

JOHN PETER ZENGER by RAY SCHULTZ
LEARY MESSAGE FINALE- HIGH SCHOOL HELLCATS

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CBS PROVES ABBIE HOFFMAN IS TRUE BLUE

Last Thursday evening about ten of us ventured up to CBS' West 49th Street studio for the videotaping of Merv Griffin's Friday Night show. Not the sort of people who watch the tube without extreme provocation, we had gone there to see Abbie Hoffman make a guest visitation. Noting on arrival that all the young college-type kids had been funneled into the balcony and the middle-aged, beaming Mervnoids plumped up in the front rows downstairs, it was amusing to watch the ushers scurrying around and trying to be discreet in seating this roving band of freaks whose average age was clearly Ruddside of the Rudd-Rubin Trustable Meter. Possessed of the sort of hair, fringe and the rest of the photo-head drag that takes mere time to accumulate, anyway, we were cautiously ushered into the very last row of the orchestra, which had apparently been designated as the Isolation Row for flagrant security threats. It was well out of camera range and they could only keep their fingers crossed that the microphones were far enough away.

So there we were, appropriately stoned for the occasion, and digging the cosmic insanity of this thing, this unbridled trivia so completely devoid of any suggestion of human dignity...vacuous Merv up there in his plaid pants and orange face, this Arthur Treacher creature in an Easter Bunny suit, and they're reading this embarrassing repartee from idiot cards printed in big capital letters, blue for Merv and black for the Easter Bunny, while Applause signs flash on and off whipping the audience into a frenzy of automated joy. Fah out.

The first guest was Virginia Graham, the tube's answer to Troubled America's identity crisis, who usually raps about God and cancer as if they were interchangeable. As if one were the other in drag, she is so heavily into the Mal-ignancy Bag that tonight when love and sex pop into her repertoire, it's as if she'd still been talking about disease. When she mentioned having just had her face lifted, you assume that she's talking about petty thievery until she mentions that later on. Then you realize that she had her face lifted. She knocks the feminist movement, citing its anti-marriage position: "They say marriage is only a slip of paper...Hal! Just try and get alimony without it!" This was edited out before it oozed out to those dozing millions plugged into the tube on Friday night, but I don't think taste had anything to do with it.

The next attractions were the stars of Zabriskie Point, beautiful Daria Halprin and Young Mark Frechette. The audience flashed out on a thunderous Applause as they timorously maneuvered into positions on the couch between Virginia and the Merv, whose persistent, patronizing questions about life in their Boston commune were met with embarrassingly inarticulate, hippie cliches that made you want to hold up an idiot card that said Change The Subject in multi-colored caps. Not to be upstaged, Vicious Virginia jumped into the void, quickly meshing with whatever the kids weren't getting across, and the whole thing became a tourde force of vapidty, which was capped when Merv asked them something about macrobiotic food.

Frechette: "Macrobiotics is just a way to get healthy, but there's more to life than health." An off-shoot of the Halitosis-Is-Better-Than-No-Breath-At-All school of survival philosophy. Frechette would become socially redeeming at a later point in the show when Virginia was going through a What's Wrong With The System number. Frechette: "Unfortunately the system needs more than just a face lifting." The best line of the whole evening.

By the time he said it, the Etiquette of Anarchy had taken over and the balcony was in turmoil. Downstairs on Isolation Row Dr. G., eminent Hungarian optical specialist, had sent one distinct "Boo-shit" hurtling toward the stage, as the somebody else was unleashing a torrent of "Mother-fuckers" that ended with a booming reminder it was the Nazis who had burned the Reichstag; someone shouted for

Virginia to shove her Easter Seals, and Wynn Chamberlain went through what this observer thought to be a courteously executed, seated freak-out that was left to travel coast-to-coast the following night. This reaction was set off by Tony Dolan, the last guest on the show. This paragraph is a Time Warp. Abbie Hoffman had actually preceded Dolan, already drumming the Applause sign out of the revolution and replacing it with spontaneous chaos and open hostility across that upholstered No Man's Land that was to separate the Virginia-Treacher-Dolan axis and Abbie Hoffman nonleading the Antonionni inventions.

Time Warp: Slowly after Frechette's health-life dictum, Abbie Hoffman was introduced. Wearing a brown suede, fringed jacket, he had walked on stage and greeted everyone but Virginia Graham. He sat down next to Merv and some amusing patter ensued, just enough to clear the air and redefine the lines of tension. Abbie then remarked that it was hot under the lights and asked if anyone would mind if he took his jacket off? Before anyone could mind, he stood up and removed his jacket. He was wearing a flag shirt underneath.

For the first time that evening the Applause sign reacted to the audience: both were out of order. As the nails fell from Virginia Graham's freshly lifted face, Treacher's expression changed for the first time, making him look genuinely appalled, and Merv tried to pretend he hadn't noticed the shirt, while Abbie politely mentioned having been arrested for wearing a similar garment once before. Abbie then apologized for this one being "a copy," explaining that "the original" was on its way to the Supreme Court for a decision. In what was probably a land mark query in Boys' Talk, Merv asked him where he'd gotten his shirt? "Somebody gave it to me at a Gay Power dance last week," came the reply.

A more serious tone was temporarily injected as Abbie went on to discuss the Chicago Trial, but as the bitterness and frustration peaked at the other end of the couch, Merv introduced Tony Dolan to try to even up the teams. Dolan, a contributor to the National Revue and a member of the ultra-conservative Young Americans for Freedom, trotted out smugly and immediately lit into some right-wing hallucination based on the Moynihan Report, one of his most bizarre observations being that Blacks were rioting in the streets because their society was matriarchal. Which, naturally, got Virginia back on her anti-feminist riff. The trouble with right-wingers is that always a few dozen "reports" behind, so they think left-wingers are always lying to them. The rest of the trouble is that their insanity is also derriere-guarde and tends to obscure any dialogue. As Dolan himself commented disdainfully in the wake of a pro-Hoffman outburst among the spectators, "This is the Theatre of the Absurd." Right on. It was Freud waving his "unit" at Laing.

And finally, the Merv, in a brilliant juggling of relief and desperation, announcing, "We're out of time!" No doubt about it.

It never occurred to those of us gathered at Abbie and Anita's place on Friday that the medium of the Mess Age would make history. We just showed up to watch the show on their colour-tevee, and there we were sitting around, rolling joints and waiting when all of a sudden we are being alerted for an important pre-program announcement by the president of CBS. And there he is, Robert D. Wood, staring out with two eyes and explaining to viewers that Abbie Hoffman had been wearing a shirt made from the American Flag. In view of the very serious legal problems this could precipitate, he continues, network officials have decided to mask out, "through electronic means," all visible portions of the shirt. He hopes that viewers will understand the network's uneasy position in this uneasy situation. Naturally we're anxiously awaiting the visual result of this "electronic means" of masking out a shirt, expecting some weird super-imposed cut-out that would permit viewers to see Abbie's head and hands...

Meanwhile, here's Merv and the show goes on, and due to skillfull editing, it has a pace now that creates serious confusion as to whether yesterday's live performance really

by renfrew neft

PICKET C.B.S. 6th ave & 52nd 12 noon wed april 1

(Continued on Page 15)



Ours is a time of accelerated change. Perhaps the only constant in our life, from now on, will be *perpetual change!*

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EVO 1

radical news roundup

by Ray Schultz & D.A. Latimer

ANOTHER MAINE SCANDAL

More exciting news from Maine! The Congress of the United States has approved a trade of land between the Navy and the greater Portland Maine Development Commission. The City of Portland, as per the deal, will receive 15.9 acres in South Portland that used to be a Naval Reserve Training Center. In return, it will give the Navy, on a silver platter mind you, several acres of shorefront land on Commercial Straight.

This land is known as the A.R. Night property, and is part of an oil company, and consists also of a 390 foot pier. The land Portland will receive is located next to a General Electric Factory. Anti-oil elements on the state still plan to march on Augusta, the state capital, on April 25th. Sympathizers in New York are urged to attend if possible.

Rubin & Hoffman Bound & Gagged

Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman conducted a press conference at the Hotel Diplomat last Tuesday morning, only this time they didn't do the talking. Before the conference began, they were bound and gagged in two huge armchairs on the stage and they sat like that through the conference, a striking visual counterpoint to the speakers who included Nancy Rubin, Rosemary Leary (check Mrs. Leary's statement on page 2), Peter Rabbitt and a lawyer from the Committee to defend the Panther 21. The lawyer declared that they put no faith in Judge Burroughs' 'solution', for trial disruptions since the 'solution' could be useful only for those defendants in preventive detention, and he announced that the Committee would seek to raise bail monies now for as many Panthers as possible. One has now been freed, and one is on the verge, and funds are sought from all quarters.



PHOTO/JOSEPH STEVENS

Nancy Rubin announced plans to travel to Sweden to talk with the National Liberation Front and raise support for the Conspiracy. She left one day later. Peter Rabbitt reminded people to come to the Be-In on Easter Sunday, and predicted a great event.

A DAMP OCCASION

The great event came off as scheduled, but the participants found themselves covered with snow and driving sleet. After several hours of exposure to it, they marched off across the meadow, like Cossaks across the Russian plains, and they rushed the BMT subway station and rode for free down to 19th street down to 14th street, where they congregated in the office of the Alternate University, listening to their own music and smoking dope for several hours. It was a pretty good day, either way.

EARTH MASS APPEARS!

Strange things are going on at La Guardia Place. La Guardia Place??? Yeah, La Guardia Place, one of those little streets between Bleeker and West Third just south of Washington Square Park. You know, you go past MacDougal along by the Electric Circle (ah, you're confused already?) past Sullivan Street, and

there you are, La Guardia Place.

Turn south. As you go along the right-hand side of the street, you will come to a place with the unlikely title, 'A Fly Can't Can't Bird But A Bird Can Fly'.

Inside this place with the unlikely name, there is transpiring nightly a most unlikely event called an "Earth Mass", designed by a lady artist and performed by her family and friends and various ex-inmates of the Figaro Coffeehouse.

That is, there are only three or four people in the show itself, which is mostly concerned with the people walking around in various shades of black light while terrifying electronic music blares out from overhead speakers and the loveliest light shows anyone has ever seen are flashed on differently-shaped screens in the background. Additional music is provided by various sheet-metal percussion instruments designed by the artist.

This is all fine, but the really good stuff doesn't begin until the show's over. Then the lights go on, somebody puts the Stones on the P.A. system, and people start to mingle and rap and come on to one another.

unlike many people who arrived in the Colonies in the early 18th Century, John Peter Zenger had a few candles on his birthday cake. He was born in Germany in 1697 and crossed the ocean with his hin in 1710, and not wanting to waste any time before scarfing up on that old American free enterprise, he indentured himself out to the printer William Bradford in 1711 for an eight-year apprenticeship during which he was taught all the arts of printing, typography, lettering and Publishing Ethics. When his service was up, he married the lovely Mary White of Philadelphia, then set out on a tour of the colonies, eventually settling in Chesterton, Md., where he set up a private printing house and won a government bid to print the Laws, Proceedings and Minutes of the Commonwealth.

The situation in the Colonies at this time was nothing to brag about in the popular press. Brigands and villains filled all official posts, graft was common, piracy was rampant, women and children feared to walk the streets at night, and the governments both local and Central were concerned with nothing more weighty than backbiting cloak and dagger work to extend border lines, win new grants from the Crown, truck in the Jesuits, or put them to the stake, and erase all possible enemies, political and otherwise, and Maryland was one of the worst. In 1722, Zenger returned to New York, where he went into partnership with his old master, Bradford. His first wife died, and he married the former Anna Catherine Maulin of Holland. One year later, he separated himself from Bradford and set

up his own printing house. Bradford himself was one of the greatest craftsmen of his day. He was friend and confidant to many important people in New York, and he won the contracts to print documents for the Governor, Council and Assembly of the area, and he also printed the first and only newspaper in New York then, the *New York Gazette*, a weekly that was nothing more than a mouthpiece for the local politicians. One of these politicians was William Cosby, the governor, a man who spent an entire lifetime swindling the public. Cosby was appointed Governor in 1731, after the death of John Montgomerie, and he quickly turned the Governor's mansion into a counting-house for illicit monies. To edit the weekly *Gazette*, he

and Harrison filled up the *Gazette* with such minutes as these:
"The harmony and good understanding between the several branches of the Legislature - whereby nothing came to be demanded on the one side but what was for the public general good and welfare of His Majesty's People, and everything done on the other which may recommend the Honorable House to His Majesty, to his representative and to their constituents will, we hope,

continue to us all those blessings which we enjoy under a government greatly envied, and too often disturbed by such as, instead thereof, are struggling to introduce discord and public confusion."

Naturally, these sentiments went against the grain of all the logic and decency of the time, and Zenger, who could not win any government work, soon found that he could turn a quick buck by printing pamphlets for the opposition, and also a few religious tracts here and there. For years he did this, and he eventually came into contact with a group of men called the Popular Party, who were opposed to widespread trade with the French in Quebec, and who were equally opposed to Cosby and his grotto of thieves,

Assemblyman of Westchester in the famous Poll on the Green of St. Paul's Church, Eastchester. Cosby instructed the High Sherrif of Eastchester to do what he could to insure Morris's defeat, and the Sherrif immediately disqualified all Quakers from voting because they would "affirm," but not "swear" the oath of allegiance. This was patently illegal, and Morris won anyway, but it was an important confrontation between the two groups, and Cosby's downhill trip began to move into high speed, and the Popular Party became a viable political organization. What Zenger had to do with the political theories of this group no one is certain, but he printed their pamphlets and statements, etc., and on November 5th, 1733, he printed the first issue of the *New York Journal*, the first politically independent newspaper on the continent of North America.

The paper, a weekly, was written mostly by James Alexander under such pseudonyms as "Cato," "Philo-Patriac," and "Thomas Standby," in imitation of "CATO'S LETTERS," a series of attacks on the Crown by Thomas Gordon and John Trenchard that had been printed in the *London Journal* a few years before, and widely reprinted. Alexander mixed his political attacks with his theorizing on the right and necessity of a "Free Press," and for example, he pointed to such figures as Milton, Locke, Addison, Steele and Defoe. The paper was blatantly anti-establishment, and it consisted of malicious satires and exposes such as this one on Governor Cosby:

(Continued on Page 18)

A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF THE CASE AND TRYAL OF JOHN PETER ZENGER, PRINTER OF THE NEW YORK WEEKLY JOURNAL

by Ray Schultz

appointed one of his cronies, a Francis Harrison, a blackguard whose reputation was even more nefarious than Cosby's. Harrison was treacherous as well as stupid, and he had no business running a newspaper. The two soon became the most unpopular men in New York,

who in turn, were all in favor of the trade. One of the leaders was Lewis Morris, a lawyer who was thrown off the judicial bench by Cosby and replaced with a hack named William Delancey. In October of 1733, Morris ran against another Cosby hack, William Foster, for



photo Joseph Stevens-Asylum Press



You see, I've always had my doubts about what went down at Woodstock—"Three days of peace and music"—and now I think the post-hype has gotten a little out of hand, endangering the value of what actually did happen there, the nebulous, rare, goodness of it.

It's the pattern of hype myth-building. It comes out of this society and settles like a hungry parasite onto a healthy organism. It grows from be-ins, it came out of the flower summer with the love children, and now we will have the Woodstock myth. The myth is that these occurrences are examples of how beautiful, how remarkable, how together, we have become. We begin to believe the hype and stop looking for the truth.

The virtues of the Woodstock nation are now overblown. When it happened, it was full of wonder—people stoned on music, dope, and the euphoria coming from a high mass-consciousness. The film *Woodstock* extends the myth—there is an awful lot of rapping about how beautiful, wonderful, everything is. (If you see the movie, some of these scenes might be cut in what you see—editing of the film wasn't finished in time for press previews.)

"All these people got along, beautifully, inspite of everything that went wrong—far out." "It was like a big city, man, but beautiful." These comments are common to those everyone has heard. But everyone there knew they would have to hang on for only three days, then they would be able to split. The majority of the populations in our cities are black and Spanish-speaking people,

oppressed, without privilege—dig all those white faces at Woodstock. Put a ghetto in the middle and how would they handle it? Not for three days, but for their lifetime. They will turn out for a rock and roll festival, enduring hardships for the pleasure of music, but were the same people in Washington demanding an end to the war?

We have no way of knowing what will finally be in the film, what will finally be out, but here is a lineup of the music seen and heard before the opening. (They do not appear in the order they performed at the festival.)

Richie Havens opened the sequence of performers, doing two numbers; Joan Baez followed with two, "Joe Hill" and an acapella "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"—she was exceptionally fine.

Then came The Who, doing a very small bit from "Tommy," followed by "Summertime Blues." My eyes jumped all over every dot on the screen, watching for Abbie's figure. At last we could see and hear what actually happened instead of reading all that who-shot-who, 36 different versions of who did what when. I thought they would show it, the film had included some of the down things that had occurred up to that point, but no, nary a sign of Abbie. Peter Townshend ended by throwing the legendary guitar that had hit Abbit over his legendary head out to the legendary audience. Damn! I had so wanted to see what happened, close, on film. My admiration for Peter Townshend is not very much exceeded by my admiration for Abbie Hoffman, although it's admiration of two sorts, indicative of Common

American Schizophrenia. That one piece of editing, regardless of reasons that might be offered for it, underlines the rip-off nature of the film—something that becomes apparent when contemplating all the money Warner Bros. will probably make from it (ticket prices run from \$3 to \$5). It is also worth noting that Peter Townshend kicking one of the cameramen for this film in the ass is not shown.

To digress, because it's relevant: Peter Townshend is the producer of "Something in the Air," by Thunderclap Newman, which, in lyric content, is the strongest call to revolution I've heard on record.

After The Who, Swami Satchidinanda spoke, followed by Sha Na Na (so help me God, that's how they did it). There is some footage of the group doing yoga breathing exercises which is pretty good, but you don't realize what you're into until the leader has already given the instructions, which is a bit of a drag, because it could be a groove to breathe-along (there is a later sing-along).

The next music was from Joe Cocker and the Grease Band, "With a Little Help from My Friends," followed by the approaching thunderstorm. At this point, I wished the camera had stayed on the hills and the rolling clouds, which were beautiful, rather than concentrating on the onstage flurry to protect equipment. There was some nice footage of the rain, great scenes of people turning the mud into pleasure by sliding in it, then on with music and Country Joe and the Fish in a too-brief appearance (Joe later returned to do a single).

Arlo Guthrie was next doing

"Mr. Customs Man," a good number which isn't heard enough (bless that it wasn't you-know-what or the-other-Arlo-Guthrie-song); then a very, very, fine Crosby, Stills & Nash with "Judy Blue Eyes"; Neil Young was announced as part of the group, presumably he didn't play on the one song because he was new to the band, etc.—a disappointment.

Ten Years After followed with Alvin Lee and some extended blues; then John Sebastian with "Younger Generation" and some nice shots of babies. Joe McDonald came back to do "I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die Rag." "Sing, I can't hear you fuckers out there," so we all sang, complete with the little bouncing ball and words on screen, then some rhythm and soul: Santana followed by Sly.

The music ended with Jimi Hendrix playing a memorable, lovely, most groovy "Star Spangled Banner" (with proper acoustic effects from his guitar for rockets, bombs) then "Purple Haze." There was heavy applause and yells for more, which swelled as the camera panned the crowd, ala "Monterey Pop"/Ravi Shankar, and fini.

The film cut away from Hendrix while he was playing "Star Spangled Banner" (sound continuing) to show us what Woodstock and Max Yasgur's farm looked like after, with garbage, people cleaning up. It was unnecessary and watching Hendrix play so beautifully would have been preferable, I guess the editors thought it would be boring.

Woodstock uses two and three

images on the screen at times, most of the time well. Examples: Santana, Ten Years After, bits of the The Who. It's bad in places like with Sly and the Family Stone. The sound is excellent, couldn't be better, predictably from Hanley who handled both the PA system and the track itself.

The choices of who's in, who's out of *Woodstock* is going to be a bone of contention; some examples of the missing are Grateful Dead (!), Jefferson Airplane, The Band, Creedence Clearwater, Canned Heat, Incredible String Band, Tim Hardin, Janis Joplin, Paul Butterfield.

But the music that's there is good and this is a commercial film, intended for a commercial audience, an advertisement for three days of peace and music. A good ad, a rock and roll show. People now write books, selling them to publishers after they have been bought for movies from agents—now we will probably have a similar development in music festivals; the sale of film rights will be the first move.

As we go to press, the *Conspiracy*, led by Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, is trying to get some of the bread that this film is going to bake. If you really want to see *Woodstock*, enjoy it, but maybe you can mention to the management as you go in that you would sure like to see part of the proceeds go to the *Conspiracy*, or write Warner Bros. and let them know, or get some petitions together.

Also, remember the *Rolling Stone* special report on *Woodstock* is good, is published by World, and costs \$1.50.

DECOMPOSITION

7

by D.A. LATIMER

Way back when Flower Power was barely in blossom, in the very early spring of '67, a young lady named Mary Alta swept in and out of my acquaintance. On a broom. That was back when the tenement windows of the Lower East Side had barely begun wearing dots of paisley colour--Astrology was still something in the Daily NEWS between Moon Mullins and Ponder This--so when she said she was a witch, we accepted it easily. In face, she looked something like the Wicked Witch Of The West in Over The Rainbow, with straight brown hair and a pointy nose and a triangular chin, not unpretty in a witchy way. And we were putting EVO out of the old storefront on Avenue A, and we were glad to have her aboard when she volunteered to help us out with the office work for nothing. At first, we were glad.

The trouble was, she had a way of appropriating space which was downright unsettling, considering that there was not that much space in the old office on Avenue A. Ever been in the Peace Eye? That was where this paper was coming out of at that time, once every two weeks. And when Mary Alta assimilated Al Katzman's entire desk to straighten out the 'H' section of the subscription list--and within an hour had extended her radius of preoccupation to the adjoining workbench, the floor, and half of Walter Bowart's desk--taking up most of the space for the contents of her voluminous pocketbook, which she would spread around according to some occult pattern and consult from time to time in a mystic fashion--and then wind up arranging the 'H' section in some pattern totally incomprehensible to the other*girl girls in the office--then it dawned on most of us that there was something vaguely inconvenient in having her around. The perjorative 'crazy' occurred to none of us--in 1967 one did one's thing, and if one's thing was being a witch, all right, don't lay all that 'crazy' noise on her.

That was Flower Power, and I was into it to the point of sleeping on the streets then. Literally! On the streets! At that time, a little marijuana would turn Tompkins Square Park into a cowpasture for me, and I could crash behind the amphitheatre as comfortably as if it were Court Ostrander's south hayfield at home. This was an illusion, being that it was April and I caught my death of cold and lost ten pounds, but it sure was nice!

Another place, slightly more hospitable, which housed my hippie bod back then, was Mike Olshan's Grass Gallery on Avenue B and Sixth Street. This was a place to which you went when you were good and stoned, to lie back on some foam rubber floorpads and enjoy the shifting colours of Olshan's original Elasmoscope. Olshan would loan me the keys for the night, and I would curl up in the

which was my only material possession in the world at that time, beyond my clothes and a note book. Mary Alta, who was also sleeping on the streets, soon heard of this and appropriated half my blanket.

BLOWN IN THE WIND



photo: joseph stevens

Not what you think, lascivious EVO reader. We were not cut out for one another, Mary Alta and I. She was from Los Angeles, she'd been around, she claimed to have some candles on her cake, and me, I was just a hippie, a waif, a veritable infant. Many evenings I lay ensorcelled in the spell of marijuana, or hashish, or LSD or whatever, and listened to her carry on, snuggled up her back to mine under my blanket, for warmth, carry on in world-weary tones about her many adventures among the rock-and-roll elite.

Yeah, she was a groupie, although the term was not then in use, and I knew nothing from all that stuff. She claimed, among other things, to have been the very Mary about whom the Association's big hit, 'Along Comes Mary' had been written. This impressed me no end. And when she went on to relate her experiences with Peter Yarrow of Peter, Paul & Mary--experiences quite vivid, although they had occurred some years before--well, I admit I was flabbergasted.

She claimed to have had a baby by him. A baby! He the baby was back in Los Angeles, while she was in New York attempting to get in touch with Peter Yarrow for some reason or another, involving a sum of money. From what I was given to understand, she would go to the residence uptown of Peter Yarrow every few days, and the doorman there would lay a couple tenners on her. With me and about the office she spoke often of Peter Yarrow, in slightly bitter, but loving, almost condescending--almost motherly--terms. How fucked up he was. What a lousy lay he was. How many other girls she knew who had balled him, etc. After the initial astonishment wore off, I swiftly grew bored with the topic.

After a while, I took to crashing in the back room of the EVO office to get away from her. I was reluctant to do this, and she was positively disgusted at the idea, due to the uncommon heft and aggressiveness of the water bugs that inhabited the place. Over his better judgement, Bowart would loan me the keys to the office for the night, and I would crash out on the stacks of back issues in the pasteup room, next to the evil-smelling toilet. And late one April evening, as Mary Alta and I were passing the time of day alone in the office, in came a wildly unappetizing young woman to speak with us of Love and Peace and Dope.

I will not describe her, suffice it to say that she had not apparently bathed since the last time I had bathed, and that was a long time ago indeed. She took up a stool by Katzman's desk, and we traded Flower Power platitudes for the space of a few joints. Then she took a fade. I mean she fell over onto the floor, on her head, with a loud thud, and lay there twitching with her eyes half open and her eyeballs turned up, foaming slightly at the corners of her mouth. Not unfamiliar with the symptoms of petit mal, I found a mechanical pencil to thrust between her teeth, and before long she began to come out of it, while Mary Alta busied herself with the chafing of wrists and forehead.

As God is my witness, she came out of it murmuring about Peter Yarrow. It was another one! Mary Alta squeaked in delight at finding a sister Yarrow groupie, and they commenced to rap together about the most embarrassing things... The size of his dick. His performance in bed. His post-coitum conversation. The furnishings of his bedroom. His tendency to cut out when the emo-

(Continued on Page 15)

'SUFFRAGETTES INVADE SALOON WHILE BANK IS ROBBED!! disturb gentlemen in their good friday celebrations

The old boys were gathered in McSorley's for their Good Friday taste and the dark beer was flowing just as heavily as the ale and it looked to be a fine old-fashioned afternoon of serious drinking when who should come in the door looking for a little brew to whet their collective whistle, but seven ladies who subscribe to what is known throughout the country these days as "Women's Liberation?" Now the McSorley's boys don't know much about Women's Lib., but do know what they don't like, and they quickly set themselves to enforcing a 115 year-old rule, as old as the bar itself, America's oldest, that no person of the female gender shall ever be admitted to the premises, including the owner who is a woman. Despite a current lawsuit on the subject, this was one of the first times that a group of women tried not only to enter the place but to remain as well, and the men didn't like it at all.

The women entered quickly but peacefully, and the bartender, in a panic, immediately began ringing an ancient gong that is designed to scare any God-fearing person away. The women were not impressed. They stood their ground, and the bartender rang the bell again, and some of the men got up and tried to block any further entry, and they clapped arms and stood in a line across the aisle, protecting the tables and the authentic 1911 sawdust that smells like shit, from any harm. The girls continued to stand firm, and the bartender announced that no more drinks would be served to anyone until the women were gone, then five men left in abject disgust, and the women, sensing victory, sat down at one of the round tables, and things quieted down but still no drinks were served.

The women were from no particular organization, but they all agreed that the barring of women from any public establishment is a sexist act, and not to be tolerated when the practice is part and parcel of the mystique of the establishment in question. The men who frequent McSorley's tend to be a loud and rowdy crew, well-versed in the arts of the locker room, and one of them grabbed Wendy from the Rat by the arm and tried to throw her out, but the manager broke it up promptly. Some of the men, by this time, were giving their beers to the women, but most of them were shitting in their pants.

"Go attack a gay bar!"
"I clean my house, why you go clean yours?"

"Go out and get laid!"
"You're all a bunch of dykes!"
"Spray them with a firehose!"
"You may be smart, but you're

not attractive!"

"You're not real women!"
"Next thing you know, they'll want to be on top during intercourse!"
"Poor guy," one of the women retorted, "guess he never had it that way, eh?"

A large number of women tried to follow their sisters inside, but they were barred at the door and were left to trade repartee in the street with a group of regulars who couldn't gain entry either, these are desperate times. The bartender started ringing the bell again to announce that the bar was closed for the day, and the men filed out, cursing, growling, going through the D.T.'s for lack of drink, and the women followed, laughing, chanting, giving the V sign to the people outside.

"Oh, it's that disgusting gesture," someone said.

"Why don't you go home and be women?"

"Cook your husband a dinner!"
"You're ugly!"
"That's right, ugly!"
"Ugly!"
"Ugly!"
"UGLY!!!"
"Somebody's taking pictures!"
"Look at that!"

"The National Enquirer, haw, haw!"

"Wait till you see where your picture winds up tomorrow, haw, haw!"

"Wait till you see where your picture winds up tomorrow!!!"

At this point there was silence. It almost wasn't funny anymore. The crowd split up into a number of small discussion groups and there were various theories ventured: the male sympathizers, of whom there were a few, were called faggots for hanging around with women, and the female sympathizers were called dykes just for being women. One or two women actually defended McSorley's, but in a very All-American, Mom's Apple Pie sort of way, circa. Ann Landers.

An off-duty cop, as Irish as Joe Pyne, pulled up and double-parked and went into McSorley's for a drink, and the women were yelling about equal rights, and the scene was very confusing and uptight, when all of a sudden, from the far side of the street,

"Hey!"
"Stop thief!!!"

A gray car pulled out of a sidestreet and raced up Seventh for Cooper Square, and it was followed by two or three police cars and a bunch of cops on foot, waving their clubs, and it looked like a bank robbery. Amazing! The Irish cop heard it and barged out of McSorley's in a blind panic.

"What's going on?" he shouted.
"Treachery" the women cried.

"Bank robbery!"

"Highway robbery!"
"They went thataway!"
"No, thataway!"
"Over there!"
"Go north!"
"Stop thief!"

The cop was all confused. He ran for his car and looked for his brothers who were already far into the sunset.

"Which way?" he yelled with some agony.

"Follow that blue car!"
"No, the gray one!"
"Right on!"

The cop burned leather and damned near sideswiped a few fire hydrants. The women cheered for the Hero of the Hour. The McSorley's regulars did likewise. It came to light that the Drydock Savings Bank on Second Avenue had just been ripped off, and for a few moments it looked as if the Men and the Women, Young and Old, Black and White, the Lion and the Lamb, might lie down together in a common pursuit of law and order, but one of the women remarked, "Hey, he got away," and the rest of the women yelled "right on!" and the men in the street began insulting them again, very viscous, and two cops, deciding what was the biggest priority of the day, the women not the bank, returned to the scene and informed the women that they might be arrested for loitering, creating a disturbance, attracting a crowd, and acting in a manner which would prevent the boys from enjoying the services of their 115-year-old pub, and they said that the owner had the right to kick out anyone whose looks he didn't like, to which one of the women replied that the Civil Rights Act of 1964 stated that a person might be barred from a public establishment only for conditional states of behavior such as drunkenness and disorderly conduct, but not for reasons of race, sex or creed, as was the present case, and the officer, seeing that it was breaking up anyway, pulled in his gut, stuck out his chest, and remarked, with some arrogance,

"You couldn't even afford the price of a drink."

ED NOTE: This piece was written by a collective of three people who participated in the event. Ray Schultz's name is listed first because he did the typing, and because of his extensive knowledge of barroom life. It is in no wise an indication of male supremacy.

by RAY SCHULTZ, JACKIE FRIEDRICH, and KARIN BERG

distract police from local heist!

"YOU'VE COME ALONG WAY, BABY, BUT YOU STILL CAN'T BUY A BEER!"



by David Walley

When I signed in at the Hudson Institute located at Croton-on-the-Hudson, I noticed that after my name was a little box which said "U.S. Citizen." I checked it hesitantly. A think tank—that is a word which had been bandied around the media for a few years. A think-tank is a sweat-shop for intellectuals. The conditions may not be as rigorous as its more proletarian counterpart (salary range from 18-30,000 a year), but a sweat-shop is a sweat shop. Here people come together to discuss problems of the world and research various projects for money. A few years ago, the defense business was big and the Hudson Institute did its share of classified studies on defense scenarios, call it studies on "what would happen if we pushed this button with those weapons' studies " studies. Herman Kahn, the Institute's founder calls that 'thinking the unthinkable', either way you can buy that at your local library.

On a clear day you can see Connecticut from the Institute's grounds. It is rather a pleasant place to carry on research, intellectual dialogue, or reasoned discourse. Sixty people work here spread over seven Tudor-style buildings and twenty-two acres of land. There is no sinister feeling upon entering its gates, rather the opposite, a reasoned pleasantness, urban conversations flourish in this rustic setting. All is very peaceful at Croton. But it's not the Institute's staff which requires examination, it is the method by which problems are handled and attacked.

Again what is a think-tank? The Hudson Institute is one of many such firms in the United States which hire themselves out to think for other people,

governments, corporations, or private parties. The problems can range from something simple like how can Company A best spend its money for research on a project, to how government B can best encapsulate and emasculate its revolutionary feelings in its young people. It can even handle such mundane matters as how best can a state solve through legislation its drug problem. As free lances par excellence, the Hudson Institute is ready made for some who have the ability to creatively consider any set of variables of information and come to a conclusion regardless of its repercussions. (While I heard various people speak, a little voice kept repeating in my ear, 'Ve vass only following orders.')

A think tank can be employed by anyone to solve a problem, but since talent of this calibre isn't cheap, neither is their advice. Until recently, the government, before the bottom fell out of the defense business, was largely subsidizing these brain-holding corporations. Things have changed, and in the case of the Institute, government contracts and related matters only take up about 30% of the total monies. The rest of their money comes from public and private corporations who are financing corporate studies.

The Hudson Institute has a studied casualness about it, everyone seems in accord, everyone is affable, and dress is optional (but no freaks for us and it couldn't happen here). Most of the personnel are pretty straight. What do they call themselves? According to their own pamphlet, 'the Responsible Center' (of course this deals with policy futures and possible areas of conflict over the next 30 years). Who are the antagonists?, why it's 'the Humanist Left'.



photos: Joseph Stevens-Asylum Press

How's that for name calling...veiled, pointed and sly words... yes indeed.

Quite pleasant, yes, many things are bubbling under the surface in this bucolic place. There's a surfeit of talent up here, but talent which seems to be going to waste, or if not waste, then the talent really hasn't been using its brains. For example (and this is a relatively minor project), one of the Hudson Institute's many little jobs has been: of late to help the State of New York decide what to do about the heroin problem. I meet this woman researcher see, a Phi Beta Kappa from Swarthmore, and I figure she's been researching for a long time. I asked her whether she was familiar with drugs, her answer was negative, but of course she knew people who were. (Not bad at all, nothing unusual about that approach since most of the people who deal with the administrative and legal aspects of the problem aren't familiar with users and never have seen junkies in action . . . ok, I can dig that.) Had she had any experience with any sort of drug? No, she and her old man have a quiet life up in the hills, and yet according to her official bio handed me by the information officer," Mrs. X...was recently involved in planning a public forum for her community on the high school drug problem." Sound familiar?

Maybe the people of the Hudson Institute are "expert-amateurs" in the words of the Corporate Secretary Ray Wilson. Isn't that a rather negative title for all that bonded knowledge? Not having qualified people to work on drugs is a small matter, since this particular project is only a five month contract, and only for

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CLASS OF SERVICE
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THE UNDERGROUND, CARE THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

FRI JUL 31 PM 11 22

HI , BROTHERS AND SISTERS !!

IN THE 70'S THERE WAS A COUNTRY WITH TWO TRIBES LIVING IN IT. THE OLD , THE SILENT MAJORITY, THE ESCAPISTS , THE LOSERS, THE UPTIGHT BRAIN-WASHED VICTIMS; AND THE YOUNG BEAUTIFUL RIGHTEOUS TUNED IN CHILDREN OF GOD: THE REVOLUTIONARIES. THE COUNTRY WAS NOT A PRISON, BUT IT WAS A CAGE WITH INVISIBLE BARS, MORE EFFECTIVE THAN VISIBLE ONES COULDEVER BE.

AT THE END OF A LONG WINTER THE TENSION GREW, THE ESCAPISTS , THE LOSERS LOST THEIR MASKS AND TRIED TO WIPE OUT THE SPIRIT OF THEIR CHILDREN. CLEVERLY THEY DECIDED TO CAPTURE THE HOLY MAN, THE GURU. THEY STAGED A COURT SCENE AND CHAINED THE WISE MAN, AND DECLARED HIM PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1. HE SMILED " YOU CAN'T KEEP LOVE LOCKED UP IN PRISON ". HE, WHO HAD RENOUNCED ALL POWER WAS THE MOST POWERFUL. THE COMMUNITY IN THE WEST UNDERSTOOD THE SIGNS AND THREW THE I CHING AND GOT HOLDING TOGETHER. SHAKTI .THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIFE OF THE IMPRISONED MAGICIAN , HERSELF A GOOD WITCH, TRAVELLED THROUGH THE COUNTRY, GAVE THE SACRAMENT TO THE PEOPLE AND ASKED FOR THEIR HELP. FIRST SHE WENT TO THE BIG CITY AND CALLED ON THE MERCHANTS, THINKING THEY WOULD BE HOLY , BUT THE HEARTS OF THESE DEALERS WERE LAZY AND SLOW. THEY DID NOT REALIZE THAT THEY HAD BECOME VICTIMS OF FEAR AND PARANOIA ; ALMOST WITHOUT HOPE. TWO CHOSEN BROTHERS JOINED SHAKTI , ALL THREE RECOGNIZED GOD'S WISDOM . THEY KNEW THAT HER TRIP TO THE BIG CITY WAS ONLY AN INITIAL STEP TO A WORLD EMBRACING BROTHERHOOD . HOLDING TOGETHER : P.O. BOX 5017 , BERKELEY , CALIFORNIA.

MORE INFORMATION ON DEALERS MENTIONED LAST WEEK . THEIR NAMES ARE DENNIS AND DEAN , TWINS, BORN MARCH 15, 1948 , PISCES . PLEASE BEWARE : THEY ARE SELLING SACHARINE AND CALLING IT SUNSHINE . IT IS A SMALL DARK ORANGE TAB THAT IS WHITE ON THE INSIDE. ON THE WEST SIDE THEY HANG OUT AT THE OLIVE TREE AND ON THE EAST SIDE , MOSTLY ON THE STREET, SECOND AVE BETWEEN 6TH AND ST. MARKS. THEY CLAIM NOT ONLY TO BE OF WEALTHY TEXAS BACKGROUND , BUT ALSO OF ST. KIT IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. THEY BOTH HAVE SHOULDER LENGTH BROWN HAIR AND BLUE EYES. DEAN WEARS A BLUE GREEN THERMAL VEST AND KEEPS HIS STASH IN THE RIGHT HAND POCKET. PACK UP YOUR BAGS BOYS, THERE IS NO ROOM FOR THE UNETHICAL OR THE IMMORAL WHEN YOU DEAL SUNSHINE .

PLEASE BE ADVISED : GRASS AND HASH SHORTAGE EXPECTED SOON : GROW YOUR OWN, PLAN AND PLANT NOW . DOPE NEWS. MOROCCAN GREEN HASH - \$750 PER POUND. PLENTY OF GRASS , ALL GRADES -\$135-225 PER POUND. BLONDE LEBANESE -\$750 PER POUND- \$85 THE OUNCE. SUNSHINE AND MESCALINE.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION: SUNSHINE CONTAINS 325 MICROGRAMS OF LSD.

OM

G.I.A.

WE'VE HAD ENOUGH

On Good Friday, the first visual censorship in the history of American T.V. took place on C.B.S. The appearance of our brother, Abbie Hoffman, on the Merv Griffin show was "electronically masked," because he was wearing a shirt made from components also found in the current American flag. The same shirt was worn by Roy Rogers and his wife on a January 24th appearance on A.B.C. and no such censorship took place. Minutes before the Merv Griffin show a man wearing an Uncle Sam outfit advertized General Motors cars.

C.B.S. thinks it is AUNT NO NO. "This stuff is too strong for you, it's better for you to see blue." Meanwhile the obnoxious plastic faces of Virginia Graham and Tony Dolan were free to be seen repeating the un-american slogans of President Agnes. To his credit, Merv Griffin sat by quietly without interfering. That C.B.S. does not remain neutral is a crime against the people. It is the media equivalent of the treatment accorded Bobby Seale in Chicago by Judge Hoffman. He used chains and a gag. C.B.S. blind-folded each one of its viewers.

We therefore issue the following demands, as a basis for actions against the media giants which will be taken as steps towards a general media reformation.

1. We demand that censorship like that against brother Abbie stop immediately, and that Robert Wood of C.B.S., as a sign of good faith, come on T.V. during prime-time, and debate the issue with representatives of our people before the millions of viewers whose intelligence has been insulted by this act. We guarantee the presence of Marshal McLugan as moderator.
2. We demand that the uncensored version of the Good Friday Merv Griffin show be aired forthwith.
3. We demand that the advertising proceeds from the censored and uncensored showings be turned over to the combined defense funds of the Chicago Conspiracy and Panther 21 trials.
4. We demand that C.B.S. meet with us to plan for immediate use by us of their facilities across the country during hours of usual non-camera in New York, Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco. These four cameras will be linked in split screen hook up and available for us all to meet each other and talk. We see this as the first step toward an entire channel devoted to fued back. We offer to finance this project.

5. The AIRWAYS are supposed to be FREE PUBLIC DOMAIN. The people are supposed to be the government. We are lots of people now. We will, therefore, petition the F.C.C. and we demand to be taken seriously, that in the upcoming reviews of the licenses of MAJOR networks, at least one of the major networks be denied renewal and that their license be given to our nation for a new non-profit system. We have the advertisers because we are the majority of buyers, we have the know-how, and we have the financing

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WATERMELON RIGHT ON, BABY! an interview with melvin van peebles

Can black, radical politics find happiness in the capitol of stillborn dreams, Hollywood? If "Watermelon Man" is any indication this next decade may be called "The Surprising Seventies." An American, a black, a young man with aspirations in films, Melvin Van Peebles, finding the doors locked, split for France, got it together and returned quietly triumphant. Quietly, triumphant, and a master tactician of cultural guerilla warfare, right into the solar plexus of the middle class' soft white underbelly. Two records to his credit, 'Brer Soul' and 'Aint Supposed To Die A Natural Death' (the second just released), he is feverishly preparing to unleash his first Hollywood film, and Hollywood's first film directed in Hollywood by a black man. "Watermelon Man" is the story of a smart-assed white collar conservative who wakes up one morning to find that his plastic middle class finger (and all the rest of him) has turned black. A funky comedy...and it stars Godfrey Cambridge. You take it from there.

JL: Well, you left America, what made you come back?

MVP: I never left America really. It became obvious that I wasn't going to be able to get the man's foot out of my ass far enough to do what I wanted to do here. So I got the game uptight elsewhere. It's a very classic situation in guerilla warfare, that the training post is outside the war zone.

JL: Then you consider your activity in terms of guerilla warfare...benevolent guerilla warfare.

MVP: Fuck the benevolent, guerilla warfare.

JL: What are the things that helped you connect with Hollywood?

MVP: My technical and creative skills made me a viable commercial product and the man has a weakness...an Achilles pocketbook, fortunately quite shortsighted.

JL: What was the experience of being in Hollywood like for someone whose head and energy...

MVP: I think we're getting off on the wrong track by discussing Hollywood. Hollywood's no different from the rest of America, no different from when I was flying, no different from when I was driving cable cars. It's all part of the same symptom...

JL: Which is blindness...

MVP: Yes...it takes on different forms in different places.

JL: One of the fascinating things about "Watermelon Man" is the way you use the straight Hollywood plastic technique to get across your message. Was that a conscious thing?

MVP: Of course, you see I start off, for example, the rinky tink Desi-Lucy music and

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by JAMES LICHTENBERG

CHARLIEFRICK

not too much of it is well known here in this side of the sea, and now with the increased communications failure, in america, even less will be known about what is going to make up the world music picture of the 70s. There has been a limited amount of new stuff getting thru via the International Record-o-phone, and its some of the best and most promising evidense that there is always an element of change waiting somewhere in the wings ready to go on as soon as the next act is over. Its a funny feeling waiting in back of the curtian watching whatever dance is being performed at the audience. There's a lot of artists that have been in that position for a while now. working in studios backing up the stars, polishing up their things, getting it together artistically as well as emotionally. Being up in front of the curtian with out really being prepared for it has caused the downfall of many groups and solo performers. Part of the reason is that its not as hard to find a curtian these days. There's rock emporiums and recording companies and managers who want a piece of the action but the performer is the one who's up there in front of the crowd, and he usually gets the smallest piece of the pie. And the crowd, they're different too all waiting to have their senses filled to the uttermost, or in american language,

"I paid \$4.40 for these seats and i better get may moneys worth."

Im not even going to go into the conditions that make this thing happen in the mind of the american audiences but needless to say its what's making all the money for the Rock Barons, you

all know who they are, yeah i better get my moneys worth. i wish i had a nickle for every time i heard that said, shit but its true, nobody wants to get burned, it only works out that way.

But anyways getting back to our preformer, he wants to get up there and make it right away. In most cases its before he's ready. In England, folks get down and have their thing ready before they present it. Dont get me wrong, theres a lot of trash that comes from our sister across the sea. Most of it finds its way to New York City, into the radios and into the homes of young impressionable youth. I dont know, its just the way ti works out. Anyone out there that really believes that Ten Years After is Englands top pop group should be taken back to 1965 and start over there.

Just for fun i picked up a copy of Record World, the March 21st edition and looked at the top ten list for England. The order that the names are in isn't important but The Beatles and the Plastic Ono Band was on the list with Hermans Hermits and Brotherhood Of Man and Simon and Garfunkle and Canned Heat and The Jackson Five (from Motown) and the Edison Lighthouse. A group called White Plains and in the One spot is Lee Marvin singing Wanderin Star. Then there's the stuff that never gets on the charts, the stuff that you never see in the trade magazines. Just like here In America, lots of really fine talent and artistry hidden away behind the money empire of the music business.

From england, Peter Sarset and his album on World Pacific No. WPS 21899...

As Though It Were a Movie

"I saw a movie that lasted for days." Peter Sarset is a lyricist of honorable mention, Whimsical?? I dont know but its the world, of an imagined movie. All the stuff on the album was written by him. Theres no place where to tell you who played it though. Some of the songs have large orchestral backgrounds The arraignments were done by Ian Green. There is nothing like it on this side of the ocean.

ROY HARPER

He speaks on the liner notes of the Abbey Road studios where the album was recorded, "They were fun." Ive only heard one of his songs on the radio, he writes stuff that doesnt sit quite right with station managers who are afraid of any trouble with the orwellian furor created over the FCC lately. You might hear him on WBAI, noncommercial Listener Supported community radio in N.Y.C.!!! Support WBAI. One of the cuts is called Hells Angels some of the lyrics are:

"Fancy Seeing all of you slugs well i dont know fancy seeing all of your mugs. Dronkin all your government drugs Helpin all your government thugs. Free Speech, One each."

Another poem in time, song with a rhyme is called I HATE THE WHITE MAN some of the rods from it;

"Slot machine confusion and the plastic universe, the cry of the white man and his plastic excuse, Oh i hate the white man and the man who turned you all loose.

"...While back inside his kitchen the bowler hatted long

ntinued on Page 16)

We were talking about doing something new in the way of poets using their vision in relation to news. We came up with the idea of a column in which each week poets would respond to the news around them. This is the first of the weekly columns and hopefully they will go on. The column will use mostly poems, but sometimes the poets will also respond with prose. We will use only a minimal amount of editorial control. We want the thing to be open. News as we see it is directly linked (it is part of) poetry. The best newsmen are poets. We direct you back to Homer or the Greek Lyric Poets — for starters. We define news in this context as: Cosmic, International, National, Local, and personal (which covers a lot of territory — but that's fine.)

earth news

— Harry Lewis
— Allen Katzman

Butch Cassidy: You didn't see Joe LaFarge out there? Did you?
Sundance Kid: No!!
Butch Cassidy: That's good! For a minute I thought we were in trouble.

A HOLE IN THE WALL
(for Jerry, Abbie, & the rest of the Conspiracy)

One man conspires. Another takes up his sweat. They breathe together. Two men conspire. Ten men take

to the hills. They live one way. One man goes his way and breathes. One man leaves and

is the way. Together

they breathe through the hole in the wall. Together they enter in. the screams the laughter. The light

and darkness enter. They are here — there. Something said. Something spoken above the traffic of

the universe. One man

is a mystery: Another. numbers noise, living from the sun, living on the backside of the earth

living where water is heavy and under heavy siege. One man brings a message. Two men something

which demands Balance.

It is only the beginning, only you and I speaking; knowing the way in, knowing one man is on the other side pushing

on the flesh of us all to live differently, another place, another time. To live where the sun touches a

lightly crusted earth and

breaks open a hole in the wall.

Allen Katzman

I'm famous for making infamous errors

I am submitting your smile as a secret weapon against the Viet Cong
Shall I chart your body and call it a newly discovered continent?
Do you know who you've touched in the grey mornings on 24th Street?
Shall I say you are a friend of mine?
Can you feel time ticking away at the hairs beneath your organs?
When you go off automatic, do you change colors too?
Do you think I care if you live or die?
Can you see me typing in the darkness?
Do you know of all the beauty of every woman you've ever touched?
Do you think that Bob Dylan would approve?
Shall I call myself a martyr for writing you?

Are you really as empty as you say your not?
Could you answer one of my questions honestly?
Shall I let someone enter my body and not love them?
Have you ever felt tears on your chest and ignored them?
Do you know what an animal thinks before he dies?
Do you call me foolish for feeling, or can you envy me just a little?
Do you know that the power a man has is precious?
You say you write, but can you still stare into the sun and save your eyesight?
When you say you'll call, don't you think the telephone company knows of your lies?
Isn't my body a wall of graffiti? Go ahead, sign your name.
Shall I call myself a writer, enter the ceramic bathroom and vomit into oblivion?
Have you ever masturbated by moonlight? I have.
Do you know my womb is like midnight velvet.
Why have you never made a sound as you came?
Do you think I was fooled to think when I touched between your legs, I touched you?
Do you know how to keep your lovers in line?
Shall I find someone else/s banners to carry? Is that what you're saying?

Carolanne Ely

NEW POËM

sure I need and love my friends, all their warmth, shop talk, intellects (the mind of the woman is an erogenous zone SURE — but when Atan looks at my breasts, I mean even when he when he even just looks

— Carol Berge —
1970

I told the landlord

I told the landlord what the problem is.

I have the same curious deafness that Beethoven suffered with, I hear only the extremes.

The whole middle register is like shadows to my ear.

I said that germs is what we call The Hand of God and the thought of all of us starving

made me wish for a miracle.

In the same conversation I described an eco-system, the interdependency of all life forms, and the deposits of DDT growing at the centers of our body.

Alex Silberman

THE ORGANIZING

they are doing to you they did to your mother what they have done to children again from

they call your mother to report your life with no way out but giving up to the price of another child.

and when you are called be nice to you: life sugar spice rewards when you are dead.

when you are old enough if somehow you are we will tell you that we saw your mother over their request for your mother was seen your father was married they were married a

for now you are losing your and you fight a guerilla in the elementary grade

you are a terrorist. we are prepared to attack and destroy we can wire sticks we can put them in we can time them. when they explode a holiday festival and

SCHOOL IS

OUT.

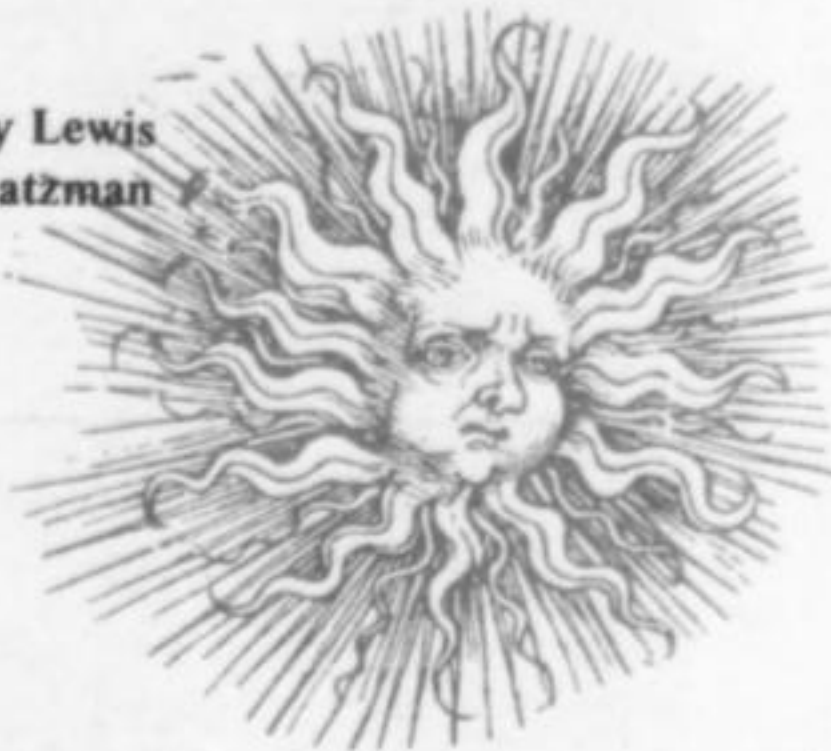
News for the poem/paper: Christmas visit to Dachau lies a forgotten, healed sore ten miles outside friendly, smiling Munich, where Americans are more loved than anyplace outside of Chicago. I went there days before Christmas. It was a surprise to me

the word "Dachau" still exists, but there it is, a town with fathers pulling their children on sleds or We met six Jewish kids from New York (where else no one else came the whole afternoon. There's a reconstructed prisoner's barracks, and a U.S. Army a few memorials. Next night, proper tourists, we visited the Hofbrauhaus, in Munich, and found a lot of gibbelling out songs, dressed in the skins of beasts. to hold rallies there. And really, there's no hole that still exists, in this friendly, American-loving land. (and unsatisfactory comments on one of the human known great leaps forward. But see for yourself.)

Death Camp (from *Blue Woman*)

In the death camp we fell in shit
And many smothered, while others
Stole our bread instead of saving us.
But don't laugh, that death was sweet;
I mean to say that at least was human.

Michael Perkins



poets vision

SCRAMBLED IN THE DARK DUG OF DAWN

On State Route 3 north of Taos (becomes Colorado 159 when you cross that border toward San Luis—same road), there's a 3-way split: the right fork heads toward Arroyo Seco, Valdez, and off toward Wheeler Peak (13,161 ft.) and the Carson National Forest for camping; the left fork is New Mexico 111 which, at Tres Piedras, connects with U.S. 285 headed north to Alamosa; Rte. 3 goes straight on, 10 miles will see you at Arroyo Hondo. Three miles more upslope will get you the cutoff for the D.H. Lawrence Ranch. Dorn and his new wife, Jenny, very pregnant, due in August, are there for the summer. Ed's chosen the name already: Kid Lawrence, Dunbar Dorn, which sure takes care of that section of the country, right?

The bar at Arroyo Hondo is also the grocery store, bottom of the valley, right at the bottom. Just north of the bar, tho, make a right on a dirt road. The road curves gently to the right past a store and a church after a straight stretch with poor houses, three kids play alongside the road, then a fence begins on the left side, the dirt road continues, you do not. Make the left thru that fence, but then take all the choices to your right; you'll arrive at the top of the mesa. Road is tight: still climbing, you'll see a brand new American automobile facing the road at a right angle, but 30 ft. down in a draw—last week's visitor. Poor driver. The map was drawn on a paper sack back at the bar. Two six-packs of beer in it.

Hardly a fountain but anyway, a blessing on a hot day.

Two girls with sacks of groceries in their browned arms stand precariously at the road's edge. Not a strapmark on them but wearing nothing from their jeans up. A very hot day, they smile. They have a ride up to the commune. Three tepees, a trailer that fits on the bed of a pickup truck without the truck, a small (2-rm.) house of log and adobe with open screens, the summer common-house: the vegetable garden's toward the north; the field toward the east is an adobe garden, adobe bricks alternated with corn, you pick when you need. Work on the main house is going on at the edge of the south field. The clay under your feet, man, is what makes the adobe. At the small house, I step inside the screendoor to ask if Max is over with the workcrew. The two rooms are easy and swarm with kids, women cooking, unpacking groceries, sitting on a low bench reading. It feels busy and airy. "Yes, he is." I leave one of the six-packs there, smile as I leave, get 4-5 smiles back. A man outside is sharpening tools, whetstone. The kids are filthy and happy all over, wear no clothes at all. We head for the far side of the field.

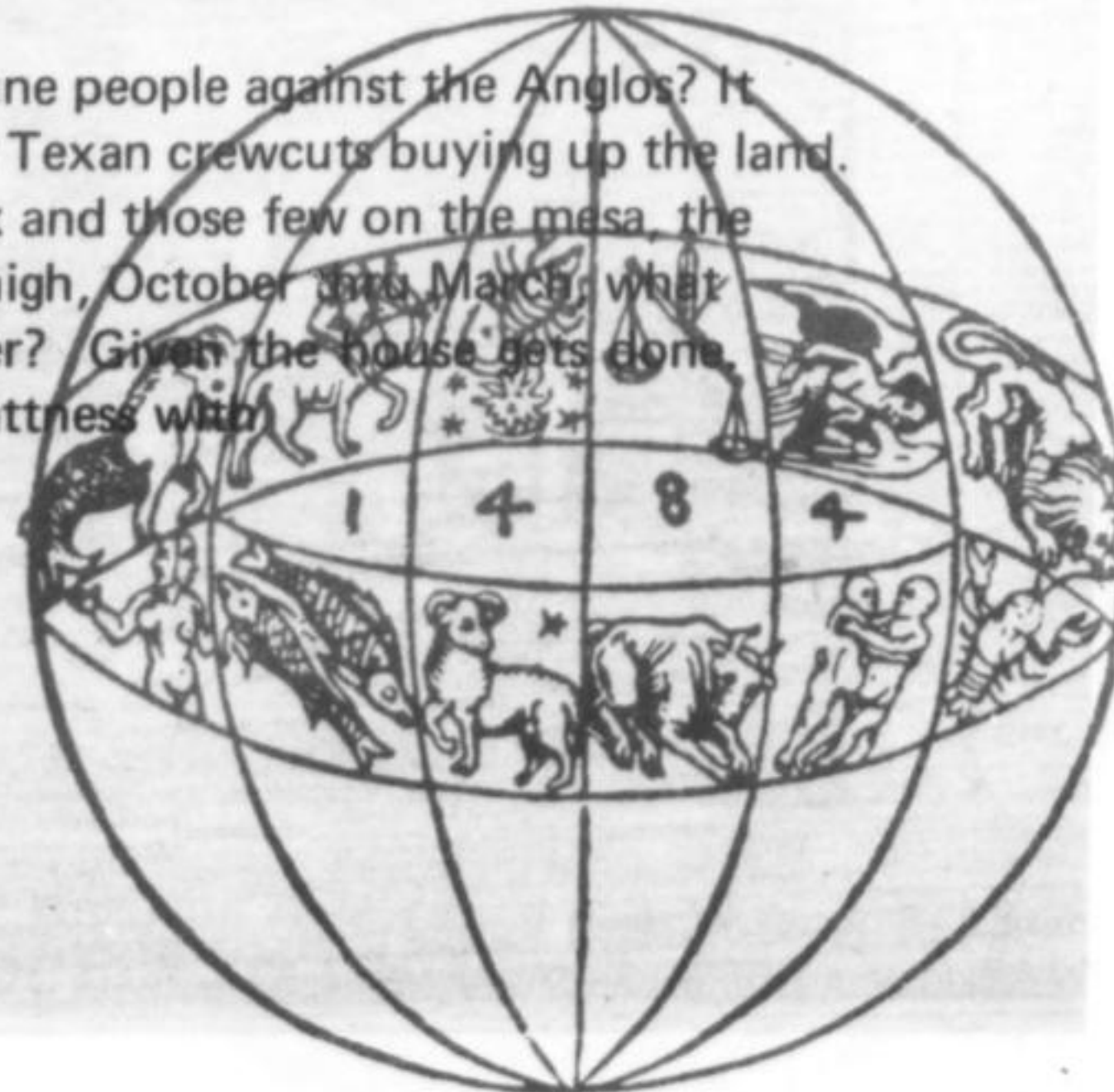
Six people stripped or partly stripped are stripping logs, Douglas fir already cut to size. Max with his mouth half-full of teeth, smiles when he sees the beer and me, hard body mahogany, lined face, a soft smile. The beer is divvied up among the workcrew. Two girls bum me for cigarette—a pleasure to light them up in the strong wind, bending toward my cupped hands that hold the flame, the firm hang of tits brown in the wind bringing rain. One chub, a loose miniskirt only, bent over the logs with a sharp hatchet, brown nates trimmed and a beautiful and enormous bush. She works. With the arrival of 4 full-clothed people bearing beer and tobacco, the sense is—new people—and a vague sexiness moves in the air, they check out Byrd's thighs, for example, they're large, I mean these chicks know they're beautiful!

Max says he's not writing these days, doesn't need to, just look at those mountains, I do as we lift the beers. The bushed whacker straightens up and wipes sweat. She works. The storm comes in fast over the near peaks, great hanging streamers of cloud, the rain itself, visible. Max talking of these girls moving the blocks of adobe, loading a truck, how many hours?

We are all back stripping bark now. For the summer. 24-25 people live here. The Reality Construction Co., Box 701, Arroyo Hondo, it is Max's second commune—New Buffalo was the first—40-odd people over there including his wife, now with someone else; Max has their kid with him. This group will likely wear down to 9-10 people who will winter it out, the rest disappearing back into the cities and colleges for the fall.

The Chicanos, the Indians, and the commune people against the Anglos? It could come to that, especially with all the Texan crewcuts buying up the land. New Mexico, even southern Colorado. Max and those few on the mesa, the winter a real isolation from supplies, that high, October into March, what interior strength to survive that mesa winter? Given the house gets done. It will, you'll see. A soft man, too. That flattens with the wind laying up drifts against the wall, that mountain in his eye.

—Paul Blackburn



NG OF A TERRORIST MOVEMENT

for Malory King, age 6

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and scream

— Harry Lewis —

Dachau:
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RENT

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rolling
until
one
dime in the hole
sheds

Sarah Dickinson

The days
march among the hunks
of matter
& the distended colon
receiving the end
of the baseball bat

is. Abydos
receiving the latest
news of the
Hittite
court.

— Ed Sanders

FINALLY WE ARE ALL HUMAN:

the beautiful girl with blond
or red mane,
the old man,
the villain, the demon,
the angel feathered
with virtues and loves
and
we
move
on
the
same

DISCOVERING WE ARE GODS

and finally human — and mammals.

What a lovely foot!

Michael McClure



FIND BETTY IN THE ABOVE PICTURE! THERE, SEE HER???
 SHE'S WALKIN THRU THE BACKYARD OF J.R.'S AMAZING REPTILE HOUSE... GOIN' TO HER HELLCATS MEETING. THIS'Z THE LAST MEETING FOLKS... A QUICK GLANCE AT THE ACTION IN THE 8TH PANEL SHOULD EXPLAIN WHY...



WELL, RIGHT ABOUT THIS TIME, MERE INSTANTS AFTER, DORIS' FATAL PLUNGE, BETTY'S MOM & DAD & GERMAN TEACHER PLUS ABOUT 40 COPS STUMBLER INTO THE VARIETY THRU ONE OF THE SIDE EXITS (BUZ HAD STUMBLER THRU THE GLASS WINDOW OF THE "PRIDE OF FULTON" FISH MKT.) THEY WERE TOO LATE THOUGH, BECAUSE THE NEXT FEATURE HAD ALREADY BEGUN! ANYWAY, FOR THE HELLCATS, IT WAS THE END.

DECOMP

(Continued from Page 7)

tional shit got heavy. They split together, running him right into the dirt.

Since then, I have become a bit more knowledgeable about the groupie scene. They tell me the lead singer for a big English rock group likes to beat girls with dead fish. And somebody in another heavy English group likes to piss on his groupies. Somebody else in the Led Zeppelin carries a whip about with him, demanding to be beaten. Then there's the fellow who prefers getting head from one groupie while watching another being balled right in front of him by the road manager. And how about the composer-singer who troils Charing Cross regularly for little boys, and takes them home, and feeds them dope, and has his way with them while they're unconscious? Oh, all manner of depravity is practiced by these rock-and-roll people. One of the few real signs of life in the whole scene. Me, I'm all for it.

It's just too bad Peter Yarrow had to get caught, and in Maryland--Jew-Civilrights-folk-singer-south-of-the-Mason-Dixon trip. That group has done some powerfully good stuff in their day, such as getting Lawrence Welk to retract every note of 'Puff The Magic Dragon', which he played several times on national television without knowing it was a dope tune.

And fucked up or not, chances are, from what little I know of him, he's a fairly decent cat. You see, Mary Alta concluded her business with him some time in early May of that year, and split back for the coast and her baby, to the great relief of this newspaper. Me, I took up residence over the hardware store on Avenue A and Tenth Street, with a young lady who had been working with who had been working for us all this time. And it came to pass that very early one morning, wrecked on some manner of speed or acid--I forget which--she and I were doing up coffee and eggs in the litl

the little pirogi joint next door when the conversation tunned to the Arab-Israeli unpleasantness which was brewing at the time. And I fell into a rap about how much I hated Arabs, scruffy camel-tenders ought to send them all back to the Euphrates, and sonon, whil Euphrates, and so on, when I was interrupted by a very loud, threatening 'Ahem!' from a few tables away. And glancing back, I saw an extremely Semetic-looking fellow with a hook nose and black beard, glaring at me in an uncomonly Arabian fashion. 'Jesus Christ,' I whispered to Connie, 'is that guy an Ay-rab?'

'No,' she ventured, peering very intently over toward him. 'Isn't that Peter Yarrow?'

I turned around. He was still glaring, but yes, he was definitely Peter Yarrow! None other. 'Hey,' I asked him. 'Are you Peter Yarrow?'

'Uh-huh.' Oh shit, are we going to have to sign autographs at six-thirty in the morning? 'You know a chick named Mary Alta?'

He gagged. He was nonplussed. He nodded. 'She's a bummer, isn't she?'

He nodded again. Giggling insanely, we went back to our breakfast.



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C.B.S. HOFFMAN

(Continued from Page 3)

was. It also belsters McLugan's opinion that commercials are the best thing on the tube, because these commercials are outasight, especially when you've already been informed that the flag shirt will be blanked out and there's this GM spot for The Gremlin with the announcer wearing Uncle Sam Drag. Another one features Virginia Graham selling mens underwear with her husband propped up behind her looking as if he's either stoned or dead.

And finally, Ladies and Gentlemen, Abbie Hoffman! Everything's cool, just like they taped it, only better, until he takes off that jacket, and...BLUE.

The screen goes BLUE, this insane Day-Glo Blue. I tell you, there has never been a BLUE like that one, and the next day when you read in the Times that the screen went black, you understand why revolutionaries, heads and freaks own colour-tubes. Black-out, your ass, that screen went the wildest blue you ever saw, and it was a head-fucker, all right...

Because there's Virginia freaking-out, a close-up of this face being torn apart in its rage, a quick-cut to this BLUE, a close-up of Dolan with teeth clenched as he tells

(Continued on Page 10)

WE'VE HAD ENOUGH

(Continued from Page 10)

6. We propose as a matter for public debate, that the laws prohibiting T.V. in the courts and in the public assemblies of government be amended. We are tired of sadistic judges, and irresponsible Congressmen. We pay for them with our lives and taxes. We want to see them. When the whole world is watching them they will be more responsible and get more done. LET THE T.V. SHINE IN and then perhaps we would feel like voting. This program is already working in western Europe. Lets make it work here too.

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FRICK

(Continued from Page 11)

haired saint, cleans with soap and water but its really just white paint."

He does a couple of love songs and one or two stories in rhyme, You have to hear this album to know what im talking about, this is the stuff.

There is not that much real stuff around these days, it dont happen too often in the electric city.

Last week i mentioned Van Morrison and his early album Astral Weeks. The number of the album was left out, ITS Warner Brothers No. 1786...His new album just release didnt make it in time for last weeks column. Its Moondance No WS1835 and is another masterfully done album. Van Morrison.

Yes there is something going on on this side of the ocean too it has to be that way, Memphis, thats in America. They Got Blues There. Its a different kind from the kind that filters up north. Funny kind of up tempo stuff but still blues. Charlie Musselwhite hes tops in the feild of harmonica players. A long time musician who can play and sing the blues so youll wanna get up and walk down the road a while..His record, recently released is *Charles Musselwhite, Memphis Tennessee* On paramount records No Pas 5012. You can hop the blues you can

water melon

(Continued from Page 11)

everybody breathes, whew, they laugh and I got nice funny racist jokes and so forth and so on and slowly people don't even realize that the thing has changed and the next thing, you know, god damn! It's a technique I employ, often in my songs to...

JL: To lead people out into deep water.

MVP: Yeah. We veil ourselves against the atrocity we encounter in everyday life. My continual process is to make us drop that guard and then knock the shit out of you.

JL: Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee.

MVP: Exactly.

JL: Another thing, and this really got to me, toward the end of the movie it felt like you were saying to be "Black" in America burts all the time.

MVP: Well, I can see how it would seem that way to you, but it's like wearing glasses...it hurts, it doesn't hurt...what my statement is, anybody, any black man who's got his shit together is militant. When Gerber (the main character of the film, who starts white and turns black) discovers he's black and black to stay, the only avenue in his pragmatic, his straight anglo-saxon pragmaticism (is to be militant)...one of the lines I put in the script, someone says

rock the blues you can hide the blues or you can sing the blues. Runnin Jumpin Cryin in your eyes when you get the blues I wanna touch the sky blues. Blues sometimes is in your feet poundin the pavement lookin for work blues..

There are two kinds of people that i know of, Those who dig Joni Mitchell and those who havent heard her yet., but then again i dont know too many people who dont like her. She is tremendous in every aspect of performance, artistry, song writing and The Perpetuity of the dream. All she really does is sing and play the guitar. She writes all her own songs too. Maybe youve heard some of her work. A lot of other artists have adapted her songs to their own style. Maybe youve heard some of them. Her long-awaited 3rd album is out on Reprise. No. RS 6376..

Ladies Of The Canyon
Joni Mitchel

The Circle Game is on this album, she wrote it a long time ago. The thing about her music is that its really easy to hear the words. That sort of thing isn't done in most of the contemporary music that is available to you.

Her second album was called *CLOUDS* Reprise No RS6341. It contains *Chelsea Morning*, and *Both Sides Now*. I get a funny kind of rushing sometimes in the back of my mind listening to her sing. Theres something that you can remember from some other place, or some other time..Its like life, flowing thru you as you flow thru it..

Her first album, its just called *Joni Mitchell*. Its got real low volume on it. Its got to be quiet when you listen to it, down deep inside where the person that is you stays. The first side is "I came to the city" This side is all about a place that i see every time i forget.. Theres a song about a cab driver and an air port. One of the characters on the first side leaves at the end

of her song. She went west. I think maybe she took a train. The second side is all about, "Out of the city and down to the seaside." Its a collection of songs about that other place. And one or two love songs thrown in here and there..Joni Mitchel just might be the top female voice of the Dream Yourself a better world contest.

JOY OF A TOY

Kevin Ayers

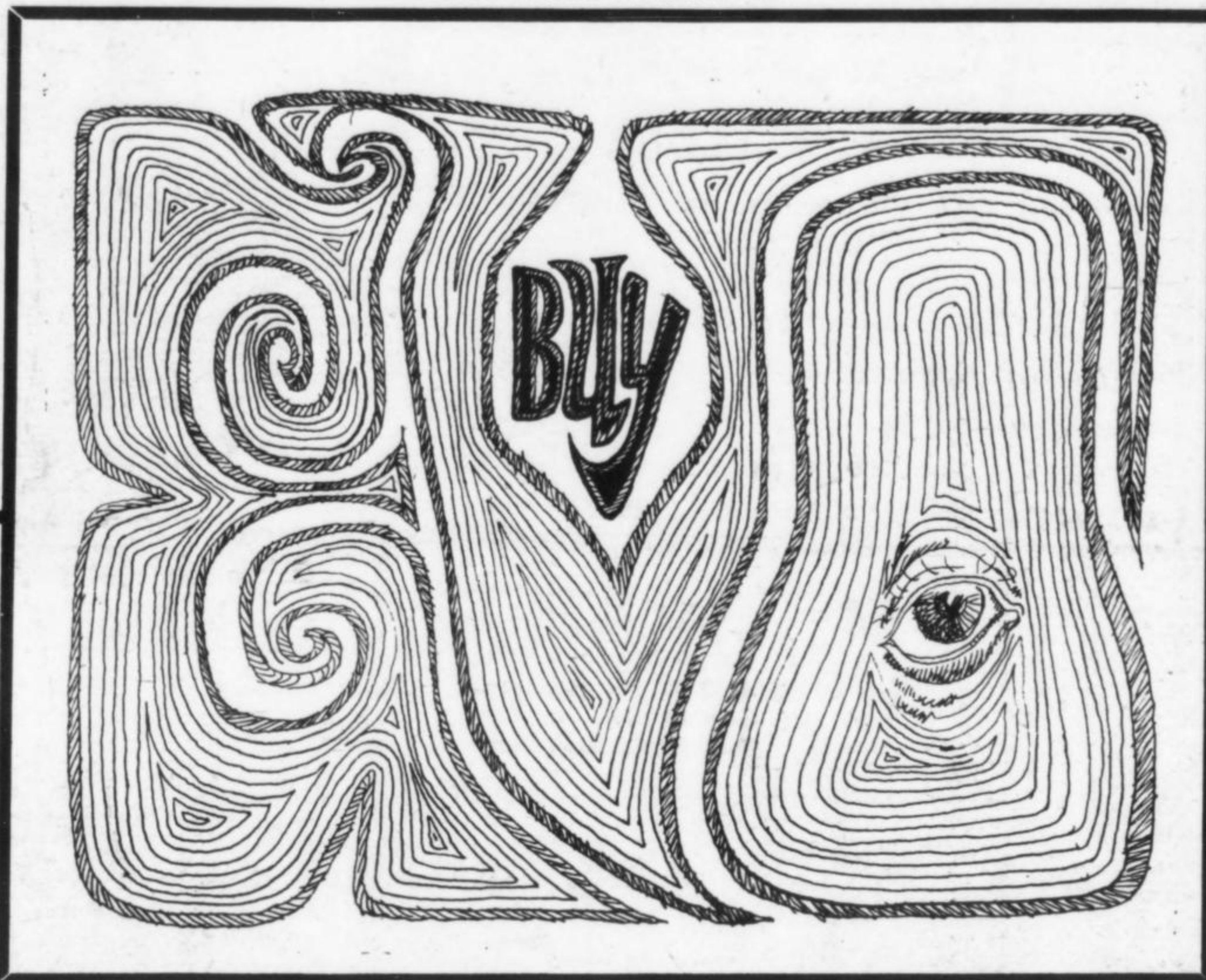
Harvest SKAO 421

He used to be the lead singer with a lamented english group called *The Soft Machine*. They didnt make it too well in the states. This new album, his first solo all of the songs are his compositions and like the name implies, *JOY*. The added attraction of about 20 different musical instruments making their appearance through out the record. There's the usual Piano and a few guitars and the mandatory bass and drums bit he adds some trombones here and some flutes and piccolo here

and recorder and oboe and some hawaian guitar alto melodica and kazoo, it gets a little complicated at times but to me the thing about music is to get the listener involved.

There was an album floating around about a year ago, the only reason i asked was it had a round record jacket. It was the *Small Faces* first record. it was something that again was new in the ears of a tired audience. They sing sometimes songs of the little people that inhabit the countryside. Their new album is out on Warner Brothers, *The First Step* No WS 1851. Traditional English Funk??? i think not, more like the stuff they play thru the Muzak system on the distance energy exchange machine. The *Small Faces*, from across the sea.

Some folks have been speaking in the Tone lately. Bob Dylan and Roy Harper being mentioned in the same breath. The thing is here in the USA Bob Dylan is a national hero but Roy Harper.....Well, he's spoken of in places in england, where he lives. He's been around for a whole bunch of years doin the studio musician for the industry thing. Polish your stone till it shines. I read a lot of poetry and Roy Harpers thought-dreams are recorded in the lyrics of his songs. All the words are printed on the inside of the album cover if you like to read. Sometimes you can see pictures by just reading words. He plays guitar and sings the songs and is masterful of both arts.



"Don't be in such a rush! Don't be so militant!! and Gerber says "I'm not militant, I'm white. It's different." People get startled at me...when I asked for artistic things and demand them, I'm militant, Well, Hey! Rap said he wasn't militant about his liberty, he was fanatic. And I agree. I was in Malibu the other day with this girl, beautiful thighs, man, and we were walking down the beach and the chick was coming on to me and she was saying "Let's look at the sea shells". I said, "Baby, that's another war. This is the time not for black writers but for black fighters. Sea shells are groovy but I can't get into that. That's beautiful, but all those kids who've never seen the water, I want them to have a chance, so I'm not into sea shells for the moment, even though I can see the beauty.

JL: What do you think about the militant white groups.

MVP: I haven't addressed myself to that question. I'm only one person right now.

JL: Like in that song in the film with the refrain "Could this be America".

MVP: Yeah, "Love, that's

America"...

JL: I was bearing overtones of Dylan, "115th Dream...I believe it's called America/I said as we bit land/I took a deep breath/I fell down I could not stand."

MVP: I don't even know the song. I know very little American music at all. I'm sure a head in the right place is a head in the right place. But this is typical, discussing Dylan and how some people are well disposed toward "Nashville Skyline", it is an option open to a white person, at any time, to step back into the fold or any segment of the fold, which is not an option open to a black person. The exit is already closed to him, so he might as well stand and fight. But a white person, he can shave off his beard and cut his hair and walk the line. And sit in the corporation day after tomorrow.

JL: Apart from the reality of the moment, do you think races are ultimately different?

MVP: A certain aspect of capitalism is commercial fodder. Well this commercial fodder is easier to justify if you say 'the people with dark skin...' etc.

Now American business, with automation, wishes the whole thing would float away. But the monster they've created has come back to haunt them. The big studio executive wouldn't care if his 11 year old daughter gave me head just as long as he could make a profit off of it. "Well now dear, that didn't hurt too much, and so on".

JL: How do you feel about Chicago?

MVP: These questions don't have any validity as far as I'm concerned. How dare anybody say "Oh, how did this happen, or Rap Brown's car exploded!" What the fuck do you think we're in? This is where it's at. Ouch is ouch. It's like trying to take a hill, and soldiers all around you and a guy drops dead and you say "Jesus, you know they're using real bullets?" What do you think they're using?

JL: People are waking up.

MVP: One thing though that was very pleasant about Chicago was "Now, you must have done something to that policeman. He wouldn't just walk up and hit you." Mmm? ALL these clean

jeans got their Lindsay's and we saw it. They were hittin' WHITE kids, man! It's great on-the-job training.

JL: You learn how to survive.

MVP: That's right. It's like, now, they're saying "Do you know they are using dope?" Hell, man, they were trying to put us on dope at the high school, at the grade school, that's twenty five, thirty years ago. Black kids have been sliding down steps, dead, for years. "Just niggers didn't want to work". What's the surprise about that?

JL: Are you living in New York now?

MVP: Paris. I mean I came over here as the French delegate to the San Francisco Film Festival. That's how we broke it. I go on the radio and the cat says "The great American director.." and I say "Hey! Show your road, baby! I may be an American and I may be a director, but I'm not an American director. I'm over here, not because of you but in spite of you!"

JL: Do you think "white" rock generates awareness among white kids?

MVP: Probably indirectly. I don't give a fuck how they do it as long as they're leading them out there in the water. Then somebody slams the exit!"

JL: Then you gotta swim.


MVP: You gotta swim. And pull the shore out from under them! I mean, you go out now, and maybe you can't get a cab because of your long hair. But with me, they drive right over my toes. Man, that keeps your ass radicalized!

THE east village OTHER

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"Ivan Passer's 'INTIMATE LIGHTING' on a double-bill with Maurice Pialat's 'ME' clearly one of the prize double-bills of the season. It is possible to mislead the potential audiences for 'Intimate Lighting' with intimations of the film's subtleties and otherwise civilized graces. After all, who wants to be civilized in the age of barbarians? And yet, the warm glow emanating from 'Intimate Lighting' may start more fires in the heart than all the fiery papier-mache polemics of 'Z'. May? Nay, must! As far as Mise-en-scene is concerned, 'Intimate Lighting' is as much fun as the best and most behavioral Hollywood movies. So go see it without any forebodings of solemnity!"
—Andrew Sarris, Village Voice

"Ivan Passer's 'INTIMATE LIGHTING' combined with Maurice Pialat's 'ME' make the Duncan Hines of double-bills in New York!"
—Bernard Drew, Gannett Syndicate

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Peter Zenger

(Continued from Page 5)

"A Governor turns rogue, does a thousand things for which a small rogue would have deserved a halter; and because it is difficult if not impracticable to obtain relief against him, therefore it is prudent to keep in with him and join in the roguery; and that on the principle of self-preservation. That is, a governor does all he can to chain you, and it being difficult to prevent him, it is prudent in you (in order to preserve your liberty) to help him put them on and to rivet them fast.

"... There have been Nicholsons, Cornbury's, Coots, Barringtons, Edens, Lowthers, Georges, Parks, Douglasses, and many more, as very Basbaws as were ever sent out from Constantinople; and there have been no wanting under each persons, the dregs and scandal of human nature; who have kept in with them and used their endeavors to enslave their fellow subjects, and persuade them to do so."

Cosby became very uptight. He became livid with rage and fear. For the better part of a year, he was the butt of some of the most vicious personal and political attacks ever printed in the American Press, and for all his high position, he couldn't answer directly, at least not then, it wouldn't have looked good. So he instructed his hired hack, Harrison, to return the broadsides in the *Gazette*, and Harrison did so, referring to the opposition as "seditious rogues," and "disaffected instigators of arson and riot." Zenger and

Alexander were more clever satirists, however, and a great newspaper war began, and circulation of the *Journal* rapidly grew, and political support for the Popular Party grew even quicker, and it was soon evident that Cosby had more on his hands than he could easily rid himself of. In the fall of 1734, he issued a statement condemning the new paper for "divers scandalous, virulent, false and seditious reflections," and asked the grand jury, under the direction of his judge, Delancey, for indictments against Alexander and other contributors to the paper for the

very same reason. The grand jury refused to act, on the grounds that the "anonymity" of the authors prevented their just and proper identification for legal purposes, though everyone knew who they were anyway, and often flaunted this information in Cosby's face. Cosby's next step was to order the burning of four flagrant issues of the paper on the steps of City Hall. The Magistrates refused to do it, and they instructed the Hangman to act likewise, so Harrison himself had to go out there with his Black Slave in the chilly November wind and set fire to the newspapers, and everyone laughed at him, and he made a gross ass of himself. The news quickly spread through the Colonies, and Cosby's position back in England quickly subsided. The affair was so embarrassing, that in a last ditch attempt to squash the opposition, Cosby ordered the arrest of the printer, John Peter Zenger, for "seditious libel." Zenger was taken at his home by the magistrates who did not knock beforehand, on November 17th, 1734, then taken to court and to prison where he was held on an outrageously high, unpayable bail, in other words, ransom.

Zenger was held in prison until August of the following year, but the *Journal* skipped only one issue, the first of Zenger's imprisonment. His wife Anna quickly took over the printing, and the paper

continued its attack on Cosby whose political stock dwindled all the more. As lawyer, Zenger engaged the reputable Philadelphia attorney Andrew Hamilton, a Scotsman who'd fled Scotland after a duel during the Jacobite uprising. Over the months, Hamilton put together a brilliant defense, and Zenger refused continuously to name the "authors" of the various articles in his publication, a strategy which was the first establishment of the concept that journalists have the duty and the right to protect the anonymity of their information sources.

Cosby named his buddy Delancey as the trial judge, and every attempt was made to step on the legal rights of the defendant. The basis of the prosecution was an ancient ruling that newspapers could not print anything which "the local executive disapproved," under the rationale that true or not, seditious statements were seditious statements and could undermine the tranquility of the Crown. In the judge's own words, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel," the government did not have to answer for its actions, and he instructed the Jury to decide only whether the material was printed or not. By definition, the material was already libelous and that was not at stake.

Hamilton argued that libel, indeed, was not libel if it was true, and that Zenger had every right to print what he had printed. On August Fourth, 1735, the Jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and Zenger was set free. This verdict was the cornerstone of Freedom of the Press in the Constitution and other documents. Cosby was disgraced and died two years later, a defeated man. Harrison also met a quick and total public humiliation, as did Delancey. Lawyer Hamilton, a part-time architect, later went on to design what is now Independence Hall in Philadelphia. Zenger himself prospered, and went on to publish his memoirs of the incident, "A Brief Narrative of the Case and Tryal of John Peter Zenger, Printer of the New York Weekly Journal." He also began a new career as spokesman for "Freedom of the Press," on the popular lecture circuit. He died on July 28, 1746, but his family became established and today it is considered an honor to be traced to his lineage.

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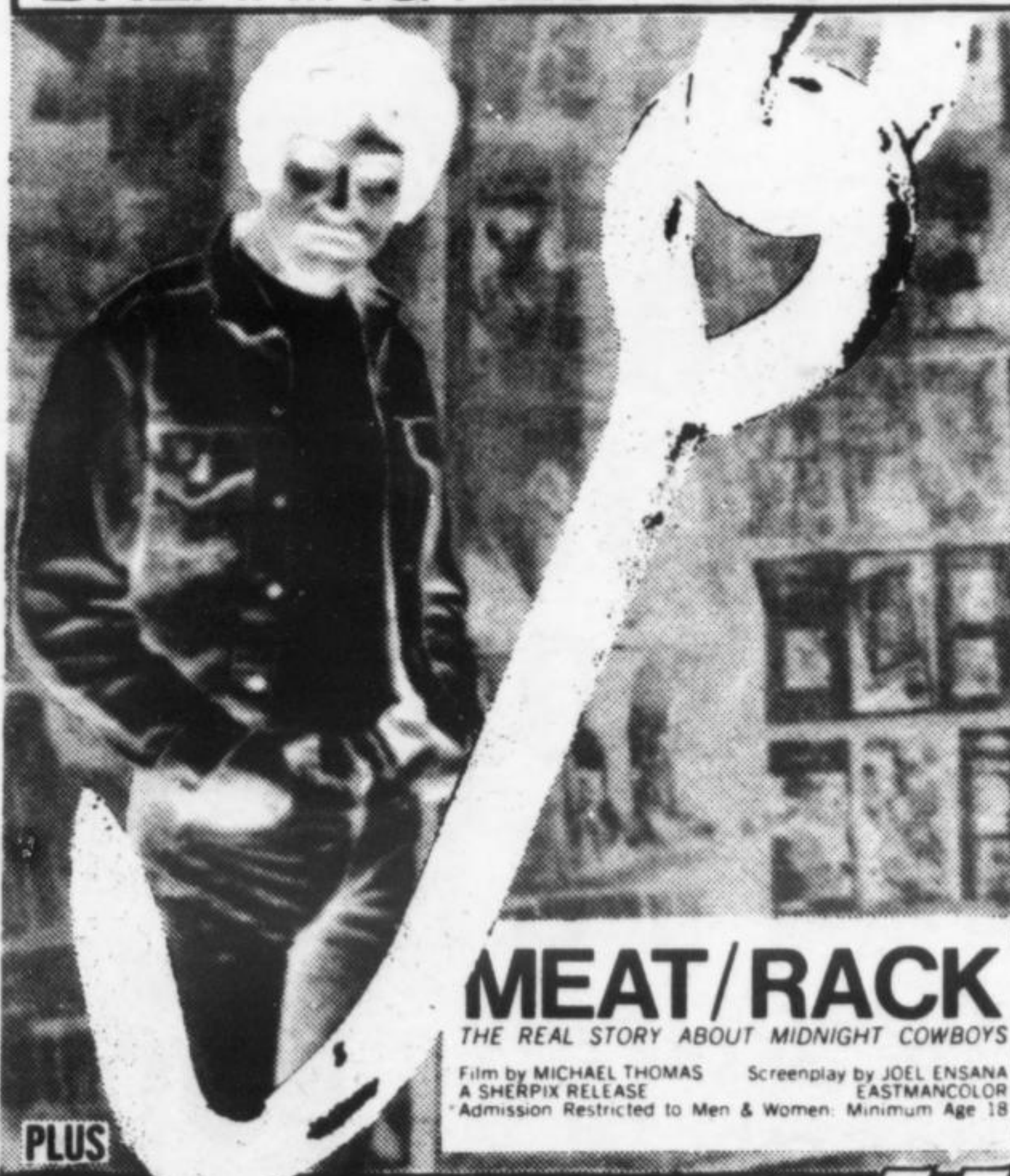
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CBS V.S. Hoffman

(Continued from Page 15)

Abbie that no one really takes him seriously, the Politics of Madness barking through this Artaudian apocalypse, the Zabriskie kids running down their hippie platitudes...split-screen images of Merv hunched forward and solemnly chatting...God Almighty...into the BLUE...

This fucking BLUE SCREEN moving in and out of it all, intercutting the action, bisecting the image, lingering for minutes on screen as the Voice, Abbie Hoffman's voice, speaks of the fear that keeps the system alive, the revolution, the basis of its protest. Signalling through the flames. His humorous remarks come across as black and outrageous as what is happening on that screen. The visual content transports us into area that is totally surreal, without an image his words take on an ominous clarity, a profound and frightening significance as they are broadcast out of the BLUE. For the first time since its invention, television has been reduced to radio through the blatant use of censorship.

For all of its insulting banality, Friday Night's Merv Griffin Show will move into the annals of electronic history as the most important televised event since the murder of Lee Harvey Oswald. The network's action, this insane "protective colouring," that protects it by colouring the controversy, has heralded the beginning of electronic fascism. It could almost have been predicted from CBS' ready response to government subpoenas asking some of the strongest representatives of the Establishment media to turn over all information concerning the Black Panthers, SDS and the Weatherman. CBS had been the first to comply, while the others had at least questioned the government's move and had tried to establish some ground rules before handing in their material. CBS has fucked up again, and for the moment we laugh:

Abbie: "I'll demand equal time with the blue screen and go on naked. Then we'll sue CBS for its other 'eye'".

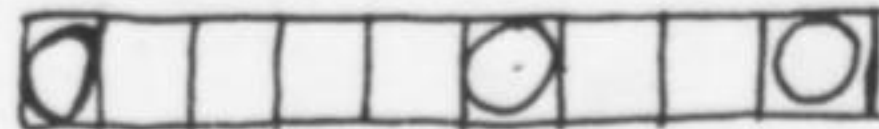
From its electronically manipulated Applause to the Blue-out of Abbie, television has worked us over, but electronics wonders never cease. The phone is ringing constantly since the show has ended, in the living room the tube is off and the radio is tuned to WBAI where calls are prouing in in protest of CBS' action. We learn that the switchboard at that network is jammed with calls from outraged viewers. On the radio Bob Fass says he is trying to reach Abbie, but the line is busy and finally Abbie hangs up and dials BAI. He makes the call from the bedroom, adjacent to the living room where the rest of us are talking about the implications of what has happened. We hear Abbie's conversation in the other room, and listen to it coming over the radio, and the two conversations are distressingly out of sync. Yet another miracle of electronic schizophrenia: There is a delay-device on WBAI's switchboard, censors incoming calls before they are broadcast.

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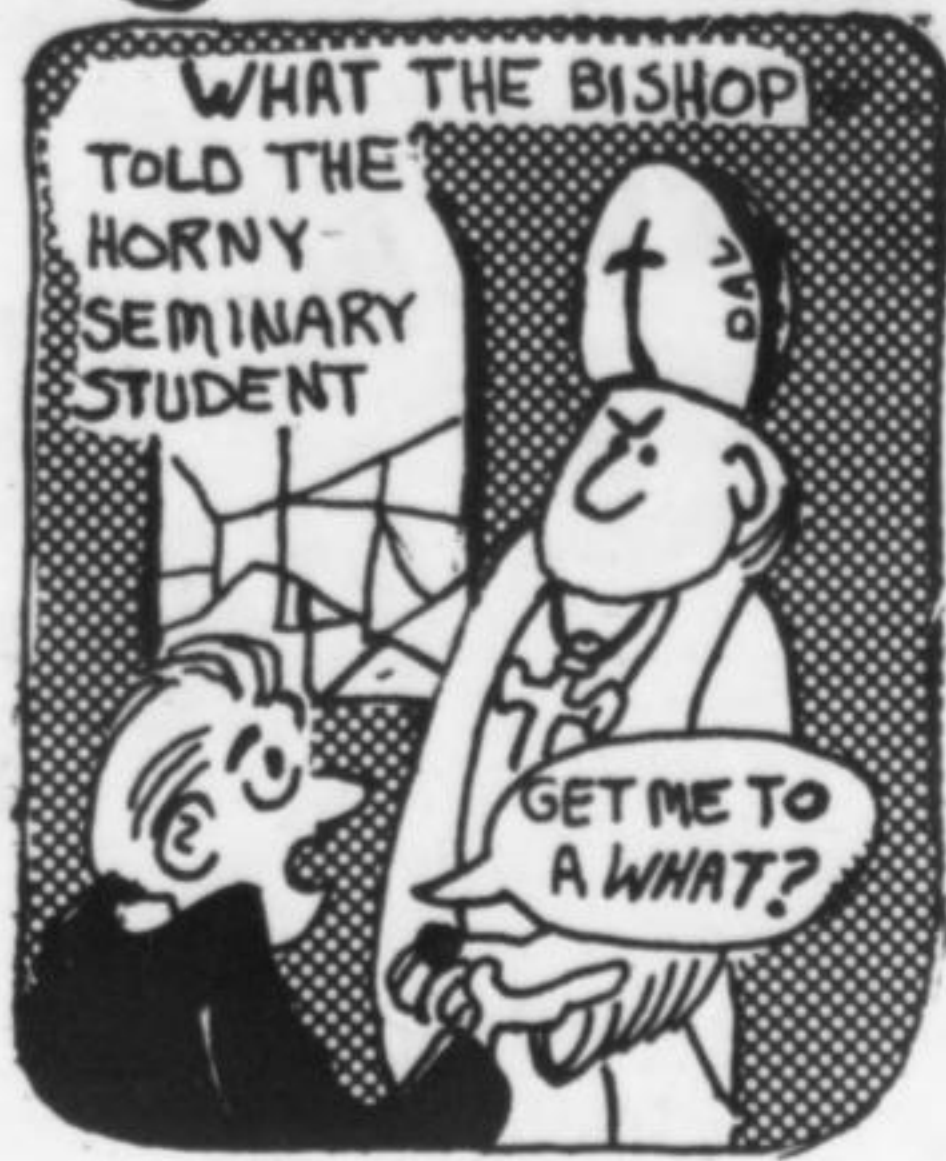
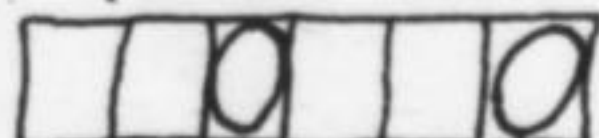
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and narrated by Jean Cocteau.
The Joint, Len Glasser, New York.
The Wall, Jan Svankmajer, Prague.
La Divina, John O'Connor, University
of Southern California.
Birthday, Frank Roddam, London School
of Film Technique.

PROGRAM TWO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 8:30 P.M.

Re-Entry, Jordan Belson, San Francisco
Unknown Reasons, Fred Mogubgub, New York
See Saw Seems, Stan Vanderbeek, New York
The Room, Yoji Kuri, Tokyo
Vaucherin, Pascal Aubier, Paris
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Leap, Tom Dewitt, Berkeley
Ego, Bruno Bozzetto, Milan

PROGRAM THREE, FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 8:30 P.M.

Powers of Ten, Charles Eames, Pacific Palisades.
Momentum, Jordan Belson, San Francisco.
Au Fou, Yoji Kuri, Tokyo.
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IT WAS ALMOST LIKE OLD TIMES. THERE WAS A TINGLE AND EXCITEMENT IN THE AIR. LEARY WAS IN TOWN. ONLY THIS TIME IT WAS ROSEMARY SPEAKING FOR TIM. AFFIRMING THE BOND EXISTING BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT ELEMENTS OF THE VOCAL MINORITY, FORGED WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF PRESIDENT AGNEW AND GENERAL MITCHELL, ROSEMARY APPEARED AT A JOINT PRESS CONFERENCE SPONSORED BY THE CONSPIRACY, THE COMMITTEE TO DEFEND THE PANTHER 21 AND HOLDING TOGETHER - A FREEDOM FUND.

"GOOD MORNING AND HAPPY SPRINGTIME TO YOU. THERE ARE TIMES WHEN ONE MUST HONORABLY AJUST THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LAW AND JUSTICE. WE ARE THE PEACEMAKERS. AS YOU MUST KNOW, MY HUSBAND HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY U.S. GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS. HE HAS BEEN MOVED SECRETLY FROM JAIL TO JAIL. HE HAS BEEN KEPT FROM HIS LAWYERS. HE HAS BEEN KEPT FROM HIS FAMILY. OUR SON JOHN IS IN CHINO STATE PRISON FOR "PSYCHIATRIC CARE." THE CONDITIONS OF THAT JAIL ARE SUCH THAT HE WOULD NOT BE GETTING THE PROPER FOOD THAT HE REQUIRES. HE HAS BEEN ON A PURE FOOD DIET FOR THE PAST YEAR. AS I SAID, MY HUSBAND HAS BEEN KEPT FROM SEEING HIS LAWYERS. HE IS NOW AT THE CALIFORNIA MEDICAL FACILITY (PRISON) IN VACCAVILLE, CALIFORNIA. ON APRIL 6th, HE WILL BE REMOVED IN CHAINS TO POUGHKEEPSIE WHERE HE FACES NINE MISDEMEANOR CHARGES STEMMING FROM AN ARMED VIGILANT RAID ON OUR HOME IN MILBROOK. I WOULD LIKE TO READ A STATEMENT BY MY HUSBAND AS TO THE PURPOSES OF THE CORPORATION WE ARE FORMING CALLED HOLDING TOGETHER:

We are experiencing today a period of religious, political and scientific repression. A recession of freedom. Unconstitutional laws are being passed and enforced. In violation of their First and Ninth Amendment rights spokesmen for freedom and growth are being imprisoned.

This is the time for Holding Together. The spokesmen for the New Life are jailed to silence them for speaking the truth of the New Life. In religion this is the time of re-birth. In politics this is the time of loving revolution. In the study of nature this is the time of Spring.

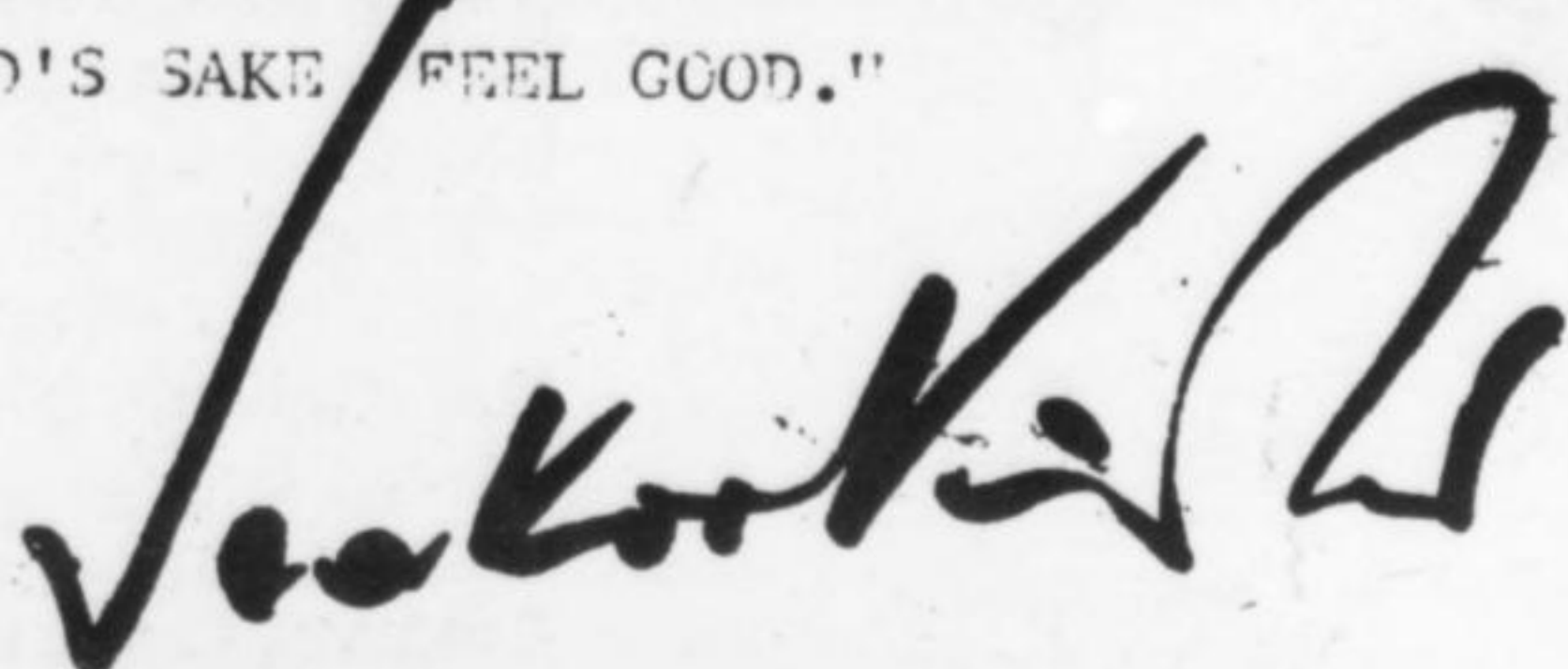
The spokesmen are jailed to test the strength of the New Life. For the health and well-being of our new society liberty of individual expression and dissenting opinion will be preserved. Those who are imprisoned for spiritual, political or scientific beliefs will be freed—as everyone will be freed. Through Coming Together.

We have, therefore, in love and joyous union, at this moment of rebirth, revolution and spring-time formed a family, a league, a corporation, **HOLDING TOGETHER**, whose purpose is the protection and defense of those whose freedom is threatened because of the unpopularity of popularity or the novelty or the individuality or the collective strength of her or his religious, political or scientific beliefs.

We are Holding Together in love of freedom. We shall ask for and receive emotional and spiritual support and financial contributions which will be used to assist the legal expenses and court costs (emotional, spiritual and financial) of those who are engaged in protecting their and our righteous liberties.

"TO QUOTE MY HUSBAND ONCE AGAIN, LIVE AND LET LIVE AND FOR GOD'S SAKE FEEL GOOD."
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HIRAP *比*




-Photograph by Joseph Stevens-

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FOOL

(Continued from Page 9)

the State. Who knows what will happen when it's done, the State government wants facts and opinions. Whether they will act on what they have contracted to know is another matter entirely. So it goes.

What type of people come to the Institute? Business people. Funny thing, big corporations are mighty interested in what's going down in the streets and in the schools. Of course, it's their money and investments which are at stake, and the Institute specializes in long range projections. It's not what will happen, but how it will happen to effect business. The major problem in recruiting new members is that the priorities are changing for the American college graduate. Slots aren't being filled in the corporate ladder like they used to. Wonder why? Who pays for this particular type of research? Everyone you could name (the Institute will furnish you with a list...just for the asking). There are names like Ford, Corning Glass, General Electric, General Foods, IBM, Coca Cola, Marine Midlands Banks, Mobil Oil, Prudential, and a host of other notable of American and foreign extraction. Now that the government is gearing down, about 60% of all work contracted is for industry.

It's important to state here that the Hudson Institute or any similar consulting firms have no reason to be realistic about what it does. A job is a job and whether there will be an economic system around in ten or twenty years which will support a highly corporate structure is of no great matter (though it is to us, naturally). Consultants as a rule do what they're contracted to do, nothing more, nothing less—just business.

"Thinking the Unthinkable" was the name of a book written by the Institute's guiding light, Herman Kahn, on thermo-nuclear warfare. The title also emphasizes the problem of the intellectual in society. Which master does he serve—the one who pays him the most, or the one who pays? For whom are these benefits of thought supposed to aid—the corporation or his own ingenuity? The "unthinkable" element in any creative intellectual's makeup is realizing that the products of his pure thoughts have a way of backfiring. It's always a question whether the solution to a particular problem is any solution at all or just a temporalizing measure. The problem of prognosticating is

tricky, especially when one's whole existence is linked to a new technology and one cannot offend even bite the hand that controls the till, that's where intellectual commitment can stop and a little fudging starts.

Talk about national security here and you get blank looks from the personnel, everything's fine here, the trees have the right look, there's a perfect view of the river...like a seedy country day school without a headmaster. The grounds and buildings used to belong to a special mental hospital which "...was designed as a special medical center with the purpose of providing highly specialized attention...(for) those requiring mental rehabilitation"—quoth the pr booklet. In the main building, the rooms are arranged so that each suite of offices is connected by an inner corridor with shower facilities and nursing station (now office space) connecting large suites of rooms. Walking around here is a little strange—one looks for the white coats.

The sun shines brightly on the windows, but little sunshine seems to be getting to the occupants. Uncerthly quiet, no planes just shrieks of train whistles. And within the silence, another silence grows, the silence of men involved in problems which they are being paid to solve. Funny how one goes in search of one reality and finds another. No matter how pleasant it all was, I had something in the back of my mind gnawing away. So many stories to tell, so many tales, no worse than Tales of Hoffman, better than Doctor Strangelove,

and yet they were all such reasonable men and women, all so reasonable with whom I had discourse, at an office chair, over a loaf of meat and mashed, or third-degree cup of coffee. And all seven buildings seem to be hooked together by a multi push-buttoned office moniter-multiple combinations, green and red, and black, all meaning something else, all a different room—the walls have moniters. So this is the place where some of IT is thought out, the thinkable and the unthinkable, and little boy lost, he takes himself too seriously...but don't they all?

You can wander up to the Institute yourself any time, just check in with Ray Wilson, he'll be glad to make an appointment (and they're always having guests...today it was the Underground, tomorrow a group of visiting scientists from Sweden). If you want to use the facilities, why all you need is money—money talks and nobody walks. Be the first kid on your block to have a Hudson paper on the feasibility of getting nickel candy bars back on the corner, be the first militant to get a cost analysis of street fighting versus conventional warfare. It's so beautiful up there, I didn't hear any birds sing...wonder what that means. Instead I could almost hear it, something among the greenery and trees. It sounded like a muffled laugh high-pitched, shrill. Yes a laugh and a rustle of papers and then...silence.

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