WORDS: NO TITLE
Bennett Sims

Because you "don't communicate". You're not communicating. Well, it's a non-verbal generation. To you, "words are dead." How about this word: bullshit. You see—and they don't, they never will, perhaps they can't. There's a new language. See, you created it. Shaped it into something that works today—something that stands a chance of working tomorrow.

It's a language made of words—made of gestures, of chord, of single-line melodies, colors, pictures, feelings, visions, and always—vibrations. If they could watch, they would see that. If they would listen, they would hear that. It's back of a stereo system. All those input/output plugs, speaker A, speaker B, tape 1, tape 2, earphones, record, playback, auxiliary, and and and And Janis clicking her heels, stamping her feet, belting "Ball and Chain"—a book. Each click, a word; each stamp, a paragraph. And Eldridge raising a spread hand, then balling it into a fist and the strength, the hate, the love, the pain, even the guilt of laughter in his eyes, in the set of his body—how many words? How many books? How much history, yesterday, tomorrow, written all over him.

And a long, slow, endless tracking shot, slow along a line of cars in Godard's WEEK-END, slow until we come to the end of the traffic jam. The accident at the end: the traffic jam, all without a word—without a word, a shelf of books about this world, volumes about ourselves.

A new language. An infinity of inputs/outputs. A language they don't believe because they can't hear the words. Because? Well, perhaps they don't have the inputs—or the outputs.

A "non-verbal generation?" Books just around now—Janis Ian, Jim Kimo, Dotson Rader, Ably Hoffman, Richard Farrah, Richard Goldstein, Eldridge Cleaver, Julius Lester, Richard Brautigan, Ismael Reed (enough). Writers—writers are all that count—like Bob Dylan, John Phillips, Paul Simon, Leonard Cohen, Joni Mitchell (enough). And writers they read in a frantic hope to find what's happening like Bob Christgau, Tom Nolan, Jeff Sherer, Lynn Willis, Paul Williams, John Lahr, Jon Landau (enough). A "non-verbal generation?" Who taught them what hobbies are (and how much money did they make from the learning?). Who discovered STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND? Who uncovered Norman O. Brown? THE HAIGHT EXPERIMENT? Kurt Vonnegut? William Burroughs? Allen Watts? Books you found. Then—after that time—let it take for them to understand, to understand a part of what you see—they begin the critical analysis to explain what you've always sensed. Your "blind eyes see so much deeper"—...the words. Words. Words for a "non-verbal generation". New—saving the best for last—who found them the prophet of a world without words? Who discovered the books (think a moment: books)? of Marshall McLuhan? Yet, they read McLuhan and don't see the formulation of a language. All they see are words. Just one input/output. Only one when its really...


The Chambers Brothers at Fillmore East doing "Time". Fast. Slow. Slower. Time stops. Time becomes a wordless feeling. Time as a blank revolution. Malcolm doing time. Eldridge doing time. Huey Newton doing time. How many books about time? How many cookbooks have you written the line for those that hunger after smoking some dope? How many plays like the one called "Dealing with the Power Structure?" (How many roles do you act in one of those? How much dialogue do you construct?) They don't see the words as Blood, Sweat and Tears plays Safe. They don't see the words in a scarf. A revolution in a body-suit. An encyclopedia in the frames of glasses.

They don't see the words in a drum solo. The words in a word: "later". The words in a word: "high". The words in a word: "frightening. "They are breaking into morning brown rice. Roses. Namaste arching a long pass. A bottle of Southern Comfort. Elephant bells. Sirens. Suri. All the collected literature of mankind in making love. Love. All the collected philosophy—man and beast in a hate of hunger. War. Humiliation. A love of love.

You have created a language made of everything you do. You communicate in a million ways. As you speak from everything, you speak of everything. You have found a freedom in a language of style and substance. Beyond the freedoms their words have ever allowed them to dream. You are the most "verbal" generation man has known.

Jean-Luc Godard once wrote: "People are not content when they see reality. They are not content because they are always attached to what went before. They say no, this is not the way reality is. They do not want to see it the way it really is, in its poetry."

They do not want to see it, to believe it, to speak of it. They do not want to see it, to see it the way it is. They do not want the poetry is your language. An understanding of yesterday. A communication of today. A view of tomorrow. A pride of forever. Speaking. Listening. You.
28 Concerned Record Artists Join In Creating A Revolutionary New Album.

All of the artists pictured above—plus such as Peter, Paul and Mary, The Association, The Byrds, Jimi Hendrix, Sea, The Who, and many others—have put together an extraordinary two-disc album called "The 1969 Warner/Reprise Record Show." This was also a two-disc, two-record set, with over 40 songs by 10 prominent artists (including The American Bandstand "Red Hot" House, which subsequently turned up on a summer's worth of folk labels to be sold as "The Best Selling Smash Hit Album sj").

We've been fearful angels too long: we are the last great hope of mankind, and I'm happy to be able to make it. Enjoy the festival, friends.

Paul Williams

---

That was for Songbook. The Record Show is an even more important and progressive album.

WHAT TO EXPECT

Frankly, we can't plan on selling more than a couple of thousand copies of Record Show. Mostly because this offer sounds too good to be true. And we know that naturally suspicious people will probably pass this up.

Which is really a shame. Because if you mail in your $2 (or $4 if you also want a copy of the earlier and all-important Songbook set), you'll soon have a collector's item on your shelf. (That concept we lose for you prestige-lovers.)

Each copy of Record Show has bound in to it a few pages of pictures and background information about the artists on the album. This way you'll learn the story behind each selection:

- John Mitchell & The Garage Hall ("The Gomorrah in "Record Show")
- Dan Douglas & Van Dyke Parks ("Extraordinary Moog synthesizer recordings for the 1969 winter"
- Tracks from as yet unreleased albums by Frank Zappa, Lorraine Ellis,
- The Kinks... etc.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The 20 albums in Record Show are guaranteed to live up to their double-album promise. If you find them too dull, simply return each album to us within 10 days and we'll send back your two bucks.

Mail to Record Show

Room 208
Warner/Reprise Records
Burlington, California 91500

Send the special albums checked below to:

[Check box for $4.00 for Songbook, enclose $4.00.]

[Check box for $2.00 for Record Show, enclose $2.00.]

[Check box for both, enclose $6.00.]

This offer expires August 1, 1969.
...every man shall eat in safety under his own vine what he plants, and sing the merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.

Shakespeare

If you think Jefferson Airplane has problems with each other, you should see the problems they have with us.

They don’t like the way we’ve messed with their album covers and liners.
They don’t like the way we’ve supervised their lyrics and recordings.
They don’t like the way we’ve hyped and promoted some of their singles.
They don’t like the ads and commercials our advertising agency creates.
They figure we’re just a big Establishment record company that sits up nights thinking up new ways to hassle them.
They’re wrong.
All we’re trying to do is get as much Jefferson Airplane to as much of the world as possible.
With as few hassles as possible for them, as well as for us. And that’s the truth.
JOAN BAEZ

"would it embarrass you if I told you I love you"
gadfly... big heart hopes from Joanie
in the land of milk and truncheons;
somewhild sixties neckline
by folksy true steel beams... OVERCOME!

*Joan Baez
"Farewell, Argentina"

wailin' wall spittle and
cistern gas slick puddles
edged on by temperate
winds howlin' "give us a jam"
for a glorrius rough
hewn alley echo... CANNED HEAT
Helplessly hoping
her harlequin hovers nearby
awaiting a word
Gazing at glimpses
of gentle free spirit he runs,
wishing he could fly.
Only to trip at the sound
of good-bye.*

*Crosby, Stills & Nash
JANIS JOPLIN
with bourbon spot and jissom croak her pebble throats.
file teeth chewin' softly
on human streetcars called NEED.
and shaking, rolling into the distance of your insides.
Ravi Shankar

permeating kharma, totally crimson vedic
taba tree roots by life's flow
"Ramayat: di Rade"... Harivonc
mantra restoring force
colder shades of sunnybrook (Ball room)
via ground wire rocket bombshells,
so when I die, a gravel feast
on grizzly bits, washed down by
life's condensations ... Blood, Sweat AND Tears.

BERT SOMMER
super beautiful Hank Thoberry, sensitive stringed
song creations -- a renaissance rennaisance and throatless.
steel and les paul bloody strings
screech honky heavy man it's
got to be told in fresh yardbird throw outs
refreshed, garnished ... good chewing gristle
for sucking blues from deep bottles and
handling blind date funk—you know it's the truth

jeff beck

worn conkroy funk simmer,
creepin’ creepin’ to the airmobile hangar to free
the shadow machines that moan with the
seventh sun at the red, white and blue moon.

poppy c. v. d. p.
papaveraceae timae hardinaceae
people mates in sweaty sessions, knotty grit partners or five  
Dylan billets, with handlebar rockably cereal bowls filled  
with sugar, smoke music down in the house in vast winter  
wool... plinke.

down in a thicket Suzie Q is ballin'  
with a stevedor while creedence  
sounds roll off a levee  
got it... chug it... gurgle it  
grit heat parch screamin' and  
thumpin' licks from sluggish Miss'ip Mud men.
SWEETWATER
rock aptitude test administrators in
conference for meadow rolling sessions in your head;
uncomplicated reaction innovators...Miami
spectaculars.

TEN YEARS AFTER
british Robert Johnson addicts
hooked on a long blues needle-junk lowdrifting
melody attacks your core and lets it lift off
achingly to the end tracks.

standing...screaming...dancing...wringing peace
playing music they feel
feeling the music they play; so lend
a mind brother and
dig it!
CONCERT HALL IS

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-SING OUT
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-Newport Folk Festival
-Mt. Vernon "Uncola" Festival
-Woodstock Music and Art Fair
-Philadelphia Folk Festival
-Quaker City Jazz Festival
-Quaker City Rock Festival

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-Miami Pop Festival
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-Morgan State Jazz Festival
-Hampton Jazz Festival
-Rutgers Jazz Festival
-Laurel Pop Festival

Concert Hall Publications, Inc. is also consultant to many major record companies and sound equipment manufacturers and currently has the facilities to serve several additional clients.

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Some great white blues men wanted to jam with the cats they learned the music from.

A bunch of record companies said O.K.

FATHERS & SONS

on Chess
JIMI HENDRIX

“but first are you ymmmm! Foxey Lady!!”
searing fingered virtuosamp-king
whose experience is the purifying water of
electric pedal triumph; 600 amp
ecclectic exemplar of brain rending
Over 300 Black Panthers are now in jail in a national plot to destroy their organization. White radicals are being arrested. Underground newspapers are being harassed. GIs who speak out are receiving harsh sentences. The police have been unleashed. Last summer in Chicago it was clubs and tear gas; in Berkeley this spring it was shotguns and buckshot.

The hard rain's already falling and it wasn't just the politicians that are getting wet. Read the list: Jim Hendrix, MC-5, The Who, Phil Ochs, Tim Buckley, Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, Jim Morrison, Creedence Clearwater, The Turtles, Moby Grape, Ray Charles, The Fugs, Dave Van Ronk, Joan Baez—all have been busted recently. Busted because the authorities want to destroy our cultural revolution in the same way they want to destroy our political revolution. Maybe the man can't bust our music but he sure as hell can bust our musicians. If the government wanted to it could bust rock groups on charges of conspiracy to incite riot. Last year Congress passed an anti-riot act which made it illegal to urge people to go to an event at which a riot later occurs. The law makes it illegal to travel from state to state, write letters or telegrams, speak on the radio or television, make a telephone call with the intention of encouraging people to participate in a riot. A riot meaning an act of violence occurring in an assemblage of three or more persons. The people doing the urging never have to commit an act of violence or know the people who do. They never, in fact, have to urge a riot. William Kunstler, famed constitutional lawyer feels "fear and roll stiffs and promotors could be prosecuted under this law if violence occurred at a show."

The law is currently being tested in the upcoming trial of eight movement activists: Ronnie Davis, Dave Dellinger, John Froines, Tom Hayden, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale, Lee Weiner, and myself. All participants in the demonstrations last August in Chicago. You remember Chicago where the facade of a democratically run convention was washed down the streets with the blood of young people. The Whole World Was Watching and what it saw was what the official Walker Report later termed a "police riot." Richard Nixon wants to put an end to demonstrations. Mayor Daley wants revenge. They have decided to set an example to anyone who speaks out against the government by putting us in prison for ten years.

None of us are shedding any tears about our upcoming trial. In a sense the indictments are like receiving the academy award for our work. Many of us have already done time in jail. We have been arrested and beaten numerous times, we have lived with the FBI following us and monitoring our phone calls. For us personally the trial is just a part of our activity in the movement. When you get down to it we are guilty of being members of a vast conspiracy. A conspiracy pitted against the war in Vietnam and the government that still perpetuates that war against the oppression of black communities, against the harassment of our cultural revolution, against an educational system that seeks only to channel us into a society we see as corrupt and impersonal, against the growing police state, and finally against dehumanizing work roles that a capitalist economic system demands. What we are for quite simply is a total revolution. We are for a society in which the people directly control the decisions that affect their lives.

We are for people's power or as one of our brothers in Berkeley put it "egalitarian socialism." In the last few years our numbers have grown from hundreds to millions of young people. Our conspiracy has grown more militant. Flower children have lost their innocence and grown their thorns. We have recognized that our culture in order to survive must be defended. Furthermore we have realized that the revolution is more than digging rock or turning on. The revolution is about coming together in a struggle for change. It is about the destruction of a system based on bosses and competition and the building of a new community based on people and cooperation. That old system is dying all around us and we joyously come out in the streets to dance on its grave. With our free stores, liberated buildings, communes, people's parks, dope, free bodies and our music, we'll build our society in the vacant lots of the old and we'll do it by any means necessary.

Abbie Hoffman

Abbie is a founder of the Yippies and author of "Revolution for the Hell of It." Visit Movement City at the festival to tap with the activists about getting your community together. Join the Conspiracy in the streets of Chicago Occooon 8-11. For more information and donations write The Conspiracy, 20 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois 60604.
JOE COCKER
WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS
THE PRINCE OF WAILS ON A&M RECORDS
piping late madrigals whispering lush
near plush satin straw duckling
taga undertones so incestuously geping with rock
monster desire and it's candy-coated
cousin van ... Incredible String Band

INCREDIBLE STRING BAND

neo impressionistic watt walls and
squatters rights to chicken little's kingdom
(a falling sky)
incessant headliner blinks iron wah-wah virgin dirt
do you want somebody to feel like laughin'?
Bruinis?
- Fillmore phenomenon old town blues purveyors... keyholders to the down home dirt held in chicken grease for future mixin' and truckin'.

- The promised land—a pleasing sense feast for ears and eyes (satisfaction starved) it's almost there the lizards hiss and now...

- Sensual silken walls and eros tones in fusion with the misty heat of vagrant breath in total tonal impact; the rising product...

- Blues-boom-super-bloom band, progressive mayall flucutal sweat shovelers awaiting a worddrowning thumping signal that tokens the debut of the venomous rag lady program that creeps up the stairway and moans at the wall.

SANTANA
QUOLL
MOUNTAIN
KEEP HARTLEY
CONFESSIONS OF A RECORD COMPANY EXEC

by STAN CORMYN
Director of Creative Services
Warner/Reprise Records

I have not always worked for a record company. Once, during my otherwise uneventful youth, I cherished dreams of becoming something worthwhile and prestigious. Perhaps dictator of a Central American coffee republic. At some point in my life (as I recall), shortly after receiving my Second Class Boy Scout Badge, music seeped subtly into my life, leading me to the Turning Point... I'd driven my mother's Plymouth down to a dance-hall (we called them then, lacking as we did, sophistication) in scenic Newport Beach, California, with the intention of standing so close to the bandstand on which Stan Kenton would be performing (with his orchestra that he would perhaps gaze downward and become at least momentarily aware of this kid who lived and breathed Stan Kenton). As the performance was about to begin, Stan Kenton himself, stooped godlike to his position on the stand, managing somehow to step on my hand.

Kenton godlike, bent down and apologized. "Sorry," as I recall it, was his exact wording.

"It's an honor," I replied. One who is young and in love usually sounds fairly idiotic.

Which brings us willy-nilly to seven years later, at which time I wrote my first set of liner notes for a Stan Kenton album, as the stars would have it. All of which is intended to provide some sort of clumsy transition to

Now, in a relatively high-up position in a large and commercially potent record company, I face charges of being greedy and mercenary and tasteless and exploitative and ruthless and all the other stuff a man in a relatively high-up position in a large and commercially potent record company is supposed to be. What's hopefully being gotten to is that

and (3) to sum it up, there seem to be a number of misconceptions blown in the wind about what precisely a record company is supposed to do.

What really got me deep into this whole morbid subject was this letter I got from the highly respected and reportedly noble rock critic Ellen Sander in response to my "Flower Child Pick-Up or Shut-Up Offer." As for Randy Newman (to refresh your memories, we offered to give away free at least a thousand of the Randy albums we couldn't sell away): Ellen, you see, was much lightened by our advertising of everything that she wrote was the best album we had ever put out. Van Dyke Parks' Song Cycle.

Most certainly, I immediately wrote the dear lady. I pointed out that we had spent as much time and money hyping Van's album, which sold newly not at receiving what I refer to as "The You Pinch-Penny Establishment Fucks Miserable Aged Bastard Look." We get it from artists and record-buyers alike.

There are seven, give or take a few:

1. THE HYPER-HYPE

Sniffles the manager of Tuesday's new "supergroup," "Look, man, this is our first album, man, and whatever we do, man, is promote the shit out of it, man. Are you hip? Like big ad in Rolling Stone and a triple-deluxe-foldout cover and we put out six singles simultaneously. Can you dig it?"

Quite frankly, I don't have seen that whole hype pulsed a decade back with a new Detroit Sound called the Edsel.

Over-selling is as dopey a tactic as underselling. The late-great Moby Grape got the biggest hype in the history of the universe. They couldn't have lived up to all that advance hoopla if they'd come on stage with Christ on guitar and Celanese on congas.
Those of us who still have some faith in the taste of the American record-buying public cling to a belief that no amount of ads, packaging tricks, posters, or ecstatic press releases are going to make you buy a piece of shit.

It's no fun 'tall listening to sharpie managers, man.

2. THE PSYCHEDELIA SYNDROME
Pseudo-Ween-Wilsonish posters stopped making it at least two years before 7-Up began offering them one for a quarter. And did you really dig Columbia Records informing you, under a picture of several freaks from various minority groups passing around a joint, that "They can't bust our music!"

So my usual answer when a new killer underground acid blues rock group asks for mindblowing psychedelic ads and posters is, "No." Which ungraciously a lot of them have a difficulty relating to, I admit.

So in Warner/Reprise ads you'll see some cuteness and some preciousness and maybe a whole lot of irony that doesn't make it for you. But you're not going to be patronized. And if we blow anyone's mind it will be through the music we sell, not our ads.

That was a bit of a chest-beating digression. Sorry.

3. UNDERGROUND PURITY, A DILEMMA OF OUR TIMES
I like the underground press. I like the La Free Press and the Village Voice and Fusion and Rolling Stone and occasionally East Village Other and a few of the others. What I have difficulty getting into is the argument that promoting an album through above-ground, let's say establishment, channels, stigmatizes the whole affair.

Well, it could be.

Like it or not, though, for an album to help us pay our rent it's got to be bought by people on all parts of the ground. But there's always the chance of someone straight buying a freak's album and subsequently being uplifted to the level of people who make these idiotic distinctions.

4. THE EPIC PRODUCTION SYNDROME
"Well, we've got to release this seven-minute epic as a single. Man. It's the only true representation of where we're at."

"No."

her music makes a very meaningful comment in just two areas: life and death. That's all.

Elyse Weinberg, tetragrammaton records
Seven-minute singles, with the occasional exception of such silly rubbish as "MacArthur Park," don't get played. And we want our artists to get played, for their sales as much as our own.

5. THE EPIC PRODUCTION SYNDROME

Since Sgt. Pepper it's pretty much become the vogue to spend eight years and $60,000 making an album. Which is fine if you're the Beatles or The Who, and what you're making is Sgt. Pepper or Tommy. If you're not, if you're not in The Group and you think all the nifty things modern recording technology can permit you to do is just "really far-out," chances are what you'll wind up with is a sizeable bill from your record company. Your record company makes a policy of saving all the receipts from the records it releases until they're paid back. Which is sometimes a shame, sometimes not.

The point is, if you expect to make your million recording, cool the costs. Lay off the electronic masturbation, which, as we all know, is bad for the brain and sometimes even makes one sterile.

6. THE NEW DYLAN RUNAROUND

You'd be absolutely assured to find out how many young acoustic-guitarists-and-singers there were living in the East Village in the mid-'60's who have since found their way to our offices in Burbank to announce their availability should we ever want an artist who'll make the world forget Bob Dylan.

After 176 years in the music biz I've learned a little bit about how to spot someone who's going to be a gas one day.

First, I can't use this law of me figure out where he's at.

Second, after I can, I'm shocked when I realize that I'm getting into somebody who, prior to step two, utterly baffled me.

Like an evening in New York Reprise's big kahuna, Mo Ostin, led the way to The Scene, to hear a new act. And we were all just sitting, waiting, when this tall fellow wandered off the street and onto the floor. Opened a shopping bag, pulled out a uke. Sang real weird.

I couldn't figure out where he was at. Ostin signed him.

It worked out well, especially when the still little known Mr. Tim later came to a Christmas buffet at my house and performed all the company wives whose hipness tell a little short of Buddy Greco.

Enough digression. A new Dylan we don't need. Someone you can say "I can't quite put my finger on... that's more like it."

AND FINALLY, 7. THE UNAPPRECIATED ART SHOCK

My most considerate (and still unsolicited) piece of advice to record artists is to stop commiserating with themselves.

Other than for his own musical talents, Van Dyke Parks earns my admiration for the fact that he is the person who first taught me to turn on. But I have a beef with Van.

His first remarkable album is still somewhat the commercial odd it was when I advertised it under the heading "Now We're $5.99 On The Album Of The Year." Van is, I gather discouraged. About a year-and-a-half later, and he's still not gone into the recording studio to cut his next album.

Which personally pisses me off because I'd like to hear the next LP. If you're an artist, it's all right with me if you cut off your ear because you're not appreciated, but why stop painting? Anyway, so much for my catalogue of situations. The tone of this manifesto, as if you hadn't noticed by now, is pretty defensive.

With at least some reason, I propose.

This is a rough business, you know. With the record company has to create a separate advertising, merchandising, packaging, and promotional identity for its every album. Quaker Oats gets by doing that once a decade. We have to do it 750 times a year, putting out, as we do, that number of new albums annually. Under which circumstances it shouldn't be all that surprising that some albums and artists get missed, passed over, neglected, and forgotten. Some of whom, of course, deserve to be, but don't ask which ones.

Part of that neglect lies with the consumer. Ellen. Like if enough people had demanded Song Cycle it wouldn't have disappeared from the marketplace, right?

But they didn't.

So what we in record company land do, we who have made a $30,000-plus gamble on Van's album and lost, is move ahead with still upper lips, trying not to take ourselves too seriously lost clouded uptightness set in.

Recently this somewhat can broach melancholy since plagued us at Warner. We have, trying to shake it off, entered into a cooperative effort with our artists in a break-even series of albums called Songbook and Record Show: Son Of Songbook in an attempt to break through the glut of new stuff on the airwaves and in the records. Such plays as these non-profit ventures show, we hope, that our hearts are never always locked up in the Accounting Department.

Such efforts, too, are directed toward one end that I find unsalvageable: getting our good stuff a chance to be heard.

Getting a chance to be heard isn't always easy, so thanks for listening. And enjoy the festival.

Cheers,
Stan Cornyn
I told my brother and my wife once, the first time we all took acid, sitting out in the car in front of 4825, and before we took the trip by car all the way to Chicago to hear Trane still full of the acid, that we would see the day after the post-Western revolution when the language would work again strictly as a function of the body, its glow & gesture, that after enough of us had eaten the acid we could then speak through our cells as our cells, that the language would be stripped of all negative force and the new poetry would burn itself down to just one word, and the poets would say it and every body would be a poet, and the word would burn itself into every body's meat, and men would hold hands and smile, and the word would fill the world vibrating through it, and through every part of it merging all men into ONE, the force for unity in life, and that ONE to be taken the only way possible, in a totally post-Western sense, all senses brought together in the flesh, and the world seen only one possible way, AS IT IS, and the word would be there to speak for us, and for the world, and Jimmy Garrison would be playing bass, yes he would, and the music would move through the world, and the music would BE the word, and the voice of John Coltrane would speak the word through the world through the hell of his horn, and the word he sang would pass through our eyes, through every cell of our lovely meat, and yes, the vibrations would BE the world.

Yes it is The Word is LOVE And it is here on earth.
Yes it is And the World is LOVE
Yes it is.

Oh brothers, Yes it is.

JOAN BAEZ
Just Released! "David's Album" Vanguard

LOVE

"Once you become aware of this force for unity in life, you can't ever forget it. It becomes part of everything you do. In that respect, this is an extension of A LOVE SUPREME since my conception of that force keeps changing shape. My goal in meditating on this through music, however, remains the same. And that is to uplift people, as much as I can. To inspire them to realize more and more of their capacities for living meaningful lives. Because there certainly is meaning to life.

A POLITICAL PRISONER

John Sinclair is minister of information of the White Panther Party, respected poet in the contemporary community, strong leader for the Fifth Estate and the Ann Arbor News press, and coordinator for the rogue press, a group of six newspapers living in and around the Arsenal Apts. Detroit, MI. On July 23, 1969, John was convicted of possession of two marijuana cigarettes and sentenced to 10 years in State Prison in Jackson, Michigan.
all together,
cause we don't give a damn
about old Martha Lorraine
flying high up side of vietnam
with the crystal blues.

windfall
RECORDS

your host
at Woodstock

and...

Dark roots of song flung
to the outer limits.

Arlo and Otis, Dylan and Donovan,
Beach and The Beatles rippling in sound
waves over the sand of time.

Yesterday's hopes, today's blues
and tomorrow's dreams roll across
your mind, seeking out your soul.

The Marconi Experiment,
nightly,
9 PM-1 AM
friday, august 15th

JOAN BAEZ
ARLO GUTHRIE
TIM HARDIN
RICHIE HAVENS
INCREDIBLE STRING BAND
RAVI SHANKAR
BERT SOMMER
SWEETWATER
JOSHUA LIGHT SHOW

saturday, august 16th

CANNED HEAT
CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL
GREATFUL DEAD
KEEF HARTLEY
JANIS JOPLIN
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
MOUNTAIN
QUILL
SANTANA BLUES BAND
SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE
THE WHO
JOSHUA LIGHT SHOW

sunday, august 17th

THE BAND
BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS
JOE COCKER
COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH
CROSBY, STILLS and NASH
JIMI HENDRIX
IRON BUTTERFLY
SHANANA
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administration
publicity
administration
technical director & contributing designer
chief of operations
chief of security
production supervisor & stag lighting
production & technical director
production stage manager & contributing designer
contributing designer
camp site co-ordinator
sound systems
community relations
promotion
advertising
public relations
assistant ticketing operations
accountant and spiritual advisor
trouble-shooter
production administrator
concessions
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