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# WHEATON

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# The Chicago Trial: Dreyfus Revisited

by Steve Haines, Berkeley Tribe

Criminal trials - like chess games - are usually won or lost on the basis of what only has the better move plan. If the game is honest, you stand an even chance.

But if the game is rigged, you can leave town, shoot the dealer or shoot for help, help.

And the conspiracy trial of the Chicago 8 is rigged. As the second week of the trial ended Wednesday, the extent of the rigging has become quite clear to everyone in the courtroom.

The mostly white, middle aged jury wouldn't even protest being changed in the supermarket. Having suspected the American dream - all their lives, they are now asked to judge - fairly and impartially - eight men who would shake and topple the nightmare of its reality.

The metropolitan, racist judge once bragged of the payoff that placed him on the federal bench and profits from the war in Vietnam. Now he sits and fills the record with damning remarks on the dress and posture of the eight and the behavior of their lawyers.

But mostly you know it rigged from the way the government prosecutors are developing their case against the eight.

Phase one of the prosecution tried to prove that both MOB and Yippies made non-negotiable demands for permits to march and sleep in Grant and Lincoln Parks during the Democratic National Convention in August, 1968.

Two of King Richard Daley's petty underlings - corporation counsel Ray Simon and deputy mayor David Stahl - have been exonerated and re-exonerated by both sides during this phase.

Simon's most crucial moment came when he told defense lawyer Bill Kunstler that he was proud to be known as a protégé of Daley's.

Stahl proved more interesting. He got to be deputy mayor by marrying the daughter of one of the mayor's oldest and closest advisors John Downs, head of Real Estate Research Corp. and chief architect for Chicago's accelerated plan for residential segregation.

Stahl ("His name fits his functions," says Abbou) said that he continued to meet with MOB and Yippie leaders even after he sensed them that the Mayor's Office could not help them get permits.

Everyone in the courtroom laughed but the jury, because everyone in the courtroom knows that Richard J. Daley can get just about anything he wants in Chicago or Washington - regardless of laws, rules or regulations.

Stahl also said that he took Abbou's offer to leave town for \$100,000 as a serious extortion attempt - after saying that Abbou "frequently spoke on jail".

Stahl could have been more interesting, but every time Kunstler or Louise Weisberg got too near the subject of Daley's political influence, prosecutor Foran would object and Hoffman would cut off the defense.

Phase two, which is currently going on, involves testimony by undercover cops as to specific acts, speeches or conversations by one or more of the eight during the convention.

Four cops have testified so far, and their stories are wondrous to behold. None of them ever saw a fellow pig use tear gas, noise, club or gun on demonstrators - or can't remember it in court.

Phase number one said that Jerry Rubin was wearing a white football helmet with "88" on the back and a blue strip down the middle on Sunday, Aug. 23, 1968 between 9 p.m. and 10 p.m. He said that Jerry led an assault on a group of pigs by flicking a half-dashed cigarette at them. Jerry has never smoked.

At noon the next day, the conspiracy 8 held a press conference and introduced not one but two other Jerry Rubins - David Boyd and Bob Lewis. Lewis brought his helmet with the blue stripe and "88" Boyd told how the pigs had followed him for several days during the convention, convinced that he was Jerry.

Phase number two, a clerk who said she was wearing socks, blouse and Army helmet, said that she overheard Abbou layout the master plan to storm the Conrad Hilton Hotel - to complete with weapons.

Phase number three, one of those assigned to tail Jerry denied that he drove Jerry to a church which is not what he told the Grand Jury. Mostly, this pig was being used to set up the testimony of "Big Bob Lavin" - under cover pig Robert Penon, who acted as Jerry's body guard and rescued Steve Albert one night in Lincoln Park.

This pig also said that he saw Keith Lamont introduce Sew, who had a white patch over his stitches, at a news conference but couldn't remember a sign told the press when he got the stitches.

Phase number four, the only black so far, said that he had infiltrated CADRE (Chicago Area Draft Resistance) back in November, 1967, and heard Renae Dava give a speech about detouring the convention.

This pig also said that Abbou asked him to help secure the deputy police chief on the night march to Dick Gregory's house that was traced back by the National Guard.

"They aren't even stretching or changing the truth, they're creating a complete fabrication," said Tom Hayden, as the second week drew to a close.

Yet to come are Big Bob Lavin, who has Jerry's little black book, and the rumors, slides and films which are supposed to re-create the events of August, 1968.

The game is rigged. The eight cannot leave town, so they have to call out to the people to witness and judge what is happening here in Chicago - or they can shoot the dealer, with a little help from their friends.

## The Chicago 8

Dave Dellinger - age 54 - chairman, National Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam - from Wakefield, Mass. - taught case laws from Yale, 1936 - Part Bums Kappa - served two prison terms in WW II for military induction - married - five kids - visited Hanoi and Cuba twice - one of the 16 War Crime Tribunal members that heard charges against American troops in Vietnam - editor "Liberation" magazine



Renae Dava - age 29 - director, MOB - BA in political science from Oberlin College - MA in labor and industrial relations from U. of Illinois - father was economic adviser to Pres. Truman - SDS community organizer in New York - traveled to North Vietnam - helped form JOIN (Johns or Income Now) in Uptown area of Chicago - planned at Center for Radical Research - an organizer of RITA (Resistance In The Army) - principal participant in New Politics Convention in Chicago



Jerry Rubin - age 31 - former newspaper reporter in Cincinnati - long time Berkeley activist - co-founder of Yippies - helped organize march on Pentagon and April, 1968, peace march in New York - wrote "Do It"

The Chicago 8 represent a wide spectrum of contemporary dissent, from pacifist to Black Panther in the clichés of the establishment press

If you don't already know them, the 8 are

Tom Hayden - age 29 - co-founder, SDS - co-author, Port Huron statement - BA from U. of Michigan, 1961 - editor of Michigan Daily - SNCC worker Mississippi summer, 1961 - helped organize Newark Community Project - went to Hanoi in 1965 - met with North Vietnamese in Park, June, 1968 - co-founder of International Liberation School in Berkeley - current resident of Berkeley.



Abbe Hoffman - age 32 - from St. Mark's Place, Lower East Side, New York - former psychologist - movement organizer in the South - co-founder of Youth International Party (Yippies) - participant in demonstrations in Berkeley, New York, Chicago and the Pentagon - wrote "Revolution for the Hell of It" and "The Woodstock Nation" - also "Free" and "Frankie Abbott"



Bobby Seale - age 32 - co-founder and Acting National Chairman of Black Panther Party - Iron Oakland - co-author of Panther 10 point program - poet, orator, political power



John Froines - age 30 - staff member, MOB - SDS organizer - Berkeley grad in Chemistry - instructor, Grego State U.



Lee Weiner - age 30 - grad student in sociology at Northwestern University

# THE HELIX

voice of the intellectually inarticulate

## mobe

Wall government cheques are still hard as it, making a shambles of people all over the world. "You" government remains right in the thick of it, of course. There are people, however, dedicated to humanity, and in the Seattle area of the World we have the Pacific Northwest New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam.

This July 4, a group called the New Mobilization Committee to End, et cetera in Cleveland said had done some plans to work against the war among those plans were the October 15 Moratorium and national peace actions for November 15 in Washington D.C. and San Francisco. In Washington, a fourth march of citizens bearing banners of the war dead past the White House, a mass rally, and lobbying are to take place, among other things in San Francisco there will be a mass march and rally. These should be among the largest demonstrations in the name of humanity ever to grace our American soil, the culmination of this year's expanded efforts to reach peace. The Northwest Mobilization Committee will send a delegation to Washington, but the big push from here will be towards the events in San Francisco.

Buses and car pools will be used to take all interested parties to SF on Friday, Nov. 14, the day planned for a Seattle strike and, that evening, a rally. This event is very important to the continuing work for peace, all of YOU are needed to pitch in. You who care about a humane world, take part in the Northwest Mobilization. And the national actions, the various peace organizations in this area are trying to

make it as easy as possible for all who want to go to San Francisco. There will be plenty of room on buses and cars for everyone. And it's not very expensive, either - 30 some dollars. For anyone such as students who would not be able to take care of the trip otherwise, there will be some subsidization. And baby-sitting. The good cause needs you good people, we need life to counter the living dead.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST NEW MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE TO END THE WAR IN VIETNAM UNIVERSITY "17" 4525 19TH AVE N.E. LA5-5757



## rip off

Last Friday night Pauls Kinkad and Skip Kendrick were abducted by the Lynnwood police for having in their possession and attempting to sell copies of the HELIX. I have to use the word "abducted" because they were not arrested nor were they officially detained. The particular stinky that grabbed them seemed to be against the whole idea, but he told them the "city of Lynnwood considers the HELIX obscene material." We'll go into that later.

Paula was also a victim of larceny by the Lynnwood pigs. They confiscated her remaining copies of HELIX and would not give her a receipt. Little did it matter that they have no right to seize personal property unless they have a warrant (which they did not), nor take any person into custody without informing them of their rights (which was not done).

Even after all this, they were not satisfied. The next day, Saturday, they kidnapped Skip again, along with Lois Trent and Pam Radloff. Skip got the finger from the long arm of the law for again selling HELIX and the two girls were grabbed for an unwritten ordinance affectionately known throughout the Lynnwood P.D. as JBL (Just Being In Lynnwood).

This time the criminals were honored by being kidnapped by Chief of Pigs, Gladd. He stared in our last exciting Lynnwood episode of "Reidinger vs. Gladd?") Gladd has the distinction of being an ex-Chicago cop. 12 years in that pig sty. The crimes of the night before were repeated. Gladd stole 7 copies of HELIX from Skip, refused to inform him of his rights, abducted him without legal authority, and told him if he didn't cooperate with them, he would be locked up.

After they were taken to the station, one officer, I'd better not say his name, appeared totally pined at the whole affair. But Gladd prevailed and the heroic went on. There was talk of charging the dealers with "peddling without a license" even though this contradicts

City Ordinance 5.20.010 "Licence to peddle required—exceptions. . .No license shall be required to peddle newspapers of general circulation within the city." Now we have been through that hassle with Lynnwood before and we do qualify under that ordinance.

Yes, Lynnwood does consider HELIX to be obscene. Mainly on the basis of an article we printed on a similar hassle involving Rex Reidinger. They have taken it upon themselves to destroy HELIX in Lynnwood in clear and willful violation of the guaranteed freedom of the press in the first amendment of the Constitution.

Yes, Chief Gladd considers HELIX obscene. We called the chief of the Lynnwood Police a pig. If you think that description inaccurate, go talk to Chief Gladd, about anything. Some people might think this is a personal attack. That's probably because it is. Chief Gladd's qualifications for public office consist chiefly of four years of physical education at some midwestern college.

Chief Gladd is fast himself being

served with a warrant for his arrest for petty larceny shortly. He stole 7 newspapers from Skip Kendrick last Saturday night. When I talked to Mrs. Monday, he said, "I didn't steal those papers. They're right here." That's the someone who rubs a hawk saying, "I didn't rob the bank See, I've got the money right here." He also charged that Skip and the two girls were out after curfew, thus making Skip a contributor to their delinquency. That's an outright lie. Their parents picked them up at the feet but around 8 o'clock. Well before the 10:00 pm curfew.

Skip is going to continue selling HELIX in Lynnwood, and now that he has been informed of his rights, will be forewarned against the shit the LFD will undoubtedly throw at him.

By the way, Chief, kidnapping is a capital offense.

## HELIX

issued every Thursday from 3128 Harvard Avenue E., Seattle, Washington, 98101 (EA 2-0443) Member of Underground Press Syndicate & Liberation News Service

## STAFF

- Sutton
- Roger Hudson
- Colleen
- Ruff
- Scott
- Dan
- W. Charles Crowley
- Norman
- Rosie
- George the jaywalker Arthur
- Pin
- sharona
- KS
- Rep
- Alan
- Paul Temple
- Paul Doyart
- Lynn
- Doug
- MJo
- Billy Ward
- RL
- Feceman
- Jed Leland
- Frank Chis
- Wayne
- Jack Krossac
- Roger Downey



Last week's cover - Paul Temple photographer - fibres and flesh by Country Pre - bandage by Johnson and Johnson thanks Rog

# BRYTES

## RESIGNATIONS

Last year officer resignations in the U.S. Air Force increased 50% and in the Army, 15%.

**NORATORIUM** One company of troops in Vietnam reportedly wore black armbands while on patrol. (Wall Street Journal, Times, Oct. 19).

## LAOS

The Laotian war, according to government figures so far has produced more than 1,000,000 refugees, or about a quarter of the population of the kingdom. (Hunt Times, 48).

## THE VICTORIAN AWARD OF THE WEEK

This week's award goes to Dewey's Cycle shop, your "frankly BSA dealer". It seems that they object to displaying factory advertising because the breast of some of the girls in the ads are exposed. Obviously, God faked up when he put breasts on women because I'm sure he wouldn't have intended to horrify his children by exposing them to such indecent and immoral organs.

## P.T.A.

The P.T.A. in Berkeley has become the first in the nation to go on record as opposed to the Vietnam war.

## FORT LEWIS STOCKADE

The Fort Lewis stockade is very tame and expensive. The stockade commander, Major Jackson, and a few of his guards, are responsible for the recent serious beatings in the stockade. These beatings have been done in Major Jackson's office or in military where it's hard to have witnesses. The guards have been threatened with Vietnam military duty if they don't get results. One of the people, Major Jackson has ordered them to shoot to kill if there is a "massacre of escape". All the prisoners have been ordered to work or hard labor whether they have been sentenced or not.

## VIETNAM

Company A of the Third Battalion of the 196th Light Infantry Brigade has been blasted during five straight days of fighting about 30 miles south of Quang. Reports indicate that only about 70 of the original 150 men were left. Once again, from the rear, came the order to attack. No one moved. After repeated orders from their Commanding Officer, the men of Company A still refused to fight. The survivors were back to combat again after a major and a sergeant from battalion headquarters finally stated that units with such greater losses were still fighting.

## DESERTION

GIs in Vietnam are deserting US lines at the rate of 10 a day, according to the San Francisco Chronicle. The Okinawa Star Journal reports there are at least 3000 American GIs hiding in Saigon.

## DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

The Department of Agriculture spends \$67 million a year to promote and subsidize cigarette smoking. \$1.1 million is spent to send tobacco abroad in the Food for Peace program.

## PRANKS

The spot shrimp is also known as a prawn and is extremely used for frying and boiling. It is a large shrimp having a body size of 4 to 8 inches long. Large coon stripes and side stripes are also considered to be prawns. On island waters, major shrimp beds are located in the San Juan Islands, Hood Canal and Elliott Bay. Many other areas having been depleted by overfishing.

# EAGLES EXPOSE CLIQUE

Last Monday, Dan Miller of Boyd Grafinger Productions went to the Municipal Building to secure an entertainment license for the Collectors concert this weekend at Eagles. This is an age old tradition whereby BG has to get a separate license for each show he does. Each time the license has been granted with no hassle. Until now.

Miller paid the fee and was told he could skip to the license later that day. That afternoon the bureau called to inform BG Productions the license had been denied. No reasons were given.

But the denial was far from ineptible. Two weekends ago Eagles was the scene of a riot not when it was packed to overflowing for the Chicago Transit Authority concert. After a quick call to Boyd, someone in the street outside, a second show was scheduled. The police cordoned off the streets and everyone was safe.

Indeed, many of the younger members of the especially young crowd got pretty tricky. People clambered up on the steps and were reluctant to leave. Several persons were stolen and one armed robbery was committed. In short a good time was held by all.

Meanwhile the Collectors concert is still being advertised. Unluckily BG knows more about what's happening with his license than we do.

# KS: SAVING THE UNION

The purpose of unions has always been to improve the income, working conditions and general welfare of their members. The historically more militant unions have in greater or lesser degree come to realize that they are brothers to working people and oppressed people of the entire world, and that oppressed people cannot be significantly helped without changing the system which oppresses them. This kind of union thinking in recent years has been very little practiced, while the broad and better philosophy has gained an almost complete ascendancy.

The method most usually adopted for pursuit of this end is restrictive entrance requirements, long apprenticeship programs and other efforts primarily aimed at decreasing the supply of labor of any particular skill available to an employer. The rationalization used to conceal this primary goal from members and non-members alike is propaganda to the effect that these means are directed solely to increasing the quality of services the union, guild, or trade is able to render. This is a blatant sham but one that has been very successfully prolonged. It is a little difficult to imagine that it takes a few year apprenticeship to learn the plumbing trade while a few degrees can be achieved in three.

Of the persons most successfully excluded from the

# JOHN CHAMBERS OF THE STATE BLESS

Early this fall, Art Dewitt began serving his jail term. Art, the 59-year-old proponent of Art's Underground on 1st Avenue, had been busted on 13 counts of obscenity, found guilty, fined \$5,000 and sentenced to a year in the King County Jail. At one point in the trial, the judge showed some of the pictures which were confiscated and asked Art what he thought of the photos. Art replied that they were beautiful.

Obviously this type of person could not be allowed to remain in public. Anyone that would run for sheriff and senator on a platform of legalizing marijuana and removing censorship was a dangerous person. Enter the suddenly zealous vice-squad. Exit the suddenly unpopular Art Dewitt.

Art has attempted suicide three times since entering jail. First he cut his wrists. Then came the throat. While recovering in the hospital for the second round, he was found hanging out a ninth story window. Before the news could do anything, Art had fallen or let go. He is now in serious condition and may never recover. Justice has struck another blow.

## decent

Since April 21, we have been anxiously awaiting word on a very important project started by members of the local high schools. Now the plans are set. On Monday, October 26, in the Seattle Center Arena, Seattle youth will have the chance to show the area and the world what youth is REALLY like, that is the date set for the SEATTLE YOUTH DECENTNY RALLY.

Mistress of the ceremonies and chairman of the event is a Ballard High School student who won the 1969 American Legion "Miss Liberty" award for patriotism. Topics for the event are "Love of God", "Love of Country", "Love of Family", and "Respect for One's Self".

The rally starts at 2:00. Come out. See what the REAL kids are like.

Art Linkletter, in Seattle this week connected to a U of W crowd "Say, if you see that professor who staged the festival at Tenino would you kick him in the face for me?" "Yes folks. People are funny."

John Chambers is, indeed, getting the boot. For the last six years John has served the University of Washington as an "instructor".

An instructorship is one of those questionable positions a college professor assumes with his academic benefactor in the hopes of winning the University's teaching faculty. But the road to tenure, like the road to wisdom, is fraught with any obstacles and traps.

John is now completing the last year of his instructorship on "terminal assignment", which means that he is not granted tenure soon he will be out on his ear in June, 1970. Terminal assignment is an automatic classification established several years ago by the American Association of University Professors, mainly enough for the protection of people like Chambers by having instructorships to a maximum of 6 years, the AAPP sought to prevent universities from stringing out as employees in intermediate positions.

October 31 is the deadline for a tenure recommendation to be forwarded by the Philosophy Department to the administration.

There is no reason why that recommendation should not be forthcoming. John is one of the departments best philosophers, a dubious distinction, and by far the most aggressive and concerned teacher among his peers.

But John is also the stranger who perpetrated Sky River on a unsuspecting public. Despite his liberal activities, John makes radical noise in both his classroom and over KOL-FM.

By making noise the university will saddle itself with John Chambers for eternity. The question is whether the

University of A Thousand Years sees John in its future.

If not John Chambers will join those other illustrious involuntary U of W dropouts, John Spellman, Macky West and Bob Harvey, whom I bet, you've got to admit, that is a kick in the face.

trade, from the railroad brotherhoods, and from most of the so-called unions, minority races are most conspicuously excluded.

To know the full extent of the sham, the cover-up of exclusive and largely irrelevant entrance requirements, we must appreciate that the most successful persons at doing this trick do not even call themselves unions. They are clubs like: The American Medical Association, The American Bar Association, social workers and teachers associations, and very prominently pharmacists. The average druggist doesn't have to know more than how to read a label and count pills, yet he has to attend school for many years after his bachelor degree has been awarded. Years ago this served a useful purpose, but now there is no useful purpose in it except to make pharmacists scarce and their charges astronomical. These people are most successful at the trick the trade unions continuously try to pull and they won't even admit they are unions. Nor will they admit that their primary purpose is higher incomes for members.

Strangely isn't it that you do not have to have a degree to teach in a university, but you do have to have one to teach in a kindergarten? Strangely isn't it that many civil service jobs are open to degree people regardless of what subject the degree is taken in?

# WHY LEWIS LEWIS

36 off-duty GI's were hosted by the Provost Marshal's office at Fort Lewis Monday night for attending an "assaulted meeting" at the Canadian United Mine's Club in their installation. Their punishment, if the Army chooses to pursue the matter could range from extra duty to General Courts martial. The command of opinion is that they will probably receive Article 15's. This is the commanding officer's non-sudicial punishment. It does not leave the GI with a criminal record.

The meeting was called to discuss forming a chapter of the American Servicemen's Union at Fort Lewis. Andy Stapp, the national head of the ASU, was one of 3 civilians recruited off the base and given written warnings to stay off or face possible 5000 lines and 6-month prison sentences. James Vorachak, (Shelter Hall) and Ed Rader received similar warnings. This same type of warning was given Andy Stapp's wife at Fort Sill and that punishment was given Mary Anne Smith at that same office. The GI's also discussed the next issue of the BOND, a servicemen's underground newspaper at Fort Lewis.

The first thing the MP's did was order the civilians off base. Then they took five men (supposedly the ringleaders) away in a squad of ten remaining 30 or so men were handed away to the Provost Marshal's office at a track house. All 36 men were placed in an 8X10' cell to await interrogation. Some they had conveniently been given a plea, the GI's continued their meeting. They set up another meeting for the following Wednesday.

According to Pfc Bruce Fredricka, one of the 36, the soldiers were "fantastic." Each time one of the men was taken out for interrogation, the rest would shout "Article 15!" (This states the right against self-incrimination) cheer, and give the posse sign or the clenched fist. They were singing songs and during questioning would give only their name, rank, serial number and unit. After trying to question 15 or so men and getting the same reply, Sgt. Bostick started to type out release orders. A rather stymied, yet undecisive, interrogation went like this:

Sgt. Bostick: Who organized this meeting?

GI: What meeting?

Sgt. Bostick: Who organized this meeting?

GI: I don't know.

Sgt. Bostick: You know you can get into as much trouble for lying as telling the truth?

# RIGHT DENIED AGAIN

(Oct 10, Washington Post) The publisher of an underground newspaper for servicemen announced plans yesterday for a "GI Referendum" in which U.S. servicemen will be asked whether they believe American troops should be immediately withdrawn from Vietnam.

The referendum is being sponsored by Navy Sergeant Roger Priest, who faces a court-martial for allegedly encouraging military desertions.

However, the plan submitted to an initial setback yesterday when the editorial staff of the Army, Navy, and Air Force Times newspapers refused to accept an advertisement containing a ballot on the withdrawal question.

The spokesman for the three weekly publications, which have a combined circulation among servicemen of 500,000, said the board "reached a consensus that the proposed advertisement is unacceptable for publication."

The papers were asked Monday by representatives of two anti-war organizations - the Servicemen's Link to Peace and the Business Executives Move For Peace in Vietnam - to publish Priest's advertisement.

Priest told a press conference yesterday he is negotiating with Playboy magazine to run the same advertisement turned down by the three weekly newspapers.

The prospective referendum asks: "Should the United States bring the rest of the GI's home from Vietnam Now?" Boxes for "Yes" and "No" answers appear directly under the question, also information about obtaining additional copies of the ballot for circulation among servicemen.

Priest, a 25-year-old enlisted man stationed at the Naval Weapons Plant here, said yesterday that referendum ballots will also be distributed throughout the country by the Vietnam Moratorium Committee and other anti-war organizations.

Last year at a Navy hearing, Priest's civilian lawyer asked a Navy law officer in either civilian or court-martial charges of encouraging desertion, or request the prosecution to provide more detailed specifications.

The lawyer, David Resa, said the Defense Department has specifically asked that servicemen may take part in underground publications if they do so on their own time.

The presiding officer, Capt. B. Raymond Perkins, took the defense motion under advisement.

Resa also asked that a court convene in military or law-courts called men be appointed to hear the case to ensure Priest a trial "by his Peers."



# USMC FIBS

At 11:45 on August 14, Tom Hegan had just gotten off the bus near the Helix office on his way to work at the Earhart Galleries. A Military car (No. 251043) drove by. Tom and the Officer glared at each other. The car backed up and a Marine Recruiter flew out of the car yelling, "What do you call me?" Tom pulled Tom, who's less than half his size and called his age, knuckled down, picked him up and smashed him in the face, knocking Tom backwards into some Mackberry bushes. A witness, David Wagner, stopped and engaged in a mutual exchange of obscenities with the Marine Recruiter and Naval Recruiter. The Recruiter got back in their car and as they drove off, the Naval Recruiter - Donald D. Smith, spit in Dave's face.

Tom and Dave went to the Wallingford Precinct Station and attempted to file assault charges, but the Police Officer refused to take jurisdiction and "would they please take their case to the military?" After calling the ACLU, they went downtown and filed criminal assault charges - Tom for being slapped and Dave for being spat upon. They then went to the largest Investigating Division of the Seattle Police Department and filed a complaint against the Officer at Wallingford for "defiant to make a complaint."

But the Prosecutor refused to sign the complaints so that the Military Officers could be brought in trial. Tom and Dave therefore had to have a hearing before Judge Noe to see if he'd sign the complaints. After listening to the stories, Judge Noe agreed to sign Tom's complaint, but refused to sign Dave's, as he didn't feel Dave had been brought in trial. Tom and Dave therefore had to have a hearing before Judge Noe to see if he'd sign the complaints. After listening to the stories, Judge Noe agreed to sign Tom's complaint, but refused to sign Dave's, as he didn't feel Dave had been brought in trial. Tom and Dave therefore had to have a hearing before Judge Noe to see if he'd sign the complaints. After listening to the stories, Judge Noe agreed to sign Tom's complaint, but refused to sign Dave's, as he didn't feel Dave had been brought in trial.

Tom was doubly let in the case of City of Seattle vs. Sgt. Jack Dalton, USMC (272A Navajo Road) and Tom and Dave were subpoenaed to appear. Sgt. Dalton testified that what really happened was that Tom yelled, "Fuck you, Motherfucker," at him as he drove by. When he got out to see Tom what he'd said, Tom spat at it and then tried to rip off his head. He beat up Tom strictly in self-defense. The Naval Recruiter reported, word for word, the lies of Sgt. Dalton. With the testimony of such upstanding officers of the community as two Military Recruiters, Judge Toward humbly dismissed the case for "lack of sufficient evidence."

# BUTLES 5

FOOT IN MOUTH DISEASE:  
"I didn't steal his papers, I still have them"  
Chief Glanick, Lynnwood P. Chief

KOREA  
During the past few months, the number of men sent from Fort Lewis to Korea has been increasing. As many as 800 men a day on some occasions have left McCord for Korea. According to General Westmoreland, the setting is right for another Korean conflict.

**DRAFT BOARD BLASTED**  
Destructive attacks on draft boards and other federal institutions are on the increase. The latest incident occurred Oct. 6, when a nighttime explosion at the Whitehall military induction center at New York City shattered windows, damaged walls and blew out a partition. Inductees must now report to the Brooklyn induction center. There was another explosion the same day near the ROTC headquarters at Texas A&M University in College Station, Texas. In Milwaukee last month, \$75,000 damage was reported after a bomb exploded on a stairway near draft offices. Nearly \$400,000 damage was reported the same time in Madison where the National Guard armory was rocked by an explosion at the entrance to the drill area. In Akron, Ohio, a fire at the Summitt County Draft Board, Sept. 26, damaged drill files. Oct. 2, there was a fire in the draft board offices in Lorain, Ohio.

**SAN JOSE CIVILIANS ENRAGED**  
The rugged chicano community of San Jose, Calif., is calling for the removal of superior court judge, Gerald Chagnon, for racist statements against Mexican-Americans in the trial of a 15-year-old youth accused of incest with his 12-year-old sister. Some of the judge's pronouncements recorded on the transcript are: "Mexican people after 13 years of age think it is perfectly all right to go out and act like an animal. You expect to commit suicide, maybe Hitler was right. The sooner in our society probably ought to be destroyed..."

**GIRLS REFUSE TO PLUDGE**  
Two 12-year-old New York City girls have won a temporary federal court order allowing them to remain state and seated during the public school. The girls had been suspended from school for refusal to repeat the pledge or leave the room. School officials must appear in court Oct. 20 to explain why insisting the girls must rather leave the room or stand up during the recital is not a violation of the Bill of Rights. The path treads the pledge hypocritical.

**3 PANTHERS JAILED**  
Three Milwaukee Black Panthers have been charged with attempted murder of a patrolman who says he was fired at from a car in which the Panthers were riding. The Panthers deny having been in the area the day of the shooting and say a shotgun was planted in their car by police. The Panthers charge they were beaten on the way in and at police headquarters.





## alan beasley

"We want a WHITE GOVERNOR!" That was how he beat the 1000th man Don Evans had been instructed. The pissed-off man who did it got cheers and laughter from among the 4,500 construction workers down at the capital that cloudy October 14th to tell the Governor to get them damned niggers off the job. To a lot of them it was to get them damned NIGGER bosses off the job. "We want a WHITE GOVERNOR!" And you just know that as stones up to the capital building some fat cat was sitting there smiling and thinking, "Good. If those stupid workers kept spending their time hitting niggers, we were as hell aren't going to have any trouble with them."

If that fat cat was there he had a lot to smile about. A week before when the workers had marched after Spellman and Floyd Miller, they had carried signs saying "White Power" or "Equal Rights for Whites". Here some were honest enough to get it out in the open. "To hell with niggers - white power!" Everybody and his brother had little child American flags with little black poles tied to his belt or sticking out of shirt pockets, and if there was any doubt about whom the men stood with the police, one set had on the sign "100% for our Prince." "We're backing our police." On half the bumper and hand bars were stickers: "Support your local police. Keep them independent!"

Twenty of those signs, plenty of support for Walker, and a few of whom that fears a steady stream of black guys to be seen. One was in the laborers union, the lowest paid and most integral of the building trades. A Big 'X' came out of his pocket, he'd come down to help march. There really wasn't anything wrong with the police, it's the way they act. They're not really willing to work hard and go through channels could, too. You found yourself glad to be out of old American badge flapjacks in the breeze, because even with it some of the workers, crying the man just weren't at all sure about this.

They weren't very sure about me either. Nor about Ed Moeman and the other people from the Labor Committee who were handing out sympathetic but somewhat leaflets calling for blacks and whites to get together and demand more jobs for construction workers. "These people are not with us," said one of the leaders on the P.A. "We do not sanction what they are handing out." When the workers marched by, one of the leaders yelled, "Send niggers to the Labor Committee and the Labor Committee said he agreed but workers kept yelling at and many threw down the leaflets without reading them.

These guys were falling right into my pre-conception of that. There when that fears a steady stream of black guys to be seen. There is something pleasant and secure about having your stereotype of a group confirmed in black and white simplicity.

But, it grew less simple. Not all the conversations were hostile, most weren't. Stop and listen to them for five minutes and something new seems to enter. When it does, the pigeon hole you stuffed them into seems less and less adequate. What I saw in their eyes had to do with suffering and happiness and pain as well as fear. At the core, they are the same kind of people I like to be in the Blue Moon and get loaded with, Redden by rich just not a wide enough category to do them justice. As you talk, the knowledge of a common bond seeps through.

A grey-haired man in worn work clothes carried a sign "Support Spellman" and "Support a white man over a nigger." When I asked him what he had against Spellman, he stopped, looked at me, absolutely sure of what he was saying "You don't gain anything by taking something from one man and giving it to another."

"I've been in the construction trades off and on for the last 20 years," said a wiry man with 7 kids and a missing front tooth. "It's a dangerous job, let's face it. I've seen a lot of men killed because their partner didn't know what he was doing. These blacks have to go

through apprenticeship."

He seemed sure that blacks could become apprentices. "Carpenters, laborers, and cement finishers, they've all open. They can join those, but they aren't satisfied. They have to get into the fancy ones. They want the Ironworkers and Plumbers Hell, I find to be an ironworker and couldn't make it."

"Our union is open, man," a young man anyone an "Equal rights for Whites" sign said, he was in the Electrical workers. "76-12% of our apprentices this year were black and that's more than the proportion of blacks to whites in the city. These guys were fans. I worked with one all summer, but half of them quit. When class started in the fall, they just begged it. My dad is an electrician and let me tell you, he has paid. It still took me a year and a half to get into an apprenticeship program. I've been in 2 1/2 years. These black guys just want to jump in and get journeyman's wages."

"If they go through the regular apprenticeship," said a plumber apprentice, who has waited 22 months to get into the program, "I'll work with them. I'm not proud I worked with one once. They just got to get on the waiting list like everyone else."

"How many apprentices become journeyman every year?"

"About 6 a year and the program takes five years. If blacks get into the numbers soon this year, see you saying that even if they got half the apprenticeship, they'd have 3 journeyman at the end of 5 years!"

"Well, every small local Seattle or someplace probably produces more." "You always hear how many money we make. It's the man with the 7 kids again. "Jesus, last year I had 12 W-2 forms. I'll tell you what that means, young fella that means I had 12 different jobs."

"I know there was a week's wait between each one," I said.

"A week? I waited 3 and one half weeks once this year, and it wasn't my vacation. I spent most of it in the hiring hall. EVERY morning, down to the hiring hall. Wait from 7 until AT LEAST noon, then go out and then maybe go wait another 3 or 4 hours. And me, I'm a carpenter, we can go to the sites, go I get in my car and drive around every place. Looking for work. Then I might stop by the hall that night just checking to see if any work's come in."

"There's a hundred and fifty people in my local hiring hall right now, wait for work, and it isn't even winter yet. Nixon cut off 75% of the federal money about a year ago and is going to do the same for the State. What it's going to be like that?"

I asked him what the training program would do to the union.

"Oh, I'll break it if we don't do something about it. They're trying to break the unions, you see. We in the construction trades, we got some of the tightest unions around. Now, they'll have an excuse to bar each labor. They'll just hire one of these trainees. Some cheap contractor who doesn't want to pay a union man will just hire up to one of these blacks and say, 'You're a trainee,' and give him three dollars an hour. He'd have to pay a journeyman five or six."

"Look, we defeated the right to work law. Christ, they put the thing up twice, and we defeated it both times. Now, they're trying to cram this down our throats. You know these black guys aren't going to join the union. If they don't join, they'll get it. They've got a hundred fifty dollars to get in and who's going to pay that if they don't have to? And we're just carpenters, I think it costs you 1500 initiation fee to the ironworkers. Nobody pays that unless you make 'em."

Popping out of every conversation are two things white racism and a genuine fear for their jobs. What exacerbates both of them is the union structure and bureaucracy.

If you are in the construction trades, you are not

# RECONSTRUCTION WORKER MAGA PAK 2

united into a large union that fights for you. You are as one of many small craft unions, which are essentially bargaining committees for the workers in them. Each union's interest begins and ends with helping its particular workers. If your union is one with key workers you can put up a good fight for more jobs, shorter hours, better working conditions, and higher pay, but it is much easier for union officials to cooperate with contractors for more "reasonable" benefits.

Instead of demanding more jobs for all, you just get control of the jobs that are being handed out and try to keep your union small enough so that there are enough jobs for everybody in it to make a living.

When craft unions were formed they fought hard for protection for journeyman, skilled people in a trade who know how to read blueprints and everything else. But contractors started using assembly-line techniques on construction which meant that they really only needed a couple of journeymen backed up by a couple of semi-skilled workers.

Since those semi-skilled workers would have done broader kinds of work than any one craft encompassed, the unions would have had to move toward an industry-wide structure in accordance there. That would have been to the advantage of the interests of the contractors. Small factions of workers are much easier to deal with than large united bodies. Union officials probably would have felt a little threatened, too. Nor did people change all at once and crafters see it as their immediate interest to change the structure.

So, with a lot of pressure against changing and very little for it, the unions remained the same. They just refused to make room for a semi-skilled category and made sure that all the workers on the sites were either journeyman or apprentices. That was at least a way of protecting the journeymen.

Apprenticeship training, which had been useful as many ways, probably became a way for keeping competition down. By regulating the number of people who get into apprenticeship programs, you regulate the number of people who get jobs. They refused to let anyone in who wasn't in a very narrow age group (for instance, to get into the plumber's apprentice program, you have to be between 18 and 21.)

Many unions require high school graduation and some demand other fairly creditable (Tyson Scott, chairman of the Central Contractors Association, has been doing good electrical work for a long time, but has never been able to get into the electrical workers' apprenticeship program. They didn't want people who hadn't taken geometry and algebra.)

When a union refuses to expand its policies when technology changes all are undermined, when it is built on a bankrupt, small base instead of an industry-wide base, its power crumbles.

These days, you either combine yourself with all the workers in your field and expand your union activity or you find yourself engaged mainly in a holding action. And losing. You may want the government to spend a good portion of your tax money to build new schools, housing and hospitals this country desperately needs, but it feels free to give it to the military instead (the man who's looking down Nixon's collar took 75% of Federal Construction, not with Evans following up on this.) The government can't use unemployment compensation at a low level. Instead of using the union hiring hall, employers can subcontract workers for a job. If you want to save on labor costs they can have speed-ups, which everybody either speeds up or quits (a lot of old union members can't cut it on many of these jobs any more because).

And eventually, the workers hurt by the archaic screening devices, most about the union. The young white workers that suffer from them haven't done much, but under the leadership of the CCA we have seen what the blacks have done.

After 150 years they think it's about time for an even break. Twice as many blacks are out of work as whites. The ones working make 60% of what white workers do. They are, "the last hired and the first fired."

# a white worker raps



**Q.** In recent weeks several publicly-financed construction jobs have been shut down over the disputed question of whether black workers are entitled to a fair share of jobs in certain skilled and highly-paid trades. In some cases, the shutdowns occurred because white members of several unions walked off the job where black tradesmen had been placed, or others, black, under the leadership of the black contractors organization, took measures to keep contractors whom they were denied employment in several lines of work. As a longtime member and former business agent of a building trades union, and once a member of the Building Trades Council, what do you make of this?

**A.** I am disgusted but not as the least surprised by it. In fact, I am puzzled that some such thing has not happened long ago.

In the building unions, like everywhere else, blacks and other minority workmen have always had the short end of the stick, but as everybody knows, certain building trades unions have refused to grant membership to black workers, whatever their qualifications, and in this way denied them admission to jobs under union contract, which in a town like Seattle, covers just about all major construction.

Of course, this is contrary to all notions of justice and fair play. It is an violation of the spirit and letter of the law. It should be treated simply as a crime. To do this in a publicly-financed contract is not just a crime, it is an outrage.

What is a black person to think of this? When it comes to collecting taxes, nobody cares about the colors of our skins. But, when it comes to getting our share of the work set going by tax money, that is something else again. We want our share - no more - of this work. God knows we are patient. We go through all the nightmare, making the mounds of the several agencies, commissions, etc., that are supposed to look out for our rights. We go, but in hand, to the union where, when we are not thrown out bodily, we are told about their procedure, which they make up to suit themselves and into which, somehow, we never fit. When we raise questions, we get no real answers. Only dodges, brush-offs, just plain lies. Why? Could it be that the real answers, if spoken, would not be fit to be heard? If they got it straight out, would it go something like this?

"What are you talking about? Then send your wife out to the suburbs to arrange up among the white folks. No? Then put your daughter in a whorehouse, for all I care. Now, when you tell a person he can't have certain things that he has coming to him because his skin is not the right color, a condition he could not change if he would - and would not change if he could - you are asking for a fight. And that is just what some building trades unions and some white union members have got themselves into now."

**Q.** As you see it, what will be the consequences of this for the building trades unions and for the labor Movement generally?

**A.** I don't think anybody can predict in detail just how it will turn out, but for my part I can see only two ways that it CAN work out. Either as a union way or an open shop way. Either the unions involved will get civilized, open up their ranks to black workers, set up the means for them to acquire the necessary skills where they lack them, and integrate them into their ranks on a basis of strict equality and mutual respect, both the building

trades unions and the labor movement as a whole will come out of it whole and stronger than ever. If they refuse, the blacks will have no other way than to take their share of the work outside the union jurisdiction. If so, there will be no lack of contractors, black and white, along with assorted union hater, ready to exploit this situation in their own way, to establish wage differentials for comparable work between union and non-union help, to put black against white, and in this way to set bad conditions for workmen - black and white. A look at conditions in the construction industry is the most backward parts of the South will give you some idea what I mean.

**Q.** What steps could the unions take to implement the training process? What of the apprenticeship program?

**A.** I have no quarrel with the apprenticeship program where, as it not always the case, all candidates for apprenticeship status are treated alike, but they are not up to a crumb like the present one, or for example, the one that occurred before and during the Second World War. At that time the building trades and other unions were called upon to supply several times as many workmen as they had members. In response to this, they, along with other groups in the community, set up training programs open to men and women of all ages, and training was done on a large scale. Although of this, the problem of training enough black workers to make their numbers working in skilled construction proportional to their numbers in the community is no problem at all - given the consent and cooperation of the unions now standing in the way.

**Q.** From what one reads in this paper, it appears that The Associated General Contractors are cooperating in the integration effort. How do you see that?

**A.** They are playing a cat and mouse here, I admit. To the public, they show their cooperative and law-abiding faces. But, when they agree to send prospective trainees to the offending unions for clearance, they know very well that the union officials, who have the correct relations with them and who seldom make an important move without consulting with them, will refuse it.

**Q.** Where unions persist in denying work to blacks, would you say that is policy originates with the rank-and-file members?

**A.** I can think of a union or two where officials and rank-and-file members were eye to eye on this question, but aside from that I am convinced that such rank organs as we have seen recently ALWAYS originate outside the labor movement. Employer groups and the Establishment in general have need to control the labor movement. To do this they must find out down its strength to manageable proportions. There is more than one way to do this, but the most the most convenient, and by far the most popular one is to exploit existing race prejudice among whites. If this is to be done effectively, employer agents, usually working under the guidance of the FBI, seek out the narrowest, the most ignorant, the most bigoted among the white workmen, mobilize them, bring them to the fore, and put them into action, bringing along as many others as possible with them. If they look into the faces and listen to the voices of white social workers recently interested in this question, you will appreciate what I mean.

12% of the city of Seattle is black and only 1/2 of 1% of workers in skilled construction are black. Unions don't think it is their fault. Most of them claim they have never discriminated if blacks could meet our requirements everything would be ok. (12 years of whitest public schools so I can qualify to lay pipe?) If blacks would just wait like everyone else has to we would make room for them. (350 plumbers suffocating jobs and I'm supposed to get in line?) For a long time black people were trying to get in even under these terms. Some unions went along like Laborers, Cement Finishers, and Carpenters were trying) but the rest said no. There have been negotiations during the last two years by organizations like CAMP and Model ones, and the unions always refuse to give an inch.

Right now black workers must be seeing white workers as their enemies. And many, many white workers are black workers are as "niggers" but union-busting niggers but they have to get together. Either the workers force the union bureaucracy to open up for the trades or all the workers get hurt. If they aren't admitted the construction will have an organized bunch of workers to do their assembly line jobs for them at lower pay and white workers will have a big hole broken in their unions. Either the unions quit hoarding the few remaining goods and jobs with blacks to fight for better conditions for all construction workers, or the unions are going to die. It may be better death than what's coming. This difficult challenge is not going to be met unless white workers overcome their racism and racism craft consciousness.

If ideas have to be taken seriously, but the people they are directed to in order to be relevant, I could just as easily have left this last sentence out. The threatened workers gathered on Olympia didn't want to hear what someone on the left had to say about their own fight. But they know their back was against a wall and they knew they had to do something.

Not that they were organized. The march started late. A fat, slow crowd of workers, 12 bodies wide, marching up Capitol Way, 4,500 semi-drunken Bay Scouts wondering what the hell they've done. Nearing their destination they broke into a fairly convincing chant: "WE WANT EVANS! WE WANT EVANS!" The worn tools and spreaded over the steps and lanes between the Temple of Justice and the Capitol Building.

When Evans finally appeared, Leroy Mozingo of the workers read their demands and the Governor tried to respond through the bees and jays. He was glad the use a party participating in politics ("Get to the point, Dan!") and was for later and other better organized than the construction men, but that was the job of local officials. He didn't think the training program was harming the apprenticeship program ("I wouldn't rather, if I was making \$5 thousand a year, Evans") and he made it clear that he wasn't going to do anything to stop it. He knew that everybody there was for equal opportunity for all (the loudest hoos of all) and hoped that the housing outbreak would be short.

Almost before he was done, workers were leaving, mad that they'd missed a day's work. "Well, I don't expect anything anyway," said a man who'd said he was planning to support Wallace in '72.

Some of the people probably expected something because they started yelling for Evans again and moving up the steps after him as he went inside. Their own security men tried to hold them back, but they went on pushing and yelling. Several men (many were still drinking beer) began pushing people out of the way. One of the pillars of the Temple of Justice, two workers broke out in a fight. The struggle on the steps soon turned into a fight soon. Not many involved but some heavy striking. A man was on the ground, being kicked by another worker.

As you just know that was a big office so stores up some fat out was sitting there eating and thinking "Good if these dumb workers keep fighting themselves, we sure as hell aren't going to have any trouble with them."





## MORATORIUM

Despite the non-violent nature of the Moratorium, last week's massive anti-war demonstration was a serious confrontation. America found itself confronted with political realities and changes which the mass media has been busy denying for the past five years.

America's politics have changed, the moratorium, as no other demonstration, served notice of this. The change was clear in the media's coverage of the demonstration. The change was obvious in the manner in which Nixon faced the moratorium. Finally, the change was evident in the mood and tone of the moratorium itself.

The moratorium was the first demonstration of anti-war sentiment which the mass media took seriously as a political event. Demonstrations in the past five years have been looked upon as aberrations, paid for a five minute spot on a news cast, but not really meaningful.

But the Wednesday moratorium was treated differently, it may not have been really, substantially different from past demonstrations, but the mass media saw it was different, and this change in the media's perspective was important. The three networks all devoted considerable time to analysis of the event. All seemed surprised at the event's size. In a sense, they were prophets of their own myth. Demonstrations in the past were not the work of a few radicals, persons who's opinions didn't count, but the media saw and presented them as such.

Suddenly, all sorts of people were against the war, senators, clean-cut students, Wall Street brokers (the demonstration caused the New York Stock exchange to rise.)

Despite the newly-admitted "respectability" of the moratorium, the message was clear: immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. The moratorium was a clear indication of the tremendous shift in debate over the war. Previously the terms were support or non-support for the war. Now the debate revolves around how to end the war.

Nixon's response to the demonstrations was also a sign of this change, the moratorium was of such a size that he couldn't ignore it, nor pass it off as the work of a few isolated individuals or red agents. In a tremendous display of mental gymnastics, America's leading news anchorman granted the "legitimacy" of the demonstration, but denied it was part of the "democratic process," a frighteningly minimalist piece of doublethink.

Nixon took office promising to end the war, like few other politicians in this era he kept himself caught in his own life. The moratorium said, end the war, the nation is now waiting for the big duck to come through.

There are several aspects of the demonstration which strike home as meaningful in a broader political sense than just the issue of the war.

The demonstration signaled the final death of McCarthyism and guilt by association. In Seattle, Congressman Brock Adams appeared on the same platform as members of SDS and the Young Socialist Alliance.

He was on that platform not to debate them, but to speak in support of the same end which they seek. He might not have wanted to be there, but Brock Adams is as accept enough politician to realize that anti-war sentiment is widespread enough to have some effect on his career - he had better make clear which side he is on.

The moratorium also demonstrated that liberals have been moved left enough to accept immediate withdrawal as a "viable alternative." The only issue on significance when viewed in context.

In 1964, everyone except SDS and the YSA withdrew from an anti-war demonstration at the Westlake Mall. The issue? YSA was going to march with banners demanding immediate withdrawal. This was too much for the liberals and pacifists involved. Obviously, liberals have not accepted the analysis which underlies the demand of immediate withdrawal, but they've accepted the demand.

The limits of political expression in the U.S. have been significantly broadened by the anti-war movement. Demonstration have been looked upon as verboten in the U.S. for the past ten years. They were the exclusive property of leftist and black. Now demonstrations are seen part of political life in the U.S.

The moratorium of last week is only half the picture. As a one-time event it will have little impact. But, if the November 14-15 student strike and demonstrations are large, the Nixon administration will feel the pressure to end the war as neither the Johnson nor the Nixon regimes have before.

Some Nixon administration spokesmen suggested that the moratorium was a chance for everyone to "get it off their chests," to express their dissatisfaction and then to go back to normal life. The November demonstrations must show that analysis to be false.

Changes in the political life of the United States are coming fast. Every week its leaders are shown to be more corrupt, more transparent. Every week as "democratic process" is shown to be more hollow, more meaningless. The moratorium, and next month's demonstrations are important components in the process of exposure.





# ROLLING ON KENT IN THE ASPHALT EXPRESS



By **LORENZO MILAM**

There must be a hundred of us on the train. All the dignitaries and officials ride in the parlor car. The press rides in the bar car. No drinks, though. At least, not yet. Not until the trip back. They wait as sober enough to write good copy.

Faint out the bar-car window, I can see the sweet passers of the Green River Valley. A child rides by on a spotted pony. She rides way forward, on the pony neck, like an Indian. I want to bet she doesn't see me.

The train tracks into the Mashading Complex. That's why we're here: to dedicate the Kent Automobile Mashading Complex. "This bus got to be the goddamned hoodoo-oo," a P.I. photographer tells me. "They give us a thirty minute ride, in a train, to dedicate a parking lot."

Everyone piles out. As I head towards the door, I pass an old geezer dissolved down in the parlor car. His eyes are closed. "9th Vice-President in Charge of Sales, General Motors," says his name tag. His face a babyish, his dewlap sag, he drops a little. "Wake up, I whisper shaking his shoulder. "Wake up, sir." I call him sir. "It's time to wake up for the dedication."

"It's time to wake up for the dedication," he murmurs dazedly after me. His eyes close, his chin rests on his chest, his dewlap quivers as still. He sleeps.

The dignitaries huddle in a tent, built special for the occasion. The wind tries to pull down the tent. A dozen or so railway workers try to hold the tent up. A brewery crew, hanging on to the heaving train stakes, fighting the wind, protesting the dignitaries from immediate burial.

The president of the Milwaukee Road, a mayor or two, and the governor's representatives speak from the back platform of the train. "Continuing progress," they say. The wind whines and distorts their words. The words mingle with the squeals of the amplifying system. The wind howl, turns incomprehensible. No difference. What is there to say about five acres of asphalt that hasn't been said already?

Joshua Green toasts up to the microphone. Two girls-dressed in tiny peltcoat skirts stand below him. The wind whines against things in their skirts. I make up, pretend to watch Joshua Green, pretend to take notes. The girls have very long legs.

"Joshua Green," I wince. "Amazing man. Wind him up in the morning. Send touring out to make speeches, kiss pretty girls, nod, shake hands with Charley McCarthy mouth beautiful white collar Lake Superior. Voters hour at nine. Stick him in closet. Until next morning then wind him up, send him touring out again."

The girls around the ribbon. Me and 25 other newsmen pretend to take notes. Page eye: the girls legs as they hold up their nose, hold up the ribbon. Balloons detour with each other, tearing smaller and smaller against the grey-blue sky. Balloons (still dancing with each other) become black specks, disappear. A magazine for some child of 5 or 9. A faded, wrinkled balloon,

descending on some village: a moment of the new asphalt laws of Kent.

We crawl back on the train for the ride home. My friend with the dewlap is wandering around the bar car, trying to outsmart 25 thirsty spectators by getting the first drink. "I woke you up," I tell him. "I woke you up as you wouldn't miss the ceremonies." He snubs at me. Some people are barely civil before their first drink.

The dignitaries enter to the parlor car, we wet types cheer the opening of the bar. At one end, a piece of machinery (it began before we got on the train, a probably going on even now) explodes into occasional puffs, and cinders, and raucous laughter. "Whaddya gonna do with that see, Bob?" Bob says. "Close, Ed—catcha da better than that?" Ed looks like Spiro Agnew. Might be Spiro Agnew, for all I know. Who knows what the Milwaukee Road is capable of?

I lean over to the reporter from the TIMES. "I think that might be Spiro Agnew back there," I tell him, "although I can't imagine why they hauled him out for the dedication of the Kent Automobile Mashading yards." I can guess why they wouldn't let him speak, though.

I snide and nod at the reporter. I like giving receipts to hard-driving newsmen. He is disinterested. He is busy trying to wrestle the speeches out of his tape recorder. When with all the wind and feedback, he only gets screeches and whistles, a Samuel Beckett dialogue—sign of progress (squeak)...the northwest (howl)...the west (shriek).

"Goddam this machine," he says. He slips I start making a few notes on the important dignitary in our barcar. "You kids," he says. "You getting too old for this. You can remember all their speeches. I can't remember a goddam thing." I tell him I'm just writing things about balloons and girls god posess and things. Girls and posess.

I look out the window, look for the pony rider. She's gone. The greyhound vehicle and farm. She's gone. She doesn't want to get asphalted over. She's gone.

The bar car gets crowded, noisy, smoky. The Milwaukee Road opens all the spigots for the long journey north from Kent to Seattle. "You want to know what's wrong with the railroad?" I ask my friend. But he's not listening to me. He's still wrestling with the shrieks of the wind and old men on his tape recorder.

You know what's wrong with the railroad, I tell myself. They're stupid. They're stupid and old. Run by mental antiquers.

If they can spend these thousands of dollars to organize a hoodoo-oo like this, they could organize trips—every day—for the people in Seattle who happen to love to ride on trains.

With all the night-ways through and around this area, they could organize two and three hour rides all over. With girls and hoop bands and a fully stocked bar. Trips for those people who like seeing the countryside, and the city, from that peculiar great vista reserved for the windows of trains.

Every day—for an hour or two—an old woman locomotive, chugging out of the King Street Station taking off for rides around the University (there are tracks around the University), around Lake Union (there are tracks around the Sound), over to the Sound (there are tracks around the Sound). Anywhere where there are sights to be seen, where there are trails to be ridden. That's what they'd do. Those railroad people. If they weren't such a bunch of old fogies. If they really cared

## Robert Heilman Shows Latest In Fashion-



Travel Tunic  
For Mr. Man!

# HOUSING REPORT



## INVENTED SPACE

Three weeks ago, city council tentatively approved nine changes on the Seattle Housing Code after being petitioned by several groups, especially the Central Area Tenants Association. Most of the unamended code applies not only to tenant's housing but also to owner-occupied (and "integrated") housing; however, most of the complaints received by the building department about sub-standard housing are from tenants. Undoubtedly, this is due to the inferiority of renter-occupied housing units in relation to other housing. Thus, it is no surprise that all of the changes agreed upon (and especially three others that will probably be adjudged illegal) are aimed directly at tenant-landlord relations and inter-responsibility.

This is not to say that home-owners are living high-off-the-top, quite the contrary, most of them pay steep mortgage payments for cheap old wooden frame houses with insufficient heating.

### THE CONDITION OF SEATTLE'S HOUSING

Let's examine the condition of Seattle housing as reported in the 1960 census. At that time there were

215,938 housing units. 83.3% of these were sub-standard (inadequately heated or lacking essential plumbing facilities). Sixty three percent of Seattle's housing was built before 1939, and 50.4% before 1929 and today there are about 70,000 housing units over 50 years old. Overcrowding, however, is not as serious as it once was. In fact, there, 4.6% of all occupied units are overcrowded, according to government standards. This is probably less than actual overcrowding since the census bureau allows only one room per person in its standard (don't count "hallrooms"). Consider a family of three living in a three room unit (not overcrowded according to the census). They have one bedroom, a living room and a kitchen, and the child can sleep in either the bathtub or the kitchen sink.

Seattle housing also has some what backward heating equipment. The most efficient and inexpensive heat is steam heat, but only 27% of all Seattle housing has this. This is compared with 94% for New York City, 59% for Philadelphia, 67% for Chicago and 32.6% for San Francisco. Another 4% of Seattle housing has hot-water electric units which heat a dwelling with extra high oil bills. The remaining 20% use ancient methods.

Though the percentage of Seattle sub-standard housing is lower than that of the state (21.5%), it doesn't compare well with other Western cities and states. Sixteen percent of all housing in the Pacific states is substandard compared to Seattle's 83.3%. California has 13.5% of its housing in the sub-standard category, and, according to the census, Los Angeles has only 2% while San Francisco has 17.5%.

Since 1960 approximately 19,000 housing units have been built within Seattle. This did not do much to alleviate the shortage of low-cost housing since about 60% of these units are expensive apartments. For the period from 1940-1969 two new persons live in Seattle now for every one unit. In 1960 the overall ratio of population to housing was 2.5. However, in the past decade several areas of the city have become more crowded, for Ballard the ratio of additional population to new housing for the past 9 years was 3.5, Georgetown-Wallingford was 3.8, University 2.6. The trend in these areas (which are populated mostly by whites) correlates with statements from HUD that "London will be doubling up." The situation on new construction also worsened in the past year, while at least 40,000 units need replacing and new units should be built to meet real demand, there has been a DROP of 23% in housing starts in the past year within Seattle. This of course has led to high rate of unemployment among building tradesmen.

### FLIGHT OF THE TENANT

The above general statistics bode the plight of Seattle's tenant. While only 8% of owner occupied housing was sub-standard in 1964, 27.4% of all renter-occupied units were in such a state, and of all housing available for rent in March 1969, 37.3% were sub-standard. Eighteen percent of all tenants have to share a bathroom while only 7.4.5% of all owners have to go to such inconvenience. Renter-occupied housing is usually older too, while 38.25% of all owner occupied dwellings were built before 1939, 72.2% of all units rented in 1969 fell into that category. Tenants are also more crowded than occupants of renter-owned homes 30% didn't even meet government standards.

Housing available for rent is usually unattractive. As noted above a much greater percentage of this housing is sub-standard. Also, out of housing available for rent, 51% was living room-bedroom combinations, 38% didn't even have a kitchen and only 23% had more than one bedroom. People who rent a trailer-like structure in a trailer, claiming that a lot of these holes-in-the-wall are "studio apartments". However, these same units are fantastically over-priced and their tenants proportionately pay more in rents than homeowners pay on their mortgages.

### PROPOSED HOUSING CODE REVISIONS

Now, let's examine the proposed revisions in the Housing code and see if they do what is needed to be done, that is, will they insure that sub-standard housing is eliminated? These revisions are not, yet, as simple as they seem. Some are being drawn up by the Co-operative Council. A public hearing will be held next week and one can call council chambers to find out when. In any event, nothing is a final.

In the agreement reached between the Central Area Tenants Association (CATA) and the Apartment Operators Association, there are mostly good provisions, but a few bad ones also. The proposed code would cause a speed-up of the government-enforcement system, would outlaw a landlord's harassment of a tenant who reports his unit to the city as sub-standard housing and would

make it harder for a landlord to sell his workmen sub-standard building to an unsuspecting person. It will also make it harder for him to rent a building that has been made sub-standard by the building inspector. Significantly, the agreement delegates responsibilities for safety to between the landlord or his architect and the tenant. Here the CATA made one bad mistake not only did they agree that the tenants should be held responsible for maintaining the landlord's crummy electrical and plumbing fixtures, they originally suggested that the technology should be the Apartment Operators Association. The proposals made by the CATA also agreed the fact that the old code did not require an amendment to the Housing Code.

### THE REAL PROBLEM

But the proposals don't attack the real problem: how to eliminate sub-standard housing. Revision of the code cannot do this because any such change can only make determining unprofitable and therefore impossible. The root of the problem lies in an antiquated tax structure and the over-valued mortgages for sub-standard housing. Under present assessment and tax laws a landlord can receive fairly good rental money for his sub-standard brick and claim that he's in financial straits. Amazingly he's correct since he has to make huge debt service payments to the bank, insurance companies and other financial institutions that may hold his mortgage. It is the financiers who take in the rent money from sub-standard housing (they also hold most home-owner mortgages) since these units are worth thousands on the books in a converting housing market while the real value, the degree to which they meet the social need for housing, is almost nil. This is not unusual, it exists everywhere because it is more profitable to own inadequate structures than build new low-rent housing.

The landlord is in the following situation: he has to make debt service payments and cannot afford to keep the condition of his building up. Then one day a tenant of his calls the building inspector to report the building. The landlord is brought before the Housing Advisory Board (now Citizen's Advisory Board) for a hearing. Under the Housing Code (with or without proposed revisions) he has to "hardship" who means that he will repair something only if he can raise the rent! His "hardship" (actually his tenant's hardship) is caused by all the financiers who have to pay to professional-finance institutions.

Naturally, the landlords try to get their finger in the pie too, their game is called "depreciation". When someone purchases a building he is allowed to figure 2% depreciation per year into the cost of running the building that determines the rents. The idea is that after 50 years the money will have been used to keep the building in good shape or 2) in the event that he doesn't put the money back into the building, depreciation will cushion his loss from selling the structure at a lower price due to wear and tear. Number 1 does not happen, and not something like number 2 does. He keeps the depreciation allowance but sells the building at a higher speculative price, making a profit in two ways during our present housing shortage. Once the building is sold, depreciation starts all over again for the new landlord from the new highest sale price.

### A TAX ON GROSS RENTAL INCOME

The problem then is that not enough good housing is being built to meet the need for housing and that some people are making money by investing in run-down housing (or new housing with high interest rates). What we need to do is allocate the presently wasted rental money toward real productive areas of investment, e.g. housing construction. This could be accomplished by a tax on gross rental income where the tax bills would be to the depreciated value of a building, depreciated from the original construction cost plus the cost of all improvement with inflation taken into account. The tax would be a rental profit tax. If such a tax was being made from a building vs its real value as a place to live. The tax envisioned could not be escaped through rent-rentals since the rate of taxation would go up faster than any rent paid, an incentive would be provided for landlords to invest in housing. The money from this tax could be directed to a joint committee of construction workers and tenants who could use it to build needed housing. Such an influx of new low rent housing would also cause a lowering of rents all over the Seattle since most people would then clamor to the new housing.

If you're interested in this proposal contact Bob Gallagher, 902 NE 42nd, ME-4-7277 or 343-0158.

BOB GALLAGHER

SEATTLE LABOR COMMITTEE





## An intelligent woman's guide to revolution...

Stephanie Coontz is a name that first became known to many of us in connection with the invasion of Fort Lewis which took place last summer. The published purpose of that invasion was to free the Army which was being held captive against its will at the fort. While that goal was not achieved, Miss Coontz did succeed in bringing her views and the views of her associates about the war and about the army to public attention. Now Stephanie, a graduate student in History at the UW, is involved in a new venture: bringing democracy to the campus. Operating within the Student Mobilization Committee she hopes to enable thousands of the University to work together in determining the destiny of the school and ultimately of our society. She characterizes herself as a typical history of the new left, having become involved in the HUAC hearings and then the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, having moved from liberal to radical.

Condon Hill had the chance to hear Stephanie on all of this for herself when he interviewed her in her home recently. His conclusion: she is an extremely dedicated revolutionary with a pragmatic approach, a keen mind, and a fantastic recipe for barbecued chicken. Listen.

CH Stephanie, let's start with something basic: What is the SMC?

SC Normally, the SMC is made up of individuals and cooperating groups with different political perspectives who agree on two basic themes: the war must end now, and the way to achieve that goal is through a mass movement. Our goals are represented in three domains: "immediate unconditional withdrawal from Vietnam," "self-determination for Vietnam and third world Americans," and "end campus complicity with the war." We see the war as a suffraging pain for society's fruits. You can see it clearly in the casualty rates that the war is still the central focus of our efforts. There are plenty of other massive groups for people to join, and we would like to work with them. We are really a bridge for all the war opponents.

CH How strong is the SMC on the national level?

SC We are on a tremendous upswing, as are all antiwar efforts. We have added 35,000 new members in the last month alone. There are fifteen new chapters in the Boston area, and even in Spokane there are new chapters at three or four of the colleges. The antiwar movement is currently reaching new heights of the population, union, church, and GIs.

CH What is happening in the SMC on the local level?

SC We are about a month and a half off. We are attempting to tie in with the national goals and to support the Fall anti-war offensive. We are building for the Fall action by beginning with the October 15 mobilization and the November 14 student strike. We are also concerned with the November 15 marches in San Francisco and Washington DC. We are organizing a car pool and buses to take people from the area to SF for the march. We hope to reach 2,000 people to SF. One of our main concerns is campus complicity with the war. We think students have a right to decide on that issue. We have discussed a provision of the articles of incorporation of the ASUW which allows us to call a mass meeting of the students to vote on these issues by getting 5% of the student body to sign a petition. But let me emphasize that we hope for this meeting to be a first democratic mass meeting of the students. We will have microphones on the floor and invite everyone to participate. In fact, we intend to call every student on the telephone and tell them about the meeting so that all the students have a chance to attend and be heard.

# HELP WOMEN'S SECTION

## noxic grand: special consultant

CH: What is the SMC going to propose on the agenda for the meeting?

SC: We want to vote on military recruiting on campus, military research at the university, ROTC, and support for the Fall actions. Of course, we expect that others will present other motions from the floor. We would like to do away with the President's veto power and elect a committee to implement the decisions of the meeting. The commission should be granted a budget and be elected from the floor.

CH: Don't you think the present Board of Control is capable of carrying out the wishes of the meeting?

SC: The BOC is not elected on an issue-oriented basis. The proposed commission would have specific mandates to effect the changes decided upon at the meeting.

CH: Is SDS actively supporting your effort?

SC: The SMC is a non-revolutionary group, we welcome anyone who is willing to work with us against the war, and we hope that SDS will join us. In the past, however, SDS has criticized our actions on the grounds that we "are not anti-imperialist" enough. I fail to see what can be more "anti-imperialist" than building a mass movement against an imperialist war, while that was in progress. You know, I think the SDS has very much in common with the liberals who supported McCarthy. I think that their ultra-leftism and the opportunism of the liberals are 2 sides of the same coin. Both groups are looking for a shortcut to the hard work of building a mass movement. The McCarthy types thought we could change things just by replacing one individual. This would save us a lot of work, because we could just muster over to the polls once every 4 years and everything would be OK. But that's not enough. We have to replace all the corrupt organizations in the society, we have to smash all the old state apparatus, which was geared to war and exploitation. That's a harder process than just electing a "good guy" to office.

The SDSers are also looking for a short cut. They attempt to replace the strategy of building a mass movement with the tactics of the mass strike. This may not be used by that movement. They elicit tactics to the height of a principle. They act as if, in demonstrations, battles with the cops are an end-of-themselves revolutionary, actually they are only revolutionary when they increase people's consciousness and recruit more people to the struggle against this system. The SDS, for example, has refrained from participating in the antiwar movement, and has counterposed to that movement the idea of building demonstrations around "anti-imperialist" slogans. But that too is looking for a short cut. There's no slogan that is always and everywhere revolutionary. And there's certainly no slogan which will educate people in one blow about imperialism and capitalism. It takes a long, hard struggle around specific demands to do that. Demands like "bring our troops home," "no nukes," "1917, like 'Peace, bread and peace.'" I'm sure that if there had been any SDSers in Russia they would have called Lenin a reformer for raising that slogan.

CH: How do we go about building a better world?

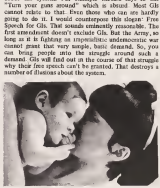
SC: I am a revolutionary socialist. I believe that capitalist property values above human ones, and capitalism leads to imperialist wars, fostering the only real cause for war and racism is to abolish the system which causes them. This doesn't mean that we can't or shouldn't fight for reforms, it just recognizes that those reforms won't be sufficient. I guess one of the 1st things that Lenin said about the bourgeoisie was that they are of history - the idea that Vietnam was a mistake was that I sat down and analyzed the "free world" which would "the U.S. is sworn to protect." The "free world" includes So. Africa, Rhodesia, Portuguese Angola, Laos, Spain, the military coup in Greece, and so forth. The only freedom which those countries have in common has nothing to do with the conditions of their inhabitants, it is the freedom for the U.S. to invest, to take out raw materials, to build bases. The Vietnam war was part of a pattern of U.S. imperialism, and to destroy that pattern - believe we have to change the American system. This I have in common with many socialists. The differences develop when we discuss the strategy for changing the system.

As I've said, I don't think there's any substitute for a mass movement, but I don't believe in the myth of spontaneity which some radicals love. I believe we have

to work out an analysis of how to change society, then work out the tactics which follow from that analysis, and then carry out the strategy we have arrived at. To do this, we need to develop a "cadre" of people who have a firm grasp of theory and who will train themselves to put that theory into practice, to intervene in the mass movement with their ideas and practice. It's going to be too late to develop those things and those skills once the revolution has started. We have to begin working it out now.

CH: Do you think we are in a revolutionary period in this country today?

SC: No, we are in a preparatory period which is the reason that debate and struggle has to begin now. The basic mistake of analysis that much of the New Left makes is to confuse this period with fascism. In a way that is wishful thinking because fascism is so black and white. You know when it is time to pick up your pants, but in actuality this system maintains it's hold on the majority of the people through illusion. For example, the bank teller who makes \$300 a month says "we're going to open a new branch in Topeka." Who are "we"? The teller owns no stock. Very few in this system have a vested interest. It is 2% of the people control over 80% of the corporate wealth. But the people have illusions that the system is looking out for them. Dar talk them to it, break these illusions, to expose the system for what it really is. And, what flows from that analysis is the idea that you have to have a transitional program to raise slogans which seem reasonable to which people can relate and in the struggle for which people learn things about the system. For example the SDS says to GIs "Turn your guns around" which is absurd. Most GIs cannot relate to that. Even those who can are hardly going to do it. I would counterpose this slogan: Free Speech for GIs. That sounds eminently reasonable. The first amendment doesn't exclude GIs. But the Army, so long as it is fighting an imperialist, undemocratic war cannot grant that very simple, basic demand. So, you can't relate to that. The struggle is around such a demand. GIs will find out in the course of that struggle why their free speech can't be granted. That destroys a number of illusions about the system.



CH: Let us turn now to your invasion of Fort Lewis. How did this come about?

SC: My roommate and I got drunk one night. We saw an ad in a comic book for a tank. We thought of filling it with leaflets and firing it at Fort Lewis. With each beer the idea got better and better.

CH: What was the real purpose of the invasion?

SC: We felt that the provocations of the Washington DC army and the United States, the political arm of the DC, were more than the peace-loving students of the UW could tolerate. They had infiltrated the campus with a front organization, RDTIC, which have captured documents showing they were contacted with the DC army and even attended DC camps at the summer. They had established a supply route down the Oregon Trail along which they infiltrated many men and pieces of equipment. And as if that were not enough, concentration camps had been established, only forty miles from our shores where they had 40,000 prisoners. They called it Fort Lewis. We decided that in the name of honor and humanity we must defeat the DC aggressors. If we had not fought them at the shores of Fort Lewis we would have had to do so on the shores of Lake Ulan, even if it became necessary to destroy Fort Lewis in order to save it, we would not have shrank from that task.



# LITTLE WOMEN MAKE BIG NOISE

Elaine Riley is an intense, 25-year-old, convent educated, lady champion. She has the abony-on-ony color scheme of the Black Irish, and the flash of emotion that coars and goes upon her pale cheeks makes concentration on what she says difficult. Adding to the difficulty is the pertulance of the infant son she refuses to put down, sometimes daffily flipping him a transverse breast and further baffling the interviewer. She wears upon her neck a bairon of her own design. Except Me O' I'll Weck You.

P - Dave's right. I'm a chauvinist. Women have to be superior to men to take what's been laid on them through history. I'm not going to bother giving you a survey course, which would probably please off your head, had any way. Have you ever considered raising advertising space up there?

H - You shouldn't mock physical defects. There are blind haired women too.

P - Sure, but they have the decency to keep themselves covered. There's no excuse for running around in that obscene manner today.

H - But don't you think conditions have improved for your sex? What about the New Left? You girls seem to have made these more aware of your position.

P - You really are stupid, aren't you? Women are an average of 53% of male salaries for identical work. We're hardly represented in most professions. Our latest breakthrough has been the Post Office, where we've been allowed to carry mail only because men are too lazy to do it. Some segments of the New Left pay a little stamened-up service to us, but it galls them terribly. It's obvious they can't understand why we aren't happy looking their envelopes and making rigs for them. Men are men, hunter, whether they have long hair or crew-cuts.

H - But it's all sort of Victorian and silly, isn't it, running around with men saying "Men are Beasts" and disrupting perfectly serious and important revolutionary gatherings? Like in Oakland recently where you caused so much trouble the whole thing became chaos and nobody could hear the speaker?

P - Speeches? Ego-trips, you mean. Look, as far as we're concerned, all the men are waste. ALL of them. This ballying produce permeates world society and we're trying to do something about it NOW! I'll give you some examples of what we put up with. Take the way they name hurricanes. All hurricanes have alphabetical girls' names, like Agnes, Betty, Charlene and so on. That way, the far-voiced talking heads who do the news can talk about "leak-leaking Agnes" running around the

Caribbean. If you want some real death (and you should), why not call them Andrew and Sandy and Elizabeth? Wouldn't that make a little more sense? Name an indicator of what a man's. My name is Pauline because my father's name was Paul and he wanted a boy, you know. Have you ever heard of a boy called Elizabeth after his mother? I raised my child George Bush, which is as far as I could dialectically go at this stage of my development.

H - What did his father think?

P - Think? I doubt if he can think. He was one of those beautiful brains of men who always coming his head and making books of himself as an intellect. And I said to him, "And since as a handsome, old, fat screw" he could do it, too, which kind of amused me, really. There's often something wrong with the good-looking ones. Narcissism. I threw him out as soon as I was pregnant. Sex is no problem for a woman. It's always available. I don't like to live with them for long though, they put their feet on everything, eat too much, and eat loudly. It's all part of the mystique, I guess. To wash dishes or wash out the toilet is strictly depressing. A real conviction there. What if the boys found out? Men are a doggy lot. They hang around in packs. All of them, hip or square, require each other's approval more than anything else. Every intelligent woman I've known has been a loser. There's truth in the future image. Give an solitary creature who don't really treat anyone. An intelligent woman usually avoids other women and prefers male company, because women exist in a state of intellectual purdah, where it's abnormal to be interested in anything but frumpy. There is a lot of jealousy directed at the women who are shagging her way out of the role, which only proves that instinctively most women thoroughly resent what has been done to them.

Of course, certain very advanced left centers will always have a put woman around, like a house-winger. The New York literary group said Mickey Cartley for years and now they've got Pauline Kad and a couple of others. Then there are the India-poets like Svetlana Slavin. But even the worst of them, the lady politicians in their big hats, aren't dogs. They won't play the neo-toxic game. Who would have supposed Betty Fursten, who slammed all those refrigerator doors, would fight like hell for the container when she got a chance. If you're honest, you'll admit that with political women, principle is more important than joining the club.

H - You don't like dogs much, do you?

P - I think it's nice the kids are all getting dogs. After they're bored, they're got something to eat.

H - Did your convent background have much to do with your attitudes?

P - I'm sure it did. There was tremendous rage expressed in subtle ways there. A lot of contempt for the love of selfish and useless kind by priests. I think the Catholic Church is collapsing as a result of anti-religion to play the role of medieval clergy. There's no one around to do the dirty work that anthropocentrism requires. Now if the housewives and the female laborer in industry would get the message, we'd have a chance. You can name about Victorian feminism - and you will - and I'd love us to have our own political party. We produce life and we have a great reverence for it. It would be nice if for once humanity could vote for life instead of death.

H - But what about Golda Meir, the Lady Macbeth of politics? Madame Na of the Middle East?

P - They got an Olympic Games salute test before we let them in.

Geac Johnson

## HEADLINES & MALE CHAUVINISM BY WALTER CROWLEY



## Küche, Kinder, Kirche-sharma: domestic editor

Paracelsus, Quick Bread, Muffins

You can make any of these with the more batter. The difference between quick bread and yeast bread is the leavening used. In quick bread use baking powder or soda. If you want to use really coarse ground grain or corn meal you can avoid gritty bread by first mixing 1 cup of boiling water with the coarse flour and cooking for 15 minutes to soften it. Then stir until cool and add the other stuff. This recipe is really open to experimentation so feel free.

### Bake Dutch Bread

1 egg  
1 c. milk or water if you use powdered milk add the powder to the dry ingredients

1/2 c. soy, safflower or peanut oil without preservatives (refrigerate only)

2 c. mixture of flours such as whole wheat, oat meal, corn meal, soy, buckwheat, ground sunflower meal, sesame meal, etc.

1/2 to 1/3 c. honey (start in herb and vegetable bread)

1 tsp. baking powder  
1 tsp. salt

Heat oven to 400 degrees. Bake. Baking time should be ground and dusted with flour or lined with foil to avoid having any pans to wash. If you use this for paracelsus, add a little more liquid for thicker batter.

Beat egg with a fork and add milk (water) and oil. Add honey (if it is really thick thin with a small amount of hot water before adding honey).

Mix dry ingredients (if baking water was used to precook coarse flour, now add rest of dry ingredients and stir well) and add to liquids. Stop just enough to mix well. Batter should still be slightly lumpy. Quick breads should not be overmixed or they will be tough and have air pockets and holes.

At this point you can bake or you can really start improvising. This is a partial list of things you may add, mixing into consideration that honey and corn do not go together very well:

- corn
- applesauce
- pumpkin
- nutrals
- dates
- citrus
- ginger
- mint
- caraway seeds
- sesame seeds
- flavor
- molasses
- cranberries
- grated orange or lemon peel
- bananas
- any kind of grated cheese
- chopped ham, bacon, etc.
- chopped or chopped potatoes
- cheese
- flavor

HAVE FUN - BE FREE!

Next week! The review of "Alice's Restaurant Cookbook" by Alice May Brook. Wish for it!



## BY FRANK CHIN

Hollywood's come to town with a whole picnic of films for the kids to grow. Having gotten the big news of the tabloids and out of the trash paper's by-ones that kids like semi-establishment tycoon heroes who do things to songs anti-establishment tycoon with something of the Old West about them, big and little producers have crossed their fingers, rapped life into and set out into the world, sunny sun-fare, up-to-date brand-name mixtures of BONNIE AND CLYDE, THE GRADUATE every western ever made, and flooded the New Generation with serene consciousness of the good old days.

Then on the palace of two hundred horses, comes Dennis Hopper's *EASY RIDER*, best in town. Almost too late. To the rescue.

Shot in the West, descended from the Western of John Ford, a lead character with a knowing silence named Wyatt (what a name that Wyatt is echoing through the heat of the Southwestern Noon in Wyatt, played by Peter Fonda, son of Henry the white-haired, godson of a thousand John Ford and William Wellman Westerns, including *MY DARLING CLEMENTINE*, in which he played the part of a hero named Wyatt, THAT Wyatt, the older Fonda, last seen smoozing down an 8-year-old boy with a stick of plated 44, tested bad, in Sergio Leone's *ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST*, with Henry Fonda's turning bad and subsequently being outwitted and gutted down by Charles Bronson, the father-son of American Westerns, it seems that Sergio Leone had swept the Western form and made it Italian forever. It had been inevitable. Like his previous *FISTFUL OF DOLLARS* and *FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE*, Leone's the most relevant Westerns going. Also, like the Dollars films, it was expertly deflected by the critics and seen again and again by kids the same deranged American, frustrated youth that goes to HIS LAS ANGLAS ON WHIFFELS for the harmony of roared hero and galloping heroes. And the same youth that dug THE GRADUATE. Culture Leone's film "Sagehen Westerns," the truth was that Henry Fonda had gone bad. The classic westerns were alive and well in Italy. Only in Italy.

The story of Diddy Fonda going bad (and to think this is the guy who played the mythic, bloodiest Ace of the American West) in Ford's *YOUNG MR. LINCOLN* with Fonda's face dribbling down his chin and cold gold on his nose, the grace of his body, and old soul deliberately rearing that 8-year-old to blow an 8-year-old kid to bits not to speak of making the kid drop his bottle of milk, and how this archetypal good guy gone bad has been redeemed by his son Peter, notable for playing the parts of hood, up to now, in *EASY KID* it is a little Greek in its outline. Complete with irony and a vengeance play it might constitute an international variable truth stronger than fiction, in-depth character study about the generation gap: the theory of evolution, child-rearing, the power of heredity, the reversion of eternal virtues by succeeding generations.

Here is Peter Fonda, the son who in an *Esquire* magazine article, BOLDEN CALLEFIELD AT TWENTY SEVEN, being very Picaresque and semi-nude, had his father drop under pounds of ridicule, bad mouth and the anarchy of the miserable old. When he granted Rex Road that interview, he was working on *EASY RIDER* with Bruce Hayden. Making this on the same sunny day, he set around his swimming pool painting out

portraits of his father, he was using a name his father had used and preserving a tradition his father had helped establish. For Peter Fonda has taken over the same Old West that his father once stalked. And just as quietly, with the same stance and walk, the same shoulders, the same easy slowness, Wyatt is the son of Wyatt. The name has echoed in it.

Dennis Hopper, the director and other star, last seen with his fingers off and dead in *TRUE GRIT*, under the mad one-eyes of an eye-patched John Wayne. After being up in the hybrid Western world of motorcycle gangster that pushed sex and violence in favor of riding an ironic intimacy with the country, Peter Fonda, star of *WILD ANGELS*, and Dennis Hopper, thinking ironic mad dog killer brother of *THE GLORY STORMERS*, have teamed up to ride the West. The oldest, most relevant truth in the West the movies have ever known.

The West of the American dream, the West of the sentimental revolutionary, the congenial social dropout. Often known only by the name of a place, a town, an animal, color, or just plain, "Kid" Secretariat, a name, Like SHANE. But always the mysterious stranger on horseback. The addictive-snobles-nobles-been, quietly laid and quick on the draw follow, nobody meant with. Always of the land and belonging to it. More than the townspike, the schoolmarx, the society, and the Secret of civilization that wanted to possess and corrupt him, the Westerner was part of and belonged to the land. All of it. His powerfully slow, gentle yet violent, existence was translation of the country's spirit, the town, wanting to buy his gun and his power, were out to conquer the land, fight it, subdue it. The rider only rode. Riding dramatized his possessive relationship with the air and the earth.



The Western hero is never more heroic and grand than in the wide shots of him - a small, rhythmic thing - riding. His movement makes us aware of the land as something beautiful and alive, and the vastness and movement of the land, the space and willow in which he is moving make him appear strong. This is the essence of the West and the essence of the Western. Out to make Westerns art of relevant or suitable for generations, Hollywood lost this hold on the Western. The only western of the classic Western remains that was American was the Madison Avenue created myth of MARLBORO COUNTRY and THE MARLBORO MAN.

The Marlboro Man - like the term Westerner - represented a mysterious quality inside men: the dream of freedom, potent self-sufficiency, and didn't identify a particular man. However, one man's face and body more than any other came to be associated with "The Marlboro Man" - held Roy N. Siskner, an Arizona bar, race-track, Hollywood streamer, model and bot-

player. Siskner, THE Marlboro Man on the monument to the Western style of slowly men, on and off the television screen.

Looking completely faked out and altogether at the same time, sloppy and dandified, intelligent, gentle and fierce and farsided, he set only had the face and body, the exterior, but apparently the glowing inner stability or romantic nature of the Westerner. He's sold a long of cigarettes to kids, motorcycle gangs, and men of 18 ages wanting a translation of Marlboro. MACHISE. Siskner drinks coffee from chipped enamel mugs, goes He flies an airplane with his cowboy hat on. He has animal for making out from the miles of his jacket. He's the height of a certain kind of low fashion and the embodiment of the natural man. This man, the Marlboro Man, Roy N. Siskner, who almost single-handedly kept a spark of the Western myth alive in America, is the same Roy N. Siskner who wrote the original story to and associated produced THE WILD BUNCH, Sam Peckinpah's latest film that angrily tries to shoot down Westerns.

(Richard Schickel, resident analyst at LIFE magazine, says almost rightly, that THE WILD BUNCH began the Western up-to-date, that Peckinpah has made the Western form relevant to modern times. In one way, he has. He's taken the venerable "Code of the West" that was beautiful at the best of the Classic Western and applied it to real men in a real world where it became ugly.)

IN THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, a fairly decent Western by Proton Stepan, there's a scene when the young would-be gunman is saying how the gangsters really have made it, that it's really a good life to be able to go anywhere you want and not have obligations, debts, and bosses. The gangsters continue the list of advantages "No women, no friends," and so on. None of the really good things that you and I enjoy like love, pets, etc. All that they do without in THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN only serves to make them appear more magnificent. They are supermen who live and die as a result that is beyond the pretenses of human needs. They only say that they don't have women, friends, horses, etc. They don't say they want all that stuff or need it, and we know that they don't.

THE WILD BUNCH demonstrates that there are good reasons why gangsters, in the real world, don't have all the good stuff, generally it's because they don't want it, but it's also due to the fact that they're too stupid, narrow-minded, humorless and mindless to appreciate their lack of need for anything but people to shoot at and things to be held up. They're obsessed with living up to a code that demands that they be killed. This aspect of the Code of the West is clear in the lush and nature ethereal about Pike Bishop (William Holden playing a great of Western Kurosawa) who shot the Mexican general and subdued the whole Mexican Army. He and his men have won, but winning is not their aim. Their time is past. Free. Facing a violent death doesn't guarantee them legendary status. Not in the part of the 19th Century. But dying death with gun ablazing is more sporting than violent death in a world that is actively forgetting you with the passing of each day. So Pike starts the Mexican shooting at him by cold-bloodedly shooting a few of them.

Peckinpah shows the consequences of fallow too seriously a code, no one ever took seriously in the real world, so his movie is a powerful, honest comment on something no one seriously believe in, it would seem.

Roy N. Siskner, who wrote the original story, at least knows that he should know better than take the Code of the West seriously, because that's the message of the

film. But in spite of what he wrote and the message of the film being spelled out to him again, and again, by critics across the country, the Marlboro Man believes, really sincerely believes as all that Code of the West Bullshit. He loves the part. He drinks hard because a good man a masculine thing is stronger than the strongest boozie. He seizes hard and callously too because women even only to prove that he's a man down there with his hand. And he looks steady-eyed into the dawn, into the sunset, into the sky beyond the horizon, a Marlboro in his mouth, his pack down, his Cold Army arse up 45 all straight out and aimed at the heart of fate and Cosmos, "out there" and will throughout his life, "do what a man has got to do."

The critics deplore the violence in *THE WILD BUNCH* but had no attempt at moral comment, so matter that the comment is pretentiously simple-minded. The attempt at comment makes the film glaring. What the critics don't realize is that Leone's Westerns more than Peckinpah's have made the Western

relevant to modern times. From Akira Kurosawa's *YOHIMBO* Leone made *FISTFUL OF DOLLARS* and sharply clarified Kurosawa's attraction of the Hero of No Name. In a society worried about conformity, worried about the loss of individuality, worried about being turned into a number and forgotten as a human being, worried about conformity, the anonymous man, the man with no name, as a symbol of potency is a man of enormous attraction. He's a guy who is completely himself. People recognize him by his qualities, by the force, knowledge and firmness he communicates by his mere existence. Not by any name. The man with no name is not bound. He is irrelevant to society, better than society, and has the power to completely transcend. There's always been a little of him in every Western, but now he's out there all by himself. A nameless force. A presence.

He is also present in an earlier Kurosawa film that influenced the spirit of the modern western. Straight from Japan without Italian melodrama, *THE SEVEN SAMURAI*. In this film Toshim Mifune has no name. He is called Kikuchiro because there's nothing else to call him. "What's your real name?" a samurai asks him. "I've forgotten it," Mifune answers.

*THE SEVEN SAMURAI* became *THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN*, *THE RETURN OF THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN*, *THE DIRTY DOZEN*, *THE OCELV'N BRIGADE* (these being films that started WW II Europe into a wildcat extension of the mythical West) and *GUINS OF THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN*. Western movies that push the group as hero. The communal hero. Another kind of potent anonymity. Here the individuals, each powerful, gives up his identity to become something greater with the group.

*THE SEVEN SAMURAI* also served to inspire all of American International's Hell's Angels movies. It set the attitude toward violence, the depiction of force or the degree of realism that makes these Westerns more relevant than others, it's the re-defining of the classic Western as terms that directly affect our vision of ourselves.



In our crowded and paranoid world we need an escapist art form that appeals to our anarchic fantasies, our sense of secret destiny in such a way that it speaks to the world in which we live and its problems of identity, security, honor, and personal dignity. The old westerns do not speak anymore. The old westerns acknowledge honor appear quiet.

The "swell Western" pushing Hollywood psychological theory social responsibility are too obviously disguised message films that they can't be taken seriously as good Westerns. To try to add a social message and a new moral to the Western is to say that the Western is not itself an art form. The result is something like *HIGH NOON* and *3:16 TO YUMA*, in-doubt Westerns and *ONE MAN'S FIGHT* born on the range or the movie screen, *WILL PENNY* and *THE STALKING MOON*, films that are embarrassingly and self-consciously out to comment. As if scripted by Arthur Miller, at its most pretentious, these two films set out to prove with academic language from the period and historical veracity that the common man of the West, underneath the hangover and scab, is Robert



Frost. Otago is poetry.

Sergio Leone's man of an name is a guy I can identify with immediately. He could care less about progress, the course of civilization, work, money, most women, honor, sitting down, down-payments on a late model horse, clothes, all the material things of the world and society itself. The Western's man of society and civilization has always been hostile. They're destructive, corrupt and amoral. Society is greedy, selfish, and sooner or later drives the Westerner out of town or kills him, by trying to turn the Nobody into Somebody. He says, his role says, "I am Nobody and you better not fuck with me." Society, Civilization takes this as a challenge and sets out to abuse or kill him. Nobody is a big man in the Western. Alone or as part of the communal hero, he speaks to kids. Leone's film is by among Black Panthers and Quakers, who've been taught that being nobody is undesirable. These sad Westerns are a kind of spiritual byers and political anthem. Nobody can have dignity and potency. This is the opposite of what society says. The Westerns have always pushed the opposite of what society says and offered a vision of personal worth to thirteen million Nobodys like you and me.

One of the reasons for the Western film falling into Italian hands was that the American made Westerns went to Italian studios by directors too old and tired to go outside anymore. Westerns without the subtle relationship of man and the landscape charged soul, became psychological soap operas and ceased being Westerns. Sergio Leone took the Western back outdoors in the classic big boy. He refined the style the themes and the character of the Western. Nothing else could be done, it seemed. But *EASY RIDER* has refuted the Western even more and invented the American West of Today with the romance of a West that never was.

In Sergio Leone's *THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY*, Tace (Ed Walshaw), starts several people apart from the party, proceeds to make his own gun. He kills, recovers, sells cylinders, peers down rifle barrel and makes a machine of destruction so unique that the Man of No Name (Clint Eastwood) knows Tace is in town by recognizing the sound of his gun firing. "Every gun starts its own story," he says and goes looking for Tace. The relationship between the prize and his gun is the perfect man/machine relationship. A man is as good as his gun and vice versa. In *EASY RIDER*, the motorcycles are both the guns and the mounts of the Westerners. Machine/animal things that have characters of their own and define their characters to their makers, their riders.

More than in any Western before it, *EASY RIDER* half-fancily exposed the religious context of the sentimentality, romance and sympathy that made the Western at worst stodgy and ridiculous and at best great

fan socially and personally inspiring. "A man has got to do what a man has got to do," let's a line of dialogue in this film. It's never said outright, but it's there. In this film, it's a challenge.

Coosin the Southwest, Wyatt (Peter Fonda) is a kind of wasteful Sam Spade to Dennis Hopper's underweight Oliver Bledy. Together they make up a kind of Christ figure. The film casually embraces moments of religious import. Dennis Hopper is almost up short to say grace. In a cave, he is asked to be polite to the dead on whose bones he's sitting. At a cemetery, his way is barred by a cross. Robert Walker gives a passionate and simple prayer after planting and before eating. Then pray with his body as he goes through the movements of the Tau chi. Fonda and Hopper are crossing the country to Meads Grass. There's an acid trip in a prepared loaded with herbs and religious symbolism.

In the South, in Hell, a couple of rednecks playing with a shotgun accidentally blast Dennis Hopper off his bike. They go a ways then one says, "Maybe we should go back." They turn around and go back, not to help, but to shoot the only witness, Peter Fonda. It's between Meads Grass and heater. Wyatt's mare and stripes bike run off by itself to crash and burn. Fonda has said of their journey, "We blew it." That, leaving us with the obligatory unanswered question demanded of every religious parable. What did they blow? And Dennis Hopper, threatening a second crossing, or being faintly optimistic, has given the last words spoken in the film, "I'll get 'em." And, significantly perhaps, we remember that at the cemetery, Wyatt was given a flat coloring stone or cross and told, "When you find your place, man, quarter this." The stone is unquartered. They're dead. They SAVED. Wyatt and Billy, say not even be their real names, but merely the names they've used in a moment of play.

continued on page 14.



continued from page 17

Thus, we're left with the most ritualistically constructed Western ever made. It began with a kind of original sin: buying and selling smack, and ended as a kind of Western Hippie Pinson Play. We're also left with beautifully conceived images of the riding man's speeding relationship with the land and the most brutal vision of society and civilization as killer seen since VOYVBO. Some might say the portrayal of society in general and the South in particular as a nation, conscienceless, inhuman is too harsh and merely a kid's paranoid way of dignifying his non-conformity. According to TIME magazine of October 10, 1969, the motorcycle western myth was real and accurate in its vision of society and particularly the South as a pure terror. Seven hippies were recently disappointed from a moving car and hospitalized, only to have police drag six of them to jail for disturbing the peace. So far, no shooting suspects have been arrested.

That was just one of several incidents TIME reported

from Atlanta in a story called THE GREAT HIPPIE HUNT. In the Westeros, in the movies, a man gets and says, "A man has got to do what a man has got to do." It's silly. A cliché. But this movie, EASY RIDER, ends with us angry, pissed off, raging and wanting very badly to do something, needing to do something. Something with a vengeance. Our real anger makes the cliché real, no less irrelevant - but very real.

Now comes a warmer gratitude for all the fun of Westerns I've had and a little understanding as to why the Panthers and the Guevara are so often at the drive-in, whooping it up with Sergio Leone Westerns, though far more ar, fiery tales, glorifying men we can never be, serve to arm our spirits against the monstrous brutality of the civilization that hates men, hates the land, hates America the Country, and America the dream.

The critics deplore the violence and gore of the modern western and ridicule the modern westerner's growing lack of explosive resistance and his apparent lack of communicative impulse. They miss the shock and give about the stranger's pass blasting a path for civilization

that made the westerner's pass socially acceptable. The westerner has changed, become more pass and explicit in response to changes in the theoretical social contract, the individual - not his society - in the primary party, a world that from the evidence of the big news and barbershop gossip has become indifferent. If not outright hostile, to the individual we dream of a way to be strong and heroically live as an unrespectably obscene society.

The Western is that dream. It's a pleasant dream for all its terror - the real terror - is that the quack on the trigger Southerner that killed the two men on EASY RIDER, the real Southerner shooting up hippies in Atlanta, love westerns as much as anybody, and draw strength from them. That is you and me in meeting up and bringing America to life in the spread of our backs and the flight of our long hair, mending our own business, are "Gung what a man has got to do," so are they in pissing the trigger.

Frank Chin

18

110 1/2 Broadway East



## CO-OP NEWS

Not much lately a couple new films in and a general uptick down of activity. A couple of weeks ago you may

have seen us the electronic lecture in King's magazine show. If not, just as well. Then the Saturday before last we had a second screening with success and the following Sunday the Steering Committee held its first official gathering. One of the highlights of the screening was the Ludman puppet show film from Will Baker and Reed College, sponsored (but not recommended) by the Rockefeller Foundation. Sunday's Steering Committee meeting provided us a chance to view all the films in our library and Harvard rent with Jim Osteen from the

Stavred Exit. Also, if anybody can dig writing a script on environmental pollution, population explosion or an

ecological problem (for money) then do that write out either a full script or film treatment and send it to Eric Hutchinson, 1125 Dunbar Building, 2200 - 6th Ave., Seattle 98121. It can be any length between 15 and 60 minutes. Call Eric with your questions: MU2-2143.

Lately, things have been rather quiet. Dave MacDonald has started two of the Co-op's classes through the experimental College and we're in the final stages of getting the brochures printed, so you can look forward to that little addition to your mail collection. If you don't already have a mail collection, start one today by joining the Co-op (still on the second floor of the Harvard East, 807 E. Roy). Come up any day (Mak's always there) and rap with us and find out about all the neat things you get free or call EA 9-7975 and see if I gave you the right number.

John Haggett



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# POP OEUVRES

contemporaries being sensually interested. The records, to some, might be fun in a one-night-stand sort of way, but so long as we've got the Beatles and the Stones, Dylan and the Flying Burrito, Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis, Blind Faith and Crosby Stills Nash AND Young, like, who cares about "Inks Onka Doo" and "Tippec through the Tulpeh" (Race, Tins Tins)?

More interesting to me are two Decca records of film excerpts, W.C. Fields' **THE ORIGINAL VOICE TRACKS FROM HIS GREATEST MOVIES** (DL 79164) and **The Marx Bros. THE ORIGINAL VOICE TRACKS FROM THEIR GREATEST MOVIES** (DL 79168). Listening to the Marx Bros. it's quite clear that their side-splitting madcap humor, sparked by the Great Goosho, was a major source for Laughlin's overpower can brand of entertainment. Laughlin is a poor copy, but the Marx Bros. themselves don't come off well on record - they must be seen as well as heard.

More successful night-queen is my all time favorite comic figure, the incomparable, irreparable, W.C. Fields. I'm not going to talk about the record - who am I, a mere mortal, to attempt to describe or justify God? If you're not into the Old Reprobrate's genial nastiness and rhapsody of verbosity, my condolences.

But, Fields figures, less successfully, as another nostalgia release, this one on Columbia, called, **W.C. FIELDS ON RADIO WITH EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE MCCARTHY** (CS9490). The venial Fields-McCarthy radio feuds are still remarkably uproarious, but the rest of the record - long radio skits mostly - doesn't succeed.

However, what may be the funnest record of all is one that I find myself liking more than I should. Ugh, Kemo Sabe, you guessed it: **THE ADVENTURES OF THE LONE RANGER** (Decca DL 75125). "He becomes the Lone Ranger," "He finds Silver," "He finds Oak Reid." Revolutionaries won't dig all those easy remarks about "fried savages" but, damn, my whole blood flazes before my eyes - long days and nights spent next to an old brown radio. JACK ARMSTRONG - ALL - AMERICAN BOY, STRAIGHT ARROW, SGT. PRESTON OF THE YUKON, THE SHADOW, Big John and Sparky on LET'S PRETEND. Old-time radio at its greatest. I'd rather listen to the Top 40 than Stella Dallas, it's true - but still, it'd be nice to have a choice again.

In the meantime, there's always **IF R. PUFFENSTUF AND OAK SHADOWS AND GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE** on the tube, and these grand old coolie-warming discs from Goosho, Mahatma Kame Iwema, and Yontio, th' Yo, Silver, away! (Who was that masked man, anyway?)

I've never been much of a Camp follower (he said with a wink and a leer). I haven't read any Susan Sontag in a month of Sundays, and I doubt if I've missed much. But, Susan WAS able to "define" adequately the Sixties' peculiar spirit of cynical nostalgia called (and that got to) "Camp." Yet, the fact she helped crystallize, continues to flourish in popularity from week to week. The Batman Boom proved as short-lived as Davy Crockett. All those Bonzo and Clyde fashions came and mostly went, unable to displace St. Vitus's **FLIP - FLAPPERY** and buckskin-Edwardian-Mozzart from the hearts and rumps of the pop-pill generation.

On the other hand, the Camp-mongers have been rather more successful at padding the battered files of certain past masters - those of Boppy, W.C. Fields, Laurel and Hardy, for example, though not Ruby Berkeley - because their creative anarchy and their magical systematic spirit speak to the basic human condition in all eras.

What of the **MUSIC** of the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties? Older collectors, of course, still seek out obscure 78's by Johnson and Crosby, the Original Decca Jazz Band and Artie Shaw, but not many of us under-30's share that particular fascination. Our nostalgia thing is pretty much limited to the stuffed, suede and soiled Fiftees of rock 'n' roll, James Dean, and 4-in. barretts (Get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged).

Some record companies, however, seem to think there's a suburban youth market just waiting to be tapped by re-release collections featuring the music and Campy fun of the Flappers and Swingers of the past. Decca Records, for example, has begun just such a major re-release program, centered on the popular music of the Thirties - by Garland, Orsonia, Crosby, and so on. After listening to one of several double-recorded sets reassembling that musical era, I can't imagine any of my

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# POP OEUVRES

GREIL MARCUS  
Rock and Roll Will Stand  
Seacon Press, 1969 \$2.95

Newsals for the rock 'n' roll Fifties and an acceptant immersion in the pop-rock Sixties figure quite prominently in the new book edited by Greil Marcus. The record reviews headman at ROLLING STONE, ROCK AND ROLL WILL STAND, is seemingly unorthodox, unassuming in its collection of essays on something less than 200 pages, yet, it's a book to display prominently on your shelves next to the rock bibles by Paul Williams and Nik Cohn (as well as the forthcoming one by Richard Goldstein.) But, where Williams offers a kind of introverted spiritualism, and Cohn a poke-in-the-eye, flash-in-the-pat-glee, Marcus' book tomes closest yet to handling rock music in the way most of us truly experience it—day-to-day and drug-to-work or class, golden oldies and Top 40 hits, serious Mass and the latest from the underground, "Do Do Ron Ron" and "Sha Na Na"—in other words, all the mazes and faces and, yes, visionary dreams of the Big Beat, OK! MUSIC.

At last, that's the good feeling you get reading most of the pieces here—Sandy Darginson's several easy-going short-takes on the Stones, the Who, and *THE BEATLES: THE WAYS I'D LET YOU GET AWAY WITH IT*—What Rock Means in the Time, edited by Stewart Kessler (Called "Chuck Berry Brang You the Free Speech Movement"), Mike Daly's jazzy all-caps piece on Mr. Johnny B. Goode himself, and far and away the best of them all, Marcus' own long essays entitled, "Who Put the Bomb in the Bomb De-Bomb De-Bomb?" and "A Singer and a Rock and Roll Band." Marcus' syntax function—quite properly—as the two creators of the book, the former delineating precisely, amusingly, yet movingly, "what our love for (rock) and our immersion in it (implies) for our consciousness and vision," and the latter

taking that concern a step further—in radical politics.

Rock as emotion, rock as communication, rock as metaphor for confidence life—Marcus pinpoints them all later to his direct the Beatles' "Revolution."

The best songs the Beatles write add dimensions of experience and imagination to our lives...In "A Day in the Life" the Beatles strung out the cliché of anyone's morning routine, and then exploded them, opening up the possibility that the *strag* of one's *strag* might reveal terror and impotence, or power and grace. In "Penny Lane" they built and dismantled a theatre without ever interrupting the comedy in progress. "An' tho' she thinks she's a play, she is anyway." I could walk through a whole day with that phrase in my head and watch everything and everyone bloom like a charming flower....

The words to "Revolution" close down the theatre instead of opening it up, denying the imagination in favor of a tangible option....

But rock 'n' roll is not the polite, quiet, cerebral music of the protest song, and "Revolution" isn't the strumming of folk guitar, it's full of the crashing explosions of a great rock 'n' roll band. There is freedom and movement in the music, even as there is sterility and repression in the lyrics....

Eyes brighter, bodies more. If you're reading a newspaper, that music says put it down, listen to me, if you're driving a car, you put your foot down on the accelerator and beat your hand on the roof and all over the dashboard.

The radio executives like the "message," but there is a "message" in that music which is ultimately more powerful than anyone's words. The music doesn't say "cool it" or "don't fight the cops." Rock 'n' Roll music at its best, and its at its best in "Revolution" doesn't follow orders—it makes people aware of their beliefs and aware of themselves.

I've quoted this passage at length, because it seems to me central to the "hidden message" of ROCK AND ROLL WILL STAND, i.e., that rock music is the

secret and so-so-secret revolutionary. Tom Paine and the fifth colonian with steel strings. (From a group of heretics, what else could you expect but "Rock 'n' Revolution?") The youth movement's anthem, you see, are not just effects—they also and foremost are CAUSES. Maybe all those numbers and numbers weren't so far wrong back in the Fifties when they reacted to Elvis with fear and trembling, because we're all converts now. Fifteen years of the Big Beat felt deep down in the nerves and marrow, of obscure lyrics heard in the inner ear, and of rock musicians' faces exploding behind the eyes, have all worked their magic. All alone, rock has created a bigger community of heads than the drug scene ever will.

So it may be that John Lennon is right after all the revolution may be over already, won with a ritual amount of bloodshed. It's just a matter of waiting for the old bastards to die off. But down on the block, down at the street level, who's waiting to wait?

In the meantime, politesse a friend. Check into ROCK AND ROLL WILL STAND. From the opening splash linking the old Nixon with the dying YOUR HIT

PARADE, all the way through to the closing sections describing, first, the music at a Republican Party "love-in" and, then, how the world must have looked, way back when, in innocent Frankie Lyman (remember, "Why do Youths Fall in Love?") Mevius and his cohorts have put together a revolutionary tract in the shy gaze of a rock book. Only when the politics shows up at you, as in the boring, scholarly essay, "A Romantic on Either Side of Dada," does the book grid to a halt. Instead, it's most effective when subtle, as in the very last sentence: "Perhaps, as it might have for all of us, love meant more to Frankie Lyman as those days."

Don't get me wrong. There's a hell of a lot about music and musicians here too—not the least of which, a lengthy portrait of Country Joe and the Fish, and Marcus' sometimes tedious, rarely so serious chapter discographies at the end of each chapter. But finally, like rock music itself, the book is an shining expression of pride and rebellion. Dig that title again.

EL

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COWBOYS  
IN EASTMAN COLOR

EDGEMONT  
Luis Bunuel's  
NAZARIN  
VIRIDIANA  
the  
EXTERMINATING  
ANGEL  
October 28 - NOVEMBER 3  
IN EDMONDS Pr8 4554

# Bea Garden

# Jed Leland, Anti-Crist

### REARNOVIES

**VIVA ZAPATA!** Benda's best film shot at Mexico's reluctant post-revolutionary. One day only at GUGGENHEIM HALL, Fr. 4PM-5.5A.

**TRILE GRIT** - John Wayne's best performance in years as Henry Haskins's lucky winner, with Dennis Hopper as a mad killer. Ends Tu. **GUILD 45TH ALICE'S RESTAURANT** - A funny last-birth film, good because of how bad it could have been. **Clac? BLUE MOOSE.**

**MIDNIGHT COWBOY** - A real funny picture which has the malformation to have a X rating. Poor kids. Lucky you, TOWN.

**THREE IVY BUNIEL** - If you were disappointed by the master's Belle De Jour, you won't be with this triple bill: Nevada, Nevada, Exterminating Angel. **EDGEMONT, Stars Tu.**

**ANDY WARHOL'S LONESOME COWBOYS** - Fog film in the Old West.

### BROADWAY.

**A THOUSAND CLOWNS** - Don't miss the chance to see one of the best and finest films of recent years. **BAVARD EXIT, Ends Tu.**

**MEDIUM COOL** - If you talk about areas of cocktail parties, you better see this one. If you're not into it, will give you a bad mood. **MUSIC BOX.**

**RUTH CASSEY** - Paul Newman and Robert Redford have a crack at tearing Manhattan up to date. **Hammers, COLISEUM.**

**DE SADE** - All steps way out of its league with this history on sea, myth and historical fact. **FIFTH AVENUE.**

**EASY RIDER** - Heavy melodrama with the most beatable hip surface yet. **EA 150, CINEMA 1 & 2.**

**THE MARRIED WOMAN** - A chance to see one of the best of Cooper's films. Catch it on sea. **EDGE MONT, Ends Mon.**

**EMPHIL BELLEVUE** - The same stars give us the history GALLERY, Thu., 12:30, 3:00 & 8. **FREE.**

**KING AND COUNTRY** - Lowy, the professional master of spooky low-budget, takes on a grown up theme. With Tom Courtenay, Dirk Bogarde, Lee McKern. **UW BLUE AUD, Thu., 8:30 PM.**

**NOTHING BUT A MAN** - Seasoned pretty doing a few years ago, see how this tale of a Monk's wife try for dignity holds up. **SHELTER HALF - GI Coffee House, Thu., 8:30 PM.**

### PLAYS

**SAINTE'S DAY** - A play by England's late dramatist John Whiting, directed by John

Jackson. **SHOWBOAT, Thu., 8:30 PM, 12:35, 5:35.**

**VOYDINE** - The hip opera from season with Eric Johnson's musical of good. **FLAVOISE, 4949, 8:30 PM.**

**ALLEN ARLEY DANCE CL.** - Picked by the media as one of the half-dozen best in the U.S. **OPERA HOUSE, Fr. 8:30 PM, 10-13.**

### ART

Working by **LEN LEFFETZ**, and sculptures by **JOHN WHARTON**, who is married to Jane who has a groovy pink dress. **MIXED MEDIA, 825 Mass.**

**SALON DE REFUSES** - 27 weeks out advertised to the Northwest Annual at the Seattle Art Museum. **RICHARD WHITE GALLERY, through Oct. 20th.**

**WILLIAM IVEY** - New paintings, through Nov. 7. **ORDON WOODSIDE GALLERY, Open Tu., 3 to 10 PM.**

### STUFF

**BASICS OF THE MEBRON** - One of a series of classes on chronology. This works! The Professor of Mass. 717 **BROADWAY EAST, Sat., 7 PM.**

### POLITICS

**GI'S AGAINST THE WAR** - Joe Cole of the Ft. Jackson Eight speaks on the GI struggle. **MILITANT FORUM, 5237 U Way, Fr., 8 PM, 11, 1:30 post 6:45.**

### MUSIC

**TAYLOR SUFFLOR** - And that's all I know, but the sample in the announcement is too much. **SILKMAN GALLERY, open Sat.**

**NSHQUALLY** - Soft-rock quartet plays and sings at the **SHELTER HALF, Tacoma, Fr. Sat., 11, 1:30 for GIs.**

**MAHLER'S FIRST** - And the Beethoven Yalta Concerto played by the University Symphony. **HUB BALLROOM, Sea., 8:30 PM, FREE.**

**CLASSIC GUITAR** - Argentine's Manuel Lopez Roman plays works for guitar from Sorcerer's to Paganini. **HEALTH SCIENCES, Sat. 8 PM, \$1, \$2 students.**

**THE DEVIANETS** - First US appearance of England's best new group. Second week. **TROUBLE CLUB, Fr-Sat., 8:30 on.**

**JERRY LEE LEWIS** - Shot from his engagement at 14 in the rock Orbello, the King of the Country 88. **OPERA HOUSE, Sat. 7 & 9:30 PM, 14, \$1. A bargain.**

**SOPRANO & PIANO** - Music for, by George Rockwell, contemporary composition. **HUB AUDITORIUM, Thu. 8 PM, FREE.**

**Friday, October 24**  
**THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE (1936)**, Really disgusting. Warrens crinely about a scientist who gets mixed up with goblins partly in the interests of research, and ends up a weird monster. **AMALIA LITVACK** makes it all over the place to no good purpose, but who can blame Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor, Robert, Macie Rosenthal, et al? John Huston worked on the script. **10 AM, 4.**  
**MASTER OF THE WORLD (1961)**, Repetendy satisfactory John Wayne tale. **Vancea Fries, Charles Reizen, Henry Hall, 11:30 PM, 7.**

**Saturday, October 25**  
**TOM JONES (1962)**, Tony Richardson's all over 18th century England in the splendid, Oscar-winning treatment of Fielding. **5th holds up an illusion, but will it on TV? And what will be left of it? Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Jack MacGraw, Keith Evans, Diane Cilento, Joyce Reddick, David Warner** photographed by Walter Lassally and Henry Wyman in beautifully dressed roles. **8:30 PM.**  
**COLORADO TERRITORY (1949)**, Something like "Old Man Galt" as a Western. Artfully down-middle picture by Raoul Walsh, who made

his masterpiece "White Heat" the same year. **Joel McCrea, 1:30 AM (Sunday noon), 4.**

**Monday, October 27**  
**THE LAST HURRAH (1958)**, Sponsor Tracy was nominated for an Oscar that year - for "Old Man and the Sea," but it should have been for this. One of the best John Ford pictures of the Fifties. There won't be a dry eye in the house; and if there is, it belongs to a corpse. **1:15 AM (Tuesday noon), 5. (To be shown in two parts).**

**Wednesday, October 29**  
**HUMAN DESIRE (1954)**, And as Fritz Lang says, "Ya. Have you ever seen any other kind of deer?" Lang's treatment of Zola's "The Human Beast" (done by Bresson in the Thirties). **Glenn Ford, Broderick Crawford, Glenn Gilmore, 1:05 AM (Thursday noon), 5.**

**Thursday, October 30**  
**THE CIMARRON KID (1951)**, Early, probably negligible, Budd Boetticher star, with Audie Murphy. **1:30 AM (Friday noon), 7.**

Jed Leland

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based in exchange for baby-sitting like gal.  
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MATURE, Gracious, personable man seeks  
young, happy for some companionship, casual  
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1966 DODGE for sale - cheap, but good  
transportation. Call LA 3-6115 or MA 6-2190  
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FOR SALE: 1959 Chevrolet Pickup with  
cottage. Must sell this week. 1360 Fern, EA  
2-9483, Room 32.

REFLEX to movies, and pics. Young straight  
and happy. Dancer, good, available. Phone  
number and description, Jiff, P.O. Box 12316,  
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diverse form of collaboration? Would you be  
interested in a group of artists and/or poets to  
consider complex ideas of a very grand  
nature? 622-6470, 7 PM to 11 PM, weekdays  
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SINGLE MAN, 26, average looks, don't talk  
trash, but am a good listener, if there's a gal  
out there who would be interested in the type  
of individual, I'd still like to meet her. Write  
Box 12184, Wedgewood sta, Seattle 98115.

I AM 38 YEARS OLD. My interests lie with

business & drama. I plan to spend a few years  
on the Mediterranean. If any chick is interested  
in going along, write to P.O. Box 6791, Seattle,  
98116 in care of talk together & talk about expenses  
and things.

MALE (23) has two 6 hour jobs. Needs female  
furry type to love & exchange for housework  
& cleaning. Private. Write. Washer-dryer, etc.  
Call LA 4-8716 often.

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23

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woman, 33, cultured, refined, cosmopolitan,  
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1.5k-2.5k weekly sought also sought. Also  
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Norton cassette, tapes and saxophone on Oct.  
11, return them to Ross B., 3915 Aurora N. The  
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3 to leave their home. They would  
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like to make a home, dinner, etc., and would  
like to meet a viable man, write Box 203, c/o  
Hells, 3128 Harvard Ave. E., Seattle, 98102.  
Enclose picture and address.

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developed and printed, \$2.50. No concept  
All films printed. Photography work at  
reasonable prices. Send film and money order  
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Contact INW WE 7-8037.

WANTED: FEMALE VOYEUR to photograph  
coloristic couple in action. We provide  
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address telling how to contact you. Box 674,  
507-3rd Ave. Seattle 98104.

WANTED - female 20 or under, for Nice and  
the young male of 20 for companion. No drug  
addict, please. Must be nice, understanding and  
lovable. 1500 - 9th Ave. Apt. 204, Coe after  
4:30 PM.

ALL HEADQUARTERS CONSIGNEES must  
pick up all work and storage of paintings and  
pottery by Sun. 11A contact us at office at EA  
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## The Acts of the Mad Mother

PAUL DORPAT

It takes an uneasy feeling that you are reading me wrong. I am not building to some sublime climax that you and I, and you too — are not able to absorb together. It stays in this arena somewhere. I do not to mistake that mistake. I say to myself, "Paul, if you had a woman like that you could just go up looking like that dancing endlessly." So, I imagine, you looking several times more pure and beautiful than Gracey Peck has owned my sister's room but in every way the slot was at dusk and the piano silent, that with those doors, one variation of a heart made that has a right note to do with the religious music I'm trying to do and you, it is essential that we leave this room on the stage, up to the picture.

ALL CREATION is the spirit of my MAD MOTHER KALL. BY HER MAYA the three words are BENTCHED MAD in the end MAD in her husband, MAD in her (three) DANCEY.

NONE can describe her Loveliness, her Glories, moods, GESTURES.

SHYLY, with the grace of the peacock in its throat, CHANTS HER NAME again and again.

GLORY AND SHAME, bitter and sweet, are her's alone. THIS WORLD IS NOTHING BUT HER PLAY

Then MY, does this BESSFUL ONE cause a RIFT in it? She has BLOWN UP on the MIND.

And with a KNOWING WINK OF HER EYE BIDDEN ME, at the SAME TIME, to go and ENJOY THE WORLD.

**the picture:**  
You mishear the "HEAD OF CHRIST" your carrels hung above the piano. Sometimes, perhaps, you would sing lyrics together around the old organ. And you were being watched over by that Jesus "brother, monk and nigh" that beautiful Jesus somehow about as innocuous as an angry frowny child.

Now it is necessary for you to together forget the Jesus that hangs a difficult child's reach above the piano. If ever it was difficult for you to climb to the top of the piano, is forbidden for you to climb on stage. But since this opportunity is obviously surrounded by pictures of Tina Turner you permitted to view and review them as often as you find your personal enjoyment. Actually, through the length of this picture, you are one frequently reminded to look up at Tina Turner, with religious enthusiasm. Understanding the demands of respect that require signs of religious love that transcends the ways with the uncertainty since that the god of goodness is somehow there for you, since the GODDESS TINA TURNER ON STAGE is an awe-inspiring smile as she sits at a picture, you will — do it — have to look to religious sense, connections. Fortunately for you a REVIEWER of her performance requires the same vision as the original viewer of it. That is, as long as you have pictures and you see them here.

Photos ©...

It takes you, TINA TURNER AS THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, the love accentuation of the mind, BLACK GODDESS KALL her performance in the ritual recitation of that ancient heads myth of the HINDU MAYA or the BLACK GODDESS who is the VASE ILLUSION or MOTHER OF THE WORLD.

ALL CREATION is the spirit of my MAD MOTHER KALL BY HER MAYA the three words are BENTCHED MAD in the end MAD in her husband, MAD in her (three) DANCEY.  
—THIS WORLD IS NOTHING BUT HER PLAY

Here, if we need to be reminded — we recognize the completely religious property of our detachment of our infinitely setting for a picture of our own position OFF STAGE. The Goddess is playing around with the mind of MAYA, that is, that of ART AND ILLUSION of all things. PICTURES obviously picture the picture of the picture, that is, the DANCING IN THE GRASS is equally illusory. How? THE BLACK GODDESS is saying, "I say, I say, dancing in the grass is a most ACT'HO. THE MIND'S SHOW WITH THE BODY that the body by itself could never receive the most beautiful picture of the picture. The principle: to quote a favorite but has remained artist's motto: "THE MIND IS PLASTIC, BUT THE MIND IS ESEMPLESTIC." To get to the deep MORPHOMETAPHORICAL point of all this.

—THIS WORLD IS NOTHING BUT HER PLAY. Then MY, does this BESSFUL ONE cause a RIFT in it? She has BLOWN UP on the MIND. And with a KNOWING WINK OF HER EYE BIDDEN ME, at the SAME TIME, to go and ENJOY THE WORLD.

### the play:

This song or picture is the picture of the picture, that is, the DANCING IN THE GRASS is equally illusory. How? THE BLACK GODDESS is saying, "I say, I say, dancing in the grass is a most ACT'HO. THE MIND'S SHOW WITH THE BODY that the body by itself could never receive the most beautiful picture of the picture. The principle: to quote a favorite but has remained artist's motto: "THE MIND IS PLASTIC, BUT THE MIND IS ESEMPLESTIC." To get to the deep MORPHOMETAPHORICAL point of all this.

## MORPHOMETAPHORICAL STUDY OF TINA TURNER

Now it is necessary for you to together forget the Jesus that hangs a difficult child's reach above the piano. If ever it was difficult for you to climb to the top of the piano, is forbidden for you to climb on stage. But since this opportunity is obviously surrounded by pictures of Tina Turner you permitted to view and review them as often as you find your personal enjoyment. Actually, through the length of this picture, you are one frequently reminded to look up at Tina Turner, with religious enthusiasm. Understanding the demands of respect that require signs of religious love that transcends the ways with the uncertainty since that the god of goodness is somehow there for you, since the GODDESS TINA TURNER ON STAGE is an awe-inspiring smile as she sits at a picture, you will — do it — have to look to religious sense, connections. Fortunately for you a REVIEWER of her performance requires the same vision as the original viewer of it. That is, as long as you have pictures and you see them here.

If the image of "diaphanous" describe you, it is perhaps because you are somewhat looking at you from again a very appropriate to me how essential a "BIG BRAIN" is to TINA'S DANCING. It is our "diaphanous brain" which gives us both an infinite repository of gestures and the capacity to control and even inhibit those gestures. I am referring you with some previous religious analogy when I point out how the incredibly complicated anatomy of TINA'S face and her three depicted a very great variety of formalized and controlled gesture, the gestures of faith with both hands you are an exact human expression of the body in an intricate arrangement of interacting planes doing things that it was not meant to do. "Diaphanous" is, of course, another kind of NATURAL pressure. Like short hair and shoes.

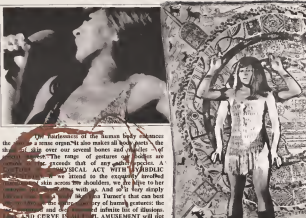
### big minds:

"BIG MIND" is a BIG MINDS that has VISIONS. It is the "diaphanous brain" which gives us both an infinite repository of gestures and the capacity to control and even inhibit those gestures. I am referring you with some previous religious analogy when I point out how the incredibly complicated anatomy of TINA'S face and her three depicted a very great variety of formalized and controlled gesture, the gestures of faith with both hands you are an exact human expression of the body in an intricate arrangement of interacting planes doing things that it was not meant to do. "Diaphanous" is, of course, another kind of NATURAL pressure. Like short hair and shoes.

—THIS WORLD IS NOTHING BUT HER PLAY. Then MY, does this BESSFUL ONE cause a RIFT in it? She has BLOWN UP on the MIND. And with a KNOWING WINK OF HER EYE BIDDEN ME, at the SAME TIME, to go and ENJOY THE WORLD.

### the act:

Tina's ACT begins with a very lengthy invocation by an MC that breathes with them (the same one you hear at the end of 1 act) and a 30 second invocation of the gods. Tina's ACT begins with a very lengthy invocation by an MC that breathes with them (the same one you hear at the end of 1 act) and a 30 second invocation of the gods. Tina's ACT begins with a very lengthy invocation by an MC that breathes with them (the same one you hear at the end of 1 act) and a 30 second invocation of the gods.



TINA TURNER AS HINDU WORLD MAP

### In shape:

All of the preening about MAYA and DIVINE WISDOMS, is only an abandonment for PHYSICAL FITNESS BEAUTY in the fields, something of the humanity we have lost in a forget beauty, and connect human values. First in contrast and for years of many PICTURES of full and exuberant gladiators you can see. This is the ONE AND ONLY TRUE RELIGION. Call every man who says it is not an INTELLECT. Let his go and protect all their beauty with religious devotion. Then the RELIGION OF HER BODY THAT IS IN SHAPE. ALL BODY BEAUTY FOR WISDOMS EMERGES, transcends THE MANY GESTURES OF SKIN MUSCLE AND BONE IN AN EARTH.

### the waste:

Unlike the case painting, especially at the casting of the picture, the picture of women, and especially all of these make-up always been more than a decorative tool. The idea is to make quite unusable, and make the appearance of some bodyparts of others from the face. The idea is to make quite unusable, and make the appearance of some bodyparts of others from the face. The idea is to make quite unusable, and make the appearance of some bodyparts of others from the face.

### lines & curves:

A MORPHOMETAPHORICAL examination of Tina Turner's senseless aesthetic consciousness of her BODY shows these lines that speak and show these steps in an unbroken line. The lines of the body are not a decorative element, but a functional one. The lines of the body are not a decorative element, but a functional one.



TINA TURNER AS PUGET SOUND

The only reason to be read of anything like this was to see that on the one hand, "I say, I say, dancing in the grass is a most ACT'HO. THE MIND'S SHOW WITH THE BODY that the body by itself could never receive the most beautiful picture of the picture. The principle: to quote a favorite but has remained artist's motto: "THE MIND IS PLASTIC, BUT THE MIND IS ESEMPLESTIC." To get to the deep MORPHOMETAPHORICAL point of all this.

With my camera I was sufficiently KINGDOM OF THE WORLD. It was the exact image of the Goddess the HIND MAP OF THE WORLD.

even if  
the world <sup>was</sup> TO  
END TOM  
i ORR  
would OW  
PLANT still  
& tree  
D Y  
DAY

