

PREVENTATIVE DETENTION - RICE 'R RONI - MORE

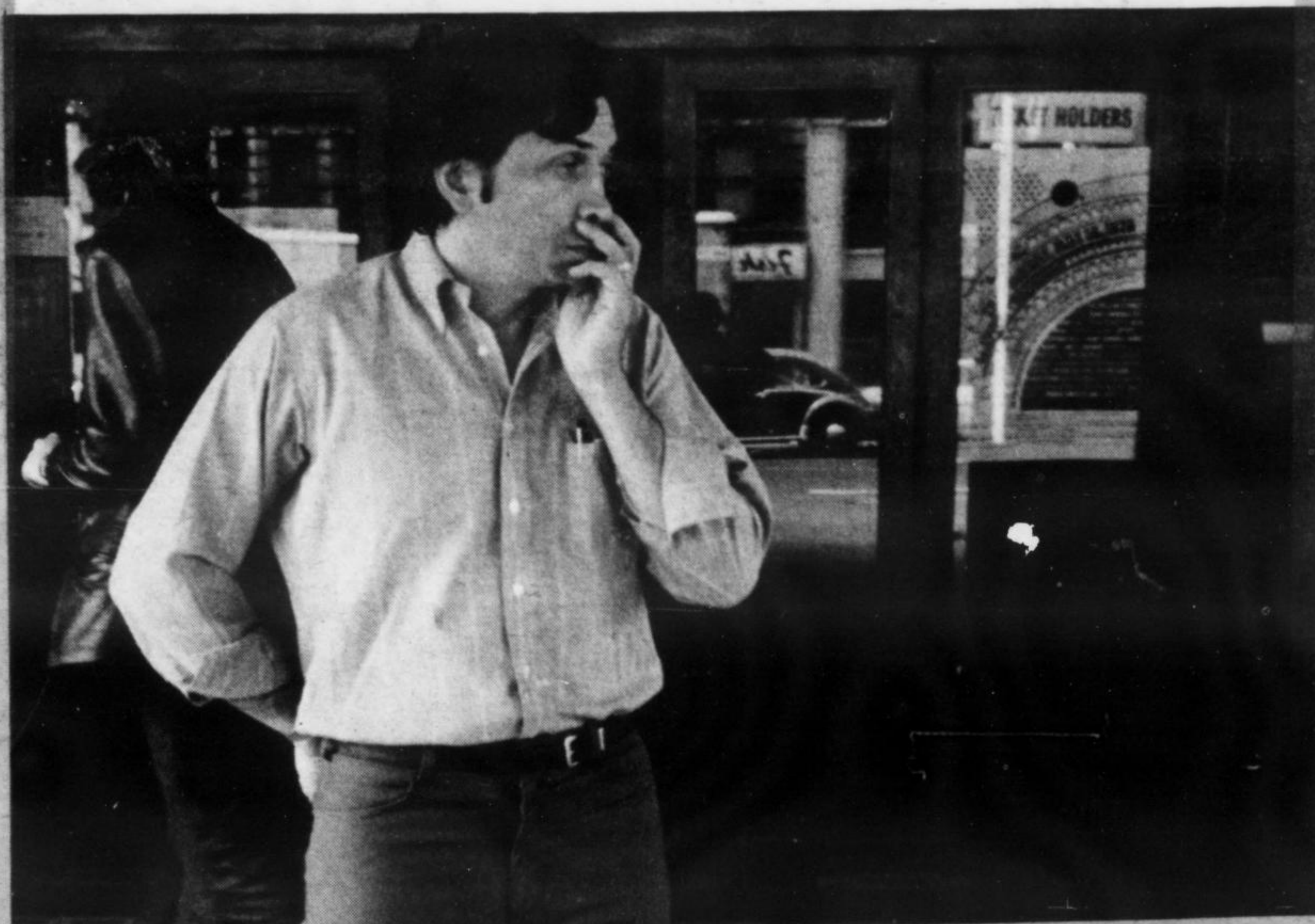
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BILL GRAHAM PRESENTS
WHAT / NEXT ?
OPENING JUNE 19 with JOPIS IANLIN



'We are far from heroes
to the large mass
of young people'

INSIDE: A VIDEO STUDY OF
BILL GRAHAM

PHOTO: GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA

HIRAP

THE DERISION, THE CLIQUISHNESS, THE FACTIONALISM, THE PETTY PEEVES, AND THE INEVITABLE CALCIFICATION OF REASON THAT MOTIVATE THE GOSSIPS, THE SCHEMERS, THE CAREERISTS, AND THE NEUROTICS WHO SPEW THE SHIT THAT ISN'T THEIRS TO SPEW, IS A CANCER GNAWING AWAY AT THE CORE OF WHAT WE SO FONDLY CALL "THE MOVEMENT."

THE ANTIQUATED CLICHES ARE HAVING THEIR HAYDAY. MALE-CHAUVINISM IS THE COMMON-DENOMINATOR, APOLITICAL HIPPIE ELITISM THE COMMON CROSS TO BEAR. CAREERISM - THE AVOCATION OF THE MANY, PERSONAL AMBITION - VIRTUE OF ALL.

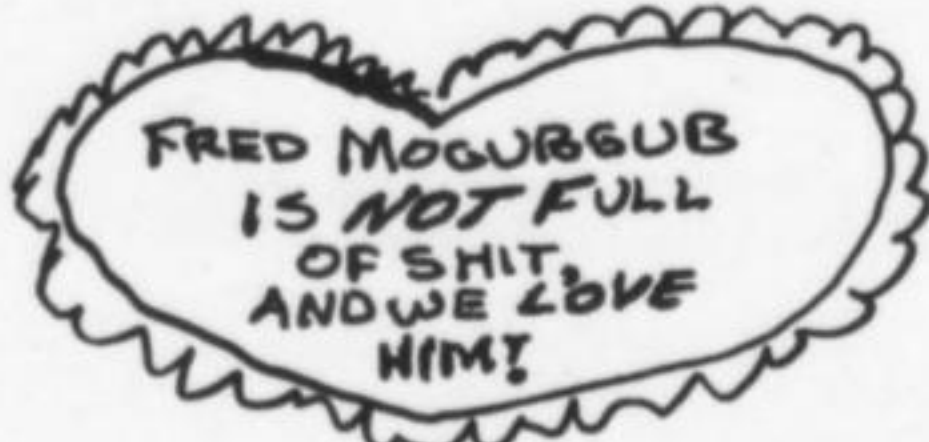
ALL HUNKY DORY - DOING THE MAN'S WORK TO A "T". - JUST THE NAMES WERE CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT.

THE WASTED ENERGY - THE SENSELESS DAMAGE INFLICTED ON BOTH SLURRED AND HEYDAY - ARE BUT A DROP IN THE BUCKET IF ONE CONSIDERS THE COMOTOSE STATE IT RENDERS US ALL. IT'S A FUTILE WASTE OF TIME WORTHY PERHAPS OF A GRAHAM-BRAND OR PARASITE, ONE WHO SLUSHES HAPPILY IN ALL THE SHIT HIS SOUL CAN MUSTER.

THE LUXURY OF VENOM, JEALOUSY AND POWER-CRAZED PETTINBSS ARE NOT OURS TO BE HAD. SUCH SQUANDERING IS TANTAMOUNT TO SUICIDE.

WE MUSN'T LET IT HAPPEN.

WE CANNOT AFFORD IT.



Jack Kohn

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During the last six years the U.S. spent \$115 billion to wage war in Southeast Asia (Bureau of the Budget). In 1965, the war cost \$1.4 billion; in 1969 the price tag rose to \$30.4 billion. That means that each American family spends *at least* \$600 every year for the war. These, however, are only direct expenditures and therefore do not include the vast aid programs to Indochinese governments (\$2.5 billion in military aid alone this year), CIA funds spent in Asia, nor the cost of reductions in stockpiles of strategic materials, or the loss of productivity which war expenditures always entail.

About 23% of your income tax goes to the war in S.E. Asia.

If your 1969 income taxes were:

\$ 250.00
1,000.00
3,000.00
10,000.00

Then the war cost you:

\$ 70.00
280.00
840.00
2,800.00

In addition, besides the 23¢ of each of your tax dollars which pays for the war in Southeast Asia, 13¢ of your tax dollar pays for all past wars and 35¢ for all future wars.

WHO PAYS?

Since 1965 corporate income taxes have risen only 43.9% from \$25.5 billion to \$36.7 billion. But individual income taxes have increased a full 78.6% from \$48.8 billion to \$87.2 billion. That \$30 billion increase in individual income taxes is roughly equivalent to the annual increase in defense expenditure due to the war in Southeast Asia.

WHO PROFITS?

During the war in Vietnam corporate profits, after taxes, have increased by 33%—climbing from \$38.4 billion to \$51 billion. The average weekly gross earnings for all non-agricultural workers for the same period increased by only 15.2%, and that was before taxes; after taxes the increase was considerably less.

WHAT IT COSTS

Expenditures for the war in Southeast Asia in 1969 were greater than all Federal non-military spending for goods and services. They were 10 times more than the federal outlays for medical these programs have been purposely "curbed" by the Nixon Administration in or to "curb" the present price inflation generated not by these programs but by excessive military expenditures in the first place. This means that we are committing our resources to death and destruction while pressing social needs such as housing, education and health care are all but ignored.

It costs \$500,000 to kill one Viet-Cong soldier ...

This is equal to the federal funds which could support 3,400 people in school or college or build at least 50 housing units.

It costs \$10,000,000 for a heavy B-52 raid ...

This could purchase 3 4-hundred-bed hospitals, or 27 elementary schools or about 4,050 housing units.

According to the Dept. of Housing and Urban Development, 26 million housing units are required during the 1970's in order to provide "a decent home and suitable living environment for every American family." The \$81 billion we will pay for "national defense" this year could pay for the construction of over 8,105,000 housing units, which would make tremendous headway in resolving what may turn out to be the greatest housing crisis in American history.

SOURCE: Bureau of the budget, Council of Economic Advisors, *Vietnam: The Impact on American Business* by B.J. Cohen, Dept. of Housing & Urban Development; Department of Defense, Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars; Dept. of Economics, University of California at Berkeley.

(BAY AREA INSTITUTE)

**YOU
PAYS
YOUR
MONEY
AND...**

by D.A. Latimer

wolfgang grojanka on the tube

Wednesday night last was Pig Night on television, aye and sure enough. First there was President Nixon showing home movies of his war in Cambodia — 'Our boys,' he kept calling them, as if they were his and Pat's — and then there was Bill Graham on the Dick Cavett show. Of Nixon there will probably be much more elsewhere in this paper, so I'll skip him. That pig motherfucker gets too much damn publicity anyway, why should EVO keep laying it on him, week after week? (Once someone asked a Vermont lady, on the occasion of her 100th birthday, why, in all her monstrously prolonged lifetime, she had never voted in any election of any sort. 'Vote?!' she exclaimed testily. 'I should say not. Land sakes, that only encourages them.') Another person who could do with a lot less hype is Bill Graham, but after that pig rap on the Cavett show I can no longer contain my spleen. Three columns of type, that's all it'll take.

First, I want to make a personal comment on Graham: I hate that crooked son of a bitch's guts and I wish he would get snuffed. This sentiment is perhaps startling, appearing a week after my gentle colleagues Katzman and Schultz expressed their mild-mannered reprovals of Graham for kicking us out of the Fillmore, but there it is: I would be happy to learn of his death, by violence or by natural causes. I would not want to see him snuffed by a Movement person, no, that'd bring me down: pig racketeer Graham may be, but that would be counter-productive. Better if those ballsy blue-eyes studs in the National Renaissance Party learned of Graham's origins and decided to make an *example* of him . . .

'We are far from heroes of the large mass of young people,' Graham admitted to Cavett, slouching easy-macho-fashion in his rolled-up shirtsleeves, right boot over left knee, with only the incessant

queasy scrabbling of his palms on the chair-arms to show of his psychosis. Fourteen hundred grams of Thorazine will get you through the Cavett show, but watch the hands, Bill, the *hands!* Dribbling, drubbing, throbbing fingers all through the show, palms rubbing slickly up and down the arms of the chair — Seconal would have taken care of that, but it also would have slurred the speech, so drum away, fiddle with the clammy fingers, and hope the camera stays on your face. The changes a man has to go through just because the old gate's getting sparse at \$5.50 a ducat . . .

I hope this pisses him off. I hope it pisses him like he was pissed the day he brawled upstairs to throw us out. I want him so pissed he's screaming at somebody, *screaming*, and I want him to stop screaming every few minutes to try to listen to some reply, any reply, anything *human*, and not hear it, not hear a thing, not for all his trying, or just hear every third word because there's so much shit in his head, so much, spinning around and around and around, that nothing gets through, nothing human, or just every third word, so much shit, and I want him to start screaming again. *Screaming!*

Brilliantine in his hair. 'We are far from heroes of the large mass of young people. We have trouble with them 103% of the time.' Psychotics love percentages. So exact. No fucking around, no waste, no shoddiness. 'The young performers lack the professional attitude, lack respect for the public.' They also love respect, and he says it so *sweetly*. He's so wise, so self-possessed, so *knowing* . . . Playing father to all those adolescent rock stars, keeping them in line, understanding them, coddling them, punishing them — Bill Graham, Camp Counselor for the Rock Scene.

But hold on, it's not just the Rock Scene, it's the whole fucking generation. 'There was a rock star in L.A. who

announced that he'd stopped wearing underwear, and sales of underwear in that area took a massive drop (*Great laughter*). But you know, if one of these rock stars — he's got the tons of beads, long hair, bellbottom pants — if one of them were to run for office in his township, he'd probably get elected, because of the youth thing. But I've noticed, when these young people sit down, they can't really talk about politics because they just don't *know* . . . I know some young people at Berkeley, they're very much into the rock culture, but . . . And what he's doing here is raving, really space-rapping, but nobody can tell who hadn't had that old Thorazine damping down that nuclear reactor in his gizzard. He's so straight on, subdued, *reasonable*, that you hardly realise he's just pistol-whipped you for having the effrontery to feel political, for wearing hip clothes and long hair and love beads, and for *not wearing underwear*, f'cripesake.

'I know of some hippies in Berkeley who decided if they had to cut their hair, wear decent clothes in order to establish a dialog with the neighbors, then all right. And now they go from door to door, asking why do you feel about young people like this . . . Not even in the dreariest excesses of Flower Power, when Acid made you a pre-fab Saint and Graham's wife was drawing Fillmore posters, even *then* nobody quite suggested we all become Jehova's Witnesses. That's Bill Graham's udea of Useful Youth: 'No, I'm *not* a Fuller Brush man, I'm a *bippie!*'

Twice, speaking of rock singers in the context of rock *magazines*, he mentioned a hypothetical *Joe Schultz*, first as a singer, then as a writer. *Schultz? Schultz?* How great, my buddy Schultz is now a flea in the ear of Bill Graham's hebephrenia. What about photographs by Ray Stevens?

Finally he told an anecdote of Jerry

Rubin, who he seems to have raised from a pup. 'I was in Ratner's and Jerry was a couple tables away — I've known Jerry for five years now, from Berkeley and all — and a cop came in, he came over to talk to me, Hi Bill, he said, and we talked some about that officer who'd been murdered in the area . . . Did Graham slip the cop the weekly tenner them, or wait till later? 'And he asked if I'd seen Jerry, and I said sure, and suddenly I remembered this story about Jerry from the San Francisco Examiner I'd read, and I'd saved it . . . Graham pulls from his pocket a wrinkled swatch of the big Bay Area pig paper. 'And I went over to Jerry, and he said Hi Bill — I've known him for years — and I asked him if he really said this. The paper quoted him as saying, "The hippies say that if you're not prepared to kill your parents, then you're not a Revolutionary." And I asked him, did you really say that Jerry, and he said sure, Bill. I said that's all I wanted to know. Then he said hey Bill, why were you talking to the pig? I said the officer? He said the pig. I said the man on the beat? He said the pig, he's a pig Bill, and you're a pig.' Graham looks around like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth: 'I'm a pig!' Butter would keep for a month in that mouth of his. 'So the temper got me, and I — I raised him slightly.' (*Great applause, whistles, stamps.*) 'And I told him, Jerry, you better watch out, because if I get you on the street I'm gonna kick the inside out of your (*blip.*)' Papa will spank.

And that was all for Bill Graham on television that night, Wednesday last. Thanks to the miracles of modern medicine, Graham performed the *superbest* possible hype job on himself: to the parents of Fillmore-going youngsters, Graham is the calm, perceptive, and compassionate shepherd

| (Continued on Page 18)

PREVENTIVE DETENTION PHASE ONE OF THE FINAL SOLUTION OR ERVIN STRIKES AGAIN

by David Walley



The District of Columbia has always had its fair share of bad government, compounded by the United States Senate which takes care of business for the District, writes its laws, pays its cops, and generally attempts to keep a lid on things. Where else would governmental paranoia and inefficiency be mirrored than in the local administration of this pitiful banana republic principality? Where else would paranoia get so out of hand that the Department of Justice would sponsor a bill, S. 2600 which would effectively abrogate one's right to a fair and speedy trial, effective bond, and pre-trial release?

S. 2600 now in committee in the Senate would allow judges to keep people charged with crime imprisoned for 60 or more days prior to trial on the basis of a prediction that the accused might commit another crime on bail. A similar bill was passed for the District of Columbia with very little fanfare except from a few stalwarts like Senator Sam Ervin (Democrat, North Carolina) who is now chairing a Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights looking into the matter rather closely. Even in the Senate, among some of its more conservative members there is a sense of the old principles of democratic due process. It is less surprising when one considers the ineptitude of Department of Justice.

Preventative detention means that a judge can lock you up for 60 days if he suspects that you are a "danger to the community" or you demonstrate your "likelihood of flight" after bail is set. How is "danger to the community" determined? That depends on what the judge thinks of the defendant. Ervin's own paper on the subject puts it more succinctly:

"The Administration proposal would authorize the judges to consider a defendant's "danger to the community" as well as "the likelihood of flight," in setting release conditions. If no condition of release is considered adequate to protect the community, the judge could order a detention hearing for defendants charged with "a dangerous crime" or "a crime of violence." To be subject to detention, the "crime of violence" must be committed while on bail, probation, or parole within 10 years of prior conviction of a crime of violence . . .

To order detention, the judge must find "clear and convincing evidence" that the defendant has committed a "dangerous crime" or a "crime of violence," that there is substantial probability of his guilt (!!), and that no release conditions would insure the safety of the community . . . Right to counsel and other rights of an adversary criminal proceeding (trial by jury) apply, except that the rules of evidence will not govern . . ."

That's it except for some other provisions dealing with wilful bail jumping, failure to appear at trial, and mandatory imprisonment provided for conviction of an offense while on bail. Some number eh, and all thought up by the Department of Justice who instituted a 400 odd page brief on the subject, who based their brief on a study which they commissioned which *did not* back up their contentions. It seems that the Justice Department was a little uptight about the number of criminal repeaters in the D.C. area. (Note: this bill would apply to between 40-75% of all persons charged with felonies in D.C.)

The introduction of this bill into committee is scary enough by all the right reasons and also because the Department of Justice conceived of it as a way to stem the tide of violent crime which the District of Columbia is known for. As a local bill now applied to the national stage it will be used by the Nixon Administration to deal

with change extra-legally. Even you quietly smoking your after dinner joint could be judged a "danger" by some right thinking Magoo, locked up and put out of circulation. Josef K may have many confreres in the next few months.

That's where Senator Sam Ervin comes in. I don't know his voting record on other matters (though he voted to authorize Nixon powers of war in Cambodia), but definitely preventative detention is a worthy cause. The introduction of this bill into law would be an unmitigated disaster for democracy in the radical and legal sense. Radically speaking, it throws down the gauntlet to those who oppose the deterioration of civil rights, to those who see the Nixon Administration applying quasi-legal remedies to problems which are extra-legal because they deal with the very fabric of American life. Preventative detention is just what the doctor would order, an immediate remedy to all the trouble-making and conscience-seeking of "effete snobs," "bums," and left-wing intellectuals . . . a perfectly obvious solution for a man or a state of mind which thinks of the Bill of Rights as applying only to "right thinking Americans." The appearance of such a bill on the floor of the House suggests that the men who run the government are not well versed in the principles of this country (regardless of all the rhetoric passed on at patriotic gatherings) nor do they indeed understand why they work, and more importantly, who they're really working for.

Paranoia must be faced, Mr. Sam knows that, but he's more concerned with the Constitutional issues in this law. In fact, most of his arguments and objections center around con law, the only document which stands between us and the camps. How can a judge rule on a defendant's probable guilt when all his information comes from the prosecutor (you know whose side he's on by now)? Besides that, according to the good Senator, " . . . these proposals would authorize the imprisonment and punishment of persons for crimes which they have not yet committed and may never commit . . . (and) it would result in the incarceration of many innocent persons." Exactly what the motion is supposed to do. In the event of a national crisis, it can be used as a gag law for radicals in a ruthless fashion. To continue with the good Senator, "In practical effect preventative detention legislation convicts individuals of 'probable' guilt and 'dangerousness' and sentences them to 60 days' imprisonment without trial and conviction of a crime. Such flagrant violation of due process smacks of police state rather than democracy under law. It is

reminiscent of similar devices in other countries which have proved all too useful as tools of political repression."

It's all the same thing isn't it? The question is not the laws but the way in which the laws are applied. Bill S 2600 is dangerous because of its inherent assumption that America is a government of men, not laws. Senator Ervin may be all hot on preventative detention, but he is less judicious on such matters as "stop and frisk" laws, wiretapping and other measures.

Sleep uneasy? Just think of all the bills which are passed without any fanfare in the normal course of Senate or House business — it would make you sick. Read the Congressional Record sometime, it doesn't matter the day . . . all full of gems. No wonder the American public is silent, what else can they do in the face of Administration magic except resort to magicians of their own. Maybe Senator Ervin is no magician, he's just a Senator, but he's one of the people who stand between you and that knock on the door at midnight (provided the warrant doesn't actually authorize pure breaking and entering). Constitutional law certainly isn't moribund in law schools nor on the floor of the Senate. Con. law is the only thing left even though the Justice Department is doing its utmost to make efficiency take the place of reasoned judicial discretion.

S 2600 is just one bill of many designed to constrict democracy to a principle whereby arrest means guilt and due process is a fiction. One puzzling afterthought, where was Senator Ervin's strong words and voice during the Conspiracy trial? Maybe that's politics, maybe the issue didn't seem to mean much then, but again there doesn't seem to be any difference between a bill on the floor of the Senate and the daily invasions of rights practiced by numerous federal, state, and local law enforcement agencies.

More odd is the fact that this particular issue has been submerged in the morass of Nixon's muddled sense of right. It is all reminiscent of the mad patriot Robespierre's singleminded desire to worship reason on pain of death. Preventative detention has been a *fait accompli* in bail procedures for political prisoners for many years . . . perhaps Senator Ervin is really concerned about it all coming out in the Senatorial wash . . .

Read the Constitution and memorize it, it may not weather the next few years if the Justice Department has its way. Power may belong to the people, but it's the representatives of the people who have the power. Remind them of that the next time they do their little dance to get your vote, Welcome to Phase 1 of the final solution.

GOLDEN GRAIN CHICKEN

RICE

A

GOLDEN GRAIN CHICKEN

RICE
RONI

rice... chicken flavor stock with herbs

RICHER
Chicken



seale media rare

Renfreu Neff

"I take me some cube steaks, salt and pepper 'em down, and I douse 'em in some flour and I put 'em in a pan of hot grease... about four of 'em..."

It had begun with the interviewer asking him what he'd had for lunch. "Soup," he'd answered, going on to say that he usually threw the prison food down the toilet. He'd even described the plate it was served on... tin... and given its dimensions. About 1" deep and 5" in diameter, he'd estimated. And then the interviewer had asked what he would want to eat if he had his choice, if he were home. And here we are.

"... rings of an onion and then rings of the bell pepper, then drop the lid on top and lower the fire. Let 'em go slow. Meanwhile..."

Too fucking much. Recipes by Bobby Seale.

"... then I get this pan of Rice 'R-Roni and this beautiful stack of butter just melting..."

Got to stop getting stoned to watch the tube. Rice 'R Roni conspiracy hallucinations...

"It's beef Rice 'R-Roni, you dig?"

That's got to be a code for something. He's sitting there at this bare table, been in jail for six months, he tells the interviewer seated next to him, diddling with a pencil, smiling not

saying much, while Seale is running this recipe down. What the hell is going on?

"... and that's when I go into my thing, you see... I get half a bottle of steak sauce and dump it in there, some hot sauce and dump it in there, some peppers out of a jar and dump 'em in there, a little more seasoning and salt it down..."

Before the program started there was a warning to viewers that the following interview with Bobby Seale, national chairman of the Black Panther Party, contained some obscene language. The announcer suggested that those who objected to obscene language tune out, and Seale's been talking about cooking for the last ten minutes. That's got to be code, I tell you, and it all fits together. I mean, you take this black man, this allegedly dangerous revolutionary, who has been in jail for the last six months, in the "hole" for days just before this interview, and you give him one hour on nation-wide television. You'd expect him to be insane from all that. Or at least a little angry, shouting "Off the pig!" or some rhetoric about avaricious racist pigs. But no. He just sits there for almost fifteen minutes giving recipes. He's not even concerned with the camera, ignores it completely, just sits there in drab gray

prison uniform with this other man in this bleak empty room somewhere in a prison. Rapping about food and cooler than any of these pros who are on the tube every day.

"... cut up a few more bell peppers, a tomato maybe, and BOOM!..."

Well, there it is. The message. Just like I... But there's more. Now he's telling us how to make toast

without a toaster. Pretty existential cook, this Seale. Resourceful, too. If that isn't a coded message, what the hell is it?

It is Seale clad in his oversized uniform, speaking in the simplest language, communicating a message from his own personal experience. It is a message "de-coded" only through the personal vocabulary of other human beings. Food, cooking, eating... in Laingian terms, Experience, a common ground on which a bridge is erected between understanding and trust. The relationship is established and he moves on naturally, effortlessly connecting his thoughts, to more particular areas of experience, his Experience, speaking finally of his son, then more particularly, one of his son's names: Staggerlee—Staggerlee, a street nigger, according to song, who shoots another nigger, but Seale probes its meaning incisively: Staggerlee, the oppressed black who murders a black brother, Staggerlee whose political consciousness must be born. There is no psychology at all; this is a mind-blowing experience simply because it blows your mind.

At the end of the hour we realize that *Staggerlee* is an extraordinary documentary/interview and a remarkably intelligent use of the television medium. Through its casual, deceptively simply style, it proves to have been a worthy accomplice, an admirable "conspirator", in

creating an astonishing piece of guerilla theatre. The viewer is left with a clear insight into why repressive forces would feel compelled to keep a man like Seale in prison; for it is obvious that no mind in the present Administration could risk parrying with the subtle genius of this one.

Perhaps equal credit and praise must go to Francisco Newman, the director and interviewer of *Staggerlee*. As an interviewer he is unobtrusive, saying just enough to open the way for Seale to respond and take it from there; in his director's role, Newman seems to have realized that the most effective results could come only from the subject, himself.

Videotaped last February when Seale was in the San Francisco County Jail, the program was produced by San Francisco's independent television station KQED. New York's Channel 13 telecast it on 26 May, and a second showing is scheduled for this Wednesday, 10 June, at 9:00 p.m. See it again, or don't miss it again. It is hoped that there will be more re-plays after tomorrow night, not only on Channel 13 but in movie-houses and schools, and it should be used to raise funds for the legal defense of all black political prisoners. *Staggerlee* is an important video-film that deserves as wide an audience as possible. Its most valuable usage would undoubtedly be as an exhibit in the legal defense of Bobby Seale.



SCOOP

BY
RAY
"MR.
SUNSHINE"
SCHULTZ

Photos Joseph P. Stevens



There they were, in the kitchen of a two-family house in Corona, Queens, a worried mother, a distraught daughter, and an old reporter who could only shake his head sadly at the vagaries of life. I was that reporter.

"How did it start?" I asked.

"Well, it's like this," the attractive mother said. "She was out with one of her friends in Flushing one night, and these two guys came along and asked them if they wanted to go for a ride. Being young, healthy and attractive girls, they said sure, let's go, and before you know it, these two guys are talking about narcotics connections and all sorts of crazy things."

"They talked about guns," the sixteen year-old daughter said.

"That's right, they talked about guns."

"They said, don't worry, I've got a piece."

"And the other one said, hell, you ain't got it yet."

"They were crazy!"

"They tried to get in our house. We let them in the second time."

"He was very shy with girls. He couldn't look me in the eye."

"He said to her, I'll get you. We didn't know what he meant by that."

"He was one of those Queens hippies. Both of them were. The main guy was called Jim Cannery, and he had dark hair. The other guy was named Verne something. He had blond hair."

"That guy Jim went into our bathroom and didn't come out for 20 minutes. And we didn't hear any water running for the whole time."

"Do you think they were shooting up?"

"No, he was an undercover cop and he was searching through our medicine chest."

"He moved our hash pipe around."

"He was trying to pry all sorts of things out of us. They had to be cops."

"Yeah, and I didn't even like him."

"You see, I was busted a couple of years ago out in East Hampton, during a big narcotics raid. I think they might be



keeping an eye on me."

"The neighbors are talking."

"They sure are. The guy next door asked me for a couple of joints once, and I finally laid them on him, and the next day he comes and tells me he really loved it, and that he was unconscious for eight hours. That was strange."

"Right, and later his wife comes up and says, 'My husband brought two of those things home last night and we all looked at them, then threw them away. We know what they look like now.'"

"And we really love dope."

"We sure do."

"My husband is a boozer, he can't stand dope, and he's threatened to beat me up if he catches me with it again."

"And he'll do it, too."

"He doesn't know that I've tripped hundreds of times right in front of him."

"It's very wild. We love to turn on."

"My younger daughter, she's nine, she loves it. She's fond of her hash, too."

"Oh, she's funny when she turns on. She takes the hash pipe into the bathroom and hordes it for herself. It's really great."

"Of course, my husband doesn't know. He'd kill me. In fact, if he comes home now, he might kill you."

We continued passing the joint. What was an old reporter to do?

The trend is to polled herefords!

That's the word from the American Polled Hereford Association which sent this reporter a press release this week

announcing that Johnny Winston, Field Representative for the Polled Hereford World Magazine for the past three years, has been promoted to the newly-created position of Director of Area Activities, East of the Mississippi River. An accompanying letter read: "Dear Newsman, this is the first release mailed to you on the American Polled Hereford Association's new computer programmed



mailing list. We hope that your name and address is correct, and that you and your organization received only one release.

"The American Polled Hereford Association will not mail you a release every week. Instead, we will attempt to limit our news release mailings to those things we judge to be of legitimate news value, and through use of the computer, will localize these for you whenever possible.

"Sincerely, Jay Nixon, Director, Promotion and Publications."
Herefords!

Condolences to Raphael Pavia who is recuperating from heavy gambling losses now. While being led to jail last week, Pavia told this reporter, "I don't care what

you say, it was still the oldest, established permanent floating crap game in New York."

...and while you're at it send a little sunshine to Mickey Carton and his orchestra, including Joe Nellany and Tommy Mulvihill, who just opened at the Jager House Irish Ballroom, at 85th St. & Lexington Avenue in New York. Also featured are Joe Nellany and the Sligo Aces. Check them out.



FLASH!!!! WEST GERMANY, (AP): A 56 YEAR-OLD MAN HERE, TIRE OF BEING INSULTED ABOUT HIS WOODEN LEG, TOOK THE LEG OFF AND USED IT TO BEAT HIS ROOMMATE TO DEATH. HE IS NOW IN CUSTODY.

KEPHONKSON, N.Y. (AP): WARREN D. MADLER, 19, OF 900 LYDIG AVE., THE BRONX, WAS KILLED WHEN THE CAR HE WAS DRIVING RAN OFF THE ROAD NEAR HERE AND OVERTURNED, PINNING HIM INSIDE.

ST. LOUIS, MO. (UPI): PAUL W. LASHLY, A 210-POUND LAWYER, SAID MONDAY HE WILL APPEAL A COURT DECISION



REQUIRING HIM TO PAY COCKTAIL WAITRESS SHARON RODENHAUSER \$21,200 BECAUSE SHE SUFFERED A RUPTURED DISC WHEN HE SLAPPED HER ON THE BACKSIDE.

Lashly said he accidentally hit Miss Rodenhauser while he was grabbing for a check Nov. 12, 1968, in the St. Louis River-house. Circuit Court Judge J. Casey Walsh earlier ruled Lashly must pay the damages to the waitress because of her injuries.

MISS RODENHAUSER testified she joked with Lashly as she brushed past him near a bar. She quoted Lashly as saying, "If I weren't so fat, you wouldn't have any trouble getting by."

She testified she replied, "You said it I didn't," and that Lashly then struck her on the buttocks with his open hand.

The slap knocked her into a cash register and an ice machine, she said. Medical testimony during the trial confirmed Miss Rodenhauser suffered a ruptured disc.

Send your congrats to familiar East Side poet Vincent Titus, who will be celebrating his 64th birthday in November. At Sardi's the other night, we asked Vincent for his advice on how to stay young and healthy, and he replied, "Do it." And to prove it, he borrowed five bucks from Micky Ruskin and penned this poem on the spot:

DIALOGUE IN A RESEARCH LABORATORY:

The Cat:
Please doctor tell me why I'm here
I hold my feline freedom dear
And now to my disgust and rage
You've locked me in a wire cage.
You know you have the best intent
Pursuing this experiment
But I can't feel that all is well
You've heard about the road to hell.
The Scientist:
Dear cat, relax and be a doll
We'll stick you with some nembul
To rabbits you'll be most attractive
With a brand that's radioactive
We'll keep you under observation
And do another operation
We'll probe around inside your brain
And see if we can drive you sane.
I'm normal that is plain to see
Now wouldn't you like to be like me?

These weapons are produced in a wide variety of forms. The most extensively used are "Pineapples" and "Guavas" (called cluster bomb units or CBUs) designed to be dropped from airplanes. Pineapples are released from a "mother" bomb and explode when they hit the ground, scattering minute metal fragments over an area of 10 meters. Guavas explode in the air; the falling "mother" bomb disperses hundreds of bomblets which, in turn, explode releasing tiny steel balls or bullet-shaped projectiles. By the time these projectiles hit the ground, they are travelling at the speed of bullets. Guavas, because of their multiple above-the-ground explosions can cover a wider area than pineapples and can more effectively penetrate bunkers. And if they should fail to explode in the air, they do so on impact. One payload of pineapples and/or guavas can cover an area exceeding the size of several football fields. The 2.75 inch rockets with fragmentation warheads mentioned above are made to be launched from artillery sites, planes or helicopters. Other kinds of anti-personnel weapons include "Beehive" projectiles containing fishhooks or flechettes which literally impale humans, "Claymore" mines which spew fragments over an area 6 feet wide and 200 feet deep; and "Jumping Jack" mines which leap off the ground before exploding, thereby increasing their area of effectiveness.

The design and explosive action of all anti-personnel weapons make them extremely efficient in wounding and killing people. An individual within target range, instead of suffering one clean wound, is likely to be struck by several metal fragments or steel pellets. These fragments penetrate his body in long irregular paths. As they travel they tumble and tear flesh.

The wounds caused by just one fragment are numerous, varied, difficult to detect and they require very delicate operations. In fact, anti-personnel weapons have created a need for drastic new surgical techniques. Robert Crichton, discussing Frank Harvey's "Air War: Vietnam" in the New York Review of Books pointed out that: "A... victim, if hit in the stomach, is simply slit from the top of the stomach to the bottom and the contents of the stomach emptied out on a table and fingered through for 'frags'... When the sorting is done the entrails are replaced and the stomach is sewed back up like a football. This football scar has become the true badge of misery in South Vietnam."

Anti-personnel weapons have been, and are being, used extensively in Vietnam. Although they are intended for use against military personnel, an enormous number of civilians are also being injured and killed; before the March 1968 bombing halt the civilian casualty toll in North Vietnam ran to about 200,000 each year. In South Vietnam anti-personnel weapons are still used in "free-fire zones" where anything that moves is considered to be the enemy. Senator Kennedy's subcommittee on refugees has estimated that civilian casualties in the South average 100,000 a year. In both North and South Vietnam, anti-personnel weapons have been responsible for a significant portion of the wounded and dead.

Over 100 U.S. companies provide a particularly interesting example of a consumer-oriented industry deeply involved in defense contracting. Watch companies have been able to survive in this country only because of government protection from the competition of foreign watch companies. This protection comes in the form of one of the highest level tariffs placed on any U.S.

ANTIPERSONNEL WEAPONS AND THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEM

imports — a tariff approximately equivalent to 40% ad valorem. But why should the government offer such heavy subsidization to the watch industry? One very important rationale was summarized in a report by the Preparedness Subcommittee of the Armed Services Committee: "The highly skilled workers in the American watch and clock industry, who require long years of training and experience, and their unique ability to develop and produce within the shortest time possible, precision instruments to minute tolerances, are essential to the national defense. Therefore, it is in the interest of national defense to keep this essential industry alive and vital." — Jewel Substitutes in Watch Movements, Hearings Before the Committee on Ways and Means, House of Representatives, July 27-28, 1955. p. 55.

The skilled workers in watch companies are to a great extent protected and preserved by the government so that they will be available to produce components for military weapons when needed. They produce jewelled movements for avionic systems and for the space program. They also make fuses for ordnance systems. Every major American watch manufacturer, with the exception of Elgin, is involved in military business. Bulova Watch Co. and Hamilton Watch Co. have contracts for fuses for anti-personnel weapons.

Foreign competition would ordinarily drive down the price of watches made in this country. However, as a result of the "strongly defense-inspired government subsidy" American consumers pay greatly inflated prices for their watches.

Of the 105 companies participating in anti-personnel weapons production, only two actually produce entire weapons: Honeywell, Inc. and General Tire and Rubber Co. All the others make specialized parts. Some make the "mother" bomb shells (the dispensers); still others make the bomblets or the necessary fuses; and finally, there are companies that just load, assemble and pack the completed weapons.

The following list includes the names of all U.S. companies since 1965 that had had Department of Defense contracts to make anti-personnel systems or components. It also includes the amount of the contracts received. All contract information was obtained from the DMS Market Intelligence Report (a McGraw-Hill publication), the Defense Industry Bulletin, and from a list compiled by Eric Prokosch, Professor of Anthropology

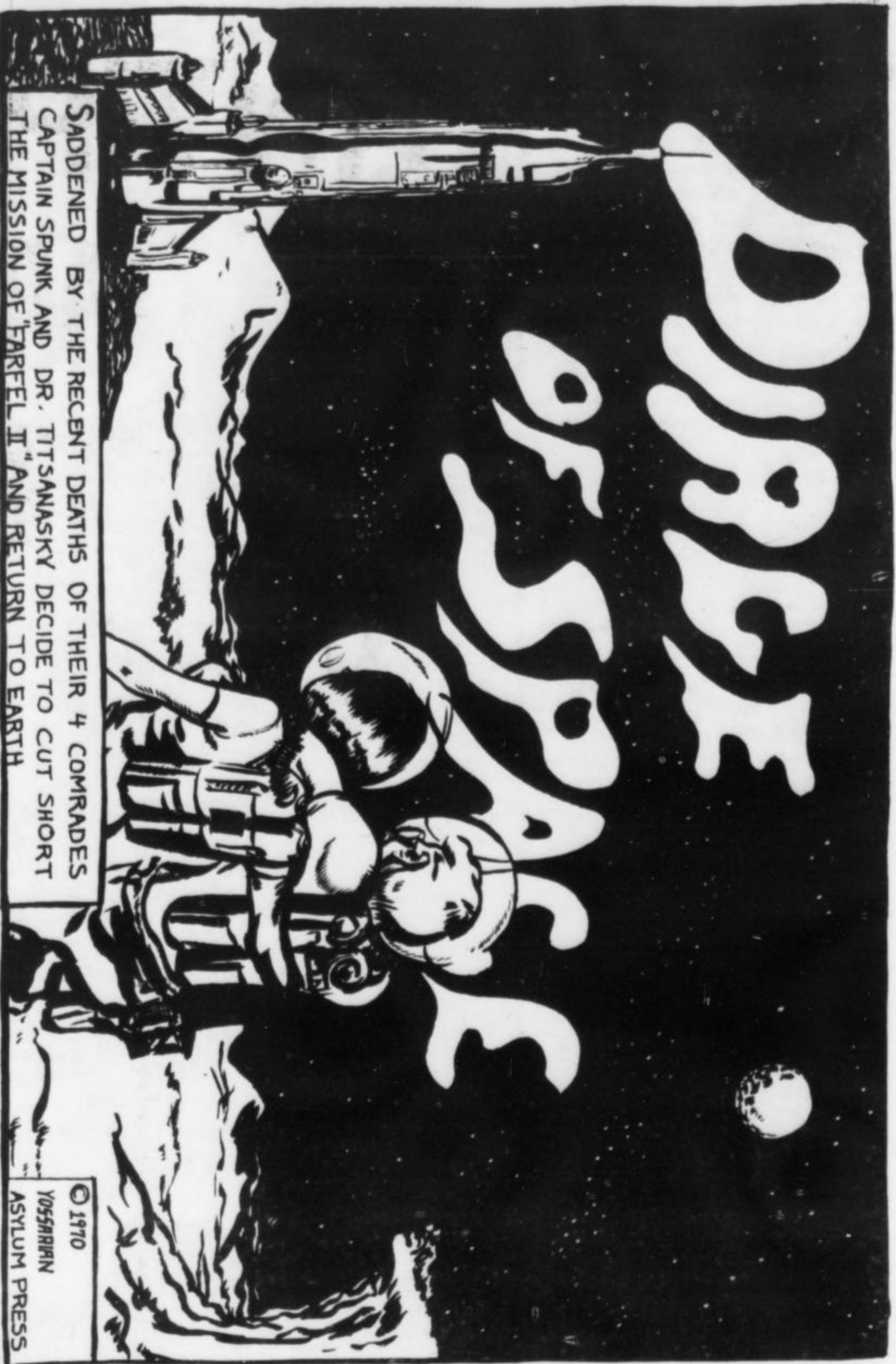
at the University of Wisconsin. (No information source on contract expiration dates is available.)

Contract figures in excess of \$1 million were rounded to the nearest \$100,000. Exact dollar values are given for those less than \$1 million.

Companies are listed by the parent company. Contract-holding subsidiaries are given in parentheses:

Corporation	Amt. of Contracts	General Motors (AC Electronics)*	2,100,000	Temco, Inc. (Cullman Metalcraft)	6,300,000
AAI Corp.	n.f.a.	General Time*	13,900,000	Thiokol Chemical Corp.*	727,469
ABG Inst. & Eng. Corp.	251,220	General Tire & Rubber Co.		Trenton Textile Engineering & Mfg. Co.	288,708
ACF Ind., Inc.	4,100,000	Aerojet General and Batesville Mfg.)*	36,300,000	Tyler Corp.	17,700,000
A-T-O, Inc. (Automatic Sprinkler)*	2,700,000	Gentzler Tool and Die Corp.	221,099	Uniroyal, Inc.*	24,200,000
Adventure Line Mfg. Co.	3,300,000	Gibbs Die Casting Alum. Corp.	1,500,000	United Aerotest Labs, Inc.	n.f.a.
Aeronca, Inc.	2,800,000	Hamilton Watch Co.*	2,300,000	V.I.Z. Mfg. Co.	701,760
Airport Machining Corp.	7,700,000	Hammond Corp.*	3,800,000	Victor Comptometer Corp.*	3,700,000
Ajax Hardware Mfg. Co.	135,000	Hayes-Albion*	8,500,000	Waterbury Steel Ball Co.	73,800
Aladdin Heating Co.	197,600	Hercules, Inc.*	9,700,000	Westinghouse	50,000
Alco Standard Corp. (Jackson Products)*	10,600,000	HITCO (also F.T.S.)*	17,400,000	Whirlpool Corp.*	5,100,000
Alco Corp.*	4,100,000	Hoffman Electronics	9,100,000	Whittaker Corp.*	24,400,000
Aluminum Co. of America*	11,400,000	Honeywell	268,900,000	Wurlitzer Corp.*	546,566
American Mfg. Co. of Texas	1,000,000	Hoover Ball and Bearing Co.	1,300,000	Zenith Radio*	7,900,000
American Standard, Inc. (Melpar Inc.)	n.f.a.	Household Finance Co. (King-Seeley Thermos Co.)*	147,362		
Ametek, Inc.	2,600,000	KDI Corp.*	10,900,000		
Applied Devices (Muncie Gear Works)*	18,000,000	Kelsey-Hayes	1,000,000		
Avco Corp.*	3,300,000	Kilian Steel Ball Corp.	765,102		
Bache Tool & Die Co. (Concept Industries)	477,511	Kissell Co.*	13,400,000		
D.H. Baldwin*	4,800,000	Koehler & Sons	2,500,000		
Beech Aircraft*	5,600,000	Lansdowne Steel and Iron Co.	8,200,000		
Bemis Co. (Perry Industries)	233,987	Lasko Metal Pdts.	3,300,000		
Birma Products	159,807	Lehigh, Inc.	3,200,000		
Breed Corp.	750,000	Lowenthal Mfg. Co.	383,332		
Brunswick Corp.*	2,000,000	Marquardt Corp.	7,900,000		
Bulova Watch Co. Inc.*	5,100,000	Martin Marietta	3,300,000		
C & S Ball Bearing Machinery & Equip. Co.	445,640	Silas Mason Co., Inc. (Mason & Hanger)	13,700,000		
Cessna Aircraft*	12,600,000	Medico Ind.	7,100,000		
Chamberlain Mfg.	2,000,000	Miller Research	288,308		
City Investing Co. (American Elec. & Hayes International)*	8,900,000	Motorola*	242,880		
Cornell Aeronautical Labs	39,823	Nash-Hammond, Inc.	1,200,000		
Day & Zimmerman	99,200,000	National Lead*	9,100,000		
Diodes, Inc. (Microcom, Inc.)	92,818	National Union Elec.*	3,300,000		
Douglas & Lomason	2,300,000	New Process Fibre	n.f.a.		
E.I. duPont de Nemours Co.	1,200,000	Norris Ind.	15,900,000		
Esso Res. & Eng. Co.	n.f.a.	Northrop*	11,700,000		
F.M.C.	2,400,000	Republic Corp.	1,600,000		
Fairchild Camera and Instr. Corp.*	3,100,000	Reynolds Metals*	1,050,000		
Filters, Inc.	163,395	M.C. Ricciardi	1,400,000		
Franklin Institute	75,708	Riker-Maxson Corp. (Maxson Electronics)	216,433		
		Rocket Research Co. (Explosives Corp. of America)	172,483		
		Rois Mfg. Co.	178,360		
		Rubbermaid, Inc. (Fusion Rubbermaid Corp.)	1,400,000		
		Scovill Mfg. Co.	8,100,000		
		Skagit Corp.	265,825		
		Southeastern Distributing Co.	653,529		
		Sperry Rand*	99,100,000		
		Standard Kollsman Ind. (Kollsman Instruments)	4,000,000		
		Stanford Research Institute	87,950		
		Sterling Commercial Steel Ball Corp.	1,500,000		
		Superior Steel Ball Co.	6,600,000		
		Susquehanna Corp. (Atlantic Research)*	10,100,000		
		Teledyne (Brown Engineering)	187,440		

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THE
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ON
ECONOMIC
PRIORITIES**



SADDENED BY THE RECENT DEATHS OF THEIR 4 COMRADES CAPTAIN SPUNK AND DR. TITSAMASKY DECIDE TO CUT SHORT THE MISSION OF FARFEL II AND RETURN TO EARTH

© 1970
YOSHIMU
ASYLUM PRESS



ALL THOSE MONTHS OF TRAINING- GONE TO WASTE

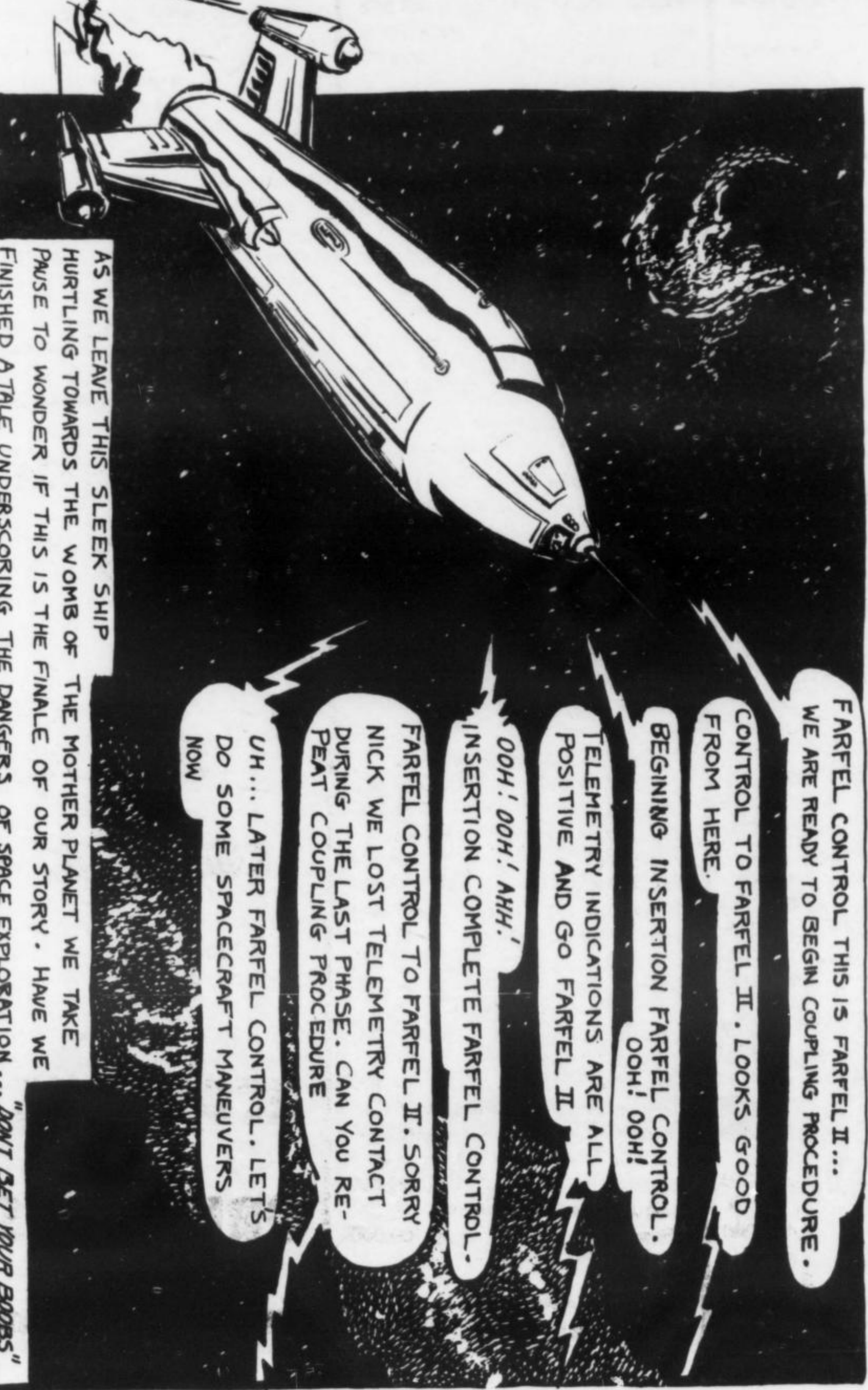
HEY LOOK AT THAT PLANT!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER! AND THERE'S A BUD ALMOST READY TO BLOOM.

LET'S BRING IT BACK TO EARTH!

WHY OF COURSE!

AT LEAST ONE GOOD THING SHOULD COME FROM THIS MISSION



AS WE LEAVE THIS SLEEK SHIP HURTLING TOWARDS THE WOMB OF THE MOTHER PLANET WE TAKE PAUSE TO WONDER IF THIS IS THE FINALE OF OUR STORY. HAVE WE FINISHED A TALE UNDERSCORING THE DANGERS OF SPACE EXPLORATION... "DON'T GET YOUR BOOBIES"

FARFEL CONTROL THIS IS FARFEL II... WE ARE READY TO BEGIN COUPLING PROCEDURE.

CONTROL TO FARFEL II. LOOKS GOOD FROM HERE.

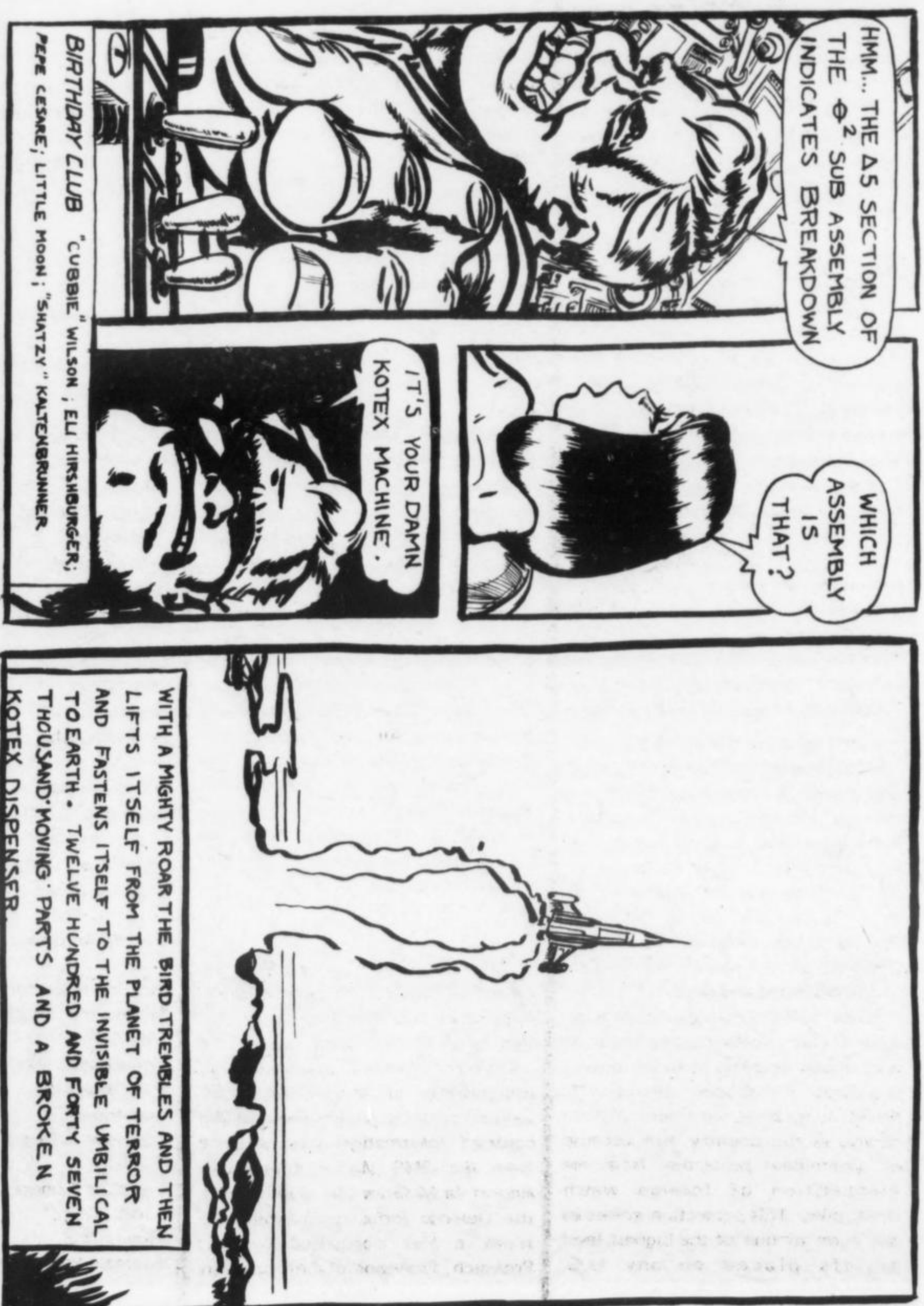
BEGINNING INSERTION FARFEL CONTROL. OOH! OOH!

TELEMETRY INDICATIONS ARE ALL POSITIVE AND GO FARFEL II OOH! OOH! AHH!

OOH! OOH! AHH! INSERTION COMPLETE FARFEL CONTROL.

FARFEL CONTROL TO FARFEL II. SORRY NICK WE LOST TELEMETRY CONTACT DURING THE LAST PHASE. CAN YOU REPEAT COUPLING PROCEDURE

UH... LATER FARFEL CONTROL. LETS DO SOME SPACECRAFT MANEUVERS NOW



HMM... THE A5 SECTION OF THE Φ^2 SUB ASSEMBLY INDICATES BREAKDOWN

WHICH ASSEMBLY IS THAT?

IT'S YOUR DAMN KOTEX MACHINE.

BIRTHDAY CLUB "CUBIE" WILSON, ELI HIRSHBERGER, PEPE CESARE, LITTLE MOON, "SMATZY" KALTENBRUNNER

WITH A MIGHTY ROAR THE BIRD TREMBLES AND THEN LIFTS ITSELF FROM THE PLANET OF TERROR AND FASTENS ITSELF TO THE INVISIBLE UMBILICAL TO EARTH. TWELVE HUNDRED AND FORTY SEVEN THOUSAND MOVING PARTS AND A BROKEN KOTEX DISPENSER

ONE HUNDRED & FIFTEENTH BOB DYLAN DREAM



by Alan Shenker

It must have been the bash. I mean I really can't think of any other possible cause. I'll have to ask Onion about it when I see him; but nobody's seen him since the night he slipped me the purple bash.

Onion is this friend of mine. He's a sort of off the wall cat who wanders around the East Side. He generally survives by street hustling, and selling bogus dope to kids from New Jersey; who in turn go home and convince each other how high they're getting. You probably have run into Onion yourself, and if you haven't you've seen him on the street.

Well anyway, one night last week Onion and I were walking down Second Avenue; admiring the chicks and avoiding the dog shit. Onion had picked up a little bread somewhere and he'd been treating me to egg creams all the way down from Fifth Fourth Street. When we reached thirteenth street we cut east and as we passed through a dark part of the block Onion slipped a crunched up piece of tin foil into my jacket pocket. When I turned to question him he whispered: "New shit, let me know if you like it."

Well, since just at that moment we'd reached the stoop in front of Onion's building; and it was starting to rain, I didn't ask him anything about it. I just thanked him, and giving the customary clenched fist-salute I split for points east.

But all this really has nothing to do with the real story, which happened last night.

I was really getting frantic. I had smoked the last of my stash a few days before; and early that day I had finished every last remnant of seed, and stem. Frantic isn't even the word for it. I mean you can say all you want about your psychological dependency; but with me it's an addiction. Man if I have to watch Dick Cavett straight my skin breaks out, yellow slime drips from my ears, and the hair on the right side of my head turns gray. So you can really dig why I was searching every last spot in my apartment where I may have dropped a few grains in more carefree days.

I was about to start sifting through the lint in my navel when an image of tin foil in jacket pocket flashes through my crazed brain; and before the last fading electrical impulse of this image jumped the synapses of my brain's associative areas;

my fingers were probing the jockets of that self same jacket.

Sure enough! The foil was there; and a good sized ball it was. As my fingers nervously unwrapped the silvery gift my lips were crying mighty shouts of praise for my great friend Onion. Just as I was nominating him for a seat at the right hand of god the shit pops out of the foil. It was a good size chunk too; about the size of Richard Nixon's prick, big enough to cover the fingernail on one of my pinkys.

Now there was only one problem. The hash was purple; and I don't mean one of your brownish purples. I mean the thing was bright purple, almost candy-appled, and it seemed to be glowing.

Now I have to tell you that I smoked this shit. I know that anybody who hadn't had a recent pre frontal lobotomy would avoid this type of action; but I really trusted Onion. He's probably the worst thief west of

Brooklyn; but he was always honest in all his drug dealings. I know that seems a little hard to believe in view of the fact that he's a burn artist; but Onion always had a simple answer for it.

"The shit I sell on the streets ain't dope," he'd say.

"It's Oregano, or catnip. I'm supposed to be righteous with that kind of stuff too?" He'd ask whenever the subject came up. "Shit I bet even Tim Leary ain't righteous with that crap."

Now since I'd never had any trouble with any dope I had ever bought from Onion; and since the shit did smell like hash; and especially since Al Capp had just walked onto the tube; and I was ready to smoke shoe polish, at the moment, to avoid his particular version of reality; I quickly broke off a small piece of the hash and took a few tokes.

The dope was amazing. It was something like the mythical Nepalese hash that walks around unaided, and writes sanskrit graffiti on the walls.

Three tokes on a pipe with a clogged screen; and everything was transformed. The television screen became the focal point of all perception. The flickering images became figures embodying pure truth and wisdom. Fortunately, the sound was turned down; and it didn't matter at all what brand of paranoia our cartoonist friend was putting across.

In a few moments (or was it

years?) I noticed that the high was still coming on; and I was quickly pulled into a whirling vortex of existence. At the center of this vortex was the most powerful rush ever felt by a conscious mentality. For an incredible length of time I tottered at the brink of cosmic consciousness. I was totally aware. I knew all the answers; and I laughed. I laughed at mankind. I laughed at myself; and I laughed at Stanley Kubrick for calling all the wrong shots. My laughter echoed through space/time in sounds and colors never even imagined; and I passed out.

The television woke me. I was still stoned; but no more so than I would have been with normal hash. The vertical hold on the set had slipped and the station test pattern was rushing down the face of the tube in manic succession.

I felt fine, still stoned, but fine. There was no headache as sometimes follows monster rushes. Checking the clock; and finding that there would still be a movie showing on one of the other channels; I switched the dial until I found Humphrey Bogart up to his neck in a river of leeches.

I was beginning to wallow in the familiar comfort of "The African Queen" when the screen faded and a series of commercials came on. It wasn't hard switching from the reality of World War I Africa to the reality of DeCarlo lots; and

(Continued on Page 20)

MR. AND MRS. AMERICA AND ALL THE SHIPS AT SEA...



ZLAGOBODINSKI KARSHOLSK PRESENTS THE OOZE OF THE WEEK

LIBERATION News Service

PARIS (LNS) — On the night of May 27, large-scale street-fighting broke out throughout the left bank of Paris. Earlier that day, two editors of a leftist magazine went on trial, accused of crimes against state security. That same day, the organization to which they belonged, La Gauche Proletarienne (The Proletarian Left) was officially banned.

Interior Minister Raymond Marcellin described La Gauche Proletarienne as "the most dangerous ultra-leftist" group in France. The organization consists of about 500 activists who call themselves Marxist-Leninists and publish the journal *The People's Cause*. The magazine has had three successive editions seized by the police.

The editors of the first two editions, Jean-Pierre le Dantec and Michel de Bris, both in their 20's, were arrested in April: the government claims that certain articles in their journal justify the use of "incendiary devices, explosives and murder."

After the two were arrested, Jean-Paul Sartre announced that he would assume the editorial position for the third edition of the magazine, thereby daring the French authorities to arrest him also, an action that could spark world-wide protest.

Instead of arresting Sartre, the government's Department of Justice opened proceedings on May 23 against "X", otherwise known, in this country, as "John Doe". They then proceeded to investigate, legally, both the magazine and the organization.

Since May of '68, when students and workers paralyzed the French capital, the government has passed increasingly repressive laws. But radical activity continues to escalate. In recent months, the kidnapping of government officials, wildcat strikes, bombings of police stations, tax offices and other government buildings, and massive student demonstrations have shaken the Pompidou administration.

The trial of Jean-Pierre le Dantec and Michel de Bris lasted only one day. Before the two were sentenced, the Judge asked of le Dantec:

"Do you believe in the honor of French law?"

Dantec replied: "I believe in popular justice."

Le Dantec was sentenced to a year in jail, Le Bris to 8 months. They left the courtroom with raised fists.

Two nights of heavy street fighting followed the trial. 487 arrests were made and eighty police injured on the first night (May 27). Fighting continued all afternoon and all night on May 28. Early that evening Marcellin went on television to assure the public that there would be no repetition of the events of May '68.

"This must stop," he announced. "The hour of justice is now. It is up to the courts to suppress all acts of violence which cannot be tolerated in a free country like France."

Police occupied a building of the Sorbonne "because," according to the Dean of the Faculty of Sciences, "the presence of armed bands posed a threat to the scientific installations in the building."

Students used catapults to hurl rocks at police from the roofs of buildings. During the fighting, a branch of the Banque de Nationale de Paris (France's Bank of America) was totally destroyed. No money was stolen. By the end of May 28, there were 250 more arrests and 100 — half of them police — were injured.

On May 29, a steady rain is falling on a Paris filled with police, armored cars, and bulldozers — at least until the weather clears, the fighting is suspended.

ANDY STAPP OF ASU WINS REVERSAL ON ARMY RULING

The Militant/
LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK (LNS) — An important victory was won May 14 in a test case involving the Army's right to victimize servicemen who have been active in anti-war and other activities by giving them less-than-honorable discharges.

Federal Judge Charles A. Tenney ordered the Army to change Andrew D. Stapp's Apr. 19, 1968, "dishonorable discharge" to "honorable." Stapp is a leader of the American Servicemen's Union (ASU).

Judge Tenney ruled that "since Stapp is charged with associations and beliefs and is not charged with any military misconduct or matters affecting his military record the allegations fail to state a basis for issuance of a less-than-honorable discharge."

Tenney ruled further that "it is impermissible for the military to punish an admittedly competent soldier merely because it disapproves of the company he keeps."

Stapp was represented by Dorian Bowman, counsel for the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee.

The victory in the Stapp case sets an important precedent for many other GIs who have been similarly victimized by the brass for anti-war views.

BLACK SOLDIERS BURN BARRACKS IN KOREA

LIBERATION News Service

POCHON, South Korea (LNS) — Some \$50,000 damage was done to a U.S. army barracks by about 50 black soldiers who were angrily responding to discrimination within the army.

The incident occurred in an army unit — one of hundreds of U.S. Army outposts throughout South Korea — located in Pochon, in South Korea's Kyonggi Province. Several black soldiers were arbitrarily denied passes by the brass, which led the black soldiers to call a meeting. After the meeting, five buildings in the barracks were set afire, according to a dispatch from the Korean Central News Agency.

LETHAL RIOT CONTROL GAS

WASHINGTON (LNS) — "Two Six-Packs to Go — Lost time can mean lost property." Twelve shining gas grenades complete with carrying case peered out of a recent ad in Police Chief magazine. And you can choose from three different flavors: CN, CS, and DM Sickening Gas.

CN and CS are not new to most of us. But DM is made for a different kind of "crowd control" — DM can kill. According to a U.S. Army training manual, DM (adamsite)

"is not approved for use in... any operation where deaths are not acceptable." DM may be used in military operations only "where possible deaths are acceptable."

YOUNG INDIAN WOMAN FOUND DEAD IN RIVER; FIGHTER FOR FISHING RIGHTS

LIBERATION News Service

FRANK'S LANDING, Washington (LNS) — Valerie Bridges, a 20-year-old Puyallup Indian, was found dead in mid-May in the Misqually River. Valerie had gone down to the river for a swim and did not return home. The sheriff's deputies who found her have not allowed the family to view her body since it was recovered.

The area of Frank's Landing has been the scene of intense disputes over fishing rights for many years. In the 1930's, the State of Washington began to usurp Indian treaty rights with the Federal government which had guaranteed them the right to fish from the accustomed fishing sites — a 30,000 year-old profession of these people.

In 1965, FISH-INS were organized with the support of more than 40 tribes and Indian organizations. Since the Indian protests began, Frank's Landing has been under surveillance by State officials, and there have been terroristic bombings. Valerie had been beaten and arrested illegally by State Police and Game and Fish Commissioners. She had said recently that she would no longer submit to illegal beatings, arrests and terrorism of State officials. She was to appear in court in June to answer charges of resisting arrest, after she used a club to defend herself against groping Game Officers.

No establishment media carried the story.



EARTH NEWS POETRY

ODE TO REICH



Wilhelm for you I would sit in the reverberation of the Last Supper
& still keep my eyes to the gentle look in the eyes of children,
for you I would make love to my girl
would keep her as the vent thru which I experience the world,
for you I would make her the terminal,
the station in which all the trains unload
with girls upon girls upon girls & fathers & old men & mothers,
but more, with my desire to be liked bundled in the guise of a stranger,
for you, I would keep her before me, keep
that need of the unknown unknown thru her,
& known in the rain that falls on me, in the sopping bed the poem is
alone in the landscape that you almost alone inhabit
We love & embrace in a lone bed set out in a meadow
Nearby a city of fire

Wilhelm for four years I have watched you alone in this century
kindling the heavens over that lone meadow bed,
for four years I have watched you daily rub off the soot from Baudelaire's
immortal lines: "Real civilization consists not in gas,
not in steam, nor in turning tables, but in the diminution of
the traces of original sin."

Concerned doctor, in workpants &
workshirt, in the photo I have of you page 173 in your *People In Trouble*
1934 in Sweden, in exile then in the full flow of your Aircan arrow
sprung from the bow of your breeding laboratory for butterflies when you
were 10, your ax-head Aircan profile looking intently then 37 years old at
something we know off the page,

in the page of the youth breathing
fully for the first time in his life on a cot you in the late twenties
moved around from the chair placed behind him,
to sit beside him and not use his dreams but to confront him,
I have this photo of you with hollyhocks & forsythia in the background,
you are in a meadow in a room with insects buzzing in the dry
rigid proneness of the youth on a cot on a hillock torridly maintaining
his emotions are an expression of his biology & that his biology is
expression of a cosmic energy, that
We love & embrace in a lone bed set out in a meadow
Nearby a city of fire

Wilhelm four years, but the count is vertical, four years Blake
with a tiny marginalia on Lavater, this like a roadmarker next to
Baudelaire: "But the origin of this mistake in Lavater & his contemporaries
is, They suppose that Woman's Love is Sin; in consequence all
the Loves & Graces with them are Sins." — you Wilhelm
making rain over these lines, scouring them from reason,
keeping the fine edges cut into stone sharp in man's infinite
times of trouble, in workpants & workshirt (this image is
very important) — your compassionate eye on Merton
soundlessly repeating his rounds in the circumscribed nature of
Trappist, Kentucky, speaking gently to him in your fury of
your text on Jesus: "The great mistake is not the curbing of
man's evil urges for free-for-all-fucking with dead genitals,
the great mistake is the burying of the very natural powers in
man's body which alone are capable of putting out of function the
perverted sex in mankind."

Ah, Wilhelm, what a tract your
arrowhead everywhere would lead me to, how difficult it is to
move you into the company of poets where for all centuries you
belong, there is so much cause, so much argument, so many
things to set straight, you with the medieval strangeness of
your simple theories, your orgone accumulator like a gigantic
slingshot before the castle, your hollow metal pipes bringing
rain down on dubious Tim Reynolds visiting a farmer in Michigan,
Tim told me I didn't believe he could make rain, he held the
pipes up to the bright sky and then we went in and drank beer,
it suddenly poured, an hour and when we left, a few miles away
the sun was again shining!

To call you a poet
is to deepen your place as an advance on
imagination, it is not to say you are not a doctor nor to slant

you so as to keep anyone from your meaning as a scientist,
it is the revolution of the identity of a person & his expression,
as such to make for Harry Lewis morality a function of intuition,
that these are not separable things, you urge me tonight
in a bar in New York City, as Breton must have felt Fourier
in a fresh bunch of violets at the foot of his statue in Paris
where he says it is rare for flowers to be laid, you urge me
before a friend of Caryl's, She is your bunch of violets Wilhelm,
The earth in its battle with jealousy and possession
This girl in her voluptuous body & pretty face scarred
with what you called "armor" sipping wine & wondering
What is my life? She came in her confusion to
enter the poem, for I would not go to Maine to stand
before your tombstone, but to allow her as a bunch of violets to
enter the poem and say Yes
I feel you next to me in Caryl &
I feel you before me as an emanation of something not
mine, and in the very wood bench
your imagination vibrating, a bunch of violets
at the foot of your statue which is
now at Vallejo's cross in the Andes
& in Baudelaire's prayer that he simply might be able to work
& in Breton's gentle hand years ago in New Mexico
writing his Ode to Fourier, these saint
poets recognize in their own trembling energies to be
Jesus in their own hearts, that peculiar pioneering
perhaps cosmic & fateful strength we know of you
through Aires, your glyph in the pulsating zodiac of
expansion contraction, the body of man
you as a bright Mars, come like Isaiah
out of the judgement of the wine vats of your own being,
you curved, as your arrow was not wont to curve, you
bent the drive of that arrow, how can I say it, — to bions,
to heat sand once you had seen what drove you, to
keep the thing out of system, to follow out the strange
crooked road, to keep moving outward, to keep perception
vital, to not backtrack in your later years & smudge
what I have called your clarification of Beulah,

Wilhelm, what I am
getting to is to somehow honor the clarification you
gave us of self-sacrifice, that the substance of love is
kept fresh in the death of feminine form, this happens in
that meadow, in the giving up of pride & possession, of
man & women allowing their bodies to convulse, to dissolve
truly thoughts & fantasies, this is the sacrifice Blake named
Eternal Death, to die there in joy with another, that that form
die, that the substance be liberated to find fresh form in
creation, We love & embrace in a lone bed set out in a meadow
Nearby a city of fire

this our brother William Blake named Eden, is creation &
in your unparalleled work you gently embrace the poets telling
them sexual hindrance is imaginative crippling,
how simply you now appear shoveling the hate out of our bodies,
you sturdy, in your workpants, with no mantle, no egg to
balance on your shoulders, you crying softly before
Vallejo's cross in the Andes on which you forever see
"Until I labor I in labor lie"
explaining to him in the gravel & dust that Beulah allows
the transmission, that creation is
not that struggle with the body,
that poetry is translation not just of language
but the passing of a psyche into new form.

Clayton Eschelman
20 March, 1970, New York City

we went to the cemetery you
happy birthday to a friend

12 american flags beat the
all beating the same way like
in the wind

the family has to keep buy
people steal them

the flag has always had a st

BY THE NARROW

in their cocoon coats
waiting for work
some do remember
in the clammy harbor dark a
unrealizable old icon
of moving clear water, croml
unclear

lift of light, morning
chords of red
rose-red, oran
tugboats crying, everything
threatens to explode

the garbage-can fires go out
and the dawn shadows go
and o my soul for you too

the memory comes dimmer,
at home in the sulphurous ai



(E)

ETS VISON

yesterday to sing
 and
 in a silent circle
 it was cold
 the new flowers
 like jets
 saying those flags
 vanish on their own
 strange effect on people
 living and dead
 unsigned

rows
 a fuzzed-up
 mechs, quahogs, something
 change
 mid-day
 r, animal
 air,
 busy.
 Armand Schwerner

pyote
 song
 "The Initiate"
 Huichol Indian (Mexico)
 climbed the blue staircase up to sky
 climbed where the roses were opening
 where roses were speaking
 heard nothing nothing to hear
 heard silence
 climbed where the roses were singing
 where the gods were waiting
 blue staircase up in the sky
 ut heard nothing nothing to hear
 heard silence silence
 English version by Jerome Rothenberg)

peace

PEACE

to Franny Winston

What to do
 when the days' heavy heart
 in the already darkening East
 surprises suddenly,
 where mellow light spreads
 The days' usual aggressive
 into a regular pace
 where pistons feel like legs
 take a walk, then,
 to meet the one certain person you've been counting on
 who will smile, & love you, sweetly, at your leisure.
 she turns your head around
 and make yourself a sandwich
 lots of it
 & write this,
 because you can.

having risen, late
 & prepared at any moment, to sink
 into the West
 & settles, for a time,
 at a lovely place
 evenly
 from face to face?
 contrary beat
 now softly dropped
 the head riding gently its personal place
 on feelings met like lace.
 Why,
 across this town. It's a pleasure
 to take your measure
 And if
 like any other man,
 go home
 of toasted bread, & ham
 with butter
 & sit down
 & have a diet cola,
 & sit down

TED BERRIGAN

ADDRESS TO MARS

Yes, I. m glad you noticed.
 I've been meaning to talk to you
 about this Human,
 War.

Now the birds, for example,
 get no chance
 to choose which side,

those birds are not the soul
 (flying off
 at the mouth again).

The birds just get
 bumped off
 as the gas escapes
 spreading
 rumor
 and stampeding
 the bugs.

I am hallucinating mice in these fields,
 rice;
 and from one corner,
 the fire sweeping
 over the water.

The world: a blaze!

I am eating ice cream.
 I don't have to worry.
 I am much better off.
 You might even say,
 I am no pilot,

above all this:

it's the planes have lost
 the eyes of our eagle;
 now, in their sightless flailing
 they are shooting for the beak.

I am collecting souvenirs.
 That's why I wear
 this red hand.

Let everyone know
 I still have blood.

In case
 anyone ever needs brothers.

Bill Little

east on 7th street
 like portraits, dusty oils, an old immigrant
 sitting behind each window

white monster garbage truck
 grinds up yesterday

grim tramp in the alley
 rummaging through cans
 drops a scrap into his burlap bag
 and totters away

sway-back pegasus
 moseying over toward the park

and a few spade cats
 bopping locomotive
 motherfucker-motherfucker-motherfucker-fucker

but the street a stream a stream

Mira! Mira!

kids dragging their girl friends
 into the open priapic hydrants

fast clouds over the hot day
 smell of moisture in the air
 and suddenly trees
 anxious and lively

below the imminent rain
 include girls dancing
 and a muffled rock beat

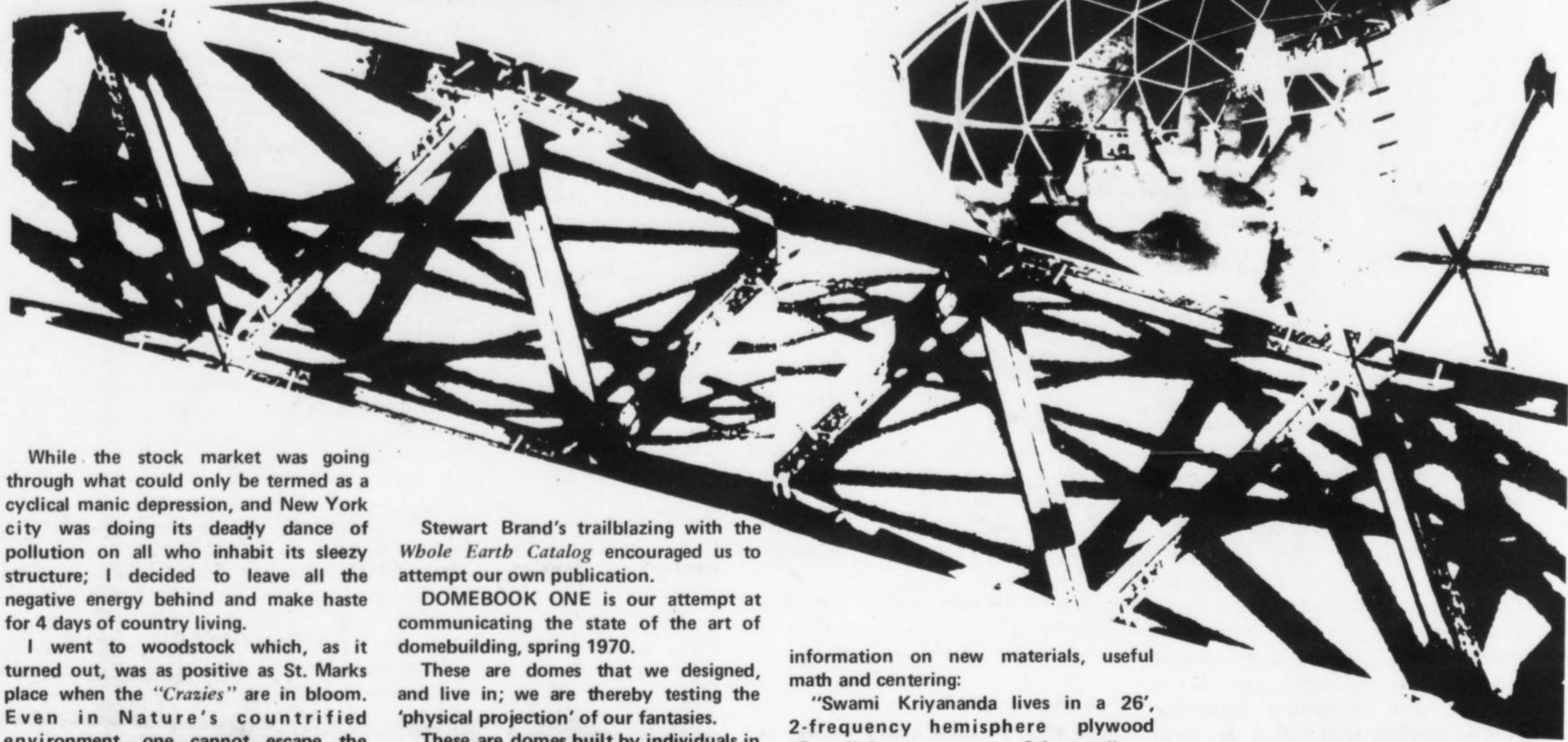
long hair tossing

saying climb on me

saying
 welcome to the sky

Violi

POOR PARANOIDS ALMANAC



While the stock market was going through what could only be termed as a cyclical manic depression, and New York city was doing its deadly dance of pollution on all who inhabit its sleezy structure; I decided to leave all the negative energy behind and make haste for 4 days of country living.

I went to woodstock which, as it turned out, was as positive as St. Marks place when the "Crazies" are in bloom. Even in Nature's countrified environment, one cannot escape the energy of other minds. And Woodstock proper has become the stamping ground for "city slickers" to leave all their negative ablutions behind.

Bullsbit is Bullsbit. Some of it can make the flowers grow. But a tree doesn't have to defend itself from mental vomit. So I decided to leave Woodstock proper behind and assault the woods alone.

The wonderful thing about Mother Nature is that it'll ignore you as long as you consciously integrate your being within her bosom. Don't bite the teat which feeds you, so to speak.

The point is, if you're going to make a mess (mental or otherwise) don't just clean up after yourself, plant it so that when it rises it doesn't turn around and destroy you and it with it.

Good Advice! No? But advice is cheap. What is needed is a book on such procedures and its results: *The Future, not History.* We need new environments to support our mental energy and direct them towards a positive way of living.

So here I was in the country throwing up on her green grass and trees from history's bends with only one thing going for me: a book called DOMEBOOK ONE:

"Ten domes were built in four months at an experimental high school in the California hills," the introduction read. Three of the domes were built almost entirely by 15-17 year olds.

The book was written and assembled shortly thereafter — in haste — as we are eager to communicate our experiences and discoveries.

The cycle so far has been something like this: need/ design/ build/ inhabit/ communicate/ need . . .

We hope to continue this process and publish another book as soon as enough new information assembles.

Send us your thoughts, discoveries, criticisms. If you build a dome tell us what it's like living in the new space.

We were inspired largely by R. Buckminster Fuller.

Stewart Brand's trailblazing with the *Whole Earth Catalog* encouraged us to attempt our own publication.

DOMEBOOK ONE is our attempt at communicating the state of the art of domebuilding, spring 1970.

These are domes that we designed, and live in; we are thereby testing the 'physical projection' of our fantasies.

These are domes built by individuals in the 70's that could well be prototypes for future industrial production of low-cost housing.

New life contained within new geometrical shapes and patterns. Shelters designed and built with beauty, efficiency and grace. A skin instead of a roof overhead, a light membrane protecting you from the rain. Symbols of quick escape from the cities. Economical and orderly use of materials. Minimum violation of land. A structural system so simple that anyone willing to exercise a reasonable amount of care and 'quality control' can build his own shelter.

These factors now cause domes to emerge:

1) New materials, partially a fall-out from the space program, are now available to everyone. Silicone caulks, polyurethane foam, clear ultra-violet resistant flexible vinyl, etc. These are needed to make domes work.

2) A simple and efficient geometry for spheres — geodesics — is now readily accessible (herein).

3) An overwhelming desire for new forms, circumvention of the utter inefficiency and wastefulness of the 'craft and graft' building industry, and a newly-emerging lifestyle."

DOMEBOOK I is an unbelievable book. It is so totally integrated that you cannot separate the mechanical, scientific and geometrical information from the human kind. Using photography and geometrical drawings and actual field experience (including mistakes) in a layout of visual simplicity and beauty, there is the overwhelming experience of the actual building and living of a *spiritual* environment that is communicated through this unique book.

There are chapters and notes on *shop yoga*, spherical trigonometry, drilling, cutting, squashing, radial floor construction, sealing, paint, how to build windows, doors, vents, interiors, Fuller patents, notes on the building inspector,

information on new materials, useful math and centering:

"Swami Kriyananda lives in a 26', 2-frequency hemisphere plywood "Pease" dome, set up on a 3 foot wall.

When Kriyananda was in India, a number of years ago, he was thinking about various structures and which would be best suited for meditation.

A rectilinear structure is too often confining and can give one the feeling of being boxed in.

An arched ceiling is better still but still confining and heavy.

A dome ceiling like in the great cathedrals, he thought, is still better but still there is the heaviness and great walls and size. A geodesic dome is by far the best. It is truly an extension of the mind and resembles the Sahasrara or Lotus of a Thousand Petals, our seventh chakra located at the top of our heads."

There are ten different types of domes illustrated and experimented on in DOMEBOOK I; each person contributing their experiences with it as well as their new found knowledge. One builder in a revealing and self-explanatory note on *About Plywood Domes* warns quite beautifully and simply:

"The domes are easy to build, but you must exercise great care and take your time, as a dome won't tolerate funk."

There is also the direct advice of each author to build a model first but also the warning:

"However, don't get so involved with models that you never try a real structure."

There are many such wisdoms, grown out of the actual experience of dome building, which makes this book more than the art of building but the art of living as well. Small lightning flashes of epiphany surrounded by shapes and numbers. In the chapter explaining *How to put up a dome*, there is suddenly this gem:

Women bake bread and prepare food for when it's completed. You'll want to spend some time sitting inside the skeleton. Pick a nice day. Invite a lot of friends."

And in the chapter on building a Pacific Dome, there is this little advice to wait before *skinning* the dome to cover the skeleton:

"You should wait a while, sleeping under framework, seeing where the morning sun rises and planning carefully where to admit light."

And then there are passages and lines which are pure poetry and as important and an integral part of what these people are telling us:

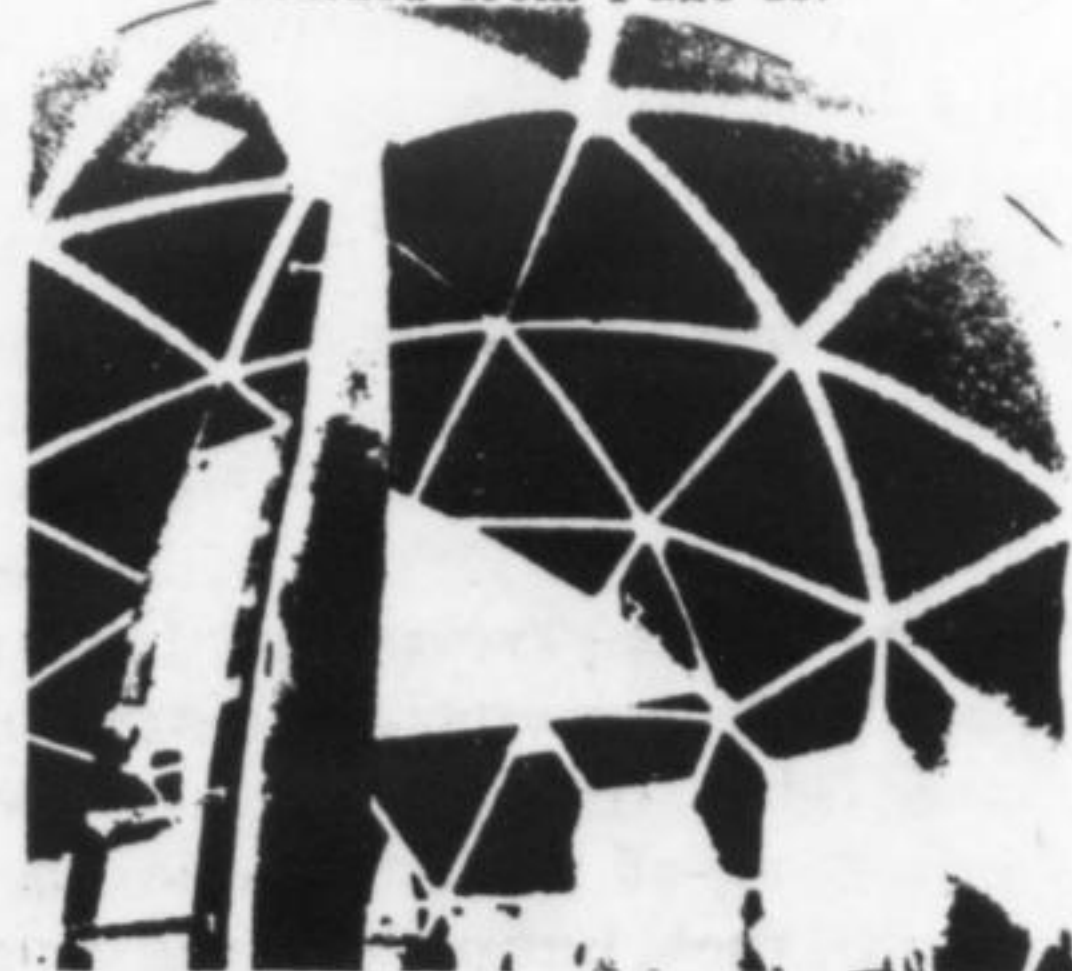
"I often think of a dome as a boat hauled ashore and turned upside down."

Or, "Last night the wind howling around us, fire burning in the little \$15 Ward's woodstove. Moon was almost full, trees were dancing, bending, whirling to the wind. Strange sensation: we were warm, outside was cold, and we felt the *skin* of our dome protecting us from the cold, yet still allowing ample visibility. It feels very delicate; we've spun a thin light

membrane over our heads. It's similar to walking into the woods with a backpack. As you start climbing you realize you have all you need for a week, in 40 pounds on your back — it's exhilarating."

In the chapter on Costs, the simple equation of materials and costs for 1969-70 of three different types of domes, not including labor, all of a sudden turns into a found poem:

(Continued from Page 18)



male chauvinism in rock

RIPOFF
by Karin Berg



Has anyone come up with a better term than "male chauvinism" yet? If you have, write. I've been trying to, with no luck. I glimmer one of the reasons is because of the nature of the oppression. The masculine (read unfettered) ambiance often carries with it a certain callous wit, an ability to be offhand—*unlaborious*. I once gave serious consideration to calling male chauvinists "faggot." I have stopped using it in regard to homosexuals when it was brought home that it was derogatory and it was my own uptightness regarding homosexuality that called the term to mind. Right on, GLF. (For those in the hinterlands, that's Gay Liberation Front.) Also meeting more and more together homosexual and bisexual men, it becomes more and more apparent that the dangerous hatred and oppression of women comes from the so-called heterosexual camp. And I *do* want to use a derogatory term for those motherfuckers (word play intentional) who keep stepping on my spirit. *Get offa my cloud!*

Male chauvinism or male ego-tripping in rock music will ease—it will have to. It's getting so ridiculously pathetic—you sometimes either have to giggle or sigh with boredom as a white rock blues ace steeped in the "stud syndrome" gets into his heavy mach-nations onstage—and off. We been there. Let's move on.

It served its purpose. One night in the early days of rock, watching The Animals go through mania on Ed Sullivan, my old man (black) burst out laughing. "Lord, those poor white boys have been just *dyin'* to cut loose. They've been so up tight for so long they don't know which way to jump first."

For quite some time, it cannot be denied, young white people were just not very groovy. Being female, I note men in particular. (Alright, Latimer, you win—it was the Beatles that pushed the revolution here.) There was no soul or sexiness in their walk. Trying very hard to look as though you would shit only clean glass turds, if your bowels moved at all. And no one knew how to fuck, but perhaps the varied ways to have sexual intercourse,

body juices spent in the first several minutes. Body—*what body?* Repeat after me: bodies are dirty, all bodily functions are dirty, all bodily needs are dirty. There now, don't you feel better?

A generation said no, I don't feel better at all. And some young musicians in Liverpool listened to black music and got a handle on what was wrong and what was right.

It was really great. All those gorgeous, longhaired, sexy men. All over the place. Beautiful rock musicians. And it didn't have naught to do with what you had, but what you did with it. Short hair often makes for homely. Discovery: if you enjoy yourself and enjoy your body you can be sexy. If you could get it together, you could laugh off what the magazine beauty culture said all Beautiful People should have, pluperfect Beautiful Everything.

But there was a regression along the way. Where were the women? Relegated to canary/chick singer or backstage as groupie, to serve with balling or blow job. Women were excited by the changes too, so they got into it where they could—I can't really knock women of the culture who opted to be groupies; all of us, men and women around the culture, were groupies on one form or another. We all knew it, though Lillian Roxon was the first to write about it honestly.

Mick Jagger wasn't sexy, he was erotic. He was sex, he spanned genders. Jim Morrison came from America, America still with a "c." he was supersex too. Odd to refer to them in the past tense. They're still there, they're still singing, wailing away. Morrison, lizard king, has had the intelligence to shed his former skin. Jagger will not be able to go through his old number and get the same reaction. Iggy Stouge has already been named the new rock sex icon, but his sexiness doesn't come from the old formula of alienation which called for a male untouchable on the proscenium stage to promote fantasies bigger than performance. Iggy's sexiness carries involvement with it, he won't *stay* onstage, playing the removed, above-it-all surly cunt-teaser. (Continued on Page 19)

Photo Joseph P. Stevens

how the means sometimes fuck up the end

by Jackie Friedrich

You see, there was this Guerilla Theatre Coordinating Committee that was meeting to plan a take-over of Lincoln Center—specifically the hall in which "The Who" were performing their last concert of "Tommy." At the end of the performance, the guerillas were to have infiltrated the theatre and then announce the take over, showing those not making a run for the exit before the onslaught of pigs, how much better the Met would be if it were to be free rather than run by a board of trustees who take a tax loss from their war profits by producing "La Traviata" and such relics for their own enjoyment.

A list of demands and accusations were in the making. Several of the demands were: 1) that those with financial interest in the war (here and abroad) either get out of those financial interests or out of so-called community cultural centers; 2) that each edifice in the Lincoln Center complex split its week, with 2 free nights for us (whoever "Us" are), 2 for the community surrounding Lincoln Center and those displaced by the building of Lincoln Center, and 2 for the present subscribers; 3) that "we" have our own representatives on their board of trustees to keep them from spending outrageous sums on museum pieces such as the aforementioned "La Traviata", and other atrocities.

Some heavy rhetoric started coming down, as usually happens at meetings, and restlessness set in. Political ideology is never a good thing to get hung up on, especially on a sunny memorial day.

Well, it was decided that more people would be needed and more commitments made to effectively take over Lincoln Center and that that action would require several months of planning. So the action found itself postponed until September or October.

But, shit, "The Who" were giving their final performance of "Tommy"—we can't let that momentous event pass by unnoticed or without some form of celebration, sending them off to greater fields of riches and glory. Maybe they'll write another rock opera called "Dickie."

So it was decided that a free rock concert would be planned. Local groups who play in the parks and Guerilla theatres would be there. A Be-In at Lincoln Center, Sunday June 7 at 11 PM.

How to get people? Well, let's say some top rock groups will be there. Spell their names wrong maybe. Shit, let's say the cast of "Hair" is coming—nah, their big thing is pollution and acne, not property.

(Continued on Page 18)

by Claudia Dreifus

In 1962, Mark Lane gave every indication of being one of the up and coming "figures" that New York Democratic Party had seen in many a decade. A year and a few head-on clashes with the political establishment later, Lane was out of the Assembly — a victim of a tiff with Smiling Rocky Rockefeller. For a while Lane worked as a civil rights attorney and then, when John Kennedy was assassinated, he launched a one-man investigation into the death of the President. What he discovered was that there was more to Dallas, November 22, 1963, than the Warren Commission was willing to tell the world. Putting together notes from his investigation, he wrote the brilliant best-seller "Rush to Judgement." After "Rush . . ." hit the bookstalls, the credibility of the Warren Report was forever destroyed — that was the kind of book it was. Impact? One of the readers of "Rush to Judgement," was New Orleans's D.A. Jim Garrison, and Garrison himself concedes that the book was instrumental in getting him going on the Clay Shaw case. Lane went to New Orleans last winter to work with Garrison. Before that, he travelled coast to coast telling people that the government lies. His profession changed from politician to free-lance literary muckraker/ lawyer/ film-maker/ pamphleteer. A far cry from the staid chambers of the New York State Assembly.

In Florida last year, Lane learned of the case of James Richardson, a black citrus fruit picker sentenced to death for the murder of his seven children. The case somehow didn't make sense. It didn't fit. So Mark Lane decided to bring the very same investigating tools he had used in the Kennedy case . . . to work in an

attempt to find out who really killed James Richardson's children. What Lane discovered was a conspiracy by the power structure of Arcadia, Florida to send an innocent man to his death. "Arcadia" (\$6.95 — Holt Reinhardt and Winston,

ARCADIA an expose by mark lane

photographs by Carolyn Mugar) is Mark Lane's expose of the plot of the local officials of De Soto County to assassinate James Richardson, fruit picker and uppity black man. The book is horrifying and dramatic. It's also true.

Lane begins on October 25, 1967, with seven children arriving nearly dead at the Arcadia General Hospital. The children had eaten a lunch of grits soaked in parathion poison. By that afternoon, all the children are dead. Richardson, stricken with grief, forgets his place and demands that Sheriff Frank Cline find the murderer. Cline first ignores the pleas, but when the national media starts demanding copy on the case, he arrests Richardson. Cline tries the case in the press. He even wins an award from *Official Detective Magazine* for his efforts. Cline tells the press that he knows the motive: insurance. He says that Richardson took out a \$10,000 life insurance policy on the kids the night before they died. Though, in the course of the trial, it turns out that Richardson had no policy at all — that he had only been visited by a door-to-door insurance salesman the night before, the damage is done. All all white jury sends James Richardson to Death Row at Raiford State Prison.

What does Lane really think happened? He won't say for sure. He just insinuates. After having spent more than nine months researching the case, after having interviewed more than a hundred and fifty witnesses, after having studied every

detail of the trial transcript, Lane can, however, say with certainty that "James Richardson could not have killed his children."

Who did it then? According to Lane, the last person to feed the children was a neighbor named Besse Reese. Mrs. Reese has a record for murdering her first husband with poison and shooting her second one. Her third husband, Johnny King, once went to Jacksonville with Richardson and never returned. In Jacksonville, he met Richardson's cousin, whom he fell in love with and he abandoned Besse Reese. Mrs. Reese, in turn, swore that she would "get" Richardson. Why was Besse Reese never even considered a suspect in the case. She did, after all, have a motive. Lane claims it is because of a "friendship" between one of Mrs. Reese's daughters and the Sheriff. Says Lane, "I think we know who did it and I think we can prove it — if we could win another trial."

Mark Lane wrote "Arcadia" with the hope that the book would create enough concern to pressure Florida officials into ordering a new trial. "I went to Florida State Prison at Raiford," Lane said in a recent EVO interview, "and it was perhaps the worst experience of my life. I was able to get in to see Richardson by getting myself accredited as one of his

attorneys. He cried the whole time I was interviewing him. To Richardson, a leacon, who spends most of his time now praying and reading the Bible, the loss of his children is an even more tragic fate than the electric chair. He misses them terribly. He can't understand why anyone would think he had killed them."

Northern radicals will no doubt be critical of Lane's expose of Southern justice. One militant friend who had just finished reading "Arcadia" complained that the book was nothing more than "liberal sop." "Why go to Florida," he said, "to find injustice. There's plenty of it right here in New York. Why didn't Lane do a book on the Panther trial?" And of course my friend has his point. But Lane didn't write the book as a self-righteous Northerner out to expose the Southern legal system. He wrote it to save James Richardson's life.

"When I went to Raiford," Lane told me, "they showed me the electric chair. It was a kind of 'treat' for visitors. The guard kept telling me that this new, modern electric chair was really an improvement over the old one. It didn't leave burn marks and the burnt flesh didn't stink up the whole prison. He explained the whole process to me: how the prisoner is brought out and given a new suit of clothes for his death; how a man dressed in a black robe and a black mask comes out and pulls the switch; and how twelve men sit in a witness box to watch the execution. When I asked him where they got the twelve witnesses from, he guard told me that people write in from all over the state for the privilege. The guard said that the warden had a long waiting-list of prospective 'witnesses'. I vomited after I saw the execution chamber. Maybe that's why I wrote the book — to deprive the witnesses of their deathly pleasure."

communications from the home front



Five Tons Of Flax

Dear EVO — Hi! I just read your May 5, or was it later, or earlier, issue of EVO and I just wanted to say congratulations to the staff for their marvellous meanderings into the wonderful world of obscenity, in their euphoristic remarks on RMN, otherwise known as Motherfucker — to friends and enemies alike. Your sizing up of his character and personality, as well as his role in history and the universe, was quite nicely put. I'd say it could be toned up a little, a bit less polished perhaps, and vastly more concise. In fact it could all fit into one word. That word, unfortunately, has not yet been created. I suggest you create it, submitting it afterwards to Funk & Wagnalls for review. It seems a great problem today, the quick aging of newly adopted words, and indubitably Funk &/or Wagnalls will snap up the chance to coin one after trying it out on interoffice memo.

Is the Toronto Peace Festival coming off? Is D.A. Latimer a good ball?

PS — Did I ever mention that to not get your car impounded after being arrested in New Orleans for sleeping you should drive directly to the impounding area (listed POLICE IMPOUNDING AREA) & sleep? (Before being arrested, of course).

Say something nice about Open City in Detroit? Brevity. Love, Peace, Happiness, Denver Bus Stations, Sueda

Ed: Words: Thief, brigand, cutpurse, thug, child molester? Toronto Peace Festival: Avoid it, pig ripoff. Latimer: very bad lay, never comes, stays hard all night, never comes once. Open City: Tough kickass heavy dope-and-politics sheet, could use better visuals though. N'Yawlins: Thanx for the tip.

Detects Friction?

Dear EVO — Over the past few issues of your periodical, I've noticed traces of what looks like a certain amount of dissent among your staff. First of all, there was that article by Renfreu Neff about New Haven, and then the following week there appeared a note by three other staff members disassociating themselves from that article. Also in that issue, Renfreu Neff continued writing about New Haven, adding some observations and clarifying a few points, it seemed. Then in the next issue, Miss Neff took umbrage against "proscenium drama reviewers," of which there are more than a few on the East Village Other staff. What this looks like to me is that there might be some friction on your staff. Am I right?

Roger Armbruster Southwest Village

Ed: By golly, you should just come up here some time and see the staff with their arms about each other, singing old Fifties rock tunes in beautiful choral harmony. You'd soon learn different.

Prefers Pigs

Dear EVO — Are the members of the "Peace & Happiness Commune of Lower Chelsea, namely Claudia Dreifus, D.A. Latimer, Sidney Weinheiner" engaged in communal sex too, besides communal writing? We know D.A. Latimer is an honorable pervert, but that's really disgusting! Pigs are better! James Tudor Bowers

Ed: Mr Latimer, who is indeed engaged in communal sex, but elsewhere than in Lower Chelsea, agrees with you that pigs are indeed better. But better than what, we'd like to know? (Claudia says she never met Latimer, and was speaking on hearsay.)

Patriotism Exposed As Hoax

Dear EVO — It would appear that those construction workers were even better organized than I thought (according to TIME they received full pay — could this be where the term "professional demonstrator" came from?) The reason the hard hats are painted different

colors is color coding — so workers can be told apart from foremen, etc. (When they were building the Prudential building in Boston, they had placed about once every hundred feet little charts explaining which color of hats stood for what rank of worker — as I recall, yellow or orange was the lowest rank.)

It might be a good idea to find someone on friendly terms with a construction worker and have him find out what color stands for what rank. It would also be a good idea to point out to these people that the war in Vietnam, in addition to biting the hearts out of their paychecks and killing their sons, is causing a recession and that one of the first things that businesses cut back on is new construction — which means layoffs and less work for all concerned. (The image that comes to mind is one of turkeys demonstrating in favor of axe manufacturers — or horses supporting dog food makers.) However, you don't have to be a shrink to figure out what fucked these people up.

In virtually all public schools in the USA the elementary grades (and a sizeable percentage of junior and senior high schools) are taught by women, with the result that school and intellectual activity in general tends to be regarded as feminine (ex, calling the college students,

Mayor Lindsay and anyone else who appears intellectually oriented as "faggots"). Fortunately for the country, the world, etc., this tends to be neutralized by paternal interest in school activity (even if it consists of merely giving the kid hell for a lousy report card).

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America



believe it (despite daily exposure to the contrary) and then accept it unquestioningly. When this is done in any other country it's called "Brainwashing." Here it's called "infusing patriotism."

So all the establishment (Nixon & Co.) has to do is first make sure that there are plenty of American Flags about and they can convince the construction workers (and other friends) to do anything. After 20 years of non-stop bombardment of "Reds did this, Reds did that" and "Kill a Kommie for Kriste" from assholes like Billy Graham and they're likely to do anything (such as blindly attacking anything with the color red on it — like red cross flags — a symbol many of those who are Vets undoubtedly liked having around when under fire in WWII, Korea, Vietnam, ad nauseam).
Bruce Snowdon
Belmont, Mass.

Ed: But you'll never see 'em spit on the flag, bub. Not like some.



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CODFISH

DEPOSITION



Jap scoff

by Jackie Diamond

It is not often that I shop at an International Supermarket. The A&P is more my style, particularly the one on Fourteenth and Avenue A, where the most delectable pork chops can be gotten for 79 cents a pound. No shit. With a little of that orange-flavoured Saucy Susan (49 cents a jar), I can pick up some pre-frozen Collard Greens and, given a little luck, serve up a truly savoury supper for myself and Karin. Being a Liberated Male — rather, the consort of a Liberated Woman — isn't so complicated, and in fact it may serve as an introduction to a whole new dimension of economics which one had hitherto ignored. The A&P, for instance, is the cheapest place in town to shop, its only drawback being that the customers are often more damaged than the fruit. Remarkably enough, few of them seem to have any more money than I do, which perhaps accounts for the A&P's reluctance to cash checks in amounts higher than \$20. The only times I shop at International Supermarkets, then, is when I'm hung for a weekend with little cash, and have to cash a monster check.

But even the International is no privileged refuge of intellectual snobbery, and sometimes I encounter problems. Just last week, after a quick tour of the frozen food section, I had an immense problem with the manager of the place. This stout gentleman, looking over my little yellow Customer's Card and

comparing it to my check, put it to me rather nastily that the signatures on these two respective documents differed rather suspiciously. I could see no reason for this, nor for the manager to be so unpleasant, especially insofar as a week earlier he had bent my ear for 20 minutes with an unprecedentedly chummy account of his union's medical plan.

Now, abruptly, he seemed never to have clapped eyes on me before, as if I were the man from Mars, or Floral Park. Perhaps it was my new ponytail, tied with the fragments of an American Flag, that threw him off. In any case, he demanded documentation of my credit, throwing me into a rage which I suppressed only out of fear of humiliating myself before some tall, elegant-looking woman who was watching this exchange from a distance, behind a stack of Keebler Crackers (27 cents a box) from the rear of the store.

Unable to continue any longer, for fear of murdering the poor beggar in a fit of extreme displeasure, I repaired to a corner telephone booth and called my friends Claudia Dreifus and Sidney Weinheimer, who live just down the block and themselves share the check-cashing privileges of the International. When they have the money to cover the checks. Out of a reluctance to brave all the machismo between home and the supermarket, Claudia declined to appear; Dr. Weinheimer, however, agreed to come down and bring along his own little

(Continued on Page 21)

You can usually slide for under a dollar in procuring a good hearty meal in Japan. Especially in Tokyo where there are thousands of restaurants to choose from. There are Chinese and Korean restaurants in Tokyo as well as the unending variety of their own indigenous cuisine. Rice is the main staple and grown in every available square foot of land, but they're into a lot more than rice.

Practically every resaturant in Tokyo has a glass case outside filled with plastic replicas of the food to be had within. There is no problem with language barriers, you just grab the waiter, drag him outside and point at what you want. Looking for a place to eat becomes window shopping and it's really far out. The plastic molds are very trippy; you can't tell whether they used the real food and sprayed the entire thing with plastic, or whether they started from scratch with the plastic. In any event they are painted up to look exactly like the real thing. They've got plastic molds for every imagineable Japanese dish and such Western items as

hamburgers and coca colas (even the bubbles) are represented as well. After looking at mold upon dusty mold I often wondered whether the colorful dish in front of me originated in the plastic or in the pot. It is a classic example of life imitating bad art when the restauranteers would go out of their way to present the food exactly like the molds.

But outside of Tokyo, in the smaller villages, there are no glass cases outside the restaurants. It is even hard to figure out where the restaurants are, much less what they serve. You're on your own in these towns and the best way of eating is to wait until meal time, when the restaurant is full, then go in and walk around to all the tables and see what everyone else is eating, and if you see something interesting, point it out to the waiter. You end up eating a lot of weird food, sometimes not even knowing what it is, but that's where adventure is at. In big cities like Tokyo and Kyoto

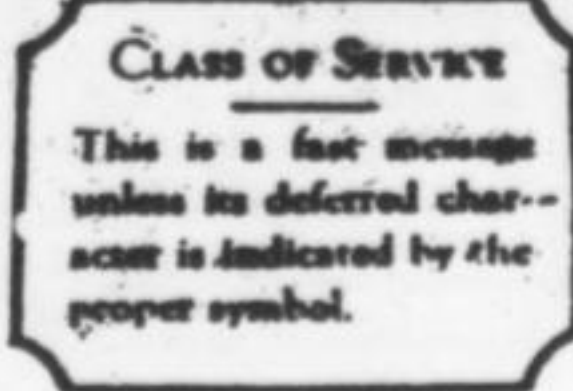
(Continued on Page 21)



INTERGALACTIC UNION

DOPOGRAM

JUNE 9 1970



HI BROTHERS AND SISTERS

FOR QUITE SOME TIME, EVERYBODY KNOWS ON JULY 4TH INDEPENDENCE DAY, THE DOPERS, HEADS, POTSMOKERS, HIPPIES, FREAKS, PLAN TO STAGE DEMONSTRATION - SMOKE IN - IN WASHINGTON, D.C. "WHAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR GEORGE WASHINGTON IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR US," W.C. FIELDS SAID IN ONE OF HIS MOVIES. ABBIE HOFFMAN IS, IN HIS FUNCTION AS A BODYGARD TO GRACE SLICK, AFTER BEING REFUSED ADMITTANCE INTO THE WHITE HOUSE, ANNOUNCED "DICK, WE WILL SEE YOU JULY 4TH. AND THERE WILL BE 100,000 OF US." WHY ONLY 100,000? DOESN'T EVERYBODY UNDER 30 IN THIS COUNTRY SMOKE?

WHERE ARE THE 100,000 COMING FROM?

IS THIS A "LEGAL" DEMONSTRATION?

IF SO, WHO HAS ASKED, WHO HAS GRANTED PERMISSION? PERMISSION? BULLSHIT.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE PERMISSION JOKE?

THE RUMOUR GOES, 1,000,000 - ONE MILLION - JOINTS ARE GOING TO BE DISTRIBUTED. JOINTS ROLLED IN PAPER WITH A DESIGN INSPIRED BY THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN IF ONLY 5,000 PEOPLE SHOW UP?

QUESTIONS TO BE CONSIDERED NOW:

OF COURSE, WE ALL SHOULD BE THERE. IMAGINE 20 MILLION BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE HEADING TO D.C.

TRICKY DICK, MRS. MITCHELL, COPS, PARENTS, LAW AND ORDER - TOTAL FREAKOUT.

RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE - HIGH, BEAUTY, JOY, LIFE, FUTURE

UNLESS WE ALL, THE UNDERGROUND MEDIA, THE DEALERS, THE PEOPLE, THE REVOLUTIONARY SPEED UP THE CAMPAIGN FOR OUR RIGHTS - UNLESS WE ALL COME TOGETHER - MARCH TOGETHER, SMOKE TOGETHER, GET HIGH TOGETHER, - THE WHOLE PLAN IS UTOPIA WITH POSSIBLE HEAVY CONSEQUENCES.

ONE MONTH, LITTLE TIME TO THINK, TO ORGANIZE, TO ANSWER OPEN QUESTIONS, TO GET OUR SHIT TOGETHER.

DOPE NEWS: TWO THOUSAND POUNDS MEXICAN REGULAR, \$120 PER POUND - YOU NEED A LOT TO GET HIGH. FIFTY

BRICKS - 28 OUNCES EACH OF GOOD WEED, \$250 PER BRICK. NINETY POUNDS OF LEBANESE BLOND, MEDIUM

QUALITY, \$750 PER POUND. FORTY POUNDS MORROCAN BROWN, NOTHING SPECIAL, \$710 PER POUND. PSILOCYBIN

MESCALINE I, 50 SUNSHINE. PLANT YOUR SEEDS, DO IT NOW. OM.

PS RADIONEWS, MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1970, 6am 6AM: THE PENTAGON ANNOUNCES 72 000 INVESTIGATIONS IN DRUG

CASES. IT IS PRESUMED, THE PENTAGON TALKS ABOUT MARIHUANA AND LSD. RIGHT ON, BROTHERS.

WOLFGANG

(Continued from Page 4)

of a confused, slightly brain-damaged generation of rock addicts. Why, he's known Jerry Rubin since he was *this high*... So sweet. So down-to-earth. So downright down.

This is pretty grotesque. What Bill Graham is, see, is a dollar-eating creep-o. Because of him and men like him, the rock business today is a gruelling, mechanical, soul-destroying racket that rips off the finest talent of our times. I'm just a writer, I'll never touch people like Jim Morrison has touched people: look what's happened to Morrison. James Taylor is the most incredibly beautiful music-poet our generation is likely to produce: look where he spends his time

between road tours. People should be dancing in the streets, kicking ass: they get fucked up on dope and pay \$5.50 to sit for three hours in the Fillmore East. They should tear the fucker down, trash it. They should kick Graham out on his easy macho ass and let him burn to death by his own metabolism, bug-eyed, tongue-dry, twitching.

No, Bill Graham is not in it for the money: he's there for the *power*. He can get you assholes to sit still while *music* is being played, and that's power, pure and sadistic. If you'll sit still for Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, you'll sit still for Jackson, Augusta, Orangeburg & Kent State. And we did.

POOR P.

(Continued from Page 14)

Bubble Dome

20' diameter 5/8 sphere vinyl pillow dome

Floor area: 314 sq. ft.

Volume: about 2600 cu. ft.

Floor	about	\$160.00
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vinyl pillows		225.00
inflation (nitogen)		5.00
springs, bolts, nuts, etc.		20.00
Filon panels		96.00
alum angle		30.00
PVC pipe for clamps		26.00
lightning rod		5.00
misc.		20.00
Fig Newtons		12.00
Total Cost		\$664.00

The best way I can sum up my experiences reading DOMEBOOK I is to quote from R. Buckminster Fuller:

"Within decades we will know whether man is going to be a physical success around earth, able to function in ever greater patterns of local universe or whether he is going to frustrate his own success with his negatively conditioned reflexes of yesterday and will bring about his own extinction around the planet earth. My intuitions foresee his success despite his negative inertias. This means things are going to move fast." Move fast by sending \$3.00 to: Pacific Domes, Box 1692, Los Gatos, Ca. 95030.

THE MEANS

(Continued from Page 15)

Then, when the people are there, tell them that the plaza belongs to all of us, and we will make theatre and music there. Crash there. Fuck the name groups. We're better. Bring the community to its supposed cultural center and let the vultures see what we really look like. Who knows? Maybe they'll join us. The fountain was always nicer than the logo anyway.

An ad for this concert was brought to EVO late Sunday night. It was taken on faith.

Wednesday EVO received a phone call from Kip Cohen of the Fillmore East. (Bill Graham is producing the "Who" concert). I don't really know what went down in that phone call, but I got visions of lawsuits from a rightfully angry duo of Katzman and Kohn.

Jaakov initially used some words like "spoiled brattism" and "ego trip." I don't think those were the case. Spoiled brats? Why? The only spoiled brat reaction I could conceive of in this situation would be one where someone who couldn't get a ticket to "Tommy" decided to give a better concert at the same time. But I

think many feel that not seeing "Tommy" is about the same as not going to your senior prom. And hopefully, the "Tommy" audience, upon leaving the overpriced Met, would find a free concert with no name groups more enjoyable. And since nobody had arranged to take any credit or get any publicity, I don't see this as an ego trip. It may have been foolish, yes, but chalk it up to boredom and frustration with present modes of dissent, and more particularly, those meetings planning the form of that dissent, which led to prankism.

I really couldn't grasp the possibility of lawsuit threats actually materializing. Must a newspaper take on the responsibility of its ads? Would these rock groups, with their "messages," allow their managers to prosecute an underground paper or a guerilla theatre? I don't know.

At any rate, a member of the guerilla group called several FM stations to clear up the issue. The receptionist at WNEW-FM didn't think the man in charge of public service messages would deem it of public service to relay a message that ran something like this: "There was an ad in the current issue of 'The East Village Other' for a free rock concert on Lincoln Center Plaza at 11PM on Sunday, June 7, naming three top rock groups. This ad was fraudulently placed. The EVO staff were not aware that those groups were not to be playing. There will be rock groups there, and guerilla theatres, but people should be aware of what they're getting into. Lincoln

Center will be getting out at about 11, and there will be thousands of people leaving the various theatres. Also, the pigs have been alerted and they will be there too. People should come, and we hope they will, but they should be aware of what they're getting into."

Now, I think that's a helluva public service message, but then, I'm not the WNEW-FM receptionist. Someone later spoke to Tom Tracey, the man in charge of public service messages at WNEW-FM, who said that the message would have to come in on a letter with the letterhead of the group on it, (a guerilla theatre with letterhead stationary?), and would have to go through the FCC.

BAI proved more helpful. The news service wasn't interested, but the night staff, around Bob Fass time, even offered suggestions, and gave assurance that they would make repeated announcements. They even interrupted a really good Dick Gregory record to make the first one. So much for the public interest of the FCC!

So, as the air clears over the names of those three rock groups, and Bill Graham continues to give benefits for himself every weekend, I wonder what's going to go down Saturday night. If it doesn't rain, I guess anything could happen. By the time you read this - you'll know.

I was supposed to review a play called "The Nuns" tonight, but when I walked over to the theatre, the doors were locked. I found a side entrance and went in. The sets were all torn down. I guess the Big Five gave it the thumbs down.

WE'D LIKE YOU TO JOIN OUR RAPIDLY GROWING FAITH

AS AN **ORDAINED MINISTER**

WITH A RANK OF

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY

And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free' John 8: 32

We want men and women of all ages, who believe as we do, to join us in the holy search for Truth. We believe that all men should seek Truth by all just means. As one of our ministers you can:

1. Ordain others in our name.
2. Set up your own church and apply for exemption from property and other taxes.
3. Perform marriages and exercise all other ecclesiastic powers.
4. Get sizeable cash grants for doing our missionary work.
5. Seek draft exemption as one of our working missionaries. We can tell you how.
6. Some transportation companies, hotels, theaters, etc., give reduced rates to ministers

GET THE WHOLE PACKAGE FOR \$10.00

Along with your Ordination Certificate, Doctor of Divinity and I.D. card, we'll send you 12 blank forms to use when you wish to ordain others. Your ordination is completely legal and valid anywhere in this country. Your money back without question if you are not satisfied. ~~we will send your Ordination and D.D. Certificates beautifully framed and gilded.~~

SEND NOW TO: MISSIONARIES OF THE NEW TRUTH
P.O. Box 1363, Dept. 224
Evanston, Illinois 60204

FRICK

On the second side of *I Asked for Water* this guy named Graham Hines,

the man who wrote that song (that the Stones imitate so well in their own way) sings *Love's in Vain*. He accompanies himself on the Bottle Neck Slide Steel String Guitar. It's too much for words. It's also worth the price of any album to have just that one cut in your collection, even if you don't like the Rolling Stones.

Also on the second side Jo Ann Kelly and Bret Marvin and The ThunderBolts team up for an oldie but goodie called *Dust My Blues*. The Thunderbolts, a different sort of musical organization, use trombones, guitars, mandolins, piano, washboard and Zob Stick. It's a combination that hasn't been heard before. Still another cut called "I'm So Tired," it's a traditional tune that the Beatles stole. They stole the title and the first line and made their own stuff after that, shit them Beatles sometimes got no sense of the Great.

Jim Pitts singing "Nervous", Jim and Raphael sing a couple of traditional blues tunes like "When My Woman Is with Me" and "Lord I feel Tired", Tony T.S. MC PHeee sings the title tune on the album "Gasoline." Tony also plays lead in a group on the album called The Groundhogs. What's Blues about anyways? The Andy Fernback Conexion is on the record for a few cuts as is Bret Marvin and the Thunderbolts. The list is almost endless. You should get to know these people and their music. You got to go buy this album cause you

just ain't gonna hear it on the radio, and these people don't make that many personal appearances, especially in the electric city. Oh yeah also on the same album John Lewis plays and sings "London's Got the Blues" and "Boogie Woman." His piano is just too much for words, tore me up all over. I started wondering how all these people got together on one album. My congratulations to Tony T.S. McPhee and Ground Hog Productions for putting together one of the finest albums out now. Oh yeah as a special added attraction sort of there's some more stuff on the record. 16 cuts is an awful lot of listening.

Along about the second chorus the Thunderbolts do the best Blues Kazoo Playing Riff I've ever heard and the washboard backup is cutting, who says you need drums like Ginger Baker to make some rhythm.

If music ain't inside of you it ain't real.

A friend of mine, from a long time, said this to me the other day, it started me thinking about music and the city. There ain't too many people sitting outside in the trees and the bushes picking and singing cause there ain't too many trees or bushes. There's the other place for that. The people in the city complain that they can't get it on and the people out in the country wish they could get to the city to make it big. It's all a matter of which direction you happen to be heading.

My friend is a 20 year alco' ac. Yeah, he went on, it's really easy to get affected by the life that's going on inside of you when you get away. Everyone knows what noisy nuisances those radios and teevies are, (a long pause) he was thinking

things over, he was also drunk. another thing...he rambled on, these clowns that are all over the place with their American Hero suits on, parading on that old star-studded trail to fame and Money, as soon as they get the dough in their pockets and a few calalack cars under their feet they forget what made them write and sing their songs in the first

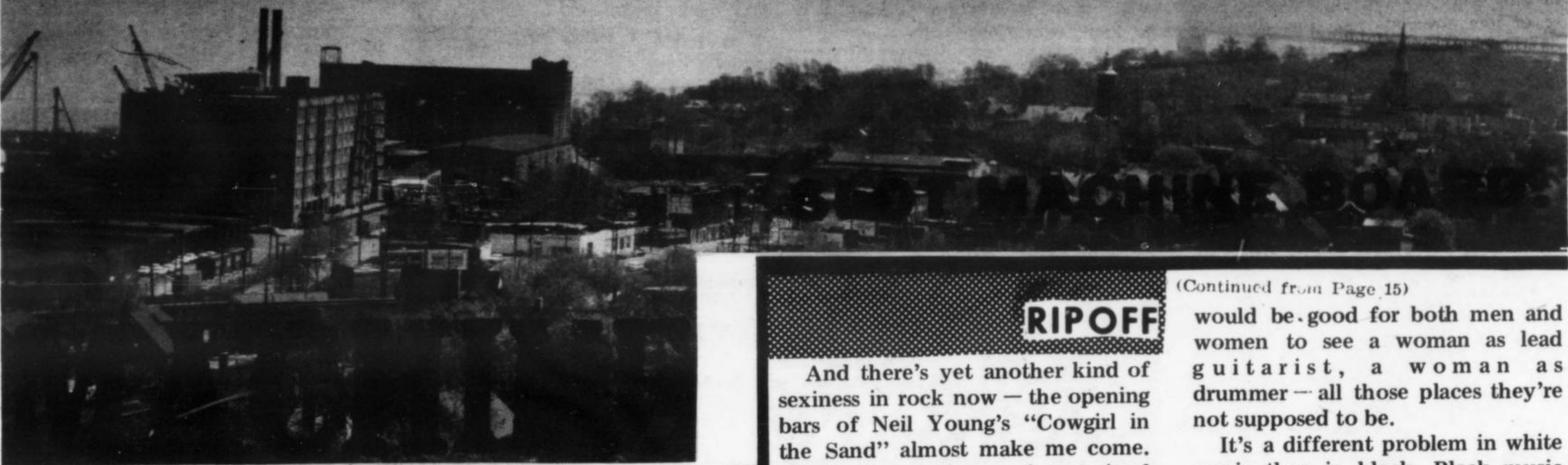
place. There's very few groups that can stand the Heaviness at the top and still come up with the music that is flowing inside. Oldies but goodies are great but if I don't hear some new music from the Musical Universe every so often, and I hear them singing songs and words of a forgotten time something long gone and all out of fashion, I know they've fallen into the traps of american fame. It's very hard to make it and still stay true to yourself and that which you feel is true, as soon as you start to give in to the will of others and let your mind be led around by those who talk fast and are all too quick with that old Ready Cash Smile of the manager or booker who doesn't get rich unless the act performs all the time. It's not the musicians fault most of the time. There will always be people who want some of someone else's Good Dreams. It's always happened that way. One of the unknown gifts from being gifted with song, or pictures, or words that roll off the mind easy, is that people ripping them off don't really bother them. Money is only money but I've yet to see someone with the eye for the dollar be able to short change a musician for his dreams. That's the gift of the gifted, Treasures far greater than rubies and emeralds.

Radio Unnameable, that famous all star personality and pop figure in the electric city is on vacation.

WBAI Listener supported radio in New York City is without the services of the Talanted dashing bearded DEEJAY and all night phone caller Bob Fass. But you might as well stay tuned to WBAI cause they're still the only place in New York City that hasn't been touched by the pop top syndrome of radio station ethics. They get it on more times than any other station on the air. The Guy who will be sitting in for the Omnipotent Mr Fass is Vin Scelsa Of the Late But Lamented Free Form Radio In East Orange N.J. WFMU, before the Directors of the school had happened to their little college radio station. *That Summer Was too Painful to Remember But too Beautiful to Forget*. Pick up on it why don't you. WBAI Listener supported radio in New York. Along about Midnite. I Bet You

Charlie Frick
6/3/70

SLOT MACHINE BOARD.



RIPOFF

And there's yet another kind of sexiness in rock now — the opening bars of Neil Young's "Cowgirl in the Sand" almost make me come. His is the sexiness of restrained intensity.

With this, the hangups are still there. In rock, will male musicians let female musicians take part of the spotlight? Probably more important, will women realize how important it is to get it? Women who can play fine guitar usually opt for the acoustic, folk-singer circuit because they know they can get gigs there. Why shouldn't Joni Mitchell or Buffy Ste. Marie go electric, form a group, play lead guitar, and make a record? They should do it just to help push antiquated walls down. "And now, we are proud to present... BIG SISTER AND THE WRECKING COMPANY." They wouldn't have to do electric all the time. There are a few female groups, some part female, but very few. With relatively little or maybe no hassle, an established female star could break the ground for others. It

(Continued from Page 15)

would be good for both men and women to see a woman as lead guitarist, a woman as drummer — all those places they're not supposed to be.

It's a different problem in white music than in black. Black music has Nina Simone, Carmen MacRae who are singers, but who are not to be taken lightly. They are excellent musicians. They don't front their groups, they lead them. But jazz is serious musical business — rhythm and blues has the hangups of rock and then some.

As some of rock fades, a core of good amplified music should stay — so should some of the flamboyance. Female musicians should be part of both. I've been thinking of this whole number for some time now and whatever I've said only scratches the surface — I haven't said anything about lyrics, the rock "scene," clubs, management, etc. And the media. How to get out from under to play the music? As a woman, how to get out from under to look at the whole mess, stop groaning and write about it — all of it. We'll get there yet.

INTERESTED IN BEING THE
EVO REP. IN YOUR TOWN ? ?

DO IT !

contact our national distributor

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10010

OR CALL COLLECT:

jerry

212-242-1131

DYLAN 115

(Continued from Page 10)

hemophilic pleas; after all these years of television we all have magic heads.

Rod Serling got on and showed that if you use acid your kids will be mongoloid with gills, and wheels. Then this T.B. commercial made me unhappy that I quit tobacco. After this the screen went blank and expected the movie to come back on; but instead a series of orange and purple streaks followed each other across the tube. I took exceptional notice of this as my television always used to be only black and white; but I let this pass.

Just as I was about to get up and adjust the set a snatch of music came from the speaker. I couldn't believe it they were playing "Like a Rolling Stone." I had never heard rock music on any station at this time of night.

While I was still dwelling on this strange event the music faded. The old dude came into view. This cat looked an awful lot like Bing Crosby. He even had a briar pipe; but he was wearing some really weird plastic clothes; and before I could work it out this cat came out with this line which shattered my mind. "Hello I'm Bob Dylan," he says.

This cat says he's Bob Dylan and my head was going in and out; because I had this feeling that he wasn't about to say that this is a bad joke; and I shrunk deep into my head and let it unfold.

"Hello I'm Bob Dylan," he said.

"And that was "Like a Rolling Stone" which I recorded back in '65 One of the Memory Years"

"Do you remember those songs from the Memory Years?" he asked.

The screen faded to a photo of the Beatles circa 1963; cardigan jackets, bangs, and bent



A Son was born to Jill and Ira Cohen. at 12:49am on Sunday May 31st 1970 his name is Raphael A. Cohen and he is beautiful.

knee poses. In the background "Yellow Submarine" was playing and Bing Crosby/Dylan told the recording date of the song and again hyped "The Memory Years."

Then this picture of this middle aged dykey chick came on. The whole number; short hair; tailored suit, and tattooed forearms. By this time I was shifting with the blows; so I wasn't at all surprised when they played "Ball and Chain" and the weird cat said that it was Janis Joplin.

Then another photo of the Beatles came on; but this one was a later one. At first it appeared normal until I noticed that instead of Paul, Mick Jagger was the fourth member of the group. The music that was playing is still driving me crazy. It was only a short snatch. If it was Beatle music I've never heard it before; but it was great.

Again the old cat said it was a Beatle song from the "Memory Years"; and then he went into this rap about how these songs would cost millions of dollars in hard to find LP's; and he picked up a pile of records that couldn't be worth more than maybe

seventy bucks.

After saying how much the records were worth this bird threw them into a fire place. Then he said that now you could get all of those songs and more for "only" eight hundred bucks on this little gadget which I think he called a "Sonalizer." He also said that if you ordered now you would get a free copy of his "Meistersinger II"; which he said was the first folk/rock opera written in German.

Then some more bars of "Like a Rolling Stone" was played while some announcer gave telephone numbers, and an address.

This was followed by a fade out, and then a series of red and yellow streaks which shot across the face of the tube in the opposite direction to the purple/orange ones of before. The screen went white for a second; then Mayor Lindsay came on and showed how to kill rats. Finally an eternity later "The African Queen" returned; and everything was normal after that.

Well that's the story. I think it was the purple bash. I never got

a chance to ask Onion about it; and now it seems he's left town; because I received a package from him in the mail this morning. I couldn't make out where it was postmarked, but there was a record inside. It's

"Meistersinger II" and it says that it's by Bob Dylan. I haven't gotten up the nerve to listen to it yet. The recording date on the album reads September 1974.

GROW MARIJUANA

Our complete Guide explains step by step, exactly how to grow super quality marijuana plants in your closet WITHOUT SUN, or in a secluded woods or meadow! Don't pay high prices when you can grow it free! Send \$2.00 to: World-Wide, P.O. Box 3359 F, Santa Monica, California 90403.

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yellow customer card — 'For what it's worth,' he cautioned.

Whilst waiting for his appearance, I hung around the speed checkout counter contemplating the New York State Lottery sign, keeping an eye peeled for the lady mentioned above. Very imposing, Lottery Signs — 'Get New York State LOTTERY Ticket Here', they say, in a very official blue and yellow metal plate. I wonder how many people, deeply oppressed in this pig death capitalistic imperialistic economic system, think they have to buy a Lottery Ticket every time they use a supermarket? 'We Sold A \$25 Winner Here', a sign over the door announces encouragingly. Well, \$25 might not be much to some...

And in through the self-opening electric eye door came Dr Sidney Weinheimer, looking every bit as good as a winning Lottery ticket. I explained to him the problem, and nodding thoughtfully, he addressed himself to the suspicious manager. Sid knows how to handle these lapse-of-memory cases, and before long I had the money in my hand.

'But hold,' said he, as I nosed my aluminum shopping cart into a holding pattern before one of the checkout counters. 'Why are you buying that one pound tin of fresh-ground Brown Gold Coffee? Haven't you learned that Maxim

Freeze-Dry, in the half-pound jar, is no more expensive and every bit as good as the Brown Gold? Also, I think it comes out to two or three more cups a container.'

'Indeed.' Inspecting the Brown Gold closely, I ventured, 'But I know with this stuff you get a couple extra Plaid Stamps, and I'm really eager to get my Royal Cavalier 8-Piece DeLuxe Gourmet Avocado or Tangerine Porcelain Cookware Set.'

Sid decided to concede the point. 'Well,' he shrugged, 'you should at least return that selection of choice chicken breasts and thighs and exchange it for something like pork or beef. That stuff's got cancer-causing additives, you know.'

'Aw, I dunno,' I said. 'I know you food-additive people have some points to make, and I guess it's pretty horrifying the kind of poisons we're putting in our bodies today, but somehow I just can't get into it. Macrobiotics, Ecology, all that stuff... I'm still a fallout man myself. I worry about fallout. Strontium-90, Cobalt — I grew up with Ike, you know. Say, um, Sid... Do you think we're

(Continued from Page 22)

JAPSCOFF

(Continued from Page 17)



there is some slight chance for communication in English, in the restaurants, but in the small villages, you can forget all about your English, you don't have a fucking chance. There is a strange myth pervading our soil that claims Japanese people have some command of English, but that's a lot of shit. This applies to waiters and waitresses: They don't and they don't want to. So you can forget communicating in English and fall into the gross, uncivilized, unpolite procedure of pointing. It works, man, and brings a lot of laughs too. Japanese people are always ready to laugh at Americans, especially hungry ones.

I ate a lot of things in Japan that were new to me: Tempura, sushi (raw fish), sukiyaki, teriyaki, yakitori, but what really blew my mind was the way they prepared western style food. Like spaghetti and meat sauce. I don't know how they did it, or what their ingredients were, but no Italian would recognize it. The first time I tried it, I was really homesick and hoping for a familiar taste, but it was truly a Japanese invention. I really got into it and tried it from time to time at place to place. I've never had anything quite like it before and it transcends description. It looks exactly like spaghetti and meat sauce, as we all know and love, but the taste is something else. They also do a number on scrambled eggs. For some reason they add sugar in the scrambling which'll set your mouth a tilt if you're not expecting it. What they do to our all-American hot dog would be considered treason in this country. I saw a kid eating what looked to be a corn fritter on a stick, I asked him where he got it and purchased one for myself. In splitting the cat said "American-style hot dog". I thought it was some joke until I tasted the fucker. The bun completely hid the hot dog

underneath: which seemed to be a very low-grade bologna. Very far out anyway.

Raw fish is a large part of the Japanese diet but not my favorite but not liking to cook myself, I can certainly sympathize.

I guess everyone who goes to Japan ends up loving Tempura, and I was no exception. I ate it whenever I could afford it, oftentimes getting Kakiage instead which is a Tempura patty consisting of chopped up shrimp and onions, and usually more for the money. At one point in my Japanese travels I found myself stranded several hundred miles outside of Tokyo with the equivalent of about fifteen cents. Sick of eating 10 Yen cakes, which are filling but lacking in the old protein, it was decided to approach a small restaurant in the hope of trading an electric orange air mattress for lunch of some kind, anything. After some selective pointing in the dictionary, pleading almost ashamed at the complete lack of pride, it was agreed upon: an even trade, the air mattress for tempura on noodles, with a couple of cokes thrown in. It was the most far out, most delicate tempura ever.

So what does a person do, back in the States, with an insatiable lust for Tempura? Answer: Go to Akasaka, located not so conveniently on Second Avenue between 38 & 39 Sts. (Akasaka is named after a section of Tokyo known mainly for its high-class bars and Geisha houses. The Geisha are hardly ever seen except early in the evening, in their rickshaws on their way to entertain.)

Akasaka is neither high-class nor crawling with Geisha but the Tempura is dynamite (the Kakiage is more for the Money). The atmosphere is relaxed and the long-haired waiters are beautiful. The prices are reasonable and the menu is large and varied offering Uasai-Itame (a hot salad), Miso Soup, Sushi, Sukiyaki, Tempura, some french dishes and even Lobster Newburg. Definitely a must is the custard pudding, very similar to Spanish Flan. Akasaka is open from Mon-Fri. Noon-10PM, Sat. 5PM-10PM.



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DECOMP (Continued from Page 17)

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DECOMP

Continued from Page 21) being watched?' The aforementioned lady, who looked rather like a six-foot side of lox, quickly concealed a kohl-smeared inquisitive eye behind a copy of the *Chelsea-Clinton News* as we turned to look at her.

'Naw,' Sid reassured me, 'I don't see anybody. They got electronic apparatus these days can follow you better than any twelve detectives. They've been using a lot of that stuff ever since Sean Dribonnet blew his evidence at the Panther trial...'

'Well, I don't like it,' I complained as I stacked the groceries on the checkout counter under the rack of *Woman's Day*, *Reader's Digest*, and *TV Guide*. 'No privacy any more. Who the hell do they think I am? Jerry Rubin?'

'It's the times,' explained Sid. 'Periods of severe social unrest and anxiety like this, often The Man loses all trace of discretion and goes around snuffing everybody in sight, throwing them in jail and that.'

'Where those fuckers belong,' I asserted, assuming my brown paper bag of comestibles. 'But me? Shit, I'm the nicest guy I know.'

'It's the times,' repeated Sid. 'Hey, want to come over for a beer and watch the Mets game?'

'Aw, I promised Karin I'd be home before the laundromat closed, and pick up the wash... But I could be talked out of it.'

'That's the spirit.' Just as Sid slapped me on the back, there was a loud crash from behind us. Turning, we spied the tall

lox-lady standing in great embarrassment before the shattered, soggy debris of a 20-ounce jar of Fleagle's Sugar Beets, marked down to 37 cents that week. 'She's the one,' I indicated. 'I thought she was tailing me.'

But not for nothing does Sid hold a PhD in Psychology. After a moment's intensive analysis, he remarked brightly: 'Why, she's no FBI stooge, she's only a poor immigrant girl. Sure, this is probably her first time in a supermarket, and she was watching us to see how to handle herself in this situation. A supermarket can be pretty disorienting, you know—all these aisles, canned goods, bottled goods, boxes, refrigerated displays, bottles here, bags there, checkout counters for different items... I've been to Europe, you

know—got a few candles on my cake—and I can tell you they haven't got anything like *this* over there.'

I nodded as we proceeded through the electric eye: 'Yeah, a lotta culture and no place to put it, those Europeans. But I could think of a place they should put it, I betcha.'

'That poor girl,' remonstrated Sid. 'You know, it's only an expression of your own unconscious fear and hostility of women, thinking she was a pig... But that reminds me, I've got to stop at the five and dime and pick up a new vacuum cleaner attachment—gotta clean the livingroom first thing after the Mets game.'

'It's the times,' I assented.



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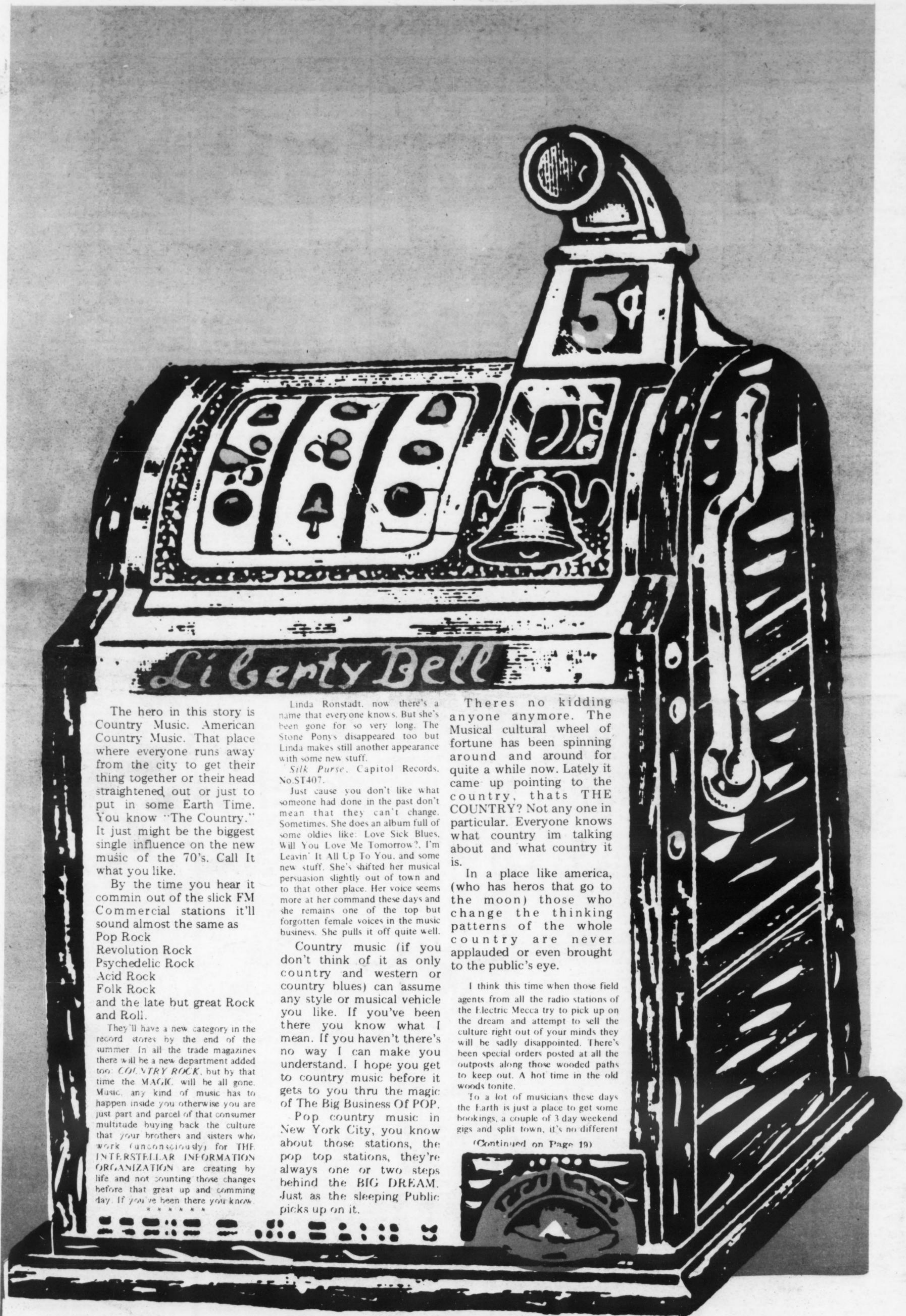
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The hero in this story is Country Music. American Country Music. That place where everyone runs away from the city to get their thing together or their head straightened out or just to put in some Earth Time. You know "The Country." It just might be the biggest single influence on the new music of the 70's. Call It what you like.

By the time you hear it commin out of the slick FM Commercial stations it'll sound almost the same as
Pop Rock
Revolution Rock
Psychedelic Rock
Acid Rock
Folk Rock
and the late but great Rock and Roll.

They'll have a new category in the record stores by the end of the summer. In all the trade magazines there will be a new department added too: COUNTRY ROCK, but by that time the MAGIC will be all gone. Music, any kind of music has to happen inside you otherwise you are just part and parcel of that consumer multitude buying back the culture that your brothers and sisters who work (unconsciously) for THE INTERSTELLAR INFORMATION ORGANIZATION are creating by life and not counting those changes before that great up and coming day. If you've been there you know.

Linda Ronstadt, now there's a name that everyone knows. But she's been gone for so very long. The Stone Ponys disappeared too but Linda makes still another appearance with some new stuff.

Silk Purse, Capitol Records, No.ST407.

Just cause you don't like what someone had done in the past don't mean that they can't change. Sometimes, she does an album full of some oldies like: Love Sick Blues, Will You Love Me Tomorrow?, I'm Leavin' It All Up To You, and some new stuff. She's shifted her musical persuasion slightly out of town and to that other place. Her voice seems more at her command these days and she remains one of the top but forgotten female voices in the music business. She pulls it off quite well.

Country music (if you don't think of it as only country and western or country blues) can assume any style or musical vehicle you like. If you've been there you know what I mean. If you haven't there's no way I can make you understand. I hope you get to country music before it gets to you thru the magic of The Big Business Of POP.

Pop country music in New York City, you know about those stations, the pop top stations, they're always one or two steps behind the BIG DREAM. Just as the sleeping Public picks up on it.

There's no kidding anyone anymore. The Musical cultural wheel of fortune has been spinning around and around for quite a while now. Lately it came up pointing to the country, that's THE COUNTRY? Not any one in particular. Everyone knows what country im talking about and what country it is.

In a place like america, (who has heros that go to the moon) those who change the thinking patterns of the whole country are never applauded or even brought to the public's eye.

I think this time when those field agents from all the radio stations of the Electric Mecca try to pick up on the dream and attempt to sell the culture right out of your minds they will be sadly disappointed. There's been special orders posted at all the outposts along those wooded paths to keep out. A hot time in the old woods tonite.

To a lot of musicians these days the Earth is just a place to get some bookings, a couple of 3 day weekend gigs and split town, it's no different

(Continued on Page 19)

