JULY 4TH
COWEN PARK
JULY 14TH
CRUISE ON VIRGINIA FIVE
FROM 10:30 TO 1:30. ADVANCE TICKETS ONLY, LIMITED TO 250. $3 A HEAD. BAND: JUGGERNAUT

INDEPENDENCE FROM THE DRAFT WEEK
BANDS JUGGERNAUT, EASY CHAIR, CANTERBURY TALES, UNC-LE HENRY
MAGIC THEATRE: NOT FOR EVERYONE
CHE was asked about the chances of an armed revolution in Berkeley. He laughed. The seminar "REVOLUTION" in Berkeley was a grotesque of absurd futurity, and yet possibly a kind of victory.

(Here follows the jutting, and involved eye of the report of one relayed at the last minute by telepone from Berkeley.)

SWPs and assorted anarchists hold an illegal meeting on public grounds in support of Frisco solidarity. And... last FRIDAY...

At first barking, later a barcade is erected on the intersection of Dewitt and Telegraph. Chief of Police Biehl and Mayor Johnson both indicate publicly that the assembly is an illegal one. The crowd does not move. The chief and the mayor do. Then about 200 fully armed Berkeley Police march down Telegraph toward the crowd. The crowd moves. But all roads are covered. Tear gas hits all around. The 700 scatter, liberate the areas they flee through destroying various fetishes like parking meters. Many return to the U. There a dance is just out and the crowd moves to 3000. A barcade is erected and a cardboard fire lit. Berkeley police come on again and attempt to bring down the gas. The crowd retreats and attempts to arrest a second barricade, in front of a bunch of County police breaks things up.

SATURDAY

Leaflets announce a meeting. 1300 are present - a large crowd. Present and none in martian garb. The Mayor comes and offers the Ave, if the barricades be taken down and no property be destroyed. The consensus agrees. A Rock Band opens and everything is fine. Then we have to leave. Discussions. But one "symbolic" barricade is left standing. The crowd breaks up to the Dewitt-Tele barricade still up. At 10PM, new law time, the main street opened and 3300 of the Pigs. Lots of them. Crowd bolts through unsecured retreat. Everything occurs as planned. Things cease at about 2AM SUN.

SUNDAY

Curfew degree for disturbed part of Berkeley. Two meetings are held which know nothing of each other. One convives city fathers to let the regular Sunday live music at PROVO park to continue until 9pm not 6; that the kids might be able to play and have a chance. The other decides to march down Bancroft to PROVO park. Thus between sets about 2000 marchers show up and take over the microphone. After much "kill the pigs" talk and a little, "this is an illegal and dangerous lets go home," the police and the thousands of state police are now involved thus much cracking of skulls. Many injured.

MONDAY

The city tired of Violence. Meets of 200000 in U. and decide to try legal and unamplified. Proposals are to be given following day. CITY HALL PROJECTIONS: They will likely let them leave their 4th of july demonstration... Rest conjecture.

Amidst vague rumors of potential disorder and violence (usually passed along with a knowing and mysterious look), an order from the Mayor bans them from all over the country (police estimate: 50,000; SCLC estimate: over 100,000) joined the residents of Resurrection City to demonstrate the plight of the Poor People's Campaign and its demands at the June 18 "Solidarity Day" march. As people started gathering in the grassy area around the Washington Monument, it became clear that the march organizers' forecast of 40,000 participants would be surpassed and that the march would be a numerical success, if nothing else. After listening to several short speeches and a series of entertainers like Eartha Kitt, Jerry Butler, Pete Seeger, Clara Ward, and Peter, Paul, and Mary, the crowd began its leisurely one-mile stroll from the Washington Monument, along the Reflecting pool and the py-wood shanties of Resurrection City, to the Lincoln Memorial on this hot, humid afternoon.

About half the marchers were white; the crowd was, in general, younger and, judging from the signs, banners, and buttons, more militant and radical than the pre-dominantly middle-class marchers of the 1963 Civil Rights March. A lot has happened in America since the summer of 1963 and the crowd's mood reflected this change. The optimistic "We Shall Overcome" togetherness that characterized the 1963 march had given way to an atmosphere of cool anger and purpose. For many, the government, on whose steps they demonstrated, had become the enemy, not the friend of America's poor. There were many signs that read "This is your last chance for non-violence!" Anti-war banners were everywhere and there was even an "Up Against the Wall, Mother-fucker" banner, manned by a few somewhat sheepish and embarrassed-looking young white kids. The buttons tended to be more conservative; King and Kennedy memorial buttons abounded and there were a lot of Poor People's Campaign and Solidarity buttons. There was also a surprising number of McCarthy buttons in evidence. (McCarthy's name at the podium at the Lincoln Memorial, received a 40 second ovation... Hubert was roundly booed... )

In general, everyone was pretty much doing his own thing. The farm-workers from Delano were there with their "Huelga" banners, talking to people about their boycott of the Delano area grape-growers. The Indians were passing out leaflets about fishing rights. Two blacks, one angry and just back from "Nam", the other older, bearded, and reflective, debated the relative merits of blowing up the Washington Monument ... and violence, in general. An old Spanish-American lady from Tierra Amarilla, N. M., the home of Reies Tijerina's uprising last year, went through the crowd selling "Last Chance for Non-Violence" bumper stickers for a quarter. A pretty and earnest red-headed girl walked around trying to gather signatures for a gun-control petition. People only half-listened to the long series of speeches that attacked the inequities in American society and demanded justice now. The Solidarity Day marchers didn't need to be convinced; they had come to Washington in the hope that the rest of the American people and that Congress would listen ... and be convinced.

During the march, I ran into a friend whose aunt publishes the "Washington Post" and "Newsweek". After I'd picked up my suit-case from the Liberation News Service closet where I'd left it the night before and after I'd said good-bye to the people from the Washington Free Press who had kindly put me up for the night, we dropped into the "Post" office and her aunt's mansion where Joseph Alsop was urbane sipping at some sort of cock-tail. Having thus paid our respects to both ends of the American journalistic spectrum, we headed north on the turn-pike toward New York.

A job referral service is available for all who seek employment. Located at the FOCUS clinic at 1717 Broadway, it is run by the volunteer services of Steve Scroggs. Anyone who goes to the referral service will recieve aid in finding a job. If you look outrageous i.e. long hair etc., about the only possibility is construction labor. Almost all of the jobs one can be referred to are straight jobs where a clean cut ready to work appearance is necessary and most of these jobs can be secured in spite of a police record. If you need a job call or go visit Steve. He's at FOCUS, E97, M-F, Mon-Sat, from 9:30 to 9:30 and he's at the Open Door Clinic, M-F, 1331, Tue. and Thur. from 7pm to 9pm.
Regarding your reprint of my artwork from the HELIX and the accompanying exposé in your June 6 issue: "AT A BOY, SICK IT TO ME!"

It is in this spirit of miasmatic, and more specifically as an exercise in mental masturbate that I am addressing you. But, please, Bible and AR-16 in hand, find the courage to endure this note in its entirety.

As to my "atrocity," you are quite right but not for the reasons I intended (which is, of course, inconsequential). The cover is a cartoon, a drawing illustrating a concept, and thus not pure art. It is a graphic exposition of the Freudian quality of Mr. Gould's assertion that the nation that controls magnetism, controls the universe.** The blatant and to me personality sublimated in such chauvinistic sloganeering is indeed obscene. The drawing is not. In fact, it turns me off.

HELIX is "underground" in name only. Our operation is not concealed in the dens of the Metro Surgery System, on the contrary, we are printed by a supremely "respectable" firm. Your inability to locate this firm testifies only to the incompetence of your investigation. However, I will not reveal the name or location of the plant so as not to spoil your fun.

Finally, it appears to me that you have violated the philistine tradition of the conservatism with which you identify yourself in attacking the existence of a "dityte" enterprise. The spirit of individual liberty and laissez-faire asserts the right of HELIX to exist subject only to the performance of an independent, competitive market. Yet, instead of challenging ideas with ideas you intimate our operation in a most ungentlemanship manner. Further, your remarks invite government intervention in the form of censorship which in light of your espoused opposition to the expansion of the government into the public sphere is contradictory to say the least.

In a time when holding companies are gobbling up media and the government is rapidly eanalysing a once healthy independent press, unqualified sanctum, even as ideological as your efforts were, of another newspaper is inexcusable.

On one point we agree: freedom is evaporating in this society. To challenge our right to see and print things our own way is to challenge that already too tenuous freedom, to subvert American society and for a newspaper, ultimately to commit suicide.

Yours,

[Signature]

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LEATHER PASTORAL

PHASE ONE

One could substitute horses for squad cars some precipitate us look out butte for the helicopter and a ramp for the mobile R & B Tenton suburban tract house one would have had the makings for a fine western. Except that a few heads got real irritated and at least one face MACED.

Every Sunday the Seattle Motorcycle Club has a meeting. Lately they have been held in the backyard of a Renton home: A tract house in the midst of many other tract homes. Late last Sunday June 8 there were about 15-20 attend to g to whatever business needed attending to, to see someone hotrod along a single case of beer they were drinking it. Just a laid back Sunday afternoon on the grass with about a beer and a half to just ever so slightly mellow the sky. So the meeting breaks up and a few drift to the house, where they were quickly about the yard or take a walk down the block.

Breed hops on a bicycle — the pebble variety — and rides down the street. A typical suburban character he is called over by an officer looking over so much like a cop in a cop car. Then a typical suburban fashion he is asked for his ID. Breed had had his drivers license taken away two days ear by officer Noble who never gave him any reason why it was being held. Now the officer asked Breed in lieu of not having his license to get in the squad car. Breed responded that no he would not get in the car unless he was under arrest. "If I get in I'll never get out." Then the cop roused his partner and "Well we won't fix that. Looks like he's drunk doesn't it. Officer McKillop continued, "Smells like he's chewing rum-flavored gum." Breed is chewing beef- jerky and suggested that their somewhat contrived doubts be quickly dispelled he did not wanted to give him a breath analyzer test. The police weren't interested. It was becoming fairly obvious that the police were out after some kind of confrontation. Later that afternoon, after seven of the club would be barred on a variety of charges the same Officer McKillop would report to the local press... "It boiled down to one thing. Either the citizens with the help of the police were going to run their neighborhood or THEY WERE."

Then along came wolf and Chris. The confrontation odds being quickly changed from 2 against 1 to 3 against 2. Wolf was told that he had exactly 2 seconds to leave that typical suburban corner. Wolf responded to this unwalled demand "2 seconds is too long." Wolf is first grabbed by an officer. Then circled by his friends. The police go back to their car. The others start walking back to the house and Wolf stays. Perhaps wait g for the arrest. The cops do nothing so Wolf buys some ice cream from his frequent merchant and again walks back to the squad cars. Still nothing. He goes home.

PHASE TWO

Cub members are inside watching television. Something like the s and of bullhorns comes out over the screen. "They're going to be arrested." Jethro tries to look intimidating a citizen inquiring about some sounds of children crying or bicycles crashing. He's out there doing it or the whole place will be tear-gassed. Since there were lots of women and children inside Jethro tries a little less reasoning. Then he noticed that behind the back fence was another fence of riot-ready night-sticks. (The whole thing might have been a little funny.) Soon the talking stopped when it became clear that the police advanced upon the house like some small phalanx, entered the house, and began to indiscriminately make arrests... "You... you... and you." Wolf was struck on the back of the head with a wooden night stick and half-dragged to a car.

There he was shoved into the back seat next to Breed. The tightening of the handcuffs by the twisting g of a night stick hurt. There were some objections. To which the police simply opened the back door and closed Wolf and shot him blank in the face with MACE! Since Wolf has only one fung anyway he turned blue. Eventually, they got the WOLF into Jail. At the time of the jailing it was still unclear why, but eventually all was charged with public intoxication (Of course they were fairly floating after ingesting a single case between the 15 to 20 of them. And, of course, they were past out once they were
A small quiet crowd gathered Monday night on the lawn near the Garfield gym to hear speakers from the Black Panther Party who had just received the maximum sentence for their attempts to control the Franklin sit-in.

Defense attorneys, Mike Rosen and Chris Young (the object of the celebration) were attending the rally along with several other whites. As the rally was about to begin a group of kids jumped a white kid wearing panther and peace buttons. The kids were kicked and slammed several times before adults rescued him and gave him refuge in the gym.

Meanwhile, some blacks had chased KOMO TV men away from the rally. Gangs of black kids started to yell, "Get Whitey." Carl Miller suggested that Rosen and Young leave and organized an escort of Panthers to insure their safety.

At this time a group of kids started throwing rocks and bricks at cars driven by whites on 23rd Ave. All attempts by Dixon and Miller and the Panthers failed to stop the rock throwing. Helix reporters, Hal Doefrene and Tim Harvey, stood at 23rd and Cherry, a block north of the rally, taping interviews and taking photographs of cars with smashed windows and fenders. An unmarked police car was smashed and damaged severely. (This car is rumoured to have carried Mayor Braman.) The kids continued to throw rocks and hunks of brick at cars, running into the street after the cars had passed to retrieve their ammo. At no time did the majority of the crowd gathered near the gym enter into the rock-throwing.

Hil and Harvey watched for about 20 minutes, then the gang began to move north away from the rally and toward Cherry. The 2 Helix staffers were talking with some older cats in a red convertible when the group spotted them. The gang of kids—all about 13-17—followed them across Cherry. Ripping the camera from Harvey and the tape recorder from Hil they started throwing bricks, kicking, slugging and hitting the reporters with thin metal canes. A three block flight-fight ensued with cries of "Kill the Motherfuckers." Several older blacks who said they were Panthers tried to protect the whites who had by then had much of their clothing torn off and were bleeding profusely.

Near 23rd and Marion a Seattle City Police Squad Car stopped to watch the fight. Several black children led Harvey to the car and knocked on the windows, but the officers did not act or unlock their doors. Harvey tried to get across the street to Hil who was unconscious and surrounded but someone began beating him with a metal cane and he blacked out. Sometime later a tactical force squad car chased away the gang and took them to the King County (Cont. Page 16)
VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

"Why of course the people don't want war. Why should some poor slob on a farm want to risk his life in a war when the best he can get out of it is to come back to his farm in one piece. Naturally the common people don't want war, neither in Russia, nor in England, nor in America, nor, for that matter, in Germany. That is understood. But after all, it is always the leaders of the country who determine the policy and it is always a simple matter to drag the people along, whether it is a democracy, or a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship. Voice or no voice, the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in any country."

Hermann Goering
OSOS NEGROS

Osos Negros (the North American black bear) is one of the most ferocious predators to be found in the Western Hemisphere.

The extent of the damage caused by these immense beasts is so great that leading conservationists (particularly the large timber companies and tree farms), working in cooperation with the State Game Department, have declared the spade bear a non-protected animal in Clallam, Grays Harbor, Jefferson, Kitsap and Mason counties. Professional hunters, armed with dogs, traps and long range rifles, are employed on a round the clock basis in an attempt to compensate for the extreme fecundity of the spade bear or "black-mother" bears.

In addition to devouring everything that moves in their immediate vicinity, timber is a favorite food of Osos Negros, and millions of dollars worth of trees, from quaking aspen seedlings to huge sequoia, have fallen to provide forage for the huge herbivore. In addition to raising the wrath of the large lumber interests — justifiably and understandably concerned over the depredation of America's great and beautiful natural resources — the black bear has in recent times taken to defacing open pit mine sites. The mineral companies, in the Northwest the Kinneecott Kopper Korp. in particular, have added their voices to the growing number of citizens who demand that SOMETHING BE DONE to remedy the bear situation.

In the State of Washington, fortunately, there is already a group of people with the foresight to establish a dike against the insane proliferation of this animal. The men, women and children of McCleary, Grays Harbor (1200 Strong) will hold their annual Bear Festival, choose a Festival Queen, and hold a huge bear stew feed, from July 19th through the 21st. As even the most unsophisticated students of ecology know, some species, natural predators, will threaten other, less vicious species, with extinction. Black bear poses exactly this threat to both the magnificent forests and National Parks of the Northwest area.

However, when one species begins to threaten another, Nature has her own way of restoring the balance. This happened with the Tick-bird which would produce between fifteen and twenty young per year, and hunted for food only in the shaggy hair of the American bison. Mother Nature stepped in, and for the past 125 years there has not been any indication of the Tick-bird threatening other mid-western life forms.

It is hoped that the American public will become aware of the dangers which threaten the large areas of woodland in the Pacific Northwest before our natural heritage has been irreparably damaged.

RUBIN BUSTED

Three cops entered Jerry Rubin's apartment in the East Village on June 13 and busted him for possession of marijuana and later busted his coccyx and beat him about the head and body. Upon entering his apartment the police seemed more interested in tearing down posters of Fidel than searching for pot. Only after harassing Rubin about the Youth International Party and its plans for Chicago, picking through his letters and address books, calling him "Communist," and threatening him with a beating if he did not reveal where his gun was hidden, did the police show any interest in looking for his stash.

After booking Rubin was taken downtown for arraignment. There marco police hounded him with political questions and hit him when he didn't answer. As Rubin was taken to a cell a cop yelled down the hall, "This guy hates America." Several cops moved in as others hit Rubin twice on the head. As Rubin turned to enter the cell a plainclothes cop "kicked me at the base of my spine," and yelled, "He's a Communist. He hates America and won't fight for his country."

Rubin's obviously political arrest has led such reasonable writers as Julius Lester of the Guardian to interpret it as the end of the coddling of the white radical movement and the beginning of a new era of total suppression.

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PPF

The Peace and Freedom Party will have to file suit against the City of San Francisco to show cause why PPF candidates should not be certified as elected since many voters were disenfranchised. In the June 4 primaries, hundreds of voters attempting to write in PPF candidates were told by poll workers that write-ins were prohibited, that a write-in would void their ballot, that voting machines could not record write-ins. The attitudes of the poll workers ranged from belligerent to hostile toward PPF voters. Two PPF candidates Paul Jacob (US Senatorial candidate) and Marvin Garson (Congressional candidate) were certified: Their names were printed on the ballot. Also winning positions on the November ballot were Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Black Panther Party, and Huey Newton. Seale is seeing the California Legislatures 14th District seat, Newton is running from the 7th District.

A National Convention to choose a Presidential candidate will be held somewhere in the Midwest on August 17 and 18.

Alex Foreman, P&FP member from SF, will be in Seattle from July 8th thru the 14th and will speak on the UW campus (as well as off campus when suitable locations are found). Seattlites will be given a chance to discuss forming a local P&FP.
WEIRD: RACE OR CREEP?

When one has long hair, strange looking pupils or any other mode of appearance or behaviour which deviates from the commonly accepted standards of beauty, one tends to accept the inevitable harassment and discrimination with a fatalistic shrug. But the liberal establishment in the name of social progress and other gods of the Establishment Pantheon has Good News for long hair.

Washington's Law Against Discrimination, Chapter 49.60 may have room in its heart for hippies. Unusually flexible, i.e., vague, in its wording the law prefaces its prohibitions against discrimination by virtue of race, creed, color or national origin in the employment and public accommodations spheres with this instruction, "The provisions of this chapter shall be construed liberally...." In this spirit the Washington State Board Against Discrimination has been discussing possibly investigating discrimination against those noncarbonated members of the Pepsi Generation who fizzle out.

Two things, however, must be determined before the Board can seriously examine this question. First, is there a problem? What is the scale of discrimination, and secondly, does it legally qualify as "discrimination" as defined in the law. Does long hair, beard, or what ever identify an individual with a creed or simply as an individual?

The question of creed is sticky. Being black is involuntary but being a Muslim is not. The Muslim and Black receives equal protection under this law. Being longhaired is mere or less voluntary (although considering the environmental forces in society which have contributed to the "hippie" phenomenon one might question whether any choice existed for the individuals involved). If there is a specific creedal life style, what is it? Does seeing colors differently than others, classify one as "colored"? There are, as yet, no concrete answers.

As to the existence and dimensions of actual discrimination in the general sense specific action can be taken. HELIX is beginning a survey of discrimination in the areas of employment and public accommodations. If you feel you have been discriminated against because of the length of your hair, etc., in your job, in stores, restaurants, housing or whatsoever, describe the incident including the following data:

EMPLOYMENT: Name of employer, name of immediate superior, type of work, reasons given for denial or dismissal and all relevant dates.

PUBLIC ACCOMMODATIONS (in restaurants, stores, etc.): Place, date, time of day, your appearance, reasons given for denial of service or expulsion from establishment, and the prevailing situation in the establishment at the time of incident.

Send your affidavits, SIGNED with 3 box tops of your choice to: DISCRIMINATION SURVEY, Helix, 325 Harvard Avenue East, Seattle, Washington 98102.

When enough reports have been compiled, HELIX will turn them over to the Board for examination and discussion, but not for processing. It'll take a long time even if the board decides to move on this problem. Here, we'll have to take a back seat for Black Brothers, whose mistreatment has monopolized the Board's attention.

WILLS APPEALS

Russel Wills, local draft resister who is currently appealing a five-year sentence and conviction of draft refusal, will be in Seattle until at least October. In the last issue of the Helix, it was reported that Russel's arrest was imminent as his appeal to have his case heard by the United States Supreme Court was turned down in the last week of the Court's term before summer recess.

Upon receiving word that the Wills case had been refused, three last-ditch appeals were immediately made: locally, appeals were made for a stay of arrest until Russel could finish his Ph.D. exams; simultaneously, an appeal for reduction of the five-year sentence was filed. Finally, appeal for reconsideration was filed with Justice Douglas, the Supreme Court justice who represents this Court circuit.

It wasn't expected that the appeals would be of much use. Locally, Judge Beeks, who has been handling the case against Russel, has more than once demonstrated his determination to treat draft resisters as harshly as possible. And Justice Douglas was recovering from surgery and wasn't expected to be able to consider the case.

However, Douglas has been extremely concerned with the treatment of draft resisters and protesters in this country, and apparently made a special effort in this case. He granted reconsideration by the Court and the machinery that was grinding towards Russel's arrest by the Grand Marshall was stopped.

In terms of the resistance movement, this represents only a qualified victory; the grant of reconsideration does not mean that the Court will hear the case, but it does mean that they will have to consider again whether or not to hear it. And this means that action on the case will be delayed until the fall when the Court goes back in its October session. If in October the case is rejected for hearing, there will be no further legal appeals or delays that can be made and Russel will go to jail. But with the changes in the Court and indeed in the country between now and the October term, perhaps the political climate will change and the Court may be willing to consider the case for resistance.

Russell plans to spend the time between now and the time his case comes up working to expand the draft resistance movement.
The Crome Syrucus and the Jof- fery Ballet conspiracy has produced a strikingly beautiful mixture of media appropriately named "Astarte" a mythical love goddess. The dancers, Max and Trinette, copulate to the accompaniment of symphonic rock music and movie images projected on to a nylon screen. The nylon stretches and distorts the visions which complete the three dimensional relationship of media reinforcement and antagonism. The Joffery Ballet Company complete with the Crome Syrucus will perform at the Queen Elizabeth Theater, July 5, 6, and 7 and at the Seattle Opera House, July 24-27.

The Ballet was recently performed in Houston and Chicago, which was responsible for the tour of the south by five music freaks, one freak doctor, and one not so straight press agent. Houston was an uptight paranoia scene but New Orleans was loose. Everyone food tripped on 36 oz. steaks at the Steak Pit and got drunk at the Red Robin of New Orleans, the Seven Seas. The caravan left the delta and headed north through Mississippi, stopped at Stuckey's for coke, bought firecrackers, got stop-

ped in a police roadblock in Alabama, got through and camped out near Birmingham. The Great Firecracker War in the quiet Alabaman campsite pitted the not so straight press agent, bass player Lee Graham, and new drummer Jim Plane, against the Doctor, harp player Dick Powell, and guitarist Cactus Jack "John" Gaborik. The fighting raged out of control far into the night; until the sky returned to darkness after the daylight like lightness of the roman candle flares; the sounds of nature returned after the deafening roar of exploding one and a half inch Black Cats; and the battle weary warriors retired for the night. The Windy City was uneventful except for a brief firecracker skirmish with a battalion of uniformed Civil Air Patrol Cadets in the third floor hall of the hotel. The Syrucus returned to San Francisco in time to play the Avalon June 9, 10, 11 and in time for the hero of this story to return to his alter ego as not so straight Helix reporter.
Some people may buy it just to hear the audience.

The audience is convicts. They can't leave when the show's over. Some of them know what it means when the song talks about killing a man. The atmosphere is electric. Really electric. When you listen close, you hear clanging doors, whistles, shouts. Responses that aren't the same as yours. Because they're not walking around like you are.

You'll probably never know what it's really like. Johnny Cash does. He's been inside prisons before. Not always on a visit. This time he went back to record an album of his original songs—mostly prison songs—in front of the inmates of Folsom Prison, California. No one knew exactly what would happen. But the mikes were there, and it happened.

Listen to this album and try to get some feeling of what was happening. And know that this is probably as close as you'll ever get to being inside.

Johnny Cash on COLUMBIA RECORDS.

*Stereo. Also available in 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridge.
Eldridge Cleaver was whisked off to prison in the early morning hours of April 7 and was held there until June 11 without a hearing of any kind. He was taken prisoner after being wounded — and seeing fellow Black Panther Bobby Hutton killed — by Oakland police.

Last week Judge Raymond Sherwin of Solano County Superior Court ordered Cleaver released on a writ of habeas corpus. The Attorney General of California can now ask for an appeal. Yet it may well be that Cleaver has violated the conditions of his parole and that Sherwin ruled that Cleaver had been a "model parolee," and that his imprisonment had stemmed from his "inability to pay fines and court costs." Express Times editor Marvin Garson interview Cleaver.

"IN SOUL ON ICE, IF YOU POINTED TO ANY GROUP IN WHITE SOCIETY THEY COULD LOOK TO IT, IT WAS YOUNG, WHICH IS A VERY BIG CATEGORICAL INSIDE THAT, FORGETTING THAT THERE ARE MANY GROUPS IN WHITE SOCIETY. ARE THERE ANY GROUPS OR MOVEMENTS IN YOUR COMMUNITY THAT YOU WOULD want to have more contacts with, that you think are more optimistic and realistic?"

"We have to want to have contacts with all groups in our community. For example, we're reaching the situation here in America. And we've always had groups like SCLC — you see, we're very aware of individuals and categories of people who are suffering."

We look hopefully to the young people in our society, to the people in the white mother country. This is because we don't think they are as hung up in the past. We think that they have the status quo as some of the old people who want us to change and that a new perspective on survival is so wound up with the system that they seem themselves to be a part of the system and not in the system itself. We see that the young people, in some instances, are becoming more lucid, that they're willing to experiment with new forms, and they're willing to go on the line. They have confidence, but they don't have to be called into the latter part of this century, and into another century, creeping along and hobbling along on obsolete forms. So that the young people have a much open mind to the prospects of change, we can talk to them from the fertile reservoir of young people who are coming out of colleges and those who are, who will make colleges. There are a lot of young people who aren't on college campuses, but who are the counterparts, the saving grace of not bringing themselves to the level of the system as those who are older than them. And we won't write off all old people. During the summer. There certainly has been a lot of old people who are very beautiful and they produce roots, and they're also be very terrible, about change. We don't write them off, and you can't draw rigid lines, you know, you can't say, oh, this person is 60 years old, I'm 33 myself, and I trust them, and a few other people, and there are other people over thirty whom I trust."

"DO YOU THINK THE SUMMER OF 1968 IS GOING TO BEGIN OFFICIALLY, AND STARTING ABOUT SIX MONTHS AND ENDING ABOUT ABOUT THIS SUMMER? . . . WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT THIS SUMMER? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO TRY TO MAKE HAPPEN, WHAT ARE YOUR EXPECTATIONS?"

"From Happening!"

There is a thing that this doctor S.I. Hayakawa put out, it's called the self-fulfilling prophecy, and it states that what you imagine happens, it is possible for it to happen so. So what I'm saying is that they start working to bring it about, maybe even against their own desire. And all the scenarios come from. It may be that they're all happening right now, and that's what the scenes-conspirators who want to bring about some disastrous situation during the summer. There certainly has been a saturation of this prophecy that this summer be a terrible, terrible, catastrophic summer. Well, I know that the people for whom I work, the Black Panther Party and other groups of black militants in the Bay Area, through which... I think there are a lot of people who are going to have a tough time across the country, they think it's almost absurd for people to go around thinking that we are plotting some diabolical scheme to coincide with some change in the weather. We work year round, year round, rain or sun or whatever the climatic conditions might be, we work to organize black people so that they can move to bring about better conditions under which to live. We're going to do that in the summer, in the winter, in the spring or in the fall, it doesn't matter what time of year. Those who want to bring about tragic situations, they're the ones we may have plots for the summer. Those who we think are plotting against black people this summer are the racist police agencies throughout the country, not they who have the machinery in the Pentagon that is also been pulled into the plot to suppress any move by oppressed people to better their conditions. So they're the ones who move on these timescales of disaster and confrontation. It's not the oppressed people themselves who are moving all the time to change their situations.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS SUMMER, THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS AND SO FOURTH ARE YOU RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT?"

"While I was in Vacaville, in prison, it was announced that I was a candidate for the presidency on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket. I welcomed that and I gave my consent for this announcement to be made, because I am interested in developing working machinery between the black militants in the black community and what we refer to as the radicals in the white mother country, because I'm interested in developing this machinery, I wanted to get involved in the presidential thing, so that I could use this machinery to pull the movement together. I'm very interested in working to pull the movement together in that manner, whether I can or not I can do this through the machinery of the presidential nomination from the Peace and Freedom Party can only be determined through the convention which the Peace and Freedom Party will hold in July. Now, if you would nominate me and I would work to organize this machinery. If they don't do it, then I will work anyway to do these things because this is the thing that I want to do this in what I'm dedicated to.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK IS HAPPENING IN THE BAY AREA RIGHT AT THE LEVEL OF BLACK-WHITE RELATIONS, IN THE SCHOOLS, IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS, AND SO FORTH? DO YOU THINK IT'S GETTING BETTER OR WORSE? AND WHAT ARE YOUR EXPECTATIONS? DO YOU THINK IT'S GOING IN?"

"I think that there's an increasing racial tension on certain levels in society, particularly in the political arena during this election year, there's a lot of racism being used by the reactionary forces in the political arena, trying to mobilize people at the polls, it's particularly true of the racist Republican Party, particularly the campaign of the racist Governor of California, Ronald Reagan; racist Richard Nixon, racist Max Hatterson. There's an attempt to manipulate this racism so that white Americans will be frightened by this cry about the violence in the ghettos, the violence of black revolution, this is an attempt to frighten the white people to support these racist candidates. You have the racist dog, George Wallace, running all over the country spreading the poison of Alabama throughout the country to other people. The fact that he is receiving a hearing in these areas outside of Alabama indicates an increasing receptivity to racist appeals on the part of white people. So that it can't be surprising that people will begin to respond to this in high schools and everywhere else in the country. Each politician wants to take a particular stance on this which he thinks will appeal to the voters. Wallace takes an outright racist stand, Nixon wants to do it with a different flair, Rockefeller wants to have a different approach to his racist position, all the way to the Democratic Party; Johnson, Humphrey have a particular stance on this, the late Senator Kennedy approached it in his particular manner, McCarthy, but they're all dealing with the racist tensions that are being exacerbated by all this activity. So I'm not surprised that students, black students and white students, will bring with them the attitudes that they're picking up in their homes. You would have a young black student, a family may be members of the Black Panther Party going to the same school with a student whose family may be supporters of George Wallace, you see? They both bring in from them what they are receiving at home. So the children embody all these different attitudes on the spectrum and they all relate to each other, some will react that way, and that's what's going on all over this country. I don't see how any magic wand could be found to get rid of it.

"IT'S BEEN SAID OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN THE LAST FEW YEARS THAT IT'S THE JOB OF WHITE RADICALS TO SPOUT WHITE RACISM IN THEIR OWN COMMUNITIES, WHEN IT COMES TO THE WAR THERE'S SPECIFIC TACTICS, DRAFT RESISTANCE, THE ANNUAL MARCH, MAKING CONTACTS AMONG SOLDIERS BUT WHEN IT COMES TO FIGHTING RACISM IN THE WHITE COMMUNITY, THEY JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT ANY SPECIFIC THINGS.

I'm tempted to believe that the best way to do this is through an indirect approach, I think that in order for white racism to really be confronted, it's going to depend upon the successes and the development of the black liberation struggle. I think that as the black people in this country become more and more united, it would make the job of those white people a little more difficult... If there is a white community movement... Say with Bobby Seale's campaign, the Huey Newton campaign, the Kathleen Cleaver campaign, we feel that these are ways that white militants can take issues into the white community and have people decide one way or another about that. This is how we're moving on that. This is why we want to project my own campaign for the presidency so we can move on this nationally. In the Black Panther Party we've reached the point where we can move on this nationally. We can use the mechanisms developed in Alameda County to develop black and white activists all over this country. And no one can deny this, that in Alameda County, which has been the central focus of activity of the coalition between the Black Panther Party and the Peace and Freedom Party there has been a very noticeable decrease in this pervasive, undirected hostility and racial tension. The hostilities of the black community have been directed against specific forces, and there has been increased attention on the activities of the police department, on the exploitation of the merchants, and on the political manipulation of the power structure. So that these, these are the possibilities that in other communities are just floating around, in Alameda County they are beginning to take on a sharp focus, specific targets, and a lot of people find it much easier to circulate and work together.

S.F. TIMES
EARMUFFS FOR HEROIN

Robin Sherwood, well into the second week of music on KOL-FM received his first - of we predict many -- censorship response. This one was written by a local writer for some local paper and published in some local TV guide. So the imagination that props The Beverly Hillbillies (Are they still playing mom?) and Father Knows Best (except in Sparta and among the Pujels of western Tanganvia) was offended by the playing of a song titled HEROINE performed predictably by The Velvet Underground. The published writer indicated that there were, after all, limits and that since the aforementioned song offended him (perhaps there was some hidden needle in his ancestry) it clearly overreached those limits. CONSEQUENCE: citizens could be assured that the KOL-FM file in the FCC central offices would hold a letter of his.

Granting, that we can expect such prosaic half-witted responses from weekend journalists, we might take the opportunity here, to say yet something again concerning that limittance subject Censorship. (NOTE: the introduction to what follows was written last. What follows was written first when the writer was intruded at his typewriter by someone bearing a clipping of the aforementioned journalistic pigeongraph. The following was a reaction to that censorship checkmark.) At the time this writer was needlessly stoned. And further, OH! the freedom to invent the two that written first and that last.

ZONK

Over and over the pillar of society bent with but a willing but. Onto the heeds of society written by some local writer to some local paper and published in some local TV guide. We are but a socrisy of the Lord's lording. Languish not my pretties. What a pity you have long to Anguish coming. Over and over the pillars of society bent with but a willing but. We've been living in our society and our society has been living in us. The bitter-sweet songs about cocaine... like most drinking songs let it repeat "Oh mama won't you show me the way home?" This is a fine funking distinction. The bitter sweet is no taste of secular dirt... the pigeon shit on the side of the hospital wall. But oh,... semper fidelis to the wastefully tolerant but sweet protector of the private ball... We must stay on for the due obedience to guarantee the right of a man to sing shooting-up heroin even if "we may strongly disagree with the drugs ingestion." Or then are we not also at the same time obliged to this, that a man's heart is his own as well as his eye. Whether it be the temple in his hearing the little country church in his veins, if he but have the good grace to die naturally his own death in his own blood.

Oh while demons and sinners and devils and then resurrect your melting grace like a falling dew that more than g'ided from a cool floor... up like an electric sprinkler... and let him be.

HERE GO BACK TO THE ORIGINAL

Sherwood responds with a "I want to de-emphasize myself and quicken the music... I don't want to impose myself on the listeners or the music, but I do reserve the right to be as silly as I want to where I need to. Have the good grace to tolerate that."

LEATHER FROM R.4

drugged from the house into the street, for resisting arrest, if one objects to getting ones wrists taped if raed and charged with resisting arrest) and one for using obscene and vulgar language. (From his bedroom where his sleep was interrupted by the bull-horns he lifted the shade and his finger.)

Since then the seven have spent varying lengths of time in jail. By now all out and the trial date has been set. It is uncertain what the police will resurrect as a defense against their breaking up an afternoon of typical suburban TV ingestion. It is clear that a few of the local homeowners were upset by all that leather and steel. The Seances hadn't raised anybody. In fact, Breed for two days preceding the Sunday of the arrest had been playing ball for long hours with the neighborhood kids. THEY got along well. Since Sunday the busted house has been anything but a normal home. There is continual surveillance by helicopters and squad cars marked and unmarked. As Jethro noted it was a "real nice quiet neighborhood until all these police converged on it about two weeks ago." Dave Hood is the counsel.

CITIZEN SOLDIERS

If you have wondered how those "citizen soldiers" feel about "the enemy...?" the Bat Infantry Brigade of the Washington National Guard stationed at Pier 91 went to summer boot camp from 9-2-75 by the Balboa Firing Center. The last part of their training consisted of "crowd control" techniques, including tear gas, tear gas canister forms, hand splitting formations, and a "crowd scrapping" formation. The main training office Pier 91, unit, Col. Donald Robertson, has a civilian (?) job with the Srohomish Sheriff's Dept., a department that "ought to fuck up those fuckin' African Spear-chuckers..." The enlisted men (all junior) of the unit were offended by theCol.'s remark and have made careful efforts to protect his attitudes.

Pier 91 is the headquarters of the local National Guard units and one brigade unit will be on duty at all times through this summer. The central communications headquarters for emergency coordination of local police and Guard units is also located at Pier 91. What to expect: The basic formation for breaking up a crowd is a wedge of soldiers; a V, advancing with bayonets at throat level, stomping their right feet in unison, dragging their collective left, shouting or screaming as one. If the crowd does not give way just at the sight of the advancing wedge, we get bayonets.

The main weapon of the wedge is its psychological, however, and many Guardsmen have repeatedly expressed doubts about their willingness to crush demonstrators laying on the ground or trying to start female demonstrators with bayonets. If the crowd somehow flanks the wedge, gets in behind the soldiers, or in between, confusion breaks out in the ranks and the wedge is dissolved. The only defense against the wedge is a barricade or shield which separates and destroys the formation. Rolling barricades or logs, or small cars into the formation is also effective.

Ropes strung across the street would trip the wedge and destroy it. The "barriers" can be used of the CN or the CS military type. In boot camp recruits are locked in a room filled with tear gas. They are told not to rub or touch their eyes or even blink to prevent temporary blindness. Turning your face to the wind blows the gas from your eyes and face and prevents blindness and burning.

HHELIX IN BLEEDS

Hospital, where they were treated (along with 16 others) for multiple cuts and abrasions. They are extremely grateful to the Black Panthers who tried to help them.

The incidents Monday night were the actions of unorganized gangs of young, extremely angry, blacks. Mayor Branyman's statement blaming the militant group, the Black Panthers, for the actions of these gangs reveals the worst kind of distortion in search of a scapegoat. The cause of such incidents lies far beyond either the actions of the Panthers or the actions of the Police Department. The Mayor's indictment of the Panthers as a lawless, criminal element is blatantly contradicted by the efforts of Joed and the Panthers to prevent further violence. The mayor should concern himself less with blame and more with doing all in his power to give the black man freedom and justice.

FROM CONT.P5

111 Madison

THE OUTRAGEOUS FILM THAT GOT PAPA UNDERGROUND GOING!

by JONAS MEKAS

The Quakes Gallery & Imports

417 western & 410 clockwise

lower level Pike street market

THE HEAD PLACE DOWNTOWN

beads, incense posters, handmade jewelry.

Q'RAZ

GALLERY & IMPORTS

417 western & 410 clockwise lower level Pike street market

THE HEAD PLACE DOWNTOWN

beads, incense posters, handmade jewelry.

DROP.OUT

Three University of Dayton dropouts have organized an employment service. LOCATION CHANGES FOR SOCIAL CHANGE listing thousands of anti- Establishment jobs located in more than 34 states of the Union. The jobs range from cooks to organizers, medical workers to fund-raisers. Most of the jobs are for office workers and writers. Employers range from local underground papers, black power groups, guerrilla theater groups to established agencies such as the National Service Foundation and the American Committee on Africa. Write to 200 "B" Street Hayward California for a catalogue listing jobs. (Enclose a stamp they are broke) or come by the Helix Office.
FREE picture with each purchase

WAREHOUSE OF MUSIC

ATCO

CREAM

WHEELS OF FIRE

ATCO STEREO
STILL LISTENING TO THAT GREASY KID STUFF? this album will put HAIR in your head!
JOE & THE FISH

TOGETHER

five or six years ago during the folk movement (bluesman, guitar, harmonica, jew's harp, mandolin, etc.) doing traditional material, they would have gone unnoticed. Which would have been a loss, because they have a lot of very good ideas, and do some original things.

Musically, they are an amalgamation of various techniques, some used very effectively, but they are more than a little limited by not having a very strong voice, or even singing very well. (It's really a hangup.) They mix funk, country (as on "Zappas" and a bottleneck backing no less) with Anglo-American sounding tunes and various well-chosen vocals, pops and whistles, often with groovy results.

They've written some really beautiful songs, and "Mr. Groove" (an all-time favorite) is one of the best. The Minotaur, however, always manages to live up to its reputation, and the band is somehow kept alive by the fact that Joe's voice doesn't seem to drop, and that seems to have infected Barry.) Where the Mothers of Invention are a conscious cell of the parent organism (LA) growing insanity around the nucleus of the Fish, the album is slightly (maybe very) far out, even in parody, due to the nature of the experimental and homogenizing plastic and funk.

The album starts with "Rock and Roll," a truly dirty song, sockoatecture featuring Joe's celebration of the multiple orgasm in the world of black pop; while the bass (beneath, feminine but aggressive and active) plays with the headgear.

"Mojo Navigator" - a soft shoe steel guitar ad for summer vacations. I played it at KRAB and received phone calls charging tastelessness. A result of misinterpretation between Pink Panther and the hit song.

"An Untitled Protest": Naïve, motherfly the harry bar in the cute little hugger's hand; images of blood and death march by the hobo stage. Remember LIFE uses the same images to sell magazines and the war continues anyway, the song seems to remember it too. "Superheroes fill the sky, tally books in hand. Yes: keeping score in times of war takes a superman."

THE HANGMAN'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER

The String Band is a strange British duo, Mike Heron and Robin Williamson, who play a vast array of acoustic instruments with occasional assists from various friends. Or I imagine they're friends, the album sounds like a couple of people who were sitting on the floor one night, overwrought as they went along, when someone said "Hey, that's groovy; you should make a record," and announced. "I think this is their third album, they still aren't very well known. Probably because they aren't very good musicians.

Playing the same instruments, five or six years ago during the folk movement (bluesman, guitar, harmonica, jew's harp, mandolin, etc.) doing traditional material, they would have gone unnoticed. Which would have been a loss, because they have a lot of very good ideas, and do some original things.

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WHEELS OF FIRE

To begin with, I've never seen the Cream play live - I've almost made it several times, but I always seem to have gotten hung up. People who have seen them live describe the experience with long chains of superlatives. Friends came by after Cream had played the Fillmore on their next-to-last tour (I was in SF at the time, but hung) telling me, with glazed eyes, that it was the best concert they'd ever seen. Shortly before Cream played London, both Jerry Garcia and Mike Bloomfield referred to Clapton as the best rhythm guitarist. Or words to that effect.

However, their first two albums, "Strange Brew" and "Sundance Bears," were far from what I had expected from a group that was being called the best band in England. Neither album could touch the record Clapton cut with Mayall shortly before he split from Cream.

The most recent album, consisting of two lips - one recorded in the studio and the other at the Fillmore concert mentioned above - is considerably better. The studio lip is somewhat similar to ``Gimme Shelter'' and ``Whole Lotta Love'' and ``Whole Lotta Love'' are the songs, for the most part, lean away from blues forms, and range from ``Pleased Rat and Warthog,'' a comic narrative poem (the form is comic, the meaning may or may not be) "As You Said," probably my favorite cut on the LP, featuring an acoustic guitar played by the composer, bassist Jack Bruce.

I was, two, I prefer the Live at the Fillmore. Eight sets of four cuts, all starting out as blues and ending of which are long instrumental breaks (such as ``Cream'', at least on record, is not vocally strong. The vocal mixes are turned way down, and by the time the song just stays out of the way of the instrument. (For a nice contrast in white blues groups, compare Butterfield's ``Born Under A Bad Sign'' with the version on the studio LP. For Butterfield, the piece is a SONGBERRY, for Cream, the singer's inflection reinforces the lyrics; the instruments are an extension of the song. Cream, on the other hand, restricts vocal inflection to a monochromatic tone of forsbidding, and the end of each verse seems to release the instruments which come roaring back like a hulk that has just washed the local beat cop down a manhole. The lead vocal is backed by a harp/vocal piece by Bruce called ``Tranquilite.''

A nice example of the difference between the bands is how very simple (compared to similar pieces by Rev. Gary Davis or the Band) the music is. And the heavy, solid, unobtrusive drum backing keeps the momentum up (and allows Bruce to breath occasionally without the rhythm breaking down.) Bruccy vocal, the Clapton's, is somewhat two dimensional. Not bad really, but when it comes to singing blues, he lets the harp do it.

The second cut, "Toad," is for thirteen or so of its fifteen minutes, one long, fine drum solo by Ginger Baker with complex rhythms played against complex rhythms in a very non-rock, non-blues fashion.

The second side starts off with a "Crossroads," an electric version of an old Robert Johnson blues (though still short and fairly songlike). "Silverlining," gives Clapton a chance to freak; it's nice, and you can tell from the words that he would have been great had you been there to hear it live.

I sometimes have the feeling with long improvisations (and with most of Cream's short things as well) that record is as hard to believe than the old rock recordings were to the country bluesmen in the thirties. In some cases, it's as though the group is trying to make some kind of visceral response to the excitement of watching a musician trying to get it right BEFORE YOUR GODMADDEN EYES doesn't hurt at all. In thirty years when we call rock has given way to something else and most of the audience for records don't even know who the group is watching a rock group do thing live, prestructured recordings wouldn't be the worst cut - will probably be far more comprehensible than recordings of improvisations where a sense of continuity, achieved when actually attending a performance through the suspension of listeners' time sense in the wonder of It's Happening Now is lacking.

LOTUS AMONG THE METAL EATERS...5

THE RECRUITING OFFICE

LAST ISSUE ELMER "previous"

LOTUS, RETIRED DEALER, AND HIS PARROT COMPANION "GOLD" NARROWLY ESCAPED THE JOSSTROK Stark & CO. TAKE A SPRING STROLL THROUGH A SMALL AMERICAN CITY.)

"The respect of a Nation," said Lotus, "lives after the Brave are gone."

"The Nation is fat," said Gold, "and a pink and balding swan."

"A Nation is young in its heroes and swans grow old,"

"Find a nation which loves an egg and it loves it fried," said Gold.

Lotus pleaded at the recruiters pressing the glass with his nose. When "crack-peep went the parrot egg, (from the pocket a glistening rose)

Ascended Lotus's lengthy beak it perched upon his head. Inside a saucer staring and then "chuck-chuck chuck-chuck"
"God is Dead.... They killed him with a machine.... God was killed by electricity... the mothefucker." The Nuns screamed, the Fathers paid close attention, the girls in starched white collars hid their eyes, the patrons of the arts in polka dot and psychedelict print smiled briefly, the little spades were sniffed and jived. "You stay away... you get any announcae in your immediate family?" Two blacks in berets holding plastic machine guns fought in a corner of the room. Most of the crowd remained seated on the floor until the fighters rolled into them, scattering the women. The spade kids jumped up and down and peaked around legs to see what was happening.

What was happening was K. Curtis Lyke's (Watt's Writers Workshop) "Guerrilla Theater and the Process of Allusion at the CAMP Firehouse" with a play presented by the New Group Theater and directed by Doug Barnett. the play is an assemblage of events (black) didactic absurd guerrilla panopticon - laced with the screams of Pharo Saunders and the beauty of Coltrane.

The play begins with the innocent fun of pure guerrilla theater... characters with signs reading CIA, Chase Manhattan, State Dept. singing songs of sixpence and imperialism contrasted by the Minnesota the hobos are thrown out with the bath and the revolution begins. Anguish twisted proze, "weird rain and concrete" drives the black revolution into the hills, through death, torture, the prosecution of justice, the hallucination of "kill it to keep it killing," the terror, the arbitrary partial destruction, the rictus of embracing the slogan "by any means necessary," the final victory which even the rats hesitate to eat.

The illusion of the Romantic Revolutionary pulled like fingernails with pliers, and spit on the floor like bloody teeth. God leader-bad Guwara castrated crucified naked to the giggling Tartars hot cigar ash. Coughing gagging curing jiving, the Revolutionary loves his rifle, strokes it, kisses it, loves its music, makes it come silver bullets. The Big Cheuse who speaks only electronic tape nonsense ruling the country for the Bible and God is on His side. The white mother who turns her wounded son in to the police. A windup N*TG*H*T (** that sounds like something you wipe your ass with**) is indicted for building low income housing with inferior materials is condemned to live out his natural life in the Yesler Atlantic housing Project.

The acting was rough and raw, anguish and terror came naturally along with the glib jive and street talk. The play is rarely pretentious preferring to preach by exaggerated character and cartoonery in the best tradition of street theater. Many of the whites in the audience frankly didn't understand anything about the play, but were trying very hard to dig all the foul language and irreverence (white mother preacher's wife reads the Lord's prayer "Thy Kingdom come" — the black man yells in her masked face, "Yeah, if you shove it up your ass enough times..."") But the play was not concerned with Messages for the Whites. It was a Black Play for Black Men. If whites didn't get it, Tough Shit, Baby. For the Blacks the play seemed to say: Revolution is a tough road to travel and you'd better think twice before you blow up the power station — not because Whitney will beat you — you can't lose your black and beautiful and holy — but in order to win you must sacrifice so much you'll never find what it was you started out looking for.

JUGernaut (j u g - e r - o - n) N. (Altered-Hind.
JAGANATH; lord of the world — jag, world and nath, lord. An incarnation of the Hindu god Vishnu, whose idol, it is said, so excited his worships when it was hauled along on a long car during religious rites that they threw themselves under the wheels and were crushed: Also JAGANNATH. 2. Anything that excites blind devotion or terrible sacrifice. 3. Any terrible irresistible force." — Webster's New World Dictionary.

In a way it is good that no one seems to know that the 13th House (888 Stewart) exists. At this point it is probably the only music place left in town where you don't have to submit yourself to either a Sarcastic theory of digging good sounds or submerge yourself in the Pat O'Day piano poorly jutastic musical cordons.

For the last few weeks a home-grown Seattle band, the Juggernaut, has been generally doing their thing down there and specifically blowing minds. The band is ably headed by Perrnell Alexander, Jim Hendrix's cousin, with Butch Stripes on Bass and the Boone brothers, Dan and Tim on Organs and drums. This group achieves a blues-rock-fuzz synthestis that is really something to hear. A lot of this is due to the outstanding organ playing of Don Bowow and the sophisticated and subtle guitar work of Perrnell Alexander. Perrnell taught Hendrix to play the guitar, but even without this recommendation, he is one of the finest and most original guitarists I have heard. They do almost completely their own stuff, all of which is a pretty strange deal.

Although the acoustics of the 13th House are lousy to the point of being wretched, which tends to really foul up this group's sound, it is really worth the buck or two it costs to see them.

Jug'n at Magic Theater July 14
a vigintillion in numbers

In 1686 William Morris, English poet and publisher witnessed through a wind-pipe the mating of a mocking bird and a humming bird—and almost immediately got the idea for a book. So today young men in every major metropolis area of the western world are busy writing novels and collecting anthologies.

With Don Scott it was a matter of degree, and the willful intention of every pun. But after a higher education and a "living wage"—to state it most exactly—Don, upon returning from Sandalphon, Alpha, and the completion of his monumental many-wall and mural titled, "The Invariable Influence of the Sun as the Tropic of Capricorn Heads It North Again," found his education five hours deficient. The English Dept. was willing to let it all roll out but the Education Dept. was not. And so by the insistence of the latter's Mr. Silver (who will teach you a lesson) and by the prodding of the I Ching... (laid out here somewhere in the center of Scott) Don Scott signed up for 5 hours of creative writing and "wrote his second book (fragments of which are 1 laid out here) the bending principally of the 6 of the 6 parts of the total work the title of which I have sincerely forgotten, having something to do with the Dispersal of Don Scott which is also the morse of the headline whose good grace Scott cashed some months ago. It is something like a 'Green Metap for Scott's 'poem,' which is to paraphrase his instructor—'not normally the way we use language at least in English 268. Don's answer dispersal...or..."That's the way language sounds to me...full of fanciful redundancies.' Upon completion presented to the instructor and the class all of whom eventually "say it" do and had their "minds blown" something like the mating of birds in the midst of piano strings.

Here—in the midst of this page—running from top to bottom and vice-versa you will see dispersed the nakedness of Don Scott in diverse exhibition. His bottom—n

yet revealed—is a fine piping pun for the mating of the gods Orpheus and Eurydice respectively the God's of music and cornual dispersion. Don's nakedness is taken here from the 11th page of the 3rd book of the 6th and in his work for 5 credits in creative writing. It can be seen found on page 11 if you count the ever page as included in the sequence of 0 pages and neglect counting the blank pages. It is also the last page of the 5th part (or book) if you neglect counting the back cover.

As was noted above, "DISPERSE" or what's its name, is Scott's 2nd work (not to mention those he has designed and published in various collaboration sciences). It is his second book. The first was illustrated by the suggestion of three young girls who owned a shop in Marblehead, Mass. That Don do some saleable thing. Don hit upon the idea of an alphabet book, one letter of which you may see displayed at the bottom of this page. Don was to straight out on one note card to 5 hours and the in slept for 17. When he woke he had no 3 dollar item but what developed into 15 editions of a 25 page tome. (One week for payment of his grant, one week to his mother, another to his assistant and seven are now stored in his closet. Upon completion—the very next day—Scott called for Afghanistan.)

As was noted above he returned exactly one year ago today the 4th of July, 1967. And, as if by coincidence, starting on the 11th of this month, his second book and all of its items and raw-materials of its fittings and publication will be on display at the Attica Gallery. (For your telephone book for listing.)

by Paul Horn at

a vigintillion in numbers

IS THE 9TH LETTER OF THE ALPHABET... AND STANDS FOR... ME AND... EVERYTHING
The Law Of Love

In that Law, one places the willforce and the feelings, the other is joined to the faith of the other person. All forces are in that Law, to a greater or lesser extent, that which is in that Law, that which is not in that Law. The Law of Love is that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy. That which is in that Law, and that which is not in that Law, is in that Law.

Cosmic Awareness

... of a great pressure in the universe, a great pressure in the universe, in the sense of the Law of Love, that which is in that Law, and that which is not in that Law, is in that Law.

LETTER

Paul Derpaz
Dear Paul:
The center spread in the June 1986 Helix by Murray Rookie is something more than the usual review. It impresses me as a very competent presentation of the particular approach to the subject of social revolution of which he is an advocate.

But as you know, these of us who hold different or opposing views may not be easily satisfied with any one presentation of the issues, or of the facts, or the judgments.

Beyond this there are some important things not gone into or not followed through which could have much to do with where it comes out.

For example, there is the matter of controlling the view of the present moment in the life of society almost entirely to the shape of things in the U.S.A. and parts of Europe at the most. This has to do with the relevance of conclusions about the future of labor, or "freedom from work," science, affluence, automation, and the economic base of communism.

Another subject which ought not to be ignored is the treatment of "desire." Are we to take individual subjective desires (no matter how originated and formulated) as the dialectical poles opposed the social or mass or class pole, need? Or is there a necessary distinction between individual desires based upon selfishness conditioned by the exploitive, oppressive nature of the existig society as opposed to desires shaped by a mass collective common interest?

These and other points should make it worth while to invite comment from people who have focused upon the things to say about Blacken's piece.

Yours,
C. Van Lynden.
STOP SEARCH

...AND WHAT IT CAN MEAN FOR YOU!

WITH A "SUPREME COURT DECISION SEEMINGLY" IN THEIR HANDS AT LAST, THE POLICE REJOICE...

A MEANINGFUL ANALYSIS OF THE PROBABLE EFFECTS THAT IT MIGHT HAVE ON PERSONAL FREEDOMS COULD NOT BE MADE, HOWEVER...

WHEN THE SUPREME COURT HANDED DOWN ITS RESPECTIVE "STOP AND SEARCH" RULING...

TILL A CLEAR-HEADED STUDY OF THE CASES AND LEGALITIES INVOLVED WAS PERFORMED...

THINKING THIS WOULD PROVE TO BE A MAJOR AID TO CRIME PREVENTION, THE PRESS APPROVED...

MEANWHILE, FREEDOM-LOVERS OF ALL KINDS WERE GETTING UPTIGHT!

THE NEXT STEP IS UP TO YOU.

THIS IS MERELY A FUNKY COP.

IF ACCUSED BY FUZZ, YOU MUST!

IF YOU LOOK LIKE THIS, YOU CAN LEGALLY BE SEARCHED!

(HEAVY SUSPICION)

AND IF YOU ARE A MINOR,

INSIST ON BEING TREATED AS AN ADULT (YOU HAVE THE SAME RIGHTS!) OR HIRE A LAWYER.

MAKE IT CLEAR THAT YOU DO NOT GIVE YOUR PERMISSION TO BE SEARCHED!

UNLESS A POSSIBLE CONCEALED WEAPON IS DISCLOSED BY "PATTING-DOWN" OUTER CLOTHING.

IF YOU ARE NOT LEGALLY ARRESTED, THIS IS A LEGAL SEARCH.

(IF PAT DOWN, OUTSIDE CLOTHING)

IN A CASE LIKE THIS, YOU CANNOT BE LEGALLY FRISKED (UNLESS PLACED UNDER ARREST)

IF YOU LOOK LIKE THIS, YOU CAN ALSO BE LEGALLY SEARCHED.

(HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS)

IF ACCUSED BY FUZZ, YOU MUST!

ASK IF YOU ARE BEING LEGALLY PLACED UNDER ARREST, AND IF SO, ON WHAT CHARGE.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION EXISTS TO HELP YOU. IF YOU EXPERIENCE POLICE HARASSMENT OR HAVE YOUR RIGHTS VIOLATED, THEY URGE YOU, IF ARRESTED OR Harassed, NOT TO RESIST, RUN, OR TALK, BUT TO CALL THE PARTICULARS OF YOUR COMPLAINT TO THEIR AFFIDAVIT FORM WHICH CAN BE OBTAINED AT THE SENATE OFFICE, THE ID BOOKSTORE, THE OPEN DOOR CLINIC, OR THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF SEATTLE. THE COMPLETED AFFIDAVIT SHOULD BE SENT TO THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION OF WASHINGTON, 2100 SMITH TOWER, SEATTLE, WASH., OR THE FREE UNIVERSITY AT THE A.C.L.U. 2100 SMITH TOWER. 2180

THEIR POLICING PLAYS AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN THE MAINTENANCE OF THE INSTITUTION OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE.
BOYD GRAFMYRE & KOL PRESENTS:

the doors the fudge

ARENA / EAGLES
 Fri JUL 12 JUL 19, 20

ADVANCE TICKETS AVAILABLE: DISCOUNT RECORDS IN THE U DISTRICT WAREHOUSE OF MUSIC 5TH AND PIKE BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE IN BELLEVUE BURien DOORS TICKETS AVAILABLE: THE BON MARCHE AND ALL SUBURBAN OFFICES

Kerns Music and Farmers Music
Discount Records in the U District

ANDERSON GALLERY

CITIZENS FOR EQUAL EDUCATION JULY 13-16

photographs by JAFFRE' CLARKE