

BERNADETTE DEVLIN-TATE MURDER

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

METROPOLITAN 15'

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SCENES FROM THE REVOLUTION: THE LEGENDARY DOPE FAMINE OF '69



(SIGH!) NO WEED IN A MONTH! I GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL ACCEPT THAT ATHLETIC SCHOLARSHIP TO NOTRE DAME AND STUDY BUSINESS ECONOMICS, AFTER ALL!

WHAT A TIME TO RUN OUT OF GRASS! JUST WHEN WE WERE ABOUT READY TO GRADUATE TO THE "HARD STUFF!"

WAH!

I UNDERSTAND THERE ARE TREMENDOUS OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVANCEMENT IN THE INSURANCE BUSINESS IN OMAHA!

I'M GOING TO GET MARRIED AND RAISE MY FAMILY IN DALLAS!

WELL, I'M GONNA JOIN THE YOUTH FOR CHRISTIAN AMERICA AND GO CAMPAIGN FOR GEORGE WALLACE!

THE OTHER

Gilbert Shelton

Hip

The magic that took place in Bethel will leave an indelible mark on the consciousness of America. Even the most hardened neanderthal had to take notice of the one big thing that the Aquarian Festival so clearly spelled out - the great compatibility of life - one of LAW and ORDER if you please, with the high vibes of sounds, love and laughter.

The Sheriff of Sullivan County wasn't the only one unable to get over the fact that for four days not a single felony was committed by his 500,000 stoned "guests". The thought of people voluntarily staying behind to clean up the mess must have fucked with many an uptight scull. It simply did not correspond with the shit fanned by that supersnowjobbing firm of Nixon, Mitchell, and Graham, Inc.

Like:

The crass frameup of Bobby Seale.

The bloody extension of the Johnson Follies in Vietnam.

The neanderthal shading given the Supreme Court with the appointments of Burger and Dixie Haynesworth.

The mound of madness that sentenced John Sinclair to 10 years in jail for giving a fink two joints and busted his pregnant wife on a hunting knife charge.

The stepped up oppression resulting in pre-dawn busts.

The list is endless. The obsessive paranoia limitless. The uptight tedium generated by N, M&G, Inc. makes this the most boring, unimaginative and over all destructive pair of bad trippers ever to front the store. They even make any and all their predecessors come through like shining paragons of wisdom, imagination and goodwill.

The administration of "justice" and the pursuit of "law and order" - that magic combination that landed the jackpot in their laps - are probably the most typical examples of the mundane and inept way that N, M&G, Inc. transact business.

The idiotic indictment of the Conspiracy Eight which succeeded in uniting the ones that argued even AFTER Chicago.

The judicial terror tactics used against the leadership of the Black Panther Party: Newton, Cleaver, and now Seale.

By thus enabling the Panthers to make the deep inroads into the American political scene that they made during the past months, N, M&G, INC. ought to be fit for impeachment. Not everyone outraged at Bobby Seale's bust on a trumped up charge is necessarily a stoned Maoist.

Again the list is endless. It grows from day to day and the prospects for a full bloom of mean idiocy are quite promising. It is therefore important to bear in mind that we all are part of the cosmic plot to evolve the human race into the next dimension and bearing the lessons of Bethel in mind will help us along the way.

Jaakov Kohn

Letter

BUSINESSMEN'S FESTIVAL?

Dear EVO:

I am happy to see that EVO has become more musically involved. Lita Eliscu's comments are always intelligent. I think that J. P. Tepper's article preceding the Woodstock festival seems kind of ridiculous now. He wondered why the farm community would be opposed to 50,000 people at the festival, with high sanitation control. As it turned out, 300,000 people were estimated to have come and sanitation was about non-existent. If the citizens in the area had spent less time bitching and more time preparing, there would have been little chance in their precious woodlands being harmed. You should have said something in your paper about the highly successful Midwestern Rock Festival in Milwaukee, appearing there were: Pacific Gas & Electric, Buffe Ste. Marie, Led Zeppelin, MCS, Faste, Blind Faith, John Mayall, Joe Crocker, Johnny Winter, Jeff Beck and 10 Years After. The last however didn't get to play because rain had stopped the performance and it got too late. It was a beautiful peaceful

scene, and I saw no one get hurt over the three days. During the rain, people blew grass to keep warm and played games on the infield. When the pigs tried to break something up, the audience booed and oinked them right off the fairgrounds. Happily, despite the conditions at Woodstock, there was no violence. I think that music is beginning to bring us together to places where we can love and have fun, rather than fight.

Can you imagine what would happen if you put 300,000 uptight businessmen in a field full of mud, with no food or water for three days?

R. WOOD

ad. Yeah. Hoo boy can we EVER imagine!! No grass grows in Brooklyn.

Dear EVO:

I thought it only right to tell you that my cat used your newspaper exclusively to have her kittens on! My friends are very proud of how groovy my cat is--and I don't care

what anyone sez--EVO is the world's most "hippest paper" in the Underground! According to Ma-Ma Cat!!

Devotedly,

Dino Stratfs

ENLIGHTENMENT & ENTROPY

Dear EVO:

The mind breaks the white light of reality (true interpretation of internal and external sensory data) into its spectrum. The blanking out of parts of the spectrum of reality by hangups and prejudices accounts for not seeing the universe as it is and people as they are, and of course not knowing your true identity; seeing yourself as you are.

(Continued on Page 14)

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by claudia dreifus
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BERNADETTE DEVLIN: SAINT JOAN OF BOGSIDE IN NEW YORK

For Bernadette Devlin, the twenty-two year old Northern Irish Revolutionary and member of the British Parliament, Thursday was a long, hard day. Earlier that morning she had made a dangerous escape from Bogside, the walled-Catholic ghetto of Derry, Northern Ireland. Clad in the dungarees she had been wearing on the Bogside barricades for the past week, and accompanied by a friend, Loudon Seth, Bernadette snuck across Northern Ireland's border and caught an early morning Pan Am flight from Shannon to New York. Her goal: to tell America of the rape of Northern Ireland by the Ulster government and the British and to raise money for the oppressed of Belfast and Derry. "If the English had caught me," she confesses, "I have a feeling they would have shot me. No doubt they would have said it was an accident—that some Tommy's gun went off by mistake. I probably would have been found in a ditch somewhere. The British, you know, would be very happy to see me dead.

In spite of the danger, the girl revolutionary decided to risk the trip over the Irish border. "You don't think of danger in times like these," she said. "Someone has to tell people what is happening in Derry and we need money terribly."

She arrived at Kennedy at 2:15 pm looking pale and exhausted, but very happy at having successfully evaded the British. "I am here to raise a million dollars," she told the press. "The people of Bogside and Belfast are terrorized and starving. We need money desperately. Our situation is desperate. I've come here to plead and even to beg for money. We need it to buy freedom and justice. We need it to survive."

None of the groups active in supporting the Northern Irish cause had expected Miss Devlin to arrive in New York on Thursday. Indeed, a tour of the U.S. had been planned for her in early October. But the situation in the North had grown incredibly desperate. The English had duplicated their triumphant invasion of Anguilla by shipping 2,000 Tommies to Northern Ireland. The troops had arrived after Protestant extremists had succeeded in terrorizing the Catholic population to the point where the Catholics had set up barricades around their ghettos for protection. The agitated Catholics had succeeded in fighting off Protestant attacks. They even managed to beat the holy crap out of an Orangeman or two. It seemed as all of Northern Ireland was on the brink of civil war. And Britain, which had lost the Empire East of Suez, had to intention of giving up its tidbit of emerald terra ferma. The Tommies were in Belfast to save the Empire. Bernadette Devlin was in New York to destroy it.

"You're our Joan of Arc, darlin'," an elderly longshoreman said to Bernadette later that night. She had journeyed with the National Alliance for Irish Justice, an umbrella group co-ordinating Northern support efforts, to Washington Heights where the Inwood Irish-Action Committee was holding a regularly scheduled meeting. Somehow the word had leaked out

that Bernadette was to attend, so the aged walls of the Academy Ballroom were packed to the brim. Several thousand Irish-Americans listened intently to a tiny girl, who for the last week had been fighting well-armed police with rocks and molotov cocktails.

"The barricades in Bogside will come down," she cried, "when the government does."

To the assembled crowd of cabbies, Con Ed execs, and longshoremen, she talked of revolution. The fight of the Irish, she explained, was the same as the fight of the Black American. Each group was struggling for its right to dignity, for work, and first-class citizenship. Each group was fighting to revolutionize the basic assumptions of the established order. But, as for Ireland, she went on, it was not a simple situation of Catholic against Protestant. The battle in Ireland was one of poor against rich. And the crowd? They loved her. It was as if Connally had sent them a daughter.

Bernadette Devlin arrived at the Madison Avenue studios of WMCA at 11. Phil Tracy, an energetic staffer from the National Alliance for Irish Justice, had arranged for her to guest on the Barry Gray Show. If Bernadette was exhausted, she lost all traces of fatigue in the warmth of the Inwood crowd. Despite the fact that she had been running for over twenty-four hours without a trace of sleep, she met various radio execs and Irish-American WMCA personnel with friendliness and poise.

From a corner, Phil Tracy nervously briefed her in last minute points for on the air. Barry Gray, WMCA's 11th hour talk-show super-star extended his hand to Bernadette as he introduced her to the program's other guests, Charles Whalen, the Irish Consul in New York and Paul O'Dwyer. Gray seemed to have strong sympathies for the Irish cause. Bernadette was just thrilled at meeting Paul O'Dwyer. From the control booth someone motioned for silence. We were on the air:

Barry Gray: My guest tonight is Miss Bernadette Devlin, the M.P. from Mid-Ulster. But first a word from Aqua-Net Hair Spray...

Despite Gray's inauspicious beginning, Devlin was fantastic. The program having started out on a hair-spray note, was fair game for her humor. "I know that Americans tend to think in terms of statistics," she said impishly, "so I worked my weight out for you on the way here. It's a little difficult translating it from our system to yours, but I'm five feet four and weigh a hundred and fourteen pounds..." Having taken care of the usual drivel reporters ask, she commenced to get down to serious business.

"I do not consider this a Protestant-Catholic battle. What exists in Northern Ireland now is a Protestant state, under the Union Jack, that permits the exploitation of both Catholic and Protestant. The rich Protestants have always welcomed rich Catholics into their fold. They play golf together. (Continued on Page 19)



It's always been problematic whether I would ever read the *New York Times* again after their sterling coverage of the Columbia disorders of Spring 1968. No, it was not the reporting that was at fault but the editorial policy of holy indecency about the state of anarchy in American universities and other such pious nonsense. Don't you remember that great front page story with President Kirk surveying his office after the fall and bemoaning his fate as an honest man done wrong by an insensitive student body which didn't understand his fund-raising problems? Ah, nostalgia!

Since then, I have been suspicious of the *Times* and its editorials. Moreover I have become aware not as much how the *Times* makes all the news fit the print, but why. Probably it must get the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval for each story, and then each editorial to insure moral content. (Bethel certainly wasn't moral by WASPish *Times*' standards.) It is amusing to note that the *Times* goes further in its attempts to manage the news than the *News*, that bastion of the common man. Everyone knows what the *News* will say about a particularly exciting event (emphasis on sex, drugs, freaks, and communists)—the usual line which becomes reassuring after a while. No one raises any eyebrows when the *News* sounds off, but when the *Times* does that is another matter. Its party line is even more devious because they appear to have the best of intentions.

For many years, the *Times* has been espousing the liberal party line—welfare politics, anti Vietnam, pro Civil Rights, you name it, they're for it. The *Times* likes to think of itself as the staunch liberal who sees change for its merits and goes along with it because it represents the new mood in America. But this new awareness has included things which the *Times* never approved of like drugs and freedom of consciousness expansion, internationalist multi-partisan diplomacy, and recognition of humanity as opposed to the Roosevelt New Dealers in an age where there can be no more deals, and no more concessions to the status-quo of mindless consumption which passes for truth. *Times*' policies do change with the issues...backwards. The closer

the issue is to 1969 realities, the more stiffnecked, the more 'liberal' the more paternalistic and patronizing the paper's editorial page becomes.

The most recent example of the *Times* editorial deviousness was seen recently in a series of editorials on the state of the Union and the Aquarian Exposition, August 18th and 19th. In the August 18th edition, an editorial harrangue entitled, "Nightmare in the Catskills" was run. It began, "The dreams of marijuana and rock music that drew 300,000 hippies (sic!) to the Catskills has little more sanity than the impulses that drive lemmings to march to their deaths in the sea." It went on in much the same tone to detail the various hardships faced by that sainted crew of assorted heads, but emphasized the widespread use of grass by the participants. It ran on to decry the lack of police in uniform to control this unruly mob, but failed to mention that there was no violence in this temporary second largest city in New York State. Monday's message characterized the crowds as a bunch of weird multi-colored ungodly freaks looking to kill, rape, and butcher the countryside. Bethel for the *Times*' editorial office was composed of nothing but "kids" (derisive snort all you right thinking "adults"...don't they know that the whole "I am an adult" game went out the window with Reuben and the Jets??). Monday finally did pass into newspaper oblivion and that day righteousness was reaffirmed...at least temporarily.

Tuesday the 19th dawned and another editorial came out on the Aquarian Exposition, "Morning After at Bethel" which laid down the real *Times*' line. Instead of roundly cursing all as it did Monday, the *Times* called the whole affair, "...a phenomenon of innocence." The innocence described takes on all the tones of a parental rebuke to an erring child. The *Times* obviously couldn't fathom why so many people would want to brave the elements to listen to people they could just as easily have heard on records in the comfort of their homes. It was decided that those who went did so to "...enjoy their own society, free to exult in a life style that is its own declaration of independence." Nice words, but again the patronizing tone (however, gentle

readers, hippie was dropped from the editorial, make notes...!!!). The patronizing tone masks the fear that all the urbanity of such a paper cannot conceive of people getting together and sharing without all the little paranoid trips which go along with leading the 'good' as opposed to the 'free' life. (It's rather sad to note that the *Times* didn't editorialize about the Newport Jazz Festival and say that people came together to "...enjoy their own society, that would have sounded equally ludicrous. What the *Times* with its WASPish conscience overlooked is that 450,000 people of all kinds from all backgrounds did something which all the treaties, compacts, integration laws, and pseudo-civil rights amendments could never do—gather peacefully and remain at peace through adversity without the supermarket-plastic wrapped cultural commentators and cops around.

Bethel was a significant event for others outside of the festival goers. The residents of Sullivan county disregarded the great hippie-hype fear generated by saucy alienated journals as the *Times* and the *News*, and discovered that under the hair there were human beings while freaks discovered the opposite—love was rewarded with love, giving with giving.

The Bethel coverage by the *Times*, aside from the editorial nonsense points up what a great struggle is taking place in all organizations. Many of the articles written by reporters at the fair were full of praise for everyone because it appears that they used their eyes. The editorials composed at the city desk reflected the opposite. They were written out of fear by a man who felt that by denying everything, and denying it with all the derisive and vile words and snobbery available that Bethel would vanish away like yesterdays' newspapers and no one would remember.

The *Times* notwithstanding, the Aquarian Exposition should point out to all that peace and understanding are not unreachable goals, only fit for the hands and minds of trained personnel. Better not read the *Times* which has all the news fit the print—in fact, better not read the news at all, make it—then you'll be sure of what happened and sure of what can happen.



POOR PARANOIDS BY ALLEN KATZMAN - TATE MURDER-NARC LIST OF THE FREEP

Everything shouts. The din is the applause of objects.

Canetti - Crowds and Power

Everything shouts in Los Angeles: From the car culture which crams its Freeways to the billboards and signs which cram the eyes with messages of buy and sell. Wherever one turns, whether it be in the Hollywood Hills, or the Canyons (Topanga, Laurel, etc.), or L.A. proper, one is met with an act, an occurrence which calls the body to approve or disapprove. Whatever, the applause is deafening.

In the past few weeks, L.A. has been called to witness the illusion of its own objects. The secret police and the secret covenants have all been exposed to the reality of each person's own paranoia; young people each day taken off, entrapped, and arrested for smoking marijuana (a relatively harmless weed) by undercover police who by dint of their anonymity and gestapo tactics have paralyzed a whole community with fear; or conspiracies of pleasure gone array that their very orgiastic throes leave mutilated bodies as meat for man's primitive instinct for voodoo revenge.

There are two things which now shout loud in this town, and one is marijuana and the other, murder. On August 7th, the Los Angeles Free Press, known affectionately by its readers as the Freep, under the able direction of its publisher and editor Art Kunkin, unloaded a bomb on the State Attorney General's office by publishing a list of 80 narcotic agents names, addresses and telephone numbers. Listed were the official personnel roster of agents in the California State Bureau of Narcotics for the cities of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Santa Ana and San Diego. The list was current as of June, 1969.

Little did Art Kunkin know at the time what kind of bomb he had unleashed. In his own right thinking, it was only natural that a newspaper servicing a community of several hundred thousand readers should inform said readers of a handful of secret police who were threatening their very existence because they happened to indulge in the harmless pastime of smoking an illegal herb. But what was most important to Kunkin, was the fact that these secret policemen were committing violations of the law "by attempting to enforce laws as unwise and unenforceable as the now-banished prohibition of liquor."

How it all started was as simple an act as a concerned citizen who walked out of the offices of the State Attorney General's office and into the arms of the Free Press. What followed was a comedy as rich as Moliere could have written.

Unbelievable pandemonium swept the Bureau of Narcotics' offices as they realized their whole cover had been blown and that millions of dollars of tax payers' money had literally gone up in smoke by their exposure in a free press.

On Tuesday, August 13, in order to rectify the situation, State Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch and a senior narcotics agent filed a \$10 million and \$15 million dollar suit respectively against the L.A. Free Press. Lynch's suit charged the Free Press with the "wrongful disclosure of confidential information which jeopardized the lives, health and safety of law enforcement officers and their families."

But such bullying tactics refused to hold weight with Kunkin who felt that such information was not confidential nor even classified, and that the threat to 80 narcotics agents and

their families were no where in proportion to the threat that hung over the heads of hundreds of thousands of respectable "heads" and their families.

Kunkin went into action and gathered the best legal minds from the ACLU, UCLA, his own staff, and volunteers from all over the country.

Telephone calls flooded the Free Press switchboard as concerned citizens called in to praise, condemn, and to relate names that were even left off the official list.

Paranoia swept the office and the legal staff. Freep workers emptied drawers and pockets of any and all available evidence. The office was so clean that even the roaches were complaining how sober everything was. Some Freep staffers even took to drink.

Meanwhile Kunkin's lawyers refused to hold meetings in their own or the Free Press offices for fear that everything was tapped, including some broken down typewriters that hadn't been used in years and were kept around because of sentimental reasons. Lawyers began to hold meetings out in the open and on park benches. One lawyer even complained of splinters in his legal derriere.

But the meetings bore fruit as lawyers unfolded a case which had no precedent and would blow the whole proceedings of the Attorney General's office which claimed that the Free Press had received and published "stolen property."

It was the lawyers claim that such information was public domain. But in the interest of their client, the L.A. Free Press, the so-called "stolen" documents were returned to the State Attorney General's office with the stipulation that "such document could be used in evidence."

And to make matters even more complicated, the new San Francisco underground newspaper, the Dock of the Bay, reprinted the names and brought down a restraining order on their own heads as well as criminal charges of the same nature. But within two days all charges were dropped against them, due to the fact that the L.A. Free Press had published the list previously and that this act "had already made it public domain."

What happens now could be anybody's guess. But a few things were sure. The Bureau of Narcotics will never be the same and the underground press in the guise of the L.A. Free Press had set the stage for a legal case which could possibly lead to the end of marijuana repression in this country and its eventual legalization.

But if one high was on its way up in Los Angeles, there were other highs which had brought an entire community down on a bumper. The murders and mutilations of Sharon Tate, hair stylist Jay Sebring, coffee heiress Abigail Folger, Voityck Frokowsky, and Steven Parent in the home of Miss Tate's husband, director Roman Polanski on August 8th had brought the whole community of moviedom to a point of psychotic silence. The applause was deafening because no one's hands were moving as well as no one's lips.

But objects were shouting out into the night in an hysteria of unprecedented fright as well known music and movie figures had become afraid of compromise in a case which could expose them as confidants in a covenant which included hard drugs, orgiastic rituals of lust and bugging as well as weird sadistic rites.

The four victims' bodies were found mutilated with bullets and knife wounds, hooded heads and

tied and hung with rope that stretched the length of the house. Miss Tate's unborn child was found ripped from her belly, and the word 'pig' was written in blood on the door of the Polanski's palatial home.

It seemed that Polanski's own words in the June 25, 1968 issue of Look magazine had come all too true: "It excites me to shock bourgeois audiences who cannot accept that other people may be different from them."

And different these people were. Of the four suspects that police are seeking, only one, as friends of Sharon Tate are telling it, had reason to murder all four; and his name is William Doyle.

His reason was as viable as the ancient biblical law of talon which states that, "the punishment must fit the crime."

Doyle was disgraced and humiliated by the four victims in front of twenty-five prominent movie and music figures at the home of Mama Cass of the Mamas and Papas fame. He was taken there by Sebring and Frokowsky, stripped, whipped by Miss Tate and Miss Folger, and then bugged by Sebring and Frokowsky because he had dared to "burn" them on a cocaine deal. Friends of the four victims claimed that Doyle swore that he would get revenge for what they had done to him.

Meanwhile the police were still looking for three suspects, including Doyle, without the knowledge of what took place a few days hence at Mama Cass's house before the murders.

No one in Los Angeles ever expected that life could have ever upstaged everyone like it had. And so no one was coming forward to read the script. But everything shouts and people have begun to realize that secret police as well as secret covenants exist in a city where, even the angels are objects.

This column is somewhat more than a year old now, and in the intervening period it's covered every conceivable variety of porn, smut, filth, baby-fucking, peeping-tommity, and frog-torturing. People think I'm wierd now. 'Gee, you're DA Latimer?' an astonished little chick asked me last spring at the Feast of St. Anthony. 'Why, I always had the idea you were a fat little man about fifty years old, with the little arm garters and green eyeshade.' Hoo boy, the old belt-and-suspenders image.

Look, smut fans, you don't have to be old to be a dirty old man! Why shit, my voice hasn't stopped changing yet and I still can't grow whiskers along the sides of my jaws. Bartenders still ask me for my draft card. Having a gross rep as a filthy old lecher don't help me get laid, and what's almost as bad, it devalues my currency as a commentator on the Youth Rebellion.

To get along with the Youth Rebellion types, you have to be either very young or very pure. Now, I know Paul Goodman's not exactly a feckless youth, and I am moreover aware--to my embarrassment, at the April '67 Be-In--that he prefers boys to girls. But he doesn't exult over it graphically, and when it comes to putting his head on the line he is right out front, and extremely pure. Maybe it'd be different if he did like girls, and broadcast it as noisily as I do--the idea of a fat

old fortyish guy pawing around at our sweet leggy movement lovelies is not the sort of image that endears one to the idealistic youth of today. Homosexuality can be legitimised by blaming it on your superior intellect, but straight slaving lechery is a bit more difficult to deal with.

Anyway, this preoccupation with smut is giving me a bad name, so this week I will not speak of pornzines and such, but rather of the *Daily Column*, New York's very cleanest paper. The *Daily Column* is so clean, you wouldn't believe...Like, remember when *Kiss* was first busted for obscenity, last May with the pictures of people fucking and all? Now, that issue had been censored, believe it or not, before ever it got off the press. At the time, the *Column* was running off the same press as *Kiss*, as a matter of fact it was the next one in line. Thus it was that a functionary of the *Column* was hanging about the plant as the plates for *Kiss* were being set in the press. Looking idly through the *Kiss* proof sheets--checking I suppose for any errata he might be able to correct for us--he fell upon the first item in my *Kiss* column Mung, which that week congratulated *Column* regular Dr. Jack Bloomfield for concocting the most imaginative lies ever told about the High School Free Press. He waxed displeased at this and told the plant's owner that if this reference to Bloomfield were to run in *Kiss* then the *Column* would take its bloody plates and run them off elsewhere. The printer allowed as how he could

give a shit about the *Column* and all its lies, but checked anyway with the *Kiss* office, and was given permission to remove the offensive paragraph. It didn't help a hell of a lot, we got busted anyway.

It may have been the very day this business was pulled, or at most a couple of days later, that the *Column* published the most obscene cartoon this side of the Mad Peck's confidential file: a line of exceptionally beastly and hairy animals filing two by two into Noah's ark, including giraffes, pandas, elks, and apes--and just behind the apes a black man a woman, labelled 'Black Panthers.'

That's the charm of the *Daily Column*, every day it manages to represent the most primitive Right-Wing superstitions and fantasies with the very highest degree of clarity. John Sinclair took one look at it last spring and immediately divined its nature: 'Fantasy paper for the honkies,' he said, 'send the niggers back to Africa, kill all the college students, revoke the income tax--all the shit they always wanted to do, but never had the power to.'

That's why I'm one of the thirty-thousand-odd people who read the *Daily Column* every morning (20,999 people can be wrong): it gets me hep to what the Right Wing's up to, where their heads are at. For instance, if you've been following along for a couple years now, you'll have noticed that from late '67 to mid-'68 it was the hippies who were threatening the very fabric of American

civilisation, such as it is. The dropouts, the alienated youth, the drug-taking minority of our otherwise well-mannered youngsters, they were the ones who bade fair to drag all America down to the stone age with them. But as time went on, and time does go on for the *Daily Column*, albeit very slowly, things changed. Now, it's the college students, the terrorist activists, the bomb-throwing, draft-card-burning, building-occupying, freely-fornicating minority of our otherwise well-behaved student bodies, they got the *Column* in an uproar. (And of course you always have the Panthers, but it is a tossup for the *Column* writers whether the Panthers are being exploited by the Communist minority among the Youth Rebellion, or whether the Panthers are the Communists who are exploiting our Youth.)

My God, to listen to these *Column* writers carry on, you'd think they were all a hundred years old, and very, very wise. As a matter of fact, they might all be a hundred or so, anyway...Mark Lane tells of the evening he spoke before some gaggle of syndicated columnists, the sort who appear in the *Daily Column* and elsewhere with the little pictures of themselves as sage executive-type balding fellows. Lane was amazed to find himself before a host of doddering, grey old cripples with crutches and hearing aids and all the other trappings of terminal geriatry. Clean old men. He had barely begun to speak when one of those old clochards

gave a great screech, hobbled down to the podium with a cane in one hand and his belly in the other, defying Lane to use his respected name in vain. Lane was at a loss to even recognise the old gent. Walter Winchell, maybe? After a few minutes of this rant and rave, a couple of other wizened pre-mortems rose creaking from their seats and took his elbow and led him back to his chair, speaking in reassuring tones. 'It's all right, never mind him,' croaked one diminutive grey corpse from the front row, with a sly wink. 'He just has to get his two cents in, the old coot, and then he's all right.' Lane later learned that the windy septugenarian was none other than Henry J. Taylor, the *Column's* Washington correspondent.

Maybe Jerry Finkelstein, the *Column* publisher, pays his staff with pabulum and Serutan. At least it's clear enough why they're all so anti-marijuana--one toké of good green stuff and they'd blow everything from alveoli to uvula right across their bloated bellies. Actually, though, chances are Finkelstein never actually speaks to these old cats--it looks like he just leases a couple wire services, takes their copy off a half hour before print time, and pastes it up any old which way without bothering to correct the grammar. I know, I know, about grammar I shouldn't talk, Mama, but gee, it's so much fun to rag out these old cocksuckers.

What leads me to the conclusion

DECOMPOSITION by D. A. LATIMER



MANNING

SOME CALL IT BRUTALITY
HE CALLS IT JUSTICE

WRITTEN BY BACKWASH
DRAWN BY SPAIN

EXTRA DRY

WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO ALLEN ST. FOR ME

THIS WEEK WE FIND OUR HERO AT HERB IMPALA'S CLUB 280

HEY WHAT WAS THAT?

BLAM BLAM

MUSTA BEEN A TRUCK BACK FIRING

WHA?

TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK

TAK TAK TAK TAK

WHY THEY'RE JUST MOWING PEOPLE DOWN

ZHAAAGGAAARRAKAPOW

SCREEEEEEEE

EEEEEEEEEE

PAKK

OOOPS, MISSED! SORRY ABOUT THAT

NO STANDING

HE GOT AWAY!

SOME TIME LATER VERY GOOD GENTLEMEN YOU HAVE DONE QUITE WELL, YOU HAVE CARRIED OUT ONE OF THE GREATEST ACTS OF IRRATIONAL TERROR IN THE ANNALS OF MODERN CRIME

STRIKING DEATH, FEAR INTO THE UNCLEAN SOUL OF GUILTY HUMANITY. YOU ELEVATE YOUR SELVES TO THE WORLD HISTORICAL ROLE OF EXECUTIONER YOU MAKE YOUR SELVES WORTHY OF THE BROTHERHOOD... THE BROTHERHOOD OF CONTEMPLATIVE MEDITATION!

Come

to
TANGLEWOOD

by James Lichtenberg

Tanglewood? Under Tanglewood? Against the Tanglewood? Up against the Tanglewood!

Unlike its big brother to the South, reportedly a mere 24,000 faithful were on hand for just one evening of Jefferson Airplane, Who and B.B. King. Good fish, but a small catch by comparison with the 3 day rock olympics. A Fillmore East gig transplanted north. Yeah. A second front.

If Bethel shows the East that rock is a magnet of the many, Tanglewood (we'll see with what success) shows that rock can run with the finest.

Tanglewood is a jewel. A huge, acoustical shed surrounded by acres of acoustical, manicured lawns and "Last Year At Marienbad" fur trees, surrounded by woodlands and farms and lakes and estates. The Berkshires, where the cream of N.Y. and Boston society summers. Tanglewood, its musical mecca, where the finest classical musicians of the last half-century play their heaviest summer concerts. And in the summer of 1969 Rock came to Tanglewood.

When the non-musical side of rock's evolution will be traced by some long-haired Darwinian, Bill Graham will be the Gregor Mendel of the piece, breeding, fertilizing, cross-breeding. San Francisco, origin. New York, major

transplant. Tanglewood, affirmation of musical stature. He brought rock's finest and most authentic to make it. Who and the Airplane are truly founding mothers (look at the short hair on those early albums) and B.B. King to show you where it all began.

It is unlikely that Tanglewood appreciated how fine the talent is. About 100 years before Mr. King began to play, a man from the establishment got up to welcome us, I guess, and he talked for a while and gave everyone the impression that he wasn't too happy about it all. Bill Graham, with some incredible pitch, had caught the Trojan horse—the "Trend Series," a not too prime time (dead) Tuesday night Tanglewood institution where new trends in music can be politely seen if not heard. But looking at the overflow the man sure had to admit that this trend (not going to sanctify it by calling it music) was popular. There he was stuck with the reality that he had a success on his classical hands, and oh gosh, he'll have to think real hard to find a way to put it down, or pretty soon there will be pressure for rock weekends. (It doesn't seem as though they were too interested in the press. The seats were the worst in the house, and the ladies from the Newark News were really angry at having to stand on the benches for the entire concert.)

But Tanglewood let it happen. And it was cool. The Man was all right, just near, and the air got real fragrant from time to time.

Thank you, Tanglewood.

So, then, Graham got up, really happy about it all, told us to clear the aisles and to do our gyrating or whatever we had to do outside on the lawn, and hold on 'cause here we go! (Dusk grooved to evening as B.B. King hit the stage).

It's not unfair, if you've been there for Bach, Brahms and Verdi, to be a little freaked to hear King coming off that stage. But he just sounded fine, at home, pleasing the crowd that was young and anything but East Village wizards. (That audience was testimony of how deeply into America rock has, well, penetrated.) Then there was one of several influxes of the herd, and when the air cleared WHO was onstage.

They warmed up on pre-Tommy music while the amplifiers piped and whistled on their own. Then came those stirring chords of that overture and the crowd purred as Townsend howled "IT'S A BOY, MRS. WALKER, IT'S A BOOYYY!"

What followed was 35 minutes of theatre as they leaped and wove their way through "Tommy." Roger Daltry was in beautiful voice and total submersion. His lariat-microphone was visual percussion. He would stand transfixed, the spot

glittering on his fringed shirt... "Tommy can you hear me? Tommy can you hear me?" Yep. Cryptic and beautiful and wild. I don't remember Cousin Kevin or Sally Simpson, but the concert version of "Tommy" is flowing and changing, incredibly complete. "The Hawker," "The Acid Queen," "Go to the Mirror," and "I'm Free" filled that classical shed and split into the night. Townsend all in white, looking like a demonic, spacy ground crew getting together his own speed-of-light locomotive.

Naturally "Tommy" wasn't enough. Crowd on its feet. Musically, how can you go beyond "Tommy" (yet) but Townsend's theatre blew the mind. Something happened. He was getting violently involved in long riffs, banging the guitar with his hips, leaping three feet in the air, windmilling the strings. It wasn't enough. He couldn't get peace...eve of destruction... Suddenly he crouched, spun around and the guitar shot, spinning, flashing, 20 feet into the air and back down into his hands in magical trajectory. I don't remember how many times this happened. The audience-hating Who came back on stage, arms over each other's shoulders, to "Thank you very much. Really thanks."

Intermission. Wander. Calm down and up. Then, oh boy, the last reel of "King Kong" to

thunderous involvement, cheers and groans as the Kong ("Hang in there, Kong!") did his final fatal battle with The Airplane. Just to mix the metaphor Graham came on and told us that Kong was played by Ronald Reagan, and there was some confused clapping and booing that was instantly straightened out by the appearance of the one, the only, the serene JEFFERSON AIRPLANE. The most together, moving, astounding Airplane set I've ever heard.

Since "Takes Off" Jack Cassidy, bass guitar, has been at the center. Now Marty, Paul and Jorma all have a richness and power that leaves you dizzy. And Spence, with Bakeresque authority, is playing the drums with great soft sticks that melt him into the rest of the sound. The whole set they clustered around the drums, like bees around the noney comb, exchanging sweetness and strength... what a sight! And Grace was a cool, signified lady, part of the Airplane, completely submerged ego. Marty, if any one, was the star, hips and leaps, working the microphone and earning the "beautiful" pat on the cheeks from Grace at the end of the set.

It began with a rich texture of sound that suddenly became "White Rabbit" (hmm) which Grace proceeded to sing almost inaudibly while fabulous things were going down on the guitars. Every song began with five minutes of dazzling exchanges of guitar playing and drumming until out of the sound emerged another old friend from off their albums. And a creamy version of Donovan's "Ride Jefferson Airplane." The transformation that the songs have undergone leaves you feeling cheated re-hearing them on the records.

Yes. The new album should be in the clouds. (RCA put a strange ad in the program "If you think Jefferson Airplane has problems with each other, you should see the problems they have with us" and went on to disclaim any willful hassles on their part.) Two of the new songs were set on evident and tight blues structure, even less rambling than the songs of "Crown of Creation." Even Jefferson Airplane is "getting back." Jorma's "Together" was the heaviest at first hearing (abominable acoustics—old monaural with your head in the bath tub). It should be back to the golden days of "Surrealistic Pillow." Save your underground pennies for the next few weeks. You won't be sorry.

The Who give a concert that's so tight. The Airplane wander around between songs, but the vibrations from the happy heads, calm and quiet except for bursts of rhythmic clapping, were tremendous. The encore "3-5ths of a mile" had Marty and Grace howling at each other with ecstatic frequencies nobody expected.

Tidal wave of applause. "Four hours of the best music I've ever heard" -- Bill Graham, Tanglewood, August 12, 1969.

The moon still hung in the sky. Rock had taken Who and the Airplane to Tanglewood. Strange ferment and stirring and excitement. A militant, vocal core was successfully enlarging their "Jam, or we riot" vibrations when Graham cooled it out. "We want to be invited back next year." The man has a mission. You know he means it. Everyone knew that you had to respect it.

THE M

A REPORT ABOUT THE ONE THING THAT IS TRULY BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US
 A REPORT ABOUT SOMETHING TOO BIG FOR ANYONE TO UNDERSTAND.

When I was a little girl, my mother took me to the circus every year, for my birthday. There was a pony in the ring. For three years I saw this pony and fell more and more deeply in love with him. He was coal black, high-gloss, all over, but had a white mane and tail. How I loved him; by the time the third year rolled around I could get hot flushes just thinking about this pony. That was the year I sneaked down to the stables, where all the horses and ponies were kept, and trying to look like an official 9-year-old acrobat or bareback rider, I marched along the lines of horses until I found him, my own beautiful Captain Midnight pony. He waved his ears back and forth, his mane shook out all over a sea of shooting stars and flying fishes, his tail a tiara for dragon-flies. We neared each other, me walking slowly and him turning his head to watch me come...I patted that glorious mane, and dug my fingers down to his neck.

Then it was all over: he had black roots, just like a bleached blonde, and underneath that star exterior lay another hardworking average schlep. Why did Marilyn Monroe's real name have to be Norma Jean Frank...?

This brings me to Woodstock. This was my first year at Woodstock, and the love-at-first-sight has not yet worn off. I never maybe got close enough to see the peroxide on the sun, to hear the screech of Metropolis clock hands or to be burned by the eye of Buddha, for all of Woodstock is 220 degrees of the circle: you cannot possibly see it all in one glance of the eye. That's a literal circle. On Saturday night, in the middle of the Festival, I climbed to the Performer's Pavilion, in the middle of Max Yasgur's rented 600 acres, and went 50 yards or so past the performer's tent, onto the little hillrise behind it. In front are three low curving, gently melding hills and a horizon. In between this background is a sargasso sea of human beings, stretching from one hill to the next and on to the horizon. And behind them are their cars, buses, tents and campfires. This valley of people, a Human Resource National Park—what was it David Crosby called them on the Dick Cavett Show? "The Macedonian army encamped crossed with the biggest bunch of gypsies you ever saw." Well, yeah. A new kind of army, and as everyone has been pointing out, a new kind of city: the city of US. To the left of US was the festival proper, an

area from which the festival music came. A long red-light dragon leaped from one road to the stage making a bridge across the mud and shambles of the ground underneath. Staff, crew, and technicians bounded across the back of the dragon, using him as a springboard to get from Our World to theirs. White pillars of light, maybe 60 feet high, shot into the air, marking the performance area and stage, providing lights for the crew. Blue lights played on the performers, twin cones brushing the platform and then the top of each performer's head.

I got high: I got stoned. The air was clear, the sky full of fairytale stars someone had cut holes in the ink to let quicksilver through...Stars, constellations, galaxies. We lay back in the grass and thanked God. Off behind our heads, another helicopter was flying in the fields; was it bringing a performer or food and drugs...?

Reality in the form of helicopters, tying the other two worlds of Mine and Out There together even more firmly than the leaping dragon in red lights only yards away from this grassy hillrise in the navel of the world. Worlds. Down below, under the dragon bridge and out into the hills where the faces and fires merged in some kind of heat and stone, food was soggy french fries, precious quarts of milk, rare sandwiches. Here, under a rough-cut, canopied lean-to food was pails of fresh fruit, cheeses, eggs, champagne, real coffee, bagels, all scented by the floor of cedar and hickory chips we casually walked upon while making desultory trips to the coffee urns, or perhaps to get strawberries and cream.

To the left of the performer's dining area was the Hospital tent, a gay pink candystripe cover, hastily borrowed from the Press Tent. People walked and ran back and forth from the pink-and-white tent, bringing news and taking back food while the performers continued to eat, unconcerned, and others laughed at having had to borrow a pass in order to be allowed to sit in this area and eat also.

Strawberries versus half a moldy cheese sandwich; peaches, pears and grapes versus some water. But everyone suffered for bathrooms, for dryness, for sleep.

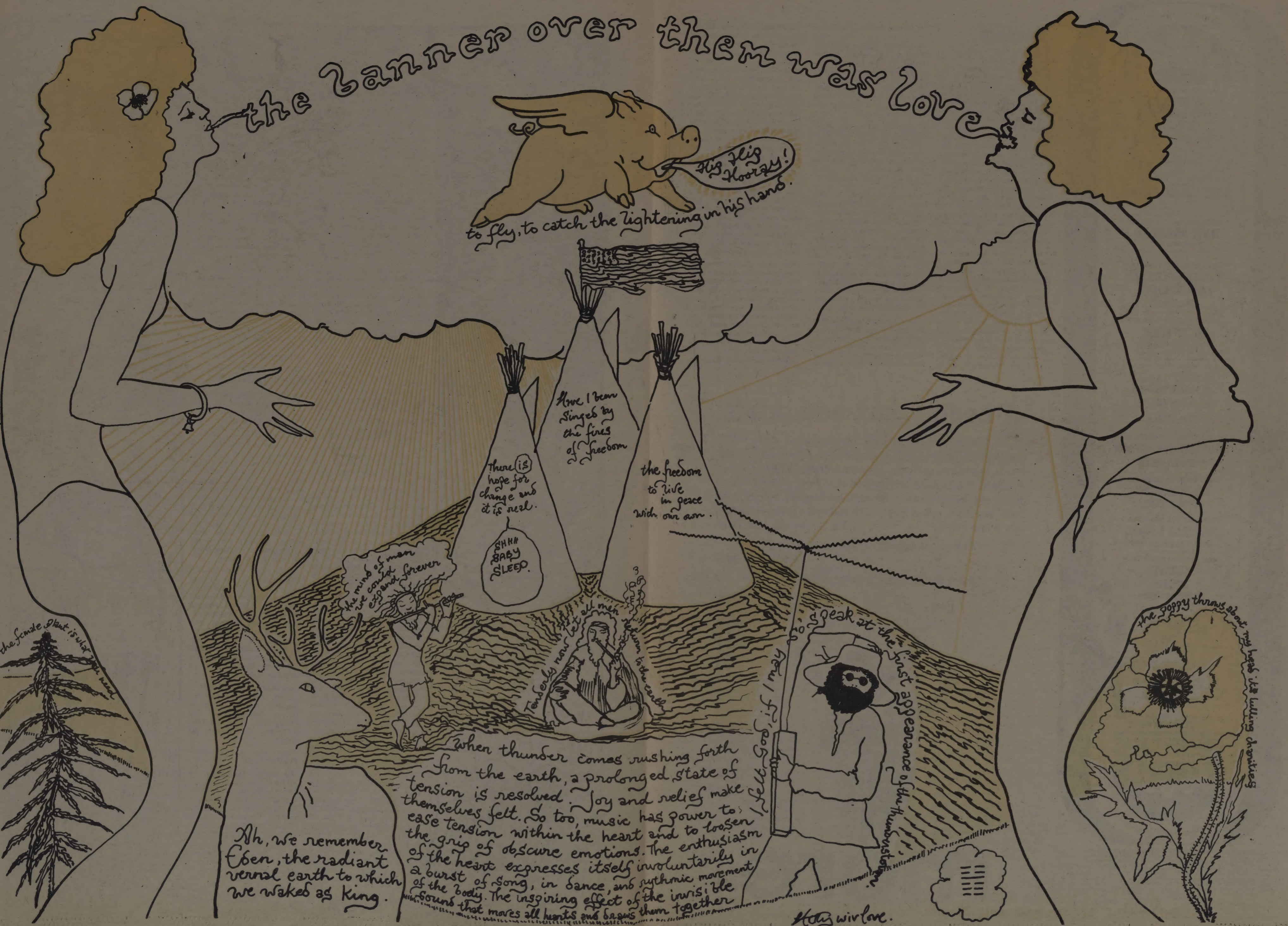
How was the Woodstock Festival?...Full.

No matter which one of the 400,000 stories belongs to you, it had to be full, of joy of people—overfull—food, rain, hamburgers, ice cream, dope, press and music. There can be no

(Continued on Page 14)



BY LITA ELISCU



the banner over them was love

to fly, to catch the lightning in his hands.
Fly Fly Hooray!

Have I been
Singed by
the fires
of freedom

There is
hope for
change and
it is real.
SHHH
BABY
SLEEP.

the freedom
to live
in peace
with our own.

the female plant is not
the male

the mind of man
we could
expand forever

to be
of men
to be
to be

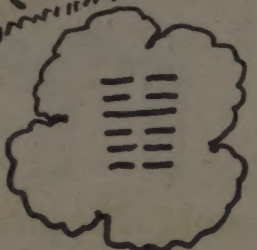
to speak at the
first appearance of the
Humboldt

the poppy throws about
its lulling dainties

When thunder comes rushing forth
from the earth, a prolonged state of
tension is resolved. Joy and relief make
themselves felt. So too, music has power to
ease tension within the heart and to loosen
the grip of obscure emotions. The enthusiasm
of the heart expresses itself involuntarily in
a burst of song, in dance, and rhythmic movement
of the body. The inspiring effect of the invisible
sounds that moves all hearts and binds them together

Oh, we remember
Eben, the radiant
vernal earth to which
we waked as King.

lets wir love.



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ALBERT KING
BOBBY 'BLUE' BLAND

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RAVI SHANKAR

ALLA RAKHA, TABLA

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FRIDAY & SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12 & 13

TEN YEARS AFTER
FATS DOMINO
The FLOCK

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14—8 P.M. ONLY

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CROSBY-STILLS
-NASH & YOUNG
LONNIE MACK
The MOVE

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26 & 27

COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH
TIM HARDIN

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3 & 4

JOHN MAYALL
MOTHER EARTH

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10 & 11

VANILLA FUDGE
DR. JOHN, THE NIGHT TRIPPER

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SPIRIT
KINKS
BONZO DOG BAND

BY POPULAR DEMAND:

The WHO

PERFORMING THEIR ENTIRE ROCK OPERA

"TOMMY"

COMPLETE & UNABRIDGED

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decomp

(Continued from Page 6)

that Finkelstein never checks out the shit he prints is the presence of Art Hoppe in the *Daily Column*. It's pretty ghoulish, Hoppe sticking out there like a healthy thumb on a decomposing body. After the People's Park massacre in Berkeley, which most of the *Column* writers hailed as a reassuring display of Law and Order in Reaganland, Hoppe wrote the most devastating slander of American police power ever committed to the daily press—and the *Column* printed it as a compliment to the Alameda Pig Department's Blue Meanie murderers. That's the trouble with writing satire—when you run up against the Neanderthal intelligence quotient, you will invariably be taken at face value.

The *Column* manages to lampoon itself several times a day, and does it with such incredulous innocence you can only sit back and quake with hilarity. Apparently, they can't help it. The sort of person who would swallow the *Column's* horseshit would be the sort of person who would find it difficult to follow even the simple grey prose these dwords write. So Finkelstein prints lots of cartoons, and as any fool can plainly see, to

be a decent cartoonist you have to be a cut above the other chimpanzees on the *Column's* pages. (That Black Panther cartoon was so badly done I suspect somebody on the *Column* staff drew it himself.) Thus it is that the *Column* very frequently performs the highest sort of visual vaudeville in order to suck people into reading the prose.

Last Sunday, for example, above a column by Joseph Kraft titled 'End of The Lull,' Finkelstein planted an Oliphant cartoon that directly contradicted the bullshit it was illustrating. The cartoon showed a Vietnam marine being led into the ocean by a dishevelled lady with an olive branch, while from a gunsmoke cloud behind them labelled 'New Offensive' came a hail of bullets, bouncing irritatingly off his helmet. Says the lady, signifying Peace: 'Come on home—there's no place here for either of us.' And the first sentence in Kraft's paranoia? 'The end of the lull in military action here (in Saigon) should dispel once and for all the illusion that there is a cheap exit for the United States in Vietnam.'

One of the things you learn from the *Daily Column*, hysterical and confusing though it may be, is that there can be no easy answer to any of the problems facing their beloved America. The country's in

tough shape, and somebody's got to pay for that. In the matter of Vietnam, for instance, we've got to buck up and keep in there until it hurts! Only then will we be shriven, worthy of leaving it. Not that it doesn't hurt now, no, it hurts some people plenty. But it doesn't hurt Joe Schmuck in his two-car garage. It doesn't make him cry out in pain and remorse, it doesn't spur him to great flights of death-defying patriotism, it doesn't even make him ration his fucking gasoline. It ain't the sort of war they knew and loved, and until such time as Lucky Strike Green goes back to war along with four jills in a jeep and Kilroy was here, they just won't be satisfied. If we pull out now, hell, that'd be ignominious—people are ashamed of the war, not proud of it. Somebody's got to suffer so bad in Vietnam that the whole damn country gets behind him, and then we can start pulling out.

And who's elected to suffer? Why, you and me, boys and girls. You don't think the Pentagon's going to fight it, do you? Maybe the *Daily Column* hacks should get out there in their funny WWI uniforms and gatling guns? Shit, one Viet Cong could knock them over with a hash fart. No, no, it's you and me, we gonna pay for this fucking war.

(Continued on Page 14)

of beauty, sex and drugs:

"More" probably contains more footage of naked bodies than any other foreign film that has made it past Plymouth Rock. It's strong stuff. A powerful movie about drugs. Mimsy Farmer, as Estelle, is one of the real baddies of all time, a totally amoral person who shoots heroin (even under her tongue!), cavorts in the nude, lies, steals, makes love to girls, and destroys every man who falls in love with her."

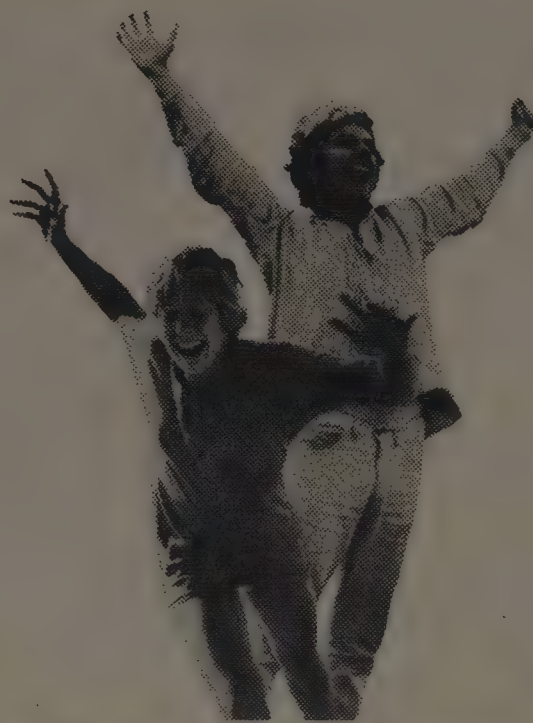
—The Sunday New York Times

"A film of intelligence and, even rarer, grace."

—East Village Other

"A very beautiful, very romantic movie."

—The New York Times

**more**

Plaza Theatre 58 St. E. of Madison Ave. • At: 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00 • A Film by Barbet Schroeder Starring Mimsy Farmer and Klaus Grünberg.

In this column, questions will be answered on such subjects as magic, witchcraft, mediumship, astrology, occultism and related matters. Questions which for reasons of length or general interest cannot be used in this column, will receive a personal answer if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed (and that means enclose it, not say you are enclosing it). Direct all questions to Elfrida Rivers, c-o The East Village Other.

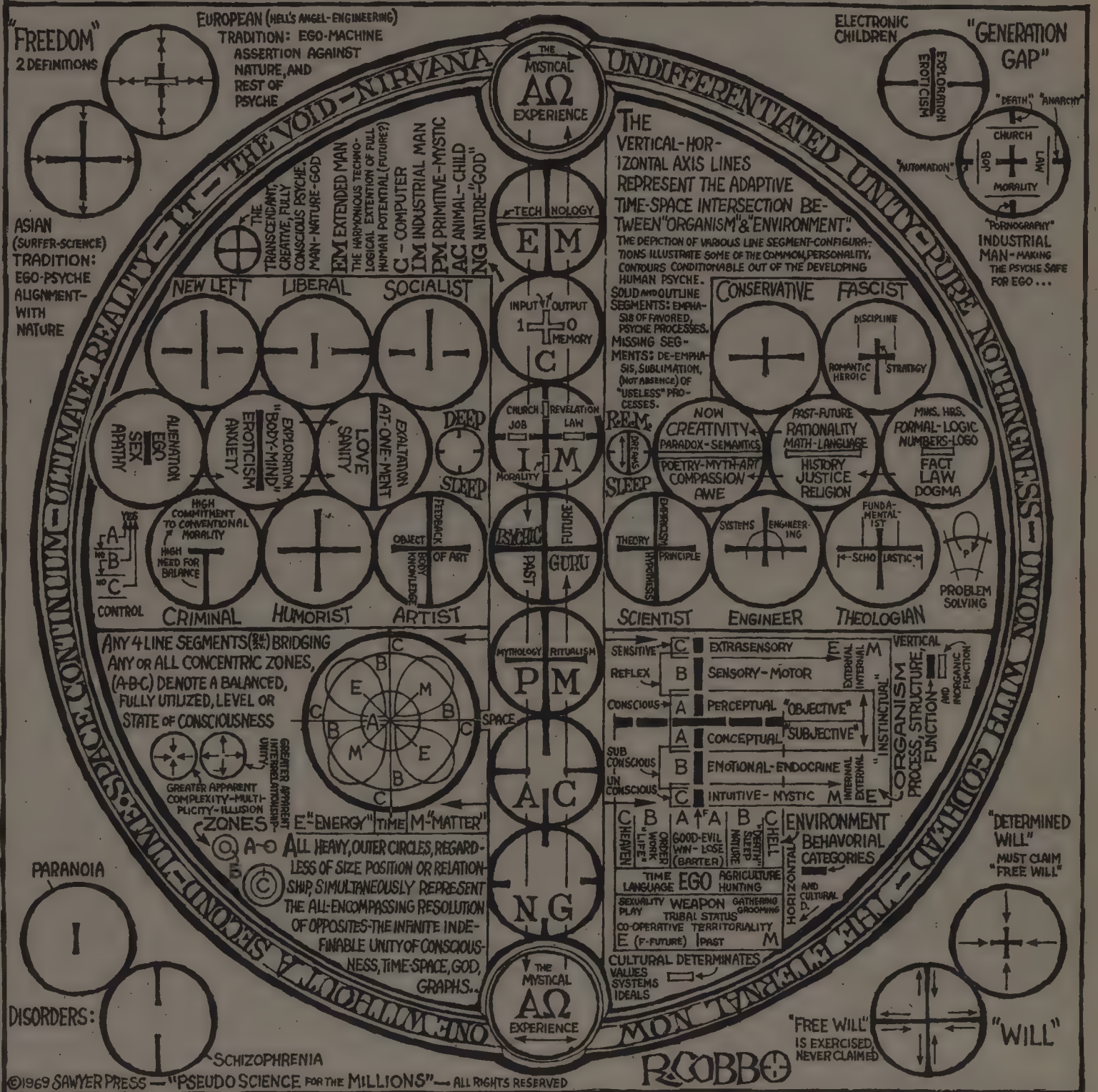
Q: Dear Miss Rivers: I am seventeen years old and I have been studying witchcraft for over a year with another girl my age. We have learned a few elementary things such as willing things to happen, from occult books. These books advise us to meet an experienced witch and have her teach us, but we don't know the right people. A salesgirl in an occult bookshop advised us to ask around Washington Square because there were a lot of witches in the area, but everyone I asked thought we were crazy. Could you give me the name and address of a coven? This request is sincere and on the level... Whether the witchcraft is black or white does not matter, but I do not wish to be involved in complete Satan worships. I only wish to be able to cast spells and prepare potions or perhaps read Tarot cards or the like. I rely on you to recommend a witch or witches who would be willing to teach an inexperienced but eager witch. L. M.

Dear L. M.: I get some version of this letter almost every week, and it always makes me wonder what sort of notions people have about witchcraft, black or white. I suggest that before you go into witchcraft seriously, you sit down, with you friend if you like, and decide, definitely, once and for all, why you want to be a witch, and whether you prefer black or white witchcraft. It is nothing to dabble for fun; it is not a new kick. If you take up white witchcraft you will have to pledge yourself to serve mankind, not forgetting womankind, and to use your powers only for selfless purposes, under the penalty of losing them if you go back on this pledge. If you want black witchcraft--well, you know the limits of that one, presumably. And when you say you don't wish to get involved in total Satan-worship--that's like saying you don't mind being a little bit pregnant but wouldn't want to go through it all the way. You are a Satan-worshipper or you aren't. I personally believe the only devils you could raise that way are the devils inside yourself, but believe me, once you get a glimpse of them, horns and hoofs would be quite superfluous.

Seriously, this old chestnut is one of the questions invariably brought up to heckle believers in reincarnation. If you are heckling, shame on you; but if you asked the question seriously, I'll give you the best answer I can. There are many theories and beliefs about reincarnation and I don't know all their beliefs, any more than I know the theological beliefs of all the 700-odd Protestant churches on trans-substantiation of baptism.

One answer, which seems reasonable to me, is this. We are nearing the end of an age, (as we go into the Aquarian Age) and therefore, souls who have not finished their work in this lifeway are all crowding into incarnation at once; incarnations

COBB'S PHILOSOPHICAL MANDALA



by Elfrida Rivers

EMANATIONS

come closer together at the end of an age. This may be the occult reason behind the current overpopulation crisis, and if true, the population should drop sharply at the beginning of the Aquarian Age. It might even be that all souls of the Piscean Age (the present age) are trying to "crowd on stage" as it were, to see the end of an era and finish up their Karma before the next act of the Human Comedy (?) begins.

I personally do not believe that souls evolving through the animal kingdoms ever transfer into the human kingdom in any one era. You can find more details about this in Dion Fortune's books, or in Max Heindel's THE ROSICRUCIAN COSMO-CONCEPTION, or, if you have the strength and stamina to plough through it, in Madame Blavatsky's THE SECRET DOCTRINE. Strictly speaking, the theory that animals may evolve into humans, or vice versa, is not reincarnation but transmigration of souls.

As for life on other planets, I believe that if such planets exist, their lines of soul-evolution and reincarnation are independent of those of Earth; but I know people who believe otherwise. I personally think that if the "seed of the soul" first incarnates on Earth it stays here until it "passes forth into the light and returns no more." As I say, there are many beliefs on this subject and who's to say who's right? Try Edgar Cayce's writings on reincarnation if you like. I can only write from what I know from memory and experience.

I gather from your letter that you have made the usual mistake (which that movie ROSEMARY'S BABY compounded) of confusing witches, or practitioners of the Old Religion, the Craft of the Wise, with Satanists. The "witches" in Rosemary's Baby were not true witches but Satanists.

I suggest that you read Sybil Leek's excellent book THE DIARY OF A WITCH, before committing yourself to witchcraft. You might

also read Dion Fortune's THE ESOTERIC ORDERS AND THEIR WORK. Both are in print and not expensive...Sybil Leek's is in paperback. Once you have decided that you want to practice the Craft, and committed yourself totally, one way or the other, a teacher will not be far to seek. Such a commitment makes an impression on the collective subconscious (which occultists like to call the Astral World) which is like lighting a beacon and calling out "I am here." Make the invocation--and someone will turn up, befitting your intentions.

As far as reading Tarot cards, you don't need to be a witch for that. There are several excellent books on the subject. I personally always prefer A. E. Waite's PICTORIAL KEY TO THE TAROT, but there are many others; you might read three or four and decide which ones suit your personality. Modern witches don't usually prepare many potions; you'd do better to take a course in pharmacy.

And for heaven's sake don't dabble with witchcraft! Commit your life to it--it's a lifetime job, to learn enough about it to do anything worth doing--or else leave it strictly alone and read novels about it.

Q: Current population statistics show that the population of the Earth has been doubling at a rather rapid rate. If each human being has a soul that has lived other lives on this Earth before, where are the additional souls coming from to allow the population to double? Have some been the souls of animals, or have some souls lived on other planets?

This leads me to a second question; if, through nuclear holocaust or other calamity, human life cannot endure on this planet, are there other planets on which life would be reborn? B. K.

Dear B. K.: My dear friend, I don't even know where all the old souls came from--how in the world do you expect me to know where the new ones are coming from, if any?

letters

(Continued from Page 2)

Only after freeing ourselves from the inhibitions and conditioning of society can we see the white light, all of the spectrum, which is the ultimate Reality. This enlightenment is seeing the one truth, the whole spectrum. This seeing is an experience of the mind or soul which transcends mere sensory experience or rational thinking.

Drugs are one of the many tools useful in guiding one out of conditioned blindnesses and revealing truth, but a tool can be dangerous if used improperly.

Society (the "Establishment") is caught in a vicious cycle of blindness and false values. Hangups are passed from parent to child, parent to child ad infinitum. Psychological repression, physical restraint, need refusal (especially non-material needs), fear of punishment (a vicious cycle in itself for some) etc. are all used to subjugate the natural freedom of mind and body of an infant so that he will "fit in."

Death is the ultimate unknown and thus the ultimate fear of the unenlightened individual. He has been trained to equate the unfamiliar with danger, or possible death. Thus the hostility

towards the Hippies; not so much because they look unfamiliar as because they dare to think unfamiliarly. We are seen as a threat to the illusion of security the status quo gives. To change is to delve into the unknown, to risk death.

Let us keep searching. The real changes are internal, just as true inner happiness is not dependent upon material conditions or possessions. Communicate. Turn people on. Share your wisdom, but always realize that wisdom comes from within and we owe it to the evolution of mankind to change not a corrupt, violent decaying and archaic system and thought-and-life style, but to change ourselves so that we can replace it with something better as it does out.

Love,
Snoglemick Yippie

Yeah, Thurmond Munson for President!

decomp (Continued from Page 13)

Which is essentially where they're at, the Column and everything it represents: they hate youth. They accuse us of every manner of perfidy, they call us uppity, they say we're crazy, sex-mad, sadistic and stupid. It is they who hold that you can't trust anybody over thirty--Herbert Marcuse we don't trust?--and they sure as hell ought to know whereof they preach. In their eyes, Youth now possesses the properties that were once exclusively associated with Black People: superior virility, better looks, natural rhythm and some big black buried something that threatens to destroy them if it's ever unleashed. They would like to kill us all.

Unhappily, this violates all the laws of entropy, which qualifies as hubris. And hubris, you'll remember, is a considerably more serious offense in the eyes of God than bad-mouthing a college president, and the penalties for hubris are slightly worse than death. So, have fun with your newspaper, Finkelstein, as long as it lasts.

thilm

(Continued from Page 9)

substitute for the experience of Woodstock, this weekend which lasted a week in time and space. A newspaper man sits next to me at the press area, minus the tent but still possessing telephones and typewriters, and says, "Have you ever seen such prevalent drug use--usage?" And I ask if he has even seen so many longhair freaks together in one place; if there were more, there would be more drug usage (drug usage! ohmygod, drug usage!)...The press tries to report what they saw: sights to make "any sane adult" shudder..."unconfirmed reports of drug poisoning"... "incredible reports that there have been no major outbreaks of violence..." Let it be said there was no violence, major, outbreak incredible or otherwise.

...The words are real enough, it is the uncomprehending personalities trying to shape the words into malleable thoughts which are so wrong. There is no way to teach what must be learned. The society up at Woodstock lived on drugs, air, water, and hope. "Sharing and caring" as a friend said, smiling. There wasn't enough food to go around, but everyone was fed, not enough to drink but no one went thirsty. To each his own festival of revelation. Near me, a cowboy-hat dude gives his story over the telephone, reporting the overwhelming drugs, the LSD freakouts, the drug poisoning, the mud and rain and garbage...He and the others had always wanted to believe there are just not that many longhair freaks in the world. And they're right of course. Woodstock was not for real, it was a simple matter of time overlap, hallucination, a Disney special unannounced.

So many people, so many people and the plumbing is only partially installed. All the space is taken, clotted with bodies, dots of color people swaying, sleeping, laughing, talking. People walk the crossroads of the festival, from down the hill to up, to around the back where so many camp out. The smell of cook-outs, dope, hard tan bodies, lean pale ones, fat sweat and more dope. Dirt roads tramped hard and smooth by thousands of feet, by the millions of steps in all directions. It becomes a litany. So many people they couldn't sell tickets, no way to put up gates in time; there were so many people no way to supply food--so many people that each of us put out whatever vestigial radar apparatus we still possess in order to locate friends who were invisible in the dark and crush of bodies. You said hi, knowing that the friend would know it was You, and find you across the pilgrim's road, using senses besides mere vision. So many people that all senses became sharpened in a throwback to the time when people knew it was important to locate friends in the strange alien universe of things which surround each of us.

The music went on almost independently of this, the greater festival of revelation. Standing near the Staff Entrance to the stage Friday afternoon, everyone looking for cigarettes, matches, John Morrie, Artie Kornfeld...a small man jumps out nearly hitting me in the head

with his guitar. Tim Hardin. Has he just finished his set...? Did I miss it...? Walk around some more, talk to people, look for faces, for news, for food. There is no organization, chaos and astonishment have done their work.

Later, much later, I find out that Tim Hardin has just finished his set while I am eating dinner, that he was just looking at the stage area when he rushed past me before. Afternoon. Dinner. Friday the festival began around 3 pm, dinner was a midnight affair...

(A thought: if someone wanted to flatten the Himalayas, all he needs is to announce a rock festival on the Other Side. Bears over the mountain, calling all bears out over the mountain.)

There was no time up at Woodstock and there was no space, so no one felt threatened and therefore there was no violence. Besides, we were all too tired from walking the crow-flying two miles to and from the festival each day, miles which rapidly became charleyhorsed treks across the Russian steppes in the mud and minor mountaineering feats. No violence, but all were on the too-bright side of madness. The man running the performer's eating pavilion began to flip, screaming that no one could have coffee unless they had the proper pass, he had all he could do to keep the performers fed, and he wasn't there to feed the wholefestival

AND you don't have the rightpass on so GET OUT AND NO NO NO he has no food for the hospital tent he has NO FOOD because it is all he can do to feed the performers.

Yeah, no violence, he was met with shrugs and understanding smiles which only infuriated him more because he couldn't understand that either.

And there was madness in the way people stayed up until it was the next day, forgetting to sleep because the music went right on through and so did our souls.

A fast chronology.


The drive up from New York takes 2 hours, you begin to hit signs: Grossinger's, Brown's, Mendelson's Carefree Acres...stop off at a HoJo or other thruway automat, see a lot of other longhairs, faces, it's gonna be a good show, good people. Then you ride another 4-6 hours over the 15 minute quickway to the festival area, a 2-way highway now a 1-way dirt road, the cars all going to "Woodstock," which means nobody in the towns which existed before can get out. Tune to the Woodstock station, 1240 AM and hear John Roberts, president of Woodstock Ventures, Inc., saying, "Please turn back, please no more come, there are over 200,000 people here already and we only expected 150,000 altogether, please turn back. Turn back? How...? behind you as far back as the dust lets you see are more cars, all standing still facing the way your car faces: True North. Right to the navel of Buddha. Andnoone ever said it was an easy trip to get there.

Get to the festival itself, walking that first 2-mile hike which will be familiar enough, soon. Richie Havens is just being announced, opening the festival (Continued on Page 15)

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thilm

(Continued from Page 14)

with pre-Christ, warm, lispig Havens from the first LP. Sweetwater follows, the lead chick sounding more like Gracie Slick than ever. Bert Sommer comes on, his hair an aureole as he sings and sings. Melanie...then time got lost for a while. Late that night, Arlo Guthrie, and closing, Joan Baez. In between, Ravi Shankar and others...People are still not aware that the sound system is good enough to carry the music far and abroad even though they cannot see anyone. We are all used to concerts, everyone within sight of the performer. Some aren't even sure where to look yet.

Saturday. Ahh, we are all oldtimers. Establishment press asks about the drugs and we all amii-ii-ile. The rain is over, the sun is out. That night is history. The Dead go on and have trouble, the sound is bad and the crowd is not in the mood. Bob Weir talks to them, they don't hear. Then Creedence Clearwater comes on and does a right-proud set, from the land of the South we have all come to love thanks to Gone With the Wind and Proud Mary...Joplin comes on and doesn't get quite the hand she usually does, the band is smooth and competent but the headshaking wiseasses hold: Big Brother was more of a turn-on. But *Maybe*, that fine old number, is really old-Joplin, that chill quality of rawness and vulnerability...Sly goes on next, absolutely shakes the crowd apart, people start getting up and dancing madly, the platform feel like it will fall as we all bebop to *Stand!* Sly screams about the sound after he is through...Then come The Who, and it is about 5:30 am Sunday morning. 6:30 am, the sun breaks over the opening strands of *Pinball Wizard*. Rick Balsom from *Straight*: "And the audience of cabbages turned into live things, and they all came up rocking..." And then, around 7, 7:30, the Airplane rushed in, 26 songs on their song sheet, and who could resist, Gracie whooping and making it, the guitars as mellow and joyous as ever—isn't the word 'tasty' due for some use about now?—and then sometime later Sunday morning the Saturday festival was over.

We left, having little relationship to the herds remaining except when we stopped for food and discovered there was none in the little restaurants we first stopped at...It was another beautiful day, the rest of Sunday.

Reading the brochure in the diner: An Aquarian Exposition, Art Show: wouldbe artists will be glad to discuss theirwork or the unspoiled splendour of their surroundings...Crafts. Bazaar: You'll see silver creations, as well as Zodiac Charts, camp clothes and worn out shoes...Food...cokes andhotdogs and dozens of curious food and fruit combinations to experiment with...Hundreds of Acres to Roam On.

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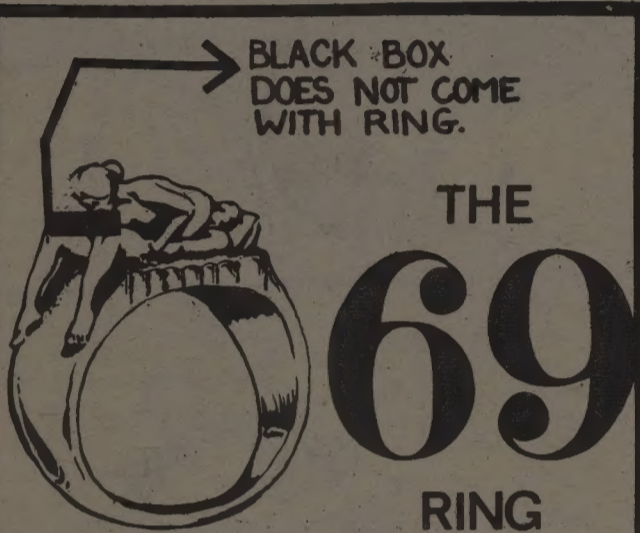
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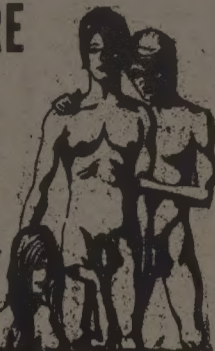
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devlin

(Continued from Page 3)

"Irish Protestant workers earn much lower wages than
British workers, yet living-costs are as high as in
England. As for Northern Catholics, the men don't work
at all. They are discriminated against in hiring. Bogside,
where I live in Derry, is a ghetto of unemployed men who
find only two alternatives for their lives: emmigration or
the dole...British policies are designed to force
nationalist Irish-Catholic men to emigrate if they want
to have any life at all." The plight of the Northern
Catholic hit home as Bernadette told of her own brother,
who for months had unsuccessfully sought a mere
apprentice's job. "Sadly," she said, drawing an
unconscious parallel to the American situation, "many
families do better on public welfare than they do by
working at menial or itinerant jobs. But that's all
academic since there are no jobs for Catholic men."

There was something magnificently together about this
twenty-two year old revolutionary Parliamentarian, as
she spoke of the situation in her own country. No, she
wasn't interested in a Catholic state. There was too much
wrong with the twenty-six counties of the South. What
was needed was movement (which Conor Cruise O'Brien
had been organizing) in the South to radicalize and de-
clericalize political issues. Together, she maintained,
Northern and Southern radicals could create the kind of
United Ireland that Pearse and Connelly had died for.

"Why don't we go out for a drink?" Paul O'Dwyer
suggested as the Devlin entourage left the WMCA studio.
Johnny Joyce's is a kelly green pub with shamrocks
adorning every crevasse and the waiters wearing emerald
green jackets. Lack of sleep made Bernadette giddy, but
she commenced on some marvelous imitations of former
Northern Ireland Prime Minister Terrence O'Neill and
the present ogre, Sir James Chichester-Clark. Devlin on
Clark on O'Neill:

"Terrence O'Neill's problem was that he neither had
the courage of his convictions—nor the convictions for the
first part."

Earlier during the evening, when Barry Gray asked her
what a well-dressed revolutionary wears on the
barricades, Bernadette had responded "dungarees." She
also admitted that she escaped Bogside with only one
pair of blue jeans and one dress. "Everything else was
left at the dry-cleaners," she confessed with a wink.
Whether the dry-cleaning establishment still stood was
not reported. Remembering that Bernadette would be
making a national TV and public appearance tour, it was
obvious that she would need at least one more change of
clothes. "If you like, I can lend you some of my things," I
offered. "It would be an honor."

An hour later, Bernadette and I were busily shuffling
through my closet for a hasty travel wardrobe. The
member of Parliament and I were pretty much the same
size—only she was about three inches shorter, which
made for problems since Maxi's aren't in vogue yet. As
Bernadette handed me an armful of rejects, her friend
Loudon Seth and a rather nice reporter from the VOICE
(yes, there are some) settled down with my husband and
grooved to some old Spanish Civil War records. "You
know there's a guy in Bogside," Loudon chuckled, "who,
everytime there's an attack, tells that 'this is just like
Barcelona.' He may be right."

From the bathroom, Miss Devlin who was trying on the
multitude of dresses I'd thrown at her chimed in a note
about "we've got some damned good music with our
revolution too." Then she started to tell of Bogside
underground radio station that keeps blasting a rewritten
version of the Beatle's "Revolution" at the Unionists and
Tommies. "Yes, we're gonna have a revolution..."

Finally, three dresses were found to fit. Two of the
garmets were grey and conservative—perfect for Meet
the Press. I was hoping she would have picked something
red and greed—red for revolution and green for Ireland.
It certainly would have freaked monocromatic Lawrence
Spivak.

Loudon took an immediate liking to American
underground tabloids. He wanted to smuggle a whole
bundle back home. "My God," he commented pointing to
a recent issue of EVO, "this stuff makes the
International Times look mild!" (The International
Times is the London underground sheet.)

We sat talking about the situation in Ireland, the
struggle, what must be done and what Americans could
do. It seemed a very genuine experience. Both Loudon
and Bernadette were veterans of a real revolution—a
revolt so classic in style that they actually stood at
barricades. And yet, not once did either of them lace
their tone with hackneyed leftist phrases like "objective
truth," "Trotskyite," "Stalinist," "revisionist,"
"Deviationist," "infantile-leftist," or "bourgeois-
nationalist." It seemed such a curious thing—these kids
were also in their early twenties, were also
revolutionists and yet they were sane! They even had a
sense of humor. Perhaps it was because they were
involved in a real conflict and had to time for foolish
hateful games. Perhaps it is because they also want to
win.

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