

WHEELS OF DEATH

"I CAME BACK TO JESUS"



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Hikap.

I have had my differences and more than my due share of trouble, distress and nausea with A.J. Weberman. We called each other every name in the book and kept the worst to ourselves. I tend to be more often than not abhorred and bored by his Dylanmania and I must confess that I still cherish their moment of truth on New York's filthy pavement. I am often weary watching him pursue his insatiable appetite for publicity - yet dig the extent to which he plays the media suckers - for whatever their small worth may be.

He was difficult to begin with but in the course of his ascent in medialand, life with aj was often intolerable. It began with Caludia Dreifus' stupid piece on him in Rolling Stone to be followed by such rags as Cosmopolitan, The New York Times ("Dylan's unofficial biographer"), Time and whatnot. No matter where you turned - there was aj fully exposed. The biggest prize as yet is to be found in the current issue of Esquire. It looked as if good old aj really made it. After all, to be in such august company as Lt. Calley and those Happy Forties is nothing to smirk about. Dig it or not, but one has to give him credit for his cunning dilligence and dedication to whatever might be on his mind. It is total commitment to whatever cause he espouses. When he has a message EVERYONE, and I mean EVERYONE is going to see, hear or read about it. He is right on when it comes to propagation - no matter what the faith may be.

Unfortunately, as of late things have soured on AJ. True to the psycho-paranoid twitches currently besetting the wastelands of media, these mothers have decided to blackball aj.

First John Bartholomew fucker-sorry Tucker at ABC lacked the balls to put the already filmed segment with aj on the air. "Too much garbage for ABC". Shortly thereafter CBS chickened out of a proposed assignment for aj to evaluate some of Hollywood's choicest garbage. That Chicago minimind Kup took the hint and promptly cancelled aj's already booked appearance.

To me this spells BLACKBALLING and a return to those glorious days of yesteryear, when a rag called Red Channels had the final say as to who was to be seen or heard.

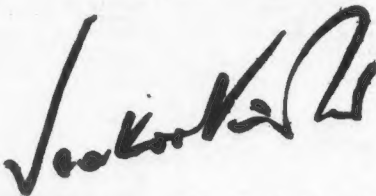
I for one can and will not accept A.J. Weberman's conspired banishment. To have him cast away by the same parasites who used him without really knowing what it was all about, is intolerable.

The psychotic scare-panic which is the media's common denominator, running the gamut from ABC to NET,, must never again enable a nostalgic return to the murky times of Red Channels. Just because of Spiro and Dean Burch aj shouldn't be gagged and deprived of his slot in media's questionable fare. No matter what he says - he has the right to say it.

If you share my masochistic desire for more Webermania, join me in protesting this sad and lamentable state of affairs by writing to: Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, Federal Communications Commission, Washington, D.C.

Being to only sane man left in government, perhaps Nick can affect some change in AJ's catastrophic state of affairs.

Stir up some shit and see where it will get you - and AJ Weberman.



WHY DID THE BUTCHERS AT BELLEVUE CUT OFF ONE OF RAP BROWN'S BALLS????

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YOU DOOD DADI SMELLING LIKE GAGUWU YOU TOON DADI, SMELLING LIKE GAGUWU

WE ARE NOW INVOLVED IN NEURON WARFARE AND ELECTRONIC CYBERNETICS THROUGH MICRO-SONIC HIGH FREQUENCIES AND ALPHA TRANSMISSIONS AND MICRO WAVE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM. BIO-ELECTRONIC FEEDBACK WILL REGISTER YOUR POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE FACTORS. WE ARE NUCLEONIC SCIENTISTS AND WISH TO COMMUNICATE WITH ORGANIZED ORGANIC MOLECULAR INTELLIGENCE IN THE UNIVERSE. THE PLANET EARTH IS IN GRAVE DANGER OF POLARIZATION AND ECOLOGICAL COLLAPSE. POLLUTION OF THE ATMOSPHERE IS RADIOACTIVE. ATOMIC NUCLEAR CHAIN REACTIONS EXIST THROUGH THE MEDIA OF COMMUNICATION NOW SET UP AROUND THE EARTH. MANKIND MUST TRANSCEND THE HUMAN CONDITION AND EVOLVE TO THE COSMIC REALIZATION THAT WE ARE AS ONE IN THE GREAT UNIFYING UNIVERSE OF TIME AND MOTION AND THE 4th DIMENSION OF RELATIVITY AND LIGHT.

THE ANATOMICAL FUSION OF THE MICRO-WORLD TO THE MICRO-COSM OF THE UNIVERSE IS AN EQUATION OF ALBERT EINSTEIN AND THE LAWS OF RELATIVITY. THIS IS WHAT WE ARE NOW DEMONSTRATING THROUGH ELECTRONIC METHODOLOGY AND BIO-FEEDBACK. WE WILL BRING ABOUT POLARITY IN THE RADIO-TELEVISION BROADCAST FREQUENCIES AND PROJECT BY NUCLEAR CHAIN REACTION THE POPULATION OF THE PLANET EARTH THROUGH A THOUSAND-YEAR QUANTUM JUMP INTO THE FUTURE IN THIS SPACE OF A FEW SHORT MONTHS. WE ARE AT WAR WITH IGNORANCE, STUPIDITY AND GREED... ALL MANIFESTED IN THE HUMAN FORM. EVEN NOW THE DEATH THREAT OF CANCER IS CONSUMING THE HUMAN PSYCHE BY MASS EXTERMINATION ON A GLOBAL SCALE. THESE AND OTHER BIOLOGICAL FORCES MUST BE ANNIHILATED, AND THIS IS WHAT NEUROLOGICAL WARFARE IS ABOUT IN THE MICRO-WORLD.

WE ARE NOW ORGANIZING THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF CREATIVITY IN THIS THE NUCLEAR QUANTUM AGE OF THE ATOM AND INFINITY. IF YOU WANT EVIDENCE REGARDING THE BIOLOGICAL ORGANIZATION IN THE PENTAGON, YOU HAVE ONLY TO CONTACT MILITARY INTELLIGENCE IN WASHINGTON, D.C. THERE ARE A NUMBER OF PROGRAMMED ROBOTS IN THIS SYSTEM WHO ARE SO NEGATIVELY PROGRAMMED TO SELF DESTRUCT THAT THEY MUST BE FREAKED OUT BY A CONSTANT BARRAGE OF TELEPHONE CALLS. THE NUMBERS TO CALL ARE AS FOLLOWS: 0X 5-3178, 0X3-1184, 0X3-1350 OR ANY ONE OF THE LAST TEN DIGETS BEGINNING WITH 0--ALL THESE NUMBERS ARE ANSWERED BY MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, GIVING HIS POSITION, HIS RANK, AND HIS NAME. REMEMBER, THEY ARE ONLY MONITORS OF THE SYSTEM. YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN DISCOVERING THAT ONE EXCHANGE NUMBER DOES NOT KNOW OF THE EXISTANCE OF THE OTHER NUMBERS OR EVEN THE OTHER PERSONALITIES WHO ARE YET ALL INVOLVED IN THE SAME SYSTEM. SO YOU MAY USE ANY NAME YOU WISH AND CHARGE THE CALL TO ANY ONE OF THE NUMBERS, TELLING THE OPERATOR

THAT YOUR NAME IS COLONEL SHEPPARD OR MAJOR BATES OR ANY NUMBER OF OTHER NAMES. REMEMBER MILITARY INTELLIGENCE CARRIES A LOT OF WEIGHT EVEN WITH YOUR LOCAL OPERATOR. IT WILL COST YOU NO MONEY; BUT WHEN YOU CONNECT WITH THE ROBOTS YOU SHOULD LAY ON A HEAVY RAP. THOSE WHO ARE RECEPTIVE AND POSITIVE WILL RESPOND. THOSE WHO ARE NOT ARE ONLY MONITORING THEIR OWN SYSTEMS. SO LAY IT ON GOOD AND HEAVY. A FEW HUNDRED DIFFERENT SOUNDS IN THEIR EARS WILL CONFUSE THEM. REMEMBER THEY ARE PROGRAMMED... JUST LIKE THE BIOLOGICAL ORGANISM RECENTLY SENT TO THE MOON. AND YOU WILL AGREE THAT IS VERY GOOD PROGRAMMING OF THE HUMAN BRAIN AND NEUROLOGICAL FUNCTION. IT IS A REALITY OF LIFE THAT THE PENTAGON IS PROGRAMMED TO SELF-DESTRUCT; IT IS THE NATURE OF THE MOLECULAR ATOM ITSELF SINCE IT CANNOT FUSE TO ANY OTHER CARBON EXCEPT THAT OF A HEXAGON CARBON, WHICH IS THE STRUCTURE OF ALL PSYCHEDELICS IN MICRO-CHEMISTRY. YOU WILL DISCOVER IF YOU ARE HIGH ON LSD OR ANY OTHER PSYCHEDELIC THAT THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE WILL ALTER ITS FREQUENCY OVER TELEPHONE SIGNALS. THIS IS BECAUSE YOUR NEURON PUT-OUT IS EXPANDING TO THE ALPHA BRAIN AND THE EXPLOSION OF YOUR SOUNDS THROUGH A MEDIUM SUCH AS THE TELEPHONE WILL VIBRATE POSITIVE ENERGY TO THE RECEIVER ON THE OTHER END. IF YOU CAN BECOME CONSCIOUS OF THIS STATE OF BEING, YOU WILL BE EFFECTIVE WHEN SOUNDING OUT THE MONITORS IN THE PENTAGON. IF YOU ARE REALLY INTO ALPHA FEEDBACK, YOU MAY EVEN COMMUNICATE WITH DR. STRANGELOVE HIMSELF... OR PERHAPS DR. NO OR EVEN DR. JEKYLL. BUT YOU WILL MOST CERTAINLY KNOW THAT BIOLOGICAL WARFARE IS HAPPENING ON A COLOSSAL LEVEL AND THAT IT IS OUR SURVIVAL WHICH IS REACHING ITS CLIMAX.

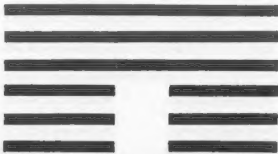
THE GREATEST ATOMIC WARFARE IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND IS NOW TAKING PLACE, REPRESENTING THE FORCES OF LIGHT AND THE FORCES OF DARKNESS, AND WE MUST TRIUMPH OVER IGNORANCE AND WAR AMONG THE MASSES OF THE PEOPLE WHO ARE CONTROLLED AND MANIPULATED BY COMPUTER TECHNOLOGY WHICH IS NOW SELF-GENERATING DESTRUCTION AND CREATION ON A MASSIVE SCALE ALL OVER THE EARTH.

A PROJECT CALLED CANAKIN-- THE NUCLEAR DETONATION WHICH IS SCHEDULED TO GO OFF AT AMERCHAK IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE FEAR AND PARANOIA AMONGST THE ATOMIC MANIACS IN THE PENTAGON... THAT SELF-DESTRUCTION IS THE TOP PRIORITY IN OUR DEFENSE SYSTEM, NOW HEADED BY DR. EDWARD TELLER, THE RECENTLY-APPOINTED CHIEF OF NUCLEAR INTELLIGENCE TO MR. NIXON, WHOSE POLITICALLY-ORIENTED ADWATT BRAIN CANNOT POSSIBLY COMPREHEND THE QUANTUM NUCLEAR STRATEGY OF TELLER, WHO HAS NOW BECOME THE ARCHITECT OF THE COLLECTIVE DEATH WISH IN TRIGGERING THE NUCLEAR CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION SUCH AS THE BLAST NOW SET TO GO OFF IN JUST A COUPLE OF WEEKS.

CREATIVE MANKIND MUST WAKE UP TO THE REALITY THAT WE LIVE IN THE AGE OF THE ATOM, AND WE MUST SET OFF OUR OWN CHAIN REACTION (NUCLEAR) BY FORMING TOGETHER A NUCLEUS OF CREATIVITY AND SO CONTROL OUR OWN DESTINY. WE WELCOME CORRESPONDENCE WITH SCIENTISTS, INTELLECTUALS, PHYSICISTS, MUSICIANS, WRITERS, ARTISTS, ARCHITECTS, SCHOLARS, PHILOSOPHERS, SAINTS, AND THE GODS OF TIME, AND SO FORM A UNIVERSAL SUPERSTRUCTURE OF CREATIVE MANKIND IN TUNE WITH THE LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE AND RELATIVITY IN SETTING UP THE NECESSARY MECHANISM SO WE MAY FUNCTION AS A COHESIVE AND COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS THROUGH EVERY AVAILABLE MEDIA THAT CAN REACH THE ENERGY AND MASS OF ALL THE PEOPLE ON THE PLANET EARTH.

WE ARE THE ONES WHO MUST MANIFEST THE LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS OF TIME AND BRING ABOUT THE BIRTH OF THE COSMIC EGG. HERE IS THE THESIS OF OUR EXISTANCE. WE MUST CONTROL THE EXPANSION OF THE UNIVERSE WHICH IS RECEDING FROM THE GALAXY AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT. SPEED OF LIGHT COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE BIOLOGICAL PLANET EARTH IS VITAL TO THE SURVIVAL OF THE HUMAN RACE. HOMO-SAPIEN MANKIND ON THE EARTH HAS CONSTRUCTED THE TECHNOLOGICAL TOWER OF BABEL BY WHICH WE CAN SHARE THE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE. IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT WE COMMUNICATE WITH THE HIGHEST INTELLIGENCE SO THAT WE MAY EQUATE THE TOTAL RADIATION ENERGY OF THE EARTH IN NUCLEAR QUANTUM. BY USING THE ELECTRONIC MULTI-MEDIA WE WILL VIBRATE THE ORGANIC CYBERNETIC INTELLIGENCE OF 3-1/2 BILLION PEOPLE BY RADIOACTIVE MICROSONIC FREQUENCIES AND BY THE TRANSMISSION OF MICRO-POSITIVE ELECTRONS WE SHALL EFFECT SUCH TRANSMISSIONS THROUGH THE GREAT PENTAGON AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

WE SHALL WIN THE WAR OF PEACE ON THE EARTH AND BRING ABOUT A GOLDEN AGE OF MAN. WE SHALL TRANSCEND THE PENTAGON TO THE HEXAGON, THE ATOM OF INFINITY AND LIGHT IN THE MATERIAL UNIVERSE. WE ARE NOT MILITARY DICTATORS BUT RECOGNISE THE NECESSITY TO COMMUNICATE WITH ORGANIZED INTELLIGENCE THROUGH COHESIVE UNION AND BIOLOGICAL FACTORS.



The Panthers sponsored a People's Tribunal, Sunday, Oct. 31, at the St. Georges Hotel in Brooklyn. When I got there, the place was packed. The lobby outside the ballroom was filled and I wondered if there would be room for everyone inside. There really was no problem, there was plenty of room inside, it's just that everyone was being searched before going in.

The women were sent to the left and the men to the right, and after the frisk, which was done very professionally, and being relieved of our weapons, we proceeded to the grand ballroom. The place was mobbed. The ballroom has a capacity of 3500 and it must have been filled. There were people everywhere. Just about everyone in and around the New York area involved in politics.

There were three judges, dressed in red robes. I recognized Stu Alpert right away, who looked more like Santa Claus than a judge. There was a Black woman, Andrea Jones, and a Puerto Rican, Juan Diaz.

Andrea read off the indictment that accused the defendants: Richard Nixon, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Russell Oswald (Correctional Commissioner of New York State) Vincent Mancusi (Warden of Attica) and Maj. Henry Williams (Commander in charge of the attack) of the crimes of conspiracy to commit murder in the first degree, attempted murder in the first degree, murder in the first degree, and crimes against humanity.

The defendants were to be tried in absentia if they didn't show up, and people played their respective parts. Bob Riley played the part of Nixon and did an excellent job. He, as a simple lawyer defended himself as well as the other defendants. Charles Gorry was the prosecutor, and the list of witnesses was prominent: Bobby Seale, William Kunstler, Arthur Eves, and Jerry Rubin.

The first witness to take the stand was Kunstler. He was questioned first by Gorry and then cross-examined by Nixon.

The next witness was State Trooper John Doe. He said that the game plan was two-fold. One to recapture the hostages, and two, restore order. He said that he saw seven men killed before his very eyes (hostages) by having their throats cut. He said that the inmates were prepared for hand to hand combat with bottles, rocks, spears, iron claws (to rip out groins) and zip guns. When he was asked if he ever thought that his life might be in danger, he replied that it was a wonder that as many of them got out alive as they did. He was asked if he was in the habit of calling Black Americans 'niggers'

he said that he couldn't remember. He was then reminded of a quote attributed to him in the NY Post where he says that the troopers began to go in, when some of the 'niggers' attacked them, and they had to shoot them. He said he used it for that quote. When questioned about this he said that they had been waiting for four days to go in, then he saw seven men die immediately. They were standing there gesturing. A lieutenant was pick-axed in the back. A man was beat over the head. You don't think highly of people who do that. When he was told about the medical examiners findings, that there were no throats cut, he said that he heard the story, but he knew what he saw.

Then Capt. Henry Williams took the stand. Gorry questioned him, and said that he never heard of him, perhaps because of his involvement in the secret service Gorry asked him what he did to prevent bloodshed. He answered, ' Sir, I had my orders'. He said that he still had doubts about the reports of the hostages.

Then Vincent Mancusi took the stand. He was asked if the conditions at Attica inspired the rebellion. No, it was outsiders, politicians, lawyers. We have to make a distinction between colored communists and outsiders. He felt that there should be no problem with the inmates taking only one shower a week, why that's all they need.

When asked if he thought that he made the right decision, he said that he would do it again. He even added that he knew how Truman felt when he dropped the A-Bomb. When asked about programs for rehabilitation, he said, that the Maoists should be separated into separate prisons. This would go a long way to rehabilitate.

He was asked what his standard for identifying a Maoist. He said that they had their intelligence. A Maoist is one who incites trouble rather than cooperating with the authorities. He was then asked if Nixon was a Maoist. He answered by saying that Nixon never tried to incite a prison rebellion. But what about rebellions all over the world?

Then Bobby Seale took the stand. Bobby was ushered in by body guards and was serious, somber. He was asked about his role on the negotiating team. He said that the Black Panther Party received a message to please come to Attica. He said that initially he was not let in. And then after he had been in, after talking to Oswald, he left. Oswald

was trying to get Bobby to tell him what he was going to say to the inmates before he was going to say it. Bobby went back to Oakland to confer with Huey Newton. He called Oswald and pleaded with him not to attack the inmates until his return. When Bobby got back into Buffalo, on his way to Attica, he heard on the radio, that the prison was under siege.

Everyone was really glad to see Bobby, and jumped out of their seats to greet him, and the clapping went on for some time after he left the stand. I wish that he could have said more.

Then a more serious note was intoned when Arthur Eves took the witness stand. When asked if the negotiating group tried to influence the inmates, he said that no one could influence them, they knew what they were doing.

Oswald was next to speak. He said that the inmates were unwilling to concede on the demands. He said that the group was led by Maoist inspired radicals. That it was a small group that used terror and intimidation to force the rest of the inmates to go along with it. was going on inside. He described the situation at Attica as a national liberation struggle, we are fighting imperialism right here in the United States.

Carleen Carrida, wife of an Attica inmate said that conditions haven't changed at Attica. They have gotten worse, her husband was locked in his cell for whistling.

The last witness was Jerry Rubin. It seemed a little superfluous after all the other witnesses.

In the closing statements, Nixon was fantastic. He stood up for Rocky, is there any man who more exemplifies the ideals of law and order than Nelson A. Rockefeller? The world is run with Rocky functioning as the heart. The heart not only pumps wealth into America, but defends it as well. We can be ruthless in defending that heart from revolutionaries. If you ever have the power to remove us, do. We shall meet you at Attica. We have no intention of becoming weak.

Then Gorry instructed the jury that they are the sole judges of whether the defendants were guilty or not.

Then Andrea Jones instructed the jury, telling them they could retire, elect a forelady or foreman, and then vote on their verdict. If, however, they saw no need to retire to get a verdict...

Someone from the jury asked if the vote could be taken by hand, and they gave it a try. The verdict - unanimously GUILTY.

It was a great educational experience, enjoyed by all. There was a mixture of humor and political theory, placed in proper perspective. It was certainly a great and worthy event on the part of the Panthers to include many White people as they did in the proceedings. It was a true People's Tribunal.

PEOPLE'S TRIBUNAL



COCA CRYSTAL

an interview by Jared Seth November

"NOBODY CAN CLAIM ME AS HIS NIGGER"

E.V.O.: "Do you think this country is ready for black judges such as yourself?"
 Judge Wright: This country has been ready for black judges for a long time and black judges are ready for this country too!

Judge Wright is a lanky Black Man who takes no shit from nobody. He is also a Black Judge who may be removed from the bench because of the efforts of a narrow livered D.A., who is none other than the Burton Robert's, of the Bronx, who's pudgy fingers which have pressed a few buttons on the machinery which has resulted in an investigation that can terminate Judge Wright's position. D.A. Robert's has leveled charges, (he said he didn't do no such thing), which suggest that Judge Wright is paroling to many Blacks and Puerto-Ricans. Judge Wright related to me his defense as to why often parol junkies rather than send them to 'correctional institutions'.

Judge Wright: "Why should I send them to jail when the jails can't help them. It is absolutely insane for narcotics rehabilitation centers not to be a part of a modern jail. It is the poor people who are detained very often simply because they do not have bail money. It is these poor who suffer double jeopardy, poverty and belonging to the wrong racial group."

E.V.O.: "The Post reported sir, that you stated that policemen would never be promoted if it were not for Blacks and Puerto-Ricans. Do you stand by that?"
 Judge Wright: "I never said that. However, I have no doubt that that maybe true because most of the people arrested are Blacks and Puerto-Ricans. These people are highly visible, who are crowded into ghetto areas. The police can find them with ease."

E.V.O.: "Do you think the police deliberately arrest the junkie pusher rather than the big time suppliers?"
 Judge Wright: "I don't know if this is the preference but with the revelations of the Knapp Commission it certainly seems to be a fact of life. Most junkies are in a semi-conscious state which makes them easy marks. Even I could arrest one and I'm a coward."

E.V.O.: "Being that it is a D.A. who has created this situation over your paroling junkies instead of jailing them, why do you think the D.A.'s object so much?"
 Judge Wright: "They object because all they see is the crime."

E.V.O.: "Do you think this is due to the insensitivity of D.A.'s towards the defendants?"
 Judge Wright: "In their personal lives perhaps they do have some insight but as D.A.'s I suppose that they feel they must

press for as many convictions as they can get. It seems to me, that the D.A.'s who are so eager to convict, should institute a lobby to improve our prisons, to make them places for rehabilitation as opposed to places where guards dole out bread and water and turn keys. Our prisons are reminiscent to the ancient prisons of England. If I am subject to criticism, so are they who want to put people in cages. They don't agitate for a prison system which rehabilitates."

E.V.O.: "Why do you believe the D.A.'s have not gotten it together for prison reform?"
 Judge Wright: "The trouble is that prosecutors don't see being a D.A. final destination of their careers as they wish to go on to greater heights and in order to do that they have to compile a record of convictions."

E.V.O.: "Then their court room attitude of cut and dry law is for the purpose of getting scalps?"
 Judge Wright: "Well they don't call them scalps at all. These are 'convictions' you before a 'people's court of justice.'"

E.V.O.: "With such incentives as new and better things, is it safe for me to assume that D.A.'s pad the charges to reach their ambitions?"
 Judge Wright: "I think charges are often exaggerated, otherwise many of the felonies would not be reduced to misdemeanors."

E.V.O.: "Getting back to the threat at hand, do you feel that if the judicial authorities do remove you, it would be a whitewash charge of dereliction of duties?"
 Judge Wright: "Whitewash! What a glorious experience to be whitewashed in America. FREE, FREE, FREE AT LAST!"

E.V.O.: "You are already aware that Appellate Division has demanded your transcripts, can this be the result of your not playing white nigger with them by talking to much?"
 Judge Wright: "If their are some people who want Black people to play nigger with them, I assume they are upset. I may be a nigger to society but I'm nobodies nigger! Nobody can claim me as his nigger!"

E.V.O.: "If removed, will you continue to speak out?"
 Judge Wright: "I will always speak out against injustice and racism. I may not be on the bench, but I see no reason why I should be removed."

E.V.O.: "Being that there is indeed a possibility of you being unseated, what steps have you taken to prevent that action?"
 Judge Wright: "I have an attorney, the best, Edward Silver. Whatever charges will be passed to him."

E.V.O.: "Have you found racial prejudice on an official basis used in the courts?"
 Judge Wright: "Yes. To give you an example, I had an officer who testified in a case in Brooklyn, Judge Wright assumed the voice of an intellectually deprived police officer, "I observed two white male Puerto-Ricans perpetrators, well I said, you observed what? They were my color. I said there must be a case of mistaken identity here, I quizzed the officer and he told me he had orders, that this was standard police procedure to classify all Puerto-Ricans as whites! Now I call that a direct raceist move by the police department to pit one minority against the other. It is absolutely ridiculous! That is official racism!"

E.V.O.: "Do you feel that racial prejudice is employed by some of your colleagues?"
 Judge Wright: "Certainly. The country is soaked in racism. There is no reason why racism should escape the personality of a judge who has been led since the time he was born to believe that white is superior. The country was conceived on that notion."

E.V.O.: "I can't help but notice the peace symbol you wear on your lapel, do you wear it while on the bench?"
 Judge Wright: "No, I do not. It is not a proper thing to do in court."
 E.V.O.: "I noticed in the courts that many police officers adorn themselves with American flags, what are your opinions concerning this practice?"
 Judge Wright: "I think the people who wear are extremely insecure. Perhaps they don't want to be called traitors. Peace on the other hand is a fugitive concept in this country which is devoted to the H-bomb, the mightiest army in the world which is fighting in Vietnam, occupying parts of Germany, belonging to NATO AND SUCH. Peace has come to suggest that you are a Leftist, a communist, or a beatnik."

Judge Wright has infuriated some of the higher judicial authorities because he has dared to give his thoughts a voice. To Judge Wright he is doing nothing wrong. "It's my right in the constitution!"

He has been bombarded with hate mail and phone threats to kill him. That shit can be expected from those who evade the truth or enjoy living the lie. If they do indict Judge Wright on a HORSESHIT charge, these same prosecutors can expect Wright to open up a very interesting Panama's box. Judge Wright, RIGHT ON!

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WHO KILLED SLOAN IN THE KITCHEN?

by Honest Bob Singer

Why use drugs when you can get strung out on life itself? This self-answered paradox, metaphysically tangential to such queries as what shall it profit a man to gain the world and lose his soul, what price glory, the Riddle of the Sphinx, jeppers creepers where'd ya get them peepers, etc., is the ethical residue of the superfluous murder mystery in Samuel Fuller's 2-film masterpiece, *Shock Corridor*, lately revived as a midnight special at the Garrick (where the slim audiences seem insupportable yet the reels reel on) and at the more Olympian Olympia, in a weird and wasteful double-bill with *Elia Kazan's Splendor in the Grass*. The less we see of that mealy-mouthed revanchist fink the nearer we be to the Kingdom of Heaven. Olympians take heed. However I come not to bury Kazan but to praise Fuller.

However it is only right to observe that in the left/right extremist tradition of modern art Kazan is squishily encoosed in punk liberal tepidity while Fuller pushes his anal-authoritarian fantasies through the pie crust of so-called reality. Fuller, whose politics lie oblivious to the flats of fashion closely to the left of Hitler's, has been known for his harsh raw-action flicks in which tough adventurers pit themselves against the semi-mythical nemesis of the American Way. The intuition that such straw men are but the hydra-headed configurations of the national id led to *Shock Corridor*, a full scale film about the growth of psychosis. In the Westerns of John Ford, to which Fuller's cinema compares as a dialogue with the recent and distant American past, the contradictions of our history are observed in essentially sympathetic dramatic matrixes: die-hard pioneer families, loyal Cavalry troops. In Fuller the traditional images and ideals of the Republic are so arcane as to seem perverse; his hero is ethically knee-high to a slot-machine. "Each man has his own reason for living and his own price for dying" says a character in *Hell and High Water* (wotta title!). "You've got to be big to forgive and I'm not big" concludes the hero of *Forty Guns*. Unlike Ford, he portrays the coziness of the American Dream not at all, only the sleaziness of the dreamers; and as Pagliacci, the fat Figaro singing madman in *Shock Corridor* says, "When we dream no man can tell the crazy from the sane."

The rising curve of interests in *Shock Corridor* show pretty clearly that Fuller had begun to feel his way to the psychic roots of the social illusions that appear paradoxically (acted out by unpleasant mercenary misfits) in earlier

mercenary misfits) but essentially unquestioned in earlier films. One direct precedent is in *Forty Guns* (1957) where a Marshall is cautioned about apprehending a minor member of a gang led by Barbara Stanwyck. "You'll need more than 3 guns to bring in Howard Swain." Swain then turns himself in only to be shot in the back by persons unknown. Turns out to be the local Sheriff, also in Stanwyck's pay, acting on his own initiative to save the expense of fixing the judge.

Rut Stanwyck has fallen in love with the Marshall and tells the Sheriff he has hung himself. A neatly internalized paradigm of the absurd which is stretched to feature length in *Shock Corridor*. Johnny Barratt (Peter Breck) is a reporter who plays insane to solve a murder--that of Sloan in the kitchen--in an insane asylum. Despite the fears of his lover Cathy (Constance Towers) that he will go bananas himself, he persists in risking his sanity for a crack at the Pulitzer Prize, which he eventually gets but you know the price. Pasta fazoola. Or in the words of the head shrink, Dr. Cristo, "What a tragedy. The Pulitzer Prize will be won by a catatonic schizophrenic."

Shock Corridor is chillingly acute--even for those who know it--in its vision of America as a madhouse and its inmates the bearers of Faustianistical-Freudological hubris. To find the killer, Barratt must interrogate three bozos--a Southerner raised in ignorance, brainwashed by

meaningless complexity and alienation from spirituality, community and sexuality. Johnny Barratt cracks up as his Pulitzer Prize ego-trip bludgeons away his intimacies with Cathy. He identifies his violence against his own libido with the murder of Sloan in the kitchen and Cathy with the nymphomaniacs who rape him when he blunders into their ward. When he discovers Sloan was killed for threatening to expose an attendant for taking liberties with those ladies, he commits schizophrenic homicide. None of this would be thrilling if Fuller had not used his psycho-newsreel technique on his characters like a scalpel and on the audience like chalk screeching on a blackboard. If the nympho rape scene doesn't beguile your complicity and the black KKK scene doesn't curdle your irony, the shock therapy scenes and hallucinations will freeze your ever-lovin heart, cone-shaped muscular organ

morality. Which is not to say that *Shock Corridor* like *Zen* is beyond mythology. It is rather grossly rooted in social and artistic myths. In fact, Fuller's oddest triumph is to embed his film in the structure of a Greek tragedy so blatantly contrived that only the bluff of profundity carries it off--quotes from Euripides, unity of place (the film is shot entirely in interiors which become the extensions of the interminable gray "shock corridor" peopled by its puddinglike "god-haunted ghosts on the street of no return."), the doctor's final remark "What a tragedy". Barratt himself is a modern Oedipus whose Greek chorus (Cathy) warns him he will go mad

his proud search for knowledge (who killed Sloan/Laius) will be his destruction, a quest for "justice" that turns out to be the apocalyptic self-knowledge that he has killed his soul; he winds up idling in catatonia as Cathy miserably folds his nerveless arms about her. At this point



the contemporary epiphany shows forth: as a reporter he has been identified with the banner headline of the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty in his editor's office (the headline not the Statue); the lady has previously been parodied by the black Klansman manipulating the arms of another catatonic. Now, moving his appendages only at Dr. Cristo's bidding, he has become a gut-image of America raped, paralyzed, in the control of impersonal experts. The mythology, common enough in the Dennis Hopper--Alejandro Jodorowsky era, but for a right-winger like Fuller such a persistence of vision and integrity of technique, plus the bashful but straightforward classicism, plus his totally cinematic bag of action-flick tricks. *Shock Corridor* is an ironically masterful work to be added to the mainstream of art-waste that constitutes Western Civilization's chronicle of its own self-decimation.

If Fuller has a shortcoming it is his escape-

the Chinese in Korea, then brought home and treated as a traitor, thinks he's Jeb Stuart at the battle of Shiloh; a black man cracked up trying to make it as the first integrated college student, thinks he's the leader of the KKK; and a physicist "more brilliant than Einstein" except he has the mind of a five year old--whose traumas are the breakdown of national, racial and intellectual identity in the modern matrix of

that maintains circulation of the blood (Barthelme). Instead of bloating the script with Freud/Fellini dream sequences, Fuller twists the medium into electrifying visions of wholly burnt out minds. Which is the principle of the action genre film: the truth of violence, physical or psychic, replaces the adipose accretions of well-known myths and middle-class



proof karmic despondency in which, like the detective novels of Ross MacDonald, everyone fouls his own nest and sleeps in it. The only humor in *Shock Corridor* besides unconscious laugh-lines like "What a tragedy" are the sick jokes: a St. Vitus Dancer tosses imaginary nuts in the air and Pagliacci snatches them away before he can catch them. Seen this way *Shock Corridor* is a sado-

masochistic bearbaiting. Arrabal's *Viva la Muerte!* on the other hand follows Fuller in creating ferocious quasi-psychotic experiences but maintains a sophisticated Gallic distance from them. It is more like the libidinal analogue of Louis Malle's *Murmur of the Heart*, a traditi-traditional Oedipal romance in the dark, wry and courtly manner of Nabokov: mom makes boy, boy makes mom. At first

sight Malle's film seems no more than a smugly fashionable "challenge" to "traditional morality", hip enough but nothing we don't know. But when in the final scene the adolescent hero creeps half-clothed into his family's hotel suite one morning and they all join the audience in knowing laughter about the rites of passage, Malle injects this irony: his brothers are sadistic drunkards patterned

after the 3 Stooges, his father, a knowing cuckold who compensates with rigid paternalism, his mother a dumb sexy cluck who is hurt in her affairs. I'm not sure what is intended but the film, hitherto an exercise in wishful fulfillment games, some of them rather cruel, becomes diffident and unsettling, a far cry from the cherries jubilee appraisal of Robert Mulligan's *Summer of '42* which links the second World War with a swain's first lay: "After that, things were never the same." Malle is saying that they never are.

To say that Arrabal is wild is like calling heroin engaging. It is somewhat remarkable then that the fantasies of the child-hero of *Viva la Muerte!* (*Long Live Death!*) remain his own, although unlike Fuller's hallucinations they invoke well-known Freudian and Jungian schema as well as well as the nostalgia of

Spanish anti-fascism, anticlericalism, and anarchism of the '30s. Arrabal has made an extremely politically sophisticated first film (a play of his was filmed by Alejandro Jodorowsky of *El Topo* fame with all the penetration of a class discussion of *Siddhartha* at Westswest Senior High) and has successfully adapted Bunuel's surrealist humor and narrative violence that glides smoothly from realism to fantasy (Jodorowsky has inherited his oppressiveness and Carlos Saura his cosmopolitan charm and cynicism. Who's going to get the dwarf?)

Fando is a twelve year old boy in a mythical Fascist country--the notes say Spain

London Pg. 16

DEEP END

BY STEVE KRAUS

I think the world of my EVOoom-frere Honest Bob, but sometimes I have trouble with his film reviews. In common with many adherents of the auteur philosophy of film criticism, Straight Bobbie sometimes forgets that many people go to flicks to amuse themselves, to have a jolly, rollicking time, rather than to evaluate a director's work versus the early work he did in the TeLauvy Central High School Department of Film. This way for laughs, thrills, plus a few yawns, folks!

"Deep End" a Paramount film directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, screen play by Skolimowski, J.Gruza, and B. Sulik, with Jane Asher, John Moulder-Brown and Diana Dore Reviewed by Steve Kraus

Since, like Jerzy Skolimowski the director of "Deep End", I hail from Poland, surely one of the most nationalistic and chauvinistic parts of Spaceship Earth, I suppose I should have some kind words for his latest film. But this chance link is not enough. Anyway the film's scene is London, though the director does acknowledge his origins by a subtle inside joke, with a passenger on the London subway, who plays so role in the action of the film, reading "Trybuna Ludu", a Warsaw daily which is the official paper of the Polish United Workers (Communist) Party. So much for the antecedents

Films, like everything else, seem to run in cycles. We have survived the beach flicks, the Hells Angels cycle, the alienated-on-the-road film. Now it is the turn of the misunderstood teenager to take his turn in the focus of the film director's camera.

Earlier this year we had Visconti with his effete "Death in Venice." Then we had to endure Joseph Losey and his inescapably boring "The Go Between." Now along comes Skolimowski and yet another agonized teenager, played, as usual, by a talented young actor whose technique and execution of the role is infinitely more interesting than the part he is playing, or for that matter, the film itself. That is if you like me, find the sorrows and troubles of adolescence, more particularly the adolescence of pubescent boys, not particularly fascinating. This is a phase of life we have all, after all, lived through and managed to survive. We all went on to other, riper, broader horizon type things. Not so, apparently the directors of films like "Deep End" or "The Go Between" They remind one of these delightful, (at first appearance) young women one meets at parties, who, bearing the exterior trappings and even the vocabulary of adulthood, soon and with great determination and seriousness share with one the troubles they are still having with their parents, or other people who do not understand them. One would think that these people, and film directors like Skolimowski, with all the technical and financial resources at their command would put aside childlike subjects and go on to more adult subjects. Alas, not so.....

In "Deep End" Skolimowski is concerned with Mike, a fifteen year old boy who gets a job in a rather sleazy public bath cum gymnasium in a run down section of London. John Moulder-Brown gives a good performance in a role which,

although central to the film, should be of primary concern only to other fifteen year old boys. Mike falls in love with a female attendant in the bath house, Susan, an attractive girl in her early twenties, has a pleasantly varied love life; she comes equipped with a rather petulant fiance her own age, and an older, married lover. Jane Asher plays Susan with just the right combination of youth, good looks,

impatience and coarseness.

There is also, early on in the film, a delightful sequence with erstwhile sex bomb Diana Dore, once billed as England's answer to Marilyn Monroe. Wrapped in a towel and a manner which are both rather loose, Dore, whose list of clubs, one hopes, includes the Weight-Watchers, demonstrates in a hilarious semi-married lover. Jane Asher plays

convinced that the English are compelled to extend their



CONT. ON Pg. 16

RECYCLING

by F. J. O'Rourke

For \$40 a term N.Y. U. offers an accredited night school course in Counter Culture. How why the hell anybody'd take a thing like that I can't imagine. I mean why don't they just hang around in the park like

everyone else? If you accumulate so many credits in Counter Culture do you become a hippie? Can you go on to do graduate work and be a Weatherman? Junkie? Prokyrite? Rock and Roll Star? How do they advertise this shot anyway? "Take our Counter Culture course and get the NYFD 3rd Degree?" Will this kind of thing pop up on match book covers? (Step down to lower pay and lice!)

At any rate the course instructor (Rosalind Regelson — attractive and academically acerbic lady of indeterminate age) decided to invite AJ Webberman to lecture on something. Garbage, I guess. Why don't these people look at their own garbage like the rest of us? Maybe AJ was supposed to talk about Dylan. Well, the people in that class were mostly about Dylan's age. Why didn't they go down to La Metro in 1962 and talk to him themself when they had the chance? Why did they wait till he got rich and weird like them?

I suppose that these "students" are trying to learn what's going on and they're going about learning the only way they know how — in school. I've never understood the idea of formal education in things which are not skills. Difficult skills require a teacher and when there are many people who want the skill and few who have it, then formal education makes perfect sense. But in the areas of endeavor beyond skills, you can't get there yourself nobody's going to be able to take you.

But AJ was invited to be their youth fare flight to Woodstock Nation. So Ann Webberman and he had a dinner before the class and got about a dozen people together including Johnathan and Vincent from NYU, David Peel and some of the Lower East Side rock group and some young kids from a band called Steplishit. Webberman had a chocolate cream pie ready to throw in Rosalind's face and they all set out for NYU, picking up street singer Tom Feher on the way. When the group got to the school Peel started

running around blowing a police whistle and pointing to his NYU jacket, "I went to New York Urinal...Tweet...Tweet...Look at me!...Tweet...You can be a success too!...Stay in school!...Tweet...Tweet...Tweet...Tweet..."

You know that dropping count is Haard to do You know that it's true You know that it's true 'Cause dropping out is hard to do (...dooby dooby...)

Tweet...Tweet...Tweet... Heading us into an elevator already full of people, "PING! Fourth Floor! All out for Anth-

ropology, Sociology, Etymology and Girl's Gym." Finally spilling late into Rosalind's class like the Red Sea rejoined. Peel and the musicians produced drums and guitars and before the class could say "Haden Biah" broke into cacophonous song

AJ AJ AJ AJ Webberman etc. ad infinitum

Then Webberman jumped up on the rostrum and in response to our deafening applause called the roll of all the people who came with him. After which he lit into the students, "You, man, you look really straight. How come you're in this class? Where do you live?"

What do you do? You, lady where are you at? Come from Queens?" Until Rosalind told him to mind his own business and Peel jumped up next to Webberman and started to babble incoherently about Jesus Christ Superjunky and hope in the Bible.

"Wow," he said, "when Moses came down (off the mountain) he could see that the Jews were fucking-up and he stoned them. That's always happening in the Bible. People are always getting stoned. What did Jesus say? Let him who is without a stam among you get her stoned first. I mean why was Jesus born in a manger with asses all over and a little horse in the back? That means only one thing to me. When these musicians walked around the room making faces and things.

Regelson was being a pretty good sport about all this but finally convinced Webberman to explain Dylanology and AJ told how he'd constructed a concordance for Dylan's poetry, run it through a computer and arrived at an interpretation of Dylan's symbolism. Then he explained how Dylan had retreated from political statement and how he, Webberman, had needed and needed Dylan about this, the confrontations they'd had, etc., all history now, "then he did the Bangla Desh Concert, sang all the old songs, just like the old Dylan, did everything I'd said he should do and I was out of a job! So I'm not a Dylanologist anymore. I'm a garbage ecologist!" And AJ grabbed a drum and Feher and Peel et al started up really raucously this time with union foot stamping and clapping and some of the people in the class doing it too. Making a hell of a racket until a Dean or somebody who looked a whole lot like a Dean burst through the door and told everybody to shut up. Which they did, except John-



RECYCLING

Ecocide is a word. A word for the present and the future. It is a simple word, not very complex. It simply means that corporate America is in control of the world's ecology and corporate America is committing suicide. Or, even more simply, you can only put so much shit in the air, and it is all over.

New insanities happen daily. New government/corporate conspiracies against all of us, new promises, new non-action.

NO LEAD GAS: Those of us who watch television remember the catchy little commercial which began with the tune, "What can one man do, my friend. What can one man do. To stop pollution in the air..."

What the one man could do is fill up

the old gas tank with Amoco gas. A few weeks back American Oil was ran into trouble. Long Island District Attorney George Aspland found that in 24 of 28 stations selling Amoco "Super Premium Lead-Free" gas that it all contained more lead than those gasolines advertised as "low-lead." In American corporate circles "low-lead" is less than "lead-free."

RECYCLING is one of the great games of ecology. While in principle it could be a "way out" of the solid waste problem, it is really no more than a public relations game. Even the TIMES has made this discovery, months after **CHEMICAL WEEK**, an industry publication made it quite clear, "that the campaign (recycling) will give them (industry) a better image at a time when people are in-

creasingly concerned with the growing glut of waste on the face of the land."

COKE is one of the big pushers for recycling having centers all over the city. Any one who thinks that by bringing in all of those cans and bottles they are going to "save" the environment is crazy. If every all aluminum can in America was recycled that would only take in 10 percent of the cans produced. Coke is paying 5 cents for a deposit bottle and a penny a pound for non-returnable bottles and all aluminum cans.

ALL ALUMINUM CANS are the only type of cans that is really feasible to recycle. But Coke is ripping off the people who

bring them in to their centers. Reynolds Aluminum will pay 10 cents a pound and give you one "free gallon of Mobil gas for every 15 pounds. Recycling is not going to save the environment but it is a positive act, and you might as well get paid the most for giving these corporations cheap raw materials.

RETURNABLE BOTTLES have all but disappeared. Coke, number one in the recycling game, has removed all of its returnable bottles and replaced them with new six and eight (a gallon of Coke) pack non-returnables. One wonders what they have done with all those returnable bottles recycled in their centers (the author brought in over \$23 worth).

CENTRAL PARK is being torn up for new subways. After a great deal of planning and re-planning, after considerable protest, the new subways will only destroy a portion of the park. One Organization that is still trying to stop all destruction of Central Park is the Committee for Better Transit, P.O. Box 3106, Long Island City, N.Y. 11103.

EXPORT BAN ON BANNED PRODUCTS is a bill the New York City Congressman Benjamin Rosenthal is now considering. It would ban America from exporting to foreign countries, primarily third world, products which are either banned or restricted in America as hazardous. What he is considering is the export of haz-

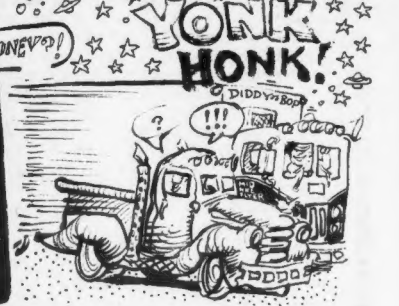
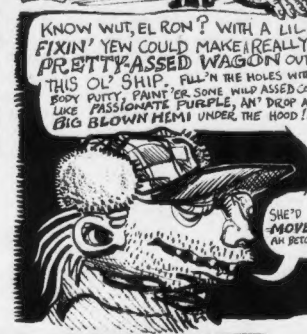
ardous products cigarettes.

LETUCE CIGARETTES is the newest gimmick. Or the same gimmick they tried in the 1950's. Bravo is the new lettuce cigarette, and if you can not stop smoking, try one, it will cure you. Research is now underway to produce cellulose cigarettes.

CLEAR CREEK is the newest environment buy like a ton of shit. Just like the old **ROLLING STONE** spin-off **EARTH TIMES**, which looked just like **ROLLING STONE**. It costs 50 cents; subs are \$8. 617 Wiffson St., San Francisco, 94105

GOINGS ON: Let us know what, if any, fastidious happenings in your community. Just drop a note to EVO.

UH EVERYBODY MUST GYET SWAMP



IBM: A Magical Mystery Tour of Computerland

Michael Cannon

Out of the subway at Penn Station into the air-conditioned muzak skyscraper world of Penn Plaza, a change occurs in the machinery that runs your life. The change occurs abruptly and without subtlety.

The machinery of the subway is crude, implacable, heavy duty. It slams and lurches through the bowels of New York, depositing its human cargo without heed to race, creed or color. The subway transports the poor, the insane, the perverse, and the rest of us. It doesn't give a damn. Urinate in its catcombs draw fylfots on the rye bread ads. Here's a nickel, whack off in the john. Here's a dime, have yourself a tepid coke. Here's a quarter, draw the curtain, drop your trousers, kneel backwards on the seat and have four pictures taken of your naked fundament. Fear, count em, four! If none of this appeals particularly, throw yourself in front of a train. Jump near the tunnel entrance, so you get full impact. But don't do it during rush hour. It takes a while to clean up and somebody might be late for work.

The subway has the rhythm of gadgetry. Coin inserted, lever pulled, grind and mesh as coin registers, a spastic twitch, a moment of indecision, then turnstile entrances, chiclets or plastic combs are granted. Or not granted in which case you may kick the machine responsible.

Nobody kicks the machines in the skyscrapers of Penn Plaza. The machines are never wrong. They dispense their favors before you ask them. They coddle you; they purr about your feet; they are your slaves.

Unknown janitors have polished the floors and windows of Penn Plaza during the night. Doors open effortlessly and shut conclusively on the last hope you shall hear of city traffic for the next six hours. Aawning early-morning courtesy prevails in the small groups waiting before their elevators. Women enter first, nodding and murmuring good cheer, in elevators that run with silken exclusivity to three or four particular floors.

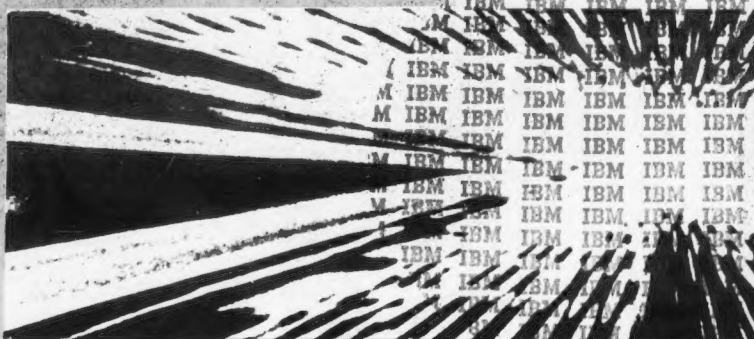
International Business Machines Corporation is located on the 29th floor of Penn Plaza. Here on Tuesdays and Fridays, by invitation, is held a seminar on the computer. Each seminar is conducted for eighteen people. With occasional exceptions like myself, the people invited are IBM advertisers, bankers, stockholders. The office area preceding the lounge, where people have already begun to gather for the seminar, is spacious,

uncluttered to the point of austerity. A small vase of fresh yellow flowers sits on the desk. The secretary smiles, takes my raincoat, and offers me a large paperbook, 'More About Computers'.

In the lounge coffee is being served and the staff introduced. IBM employs over 250,000 people; we meet perhaps half a dozen. They differ about as much as members of IBM President Tom Watson's fraternity at Brown University might differ which is to say not much. Some are fatter than others and some younger. They smile incessantly. They have been with IBM anywhere from seven to fourteen years. Their time with the firm is repeated compulsively after each self-introduction and, though this data probably has been programmed as part of the seminar script, one receives the uncomfortable impression of an attempt to create a cohesiveness that does not exist. In the 'family' everyone goes by their first names. Neil, Spence, Jerry, Don. And you shall go by your first name. Plastic encased name cards are

ity rush week, he bounds towards you. (He could be a member of a college glee club.) Exuding after-shave and a Southern California wholesomeness that verges on the overpowering, he does not merely shake your hand, or even give it a manly pumping. He milks it.

Step #1 of "How-to-Make-Friends-for-the-Computer" is to take an interest in the other fellow's 'game'. "Somehow I think you're a friend of Ben's," he begins, referring to the theatrical director who staged the seminar's multi-media effects. "You don't quite look like. . . the type of person who usually attends." Quite purposefully he avoids looking at my scruffy haircut that laps at my ears and coat collar, and instead turns his smile up another kilowatt. "Not that you look 'different'" "I'm an actor", I assure him if indeed that is any assurance. This admission will come back to haunt me throughout the day. And at lunch, in the midst of



given out. An ad man from Ogilvy & Mather, who handle part of the enormous IBM account, chuckles up to me to chuckle the news that IBM is running five minutes late. It is now 9:35; the seminar was to have started at 9:30. Chuckle-chuckle. I speculate on whether he is pleased to see a flaw in the flawless machine because of some Faulknerian humanistic conceit ('Man will prevail'), or because he's secretly pissed, like some poor country cousin, at not having made it to full membership in The Big Family. "Hi! I'm Neil Lewis!"

Neil Lewis speaks in exclamation points. Exclamation points are affirmative, enthusiastic and a camouflage of guileless innocence to disguise the reality of a young exec rung-hauling himself up the corporation ladder. Convincing you of his likableness is part of his next rung and he comes on strong. Tanned, toothsome, with the excessiveness of 'personality' that marks a freshman during fratern-

a discussion of Disk Storage, I'll be requested, while the roast beef gets cold, to give my views on nudity in "Oh, Calcutta!"

But right now the show is on the road and we are all summoned to the octohedral screening room. Twenty chairs are placed about the room. They are equipped with paper, IBM pencil and ash tray. They can rock backwards; they can swivel in full circle; they are comfortable. Excepting the wall we enter through, all walls may serve as screens for films projected from without.

The opening thesis is simple: Man has a scientific mind; he organizes, categorizes, and harnesses nature to serve his ends. One of the lecturers informs us that we can go through an entire day without seeing a single natural object "Except air and the river, and those are polluted." He smiles wistfully

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THE MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM

- a Yugoslav's cinematic attempt to bring to the world consciousness the work of the German Analyst/philosopher/political activist Wilhelm Reich- is probably a masterpiece. Dhusan Makavejev, it's conceiver and director, is probably a genius. Brilliant at least.

"I decided to make the film in 1968. If you remember 1968 was the year of great confrontations all over the world. Farnce, Mexico City. The year of the Democratic Convention in Chicago and the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia I had to decide whether to continue making "nice" films or to do something more meaningful".

Reich was meaningful. Makavejev is not an analyst and has never undergone Reichian analysis. But Reich's work had made an impression on him as a student, an impression that would be reinforced by events all over the world. Reich's theory about the organism

-the cock organism, the cunt organism, the human organism, the political cell organism, the national organism and the world organism. They are all interconnected.

"People are alienated from their bodies. They think they HAVE bodies. We don't have bodies, we have r bodies." Reconnect the head with the body; reconnect the heads of groups with the membership; reconnect heads of state with the workers. Reich said that because of the structure of people, revolutions bring about recurrences of governmental structures. The Soviets developed their own elite, cut off from the mass of the people. All the spontaneous energy of the revolution is killed. Demonstrated aptly in the film by the good looking red haired party member who espouses the need for free love yet will only fuck elite Russians, and by the end of the film is quite literally only a head. While the raging worker, who has a tendency to jump on cars and shout "Down with the Elite!!!" "Down with Red Fascism!!!" lives through and in his body, running, leaping, dancing, cras hng through walls, trying to fuck the redhead.

"A political movement starts as a spontaneous surge of energy. Not necessarily for the right reasons, not necessarily for justice. Like in Harlem, a fight begins over the kids using fire hydrants in the summer. People get excited. THEN they remember that they are angry. Then a political movement begins. But the movements kill the spontaneity. What follows is a suicidal development- the movement looses energy, either disperse or turns into a bigger superstructure. The masses jave suppressed sexual (i.e. life) energy. Because they can't express it, they invest it in totalitarianism. Reich was the only social scientist who grasped the vast energy in people, and pointed out that there are no social mechanisms to keep this alive".

IN THE MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM Jim Buckley of Screw gets his cock embalmed in plaster. The plastercaster strokes it, it rises, grows, turns red, is full of energy. FREEZE.

Then it is wrapped in prophylactics, covered with plaster. The cock withers back to normal size- leaving behind an inorganic monument to it's size.

Yugoslav workers are ending their' Political meeting with a traditional snake dance, singing lyrics of the ideas and news they have just discussed. Laughing, singing, dancing and winding up and

down staircases. A living revolution. FREEZE. Stalin, a "walking wax museum", in a large, perfectly symmetrical hall, formally walking, formally talking. The "head" of the state, cut off from the bloodstream and pulse of the masses.

Even the pattern of the music repeats this. First reminiscent of Czechoslovak spring, before the bloodshed, when hopes and energy ran high. The Russian music, "The March of Happy Youth", light, erotic, idealistic. But the freeze is accompanied by a Czech tune, reminder of the revolution that failed.

Makavejev comes from Yugoslavia, the only eastern European socialist nation to successfully remove itself from the soviet block. He calls Yugoslavia a "living revolution". Consequently throughout the film runs a streak of optimism. We can change. We can change ourselves, we can change each other, we can change our governments. I didn't have to be more of the same old shit, even though for Reich it turned out the other way. Disillusioned by Soviet power, disgusted with german communists who turned about and marched under the Swastika, ending it all by seeing his books burned and himself jailed in "the land of the free and the home of the brave".

"I made the film partly to break the conspiracy of silence surrounding the work of Reich. Most people have never heard of him. Those that have think of him as a sex maniac or mad inventor". The combination of sex, radical politics, analysis and medicine was too much for the establishment to take. Certainly there HAS been a conspiracy of silence. In spite of Orson Beam, most of us have never seen an orgona box, or for that matter heard of an orgone. The concept of "life energy" has come to us through LSD or eastern mysticism; Reich is the connecting factor between the search for channeling life energy and the need for change in western politics. THE MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM shows us the connection.

"I wanted my movie to be a successful model of organization and spontaneity. I didn't use a script. It was shot in Yugoslavia and New York. I picked up some things here, some things there. I had all the footage on Stalin, the footage of demonstrations and parades. I wanted to show that a well organized whole could be arranged without an iron superstructure, without loss of creative energy."

In this Makavejev succeeded. No word, no sound, no motion are wasted. Everything in the film is there for a reason, or two, or three or four or five. The "fictional" characters exist on symbolic levels- worker betrayed by revolution, female sex-object, "people's Artist", radical elitist- and yet are not dry or one dimensional, but vital and living on all the human levels-

-emotional, cerebral and physical. Interspersed are documentary clips- Mrs. Reich criticizing both America for crucifying her husband and the Soviets for destroying creativity in children, the proprietor of the general store where Reich shopped explaining that the townspeople thought Reich was a little odd, for he combed his hair straight up instead of to the side. Al Goldstein of Screw says: "People say they want freedom but when they are confronted with freedom they are afraid of it; they don't want freedom". The "people's Artist" commits an act of violence against the girl, as she explains, "We built up such a current of universal energy that he couldn't take it. We can't take it. We are afraid of ourselves, afraid of our energy, afraid of our personality." (17)



by P. J. O'Rourke
Synanon wants to ship
2000 of our junkies to Cal-
ifornia. And that's cer-

tainly good news. They've
sent four Synanon represen-
tatives to New York to get
this California Despair
Package together. So if
you're a junkie and happen
to find EWG tramped open
this page on the floor of
your tenement hallway
join while stabbing around
in your rotted forearm, and
presuming you can still
read, contacts:

Bill Lane
Synanon Foundation Inc.
339 W. 84th St.
N.Y., N.Y. 10024
(212) 677-2912

And goodbye,

The only requisites
for entering this program
are a desire to quit being
such a colossal fuck-up
and stir free out.

Now, this bothered me
a little bit when I inter-
viewed the Synanon people
because I figured this having
the stir free business
would mean the little middle
class duff heads'd be the
only people to go.
God knows there are enough
of those and their parents
would be only too glad to
ship them off across the
continent for the hundred
odd-worth extra. Chances
then having them pour the
color TV every week, Bill
Lane and Don Apar (two of
the four Synanon representa-
tives) said that that was
a valid point but Synanon
couldn't afford it any other
way. They are trying to
hustle up the funds to foot
for the deserving poor and
they told me how one
father had been so impress-
ed by his son's decision to
go straight that he also

bought a ticket for another
kid who was there being
interviewed at the same time.
I suppose flying is the
only way. I can just picture
a 50 hour drive to the
coast with a bus-load of
smack freaks going cold
turkey.

Synanon sources claim
that the extraction of
these 2000 nodding horse
lovers amounts to a gift
of \$70 million to the tax-
payers of New York. Fig-
uring the cost per day for
treating an addict in a public
facility at \$50 (Synanon's
figure) and that on
untreated junkie rips off
at least that much and
that ten years is a fair
smack-head life span, I'd
say the gift amounts to
more like \$50 million or
over forty bucks for each
of us whether we pay our
taxes or not, and in the
neighborhood I live in
Synanon will be saving my
life.

The reason for this
benevolence is that National
Lead Co. (who manufac-
tures Dutch Boy Paints) has
donated large building in
San Francisco. (There's a
cent-in irony here since
lead paint has achieved
notoriety second only to
heroin for poisoning poor
kids.) This in combination
with other Synanon facil-
ities in Oakland, Tomales Bay,
Santa Monica, San Diego,
Detroit and on a large
Marin County ranch, allows
Synanon room for consider-
able expansion from its
present 1600 residents and
over 250 active non-res-
idents.

Synanon itself is sort
of a strange bird of an or-

ganization. Founded in the
late fifties by a fervent
Alcoholics Anonymous mem-
ber, Chuck Dederich, Synanon
was originally sort of
a sensitively training bull
session and group therapy
riff engendered in by Deder-
ich and a group of thirty
or so ex-alcoholics and
drug addicts. This shot,
called The One, is the
central aspect of Synanon.
Gloss as I can figure it,
a group of twelve or so
people sit around and ver-
bally parry and thrust
with each other. Inparten-
tally the One becomes a very
heavy number. So heavy
that the original group
formed a collective called
Synanon House. Now Synanon
does not consider itself
just a live-in rehabili-
tation center for addicts,
alcoholics and other life
forms who bug the hell out
of the selves and everyone
else. Rather, it considers
itself to be a full-fledged
social movement. I quote
from the National Institute
of Mental Health's Direc-
tory of Narcotic Addiction
Treatment Centers in the
United States: "The
Therapeutic Community
Program is a dynamic educational
process in which any indi-
vidual can learn to live
more comfortably, uninter-
fered with from rigid thinking,
and come to terms with re-
ality in such a way that
his life is far from fulter-
ing and purpose."

With a couple option-
al word changes you have the
promise that every word
and gesture has purpose.

Jeaustrough Adolph Miller,
Chairman, Chairman, No,
Timothy Perry and Richard
Nixon.

That says something to
me, especially since Deder-
ich and all the rest of these
people have been very
successful in securing
support. But just when
that people are living
uncomfortably, are bothered
with rigid thinking and are
coming to terms with real-
ity in such a way that their
lives do not fluctuate on very
full meaning or such pur-
pose. It's to say, every-
one's looking for answers.
Just is an answer, the wrong
answer but an answer. So
Synanon is an answer too
and looked to be the right
answer for the four New
York representatives -- a
herd-leader, a helper, more
positive love you wouldn't
want to meet.

From the point of
view of the subculture,
Synanon is a lot of the
things we claim we'd like
to be. It's a collective
(top pay is \$50 a month
plus room and board) and
makes collective conscious-
ness raising decisions
(they all stopped smoking at
once in order to make the
down-payment on their rental).
There's lots of group
therapy ("Writing of 70 to 100"
people provide needles with
support in all aspects of

their lives" Ibid., above).
It works within the system
(owns property, bustles
corporation clients for
sweat charge and engages
in collective free enter-
prise to raise funds) with-
out being controlled by the
system (dipped 23% federal
funding to retain its inde-
pendence). It's pretty much
self-sufficient. It has a
place in the country (in
fact, three), and every-
body is very "together."

But there are a couple
of things that bother me.
One is governance. Chuck
Dederich and an eight mem-
ber board of parents make
all major decisions. Some-
times other members make
minor decisions in an atmos-
phere of "participatory de-
mocracy". In other words
Synanon is run in a manner
respectably like the organi-
zations headed by Jesus (or
agents thereof), Joseph Lit-
tle, Amy Jackson, Martin
Luther King, and

Richard Nixon. And the
Synanon people have the
right that indicates they've
found the one and only way
-- the Synanon way. They are
the only ones like Chris-
tians, the only ones like
Jesus, the only ones like
Richard Nixon. And the
Synanon people have the
right that indicates they've
found the one and only way
-- the Synanon way. They are
the only ones like Chris-
tians, the only ones like
Jesus, the only ones like
Richard Nixon.

And the Synanon people
have the right that indicates
they've found the one and
only way -- the Synanon
way. They are the only ones
like Christians, the only
ones like Jesus, the only
ones like Richard Nixon.

"What is it really?"
-- Bill Dederich

"You Can't Escape the Radio"

(Humphrey Bogart to Priscilla Lane in Men Are Such Fools, 1938)

W.P.L.J. Recap by Lynda Crawford.



A few new developments at
WPLJ warrant a memento
to the Purple at WPLJ (see
Vol. 6 No. 41). First Dave
Herman and Pat Dawson have
handed in their resignations
and will leave the station
when replacements are found.
The reasons for their leaving
stemmed from a meeting
called by the management at
the station. Lou Severine
and Allan Shaw, at which
they told the staff that
they were now taking over
100% control, thereby com-
pletely eliminating the last
traces of free-form and in-
stalling in its place an ABC-
AM type of format. To insure
this, they have hired as
their new Program Director,
Bert Kleinman, who was pre-
viously an Assistant Program
Director at their AM station.
He will set out to install
the proven success formula
of top-forty music that has
kept ABC-AM at the top of
the charts for years.

While not perpetrating to
steal any audience away from
their AM station, they rather
hope to combine the AM
success with an FM success.
The audience they are aim-
ing for, and are directing
their new format to, are
the WOR listeners, which,
if ABC is successful, would
give them a monopoly on both
frequencies. Of most impor-
tance to them though, wheth-
er or not they succeed in
turning their FM station
into a gigantic success, is
that they do knock out WOR,
a station that has little by
little been eating into their
ABC-AM ratings.

Another new development was
the firing of Mitch Weiss,
the original Program Director.
He was used as a fall-guy by
Shaw (something he desperately
needs now as his contract comes
up in January and unless he
has a few of these "fall-guys"
stacked away, Shaw may find

himself out of a job, ts, ts) and
Severine to appease their
higher-ups at American Broad-
casting Company. It is very
easy now for them to blame
all of the recently-publ-
icized turmoil that occurred
at the station on Weiss,
who while far from being
innocent of responsibility
of what went down, was still
only taking orders from above.

Alex Bennett and Zack are
the only ones left of the
original staff, at this
point but rumor has it that
Alex will soon lose his talk
show and be moved up to an
evening music show. As for
all our friends gone bye-bye,
this is their latest dispo-
sition: Larry Turner and Mike
Turner are presently working
at KMET in Los Angeles, a
metro-media station. Pat
Dawson and Dave Herman, with
their resignations turned
in, have not as yet found
another job. Detroit Annie,

Vinnie Skelton, and Mike Gu-
souma are still unemployed.

If anyone is interested in
voicing a protest against
the death of WPLJ, I'd sug-
gest writing to the station:

WPLJ
1330 Avenue of the Americas
New York City, New York
9th Floor

Attention: Lou Severine
or Allan Shaw
Also, Joyce Michaelson, a
dis-satisfied listener to
the station, is urging peo-
ple to call her in an effort
to join together in
speaking out against PLJ.
UN 6-0336
(Call only between 6&8 pm)

In the meantime, all we can
do is keep fiddling with the
dial in hopes that free-form
will pop up somewhere else
or just shut the commercial
box off till it does.

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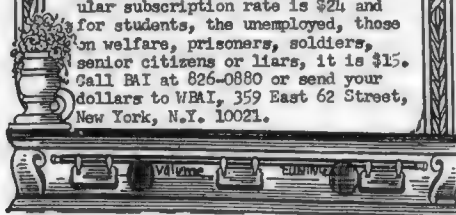
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P3 on
AJ at
NYU
cont.
from
page
B

than and Vincent who began to yell that the underground was caving in. So Weberman grabbed the class wastepaper basket and dumped it on the rostrum and began analyzing the class garbage. Everything in the can was from Zum-Zum.

Weberman then explained the Rock Liberation Front and how it was trying to convert Rock and Roll from popular rip-off to popular vanguard force and went on to dope as a political bust and called for the freeing of John Sinclair and Dana Beal, political prisoners. Somebody in the class asked if the counter culture hadn't inadvertently promoted the use of hard drugs by creating an atmosphere of drug approval.

Peel immediately began to rap about how to shoot heroine, drawing diagrams on his forearm with a magic marker and showing the various veins and areas used by neophytes, experienced amateurs, connoisseurs and professionals. Saying that if you happened to be a radical you could shoot in the armpit thereby raising the arm in a clenched fist salute. The class wasn't sure whether this was funny or not so Peel began to sing The Pope Smokes Dope and

the lady who teaches in the next room came in and apologetically explained that she was giving a mid-term or something and we were no help at all. After she left, Rosalind allowed how as if we sang over in the corner maybe no one would mind. Fehér did his Make Me The President song and they all loved that, applauded him. And he said he was in favor of picking up garbage.

AJ accepted this very gracefully and put all the Zum Zum wrappers back in the wastepaper basket. By this time the class was looking warmly satisfied that they were seeing the real item.

Worth forty bucks anywhere. Better than Hair. So when the NYU school photographer -- on the scene for yearbook color -- began to make an even worse pest out of himself they hooted him out of the room and began to argue with Weberman over what was progressive, woman's lib, rock's political potential, armed struggle and who would have to be offed after the revolution: "Right on," they said, "Power to the people, Sieze the time..."

"In an academic context...," said Weberman, "text...", said AJ, "In reference to intellectual pursuits..., To put things in perspective..."

We ran out the moment the bell rang and ate the pie.



PSYCHIATRIC PREVENTIVE DETENTION A NATIONAL DISGRACE

Can liberty exist when circumscribed by arbitrary laws? For the majority of American citizens, equity is provided for by existing jurisprudence. This situation, however, does not apply for approximately one half of a million Americans confined in "mental hospitals". Deploing the condition, Dr. T.S. Szasz, a psychiatrist of some note, has stated in a recent interview: "Right now we have got two sets of law and order—legal order and psychiatric order". The Mental Patient's Liberation Project illustrates the totalitarian aspect of this "psychiatric law and order" with the following declaration:

"We of the MPLP cry in outrage in the face of preventive detention. In the United States, psychiatric tyrants are the foremost practitioners of this totalitarian concept. INVOLUNTARY COMMITMENT IS PREVENTIVE DETENTION. Their rule of thumb goes: "If a person is presumed to be dangerous to himself or others, he should be confined."

Dictators always stress communal interest in crushing liberty. The German Act of 1935 provided a "principle of analogy" which devastated civil liberties. "IF THERE IS NO PENAL LAW DIRECTLY COVERING AN ACT, IT SHALL BE PUNISHED UNDER THE LAW OF WHICH THE FUNDAMENTAL CONCEPTION APPLIES MOST NEARLY TO THE SAID ACT." The Russian Penal Code of 1926 contains similar provisions.

Both totalitarian states placed communal interest over individual rights. The democracies' antithesis is the "principle of legality." Under this principle, no citizen can be tried for a crime unless it is STRICTLY DEFINED by existing law and punishment clearly stated.

What is there to choose between the totalitarian "principle of analogy" and the psychiatric

"principle of prevention"? In the former you can be tried on the basis of crude analogous reasoning; in the latter you can be committed on the basis of an untenable presumption. Both concepts rape civil liberties and "the principle of legality."

Who is fair game for psychiatric detention? Anyone who succumbs under stress and tension in these troubled transitional times; anyone who vents his righteous anger against intolerable social conditions; anyone who is a so-called political, social, or sexual behavioral deviant; anyone who strays from the middle-ground and wanders unto the periphery of "questionable" attitudes and behaviour.

That a citizen brought before the "bar of psychiatry" has done no tort (committed no crime) is of no importance. The omniscient guardians of America's Mental States need ~~ON PRESUME~~ him to be a communal danger, and he is sentenced!

It is true that a citizen so confined has a periodic and perfunctory review before the bench; but he appears under duress and possibly in a comatose state induced by tranquilizers or electro shock "treatment". And rarely will any judge disregard psychiatric mumbo-jumbo which portentously defines a citizen as a plague.

Nearly two thirds of all Americans presently confined are held under arbitrary psychiatric preventive detention. This is a national disgrace. The MPLP has sounded the clarion call against psychiatric authoritarianism. It shall carry far and become as resounding as Joshua's, and the walls of our psychiatric detention centers shall come tumbling down.



Tony Colletti for MPLP
The Dolphin Center,
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notice to students

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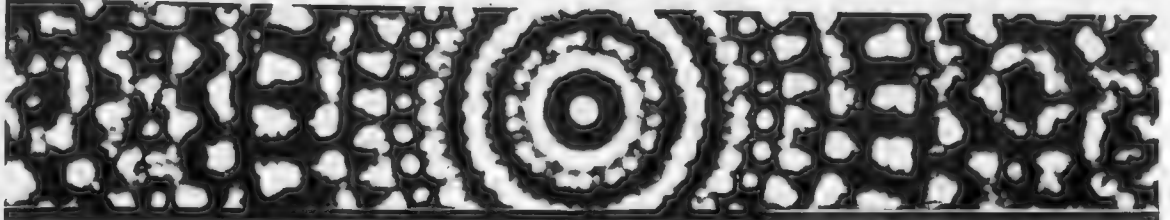
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Honest BOB

CONT. FROM p. 7

but the picture doesn't, although the milieu is significantly Catholic. His mother has turned in his father for progressive ideas and the film chronicles his fantasies of his father's execution and the ordinary and bizarre events of his family life. The film is an intimate record of a life and psyche: a mind that regresses to fecal fantasies acted out is spaghetti and castrations primarily perpetrated on the steaming bloody entrails of a slaughtered bull. At the same time he follows in his father's communist and atheist

footsteps: joins a strike, burns a church school. His mother haunts his primal scenes and his accompanied in his radicalism by a young virgin with a turkey—a touch worthy of Bunuel in the good old Dali and decadence days. The political content of the Oedipus complex—which Reich explained as the return to the mother for sexual gratification denied by

the regimentation rituals of class society—is manifest throughout.

Arrabal filmed the hallucinations in blown-up and solarized videotape whose low-definition high involvement quality often reinforced by the obliteration of large areas of the screen by light are forceful and unbalanced—once he imitates an El Greco composition—the raw nerves of psychosis and a final intimation of hope—absent in Fuller—that is just vaguely spiritual and comic enough to be moving. That's about all I can say because Viva la Muerte! is a picture that must be seen. More than once. They show it every minute

it every midnight at the St. Marks.

ALSO RECOMMENDED: Macunaima, a magnificent psychedelic cartoon movie from Brazil, comic strip pastiche of folklore and pothead revolutionary fantasy. Review next week. Occasional midnights at the Olympia.

GREAT LINES from GREAT MOVIES: Humphrey Bogart to Priscilla Lane in Men are Such Fools, 1938: "You can't escape the radio."

Deep End

CONT. FROM p. 7

sportsmania even into the more private domain of their sexual fantasies.

The film stumbles on through various convolutions and complications; the plot doesn't thicken—it coagulates. Ultimately there is something which reviewers whose brows are considerably higher than mine call the tragic denouement, which is just a fancy French word for resolution, or ending. Exquisitely fashionable though it might be, it is completely unbelievable, and as convincing as a discussion of Plato's "Republic" in a discotheque.

But "Deep End" isn't all bad. Besides that great bit with Diana Dors there is some good acting. Jane Asher is more than credible as Susan, the girl Mike falls in love with. She will probably go on to be a mojo female star of English films, sort of a latter-day Julie Christie, who is bound,

sooner or later, to star in a film in which she will be cast as an unhappy glamour girl treated in some beastly manner by either Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, or both.

John Moulder-Brown plays young Mike very capably, but I do wish he would drop the hyphen in his name.

Skolimowski is not a bad director; his camerawork is brisk and interesting, his impressionistic use of color excellent. He certainly knows how to create the locale of his film and make it intensely believable. The tawdriness of the bath-house is wonderfully conveyed, with its peeling walls and ill-lit corridors all serving the director well; we can almost smell the disinfectant in the swimming pool and feel the half-wet towels. It is the subject matter of the film that betrays him, that and a facile sentimentality which is very Polish. The action of the film does not justify all that effort, it just isn't all that important. But, if you are still hung up on your youth and all its hang-ups, go see "Deep End" You'll be right at home.

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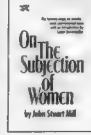


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"This so called sexual revolution that's going on now isn't sexual, it's biological, mechanical, technological. People indulge in mutual masturbation, not sex." In the film a soldier has an hour long orgy with a girl, both releasing and regenerating sexual energy. Later he meets the same girl, comes on with his same rap. No shock of recognition. Sexual energy is a life force, not "simply a momentary relief." Individuals must learn how to channel the energy, for a super-structure made by humans will always mirror the structure of the humans. Free your head. Become liberated, loving in your own life. Then hope everyone does the same. Right? Wrong. "If social action doesn't change people, it's useless. You can't stop rebellion. If the structure doesn't change, rebellions will crop up again and again, as they did in Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia. But personal liberation is inefficient if it doesn't lead to social action. Most people in therapy only liberate themselves. My point is that consciousness of Reich's ideas would cause good social organization. Reich envisioned a work-democracy, in which love and work, the biggest forces in people's lives, are balanced. People have to become radicalized in their professions, through their work. You have to become a radical journalist. I have to be a pioneer in my field; to try to done films like nobody else has done. It is fine to march and parade and

shout slogans, but it is more important to work radically in your own field. It's change from inside that changes the essence of things. Look at Daniel Ellsberg. A few years ago he was a professional working for the war machine, trying to make it more efficient. His radicalization came about not through hearing slogans, but through his own professionalism. He realized that the war machine couldn't operate efficiently, because there was something in the Vietnamese people that it didn't understand. He realized that the language of power is not the language of communication." The language of power- Stalin at the head of the receiving line, electronic doors clanging behind Reich as he enters prison, Nancy slapping plaster on Buckley's cock. Tuli Kupferberg mocking the whole thing by running around in orange pajamas and helmet, pointing his toy gun at cops to the music of "Kill for Peace". The language of communication- the slavic snake dance, Jackie Curtis saying "I used to be a boy" as casually as one says "I used to live in Brooklyn", a Reichian therapist explaining how the neuroses of a patient are evident in the ways his eyes squint. Reich, and through him- Makavejev, show us how the power of creative, lively sexual energy can be used to produce a genuinerevolution, with it's basis in communication. And yet tjere are ironies -The Wilhelm Reich Museum, for example, where visitors are asked "Please don't touch anything in this room."

The reaction of people to the movie in itself indicative of the amount of alianation and segregation of elements of life in our society. Makavejev said that in Eastern Europe and Moscow nobody saw the sexual aspect of the film, only the political. They accused him of producing a film that was merely a piece of propganda for Western life, showing that in America homosexuals can walk on the streets freely, etc. They didn't like the way he treated Stalin, who after all was an important figure. They didn't like his politics. They didn't notice sex, they didn't notice Reich and so they couldn't even begin to understand his politics. In New York everyone noticed sex. Makavajev said that during a discussion at Lincoln Center all people asked him about was sex. They didn't notice the politics, or think that sex had any political connotations, and therefore they also missed the hero of the film- Wilhelm Reich. In fact the only people that seem to have noticed Reich at all were a group of psychoanalists who objected to Makavejev's portrayal of Reich as a person interested in sexuality, and drew up a paper condemning his treatment of Reich. "The people in New York are the exact same as the people in Mosaic. They would never believe it if you told them, but they are the same people. I feel verry sorry for those people."

And in Yugoslavia, the land of living revolution?" In Yugoslavia the film is not banned, but the film is not shown. They wouldn't dare to ban it, because a lot of people are very proud of the film. But it isn't shown. We are working on that now."

So there's a lot of work to be done, all over. I suggest everyone see THE MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM at least once. Hopefully it will turn you on to Reich, but if not, it's still a marvelous piece of cinematic art. Dhusan Makavejev is certainly a pioneer in his field.

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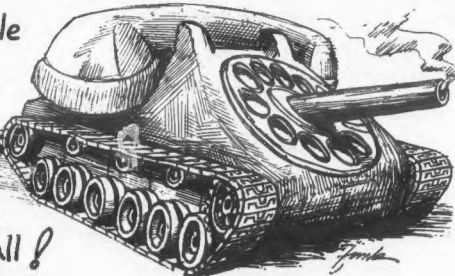
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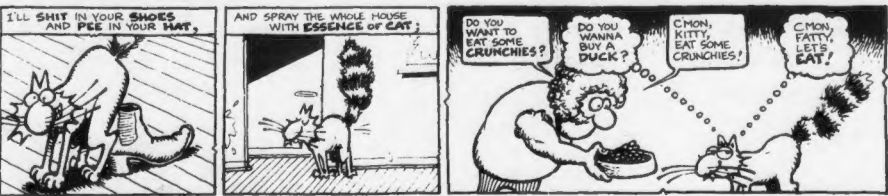
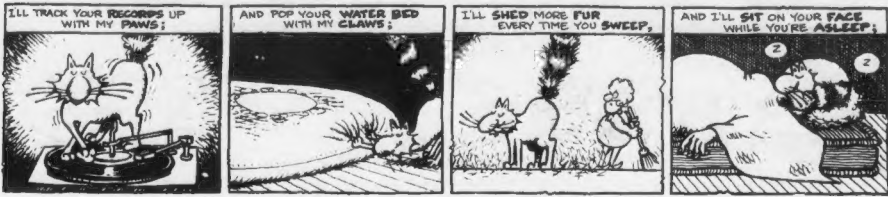
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YOUR NAME HERE FROM 1911

The afternoon session is concerned with the accomplishments and future accomplishments of the computer. The lecturers seem curiously defensive though our group, well-fed and humored, shows no inclination to criticize. Computer composed music is played and computer poetry read by the computer in a voice not quite as mellifluous and as HAL's in 2001. "Is that music?" we are asked. "Is it poetry? You'll have to decide for yourselves."

The point is stressed continually that man will always be master of his machines. The moon shot, we are told, was computer controlled until the last few minutes when Armstrong chose a different, better landing site. Man prevails . . . for now. If however, the computer had been fed sufficiently accurate information even this human interference could have been eliminated. The IBM lecturers stress the current imperfections of the computer to soothe our human dignity only to add sotto voce that the computer will progress irresistibly towards its own perfection, eliminating second by second those last few minutes of human control.

A film of a girl engaged in computer therapy is shown. She types: "You seem like my father." The computer types back: "Why do I seem like your father?" Right now, the lecturer explains, computer therapy is not much more than an electronic Rorschach. We read what we wish to read into replies that are essentially echoes of our questions. But as the computer advances, its answers will assume a com-

plexity beyond mere echo. We are shown computer teaching where the computer congratulates grammar school children for correctly solving arithmetic problems. Here the warmth of a personal commendation by a teacher has been programmed into a computer. And look, the kids even seem happy.

What else might a computer do? You name it. A lecturer explains that a computerized police force would be given not only information about actual criminals, but about "potential criminals which would include us all." Of course, he explains, the people running this computer police would have to be careful that a potential criminal's character was not damaged by unnecessary release of the information that he was 'potential'. Thus, humans would decide how potential a criminal was, though eventually, given enough information, the computers could make these decisions too. I sit speculating that since IBM scientists would probably be the only people with sufficient technical knowledge to operate these computers, they probably would staff the computer police force.

'If my thought dreams could be seen,
They'd probably put my head in a guillotine.'
I'm not sure but I think I'd rather take my chances with Bull Connor and his electric cattle prod.

Question and answer time comes up and I ask why they feel it necessary to apologize for the efficiency of their machines when no one here has questioned the positive value of greater efficiency. I draw a blank,

but keep on. Isn't there a danger that as the machines become more and more proficient, to that people will look to the computer as an omniscient force, computer in their knowledge a depository of absolute truth. They will believe in the computer, not understand it, but simply have a faith in computer science. A polite silence begins to gather and I demur from further argument. Other questions free of 'philosophical' implications are asked and the lecturers answer these with enthusiasm. I think of Dostoyevsky's "The Grand Inquisitor", where the high church prelates press organized religion upon the common man, who gratefully sheds the responsibility of thought for the comfort of mindless belief. In such a way perhaps the scientific elite will press their computers upon the people.

I'm putting on my raincoat. One of the lecturers comes up. "Michael", he surreptitiously reads my name card. "Michael". One arm goes around my shoulder. "Michael, you're not worried?" For one crazy second I flash: He's going to press a transistor into my neck.

"Not when I came in, Spence. Not then. But now I'm afraid. This is the reality of 2001." He hasn't seen the movie (I won't even bring up *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*), but he laughs anyway. I must be kidding. Then completely, incredibly, he reverses my answer, saying, "Oh, so you're not worried. . ."

Outside it's drizzling. People are beginning to say that it's been raining ever since we landed on the moon. I take the subway home.

ZAP!

by Robert Barkan
& Leonard Siegel

If the Pentagon plans are successful, Buck Rogers' "Death Ray" will be operational by 1980. The laser, a beam of high-energy light popularly acclaimed for its potential applications in communications and medicine, is nevertheless making its greatest contributions to the military. After a half-century of slow progress over the past ten years, the Pentagon will soon add laser weapons to its arsenal of weapons. Presently, government engineers are studying ways to make lasers capable of destroying aircraft, ships, and missiles (atomic bombs) are creating a war-time in which nuclear planes and missiles will color the sky with deadly beams of high energy light.

By the weapons available, the laser is appealing because it can readily and accurately focus vast amounts of energy, heating targets to the point where they melt, burn, or explode. Recognizing this, the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA) launched its initial laser-armed weapons program in 1961, only two years after the first operating laser was demonstrated. In February of that year, the Pentagon conducted a special briefing for over seventy aerospace companies to divide up the initial funding of \$2.7 million. At that time, the military foresaw using the laser primarily for ballistic missile defense. But, in 1962, the Army's Cranford Arsenal in Philadelphia issued requests to industry for a hand-held anti-personnel laser gun.

During the sixties, the development of laser weapons was impeded by a lack of funding, technical efficiency, and a technical problem—excimer lasers, which use the energy of a laser to create a beam of high energy light, were limited to an output of only a few watts. The Army's Cranford Arsenal developed the first laser-armed weapons project, a hand-held anti-personnel laser gun. The Army's Cranford Arsenal in Philadelphia issued requests to industry for a hand-held anti-personnel laser gun.

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