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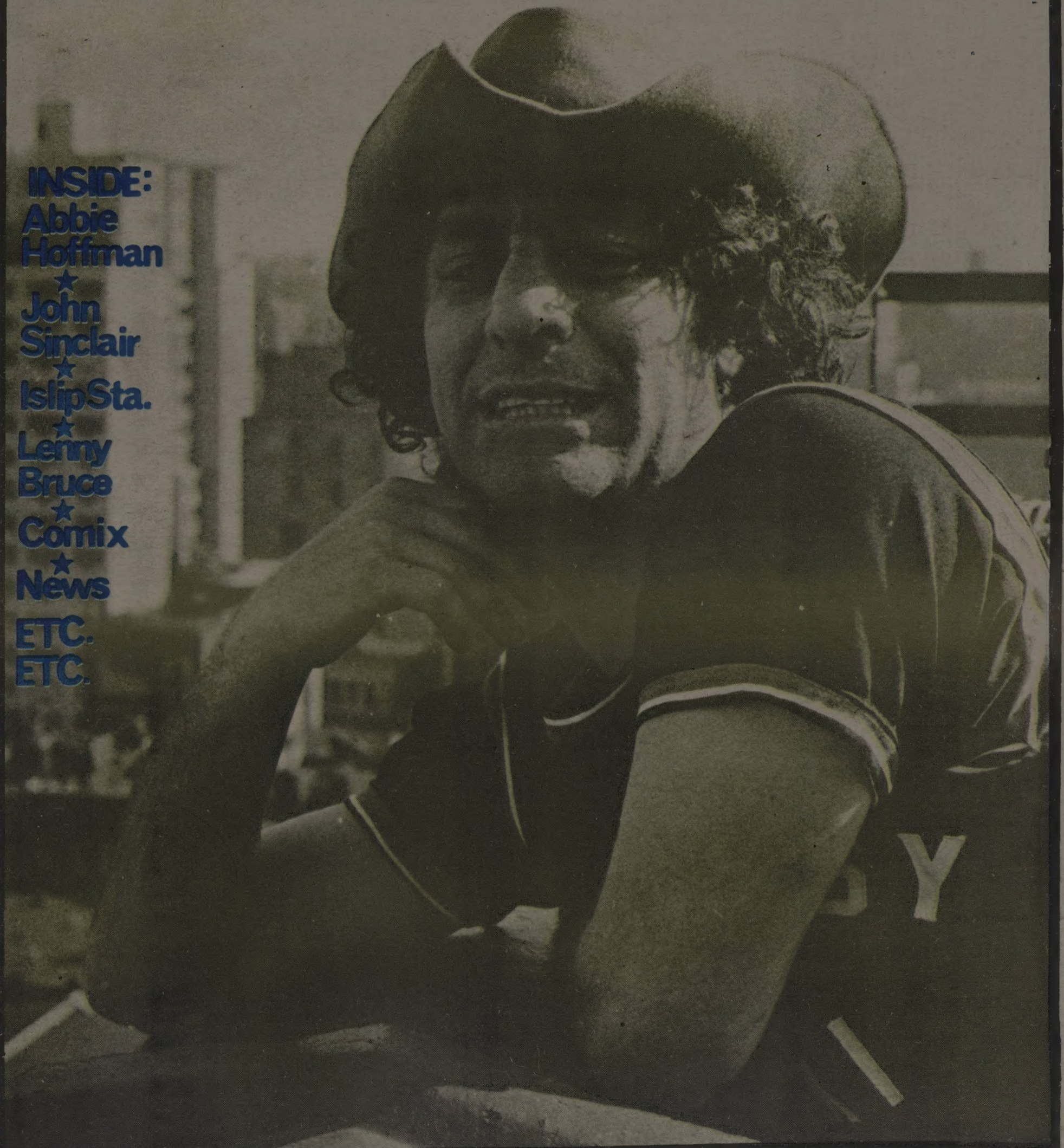
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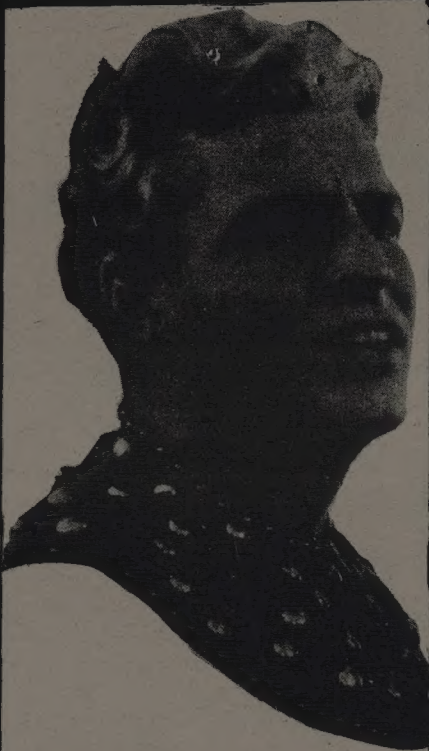
NUMBER

25/nyc 35/outside
vol6 no.26

INSIDE:
Abbie
Hoffman
★
John
Sinclair
★
Islip Sta.
★
Lenny
Bruce
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News
ETC.
ETC.



Hilary



JAAKOV KOHN
 STEPHEN KOHN
 JACKIE FRIEDRICH
 CHARLIE FRICK
 YOSSARIAN
 STEVE KRAUS
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 HARVEY MATUSOW
 PERFECTO LA GOGO
 KIM DEITCH
 SPAIN
 THE D.C. TWELVE THOUSAND
 KANDI

"The government is trying to frame us and other innocent people to make their own paranoid fantasies legitimate." These were the parting words of Leslie Bacon before the pigs threw her to the wolves and with it another ludicrous chapter has been added to the ever growing chronicle of MITCH'S YIPPIE TWITCH.

As one follows the flowering of the most current redscare, one becomes a cutely aware of the man's main characteristics - fear and stupidity. Such a s as:

- 1) The twelve thousand Mayday busts
- 2) Leslie's ordeal by grand jury
- 3) The multiple re-indictments of the conspirators of yesteryear
- 4) And last but not least, the FBI's a ffinity for Judy Gumbo and Stew Albert.

Ever since the ca pitol bombing these two have been shadowed, followed, surveiled, tapped, checked & double checked, not to mention countless other harassments. "Describe to the grand jury everything you saw on March 1st in Wash. D.C. in relation to a knapsack in the possession of Stewart Albert at 222 6 Main St. NW," they demanded of Leslie "Describe to the grand jury a conversation in which Albert made the remark that the bomb in the U.S. Ca pitol contained twenty sticks." All in all, irrelevant bullshit as irrelevant as the watchful eye the FBI kept on Judy Gumbo's dirty laundry.

If they have the goods on those who bombed the congressional pissoir, then let them indict them, rather than spreading hypothetical fantasies about Judy and Stew- - - but then they'd better bear in mind the Panther 21 trial!!!

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REVOLUTION FOR THE SMELL OF IT!

the nose knows!

INTERVIEW WITH ABBIE HOFFMAN
by STEVE KRAUS



ABBIE HOFFMAN is alive and well, alternately by radiating sweet wiseguy goofy Jewish bright kid vibes and being pissed off at a system which is trying, he says, to suppress him and his latest book, rather provocatively titled "STEAL THIS BOOK," published by PIRATE EDITIONS and distributed by GROVE PRESS. By the way, according to the overleaf of the title page, Pirate Editions, at 640 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012 says that they are interested in helping revolutionary and radical writers publish their books.

I went to see and interview Abbie well equipped with biggie cans of Miller's and butter flavored pretzels. The great man of the new American Revolution did not exactly refuse to be interviewed otherwise, but he did allow that the cans of Miller's would be highly welcome. So there you are, your unfaithful reporter, Abbie, his nose swollen and pudgy and

taped up and he can't breathe through it, and his lady Anita, notorious aut horess, seven months pregnant, they are going to call the kid America, they have an apartment which is simply beautiful which they built themselves on the roof of a factory building not far from Union Square, they call each other Babe and seem very much in love after being together four or five years, they took each into a union you can call marriage if you wish at a ceremony in Central Park, how about that? Their place is full, I mean full of plants, flowers, growing things, a long row of spice jars marches down a shelf on the side of I guess the living room, aren't all rooms in an apartment living rooms? They have several pictures by Martin Carey, a fantastic artist Abbie went to school with long, long ago, many books, magazines, papers, Abbie waves a sheaf of Xerox copies of unbelievable but true sinister thought control

letters from some of the most respected liberal media REFUSING ads for STEAL THIS BOOK.

"They are trying to suppress it," he says, and you can see the hurt in his voice. "Thirty publishers turned the book down"...even though hundreds of thousands of copies of his previous books were sold, Revolution for the Hell of It, 800,000 (figures Abbie), Woodstock Nation 200,000 and now going into a new special paperback edition. They still all turned out his book and Abbie had to publish it himself. One publishing house said "It wasn't radical enough." Another one complained that "it lacked literary merit." "I was offered \$40,000 by one publisher if I would only take out three chapters and change the title of the book." He shows me the letters from the great liberals and the great underground stations, the New York Times, the Los Angeles Times, WCBS-FM, all refusing for one reason or another to accept ads. The radio stations gave as an excuse un-named FCC regulations. He shows me the copy for the radio commercial, a completely inoffensive little skit that any station would accept were the product a new brand of tomato juice.

Is our hero discouraged? Not on your revolutionary bippy he ain't, even though 5,000 copies of his book were just seized on the Canadian border. 80,000 copies of STEAL THIS BOOK have been sold already and Abbie is already working on STEAL THIS BOOK No. 2. With the con. mpt that it deserves he silently dismisses my suggestion that he call it SON OF STEAL THIS BOOK. Instead, taking a long and healthy pull on the beer he tells how he destroyed the copyright by writing all the "underground" papers in the country and telling them to

reprint part or all of STEAL THIS BOOK and give it away or sell it and put the money into some RIGHT ON CAUSE.

The phone rings every so often, Anita is shelling green peas, they share the housework though and Abbie is obviously very conscious of past male-chauvinist sins and very active overcoming them in his own life. But in a nice real way, no big fanatical preaching way like some people I could mention. But won't, followed by a big sigh of collective relief from anybody reading this guff. The phones ring, Abbie stretches on the couch, his back is in constant pain, he has slipped a disk as well as the broken nose as soveniers of a recent visit to the Nation's Capital, but although he groans once in a while he isn't letting it all get him down, not even the pain of being interviewed again, he is warm, very often funny, full of a high level of the kind of magnetic aliveness that Chico Marx shines with in nearly all the brothers' glorious movies. Maybe that's why he was offered the role of Lenny Bruce in the Broadway Play. "I didn't take it because I couldn't see myself saying the same lines night after night for ninety days," says Abbie, "but I'll be happy to do a film on Lenny. I hope they offer me the part."

Ask him about his indictment, yelled Allen Katzman, as I left the EVO offices to interview Abbie, so I asked him about the indictment.

"I was indicted under section 2101 of the U.S. code Vol. 18 under a civil rights law authored by that great fighter for individual rights Strom Thurmond," says Abbie. "I gave this speech in Okalahoma in which I said three things for

which they indicted me. I said we are going to Washington to stop the government and the war, I plugged Jerry Rubin's book "DO IT," and I said we are going to make Chicago look like a YAF convention in comparison with what we are going to do in Washington. So anyway they indicted me under Thurmond's law, which is a very metaphysical law. It's the only law ever passed which makes it a crime to cross state lines with the intention to incite a riot. In other words with a state of mind. So I don't even KNOW whether I'm guilty or not." He is beginning to get up, but not in a vicious way, he just is facing an unpleasant fact which he doesn't like. "The government wants to put us away. We speak on campuses, we are doing everything we can to weaken thw power of the Phillistines in Washington. I guess I am guilty of everything, the D.C. demonstrations, the bombing of the Capitol, the Los Angeles earthquake... actually, I break the law every time I speak. Everyone who believes in civil liberties should expand the frontiers of free speech every time they speak, everything else is just masturbation. I have got a list of twenty laws I'm working on. Every time I speak I break about five and tickle another ten." What about the indictment? But Abbie wants to talk about his arrests and the FBI first.

"I've been arrested four or five times, and let me tell you, the FBI used to be really nice to be arrested by, they were gentle, they would give you your rights...but here there has been a big change in the FBI recently, the last few months, they are pissed 'cause they can't get the

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Photos: PAULINEA

4 MY LIFE AS LENNY

BY BERNIE TRAVIS

That might have sounded like a ridiculous statement. But I'm the actor who portrays Lenny Bruce in the motion picture biography 'Dirty-mouth.' And I portrayed him in the pre-Broadway production 'Lenny' in 1968. I was in a company of actors who worked and rehearsed two months, twelve hours a day, seven days a week, giving two preview performances, only to be prevented from opening because some Hollywood Producer convinced our Broadway Producer not to. That's it folks, American business at its very best. . . Wheeling and Dealing Ad Infinitum. "You open this play and you'll lose \$100,000 because we have the screen rights." (So, Mr. Broadway Producer, what are you going to do? Take a \$100,000 bath or sell out to them and get a possible percentage of the film version's gross, which may reach \$30,000,000 or \$40,000,000 in today's YOUTH CULT HEROES MARKET!) So, the Broadway producer CLOSED THE SHOW.

Act II begins six months later, again in New York City. . . THE BIG APPLE. The Broadway Director calls me to audition for a revival of the play 'Lenny,' to be produced by Hillard Elkins of 'Oh Calcutta' fame. So we meet at the Eden Theatre on 2nd Avenue and 13th Street and perform for two hours for Mr. Elkins, his associate, Mr. Platt and Mrs. Elkins. . . Claire Bloom. Results: Hilly Elkins likes the play but feels that the multi-media concept might not work in a Broadway production. Instead, he decides to consider producing a play about Lenny Bruce in a style reminiscent of 'In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer! I am invited to a Sunday Brunch at the Elkins home and I am told that I am being strongly considered for the Role of Lenny Bruce. I leave the Eastside penthouse apartment and float back to my Greenwich Village pad on Cloud 9. Four weeks later, the news: NO LENNY BRUCE BROADWAY PRODUCTION. . . goodbye, Lenny!

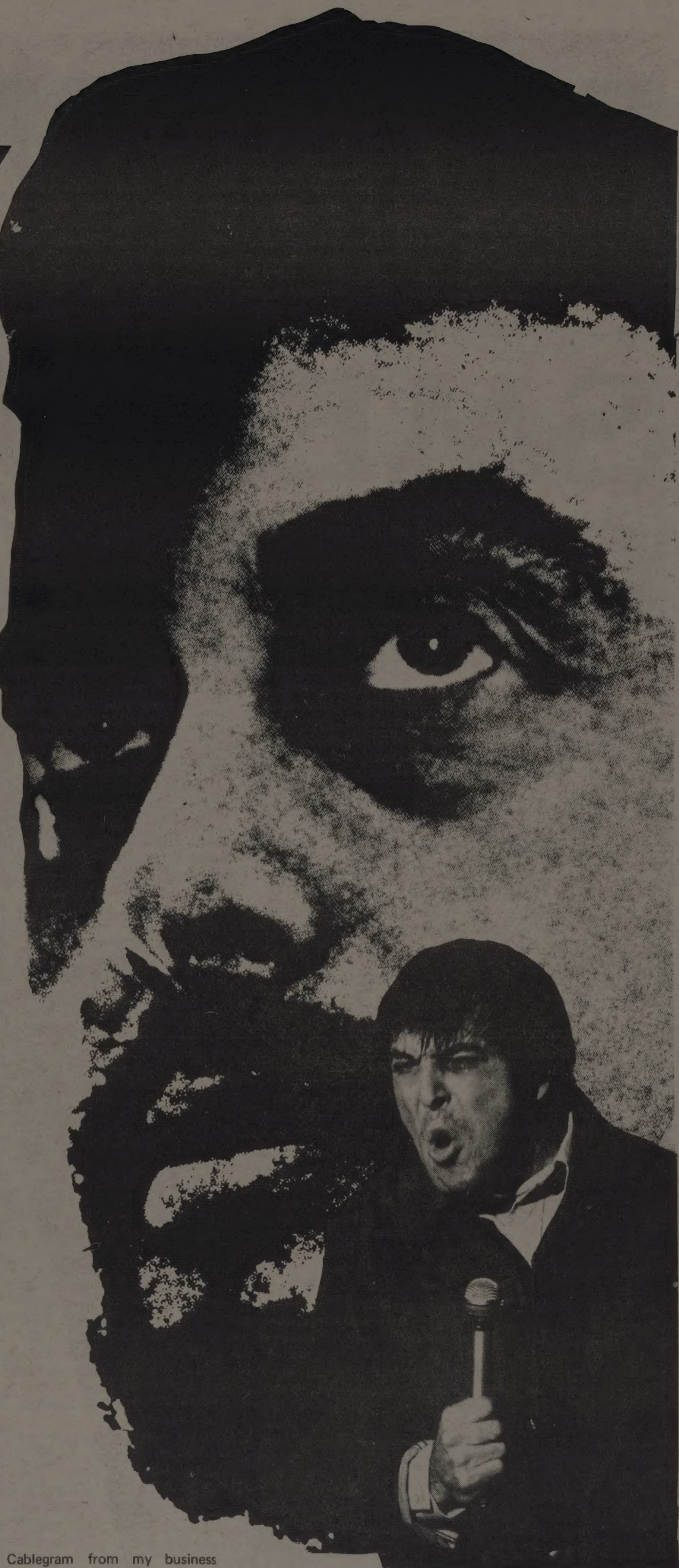
Act III begins three weeks later, again in New York City, where I am asked to audition for a film. The Producer/Director, Herbert Altman, holds an audition and asks me if I've ever heard of the subject of his film — Lenny Bruce. I tell him the two Broadway sagas. By this time, he is convinced that I should portray Lenny Bruce. Contracts are signed. The film biography 'Dirty-mouth' begins. We work 14 hours a day, 7 days a week for 3 weeks, rewriting the script. We film 12 hours a day, 6 days a week for 3 months in New York City, Philadelphia and Miami Beach. The film is reviewed in Variety and Playboy Magazines. The film is set to

open in New York City in September 1970. Except for one altercation! Our film logo, showing the Statue of Liberty's exposedd derriere cannot be printed in any newspaper or magazine that we submit it to. Reason given: Offensive to the United States of America. An alternate logo is submitted: 'Lenny Bruce Died from an Overdose of Police!' No dice! Reason given: Offensive to the Police Force. We submit our final logo: An open mouth with prison bars for teeth. Results: Logo accepted. On August 25, the 'Dirty-mouth' Producer/Director receives a summons to appear in court. The Plaintiff: The Hollywood Producer, seeks an injunction to prevent the release of the film 'Dirty-mouth.' Reason given:

Copyright to Lenny Bruce comedy material — Hollywood Producer. We go to court for 6 weeks in which time we lost the release date for our film. The judge hears the evidence and does not grant the plaintiff an injunction but decides that somedeletions must be made in the existing film 'Dirty-mouth.' We make all the deletions. Four scenes are reshot and the film is re-edited. The additional cost. . . \$25,000. The new target date for release is January 1971.

Act IV begins with several Hollwood Columnists Blurbs: 'Dustin Hoffman will portray Lenny Bruce in film bio! Now, the distributors of 'Dirty-mouth' panic. How can we release 'Dirty-mouth' with Bernie Travis when Columbia pictures is going to produce a multi-million dollar version starring DUSTIN HOFFMAN?' Two weeks go by and Dustin Hoffman does not sign. . . relief! A week later: "Sal Mineo being considered for film bio of Lenny Bruce." Finally, two weeks later: "Tom O'Horgan will direct film bio of Lenny Bruce." Tom O'Horgan is represented by the same agency as Bernie Travis. . . William Morris. Tom O'Horgan and Bernie Travis are represented by the same AGENT within the same agency. The question: which Lenny Bruce project will be given top priority by the William Morris agency? Bernie Travis' or Tom O'Horgan's? Answer: Sorry kids, but this ain't no fairy tale. . . Tom O'Horgan! I ask for and get my release from the William Morris Agency.

It is now March 15, 1971. I am taking 4 Libriums a day and lying down on my analyst's couch 3 times a week until she asks me: "When is your film being released?!. . . Goodbye, Doctor. I sign a three week contract to perform my comedy act on a Greek Cruise ship. . . destination: Freeport, Bahamas. For five days it's no RADIO, TV, NEWSPAPERS or CIVILIZATION. JUST SUN 'N FUN. Two days later I receive a



Cablegram from my business manager: CANCEL YOUR SHIP CONTRACT. . . STOP. . . YOU AUDITION FOR PLAY 'LENNY'. . . DIRECTED BY TOM O'HORGAN. . . STOP. . . SUNDAY 2:35 pm N.Y.C. HARLEQUIN STUDIOS. . . STOP. I fly back to New York City and make the audition. Tom O'Horgan and the author Julian Barry are very

impressed with my background concerning Lenny Bruce. I ask "Do I get the part?" Answer: "We'll let you know this Wednesday."

Cut to Act V the same night. I receive a phone call from the original Author/Director of Broadway play 'Lenny' — 1968, Fred Baker. "Bernie, I'm going to do my own Off-Broadway

play 'Lenny.' I want YOU for the lead. What about it?" I tell him the Tom O'Horgan saga. One minute of silence. . . goes by. He says: "I'll wait until Wednesday night for your decision. We begin rehearsals Thursday morning at 11:00. Now, — or get off the pot." Wednesday morning my manager

(Continued on Page 18)



GOOD FOOD by STEPHEN BLOOMFIELD

A column devoted to what goes into a body's body — where to get it — how to get it tastin' good — and sundry related information. . .

After many hassled and hungry hours of wandering through most of the natural food stores in the city, the cheapest, friendliest, and most reliable stores I have found are: Greenberg's Health Food Store — 125 1st Ave (near 7th st.). A large, busy store but still nice to shop in. Carries bulk grains, flours and teas as well as prepackaged items. Full line of natural vitamins and organic vegetables.

Tilly's Town and Country — 208 E. 6th St. Organic fruits and vegetables (in season) and organically grown chickens (73 cents lb.) from their own farm. Also carry some very good breads and honeys/honey-spreads. Only hassle is that they are only open on Fridays and Saturdays.

Whole Earth — 156 1st Ave. (bet. 9th and 10th) — the only bad thing to say about this place is that there is not enough counterspace and if you're not careful you'll stub your toe on the rock that holds the door open! Prices are really reasonable. Bulk grains, flours, teas, etc. Very friendly and helpful. We spent an hour shopping on Saturday, and besides getting a lot of good food at a good price we picked up new tips about natural foods, even how to prepare things.

If you can't get to a natural food store and haven't started a food conspiracy or coop, then you're still probably shopping in your neighborhood ripoff/poison market. My best advice is to always check labels of what you buy for preservatives and other foreign additives, and of course for price. Avoid products that contain BHA, BHT, Benzoic acid, Methyl cellulose, MSG.

A few readily available products that probably won't kill you are: Heckers White Flour — of course not as good as whole wheat flour, but at least it's unbleached; Indian Head Stone Ground Corn Meal. Old Fashioned Quaker Oats — not the instant kind; Streit's Matzoh — uses unbleached flour, no yeast and no preservatives; Planters Peanut Oil, no preservatives — must be refrigerated and peanuts are high in protein, and Red Cheek Apple Juice, no preservatives and no sugar added.

Every time I walk into a bookstore I almost become convinced that there is something wrong with trying to live naturally — or that the whole thing's been so co-opted already that what's the use. It can really get complicated living naturally — here are a few publications that I've found worthwhile:

Natural Life Styles a new magazine dealing with all aspects of living naturally; from an extended interview with Euell Gibbons (Stalking the Wild Asparagus, etc.) supermarket survival, camping and backpacking, to some good recipes. At \$1 its well worth it. *Poisons in Our Foods* William Longgod — read this (if you already haven't) and you'll probably give up food for a month. An in-depth analysis on how we're poisoned by almost every mouthful we take in.

Some good cookbooks:

Zen Cookery, Ohsawa Foundation — although I have it from some very unreliable sources the George Ohsawa (founder of modern macrobiotics) died of alcoholism *Zen Cookery* is a good guide for cooking without meats. It teaches dozens of ways of preparing brown rice and vegetables.

The Soybean Cookbook Dorothea Van Gurdy Jones — if you've given up meat or are thinking about it, this is an excellent book. Contains much information besides some good recipes, although I'd suggest borrowing it instead of buying since many recipes are merely variations of a few basic ones. Ignore her suggestion for using M.S.G. Soybeans contain twice as much protein as meat, and are much cheaper.

There's a group of people in Brooklyn trying to get an organic food coop together — they are also publishing a newsletter called "TOGETHER — a Thing About Communes & Alternatives —" Contact: People's Information Center, 135 West 4th Street, N.Y.C., Phone 533-5120. I'd like to hear from people who have information suitable for this column — good natural food stores in your neighborhood; good books or periodicals; good or safer products; restaurants; news on food conspiracies/coops. . .

WARNING

TO PEOPLE BUSTED
IN WASH.
YOU MAY HAVE BEEN EXPOSED
TO HEPATITIS

WASHINGTON [LNS] — Washington medical authorities are urging people who were arrested in the mass Mayday busts to take precautions against hepatitis. Several cases of infectious hepatitis were reported in the jails and detention camps.

Infectious hepatitis is most frequently spread through contact with fecal matter — so if your jail or camp had particularly unsanitary toilet facilities you should be especially careful. Other less usual ways of contracting hep include drinking (from a canteen), eating someone else's baloney sandwich or smoking a communal cigarette.

If you were busted you should try to get a gamma globulin shot. In many places they are not free and can run to as high as \$25; the shot also does not always prevent catching hepatitis.

The incubation (and infectious) stage of hepatitis lasts around a month. So for the next month you should be careful to wash your hands after going to the bathroom. Also give your friend(s) a break and avoid oral-genital contact for a month. Symptoms of hep (which appear from two to six weeks after exposure) include light brown urine, pain in the lower abdomen, nausea, a fever, listlessness, and yellowness of skin and eyes. Good luck.



NEW ZEALANDERS MARCH AGAINST WAR IN MANY CITIES

AUCKLAND, New Zealand [LNS] — Fifteen thousand New Zealanders marched for peace in Auckland, the country's largest city, on April 30. It was New Zealand's largest anti-war demonstration to date.

The Friday night march was organized by the Auckland Anti-war Mobilization Committee, and supported by Women's Liberation groups, branches of the Labour Party (the parliamentary 'opposition'), the Seamen's Union, the Auckland University Students Assoc., prominent church members,

and many high school and university students and faculty.

A week of anti-war actions preceded the march. These included a rock concert on April 18, a high school teach-in on the 24th, week-long picketing outside the U.S. consulate, leafletting, and guerrilla theatre. On the day of the mobilization, the Seaman's Union held stop-work meetings which held up ships in all New Zealand ports — a mean feat as New Zealand's economy depends heavily on shipping.

On April 30 there were demonstrations in other New Zealand cities as well — most notably 8,000 people in Christchurch, 2000 in Palmerston North, and 5000 in Wellington, the country's capital.

NAVY WILL DO "RESEARCH" IN VIETNAM

WASHINGTON [LNS] — While President Nixon is claiming to be "getting out" of Vietnam, his administration is launching a pacification project that will keep the US deeply involved in the affairs of that country for at least the next three years.

It has recently come to light that the Navy, on behalf of the administration, plans to spend \$2.4 million a year for the next three years on an American "research team" in Saigon that will keep track of everything that's going on in South Vietnam, from internal security to economic development. Under this contract, the Navy will help the South Vietnamese police "root out" suspected "subversives." Computers will try to assess pacification conditions in hamlets. And the Navy will help the South Vietnamese government in their effort to eliminate the Viet Cong infrastructure. The contract calls for a new system to report on "the location, identification and neutralization of members of the political infrastructure."

A FIBBLE

by TITUS

Once a dog developed diarrhea and his master had to follow him around with a broom and a wet sponge. MORAL:
Canine liberation is on the march.

FCC CHARGED WITH "POLITICAL INTERFERENCE"

WASHINGTON [LNS] — An FCC survey of college radio stations has drawn charges of "political interference" from many student broadcasters — and from FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson himself. The FCC questionnaire, mailed to 400 college outlets in April, asked for technical information about such things as power sources — but also inquired about the amount of radio time devoted to non-campus news reports, political debates, editorials and other kinds of programming.

Johnson has charged that the survey was based on an intent to regulate a medium "run by students who have become politically vocal, often in opposition to Establishment wars and other values."

"I think it's politically motivated. It's an attempt to instill paranoia among college stations because of what we've said about the war," charged Aaron Edelman, station manager at Brooklyn College.

Although the college outlets are subject to FCC regulation, they are not licensed, and have had little contact with the Commission during the past 40 years. Many of the students feel the FCC is taking notice now because last spring a network of campus stations broadcast reports of campus demonstrations following the Cambodia invasion, and then re-assembled this year to cover April's March on Washington.

The real problem is that there are few environmentally sound alternatives. In most realms of choice one can only pick the lesser of two evils.

Consider the car. It is responsible for the majority of air pollution. Except for the very few American cities which have subways, mass transit in America is still a dream. Most people have no choice but to drive to work, and they cannot choose but to own an auto with an internal combustion engine. The alternatives — walking and bicycling — both unpleasant and unhealthy as long as the majority continues to drive cars. Buses most often are not available.

Or take recycling. Most booklets focus attention on turning in old newspapers but ignore the problem of creating a demand for the recycled paper those newspapers will become. Many mills already claim to be handling all the waste paper they can and industry says it will take 20 years to build the facilities necessary to recycle the paper now available.

Or water pollution. Some 60% of it is caused by industry over which people have no direct control. Polluting industries, have always assumed a right to pollute and are continuing to do so. The majority of the remaining water pollution comes from municipal sewage treatment plants.

The cause of environmental quality will founder on a compost heap of handbooks and pamphlets unless people realize that while white toilet paper and nonphosphate detergents are valid educational tools and a measure of personal commitment, they will never clean up the air and water or redirect wasteful natural resource policy that ignores the needs of the future.

GIs RESPOND TO MME. BINH'S STATEMENT

LIBERATION News Service

(Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, head of the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) delegation to the Paris peace talks, recently issued a statement which included orders from the Command of the South Vietnam People's Liberation Army prohibiting attacks against and offering asylum to US servicemen who have deserted, disobeyed orders, declined to fight, fought against the US, or who have carried anti-war literature were all mentioned as deserving of protection.

A group of American servicemen on "unauthorized leave" in Paris have replied in an open letter to Mme. Binh.)

Paris, May 1, 1971

AN OPEN LETTER TO MADAME NGUYEN THI BINH

We are a group of Americans who are on unauthorized leave here in the Paris area. I myself served in Vietnam from 1966-68. I thought we were there to keep the peace. When I was on R&R (rest and recreation) in Phughtau, I talked to a lot of Vietnamese. We always thought they were with the NLF. You really had to hand it to them. They explained that if all the foreign troops would leave Vietnam, the Vietnamese people would make peace themselves and decide on the kind of government they wanted. This is the first time that the US Army has had a Revolutionary Army in front of them and they don't know how to cope with them. A lot of the GIs think more of the NLF than they do of their own commanding officers. If I was asked to go to Vietnam now, I would be glad to do so if there was some way it could help the Vietnamese people. I understand very well that there are GIs now fighting with the NLF.

While some of us resist inside the Army, some of us have gone on prolonged leave until the Vietnam war is over. We are in a weird new unit here in Paris. We send out anti-war literature; we put out a newsletter called ACT here in Paris and we like to think some GI's life may be saved because he is carrying some ACTs around with him. We also help soldiers who desert, whether for political reasons, or because of a lot of harassment in the Army because of racism or some guy pulling rank or both. We think this open declaration of your support for our struggle, inside and outside the Army, is great. We really feel we're fighting together with the Vietnamese people to end this war now.

We hope you won't mind that we are sending this as an open letter. We think a lot of GIs, in and out of the Army, feel like we do and that we are talking for a lot of others besides ourselves. If there is any way in which our support here in Paris can be of help to you, please call on us.

E-5, Sgt. John Herndon
(temporarily self-retired)
RA 13996407 Vietnam Vet

BLACK MISSISSIPPIANS MUST RE-REGISTER TO VOTE — JUSTICE DEPT LOOKS AWAY

Atlanta Voice/
LIBERATION News Service

JACKSON, Miss. [LNS] — Voting registration procedures now being put into effect in Mississippi threaten to purge thousands of black voters from the rolls.

More than 20 of Mississippi's 82 counties — most of them from the Delta area which has many blacks and a high percentage of registered black voters — have wiped all voters from their rolls and are requiring them to re-register before they can vote. Voting registrars and county officials claim that this is being done in an effort to update the rolls.

But John Lewis, executive director of the Voter Education Project in Atlanta, Ga., calls it "a deliberate effort to dilute black voting strength." In a recent telegram to Attorney General John Mitchell, Lewis said that the procedure "violates the letter and the spirit of the 1965 and 1970 Voting Rights Acts," and charged that white Mississippi officials are trying to "roll back the advances which black Mississippians have made in recent years in their effort to obtain the right to vote."

Since the Voting Rights Act of 1965, black registration in Mississippi has jumped tenfold from 28,000 to 280,000, Lewis said. That act stipulates that the Justice Department must approve of any proposed change in voter registration procedures. The Justice Department must approve of any proposed change in voter registration procedures. The Justice Department has approved the plan in four Mississippi counties so far. But Lewis said that some counties did not even submit their plans to the Justice Department before instituting them. In one county, he said, the plans were submitted and approved long after they had been put into effect.

The Justice Department's failure to enforce the Voting Rights Act came under fire earlier this month from Mervyn M. Dymally, Los Angeles legislator and co-chairman of the National Conference of Black Elected Officials.

"This has the earmarks of another plank of the Southern Strategy," Dymally declared. "This is but the latest despicable attempt in the South to disenfranchise black voters. It will take years to re-register all of these people if we permit Mississippi to get away with this."

Under the Johnson administration, Dymally said, the Justice Department required that the vote registrars prove that any new method was not designed to be discriminatory. Under the Nixon administration, the department has shifted from this "negative" test to an "affirmative" test which requires objecting blacks to prove that the intent of new methods is discriminatory. "Like, before you can call the police about the robber in your kitchen, you must prove that he intends to rob you — even though he has robbed you blind dozens of times before," says Dymally.

Lawsuits against both Mississippi officials and the Justice Department are being considered by groups which include the Legal Defense Fund, the American Civil Liberties Union and the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under the Law.

SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T SEE THE FOREST FOR THE WHITE TOILET PAPER

by Martha Wright

WASHINGTON, [LNS] — Ever since "environment" exploded into the American consciousness, the most frequently asked question has been, "What can I do?"

To answer those questions many organizations have published pamphlets, handbooks and guides. They urge people to use white toilet paper, compost their garbage, launder with non-phosphate soaps, tune up their car, and in general see that their purchases are not the result of environmentally destructive practices.

Too often these booklets become the easy way out for both the organizations that publish them and the people who use them. They enable the organizations to cope in a simple and efficient manner with the growing numbers of people who contact them for advice. And they enable people to check off their list of practices and feel that they are doing all they can to save the environment.

In so doing, the booklets can divert people from looking more deeply into the issues of pollution and responsibility. They also make it easier for organizations to avoid coming to grips with complicated problems and reorienting their programs to cope with them.

Even if everyone carried out the recommendations there would be no noticeable improvement in the poisonous condition of air and water. Solid waste problems would still be overwhelming and natural resources would continue to be misused.

news

IOWA CITY CIVIC CENTER BLOWS UP, CITY MANAGER MAY CHARGE SHERIFF WITH "PROVOKING STUDENTS"

LIBERATION News Service

IOWA CITY, Iowa [LNS] — At 3:30 in the morning, May 7, the Iowa City Civic Center blew up. Fire gutted the municipal courtroom and the police and fire stations suffered heavy structural damage. Local police say that arrests are imminent.

The bombing followed a night of trashing incidents at and around the University of Iowa campus. It all began when a gas station pick-up truck drove through a crowd of about 500 people who had just left an anti-war rally and were trying to block traffic.

Immediately after the truck incident, the rapidly-growing crowd went to the service station that owned the vehicle and broke windows and equipment. Then, moving through the business district and campus, about 1000 students stoned the ROTC building, the post office, the federal building, an air force recruiting station and Iowa Book and Supply, the largest privately-owned campus bookstore in the country.

It took a while for the police to come, but when they did, they came in swinging. A woman who was five months pregnant was severely beaten when she was caught between two groups of angry cops.

The police brought a new weapon with them — smoke bombs. The bombs, which come in tear gas-like canisters, explode into very thick, grey-white clouds that smell something like DDT. But the police, too anxious to use their latest gimmick, forgot to wear gas masks and got just as heavily smoked as the demonstrators.

Demonstrators, however, are happy to report that the smoke is ineffective. There's no eye-stinging or choking, just a fog that moves off very quickly.

Twenty-seven people were arrested, some of them charged with "doing malicious injury to a building" — a felony which can carry a five year sentence.

The campus is quiet now as the police search for the bombers. There's a rumor going around that the city attorney and the city manager (who goes to encounter sessions and Tpgroups where he learns to relate to the student community) are thinking of having the county sheriff — who doesn't go to T-groups — arrested for "provoking students."

MAYDAY — HERE AND INDIANA by COCA CRYSTAL

In the miracle of videotape, Mayday lives. Several videotape groups came down to Washington to record the events. The results are an hour length videotape which was shown at Videofree, 98 Prince Street. The tapes from the various collectives were pooled and were to be used for a collective tape. The Mayday Collective had voted that they wanted to try and get some time on national network television to reach as many people as quickly as possible. This caused some of the video people to freak out. They swore that they would never "deal" with the big nasty corporations. They came on with a very "purist" attitude when some of them, themselves are funded by pig operations.

There was backstabbing, paranoia, and even a supposed rip-off of all the pooled tapes while everyone was sleeping Sunday morning. In spite of what seemed to be insurmountable problems, a tape was made and shown to the general public last Friday. The tape will be taken to Indiana and shown to the regional representatives who will be meeting there this weekend.

After two meetings in New York it was decided to send thirty representatives to Indiana. The main topics of discussion in Indiana will be clarifying the politics of the Mayday actions, and dealing with the rest of the country on regional and local levels.

In terms of our local area, New York has decided that within a period of one month after Indiana there will be an action in New York City. And before September New York will have a regional action in Albany.

We have to get out to the brothers and sisters and TALK ABOUT MAYDAY. We have to talk about tactics. The civil disobedience has just begun, it is the beginning of a large scale movement to shut the government down.

3 STUDENTS SENTENCED TO UP TO 2 YEARS IN JAIL FOR "OBSTRUCTION"

MONTREAL [LNS] — Three black students were convicted by an all-white jury of "obstruction" (interference with the lawful use of a building) here April 22. They have received sentences ranging from 3 months in prison or a \$2,000 fine to 2 years in prison or a \$5,000 fine. The three still face 11 other charges, including that of arson.

The charges stem from the confrontation between Canadian police and students at the Sir George Williams University in Montreal, February, 1969.

In April, 1968, six black students from the West Indies lodged complaints against a biology professor, accusing him of racism and incompetence. The University responded by promoting the professor. The students persisted in their charges and by December of that year the students and administration reached an agreement — 1. the voluntary suspension of the professor until the issue was resolved and 2. the formation of a committee to consider the complaint. The committee was to be approved by the students, the accused professor and the administration.

The university violated the agreement and appointed a hearing committee. The students were not consulted about the composition of the committee or about the procedure or date of the hearing. They protested by boycotting the hearing.

At the end of January, 1969, one thousand students began a sit-in at the computer center and the faculty center in support of the black students' demands. The sit-in lasted two weeks. By Feb. 9, most of the students had abandoned the sit-in believing that an agreement had finally been reached between the administration and the six complainants. They had been misled.

On Feb. 11, several hundred heavily armed and heavily equipped riot squad police moved in on the remaining students. Students were badly beaten and many had to receive medical treatment. Two and a half million dollars damage was done to the computer center. Ninety-seven students — 42 of them black — were arrested and charged with twelve counts ranging from obstruction to arson.

As could be expected, non-whites suffered the brunt of the reprisals; passports of foreign students were confiscated and a call for the deportation of Caribbean students was sounded. Those persons held in jail longest were black. Bail bonds were highest for blacks. Blacks were tried by an all-white jury. Today those tried and sentenced have been black.

The professor has been publicly exonerated. Meanwhile students have called for a government investigation of the matter.

SOUPHANOUVANG:

THE REVOLUTIONARY PRINCE

by Elaine Elison

(Elaine Elinson is on the staff of Pacific News Service. She recently returned from the Far East, where she wrote for several Asian publications.)

SAM NEUA, Laos [LNS] — A barren cave hollowed out of a mountain near the northern Laotian city of Sam Neua is the office of the Lao Royal family's youngest son, Prince Souphanouvang. Souphanouvang, half-brother to the head of the U.S.-backed government in Vientiane, Prince Souvanna Phouma, is leader of the Pathet Lao — the Laotian Liberation army. (Pathet Lao literally means "Land of the Lao." The name was given to the army by the French during the 1954 Geneva talks.)

Souphanouvang, who is still referred to as "His Royal Highness" is considered the unquestioned leader of the Laotian peasant movement. Born in 1912, he studied in Hanoi, and later in Paris at the Ecole Ponts Chausées. While in France he became friends with activist Vietnamese students who were beginning to organize against French rule in Indochina.

When he returned to Indochina in 1939, he was stationed in Vietnam as an engineer with the French Public Works Service. He formed strong ties with the Vietminh and its leader Ho Chi Minh, and with their help he began organizing the Lao Resistance Army — the Pathet Lao.

By 1949 the Pathet Lao had taken northern and central Laos from France. Souphanouvang officially announced the formation of the Neo Lao Hak Sat (Lao Patriotic Front) dedicated to the liberation of Laos from the French and the formation of an independent coalition government.

After nearly a decade of fighting, an agreement was reached in 1956 to form a coalition of the Neo Lao Hak Sat and the Royal Government. According to the provisions of the agreement, areas held by the Pathet Lao would be subject to national government control; the Pathet Lao armed forces would be integrated into the Laotian military, under their own officers; and national elections would be held to select leaders of the new government.

When the elections were held in 1958, the Pathet Lao got over half the votes cast, and won 13 out of 21 seats in the Assembly.

THE ARMY HIRES G.I. WIVES: OUT OF THE KITCHEN AND INTO THE KITCHEN

WASHINGTON [LNS] — The U.S. Army recently began a multimillion dollar campaign to make the armed services more attractive. As part of this campaign, the Army has begun to hire Army wives to do KP duty, because the men hate it so much.

POLICE "VERY INTERESTED" IN NEW DRUG DETECTOR

Although the machine costs more than \$10,000, police departments all over the country are reportedly "very interested" in a recently-developed gadget that can analyze saliva, barbiturates or amphetamines. Scientists report that it takes less than a minute for the machine to show the presence of less than one-thousandth of a gram of drugs in the bloodstream.

They say that the machine is not yet equipped to detect marijuana or other hallucinogens, but they say they're "working on it."

4 FILIPINOS KILLED, 32 INJURED IN MANILA MAY DAY CLASH

MANILA [LNS] — Four Filipino workers were killed during a May Day demonstration in front of the Philippine's Congress building. A special police unit opened fire on the 5,000 demonstrators when a group of them attempted to fly the Philippine flag with its red side up (signifying revolution) in front of the Congress. The police were armed with ArmaLite machine guns, part of the ten million dollars in military equipment that the US Agency for International Development (AID) has given to the regime of President Marcos.

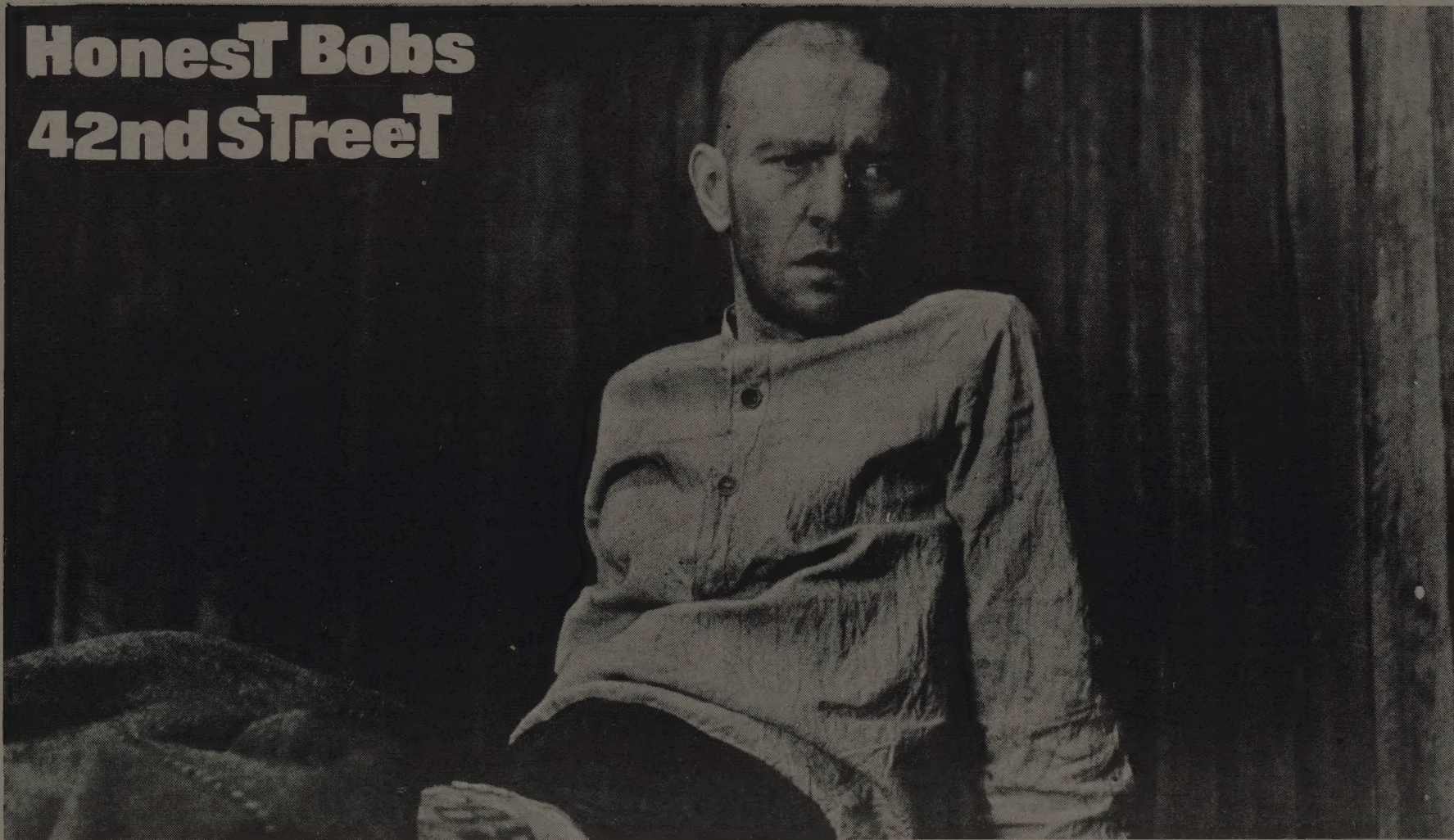
One of the dead demonstrators was Liza Vivar, a 19-year-old woman worker in a US Tobacco Corp. factory.

Thirty-two other demonstrating workers were seriously injured by police gunfire; four are in critical condition.

The bloody skirmish was the latest in a series of growing anti-American, anti-government rallies. It followed a citywide "People's March" earlier in the day by tens of thousands of workers and students wearing red bandanas and waving red flags. Part of the earlier march, led by *Kabataang Makabayan* (the Patriotic Youth Organization), then converged on the grassy mall fronting Congress for an impromptu rally denouncing "the exploitation of the Filipino workers and the workers of the world by US imperialism, the Number One enemy of humanity."

Then the shooting broke out.

Honest Bobs 42nd Street



Trotsky was the first to badmouth old Joe Dzugashvili in a big way and he wound up eating in the Automat on 14th St. for years before he made his way to sunny, deadly Mexico. Now the spectral agents of the Fourth International waft spuriously through the Peace Movement, performing blood sacrifices to the memory of Leon Davidovich, while in the light of day congeries of

quacks like Costa-Gavras, who made *The Confession* about speiling Transylvanian accounts of the misadventures of Uncle Joe, the likes of which are applauded by Life magazine and others in the know as tributes to "human dignity." It is one of the biggest soap operas of elitist culture, squealing on Stalin, practiced for fun and profit by third generation Trots and ex-CPs alike and if you crave an evening of hindsight bellyaching I can think of no better way to blow three clams than to

spend them on seeing Caspar Wrede's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, but better you should read Alexander Solzhenitsey's novel, because the film true to the tradition of wasn't-Stalin-awful-isn't-liberlism-wonderful "brilliant indictment of all forms of totalitarianism" art misses all the tragic ironies of the fiction for another ritual poke at the long dead lunatic. It even cherishes Stalin, in a necrophiliac sort of way, digging him up, burying him again... confidentially, it stinks.

recognized by one and all as a good Stakhanovite, and even, when he performs extra labor as a Hero of the Soviet Union. Socialism in one country becomes socialism in one prison, the deadly spiritual and social fate of the revolution that was the greatest since Creation.

An irony somewhat less grim is that Solzhenitsey's literary idiom of which he is a master comparable to the nineteenth century Russian novelists, is socialist realism, the official Philistinism that has been used to control artistic thought in the USSR since the '30's.

Wrede's film somehow misses Solzhenitsey's antinomies and his clear selectice style is reduced to a "realist" soup reminiscent of the boiled grass served to the prisoners. Only a few of Solzhenitsey's more banal insights, like "How can a warm man understand a cold one?" are preserved. The film was impressive where the prose was incisive. I think it might have been better served by Hitchcock, whose dynamic subjective approach to the inanimate object might better have evoked the

reality of the incidental but important bowl or blade or piece of bread, as much as a rebuke to Eisensteinian manipulations as Solzhenitsey's is to the whole socialist realist "tradition" he manifests and transcends. As it is we have another "god that failed" bleeding heart bore.

But Wrede's film is also as exploitive as Solzhenitsey's works are explosive. Because he always does more than merely "indict" Stalinism, Solzhenitsey will always be worth reading. But Wrede's horror story is already known to most Westerners and certainly to all Russians.

Perhaps the reason it remains only a horror story and not the homage to human dignity Playboy and Life find it is that the people who know what's happening know that collectivism is real and fun and nature's way withal, and if there is any human dignity it resides in the millions who are building new lives and lifestyles "everywhere" as Jerry Rubin says, not in a bunch of miscast bald kulaks with Oxford accents. Undoubtedly, superfluity is its own reward



Solzhenitsey, in creating his brilliant, terse portrait of the suffering of the Siberian exiles, created a metaphor for Stalin's collectivized Russia. Ivan Denisovich Shukov was at once a humble prisoner and an ironic portrait of the socialist "new man." He "owed nobody anything and no one owed him anything," he is purged of the illusory nutrition of the myths of God and family, he relies only on his own strength and cunning and the work of his collective gang (which competes with other gangs for rations, etc), in which he joins willingly, eagerly, collectively, and is



EXCERPTS FROM THE prison diary

OF JOHN SINCLAIR

May 1

After 9 months I can write these poems.
It rained all day today,
Mayday,
which speaks for the rest of the year
pretty much. No flowers,
or red flags on the yard
just the wet grey day, and a dude in my block
going crazy in his cell right now,
screaming and cursing in the dark-

May 12

Writing by candlelight again,
listening for the guard to climb the steps
to the first gallery which holds my cell--
then I blow out the light until he's past,
safe for another hour.

May 17

Each day I get farther behind in my work.
So many possibilities, so little time
to work them out. Even my weekends now
shrink smaller & smaller--
and the weekdays, just enough time
to answer letter, read the papers--
bah!

My books scream at me from their shelf,
my typewriter begs me to work it,
my mind is bursting with energy--
9 1/2 to 10 years
will never be enough time!

July 1

Another month,
a new notebook.
The shakedown squad came by tonight.
Everyone else is out in the yard,
I'm sitting at my desk typing
earphones or, music blasting through my head
and look up surrounded by screws!
Flashes of paranoia and real fear,
but it's just a plain old C block shakedown--
they look through my house--
a new guard getting broke in--
and left without taking a thing.

August 27

The unconscious or not
consciously felt emotional void
after your visit up here--the way it's
straight back into penitentiary life
or non-life when you leave,
almost like I never saw you out there
in the visiting room--the minute you're gone
the whole world you bring with you
disappears too, and I'm back in prison
simply and wholly
until the next time you come

October 1

Long live the People's Republic of China
on this it's 21st anniversary!
Long live the brilliant genius Chairman Mao Tse-tung!
Long live the 800,000,000 brothers and sisters of China!
21 years ago this day marked a turning point
in the history of the West so vast and deep
that still hardly anyone understands it--
No more Amerikan West!
No more Asian ripoffs for the capitalist dogs!
No Coca-colas and Chryslers and electric toothbrushes
for the toiling masses of the East!
No Bank Amerikards in Peking!
The dream of the Rockefellers and Fords
blown to smithereens by the victory of peoples' war!
Right on, people, right on!
Dare to struggle, dare to Win!

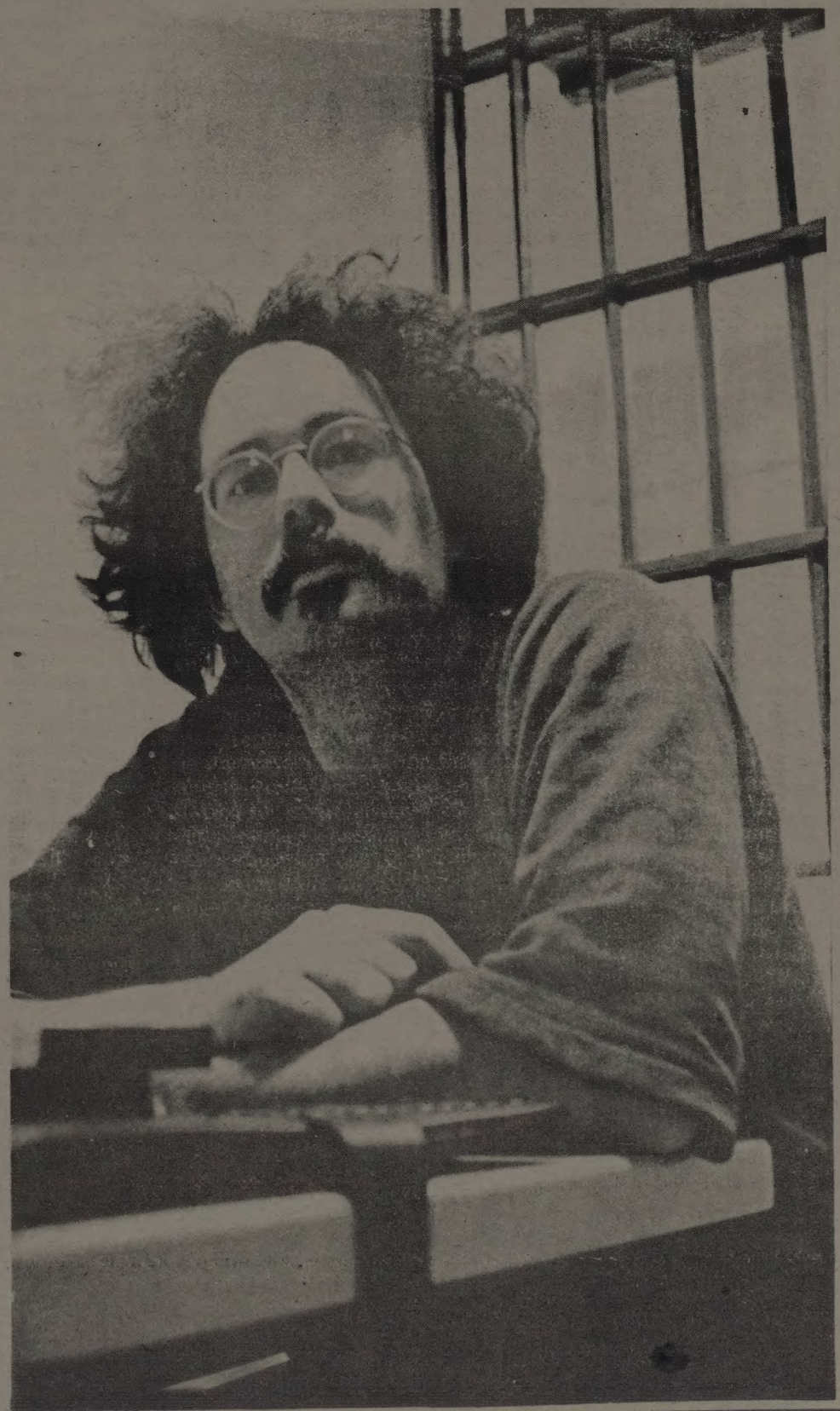
November 2

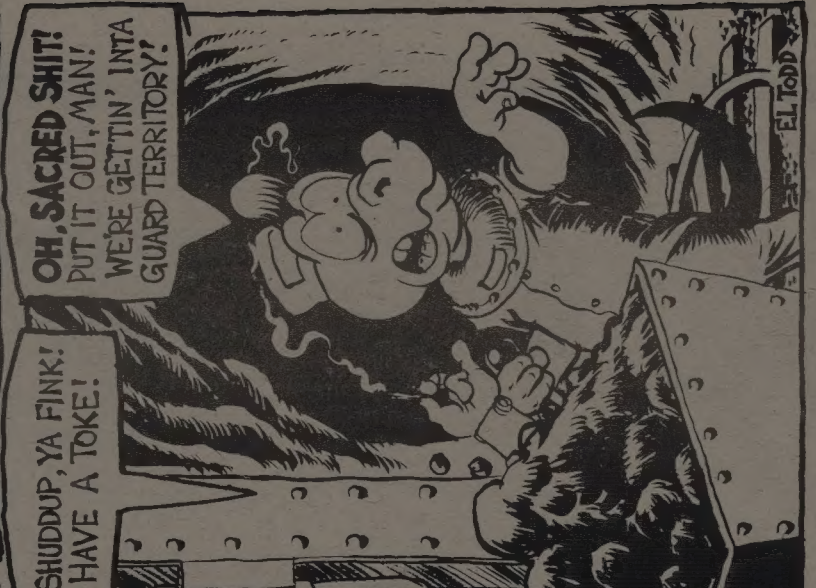
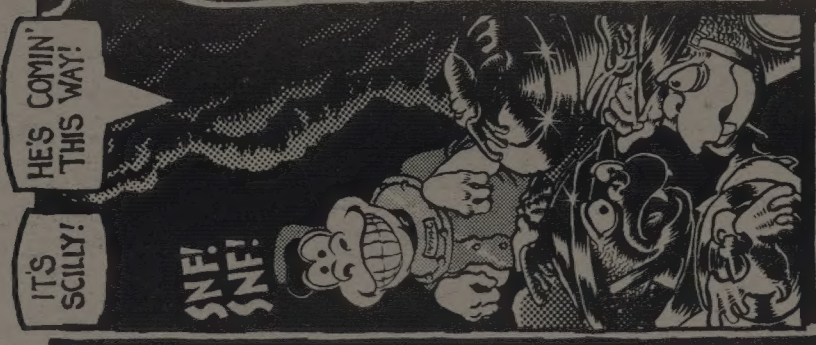
The goon aquad on the rock today
just as I was leaving for my visit--
6 pigs kicked the shit out of a Muslim brother
gassed him, and filled all of 5 block
with their nasty fumes--
5 brothers taken to the hospital for treatment,
10 or 15 dudes moved from their cells
because the gas was so thick--

The victims:
Andrews 114997-the Muslim brother;
Weed 102343, Davis 125528,
Williams 120911, Page 94943, Gillette
125055, Cross 83042, 124727 Blanding
(whose 4-year-old sister was shot and killed
by National Guard troops in the 1967 uprising),
Taylor 120687, Williams 94669,
Westbrook 91842, Bell 119243, Freeman
125188, 117218 Weatherby, 115893 Bush,
115114 Kelly, 88064 Cumingham,
103816 Eaggu,
and the whole motherfucking block!

December 5

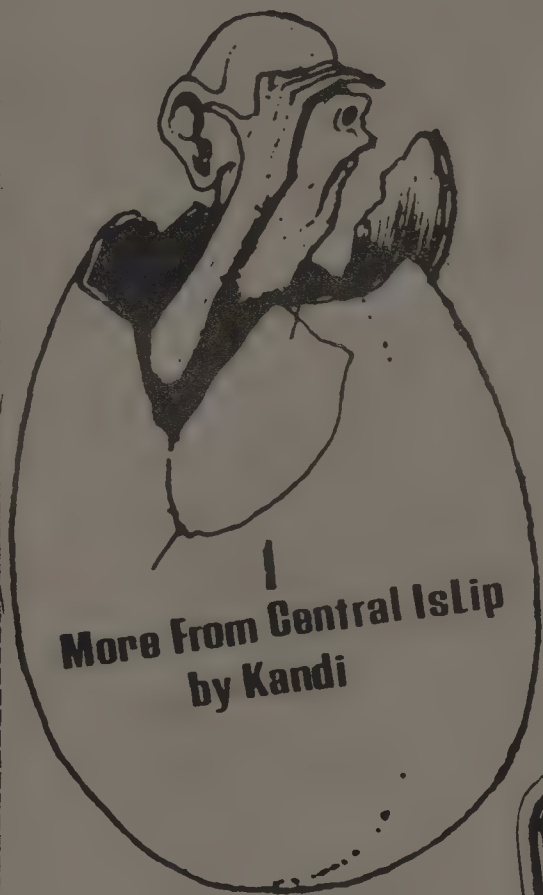
Freezing cold in here all day,
& a brother just hung himself in his cell
in the gallery above mine -
quiet is on this gallery like a pall
or a sheet they rapped around the dead prisoner
as they carried him past my cell
on a stretcher just 15 minutes ago -
weirdness & terror in the air,
even the guards are affected.
Some days it's hard to understand
how any of us in here manage to keep ourselves
from hanging it up like that -
this is no place for men to be caged
this is no place for men at all.





ROLLA ROLLA!

EL TDD



(Ed: Kandi, who has been doing a column on mental hospitals, is presently confined in isolation in Islip State. To add to the dilemma, she is three months pregnant. This column was smuggled out.)

I used to know nice people. All they did was steal cars, rob houses, shoot a little dope. And then I started picking up the papers and all of a sudden they were making the front page. When I was sixteen I got a call from a friend one morning. Kandi, I'm going to kill myself. Sure, baby, sure, and I went back to sleep. She disappeared and turned up dead on 45th Street 3 days later. The cops said no one had reported her missing. Sure, just about 10 of her friends & her old lady. Dawn was trying to turn straight. She killed herself over a guy who didn't want a pill head. I tried to do a number on him and passed out before I could swing it. Mental block. I couldn't kill.

Next month when the Mirror was still around a chick jumped off Jerry's, a luncheonette that used to be by Village Gate. Dig it — she climbed 5 flights of stairs with a broken foot and jumped. With no help. At least that's what the cops were running.

Let's get to C.I. where I am now. There was a murder last year. There'll be more. They like the girls to go out in pairs — beautiful. You can take nice long walks in the woods. The last walk I took I wound up with my woman's hands around my waist and then around my neck. You're not scared of me baby, I wouldn't hurt you, I guess I'll never know the ground patrol showed and we walked. 2 weeks later she got investigated in an upstate murder. She blamed the syndicate. I'm not so sure. Let me throw in a message to Lindsa the broad she's living with.

Baby, Joanie took me to that same rusty slide. And before she left she said if you fucked with her again she do a number on you with her father's gun.

There's more, plenty more. Another friend just jumped off the G.W. bridge.

One of my girlfriends is doing time in the house for a stolen gun & car. Last time I saw her she had 13 felonies on her for car theft and a forged airplane license.

Half the people I've known since I was sixteen are dead. Most of the rest are in jail. I'm in here, where it's safe. I mean, what can happen to you in a "hospital?"

INSIDE PHEONIX HOUSE

Pheonix House is a therapeutic community run by ex-addicts with assistance from the Addiction Services Agency. The theory of the House is let's replace dope with talk, encounters and sex. Oh yes, you can ball in the House with daddy Director's permission. One at a time, though, ladies, and if your gay, forget it. They tell you that's your problem. That's why you shoot dope and then push you into bed with a guy as fucked up as you are. Of course, the girls split. Even the directors who are half dykes split. You can't force homosexuals into the straight life. Not if they're happy being gay.

Then there's the encounters. Happy little get togethers where everyone tells each other what they think of them, in gutter terms.

No holds barred but physical violence. One guy got carried away with the program and offed another one. They shaved his head and put him in diapers. One girl flipped out after group. She was in Pilgrim four months.

Their favorite game is can you top this. They like to talk about how big and bad they are. How many people they've cut, how they hussle. I learned a lot. Eight years ago I was a fucked up little brat who wanted to be in with the bad guys. You gotta be tough to handle Pheonix House and if you do, baby, you can handle anything. Now I could handle it. Now I'm where they're at and Goddam — I want out!

YES VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SYNDICATE

When I was a "little" girl I hung around with a group called the Boys. Every night we'd go to Kenny's Pub on the old Sea Colony and get high while the Boys made important phone calls. And every night some Sicilian-looking gents would pat them on the head and tell them how great they were doing. Now I figured that the older guys were where it was at. But I was jail bait and they weren't playing. After awhile, after a few parties and a few loose tongues, my girlfriends and I started trying to find out what the Boys did. A very very nice man told us that it would not be to good an idea to ask questions. It was not a good idea. My girlfriend

died shortly after — overdose but mainly an overdose of Freddy — one of the Boys who was peddling her to all his friends. Then there was my friend, who for my sake will remain nameless, as we weren't too friendly. After Dawn died we went for a long long ride in the Bronx. Where Junior and he really was a little boy, pulled a pretty little knife out and said that he would just as soon leave me out there but if I didn't help the man in blue find out about Dawn's friends he'd do me a favor and let me live. Now that I look back I think he was too much of a punk, but I was scared. I let him ball me, for the first time incidentally, I'd been stalling for months, and then he drove me home to Mama. Shortly after I came home to find my father and two FDA pigs in the living room. They wanted to know about my friends and Dawn's and alot about the LSD which was still a pretty new thing. But they were after the good guys and the ones they wanted the rundown on were just some beautiful people who were crying over Dawn as though as I was. So I said I'd cooperate, tipped off all my friends and most of them skipped to the Coast. By this time our home phone was tapped.

My father was blaming FDA. FDA was blaming the Narcotics Squad and eight years later when I call home I still get bleeps.

After Dawn died I got away from it all. I went to West New York, N.J. First character I meet comes on like Al Capone, tells me he's a boxer and a syndicate enforcer. I figure he's punch drunk. But he's nice enough so we make a date. I buy a boxing mag.

Sure enough, Joey just felled a guy in the ring and is "suspected" of having dealings with criminal elements. So what the Hell, I like fighters, even if they are punch drunk. And I figure if someone's a crook they don't tell you — they keep it a secret — right? Wrong. First this creep cries on my shoulder about his ex-wife all night. Then he has to stop of to do a little work. He did a little work all right on a very little man in a grovery store, I guess the poor guy didn't like paying protection or maybe Joey just didn't like little old men.

From the way he balled I would say that he probably liked nice young boys. Down the years I learned to avoid the fancy dressers. Most of them were pimps tied in with the big boys, who were looking for girls for the boys.

(Continued on Page 18)



On the other end of a long fast automobile ride were some friends of mine. I hadn't seen them in a long long time. Living outside the sphere of electronic impulses that circles the Electric Mecca they've been hanging around for some time now just playing their instruments and writing songs. They're not dreaming the rock and roll dream hidden away just looking to play music all day long.

They cruised out of town a few years back with a truckload of musical paraphenalia and their women and children heading for greener pastures somewhere out there, who knows where, just away from the electric trance of all who dance inside the city. Just going away as so many others had done. They were gone.

"Yeah, we removed ourselves gracefully from the scene when there were too many fist fights in our audiences. We just didn't dig violence at all on any level. For awhile there seemed to be nothing but violence around, it didn't get us off so we let it slip away," Bobby Wind, the 24 year-old drummer and part-time fly boy for the group sat in the back of the car on the way up to the studio in the woods.

"Yeah, but how did you get into country music?" I asked.

"Well, before we got this place together we had to live in a house near town. I mean near people. They were kind of asleep and didn't know what to make of our long hair and funny colors. We had to keep them cooled out so we always smiled and said hello and let the women do most of the talking. We also kept the record player up most of the time."

"Up?" I asked.

"Yeah, we played country music, lots of country music and kept it so the neighbors could hear. No matter how loud or what time of day it was no one asked. No one bothered us. It kept them asleep and not asking any questions. We didn't want to answer."

"What kind of country music?" "Well, most anything that you can find in the jukebox around here, Buck Owens, Johnny Cash, Elvis, we played lots of Elvis, Merle Haggard, Roy

Orbison, Joe South, Hank Williams, anything that has twang in it.

"I don't know if I fully understand why did that stuff keep them asleep?"

"Cause its fuckin appalachia man, there ain't nothing but country music up here. Gas station attendants, post office clerks, housewives, teenagers, teevee repairmen, school bus drivers. They're all hooked into the big twang. That's all that filters thru the media here, nothin' else but country music. The hippest thing they got comin' out of the radios is Elvis. Elvis fuckin Presley, man he ain't peanuts in New York but up here there isn't anyone better.

In the front seat, Shakey Louie the road manager was looking thru the stack of 8 track cartridges in the glove compartment. He pulled one out and stuck it in the machine in the dashboard. Here, listen to this, he said.

Oh, I'M proud to be an olkie from Muskogee.

It was up real loud and the windows were open and we were driving at high speed down deserted country road and no one cared. The tape was playing music in the language of the land and it blasted out thru the windows as we sped along. No one cared cause it was like camoflauge. With Merle Haggard singing out of the box this fast car was no different from any others that would have traveled that road. It camofloughed the thoughts deeds and actions of all those inside the speeding auto.

"We've been living a country music dream and its let us stay cool with the surroundings and the local yokels. On the outside we're just like any other kids around here."

I spend some time with them listening to what else, country music on the record player and live. Sounded like the stuff that comes off of WJRZ in New Jersey, the only radio station in the New York area that plays country music all of the time. It keeps the neighbors asleep and happy so we play it. Now and then they'll even hire us for a high school dance or a picnic to play

for them. They think it's real. We've talked with lots of the townspeople and they think it's really nice that a bunch of long-haired kids are playing sensible music for a change. We all laughed. During my stay with them I wrote down some of the names and numbers of the stuff that keeps most of America happily in twang land. If you've got a taste for real country music, this is the stuff.

The greatest of all, perhaps the greatest country western artist of all time now long gone to his final rest was HANK WILLIAMS. He died about 18 years ago and they put a plaque in the country music hall of fame with his picture on it and these few words:

Hank will live on in the memories of millions of Americans. The simple beautiful melodies and straightforward palintive stories in his lyrics of life as he knew it will never die. His songs apealed not only to the country music field but brought him great acclaim in the pop music world as well.

Yes, he was possible the greatest and most articulate of all those that have used twang to reach those sleeping masses out there. An album that's got most everything that you'd want to know is *Hank Williams Greatest Hits* SE-4755-2. They're all there, the original recordings in the studios from 1948 to 1952. The list is too long to name them all, maybe a few that'll ring a bell. Your Cheatin' Heart, Settin' the Woods on Fire, Take These Chains from My HEart, I Can't Help It if I'm Still in Love With You, Honky Tonk Blues. They're all there, 2 dozen of his finest

efforts preserved for all the ages in plastic. He was the greatest, they say, there'll never be another though his son Hank Williams Jr. has been recording for awhile. He's got a few albums under his belt but he's nothing like what his dad was. A true American legend, Hank Williams.

Then there's Ernest Tubb. Another great performer in the

country field. He was around way way back then too, and is still cranking out those hits for all those people that are plugged into that stuff. He travels across this land in his own bus with his own band stopping here and there to play. He's been one of the regulars of the grand old opry for years now.

He sings songs like *It's America Love it or Leave It*. That one is on his newest album called *A Good Year for the Wine*. Decca 75222. It says on the back of the album cover that the music is a collection of what Ernest feels you'll like almost as much as he does. Another priceless bit of American musical paraphenalia is his double album set also out on decca called *Ernest Tubb's Greatest Hits*. It's got 2 really great songs that were written about true experiences in the second world war. They're called *Filipino Day* and *Missing In Action*.

One of the interesting things about Ernest is that when Jimmy Rodgers passed from this veil of tears his widow gave his guitars to Ernest cause Jimmy would have wanted it that way. All of the songs on these records were recorded with those guitars, a true monument to Jimmy Rodgers' undying talent. Ernest Tubb also has one of the largest fan clubs of any white entertainer in America today.

Then they slipped on some Waylon Jennings to the turntable. He's real big around here too, they play his stuff constantly in the bar in town. It's sad songs and drunk songs and music for feeling lonely. The album was called, *The Singer of Sad Songs* RCA lsp4428. On it he sings 3 songs that you might recognize, you have to listen to them awhile before you realize that they're not country songs at all, or at least we don't think of them as being country songs. *Honky Tonk Women, No Regrets and if I were a Carpenter*. They're all skilfully changed by Waylon into something new with the same old words. He makes them seem like they were written below the Mason Dixon Line.

Not too many people recognize the name but Johnny Cash has had him on his show and he also appeared on the Hee Haw show a couple of times.

"You know they play country western music on the teevee in n.y. a couple of times a week," I said.

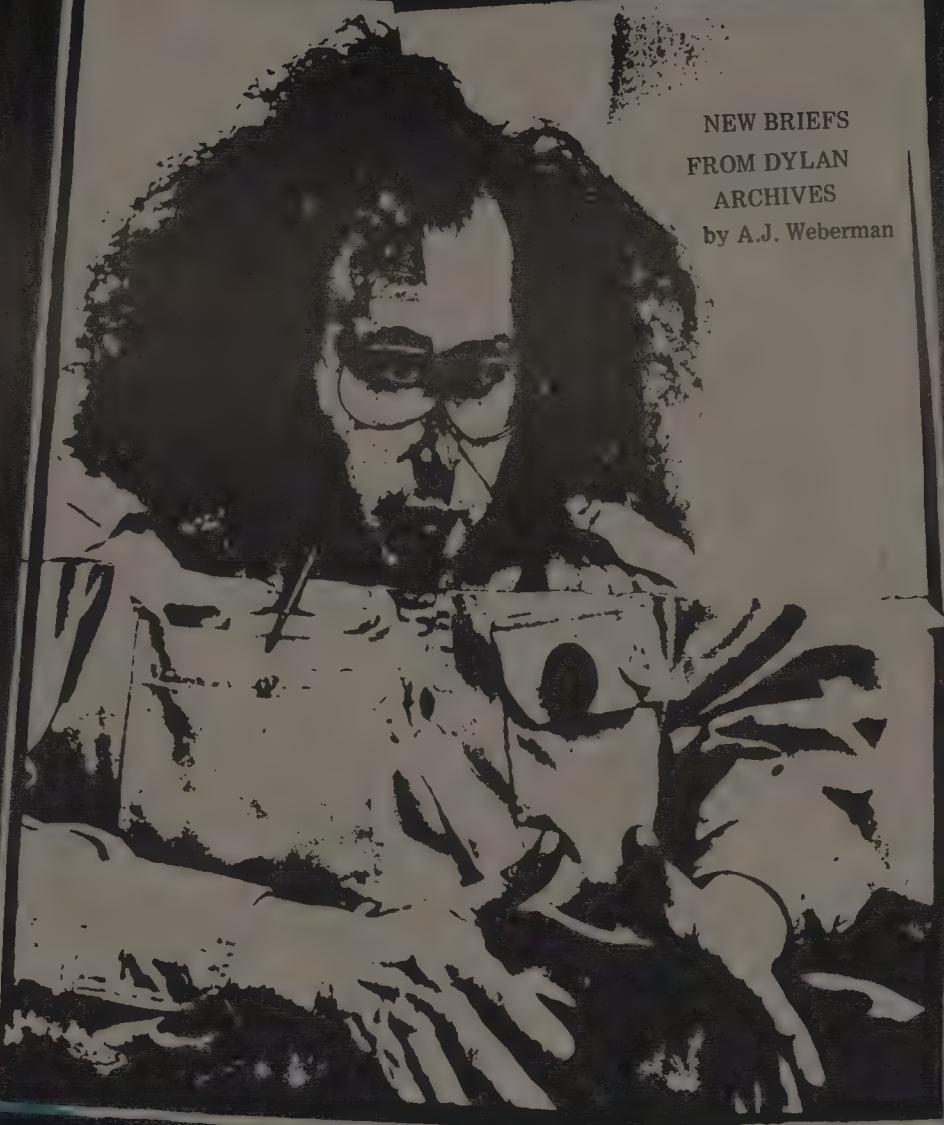
"Yeah," said Bobby, "They play it all the time around here" "Oh," I said.

Then Cynthia, Louie's wife, pulled out some more records. Even Las Vegas had caught on to this thing. Elvis made it really big when he was there last time. His live performances were sold out months in advance, we tried to see him but a ticket couldn't be had for love or money. He did cut an album of his stuff done on stage and it's called *ELVIS In Person at the International Hotel Las Vegas Nevada*, RCA LSP 6020. It's got Blue Suede Shoes, Johnny B. Goode, Hound Dog, Are You Lonesome Tonight. All of his really big million sellers played for the swains out there.

Vegas has become one of the hippest places to record your stuff nowadays. Jerry Lee Lewis cut an album there too. It's called *Jerry Lee Lewis Live at the International Hotel*. Mercury, No. SR61278. It was made the last time he flew into that town to move it around a little. He blew some minds right away, they never saw this stuff done before. He's getting on in years but he does the same things on stage and the things still happen to his audience. Unlike Elvis he doesn't rely solely on his name or his fame. Jerry Lee is a great entertainer as well as

a piano man. Listen to the audience on the record. They're flipped out, completely out of control. He was doing that stuff to people before the Beatles had even gotten out of their

NEW BRIEFS
FROM DYLAN
ARCHIVES
by A.J. Weberman



Liverpool slum. He puts so much into a performance that something has to happen. The people go nuts. On the second side of the album they caught in plastic

some of his old numbers when he played them. It's insane that he still can keep the songs fresh after all these years. He played Hank Williams' *Jumbalaya* and everyone flipped out. They wanted more oldies so he played San Antonio Rose, an old Bob willis favorite. Then his sister Linda Gail came out and they did a duet, *When You Were a Tulip and I wore a Rose*. It was too much. The tape recorders grinding away out in the remote truck in the parking lot got every bit of this experience. Las Vegas is a pretty uptight place what with Harold Hughes and all but he managed to break thru all of that and turn out an exciting album.

Then there's my favorite, Harold Jenkins, better known to most of you as *Conway Twitty*. He's a real nice man who has been heard to say stuff like "My philosophy is to treat people as good as you can cause people are what count." Yeah, Conway Twitty, but you'd never think I was a freak for his music, well stranger things are yet to be seen. Anyways, on his album, *Hello Darlin* Decca 75204, he sings songs all about Tennessee. It goes like this:

*Wish I was on old rocky top down in the Tennessee hills
Ain't no smoggy smoke on rocky top ain't no telephone bills
Rocky Top you'll always be Home Sweet Home to Me
Good old Rocky Top, Rocky Top, Tennessee.*

*Wish I was on old rocky top down in the Tennessee hills
Ain't no smoggy smoke on rocky top ain't no telephone bills
Rocky Top you'll always be Home Sweet Home to Me
Good old Rocky Top, Rocky Top, Tennessee.*

The best news of all is that Conway is going to be in town playing and singing and doing whatever it is that he does. A Nashville show is coming to the big time and you'd better be there, Madison Square Garden on Friday night June 4. There will be a dozen or so of the greatest living country artists in America today.

The list reads like a who's who of Nashville, Tennessee. Sonny James will be there and Loretta Lyn, Dolly Parton, Jim Ed Brown, Jamey Ryan Dell Reeves, Raron Young, Porter Wagoner and of course Conway Twitty. It will be a one night only show but maybe if enough people show they might do it some more.

I hope to see all you there maybe you'll break out of the Fillmore East Rock and roll addiction and get turned on to some real American sounds. Maybe

Maybe it's just a soft spot in my head or in my heart but this may be the start of a whole new thing, this spring when Nashville comes to town. There will be a real live rodeo moving into the Garden for awhile in the early part of June, too. Maybe it's for you, maybe so, I'll see you there if you decide to go. Maybe yes, maybe no...

LOVE, CHARLIE FRICK

it's just a soft spot in my head or in my heart but this may be the start of a whole new thing, this spring when Nashville comes to town. There will be a real live rodeo moving into the garden for awhile in the early part of June, too. Maybe it's for you, maybe so, I'll see you there if you decide to go. Maybe yes, maybe

Love, CHARLIE FRICK

Bob Dylan has legally changed his name back to ZIMMERMAN. . . Esquire Magazine has asked me to do an article on famous personalities garbage - PIG ROCK STAR WATCH OUT. . . Dylan claims that the reason he hastily split during a recent DEAD-BEACH BOYS concert at the Fillmore was not because his name was flashed on the screen by Joe's lights but because he didn't dig the Beach Boys - "I woulda jammed with the Dead if they weren't there" this is bullshit cause Dylan is a notorious paranoid idiot!!!. . . the following comes from a LP titled WARNER-REPRISE - RADIO SHOW - "They laughed at Marconi, scoffed at Edison and we Talked Weberman. . . but these men knew what they knew and know it now to be true. . ." WPLJ in New York City along with her sister ABC-affiliated 'hip community oriented' stations (one of which employs ex-Yippie Paul Krassner) has refused to run paid advertisements for Abbie Hoffman's STEAL THIS BOOK proving that they're less radical than the *Village Voice* who ran ads for it.

speaking of Abbie, Ann Duncan's next painting in her GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK series is one of Peter Townsend hitting him over the head with a guitar at Woodstock.

. . . the latest hassle at WBAI concerns whether or not they should involve themselves in WPAX (a couple of hours of Radio Hanoi turned over to the underground) Bob Fass is one of the few who's for BAI getting involved altho I hear that the station manager has asked him to read a book titled SOME CALL IT TREASON.

. . . during the recent Mayday happening in DC, Senator Stuart Symington got caught in the middle of a stall-in a couple of blocks from his office & decided to sign the peoples peace treat after a couple of demonstrators recognized him & started to rock his car back and forth.

. . . One Legged Terry, ony my severist critics (the only reason I hang with the dude is to prove that I'm not an elitist) has done an article for the REALIST concerning the murder of a freak down in Tulsa, Oklahoma which should prove to be very controversial.

. . . many people say that Albert Grossman Management specializes in handling strung-out rock stars - Janis & her band of junkies, Bob 'Dugi' Dylan & Paul Stokley for instance. And guess who was best man at Albert's first wedding - EVO'S editor Jaakov Kohn, of all people.

. . . I was at a JAMES GANG press party the other day in the plush bar of some uptown hotel waiting to dig the group when someone said - "The group ain't gonna play but they're five prostitutes comin'" and sure noff about

halfway intot he thing five hookers walked in (I recognized one of them, a junkie, from the time Me & Ann were living in Formentara, Spain) and made their way over to the bald music rigs whose pockets were heavy with our loot. FUNNY \$\$\$ behind this group, I bet. . . and who should be there but TOBY MAIMOS, 'White Panther,' & John Sinclair freak (I had last seen him backstage at the MAYDAY concert in DC. . . he split right after that & didn't stick around for the action)

Toby is a 'revolutionary' who spends most of his time hanging around big record companies & whose idea of community organizing is not starting a street sheet or co-op food store - instead he wants to open a co-op record store & help push all the shit that's on the market & Toby says - "No bootlegged stuff in our store." Hey I may be a bootlegger but he's a bootlicker. . . of course Toby looks like Che Guevara compared to Alfred Aronowitz of the NY POST (a close buddy of Albert Grossman) who almost got kicked out of the backstage area at MAYDAY because of his front page story which was designed to turn people off to the event.

Al forgets that millions of people are being cheated out of their lives by American Imperialism & only remembers the 'violence' of the demonstrators. You can rap with Al at his home 935-6204 or his office 663-1152. speaking of THE POST, I hear that they've been goin around to the news-stands which carry the new sunday paper THE HERALD & threatening them.

The Herald devotes more space to the counterculture than any other establishment rag & carries interesting wire services (INS, French Press Agency, etc. oh yeah *The New York Times* has been hassling these services trying to get them to stop doin' business with *The Herald*) but unfortunately their political coverage as a whole ain't much better than *The Post* & I feel that the culture without the politics spells RIPP-OFF. . .

speaking of rip-offs when yer buying soap-pads (brillo etc.) you might as well fill-up the box (which is usually 30% empty) with pads from other boxes. . . if the management of the store digs you doing the thing and says something tell em ya thought ya were getting a short count in the first place cause the box wasn't full. Another good thing is to rub off the 1 in front of prices like \$1.34 & then pick a young cashier whose mother has always bought the food for the family. . . & who don't know the prices. . . this scam woiks good with ethnic food. . . just pick a cashier whose obviously not in the ethnic group which eats the food yer rippin off; for example Gefilta Fish easily gets by goisha (gentile) cashiers. These tips from FAST EDDIES RIP-OFF SERVICE. well catch ya all later down the line. . . A.J.



RUNNING by R. Meltzer

What good is running? It even hurts. Willie Stargell of the Pittsburgh Pirates will tell you that. This is the best start he's ever had (he got eleven homers during April and he got voted player of the month) and he says reason's because he didn't have to do all the running. Running loses weight for you. But it's a real bitch, it hurts like hell. It hurts your ass, your shoulders, your stomach, your head, your legs, your feet. It's not even easy to learn how to run on the balls of your feet. So Willie was lucky he didn't have to waste his time with any of that shit.

But Jim Ryun and Marty Liquori ain't so lucky. Well they're lucky to be alive but that's all. They have to run all the time. If they didn't run they'd be nobodies and they never would've even got scholarships for a college education. Marty's even still in school and he's stuck going to Villanova, a truly heinous institution. But he's a senior so he'll be out in no time flat. Ryun's luckier because he's 24 years old so he doesn't have to go to school anymore unless he feels like going to grad school and he's not *that* stupid. Running's better than school but if you're stuck with both that sure ain't hot shit, no sir.

Well everybody knows Ryun's great big story of back when he was 19 years old he ran the mile in 3:51.3. That was the year of the teenager and Time magazine even put a teenager on the cover and that wasn't even the point, it was actually a matter of under-25 so the guy was an imaginary under-25er. But the article mentioned Ryun as well as Don Schollander of the Yale swimming team. But anyway when Ryun got to break his own record — lowering it to 3:51.1 — it was in Bakersfield. And Bakersfield, California, is the home of Buck Owens and Merle Haggard as well as being the clap capitol of the nation. One person in four has the clap in Bakersfield. So it's not exactly a savory place for a young kid to be hanging around. So track doesn't always even bring the participant to decent places to visit. So even the travel stinks so why run?

Well he did actually get a nice trip to Mexico for the 1968 Olympics. That was the week after all those students got shot dead by the Mexican army or the cops or whoever it was. The Group Image had been planning to go down and play for the Olympics but they decided to pass it up. In retrospect it was a good idea but Jim Ryun didn't share their views so he went down to compete. He was supposed to win and he woulda been the first Yank to win the 1,500-meter since 1906 or 1924 or something. But he lost to a guy who traveled even further than he did, Kopchoge Keino of Kenya. Kenya's high up in the mountains so he was in shape for the mountains of Mexico City. Odd how whatever kind of training a runner does it just ain't good enough. Peter Snell was better anyway. So was Herb Elliott

who was a vegetarian.

Peter was the first guy in umpteen years to hold the record for both the mile and the half-mile, that ain't bad. Then Ryun was the second and he still has the record for both even though he ain't been much in the way of hot shit lately if you ask me. And I know a thing or two about running the mile, I once did it in 6:28. Almost any able-bodied two-legged being on the planet under the age of death can run it in less than 25 minutes and plenty of them can even do it in less than 10.

But the record's less than 4 ever since Roger Bannister who just happened to be the first to break the 4-minute mile broke the 4-minute mile. If he hadn't been the first nobody's know his name. Now they all do, that's the workings of fate, the immutable hand of whatever the fuck. Well so they've been lowering it more and more ever since and usually by no more than a couple of tenths of a second. Then Snell lowered it by half a second or something like that and that was hot shit at the time. But then Ryun lowered it by something like 2.2 seconds. Two point two is pretty good, especially if you're just a kid of 19. That's what they all wrote and they were right. Also a big thing about him was that most American milers usually suck. Dyrol Burelson was shit and so was Jim Grelle and so the big things about Ryun were: 1. his record; 2. his age; 3. the amount he broke the previous record by; 4. he was an American; 5. most American milers suck; 6. he got married and was wholesome. Six reasons is a lot of reasons but the big ones are 1 and 3.

Speaking of which it's about time they started clocking it in hundredths of a second instead of tenths. Well it really wouldn't make much of a difference unless guys started breaking the record again or coming close. But if they started doing it it would be nice to see guys do it by 4 hundredths of a second or something like that. Things would start grinding toward the which can be neat when you get a specific finite distance like a mile involved for contrast. Etc. But whatever the measure involved nobody's ever gonna run a mile in zero seconds. That's the lower limit too, a time that can't be beaten without the runner dying. Right? Sure, like sooner or later you're gonna have to lay your life on the line to break the record, breaking it'll be the ultimate sacrifice.

Another sure-fire killer is liquor, as bad for the stomach as it is for the liver. Add a letter I to the end of it and you got Liquori so there's some precedent for him killing himself on the track. The last thing he is is of record calibre. He's never gonna hold the record but sometimes he goes so far as to *win*. He beat Ryun twice

out of a whole bunch of times before the big Martin Luther King Games showdown in Philly. One of the times Ryun didn't even try and Marty was pissed off so he yelled out at him "Whatsamatter," and Ryun just proceeded to lose to him. Another time was the time when Ryun *quit* in midrace and that time Liquori was *really* pissed off. Why was he pissed off? Because a winner likes to win over legitimate competition, at least that's what they teach you at Villanova. Norman Mailer once asked Muhammad Ali if he didn't really want Liston to get up off the canvas in their second fight in Maine so as to win later and thus show the world that he could handle Liston for any length of time and maybe even slug it out with him toe to toe. Well Ali looked angrily at the dud asking the questions and he said "No." No he didn't want Liston to get up because his rib hurt and he wanted to get it over with as soon as possible. Ribs are ribs but there's another distinction: sports as opposed to show biz. Norman wanted a sports answer and Muhammad Ali is show biz thru and thru. And he was also a *pro*, not a god-forsaken *amateur* like Liquori.

And amateurism just plain sucks! Who needs amateurism anyway? Not me, I don't need it, do you? Probably not unless it's the route to a college or university of your choice or the Davis Cup or something honorable like that. I mean if they wanna have distinctions between newcomers and old vets they can do it like that and even that way they can still have one set of guys versus the others. But who needs this amateur shit? Look what it did to Jim Thorpe. Look what it did to Bill Nieder. Look what it did to Ralph Boston (it made him teach chemistry). Why shouldn't these guys get paid in something more negotiable than travel and sneakers? They deserve TV sets if they deserve an inch. But do they deserve an inch? Could be.

Liquori went to R.C. schools all his life. Essex Catholic H.S. couldn't have been cheap. That means money up front. Mom and dad must have had to work hard day in and day out just to send him there. Say he runs the mile someday in 3:48.9 Is that gonna ever mean much in terms of material gain? Is it ever gonna balance off all the expenses so far? Will his poor Catholic-indoctrinated brain ever see the light of day? So even the Pope has had his hand in this thing. And it's all so fuckin pompous anyway, like they decided to call it the "Dream Mile" because Martin Luther King once had a dream! Jesus Christ I mean come on!

Well finally it was time for the monumental one-mile run (it sure wasn't a sprint) in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (the Keystone State), the City of

Brotherly Love and the home of Villanova (home town advantage?). The hockey game was over so they televised it via tape delay. Liquori went right out at the start. Jim Ryun played a waiting game and stuck right in the middle. Jim Savage of Manhattan (another R.C. stronghold) took the early lead with Morgan Mosser of West Virginia in second. Liquori was fourth. Not such a hot first lap, just under 61 seconds. Nobody was breaking away, then Ryun decided to pick up the pace himself and he moved out of seventh place, and Liquori had to make his move too so he did. At the half-mile mark Ryun took the lead. Over two whole minutes for the half and then Liquori took the lead to force the third lap. Figuring Ryun wouldn't have much left for the last lap. Both guys poured it on for the last lap but Liquori held the lead. Ryun got loose near the last turn and he gained a little. But then his gains got nip and tuck, less and less. So he finally lost some more ground, Liquori has longer legs anyway so he needs fewer strides. Ryun figured he was in control but he wasn't. That's usually where Ryun's strongest but not this time. Liquori put down his head and won. Unofficial time 3:54.6. Official time 3:54.6. Pretty fast last lap. Big shit, the only excitement was the last twenty seconds. And they're still both under 25.

Not only did Ryun lose the race — it was only a two-man race at the end, as bad as the Preakness — but he muffed his comeback. He was coming back. He had even broken the world indoor mile record somewhere along the line. Jim Beatty had been the first guy to break 4 minutes for the indoor mile. He did it on a Saturday night and the Sunday papers in New York hadn't received word of it at printing time since it was on the west coast. So Wide World of Sports or one of those shows (maybe it was even a CBS track meet) showed it Sunday afternoon and nobody knew he had broken 4 minutes already so it was like watching it live even though it was on tape. Pretty good treat, everybody was pleased. What else is watching miles for? Well that was Jim Beatty and finally he got too old to run anymore so he became a backup announcer worth his weight in piss. So Ryun came along and busted his record and someday he'll be able to announce. Except they says he's *shy*. Shy people have trouble announcing. But they have an easy time training. So the loneliness of the long distance runner ain't so bad for Jim. But he likes his wife too. And he's supposed to have had a real good time with her during his temporary retirement. But he saw his duty and he done it. He came back. Now he's back. Big shit, he lost.

I bet Marty Liquori never wastes his time on a comeback after he retires.

DECOMPOSITION

by
d.a.
LATIMER

WTHE FUR-LINED KNOTHOLES
(A study in Male Chauvinism)
When the summer sun was sinking
Six months after it had risen
Slowly like a red persimmon
Over Skagway in Alaska;
As the Wolf came skulking southwards
From the night's descending darkness,
And the still Alaskan autumn
Crept into the air with silence,
Came unto the Skagway station
Two prospectors up from Stateside.
Tenderfeet they were, but eager,
Anxious to invade the goldfields,
Bringing back perchance some booty
To squander on the whores of Skagway.
But neither of them knew from nothing
Of the gear that they should gather
For their bitter bout with Winter
In the Arctic midnight yonder:
So they said to Sam the Owner
Of the Skagway hardware depot,
'Set us up with our provisions
'In your wisdom, Sam the Owner,
'According as you think we need them.'
Nothing loath, he loaded on them
Every kind of camping item:
Dogs and dogsleds gave he to them,
Knives, canteens and carbine rifles;
Canvas tents and bamboo tent-poles,
Packs and pans and fishing tackle,
Sterno lighters, moth repellent,
Twenty years of *Reader's Digest*,

Tons of Delsey toilet tissue,
Kegs of beer and keys of reefer:
This he gave the two prospectors,
And he revelled in his Jewry.

Then, as forth they made to journey
From the Skagway hardware depot,
Sam a moment drew them sideways
To a dark and cluttered corner:
'Lads,' said he, 'now of the terrors
'Of the six-month Arctic midnight,
'None are there that you can't handle
'— This I see by looking at you.
'But of all the horrors out there,
'One I think may well prove fatal,
'Conquering all your craft and cunning
'If you make not ready for it.'

Now they blanched, the two prospectors,
And their teeth commenced to chatter,
And their knees commenced to knocking,
And the colour from their faces
Drained like vomit from a bedpan:
'What,' they asked, 'is this new terror
'That we face on our hegira?
'Is it worse than wolves and badgers
'And Kodiak bears and avalanches?
'Can it beat the deep crevasses,
'Can it beat the treacherous glaciers?
'Worse than the cold that chills our marrows?
'Worse even than the tax assessment
'On the gold we shall discover?'
Sam the owner nodded grimly,
Causing them to have conniptions.

In the neverending winter,
Sam now told them, 'of the tundra,
'There is not a woman nearer
'Than the squaws in Saskatoon,
'Five hundred miles toward the daylight.
'Pussylessness fosters madness
'In the most puissant miners:
'Many strong men have I witnessed
'Driven starkers by this absence.
'But I happen in my storeroom,
— His voice now softened to a whisper —
'To possess a certain item
'Sure to bring surcease from hot rocks:
'Men have called them: "*Fur-Lined Knotholes!*"
Then producing from a strongbox

Two pine boards with each a knothole
In its centre, lined with ermine,
Sam said: 'These for fifty dollars
'Both together you may have them.
'Just do not tell Vermicelli
'Of the Vice Squad where you got them.'
Much obliged, the two prospectors
Took the boards and mushed toward Midnight.

Through the long Alaskan Winter,
With the Pole Star overhanging
Lik : a sentilel, fixed and speechless,
And the mighty Ursa Major
Pacing slowly all around it,
Nothing stirred, nor any whisper
Spake aught of the two prospectors.

Ehen, as dawn was slowly seeping
Up on Skagway like a Kotex
Filling up with mottled menses,
Sam the Owner was awoken
Out of Skag-nod by a knocking
At the door of his emporium.
Throwing wide the door he tumbled
Backwards, colliding with a bloody
Bruised and cut-up half cadaver
Of one of the two prospectors
Which this poem already mentioned:
What a mess! His nose was broken,
One ear, bitten through, was bleeding
Down into his ragged parka,
Riddled through by blade and bullet;
Hardly could he stand uprightward,
So fucked over was his body
Which, it seemed, had taken heavies
From at least a tractor trailer,
It not in fact a mangle iron.
'My God!' quoth Sam the Owner, fetching
Forth a slug of brandy for him:
'Whence this mayhem, why this violence?
'Who upon your body worked this
'Bitter vengeful mutilation?'

My partner did this,' gasped the victim.
Spitting out a tooth in triumph:
'But this is mild compared to how
'I tortured him before I killed him.'

Tortured! Killed!' exclaimed poor Sam,
All aghast and unbelieving.
'Why'd you dot it? What could cause this
'Homocidal fury in you?'

The crippled miner, sinking swiftly,
Coughed a clot of blood and murmured,
'I caught the fucker usin' *my board!*'



The Nose Knows

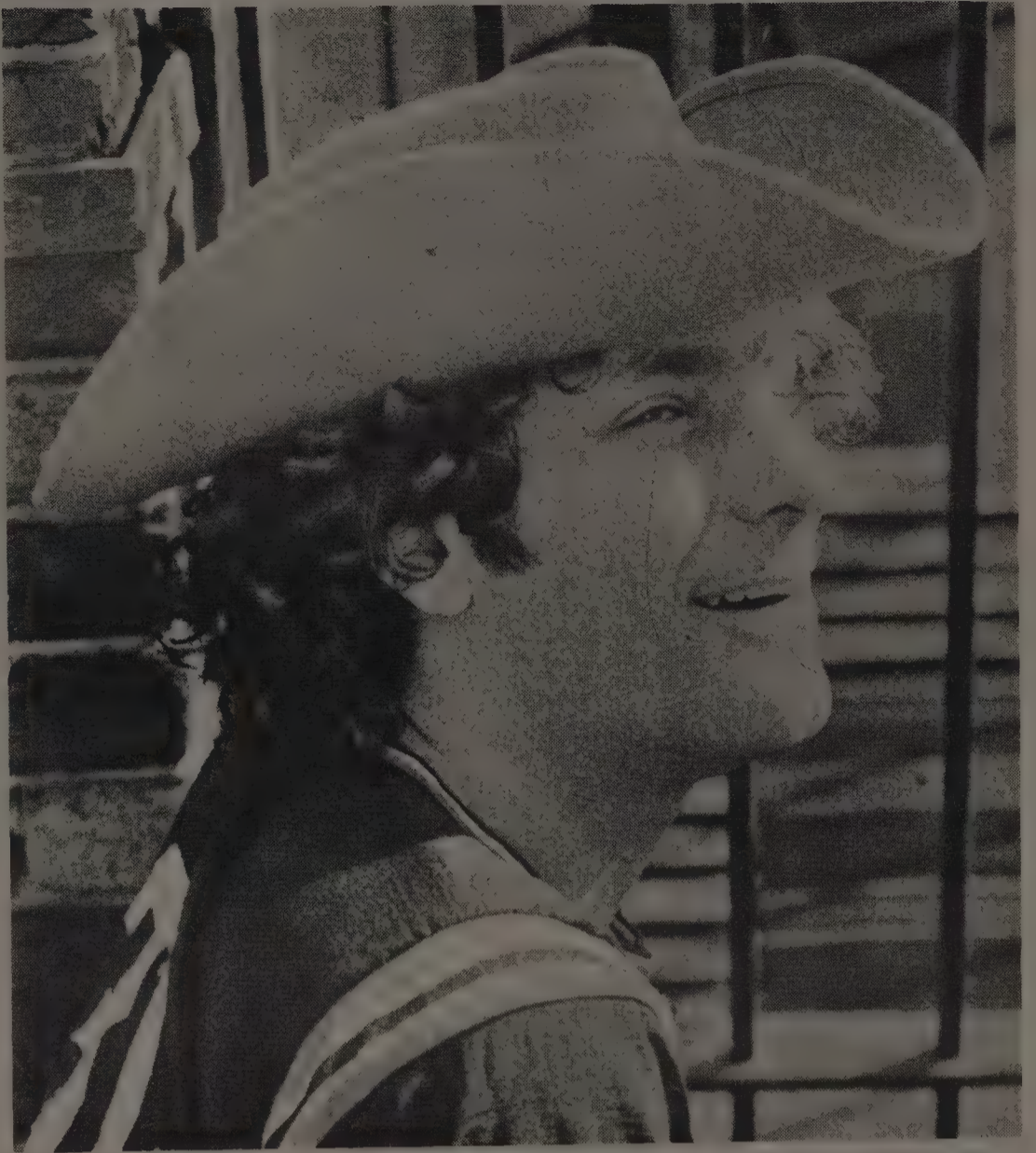
(Continued from Page 3)

Weather people, they are offering \$100,000 reward for information leading to the arrest of the Capitol bombers, they are mad that nobody is snitching. On his 98th birthday J. Edgar finally flipped his lid. So of late the FBI has been involved in illegal raids on communes, beatings and intimidations of people. . .do you know, most people don't know that a week before Mayday, my phone, Dave Dellinger's phone and the phone of the Mayday Collective in Washington were all cut off! These FBI terror tactics are all part of the Justice Department's vendetta. Why, the Attorney General now even suggests that we got money from foreign, ugh, Communist, ugh, ugh, countries. Ha!" Abbie was also indicted for interfering with a police officer, a felony in Washington.

"The way I interfered with that police officer," says Abbie, "was by running away, getting tackled and getting a broken

nose, a slipped disk in my back and a lot of stitches. I was caught in the Georgetown part of Washington and I was beat up by this one really sadistic cop. Most cops in Washington on Mayday were relatively restrained, I just wound up with this really sadistic one, he asks me, aren't these your shades, then he stomped on them, he gave my gas mask away to somebody, then he beat me up. So after I got patched up by Dr. Spock at RFK stadium I got smuggled out in a garbage can, just like on Hogan's Heroes. . .I split since I wasn't really arrested, right, so I figured what am I doing here. I was arrested here in New York a few days ago. First they charged me with assaulting a police officer but when they saw what shape I was in they changed the charge."

Now it was time to split, Abbie was on his way to a clinic for a doctor to look at his nose. He can't breathe through it, he is all taped up on account of his slipped disk and in constant pain, but his spirits seem as high as ever. The global revolution seems to buoy him up, he switches from serio-comic to groans like comedy asides, to hugs with Anita to proposed laws like Presidents shouldn't be allowed to wear make-up on television. As the actress said to the bishop, we haven't seen the last of you yet.

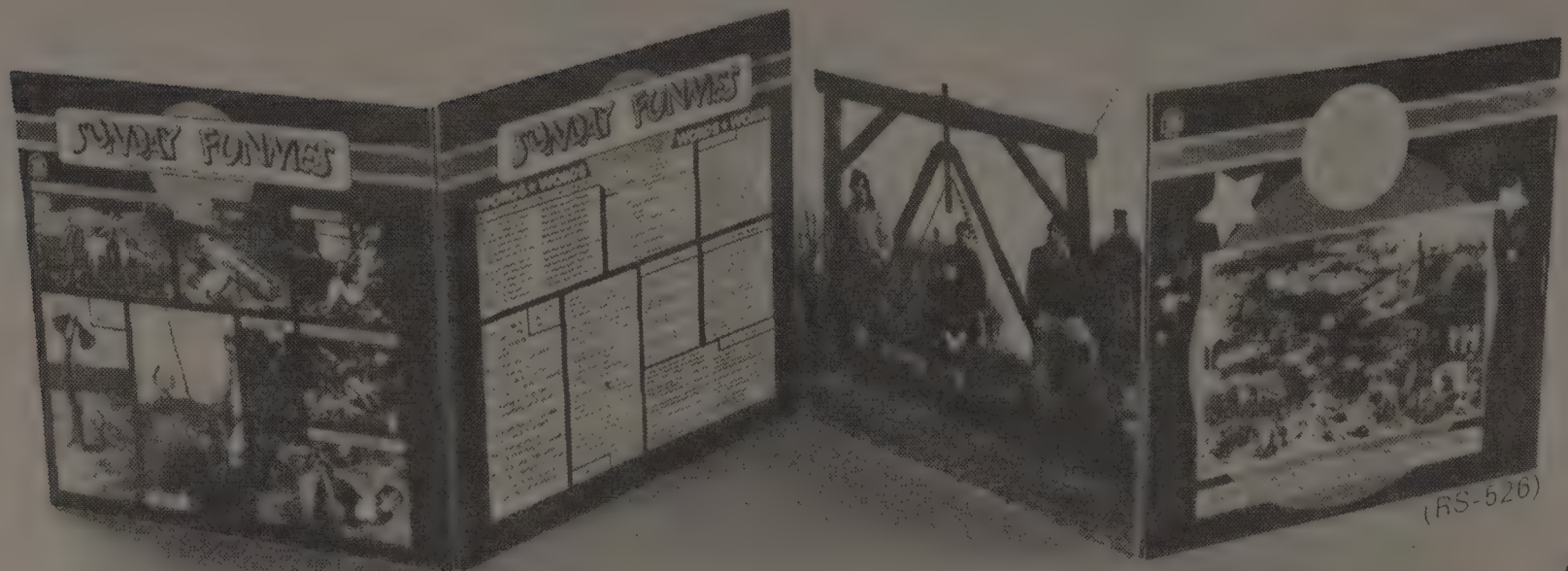


**ANDREW OLDHAM
PUT DOWN THE LONDON TIMES
TO PICK UP ON THE...**

SUNDAY FUNNIES

PRODUCED BY ANDREW OLDHAM.. ORIGINAL DESIGN BY SEAN KENNY

Andrew Oldham. A proven career in rock: early 60's the Beatles . . . mid 60's the Rolling Stones . . . now the 70's . . . Sunday Funnies. He must have heard something. You will too. Subscribe to the Sunday Funnies now. A new album on Rare Earth.



(RS-526)



NEWSPOEM

GREEN MOUNTAIN FALLS, COLO., March 8 (UPI)
Embarrassed town officials admitted today that someone had made an error. A survey of this Central Colorado community revealed that the town hall, the magistrates office, the post office, the community center, the civic swimming pool and nearly half its residents are all located outside the city limits . . .


something is odd—Oh
in straight Colorado,
the city fathers are wrought—Oh
the towns legal border
is not where it oughter
Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh

the best played lands of men and mice
gang aft aglee
where are the residents (Or even the presidents)
of yestidee?

if all is not what it seems well thats no reason to be glum
take the crash & let the debits grow
nor heed the mumble of a distant rum

the best place in the world
is in your bod & head
rejoice! rejoice! you father cried
for you will soon be dead

Tuli Kupferberg



STRIPPING THE BOSS NAKED

The filing of a major suit in Federal Court at Foley Square was announced by attorneys Martin R. Stolar and Jethro M. Eisenstein last week at the offices of The Law Commune at 640 Broadway.

The action demands that the activities of the New York City Police Department's Bureau of Special Services (BOSS) also known as the "Red Squad," be declared unconstitutional. The complaint states a class action with representative parties bringing suit on behalf of "all residents of the city of New York who object to governmental policies or social conditions or who hold express

beliefs and ideas which conflict with the ideas and beliefs currently dominant in the United States and who associate with others in lawful furtherance of these objectives, ideas and

beliefs." Also named as defendants in the suit are John V. Lindsay, his Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy, and the entire chain of command of BOSS.

The complaint calls for the declaration that BOSS' use of informers, infiltration, interrogation, overt surveillance, summary punishment, electronic surveillance and intelligence gathering is unconstitutional and demands an injunction prohibiting the use of these "secret police" techniques. The suit also asks that all intelligence files maintained by BOSS should be turned over to the court for inspection by the plaintiffs and that those files which are found to bear "no reasonable relationship to the legitimate governmental activities" of BOSS be destroyed.

In addition to the Law Commune which represented the recently acquitted New York Panther 21, the suit has the support of the National Lawyers Guild, the New York Civil Liberties Union, the National

Conference of Black Lawyers, the Center for Constitutional Rights, and the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee.

Stolar said that this suit was a "serious effort to control the secret police practices of the Red Squad because it has become part and parcel of the dangerous repression visited against the movement for social change in this country."

Eisenstein commented that "the danger of an organization like BOSS is not only in its clandestine techniques, but moreover, is in the chilling effect that these techniques have on a free society."

Elli Benzoni, chairwoman of the Abolish BOSS Committee and a plaintiff in the suit, added "This court action is only the beginning of a massive public outcry against the unwarranted use of police power to control people's political views. The Abolish BOSS Committee intends to carry the struggle against BOSS to every public forum."

Right on!

YOGA

LINDA CRAWFORD

"Most people take drugs because they want to feel good. With Yoga you find that that good feeling is inside of you all the time. You don't need drugs anymore to get there."

This is the principle being acted upon at the Yoga Head Program at 12 East 12th Street, run by Horizon Projects under the direction of Guruprem. Horizon Projects, part of the Addiction Service Agency and funded by the State has had this experimental program using Yoga as a treatment for those with serious drug problems since last June.

Using Integral Yoga, as taught to Guruprem by Swami Satchidananda, the center is the first of its kind in the country.

The program offered is not set up strictly for Heroin addicts but for what G.P. (the fond abbreviation given to Guruprem by his students) terms Garbage Heads; that is, kids that have used just about everything: acid, mesc, speed, junk, cocaine, etc. and have come to him for help. It is a voluntary program and the only consideration for acceptance is a serious desire to give up drugs.

They now have 22 people (ages ranging from 15 to 35 all coming to combat different drug problems and having been referred from many different sources: jail, hospitals, parents, clergy, psychiatrists, etc. but with the one common bond of feeling, that drugs have messed up their heads.

"I don't have to tell them all the negative things about drugs," G.P. explained. "They know all that. I'm not into telling them anything, but rather just showing them through Yoga practise. They get into it and they find they don't need drugs anymore. It's just a matter of getting in touch with themselves. . . with their body and their mind. After this the drugs show up as the bring-down they really are."

G.P. himself is a former "acid-head". Surviving by panhandling and dealing dope when he could, he lived in a commune in East Village and accelerated his use of drugs to the point where it shattered him. As



he tells it, "Gradually the subconscious starts drifting into the conscious mind, and when this happens you really get flipped out. You start going crazy. I came pretty close to suicide a few times. I knew that I had to do something or I just wasn't going to make it." Introduced by a friend to Integral Yoga, he found what he was looking for and now wishes to show it to others.

I was very surprised to learn that the government was funding a Yoga-oriented program of rehabilitation and when I mentioned this, G.P. expressed having the same reaction when he was approached for the job at the Center. "I guess they are just willing to try

anything that could possibly help," was his assumption. "And it is working! Out of the 22 people here now, only one has cut out in four months. I feel the results are phenomenal. I can't say that Yoga is the answer for everyone, but there are plenty that can find themselves through it. I was one of them."

The classes are made up of Hatha Yoga (working with posture, breathing and relaxation), Karma Yoga (toward keeping an unattached attitude with whatever you are doing), vegetarian meals, rap sessions and Pranor Yama (chanting and meditation). Besides the Yoga classes, they also offer training in Creative Crafts, and have frequent outings to the country for weekends.

There is only one fly in the ointment for the Yoga Head Program and that is their difficulty in letting people know they are there. Many people want to kick drugs and find it hard to do on their own. They are not about to sign themselves over to some confined Rehabilitation Program, however, and so they go on struggling by themselves, until they very likely land in a hospital or jail. . . or the morgue. "But we are here now, a voluntary-non-confined center, offering both day and night programs with the facilities to help a hell of a lot more people than we presently are. We are waiting and we will continue to for the opportunity to help as many people as we can. Just call, it really works!" was Guruprem's plea to all those seriously seeking help.

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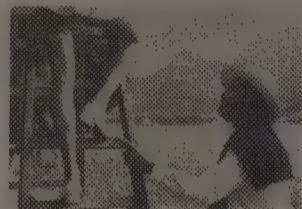
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LENNY

(Continued from Page 4)

phones me: "William Morris Agency is HOT ON YOU again because Tom O'Horgan is HOT on YOU for Lenny Bruce role in play. We may have to resign with them. Otherwise no Lenny Bruce role because William Morris is handling the packaging of the play.

Cut to Act IV. I decide to take the Fred Baker offer to do 'Lenny.' Firstly, I did the original Fred Baker 'Lenny' in 1968 and loved it. But the Business Structure Syndrome forced it to close. (So maybe there isn't a Santa Claus, Bernie.) Secondly, I felt that Art D'Lugoff's Village Gate Theatre was the proper milieu for 'Lenny.' It has just the right shape and texture and intimacy that Lenny Bruce's conversational approach to comedy deserves. Thirdly, the Village Gate is in the heart of New York City's Artistic Community, Greenwich Village. And at \$3.00 a ticket, anyone interested in seeing good theatre could well afford the admission. Cut to Act VII. On Monday, April 26, 1971, Fred Baker

receives a summons to appear in court. Compliments of the producers of "the Broadway 'Lenny,' Fisher-Worth-Butler. They are trying to stop us from opening. DAVIS VS. GOLIATH. April 27, the afternoon of our opening. We've been rehearsing for 3½ weeks, some night until 2:a.m. (and we love it because we're making a contribution to theatre. Lenny Bruce had something to say, baby!) Fred Baker is in court and we must do the afternoon rehearsal without him. No rehearsal notes for tonight's opening. If we open!

10:p.m. and the Village Gate is packed with 450 waiting to see the show. Tom Finn, our composer-arranger-conductor, gives the down beat: Music on/slides on/projectors on/ and the audience applauds the multi-media. Then we go on and the first scene LAUGHS...BIG ONES...then APPLAUSE... We're on our way. All musical-sound and visual media work with precision throughout the entire show. The final film footage of 'Lenny' is shown and we take our bows. The audience stands up and applauds. The lights go on and we know...WE'VE MADE IT. It's all been worthwhile. Three years of working, fighting and believing.

The next day I find out that Jules Fisher and some other people from the Tom O'Horgan camp have seen the show and heard the applause...they are worried! Thursday morning the Fisher-Worth-Butler lawyers run to court and demand that we be STOPPED from performing for a live audience. STOPPED from

advertising in any paper/ on any poster/ on radio/ on TV...GOLIATH SPEAKS AND GOLIATH GETS. Thursday night 375 people are turned away from the box office and their money is refunded. Margaret Finn, our ticket manager, is crying. So am I. Fred Baker holds a meeting and explains that GOLIATH is bearing down upon us and that we only have until Friday 4:00 p.m. to compile legal papers in our own behalf.

Friday at 1:00 pm, I am in the lawyer's offices with my affidavit. Secretaries, Steam-typists, and Lawyers are doing a Marx Bros. routine running around the offices typing, Xeroxing/Dictating/Stapling our legal papers! Every cent that Fred Baker has is now going to legal fees. The entire cast and crew is contributing what it can and are working for "NO MONEY." DAVID IS RISING.

I have called about 200 people cancelling their reservations for Sunday, May 2 and Tuesday, May 4. Friends and relatives are calling me: "Bernie, how come anything you're involved with never gets off the ground? Especially 'Lenny?' Now, I'm charged with energy and determination. I hope that there is some JUSTICE left in this country. Because if there isn't, I may just drop out! LENNY BRUCE gave up his fight and DIED because he finally thought that the LEGAL SYSTEM was CORRUPTABLE and that JUSTICE did not prevail.

I hope he was wrong!

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KANDi

(Continued from Page 11)

Syndicate They were more interested in questioning my girlfriend who had owned the bar. The cops don't like questioning the boys either. But then some of the cops are the boys and it gets a little confusing. Maybe someone will give me the Kiss of Death this week for writing this. Why not — it's sure getting a little dull.

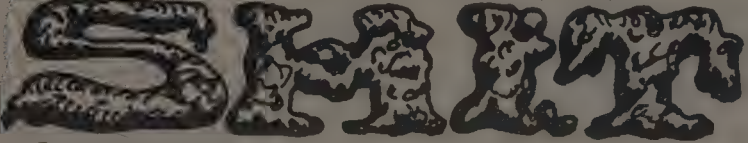
Your mental resources are drained like a well run dry Pain, needles, blood and people call it a high While under it your thoughts are like a train that derails your soul is sold and your life energy fails.

Is it fear, confusion, spite or revenge that you choose to run the risk and most probably lose to end up the Mafia's fool chained to a bag To lie, cheat and steal for your good friend Mr. Scag

Wake up down! Let a new day arise Remove the skull and crossbone that now appears in your eye Hiding in corners of opaque blackness in your mind Won't solve any problems, just create the new ones that you'll find.

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THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF:



I can't shit. Don't say, "Who cares?" — that won't help me! And don't get nauseous because I'm writing a *shit* say that. Why would I say that — I can't shit! I grant you it's not a *not-shit* story; there's no denying that. What it is, I suppose, is a non-shit story. That's what it is.

It's a sad yet undeniable fact that America today is overflowing with shit bigots. They'll kill anyone who shits and tells. Even when good freinds get together over a couple of beers, mention shiw once and, believe me, you won't be invited back. And on Monday, you'll be your own car pool.

Now sex, on the other hand, is something else. "How's your sex life?" people ask, like they expect you to say, "Oh, real good. Say, next time I'm fucking, why don't you come over and watch?"

Movies taught us that. Sex, we learned, was simply a natural biological function between two people — or more! Or less. Or one person and a sheep. Or two sheep. Of course, it wasn't always like that. The movies of yester-decade closed the door when the lovers went into the bedroom, leaving the cameras outside to photograph the ocean. No more! Now they say, "We're going to fuck now. Bring in the cameras!" And as the lovers caress each other, the camera caresses the lovers. And the audience crosses their legs.

Another scene: Guy and girl enjoying an elegant candlelit dinner. He rises. "Where you going, honey?" she purrs sexily. He turns in his tuxedo, gazes deep into her eyes shining with desire and says, "I'm going to take a shit!"

Impossible, right? Of course, impossible. The scene is a phone! Nobody ever shits in movies. They're not allowed to. It's a known fact, for example, that during the shooting of Lawrence of Arabia, Peter O'Toole didn't shit for over two years. Who can blame him for saying, "No more long pictures!"

You see the difference? The double standard? Two natural biological functions, right? But one you can film complete with inserts

(pardon!) of crotch close-ups and the other, you can't even talk about! Who wants to watch a natural biological function unless it's fucking? Nobody wants to see a guy on the pot! He goes to the bathroom and says to the cameras, "You coming in?" and they say, "No, we don't wanna go in there. How will watching you shit advance the plot? No, instead, we'll take shots of your empty living-room so the audience can see how it looks when you're not home. We'll see you when you come out, o.k.? And don't forget to wash your hands!"

Shit's a loser! Only poor people shit. Rich people hire some degenerate to come in and shit for them. But if thdegenerate dies and it's too late to call the Unemployment Office to send over another one and you really need a "make," what do you do? First, you give the help the rest of the day off. Then you send your wife to Florida for an hour and call your kids and tell them to sleep over in school.

Now there's no witnesses. If the paper boy comes by while you're shitting, you'll tell your dog to kill him. Then you'll kill your dog. All that's left now is to psyche yourself into doing what you gotta do. So you sit there with your pants' around your ankles and you say, "Sure I'm shitting. But I'm not shitting like ~~poor~~ people shit. They shit failure! Not me! I'm shitting different! I'm shitting the same colour as the bathroom!"

Wouldn't it be beautiful if shit were personalized? Everyone shitting the way he was! Tom Seaver would shit baseballs. Billy Graham would shit Heaven. Of course, even under this system, old Spiro T. would still be shitting shit. But it'd be bigger!

Well too bad, but that's not the way it is. Shit plays no favorites. It's the great leveller. When it's coming out, rich or poor, you can't answer the phone! And as for ~~color~~, well, let me paraphrase the immortal words of Henry Ford: "You can have any color shit you want; as long as it's brown!"

Well, so much for shit. Now what about non-shit? My major. Imagine an armored tank stuck in the mud with the guys inside reading comics. They're not trying anymore. When they write letters, they put down "the stuck tank," as a return address. Now take the tank and put it in your stomach and you'll know how it feels not to shit!

Sure, I take medicine. Every morning I swallow a spoonful of sand! White, powdered gravel, I put it in my mouth an it sits on my tongue saying, "Where's the water?"

But I don't give it water. Sand can't tell me what to do! I give it prune juice! And right away, the sand in my mouth turns into mud in my mouth. Then it says, "Goodbye!", slides down my throat and is never heard from again. It doesn't seem to matter whether I take it or whether I don't take it. So I take it. Because it's medicine. And if you don't take medicine, there's not much else you can do with it!

Now I wait. Like a fisherman, for a shit-nibble. That's when I look around for appropriate bathroom reading matter. The correct choice here is essential. It must be something midway between boring (so I won't get interested) and interesting (so I won't get bored). I read the Yellow Pages.

Sometimes, I shit in the dark. At these times, my choice of appropriate reading matter becomes considerably less important. Because I can't see it. Shitting in the dark helps relax my mind. So does taking off all my clothes. So I do that too.

The key to successful shitting, I feel, is total concentration. A wandering mind is the shitter's worst friend. I try like fury to turn out everything in my mind, -except for highly -constructive shit-thoughts. And I tell myself like this:

"O.K., here we are in the dark with no clothes on. Might as well shit. O.K., here we go. O.k., not yet! Well,listen. Some are fast; some are slow. I'm slow. But I'm not alone. Many are slow. Ghandi I hear was slow. And Namath too! Wow! Me and the same shit habits as Broadway Joe. And what he wouldn't give for my knees!

"Mind you, what I wouldn't give for his girls! I'd settle for one! Once!! Nah, that's not me. When it comes to girls, I'm strictly taxi squad. But... just once, I'd like to get one of those big...with the legs and the blond hair and the teeth and the "People say I give great massages!" and the kissing and the giggling and the fondling and the touching all over and the fingers tracing down and around and over and in and...

"Wait a minute! I'm trying to shit here! Send that girl home! (Bit get her number.) Now, shape up, brain! Remember why you're sitting here in the dark. Think shit!

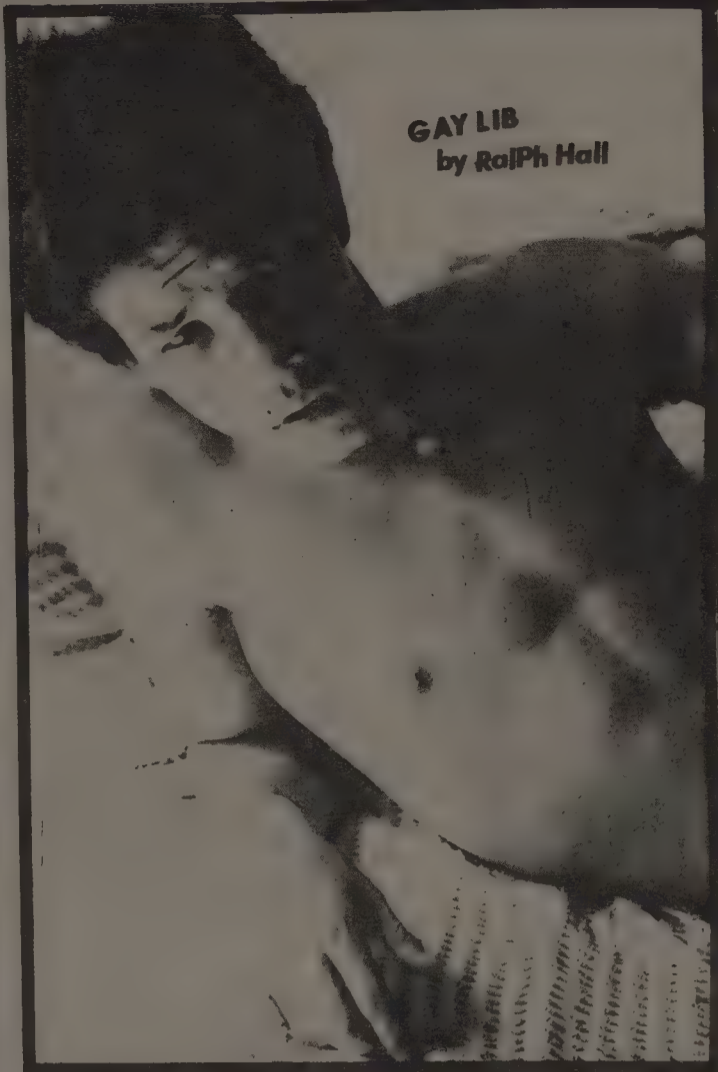
"Concentrate hard on one thing. Anything! Like, uh...the number...9 Hello 9! Circle on a stick. That's 9. That's good old 9! Nine. That's 9. Come o-0-0n,9! Good old number 9. On the good old Toronto Maple Leafs. Now Ullman's 9. Duff was 9. But he went to New York for bathgate. Then Bathgate was 9. Then he was traded and...uh, uh, god, who the hell was 9 after Bathgate! Think! Uh...uh...

"Hey! Don't you want to shit? Then whaddaya thinking Bathgate for? Bathgate doesn't care if you shit! You're killing me here, brain! Show some pity. If I don't shit, I'm gonna walk around all day felling heavy. Please?

"Ok, the rushing rapids! Ripping down the river. This one always works. Rapids! Here they come! Rip, whoosh, shoo! Might as well pull up the old pants and get out of the old bathroom. Leave it for folks who know how to use it. They probably shit without even thinking about it. Hm.

If I only knew their secret.





GAY LIB
by Ralph Hall

Bitterness, the standard reason for getting pissed off (angry). Frustration, the feeling one is overcome with when not being able to get pissed off the way one wants at the reasons or causes for bitterness.

I'm a revolutionary faggot, fairy or queer, whatever you seem to feel like calling me, 'cause I'm not like you or doing your thing, and you've never done mine. I'm bitter. I can't relate to 99% of the gay liberation movement now (and never have turns out). 100% of the (straight) liberation movement, and 1,000,000% of the establishment non-movement. I have nowhere I can freely express myself or my liberation in this god damn country. I'm an anarchist. (Oh, the 1% of the gay liberation movement which I can relate to, and not feel oppressed, is with the man I've been living and loving with these past two years.)

Liberation for the love of it, anarchy for the joy of it and the struggle to attain its meaning and freedom. So let it be known to all that any and all of my contracts, whatsoever, with Amerika are hereby gladly dissolved. I owe allegiance to no country (which puts me out) or its system and oppression. I am free. I control myself and my own destiny. So they can try to starve me out, but I can get around that. I'll continue to eat shit and dirt but from now on it's gonna be my own blend. Watch out, some's coming your way. Looks like the gay lib movement has become an issue of "radical chic" another institution of oppression, this year and forever always. Why do you think Mick Jagger has fled? The nationalists and separatists are winning you lovers over, like Dodge cars did in '66. Gay has become a "household" word, has become "radical chic," not revolution. That's sad, and means only a few are really taking their liberation seriously, only a few have really dropped out, 'cause they're doing it for free. Those who sill adventure in capitalist ways can't buy their freedom that way, for free. There are no actual books being written on ways to freedom, 'cept ideological roads with alot of forks in them.

What's the big fucking decision you have to make? Do you want total freedom or now? Gay Liberation Fronts can write down all the disciplinary rules they want, but for the mere fact that their ways exclude me, not only oppresses me, but, makes for alot more misery and many times harder for me to live free and independent and be with whom I desire. The Gay Activists Alliance can easily be infiltrated by the Trots, as is happening now, and get us all into the gray of concentration camps quicker than she can say 'how?', and it'll be covered by the media, but nothing done about it. But Gaa's, they got the power, the money to fuck around, the politicians, and besides they look cute with their razored cut hair styles and manicured finger and leather coats, and too, they dress chickly and they know how to suck ass and oppress. But me, naugh! I stand alone, struggling with myself, evolving into emancipated liberation freely, while the rest stoop over to collect their kicks in the ass for being who they are. Most of the gay lib movement flaunts its age as a measure of superiority and/or inferiority and label themselves homosexuals, rather than human beings, and don't know what gay identity is, or sexism or racism, etc. Germaine Greer puts it nicely: "It is not a sign of revolution when the oppressed adopt the manners of the oppressive and practice oppression on their own behalf. Neither is it a sign of revolution when... laws against homosexuality are relaxed." Right on!! This leaves the oppressed open to increased manipulation and coercion. So Mayor Lindsay does approve after all. Who cares? He's not the people. So the legislature does adopt gay orphans into their society. Who cares? It's society which the revolution is trying to dissolve, at least the real anarchist movement is. No legislation against homosexuality is gonna change the attitudes and minds of men who wrote and live by them. Most of them are dead by now.

Along with my comrade sisters and brothers of GLF these past six months, we've



Feedback Backfeed Feedback

Dear EVO,

I am a member of the "movement" and have been for a considerable amount of time. Through a friend (?) I was introduced to and became entangled in the multiple tentacles of heroin. Trapped in my own "Dante's Inferno" I kicked with the only sure-fire method. Spiritual Conversion (acid). In the interim I wrote a poem. I would deeply indebted to you if you'd publish it. It might wake up some brothers and sisters.

Gratefully yours,
Bob Greene

been coming down from the hills to change minds and what happens, well our own kind, loving the publicity they're getting, fuck it up and boycott us; the straight revolutionaries leave us out of their treaties, festivals and offensives, and god damn those fuckers man!! Books are coming out no on gay lib and who will believe it? Why must our liberation necessitate arming ourselves when it means we shall again have to war...when it is love that we seek? Adopting the rules and dress regimentation and authoritarian structure is bullshit *crap*. It is not revolution when we take on an inferior "faggot" attitude and try to whitewash our liberation across the face of the "manly." We got to paint it on so it stays. A brutal rethinking of processes and one's relation to the amerikan insitution and self must evolve while adopting a loyalty to one's own convictions and feelings is to me very liberating, and revolutionary. But who thinks? Who thinks seriously about the selves in this land. What did Mayday do for me? Nothing. What's it ever going to do for me? Nothing. There's a real revolution coming and this is a warning. Fuck the age of pretension gay lib's going through now. There's a fairy sleeping on every pillow. Everyone is a fairy!

Dear EVO,

At the conclusion of my unsigned letter urging young people to check out the Bible, and to pledge allegiance to God, and not a flag or a nation, your editor used a quotation from the Old Testament where in the name of God, the enemy and his children were completely destroyed. This is exactly the point I wished to make in my letter; that the establishment, the generals, the priests use religion, and present their distorted version to the people so they can accomplish their greedy ends. It is time for people to read the Bible, gather material which helps people in their struggle to end the war, exploitation, and racism. The Bible is filled with people struggle for freedom against the greatest odds, stories of men who died for their beliefs rather than follow the evil dictates of the ruling power. Isiah, Jerimiah, and Jesus; are examples of men who struggled for the world we are now struggling for, a world of peace and a world where we are human beings treated as human beings and not means for profits by the ruling pig structure. Check the Bible out. We checked the pig capitalistic greed system out and we rejected the lies. Check out the Bible, and the people will see people of the same revolutionary cloth as Bobby Seale, H. Newton. Power to all the people. Down with lies and Death of the capitalistic pig system.

Naturally unsigned

Dear EVO,

I want to tell you (and I'm doing this for all the freaks who are prisoners of capitalist racist imperialist and anti-revolutionary schools) about the prison called school. I'm in the 9th grade right now and me and all the other revolutionists in my school (JHS.43, BKLYN.) are getting hassled by the school administration, the pigs, teachers, right-wing parents and straight-very straight kids. Not to mention what happened when we cut school. There's an attendance officer (a real pig!) named Mrs. Farber (I don't know her first name) and a pig-faced assistant principle named Alvin Rosenthal. Now that we are beginning to have more pigs patrol our school, we're getting more hassled (just the other day a sister was busted for taking dope in the bathroom — thanks to a cocksucking informer) and more and more people are getting busted — especially the brothers and sisters who are Yippies Panthers and members of the SMC and the Young Lords. The school is even built like a prison — if you look you'll see that most of the windows (at least on the bottom floors) have bars on them. We're thinking of burning the whole fuckin' thing down!!! But then they'll send us to a worst prison. All the Yippies in this school want Abbie Hoffman and/or Jerry to speak in an assembly period, but the pigs always censor everything. ONCE A SCIENCE TEACHER HAD A GRASS PLANT TO SHOW HOW "BAD" IT WAS — SHE GOT IT TO THE PIGS — AND A REAL FAST FREAK RIPPED IT OFF — THAT WAS A REAL FAR-OUT TRIP!!! As I said, the Yippies in this school — or prison — would really dig it if Abbie Hoffman and/or Jerry Rubin can try to sepak here at least for the 9th grade assembly period. YOURS WITH PEACE AND REVOLUTION
FLOWER YIPPIE

Dear EVO,

Here is an easy way to stick it up Ma Bell. Sharply fold the computer card that comes along with your phone bill before returning it. This will piss off the phone company because it has to make up a new card.

If enough of us regularly do this the phone company will have to set up another system for routing these computer cards instead of drafting its customer to do it.

OFF THE PHONE COMPANY!

Lou Freseloni

COMING Next WEEK
The Best of
The EAST VILLAGE
OTHER!!! Get some!!

REX

The HOLY MODAL ROUNDERS were playing up around Boston way so their man at Metromedia Records called me up and said would I like to go and hear them? Well sure, I'm never one to refuse a free trip to the outlying provinces to hear music. Drove up there on a sunny Saturday afternoon, the Metromedia man and his old lady, me and my photographer, lovely Pauline.

It was a place in Ipswich, one of those neat little Massachusetts towns where the houses wear signs that say things like "Built in 1689." Stark white puritan churches and pleasant greens. The place was called Stonehenge, and let me tell you, the local kids ought to know how lucky they are for it. I mean, my hometown never had a macro-biotic restaurant with cheap, healthy food, a big lounge-hang-out with comfortable vibes, and a room where you could hear live music on weekends. This Stonehenge place is all of this built into one old building in the center of town right next to a flowing river. All my town ever had was a shopping center with a parking lot where you sat on the hood of your friends' cars until the cops chased you away.

Very warm and nice inside, we ate tempura meals amidst the ancient wooden beams and good ambience. The Rounders sat at the next table being hilarious. Peter Stampfel came over and cracked a few jokes with us. When the music started, we took ourselves into the next room where a stage and a very solid sound system was set up. What a great show! Just one fine performance after another. Most notable: Bonnie Raitt, playing some of the gutsiest, movingly emotional blues and ballads I've ever heard from a female singer/guitarist (plays often enough here in NYC I'm told) old Joseph Spence, black calypso singer who did a little-known album for Vanguard years ago now playing for nickels and dimes wherever he can, a typically underrated black musician; John Koerner ("Spider John") who does things to a guitar that I've never seen before and sings some fierce rapid-fire blues; and two freaks who call themselves "Travis Shook and the Club Wow." These two maniacs brought down the whole fucking house with an act that resembled what might occur if you handed some amplified guitars and a microphone to a couple of acid-casualties, put them in front of a packed house and let them stage their wierdest rock and roll fantasies. The audience simply wouldn't let them leave, stomping their feet for more.

But the Rounders capped it all off with their dirty raucous act which made people laugh and dance. They fucked around on stage between numbers, emanating that unmistakable Lower East Side Fugginess which hasn't really left them

despite the fact that they've been away from those environs for about two years or so. The crowd was treated to such all time greats as "Boobsalot" ("Yes I like boobsalot"), "Snappy Pussy," and "Euphoria." Their newer stuff (which is on their latest album) is just as snappy, all of the Rounders being, behind all the goofs, pretty sharp musicians. Funny too.

The audience was really an up, very receptive, visibly and audible inspiring the performers to give their best shows. In fact, the whole place, Stonehenge, had a terrific ambience that evening for getting off on music. I talked to Jeff Proctor, who was managing the show, and found out that the whole thing was really a benefit for Pacifica affiliated radio station in nearby Boston, WBUR, and that all the performers were playing for free, with the room having been donated to the good cause by the owners of Stonehenge. Pretty fucking good for all concerned. Admission at the door was only two bills, drinks inside (no liquor) were cheap. Stonehenge, I was told, used to be a real rough place called "The King's Rook." A nearby chapter of the Hell's Angels used to come around every weekend and rip the joint apart. It had been the main stop for all the big lout rock bands that flourished in the days of the "Bostown Sound." Not the place was slowly coming back in its new, softer incarnation, macrobiotic foods, acoustic music, and all. Apparently, the townspeople's apprehension has just been letting up lately, the memory of those wild weekends with the Angels still imbedded in their quiet New England brains. But Stonehenge is quietly moving along on a whole other plane of consciousness these days, and all I can say is, success to them.

The real reason, however, that Metromedia took us all the way out there, was so that I could give you readers the true scoop behind all those SPIRIT IN FLESH posters you've been seeing plastered by the hundreds around the city.

Spirit in Flesh is a rock group that has a commune out near Greensfield, Mass. Two hundred men and children live on this commune in several huge houses and call themselves "The Brotherhood of the Spirit." They use no mind-bending drugs of any kind, not even grass. They don't smoke cigarettes or drink any liquor. The literature they say comes closest to what they believe in is the Aquarian Gospel of Christ, yet they are not exactly Jesus freaks. They're not exactly anything to tell you the truth, but a steadily growing bunch of people who cooperate with each other on a very high level in the context of their rural world.

It all began with Michael Michael Metelica (whose face is the one pictured on those posters) gave up everything he owned to live and meditate in a tree house he built himself out in the country about three years ago. He says he always felt he had some kind of other purpose in life, glimpsed a bit of what it

was all about during the time he used psychedelics, but felt he could go further spiritually without them. Living in that tree house, doing free work for local framers, "giving entirely," Michael gained a following. This grew into the Brotherhood of Spirit. They bought a house and land. The band was formed, originally to make money for the commune, but soon it became a focus for the people's energies, an outlet for expression of what Michael and the Brotherhood had to say about The Spirit. As they explained it to me, the commune's way of life is translated into the heavy rock music that Spirit in Flesh puts out. They believe the music contains a force powerful enough to change people, the world, in fact.

Michael himself is one heavy cat. Blond with shady blue eyes and muscular body, he could be the freak next door, fitting none of the usual physical requirements for guru. His face is earnest when he's talking to you, smiling often. But when he's out there in front of the band, he clutches the mike in his fist and pounds back and forth shouting and straining his songs. He wears black leather and draws the rapt attention of everybody watching. There's no denying the unusual force of his person. Michael has a compelling charisma about him that is hard to shake, makes you kind of wonder who he really is.

The Spirit in Flesh album comes out in early June. The Brotherhood commune is all excited about it. They've been silkscreening posters and sending teams out to different cities to paste them up. They claim that someone bootlegged a few of the screens, they don't know who, and has been responsible for the highly visible excess of Spirit in

Flesh advertising in New York. While they of course don't mind that sort of poster-fervor, Metromedia is quite embarrassed about it. I'm told that the city has filed a suit against the company concerning the posters, destruction of public property or some such thing. The Spirit People just think of it as getting out the Word. They believe that their music going to work all kinds of changes on everyone who hears it, even from just playing the album.

But I remember the Lovin' Spoonful singing something about "Do You Believe in Magic? Believe in the magic of the younger soul, believe in the magic of the rock n' Roll

BACK IN NEW YORK AGAIN I dropped in at Folk City and there was GARY WHITE playing on valiently despite his influenza and a house nearly empty but for his friends. Gary is a neighbor of mine and happens to be a damn fine songwriter, one of his most notable songs being "A Long, Long Time," which Linda Ronstadt, (among others) made popular. He also has a great guffawing laugh, and he laughs a lot (even when he's got the flu).

My other neighbor KEITH SYKES, keeps playing the tape of his new album (to be released in August on Vanguard) and I can hear it saling in thru my window. Just him and his guitar and intensely beautiful lyrics.

And me and my can of beer, and my typewriter. I must say, these days I live in a house full of song. It's about fucking time, too!



Night

At

Stonehenge



photos - paulina

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and on jungle thorns; their feet are their shoes, fierce hair their hats that hold off sun's hate. They glide, muscles of water through water dark oil-beads pave their lashing torsos. Are bare in air,

are wind-combed, armpit and groin; are taut arrows turned sinuous reeds for dancing on drumskin ground. Rasped by the sun's tongue, then all their slick moon-licked moist feathered shafts in the hammocks of tangled thighs

the silks of night plash among. Their joys, their toys, are their children who as kittens ride thier mother's neck, or wrestle with the twins of her breasts where she squats by the meal pot. At hunter's naked side

little hunter stalks fix-eyed, his miniature poison-dart lifted, learning the game— young pointer in the bus, fish-diver in the river, grave apprentice in the art of magic pain

when the blood pines to be let a little, to sharpen the friction of Alive, in the feckless skin leave some slits and signs that old spirit leaked out, new spirit sneaked in."

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