RE SEARCH²

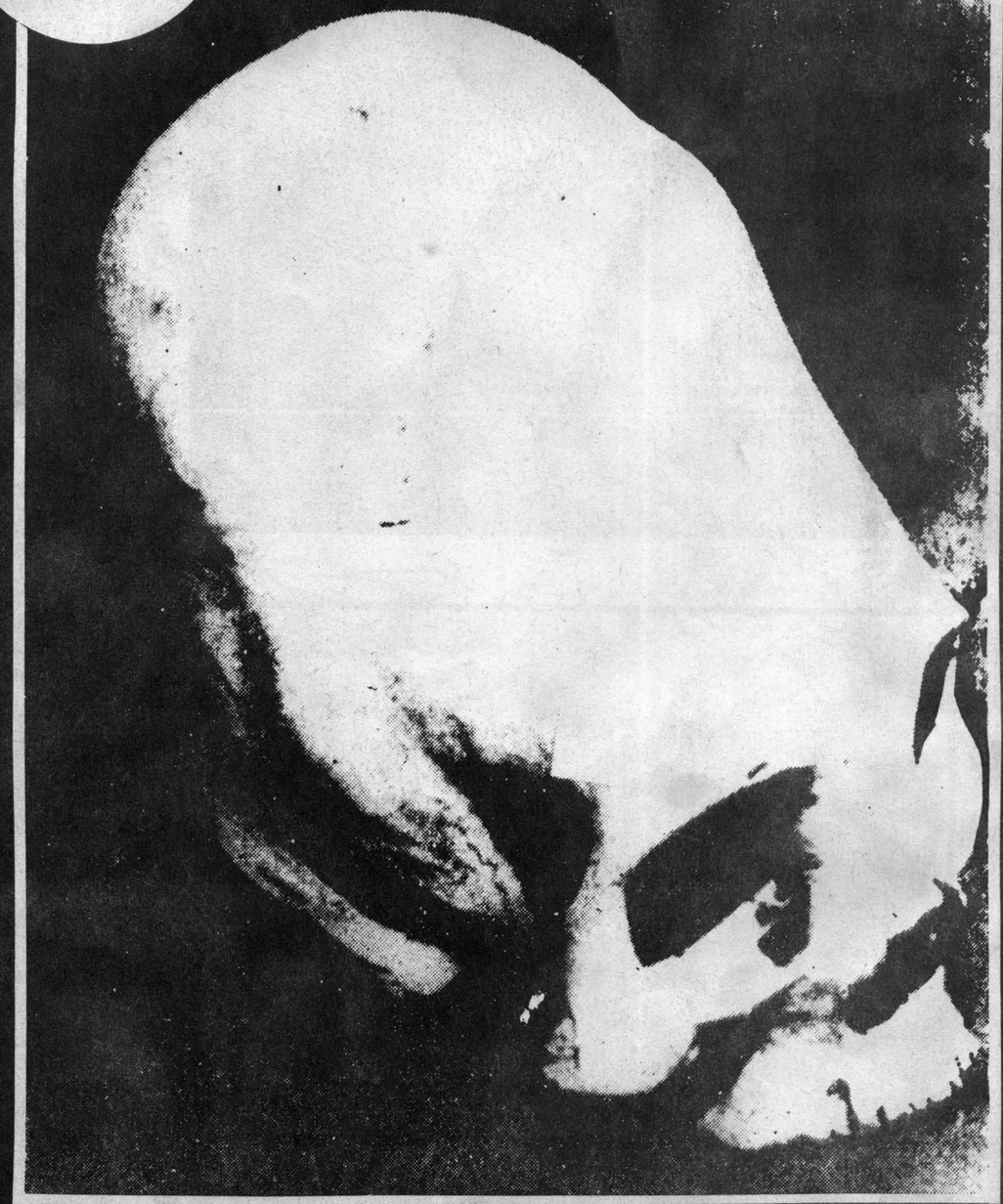
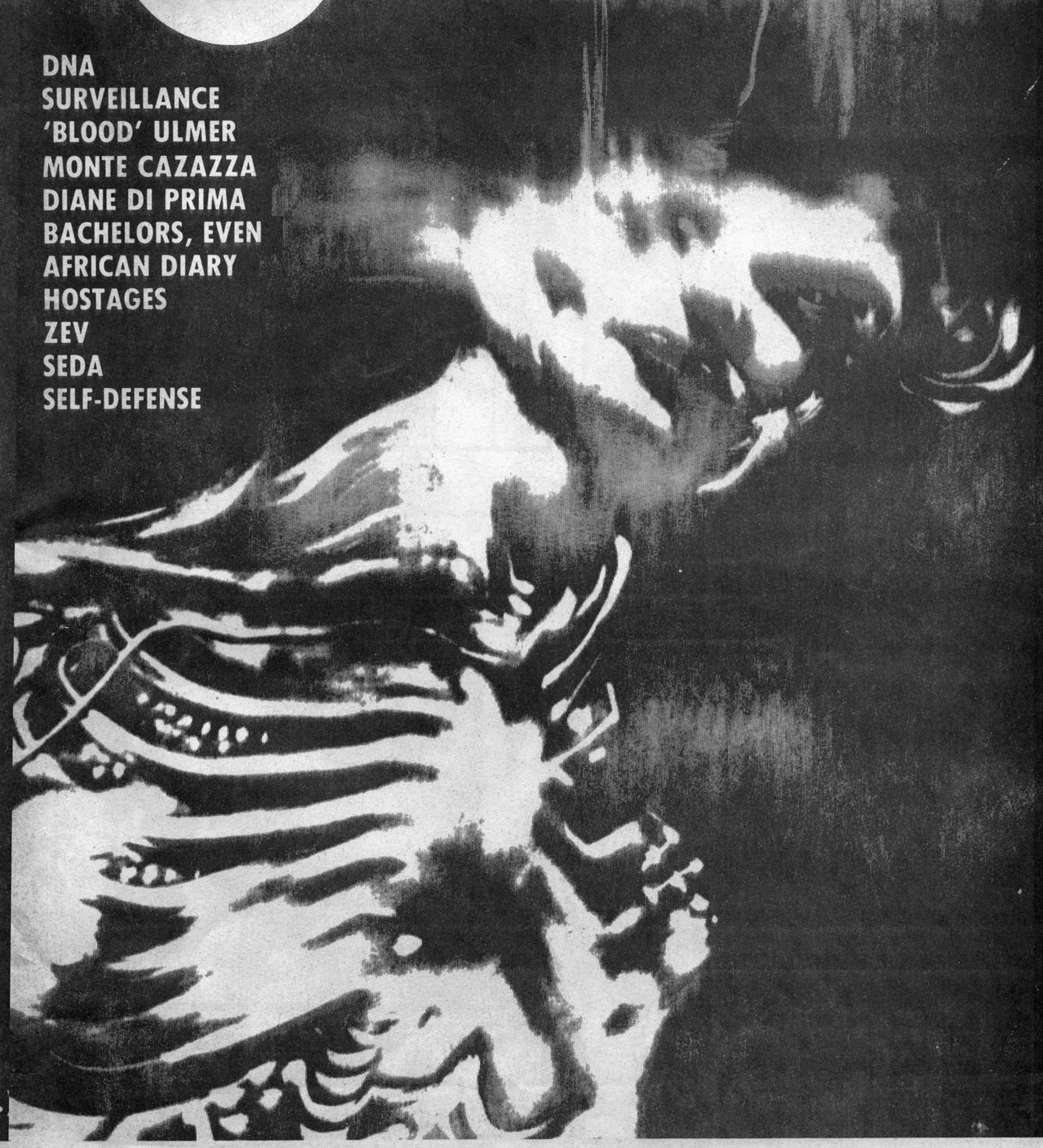


FIG. 15.—DEFORMACIÓN DEL CRÁNEO TIPO TABULAR ERECTA
(DE LAS TREPANACIONES CREANEANAS EN EL PERÚ
EN LA ÉPOCA PREHISPÁNICA, F. GRAÑA, E. ROCCA Y GRAÑA R.

RE SEARCH²

$1.50

DNA
SURVEILLANCE
'BLOOD' ULMER
MONTE CAZAZZA
DIANE DI PRIMA
BACHELORS, EVEN
AFRICAN DIARY
HOSTAGES
ZEV
SEDA
SELF-DEFENSE



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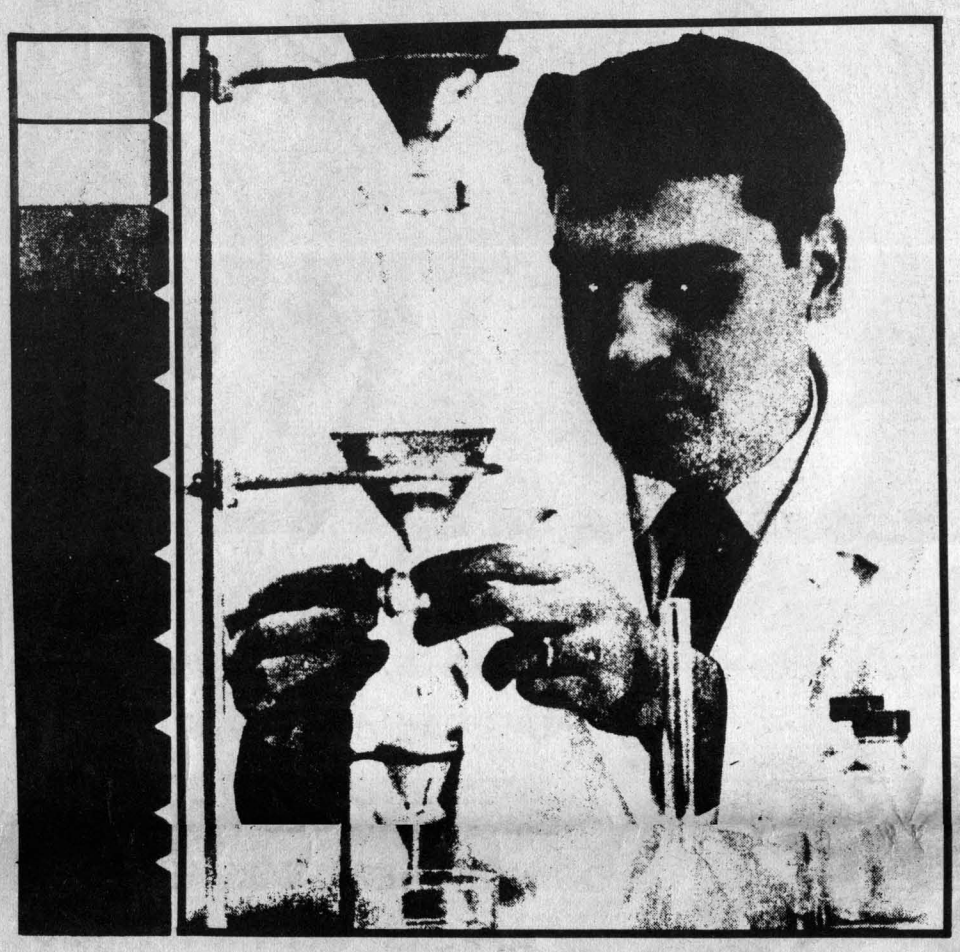

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STAFF: Thom Burns, Enrico Chandoha, Lia Hillman, Andrea Juno, Jay Kinney, Mark McCloud, Paul Mavrides, Mindaugis, Nico Ordway, Ruby Ray, Stanislaw Sobolewski, Stephane, Goody Thompson, Violet Ray

EDITOR: Vale

Cover: Paul Mavrides

SPECIAL THANKS TO:
Peter Weber and idea/catalyst Geoff Travis

CONTRIBUTORS:
Bobby Adams, Bond Bergland, Bob Black, Monte Cazazza, Paula Court, Phoebe Gloeckner, Gordon, Robbe-Gray, Loren Hillman, Jim Jocoy, Marni, Stefano Paolillo, Mark Pauline, Terre Richards, Jon Savage, Mary Svirsky, Doug Wellman

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ONCE THE MARK OF PROUD HEADHUNTERS, *IBAN* TATTOOING ORIGINALLY SIGNIFIED ACTS OF BRAVERY IN BATTLE AS WELL AS MAGICAL AND PROTECTIVE POWERS. LEO ZULUETA'S SELF-DESIGNED TATTOOS ARE INSPIRED BY ANIMAL AND PLANT SYMBOLS FROM THE IBANS OR SEA DAYAKS OF NORTHERN BORNEO. THE TATTOOS ORIGINALLY WERE APPLIED WITH RHYTHMIC TAPS OF A MALLET ON SHARPENED BAMBOO POINTS . . . . . .

photos: ruby ray

BUSH MADNESS

Charles McMahon plays the YIDAKI -- a hollow wood instrument made by termites from eucalyptus trunks -- which has been blown by Australians of the northernmost territory for 30,000 years. Using circular breathing, Charles produces an amazing variety of expressive fluctuations over a basic sonorous pipe-organ-like drone. Calling his presentation SPIRIT OF THE LAND, he's given his "stories" names like JOURNEY HOME, KANGAROO CRY, SPIRIT DAWN, WATER HOLE and MOVING WATER. They have to be heard to be appreciated! -- the yidaki has yet to be properly recorded.....

Having worked intimately with aborigines (he refers to them as black people) as well as attended college, Charles is somewhat of a unique cultural synthesis himself. He built his own house in a eucalyptus valley where no one had ever settled previously...many of his yidaki compositions were developed in solitude. His ambition, besides recording the yidaki properly to capture all the nuances and sub-quartertones, is to set up a "road house" in the Pintubi heartland, so the vivid Pintubi ceremonies and culture can be encouraged and preserved. Some of his bush knowledge, learned from people who do not distinguish poetry from reality, follows in this interview excerpt.....

(intv by vale)

In the bush you can get hit by *bush madness* -- you either become totally withdrawn, or display an exaggerated, frenzied enthusiasm about returning to a city.....

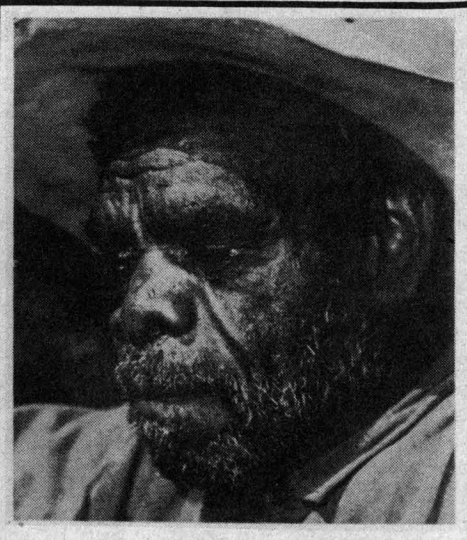
R/S: How do you cook a kangaroo?
CM: Well..you can stew kangaroo -- but unless you've got a lot of fat or oil, it's no good to barbecue it or cook it on a hot plate, because it's a lean meat, there's no fat on it. So traditionally, to the black people, when you spear or shoot a kangaroo and you want to finish it off, you don't stab it, you *club* it. And the reason for that is because you don't want the animal to bleed.

So, when you cook it, you don't even gut it -- you dig out a basin in the earth, fill that up with dry wood, burn the wood, and while the fire's raging, throw the kangaroo on -- one side, pull it off, throw it on the other side a few seconds, then you scrape all the charred fur off. Then you wait till the fire dies down a bit, and then put the kangaroo on it and cover it over with all the ashes and hot earth. And you let it sit there for about 2 hours. But this is it: YOU DON'T GUT IT OR BLEED IT -- because what cooks it is the moisture in the body.

Now with the emu: the emu is a large bird kind of like an ostrich. You do the same with it, except that when you bury the emu, you leave the neck sticking out of the ground -- just the head, whereas the rest of the body's all covered over with ashes and hot earth. And you'll know when the emu's ready, because the beak flies open and a gush of steam comes out!

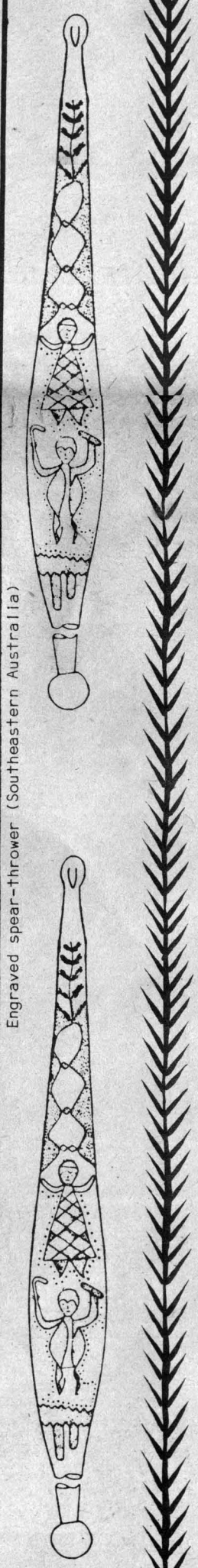
R/S: What do kangaroos eat?
CM: Grass. Kangaroos are amazing animals, they're survivors. They're not becoming extinct, but some varieties of kangaroo are threatened -- about 10,000 years ago there was one species that stood 10 feet tall! The kangaroo is really smart..can tell if there's been a small rain maybe 50 or 100 miles away..and travel there over a few days, not as a herd, but in small groups (10, 15). And the black bush people have that ability to know about something a long way away. They also have a really good sign language..and it's imperceptible to me....
R/S: You've spent a lot of time with bush people; tell us about a journey....
CM: Well, Mick Tjapaltjari and Ben Tjapaltjari (also "artists") once took me out and showed me their traditional country. There's never been a tin can there. You can see all the ancient grinding stones everywhere -- get an incredible feeling of walking somewhere really ancient. The nearest people were 300 miles away.

On the journey were Mick, Ben, myself, their 2 wives and 4 kids. We had some good times -- Mick showed me how to track goannas (monitor lizards, smaller ones taste like chicken). The time to do tracking is in the morning. Usually, just *before* morning in this arid country you get a good wind which blows out all the tracks. And before dawn hardly any animals move around. But just *at* dawn -- that's the peak time for all animals to get their tucker (food), all the tracks are *fresh*. So..we split up into 2 groups, Mick and I went one way, Ben and the women and kids went the other. And we quickly came across 2 goanna tracks. Then we came to a point where we saw the wings of a little bird. And Mick said, "We-'ll follow this goanna, because he's just had some tucker. He's going to go into a hole and have a sleep now." Sure enough, within about a minute, we find a hole and dig it out a bit, and Mick gets down and pulls it out.

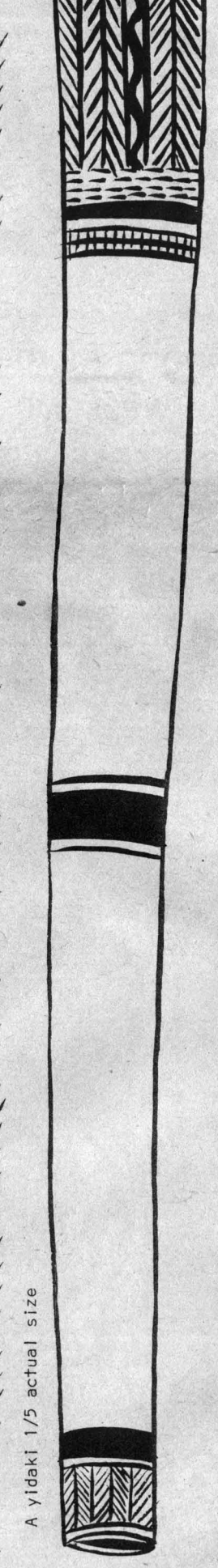


Mick Tjapaltjari

R/S: It doesn't bite?
CM: No, it goes in head first. To kill it, you don't smash it with a rock, you just tap it lightly on the back of the head and -- poof! Then you cut down the front, pull the guts out, and lie it on its back in a fire. And the hard skin makes kind of a cooking basin for it.



Engraved spear-thrower (Southeastern Australia)



A yidaki 1/5 actual size

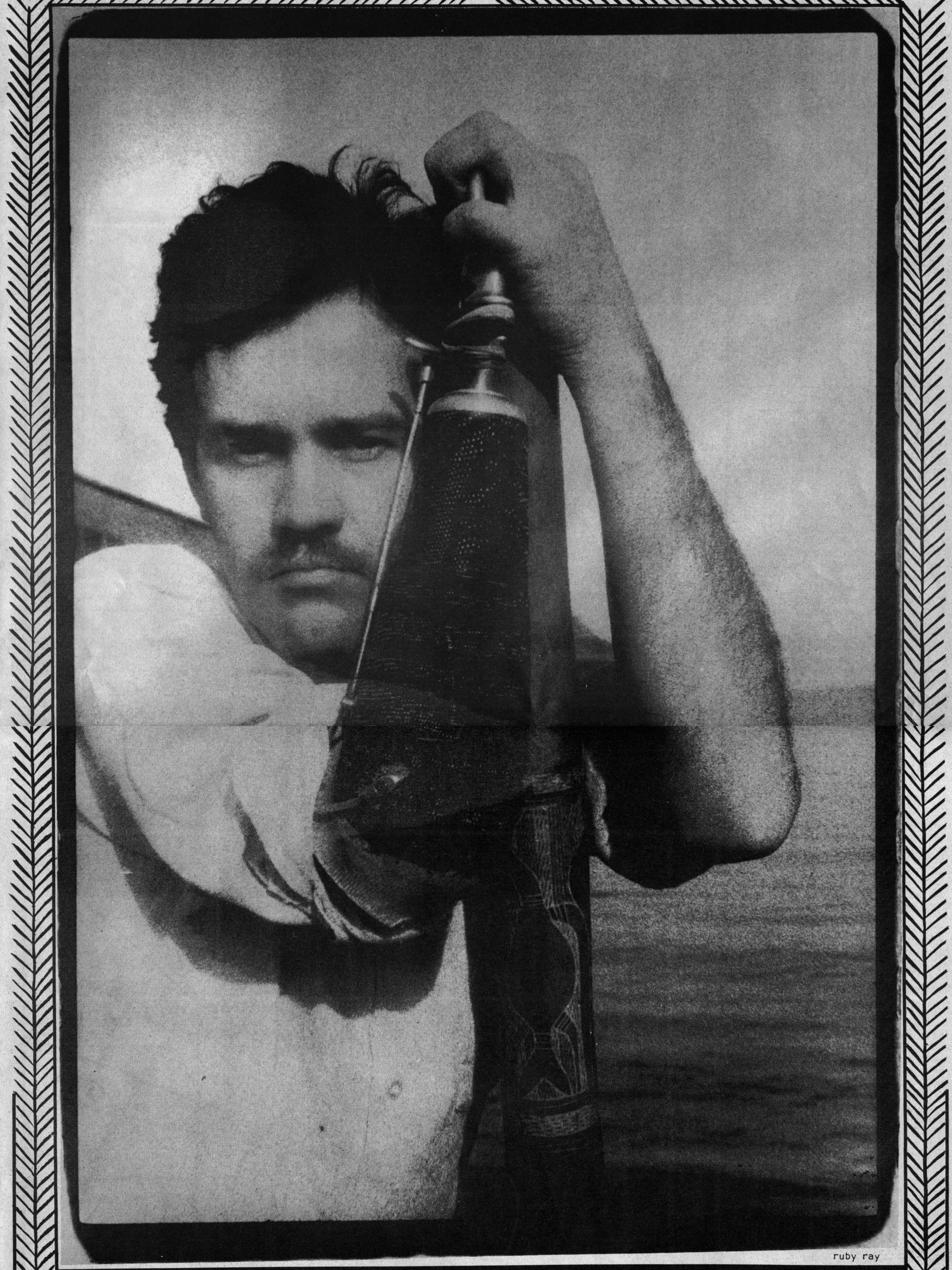
R/S: Did you participate in a kangaroo hunt?
CM: Well...I have seen some fellows hunt kangaroo and it's really interesting. There were 2 men, both had spears, but one also had a boomerang with him, quite a heavy one, about 2½ feet long. And it's not a returning boomerang -- you don't hunt with a returning boomerang very much.
R/S: Are they curved?
CM: Not as much. The inside of a returning boomerang is close to 90°, but a hunting boomerang is more like 120°, and it's very heavy....This fellow was moving on this kangaroo-- and the most important thing is, you've got to be downwind from the animal -- the smell is a sure give-away. And you didn't see this fellow hiding behind bushes and crawling on the ground, like we usually think someone stalks an animal. He would move towards the kangaroo when the kangaroo's head was down eating. As soon as the kangaroo raised its head, he'd stop dead still. And the kangaroo would actually see him. So, the art of stalking the animal is to be SEEN BUT NOT SUSPECTED. So..he gradually moved in closer each time the animal put its head down. When he was close enough (about 20-25 yards away), that fellow let go of the spear really quickly (you generally aim for the neck) and the other fellow let the boomerang go off his hip, and the first guy ran at lightning speed and then he clubbed it.

The use of *sound* in hunting is really important -- imitating the animal sounds. If you imitate the sound of a hawk, you can stop a goanna in its tracks -- because it thinks it's going to be attacked from above. And the aboriginal people who live near the sea have been known to use singing to get dolphins to come in....and have also been known, on the rocks, to make this clicking noise with your tongue, so that crabs will actually come out of the rocks. They think the sound you're making is the sound of crabs on the rocks picking off bits of tucker.....
R/S: What's the land like?
CM: You get an incredible feeling of freedom in this large emptiness. You can look at Australia and see that it's really ancient. The only threat you feel out there is the idea that might be a nuclear holocaust.
R/S: Are there nuclear power plants in Australia?
CM: No -- Australia's incredibly rich in natural gas, and deep, deep coal. Australia exports enormous amounts of energy to Japan, and very soon a lot of the natural gas from the Northwest shelf of Australia will be coming to California. But, Australia *is* exporting uranium -- and that's a big issue because all the uranium mining is happening on aboriginal land. The aboriginal people were forced to sign a deal...

Traditionally, to the black people, all the places where you find uranium are TABOO PLACES. It's thought that if you go there, you're gonna be sick, or disturb the spirit life. Like, in Arnhem Land there's a story that if that land is upset, *giant green ants will come out of the earth!* Here a people without sophisticated geological devices have somehow discerned a strange quality in the land where uranium exists. And the nastiest thing I've heard is that an American corporation was looking into the feasibility of using these very geologically stable formations to drill deep holes into which they could dump nuclear wastes! Because Australia's incredibly stable geologically -- these are the most stable geological formations you can find anywhere. The Australian government is really crass -- one of their main interests in selling uranium to Europe is, "We'll sell you our uranium if you buy our wheat and mutton..."
R/S: ...On your journey, what happened at night?
CM: For 2/3 of the year you can sleep out in the open in that country -- the ground is dry, you don't need any blankets. And at night, I'd always be learning words, trying to learn the language. They talked about how they might want to move back to this country -- it was 300 miles from a settlement. But...they'd really gotten into the *white* thing of flour, tea and sugar. And it would be very difficult to maintain a supply line over that distance.....

Mythical Snake Yarapi

Authority demds brevity....



ruby ray

CHARLES MCMAHON

"Australia's aboriginal people express their relationship with their land's Spirits in elaborate ceremonies. The musical vehicle for this expression is the YIDAKI, a monotonic instrument used in hypnotic trance music...."

It is not only a confict between *production* and *creation*, but in arger sense -- and here I have in mind the West as well as the East -- between *routine* and *adventure*....

Cave painting of a hunter

HOW DO YOU COOK A KANGAROO?

R/S: You've attended ceremonial rites -- have you seen an initiation?
CM: There's male and female initiations -- I don't know anything about female initiations. With *male* initiation, what most people concentrate on is the circumcision -- this *bloodletting* business. That is just so much bullshit, because the most important thing is the inculcation of tribal values and stories. The older you get, the more fulfilled you become. In fact, your initiation finishes when you *die*.....

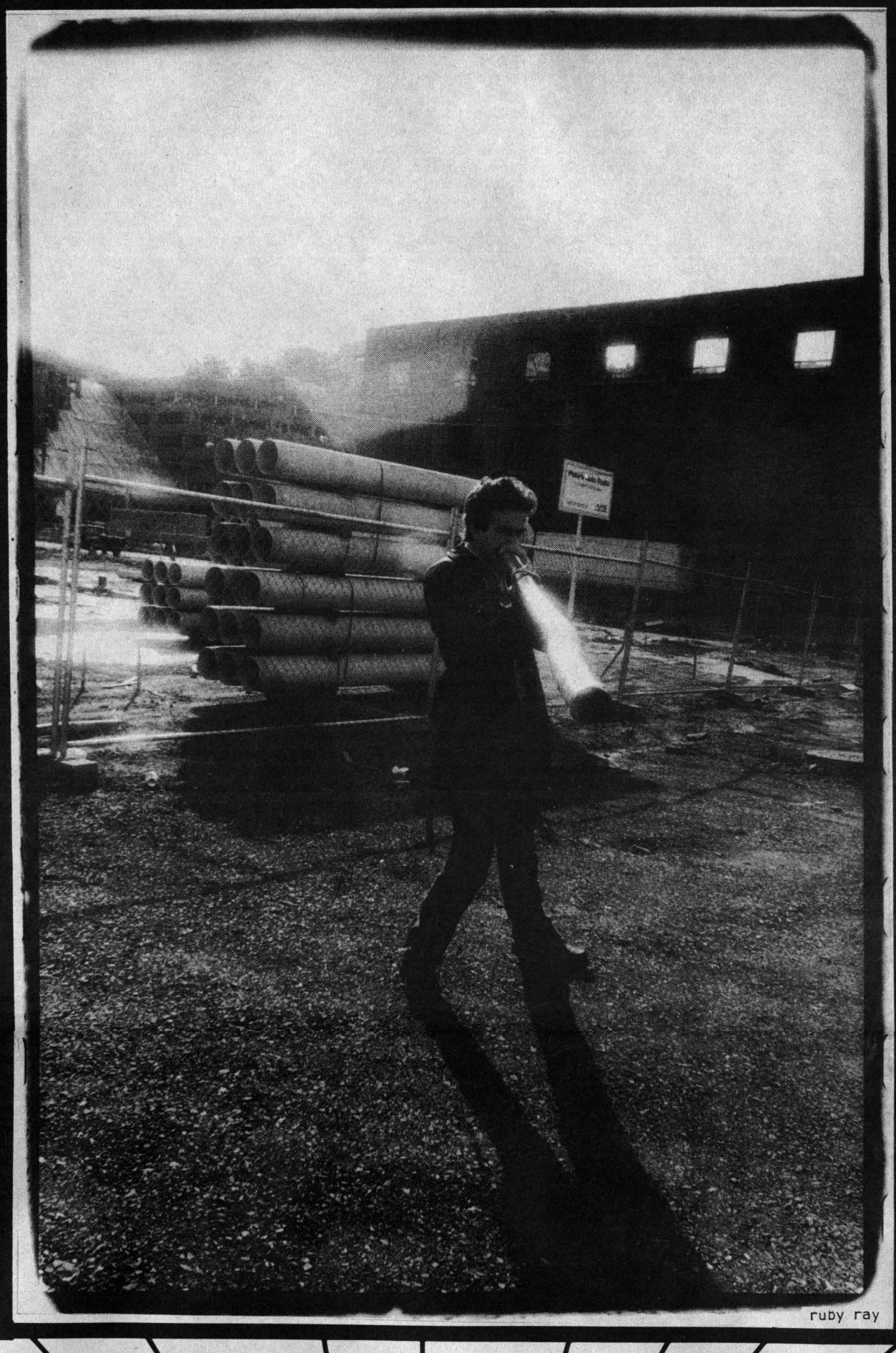
The meaning of paintings will be taught...lots of dream-time stories of legendary, mythical ancestors... their ideas about the beginnings of their world -- *look, the reason I don't want to talk a lot about initiation is because I haven't been initiated.* See now, I've been through a bit of action in my own life -- I lost my hand in an explosion when I was 16 -- I was making rockets, and one blew up before I was ready and it nearly bloody killed me! It knocked out most of the vision in one eye, perforated my eardrums, knocked some front teeth out. And when the leaders, men of 70 years old, people with spiritual power, saw me -- they thought I'd have a pretty easy initiation, because, in some of the initiations, you get your teeth knocked out -- that'd already happened to me. My main initiation, if I was to be initiated, would just be a whole lot of stories that I'd have to learn.....

But in this day of modern technology, a lot of young fellows just ask: *What meaning are these stories -- they're not going to get you a job in Adelaide.* You can imagine -- your whole cosmology, your whole metaphysic, can just get shattered by a *motorcar*.....
R/S: So the motorcar brings the demise of ceremonial rites?
CM: Actually...the motorcar has led in most cases to an incredible *increase* in ceremonial action. Because before, in arid country, for a few hundred people to come together, when a whole tribe is occupying an area of land 100 miles by 100 miles, was a supreme effort. But now, with the motorcar, you can have more and bigger ceremonies than ever before!

The most important thing to black people is *social obligation.* Like, a fellow might work for quite a while, save up $1000 and go into Alice Springs and get ripped off for an old motorcar. He'll meet some relatives in town..and they'll try to get him to drive somewhere to visit other relatives. And there might be 13 people who want to come -- proper people who are *expected* to come along. Now...a white fellow would straightaway say, "We can't do this because we're gonna wreck the car." But not a black person -- the whole lot will come, and too bad if the car gets wrecked -- you think about your social obligation first and foremost....
R/S: What are some kinds of ceremonies?
CM: Well..there'll be *increase* ceremonies, for water and to make sure there's plenty of bush tucker. There are ceremonies connected with initiation, and ceremonies for departing a dead person's spirit. When somebody dies, you immediately leave the place where that person lived, and you set up what's called a SORRY CAMP...and the idea is that you don't speak that person's name. Anyone who has the same name as that person will be called *No Name.*

At one death ceremony when that person's spirit was being "exorcised", I had this feeling that -- it was so dark, about an hour before dawn -- in that sky there, so clearly lit by the stars -- I had this feeling of seeing all the spirits at once of all the animals and all the people that had run in that particular bit of country, and jesus! was it dense! everywhere, thousands of them! I didn't know what was going on, but I could see and feel all those silhouettes.....
R/S: Can you still migrate easily to Australia?
CM: I was at the Australian consul the other day and the phone was ringing nonstop! Because apparently a lot of people have been inquiring -- because of the draft! It's easier if you have a sponsor, or some sort of skill which is needed. But the best thing to do is just GO! and get lost in the bush!*

**later, Charles added that it's very difficult to get onto tribal lands, without a permit, and that you'll absolutely need a vehicle if you wish to survive.....*



ruby ray

Cave painting of a hunter

James Blood Ulmer

JAMES 'BLOOD' ULMER, guitarist, singer and President of American Revelation Music Production, was introduced to white youth society when P.I.L. chose him for co-billing at their New York debut. But he had already been playing around New York for ten years, in the company of Ornette Coleman, Oliver Lake and numerous other giants of American Black Music. Only recently have albums surfaced under his own name, with the potential hit single, ARE YOU GLAD TO BE IN AMERICA?, attracting media interest especially in the U.K.....

'BLOOD' was interviewed after he appeared at the STONE with Amin Ali on bass and Calvin Weston on drums. Here he talks.....(intv by vale)

JAMES BLOOD ULMER: I wonder where music came from?

RE/SEARCH: I think it might have been invented by women -- way back when, caring for their children

BLOOD: Oh? I wrote a song one time, *MAN MADE MUSIC FOR WOMAN TO TEACH HER SON* -- that's not exactly right, but it's close. *There's something happening there....Where's your grandfather from?*

R/S: Me? Japan.

BLOOD: I don't own but one grandfather -- lives in Pittsburgh, that's a steel town. People right in them steel mills -- boy they could play music. "Anywhere work is hard there's lots of music" -- oh, is that true?

R/S: If there isn't they're going to be killing each other --

BLOOD: Oh...yeah that's true..Think it's that strong?

R/S: They need the music to counterbalance all that fuckin' noise they're exposed to when they're working --

BLOOD: Oh yeah yeah yeah, that's true. That's true. 'Cause later, after *that* whole era stopped right there -- *of music through hard labor* -- it was then *music through vengeance.* Yeah, I think I play music out of *vengeance* -- I think so, but then -- *maybe you ain't supposed to do that, so that's why..lots of people think music ain't too cool.* But then, that's why I started playin music with HARMELODICS -- so music can have like a *law* too -- something that it don't ever leave, something that controls the whole *void*...a sound that it cannot change from... that makes the music seem like it has a law so everybody *got* to come under this sound....

Music has a *law of heredity* -- you have to have order...so if something fuck up, the whole thing won't fall down!

R/S: the mistakes are built in --

BLOOD: Yeah, yeah.

R/S: Ever hear music in your sleep?

BLOOD: Yeah..I mean I see it kind of visual-like..I take that back, I haven't dreamed about music. I don't know that I dream like I dream I know dissonance in my music. I had a dream I played at Carnegie Hall and they had red carpet on the floor -- when I got there the carpet wasn't red....I don't know, it just wasn't like the dream at all. In fact the sound was awful for guitar, but then I guess it was designed for a certain kind of music -- the engineers who built Carnegie Hall was thinkin about a different kind of music -- and wasn't making no allowances in the contract to play.... *high energy* music. I think it's an *acoustic* hall....

R/S: You've played outdoors -- it's a different feeling?

BLOOD: *Feelings* in music? -- *musicians have to deal with the instrument itself* -- whether you're outside or inside, it still ain't gonna help your fingers gather the information they need to execute what you have to do. That's why no *form* of existence helps an artist, only the *work* that you actually do -- there's no *pleasure spot* that you can *cool out* in -- you got to do everything BUT cool out. The best thing you can do is get alone in a room with your instrument and stay in there as long as possible until you get better *results,* right? But then, maybe you CAN establish something by doing that in a nice garden, practicing! You practice in a garden -- you might learn something!

Practicing in the sunlight -- I never did that stuff. I used to practice down on the boardwalk -- I used to think *that'd* do something -- to practice down by the water....

R/S: There's the negative ion theory -- being by the ocean is beneficial for you, it charges your body electrically

BLOOD: A musician friend of mine plays conga drum, he practices under the water.....Well, he's just got a bathtub full of water and he practices in it....

R/S: You never heard music in your dreams and then tried to play it?

BLOOD: No, you see I play music and practice all the time, go home, go to sleep....You dream about it, sometimes you sing a song, sometimes you start a song, sometimes you do lots of stuff but it's not necessarily.... You know, a musician shouldn't try to think about hearing too much music anyway. I mean -- *hearing music don't benefit you at all.* It might *seem* like it would -- but it don't benefit you to go and listen to *nobody* -- it just reminds you that you just have to keep practicing, that's all. UNLESS YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY WHAT *THEY* ARE PLAYING. *Then* it's time to listen to them and find out what they're doing and play.... but if you're not gonna try to duplicate what they done, it just don't do you no good! 'Cause you ain't gonna *see* nothing that is going to benefit you at all....

"...I DON'T WRITE NO SONG TALKING ABOUT SEX."

Unless you want to "HAVE FUN" -- then if you want to have fun you start listening to other music (ha ha -- *have fun!*)....but it don't do no good, man. If it did I would listen to everybody.....

YOU NEED TO LISTEN TO GET HOOKED, I guess. You know, I figure John Coltrane, Charlie Parker, Miles Davis and the rest of my friends really gave me a GOOD DOSE! If it was heroin I'd be dead! They really hooked me in good...make me think that the shit is *really real*...you can really do it. Outside of that, once you get hooked *-- you have to go for your SELF.* That is, unless you just wanna BE like somebody else -- lotsa people do, you know. They just buy lots of records, start listening to records and start playing what's on the records and..next they go and get the union card and start making gigs -- that's all you have to have, a union card and an instrument! YOU DON'T HAVE TO CREATE NOTHIN' -- you can get a record and copy a record and get about 10 songs down -- see, you'll be workin'...doin' interviews (laughs)...YOU'LL NEVER COME UP WITH NOTHIN' THAT WAY. I think the best thing to do is: if you're really trying to come up with, create some shit, you have to listen to less as soon as possible -- you just hope it's *comin' in* from somewhere else-- and not your neighbor! If you expect new music to come from your neighbor -- he might stop playing!

I'm never gonna write no song advertising nothing. It's hard to write, because I don't write no song talking about sex. *You have to expose some of the shit that is going on that people are NOT talking about.* But it's *hard* to get the stories to come out having the same POWER that you can talk about, say, *hotpants!*

R/S: One thing I like about music is, when it's really happening, it seems a *visual* element takes over...

BLOOD: Oh yes, that's what harmelodic music is, I think, especially diatonic harmelodic music -- a visual music. Like, jazz was more of a *mental* type music -- you go and listen to it, hang your head down and start thinking and listening hard, y'know, so you're using your mind. But then, diatonic harmelodic music is more visual where you can hear it and see shit going on around -- you don't have to sit at that table and go (head in hand, bass voice): "Yeahhh....." You can get up and move, you can walk to the back, you can walk to the front and -- it's *movable.* It's even a little different from dance music, 'cause dance music makes you do everything *correct* -- it's very correct, you have to have the right girl, she has to have on the right shit, you got to do the right dance -- it makes you erect -- to dance you have to be right on the groove. But diatonic harmelodic music -- what it means is, if you *don't* move, you can be your self. It is multi-directional. Because of the modulating sound.....

R/S: Is there something you want to do that you haven't done yet, with harmelodics?

BLOOD: Yeah! I mean it's going to be a long fight now -- the harmelodic fight's just started. Because you can't play it totally on the instrument -- NO instrument is designed to play everything you can think about. They don't have no instrument that can do that. You can think of lots of shit that you can't actually pull off on your tool! (laughs)

It's like *still being in bondage -- bondage of creativity!* You know the instrument is NOT going to do everything you think of. But then, that's why lots of musicians who take music seriously learn how to write -- you can write more stuff than you can play -- then take up another instrument, because each instrument can only do so much.

But harmelodically, at least you have more to deal with than with sticking to the regular western way of playing music. You at least get a chance to transpose the concert sounds into other sounds that are not "conducive" to the instrument -- meaning that if you play one instrument, you might not sound like that instrument -- it may sound like something else. But -- you got to deal with the instrument and the music at the same time, meaning that you really have to learn the instrument if you gonna really play, otherwise -- the *instrument's* gonna pull so much stuff on you, that if you don't find out what it's gonna do to you (laughs), you'll be like walking in to another man's house -- you won't know what the fuck is going on.

Some guy hands you an instrument made by GIBSON -- *Gibson?* Well, it ain't from the Lord! Gibson sent it to you. If you don't find out what Gibson laid down there for you, then you better be careful. So..that's what I did: try to find out everything about that muthafucker, string by string -- what the note was,where it was going to -- height of the sound, everything. String by string, two notes at a time, 3 notes at a time, 4 notes at a time -- on and on, the *works* -- so you can find out what all that shit *DO.* Then you start transposing *that.* Then you come out with ANOTHER SOUND -- at least you're going to deal with it more FREELY, you know. YOU MAY BE IN BONDAGE BUT IF YOU'RE *FREE* IN BONDAGE, IT'S BETTER THAN *BEING IN BONDAGE, IN BONDAGE!*

I learned that shit from COLEMAN -- he said, "I got some news for you: NEVER PLAY ANYTHING YOU THINK OF NEXT..."

Harmelodics -- it's a way of life. I look at art as being a *natural resource* that will enable people to survive on a NORMAL level -- not one person, not just a guitar player, but -- the whole thing, capable of supporting a lot of people dealing with each other. I can use it to make a living but -- what I'm trying to say man is: *I really feel bad that (I know I play the guitar; the money that I make playing the guitar I'm allowed to keep...I'm allowed to put a song under my name, make sure that I get the money)...but I know that I was brought up in a house with 5 brothers and 3 sisters, and I know they had just as much to do with this music as me. If it wasn't for them -- even though they didn't play it -- they OWN it, they are the reasons for it happening!*

Harmelodic music is also a way to get people to REMEMBER -- you can be listening to music and all of a sudden think of something from *way* back -- when you *feel* it, that means you have some *connection* to it....

R/S: Do you believe in past lives?

BLOOD: I've heard people talk about that but I ain't never really felt that, I ain't *really* felt that. The closest thing to that -- a week or so ago, I dreamt that I was flying, flying around -- could just leap up and fly at shoulder-length of a walking person, talking to him -- and it seemed like it was something that was *happening,* it seemed like I could *really do it*...and if it was, it must have been in a past life, because I tried it the next morning and nothing happened! That's the only dream that ever made me think about a past life -- I know why... because all the baptist church makes you think of is the future -- about what is going to happen when your ass is dead.....

R/S: You're living right where you want to be, in New York City?

BLOOD: I haven't even thought about it that way -- I don't see how you can *know.* I'm just there and I've been there for 10 years and...I don't feel *settled,* I don't feel like *home,* you know what I mean? But that's the way the town is, though -- the moment anybody starts feeling at home in New York City, he's gonna be, *far out (laughs)*

R/S: -- or dead, or --

BLOOD: Unless he was born there. Where I'm living I got a studio where I can rehearse musicians, a place to stay, we got records out there, we got a name -- I still don't feel like home. If you're hustling to try to get some stuff together, it's probably a good place -- you'll find out that you can't lay behind, you gotta really work hard, because *someone's* going to PUT YOU TO THE TEST...to see if you did your homework.

R/S: A lot of jazz musicians moved to Europe and seemed to like it more --

BLOOD: I don't see how, though. I couldn't live in Europe. It's foreign to me! *Foreign.....*

PARTIAL DISCOGRAPHY

TALES OF CAPTAIN BLACK w/Ornette & Denardo Coleman. 1978, Artists House.

ARE YOU GLAD TO BE IN AMERICA? LP and 45, 1980, Rough Trade Records

NO WAVE. 1980, Moers Music (German LP)

A "popular" government cannot defend the revolution because it has to defend itself *from* the revolution...

photo: shepard powell

Diane 1981

Diane has been 'cool' since the 1950's. Her first book of poems, THIS KIND OF BIRD FLIES BACKWARDS, was published in 1958. Her association with her peers, the 'Beats' and later key figures and movements of the 60's and 70's have resulted in a varied volume of work reflecting her individual experiences. The following is based on a recent interview by Enrico Chandoha with additional information from Raul Santiago Sebazco of the N.Y.Poets' Theater Ensemble. Bret Rohmer, artist, sat in.....

DIANE DI PRIMA

(MEMOIRS OF A BEATNIK)

"There Was a Depth of Passion to the NOT Stating It That Was Very Intense'..."

GRANDFATHER

When I was 4 years old my grandfather and I found ourselves in a park in the Bronx -- we had sneaked out without the rest of the family knowing, because he was going to make a political speech to the people in the park. He was an old anarchist and had been friends with Emma Goldman as well as Carlo Tresca before Tresca got killed by the Mafia. So, I went with him to this park, and was listening to him make a speech about love, and above the stars were shining (you never went out when you were a child back then -- they didn't let you) and I remember I idly pulled some leaves off a tree. He came up to me..pulled my hair, saying, "That's what the tree feels like when you do that to the tree...."

Another time my grandfather told me, "When you get older you're going to look at the sky and you're going to wonder how everything got here..and then you will study like I studied and you'll suffer like I suffered...and at the end you'll have nothing." I remember I felt very sorry for him -- I wanted to tell him to be happy, that it was going to be OK! Also, he showed me a copy of DANTE -- it was very worn out...he said it had traveled all around the world...and in my mind I saw the housewives in the Bronx leaning out of tall buildings and passing it to the next window...and this one copy had gone around the world that way.

NIGHTMARE 8

Then I was standing in line unemployment green institution green room green people slow shuffle. Then to the man ahead said clerk-behind-desk, folding papers bored & sticking on seals.

Here are your twenty reasons for living sir.

Diane - 1954. Photo: Gloria Pages

10

SO BABE
WHO SEZ
IT'S COOL
TO CUT
JUST CAUSE
THE HOUSE BURNED DOWN?

COOL

Somewhere along the line I made an important decision. I decided to have a baby. I didn't want to live with any man, I didn't want a one-to-one relationship..but my body wanted a baby..I was 22. I asked Freddie Herko if he wanted a baby -- he didn't. He was my first choice. I had 6 or 7 lovers and what happened then was I made a semi-conscious choice. The man I chose was a man I had been in love with 6 years before. He was in town only occasionally and studying at Johns Hopkins at the time..He was still an exciting person to me. I didn't intend to get pregnant that day but I did. I didn't tell him I was pregnant until the baby was 3 months old -- then I wrote him a Christmas card that said, "By the way, you have a daughter in New York, come and see us sometime." We were all into being very cool back then, you know.

Cool was when you understated your feelings. You had a lot of feeling but you just didn't state it..and nobody stated theirs. Thus you built up this tension of all the *unstated*. It wasn't anger, but a web of interplay; things that you would say full out now, would then be stated in a small gesture -- a little phrase or act would say the whole thing.

Why did Cool come about? I don't know -- I guess it was the fashion. It was maybe a reaction to the oversentimentality of our parents' generation -- the soap operas, Frank Sinatra...So the jazz was cool, we were cool, everybody was cool, and if you were cool that meant that you gave everybody more space, sort of. But come to think of it, you didn't really..because no one knew for sure where they stood, so finally, they didn't have any space at all. We just *thought* we were giving each other more space. For example, LeRoi (Amiri Baraka) and I were together for three years and I think we used the word "love" only once or twice. You see, there was a depth of passion to the NOT stating it that was very intense.....

NIGHTMARE 9

Keep moving said the cop. The park closes at nine keep moving dammit. God damn thing you think you own the park.

Not talking huh not going noplace? We'll see. Send you up for observation a week of shock will do you good I bet.

And he blew his whistle.

Whereupon white car pulled up, white attendants who set about their job without emotion. It wasnt the first time they'd seen a catatonic tree.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT 1962-3-4

At a quarter to midnight on Wednesday night, I would open my house. Anybody could come upstairs. At midnight we threw the I CHING, then we read one of the Milarepa stories. Then people would read -- not like a poetry reading; they would read things they loved. There was an anarchist sandalmaker on the next block. She would read Kropotkin. Freddie Herko would bring nursery rhymes -- he thought Milarepa was a mad egotist. Some nights there would be huge crowds -- I'd never meet the people and I never asked them how they were. We didn't serve refreshments and when the evening was over they would disappear into the night. Brion Gysin used to come up and I thought he hated those nights, I couldn't figure out why he came -- because he would stand there very fastidiously holding his gloves in his hands, dressed in his beautiful tweed overcoat. He wouldn't sit down. I thought, "He's putting down my house -- he's afraid of getting dirty." Years later, 2 or 3 years ago, I saw him in Paris. He's old now and has been very sick. He said, "I have to tell you -- in the early 60's -- the most important thing going on for me in New York was coming up to your house on Wednesday nights. I wanted to tell you how much that meant to me." I told him I thought he hated my dirty house. He got very sad and said, "What a snob I must have been to give you such an impression. I'm really sorry. I was just shy and didn't know how to communicate."

BURROUGHS

William Burroughs, when he returned to the public eye, did his first reading at our theater (the New Bowery Theater). He wanted THE LAST WORDS OF DUTCH SCHULTZ in everybody's hands at least by the end of the evening, so I stayed at the house and mimeographed and collated them, so we could hand them out as they were leaving. I don't think he read much at that reading -- he stood on the stage and turned on his tape machine. That's what I heard tell.

You say you believe in the necessity of religion. Be sincere! You believe in the necessity of the police! -- Nietzsche

ON CHANCE PLAYS

I should say that maybe one of the big starting places for me on that (writing chance plays) was going to a class with Jimmy Waring at the Living Theater in 1959, a class in composition. What he was really teaching was chance techniques -- different ways of playing with the dice, different ways of cutting up your work. He was teaching how to get rid of the critic in yourself while you were working. One of the ways to go about that...was to suspend all judgment and become a receiver. It's not news now but it was a lot of news in the '50's because there was a lot..about *control* and *shaping the work* -- all that.

From this came *cut-up plays* -- literally cutting up books (and things) and making the piece. I'll describe the structure of my play, MURDER CAKE. First, I picked at random 6 characters (ones I liked, or symbolic). Then I picked 6 books by women writers -- Jane Austen, and so on, and piled them up on my desk. Then, with dice, assigning one number per character, I determined in what order the characters would speak. With the dice I'd then determine how long each speech would be in numbers of lines. So..the first one came out *Richard Lovelace* and the speech came out *8 lines long*. So, I'd leave 8 spaces and then write down the next name that came up on the dice, and how long that speech was to be. When I had this kind of structure, I would determine with the dice which book I was going to open, and plunk my finger on the page and take the next line..and write the line down the side of the page, one word beginning each line. And so I had this skeleton with the name of a character, and a bunch of words down the (left hand) side of the page. When this structure was all set down, I began to write. Each line would have to connect to the first word of the next line and so on. It put me into some kind of thing where I had control but didn't have control....

Q: How were your plays performed?
A: When I write plays, I write words and have names for characters. I never write a stage direction, I have no idea of the story -- if there is a story. MURDER CAKE was performed as a tea party in which everyone got separately enlightened -- that's how Jimmy Waring interpreted it. It was also performed as a motorcycle gathering another time. It's up to the director as to the interpretation.

To me a play is visual, like movement in a story -- that's what a director gets to play with. I get to give them words to say. They don't necessarily have to overlap. I did a dance opera with James Waring and a composer named John Herbert McDowell (he did the music for early DiPalma productions). John made music, Jimmy made dance and I made words. We didn't put them together until the night before dress rehearsal. Everybody wanted to know how everything would fit. I said, "Well, I have the times, I know how long this thing is supposed to be -- what else do I need to know?"

NIGHTMARE 12

I went to the clinic. I twisted my foot I said.

Whats your name they said and age and how much do you make and whos your family dentist.

I told them and they told me to wait and I waited and they said come inside and I did.

Open your eye said the doctor you have something in it.

I hurt my foot I said.

Open your eye he said and I did and he took out the eyeball and washed it in a basin.

There he said and put it back that feels better doesnt it.

I guess so I said. Its all black I dont know. I hurt my foot I said.

Would you mind blinking he said one of your eyelashes is loose.

I think I said theres something the matter with my foot.

O he said. Perhaps you're right. I'll cut it off.

"People Would Get Arrested For Bicycling Without I.D.!"

MILLBROOK

The house is a 64-room mansion on 10 square miles of land. It was a good place to learn to trip. It was owned by the Hitchcock family which is part of the Mellon money. Billy and Peggy Hitchcock..let Tim (Leary) do his thing in it. Billy had been a student of Tim's at Harvard. *They* kept what they called the *bungalow* to stay in -- it was kind of like a small version of the Metropolitan Museum of Art with about a million dollars worth of copper for the roof. (At that point Peggy was running around with Charlie Mingus -- I always suspected that famous Mingus piece, "Peggy's Blue Skylight" to have been for P.H. He used to come up to Millbrook.)

It was Tim's idea to fill the place up with creative people, turn them loose on as much acid as possible, and see what happened. He wanted a place where nobody worked..and would go out on lecture tours, etc. to support this place. He wanted to see what would happen if we all sort of pressure-cooked creatively in an isolated environment with no pressing cares, and tripped every 5 days or so, collectively or separately. It was just about the only requirement if you were part of the community....

I had found a brochure which said, If you want to come out (to Millbrook), write and summarize your background. I wrote a formal letter summarizing my background, and got this note back from Tim that said, *Come on, Diane. Take another trip and then re-read that letter. And then -- Come on, Diane!* About a year later I decided I was going to move there.

Tim was into making sure you had what you thought you needed. You might express the mildest wish that maybe you might like to watercolor. Next day you'd find watercolors in your room. And he would have no hesitation in evicting a whole family from a beautiful set of rooms and putting in an excellent artist. There was great turmoil in the commune because of that democracy and all that...and Tim's saying, *No, I'm just interested in the creative....*

It wasn't at all like what the media turned it into later. It was amazing. Of course we weren't protected from everything like we thought we'd be. The heat was right outside the grounds. As long as you were on the grounds you were fine. Like, people would get arrested for bicycling without ID! If you picked up the phone you could hear people who were supposed to be bugging your phone just talking to each other. It was nuts. For a long time I was keeper of the bail money -- I slept with a wad of cash under my pillow because any hour of the night someone would knock and ask for ___ amount to get ___ out of jail.

20

no babe
we'd never
swing together but
the syncopation
would be something wild

PHOENIX BOOKSTORE

I worked at the Phoenix Bookstore from, like, '60-'62. You couldn't get books -- the obscenity laws were very strong. We would receive packages of Olympia Press books by Jean Genet, Henry Miller and William Burroughs wrapped in brown paper, sent from Paris to Turkey, and from Turkey to us, with the return address of a Turkish Christian funeral home. We would receive them at somebody or other's house so that it would seem like they were ashes being returned to this country. *It was the only way to get these books!*

Since you were already over the line just by *selling* Jean Genet, everything else went on in the back of the bookstore too. Alexander Trocchi hid out there and shot up.....

MURDER CAKE 1964 photo:will mott

NIGHTMARE 13

It hurts to be murdered.

JIM DINE

I lived in a house on Cooper Square from '63-'65. It was a 2-story house, $46 a month with 2 fireplaces -- you had to put in your own heat. I had to pay expensive key money, it was $1000. I gave something that's probably now worth many many thousands -- the only piece that was left from Jim Dine's first show. After the show (at the Reuben Gallery) he took all the pieces apart as he had no room for them. It was a collage, kind of -- a double bed boxspring as the base with cloth dipped in plaster of paris stuck onto it and molded into masks and faces. It had wonderful stash places. It was where I used to hide my cocaine, when it cost $50 a spoon from Harlem. It took you a week to get it -- you made the negotiation and about a week later the coke showed up, and *god was it pure.....*

Some books by Diane Di Prima
DINNERS AND NIGHTMARES
SELECTED POEMS OF .....
LOBA

miscellaneous quotes from DINNERS & NIGHTMARES

LUIGI RUSSOLO: THE ART OF NOISES, 1913 (excerpts)

...With the invention of the machine, NOISE was born. Today, Noise triumphs and reigns supreme over the sensibility of men...The machine today has created such a variety and rivalry of noises that pure sound, in its exiguity and monotony, no longer arouses any feeling...Noise, however, reaching us in a confused and irregular way from the irregular confusion of our life, never entirely reveals itself to us, and keeps innumerable surprises in reserve. We are therefore certain that by selecting, coordinating and dominating all noises we will enrich men with a new and unexpected sensual pleasure.

Although it is characteristic of noise to recall us brutally to real life, THE ART OF NOISE MUST NOT LIMIT ITSELF TO IMITATIVE REPRODUCTION. It will achieve its most emotive power in the acoustic enjoyment, in its own right, that the artist's inspiration will extract from combined noises.

Here are the 6 families of noises of the Futurist orchestra which we will soon set in motion mechanically:

1	2	3	4	5	6
Rumbles	Whistles	Whispers	Screeches	Noises	Voices of animals
Roars	Hisses	Murmurs	Creaks	obtained by	and men: Shouts
Explosions	Snorts	Mumbles	Rustles	percussion on	Screams
Crashes		Grumbles	Buzzes	metal, wood,	Groans
Splashes		Gurgles	Crackles	skin, stone,	Shrieks
Booms			Scrapes	terracotta,	Howls
				etc.	Laughs
					Wheezes
					Sobs

...We therefore invite young musicians of talent to conduct a sustained observation of all noises...This will afford not only an understanding, but also a taste and passion for noises...

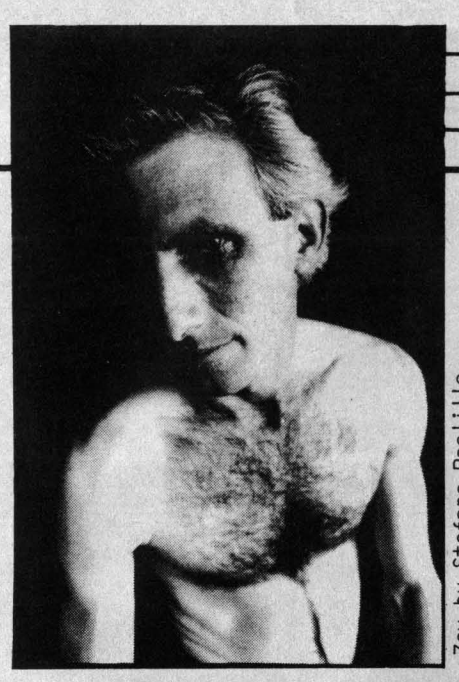
ZEV photo by Paula Court

SYMBOLS ARE THE LIVING FORM OF A LAW -- REVEALING THE INVISIBLE BY MEANS OF THE VISIBLE
-- Isha Schwaller de Lubicz

PERFORMANCES, etc.

Zev geboren, als Stefan Weissen, in Los Angeles
1965/69 drummer van de band Ariel, California
1969 studie in etnische muziek
1970 studie bij de dichter Emmet Williams
1974 radio-producer voor tape komposities
1975 optredens in het Museum of Conceptual Art, San Francisco
1976 optredens met Will Jackson, synthesicer
1977 eerste optredens met acoustische eigen gemaakte instrumenten
1978 acht performances in diverse lokaties onder de grond
1978 verandert zijn naam in Zev
1979 werkt met Joanna Went aan zijn Zev slagwerk
1980 optredens in Japan, Europa en in The Kitchen, New York
1980 lid van de Engelse punk/rock and roll groep Bauhaus
November 1980 eerste optredens in Nederland (Vlissingen, Eindhoven)

Jeugd en Muziek Zeeland November 1980



Zev by Stefano Paolillo

ZEV

ZEV: percussionist with found/assembled kinetic sculptures -- metal and plastic tubes, tubs, pans, bottles, sheets, springs, strung together or not, hurtled around the stage, beat upon with mallets or sticks...but orchestrated for contrasts and crescendos of rhythmic noises, in an athletic/dance feat dangerous to performer and audience (performer must wear knee and elbow pads).

ZEV started out in 1978 playing countless 15-minute sets at the Mabuhay in San Francisco and getting nowhere. A turning point came in 1979 when he risked all for an East Coast tour and received serious recognition at last. In 1980 ZEV did 81 shows throughout the USA and toured the U.K., Holland, Belgium and Germany with BAUHAUS.

In 1981 ZEV went to England for just one date with THROBBING GRISTLE, CABARET VOLTAIRE, NON and CLOCK DVA (some concert!). Videotapes & records are scheduled for release by Fetish Records, Lust/Unlust and Subterranean.

ZEV (who's also known as Yoel, Shaoul, Uns, Raks Works, GDG, and Stefan Weisser) was interviewed in his Oakland studio which was filled with books, records, odd machines, tools, original rhythm instruments, masks, posters, ethnic artifacts, rocks, magical candles, incenses, old phonographs, and an incredible 15-year-old cat.....

(Intv by Andrea Juno & Vale)

ZEV: It's funny -- I'll be talking to people about JOHN CAGE, in terms of noise being considered sound or noise considered as music when -- in 1913 THE ART OF NOISE was written, 50 years before....That's from THE FUTURIST MANIFESTOS which is *required reading* for anyone doing anything aesthetically. THE DADA PAINTERS AND POETS book also (Robert Motherwell). Everyone universally talks about the cut-up method being developed by BURROUGHS and GYSIN, but TZARA -- I think it was around that same time, 1912, made a manifesto that was a recipe for that -- basically, take a newspaper, cut up all the words, drop them in a hat, pull them out and there's your poem. At least 40 years before Burroughs....

R/S: Well, Burroughs and Gysin extended and applied the cut-up idea--

ZEV: along with Ian Sommerville. I had the first printing, the Paris edition of THE EXTERMINATOR which was a work Burroughs & Gysin did together, and in the back were Gysin's cut-up or rather, permutation pieces -- I gave it to Monte (Cazazza, who later used a Gysin cut-up on his EP, SOMETHING FOR NOBODY). It talks about permutations and computers but the only time you need a computer (pauses, puts a book on the table) is when you do *that*.

That was a piece I did in 1974: BOOK OF LOVE BEING WRITTEN AS THEY TOUCHED. 8 words produce 40,320 permutations! (here's how to figure out permutations: if it's 3 words, it's 1x2x3, if it's 4 words it's 1x2x3x4...etc.) Without a computer, when you're sitting there doing it, it produces an unbelievable trance. I did 3 performances with it, but it's never been done all the way through, you'd have to have a computer with a voice. In fact, that's what I wanted -- some museum could set it up in a little courtyard, use a man's voice and a woman's voice, and the piece could last 150 years or something like that -- you could see it as a little kid and go see it throughout your life and it would always be changing and never finish!

R/S: Forcing Big Brother to speak poetry.

ZEV: Close. A matter of reprograming....Anyway, doing this book eventually led me to the Qabalah. All that word means is *traditions* -- oral teachings.

R/S: But Qabalah also refers to the original significances of numbers, occult and elemental essences, the reduction of the universe to ten elemental forces --

ZEV: The ten spheres...but even those spheres have names, and the names are made up of letters, and the *letters* are basically symbols, with their names which are combinations of elements, so it's this -- endless, endless reflecting, back to a mirror which is ultimately the original process of creation, so far back that it ultimately resolves to that which was "the wisdom of the ancients."

(a lengthy discussion of the Qabalah follows with many references to books Zev pulls down from his large library.)

R/S: So...*poetry* led you to study Babylonian characters?

ZEV: Through poetry I started getting into a certain field: the permutations of sentences, and then the permutations of the words themselves, experimenting with certain automatic systems for generating content..and at some point I started discovering the *antecedents* for all this, in Babylonian.

So I started working on *this* -- what it is, is a dictionary of the *roots* -- you could use it to determine meanings of permutations, *relationships* with the Babylonian characters. Also this dictionary is arranged *numerologically*....

So -- each letter has a name, and a root that reflects back that letter..a numerological significance, and then the basic correspondences -- the tarot card, the note, what power it is, what color it is, etc.

R/S: You've read Crowley's book of correspondances (777) --

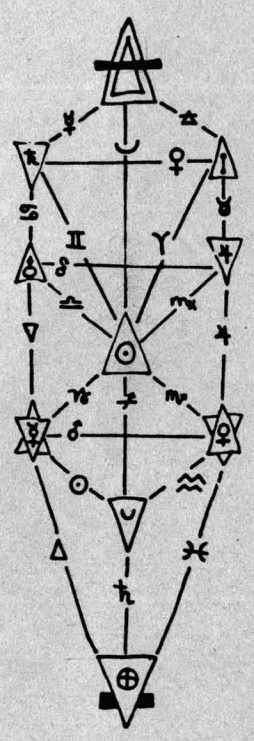
ZEV: Crowley was releasing tremendous amounts of occult information (around the time of the Golden Dawn, the Veil of Isis, etc.) when everybody was being very protective and very elitist with it. He was very much against that. He was releasing it to the public -- but you have to put in certain safeguards. There was a point where Crowley cultivated his image as "the world's most evil man" so that people who felt the occult *was* evil wouldn't become involved. Then, later in his life, in India he was practicing over his head and he got attached by a spirit (he wasn't well protected) and that's why he ended up dying senile. His life force was just eaten up by this sudden bizarre astral entity. It wasn't a *possession* -- an *attachment* is: an astral entity attaches itself to you and just feeds off of you..pulls out your life source....

R/S: Do you think magic can activate your life source?

ZEV: People are so *material* these days -- they don't even want to think there's *energies*. Yet energies turn into thought forms -- when energy first enters your ear, the first place it goes is the memory, activating your memory before it even gets to your hearing center in your brain...What magic's about is *evolution -- evolving your soul*, and, *knowing when everything is RIGHT, and being able to adequately protect yourself*.....

EXCERPT FROM A WORK IN PROGRESS/A DICTIONARY OF BABYLONIAN CHARACTERS*

Delirium transport
Wolf eyes in darkness
Soften/become tender
Keep silence
Joy and hilarity
Movement without effort or noise/vulture
Tool/marriage certificate
Violent inclinations
Desire to see something appear
To centralize/Concentric movement
Faculty of willing/The will (as I)
Giving a principle
Moral doubt
Union of affinities
Influential & sympathetic Reason of things
Justice rendered
Profound meditation
Splitting a hard thing
Sudden terror/dread
Fascinating the eyes/related to fire
Material annihilation/secret of initiates
Perplexity/seeking to know/bow
Effort made by young animals to open their eyes
Sounds from closed jaws
Turning the face/part-face phase/countenance
Actual time/witness
Reduce to powder by fire
Command with arrogance
Divine inspiration/bark of dog/prophecy
Good humor/clapping of hands
Power/retaining one's breath
Conceive in the abstract
Oppose resistance
Painful sensation
Shudder/terror/shock
To pity/silent/secret action
Fear of future
Bodily pleasure for nourishment
Exterior ornament/assumed power
Movement given in order to concentrate
Corrupted through pleasure



*This excerpt omits the actual characters themselves

/tarot cards associated/numerological values/other correspondences

intrinsic to the Babylonian way of symbolic communication

In the Western tradition of MYSTICAL EROTOMANIA, a young woman named SÉDA (anagram of SADE) has written her first book, PUBLIQUE (published by Editions Luneau Ascot). It's recently aroused a bit of controversy in Paris -- Jean Jacques Lebel sent it to us with an introduction. Here is the first chapter, translated by Nico Ordway.....

Séda

He opens me up to excess, his mouth says he's going to come, frenzy makes its leap into nothingness, never-ending.

I thought that, through lace, making love was access to metal. Blade, flame, steel, seeing his prick I thought it was a sword. Between the frills and starched cuffs of books and the fencing academies of my childhood, d'Artagnan would appear.

Yes I admit it. From between the lover's arms there must come a series of shining figures made of intersecting lines, a geometry whose stabbing discharges in my cunt, like the tingling in my fingertips and lightning piercing a tall, slender bell-tower...

The lover's love must make me metallic, assuring that the sparks produced in my flesh be something like the air when it hisses, cut by a sword fading with its own motion, leaving suspended an impalpable metallic pollen, refining itself -- what vibrations, mists, beads of sweat hang like a halo around the thing that cleaves so deep.

Just as the prostitute expects access to the street from the pimp; from the lover one anticipates access to the multipliable brilliances of steel.

The lover, unlike the pimp, has prior attainments; he plays poker, he knows the suburbs, his glance is cutting, his manual dexterity -- ringed, gloved -- is yet reserved for quickly-hidden gestures, cutting cards, throwing off armor, or the brief half-turn of the wrist introducing the key into an equally armored door.

Every time I take my rings off my fingers for the evening and leave them on the table, I know these bits of filth will shine, will still be there when I no longer have fingers. Futile? Embellishing the shortness of my hands before adorning others, unfaithful, they are as long as Death.

To vomit standing up, parallel to the tree trunk to which your arm binds you, against which they scintillate, with knowledge of the black interior demeanor that waits the length of the pavement behind you..from which musical and political conversation escapes.

The passion of being nothing but a woman and a mortal, is to thread my hosts in the circles of rings, a bezel clawing the diamond it sets off, which I measure every day.

I strangle nothing. I animate my famines. Let the cocks stand erect. I prop up the earth on its void. I break the pedestals of statues which disappear in bursts of milky white.

These desire for metallization, these aspirations to another kingdom, I flaunt with shining badges, covering myself with silver, pearls, diamonds, with an unknowing care, seeing them as tokens and talismans offered to the lover.

He opens me up to excess, his mouth says he's going to come, frenzy makes its leap into nothingness, never-ending.

This was the lover.

Every lover, however beautiful his hands, however happy the joy he gives in presenting you with the femininely supernatural erection of the metal of this prick standing straight up for and in front of you, is equally a man; somewhere inside him, far from his prick and his hands, somewhere in his guts or between his shoulderblades, there is a man. The kind of man who hangs out at sports events, who has nightmares, who has courteous relations with the janitor and the garage mechanic, who has a credit card, who hates his mother: a man afraid of growing old like a woman.

And he doesn't show it.

In my lover, man is not my brother.

To those who were my brothers, sons, fathers, go my affection, my indulgence. Earthy, like them.

But under the sky of a hotel bed; before the altar under the dome; on track under the canvas circus tent, other adventures are promised to us, other festivals are called and celebrated.

From the lover, as from the trapeze artist or the saint, no break is tolerated through which the man would reappear. Engaged in these vocations one must be considered perfectible and uniquely perfectible. The laws of the burlesque show are the same as those of the convent.

The anger of Woman, like that of god or of the public, never sleeps, and knows no pity. And behind this anger, its sanction, coldness, laughter, applause, tomatoes and rotten eggs are waiting, desiring to be thrown.

With airs of outraged innocence if one catches them, laughing up their sleeve at missteps, Machiavellian, they lay their traps.

Heroic the man who tries the paths leading to them.

Woman, God and the Public are by nature difficult.

It is the man they detest in the lover, the saint, the trapeze artist.

The lover offers fireworks for the flesh of Woman, like the saint for the boredom of God, like the acrobat for the vacuity of the Public. And we all have need of distraction in a world built by men.

Which is why we tolerate no reappearance of the man in these figures.

It's time for me to expose my rage which earlier was guilty and contained.

So that never again, after the work of seducing me, will one come to complain of my indifference and my contempt for everything in the lover that is not its own, and which is the reappearance of the man.

That state, after only too easily believing that I had to feel guilty, would be forever demanded by me.

I thought that with the steel and its exploits, the carnal condition would be transfigured by lightning, bringing forth a pride in being the place.

Let nobody tell me I magnify the role of the lover: I only fuck because of that, only that. And that alone, transcends me.

My intransigence is reserved for my lover.

It is only in being filled up with come that the Woman becomes insatiable. The curtain calls of a delighted public, remind me of it.

Their demands and their insults are the standard against which the lover and the acrobat measure the distance separating them from the man.

I know no other drama.

There is, in the subway, near the Trocadero metro station, an old woman standing up, thin, emaciated, leaning against the white and tiled angle of two walls, begging. Her hand is not stuck out, only the way she holds it, with the palm upward, indicates that she is waiting for something. Her glance is directed toward the ground. The thing that, each time I pass by her, attracts my glance (like that of other passersby) to this wan silhouette, is this *absence*, sucking from inside the features of this face left without expression, to the point of allowing no more than a hint of the bone structure under the skin that covers it.

Her poverty is obvious and dignified. Her clothes, secondhand and proper, don't fit her. Her white hair is arranged in a flat bun. One imagines a past life, work as a domestic in the better quarters, bourgeois work days, the fingers now benumbed, no longer capable of using a needle that the veiled eyes no longer guide -- the choice of a place, the metro station, makes one think so.

When I saw her again in a post office, sitting down, her basket on her knees, with a shudder I understood what I saw: with the same boredom as when, standing up unostentatiously she begged, she opens a bag, then a second, then a third, from which, badly folded, loose, pour batches of French paper money.

It is between these two sides of herself placed in the perspective of Fortune -- standing up, suggesting poverty while begging, and, seated holding on to a power that castrates itself in order to remain incognito, in order not to give away the first secret -- that, reclining at the summit between lies and truth, substituting Love for Fortune, I desire to see the *Plague of Pleasure*.

Was the Virgin virgin? Yes. We are all virgins for the lover whose responsibility includes the magnificence of our screwing even in his holy dwelling....

Séda's hymen is still intact.

"My dance has been deeply motivated by my fascination for the incurably insane young dancer in THE SNAKE PIT (a nightmarish ward for the hopelessly deranged in a state mental hospital):
"And the dancer danced all day long...eccentricity that captured your attention at first became deadly monotonous and the dancer never stopped dancing..."
"Unconscious habitual forms of movements intrigue me -- I am fascinated by tedious repetition -- epileptic seizures, nervous tics, scratching, uncontrollable shudders & shivers, bizarre pedestrian patterns -- unique, unusual qualities of commonplace movements."
"A phenomenal dancing mania developed in Europe during the Black Death plague, presumably due to a massive social nervous-mental disorder which took the form of a demoniacal dancing epidemic -- the miserable populations, unable to cope with the incredible pestilence, danced dementedly in the streets."
-- Kimberly Rae, po box 977, berkeley ca 94704.

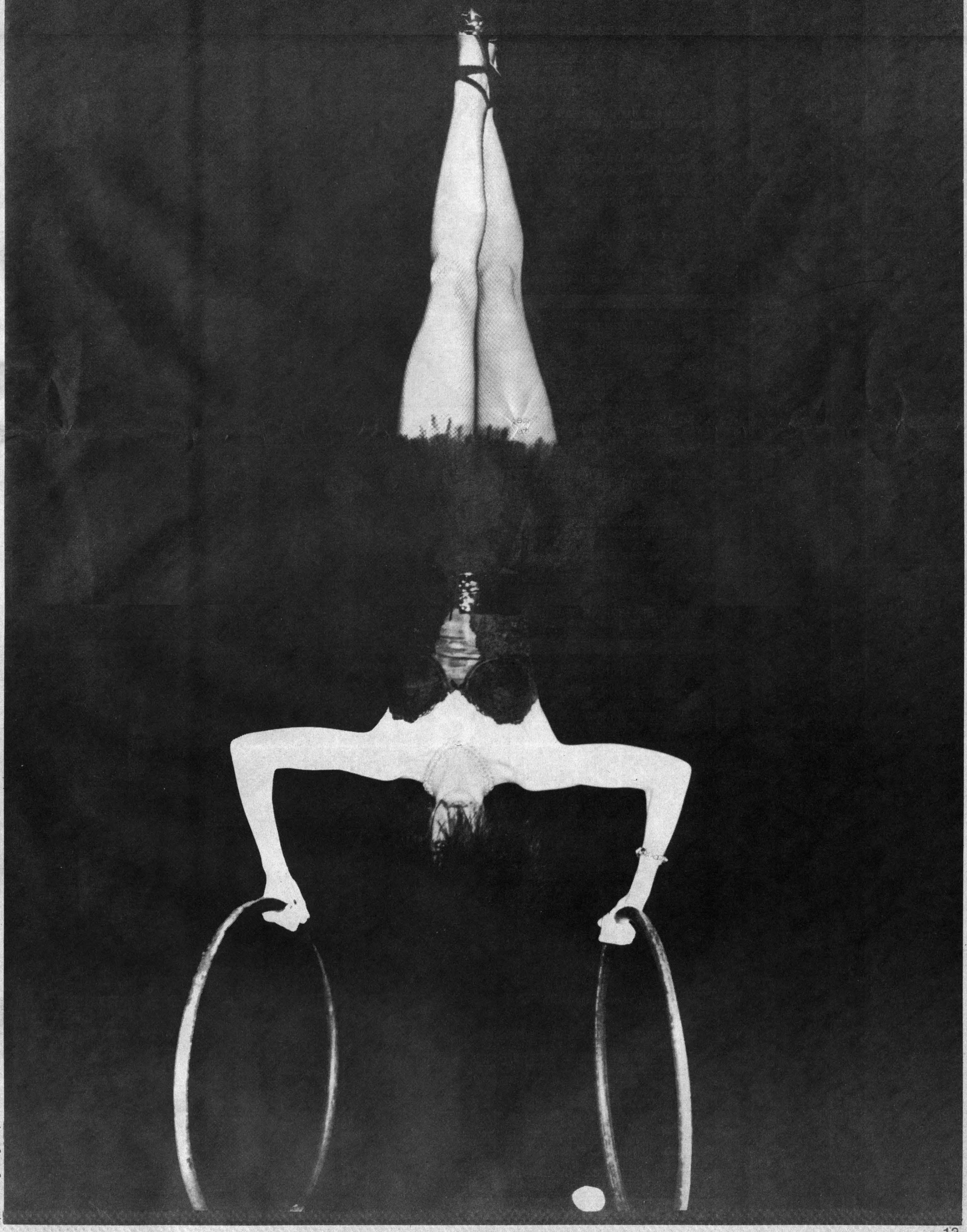


photo: jim jocoy

700→

O'FARRELL ST. FUNNIES

By Phoebe Gloeckner ©1981

I AM UNEMPLOYED. I NEVER LOOK FOR JOBS. I WALK AROUND THE TENDERLOIN ALL DAY AND SILENTLY RELATE TO THE SCUM OF THE EARTH.

WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO? I CAN'T DO ANYTHING PRODUCTIVE UNLESS I'M DEPRESSED! AND I'VE BEEN ECSTATICALLY HAPPY FOR THE LAST 3 WKS.!!

THERE ARE ALL SORTS OF THINGS TO LOOK AT IN THE TENDERLOIN- ROMPING FAGGOTS, BUMS, CUTE ETHNIC CHILDREN.....

WHEN I'VE GOT THE BUCKS, I HANG OUT AT THE *SOUND OF MUSIC*, A PISS-SMELLING ENTERTAINMENT HALL CROWDED WITH JADED WHITE BRATS....

SENSELESS TERRITORIAL SQUABBLES ADD VITALITY TO OTHERWISE DULL EVENINGS...

AND SOCIALIZING IN THE LADIES' ROOM IS A POPULAR PASTIME IN ANY CLUB...

DEDICATED TO LITTLE LISE CHENEY

May The Sound of Music continue to be fast and loud.....

Effluvium

Gordon, who just turned 17 and was in San Francisco's Pop Tarts (1978) lives with Anthony who is in the WOUNDZ. Here are a few dreams from her dream notebook.....

I'm in an institution. There is a machine there called a MOOD REGULATOR which is turned down to Zero, making me psychotic and in constant terror. The mood regulator was operated by my best friend, who would show me handfuls of nails and tell me they were going to nail me up on a cross. Sitting at the lunch table in the institution, I turned to the woman next to me for advice on how to escape; she had three eyes.... I'm living in a building that looks like the Parthenon -- it's the controlling building of the world. A huge map of the world is laid out on special paper that works like capgun paper -- if pressure is applied to certain points it destroys the actual place it represents. The world had become a police state filled with viruses and I knew it was my duty to destroy it. I struggled for a long time with some person on the Other Side, the Chief of Police (?)...throwing gold scissors on the paper, then got rid of the person and started destroying the world. Alarms went off and my mom woke me up... A preacher was telling me how the world would end, how we would all be judged: by the over-proliferation of animals such as pigs and sheep. They'd grow from little seeds I'd find on the bathroom floor, in the shape of tiny gruesome pigs, etc..... I am at a travelling freak show run by gypsies. It is inside an airpiplane. I am very rich and very lonely. I go to the first cage. Inside is a creature with the brown body of a horse, the head of a man with a monk's haircut, sunken large brown eyes, and a single tall ivory horn upon his forehead. Above his cage there is a sign which reads 'The Unicorn Man.' I cannot help staring. I tentatively say *Hi.* He says HI to me in the most resentful nasty voice. I tell him to please not be so snide. He says, "Wouldn't you be?" I felt like crying.....

Kimberly Rae, trance dancer & visionary spiderwoman, is 17 and headed for New York and Europe. Here are some of her 'favorite' nightmares....

Dreamt that I was a man -- remember little except that it was horrid. I was in love with myself (Kimme), had sex with Kimme...how narcissistic! I am sitting crosslegged on a beach wearing a straitjacket -- intensely unbearable midday sun -- I am hot & suffocating, thirsty, sweaty. Perspiration drips in my ears and eyes. My head is bald.....The beach is teeming with people..playing frisbee, swimming, jogging, surfing, sunbathing.. all oblivious to me. They are kicking sand on me, in my eyes and mouth. Suddenly none of them have any eyes and they are stumbling comically everywhere -- it is very vivid & intense. Only I have vision, but cannot move. People begin tripping & falling on top of me, my face is shoved in the sand, I am crushed & cannot breathe -- am screaming and wake up drenched in sweat (4:04 AM).

This takes place at nighttime: I'm walking with great intent, yet painfully slow, along a narrow path bordered by tall shrubs & bushes. Short mushroom-like garden lamps provide an intermittent, dim and eerie light. I feel strangely content. My vision seems tunneled, objects are distorted in size. I cannot turn to look behind or to either side....I am in the rector's garden at Grace Cathedral, a favorite haunt from my early adolescence, eternity, and I emerge from the path, ascend the wide staircase leading to the Cathedral doors (open) and deliberately walk down the aisle. The Cathedral is deserted and lit by red offering candles on the altar....I decidedly sit in the middle of a pew and on my right discover coloring books and crayons in place of hymnbooks & bibles. Naturally I choose a Ken & Barbie coloring book & begin leafing through it -- Ken & Barbie are in various stages of undress and engaged in pornographic acts. Begin coloring....Look up and discover that an old woman is sitting unmoving directly in front of me -- my attention is drawn to a tiny inchworm that is crawling along her back. I'm paralyzed by incredible fear as she slowly turns around -- a horrible skull teeming with maggots. (awakened at 2:36 AM)

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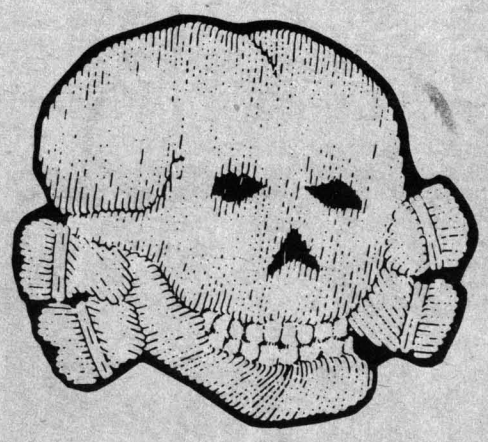
UK: ROUGH TRADE (01) 221-1100, 137 Blenheim Crescent, London W11, England.

GOODBYE TO THE SAVOY! Our thanks to Gerry & Olga (GO PRODUCTIONS) for booking reggae/highlife/punk/industrial/japanese dance/performance/films/etc. & creating an atmosphere sponsoring cultural innovation and risk....

THE SOUND OF MUSIC as we know it may die -- the punkest hangout in town faces fast-buck takeover,

thanks to jed speare & tony roco for services rendered...

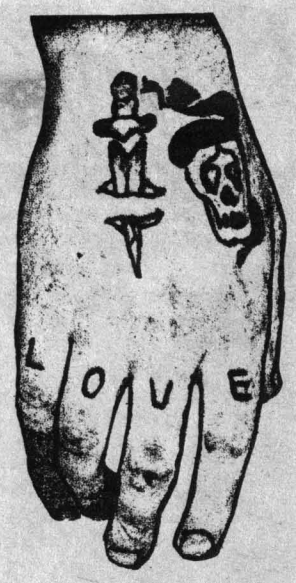


FIRST AID FOR POISONING

THE ISSUE IS SURVIVAL

THE ISSUE IS SURVIVAL

THE ISSUE IS SURVIVAL



DEFINITION

A poison is any substance—solid, liquid, or gas—that tends to impair health or cause death when introduced into the body or onto the skin surface.

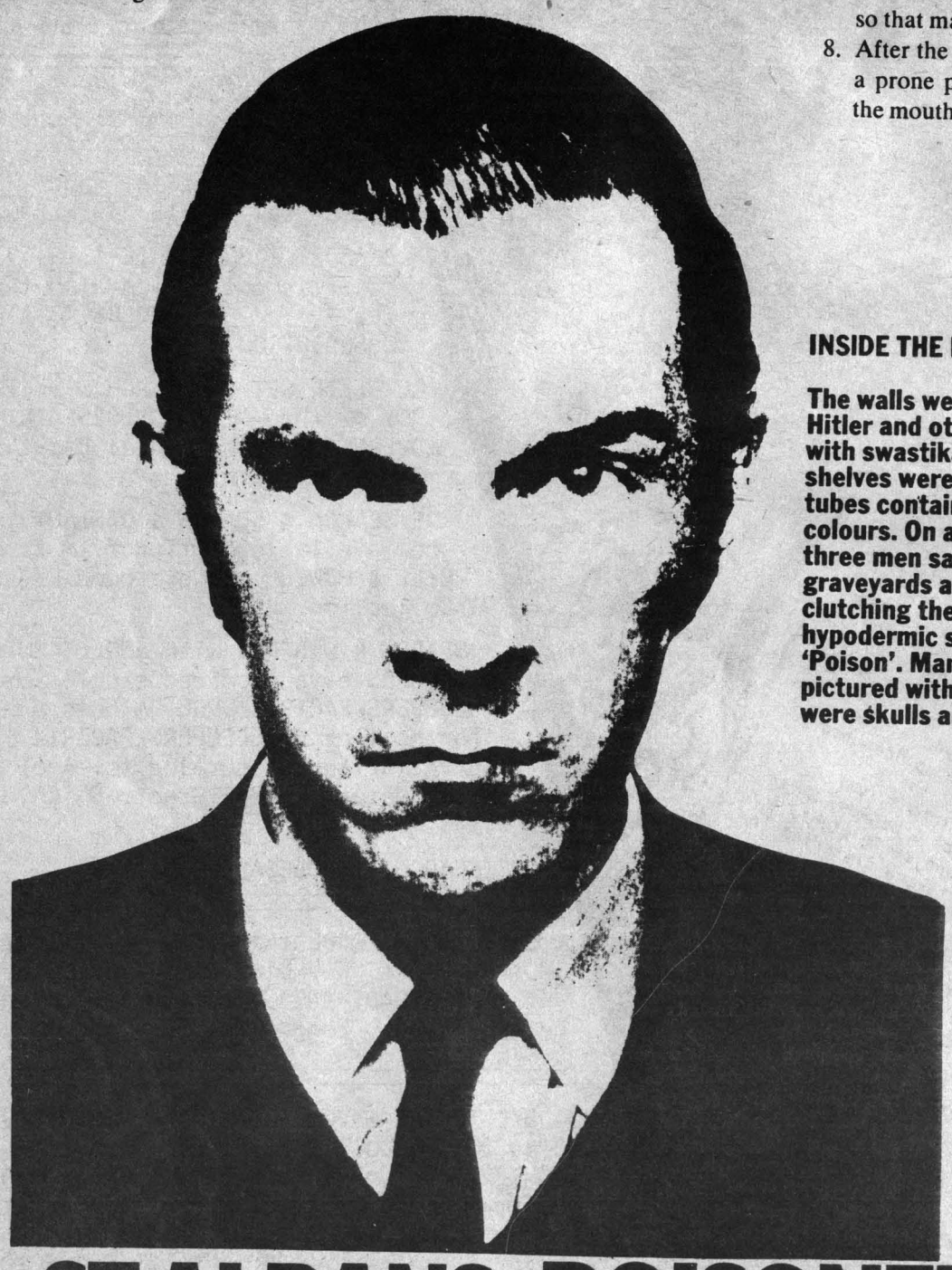
First Aid for Conscious Victim

1. Dilute the poison by having the victim drink a glass of water or milk, if the victim is conscious and not having convulsions. Discontinue dilution if it makes the victim nauseous.
2. Save the label or container of the suspected poison for identification. If the victim vomits, save a sample of the vomited material for analysis.
3. Seek medical assistance by calling the poison control center or a physician. (You should post the poison control center number for your region on your telephone. If you do not have the number, dial 0 or 911.)
4. If the victim becomes unconscious, keep his or her airway open. Give artificial respiration or cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR)* if indicated. Call an emergency squad as soon as possible. (Also see "First Aid for Unconscious Victim," page 7.)
5. Background information:
   a. *First aid supplies.* These supplies should be used *only* on the advice and instruction of the poison control center or a physician.

   All households should have on hand syrup of ipecac, activated charcoal, and epsom salts for dealing with incidents of poisoning by mouth. Syrup of ipecac is used to induce vomiting, activated charcoal is for binding (deactivating) the poisonous substances, and epsom salts work as a laxative. Recommended dosages are as follows:

   Syrup of ipecac—one tablespoonful for children and two tablespoonsful for adults

   Activated charcoal—one to two tablespoonsful, mixed in a glass of water



General Poisons

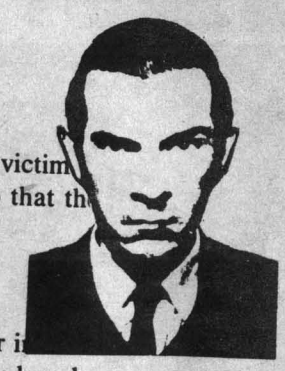
A poison can be defined as any substance that produces a harmful effect on the body processes. It may act by modifying the normal metabolic functions of cells or by directly destroying them. Poisoning may result from ingestion, inhalation, injection, surface contact, or absorption through skin and mucous membranes of substances in toxic amounts.

First Aid for Unconscious Victim

1. Maintain an open airway.
2. Call for an emergency squad as soon as possible.
3. Administer artificial respiration and CPR, if indicated.
4. Save the container of a suspected poison.
5. If the patient has vomited, save a sample of vomited material.
6. Do not give fluids to an unconscious person.
7. Do not induce vomiting in an unconscious person. If the victim is vomiting, position him or her and turn the person's head so that the material drains out of the mouth.

First Aid for Victim Having Convulsions

1. Call for an emergency squad as soon as possible.
2. Do not attempt to restrain the victim but position him or her in a manner that the victim will not injure himself or herself by knocking against furniture or other objects.
3. Loosen tight clothing at the victim's neck and waist.
4. Watch for an obstruction of the airway and attempt to correct it by head positioning, if necessary. Give artificial respiration and CPR, if indicated.
5. Do not force a hard object or finger between the victim's teeth.
6. Do not give any fluids.
7. Do not induce vomiting. If the victim is vomiting, position the person so that material drains from the mouth.
8. After the convulsion, turn the victim on the side or place the person in a prone position with the head turned to allow fluids to drain from the mouth.

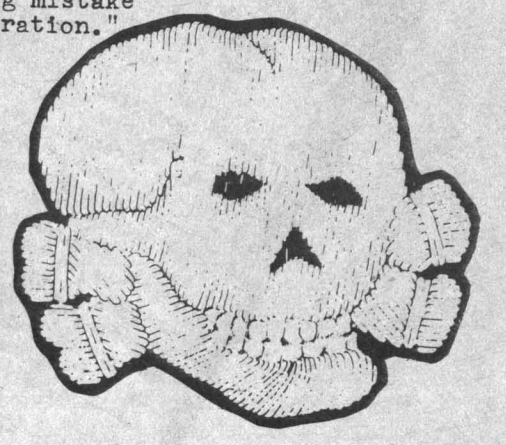


"It's quite possible to use malevolent thoughts to poison another person's health and well-being...
Especially if you develop the processes to amplify those thought patterns..."

INSIDE THE POISONER'S LAIR . . .

The walls were festooned with pictures of Hitler and other Nazi leaders, decorated with swastikas. The window sill, tables and shelves were lined with bottles, phials and tubes containing substances of various colours. On a chair just inside the door, the three men saw some crude drawings of graveyards and tombstones, spidery men clutching their throats and wielding hypodermic syringes and bottles marked 'Poison'. Many were bald, some were pictured with their hair falling out. There were skulls and crossbones everywhere . . .

"What is interesting is how someone like Graham Young can get life-imprisonment while the executives of Hooker Chemical Corp. who created a catastrophe at Love Canal; with countless deaths, birth defects, and untold environmental damage have not served a second of prison-time.
It seems Graham Young's big mistake was in not forming a corporation."



ST. ALBANS POISONER

POISON CONTROL CENTER 800; 792-0720

For Water Purificati

Special Preparation Methods

Poison Control Centers may help in determining the components of commercial products and in identifying symptoms that may result from contact with them. Most of the centers operate twenty-four hours a day. Each community Emergency Medical Service should be prepared to contact the nearest Poison Control Center for information when it is needed.

THE LIFE & CRIMES OF GRAHAM YOUNG

Graham Young.

notorious mass poisoner,

GRAHAM YOUNG: Psychopathic Mass Poisoner.
At age 14 committed to Broadmoor, for poisoning his father, sister, schoolfriend, killing his stepmother. After his release, he worked in a photographic plant where he conducted numerous experiments in toxicology on co-workers, by poisoning the daily tea-tray. This resulted in the murder of 2 workmates, the attempted murder of 2 others, and the administration of poison to cause grievous bodily harm to 4 others.
Sentenced to: Life Imprisonment.
Favorite Poisons: Thallium, Antimony, and Belladona.

"They were just guinea pigs for my experiments."

1. Boil water vigorously one to three minutes. This will remove bacteria but not radioactivity. (Clorox may do that.)

2. There are several substances to use for water purification. One is in the form of tablets and available in drug stores. (Follow directions on label.) Tincture of iodine, found on most home medicine shelves, can be used to purify small amounts of water by adding and stirring well:

- **3 drops in each quart of clear water**
- **6 drops in each quart of cloudy water**
- **12 drops in each gallon of clear water**
- **24 drops in each gallon of cloudy water**

A friend who travels widely always takes with her a dropper bottle of Clorox. She adds one drop to an eight-ounce glass of water and has avoided infections picked up by others who did not purify their water.

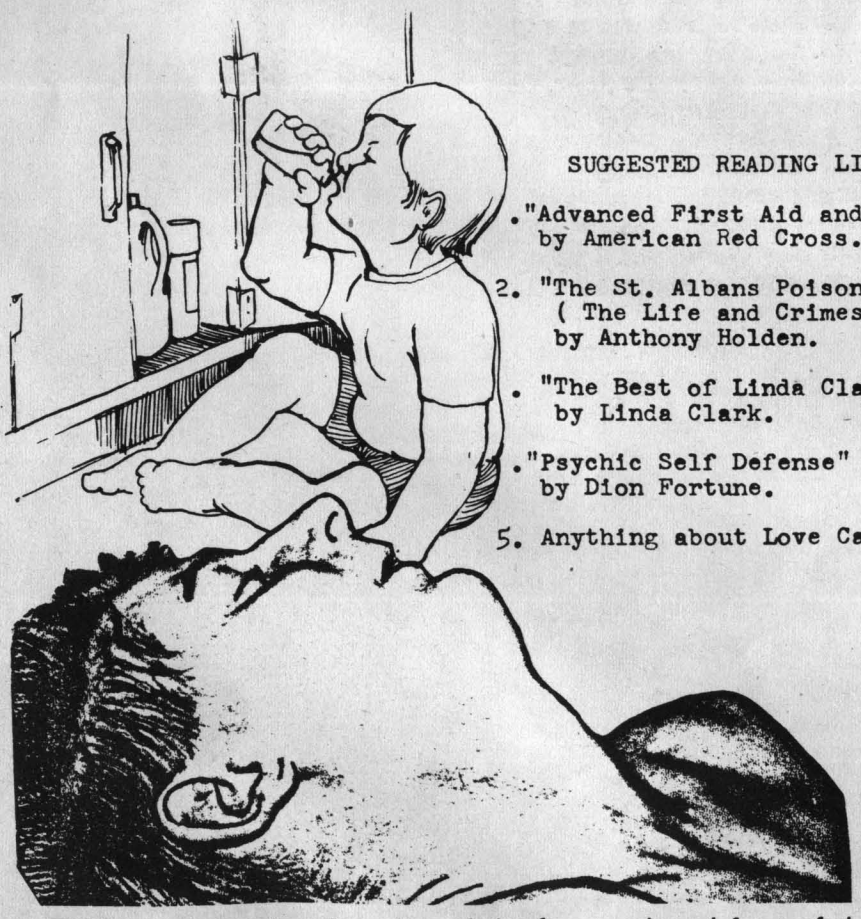
Robert Preston suggests the following method for water purification with Clorox:

- **2 drops in 1 quart of clear water**
- **4 drops in 1 quart of cloudy water**
- **8 drops in 1 gallon of clear water**
- **15 drops in 1 gallon of cloudy water**
- **½ teaspoon in 5 gallons of clear water**
- **1 teaspoon in 5 gallons of cloudy water**

For purifying fruits and vegetables (not organically grown—contaminated with sprays, etc.) use the following method:

Add ½ teaspoon of Clorox to 1 gallon of water, obtained from the usual supply. Into this bath place the fruits or vegetables to soak. The thin-skinned fruits and leafy vegetables will require 10 minutes. The root vegetables and heavy-skinned fruits will require 15 to 20 minutes. *Make a fresh bath for each group.* Remove from bleach bath and place in a fresh-water bath for 10 to 15 minutes.

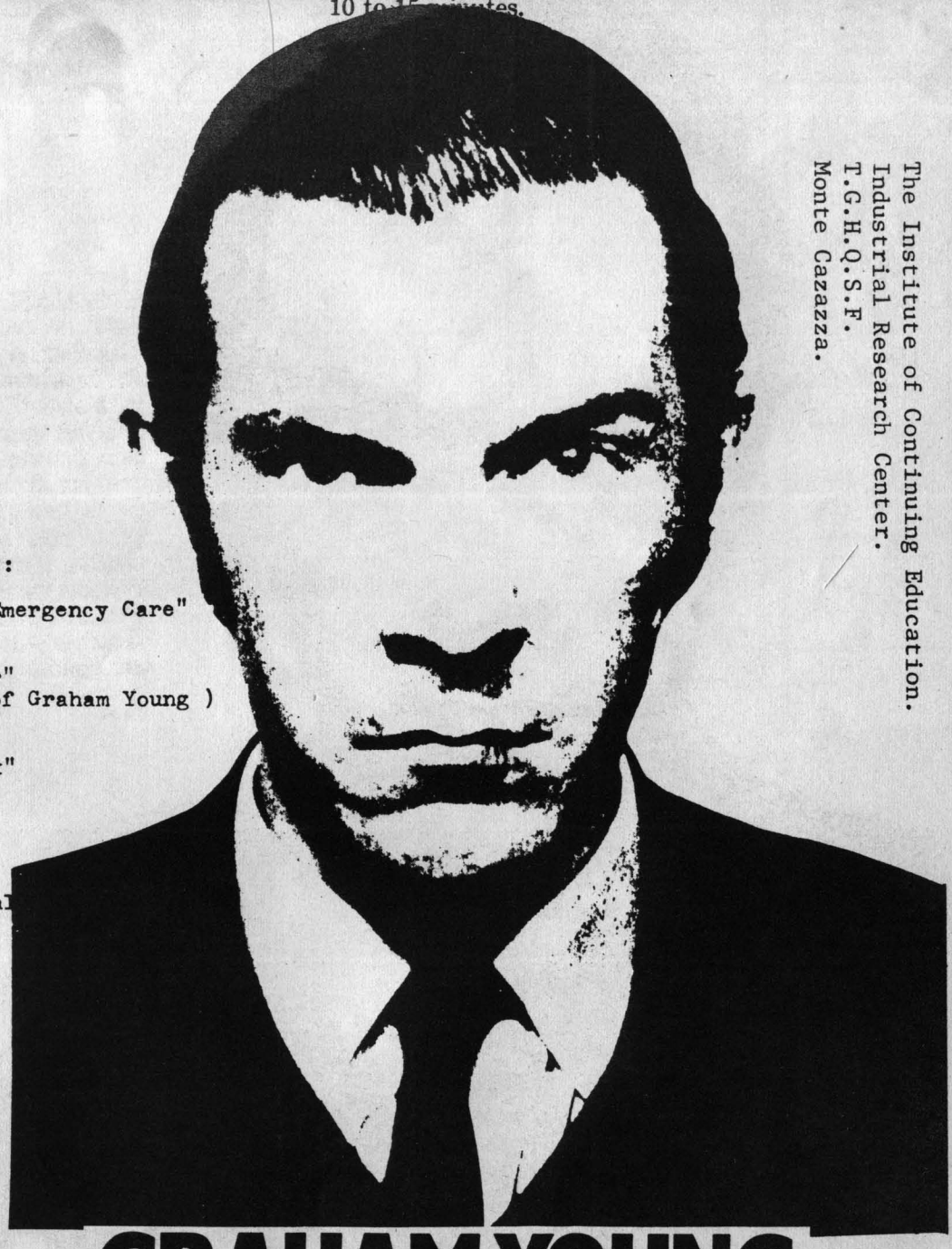
A curious child will try to taste or swallow almost any substance. A common victim of accidental ingestion of dangerous compounds is the unwatched toddler.



37 Pink mauve discoloration of the face, neck and front of the chest in a man who died after swallowing calcium cyanide. This curious coloration is due to the presence of cyano-haemoglobin in the blood.

SUGGESTED READING LIST:

1. "Advanced First Aid and Emergency Care" by American Red Cross.
2. "The St. Albans Poisoner" (The Life and Crimes of Graham Young) by Anthony Holden.
3. "The Best of Linda Clark" by Linda Clark.
4. "Psychic Self Defense" by Dion Fortune.
5. Anything about Love Canal



GRAHAM YOUNG

The Institute of Continuing Education.
Industrial Research Center.
T.G.H.Q.S.F.
Monte Cazazza.

A GERMAN ELECTRONIC MUSIC CHART

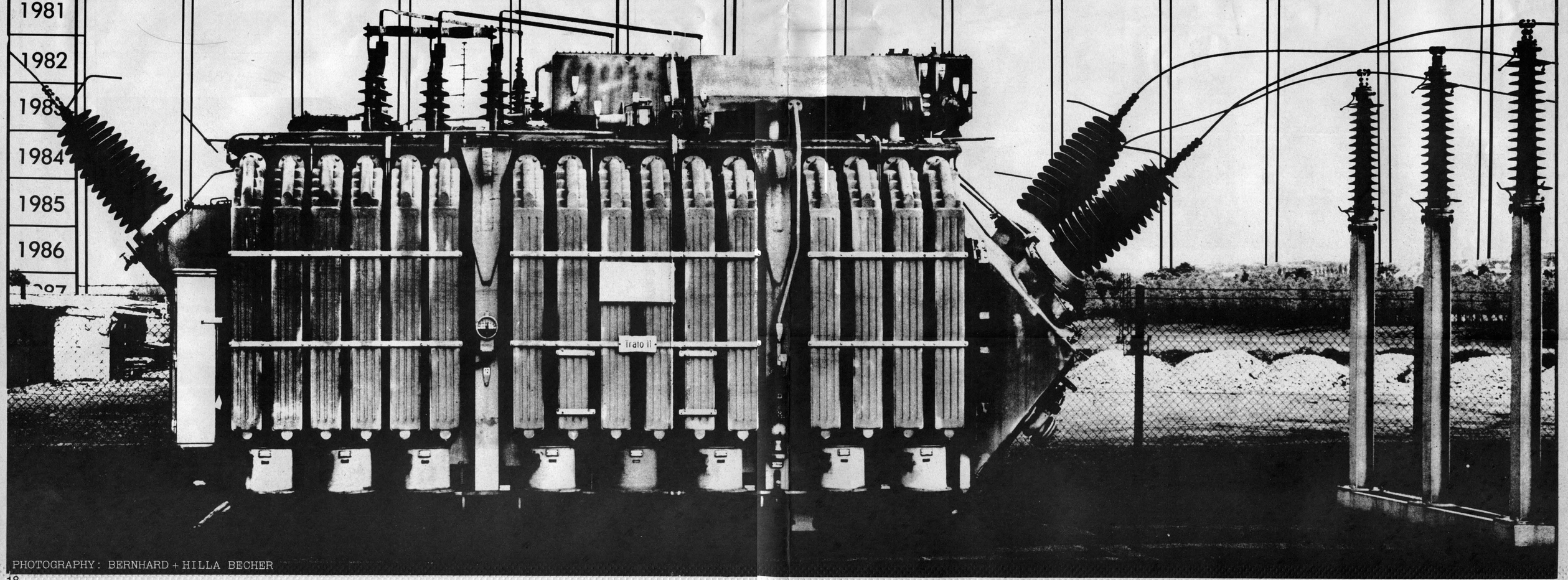
MARY SVIRSKY

BERLIN

	K. SCHULZE SOLO	E. FROESE SOLO	TANGERINE DREAM FROESE, SCHULZE, SCHNITZLER	P. BAUMANN SOLO	C. SCHNITZLER SOLO	CLUSTER SCHNITZLER, MOEBIUS, ROEDELIUS
1970			ELECTRONIC MEDITATIONS			KLOPZEICHEN
1971	IRRLICHT		FROESE, FRANKE, SCHROYDER ALPHA CENTAURI			PLANK, MOEBIUS, ROEDELIUS CLUSTER '71
1972	CYBORG		ZEIT-2-			MOEBIUS, ROEDELIUS CLUSTER 2
1973	PICTURE MUSIC		ATEM			ZUCKERZEIT
1974	BLACK-DANCE	AQUA	PHAEDRA			SOWIESOSO
1975	TIMEWIND	EPSILON IN MALASIAN PALE	RUBYCON; RICOCHET (LIVE)			
1976	MOONDAWN; BODY LOVE (SNDTRK)	MACULA TRANSFER	STRATO SPHERE	ROMANCE '76		
1977	MIRAGE; BODY LOVE, VOL. 2		SORCEROR (SNDTRK) ENCORE (LIVE)		CON	CLUSTER & ENO
1978	"X"	AGES	FROESE, FRANKE, JOLIFFRE, KREIGER CYCLONE	TRANSHARMONIC NIGHTS		AFTER THE HEAT (w/ENO)
1979	DUNE	STUNTMAN	FORCE MAJEURE			GROSSES WASSER
1980	LIVE; DIG-IT		TANGRAM; BOX SET 70-80			
1981						
1982						
1983						
1984						
1985						
1986						

RUHRGEBEIT

	MOEBIUS AND CONNY PLANK SOLO	ROEDELIUS SOLO	HARMONIA MOEBIUS, ROEDELIUS, ROTHER	M. ROTHER SOLO	NEU ROTHER, K. DINGER	LA DUSSELDORF K. DINGER, T. DINGER, LAMPE	KRAFTWERK R. HUTTER, SCHNEIDER, DINGER	
1970							KRAFTWERK	1970
1971								1971
1972					NEU!		KRAFTWERK -2-	1972
1973			MUSIK VON HARMONIA				HUTTER, SCHNEIDER RALF AND FLORIAN	1973
1974					NEU 2		HUTTER, SCHNEIDER, BARTOS, FLUR AUTOBAHN	1974
1975			DELUXE		ROTHER, K. DINGER, T. DINGER, LAMPE NEU '75		RADIO-ACTIVITY	1975
1976				FLAMMENDE HERZEN		L A DUSSELDORF		1976
1977		SELBS-PORTRAIT I					TRANS-EUROPE EXPRESS	1977
1978		SELBSPORTRAIT II; DURCH DIE WUSTE		STERNTALER		VIVA	MAN MACHINE	1978
1979		JARDIN AU FOU		KATZENMUSIK				1979
1980	RASTAKRAUT PASTA	SELBS-PORTRAIT III						1980
1981								
1982								
1983								
1984								
1985								
1986								



PHOTOGRAPHY: BERNHARD + HILLA BECHER

A NOVICE'S GUIDE TO WEST AFRICAN MUSIC

Source : Violet Ray

AFRICA: 4 times the area of the United States. 2,000 tribes speaking approximately 2,400 languages. A diversity and complexity of music ranging from indigenous tribal forms to the music of Africa's URBAN culture -- a music which reflects both originality and outside influence. If reggae was the third world's gift to the West in the 70's, West Africa's HIGH LIFE is the next likely outside musical influence in the 1980's...

GHANA: High Life developed in the late 50's and early 60's in the former English colonies of Nigeria and Ghana. The classic highlife band THE RAMBLERS originated here.

NIGERIA: with Ghana, Nigeria is important as the origin of High Life music. Its capitol, Lagos, is the center of a burgeoning recording and record pressing industry. Many clubs including outdoor music venues.

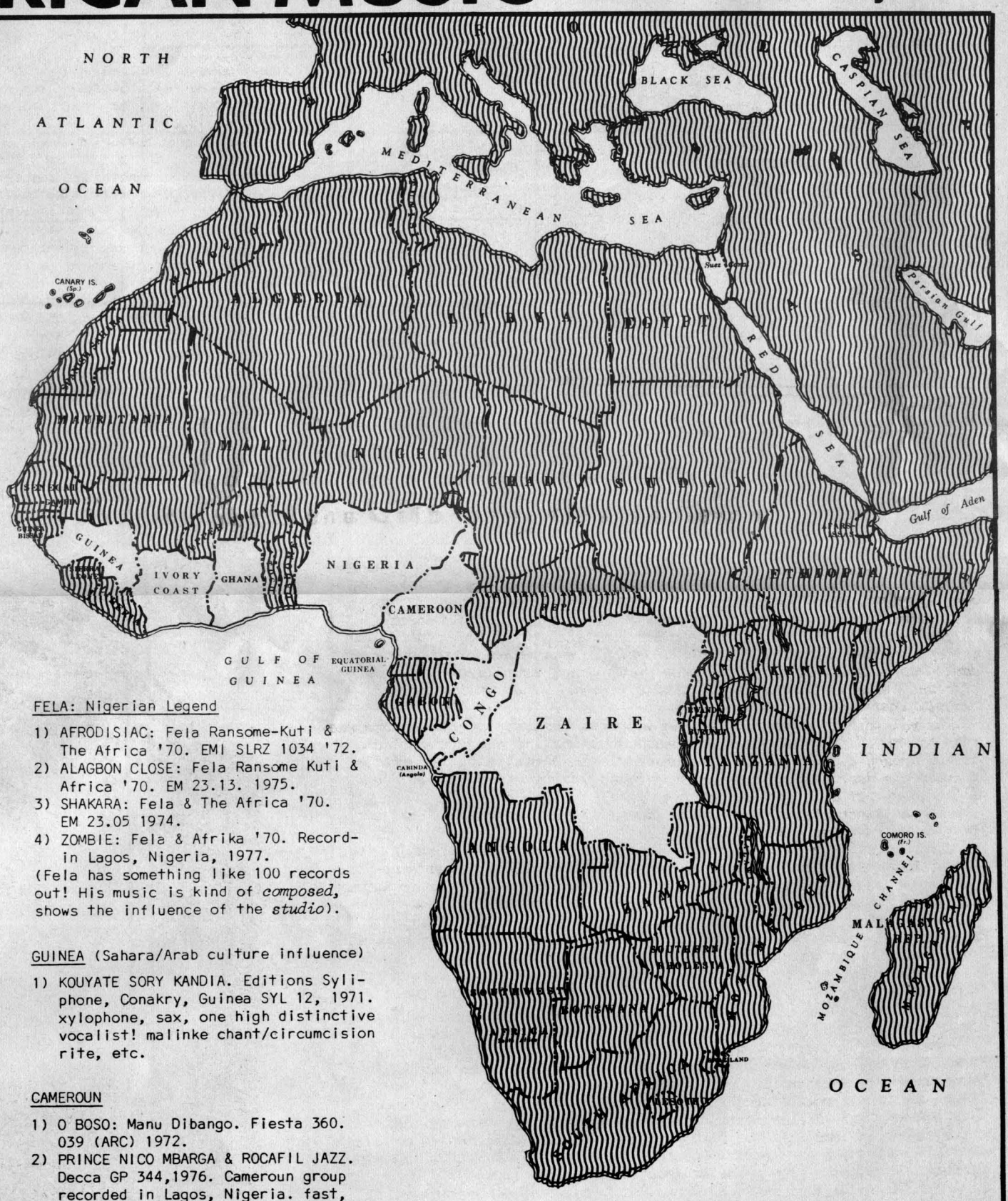
The music of the IVORY COAST is distinct from much West African music in its use of Spanish or even Cuban language in the lyrics. Likewise the form of the music has Latin influences -- arrangements reflect dancing. Here the rhumba and merengue are popular.

GUINEA presents two influences: in the north the Moslem culture of the Sahara predominates, while the coastal regions are more susceptible to western music; on the coast the saxophone has attained status as a native instrument, in the north it is rare.

BRAZZAVILLE CONGO/ZAIRE is a source of relatively well-known African music: Congo bands perform in Europe (especially Paris). It is worth noting here the reverse expatriation as once colonial Africans attain alien status as exiles in the colonial capitals -- the cross-influence is distinct. Zaire has even produced covers of Beatle records.

CAMEROONS: Heavy western influence, jazz and disco, etc.

The record recommendations following deal with urban (not rural) music; the scope is representative but by no means all-inclusive! Caveat emptor!



WEST AFRICAN HIGH LIFE

1) THE WEST AFRICAN HIGHLIFE SCENE: THE RAMBLERS DANCE BAND (Ghana). Decca (London Int'l) SW99498 1968. (sung in diff.languages of Ghana)
2) THE GREAT & EXPENSIVE SOUND OF THE SUPERSONICS: West African Hi-Life by Flash Domincii & The Supersonics (Gambia?.w/Ghanaiians) E Shade FMLP 002.
3) OBAATAN: GOOD MOTHER. Akwasi Yeboah's Band (Ghana). 1979. multiple vocals, talking vocals. Makossa.
4) DOIN'YOUR THING: THE RAMBLERS INTERNATIONAL. Decca 258-039.
5) HI-LIFES YOU HAVE LOVED Vol. 1. Groups: Shambrose, Stargazers Band, Onyina's Guitar Band, Red Spots, Black Beats, Builder's Brigade, Rhythm Aces. Decca WAPS 45.
6) EXPENSIVE OLUBI AND HIS GOLDEN ALL STARS Vol. 2. MOLPS 5.
7) ASHIKO MUSIC Vol. 2. I.K.Dairo M.B.E. and His Blue Spots (Nigeria) Decca WAPS 34. 1972.

IVORY COAST (Caribbean/Cuban Influence)

1) FORMIDABLE LABA SOSSEH. Sacodis LS5-77. Abidjan, Ivory Coast. Cuban Classics (Guantanamera etc) sung in Spanish w/African treatment.
2) AMADOU BALAKE. Sacodis L11-79. Abidjan, Ivory Coast. *contrapuntal*, 1 track through entire 1st side.

BRAZZAVILLE CONGO/ZAIRE (salsa infl.)

1) AUTHENTICITE: O.K.JAZZ 1960-62 Zaire. African GP 344.
2) LE NEGRO BAND A PARIS: A Tout Casser. Pathe EMI C054-15054.
3) ORCHESTRE HI-FIVES. EMI-Pathe C054-81595,1974. close harmonies, guitar solos, tempo changes in middle of song, slowdown, etc -- 3 tracks per side but no gaps.
4) ORCHESTRE MANDO NEGRO: Les Grands Succes Africains Vol. 1. Pathe-EMI C054-15709,1974. high voices, guit.
5) ROCHEREAU TABU LEY & L'ORCHESTRE AFRISA (Zaire). African 360.046. 1973. female/male vocals. does version of "Let It Be"!
6) L'AFRIQUE DANSE: L'Orchestre Shama-Shama (Zaire). African 360.094,1976.
7) MOKITANI YA WENDO: le Seigneur Rochereau. Nguma J33-005.
8) ORCH. AFRICAIN FIESTA (Docteur Nico). Nguma J33-001.
9) FRANCO ET L'O.K. JAZZ A PARIS. Pathe STX 229.

FELA: Nigerian Legend

1) AFRODISIAC: Fela Ransome-Kuti & The Africa '70. EMI SLRZ 1034 '72.
2) ALAGBON CLOSE: Fela Ransome Kuti & Africa '70. EM 23.13. 1975.
3) SHAKARA: Fela & The Africa '70. EM 23.05 1974.
4) ZOMBIE: Fela & Afrika '70. Recordin Lagos, Nigeria, 1977.

(Fela has something like 100 records out! His music is kind of *composed*, shows the influence of the *studio*).

GUINEA (Sahara/Arab culture influence)

1) KOUYATE SORY KANDIA. Editions Syliphone, Conakry, Guinea SYL 12, 1971. xylophone, sax, one high distinctive vocalist! malinke chant/circumcision rite, etc.

CAMEROUN

1) O BOSO: Manu Dibango. Fiesta 360. 039 (ARC) 1972.
2) PRINCE NICO MBARGA & ROCAFIL JAZZ. Decca GP 344,1976. Cameroun group recorded in Lagos, Nigeria. fast, lotsa percussion, reggae-ish bass.

ANTHOLOGIES

1) HIT PARADE AFRICAIN-Pathe Marconi Vol. 1. Pathe EMI C054-15106 (Peters Int'l). Groups: Franco OK Jazz/Orch. Mando Negro/Orch.Sinza/Orch.Hi-Fives/ Orch.Les Bantous.
2) HIT-PARADE AFRICAIN-Pathe-Marconi Vol. 2. Pathe-EMI C054-15149. Groups: Fela Ransome-Kuti/Michel Boybanda Orch./Orch.Mando Negro/Orch.Sinza/ Jam Kishy/Labbah Sosseh/Sunny Ade & His Nigeria 70/Orch.Cercul Jazz/G.G. Vikey
3) LE CONGO DANSE Pathe PTX-40.554. Groups: OK Jazz/Orch.Bantu/Orch.Beguen Band/Paul Ebeny et l'Orch.Ambiance Jazz/Orch.Cercul Jazz
4) CONGO BOLINGO Vol. 1 Pathe CPTX 240-807. Groups: Orch.Negro Band/Anne-Marie Nzie/OK Jazz/Orch.Bantou/Orch. Orphee-Jazz.
5) EN DIRECT DU CONGO Pathe STX 196. Groups: Orch.Franco/OK Jazz/Orch.Bantous/Orch.Cercul Jazz/Orch.Negro
6) TOUTE L'AFRIQUE DANSE Vol. 6. Nguma J33-009. Groups: Franco et l'OK Jazz/Kongo Vox/Verckys & Son Ensemble/Cercul Jazz/Congolia
7) L'AFRIQUE DANSE African 360.042. Groups: Orch.Elegance Jazz/Orch. Les Bakuba/Tala Andre Marie/OK Jazz/Manu Dibango/Orch.Succes Bantou/Orch.Co-Bantou/Orch. Ryco Jazz
8) AFRIQUE VARIETIES Afrique Riviera 521.186T. Groups: Franklin Boukaka ses sanzas (Brazzaville)/Tobbo Eitel (Cameroun)/Mondo Mingole (Cameroun)/Gnonnas Pedro y Sus Panchos de Cotonou (Dahomey)/ Le Ferlo Jazz de Dakar (Senegal)
9) AFRICAN MEMORIES Pathe C062-15136 Groups: Rock-a-mambo/Africain Jazz/ Nino/Conga Jazz Orch/Baguin with Orch.Nego Band
10) DU SENEGAL AU CONGO Pathe STX224. Groups: Los Makueson's/Bana/G.G. Vickey/Sir Victor Uwaifo/Sahara All Stars Band/Orch.Bantou/Africa Tam Tam/Orch.Ambiance Jazz/Africa Fiesta/OK Jazz
11) PONT SUR LE CONGO Pathe PTX 40.-654. Groups: OK Jazz/Orch.Bantou/ Orch.Cercul

MISCELLANEOUS

1) MASAKELA: INTRODUCING HEDZOLEH SOUNDS. Blue Thumb Records BTS 62 1973. Recorded in Lagos Nigeria. Ghanaiian group w/Hugh Masakela.

MAKOSSA INTERNATIONAL RECORDS
1755 Broadway
NY NY 10019

AFRICAN RECORD CENTER
1194 Nostrand Avenue
Brooklyn NY 11225
(212) 772-5665

PETERS INTERNATIONAL
600 8th Avenue
NY NY 10018
(212) LA 4-4020

ISABELLE EBERHARDT

Isabelle Eberhardt at age 18

PENCILLED NOTES

A subject to which few intellectuals ever give a thought is the right to be a vagrant, the freedom to wander. Yet vagrancy is deliverance, and life on the open road is the essence of freedom. To have the courage to smash the chains with which modern life has weighted us (under the pretext that it was offering us more liberty), then to take up the symbolic stick and bundle, and *get out!*

To the one who understands the value and the delectable flavor of solitary freedom (for no one is free who is not alone) leaving is the bravest and finest act of all.

An egotistical happiness, possibly. But for him who relishes the flavor, happiness.

To be alone, to be *poor in needs*, to be ignored, to be an outsider who is at home everywhere, and to walk, great and by oneself, toward the conquest of the world.

The healthy wayfarer sitting beside the road scanning the horizon open before him, is he not the absolute master of the earth, the waters, and even the sky? What house dweller can vie with him in power and wealth? His estate has no limits, his empire no law. No work bends him toward the ground, for the bounty and beauty of the earth are already his.

In our modern society the nomad is a pariah "without known domicile or residence." By adding these few words to the name of anyone whose appearance they consider irregular, those who make and enforce the laws can decide a man's fate.

To have a home, a family, a property or a public function, to have a definite means of livelihood and to be a useful cog in the social machine, all these things seem necessary, even indispensable, to the vast majority of men, including intellectuals, and including even those who think of themselves as wholly liberated. And yet such things are only a different form of the slavery that comes of contact with others, especially regulated and continued contact.

I have always listened with admiration, if not envy, to the declarations of citizens who tell how they have lived for twenty or thirty years in the same section of town, or even the same house, and who have never been out of their native city.

Not to feel the torturing need to know and see for oneself what is there, beyond the mysterious blue wall of the horizon, not to find the arrangements of life monotonous and depressing, to look at the white road leading off into the unknown distance without feeling the imperious necessity of giving in to it and following it obediently across mountains and valleys! The cowardly belief that a man must stay in one place is too reminiscent of the unquestioning resignation of animals, beasts of burden stupefied by servitude and yet always willing to accept the slipping on of the harness.

There are limits to every domain, and laws to govern every organized power. But the vagrant owns the whole vast earth that ends only at the nonexistent horizon, and his empire is an intangible one, for his domination and enjoyment of it are things of the spirit.

-- Isabelle Eberhardt, THE OBLIVION SEEKERS, City Lights, 1975. Translation copyright 1972, 1975 by Paul Bowles. Reprinted by permission...Another relevant book is THE DESTINY OF ISABELLE EBERHARDT by Cecily Mackworth (Ecco Press, 1975). See also THE WILDER SHORES OF LOVE by Leslie Blanch.

"a strange desire to suffer, to drag my physical self into dirt and deprivation"

"I seek to harm myself, I expel myself from my paradise, busily provoking within myself the images (of jealousy, abandonment, humiliation) which can injure me, and I keep the wound open, I feed it with other images, until another wound appears and produces a diversion" -- Roland Barthes

"And now I am a nomad, with no other homeland than Islam, with no family and no one in whom to confide; alone, for ever alone in the proud and darkly sweet solitude of my own heart; and thus I continue my way through life until the time comes for the great, eternal sleep of the grave." -- Isabelle Eberhardt

The role of the artist as the dispassionate observer of his own destruction has moved from the Romantic concept (Rimbaud) to the modern cliche (Harry Crosby & co.). Talent and production -- these separate Isabelle Eberhardt's destruction from the trappings of domestic melodrama. Isabelle Eberhardt died in 1904, at the age of 27, crushed when a flood collapsed her North African mud house. Her editor collected her final work from the mud in which she lay.

Isabelle was born into a Geneva-based Russian family which she claimed was of Moslem extraction. She was later to describe her father's upbringing as a "dreary moral nihilism." However, he obliged her to perform hard physical labor, get used to wearing men's clothing, and master horsemanship -- all of which made her future adventures possible. Her rebellion against uncomfortable family circumstances took the form of an immersion into Islamic culture -- language, religion and dress. At 19 Isabelle was photographed in the guise of a young male Arab. Three years later she was to use this costume in earnest -- it permitted a woman safer access to the Moslem world. Under the name of Si Mahmoud Essadi she was accepted with a politely indulgent eye by her Arab hosts.

Unswerving obsession had finally forced reality into being: she was living the life of an explorer, wanderer and mystic in total defiance of European Victorian morals. Her pleasures in North Africa: kif, writing, Islam, dreaming, wrestling the local soldiers, traveling, Islam, studying, lovemaking. She achieved initiation into the secret Sufi cult of the Qadriya, no small feat. The French colonialist authorities viewed her with suspicion but tried to use her as an agent -- Isabelle had rare access to centers of power in the Arab world.

Her life could have supplied Bunuel with a surrealist repository of images: despondent at her mother's death her father offered her a pistol; a fanatic's sword hits a wire clothesline and, deflected from her head nearly severs her left arm; sleeping alone in a desert garden she is joined by a native soldier, Sliman, who surprises even Isabelle with his naive romanticism. Entering an abandoned hut she finds an old man covered in cobwebs and vermin, praising Allah....

Like Rimbaud this writer formulates impossible business plans: to raise vegetables in the desert and a fleet of camels to taxi the produce to market. Her writing is vivid witness to the culture of Arab intellectuals: scholarship, magic and drug induced contemplation sharing equal honor as tools of knowledge: "One room contained several chests packed with books and manuscripts from Morocco and the Orient. In the other, a Moroccan rug covered part of a straw mat, and there were some cushions, a small low table of scrubbed wood, and a brazier onto which he sprinkled benzoin." (The Magician)

"One must learn to THINK -- it is long and painful, but without that there can be no hope of individual happiness -- that happiness which, for natures like my own, can only come from the existence of a SPECIAL WORLD, a closed world, which ought to permit us to live and be sufficient for us." -- (from a letter)

Not long before she died, Isabelle wrote: "No one ever lived more from day to day than I, or was more dependent upon chance." Yet her life was nothing but an example of realized Will. E.M. Cioran wrote, "Today we envy, not pity the tragic hero for his certainties, his FATE." Isabelle Eberhardt is not to be envied.....

Eve's African Diary

Eve lived in Africa for almost a year, surviving on little money with the help of friendly strangers. She ate native foods, hitched rides, suffered discomforts, and in general gambled with fate and chance while charting her odyssey through Kenya and the Sudan. Periodically she recorded observations and feelings in a well-worn diary. Here are some excerpts.....

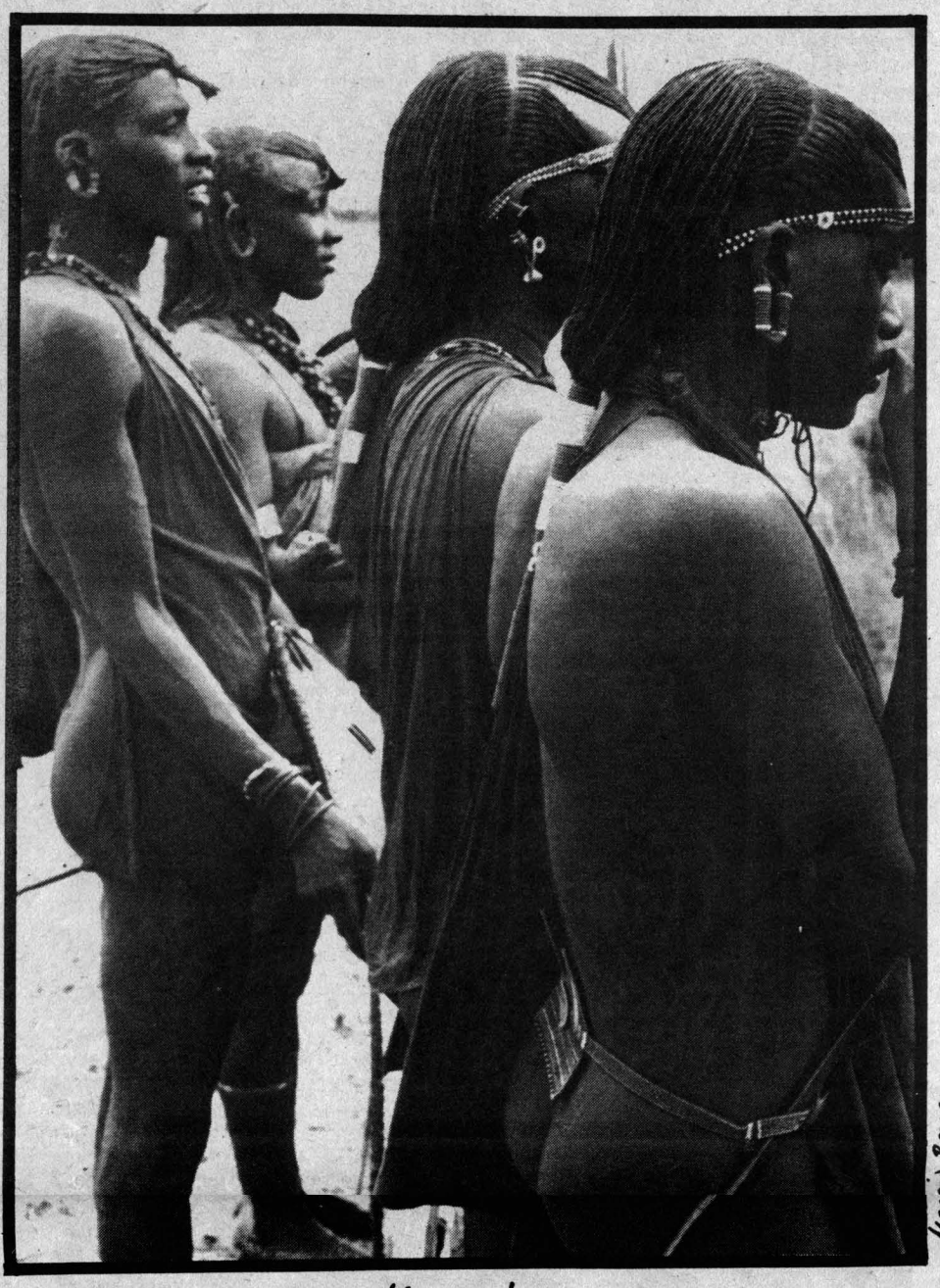


Photo by Eve

Maasai

In Maasailand there was a German tourist who had taken a photo of a Maasai and then refused to pay the fee the Maasai asked. The German started walking away and the Maasai threw a spear at his feet. The German kept walking and the second spear struck him between the shoulder blades; it killed him.

The situation of women in Kenya -- firstly, a man can take 2 or more wives, depending on how much cash he can lay out. Oloitiptip, the Maasai minister of home affairs has some 38 wives (?) but the common man usually has 1 or 2 wives. The women are usually married young and given less education than a man. The big jobs for females are secretary, nurse, teacher. Sometimes a woman is educated merely so her bride-price will be higher. Most women do agricultural work; maybe 70% of field labor is done by women. They have huge families of 10 kids, etc. so there is never-ending housework. Angela Davis misled me a bit on the question of Maasai women. She gave impression that because these women did intense physical tasks they had corresponding amounts of power. This is not true -- the husband has final say in all of Kenya. He can beat (and does) his wife and it is known that he gets sex as a right. There was a newspaper article about a struggling woman getting raped in the back of a bar in Nairobi. The public beat the man until they found out he was the husband of the woman -- then they let him continue!...

Nora told me of a Maasai woman whose husband found her wearing underpants and he burned them in the fire. She also said if they make money the husband comes to collect it. He can buy beer or do with it as he pleases. Some women who work in the marketplace are quite self-sufficient and "powerful" I understand. Women do run the marketplaces traditionally. But in many areas women cannot drink. Example, New Year's in Ndutumi -- not one woman in bar, except me. Women restricted sexually to 1 man. Circumcision of women common -- they have no desire to go with another man. In some places (i.e. Kisii) women shouldn't whistle. Many people have told me that in conversation women are not supposed to argue with the men, but just sit quietly and agree or just let him state his views. Some women who have rebelled are the barmaids (i.e. prostitutes). They are often women who have run away from the husband and they have license to do whatever they please like drinking, sleeping with any man, etc. They can also please women I am told. These women can make maybe 2 dollars a night, maybe 15. Mombasa whores are well-dressed in western glamour. But somehow they are very abused. A man coming into these bars can handle them at will and she allows it if she thinks he'll pay....

Women here can take several lovers before getting married and can even have children by these men. But ultimately, the woman bears the responsibility for those children -- she alone must look after them....

Now I'm in Amboseli. Maasai men (elders mostly) all dressed in red checked robes and have these earrings (some with red balls), some ochre in hair and all have these walking sticks. Healthy people, slender and exercised. On the moran ceremony Nora translated they said, "Get cows...get children...get goats, etc." Yes, yes yes. When 2 people greet each other first they say, "Yes, my family is good. Cows are fat. Children are healthy. We have food." Then the other can say same. Then they talk.

Last home where Nora and I went. Small doorway at side. Cowskin to keep animals out (animals in compound). The windows 4 inches diameter. Smokey and dark inside. Beds: sticks with a cowskin. Fire: stones in center (heaped). Smokey flavored milk from gourds (calabashes) -- cleaned with ashes from fire, hence smokey milk. Chai tasted good....

When three Maasai men came to Nora's one night they were listening to tapes of a festival that had passed. They all clustered in front of the mirror and chanted and danced. She wanted to play them USA rock music (Rolling Stones etc.) but they didn't want to hear it. She said, "These Maasai they think they are better than anybody else. They only want to listen to Maasai music..."

Now what to do before Sudan: get new passport plus visa, air ticket, vaccinations. Relax smoke a joint, drink a beer. Buy some bandaids, mercurochrome, mosquito repellent. Also some cheap jewelery, maybe 2 khangas, pair of sunglasses. Write to ___, ___. Money, how much is left? ___ ___

I was riding in the cab of a petroleum truck. Some sugar spilled on the floor. At this Zairoise camp we swept the cab clean. Some young girls discovered the sugar dirt on the metal footholds of the cab. They had a party, each eating and gathering as much of the filthy stuff as they could carry.

When I was on the coast I met some Swahili fishermen about to go to sea in a small dhow (an ancient wooden boat with yellowed sail). Three laughing strong boatmen passing a joint around and being totally amused by this foolish white woman who wanted to go out to sea.

Once we put out the nets we slept on the boat. (On the boat we caught baby sharks, stingrays and several other fish. The shark was cooked in excellent coconut sauce and served to me the next day.) It was rocking back and forth with water sloshing in the bottom, which someone continually woke up and scooped out. I was supposed to sleep by Mkubwa (means "Big") on this straw mat. Everything was fine (well it was raining) until he started grabbing for me. I said *this can't really be true; here I am out at sea with these 3 guys who could rape me and throw me overboard.* He was telling me all this stuff in Swahili about how he loves me and he's lonesome and so on. I'm yelling that I don't speak Swahili and *Get away!* I threw up. Then they let me sleep alone. (One of the biggest problems I had was trying to tell whether people were being nice because they wanted to fuck me or just to be nice.)

Juba on the Nile

I'm amazed by the long lean bodies -- no one is fat. Tough-skinned, curious. At the river 1000 eyes peering at me. Pairs of eyes on stick bodies. Mangoes arrive on dugout canoes and it's munch, munch. Lots of strange tribal markings, shaved heads, mud packs, pipes, silver and brass ankle bracelets, some red caps, and patterns of shaved-heads, hair growing only in the center. Men bathing in the river, naked black bodies reflecting light at the curves.

First we saw the men's and women's bathing areas -- the women's was great. Two women plopped down in the low water rubbing mud into their legs, huge brass bracelets on their ankles. A lot of people splashing in the water and some collecting water in tin buckets. Then we went inland to a colony of sick people. There were houses like teepees with rags covering them. The kids were fly-infested and full of eye infections, extended stomachs. I did some cartwheels for a whole crowd of them.....

Yesterday we went to Dinka dancing. It was quite amazing. Groups of young boys arrived decked in bead chest plates, feathers in hair, and carrying sticks used to beat cattle. They came in a frenzy waving the sticks in the air, dancing in a long chain. The group became larger and larger, thick chanting filled the air and a lot of dust was rising under the bare stamping. The group would jump up and down as one large mass. There were a few exceptional costumes, including guys with lions' mane skirts, with tree branches in their front and back, and some strange women who arrived later with faces painted in red and white (geometric design). After a time many girls arrived in two's and small groups. The boys would sort of chase these girls around, holding their sticks over the girls' head and chanting some songs. The girls would refuse, or join in the dancing. Amazing for me was the spirit of the thing -- just out there in the open savannah -- this pack of people shouting and jumping in chaotic unison -- what energy! The sun went down and after maybe 2 hours of nonstop leaping, the dance dispersed.

Continued to the bar district: how to enjoy oneself in any part of the world. There were low huts of bamboo and everyone sitting around drinking local beer -- tasted sweet like apple cider, brewed from millet and sugar. Served in bowls and passed around from mouth to mouth. They served it from a hut with several barrels full with a thick foam on the top. We went from one bar to another meeting a host of people. I bought a papaya for 4¢ American.

Today was good fun. The Dinka market was superb. Lots of little stalls selling tobacco, ground nuts, cassava flour, etc. Then a huge section of Dinka metalworks. These laughing lanky fellows whacking mallets down on hot metal making sparks fly and some axeheads, metal bracelets, etc. being the produce. They had some great hairstyles -- some stuff like dung welded to the hair to form peaks. Some wild jewelry like an ear with 9 gold earrings..the ivory rings, etc. Several people in shops gave me free food (i.e. chai, custard, sweet cake, mango juice). And they were really friendly in the marketplace, even though I couldn't sell my shoes.....

Went off in search of something or other, maybe some clean night air (it was night already). At the river some Dinka singing was heard so we walked a ways to investigate. Some really neat dancing was done by one couple, the woman tapping her foot and a bell type bracelet keeping time while they did a vigorous hip-shaking dance with arms raised overhead, somehow the boy prancing around the girl. The people there had a mix of costume -- some in western clothes, others in traditional garb, like bare-breasted women with cloth skirts. The people had welcomed us with a million handshakes but somehow we had disturbed the rhythm, and the once unified singing/dancing became a mass of unorganized chatter and socializing. We had to leave as some people seemed annoyed at our presence...

thanks to jed speare & tony rocco r services rendered...

I'm in Mundri sitting on a buckskin chair under a grass roof. Just met an old Moro man and his wife all shrivelled and worn. They gave me a welcoming smile I'll never forget, that we couldn't communicate a word didn't matter. I had walked over the river through groves of mangoes and figs and continued on some footpaths to that place. The woman was great, with a long screw extended from a hole in her lower lip, and clothed only in a tattered skirt, her droopingly flat black breasts pressed to her chest.

Then I found my way to this compound where I sit. Obvious features included a system of nets hanging from the hut roof. These are used for hunting, I am told. They can only hunt in the dry season (Jan-Feb-March) which is just ending. Many people go out and round up the animals into the nets. They catch bucks and buffalos which are speared. Then I saw the arrows and bows they use -- very well made. The forest is 34 miles away -- so once caught the meat is roasted on the spot and brought back dried.

In the wet season they plant maize. Some is drying above my head. I fell asleep. I awoke to find my friend offering me a dinner of honey and eggs. He had gotten the honey himself. They put huge basket beehives in the trees, each with a central hole. To get the honey they had to climb high in the tree, open the hatch and extract the honey with their hands. Jesus! He showed me a scarred hand, full of ancient bee stings. Then I found out they had only moved to this house about 5 years ago. They used to live 30 miles away in the bush but moved closer to town to get soap, etc. The bed I slept on was great, made from a wooden frame with strips of cow buckskin interlaced to form a taut surface. He explained to me how you wet the leather before stretching it over the frame. Not only was it excellent workmanship but comfortable too. It probably arrived here as part of Arab tradition. He told me they eat termites and explained how they catch them with fire, and how they are ground, cooked and eaten.

The party...hoards of people arrived. We drank local brew, thick like porridge and danced like a pack of joggers standing in one place. The music was pretty good and everyone sang as they knew the songs. The instruments were one big drum, 2 small ones beaten with sticks, some gourds with holes which make a deep foghorn sound when blown into, some blowing horns (cone-shaped), some rattles (from gourds). The whole effect was wild -- shrieks filled the air and the mourners went about in rags and dirt-smeared bodies. They were dancing exceptionally dramatically, at times almost as if in a trance. Non-stop dancing and drinking for the entire night and the next day too!

Next day a procession went to visit the grave with special rites done-- the wife flinging herself over the grave (mound of earth) and standing on it, some oration and some cheering, weeping, etc. and the flags of the procession went back to the now muddy party, where everyone was becoming drunk and crazy, on some good honey beer and simsim sesame seed beer which was being sold by entrepreneurs at the sides of the action. There were huge piles of food, Chakula Sudan -- this pasty pile of mushy yet firm congealed grain meal mass, heavy like clay and some small stones inside courtesy of the grinding stone....

Maasai Warrior Ceremony

Evel instamatic collection

At Maridi my baseball cap flew off. Some soldiers brought it one mile to the town center. They were so great because they passed it to someone else to give to me. Not glory seeking or expecting gratitude, I was so impressed. All of the people here are so much how I hoped to find Africans -- involved in their own society, their own trips; not out to get something from a visitor, willing to help without reward. They are very dignified and do not hassle me. They seem quite tolerant. I am overjoyed to be rid of guys giving me the eye and staring at me. SEE it wasn't all in my head! The people here don't beg for my attention or try especially hard to get to know me, but nevertheless when we do meet it's very friendly and genuinely so. Also they eat with you instead of only serving you.

Last night I forced my dead ass out of the Rest House after a lengthy shit and proceeded down the road away from town. First saw a nice bunch of people in a festive mood. One Zairean exile cook and one who went to Cent. Afr. Rep. spoke Francaise so we could say a few words. Also someone knew kiswahili and even a bit of English. They were taking pombe. They were such a happy crowd. When one girl got stung by a bee while trying to chase it away they roared with laughter. When they saw a white person, the kids started crying, but Mama was strong as hell. She danced with her kid to some Kenyan music....

Afterwards I left to continue down the road. The son of the village chief drunken from pombe called me over to a crowd of singing Joe's. They looked so wonderful. Proud leathery tough, worn faces with warm eyes and real smiles. Two great guys spoke Kiswahili and they brought me to a place to sleep, maybe 2 miles away. They understood immediately when I got annoyed with the chief's son. The walk was good, these guys stopping for a pee now and then. Each had a beautiful ancient leather hat with feather sticking out. Pioneers setting off, walking stick in hand. We came to a big villa where I was greeted by some fellow tribesmen, a bit more wealthy. They put me up for the night. We chatted with the father and sisters in poor Kiswahili phrases, ate pineapple (grows on the premises) and I slept like a log.

Beautiful people, these Baka, scarred faces, especially women. Basically 3 slashes and lots of other markings like (double M's) on forehead between eyes, small * around cheeks and eyes and below eyes III III. Like |**|**|** on her cheek.

Samburu girls

This is absolutely not a waste of time. I'm really enjoying myself. Of course I cannot see what actually goes on in these people's lives, especially being a visitor and receiving special treatment. But still you can see a lot more than if you stay home and watch TV....

We had delicious tea and papaya for breakfast. Great diet -- lots of fruit. They don't get fat like Kikuyus, eating ugali and bread all the time. Also they don't force you to eat, as if there was a shortage of food. Thank the lord I didn't have to eat those mangoes. If I ate another mango I'd probably come to hate them as I did before. And my diarrhea is becoming controllable. Last night when the woman said her blessings I was busy praying that I wouldn't become a human faucet after eating the food. But no ndege (bird) came and I went to sleep. Pineapple is exactly what my system wanted. For flush fluid.

Nine months of travelling. Shit that's long enough to have a baby....

From Maridi I went with "Peter" to Yambio. There we stayed at his brother's house where we had papayas and corn ugali and meat for supper. The brother's sister made aragie. Pretty boring because they were well-off Torit civil servants. I stayed with them the day waiting for money...At nightfall no money and this Peter was so intolerable -- a nice guy, bumbling sort of idiot (like poring over the 1960 U.S.Agricultural Report on Exports acting like it was interesting material or somehow worth knowing) but when he harassed me the night before I made a vow to leave as soon as possible. Once nightfall came and no lorry drove by for Nzara, I set out to walk. Peter almost melted into nonexistence when I told him I was leaving. I saw his lighted cigarette drop to the ground. And with the 2 cakes of soap he bought me I set off for the wilds of Nzara, not even knowing how far it was. My back hurt and the night was scary. I felt so vulnerable out there. One Portuguese hunter stopped but I refused his ride. Then a bicycle guy took me down the road a few miles until I found his true motives. Those Zandis all have bicycles, I'm told it's a status symbol and used for smuggling things from Zaire. So, the feet worked their way onwards, over hills and into bogs and the Zandis all fast asleep. Two women saw me but ran in fright when I said "Salaam." The next several hours were spent watching the moon on my back in some field. I had seen a crude sign "Yambio 5 miles, Nzara 7 miles" so I knew I could complete the journey in daylight. The rain clouds were forming, some insects buzzing and the silhouettes of big beetles crawling on the branch over my head. The blue sky finally arrived and some bicycles whizzing -- it was a new day. The crashing thuds I had been scared by all night were mangoes, ripe and heavy plummeting to earth. The walk to Nzara wasn't bad, many people greeting me on the way, smoking dope, having a laugh. The sun beat down. Small boys ate mangoes and marched to school. Cries of "Good Evening" etc....

"When I showed some people the fillings in my teeth, they thought I was sick..."

In the Sudan, these Moslem men used to ask me why I was alone. I started telling them I had 4 husbands but that I left them at home because they were too much trouble. That got great reactions. Some laughed. Others got very uneasy at the possibility that it could be true. You could see the gears of their brains grinding as they tried to integrate this information. The women usually thought it was OK I was traveling alone. They rarely spoke English, but I'd ask them in simple Arabic, "Good or not good?" They always replied "Good."

North of Khartoum I rode a 3 day train. It was so crowded we had to stay on the roof. (In Egypt I slept in the overhead luggage racks) Then at every stop we'd have to get down so the police wouldn't catch us. I slept up there and prayed I wouldn't roll off. The desert sand whipped into our faces; there was a strong sun and freezing nights. But you had a great view of the landscape. Wonderful open space, perfect meeting of sky and sand. I saw mirages for the first time. Blue water on the horizon. I pointed to the blue and asked the Arabs on the train, "Water?" They laughed. This is so amazing I have to go back and make sure I really saw it.....

When I was in the bush, each day lasted about a week. One of the reasons I came back was to speed up my life....

APOLOGIZE NOW!

SHOW US YOUR EXPERTISE. A SURVEY OF PREVAILING FACT AND MYTH CONCERNING FOREIGN RELATIONS IS BEING TAKEN. IF YOU WISH TO BE INCLUDED PLEASE FILL OUT THE FOLLOWING. CLIP AND MAIL IN. FEEL FREE TO GO INTO DETAIL ON ANOTHER SHEET OF PAPER, IF NEEDED.

ATTITUDE

ARE YOU ATTRACTED TO VIOLENCE?

DO YOU HAVE ENOUGH SLACK?

INCOME CLASS SEX AGE

CURRENT RELIGION OCCUPATION

IF TAKEN HOSTAGE, HOW LONG WOULD IT BE BEFORE YOU SAW HOW REASONABLE YOUR CAPTORS REALLY WERE AND JOINED THEM?

WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER A FAIR RANSOM FOR YOURSELF?

IF YOU WERE A HOSTAGE, UPON RELEASE WOULD YOU FIRST ARRANGE FOR:

A. BOOK RIGHTS
B. VIDEO DISK RIGHTS
C. MOVIE RIGHTS
D. T-SHIRT RIGHTS
E. HUMAN RIGHTS

DID YOU EVER WISH THE IRANIANS WOULD HAVE JUST SHOT THE DAMN SPIES OUT OF BOREDOM?

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN AWARE THAT YOU ARE A HOSTAGE? ARE YOU SCARED?

HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED TAKING HOSTAGES AS A WAY TO GET WHAT YOU WANT?

WHY TAKE ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO GIVE BACK?

HOW SOON DO YOU EXPECT NUCLEAR COMBAT OVER SOME TRIVIAL ISSUE?

THE RESCUE MOVIE

WHERE WAS OPERATION BLUE LIGHT FILMED?

A. KYZYL KUM, U.S.S.R.
B. YUMA, ARIZONA
C. SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
D. MARE HUMORUM, THE MOON

WASN'T THE DRAMA OF EIGHT AMERICAN FRENCH FRIES LEFT BEHIND IN THE DESERT WORTH IT?

THE FIRE STARTED WHEN ONE OF THE ACTOR/SEVICEMEN DROPPED HIS HASH PIPE IN:

A. AN AMMO BOX
B. A OPEN PAIL OF GASOLINE
C. HIS ACTOR/COMMANDER'S FREEBASE EQUIPMENT
D. THE CURTAINS DURING GAY SEX?

WHY WEREN'T THERE SPRINKLERS IN THE HELICOPTERS?

WOULD A STRICTER FIRE CODE HAVE AVERTED THIS SNAFU IN THE SAND?

HEROS

THE TRAGIC EVENT OF THE HOSTAGE DUPLICATE RETURN IS STILL BEING CELEBRATED. DO YOU THINK THE PROFITS FROM THE CELEBRATION SHOULD GO TO:

A. BUILDING A HOSTAGE VILLAGE.
B. PRODUCING A HOSTAGE TALK SHOW.
C. OPENING HOSTAGE MISSIONS IN THIRD WORLD NATIONS.
D. TAKING SOME HOSTAGES OURSELVES.

HOSTAGE ABUSE IS A HOUSEHOLD TERM.

HOW MANY PEOPLE DID THE SHAH ABUSE IN HIS PRISONS AND TORTURE CENTERS?

HOW MANY PEOPLE DOES THE IMAM ABUSE IN HIS PRISONS AND TORTURE CENTERS?

HOW MANY PEOPLE DOES RONALD McDONALD ABUSE IN HIS PRISONS AND TORTURE CENTERS?

WHO PLAYED THE PART OF THE ACTOR/SHAH DYING OF CANCER?

WHERE DOES THE REAL SHAH PALAHVI NOW LIVE?

WHERE ARE THE REAL HOSTAGES BEING STORED?

WHY DID THEY REFUSE TO RETURN?

ARE THE 52 MOSLEM CYBORG HOSTAGE DOUBLES BATTERY OPERATED OR ATOMIC-POWERED?

WHICH COMES CLOSEST TO YOUR OPINION:

A. DO NOTHING
B. DON'T KNOW
C. USE MILITARY FORCE
D. PAY THE 87,000,000 TRILLION RANSOM

HOW MANY HOSTAGES DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW IN A LIGHTBULB?

OUR RETURN ADDRESS IS:

LIES
P.O.BOX 14158
SAN FRANCICO, CA.
94114

Séda's hymen is still intact.

SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE: NY Tickertape Hostages Parade by Robbe-Gray

SURVEILLANCE:

Recent advances in electronic technology have greatly limited the amount of legwork, manpower, and expense necessary in surveillance and gathering of raw intelligence. We have been given a kind of picture of US Intelligence methods over the past few years in the many disclosures that have appeared in the press, but it is a SELECTIVE picture. The Freedom of Information Act, though a useful tool, is not the reason for many of these disclosures. Often an individual or group releases carefully selected & sanitized information (or "disinformation") as ammunition against an adversary. The authenticity of this information may often be doubted. Many operations have been disclosed and even publicized in this manner, but their full extent is unknown. At this writing, for example, only 3 of the ex-hostages have been fingered as CIA operatives, but it is possible that the agency has allowed these names to be revealed in order to prevent others from being named. In short, it is possible that the picture of US Intelligence operations that has been made available to the general public has been CONSTRUCTED in part or whole by the very individuals who directed these operations. Since they are rarely caught acting against their own interests, we can assume that secrecy is maintained whenever vitally necessary.

The actual methods of operation and many of the facilities used to effect covert intelligence work remain unchanged from task to task, and must be kept secret. "Nuts-and bolts" information about methods of investigation and surveillance is very hard to come by. The Freedom of Information Act specifically exempts information on investigative methods from public release.

Engaging in an "expose" is best thought of as an analysis---of the capabilities, strengths and weaknesses of Intelligence capability, an analysis undertaken to determine its readiness to neutralize the forces it deems "subversive" or "a danger to national security" or merely "criminal." To discuss the capabilities of an intelligence force allows assessment of what is not presently within its power.

RE/SEARCH interviewed an electronic technician employed by an unidentified Federal agency. His duties have included the design, engineering and operation of many electronic devices and communication systems that are employed in the surveillance of individuals & their contacts with others. For most of his career, he has been based in the Los Angeles & San Francisco areas. Surprisingly, the number of dead ends occurring in the conversation were few.....

Interview by Argus....

Q: Though we agreed not to mention the actual agency you work for, can you mention anything about your employer?

A: I can't and won't. Let's just say it's a very large organization -- you would recognize it as a household word.

Q: In the course of your work do you ever publicly identify yourself as an employee of such-and-such an agency? Do you ever have to?

A: We try not to. In a pinch I sometimes have to "pull rank" on someone like a Telco (Telephone Company) rep. This is something that happens very rarely. There are people here and there who are kind of accustomed to working with us, and know what's going on. In the specific instance of placing an electronic interception (tap) on a private residence, one could identify oneself as a private detective, or carry local law enforcement credentials, or think fast when the neighbors give you the wrong look. Or (and this gets done all the time) just run in there, do your business and run right out. I remember back in the 'sixties when the operational load was very heavy we used to have someone hanging out at Radio (San Francisco police radio room) screening all calls that might bring a car around to the address where we were working. The neighbors called and called, but the slips never got out over the air.

Q: Interception is an expensive business, isn't it?

A: I'd refer you to that very interesting book you just showed me (STUDY OF VULNERABILITY OF ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATION SYSTEMS TO ELECTRONIC INTERCEPTION--see below) which presents some facts and figures. You can add them up for yourself. The little trick devices you hear about cost a lot of money, but most of the time we stay away from those. The main expense turns out to be the manpower to run a bug and keep on top of it.

Over the past few years the office here has had a harder & harder time justifying spending that kind of money. It runs in a *fashionable* way. One year it's the SLA and we'll bug them & their people, people suspected to be their contacts. If narcotics are a political problem & heads might roll in certain places we'll put a lot of equipment & time into narcotics enforcement instead of, say, organized crime, Italian-style. But if you read the papers you can see that's been getting some play out here lately, as has the union area, also.

Q: I get the impression that these tend to be interagency efforts....

A: Right. The boundaries on the organization charts tend to blur a little. We lend guys out & borrow them all the time. I know just about everybody in the business.

Q: Do you come out of a military background?

A: Navy.

Q: How close an eye does Washington keep on this sort of thing?

A: For intercepts, you have to get court orders, and in many cases clear specific operations (that might or might not be subject to court orders) with Washington. The orders are usually a snap -- there are AUSA's (Assistant US Attorneys) who specialize in drafting them. Most of the time they read pretty much the same, except for names & dates. There's also an inventory of "specialized devices," which could include your mikes, miniature transmitters, scanners, hot little receivers for sensitive work, and the rest. This inventory is supposed to be maintained locally & Washington gets a copy, & the Inspector Generals come around to check this stuff out every year on their annual tours.

Q: Are those inventories comprehensive? You know, like cops who hide personal weapons under the seat?

A: I won't say it in so many words, but there could be a soft spot in the wall that might hold the excess inventory...

Q: Can we get into the technology of intercepts a little? Room and phone monitors, vehicular DF (direction-finding) and so on?

A: Yeah...There's a million books about all that now...the kind of stuff we use is so easy to pick up on the market these days, easy to make too! The problem is little transmitters hidden in the baseboards or the table lamp, and phone mike elements that transmit FM signals, is first that they are easily found (and neutralized) by the subject and can represent a financial & tactical loss to us, and second, lots of people, more than you would imagine, regularly have their premises swept and these transmitters are easy to uncover. I think that the state-of-the-art, if you're interested in a particular phone, is remote monitoring via leased lines provided by Telco, leaving no detectable appearances as far as the subject is concerned.

Q: That MITRE book (see below) describes the possibilities, the plans of attack, in great detail, but of course doesn't deal with scenarios involving Telco cooperation.

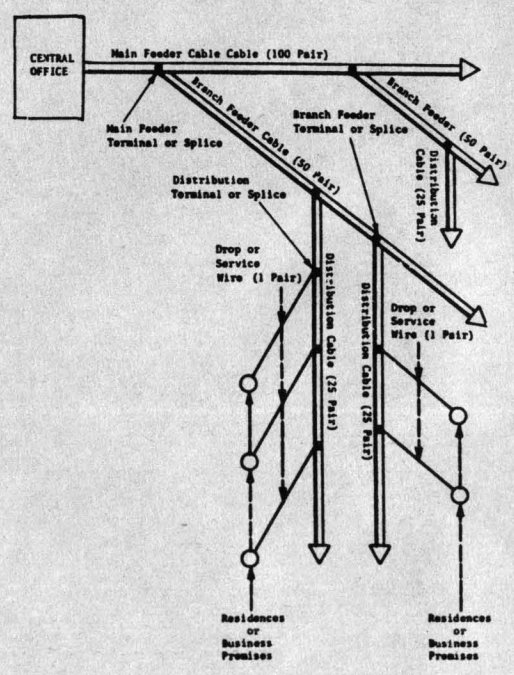


FIGURE 2
DISTRIBUTION PLANT CABLE HIERARCHY

A: We usually hit the pair (individual subscriber's phone wire connection) somewhere out of range of the residence, usually up the pole at the "distribution terminal" where all the community lines come in & join together to the cable leading to the central office. The diagram is a better way to explain the set-up. From the point where we hit the pair, we can do a number of things. The best way, the classiest, is to run another cable pair to a remote listening site via a private line leased from the phone company. For us the remote listening sites are, most places, right smack in our offices in the Federal Building. When the subject picks up his phone, so do we.

Q: The phone company rents you a private line --

A: It's the most reliable way to implement the intercept. Now we're talking, in this case, about a permanent or semi-permanent installation. These run a fairly high risk of discovery.

Q: How does the phone company set up its private lines for you?

A: There are a lot of ways. Look in the windows of an old-fashioned central office sometime. Isn't there one on Bush Street near that Safeway? I think so, if it's still operational. The new ones, of course, are computerized equipment, not wire frames, and have no windows. Some of the frames, which stretch all the way to the ceiling, have locked areas where the wiring is not visible. Coming into those areas of the boards are the private lines -- like city callboxes, "dedicated" lines (private lines provided for the exclusive use of a single customer), alarm company leased lines, etc. Our own lines also come into these areas. If the time & money is available, in short, we can really set up a nice installation.

Q: You hear about people picking their phone bugs up on the radio, or like in Aspen, on TV.

A: Aspen was a real DEA-style fuck-up. They concealed the camera OK but they didn't scramble the picture or anything, and they transmitted on a regular UHF channel when they could have split or gone out-of-band. Someone goes tuning around the dial & runs into a picture of his front door ....A professional would get by with less transmitting power, too. Shouldn't ever use more than the absolute minimum. (The interviewee is referring to a DEA investigation in Aspen, Colorado that was bungled in two ways. DEA implemented TV surveillance of a subject which was monitored by the subject directly, and also installed an unauthorized UHF repeater on private property to allow communication between agents in the field. The repeater was discovered and confiscated by a private citizen and DEA technicians had to retrieve the equipment in front of a CBS "60 Minutes" camera crew.)

Q: Just on the side, did you hear about the recent kidnapping in New York City where the ransom package was fitted with a DF (direction-finding) transmitter, placed in a trash can on the corner, and then lost? No one ever determined who picked the package up.

A: Those transmitters get knocked around a lot--I guess they are easy to lose. I imagine the reports were very embarrassing to write.

Q: Direction-finding transmitters, whether beepers for automobiles or simply radios locked on with an open carrier, often transmit right on regular agency channels. Isn't that something of a security problem?

A: You're caught in the middle. You can't fit out all the mobile units in the cars with new frequencies, and each agent on the street has to be able to hear the beeper or the carrier on a conventional HT (hand-talkie) or whatever he's got.

Q: Can we get back to phones for a minute? What about the classic FM wireless mikes on the phone or in a residence or office?

A: I guess those are still sometimes used--they can be good in places where you can leave a vehicle for awhile. But those are mainly for the lone wolves, outside established agencies, like Howard Hunt, whose activities are well-documented, or for some super-sensitive cases where you don't want to have to establish liaison with the phone company.

Q: What would a typical installation consist of?

A: You run a transmitter off the phone line slightly out of range of the residence or office, off the subscriber loop as in any bug, and park a car nearby with a receiver and a voice-activated recorder. You come back as necessary to change tapes. It's a great way to implement a temporary installation, as you don't have to effect entry to the premises. All you do is climb a pole, hook up, and park your car. Until the batteries run out, you're in business. FBI used to run these bugs right on their standard radio channels, which lots of people monitor. They're less open about that now.

"...everyone thinks they're being monitored all the time. The great American guilt complex."

Q: What frequencies *do* you run bugs on these days?

A: You've got to be right next to one to hear it--they put out half a watt at most. We try to keep the power way down. I'd look around unused TV channels in your area; those are safe because the TV picks up too much garbage, being wideband to hear a flea-power transmitter like that. We also have used the air band (108-136 mHz) on occasion and there are also installations that have operated around 440mHz, but the radio hams yell and scream if they run into us up there.

Q: ....Lots of people hear funny noises on their phones and assume they're being tapped.

A: Yeah, everyone thinks they're being monitored all the time. The great American guilt complex. Actually, I think it's kind of a reverse status symbol for some people. They don't know what kind of money and manpower you get into even to target just a dozen people. You have the equipment. You have the techs like me, secretaries transcribing everything off the tapes, and dozens of middle-level civil servants whose job is to interpret the things and write reports to Washington, and before you're through you've spent a lot of money. If you really have a big job, you usually have to fly in a tech team--we don't have them everywhere. Most of the ones on the West Coast work out of Los Angeles, and they're all on per diem, and that kind of thing.

Q: ....Funny noises on telephones--where do they come from?

A: OK. Most likely the phone company in your geographic area hasn't implemented the new electronic ex-

Why were 2 million body bags delivered to USA met ie

TECHNIQUES

changes (ESS--Electronic Switching Systems) or if it has, they're not working right. Or you're used to the new equipment--to the way it sounds to your ear--and the old exchanges pick up a lot of junk. Phone service has improvsed so much in the past few years, from the audio point of view, that when people hear a few extra clicks, static, echo, cross-talk (nearby parties talking on other lines "leaking" over to your line) they cry bloody murder, but it always used to sound that way. Also the cables and satellites used internationally pick up a lot of noise.

Q: So if you're really being monitored, you're not likely to --

A: That's the idea. But not always. We've used *obvious* interceptions in the past to intimidate people who were aware of what was going on.

Q: More as harassment..than to gather intelligence information?

A: I guess. But also raw intelligence can be picked up. Things you can't put into a complaint, but gossip and things that lead you to the people you're after and then you wait for them to make a wrong move so you can get the troops out on them. But that's a little out of my depth -- I'm more a technician than an agent.

Q: Do you ever carry a firearm?

A: If I ever had to, that would be a story that I couldn't tell you. But the kind of work I do--aligning our agency radios and maintaining our repeaters--the kind of work I do most of the time has nothing to do with weapons. It's routine.

Q: What kinds of developments do you see coming up in the next few years, in the area of communications interception?

A: I think the future lies in passive interception, above all, rather than active...

Q: You mean like remote sensing of window and wall vibrations by modulating microwave or laser beams?

A: Right. We've already seen a lot of this in the area of high priority permanent-type installations....

Q: Like Soviet consular facilities in this country?

A: That would be a relevant application of this technology...

Q: How does passive interception work?

A: Well, it's possible to pick up audio, and even to some extent RF (radio-frequency) vibrations off a resonant surface, such as window glass or a wall, and with these vibrations re-modulate a beam that you reflect off the surface, like the window, and then at the receiving end, decode these modulations and convert them back into an audible signal. You can use a microprocessor-based device to clean up the information if there's a lot of noise--*it's surprising what can be retrieved nowadays.*

Q: I wonder what the target of the installation would think about the constant presence of microwave radiation.

A: If they were smart, they'd screen their windows with a fine mesh to dissipate the radiated power of the beam. This is what we had to do at the American Embassy in Moscow. I played a consulting role in the problem of the "Moscow Signal" which went on and off, on and off, and may have seriously endangered some of our staff and dependents there. (*Referred to here is the irradiation of the US Embassy in Moscow by high-energy microwave radiation over a period of several years. The purpose of the irradiation was never fully revealed, but it was either for passive interception (by the Russians) of activity within the embassy, or to jam radio frequency listening devices employed by the Americans within the embassy. It sparked a minor revolt among Foreign Service employees concerned for their health, and several Ambassadors in succession have suffered from cancer & leukemia, perhaps in part due to the effects of the radiation).*

...If you look in Washington, you'll find in many of your high-security government buildings special glass that dampens all vibrations and inhibits this process--

you can't monitor the President's conversations in the Oval Office that way--the glass is 6, 9, whatever inches thick.

Q: Like an aquarium...

A: Also for security reasons. Ever walk by the White House? You can hardly see any apparent security measures besides the guard stations and the fence, but if you look closely at the fence posts, you'll see holes cut into them running over the top of the fence, cut for some sort of radar or light-sensitive alarm system. But real low-key.

Q: I don't know if they appreciate publication of those kinds of details --

A: Those you can see, anyone can see, just walking by. The things you *can't see* I bet are like a real *electronic battlefield....*

Q: I guess they have to turn it all off for the Easter Egg party on the lawn.....

A: You can see the same thing at Rancho Seco (nuclear plant not far from Sacramento, Calif.)--they have a radar alarm intrusion device around the perimeter of the plant. Little dish antennae and all.....

"The Hell's Angels all were CB and scanner freaks and listened in on everyone trying to grab them..."

Q: ...(Can you) clarify passive vs. active interception?

A: PASSIVE INTERCEPTION is the reception of a signal that isn't really transmitted in itself. You can intercept it without it radiating any power, really. That window is vibrating and you send out a super-high-frequency beam to catch the vibrations, which is not relevant to the audio-frequency matter you're monitoring.

Q: ...Can you describe--not name, but describe in a generic way--some of the kinds of targets of these intercepts?

A: We might set up a short-term job, a one-shot thing, on a kidnap, for instance. Or plant a transmitter in a narcotics shipment as it finds its way home from the airport. The rest you can find in the newspapers if you keep on top of it; things like organized crime, certain unions in this area, and so on.

Q: How many interceptions would you estimate are active, right now, in the Bay Area?

A: That's the kind of question which I might find a little tough to answer...but there are probably maybe half a dozen to a dozen active projects and something less than a hundred overall, counting in this case short-term projects. I'm referring only to approved government activity, of course, not private detectives and divorce cases. *(NOTE: There is reason to believe he is exaggerating the number of active intercepts in the Bay Area.)*

Q: What about foreign intelligence?

A: That is a very sensitive kind of subject...I wouldn't want to comment on something that hasn't been made public.

Q: Well, we often read that Silicon Valley (Santa Clara Valley--home of many high-technology corporations & research centers) is a prime target of foreign intelligence, especially Soviet & Eastern European. There was a long piece in MICROWAVE SYSTEMS NEWS concerning alleged espionage activity in the Santa Clara Valley area. It indicated Soviet agents might be using portable microwave transmitters and sending burst transmissions (condensed data transmitted in high-speed "bursts") up to a satellite...

A: Yes, I think much of that information was "leaked" to warn the adversary. Also to keep the people in the plants on their toes.

Q: What can you say about surveillance of Soviet facilities in the Bay Area?

A: There is only one, Green Street. (Soviet consulate, 2490 Green St, San Francisco). It is often published that Soviet facilities in all cities are observed 24 hours a day for comings & goings, and I guess you could assume that watch is kept in San Francisco. There is some sort of a special squad that observes all entrances and exits. But that's been going on for 60 years, or whatever.

Q: So you have people at Green Street all the time?

A: I wouldn't try to go and look for them--their job is to keep a low profile.

Q: ....You operate a very elaborate radio system in the Bay Area --

A: It used to be a lot simpler, but *then you had all this terrorist activity in the Bay Area and we had to get set up to take on an army....*

Q: Can you describe your radio setup at all?

A: Well, it's set up like a large city might structure its police radio system, like Los Angeles, for example. We have a number of offices linked to a main office in San Francisco, and hundreds of cars out there. The cars and the offices throughout the Bay Area transmit VHF high-band signals that are picked up by repeaters on mountaintops, then rebroadcast so that all agents in the field can monitor transmissions. We also have a UHF Link system that picks up transmission in the field that would otherwise be out of range, and returns them to San Francisco....

We keep the actual frequencies *in-house,* and we switch around a lot. We have some channels for administrative use, others for bank robberies, a general surveillance channel, one universal channel that agents from, let's say, New York can use to talk to agents in Philadelphia (everybody's got it), several counterintelligence channels, and finally a separate radio system for the organized crime activities.

Q: ...I know a lot of hobbyists listen in.

A: I have to take exception to your use of the term "hobbyists." Who's to tell who's a hobbyist and who isn't? The Hells Angels all were CB and scanner freaks and listened in on everyone trying to grab them, and made things a lot harder for everybody...I think you have to be aware that many times the lives of our personnel are *actually threatened* by *unauthorized* radio monitoring. That's why we're so uptight about these so-called "hobbyists."

Q: So what are you doing about this problem -- *scrambling?* You going to implement voice-privacy on your radio channels?

A: We're not really planning anything like that.

Q: How about those units you've been testing locally, since some time last spring?

A: We brought them into many of our regional offices and are using them here and there but not really on a tactical basis. I'd say, without going into any real detail, that these are low-security units. *They don't protect us much against a well-organized group with a lot of electronics expertise.*

Q: Do you think agencies like yours will put a lot of money into digital scrambling and comsec (communications security) measures or will they simply try to talk less and give less away?

A: I think the second thing. But the *new Administration* may try to *beef us up, the way it ought to be.*

Q: How could an agency that routinely deals in Top Secret matters and takes such extreme internal security precautions set up such an insecure radio system? In San Mateo county even middle-aged housewives monitor you....

A: I guess it was an evolutionary thing. We began to set up similar radio systems in each big city starting in the 1940s and 1950s, and they reached their present level of sophistication sometime in the mid-1960s. Things really started picking up for us and we installed base stations and repeater sites all over the place. At that time the frequencies were still secret, or not widely known, and you didn't have these *radio clubs* publishing everything all over the place. We really started to have a problem with monitoring when scanners came out, the first ones where you could just punch in a frequency and have it come up...So the electronics manufacturers caught up with us and started selling radios to whoever wanted them. If you listen now, you hear less and less plain talk and more and more codes. We're learning to cope with the inevitable. All the time now we pull over to the side of the road and use landlines (telephones).

Q: Do you change your code systems frequently?

A: I can't comment, and in any case, as I said I'm not an agent but a technician.

Q: Have you worked with computer equipment in conjunction with the radio system?

A: We experimented with putting data terminals in agents' cars so they could retrieve data on subjects and license and registration information without requesting it by voice. There was this problem, though: people heard names and addresses going out over the air and called those people up, letting them know we were interested in them! We prosecuted a few of those cases and haven't had any problems in that area lately. This gets to be a real problem in narcotics enforcement, as you might imagine!

Q: I read in US NEWS & WORLD REPORT that Secret Service is really feeling threatened by the "ease" with which the general public can tune in to their radio messages.

A: *They've got the President to protect!* They've got a right to be a little paranoid--I mean *on guard...*

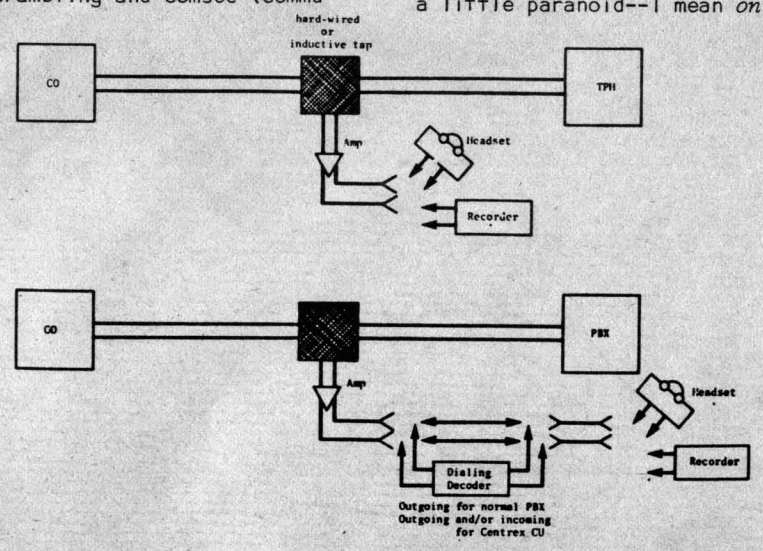
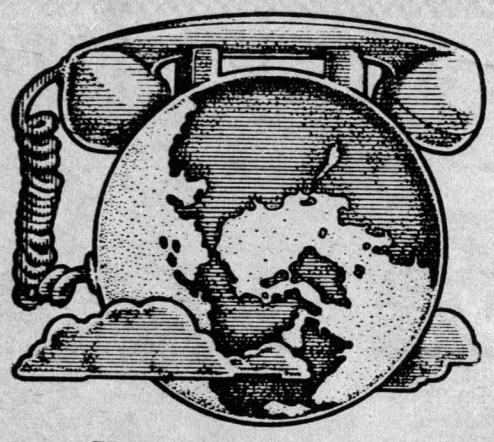


FIGURE 8
SUBSCRIBER LOOP INTERCEPT ARRANGEMENTS



TECHNICAL APPENDICES

Most long-distance phone calls in the US are relayed from point to point using highly standardized microwave radio relay systems. Each system transmits simultaneously on several very wide channels, each channel capable of carrying hundreds or even thousands of phone calls. With the proper microwave receiving equipment and a de-multiplexer to, in essence, "sort out" the proper call from the many others on the channel, monitoring of the long-distance phone network is a simple matter for those capable of mobilizing the funds to purchase the equipment. Microwaves transmit line-of-sight beams but leak sufficient energy (sidelobes) to allow for placement of unauthorized receivers at many locations. The US National Security Agency (NSA) employs similar techniques worldwide, also placing receivers on satelllites to get within range of transmitters everywhere in the world. NSA also monitors ALL international telephone conversations originating or terminating in the USA, and non-voice and cable traffic as well, from its base in Ft. Meade, Maryland.

ON VOICE PRIVACY DEVICES

Q: In general terms, how do the 2 kinds of voice-privacy devices, the kinds in civilian use, work? I mean FREQUENCY-INVERSION as opposed to DIGITAL-VOICE-PROTECTION (DVP)?

A: FREQUENCY-INVERSION units just take a chunk out of the audio (the voice frequencies) and put it back in "upside down" if you will -- the higher frequencies are modulated as the lower frequencies should be, & vice versa. Since such a narrow audio band is transmitted with conventional radio equipment, these scramblers garble things up pretty well, giving a "Mickey Mouse" sound to the speech. But these are LOW-SECURITY systems, as I say, and won't do you much good against people who've got their stuff together. won't do you much good against people who've got their stuff together. (These scrambling devices (easily broken with commercially available de-scramblers) are most commonly used by local law-enforcement agencies to inhibit "ambulance-chasing-activities.)

Q: What about Motorola's DVP?

A: DVP achieves its objective by scrambling the audio using a digital code which is one of many billions of possibilities. Your receiver has to be set to the CODE setting (the same code as the transmitter) to monitor the message in the clear. Otherwise the audio comes off as loud squelch--like an open channel, just static...and the only way you tell a message is present is that the static suddenly bursts louder. We've had problems with DVP and don't use it on a wide basis yet.

Q: How's that?

A: We had problems with low battery power -- your batteries will run down in the course of a long job and the MEMORY will fail, and you've lost your codes! That kind of circuitry (microprocessors & memory) needs a constant power supply. Then there were coordination problems between all the agents out in the field. Their radios have to be adjusted to the same setting, and each squad has to coordinate it among themselves, and it can be something of a problem. Also if anyone keys their mike over someone else you get garbage. We had field trials and some of these problems came to light -- since then Washington hasn't been too hot on these units -- at least unless they come up with some improvements....

...The thing about scrambling is that it won't work without a really good signal. The transmission efficiency is degraded so much that your effective range is reduced. We may have people out in the field talking on "private" but when they split up, they have to turn off the scramblers and do their best. DISTANCE works against scrambling, at least at this stage of the technology....

NOTE

The MITRE Corporation report referred to is titled STUDY OF VULNERABILITY OF ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATION SYSTEMS TO ELECTRONIC INTERCEPTION, in two volumes, and is available from the National Technical Information Service, 5285 Port Royal Rd., Springfield, VA 22151. Stock Numbers: PB-264 447 and PB-264 448. Write for price, giving stock numbers.

Illustrations and figures are from this publication, as well as from a more explicit "Appendix" to this project not available from NTIS.

1.0 INTRODUCTION

This report outlines three examples of possible approaches to electronic communication interception. The purpose is to illustrate the types of strategies that could be employed in carrying out an electronic communications interception operation. This report assumes as background the materials presented in MTR-7439, Vulnerability of Electronic Communication Systems to Electronic Interception. Volume I of MTR-7439 presented a number of general strategies for intercepting communications carried by a variety of communication systems. Perforce the descriptions had to be rather abbreviated in order to cover the full range of strategies which might be employed by an interceptor. This volume outlines three specific interception strategies to provide a more detailed illustration of possible interceptor approaches. These are:

1. Interception of a suburban residential telephone.
2. Interception of a business's data communication to a computer service.
3. Interception of conversations over the direct distance dialing network between two specific individuals in different cities.

It is necessary to make specific assumptions about the objectives of the interceptor, the characteristics of the telephone company plant and the target and the environment within which the operation is to take place. These assumptions are stated for each case under the heading "Situation".

2.0 INTERCEPTION OF A SUBURBAN RESIDENTIAL TELEPHONE

2.1 Situation

The interceptor is interested in conversations a particular individual might have with other unknown individuals. He would also like to know the identity of the other party to the conversation of interest, if possible. The information of interest would be communicated using the targeted individual's home telephone sometime between 6 PM and 11 PM, Monday through Friday. The call could be originated by the targeted individual or by one of the unknown individuals. The residential area is similar to that found in Northern Virginia outside the Beltway. The interceptor knows the location of the home of the targeted individual.

Since the interceptor does not know the identity of the other individuals, nor who will originate the call(s) of interest, he must perform his interception on the local subscriber loop.

The local subscriber loop consists of an aerial drop wire from the house to a nearby pole-mounted terminal where it is connected to an aerial distribution cable consisting of 25 pairs. The distribution cable runs several blocks to another pole-mounted terminal where it connects to an aerial branch feeder cable consisting of 200 pairs (made up of 8 binder groups). The branch feeder cable runs several blocks to another pole-mounted terminal where it connects with an aerial main feeder cable consisting of 600 pairs (made up of 24 binder groups). All cable except the drop wire is Alpeth (consisting of a polyethylene and aluminum sheath). The main branch feeder cable is pressurized. None of the terminal cases or other terminal appearances are locked or pressurized. Initially unknown to the interceptor, the only suitable place to hide his monitoring station is a wooded section adjacent to a section of the main feeder cable.

2.2 Signal Acquisition Strategy

A possible strategy for the interceptor is as follows:

1. Visually trace drop wire to the distribution terminal.
2. Climb pole, open terminal enclosure and note color code of the pair in the distribution cable to which the drop wire is attached.
3. Visually trace distribution cable to the branch feeder terminal & look for suitable place to hide monitoring station.
4. Climb pole, open terminal enclosure and note color code of the binder group containing the pair of interest. Also note if the color code of the pair of interest has changed.
5. Visually trace branch feeder cable to the main feeder cable terminal and look for suitable place to hide monitoring station.
6. Climb pole, open terminal enclosure and note color code of binder group containing the pair of interest. Also note if the color code of the pair of interest has changed.
7. Visually trace main feeder cable to suitable place for hiding monitoring station and look for nearest appearance (assume a terminal enclosure). (Note: terminal enclosure was chosen rather than penetrating cable at a closer point because terminal enclosure is not pressurized but cable is.)
8. Open terminal enclosure and attach own wire-pair to same binding posts to which wire-pair of interest is attached.
9. If the interceptor wishes to check to see if he has the correct pair, he can remove the subscriber side of the pair of interest and attach a test set with ring generator and talk battery to subscriber pair and ring subscriber's telephone. After verification, he re-establishes the normal connection and removes the test set.
10. Run own pair to a high impedance amplifier (battery powered) which he mounts on same or adjacent pole. Run a wire-pair along route to a pole from which the pair can be run into the wooded area with little likelihood of being discovered.
11. Attach monitoring equipment.

2.3 Monitoring Equipment and Procedure

The monitoring equipment could consist of a set of headphones, a signaling decoder and a tape recorder. The first item needs no power. The latter two would be battery powered. Two basic operational procedures are visualized: attended operation and unattended operation.

2.3.1 Attended Operation

The interceptor need be on site only between 6 PM and 11 PM, Monday through Friday. The interceptor would use the headphones to listen to conversations. The signaling decoder could be used to alert him to an off-hook condition so that he need not listen when telephone is not being used. It could also be used to display the telephone number of parties being called by the targeted individual. If the interceptor wishes to have a record of the conversation of interest, he can manually start tape recorder when the off-hook condition is detected. The tape could be immediately erased if the conversation was not of interest (in order to save tape).The interceptor could take the monitoring equipment with him when he leaves the site in order to minimize chances of accidental discovery of monitoring site.

2.3.2 Unattended Operation

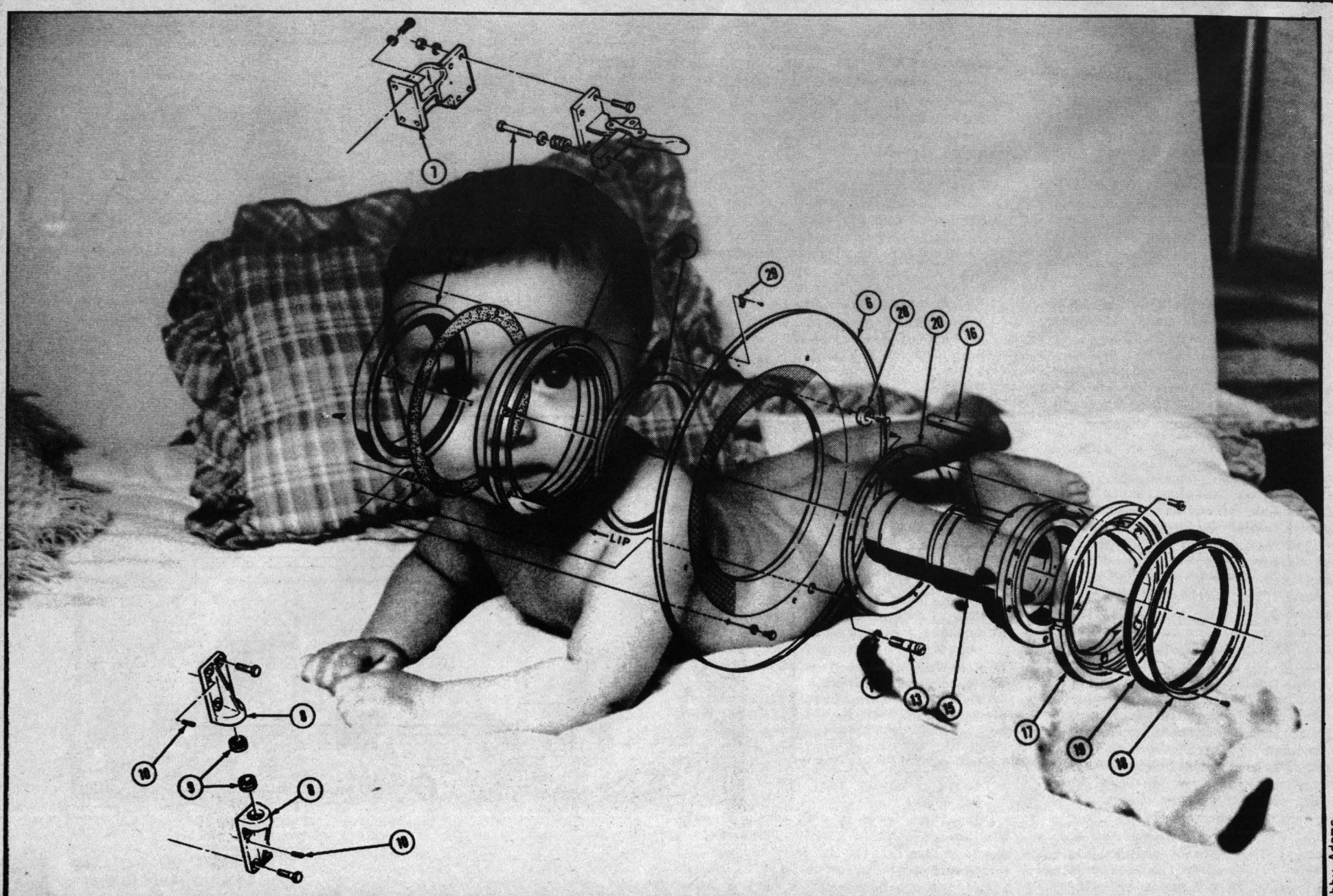
The interceptor need only be on-site for the initial setup, to change tapes and to replace batteries. The headphones would be useful when he is on-site to check the equipment operation. A timer is added to the equipment to energize the equipment at 6 PM and turn it off at 11 PM. The signaling decoder need recognize only the on-hook/off-hook condition and run the recorder only when an off-hook condition exists. Telephone numbers could be identified when tape is played back. The intercept equipment could be camouflaged (perhaps buried) in order to minimize risk of accidental detection.

TABLE VI (Continued)

INTERCEPTION EQUIPMENT CHARACTERISTICS

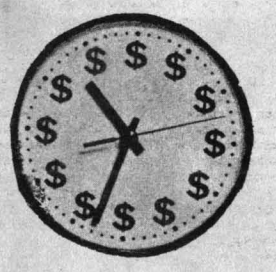
PART 2: EQUIPMENT REQUIRED TO EXTRACT THE INFORMATION BEING COMMUNICATED

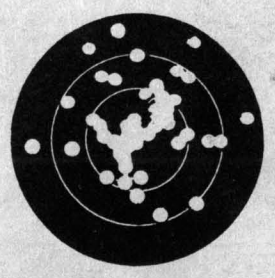
Interception Equipment	AVAILABILITY					COMPLEXITY			
	Commercial	Other	Cost	Size	Weight	Installation	Operation	Effectiveness	Responsibility
Voice Traffic									
Inductive Tap		Retail	At Most $60	Negligible	Negligible	Low	Low	Moderate to High	Low
Headphones		Retail	At Most $60	Negligible	Negligible	Very Low	Very Low	High	None
Audio Amplifier		Retail	At Most $60	Negligible	Negligible	Very Low	Very Low	High	None
Audio Mixer		Locally Fabricated	At Most $25	Negligible	Negligible	Low	Very Low	High	None
D/A Converter (Simple)	X		$25 to $75	19"x24"x20"	Up to 10 lb	Low	Very Low	High	None
(Delta MOD)	X		$1000 to 2000	19"x24"x20"	Up to 30 lb	Low	Very Low	High	
Teletype Traffic									
Receive-only Teletypewriter	X		$1000 to $1500	19"x24"x30"	50-100 lbs	Moderate to High	Low to Moderate	Moderate to High	Moderate
FSK Demodulator	X		Less than $500	19"x6" x12"	Less than 40 lb	Moderate	Low to Moderate	Moderate to High	Low
Data Traffic									
Modem (Low speed)	X		Less than $500	1500 to 2800 in^3	Apx 10 lb.	Moderate	Low to Moderate	Moderate to High	Low
Modem (600-1200 bps)	X		Less than $500	1500 to 2800 in^3	Apx 10 lb.	Moderate	Low to Moderate	Moderate to High	Low
Modem (2400-9600 bps)	X		$500 to $8500	1500 to 2800 in^3	30 lb. to 60 lb.	Moderate	Low to Moderate	Moderate to High	Low
Decoder	(EITHER X OR LOCALLY FABRICATED)		DEPENDS ON DIGITAL CODE AND OUTPUT FORMAT			Low to High	Low to High	Low to High	Low
Printer	X		$1000-$15000	19"x24"x20"	50 to 100 lb	Moderate to High	Low to Moderate	Moderate to High	Moderate
Optional									
Signaling Decoder		Locally Fabricated	appr $1000	24"x19"x10"	less than 20 lb	Moderate	Low to Moderate	Moderate	Low
Tape Recorder		Retail	$50-$5000	12"x19"x20"	5 lb to 30 lb	Low	Low	High	Low
Ring Generator w/ Testset	X		$600-$1000	8"x19"x8"	10 lb to 30 lb	Moderate	Low to Moderate	Moderate	Low
Signal Generator w/ Detector	X	Locally Fabricated	At most $10	6"x6"x6"	Negligible	Moderate	Moderate	Moderate	Low



Bobby Adams

Transformation of everyday life





WHAT IS "SITUATIONISM"?

Situationism, n. (From the Fr. situationniste, a neologism related to "situation," etc.)

1) Of or referring to the practice of theory of the SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL (1957-1971), an international but French-centered avantgarde and ultraleft formation with its origins in the dada/surrealist milieu, later also influenced by Hegelian Marxism, council communism, Nietzsche, Fourier, the early Wilhelm Reich and the anarchists.

2) A theory of contemporary class society (capitalist and "communist" alike) and its culture as an integrated ensemble of ideological mystifications and social controls. This totalitarian totality presents itself as the "spectacle," an organization of appearances interposed between isolated, enervated individuals (all alone together) and a world which, though these same people recreate it from scratch every day by their own alienated activity (work, consumption, voting, etc.) -- is nonetheless experienced as foreign and beyond their control! And so it is. Separation, specialization and the trained incapacity of idiot savants are some of the spectacle's characteristics: subtle sexual repression still turns the wheels (and the pages).

Spectacular society is adept at "recuperation," i.e., assimilating would-be oppositional currents which, by challenging only isolated aspects of the world-system, end up unwittingly propping it up -- the totality's jujitsu uses their own strength against them (examples: the left, punk, the counter-culture, unions, feminism, modern art). "We must go further, dissociate ourselves from both modern culture and from its negation. We are not working for the spectacle of the end of the world, but for the end of the world of the spectacle."

Against the prevalent colonized consciousness, the situationists tried to mobilize a "radical subjectivity" free of inhibitions, conditioning and moralism. Instead of role-playing, aspiring "masters without slaves" would play with the roles. Collectively engaged, the power of passionate lucidity and ruthless joy preys upon and practically supersedes sterile canned categories and forced-choices like work/play, egoism/altruism, reason/emotion, theory/practice, individual/social, etc. Irony, paradox, wordplay, invective are only a Few of the tools of a merciless CRITIQUE of the old order and all that perpetuates it. "Boredom is always counter-revolutionary": the measure of everyday political/economic/cultural practice or principle is its meaning for EVERYDAY LIFE.

3) Any of various ideological deformations of 2 above, by the sits themselves or their epigones (known as "pro-situs"), which in one way or another neuter the project's revolutionary implications -- typically by indulging the sits' own characteristic vices: the tendency to encapsulate "theory" as self-sufficient, or to redefine the task as a job for experts, or to posit situationism as a treasured but arcane lore with esoteric scriptures ("texts") to be preserved from the insolent gaze of the vulgar and reserved for rapt contemplation by coteries of intellectuals, preferably from France or California. Situationism, too, can be (and has been) "recuperated." At this late date, that which is alive in situationism most often makes itself felt in the activity of intransigents who are indifferent to the "situationist" label or even disclaim it.

"Proletarian revolution is a festival or it is nothing; in revolution the road of excess leads once & for all to the palace of wisdom. A palace which knows only one rationality: the GAME. The rules are simple: to live without dead time, and to indulge untrammelled desire."

"Justice, dignity, honor, liberty.. these words that yap or squeal, are they any more than household pets whose masters have calmly awaited their homecoming since the time when heroic domestics fought for the right to walk them on the street? To use them is to forget that they are the ballast which allows power to rise, to rise out of reach."

THE CORRECT LINE: A PRIMER FOR PINHEADS

A spectre is haunting Terra: the spectre of comedy. East and West, "left" and right, all those who are power's pimps and property's property (businessmen and bureaucrats, socialists and socialites, commissars and clergymen, Coke and Pepsi) -- all the fat cats and phonies and *their* marching morons and stultified tools are as one in their efforts to exorcise the mockery of those who fly in *under Their radar*. Banished or bridled again and again, the Trickster always gives Them the slip in the end, wearing countless faces as the institutionalized slip on their faces. They'll NEVER catch the Roadrunner!

And now the time has come "to make the silence audible"...with the radio *off*. Ragnarok'n'Roll is here to stay. "Take back the night"? Why settle for half-measures? Let all she-and-hedonists shit-can the (sub)humanists; let hungry Morlocks everywhere eat the rich; let the ludic and the Luddites put an end to that supreme servitude WORK. The depressive have reason to dispose of the repressive. Why not take the socio path? It leads to a leaderless life of permanent revelry beyond the Reality Principle. As the economy implodes and the culture corrodes and the old world erodes, as even the oblivious incline toward Oblomovism, as time runs out on the time-clock -- since Armageddon is imminent, the sentients and sensitives had better make sure that the Anti-Christ *wins*. This is the fight to the finish between Them and Us, between gorillas and guerrillas, Third Reich and Wilhelm Reich, quantity and quality, Marxists and Groucho Marxists, the inane and the insane, Locke and Loki, the Syndicate and the cynical, the Trots and the hot-to-trot, common sense and communal sensuality, Catholics and catholics, Protestants and protestants, the ruling class and the *declasse*, the static and the stateless, the negation of pleasure -- and the pleasure of negation. All reet!

Despite what you may have heard, the "correct line" is *not* what the cop makes you walk when he pulls you over. Confused by Cartesian, left brain/right brain, Manichean, structuralist binary oppositions cross-hatching the wrinkles on your brain? Would you hesitate to play chess with Karen Quinlan? Your prudence (but not your prudishness) is commendable and, hopefully, not commandable. What you need is a different (but not diffident) industrial-strength ideology, a foray into *fuck*turalism, the (non-Illuminati) illumination of *north-brain* consciousness, a plunge into *3-chord politics* and nothing-leftism -- logosexual cunning-linguistic excesses aside (too much is enough!), you're entitled, after millennia of civilization, after centuries of industrialization, after decades of schooling, after years of television, after months of rock music, after minutes of reading -- you're entitled to the *straight poop*. And here it is, the question to the answer you've been hearing all your life (you say you hear a different drummer? maybe so, but is the rhythm *syncopated?*) -- in convenient, predigested tabular form, *the correct line:*

INCORRECT	CORRECT
Sedation	Sedition
Vanguard parties	After-hours parties
Freedom of religion	Freedom from religion
Counter-culture	Countering culture
Legal practice	Target practice
Behaviorism	Misbehaviorism
Leninism	Lennonism
Praying	Playing
Dad	Dada
Revelation	Revolution
Wars	Whores
Classical liberals	Rococo radicals
Capital punishment	The punishment of capital
Homophobia	Nomophobia
Atomic power	Anomic power
Lawyers	Scofflawyers
Elections	Erections
Separate of church & state	Abolition of church & state
Consultants	Insultants
The arts	The tarts
Force	Farce
Sects	Sex
Historical materialism	Hysterical materialism
Neurotics	Erotics
Libertarians	Libertines
Positive thinking	Positive drinking
TV	TV's
Reason	Treason
Political movements	Pelvic movements
Theologians	Neologians
Foreign affairs	Foreign affairs

MARLON BRANDO'S SEX LIFE

"Condition White" is a normal, non-combative state of mind. It is where we would prefer to live. In Condition White we do not expect trouble. No one nearby constitutes any conceivable threat. We need not look behind us. We feel perfectly safe (with what we believe to be sufficient reason), and we are not armed. If we are attacked when in Condition White we will be completely surprised, and we will probably die.

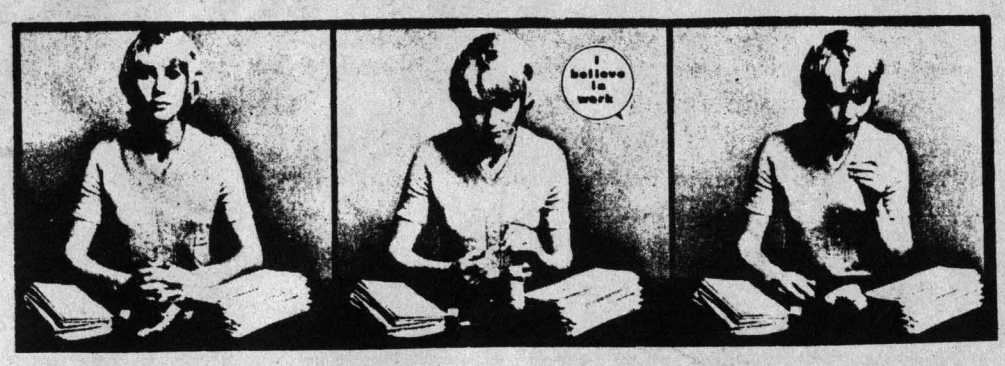
"Condition Yellow" is a state of relaxed alertness. It must always be assumed whenever we wear a gun. In Condition Yellow we do not expect any specific hostile act, but we are aware that something of the sort is possible. We maintain an easy but steady 360° surveillance. We know who is behind us. We stay out of arm's length of strangers, insofar as possible. The policeman, on duty, is always on Yellow—except when he is on Orange or Red. A man can maintain Condition Yellow indefinitely, without undue nervous strain. He is not completely safe, but he is much safer than on White.

"Condition Orange" is a state of alarm. In Orange we have reason to believe that a fight is likely. We have a specific tactical situation in mind, and we have considered the provocations that may arise to justify our use of deadly force. We are careful to avoid "over-reaction" but we are thinking combatively. We keep our backs well covered. We cannot be surprised. A man cannot maintain Orange for very long, as his concentration must be completely devoted to the matter at hand. The pistol is holstered, if the subject is competent, but a carefully controlled shot is available in about three seconds' notice.

"Condition Red" is that of defensive combat. In Condition Red, if you see a deadly threat you shoot. You have made up your mind that that is what the situation warrants, and only certain pre-set checks (a badge, a uniform, etc.) will inhibit your fighting stroke. "All systems are GO." Your pistol may be holstered, but more often it will be in hand, and in either case a controlled shot is available in about one second. A policeman usually enters a tactical situation on Orange, and shifts to Red when he is shot at.

And yet everybody wants to breathe and nobody can breathe and a lot of people say 'we'll be able to breathe later'. And most people don't die because they are already dead.

everyone will live in his own cathedral

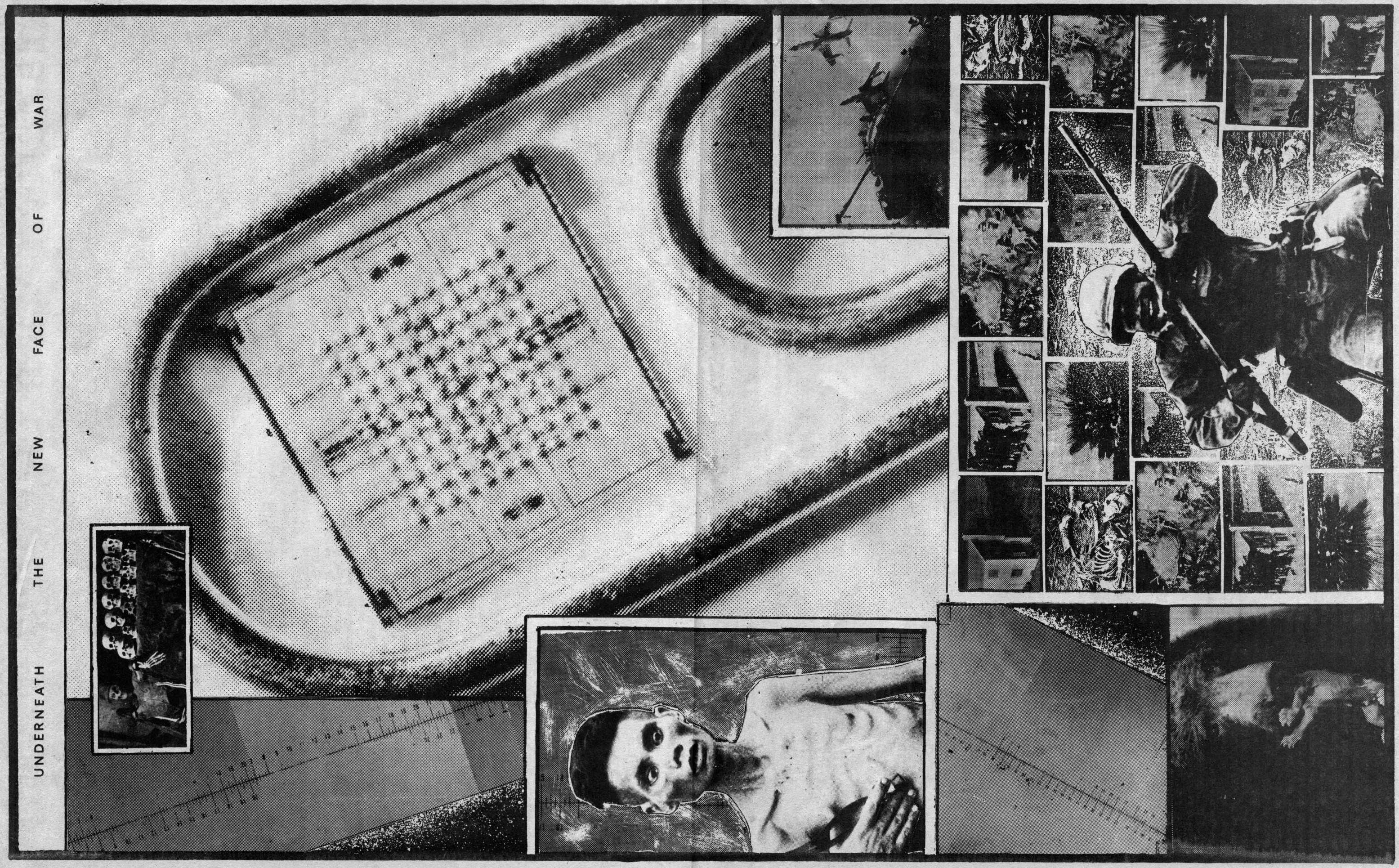


DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE KILLING YOUR BOSS?

THE LAST INTERNATIONAL
55 Sutter St #487
San Francisco CA 94104

THE END OF SAN FRANCISCO

A "popular" government cannot defend the revolution because it has to defend itself *from* the revolution....



KILL TECHNOLOGY

The following report on recent advances in Kill Technology was written by MARK PAULINE, Director of SURVIVAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES since the beginning of 1979, and pioneer in the use of machines, robots, rockets and special effects devices for the performing arts. His shows feature no human performers whatsoever, being organized entirely around the interactions of menacingly reconstructed industrial equipment, activated through a central control panel and automatic signal generators.

In addition to being a GENUINE Industrial artist, Mr. Pauline is a skilled welder, motorcycle mechanic, inventor and psycho-technician as well as a crack shot with a .45 Colt Commander.....

*SOME EVENTS STAGED BY SURVIVAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES/ARTIST & ASSISTANTS**

MACHINE SEX/25-2-79/Pigeons playing the part of Arabs being martyrs in a gas station to a musical accompaniment based on Camus' THE STRANGER

FOOD FOR MACHINES/20-5-79/Food consumed in all the wrong ways for all the wrong reasons

NOISE/21-9-79/In the Bandshell of Golden Gate Park, an assault on leisure promenades complete with exploding glass. Videotape available from SRL.

(MABUHAY GARDENS)/20-10-79/A benefit for Biafra for Mayor. A mechanical ritual of violent abuse for certain rival candidates.

ASSURED DESTRUCTIVE CAPABILITY/3-11-79/A violent stab in the face of the Premier of the Soviet Union, Leonid Brezhnev. Videotape was banned by the governments of Czechoslovakia & East Germany.

USELESS MECHANICAL ACTIVITY/9-2-80/A running commentary on the psychology of acts of military aggression & their consequences. Color video.

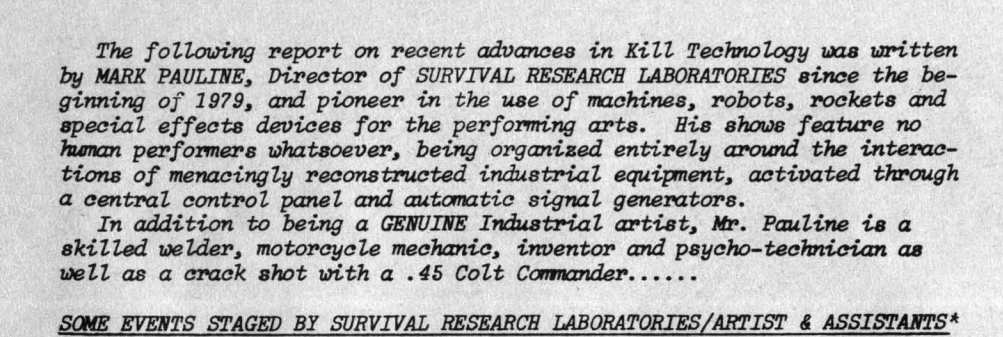
(PORNOGRAPHY, VIOLENCE & WOMEN)/30-4-80/A mechanical cabaret filled with detonations and shock waves. Also featured were NON, FACTRIX & ZEV. B&W videotape available from SRL.

(ELEMENTARY SCHOOL NIGHTMARE)/7-6-80/Nearly resulted in the firing of school officials who authorized it. Show also included premiere of SXXX80, a sex-education/alienation film by Monte Cazazza & Tana Emmolo.

(MALE/FEMALE)/28-8-80/Eureka Theatre Experimental Arts Series presentation, with unexplained overtones of violence. Also on bill were DNA, discordant musical trio from New York, and S.F.'s MINIMAL MAN.

(PEARL HARBOR DAY)/7-12-80/Kezar Pavilion extravaganza with Monte Cazazza & Tana Emmolo, FACTRIX, films by Scott & Beth B, etc. Spectacular.

**correspondence may be addressed to SRL c/o this magazine.*



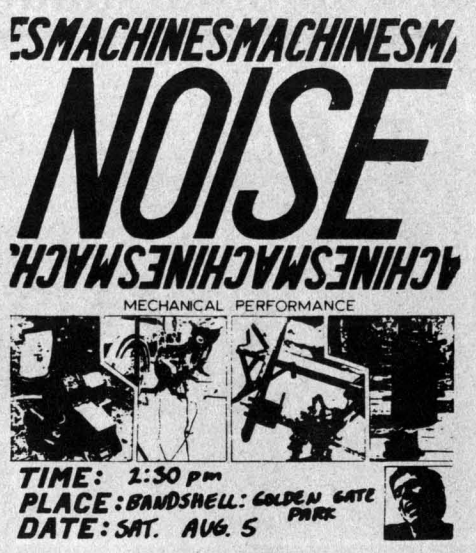
In their *endless* quest to gain the decisive advantage in military conflict, technologically advanced nations are developing & deploying an ever-increasing array of sophisticated war paraphernalia. The United States in particular has led this trend (which began around the end of WWII with the introduction of nuclear weaponry) that continues to shift more of the burden of waging warfare onto the products of scientists & technicians. The new generation of weapon systems being developed for use in the coming decade are in fact so superior to previous equipment (in terms of reduced maintenance, guidance system accuracy, target acquisition & discrimination, resistance to electronic countermeasures, ease of operation, and reliability) that one defense contractor has termed them "brilliant weapons."

The increased ability of these new systems can be traced directly to recent advances in the manufacture of Very High Speed Integrated Circuits (VHSIC), tiny electronic computers or microprocessors no more than 1/16 of a square inch in size. The dramatic gains in VHSIC technology apparent over the past year are connected to a $225 million dollar, 6-year, 3-phase Department of Defense program. This program is designed to encourage domestic electronics companies to produce defense-related microprocessing equipment that operates at the very edge of known physical theory.

Prior to the advent of this program, electronics firms had little economic incentive to develop & produce the relatively short run custom components requested by the military. Instead, they preferred to cut back on Research & Development investment, concentrating funds on the manufacture of general purpose circuits that could also be sold on the commercial markets. Even though this study is barely underway, several of the 9 companies vying for selection into the program have achieved circuits which offer a 100-fold improvement over the best previous (1979) state-of-the-art achievements in size & speed of processing. This translates to feature sizes (width of individual circuit lines) of 1.25 microns (one micron = one/millionth of a meter. If a map of the entire U.S. were printed using 0.5 micron width lines, it would be possible to show every individual street in the country). The increased speed & reduced internal scale of these devices offer several distinct advantages, including room for built-in test & emergency backup systems to increase fault tolerance, greatly reduced power requirements, and the ability to process more information at near real-time speeds (the capacity to both receive & react to data concerning an event with negligible time lag between the two). In addition, new techniques of computer-aided design & fabrication, promise to provide enormous cost & time savings for equal function over conventionally manufactured components. For instance, according to Gene Strull, manager of the Westinghouse Advanced Technology Laboratory where one of the most sophisticated preliminary designs was created, "With a total collective expenditure of about two man-years expended over less than a five-month period, the complex function microcircuit design was completed and within two months the first devices had been fabricated by Westinghouse. This contrasts sharply with the approximately 13 man-years of effort reportedly required by Intel to design its 8086 microprocessor and the 52 man-years required for the Motorola M68000 microcomputer, using techniques typically employed in the mid-1970s."

In actual combat application the potential military advantages VHSIC's offer are enormous. Currently, advanced "electronic brains" are used only on the larger, more expensive weapon systems to provide an added guarantee of superiority.

Take as an example the Navy's F-14 "Tomcat" fighter aircraft, whose primary mission is to provide air-to-air intercept capability against hostile aircraft. Its on-board computer can track 24 targets simultaneously, decide which presents the gravest threat, and guide the 6 Phoenix missiles it carries to the target with very high kill probability (95%+ according to joint Grumman/Air Force tests) from a range of over 100 miles. However, the aircraft's complex electronics system barely fits into the available space. Furthermore it has a history of limited reliability. This difficulty is due to the habit of U.S. military planners to insist on performance that lies outside the design parameters of the component parts of a system. Such a situation leaves little or no room for the inevitable malfunctions common to equipment pushed beyond its limits. Use of VHSIC technology is potentially the most effective way to increase the reliability and decrease the cost of complex electronic systems of this type.



Although VHSIC advances will probably first find their way into the more complex weapon configurations, much of their potential to revolutionize warfare lies elsewhere.

The availability of small, powerful and cheap microprocessors allows advanced computing abilities, formerly restricted to complex systems, to be applied to smaller, cheaper defensive type systems. In the realm of anti-tank and anti-aircraft warfare, for example, the increasing sophistication of inexpensive, one-man portable weapons has begun to tip the balance decisively in favor of the defensive side. (Some military analysts, citing the Israeli massacre of Arab tanks & planes with such weapons during the 1973 Arab-Israeli conflict contend that this point has long ago been reached). Thus the entire basis of tactical strategy on the ground and in the air could be permanently altered or may even be made obsolete through the perfection of VHSIC technology.

VHSIC's figure into the design of another type of inexpensive battlefield equipment, namely small robot mines. Once introduced into an area these devices are equipped with sensors that listen for the characteristic vibrations of a certain type of vehicle. After this occurs its computer decides when the vehicle is within range & instructs the mine to propel itself into the target at the optimum moment.

An underwater mine of this type has already been developed by EDO Corporation in New Jersey. The Mobile Underwater Mines' primary mission is to prevent or deter the crossing of rivers & streams by enemy tanks & amphibious vehicles. It is approximately 8" in diameter and 32" in length. After being dropped by air into a river or stream it anchors itself to the bottom & extends sensing devices. When a suitable target vehicle enters the water, the mine detaches itself from its tether, and a small rocket motor is ignited which propels the mine at high speed into the target. The small electrical power requirements of its microprocessor brain enable the mine to remain fully alert for months at a time on the power contained in its lithium battery pack. Production cost is about $5,500 and it performs the job of a far greater number of regular land mines (at $300 a piece) while being much harder to detect, neutralize, or evade.

It is hard to imagine that those in charge of developing new weapons would ever deliberately seek to reduce the horrors of military conflict. However, the potential offered by VHSIC-equipped weapons in terms of causing more precise destruction with less firepower may inadvertantly produce such an effect. In this way they may tend to reduce the reliance on saturation-type bombing or shelling techniques that seem to kill everyone except the people it was supposed to in Viet Nam. On the other hand, these very advanced weapons will be available to American troops long before they filter into the arsenal of potential adversaries. Consequently they will most likely find their use, as have previous generations of advanced U.S. weaponry in ever more precise & deadly assaults on comparatively primitive forces having negligible defenses against them.

In any event, the perfection of VHSIC's represents another important milestone in the realization of the 20th century military planners' ultimate dream: to remove the soldier from the front line of tomorrow's battlefield and substitute cheap, reliable, and effective cybernetic legions.

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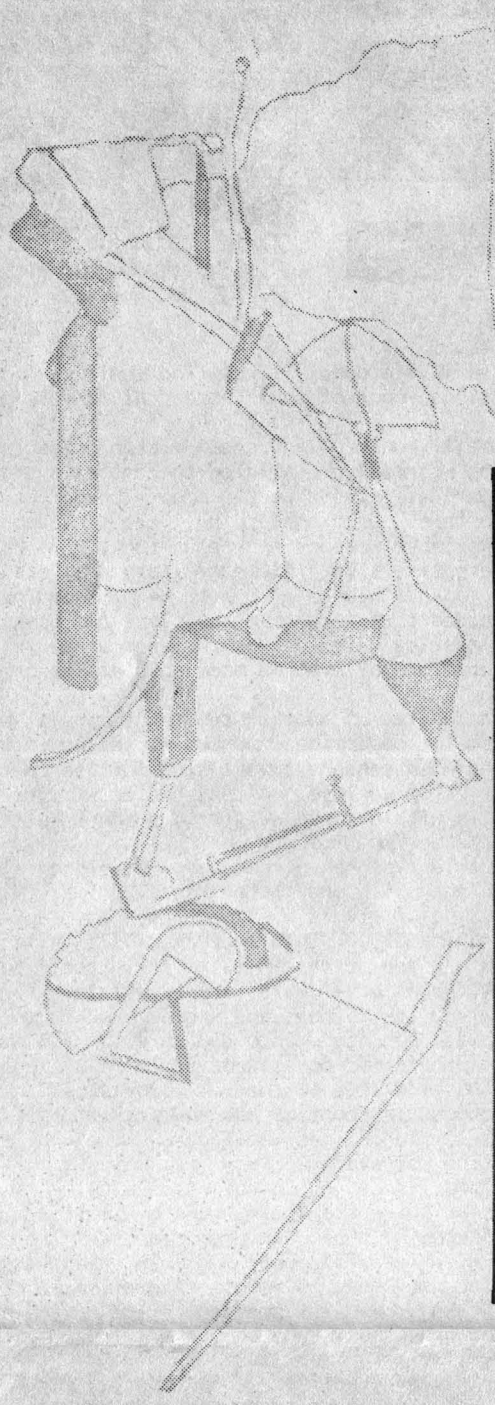
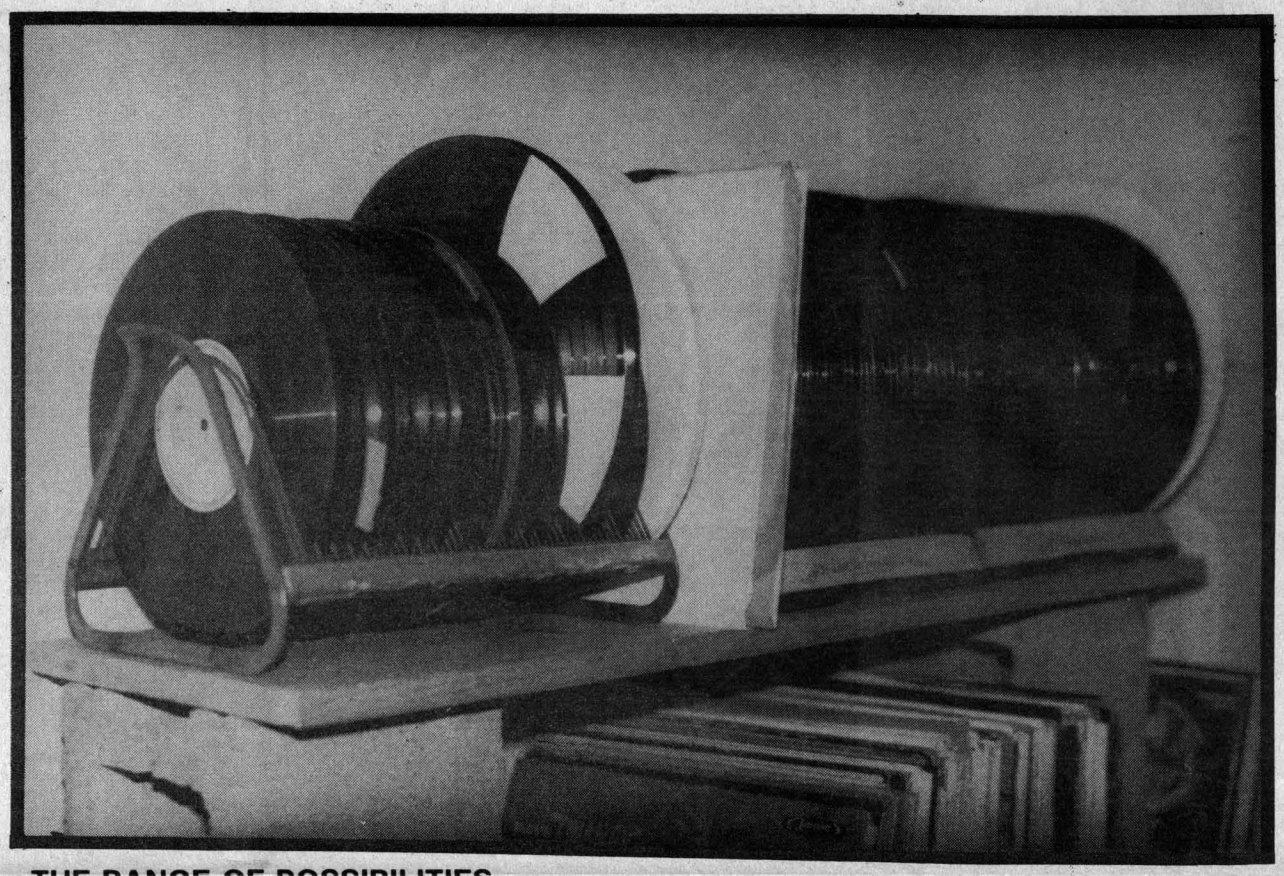
Note: while VHSIC technology will figure significantly into future American weapon systems, anyone considering the commercial potential of these devices had better think twice. Due to national security considerations, the Department of Defense intends to control very carefully the (legal) availability of these microcomputers for some time to come....

THE BACHELORS, EVEN

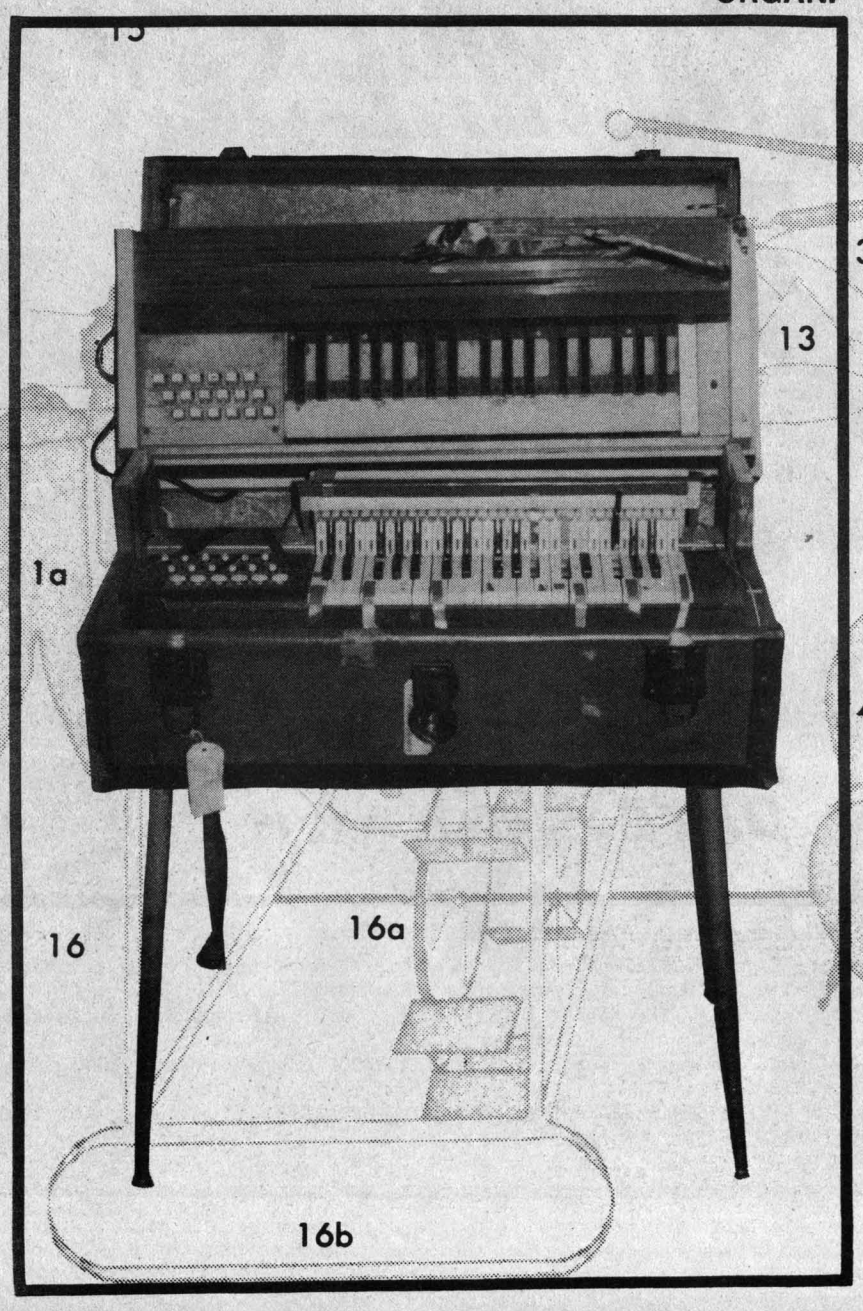




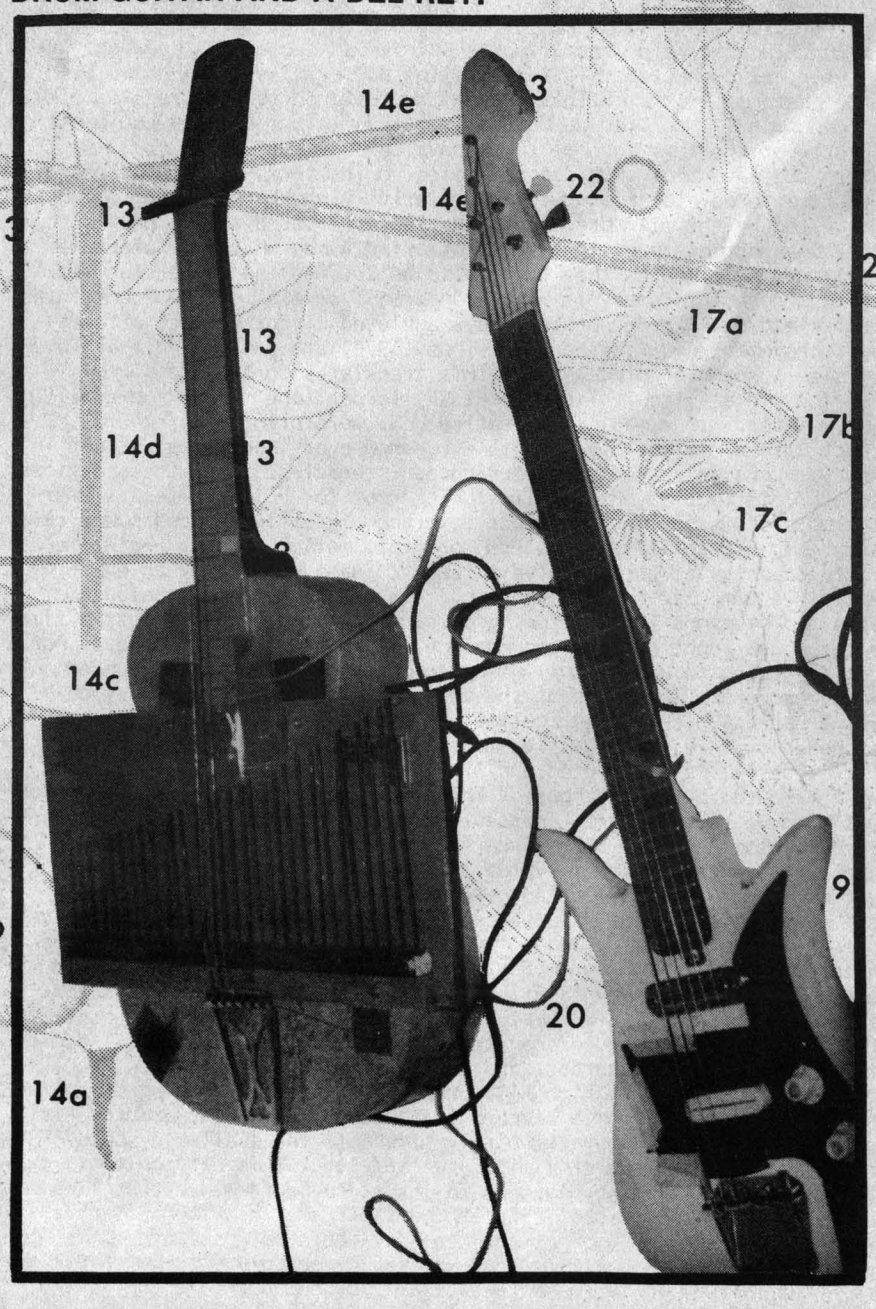
THE RANGE OF POSSIBILITIES.

24a 24b

ORGAN.



DRUM-GUITAR AND A DEL REY.



It is not only a confict between production and creation, but in a larger sense -- and here I have in mind the West as well as the East -- between routine and adventure....

THE BACHELORS, EVEN are a duo of musician/entertainers, Kurt Henry and Christian Marclay. Using an unusual combination of visual and musical "tools", they create a real-time montage of words, skips, pops and musical airs before your very ears. Deviously clever, these two.

This interview was done in THE BACHELORS' New York apartment by Bond Bergland, guitarist for FACTRIX who are currently touring Europe.....

RE/SEARCH: TELL US MORE ABOUT YOUR "TOOLS" --
KURT: WHEN WE SAY TOOLS WE MEAN INSTRUMENTS LIKE ELECTRIC GUITARS, ORGAN, HOME MADE PERCUSSION, ELECTRONICS, VOICES, AND PERHAPS MOST SIGNIFICANTLY, PHONOGRAPHS WITH ALTERED RECORDS.
CHRISTIAN: WE BUILD THE RECORDS OURSELVES, AND THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT TYPES. WE RECYCLE FORGOTTEN RECORDS. THESE RECORDS ARE A MAJOR PART OF OUR INSTRUMENTATION, OUR 'SOUND'.
KURT: MANY OF OUR RECORDS HAVE A PERCUSSIVE OR NOISY QUALITY. WE USE A MIXER TO STRUCTURE THEM INTO RHYTHMS OR FOUNDATIONS FOR SONGS. THESE RANGE FROM REPETITIVE SKIPPING RECORDS AND NOISE RECORDS TO RECORDS THAT ARE CUT AND REJOINED IN UNLIKELY COMBINATIONS.
CHRISTIAN: LIKE CUTTING SLICES OF DIFFERENT CAKES TO MAKE A NEW ONE: A NEW MULTIFLAVORED CAKE.
R/S: CUTTING AND REJOINING DIFFERENT RECORDS -- WHAT LED YOU TO THIS INVENTION?
KURT: ALTHOUGH INSTRUMENTATION WAS MINIMAL IN THE EARLY BACHELORS, WE ALWAYS TRIED TO USE VISUAL MEANS OF MAKING SOUNDS. FOR INSTANCE, SPLITTING LOGS FOR PERCUSSION AND USING THE ACTION OF THE HAMMER AND SPIKE TO ADD VISUALLY. OR HOLDING LARGE MIRRORS TOWARD THE AUDIENCE AND SMASHING THEM, LEAVING A STAGE COVERED WITH REFLECTING PARTICLES. I THINK THIS BACKGROUND IN THE DESTRUCTION OF AN OBJECT TO EXPLOIT ITS VISUAL AND SONIC QUALITY LED TO THE CUTTING AND ALTERING OF PHONOGRAPH RECORDS.
CHRISTIAN: I LOVE RECORDS, THERE IS SOMETHING VERY EROTIC ABOUT THEM, THE WAY THE HARD DIAMOND SLIDES SMOOTHLY IN THE GROOVE AND VIBRATES TO PRODUCE THOSE AMAZING SOUNDS. SUCH AN IMMENSE POWER PRODUCED BY SUCH MINIATURE THINGS.
KURT: I LIKE WHAT WE DO TO THEM. WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING TO RECYCLE THEM: WE SCRATCH, BREAK, CUT, GLUE, BURN, WET, MELT, PAINT, BEND, SAND THE VINYL RECORDS.
CHRISTIAN: WE PLAY THEM AT VARIOUS SPEEDS, MAKE THEM STICK, SKIP, JUMP, WOBBLE, SMOKE, WE PLAY THEM OFF CENTER OR ATTACH OBJECTS ON THEM. WE BAKE THEM IN THE OVEN. WE ALSO PLAY DISCS OF METAL, CARDBOARD, PLASTIC, SANDPAPER, OR WHATEVER WE CAN FIND.
R/S: CAN THEY STILL PLAY!?
CHRISTIAN: THEY CAN'T, BUT WE PLAY THEM. WE ARE BECOMING PHONOGRAPH VIRTUOSOS.
R/S: YOU MUST GO THROUGH A LOT OF NEEDLES.
KURT: WE DON'T CHANGE THEM -- AFTER MONTHS THEY ARE FINALLY GETTING BROKEN IN.
R/S: SOME OF YOUR RECORDS HAVE AN ELECTRONIC QUALITY. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT SYNTHESIZERS?
CHRISTIAN: WE DON'T USE SYNTHESIZERS ANYMORE. THE SOUNDS WE USE ARE ELECTRIC AND MECHANICAL. WE LIKE THAT QUALITY AS OPPOSED TO A SYNTHETIC SOUND WHICH IS MORE OF A SIMULATION. ELECTRONIC SOUNDS WHEN USED ALONE, ALL HAVE THE SAME QUALITY. OUR SOUNDS ARE MORE "HUMAN" IN A WAY. IT'S A PHYSICAL RELATIONSHIP TO A SOUND PRODUCING OBJECT. THIS ALLOWS FOR A PHYSICAL UNDERSTANDING AS WELL....

Authority stands brevity....

PORTABLE SPEAKERS FOR FEEDBACK AND VOCALS.

all photos: The Bachelors, even

With the basic rock instruments (guitar, bass, drums) DNA has abrasively re-invented rock music.

The songs are based upon obvious, monumental rhythms used as building blocks -- tension generates from precisely unpredictable stops and starts. A maximum of tonality is wrenched from guitar and bass strings, vocals are hysterical yet humorous, drums are pounded with a minimum of cymbals and a maximum of tribal/ritual emphasis. Arithmetic rather than melody is the guiding force.....

Though active in New York with several recording projects, films, videos, a soundtrack for SQUAT THEATER, and interests ranging from magnesium pemoline to Piranesi to Vico, DNA recently visited the bay area, playing to a packed Savoy nightclub. They have a European tour and a 12" record coming soon.

Despite TWO failed tape recordings, here are some excerpts from conversations with Tim Wright, solicited separately by Andrea Juno and Vale.....

R/S: What made you go to the Yucatan in the first place?

DNA: I had seen some pictures of skulls from the Yucatan that were just *ridiculously large.* When I saw those photos (after I quit PERE UBU) I sold everything and went to the area, trying to find out more about it...but nobody knew anything. In this one village, one person told me that when he was really young (about 30 or 35 years ago), this *other* kind of Mayan people came to town -- they were from somewhere really deep in the jungle. They spoke pure Maya, and were bugging everybody to *Teach us Spanish!* They were real little...and had really big heads. They were so weird that even the Indians there couldn't handle it. And they just left...I had known this guy for years before finally one day he *remembered*....

The reason I wanted to delve into those areas was -- all those high cultures practiced SKULL DEFORMATION, to expand the skull either out or up (illustrates) which provides the brain with more room so that..certain areas of the brain that normally don't get that much blood, get fed. When you're very young you have a soft skull -- when a child was a certain age they would press the skull with boards or slats so the skull would be extended so that the brain would always have this extra room.....

I think this was a natural extension of the practice of trepanation, drilling holes in the head. Some tribes, like in Peru, still practice it and notice the lack of pressure and increased stimulation, increased energy and lucidity. In some places it's almost carried to a joke extreme -- I have a friend who lived with one tribe in Peru where polygamy was a rule, and for every new wife you had to have a new hole in the head!

R/S: Have you ever seen those huge Olmec stone heads?

DNA: No, I don't know much about those..as to why they existed, for drama or for what. They must have been made for some *energetic* purpose. They could have been made at the last possible peak of a cannibal society, wherein the practice of eating the brain was still indulged in, before it was given up for reasons of producing insanity. The practice of deforming heads came about in cultures after their peaks of cannibalism, when the eating of brain for stimulation started causing genetic defects, meaning that the brain itself would, after generation and generation, be growing faster than the rate of expansion of the skull. Which leaves us with modern man and his compressed brain.

R/S: Magic is a part of everyday life there --

DNA: It's an intense situation, but it's not *jive* magic. People get killed and sick and healed by it all the time -- it's just normal life. You have all the classic situations of dedicated healers with powers they've been taught...counteracting psychic influence from another person whom they may not know. Sometimes there can be, like, a 12-day ceremony non-stop, no sleep -- the sick person puking up animals, frogs, snakes...things dropping out of the roofs, animals around going berserk, people getting sick all around. It takes awhile to realize its validity.....

R/S: ...How did the Mayan pyramids affect you?

DNA: The Mayan pyramids are all acoustically set up so that certain sounds are amplified and thrown about -- which must have been fantastic at their peak of psychedelic glory, with dances, music and everyone on mushrooms. At night the howler monkeys yell and the sound goes like *how-how-howl*....You could stand in a room in one pyramid and hear what was going on in another one 500 feet away; you could say, "Hi, how you doing?" and a person in the next one would say, "Well, I'm doing fine." This is in a normal speaking voice. And the energy generated in those buildings is really real and tangible -- you can feel it and everybody feels it. You can be totally fatigued..climb into one of the rooms and sit there for five minutes..and be ready for another full day. There had to be an intense sensitivity in the people that built all that...as to atmospheric energy, geophysical energy -- all that.....

An original great Mayan archaeologist, LE PLONGEON, had a theory that the major root language before writing was a particular form of Mayan, and that the Mayan people traveled around the world, influencing civilization in South East Asia, the Near East, Egypt, and Central America...and there *are* easily demonstrated similarities between Akkadian and Phrygian and Mayan at those times before writing. And supposedly this was a language of magicians, a secret language used by only the initiates. He went so far as to say that the infamous Writing On the Wall (Mene Mene Tekel Upharsim, story in the Bible, Book of Daniel) was this particular dialect of Mayan...and that the last words that Christ spoke on the cross were Mayan.

There's a lot of similarities in artwork between S.E. Asia and Central America and China and Egypt, etc. In a couple places I've read that the sarcophagus in the Great Pyramid is made of stone from Central America. And according to Mayan mythology and also according to Plato, there was a great amount of commerce across the Atlantic until Atlantis sunk -- then there was all this mud...you couldn't make it across anymore because of storms and high waves. After hundreds of years, they all started to forget.....

R/S: The Plumed Serpent occupies such significance in Mayan mythology -- how do your friends in the Yucatan relate to snakes?

DNA: Those people are used to clearing the wildest pieces of land and making them inhabitable: "I want this piece of land so I'll get a knife, a machete, and go out there and start killing poisonous snakes." And they'll kill hundreds of them, but they'll kill them! and use that land.

They know which snakes are poisonous and which aren't. Friends that I have -- if somebody discovers a large boa constrictor, they will try to get to that boa before somebody kills it..and lasso it..then tie the rope to a tree and let the snake bite the tree until it's completely exhausted..then they'll put it in a bag, put it on the back of a mule, and haul it to some little grotto or some place where they know there's a lot of poisonous snakes, and throw it in. And the boa will have a wonderful time eating up poisonous snakes -- and won't be around their place eating chickens.....

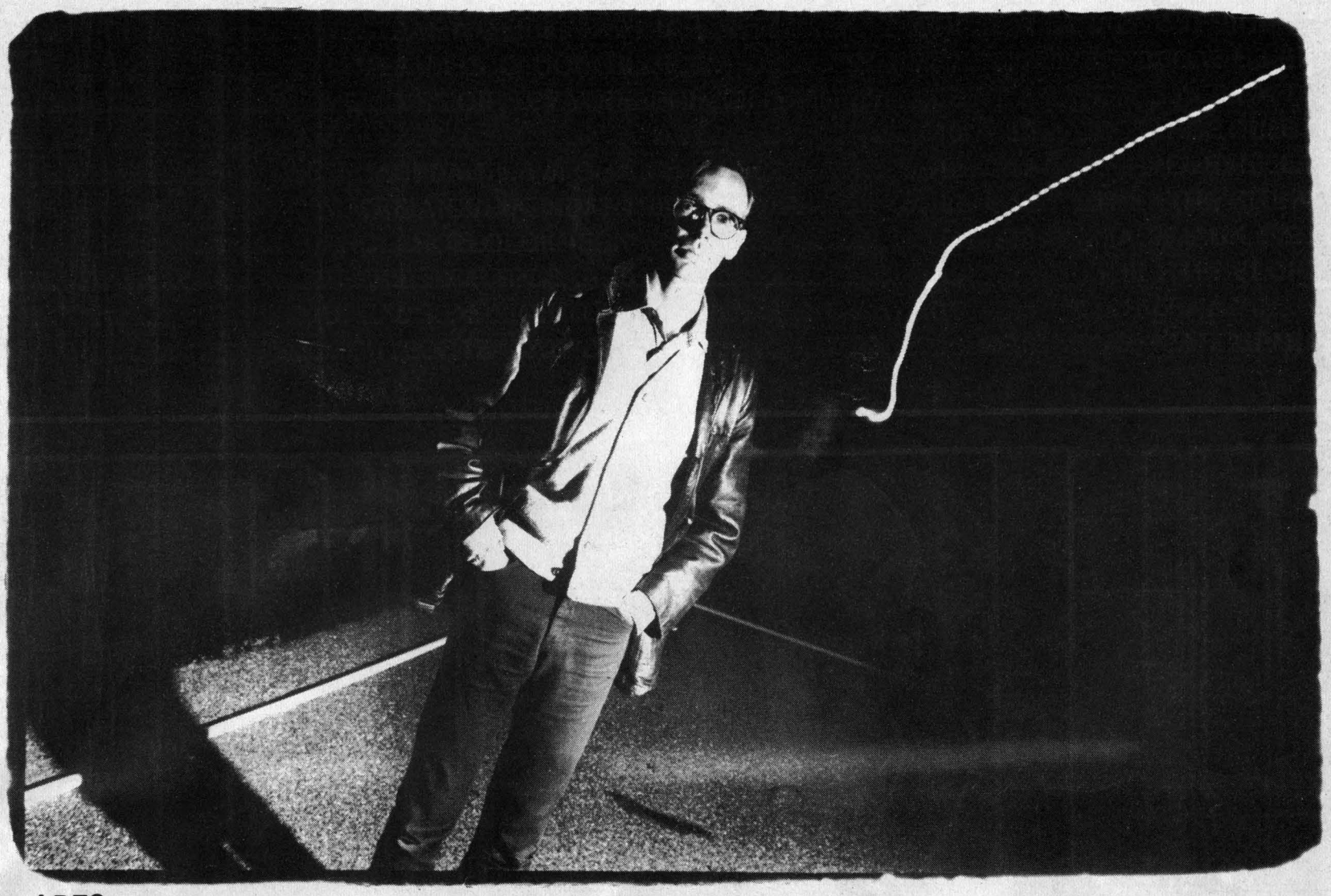
People in the Yucatan in general know which combinations of plants to mix together as a tonic for somebody who is snakebit -- stuff like that. Where to find them. There are millions of years of ape life in our genes -- if you're tapping into that knowledge, it'll be there at least in a blurry form.....

R/S: You once mentioned you met a shaman; did you ever discuss dreams?

DNA: We never talked about dreams.. The only thing he mentioned about sleep was -- *if*, after a long session of a particular cure in which he has to stay up several nights -- when he finally knows that the thing is done and that it's safe to sleep -- then when he goes to sleep, if anyone were to awake him (if his wife were to run into the hut and yell, *Wake up! The hut's on fire!*) -- that action of leaping out of that sleep would kill him!

ruby ray

TIM

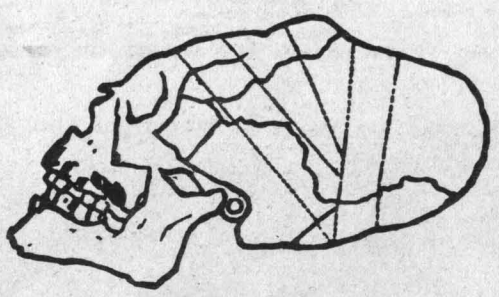


ruby ray

ARTO

WE ALSO REALIZE THAT IGNORANCE ISN'T BLISS

"THE REASON I WANTED TO DELVE INTO THOSE AREAS WAS: ALL THOSE HIGH CULTURES PRACTICED SKULL DEFORMATION TO EXPAND THE SKULL"



PERUVIAN SKULL.

CHINOOK (FLAT-HEAD), AFTER CATLIN.

When you are a child, you have a soft skull & very young brain pulses. As you get older, the skull solidifies, the brain then doesn't get the same kind of blood flow. So, they would have the skulls *extended* so that certain areas of the brain that normally don't get that much blood, *expand and get fed*.....

Fig. 10 — *Cráneo con tres trepanaciones* (de Las trepanaciones craneanas en el Perú en la época prehispánica, *F. Graña, E. Roca y L. Graña R.*)

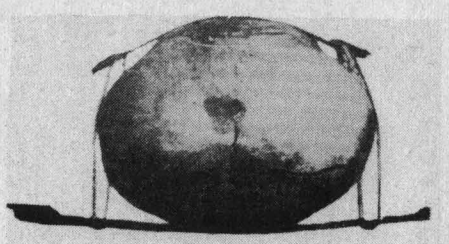


Fig. 16. — *Aparato de tablillas del valle de Humahuaca para deformación tabular oblicua* (de Deformaciones intencionales del cuerpo humano de carácter étnico, *A. Dembo y J. Imbelloni*).

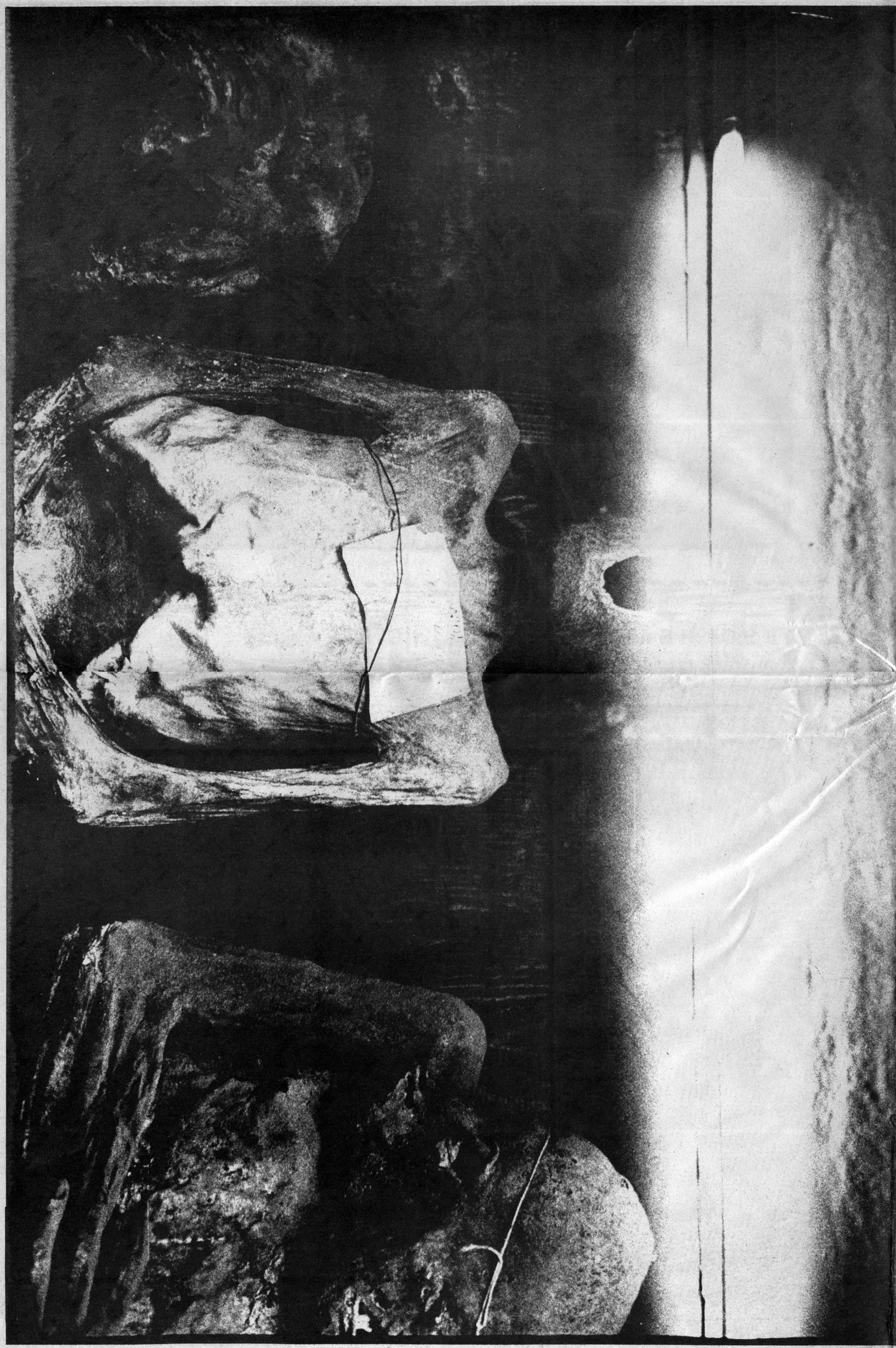


photo: bobby adams