

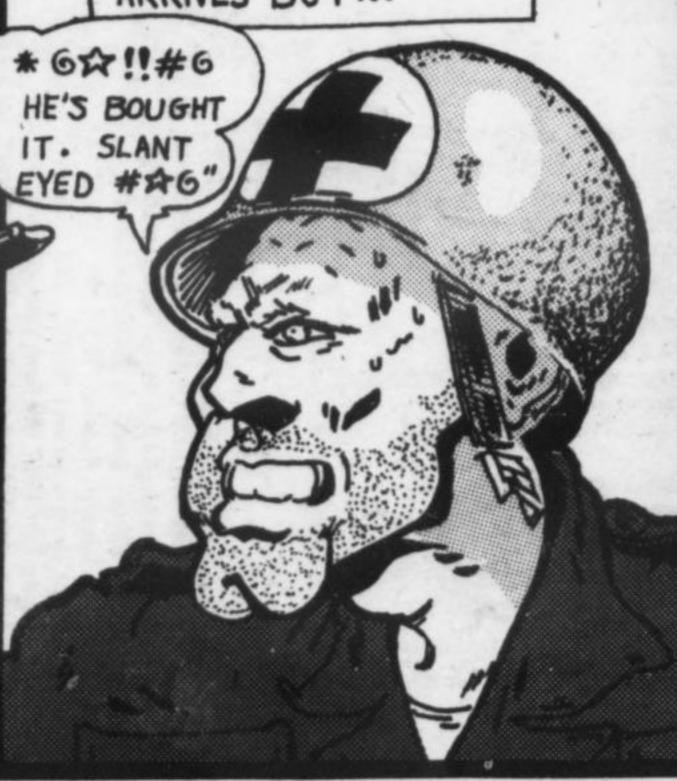
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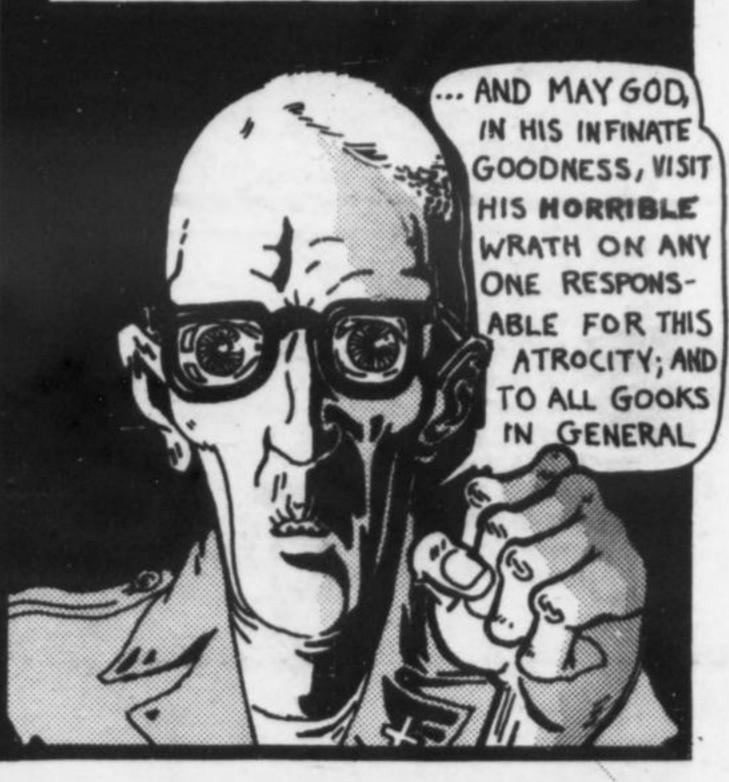
SERGEANT MARCUS REGISTRADA; OUT ON A RECON PATROL OF THE DINK'S FORWARD POSITION TAKES A BURST OF MACHINE GUN



A CORPSMAN QUICKLY



THE CHAPLAIN SAYS A FEW HURRIED WORDS OVER THE BODY



Tim Leary breezes into town like a zephyr of unpolluted air. The pleasure of talking to Tim far foreshadows any and all gripes anybody might harbor. The following is a fragment of our conversation:

JK: What brings you to New York at this time?

LEARY: I'm doing three evenings at the Electric Circus this week. Sunday, the Politics Of Dope; Monday, the Politics Of Sex; Tuesday, the Estatic Politics Of The Seventies. These are benefits for the noble lawyers who are fighting our court cases throughout the country.

<u>JK</u>: Your legal entanglements are still going on?
<u>IEARY</u>: Oh yes. There seems to be some kind of cultural lag occuring here. Every perceptive person who is tuned in to what's happening knows that the war is over. The turning point has been reached. The new Age has begun. But unfortunately the people in power are the last ones to know. They are still caught up in some last convulsive spasm of the old system. Still keeping the old quarrels going. The Chicago trials, the war against Communism. Why, out in California the State Superintendant of Education, one Max Rafferty, is even attacking the Darwinian concept of evolution and ordering equal time for the Original Sin theory. That Max is a sin and he's not even original. If Copernicus were alive in America today the Agnew Flat Earth crowd would be busting him. I'm scheduled for four trials in January. All old beefs and all flimsy cases that will be thrown out by the higher courts. It's obvious harrassment and draining on time and energy. All that time in court rooms when we should be high on the mountain loving God. But it won't last long. The year 1970 will see the big breakthrough.

JK: Do you forsee a political breakthrough that soon?

LEARY: Sure. It's all a matter of time and numbers. In 1960 there were less than twenty five people in this country who had taken the big revelatory trip and could see what was coming. Turn on. Tune in. Drop out. Can you remember? By 1966 there were several million people turning on and it was time to announce the new religion. "For God's sake, feel good!" Accept your own divinity. Use your head. Start your own religion. Chart your own trip. At the present time we have the numbers. We are the majority. Woodstock was

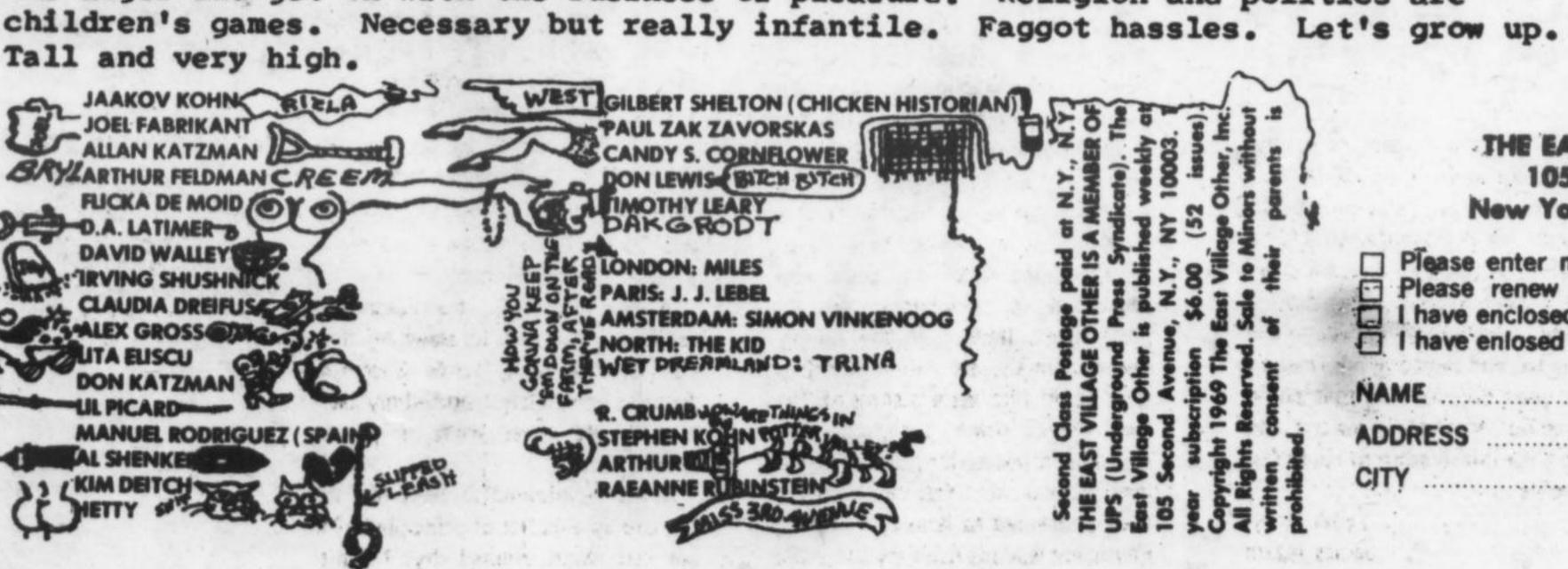
the demonstration. So now it's time to go political.

JK: What is the positive alternative to our old rituals of dissent?

LEARY: The wise holy peaceful person has two choices. You can drop out entirely. Leave the city. Head for the land. Stay high. Breed. Tune in to nature. Ignore the unreality of the Twentieth Century. Or if you are going to stay in the system at all, use the structure and energy within the system to bring about a mutational evolution in a gentle, easy way. Just register and vote in 1970. This fellow George Wallace obtained less than fifteen percent of the vote in 1968. And look at the mileage he made off that. Why, there are over 25% of the persons over 21 in the state of California who smoke grass. Freedom, pleasure, and ecological harmony will be the issues in the next elections. And most people, when given a choice, will vote to be free, feel good, and be healthy. AK: What kind of political campaign do you forsee?

LEARY: Aquarian Age, Hedonic politics, they will be very different. No big heavy expensive sweaty shouting campaign. No hard sell. Everybody knows where it's at. All that is required is a calm, humorous, honest statement of the facts. No long speeches. Put it to music. Graffiti. Put it on bumber stickers. The politics of the future is "Live and let live". No more bad trips. We're all here to feel good. To come together with our brothers and sisters. Electronic politics. Dismantle the entire bureaucratic system. Decisions and power back to the people. Back to the neighborhood. Back to the tribe. We can take care of ourselves and each other if we have accurate communications and the government gets off our back. Our communes in the west have worked out lots of technical details on how to make it happen and I'll be talking about these in the Electric Circus. The choice is clear. You're either a head or you're behind.

JK: Do you expect to win the governorship of California? LEARY: Well, I have already been the highest official in the state for a couple of years now. I have no lust for political power. What I hope to do now is what I did in 1966 with the religious trip. I had no ambition to be Pope, you remember. We were simply setting up one model of how to live a religious life. We want to set up a new model for ecstatic politics which will show how to do it. Rosemary and I are just like everyone else. All we want is to be left alone, to get the govennment cooled out so that we can all go back to where we belong and nurture our divinities. The basic problems of the psychedelic revolution are not religious. The religious trip is just to handle the fear and confusion that the new energies release. To cool out your own mind. The political trip is just to handle the fear and confusion of the older generation. When we are centered inwardly and balanced out socially, then we can get back to the real challenge of our times. How to use our own nervous systems. How to locate, chart, use the many new levels of energy that are now available to us. How to eroticize every moment and every aspect of life. How to break through to the new realities. Telepathy. Time travel. How to manage our cellular reincarnation equipment. Maybe I'm impatient, but I think the time has come to stop messing around with these low level polarities. Let's live and let live. Harmonize the political forces. Defuse the anger and get on with the business of pleasure. Religion and politics are



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The impudent snobs and effete intellectuals who are still smarting from Vice President Agnew's recent paddy-slapping will be even further chagrined to learn that the man doesn't bother to so much as choose his own words. Rather, the inspiration for the invective recently issuing from the mouth of Spiro has originated out of a pretty blonde housewife ("working husband and three children"), one Cynthia Rosenwald.

"Nixon's other voice", in fact, was a comely coed at Goucher College until quite recently. Not until Mr. Agnew began his laborious advance from a Baltimore county executive to where he sitteth on the right hand of Nixon the Milhous, in fact, did Mrs. Rosenwald discover her vocation. It seems she met an Agnew aide at a party while in school, and he was so impressed with her versatile talents that he hired her as a special "research assistant". Before Spiro had even made governor, Mrs. Rosenwald had already made "administrative assistant". Nor was it long after that when a gentle man remarked, shortly after hearing Agnew's inauguration spiel, that he could not remember a rottener speech-and was spat on by Mrs. Rosenwald, who said, 'Thanks a lot; I wrote it."

"Actually," she has admitted, "I was a speech writer, not an idea man. Mr. Agnew always decided what to say. I just wrote it up for him. That's the way it

is now too." The lady is credited merely with the phrasing of such inimitable terms as "parasites of passion", "dumb Polack Jew fuck", and others. She composes the calumny with ballpoint pen atop her kitchen dinette, and commutes to Washington to deliver it.

In recent weeks, however, the word has come down from where He sitteth that Cynthia Rosenwald is to keep her pretty little trap shut. She cannot speak publicly of her job, of Spiro Agnew, or even of herself. "They've asked me to clam up," is all she'll say, "so that's what I'm doing."

FLORIDA GOVERNOR CALLS DR. MEAD "DIRTY OLD LADY"

Gov. Claude Kirk, Jr. of Florida denounced Dr. Margaret Mead as "a dirty old lady" for advocating the legalization of marijuana for persons over 16.

Calling the famous anthropologist "that throwback" lady," Kirk said his twin 15-year-old sons are taught patriotism and morality in the classroom, "but when they get home from school, they see a television set with this dirty old lady on it - and I hope she hears what I said." (LNS)

U.S. DEFOLIANTS MAY CAUSE CONGENITAL DEFORMITIES

LIBERATION News SErvice NEW YORK (LNS) - A defoliant used in massive amounts by the United States in Vietnam may couse birth defects, according to a report issued by the World Health Organization.

The suspected chemical agent, "2,4,5-T,". has caused

deformities in rats and mice

similar to those induced by

thalidomide. There is no data

available on its effects on human

The U.S. government has reportedly restricted the future use of that particular defoliant. But 50,000 tons of anti-plant chemicals have already been sprayed over nearly 4,000 square miles of Vietnam.

A few suggestions from Ecology Action: "Use biodegradable soaps and cleaners or none at all; don't take a bath every day (unless you are dirty or stink); put bricks in your toilet tank to conserve water when flushing; don't use DDT and other pesticides with long residual effects; recycle wastes-paper, glass, aluminum; refuse to buy products in non-returnable/reusable containers; keep a compost heap of grass and garden clippings and biodegradable garbage in your yard-no need to buy fertilizers; begin or tend a park; request a free tree from the city for your yard; grass roots survival education; DON'T DRIVE A CAR' More information and suggestions available from Box 9334, Berkeley, Calif 94709.

SECOND SONG MY WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) - An Army doctor stationed at Fort Ord, Calif. reported a massacre which occurred last summer in Don Tam, a village in the Meking Delta. The doctor, then a medical officer, observed that the company commander of the Ninth Infantry "ordered his men to use village huts for target practice.

"When the occupants came streaming out of the huts, they were shot down, many of them in the same manner as we've been told occurred at Song My."

The incident was made public by Rep. Lionel Van Deerling, to whom the Army doctor had reported it. The Pentagon has begun an investigation.

DEBRAY DENIED AMNESTY

LA PAZ, Bolivia (LNS) -Bolivia's new president, Gen. Alfredo Ovando, has turned Bown an amnesty request filed by lawyers for Regis Debray and Ciro Roberto Bustos.

Debray and Bustos were arrested, tried and sentenced to long jail terms for their alleged connections with the guerrilla front led by Che Guevara. There had been some hope that Ovando would grant the amnesty request because his new regime had taken some progressive steps, notably the nationalization of the U.S.-owned Gulf Oil installations in Bolivia.

Saratoga has more bread than I do so I am writing this letter to appeal to you, the staff of the E.V.O. and your readers for contributions to help me fight this and beat it.

This is important to all your readers.

Any contributions anyone can make wil be put to good use. I will report all contributions received to you and keep you posted on the proceedings until I have won.

> Paul Gillingham The Crystal Mansion, Inc. **Doubleday Avenue** Ballston Spa, New York 12020

Dear EVO-The Solution:

Statehood for Vietnam Power to the States



Johnny Marched Home

Dear EVO-

militarianism.

In the Marine Corps they attempt to kill all your finest qualities such as love, wanting peace, acceptance of anything un-material. Statements such as "Kill VC", "You'll learn to hate all of them," "We are your Mother, FATHER" (the Corps) are drilled into you. No mention is made for hopes of peace, or understanding. From the time you enter till the time you leave (in most cases), you are beaten (physically), subjected to violent physical exercises, which are unnecessary and sometimes close to unbearable. Constant reference is made to "slimy civilians", "stinking gooks". In other words, an attempt at installation of "Instant Hate" is attempted in most recruits.

Punishments which I have witnessed (in some cases, experienced) are physical beatings, nearly unbearable punishment of recruits being forced to drink at least a quart of warm water and then being forced to do violent exercises. These are among a few.

Let this be a warning to all who may be thinking of enlisting or being drafted.

I now believe that all free nations and people should come together and strive for world peace, love, possibly all nations becoming one. Then there would be no one left to fight. There's also non-violent resistance. War is always wrong. Now, anyway.

I am an ex-USMC-vet, 21, and now residing in the West Village where people are people, free I decided after I had finished 1/2 of people. You have my full permission my tour of Viet Nam that the to print anything I have said, and war-any war-is wrong, also that I fuck the Establishment's decision. was against regimentation and One good thing about Viet Nam. . . . The grass sells for 10¢ a joint and is strong as HELL (and/or Heaven).

> Spontaneously, Christopher Brush

Researcher Seeks Employ

Dear EVO-

I was told by my advisor and the Elysium Institute of Los Angeles that your organization could help me out. I'm a senior at De Paul University in (illeg.) Illinois, and my majors are geography and history, and my minor is political science. Also, I'll be graduating from the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences in June of 1970.

What are the opportunities for advancement and wage scale in your organization for a person in research, and what are the requirements for a researcher? How much do researchers get in a year in your organization? Will you please put my name on your mailing list and send any information about your organization that could help me out. Please help me out, and send all the information to me as fast as possible.

> Yours Truly, James Juzzih

ED-Funny you should ask that....

No, seriously, you are the victim of some prankster, we're afraid. Which is all you can expect from places with names like the Elysium Institute. (Damn Greeks).

Dear EVO

Last February 18th I opened my shop here in upstate New York as usual. I operate a combination Head shop and boutique. About 4:00 P.M. in the afternoon, three sheriff patrol cars pulled up in front of my shop. Armed with search warrant and a warrant for my arrest, they (8 all told) barged into my shop and proceeded to completely tear the place apart, looking in the ceiling, under counters, etc. The only things they could find were a copy of The East Village Other, a copy of The Rat, and a poster they took off the wall known as "Yab-Yum". They then proceeded to handcuff me and physically lead me from my shop to a waiting patrol car while emissaries

from the two local newspapers were busily popping away with their cameras. (The photographers had apparently been tipped off to the bust, and were told to be there at 4:00 P.M.) I was brought before the local Justice of the Peace who set bail at \$500.00 and let me go. I have been going to court ever since.

Since then on two separate occasions, I've had to stand by the side of the road, while Sheriff's deputies completely searched my car. I can only guess what they are looking for.

I am determined to fight this to the end as a matter of principle but I am just about drained dry. I can't give up just because the County of

September 1 to the second of t



## OUR SIDE

The Defense in the Chicago 7 trial opened the case Monday afternoon December 8th and after only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  days the prosecution is hinting at a rebuttal when defense testamony is completed. In an unexpected reversal of position, the government is now on the defensive, having taken  $11\frac{1}{2}$  weeks to display the contents of its unwieldy and shopworn trunk, the 55 shoddy items therein with labels reading FBI,Red Squad, and "manufactured by the defense, it finds itself confronted with a brilliantly designed stash that could flash out jury. This isn't meant to suggest that this particular lumpen jury will run off with the Hog Farm when the trial ends— not bloodly likely; they're sequestered at the Palmer House and one lady juror has bought a wig with part of the 55 dollars that is paid to each juror every day (this is said to be the most expensive trial in American history)—however it's encouraging to know that they've been awake since Tuesday.

So drastic is the change in the courtroom mood this week one tries to avoid speaking of the trial in terms of a theatrical event, but such comparisons are hard to circumvent when a new notice on the door of the press section admonishes us against "audience participation". There are other earnings; ,aninvolved with the notice coming from the chief marshall's office and obedience is encouraged from the risk of losing one's press pass. The New York Times reporter temporarily ejected for calling a marshall a "fucking idiot." Security is tighter than ever, and one can't help but notice after a few weeks absence, but black marshalls have replaced white ones, a propagandic punch that lends a new absurdist dimension to the proceedings.

A total of thirteen witnesses took the stand in the first week, and two of them were dismissed by Judge Hoffman without being allowed to testify— Dr. Edward Sparling, chairman of a commission formed by Chicago residents to investigate the disorders of the April 27 Peace Parade in 1968, was dismissed on the judges charges that his commission's report on police brutality and peace parade was "irrevelent to the case"; and a reporter from the Chicago Daily News was dsimissed because he had attended the trial in erlier days as a member of the press. Nonetheless, there were II witnesses in four days and each one contributed a portion of the truth. The most obvious reason for the Defense being able to move so rapidly through its roster of witnesses is the difficulty faced by the prosecution on cross—examination of people who are not lying, as one defense witness put it,"..it's so strange to be put on the defensive about the truth."

On Tuesday, four witnesses took the stand and moved the trial completely into the hands of the Defense by the end of the day. A young Quaker girl, a volunteer marshal at the Grant Park Peace Rally during convention week, began by refusing to take the oath and went on to tell of being beaten by the police in Grant Park when she went to the aid of a black girl who was being held on the ground by a plainclothesman while a uniformed officer beat her fiercely. A British member of Parliament, Mrs. Anne Kerr, demanded a Bible before taking the oath; in a courtroom where the Constitution has been abandoned, it came as no surprise that there was no bible. Mrs. Kerr told of being bodily thrown into a wagon and being maced in the face, of having been held in a cell for several hours following her refusal to leave without the British Counsel; of permanent injuries to her leg, and of her eyesight still impaired by the Mace. The next witness was a classic Little Old Lady whose small body in its blue dress perched on a chiar; short white hair—color a sweet smile and a tiny voice that speaks nervously of an afternoon in Grant Park where she had heard "Mr. Dellinger" and Tommy Hayden address a peace rally. She tells of how in trying to escape a sudden police attack, she had stumbled into the path of a man

# photo: gianfranco mantegna



aisle to the exit, young people in the courtroom stood in homage as the poet went by.

The last witness was William Styron.

#### RANDOM NOTES BY DAVID WALLEY

Maybe it's the weather this week, this wet cold which New York spawns in the bones, or maybe the ennui. 171 admit that I have neglected to write about records, but seeing that I get upwards of thirty a week, thirty of varying quality at that, it's a little hard to keep one's hand in-the pace coupled with the volumn is too much. The remedy is in sight this week, dear reader, This. column will be devoted exclusively to records and collected witticisms.

Some of these records have been out for some time while others are new, obscure, or both. At any rate, it behooves me to take care of some of the work which has been cluttering up my apartment for the past few weeks. Picture the scene yourself: normal eastside railroad, floor covered with heaps of records resembling a huge industrial compost pile. Not moldering . . . yet, but give it a couple more weeks, and the floor will sprout dangerous southamerican record eating plants. There are maybe 4 different piles on the floor, casually marked by unseen hands," Garbage-to be sold", "Gold-to be stored", "Music-to be listened to again", and "Refuse-to be used as sheet targets". (Sometimes the records are so bad, that my local outlet won't take a chance on them . . . and something's got to be done with them, right?).

Although this system may sound a little arbitrary, it is necessary. If had to keep all the records I received, I would have had to convert my digs into a storage bin. OK, a long preface to some record notes, again I make no attempt to have the latest records on my turntable, though they are sent. Rather, these records I have enjoyed, and I hope you will as well. Corvell (Vanguard-Apostolic-VSD.6547) the second in what is hoped will be many more albums by this virtuoso guitarist, product of a small bu magnificent studio, Apostolic where the Grateful Dead as well as the Mothers of Invention have walked. I was struck with the honesty of Coryell as well as his musicianship, esp. on a magnificent cut/jam, "The Jam with Albert" After this cut was finished, Albert Stinson tragically died, he was 23 and a fine bass player. In many ways this album is a monument as Stinson. It is definitely worth listening to for it destroys the myth that jazz and rock cannot be fused together into satisfying brew .... Paul Sie (Elektra74064) Recently I fortunate enough to catch Paul Gaslight, starting place of g the folk deats. I was a surprized. Siebel has a pleas and arresting tunes. In many am reminded of seeing anot Dylan, but me of Bob indeed. Most of Paul's country inspired blues with of bluegrass. He makes me laugh. In the recent follows scene, Paul definitely shines. will be many more about personal appearances for this talent . . . . Kooper Se (Columbia CS9551) Not that I am great fan of Al Kouper, but sometimes he has the talent bringing people together who ca really whale for hours. This son of the son of "Super Session" brings to the foreground two fine musicians, Shuggie Otis, a 15 year-old virtuoso guitarist and Stu Woods, a competent bass player whose style is reminiscent of Harvy Brooks. Otis recently

Wheel Drive and is currently involved with getting his own band off the round. Luck to him, Otis, and Kooper for making a fine album .... Bengali Bauls ... at Big Pink (Budden 5050) Admittedly this is a strange album, but not within other contexts. Remember that cover on John Wesly Harding, those characters standing with Dylan were the Bauls, a group of itinerant street musicians who are considered in their native land to be a little mad. They effect the dress of Hindus and Moslems, are genuinely gifted and play beautiful peaceful Indian music. This particular record, done with the aid of Richard Manuel's \$140 Ampex tape machine, was recorded within the confines of the Band's house in Saugerties. A real basement tape, and legal as well. For those interested in Indian culture or good vibrations, this album is perfect . . . . .

appeared as a bass player on Hot

Nice (Immediate-Z12 52022) by the Nice, a brilliant trio which fuses classical jazz and rock. This record is exciting and rewarding, containing live performances at the Fillmore East of "Rondo", and "She Belongs to Me". The third in a series of albums, the Nice continue to perform with expertise, especially Emerson's organ pyrotechnics . . . . . Memphis Swamp Jam (Blue Thumb BTS 6000) is a fantastic blues archive record containing such greats as Bukka White, Piano Red, Nathan Beauregard, Sleepy John Estis, Fred McDowell, Johnny Woods, and Napoleon Strickland. If you're a blues freak, especially Delta Blues, this album is made for you.. a magnificent 2 album set. Blue Thums is probably one of the finest of the new record companies. It has a fine lines of blues and rock, like Ike and Tina Turner and Rabbie Basha.

Flash!!!! another Bizarre creation, but really bizarre. This time, Straight Records proudly presents the G.T.O's (Girls Together Outrageously) Straight STS 1059. The G.T.O's are a group of 5 chicks who have been involved with rock in various aspects for a few years, they count the superstars among their friends. No they're not groupies, far past that. Their album an incredible collection of verse, recitatif, fantastic music, and production. No, you can't dance a circus. ut on

ney Bigenheimer, but musically a like a translation of Karlheinz usen's Songs of Youth, It is a usity, but an interesting howing not only what the k revolution sounds like, but what titudes it has spawned . . . . .

Atlantic Records has again broken rough with the release of an a southern swamp rock called The Brothers, Band (SD 33) them last week at Un impressed with their s quitarists, 2 drummers bass. Swamp on label for south with heavy . What else to say to

real motivating music, catch mem at surprising that into this the Fillmore East in January they will make you want to dance .

good smrkickin' music Transo on same label, Fat Mattress (Atlantic) is an interesting group. Playing, you guess it, blues, they are rather competent, if a little wooden and predictable. Noel Redding was the

this time to t He for the Wal Francist o. Fro have sent me, the whole thing was more than a stone drag ... it was a colossal mistake. To get 300,000 or so people together for music in a desolate region sans facilities, sans proper management is just too much. The Hell's Angels did their share of messing up, like stabbing one cat to death and rapping Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Airplane, in the mouth knocking him out. If the 60's ended like this, then there are evil omens in the air for the 70's, and if we all need to pull together, the 70's are the

Parting Shot: found in a bathroom at the University of California, Berkeley: We have seen the last generation of Grownups.

UP AGAINST THE AMPLIFIER! BY JAMES LICHTENBERG

st distinguished American of the year", at the dorf Astoria on Park Avenue, no less without the new free tribe on the reports my spies voicing its defiance in fine and righteous anger! So look out your window, tell me, who do you see. I see the Jefferson Airplane comin'

'guiding light behind the band's flower president like poor Richard an

tongue hanging out, Steppenwolf. Down off the Surrealistic Pillow, Out of Baxter's mind spinning vapors, the Airplane has landed with a cry for "Volunteers"!

right at me. And loping along, red

We are all outlaws in the eyes of Amerika ..."

Tear down the walls

Tear down the walls." (Ho, ho, ho, Dick Nixon, the Jefferson Airplan is gonna win!)

And, as I was sayin', right behind them comes their San Francisco brethren from the days when the words "acid rock" would have sent almost everyone scurrying to their books on geology, Steppenwolf with singer John Kay. On the stage at a new album and a new scene called Carnegie Hall the first impression of

effectiveness of music is on a much deeper, spiritual level, when it comes to changing heads. "Surrealistic Pillow" is for me the most revolutionary album the Airplane has done, and along with "Bringing It All Back Home", "Revolver" and just about all the Stones albums albums (it's late so I may be leaving something out) one of the most revolutionary albums ever

In San Francisco, ah San Francisco, in the part of the city that's on its way to the Golden Gate Bridge and Marin county, is a little coffee shop called The Matrix, where the Airplane took off, and where, in May 1967, Steppenwolf evolved "The Pusher", in a fantastic 20 minute recorded improvisational session which Dunhill released on an album called "Early Steppenwolf".

"Steppenwolf" has the incredible quality of loping easiness in what is essential a driving rock sound. A quality which revolves around lead "Monster" (you can take a guess who his long limbs was that of watching a



Park Avenue. No parks. Aglitter with lights from the glass office structures and Christmas displays that, like gigantic illuminated mushrooms, have appeared to adorn the doorways of the multi-million dollar corporations' home offices for world wide exploitation.

A lainer than plain clothesman in his completely inconspicuous black overcoat (collar turned up, snazzy!) walks against the crowd, his walkie talkie dangling invisibly from his wrist . . ." (crackle, crackle) Air Force One (buzz, whistle) is now approaching ... " drowned out by a taxi cab and he is gone

The troops, well marshalled, in ong ropey lines are in great shape, indian war-hopping by the hundreds, enraged and together, coiling around the bottom of the glass and steel pyramids to private enterprise. A very impressive sight. Far fewer visible policemen than during the teachers anger at Mayor Lindsay. Imagine hundreds of marchers chanting "Ho, ho, ho, ho, Cho Chi Minh/ The NLF is sonna win!" under v foot plastic reproduction of a Santa and reindeer. A lot of out energies are wildcat oil rig

ver-widening vortex of outspoken opposition to the government and its wicked ways would be drawn a rock group or two. From where the Stones sit maybe "the game to play is compromise solution" but this is the land of Jesse James and Chief Sitting Bull. No one is going to give a plastic

they're referring to).

"America where are you now Don't you care about your sons and daughters

Don't you know we need you now We can't fight alone against the monster."

Very subtle that distinction between Amerika and America. In all fairness to the Airplane though the first verse of "Volunteers" shows how specific their focus is:

" Look whats happening out in the streets Got to revolution

revolution Hey Im dancing down the streets Got to revolution Got to

revolution Aint it amazing all the people I

Got to revolution Got to revolution

(Must confess that it's all happening over a hollowness following Fred Hampton's assassination. A numbness, that vague disquiet. They don't even go through the motions of covering it. The difference between two administrations. The Department of Justice. Christ, what a horror show.)

Gandhi, I think, would be a good thing for people to get into. The clear-eyed strength of unswerving gentleness will probably do more than the emphemeral satisfaction of heavy anger. At the mass level for

Anyway, straight doses of heavy street politicking just aren't too good for music. This in no way puts down the politicking, but thre real

skier practice slaloming a slow motion, but it's richer in asymmetry than that. It's really like a wolf loping along. Quite beautiful to watch. For those who had been unaware of their music no doubt the film "Easy Rider", (into which Steppenwolf's two most famous songs "The Pusher" and "Born To Be Wild" sink with such density that one wonders if they weren't part of the original inspiration for the movie) has

turned on America to their sound. "Monster" is what they are proud of, proud enough to include lyrics with the programs (very fine). Don't be scared, it's a friendly "Monster" (the album not the monster, he's awful) an historical/journalistic musical scroll, unrolling the spiritual history of America, including songs entitled Draft Resister, Power Play, Suicide, America. At this early point in our acquaintance, I think it suffers from the same thing "Volunteers" does, but this may be what you all have been waiting for. Does it grab you? It's still a gas, man, (or an electrician) to write a song about America and call it "Approximately Queen Jane" or "Plastic Fantastic Lover."

BUT, (yes) BUT, what's neat is to see that fine heads of the San Francisco community are into the same community preoccupations (bag, scene, choose one) together. Steppenwolf is relaxed like the Airplane and I really dig watching Kay prepare for one song (puts on his guitar, picks up his harmonica) just as

(Continued on Page 17)









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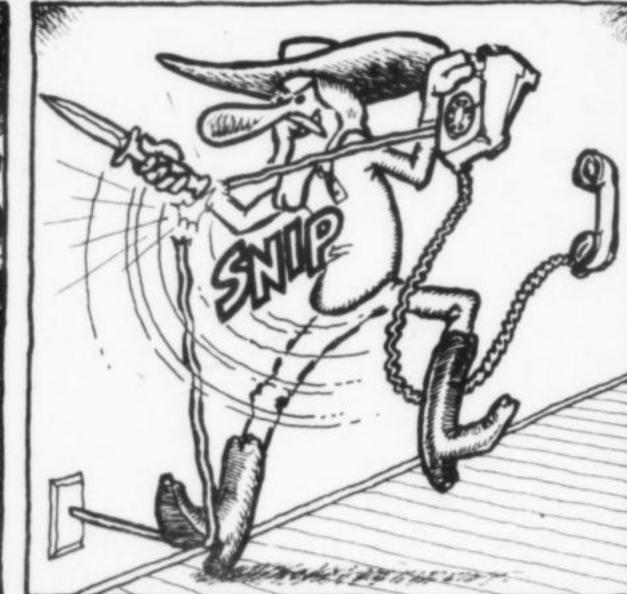






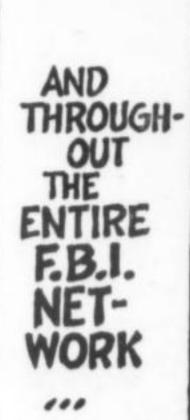
















Bearing in mind that perspective is vital when you're glued to the floor, after Tuesday night when Nixon came, saw and conquered at the Waldorf Astoria, I meditated on earthquakes, floods and other acts of god.

Alienation is definitely when your country is at war and you're cheering for the other side. Tuesday night, 3000 people were more than alienated standing corralled in front of the Bankers Trust Building at the southwest corner of Park Avenue and 48th Street diagonally across from the Waldorf. They were angry.

Coming down on the 3rd Avenue bus, I contemplated my own anger. The growing repression in the country, the murdering and jailing of Black Panther leaders across the nation, the investigation the Attorney General's office into recent Mobe activities this past November 15th in Washington D.C., not to mentiothe Conspiracy Trial in Chicago, all pointed to a National and federally controlled effort to silence dissent in this great and democratic land of ours by whatever means necessary.

My anger was momentarily broken by the blaring marquee on the Murry Hill Theater; PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 and LITTLE CEASAR. Two oldies but goldies. Was it a message for Nixon? I adjusted my mind back to a copy of the New York Times, a newspaper I read out of professional courtesy. But the constant stop and start of the bus made it more unreadable

Traffic was heavier than usual at 5 o'clock, a heavy concentration of cars raping the diminishing space of New York city streets, people pouring out of business buildings to an early xmas buyfest or just home, an;more police and police vehicles lining the sidewalks and curbs. The police were out in full force to prevent a crime, even though they were breaking one by cluttering up the city with their blue presence, and you knew the biggest criminal of all would be protected rather than

the inevitable riot so that police violence could

be justified and the myth of law & order breakdown could be upheld as sanction for Nixon's now & new police state.

Across from Bankers Trust, on the Waldorf Astoria side of the street, press and the curious cong rowed the steps of the accompanying building and stared across at the protestors. More press and mobile units were entrenced in the small island thoroughfare which split Park Avenue like no-mans land. Park Avenue took on the spectre of the last official gasp of democratic protest. The death throes of democracy shivered against the skyline of New York and reappeared in the bullet ridden body of Panther leader Fred Hampton somewhere in Chicago's black ghetto.

Jeering and booing suddenly split the air as Mounted police passed by the protestors. Blue cossacks reappearing from the dawn of history. They trotted past down 48th and around Third Avenue and finally sequested themselves into the Waldorf's garage entrance on 49th Street. It was here that Nixon would gain access to the

I deposited myself off at 49th Street and 3rd Avenue and proceeded to walk towards Park Avenue to join the protest. I stopped at the corner to survey the terrain. The protestors were cordoned off on 48th in front of Bankers Trust. Banners, flags, placards positioned against the cold night air. 3000 people packed into stadium waves of at least fifteen rows

I walked past the front door of the Waldorf and peeked past the two police guards pillaring the doorway. There was an inordinate amount of free wheeling traffic on the sidewalk as the President had not arrived as yet and pedestrian traffic was still allowed access to their own streets. Nixon was about to learn how dangerous it was to walk New York City streets without a police escort under extraordinary circumstances. Something he already knew when he lived in New York as an ordinary citizen under ordinary circumstances.

The streets were also laden with a lot of free wheeling police provacateurs looking to start

Waldorf, not through the Park Avenue side. Protected by pig and horseflesh from the people he had murdered, harassed and arrested through his political polities.

I ran into an old friend, Ken McClarren, poet & photographer, We decided to cross over and join the protest jailed into its limited domain on the southwest corner of Park. Before entering we were stopped by an older but eloquently dressed woman who inquired of us what was taking place. Ken went into his finest eloquently old woman tirade.

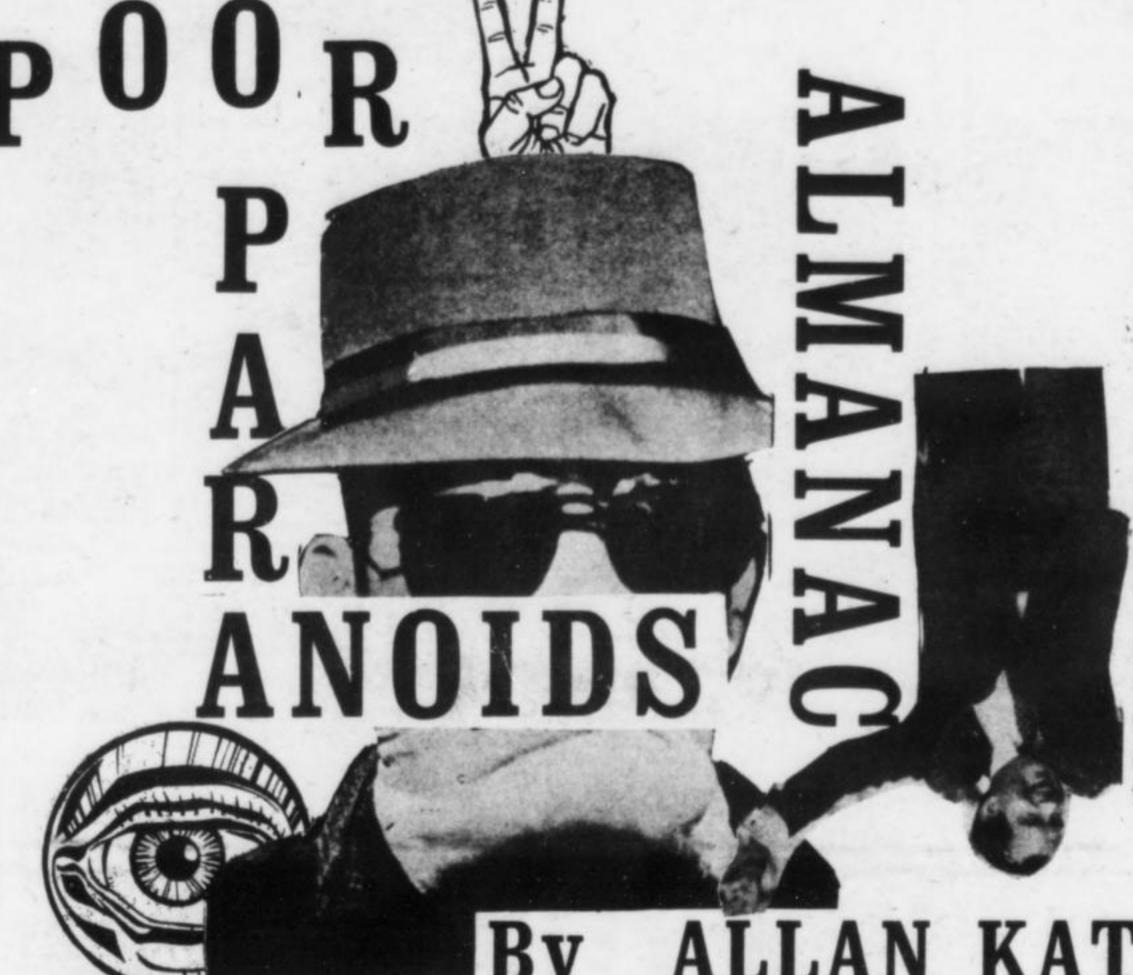
"Can you imagine! That Facist has the gall to come to New York to receive an award! How dare he!"

The woman, now angered by his paradic admonishment, lurched free from his grasping words and sputtered a sarcastic 'Tsk! Tsk!' in our direction. We entered into the waiting crowd and walked in back of rowed protestors. There was nothing much to see as backs blocked our view of what was happening in front. We decided to walk around and head for a cup of coffee before we braved the arrival of the President.

We sat in a Chock Full of Nuts on Third Avenue recounting old protests and demonstrations, recalling the Ghost of protests past and present. The future at that moment seemed bleak. We warmed ourselves with hot coffee and the origins of what we had been fighting for. 1776 was as relevant as 1969.

Two people swept themselves into our conversation and told us Nixon had arrived. "Man, ya shoulda seen em surrounded by all those facist cops." The one who spoke to us was a young negro just back from Vietnam. We conversed on for about fifteen minutes retelling old experiences and angers and how it was all a game, a deadly game. We parted with a 'good luck' and wished each other well.

I headed downtown away from the window breaking, head smashing and arrests. The old tactics were no longer viable. Something new would have to be added. I went home and meditated on the possibilities; earthquakes, floods and other acts of god.



SCHOENFELD By DR. EUGENE

Alcatraz. Its name evokes images from dozens of Grade B prison films. As a child I saw smoke pouring from the island during the 1946 prison riot, a riot which ended only with the landing and use of the United States Marines. Many times I sailed past the island, never allowed closer than the 200 yard clearance required by the Coast Goard. That's why things don't seem quite real at the moment. I'm sitting outside a solitary confinement cell on Alcatraz. The cell contains medical supplies for the American Indians who have occupied the island.

Indian children play at the other end of the cell block, swinging from a rope tied to bars on the second tier of cells. Many of the cells are in use again, blankets on the bars giving privacy never enjoyed by former inmates.

"You want to see where Al Capone stayed?"

The Indians are fast learning Alcatraz lore. I had seen Capone's home in Miami Beach where he spent his last years and, yes, wanted to see the cell. The young redman pointed to the third tier of the main row, a cell exactly like the others. Scarface Al Capone was said to have bought preferential treatment during his years on the Rock. But no material goods, nothing bought with money could have much relieved the conditions of the men imprisoned on the island.

The Indians have placed a carved American Eagle over the main entrance to the cell block and beneath the eagle a sign, "Land Of The Free." But nowhere on the island can one really feel free. Not yet. Maybe not ever. One of the few Anglos on the island, a young film maker, told a new Indian friend of his desire to take peyote while on Alcatraz. The answer was quick. "You crazy, man? Do you know what kind of spirits are here?" What kind of spirits were left by men whose cages were ten feet long by six feet wide? I entered one of the solitary confinement cells and pulled the heavy steel door closed. Blackness. When the prison functioned some light could enter the cell through holes punched in the back wall, if the guards allowed it.

The "lucky" prisoners worked in one of the two Kafka-like factories or the laundry or kitchen. But everywhere there are watch towers and sagging catwalks. Rusting remnants of barbed wire surround the western side of the island near the cold bay waters. Only a few years have passed since the prisoners were transferred to other penitentiaries, yet most of the structures have been nearly destroyed by the salt air, wind and seas.

I have never been within prison before. Once I visited the concentration camp at Dachau. No

gas ovens were on Alcatraz but it is the same experience.

The exercise yard is now the main eating area for the Indians. Rust marks runs down the high walls. A pup tent is set up on the small patch of scrub brush left uncovered by concrete. Sitting on the great cement steps some of the Indians speak of painting murals on the walls of the exercise yard. Plans are also made for giant tepees.

"Bad as Alcatraz is, it's better than many of the reservations." You hear this over and over from the Indians. Their leader is Richard Oaks and after observing him communicating with Federal officials, the news media and his own people I can tell you he's the Jim Thorpe of Indian negotiators. They have invoked an 1868 treaty between the Sioux and the U.S. Government which stipulates that unused Federal land reverts to the Indians.

The Federal Government declared Alcatraz surplus property and offered the island to San Francisco. Texas oilman, H. Hunt, proposed a futuristic monument and commercial exploitation. His plans were accepted by the S.F. Board of Supervisors on the recommendation of Mayor Alioto. But a civic-minded dress manufacturer ran a full page newspaper advertisement which apparently expressed the feelings of most people in the San Francisco Bay

Area. Why rush ahead with these plans so obviously unworthy of San Francisco and Alcatraz? The Board of Supervisors reversed its vote after

a deluge of mail and telephone calls. History has given us few pleasant surprises these last few years. The Indian occupation of Alcatraz is an exception. Public sentiment in S.F. seems to overwhelmingly favor giving Alcatraz to the Indians. An Indian cultural and exhibition center would allow the display and perhaps sale of Indian art and craftwork. Millions of visitors to San Francisco would want to visit such a center and also see the old cell blocks. They would learn at first hand of the need for prison reform or elimination. No better use of Alcatraz Island has been or is likely to be proposed.

Meanwhile, the Indians remain on the Rock and welcome our support. Medical services have been organized and well supplied by physicians like intern Larry Brilliant and psychiatrist George Challis.

Food supplies are especially important. Send vegetables, fruit, meat, cheese, bread (real bread, please), peanut butter, peanuts and grains.

You can also write to Mayor Alioto in S.F. and your representatives in Washington. Let them know your feelings about returning Alcatraz to the first Americans.

than usual. arrested.

"I am interested in process and the human rights. As far as I am concerned art deals with spiritual and emotional release, involving itself with the surrounding social reality, as opposed to the typical western intellectual attitude of materialism, rationalism, non-involvement, trivialties and abstractions. As far as I am concerned, art went astray when it became a commodity to be traded, rather than a spiritual and emotional need."

From a letter by Jean Toche to No Poster Artist Boris Lurie.

As an invitation to an art preview got a yellow ticket sime ating the admission card to a baskett " game. On it was written: "Ba College Stars by HOW D KANOWITZ for a private reception honoring the artist at Waddell Gallery." On the back of the ticket a photo of mustached Howard Hanowitz by photographer Dan Budnik.

Artist-painter-photographer Kanowitz, well known for his super-realistic portraits of personalities of the N.Y. Art World, went this season into the sports scene. He did this all the way, as one can detect from the text printed in the well planned publicity styling of words; an excellent job of announcing a commodity for sale. It goes like this:

"Realer than real, these original sculptured figures are the creation of Howard Kanowitz, one of America's foremost New Realist painters. Sports Illustrated sent him around the country to photograph the nation's leading college basketball stars. Kanowitz then translated them into paintings on sculptured canvases. They're all in the annual Basketball Issue of Sports Illustrated. The originals are on view with 12 blow-ups of the working photos and 27 of the working drawings. A "start-to-finish exhibition." And further, the art loving preview-priviledged on Waddell's mailing list get's all the ART NEWS that's fit . . . Kanowitz's inclusion in the Whitney, the Jewish Museum and many others in the country, and his painting "The Drinks" adorns the jacket of the Praeger book "The New Painting" by Udo Kultermann.

I decided ten that I knew more than enough about art and sport and I didn't go to the preview, although I like art previews because I like rapping with groovy people. Groovy people of the art world love free drinks and lean on to each other in mutual despair of the scene, the art, the bullshit ...

It just happened that on the same day I had seen the colored photos by another photographer in Life Magazine (up to now not translated into sculptured canvases) namely the ones by Ron Haeberle, photos showing the "ball" U.S. soldiers had

eye caught a small pocketbook, already yellowed by age, published by Rowohlt in Hamburg, Germany in 1958. It's the collection of political poems, essays, songs and prose by Walter Mehring, a contemporary of George Grosz. A great German dissenter, writer, a new Heinrich Heine in Berlin, 1919. Some of

Mylai, Songmy-Vietnam. I couldn't Mehrings songs have become in the face any other photo art on that blue post Hitler time of Germany "Folk Monday anymore. I was too Songs". Mehring had to flee Germany disturbed, too sad and too in 1933 to France, Portugal, New frightened. My mind had flipped and York, and he is now living and art, as is today, really turned me off. writing in Switzerland. The old book And sitting next to my bookcase my I read instead of looking at Basketball sculptured canvases, is titled: "De Ze puls fliegt", "The Pulse of time races . . . " and I quote what Mehring wrote in 1924, in a kind of Science fiction essay called "Topography of Hell".

"You didn't see anything again, did you?" a guy shouted. The other man rushed past him fast . . . fast

through the crowd in the street.

"Look, look out, look there, they're running, just through the middle of the crowd" one shouted excitedly after them.

"Watch out, they are already shooting again."

"Perhaps because a Jew is passing, or maybe it's a vegetable peddler who tries to cheat."

"Never mind, never mind... the truth is, it's always "THEM" ... thunder and lightening, it's always "THEM".

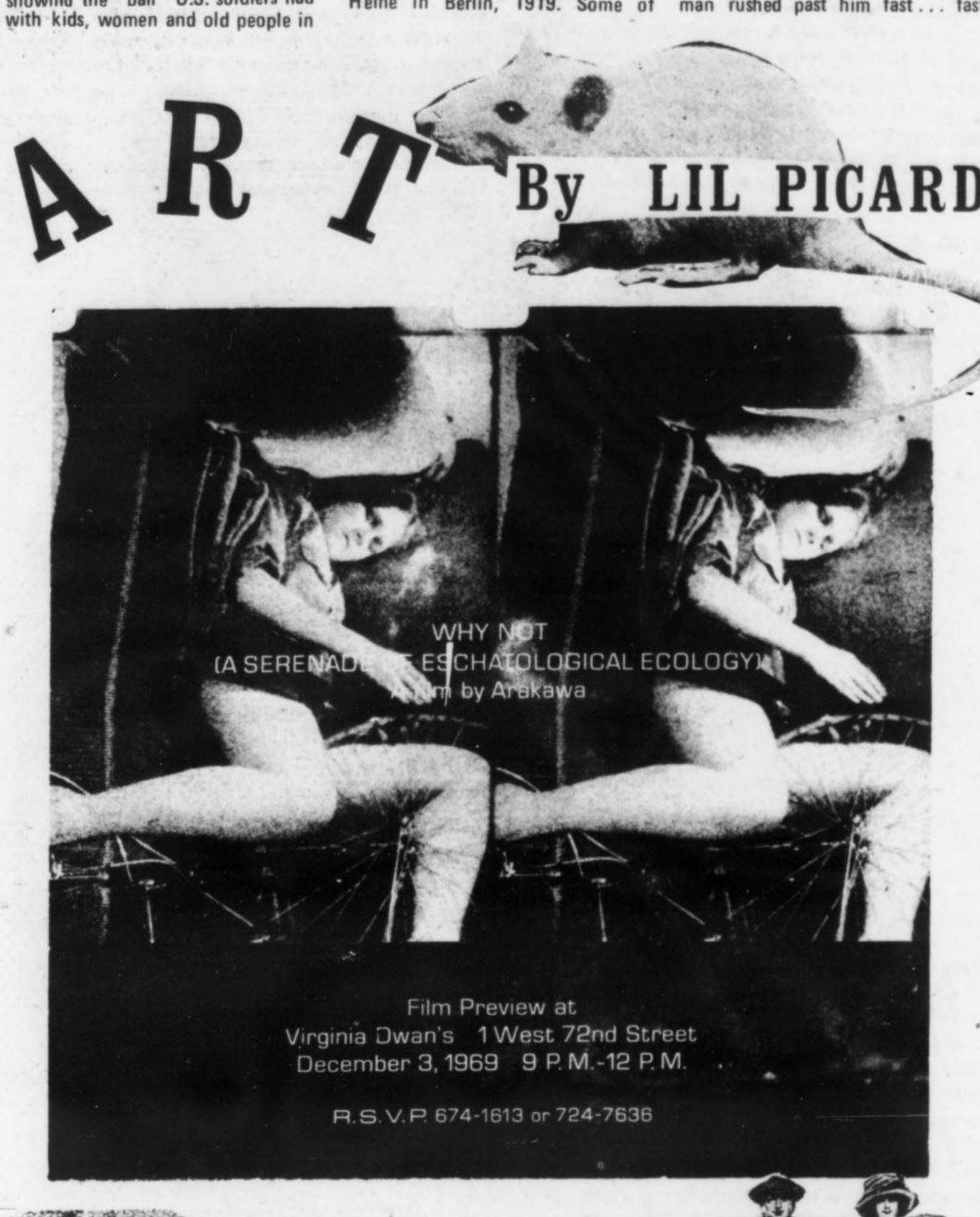
was thinking 1924 . . . it had been the same as 1969. At that Pre-Nazi time, thunder and lightening, the shooting, the violence in the streets, and the poets trying to fight guns wih words. Today, 1969, what are the painters doing? Sports events? Magazines publish photos of ghastly, cruel time events. Where are our Goyas, Mathias Gruenwald's, George Grosz's of U.S.A. today? Could it be that the artists, who pour blood on the floor of MOMA are the relevant ones?

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Apollo America

Kriwet is a young German artist who works in the fringe world between "Letters," printed material, photos, T.V. The publisher SUHRKAMP (K.G. Frankfurt, Gruenburgweg 69) published a pocket book by Kriwet titled Apollo America. It's a time chronical, a reportage, a diary, Kriwet assembled last summer in New York, staying in the Fifth Avenue Hotel during the days of the first moon landing. Kriwet has found a form to give a complete cross section of this time in the U.S.A. by reproducing headlines of American Newspapers, reporting all the news of the Moon time, including all surrounding events, the announcing of the War-the dead, the speeches, the sayings of the leaders of the nation, the Pope, writers, Eldridge Cleaver, Arthur Miller, Picasso, and the astronauts. Kriwet tries to give the news in his medium-print, which he changes, alters in form, destroys typographically and transforms, bringithe content of news as it appeared in the daily papers, on radio, TV. He is creating a new art form of relevance, honesty and truth. As an artist, Kriwet has a keen sense for the kichotomy, the insanity, the inadequacies of our techno-crazy-murderous-war-violentmoonstruck rebellious fin de siecle pre-2000 times.

\*\*\*\*\*\* Serenade of Eschatological Ecology "Why not" asks painter-Filmmaker Arakawa. The film was shown privately at the home of Virginia Dwan, and it lasted 21/2 hours. A beautiful girl made love to things. It's the object as a phallus and for the girl after 11/2 hours of caressing a table, a door, a plant, an apple, chairs, a fur covered couch, the limax finally came with a beautiful ricycle wheel, which she, the Arakawa Ecological superstar turned around and around and around, wetting it with her spit from time to time . . . and finally she had her thing . . . she smiled delightedly . . . and that should have been the end of the film. But, unfortunately it was not. So the end got lost in a tragically extended mystery of something didn't get, because the soundtrack did not work properly yet. But, otherwise I liked the film.



The day began when I saw Dr. Howard Levy off at the airport. Levy, the former Army Captain who made history by refusing to train Green Berets in counter-insurgency medical skills, was heading to Chicago for Black Panther martyr Fred Hampton's funeral. I had been working on an ESQUIRE article on Dr. Levy and found the only interview time he had available that week was en route to La Guardia.

"You know, Claudia," Levy said with a dark intensity, "I had just met Fred Hampton about three weeks ago. He was a beautiful cat. And now . . . he's murdered. That kind of thing really shakes me up. I don't know why I should be shocked-we really should expect this kind of thing. But still . . . "

Levy turned to his newspaper and pointed to that horrifying photograph of Fred Hampton's blood-soaked bed: 'Political assassination-that's the tactic from now on. First they'll get the Panthers. They're the most vulnerable because they're Black and because we're such a racist society. But once the Panthers are killed off, whoever gets in Nixon's way is next and that means US, us white radicals."

The return bus from La Guardia left me off by Grand Central Station, a short walk from the Waldorf-Astoria. At the Waldorf, football fiends had paid \$100 a plate to see that outstanding sportsman, Richard Milhouse Nixon, receive a "Gold Medal Award" from an outfit known as the National Football Foundation. Figuring that one award deserved another, the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee decided to hold a reception of its own at the Waldorf's doorsteps. Mini-skirted secretaries and crew-cut executives fled from their Union Carbide and Manufacturer's Hanover offices while shaggy youths from the Bronx, the East Village and Brooklyn descended on midtown Manhattan. Lower Park Avenue was a collage of glass towers, demonstrators, red flags, police horses, sound trucks and plainclothesmen.

The closest one could get to the Waldorf was East 48th Street, a block from the hotel. It was there that demonstrators, perhaps five thousand of them, had been jammed so that they might not offend the eyes of the World's Number One Football Fan. From every corner and sidestreet one could see police and their playtime apparatus: horses, arrest vans, guns, clubs, trucks, and patrol cars.

At first, the rally seemed peculiar, almost like a non-demonstration. How else can one describe five thousand angry people packed tightly against the Banker's Trust building, not wanting to move, to march, or to picket? The non-demonstrators just stood there seething in constricted anger. Every now and then the crowd would come forth with shouts of "Avenge Fred Hampton," "Fuck You-Spir-rew," or even an occasional "End the War in Vietnam." But overwhelmingly the mood was one of frustrated inertia. Meanwhile, the President of the United States was being shuttled into the side door of the Waldorf and saved from the distasteful experience of a confrontation with his constituents.

The police were tense-that was for sure. One could see their tension as they rapped their nightsticks on the barricades. Reporters were being harrassed by the pigs-a sign that

they wanted no public witness for what they had in mind. I was nearly DEC. 9,1969 arrested, despite my press credentials, for the "crime" of trying to cross the Claudia street. Sandra Levinson, of RAMPARTS, had a similar Dreifus experience. Said Fred Beck, an inhalation therapist who had come to give medical aid at the demonstration: "This looks like its going to be a rough one. The pigs act like they're just itching to club the hell out of everyone here." Beck's ominous prediction came but a river of blood. He made a V sign and smiled as the pigs dragged him away. After the fifth police charge a

to fruition right after a group of demonstrators hoisted a red banner on Banker's Trust's sacrosanct flagpole. The flag raisers were dragged from their places, clubbed and thrown into police cars. Rumor had it that they were taken to the 17th Precinct. After that, it was open season on demonstrators. Nervous horseback pigs charged into the crowd at random. As the horses approached, peace demonstrators greeted charges with indian war whoops.

Considering police restraints, it was hard for a reporter to get an accurate picture of what was actually happening. Every now and then one would see clubs flying and a young demonstrator being dragged off by New York's Finest.

I was standing in front of Union



Carbide's glass mausoleum watching improvised guerilla theatre when suddenly the performance stopped. "Look over there," an elderly lady from Women's Strike for Peace shrieked. "They're trying to kill that young man!" In the street one could see a vague configuration: police horses running out of control, charging into the crowd, stomping on someone. And blood, blood in the street. Before me was a squad car and a young man whose face was nothing

group of about a thousand youths broke off from the main demonstration and began running through the streets of midtown. From where I stood they could be seen marching towards Fifth Avenue with a trail of cavalry and foot soldiers behind them.

"Where are the cops going?" I asked a bystander.

"After the Weathermen, what do you think!" He replied. "They'll be some heads cracked here tonight. What we saw earlier was just the beginning."

There was only a small crowd still left at the demonstration site, but the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee decided to continue with the program they had prepared anyway. Speaking to the assemblage was a blonde, clean-cut boy with a southern accent. His name was Roger Priest, and he was the Naval Seaman who was facing a court martial for publishing an anti-war newspaper for sailors. Priest addressed the group earnestly: "I am facing 39 years in prison because I dared to print a newspaper tha told sailors the TRUTH about Vietnam. We live in a country that jails people for telling

the truth."

Inside the Waldorf-Astoria, a tuxedoed Richard Nixon told a paunchy group of diners that football was a true American sport because it embodied "character, drive, teamwork and a feeling of being in a class bigger than yourself."

But what of those running interference in the streets?

Nixon loved football because to him it symbolized the "ability to lose and come back and try again."



So THAT'S why we are still in Vietnam-because the President sees the world as a damned football match!

"The honors you don't deserve are the ones you are most grateful for," Richard Nixon said while fingering his award. "This is a small step for the National Football Foundation and a giant leap for a man who never made the team."

As I headed to the subway, an old Nixon campaign quote came to mind: "If a President cannot come

into a city without fear of counter-demonstration, then he should not be President." On the marble walls of the Banker's Trust Building someone had spray-painted the slogan "Power to the People."

At home there was the kind of depressing exhaustion that one feels after every demonstration. On Channel 11, a newscaster named Phil Donahue was conducting a low budget talk show. His guests included an unexceptional Miami Beach lawyer whose speciality was Selective Service law and an Italian father from Boston who had two sons in the Army and was suing the government to save a third from Uncle Sam. The father was a simple man who thought the war was wrong and who was tired of seeing children being decimated for the likes of Our Football Hero. But the lawyer, Steven Butter, was something else again.

Almost by accident Donahue asked his guest, the expert on the draft, just what his views on Vietnam were. Butter, who was making his living by advising the sons of the wealthy in cute but legal ways to avoid the draft, gave what was perhaps one of the most amazing answers ever to be seen on the teevee screen. "I have no opinion on the war," Butter said in his Arnold Stang voice. "I haven't researched the question of Vietnam strongly enough to make an opinion!"

At that point my telephone rang. On the line was an old friend of the early days in SDS. I hadn't spoken to him in years.

"Claudia," John said earnestly, "it's hard for me to call you out of the blue like this, but I'm calling everyone I know. We need money, bail money, desperately. Uh ... you see . . . well, a lot of kids broke off from the main demonstration tonight and ran into midtown where they were trampled by horses and beaten by the police. Several store windows were broekn. Well, there are over sixty people in jail, many of them badly beaten and in need of hospitalization. We need ten thousand dollars by morning and we're just calling everyone for small contributions."

My first impulse was to say "Fuck the Weathermen. They knew what they were getting into. Let their rich daddies cough up the bail!" But I stopped. On the teevee tube, Steven Butter Esq. was explaining why he as an attorney specializing in Selective Service law was not qualified to make judgements on Viet-murder. Other images flashed through my mind: Songmy. Fred Hampton's blood-soaked bed. Our President fingering his football medal. Somehow, one could understand the fury that drove the Weathermen to run through the streets blindly smashing windows and engaging the pigs in futile little battles. "Sure John," I sighed," I think I could come through with something."

Early the next morning, Howard Levy returned from the funeral of Fred Hampton. "You should have seen it," he said. "The crowds lined the streets. I couldn't even get inside. But they had loud speakers for the overflow, and on the wet, cold street I could hear Ralph Abernathy making an eulogy for Hampton. Abernathy's speech was almost identical to the one he gave when Martin Luther King was assassinated. The whole thing was incredibly deja vu. It's like I had heard this whole thing before, but was it for Martin or Malcolm? Sometimes, I wonder if we ever get anywhere."

Last week more or less ended with melodramtic questions in a

grid all posed, rhetorically to Grotowski. Oh well, another week, another set of answers . . . maybe even later in this column! First, a few words for our sponsors, the people still brave enough to take out ads in this! our pinko underground rag which, of course, Martha, controls the vacuous minds of all those poor, wanna be part of the silent majority (we are the loudmouth majority, hear hear!). Anyhow, by now, dear reader(s) you must know that we at EVO are part of an international spyring Nazi-Soviet-Sino oriented, ask Ronnie Reagan about it. Ask slick dick (would you buy a used dick from that man? a new one? . . . did you see the piece in Life Mag about how we are dealing with someone else, that Nixon is dead . . play his speeches backwards, and refer to various obtuse-of course obtuse-comments he had made to the press about his last defeat, the one where he said, "Well, you won't have Dick Nixon anymore to crap on" or words to that effect . . .?) anyway ask anyone of the silent majority and if they can still

remember how to talk, they'll be glad

to tell you about US.

SERIOUSNESS seriousness, stop this rambling, right. OK. They Shoot Horses. Don't They? may win, probably will win many of the awards this year; I hold out for Z winning best picture from liberal Amerika in its heroic apopleptic efforts to applaud anything smacking of decency (applaud it, pay for it, and then it belongs to you) BUT I also sports fans hold for Jane Fonda winning Best Actress for her performance as a hard bitter chickie, Gloria Beatty, who is a loser. Jane Fonda's performance is extraordinary; her makeup is wierd enough to make her anything but attractive, so she gets an A Plus for sincere effort; her ability to handle the dialogue and pacing is a tribute to what an actress can do with her craft once she learns it and applies it. I wonder if she would have seemed so believeable had she tried to play the part while remaining reasonably attractive . . .? Nope. This is America and Real is Ugly, right? Right. RIGHT

and don't forget it.

T S H,D T? is too long, perhaps (over 2 hours) but then so is reality sometimes and the Depression, as they are constantly telling us, was not lived through by US, so we can't imagine the depression, the squalor, the despair, the neverending stretches of tragedy which followed one another like un-funny, eternal Burma Shave roadsigns, curve after curve thrown to you in the road of sighs and no-high. Anyhow, I didn't think the picture was too long, but a lot of people who did live through the Big D thought so, and they should remember. The way they remember all about the Nuremberg Trials and massacre of infants and other innocents and the way they choose to remember just what it was like in the good old days.

This is not a week for writing about movies, I guess. I feel that written by cope was

Grotowski. The control of the actors is amazing and in this highly achieved space/pace syndrome, the effect is rich and remarkable. The implication of actors needingthis much control-and they all seem like specialized marionettes obeying the wafted strings of Growtowski's consciousness-in a world where we are all trying to make it real if we can't make reality real, somehow seems ominous. I prefer to think of lost souls in America who don't all of us as actors in the show/spectacle/off-off- Big Daddy scene called Life. And so, Theatre (inside a bilding with people speaking lines they know the meaning of before you do-or maybe not) as

opposed to theatre. Happenings the intermediary effort. Anyway, Theatre for me is a ritual, and the actors have their part and I have my part and the common goal is to edify, entertain, illuminate the chaos we call life. Man's rage for chaos, thank you Morse Peckham whereever you are. And the ritual of the Polish Lab is certainly as beautiful as deep breathing exercises, as beautiful as tall redwoods with the sun dappling their shadows, as wonderful as the shine in the eyes of a deer about to be caught. But I am spectator only, not interactor, and unlike Walter Kerr, I prefer the role of inter-actor, which gives me, with each performance, the chance to cash in chips of bone, sweat and experience

for more understanding, for another moment of intensity bringing me closer to illumination. Instead, as the performance of The Constant Price, it seemed that the audience was in a state of hibernation, of cerebral cavedwelling, so that the play would come as a message, an osmotic lumpen cerebralization instead of the mixture of viscera and brains which mone might expect and desire.

Now, I love French intellectuel preoccupations, and I even love those crazy Japanese and Brazilian intellectual rambles through life and death with only the mind as your flagstaff to ward off evil women and other sins. But I would ask M. Grotowski how and why he wishes to distil the humanity? and who is he to

play god, or at least something extra-human? I don't want to deny one precious moment of austere profound-ness to the experience which is Polish Lab Theatre, but I did miss some communication offering us themselves; his actors are all dedicated to another master besides the audience, and I fear it is Grotowski.

... these are some of the notes I made after the performance; I did not re-read or even think about Grotwoski's Notes on the Poor Theatre, nor did I even read the program noted. These notes are pure first-hand reaction to the experience, not arguments for or against, hardly analyzed and barely understood by even me.



somewhere in between the lines and also on top of them is this overwhelming need to make fun of all we have in this all too shitty world of ours which still has John Sinclair in jail, which still allows Justice Hoffman to daily exist while trying to deny the reality of the other Hoffman and Co. including Bobby Seale who was too much there, in Chicago, for The Good Old Days et.

This is a week for using EVO for what it is meant to be, a place where all those impossible, strange, farout stories can be told, like Claudia's piece last week about the gold-dome pig. Feed on, paranoia, and live off us, right? it's as good as cancer as anything you might get from cyclamates or birth control pills.

So. What else happened his week. Chanukah is just around the corner; Christmas has been with us since the summer solstice, or almost since July First . . . festival of lights.

I don't know.

That's such a great phrase. It fights every inch of my being's desire to say But I do know; I'm a critic, and I KNOW I tell you, I know the

I do know the answers. So do you. So do we all. The answer is . . . .

fill in and mail to someone else, 25 words or more or less as you feel. And let someone else know that you know the answer too. And that way, we'll all not be afraid to make the right answer come true.



Which brings me to music. A few weeks ago, David Amram and Pepper Adams were at the Top of the Gate, and it was soooo nice to hear plain old good old music, like musicians who just play, and play without worrying about the theatre of it all except in your heads, and weren't trying to pretend that they care about revolution first and then the music; instead slow easy sets, especially a crazy piece left over from the summerwine of Tompkins Square free concerts and pickin up on honeys all over and laughter, softness, before paranoia and winter set in like over-it-all jello. The music was mostly mellow, isn't that the word when something has aged with intelligence, sensitivity and care, allowed to fondle and be loved before it is presented and asks for compassion before commitment. At any rate, the music was very enjoyable, and I wish David Amram, like so many other musicians (like Pepper Adams for a start) would get some of the audience who maybe even deserve to hear him and the others make their music and warmth.

Then there is Pink Floyd and as easy, smooth and melodic as is David's jazz French horn, arrangements and flute (oh wow, the flute!) that is how, speaking in antitheses, Pink Floyd is far out, into music-as-sound, music-as-Manna and Nectar and parents for all of us, music to give birth by and to weave a life by, to grow by, to admire fine being being made finer . . Ummagumma is the latest album, a

double set, one LP for what they are doing live these days, in clubs; one LP for what each of them, by turn, is doing with himself in the studio, and with his instruments. Sound, trippy notes, chords, tempos, this is a distillation and expansion of what music can be, controlled and then free to ride over vibrations, pitch, frequency and technology. All the tracks are thought-full, some more musing while others are for blasting through perceptions to get you to look the other way, into roads where we want to go and more, probably need to go.

I could describe the music; it isn't that difficult, but the very words are limited by my perceptions. This album is easily rich enough to be worth buying and it doesn't need any selling. It is not: very hard-on sexy, but a sensory exploration of all six sensualities and modalities; it is not an exercise in blowing your eardrums out to reach your mind with either amp decks or upside down lyrics

it's just a gas, gas, gas.





U.S. AIR WAR
AGAINST VIETNAM
by
Lan Thi Saxe

Now that even Nixon acknowledged that a massacre indeed took place in Milay (Mendel Rivers still won't buy, it), the time might be proper to reexamine the tally sheet of US arial intrusion into the lives of the vietnamese people both north and south.

In our name, the United States Air Force has purposely bombed over 800 schools, more than 1,000 hospitals and medical centers, hundreds of dikes and dams, and 475 churches and pagodas in North Vietnam, to terrorize and demoralize the population. U.S. Air Force manuals give American pilots instructions to bomb "everything built by the new government" of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRVN-North Vietnam), since Vietnam won its war against the French colonialists in 1954. "Fundamentals of Air Space Weapons", issued by the Air University of the U.S. Air Force, dated May 20, 1966, speaks of the importance of bombing four types of targets: political, "psycho-social", military, and economic. In an under-developed country like Vietnam, the Air Force manual says, psycho-social (health installations, schools, churches) targets are "of great importance to the underdeveloped country", and are easy to locate, since they do not move.

#### HOSPITALS

Every hospital in the DRVN has been bombed except three (two in Hanoi, one in Haiphong), and two of these three show some bomb damage. U.S. planes for years have carried out the most careful reconnoitering of every inch of North Vietnam, the hospitals are clearly marked with red crosses. Yet the U.S. Air Force bombed these hospitals repeatedly:

—the Quang Binh Hospital was

bombed 11 times in 1965,

-the Ha Tinh Hospital was bombed 17 times between July 30, 1965 and May 21 '66.

The Thanh Hoa TB Hospital K.

71, which contained 600 beds, was one of the largest and most modern centers in Southeast Asia for treatment and research into TB. Tens of thousands of outpatients also received treatment at this center. On July 8, 1965 at 7 AM, 40 U.S. planes dropped more than 100 one-ton bombs on the hospital, completely wiping out its more than 60 buildings. Over 50 persons, including 5 doctors, were killed and many other were wounded.

Reporter Wilfred Burchett writes of the destruction of the larger and more modern Than Hoa Hospital:

"The 11 blocks of hospital buildings were left a blazing heap of ruins in an hour-long attack starting at 8:30 AM, Jun3 1, 1966, in which 1,000-pound and 2,000-pound bombs were dropped." U.S. planes deliberately dive-bombed building after building of Than Hoa Provincial Hospital, firing rockets and machine guns, 12 killed, including 4 children, and 27 wounded.

On Children's Day, June 1, 1966, another hospital in Than Hoa, the Mother and Children Health Center, with 500 beds, fully equipped with modern medical devices, was bombed by the U.S. Air Force. This air raid killed 14 and seriously wounded 28, most of them women and children.In bombing Yen Bai Hospital the U.S. killed 58 persons, most of them doctors and medical workers. During July 9-11, 1965, U.S. planes dropped hundreds of bombs on an area less than an acre of Yen Bai province, on hospitals, offices, the province health services, the prophylactic hygiene station, the anti-TB station and the health center

30 buildings. The Yen Bai Hospital had been built on an isolated hill. Like the other DRVN hospitals, it was far from any military target.

Starting June 12, 1965, the U.S. mounted 41 attacks against the Quynh Lap Leprosorium, which was the only one in Southeast Asia, and the finest treatment center of its kind in the world. It had been built on the seashore, remote from any populated area or main road. The U.S. was determined to destroy this and other DRVN hospitals. They were models for the whole underdeveloped world, showing what a people could achieve under socialism and national independence. After the initial attack, U.S. aircraft bombed and strafed the hospital complex for another 10 days running. These air attacks killed 140 patients and wounded over 100. Many of these patients were cured, and would soon have been sent back to their families. 160 modern, beautiful buildings were left a shambles.

American planes returned on May 6, 1966 to bomb the new makeshift premises of Quynh Lap, killing another 34 persons. The following month, they came back to kill three more patients.

Japanese cameramen filmed the ghastly spectacle of U.S. planes

strafing lepers hobbling on their stumps and crutches, seeking shelter or trying in anguish to help their fellow sufferers to safety. American pilots even strafed the medical workers and lepers at the funeral, where they were burying those killed in previous attacks on the leper sanatorium. In the hills to which the lepers were evacuated in the boiling sun, there was not enough water. When the medical workers and stronger patients returned to fetch water, U.S. planes killed 111 patients on the stop. "The carnage was so vast," Dr. Nguyen Van Oai, one of the surgeons said, "that we had to ask people to come with baskets to pick up pieces of bodies." The other reason for U.S. bombings of the leper colony was to terrorize the

In Hanoi itself, U.S. bombers, raiding populated suburbs as well as residential areas in the capitol's center, dropped High explosive bombs, C.B.U.'s (steel pellet bombs), and rockets on Hoan Kiem, Mai Huong, Thanh Tri, and Dong An Hospitals, the Institute of Malariology, Parasitology and Entomology, and Bach Mai Hospital, Hanoi's largest, killing and wounding many patients and medical workers.

population by dispersing the lepers

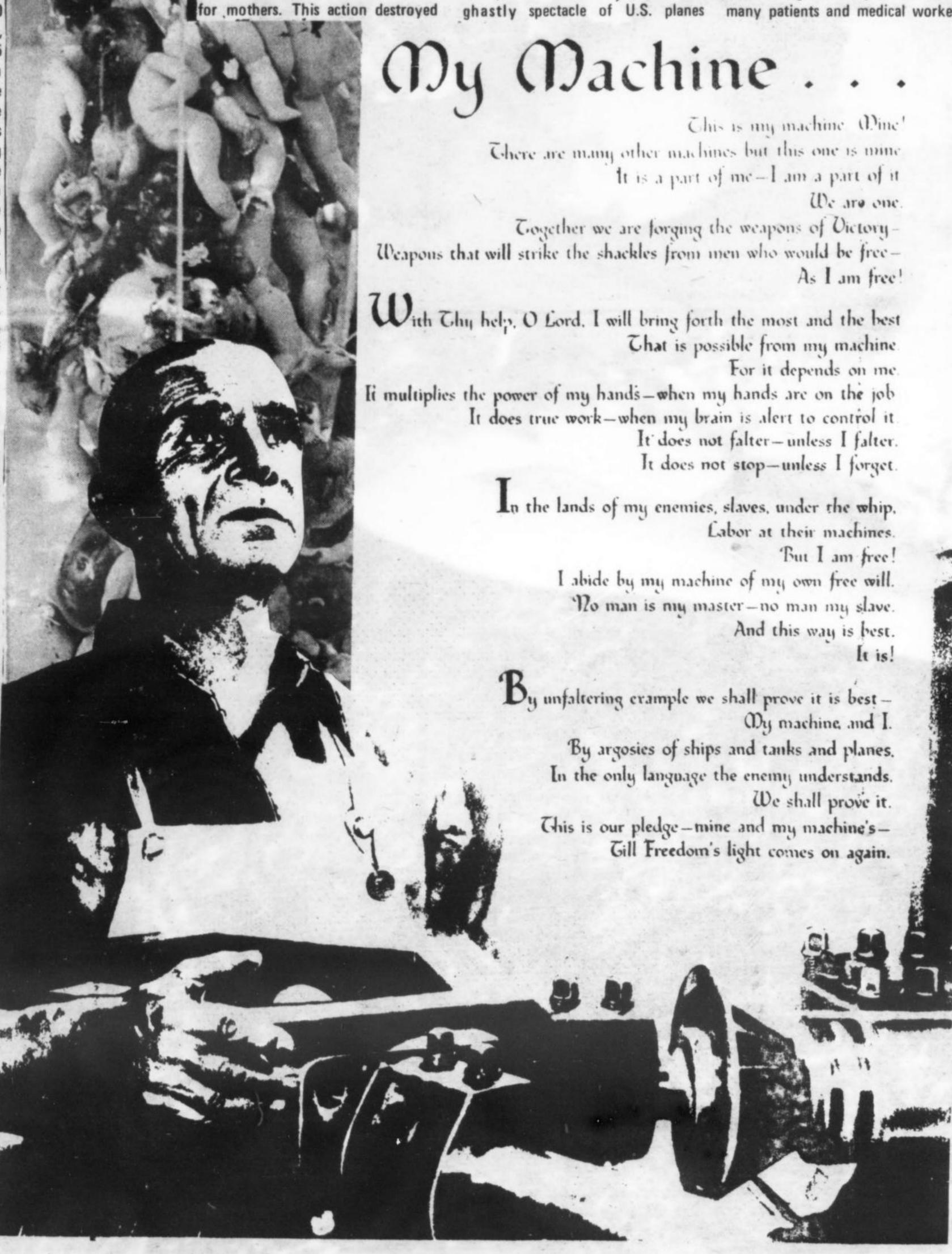
among them."

In destroying DRVN, the bombed ever universities College at Visof U.S. air att Gulf of Tonk 5, 1965, U.S. Xuan Giang Tinh province Hong Gai Election On February when systems of North Viet Force raided

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SCHOOLS

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ementary School. uary 7, 1965, the day natic American bombings etnam began, the U.S. Air the secondary school in ovincial center. The next chools in Vinh Linh were lling 7 pupils and their literature teacher. That he nursery school in Ho own was demolished.

ry 30, 1966, U.S. planes Hai Hoa Primary School, unding 24 pupils. ery School of Trung Son

were handing their babies to the nurses before going to work in the afternoon. Among the 70 killed were 14 infants in the cradle.

On October 21, 1966, U.S. planes destroyed the Thuy Dan School in the ricegrowing province of Thai Binh, killing 30 students and their teacher. Ten townspeople also lost their lives in the bombing. A 15-year-old pupil, Le Xuan Thang, wounded in three places during the bombing attack on Thuy Dan, cannot forget his classmates cries: "Help! Help! We are going to die! Teacher! Teacher!"

Huong Phuc School in Thanh Hoa province was the 134th school bombed. One 8-year-old boy was blown to smithereens. 24 pupils and one teacher were wounded.

Nguyen Thi Mao, a fifth grade girl, is obsessed by thoughts of her best friends, who were killed in the bombing of Huong Phuc School. Everything reminds her of them.

spleen had been seriously harmed. They said he had to undergo a painful operation. Phung had his right leg cut off, and so he could no longer frolic about. I felt very sorry and pitied Phuong, who got shocked out of her senses, and now spoke, laughed and cried all day long." (Many children and adults in North Vietnam have suffered severe emotional shock as a result of the air

Thai Van Nam, the young, handsome, sensitive-looking teacher at Huong Phuc, forced himself to talk about the bombings at a press conference:

"... Torn books and copy books, broken furniture, sand and mud were flying over my head; around me the children were crying. I witnessed a heart-breaking sight; some had their heads cut off and thrown a dozen meters away, whereas the corpses of others were cut to pieces. Some bodies hung on the branches with

militiamen came to our help. They succeeded in unearthing many pupils. A few of them, after vomiting blood, died in the arms of their relatives." The sight proved too much for him. "Brutally choked by the scene," Thai Van Nam said, ''l lost consciousness."

In one trench, many children were buried, still huddled together. One died with her school-books and notebooks pressed against her breast. "Another body lay near a bag containing food, for many of them had no time to eat before they left for school and had to bring their lunch."

Some of the children's bodies were so badly mangled or dismembered that their grief-stricken relatives could not identify them. The father of Dan, a boy who had his head blown off, could not find his son's body for days.

Teacher Thai Van Nam said, "You certainly realize what a shock it was

goal of his life. Two only remained out of the best 15 boys and girls (in terms of scholastic achievements). Among those one had dreamed of becoming a musician, leaving behind a broken flute he had made himself. Others who had earnestly wanted to be painters left behind a collection of their sketches though tattered with a nice signature under each. I also saved from the ruins unfinished poems and letters that the senders had no time to post."

DAMS, DIKES, AND WATER CONSERVATION PROJECTS

Mr. Kugai, a Japanese lawyer serving on the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal, (which judged the U.S. guilty of genocide in Vietnam), said that to destroy a dike in the DRVN during the flood season would be tantamount to dropping an atomic bomb. The DRVN's very survival depends on a ramified system of dikes. Yet the U.S. has launched thousands of raids against dams, dikes, and water conservation projects in North Vietnam.

Not even Hitler coordinated natural calamities with bombings the way the United States does. In the southern part of North Vietnam, during the season when the scorching Lao wind blows, making it hotter and drier than a desert, the thatched huts catch fire from the slightest spark. This is when the U.S. put most of its emphasis on napalm-bombing the villages. Similarly, during the flood season when the water rises as high as ten feet, the U.S. concentrated on bombing dikes. Flood is usually followed by drought in the DRVN. During the drought season (October to May) the U.S. attacked the DRVN's irrigation projects.

According to the book "U.S. WAR CRIMES IN VIETNAM", in North Vietnam there are 17 provinces which require an extensive system of dikes. In all of these provinces American aircraft have bombed the dikes. U.S. planes have concentrated especially on the most important dike sections in such important provinces as Nam Ha, Thai Binh Duong, Ha Bac, and Than Hoa, which specialize in agricultural production and are very densely populated.

In 1965 the U.S. mounted 68 air raids against the dikes. In August and Spetmber 1966-136 attacks. During the first half of 1967-99 attacks.

Hydraulic works insure irrigation in 10 provinces. In 1965 U.S. pilots made 500 attacks against hydraulic works. In 1966 the number rose to 800; these raids were mainly during the drought season.

The U.S. Air Force has carried out hundreds of attacks against dams and dikes, particularly:

the La Nga, Cam Lv. Bai Thuong, Do Luong, and Thac Ba dams, and numerous places on the dikes of the La, Ma, Lam, Day, and Red rivers.

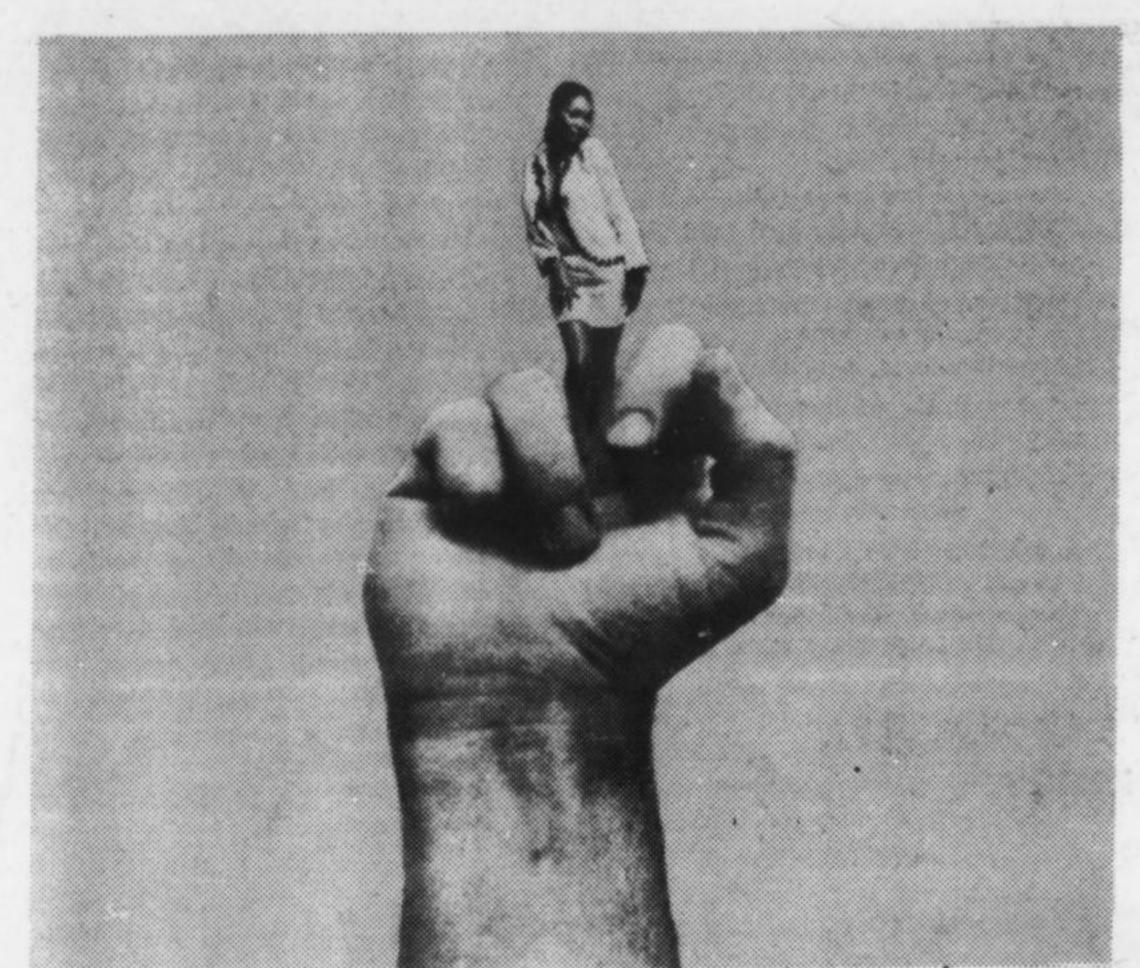
On August 13, 1966, the Nhat Tan dike protecting the northern outskirts of Hanoi fell victim to U.S. bombings.

On September 21, 1965, the U.S. Air Force first bombed the Thac Ba dam in Yen Bai province, a monumental project under construction which was an example for the third world. April 23, June 22, and July 8, 20,21, 1966, the U.S. continually bombed the center of the construction site, where workers labored on the main dam. 30 workers were killed, and much equipment

(Continued on Page 14)



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A MAN TO THE THE WEST WAS A STATE OF THE STA

(Continued from Page 13)

On September 2, 11 and 22, 1966, U.S. planes mauled the Northern banks of the Ma River, bombing and strafing eight times; they damaged dikes and dams in hundreds of meter-long sections, blasting away 25,000 cubic meters of earth. U.S. planes dropped lazy-dog fragmentation bombs on those who were filling the gaps in the dike and dam network after the bombing, killing many persons.

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When typhoon Ora struck North Vietnam, the U.S. bombed many important sections of dike in the suburbs of Haiphong. They strafed them 14 times, as the level of the Red River and the Thai Binh River continued to rise.

John Gerassi describes the bombing of a dike which he witnessed:

"Bomb craters everywhere were being filled by scores of people; flattened houses were being cleared, and wounds were being cared for. I was personally present, as were others of our team, when the body of one of the four people killed during the raid was wrapped up in the sheet and made ready for a wooden coffin, while relatives and friends moaned. .... the area was completely devoid of any possible military target. There was a small bamboo bridge nearby (by which we had crossed), and nothing else-except dikes."

#### CHURCHES

The U.S. has bombed 475 churches and pagodas in North Vietnam. From March 1965 to January 1, 1967, U.S. planes bombed the Catholic fishing village of Phat Diem 57 times, destroying 5 of the 15 churches, and killing hundreds of people. On Sunday, April 24, 1966, the American planes struck the St. Francis Xavier church while mass was in progress, killing 72 worshippers and wounding 46.

AMERICANS STRIKE AT THE HELPLESS

The bombings of Hanoi seemed to symbolize a penchant for picking on the weak and helpless. Hue Street is a residential and commercial street in the heart of Hanoi. It is an exceptionally beautiful, stately street. The U.S. Air Force picked 8:30 one August morning in 1966 to terror-bomb Hue Street. The people were lined up in front of the drug-store, waiting for a medicine that had not been available for a long time. U.S. pilots bombed and strafed

(Continued on Page 15)



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# AIR WAR (Continued from Page 14)

them under the rubble together with those who lived there in large apartment houses. 125 persons were killed and wounded on Hue Street. Among other targets, the Americans destroyed on that street the National Education Office and a cinema.

#### SOUTH VIETNAM

In martyred South Vietnam as well, Americans have massacred believers and devastated their churches, temples and pagodas. On May 6, 7, and 8, 1968, U.S. planes used napalm, rockets, explosive and steel-pellet bombs against the town of Chau Doc, where Catholics and followers of the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao religions were concentrated. These raids killed or wounded 800 people. Not satisfied, the U.S. military, having "softened up" the territory, moved in to demolish the population's houses with artillery, tanks and bulldozers to build posts on the emplacement.

In addition to air strikes, ground assaults and fiendish tortures, the U.S. and puppet (Thieu-Ky) troops have resorted to drowning South Vietnamese people en masse. The Quang Ngai Committee of the Nation Liberation Front reports that the U.S.-puppet troops drowned 1,200 Ba Lang An inhabitants in the sea. A U.S. "sweep" of the area had forced 10,000 persons into the Van Thanh "Refugee Camp". On March 9, 400 persons from the camp were taken on trucks to Phu Tho, shipped from

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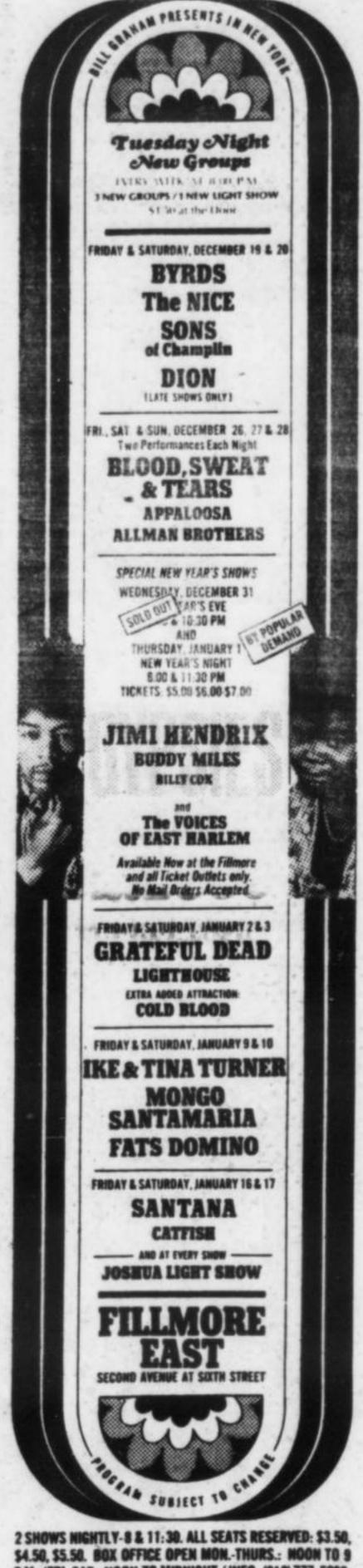
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there to the Co Luy river and shoved into the water. U.S. planes strafed to death all those who tried to swim ashore. Only one person survived. On March 20, about 400 other prisoners from the same "refugee camp" were brought to Co Luy on boats pulled by war vessels which overturned the boats and drowned everyone aboard. During the drowning of the next 400 victims on March 22, many corpses were washed ashore in Sa Ky, Phu The, and Phe An.

350 Catholics in Kontum, were killed by U.S. planes and artillery on February 23, 1969.

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(Continued on Page 16)



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# AIR WAR

(Continued from Page 15)

but they rip apart the flesh and organs of the body. The steel-pellet bombs still used over North Vietnam spew fist-size razor-sharp pieces of steel in all directions. These buckshot-like pellets are scattered so quickly that civilians have no time to escape. Each "mother" bomb discharges 90,000 ball-bearing-like pellets over an area of 600 square yards. The stell slivers lodged in the body usually cannot be removed, and cause excruciating pain. Often a victim will have hundreds of pellets imbedded in his body. They do severe damage to the nervous system and other organs.

Even if the victim does not die, he is rendered painfully incapacitated for a long time. The Vietnamese victims of U.S. steel pellet bombs are invalids, living in a nightmare of pain, who will require help for years to come.

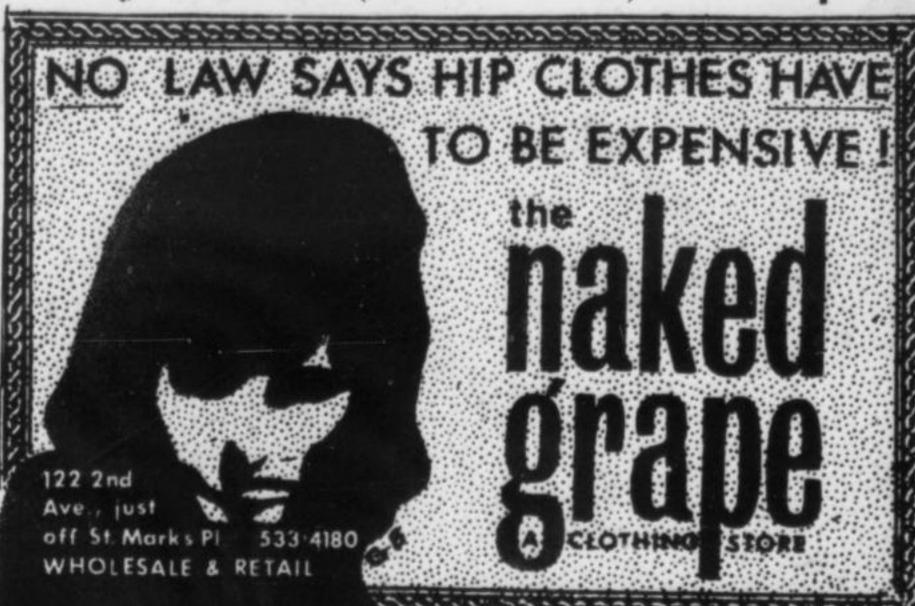
Countless children in the DRVN have died, or suffered unbearable pain, or physical or mental retardation from pellet bombs. To add to the horror, the "mother"

bomb often has a timed dotonator. These extensively used time bombs explode hours or even days after a raid, and have made rescue work nearly impossible.

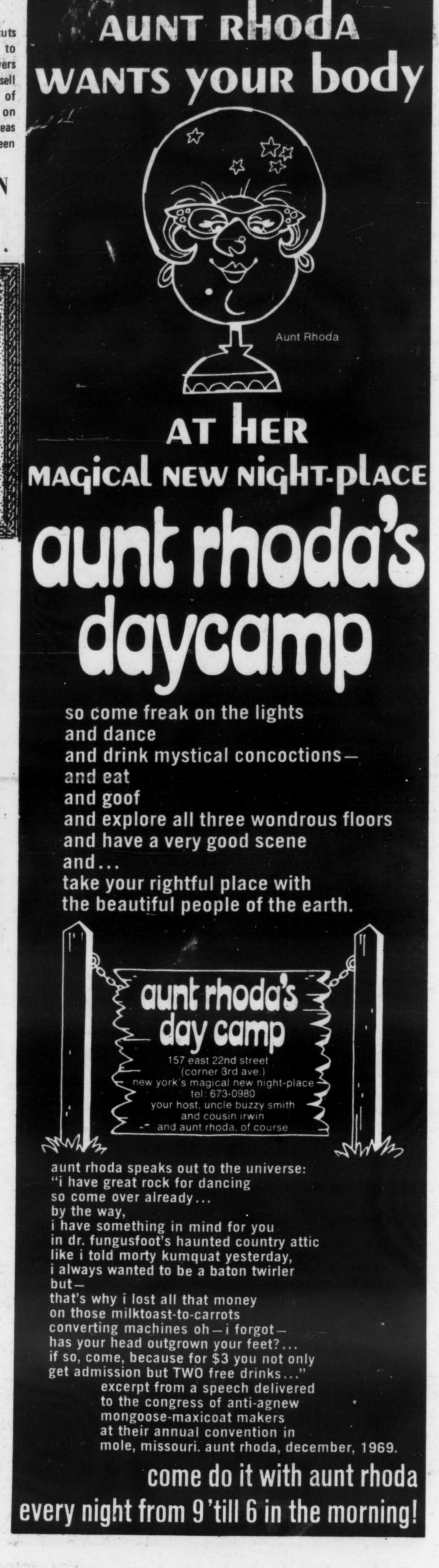
The U.S. is also using against the people of the DRVN a "perfected" fragmentation bomb, which releases a 14-to-16-inch metal piece with a

razor-sharp edge that "literally cuts humans in two." According to eye-witness accounts of the lawyers investigating for the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribus this type of bomb is used in the DRVN on "densely populated industrial areas for maximum killing." It has been (Continued on Page 19)

THE THREE MAGI COME AGAIN this time to st mark's church on jan 6th (of course) at 8 pm.







(Continued from Page 6)

he finishes the one before it. (And, for all you people in that direction, he wore beautiful snakeskin boots). There is a blood curdling drawing on the cover of "Monster" that's worth looking at with the same respect as Mr. Crumb's contribution to "After Bathing At Baxter's".

Community, that's where we were going. New York, as you may have longingly regretted, doesn't have anything like the musical tightness of the mecca of true acid heads. Once upon a time, we dressed pretty fine, in the folk days. And what with Dylan coming back to live in the West Village, and the sudden infusion of country into rock, I was sort of dreaming about a folk-country-new- collapse"

thing renaissance for the high lands south of 14th Street (give or take a

block here and there). Probably won't happen says Paul Siebel (???) ... the name you may have not known but perhaps you've seen the lovely poster, the man looking at you with his chin in his hand all smokey in a shimmering line drawing of reds and blues and yellows. A veteran from the days when folkies would do their acts at the "Zig Zag" and the "4 Winds", passing the hat among the folk, he just did a gig at the Gaslight and released an album 'Woodsmoke and Oranges". "The rents are too high, for one thing; that's why everybody split for California. And as far as folk music goes, it was much too exploited too recently. You might go to one Joan Baez concert doing those old songs, but then it would

The rents are too high for struggling groups. The cafe scene was wrecked by all the police busts. Too much hype. Too much compulsive drug taking. "If you didn't know any better and a chick came up to you after a gig and said 'Let's go drop acid' you might think that was important instead of telling her to fuck off."

"Country music . . . well, I predict that in a year everyone will be sick of it. It will have saturated everything, peddle steel guitars and fiddles."

Both of which are part of his new album. "Besides, it still makes you think a little of lynch mobs. I saw

Dave Van Ronk and he said "Paul, I really like your album. God damn

Listening to Siebel brings home the fact that pre-country Dylan was a style that Dylan learned in the village and made famous and his own. Siebel does very gently what Dylan did very aggressively. "Dylan, who knows ... the next thing might be Motown. He may go to Detroit and do an album, you know with brass." (Ready for that?) This conversation was brought to you courtesy of Jack Baker and his folk school, right next door to

(Continued on Page 18)



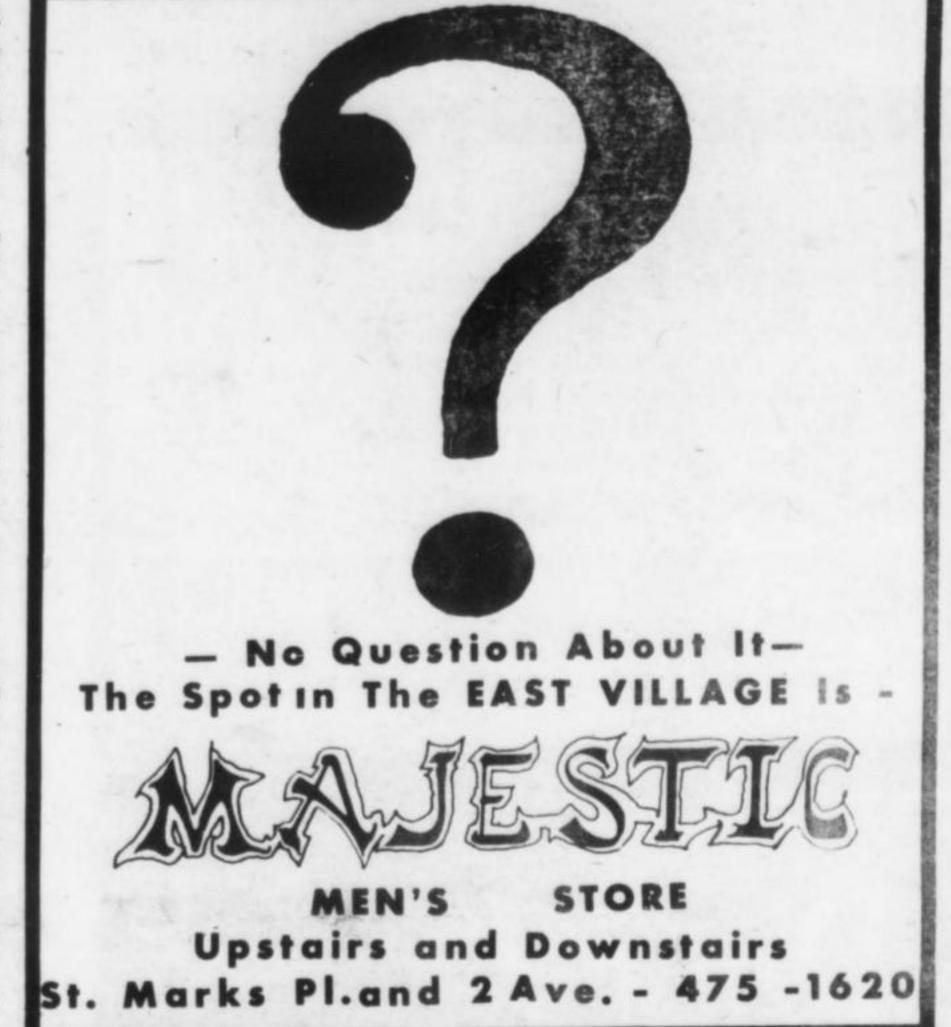
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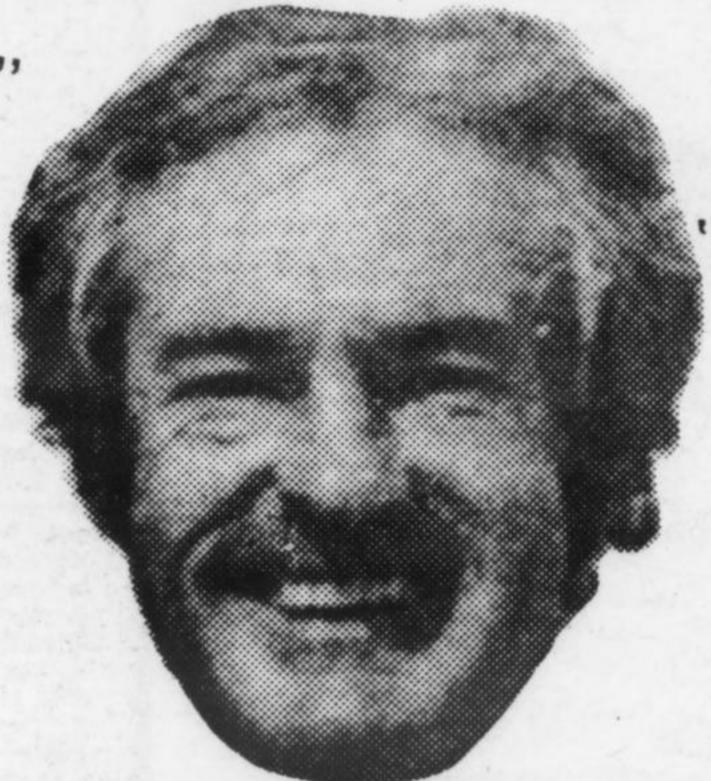
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### AMPLIFIER

(Continued from Page 17)

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(Continued from Page 16) employed against schools, churches, and residential areas. Americans also used it against such enterprises as the Thai-Nguyen and Viet-Tri industrial complexes and hospitals. Explosive bombs were first dropped on these targets, and when the workers tried to run for shelter, U.S. pilots attacked with stell pellet bombs to fence the buildings in, trapping the workers in tombs of death.

Professor John Gerassi writes that

he saw hundreds of victims of steel pellet bombs in North Vietnam, "An in Hanoi's General Hospital for Surgery, I saw scores of children still suffering or permanently damaged by them . . . All day long, (and all night long in my nightmares that night), I kept seeing these children, suffering crippled, helpless. One had been struck by a pellet which had entered one temple and exited through the

(Continued on Page 20)

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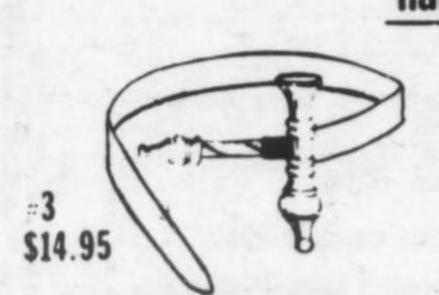
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41

## AIR WAR

(Continued from Page 19)

other, blowing out both eyeballs in the process; the child was technically alive, though, of course, blind and also incurabley deranged."

Dr. Nguyen put the X-rays of three victims who had suffered injuries from steel pellet bombs on a small viewing machine for members of the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal. Duang Van Thuan, a 24-year-old factory worker, spoke of his harrowing experiences:

"I was coming home from work and was fifteen metres from my house when I heard the planes and the alert. I went to help my two friends who were invalids, and none of us quite made it. We were caught just outside the shelter by a bomb exploding, and I was tossed to the ground. One of my friends, a girl of eighteen named Nguyen Thi Toan, had her left shoulder ripped open, and her lung was hanging out. Half of her face was shattered. The stomach of my other friend, Nguyen Khac Sang, twenty-seven, was open and his intestines were torn out. He was dead. I myself was covered with blood and I was taken by others to the hospital. I had twenty-two pellets inside my body. I was operated on

twice. The first time, they took fourteen out, then six. The last two eventually worked their way out by themselves; they had been in my thigh."

Dr. Philip Harvey, after visiting North Vietnam, reported to the British Medical Aid Committee for Vietnam:

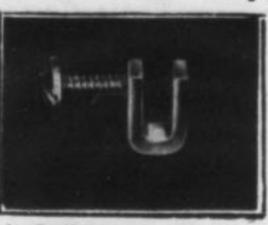
... During the past year there has been a massive increase in the use of phosphorus-containing bombs and shells. These cause the flesh to burn at very high temperatures and eyoke frightful suffering. Anti-personnel bombs have been modified to explode their contents of pellets and metallic fragments above ground so that they penetrate the trench shelters. Napalm is used to coat the pellet bombs so that the thatched cottages are fired, as well as penetrated by the bullets. The modified napalm is stickier, burns at higher temperatures, and converts shelters into ovens. Thousands of delayed-action heavy explosive bombs and mines are being sown every day in the densely populated areas of North Vietnam. Hundreds of thousands of delayed-action anti-personnel bombs looking exactly like oranges are being scattered over Vietnam. Whoever picks up these booby traps, dies; children are particularly susceptible."

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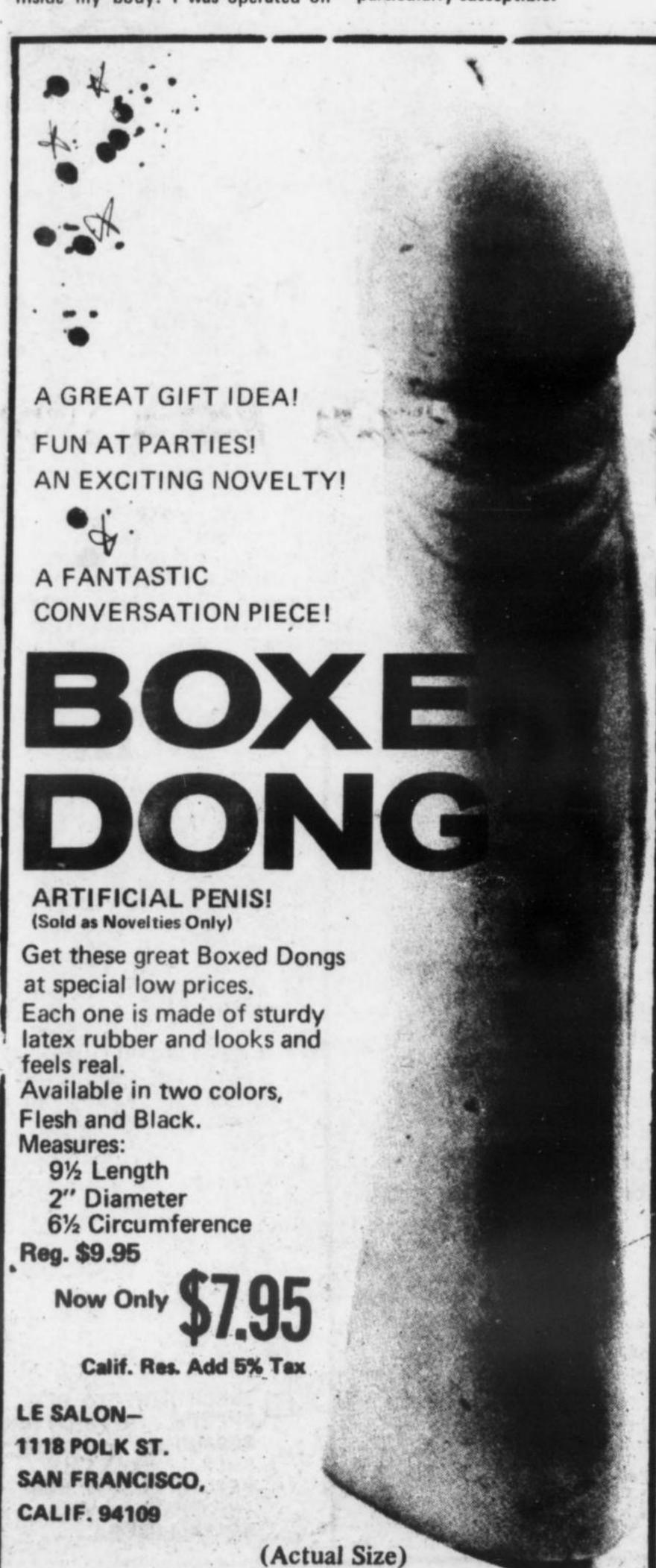
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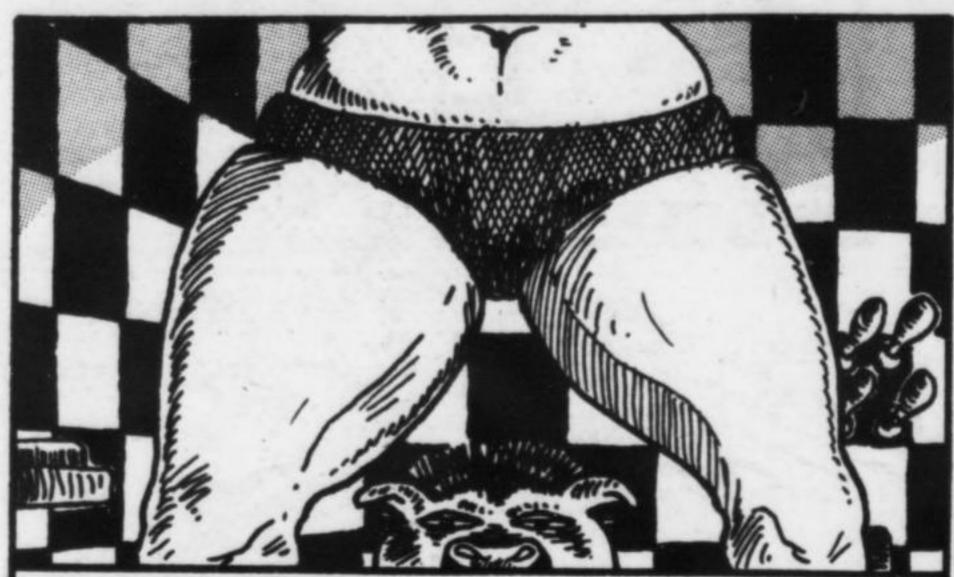
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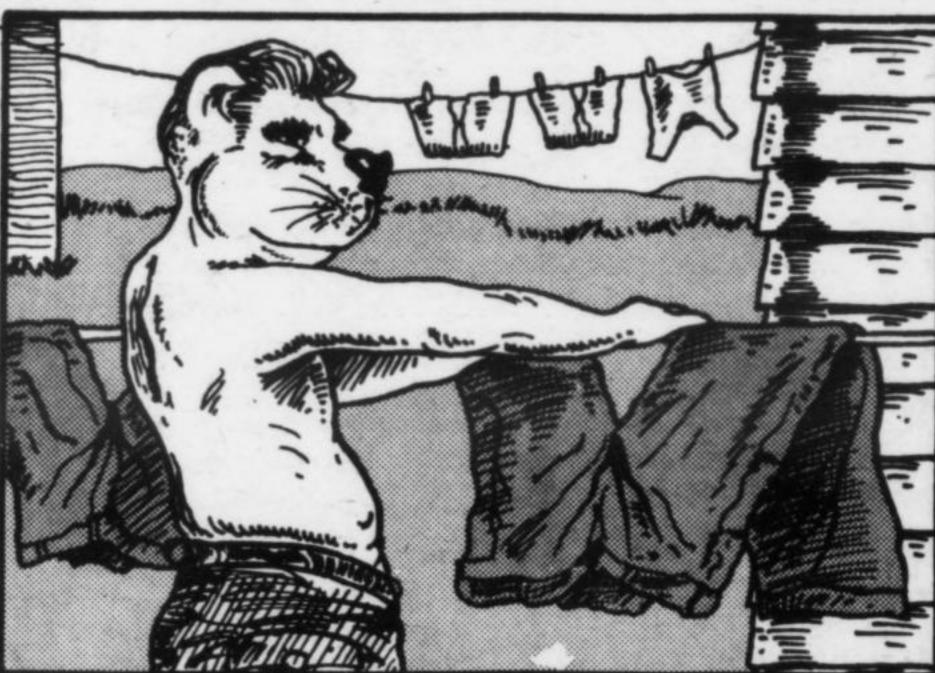
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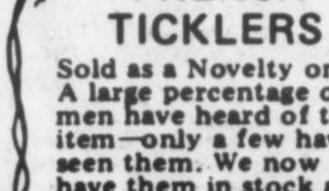
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