

# THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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## Conspiracy In America



# THE east village OTHER

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Dear EVO,

I give you this one last chance to return my property before you hear from my attorney. Although I have a smattering of your language which I can describe best as Acoent with a slight english I do not read your newspaper but chanced to see the issue of several weeks ago wherein you made mention of a ginzburg I am certain that this is the same ginzburg that escaped from me several years ago and I demand its return immediately. As proof of ownership I submit the following facts:

I live in a small town in upper New York State and in 1964 was selected to go to Greenwich Village as an Exchange Student (we had been sending your natives CARE packages for some time). Upon my arrival I was installed in a small apartment in Gay Street (aply named, I might add) and, being unused to your strange ways, I of course set out my line of traps in front of the building. Early that evening a great commotion told me that I had indeed snared something. Hurrying downstairs I found a large and terrifying beast that I had never seen before. It was almost entirely covered by long hair and was baring its fangs and snarling hideously. Whipping out my skinning knife I was about to dispatch the creature when I detected a curiously human quality in its outlandish 'howls'.

Stopping a passerby I asked if he could identify the beast and between fits of extreme amusement he managed to convey to me that it was 'a ginzburg' and was from the 'cool' country. By this time quite intrigued, I attempted to determine the creature's sex but this seemed to infuriate it beyond all reason so that I was finally forced to guess...this I did by drawing straws, using three straws, of course...I know something of your odd customs. Unfortunately, during the ensuing furore the creature somehow managed to free itself and I found myself pursuing its erratic leaps down Eighth Street only to have it scurry into the thick underbrush of Washington Square Park where I assumed it had found sanctuary among the wild life which abounds in the region and was snuggled in its warm Burroughs.

Imagine my surprise to learn that apparently it has once again been captured and to some degree domesticated. My own brief encounter with it would seem to indicate that it would have had my house broken before it was.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Robert Harrison

Dear EVO,

HELP! The Illinois General Assembly is now considering a bill which would make LSD illegal--possession or ingestion punishable by \$1,000, and/or six months for a first offense and \$2,500, and/or 2 to 5 years for a second!

We are in the process of convincing Senators and Gov. Otto Kerner that LSD prohibition will hurt far more than it can help. The support of this bill is based entirely on the fear that "LSD is an extremely dangerous drug and we have to do something to stop it." Almost no consideration is given to the extreme danger of passing a law to try to stop people who choose to take LSD (to say nothing of the fact that such a law would be impossible to enforce!)

Anyone having information, opinions, and/or experiences with the detrimental effects of the New York law is asked to send a convincing description to:

Sen. Robert E. Cherry  
 Illinois State Senate  
 Springfield, Illinois

with copies to: Gov. Otto Kerner, Springfield, Illinois, and Ann Gillie, Naturalism, Inc. P.O. Box 8183, Chicago, Ill.

Thank You!!

Ann Gillie

Naturalism, Inc.

## YOUR MOMMA LOVES BIG BROTHER

Gene Autry used to sing a song called "Cimmaron Roll On." Simply change the word Cimmaron to Totalitarianism and you've got a modern hit.

Either everybody's paranoid or Big Brother has gotten new contact lenses. For a long time we've heard that all the Mad-Ave-Execs think their phones are tapped. We know our phone is tapped, but we're alienated and might as well expect it. But now everybody, even very secure up-town executives, think their phone is tapped, but nobody does anything about it.

What's really happening, Mr. Jones? By scanning the newspaper with an eye toward between the lines we should be able to note significant trends from the inter-relationship and juxtaposition of stories and pictures. A newspaper is a collage, after all, a montage of events collected by reporters and selected by the editors to reflect what is really happening in the world.

So the front page reads: MEG CARRIES ON DESPITE RUMORS OF RIFT.

The hot news. The phony english joke. ('Royalty', and not even our own Royalty.) Maybe there's some news inside.

On page three: PARENTS FIND TWO SONS ADDICTS, CALL COPS FOR THEIR OWN GOOD. Mr. and Mrs. Malino took their two sons, 19 and 21, to jail for being marijuana addicts. The kids were paroled

in their parents custody. Fink on your kids Mr. and Mrs. Malino. Don't you know that marijuana is not addicting? Or is it that you've bought the hideous American-consumer-nice-guy dream and want to make some brownie points.

Second headline on page three: URGES TIGHTER LSD CONTROL. The story is how Donald Louria, snot-nosed political doctor and drug expert, urged the State and Federal Authorities to create a new criminal class to snag all the pot smoking, LSD taking college and high school kids, round them up and give them stiff prison sentences to set them right with society. Maybe Dr. Louria hasn't noticed the effect of legislation on crime. There has been virtually no effect, in curbing crime, by making more laws.

Still on page three old Elijah Muhammed summed it all up. The headline reads: MUSLIMS TO GET BEHIND POWELL. Muhammed said, "America is going down." And Cassius Clay at the same rally reminded us that if we don't want to fight in Viet Nam they will put us all in jail.

As you draw your own conclusions remember that someone is reading over your shoulder.

Next week's lesson will be the study of Hetman, a middle eastern philosophy which allows you to be agreeable at all times while saying absolutely nothing.

Walter H. Bowart

Dear EVO,

I am writing this letter simply because I've got to do something other than just dig these groovy records. I'm listening, I've been digging a long time. I'm a middle-class ofay 12-year old who lives on Grand St. in those co-ops where the 30-year old women look like old time whores. I go to JHS 22 and I'm in class 8SPE2. From the description, one would think "Establishment!" But no! I truly would like to do as Leary says, and drop out of this fucking life, but how? My teachers tell me, "You've got potential." Sure, I've got a 12.6 reading grade, highest in my class, but what's it gonna do for me. Get me \$15,000 a year, a color T.V. set, and a new car each year, that's what. And fuck it, I don't want it. I just wanna take all this shit that the Establishment has handed me, and shove it right back up their asses. This includes their public schools. I'm in trouble in school from hitting a kid who tells sick jokes. Everybody hates him, and he is a fugitive almost. Even the teachers hate him, yet nobody will do anything because of his mother. She will always stick up for him, the way Maonamara sticks up for LBJ. One other teacher, Mr. Frankenburg, my science teacher, told me to send a "KILL FOR PEACE" button to Ho Chi Minh. This teacher has never heard of free speech. One time after school I cursed a cop and he told me "If you were taller I'd kick you right in the teeth," which was a lie. The reason he didn't kick me "right in the teeth" was because 30 kids, most of whom were my friends, were looking at him.

I have been reading your paper since your issue on the Ed Sanders porn raid bust, and it's really groovy. Your repeated denouncements of the NY Times and the Establishment I salute. In my opinion, the Establishment can take its newspapers, magazines, books, entertainment, politics, religion (that includes Leary), morals, killing, and assorted other bullshit, and burn it in some out-of-the-way cave. I was just listening to a song on the Byrds 5-D album called "What's Happening?!" What is happening is definitely a revolution! These different groups have names like the Provos, etc., but they are all united against one enemy. THE ESTABLISHMENT WILL PERISH FROM THE FACE OF THIS EARTH. It was all told in Phil Ochs' "Ringing of Revolution." By their own stupidity they will die. By their WAR, they will die. It's been a long time coming, but now it is. The revolt is. Establishment, I have one thing to say to you: Bang bang, you're dead. I've been up tight with your crap long enough, but no more will I be so.

Peter Farris

Dear EVO:

Further on the subject of creative anarchy: if one is going to bug the telephone company, it might as well be done effectively. All phones, including public phones, unscrew at both ends. At the mouth-piece end there is a small microphone, which will fall out into ones hand, while in the ear end is a device attached only by two tiny wires. They are extremely simple to remove, and removal is virtually impossible to detect at the time. The potential is great: a couple of dedicated commandos disguised as commuters could take out the public phone service in Grand Central in an afternoon.

As to what to do with the small microphones, et al., as they accumulate, one should be guided by individual fantasy. Creative possibilities include A.T. & T. mobiles and skimming contests at the boat pond. My own predilection is for dropping them down Con Ed manholes.

Lafcadio

Dear EVO,

I extend a personal thank you to you and EVO for publishing the article "Blowing The Mind". Explanation? I've been running around like a paranoid telling people that the "parochialists" have been using negative charges to knock over their enemies and now you've come along to confirm that such is possible vis-a-vis the draining and ebbing of vitality. That's what's been happening to me and if I lacked the ability to restore my self I'd be dead or knocked out of here by now. Do us all a favor and keep up posted on when the device will be available, and in fact make it a leading item. Who really knows how many people had "heart attacks" or got convulsed with fatal "stomach ailments"?

Sincerely yours,  
 Harry G. Grant

Dear EVO,

Recent data has come to us to suggest that God is not dead; he is merely on a bad trip, or on the nod, or very, very high. The current world situation demands that we bring him down at once.

Sincerely,  
 Alan Ribback  
 Lora Browne

## The east village OTHER

BOX 571, PETER STUYVESANT STATION, NEW YORK



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# NIGHT RIDER BLUES

by Irving Shushick

"For the next 15 years, we are going to have to do a lot of shooting down here in Mississippi to protect ourselves, our wives, our children and the American way of life from bad niggers." This was stated by Byron de la Beckwith in a letter sent to the National Rifle Association, shortly before he was charged with the slaying of Medgar Evers, the then head of the Mississippi branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

A new example of our inherent insanity now riddles the countryside like so many ricocheting rifleshots, because now Byron de la Beckwith has announced his candidacy for Lieutenant Governor of the state that he swore openly to protect at all costs. His best qualification for the office is the fact that he is an acknowledged protector of the Southern tradition and the Mississippi way of life.

When de la Beckwith was released from jail, after two juries had found him guilty as charged, he was accorded a heroes welcome. He came riding through the town of Natchez at the crest of a parade, and the large banner hanging in the delta sun proclaimed WELCOME HOME BYRON.

To a nation that glorybathes in the instant transmission of death in Viet Nam via the earlybird satellites, Byron de la Beckwith...man with a gun...was indeed a local and national hero. He was the super-patriot, and there by his side all through the trial was none other than America's super-duper patriot, Edwin Waler, who defended de la Beckwith's acts as the characteristics of the true defenders of the American way of life.

Cordell Reagan is a S.N.C.C. worker who has spent the past five years in the delta area of Mississippi attempting to organize the poor into Poor People's Cooperatives. When questioned about de la Beckwith's candidacy he stated that "Byron de la Beckwith's nomination and possible election hold true to form for racist Mississippi. Their whole system is built upon racism and this system is responsible for the racial violence that occurs there."

Reagan's statement was re-inforced by the dynamic slaying of Wharlest Johnson, an NAACP regional secretary for the Natchez area, and a personal friend of Reagan. Reagan did not hear the report, and when informed of it during a telephone interview stated bitterly "I have no doubts now that de la Beckwith will win."

The murder of Jackson was the second one in the Natchez area within a year, and like the previous one, it was done through dynamite sabatogeing of auto ignition wires. Both murders took place in the home town of none other than Byron de la Beckwith.

Elizabeth Sutherland, head of communications at the New York headquarters of SNCC is quick to point out the fact that Natchez Mississippi has a notorious history of nightrider violence. In a mood of total disgust, Miss Sutherland stated that "this (de la Beckwith's candidacy) is just the typical load of Mississippi shit."

Charles Evers, head of the Mississippi NAACP has documented forty one murders of civil rights workers in the state of Mississippi since the slaying of his brother. Governor Paul Johnson has tried to belittle this by stating that this has been the act of a small minority.



When Reagan was asked about Johnson's claim at Mississippi and moderation he replied that "Paul Johnson is just as much a racist as any other Mississippi politician. He comes on and says that the state of Mississippi is making real progress towards racial harmony but his harmony means the maintenance and protection of racism."

Charles Evers has attempted to form a coalition between the moderate white elements in Mississippi and the civil rights activists. The movement is known as the Moderate Evers coalition and Cordell Reagan was asked to comment on this coalition. "The Moderate-Evers coalition is meaningless, because it offers no real hope for the minorities and the poor of Mississippi," came the pessimistic reply.

Byron de la Beckwith; lone man with a gun or a product of the American fetish for violence and hate? Gary Williams related the fact that when de la Beckwith was incarcerated in the Jackson Mississippi jail, he had at his disposal a television set, his collection of guns and ate fat steaks. There was a semi-officially established defense fund which raised \$15,000 from sympathisers and he was proudly driven through the streets of Jackson by policemen in the Jackson city police cars.

Abbie Hoffman, who has worked alongside of Cordell Reagan in the Poor Peop-

le's Corporation of Mississippi stated that "the Mississippi police have forced our truckdrivers off state highways. They have pistolwhipped them when and if they protested, and have confiscated the material being shipped in the trucks. Many of our work areas in Mississippi have been raided by state and local police." As an afterthought he state that "Senator Eastland called us communists on the floor of the senate and asked for an investigation to stop us from any further activities, claiming that we were racial agitators."

Byron de la Beckwith is a product of his environment of violence. As Abbie Hoffman has stated, "you cannot overcome violence with the tools of that very violence." Byron de la Beckwith is the voice of the average citizen of Mississippi, and more importantly, he speaks the voice of the average American. He believes that you can only overcome violence with more violence.

Following the pattern of the man with a gun, as related to America through the comic strip tales of the Green Berets and Terry and the Pirates, Byron de la Beckwith has the best credentials yet for political acclaim in this nation. He fully accepts the morality of the system, has vowed to defend it and follows the super patriot dream that is the axiom of Americanism and the American dream.

# Montreal Expo 67

LIL PICARD



In about two months Expo 67 will open in Canada on Montreal's Ile Sainte-Helene. It will last until October 27, with April 28th as the opening day. One expects 35 million visitors during this half year of "Happenings" on a grand scale. The Montreal Gazette writes that Expo 67's network of canals will be filled with water from the River St. Lawrence, which will be tinted blue... The expectations of everybody in Montreal are geared to the limit, times will be rosy. It will be, so they say, the exhibition of exhibitions, as sensational and new and important as once the World's Exhibition in London 1851, with the Crystal Palace, and the one in Paris with the Eifel Tower as a landmark for the Fair 1889. This time it will be the Venice at the Lawrence River and its theme is: "Man and his World." The title is taken from a line of the French writer Antoine de Saint-Exupery from his book "Wind, Sand and Stars": "To be a man, is to feel that through one's own contribution one helps to build the world."

Expo 67 has the idea to show how man's environment affects him, how man changes and improves his environment to achieve his aspirations and how man is affected by his new environment. Five themes are used for the international buildings: "Man the Creator, Man in the Community, Man the Explorer, Man the Producer, and Man the Provider." A colorful diagram of the site shown to Preview-visitors at the scene during a Filmscreening, looked like a mixture of a Paul Klee Watercolor and a bright playful Miro painting—a blue background, the river, two abstract fishes, the islands, connected with white bands, the canals,—a perfect modern design of color and rhythm. One of the islands is newly man-made, out of existing mudflats, and to extend its natural islands and shores to 1000 acres for exhibition space. Montreal is an extremely generous city, with a mixed culture and language, French and English, with good food, excellent drinks, comfortable hotels, a skyscraper town-

middle, an old Montreal sector, and right now it is bubbling with activity to get ready. Dig they do, all over town, to improve streets, transportations, housing for the Expo's start.

Even a new subway is installed,—the excavation-earth being used to build up the man-made island of the exhibition ground. There is an underground shopping center, a skyscraper hotel with rounded windows and modern architecture mixed with very old low European houses. But as soon as one enters the Expo's grounds,—still in the process of being finished, the architecture is the one of the future. Outstanding at the first glance is the big prismatic shimmering Sphere, of the United States Pavillion, designed by Buckminster Fuller and the "Cambridge Eight" group. This structure looms gigantically to a height of 250 feet, it is faced in the distance by the pavillion of the Soviet Union with a soaring rectangular sweeping roof of 138 feet, the building covers 140,000 square feet, equal to six football fields. But the "star" of the international buildings ( I counted 38) is HABITAT '67, a radically new concept of urban dwelling, designed by the Israeli born Moshe Safdie, living in Montreal. Habitat looks like a small southern Italian city (Positano) and consists of houses stacked one atop the other, made from square blocks of concrete, modular concrete blocks, staggered terraces with roofs who provide gardens. One thinks also about cave dwellings of Spain, very primitive looking, but the inside of this costly dwelling (they sell from \$40,000 to \$100,000) are not primitive at all. They provide privacy, comfort, three to four bedrooms, gardens, bathrooms made from plastic, all white, they are decorated by Montreal's best artists and will be, so it seems, the very new sensation of housing of the future. The individual box-houses weigh 70-90 tons, the whole complex of the box-structure measures 950 ft in length, 300 ft in width, and 120 feet in height.

The amusement area "La Ronde" is meant to be the section where everybody

will have fun. It will be a mixture between Copenhagens Tivoli and California's Disneyland. It's most modern feature with space-age excitement is the "space ride" in the GYROTRON. It's construction costing 3 million dollars. In the space ride, one is shot up 165 feet in a capsule, simulating a trip into space, and is thrown down in a kind of lava filled volcano, where a monster shoots out swallowing the space traveler up. It lasts all together 6 1/2 minutes and will cost \$1.

In the French Pavillion in Paris, Jean Tingeoly and Nike Saint-Phalle are working on a garden of Eden where the Tingeoly machines attack the female creatures of Nike.

To describe in detail all the many pavillions and sites provided to receive 165,000 visitors a day would take too much room here. But a trip to Montreal this spring, summer, or early fall will be worth it. A 100 days Expo 67 passport costs 20 dollars. Daily entrance in advance sales now \$2.20. And there are weekly passports and reductions for youth and children. Hotel rooms, apartments, dormitories and rooms in private houses are provided "en masse" for reasonable prices, government controlled. Besides all the most modern inventions of science and the visual arts, there will be a Festival of the Performing Arts, with eight operas, eleven ballets, 20 symphonies, 25,000 artists are expected, and so called troubadours act as free entertainers between the plazas and pavillions if anyone should get bored. As a whole it seems that the geometrical designs are the ones which give the Expo its very Future look. Especially there is tendency for triangular and pyramid shapes. The Canadian pavillion is built like an inverted Pyramid called "Katimavic". It stands 108 feet high and is surrounded by plazas, canals, a lagoon and the river. Also, the West German structure, an eight mast tent, covered with steel netting, shows a triangular design, so does the entrance to the Expo, the Place d'Accueil. But get the right idea, ---go and see it.

# GRINGO GO HOME

PAGE FIVE

by James Nash

Juan Maribras is a man who is well known to both the political radical fringe and the CIA. Maribras, leader of Movimiento pro Independencia, a Puerto Rican independence group with twenty thousand card-carrying members, which can be mobilized to move out onto the streets at a moment's notice. Maribras wants Puerto Rico to be an independent state, with complete self determination over its internal and foreign affairs. Independencia, and its youth organization F.U.P.I., (federation of Puerto Rican University Students for Independence) is now preparing the way for the eventual showdown with the United States and those Puerto Ricans who want to maintain the status quo.

Dixie Bayo, the organizer of activities at the mainland branch of Movimiento state that "the Americans will hold a plebiscite in Puerto Rico in July." The political and economic forces involved in Puerto Rico are gearing all of their efforts for the eventual showdown. A political analyst who lives and works in East Harlem and knows the pulse of the Puerto Rican political scene stated "the Independencia movement knows that they are going to lose the plebiscite and will move out onto the streets violently when this happens."

When questioned about the possibility of violence that may occur, should the election go badly for the Independencia movement, Dixie Bayo stated "the mass of the Puerto Rican people support Movimiento, but the CIA constantly harrasses us." She said that "the twenty two members of the anti-colonial committee of the United Nations is now studying the problem of colonialism by the United States in Puerto Rico. To overcome the obvious findings of the committee, the United States has created this rigged vote, calling it a plebiscite."

Her remarks about the obvious outcome of the 'election' correspond to those of the Puerto Rican political analyst. The Independencia movement already knows that they will lose the plebiscite. Dixie Bayo charges that "members of the CIA have infiltrated the membership of FUPI and one of the CIA agents got a set of keys to our national headquarters in Rio Piedras, and then let other federal agents in. They confiscated our records and then burned down the building."



A civil rights leader in the heavily Puerto Rican upper East Side stated that "the Independencias have little support among the masses, either here or in Puerto Rico." He added however "that the Puerto Rican factions have got to join forces. Puerto Ricans, here and in Puerto Rico have the same basic problems."

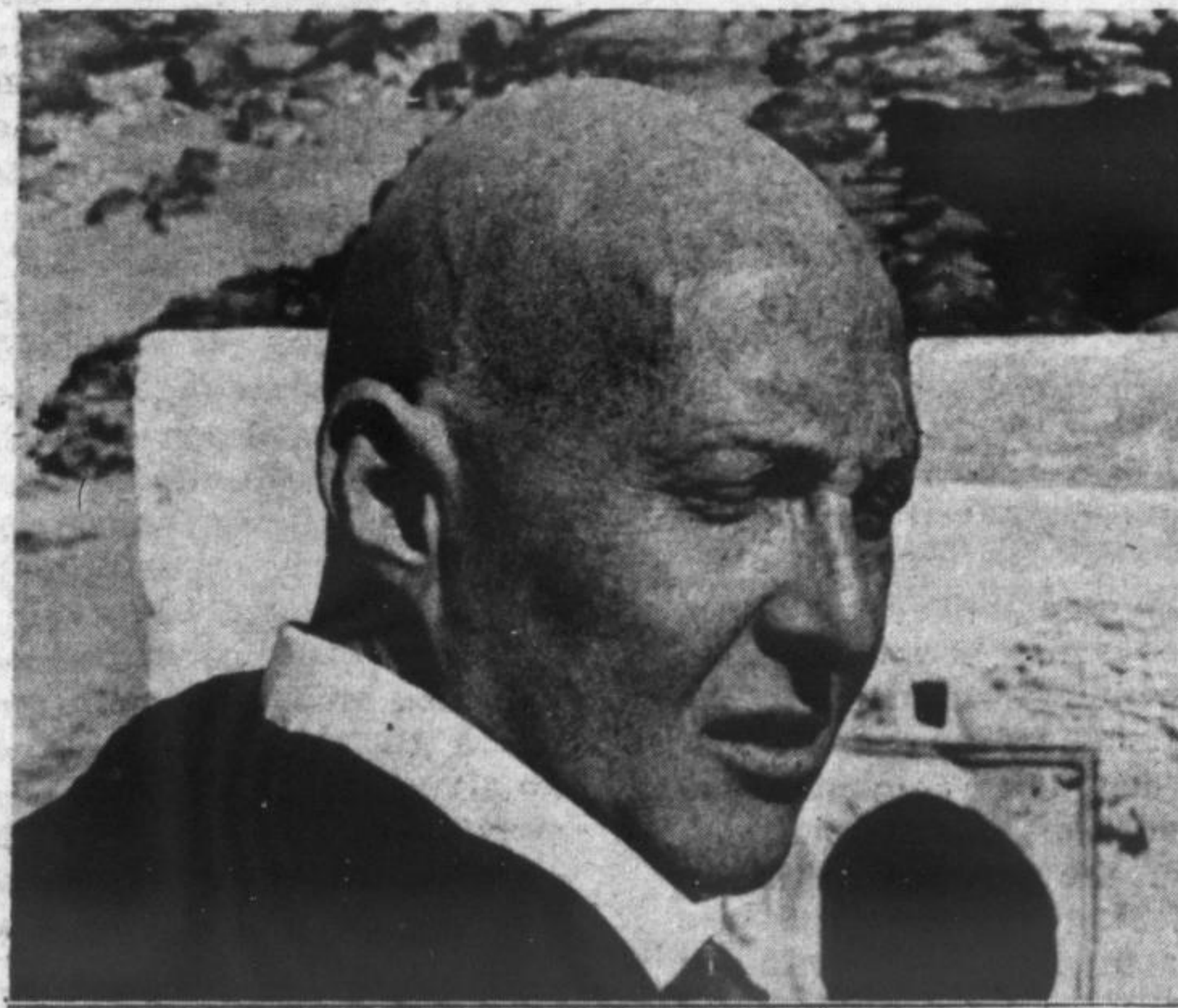
Juan Maribras and Dixie Bayo have been under constant harrassment by the police in New York and in Puerto Rico. Each time Maribras is harrassed, the movement picks up new members among the radical fringe elements. Dixie Bayo states that "the United States would start a revolution in Puerto Rico if need be, in order to destroy Movimiento pro Independencia."

A Puerto Rican community and political leader in the south Bronx district where Movimiento has its largest support in New York agrees with Mrs. Bayo's charge of CIA infiltration into the organization. "The CIA supports any student group that will fight the Independencia people," he stated. The Independencia people tried to enlist the support of this leader who refused to align with them. He has since

been attacked in a word of mouth harrassment program in his home district, and he stated "this is most likely the work of Independencia people."

When asked about the possibility of violence in Puerto Rico, previous to or during the time of the plebiscite, Dixie Bayo stated that "Movimiento is not violent, and could not move out into the streets." The political analyst stated that "the Independencia movement thrives on violence, and will have to move out violently if they cannot gain enough mass support to swing the election."

Movimiento pro Independencia, 20,000 strong waits for the call to move. The Puerto Rican political leaders wait to hear which faction Munoz-Marin, father of Puerto Rican politics, ex-governor, and innovator of Operation Bootstrap will support. "If Munoz supports statehood, then that will be the direction we will go," a Puerto Rican leader stated. The next move is awaited by both sides, as the FBI, and the CIA work feverishly to stop the inevitable clash that is coming to Puerto Rico.



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# GOD SQUAD DOWN AT MOREY'S

by D. A. Lattimer

Hippies at Yale? Mantras chanted between the boola-boola down at Morey's? Poli Sci-28 crammies on speed? Kerista principles applied to Vassar chicks? Hot damn.... As the World-Journal editors put it--"A nice bundle of tuition money, as it were, going up in smoke." (emphasis added).

But of course, "The whole thing is very Yale," a Yalie reassures us. "It's done in a very restrained manner." You know how restrained Yalies are, they're the intense young fellows who stalk into the Tompkins Square bookstore and ask (cultivatedly) where the latest copy of Fact magazine is at, "Sir?" Now they're smoking pot, Yalies are, and they're conducting a "constructive dialectic" on the subject. A "constructive dialectic" is apparently a bullshit session that bleeds off into print: the Yale News has come alive lately with dialectics of all sorts, the Seekers vs. the God Squad. Both sides presented their arguments last month, against an intriguing backdrop--on one hand, the Connecticut General Assembly was considering a bill to modernize the state's archaic narcotics laws; and on the other hand, the Yale DRAMAT was presenting Beckett's Waiting for Godot in the University Theatre: as you can see, God had everything stacked against Him.

News chairman N. Strobe Talbott III broke the cherry on the dialectic by calling

for the legalization of boo in his very first editorial. And for some time now, Psych 10b instructor Mike Kahn (obviously no relation to Herman) has been turning Yalies on to Dr. Leary's principles and practices, and the News swung their support his way on 17 February, with a very favorable editorial in his, and Leary's defense. Then, on the 20th, Indiana University sociology professor Alfred R. Lindesmith (The Addict and the Law) contributed a particularly thoughtful article to the News, in defense of grass. It was the usual thing, for any place but Yale: marijuana's not addicting, it's less malignant than alcohol and tobacco, anti-pot legislation favours the wealthy at the expense of the poor and is anyway impossible to enforce, it really needn't lead inevitably to heroin, et cetera, ad fatigue, for the millionth time. However, this was Yale, and it was too much for God to take.

God struck back on Monday, the 23rd the day after Waiting for Godot opened. Speaking through nine earnest undergraduates, the God Squad, He appeared in the form of a four-column advertisement on page three of the News: "In the realm of the supernatural," he ye warned, "there are two powers, and they are in deadly conflict. There is a supernatural of God, and a supernatural of Satan." It is the God Squad's contention that when one is tripped out, or spaced out, or

maybe even just plain high, one is prey to the powers and principalities of the air: "The chemistry of Satan gets working on you," likely as not, and you're done for.

"To think that a supernatural experience is good in itself is naive." And naivete, as we are all aware, will get you no place but Hell, directly. The God Squad warns against "possession by occult forces, 'cataclysms of the world within me', wracking pains and death": whether by "occult forces" they refer to the narcotics fuzz or to the Lord of the Flies Himself is not quite clear. God Squadsmen Keen Gravely (1970) put it succinctly in a New York Times interview on 28 February: "There are two forces in the world, and while (Yalies) are on LSD they could be taken over by an evil force and robbed of their souls."

"If you know you need a way out of what you're in and what you are, the good Calvinists murmur, 'you need Jesus Christ...the emissary between God and man.'" And meanwhile, over in University Theatre, the abstract tree is growing out of the actual stage--

Vladimir: (softly) Has he a beard, Mr. Godot?

Boy: Yes, sir.

Vladimir: Fair, or...(he hesitates)... or black?

Boy: I think it's white, sir.

Vladimir: Christ have mercy on us! (Silence)

So much for Jesus Christ. On attendant Godot.

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# WHITECOAT CONSPIRACY

John Gardner

It happened here. It is happening every day. It could happen to any one of us as easily as not. Yet it occurs so often, and so quietly, we hardly give it a second thought. People disappear all around us, and are hardly missed. Some are never seen again. Others, after a time, return, subdued and taciturn. We hear that they were sent away, that they had a "break-down", that they went "mental". More particulars we seldom get.

One who returned, escaped is perhaps the more accurate word, and who is not afraid to tell is Ellen Field. In "The White Shirts" she speaks not only for herself but for uncounted thousands of victims of a misguided, not to say bureaucratic, incompetent, inhumane psychiatry, who are less articulate than she, less courageous, less animated with humanitarian concern, less indignant over wrongs sustained. "The White Shirts" unfolds a tale of horror. A sensitive, spirited, gifted, highly intelligent American young woman was held in captivity against her will for over three years during which interval, for a period of some two years she was forcibly submitted to prolonged and agonizing torture on some 200 separate occasions. Who did this--the abominable Chinese reds, the beastly Viet Cong, or perhaps the Nipponese "monkey-men" of World War II? Not at all. Nothing that lurid. Nothing to get excited about. Ellen Field merely happened to become the inmate of an ordinary, run-of-the-mill American "snake-pit" at a time a few years ago when shock-treatment was the big thing in assembly-line psychiatry. This was after the white shirts had given up the messy, uncertain mutilations of lobotomy, but prior to the present mass application of chemical restraint by pill and hypodermic needle.

In 1957 the Probate Court in Los Angeles reinstated Field to full legal capacity. In their hospital records, with usual professional presumption, the white shirts have no doubt listed her as one whom they "cured". She considers herself as one who managed to survive, as one who somehow came through a terrible, agonizing, unnecessary ordeal, but not without deep scars. Much of the memory of her past life was permanently obliterated. Many of the details never returned within recall.

The book opens with a stark vignette called "Terror on Tuesdays and Thursdays". These were the days set aside for shock treatment in the institution in which Ellen Field was confined. At 5:30 A.M. on treatment day the ward was routed out and the beds were stripped. An hour or so later a list was read, a list of 80 or so from the ward, compiled the day previous in the office by the head nurse and a perfunctory doctor who scarcely knew one patient from the other. After the list, another two hours of agonized, endless waiting in special detention until the doctor came.

Then the gurneys began to roll. The gurneys are high surgical wagons used to transport the recumbent patients, resigned or otherwise, to their partial electrocution. A team of four gurney girls, inmate volunteers trained to run, sped each of these later-day tumbrels to its destination. Six inmate volunteers, thus themselves exempt, held down the convulsing body while the voltages flicked through it. Back on the gurney again, the inert body was rolled away to the recovery dorm, where it was dumped on a waiting bed. After half an hour or so, after some thrashing and moaning, consciousness came back haltingly.



Ellen Field submits that electric shock occasions intense physical suffering which is none the less real and damaging although it is below the level of conscious awareness. Its stark terror cannot be described, she says, it can only be experienced. The viscera remembers, shudders and panics, even if the conscious part of us does not.

There is a distinction to be drawn between suffering and torture. Torture is imposed suffering. The victim has no choice. He is forced to submit. In this sense shock treatment forcibly imposed upon Ellen Field and her fellow inmates was strictly torture. They had nothing to say about it.

Ellen Field thinks that it functioned to a large extent as a means for disciplining and controlling the difficult and the dissident. As she explains, "terror is a handy device for controlling difficult people if...labeled as 'treatment'". As an aftermath of World War II the so-called "mental hospitals" were flooded with difficult people, that is to say people with problems too difficult to be lived with even on terms of quiet desperation, and too difficult for psychiatry to cope with reasonably and humanely under the commonly accepted social formulas and within the existing social structure.

Our repressive society demands extreme submission and conformity. When social stresses are such that increasing numbers are forced out of the accepted patterns of behaviour, one way of handling the situation is to label such distraught people as "mentally ill" in analogy with physical illness, and to confine them for "treatment", that is until they are sufficiently subdued to resume accustomed routines again. But when it comes to treatment the analogy between physical illness and "mental illness", so-called, breaks down. Treatment for physical illness is a voluntary arrangement between patient and physician, initiated by the patient, and subject to termination by the patient at will. But in the case of institutionalized "mental illness", treatment is something forcibly imposed. The role of the physician merges with that of the jailer. The hospital has become a prison, the inmate a prisoner.

Indeed the many rights and safeguards established in the law for the protection of criminals are so well-known that it would be pointless to list them, except to emphasize that in practice, and for the greater part in theory as well, none of them apply

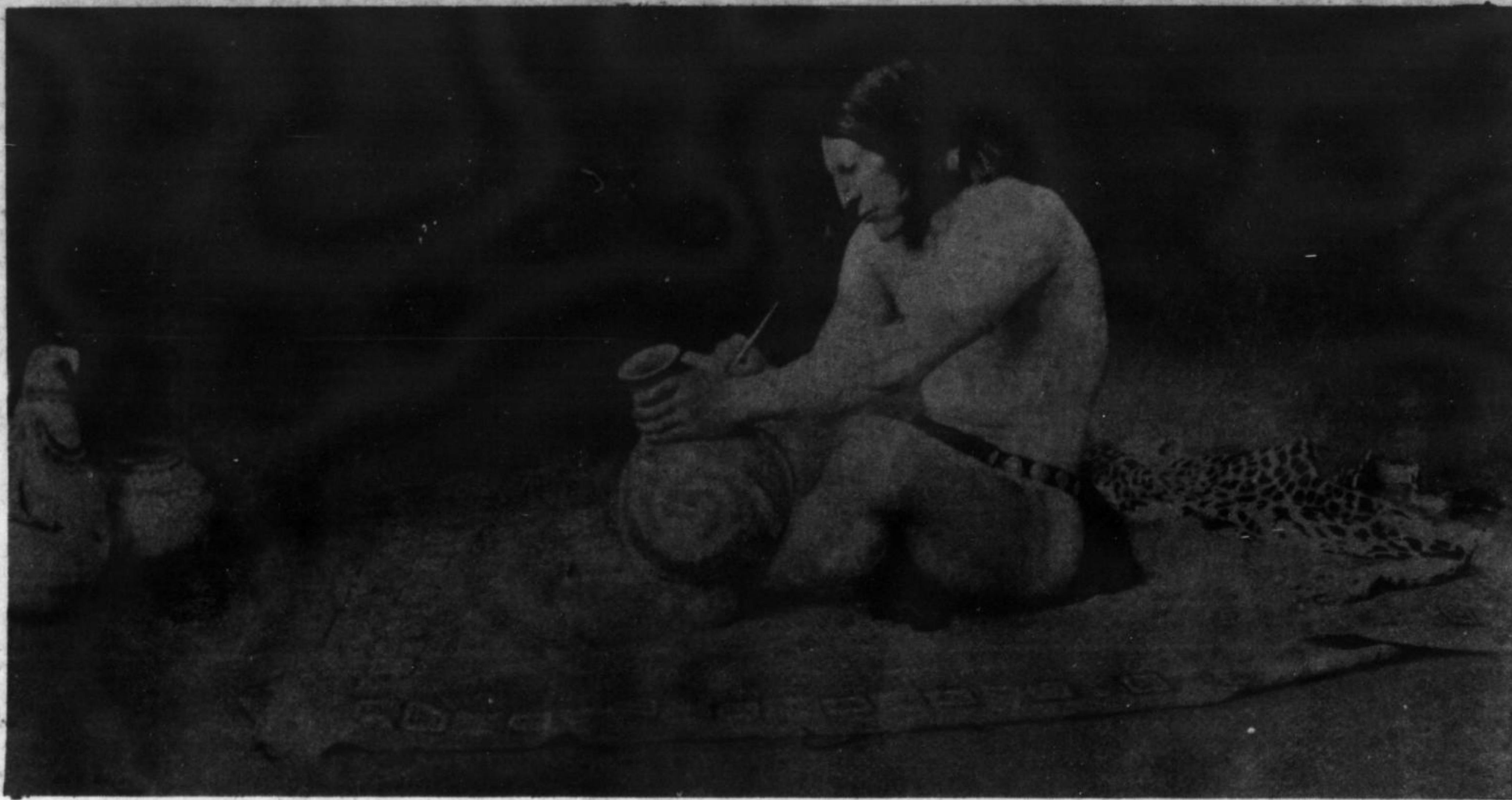
to the patient diagnosed as "mentally ill". Statutory provision for the confinement of the "mentally ill" vary from state to state, but not to any marked extent, so that generally speaking the same conditions prevail throughout the country. Commitment can usually be made on the recommendation of two physicians. Once the medical forms are filled out and signed, the patient is usually picked up immediately and confined "for his own protection". More than that, any treatment the physician in charge may care to prescribe may be initiated immediately, and forcibly if necessary. The ancient basic right of habeas corpus does not in practice apply. While the right to habeas corpus exists, the proceeding is not a sanity hearing but only a review of "legality" of commitment proceedings. The patient allegedly "mentally ill" is held virtually incommunicado, unless he has interested relatives or friends willing and able to intercede in his behalf. It is true that in most instances the patient is entitled to a quasi-judicial sanity hearing to determine if commitment is justified or not. But the right to such a hearing is generally contingent on compliance with a number of legal technicalities including formal application or petition for a hearing to be filed with a limited time, perhaps a week or ten days, after which the right to a hearing lapses.

To begin with, as Ellen Field points out, most patients are not aware of their right to a hearing, or very rarely understand the procedure that must be followed to obtain one. Held in strict confinement, they often cannot obtain counsel, should the idea occur to them. They are too likely to be upset by sudden forcible confinement and the common indignities of the average "psycho" ward, to act to best advantage on their own behalf. And if "emergency treatment" is started immediately upon confinement, such as the administration of tranquilizers and sedatives, shock treatment or hydrotherapy, not to include badgering by sadistic attendants, of which there are not a few, the patient, by the time his hearing comes up, if it does at all, may well be too disturbed, or perhaps too comatose, to appear in a court room.

In many states, not only may a person, any person actually, be forcibly seized under some circumstances, incarcerated virtually incommunicado, and subjected to emergency treatment against his will, merely at the discretion of two examining physicians, but he may be held in duress

Continued on page 12

# Can Art Be Far Behind?



by Dick Higgins.

Thanks to the efforts and ideas of such people as Billy Kluver, John Cage, Robert Rauschenberg, Marshall McLuhan and others, we hear great deals of speculation on the inter-relationships of Art and Technology, Art and Other Media. Therefore the questions raised in one eye-witness's mind by the "illustrated discussion" held at the YM & YWHA on February 25th, at 92nd Street and Lexington Avenue, may have some relevance to what is actually taking place today. Not only did Messrs. Cage and Kluver themselves participate, but also the poet Robert Creeley, the dancer/choreographer Merce Cunningham, the sculptor/film-maker Len Lye, the painter Jack Tworckov, the very well-known maker of underground films Stan Vanderbeek, and, representing the theater, David Vaughan. All in all, therefore, it was an All-Star affair, and represented an extreme variety of opi

What seems to have been intended? Well, I remember as a child listening to radio panels and conversations. It didn't seem to me that people often talked like that. The only way I could take this kind of thing really seriously was to imagine that each person was eating a good steak and that his serious discussion was in direct proportion to the quality of the meat he was eating. Perhaps these participants had been struck by the same observation. Anyway, the format was a rejection of the usual format of eight or so people glaring at the audience, making a meaningless statement, and waiting for the few braver members of the audience to raise a few objections. So the format selected was to serve a very fine meal, broadcast the dialogue which resulted, really deal with issues, and at the same time, using whatever technology could be made available, to make multiple projection of the artists' work and our contemporary environment, with closed-circuit television focusing on the members of the panel from viewpoints closer than the audience could possibly be placed. And so to create an obvious and visual relationship between the members of the panel and the environment of their work and their times. These projections were to be dealt with by a whole battery of operators of slide and motion picture projectors, working from at least two points in the auditorium. The aural parallel to this was to be created by the operator of the control panel, who could selectively cut in many speakers of the multiple speaker PA system, supplemented by a few very fine loudspeakers brought in from outside. The projections were to be made, not merely on the walls (which are yellow) but on giant sheets of white paper hung from the top corners of the auditorium, and on the ceiling.

So far so good. But what actually happened? There was an insufficient number of working microphones for the panelists, so that they could not be heard by the audience. The nature of the acoustic space was such that they apparently could not hear each other, even, very well, and so no dialogue resulted. Some of the projector operators had to leave before the completion of the discussion, so the projections ceased before the end. The closed-circuit television was so dim, over the width of the auditorium, that it could hardly be seen. Finally, even the paper, on which the projections were to be shown, tumbled down on the right side, amusing or annoying the people on whom it fell. The audience was left with: 1., a short dance, before the panel itself began, by Merce Cunningham using (for the first time for him) stroboscopic lighting (he was his usual magnificent self), 2., a short multi-projector film-collage by Len Lye, in which, apparently, only two of the three projectors involved functioned at the beginning, and, of these, one dropped out before the end. 3., the two-hour

spectacle of eight extremely wonderful artists enjoying a fine dinner while the audience could not even smoke, and 4., a beautiful demonstration by John Cage of the musical effectiveness of a sculptural object conceived by Len Lye and executed by Billy Kluver. Naturally, the audience was for the most part quite upset, and attributed to the participants a degree of arrogance that was surely unfair.

Some members of the audience heckled and let loose with their opinions. Others went up onto the stage and attempted to get something to eat. One person asked why the artists involved didn't do something or make some statement, to which Merce Cunningham replied that this man had seen him dance and therefore had seen his statement (I think he was very wise and right). Stan Vanderbeek, answering another question, pointed out that the artists had hoped that they could, after their meal, have served coffee to all the audience.

But none of these things really involve what I would like to suggest is really the basic problem which this evening highlighted. And that is the problem of what technology means, not in its relationship to itself, but in its potential contribution to the Arts. Billy Kluver was quite right, I think, in pointing out that the failure of the equipment was not the issue. But by doing so, unqualifiedly, he missed the chance to point out what was the issue, and his metaphor of "the artist chooses technologies as we find shells on the beach" was not the answer, because it does not say why the artist (if there is such a being, in any art) chooses any technology at all.

The fact is that nobody does anything in any art without some technology. This was highlighted to me a week before the panel when a friend wrote to me from Czechoslovakia, asking me to send her, for her work on some books, a few rolls of Scotch Tape. The fact is that this very common (here) material is simply unobtainable in a country which has currency exchange problems and no domestic industry which manufactures it. She did not ask for rubber cement, which would have been the best material for her purposes: she has probably never conceived of its uses. Just plain old (to us) Scotch Tape.

Again, artists have used oil paint on canvas for a very long time for the simple reason that it is a very standard material of which one can be fairly confident that one lot will be similar to the next, and which one will use without the necessity of having to give undue emphasis to a justification for having to explain why one used some other material. In recent years such products as Liquitex have been used, because they dry faster and seem to give a similar standardization of materials.

But these are tools. And the making of art requires both materials and time - that is the nature of the work or the general field as I see it. We would not expect Praxites to be remembered today if he had been incapable of choosing a hammer that wouldn't break. But no sculptor of his time or ours, working in marble, could have made do without a hammer, whether his own or somebody else's. This is the real problem. There are these tools, and we can do thus-and-so with them. They may be mental tools--psychedelic ones, for instance. They may be physical tools, from hammers to pens to computers. But they are tools, things which are to be used by the artist. If he fails to take advantage of their potential, he is making a decision which may exclude him from a multitude of things which might have made his work more effective. On the other hand, if they do not work, they are bad tools, and, if he is interested in his

work, he will, without rejecting their potential, reject them in the form in which they were given to him. If he doesn't do this, then he has an ideology about tools which one hopes does not exist.

To the extent, therefore, that those who are involved in trying to develop the advancement of inter-relationships between art and technology start from the premise that the artist's job is to conceive, first the tool and the work together, and the, second, that the engineer is to execute the tool, this will always lead to the kind of situation which took place on February 25 at the 92nd Street YM & YWHA in New York. To the extent that the artist is offered access to the given tool, and fools around with it till he masters the craft of using it and begins to think in terms of it being capable of extending him into something he couldn't do otherwise, this tool is inevitably going to be used to produce something, hopefully valuable, which would not otherwise exist. The real problem is not, then, any sort of conflict between art and technology--we need technology, obviously, in order to realize what we can conceive. Nor is it, as Billy Kluver pointed out, the failure of a particular performance (?) evening. The premise was wrong. One doesn't ask a set of highly skilled scientists to execute what one has conceived, because the resulting technology will be superficial. It will not be adaptable. It will emphasize only itself, and not have, like Scotch Tape, a sort of assumed function. Obviously the paper which fell during the 92nd Street YM & YWHA presentation was not properly attached: but who was going to worry about such assumed matters when there was the theoretically new equipment, invented or developed for the occasion to worry about? When we are thinking about technique, we should assume it: we do not admire a pianist simply because he has good technique. That is many decades behind us. Why should we admire an engineer involved in the arts, simply for his novelty or the fact that, for once, his first try was adaptable and worked? We should admire an engineer because, 1., a direction of an idea was proposed, 2., it was worked out, 3., an artist played with and also studied the machine or conception involved and, 4., either executed his idea or changed it to use, as a tool, the result offered. There is no reason why a company, whose research and development personnel have developed a tool, should apply lower testing standards to its use in the Arts (which is the fifth largest industry--as Entertainment in the United States) than in the Garment Industry (which is the sixth). The interaction should be mutual.

So, while this evening at the "Y" was one of the most interesting I've ever encouraged myself to stay through, the reason was neither the very good men on the panel, nor the various apologies for the equipment which didn't function, or the coffee that wasn't served (although I love it, I can't take coffee in the evening), nor even the reasons for all this, but the extent to which the evening made clear the misinterpretation on which it was based of the function of technology (which is in itself no God) and, of course, on Merce Cunningham's dance.

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Anyone wanting to learn about birth control methods and where to get the necessary devices can now go to a single center at 29 West 57 st. or call 421-2290 for complete information and referral. Planned Parenthood of New York City recently opened this city-wide headquarters to co-ordinate their own 16 direct-service centers with those of municipal and voluntary hospitals and the NYC Department of Health, in order to disseminate information about birth control and family planning services throughout the five boroughs. We may not be able to change the laws yet, but the birth control center is a good example of the way organization can help incipient victims.

## WOR CENSORS

Selections from a newspaper article titled "What is a Beatnik?" were recited by Johnny Michaels of WOR-FM last Saturday, in a discussion during which TIME magazine and the Village Voice were mentioned by name. No source was given for the aforementioned article, consisting of essays written by East Side sixth-graders; Michaels debated naming the source outright, but felt it prudent to refer to said publication as a "lower East Side newspaper." De facto censorship, or just plain chickenshittdness?



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## VOTING AGE TO 18

The movement to lower the national voting age to 18 is presently making some encouraging headway in the Connecticut general assembly. Six separate resolutions, recommending the state suffrage age be lowered from 21 to 18, were considered late last month by the state Constitutional Amendments Committee. Reacting to a groundswell of interest in the movement by the state's youth, many of Connecticut's high political officers are supporting the passage of the bill, slated for some time this month. So far, the Governor, the Speaker of the House, the Senate Majority leader, and several other prominent legislators have expressed support for the amendment, "in principle".

Such legislation has been introduced in previous sessions of the Hartford legislature, but due to apparent disinterest on the part of the young people concerned, has never before made it out of the Amendments Committee. This session looks more hopeful, since an ad hoc Yale student committee, among others, is strongly behind the proposals. Headed by Yale freshman Ed Forand, the committee drafted a statement for the Amendments Committee, presenting its arguments for establishing a lower voting age.

The statement, in the form of an open letter to the Assembly, charges that the arbitrary suffrage age of 21 is anachronistic: with improved education and modern communication, 18-year-olds can no longer be held as ignorant of social and political realities as they were when 21 was held to be the "magic number," heralding full maturity. "Modern educational standards and techniques have produced young citizens who are truly informed and capable of rendering intelligent decisions in voting," Forand's committee holds. The statement adds that most 18-to-20-year-olds, subject to income taxes and military service, feel rightfully frustrated by their actual political impotence.

The proposed amendment is also supported by the Revitalization Corps, headed by Edward T. Coll, a multi-state social service organization dedicated to lowering the national voting age.

## CANADIAN BORDER CLOSED

The EVO has received a copy of the revised Canadian immigration bulletin from the Vancouver Committee to Aid American War Objectors, dated February 1967. According to the new bulletin, the existing immigration laws, as outlined in 15 March EVO, "Major changes in policy and procedure may well occur without any change in the actual law. Important changes will certainly occur when the law itself is revised. (A new Immigration Act may be passed this year.)" The new law, when passed, is expected to close the Canadian border to Americans of draft age by next October. The committee will inform the EVO of any changes or prospective changes, as they occur.

The committee has also released an extended list of persons and organizations available to draft-age Americans considering immigration to Canada. They are:

- St. John's Newfoundland--Larry Murphy, Box 4171, Harvey Road Post Office.
- Montreal, Quebec--Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters, PO box 231, Westmount Station, Westmount, Montreal Que.
- Ottawa, Ontario--Mrs. Goldie Josephy, 2141 Rushton Road, Ottawa, 13, Ontario (phone: 613-728-3942)
- Winnipeg, Manitoba--Dan Pentland, 194 Oak Street, Winnipeg 9, Manitoba (phone: 204-475-6851)
- Regina, Saskatchewan--Dunc Blewett, 1200 Jubilee St., Regina, Saskatchewan (phone: 306-536-2297)
- Calgary, Alberta--Committee on War Immigrants, Station B, Box 3234, Calgary, Alberta (phone: 403-243-5037)
- Edmonton, Alberta--Edmonton Committee to Aid American War Objectors, Box 322 University of Alberta Post Office, Edmonton, Alberta (phone: 403-439-0445)

## U.S. CITIZEN HELD BY GREEK GOVT.

by Lorraine Glennby

American support of foreign dictatorships has taken on a new dimension now that government officials are refusing to intervene in the illegal arrest of an American journalist traveling in Greece. Christos Nikolopoulos, UN correspondent for the left-wing Greek daily AVGHI, has been sweating it out on bail in Athens ever since his arrest there on February 11 when he was charged with "having pursued ideas which had as their aim the secession of the territory of Greece". Don't worry if you don't understand that, it isn't supposed to make sense. The arrest of Nikolopoulos is part of an effort being made by the Greek Monarchist faction--which includes friends and adherents of the royal family and the controlling businessmen--to generate a wave of hysteria and fear among the people now that elections are coming up. Their aim is to intimidate and dissolve the liberal bloc in Greece, which includes thousands upon thousands of students, workers, artisans, and peasants, by attacking the strongholds of their movement. Because of Nikolopoulos' connection with AVGHI, which represents the United Democratic Left party (EDA) and has the second largest circulation in the country, he presents a natural target. Because the U.S. supports the Monarchists, their prisoner's plight presents a natural nuisance.

For one thing, Nikolopoulos was traveling on an American passport. For another, he was indicted under an insidious blue law passed in 1947 during civil wartime which allows the Greek government "to arrest and/or hold with or without trial, or to send into exile, anyone suspected of subversive activity". The "subversive activities" in question refer to events that took place over fifteen years ago while Nikolopoulos was working in America as editor of the now defunct progressive Greek language paper VEMA (The Greek-American Tribune); they even include his having organized a dance to raise funds for VEMA.

In their effort to regain power and weaken the left in Greece, the Monarchists have resorted to terrorist techniques which include planting bombs in offices of the EDA and AVGHI and harrasing members of the Lambrakis Youth Movement. The latter is named after a young doctor and athlete who was active in the Greek peace movement and was much beloved by the people. After he was murdered last year by a group of right-wingers who ran him down with motorcycles after a peace rally, the Youth Movement took his name, consolidated themselves, and have continued to resist dissolution. The arrest of Nikolopoulos lies directly in the category of these events. The American government knows it, and the State Department refuses to get involved.

Norma Spector, a friend of Nikolopoulos who spoke with him in Greece, reports that when he appealed to the American Consulate for aid they would not take action until after the trial. Of course, according to the law under which he was charged, there may never even BE a trial, and Nikolopoulos can be held indefinitely.

In an effort to help an American despite his government's allowance that he be used as a tool by foreign powers, Mrs. Spector has formed the Committee for Christos Nikolopoulos. She advises anyone who wishes to help to write and/or phone the State Department in Washington, D.C., and pressure them to act on behalf of Nikolopoulos. A request from the American government would almost certainly result in his release owing to Greece's desire to maintain good diplomatic relations with the goose that lays the golden eggs. For dictatorships, that is!

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# LIGHTING UP BOSTON

by Eli B. Enzer

America's new pioneers have built an encampment high up on Boston's Fort Hill.

They came in broken down cars, a milk truck, VW buses loaded with electronic gear, day-glo paints, women and kids. They live off the land, off America's great natural resource: junk.

They built a cathedral in downtown Boston in the Magna building at 53 Berkeley street. Only they don't call it a cathedral, they call it the Film Maker's Cinematique, and on weekends they have revival meetings called the Boston Tea Party.

Their saints are Edison, Edgerton (who invented the strobe light), Elijah and Emerson.

They call themselves United Illuminating. That's the formal name. When talking to each other, they refer to the "family" on the hill in Roxbury.

They are what's happening in America. In San Francisco. In New York's East Village. And now in Boston.

They live, eat, work and play together. Take care of each others children. Take care of themselves. They do what they can to make America a place where someone can live out his dreams.

And they deliberately have come to historic Boston, to a place that once was this nation's most fertile spiritual soil. They are planting again.

Three nights a week the wild flowers of the underground bloom on the large white screen of the Cinematique. The films are about many different ideas, they tell many different stories.

It is the common assumption about films, and cameras and making movies which unify these underground, independent moviemakers.

The business of film making involves, for these people, far more than simply recording on celluloid some slice of reality which can be repeatedly shown whenever one flicks on a projector. The business of film making for the underground involves, most profoundly, the business of art, of creating, of seeing film, camera and lights as a painter sees oils, brushes and canvas.

But more than this, the film makers work to use their medium as a vehicle to reach the life-filled world we call Art.

When the Cinematique finishes its shows on Thursday evenings, the rows of seats are moved out to make way for the weekend Tea Party.

The action starts when, with the Hallucinations blues band--or some other electronically amplified organism--drowns you with pulsating sound cascading from banks of high frequency speakers.

The Tea Party teeny-boppers, Harvardians, hippies, cyclists, stray sailors, tuned-up insurance company drones all gyrate with the bliss of children--or with a grim determination to have a good time.

Fifteen light shows splash the enormous hall, bouncing off the dancers who become sparkling sequins in a fabric of electronic fantasy.

There's a slide projection on the wall of a 20-foot high girl in a Pucci dress...no, she just has a Pucci-like print painted on her nude body. That's Governor Volpe on an endless campaign projected on a great screen suspended from the center of the ceiling. The loop of film repeats and repeats the scene of Volpe's campaign bus stopping, the door opening, the governor meeting and kissing a lady in blue and then shaking hands with a factory worker.

The repetition of the film loop is matched by the repetition of the dancers who kangaroo or monkey up and down.

A half dozen strobe lights flash blinding white lights in synchopation with the sounds. You stare wide-eyed. The on-off light-darkness catches dancers in frozen moments of frenzied motion. A vacuum tube computer controls all the lights. It's like watching a movie on flip cards.

The sound is overpowering. The floor vibrates, sends weird sensations up through your feet, your knees collapse into the ready posture of the electronic freak dancer. You're off.

Without booze, pot, or acid, you're open to what's happening. You've come to freak out. And you do.

The wedding of the Cinematique and the Boston Tea Party was almost a happenstance thing. But the people involved in the two projects, imbued as they are with astrological astuteness and a sensitivity to the cosmic forces of the stars, are not surprised.

George Peper came back to Boston to start a Cinematique after the pattern of the one in New York. In fact, the Boston Cinematique is a branch of the one on 125 West 41st street, headquarters of Jonas Mekas, the sun around which New York film makers revolve.

Peper, 21, born in Middlebury, Ct., had studied acting in North Carolina, had been a performer in Florida before trying his eye and hand at films. "Theater has too many minds in it," he told me. "One man takes his idea and creates with it when you make a film."

After Florida he came to Boston for a while before going to New York to work under Mekas' guidance. But Peper discovered that he had to go "back to Boston where I had not done anything with myself. I had no successes in Boston. And I thought it was important for me to return here, to make a stand, to do some work here so that I could continue to develop as a person rather than simply say "Boston's a drag and I'll make it somewhere else."

With Mekas' encouragement he came back to Boston about a year ago. The Cinematique initially was affiliated with the Institute for Contemporary Art on Newbury street, and films were shown in the New England Life Hall last fall.

But the managers of New England Life Hall told Peper and his cohorts that they didn't fit the



"image" of the hall. How could they with their beards, shoulder length hair and shirts hand-painted with flowers and sun symbols?

Peper then discovered that the Magna building, which used to house the Moondial coffeehouse, a meeting place for Yoga devotees, was available. But the rent was enormous.

New York's Balloon Farm, a nightclub which offers similar fare to the Boston Tea Party, already had offered to rent the Magna building's auditorium.

Peper decided to find his own light-show, total environment hightspot which would help pay the bills. And the next day he met David Hahn, 22, who had just arrived in Boston in a battered blue jaguar bearing British Honduras license plates.

Hahn's most important possession that November day last fall was a list of 12 ideas he had carefully selected to work on while he was living in Belize city, Honduras, and running the biggest busline in that nation.

The MIT dropout had decided, after reading a Life magazine article, that he wanted to put on a light show. So he sold his five buses and headed straight for Boston, non-stop.

Why Boston? "Because I would read in all the magazines that something was happening in New York, or San Francisco, or sometimes Chicago or New Orleans. But never Boston. I would start something new here."

Now the forces started to come together, and the spiritual meeting ground was the hill in Roxbury.

The encampment on Fort Hill has 30 or more adults, 9 to 12 children, some cats, two houses, seven apartments, lots of cars, a badly battered 100 foot high Revolutionary War monument which commemorates the 1776 Siege of Boston, and one of the loveliest views in Boston.

The family tries to eat at least two meals a day together--at six in the afternoon and at midnight. "The children have the run of the houses during the day," said Eben Given, a painter who provides much of the philosophical webbing which holds the family together.

They gather round an old wooden table and keep warm from the heat of a pot-belly stove. The food is free. Every Saturday night a group goes to the Haymarket and scoops up crates of fruits and vegetables left behind because they'll be over ripe by Tuesday, the next market day.

Bulldozers methodically shove everything that's left behind into a huge pile which is eventually carted off as garbage. One pig farmer also comes to the market Saturday night to get feed for his animals. Otherwise, everything else is thrown away.

Meat is too expensive for the family to purchase, so they don't eat any. But once a week someone goes to the fish piers, helps unlead a trawler, and thus earns plenty of cod for the Roxbury people.

Most of the men in the Roxbury family have technical professions or are musicians. David Gude is

setting up a sound studio with Ed Fox that eventually will be used by the film makers. Gude has a downtown job in a Boston sound studio as does Fox.

Jimmy Kveskin, leader of the Jug Band, lives up on the hill, and he is planning to share a house with Peper that the two will buy soon. Gude owns one of the houses and lives in it with his wife and two children. But the house also serves as the common living room. The second house now being used was given free to Given and his friend, Sophie, by a little old lady.

The Given house had been boarded up and unused for 15 years when Given asked the old lady if she could let them use it in return for fixing it up. She agreed, and periodically, when they can afford it, they pay her some rent money.

Given keeps moving his studio from one room of the house to another, but now has it in a front room because the light there is unbelievably clear and cool. He paints and draws people because "they are beautiful." And he wants to make a film that "is beautiful in the same way that a painting is beautiful."

"Film making has finally caught up with what action painting was doing in the mid-fifties," Given said. "It's always been like that. Photography catching up to painting. The ultimate in painting the form came with Ingres. The only possible step after that was the photograph. Then the painters started to break up light, paint impressionistically. And we got color photography. Then action painting was all in movement and flow. And today's film makers constantly move their cameras around, never dwelling on anything which might be beautiful. It's all up, down, this way, that way. And painting for now is taking a rest."

"The young men who might have become painters 10 years ago and instead are becoming film makers. This is not necessarily a bad thing. Painting will come back."

"But we have to realize that painting is limited. You just don't look at a painting on a wall. You see the room, you hear my voice, you don't say 'I'm going to separate one media from the other. It all comes together for a total environment."

"And this total environment is what we are after." Sound man Ed Fox then added, "People have been talking about media, and mixed-media. I prefer the term unified media, for that better expresses what we want to do. We want to put it all together--the films, the sounds, the light shows."

And Peper said that the family is working on putting together a unified media show, showing it at the Magna building and then taking it on the road.

But why do they want to spread the message? Are they social workers?

"Call us what you like," Given said. "We think we are doing and living in a way which America needs. We feel we are a part of America and we want to bring our way of life--which we find beautiful because it is harmonious--to others so that they can learn from us, so that we all can live harmoniously."



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THE ANNEX

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# Oh Say Can You CIA

by Robert Lefcourt

**"IF THE MVD IS GOOD ENUF FOR THE RUSSIANS  
THE CIA IS GOOD ENUF FOR US." ——— SENATOR DIRKSEN**

## One Effect of CIA Involvement With Students

"I was innocent then; I will be in trouble now if I reveal my name." So claims one student who was trained by a CIA supported foundation, Independent Research Services, and given financial assistance (about \$300) to attend the World Youth Festival in Helsinki, Finland during the summer of 1962.

"The fact is," the student explains, "I was neither a CIA agent nor a communist. I was simply a student interested in international relations. I was not an agent, though I was given training. My feeling about the training is that those who wanted or qualified for more intensive training got it. For example, my only assignment was to find out where certain delegations from non-aligned countries were staying at the festival itself, and who paid for their trips. But there were others who actively took part in spreading an American viewpoint at the festival and beyond. IRS, for example, sought students from other countries to offer them scholarships to American universities." Staff members of the IRS included W. Dennis Shoul, Paul Sigmund, and Gloria Steinem.

This student, who wishes to remain nameless, was not sent abroad with CIA approval and funding simply for the purpose of American student representation at a world youth festival. Student X explains some of the implications of CIA involvement.

"In January or February, 1962, I saw an advertisement in the school newspaper for the Helsinki World Youth Festival. A friend of mine who also had an interest in international affairs arranged a meeting with an IRS foundation contact." This young man was later to become a National Student Association president. Student X was informed that an independent student group, consisting mostly of "leftist kids," was raising money to attend the Helsinki Festival. The organization (IRS) also wanted to encourage people with different beliefs to attend so as to be more representative of American youth. Student X apparently fit that category. "I really had no strong political opinions in any direction," the law student explains. "I was planning to travel through Europe that summer anyway, and a 10 day stop in Helsinki was a fun idea."

About a month later, in March or April, the sophomore received a letter from the Harvard Political Participation Committee to fly to Boston for an all expense paid weekend at Harvard. The

for peace and friendship. Rather, the films showed the festival was a carefully planned propaganda effort by the communists. The pictures pointed out the people whom the students would meet and should recognize, such as the Head of the Polish Communist party or the group leader of the Czechoslovakian students.

2. Lectures--One lecture, Student X recalls, explained how any 3% minority can take over an organizational meeting. One should be aware, for example, of the specific order of speakers, where one sits, who nominates whom, etc. The implication was left that the American students were not to allow the communists to "take over," if at all possible. (This speech was given by Gus Tyler, the Vice President of the Liberal Party.)

3. Open discussion--The third part of the training sessions consisted of a "free and open discussion." The students were asked to raise the questions most likely to be asked Americans at an international gathering and try to answer them.



list of famous names in the letterhead included Hubert H. Humphrey and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr. The purpose of the meeting, as stated in the letter, was for an information and orientation weekend to acquaint the students with the purposes of the 1962 World Youth Festival.

Student X had made no commitments to attend the festival, but a paid weekend at Harvard College could not be refused. "Why go?", this writer asked. "Why not? For the hell of it, that's why," the student responded.

The two day training sessions at Harvard consisted of three primary activities.

1. Films--The students (numbering about half of the 100 plus young people who actually went to the festival) were shown films of prior youth festivals. The films were aimed, according to this one participant, at exposing the idea that the festival was an innocent international gathering of students

The topics ranged from domestic issues such as the plight of the Negro or segregation and the trade union movement to foreign policy issues such as the Berlin or Cuban crisis.

"In summing up the overall weekend sessions," the student explains, "we were never told what to say nor were we asked to spy. You might say we were taught to be 'irritants' and we were encouraged to read prodigiously."

The next meeting took place a few weeks later at the office of Independent Research Services, which happened to be the home of a young woman in her twenties. Student X was given a number of books and pamphlets on American foreign and domestic policies to read first and then distribute at the festival. This covert method of distribution was necessary since the Finnish government had banned the entry and public distribution of any written material.

The final meeting prior to the festival occurred in a conference room opposite the United Nations building on First Avenue. (The precise building

and sponsorship were not recalled.) This one day session was devoted to lectures on various aspects of Finnish culture--politics, language, economics, etc. One of these lectures was given by a University of Wisconsin professor of Scandinavian Studies. "It seemed to me," the student recalls, "that I was the least knowledgeable and the least active of everyone I met. Most of the students were leaders on their campuses. (This was probably why I felt that others knew more about what was going on at these meetings and at the festival than I did. I even felt that somewhere along the line I had missed a training meeting."

Student X reports that at the Helsinki Festival itself the students were asked not to indicate their relationship with the IRS foundation. "When I found out I wasn't supposed to say anything, it was my first feeling that I was now involved with something I hadn't planned on."

The organization in the United States officially recognized by the Helsinki Festival was the United States Festival Committee, New York City. Most of the students trained by IRS had to register with USFC in order to participate in festival activities. Lodging at the festival was arranged for USFC members. Other Americans who attended the activities found private accommodations. Student X explains that some non-student Americans were definitely involved in clandestine activities. "I don't know how it worked, but because I belonged to IRS I was introduced to some of these people." One person, for example, explained that he was working for Radio Liberty. His assignment was to meet with various contacts to find out how effective West-

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Continued on page 17

# WHITE COAT CONSPIRACY

Continued from page 7

indefinitely. There are authenticated cases in Massachusetts of nearly life-long imprisonment in state mental institutions of persons who got lost in the works, so to speak, although normal enough to have been released from the beginning. The poor, the friendless loner, those who do not speak English, are all too apt to be detained permanently, once they are admitted for any reason. The unwanted elderly are a special case. Many older persons are shunted into mental institutions, there to spend the remainder of their days, either because they have become a burden on their families, or in order for relatives to get possession of their property.

The next step in extending psychiatry's social control function is to bring under corrective surveillance all social dissidents who are in any way troublesome to the authorities. Ellen Field sees this development as an alarming probability, already well started. The emerging "Mental Health" movement equipped with chemical means for restraining and controlling personality may portend the decline of vast institutionalized detention centers, but not the cessation of psychiatric terror. She writes: "Tranquilizers are the transition stage to a hospitalless society. Terror has been removed from the foreground into the background. Electric shock and other terror devices can be administered as well outside, so do not imagine with the passing of the big detention and torture places, the torture chambers are going too. There'll be a torture chamber as near as your Community Psychiatric clinic, or even your own home."

Further on, Dr. Karl Menninger, noted American psychiatrist, and well-known leader of the "Mental Health" movement is cited as having expressed himself in the Bulletin of the Menninger Clinic in 1962, a propos the federal prosecution and imprisonment of Dr. Wilhelm Reich, as believing that it is the business of the federal government to "correct" scientific opinion. This has been the Russian policy all along. The notorious political "correction" of Russian genetics by Lysenko is well-known.

An American psychiatrist of similar views and convictions is Dr. Thomas S. Szasz whose testimony before the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on constitutional rights in 1961, Ellen Field cites at some length and with approval. Dr. Szasz, a professor of psychiatry at an upstate New York university, maintains that the notion of "mental illness" is a concept that has outlived whatever usefulness it may once have had; that there can be illnesses of the brain, but not the mind.

As he explains in "The Myth of Mental Illness", printed in the American Psychologist, "The notion of mental illness thus serves mainly to obscure the everyday fact that life for most people is a continuous struggle, not for biological survival, but for a 'place in the sun', 'peace of mind', or some other human value." Thus it is a further fact that, as life must be lived today, both in America and Russia,

people are continually confronted with problems arising out of the social environment that are too difficult for them to meet openly, honestly, courageously, and rationally. Frequently, their strength of character is not equal to the pressure of circumstances, they deny reality, their moral fiber sags or snaps, they are driven into evasion or illusion. It would seem that at least a part of the remedy for crushing problems lies in ameliorating and correcting the outward, objective, environmental conditions that produce them. However, as Dr. Szasz explains, "many contemporary psychiatrists, physicians, and other scientists" (the presently dominant majority, I am afraid) hold to the view "that people cannot have troubles--expressed in what are now called 'mental illnesses'--because of differences in personal needs, social aspirations, values, and so on. All problems in living are attributed to physiochemical processes which in due time will be discovered by medical research" (in the meantime keep the patients quiet and submissive with tranquilizers or what not).

This is the adjustment school, the Menningers et al. In their view the forces and influences in the social environment are extraneous to the therapeutic process. The establishment, by virtue of being the establishment, is right and the reality principle demands that people be made to adjust, that is, to conform, by whatever means--lobotomies, shock treatment, or chemical tranquilizers.

Furthermore, another disturbing trend seems to be to extend and to enlarge the already disproportionate powers of the medical profession. The fact of the matter is that already too much unrestricted power has fallen into the hands of the doctors who contrary to one of the cherished fantasies of American folklore are not always noble and self-sacrificing humanitarians steadfastly dedicated to healing and the alleviation of human suffering. On the contrary, not a few, it seems, are dedicated to making money as fast as possible regardless of the means, completely callous to human suffering and, in brief, not to be trusted with the powers of life and death which they now hold. For full discretionary power forcibly to commit an individual against his will to nearly unrestricted range of "treatment", in some cases experimental, can be tantamount on occasions to the power of life or death. Not so long ago some thirty thousand Americans, supposedly free, were forcibly lobotomized, before it became too obviously apparent that few or none were helped, but that great numbers were seriously harmed. The brain damage resulting from lobotomy is irreversible and permanent. Varieties of chemical restraint now being tried experimentally on mental patients, or soon to be tried, might easily turn out as dangerous and as damaging as lobotomy, possibly more so.

To represent the immediate situation as anything but bleak is to deceive ourselves and others. While guerilla warfare against psychiatric tyranny and terror is always possible and desirable, there can be no general redemption of psychiatry until the wider social context undergoes basic change for the better. This is not to say that the two cannot and will not occur together or that they are not integral and interacting phases of the same social process. There is no real hope for the individual as an individual until individual rights and the right to be an individual are socially recognized and guaranteed.

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## THE MILLENIUM TRAGEDY

It's about time the Government realised that artists workshops and projects should be run by artists. Politicians manipulate people...artists manipulate things. Artists workshops should therefore be autonomous and democratic. And by democratic I don't mean the ego driven paternalism of appointed representation but the cooperative activity that comes through delegated administration.

I'm not sure what it is that ministers of religion are experts in, but one thing for sure, it isn't film. As for those flunkies of the establishment they call sociologists, few of them have learned the first rule of their trade which is that the proper study of man is not man himself but his works.

The situation at the Millennium Film Workshop is covered with an ugly impasto of irrationality and personality conflicts. The project, conceived with the objective of assisting the "alienated" youth of the Lower East Side has turned into an alienating machine. If its students had any doubts about their relationship with the system before the firing of Ken Jacobs, their Director, their doubts have now been doubly reinforced.

If a man has no understanding of the nature of God he cannot engage in a dialogue on the subject. Likewise if a man does not have an understanding of the technical nature of film he cannot publicly doubt the wisdom of one who does.

If the Rev. Michael Allen as administrator of the project, could not, as he says, communicate with Ken Jacobs over the subject of the purchasing of equipment for the Workshop, it must be because he lacks the technical competence that is vital for the administration of this kind of project.

It is most regretably that everyone concerned with firing Ken Jacobs did not come together earlier and make a solid attempt to resolve the schism between Jacobs and his assistant Stanton Kays. It almost seems that this situation was allowed to degenerate in order that some people could use it as a method of seeking and securing power. It is an unhappy illustration of the ways in which politics can poison and corrupt the artist.

After several days of noisy meetings between dissident factions and the administration, represented largely by the Rev. Allen, the only thing that became clear was that the decision to fire Jacobs was wholly emotional and irrational.

The reasons the Rev. Allen gave were confusing and the majority of the students felt lacked a necessary credibility. In defending himself, Jacobs said, "How could you possibly hope to satisfy the needs of would be filmmakers on the feeble \$10,000 which would make a nice personal grant for one filmmaker for a year's work. It's a very expensive art form. I never said I could create an adequate workshop with this money for all these people, however it would make a workable and basic plan with which we could get donations from foundations to continue on a larger scale."

Ken Jacobs' aspirations were obviously at odds with those of Harry Silverstein, sociologist appointed to study the project who said that "the Government is really more interested in process than product."

One can speculate that this difference of philosophy and approach was, perhaps, the real reason for Jacobs dismissal.

An independent inquiry might, if it could be held, produce a more rational picture of what went on than that which already exists. In the meantime the project has suffered a tragic interruption in its activities and as always happens in political crises, it's the people who are losing by it.

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## DIGGER DICTATORSHIP?

San Francisco - The Diggers are blowing it for a lot of people in Haight-Ashbury. Until recently they did only good things—collected bread and canned goods to feed the unemployed hippies, that sort of thing. Then, two weeks ago they called a meeting with the Haight merchants, issuing this order (not a suggestion, an order): You will form a cooperative association and will salary yourselves \$100 or less per week. All other money collected will come to us for distribution among the people. The merchants were told if they did not go along with the plan, they would be shoplifted to the point of bankruptcy or, literally bombed out of existence.

Jerry Hopkins - L. A. Free Press - 2/24/67.

## SHIT FOR PEACE

The inaugural meeting of the Secretariat Headquarters for International Terrorism was held in the north of Scotland on the 14th of February, during which it was decided to institute an international "Shit for Peace" campaign. It is hoped to stimulate activities all over Britain and, indeed, the world.

The primary aim is to convey to the President of the U.S., one Lyndon Baines Johnson, the disgust of all right-thinking people at his bestial activities in the small, war-torn country of Vietnam. We call upon ordinary people everywhere to collect, preferably in polythene bags, quantities of human excrement (or other) and mail this to Johnson, timing it to arrive on the 4th of July (American Independence Day).

Further bulletins will be issued as the campaign progresses.

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## MASSCOM CONSPIRACY

Mass communication is the opiate of the people, according to W. H. Ferry, Vice President of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. In a commentary on the state of the press and broadcasting in the U.S., Ferry gives his views on "Masscomm as Guru".

Ferry sees mass communication guiding us into a quagmire of self-righteousness and hatred, hating the Conspiratorial Commie, loving our handouts of goodwill violence: this is the state of the union. It is ironic that the press, which once was granted freedom so that it could keep an objective eye on the machinations of the government, is today the greatest support and propagandist for that very machine. This is how it works:

Our country is equipped with a military and economic strength so great that to recognize it outright along with the way it manipulates and is manipulated by those in control produces strong feelings of embarrassment and guilt. These feelings struggle to be transmuted into something easier to bear, and masscomm obliges by representing our frightening capacity for violence as the will of Providence, which is being directed by the magnanimous machine in Washington and on Wall Street.

Masscomm gives us something to love (ourselves) and something to hate: Communists. The Communist stereotype is the archvillain, the power-hungry, atheistic, terrorising, un-human and anti-human beast. The fact that they are so apparently stubborn, unreachable, and eccentric makes villain material, so good in fact, that the masscomm-perpetuated image of 'the enemy' can be used as excuses for any amount of immoral behavior on our part.

Public awareness and sensitivity to the real situation here and abroad comes mainly through teach-ins, demonstrations, and suchlike underground vibrations, Ferry observes.

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'The Deer Park' is now playing at the Theater de Lys on Christopher St., and I urge you to get down there and see it. If you despise the theater, for its dullness of mind, its shabby insight, its failure of nerve, try it just this once more. You might hate 'The Deer Park' but I guarantee this: it certainly will not insult you." — Pete Hamill, N.Y. Post

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I was invited to the Scientology organization by customers in the Paradox who impressed me very much especially the young ladies with their lovely open smiles and direct yet soft eyes. But the lectures were uptown and it took me two years to get up there.

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Well friend and foe, I Richard O'Kane, my wife Armita and my daughter Marilyn invite you to stop in Weds. or Thurs. this week and every week around a quarter of 11 and judge for yourself. The tea is free and so is the lecture. All you able, hip people come around; Scientology needs you.

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## Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman

The Human Be-In, planned for Central Park on Easter Sunday March 26, has been called off. The Parks Department, who was willing to give a permit for the park on that day, queered the deal when an article appeared in Howard Smith's column Scenes in the Village Voice. Smith, who is obviously ignorant of what a Be-In is, stated, "A bigfat Be-In is coming. This could very well be the acid test for the New York spiritual community."

Such irresponsible statements have ruined the chances of any community desiring to express love in this city. It also makes the Village Voice appear as a newspaper bent on alienation.

Before this, the Parks Department was all too willing to give over the Park to New York's loving communities after a week of explanation by concerned East and West Village residents.

Now this dream has been exploded. But the Be-In will go on. It is too much of an important event to be stopped; one of a highly personal nature where the event never becomes one of planned activity. Its only special significance is to be there and its only characteristics are people.

So plan to be there! Bring flowers. Bring costumes. Bring food and candy to eat and share. And bring yourself that part of you which is joy. Watch for a new time, and a new place. And beware of those who exploit Love under the guise of freedom of the press.

Jade Companions of the Flower Dance, an organization consisting of a Bad Trip, Employment and Legal Center for the East Village Community, held its first meeting Sunday, March 5 at Central Plaza on Second Avenue.

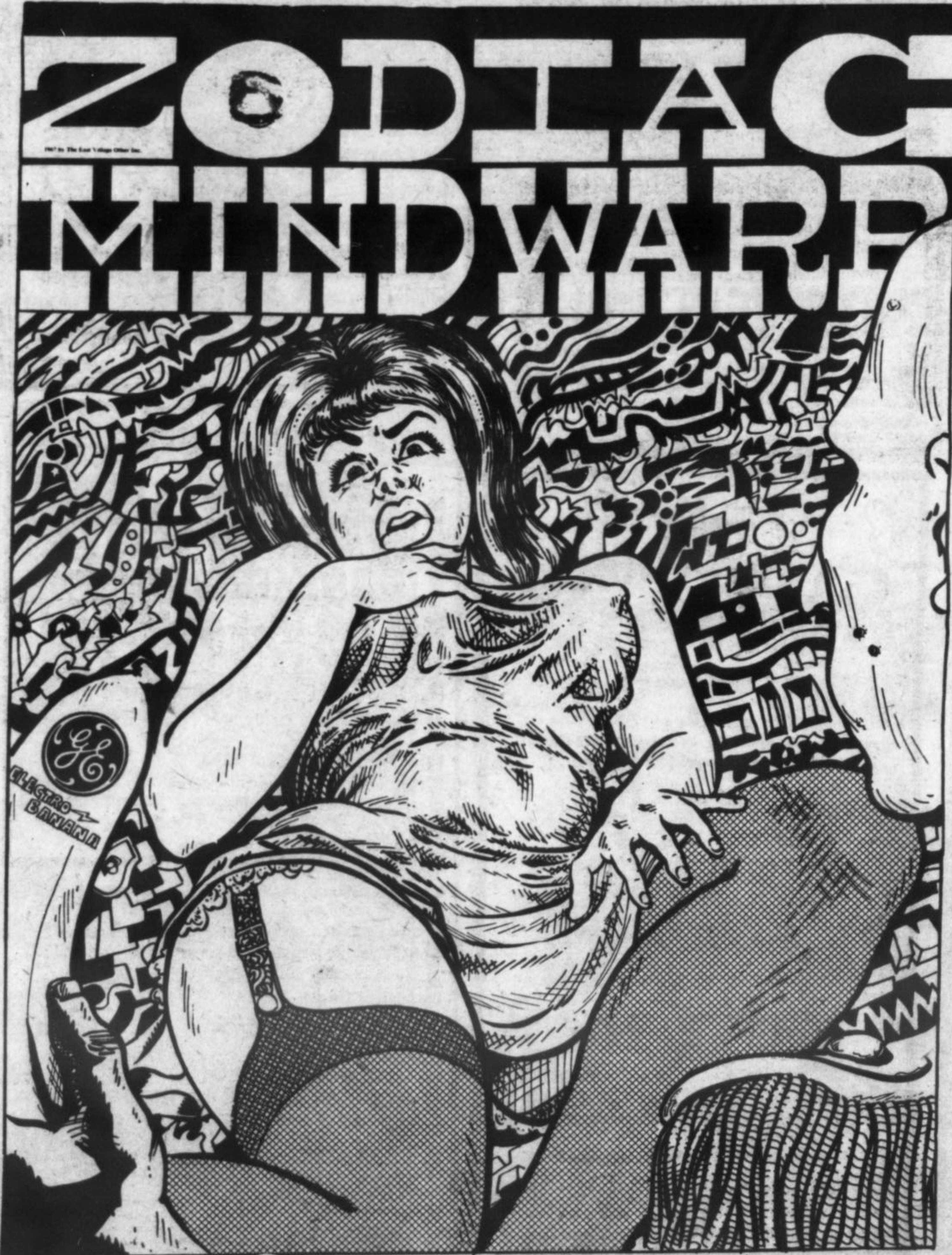
The meeting, conducted by Richard Alpert, consisted of an amusing and often beautiful sermon of where Messrs. Leary, Alpert, Metzner and Community were at. The purpose: to congeal the present community in the East Village into a working, loving community, not based on Acid but Understanding. As Alpert put it, "After LSD, What?"

The Peace Eye Bookstore at 383 East 10th St. will house the organization and a Bail Fund will try to be financed by membership dues of \$5.00. This preliminary meeting was the first of many. Anyone interested in attending the next are asked to contact the Jade Companions of the Flower Dance at the Peace Eye Bookstore.

Candid Camera crews have been interviewing high school kids under 18 about drugs and sex. The kids unaware that they are being taped and interviewed are open and honest about their pre-occupations. When the program decided to use the material, they went to parents and principals to get permission which in turn created a furor among the whiskey drinking, middleaged lobby. It seems that sex and drugs are a big preoccupation among the kids.

What we have ultimately is an expose by Totalitarian TV slime and up tight kids embarrassed for making their rightfully own body choices.

Everyone is cordially invited to attend Ed Sanders' trial on the charge of possession of obscene publications (Fuck You, a magazine of the arts) March 20th, 10 A.M., Criminal Courts Bldg, part 2B, 4th floor.



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# Lovin' Spoonful Cops Out

Reprinted from the Berkeley Barb - UPS

"What they've done once, they might do again," warned the fall-guy who was set up by two Lovin' Spoonfuls for a pot bust.

Steve Boone and Zal Yanovsky worked under police instructions in an apparent effort to save themselves from an earlier pot-possession rap.

They allegedly bought two lids of grass and immediately handed over to an undercover agent, posing as their friend, who was present at the time of the buy.

Both Boone and Yanovsky were identified by their cellmates as the two Spoons who spent "about six hours with us" in San Francisco city prison, less than a week before they set up their sacrificial lamb.

The Spoonful played a concert on the Berkeley campus Saturday night, May 21, 1966.

Boone and Yanovsky were brought into the Hall of Justice prison "three days earlier," where they readily admitted who they were and told their fellow prisoners that the cops had caught them with grass in their car.

The trap was sprung in the early morning hours of May 25.

Steve and Zal introduced Officer James J. Hampton to one of their long-time friends.

The friend, upon being asked Hampton's identity by the intended victim, simply repeated what the two Spoons had told him: "He's a singer who's in town to cut a record."

Attorney James White, counsel for the victimized Bill, asked Officer Hampton during last December's preliminary hearing:

"At the time you first met Steven Boone and Zalman Yanovsky, at the time Inspectors Martinovich and Magnani (narco squad cops) were present, was a cover story advised so that it would appear that you were not a total stranger to Mr. Boone and Mr. Yanovsky?" Hampton: "That is correct, sir."

White: "Could you tell us what the cover story was to be, or what was the cover story?"

Hampton: "Well, the first instruction was to make sure he didn't tell him I was a police officer."

Later in the cross-examination, Hampton explained: "We didn't go in there with any real set story, if need be, they were to say I was interested in the music field and not give a whole background on me."

"It was the Spoons, definitely," said an SF State drama student who had been busted the night after Steve and Zal were released.

"There were some rock magazines around the jail and the guys who were still in prison from the night before had no trouble pointing their photographs out," he said.

"Anyway," he added, "Steve and Zal weren't trying to hide their identity from their prison-mates. In fact, they readily admitted it when they were recognized."

This leads to speculation about why Steve and Zal who together with John Sebastian and Joe Butler make such a beautiful sound as the Spoonful, turned finks.

Did the cops threaten to keep the Spoons from performing in Berkeley on Saturday?

Did they think their image would be hurt if news of their arrest on a pot charge was publicized?

Or were they afraid to face a potential loss of booking revenue once the square booking agents told them: "No soap. You guys smoke marijuana."

"I phoned their manager to hear if Steve and Zal could offer any rebuttal to the hearing testimony," reported the friend who had been conned into believing that Hampton was just a singer.

"He said the hearing testimony would have to stand as is," the friend said glumly.

Trial date for the People of the State of California vs. Bill Loughborough is scheduled to be set February 27, in Superior Court.

Bill was arrested last September, not in the pad of the alleged sale, but at his job.

Hampton testified that the cops didn't know Bill's last name. The warrant was issued for "John Doe Bill."

The young, undercover cop also swore that he never saw Bill at the Washington St. address where the sale allegedly took place, subsequent to that early morning in May.

Did the cops have a problem in identification? Was the case against Bill not sufficiently strong?

Since the bust, the Spoonful hasn't played within 150 miles of San Francisco (beyond that distance no subpoena can be served).

Were the cops allowing the Spoonful time to re-adjust their booking dates and take care of business within the 150 mile radius before arresting Bill? Do you believe in Magic?

(Note: "Bob Cavallo, Spoonful manager, sent \$2,500 in 100 dollar bills by courier in an airplane," said Bill, "to defray court costs. "Was he afraid of blackmail?")

## POLICING EDUCATION

As if puberty wasn't grief enough itself, the Tucson Police department is presently chaperoning the local underprivileged through junior high school: "Ramirez, ya got acne. I can see it on yer face--been abusing yaself again, huh?" Calling themselves School Resource Officers, the local policemen have established offices in certain Disadvantaged schools, and purport to teach "Principles of Law Enforcement", complete with badge and gun--presumably as visual aids: "This here is a .45, see? One little squeeze, and it blows the top of yer greazy head off, see? Remember that, and yas all passes the course, and live longer." While they lack actual accreditation, SRO fuzz are given "faculty status" by the school administrations, and the local principal is expected to be present at every private consultation between cop and student; but in "emergency situations", of course, the cop has carte blanche to give anyone the third degree.

Private consultations are doubtless fairly frequent, since the SRO fuzz have access, as faculty members, to

individual pupils: for instance, "Juan was pretty good friends with Hector Calaveres, the gas station thief who was sent up to reform school last week--better watch him". A student may be grilled for information concerning himself, his friends, his family, his neighborhood--anyone who has ever been grilled by a cop will submit that the experience is educating in the extreme.

The Arizona ACLU has filed suit in the Pinta County Superior Court, charging the SRO with violation of the Ninth Amendment--privacy--and with violation of the rights of students in more advantaged schools to be as well-educated as students under the SRO system. The question hinges on the validity of the SRO instruction as "education" rather than infiltration: if the Tucson police are accepted as qualified instructors, they must set themselves up in every school in Pinta county. With that sort of precedent, every student in the country can henceforth expect a liberal education in the Principles of Law Enforcement.

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## JOHNSON BANNED IN BOSTON

The House of Representatives was surprised recently when the Boston University News editorial board called for the impeachment of President Johnson. In an open letter addressed to House Speaker John W. McCormack, the student editors based their demand on Johnson's handling of the Vietnam war, calling it "irresponsible" and "high crime" and charging that the President had never asked Congress for a declaration of war in the first place. The letter, which was also sent to all congressmen in the Boston area, had the support of B.U. Government professor Howard Zinn, who said that Johnson's impeachment would be "a dramatic denunciation of brutality...comparable to the Party Congress in the USSR which excoriated Stalin because he killed too many people in the course of building his Great Society."

But the man most worried about losing his job was Harold Case, President of Boston University. He hurried to wire Johnson immediately after seeing the paper with fervent promises that the B.U. News and its letter did not represent either the view of the administration or that of the majority of the students. His interpretation of the matter was that "under the guise of freedom of speech, student editors often write intemperately." L.G.

## VIETNAM?

WHERE IS VIETNAM? American Poets Respond. An Anthology of New Work by 87 Poets. Doubleday Anchor Books, Garden City, New York, 1967. 160 pages. Edited by Walter Lowenfels.

Anti-war poems have always been ironic phenomena. They are flowers planted on the battlefield, blossoms of anger growing on stems with steel thorns, desperately seeking to turn aside the wild machinery of war with words. Their bitter perfume floats in a wind that stinks of cordite, a wind that takes this perfume to the nostrils of men who have no sense of smell.

This excellent anthology of anti-war poems is unusual in several respects. Most war poems are written from first hand experience and reflect the horror and disillusion of the poet who has been duped by propaganda or patriotism into attending the Festival of Blood and worshipping at its altar. But these poets, with one exception, have not served with the American mercenary army in Vietnam. Their poems are a product of what editor-poet Lowenfels calls "A different kind of battlefield—our resistance movement is at home."

Thus these are not anti-war poems per se. They are anti-Vietnamese War poems, written in direct response to the action in Southeast Asia. They reflect the loathing and disgust that the American artist feels when he contemplates what his nation is doing to a country that used to be green. They are consistent in their condemnation of the American position, and they are specific in their criticism. Quotes from the New York Times or other news sources are frequently used to punctuate and illustrate the poems. They are not talking about War, they are talking about a particular war. The villains of this anthology are not the men on the front lines. They are the men in Washington and the poets do not hesitate to name names.

Robert Bly, in his poem "Asian Peace Offers Rejected Without Being Heard" says quite simply: "These suggestions by Asians are not taken seriously. We know Rusk smiles as he passes them to someone. Men like Rusk are not men: They are bombs waiting to be loaded in a darkened hangar."

Ishmael Reed in "The Gangster's Death" sees: "...the evil smelling carnations of Baby Face McNamara and Killer Rusk..."

There is a wide range of age and talent represented in the pages of this anthology, from Larry Jacobs (age 6) to Allen Ginsberg and Robert Lowell. Each poet has one poem in the book. The tone of the poems varies greatly, some pointing an accusing finger at the United States, others, such as the selection from "Odes to the East Wind" by Allan Katzman reflect the author's feeling of helplessness:

"This morning the street is screaming for help. They are killing my country and there is nothing I can do."

Although the poems are all on a single theme, the book does not become tiresome to read. There is beauty, hatred, love, anarchy, horror, satire, all in divergent forms and styles. The poets continue to plant flowers in front of the machines, flowers whose petals are turned to brown curls by the defoliation planes. Flowers that warn of a loss of soul within this country that could hollow out the minds of its citizens and lead them to dishonorable death in an insane war.

## CIA

Continued from page 11

ern broadcasts were in reaching through to communist countries. The student met another person who said he was delivering monies to Soviets planning to defect.

"The intrigue scared the hell out of me," the student related, "especially when two people approached me, identified themselves as CIA agents, gave me their telephone number, and said to call if anything happened." The American Embassy in Helsinki would have been the more logical place for any American to turn "if anything happened." But the U.S. Government did not give official recognition to the Helsinki Festival, nor had the government or the American people encouraged participation at world youth festivals.

In fact, the U.S. State Department discouraged American students from attending on their own initiative, even in 1965 when a world youth festival was being planned in Algeria. Upon advice sought by one young couple who were planning to attend the Algerian conference (which was later cancelled because of outbreaks of violence at the time), the State Department urged them in a three page letter NOT to attend, and that they would not be protected by the U.S. Government if they did.

Since the U.S. Government has not supported students abroad publically, with or without a financial underwriting, the students who went to the youth festivals are now considered either CIA agents or communists, depending on which person or organization they are associated with for the moment. The result for the ostensibly typical American Student X is to be untypically quiet and reserved, and very confused.

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Healthy male, 29 wishes to meet girls between the ages of 19 and 29. Object: Cocktail meetings, movies, Broadway plays, concerts and dates. Write to J. McMahon, Box 322, Ft. Tilden, N.Y. 11695.

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Teacher-musician, 27, white, nice looking, solvent, Sees beauty in many things. Desires intelligent, attractive female, any age, to share varied interests. Immediate object: Share passion, music, and movies, etc. Ultimate object: Perhaps love. Call Joe LI 4-9506.

Looking for the secret to life? Stop. There is none. You are life, girl. You're IT---the key to everything beautiful! May I help you open the door? Be spontaneous. Be alive. Call 242-8282.

seeking compatible girls to teach us what it's all about. Write to L.L.L. (The League for Lousy Lovers), Box 1487, GPO, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

College student, 20, to spend Spring Vacation in Village Mar. 17-25. Wants to date swinging chicks 18-20 who will guide him to Gotham sights. Have use of apartment. Call 254-3476.

# THE ULTIMATE COVER



PVT. GENE KETELHOHN IN VIETNAM

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