

EVO Exclusive: **Abbie Hoffman Interviews Grace Slick**

THE EAST VILLAGE GONNER

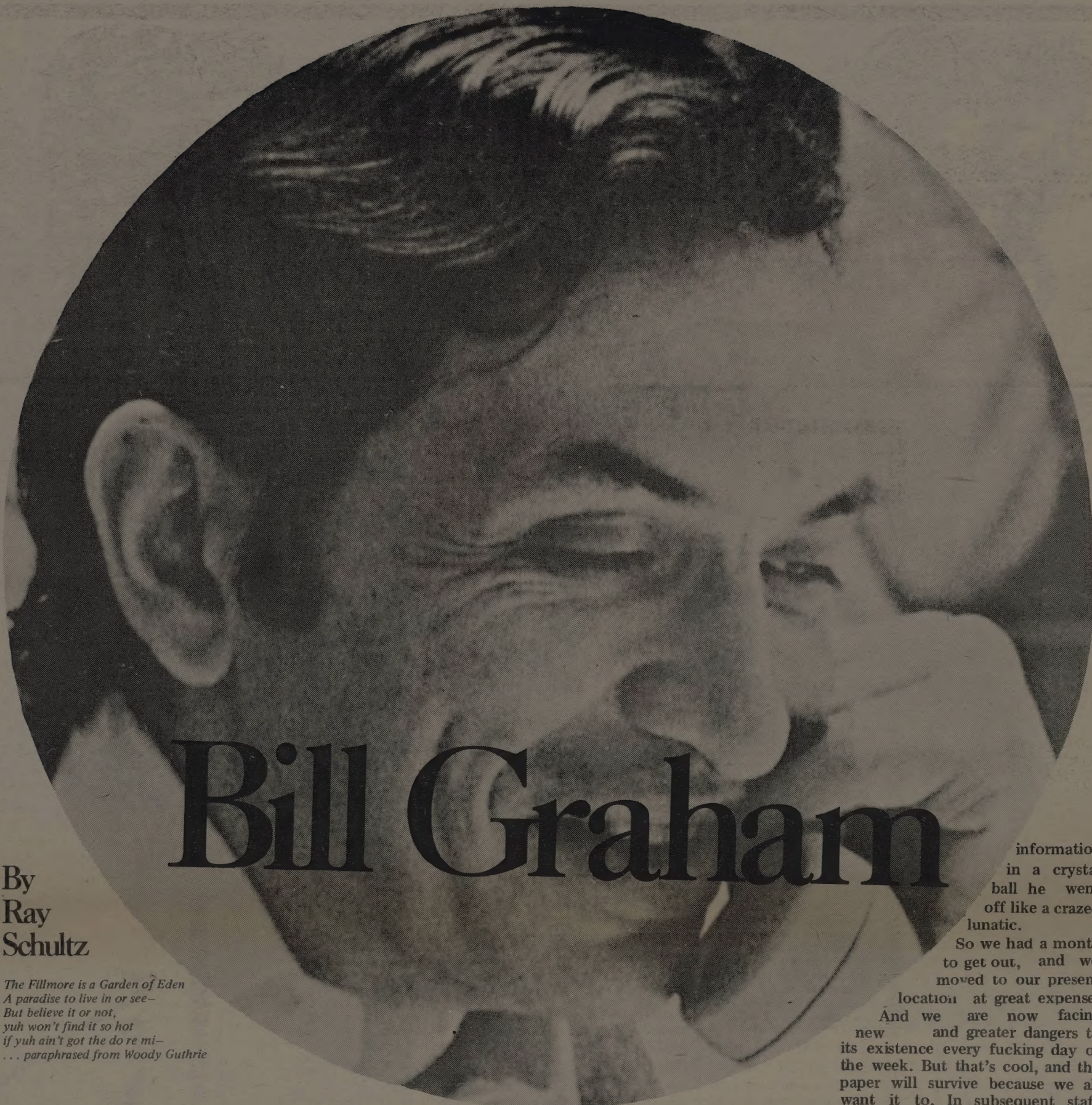
VOLUME 5 NUMBER 27 JUNE 2, 1970 25¢ N.Y.C. 35¢ OUTSIDE



**'I NEVER
MET A
MAN I
DIDN'T
SHOOT'**

Audie Murphy

**Inside
3
Comic
Strips**



Bill Graham

By
Ray
Schultz

*The Fillmore is a Garden of Eden
A paradise to live in or see—
But believe it or not,
yuh won't find it so hot
if yuh ain't got the do re mi—
... paraphrased from Woody Guthrie*

On a Wednesday afternoon last April, Mr. Bill Graham barged into the offices of this newspaper with an urgent and foul-mouthed demand that we quit the premises in 24 hours or less. (Since May of 1967, EVO had occupied the third-floor offices of what is now the Fillmore East, an arrangement that was made in exchange for advertising space with Roger Euster who ran the place before Graham under the name The Village Theatre). The cause of Mr. Graham's anger was a short news column under the joint-byline of D.A. Latimer and myself about the Electric Circus bombing and the possibility that the Fillmore East might be in store for similar treatment. Mr. Graham alleged that the column had hurt his business, and that we were guilty of a "lack of respect" towards the Father-Institution of the Fillmore. We argued that we were an independent paper and always had been and did not recognize the Fillmore as anything more than our Landlord of the moment, and we told Mr. Graham that we had been reporting the news, and that the Fillmore speculation had actually been made by a cop on the beat at the time of the bombing. Graham's retort was that we should have

included our source in the story (coincidentally, the Fillmore had been cleared the Saturday night before by a bomb scare and no attempt was made to warn EVO people of the danger.) So who's guilty of lack of respect?

Graham was right about including the source of course, but the paper was being put to bed as the story broke and we didn't have time to do any more than give the very basics of the situation and there was no malice intended towards the Fillmore in that two-paragraph item, and we apologized for the oversight, but that was not enough. Graham continued raving about the various other atrocities committed by this paper in the name of journalism, and at length we informed him that we didn't give a good shit *what* his fucking opinion was, or something to that effect. He left, and things cooled down for the time being, but we were still faced with the near-impossible task of moving an entire newspaper and all its files and equipment in the space of 24 hours.

Graham called on the telephone later to discuss the matter further with Jaakov Kohn.

"I lost my temper before and I've

cooled down now," he said, "But I still want you out of here."

"Well, it's about time we left here," Kohn said during the discussion.

"I'm getting tired of climbing those stairs every day."

"Well, I'm sorry," Graham retorted, "what are you, a bunch of cripples?"

"Well in fact sir, I do happen to be handicapped."

"What?"

"I do happen to be handicapped."

"Oh. I apologize."

Well, that was pretty ugly but Jaakov let it slide and eventually he coned Graham into giving us a month get out. Later that afternoon though, Graham burst into the office again to complain about another column by Latimer, and this time he went through the whole routine: The Nazi's, the Motherfuckers, the Fillmore, and the fact that EVO never has anything good to say about this country or the government that runs it. In due course, he called Latimer a whole slew of names (fair enough) and Claudia Dreifus and myself, and when Jackie Diamond told him that we got our

information in a crystal ball he went off like a crazed lunatic.

So we had a month to get out, and we moved to our present location at great expense! And we are now facing new and greater dangers to its existence every fucking day of the week. But that's cool, and the paper will survive because we all want it to. In subsequent staff meetings, we toyed with the idea of bombing the Fillmore ourselves, or doing something equally destructive, but there are more important things to worry about now than the Fillmore and we even regret wasting this much space on it in these pages.

I don't give much of a fuck about Bill Graham's money or his personal reputation. Among the musicians he seems to be a pretty popular fellow and there's no doubt about his commitment to good music and professionalism. In fact, he seems to be an extremely hard worker and he *has* done a few things here and there that warrant admiration for his talents if not respect. But his paranoia is nothing short of maniacal, and his sympathies are definitely, without question, on the side of the system that made him a millionaire.

True, Bill Graham is interested in "youth-culture," but he is interested only in that part of culture which will turn him a quick buck. The East Village Other is a part of the culture too, and Graham has rendered the paper what he obviously hoped would be a death-blow, and because he is so paranoid he sees "the enemy" everywhere. Well now he's made us "the enemy," and we hope he gets his. We dig that his concerts are not for the press: rock music belongs to the people. But so does EVO.



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**SOME THINGS TO KEEP
IN MIND WHILE MAKING
BOMBS, READING YOUR
INDICTMENT, FLUSHING
YOUR STASH, CROSSING
STATE LINES, ETC.,
ETC.**

by Renfreu Neff

The latest official rumour has it that Richard Nixon is Insane . . . "official" meaning here that it comes via an official who has observed him recently in private meetings and "Insane" meaning really, as opposed to the same conclusion already having been reached via the newsmen or simply by looking at pictures of him. About the only thing this shows is that no matter how you look at him, filmed or live (?), the conclusion isn't tainted in any way. Following his surprise public appearance on the eve of the last Washington demonstration, young people who had spoken with him described him as looking crazy and rapping like speed-freak, and it made perfect sense. First, because by his own admission, he puts in a fourteen-to- eighteen-hour day as Commander-In-Chief (Isn't that better than calling him "President"?), and secondly, considering the crime rate in the nation's capitol, who else but a speed-freak or a psychopathic criminal would pop up at the Lincoln Memorial at 5 a.m.? There was no reason why he shouldn't have been there.

A second part of the

story holds that a number of resignations by Cabinet members and high Administration officials can be expected in the next few weeks . . . probably around the end of June when some alibi is handed down for *not* pulling out of Cambodia. This rumour could turn out to be just that, but should it happen . . . a law of possibility based on an old axiom about rats leaving a sinking ship . . . Agnew, Laird and the Merry Mitchells most assuredly would stay on board, so what difference would it really make? No, hardly a chance of the heavy rodents splitting, and Martha would grab that opportunity to open her mouth and out her sling-back into it. Again.

The thing to worry about, with Nixon freaking out belowdecks and the other lunatics raving at the helm, is a military junta, and with the Pentagon calling the shots anyway, it wouldn't be difficult at all. Aside from just worrying about all of this, it might be useful to join those protest groups calling for the impeachment of the Nixon-Agnew funny farm. It's hard to speculate on what if any immediate results could come from

this effort, but Mad Bombers are never around when you need them. In the meantime, it would be appreciated if more of these groups who are organizing and petitioning for impeachment contacted this newspaper so that readers could be better informed on supporting and helping them.

Getting back to the first "rumour", it's a good one to keep in active circulation and there's a fair amount of clinical evidence to back it up. Unfortunately the closest source, Nixon-shrink Arnold A. Hutschnecker, Park Avenue M.D., sounds a little whacked-out, too. Some may recall that it was this very Hutschnecker, himself, who recently suggested that all six year-olds be subjected to federally supervised psychiatric examinations in order to determine their criminal potential and reevent it from developing along with any other potential they might also possess. "For the good of the child, for the good of the parents, and for the good of the nation," Hutschnecker was quoted as stating in a recent interview. Fuck the rest of the criminals, get those six year-olds. Maybe being six years-old is the crime; get those *hardened six year-olds*.

The real scoop is that Hutschnecker and Martha Maxi-Mouth are running the government, and maybe they're even the same person. Except that the shrink, by comparison, sounds like a psychotic visionary, while Martha babbles to reporters, "I'm just me. I can't change myself and I don't want

to." Amazing the tenacity of the most vacuous egos.

In any event, if Nixon's pixilation is broadcast far enough fast enough, it's bound to get back to its source, Old Nix himself. As someone proposed, if the fearful citizenry began clamouring for more and more public appearances and addresses, his vanity is such that he would undoubtedly be driven to take to the tube to accommodate the public outcry . . . certainly not to disprove the story . . . and television always freaks him out. He would finally make one thing perfectly clear.

In case you missed the 24 April issue of LIFE mag, visit your dentist and steal it (the cover is one of the astronauts. I don't know which one. All astronauts look alike.), because inside there are excerpts from Albert Spear's book about Fascism for Fun and Profit, and it's about his former employer Adolf Hitler, whom you may recall from Stokely Carmichael's recent appraisal. Well, I wouldn't go so far as to call it "guerrilla publishing", but it do have some timeliness. You can cross out the oldies and badies . . . Hitler, Goering, Borman, etc. . . and insert a few new oldies and badies (try Nixon and Mitchell for openers) and it still reads pretty much the same. Takes on a sort of mythic quality, in fact, like a sinister fable about an imaginary country. Brigadoon or Camelot, Germany. Amerika, something like that.

Random notes on the state of the Nixon: Last week a delegation of New

York City construction workers went to Washington and expressed their support of the Administration's action in SE Asia by making Nixon an "honorary hardhat" and presenting him with one of same. The underground movement should rise to the occasion and respond in equal spirit with an "honorary burial plot".

Also last week, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird announced at a press conference that \$15,000 would be spent on the installation of a Meditation Room in the Pentagon. In discussing the plans, Laird stated that it would actually be two rooms . . . one with facilities for Christian meditation and the other designed for non-Christian meditation. No speculations were offered as to which area he anticipated to be capable of an initial levitation, however when asked if this project was not in some way contradictory to the constitutionally devised separation of Church and State, Laird is quoted as having replied that such a conflict did not apply in "the separation of man and God". Nor were there any speculations as to which of the military brass and mega-bureaucrats, for whom the Meditation Room is reserved, would be discovered together in mai-thuna couplings.

In the Golden Age of the Sick Joke, there was one about a kid who says, "Mommy, Mommy, buy me a pair of roller skates," to which his mother replies, "Don't be silly. You know you have no legs." Don't know why it came to mind just now.

POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

by Allen Katzman

Well, it's finally happening. An *Alternate Media Project* encompassing the underground press, fm radio, the record industry and poster artists will be gathering at Goddard College in Plainfield, Vermont on June 17-20 to determine the future of our *Alternate Culture*.

The idea calls for the gathering of a number of individuals from all over the U.S. and Canada actively committed to a vision of the media as an effective catalyst for awareness rather than to its present role as an anesthetic.

The four day meeting is perceived as a multi-media conference making use of the widest possible range of resources. Those broadcasting, underground press, movement and recording industry people who are *concerned*, aware, and involved in the future of human communications are invited to attend. The gathering will provide the opportunity for a free exchange of ideas and visions. It also will lay the groundwork for an autonomous project of a more permanent nature growing out of the expressed needs of those in attendance.

There will be workshops of varying kinds to set up working projects across the country. Tape, video and recording, will be set up in a centralized bank for use by alternate media people. Underground press and FM radio will set up teaching situations for the conversion and teaching of students in work/experience situations in journalism and broadcasting. News facilities will be made available to underground press to create a stronger information unit across the country. And recording industry people will open channels to the cultural revolution taking place in America so that our alternate culture is not ripped off by selfish interests but rather its results poured back into the alternate economy to build a powerbase for peace.

There will be other visions explored in this four day conference, and with enough cooperation from different interested alternate parties, it is hoped the "Alternate Nation" can get it on.

The cost of attending the gathering including food and lodging will run thirty dollars. Those people who wish to attend but can't afford fare or feast are asked to notify *Alternative Media Project*, Plainfield, Vermont 05667, (802) 454-8311, ext. 341. For further information and fill out forms contact Allen Katzman c/o East Village Other, 20 East 12th St. 228-8640.

Remember this is a working situation as well as a relaxing one. If you want to just relax into your own head or bring your mess to the Fillmore East. For five dollars, Bill Graham will let you *do it* on his auditorium floor.

The *Alternative Media Project* is an important step in the right direction and hopefully

800-1000 alternate media people will attend. There will be enough facilities for people to camp out if they wish. So come and join the *Ark*, and come two by two. Bring your own oar as we'll all probably have to pull together to get it off the ground.

* * * * *

Now the story can be told! We were ousted from our offices above the Fillmore East three weeks ago by our ex-landlord, Bill Graham. Yep, Wolfgang Grajonka, of Fillmore East fame, did his number on us after we did ours. Graham freaked out over an article on the Electric circus bombing which intimated that among five possibilities, one of them might have been meant for the Fillmore East.

Graham blew his stack and ordered us out in two days. After calming him, we talked him into a month's extension. The rest is history.

What I'd like to do now is explain how I feel about Bill Graham which is quite different from the myriads of people who really have it in for him. Graham is a freak of unparalleled nature raised in the heart of Dachauland.

The first time I met Grajonka was at a press conference when the Fillmore East first opened. Graham spent three hours with the press giving us his experiences as a youth in Hitler's Europe. Most of it dwelled on his concentration capers for itinerant jews. It was the same saga I had heard at my daddy's knee, about the "bad old days."

I decided there and then to steer clear of Mr. Graham. He was on a trip which had a familiar ring to it of concentration camp rock. His dance had the usual generation gap limp as he pressed forward to build a fortress of rock about him to keep the *ghosts of S.S. past, present and future* out of his emporium.

Graham did a number on himself which could only be summed up as an inverse Hitler trip. He built his own Dachau and named it the Fillmore East & West. And though I must admit, Graham is honest and fair when it comes to money matters, his sense of integrity has been warped by dinosaur delirium tremors of a dead past.

For the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and if anyone has ever gone to the Fillmore East on a crowded Saturday night and watched the hordes of anonymous people crowded ontop of each waiting there turn behind yellow barricades while elite long haired guards with fillmore sweat shirts do their trip with *electronic megaphones*; one understands the herd instinct to submit to someone else's fantasies. Hitler got the gold teeth. Graham gets the five dollars.

If someone does decide to end Graham's boogeyman dream, it'll not be because he is a "pig" in the radical sense, but because his dream ends at the ovens.



Three Yippie Women, Judy Gumbo, Nancy Rubin and Genie Plamondon, are presently meeting with the NLF and several groups of North Vietnamese youth in Hanoi. Traveling to Hanoi from a world conference last April in Sweden, the three women spent a few weeks in Moscow where they were not confined to their rooms, as The New York Times reported. 'Typical pig-media lies', Nancy called that report.

The New York Yippies look on this Hanoi visit as a sign of new developments in the nature of the

FLASHHH!

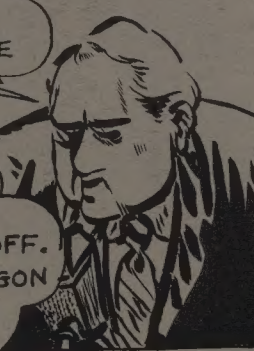
FLASH!

flashhhh!!

Youth International Party. They report it will bring the international fragments of the youth movement into closer collaboration, and also that it signals the end of male domination of the Yippie myth and the beginning of women leadership in bringing Yippies across the nation together. Yippie officially protests Nixon's accelerating fascism, the exploitation of women by men, of children by adults, of blacks, yellows and reds by whites, the earth by the capitalist death machine, of demonstrations by Mobe marshals, and of human dignity by pay toilets.

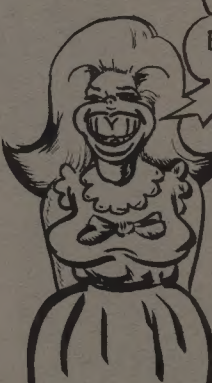
60 MINITS
 I SAW IT ON THE TUBE AND IT WENT SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS
Yossarian

TONIGHT ON 60 MINITS WE WILL GO TO POLAND TO SEE THE FINALISTS IN THE MISS WARSAW CONTEST. THEN WE'LL GO TO THE 714th ANNUAL PILLSBURY BAKE-OFF. THEN TO PORTLAND OREGON TO MEET THE OWNER OF THE WORLDS LARGEST SNOT BALL...



...BUT FIRST A TOUR OF THE WHITE HOUSE WITH TRICIA NOXIOUS.


I SURE AM PLEASED TO BE INTERVIEWED BY THE NETWORK THAT HAD THE GUTS TO STAND UP TO THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS.



SHALL WE SEE THE HOUSE NOW? HERE, IS THE WATERMELON ROOM WHERE FATHER LIKES TO MEET IMPORTANT PEOPLE OF THE NEGRO FAITH.



THIS IS FATHERS FAVORITE CHAIR. SEE THE MARK WHERE HE WET IT WHEN THAT 'DAMN COMMUNIST' SENATE REJECTED CARSWELL.



NOW TO THE WEST WING EXCUSE ME TRICIA WHY DO YOU WALK AS IF YOUR KNEES ARE NAILED TOGETHER?

ONE MUST KEEP ONES CROTCH COVERED MUSTN'T ONE?

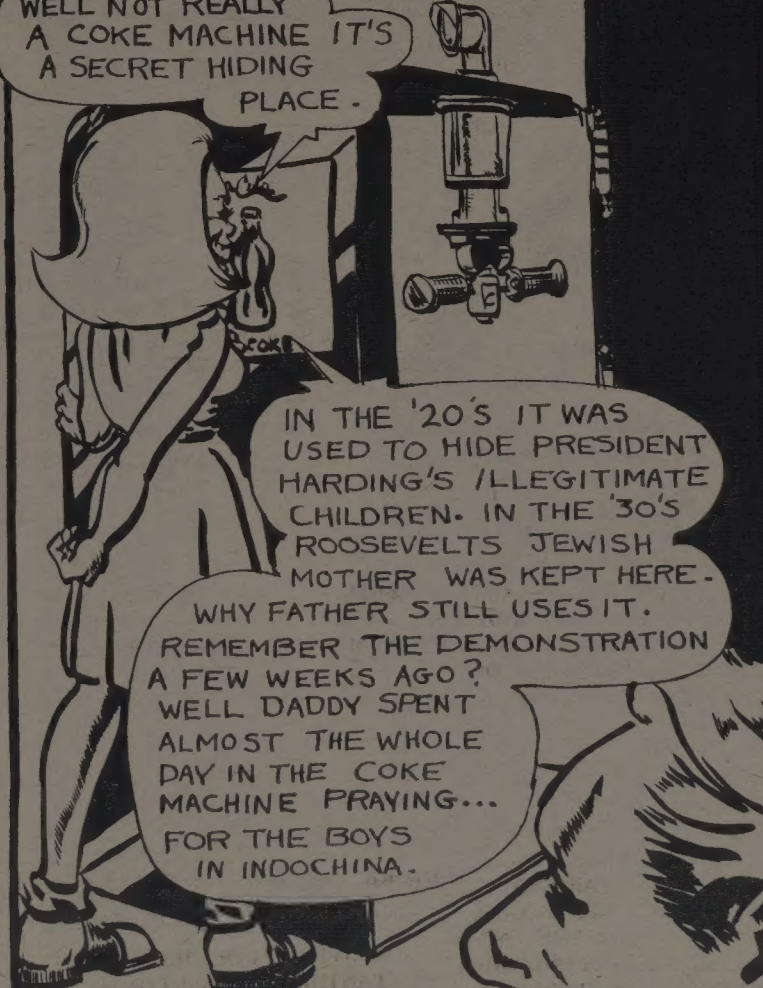


EXCUSE ME IS THAT A COKE MACHINE?




WELL NOT REALLY A COKE MACHINE IT'S A SECRET HIDING PLACE.


IN THE '20'S IT WAS USED TO HIDE PRESIDENT HARDING'S ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN. IN THE '30'S ROOSEVELTS JEWISH MOTHER WAS KEPT HERE. WHY FATHER STILL USES IT. REMEMBER THE DEMONSTRATION A FEW WEEKS AGO? WELL DADDY SPENT ALMOST THE WHOLE DAY IN THE COKE MACHINE PRAYING... FOR THE BOYS IN INDOCHINA.



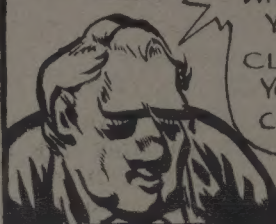
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A FRENCH TICKLER? IT'S AN HONORARY BALLOON THEY USE IN FRANCE - THIS WAS DESIGNED TO LOOK LIKE DADDY IT WAS SENT BY AN ADMIRER IN IOWA OOH! IT'S GOOKY!!



AND HERE'S AN ORIGINAL NORMAN ROCKWELL PAINTING OF ARTHUR GODFREY



NEXT A REPORT ON THE DRUG PROBLEM IN AKRON, AFTER A WORD ABOUT BERLITZ-O-LAX[®] LEARN A LANGUAGE WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR COLON.



I have a severe distaste for the practise known as "reviewing" shows, and am now faced with the problem of writing two of them. I can't say right now whether or not I'll review them, but I probably will talk about them.

Two nights ago I went to see a play entitled "Chicago 70", performed by Toronto Workshop Productions, which had been put together through various forms of improvisation, using the Chicago trial for its inspiration.

In an interview with Herbert Whittaker of "Toronto Globe and Mail," George Luscombe, the director, said, "Our point was never, 'Who is right? It was the "Hellzapoppin'" aspects of the situation — the complete madness of the trial we were after. The transcripts of the other side of the trial were embarrassing — those rigged police witnesses. If we had included them people would have thought we were rigging the evidence.

Now, I was pretty wrecked when I saw "Chicago 70," so it took me some time to realize that there was a show going on anywhere but in my own head. When I did get into their show, I had a pretty good time. I don't think there's anything in it that's going to change anybody's life, except maybe theirs, by doing it, which is fine, but there's some beautiful satire in it.

The whole thing is set up as a radio program. The show starts as a newscast and goes into Arlo Guthrie singing his motorcycle song. About all I could do at that point was sing along.

During the trial sequences I kept falling in love with various actors, but I was confused as to whether I was falling in love with the actors or the characters they were portraying — who are all — thank God — still alive and breathing.

The trial sequences are broken up by scenes in Kindergarten, Alice in Wonderland, westerns,

fashion shows, and songs. For instance, the teacher rings the Ding Dong school bell and says something like, "Class, what is more important than free speech?" and the class says, "Good manners."

The "Alice in Wonderland" scenes all take place in a trial which seems to be pointing its finger at the Doormouse, who is played by the same actor who plays Bobby Seale. Lewis was pretty prophetic of our Amerikan form of justice, as illustrated by the last "Alice" scene where someone wants to read the verdict and the King says, "The sentence comes first, the verdict."

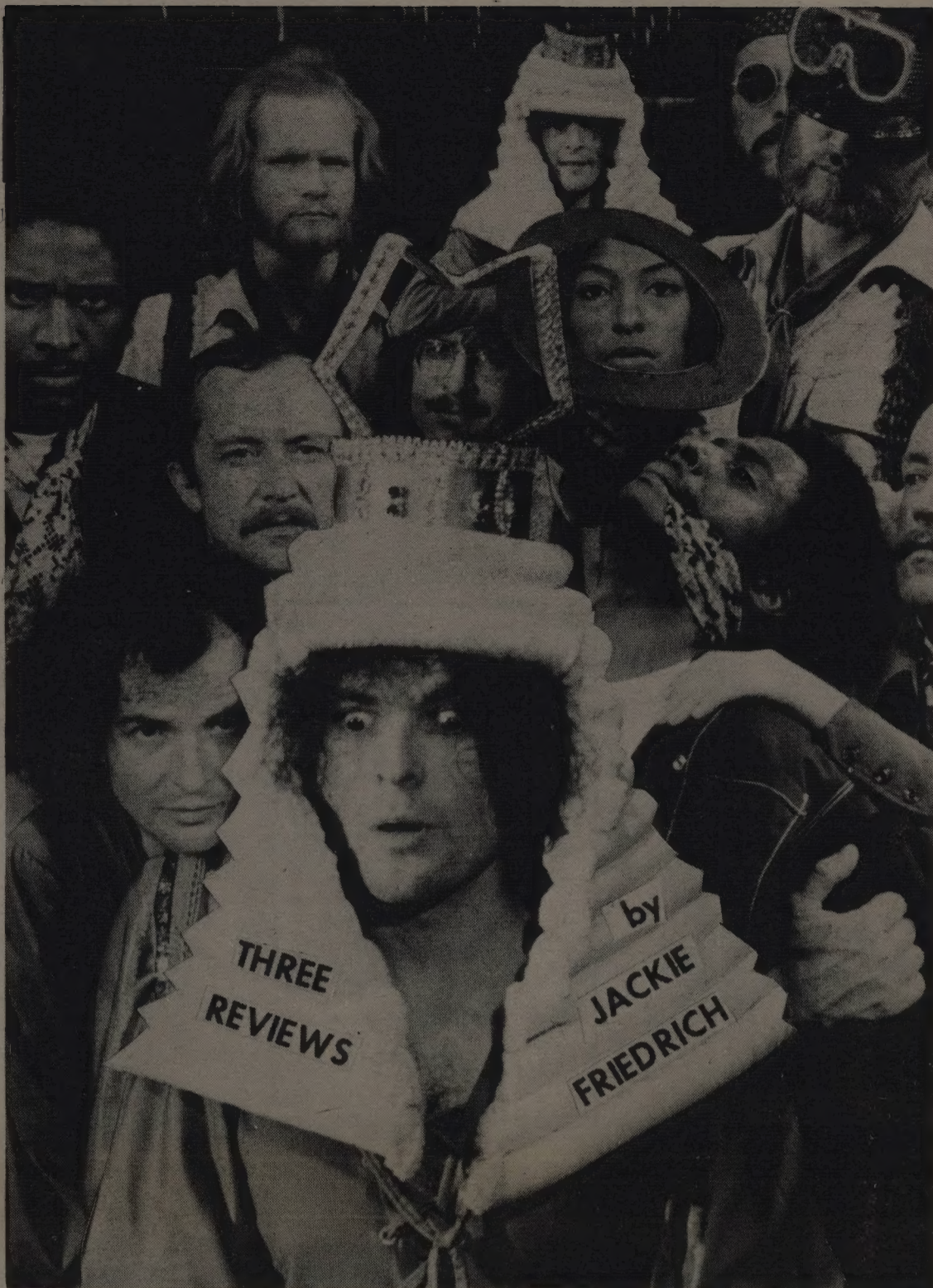
There are two songs I remember in particular: one, welcoming Miss Amerika and celebrating in song the fact that Woman is Amerika's prize commodity, and the second is a Spiro Agnew marching song with choral direction by a cop.

I'm finding the temptation to describe the whole show, but I think it would be more enjoyable to see it.

I found only two problems with the production.

One was that much of the acting seemed stilted. I hate to say that, because I found myself really liking the actors, but somewhat uncomfortable with their performances. In many cases they hadn't really made the lines their own. For instance, when they are using the transcripts as their script and a character says something like, "I do not..." there must be a damned good reason why he says 'do not' rather than 'don't', and if the actor had found that reason, the line would have seemed natural, rather than stilted.

Perhaps some of the difficulty arose because we know how Kunstler and Abbie Hoffman speak, and these actors just don't talk like them and probably shouldn't.



Also, the show, if anything, was a lot of fun, and I wish the actors had had more fun doing it. They didn't seem to be the night I saw it.

The second problem I found was that I wasn't sure I wanted

to see a "Hellzapoppin'" version of the trial. It was damned funny and I sure enjoyed it, but in reality, the trial and all its ramifications aren't all that funny. And I had the feeling I would rather have been at the real trial.

Last night I went to see a play called "Candaules, Commissioner" by Dan Gerould, which left me feeling, among other things, that all this talk about needing different forms in theatre is a lot of shit. This

(Continued on Page 21)

PANTHER DEFENSE COMMITTEE

HAMPTON MEMORIAL COMMUNITY CENTER

1212 E. 59th STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637

FELLOW STRIKERS,

BOBBY SEALE, CHAIRMAN OF THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY, WILL RETURN TO CHICAGO ON JUNE 8 TO FACE JULIUS "THE JUST" HOFFMAN, CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY TO INCITE A RIOT, SEALE IS ASSURED OF NOT RECEIVING A FAIR TRIAL AS EVIDENCED BY JUDGE

HOFFMAN'S DENIAL OF BOBBY'S CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO DEFENSE COUNSEL LAST OCTOBER. HOFFMAN'S SAVAGERY WAS FURTHER EXEMPLIFIED WHEN HE HAD SEALE BOUND AND GAGGED AND THEN SENTENCED HIM FOUR YEARS IN JAIL ON CONTEMPT CHARGES WHEN BOBBY DEMANDED HIS

CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS. LINKED WITH THE NEW HAVEN TRIAL, THE CHICAGO TRIAL IS A POLITICAL FRAMEUP BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT TO CONVICT BOBBY SEALE AND SILENCE HIM FOREVER THROUGH ITS "JUST"

JUDICIAL SYSTEM. THE PIG NATION CANNOT RID ITSELF OF BOBBY SEALE BY MEANS OF COLD-BLOODED, PREMEDIATED MURDER AS WAS THE CASE WITH MARK CLARK AND FRED HAMPTON. THEREFORE THE COURTS ARE BEING EMPLOYED AS A MORE SUBTLE MEANS TO MURDER ANOTHER PANTHER LEADER.

PANTHERS

WE MUST STOP THE GOVERNMENTS PLANS TO SILENCE BOBBY SEALE. WHEN THE CONSPIRACY SEVEN WERE CONVICTED WE SHOWED OUR STRENGTH WITH MASS DEMONSTRATIONS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, FORCING HOFFMAN TO RELEASE THEM ON BAIL. WE AGAIN DEMONSTRATED — BECAUSE THE NATIONAL GUARD MURDERED FOUR AT KENT STATE, BUT REMAINED SILENT WHEN THE AUGUSTA SIX AND JACKSON TWO WERE MURDERED. WHY DO WE RESPOND ONLY WHEN WHITES ARE CONVICTED OR MURDERED? WE CANNOT ALLOW RACISM TO SPLIT THE MOVEMENT. THE UBIQUITOUS OPPRESSION AND REPRESSION OF BLACK AMERICANS — BEGAN FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO. WE HAVE BOTH IGNORED THIS FACT AND CONTINUE TO DO SO TODAY. WE MUST REALIZE THAT AN ATTACK UPON THE BLACK COMMUNITY IS AN ATTACK UPON ALL OF US. THE FEAR BLACKS HAVE LIVED WITH ALL THEIR LIVES HAS NOW SPREAD TO THE

CAMPUS. WE HAVE FINALLY COME TO REALIZE THAT OUR GOVERNMENT IS RACIST, REPRESSIVE, AND FASCIST — SOMETHING BLACKS HAVE BEEN TELLING US FOR YEARS. THE BLACK PANTHERS HAVE ORGANIZED TO

HELP DEFEND THEIR COMMUNITIES AGAINST POLICE REPRESSION, THE SAME TYPE OF REPRESSION WITNESSED ON MANY CAMPUSES THIS SPRING. THE YOUTH OF THIS COUNTRY MUST SHOW THE RULING CLASS THAT WE WILL NOT STAND FOR FURTHER REPRESSION OF THE PANTHERS AND THAT WE SUPPORT THEIR SELF-DEFENSIVE EFFORTS.

COLLEGE STUDENTS AND EMPLOYEES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY STRUCK EARLIER THIS MONTH DEMANDING THE END OF THE INDOCHINA WAR, WAR RESEARCH OFF CAMPUS, AND AN END OF POLITICAL REPRESSION. THE SECOND NATIONAL DEMAND SOUGHT THE END OF ALL POLITICAL REPRESSION AND THE FREEING OF ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS,

SPECIFICALLY BOBBY SEALE. IT IS UP TO EVERYONE WHO TAKES THESE DEMANDS SERIOUSLY TO BE IN CHICAGO FOR THE PEOPLE'S RALLY SCHEDULED FOR MONDAY, JUNE 8, NOON, AT THE FEDERAL BUILDING. IF WE DO NOT VOICE STRONG OBJECTION, BOBBY MAY GO TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR AND WHO KNOWS WHO'LL BE NEXT?

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PANTHER DEFENSE COMMITTEE WILL PROVIDE ACCOMMODATIONS FOR YOU IN THE FRED HAMPTON MEMORIAL COMMUNITY CENTER, 1212 E. 59th ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637. (THIS IS ALSO OUR MAILING ADDRESS; OUR PHONE NO. IS 312-643-0800 EXTENSION 2312). WE ASK YOU TO BRING BEDDING, TENTS, ETC., AND AS MUCH MONEY AS POSSIBLE.

YOU CANNOT BRING FRED HAMPTON BACK TO LIFE, BUT YOU CAN FREE BOBBY SEALE BY ORGANIZING FOR THE CHICAGO DEMONSTRATION IN YOUR COMMUNITY AND ATTENDING THE RALLY ON JUNE 8. WE MUST FREE BOBBY SEALE FOR OUR FREEDOM, OUR FUTURE, AND OUR LIVES DEPEND ON IT!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PANTHER DEFENSE COMM.

WELCOME TO THE AQUARIAN AGE... BUDDAH IN THE JUNK YARD

by David Walley

Somewhere up in New York State, near enough to the site of the Aquarian Age's first outing, there is a junkyard. It's not the normal run-of-the-mill junkyard either, more like the type of place one would expect to begin or end a trip — the vibrations are stronger here than anywhere else in Woodstock Nation, strong because all the artifacts of that culture are becoming rubbish... fast. Stone Buddah sits in this junkyard surrounded by civilization's spare shoes, holsters, shotgun shells (in plastic casings), and spare tins of unknown substances. Somewhere a guitar plays to the hills in a small dilapidated farmhouse where refugees in search of the answer and finding no answer, seek a more perfect channel to existence by waiting and going back to nature.

"Looks like Wavy Gravy was up here trying to till the land but he failed," said my friend Bill. I couldn't say that, but the land was magnificent — surrounded by a 360 degree ring of lightly misted wooded hills. Woodstock is the name of the new way. Buddah is in the junkheap along with some brown rice, seaweed,

broken Dylan records, and five SDS buttons. The farmhouse is 175 years old and still standing in an abbreviated form without content. Just so Woodstock stands in Aquarian legend, a form without a definite outline, without a plan.

The Woodstock Music and Art Fair ran its course, indubitably followed by Altamont. This summer there will be many attempts to keep the festival ball rolling. There were two planned for upper New York State this summer — at this moment, they may be killed for lack of interest (it doesn't matter anymore). After all, Woodstock's genius was due to the fact that it was unplanned, and no amount of forward thinking could have conceived what happened there. Woodstock is still the magic name in the country... even in San Francisco they know about Woodstock. Woodstock was a nice small town just outside of Kingston New York even a year ago. Woodstock was known as an artist's retreat. Since the Thirties, it had been the place to go because it was quiet, pleasant, and had an unhurried pace about its life. When the Rock and Roll

era passed through, Woodstock became the home of many musicians because it was a good place to relax and woodshed, a good place to become everyday people. But then WOODSTOCK happened and you know what that means, the study's been repeated many times over in various resorts throughout the country.

Surely cultural invasion is nothing new in America, and many's the native which has been done in by the Americanization of their culture... the French, the English, and the South Americans have their own sad tales to tell. We in this country are really very good at spreading and deteriorating what has come before us; we do it more efficiently. (What, culture-vulturing again, certainly Abbie wouldn't like that, but what the hell, everyone has his own way of getting it on.) The cultural invasion at Woodstock is similar to what you'd see on a Mister Dylan western western when Dodge City goes Los Angeles, only in the East... Woodstock has exactly two main roads through the city.

Actually the town is situated on one rather country turn in the hills with a town square (the kids are forever getting hassled by the town's two-man police force) with a church and a green. Woodstock is bisected by a few streams, they lend their rambling charm to the ambience. The only time traffic came out was Sunday afternoon when all the folks used to take a run into town for supplies, and they sit around jawing, 'an the ladies'd gossip and carry on...

FLASH. THE WOODSTOCK NATION HIGHWAY FROM KINGSTON IS BOTTLED UP, THERE ARE DELAYS STRETCHING ALL THE WAY DOWN THE MAJOR DEEGAN EXPRESSWAY AND VENTURING OUT TO QUEENS... THE STATE POLICE HAVE BEEN CALLED IN... FLASH: THERE WAS A H U G H A N D COUNTERDEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE THE WOODSTOCK COURTHOUSE, GAS WAS USED BUT NO ONE WAS INJURED... RIOTS ADJOURNED UNTIL TOMORROW!!!

Announcer: We now take you to Woodstock Nation where a program is now in progress...

(cut to interior of town courthouse... town meeting)

a freak: I just want to make one thing very clear, the war which uses the young, preserves our crippled economy in times like this, and is just. These people who have come together for the purposes of founding... CUT

FLASH TO THE SCENE ON THE SQUARE... CUT

There are literally triple the cars there used to be in Woodstock Nation. In Woodstock New York on Saturday night, the streets resemble Saint Marks Place, sometimes like a teaming sea they seem to descend here. Woodstock Nation goes to Woodstock New York, but never realizes that Woodstock is just a place in the time/space continuum. Maybe 175 years ago that Buddah-bound junkheap was the center of it all.

(Continued on Page 16)

RIP-OFF

by Karin Berg

THERE'S DANCIN' IN THE STREETS

David Peel, with the Lower East Side, is totally up front about music, people, their relationship to each other, and is the only group around here that practices what is preached — music for the people, by the people. Dave is so up front, so guileless, the group is often taken for granted. *The American Revolution* is a delightful album, from "(We are from) The Lower East Side" to "God." It's good music, it's funny, it says good things, it's understandable and, maybe surprises, it's serious beneath it all — but it's done with great spirit. Makes you downright proud to live below 14th Street and east of luxury. I feel Lower East Side nationalism stirring when listening to *The American Revolution*. Fuck that "East Village" crap.

The first cut on the album, "Lower East Side" is singable and could be used as a movement song. Do you remember movement songs? Do you remember singing on demonstrations (I don't mean dirges like "Give Peace a Chance" or songs non-relevant to the movement)? We could use some spirited songs and "The Lower East Side" would be a good nomination.

We are from the Lower East Side
We don't care if we live or die...

Of course we care, and DP and the LES know it, but the meaning is clear — some are ready to fight for what they believe in.

We are the underground and we
like it like that...
Got to fight the people who will
bother us...

In "I Want to Kill You," the first cut on side two, enemies are named, solutions found:

We've got to change the world before
annihilation
I want to buy a rifle, gonna get a gun
Going out kill you and I'll have
a little fun
I have got to murder you, we're
going to attack
I want to kill you, you're the
monkey on my back
I want to kill you

K*I*L*L! K*I*L*L! K*I*L*L!

It sounds very gory, but would you believe fun? And dig what's going on in the background by Dave Horowitz on organ. Horowitz has most recently spent most of his time as Tom Paxton's accompanist — he was an excellent addition to Paxton, witness *Things I Notice Now*, but adds good lines here as does other additional accompaniment: Tony Bartoli, drums; Herb Bughler (still doing nice

things), electric bass; Richard Grando, soprano sax.

All the selections are good but I would demur at "Girls, Girls, Girls," which is the usual sex-object trip and David Peel should know better. Much of it is funny, I suppose, to some but the edge is taken off the humor by the chauvanism. This isn't music for all the people.

David does a great reading of "Hey, Mr. Draft Board," which comes out "Hey, Mr. Draft Board, I don't want to go-a..." Total Apple Accent. Grando shows up well on this cut.

Marshall Efron, actor, is listed in credits and he should be most of the voices on the cuts (there's a dialogue between cuts, introducing numbers and he must be responsible for the perfect characterization of

somebody's finest on the introduction to "Oink, Oink." While the tone of the whole record is fun, the last cut, "God," isn't; it's serious and touching.

God, why do we have wars?
God, why do we have laws?
God, people are so strange
God, I am so ashamed.

It's my life and you do
what you want
People are hating and fighting
for love
People call me funny names I don't
understand...

I don't want to be your enemy
I want everyone in this world free
I don't give a damn if you're hip
or square
Love is something everyone's got
to share

God, why are people mean?
God, can't you change this scene?
God, I am only five
God, can I stay alive?

This is a good, enjoyable record. But how does the group feel about selling records, about being on record? Billy White: "We have a good relationship with Elektra, they let us do what we want to do."

David spoke about the plans for future gigs. "The record company is like a supplier. Our records sell well, so we're able to play music for the people free. Those who can afford to buy a record can help to provide music for others who can't, we're determined not to play on the concert stage, for money, for profit, although we'll still do benefits.

"We're proud of our name, Dave Peel and the Lower East Side. We play all over the city, in the parks (they're usually at the fountain in Central Park on Sundays), and on the streets of

(Continued on Page 16)

Photo - STEVENS



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

INTERGALACTIC UNION

DOPOGRAM

CLASS OF SERVICE 9
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

HI BROTHERS AND SISTERS

EXCERPTS FROM THE NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF MEDICINE, APRIL 23, 1970 ISSUE:
CHROMOSOME STUDIES ON PATIENTS (IN VIVO) AND CELLS (IN VITRO) TREATED WITH LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE: (LSD):

IN A PROSPECTIVE STUDY OF 10 PATIENTS GIVEN D-LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE 25, THERE WAS NO DIFFERENCE IN FREQUENCY OF CHROMOSOME BREAKAGE BETWEEN SAMPLES OBTAINED IMMEDIATELY BEFORE AND 24 HOURS AFTER TREATMENT. IN 11 PATIENTS, TREATED OVER PERIODS RANGING FROM 24 HOURS TO EIGHT YEARS BEFORE SAMPLING, THE FREQUENCY OF CHROMOSOMAL BREAKS DID NOT DIFFER FROM THAT FOUND IN UNTREATED CONTROLS. USING THE SAME CULTURE AND SCORING TECHNIQS, WE FOUND NO INDICATION OF AN INCREASED FREQUENCY OF CHROMOSOMAL BREAKAGE IN SUBJECTS WHO HAD INJECTED LSD. NEITHER THE DIRECT COMPARISON OF SAMPLES OBTAINED IMMEDIATELY BEFORE AND AGAIN 24 HOURS AFTER TREATMENT NOR THE STUDY OF PERSONS EXPOSED TO VARYING DOSES OVER A GIVEN TIME INDICATED ANY INCREASED FREQUENCY IN CHROMOSOME BREAKS. THE LATTER GROUP IS SIMILAR TO THOSE REPORTED BY COHEN, HIRSCHHORN AND FROSCHE AND EGOZCUE, IRWIN AND MARUFFO WITH ONE EXCEPTION: THESE PREVIOUS REPORTS INVOLVED SUBJECTS WHO HAD INGESTED SELF-ADMINISTERED ILLICIT "LSD" WHEREAS THE PRESENT STUDY WAS CARRIED OUT ON PATIENTS TREATED WITH PHARMACEUTICAL D-LSD 25 UNDER CLINICAL CONDITIONS.

IN CONCLUSION, THERE APPEARS TO BE NO CYTOGENETIC EVIDENCE THAT D-LSD 25 GIVEN THERAPEUTICALLY PRODUCES CHROMOSOMAL DAMAGE. ON THE OTHER HAND, THERE IS INCREASING EVIDENCE THAT POPULATIONS INGESTING "ILLICIT" DRUGS SHOULD BE FURTHER INVESTIGATED TO IDENTIFY THE SOURCE OF THE INCREASED FREQUENCY OF CHROMOSOME ABERRATIONS.

EXCERPTS FROM THE POT BOOK:

HOW TO GROW YOUR OWN POT: THE FIRST STEP WOULD LOGICALLY BE TO COLLECT THE SEEDS. FROM THE SEEDS ONE MUST SELECT THE DARKER OF THE LOT AND SET THEM ASIDE, FOR THEY WILL BREAK THROUGH THEIR SHELLS MORE EASILY. GREEN SEEDS VERY RARELY WILL SPROUT SINCE THE PLANT WILL BE UNABLE TO BREAK THROUGH THE TOUGH SHELL OF THE SEED. THE EARTH ON TOP OF THE SEEDS SHOULD NOT BE PACKED HARD, BUT LEFT LOOSE. USUALLY THE FIRST PLANT OR PLANTS WILL SPROUT UP WITHIN A FEW DAYS, ALTHOUGH OTHERS WILL TAKE UP TO A WEEK TO TEN DAYS. WELL FERTILIZED SOIL, OF COURSE, ENHANCES THE PLANTS CHANCES OF SURVIVAL. SINCE POT GROWS BEST IN TROPICAL AND TEMPERATE CLIMATES, NORTH AMERICANS SHOULD HAVE LITTLE DIFFICULTIES WITH THE CLIMATE. THE MALE PLANT IS MERELY HEMP AND DOES NOT CONTAIN THE RESIN CANNABINOL. THE FEMALE PLANT IS ACTUALLY UNMISTAKABLE SINCE IT HAS MANY MORE FLOWERS THAN THE MALE PLANT. POT, OR AS THE MEXICANS CALL IT, "MOTA," IS GROWN IN GREAT ABUNDANCES IN THE CENTRAL REGIONS OF MEXICO. AND IT IS FROM THERE THAT THE LARGEST AMOUNT OF THE PLANT FINDS ITS WAY INTO THE UNITED STATES. THE MEXICANS PREPARE KILOS (2.2 POUNDS) OF MARIJUANA BY FIRST CUTTING THE PLANT ABOUT THE MID-STEM AND HANGING IT UPSIDE DOWN THAT IT BOTH DRIES AND ALSO SO THAT ANY OF THE RESIN LEFT IN THE STEM WILL FLOW INTO THE LEAVES. AFTER THIS PROCESS IS CONCLUDED THE SEMI-DRY PLANT IS CRUMBLD PARTIALLY AND MAID OUT, WHERE IT IS SEASONED WITH RUM. THE HARVESTER WILL SIP A QUANTITY OF RUM AND THEN SPRAY IT THROUGH HIS LIPS ONTO THE NEWLY HARVESTED PLANT. THIS PROCESS FINISHED. A KILO IS MEASURED OUT AND THE PLANT IS THEN COMPRESSED INTO A BRICK-LIKE CUBE WEIGHING EXACTLY 2.2 POUNDS.

DOPE NEWS: PLENTY OF GRASS. COMMERCIAL WEED FROM MEXICO, \$150 PER POUND, PAKISTANI HASH \$750 PER POUND. HASHISH FROM NEPAL IN BALLS THE SIZE OF A FIST (YOU HAVE TO SMOKE IT TO BELIEVE IT) \$1250 PER SINGLE POUND. PLENTY OF PSYLISIBIN, \$1.50 PER TAB, SUNSHINE, .50 CENTS PER TAB.

PLANT YOUR SEEDS, TRIP WITH SUNSHINE LSD. DO IT. OM.



WOMEN'S LIB goes Stomping THE SAVOY



CLAUDIA DREIFUS

"Dames at bars? NO!" cried an alarmed Earl Wilson in the May 22nd NEW YORK POST. "New York's male saloonists are not going to be panicked into allowing unescorted women drinking at their bars even though Faith Kaye of the Russian Tea Room is pioneering in the name of liberation of the female."

"That's what he thinks," snapped back Aida Politisch, a tall brunette writer, editor, and a member of women's liberation. Aida had just completed a survey of Manhattan drinking spots and discovered that many bars in Fun City have flat bans against women patrons. Some pubs, like McSorley's of the East Village and the Oak Room of the Plaza Hotel, simply refuse to serve any females. Others, like Gallagher's, Toot's Shor's, and

the Four Seasons, snub women without male escorts. When asked about this blatant discrimination, most restaurateurs plead that they have their liquor licenses to protect. Unescorted ladies are potential prostitutes - "filles de joie" Toots Shor calls them. And God forbid, if some innocent, unsuspecting businessman should make a pickup... the pub owner might lose his booze license. "So, we're all potential prostitutes, huh?" laughed Aida, who last week had gone with a friend, Victoria Schultz, from the Plaza to P.J. Clark's to the Russian Tea Room to the Four Seasons in a vain attempt to order two beers. "They'll eat those words."

On Saturday morning, May 23, I join Aida and twenty other liberated women in front of the Central Park South entrance of

the Cafe de la Paix. Our goal: to hold the first feminist equal accommodations sit-in in the history of New York. The Cafe is not the kind of place I would usually partonize. Located in the lobby of the Hotel St. Moritz, it is an expensive clip-joint that serves weak drinks at heavy prices. But de la Paix is situated in one of the nicest spots in town - overlooking the Park - and it is an outdoor cafe that uses City property for its segregated policies.

"I've always wanted to get at this place," explains writer Susan Brownmiller. "Last year I went here with a friend and they refused to serve us. When I asked for an explanation the waiter demurely blushed and told me he had orders to turn away all 'unescorted ladies.'"

It is 11:00 A.M. on a Saturday morning and the Cafe

de la Paix looks frighteningly un-open. Two sisters volunteer to go inside the St. Moritz to check on when the Cafe will start serving. A moment later, they return sour, disappointed looks.

"The place won't open till 3:00," one sister reports. Then a moment of recognition flashes through her mind. "You know, that man at the St. Moritz must have really thought I was a lush. I mean, it looks ridiculous showing up at 11:00 A.M. for a drink! Who planned this thing anyway?"

No one bothers to answer the question, because everyone is preoccupied finding a second site for our demonstration. Aida dips into her pocketbook and pulls out a copy of Earl Wilson's article with its ever so nice list of names and addresses of segregated restaurants. "Wasn't

it convenient of Earl Wilson to provide us with a demonstration timetable," laughs Sally Kempton.

Our second choice target is P.J. Clark's, a Third Avenue pub where Aida received particularly rude treatment when she tried to order beer sans male. We have about a ten block walk, so we march eastward singing freedom songs from the old civil rights movement. East past the Plaza... past the Playboy Club (where we spit and raise our fists defiantly)... past Park Avenue... down to East 52nd Street. *We are sisters all together, we shall not be moved...* God, I haven't heard freedom songs in years.

Years ago, in the long-forgotten early sixties, the age of innocence, I used to travel to Maryland on Freedom Rides. In those days the restaurants along U.S. Route 40 were best known for their lousy food and their refusal to feed blacks. So the NYU CORE group used to load up buses of black ghetto residents and white university students and we'd head for Maryland on an integrated crusade. Along Route 40 we'd pick out restaurants known for their segregationist policies and have our sit-ins. The first wave of demonstrators would go inside a restaurant and take seats. The owner would then call the State Troopers. We'd sing freedom songs. *WE shall not, we shall not be moved...* and the Maryland Troopers would read us the State law against trespassing. Once the law was read, the first wave would leave the establishment to be followed by a second wave of Freedom Riders. We'd make assaults like that all day and the segregationist pig restaurant owners could carry on no business. Eventually Route 40 became a more civilized place

and the restaurants along it were integrated.

In those days, many blacks were critical of the Freedom Rides. "Why bother integrating restaurants and hotels that no black man can afford to go to?" some ghetto leaders asked. They were quite right, of course. And in a way I had those same objections to sitting-in on swank Manhattan restaurants. After all, I never drink and, frankly, don't plan to make much use of non-sexist facilities at the Four Seasons or the Plaza. But when Toots Shor says he won't serve unescorted women because "it would lead to the place being filled with *filles de joie*," I get mad.

Most restaurants that ban women don't do it because of fear of solicitation. They do it to maintain little preserves of male privilege. Playboy describes the Plaza's Oak Room as a place where "businessmen can lunch away from the sight and sound of women"... and *that's* what it's really about. I can understand the rage of a sister who goes into a pub and is barred for no reason but her sex. It's another example of the niggerization of the female. That's why I was marching through the East Fifties that Saturday morning singing Freedom songs, with twenty dollars in my pocket just in case we did get served.

P.J. Clark's turns out to be one of those fashionably antiqued Irish bars that are so popular along Third Avenue. Lots of Tiffany lamps, Sinn Fein posters and Irish flags. We all crowd around the wooden bar rail as Victoria Schultz demands a beer from the bartender. He scowls at her. "No unescorted ladies served at the bar. You'll have to sit in the back."

DECO MPOSITION BY DA LATIMER

They tell me Allen Katzman's displeased with me. *Displeased?* You could've knocked me over with a fart. 'It's your coffecups,' they tell me, 'you leave them all over Katzman's desk when you use his typewriter, and don't you know what an *ashtray*'s for, for Issek's sake? Poor Allen comes in here, he's grumbling, cleaning up, that fucking Latimer, he says... And then that ad you drew back a few months ago, remember, saying the Beatles need a new bass man, contact Allan Klein at Abcko? Shit, says Allen, that fucking Latimer, I'm getting nasty calls from Klein's office because of that ad and he just laughs... Yeah, that's what they tell me.

That's awful! The only contrary thing I can remember Allen ever telling me, and this on several occasions, is that I use too many dirty words in my EVO copy. But look, if they have been quoting Katzman to me accurately, then he has nothing to say to me about the misabuse of profanity. But it really smites me to the ground to learn Katzman's perturbed with me and not telling me about it. Why, just the other day, he said, amiable as you please, 'Dean,' he says, 'did you see where Jaakov and I made the National Renaissance Party's list of top Jews in underground publishing?' And I answered him thus: 'God damn, all these years I been working for Jews? What if my mother finds out?'

Little did I suspect anywhere in the course of this witty exchange that Allen Katzman, sole surviving co-founder of The East Village Other and the Underground Press Syndicate, was inwardly seething with hate and resentment against me and was about to pitch me down the elevator shaft—a quick eleven to the slates from our new offices—when I least expected it. Happily, he this Katzman has jaunted out to the Coast this week to make some more money, more yet, which affords me a brief space to perform certain acts of contrition. Besides sweeping around this desk when I'm done, I shall write something about his new book from Doubleday, *The Immaculate*.

It's a book of poems, of poetry, one of those 'slim volumes' you tend to pass up in favour of the steamier paperback stuff two racks down by the Hallmark cards. At least I do. For some long time now, I have cultivated an unreasoning contempt for any poetry since *Hugh Selwyn Mauberly*. I can't understand it, I can't write it, who needs it?

Only the terror of Katzman's continued displeasure could have prompted me to open his book of poems. But it did, so I did,

and wow it's outa sight!

Just look at this for poetry, for instance. It's the first thing I read, opening *The Immaculate*, and I almost lost the spring of 1965 in the rush:

The Commanche Cantos
*The Indian moves from the center to
They sit around a small fire lit by
They stand at the river's edge. The man
The old Indian rises with the dawn.
They take him from women's hands to
The last song keeps pace to a distant
The tree is alone beyond the edge of the
They bear it from the river's edge to
Night of the red sky. Tongue of fire:
They retell the old tales; the old ones
The day breaks and a flash of lightning
They appear as ghosts against the dying
flame.*

Now that's stirring; the flash of images, the transmutation of one Indian into many Indians, to an old indian in the arms of the women (a burial?), the last song, and then the Indian is a tree, a tree in a lightning storm while the old ones tell tales with tongues of fire, like ghosts against the thunder in the dawn...

And that's just *the table of contents!* Those are the first lines of the last grouping of poems in *The Immaculate*, and they make a poem of their own.

I have a suspicion Katzman probably had them listed that way, by first lines, with just that effect in mind: discovering that his witchcraft language made such a poetry possible, why should he not conjure this up for the rest of us to delight in? For reasons I cannot guess, this particular found-poem hits me just as forcefully as anything else in the book, and many of the others hit me very hard indeed. But I shan't be able to tell you precisely why they move me either. You will shortly see that I am not the man to be writing about poetry: Katzman himself is an extraordinarily complex and subtle and beautiful person, and insofar as his poems here reflect any of this in him, I will try to get that across to you.

I rise
The command comes forth
MOVE OUT.

Early on, twelve years or so ago, Katzman was with the Army in Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where things like that would happen. There is a wonderful force and spareness in that line from 'Poems From Oklahoma', and with that simple period at the end of the line you certainly do get the feeling of what a gross futility all that war effort constitutes. Stand up. Move out. There. Maneuver complete. Or maybe you're dead.

It is little things like this that delight me: a gesture, a series, a

The Blood Letter



Photograph: ~~JOHN PERKINS STEVENS~~
change, impaled on a pitchfork of words, paralysed photographically. At the beginning of the book, in 'The Songs Of David,' an impression of King Saul, trapped:

Saul would cry a madman of matter, wealth caught in the static of tables, chairs, a man mad with-out walking out...

And another of Saul, satiated, bored, listening to the streets:

Outside they dance, dancing, celebration, victory, bleating lambs, spoils of war.

With just this, less than thirty words, I get a pretty solid apprehension of what Saul's kingdom was like, and what distasteful contemporary kingdom it reminds me of. But then Katzman recalls to me David—

David will wait: Faith, a man, a King, passion, that is geography.

— and I look forward to the

pretty new maps we will carve out of *this* kingdom. All this is done by Katzman without much fury or condemnation, just a sort of poetic condescension for everyone concerned. Katzman is about as moralistic as the *I Ching*.

There is much in his taut, precise use of words that hearkens me back to early Beckett. I can't say for sure, but I get the feeling of some of those early poems, 'Whoroscope' and such, in some of *The Immaculate*.

The head, skewered aloft, throttled in the cangue of the wind bites like a dog against its own chastisement.

That's Beckett. Allen and I are great admirers of Beckett. One night a few years ago, when I was an evil-smelling streetling bringing in handwritten copy to the old Avenue A office, Allen and I fell into a Beckett rap that lasted half the night. Sitting around a storefront office on Avenue A is not the safest way to spend the wee small, and when we noticed it was getting on toward two ayem, we commenced to get a little nervous. Reaching accordingly into his desk drawer, Allen confidently produced a pearl-handled .22 pistol and continued his elaboration on the Homeric symbolism in *Molloy*. Not for nothing does he write a column called 'Poor Paranoid's Almanac.'

There are plenty other stinks from Beckett clinging to Katzman's poems, of course. The title poem, 'The Immaculate', features for example a grotesque menagerie of kooks who bear an irresistible resemblance to the Gall family in *Watt*:

Mary L. played with the hem of her dress.

She was bored.

Luke stuck a needle in his arm.

He was high.

Johnny cursed his father, mother, sister, brother.

He was mad.

Mary made it with Pete between the sofa and the wall.

She was having a good time.

Pete said Paul.

Paul was a pimp.

He wanted 10 dollars.

Pete was adamant like a rock.

He gave him only 5.

Dave sat in the corner quiet as a lamb.

Abe struck Dave on the forehead with a newspaper.

He hated lambs.

Joe watched Andy.

Andy watched Bart.

Bart watched both of them.

They all watched Salome.

Salome danced.

Other parts of this poem remind me variously of Lucky's speech from *Waiting For Godot*, and snatches of dialogue between the two old bums. As a matter of fact, I get so involved in the sweet crisp music of the language, the interplay of images and the tension building to a climax, that I plumb disregard the enticing possibilities of twelve disciples, a mother and father, two ancestors and two hookers waiting in one room for Joe Childes, the Birthday Boy. There are things Latimer was not meant to tamper with.

But I do remember that after we had swapped Beckett theories all that night like baseball cards,

Allen showed me his poem 'Ode To The Eastern Wind,' then under construction. I was immoderately impressed 'poetry that worked?' ... At this hour, the people I meet are/the people I know; gods who move through/my pants pockets like loose change made dirty with transfer.' That poem has a retain now that goes, 'O Eastern wind, when can I go home and/be a man?' In the winter, with the wind from the East, one has to hassle with some unpleasant elements; and in hassling, becomes himself partly unpleasant, and less of a man. It's an ill wind, it blows no good. But I could be wrong. This is the way this stuff strikes me, but I could be wrong any time I step away from simple minded admiration of Katzman's lyrics and attempt some interpretation. Accordingly, I shall avoid any further mention of the Comanche Cantos and kill this loser column with a rap on his love poems, under grouping, 'The Bloodletting.'

There are five or six of these with which I am particularly enamoured, since they reflect my present state of mind exquisitely. You can always tell the magnitude of a poet by his love poems: if in a batch of them there is not one that precisely reflects your current emotional complexion, then chances are he has little to tell you. But out of only twentythree poems here, Katzman has a half-dozen that hit me right on the dollar; many of the remaining lyrics also evoke strong impressions of previous states of consciousness, although I suspect a few of them may indicate states of exaltation and wretchedness which I have yet to pass through. Consider, for example—

My love is like my hands

I would not know her

in a crowd.

— and what curious sort of confidence does *that* speak?

Yeah, and I know of a lady far away, I wish she would read 'Love Poem No. 4.'

The thing is, you should not pass this 'slim volume' up in favor of the Olympia Press rack. Why, the cover alone is worth the price of the volume. It depicts Katzman, looking handsome as all *shit*, with his chin resting on the crook of his cane, bearing a suspicious resemblance to Scrooge McDuck, who was also often depicted posed in such an attitude. There's an interesting story behind that cane, and how Katzman became addicted to its use... Some say he completely disregarded the advice of his astrologer, lost his temper, and unsuccessfully vaulted a low wall in an attempt to get onto the old baseball diamond. But then there are others who speak of the time he tried to ambush Jim Fouratt (another co-founder of UPS) from the Fillmore East marquee and forgot to calculate for wind draft...



Is Timothy Leary's imprisonment a consciously creative act aimed at the re-unification of the revolutionary movement? Tim has ample time to leave this country having been cut loose by the state on all of his jacked up drug busts, but the government wanted or feared him and re-opened his cases on federal charges. Is this psychedelic political spokesman who decided to bring his platform into the political arena a Bodhisattva or is Timothy Leary just naive, so transcended in the One Consciousness that he lost all discriminating wisdom and has gone down in the style of Wilhelm Reich?

Timothy Leary's imprisonment is a conscious creative act and it's already beginning to work, for social revolution follows a pattern and that pattern is understood by consciously creative men. At the 1967 Golden Gate Park, first human-be-in, Leary and Rubin were on the same platform. Leary's platform was still tune-in, turn-on and drop-out. We were waiting for tune-in, turn-on and take-over, but it wasn't time to take-over yet; many other revolutions and revolutionaries were being born. The movement had just left Millbrook and hadn't hit the streets yet. There was no revolution yet, only a change in life style. Rubin, still static in his short hair, khaki dress, appealing for funds for the free-speech movement, seemed antiquated with his nineteen-thirtyish post-graduate approach while the real revolution was taking place inside, in the blood-stream of our cellular consciousness. The time was not right for take-over, so Tim dropped-out. Rubin turned on and gave birth to the yippies; the Black Panther Party was formed, invaded, brutalized but held together. The student revolt took hold, the Pentagon, Chicago, everyone received some training (quite spontaneously, for the driving force of revolution is a spontaneous vision) and Leary stuck around to

see it all go down. It was forming like multi-leveled, multi-armed Shiva and Avalokitesvara, mythical dancers, doing their dance. Lama Govinda, on page 232 of his Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism, says,

"According to the well-known legend, Avalokitesvara, looking down upon this suffering world with his all-penetrating eye of wisdom, was filled with such profound compassion, that in his overwhelming desire to lead beings towards liberation his head burst forth into innumerable heads, and from his body sprang a thousand helping arms and hands, like an

aura of dazzling rays. And in the palm of each hand an eye appeared, because the compassion of a Bodhisattva is not blind emotion, but love combined with wisdom. It is the spontaneous urge to help others, flowing from the knowledge of the inner oneness."

It was time for political action, the revolution finding a foothold, a trench in this country, was now looking for a vehicle, a form, in which to focus its energy. Again the California ticket would read Reagan and Yorty, a repetition of the Nixon-Humphery ticket, an absurdity; so they martyred him on phoney-re-opened federal court charges, nailed him for he had

over-stepped the bounds of the political structure. Did time know this? Of course. Thirty years for an ounce of grass. That's what the 1967 newspapers read and now it's all being manifest, shades of Victor Hugo's Les Miserables, the revolutionary dance being danced out. Only the forms change but remains constant are forms.

Nehru, Ghandi, Aurobindo and thousands of other holy men also went to jail, on fasts, as Yogie Guerillas for their country was being occupied by a foreign colonial element not uncommon with the computerized elite; White House and its FBI, CIA, and industrial powered abstract machine monster which is devouring the earth piecemeal, and imprisoning while it goes. They became living symbols (you can feel the breath of the Bobby Seale's, Huey Newton's and Timothy Leary's behind the walls) of the revolution and in some mystic way directed its course from their cell blocks. It has all happened before, it's Avalokitesvara, the embodiment of compassion, who is holding together. Avalokitesvara is male-female, thousand-armed dancer of the revolution, manifesting the universal in the individual, the black and white, psychedelic activist, diggers, Women's Liberation, S.D.S., yogic student revolutionary, poet, visionary, and saint, all bursting forth from the flower of freedom. Leary's commitment to jail is conscious, its the first phase of revolution, sacrifice, making sacred. Holding Together will turn into Gathering Together, that is, bringing all the diverse forces into one general gestalt in which they will finally Come Together in one huge orgiastic explosion, undulating the earth with the seeds of new beginnings.

Yes, we will kill them, with love, just as they are killing the world with hate. This will be the third phase of the revolution, Coming Together, and it will work.

Yoga Guerilla Movement

COMICSROLL 1
is a comic book, except it isn't a book... it's a 45 inch SCROLL printed on both sides about eight feet of comic in that Old-New Form made popular by such Best-seller Hits as THE BOOK OF THE DEAD, THE JOSHUA BIBLE, THE TORAH, THE SUTRA OF CAUSE AND EFFECT, THE TALE OF GRNJI and lots of other All Time Favorites.

COMICSROLL 1 is about humping and politics and sex and taxidermy and cannibalism and William Blake and Angels and Devils and reeking and about HOW THEY PLAN TO WIPE US OUT.

COMICSROLL 1 is carefully drawn and at times beautifully drawn and written, a small portion of it appeared in **GOTHIC BLIMPWORKS** before the Mysterious Demise of that publication. In those days it was called **TALES OF THE ANARCHIST CRAZIES**.

COMICSROLL 1 is presently for sale at the Gallery of Erotic Art in a fancy-as limited edition at ten bucks a throw. The edition for sale here was lithographed on good quality offset paper and costs much much less.

COMICSROLL 1 is the first publication of **GUN AND PASSPORT COMICS**, a new organization dedicated to beautiful forms and content for the Eternal Printed Image. Right now we consider the **COMICSROLL** too heavily political and sent to the address below gets you your scroll. It also gets you advance notice of our next comic... dirty and handsome and Un-American and... if The Lord be with us... in full living color.

TIME IS SHORT THE BILL COLLECTOR AT OUR DOOR, THE F.B.I. AT THINE

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ABBIE AND ANITA RAP WITH GRACE AND PAUL

Shortly before crashing Tricia Nixon's party for Finch College alumni, Abbie and Anita Hoffman rapped with Grace Slick and Paul Kantner of Jefferson Airplane. It is an interesting and revealing rap deserving all the space we could spare. Poor Tricia, never knew what she missed.

Anita: A lot of people regard *We Can Be Together* as sort of an anthem. Do you like that?

Paul: It's whatever people want it for. Yeah, it's a song. It wasn't thought of as an anthem. It's almost like a news story. We're all relating to what's going around us, you know.

Anita: It expresses everything that a lot of us feel.

Paul: Well, we're a people. It's not an anthem though. It's fun to sing.

Grace: There are millions of 'em, aren't there? The only difference is, it's saying something. A lot of people are saying words like that. You set 'em to music and then it just becomes that title. But everybody's talking like that.

Anita: Rock musicians are sort of culture heroes. People love the music and the dancing, but often there's a gap in philosophy and politics between them and the musicians. That's why it's so exciting for people who are fighting in the streets to hear just what they're thinking in their music.

Grace: Music's Dionysian. It immediately, because you can't put your finger on it, divorces itself from a lot of reality. It's almost like a wine. That's what's weird about it, because the lyrics aren't like wine. The lyrics are jabbers and yet music in its essence is nothing. I mean you can't say it's good, bad, this, that or the other thing.

Paul: It just is.

Grace: It's a weird combination; the idea of putting news to music is really strange.

Abbie: Do you use many contemporary images, like the outlaws of America? Paul: It's not ours...

Abbie: It's permanent. I mean it's sort of a universal thing.

Paul: Right. We're not claiming, I'm not claiming zero origination of that idea... Of Outlaws of America, I mean it's just something that everybody talks about. You're an outlaw. They write about that in the papers all the time. I just put it down.

Abbie: Do you think it's a violent song?

Paul: No, no.

Abbie: No?

Paul: Then let me say, what do you consider violent? I don't consider the IBM building violent.

Abbie: Blowing up the IBM building? Paul: That's humorous.

Abbie: (laughing) That's humorous? Paul: Particularly when you call ahead and tell everybody 'your building is going to be blown up. Don't get hurt.' That's humorous.

Grace: You're being arbitrary though, that's what's strange about it. The decision to write certain things into a song, Marty's constantly amazed about that stuff. Because he feels like he's been totally objective or not involved in it, and people come up and involve him in something. He almost doesn't know that he's written that song. And it's very weird.

Paul: He's always saying, look what's happening out in the streets.

Grace: You ought to talk to him. He's a really strange cat. One of the weirdest characters I've ever seen.

Abbie: What role did he have in the song?

Paul: He wrote *Volunteers*. He wrote the words to *Volunteers*. I wrote *We Can Be Together* and they were originally one song.

Anita: Oh, I had that kind of feeling. Paul: The problem being that we wanted to finish the album with it but we couldn't. As you get into the disc, as you get into the bands of a record, and closer to the hole, the fidelity of the record gets shittier.

The grooves of the record always tend to be shitty unless you don't... They can't take a lot of stuff. You can't have a big bass line and a lot of piano and a lot of voices all going at once and expect to understand as well as you would on the outside band. Does that make any sense? A lot of it was just a



JOSEPH STEVENS



technical trip that couldn't be avoided. We had it on the inside first and it sounded shitty. The fidelity was gone. It was all muddy.

Abbie: The symbolism of Volunteering for America is, uh... I find it a bit troubling. It's like a Peace Corps thing. Let's help it. Paul: No, no. Do not help it. Just be it.

Anita: You mean, like, we are the Second American Revolution.

Grace: the intention of the album title was to make fun of the dying Christian organization, the dying Christian image. So it gets out of hand. People attribute all kinds of names to it.

Paul: It's just like your thing, of just being it rather than doing it.

Abbie: I said orphans when I was testifying. We are orphans of America.

Paul: Yeah, that's the same.

Anita: It's always an awkward problem because you're trying to differentiate between a land or a country, and the government and its institutions.

Abbie: Do you think about starting your own record company? Cause the royalties are probably the same as for a book. 5 or 10%, is that what it is?

Paul: Yeah. Abbie: I don't know which company you're with, but it's probably like a subdivision of some huge...

Paul: RCA. RCA is like the Catholic Church; man. They own Hertz Rentacar. They own millions of hotels. They make missiles, they make color TVs, refrigerators. I mean they make everything. You could live inside the RCA building for your entire life, probably, and never need to go outside it. They make plastic

foods. They're one of those octopi. Abbie: Do you think about starting your own company?

Paul: Yeah, we just did. with the Grateful Dead and Quicksilver Messenger Service. Started a company called Triad. We just did a dance in San Francisco. You know, our own dance without any big rock'n roll star trip. We just had a big party. And all the old people from San Francisco who went out to live in the hills and all the freaks came back in. It was really a great night. We had the biggest guest list in the history of the place.

Abbie: It's going to be a new record company? Paul: We're just getting out of our contract and the other groups are getting out of theirs, and we'll just get our thing together between the three groups. Not only a recording company but other possibilities we can think of. Is that what you meant?

Abbie: You must have the same problem I do: writing for a company that, first of all, interferes with art. Paul: Interferes?

Abbie: Interferes, yeah. I mean my books have been censored. And I'm sure it's worse on records than in books. Because the publishers sort of pride themselves on being liberal. But it goes beyond that to the idea of participating in that distribution system, of writing for companies that make tremendous amounts of money and don't do nothin with it.

Paul: It's not even anything you can deal with though. There's nobody at RCA that is RCA. There's always somebody who says, 'this is his department, check with him.' You can't go to Mr. RCA and say, 'I've got

a problem, can you take care of this, because there is no Mr. RCA. It's the Board of Stockholders that we're all responsible to, supposedly. It's like the government. Without a president though. Without even a president.

Abbie: Well, maybe I can draw an analogy with the Movement Speaker's Bureau. There are lecture bureaus, you know, that book campus groups like a booking agent. only they take 30-35%. By going through them you're actually supporting an institution in which the people that run it have different goals and visions than you. And you're making a lot of bread for them. So what we did was start a Movement Speaker's Bureau that operates on a one-member, one-vote principle. And the percentage that's taken out is put into a fund which goes to different movement projects according to the participants' votes. We're trying to build our own institutions.

Grace: That's the way the Jefferson Airplane operates as its own institution which amounts to about thirty people. But outside of that RCA's almost like a... our contract's up in six months. You sign with RCA as a jerky young kid saying, 'yeah, you make me record, I sign contract.'

Abbie: We've been thinking of alternative distribution systems. That's the whole problem. The reason I write for Random House and Jerry for Simon and Schuster is that they're the only ones who can distribute it.

Paul: That's their gig. That's what you supposedly pay them for. Because they can do it well. Because for you to do it you'd have to

industry. Have to have distributing houses in every major city of the country, I mean it goes on and on... If we had our own record company we still wouldn't want to distribute it. That would cause so many headaches. That's... business.

Abbie: They're not good at it either. Do you find that a lot of capitalist record companies aren't even good at that? There's a saying that they don't go bankrupt 'cause they make so much fuckin' money.

Paul: They're not very efficient. They're more efficient than we would be, but they're not efficient at what they're supposed to do.

Abbie: Is the Mafia big in distribution of records? We've been told that as soon as you get into the distribution of magazines, books, or records - boom.

Paul: Who knows. You don't come across the Mafia, just some weird guys who run rock'n roll clubs. Sort of low on the Mafia totem pole. They have to do this for a year because they've been bad guys. They run the Whiskey A Go Go, or something like that.

Anita: When you travel around the country each year, can you tell, just from the audiences, how the country is changing? Paul: Oh sure.

Grace: You can tell just from the headlines.

Paul: All these weird little colleges we play in have helmeted crazies. Really good old revolutionary crazies...

Grace: Climbing over fences and climbing onto cops and screaming at 'em and shit.

Paul: At Amherst, sixteen hundred crazies broke in...

Grace: ... to hear the concert free. Paul: There were chicks letting them into the bathroom. They had a ladder and they climbed up into the chick's bathroom. They broke one window, is all, and the cops got uptight. As though there was going to be a riot. SDS, Weathermen, all breaking in, tear down the walls, up against the wall, and all this shit. They were breaking in and were just stoned, dancing and having a really good time.

Grace: Three or four years ago if there was any hassle there would immediately be cops doing their thing, rushing out and taking care of whatever scene it was. And everybody'd go 'like cool it' and go back.

Paul: Now they fight. Grace: At the last concert we did there were two cops standing over by the speaker system, hiding behind the speaker system 'cause they were scared. That's why they were back there. It was very far out. All the kids pointing at them saying 'hey, look at those pigs over there. Go say hello to those pigs. Man, look at 'em over there.' So I went creeping over by the amplifier, crept up around one of 'em and waved at 'em like that. And the kids were laughing saying, 'Get 'em out of here. Figs,' and guys were throwing shit. It was incredible. Just amazing.

Abbie: What's the age of the audience? Does it change? Grace: Mostly early twenties, I'd say.

Anita: We.. they're at colleges, mostly. Is the audience wilder at colleges, or at Fillmore type places? Grace: Not really. 'Cause Boston was pretty goofy and that was a public thing. It was an auditorium.

Paul: Acid freaks always. It's getting back to that it seems. A lot of places we've played that happens. And, uh, Baltimore. Even Baltimore just freaked out. Not necessarily because of our music out front. I mean they were freaked out when they got there. Just all those bizarre happy freaks dancing there, jumping up and down, before the show even got on. John Hammond, do you know him? A guitar player from New York. He was playing acoustic guitar and even for the first act, just one guy playing acoustic guitar - the kids were up jumping in the aisle. You know how they do at Stones concerts? Just filling up all the aisles, all the empty space. And the cops tried to stop the show, to get them back. So they stopped the show for twenty minutes and they couldn't get 'em to move back. And they didn't know what to do, so we started the show again and the kids just danced and freaked out. They didn't do any real damage cause nobody hassled them.

Grace: The cops are really afraid of microphones. If you stick a microphone in front of their face perspiration comes out immediately. They'll come up to you and say 'hey listen, you can't play anymore' and you just say 'Oh, you want to tell the audience that?' They shake and perspire and get fat around the collar and everything.

Paul: It's fun to play with the police in that situation.

Grace: (laughs) Paul: We've never really gotten hassled. I got busted once in Florida for disturbing the peace but it was humorous. I was in jail for about an hour and a half. Got right out. No hassles.

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Abbie: They've banned festivals in New York State, you know. They passed an anti-Woodstock law. They said that a gathering of 5,000 people or more with music, if it lasts more than a day, has to conform to federal health standards, which is like two toilets per person - some ridiculous rule. Bit it was to prevent Woodstocks.

Anita: What do you think of free concerts, do you think they're the same? Do they have the same meaning as others?

Paul: A free concert's a free concert and it's a whole different thing than a pay concert.

Grace: California's a whole different thing, it's almost silly in its idyllicness. Like a concert in San Francisco is all these kids...

Paul: This is like the heart of a crumbling empire and San Francisco's like the pastoral setting out. The Aeniad or something like that.

Grace: Compared to the rest of the country.

Paul: Countryside. Really pleasant bright city, clouds...

Grace: It's funny too because you write lyrics about things that are going on. They almost have no bearing on our own lives at all 'cause it was incredibly peaceful and pleasant.

Anita: That's what's puzzled me. Like the Stones' *Street Fighting Man*. The lyrics, at that time, were the most militant ever - fighting in the streets and all - and when we saw the Stones perform a lot of political

symbolism passed back and forth between stage and audience. The thing is, it seemed more theatrical than real, more dashing as gesture than meaningful politically.

Paul: That's cause you put a pretty dull picture of what you think he should have been, on him.

Grace: They're a strange group. We play rock'n roll music and it's strange to watch them play for us too. They're really a bizarre group.

Anita: Yeah.

Grace: Because Jagger's just this kind of mashed up sort of clown-chick.

Paul: Super actor. Medieval actor.

Grace: Fag. Commie freak.

Abbie: He's Myra Beckinridge.

Paul: Among other things. I mean he does a lot of that just to freak people out who are expecting certain things from him. Gives them totally what they can't handle.

Anita: I think the thing that also surprised me, even though I don't know much about their lives -

Paul: It's not important

Anita: was that they could write such a song although they do lead rather sheltered lives in terms of street demonstrations.

Paul: Hey, all they have to do is turn on TV. That's what it's all about. The media trip today. You don't have to be in street demonstrations.

Abbie: You might have felt that way because Jagger said, when we asked him about that song, "Oh no, it's just about a poor boy growing up and

becoming a rock...

Paul: I mean he had a shitty time now and then.

Abbie: He was probably putting us on a bit.

Anita: It wasn't what he said so much...

Paul: Like the Woodstock news clips on the news the day after were a better movie than Woodstock as far as getting high off Woodstock.

Abbie: Do you think of other things besides music? How long have you been together as a group?

Paul: Four or five years. Three with Grace.

Grace: The process of doing what we do is like being a doctor. It's almost 24 hours a day. It involves other things besides music. It is everything, essentially, or it can be.

Paul: We're going to the White House in a couple of days.

Anita: When you give a concert in Golden Gate Park...

Paul: That's outlawed, right now.

Abbie: Outlawed?

Paul: Yeah. Can't do it. We're working on it.

Anita: I keep thinking about the summer of 67, though I never did see San Francisco then.

Paul: Summer of love.

Grace: Yeah, it was idyllic.

Abbie: Garden of Eden.

Anita: When things began to change, were you more surprised than we were? Because we're used to conflict and you were into a more artistic, creative thing?

Paul: Well, that had been going on in San Francisco for five, ten years.

Grace: We were just amused by the fact that all of a sudden everybody else discovered it. "Hey, we want to do an article on you guys. What are you doing out here, making weird posters, strange music? What are you doing?" I don't know. We've been doing it for five years. We were just amused by that. People used to laugh at us in airports but they don't anymore. Charles Manson did that.

Abbie: Rock groups are accepted.

Paul: They're understood because they make money, that's all.

Abbie: If I'm flying on an airplane - well I don't have long hair now cause they cut it in jail - but when I had long hair, flying in the early morning about 8 or 9 was strange because it's all executives. And here comes a freak bopping along, so I say I'm with a band. They say what band/ I say the Yippies. Oh sure, they say. It's accepted. It's not threatening to them. Their racism can allow non-conformity as long as it knows its place. Also they feel we wear long hair and freak clothes so we can make money, which is accepted. Sort of - we have to dress this way because out job requires it.

Paul: The first Be-In freaked everybody out. We came to Golden Gate Park expecting to see maybe two or three hundred people. When we got there there were something like 20,000 people there. Same thing at Woodstock. It just blew their minds that there were that many people into the same thing.

Anita: Do you ever feel isolated from the kids on the other side. I was thinking of Woodstock and the special feeding area for performers and the mud and starvation and crowds on the other side of the partition.

Grace: It is isolated and it is different and it is easy.

Paul: I mean it almost has to be isolated. Or else you have 250 people around you while you're trying to tune your guitar.

Grace: It's a strange position to live in. If you do let a bunch of people on stage there are tons of wires up there. All you have to do is step around up there and break those wires. It's happened before...

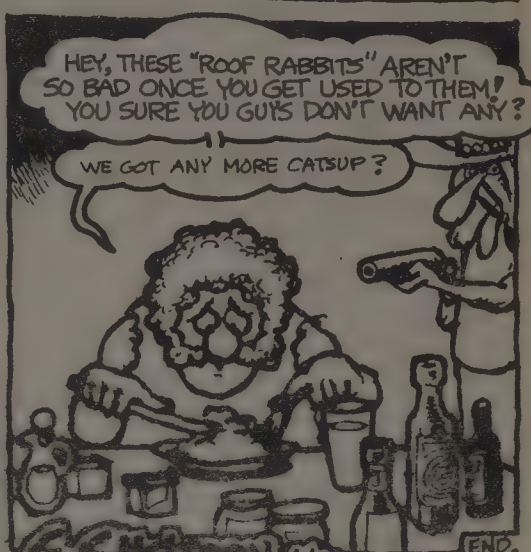
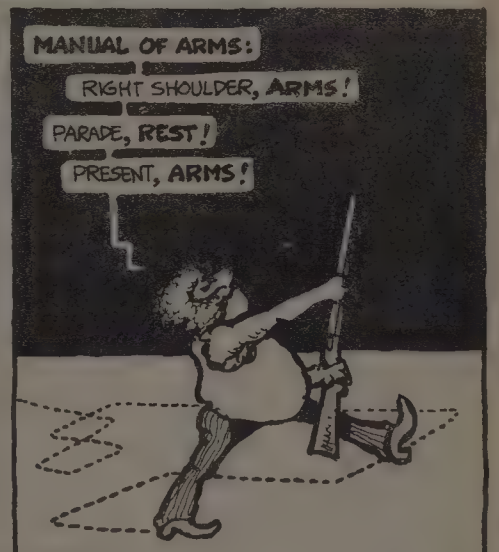
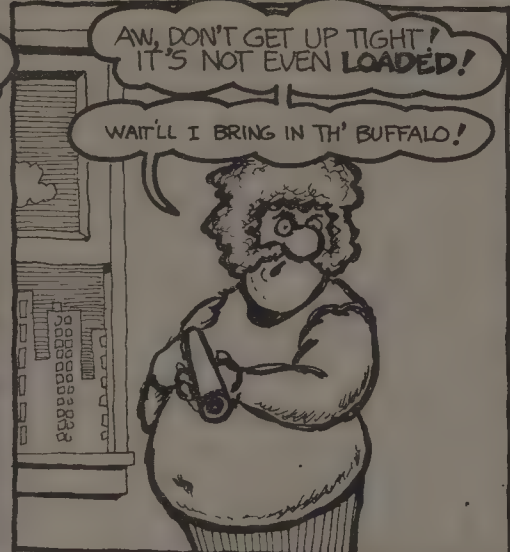
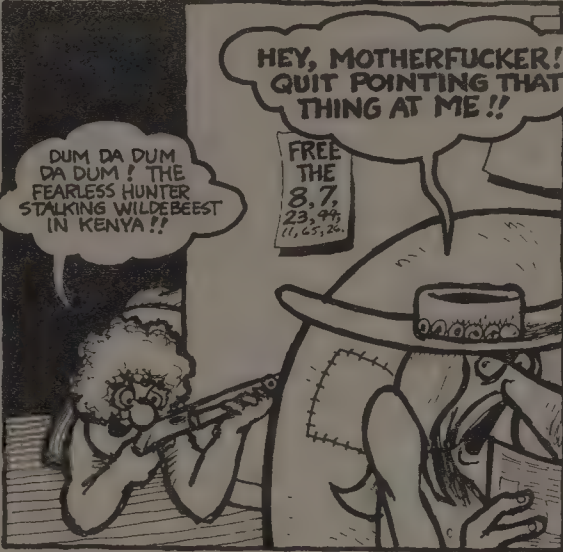
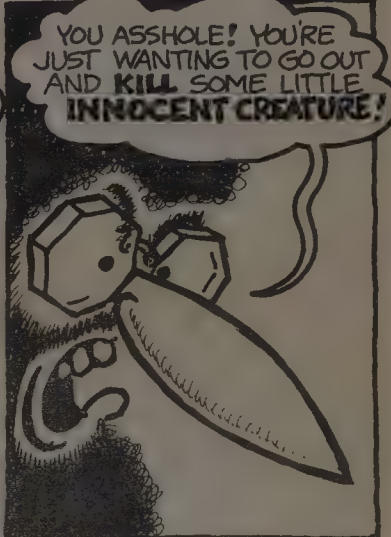
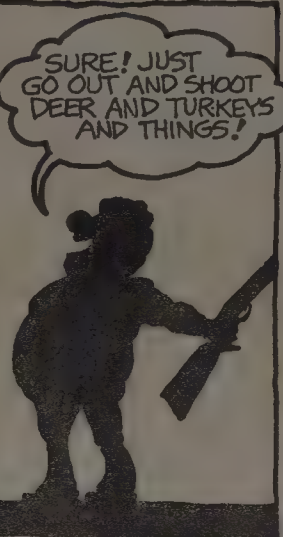
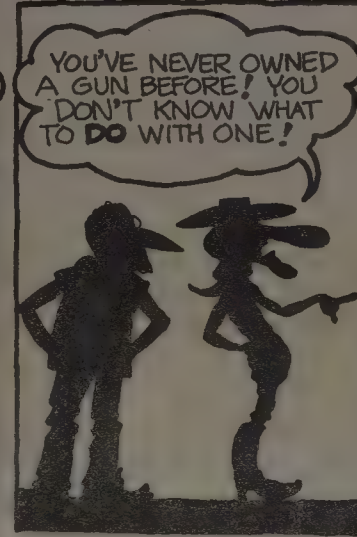
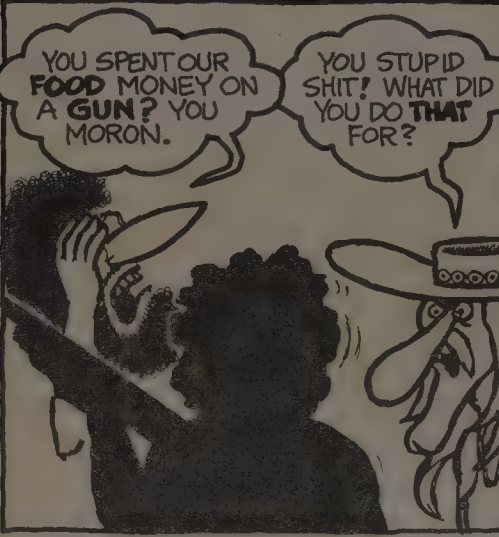
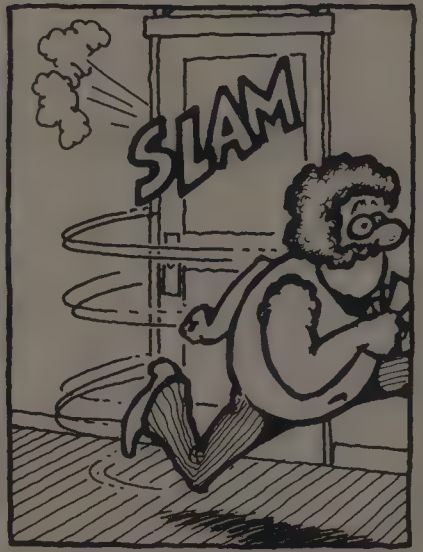
Anita: That wasn't what I meant. What I meant was, don't you at times feel removed from the struggle - at Woodstock, in the streets or the cities, on campuses etcetera.

Paul: Well we think our politics speaks through our music.

Anita: But major rock groups are noticeably absent at large

(Continued on Page 17)

THEM FABULOUS FURRY FELLOWS BRUTHERZ



Smut Hoax Exposed!

Dear EVO — Though it may be picayune, in view of the fact that, following the May 30 weekend and whatever shit will hit the fan in connection therewith, we may shortly see the Amerikan Dream drop its camouflage and become a de jure Fascist State, as it is now de facto, I would like to make a personal bitch. I refer to the ad you've been carrying, re: The World's Largest Cock foto, for \$3. I sent my 3 bucks, and I feel that I've been burned. The foto received, while not bad, can be duplicated in any smut magazine . . . the kid's schlong is limp and hanging down. When I pay 3 skins for a picture of a hardon, *that's* what I want to get. You will note, via the enclosed letter, received with the foto, that they're running some kind of a come-on. The straight press does enough fucking over of all comers; let's keep the underground from degenerating into the same bag, OK? Don't you check out your fucking ads?

John W. Coursell
Ft. Pierce, Fla.

**Victimising Letter
Revealed!**

Hi there, My name is Kay and I want to thank you for ordering my picture. I have other nice poses available. Some poses include my younger brother who's almost as big as I am — tell me if you want that one. The picture where my thing is fully erect to 14" x 7" is also only \$3 but it costs \$7 more to ship it directly to you. You see my lawyer friend said the post office thinks erections are obscene and won't let you mail them so I have to send them by private carrier — so that's a total of \$10. Incidentally, I don't think I would have grown this big except that when I was pre-pubic I took special hormone pills I heard would help me. I can send these to you too. They're \$10 a bottle. If you are yong they may help your organgrow. Maybe they'll help older studs too. Many of my older friends say these pills certainly make you more virile and harder if nothing else.

Kay

Ed: By George, that certainly *does* sound suspicious! Rest assured we're looking into this latest scandal, and you have our sincerest apologies if your "thing" hasn't grown a *bit* yet. But have you checked the hairiness of your tongue lately?

Karin & Mao Cited

Dear EVO — I read that thing by Karin Berg on May 19 and it was really nice. Until I go to the part where she's saying stuff like, "We shouldn't become immobilized because we fear violence" and "We've been brainwashed to behave the way they would have us behave". Wow. Who's been brainwashed by who? Violent shit is THEIR way. It's their language, they speak it., they understand it — and they know how to cope with it. We understand it — and they know how to cope with it. We pinch their ass and they'll smear us through the wall. THROUGH it, not just up against it motherfucker. We ought to have a new way. A new language they can't handle. When Allen Ginsberg starts Oming, they don't know what to do, they shit bricks, they just set there and helplessly hate. And look at Gandhi. He died, yeah — but he won. And us, we may even win for a while if we start cracking heads (Quoth Karin: "We don't have to — yet") but what a hollow victory. A pig is a pig and hate is the same ugly feeling no matter who does it. Destroy anyone else, anyone, and you destroy a little of you. Rap says violence is as Amerikan as cherry pie and he's right on. So shall we be Americans too? What kind of revolution is that, revolution is supposed

to be change. How about let's us be Americans with a c? Now there's a REAL fucking revolution. Karin and Mao say choose tactics well. None of the old ones work. And violence is older than forever.

**Peace,
John Black****Might Eat It:**

Dear EVO — I don't want to read your fucking magazine, but I'm so damn establishment that I can't pass up a bargain. So, if you will look around the inside of this envelope you'll find a check for \$10 for a two-year subscription. I can always use paper to line garbage pails, litter on the subway, wrap fish, clean eyeglasses, wipe my ass, make paiper-mache effigies of Nixon, weatherproof my bedroom, stuff a mattress, antagonize friends, make Origami birds, wallpaper a slum, cover the backs of paintings, line closets, stuff cracks in the plaster, conceal small packages, line the insides of my shoes (especially the left one), write secret messages to me in the margins, roll joints join rolls (?), pack dishes, separate the ham from the cheese, or boil and eat (with lots of salt.)

If things really get bad I might even eat it. Alan Lipp
Brooklyn

Ed: You should see what we did with your letter after we read it!

Metabolic Follies

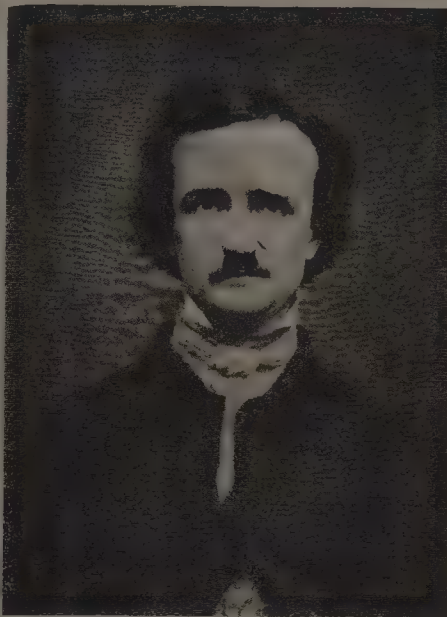
Dear EVO — D.A. Latimer made a very astute and observant remark when he said that most construction men were mesomorphs, and then went on to explain their behavior in terms of their physical type. My friend and I noticed, some years ago, that almost all policemen are mesomorphs. In fact, we have long referred to them by that name, preferring it to that other popular epithet with its porcine reference. Later in the article, Latimer describes himself as quite an ectomorph. No wonder he got away from construction work and entered the more fitting area of writing.

If you should ever meet a rookie policeman with strong ectomorphic or endomorphic characteristics, you can be sure that he will not last long on the police force. The city could save a lot of money if they threw out the police entrance exam and just hired someone skilled in anthropometry.

Knowing that a mesomorph is a mesomorph and that he can't help hitting students and radicals over the head because violent action is his form of relief from the tension created by the intellectual problems they raise is not much consolation. But most ectomorphs derive great satisfaction just from the correct scientific and intellectual description of a situation. I wonder how a



Where is our Moliere, our Les Precieuses Ridicules?



Poe saw "destruction in the perversion of taste."

line of mesomorphs would react to being called 'mesomorphs' by a group of chanting students? Probably violently. Yours for better somatotyping, Yvonne Groseil
New York

Ed: According to Latimer, "There but for the grace of God and a lot of amphetamine go I."

Fucks Spades

Dear EVO Staff — All hail to the Kowardly Kikes on East Village Other, who reached a new high in hysteria and fear in their tirade entitled "U.S. Invades Cambodia." You sounded like a real bunch of fags with all the vehemence you

directed against President Nixon. Oh well, it is a known fact that most of your males have to sit down to pee. It is ironic that while most of you homos hail with glee and delight the sight of a stiff penis to place in your mouth — that at the same time you are seized with hysteria when the possibility strikes you that maybe you will be stuck by the draft. No such luck — the Army needs men, not the Kowardly Kikes, who bragged that the Revolution would be won in the streets, and then fled like schoolgirls from the Construction Hard Tops.

Fuck you — in spades — Jew Boys.

Patrick Foley

Ex Marine, W.W. II

P.S. Your office is going to be invaded shortly.

Ed: Darling, if you fatasses can make it up three flights of stairs over the Fillmore East, then we will certainly be waiting for you.

Terms EVO "Exciting"

Missouri Training Centre For Men

Moberly, Missouri 65270

Dear EVO — Please excuse the few days delay in writing to you; we received the first issue of the East Village Other and had thought perhaps a letter would follow. But then, your actions have spoken for you and your letter, although we would be honored to have it, would be redundant.

We are very pleased that you have placed our Library on your complimentary mailing list. The paper has been extremely well received — we have no other one like it — and has excited considerable comment from the patrons of our Library. Please accept our most sincere thanks and appreciation, both personally and on behalf of the inmates of the Training Centre.

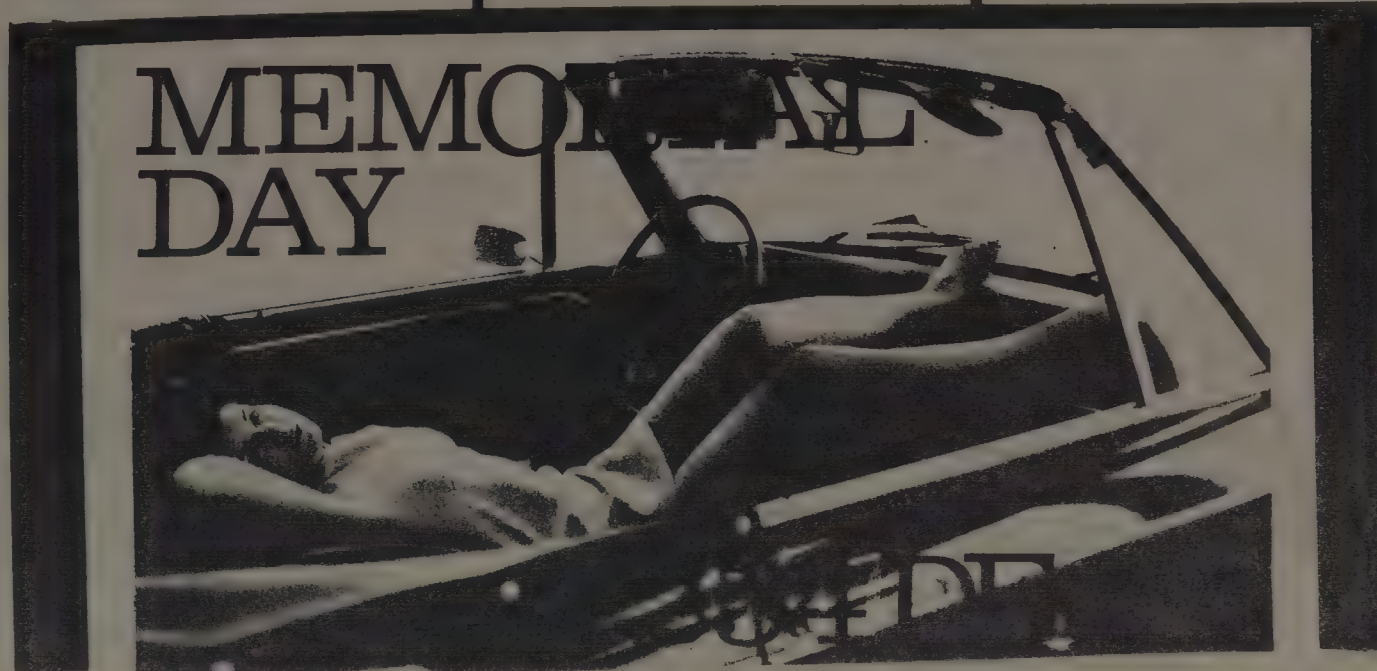
Sincerely Yours,
Lewis Welker
Education Director

Ed: Always happy to help an inmate OUT!

Dear EVO:

David Cramer's articles in EVO are very clearly written, and indicate the vital part played by various amines in brain function and drug-action. He conveys the impression, however, that high levels of various amines (dopamine, nor-adrenaline, etc.) are always associated with a "high", and low levels of amines with a "down". This statement is true only up to a certain point, and one must go beyond this point to understand the complex actions of stimulants, psychedelics, and similar drugs.

(Continued on Page 16)



LETTERS

(Continued from Page 15)

There exist a great many excitatory or "drive" systems in the brain, which when stimulated cause insomnia, restlessness, pain, pleasure, anger, fear, hunger, thirst, sex-urge, etc. All of these systems are opposed by inhibitory or "anti-drive" systems, which when stimulated cause feelings of drowsiness, satiety, relief, indifference, calm, etc. Both excitatory and inhibitory systems are dependent on transmitter-amines, and either or both may be stimulated by a great variety of drugs, including L - DOPA, LSD, "Sansert" (lysergic acid butanolamide), amphetamines, cocaine, bulbo-capnine, apomorphine, etc. An excitation (a "high", a "rush", or whatever) is usually followed by a counter-excitation or inhibition (a "down", a "crash", or whatever), but in many cases an excitation will persist alongside an inhibition. When this happens there is a paradoxical (or, on Pavlov's term, an "ultraparadoxical") combination of extreme excitation and extreme inhibition. The following states - commonly experienced after taking LSD or amphetamines, and also observed in certain patients given

L - DOPA - are all of ultraparadoxical type; states of intense consummated yearning (ecstasies), effortless catalepsy (often associated with sensations of flying or floating), generalized fascination ("enchantment"), fixation of attention ("grooving"), inward concentration and outward inattention (meditation and "entrancement"), extreme suggestibility, forced identification and mimicry, compulsive and repetitive behaviour, passivity and forced obedience, etc. All of these states are characterized by a combination of intensified response to certain stimuli ("stimulus-slavery") with diminished or reversed responses to other stimuli. Very similar ultraparadoxical states occur in dreaming (and especially in nightmares, night-terrors, and sleep-walking), in states of hypnosis, and in certain psychotic states - especially manic, depressive, and catatonic stupors. All of these have in common the combination of intense inward activity with a reduction of outward activities. Once they are established, ultraparadoxical states tend to be very persistent and difficult to "break". Thus, it is more difficult to wake a dreaming

person than a deeply-sleeping person, and it is particularly difficult to wake people from hypnotic or somnambulistic stupors. It is notorious that severe paranoid and other psychoses may be induced by cocaine, amphetamines, and L - COPA, and that these may outlast the actual use of these drugs by many months. The persistence and stubbornness of these drug-induced psychoses (and of much neurotic, schizophrenic and Parkinsonian behaviour) cannot be adequately explained in terms of raised or lowered levels of amines in the nervous system, but demands an additional, physiological, concept: namely, the notion that states of great excitement and great inhibition may exist side-by-side in the nervous system, stimulating and reinforcing one another, in a state of mutual clench or "double-bind". The notion of such ultraparadoxical states, built up from the combination of opposites, is as fundamental in neurology and psychology, as is the concept of an atom in physics.

Yours sincerely,
Oliver Sacks M.D.
Neurologist



FREE ROCK CONCERT

COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH

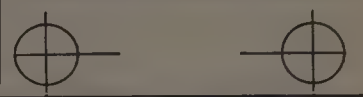
THE GRATEFUL DEAD

THE AIRPLANE

SUNDAY NITE JUNE 7, 11PM

LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA 65 TH ST AND BWAY

EVERYBODY COME



BUDDAH

(Continued from Page 8)

But no matter, Woodstock is not NATIONED with its concomitant record stores, soft drink emporiums and leather crafts shoppes... turn on to a vibration and you turn on to the spectrum.

All those vibrations have settled in this place from last summer, from ten years of dreary politics and profit capitalism, all that energy is being expended on an idea, a rather hazy one at that. It wasn't "See, since we've all survived misfortune it must be good" or

"See, we could smoke all the dope we wanted and fuck in the grass it must be good", or "See we non-violently gathered through misfortune it must be good." It was, among other things the feeling that, "Wow, I've got a lot of friends, that's beautiful." Translated back to Woodstock New York, it didn't mean that THIS IS THE PLACE MAN, THE PLACE WHERE YOU CAN RECREATE WOODSTOCK but Woodstock is a state of mind, not an actual place... thank you Abbie Hoffman, not a place where violence was the way... the only violence which was worked out at Woodstock was individual spiritual violence.

A state of mind, a state of mind is not what Woodstock is now. Now it is entrenching itself

as the army of civilization advances with the neonlights, panhandlers, headshops, and assorted perversions. Woodstock Nation's refuge from the rapacious hands of commercialism is The Key, 5 Rock innkeeper serves a macrobiotic meal which puts the strength back into your sagging brain. An oasis in the midst of a small town becoming showbiz like so many other borscht-belt resorts have become by hook or by crook. Maybe that's the key to the whole business, Abbie, maybe that's where it's really at in an environment. They Key was gradually converted into a macrobiotic restaurant lovingly done, a sanctuary... whoever walks in there is immediately transported to a place where he can center himself, either by food or the atmosphere. That's a

state of mind, not a place.

Woodstock is turning into a spaced-out junkpile where the "junk" is the refuse of another way of thinking and acting. Not that politics don't happen here, but politics of a different sort, not a national trip as much as a town trip, and more a personal trip. It's the same way with Woodstock Nation, Abbie, but people have to get their own trips together and take them themselves - no amount of hell-raising and apocalypse-waving is going to get the job done any sooner, more than likely it can serve to thwart what Time will tell. No matter how much more idiotic it gets, the only way it can go is up, no matter's the bottom might be round the corner, and anyway, Abbie Hoffman doesn't need to be the

William Jennings Bryan of this generation, rather the Abbie Hoffman of this generation and state of mind.

But as I said before, there's this junkyard in Phoenicia New York and in its middle, in the middle of a tree-ringed valley, in a depression filled with holsters, hatracks, shoes, and snakes there's old Buddah sitting chubbily inscrutable... he's smiling and beaming while the flies swarm overhead. He's the only one who can stand all the flies, so they say. To the side is a farmhouse on this acid-ravaged landscape were four survivors of the Woodstock National fallout reside. In this house formerly owned by a musician, four people work it out and till the soil... maybe that's the real organic trip, mmmmm.

RIP-OFF

(Continued from Page 8)

the Lower East Side - our speciality is everything. We plan to go to other cities, infiltrate the parks, wake up the people in the streets...

"We going to take a tour of stimulation. If they hate us, that's fine, too, as long as they're stimulated, as long as they get a little out of their ruts," Harold Black interjected. "We plan to record in the parks, on the streets -" (Dave) " - in August." (Billy)

David rapped a bit about street life on the Lower East Side. "We saw what happened with the Motherfuckers, SDS, the Yippies, the Crazies and we decided to sing about that. The streets belong to the people." "That's why we want to travel, stay in the streets and the park," Billy said.

"We want to get together with the "supposed" Woodstock Nation and continue some of the things that happened there," Harold added.

But David is impatient to get going. "Bugs Bunny is the

Nation. We were there four days, playing most of the time, off the stage... rock and roll is very controlled by big business; it has a lot of influence and more professional musicians should speak out. The problems don't start with the performance, they start in the streets... We lose a lot of money by not doing concerts, but we don't want the false identity that represents. We care about everything that's happening, about John Sinclair, about the War in Vietnam, about the war in the streets. About the people - I see these people who are very old in the streets and no one helps them - and the churches don't."

"Yeh," Harold says. "They say they're doing things - the government, the churches, they say they really do... but they don't."

Dave continues with the idea. "We have to get people involved in music in all the parks and the streets of the world. If people on the Left Bank are being hassled, we'll know about it. We always want our music to belong to the people, we want the people to sing with us, make their own instruments. They should make the music. There should be none

of this performer/ audience shit, we should get away from that - everybody make their own music. Everybody's a musician and they have to get it together. And we want to help them."

"That's why our music is the way it is," Dave continued. "We don't want to be fancy. Our music is rough, we don't have 'fine' voices. Everybody should sing - everybody should sing, play, make their own music. Our music is people's music."

I saw Dave on the street one night when I thought he and the group had been scheduled to play a benefit. "How come you're not there?" I asked.

"They were charging admission for the benefit and we didn't want to do it if they charged. A lot of people can't afford to pay there - why couldn't they just pass a hat? Those that had bread could give - we'd rather play for

free."

And they aren't forever riding around in no limousines either. Support musicians who are trying to make music free for the people. If you have the bread, buy *The American Revolution*; if you don't, go to the park, take along a tin can and stick, or pick up an old

bottle to rap on, or a hollow box - maybe you can even get a cheap pennywhistle flute or a tambourine; make music. (I'm going to be doing some more writing about musicians who play for free, play with the people - other groups and those who lone it sometimes, like David Amram.)

OFF THE SYSTEM

Corporate America controls its' subjects through its T.V. commercials. Yet everybody including construction workers hates T.V. commercials. If you're watching T.V. there's no way to avoid them.

We figured a way to get rid of them by shutting off the sound with a remote control hand switch. You totally miss the point and aggravation of the commercial and the picture without the sound isn't half bad and anybody can attach it to the T.V. set in a couple of minutes.

If we could get everybody in T.V. land to off the bullshit from Madison Ave., at the very least, we'd make some people very unhappy. Three months later we find that no straight media, print or air, would take any ads. We were told that advertising a devise like this was against policy. In essence the system is protecting itself.

So we start here. PLEASE, if you watch television, skip the next record album, and get one. If you don't watch T.V., buy one or two, or three and give them to friends and relatives as gifts. Or if you own a shop or know of another way to distribute, contact us.

MEDIA POLLUTION CONTROL
58 St. Marks Place
NY, NY 10003

send commercial filters at \$4.00
check money order or cash.

Name
Address

A film to be shown at The School of Education Auditorium West 4th and Greene Streets on June 4th and 11th. At 7 and 9 pm, \$2.00. A documentary on communal living in Taos County, New Mexico.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

(Continued from Page 13)

demonstrations. Not many groups to speak of, for example, made statements or gave money to support the Chicago Conspiracy.

Grace: Looking at the political movement is very difficult with all the different groups. Many of the so-called political leaders are a drag. They're not interested in our culture and its values. If there was such an

organization maybe more rock groups would support it. But as far as playing at big demonstrations, I don't think many people understand the hassles of moving tons of equipment. Abbie: Do you have a model for revolution?

Paul: No. I just expect it to happen. The government's doing it by itself. There's not very much you have to do other than point it out.

Grace: It's like watching a very slow bomb explode.

Paul: The country's falling apart on its own. And all you or us or we are doing is accelerating it.

Abbie: When you wake up in the morning or write a song, do you say, 'I'm gonna overthrow the fucking government with this song?'

Paul: No. The government's already been overthrown. It just has to realize it. I just like to point it out and get the people in government uptight.

Abbie: It may be a dying dinosaur but its tail is still swinging.

Paul: Oh sure, it's still swinging, but it's falling apart. I mean New York City's falling apart.

Grace: Look at the streets man. Where there isn't a building there's a pile of pig shit, you know. And then there's that ecology farce going on.

Anita: In history, when empires of civilizations reach that point they get very brutal and they start thrashing around and they try to devour us.

Paul: You just got to take care of it and cover yourself. I've got an AR 18 ordered. I've also got my scissors ready and at the first thing, chop chop off goes the hair and on goes the suit and you're safe.

Anita and Abbie: Are you serious? Paul: Sure. If I hear that 3 of the Grateful Dead and 2 of Crosby Stills and Nash have been shot down in the streets of Sausalito for having long hair, I'm going to start snipping.

Anita: You're going to start sniping, maybe.

Paul: Snipping and sniping. I mean I don't really expect it to happen. America's too slow and stodgy for anything to go flashing like that. It's just this little creeping step by step that no one can get their fingers on to grab at.

Abbie: Do you relate to the Berkeley political scene?

Paul: Only on an abstract basis. They're always uptight. San Francisco and Berkeley — it's really a weird, strange strong conjunction. 'Cause they're very uptight politically in Berkeley and they're always unhappy. San Francisco's sort of a happy version of Berkeley or Berkeley an unhappy version of San Francisco. San Francisco's a lot more Dionysian or pleasure-seeking. They're more concerned with things to do rather than rejecting things not to do. Instead of protesting about the war with 20 people I'd rather take those same 20 people out into the woods and get 'em high and swimming in a stream. And just doing that shows them a much better way to live and will convert them a lot faster than yelling in their faces at a rally. That's the difference between Berkeley and San Francisco.

Grace: It's boring man. It's like listening to Nixon talk only they have long hair. It's boring shit. They don't know how to entertain. Paul: Some of them are entertaining. But by and large you get two out of ten that are really fun to listen to. There's no good oratory in Berkeley.

Grace: There's no point boring people to death with politics. It's the same politics we're trying to get rid of.

Anita: We think of ourselves as hedonistic communists. Most people we know are communists — only they're mystical ones like Allen Ginsburg or boring straight political ones. I think there is a third variety — the ones oriented towards a post-scarcity economy in which there is enough available through technology to make it fun for everyone — after redistribution.

Paul: The part of the government to get control of is the part that feeds

people. Unless you get people fed, nothing else can be taken care of.

Abbie: Are you saying free food programs could be a model? I used to think that, but now I think that free stores, free food, free concerts give people a vision for which to fight. But I see the revolution coming through fighting. Through fighting against institutions, through chaos. From chaos it moves to strikes like strikes in universities. In a year or two there will be one to two hundred universities closed down. And it just gets bigger and bigger and eventually there are working class strikes too. Like the postal strike. And one moves toward the concept of a general strike. One builds towards that.

Paul: Well, the war is doing that right now. The war is getting a lot of straight people against the government. People go to the Moratorium who never would have thought of going to a gathering of long-haired dope freaks before.

Abbie: They went out of business. Grace and Paul: Who?

Abbie: The Moratorium. It closed its offices in Washington. 'Cause every demonstration they organized ended in a riot.

Anita: You're not pacifists, are you? Paul: No, I mean if someone points a gun at me I'll do my best to point one back. I've never been in the situation so I could not say what I'd do.

Grace: I prefer not to kill people, but I'd like to destroy as much property as possible.

Paul: Like I would have enjoyed blowing up CBS that night that you were on — or rather weren't on. It would have been a nice gesture to go down to the station that was broadcasting that and blow it up.

Anita: I thought that was one of the most frightening experiences.

Paul: It was. But again it was so humorous also. That somebody would go to those lengths. That's why it's so hard to deal with it on a rational level. I mean to waste our time dealing with that sort of mentality is the reason we have managers.

Grace: Fighting with those guys on their level is really hard because they have all those tanks and shit.

Paul: They got much better guns. Grace: and gas and numbers they throw in. I saw a film on a police chief's convention in Hawaii.

Anita: But there are things we can do. Battles to win. We burned down the Bank of America.

Grace: I love that stuff. That's the stuff.

Abbie: have you been to Santa Barbara?

Paul: Not since. We've played there though.

Abbie: Do you find your images getting more violent.

Grace: Oh yes. Oh yes.

Paul: It would be considered violent if you were on the starship. And it would necessitate making men unable to react to you which is violence whether you make them unconscious or go to sleep with a gas, it's violent.

Abbie: I would say that's not violent. That's sort of a solution like running away from home. Maybe they ought to kill their parents and take over. I mean home's got some good things. It's got color TV, it's got the car. Hijacking a plane now that would be violent.

Paul: But I really don't want to kill anybody.

Grace: Why kill something that's already dead?

Anita: But maybe there are political solutions. Maybe there are ways that people could live.

Paul: how?

Anita: What I mean is maybe it's a social problem rather than a biological one. That there is enough to go around if different distribution occurred.

Paul: But that involves the entire re-structuring of the thinking process of the entire Western world. If you want to take that on, fine. I find it easier to hijack a starship.

Anita: Yeah but that's not solving any problems here. It's just spreading

the problems.

Abbie: Do you talk to the audience much at a concert?

Grace: Yeah. It can't be heard during the tune but in between we talk to 'em.

Paul: We started playing rock'n roll because it was an easy way to get into concerts free.

Abbie: I was at the Newport Folk Festival in 1965 and I remember Len Chandler was there and he was singing anti-war songs and 1965 was maybe the beginning of the anti-Vietnam war movement. He sang a song and the audience cheered. Then he ended one song and said, 'By the way, I oppose the war in Vietnam' and the same people were booing. There was a difference between singing and talking. Talking is pretty radical for musicians. The audience will say 'you're not supposed to talk.' Do you ever notice that?

Grace: Yeah. Talking brings on a different mood than playing.

Paul: Once in Los Angeles people were yelling 'play White Rabbit, play White Rabbit' you know, like they always do, and I just said 'something a lot heavier has just gone down in LA than White Rabbit. A cat named Charles Manson is in jail' and a hush fell over the audience. I told them that most people think he's guilty before he's even been tried.

Grace: There's always a constant noise from the audience, even a straight audience with white gloves on, but all of a sudden there was a complete lack of noise. Nothing.

Abbie: Do you identify with Manson because he has long hair?

Paul: No. It's because he's getting fucked over because of the long hair. He's being made a hippy-symbol especially in LA.

Abbie: Well that is a nation concept. You have identification with him because he's a hippie.

Paul: No. He's just getting burned by the same people that are burning us all. I mean I'm not really interested in what he is or even if he's guilty or not. Cause the issue right now is how he's being treated.

Abbie: right. But he's not being treated that way by black people or by long-haired people. He's being treated by people who represent power in this country.

Paul: Right. Well when I flashed on what I had said at the concert it flashed on me that even I had assumed that he was guilty. Right up front, you know.

Anita: Right. Right. It's the effect of racist news reporting. There's no way that 12 Charles Mansons can sit in the jury in judgement of him. There is no way that he can have a jury of his peers. Young people, especially longhairs cannot be tried by people from another generation.

Paul: They should turn their parents on. Spite them. There's no need to kill 'em. That's sort of a harsh thing to subject the typical American teenager to. What do you mean by that?

Abbie: I mean that the values that kids have got are good and right and they should kill their parent's values. See, it's sort of like blacks saying blacks should kill whites. Black culturalists say that.

Paul: They don't mean it.

Abbie: Maybe they do at some level. They're not running down the street pulling guns but they're saying that black people have been told that they're worthless, that their culture's no good, that they're ugly and they're saying through that method, through those symbols, black is beautiful. And I think saying Kill your parents is saying youth is Beautiful. The Youth culture is beautiful in the same way.

Anita: I think artists do what they want — like what they do.

Paul: That's why they're artists, because they can't make it working. You know I didn't have any particular plans on being a rock'n roll star. I was just hanging out and I liked to play guitar. I just happened to meet some other people who did. And some of my friends were making \$5000 a night as the Byrds playing rock'n roll for all these freaks in LA who were taking LSD and jumping around the dance floor. And that looked like a fun gig and you could work whenever you wanted and you picked the times you wanted to

work. It's not a conscious thing. There's no direction. The direction shows itself to you. You haven't got time to chart a direction because you're always gliding down the stream. Whichever stream you fall into. You're got to fill people's time. Most of them sit around and don't do anything. They try to figure out what to do.

Anita: I don't think they have to do anything.

Paul: Rather than think of what to be. In college they're always telling you you've got to think of what to be rather than just sit down and be for awhile. You know, you've got to go to the counselor and take this test and he'll tell you what to be. Then you spend your entire life trying to find out what to be. Rather than just being and letting what life does, do.

Abbie: I was just thinking through that idea of telling young kids that they're right and they're beautiful.

Paul: You're right. That's all you've got to tell them and show them that it's true.

Abbie: I think they naturally feel that but on the American home you're sort of taught to feel guilty about being born. You know, like a mother'll say "Oh God, why did I ever have you?" and usually it's just about every four years a mother will come out with one of those remarks like that. That attitude's always projected. The government has that attitude toward the people.

Paul: So does education. They say you're a stupid person who's got to be taught and we know the way to teach you.

Anita: What do you think about heroin?

Paul: It's an ugly drug, a downer. It makes people boring.

Abbie: Do you talk against it?

Paul: No, I don't talk against hardly anything. I like to talk for things. We talk against things by talking for things. When we talk about marijuana we talk against marijuana laws, but we don't say fuck Washington, fuck marijuana laws, kill the marijuana people. We just say go out and smoke a joint.

Abbie: Do you think it's gonna be legal?

Paul: Oh sure.

Abbie: You're kidding.

Paul: It'll have to be. Either it'll be legal or there'll be a revolution. That's one point for revolution. There are so many young kids in jail. Abbie: There is revolution going on now. There's a violent revolution. In this town right now, there were, during the last month, maybe 30 bombings.

Paul: Yeah, but it doesn't reach the point of revolution, of out-front attack. It's still gotten to a point of humor almost.

Anita: to a point of ...

Paul: humor.

Anita: Humor?

Paul: I mean it's just a humorous lash back at the establishment.

Anita: but people are going to jail for long times, people have already been killed by premature explosions.

Paul: Well, that's cause they got caught. Now when they do it in front they should expect to either get caught or not get caught.

Anita: How can you say that?

Paul: If they don't cover getting caught then they should be caught. You should go into it with that in mind. It's wrong to blow up property. It would be wrong if Mayor Lindsay came in here and blew up your television set. You wouldn't like it and it would be wrong. It is wrong to blow up an IBM building.

Anita: Those people are heroes.

Abbie: The police are gonna come in this apartment any day — and come in and rip the apartment apart lookin for dope. Ain't they? That's Mayor Lindsay. They already have ripped apart our offices without search warrants.

Paul: But they're doing it on a legal basis. Blowing up a building is illegal. Abbie: There never was a legal revolution. It never happened.

Paul: Well, that's what I'm saying. So they should be prepared to suffer the consequences if they get caught.

Anita: Don't outlaws by definition live outside the law and run risks?

Paul: All I'm saying is, you try not to get caught. The good people shouldn't have to die and rot in prisons.



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WOMENS

(Continued from Page 9)

"I'm not unescorted," Victoria reasons, "Look, I'm here with nineteen friends."

The bartender surveys the room and discovers it is filled with females. "No wimmin at da bar. I can't serve ya, that's all!"

Though we have taken up most of the space at the bar, two neighborhood alcoholics who must have been at P.J.'s since the night before sit at stools at the side of the room. "I'd like another beer," one demands. And gets it.

Susan Brownmiller, standing next to one of the drunks, picks up the cue from him. "I'd like a daiquiri!"

"A margarita, for me," says Robin Reisig.

"A whiskey sour, please," demands Dianna Gould.

"A Brandy Alexander," calls Sally Stein.

"I'll have a beer," chimes in Minda Bikman.

The bartender is now getting mad and in his best Irish brogue explains that he's not going to serve any women at the bar. If we want to drink, we are going to have to behave like ladies and sit in the back.

"No more back of the bus for us," shrieks Aida.

Dianna Gould looks the barman straight in the snout. "Well, if you feel that way," she says menacingly, "we just will sit here for the rest of the afternoon. It's such a nice spot here. Yes, that's what we'll do.

We'll just sit here and take up space, so that you don't make any money."

"Aww," replies the bartender, "whadaya girls want here anyway? This is no wimmin's bar. Why don't ya go where ya are more welcome!"

"Because," smaps Dianna, "we have a right to drink here and any other God-damned place we want to drink at. Understand?"

At that, an elderly German man attempts to order a drink for himself and his wife. As he pays for his beers, Dianna grabs his money and a tug of war ensues.

"Listen mister," I say to the man, "don't cross our picket-line. This place won't serve women and we're trying to change its policy. Why don't you take your money back and go

somewhere else,?"

"Why don't you go somewhere else," he spits. As he moves for his beers, I shove him in his ample stomach and run for the other side of the room.

While most of P.J.'s patrons are furious at us Amazons for ruining their afternoon tittle, the lushes in the corner are delighted. One alcoholic rubs his W.C.Fields nose and declares that if he had the money he would buy us all drinks. "You're beautiful, all of ya," he bellows. "Bottoms up to the women's liberation movement!"

"WE WANT A DRINK, WE WANT A DRINK," the group chants.

"You go to hell," the barman answers.

Diane Crothers notices that the ashtrays on the bar make a very loud noise when struck against the counter. A booming, headsplitting, clamour begins.

BOOM. BOOM. CLANG. BANG. "WE WANT A DRINK!"

When the bartender tries to remove the ashtrays from our hands, fists fly. Beside myself with rage, I throw an ashtray at the bartender. The bartender returns with a poorly aimed swipe that lands in a pile of marachino cherries. We laugh for a moment and then launch into a chorus of "We Shall Not Be Moved."

Looking around P.J.'s, I notice that the establishment is papered over with Irish flags and

(Continued on Page 20)

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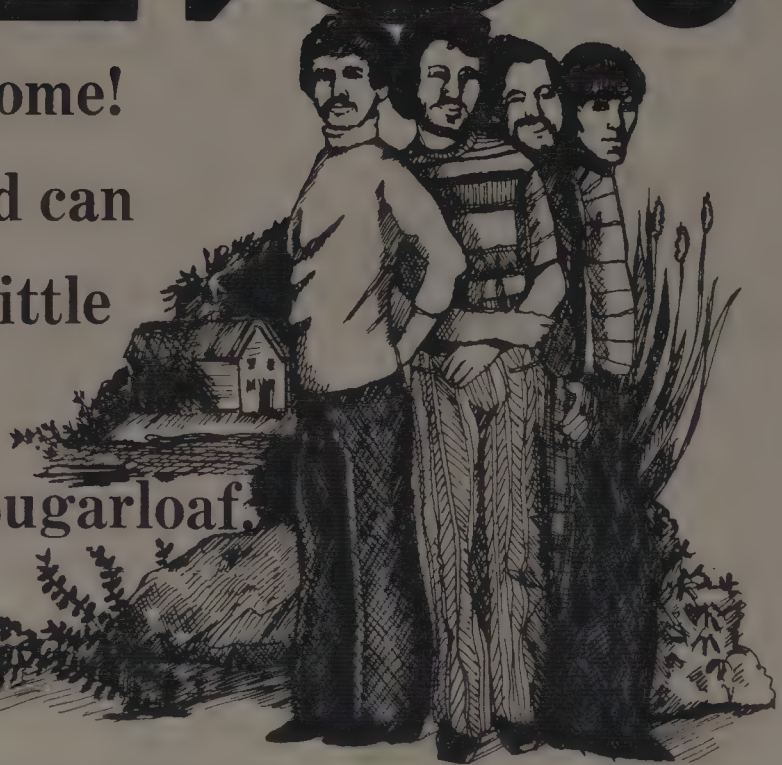
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WOMEN

(Continued from Page 18)
memorabilia of the Easter Rising. "some Irishman," I call to the barman. "The Irish had to fight for their freedom, what do you have against our getting ours?"

From the far corner, the drunkard with the scarlet-red face looks up from his Bushmills. "Didya say the name of Holy-Mother-God-Ireland?"

"I sure did," I answer. "We want our freedom... as an Irishman, you can understand that."

"Oh, go to Hell," the drunkard answers. "A woman's place is in the home."

Ignoring his remark, we launch into a chorus of "The Rising of the Moon." In the midst of this brouhaha, Robin Reisig, a writer for *Hard Times*, and I decide to try to interview P.J.'s owner. The proprietor, Mr. Lavezzo, who doesn't want his name used, gave us the usual bullshit about "prostitutes" and "solicitation." But before Robin and I could give him his comeuppance, we heard him say, "But despite the risk of losing my license, I'm going to take the chance and change the policy."

And change the policy he did. We won!

In no time flat, Dianna Gould was sipping at her cocktail and Victoria Schultz, her beer. Non-drinkers all, (who drinks these days?) we sealed our first victory with a long, wet toast. An hour later, we headed back to the Cafe de la Paix quite tipsy and slightly crooked.

The plan at the de la Paix was simple: Robin and I will go in first, take a table and test the place. If they refuse to serve us,

Robin is to stand up — a signal to the troops across the street in the park to make an assault.

Robin sits down at the first table. We are the only people in the place. "Wonder if it's open," I venture.

"Why don't you go inside and find out?" Robin suggests.

So I go to an inner room and run into a remarkably effete-looking waiter. "Is this cafe open?"

For a moment he thinks I'm with a man and is about to give me a menu. Then he hesitates and looks outside. "Ohhhhhh nooooo, no, no, no, no, no, no, NO ladies here without gentlemen escorts. Sorry, miss."

Robin stands up defiantly and in a moment the waiter is confronted with twenty ladies — not a gentleman in the bunch. "We want to drink," I say, nearly puking at the thought of a second cocktail. "The waiter disappears, only to return three seconds later with a tuxedoed Cafe de la Paix manager.

"Okay, girls," the manager says, "You can sit here. I give up. But this place is expensive. I want you to know that."

"We can afford it," I retort. So after another round of cocktails, and an hour's worth of feminist chatter, we prepare to leave the de la Paix. We really are quite pleased with ourselves. What a militant, sisterly and successful bunch are we. We're wonderful!

As we stagger up from our chairs, we notice the waiter turning away three young ladies trying to get a table at the Cafe. The women, having been insulted by the waiter, leave. I run after them.

"Don't go, please, I beg.

We're from the women's liberation movement and we're having a sit-in here so that all women can have the right to sit wherever they want. We thought we won a victory here, but I guess we were wrong. Come on back with us and we'll buy you a drink."

As I am talking to the trio, Susan Brownmiller gives an earful to the Cafe's manager. Turns out the three women are Swiss bank workers on vacation in the U.S. Coming from a country that denies the vote to women, they are rather tickled to meet members of the American women's liberation movement. When we return to the tables, the Swiss sisters order three Coca Colas in their defiant and broken English.

"Listen," Susan tells the manager, "integrating this place is not a one-shot deal. Now you have to serve everyone who comes in here. We intend to come back again and again to make sure this cafe remains integrated. Understand?"

Again, we stagger up from our chairs. The group decides to split into two. Some of the women are tired and want to go home. The rest want to test the Russian Tea Room's bar, which is rumored to have just begun serving women.

At the Tea Room, we are immediately served. Only little Robin Reisig has any trouble. The manager wants her to prove she is over eighteen.

"I'm over twenty-five," she complains.

After a whiskey sour, my third that day, we left the Tea Room broke, drunk with success and more liquor than I've had since my Cousin Leroy's bar mitzvhah.

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REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 7)

fucking play had the old beginning, middle and end, and it was great. It didn't change my life, either, but if it were ever possible to get it on prime time TV (which it isn't), I think it would shake up a lot of people.

Seth Allen, who is a damned good actor, plays Candaules, who is the High Commissioner of Economic Assistance to a country called Lydia. He's one of those people that you run in to now and then who is so indoctrinated into Nixon Imperialist Bullshit, that you know the only possible way to reach him is to off him because he's always telling you he's out for your good, and gets indignant in all the right places, totally missing your point and totally oblivious to what's really happening. He does get offed,

and you even end up feeling slightly sorry for the guy because he didn't even realize why.

There are two other characters in this play, but I will refrain from describing them. I think you should see it. Sneak in, if you can. It's really great.

On the way home from that theatre, which was really good, I ran into some pretty bad street theatre.

Joe Stevens and I were walking down Eighth Street, on our way back to the good old Lower East Side, when we heard some loud rock music. It was coming from the Greenwich Mews (NYU owned turf to lure top professors with quaint lodgings). Of course the entrance to the Mews were barricaded, with pigs guarding them, so Joe and I crawled under a steel bar to get in. We were stopped by a cop - you had to pay \$50 a head to enter this block

party - so we whipped out our press passes. We were then told we had to go in by another entrance. On the way over to the other entrance some guy grabbed my ass and I looked around indignantly, which led to hot words between Joe and the drunken red neck who had 'molested' me. This led to a fight which various people and various cops broke up. The cops asked us if we wanted to press charges and Joe said, "No, you have to expect things like that in New York." So the cop said he thought that was a pretty good attitude to take. We then sailed right into the party without further question. It turned out to be a benefit for the French Institute at NYU. There were stands selling Pate at \$2.00 a portion, doughnuts - three for a dollar, wine, perfume etc. There was a rock band and Meyer Davis and his orchestra playing Bar Mitzvah music. Lots of chic

clothes and berets and red, white, and blue banners lighting up the skies.

I had been down on theatre entrepreneurs who ask you to pay \$5.50 to see something good like "Candaules, Commissioner" or "Chicago 70". But that's really nothing when you think of people paying \$50 for La Maison Francaise with the hype of winning a round trip ticket to Paris. At least those plays reflect

on what's going on in the world. Benefits for French Institutes should have disappeared with the twist (which some people were trying to do, to the strains of the Meyer Davis orchestra playing "Can't Take My Eyes Off of You.")

By the way, "Candaules, Commissioner" is playing at the Mercer Hansberry theatre and "Chicago 70" is playing at the Martinique Theatre.

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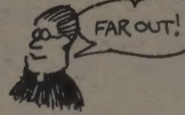
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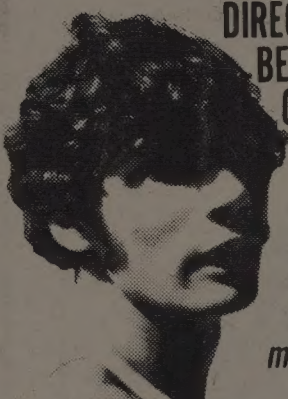
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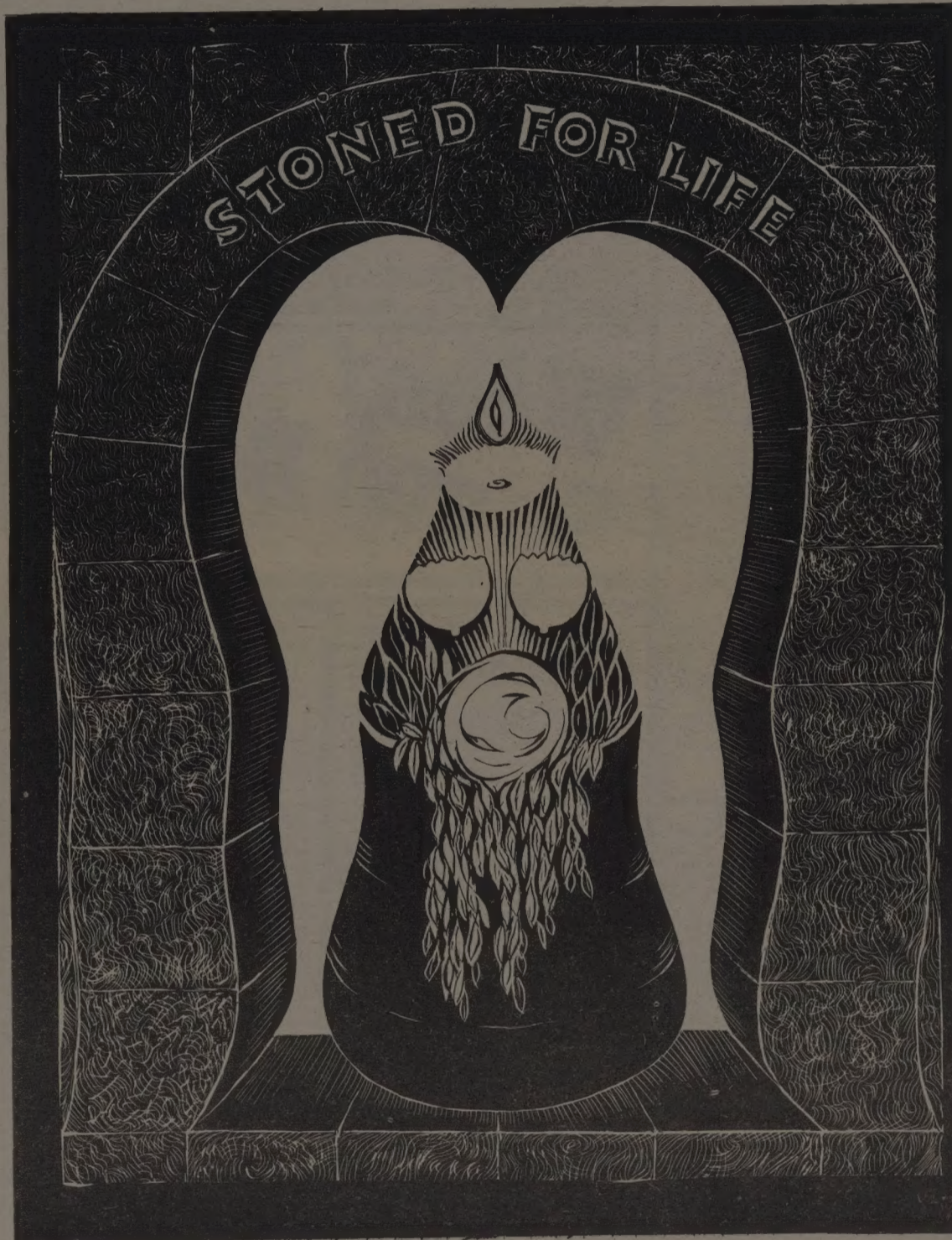
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