zapata & the landlord

for allen dulles

the thief in me is running a
round in circles. what will he
do? how will he

fight an army?

hide somewhere, a shade
among shadows?
o the embarrassment, the tedium of coming
so far & failing.

eg., the mexicans, emiliano

& anthony, touched
by the thief, run off to the
mountains by the thief, returned with their 3000
brothers

& brought back the mountain.

well, i

have only one
brother, roland, 18,

& he has never fought
a thief.
THE JOEL BLUES

after and for him

i know your door baby
better than i know my own.
i know your door baby
better than i know my own.
it's been so long since i seen you
i'm sure that you done up an gone.

in the morning, in the evening
in the daytime & the nighttime too:
in the morning, in the evening
in the daytime & the nighttime too:
it don't matter what i'm doing
all i got to think about is you.

well the sun froze to the river
& the wind was freezing to the ground.
the sun froze to the river
& the wind was freezing to the ground.
if you hadn't heard me calling
i don't think i ever could been found.

o i ain't no deacon baby,
i ain't never been a praying man.
o i ain't no deacon baby,
i ain't never been a praying man.
but i had to call to someone
you the only one was close to hand.

i'm a easy riding papa,
i'm your everloving so & so.
i'm a easy riding papa,
i'm your everloving so & so.
don't think i don't hear you calling
cause i'm coming when you want to go.

it's a pity pretty mama
that i go to look for you at all.
it's a pity pretty mama
that i go to look for you at all.
but if it wasn't for the looking
i'd be climbing up & down the wall.

-- a.b. spellman
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF
AN URBAN HERBALIST & AGROSTOLOGIST

If you are wild enough to want to risk imprisonment you might as well take advantage of all the literature that is available on this exciting hobby, growing your own pot. Actually pot isn't marijuana anyway. It goes by many names in all parts of the world, the most widely used being "India Hemp." In Tunisia it's kif or takrour; in Syria and Lebanon it's sutol; in East, West and South Africa it's dagga; in Brazil it's djambo, machombe, riamba or jama; in India it's bhang, banja, charas and churrus; and in old Mexico, marijuana. Technically (and legally) it's called Cannabis Sativa, meaning "cultivated hemp."

It has been illegal in the U.S. to possess, use, or possess the fertile seeds of Cannabis Sativa since 1938. It was outlawed as a direct result of an inflammatory story that had appeared a couple of years before in the now-defunct Literary Digest, that said something about the popularity of the drug in our nation's high schools. It was a typical Literary Digest super-patriotic sensationalist distortion. (They would've outlawed chewing gum if they thought they could flim-flam their readers that much.) Nevertheless there is ample literature on the raising of Cannabis Sativa. The U.S. Department of Agriculture devoted sixty-two pages of its 1913 Yearbook to the commercial cultivation of the plant, complete with photographs. The plant was used for hemp rope, and the seeds were used for linoleum, soaps, paints and bird seed. Not being well up on the acts of their congress the University of Wisconsin Agricultural Extension Service published a special circular in 1942 titled "That About Growing Hemp?" It is still legally harvested in the U.S. today, primarily for the seeds which are sterilised and sold as bird seed. Additional information can be obtained from Encyclopedia Brittanica and most other encyclopedias.

But if you are impatient to defy the law I can give you a few suggestions. You must use soil that is alkaline, not acid. New York has a very acid soil. It is usually advisable to spread hydrated lime very lightly and evenly over the freshly turned earth. You should do this in the fall preceding the spring planting. But do not feel that you absolutely must wait that time. You can easily spade a little hydrated lime - available at any paint supplier - into the soil of a window box or flower pot and plant the seeds immediately. The soil must be fertile and fertilizers are necessary. Hypomex, which is obtainable in a small 15¢ bag at any 5 & 10 is suitable for your venture. Be sure to follow the directions on the package. Do not over fertilizer.

It grows best in weed-free alluvial soil. Seeds should be spaced about six inches apart, at a depth of one inch. They should not be cultivated after planting. They usually sprout in 12 days and grow to an average height of four to six feet. However it has been grown commercially to a height of 16 feet. It requires a humid, temperate climate. This is a dioecious plant, which means that there are separate male and female plants. The kick comes from the resin and the amount of resin produced by the plant varies directly with the climate. The most resin is produced in hot, dry climates (but the number of plants decreases in such a climate), and the least is produced in temperate, moist zones. This seems to contradict the earlier view that the best climate is humid and temperate, but you should remember that one is concerned with hemp last productions and the other with resin production.
The female plant produces much more resin than the male. The resinous parts are the flowering tops, smaller stalks and leaves. The male (staminata) plants die after shedding pollen and the female (pistillata) plants remain alive for a couple of months until the seeds are ripe. At that time the resin ceases to form.

It used to be the custom to grow the plants in rows four feet apart. When the seeds were ripe naked young boys would run up and down the rows until their bodies glistened with resin. Others scraped resin into pans, using a dull blade. They baked it, or did something to it and the product is Hashish. Today, they no longer use naked young boys; someone thought of leather aprons.

There are some who say that the female may be nursed along for an entire year, providing a continuous supply of leaves to the needy. But it must be protected from frost.

A large flower pot is good enough to support a plant inside a steam heated New York apartment. It may be expected to grow to ten or twelve feet, provided it is supplied with adequate light, fertilizer, water and protection from freezing drafts. The resins produced by such a plant might be rated "good" by any Consumer organization. Planting should take place in May in order to assure time for full growth. However that should not deter one from planting at any time of year if he has his heart set on performing this clearly illegal act.

The Federal agents, if embarrassed into making an arrest for Marijuana possession (they like to concentrate their efforts on the most deadly narcotics, heroin, cocaine and opium) will usually turn the captives over to the New York City police for prosecution. Possession with intent to sell (which is applied if you have over one ounce) is a felony and carries a severe sentence. Mere possession, which is usually applied to users, is a misdemeanor, and the maximum penalty is 90 days and a fine. However, first offenders usually receive suspended sentences, especially if they are responsible members of society. And only rarely do they impose the full penalty, except in the case of those who have a record of arrests.

The effects of the drug are most rapidly felt when it is smoked, being almost instantaneous. When it is eaten one or two hours pass before it is felt.

The plant, seeds and drug are illegal under Federal and City law. Mere possession is enough to violate the law. So be careful. Play it cool.

-- Anon.
17-18 April, 1961

well at last i am done with it
and the dream is over, america,
you and your dream, once and
for all you have finished it
off, in the voices of my fellow
workers, workers! shouting not
pardon which would be alien
to them, but, to the wall, straight
out in good old american, to
the wall for all who disagree,
all who march in times square for
whatever they believe in, america
you have come to think the cops
know best, you have come to think
the bourgeoisie, the druggists, the
tradesmen grand and petty, the
dealers, are to be trusted as if
it hadn't been proven time and
time again they would suck you
dry without thinking twice, without
even being capable of knowing
they are doing this, or knowing
it, it comes out the same, the
bourgeoisie who know they are
dupes of the big money, and the
bourgeoisie who do not know they
are dupes of the big money, the
big money as remote a thing as
liberty from any of our lives and
yet in control, there is not one
man who rose above himself the big
money did not in the end buy off or
kill, somehow destroy,

remember, america

eugene debs said he would not
lead you into paradise if he could,
because if he could lead you in,
someone else could lead you out, that
was the text you ought to have
listened to, that was the text you
ought to have believed, instead you
bought a world free for democracy,
and you bought a return to normalcy,
and you bought a new deal, and four
freedoms (freedoms you might only
have, anyhow, if you look deep inside
yourself where all freedom is to be
found, and not with rockwell hands so
carefully and badly drawn . . . and then
america they will be unnumbered, un
countable freedoms inside you, america),
america yes the square deal and the
new frontier.
our friend mr stevenson stands up
and speaks, he is either a simpleton
they have not told anything to, or
a liar, which destroys you more
america, which is the more terrifying
thought? and the liar from the sovist
union stands with evidence in his
hand and i did not hear one word from
mr stevenson about that evidence, only
what our master of eloquence chose to
term "a categorical denial" which is
no denial at all, which is worse even
than pleading the fifth, and you know
america how americans feel about their
constitutional defenses by this time,
you know america how many are hung
each day because they take the fifth,
america we have brought you to the point
where it is better to lie and hope not
to get caught, than to behave honorably.
well, this has been true of the world
all along, but it was not supposed
to be true of you, america, here
was supposed to be truth and justice,
here.

and yet even so there were
signs all along, the big money
burned benedict arnold and he went
to the bigger money then, the big
money took ethan allen and battered
him down, he chose to sit out the
rest of the war, the big money did
not like what mr paine might say,
and he paid for it too, the big money
fought and beat or bought all of them one
way or another, and some they killed . . .
let's not talk about it, the big money
is always there, you were supposed to
be bigger than it, america, sometimes
you almost were too, think of andy
jackson fighting and beating mr
biddle's bank, and better yet, two
terms later mr tyler in spite of his
politics came to feel some of the
greatness of america in the president's
seat and would not restore mr biddle's bank.
but oh how many battles have you lost
for each one you won, america, are they
enough to balance out? i think they are
not, finally i am through with it, with
the american dream, a dream that ran through
all my ancestors who fought here for you
america, and i still grew up a jew in
yonkers new york, forced constantly to
blurt out historical fact, great grandpa
carried a minie ball in his leg i would
say, and feeling the sickness in me when
haym solomon was praised in ninth grade
and all this shit, and still i was a
jew in yonkers new york, america, don't
misunderstand me, this a man can put up
with, this a man can learn to live with,
roll it off his back sometimes, until the
breakthrough comes, but this is only part
of what is bothering me now, this is, in
the end, my own problem in my own soul, but
the problem in your soul is that 63-years
after mr mckinley we are still fucking
around with dreams of empire, we still
cannot bear to let people work out their
own destiny, we still cannot believe in
keeping our hands off, we have forgotten
we once carried a flag into battle that
read don't tread on me, we think we have
the right to step anywhere, we are free,
and therefore every other man is beneath
us to be trod upon. i will not do it, america, i will fight my own battles with
my own enemies, but i will not have the
police and the cia and the fbi and whatever
other force you dream of america protect
me from my own heaven or hell. america,
the list goes on, do you know, up there,
you will not let me kiss my lady's cunt,
you will arrest my lady should she kiss
my cock, we will both be lost if i am
cought carrying her on my hips around the
room, some places here in america you
will arrest us if we fuck in any position
but me above, and her below, and by
god don't enjoy it or perhaps you
will arrest us for that too, item:
did willfully and with malice aforethought,
have, and cause to be had, a pleasurable
orgasm, yes america this is what you've
come to in this year of grace.
put a coin box by my bed, then,
america, i will pay tax each time,
put a coin box in my skull, each time
i think a treasonable thought, each
time i conspire with myself to advocate
anything mr dulles, mr hoover, mr any
body else says i oughtn't to, i will
drop coins in, a surtax on my own
personal albigenian heresy, a far
worse heresy now, because it is against
the state, and not just god, poor
god, what dreams he must have had for us,
and now i feel as sorry for him as did
noah, job and jacob, i will write a
grace for god:

    all that that i have done
    i should not have done
    all that that i have not done
    i should have done

america, we have been telling you
all this, and i know that you did not
want to listen, well, that's fine,
no one said you had to, or, for that
matter, even should, that's the difference,
that's what american is supposed to be,
where you don't have to or should, but
i am just reminding you you did not
want to listen when allen yelled at you
like jeremiah, you did not listen when
charles patiently explained to you what
you had done to gloucester, you don't
listen even now when ad tells you how
it is about charitable clothes, you
will not listen to me, but still, we
are covered, we said what we had to say,
each in our own way, america we have
indicted you. i do not think history
will absolve you. i do not think,
america, you will ever be able to produce
the shakespeare to write that history
for you, because i think america by
then, a hundred years from now, you
will have succeeded in creating a
people even orwell couldn't have dreamed
off. my grandchildren will be part of
them, too, that is something else to
hold against you america, truly.

am i, america, to tell my children
not to fuck, to spill their seed like
onan on the ground? how else then
to prevent it, they will have children,
and america you will turn them around.
i think too much about it, i know, this is my weakness. it is a common enough one, or used to be, america you are not letting this weakness be common enough, it is too easy to teach the other way, every one knows that, america you were supposed to teach each man to think, you were not supposed to supply an economy which exists solely in terms of how many cars are made out of how much steel each year, you were supposed to base the economy on something reasonable, god knows maybe even food, the simple damn potato, the bean, corn, wheat stored in surplus warships, that's what you were supposed to do, who could ever give a damn about a car unless it were nuvolari driving it, cars are for perfections, like any tool, they are not what we are supposed to live by.

l'envoi:

now you are patiently going to explain that mr castro is a bad mans and needs a spanking, and impatiently i'm going to tell you what i thought, all along, poor fool that i am, what i thought the american dream was was a world in which two wrongs don't make right, where we threw out the window fighting fire with fire, christ a nation of petty inventors what don't we know about fire extinguishers? you've succeeded america in trading it all in for the damned idiot who'll stand up and shout once too often my country right or wrong, my country, my god how can any country be your country when it is intent on beating down everything in it it once stood for, when it keeps getting wronger and is happy about it, america you have a sin of pride, you think you are better than the russian tanks rolling through budapest, america forget aguinaldo, forget the indians, forget the slaves, forget all that, just, for once america, admit it, stand up and admit you have killed everybody who stood in your way, quickly, to the wall, rarely, more often america, the slow stewing in the prisons and the reservations, and you keep on telling them you love them.

when you have admitted it, america, then you can give it up. america you're no better than any of the rest of them, and i'm sorry for it.

-- Joel Oppenheimer
New York, New York
(It's a wonderful place to live but a poor place to visit)

It seems like that cliche got backwards. Once cliches get turned around, sometimes they become the truth again. Testing others of like density, there isn't much doubt. I never lived there, so I am certain I've never been there.

Like other "provincial" places (and all places are) there are certain things make one laugh, for instance, middle-class people say things like "oh, that's some more of that middle-class horseshit." Which is equitable enough. Not exactly to be called seeing through yourself, yet, it's a nice lazyness. In the outlands often the populace is so energetic it wont say it.

I didn't notice much because I kept my eyes on peoples faces, what I went to look at. I didn't get to know a single soul I hadn't already known for years. I met several and that was fine, I can say without qualification. The numbers of people, altho they are a famous entity, and one old count them, someone must have, aren't really the point, or one hardly sees them. A very civilized arrangement. No not civilized, necessary. Riding on the subway once we got caught, I heard because of a fire. And no one moved even an eyelash. This seemed to me not so much a sign of deadness, of shells, but something better than making noise and thrashing the arms. In the non-New York part of the country which stretches for a few thousand miles to the west, people are so sentimental about Space they would scream, altho it wld come out a long ear-splitting drawl, if so confined, if so logically stopped. One shouldn't go right on thru fires unless you are getting paid for it. That seems reasonable. And then when we surfaced, the taxis didn't want to pick us up, and that seemed reasonable too, who were we? they knew who they were, and they were going elsewhere. So. That was properly annoying.

When we were going we passed thru Chicago which is familiar enough, my mother and some other relatives I hadn't seen for a long time came up from the South to see us; we were three hours between trains. Chicago has that rural ring certainly, altho one will see a few semi-elegant men walking down the streets in raincoats of the proper lustre, and length. Very obvious imports. Everything seems natural in New York, ie, there isn't that necessity to figure out the origins of people and things, there is in an arbitrary town like Chi. Wynd. L. said NY was a business center and nothing else, really. That it must be, and nothing else. The business, of reviewing people, screwing people, spewing on people, and dumping them in the harbor or giving them a ticket to get the hell to Weehawken. One hopes, ie, I am sanguine it is too much for chambers of commerce, but it probably isn't. The real heroes are the mob, and their twin, the fuzz, and nobody is angry in any important sense they can't be paid for, or haven't gone there, which to become. In the sense that it is raw it must be very like the garden of Eden, before Snake, Blind. They see only when they want an apple. Then a man lies puking his TB guts up in the gutter he's not an apple, and that old hardly be refuted with conventional reasoning. That kind of honesty is rather thin one might think at first, but what, one finds always, gets thick, is dishonesty. But opposition isn't always very engaging. I do agree with Barry Goldwater that the Eastern seaboard shld be cut loose from the rest of the country, set adrift. Of course for exactly contrary reasons.
New York is the colony that didn't fail, like New Harmony, Indiana did. I like it in that limited sense because there are people who don't belong there, being there, for reasons I wasn't quite able to make out, oh I made out all the logical ones, but I think a lot of people must live there because you can get good egg-creams. That's for the people who live there, but most of them don't, but that's something else and I gather need not be considered at all.

There is more advantage to it (NY) than meets the eye, I'd bet. Even a poor man can be exclusive there. This is a way of being that even a poor man ought to have open to him if he wants it. In a small outland town if you don't take a certain street, sooner or later you'll live to regret it. In large spaces, with small amounts of people one much sooner gets hung up literally with physical impediments. Fences, corners, walls, posts, curbs, tanks, barrels, you'd extend the list 4 hours. Given space it must be cluttered in one way or another. In NY I noticed the cars were mostly on the street, the people on the sidewalk, and the rather nicely proportioned and thick high buildings back of that. I was at a housing development once, this one was a middle-classed one, just an outland perversion of how to live, they had told them, and they had believed them and everyone bought it. That part of my I wld never go near if I lived there. And they aren't too important, any of the housing developments. After a while everyone will forget that horseshit and go back to nice crowded buildings all facing up and down a street, and live thickly, which is what New York is for, what it does that the outland can't, what it was meant to be, not by any idiot planner of course, but by the spirit naturally inherent in the terms of an island. On the other hand the problem of people having to live thickly when they don't choose it, is a simple one, and one that planning is impotent before - Thieves and cutthroats like mobbers and bankers choose not for them to be, as they wld choose. Therefore there is no choice. It is an interesting paradox that the most downtown part, the so called financial district, is taken as quaint by otherwise ordinarily intelligent people. It is the only blighted spot on the island, and a cancer which exists for the nation in its outland totality. It is a grim vicious, poisonous section and I never walked thru it without a shudder of horror. Everyone must agree, with good reason. Midtown is neither here, nor is it there, and can be ignored altogether, it is not, what it is commonly supposed to be, a dangerous stretch of the island. Those people there, do as they are told, and rather promptly.

These are loose impromptu impressions, what I really liked was seeing people unexpectedly on the street I knew and love. It doesn't often happen that way out here, and not altogether principally because I don't love too many people here but more because there aren't enough people here. It's hard to get them to come. And why not? There's really nothing here except a lot of famous space and a little of that goes a long way. Whoopse. Everyone was nice there and that doesn't happen often that everyone for the most part is nice. It's nice. There is one thing that makes NY the most relaxed place I've never been in, and that's that everyone knows He's there, where everything probably is. Don't underestimate that. It means you can finally pull off your shoes and say OK let's stop walking, we're here. Not so much nasty talk about how and where to live, altho if there is that it takes the form of an abstract obligation, as tho they pay tribute to something they aren't really interested in, but because it is the human and agreeable thing to do. No unnecessary fights, the only time
you scream is when you get your head caught in a subway train door (one of those old rusty ones) which I did. Altho I didn't scream not wanting to appear a hick. A great temptation though. But you can't and mustn't. Because then the whole thing becomes meaningless, and they would have to tell you - "OK, you did it, now you have to go". And that would be true, you'd have to go. Back West into all that neurasthenic space where I am not convinced yet a young man shd go. It's ok if you're older and have your wits about you, but if you go there too young, and stay too long, your wit sours, or you can get rich by murdering the land you came to love, try to avoid the severance tax, try not to feel too out of it, become the chronic sufferer of - "I get to NY once a year."

Out here, it's still of course that kind of a "rush", and for that reason I finally like the fact that new york city, the island, is for the most part covered over with concrete, it takes the mind off dirt, what's in it, under it, of it. Salute, it will always be a nice city so long as it doesn't become "pleasant" to visit. Or pleasant to live in. That quality in a city if it becomes really established is bad. The people become obnoxiously egotistical, and nutty, they pat their tummies just to feel that fine fresh air moving in to their silly gullets, they strike that green grass with the air of a pimp whose affairs are going nicely. San Francisco is one of those places. The other side of the coin. A word does for all of them- STOP.

The most that can be said of a city will be what is going on there, not necessarily intelligently, that's always too much to ask, but that there ought to be lots of whatever it is. The disposition of Space is pretty unimportant. That's mechanical, how far is it to the building, to the store, to the corner, to his house, to her breast, to his job. It is very mechanical and if not impossible, works. It has to work and does mostly, and if not, then becomes like the machine, very tedious, if it doesn't work. People always work better than any arrangement they are able to make.

One especially nice thing about New York is its shape, it is long rather than wide. This is the source of endless pleasure. Going up and down.

-- Ed Dorn

*********

NOTICE

We want to thank everyone who has contributed to the support of the Bear, and, most especially

Bill Berkson
Edwin Denby
Joe Early
Eddie Epstein
Dorothy Norman
&
Jack Prince

who have been (as they say) "more-than-
generous."