

INSIDE: TRIPPING WITH LINDSAY/ HEROIN

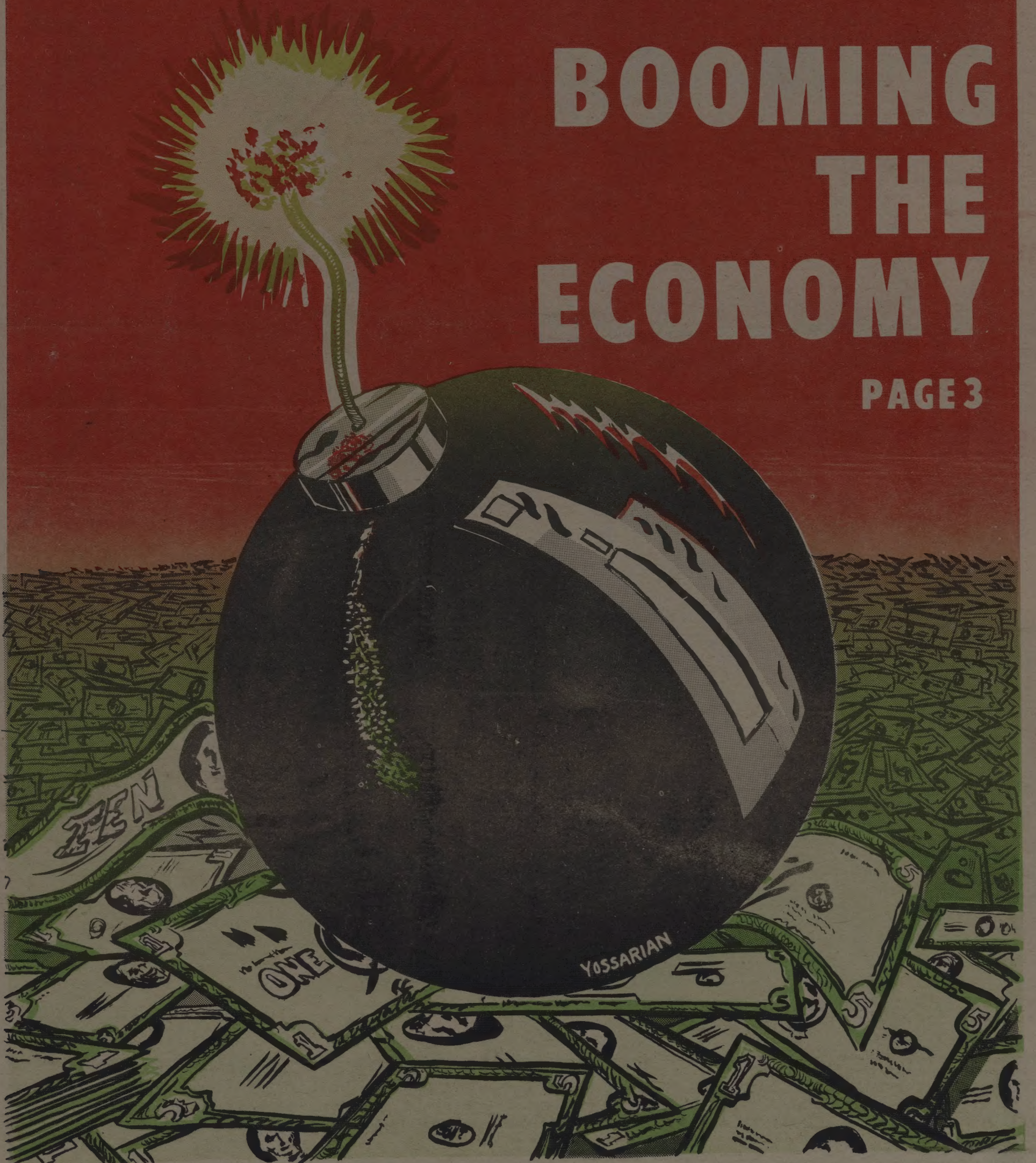
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BOOMING THE ECONOMY

PAGE 3



HIRAP

IT WAS DYNAMITE IN NEW YORK LAST WEEK WHILE AMERIKA WRUNG ITS HANDS IN ANXIETY, BUT ALL TOO FEW PEOPLE PAID ATTENTION TO WHAT'S REALLY GOING DOWN. PERHAPS IT WASN'T SUCH A COINCIDENCE THAT WHILE THEY LET US PLAY WITH FIRECRACKERS, THE PERSECUTION OF TIM LEARY WENT ON IN FULL SWING. MORE THAN THREE WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE A LITTLE MAN IN BLACK CLOTHES THREW TIM BEHIND BARS BECAUSE HIS SHRUNKEN INTELLECT DEEMED HIM TO BE A PUBLIC MENACE. IN THAT TIME, NOTHING MORE THAN A FLOWERY FLOW IF INDIGNATION HAS RISEN TO PROTEST THAT DECISION. IN CONCRETE TERMS, THERE HAS BEEN NO PROTEST WHATSOEVER.

UNLIKE OTHER POLITICAL PRISONERS, TIM LEARY DOES NOT HAVE AN ORGANIZATION BEHIND HIM. THEREFORE, YOUR INDIVIDUAL PROTEST COUNTS MORE THAN EVER.

WITH THE GOVERNMENT-INSPIRED CLOAK OF SECRECY SHROUDING IT, THE LATEST LEARY PERSECUTION WAS VIRTUALLY BLACKED OUT BY THE MEDIA. HAVE YOU TAKEN THE TIME TO FIGURE OUT WHY? MIGHTN'T THIS NEWS BE TOO MUCH FOR TOO MANY PEOPLE TO SWALLOW AND REACT WITH THEIR USUAL APATHY?

IN LIEU OF THAT RECOGNITION, WHY NOT TAKE THE TIME AND SEND ANY BREAD YOU CAN MUSTER TO:

HOLDING TOGETHER-A FREEDOM FUND
P.O. BOX 5017
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

IT MAY JUST BE THE MOST MEANINGFUL THING ANY OF US CAN DO AT THIS TIME.

rt

See the other side

"The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation"

Thoreau

"If we make peaceful revolution impossible, we make violent revolution inevitable."

John F. Kennedy

Friday, 6 March: A townhouse on West 11th Street, said by police to have been used as a "bomb factory" by the militant Weatherman faction of SDS, was demolished in an accidental dynamite explosion that took three lives; one of them Theodore Gold, 23, member of Weathermen, the other a mangled torso of a woman tentatively identified as Patricia Swinton, a Weatherwoman, and the third body charred beyond recognition. Police and firemen continue to search the debris for other clues, dynamite and possible victims of the blast.

Around midnight, Monday, 9 March: In Bel Air, Maryland, where Rap Brown was scheduled to go on trial for charges arising from the 1967 riots in Cambridge, Md., a car was blown up and its two passengers, Ralph Featherstone, 30, and William Payne, 26, were killed. Both were known to have been friends of Rap Brown, whose whereabouts are unknown and who has been missing since his pre-trial hearings opened last Monday. His attorney William Kunstler has expressed concern over the mysterious disappearance of his client and over the mood of violence in Bel Air. Meanwhile, the trial has been postponed until 16 March.

Around Midnight, Tuesday, 10 March: A bomb went off in the courthouse here, where Rap Brown's case was originally slated to be tried before it was moved to Bel Air. Police are looking for a white woman reported to have been in the vicinity earlier in the day and unknown to local residents who saw her. No one was injured in the explosion.

Between 1:40 and 2:00 AM, Wednesday, 11 March: New York:

A series of bomb explosions occurred at the Socony Mobil Building, 150 East 42nd St., the IBM Building, 425 Park Ave., where the entire twenty-first floor of the forty-one story building was blown out. About a half hour beforehand an anonymous phone call alerted police and warned them to evacuate employees in these buildings. There were no injuries.

Friday afternoon, 13 March: 17 gas bombs were exploded in George Washington High School. Following a telephone alert, school officials had the building evacuated and no injuries resulted.

Governor Rockefeller and Maryland's Governor Marvin Mandel have called for tighter explosives control laws; a corporation executive laments the thought that "crazy people can destroy our society", while an elevator mechanic elatedly anticipates his over-time pay for repairing the damages, and a "violence expert", a psychiatrist in what presumed to be real life, gives the Times the predictable Freudian riff that any 12-year-old can run down these days in less space, and the kid would probably arrive at a more up to date conclusion evolving around the Nixonian regression syndrome and the anal retentiveness of the good shrink. Meanwhile bomb warnings continue to inundate police stations and public buildings.

are evacuated at the drop of a match. Official reports are disclosed showing the number of actual bombings across the country in 1969 more than doubled the number of similar incidents reported the year before.

Over the past week, particularly in New York and Maryland, tensions have increased on both sides of the Establishment-Radical gap, naturally for different reasons. The power structure nervously worries about property damage, shoring up its laws and finding someone to pin the blame on...

not easy these days with so many of the Usual Suspects already in jail...while the

radical movement is more concerned about what happened on W. 11th St. and in Bel Air where lives were lost.

In the Bel Air incident there is the now-classic conflict between police reports that would have us assume that the two men were transporting a bomb that belonged to them and a statement issued by a group of young blacks who knew Brown and the two dead men, that insists that the bomb had either been planted in the car or tossed into it by angry whites. Not an improbable idea, since witnesses near the scene of the explosion have said that the car driven by Featherstone had been passed by another just before it blew up, and skid marks on the road also indicate the presence of a second automobile. In Washington a group of Negro leaders have called for a "full-scale, impartial" investigation of the deaths, but that one has been played before we have all seen the results of that "full-scale" investigation and its "impartial" conclusion that Fred Hampton's murder by police was "justifiable." Is there anyone left...anyone left...who believes that any better result will come out of an investigation into the bomb-deaths of two blacks in Agnew's home state?

The 11th St. bombing is harder to deal with. Radical factions opposed to the violent tactics of the Weatherman must refrain from the See-I-Told-You-So insensitivities and are compelled to silence amidst the mystery and rumours. A sign in an 8th Street store window says "Ted Gold died For Our Sins". Maybe so, but will others pay for his?

In guerilla warfare the first duty is safety...according to common sense. According to Guevara, the first duty of a guerilla is not to get caught. That, too, makes sense, but the problem with Guevara was that he was not a particularly brilliant guerilla tactician; he simply had more charisma than most, which is probably what (mis) leads his eager disciples into playing around in "bomb factories" located in densely populated, residential areas.

In the broader political perspective, all of these recent occurrences are completely justifiable in terms of simple inevitability, in terms of our no longer being able to contain that quiet desperation.

Within the same brief period of time, Moynihan proposed "benign neglect" as a solution for easing racial tensions, and Nixon mouthed his message on educational reforms, stressing the failure of the education system and proposing to remedy it with sharp-cut-backs in a school budget inadequate to begin with. And somewhere amidst the home-grown bombings, we blundered upon his "secret" war in Laos. What more valid condemnation of the American educational system exists than the Nixon Administration?

Having rejected, in his grudge match with the Sixties, the peaceful revolution that once was possible...the rides and marches in the name of freedom, the objectives of sit-ins deciphered under more perceptive leadership...Nixon has heedlessly reversed the course of history and led America back towards to the Eisenhower years.

In the Dreadful Already Happened quiet desperation gives way to the inevitability of violent revolution. A bombing here, an explosion there, a few lives are lost... "Just a little early Spring Housecleaning," Abbie Hoffman explains...and knowing the violence inherent in the American soul, knowing the mass media will over-react with threatening symbols and images to feed the paranoia of the Silent Majority, knowing that history's most infamous moments are often found worthy of repetition by nouveau-repressors, it is not unreasonable to fear a Second Reichstag Fire. It is no more a question of who is responsible, but of who has been irresponsible as we dash toward the final eruption of chaos and hysteria, for violence is self-perpetuating.

END OF THE ROAD

By Renfred Neff

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS VISITS THE FILLMORE

By KARIN BERG



As Jonathan Schwartz said on WNEW-FM, announcing that Miles Davis would be appearing at the Fillmore East, "Well it's about time."

Miles' group was the "extra added attraction" to the bill of March 6-7, which included the Steve Miller Blues Band and Neil Young with Crazy Horse. Choice of wording was typically unfortunate. Miles is not an "extra"—"special" would have been a better choice. Do I cavil? No, I don't think so.

But, lord, it was good to see him there. He was second on the bill, following Steve Miller. (Miller's set was terrible, music choppy, nothing together, during the early Saturday show when I was there. I have never seen the band in performance before, they might have had personnel problems, I dunno. But there was little

relationship between what I saw and heard at the Fillmore and some of their pleasing music on record.)

Miles' band is the same he has been working with for a while now: Wayne Shorter on reed instruments; Chick Corea on electric piano; David Holland on electric bass, and Jack DeJohnette on drums. The group is still billed as the Miles David Quintet, but there was an unidentified second percussionist playing with the band when I saw them.

First, an unlooked-for benefit from the performance. A very long set, and lots of Miles. He took chorus after chorus, tight, hard, runs (just about all of the music was up, only a few brief slower measures broke the pace). It has been an increasing financial hassle to see and hear Miles Davis' group, what with admissions, minimums, and all but even with the Fillmore high prices, this time it was a bargain.

The set was excellent. I hadn't seen this band since last summer and their growth as a unit is apparent. Wayne Shorter, of course, has been with Miles for a while now, usually playing tenor but switching off to other woodwinds, but the rhythm section has grown and is now integrated in its development of ideas. The set was driving all the way with, as I said before, Miles playing more than he often does—maybe because he was playing so well that night. Shorter did some fine things on tenor and oboe (I think it was oboe, dammit, but I wasn't positive). Chick Corea built clear, sharp, structures to interweave with the horns, bass and drums tightening, adding layers of their own.

Miles Davis stands alone as a constantly growing musician and leader of a band. I've seen him with almost every group he's had for more than 16 years now. His excellent use of electric instruments should not be surprising. Miles watches, listens to what is happening in music, distills what is best, and then comes out ahead, with fresher ideas than most musicians half his age.

And while his groups are always dominated by his personality, his musicianship, the musicians with him can never be thought of as *sidemen*. Each musician is obviously chosen only after very careful thought, but

from then out you know he will develop as an individual artist while the band develops as a group. Miles Davis is a constant source of beauty—we owe him so much.

The audience reaction to Miles was not great, but it wasn't bad, as I had feared it might have been. The bulk of the Fillmore audience is not a bright lot, "the hippest of the hep" as my friend Robert Guillaume put it. They'll cheer and applaud and stand and yell "more" to any loud bullshit (they had done it for Steve Miller's poor set) but they were restrained in their response to Miles' band. They listened though—a guy sitting behind me said, "They're all musicians, man, they're musicians!" You fuckin' A. It was good that the audience had a chance to see and hear them. Bring 'em back.

But lest you think I am a jazz chauvinist, Neil Young and Crazy Horse were excellent too. Young first did several numbers alone, with acoustic guitar, then, "Now we're going to play some rock and roll." Crazy Horse has the addition of Jack Nitzsche on piano (the same one who played with the Stones). He was introduced as a member of the group, so it looks as though he's a permanent addition. The group is very, very good. Their record is fine, but in live performance they're even better. As an aside, Young handled the obnoxious elements of the Fillmore crowd with gentle squelches: when people clapped after he had played a couple of notes of what they thought was one of their favorites, Young stopped, saying, "I think those people are remarkable to recognize a song when I don't know what I'm going to play yet." When listeners hollered back and forth for their favorites, he commented, "I'll let you work it out." When selfishly impatient, yelling for "Cinnamon Girl" while he changed guitars, he asked, "Is it all right if I stop to change guitars?"

But the group played all of the songs from the album beautifully. They're good to watch, with fine interchange between the musicians and no ego tripping. If you're going to have a rock group follow Miles Davis, it's a good choice to pick one with the musicianship and integrity of Neil Young and Crazy Horse.

POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

By ALLEN KATZMAN

A Movie is a place to see—(After Christ). Where does one go but to a meeting place to get religion? The only baptism involved is getting to it, and once there affording the price to get in.

Taking all these important considerations into your body, one is then ready to take Fellini's trip into *Satyricon*.

It is always the price of fantasy one has to pay to get closest to reality, and if it's only \$4.50 you have to pay (mail order and reserved no less); then what cheaper way than to pay for art, especially if it's done by one as brilliant and genius as Fellini.

Satyricon is unbelievable! That is its greatest art! Its mystery is the fact it is so contemporary. *Satyricon* is an orgy of sight and sounds. It colors the mind with a dose of grandeur which tickles all our fallacies and humanness. It is the Tarot of sexuality and never says once whether Freud or Jung or Time Magazine know what they're all talking about.

What a Trip! It is all I can say, and it is the reason why it will take me at least one thousand more words to write about it (considering limitations of space and my own metabolism of work time, which is very short; this is considerable).

I have not told you anything about *Satyricon* yet, because I am taking this long to catch my breath. It is not just a matter of being vacuumly aroused by Fellini's portrayal of lust, passion and everyday physical life reduced to the fashion; but to see ourselves enlarged to the reality of life.

Fellini is a master whose magic is justified, and whose art leads us into fantasy which is all ourselves packed

into the space of being there.

It was *ex-static* being at the Little Carnegie to see Fellini's *Satyricon*. It is like being home where it all begins, body heat and beastiality, and being in the world where energy is produced by potion, palette and photograph; by men speeded up to their own birth, and understanding nature as themselves. It was callable; back to ourselves and all the passion within us. (If we were not Gods, at least we were the beasts that made men incredible.)

Fellini's images are the people he picks to be in his movie. And his movie is something else! They are the gestures, the nuances, the recalcitrant body odor energy which reappears as our physical selves (all the fantasies we have about our appearances; all the physical we try to rectify with every moment of another's intrusion.)

We live in the world, and we are a class of sylvan dieties, attendant on Bacchus, represented as partly human and partly bestial in form, and noted for riot and lasciviousness; hence a lascivious person.

That is Webster's definition and my interpretation, but it is Fellini's show. Even the pure is a perversion, but even the perversion is understood by Fellini to be good. What Fellini presents us with is the charge of our own balance. The ecstasy to know our bodies.

His hero is such a man; loving young boys, speaking freedom, knowing destiny is an upright cock at the instant touch of newness. His pain is infinite because his pleasure is immeasurable. And it is his Africa, in his head as well as his asshole, which is what he learns his journey is all about.

One cannot imagine until one sees *Satyricon*, what pains Fellini went to to create his orgy for us. Only the Italians understand Rome, and only Rome understood passion because it conquered the whole world but never could conquer life. It was replaced by another,

stronger, which is why life is such great content for art. Fellini conquers what we see.

The human content of mankind is its body. And that content is rarely (as is everything else) the saviour of itself. In the case of the content being human, it is more readily conceived to be perverse and therefore less likely to be the Way; but nevertheless it is one of necessary orifices we must enter into to get to where we are going.

It's a fourfold path, and to deny access to it, is to deny the sovereignty of living. Rome was not built in a day, and the seven deadly sins are the seven hills (the Aventine, Caelian, Capitoline, Esquiline, Palatine, Quirinal, and Viminal) on or about which the ancient city of Rome was built. The Journey is not far away.

This is the reality of *Satyricon*; from the brilliant color sets circumscribed by ritual and movement; from the panning of the camera across a panorama of quick flashes of every opening of the body being exposed for us to see; to the chanting of nonsensical numbers as mating messages and music.

It is all not far away, as faces appear in moments of decay and illusion; and in rarer moments of enlightenment through ecstasy. *Satyricon* is the territory of the instincts as it expands and contracts and reaches its own destiny. And its balance is oddly enough its own reaching out. And those who pass through it are few:

Their cause is androgynous, both male and female. Their loves are many and the boys plentiful. Their hero is literally a poet who has nothing to say (except in moments of saving his own skin), and therefore is led by another who is indescribable. He makes him dance within a limit of words.

That is why what I have written so far is a tale I will never tell. Because there is one who does it so better. His name is Fellini, and he has given you a place to see: *Satyricon*. Go see it!

HEROIN

by DAVID CRAMER

Every one who takes drugs ought to learn to use *Index Medicus* the abstract which indexes medical publications. In Manhattan, New York Academy of Medicine Library on East 103rd St.—just off the Park—is open to the public; in addition to abstracts such as *Index Medicus*, a couple hundred medical journals are on the open shelves. The sub-headings in IM take a bit of getting used to—for instance, articles about heroin are found under the listing "diacetylmorphine." Since skag is an opiate one finds heroin-related articles listed under "opiates" and "opium." Don't forget to look under "morphine"—an opiate derivative. If you're super-inquisitive try the plastic-skag headings: "Codeine," is an example. Sorry—no listing for demoral.

Lavender and pink magnolia petals fluttered to the jade-green grass; on a hill, just east of Bethesda Fountain, on a warm, mild, Saturday afternoon in May, 1969 about 200 of us Park Freaks sat taking hash and grass. We must have smoked a cubic foot of hash that day. Everyone was happy—stoned happy. Then Attorney General Mitchell ordered Operation Intercept. By July a marijuana famine existed in the City. Evidence now exists that this Department of Justice idiocy has created thousands of junkies throughout the U.S. Even the *New York Times* has laid the blame at the Attorney General's door—see the February 23, 1970 *Times* editorial page. The incredibly inept dudes in Washington failed to understand that American kids will take anything available to escape for a few hours from the hideous society built by their parents; so, with nice, safe marijuana gone many turned to skag. It is to my Fountain-brothers that I dedicate this my second *EVO* article (the first being "Cocaine"—including information on amphetamines—in *EVO*, Vol. 5, No. 13, Mar. 3, '70) detailing, in simple language, how the various drugs affect the human central nervous system.

Here is a simplified description of the mechanics of brain thought-processes: At the top of the spine is a bundle of nerves called the Reticular Formation (RF).¹ It receives impulses from the various sensory nerves and passes them on to the brain in two electrical charges—one going to the brain neocortex (Upper Brain), the other to the brain hypothalamus (Lower Brain).² The electrical charge in the Upper Brain becomes a thought-in-process as it races along the brain neurons (nerves).³ When it gets to a

space (synapse) between nerves it needs additional electricity to overcome the resistance offered by the space; if it doesn't get enough it makes an incorrect (anti-organic) synapse jump—the wrong neuron pathway is used, perception is altered in an anti-organic outlook.⁴ The second electrical charge to the Lower Brain stimulates that organ to activate the pituitary gland which should then secrete the hormone ACTH.⁵ If the body has been functioning properly as (Nature intended) the cortex of the adrenal gland should have been secreting nor-adrenaline which is stored in stomach tissue.⁶ The ACTH stimulates the stomach tissues to release the nor-adrenaline most of which flows to the Lower

Brain stimulating it to produce the additional electrical charge needed for an organically proper synapse jump; some nor-adrenaline flows directly to the neurons of the Upper Brain to assist in local ionization.⁷

All drugs affect this circular Endoerim-Neurological process at some point. In my *EVO* "Cocaine" article it is mentioned that Speed/Ups cause the stomach tissue to release great amounts of nor-adrenaline. Cocaine, on the other hand, inhibits tissue uptake of nor-adrenaline.

Heroin is absolutely addicting. There are several reasons why this is so:

It has been proven that cellular adaptation to heroin occurs.⁸ Consequently with each tray of dope shot up the reactivity of opiate receptor tissue (in the body) is decreased—result: higher and higher dosages (more and more money) are needed to get off.

In my *EVO* "Cocaine" article I mentioned that ammes (the chemical building blocks of Speed/Ups) release nor-adrenaline from stomach tissue. At any given time there exists in the body a store of catechol ammes. They are present to help release nor-adrenaline should your head sense danger. Heroin destroys this body-pool of catechol ammes; when this happens various bodily defense mechanisms begin pooling more ammes. Should heroin intake (especially injections) continue the body is soon over-manufacturing ammes. It has been observed that laboratory rats addicted to morphine begin fighting 60-70 hours after terminal dosage; the fighting continues for 50 hours.¹⁰ This rat restlessness and panic is the junkies' "cold turkey." It is caused by a huge, sudden rise in the mammalian body's amme supply (which is no longer being destroyed by heroin). Upon withdrawal the addict's system's over-manufactured ammes release huge amounts of nor-adrenaline into his blood; so he overreacts to stress. Little things bother him terribly, his body craves more heroin to end the torture of what actually is OVER-FEELING!

In addition to receptor tissue deactivity, and catechol amme destruction, heroin causes a decrease in release of intracerebral norepinephrine.¹¹ Norepinephrine is a hormone needed for the proper functioning of the body's sympathetic nerves.¹² It is this norepinephrine decrease which accounts for the euphorical feeling induced by the opiates—the nerves actually stop transmitting electrical pulsations. The accompanying relaxation of the nerves is responsible for the phenomena universally known as "nodding out," and also for "junkie bugs," the itching of the face.

Finally, the opiate cause a modification of the protein synthesis in the brain which probably involves derepression of DNA13—so you're fucking with your body's basic molecular structure when you do skag.

Clinical accounts (written by white-coated doctors) generally agree that the "heroin addict" dreads past memories, dreads displaying his aggression, cannot bare the thought of having needs, craves re-inforcement of his inhibitions and takes heroin because it alleviates these feelings.¹⁴ Occasionally a physician complains that mere clinicalism is not enough; the drug addict needs a great deal of love and understanding in order to be reassured that his desires are normal, are shared by everyone. Current British clinical practices are outlined in the Supply to Addicts Regulations which began on April 16, 1968. Government issued heroin, with a fixed maximum dosage which soon falls short of the addict's tolerance level, is given out at special clinics to those having a doctor's prescription certifying their addiction.¹⁵ In the United States there exist several methadone programs. One such has been the Methadone Maintenance Research Program, begun in 1965, at Rockefeller University Hospital in Manhattan.¹⁶ Those admitted to the program receive six weeks hospitalization; the methadone dosage is started at 10 to 20 mg. per day up to stabilization level (80 to 120 mg a day—given orally). Methadone is an addictive drug which is able to combat heroin craving; unlike heroin it is not expensive (yet!). Sociologically inclined doctors point out that since methadone is not high-priced the methadone-head (ex junkie) stops stealing; therefore his self-esteem rises (he's no longer a junkie thief), and—supposedly—his whole world view becomes more optimistic.¹⁷ The main drawback of methadone—and the reason why the junkies aren't pounding on the hospital doors demanding methadone rations—is that its "high" doesn't equal the euphoria of skag.¹⁸ At this juncture the learned journals fall silent save for a continuing government-issue-skags-vs-methadone dialogue between British and American doctors. Meanwhile it is estimated that New York City alone has 100,000 addicts, with the number growing daily (now no longer just figures, but often our friends), and with an increasing number of deaths from OD.¹⁹

Hopefully, as I write, some one somewhere is testing methadone and marijuana—the methadone as a junk substitute, the marijuana to give the high methadone lacks. If it works most of us will be back to where we were before the Department of Justice dudes interfered with the grass supply except that

(Continued on Page 22)



STEVENS ASTUM PRESS

RANDOM ROUNDUP

By RAY SCHULTZ

Listen to this, a group of people called the American Colonization Society claim they have discovered the one and only answer to the racial problem in America today, and that is the shipping of the niggers back to Africa. The solution is perfectly logical, they say, for the Blacks, despairing of ever gaining a stable position in a White society are forced to channel their energies and talents to destructive ends such as riots, looting, arson and burgling whereas if they had their own government back in Africa, they would quickly develop a productive and original civilization of their own.

The Society, formed in 1817, has such "Afro-Advisors" on its board as Mrs. Marcus Garvey and Colonel Hassan Jeru-Ahmed of Washington, D.C., but the majority of subscribers appear to be white, and the following rationales are very popular:

"When you get right down to it, almost every great problem America has today is either caused by, or is greatly aggravated by the race problem. Growing lawlessness and crime... higher taxes to pay for welfare... breakdown of neighborhoods and schools... these are only parts of it. Perhaps the greatest crime of all is the political crime of the Left, which seeks to enchain the Negro vote in eternal captivity... Do you realize that the Negro bloc vote is the reason why America continues to lurch Leftward even though the vast majority of white voters have long since repudiated socialism?"

Of course, these people have History and God on their side, and they often quote such figures as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln to add substance to their arguments. Counsel Charles W. Connelly, Jr., speaking for the group in a recent letter, said "I do not say that all Negroes would return to Africa if they could. But many would. In the 20's, Marcus Garvey had a following of up to six million. Some of my Negro friends tell me that four million would apply today for repatriation if given the opportunity and assistance."

To this end, Representative Robert Nix of North Carolina, a Black man, has introduced a bill asking for federal assistance for "Afro-Americans who wish to return to their homeland." You, in fact, are invited to send contributions to 514 C Street Northeast, Washington, D.C., 20002, "and if you have any knowledge of responsible Black Nationalist groups in your area, will you please put them in

touch with us?" Sure. And by the way, if you contribute more than \$6.00, you will receive a copy of Col. Earnest Savier Cox's inspiring book, "Lincoln's Negro Policy."

Another approach to "America's problems," is currently being offered by the National Black Referendum on Vietnam, a group that plans to hold a vote on Vietnam March 22, Palm Sunday, in Black Churches throughout America. All Black people over 17 years of age are eligible to add their voices to this vote. The Referendum has produced figures showing that Registration of Blacks in rural southern districts has increased markedly in the past few years, and that in many cases, the Blacks would be a substantial majority of the voting population. The Referendum calls for Black people to "disavow" themselves from the "Silent Majority..."

Allen Ginsberg has written a letter to Secretary of the Treasury David Kennedy, explaining why he could not, under any circumstances, pay income taxes that would be channeled right away into the war effort.

"As my religious apprehensions and convictions and psychological condition prevent me from paying taxes into the treasury of the Vietnam War, an equally commanding practical awareness of socially and economically deprived millions of fellow persons in America prevents me from supporting an inequitable and unfair tax system which places the costs of an horrific war so heavily upon poor, ecologically disoriented and hungry, and transfers so much money as profit to investors in questionable military-industrial enterprises encouraged in consequence to this Constitutionally inappropriate war."

"I humbly request an appointment to meet with you with my attorney to discuss the policy decision which you must soon make as to how the numbers of persons who feel as I do are going to be treated by your department. We plan to offer reasonable alternatives to paying taxes supporting the Vietnam war. I can't live in peace with myself and pay taxes into a fund which goes directly into the Vietnam War. This prospect has made me physically ill. Thus if our tax system is so inequitable that it cannot find a reasonable alternative, such as payment of these taxes into a fund which is not used in this war, then I will be relieved to go

to jail rather than pay money to the war."

If you desire information on the subject, write or visit the WAR TAX RESISTANCE, 339 Lafayette St., New York, N.Y. 10012.

On the stage of the Fillmore last week, Bill Graham announced that 200 special detectives have been assigned to the Ninth Precinct because of a recent wave of death by heroin overdose. The agents are Narco's, but they are quite adept in other areas. Beware.

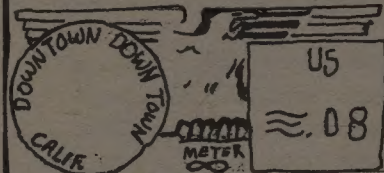
A proposal was made on the steps of City Hall by Henry Ettiger last Wednesday morning, that the death penalty be restored in New York State for Heroin pushers. Ettiger is also planning to run for governor. When queried by reporters as to what his other programs might be, Ettiger said "Not now, fellows. I have nothing now. Let's stick to the electric chair today."

Meanwhile, in Europe, Aristotle Onassis and Stavros Niarchos have announced two huge investments in the Greek Junta totalling well over 333 million pounds. Onassis, according to the *Observer* of Great Britain, is making the "lion's share" of the investment, 250 million pounds, to prop up the financially desperate Junta. The money will be used for oil refineries, an aluminum plant, and an electrical generating station.

Some of the other activities of the Greek government include using financial harrassment against newspapers that would not toe the line despite strict government censorship. A 100% duty on newsprint has just been levied hitting the anti-government papers the hardest, for "they have the highest circulations." The paper *Ethnos* has run of debts of 10,000 pounds, and will be put up for auction this Saturday unless it can raise the money among private supporters.

At the same time, in France, government and university officials have instituted a number of devices for suppressing student rebellion that might well become the rule in America, if indeed, they have not already. These devices include "live" bugging of student meeting places, and heavy "unofficial" use of thugs to keep radicals and demonstrators in line... the job pays 7 pounds a day in British money, for "anyone sufficiently brutal looking." France now is beset almost daily by student demonstrations and strikes.

FEED BACK



Sees Hope For America

Dear EVO—Living in America today is no joy. America is suffering from a spectrum of ailments, ranging from racial hate to the mind manipulation of the mass media. Perhaps the worst cancer of all is the growing degeneration of leadership in this country.

Man's conquest of outer space is viewed as progress, while as yet, the inner space of mind and soul remain largely ignored. America is a spiritual wasteland. A splinter of hope is provided by the growing number of communes that are emerging across the nation. These communes are testimony to a new answer to an America that has been dulled by bland leadership and by the apathetic masses.

The rebirth of America's communes is worthy of careful study. I am presently writing a book on this subject. Part of my research entails visiting communes and speaking with its members. If you know of any communes, or any individuals who have lived or visited a commune, anybody who can facilitate this research, the information would be most valuable to me. I would deeply appreciate any help you could give me on this project.

Sincerely,
Robert Carr
3623 S.W. 87th St.
Miami, Florida

Ed: If you think you're gonna implicate this paper, with Nixon and God and the Mafia already on our ass, if you think we're going to say the FIRST THING about Communism...

The *London Sunday Times*, which often as not has more accurate reporting on the American scene than the American papers themselves, recently did a series on the Mafia which came up with the news that the New York "family," is in serious disarray. A bloody dispute for control of Brooklyn and Long Island has resulted in

One Of Untold Thousands
Dear EVO—Being that you won't stop sending it for love or money, I've been reading your paper for the last three years on a one-year subscription. Anyway, except for the classified ads I usually throw it away. But the point of this letter is that I just recently "returned to society" after five years of marriage, and I'd like to see some action. So I turn to the classified and what do I find, no phone numbers! What good is a classifieds page with no phone number? Used to be you could have all kinds of fun with the EVO classifieds. Maybe I can't stop you from sending your paper, but could you please at least put some phone numbers in your classifieds?

Al Brooklyn

Ed: Look, pervert—send us all the phone numbers you want with five dollars for every twentyfive words, and a quarter for every word after that, and we'll be happy to print them up.

Move To VILLAGE???

Dear EVO—I just got sick to my stomach when I heard that fucked-up song Okeefenokee Redneck shit. It's just plain sickening. It insults anyone who has long hair, or sits on a stoop. It's just plain disgusting. Me and about 10 friends are going to rent an apartment in the Village to see how community living really is. We should all experience community living. Everyone should live together and see how a mini city with your own laws works out. That's why I'm writing this letter to tell everyone to get together. Let's make the giant move to the Village. Everyone move to the Village; make it a beautiful place; a place of love. We can do it. We will do it with Your help only. Please all you beautiful people make the move to the Village where the Woodstock Nation should and will be with your help.

Print this letter for everyone to read.

Love, Paul

Ed: "Okeefenokee Redneck" has never been heard on east coast radio. Neither has "The Fightin' Side Of Me" or any of the other redneck agitprop ditties on the top ten in the South and Midwest. Could it be they're fixing to spring a fast one on us? Like, get us all in the Cities with the other minorities, and then level the cities? Hmmm... Why don't the Woodstock Nation stay put for a while longer?

10 murders, and increased surveillance by the F.B.I., the esteemed director of which, did not even admit there was such a thing as the Mafia until just recently, under Nixon's direction. Operations have become stilted a bit, though the heroin traffic is still pretty large...

In mid February, the producer of the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble asked me whether I wanted to tour with the group in California. That was on February 15, a cold Thursday in New York. By Sunday I was on a plane heading for the Coast—San Francisco and their first gig at the Fillmore West. What follows are impressions, rambblings *in media res*. On the road there is no time to write, to think, to reflect. Everything happens instantaneously—from gig to plane to gig with no break, like walking onto the same bus everyday and seeing the same people and saying the same things. The equipment's always in the same position. Hotel rooms merge together and so do motelpeople's faces. Reality on the road is sleep, boredom, a quick fuck, a joint, silence, late night coffee, or a day off (rare).

Impressions on the road with the Ensemble (but it could as well be Ten Years After, Led Zeppelin or Beatles) time has no meaning—succession of Holiday Inns, succession of nubile speedfreak groupie chicks in search of a straight meal and probably a good dose of penicillin. Images of boredom and laughter, sunshine and darkness, midnight flights and frustrations which lead away from expression. Five members as individuals fight with themselves, their individual conceptions of their music—all looking for unified expression while the concept of band keeps them together in a mystical bond so many thousands of miles from home.

A band interacts more closely on the road by living in cramped conditions, 2 to a room with double beds/showers... and room service ties them together in nutritional umbilical chord. The road manager, always the villain of the piece, cracks the whip while the band, like a bunch of unruly wild animals going through their paces, packs and splits to head for another show. Road managers like unsmiling gods, never satisfied, always on edge. On the road, they are like Odysseus chained to the prow of his ship listening to the sirens entreat: (driving down US 101 towards Carmel), "Hey, man, let's rent some horses and ride on the beach for a few hours. We won't be late." Silence in the driver's seat, McGurl, the road manager stares ahead and says nothing, the Sirens are making the case hard to bear, "Ah, come on, Mike, we won't be late... please let's stop and enjoy ourselves, it's just a tv taping we have to make, they won't miss us." And so on all the way down to Carmel Holiday Inn, natch. McGurl doesn't look like a road manager, more like a lean lead guitarist for an English blues group, now on the make. He's given to wearing rock and roll clothes, the type one buys at those expensive little boutiques

on Ninth Street. McGurl says nothing but knows certain things about musicians, certain things which set them apart.

A band is always in the thrall of the road manager, it's his responsibility to see that things go well, that equipment is packed, shipped and set-up at next gig. The traveling musician is off somewhere looking at flowers, wondering what it's like to get out of the car and not be on the road going to some forgotten destination. The hum of a tour is hum of tires on pavement, roar of jet plane, its light comes from the wink of Fasten Seat Belts, No Smoking signs, its food is often of nondescript airport coffee shops. Some notes while in transit to coast (mine):

corridors. Where are the other people, do you live in a plush-paneled indecent home for society matrons? (for the moment, yes... and complete with room service, too) Am facing multi-tiered airshaft with crystal chandeliers in hall. One watches a lot of television on the road, the only form of cultural stimulation in a strange city, see the world by turning on the tube). Visions ecstatic: watching soap opera with message about generation gap sponsored by a hair lotion selling sexual potency (what's a Mother to do). daytime television adventure in purple reality for pre-schoolers, no longer Ding-Dong School, who/what is the apocalypse, who is the sponsor? WHERE

afternoon melt. (Heather is elder member of this dynamic duo, owns Mercedes Benz 190 given her by father in fit of middle class conscience. She hangs around to learn about people, gets balled in exchange for self-knowledge, doesn't consider herself a star-fucker, more a friend. After almost a week on and off, she gets to be a pain, but whatthehell, she supplies up with smoke... and Mary Ellen, fifteen hangs on to her... for moral support?) Sit around waiting for dinner, playing and smoking while the rain comes down in sheets.

Tuesday down to Carmel for tv taping, "It's Happening" (I hope so). The three-minute segment takes all day, spent

element. Cliff and Brian, lead singer are left to the television set and any other amusements they can find. Fillmore West like East but more hip-bored psychedelic ennui on faces of crowd. They hang for a good time, some action, some dope, and music. Fillmore West, big hall with basketball court layed out for Graham's men to challenge the rock world to game... Fillmore West psychedelic playpen for this generation's committed youth, were we the people our parent's warned us against?

The Ensemble attends a press party for Delaney and Bonnie—newspeople, West Coast promotion men lounge around, the group retreats into a corner and watches the goings and comings of the illuminati. Thursday night is opening night, first night in the big city. Everyone on edge, they retreat to the dressing rooms, more like baths of Caracalla with tiered seating and pit, wierd scenes. Fillmore dressing room, not guarded stronghold as in the East—just a set of rooms behind the stage guarded by a brown-haired freak who knows intuitively who goes where... and no one gets in who doesn't fit into the San Francisco scheme of things.

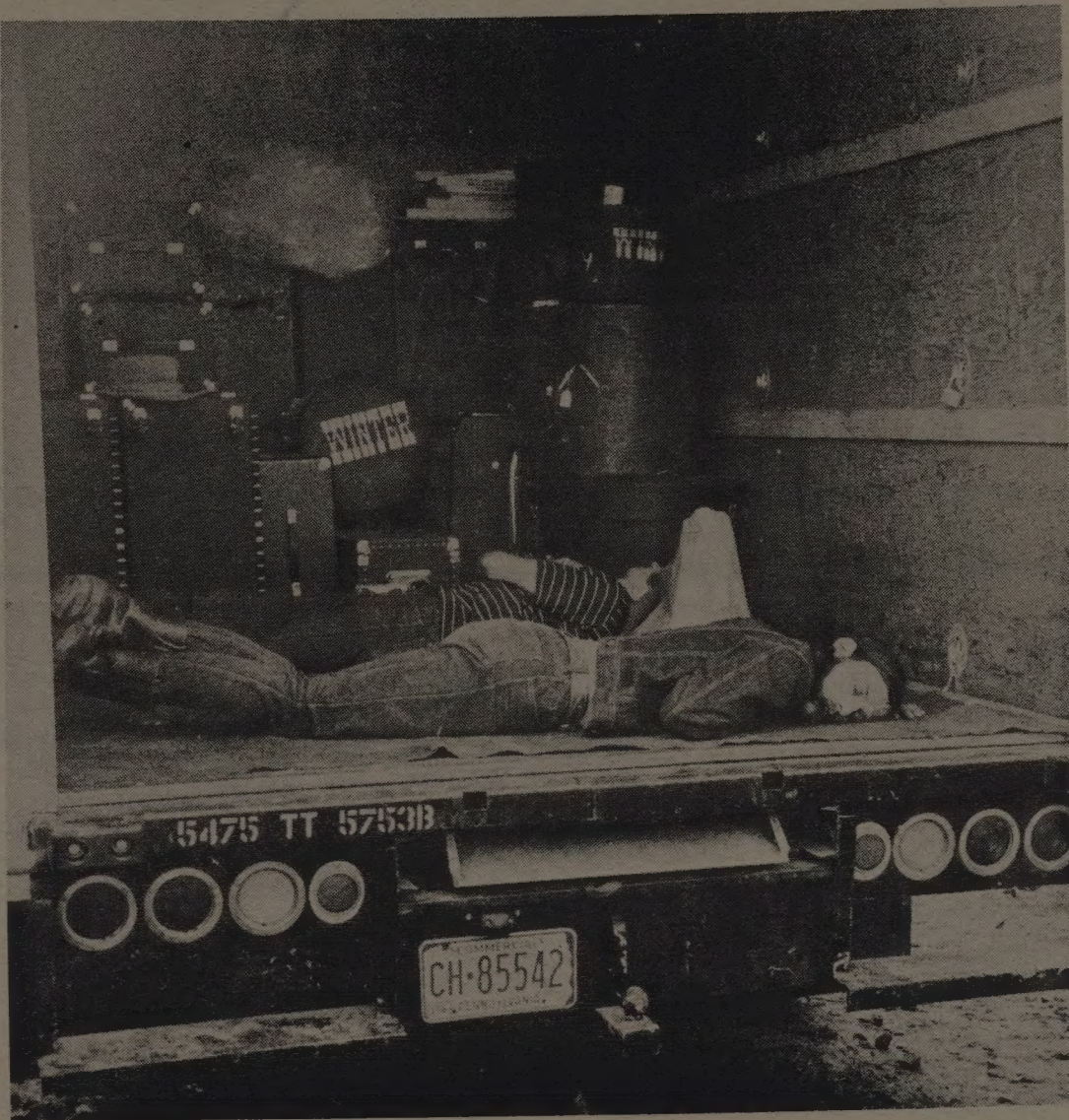
Fillmore night, crowds run in at 8:30 to ensconce themselves on the floor in front of the stage. Others fan out to benches and low sofas which line the perimeter of the main room. Fillmore West has enough space for everyone. Groupies line the stage door area waiting to get into dressing rooms, trying to bribe the freak at the door with joints, sex... anything to get in there with the popstars. The Ensemble has no such hassles, not because they haven't made it, but Heather and Mary Ellen have become preminent, dishing out words of confidence like precious jewels. They are ignored by everyone but Hank and Tommy, the road crew... just as it's supposed to be.

After a rather desultory set, the group heads back to the hotel and sleep. This continues for four days with little variety. Sleep away the mornings, wake up in mid afternoon, gig at night and sleep. It is a wearing pace for the group the road manager, the group's old ladies and assorted hangers-on. So where is the romance, where are the glossies, the smiling faces?

Rock and roll people aren't those Nudie suits with fringed swinging in the breeze, nor are they those big color glossies normally pasted on the bedroom wall. They don't always drink champagne, maybe some black coffee at 2 in the morning. The road trip is the archtypal experience and initiation into the world of rock. The Ensemble has been at it for three years, paying their dues, paying their bills, suffering humiliation and

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ON THE ROAD...AGAIN



New York slushily cold... it seeps into pores (where are the brain police)... my kingdom for a forgery and please call American anytime, thank you... flight 495 will take me to the Coast. I pass on my left Queens cemetery—it flourishes: monument to grandeur of New York, grimy death written on tombstones too blurred by dirt to read... in plane 4:15 EST on Coast at 11:00 WST... members of group strung out on East Coast, some will fly in tonight, others will meet tomorrow in Carmel. Sheraton Palace, Market Street, San Francisco first meeting place...

It is Sunday night, the air is cool and refined. SF is down-in-the-pants society queen, streets bereft of dogshit... Sheraton Palace, fancy dressed balled, high ceiling long Dada

by david walley

STEVENS

ARE THE OTHER PEOPLE. We have no bananas, only room service without a smile...

Intermission

A tour is its own world filled with its private moments. Like the afternoon it rained and everyone holed up in Holiday Inn outside SF Airport. Nothing to do, no place to go and there is no room service because it is so wet. People get together to jam, cop baby amp and pedal steel guitar. Dorian, bass player, sad and stolid, Cliff lead guitar, and Hank, road and pedel steel virtuoso get it on... alternative leads interchanged. Groupie chicks picked up in Sheraton Palace, Heather and Mary Ellen off in search of something to make the boredom and

lolling around the beach, checking out the surfer blonds and getting stoned, but then there's boredom—the world stops long enough to stare at the turbulent surf... must keep moving, next down to LA for gig at USC.

A succession of hotel rooms blend together forming 4-corner coffee-shoppe existence with San Francisco as bored pivot. Finkly Fillmore West and four days' gig with Delaney and Bonnie plus Golden Earrings. Four days spent in SF with afternoons off and the nights after the gig free to prowl. Some of the "old ladies" are along for the ride, Dorian, Michael, organist extraordinaire, the Marty, drummer are in their

LOVE IN VAIN

By JAMES

LICHTENBERG

In the Aftermath (sadly not the Rolling Stones) of Julius Hoffman's sentences, there are still some contradictions in the fine, truly American sense, that give a little ease. As in the case of fools, visionaries and saints, the fate of the Chicago 10 has set off such shock waves that the process of justice has uneasily popped to a new level. The symptom, as nervously reported by Life, Newsweek and the straight press, is that even the mighty of the judicial-legal system are having doubts as to its survival. More than that, it is now evident that far from a process of absolute truth or dignity, "justice" as we know it, is simply one of the tribal rituals of our para-constitutional society. Its success is based on the assumption that the vast majority of those involved will overlook the inequities and "injustices" and respect the greater tribal unity and the reigning totem figures. The same people who decry the absurd punishment of the 10, joke complacently about the "cost" of a judgeship in a given state, a situation even more derisive of the ideals of justice than any one specific trial.

With their sense of theatre and their instinct for which of the present political power structures will ultimately promote the revolution ("Dump the Hump" may be just the first chapter in the New History books), the 10 have ripped the lid off the misuse of the courts and system of justice. Not that the lid was so securely fastened. The fantastic incidence of plural convictions of the same individual (around 70% of the prisoners in San Quentin are convicted again) has been long-standing evidence that criminal "justice" was not solving the problem. And the contradictions and absurdities arising from the attempt of the power structure to "illegalize" the use of marijuana, acid, etc., are further proof.

Even as the 10 do time for their violations of the tabus of Amerikan justice, the hand writing is on the wall for a revolutionary reform in the whole concept of justice.

"Crime" simply does not exist, and "systems of justice" will never ultimately serve their ideals until this fact is thoroughly digested. All "crime" is simply anti-social or anti-Establishment behavior that has been provoked by the

environment, by the Establishment or is the result of some purely medical imbalance, either genetic or mental.

In happy societies (tribes) there is little crime, because there is little provocation. Poverty is a provocation, social discrimination and prejudice is a provocation, political repression is a provocation, all of which result in activities which in the past and in the present are blindly labeled "criminal" ... evil, deserving of punishment.

In theory the jury trial is the most reasonable way of dealing with anti-social activity, because in open and fair examination by his peers, a man's true motives and the environment's true provocations would be revealed. Our present sewer system of penal institutions, puritanical sentencing to punishment, condoning of police brutality, rigging of judges and jury, effectively destroy the value of the jury trial. More than any other immediate effect, the Conspiracy trial has jeopardized the process of these trials themselves.

In their knowledge of the true nature of their activities, the 10 and those who support them have to accept that if you knock down the tabus, then you are

once again the jungle, where strength and cunning are the laws. In 1960 John Kennedy was elected; his friends admit and his foes still burn from the fact that it was probably Mayor Daley's power over the region of Chicago (and his opponents say illegal influence) that swung the balance in favor of Kennedy. Had Nixon been elected in 1960 instead of in 1968 would there ever have been a "revolution" in this decade, or a Yippie or a conspiracy?

I don't know where the 10's heads were in 1960. My own political awareness began the summer before when a friend of mine (after a year at the University of Chicago, good old American contradiction) blew my mind and scared me witless by laying it on the line about the real activities of the FBI, CIA, judicial system, police, democracy, and all the rottenness which the mild Kennedy years allowed us to observe and build up opposition to. The wise young minds of Woodstock nation have gone through a lot of changes in this decade. But that establishment whose tabus we are busying knocking over didn't. They are simply 10 years older, ten years of alcohol, cold war, media freak-out about drugs, rock and roll, hippies, and have watched in confusion as their blue-suede shoed teen-agers dropped out,

grew strange, turned on, and turned on them.

Their heads are in bad shape. The stupidities and paranoias multiply as the same aging figures try to hold on to the reins. Nothing is more legitimate or vital than to denounce their freaked out, weird, perverted sense of America, freedom, the Bill of Rights and all that. At the same time, if like the 10, and not like Dr. Spock, you choose to ignore their tabus and their fears and get it all out front and into the jungle, you can't be too surprised given the blinded, bent, alcoholized beast under those judicial robes, if the going gets rough.

The mood of the sincere people in Washington, D.C. is a mixture of "dispair and disgust." Mr. Mitchell and his plastic Amerikan assistants are sorry that the jury wasn't more devastating, and naturally think that these men "are" dangerous and should be in jail.

The outlook for the appeals court is not that bright, since as it should now be obvious, the courts are being used politically and the campaign for "law and order" is really for "political law and order". If by some unexpected good luck the 10 are acquitted by the Appeals court, it is conceivable that massive political pressure might prevent

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NORMAN MAILER, in *Armies of the Night*, calls Jerry Rubin "the most militant, unpredictable, creative — therefore dangerous — hippie-oriented leader available on the New Left."

DO IT!
Jerry Rubin
Introduction by **ELDRIDGE CLEAVER**

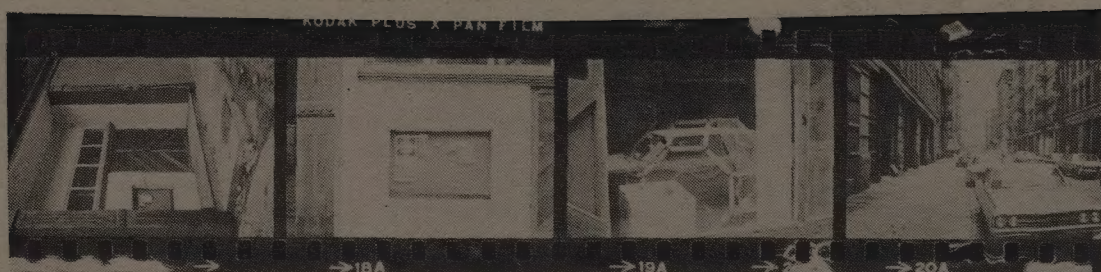
In **DO IT!**, Jerry Rubin has written the most important political statement made by a white revolutionary in America today. It is *The Communist Manifesto* of our era and as a handbook for American revolutionaries must be compared to Che Guevara's *Guerrilla Warfare*.

DO IT! is a Declaration of War between the generations — calling on kids to raise a new society upon the ashes of the old.

DO IT! is a prose poem singing the inside saga of the movement; it is a frenzied emotional symphony for a new social disorder; a comic book for seven-year-olds; a tribute to insanity.

Eldridge Cleaver has written an introduction to it and Quentin Fiore has designed the book with more than 100 pictures, cartoons and mind-zaps.

Cloth: \$5.95, Paper: \$2.45
Simon and Schuster



GO - NO - GO FOR SOHO

by ALEX GROSS



The situation of the artist in this city is rapidly growing more desperate. A masochist almost by nature or he would have chosen another profession, the artist has often put up with starvation. He has been willing to work in a field where the standards are so vague and tenuous as to seem almost non-existent. He has never had a union to defend his interests and until recently there seemed no hope of ever forming one or of even defining the basis on which a union could be formed. For housing he has had to tolerate a series of cold-water flats, store fronts, back rooms, kitchens, and finally, if he was lucky, a large under-heated loft in New York's warehouse district. Even here he has had to put up with the continual visits of firemen, police, and city inspectors, and the week when he was not told he had no right to his home was a good one. Accustomed to transience and insecurity, the artist has now been told that he has no rights at all in this city (or in the country, for that matter). He has been told once again to move on, to move along, to move out. But this time he isn't moving.

The reason he isn't moving is an organization called SOHO, named after the City Planning Bureau's designation for the streets SOuth of HOuston but north of Canal. SOHO is devoted to keeping artists in New York and stopping the landslide of high rents and new housing that drove the artist from the old Village to Second Avenue and finally all the way to Avenue D before things got so desperate that he turned to South of Houston. Under the genial leadership of Bob Wiegand and Gerhard Liebman Soho's artists are digging in for a prolonged period of seige which will include everything from a carefully planned public relations campaign complete with local festival to political maneuvering on the city, state, and national level to eventual armed resistance.

The idea of rifles is not all that far-fetched in SOHO, any

more than it is in any number of areas of American life right now. Because Soho really is the artists' last stand in this country. Whatever American culture may be, for better or worse, is to a large extent the product of New York's artists. We live, forgetting about the realm of high art, in a designed world. Everything we touch, everything we wear, almost everything we look at has been designed. It may have been manufactured by one or another of our capitalist corporations, but at some point in its making it was designed. It had to be there. And all of these things around us have been designed by living artists, most probably by artists living and working in the city of New York.

Surely it is one of the greatest ironies of capitalism that society should be allowed to look down on artists, to think of them as poor, pitiful starving fools when a multi-billion dollar industry depends on them. Surely it is one of the saddest commentaries about artists that it has taken this long for them to begin to organize themselves against the forces which fear and resent them even in their powerlessness. It takes no quantity of political paranoia to see that there are forces in Washington which would rejoice at the removal of cultural power from this city and are working to accomplish precisely that. The goal of the National Museum Act of 1966, not yet implemented, is to place power over tomorrow's artistic and cultural world in the hands of a small group of people in Washington's Smithsonian Institution, all of whom are, in one way or another, answerable to the federal government.

Much is made of the need to decentralize this nation's culture, and there is no doubt that there are large areas of the country sorely in need of whatever genuine culture might be. Under this pretext it is sometimes claimed that New York's artists would in fact be better off somewhere in Arkansas or Montana. But the fact of the matter is that very few are willing to leave, as ugly

as housing and other conditions in this city have become.

Even assuming it were possible to move half of Soho's three thousand artists out west and find adequate accommodations for them, it would not be the same. What New York has to offer the artist is more than fame or money (assuming he ever sees either). It certainly does not offer security or any of the conventional rewards. What it does have in abundance is ferment and the excitement of constantly changing ideas. This is why artists live here. It is the vitality of New York that cannot be replaced elsewhere, no matter how many artists may be transplanted.

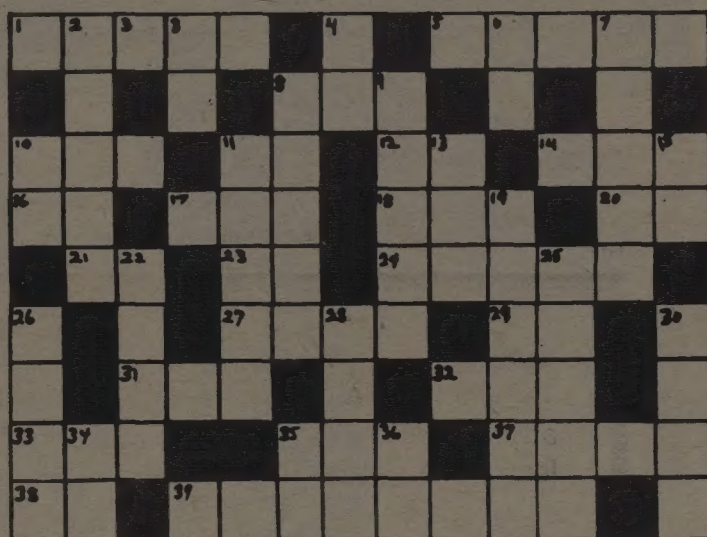
And yet these artists may be forced to move. If this happens then the entire cultural fabric of New York will go with them, never to be replaced. SOHO's artists have worked hard and long—they have spent endless weeks, months, and finally years in dreary meetings trying to find a formula which will allow them to stay in New York at rents they can afford. Threatened by business and building interests, they have been told that their presence in Soho is a threat to small business, though this assertion has never been convincingly demonstrated. Time and again an agreement has seemed imminent, guarantees have been mentioned that would allow the artist that minimum of hope and security he has learned to live with. But even these have finally been lost in the labyrinth of bureaucratic prettexts. Soon the drive will begin, a drive from both sides, with the artists using every ounce of their strength and guile to remain in this city and the others doing everything they can to push them out. It is a drive that will put all of our elected officials on the spot and will reveal how much or how little they really care about the culture of this city and nation, regardless of their liberal speeches or the great artistic gems in their collections. If by the end of this spring the fate of Soho has not been made clear, then no one should be surprised if artists resort to rifles.

DOWN

2. The great stream supposed to encompass the earth (orig. Greek).
3. To be really — you have to be really far out.
4. "Stuck on the —, freeway with rain-water in my boots."—County Joe McDonald.
6. To be really — you have to be really far out (second chance).
8. A pictograph (synonym) and a good Scrabble word.
8. Ruled by Mercury and tends to be orderly, rational, dedicated to service, and sexually naive (except, according to Zolar, those born on August 29th).
9. Tricky Dick's partner.
10. — & —: one of many lung cancer-producing varieties of weed.
11. "The — was clear and the moon was yellow and the leaves came tumbling down."—Ballad of Stagger Lee sung by Lloyd Price in 1955.
13. The Way.
15. 3.14.
19. "One —, under God, indivisible with liberty and justice for all."
22. The —: a musical group formerly Levon and the Hawks.
25. ZAP —.
26. "Don't worry, be happy."—Avatar M.
28. Traditionally believed to be an important influence on menstrual flow.
30. Motorcycle.
34. The sound of the universe.
35. The president of San Francisco State: —, — [the hard part is to spell it].
36. AC — (sexual slang).

answers next week

KLEAR LITE 1



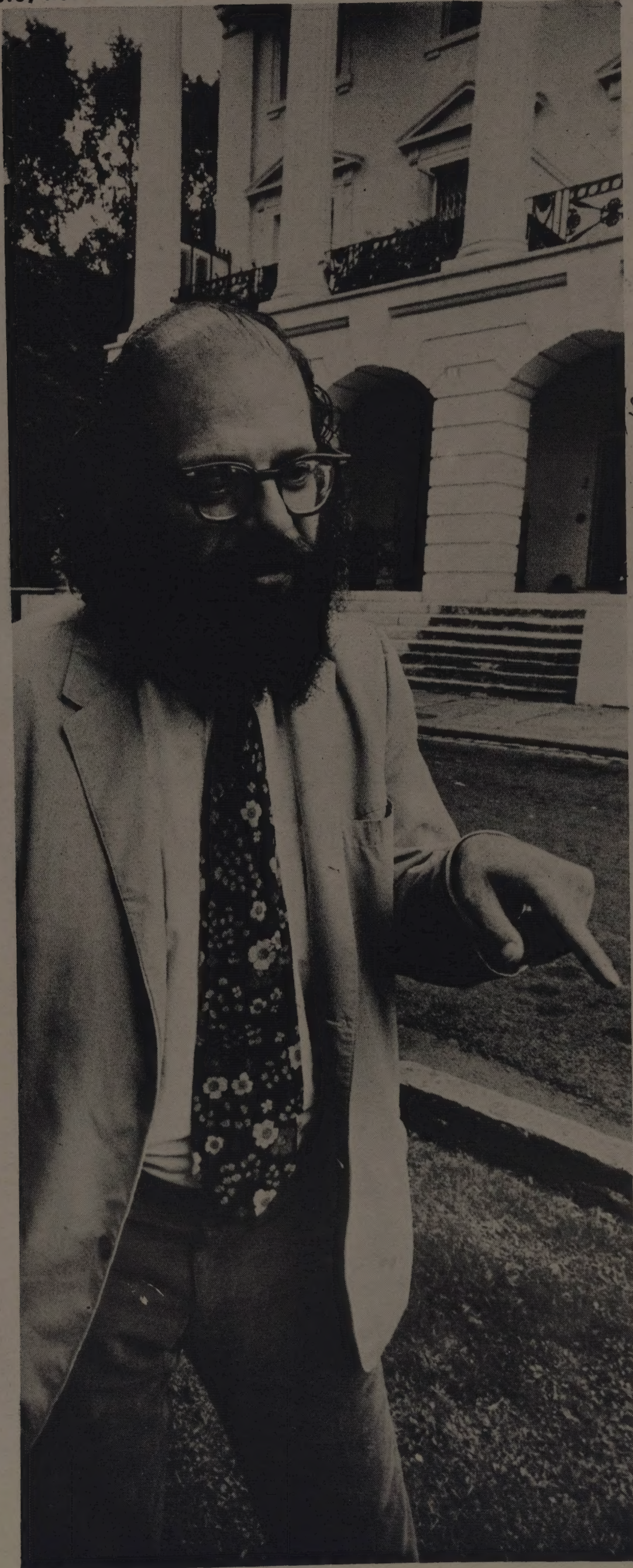
from Middle Earth
by Elliot Tanzer

ACROSS

1. More than one Hindu cunt.
5. A Liverpuddler percussionist.
8. The deferent duct of the testicle which transports the sperm from the epididymus to the penis: — — — deferens.
10. The astrological sign usually associated with leadership, love of admiration and
11. The abbreviation for Nickel, or either Number 3 or Number 6 Down spelled backwards.
12. A Cliff Robertson movie about JFK's war experiences: — — — 109.
14. To swindle or cheat (U.S. pastime).
16. Old time movie heroes: — — & Pa Kettle.
17. It gets dirtier and dirtier every day.
18. The creator of James Bond: — — — Fleming.
20. 3.14.
21. Note Well (abbreviation, Latin).
23. A San Francisco park and bridge (abbreviated).
24. The precious end of a joint.
27. The primate genus that includes modern man and frequents gay bars.
29. Expresses (a) motion or direction toward something; (b) limit of movement or extension; (c) contact or contiguity? (d) a point of limit in time. (For further definitions see page 1271 of the American College Dictionary, Random House, 1962).
31. A negative form used extensively by the author of the Ten Commandments.
32. Leary, Hardin and Tiny.
33. Current "Now" Generation slang for an individual's physical presence.
35. Those who lay the sod of People's Park are — — — Brothers.
37. Police Department call to battle.
38. The Top Forty stations are on — — radio.
39. An astrological aspect beginning with a "q."

GINSBERG

Photo, Kelvin Brodie



Crossing Nation

Under silver wing

San Francisco's towers sprouting
thru thin gas-clouds,

Tamelpais' black-breasted above Pacific azure
Berkeley hills' pine-covered below —

Dr. Leary in his brown house scribbling Declaration
typewriter at window
silver panorama in natural eyeball —

Sacramento valley rivercourses' Chinese
Dragonflames licking green flats north hazy
State Capitol metallic rubble, dry checkerboard fields
to Sierras, & Past Reno Pyramid Lake's
pure blue Alter water on Nevada sand
& far brown wasteland scratched by tires.

Terry Rubin arrested! Beaten up failed
Coccyx broken —

Leary out of action: "a public menace ..."

Persons of tender years and immature

judgment... Psychiatric Examination...

(i.e. Shut up or Else) Looming at Lam

Serot on gun rap, \$7,000

lawyer fees, years' negotiations —

Spock Guilty headlined Temporary, Joan Baez'

Paramour husband Dave Harris to Goal --

Dylan silent on politics, & safe --

having a baby, a man --

Cleaver shot at, jail'd, maddened, Parole revoked,
the Vietnam War flesh-heap grows higher,

Blood splashing down the mountain of bodies
onto Cholon's sidewalks --

Blond boys in airplane seats fed Technicolor:

Murderers advance w/ Death-Chords
thru photo basement,

Earplugs in, sleek on plastic

served -- Eyes up to the Image --

What do I have to lose if America falls?

my body? My neck? my personality?



Journals, June 18, 1968
Allen Ginsberg

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

INTERGALACTIC UNION

DOPOGRAM

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LT = International Letter Telegram

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is LOCAL TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt at point of destination

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JUL 31 PM 11 22

THE UNDERGROUND, CARE THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
105 2ND AVE NYK
NYK

HI

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

NEW YORK IS GREAT. DOPE IS GOOD. SUNSHINE IS HOLY. BUT RIGHT NOW THERE ARE SOME EVIL SUCKERS TRYING TO SELL SMALL ORANGE PILLS WHICH CONTAIN SPEED, LSD, AND STRYCCHNINE. SUNSHINE IS A SMALL ORANGE TAB, ONE/EIGHTH OF AN INCH IN DIAMETER AND ONE/SIXTEENTH OF AN INCH THICK. IT IS A RATHER HARD PILL WITH SHARP EDGES WHICH WILL NOT CRUSH IN YOUR FINGER - LAST SUMMER THE PILLS WERE SOFT, AND CRUSHABLE. IT HAS A SUGER BASE AND TASTES SWEET. YOU CAN TEST IT BY BITING A SMALL PIECE OFF THE TAB, IT WILL GIVE YOU A HIGH WITHIN THE HOUR - OR IT WON'T - THEN IT ISN'T.

A SMALL PIECE WILL GET YOU SPACED.

SUNSHINE IS PURE ACID. IT IS STRONG AND STIMULATES SO MUCH ENERGY THAT MORE IS NOT NEEDED. SO EACH GRAM OF SUNSHINE IS 500 TABS LESS THAN ANY OTHER ACID, WHICH IS 3,000 TABS PER GRAM. IT GOES IN NEW YORK FOR 85¢, AND A SINGLE TAB SHOULD NOT BE MORE THAN \$2.00. IN NEW YORK, ONLY A DOZEN VERY HIGH PEOPLE HANDLE SUNSHINE, YOU WILL RECOGNIZE THEM WHEN YOU MEET THEM. THEY ARE VERY TOGETHER PEOPLE, DOING A GOOD THING. IF YOU ARE DEALING WITH SUNSHINE, YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE A LOT OF POWER IN YOUR HANDS WITH AN ENORMOUS RESPONSIBILITY FOR MANY HEADS. IT'S NOT DEALING IN THE SENSE OF MAKING MONEY, IT'S MUCH CLOSER TO DISTRIBUTING SUNSHINE.

THERE IS NO PROFIT, ONLY EXPENSE AND SECURITY MONEY. YOU ARE AWARE THAT YOU ARE NOT JUST SELLING DRUGS, BUT MAKING SURE TO KEEP UP THE FLOW OF AN IMPORTANT PART OF OUR BEING AND OF OUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE!! THE EXPANDING OF OUR CONSCIOUSNESS THE SENSING OF DIVINITY, BY TAKING SUNSHINE ACID

THE AIM OF ALL EASTERN RELIGION, LIKE THE AIM OF LSD, IS BASICALLY TO GET HIGH, THAT IS, TO EXPAND THE CONSCIOUSNESS AND FIND EXSTASY AND RELEVATION WITHIN.

THANK YOU BROTHER TIM

OM

DOPE NEWS:

LAST SATURDAY, MINUTES AFTER THE ECLIPSE WAS COMPLETED, A BUST THAT STARTED IN SAN FRANCISCO THE DAY BEFORE, WHERE BRUCE B. GOT CAUGHT WITH A LARGE AMOUNT OF ANGELDUST, CLIMAXED IN A RAID IN QUEENS, WHERE JAY S. PLUS TWO OF HIS HELPERS GOT WAYLAYED BY THE NARCOS. JAY'S SCENE WAS ANGELDUST, A HEAD DRUG NOT YET LEGAL.

THE STRAIGHT PAPERS SAY, JAY WAS ONE OF THE REAL GREAT DEALERS IN THE COUNTRY. HIS NATIONWIDE SUPPLY OF ANGELDUST REQUIRES QUITE A LAB. WARNING: THERE IS NO ANGELDUST IN TOWN.

THIS WEEK IN DRUGS:

GANJA PER POUND - UP TO \$200. FOR DEALERS, UP TO \$300 FOR SMOKERS BUYING ONLY ONE POUND PANAMA RED-PER POUND UP TO \$350. FOR DEALERS (ONLY 15 POUNDS IN TOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS MONTH) MEXICAN GREEN: LOTS OF, AND ALL GRADES AVAILABLE. SHOULD GO FOR NO MORE THAN \$150 PER POUND TO DEALERS, \$200 TO ONE POUND BUYERS. HASH: PAKISTANI DARK-GREEN-\$700 PER POUND TO DEALERS AND UP TO \$850 FOR A SINGLE POUND. OUNCES FOR \$65-\$75. LEBANESE - LAST WEEK 200 POUNDS IN TOWN. A SINGLE AROUND

\$800. BLONDE - SOME SIGHTED ON TENTH STREET FOR \$85 THE OUNCE. SUNSHINE IN TOWN, NO Mescaline, NO THC, NO PSYLOCYBIN. SUNSHINE IS A LITTLE ORANGE PILL WHICH CONTAINS 250 MICROGRAMS OF PURE LSD. SINCE THE FREE CLINIC OPENED ON ST. MARKS PLACE, THEY HAVE HAD TO TREAT 10-12 BAD ACID TRIPS. KEEP UP THE GOOD TRIPS.

THERE ARE 50 POUNDS OF PCPA (BELLADONNA) UPTOWN SOMEWHERE AND A LARGE CRATE OF PARSELEY. BRAIN LESIONS ARE ONLY ONE SIDE AFFECT. THE PENALTIES FOR DEALING DRUGS IN ENGLAND ARE GOING TO BE MADE STIFFER. FROM 10 YEARS AND \$28,000 FINE TO 14 YEARS AND AN UNLIMITED FINE. FOR NON-DEALERS THE PENALTIES ARE GOING TO BE LIGHTENED.

QUOTATION OF THE DAY: "THERE IS NO PRIORITY HIGHER IN THIS ADMINISTRATION THAN TO SEE THAT CHILDREN AND THE PUBLIC LEARN THE FACTS ABOUT DRUGS IN THE RIGHT WAY AND FOR THE RIGHT PURPOSE THROUGH EDUCATION." - PRESIDENT NIXON.....RIGHT ON!

PRESIDENT MOVES TO CAUTION YOUTH ABOUT NARCOTICS, ORDERS \$12.4 MILLION DRIVE TO EDUCATE STUDENTS AND TEACHERS ON DANGERS. CALLS USE 'ALARMING.' U. S. AND MEXICO AGREE TO COOPERATE IN A PROGRAM TO COMBAT SMUGGLING. NARCOTICS REFORM GOES TO COMMONS. GOVERNMENT WOULD BE GIVEN BROAD NEW POWER. SELLERS FACE STIFFER PENALTIES.

U. S. AND MEXICO PLAN A DRIVE AGAINST NARCOTICS. ACCORD PROVIDES \$1 MILLION IN TECHNICAL AID TO FIGHT GROWING OF MARIJUANA.

G.I.A.

RUNNING THE GOVERNMENT WITH LINDSAY AND THE BIG SIX

Give the man from Syracuse a bagel. Hand the man from Buffalo a danish. Pass a cup of java over to John Lindsay there, it's eight o'clock in the morning and he's got a full day of bombings, killings, protests and City Business ahead of him, and he's meeting right now with the mayors of Albany, Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo and Yonkers in the Model Cities Methadone Treatment Center on Fulton Avenue in Brooklyn, and say what you want about him, he sure knows how to put on a show, and he's stocked this one with TV newsmen, Ratner's pastries, his own city cabinet, and a dozen or so other high, important people, and none of this is easy. What's happening is the sixth meeting of the Big Six Mayors, the two democrats and four republicans who agree that something must be done to help the cities of this state, and to that end they have banded together on a series of tours of their respective cities, the people of which represent 55% of the population of the state itself, and New York, the Big Apple, is the last stop and the most important.

The picture, up to this time, is certainly a bleak one for all the cities concerned. For the next fiscal year, Rochee expects a budget deficit of \$8 million, Syracuse will go in the hole for \$1.5 million, Yonkers for \$11.8 million, Buffalo for \$3.3 million, and New York City will have a staggering deficit of \$750 million with no new monies coming in! All of the mayors are devoting their energies toward the Albany Statehouse, and their compact is expected to embarrass the governor into allocating more state funds for the cities, but there is no sign of that as yet. Needless to say, the first five Mayoral tours have tended to emphasize the slums, the poor transportation facilities, the polluted waterfronts, but Lindsay is smarter, he's convened his end of the tour in a drug addiction treatment center, and he's holding a meeting with his cabinet that will be open to the press, and the other mayors are invited to participate.

After the usual opening remarks, Lindsay begins the meeting, and he introduces his cabinet, Tim Costello, Robert Morganthau, Norman Redlich, Saul Habeman, Bob Ruskin, Hubert Haver, Donald Elias and Police Commissioner Howard Leary and Fire Commissioner Robert Lowry. Other distinguished guests include Mitchell Ginsberg, Jerome Kretzmer, August Hecksher and George McGrath. Lindsay and the other mayors are sitting at a podium in front of a small room, with Judge John B. Williams, Dr. Benny Prim and Horace Moransy of the Center, and Mr. Nicholas Katzenbach. Lindsay sits in the center, and as usual, he gazes intently at the far-off ceiling when he is speaking. Coffee has been served.

"We'll start by giving you a report on the bombings last night. At one in the morning, the police received an anonymous phone call that bombs would go off at one: thirty A.M. in three buildings. At one: thirty, a bomb did go off in the freight elevator of the Mobile Oil Company at 150 East 42nd Street. At the same time, a bomb went off at the IBM offices at 425 Park Avenue on the 12th floor, and an unexploded device was found on the 21st floor of the Television and Electronics Building at 730 Third Avenue. All people were evacuated from these buildings, and the police, under the direction of Commissioner Howard Leary, are examining the matter in great detail with the assistance of the Fire Department. I will have more to say about it later in the day, but for now I would like to commend the Police Department for their instant work on the scene. Have anything to add, Howard?"

"Mr. Mayor, I think we can all take our hats off to the New York City Police-man. He has done a tremendous job, and we can be proud of him. I would also like to thank the Fire Department under the direction of Bob Lowry. They too have done an excellent job on this. I think we can

agree to their high rate of efficiency."

"Thank you, Howard. I guess we should give Bob Lowry a chance to say something. Bob?"

"Mr. Mayor, I agree with the Police Commissioner and I know he agrees with me. That's all I have to say."

They all laugh a bit, then Lindsay introduces Dick Young, who commences to present 7 new pieces of legislation that will implement the 4-point program of the Big Six, and which will be introduced in Albany in the near future. This program includes restoration of all welfare cuts, state revenue sharing with local governments, a state takeover of education financing, and a full state payment of non-federal welfare monies. A federal lobbyist then gives a report on the latest HEW crimes, then Lindsay calls on Robert Lowry to give his report to the cabinet.

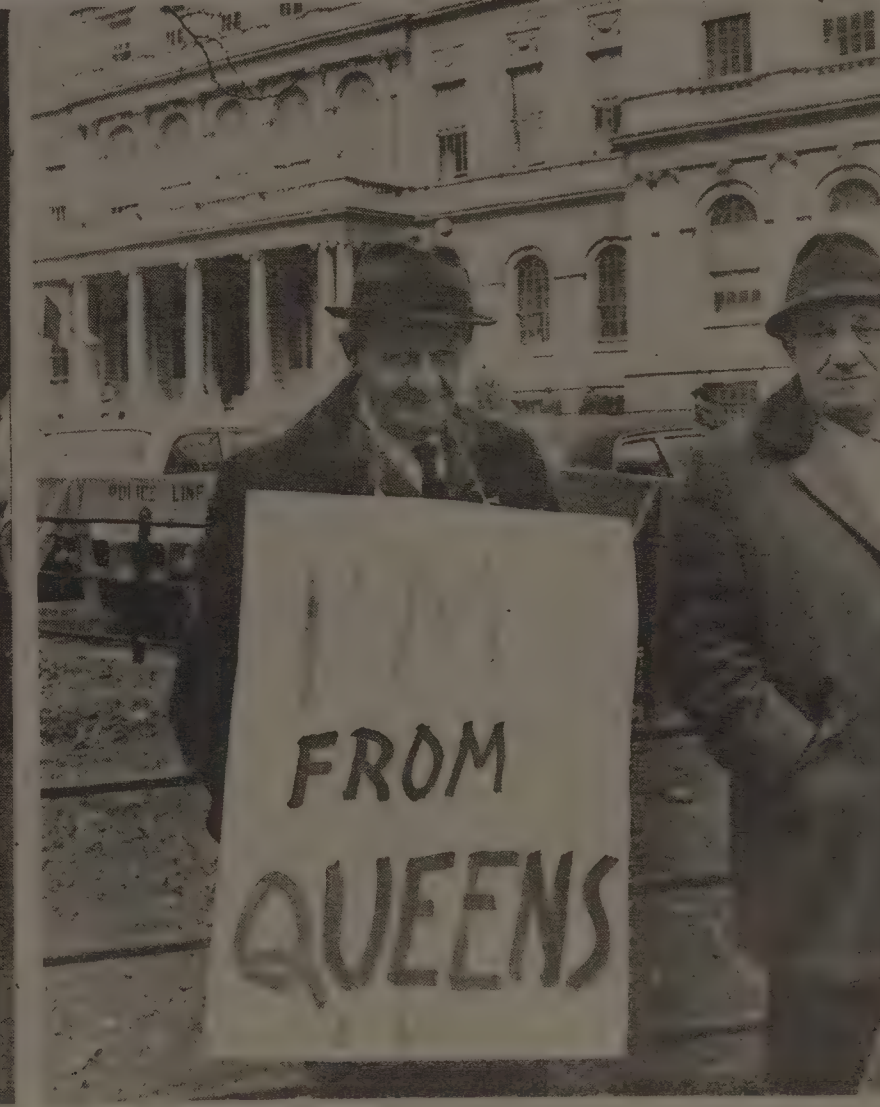
The Fire Chief tells the six mayors that the department has a yearly operating budget of \$254 million, that it covers an area of 320 square miles, five counties, with a complement of 380 companies and 100 special units that answer a quarter of a million responses a year, a figure that is rapidly increasing...that in 1967, the analytical skills of the Rand Corporation were employed, that the startling discovery was made that alarm rates are directly related to the social conditions of the neighborhood, that some neighborhoods could expect a greater number of fire calls, false or otherwise, and these calls would fall primarily within certain hours of the day and night - 50, a number of part-time companies have been established, and the unit manning has been decreased, and efficiency has risen proportionately, I don't recall the exact figures, and the department is now working on Slippery Water, a concept that will decrease the turbulence of the water and admit larger amounts through a smaller hoseline, the hoselines in New York being 2 1/2 inches in diameter, and reduce the number of men needed for each hose crew.

"Try to make an improvement though," Bob Lowry says, "and the unions give us flack."

The Treatment Center officials then give their rap, they inform us that methadone is a drug that can bring an addict off a heroin habit, given the proper conditions... that of 1,200 voluntary applicants to the program, 21 were admitted and 22 were terminated or dropped out, 1 because of death by overdose, 2 others because of cardiovascular death...8 were incarcerated, 2 more dropped out by request - there are a number of other timely statistics concerning the program, and everyone in the room agrees that there is no one single solution to heroin addiction, but we must keep trying, amen.

Then the mayors get their chance. First, Lindsay, who as always, is the charmer. He is dressed in a fine gray suit, a gray pin-striped shirt, a blue tie with astrological figures on it, and well-shined brown leather shoes. His aging hair is slicked back, his eyes are twinkling, and he sports a new set of longer, wider sideburns. He goes through the usual routine, thank you all for coming, then Erastus Corning of Albany, the senior member present, speaks and he says he is quite intrigued by the possibilities of "slippery water." Stephan May of Rochester is next. He is an average-looking middle-aged working-class politician with a red well-scrubbed face and dark short hair, slicked back, and a thin mouth that looks a bit like John Wayne's. May says nothing new. Alfred Del Bello of Yonkers is introduced, and he looks like a young balding Jewish liberal lawyer with a vest and horn-rimmed glasses. He is nervous, and his remarks are unimpressive. Ed Keene, a corporation counsel from Syracuse, is representing Mayor Lee Alexander of that city, who is laid up in the hospital with a bleeding ulcer after two months in office. There is much merri-

by Ray Schultz



PHOTOGRAPHS/JOSEPH STEVENS

ment over this, and Keene is nervous, he is young, jut-jawed, crooked faced, five o'clock shadowed but neatly trimmed, a nice brown suit, and he is awed by the talent in the room. His statement is nervously and clumsily delivered, but they all like him anyway. Finally, the mayor of Buffalo, Frank Serlita, comes on. He is a short squat man with white hair and a mustache, and a lecherous, impetuous look on his face behind his cigar. Like the others, he bemoans the financial state of the cities, but he is a wise guy too.

"I was talking with a state legislator the other day," he said, "and I asked him what about the abortion bill? And he told me, I guess I'll have to pay it."

This tears the place up and Lindsay adjourns the meeting finally, and they all line up on the sidewalk outside where the photographers shoot dozens of pictures, and a voice is heard, "GODDAMN PEOPLE DON'T LIVE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD," and a spade chick who had been thrown out of the program is being hustled slowly on by one of the treatment center workers.

"This neighborhood is a mess," she tells a reporter. "They came through here last night and cleaned it up. They emptied the trashcans and cleaned the streets, just because these assholes were coming. They put on a big act for this man. For what? This is the first time they've ever been down here."

Lindsay's press secretary, Tom Morpan, comes over and says the press bus is about to leave. The reporter looks at him. The center official looks at Morgan knowingly. The chick begins another tirade. The reporter moves for the bus.

ON THE WAY INTO MANHATTAN, the mayors saw the people being evacuated from the Brooklyn Internal Revenue Building, and the firemen rushing in. Was it a bombing of the revenuers office? Back at City Hall, after more coffee and donuts, they lined up again in the Governor's Room, an historic enclave that hasn't been used for official purposes since World War II, when Fiorello LaGuardia declared it a staff room. A wooden "No Smoking" sign now stands in the front to the left of a desk that had been used by George Washington when he was governor of New York. The Mayors sit at the desk, just under a portrait of George Clinton, but before they do a police sergeant with red hair runs in sweating.

"Did anyone in here leave a black attache case anywhere in the building, with a combination lock?"

A burb?

"No," they all yell. The policeman runs out again, still sweating.

The press conference is called to order. Outside the windows, a group of retired city employees march in protest of their low pension benefits. One of them carries a sign, "I'm from Queens." Lindsay comes to order, he presents keys to the city to each of the mayors, and a small booklet that outlines the history of the historic room they are now sitting in. Mayor Corning reads from their joint statement:

"Albany, Buffalo, New York, Rochester, Syracuse and Yonkers constitute the Big Six Cities of New York State.

"Our cities range in size from 100,000 to nearly 3 million people. Each has its special problems and unique needs.

"But far more than the differences that distinguish our cities, common goals unite us. Our needs have generated a common cause.

"This year, for the first time, without partisanship or sectionalism, the Big Six Mayors have joined in an effort to petition the State Government for greater assistance. We hope that our cities, representing more than half the population of the State, will benefit from this partnership. We know that we have already gained strength from joint endeavor.

Therefore, we pledge today to continue the Big Six partnership beyond the current State legislative session.

HIGH SCHOOL HEAVENS

THAT DUMB-ASS SQUARE CHICK IS GONNA BLAB, AH BET'CHA

YEAH! YEAH..

...NOT NEARLY AS IMPORTANT, THOUGH, AS THE FACT THAT THE SMELT'S WERE OFF IN DUCKBERG VISITING RELATIVES AND WOULDN'T BE BACK FOR A GOOD 3 WEEKS!..

MEANING, OF COURSE... THERE COULD ALWAYS BE MORE PARTIES.. BUT THERE'D NEVER BE ANOTHER ANGELA!..

SO WE JUS GON' HAF' TA GUE 'EM A LIL INTIMMY DASHON PFFFT!

SHE BLABS AN OUR PARTY HEAD-QUARTERS GOES PFEET!

CHECK!

WELL, LAST WEEK, SAW ANGELA TAKE A MEAN FALL DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS OF THE SMELT'S HOME, WHERE THE HELLCAT'S WAS PARTIN'...

... ANGELA GOT HERSELF KILIT.

©1970 BY JOE SCHUKMAN Yahoo!

PREPARE FOR BLASTOFF!

BLAMITTY BLAM BLAM-D-BLAM!

COFF POFF

LET EM HAVE IT DWIT!

ACID (THE KIND THAT STINGS LIKE THE DEVIL)

SQUIRT!

SPLAT GUN

ARRRGH!! I BEEN BLINDED!

WHYMM... JUDGING FROM THE SUDDEN APPARENT CHANGE IN WIND VELOCITY I MUST'VE WALKED CLEAN PAST THE TOTTLE HOUSE...

I'LL GET THOSE STINKERS, THOUGH... I DON' EVEN NEED MY GOSH DORN'D EYES FOR STINKERS LIKE THAT!.. STINKERS LIKE THOSE DIRTY ROTTEN PUNKS I CAN SMELL FOR MILES A'COMIN! I'LL GIT EM FOR YA BETSY I'LL GET EM FITS THE LAST CONFOUDD'D DO-DANG'R

BUZ! A TURTLE CROSSING! WATCH OUT!

CHUG

THING I... DARN I WOULDN'T WANNA

KOP

COOKING SHIT

HIT THAT TURTLE NOW WOULD I

THUNK

B.C. COLA

HEY, WHAT TH' FUK HAPPENED TO THE MOVIE?!

WELL, NEEDLESS TO SAY ANGELA BEGAN TO STINK A LITTLE AND IT WASN'T LONG AT ALL THE DICKS WERE SNIFFING AROUND SCHOOL. THEY QUESTIONED ALL THE HELLCATS IN THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE BUT GOT ONLY A PACK OF LIES AND WORSE ULTERS YET.

HOW MISS CAMELLIA, YOU WERE ANGELA'S CLOSEST FRIEND AND WHILE I'M AWARE THAT CONVERSATIONS OF THIS SORT CAN BE UPSETTING, ANY ADDITIONAL INFORMATION YOU ARE ABLE TO

I HATE COPS!

O.K. SO DORIS, NOW LEADER OF THE HELLCATS WAS PRETTY COOL, BUT ALOT OF THE HELLCATS BEGAN TO WONDER 'MUNGST THEMSELVES MAYBE SHE WAS OUT TA LUNCH UPSTAIRS OR SOMETHIN...

HELLCATS MEETING FINITE AT 7:15 CREEP AN YOU CANTIN BE THERE

SING! BING! BING! BING! BING! BING! BING!

WING PAL DEEP HERE WITH THE TOP OF THE NEWS! THE BODY OF IT YEAR OLD DINKS BLAB ANGELA CAMELLIA WAS FOUND BLAB

AUNT ELMA SAYS COME 1964 AIN'T GONNA BE A DANG BIT A THIS FINE COUNTRYSIDE AROUND

WHAT COUNTRYSIDE?

MOON PIES ONLY 50¢ MASS

Stackey's

LIVE SEA FISHES AT SEA! ONLY 25¢ PER POUND!

HELLCATS MEETING WAS TO BE 7:00. BY 6:30 BETTY WAS OVER AT HER GERMAN TEACHER, MONIQUE'S APARTMENT SPILLING THE BEANS LIKE THE LOUSY FINX SHE WAS..

GOLLY MISS SCHUEBLER, IT WAS AWFUL!

MEIN GOTT! VE MUST CALL ZIE POLICE

HULLO! ZIE POLICEE! I WANT ZIE POLICE!

343 NOthin GIMMIE THE POLICE ALREADY! ...HULLO CHARLIE?!

JEEPERS I GOTTA BE GOIN TO MY SECRET HELLCATS MEETIN OVER AT THE VARIETY THEATER! ITS IN 10 MINUTES!

J2! HEY HOW COME EN SIE NICHT NEVER COMON ZEE BY FR ZEE P.T.A. MEETINS ANYWAY. HUH HUH COME! MEET THINGANG MAYBE, HUH?!

SO BETTY DROVE OVER TO THE VARIETY. BUZ WAITED OUTSIDE

FULTON

LISSEN I'M JUST GONNA HAND THEM SCREENPLAYS MY WALKON PAPERS, SO I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

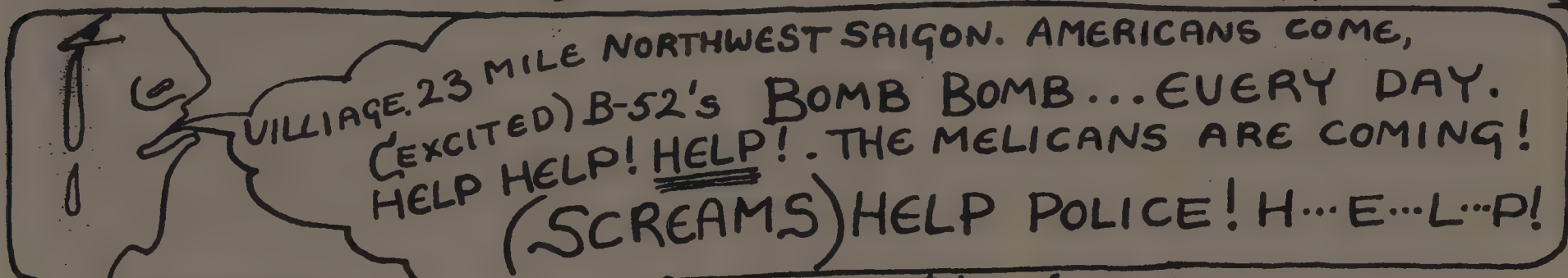
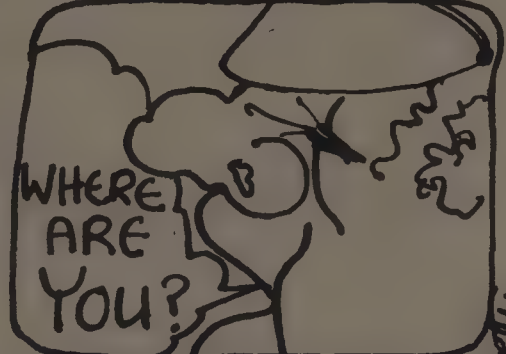
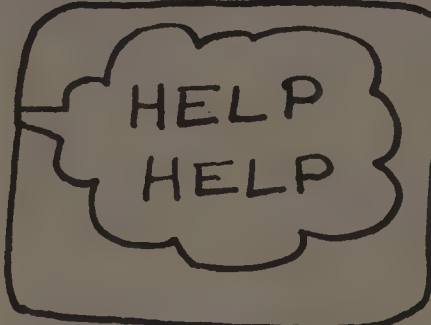
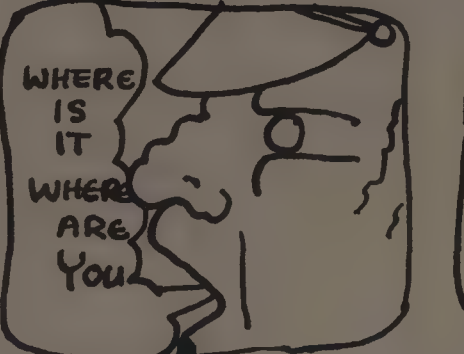
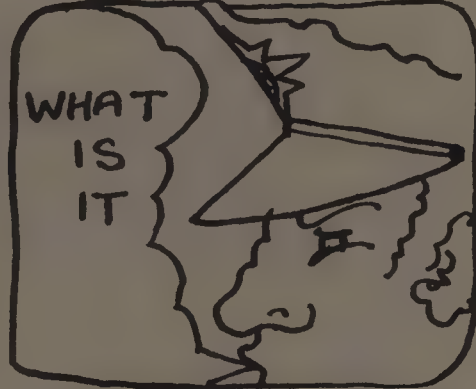
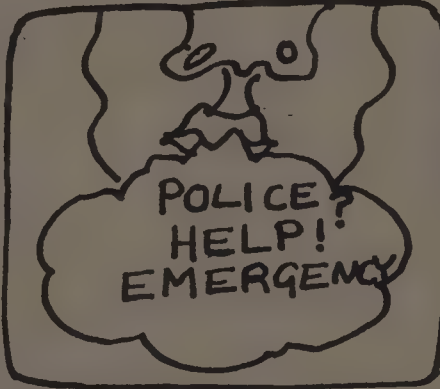
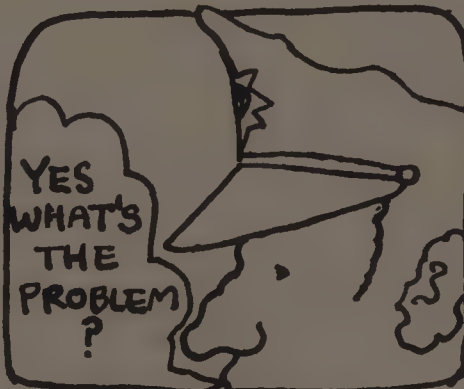
Yeah well... YOU AINT OUTA THERE IN 5 MINUTES AH'M COMIN IN APER YUH!!

SMELL SOMETHIN? FISHY GOIN' ON!

HELLO MRS. BLEEP, I YAM YER DASHIT ERS GERMAN TEACHER JA. HEY LISSEN, BETTY IST GE-RUNNIN ROUND MIT ZINEN BUNCHEN YUNGEN PUNKX.

QUICK HENRY! I THINK IT'S AN OBSCENE PHONE CALL!

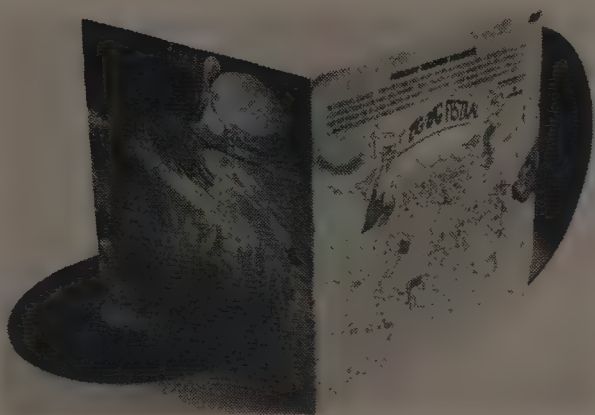
HELLO MRS. BLEEP, I YAM YER DASHIT ERS GERMAN TEACHER JA. HEY LISSEN, BETTY IST GE-RUNNIN ROUND MIT ZINEN BUNCHEN YUNGEN PUNKX.



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THE east village OTHER

Section II

LOVE

(Continued from Page 8)

the Government from continuing its prosecution, but given the men directing the prosecution, it is unlikely that it will respond to even massive pressure.

It would be many years and several courts from now by the time the case came before the Supreme Court, and by then there might be as many as five new justices. If Mr. Carswell is any indication of the calibre of man being proposed, then all is not well. In any event, the misuse of the courts for political repression (all political activity is alien to the court system, by its very nature the courts cannot give satisfactory political trials, since that was never their function... free all political prisoners, and stop all political trials) is basically only a light weight weapon on the part of the government. The heavy stuff is Agnew's attacks which if one can judge from the pale opposition from the Times, The Networks, etc., is pretty effective.

The only way to save America from Amerika, is to make sure that neither Nixon, or anyone like him, is elected in 1972. The Republic is not save from anti-constitutional subversion from within if men like Mitchell, Agnew et al. remain in power for a long time.

So, like Peter Fonda in "Easy Rider", "Get your thing together" for 1972... the polls, not the courts, are the answer.

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THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 7)

success. A musician is called to his profession like a writer, and no matter how bad it gets, no matter how strung out, the art still continues. The world of performance is the only thing an audience sees, and their preconceptions come from watching a group perform on stage. Rock is just as vital when no one is watching as when 500,000 are watching a spectacle. If there is soul in rock, it comes from being on the road

and living that dream which every Friday or Saturday night kids line up to buy at \$4.50 a shot.

From this one tour, all the rest by the other groups fall into perspective. I can imagine the Beatles on their first, holed up in their hotel rooms afraid to go out because of what was out there. If rock writers are to understand, then they should tour. Then the tinsel and false glamour will vanish—because the process is just as important as product. To know process is to know life, and being on the road is life for rock and roll people.

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RUNNING THE GOVERNMENT WITH LINDSAY AND THE BIG SIX

(Continued from Page 18)

BY RAY SCHULTZ

FREE
TRIBAL JAM FEAST MARCH 22 bring music &
St. Bridget's church, ave. B & 7th St. all come!

"Something to think about—even seeing is not believing."

There are some in Hollywood who claim that the widespread United States success of the Danish import "Without a Stitch," may be the knockout punch to the film industry as we've known it . . .

"Stitch" is almost two hours of light-hearted, very explicit sexual fun and games. It's a kind of cross between those Metro musicals of the 40's and the 16mm pornoflicks shown at stag parties.

The heroine is a frigid (or thinks she is) 17-year-old blonde who goes to a frenzied 27-year-old physician for release, and gets it—in very graphic fashion.

When I screened it several weeks ago, I couldn't believe the movie would ever open in a public theatre in the U.S. but last week, uncut, it opened at Loew's in New York, and "Stitch" was the biggest boxoffice grosser except for the movie at the huge Radio City Music Hall.

By early indication, "Stitch" is sure to topple the box office records of "Curious Yellow," a limpid gray mess that bored most would-be eroticists. But, in glorious color and very full sound, "Stitch" utilizes a number of European locations and more than a number of international sex practices.

Indeed, there's hardly a sexual experience that isn't demonstrated. With some style, occasional wit, and, by contrast with "Curious," by lovely bodies.

The staggering boxoffice records . . . has every theatre-owner wondering, and reacting. There are only so many theatres and so much playing time. A hit like "Stitch" can take up weeks of valuable time and shut out numerous laudable and/or high-budget films.

It's something to think about—while standing in line to see "Without a Stitch." You'll see plenty, and believe me, even seeing is not believing.

—JOYCE HABER, syndicated columnist

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"The Big Six agree: To establish staff liaison, meeting regularly throughout the year, to develop an annual Big Six Program; To evaluate the impact on our cities of this year's State legislative session; To seek common ground with the other local governments of our State, including towns, villages, cities, school districts, and counties; To submit a joint program to the 1971 State Legislature; To fight for greater responsiveness from the State and Federal governments for the needs of our cities; and to convene the Big Six Mayors periodically to review the progress of all our efforts. This agreement shall be known as the Big Six Compact, to which we have ascribed our names, 12 March, 1970:"

Lindsay jumped up to sign it first, but Corning beat him to the pen, then they passed it around and each mayor affixed his signature. Then, another round of speeches, the same set of statistics as before, our urban areas are blighted, uprighted, unsighted and uptighted every passing day of the christian calander. Something must be done! Buffalo alone, will be forced to close its schools if more money is not forthcoming. None of the cities can ask for any more money in taxes than what they are getting now. And this compact will see to it that something is done.

"We have different political beliefs, different religious beliefs, different types of people and different goals, but we are united here in a common cause that cannot be failed," says Sedita.

Strangely enough, this brings later questioning from the press.

"Was the pressure to support candidates ever discussed?" Gabe Pressman asks.

"No," Sedita said. "If we have to do that, we couldn't be together."

"We haven't even discussed who's republican and who's democrat," Lindsay says. "Ultimately, we will all have to make political decisions, during the political season."

"When is the political season?"

"Well, I don't know. I'll have to consult my calander."

"Mr. Mayor..."

"There are six of us."

"Mayor Sedita,"

"Yes..."

"If you hadn't talked about political questions, why did you bring it up?"

"Why did I bring it up? I told you. We never talked about. That's the truth. We have a hell of a time convincing you fellows of it."

At which point the microphone broke.

"His voice will carry," someone said.

"Usually does," Sedita said confidently.

"We have kept politics out. If we get into that kind of partisanship, I won't be a party to it."

"What will you call this compact?" the press asked, "The treaty of New York?"

"I think we called it the Big Six Compact," Corning said.

"Mayor Lindsay, you are a student of New York history, and you are also a politician. Is there some significance of holding this meeting in a room that was once used by George Washington?—Is this an appeal to Governor Rockefeller to respond?"

"Well, the state and local governments have always had close ties. Beyond symbolizing that, there is nothing intended with having the meeting here."

"Well, you are sitting under a picture of George Clinton. Isn't this a rather clever piece of political theatre?"

"If you think this is a piece of political theatre, we're highly complimented."

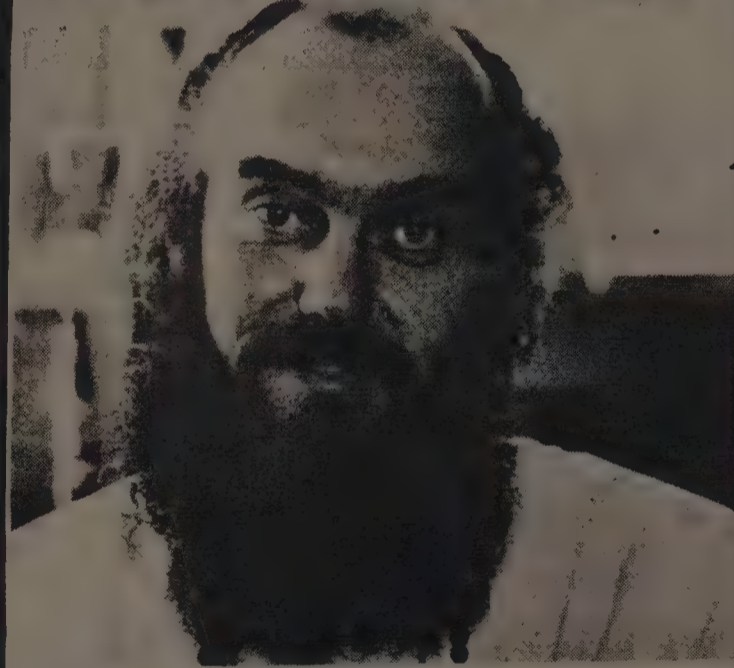
It goes on and on. The statistics are discussed, the insults are made anew. The meeting breaks up and the mayors go on another round of dinners and discussions, and all are republicans except for May and Alexander, and all face elections, scandals, dogfights and everything else connected with running a city government. Some people will never know the difference.

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 1967-68; STUDENT OF ASHTANGA YOGA IN HINDU TEMPLE IN HIMALAYAS (TO WHICH HE WILL RETURN FOR FURTHER STUDY IN MID 1970).

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DATE	TIME	PLACE
Saturday	March 14, 1970	8 p.m. Universalist Church 76th Street and Central Park West
Sunday	March 22, 1970	8 p.m. Hunter College Auditorium
Saturday	March 28, 1970	8 p.m. Hunter College-69th Street & Lex.

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- SUN:** March 15 -- Training session for marshals and those committing civil disobedience. Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4 (east of Sixth Ave.) For marshalls for March Against Death: 7 p.m. For marshalls and participants in mass civil disobedience at draft boards on Thurs: 9 p.m.
- MON:** March Against Death. Assemble 9 a.m. at south end of Washington Square Park. Get there the name of an American or Vietnamese killed in the war to carry solemnly to Federal Plaza in Foley Square. Short ecumenical service at noon. Placards supplied.
- TUES:** High School Resistance. "Refusal to Register" leaflets and draft information leaflets being circulated now. Mass leafleting at high schools on this day. Call WRL, 228-0450, for leaflets and assignments.
- WED:** Women Strike for Peace go to Washington. Other legislative action. Local draft board actions throughout week.
- THURS:** Draft Board Shut Down. City Wide Action. Join Mrs. Anne Bennett, Murray Kempton, Rev. David Hunter and Mrs. Barbara Epstein for mass civil disobedience at draft boards 1 to 4, corner of Varick and Houston (7th Ave. IRT to Houston or 8th Ave. IND to Spring). Nonviolent discipline. 7:30 a.m.

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PROGRAM ONE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 8:30 P.M.

Poem Field No. 1, Stan Vanderbeek, New York.

S.W.B. (Sweet Wounded Bird), Gerard Pires, Paris.

Cirkusz, Laslo Lugossy, Budapest.

Egypte, O Egypte, Jacques Brissot, written and narrated by Jean Cocteau.

The Joint, Len Glasser, New York.

The Wall, Jan Svankmajer, Prague.

La Divina, John O'Connor, University of Southern California.

Birthday, Frank Roddam, London School of Film Technique.

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

Re-Entry, Jordan Belson, San Francisco

Unknown Reasons, Fred Mogubgub, New York

See Saw Seems, Stan Vanderbeek, New York

The Room, Yoji Kuri, Tokyo

Vaucherin, Pascal Aubier, Paris

Music with Balls, Terry Riley, San Francisco

Leap, Tom Dewitt, Berkeley

Ego, Bruno Bozzetto, Milan

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

Powers of Ten, Charles Eames, Pacific Palisades.

Momentum, Jordan Belson, San Francisco.

Au Fou, Yoji Kuri, Tokyo.

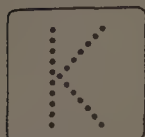
Marie pour Memoire, Philippe Garrel, Paris.

Historia Natura, Jan Svankmajer, Prague.


Arthur, Arthur, Pascal Aubier, Paris.

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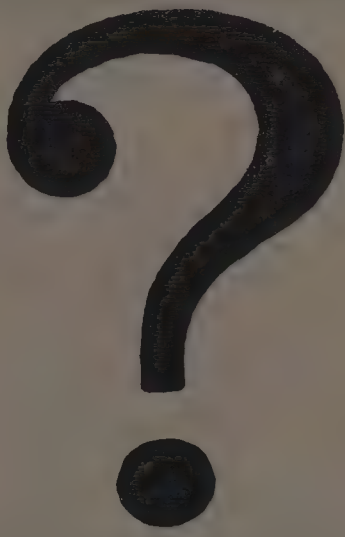
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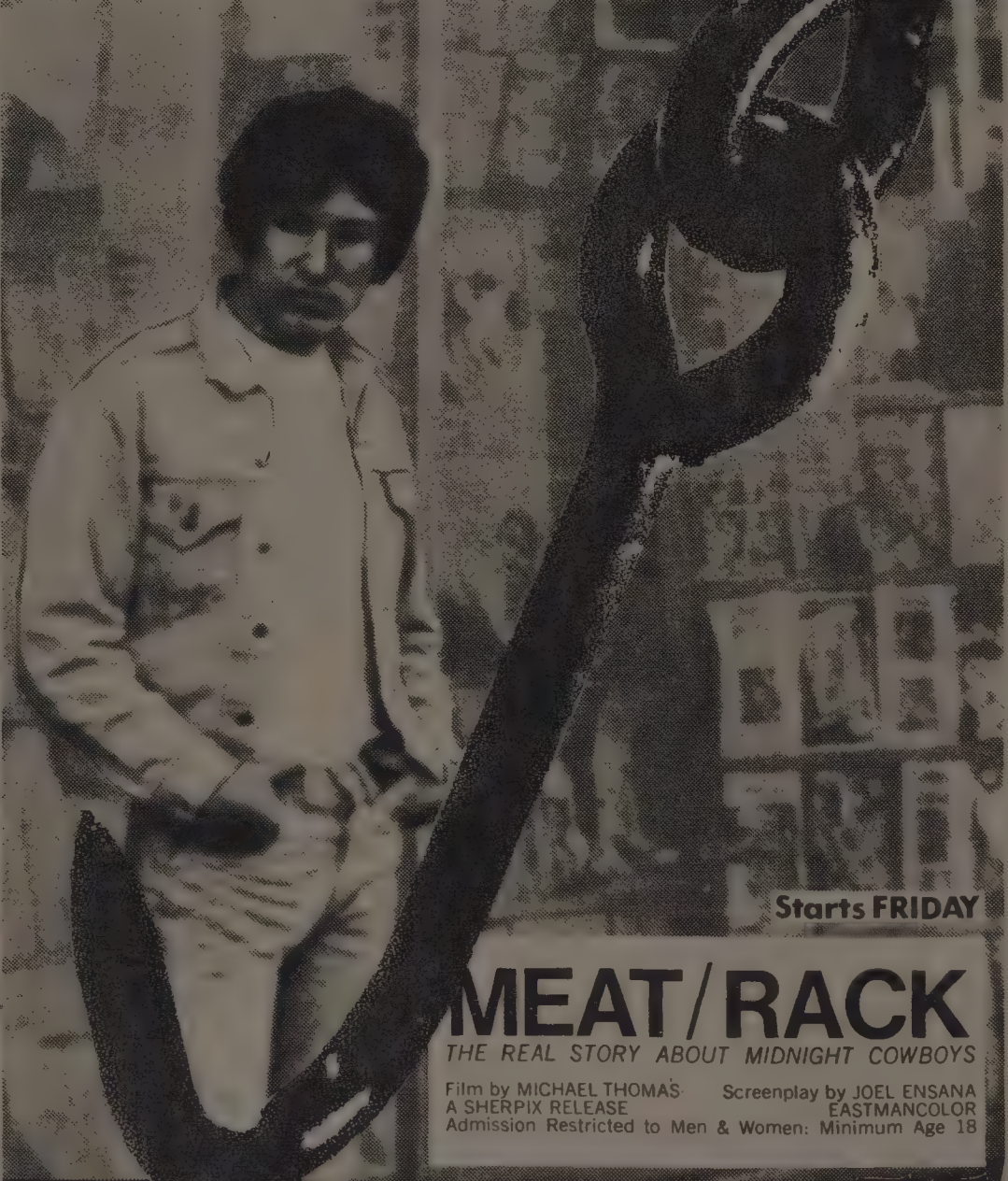


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CHARLIEFRICK

of the so-called Hip Underground record stores that are appearing everywhere, The way Adam Blessing does "Morning Dew" reminds me of the west side before the Button Merchants Arrived.

There were about 15 people sitting on the cold winter sidewalk, it was 10 p.m. They were waiting for the following day at noon to buy tickets for the Jefferson Airplane show. It was cold outside. Inside it was the Fillmore East Tuesday New Group Night. The last group on was the Edison Electric Band. Too bad you missed them. But they got an album you can go out and buy. The Edison Electric Band, Bless You Dr. Woodward, Cotillion, #SD9022. It's home music, the kind you never hear on the radio or usually at any show. Most of the time, the Tuesday New Group Nights at the Fillmore are much heavier than the shows that are there on the weekends.

Open letter to Everybody: Wake up, it's the 70's and like I said before you can never hear this kind of music at the shows or on the radio. The only time you hear it is when you get home. Music to read Robert Crumb Comix by. There's times when things can get just a little bit out of hand, especially in the Electric City.

Lots of record companies put out fact sheets on their performers, they've got a guy who sits in an office, has been to high school and probably college, has got all the descriptive adjectives in the dictionary at his fingertips. I never read the sheets they send out, they don't mean anything real, it's still cold print and that's one of the coldest mediums. Record albums have the property of being, at times, a very hot medium. If you've had too much hard drivin' music and the pace of the new decade is beginning to frazzle your mind, some of these records are for you. Stuff you don't really have to listen to to make sure you'll get the full meaning of, and you won't have to be afraid of the Saturday Night pot party out there in Middle Middle. Afraid you'll be caught with your culture down??? These records will never come up in those conversations. You'll never hear them on the radio for that simple reason.

Brother Fox and the Tar Baby, Creole Records #Ors703. Yes folks, the Fillmore East isn't in the business of selling new dreams. I was floating by their office the other day and heard this guy with a loud voice say to someone on the other end of the phone, "Steve Windwood is a big name, whadda ya talkin' about, Traffic will draw them in from the deepest suburbs, as far away as 3 hours drive to seem them, nobody wants to hear the Procol Harum..." on and on he went all about how the music business worked. Brother Fox, some New American music of the 70's from another part of the country, it certainly didn't happen in the Electric City. Matthew Moore wrote most of the songs on the album. The one that he didn't write is Mary Jane. The album is tastefully done and the artists (the guys that make the music), they're good too. I like both sides of the album. It's so easy to listen to good music.

THIS FRIEND OF MINE, I meet him sometimes at Underground Central, Flash Lite Fade, the son of the famous world traveler, Professor Fade, he said to me the other day,

"Listen, just don't tell me about the saucers when I'm listening to rock and roll. Here take this."

It was possibly the best record that has crossed my turntable since I got my copy of Wayne Newton Sings the Beatles. It's an anthology of Real Rock, no imitation stuff, this is the Real Stuff. It's Rock 'N Roll Survival Decca #D175181. Some of the best that's happened in the last 15 years, Bill Haley and the Comets doing "Shake Rattle and Roll," and "Rock Around the Clock," Buddy Holly and the Crickets doing "Peggy Sue" and "That'll Be the Day," the Shirelles doing "I met him on a Sunday (ronde ronde)" and "My Love is a Charm." "The Ladder of Love" and "Where Mary Go" by the Flamingoes, "When" and "Three O'Clock Thrill," by the Kalin Twins, and Len Barry doing "1-2-3," and "Like a Baby." Latch on to your copy soon.

The Damnation of Adam Blessing, United Artists, #UAS6738. If you happened to catch the Monkees TV program a few years ago, you'll

remember "Take the Last Train to Clarksville" Adam Blessing does this one and a few more, it's like a time machine. It'll be really strange when the west coast surfers get into the Acid Punch at the Beach Party this year. I don't think you'll find this album at any

Then there's Cuby and the Blizzards and their album, "King of the World," Phillips #PHS600-331...Blues. They've put in some time, a couple of years or so in Holland. Yeah, Holland, you know, Windmills, wooden shoes, tupils, bluez. Cuby and the Blizzards, I mean. They're now reported to be entrenched in the London Pop Rock Scene and heading for America. Get ready you clowns at NYC top pop slick FM stations, they're on their way. I can see it all now, "Dutch Bluez Wizzards," from Holland no less. Out the window with last month's crop of super star hero money makers and right into your home by the miracle of FM (SUPPORT WBAI NON COMMERCIAL NO MONEY RADIO IN N.Y.C.). It's an interesting album, reminds me of the stuff I head out in Long Beach, Long Island. The legendary home of the Vanilla Fudge, who by the way are playing their farewell performance this week. Just what the east coast music machine needs most, some more Ripple-drinking music.

The Mothers of Invention to Play the Fillmore East on Mother's Day. A lot of people who used to think that there was a far-out music thing happening, well anyway before the east coast got the Fillmore. There's things happening on the west coast that makes the whole Haight Ashbury thing look very 2-dimensional. Report from the streets: a lot of east coast Bike People are digging the Great Speckled Bird, their party (the bike people) at Thrush was reported to be the biggest thing happening all year. Outside of WBAI FM, THE ONLY COMMUNITY SUPPORTED RADIO STATION IN THE CITY. They need your continued support to stay alive, you need them. You don't need

the "underground" record (and I use the term loosely) on a very heavily traveled street on the lower east side. It's got the Beatles album, the bootleg and the new release hanging in the window with a sign that reads "BEATLES, HEY JUDE or BOOTLEG SILVER \$6.95,"

Dig yourselves, merchants.

Take a ride on the international musical culture wheel, once around the block, the Americans imitate the Europeans doing Spade Bluez, it's an endless circle.

The Beatles have made their end of the formula work the best of all. Their new album, released for real, HEY JUDE.

Nobody ever talks about Ringo Starr being one of the finest drummers around. If you wanna know about the upcoming culture, dig all the young drummers of today, in the groups in your town, on your radio stations, at your Fillmore East, then listen to Ringo, any period, any recording that the Beatles have been through. From "I Should Have Known Better," to "Paperback Writer," to "Rain" to "Lady Madonna," to "Revolution," to "Hey Jude," especially "Hey Jude." There are 2 other cuts on the album, "The Ballad of John and Yoko," and "Old Brown Shoe." While you're digging the drums, listen to George Harrison, who plays the bass and sings, Paul McCartney who plays piano, guitar and sings, and John Lennon, who sings, plays the guitar and piano. The Beatles, "HEY JUDE," Apple #SW-385. But you shouldn't have to pay \$6.95 to own a copy of it. Think about it.

Then there's the Kinks, they've got staying power. They're still first rate stuff!! Their latest album, "ARTHUR, or THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE," Reprise, #6366,

It's a masterpiece. Listen to the first solo. Listen to the second side. Read the story on the back of the album cover. It's the sound track for a proposed English television drama. Watch for that one...Dig your culture America!!!!

A lot of the musicologists and culture heads I've run across were so caught up with their fingers jammed up each others asses trying to figure out where "IT" was or where "IT" was going to go next week, me and my pals sometimes we hang out, sometimes we listen to the Kinks. This friend of mine, he listens to the Kinks too, makes Dulcimers in his spare time.

Happy Full Moon. Charlie Frick. 3.11.70.

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EVO

HEROIN

some of us will have acquired methadone habits (an extra few dollars a week), and some of us will be dead from OD... two years from now, more or less, there will be a Congressional investigation of the relationship of Operation Intercept to the late 1969 rise in drug addiction; the Attorney General will announce his retirement... an elderly senator will hold a press conference denouncing "railroading by public clamor" of Government Officials; somewhere a turn-table will play Dylan's "Wheels of Fire"...

(Continued from Page 5)

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FOOTNOTES

¹J. French, "The Reticular Formation," *Psychobiology: The Biological Bases of Behavior, Readings from "Scientific American"* (San Francisco: W.H. Freeman and Company, 1967), p. 233.

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⁵McCleary, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

⁶A. Carlsson, M. Lindqvist and T. Magnusson, "On the Biochemistry and Possible Functions of Dopamine and Noradrenaline in the Brain," *Adrenergic Mechanisms*, eds. J. Vane, G. Wolstenholme and M. O'Connor ("Ciba Foundation Symposium," Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1960), p. 432; see also: H. Weil-Malherbe, "The Passage of Catechol Amines Through the Blood-Brain Barrier," *Adrenergic Mechanisms*, etc. . . . p. 432.

⁷Arieti, *op. cit.*, pp. 197-8; see also: S. Ross and A. Renyi,

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