

THE east  **OTHER**
village

VOLUME 4,
NUMBER 42

SEPTEMBER 17, 1969
METROPOLITAN 15¢



HIRAP

A few days ago a note was left on my desk: "Trial of Conspiracy set for Sept. 24, minus Charles Garry, chief counsel -- in hospital. Kunstler and Weinglass will head up team. Rubin in jail in California for committing a public nuisance and Seale on way to New Haven. Both will be brought in handcuffs. Abbie on trial, too, may also be in jail at time of trial in Chicago."

There is no need to go into details and rehash the chronological sequence of the absurdity that the Nixon-Mitchell conspiracy hens have hatched up. The fact that we all laugh and joke about what so evidently must have been a Joke--nobody in his right mind could take seriously the indictment, which charged the funniest lineup of "conspirators" with intent to "incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in and carry on a riot and to commit acts of violence in furtherance of a riot and to aid and abet persons inciting, participating in, and carrying on a riot and committing acts of violence in furtherance of a riot". Maybe a bad dream, perhaps a maniac's wishful wet dream, but certainly nothing to be taken seriously.

That was our copout. We have fallen prey to the "low-voice con". We didn't permit our summer fun to interfere with the bad vibes emanating from the Hon. Julius J. Hoffman, U.S. District Court, Northern District of Illinois, Eastern Division. In his wilful ignorance, this dated version of a combination of Mr. Magoo and Lester Maddox, even tried to deny the State Department's request to permit Rennie Davis to retrieve some American POW's from North Vietnam. The thought of this Crumb cartoon of a legal despot meting out "justice" sends a tingling shiver up and down my spine. A shudder of dread and delight. Dread of the consequences yet delight at the opportunity of turning this malfeasance of justice into another Reichstag Fire Trial. It was there in Berlin in 1933 that Georgi Dimitroff turned his rigged frame-up into a circus wherein the veil of propriety was thrown off the Nazi regime. He had Hermann Goering sweat and squirm on the witness stand while the world watched in disbelief. It was essentially the beginning of the end for the Nazis. The impending proceedings in Judge Hoffman's chambers could easily become the American equivalent of the Reichstag Fire trial. Just consider the lineup of Hoffman, Rubin, Seale, Hayden, Dellinger, Froines, Weiner and Rubin, VS. Nixon, Mitchell, Johnson and Daley, with Judge Hoffman thrown in for good measure. We may be their numerical and mental superiors, but pound for pound they clearly have the weight on their side, the fat-asses.

Yet it is a challenge not to be ignored. Bearing in mind that the Eight are there for us all--we all conspired to incite and/or promote ideas for which they were railroaded--they are perfectly capable of doing their thing. It's up to us to enable them to do so. The stakes are enormous, and we cannot afford to copout any more.

With the Conspiracy in our thoughts and our spirits we turn to Richard Kleindienst Mitchell's lackey, the late-century equivalent of Bad Harry Anslinger. With an eye toward perpetuating common American superstitions about the nature of marijuana--that it harms the mind or body, or that at least it leads towards the use of drugs that harm the mind or body--Big Dick's Little Richard has seriously messed with our modus operandi. The common superstitions not withstanding, we are not insects and hence do not take kindly to insecticides.

So this week we drowned ourselves in the Indian Summer Sunshine, Mr. Richard Kleindienst and in a spirit of the sacred sacrament, offer up this issue unto you.



Jack Kornblith

**Where man
is the stranger**

*Grappling with a heavy, slippery
giant, catfish which she caught,
Mary Leatherbee takes a spill.*

Jackov Kohn
Peter Leggeri
Alan Katzman
Sherry Needham
Melissa Stout
Ricka
D. A. Latimer
David Wolley
Irving Shushnick
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Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
IS A MEMBER OF UPI (Underground Press Syndicate).
The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Ave.,
N. Y., 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (52 issues).
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Allan Katzman

If the Devil had to work for a living, he would be a Television executive of some large national network. But alas, the Devil has an old man rich enough to support his habits so that it has made him free enough to discover that life is fuller and richer before the cameras than behind them.

If any simple fact emerges from such a disguised truth, it is the realization that the society we live in is a violent one and that Television has done nothing to understand why. It is for this same reason that mediocre men make the best Television executives. They are constantly minimizing the effects their mediocrity has on the violent reactions to their medium.

Without this realization, panel discussions, such as the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences held on Wednesday, September 10th, are basically useless ones.

"TELEVISION: CREATOR OR REPORTER OF VIOLENCE," came off as a tempest in a teapot because of the overuse of the same tea bag to make the brew a bit more tempting.

Moderated by David Susskind, the liberal with the same one-liners for everyone, and including a panel of distinguished TV critics and workers such as Senator Charles E. Goodell, Marya Mannes, Mayor Carl B. Sokes, Mike Wallace and Mike Dann who had the dubious honor of being and lasting as Senior Vice President of Programs for CBS for the last twenty years, the discussion turned out to be less violent but more conflicting than any televised riot.

If any consent or majority of opinion was reached, it was that TV was a purveyor of violence rather than creator or reporter. With this consent reached, the panel discussion began to break down from there.

Senator Goodell felt that TV often in its reportage of live events, colored and overweighed the facts in favor of one side as opposed to another. Mike Wallace countered with the argument that the Commission investigating the staging of events by reporters at the National Democratic Riot in Chicago, summer of '68, was found to be wanting. There seemed to be only one such conspiracy found by the Commission in a whole week of rioting, and that by an ABC cameraman who took it upon himself to burn and film a 'Welcome to Chicago' sign.

Wallace felt that TV reportage of live events was a growing process and that TV reporters as well as audiences had become more sophisticated in the last few years to what factors make up the process of social change in America.

Mayor Stokes seemed to agree with Wallace that TV had aided the Civil Rights movement in its legitimacy and acceptance by the Nation's psyche. Mayor Stokes made the poignant point that socio-economic reasons had more to do with the eruption of violence than one's ability to televise. His arguments ran the gamut of 'before the advent of TV, there was violence,' to the acknowledgement that his own deficiencies as Mayor in communicating to reporters on Cleveland's riot on July 23rd had caused a great deal of misinformation to be circulated by the TV Industry.

Marya Mannes was more critical of TV as a medium than most of the panel. Being the only social commentator on the panel who worked behind a typewriter rather than a camera, she criticized TV for allowing people to freely do their thing before millions of people. It allowed, she felt, too many people the right to vent their fantasies on unsuspecting viewers. People mugged reality with facades and because of this freedom, TV allowed fiction to blend into fact without ever separating the two.

Wallace took acceptance to her analysis. It was Wallace's contention that TV, in terms of live reportage, was a revolutionary medium and that in a matter of a few years had learned to disseminate the fiction from the fact. The medium of TV had the ability to isolate Media heroes when their reality was found wanting.

Mike Dann who you might say is Wallace's boss, took it upon himself to contradict Wallace's statement that TV was, if at all, a revolutionary medium. He seemed to convey that TV was always behind the print media in the coverage of content matter.

It was Dann's attitude which was more prevalent a factor in stating his case than what he said. He was a clever son of a bitch cared less if anyone was right than that they had the freedom to turn off their TV if they didn't like what they saw.

Throughout it all, Dann made snide understatements to everyone's criticism. His responsibilities in programming CBS had nothing to do with the majority of people who watched TV. It seemed his responsibility began and ended only with his superiors and what they thought about the type of job he was doing. Dann had survived because he was clever, witty and even brilliant in his need to remain mediocre.

What seemed to be missing throughout the discussion was other people's recognition of reality. No one, until it was too late, ever thought of separating live news events from its counterpart, TV drama and comedy series.

The medium of TV had created a whole mingling of truth. The Telecasting of the Chicago catastrophe in 1968 was created by a whole slew of people who understand the medium of TV without ever once having worked in it.

The script on Chicago was well written before it happened by political radicals. They were the TV teeners and boppers who had grown into full blown media guerillas. They had sloughed off the prefabrication of TV and used it to create their own real live drama.

"The whole world is watching" was not just an accident, it was planned strategically and brilliantly. The radicals knew, as well as the Underground Press, how Mayor Daley and his "Pigs" would react to a converging on Daley's city of some "100,000" political radicals.

The time and place was strategic because all the World's communication media would be there and because Chicago was as cornball in its understanding of manipulation of media as a Polish immigrant speaking Spanish to a Greek God.

Daley and his police overreacted as all the radicals knew he would. It was a set up produced by the Yippies, directed by Mayor Daley, with a cast of thousands including police, National Guard, delegates, citizens and us, a handful of only 700, brought to the eye of the world by no less than the medium of TV.

What the panel on "TELEVISION: CREATOR OR REPORTER OF VIOLENCE" could not understand was that the medium of TV had borne a child; a monster who talks with one eye. If it could have summed up its own creation at that panel, it would have said what the Beatles had prophesized a year before; "I read the News today, Oh Boy!"

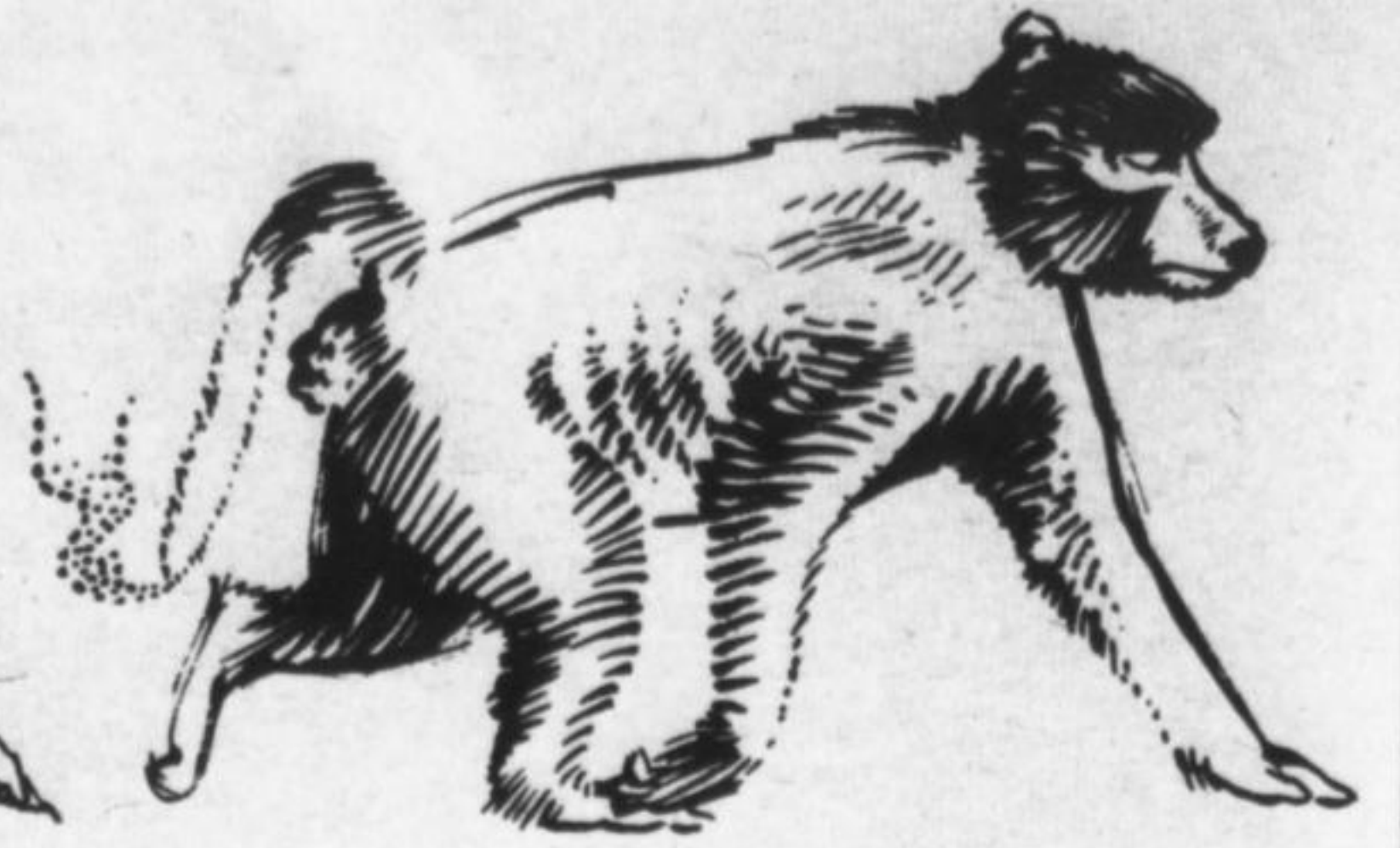
Brother John, a local spade meth saint, says hello and "SPACE AND MOTION, LOVE AND... (momentary memory loss)."



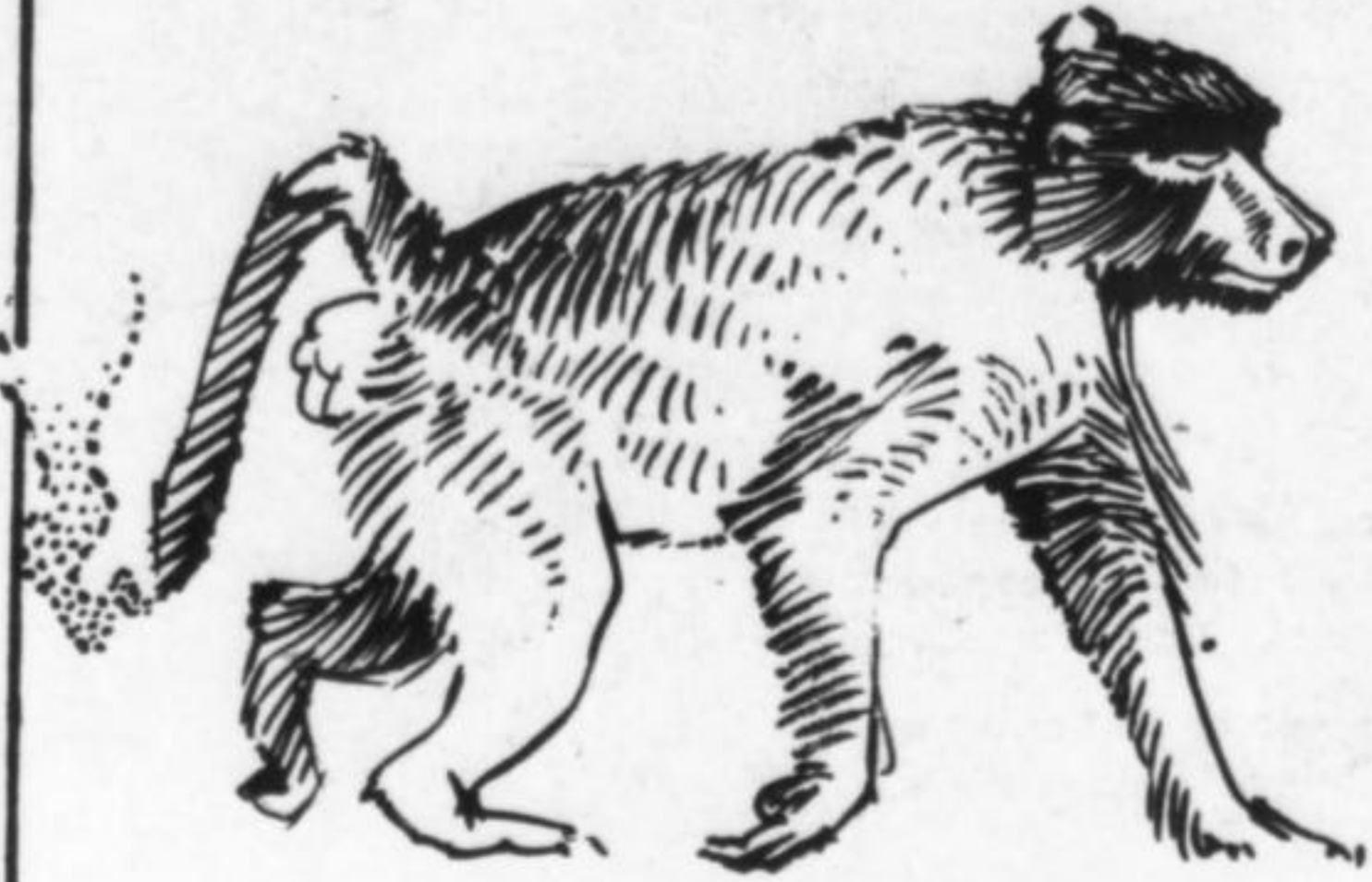
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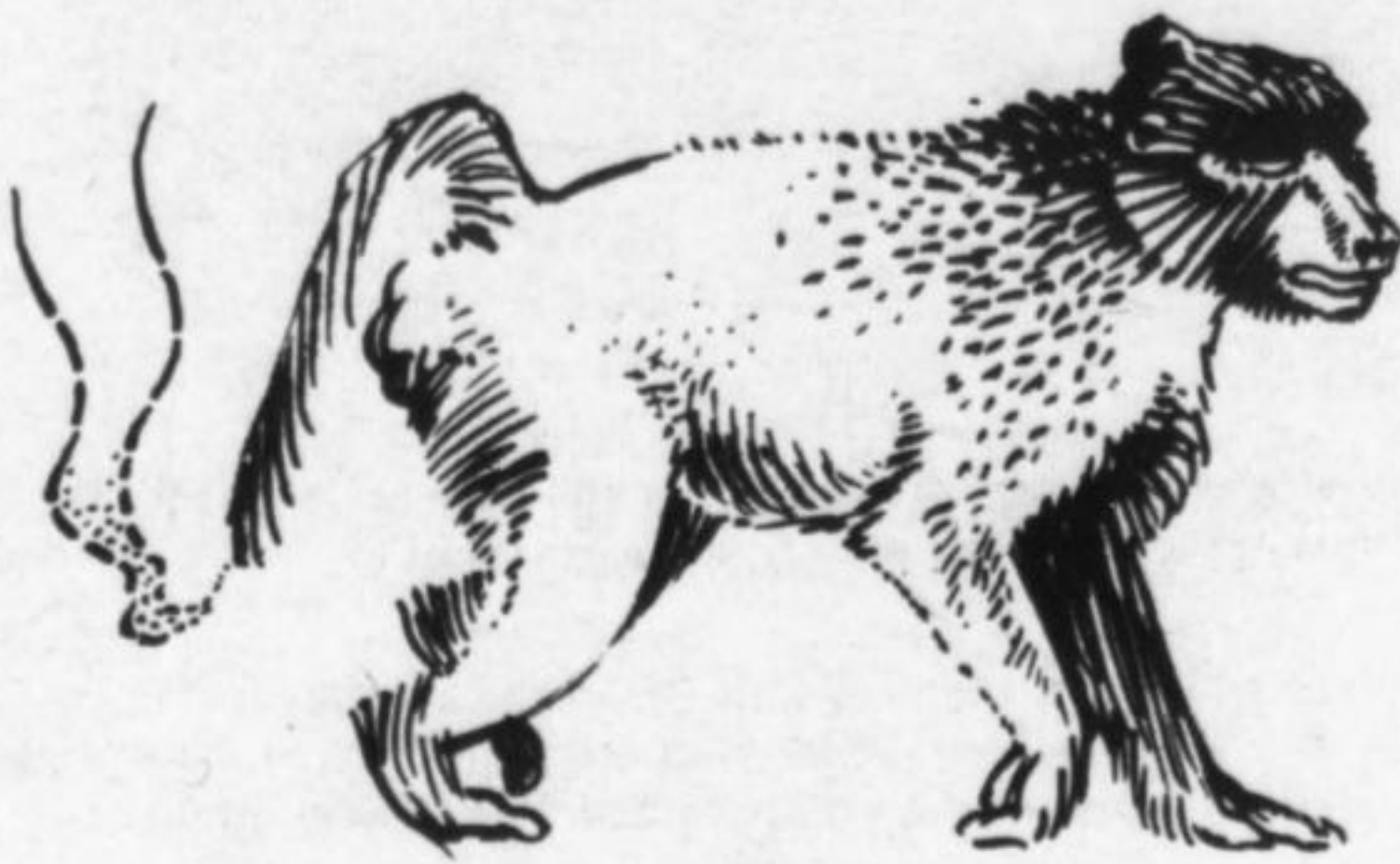
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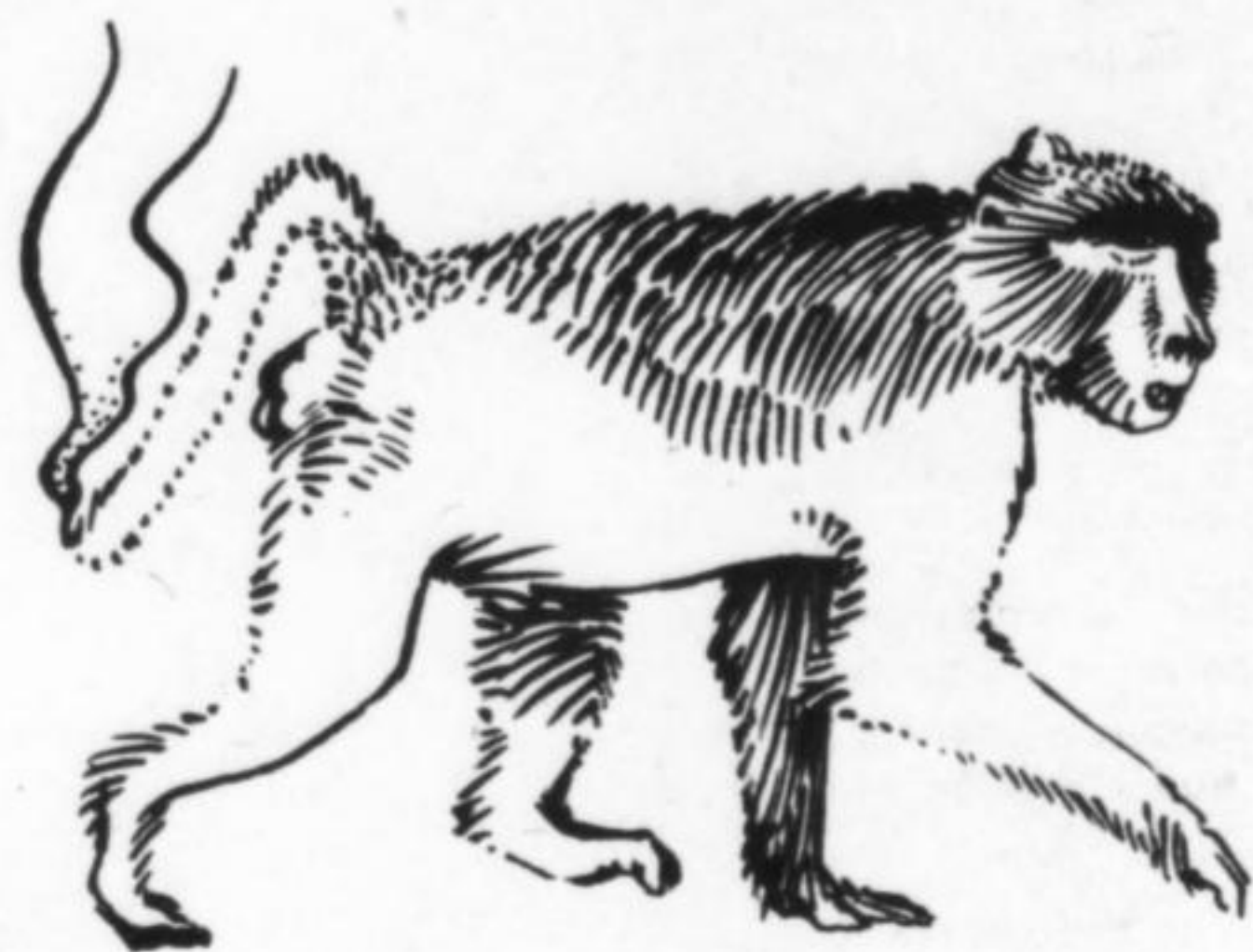
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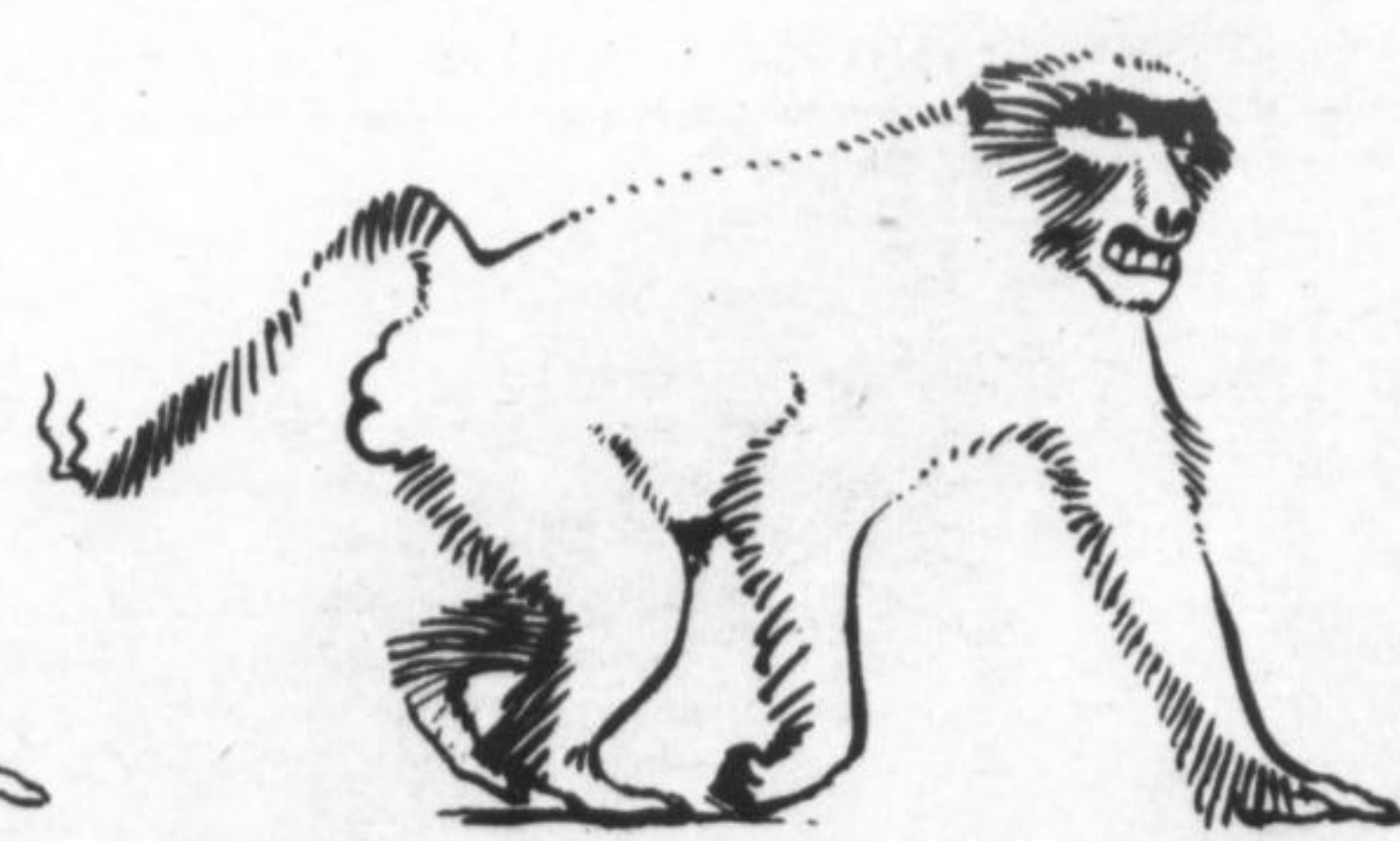
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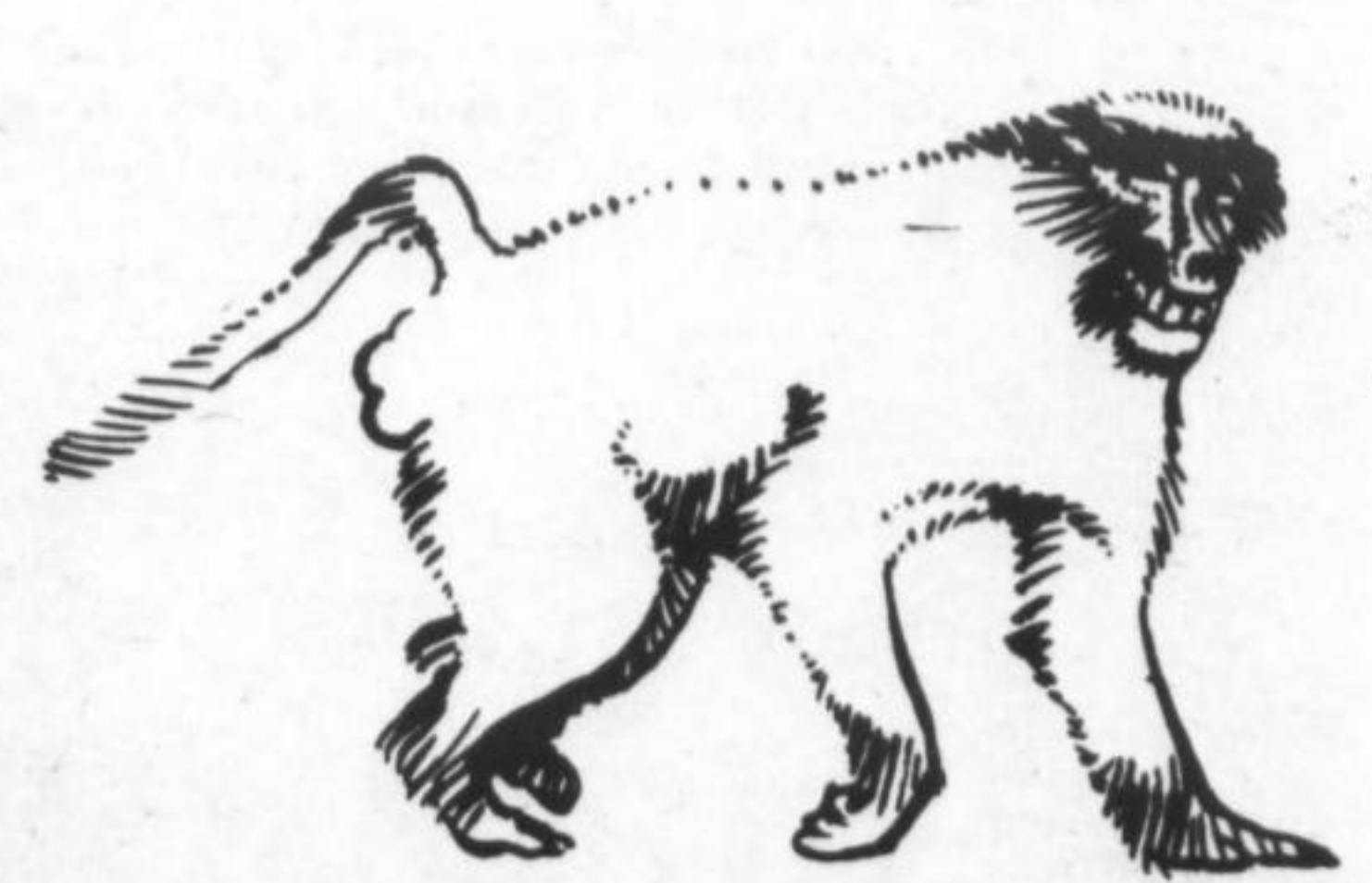
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(18) word: DEVOTION!

by baby jerry.

The ROCK 349 YEARS LATER

BY JAMES LICHTENBERG

"My purpose in writing my Testure of Time... is to purify my own notion of Time. I wish to examine the essence of Time... I wish to caress Time." -ADA, Vladimir Nabokov



/This has little to do with what is to come, other than to make vividly present a heavy, red sun easing itself into the gently rippling bay... eyes alive with Mexican magic... the sun slipping between the fingers, caress the sun to evening rest... the outer Cape is somewhere else.

/Traditionally a summer place, even for our carriage travelling, trust funded Victorian grandparents, the outer Cape (Cape Cod from Orleans to Provincetown) managed to resist commercial heat and plasticization until the early 60's. But the 200 year old townships, ocean beaches, hidden communities of summer houses tucked into the piney woods were reeling toward the Coney Island cancer that has shattered communities nearer the mainland when by some fortunate probably desperate chance most of the land became National Seashore. Pandora's demons were knocked out of the box and at least for the time there is time.

Perched on the bluff overlooking the bay, with a huge sailfish skimming the upper waves of the living room, the cottage, found by chance, is a dream of a summer cottage. Everything works, the furniture is lumpy and wonderful, love is in the corners. From the porch you can see the tide slowly going out over the revealed acres of soft sand and puddles full of minnows. Little sailboats disappear in the hazy, shimmering air of Plymouth bay, the water the Pilgrims crossed in October of 1620, looking for a more favorable site than the dunes of Provincetown to start the New World. Then Tuesday night the temperature drops and Wednesday the air is transparent. Standing on the bluff you see the arc of the Cape's arm, orange dunes, harbors, little towns from Plymouth to Provincetown, as the wind blows in your shirt and you wait for the warmth lost somewhere up in the stratosphere.

And out there in the choppy water a dark outline is now clearly some long ship, rusty brown, weirdly stationary. A tanker? A trawler? Hmm.

After dinner of fresh, local swordfish cooked over charcoal, wine, corn, fudge, playing with the children, a plane drones slowly across the bay in the darkening sky... flash, flash, flash. Tender faces peer into the suddenly dislocated darkness... boom, boom, boom. "What's that?" Puzzlement. "Fireworks?" Yes, fireworks. Memory of last year's stoned July 4th, watching the celebration at Wellfleet harbor. Every rocket and roman candle a five act play of pure eros down to the snow-flaking cinders when all was said and done. "Like lightning?" "Yes, like lightning." Children sense when you're not convinced. Somewhere in the back of your mind... bombing. It's a Russian trawler and they're bombing it. Insane paranoia, of course. It's a celebration for the ship with aerial fireworks. Funny, though, no light on the boat itself.

/Insane? Paranoia?

The next morning, David, a dark-haired youth summering from Boston, explains. Bombing. The Navy is bombing. What is the Navy bombing? A target ship. Why is the Navy bombing? Practice... experimental bombing. A target ship? Just some old ship which they have grounded in the bay... to bomb. How often? Almost every night.

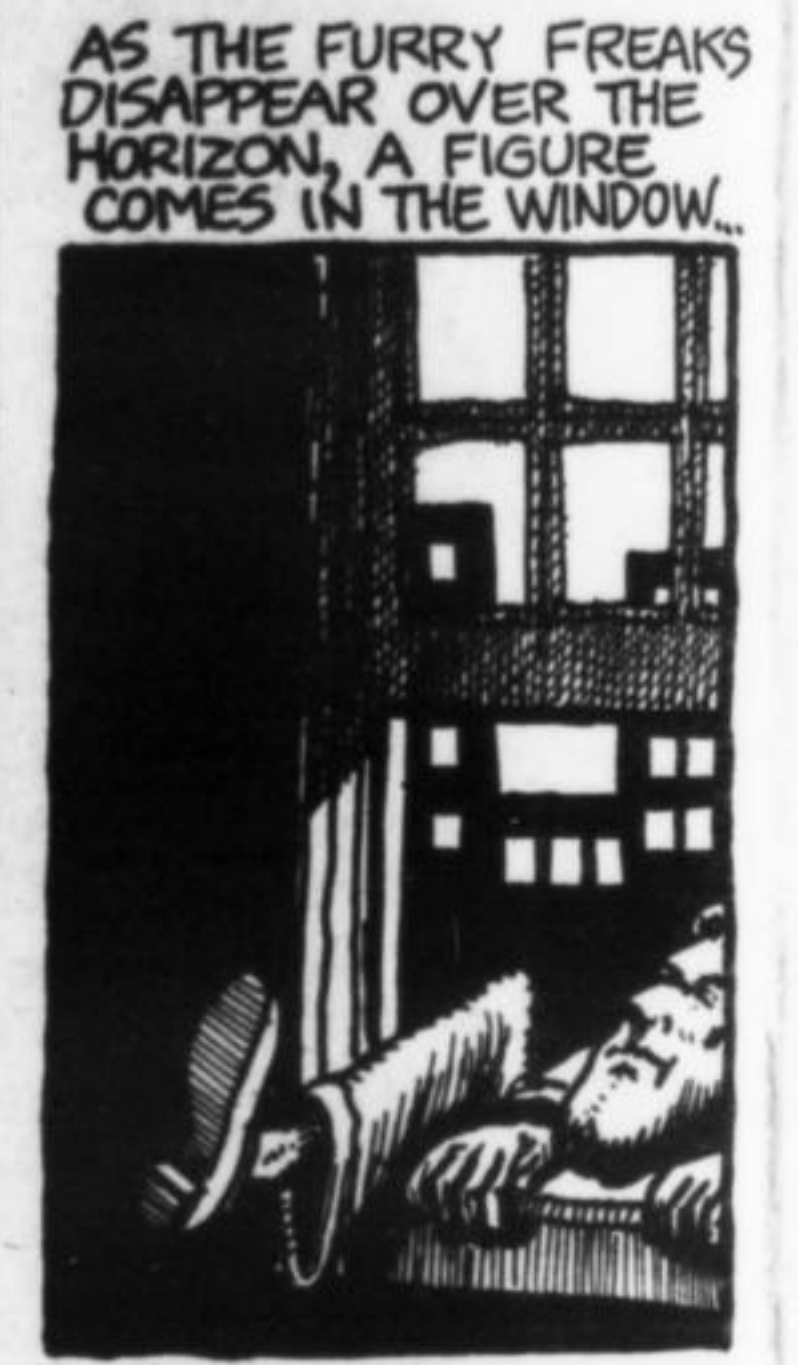
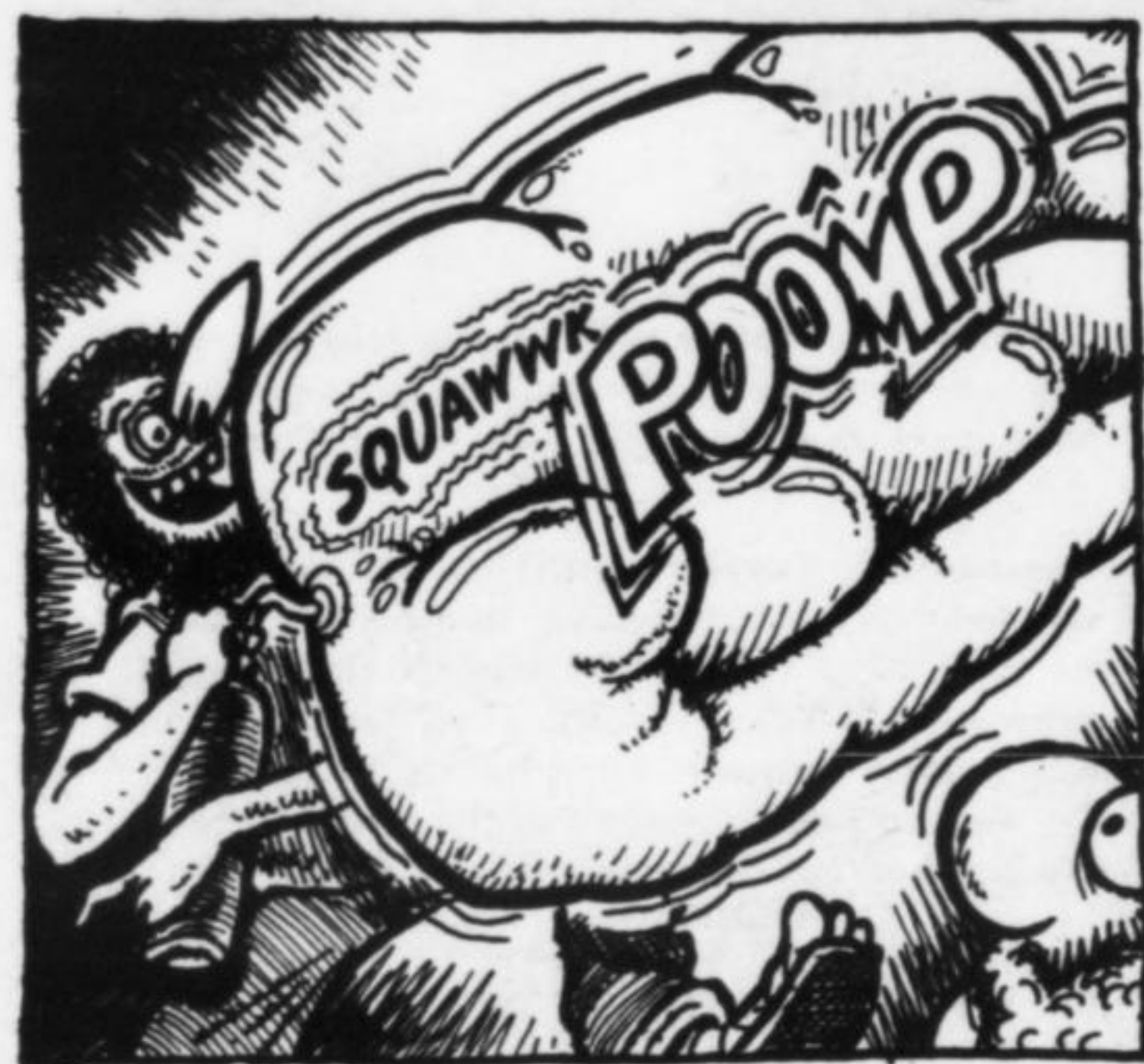
In the most venerable bay in the country, perhaps on a spot which the Pilgrims crossed headed toward their Rock, in full view and resounding earshot of one of the loveliest vacation coasts, THEY have grounded an old ship as a target ship for THEM to bomb. Tax-paying vacationers will be delighted-- is that what they think?-- to see them j work, of course it's great for the children.

That evening you wait ... dusk and the drone. As the plane nears the ship a searchlight of unreal power leaps from the fusilage and plays over the rusted hulk like an insect's antenna. Gone... then flash, flash, flash... count the seconds... three miles away... boom, boom, boom. A neat technique. A serpentine river in Southeast Asia. The little boat makes its way along the current as the squatting family looks up from their bowls of evening rice toward the nearing drone. The women and children scurry under the thatched hold as the men's almond faces are frozen by the searchlight. Suspected of carrying concealed arms for the enemy. Flash, flash, flash... boom, boom, boom.

/It takes about 15 minutes for the plane to return above the arc of the Cape around to Provincetown before striking out across the bay to perfect the technique and bomb the Pilgrims.



THOSE FABULOUS, FURRY, LEGENDARY & LOVEABLE
FREAK BROTHERS



GILBERT SHELTON

latimer to page 16

D. A. Latimer

/Gee, it looks like I should have listened to my mom! She writes me plenty letters—much more than I write her, I'm ashamed to admit—and any number of times she's admonished me, 'If you can't say anything nice in your paper you shouldn't say anything at all.' But I gotta eat, Ma, I'm a

growing boy. If I wax a little testy sometimes, well hell, you'd rather I went back to being a stock clerk in the garment district, God forbid? The fact is, when it's Wednesday night and Missy's howling for the copy already, I tend to jump on the first thing

that comes to mind and write it up. And things being—er, how they are—often as not it makes for a badmouth column, not nice at all.

/So three weeks ago I jumped on the Daily Column. Now my publisher's ulcers are pacing up

and down the corridor of his lower colon, because the Column's setting up libel actions against him, the corporation, the printer, me, the artist who did the illustration, and anybody else who was in the vicinity of that week's Decomposition. Nobody's

ever sued EVO for libel before—the New York Daily Column, gutsy groundbreaker of journalistic chutzpah—and we can't quite cope with the idea. I mean, here's this scumbag shoestring outfit suing us—they have the gall, from their morass of

David Walley

/A short time ago, the Pavilion witnessed something extraordinary in its short history, the presence and performance of the Stooges, led by a lead singer known to the trade as Iggy (also known as the Ig of Stooze, perhaps in similar league with Shakespeare's Thane of Fife). The Stooges, like a snake charming a bird, are fascinating to watch. nGet the picture...bank of amplifiers with a drummer, bassist, and lead guitarist, the lights dim. There is a terrific hum coming from one of the amplifiers which one of the technicians is trying to squelch. A spare, good-looking cat with hair in a pre-Beatle, almost shaggy beachboyblond Prince Val cut strides onto the stage in front and scowls at the audience, Beware the Ig of Stooze.

/The Ig is attired in a pair of cutoff dungarees and loafers, that's it, but his clothes have nothing to do with the look on his face...he's pissed at the audience who is passively taking it all in, waiting for something to happen. That Something is, of course, Iggy. He is impatient, impatient, about the annoying feedback hum, impatient with the crowd, impatient to be cut loose. His eyes flash, his pupils dilate. The Band explodes with an electronic shriek into I Wanna be Your Dog. Iggy, hands on hips, arches his back into an impossible contortion, cradles the microphone with one hand while caressing it with another and straddling the stand. He steps back a few paces and then lurches forward in a crash dive toward the floor; his hands stop him.

/Iggy is just as alienated by the audience as the audience of Queens and Brooklyn teenies is alienated by him and his manner. They react to him and the Stooges the way an enraged bull reacts to a red flag. Iggy meanwhile just keeps shrieking into the microphone, twists, jumps and spins while the band pounds out the beat. The Ig of Stooze is in his elemental environment—chaos—

and there is an electric air about his performance. nIggy likes it like that. "They hate you in the beginning and love you in the end...it's a challenge that way."

/During the third number, 1969, Iggy launches himself in a headlong dive off the stage and into the audience...everyone is on their feet, his head bobs up and then he is tossed back onstage where he writhes on his stomach as the band's feedback accompanies his movements.

/What is the Stooze experience? It is frustration: a frustration which has been pent up too long over a year and a half since the Stooges began gigging together in the Ann Arbor Area and getting peanuts for it. All their songs mirror this—the four walls of Iggy's world. There are songs like No Fun ("No fun, my baby, no fun"), and 1969 ("Another year with nothing to do"). Is this representative? Unusual? What they really mean? I found out the following Monday.

/I met Iggy in the Chelsea Hotel. He had sustained a few minor cuts and bruises caused by his forays into the crowd but otherwise he was unbowed. His room looked like some sort of a national park (his description), two chicks and the bass player together all very cozy. They split while Iggy and I rapped.

/To hear the Stooges in concert is not to fully understand them, for concertizing represents only part of their scene. Iggy may seem strange while he is performing and he may appear to be unaware of many things connected with rock, but this is not the case. His musical inspirations spring from wildly varied sources: Chuck Berry, Carl Orff (creator of a cantata for chorus called Carmina Burana) and Richard Wagner (infamous composer of the Ring Cycle, a three-day orgy of German mythic opera: pagantry and lots of cultural Schlag). Weird combination, yeah, but it's really all there.

/Citing Chuck Berry is sort of obvious. The Stooges have that in common with the Stones and Beatles, though Iggy is certainly not Mick Jagger. (Nor in fairness to Iggy, does he want to be.) Stooze music has definitely the primitive rock beat of Berry, but the relationship to Carl Orff interests me a lot more.

/Carl Orff set to music a set of 25 songs and poems taken from a 12th century manuscript which he found in a monastery outside of Munich. The songs are musical, moving and thoroughly lewd—concurrently. Quite a trick. (The best recording, if you're interested of this work is to be found on a Columbia LP, MS-6163—performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra.) Carmina Burana the title of the piece has a pagan flavor about it which Orff captures in his modern adaptation. The music bespeaks the joyous paganism of the songs, chanted and shouted in unison. The Stooges' music is in line with Orff's in the sense that they are equally as primitive in their musical utterances. Hell, they don't claim to be the greatest musicians since The Who, but they really do have their own style. So the lead guitarist maybe knows two or three different runs (with or without wa-wa pedal), the bass player can do maybe two, and the drummer may sound like he is beating out messages in the forest like that hippie-Indian drummer in Godard's Weekend, but they can get you off your behind and that's what counts. However, it's Iggy who overpowers everyone and, in fact, Orff does have a lot to do directly—with Iggy's style, for, as the Ig says, "I used to listen to Carmina Burana and imagine people dancing to that and then I used to dance to it myself...in fact, that's probably the major influence of the band."

/But where does that old racist Wagner fit into Stooze music? Well, Wagner had the same effect upon Iggy and the Stooges, but on a far more simplistic level.

Wagner (say Vag-ner) embodies raw energy of pagantry and color, and a Stooges performance has all the elements of a ritual. Rock may be itself a most primitive urge; as someone said somewhere, sometime, rock and roll is about balling, but Stooze music demonstrates again that rock is just another musical form in the continuum stretching back into the filthy old monks' chants of the 12th century to the Romantic 19th century. To the pagantry of Wagner, and the primitiveness of Orff, the Stooges add this century's electronic feedback to augment the whole idea. (Wow, I'm glad that's out...far out)

/Iggy though, is no newcomer to the music scene. He has gigged around the AnnArbor-Chicago area for 10 years or so as a drummer in various black soul bands, before he decided to form the Stooges. As such, The Stooges are clearly a concept of Iggy's nature. The boredom, the anomie, and the raw sexuality of their music don't speak for the Generation as much as for the Ig himself.

/Back to the Pavilion, the arena of the soul...Iggy, when he is performing, becomes literally transformed by the music—he was an entirely different personality from the slow-smiling cat I interviewed amidst the wreckage of his room at the Chelsea. On stage, he is overtaken by Dionysian fury, by an unknown energy, so when he sings, he gets it all out. That something makes the Stooges' performances electric as well as grotesque (in a non-pejorative sense).

/Stoozing is a unique experience for those who can stand it. The Pavilion audience didn't really know what to do with the Ig. They had never been subjected to a band which ignored them, which didn't give a damn how cool the scene or how groovy they were. The Stooges didn't give a damn...and neither did Iggy as he crouched by the bass amp, eyes

gleaming insanely, as he took a headlong dive into the crowd, only to be vomitted up on stage again.

/Saturday night's set ended with guitarist Dave Alexander tossing his bass over his amp and stalking off. The crowd by this time was screaming for more, but Iggy had retired to his dressing room where there weren't any chicks. He couldn't care about that, he was just taking it easy, letting himself get back to himself, away from the Ig of Stooze.

/Random Notes: Apologia

/The year Joe DiMaggio hit his largest number of home runs, was also the year in which he struck out the most. If a spectator had seen him on the days he struck out (or even a sports caster), he would have remarked that DiMaggio was a lousy ball player...which brings me to the subject of a critic's vision. A few weeks ago, I wrote about "Art Rock" in reference to the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble. Although what I said about art-rock as well as what I said about the NYRRE's new album, Faithful Friends, still holds, I would like to clear the slate on related matters.

/Last week I saw the NYRRE at the Bitter End, two sets and an interview in between. And now at this time, I would like to say that the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble is a rather fine band—live. As a band, they are doubly unusual because they can play both contemporary blues and classical music, imparting the enthusiasm of the former to the latter. Clifton Nivison, lead guitarist reminisces Hendrix (without the electronic flutter and sloppiness) while keyboard specialist Michael Kamen can give almost any man a run for his money. Bassist Dorian Rudnytsky, rhythm guitarist and singer Brian Corrigan (wish he'd turn his amp up), and Martin Fulterman are all reasonable as well. In fact, the Ensemble is better live; their albums simply don't do them justice.

Terry Reid is 19 now, has been on the road since he was 15 and left school, and is lead guitarist for his own group. "Pop music is a directional thing—a vehicle for something else quite often. Sometimes people feel you have to sacrifice musical content to get a point across, until the music becomes mere theatre, really. The Who, for instance, who seem to have solidified the music until their performances now, while (Continued on Page 18)

I am in San Francisco right now, doing this peripatetic, serendipitous trip on the rock subculture which exists, surely, and this is the land of the Airplane, of Beauty and the Beast—try to guess which is Bill Graham, which Chet Helms, and you'll be wrong, both times; and this is hills, and a thick rich fog which wraps up the Bridge, your perspective, the city, in a mild and not disinterested density unlike

the waxy yellow pollution of New York.

...Something out here makes it difficult to remember subject as opposed to object. The subject is the subculture, but the object is to be alive, to exist more fully...or the object should be to tell a story.

Music is - is not taking a giant step and a new atmosphere along with it. People living the phenomena find it hard to verbalize about the particular

experience; objectivity and distance belong to those for whom the phenomena are, in toto, an object to be viewed at some distance; this installment is a pastiche, therefore, of quotes and views, all in the interest of gaining a perspective. Obviously, there is no one phenomenon or experience being created, One is All, each takes what he needs, wants. The musicians themselves have a lot to say.

Lite Eliscu

Out here in California, people do not say 'California' and mean anything at all; they say, 'Los Angeles' or 'San Francisco' or 'Oakland' or 'The Haight' and the differences are more than subtle.

Just a few years ago, Uruguay was spoken of as "The American Switzerland" and Uruguayans' pride ("come el Uruguay no hay") "there is nothing like Uruguay," was a common slogan), found its counterpart in a general respect for a small country which was a unique case in Latin America. No civil wars since 1904, progressive social legislation (we had eight hours law and social security at the beginning of the century), well established democratic institutions, and culture directly imported from Paris.

The main public services (water and power, petroleum refineries, and railroads) were nationalized at the turn of the century. There are no racial problems. The Indians were completely annihilated during the last century and the small black population is fully integrated, though relegated to the lower classes. Public schools and high schools are completely free and generally excellent. The only University has been autonomous since the twenties. It is run by a Council where students, professors and graduates are equally represented. The Church was separated from the State at the beginning of the century.

Unfortunately, the liberal governments that made it all happen did not create an economic structure capable of promoting the country's development. The Uruguayan economy is based on meat and wool. Not an acre of land was nationalized. Today, as in colonial times, sixty families own about 2/3 of the useful land. The production methods are archaic. In 1965 we had the same amount of cows as in 1904. And less sheep. Besides, lacking other

natural resources, Uruguay has to import a great deal. Obviously, with import growing and export remaining the same, the deficit in the balance of payments has been steadily increasing. The day when the country could not meet its external and internal debts came. After selling the whole gold reserve, our democratic government fell into the hands of the bankers, mainly the Chase Manhattan Bank and that is why the government didn't dare to receive Rockefeller in Montevideo. Such charitable institutions, however, would give us not only their money but also order.

Eventually the meat industry and export shifted gradually from the State to private hands. The wool and textile industry has almost come to a stand-still. Every year more and more wool is exported right after it is sheared and sold below the international prices. The possibility of the light and power production falling into private hands is often spoken of. Consequently there is increased unemployment, and therefore poverty, illiteracy, disease, starvation, anger and despair.

Up to 1956 or 57, Uruguayan artists and intellectuals were hung up on Europe. Even fourth rate English or French writers were better known than any Uruguayan who would be crazy enough to undertake the adventure of publishing his own works. There were no presses. The intelligentsia bought its opinions, inclinations and even problems in Paris exactly as the estancieros (the land owners) bought their clothes there. Fifteen years ago it was fashionable to feel beat and frustrated, only because that's how European

intellectuals were supposed to feel.

The gradual process by which Latin America became conscious of itself reached Uruguay too. After the triumph of the Cuban Revolution in 1959, a new generation appeared. One was proud to be Latin American. Young poets, dramatists, theatre groups, musicians, painters, etc., happily and hopefully started the exploration of their own country's reality. University students would go to the country to meet and help the local population. They also joined and supported the workers' fights.

The small Uruguayan working class has been organized since the turn of the century, when thousands of anarchist and socialist unionists emigrated from Italy and Spain. At the end of the fifties the CTU (Uruguayan Unions Council) was formed and was, a few years later, joined by the civil servants union (which is very important because of the many activities undertaken by the State), and many other smaller unions representing middle class groups such as professors, bank clerks, professionals, journalists, etc. The CNT (National Worker Confederation) was formed.

The old workers' unions had quite a strange history. Formed without much effort under the paternalistic looks of liberal governments, they fought but for their immediate economic demands which were met easily. Until a few years ago, it was rather comfortable to be a union leader in Uruguay.

Lately, however, things have been changing. It was evidently impossible for the Government to

keep things as they used to be within an economic system which was obsolete. It became obvious that any change would necessarily affect the power elite which reacted vehemently. It started repressing, blindly and harshly all dissenting groups.

Foreign pressure was also exerted. Brazilian and Argentinian military governments have made it clear that they couldn't tolerate to have such a liberal neighbor. They gave our government concrete military help to "control the situation." The United States doesn't speak so openly, but CIA agents have been coming here to train our cops, and new anti-riot weapons are constantly supplied to our police with your money, Thank-you.

We have had a state of siege for months and nobody knows when it will come to an end. Not that it matters. Either way things don't change a great deal.

For no good reason (wearing a beard is one of the most popular) cops would pick you up in the street, take you to the nearest precinct and beat you half dead. The night before the last state of siege was declared the police went to all the union leader's houses and took them (or whomever they found there, mainly wives and children) to prisons where they are heaped upon each other under inhuman conditions. Repression, meant to frighten people, is organized and constant.

It has also been pretty successful too. At least at the beginning. Old and respected union bosses, usually communists (the Communist Party is legal and 50

years old, and controls almost all the unions), showed themselves astonishingly ready to "talk", "make some reasonable concessions" and in many cases copped out. The Uruguayan C.P. is unconditionally on the Moscow line.

In many unions, however, they have been overwhelmed by the rank and file pressure, which forced them to more radical positions. Eventually they were thrown out. It happened recently in the bank clerks union, which is on strike. There is a political strike and therefore they are facing the most cruel repression. Let us not forget that the petit bourgeois radicalize fast.

The most open and complete dissent comes from students. Time after time they would demonstrate and fight the police in the streets, risking and often finding death. Probably more than any other group in the country, the high school students are aware that the whole social structure has to be changed. "Marriage was recently listed by them among the "obsolete institutions", and "love" among the things they want to set free. They are carrying on a revolution within their own high schools. It is already common for students to occupy their schools. Meetings are held permanently. "Parallel courses", dealing with matters which official programs wouldn't consider fit, are given with their teacher's help. An increasing mistrust for the traditional Left spreads: "No cops, no unionists allowed", was painted over the front door of a Montevidean high school.

The only group they seem to like are the Tupamaros, or Tupas. This is a secret society which has been operating as urban guerrillas. They take their name from the gauchos who revolted against the Spanish.

Modern Tupamaros have been stealing arms from both the Army and the police. They have put on very dramatic coups. A few months ago they robbed a Bank which has many big names in Uruguayan politics among its executives, and sent copies of the bank's secret files to the newspapers. Another time they left about forty pounds of gelinite in the frontyard of the Army Armament Service Chief, with a letter saying "It is in bad condition and extremely dangerous. We don't need it, so will you please get rid of it." Still another time they took over the transmitter of the most popular broadcasting station right in the middle of the final football game for the South American Championship. They spoke to the people in friendly and simple terms explaining the responsibility of the economic and political structure for their private misfortunes and the necessity of fighting injustice and the possibility of winning.

Winning in the long run, no doubt. The establishment is still strong within the country and will receive foreign support whenever it may need it. As Che put it, we will perhaps need to have two, three, many Vietnams in Latin America.

But on the other hand more and more people realize that things just can't go on any longer. They realize that the struggle is going to be long and hard, but they get involved anyway.

Isn't that an achievement in itself? !!

URUGUAY

Stella Mastrangelo



AFTER DESPAIR THEN WHAT

Dr. Jason Stone

One day the Congress of the United States, upon the request of the President, will declare war and nobody will show up. This fantasy of hope coexists with the fear that one day there will be a cloud of smoke and a hearty Hi Ho Silver, awaaaaay. Meanwhile the Broadway bookmakers are laying 8 to 5 against total annihilation within fifty years and 20 to 1 against nuclear war within five years. Those bookmakers are nobody's fools. They're accepting bets either way. After all, this is a democracy and in a democracy everybody gets a piece of the action.

Payoffs are no longer necessary to insure safe working conditions for organized takers, only to insure that people continue to participate in giving, the Christian way of life and the American way of death. The big boys maintain that all they want is close family ties and the freedom to do "Our Thing."

Some deviants of society are attempting to do their thing, but apparently there is a difference between our thing and your thing. Your thing must also be our thing, or else your thing is someone else's thing. And we all know that someone else is no other than those dirty Red Commies who are taking over everything from baseball teams to garbage strewn fields in California.

Confusing? Not at all. I was speaking to two people, man and wife, who couldn't understand

what all these new movies are about, especially "If." I asked, "You read the newspapers, don't you?" He replied, "Of course!" I then asked, "Do you understand what is on the front page of the New York Times?" He said, "Yes." And I didn't understand how he could understand that.

What is happening? Many people, especially young people, have expressed a feeling crisis within themselves and with respect to society. This crisis cannot be dispelled as a natural rebellion of the younger generation because it is not an issue of authority but rather one of freedom. The question is not how to win the game but whether or not to play it. And an increasing number are choosing not to play. It would seem unfortunate at this point that political circumstances have not allowed people that choice but have forced them into encounters and have, in addition, forced them to use the same methods of warfare of old. The flower-bearers of the mid-sixties may be bomb-carriers of the seventies.

But choosing not to play is not easy. Aside from the usual problems of housing, food and the economic means to supply these, even if minimally, a great number of other problems have arisen. Society at large has decided not to allow certain people to live as they wish, believe what they want or regulate their own lives.

Major political confrontations have come to the forefront, such as smoking marijuana. Having convinced the public that marijuana is harmful and its use presents a danger to society, the government, in cooperation with the courts, has gone out of its way to persecute and prosecute those people who have chosen to live their own way. In effect the government has said that people do not have the right of life,

liberty and the pursuit of happiness unless their way of life is acceptable to the powers that be (and assumedly not a threat to those powers).

The use of drugs is hardly alone a political issue. The government has also dictated what people can read, how they must dress, what language may be used, and what behavior is allowable, both public and private. That these issues are political in nature and not rational societal controls against present dangers can be ascertained through their selective enforcement. In a certain New Jersey town it is now illegal to kiss or hold hands in public. As soon as the first newly married couple gets busted on their way out of church, the issue will cease to be political.

The supposed purpose of all this harassment is the protection of the individual members of society from themselves and from others. But the guise of protection has become the tyranny of control, and it is increasingly clear that those being protected are those in control and not individual members of society. It is further clear that those people who do not want to be controlled are a threat to existing power because their way of life may be better and may eventually attract more and more people, leaving the existing powers powerless.

At the present, however, those who do not want to be controlled can neither live within the system nor can they live outside of it. Their values, beliefs, ideals are thwarted by the system which they experience as unfeeling, enslaving and meaningless. However, if they attempt to live outside of the system, they are harassed, forced to fight in a war they do not believe in, jailed for their beliefs and practices, and regarded by system institutions as in need of rehabilitation. As a result, a profound sense of

despair constantly threatens to incapacitate and destroy them and this despair has given rise to a number of system-competing ways of life.

When things are too much to cope with and the desire to do anything about it is gone, a reaction to overwhelming despair may be the constant use of drugs which can serve to create an experience in which the despair is absent, less real or reduced: heroin, by removing anxiety and creating a temporary euphoric state; barbiturates, producing a stuporous state; alcohol, through drunken confusion; marijuana, through a constant high and attempted confused state.

Despair has also led to a total environmental escape, the forming of self-sufficient communes, in an attempt to try a new way of living and relating to other people. Leaving the world's and cities' problems to the rest, communes have returned to nature and farming where the individual is more closely involved with the means of production and uninvolved with bureaucratic do-nothingness.

Desperation ensuing from despair has resulted in a kind of reckless courage of people who seem to disregard the consequences of actions which directly confront their oppressors. Since all else has failed, resorting to arms, risking arrest or being shot have become last ditch attempts to maintain the struggle for internal freedom and against total despair. Chicago and Berkeley, especially, have witnessed the desperation of those who are making a final effort before succumbing. Universities are struggling to stay alive amidst the onslaught of campus activists.

For the majority of anti-establishment people there are certain means of existence which

are basically outside the system yet not outside the cities. In fact, the underground has produced its own means of survival, paralleling that in the establishment: newspapers, such as EVO, LA Free Press, and others; underground artists and cartoonists; rock, folk and blues musicians; stores selling hippy goods from clothes to posters; the Haight-Ashbury free clinic (while it lasted); and various capitalist enterprises such as dope-dealing.

Although each of the above constitutes a somewhat specific response of the individual to despair, taken together they comprise a general response to society and its values (and to despair), and that response, which straight society, especially parents, cannot understand and which it fears, is dropping out. There is probably no more fundamental rejection of society than the dropout's declaration of goodbye.

The extent of despair is such that coping mechanisms, methods of adapting which are primary survival means are no longer satisfactory. The consolation of "You've got to live with it. It's your reality." The rejection is no longer the usual struggle between the haves and the have nots or even between the haves and other haves. It is not a struggle of "I want what you have." It is a struggle of "I want what I have."

Why then does the system react so violently and repressively to people who will not accept its way? Why is there apparently only room for one system of living? Although another answer might be preferable, despair may again be playing a dominant role.

However, it is not the despair of those who are confronting the system. It is the despair of those who have accepted the system, accepted its values, and who suffer in its confines. It may be that, whereas one type of reaction



Claudia Dreifus RELIVING THE MCCARTHY ERA- ORANGE STYLE:

Those of us too young to remember the dark days of McCarthyism, two members of Northern Ireland's "Truth Squad" provided the national news-media with a short but frightening replay of that grim era. Robin Baillie and W. Straton Mills, members of Parliament from Ulster, representatives of the Unionist Party, Protestants, land-owners and friends of land-owners, decided they were going to reveal to all America a sinister international communist plot, spearheaded by one Bernadette Devlin to turn that country into "another Cuba." The unveiling took place at the Overseas Press Club on West 41st Street two Friday's ago.

W. Straton Mills, a Belfast Attorney and member of the Orange Order—a kind of Northern Irish version of the KKK—and a man who grins as if he brushes his teeth with Vitalis, kicked off the press conference by reading an eight page statement:

"We recognize in what we are about to say now we risk being cast in the role of right-wingers or Communist witch-hunters; nonetheless," Mills oozed, "there are facts concerning a serious situation in our country...And what are these facts?...the people who are fomenting the current strife (in Northern Ireland)...(seek) the establishment of a 'Socialist Irish Republic' and its structure would be 'something similar to Cuba.'" As proof, Mills cited some tapes of

round-table discussions which members of the Civil Rights Association of Northern Ireland had participated in. What Miss Devlin had said on tape was all rather good and innocent, but W. Straton Mills had a talent for making worthwhile statements sound like sinister conspiracies. In addition, he gave the names of six "subversive" organizations that were, in his view, intimately involved in overthrowing his precious little racist state. These organizations included three representatives of local American left talent, the National Association for Irish Justice, the Young Socialist Alliance and dig it, the Peace and Freedom Party of New York.

As Mills and Baillie stood playing us a Cecil B. Demille revival of the 1950's the assembled members of

cont. on 18

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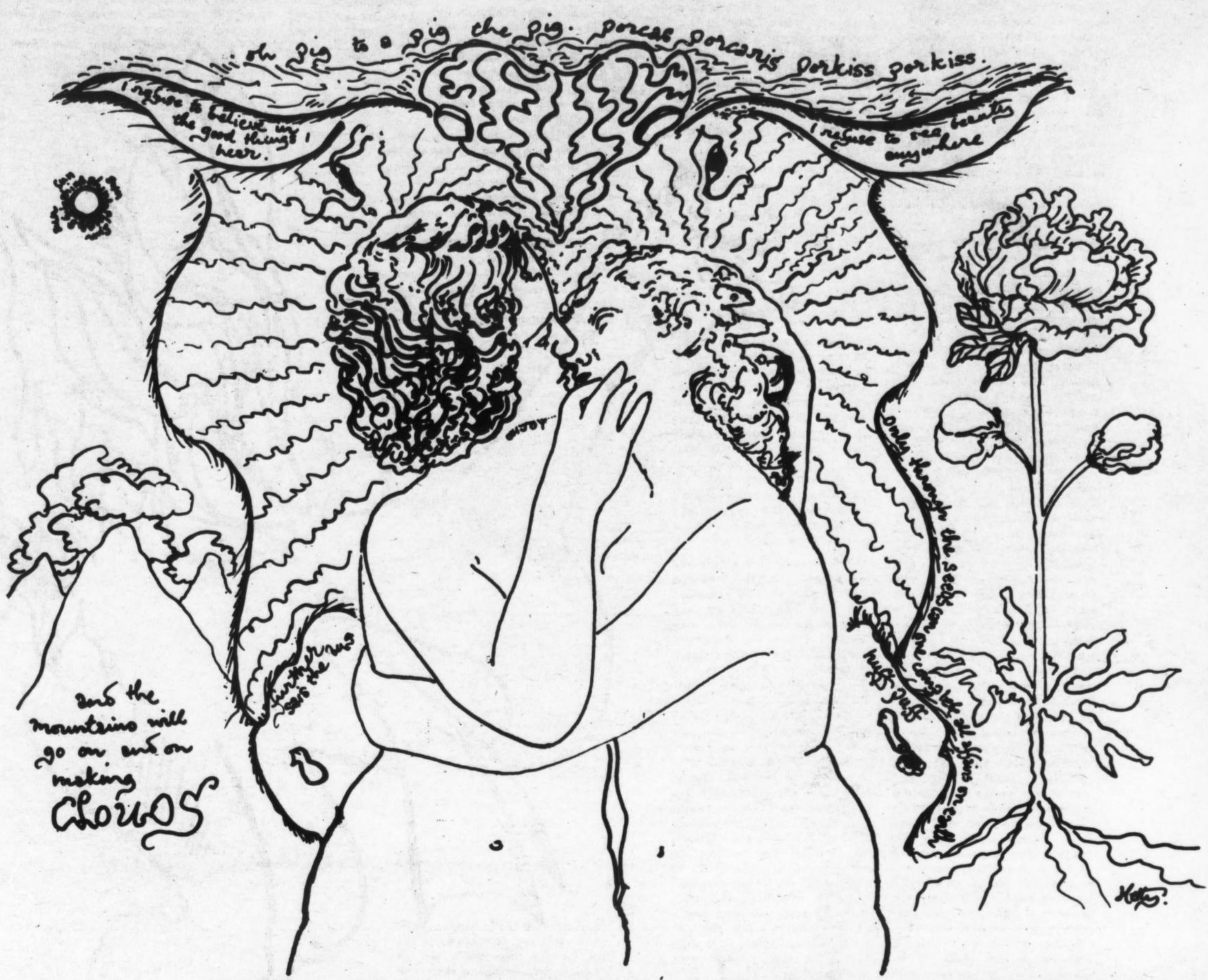
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Also Included: (from our studio) April 21, 22, 23.



Alex Gross

HIPPY LEPRECHAUN RAPES QUEEN by Alex Gross

/Englishmen accustomed to reading reports of violence from America and other barbarous colonies have had a hard time deciding what to make of recent incidents in Northern Ireland. Connoisseurs of double-think will be delighted to know that according to the London Times police in Londonderry did not use tear gas against the protesting multitudes. This is because British police would never dream of using nasty old tear gas the way police all over the world do. That would be uncivilized. The substance the police used in Ulster was, according to the Times, tearsmoke.

/Oddly enough the "tearsmoke" in question turned out to be identical to the stuff being used in other countries. It is in fact CS gas, and by some irony it turned out in later reports that the British not only used thousands of canisters of the stuff in Derry 'it has been called Londonderry only since the English took it over in the seventeenth century) but that the gas was both invented and first produced by the English in England and that there are

Englishmen earning patent royalties from the stuff to this very day. Those who delight in hypocrisy will enjoy learning that the decent English allowed it to be manufactured only on the condition that it should never be used in England or Wales. Due to a legal technicality this condition did not apply to Northern Ireland as well.

/CS is not only tear gas, it is puke gas and shit gas as well and about the only good thing about it's use here are the medical findings that it is much more dangerous than supposed. These findings are based on Londonderry babies who are still puking and shitting.

/All in all the average Englishman doesn't quite know what to make of events in Ulster. Bernadette Devlin has been treated by the English press as something between an irresponsible teenager and a dangerous anarchist, and there are rumbles about throwing her out of Parliament for daring to aid the rebels. The Conservative party leader has made noises about keeping Ulster British and warned the government that they are responsible if things get worse, as they are sure to, but it is probable that neither party has the foggiest idea what to do; Either to ease events or stop them from happening. Even the New Left has been slow to react, as their sympathy for rebellion has been outbalanced by their deep English contempt for the Irish in particular

and Catholics in general. It took gunfire and arson to get the fact across on television that there is a genuine civil rights crisis in Ulster, that the northern counties have a forty to sixty ratio of Catholics to Protestants, and that the town of Londonderry is, for example, 7-3 Catholic.

/For the time being the English are doing what they usually do in times of crisis - wondering how they got into it and hoping it will go away. It has on the whole been a hard summer in Britain, the events in Ulster following right after bomb explosions and deaths connected with the investiture of the Prince of Wales and a race riot in Leeds. Police statistics also show that the murder and overall crime rate has risen an average of twenty-five per cent over last year, which still makes England a safe place to live but has made a few people wonder about the future. In such times of uncertainty citizens sometimes try to hunt out the culprits and mete out to them the punishment they deserve in order to restore order.

/Fortunately these culprits are easily found--for many Englishmen they are none other than the hippies, who have been congregating in great numbers around the statue of Eros in the middle of Piccadilly Circus and have turned this revered landmark into London's Saint Mark's Place. The usual complaints about open-air dope and sex have been seen and heard on telly and in the papers,

but what really seems to be incensing a small group of Londoners is the fact that the hippies, many of them foreign tourists, have been sleeping in near-by Green Park. Some of England's bluest bloods have houses around the park, and a cousin of the Queen is reported to be one of those who has signed a petition to oust the hippies. Visitors are warned that police beatings are becoming more common, and a street commune has sprung up to protect victims. This commune, or others unknown, recently brought out a free street people's guide on how to get everything for free, including a few suggestions which went against most Englishmen's concept of what is considered fair or legal.

/There has been another public campaign against hippies in the resort town of St. Ives, where they are called beatniks, (this being the most recent word the town's citizens are capable of coping with), and signs of persecution are emerging from other parts of England as well. Fortunately for the straight and elderly, it would appear that another sort of young Englishman will soon take care of all the dirty unkempt hippies.

/These are the "spikies" or "bristles," as the neighbourhood newspapers are calling them (the major London papers have not yet mentioned their existence). They take these names from their hair, which would make a Marine crewcut look long by comparison

and they are about fifteen or sixteen years old. Thus far not great in numbers, they are a phenomenon of this spring and summer and may have first appeared in force at the outdoor concert for the Rolling Stones in Hyde Park this July, when a band of perhaps a hundred burst into the hundreds of thousands on the grass and started a few fights before being led off by the police.

/These neo-rockers are not to be confused with the London branch of Hell's Angels, mild by American standards, who were in fact helping to guard the outdoor concert and are in general quite helpful on the scene. But the Spikies have since appeared again several times in raids on the King's Road, one of the centers of both fashionable and hippy London. Here they have entered boutiques and coffee houses and beat up proprietors or visitors. They specialize in disfiguring people's faces and in shooting you at a few inches range with a gun that turns out to contain nothing but blanks after you have died of a heart attack. The usual explanation for the arrival of the bristles is that they are the real children of the lower classes who simply cannot afford to take part in the Swinging London scene. It remains to be seen if this is true or if the bristle phase is a lasting one, but decent citizens all over England will no doubt sleep more soundly to know that these fine clean-cut youths are at last doing something against the dirty hippies.

/\$s

/An Open Letter to New York Underground Newspapers

There have been notices in the Village Voice bulletin board announcing the birth of two new underground newspapers. I hope they are good ones for we are certainly in need of good media! I'd even say desperately in need and I'd be surprised to find myself alone with this feeling. There is so much garbage on the newstands—EVO, Rat, Other Scenes, Culture, Rock, Kiss, Screw, all kinds of papers obsessed with insane violence and sex, political bullshit and dishonest nonsense. It's all such a painful bore.

/EVO, Rat, Other Scenes, and all the rest of you—what do you communicate but your own confusion? Don't the National Enquirer and its imitators supply you with enough pornography and violence? Vietnam, police brutality, pollution—we know that already! Who needs it? There are enough little papers around the country who've gotten their people together by coming out against something. You are certainly in an influential position as to move people, so what are you for? Where is the truth in what you put into your papers? Certainly facts are needed—but must you be so obsessive? Your obsessions show that you are sleeping! How do you expect to wake up your parents when you are so fucking blind to the responsibility which is right in front of you—you have to communicate the truth as you feel it from your hearts! If you feel the truth is so utterly black, gruesome and violent then why the hell don't you write something totally black, gruesome and violent and be sure to scare the hell out of yourselves doing it! Then we all might get damn good and scared together! Let's have something like Naked Lunch because that was written from a man's totally desperate attempt to cast out his own darkness and find some light. Anything less than that today in these times of incredible confusion is certainly not worth printing. As you are all you give us is yet another reflection of the greed and corruption that are clogging up so much of our media.

You are not liberated from the very things you claim to be liberated from. There is no truth in all your proud little words.

/So much today is said about love and hate, yet I wonder how many of you can conceive of the strength of the emotions of true love and hate. Such feelings are certainly more than likes or dislikes, even love or hate for concepts. You say you hate the system but do you really? It keeps you reasonably comfortable. When you hate with all you have then sooner or later you begin to understand the person or the system that you've been hating. If you remain open you will understand more and then you will feel a need that the person or system has. The need is for some kind of change which will bring more life and your responsibility is to communicate this very life and this life must be communicated from the heart to affect a lasting change. Otherwise all you are doing is hating yourselves and I

wish you please wouldn't hate yourselves but rather hate the prison you've been building for yourselves. You should hate what you are doing when you print and sell such trash as that will soon make you stop and make you want to find your own truth to communicate. What of your fears, your jealousies, your suspicions? And are you so blind to your self-indulgence? Cannot any of you see with me the inevitable projection of today's confusion—

and filth so that when it is time for more truth to be born it may appear as something other than a jewel at the bottom of a garbage can?

/I have read this over once again and still I feel it is not strong enough. I have been looking for the truth in what you write for a long time and I have come to believe that only very very strong feeling can wake you up. During so much of my own life I wrote

the kinds of things you write, explaining everything away with trivial thoughts which seemed so profound. When someone told me truth I smirked and laughed hollowly. Oh I was so benevolent and understanding! Bullshit! When I see your papers now they reflect that empty part of my life back to me and it makes me sick. I feel like puking and shitting my guts out and banging my head against the toilet seat. If you were here I'd want to tear your limbs off and beat them against the walls you make me so sick wake up for Christ's sake wake up! You are causing yourselves

and others so much needless pain and confusion. We are supposed to be the new generation to rebuild the world and there you are building your horror dungeons and torture chambers for the Inquisition. Write and speak from your hearts! No matter what love or hate your heartfelt feelings are they are the truth and even if at

the hysterical mobs in the streets, the spasms of total fear and hate, the unexpected courage and compassion, the screams of the wounded and dying, the grief of children? Grief! Have any of you dared confront your own grief? Each of you an individual must wake up to whom you truly are for you are so separated from each other. And as for all that togetherness you claim—groovy smiles make me grin, too, but so much much more is needed.

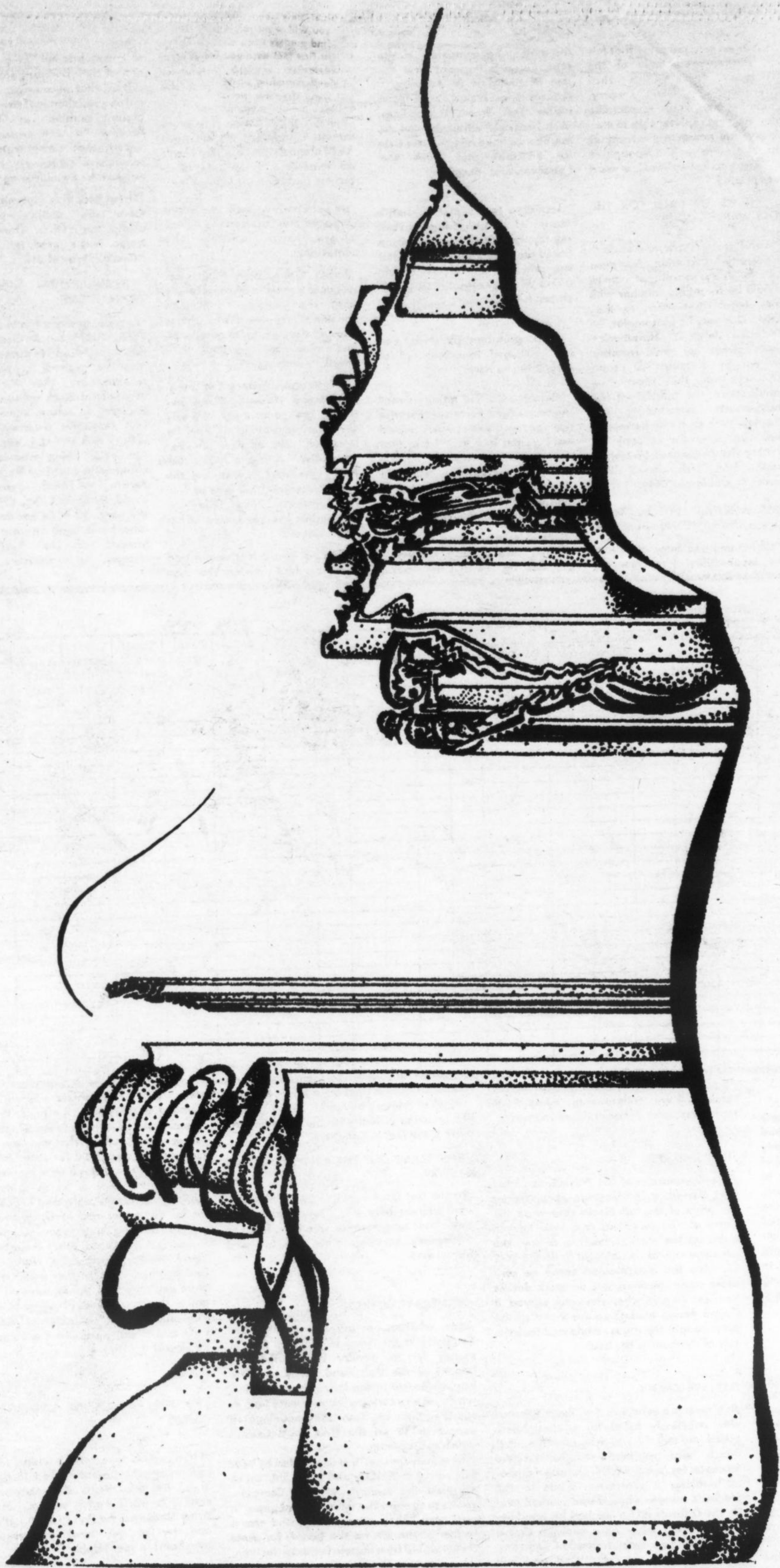
/Have you seen a magazine out of Boston called American Avatar? Now there is expression that is so real, immediate, and moving! Another magazine, only recently begun, is Greenleaf, created by a community in Barre, Vermont. You should look at these magazines for they are such a challenge for you to express yourselves simply and honestly and passionately. You guys are about as passionate as a dead snail. Beyond the need you seem to feel to express anger, frustration, obsessions with sex and violence, and vacuous nonsense, is the need we all share for More Life, More Immediacy, More Impact! You will only feel this need when you are able to truly see and feel beyond yourselves. Many of you do feel your own pain, your own need—why don't you be honest about it? For there is so much more pain and more need beyond your separate selves.

/I am unable to believe that New York's underground media can long remain such a garbage heap. I don't expect the truth from established media as they are too fixed in their ways. Will you grow old and senile as well? If we cannot yet have perceptive and moving articles on general topics can we at least have a few people writing simply of their own fear, pain, and joy? Will you dare to help clear all the media of greed.

first they seem like little truths you will want to sustain them to find greater truth and even if you at first feel hate you will want to exhaust it to find the understanding on which we will build the new world. So now if you are real men and women and not a bunch of tired old boys and girls you will at first hate me for exposing you like this and you will fight the truths I am writing. And you will hate your friends for lying to you and they will hate you for the same reason. And if you are real men and women you will not fight with sticks and stones or

'continued on page 19'







the aboveground media sat in awe and shock. One reporter from a highly "respectable" journal furiously asked Mills, how it could be that the 'International Communist Conspiracy' took all of fifty years to discover his little country. I got up and asked how could the Peace and Freedom Party participate in a plot to overthrow the Storkent Government--since that organization is defunct. Straton Mills grinned at me with his oily teeth and declared that Peace and Freedom lived. Mills then pointed a dagger-like finger and inquired if I were a card-carrying member of P & F. "No," I retorted, "I'm a registered Republican!" To Mills the word Republican means member of the IRA--so the reference to American politics may have escaped him. When Paul O'Dwyer, the white-haired former Democratic Senatorial candidate, rose for a question, Mills would not yield the floor until O'Dwyer declared whether or not he was a Communist!

/It was an amazed press that left the distinguished halls of the Overseas Press Club that afternoon. "Don't worry, darlin'," one very respectable aboveground reporter said to me. "We're not going to print any of this shit. We've had enough of it." And you know, hardly a word was printed.

BOOKS TO READ FOR THE POST-WARREN COURT:

In this era of "Law and Order", preventive detention, and mass jailings every movement activist should be thoroughly familiar with their legal rights--such as they exist. One very fine pamphlet, "A Radical Defense Handbook," came across my desk recently. Written by a group of young attorneys on the coast, the handbook is the product of the mass-arrests surrounding the People's Park demo in Berkeley. You can send for a copy by writing the Movement Liberation Front, 4164 17th Street, San Francisco, California 94114

MISS AMERIKA 1970 by Karen Kearns, LIBERATION News Service
 "Right now I'm busy accepting the responsibility of representing

the girls who competed in the Miss America Pageant and the rest of the girls in America." Pamela Anne Eldred, 21, a blond Barbie Doll from Birmingham, Mich., has sold whatever soul she might once have had to Pepsi Cola for \$60,000 and now she represents me! Yaagh!

According to a report by Judith Martin of the Washington Post, my representative has no opinion about drugs, student unrest, what the priorities of America should be, or whether or not 18 year-olds should have the vote.

The programmed platitudes she has managed to parrot are of staggering vacuity.

Miss America told admirers that the war is right because otherwise the government never would have gotten into it. "I feel that the people who were voted into office must have the intelligence to know what to do and that everybody should have faith in them," she staunchly opined.

If Pamela is a human being we will not know about it for a year--she has agreed not to smoke,

drink, discuss controversial subjects or appear anywhere unchaperoned for the year she holds the title.

Pamela thinks it's a fine to go around being Miss Middle Ages for 12 months: "If I am told I can't do something, I am told for a reason, and I don't challenge it."

Do not conclude that the judges chose the only, or even the dullest virgin brain among the contestants.

Judith Claire, Miss Minnesota, resigned herself to lifelong futility with this remark: "Women shouldn't try to run things because they are more emotional and men can overcome their emotions with logic."

Miss Virginia, Sydney Lee Lewis, condemned student reform but thinks her generation will win kudos for "conceiving the Rally for Decency." The all time bummer was Miss America 1969, Judi Ford, who said that during the year she reigned her love of Toni hair products, Pepsi Cola and Oldsmobile became a part of her innermost self.

What is more loathsome and terrifying than a society that tries

to brainwash half its population out of their human potential? A culture that encourages a young girl to proclaim mindlessly that her highest ambition in life is to become "a nice person"? A system that turns women into compulsive consumers alcoholics or neurotics by middle age?

These poor girls and millions like them are neither monsters, villains nor cretins. They are the tragic waste products of the American Way of Life.

PRESS REVIEW: THE ROBERT WILLIAMS CASE

I'm not usually a fan of the NEW YORK TIMES, but Anthony Lewis, that paper's London Bureau Chief, must be praised for perceptive column on the Kafkaesque attempts of Black militant Robert Williams to return home to the USA. Williams, a former NAACP official fled the U.S. eight years ago after being framed on a kidnapping charge. For nearly a decade, he had roamed the world, living in Cuba, China and Vietnam. Now, he has decided to come home in an attempt to clear himself of the kidnapping charges. He purchased a London

White Negro

White Negro

CONSOLIDATED STRENGTH REPORT															New AW-OLS	Total AWOL Colms 12, 23 35	Total Asg W Colms 2, 13 25	Total Asg N Colms 3, 14 26	Total W&N Colms 38 & 39	Total Atch Colms 5, 16 28	Total Asg & Atch Colms 40 & 41	Total Present Colms 6, 17 29
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THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS

/Well, another week has gone by and how many more soldiers have paid the final price? TOO MANY. My God, Somebody must stop this war soon, I am losing all of my friends. There are many ways of ending this bloodletting, so I have heard, one of the best is by pulling out all of the people that don't want to fight and replacing them with all the people that sent them there in the first place. There are better, more worthwhile engagements to be fought right her, like stopping "Unauthorized Federal Intervention" in a Labor dispute. Yeh, a Labor Dispute.

/IS UNCLE SAM A GRAPE FETISH???

/Did you know that Uncle Sam is buying grapes from California Growers while the Grape Picker Union Members starve? Why, maybe he has a Super Still at one of his Officer Clubs? I really can't say he is giving them to the troops because in my three years of service the only grapes I devoured were raisinized.

/PEACE COORDINATOR SPEAKS OUT

/David Eisenberg, organizer of the Presidio Peace Marches of October 12, 1968 and April 6, 1969, and also the President of the G.I.

Association spoke to the Unknown Soldier recently, it was enlightening. Some of the topics discussed will be in the open now.

/HIDE AND SEEK

/The Commander of the Presidio Stockade was alerted to a scheduled inspection by the press of the cell blocks that were the cause of the rebellion, and was told to clean up the mess. Needless to say, the prisoners stayed up all night to do the job. To solve the overcrowded scene he sent those same prisoners out on work details the next day, so when the press arrived, it looked decent enough to live in. Well the press bought the masquerade and took the side of the Brass in the issue.

/LEST WE FORGET

/It is almost a year since Pvt. Richard Bunch was needlessly killed by a thoughtless guard and still the atrocities continue. Pvt. Bunch was confined to the Presidio Stockade for being AWOL, a charge similar to breaking a contract. While in the Stockade he was abused and worked over by the Officials till he reached his breaking point. Then, when on a shotgun Guard Work Detail, he broke formation and ran. The guard did not call, "Halt or I will Shoot." The Guard did not aim for the legs, instead he shot directly at the head of Pvt.

Richard Bunch. A final blow to Pvt. Bunch's ordeal of military injustice. Kinda sounds like breaking a deal with the Cosa Nostra, huh? Good luck in Cal, Dave:

/HELP STAMP OUT THE ARMY APARTHIED SYSTEM

/In the last issue I told of DA Form 1389. Well friends, here it is. Now you can go write your congressman. Brothers, learn to distinguish between other brothers and black lifers.

/WE NEED YOUR HELP

/Men, whether you know it or not, every Company in the Army is allotted a sum of money for its Sundry Fund, otherwise known as the Unit Fund. It is used for buying morale lifting items that the lifers want, such as curtains for your mess hall, or sports equipment. Your Unit has delegated people to be on the Unit Fund Council which appropriates /the money for use. It is usually led by your CO, with 2 or 3 NCOs and 2 or 3 EM. Let us say that the majority of your Company wants to support the underground paper in your area. They get a petition and give it to one of the EM on the board, for proof that it would be a morale factor to the men. He votes that the Unit should allot money to subscribe for a year, at 20 copies an issue, to your local underground paper. The

other EM sympathizer Seconds the Nomination and makes it official. If the CO says no, take the matter to the IG and write me so I can tell of the injustice. Your Company receives \$.50 for each EM by the Post Central Fund, check on it yourself. The underground press is in great need of money as it is non-profit and usually paid for by the editor and staff, or has some civilian backing. If your company is receiving Army Times, what could be more equal then to subscribe, right. The Underground Press is your voice, it is the Stars and Stripes of the movement. If you are in doubt as to what paper is in your local area write to the Unknown Soldier, c-o EVO and I will send you the name and address of it.

/TO THE EDITORS OF UNDERGROUND PAPERS

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/KEEP THE PRESSES RUNNING, GOOD LUCK

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After Dispair what?
continued

to despair to drop out or fight against, another reaction is to conform.

The actions of many of many conformers (those who have accepted the system), southern rednecks, big city policemen, small storeowners, factory workers, powerful lawyers and politicians, seem to reveal a despair, a frustration, that is not dissimilar to the despair exhibited by those who are against the system. This despair is subtler because the behavior it engenders is more commonly accepted as normal, but its origin may be much the same.

Instead of being repelled by the

system, a person may react by giving in rather than attempting an apparently futile fight. In other words, "If you can't beat them, join them." Whereas the person opposed to the system is unwilling to sacrifice himself in this manner because he feels it is intolerable, another person may feel it is more advantageous to join the system, thus gaining a certain security and protection (if not power) afforded to group members.

However, joining the system does not occur without accompanying feelings of resentment at being denied free self expression and being subservient to the rules of the system. This hostility is turned into a compulsion to control others and to obtain an increasingly better

position within the system: the more powerful one becomes, the more one is able to control others, and the less one is controlled by others, the process being part of the game from which people cannot escape.

As a result of joining the system, the hopelessness of fighting against it turns to acceptance and then finally to the conviction that the system is right. Since this conviction is so firmly rooted in despair, the system's institutions, values, ideals, etc. are defended staunchly and violation of them is not allowed - the initiation rite must be shared by all. Therefore, those who choose not to join are subject to especially harsh punishment, rejection, coercion, threat, etc. Having gained, it is inconceivable that the system is wrong or that participation in it is not a necessity, for to admit the possibility is to admit that one's self expression was needlessly denied.

The question of whether there are other ways of life never arises because it is not a question of choice but tradition (or for liberals, modified tradition). This type of defensiveness concerning one's group is manifest in a great variety of conflicts, such as wars between countries, race riots and fraternity competition.

Despair may be the cornerstone of a new world, or the end of the old one. As long as people show up to fight wars, then they have given in to despair too easily. They must be so despairing that they will no longer participate, will no longer support existing absurdities in the hope that things will change. Despair must be so profound that it is not worth it to contribute to one's own destruction.

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D.A. Latimer
continued from
page 7

lies and bullshit and superstition, to tackle EVO! Our circulation's larger than theirs, we been around longer than they have, we get more advertising, our writers are infinitely better and so are our visuals-- and still these creeps are gonna make trouble for us. Must be a ploy to gain circulation...

God knows they must need circulation. Have you ever seen anybody reading the damn thing, besides the jerkoffs who use it to hide Screw inside of? What's it get that working people should waste a dime on it with the price of eggs what it is? Steve Canyon? Caniff doesn't draw it any more, it stinks. Ann Landers, perhaps? Goldsmith and Allen, maybe, with their hysterical caterwaulings about 'an armed, organized Negro fifth column dedicated to the mindless, fanatic, violent overthrow of American Democracy?' Bob Salamaggi's movie revues, with the patently reprintable blurb-paragraphs in every third paragraph? Or Jack O'Brien and his latest condemnation of the latest exposed breast in the latest Broadway play? What has this paper, the Daily Column, ever printed that was the least bit relevant to anything that's happened since Huey Long was assassinated?

Oh yes, they did one thing last spring--they printed up the proposed Teacher's Contract, it took up four pages of closest small type. You started William S. White's perennial loveletter to the Conservative American Majority, obediently turned to the continuation on page nine, and ecch! is lying there on your breakfast table the best possible excuse for immediate school decentralisation. A public service, courtesy of the New York Daily Column. Enough to make you blow your crullers and tomato juice.

How nice of them! You'll charitably say, to make the public privy to the inside mechanics of the powder-key school situation. But you're wrong, you see, because the public don't read this dishwater. No, this contract appeared in the Column a few days before it was ratified by a mail vote of the UFT membership; voters were notified over the radio

that the Column was printing the thing. And the contract was just thrown in there, half the edition was ripped out to make room for it; but somehow, knowing the Column I have trouble giving it that much credit for altruism and sense of duty. Just who the hell owns it, anyway?

Whoever the hell owns it, that who is in good with the UFT. Not only did the Column print the teacher's contract, but they've devoted whole vats of hot type to the school situation in New York City, and every word of it was lavish praise of Albert Shanker and the UFT. And the better part of it, predictably enough was highly derogatory of the black communities of this city.

HOO-boy, here we go again, the Jews versus the blacks...

There is a skinny fellow named Ray Shultz on the writing market today, a flux take him, whose excellent turn of phrase threatens sometimes to outstrip my own, and Shultz is from Brooklyn and he's a drunk. He sits around Stanley's Bar, Shultz, over on Avenue B, watching the street. 'I swear to God,' he told us a while ago at a swank East Village to-do, 'just last month I saw a guy from the Jewish Defense League come out of his house and stand on the sidewalk, and besides a yarmulka he was wearing a combat uniform, you know, with the straps and armband and a big .45 strapped to his hip in a black leather holster, and he just stood there a while until this big panel truck pulls up and stops, and this guy climbs in the back with eight or ten other guys in fautiges, and they had rifles and bayonets and bandoliers, real mean, just sitting there... And there was a cop across the street, he was looking into the store windows over there but every now and then he'd sort of glance over, and then he'd turn white and look away quick and go on nebbing into the store window...' For the sake of our sanity we agreed it must have been the Yeshiva ROTC seen through too much Bitter Matherfucker, and ignored poor Shultz for the rest of the night.

Anyhow, the thing with Shultz is, he works for The New York Review Of Sex And Politics. This is to say that he pulls down subway tokens and food stamps for a salary, and so a while back he dropped around to affluent EVO to cop an assignment. Now, EVO's editor is Jaakov Kohn, a fellow who among other noteworthy accomplishments helped liberate Israel from the British. The British broke Jaakov's

legs for that, they drove over him in a tank, and to this day his old war wounds have a way of reminding him how Jewish he is. 'My boy,' suggested loveable old Jaakov in a fit of nostalgia, 'Ray, my boy, why don't you go out and do a story on the Jewish Defense League? People keep telling me EVO's anti-Semitic, but my word, Ray, we're all Jewish here except for that Welshman who writes the Decomp column and that melancholy Indian from Oklahoma in the pasteur room. So let's try to get these JDL fellows to the point where we can engage them in a dialog, what say?'

EVO? Anti-Semitic? The firm of Kohn, Kohn, Katzman, Katzman, Dreifus, Gross, Simon, Deitch, Weingourt, Fabrikant and Shushnick? Not to mention Asnen, whom you should hear singing the kadish, and such a nice boy too if he only wasn't such a sehmegege... Poor Ray Shultz, what could he have thought?

Well, there was this thing with WBAI last winter, when some black people said some unkind things about some Jewish people, who swiftly returned the compliment. In her great grey majesty The Times wrote it up big--The Times being second only to the Daily Column in its reverence for Al Shanker and the UFT--they made it sound as though WBAI was running Goering propoganda tapes 24 hours a day, and perforce you had a few hundred people picketing BAI, many of them wearing JDL armbands and carrying black lampshades. I also was there with the press mind you, and I wrote it up saying in my usual clumsy fashion that The Times has no business inflaming racial tensions just to make Albert Shanker look good.

Of course, partisan passions were completely out of control by that time. I shouldn't have written it the way I did, opening with a recreation of Moses' discovery of the Promised Land and the lyrics, 'This Land-Is Mine-God Gave This Land To Me'; and closing with a Grey Line Tour Bus stooge's usual racist rap as he goes through Harlem, and the lines, 'This Grave-Is Mine-God Gave This Grave To Me.' What I meant there, Rabbi, was that the black people have been given the ghetto with the rats and lice just as magnanimously as the Jews were given the land of milk and honey. But the JDL interpreted it to mean I was personally pledging to bury them.

Thus it happened that Shultz was received coldly at the JDL headquarters. 'When I told them I was from EVO,' he relates, 'they whipped out a dogeared old copy with your BAI story in it and said, "You already did a story on us, you don't have to tell us any more. We don't like this guy here, you know, and we don't like your paper any better." You know, Shultz goes on dreamily, 'they're supposed to have these training camps upstate where they teach kids karate and stuff...'

You couldn't get Shultz to do an EVO article now if you gave him, an expense account at Max's Kansas City.

But don't be surprised if someday soon the Daily Column's headline declares, 'Anti-Semitism Growing In Underground Press', illuminated with choice quotes, some real, most imaginary. It's been known to happen--'Arabs Soliciting New Left Volunteers To Fight Against Israel', that was their lead story a while back. Every time the Middle East blows up, half the American Left

scrambles off to Tel Aviv with blood in their eyes and 'NEKOMAH' on their lips, no consequence to the Daily Column--Nasser's invited us, that's incriminating enough. It's like Communist, the mere accusation

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DA

(From p97)

is sufficient to get you gutted and burned.

EVO apparently has the Column's dander up, they'll most likely sue us now. About this we don't worry, I am nothing if not subtle when it comes to libel, they don't have a leg to stand on in

court. All I said, I said they're old, stupid, reactionary and hysterical - let's see them prove they're not. But before they start comparing us to the Third Reich, I want to make it clear that I love and

admire the Jewish people, I respect their traditions, and I think Katz's is the finest dining spot on the Lower East Side. There, Ma, I said something nice.

as 'an insidious plot to instill race hatred among Negro children'-- when every Column article on Black Power is laced with the catch- words 'violence', 'Communist', and 'hate'--then I want to burn them off the newsstand, and only the fact of their diminutive circulation deters me. I really don't think you can admire the Daily Column and the Jewish Tradition at the same time.

/But I also want to say that I am of one blood with the black community. When Shanker screws them he screws me. When the Column prints a Goldsmith-Allen article denouncing the Black Panther School Breakfast Program

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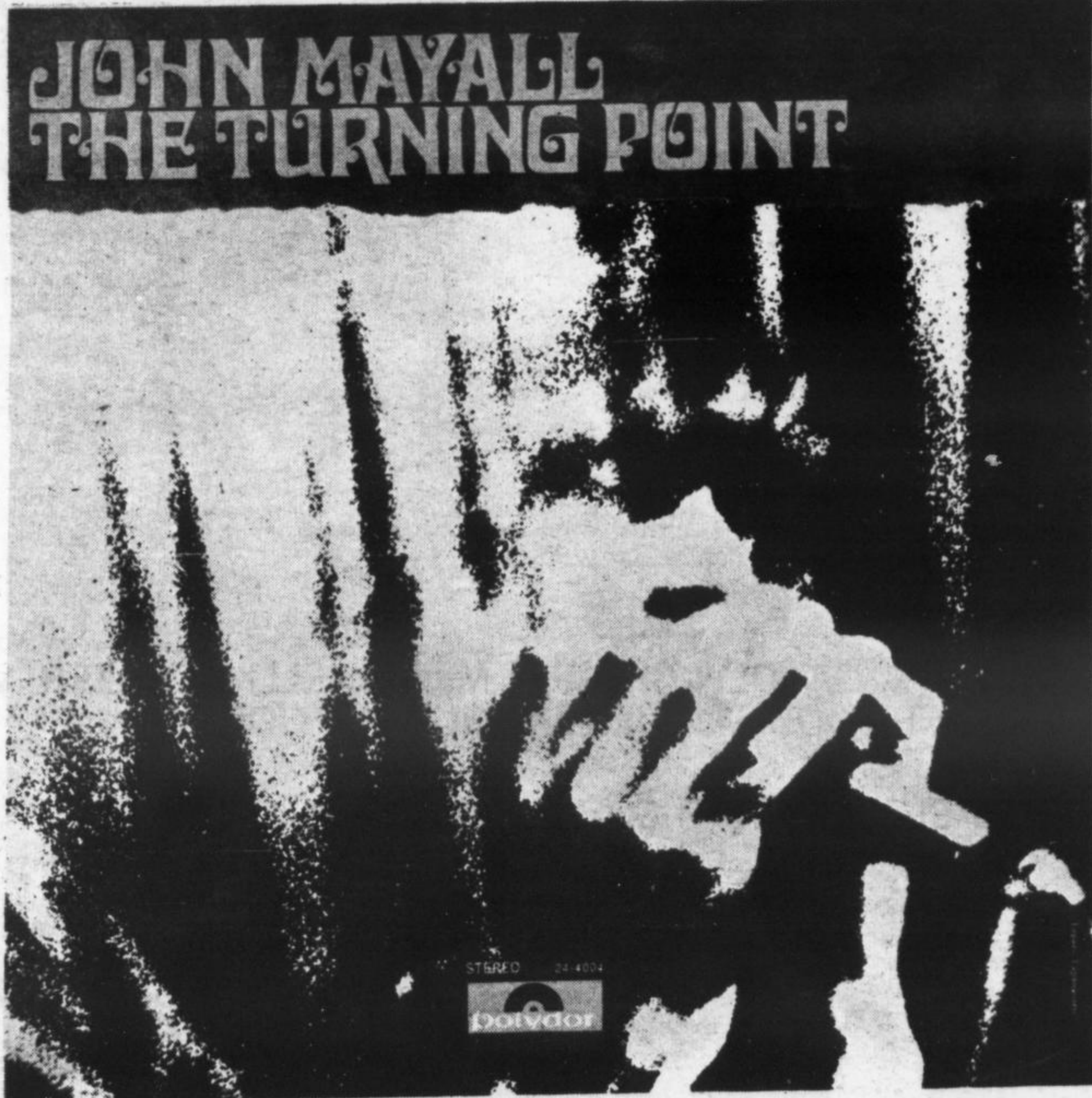
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claudia

to New York airline ticket from TWA. But in the last minute, that company decided that Williams could not go home again and refused to take him aboard. Pan Am, BOAC and Air India also refused Williams passage—to add insult to injury, British officials ordered him on a plane leaving for Cairo—a place to which Robert Williams had never been. After much pressure from the ACLU and Anthony Lewis' column, TWA finally decided that they would charter a special plane for the dangerous Mr. Williams. If all this seems a little suspicious, it seems as if some people don't want Robert Williams to come home, there seems to be some method to it all. Williams says that the CIA doesn't want him in the country. He may be right.

/In the meantime, I've cancelled my reservations on TWA for my forthcoming flight to Ireland. If Robert Williams' money isn't good enough for that airline, neither is mine. I'll fly Air Lingus, instead. As for EVO readers planning domestic trips, lets all tell TWA to fuck off and fly United.

P.S.

TWA has finally agreed to provide a plane with Williams as only passenger. True to form the FBI arrested Williams immediately upon landing in Detroit. The only unresolved question remains his reason for returning. With a federal fugitive warrant outstanding the bust had to be a foregone conclusion. Indeed there must be a method to all this madness.

lita from 7

brilliant, are hardly going to bring in any innovations at all, Pete (Townshend) will roll his arm 3 times, bring it crashing down on the guitar.

The Stones, now, they represent something else, 'fuck all the parents,' 'you can do what you want'...That isn't what their music said necessarily, the kids took it and made the music a vehicle for themselves—another way to use music, to make it say something you want it to say, The Mothers (of Invention) use it to put over something. They're great, the Mothers, you need them for perspective, you have to have them just the way you have to have a Led Zeppelin to push you right up to exhaustion.

"To create music...creating music is to create form; a builder finds the form to build houses, music is for musicians to find form for the music, an art form. With electronics, you can only add, there are no limitations. You can lose the form that way...Music as opposed to 'sound'..? It's all just both!

"The subculture?...they're puttin' power in things, aren't they..? The revolution is going to happen anyway, no matter what anyone tries to do to stop it, but to feel what's happening you have to be in a town; the country is the same all over—but then these kids get to a town, see what's going on..!

"Right now, I feel I'd like to stay in music forever. I'm just playing along at the moment, singing song about subjects I'm learning

to think about while I learn to play the guitar."

The Jefferson Airplane, all told, have been together for 3 years, since Grace Slick joined. The interview following was with Grace and Paul Kantner, rhythm guitarist and composer. Their views excerpted, represent them, not the Airplane, if such a creature exists. We talked about a lot of things...where I can, I'll try to point out who is which with a P for Paul, G for Grace.

G. Sure I think about being old, looking like an old hag—it comes from haggard, meaning 'growing old and ugly'...I think about dying—I think about whatever comes through my head.

P. I don't think about dying. I don't think death is the end of anything.

G. I do.

P. No...I just think it means you go on to something else; when you understand something entirely, then it's dead for you; you can't relate to anything you understand entirely. That's why men will never understand everything around them, understand life completely—it becomes irrelevant.

Me: What do you want..? Out of life..?

P. A starship.

Acid, music, related subjects

G. With old paintings, every once in a while they clean the shit off so you can see them; otherwise, you can't even see them: That's what acid is like.

P. Acid is great, it makes you aware of things you may not have been thinking about. Of course

there are other ways to do it, but acid is a good way, a good, fast way. Acid teaches there are many trips—

G.—People get scared on trips because they realize the security thing—2 cars in the garage, etc., —they realize this means nothing.

P. They realize each person is alone and must get it together for himself as an organism... and that's when a person goes out and kills people out of loneliness, fear... 'bad trips.'

G. There was this cat who jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge, landed feet first and rose

to the surface—really—and in the hospital, he kept talking about the golden doors he had seen, the angels, the acid had kept him from getting scared while taking the trip.

Me: Have you gone through golden doors?

G. Every day; I get some kind of revelation every day; sets my brains around, turns my brains right out.

Me: Think you'll get to doing it all the time, continually?

G. Sure

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guns and knives or silly sneers and name-calling but you will summon up all the emotional strength you have to fight with and you will fight totally with your feelings. But if you are so proud and sick that you must ignore all this and think in your dark little minds that I am a complete idiot madman, hopelessly out of control and beyond redemption or if you are even sicker and you think in your minds that you understand all this and have asked yourselves all the questions there are to ask—then I will have to summon even greater feeling to wake you up and I will and so will many others. Then in a split-second your mind is like a bomb about to explode into a thousand fragments and you will simply have to fight for your lives.

/Sincerely,

/Alex Simack

/A POEM BY ALEX SIMACK

/I mixed my rage in a teacup,
/I threw it in your face.
/Screaming at the stars

/I buried my lies in the dark cold earth.
/Now my lies have sprouted and grown—
/They whine with my wind-eating mind.

/Dead snails or not, we wouldn't dream of denying brother Simack a forum from which to vent his anger.

/Being slimy as only dead snails can be, some of us couldn't help but respond in kind.

/You childish dumbfuck. I've been with the underground press pretty much from its beginning. Week after week we have to read letters from people telling us that we don't know the true meaning of love and hate, that we are untouched by the real problems of the world.

/YOU ARE THE REAL PROBLEM OF THE WORLD

/EVO and most underground papers have a policy of printing almost anything that is well

written and that has something to say. In fact we print a lot of things that are just plain shittily written but that have something to say. Don't you understand? If you want something done do it. Don't bitch at us. Do it.

/D.L.

/Take a laxative and go to bed for a couple of days. Keep away from sharp surfaces and inflammable substances until you start feeling better. Then go to Max's Kansas City and find a girl. If you keep working on your writing, someday maybe you'll be good enough for The Weekly Reader.

/DAL

/So what else is new????????

/IS

/I think the cat is paranoid

/SK

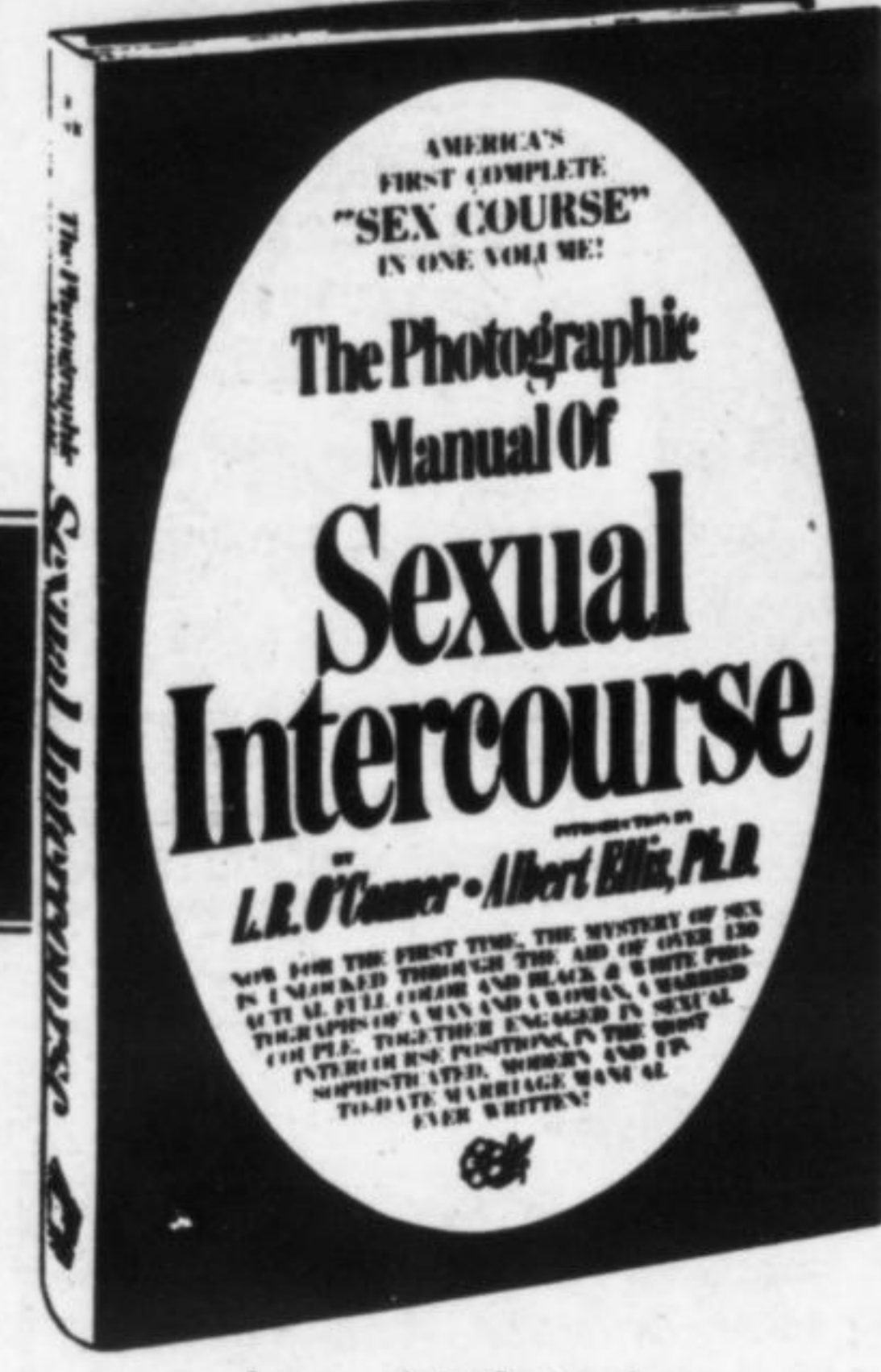
/I thought God was dead.

/JH

/EVO does communicate it's own confusion and that's why we are publishing yours.

/AK

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Life - end of heartache

Me: Then what about making music..?

G. ?

Me: What about the music, how do you make the songs?

G. Schopenhauer said music is the Will, and that was a good definition for him...I'd say 'soul and everything' too. We're not trying to say the same thing again and again...each song is something that has happened. It belongs to whomever did the most work on it. I might bring in some lyrics, Paul'll add a riff.

Me: Did you decide you just wanted to play music one day?

P. No; just happened.

Me. Believe in witchcraft?

G. Witchcraft, telepathy, it's all part of the same thing...Yeah, sure. ESP...whatever word they want to use now, it's all part of using your brain.

P. Acid gets in there and eats away at certain parts, barriers, boundaries, leaving you better off, freed of some old binding perceptions...You just have to remember it's a chemical.

G. I'm learning to accept now. I may not be right, I might be wrong, but that's for me to decide, I don't think in terms of what others might think is the right thing—not any more.

...I'm changing every minute of every day, and sure, I'm changing what is around, the energy works

in both ways, from outside to me and then out again. Sure.

Alvin Lee, 24, is lead guitarist of 10 Years After, and has been playing about the last 10 years.

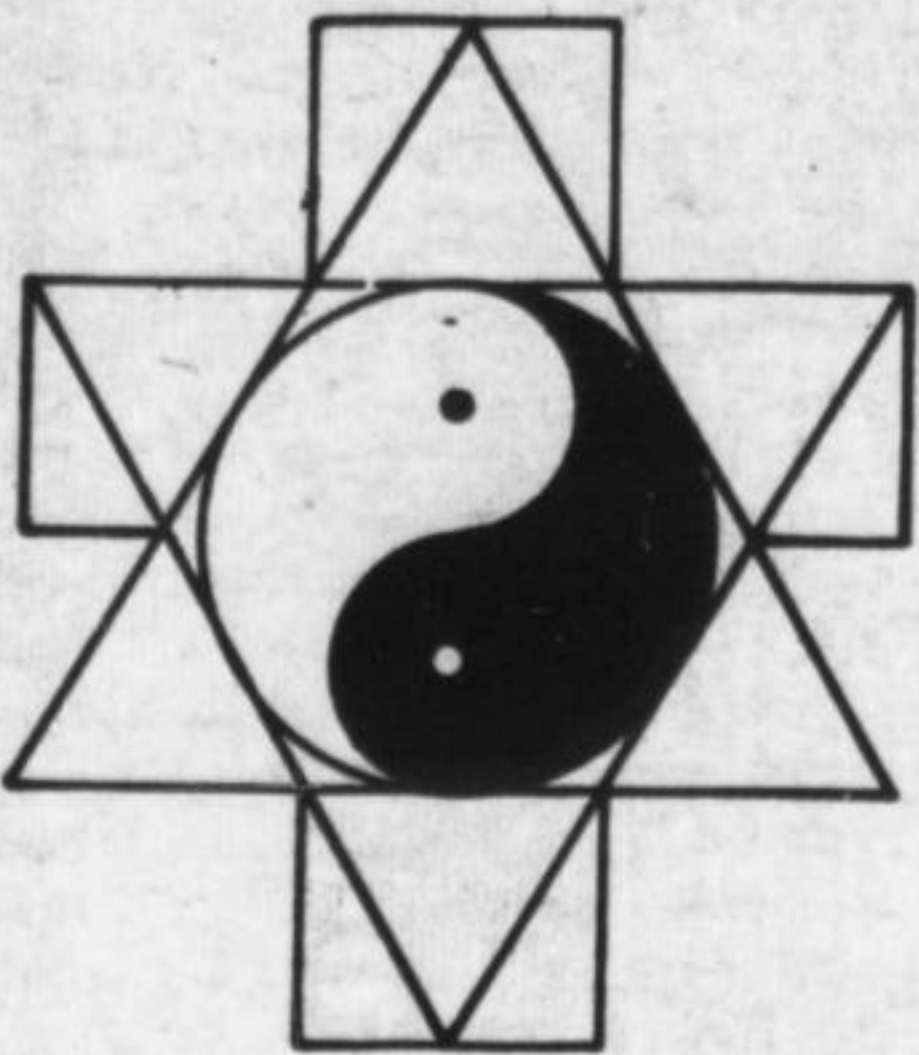
"I like playing music because it allows me to have fun, be happy, live a way I want and make money...well, the more money you have, the more you want. I'd like to get into producing eventually, into electronics and a studio— I have my own, a battered-up affair - but I've gotten sounds out of it I've never heard in a regular studio; I'd like to have time to do it more, but then I wouldn't be doing what I'm doing now and I have to do that a while longer, make more money to sock into it...What the group does musically is all basic—that's what we do. The more complex the group— brass, etcetera— the more limited the music becomes: you have to throw in preselected riffs for the

sax and such. We have (NB: the group itself) a rhythm section, just the four instruments, and we can all go off on solos, straight out:

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"I'm getting into abstract sound, not John Lennon-Yoko stuff, but I am getting something together. It isn't ready yet...but...it's getting together. Why abstract sound..? Obviously, it's a new thing and all that—or new to me. The grass is always greener...Our music is always free, we aren't into that—heaviness—no monkeys on our back, we just play the music.

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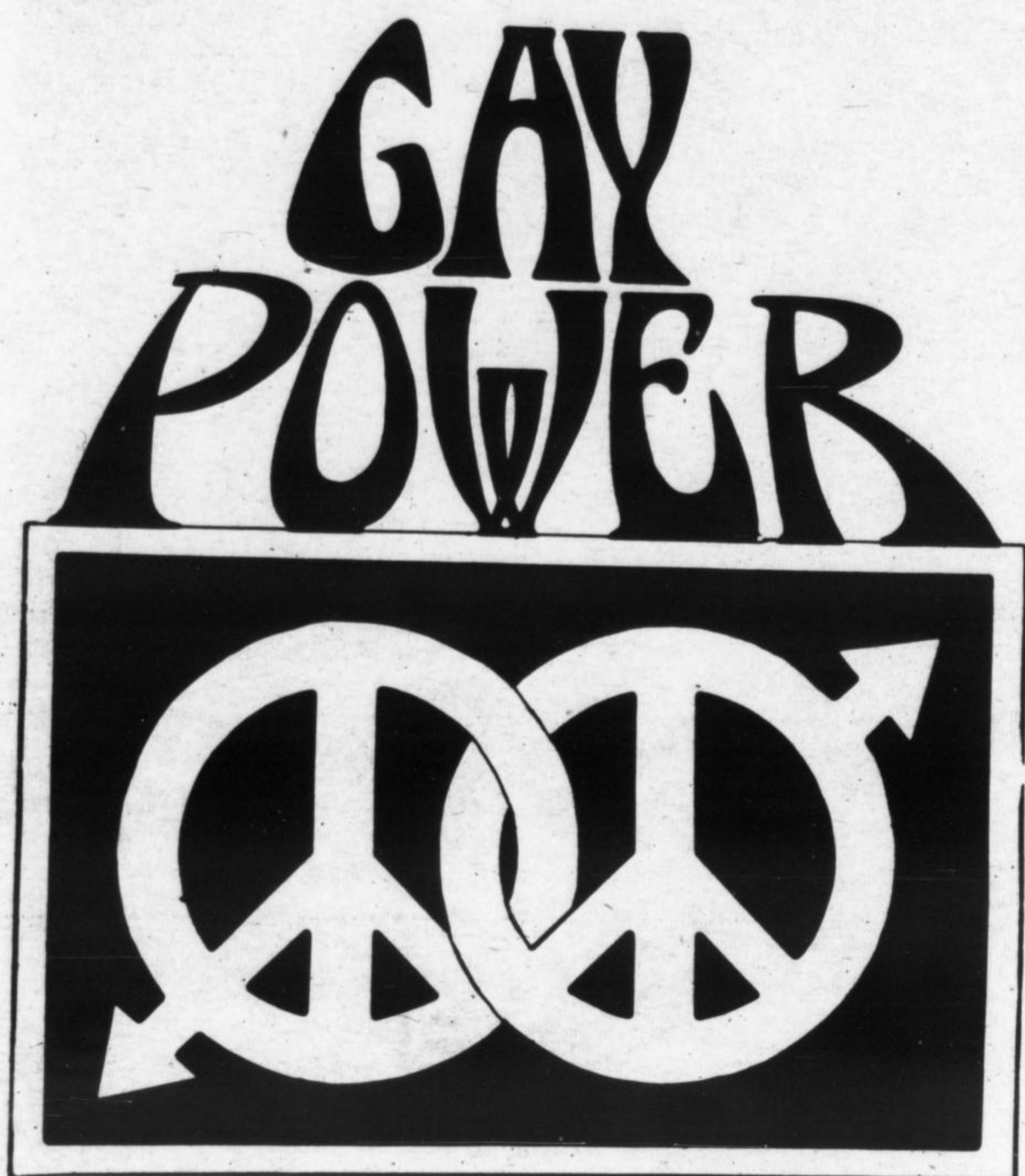
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