curbed through about 40 different countries. And control is costly both in the field and the research laboratory.

While some scientists are now experimenting with hormones and chemicals to find a sterilizer — or the pill — others are trying out radar as a means of detecting locusts. But a lot more has to be found out about what makes the locust tick before the farmers of the world can come out from under the cloud.

We will be devoting more attention to the locust in this space in the near future.

THE WEDDING OF THE YEAR

special to the East Village Other

One man's hallucination may well be an ignored aspect of another's reality — Carl Jung



Saturday, February 20, 1971 at 11:30am
Brought together in sacred matrimony were
Constance A. Memory and Arnold T. Moderne

And they were lovely to behold:
She in her beige satin and lace floor length gown
And He in his beige satin and lace floor length gown

Pink plastics were the flower of the day

And as they stood before the Almighty,
Christ yawned —
Her mother sobbed —
And Constance giggled —
(Or was it Arnold?)

Somewhere floating out on the Atlantic,
his parents were proud . . . (they had sailed out on
their yacht and had never returned)

But Mrs. Memory was there and did indeed look gawrdgeous
in her diamond studded gown
Mama's baby had found herself a perfect match

And the seamstress sewed on

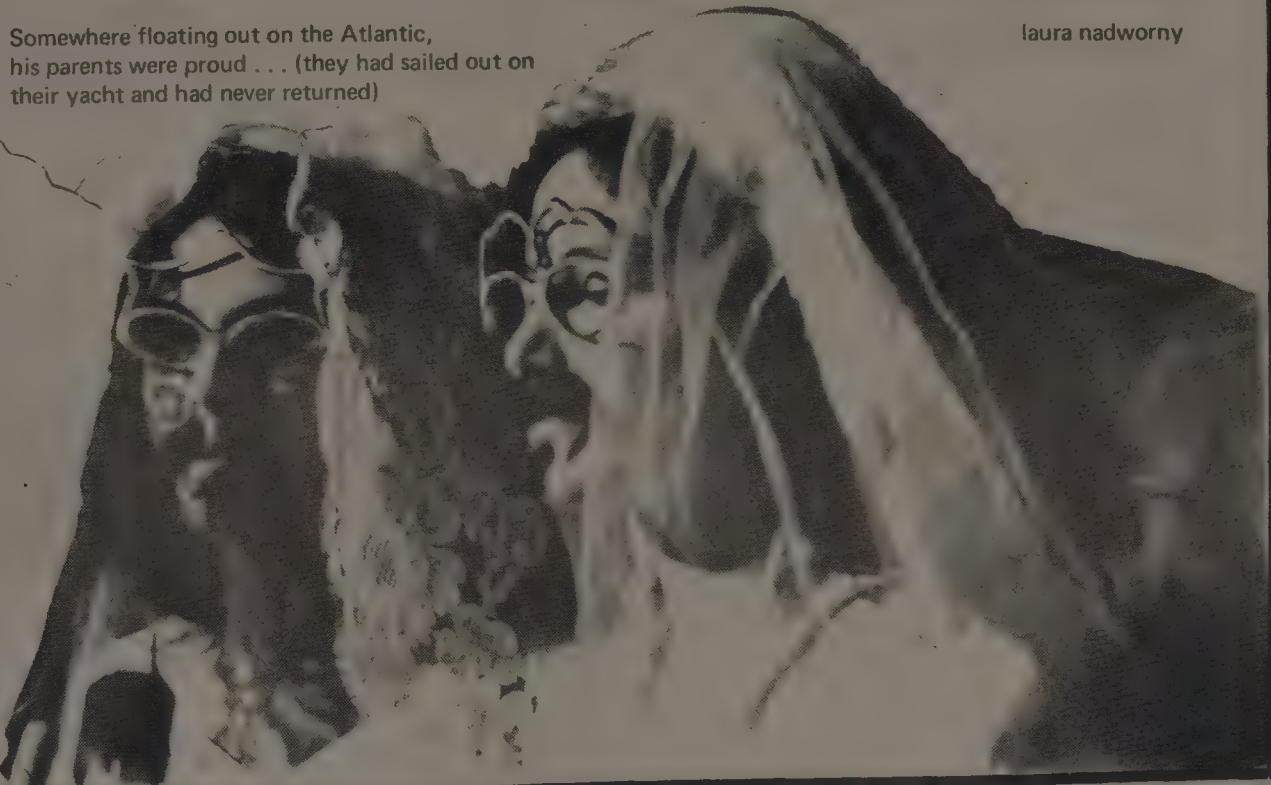
Arnold's chestnut locks were styled in a 1950's "flip"
just like his bride's

And Constance's moustache was as Fu Manchu as his

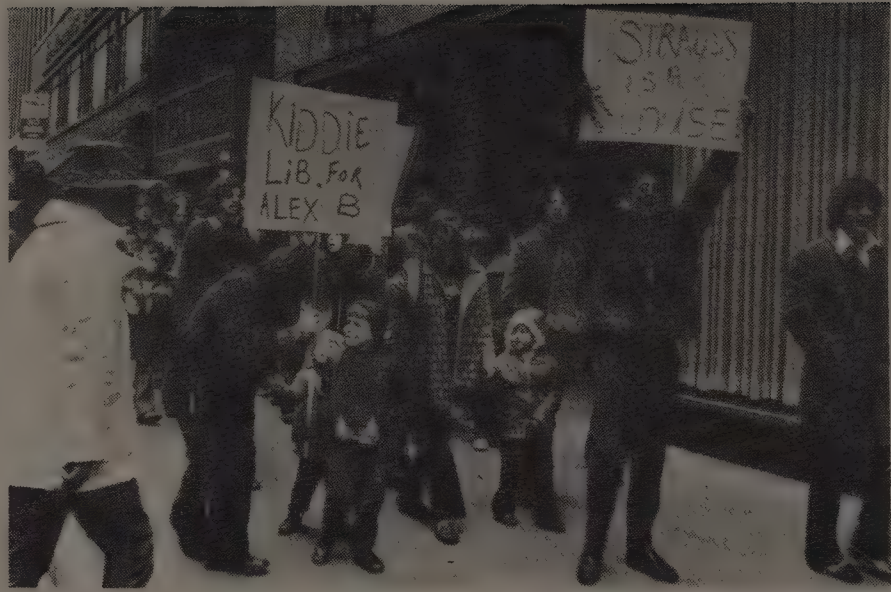
And so Saturday, in the Free Church on west 4th Street
two very ordinary kids were married

And they danced into the afternoon to the Tennessee Waltz

laura nadworny



ALEX BENNETT CONT FROM pg 3



till I'm out here, and that No. 1, that after a certain cutoff date private ownership of radio stations would no longer be allowed but that public ownership in other words non-profit ownership would only be allowed by non-profit corporations who could have commercials on the air to keep the money rolling in. I think that for instance educational television could do very well provided they were allowed to have commercials on. Then when, say, you do something outlandish and all your sponsors kiss you goodbye you still have the right to turn around and ask for donations to keep you on the air.

EVO: You see, but educational television does get around it by announcing at the end of a program that the preceding program was made available through the courtesy of...

A.B.: Right, and they're doing that and it's a great idea but I think that you can run a commercial station on non-profit basis and still remain rather independent because you can always turn around to the public for funds if nobody's going to buy time on your station. Secondly I think we should do away with any and all

rating systems primarily because they never have served the public.

EVO: They're false.

A.B.: Well it's not that they're false — the fact is that they honestly believe they're for real. That's the sad part of it. They poll 3,000 people out of a population of 12 million and attempt to tell you what everybody's listening to and in what proportion and what ratio and how many listeners are listening at that precise moment. It's impossible, you know it is and I know it is.

EVO: Yes, and by the same token you can say that Hitler really believed in what he was doing.

A.B.: Right. I think that we have to deliver radio back to the hands of the people, it's been lifted from them. I mean some people are making tremendous profits off of business that supposedly by definition belongs to the people. The people are not getting anything out of it except a drone of music perhaps on one station or a drone of news on another that only hits one basic stratum of society in this country; that kind of bland middleclass, middle-aged mentality and doesn't attempt to go above it. I really have to be very

honest — to go in the other direction, I mean I haven't heard any programs for the pigs. I haven't heard any programs for rich people on the air and they certainly should be represented, and I haven't heard any programs for poor people — or any programs that were aimed directly at blacks — a station like WNBC TV will go out and hire a Bob Teague who's black but ask him not to speak in a dialect which he's used to speaking in. I think it's outlandish.

EVO: All these years we all know what radio and T.V. was and they're still getting away with it.

A.B.: And they will continue to get away with it unless people start doing something and I think what they've got to do is — every 3 years licenses come up for renewal and you can challenge the license, people don't realize this. I would like to see an organization begun of lawyers and the public that would challenge any and all licenses that come up for renewal and ask the basic questions — are you serving a total community — what are you doing to serve minority interests, what are you trying to do except make money — and I don't mean a show on Sunday morning at 7

o'clock. I'm talking about something from 7:00 to 11:00 every night where you devoted your whole time to a topic which maybe considers a minority interest where other people can learn about it and become involved and maybe it'll become a majority interest. What are you doing to broadcast to different cultures. Broadcasting recognizes black and white — they recognize left and white, they recognize republican and democrat — man and woman but they won't recognize alternate cultures. They don't recognize that there's an alternate culture in this country and by definition there's no need for equal time for them.

EVO: Equal time is another fallacy.

A.B.: Well, equal time in radio means only one thing, that the status quo will always be represented at all times.

EVO: What status quo? Have you heard Abbie Hoffman recently on NBC?

A.B.: At the station one time, after I'd had Abbie on the first time they said, "Look, the next time you have Abbie Hoffman on man, you gotta get some senator on or something to rebut him and have an argument. And I said why and they said well, that's equal time, baby! and I said, well look the next time I have Senator so-and-so on can I ask Abbie Hoffman on for equal time? And from that time on they shut up because they don't recognize equal time in the other direction only in one direction — that's the truth of it all. I've claimed for a long time that I'd like equal time to reply to the Jim Neighbors program when he comes on waving American flags and wearing suits that look like American flags and they're singing it's a grand old flag and things like that. I think that demands equal time but the FCC doesn't and the government doesn't because that's the status quo. You don't have to give time for the status quo, only for opposing views only do you have to have that and on major issues where there are two sides to the question. But if it's a question of waving the American flag, you're not going to get equal time to reply to that and say "I don't think he should wave the American flag." That's ridiculous to even think about.

EVO: Yet we all live with it, we turn it on and listen to it. That's why I

think your idea about challenging license renewals is really very very important.

A.B.: Well, that's only the beginning of it. Look at our broadcasting spectrum today in N.Y. We have all kinds of stations. What stations are liberally trying to broadcast to the alternative culture in this city, in any way shape or form. I think probably the closest thing would be WABC-FM who occasionally will have an interview or something with somebody quite similar to the kinds of people that I've had on the air. Outside of that, and the other stations are playing music — that's rather safe to do. I mean, you don't have to make a comment. You don't have to get yourself involved politically, you're not even playing to a life-style, you're playing to something that's pretty popular right now. Look at your news stations. Is there a news station that has one reporter on it that talks about news that's of interest to the alternate culture?

EVO: Well, let's see now. CBS has their daily drug sermon — INS, I believe has a lady that reports about ripoffs on 125th St., and I think that's the extent of it so far.

A.B.: When I turn on the radio I find nothing there that I can associate with. They're talking to other people besides me. I realize more than ever now how the black man has felt all these years, having radio stations that weren't aimed at his interests and more than that (because he was probably the only definite culture in this country for a long time) what few stations there were that were aimed at blacks were nothing but white rip-offs to sell alot of wine. So of course he couldn't have any association with that either. One day he sees a Bob Teague on his TV set but Bob Teague isn't talking to him. He's talking to Whitey. Then they bring out a program called Black News — but it's only once a week out of 24 hours a day possible programming 7 days a week you got 1 hour for people who make up 15% of the population. It just doesn't make sense.

EVO: Talking about both radio and TV, I think the only station that has made any steps in the right direction is NET, you know, Free Time etc.

A.B.: There was alot of great things being done like Steve Post, Bob Fass, they've been doing what I've been doing for a long time, they're certainly my forebears, but the important thing involved is that my show was the first one that was doing it on commercial broadcasting. I saw Tuli when I came in today and he said "Hey, I hear you got canned, huh?" And I said yeah, and he said "Well, you lasted a hell of a lot longer than I thought you would." I think at least we got 2 good years.

DX EVO: Definitely! And hopefully many more.

A.B.: Maybe — maybe not but at least we got a whack at 2 years of inundating the air waves. I don't have any intention of giving up. Right now I'm in a state — it's only a day later and I'm in a state of shock so I don't know what my plans are but I'll do something, I'll survive and keep plugging away.

EVO: I'm sure you will, Alex.

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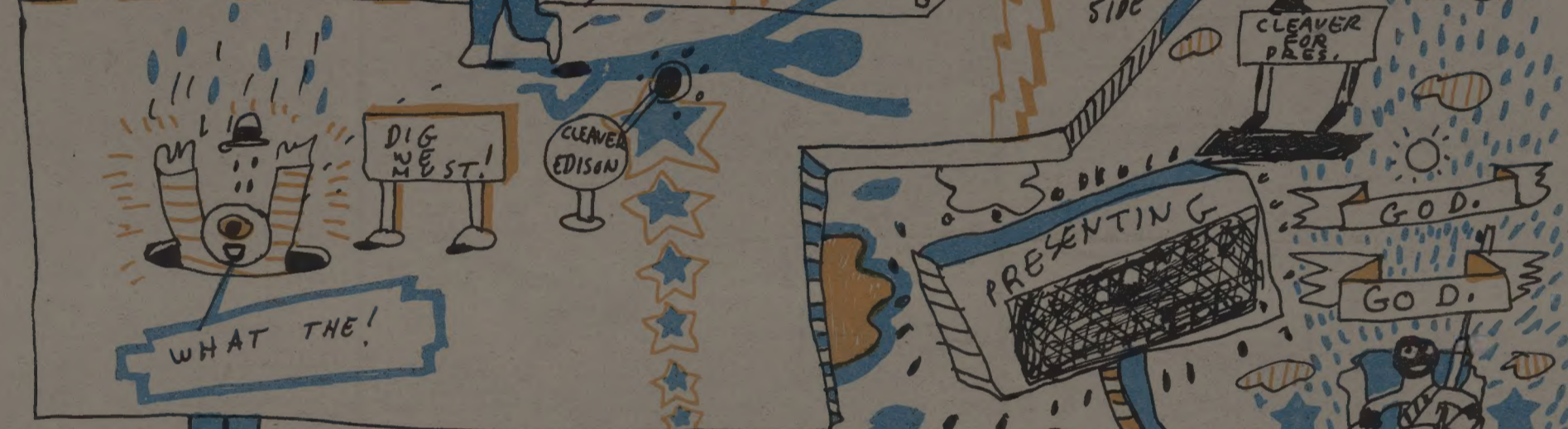
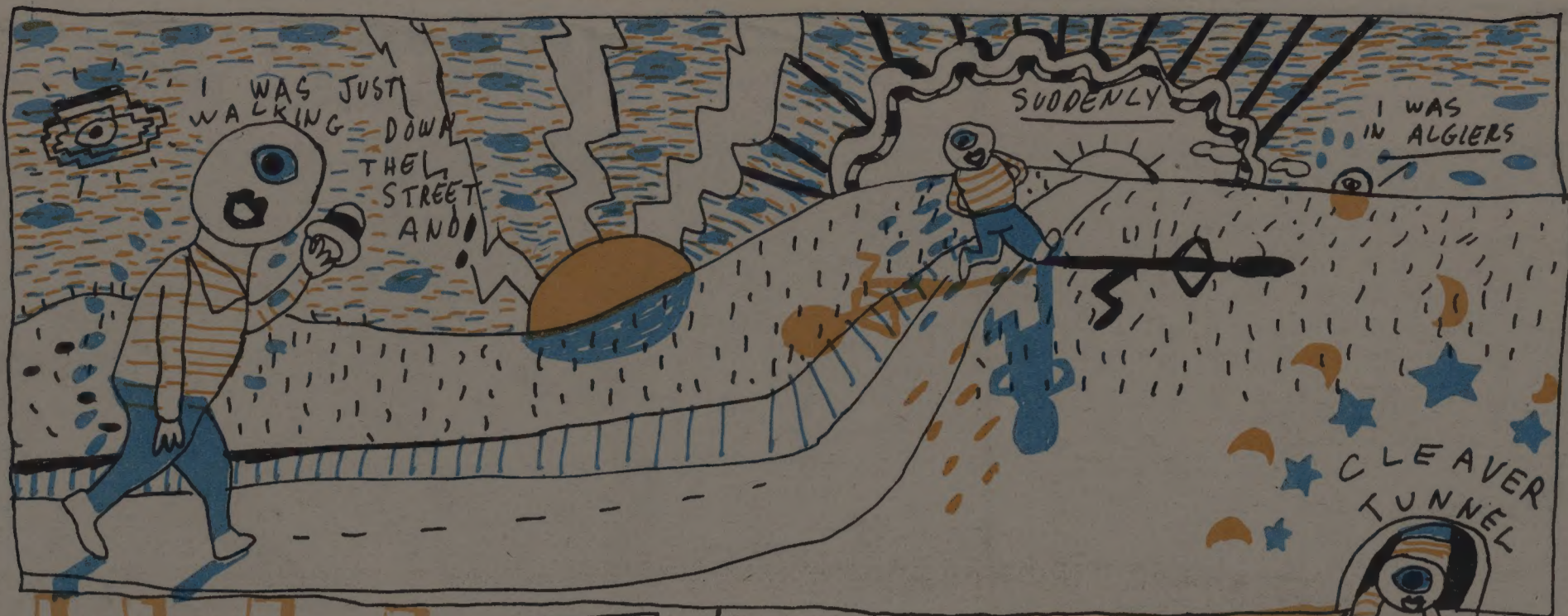
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