

Vol. I - No. 1, 9-20-66

SF ORACLE

SAN FRANCISCO

B4



HAIGHT-ASHBURY meets POLICE

Two plainclothes officers of the Police Community Relations Unit appeared at the I/and Thou Coffee House on Wednesday, September 14, at the invitation of David Rothkop, the owner, in one of a series of bi-weekly community dialogues.

Officers Jones and Blackstone jovially, openly, and intelligently countered a barrage of questions from a crowd of 120 people, ranging from the bearded and bare-footed to grey-haired ladies, professors, lawyers, and other concerned citizens of the Haight-Ashbury.

The questions articulated a passionate concern over police harassment and brutality by members of the Park District police station. The officers admitted police harassment and brutality and that "the wheels of justice are not always just" (Jones): and that the Community Relations detail could only affirm and clarify the impartiality of the law but couldn't justify or defend individual acts, biases, or attitudes of 1,800 policemen.

Officer Blackstone stated the main police problem in the Haight-Ashbury was possession of marijuana and then holding up a cigarette said, "I've probably got a more deadly narcotic in my hand than pot, but that's not what the law says." The two officers parried all questions, harangues and pleas from the heated, tightly packed audience with a coolness to be envied by all hipsters. Everyone agreed that they were the best "good guys" the police could find. Jones admitted the subjectivity and prejudices of policemen on the beat. "Some policemen will look at your face, decide you're a crook and arrest you," he said.

Speaking of a citizen's rights while in public he said, "If not arrested you can refuse to be searched and go on your way but I can't promise you what would happen after that." He stated that all who feel they have been harassed by the police should file a complaint at the Hall of Justice. All complaints are investigated and listed in each officer's records.

Members of Citizens Alert who have been collecting information and filing complaints on police harassment and brutality, indicated that in 18 months of activity, they have received only 8 official replies, all dismissing their complaints as unfounded.

The meeting continually stumbled into the same impasse of police prejudice and hostility against the new bohemians in the Haight-Ashbury, which has caused illegal, unjust, and often brutal search

and seizure. Jones suggested that it is "the responsibility of the community to keep the police as clean as possible." This led to suggestions that Haight-Ashbury citizens have an opportunity to confront Captain Kiely and members of the Park District Police Station in an open meeting, to discuss community problems. Jones said that such a meeting could probably be arranged if a written request were sent to Chief Cahill and a cover letter to the Community Relations Unit. It was resolved by all those present that the request would be drafted and sent. Members of the audience then advised the officers that if dialogue between police and community did not improve, the community would resort to more drastic measures against illegal and brutal law enforcement, including open picketing, picketing of the police station and police surveillance teams.

Finally the officers were asked why pictures were taken of all peace marchers and demonstrations; under what mandate and in investigation of what crime. Blackstone replied that the Intelligence Division, whose job it is to gather information, took and filed the pictures, but that he had no idea what the pictures were used for and that anyone interested could ask the Intelligence Division.

Allen Cohen



Photos by Hap Smith

AFFIRMING HUMANNESS

"Cicero's inquiry of the oracle was characteristic, 'how should we attain the highest fame,' The Priestess answered that he should 'make his own nature, not the opinion of the multitude, the guide of his life.'"

The quickest, healthiest most effective way to change our society is to turn on, tune in, drop out! Protest has not gained any meaningful change; the Vietnamese people have not been helped, the Blackman's condition in this country has not really changed. The system remains and continues to destroy.

Our protests have been ineffective because we're psychologically and materially dependent on the system that we're protesting. American democracy needs our protest to acclaim its health. To protest as we have been is to nourish the system that is waging war degrading people.

Effective protest is not in proclaiming the faults of the system, but in surviving independent of the system.

That's why drop-outs bring meaningful change, as they are creating a new community which the system cannot explain or assimilate.

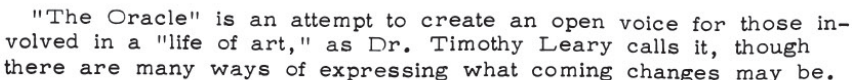
Consider the wise words of Timothy Leary; "Turn on --consciousness is a chemical process. Learning is a chemical process; memory, sensation, perception --every aspect of learning is chemical.

Tune in to the natural energy that covers the planet. You exist in an ocean of energy, undulating and pulsating in tidal waves around you. If you are in a stupor, you are turned off - look at the Lush, the Junkie. If you are trapped at the symbolic level you tune in to the symbols around you - a dead robot.

If you are turned on to the senses, you tune in to the play of energies- light, sound, air, pressure that continually bathe your sense endings. The world is alive and pulsating.

Drop out! Modern civilization is a dangerous, insane process - destructive of man's natural potential, murderous to other species of life, symbol addicted, anti-life. Drop out of the social game,"

We are now in the chemical age accept your chemistry; flow with evolution, join the revolution, Turn on, Tune in, Drop out!



"The Oracle" is an attempt to create an open voice for those involved in a "life of art," as Dr. Timothy Leary calls it, though there are many ways of expressing what coming changes may be.

As the communication revolution grinds out new forms, "old" media must adopt new concepts to survive. So, with the audio-visualization of news on TV, what is the role of the newspaper?

The East Village Other, an underground newspaper, characterizes the role of the underground press as "the rise of intellectual journals." Our environment demands instead that we must be a "Living Journal," reflective of our involvement in our environment.

California is the center of radical change in every form, from the space race and automation to a whole new way of life. From political awareness, the FSM, to the sensual awareness in trip dances, and kinetic involvement of the surfer generation. Not to forget the reaction of the radical right to the awesome spectre of bureaucracy, both stemming from fear and directed by paranoia. We hope they will discover that power seeking men always end up authoritarians.

We are in the most dynamic period of change in western history, the cybernetic/chemical revolution. We hope to create a desire to participate in the revolution now happening. The growing automation and increasing inexpensiveness of printing is one way for every community, individual, or group to have a voice.

Reading is a visual exercise and the more expressive the visual impact the more communicable the idea. The "Oracle of the Electric Age" (as Life Magazine calls Marshall McLuhan, has prophesized "that the media is the message," "that all extensions of man's body and central nervous system (e.g.: radio, TV, telephone, photography, etc.) are in themselves, by virtue of existence, at least as important as whatever they say or show."

Life Magazine itself uses photos and color to create a means of editorializing and conveying ideas within a dynamic medium, but with a reactionary message.

Photography has become art; it's message illusive and subtle, often in mass media standing apart from the written word. We hope to let the word merge with photography and illustration in an organic form of graphic communication.

One realm that the camera does not enter, that of internal perceptions, has been encountered in the East through discipline and meditation. Today, the West, in mass, is entering the same realm through a chemical environment. Whether it will destroy itself in getting there is not known, but to be aware and reflect this change we believe will be the job of the new media.

"The new media is too important to be left to the Peter Pan and Mother Goose executives, but . . . (as a new artform) . . . can only be trusted to the new artists."

Marshall McLuhan



ANARCHY 66



PROVO

PROVOS SI, YANKEE NO

The ghost of Civil Rights' past haunts the New Left which is immobilized under the spectre of a seemingly unstoppable war, and the growing paranoia of white America. While our "hip left" has been disintegrating into dogmatists or escapist, our European contemporaries have been developing the theories and tactics of the new revolution: the integration of political action into a "life of art."

So far there has been only one serious document produced here which transcends our Calvinist heritage and suggests tactics for an American revolution: Allen Ginsberg's "Berkeley Vietnam Days," printed in the Berkeley Barb and Liberation Magazine, which emphasizes the need of "an unmistakable statement outside the war psychology." Twenty points are stressed which include the use of flowers, music-making instruments, toys, religious symbols, white flags and rock bands, even Sacred Heart and Hell's Angels floats. And, in case of attack, mantras to intone: "the Lord's Prayer, Three Blind Mice (sung), OM (AUM) long breath in unison, Star Spangled Banner, and Mary Had a Little Lamb (spoken in unison).

That's "How to make a March/Spectacle." Has such a real revolutionary demonstration happened? Not in this country, with the puritanical left (new left included) indicting acid, mod and minnie threads, and free sex faster than the Moral Mothers of America can lace up their tennis shoes.

How much longer will the so-called left get up tight when 200 floral-suited, long-haired young men march in Amsterdam in protest against our Klansmen burning Beatles' records? Comparing our treatment of the Beatles to Germany's treatment of Brecht 33 years ago.

How many of us have had the insight to sing "they're coming to

take me away, Ha! Ha!" when the cops attempt to break up our flimsy acts of defiance?

Holland has provided a backdrop of industrial alienation and given us a new political artform for our generation: the Provo (provocation happening) of the under-thirty anarchist underground. They love life, their city of Amsterdam and its people. They stage mass cough-ins against cigarettes, the most obvious symbol of "The enslaved consumer - choiceless, other-directed mass man," they act against tree-destroying, brainwashing newspapers, by removing newsprint rolls from trucks and unwinding them like carpets down main streets.

They seek to build both a livable city and an international movement of hip, alienated youth-the "Provotariat." They plan for an auto-free city and propose free trams and distributing 70,000 free white bicycles for the use of all citizens. White plans for the humanization of their environment (white for purity). Police to act as social workers and instead of weapons, to carry white bags of candy and fruit to give away.

They ran a candidate for the city council and won. They will alternate that seat among themselves and agitate for turning the city into a cultural center, as well as pushing programs for decentralization, demilitarization and collectivization, and organize a Benelux federation of small communities.

The city of Amsterdam is plastered with CND peace circles and the upside down apple symbol of the Provos, the modern day Johnny Appleseeds. The visual implanting of the seeds of another form of existence is an important factor in the influencing of people.

What do we have to counteract the destructive tendencies in our own environment? We fill the Bay with garbage, the air with carbon monoxide, and living space with strangulating asphalt ribbons. It will stop only when we begin to care and act active as the Provos weekly happenings demonstrate. Sit-downs in the middle of busy intersections, not to protest discrimination, but to protest intersections; phalanxes of singing youth moving down the middle of streets at rush hours, using the streets for the only thing that they're good for - dancing.

Rally around statues and parks they're ours, spread green throughout the city, renew life in the cities, a human renewal.

GREEN GUERRILLA WARFARE FOR AMERICAN CITIES - NOW

Purity in America has a bloody history at best, and there's too

many things marked White in this country as it is. We need a movement based on growth and life - a love of all living things - a Green Movement. **THINK GREEN - LOOK FOR THE GREEN LEAF!**

John Frownson

Mojo to Indo

MOJO REPLIES TO INDO-ROCK

This article is written as a reply to the "Indo-Rock" piece which appeared in the first issue of P.O. Frisco. In a recent issue of my own newspaper, the Mojo Navigator R&R News, I propounded what was basically a hastily-written, and from my present point-of-view, ill-conceived critique of the article in question. The essential hang-up in writing a criticism of any piece of music is that the criticism must by definition be subjective, since the performance of any musical group will vary from occasion to occasion. This hang-up is only intensified when a critic attempts to write a subjective evaluation of someone else's subjective evaluation.

The "Indo-Rock" article can be legitimately criticized from several points of view. In the first place, the musical judgments made are essentially high-handed. We are told that certain musicians are "musically illiterate." Now, whether one's taste runs to one particular form of music or another, it is completely unfair to label people who have an obvious technical competence on their instruments as illiterates. If the writer of the article had approached the rock scene with an open mind, I think he would have been forced to concede that the musicians playing in the three specific bands he mentioned, Big Brother & the Holding Co., the Grateful Dead, and the Great Society, have achieved a goodly measure of technical competence

CON'T ON P. 10



© 1966

Zen Head Dead

GEORGE OHSAWA 1893-1966

Founder of the macrobiotic movement and teacher of the philosophy of the Extreme Orient dies April 24 in Japan. Contrary to all rumors that have been circulating among the macrobiotic dabblers and followers, he DID NOT commit hari kari, neither did he die of malnutrition nor did he mysteriously explode.

In the most recent issue of The Macrobiotic Review (vol. VI, no. 3), a publication that teaches the Unique Principle, Lima Ohsawa writes of her husband's death. The cause of his death has been diagnosed as arterial thrombosis by four Japanese macrobiotic doctors. Mr. Ohsawa was experimenting with Chinese herbs at the time in order to make a Macrobiotic drink that tasted like malt. He was also sleeping only for 2 or 3 hours each

night, spending much time writing and editing. Another contributing factor could have been traces of ilavia (blood parasites) which he suffered from ten years ago in Africa.

The facts and details of Mr. Ohsawa's death are especially interesting because he spent his entire life experimenting on himself and perfecting his dietary regimens. Mr. Ohsawa had predicted an early death for himself, saying that it was unnatural for a man to write so much (he wrote over 300 books). He was a dedicated man trying to spread the word of simple natural foods, grains as a main staple and telling the people to become their own doctors.

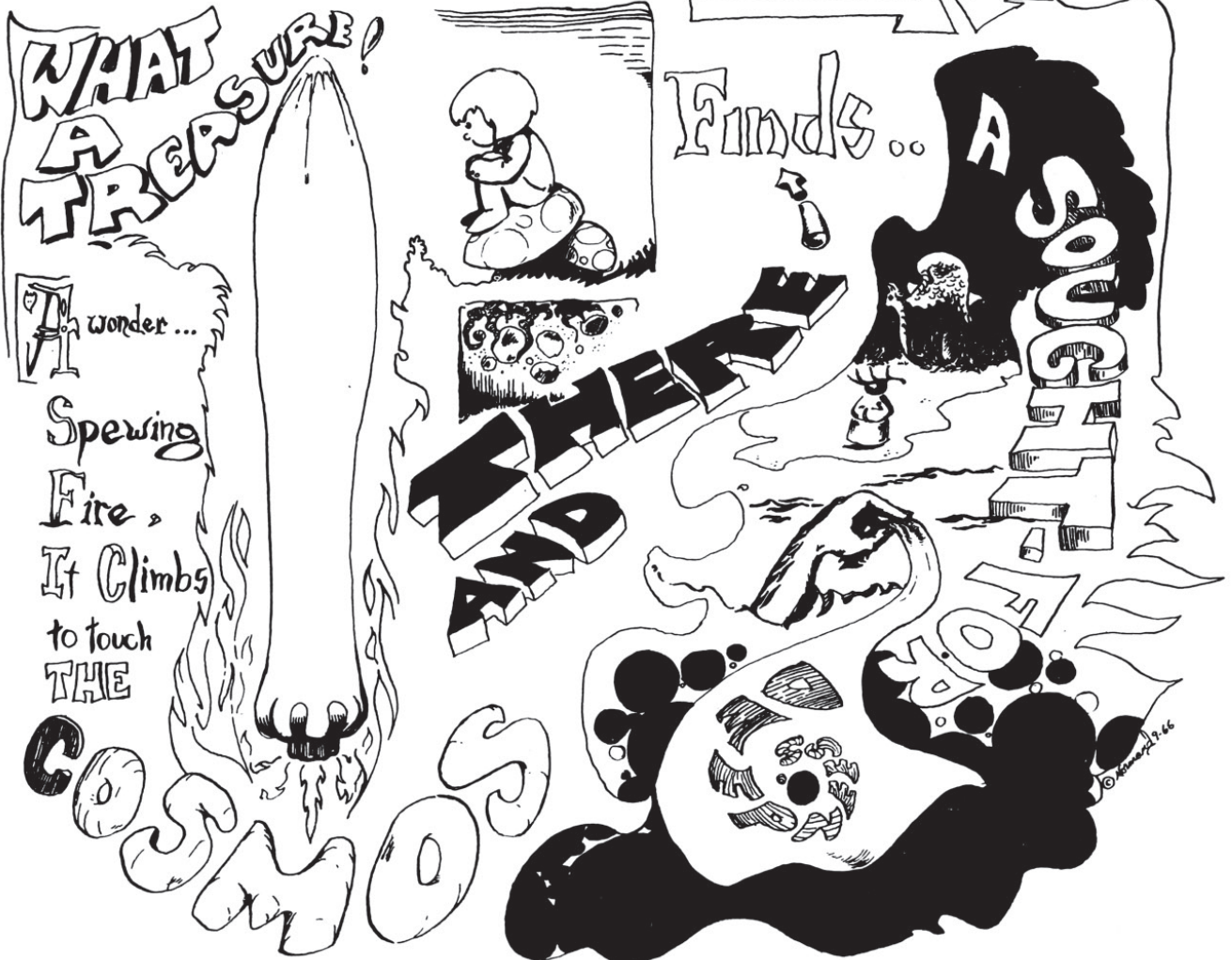
People are finding out. Sunset Health Food Store reports in the last year a fast turnover on the Macrobiotic shelf. Chico-san, the distributor of Macrobiotic foods can hardly keep foods supplied. Mr. Ohsawa's publications, Zen Macrobotics

and The Book of Judgement also are hard to keep stocked. With the passing of George Ohsawa, the movement has lost a fine teacher, but not momentum. As we are tuning in, many people are turning on to health by following the diet. The following statement by Mr. Ohsawa made only a few years ago, is relevant at this time: "Master Ishizuka rescued me from a mortal illness. Consequently, I dedicated my life to saving ten million existences as a testimony of my gratitude: ONE GRAIN, TEN THOUSAND GRAINS. For me, ten thousand or one million makes little difference ... One grain, ten thousand grains is not, in reality, the mere discharge of a debt of gratitude. It is the realization of one's self in happiness, liberty and justice. Only those individuals who follow the Way of One Grain, Ten Thousand and Grains can become citizens of the land of infinite liberty, eternal happiness, absolute Justice."

Marsha Thelin

THE COMIC STRIP

by Phil Soman



GINSBERG MAILER

CREELEY

A REVIEW

Dear Sir,

I was disturbed to hear that agents of the City of San Francisco interrupted a performance of Michael McClure's play, The Beard, with the whirring of 16mm movie cameras, carried off the actors under arrest while they were still being applauded by the audience, and have been jockeying with various charges against them.

I have read the play and seen a rehearsal of it, and many of my friends have over the last year, and all approved the play and thought it inventively constructed, apt in the portrayal of the difficulties of relationship between man and woman in America, dramatically truthful in its portrayal of resolution of these difficulties, poetic in its imagination of the central characters as projections of American arch-type persons, and properly bold in dramatic representation of the confrontation of those persons.

Works of art which are by their very nature artistic, and are thought to be artistically intended by competent persons, and works of art which contain social criticism such as this play does, are in this day and age protected by the Constitution of the United States from censorship by eccentric and officious agents of cities and states. This principle has been established famously and any competent police agency and lawyer knows it to be so.

What possible excuse has the City of San Francisco, then, for interrupting the performance of McClure's Beard? What excuse do city officials have for violating a law which is universally publicised?

Dear Sir:

The Beard by Michael McClure is, in my opinion, a work of exceptional literary merit--humorous, puzzling, evocative, and mysterious in the way it employs repetition. While much of it is shocking, it is never without art.

Sincerely yours,
Norman Mailer

GINSBERG (con't)

What reason can they offer, except their own ill will and arbitrary busy-bodyness, to attempt to censor another work of art?

My own book, Howl, was seized by the police a decade ago, and the police lost their case at law. The tradition of free expression established by that case in San Francisco has been ratified nationally by decision after decision reaffirming rights of artistic expression.

It is to be hoped that a more mature viewpoint will prevail in the city bureaucracy and that apologies will be given to Mr. McClure and his cast. Nobody wants to waste time in tedious legal argument. But if the city persists in its folly and acts on a personal and immature view of legal tradition, myriads of competent artists and writers will join Mr. McClure in defense of his work. I suggest that your officers save face by acting like literate gentlemen and give Mr. McClure his Beard back.

Your obedient Servant,
Allen Ginsberg

Dear Mr. Ferndon:

I am presently a visitor in San Francisco with my family, and therefore I have had the very useful opportunity to see the production of Michael McClure's "The Beard." I consider it a most outstanding and significant work of art and the most arresting instance of contemporary drama I have yet seen. Therefore I am very distressed to witness the present charge brought against its performance on Aug. 8th. It seems to me a most bitter confusion of values to consider such a play an affront to any conception of public behavior. Far indeed from that, it is a most formal and sensitive revelation of a reality all too few of us have means to declare. To penalize such an act strikes me as patently ridiculous, and I much hope the charges may now be dropped.

To identify myself briefly, I am a poet and novelist, presently a professor at the State University of New York at Buffalo. I have also been a Guggenheim Fellow and the recipient of a Rockefeller Grant in Writing, and I am presently serving as an advisor and nominator for the latter program. In consequence I have a very real concern with the matter in hand, and I hope you will respect what I have tried to make evident here.

Yours sincerely,
Robert Creeley

These letters in support of The Beard were directed to San Francisco District Attorney John Jay Ferndon.

The Beard & its Author

THE PAPER BEARD

Bay Area audiences recently had an opportunity to journey in--to regions where only poets, madmen, and the dead dare travel.

Michael McClure's poem/play, The Beard, directed by Marc Estrin, appeared first at the Actor's Workshop's Encore Theater, then at the Fillmore Auditorium, under the auspices of Bill Graham; at the Committee where they were busted; and finally, on August 20th, at the Berkeley Little Theater (under the "gunship" of Sam Hardin), where several hundred good-natured people waited in line for non-existent tickets to a sold-out performance.

The prelude to the Berkeley performance consisted of a few words by several people of (some) note, who had and/or had not seen the previous performances. They expressed opinions that what would happen was art, and that obscurity was within the individual and/or within society itself. The author then forbade any taping and/or photographing of the performance without his permission, as was his right by copyright, and since the Berkeley authorities had announced that they would record the play and possibly bust it, they would then be breaking the law.

Next, darkness--then, a light revealing on stage, a table and two high chairs seating a dandy-ish young man (Richard Bright) in one and a Hollywood blonde-woman (Billie Dixon) in the other. I then followed the poet's step toward eternity -- through the vehicle of two dead American folk heroes (Billy the Kid and Jean Harlow).



DALE SMITH PHOTO - DRESS REHEARSAL DEC. 1965 ENCORE THEATRE

Review - con't

Each of the actors wore a paper beard which gave an air of unreality to their human presence and a sense that their roles represent symbolic bodies through which the author speaks. It's as if the beards are used to signify mediums (as in the Greek chorus or masked Indian dancers) through which the gods communicate with man. Since this poem/play was entitled "The Beard," one might say that "the medium is (part of) the message."

Meanwhile, back in eternity, dialogue develops between the two -- a hesitant hostile exchange; a feeling out of one

another, "each one wanting what the other one's got." The verbal jousting between male and female that takes place everywhere on earth -- so why not in eternity (where everything really is).

Jean Harlow wiggles, taunts, and pouts. Billy says that anything they want to do is o.k. here, "cause there's no one else around" and "we're divine, baby." They play the social exchange and bargaining game, as if their desires are commodities to be bought and sold. The exchange is fierce and fiery: a spoken, visually kinetic poem for two -- rising and falling -- yet steadily building in intensity. Each game wears out, games run out - they grow closer to their

naked selves. The mounting eternal/internal pressure of raw needs (loving and being loved) force both, living, warm-fleshed beings out of their shells. Defenses melt, needs draw together, merging into a pulsating force, giving and getting life.

A mechanical click shocked me out of contact with eternity--a cold, mechanical obscenity stabbed me in the ear and transferred me to a low level of animal reality. I turned and saw a clean-cut cop pointing his camera at the stage, trying to catch eternity in the act. Obscenity is in the mind, while on stage the warmth of two people's naked selves melted and fused into the greatest union that we can experience on earth. Man and woman physically united in love.

John Brownson

Michael McClure

Michael McClure is a San Francisco poet; there is a deep relationship, an organic, flowing interaction between city and poet.

America pushes its poets out from the center and attempts to drive them off the edge of the continent. Then, drawn to either San Francisco or New York, they stop and struggle for survival. The intensity of these cities brings poets' dreams out from the depths and hurls them headlong into life.

Here in this narrow orifice of America, McClure stands in the middle of the tide, flowing in and out, influencing and influenced by its' currents. This city's ghosts speak many strange tongues. The spirits of Asia cross the ocean as freely as others, victims of America, walk these streets. It is the poets who hear the cries of ghosts, and crossing mountains and deserts, see the white buffalo dancing round dead medicine fires; only to arrive here and meet dark eyes staring out of yellow faces on Grant Avenue.

The city's hills force those who climb them to open their eyes and look down into the bowels of American prairies: which is the agony of San Francisco's beauty that the poet sees and is forced to act upon.

The words "Tactics for Survival," from another San Francisco poet, reflect McClure's actions in which he is expressing his awareness. In "The Beard" voices are heard struggling for survival - survival which is to love and be loved. In "Poisoned Wheat" he proclaims each man's innocence, so long as that man acts as a living creature, "The point of life is not rest but action. DEATH IS REST."

In this city where he lives and works, his actions say, "I AM NOT GUILTY! I AM A LIVING CREATURE!" He is involved in life, love, and communicating with all other living creatures. He translates visions of the ghosts within us to a surface language that we can see, hear, and if we want to, understand.

Each of us turns upon ourselves when we sense some feeling which we don't understand or accept rising to the surface: oppression starts with the individual. Civil authorities here have sought to suppress a public act of love, McClure's poem/play "The Beard." At the sight of an act of our collective animal in-

nocence, stripped away in this poem/play, they become frightened; they place guilt where understanding should be, and strike at the source of the in-sight. The result is that the author and actors are tied up in a "criminal" waste of energy of the legal hassle.

McClure is a man who has lived on the edge for a long time. Now as this city fills with people forced out and drawn here, the experience of his involvement becomes a part of a communal struggle. There have been many others whose involvement has become part of this city; Ferlinghetti, Ginsberg, Duncan, Snyder and more. Those who, despite their differences, have searched the streets and climbed the hills of

their minds, of this city, and have acted to form a real San Francisco beneath the Cow Palace Cable Car facade.

McClure's importance lies not in his past, but in his now. His past works are ghost stories which may merge with ours to enlighten us, but his now is built on the flesh covered ghosts that are ourselves. "We are wrought on a bending shaft of air and light and make an animal around it."

The room full of the ghosts that we build our myths on - Jean Harlow, Billy the Kid - who are they and who are we? Our lives are a Litany of Senses built on myths: Michael McClure lives these myths of love, and what a community needs to survive -- is living love.

John Brownson



Photo by Ernest Lowe



ONE

Benson
66

Search & Seizure is a reality trip produced and directed by Peter Berg, a member of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, and performed by members of the Troupe. It is one of their new series of spontaneous theatre events of social relevance. The form of this one is somewhere between a happening and a documentary, emphasizing, in

Berg's words, that "the lines are drawn" in today's struggle for survival.

The plays in this series are short and to the point, not bogged down in theatrics, and very adaptable to our present environment. They need a theatre, but, use instead, the hard urban lines of clubs and halls to provide the necessary backdrop. They aim at knocking the uncommitted off the fence.

Although this play left a de-

finite impression on the audiences, it probably won't be done again by the Mime Troupe except in an expanded and revised form. The reason: they are going on tonew material, new stones to throw at different parts of the fence.

The play should be published, it's short, a twelve page script, calls for a cast of eight and would be a good piece for small groups around the country to perform.

J.A.B.

"Search and Seizure"

SEARCH AND SEIZURE: OURSELVES AS A SOCIAL PROBLEM

"Search and Seizure" is not so much a drama as a test. We originally composed it for the Timothy Leary Benefit at the St. Francis Hotel, but it became clear during rehearsal, and later when it was booked into the Matrix, that we were not making a propaganda play for the psychedelic movement, but rather we were examing our own cohesiveness and strength in relation to an interrogation machine with which any of us might at any time be faced, and which many of us had already experienced.

It was not strictly an anti-police play. It was an investigation into the police machine -- an attempt to discover what it can and cannot do. The heart of the problem is that social institutions exist in relation to individual personality structures. Police force implies police psychology ("criminal motivation"). The basic questions we asked were: What psychologies are bound up with drug use, and to what extent are these a counter-force to police psychology? Given the function of police force as suppression, what are the sources of liberation in drug use?

The main task of interrogation is to elicit information on drug use and narcotics dealing. The secondary task is to book suspects and to establish charges against them; this mean "establishing criminal identity" which brings us to an important point in police logic. The law requires that people who disobey it must pay the penalty. But the police logic goes a step further and "establishes criminal identity" -- that is, the police consider criminality to be an aspect of one's nature, not just of one's behavior. So that Bailey, the 30-year-old beatnik, after having been arrested three times on narcotics charges, is an "established criminal." Which suggests that the function of police investigation lies

less in ascertaining whether or not the law has been broken than in examining the private reality of each suspect's life to find out if he is identifiably criminal.

The police exist to defend a society from anything that threatens it. The law exists to establish boundaries of behavior, the observance of which permits public co-functioning. So the two institutions, though complementary, are different in intent and often opposed. One can use the law against the police, and the police, when they deem it necessary, will short-circuit the law. The case in point is illegal search and seizure and planting drugs on suspects. Police do this to get at a "social evil" - i.e., narcotics. To get at the evil, they break the law themselves. This arises from a mistaken self-identification by the police. It consists in changing a conception of oneself as a person authorized to enforce the law into a conception of oneself as a person who is the law.

"You're talking to the law now --anything you say can be used against you." This self-concept is not totally false, since in most state legislatures the police have highly influential lobbies. They create many laws, which means that the police have a great deal of power and importance as regulators of our lives.

"Search and Seizure" was first presented to an audience of informed drug users. Many had

been busted. The point of the play was to introduce a problem which our audiences hadn't considered: Is there any way to remain outside the scope of police definition? Is there any sure way not to play their game?

The first case under interrogation is Miss Alaris, arrested for possession of two kilos of marijuana, evidently belonging to someone else. It is her first arrest, and the police have an opportunity to gain information and perhaps convince her to withdraw from her circle of drug-using friends before she becomes harmful to society--a criminal. They succeed in getting names of drug dealers from her and in helping her disassociate from criminals. She retains positive identification by cooperating with the police.

The second case is Bailey. He is a 30-year-old methedrine user. It's his third arrest, and he has little chance of getting off. He is the victim--a criminal. He is booked, beaten and faces imprisonment.

The third offender is Dr. Holden, an intern at the UC Medical Center. His offense is that he has filled more than his monthly quota of narcotics prescriptions. Technically, he is a dealer in narcotics and, in fact, makes a considerable profit from his narcotics prescriptions. He tries to resist the police game by insisting on seeing his lawyer--but slips when he reveals himself a user. He has, then, not only broken the law, but has also established his own criminal identity.

Each of these suspects has failed to free himself from the police game, whether by abdicating to it, being beaten by it, or playing it and trying to win.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



Search & Seizure, con't

With the fourth suspect, Robb, we see possibilities of finding a successful response to the threat of the machine. He insists on playing a different game. But he does not win ... "Book him ... possession ... disorderly. Get him out of here."

The police don't win either, though, and this is the major "point" the play makes. They have not succeeded in establishing anything about his identity. Though the law has been broken (Robb was obstructing the movement of buses at the terminal where people were on their way to work), the police can't figure out why. The judicial apparatus will operate smoothly and Robb will be convicted of obstructing traffic and possession of a dangerous drug. But nothing has gone down about criminal identity. There was nothing to proceed on. His real motivation (he explains it thoroughly in the play) is "out of sight." Nobody will understand (except the

audience?).

The other important action of Robb's interrogation is the disintegration of the police machine. Nobody can play the police game unless everybody does. The "acid head" (Robb was found with five caps) perceives thousands of alternatives and tries them out. Robb always sticks to the human and communicative. The repetitive machine-questions of the interrogators dissolve into the changing atmosphere. He answers: "How long have you been a cop?" And he steps across the interrogation line to the police side. He is quickly shoved back, but after that point the authority and efficacy of the machine is gone. The point of confrontation has disappeared. All that is left is for the individuals present to muddle through. "How long have you been addicted to LSD?"

"Whadya get some kinda kick from that stuff?"

"He's out of his mind!"

"Book him ..."

The hope in this is that one can overcome police force by

not having a police self. But there's no guarantee. The adventure is the attempt to supplant police psychology with a better psychological response. But the force is there as long as we either rely on it or fear it.

If police power is based on a conception of identity, once that conception doesn't fit our actions, the power will lose its leverage—its influence on us. But it's our identity in question, and any solution depends on how much of our personalities we take from the available sources of identifiable types offered us by a police system. We are our own social problem --

Kent Minault*

*Mr. Minault is an actor and member of the S.F. Mime Troupe.

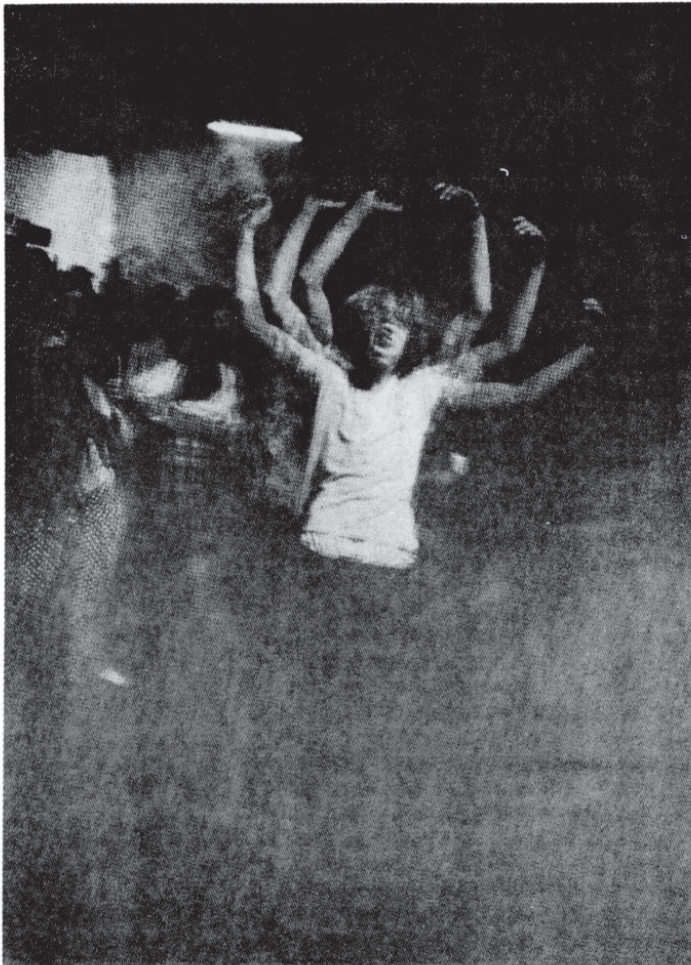
more Mojo to Indo

on their instruments. In short, they put down a good solid rock sound and hit the notes when they sing; they are not "illiterates" musically or in any other sense of the term.

No one has ever called the Grateful Dead or the Great Society jazz groups; as a matter of fact, in an interview in the Mojo Navigator a few weeks ago, Jerry Garcia bluntly states that he doesn't play jazz guitar. Now granted, jazz is played at a generally higher level of technical competence than rock 'n' roll. But since when has that competence been the sole standard of measure for a musical performance? Why not just take rock 'n' roll for what it is rather than confusing it with jazz? When both forms of music are taken for what they are, they can exist side-by-side quite compatibly and everyone can benefit; when a critic starts judging one by the standards of the other he only confuses the issue, and this confusion helps neither the musicians nor the audience for whom the critic believes he's writing.

I feel that for the reasons stated above it is fruitless to try to build a point-by-point rebuttal to the "Indo-Rock" article. So let's leave it at this: I feel that it is unfair to judge a rock group by the standards one would use in judging a jazz group (just as it would be unfair to judge jazz by the standards one applies to rock). I could backbite and feud and explicate for a year and it wouldn't really add anything to anyone's understanding of the music. The understanding is a personal thing, which everyone must find for himself on his own level. I can only feel sorry for the writer of the "Indo-Rock" article who could not widen his vision to include and analyse a new experience without trying to fit it into a preconceived bag.

There is one excellent point which the writer of the article has brought up by example rather than by stated argument and that is that there exists no body of critical writing on the subject of rock 'n' roll. I plan to attempt just such a project in the near future; it is quite likely that you will be seeing the attempt in the pages of the Mojo Navigator. Perhaps



if the people who really are interested in good rock will use the misunderstanding of the "Indo-Rock" article as a basis for the formulation of valid critiques of rock 'n' roll, that article will not have been without purpose.

David Harris



Published bi-weekly by the Oracle Co-Operative Publishing Association, 1535 Haight Street, San Francisco, California 94117

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"LICK MY COCK", SAYS BERKELEY

In a letter to the Berkeley Board of Education, ex-chief of Police Addison Fording shows how to make things obscene, even a misquote. The letter, about Michael McClure's play THE BEARD was publically distributed by the Berkeley Police Dept.

"Lewd conduct"... Mr. Fording writes of "Billy the Kid", "stroking his penis"... "in the San Francisco Municipal Court", as the "obscene"... "officers" in the theatre "appeared to perform an act of cunnilingus".

The "shit" that Mr. Fording wrote was apparently aesthetically pleasing prose to the Post Office Inspectors who didn't censor it. We hope that they will be as tasteful (?) in judgement of prose in the future.

The biggest obscenity is to quote anybody or any work out of context; because without sensitive handling - with respect to the original - the meaning is invariably distorted.

The play was busted in both San Francisco and Berkeley, and the present court proceedings are as absurd as the self-styled protectors of public morals. The language and actions of police throughout history have been rough enough to make one wonder

who who censurs their actions. The crime which the actors are being charged with would, if convicted, make them have to register as sex offenders. Their attorney Marshall Krause of the ACLU will present a brief on their behalf sometime in the first part of October.

Friday, Sept. 23rd
 DANCE - CONCERT
 Avalon Ballroom
 DAC
 DANCE - CONCERT
 Jefferson Airplane, Muddy Waters, Butterfield Blues Band - Winterland, Post & Sutter

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 Experimental, intimate, & chamber works - open house
 Dancers Workshop Annex
 321 Divisadero, 8:30, \$2 -1.50
 FILM - Straight Ashbury
 Viewing Society presents
 "Inaguration of the Pleasure Dome", "Eaux d'Artifice", "Jazz Lights", & The Lost Bells of Atlantis" - 8:30
 Armenian Hall, 1563 Page
 FILM - Cinema Psychedelica/
 Berkeley Cinematheque -
 "Flaming Creatures", Jack Smith
 Smith; "Goldstein", "Flying Disc Man from Mars", 155
 Dwinelle Hall, U.C.
 FILM - "Vampyr", Dreyer; "M"
 Fritz Lang. - S.F. State
 Ed. 117, 7:00pm

Saturday, Sept. 24th
 DANCE-CONCERT
 Avalon, same as Fri.
 Winterland, same as Fri.
 Dancers Workshop, same as Fri.

Sunday, Sept. 25th
 MEETING/LECTURE - YSA
 "History of Coalition Politics" - Pete Camejo
 1733 Waller
 DANCE - CONCERT - Fillmore
 Auditorium, same as Winterland
 2:00 pm
 CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT
 Donald Pippin - Old Spaghetti
 Factory *:8:00 8:30
 LECTURE - James Meredith
 LECTURE - James Meredith
 USF Memorial Gym 8:00pm

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Saturday, Oct. 1st
 DANCE CONCERT
 Avalon, Winterland (same as last week)
 Sunday, Oct. 2nd
 DANCE CONCERT, Fillmore,
 same as Winterland

261 Columbus Ave.

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