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Vol. 1 # eleven



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Cleveland



SLICKS



This emblem which the peace movement has come to be a widely recognized symbol for non-violence, had its origin in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. It combines the semaphore signals for the letters 'N' and 'D'.

I'm this issue

PRAY FOR NIEL CAROTHERS
by d.a.levy



#2 (an essay on the 'murder' of the hippies) By Stan Heilbrun

HOW TO END THE BALANCE OF PAYMENTS DEFICIT by Richard Morris

PRAY FOR NIEL CAROTHERS

Sometimes if you just sit back and collect the pieces of information as they happen, you can end up with a pretty decent picture of how the spirit of a city and its people are castrated, controlled, silenced. The 115th St. area, knowing it was sooner or later to be demolished, was in many respects, a testing ground, a colorful changing block party. Since most of the key buildings have mysteriously burned, & store owners FORCED out of business, some people are foolish enough to believe, The Game Is Over. It hasn't even started, although the explosive whorehouse hysteria of the Plain Dealer and the Press may disappear or move into another area, and it may seem "quiet once again" (stagnant & peaceful), too many people tasted the freedom of 115th, too many people made communion with the spirits of love & violence, too many real friendships were formed for anyone to pretend, "its over." While the numbers of those who drifted thru the arena, oblivious to what was going on, is ridiculously high, there was a high % of those who were aware, who managed to break thru the racial, ethnic & generation communication gaps maintained by the visionless power structure.

The next 'peaceful' attempt to confront & communicate with the animals of the establishment, may be the last 'peaceful' one, but it will be better organized, and it will be bigger, and we have learned new methods to defend ourselves. An american poet, Clive Matson, said, 'The changes go on, behind our backs.' The changes continue and those who refuse to let the dream of freedom fade, already know, the spirit of 115th still exists, and now it is not chained by harrassment of city officials.

For the mass public, misinformed, perhaps too chicken-shit to visit 115th (unbiased) it should be interesting to consider the alternate reasons for the significance of the silencing of one small particular, non-conformist city corner. It is easy to pretend 'the hippy thing is over', although it is doubtfull that more than 20 real hippys

ever existed in cleveland at any time. & the bike rider problem is gone (few people know that the riders appeared to protect the corner from greaser hoodlums) and the 'drug thing' is over since the scoring center is gone, wouldnt you like to believe it? TOO OFTEN 115th was used as a convenient scapegoat, altho, no one seemed to notice or question WHY.

THE GREAT WALL OF NIEL CAROTHERS

Part of the answer lies in the fact that it was a gateway for Negroes moving too close to The Hill & The Heights. A small area of property owned by Joseph Zill, who for some obscure reason didnt want to sell his lifetime home & investment. While Mr. Zill refused to turn the corner over to the city, the city experienced the 'failure' of being unable to stop the peaceful integration taking place in Adeles & The Coffeehouse. The racial disturbances only occured when greasers appeared, looking for trouble and knowing that the police would not interfere

.Spades, Grinder, Hippies, hang-over Beats from the fifties, a few faggots & even some of the West Side Racks & east side Greasers, tried to find out "What was Happening?" It was, for many, too colorful, too funny to destroy. But it was also LAND, and ground that the city wanted fast. In many respects the Circle Development Foundation appears to be more concerned with constructing a Wall of University related structures, (although that has been questioned) to separate the Negro population from the white, to redirrect the expanding black community east and north (into the swamp?) but certainly not south.

And then theres the low-rent area around Hessler, that should soon be destroyed & replaced by high rent dorms of apartments for future students.

The city apparently still maintains the dellusion that everything will remain lovingly silent as long as poor whites & the poor blacks dont get together long enough to discover they dont hate each other. With the help of racist educated whites, the police dept likes to hallucinate that it has the power to stop 'a black insurrection'. Where Detroit was a shock, cleveland could and probably will be 'something else!'

THE EUNUCHS OF NIEL CAROTHERS

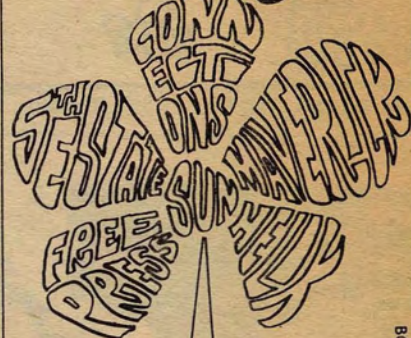
You can ask any cop, and he'll tell you "115th has always been a trouble spot." Thats their excuse for their inability to control the area. They usually forget to mention the old shootings around the Marble Bar or The Brick Cottage. The problem was 115th! Unprotected- wide open for chaos & vandalism -WHY? The city police said they couldnt spare a man for the corner, altho they did manage to conspicuously place a great many plainclothes narcotics men in the area when they discovered how easy it was to bust young kids talking about or selling marijuana (& parseley). The private University Police Dept, is something everyone forgets. The question as to their right to be armed, or to use their guns is questioned, they drive new cars, wear green-uniforms, but the most police-work they seem capable of is keeping students on the sidewalks or dragging a student from the WRU cafeteria for having the gall to insist on his right to bring his own lunch rather than eat what he either could not afford, or thought was slop. They are a private police-force, paid for, of course, by THE UNIVERSITY CIRCLE DEVELOPEMENT FOUNDATION. Their new headquarters opened next to Adeles Bar, only a few doors from The Coffee-House. It becomes imposible to understand why there was so much trouble, with so many police around, unless, they were paid to do nothing. If you were a part of the 115th community, you'd have realized how often the law-enforcement eunuchs disappeared - totally, before a violent drama unfolded. Too many coincidences.

THE UNIVERSITY CIRCLE 'LAND GRAB' AND DEVELOPEMENT FOUNDATION

In case you dont already know, Niel Carothers is the president of the Land Grab & developement foundation. It all starts in my memory with the bombing of the Jazz Temple (in 1963) on the

CONTINUED - page 5

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Side 2, Band 3

LOVE SONG FOR THE DEAD CHÉ (3:25)

Music and lyrics by Joseph Byrd

At the dawn of an ordinary Sunday
I remember the taste of you, sweet in my mouth,
Late in the year.

And in the stillness of the Oriente rainfall
I remember the warmth of you, still in my arms,
Late, late in the year.

I will bring to you flowers in the night
Soft as my trembling fingers touch you—love,
I can offer you wine and candlelight
If only my aching arms might clutch you—love,
Late in the year.
Late in the year.

Side 2, Band 2

COMING DOWN (2:40)

Music by Joseph Byrd

Words by Joseph Byrd and Dorothy Moskowitz

I think it's over now, I think it's ending.
I think it's over now, I think it's ending.
There is sometimes a single secondary phase.
It's not unusual for it to last for days.
And everything is magnified when it is gone.

Reality is only temporary,
Reality is only temporary.
A process imitating things that went before,
Without a satisfying answer anymore.
The present just repeats the future and the past.

I think it's over now, I think it's ending.
I think it's over now, I think it's ending.
There is no time for second answers to the past
If yesterday is gone don't try to make it last,
And summer winds have come and gone without
a flood.

I think it's over now, I think it's ending.
I think it's over now, I think it's ending.
A thought of colored clouds all high above
my head,
A trip that doesn't need a ticket or a bed,
And everything is smelling sweeter than a rose.

JOSEPH BYRD, electronic music, electric
harpsichord, organ, calliope, piano.

DOROTHY MOSKOWITZ, lead singer.

GORDON MARRON, electric violin,
ring modulator.

RAND FORBES, electric bass.

CRAIG WOODSON, electric drums, percussion
with Ed Bogas, occasional organ, piano,
calliope.

Produced by David Rubinson

Shortly before it burned, the Coffeehouse on 115th held a benefit to raise funds for the families of the two men murdered in a cleveland bar. Most of the money came from the 1% outlaw motorcycle riders of northeastern ohio. A second benefit was planned at 115th, but the fire on the 14th, forced it to be held elsewhere at the last minute. Again, individual bike riders (grinders) contributed much of the money which will or has been turned over to the families of Brown and Tillet.

(The following piece of information on the Arrest of one of the Road Vultures was passed on to me, if anyone can give me further information as to the veracity of this incident, please do so. Since most of the material obtained is often in the ancient oral tradition, there is always a questionable space in my mind as to the truth of material i receive.)

There is a certain non-perceptive element in our society that likes to pretend that those who congregate in a gang or a motorcycle group are cowards. They band together because they are afraid to be or to stand 'alone' .. but then let's take a simple and common example of what happens when bike people don't ride together. A member of Buffalo's ROAD VULTURES recently rode into Cleveland alone. THAT takes courage. He was arrested and tossed in the can. While laying down in bed one or several of the cities courageous policemen sprayed him with either mace or tear-gas. A policeman receives 6 or 7 thousand dollars a year for his cowardly actions...a member of a motorcycle club receives abuse & harrassment.

Although some outlaw groups may wear swastika's as a form of protest, it is still the police dept. whose actions most resemble those of the nazis.

In such freak accidents as the meaningless murder of Brown & Tillet by a small group of drunken outlaw riders, it is the entire population of bike riders that suffers. People talk about forming vigilante committees and 'taking care' of the motorcycle riders in terms and with methods that make the worst of the bike rides look like choir boys.

MEANWHILE: The following article comes from the Washington Free Press - by Bill Blum

Four policemen rode up 16th St. last Friday night (Feb 2) shooting wild shots as they went. They had been drinking earlier in the evening. They are now confined to stationhouse duty. Perhaps next week some of them will take part in a raid on someone's apartment where the occupants are using marijuana, quietly and privately, bothering no one; the police will smash up the place, abuse and humiliate the occupants, arrest them and delay or openly deny them their rights.

Someone could have easily been murdered! A policeman gets reprimanded, if a group of bike riders had committed the same action,? it would have made front page headlines all over the country. And each individual would have received terms in prison.

And in the background, millions of men & women who belong to the American Motorcycle Association will have their rights abused, will be harrassed, be forced to obey non-sensical laws passed by non-riders, all this will happen as long as people continue to read and believe the filth distributed by the mass-media without questioning it.

editorial



Poetry is Revolution

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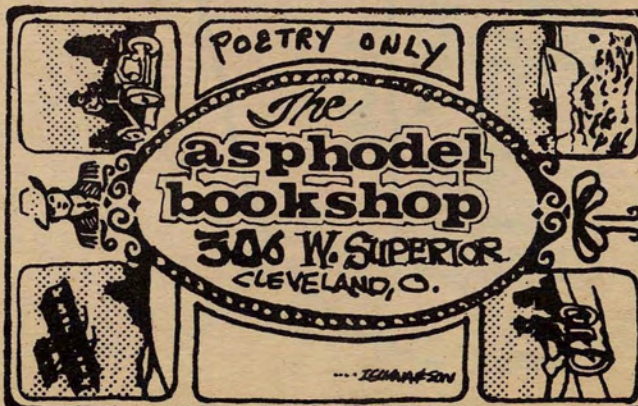
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It is easy to criticize Mr. Heilbrun, because he does not write as well as Soren Kierkegaard or Albert Camus, or because, as someone said, 'he isn't saying anything new.' You should keep in mind that Mr. Heilbrun is very young and neither the plain dealer nor the press provide you with much news. Much of what he says, has not been printed in the 'Cleveland' mass media, and what is important is the fact that like many other young people of Cleveland, his growth was forceably stopped at a crucial stage. The illiterate hoodlum politicians of Cleveland seem abnormally terrified of anyone who shows a potential for leadership and although you may like to believe otherwise, they do MIS-USE their authority to silence a great many people. If Cleveland burns, or seemingly meaningless acts of violence occur, it is not part of a conspiracy to take away your color t.v., but only a reaction of persons denied a voice, denied responsible and respectable leadership.

The following article was written by Stan Heilbrun before he was forced to flee the corrupt courtrooms of Cleveland, Ohio. Living in Cleveland, everyone knows what a farce the courtroom is, and what a mockery of justice the entire legal dance is. The frightening thing is to consider that other cities may be as bad, if not worse.



#2

My teen years were witness to a spectacle of injustice which I was not yet prepared to understand intellectually, but which left a strong emotional image. As newspapers & television were filled with currents of hate, I watched the parents of friends try to salvage some fragment of their twisted lives and aborted careers. Some could only watch from behind bars. McCarthyism had struck out with unbridled fury and the intelligensia of this country reeled in disbelief and pain. In Democratic America the University Professor was no more able to speak his mind or protest this injustice than if he were in Stalin's Russia. An entire generation was raped, demoralized, financially drained and humiliated as a result of an insecure nation needing a simplistic explanation for a seemingly chaotic world. The most creative and involved segments of our society served as a ready scapegoat, as it was they who were sufficiently concerned to inquire as to our possible shortcomings.

While the anti-intellectual elements in our society have not diminished since that time, the immediate torrent of hysteria passed and America resumed it's normal state of dis-ease. But confusion and doubts once again assailed our senses, and while men of good will continue to seek understanding, the ambitious bureaucrats, Babbits and news media have found a new scapegoat. Cries of pain have already begun to assail deaf public ears and America will soon witness a witch-hunt to dwarf that of the late senator from Wisconsin.

The old buck and the young buck have always battled for control. Age and youth have always been mutually critical. Today the situation is intensified by a 1939-1945 generation chasm, by a generation growing through a depression and a generation given comfort; between a still somewhat provincial, personal society and the revolutionary new electronic, technological complex. Today's new age of McLuhan has been ushered in by a new generation and a new outlook, for better or for worse. What the press has dubbed The Hippy Movement roughly corresponds to the vanguard of that generation. This point hardly needs defending. Although the myopic adult public cannot yet see it, the hippy mentality has already been deeply infused throughout our culture. Their songs fill the airwaves, songs as meaningful and influential to the current spiritual life as the spiritual was to the slaves or the Gregorian chant to the monk. Their clothing and hair style are to be seen everywhere. Psychedelic art styles can be seen on ads in any bus. Attitudes towards school, war, sex, involvement, religion, civil rights, love, in fact every aspect of life shows a marked change, perhaps not of Hippy invention, but in the wake of their trailblazing.

It is not surprising that the older generation does not understand many of the new attitudes and has made little effort to do so. (outside of commercially exploiting the newest styles.) Nor is it suprising that they assume a critical stance; after all their values are being questioned. And there is much to criticize.

Also not surprising but certainly deplorable is the manner in which this generation of parents has struck out in blind rage at the sincere challenges profered by their most inquisitive offspring. With Medean fury they dash youthful heads upon the pavement, victims of the adult psychosis. To justify their own barbarous reactions they smugly denounce their youth as degenerate, un-American wastrels. Were the attack merely invective the ignorance of "the establishment" could be readily forgiven, welcomed as constructive criticism. But today we are witnessing the rapidly increasing spectacle of thousands of our young people being thrown out of school, being herded into detention homes and penitentiaries, being brutally beaten by police and then charged with "resisting arrest" and fundamentally having their destinies and ambitions permanently scarred for the mere crime of being young and of searching for better answers to the modern dilemma. They represent a young David, too gentle and sympathetic to slay the Goliath which steps on them; an Israel unequiped to deliver a sucker-punch to the Arab Leviathan which vows their annihilation. While the hippies come armed with ideas, love, words, concern and hope, prepared for an engagement of minds, they are met by billy clubs, prison sentences and economic demolition of their attempts to express themselves. The most vocal and assertive (i.e. concerned) among them are jailed as potential corrupters of youth, incipient Socrates'.

The most fierce laws which are used to impose 2,5,10 and even many life jail sentences on our young intellectuals are the ones concerning psychedelics. In the more than 25 years that LSD has existed response to it has ranged from enormous enthusiasm to disinterest. Now carried in the current of journalistic hysteria our legislators are rushing to outlaw something which they understand not at all. While hundreds of thousands have sung its praise, from Cary Grant to Paul McCartney, from Gerald Heard to Bishop Pike, the legislators prefer to regard it as a closed case on the basis of less than 1% of bad results which the news media have chosen to magnify into a national hysteria. While there is certain room for caution, it certainly does not seem in good social perspective to legislate the 5 or so million American Users of LSD into a role of criminality, for most will not relinquish this use which they regard as a religious sacrament. While the virtues of LSD are not yet defined, neither are its dangers. To prematurely suppress it is to compound the dangers with that of criminality and a persecuted religious minority. As for marijuana, every responsible study ever made of it has so thoroughly vindicated it from the accusations of popular myth and Harry Anslinger, that it is indeed a monstrous crime that our law enforcement officials are able to use it as an excuse to put thousands of our most creative young people away for years or life. There are over six thousand kids doing long penitentiary terms in California alone for pot. A friend of mine, a 24 year old gentle, creative and certainly non-criminal artist has just begun a 10 to 20 year sentence in the Ohio Penitentiary as a result not of crime, but of his intelligence

and the ignorance of his accusers. It is tiresome to plead to an oblivious public that marijuana is not habit-forming, non-toxic, does not lead to crime or anti-social behavior and is not a stepping stone to narcotics. (editor; at this point i have to inject, marijuana is about as habit-forming as brushing your teeth. The line possibly should have read 'marijuana is not addictive')...

Sex is another target of The Establishment. Perhaps it is unfortunate that the flower children prefer to speak openly of their enjoyment of sex; for it seems to arouse the prurient interest of an older generation accustomed to obtaining it's satisfactions from forbidden fruit stolen illicitly. In any event, while his actual behavior is probably no more permissive than more hypocritical segments, the

hippy finds himself in jail on account of it. An 18 year old boy is sent to jail for contributing to the delinquency of his 17 year old girl friend. And the unfortunate 15 or 16 year old girl is adjudged delinquent and scarred for life if she happens to get caught at doing what most of her classmates are also doing. Wake up, America! Your kids are no longer virgins even if you would prefer to remain blind to that fact. Arguing the morality of it all is fruitless. It's a fact of life. And while you are welcomed to remain sheltered in your mid-Victorian attitudes, do not protect society or your children by jailing those whose morals differ from yours. Are the warm joys of teenage love less moral or damaging to a young life than the grey institutional walls of the detention home and a record of "incorrigibility" to thwart further school ambitions?

Long hair, bare feet, sandals or creative attire is sufficient reason for a kid to be stopped on the street and searched, abused or told to move on. Nowhere in the city except in front of hippy hangouts are dozens of people arrested and taken down to the central police station on such weighty charges as loitering, jay-walking, resisting arrest and unlawful assembly. The treatment is somewhat less than gentle.

The hippies are accused of not working, a partially true but hardly criminal generalization. And more jobs are closed to hippies than to Negroes (except, of course, for the multitudes who have decided to 'pass'). Most sad is the denials by the authorities of virtually every attempt that the hippies have made to assert themselves in their own businesses. City inspectors have the power of life and death over any business and otherwise unenforced building codes are stretched to stifle these undesired aspects of 'free enterprise'. Thus the Leviathan financially strangled the hippies and prevents them from putting their own position before the public rather than rely on the 'objectivity' of the popular press. Bail money for ones friends is a successful tool to keep the hippies broke. But they are not on relief, nor do they steal. That they often choose this marginal existence as a preferable alternative to the ulcer-ridden rat-race of their parents, should be cause for parental introspection, not jailed students.

Early Christians 'dropped-out' of society and formed monastic communities. The oppression of Pharisees became intolerable. They refused to render unto Caesar, when Caesar began to demand too much. America can no longer afford the luxury of ignoring that it is an emerging police state, that at home and abroad the effective policy-making of the country has been relinquished into the hands of the C.I.A., that local petty bureaucrats, as a result of public apathy, have been given virtual S.S. Power in the name of keeping public order and protecting us from 'undesirables'. Does all this sound far-fetched from a comfortable suburban home? In Cleveland, come down to 115th & Euclid and watch helmeted, rifled riot squads descend on gentle groups of 17 year old kids. Yet I feel guilty showing my concern for the hippies when the brutality visited on them is dwarfed by that in the Negro ghetto.

AMERICA--- please ---- REGARD. THE VIOLENCE IN YOUR CITIES IS NOT A NEGRO PROBLEM, A POVERTY PROBLEM. IT IS A POLICE PROBLEM. The police are a far more dangerous isolated sub-culture than hippies or Negroes. There power to enforce law & order is being far outstripped by there power to alienate minorities, to inflame riots. (ed. this line (written in pencil) was worn away)

What hippies have to offer is another topic. Perhaps it is of no value at all. But they cannot even express it as long as their major efforts must go in to warding off the blows dealt by public

administrators. To repeat a Metaphor, their position is much like the State of Israel. The hippies plead for mere legitimacy, affirmation of their right to exist, freedom from sniper attacks and the strangulation attempts of the surrounding communities.. Only then can they attempt to meet the challenges of the mid-twentieth century, can they seek the evolutionary changes which seem imminent, can they practically institute those changes in posture and attitude which our wisest men have gravely warned are imperative for the survival of our civilization. The dangers to our society lie not in either drugs or sex, both which have been with us long before the hippies existed, but in the irreparable damage done by those fatalistic minorities in society who aggressively and ruthlessly seek power that they can impose their own will on others. They judge by category, not by existence. I cannot emphasize too strongly the role than a handful of ignorant, self-righteous men have had in ruining the lives of thousands of young people. Under the convincing banner of protecting their children from corruptive influences they emasculate society and wreak untold havoc. Their children are already "corrupted" beyond the point of return. If you wished to imprison marijuana smokers and sexual participants you would have to build stockades around our colleges, yes, our high schools; for these are the current norms whether you want to see it or not. As for bizarre dress, I seem to recall a racoon coated generation that swallowed live goldfish and managed to survive and build a society. Their 'oo-poo-pah-do' was more often than not, I am sure, an innocent Andy Hardy peck on the cheek. Young America is now crying out in pain and asking it's persecutors, "is it our corruption or your own insecurity which makes you strike out?" City Hall must be very proud that it is able to squash those arrogant kids who question the right of the police to harass them. (read the July 1967 PLAY-BOY article 'The Fuzz').

Thoreau said something to the effect that when injustice reigns the only place for the just man was in prison. Despite all indications to the contrary, I still have sufficient faith in the general population to intercede. STAN HEILBRUN

.....
MR Heilbrun was recently forced to flee the city, possibly the country. I can only state that most of his opinions are in total agreement with my own, although i doubt the general public will move away from their t.v.'s until their own suburb is held under military or police seige.

This article is hopelessly dedicated to, George Moscarino, J.T. Corrigan, Niel Carothers, Judge(?) Woldman, Burt Miller, John Ungvary, Samuel Gerber & the rest of a dying generation acting out their 'last hurrah'.



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Dear Editor:

Our committee is sending about one thousand copies of this letter to "little magazines", "underground papers", peace corps groups, and draft resisters' committees in the United States. Our single purpose for doing this is a real alternative to the draft. We oppose the war in Vietnam and we oppose the draft.

We are limited in funds and we cannot finance the type of programmes to publish necessary information in the United States programmes are ambitious. Our main purpose is to supply legal aid and information and psychological support to draft age Americans who have made the decision to immigrate to Canada. that we would like to see. We appeal to YOU to do this for us.

Our Toronto and Hamilton We can house and feed immigrants. We can help them find jobs and in some cases we can help finance their expenses.

Our office in Toronto as well as the committee in Hamilton will gladly send necessary information. The publication "Escape From Freedom", is now available, and a revised copy of this will be completed in a matter of weeks. This publication is usually sufficient to inform immigrants of legal questions and answers. We will also answer all personal letters seeking further information and we continue to make every attempt to aid immigrants coming to Canada.



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Pray for Niel

corner of Euclid & Mayfield. It was also an integrated nightspot.

Later a few molotov cocktails were tossed on the roof of Dean's Dinner on 115th. The place survived.

Castellanos (The Cask) on lower Mayfield had a kitchen fire. The owner was denied the right to repair the property & remain in business for the few months until the city officially took it over. The building was condemned. The city suddenly doesn't have to pay for the building, only the demolition of the "condemned building," and the land.

THE HEAD SHOP & THE MAD PLANTER

with various names & various owners no one seemed to connect the continuous arrests - continuous disappearance of windows or the continuous 'discovery' of marijuana on the premises. Its remarkable that everyone on the corner was absurd enough to keep their stash in such a high harassment area. What is again unknown to the public, is the appearance of a person I can only humorously refer to as The Mad Planter. While the 2 owners of The Head Shop could not identify pot found on their premises, the third owner claimed to discover a few tin-foil packets (which he disposed of without verifying their contents.) Stranger are the two occasions in which tin-foil packets were found hidden in the Coffeehouse, and the most unbelievable, a joint found on a shelf in the Asphodel Book Store. The owner, a Jack Daniels man, dumped it without waiting to find out if it really was grass. The Mad Planter's Motives could be malicious, on the other hand they could be benevolent - if you are the questionable person, please don't leave presents for us.

BASEBALL TRAINING SEASON-HILL STYLE

In the process of knocking out the windows & smashing the head shop to pieces, a greaser cut open his toe as a piece of plate glass fell on his foot. The unhindered attack gave, one busted wrist & the owner was clubbed. NO ARRESTS!! Suprising since A U.C. Police Officer named George drove the bleeding kid to the hospital for stitches. Since the State expanded the law to arrest me, & since the State picked up the created charges when no one would place them, its amusing that there were no arrests, no charges of vandalism placed by the police. It is also amusing to me, since Harlel Jones & a can of black paint almost made national headlines. The statement accidentally overheard, was by a U.C. POLICE OFFICER who recommended that the greasers return and finish the place off.

BURN BABY BURN

A few weeks later, The Coffeehouse etc. burned. The word is that the following conversation fragment between two U.C. Policemen took place in The Big Penny - 3:30 shift- "Why didn't you tell me that fucking place burned?" -- "You should have heard the cheer that went up when we heard, in report, that the joint was gone."

The police officer who turned in the alarm said 'it took 40 minutes for the engines to arrive.' You can run to the stations in either direction in about

THE BUDDHIST ORACLE VOL.1 #11
MARCH-APRIL 1968

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This is a mailing address only. I cannot be reached there by phone or by personal visit. SINCE WE ARE NOT SURVIVING, there is a growing possibility that issue #12 may be the last. It seems that the only people who have managed to continually contribute a few dollars are people who knew me personally & are fully aware of the fact that I am not making a profit on this paper. Usually taking a loss.

Cover collage by editor. Cover of last issue (#10) and mushrooms in this issue by Mara.

Articles, Photos, Interviews still wanted. Material sent may be signed with a pseudonym if requested, all anonymous matter will be incinerated without consideration.

15 minutes. The Coffeehouse went, MARCH 14th-4:45AM- the fire was out by 7:30 AM, the building was condemned by 10:00 AM by Cultrona, the Chief Building Inspector. One wonders if it had been prepared in advance.

THE BURNING OF JOE ZILL'S

Within 24 hours, the home of Joseph Zill, situated behind the Coffeehouse, was also blitzed. Another prized property. The two elderly gentlemen fortunately escaped the blaze & stood in the cold, one barefoot, watching a lifetime's possessions being destroyed. Mr. Zill later estimated \$75,000 worth of Antiques & artworks were destroyed in the conflagration. The loss of his home?

Gasoline Traces were found...of course no one can say that Niel Carothers, The Development Foundation or the city officials are directly responsible, but the conditions conducive to arson, vandalism & violence were created by their inability or refusal to provide police protection, by their continual harassment forcing many of the more responsible people to leave the area.

A REWARD OF MORE THAN \$100. HAS BEEN OFFERED FOR THE LIVE ASS OF THE DIRTY MOTHERF----- WHO SET THE FIRES.

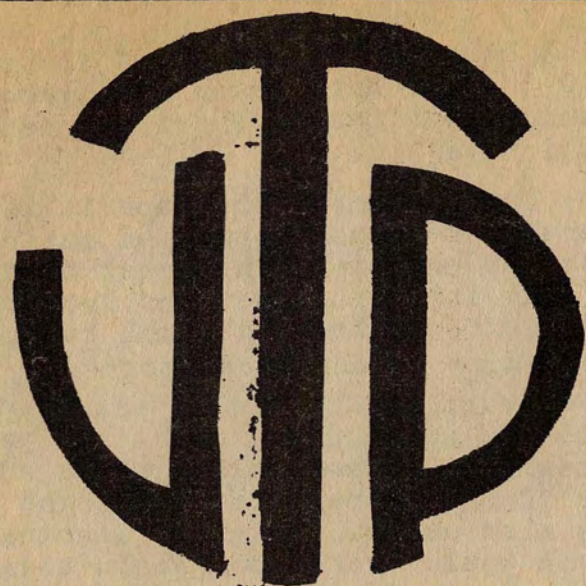
Pray for Niel Carothers- The Circle is now his undisputed feudal playground.

I will be happy to correct anything that appears in this article if my information sources were incorrect.

d.a.levy

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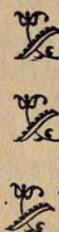
THE PEACE MOVEMENT SYMBOL CAN BE FOUND HANGING AROUND THE NECK OF ALMOST ANY-ONE * WHILE THE ANKH (SYMBOL OF THE PIECE MOVEMENT) IS NOT SEEN AS OFTEN IT CAN APPEAR ANYWEAR, around the neck or burned into one's posterior. THE SYMBOL OF THE UNDERGROUND THOUGHT PATROL can only be found burned into one's mind with an invisible eye.

THE U.T.P. IS LISTENING TO YOU!!

WE FEEL IT IS OF SIGNIFIGANCE TO MENTION THAT THE U.T.P. CHANGED THE UNIVERSE ON MARCH 8TH, L (1968). OF COURSE IT WILL TAKE A WHILE FOR YOU TO PERCEIVE THE DIFFERENCES BUT THE CHANGE SHOULD ALREADY BE APPARENT TO THOSE WHO SIT UP AT NIGHTS LISTENING. THE NEXT PROJECT OF THE U.T.P. IS TO CHANGE CLEVELAND. THIS MAY BE IMPOSIBLE.

L.V.K.esq.commdr.in chief

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Volume 2

Pierre Henry
le voyage

An electronic score based on
The Tibetan Book of the Dead

MERCURY



STEREO SR90482

PHOTO BY FERDINAND BOESCH
COVER DESIGN BY ROLF BRUDERER



Pierre Henry is undoubtedly the most important composer of tape-music in France today. Born in 1927, he studied at the Paris Conservatory under Nadia Boulanger and Messiaen, and he was the first "conventional" composer to become interested in the possibilities of electro-acoustics. With Pierre Schaeffer, Henry was a charter member of the "Groupe de Recherches de Musique Concrète," which was established in 1948 under the auspices of Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française (R.T.F.). The term "musique concrète" was coined by Schaeffer to describe the music that he and Henry were creating from natural sources; such sounds as industrial and traffic noises, sounds of nature, sounds produced by musical instruments and the human voice, etc., were tape-recorded and then altered by re-recording them backwards, through filters, at different speeds, with echo effects, and so on.

While Henry and Schaeffer were producing their first experimental works, the West German Radio founded a similar research studio in Cologne. This studio differed from that of the R.T.F. in that sinetone generators were installed to produce "sinusoidal" sound—i.e., pure tones, without any overtones. This variety of tape-music, employed by such composers as Eimert and Stockhausen, became known simply as "electronic music."

MERCURY STEREO SR90482

By 1958, when Henry left the R.T.F. to set up his own studio (the Studio Apsome), the terms "musique concrète" and "electronic music" were beginning to fuse, as electronically produced sounds were being mixed in various ways with "concrète" sounds both in France and Germany and in the new Italian and American studios.

In 1955 Henry met Maurice Bejart, a choreographer who was using "musique concrète" to accompany the experimental ballets he created. Encouraged by Bejart, Henry composed for him "Le Voyage" (The Voyage), based on The Tibetan Book of the Dead. The work was first heard on April 15, 1962, in Cologne; but Henry produced another version in the church of St. Julian-le-Pauvre in Paris on June 25, 1963, and it is the second version that we hear on this recording.

The Tibetan Book of the Dead, which first appeared in English in 1927, is used in Tibet as a breviary, to be read or recited on the occasion of death to help the dying man concentrate on the experience he is about

to undergo, and to give him instruction in the cycle of events after death which leads either to liberation or reincarnation. In highly symbolic language, the dead man's spirit is told what to expect in each of the three stages between death and rebirth. The first stage describes the psychic happenings at the moment of death; the second stage describes the dream-state which follows and the "karmic" illusions which occur; and the third step describes the beginnings of pre-natal feelings.

Henry, in his aural interpretation, has bracketed these three stages with "Breath 1"—the last breath of the dying man—and "Breath 2"—the first breath of the reincarnated spirit. He divides the three stages between death and rebirth as follows: "After Death 1 and 2" (stage one); "Peaceful and Wrathful Deities" (stage two); and "The Coupling" (stage three). It is as if we die with the man and accompany him on his journey through a strange icy world which is in turn hypnotic, bewildering and terrifying. As soon as the threshold of death is crossed, the sounds of this world cease, and the unfamiliarity of another world can only be conveyed by the use of the infinite possibilities of electronic sound.

Side 1:		Side 2:	
Breath 1	7:17	Peaceful Deities	9:25
After Death 1	9:49	Wrathful Deities	3:46
After Death 2	7:38	The Coupling	6:54
		Breath 2	5:08

March 1, 1968

It has become clear to all of us that the local and national news media do not present an adequate picture of either the Vietnam war or the peace movement. More often than not, press coverage of anything from the Washington confrontation to the destruction of Bentre are misleading and/or grossly distorted. We have all, I think, known the frustration of working and participating in activities that simply are not covered or interpreted properly in the news media.

The same thing, of course, is true in the black community. The (lack of) press coverage of the events in Orangeburg, South Carolina -- where three black students were maliciously killed and thirty six wounded by local police -- glaringly indicates the ways in which the press distorts major events in our time.

And yet, communication and interpretation remains one of the major tasks of the peace movement. Since last May, a group of Cleveland activists have been trying to speak to this problem. They have been publishing a bi-weekly, independent newspaper called COMMON SENSE, which has presented news and insights from both the peace movement and the black community. COMMON SENSE, for example, was the only paper in Cleveland to cover the St. Luke's strike in any depth; to report the accurate facts of the entire Pentagon confrontation; to present a cogent and forthright analysis of the Stokes campaign.

I commend COMMON SENSE to your attention, and hope that you enjoy it, and support it -- both with your ideas and your contributions. Thank you.

Contributions for the survival & continuance of COMMON SENSE may be sent to --- COMMON SENSE 1544 East 86th Street Cleveland, Ohio 44106

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Sidney M. Peck



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THE STANDING BUDDHA

The image of the Buddha most familiar to the West is that of the Sitting Buddha. Less well known is the Standing Buddha image. The Sitting Buddha is the mystic the recluse the monk the day-dreamer the professional drug-taker the non-participator the cop-out. The Standing Buddha is the man who has liberated himself in the only way one can liberate oneself--by exposure to experience--by participation in life. Once he has achieved liberation the Standing Buddha continues to participate but with a full understanding of his role in the cosmic drama.

From The WASHINGTON
FREE PRESS

To the editor:

Ann is dead. Today I tried to put my mind somewhere near the place that hers must have been just before she killed herself. I don't think that I ever want to feel that lonely again. In the future, many words will be written and spoken about Ann. When I speak, I will use her as an example of what the police are capable of driving one to. I think (hope) that those who are now buying their skins by informing will take another look at themselves, and ask if it's really worth it. (Yes, Ann was set up by an informer. It would do no one any good to name him here.)

Yet, I think it's high time that we so-called "leaders" of this so-called "movement" face the fact that it was because of us and others like us that Ann decided to join our way of life. We are the ones who told her that ours was a better way of living. Where, then, was all this love and friendship the night that Ann took her O. D. of sleeping tablets?

Ann, I never knew you personally. I think that we could have been friends. Ann, forgive us for making you feel that you had to stand alone when you were not able. Forgive us also for living in a time when it is not possible to trust those who appear to be your own kind. Ann, I wish I could have been with you to, if nothing else, hold your hand.

Don Mead
Boo Hoo of Georgetown
Neo-American Church

WFP note: Ann Cranshaw, 23, was arrested last month for possession of marijuana. Shortly afterwards she committed suicide.)

POLICE VICTIM DEAD

HOW TO END THE BALANCE OF PAYMENTS DEFICIT by Richard Morris (Reno Nevada)

Almost every week there are new attacks on the dollar, and new waves of speculation in gold. The major cause of this is our chronic balance of payments deficit, which is rapidly becoming more and more serious a problem. It has become so serious, in fact, that day after day we hear proposals to the effect that we should take steps to impose legal limits on the outflow of gold from Fort Knox, or that we should remove the partial gold backing now given to the dollar.

There has also been numerous proposals suggesting steps that might be taken to remedy the balance of payments deficit. To be sure these would have some effect. Increased taxes or restrictions on foreign travel would mitigate the problem somewhat. But by their nature they are only half-measures. They are only ways of putting off the questions of devaluation of the dollar or a change in the price of gold.

One of the contributing factors to the problem is, of course, the enormous cost of the war in Vietnam. We are currently pouring billions into that conflict and getting nothing in return. If only we could find a way to make a profit on the war, or at least reduce its cost, there would be no balance of deficit.

The Vietnam war is notable for the number of civilian deaths that it has caused. It is not always easy to tell an anti-Communist Vietnamese from a Viet Cong, and villages must often be burned or bombed in order to drive out the Communists that are hiding among the peasant population. The resulting civilian casualties are tragic but unavoidable.

We should not, however, allow our very feelings of pity and sympathy to blind us to the fact that some use can be made of these civilian deaths. It would, of course, be in very bad taste to suggest that these unfortunate Vietnamese be made into meatballs and canned; our culture shares the nearly universal taboo against cannibalism, and such a practice would surely come into conflict with present food and drug legislation.

But there seems to be no reason why we cannot make these unfortunate peasants into dog food and sell them on the world market. If we were to do this, we would not only obtain a financial return from the Vietnam war, but we could also bring new industry into the country by setting up canning plants on Vietnamese soil. A canning industry could very well be just what that war devastated country needs to bring it the prosperity that will ensure lasting peace and democracy.



FOTO BY Dave BORTZ

RECORD REVIEWS ON SPEED by 'L.B!

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"LE VOYAGE" by Pierre Henry - An electronic score based on the "Tibetan Book of The Dead" MERCURY

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REV. JOHN SCOTT joined the Neo-American Church with the intention of providing the people of Cleveland with information on the dangers of the mis-use of LSD. He has worked closely with Ministers & clergymen of the city, lecturing both them and students as to his own experiences with LSD when it was legal. Unfortunately Rev. Scott also adopted Buddhism as his personal philosophy. Either of his actions is enough to be con-

sidered heresy by the Grand Inquisitors of Cleveland. The hired bodyguards of the establishment immediately trumped up innumerable petty charges (none of which, would hold up in any civilized court of law) and Rev. Scott was sentenced to 2 years in the county workhouse. The reasons for his imprisonment are the usual, lack of money for proper defense, hysteria created by the police directed newspapers. Rev. Scott could be free now, if he had co-operated with the Narcotics Dept. He was offered a deal, most of the charges would have been dropped on him, if he had been willing to set me up. John Scott is one of those rare individuals who still values contracts of friendship, perhaps that is also a reason for his being in jail. We do not ask for intervention, or letters in defense of Rev. Scott. We need money & perhaps a few postcards or letters. Checks or Money Orders for the survival of Rev. John Scott should be sent to the following address;

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Chang Chen-Chi received his Buddhist training in Chinese monasteries, and is now recognized as one of the leading contemporary scholars of both Chinese and Tibetan Buddhism. He is very much aware of the unbalanced and incomplete understanding of Zen teachings, particularly amongst people in the West, and it is his prime objective here to restore Zen Buddhism to its proper place of eminence in the minds of his readers.

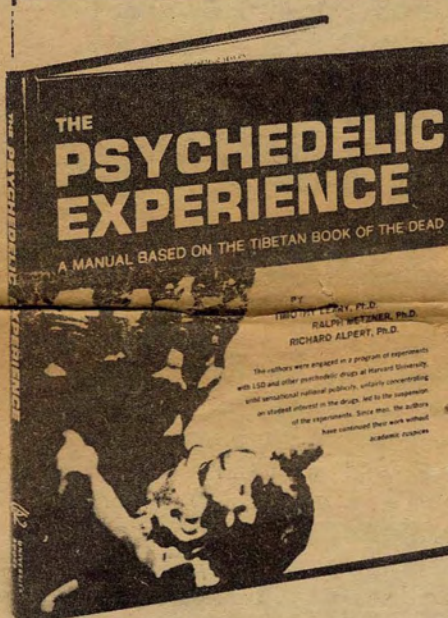
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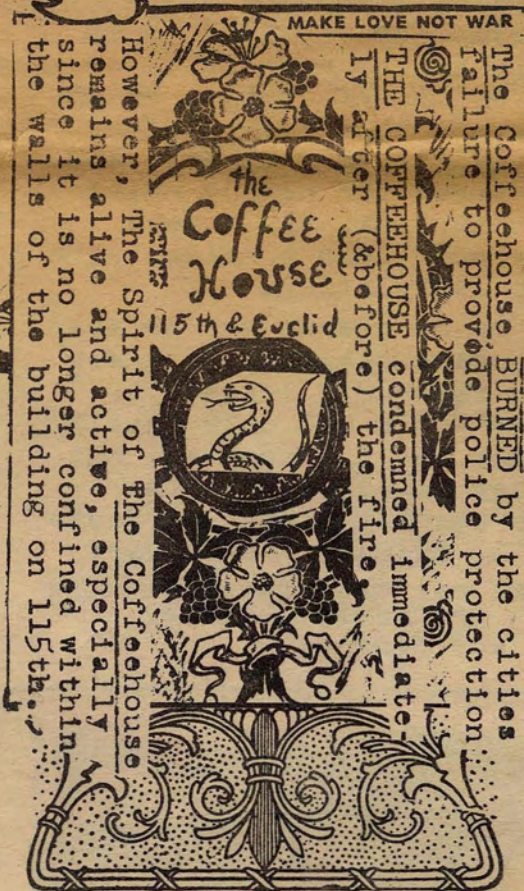
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