

inside: John Lennon-Yoko Ono-Allen Ginsberg-Jerry Rubin-
Abbie Hoffman-India-Ireland-USSR-Ann Arbor-& Jail

THE EAST VILLAGE CONSUMER

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CONGRATULATIONS Planet Earth..



You Finally Made the Grade

2
Hilly

WE HAD TO GO THROUGH SOME CHANGES AND THEREFORE THE DELAY IN OUR APPEARANCE.

PERHAPS IT IS A TELLING SYMPTOM THAT DURING THESE PAST WEEKS A NEVERENDING FLOW OF RUMORS ABOUT OUR IMPENDING DEMISE HAVE BEEN CIRCULATING ALL OVER TOWN. SOME PEOPLE WERE UPTIGHT AND SOME GLOWED IN SELFRIGHTIOUS KNOWNOTHINGISM. THE WIRE SERVICES AND THE DAILY NEWS WERE IN HOT PERSUIT OF OUR OBITUARY, YET IN THE PROCESS GAVE US MORE HELPFUL PUBLICITY THAN WE EVER DREAMED OF GETTING. (DAILY NEWS -CIRC. OVER 4,000,000- DEC.21, "A SUNSET IN THE EAST?").

THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS THAT WE ARE NOW, MORE THEN EVER, READY TO DO WHAT WE DEEM TO BE OUR MAIN OBJECTIVE- OFFERING A FORUM TO REALITY AND GIVING IT MAXIMUM EXPOSURE.

THIS ISSUE, PERHAPS MORE THAN ANY OTHER IN OUR RECENT HISTORY, THE DIRECTION OF EVOS TO COME. FROM THE RENAISSANCE IN ANNARBOR TO THE MISERIES OF JESSORE ROAD, FROM JOHN AND YOKO TO SINCLAIR AND ABBIE. FROM FRICK IN INDIA TO REILLY IN IRELAND. FROM THE TRIBULATIONS OF EL TOPO TO THE ABSURDITY OF A BUST.

IN SHORT, THERE IT IS. IT IS NOW UP TO YOU TO DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSION. JUST REMEMBER THAT SILENCE KILLS.

WE ARE TURNING A NEW LEAF. THE TIMES THEY ARE ACHANGING AND WE HAVE TO KEEP IN STEP. CHANGES ARE INEVITABLE AND THEY MUST BE DEALT WITH IN A WAY AND MANNER MEASURING UP TO THE HIGH CONSCIOUSNESS WE ALL TRY TO GRASP. JOHN LENNON PUT IT MOST APTLY WHEN HE SAID: IT JUST SHOWS HOW DUMB IT IS TO THINK THAT ALL IS OVER JUST BECAUSE SOMEBODY TOLD US."

LAST BUT NOT LEAST - THANKS TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE- TO THE ACES GODSPEED AND TO L&J- WELCOME.

JUST REMEMBER ONE THING - THERE AIN'T SUCH A THING AS A SUNSET IN THE EAST- THAT'S WHERE THE SUN RISES.

CONGRATULATION PLANET EARTH - IT LOOKS LIKE YOU MAY MAKE . 1 GRADE AS YET!!!!!!!!!!!! MERRY XMAS!!!!!!!!!!!!

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ANN ARBOR FLASH!

by JERRY RUBIN

It was a new beginning for the movement. People went around hugging each other. Everyone at the huge FREE JOHN SINCLAIR rally in Ann Arbor felt they were part of something new and historic---but like the first college sit-in or be - in

the first be-in or the first rock festival, nobody knew it's name or it's meaning.

When you entered Chrisler Hall on the night of Friday, December 10th, you felt an incredible energy rush. The good vibrations of 15,000 people linked together in that oval spaceship made everyone feel really warm inside. 15,000 people on the same wavelength! What a trip!

We were all there, not just to get high or go crazy with music, but to free a brother from the Man's jail and to pool our energy together to focus attention on political prisoners throughout Amerika. The passing of joints from person to person united us all in a community of saliva, all the more ironic and outrageous because John Sinclair was in jail at that moment for what we were doing.

Hard drugs and pills were nowhere to be found or welcome. Nobody was pushing or shoving.

No tough guys were needed to protect the stage because nobody was rushing the stage.

"When was the last time you felt so great?"

everyone was saying to each other as we all looked around and saw 15,000 people united in a collective dream. Even though the stage still provided the focus of energy, everyone in the audience knew that their presence was important: that they, not the stage, were the news. The people felt their own power.

This was a political event, with a political goal and all money going to political purposes and not for profit. Everyone felt united in something beyond themselves and beyond their own pleasure: A COMMUNITY ACTION.

John Sinclair had been in jail already 2½ years for possession of two joints on a 10 year sentence. Three months earlier the Michigan State Supreme Court denied him appeal bond by a 5-2 vote. His friends were depres-

by LENOX RAPHAEL

Ann Arbor, Michigan: There was nothing about the sky to make you like it instantly.

John Lennon and Yoko Ono, the famous Lennons, stepped off the afternoon plane, their first time here, for god's sake, and Mr. Lennon said, "We are going to a rally, are we, for the William Buckley Bust Fund."

Classic Lennon koan for the Free John Sinclair Rally last week.

Jerry Rubin vowed to 16,000 moving beings at the marathon feeling concrete cosmic be-in that John Sinclair would be free within 80 days because this rally, this incredible understanding of love and absurdity bumtrip, John in JAIL, already 28, no, 29 months! years, 9 and a half, yes, you got to spell it out to keep believing it and knowing it's also you, such time, damn!, for giving two good joints to 'undercover cops, vishnuvoyers, this rally. "This rally's publicity," Rubin said, high like a kite on the searing energy flowing thru the glorious incense of marijuana smoke, 'this support will make it ridiculous to keep Sinclair in jail for smoking a flower."

Jerry Rubin, right, but it happened swiftly.

Monday. John Sinclair, maximum vibe of Ann Arbor' Rainbow Peoples Party, was ordered released while he appeals. \$2,500 bond. Christ, they could've done that long ago, but they had to wait for Bengal Desh. The Michigan Supreme Court based its decision on the fact that 3 days earlier the State Legislature passed a law making the maximum penalty for possession of grass one year in the straight's dungeon.

Some bread, about \$30,000 was raised for Sinclair defense, which was damn good, tickets out one hour after Lennon and Yoko Ono (in taped message) said they were moseying along. But long before that it was known where John Lennon stood, where Yoko Ono, too; and the first thing to remember both lovers and scoffers at delight, Yoko Ono is not John Lennon and John Lennon is not Yoko Ono, but two beings of total awareness, together in warmth and strength, from the world of fugitiveness to the land of totality, the taming of habit and the expansions of impossibilities.

4 Arrest In BELFAST!

by John Reilly

Not many events ever really matter in one's life. Much of it is a hassle with the every day shit of existence.

This trip was going to be different...a break with the march of deadmen of day-to-day New York existence.

I was going to Ireland to meet an Irish rebel... a working class hustler, ex-con, radical, fucking "PROVO" madman who did the impossible escape from the Cage.

His name is James Mc Cann and I was to make a videotape about that fantastic escape from Crumlin Road Jail. He broke out to freedom on June 15, from a prison that no one had busted out of for twelve years, after being told by every one that it could never be done.

The backing for the project came from John Lennon and Yoko Ono. It will be distributed by Joko, their newly created film group. This information plus the fact that John and Yoko wrote "The Luck of the Irish", a powerful yet simple song about the Irish tragedy - caused banner front page headlines in the Irish press.

Airport freakout

Something about airports always brings me to the verge of nausea...the smell of jet exhaust...the sanitized containers that keep the "passenger". This trip it was the hoards of plastic green and blue carnations that descended on the nausea I was working into. The Fort Lauderdale Chamber of Commerce they were called...and combined with the 1812 Overture on my plastic stereo headphones, it all made me think I'd dropped some acid in the taxi.

We left Kennedy at 9:30 p.m. on October 4, 1971 and arrived in Shannon October 4, 1848.... a people and a land frozen in the 19th century. Some parts of the land are locked even two or three hundred years further back as if they existed in some weird time machine. We met a man who spent the past forty years up in the hills on his farm. We told him of the Second World War, about Hitler and the Jews, about the bomb... and that DeValera was still alive and blind and how we all drove cars and what a freak was. He just kept nodding his head. Who was FDR? What was Playboy? And he went back to his farm not sure that any of it mattered but willing to hear more.

We finally arrived in the south of Ireland...a cross between Big Sur and the moon. The

fog hung on sky hooks fifty feet off the sea. No cats feet here....just the knowledge that a band of hallucinating monks once made this spot the center of the western world. It was all a mind fucker.... I took great joy in being Irish, once removed. What a crazy people, living in a green moonscape at the edge of the world; living and dying in a blur of Guinness...holding the human contact above all the rest. They had fought and died against the British for 800 years; never really a part of the Anglo-Saxon world, but always the rush of the mad warrior consuming the pain of subjected people.

In James McCann much of the unreconcilable contradictions of the Irish people exists in a constant state of warfare. He shows the brutalized soul that comes from a number of swift boots to the groin and that the Orange Order in the North don't take no shit from the likes of a red'faced Paddy, with his Roman Pope and the rest of the stuff that says nigger of Belfast.

So it was James; his girl, a California blondino; Michael, an Irish poet who studied with Yeats in the long night of Guinness; my cameraman Bob Wagner and myself that started off to Dublin and finally to Belfast and the battle.

*Off to Dublin in the green,
In the green,
Where the helmets glisten in
the sun
Where the bayonets flash and
cymbals clash
To the rattle of the Thompson
gun.*

We sang and drank moonshine whiskey and loved our journey. We listened to the poems of Michael....with his cowboy hat, which would later identify him as the *third* American taken off by the Army, not the Irishman poet gentleman that he really was.

James....a wanted man in Northern Ireland, would of course get out of the car before we crossed the border.

A stop for the papers...the latest bombing....an Irish tavern....one woman killed...terrorist bombing now on both sides....a quiet night we agreed.

*God save Ireland say the heroes
God save Ireland say we all
Whether on the scaffold high
Or on the battlefield we die
Sure it matters not for Ireland
we fall.*

(sung to "Tramp tramp the boys are marching")

The ride into Belfast could have been a ride into any Irish or rural English town except for our mounting uneasiness...the lookout for a tail, the "Z" on the plates means Belfast...what did the ones with CIA mean? It was rumored that they were actually used by the Special Branch.

The first rush hit us suddenly that this was no sane town that we were approaching...we rounded a corner and swerved to avoid the sandbagged gun placements, armored cars and tank that spilled out onto the road from a British Army garrison.

Belfast is a city at war. There is no mistake about that fact. It was apparent to us long before we passed the first burned out skeleton of a double-decker bus, twisted like some grotesque fossil, killed in its prime, left because no one dared remove it.

We were going to the home of a P.D. (Peoples Democracy) man who was now held by the government without trial on charges under the hated Special Powers Act. The house was on Ladybrook Park off Finaghy Road North.

We watched an armored car go by and other military vehicles called Saracens and Wippets. "Why the fuck is he holding his finger on the trigger...it's so fucking provocative holding the trigger like that...aiming the 50 caliber machine gun into the second story windows of the Irish ghetto. They can't fire.. they have to take the safety off first".

We hit an army road block...we thought of turning back down the street...they waved us forward. "Give them your best British accent, love"...Louise did. They came out of the shadows, ALR's pointed at the car. What an insane feeling it all was.

We were a bit shaken by the awareness of all the guns but managed a wave and some muttered story about tourists. Michael never removed the hat. We turned a corner after ten blocks of barricaded streets...Louise: "I have never been on this block, don't know it"...Before I said stop we were facing a group of grim men, flashlights on our faces, a make-shift barricade across the road. It's a Protestant vigilante group looking for Catholic blood...we found out a few minutes later. The IRA blew up one of their pubs just around the corner.

We were the weirdest looking car full of freaks they'd ever seen in Belfast...southern plates American and British accents, the Texas hat...before they could decide what to do with us Louise

drove the 'S' curve and we were past the barricade. Later that evening Wagner of CBS in Belfast warned me never to go near the Protestant section in the ugly night, with the smell of gelatinite on the air. They beat on a crew just the other week and smashed equipment...so I told him we had...and lived to tell about it. In the world of the damned the fool survive.

We arrived at the house shaken, yet exhilarated that we had defied the odds...a Saracen pulled up to the driveway behind us.

It's normal in Belfast, the white-faced boy/men and girl/women of Belfast told us..."they sit for hours trying to freak us". The 16 year old boy, Sean, told me we were surrounded... they were in the yard behind the house holding machine guns at the ready...Hey brother, this is some kind of insane dream.

The British army came in saying it was the Special Powers Act... fanning out down the street like a field maneuver, men in green fatigues holding automatic rifles and machine guns running towards the house. I watched in frozen disbelief...some sort of B war movie.

They pushed into the small house.....
"Everyone into that room"
"Can I play the guitar?"
"No....."
"I think I will"
"If you don't play what I like I'll stop you".

The soldier pointed his rifle at the girl Carol, in that moment she defied the entire fucking British army. The soldier trembled. Rage and fear moved his hands, the gun never went off.

They tore the place apart. Every scrap in the garbage was examined. I flashed on Weberman, on some rainy night holding up in the dim light, Dylan's kids camp diary. We were seperated, questioned, they didn't believe our story. The soldiers dashed about the house putting out the lights, locking everyone in different rooms. They had word that the IRA would attack the house to free us. We waited...a machine gun was set up in the front yard facing in the street.

Forty of her Magesty's troops were engaged in our arrests.

There was no sence of humor in the grim faced men only fear of being shot that night. Raides of this type were dangerous in the IRA held territory. We were taken out, hard rains fallen. Thirty women surrounded the armored car. Bob and I grabbed the video equipment and were pushed into

on 20



YOKO & JOHN. . a conversation



The most amazing thing about John and Yoko is their humaneness. Stardom and all its limitations notwithstanding, they, more than anyone else, have succeeded to transcend the karma that renders most superstars so impotent. Not only do they care but in spite of all the obvious - they are doing something about it. What more can one ask?

The following is the first part of a long conversation with them. Their ideas and energy are invaluable. Let's hope that no future Lennonologists will put them through the bum trip others have had to endure.

Yoko- Somebody said to me recently: "You know Yoko, there is a terrible meanness in New York. The flower generation is over and everyone is just disappointed and demoralized." My response was: "Look, you are always cynical. You would have said before Woodstock that it couldn't happen- yet after Woodstock - what did you say?"

John-The same type would have also said "Don't bother to send the letter to Weberman because he wouldn't answer -yet Weberman did answer. If the same type would have heard today about John Sinclair's freedom, his response would have been of total disbelief. Why? Because of cynicism and an unwillingness to do anything about it. It is to people like that that I say! There you go- it's you people that are putting it all down."

EVO-That's what we call New York bad vibes - yet what continually amazes me is that some people seem to thrive on it.

Yoko - Cynicism and apathy never get you anywhere. Therefore, rather than discuss it, it is so important that something be done about it - that's one of the things that we are trying to do. I think that it is true that most of the communication media-Radio, TV, all that, is controlled by the Capitalists- but that's no reason to feel so pessimistic about it. There are many ways to deal with it. It must be positive and therefore I think that YES would be the right thing to do. The idea is to exchange. Exchanging is so important.

EVO-Especially in New York, where so many people- with their energy pent up- tend to cop out behind the excuse of bad vibes and paranoia

Yoko-They say "Let's go somewhere else"- but there is no way to go. Therefore we have to learn...

John-I have never known such good vibes as New York's. It has both extremes.

EVO-You two have generated an awful lot since your return.

Yoko-You see- the possibility is there.

John- If it takes John and Yoko to smile a bit and put on a few shows and everybody thinks that everything will be O.K. again, it just shows how dumb it is to just say "it's all over". Just because somebody told them so.

Yoko - Let's not say it is dumb. The point is that if we went to

Spain and did the same thing, the reaction would have been nil. So there is a possibility here. Ying and Yang. You have 50% positiveness and 50% negativeness. We came back and just knocked on the door and it opened. The fact is that the door was there and inside it a large quantity of positive energy. You see - it is all there. It's not like we created something. All we did was to stimulate the nerve that was there. All it needs is direction and if necessary we shall do it. I am trying to tell the bigger Japanese business executives who recently bought a tremendous amount of ad space in the American press just to print their photos. I don't know why they did it. Just to say things like "please understand our sincere effort etc. etc. etc. That just won't do. No one wants to see an executive's photograph. So I asked them "why don't you help us. We are one Japanese and one English together. The Orient and the West meeting and we want to do this thing. The reason we want to do this is because it is a gesture of hope. This way the young, who are just lounging in their rooms and sniffing whatever they sniff and just going more and more ying and getting nowhere, will get out and do something. We have to be free and not be controlled by hard drugs. This is just as bad as being controlled by the Establishment which is trying to do just that. Control us through drugs.

EVO -All too many fall for it.

What upsets me is people's gullibility and to me this is the ultimate cop-out.

Yoko -Exactly. I am trying to relate to it not just as New York's problem - but as a worldwide dilemma. Whenever something happens here - in two years time it is happening all over. Whenever New York catches the whole world spits up. We are trying to generate positiveness which inevitably will go around the world. Therefore, what I am proposing to the Japanese is that they give us their machines -Japanese made machines- to show that their machines, if anything, are just as good as western machines. Therefore we have chosen their machines to help the youth of the world. If they agree to help the youth- no matter what capitalist pigs they are-I mean that's a good thing. They have to do it. If we do the Youth Exchange Service in an efficient way- we must use the most modern machines available.

EVO- Would you run down your ideas about YES?

Yoko-Yes, what I am thinking of is this: now we have this tremendous pessimism about the fact that all media is controlled by capitalists and we can't do anything about it. It is not true. If we use our brains there are ways of doing it. For instance, the record companies and record distribution are completely controlled by capitalists, you know? Now how can we communicate our messages to people (which we original-

ly did on records) in another way? David Peel is doing it on the streets, you know? Now that's a nice way of doing it. Another thing which can be done, which I did with my single "Mrs. Lennon", is to get a telephone number which will play your message.

So many young composers come to us and say please put this on record. Rather than that, because the record scene is so completely controlled by the capitalists and you know, you don't have much choice- if we say something that in their minds is obscene, it is bleeped out or we can't put the record out or some stations won't play it, right? But if a telephone and you play it nobody can stop people from calling that number! You see, there are ways of using your head- and you just put the ad in somewhere saying "dial that number for so and so's song. And song is the message. In the old days both in the west and the orient the song was the only way for people to express their feelings as opposed to the Establishment's feelings, you know? The lords and masters and kings- they just spoke of their feelings and politics in songs. Then the song situation became very sophisticated and some people went into intellectual music and some people went into bubble gum music which doesn't have any message, you know?

But this is the time when we have to return to that thing of messages in music. Not music is the message but message is the music so that anything that you say is music. Put those things on a telephone or something and it works out. Now just like UPI is doing. If we do some exchanging of information on a very solid basis, if we make a solid organization that sends reliable messages in exchange for reliable messages on a universal basis. Now that's very important because the underground does not have connections between each other. Like the underground here is one thing and the underground there is something else. I think the scene is becoming more and more localized, and the more it is localized the more important it becomes to have an international exchange. It works both ways, you know.

EVO- There is only one problem and that is the financing of something like this.

Yoko Yes, yes, I understand this. That's why I have brought up the idea of using the telephone rather than using the record distribution method, because there are some things we can do with less money, you see, rather than just going through the ordinary process.

EVO- The film industry is a good example, I have discovered recently -to my horror- that in financing such a project, the man who puts up the money owns- above and beyond the capital that he regains, owns 50%, which is wrong. The people who make the film- who are in - own it period.

on pg 18



*Fire in the lake: the image of
REVOLUTION.
Thus the superior man
Sets the calendar in
order
And makes the
seasons clear
(I Ching)*

High Jaakov:

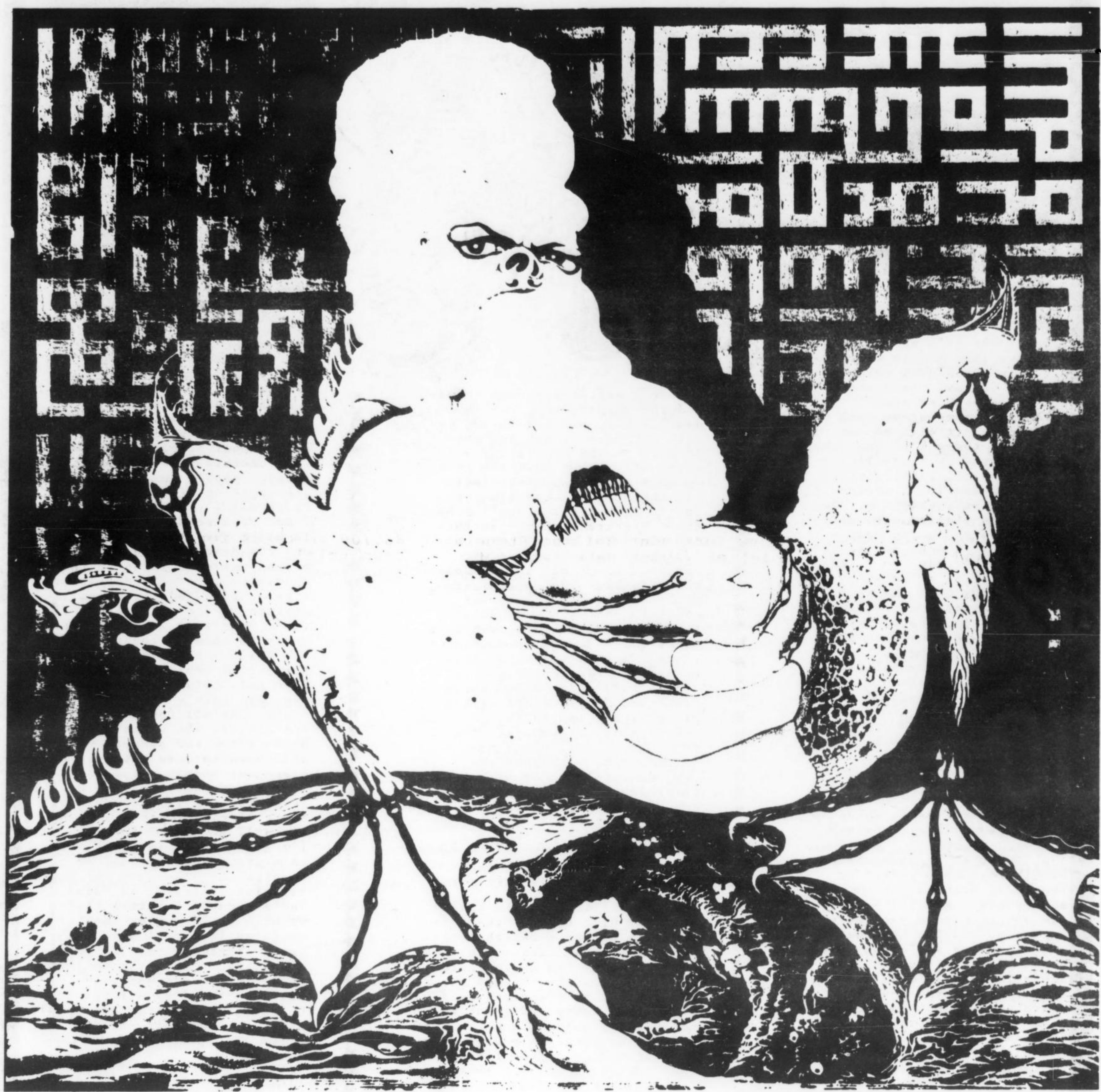
Did you ever have one of those years? It wasn't bad enough when I got a fractured back, 20 stitches, and my nose broken in six places last May Day. That wasn't enough. Then the Rolling Stone Bullshit story about how I stole Steal This Book despite the fact that they knew I had the original manuscript in my own handwriting and that half of the book was written after Haber had left the country. I also have all his notes plagiarized word for word from existing texts. All this, by the way, will be auctioned off to help raise money to start a new national magazine Sundance. I thought the underground press could have at least responded to a few things about the Stone piece despite their feelings about me. For one thing the article reveals a code name of the Weather underground as of a year ago. And another, it claims I have a disguise hidden and am prepared to go underground at any minute. Since I am on \$45,000 bail that sort of loose gossip is grounds for bail revocation if the government can ever prove it. Rolling Stone had letters before them claiming that 90% of the article was made up and they still went ahead and printed it. For example, Jerry Rubin, who is quoted throughout, wrote them that he met Haber for only a few minutes and none of the remarks attributed to him ever were stated. In the piece is a long description of a meet-

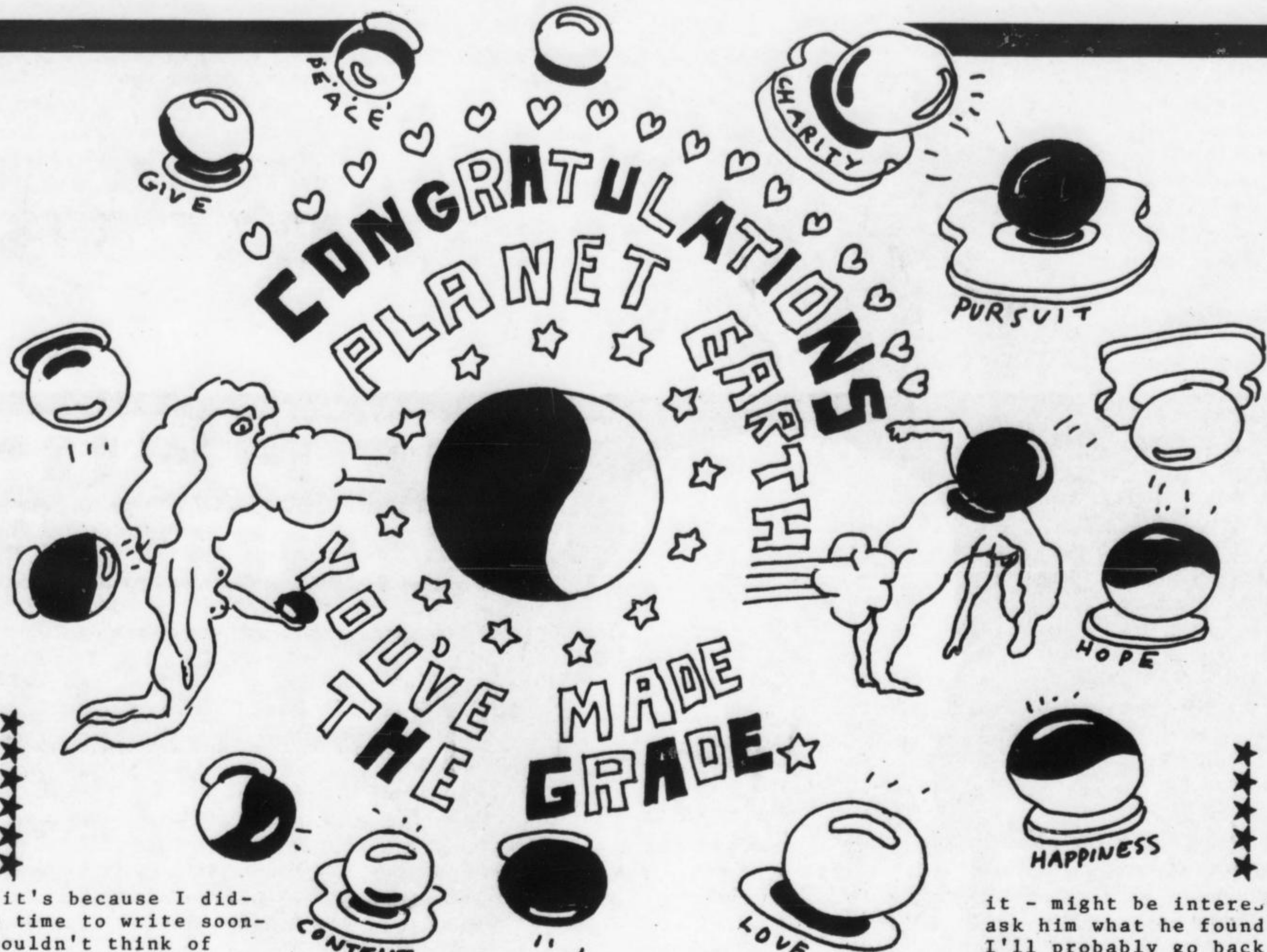
ing between Haber, myself and the Hells Angels. The president of the Hell's Angels in New York sent Rolling Stone a letter saying Haber was not even present at these meetings. Everything about those meetings was a fabrication including Haber's presence. Perhaps the most fabricated part of all was Anita and I living it up in our ultra modern penthouse. Now, I invited Rolling Stone to send a reporter to visit us and sent them copies of our rent receipts. We live in a small three room loft on top of a factory on one of the worst blocks on the Lower East Side. It's got real rats, roaches, lead paint and occasional heating. We pay \$150 a month for the place. Only one other person ever referred to it as a "penthouse" and that was George Demmerle, the F.B.I. undercover agent who nailed Sam Melville.

The money thing seems to haunt us something fierce. When I got the royalty check for Revolution for the Hell of It, I gave away 85% of it in four hours. I signed the check over to the Black Panther Defense Fund. It was for \$25,000. Woodstock Nation royalties went to a variety of groups including the John Sinclair Defense Fund, the Youth International Party (Jerry and I funded every office, newsletter, yippie trip and button in existence), East Side Service Organization and the Conspiracy Trial. The Conspiracy Trial brings up an-

other interesting point when it comes to money. I am presently being assessed \$8,700 in taxes for the Chicago trial. You see if I gave royalties or a speech the money was signed over to the Conspiracy Defense Fund which is not a legitimate tax deduction hence has to be considered private income, even if given away. Royalties from Steal This Book won't be forthcoming for a long time and will be far less than anyone would guess. Movement people simply do not understand the problems connected with giving money away. For example, the rock performers were praised for giving a benefit concert for Bengla Desh. What very few people know is that UNESCO who will administer the bread is a legitimate charity. Thus every performer can deduct from their income tax money for their services which can be pretty fuckin high. For example, Dylan appearance can be billed in (based on the \$175,000 he got for his previous appearance at the Isle of Wight) at \$200,000. I don't mean to put Bob Dylan down for this, quite the contrary; why should we give the government even one inflated buck to jail us. I say all power to those people who performed in that righteous benefit but I think we should develop some basic understanding of how a system uses charity, tax loopholes, deductions, etc. to maintain its power. Giving large

on 16





I can't say it's because I didn't have any time to write sooner; I just couldn't think of nothing to say. Been sick on and off - nothing drastic - a cold and a persistent case of the shits. It will be one month ago today I've been checking it out - it reads like a movie - up til Thanksgiving Day I was leading a sheltered existence in the Ashram. Two guys I was staying with said, Hey, let's go up the road a chunk cause I want to get it on for my birthday on Tuesday, next week. So we split for a while away from the rest of the Americans we was staying with - Came to Rishkech - It's the bottom town on the trail into the Himalaya's and ends where the Dalilama lives - got ourselves a room with a bath for a couple of days and checked it out - the town is filled with Tibetan escapees, Indians, Holy-men from any of the 300 Ashrams in the foothills - and a good representation of the freak scene in America and all the countries in Europe - each with a different reason for being there - mostly just to be in a place where hashish has been a part of the local culture for so many years - get it? - On the way into town each morning as me and the boys walk past the open field near the banks of the sacred Ganges there is an army camp (temporary) - it's made out of tents and men who walk around town with gas operated rifles (bayonets at the ready) and vehicle carriers - they are protecting this particular sector of the country from Pakistani invasion - they are very nice to us and love to be photographed by tourist types like me - the sound of explosions fill the wind sometimes as I swim in the river in the hot afternoon sun - perhaps the war is only ten miles away - perhaps they are only on field maneuvers - nobody seems to mind - do you know why?

We have our morning corn-flakes in the black market and speak

to other westerners over expresso and the morning papers - they usually have nothing to say except "it sure is getting cold up here in the mountains" - there all coming down and going to hang around southern India til the spring - the Tibetans in the market place don't like their pictures taken - neither did the Swiss student who was trying to sell smuggled LSD for \$6 a hit - but the Sadues-the Shiuites- the worshippers of Gunga do. So I hang out and snap photos - got one of a dude charming a king cobra snake out of a basket with a flute - I shit you not...they are very snake concious over here - lots of strange people have them around - the market place is a trip - like any market place any where - the products - look, smell and taste Indian - shopkeepers very nice to rich western freak trade even though they feel they are not getting ripped off- there is something about the foreign youth culture - something I haven't put my finger on - something going on and nobody is saying - and do you have any idea why? And the children on the beach' are very nice to us - there is one side of the river that they don't allow any cars - where we sit and drink tea in the afternoon, reading the rest of the morning papers - someone said there is a heavy was going on not too far away from here- but everything seems to remain calm and together - in the town we left awhile ago they were afraid that the Pakistani's were going to bomb the electric generating plant near the railroad station - it lights most of India - lots of people would be fucked over if it went out but the jet bombers never made it there - some one said India shot it down but no one really knows for sure... interesting talk in the tea shop about the Mekong Delta Development Company - something about the Ford Foundation holding alot of land and resources to be developed - some Senator from Rhode Island was looking into

it - might be interesting to ask him what he found out??? - I'll probably go back to the Ashram in a few days cause we read in the newspaper that a member of Parliament was calling for an investigation of all swammai's and guru's because of a certain influx of foreign money - people in the streets are speaking of a holy war and there was a religious riot in front of a newspaper building in Delhi the other week - left one cop dead - while the Lord of the universe is up in the mountains carefully assembling a peace bomb made up of smiling westerners who will return to their homelands in a month and begin to turn on the rest of the world - they are talking stuff like another summer of love only this time they will use real love - and saying stuff like all those brothers and sisters who split for the hills after the summer of '68 will have to come out just to check out what's going down - if they are holy people they'll recognize the vibrations - all sorts of situations are being planned. I'm going south in three weeks on a private train full of hippies and others to the big religious festival in Patna, India around Christmas time - we will be living on the train as it's part near the festival ground - I think they are going to keep the engines ready incase the war gets heavy or the five million or so faithful devotees get unruly and out of control - it's been known to happen - and do you know why? Taking a whole lot of really nice color pictures - be fun to look at when I get home - the light over here is so much more intense - everyone wears bright colors and exaggerated expressions - the whole thing is minute by minute becoming a vastly out of proportion technicolor feature length cartoon entitled - "Congratulations planet Earth, you have made the grade" - people over here are very nice - do you know why? - THEY ARE ALL VERY, VERY STONED. Love to all - Charlie **FUCK**

PICTURE ACCOMPANYING THIS
TRACTLY ILLUSTRATED CERTAIN
IMAGES PHOTO'D AND WRITTEN
by ALLEN GINSBERG

SEPTEMBER ON JESSORE ROAD



*Saw T. S. Sang on WNET-TV November
recorded Saw Week NYC with Dave
Annam Bob Dylan Happy Traum Surja (A)
Russell Gregory Cross Andri Voronovskiy Peter Orlovsky
© Allendunberg / poetry music May be Reprinted
Underground overground on Vamshi Shrivage*

SEPTEMBER ON JESSORE ROAD

Millions of babies watching the skies
Bellies swollen, with big round eyes
On Jessore Road - long bamboo huts
Noplace to shit but sand channel ruts

Millions of fathers in rain
Millions of mothers in pain
Millions of brothers in woe
Millions of sisters nowhere to go

One million aunts are dying for bread
One Million uncles lamenting the dead
Grandfather millions homeless and sad
Grandmother millions silently mad

Millions of daughters walk in the mud
Millions of children wash in the flood
A million girls vomit & groan
Millions of families hopeless alone

Millions of Souls nineteen seventy one
homeless on Jessore road under grey sun
A million are dead, the millions who can
Walk toward Calcutta from East Pakistan

Taxi September along Jessore Road
Oxcart skeletons drag charcoal load
past wateryfields thru rain flood ruts
Dung cakes on treetrunks, plastic-roof huts

Wet processions Families walk
Stunted boys big heads don't talk
Look bony skulls & silent round eyes
Starving black angels in human disguise

Mother squats weeping & points to her sons
Standing thin legged like elderly nuns
small bodied hands to their mouths in prayer
Five months small food since they settled there

on one floor mat with a small empty pot
Father lifts up his hands at their lot
Tears come to their mother's eye
Pain makes mother Maya cry



Two children together in palmroof shade
Stare at me no word is said
Rice ration, lentils one time a week
Milk powder for weary infants meek

No vegetable money work for the man
Rice lasts four days eat while they can
Then children starve three days in a row
and vomit their next food unless they eat slow.

On Jessore road Mother wept at my knees
Bengali tongue cried mister Please
Identity card torn up on the floor
Husband still waits at camp office door

Baby at play I was washing the flood
Now they won't give us any more food
The pieces are here in my celluloid purse
Innocent baby play our death curse

Two policemen surrounded by thousands of boys
Crowded waiting their daily bread joys
Carry big whistles & long bamboo sticks
to whack them in line They play hungry tricks

Breaking the line and jumping in front
Into the circle sneaks one skinny runt
Two brothers dance forward on the mud stage
The guards blow their whistles & mock them in rage

Why are these infants massed in this place
Laughing in play & pushing for space
Why do they wait here so cheerful & dread
Why this is the House where they give children bread

The man in the bread door Cries & comes out
Thousands of boys & girls Take up his shout
Is it joy? is it prayer? "No more bread today"
Thousands of Children at once scream Hooray!

Run home to tents where elders await
Messenger children with bread from the state
No bread more today! & no place to squat
Painful baby, sick shit he has got.

Malnutrition skulls thousands for months
Dysentery drains bowels all at once
Nurse shows disease card Enterostrep
Suspension is wanting or else chlorostrep

Refugee camps in hospital shacks
Newborn lay naked on mother's thin laps
Monkey-sized week-old Rheumatic babe eye
Gastroenteritis Blood Poison thousands die

September Jessore Road Rickshaw
50,000 souls in one camp I saw
Rows of bamboo huts in the flood
Open drains, & wet families waiting for food

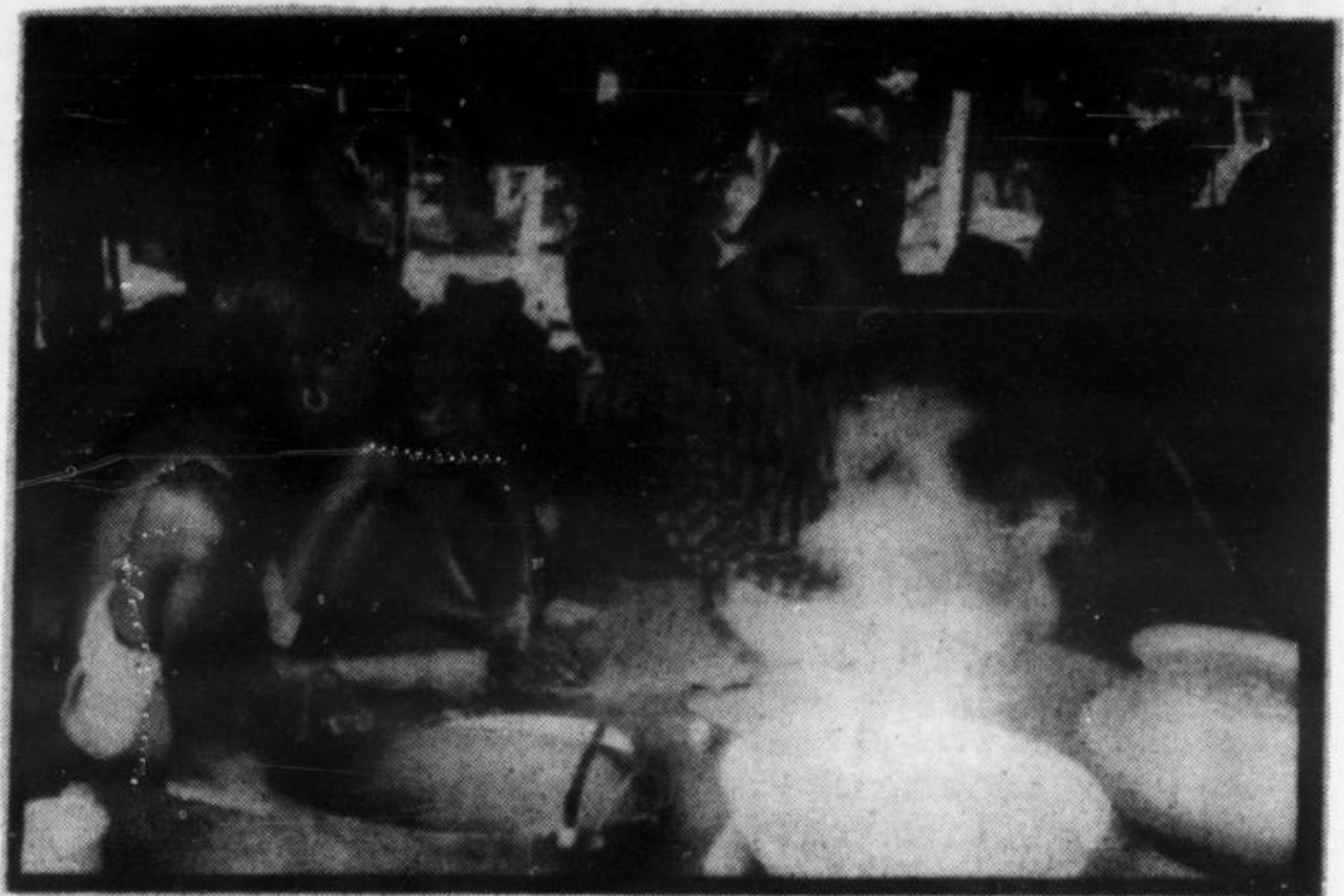
Border trucks flooded, food cant get past,
American Angel machine please come fast!
Where is Ambassador Bunker today?
Are his Helios machinegunning children at play?

Where are the helicopters of U.S. AID?
Smuggling dope in Bangkok's green shade.
Where is America's Air Force of Light?
Bombing North Laos all day and all night?

Where are the President's Armies of Gold?
Billionaire Navies merciful Bold?
Bringing us medicine food and relief?
Nepalming North Viet Nam and causing more grief?

Where are our tears? Who weeps for this pain?
Where can these families go in the rain?
Jessore Road's children close their big eyes
Where will we sleep when Our Father dies?

Whom shall we pray to for rice and for care?
Who can bring bread to this shit flood foul'd lair?
Millions of children alone in the rain!
Millions of children weeping in pain!



Ring 0 ye tongues of the world for their woe
Ring out ye voices for Love we don't know
Ring out ye bells of electrical pain
Ring in the conscious American brain

How many children are we who are lost
Whose are these daughters we see turn to ghost?
What are our souls that we have lost care
Ring out ye musics and weep if you dare--

Cries in the mud by the thatch'd house sand drain
Sleeps in huge pipes in the wet shit-field rain
waits by the pump well, Woe to the world!
whose children still starve in their mother's arms curled.

Is this what I did to myself in the past?
What shall I do Sunil Poet I asked?
Move on and leave them without any coins?
What should I care for the love of my loins?

What should we care for our cities and cars?
What shall we buy with our Food Stamps on Mars?
How many millions sit down in New York
& sup this night's table on bone & roast pork?

How many million beer cans are tossed
in Oceans of Mother? How much does She cost?
Cigar gasolines and asphalt car dreams
Stinking the world and dimming star beams

Finish the war in your breast with a sigh
Come taste the tears in your own Human eye
Pity us millions of phantoms you see
Starved in Samsara on planet TV

How many millions of children die more
before our Good Mothers perceive the Great Lord?
How many good fathers pay tax to rebuild
Armed forces that boast the children they've killed?

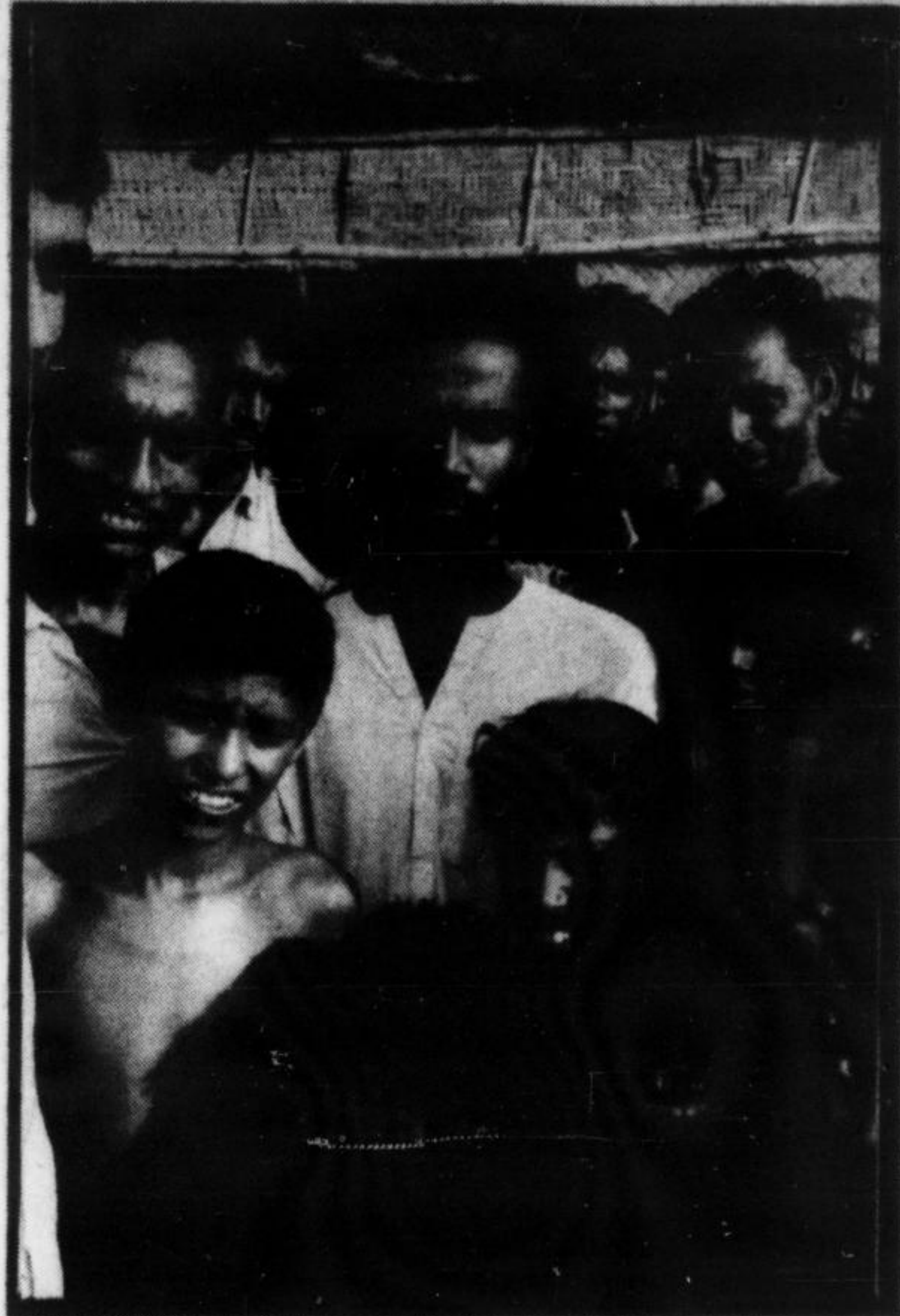
How many souls walk through Maya in pain
How many babes in illusory rain?
How many families hollow eyed lost?
How many grandmothers turning to ghost?


How many loves who never get bread?
How many Aunts with holes in their head?
How many sisters skulls on the ground?
How many grandfathers make no more sound?

How many fathers in woe
How many sons nowhere to go?
How many daughters nothing to eat
How many uncles with swollen sick feet

Millions of babies in pain
Millions of mothers in rain
Millions of brothers in woe
Millions of children nowhere to go

Nov 14-16 1971
A.G.





SILENCE KILLS

by **LYNDA CRAWFORD**

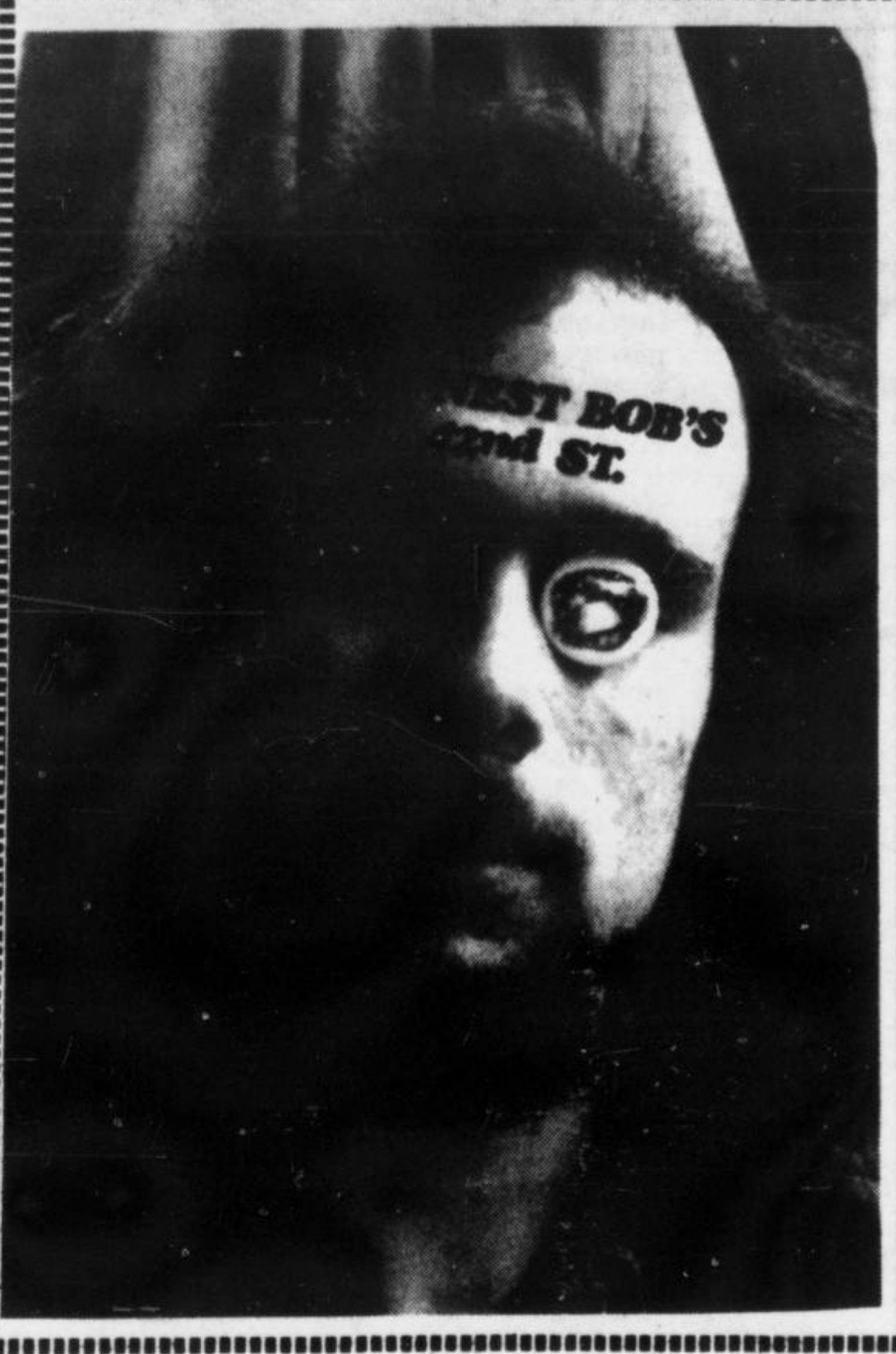
Silva Zalmanson was 27 years old in October. Her birthday, however, passed over quite unnoticeably on this particular date. It had been an incredible year in so many ways for Silva that somehow the occasion of birthdays no longer mattered. Perhaps more important a date for Silva to remember would have been December 25th. Not for purposes of celebrating the holiday though; there will be none of that for her either. No, Silva will be remembering December 25th for a much different reason than the one of festivities. For Silva Zalmanson December 25th marks one year since her sentencing by the Soviet authorities and leaves nine years to go of her imprisonment in Potma Prison Camp. But then again, the date that stands out most in her mind could also well be June 15th. It was on that day, just about a year and a half ago, that Silva was picked up with ten other persons by the Soviet secret police on charges of conspiring to leave the country (which falls into the

category of anti-Soviet activities), by means of conspiring to hi-jack a Soviet jet (which falls into the category of responsibility for the preparation of a crime and for an attempted crime) and because she and eight of the others were Jews and their conspired destination was Israel, they were also charged with anti-Soviet propaganda, anti-Soviet agitation and participation in an anti-Soviet organization ...in short, treason. In Russia, Zionism is considered hostile to their Marxist-Leninist ideology.

Silva Zalmanson is a Zionist, one who was avidly seeking emigration to Israel and was refused, twice. The legal procedures involved for a Jew to get an exit visa to Israel are unbelievably long, complicated, expensive and unnecessarily humiliating yet this has not stopped Jews wishing to leave from applying. However, after going through this arduous process, which usually results in the loss of one's job, dismissal of the child-

ren from school and disfavor amongst your previous friends and neighbors (a desire to leave the Soviet Union is considered most offensive), more often than not, the answer is No. Such was the case for Silva and the other Jews involved in the attempted escape. Their charges included and often dwelled upon "anti-Soviet activities", yet each has individually stated how completely un-politically motivated they were. As to the attempted "criminal plot", I think Silva summed up in her final testimony their defense when she said: "I do not think that Soviet law should regard anyone's intention to live in another country as treason and I am convinced that under the law it is those who are illegally trampling our right to live where we wish who should be put to trial. Let the Court at least take into consideration the fact that if we had been allowed to leave, there would not have been this "criminal plot", which has caused us so much pain...and caused our families even more".

on 20



"The desert grows; woe to him who bears deserts within himself!" -Nietzsche

Maybe I shouldn't have dropped out of high school. Maybe I should have read "The Greening of America". Maybe I shouldn't have squandered the barbers and fits of my *jeunesse* in the front of rows of Forty Second Street, stumbling from six hour bouts with truth 24 times a second, what pass for my reflexes so frayed I'd like as not anhelate around the midtown grid for hours, left foot pointed north and right foot pointed south, or left pointed south and right pointed north, or left east and right south or left west and right north or left south and right west or left south and right east or left west and right east or left in and right out or left out and right in or left in and right out or left out and right in or left in and right in or left fore and right back or left back and right fore or left *en point* and right in the gutter, swain-drunk with the Hollywood hallucination, till the Trades blew me back to Brooklyn. I wonder if Alejandro Jodorowsky went through something like this, since I see we have in common a penchant for the most recondite, rococo, obnubilating ways of making points both esoteric and Socratic. Zut alors, if I hypo the whips and ass will my blurbs increase? I must communicate with *unter den Latimer*.

Vis-a-vis the counter culture, *El Topo*, whose infamous violence does not nauseate so much as induce the bends, has taken the vanguard position of the paraplegic leading the catatonic. Among those who have succumbed to the rapture of the depths is Jerry Rubin who is

said to have said "*El Topo* made me less afraid to die". I hope this is a filthy canard about Jerry because there are plenty nuts around who would be all to set themselves ablaze, after first singlehandedly destroying the ruling class of perverted *banditos*, degenerate *caudillos*, slave-raping *senoras* and spicy *enchiladas*, thereby liberating the Woodstock Nation, the oppressed peoples of the world, and the salt of the earth, whom Jodorowsky charitably depicts as congenital syphilitics, a charmingly intimate sign of the rapport Alejandro holds with some leftwing cabals.

Like *Of a Fire on the Moon*, where Norman Mailer fawningly re-enacted the rationalism-venerated closet queening that led to Gustave von Ashenbach's *fin de siecle*, *fin de moi*, *fin du monde*, death in Venice. *El Topo* is essentially topological, showing the contours of Jodorowsky's mind like dead bugs on a car window. It is like an undergraduate speed crash with Zolar the Astrologer, the unedited "Waste Land", or the peace beyond understanding that comes of the repeated communion of head and wall. *El Topo* is the righteous castrater of the fascist pigs, the betrayed and the bewhipped of sinister sado-Lesbian ladies in leather, the martyr and saviour of all us po'li'l dero'med darkies. Jodorowsky, any relation to Raskolnikow? Or Rasputin?

As Griselda observes, *El Topo* spends much of his time in the desert (reads nights, and goes south in the winter), one as large and uncool as his ego. This accounts for his bad surrealism: the desires he takes for realities are the most palpably cornflake and cardboard mirages the sun's rays can smoke from his memories of the Classics Comics Upanishads. So what if a stick in the sand is a tao symbol? George Steiner, a well known academic "humanist", says the "central myth" of the 20th Century culture is the martyrdom of the Jews. It's very big with the guilty-proud liberals of Mr. Sammler's planet, maudlin but still a shard of visceral reality. The myth of the olive tree in whose living trunk is carved the bed of Odysseus and Penelope, the revelation of which ends his years of warring and whoring, strikes me as an elegant handle to explain the cultural revolution, at least for readers of the *Odyssey* and Jung. Steiner's and Homer's myths both have their being in the matrix of human experience; in a film as slowly stupefying as *El Topo* the replacement of character by cartoon and conflicts by quasi-Zen rituals of machismo is fatal. Then, getting down to sex, Jodorowsky has nothing to offer us but a misogynistic, unerotic

attempt to identify Lesbianism with sadism and fetishism and, in a pitiful attempt at ecstasy, shots of straight sex intercut with a bareassed babe on horseback, grinning (the girl not the horse) (probably both, though, come to think of it, but I never look a gift horse etc.).

El Topo is a cartoon film, but unlike Makavejev's *Mysteries of the Organism*, where the Reichian refrain of the perennial philosophy is passed to the audience like a joint. It is more like Godard's recent political sloganeering that is pushed like a nickel bag of pigeon shit.

El Topo, it should be noted, is in the current chiliastic vein of Latin American cinema. Films like *Antonio das Mortes*, *Land in a Trance*, and *Macunaïma* and even Dennis Hopper's ambitiously apologetic *The Last Movie* have dealt powerfully with the theme of the revolutionary in relation to both man and God, emphasizing the death-rebirth, sin-penance--redemption, St Paul-like metamorphosis of imperialist sinner into revolutionary saint. Even *Hour of the Furnaces*, and others of its documentary breed, have used the people as collective martyrs. It is sung of Antonio das Mortes, the semi-factual bourgeois trouble-shooter who goes over to the rebels, that

he prayed in ten churches but he had no patron saint
Faith does not come from the security of Antonio's expertise, but, as Ken Kesey says in the current *Realist* interview, from survival, and it is the people who survive. But by Mithra's fire, Jodorowsky, whose apocalypse is more in apoplexy than in angst, has all his people killed off just so *he* can be gloriously self-immolated to mourn them, like Henry Fonda in *Fort Apache* or Captain Bligh or Custer or any other psychotic. Who cares? Yet his seed lives on. Two sons, and one already looks acts talks and shoots like him, and at my back I think I hear *The Son of El Topo* drawing near. Jodorowsky, wine sack with a dog's eyes, is begging for the fate of Our Lord, and I say it would be hard of us to deny him. We meet tonight at Max's with a bag of nails and thirsty pieces of silver for Al Douglas. It's time he got his religion straight--from the barrel of a gun. Long live People's Invincible Forty Second Street Thought!

Great Lines from Great Movies: Humphrey Bogart to Lizabeth Scott, *Dead Reckoning*, 1947: "Get back in my pocket."

ACE

ABBIE FROM

amounts of money to radical groups is a complex area that is never discussed openly and not fully explored probably because it raises too many publicity problems. For example, I tried to claim monies given to the Chicago Trial as a legal expense. This was disallowed since it was proven that the funds were used for political organizing. If the money had been claimed as a business deduction used to promote my books then it would have been all right. Can't you see the headlines though. I could, and decided to forfeit the bread to the government rather than face the reactions.

Jerry Rubin's case presents a similar problem. To deal with profits from *Do It!* he tried to create a foundation to manage the funds. It created a tremendous stir and prompted a congressional hearing. The government was not about to let nasty Jerry Rubin use the same tax dodges that rich folks use simply because the government knew Jerry's money went to destroy the very system that allowed such chicanery. Strangely enough, radicals agreed with the government. Everyone screamed "Jerry Rubin's a capitalist pig with tons of money". I heard every estimate from one hundred thousand to one million bucks. Needless to say the foundation got canned. *Do It!* to date the most successful radical book ever published in the U.S. with the exception of *Soul on Ice* has earned about \$28,000, very little of which Jerry will ever see. There is a lawsuit pending against the book by the parents of a young girl pictured puffing a joint. Simon and Schuster hates Jerry and is glad his royalties are tied up since they don't have to pay him. Moreover Simon and Schuster has a right to construct their own defense against the lawsuit using their own lawyers and all this at Jerry's expense. Their estimate is a whopping \$17,000 for the defense. That means \$11,000 left in royalties for Jerry to receive at some future date at which time the government will then move in for its cut. Jerry would be angry with me for even mentioning this publicly since he feels, and he's probably right, that any discussion of money, even explaining patiently that we give it all away will still bring heavy criticism since most people in the movement haven't actually tried to raise hundreds of thousands for trials or national demonstrations. The discussions seem bogged down in the play-pen of ideology rather than the real world of tactics.

As for my own unusual situation, *Steal This Book* also has the unique distinction of being the only book ever banned from Canada for political reasons.

I had to learn the whole game of book publishing and all around the most hated book in book-selling history. I became totally obsessed with the challenge and devised a whole publicity campaign around the book. A problem complicated by the fact that I have been banned from network talk shows since I forced Merv Griffin to visually censor me and my flag shirt. With my previous books I shied away from promotion even to the extent of preventing the publisher from using my name on the first one. On television or radio shows I made a point of never "plugging" a book. But each censorship barricade to *Steal This Book* fired my zeal. Publicity was the only way to unlock a recalcitrant book distribution network. The most common stunt I pull-

ed was to walk into a large store that refused to carry the book with a local reporter, engage the clerk in a dialogue about free speech and end by boldly walking out with a few books without paying, daring the clerk to call the cops. None ever did. The campaign was about as successful as it could be. Many stores changed their policy when customers complained but most stood firm. Change the title and we will carry it they said, but of course the title was the whole purpose of the book. If the channels had opened up the book would have sold a million copies. As it was it sold about 250,000. For more than a year and a half I spent between 8 to 10 hours a day on the book. Because of all the people getting cuts, the added expense of setting up a company, publishing mistakes made along the way, my personal profit will be in the neighborhood of only \$15,000 (by the way Jaakov, I support totally six people), when the distributor some time next year tallies up the figures (everything is years behind in the book biz).

That's \$20,000 less than one publisher offered me as an advance if I'd agreed to change the title and make various deletions. Still there are folks that say I did it all for money. Actually, in addition to creating thousands of revolutionary outlaws, I saw a chance for developing a real successful radical publishing company. Other books were contracted, ideas put together, manuscripts read, distribution and financing arrangements made. Then the shit hit the fan in terms of the bad publicity and my skin proved alot thinner than I had expected. Bad-mouthing from the overground press had become such a natural occurrence, it just rolled off my back. I even prided myself on having never answered any criticism but what was now happening was something quite different. Personal attacks based on total unmitigated lies were now becoming a regular movement pastime. The establishment press could never have matched the vicious crap that poured forth. Something deeply psychological was at the root of it all, like primeval sibling rivalry. Trashing of movement personalities had always been a regular occurrence at bull sessions. Everyone on trial in Chicago had been trashed for a variety of movement no-no "isms" and I'd seen it happen to every left leader that had emerged in the past decade. That's why the average life span of a movement figure who makes some lasting contribution varying from Mario Savio to Rap Brown seems to be about two years before the piranhas, as Flo Kennedy refers to them, set in. Even knowing all this my inability to deal with attacks from within the movement surprised me to no end. It affected me so badly I junked the whole publishing company, released authors pledged to do books (most of which were grabbed by regular publishing houses) and canned a number of ideas. An incredible truth about the radical movement hit me. That to win, to make the publishing company a success was going to mean having to face the criticism of the entire U.S. left. To do that in the midst of trying to gain necessary support for a most difficult trial ahead in Washington was a bit much.

I was really getting strung out when along came my second most famous trial.

Tom Forcade headed U.P.S. and it seemed like a way to begin to publish and distribute *Steal This Book*. We met, Tom did some work on the book, I found it inadequate, we fought over his contribution, he said he'd sue me, I said "Fuck You". He actually did sue me when cooler heads

prevailed. We decided to settle the dispute before an arbitration board of our peers. A noble experiment indeed. Yet as soon as the announcement was made it immediately became my "trial". Moreover the story was that I had fucked Tom out of money, a most incredible attitude since I had offered him a whopping \$1500 for help in editing the book. He demanded \$5,000 and asked the panel for \$8,500. The "hassle board" as we called it, awarded Tom \$1000 and 10,000 books at cost (approximately 80 cents each) to establish an alternative distribution. And besides, an alternative distribution system had been rejected by Forcade when I first approached him with the idea. As of now, two months after the decision, he has shown that he does not desire the books. In fact I made thousands of books available to a variety of groups for alternative distribution and sale. Every underground newspaper received a letter telling them to ignore the copyright, reprint the book, and keep the money. Underground newspapers really missed an incredible opportunity. Not one took up the offer, yet an underground paper in, say, Philadelphia where the book is virtually banned, could have made about \$10,000 doing the book. Getting back to Forcade versus Hoffman, I quote from the decision handed out by the Board, "we find the size of his (Forcade's) claim to be out of line with the amount of work he actually did".

Now anyone who had seen the expression on our faces when the decision came down could tell who won and who lost. It's not difficult to see once you understand, as did both Tom and myself, that the book thing was a meaningless sop and that it was a case of a cash settlement \$500 less than I offered a year ago when the hassle started!

Not so the press. Some newspapers saw it as a draw but they were in the minority. Almost every paper in the country found me "guilty as charged", I suppose, since Forcade had nothing before the hearing and a grand after, plus some books, then he must have won. No one mentioned the rather important fact that I had offered him \$1500 as a settlement, only the Berkeley Barb quoted the sentence above which to my mind clearly settles the matter, and only the book trade journals that covered the hearing realized that the book offer meant nothing. I urge sceptics to read Craig Karpel's analysis of the hearing and the media reaction in the current issue of WIN magazine. Karpel was one of the three arbitrators selected by us to sit in judgment. On a recent WBAL-FM dis-

ussion of the arbitration he went considerably further in his criticism of Forcade's willingness to use an even more willing pig press to roast me and Tom's "snaky" conduct throughout the hearing. In any event read the article and then recall your reaction when you read about the "trial" in the mass media.

Even though my personal profit was less than if I had submitted to a "little editing", as publishers politely call censorship, and done the book in the traditional way, I think it's still obvious that it was an incredible success against seemingly impossible odds. Close to thirty other radicals got a cut of the book. I received more than 10,000 letters from folks who experimented with the various alternative living techniques layed out in the book. Many claimed it changed their living styles. Yet I still can't help feeling that the book was a failure since no one got turned on to self-publishing and breaking the umbilical cord that binds radical wri-

ters to distinctly un-radical publishing companies. That was the great disappointment of *Steal This Book*.

I don't want to get deeply into the pig media stuff on me getting a haircut, going straight, voting, and so on. The whole business is absolute crap. I sheared off a symbolic lock at a speech to emphasize an attack on culture without politics or "waterbed politics", and although the press took loads of pictures, mug shots of me in jail two years ago or other equally absurd photos were used; hence a symbolic lock sheared off with a switchblade became an honest to goodness barbershop crewcut. The remarks on registering to vote, were so overplayed the press had me practically a young Democrat, in fact, I got a call from Democratic candidates seeking support after the story hit the wires. I advocated registering to vote chiefly as a necessary step in getting on juries to be in a position to hang important political trials. If Nixon was determined to pack the Supreme Court we should pack juries and be in a position to hang important political trials. If Nixon was determined to pack the Supreme Court we should pack the juries with people bent on destroying the system. I also spoke about the need to experiment with radical electoral politics on a community level in areas with heavy concentrations of freaks, blacks, students. But this clearly only applied to a small number of townships. Even with that I cautioned against thinking socialism, even vest-pocket socialism could be won through elections. I pointed out how a freak-radical candidate had recently won for Justice of the Peace in Kansas only to find the next day that the state choose to abolish the office. In California another attempt by radicals to politically take over a small county saw the county simply merge with its neighbor to thwart this drive to socialism. Similar situations are occurring throughout the country. Talahassee Florida, for example, just went through an incredible fight where the "town elders" fought to abolish the city government and merge with the county decision making apparatus. They said it was to consolidate energy but it was clearly an attempt to nip any potential political alliance between the city's blacks and newly enfranchised students before it could develop. Consolidation was defeated in Talahassee but unfortunately the radical forces played no role in the victory. There, as in most college towns these days, radicals are so depressed and disunited they can't even read the statistics on the wall.

In any event these remarks clearly weren't a call to clean up work within the system. Scarcely the stuff that warrants editorials in every newspaper in the country. Besides I only urged getting involved in radical politics to destroy the system itself. For example suppose in some small town the radicals won control. Naturally you would proceed to levy taxes on the rich, move to municipalize the utilities and major corporations, flood the town with new humane programs like free abortions, day care centers etc. You would fire the police, legalize grass, refuse to cooperate with the draft and other similar federal and state atrocities. You might try making it a crime to deal in real estate. That would be the sort of yippie law that would throw a wrench in the old political machine. If you let your imagination run wild you can see a whole new arena opening up if there is some hard-headed organizing combined with a determination

THE LITTLE CALIFORNIA TOWN of Placerville lies just a frog's hop from Coloma, where the original gold strike was made back in the '40's. However, it wasn't originally named Placerville, but Dry Diggings, by the rabble of distinguished miners who founded it, attended by the usual corps of whiskey salesmen, warehouse personnel, and clergymen. Why they called it Dry Diggings is not clear, for in fact the neighborhood was pretty well salted with raw lucre, but in any case the name was quickly changed after the awful event of January in the boom year of '49.

According to report, one night in that month five drifters stole into the tent of one Lopez, a Mexican gambler, and held a pistol to his head, demanding all his money. Lopez however was ill-disposed to part with his honest gain, and raised hell until the entire camp was alarmed, and came to his rescue. The five desperadoes were consequently siezed in the very act, and brought before a torchlight tribunal of twelve hastily-appointed Dry Diggings citizens; for although there was neither lawman nor judge any closer than Monterey, it was felt that a dramatic example of retribution should be wreaked upon the robbers, lest every blackguard west of the Divide should sweep down upon Dry Diggings and rip off the entire town, rape all the whores, and drink all the whiskey.

So while the august panel of appointed jurists deliberated on the nature of the sentence to be administered the malefactors-the determination of guilt was beneath discussion-the Dry Diggings locals opened the saloon and set into drinking whiskey. It was an event-the first half-way real trial in the gold fields-and by the time the jury came through with a sentence, everybody was pretty well lit.

The sentence was read in the presence of the guilty: thirty-five lashes apiece with a harness strap. And while this prolonged chastisement was being executed, more swill went into the gullets of the Dry Diggings citizenry, and jaws got loose, and talk got to spreading. Presently it was decided, over the screams of the guilty, that two of the dirty bastards - the Frenchmen Garcia and Bissi, and the Chileno Manuel - were the very ones who had dry-gulched a miner's family up on the Stanislaus last fall and murdered them all. Yes, dammit, they were killers, and what those sons of bitches deserved was the rope by God!

So after the whippings were concluded, the dripping evil-doers were carried before another tribunal, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead. Since none of them was up right then to quarreling with the court, an impassioned defense was petitioned on their behalf by one E. Gould Buffum, who cited the authorities of God, Law, and Common Humanity to mitigate the severity of the retribution. But the Dry Diggings folk ignored him, and set to arranging nooses; and since by this time nobody was sober enough to tell one convict from another, all five of them swung before dawn.

Directly afterward the name of Dry Diggings was officially altered to Hangtown, and remained Hangtown all through the Gold Rush. With the gradual establishment of civilisation after that colourful period, however, it was maintained that 'Hangtown' sounded uncouth and unsavoury, and 'Placerville' eventually superannuated it on the charter.

Mc Cabe and Mrs. Miller though takes place in Oregon in the

'80's. Actually it takes place in your neighbourhood movie theatre right now, and if you do not go and see it, you are a fool who does not deserve to live in the same country as Attica State Prison. But we woun't be gouging that deep into the entrails of significance in this review, thank you: it's a lovely flick, that's all, and everyone should watch it. No flick that stars Warren Beatty and Julie Christie-the Rock Hudson and Doris Day of the over 25 Generation--can be entirely revolting.

But it was directed by the same guy who did *M.A.S.H.*, and *M.A.S.H.* they all say was a terrible crock of shit, I wouldn't know. I never go to the movies, being nearly blind from myopia and too lethargic to buy glasses, and the only reason I went to *Mc Cabe and Mrs. Miller* was because the publicity shots were so intriguing. There was a mess of them on somebody's desk a couple months ago, and they really rang all manner of bells in my subconscious. See, if I try real hard I can remember all sorts of strange things: the appointment of Hugo Black to the Supreme Court, the Plauge Riots of '43 (1243 that is), the Cross of Gold speech in all the papers, all that trouble with Cochise back in the '70... It's all back there somewhere, and sometimes it gets nudged into the outline of the shadow of recollection. And these stills from *Mc Cabe and Mrs. Miller*, by heaven, they hauled it up by the pitchfork!

And the movie was even better: there is a palpable reality to it that the most versimilitudinous contemporary flicks could never begin to evoke. You can feel the rain-splashed wind of Oregon sweeping in from the Pacific through the chilly fir trees, and your toes cramp up from the soggy dirty snow underfoot; and the smell of the fresh cut timber and the newly-planned wood of the mining town building itself around you is real, and

the clumsy foul-weather gear against the abominable Oregon elements, these are people you've known all your life.

Even the two central figures, Beatty and Julie Christie, are no more engaging or colourful than anybody you can think of offhand. I mean, Mc Cabe doesn't even qualify as a hero-much less an anti-hero-because he's simply too real. He comes into this little town out of nowhere and euchres enough gold out of the miners over poker to buy three whores and set up a makeshift tent brothel. Nothing is known of his past, beyond a vague allusion to a manslaughter he was supposed to have committed over a gambling table once, long ago. And it's unlikely we'd care any more about him if we knew intimately his entire past, were privy to his infrequent anguished moments of introspection and self-realisation, or were aware of his plans for the future. Beatty portrays in this flick a perfect jockstrap sensibility: Mc Cabe is a man endowed with superior cleverness, exuberant energy, moderate sensitivity, and the compelling ambition to get rich and stay drunk all his life. You have to love him, but you wouldn't defend to the death to run a whorehouse, or even a grocery store. He's a stout likeable Joe Namath sort who comes to a tragic and grisly end, and it is greatly to the director's credit--whatever his name is--that he never urges us to grieve for Mc Cabe, after he's dead. It's the truly modern sensibility: people are only as engaging as the Myths in which they participate, and when someone's Myth envelopes him utterly, well... I have not seen a lot of people grieving over the bloody battle-snuffing of Sam Melville, although and primarily I think because his myth is one of the single most gloriously fulfilling cycles yet completed in this sordid and everlasting ague we call our Revolution. As for Julie Christie as Mrs.

Miller, she makes a capital whore. Although she seems no older than Mc Cabe, nor any brighter really, it's clear that the natural consequences of being an attractive woman with no particularly superior attributes beyond a pretty face and a good body have prompted her to an even more acute realisation of her predicament than Mc Cabe's: that is, in order to get rich and stay doped up all her life, she has to hustle faster than anybody else. It is she who talks Mc Cabe into shipping down an expanded warren of hookers from Seattle, and building for them a spacious bagnio, complete with tavern and toilet on the premises.

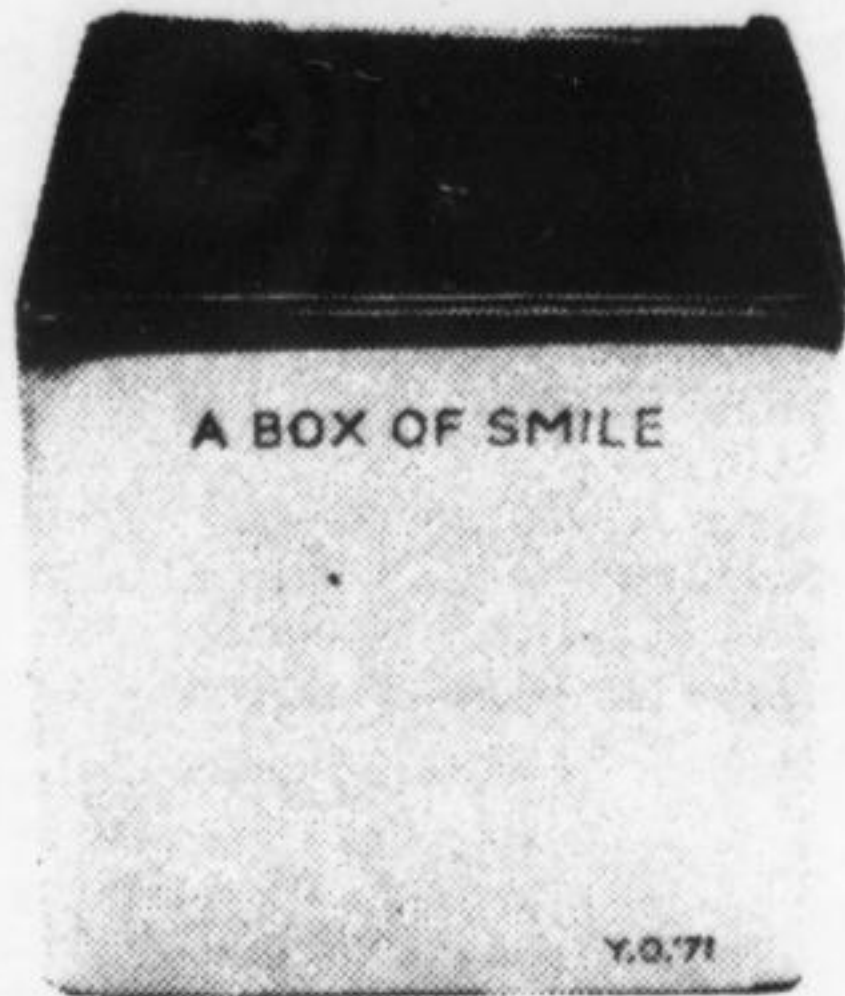
And she's a fine whore all right: Mc Cabe has just enough sensitivity to conceive an affection for her, and not enough brains to realise the hopelessness of loving a whore. Yes, I am defining her in terms of him: if you don't like it, Madame, I can suggest half a dozen things you can sit on while you write your own bloody review. Sensing her hold over him, she manipulates him within narrow limits, and rewards him occasionally with the favours of her pussy--for a good fee, after hooking down enough Chinaman opium to make it pleasurable for her. The contrast between her guttersnipe practicality in running the cathouse, and her bright-eyed zonked-out Cheshire range of personality, and should cop Miss Christie at least an honourable mention at the next Academ Awards gala in Hollywood.

You already know Mc Cabe gets snuffed in the end, I spilled the beans on that one all right. But the interesting experience here anyway is how you can like the guy so much, but not rightly give a damn when he buys the farm. Actually, it's kind of convenient he gets killed, because otherwise you'd want the movie to go on forever, or at least another thirty years to World War One. Because the thing that makes this flick so great, so distinctive, so compelling and engaging and altogether far fucking OUT is this, that it is really about how our American forefathers went into the wilderness, man, into the fucking killer woods, and chopped down the trees and build houses and saloons and brothels, and filled them with whiskey and whores and worked like Chinamen doing it, and worked the Chinamen to death working the worst of it for them, and killed each other for land and killed each other for money, and killed each other out of pride, and killed each other out of fear, and killed each other for justice, and killed each other for no God Almighty reason you could figure out for the life of you. And the taste of it, like I said, is real: whoever this director is, he is the Theodore Dreiser of his medium. At last a use has been found for the movie camera. Evidently it's not the kind of movie that's going to radically change anybody's life, though, if I'm any example. The most practical message I can draw from it is this: never do business with a woman. And why am I writing this piece of shit? Hell, because I made a bet with my old woman, who has been subtly agitating to get me to write something for this paper for weeks now: if I didn't write it by pastep night I was to buy her a Chinese dinner of spareribs and eggroll, for three nights running; but if I *did* write it, on six hours' notice, she'd owe me a complete handjob. But now it's done, except for the next sentence or four, so obviously I'm in for a good time tomorrow night, after we get back from EVO pastep. But you know what? I bet she gives me such a killer handjob that all my defenses will be annihilated, and in the soft afterglow she'll wheedle five sweet-



by DA LATIMER

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YOKO ONO

Yoko- The first film that I made "B uttoms" brought me \$5,000 profit, which went into getting a huge apartment where I could exchange the rooms and board for people who assist me in my work-it went very well but the way I did it was by getting all these outdated films, I borrowed a camera and everybody worked. There are aways of doing it! Even though we may not have the money and may not control the media- there are many tthings the capitalists are missing. Like after Howard's show someone asked me "Give me three minutes and listen to my song ". I did and told him to go and play in the streets but that he didn't want to doOn the one side there ia a fantastic dream scene people are seeing. They think that if you make it there you can be the King and Queen. Yet they do not understand how much they have to sacrifice in order to become the King and Queen, because when you reach that point your freedom is gone. So you see, instead of chasing after dreams and illusions like that, we have to do what has to be done. I believe it can be done.

TO BE CONTINUED

FROM 7

ABBIE

From 16

to win where the statistics say a win is possible. As far as national politics - a sheer waste of time and energy. Any national radical politics are a mere publicity stunt. Far better to build the demonstrations this summer in San Diego and force the Republicans into the sea. Supporting some form of elections isn't necessarily counter-revolutionary. The Tupamaros currently back the leftwing coalition in the upcoming election in Uruguay. There is a time and a place for every tactic under the revolutionary sun.

I'm sorry Jaakov I got off on this tangent. When I was discussing the press distortions and fabrications surrounding myself

I hope these notes, and I've barely scratched the surface in each story, have cleared things up a little. I doubt it. Let me quote from Revolution for the Hell of It by a close friend of mine: "I realize the media has tremendous power. I've had peo-

ple come to my apartment yelling at me for saying certain things clutching the news clippings in their hand. These are generally the same people who say they don't believe anything they read in the press". Even the toughest cynic amongst us is conditioned by the news. Who didn't believe the throat-cutting crap about the Attica Freedom Fighters for that one day? The short hair (I'm chewing on my locks as I write this), the penthouse that wasn't, the trial that wasn't, the vindication that became guilty, the money that definitely ain't. In fact Anita, america and I right now have about a thousand bucks between us. If EVO can find more they can have it. None of this really amounts to a hill of beans to anyone but us. On top of all that, having to deal with the incredible amount of government harassment and surveillance can get pretty wearying. There are at least four government agencies claiming to have me under surveillance. Just this week in Washington DC court the government admitted having five wiretaps on me. On December 13th I go on trial for the May Day demonstration. I face ten years in jail and a \$10,000 fine. During the past 6 months my lawyer Jerry Lefcourt has labored valiantly alone using his own money for briefs and travel (\$3,000). No one has sent us a penny. And although there have been a few offers of help nothing materialized. Aside from

my obvious personal interest in the case there is another important factor since I'm being tried under the good old 2101 anti-riot act. In fact I'm the only person in history to be tried under this act twice. Unlike the Chicago trial and appeal caught up in a web of technicalities and procedures this case will probably allow for a clear constitutional test of the law although given the Russian roulette nature of the Supreme Court one never knows. Yet it's clear that a legal

battle against this law has to be fought if there are going to be national demonstrations in this country.

Well Jaakov, I've gone one with this letter and I should really be keying myself up for the quick hanging about to occur next month but it's hard to get the old spirit up. Most of the eyewitnesses to my beating have wandered off into that great unknown behind the last vacated crash pad. Some with the only photos of me getting clubbed and stomped. Some organizers that meant well said other indictments were coming down. Surely Rennie? Surely Froines? But now it looks like I've got to take the whole rap! Yikes! Jaakov I know you're gonna laugh when I tell you this but I've been framed! Framed in too many ways to add up.

Love Abbie

N.Y.C.'s "FINEST", I AM PLEASED TO SAY, HAVE ONCE AGAIN BEEN ON THE JOB. I COMMEND THEM

FOR THEIR DILLIGENT ALERTNESS AND REMARKABLE PROFICIENCY TO RECOGNIZE THE FELONS THAT PLAGUE OUR METROPOLIS.

THE SCENE OF THE CRIME: A TAXICAB, AN ALIAS ITSELF, FUGITIVE FROM THE JUNK HEAP, PARKED ON 9 AVE., WITH ME, THE HARDENED AND EMBITTERED CRIMINAL READING HOKE NORRIS' "ITS NOT FAR, BUT I DON'T KNOW THE WAY." (I USEALLY TELL MY FARES JUST THAT.) WHEN SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE GLOOM OF NIGHT, THERE APPEARS AN IMPROVERISHED CHARACTER WHO RAPS ON MY WINDSHIELD, INDICATING AN INQUIRY AS TO WHETHER I HAVE A MATCH TO LIGHT THE REMAINDER OF HIS CIGARETTE. NOW AT 5:30 IN THE MORNING, I'M NOT ANXIOUS TO GET OUT OF MY CAB TO LIGHT ANYBODY'S CIGARETTE, OR PICK ANYBODY UP FOR THAT MATTER. HOWEVER, HAVING ASSERTAINED HE WAS A HARMLESS GENT, I ALIGHTED FROM MY CAB, ABANDONING ALL CAUTION, (AFTER ALL, I HAD MY TRUSTY 22 CAL. BLANK PISTOL FASTENED SECURELY TO MY HIP,) WHICH NATURALLY WOULD THWART ANY SINISTER INTENTIONS ON THE GENTLEMAN'S PART.

AFTER OBLIGING, I TURNED TO STEP BACK INTO MY CAB WHEN A RAUCOUS VOICE SPLITS THE SILANCE OF 9 AVENUE. "FREEZE±" I IMMEDIATELY THOUGHT I WAS ABOUT TO BE RIPPED OFF. BUT NO, IT'S OFFICER GAHAN, 26180, POINTING HIS 38 CAL. AT ME. I RESPONDED WITH, "DON'T SHOOT± ITS A BLANK GUN." HE DIN'T SHOOT. THE OFFICERS, WEARING BLACK LEATHER JACKETS, RESEMBLING CLEAN CUT HELLS ANGLES, WHICH IS BETTER THEN RUNNING INTO DIRTY CUT HELLS ANGLES, PUT THEIR GUNS AWAY AND THEN ASKED ME TO TURN OVER MY GUN. I TO-

HOLSTER, WHICH, HAD IT BEEN A REAL DESPERADO, KOPS WOULD HAVE INDEED WOULD HAVE BEEN MOST UNHANDLED MY "PIECE" OVER, GIVING IT A CAREFUL EX-LOADED. "YES," I ANSWERING HOW IT OPENS, THE LAUGH AND TRY TO PUT IT CYLINDER'S MASTER SCREW THEN ASKS, "WHY DO YOU MOTIONED TOWARDS THE CAB HIS PARTNER, I THINK HIS SAYS, "LET'S LOCK THIS ALARMING SUGGESTION I IM-ONALIZE WITH THEM. "5:30 THINGS TO DO, LETS NOT THE EVENT I GET SOME CL-WILL SCARE HIM AWAY...ETC. FINE ANNOUCEMENT, "YOU'RE SSION OF A STARTERS PIS-HELP, YOU WERE RIGHT OH SO'S" THAT ARE DUE TO ME ELF, NOW RESIGNED TO MY "SEE HERE MY GOOD FELLOWS" BEING FINGEREDPRINTED CUFFED TO A BENCH. WHILE OF REMORSEFUL HUMANITY, MEMBERS OF THE 18PCT, KE TO SAY), THE DESK SGT. ME SIEG HEILS SPORADICA-ESTING OFFICERS, WHO AT A DULL PENNY TO SEE WHO THE "FINEST" INTERATED OUGHT TO BE PUT INTO OV-TROOP OF NAZI'S AND S.S.-THEM THAT IN SOUTH AFRICA AND THEY SHOULD GO THERE DING THAT THE NIGGERS TH-OVENS WHEN THE TIME CO-REAL GERMAN-LIKE UNIFOR-WHO LAST STIFF ARMED ME, DIRTY JEW " HE REPLYED, ERE, MARCH AROUND LIKE LAND " I ANSWERED. "LET ME AT THAT BASTARD, HE'S MINE " OTHER PIG OFFICERS JOININ, A SPONTANEOUS REACTION. ONE MEAN LOOK'IN PIG IN PLAIN CLOTHES SHOUTS, "NO HE'S MINE " "I'M NOT ANYBODIES, I'M ME AND THAT MEANS I'M MINE " I SAY, TRING TO SETTLE THIS IMPORTANT POINT OF OWNERSHIP. A CREW-CUT PIG STEPS UP TO ME, STIFF AT ATTENTION, CLICKS HIS HEALS, GIVES A NAZI SALUTE, AND IMFORMS ME THAT HE IS A GERMAN AND PROUD OF IT. "THAT'S VERY NICE," I ANSWERED. AT THIS TIME A FUNNY THING HAPPANDED. ABOUT TWO THIRDS OF ALL THE PIGS PRESENT STOOD AT ATTENTION AND GAVE ME A NAZI SALUTE (ONE POLICE OFFICER, AND I MEAN JUST THAT, A POLICE OFFICER, SHOOK HIS HEAD IN DISGUEST AT HIS FELLOW OFFICERS AND LEFT THE STATIONHOUSE.) FEELING LIKE THEY MADE ME THEIR HONERARY FUHRER FOR THE DAY, I RESPONDED WITH A CHORUS OF "DEUTSHLAND UEBER ALLES " "I'M A GERMAN JEW" CREWCUT STAT-ES. "THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING GIVING ME NAZI SALUTES?" MY LUCK, A PYSCHOTIC PIG, A MEMBER OF THE J.D.L. AND THE NAZI PARTY. NOW THAT IS THE ULTIMATE DISPLAY OF BROTHERHOOD I'VE YET RUN AC-ROSS "LOOK WILL YOU POOR TWISTED SOULS LEAVE ME ALONE " I PLEADED. "GO BUG EACH OTHER, CATCH A ROBBER OR SOMETHING



OK THE 'GUN' OUT OF MY BEEN REAL, AND HAVING I THAT DUO OF KEYSTONE BEEN BLOWN AWAY. THAT PLEASANT FOR THEM. I OFFICER GAHAN, WHILE AMINATION, ASKS IF ITS RED, AND WHILE HE'S FIG-GUN FALLS APART. WE ALL BACK TOGETHER BUT THE CANNOT BE FOUND. GAHAN CARRY THIS THING?" I IN REPLY, HE TURNS TO LAST NAME IS RICK, AND FUCKER UP " AT THIS MEDIATELY TRIED TO RAT-IN THE MORNING, I GOT HASSEL, I CARRY IT IN B-OWN WITH A KNIFE AND IT GAHAN INTERRUPTS WITH A UNDER ARREST FOR POSE-TOL " "UGH " JAAKOV CHRIST, THE 'I TOLD YOU JAAKOV " I SAY TO MYSE FATE. BEFORE I CAN SAY I'M WITHIN THE 18TH PCT AND SUBSEQUENTLY HAND-SITTING THERE, A BUNDLE ALREADY REHABILITATED, "COMMAND", (AS THEY LI-INCLUDED, BEGAN GIVING LLY, ALONG WITH MY ARR-THIS TIME WERE TOSSING GOES TO COURT. ONE OF HOW JEWS AND NIGGERS ENS. GOOD HEAVENS A NUTS AT THAT I TOLD NAZI'S ARE WEEL LIKED TO BE HAPPY, BUT REMIN-ERE MAY PUT THEM INTO MES. "WHY YOU EVEN GET MS." I SAY TO THE PIG "SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU "NICE NAZI UNIFORMS TH- THEM GUYS IN THE FATHER

"DID HE GET SEARCHED?" A PIG ASKS GAHAN. "NO, NOT YET", TURNING TO ME, "STAND UP " HE DAMANDS. GOT TO UNLOCK ME FIRST." I SAID, REMINDING HIM OF THE HANDCUFFS. "ARE YOU A PSYCHO?" "I WAS AB-OUT TO ASK YOU JUST THAT. ARE YOU REALLY A NAZI?" GAHAN GIGGLES. "LETS PSYCHO HIM" HIS PART-NER SAYS. "YES, LETS DO THAT. I TOOK A COURSE IN PSYCHOLOGY LAST SUMMER AT B.C.C.. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I WOULD LIKE TO SEE A SANE PERSON AROUND HERE. SOMEONE WHO UNDERSTANDS AND WANTS TO BE YOUR FRIEND." I ADDED. "ARE YOU A FAG?" GAHAN ASKS. GAHAN THEN INDICATED THAT IF I WERE TO DO "CERTAIN FAVORS" FOR HIM, THINGS WOULD GO MUCH BETTER FOR ME. WHETHER OR NOT HE MEANT HIS ADVA-CE OR NOT, OR TRING TO DETERMINE IF I MIGHT BE A HOMOSEXUAL, (SO WHATS WRONG WITH THAT?), IS GAH-AN'S PROBLEM. HOWEVER, AFTER I REJECTED HIS COME ON, I WAS CHARGED WITH HARASSMENT. onal

ANN ARBOR Jerry FROM 3

sed and thought that he might not get out until he served his entire barbaric sentence. John himself, was locked in solitary, lonely, near freak-out. No one seemed to know or care about John even though he was jailed because of his political activism in opposing imperialism and racism. He was a victim, a martyr, a symbol of the movement's inability to defend it's own.

What was needed was some way to focus national attention on Sinclair's case. Anonymity helps the state keep people in jail. The state is repressive because people do not know or care. John's friends decided to organize a big event and John Lennon and Yoko Ono among others offered to attend to show support. The day before the rally the Michigan Legislature reduced marijuana possession from a felony to a misdemeanor. The Free Sinclair rally publicized his case on the front pages of every paper in Michigan. The vibrations reached the judges because in an incredible tribute to the power of the people, on Monday morning, 55 hours after the rally ended, they voted 6-1 to release John from jail on appeal bond.

As if the rally itself wasn't amazing enough, we achieved our goal. We won! We freed John! 15,000 people freed John! And it was only the beginning. Amazingly enough, the whole thing was organized in ten days. What brought everyone together was the magic of John and Yoko who released a tape Wednesday on Detroit radio saying they were coming themselves, without the Plastik Ono band, to support Sinclair and 15,000 tickets at \$3 a person were sold out within one hour with all the money going to the Free Sinclair Fund. This is the first year in our history that people of John and Yoko's status have done benefit actions for the people. Everyone there felt an appreciation and love for John and Yoko that is unique in feelings between people and rock performers. Something new was in the air, and it is only the beginning. The people on stage reflected the seeds of the new cultural and political renaissance about to hit Amerika - the second cultural revolution. One after another on the stage came Allen Ginsberg, Marge Tobankin, MCs Anne LaVasseur and Bob Rudnick, Bobby Seale, Phil Ochs, Jerry Rubin, Ed Sanders, Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger, David Sinclair, Sheila Murphy, the UP, Father James Groppi, Jonnie

Lee Hillman, Stevie Wonder, Seger -Teagarden Van Winkle, Archie Shepp, Commander Cody, Leni Sinclair, David Peel and John & Yoko. Everyone who had been out doing their own thing by themselves for the past two years came together again, black & white, male & female, politics & music, young & old, revolutionary & reformist, reflecting out new unity, thrown together by Nixon, realizing how much love and power we have if we are together. People cheered the political rock songs and listened carefully and enthusiastically to the speeches, a merger of music and politics never before done, so that the Michigan Daily said, "one couldn't distinguish where the songs left off and politics began". It was not a rock concert. It was not a teach-in. It was some beautiful new combination of rock and political event combined with the feeling of a be in: some new form of mass celebration and affirmation--so new it as yet has no name or definition. The media tells us that young people are back in the fifties and the movement is dead. But here were 15,000 kids from the State of Michigan, working class kids, college kids, GI's, youth from every social class and every imaginable community, brought together by their desire to live in a world without oppression.

The action began at 7PM but it wasn't until 8 1/2 hours later till 3.30AM before John & Yoko got on the stage. By the time that they began singing the room was so high you felt like laughing hysterically or crying with happiness or pinching yourself to see if it was really happening. It was far out: John and Yoko had given their energy as an opportunity for all of us to get together. An unspoken "thank you" went out from the crowd and an unspoken "thank you" went back from John & Yoko. Yoko dedicated a song "to my sisters in Ann Arbor", called "Sisters, O Sisters". Then they sang two songs they wrote together: "Attica State" about the massacre of 43 prisoners and guards at the prison, and "Luck The Luck of the Irish", about the struggle of the Irish people against British occupation. Then John climaxed the night with the song he specifically wrote for that night: "It ain't fair, John Sinclair", a catchy tune sung to the slide guitar. What an incredible moment earlier when Leni Sinclair began speaking to him on the phone. John was making his one phone call a month, and prison officials did not know that he was speaking on a phone hooked up live to 15,000 people and FM radio. John said: "They try to make us feel so alone in here," and then he started sobbing. For one minute that seemed like an hour, John broke down and

cried. 15,000 people sat motionless with lumps in their throats. The old dream of '67 and '68 has floundered. Rock festivals turned into mass freakouts, with ugly rapes and mad pushing and shoving. The sweet pot high turned into a mass heroin and speed disaster areas. Rock music became a new capitalist product and rock stars became movie stars. Our streets turned into Desolation Row. Finally, individually and collectively we said stop! and we decided to take a rest and discover who we are. Before we began again we knew we had to root out of our own family the evils of male chauvenism, bad drugs, capitalist rip-offs, movie stardom. But even that necessary self examination and turning inward got corrupted into an extreme as people began attacking themselves and each other so ferociously that we all became too scared to move- not out of fear of the Establishment but out of fear of unloving, unrelenting criticism from one's own sisters and brothers - and people went so inward and so deep into the country - literally and figuratively- that apathy, despair, cynicism and loneliness took over and we forgot who we were: a new human family, linked together by love and solidarity, out to turn on and change the world. For the past five months in New York City people have been feeling that the worst is over and that people are creating again and coming together again and something new is in the air. Somehow the arrival of John and Yoko in New York has had a mystical and practical effect that is bringing people together again. Bob Dylan signalled an omen of the return to activism when he appeared unannounced at the Bengla Desh concert in Madison Square Garden and sang, "Blowing in the wind", "A Hard Rain's a Gonna Fall" and "Mr. Tambourine Man". It's great- everyone is almost going back to the early sixties and starting all over again. As John Lennon said in the last words spoken at Ann Arbor: "Apathy won't get us anywhere. So flower power failed, so what, let's start again." This is the year for everyone to come back and start again, to come together again, in new ways, to build our culture without male chauvenism, bad drugs and crazy freakouts. We should try to build our culture once more, only this time with more self-awareness and self control. We need more public events, even a huge Political Woodstock at the Republican

National Convention in San Diego. 1-2-3-4-, many more Ann Arbors! AND IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING.....

BELFAST FROM 5

the Saracen.

"We'll call the embassy", they called after us, a woman embraces Louise. They cried. How many How many men had they seen taken off like this? It was much more to them than it was to us, it was the SS in the night, the camps, the Panther killings and more. It was how they saw their husbands and sons taken away. The beginnings of the day's beatings, tortures, prison camps. It was the police state's armored car. The women cheered us as they had cheered others earlier. I looked back at them for a last moment, the armored plated doors slammed. We started off down the street the applause fading to the road of the motor.

In the house the soldiers put out the lights and waited for the IRA attack. The army carrivan in which we were held prisoner was fired upon by the free peo-

"Happy Birthday, Wanda June" does revive the play with all of its varied delights. Once again, the pleasure of Vonnegut is yours."

-JUDITH CRIST, New York Magazine



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ple of Belfast. A clear shot, identified as a 303. The soldiers stuck their guns through the little slits in the armored plated door. No one was hit. An unreported incident.

We were rushed into the police headquarters, past flood lights, sandbags, bobed wire, machine guns. Machine guns aimed out into the falling rain.

The next six or so hours were spent in one room. At first, relaxation, then tension. We could not talk to each other, not look at each other. Michael, the Irishman, was poked awake by the but of a gun. To take a piss meant an armed escort to see what came out.

They questioned us one at a time, maddenly show. In this armored plated room, nine of us were held as prisoners of war. Some insanity of the last Western European colony, an army that held Cyprus, Kenia. Now the feanian bastards sub-human like the rest. We had no rights, it was all in the power of the gun. And they had the guns. In that long stinking silence, in their room the loading and unloading of the rifles, "klick, klick, tap, klick" for hours. It had its effect. The gun was the arbitor now. Not reason. Or the rest of the bullshit that we always fall back upon.

Under the Special Powers Act they could hold us for 48 hours. They announced to the press that no names could be given. We were being held with a view to detention. The authorities have held a man for months with no formal charges placed against him. It was common procedure, hundreds in jail, Joe Stevens of EVO held for months in a Belfast prison,

that was before they used the Special Powers Act, a law that South Africa envied.

There were many black moments, some of us could get a long conspiracy rap or just jail with no explanation. When I went in for questioning, the special branch officer told me that ever PD or IRA house that we attempted to video tape would be busted. It was bad enough for us, but the beatings and torture were reserved for the Irish. If they would release everyone, Michael, the three Belfast kids, all of our tapes and equipment, I agreed to cross the border that evening and do the interviewing by bringing the people south. It was agreed. Everyone was released.

Sean and Carol, who were held by the army in the house, were beaten by a British army doctor because they refused to answer his questions. The man who lived next door to that house suffered a heart attack during that raid and died early in the morning. Belfast is a wounded and tortured city. I think he decided to leave before the final agony.

DECOMP.

FROM 17

and-sour pork dinners out of me. And that's another Myth, just as deeply engraved in human tissue as Mc Cabe's and Melville's: how do you think Juno wheedled all those irrevocable boons out of Zeus, that wreaked so much tragedy and murder on the Earth, if not by giving Him a real wing-ding of a handjob every time she wanted something?

Silence FROM 14

Nevertheless, Silva Zalmanson was convicted with the others and sentenced to ten years imprisonment in a Strict Regime Camp on December 25th, 1970. Moreover, Silva is not going to live out that sentence. She is suffering from respiratory ailments, has developed a peptic ulcer, is unable to eat (which makes it very difficult for her to maintain the work demanded of her) and is losing her hearing. At 27 years old, Silva Zalmanson knows she will soon die unless she receives medical attention immediately, something not afforded at Potma Prison Camp. And all for what? Why did this young woman put herself on the line, abandon her place in Soviet society and get involved in an escape plot that could very well mean her death? The answer is two-fold.

For one, being a Jew in the Soviet Union is hardly a desirable outcome. Over and above the difficulties put in the way of a Jew trying to emigrate from Russia there are the daily discriminations laid on Jews just trying to live their lives within the Soviet Union. Taken from a fact sheet compiled by the Bibliotheque Juive Contemporaine of Paris, and authoritative source of information concerning the status of Jews in the USSR, the following are but a few of the anti-Semitic discriminations applied today: ...There is no central Jewish institution or communal body, such as other religious groups in

onal

BUSTED From 19

"Go through his pockets!" Gahan asks his fellow officer. "No! You go through his pockets." "Wait, I'll settle this dispute, I will go through my pockets and you watch." I said. "Yeah!" Gahan says, not wanting to be robbed of his authority. "I don't want to get my hands dirty!" 26-180 adds.

Keys, a wallet, a thick roll of bills, handfulls of change, two packs of cigarettes (they came in handy later!), and a plastic container of little yellow pills. "Ah haaa! Whats this!?" Gahan says, sweeping it off the table and holding it aloft for the world to see, simling ear to ear. "My girl friends Valiums!" I replied. "No! No! No its not! Its dope!" Gahan run frantically over to the silly wall chart police stations have hanging all over the place, which graphically depicts all the drugs known to heads throughout the world and what effects they have on people. I sat watching him, fingers pointing every which way. Other officers joining in the crazed matching game. Shouts of, "Its this one here! No asshole, its these here, look, there yellow like the ones we got! No! Thats not them at all, these here! ect. ect..."

0A22

SILENCE

From 20

the USSR enjoy, nor is there the opportunity for Jews to take part in international conferences of their coreligionists, a right afforded the central bodies of other faiths in the USSR.... In 1926, after almost a decade of Soviet rule and harassment of religion - there were 1,103 synagogues in the USSR. Thirty years later there were 450. In 1969, this figure had been reduced to 59 - this despite the Soviet law that grants believers the right to form religious societies and to have religious buildings constructed for the purpose of prayer and worship. As of 1971 there were no more than 40 synagogues in the USSR still open for prayer. Of these, half are located in the

non-European parts of the Soviet Union, in an area inhabited by less than 10 percent of the total Jewish population of the country.... There are only three functioning rabbis in the USSR today, two of them more than 75 years old.... There is no Yeshiva or rabbinical training seminary in the Soviet Union - although in 1956 Rabbi Schlieffer announced at the inauguration of the first higher institute of Jewish religious learning that he had enough students to fill three large schools. A war of attrition followed. Students from outside

Moscow were refused the right to return to Moscow after their summer vacations. Today the Yeshiva is no longer in operation. Nor has any Jewish rabbinical student ever been sent abroad for study - in sharp contrast to the treatment accorded to other religious cults in the country.

....The last Hebrew bible was printed in the Soviet Union in 1917. Since then two prayer books were published, one in an edition of 3,000 in 1958, the other of 10,000 in 1968. The latter edition is generally regarded as having been published in response to complaints of tourists shocked at the continuing use of 50 year old prayer books by worshipers in the Moscow Synagogue. More recently, tourists visiting Russian synagogues have reported that the new prayer books are locked away on shelves; the regular worshipers are apparently required to use the old ones.... While crucifixes, candles and other Christian religious articles are manufactured in large quantities in the USSR, Jews are prohibited from manufacturing or from importing phylacteries, prayer shawls and other articles required for Jewish worship.

Not until 1968 was the ban against accepting gifts or shipments of religious articles from abroad partially lifted. In that year a shipment of seven boxes of religious articles was permitted to enter the USSR - the first time in the 51 year history of the Soviet regime. There has been nothing since... No answer has been given to repeated requests by Jews for a new central Jewish burial ground in Moscow.

....Since 1966, the baking of matzoth for passover has been again permitted in the USSR. This was a reversal of Soviet policy, beginning in 1957, to discourage the production of matzoth. Kharkov was the first city where matzoth could not be manufactured. By 1962 the prohibition was general. In 1965, however - largely as a result of world-wide protests - matzoth production was permitted in Moscow, Leningrad and Odessa, and since 1966 most cities with Jewish communities have been producing matzoth for Passover without interference.... Circumcision, not prohibited by Soviet law, is practiced without hindrance by most of the USSR's 25-million Moslems. But the same practice when performed by Jews is scorned and subjected to harassment. It is impossible to ascertain the proportion of Jewish male infants who undergo the operation of circumcision, since most are performed in secret. We do know that very few mohalim

are now functioning legally in the Soviet Union. Thus a basic Jewish ritual, observed almost universally by Jews for countless generations, is now a rarity in the USSR.

The preceding were only a few of the discriminations placed upon Jews living in the Soviet Union. There is also discrim-

ination in Education, in Public Life and the Professions and in Cultural Life. The outcome of course, is the gradual loss of the Jewish identity within the USSR. Perhaps that in some way explains Silva Zalmanson's desire to leave.

But the second reason and the one which Silva and many like her have come to hold as the most important, is the desire to settle in their ancestral homeland, Israel. A large and genuine Zionist movement is stirring in Soviet Jews today, most particularly in the younger ones. It is not surprising when considering how little they have of a Jewish identity in Russia. The Soviet Union is a country of many nationalities and except for one, each is allowed its own schools, books, language and culture. The exception of course, are the Jews. This letter from Boris Kochubiyevsky, written a week before his arrest on charges of anti-Soviet slander, sums up best the plight of the Soviet Jews and their evergrowing desire to keep up the fight:

I am a Jew. I want to live in the Jewish state. This is my right, just as it is the right of a Ukrainian to live in the Ukraine, the right of a Russian to live in Russia, the right of a Georgian to live in Georgia. I want to live in Israel. This is my dream, this is the goal of my life but also of the lives of hundred of generations which preceded me, of my ancestors who were expelled from their land. I want my children to study in a school in the Hebrew language. I want to read Jewish papers. I want to attend a Jewish theatre. What's wrong with that? What is my crime? Most of my relatives were shot by the Fascists. My father perished and his parents were killed. Were they alive now, they would be standing at my side: Let me go!

For Boris, Silva, the forty known imprisoned, and the three million Jews of the Soviet Union, their only hope is world-wide protest. The Kremlin has in the past buckled under because of outside pressure and eased the emmigration for a few whose injustices had been brought into the public's eyes. This year so far, because of world concern, more people have been allowed emmigration than in the whole of the sixties. It must continue.

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s!" He hollers to whoever. The forms are gotten.

"Am I going to go home soon?" I asked.

"No! Your ass is going to the Tombs!" He answered.

Oh man, the Tombs! "Jaakov!" I say aloud.

"How do you spell that?"

"No, my name is Jared, that's somebody who fortold all this."

"Huh?!"

"Nothing."

"Where were you born?"

"Planet Earth." I answered.

"No, I mean what part."

"I dunno what part, just Earth."

"Nut! A goddamn nut!"

"Well this is Planet Earth, ain't it?"

Gahan mumbles and writes in the space reserved for "place of birth" "Unknowned!"

"How can it be 'unknowned', do you know what planet this is?"

I asked.

"Shut up!" he replied.

"Can I use the phone please?"

"Yeah, when I'm ready!"

"It's my right. It's been over two hours and I have to call some friends." I insisted.

"Jews only get two calls here!"

"But I'm entitled to three." I reminded him.

"Two for Jews!"

At this point, a cop comes over to us with my wallet---

"Look here!" He says. "He has three checks from the EAST VILLAGE OTHER!"

"What are you doing with them?" Gahan asks.

"I work for them." I replied in a loud voice. I continued in an even louder voice, "I'm the advertising manager and STAFF REPORTER and I sweep up the place sometimes."

Silence The whole stationhouse falls silent.

"He's a fucking reporter!" Someone says in a low tone.

The grape vine hums, badges disappear from shirts, no one calls me "dirty Jew." "Niggers" are Negroes once again. What a Metamorphosis! I am addressed as SIR! Gahan asks if I would please use the phone.

"Thank you." I make two calls.

The guy doing the phones asks, "What about your third call?"

"Don't you know, Jews only get two calls!" Adding, "Thanks just the same, I'll call lots of people after my release."

After an hour or so more of sitting, with no Nazi shenanigans or other intolerable abuses directed towards me, I was loaded into a paddy wagon with about 20 or more prostitutes. I, being the only male, must say, it was the best ride ever. Courtesy of NYPIGD.

Next issue: The TOMBS

BUSTED

resound through the stationhouse. Gahan, like Sherlock solving the case of Jack the Ripper, shouts in dramatic effervescence above the other interested voices, "these are ANFEDIMEANS!"

No, there not ups, its a mild downer!" I said in a corrective tone. "Its ups, its ups! I know they are!" Gahan insists.

"Alright, its ups! Don't get upset man, whatever you say, its acid, its anything ya want them to be! Fine! But really, the bottle has a label on it and it reads V-A-L-I-U-M-S, a tranquilizer." I said.

No, there ups! Gahan says victoriously.

I start singing: "You say ups, I say downs, I say bad bust, you flip around."

"Shut up!" Gahan damands.

"O.K. man, ya got me. Its speed I admit at long last to make him happy.

"Get the forms, send this stuff to the lab" (can it be he is beset by doupts?), Get me the form-

ANN ARBOR

LENOX from 3

Like David Peel says of John, 'he's fast,' and Yoko swift. Action as the only salvation. Do it. Do it now. Here. Now. Be. Buzz, mothers, blush. Keep the honey flowing. Fighting for peace is like fucking for chastity. Writing about something you feel is important you pep up with the irrelevancies before launching out. Of course, and this and other sentences, is not objective. Objectivity is a crutch for inaction, apathy. Like Lennon said on the Crisler stage, "apathy is nowhere." before he and Yoko, backed by David Peel and the magnificent Lower East Side, and Jerry Rubin spiritedly on drums, blazed into Sisters or Sisters, Attice, the Luck of the Irish, and Free John Sinclair, John Lennon said apathy was nowhere. Flower Power failed.

So what? We are here, to start, Yoko and I, a new beginning, don't look back into pillars of salt, begin, begin, begin, create the spirit. Live a little, live a lot. Be organic or Die stupid.

"What will I try to slip away. But I need you, darling. I need you right now." Everything here relates to Yoko Ono and John Lennon. Zulugurugander Allen Ginsberg opened the "William Buckley Bust Fund" with deep postkrishna and ravishing, howling rock ragamuffins. Bobby Seale, too, "Time after time, writes Herb Bowie in the Michigan Daily, "Time after time his voice slammed home his message like a sledge-hammer; his body rocking back and forth with the rhythm of the words. Baaaaaad Bobby. "The drama of his politics" which sounds very polite, "was only exceeded by Phil Ochs' stirring songs." And more, more, more, I don't feel like going into boring details. Just good. Such a great feeling of consciousness beyond ego without forsaking the responsibility to act. Be quick, be live. MCD by Bob Rudnik, the Kokaine Karma kid. Allen Ginsberg, Rennie Davis, Bobby Seale, Stevie Wonder, Phil Ochs, Kunstler, Ed Sanders, Leni Sinclair, Father Groppi, UP, Bob Singer with Teagarden and Van Winkle, Archie Shepp, Commander Cody, and more, and John Sinclair crying tears of joy on the rally-jail telephone link-up, and 16,000 people humanity and silence. The Counter-Culture. Music and politics one and indispensable, life, inter/outer-communalism, and, finally, fuck the isms and ice-age dreams of blood.

Be!
John and Yoko were at the Campus Inn Hotel waiting to go on. Supposed to do their gig, right after David Peel and the Lower East Side. The freedom rally, at the University of Michigan's cavernous Crisler Arena, started at 7, and it was now 12, and long past midnight, and Stevie Wonder was still on. And by then the Lennons were backstage resting and joking. Mr. Lennon bared his breast at one point, to put on a Free John Now t-shirt. Power to the people. They have the Power. They had waited long to see him, to see John Lennon and Yoko Ono. They had been thru the ups& downs these past years from elvis presley to beatles to death on the street and in bed, to marijuana wars and political whipcream, and all kinds of hypes, apathy, cynicism, despair, male/female chauvinisms, irrelevant presidential puppets, vapid rock stars with shoepolish-fingertips, schisms. The Movemeng. Recovering from a long convalescence after fighting 15 rounds toe to toe with Lyndon Baines Johnson, Richard Nixon and the dimensions of its promise. But here comes John Lennon and Yoko Ono whose "collective power could unleash the energy needed to change the world." Now, Jerry Rubin

for one believes this, feels it, and, personally, I have never thought him a fool, and, I, from a short/gesturing relationship with John and Yoko, say he's damn right to my taste. "It's never too late to start from the start," says Yoko.

To Leslie Bacon "they're the least offensive of the heavies. And that's saying alot." "Their collective power," says Jerry Rubin, "could unleash the energy needed to change the world." "They're two of the most revolutionary people I've ever met," Jerry says, guardedly, not wanting to go overboard. "As people--totally honest. The most honest people you could ever meet. Is gracious a nice word? I love them. "We need them. Everybody should realize that. We need them - and they need us. And it's a beautiful relationship born out of need and love".

John, hilarious, totally aware of what you're thinking and feeling. Light as a deer, an incredible contemporary-feel lyricist. And you can say all these things about Yoko Ono too. She's the fountain of limitless energy. Everything she does is geared to making the

person she's with feel creative and at home. An upfront person.

The return of the working class Hero and the New Woman.

"What we're doing here," Jerry Rubin told 16,000 brothers and sisters, "We're uniting music and revolutionary politics to build a revolution around the country".

Free John Sinclair: Rubin rapped a lot to the Lennons about John Sinclair, fantastic human poet. Next morning the phone rang. John Lennon singing 'It aint fair, John Sinclair, on slide guitar, few days before Thanksgiving. Jerry called Leni Sinclair, John's other temporal body. Then Leni and David Sinclair ran down the freedom rally thing planned for John. No big groups, big names putting themselves on line to be there in person at a grass political consciousness raising fete. Jerry broached idea of attending to John and Yoko. They said Yes. They'll sing Free John Sinclair Tickets on sale Tuesday; Wednesday John and Yoko made for local area radio stations. They're coming. All tickets sold that Wednesday. Serene gladiators smile.

There was so much energy. An out-of-the-blue storm scattered the glass panels in the Campus Inn lobby while John and Yoko rested for the battle of love in the arena. A great victory for the new mornings here and stronger. Myth as cosmic political organization. The piranas skirmish around the fishbowl.

What went down here was beyond Woodstock. Woodstock was muddy. that's where the Who - and what's his name, one Peter Townsend tried to bully Abbie Hoffman off the people's stage for being directly political in the interest of John Sinclair, Huey Newton or Peter Rabbit losing his lucky foot.

Events are steps. Consciousness is a spot of tea. A smile. The word Liberation assumes women's lib. And it's all magic; when you get down to it, magical, beyond a profound level to feeling as action, black magic blues never done no one wrong badly, a valiant dash to repair the damage, no one blamed, L.K. we're, here, we're NOV. %.

Act. Sustain. Dream. Exorcize fear. Don't weep during the performance. You're the one seated on the bomb. Parachute to total together awareness. According to Mr. Rubin, the Lennons, (as has Lenin and the Marx brothers), they have set an example for all to follow. Forsake the land of anarchy and fugitiveness. The good ship action pulled into Ann Arbor.

to be continued.

end



*John Lennon
Yoko Ono*

Happy Xmas (war is over), Love, John & Yoko.

