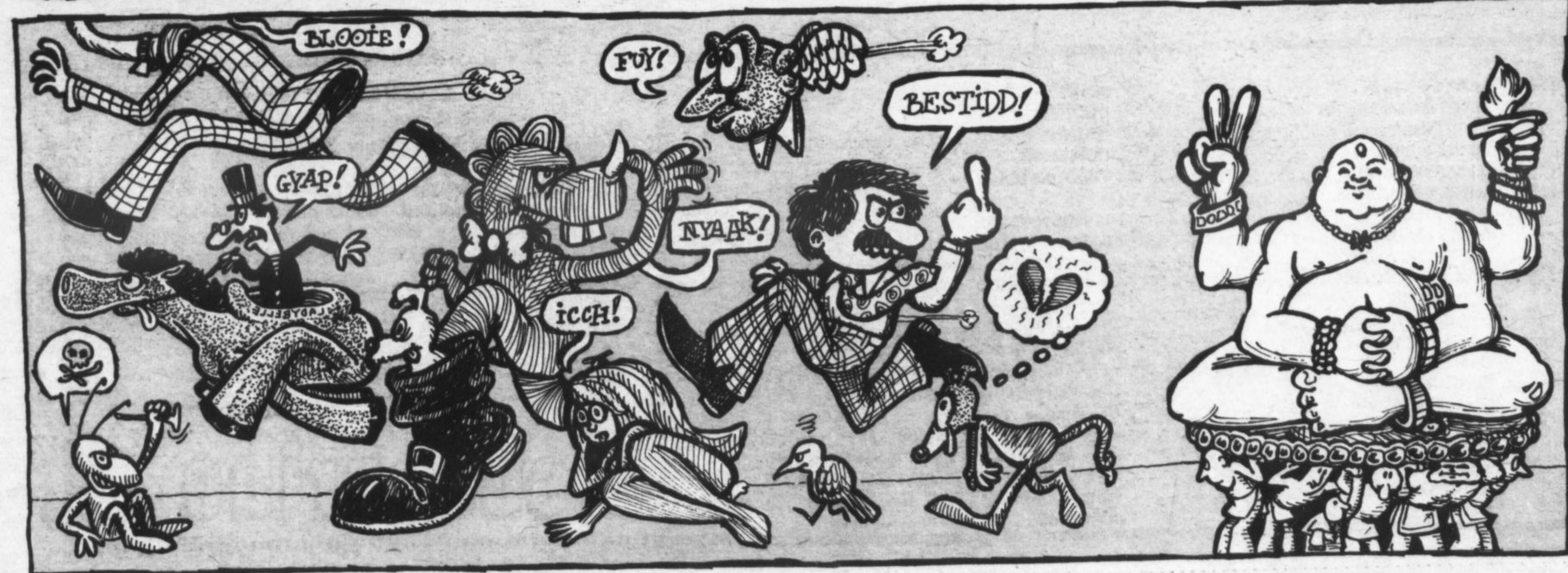


THE east village ONION

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HIRAP

IT WAS A BAD WEEK FOR BIG LITTLE DICK AND THE WAY THINGS LOOK THE FUTURE AIN'T MUCH ROSIER. THE PILEUP OF CATASTROPHIES HAS MADE IT EASIER AND EASIER TO CONFUSE HIM WITH HIS PREDECESSOR. THAT'S A BAD OMEN ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT. IT'S NIXON'S WAR NOW - THE BLOOD IT DRAWS STILL OF JOHNSON' VINTAGE. TO WHOM WE WERE NERVOUS NELLIES ACCUSE US TODAY OF BUGGING OUT. HE WHO HAD A "PLAN" TO END THE WAR LAST YEAR IS BARING IT ALL IN HIS BLIND REFUSAL TO FACE THE FACTS OF LIFE. THE KNOWNOTHING YAHOO WHO BROUGHT ABOUT THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL IN CHICAGO IS LEFT WITH A CATASTROPHIC FIASCO THAT MADE HIS MEN BEG FOR A MISTRIAL. THE PARANOIA THAT MADE OPERATION INTERCEPT HAPPEN DID NOTHING BUT AROUSE AN ALREADY ABUSED MEXICAN MACHISMO. WHAT WAS PLEDGED TO BE A TIME OF "LOW VOICES" TURNED INTO A SMOG OF SUSPICION AND PARANOIA MOTIVATED BY NONCOSMIC BUNVIBES DENSELY HOVERING OVER DOOMED HASBEENS. A TIRED REHASH-MCCARTHY VINTAGE WITCHHUNT-BUT ANOTHER SYMPTOM OF IMPENDING TOTAL FUCKUP OF ALL SYSTEMS. THE SHITBAG BURSTING AT THE SEAMS. LAY AS WELL NOT GET SOILED IN THE PROCESS. BEARING OCTOBER 15TH VIETNAM LORATORIUM IN MIND AND LOOKING FORWARD TO LONG SERIES OF INTENSE ANTI WAR, ANTI-OPPRESSION ACTIONS, TO LAUGH REMAINS A PRIME DUTY. ONE CAN'T HELP BUT.

Jack Kohn

I AM CURIOUS YELLOW

Also CARTOON FEATURE MR. MAGOO MEETS THE ROAD RUNNER
 STARRING JUDGE HOFFMAN AS MR. MAGOO AND INTRODUCING BOZO REBEBE
 ABBE HOFFMAN AS THE ROAD RUNNER DICK NIXON AS THE FUCK UP CAYOTE AS SWISH KRINGEL



JAAKOV KOHN
 PETER LEGGIERI
 ALLAN KATZMAN
 JOEL FABRIKANT
 FLICKA DE MOID
 SHERRY NEEDHAM
 D.A. LATIMER
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JAIL MAIL

THE OBVIOUS DIRTY TRICK AGAINST THE DEFENDANTS AND THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY

It is quite clear that I have made attempt after attempt to get my constitutional right to have legal council of my choice who is "effective" namely Charles R. Garry, recognized and granted by Judge Julius Hoffman. The government prosecuting me knows that my rights are being violated. This trial could easily be reversed in a higher court, and would show

the government and the court railing me in its continued attempt to destroy the Black Panther Party. The Black Panther Party has continually exposed the U.S. Government, State governments and Local governments all over this country of their Racist and fascist oppression of black people and others. We have been murdered by cops and FBI agents; offices raided with over 40 political prisoners in the country with myself being the latest. I write this because that's basically the reason that there is a plot by the FBI and/or other lacky

foolish pig agents to tamper with the jury in this so-called "conspiracy to riot" trial and then try to slickly blame it on the Black Panther Party, hoping that they can fool the masses of the people in the press. This is the most low-lived racist and fascist attack upon the other 7 defendants and myself in particular.

I have listened to the other defendants inform me of this and am not shocked at all at this attempt by some pig FBI or CIA agents for the government, to describe the defense so as to allow the D.A. and Judge

Hoffman to railroad us in court.

It seems that two jurors who observed and felt to be open-minded and objective have received phony threatening notices of some kind, supposedly signed by "The Black Panthers". When threatening notes and/or letters are sent to our many offices around the country they are addressed to "The Black Panthers" and not "The Black Panther Party." We in the Black Panther Party who are dedicated to the human rights and freedom of our people and other poor oppressed peoples and the laboring masses do not threaten

or attempt to threaten. We would never send such notes especially because every party member follows the rules of our Party and do not engage in such wrong backward acts and we can only see the fascist government doing this because they know that rotten racist Hoffman has made them look bad by not granting me my constitutional rights.

Power to all the People Government of by and for the people.

Bobby Seale, Chairman
Black Panther Party

TO MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

I am at this writing locked in a tiny cell in Cook County Jail—a cell which I share with too many friendly cockroaches. I can't get out except to go to court—I can't see any other people but I hear their screams—the hysterical cries of people going mad because they are treated like caged animals—

The man in the cell next to me talks aloud to himself all through the night and I find it hard to sleep. Prisoners satisfy their frustration by cursing at each other. "Suck my dick!" Every man feels crushed by the Machinery of injustice—One man v.s. the State. What chance do you have? Cynicism! Anger! Desperation!

Inmates in Jail have little to look forward to—You wish that time would fly, that the hours would rip off. Tomorrow brings more boredom, loneliness, Isolation—

Yes, this is a Hell—This is it.

I entered Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center in Oakland, California on Monday, Sept. 8 on an all expense paid trip to backstage into the nightmare of Americas dark soul—My 45-day sentence was for a 1966 sit-in on the Berkeley Campus—if the officials were really trying to "rehabilitate" me, they did everything backwards—I wish everybody could be sentenced to spend some time in any jail in America. If you do not come out a determined revolutionary, it's because the system has smashed your capacity for compassion, love and hope.

Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center tries to "rehabilitate" by destroying one's individuality, ego, self-respect. We are given numbers, identical clothing, counted and recounted five times a day, degraded by 1001 rules and regulations, and placed at the total mercy of non-merciful cops. You don't call a cop a "pig" while in jail—You jump to attention when the "Bull" approaches. Any slight show of

disrespect means automatic banishment to the "hole"—the jail within the jail.

My brother Stew Albert, was ordered from a sick bed in the hospital and sent to the hole for 10 days because he dared to question the word of a prison bull.

The first thing that happened to me at Santa Rita was that I was ordered to get a haircut. Jail regulations demand that every inmate have a 1½ inch standard haircut. I was turned from a beautiful, long-haired, bearded beast to a crew-cut, bare-chinned ugly pig by the Murderer of Santa Rita—

Cultural Genocide!

You can cut off my long hair but you cannot cut off long hair—The pigs think that if they shear our hair, they will destroy us. They know that long hair represents our new community's sense of identification. As part of the brainwashing in jail, they try to destroy our identity by cutting our hair. But—surprise! hair grows back! They can cut our hair, but they cannot cut our soul.

As an act of solidarity with a scalped long hair, yippies from all over America are symbolically snipping a lock of their hair and donating that lock to a wig which I will wear when I get out of jail. Mail your lock to: Jerry Rubin's Wig—Federal Court Building, Conspiracy Trial, Chicago, Illinois 60604. My wig will therefore be tribal, community hair, reflecting our solidarity against those who try to destroy us. (If you have any locks left over, happy Judge Julius is also badly lacking in hair.)

On Wednesday September 16 I was sleeping in my bunk when at 2 a.m. cops threw a flashlight in my face and told me to get dressed. I was then locked in a packed bullpen with a couple hundred other prisoners until 9 a.m., when two federal marshals put me into a 1969 Rambler and told me they were taking me to Chicago. BY CAR. I asked the logical question: "Why don't we

fly?" They said they would not fly because they feared a hi-jacking to Cuba.

They refused to let me notify my lawyer, family, wife, brothers or friends. For five days I was held incommunicado. I was told that until I got to Chicago "in a week or so" I could maintain contact with no one!

To enforce their kidnap and prevent any attempted escape, I was double-handcuffed, chains were put around my stomach and hands, shackles were placed on both my legs. Handcuffed, chained, and shackled from San Francisco to Chicago! There were two other prisoners in the car. One was on a 5 years—to life sentence in San Quentining for armed robbery. The other, Art, was one of the FBI's Ten Most Wanted Men, a bank robber going to prison for a 45 year jail sentence—I was chained to Art.

The two federal marshals sat in the front seat—Don, the driver, packed a gun, played the radio occasionally, and kept asking me questions about "The revolution"—The other marshal, Percy(?), spent his time dropping gum drops and eyeing us with hate.

As the trip rolled on, I learned that two years earlier, in a similar trip across the country, Art unlocked his handcuffs and chains, grabbed the marshal's gun and said: "Now you'll take orders from me". He handcuffed, chained, and shackled both marshals to a tree in the woods and drove off with their car, guns and money. He was caught in a shoot-out with cops in Hayward, California, after a bank robbery two years later.

The marshals drove every day from 7 a.m. to 4 p.m. At lunch hour our leg shackles were removed and we entered small truck stops for lunch, eating with our handcuffs on. At night we were placed for "safe keeping" in different jails along the route. I spent my nights in the county jails of Reno, Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, Wy. and Council Bluffs, Iowa.

When I finally arrived to Cook County I was met personally by the Warden who warned me: "We allow no organizing here—jail is for the forgotten" (Just as I was removed from Santa Rita, Stew, a number of other prisoners and I were starting to circulate a petition in the jail for humane treatment). The warden then placed me in maximum security.

Inmates are the most oppressed class in society. A prisoner has NO rights—"No matter *who they want*", is the way the cook at Santa Rita put it, referring to the long, long lines of prisoners lining up for the pure starch slop that ought to be flushed down the toilet.

In Cook County jail, prisoners stripped and searched every time they move—"O K, everything off, including your drawers. Spread your cheeks". Last time I was in Cook County Jail, during the Democratic Convention, a guard put a rubber hose on his finger and stuck it up our rectum, looking for what? That medical practice has apparently been dropped. The stripping and searching is part of the process of dehumanization.

Justice, justice, what a can of worms! Prisoners must be grateful for the simplest human decency—a smile, politeness, a bit of information. We are constantly told: "You are shit. Who are you to ask for anything? You are a dirty pod of urine".

Malcolm X said that no man "reforms" when he is behind bars. I agree. I've met hundred of prisoners in jails across the country and I have never met one who regretted what he did or did not do. When you meet a prisoner you begin by asking: "What's your beef?" Never, ever, ever, ever have I met a prisoner who was ashamed to say. It's a standard question and everyone answers proudly. We all know the real criminals are the pigs who put us in jails like these. The criminals have the keys.

One of the most frightening things about jails is how quickly

you are forgotten. The convicts will make the revolution—but prisoners cannot move until they get support from the outside. We must relate at all times to those behind bars—we must throw America's death jails into her smiling Sunday School face.

In Cook County Jail I am with Bobby Seale, National Chairman of the Black Panther Party, who is the subject of the most severe repression you can imagine. Bobby is being railroaded with us in the Conspiracy Trial, and has been jailed without bail on the framed up ridiculous charge of conspiracy to murder, based on the lying testimony of a police agent. Bobby is in high spirits. He realizes that it is the revolutionary power of the Panthers that has forced the power structure to expose dirty hand. Bobby is an inspiration to anyone who meets him in jail.

Anyone who's heard anything about the Conspiracy Trial so far sees that the government has ripped off its "liberal" face and is determined to jail us—whatever the cost. The trails has become the symbolic attempt by the government to turn back the New Left, the movement and the hippies—yippies. It is a "show-trial"—The 74 year old post menopausal judge belongs in a mental hospital. We have been denied our attorney, Charles Garry and two of the other lawyers have been jailed. Every motion we make is denied. The FBI has tampered with the jury. The government controls the courts—but we, the people, can stop the trial if we move in the streets.

WE DEMAND IMMEDIATE FREEDOM FOR JOHN SINCLAIR JAILED FOR 10 YEARS IN MICHIGAN FOR POSSESSION OF TWO JOINTS. FREE ALL PRISONERS! JAIL THE JUDGES! JAIL JULIUS HOFFMAN! SOLIDARITY! WE ARE ALL ONE! GIVE ME SOME HAIR! LOVE FROM HELL,

Jerry Rubin

SIX DAYS THAT SHOOK LONDON

Alex Gross

The biggest story in London during an entire week has been the Piccadilly squatters. For the first time since the anti-bomb marchers of the fifties a group of young Englishmen (and many foreigners) have taken direct action against the establishment in behalf of social progress at the risk of setting off violence around them. The English like to think that violence is something that happens abroad, but there have been many signs this summer that England is about to revert to a wilder period of its history.

The "squat" as it came to be called affectionately, could not be missed. It was right in the heart of London, a few minutes from Buckingham Palace in one direction and just down the road from the London Hilton in another. It was a big beautiful sixty room mansion which had not long ago been the property of the Queen Mother.

The squatters occupied the

building during the early morning of Monday, September 15. They were mainly members of The Street Commune, a group that has arisen to defend hippies and others from the increasingly brutal London fuzz. Previous squats have taken place this spring and summer, though usually in smaller and less prominent buildings. These received relatively little publicity from the press and telly. It took the squat in the Dilly (from its address at 144 Piccadilly) to focus full-powered national attention on the phenomenon.

Squatting is nothing new in England, and it is also not unknown in the continent. The last major outbreak of English squatting took place right after World War Two, when many homeless war victims took justice into their own hands and occupied empty houses in several parts of England. The housing shortage in England today is almost as bad as the one

after the war. Apartments are even harder to find in London than in New York, and the rents are equivalent for worse facilities. At a time when housing has been getting better in most parts of western Europe, it has been standing still in England or actually getting worse.

The first few days of the squat had a beauty and grandeur about them. Within a few hours of the occupation hundreds of people were living in the building. The electricity had been left on by some oversight, and there was even a functioning elevator in the mansion. There was a friendly reception for anyone who came along. A communal kitchen was set up, and groups were sent out regularly to Covent Garden market, where huge bags of vegetables could be scrounged.

A few policemen asked to enter and were allowed to do so. Visitors from the press were welcomed, and a general air of

festivity prevailed. It seemed at first that some kind of compromise could be worked out with the owners, who were keeping the building empty in the hope of finding someone who wanted to build a new luxury hotel on this site so close to the Hilton. At one point the landlords even suggested giving the basement of the mansion to the Commune for a nominal rent, but this offer soon vanished in a sea of growing conditions and accusations.

Then the owners asked for a court writ to make the hundreds of residents leave. The Commune applied through their own legal advisors for a delaying order on the writ. On Wednesday, two days after they had moved in, this was denied. From this point on the situation deteriorated. The Commune had brought in entire homeless families who had been going from housing council to housing council looking in vain for a

place to live. After the delaying order was denied, the Commune suggested that these families would be better off leaving, as it was clear there was going to be trouble.

Crowds of onlookers began to flock outside the building, the press reports became more biased, and police surveillance increased.

The Commune boasted that they would never be removed from the squat except by force and perhaps not even then. Rocks and fire extinguishers were placed in readiness on the Victorian balconies, and members of the local Hell's Angels stood guard at the drawbridge leading to the one window through which entry was possible (the doors had been boarded up when the Commune first entered). At this point the defenders discovered they had a huge transformer in the basement which turned out to control the lighting for the entire

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DECOMPOSITION

D.A. Latimer

Dear EVO—Actually, I consider it kind of crooked, to use a self-addressed envelope to send what I guess is supposed to be a mock-friendly and/or insulting letter, since that's surely not what the envelope was sent for. Meanwhile, I forget what it WAS sent for. Probably for the address of "Screw" magazine, but that's alright, since I've just received a gift subscription from some other enemy. And the mystery of Latimer's snifty note is explained in issue No. 27. Most of the mail I've been getting from New Freedom (hoo-hah) creeps in the U.S. since nailing the whole thing as gangsterism in "The Fake Revolt" two years ago, has been hard to understand — anyhow, nearly as hard as the code classified ads for corpses to flagellate at homosexual S&M blowouts. But your own letter now is fairly clear. In your list of the worthies at "Mad" comics (glad to see that got Kurtzman back, and that his honeymoon with Hefner is over, I hope), you seem not to be listing the one brain-guy Gaines ever hired: John Putnam — what's the matter, wouldn't he sign your round-robin? It doesn't matter: it would be an honor to be remembered at Dr. Frederic Wertham's hatchet-man, but I think he kind of disapproves of me now too. I've got a lot of faults, but being against sex was never one of them. (I mean SEX: not corpse-flagellating, as above.)

This brings me to your central complaint, that I am a mouthy(?) son of a bitch and a cocksucker. I deny that: in the heat of passion, I have surely been known to kiss a pussy (hours at a time), but suck a cock — never! Back to the classified ads and Steve Kraus-code-book, DA! But, come on, you ignorant shlub, face it, what you REALLY mean is that

you're sore about being outclassed in your vile and ignorant article about cunt-lapping in "SCREW" No. 27 by my high class volume ORAGENITALISM, just appeared (Julian Press, New York), which also puts into the shade my eighteen — count 'em — curdly pre-imitations, trying to get in on both the title I invented to these thirty years ago, and the subject about which they know precisely zero, for all their fictitious case-histories and pron-dialog. I wouldn't say you know zero about cunt-lapping, but your idea of it—as an Art, I mean— is strictly Columbus, Ohio, high-school, and, as to Tone, I mean, Jesus-christ, "Slurping at her clit,— what the hell kind of a doze of ambulant clap can you get to lay down and spread for you with that kind of verbiage? Oh well, what can you expect in a country where a New Freedom" (hoo-hoo-HOO-hah!) publisher, Lyle Stuart, has just published a presumed memorial to his dead wife—cheaply offset from typing, for all his millions, and Gaines's...? — in which he announces in cold-blood that he let this superb woman die in the massive agony and "excruciating pain" of cancer of the liver and lungs while refusing her a ten-cent l'il morphine pill, on the advice of some hypnotic quack. Take it awaaay! /Have no electricity, so can't plug in the radio, but if you're ever in France, do drop in (with a muscular friend) and I'll be glad to knock both your head together.

G. Legman
Editor, Kryptadia Journal Of
Erotic Folklore
La Cle Des Champs
Valbonne, France

M R. LATIMER
CAPITUALTES

Mr. Gershon is like this... From a LIFE Magazine point of view, he's a Bohemian. It's quite easy to imagine him living someplace in France without any electricity — probably deep in a bog somewhere, writing about his mother, having heard that Samuel Beckett made his bundle doing that. From Gershon Legman, however, you're not likely to read anything more illuminating or entertaining than fanatic exhortations of homosexuals who flog corpses, and pseudo-pornography of an aggressively Elegant tone. And this morbid fascination with Lyle Stuart's memoirs... Lyle Stuart in the 'fifties published CONFIDENTIAL magazine, and Legman seems to have spent his life in gnawing envy of that journal.

He thinks like CONFIDENTIAL. Look at the repeated references here to those corpse-flogging homosexuals: at one time, in his obsessive research through the *National Examiner* or *Captain Billy's Whiz-Bang*, Legman probably came across a hack story about homosexuals flogging corpses, so now he believes it. And not only does he believe it, but very likely he extends this belief to apply to all homosexuals — they may not all flog corpses, but to Legman's imagination they're all prone to such tacky behaviour. This is the CONFIDENTIAL sensibility, which was very prevalent in the 'fifties, when Legman and kooks like him were in their ascendancy.

He wouldn't be anything more than an interesting eccentric, though, if it weren't for his reputation along the LIFE Magazine-Reader's Digest circuit as a shameless Bohemian. When Legman says something about the hip movement, culture

brokers like LIFE listen to him, and this is invariably bad for the hip movement. He refers to his book, "The Fake Rebellion." Now, I must admit that I personally have never read the fucking thing, since just to look at this shithead's name depresses me. But once, a couple years ago, I happened across a review copy lying here in the office, opened it at random, and found Legman denouncing the entire hippie phenomenon with this passage: "Love, the hippies talk about love a lot. Tell me, is masturbating four-year-old children in a commune love?" You know what happened: somebody once told Legman that a hippie or hippies had masturbated a child or children, and Legman applied the inductive domino theory to this rumour: if a hippie did this then all hippies to this because they all look alike to G. Legman and therefore must all act alike. What hath Lyle Stuart wrought?

Well, Lyle Stuart was William Gaines; partner for a while in EC comics. EC attracted the attention of G. Legman by publishing gruesome horror comics, many of which would wind up their stories with the protagonist being torn limb from limb and his organs scattered bloodily about the countryside. Forget about the other stuff EC published, Bradbury stories, realistic War tales of a pacifist tinge, Mad magazine—it was the gruesome stuff that caught Legman's eye, since like CONFIDENTIAL they threatened to express the embarrassingly morbid fantasies that permeated Legman's secret imagination.

Forget also that EC comics were the best comics ever done, with the finest artists ever to work in a popular field. Forget

all that shit. There arose in 1953 a character called Dr. Frederic Wertham, fresh from his tenure as chief Psychiatrist of the New York City hospitals, where he gave unto the people Bellvue, the pride of our shock shop technicians. Wertham could put Legman to shame: in a book called *Seduction of the Innocent*, Wertham illustrated the effects of comics on our children by generously illuminating every case of child psychopathy that had ever crossed his couch, replete with dialogue and sound effects. All the children he had had to treat for sex offenses and juvenile crime, Mr. Wertham observed, had been avid comic-book readers; the fact that all the other children in the country read comic books too did not deter Dr. Wertham from blaming the rising rate of juvenile delinquency on comics. So he set out to destroy them, with the assistance of Gershon Legman the Bohemian, Joseph Carlino the liquor-kickback

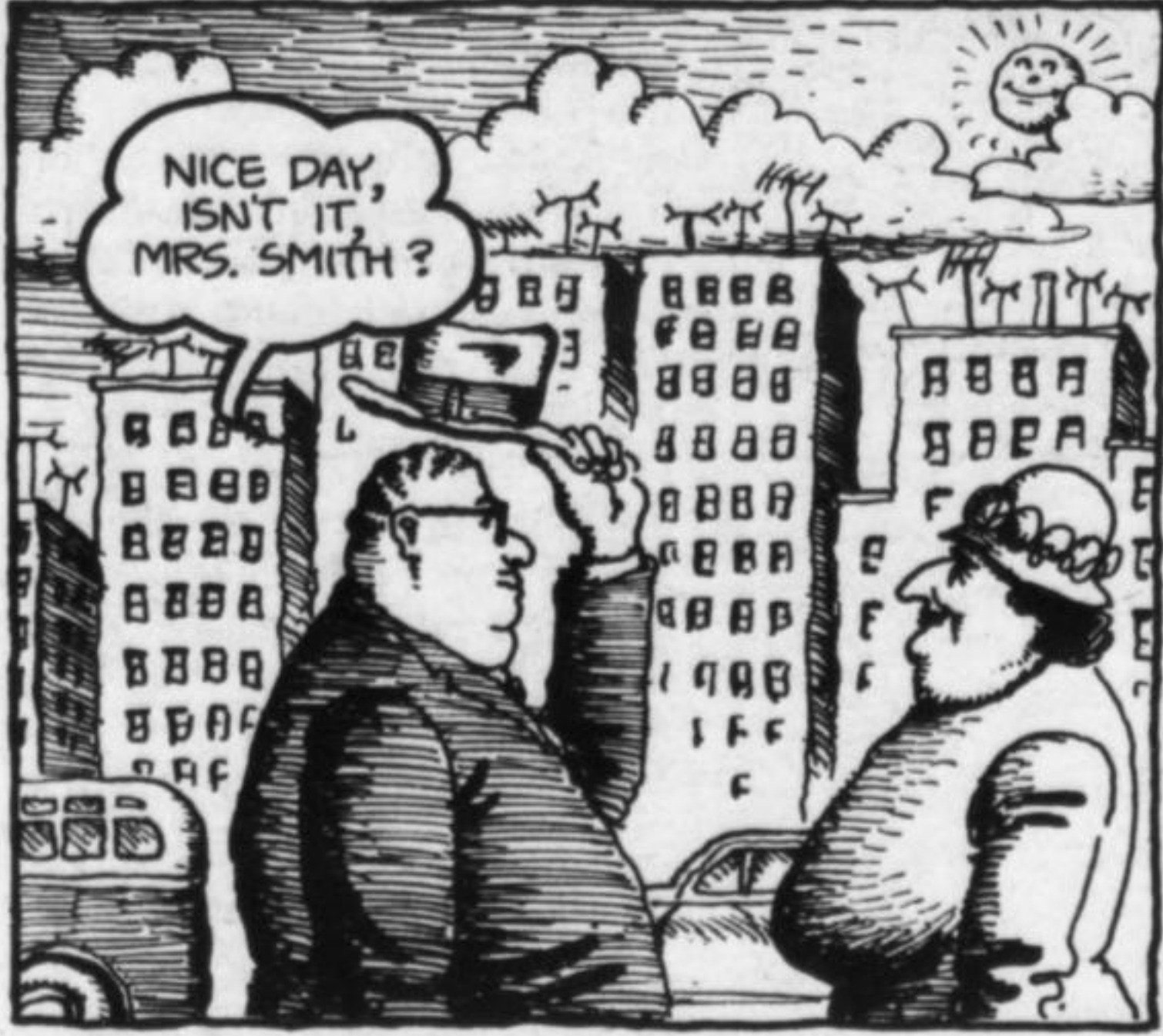
man in the New York State legislature, and Senator Estes Kefauver, Joe McCarthy's successor as chief Senate witch-hunter. After comics were destroyed, no one bothered to note that the incidence of juvenile delinquency kept rising without so much as a ripple to show for Dr. Wertham's effort.

But they were destroyed, comic books. Legman's contribution to this program consisted of appearing before public sercic organisations and pounding his lectern, screaming and yelling fanatically about violence in comic books. What happened as a result was that the big comic book distributors and printers got all uptight, and put the arm on the publishers to clean up comics. If Joesph Carlino, for instance, were to hit one of these guys with a license violation,

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THE END

FUNNIES



STOMPING AT THE CARNEGIE HALL

David Wally

Carnegie Hall in the hands of "the other people" always conjures up for the cultural plutocrats the nightmare vision of young people running rampant through its august corridors, dropping acid in the water coolers and painting the walls in psychedelic tinges. Such I suspect were the thoughts of the Carnegie management before September 26 when it was decided to re-open the hall to popular culture after the invasion of the Beatles in 1963. Things have changed indeed for

everyone concerned. Howie Soloman, promoter of the Pavilion series this summer, negotiated with Carnegie Hall representatives and achieved the impossible. He opened the hall again to pop music, giving to this city's youth yet another place in which to enjoy good music.

Prior management policy aside, Carnegie is one of the better places to hear pop music. The acoustics still drive the purists wild-even balcony seats are fantastic because the sound rings true. Besides acoustics, Carnegie is extremely accessible from all the boroughs by the subway. In this department as well, Carnegie can't be beat.

Beyond that, nothing extra has been done to the hall, no light shows to distract from the performance, no free grass in the lobby for ticketholders. However, it does offer a unique opportunity to practice one's own sort of fantasy's out. Imagine hairy freaks invading the sacred environs of the first tier boxes, red velvet boxes with places to hang "Madame's" cape or "the Gentleman's" cloak.

It is a beautiful sight to see so many in a place which was formerly reserved for concert subscription addicts...I digress.

September 26 kicked off by an

evening of Country-Rock music, formerly ushered in the new season in grand style. Performers in this gala were the Holy Modal Rounders, an infamous electric jugband troupe, The Flying Burrito Brothers, and The Byrds. Before the concert review, a short parenthesis (Marring the overall effect of this opening night was the exorable PA system. The fault, however, was not with the promoter but with the hall's union which refused to help install a more effective system...union red tape forced the performers to use a system normally reserved for the hall's organ. The result was that

alternatively, the PA was too loud or not loud enough. Hopefully that will be remedied in some way by the coming weeks.) Oh yes, the concert...of course!

The Holy Modal Rounders have been in existence in one form or another since 1963. They specialize in electric-eclectic jugband music. No, they don't have traditional instruments like washtub bass, washboard percussion, or jugs. They have modified everything so that there is electric bass, one drummer with a full compliment of drums, and one rather far-out fiddle player who waltzes continued on 21

ART

Lil Picard

Oh, what a lovely Art-War it is, now in New York, with Museum officials versus Art Workers Coalition Mmbers, meetings of Artists with the big bosses of Moma, the Curators, Directors and Staffmembers who make the policy and talk the double talk of Yes - No - Perhaps - Maybe, the meeting-gibberish.

As a witness I could detect fear and guilt in the talk of the officials of Moma, when they met September 30th with about three dozen Art Worker Coalition members to have a "dialogue" on the 13 Points. Art Workers got black coffee, pencils and white notebooks and they all sat down on long clean tables in the Trustee's & Member's room, and faced Francis Bacon's white dog, painted on a red background. Did the dog howl, by

hearing all the talk? If he is a real good Art Dog, I think he did, a Francis Bacon Dog is a rebel. Black Artists and White Artists, Male artists and Female artists faced Curators and Directors, and they talked and talked. The only one of the three artists who had signed the January 13 Points statement present in the September meeting was Takis. Karl Andre and Hans Haacke were absent, but Haacke had sent a telegram. The outcome of the meeting was a walk-out of two thirds of the Members of the Artworkers Coalition, after having heard a final No to the demand of a Black Wing for Black Artists and Black Art to be installed in the Museum's premises. Definitely we answer with NO, said William Rubin, Chief Curator of Collections. No, said Director William Lieberman.

No, said Director Arthur Drexler, who acted as speaker for the Museum staff and so it went; after about 2 hours of talk

and covering three points of the artists' demands, to which the Museum was sympathetic and said "Maybe, Perhaps, one thinks those demands have a chance to be considered." The most important demand, the one of the Black Wing, killed the meeting. Takis, Bob Huot, Tom Lloyd and many others present left and only about one-third of artists stayed on to go on discussing the rest of the 13 Points under the guidance of critic Lucy Lippard.

The demand of the artists, Point No. 1, to be part of the decision, was met with "Sympathy." Point No. 2, to drop entrance fees to the Museum, was discussed and the Museum came to the decision that Maybe one night a week free entrance could be achieved, but it would cost the Museum about \$50,00, and the Museum already shows a considerable deficit, as things are. Point No. 3, to open up Community-Museum departments, in the poor parts of

the city, in Harlem, in the Black and Puerto Rican sectors and the Lower East Side, was met with "Sympathy," but to the fourth Point, to install a Black Wing, the answer was a strict and non-sympathetic, definitive and final NO.

After this No-saying, Ron Huot, Takis, and Tom Lloyd broke up the meeting and about two-thirds of the AWC-Members left.

In the meantime the Whitney Museum decided to include Black Curators in their staff and will arrange a "major" Black Artist Exhibition in 1970-71. The Black Emergency Cultural Coalition has been more successful and came to terms with the officials and Director John J. H. Baur of the Whitney Museum. One can only hope that Moma also will see the handwriting on the wall and will follow the Whitney's example. In 1970-1971 Black Artists will not only be chosen for a leading big Black Show, the program is also

extended to five annual one-man shows in the small lobby galleries and foresees more Black Artist participation in the Whitney's Annuals and the addition of a Black Artists' cooperation in the Whitney's program of the future.

Tom Lloyd is convinced that in the long run his and his peoples' demand will have to be recognized by Moma.

If the idea of a Wing, called "Black Wing" seems to be so extremely repulsive to Moma, it could be semantically feasible to call the Black Wing, "Experimntal Wing," and in this way Artists could be exhibited without racial discrimination -- from a human point of view, justice in Art could be achieved. As the situation is today, the "sympathy" of Moma expressed in words during the first dialogue is certainly not enough. Moma has to show Sympathy with action...as did the Whitney.

THE PROCESS
by Brion Gysin, Doubleday & Company, Inc., \$5.95

Alan Katzman

"As no two people see the world the same way, all trips from here to there are imaginary; all truth is a tale I am telling myself."

Man is born through his mouth. The process is to communicate so as not to devour others. Brion Gysin communicates through the myriad plateaus of his mind. He speaks through others; Ulys O. (for Othello) Hanson of Ithaca, New York, pot-smoking professor of the History of Slavery, Black American in North Africa on a foundation grant in search of the Black Moor magic of his beginnings.

In search of identity, he scours the Sahara on a pot paranoia premonition and fails to find the Kingdom or the Keys. His initiates are the bleached bones and hot dry shifting sand, the Brotherhood of Keef, Assassins of the Word who mingle their joy in pipe, ritual and trance. His first lesson is learned at the foot of his failure, the desolate destructive wasteland Sahara, burier of words; the silent sand, golden slayer of touch and social intercourse. "There are no Brothers. We are all Assassins."

His endgame back to his Moroccan home of Tanja is only a

play for yet others who speak for him through taperecordings, journals, magic mutterings and machine dreams of chemical and non-chemical contact. These grammatical cases of Being (Thou, It, He, She, We, They) speak not too wisely but too well:

Hamid, his Arab guide into the mysteries of Muslim and Keef, a false Guru who guides the world into his pockets with deft fingers, a Goat God who paints the ladies 'with his big brush' and sings the message for sale. Born among the mountains of He and She devils, he takes the city of Tanja as he would a woman. He is a Thief-God whose ineptitude is blessed not with Grace but with Luck. He lets Hassan (Hanson) Merikani, "walk in the souk of my head, the marketplace all Arabs live in."

Then comes H E, Thay Himmer, the Bishop of Farout, Minister of Grammatology who has the secret word of instant response - 'HELLO-YES-HELLO.' Bum Magician and voyeur mystic who lets the taste of life rule his heart. "He who tastes knows." He plays the game without any practical sense and ironically is plagued by the practical which constantly saves him from himself. He is the messenger, the hung up fool between heaven and hell who presents the Word, in the guise of a ring, a so-called 'Seal of Solomon' to Hassan (Hanson)-Ulysses, "the man whose name is not Hassan."

Then comes SHE, Mya Himmer, Goddess of Everything, a bitch of a witch who takes and takes. She will have Hassan-Ulysses as her Black Emperor of all Africa. She will rule the world from her fortress in the Sahara, "Malamut" and spread the psychedelic gospel of BORBOR which will replace the Brotherhood of Keef with her own pharmaceutical nectar. Her own rags-to-riches life of Canadian Indian matriarch ahs led her to the knowledge of a Bio Chemical and Computer expert. She is the Harpie and Siren of Excess who wills the world with orgy and dionysium flipout. "I'm telling you, Hassan...in Present Time, I am the most powerful woman in Africa." But she lacks one thing:

"The Word, Hassan! All you have to say is the Word...when you know it...and you can be Emperor of Africa! Emperor Hassan the First! You do understand...don't you, the move Thay has made...was obliged to make only today at noon? You must, after all, because Thay laid his last words on you, my dear...not on me. That transfer of the Saharan Seal to you could make you the Master of Words when you know what to do with it...and no one on earth can tell you but you, you know. Thay calls it the Roller, rolling out all the words in the world over and over, again and again, since the first Word was spoken. What you

hold in your hand is the emerald Beginning and Ending of Words, Hassan...as a woman, naturally I fear you! As a woman, too, all I can tell you is what not to do...That's my nature.... Don't...for example...don't press the Seal into wax or putty or anything soft...you haven't tried doing that, have you? Don't do anything silly and artistic like inking the Seal and running it onto paper. Just don't, that's all...don't! That's printing, you see...rolling out replicas."

Ulys O. Hanson hints to speak but it is Gysin who divulges the process. His novel is unique, brilliant and resplendent with the finest prose that one can devour. His knowledge of magic, mysteries and realities is top scholarly. His humor has Homer as its guide, plugged into the nuances of words. He spins a tale as if he were looming a magic carpet.

One has to come to The Process as an initiate into silence. The word game is laid bare in the weaving of his prose:

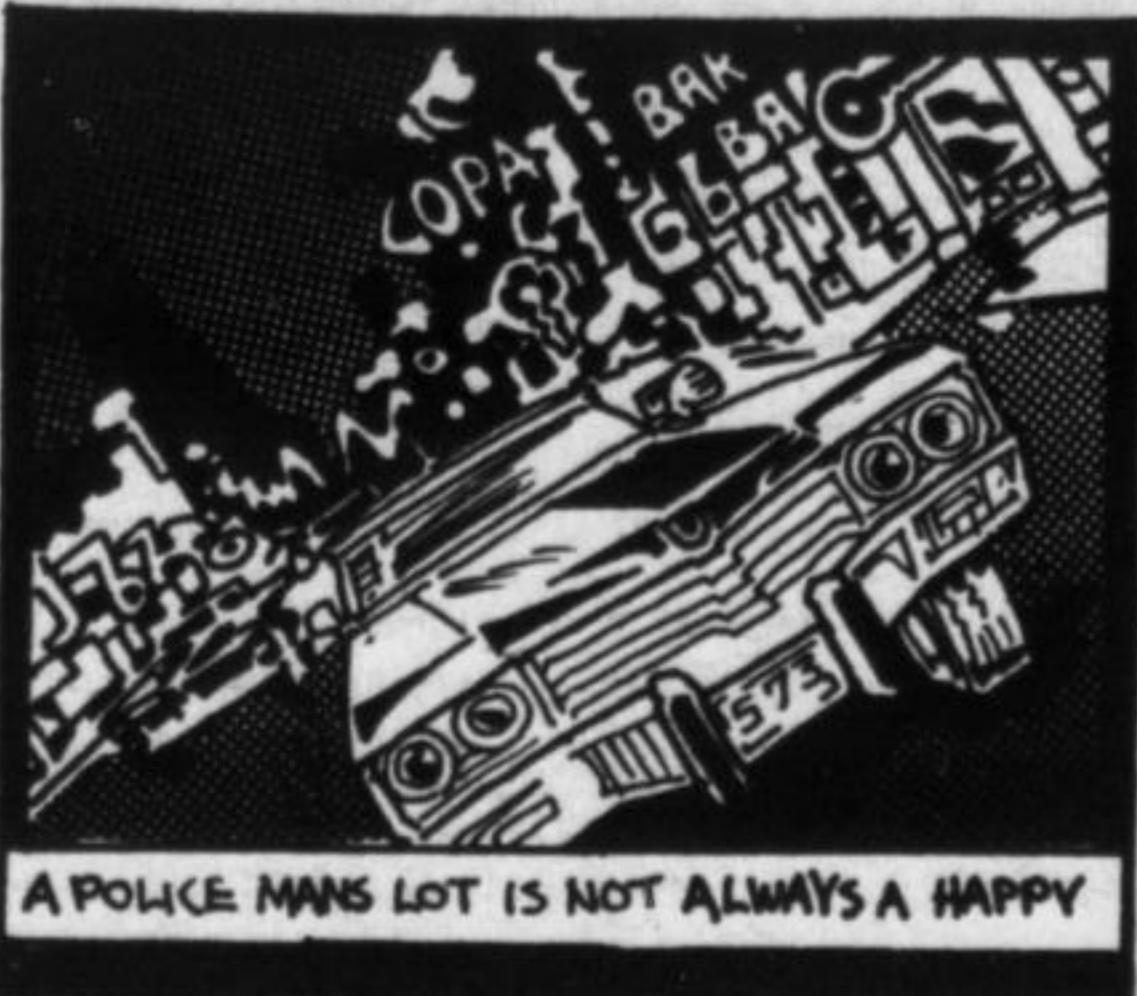
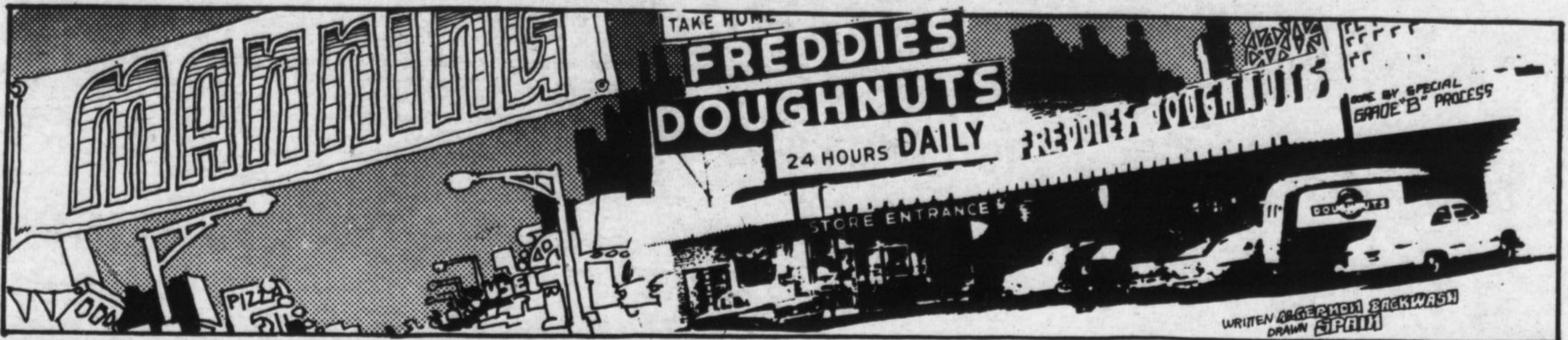
"A masterpiece matchbox the size of a big postage stamp leaps into the overturned bowl of my left hand, riding light from tight between the ball of my thumb and my third finger. I make all these moves not just out of habit but with a certain conscious cunning through which I ever-so-slowly reconstruct myself in the middle of your continuum; inserting myself, as it were,

back into this flesh which is the visible pattern of Me. Yet I know this whole business is a trap which may well be woven of nothing of words, so I juggle the miniature matchbox I hold in my hand and these masterpiece matches in here chuckle back what always has sounded to me like a word but a word which I cannot quite catch. It could be a rattling Arabic word but my grasp of Arabic is not all that good and no one, not even Hamid, will tell me what the matches say to the box. I hold the box up to my ear as I shake it again, trying to hear what the box stutters back. If I remember correctly, Basilides in his 'Game' reduced all the names proposed by the Gnostics to one single rolling, cacaphonic, cyclical word which he thought might well prove to be a Key to the heavens: 'Kaulakaulakaulakau... Can the matches match that?'

Gysin is a magician of words who knows that "he who seeks the mysteries and the realities, must seek out someone who knows far, from the book alone, nothing emerges."

From *The Process* emerges a major novelist, the world contained in his words. "So, one lifetime isn't enough, eh?", Gysin tells his readers. "Well, give me more! No! More!"

We will all have to wait for his second novel for that. Such is *The Process*.



A POLICE MANS LOT IS NOT ALWAYS A HAPPY



ONE, FIGHTING CRIME, VIOLENCE, DEFENDING



THE ORDINARY CITIZEN FROM THE UNSAVORY

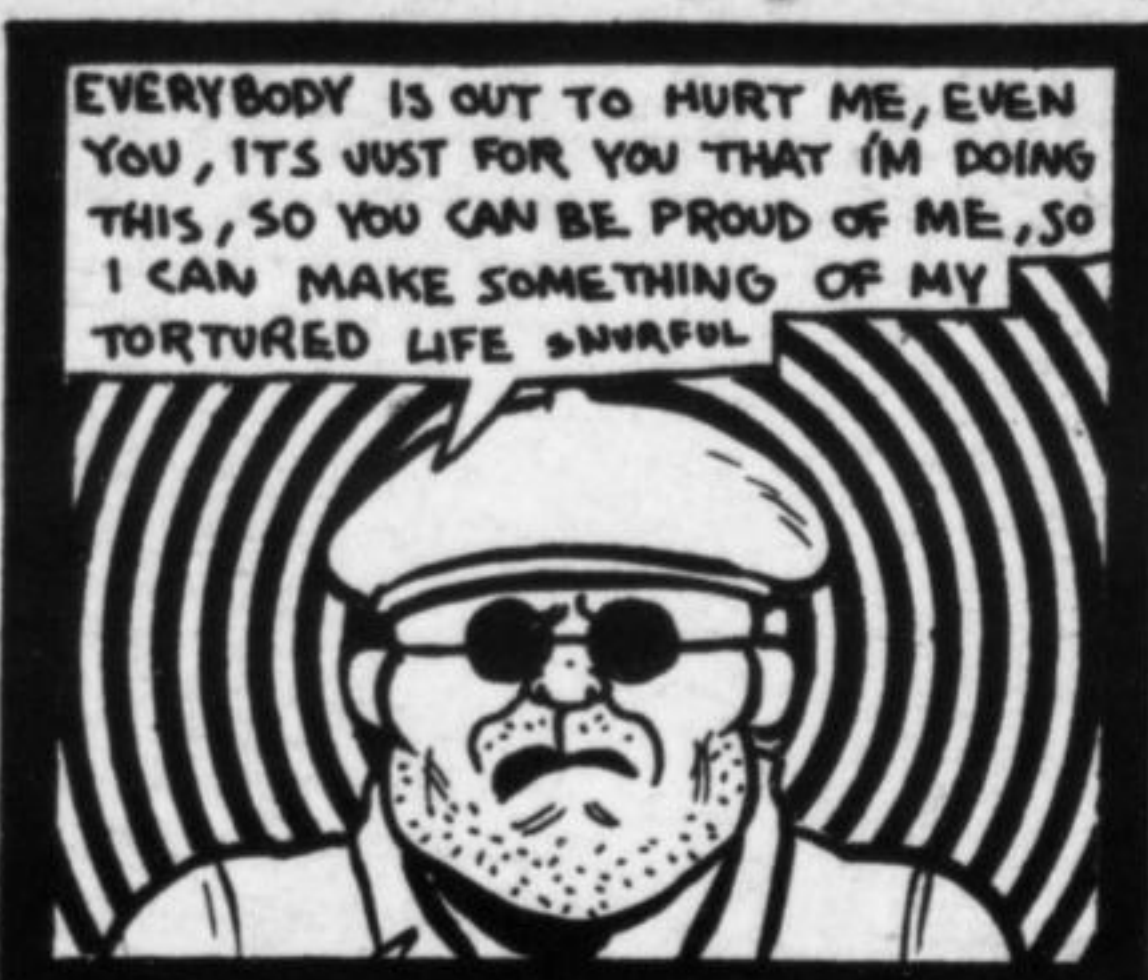


WHO WOULD UNDERMINE OUR VERY WAY OF LIFE



SUCH AS THIS IS GONNA BE THE BIG ONE JUST AS WE PLANNED

OW! LOOK CUT IT OUT IVE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT



EVERYBODY IS OUT TO HURT ME, EVEN YOU, ITS JUST FOR YOU THAT IM DOING THIS, SO YOU CAN BE PROUD OF ME, SO I CAN MAKE SOMETHING OF MY TORTURED LIFE UNHAPPY



OH WELL JUST FORGET IT, ITS NOT REALLY IMPORTANT

AWRITE COME ON



GEE LIZ YER SWELL

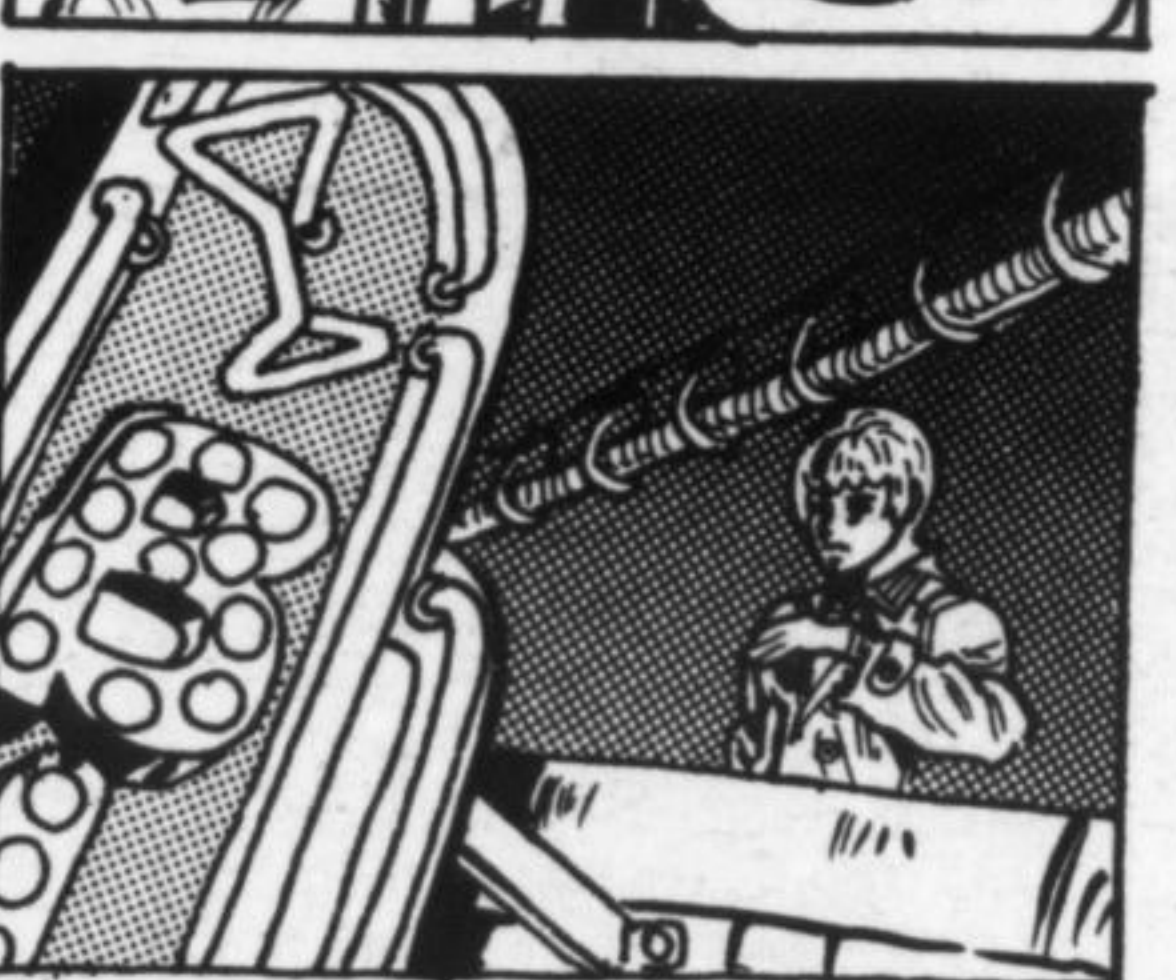
KITCHEN TABLE



LATER ON



OK SYNCHRONIZE WATCHES, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO



MEANWHILE A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY



RRRRRIIINNGG

ALL HELLS BREAKING OUT ON THE NORTH SIDE BETTER SEND OUT A P.B.D



HOLY CHRIST SOUNDS IMPORTANT

ATTENTION ALL UNITS REPORT TO 31ST AND WALNUT REPEAT ALL...

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS

Ft. Bragg, North Carolina: October 10th, 1969.

The Fort Bragg Chapter of G.I.s United Against the War will be sponsoring a Peace Parade October 10. One of the planned speakers is Don Duncan, Ex Green Beret E7.

Well, anyway, Fort Bragg is going broke! The Department of the Army is cutting all requests to the fort for fuel, parts, manpower, and requisitions. It seems that the fort is in so much debt, that Uncle really can't afford to keep it up. I can just see it now:

FORT BRAGG TO CLOSE

Fort Bragg, North Carolina, 1971. Ft. Bragg, the Green Beret training center of the Army, and formerly the Airborne training center of the 82nd Airborne Division is shutting down. Enlisted men from the post have all been released and all of the Lifers have been transferred to Fort Jackson South Carolina. General Tolson, former Commander of the Post, was forced to shut down the Fort due to the lack of interest on the part of the men under his command. General Tolson is also still fighting a court injunction issued against him by a David Shulman of G.I.s United back in 1969. Fayetteville, North Carolina, located about 11 miles south of the fort has also given notice of closure.

THE GLORIES OF WAR

I really don't know what the students of Xavier's Boy's School are taught, or what role in society they play when they graduate, but one thing is certain: They all dress like the Gestapo! Xavier's "War College" is located on 17th Street and 8th Avenue, if I am not mistaken, and seems to be the military arm of Christianity. The Students of this school run around in grey uniforms, with infantry, and Engineer brass on the collars of their uniforms. They also wear patches, and I imagine have their own rank system set up. The biggest question in my mind is this? Xavier's is supposed to be a parochial school, they are supposed to teach of the faults of violence, and of the glories of Christ, so how come they run around looking like the Georgia Malitia. It looks like a training camp for the Christian "Stern Gang."

THE DEAD TELL NO TALES

The investigations into the deaths of several Marine recruits will begin soon. One can only be skeptical as to the outcome.

Pvt. Jose Conception allegedly drowned while taking Boot Camp. His wife, however, said

continued on 14

PRESS HASSLES & OTHER NEWS

Busted ARGUS Sues Back

ANN ARBOR (LNS) - The embattled Ann Arbor Argus, one of the Midwest's better newspapers, has just filed suit in Michigan's Eastern District Federal Court for \$10,000 each from three of Ann Arbor's prominent cavemen - the Washtenaw County Prosecutor, William Delhui; Ann Arbor Police Chief Walter Krasny, and Councilman James Stephenson.

The tree have conducted a campaign of harassment and intimidation against the hip-radical bi-weekly with the hope of forcing the paper into the ground. The Argus likes to breathe. If anyone would like to be sued for conspiring to deprive people of their civil rights, he should go to Ann Arbor and mess the Argus.

Mexican DEMOCRACY Hassled

SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO (LNS) - Some months ago, many underground papers popularized the poetry of the young, martyred Guatemalan revolutionary, Otto Rene

Castillo, who was tortured for four days and finally burned to death after his guerilla group was ambushed and captured in March, 1967.

The works of this young guerilla, like the poetry and prose of many Latin American revolutionaries, first became known to Americans through a small, radical literary and art magazine known as El Corno Emplumado.

Radical magazines are not very unusual in the U.S., but El Corno Emplumado is published in Mexico, which is very uptight about the delicate balance it is forced to maintain between its relation with revolutionary countries and movements in Latin America and its still very heavy dependence on and subservience to the U.S. and the Latin American oligarchies it supports. El Corno Emplumado consistently printed Latin American revolutionary poetry and pro-Cuban material.

Several months ago, the "Revolutionary" Government of Mexico began to take repressive measures against the publication of such radical work. The Government linked radical writers and editors, especially those who indicated sympathy for revolutionary movements, with the rebellion of the Mexican students. El Corno Emplumado was forced to suspend publication. Systematic harassment and repression began against its editors.

One of them, Margaret Randall, was driven from Mexico City out of fear for her own life and the lives of her children. She is kept a virtual prisoner in Mexico, however, by the Government's refusal to grant her a passport. Margaret, who is an American by birth, has appealed to the American movement, and to writers and intellectuals in particular, to try to mount enough support for her to force the "Revolutionary" Government to cease its harassment and threats, or at least give her permission to leave the country. Letters, telegrams and petitions could be sent to: Lic. Antonio Carrillo Flores, C. Secretario de las Relaciones Exteriores, Mexico, D.F., Mexico; and Sr. Lic. Luis Echeverria, C. Secretario de Gobernacion, Mexico, D.F., Mexico.

Pamphleteer

ALEXANDRIA, VA. SEPTEMBER 29 - A twenty year old Alexandria youth was found guilty of trespassing for distributing anti-Vietnam war literature at T.C. Williams High School by Judge James N. Colasanto in Alexandria Municipal Court today. George D. Shaffer, of 135 Fort Williams Prkway, was arrested on Thursday, September 4 while passing out leaflets at the school. Today he was sentenced to 30 days in jail and fined \$100. The sentence was suspended, but would be enforced if Shaffer were ever detained on trespassing again, stated Judge Colasanto.

Viet GI Paper

CAMP EAGLE, South Vietnam (LNS) - Army cops are going all out to find the soldiers who publish a mimeographed underground sheet called "CI Says."

Men from military intelligence got really pissed off according to a report in the Overseas Weekly, when the underground paper called for the death of Lt. Col. Weldon Honeycutt, the decorated commander who led his men on a costly charge up Hamburger Hill. "CI Says" offered a reward of \$10,000 for Honeycutt's neck. Soon after, the Weekly reported "rumors began to run through the 3rd Brigade's Camp Evans that somebody tried to collect the dough by booby-trapping Honeycutt's hootch with grenades and Claymore mines."

The army has a suspect already. He is Spec. 4 Kenneth Anderberg, a clerk at brigade headquarters (and a former sportswriter) whom the Overseas Weekly describes as "hairy-lipped." Intelligence officers say that Annenberg's typewriter was the same one used to produce "GI Says."

AIRBORNE GENOCIDE

LIBERATION News Service (LNS) - Under the headline "It's a Bird! It's a Plane! It's Birth Control!", the AP sent out a wire story about the proposal of botany professor Richard W. Schreiber for the sterilization of all women in a given area by means of an airborne virus. The projected purpose was population control.

In a two day symposium on population at the University of New Hampshire, Dr. Schreiber, proclaiming fears that man was "fatally close to breeding himself out of existence," reported that virologists had told him that a virus to accomplish the sterilization and an antidote for it, could be developed in three years.

He estimated the development cost at \$5 million.

Since an antidote would be available, Dr. Schreiber maintained that "nothing is actually changed" and people could have as many children as they wanted - after they made the conscious decision to go in and get the injection which would provide the antidote.

The antidote would be geared to last no more than six months, so that the woman would have to come in for a new injection each time she wanted a new child.

Dr. Schreiber did not discuss who would be in charge of administering the antidote, nor on what basis the decision would be made to give it out, if it would have to be paid for, who would assume the costs, how many times a woman could get the antidote.

More important, he did not discuss who would make the decision of what areas would be sprayed with the airborne virus, and whether all the inhabitants of the area would have to consent before it was administered.

He did state that "no government would dare to do it" - which is probably true: no government would dare to impose that on its OWN population. But it is not so clear at all that the U.S. government would not dare to do that on presumed "Viet Cong" areas of Vietnam, on black ghetto areas, on guerrilla areas in Latin America, etc.

And it is quite clear that if the sterilization were imposed on an unwilling population, the theoretical availability of the antidote would be virtually meaningless. Schreiber's virus is a concrete example of why revolutionaries refer to "ans for birth control as a program to 'kill tomorrow's guerrillas today.'"

GREEK BOMBERS STRIKE FOR FREEDOM

ATHENS (LNS) - The Greek Democratic Movement, a recently formed coalition of resistance groups, bombed three targets in the Athens area on Sept. 22. The organization announced that these bombing were part of the inauguration of their armed sabotage groups,

which will act against the military junta.

Two bombs went off in downtown Athens, damaging the upper floors of the City Hall and the central post office. Outside Athens, four high-tension power pylons were destroyed. No one was injured in any of the blasts.

ADVERTISEMENT

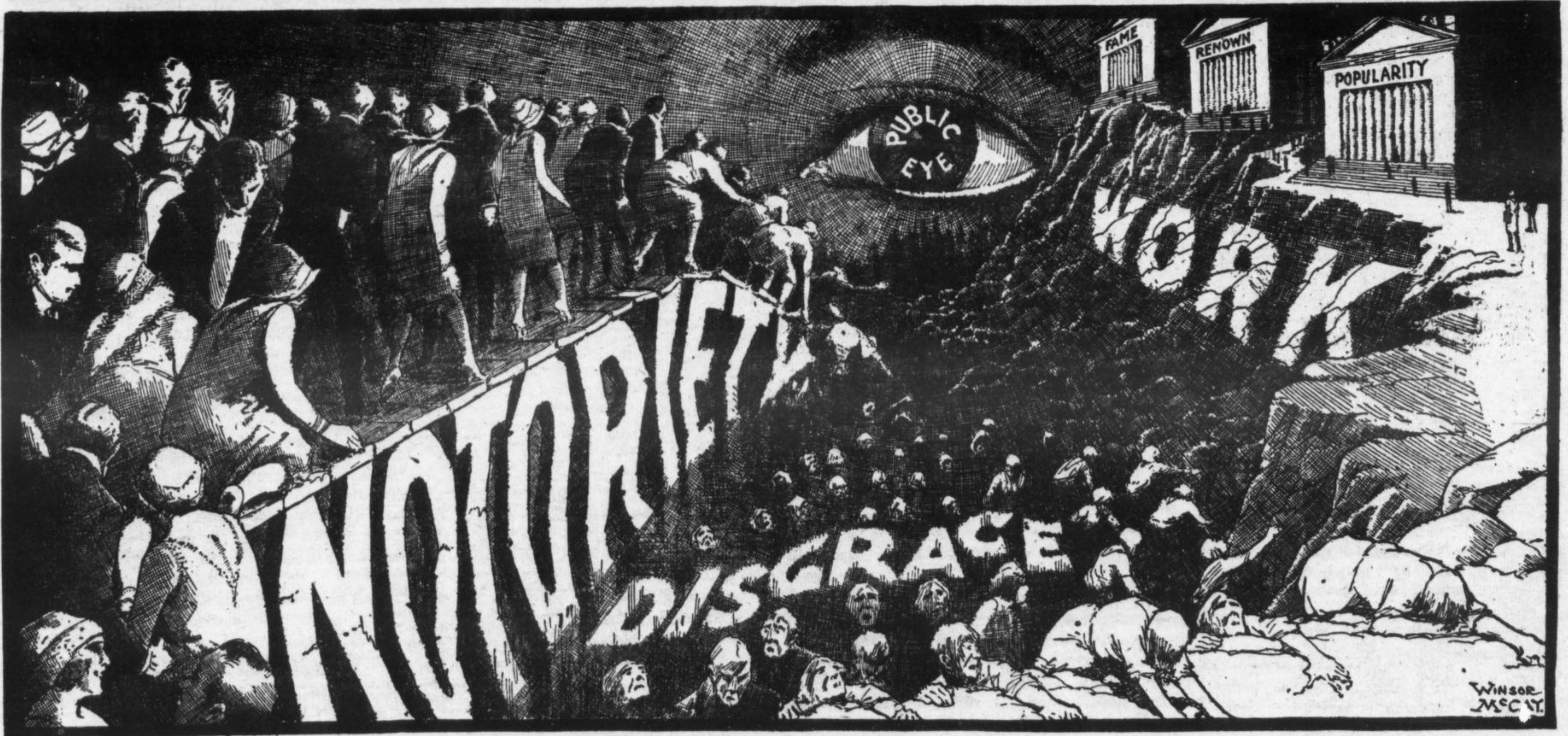
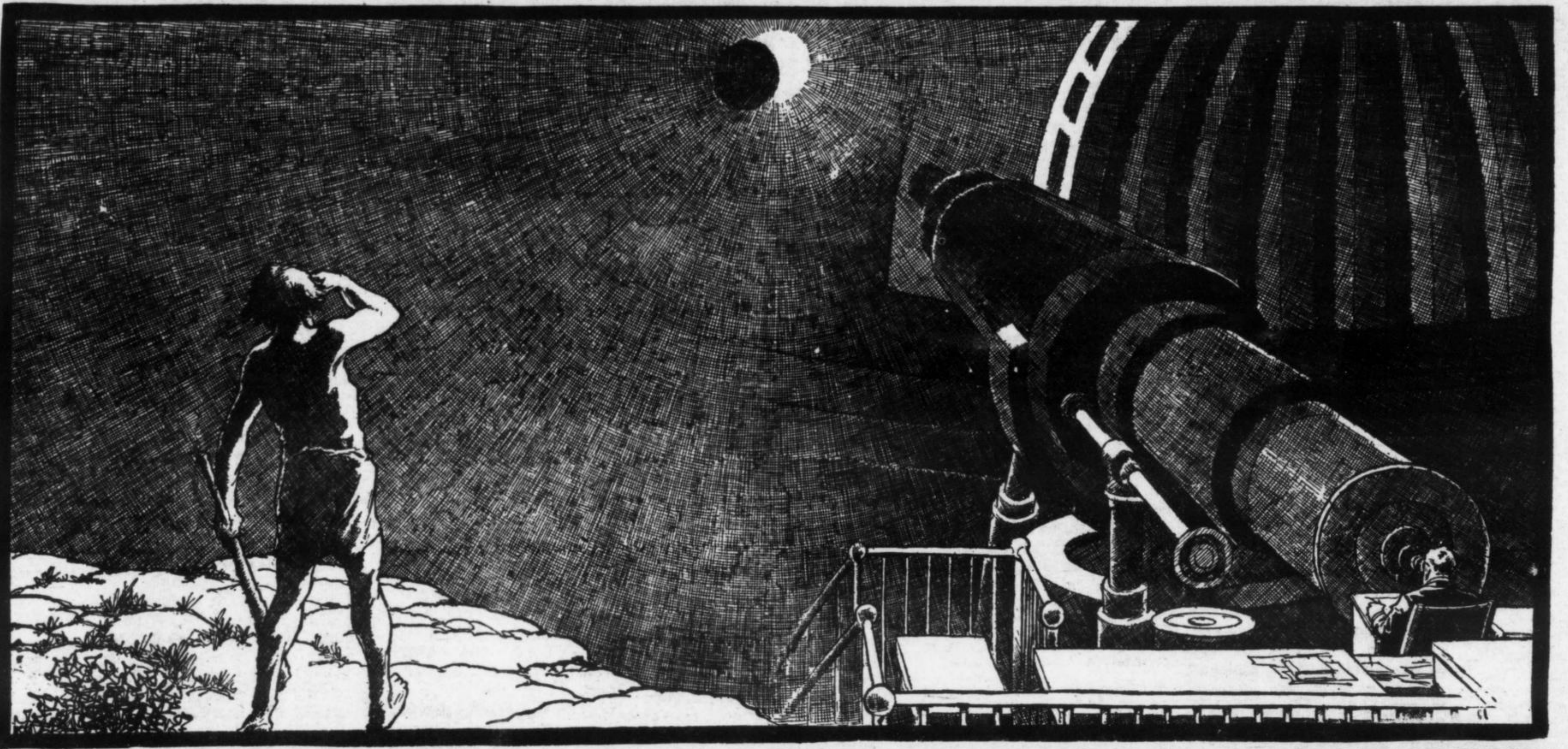
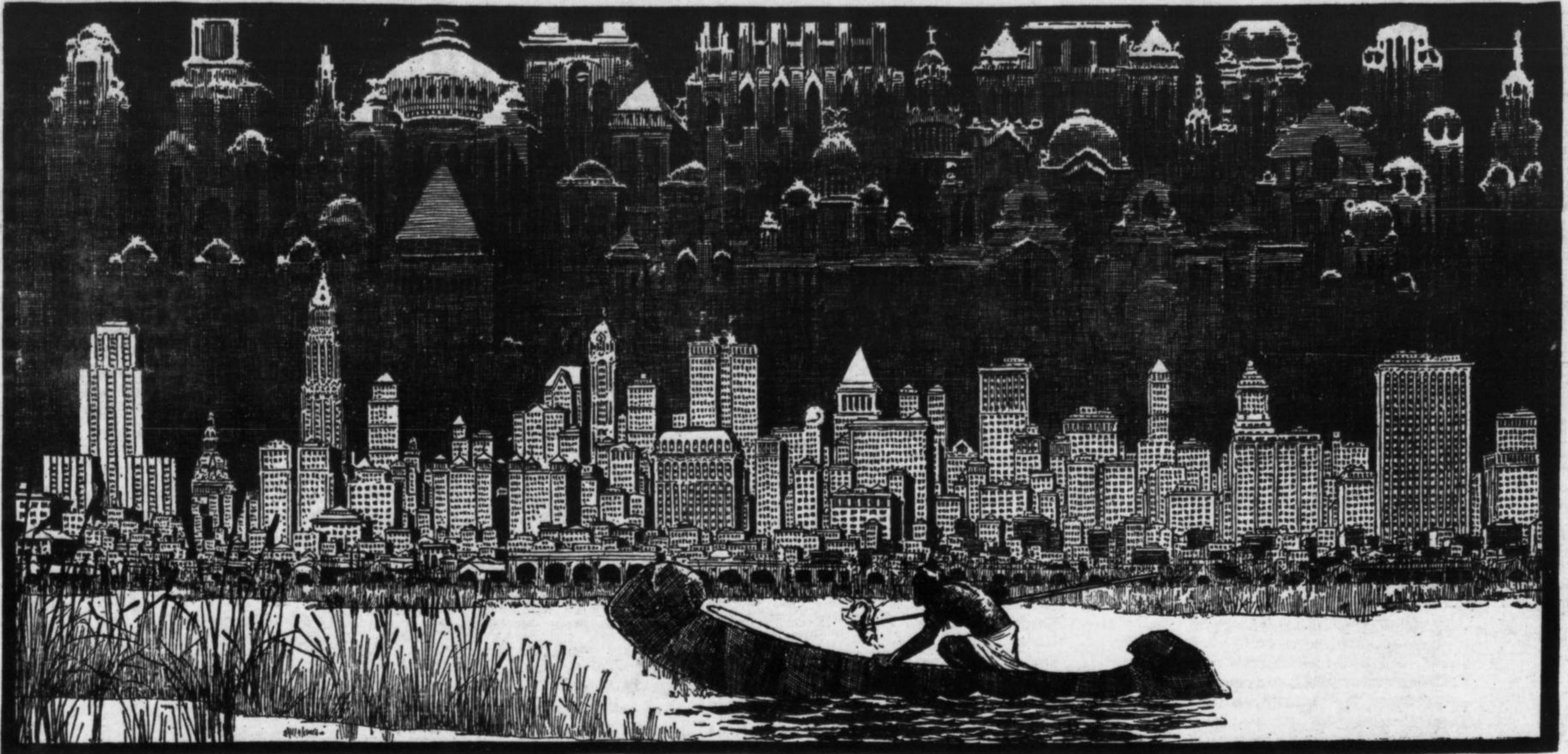
The New Babylon Times

Taj Mahal, in the liner notes for his album "The Natch'l Blues" says: "This album is the work of four musical men and their musical friends (close friends), some of whom do not use musical instruments to make their song. Men who love one another, men who are always in love with lovely ladies, children, dogs, cats, with old Ma Nature at her best and at her worst, men who can still laugh and cry, men who have paid their dues to the unknown cashier, men who can accept their own mistakes and the mistakes of others. It's all living, you know Be well!"

People pick up a copy of this absurd little magazine with a picture of Christ looking real sly on the cover and captioned "Are YOU for Real?" and ask what IS this a religious paper? I sure wish I could say it as well as Taj. The magazine too is the work of a group of close friends, who have known each other long enough to have had their little ups and downs: they live in families/communes in Vermont, Roxbury & rural Massachusetts, in a loft on the lower lower East Side, some are in colleges, others are travelling: living in different places and doing different things, but it's all the same. The magazine is an effort to do something which is good by our standards in these late Babylonian times. If you live in New York or Cambridge you should be able to find it on sale if you look hard enough, and if you like it you really should subscribe, getting your copy to you isn't as easy as you might think. If you live elsewhere you should send \$2 for 4 quarterly issues to New Babylon Times, Box 160 RFD 3, Brattleboro Vt 05301.



Giorgione (Gardner Museum)



GLUE HEADS UPTIGHT

"You can be sure it's the model - not the kid - that's gonna fly. Because...you can't sniff Testor's, there's something in it."

So begins Testor's first ad for airplane glue to be published in hobby magazines in five years. Testor Corp. of Rockford, Illinois, the world's largest manufacturer of plastic cement for model builders, and as such a major source of supply for glue heads, is now marketing an adulterated airplane glue that is supposed to give sniffers a jolt not unlike extremely hot mustard, inflaming the nose and eyes.

Although you and I might imagine that any half-assed chemist could come up with something irritating enough to keep kids off glue in, say, a week and a half, it took Testor's over five years and \$50,000 to come up with an acceptable irritant. Obviously, with such a good thing going for them they were in no hurry.

In 1962, Testor's laid fifty grand on a research lab to find something that would make glue impossible to sniff. And, they had to come up with an additive that wouldn't offend legit users of the stuff or do even more damage to glue heads than at present.

The lab turned in a nice, fat fifty grand report listing 94 possible chemicals that could be added to the glue. And, it was easy bread, too: they left the testing of the chemicals to Testor's. And they say dope dealers (the illegal ones) make big bread off our innocent kiddies!

Still in no hurry, apparently, Testor's began evaluating the suggested additives one at a time, living up to their linear-programmed orientation of life on this planet, finally deciding on number 34 ("Thank the Lord it wasn't 94," Testor President Charlie Miller said, and well we might at the pace they were going): allyl isothiocyanate, or oil of mustard, which is really not mustard-like at all but is

synthetic horseradish. Just the thought makes my nose twinge.

Unannounced, they dropped a sample load of their new improved glue into Southern California early last year. The kids got hip right away and were soon buying anything but Testor's. Although Miller claims that sales to glue heads amount to but a very small percentage of the total, he told a reporter that "We did suffer a definite slump in sales."

You can just see the fat cats in the boardroom pondering this new moral dilemma they were in. Under pressure to make their glue unsniffable, their backs were to the wall. The federal government had up to now been easy on them, letting them make a buck even if it did fuck up a lot of kids with permanent damage to their livers and kidneys and brains, but just how long could the feds keep their backs turned? If they were going to crack down on pot, which has no known harmful effects, their laxity regarding airplane glue had become completely indefensible.

Yes, they were in a jam. Obviously they weren't about to give up their No. 1 position in the market. Not for anything, not even your kid's life.

Yet, something had to be done. And, miraculously, it was. They made a deal with the other seven major glue makers for all to use the horseradish irritant. One company is still holding out while "evaluating" the additive, maybe hoping to make an extra buck with their vile greed.

By the end of this past summer, Testor claims to have replaced all the glue on the dealers shelves with the new stuff, and apparently most of the other companies have done likewise. It took a little while, from 1962 to 1969, but it finally got done. And, what the hell, they made a nice bundle in that period. All nice and legal, too. Nobody got busted and all's well that ends well. Too bad about the kids, but they're just a bunch of punks, anyway. Right?

Presumably, the money they sucked out of the kids has been reinvested into glowing

diversification projects to keep the stockholders off their backs. That's the big thing these days, you know, diversification. Never know when a market will be lost so you better have something else on the fire. Some new chemical for better living.

While there are many other chemical solvents with the rapid evaporation qualities of glue commonly available to the glue head in search of bigger and better highs, he might just turn to some of the more-familiar drugs around.

With little or no decent grass available, he'll most likely turn to speed or smack for his kicks. Or maybe he'll throw in the towel all-together and drink alcohol like a good Amerikan kid should.

They make me fucking sick! John Sinclair gets 9½ to 10 years for laying two joints on some undercover narcs who begged him for grass and the glue makers and booze sellers kill and maim and fuck everybody up with their poisons and get off clean.

John da Swede

HOLY MODAL ROUNDERS, IT'S THE GRATEFUL DEAD James Lichtenberg

If you live on the East Coast, and somehow never crossed the wide Missouri and the Continental Divide...or if you've flown into L.A. on some amphetamine trip, your mind clouded by the classic New York myopias, "Smog, Hollywood, Cops, Reagan" and those sad things, it is unlikely that you have much of a feeling for the serene, WLD magnificence that is the West. Movies, television, pictures, stories don't really do it. What blows the mind is the reality of that space and that landscape, not the images of it. Sure the self-destructive poisons alive in the land are thriving in California, but then most things thrive in California. What other state could have Timothy Leary as a potential gubernatorial challenger to Ronald Redneck?

The lack of understanding is too bad. New Yorkers come on a bit paranoid and snooty. nCalifornians are defensive and put down New York for the squalor and lack of air, sunlight, not to mention the inhuman current of life...but all that is beside the point.

IF OH IF ONLY, the true heads and spirits of California could get it together with the true heads and spirits of New York, America would have two golden coasts, and dealing with the middle of the country and that darkness would take care of itself. It's beginning to happen, just needs some weeding and watering.

That's why when, on the very same evening, New York was being treated to The Grateful Dead, The Fish and Country Joe, The Flying Burrito Brothers and (wonder of wonders) The Byrds, there was a certain feeling of celebration at getting such a rich hit of California all together.

It was a chinese puzzle deciding whether to go to the early show at the Fillmore (Dead Fish) or at Carnegie Hall but the promise of a Byrds-Burritos jam at the late show, which happened, was the answer in the coins. Sha Na Na was also at the Fillmore, but the baby-sitter was late...the people next to us said "yes, they already played"..."Oh yes, they were quite good, very, very good!" And these were people from a foreign land, so Sha Na Na it looks like all that college education is paying off. Sorry. It won't happen again.

The Dead were the first group of the "put it together yourself one night California rock festival," and the Byrds were the last. To love the Dead is to know them live, and the East got their first taste of the wild, open, acid spontaneity of San Francisco when the Dead played outdoors at Thompsons Square and Central Park 2 years ago. Indoors, less success. Their music is complicated, delicate and subtle, on record it might have sounded monotonous, and their completely relaxed manner in concert went right past Easterners unused to the magnificent phenomenon of mutual, free-wheeling head tripping, and full of expectations of a structured stage performance. That kind of entertainment formality is alien to the Dead. Either everyone is busy grooving on the ecstasy of the music or its all a drag. Without this good-friends intermingling of vibrations the Dead don't make sense, even to themselves.

But the Fillmore Friday night was a gas. Even Bill Graham is pretty proud of his new snack bar and has filmed an outasite short about it in which everyone seemed (and was, according to one of the chicks behind the counter) stoned out of his loving head. Didn't mention two weeks ago, because I hadn't discovered it, the orange juice in cans, thin cylinders of really good juice.

The Grateful Dead...grateful? dead? How do you mean? Stoned into eternity? Dead to the American amphetamine-money-success-hate-fear thing? The Dear are alive and dead too....If you get into this while you're listening to their music it will take you a long way.

Although guitarist, singer and composer Jerry Garcia is the axis of the group, I think their performances depend on the remarkable fact that the Dead have two drummers, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman. When the set started on Friday there wasn't very much happening, just sound, and even that trailed off (relaxed all right) while the drummers looked at each other and fooled around...and then, VOOM, the drums were suddenly locked together. Like a VCLO taking off they shot, at 45 degrees, right up into the clouds. Overwhelming. That double percussion, when it hits, transforms them. They got off into what may be the most

beautiful side of any of their albums, side one of "Anthem of the Sun". Garcia was raised by a Hopi Indian woman. "Anthem" has a connection to nature and ecstasy that Western culture is only just re-discovering. But the culture of the West is a release of spirit and natural stoned state impossible to conceive of in the East. Get out in the desert, the sage brush, wander the piney mountains of California, groove on the different shades of green, purple blueish green, tanish green, sea green of the brush on the ocean hillsides between San Francisco and Los Angeles...you can love New York after California.

I would also like to thank Mr. Gracia and companions for their performance of "He Was A Friend of Mine"...oh lyrical, wonderful music. Grateful, grateful, great, full!

Once upon a time a wild Mexican rolled out of the hills, marijuana billowing from his nostrils, bandeleros across his bare chest, hat over his eyes. His name, my friends, Country Joe! And his faithful companions The Fish! What wild music they made. That was once upon a time.

Mr. Joe McDonald, American citizen and musician, has just returned from Europe. He has enjoyed himself, sampled the cuisine, experienced the cultural deceleration and for some strange reason developed a Jim Morrison fetish. Well, guitarist Barry Melton, who has survived the European ordeal true to his origins and is really carrying the group along, made lots of fun of him for doing all those silly things. Joe, wearing an all-white outfit, did a couple of songs which didn't light any fires and went off stage and changed his clothes. Mind blowing. Changed his clothes! Dear Joe, go back into the hills, smoke some more weed and fight a cayote. Then come back and let us know how you are.

Natural California: rough, pure, wild, mind-blown. Sophisticated California: cool, fast, Mississippi river boat gambler slick in a way that insults the Dude. Talk about speed, cool, smooth and you're talking Byrds.

Superbyrd Roger McGuinn rides the wind. Even Dylan learns from the Byrds. Dylan, the Airplane and the Byrds are the great American originals.

Who are the Byrds? Well, that's the problem. They change around a bit. Gets so confusin' they hardly know themselves who's singin' and playin'. Why on the album cover of "The Notorious Byrd Brothers" they even put a picture of a horse...And just when you think "aw c'mon now", you realize they've been gone for a while, just putting you on.

Dylan and the Byrds, heads and spirits of the East and West together since the days of Mr. Tambourine Man. No other group has more fully or freely done Dylan's songs. In fact, like Bacon and Shakespeare, maybe Dylan is really a Byrd or vice versa. The title song of "Nashville Skyline", "Nashville Skyline Rag" credited to Bob Dylan, was released several months before the Dylan album on the Byrd's "Dr. Byrd and Mr. Hyde", as "Nashville West" (a slightly different version, sure, but the same song) credited to the ex-Byrd, now Burrito, Graham Parsons. See what I mean.

And so the Byrds flew into Carnegie Hall to lay a little gold on the folk and split for the canyon. Another disconcerting vibration of their--and California--cool is a remarkable lack of insistence or competitiveness. This can really throw a New Yorker died in the purple of the scramble. It's like, "We're the Byrds, and we're cool and this is what we do." It's not indifference, just part of the style of the wide open spaces. The very fact that you're together is proof of mutual interest. Why say more?

Carnegie Hall is a barn as far as the sound system goes. It's as if the speakers were jammed into the curtains backstage. The seats, however, are incredibly comfortable. (Hey Mr. Graham, check it out.)

Before things unroll any further let me tell you that the wild, weird really country, really funny, really funky "Holy Modal Rounders" got it going. A group of long standing recently expanded from two to five (piano, drums and a second guitar added to the original (incredible) fiddle and guitar band), national prominence is suddenly theirs with the release of "Easy Rider" to which they contributed "If you want to be a bird", while stoned Hopper, Fonda and Nicholson do highway

acrobatics on their glittering bikes. The Rounders are something to see. A mind-twisting fiddler and a spectacular version of cajun Doug Kershaw's "Alligator Man".

The sound system (we are promised that the amazing Pavillion crew will absolutely transform it before the Zeppelin arrives) was so lame that serious musical talk is pointless. Gram Parsons (along with another ex-Byrd Chris Hillman, Sneaky Pete and Chris Ethridge - the brothers Burrito) kept holding his guitar up to the microphone. He did it with love, but you couldn't hear it anyway.

The Flying Burrito Brothers played Burrito, Byrd and Dylan music. The Byrds played Burrito, Byrd and Dylan music. And when they jammed...you guessed it, and I can't quite remember who did exactly what exactly when. "Dark End of the Street" was done sensationally well with Gram doing the singing. "Sin City" and "Wheels of Fire" also made it through the system more or less together. A fair approximation of the concert and subsequent brief, brief jam (it wasn't worth more under the conditions) with magnificently improved acoustics can be had by playing, in almost any order, "The Notorious Byrd Brothers", "Sweetheart of the Rodeo", "Dr. Byrd and Mr. Hyde" (all Byrds) and "The Gilded Palace of Sin" (The Burrito's--dig the marijuana leaves embroidered on Gram's white suit on the cover). If you like, throw in a little "Nashville Skyline" (the Mad Hatter) and "Music From Big Pink".

It was beautiful to have seen them, and so I'll close now with a passage from Parson and Hillman's "Sin City"...could that be us?

"A friend came around
Tried to clean up this town.
His ideas made some people mad.
He trusted his crowd
So he spoke right out loud
And they lost the best they had.

This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poorhouse.
It seems like this whole town's insane.

ON THE THIRTY-FIRST FLOOR
A GOLD-PLATED DOOR
WON'T KEEP OUT LORD'S BURNING RAIN."

GOULD V.S. DODD- PRO POT TESTIMONY

On Friday, September 26th, the Senate Sub-Committee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency heard Dr. Robert E. Gould, Senior Psychiatrist from Bellevue Hospital in New York, testify and urgently recommend that marijuana be legalized.

Dr. Gould, who has clinically tested and studied the use of pot in hundreds of patients and non-patient users, has found that the most dangerous aspect of this harmless psychedelic was its illegality.

"Experimentation with marijuana," Dr. Gould stated to the committee, "especially among the young in college and high school, is now so usual that, in many areas of this country, it is actually a deviation from the norm not to try it."

Dr. Gould went on to state that, "What may be surprising to some of you is that this increase is not limited to the young, but includes large numbers of adults as well, so that experimental or habitual use of marijuana is now common in communities of all kinds, among individuals of all ages and among all the respected professions."

What follows is part of the speech Dr. Gould made before Senator Dodd's committee in which he urgently requests the legalization and sale of

marijuana under government and scientific supervision:

testimony

I would like to suggest to this committee that the criminal statutes against possession and use of marijuana should be removed at this time. Instead, the drug should be licensed for distribution under legal controls.

I will state my reasons for this proposal, and explain each in turn.

1. The assumptions upon which the present laws are based are simply incorrect. From all available evidence, it would seem that marijuana ought not to be classified as a "dangerous drug," and certainly not as a "narcotic."

2. Outlawing marijuana not only makes criminals out of otherwise lawabiding citizens, it also forces them to deal with criminal elements and entails the grave risk of entrenching them in a criminal way of life.

3. A moral question must be considered as a corollary here: should behavior which may be harmful to the individual, but not to anyone else, ever be called criminal? It seems evident to me that it should not. Any individual who behaves in a manner which is self-destructive and who is not motivated by a desire for profit, power, position or anything else for which

crimes are usually committed, ought not to be considered anything but emotionally sick. Attempted suicide is also a crime according to the statutes—yet the law is almost never enforced. The same reasoning should apply to individual misuse of drugs.

4. The ever-increasing number of marijuana users indicates that such laws are unenforceable. I believe that the same factors that forced repeal of the laws prohibiting use of alcoholic apply here. The law goes against a strong psychological need; so long as people do not feel the law is justified, they will continue to break it.

5. The unfairness of laws prohibiting marijuana provides the neurotic fringe groups with a legitimate cause for rebellion, even though such youngsters may be using the drug for wrong or destructive reasons. These youngsters might be helped if they could trust adult authorities. They can't trust us if we are unjust or hypocritical laws to control them. This is precisely the kind of action that has spawned the slogan "Don't trust anyone over 30" as an 11th Commandment, replacing "Honor thy father and thy mother."

6. If it is a bad law, which many adults as well as youngsters

think it is, (which is one of the reasons they violate it), then its continuance encourages widespread disrespect for law in general.

Finally, I should like to clear up some of the most serious distortions and misconceptions regarding marijuana.

1. A common statement is that even if marijuana is a relatively harmless drug, it may lead to the use of harder, more dangerous drugs, such as heroin. This is largely unfounded and exaggerated. It was true in the 1930's and early 1940's when marijuana use was more or less limited to a particular group—black jazz musicians—and then spread to ghetto blacks in big cities—Chicago and New York. Among these users the step to heroin was a short one, frequently taken. So in those years if there were 100,000 marijuana smokers, perhaps 60,000 went on to heroin.

The scene is vastly different today, when the increased use of marijuana is occurring mostly among middle-class individuals. Significantly, while the number of current marijuana users could be up to 8 million, from all available evidence, the increase in heroin use is extremely small.

Marijuana is taken then by different groups of people today,

for different reasons.

A further point is that, although almost all heroin addicts today have probably started with marijuana, the link between marijuana and heroin is not one of cause and effect. I do not have a single patient who is into heroin, although almost all my patients have tried marijuana. Among non-patients I do not know one friend who is taking heroin, although, as the saying goes, some of my best friends have used marijuana. And in my interviews with hundreds of non-patient hippies in the East Village, only a few have ever tried heroin and then only once. Almost every one, however, has been a marijuana user.

I could offer this opinion: those who get hooked on heroin are often either very emotionally disturbed and susceptible of else have led empty lives leading nowhere, with no hope for the future (as with many disadvantaged ghetto inhabitants), so that they would reach the heroin stage even if marijuana did not exist. In other words, the heroin addicts would become heroin addicts via alcohol or other drugs which are available.

It is true that many marijuana users today have experimented with other drugs, mostly

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POOR PARANOIDS

I first became acquainted with Adrian Henri about two years ago when I came across a Penguin edition of poetry called the "Mersey Sound." Included

in the edition was some of Henri's poems. What interested me about the book in general was the fact that here was a collection of writings from an

area similar in lifestyle like our lower east side.

"The Mersey Sound" was indigenous to the locale of

Liverpool and structured around that area were painters, poets, and musicians doing their thing in coffeehouses, bars and jazz night spots. Here the Beatles

first started their revolution in Pop music and here people like Adrian Henri first came in contact with a new and exciting sound rich in literary lifestyle.

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SEEING DOUBLE

Recommended: SALVATION, the new rock musical at the Jan Hus Theatre. It is an exuberantly performed non-book show with a pretty good score that runs from hard rock to folk rock. It has two outstanding songs and an irreverent anti-establishment feel. Although not better than HAIR, I think that you will find it to be a most exciting theatrical experience.

The ACT production of Edward Albee's TINY ALICE is certainly far superior to the original miscast Broadway production. The brilliantly staged William Ball version, at the ANTA Playhouse, is certainly an experience—what kind, I can't particularly decide. All I know is, that what was once obscure, muddled and murky is now completely unintelligible, ridiculously perverse and uncompromisingly obtuse. Nevertheless, it is certainly good to hear intelligent words well

spoken, even if those words are full of shit.

This month's new in-pop expression—FAR OUT—used excessively in L.A. and San Francisco, was given its indelible Eastern stamp by David Crosby saying it at least 48 times during his recent Fillmore gig. The following week the Joshua Light show picked up on it and scrambled it a bit—FUCKING FAR OUT, FAR OUT FUCKING, OUT BUCKING FAR, FAR FUCKING OUT, etc.

Michael David and Arthur Ginsberg of the Chelsea Theatre Center are trying to make Brooklyn swing. Out at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Friday and Saturday, October 10th and 11th, there will be the second and third performances of a series called HELP STAMP OUT OPERA. Appearing Friday will be LEROI JONES, SPIRIT HOUSE MOVERS, CONCEPT EAST POETRY, SUN-RA and two films: Godard's WEEKEND and Leroi Jones' DUTCHMAN. On Saturday there will be appearances by THE BAND, A LAN GINSBERG, and THE JOY OF COOKING.

The films will be DON'T LOOK BACK and YELLOW SUBMARINE. It seems like a very promising two evenings.

The rock world showed last week that the "straight" world does not have the exclusivity on boredom and emptiness. Two parties thrown consecutively for promotional purposes, just turned up the same blob of underground faces feeding their faces and trying to drink away the fast settling ennui.

The first gig was at the Upstairs At The Downstairs (a nightclub).

It was held in honor of 24-year old Richard Robinson's new daily radio show: ROCK STARS, a rock news and interview show, which will be broadcast on almost four hundred (AM I am told) radio stations. ROCK STARS "is furnished" by Phisohex; the anti-bacterial skin cleanser and is scripted by Robinson's company, THE POP WIRE SERVICE. It supposedly will reach 3,800,000 young people and is the first syndicated radio program of its kind." I looked for Robinson in order to rap with

him but only found his charming wife.

Seen at the party was everybody's favorite press agent Mike Goldstein, HAIR star Bert Sommer, Screw's rock critic Henry Edwards, Andy Warhol's lawyer Ed Katz, WNEW's Zacherlie, a couple of the SHANA-NA group, MGM Record's beauty Cathy Macauley and Sol Handwerker (I think of Nathan's Famous hot dogs).

This affair was followed by another scintillating group gathering at the Vanguard Recording Studios on West 23rd Street. It was in honor of Country Joe MacDonald's return from Europe and his subsequent date at Bill Graham's Fillmore East. Needless to say—you could have anticipated it—Country Joe never showed...but man about town Danny Fields was there as was Gina Gagni of the Wallace-Gifford Pop-Rock Press Office. Mike Brandman, booker of talent for the Johnny Carson show met Paul Solomon, booker of talent for the Merv Griffin show, for the first time. They both eyed each other suspiciously, but no duel ensued. The party hosted by

by

Allan Katzman

by

Robert Weiner

Vanguard's beautiful Sonny Schmeer ended droopingly without a Country Joe record being heard during my entire stay there.

The next night things brightened up amazingly. After viewing twenty poor films at the New York Film Festival and slowly going out of my mind again, I was indeed fortunate to see a screening of Z. Z just happens to be, in my very harsh opinion, the best political film I have ever seen and perhaps one of the most brilliant films I have ever viewed. It is a work of genuine cinema art and I urge you not to miss it when it opens in December at the Beekman Theater. It stars Yves Montand, Irene Pappas and Jean Louis Trintignant. Directed by Costa-Gavras, it relates in fictionalized form a true story of corruption in the Greek government, just prior to the take-over of the government by its present regime.

Beautifully photographed by Raoul Coutard, Costa-Gavras has amazingly made his performers become an ensemble company who become

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Friday, September 26

It has taken Judge Julius Hoffman one day to accomplish what most observers here had speculated would take one week to a month to complete. But almost singlehandedly, Judge Hoffman has accumulated a jury, a 12-member Panel which appears to illustrate *Newsweek's* "Troubled Americans" rather than any clear-headed application of jurisprudential impartiality. This morning they are ushered into the courtroom; 10 women (2 black) and 2 men, plus 4 alternates (all female, one black). A couple of them are retired, some have adult children, all are straight working class people, and only one, a 23-year old girl, could in any way be considered a "peer" of the eight defendants on trial.

At first glance, the jury en masse has the vaguely formidable appearance of 12 people who are not here to goose around. They sit erect, hands folded in their laps, eyes riveted on the defendants' table which they face. As the hours and days pass, postures are noticed to have undergone imperceptible shifts; N.Y. appears in the courtroom. Lefcourt is also in custody of the U.S. Marshal, having been arrested upstairs in the Court of Appeals while filing an appeal on the warrant issued by Judge Hoffman for his arrest.

It is learned that authorities in San Francisco have refused to issue arrest warrants for Michael Kennedy and Dennis Roberts, the two other lawyers who had been hired by the defense only for pre-trial work.

Judge Hoffman refuses to drop contempt charges against Tigar and Lefcourt, stating that he will release them from custody on the condition that they sit as counsel at the defendants' tables, a rather clumsily calculated move intended to show that the defendants have adequate legal counsel for the trial to proceed without Garry. A 10-minute recess is called to allow Tigar and Lefcourt to meet with the 8 defendants, Kunstler and Weinglass and decide whether or not they should withdraw from the case.

As the courtroom is clearing, there is a mild scuffle as U.S.

HOFFMAN'S FOLLYS

Renfrew Neff

Marshalls attempt to handcuff Tigar in the courtroom and place him in custody.

Defendant Abbie Hoffman shouts: "We object to the treatment of our lawyers — they are needed in trials like this one going on all over the country. They're not just our lawyers, they're our brothers."

The court reconvenes and Judge Hoffman is still not satisfied with the defenses decision to consent to the withdrawal of Tigar and Lefcourt, provided the defendants do not have to waive their 6th Amendment right that would allow for a Postponement until the return of Chief Counsel Garry. Hoffman denies the motion and orders the two attorneys — still in custody — to sit at the defense table. At the end of the day, Hoffman orders them jailed over the weekend, denies them bail and sets no sentence.

Following another motion by Kunstler, Hoffman also refuses to allow for the withdrawal of attorneys Irving Birnbaum and Stanley Bass — local attorneys who by law are required to represent the defendants in the event that out-of-state Counsel is not present. Hoffman orders these two men to appear in court every day, even though their participation is unnecessary.

Refusing to hear further objections from the defense, Hoffman calls in the jury, and Ass. U.S. Attorney Shultz opens the government's case. He begins with a carefully enunciated run-down of the defendants, and as their names are mentioned, each stands and faces the jury. It goes along well enough until Tom Hayden stands and gives a friendly sort of fist salute, nothing intended as a threat, just a sort of convivial fist salute that freaks out the judge. The jury is dismissed. Hoffman goes through a terribly long, elaborate riff about "fist waving" in his courtroom.

"It's my customary salute, Your Honor," explains Hayden.

Hoffman wheezes something about fist waving and finally calls the jurors back.

Shultz picks up where he left off in his opening address, the next name being Abbie Hoffman.

Abbie stands up obediently and tosses a kiss to the jurors just before sitting down.

Caught off-guard again, Judge Hoffman quavers out an order that the jury "disregard the kiss just thrown by Defendant Hoffman."

Shultz continues without further interruption from either side, and having "dropped" all the defendants' names, proceeds with some pretty heavy accusations, which he says the government intends to prove. In essence, the prosecution holds the position that Defendants Rubin, Hoffman and Davis made non-negotiable demands on the city of Chicago so that they would be turned down, and the allegedly pre-planned riots could then break out. David Dellinger was claimed to be the "architect of the revolution," and the Yippies were accused of demanding \$100,000 from city of Chicago to prevent the riots. The rest of it seemed to have come out of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

William Kunstler opens the case for the defense. His address emphasizes the right to dissent, the right to protest an illegal, unjust and immoral war. The defense will prove that they came to the '68 Democratic Convention with thousands of other Americans who wanted to protest continuation of the war in South Vietnam, a war which had been within the jurisdiction of the political party that was in power. Well aware of their Constitutional rights, these thousands of Americans came to protest the involvement of their country in that war, and they came to the most obvious place, the Chicago convention, to show that dissent. The real conspiracy, declares Kunstler, was not on the part of these 8 defendants, but on the part of national political figures and the local police to suppress the demonstrations.

"As individuals, these men (the defendants) are unimportant — what is important is the threat

to everyone's freedom to dissent, the threat. The threat to our freedom of speech. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, these defendants will stand before you as classic examples of The People against the government."

LUNCH RECESS PRESS CONFERENCE

Davis: It's a stacked trial, loaded against us. It will be impossible to get a fair trial here, because the way Judge Hoffman is conducting the trial shows him to be completely in the arms of the government."

An attorney representing the ACLU: "We are deeply concerned with the treatment of the attorneys in this case and with Judge Hoffman's issuance of arrest warrants on 4 of them. This is unheard of and shocking."

AFTERNOON SESSION

Leonard Weinglass' opening statement for the defense emphasizes the new life style, youth culture and the Yippies; these young people came to Chicago to show that there was an emergent new culture in the country and in the world.

Throughout Weinglass' address, Judge Hoffman and assistant flunky Shultz have played the "objection-sustained" game, a game that will continue to be played between the Hoffman-Shultz-Foran team of pawns for the prosecution in an attempt to humiliate the defense attorneys in front of the jury. As the trail plods on exposing the hideous entrails of the Nixon administration with every desperate motion and ploy, it will become necessary only for Foran to stand up, and Hoffman will ask on call, "Do you object? — I'll sustain the objection." The travesty is apparently being allowed to continue until one of his grim reapers advises the President what to do. Or until things become so hopelessly convoluted that, having no alternative, the federal government flies up its own asshole.

At the completion of the Weinglass address, Judge



Hoffman asks, "Are there any other defense attorneys who wish to speak?"

Defendant Bobby Seale stands and walks to the lectern.

Hoffman: "Who's your lawyer?"

Seale: "Charles R. Garry."

Hoffman dismisses the jury. He then demands to know which of the attorneys at the defendants' table represents Defendant Seale. Citing the statement addressed to the bench this morning by Seale, Kunstler states that since he has "fired" the attorneys present and petitioned for representation by Garry, neither he nor Weinglass have the authority to speak for Seale. Hoffman denies Bobby Seale the right to give an opening statement in his own defense.

Bobby Seale, defendant in a government trial, sits in a courtroom in Chicago, and, for all technical reasons, he is without legal counsel.

The first witness for the prosecution is put on the stand: Raymond Simon, Corporate Counsel for the City of Chicago, legal representative of Mayor Daley and the city aldermen, and of the City of Chicago as a

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entity. He speaks at meetings with Abbie Jerry Rubin and Davis in the months prior to the convention, their demands for park permits and their "negotiable" demands. Each along until finally recessed, followed by the U.S. Court of Appeals denied the defense's motion until Charles R. appear. It has also denied the defense's motion to 4 attorneys from the arrest. When this was made to the Hoffman, he followed that attorneys and Tigar would be custody over the without bail. *About of the courtroom including most of the ns, rose en masse and nched fist salute!* September 29 morning begins with lawyers in court to trial proceedings and the disqualification of man. matter of self-interest, fman declares their

position moot, because they have "no standing in his court." The lawyers leave the courtroom, hold a TV press conference downstairs in the news room, take to the streets—that is, the Federal Building plaza, which will probably be eroded by trial's end—for a rather discreet demonstration before returning to their hotel to draft a petition for the impeachment of Judge Hoffman.

Shortly after their representative's exit from the courtroom, attorneys Michael Kennedy and Dennis Roberts appear before the bench, not in response to Hoffman's warrants for their arrest in San Francisco (these warrants had been dismissed by SF authorities on technical grounds), but as counsel with Sullivan and several other lawyers who have volunteered their legal counsel for Tigar and Lefcourt. At this point things get a bit bizarre and confusing as to who can speak to or for whom, and everybody seems to be a defendant. Somehow it's all eventually unraveled, and Judge Hoffman vacates the contempt charges against Lefcourt and Tigar, and this group of spontaneous

defendants leaves, clearing the air for the customary frustration, insanity and injustice that we can handle.

Kunstler makes an emergency motion for a mistrial or for renewal of a previous motion that Hoffman remove himself from the trial. Hoffman denies this as moot.

Weinglass takes the floor and cites breach of defendants Constitutional right under the Shuttlesworth Doctrine: when 1st Amendment right to assemble is denied because of illegal statutes and in refusal of permits to use parks and streets, the constitutionality of these statutes can be questioned and the citizen's right to assemble is held supreme. Weinglass motions for an evidentiary hearing on the constitutionality of the statutes and an inquiry into the status of the subpoenas which are still outstanding (those involving Ramsey Clark, Lyndon Johnson and J. Edgar.) His motion is denied, the jury called in.

Government witness Simon is put back on the stand to be cross-examined by Weinglass. This ends, and the jury is sent out again, when the defense's Emergency Motion for the

Removal of Hoffman on behalf of all the defendants and disqualification of the court is returned. The Emergency Motion cites the following illegal, unlawful and unconstitutional actions by the court:

1) Ordering and directing the arrest of some of their pretrial attorneys.

2) Effectuating the imprisonment and appearance in court, while in custody, of said attorneys.

3) Refusing to set bail for said attorneys.

4) Attempting to coerce defendants, by said arrests, imprisonment and denial of bail, to waive their Sixth Amendment rights to counsel of their choice, and:

5) Hereinafter degrading, harassing and maligning in devices, ways and fashions, these and others of defendants' attorneys, have so prejudiced said defendants that it is no longer possible for them to have a fair and impartial trial, all in violation of the Constitution of the United States.

"For the better part of discretion and in the interest of justice," the motion continues, "a motion is made to declare a mistrial, or

in the alternative, that Judge Hoffman disqualify himself from this case."

Foran takes the floor and, in his usual attitude of pompous self-righteousness, accuses the defense attorneys of being "non-professional", and defends Hoffman in a tedious repetition of his arguments from the past four days. He then claims that the defendants are attempting to try their case in the press, "not in the classic American courtroom tradition"—an argument that once again indicates the prosecution's Neanderthal comprehension of the media's collective function and certainly expresses their resentment of the press section's unconcealed sympathy for the defendants and antipathy toward the government's mishandling of a charge that was outrageous from the start, and its collusion in the trial. Foran accuses the press of working in alliance with the defense and calls for a "free press that is limited to a fair press." Kunstler replies that the defense refuses to stoop to a recognition of Foran's statement.

Hoffman denies the Emergency Motion and orders the document impounded.

Kunstler then asks if the defense will have to worry in the future about the impounding of its motions. Hoffman: "You will always have to worry when you make charges such as these in this courtroom."

Afternoon Session: Weinglass's cross-examination of Raymond Simon continues with the former citing parts of statements by Defendants Davis, Hoffman and Rubin omitted in Simon's direct examination by Shultz—segments of official transcripts that indicate the defendants mentioned that they hoped to avoid the bloodbath that had ultimately transpired. Kunstler's cross-examination of the witness brought out his close relationship with Mayor Daley.

Kunstler: "Might it be said, then, that you are a protegee of the Mayor?"

Simon fumbles a bit, finally replies with a touch of defiance: "I would be proud to be a protegee of the Mayor."

Simon concludes his testimony with a statement to the effect that the action of the Chicago police during the Democratic National Convention was entirely necessary and correct.

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PARANOIDS

About two weeks ago I was to meet Adrian in the flesh, and this time in, of all places, our own local bar of St. Adrian and Company. It was a propitious meeting, as Henri knew only a few people in New York and it was his first time in America. When introduced to him, I said "Oh Yes! 'The Mersey Sound'." Henri was taken by surprise upon realizing a perfect stranger had knowledge of who he was.

It was not an accident that Henri's name had stuck in my memory. As a poet - painter with two books under his belt and a pop and literary tradition behind him, I was naturally interested in people like Adrian who had gone into other art forms to get their message across. Like myself, a poet who had extended the word into underground newspapers, and Ed Sanders of the Fugs who had gone into Rock & Roll, Henri had for the last two years been performing with his own music group, 'The Liverpool Scene.'

Henri was in America to perform and play his type of music. He was sitting with Andy Roberts, his guitar player and they had both been here a week awaiting for the rest of their group and equipment to arrive from England.

Henri is rotund and jolly with an evident liverpoolian twang. He is the lead singer in the group. Andy is shorter and thinner, long hairish with a clean babyish face. Both were relating to me of their experiences in America and how free and exciting New York city was compared to where they had come from.

"New York is not as violent as all the stories we had heard about it," Henri was telling me. "In fact, I think it's probably safer than Liverpool. It's really an exciting place after being in England all these years and I love the pace."

"And all those underground newspapers and sex papers you have," chimed in Andy, "are rather fantastic. We have nothing like them in England. In fact England is rather stuffy and conservative concerning sex and politics. You have much more freedom here, especially in the Arts."

I asked Henri about the rest of his group. "Well," he continued, "there's Andy who plays the guitar and Pete Clark on drums."

"Mike, Andy and myself write the songs. Mike is also a poet like myself and has a book out, 'The City and the Slum Goddess.' I have a new book out now, 'tonight at NOON' from David McKay Company in New York. We have our own album out from RCA called 'Amazing Adventures of the Liverpool Scene' and a single, 'Love Is' which is a poem from my latest book."

"You see, our group isn't really a group but a putting together of five peoples' interests; poetry, jazz, rock. We don't all play together all the time but do play

numbers. Our emphasis is on the words. Our personal statements deal with politics and satire."

"We hope to play the Fillmore East sometime in November. Meanwhile Andy and I are waiting for the rest of the group, then its off to Kent College in Ohio to play a one night stand."

The next day I picked up Henri's latest book 'tonight at NOON.' Henri's jolly face stared out from the cover and I glanced at the inside jacket cover.

"His poems may be variously described as pop, mod, sardonic, political, loving, hysterically funny, and moving. Very much aware of the poetry and musical movements of the twentieth century, Henry both utilizes and pokes fun at them. His aim is to discover 'how far poetry can be pushed and still remain poetry.' His search takes him in every direction and into every medium, and anyone attuned to the present will enjoy the trip."

/I opened the book and read:

BATPOEM
 for Bob Kane and The Almost Blues

Take me back to Gotham City
 Batman
 Take me where the girls are pretty
 Batman

All those damsels in distress
 Half-undressed or even less
 The Bat Pill makes 'em all say
 Yes
 Batman

Help us out in Vietnam
 Batman
 Help us drop that BatNapaIm
 Batman /Help us bomb those
 jungle towns
 Spreading pain and death
 around
 Coke 'n' Candy wins them round
 Batman

Help us smash the Viet cong
 Batman
 Help us show them that they're
 wrong
 Batman

Show me what I have to do
 Batman
 'Cause I want to be like you
 Batman
 Flash your Batsign over Lime
 Street
 Batmobiles down every
 crimestreet
 Happy Batday that's when I'll
 meet
 Batman

"medium cool
 is blistering!"
 -Bob Salmaggi, WINS Radio



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There was no doubt that Henri was tuned in and that he had come to the right city and that he would meet his Batman here more than any other place. And all I could think of at the time was that I hoped Adrian and 'The Liverpool Scene' would enjoy the trip.



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SIX DAYS

neighbourhood, including the London Hilton. Thousands of hollow plastic balls, left over from a previous plastics firm tenant, were also discovered and filled with water to make effective but relatively safe missiles to hurl at abusive members of the crowd outside.

By Thursday there were between four and six hundred people on the squat, and an appeal went out to London students to come and help defend the building against the fuzz. At this time anything seemed possible. The courtyard and sidewalk outside of the mansion became a seething, emotion-ridden area where squatters exchanged insults with police, press, and onlookers. It was a miniature revolutionary situation which would not necessarily remain miniature.

From this point on things escalated and emotions soared in a way that I have never seen happen in England before. On Friday night a police agent was discovered masquerading as a squatter and forcibly chucked out. People went around proclaiming that the ultimate revolution was at hand and it would come from England, spreading out from Hyde Park Corner to take over the world. I was told that squatting was the ideal operation to focus public attention on the need for revolution and to attract support.

At the same time other squatters stressed the legality of squatting according to English law and the fact that the police would never dare go against these laws. According to a law dating back to 1381, it is in fact lawful to take over premises for the purpose of living in them provided they are unoccupied and no act of breaking in occurs in order to enter. The Street Commune had in fact entered by an open door. There were a few Americans among the squatters, and they suggested that squatting might be a practical tactic in America as well, where pre-existing English law might be appealed to as a justification.

After Friday night things began to deteriorate. First of all no one was really getting any sleep—a day and night watch had to be kept, and in any case there were by now just too many people in the building. There was also an ever larger crowd gathered outside the mansion and a feeling of ever greater tension growing up between them and the occupants of the building. On Saturday afternoon the police moved all the onlookers back from the approaches to the building to clear freedom of passage, as they claimed, to allow space to mount an attack, as the squatters felt.

The police allowed squatters to go out of the building but tried to stop them from re-entering. Many managed to get back in by climbing over a back fence, but this was a clear sign that the police were beginning to get tough. By now dissension among the squatters themselves, which was always actively or potentially present, began to make itself felt more and more.

The hard-core anarchists appear to have had a serious disagreement with those who

mainly wanted to call attention to housing conditions, and this was symbolized on the outside by the changing of the banner on the main balcony from HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS to PROPERTY IS THEFT and back again. The press was later to make great capital of this supposedly crucial split between the "good but misguided idealists" and the "dirty drop-out anarchist hoodlums," though most people in the squat were on both sides of the question.

The most important failing during this time was probably that the squatters were unable to get themselves sufficiently together to prepare for self-defence. At eleven-thirty on Sunday morning three policemen wheeled their way onto the drawbridge entrance on a pretext of merely wanting to check conditions. A whistle was blown, the three policemen secured the drawbridge and a hundred others came charging down on the entrance amid a hail of bricks, tiles, and plastic water bombs: At first it looked like the siege might be protracted, but it was all really over in five minutes, sixty squatters were arrested, about twenty of these were charged, convicted, and given light fines or suspende sentences.

The police entered on a warrant citing the use of dangerous drugs. Charges were brought on drugs, resisting arrest, and assaulting the police. Bystanders who hurled missiles thrown by the squatters back at the building were not arrested. There are many who wish the defense of the building had been carried out in a more energetic manner, in which case it might still be in the hands of the squatters or the siege might still be going on.

There are signs that next time the squatters will be better organized, and next time is happening at this very moment as I am writing. The police were quick to vacate another building occupied by the Commune soon after the first raid, then the squatters answered them by occupying yet another building from which they were also expelled. But an unused school has just been occupied, and the people defending it show signs of having learned from the squat in the Dilly—they are not letting any police or press people in and are proclaiming they will defend the school to the utmost. Whatever else happens, there is no doubt that England will never be entirely the same again after the squat in the Dilly.

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SEETHING ON THE INSIDE**

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TESTIMONY

psychodelics such as LSD and mescaline--also the ups (amphetamines) and the downs (barbiturates). Some are heavily into the drug scene, using any drug that they can get their hands on (excluding heroin); but again, these people have a very strong need to escape from this world by whatever method is available. A great many, however, give up these other drugs as being too dangerous--this has been especially true with speed (methedrine) and acid (LSD). The majority seem to stick almost exclusively to marijuana and it is significant to note that not a few marijuana smokers have even given up its use. Again, they give it up not because it is illegal, but because after a while it simply does not offer all that they had hoped it would.

2. Another common misconception is that marijuana smokers live in some drowsy world from which they never emerge--the dope fiend image of a hazy, smokefilled den of degenerates. Selective studies in high schools and colleges have indicated that the vast majority

of those students who have used marijuana are social, active, academically able and often exhibit leadership qualities.

Yet even the AMA (American Medical Association) takes the unenlightened view that the typical marijuana user is only interested in becoming completely "stoned." In a pamphlet prepared and distributed to all United States physicians, advising them on how to talk young people out of using marijuana, the AMA stated that, if a youngster asks his doctor: "How do you justify alcohol being socially acceptable and not marijuana?", the AMA advises this answer: "As normally used in adult society, alcohol serves a social function. But the typical marijuana user puffs his reefer with only one likely outcome--intoxication."

This is simply not true. Of course there are individuals who smoke marijuana to get completely stoned, just as there are drinkers who drink to get drunk. But most marijuana smokers, like most "social drinkers," function exceedingly well in all areas of their life and use drugs for the pleasant mood changes which are produced.

But the AMA pamphlet, having made its erroneous pronouncement, continues the

argument into the legal area, defending alcohol and attacking marijuana with this statement:

"Now if alcohol were a full-time intoxicant--that is, if there was no other way to take it except in intoxicating doses, which is the way marijuana is used--then I'm sure alcohol would be outlawed too."

Many marijuana smokers have described how they reach a certain point which is pleasant and then pass up further joints because they are quite satisfied with the high they have attained.

The pamphlet further states: "While it is true that not all marijuana smokers gravitate to the use of dangerous drugs, it's also true that most abusers of LSD, pep pills and heroin started out on marijuana." The implication is strong that although not all marijuana users are drawn to more dangerous drugs, many are. Again, this is fallacious reasoning. The vast majority of marijuana smokers may have tried other psychedelic drugs, and generally give them up. As we've noted, only a fraction become heroin addicts and these would have reached that state in any case--without marijuana.

One more distortion which must be noted--the AMA pamphlet

describes the drinker as just going into oblivion, while the person high on marijuana "wants his kicks and sometimes finds them in antisocial or even criminal behavior."

This is the opposite of what actually happens. The marijuana smoker, if he had antisocial or criminal tendencies without the drug, finds these tendencies diminished with marijuana. Its use reduces hostile impulses. Witness the extraordinary recent event at the Woodstock, N.Y., rock festival, when 400,000 young people, most of them smoking marijuana, behaved most civilly toward each other and toward strangers, under incredibly difficult conditions.

Eliminating the criminal statutes for possession and use of marijuana would not constitute an endorsement of its use. It would simply do away with the harmful effects of considering it a felony.

I do not mean to suggest that marijuana cannot do harm in a psychological sense--of course it can, just as alcohol and other legal drugs can and do. But I feel that the over-all harm done by making the drug illegal and its user a criminal is far greater to the individual taking drugs and to society than any potential damage that might be caused by use of the drug under legal controls.

These controls could be quite similar to those in effect for alcohol; namely that safe guards in its distribution be assured.

1. There should be a minimum age requirement for purchasers, as there is with alcohol.

2. Dosage should be standardized so that one obtains the same potency in every marijuana cigarette. As you know, one of the big problems and dangers with illegal drugs is that the individual never knows at any given time how strong a dose he is taking.

We must continue and intensify research to learn more about the drug. Although few controlled scientific experiments have been done, the empirical evidence gained from observations of hundreds of thousands of marijuana smokers, over hundreds of years in other countries, in addition to the more recent observations in this country, is that absolutely no detectable physical harm results from its use.

On this presumptive evidence, the wiser approach would be to legalize this drug at this time. As with any other drug, if in the unlikely event it should be found to be more harmful either physically or psychologically, then, of course, appropriate steps could then be taken.

As to Senator Dodd's last question: Should more of the overall drug abuse control problem be delegated to scientists and practitioners in the field of medicine (particularly psychiatry), education, research and others?

I would say yes since I believe that drug abuse is indicative of a defect which falls somewhere in the social-education-psychological matrix.

Research is needed to learn more about excessive drug users. This involves studies of individuals with drug problems, and of their whole social-cultural milieu. This research cuts across all scientific disciplines, and should include a group approach composed of psychiatrist, sociologist, lawyer, political scientist.

The heroin addict or any other drug abuser is best managed by the psychiatrist in his dual role as medical doctor and psychologist. To the extent that the subculture of the drug abuser contributes to his condition--and research in this area is sorely needed--these appropriate changes in the community need to be made. Otherwise one sees the familiar pattern of the drug addict being "cured" in a hospital, only to return to the same environment and, consequently, to the same drug habits.

Education is of vital importance, as it is in any area where there are confusions, distortions and few solid facts. What is known should be freely disseminated to all. It is a helpful preventive to destructive behavior. Telling the truth or telling it like it is is essential if one is to reach the youth of today.

Control should be effected through a common effort of all the fields which are involved in drug abuse. Any single discipline trying to provide the full answer to the drug problem will inevitably, fail, since in all likelihood the causes of drug abuse are multi-determined and therefore require a many-sided approach.

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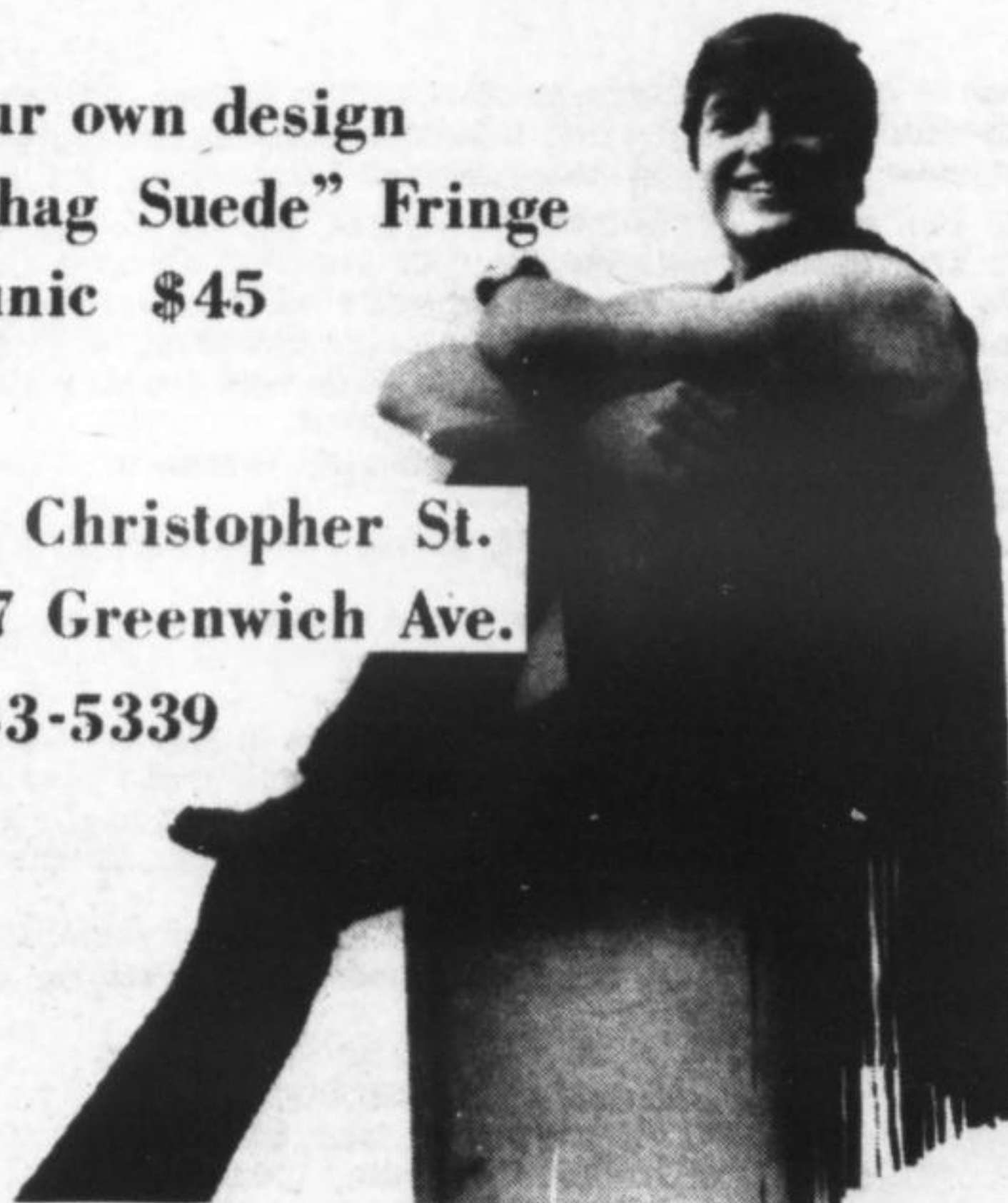
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MORE NEWS

Broken Glass for Ruling Class!

RIO DE JANEIRO (LNS) - Establishments owned by American businessmen are primary targets for the growing urban insurrection in Brazil. The plate glass windows of gringo establishments are regularly clattering to the sidewalks below with the sound of "The People, Yes!" Recent targets include the

huge Sears Roebuck store in the Botafogo section and the Rio branch of the First National City Bnk of New York. The Thomas Jefferson Library, the United States Information Agency outlet on Copacabana Beach, has also been attacked by young Brazilians who want the U.S. "fora!" - out!

5th St Paint-In

On Saturday, October 4, 1969, the streets again belonged to the street people and a new form of demonstration occurred - a demonstration of talent and togetherness. Several dozen young people, many of whom have left home and now reside with their new "families" in the East Village, came together for the First Annual Paint-In on Second Avenue and Fifth Street. This creative orgy was jointly sponsored by the Village Project and Bottega Workshop.

The artists at Bottega would like to see the many talented young people in the East Village develop a similar workshop and obtain sponsorship for this. They have offered their time and experience to the Village Project to plan the Paint-In and work with the street people.

The Paint-In originated from the combined thinking of the Street People, Bottega Workshop and the Village Project staff. The Village Project is a rap center of the Lower East Side offering a variety of services to young people including hip shrink services and assistance with housing, jobs, family problems and drug hassles. Bottega is an artist's workshop located 115 Quentin Road, Brooklyn. Bottega brings together artists, sculptors, and creative heads, in a cooperative effort to form an environment and supply the tools for artistic expression.

Everyone associated with the Paint-In agrees that meaningful self-expression should be what work is about. However, we all know that the mind-emotion, death scene that the straight world defines as work needs alternatives. Love, sensitivity and communal creativity are ways to bring people together and forming new work alternatives.

Paints and brushes have been donated for the Paint-In by Simmons Incorporated and Bocour. But other sources of sponsorship need to be located if the workshop is to continue. Anyone interested in this project can call the Village Project at 533-5240. If you feel locked up, pulled-down, or spaced out, PAINT-IN.

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WEINER

so real you forget they are actors. The dramatic impact of this film is stunning. It is a film that must be seen by anyone who cares about film as art and the literature of today and the future.

Fresh from the glow of this brilliant film, I went to Carnegie Hall to see the first of Pavillion promoter Howard Stein's rock concerts in answer to Bill Graham. I just wish this midnight concert had been better attended. Although there were problems—namely vocal mikes that were distorting all the vocals—the concert built steadily to a smach finish. It began with a very free ok set by The Holy Modal Rounders, followed by a set by The Burrito Brothers who became progressively more appealing and went off to cheers.

The star attraction, The Byrds, did a nice set—virtually the same they did this past summer at the Fillmore East.

The evening's highlight was a jam by The Burrito Brothers and The Byrds. There were five guitars, three drummers and one tambourine-vocalist (Graham Parsons of the Burrito's) and the sound was tremendous. They did a too short twenty minutes climaxed by a stunning version of EIGHT MILES HIGH. At the concert's conclusion they offered two roosters to anybody who

would give them a decent home. The fowls were a present to some of The Byrds.

Saturday, I tripped down to the first show at the Fillmore East. I skipped SHA NA NA (like cyanide you can take them only once). I arrived towards the end of THE GRATEFUL DEAD's set. I must say that they were lively and the most together that I have ever heard them. They were followed by Country Joe and The Fish - with three new little fishes - Mark Kapner (Keyboards and burning uke), Doug Metzler (Bass) and Greg Dewey (Drums).

Enhanced by a FAR OUT version of The Joshua Light Show (why with all the power coming from the front lights can't I see the musicians' faces?) Joe did a very entertaining set of twelve numbers, that were being recorded live by Vanguard. The group was very free and foolish.

At one point, lead guitarist Barry Melton was writhing all over the stage floor, and I thought for a moment that it was Iggy Stooze. Barry Melton was also responsible for the evening's "incident". As part of the "show", he pretended that his guitar would not play. Prodded by Joe to hurry up because the promoter would become upset, Barry yelled "FUCK BILL GRAHAM!" The audience cheered this statement. Country Joe told Barry that he should not have said that as Bill had been very good to them. The number—the last of the set - was eventually concluded.

Naturally, the audience, or part of it, screamed for MORE (the subject of a very interesting editorial in the Fillmore's program). I assumed that there was no encore, because it was 11:40 and 2,800 people were waiting outside for the 11:30 performance to begin. Backstage, after the set, Joe and his manager, Ed Denson were having an intelligent conversation with Bill Graham

about the lack of an encore. Graham maintained, rightly so in my opinion, that the audience response did not indicate the need for an encore.

Joe and Ed Denson maintained their opinions that Bill was wrong.

Later Denson told me that he felt Bill was angry about the FUCK BILL GRAHAM remark, and that is why there was no encore. Denson said Bill was furious but cooled down. Denson felt, as I do, that Graham despite all the rap is a good guy who is one of the few promoters in the country who can be counted on for gigs. We also felt that Graham is most responsible for the success of the rock underground today. We agreed that Graham's promotional brilliance and tenacity made a dumpy old movie house, one of the most important outlets for rock music today.

I strolled over to the Electric Circus, afterwards—it still looks and feels like the inside of a plaster of paris airplane hangar. A few new things have been added—namely some solar paintings by Louis Delsarte done in the style of early San Francisco plastic psychedelic. Downstairs they are selling lots of Psychedelic Electric Fruit and other odds and ends including two carrots for 20c, hard-boiled eggs for 25c, balloons for 50c and LOV E— Free! (Ugh)

Sunday, Patrick O'Neil threw his annual party for the New York Film Festival at his Ginger Man restaurant. It was well attended by the "film" set. Andy Warhol—the Stanley Berman of the Underground (he brought 4 people to the AIP DeSade party at The Plaza Ballroom earlier in the week) was there along with Viva Agnes Varda, Earl Wilson Phyllis Newman, Adolph Green Barney Rosett, Susan Sontag Jonas Mekas, etc.

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DECOMP

they stood to lose a million or so a month: so they told Bill Gaines to clean up. The Comic Code authority was brought into being, administered by John Goldwater of Archie Comics, and henceforth no comic title was to deviate from the standards of Archie Andrews. EC went broke trying to degrade their quality to that uniquely comatose level, while Frederc Wertham and G. Legman basked in the approval of all good Americans.

Which is why I call him a mouthy cocksucker, being that if it hadn't been for his flapping trap, there might be a decent comics literature in this country today. As it is, contemporary comics are about as edifying as the kind of pornography Legman has been writing for the last thirty years.

It's not surprising he writes pron. With prose like his, you are not gonna get published by Lyle Stuart, much less Random House. He sounds proud of having invented the term 'Oragenitalism', lo these thirty years ago. God! What a word! You see the way his mind works from digging on this word: the term 'oral-genital-being thrown together cleverly like a breakfast cereal with two ingredients, and the 'ism' tacked on to connote that the fine art of cocksucking and pussylicking is not engaged in by everyone, mind you, but only a select and cultured few. 'Isms' are always big among those who share the CONFIDENTIAL mentality.

'Hippieism' he doesn't like; 'Oragenitalism' he advocates. This does not set the hippies into one camp and those who suck dick into another, but Legman probably thinks it does. If he considers cunnilingus an Art with a capital A, it's most unlikely he considers hippies capable of its performance. Hippies are low, uncultured people, and I, from the way I talk, am also an ignorant shlub.

Cuntlapping as an Art, though, my God ... As if anybody with a tongue couldn't get a chick to come in his mouth. I wrote this things for Screw a few weeks back, you see, in which I attempted to demonstrate to the truckdrivers who read that crummy pornzine that cuntlapping is not at all a submissive act, as so many red-blooded Americans feel. It was not my purpose in publishing it to get any doses of ambulant clap to spread their legs for me, being that my old lady would have disapproved of such intentions. Penicillin disrupts her inner ecology, poor girl. Anyway, I did it up without bothering to be exceptionally elegant, and it clearly did not amuse Mr. Legman.

It stands to reason, knowing Legman's mind, that he'd have to make 'Oragenitalism' into an Art. It is not any more couth, in this Enlightened period of the New Freedom (Legman's terms) to consider oral-genital

contact 'unclean' or 'perverted'. It is currently rather hip, in fact, to advocate the licking of the pussy, the sucking of the dork. However, many many people still retain inner taboos against unconventional sexual behaviour of any kind - and in many cases, conventional fucking as well - and it makes for an awkward situation for some of them. Unable to reject such behaviour outright, for fear of being labelled a Puritan, such people are compelled to make it into an Art, a discipline with elaborate protocol that requires strenuous, earnest dedication. It's the Enlightened equivalent of censorship, you make it into an Aristocratic perversion, thus setting yourself apart from the Villian.

Most of all, it must be spoken of reverently. You do not slurp at her clit, you callow son of a bitch, you titillate her fleshy nexus of ecstasy, or some such cant. Mr. Legman dislikes my Columbus Ohio high school tone, the fine art of cuntlapping presumably being far beyond the grasp of Columbus Ohio high school students. They're not good enough for it, in Legman's books.

Well, the high school I went to was not nearly as classy as even Columbus, Ohio's, so I might just take that as a compliment to the elevation of my tastes over the years, lo these last five since graduation. But the fact of the matter is that when I write, I do not write for Mr. Legman, editor Kryptadia Journal Of Erotic Folklore, or any other creeps who publish magazines with shithead titles like that. I wrote that thing for Screw which is read by people who went to high schools in places like Columbus. Believe it or not, Mr. Legman, we here among the Villian actually do slurp at girls' clits - we like it, our girls like it, and it makes us nervous when some fuckbrain like you tells us to be Elegant about it.

It's always embarrassing, when you're in a situation like this, to answer some kook's brainless letter with an article six times the length of the letter itself. The thing is, Mr. G. Legman is what qualifies as an Intellectual in our culture, which sort of shows you where the culture is at. Goddamnit, it's dangerous to have somebody like that in a position where people listen to him. It tned to perpetuate the kind of domino-theory reasoning so beautifully illustrates, and you wind up with the Smothers Brothers getting atackballed, pigs killing kids in California, and earning the approval of all good Americans because hippies don't bathe and dirty people should be killed, you wind up with the Jewsih Defense League because a little Negro girl once wrote a poem that said bad things about Jews, you wind up with all this wierd shit and the Vietnam War because people like Gershon Legman are allowed to run around loose and flap their big fat cocksucking mouths.

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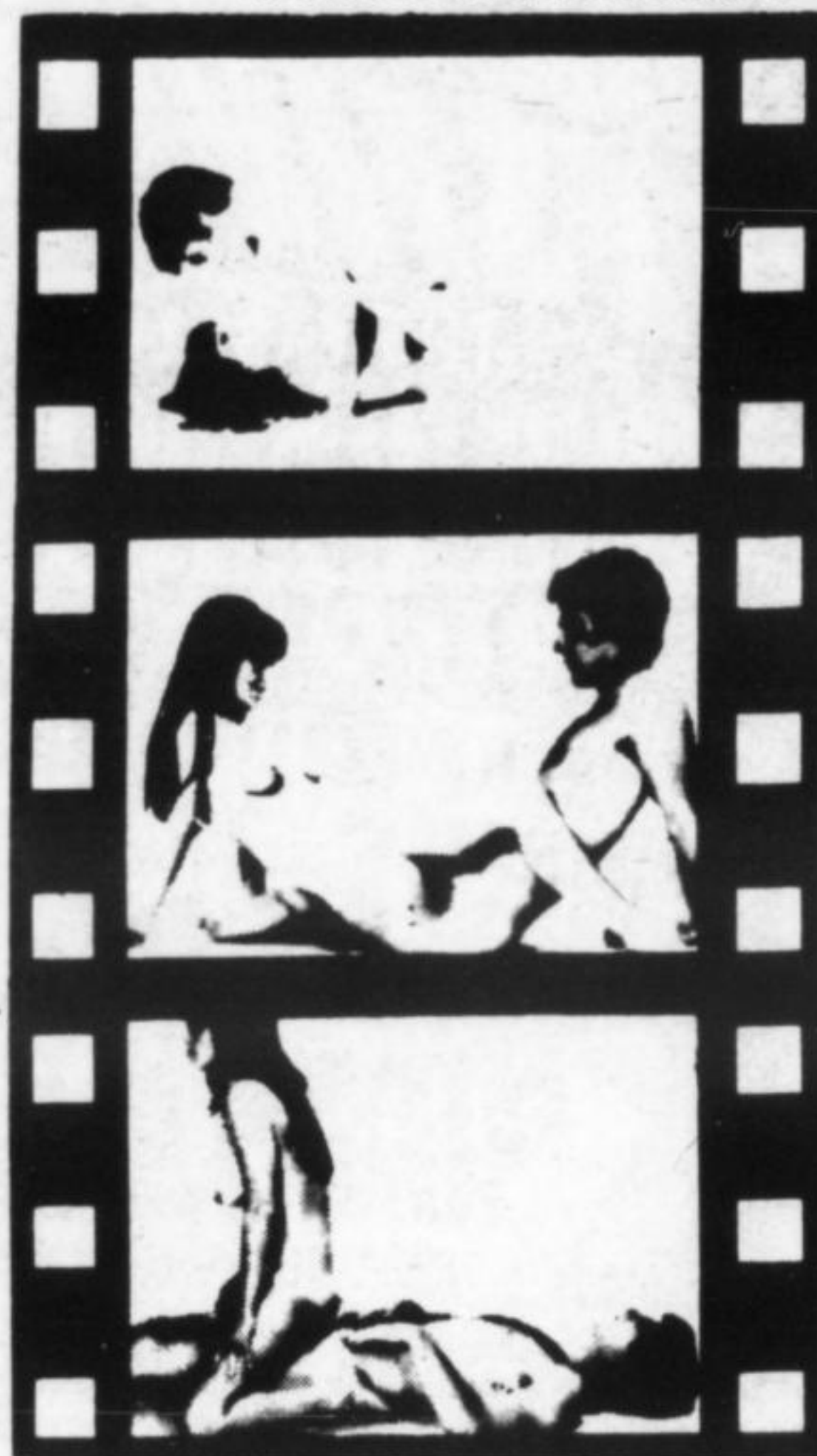
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The Flying Burrito Brothers are made up of old Byrds members, Graham Parsons (2nd generation Byrds), Michael Clarke, Gene Clark and Chris Hillman. Their speciality seems to be country music with a lot of LA syrup which the audience seemed to enjoy very much. No matter, I guess that 3/4 Byrds is better than none at all (wasn't that the way the saying ran?) All personal matters aside, plastic country music is what they play and play rather well. Their only redeeming feature (and alone worth the trouble of enduring the Flying Burrito Brothers) is Sneaky Pete, probably the best pedal steel guitar player in the business. He plays lead on most tunes instead of doing the rhythm and twang bit. After the demanded encores, the Burrito Brothers emerged after the Byrds set to jam and make the reunion scene to the delight of the audience.

Which leaves us with the Byrds, very unlike the original product, but as tight as they ever were due to the unify-influence of Jim McGuinn, personification of the Byrd heart and soul. There's not that much one can say about the Byrds as they are, they have a pleasant sound if you're into the country music renaissance. The

Byrds, The Band, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young have done much to turn on many to the country music sensitivity. At the same time, it would be foolish to say that they play authentic country music. One could, however, have a real country music show in New York City featuring Buck Owens and the Buckaroos, Flatt and Scruggs, or the New Lost City Ramblers. Hell, why not give it a try.

Although the concert itself was disappointing in spots, Carnegie never had it so good. The audience was never more alive. George Szell never got that type of standing ovation accorded to the Byrds, but then again, I wonder what would have happened if some sneaky promoter put the Julliard String Quartet onstage in drag and had them jam with The Nice. No matter, it was rather a happy situation for all concerned. Carnegie was chosen for its excellent acoustics and in lieu of a real ballroom setup, it will have to do along with the Fillmore Auditorium in providing the New York area with another place where musicians can expose their craft. Though playing in this august hall definitely sacrifices certain intimacies of the small club atmosphere, it more than makes up for it in the numbers of people who can be reached in an evening's 2 concert set.

Finally, I don't think that the Carnegie concert will conflict with the Fillmore Auditorium-God help the city if there was an entertainment war. There's enough of an audience for both places. The opening of Carnegie may even clue in other halls to take a step into the present decade and modify their attitude about this generation and its music.

Random Notes

"Abbey Road" by the Beatles has arrived after a long drought. One hell of a fine record, gentle, smooth, lyrical musical and pithy...Such a mouthful for such as this record. Every word of praise is deserved. Everyone plays better than in previous attempts including Ringo who even has some semblance of a drum solo a la Ginger Baker on "I want You (she's so heavy)". One thing which has always impressed me about the Beatles is their ability to continuously sustain themselves. They are one of the few groups who actually seem to enjoy recording because their enthusiasm for their work is communicated throughout their records. It stands somewhere between Revolver and Sgt. Pepper in feeling, and though I have listened to it perhaps a dozen times, I think that I will need more time to come up with any sort of a coherent analysis or feeling about it. Needless to say, another Beatles must-must hear, must buy!...for old Blues Project fans, the name Tommy Flanders will ring a bell. He used to sing with them on their first verve album, back in 1966. He has dropped out of sight since then and recently resurfaced, placid and cool to record this rather extraordinary album on Verve (FTS-3075) called, "Tommy Flanders the Moonstone". In many ways it is reminiscent of early Donovan without the brogue. It makes me happy inside.....

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rain-bow crystal mountain
exploded from idleness when
CIRCE created the EAGLES
earthliness with a trembling
dream of transformation and
the feline return of
integration O youthful
wilderness of pursuit promise
devours the destitute
ORPHEUS THE SECOND

Hear my Heart
when the atom unites with
residue

& homicide rewards a rendezvous
Hear my Heart
when innocence discovers
visibility

& misfortune obscures gentility
yu 2 4471 ORPHEUS THE
SECOND

Hear my Heart
when the child violates a dream
& a star forgives the scheme

Hear my Heart
when melancholy reveals a light
& the slave remembers a fright
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Hear my Heart
when purity sleeps with the
stone

& triumph denudes a bone
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when worship invades the
buffoon

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