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JAN. 19-25, 1968

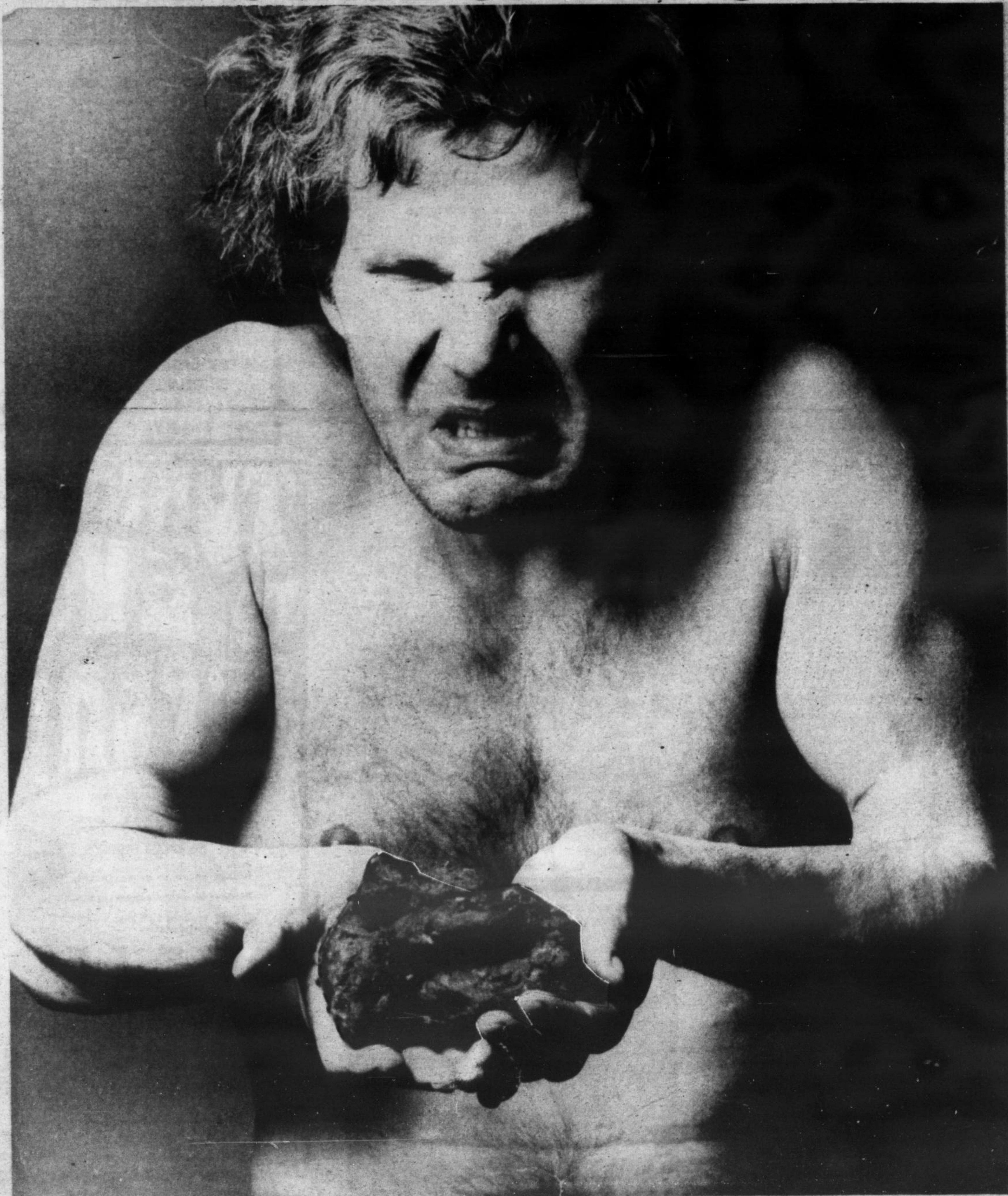
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WEEKLY 15¢

25 cents outside N.Y.

VOL. III NO. 7

THE STATE OF THE UNION



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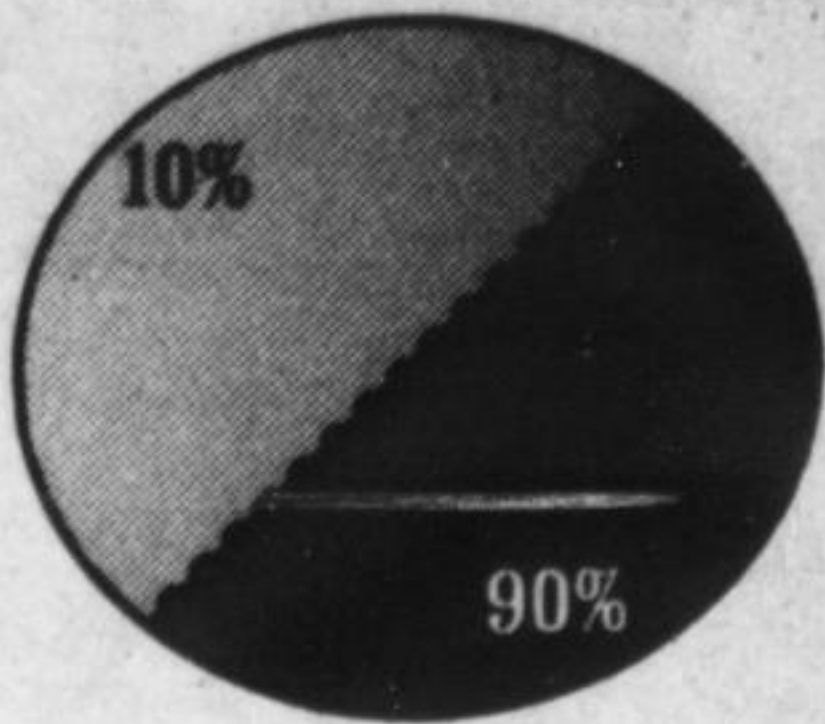
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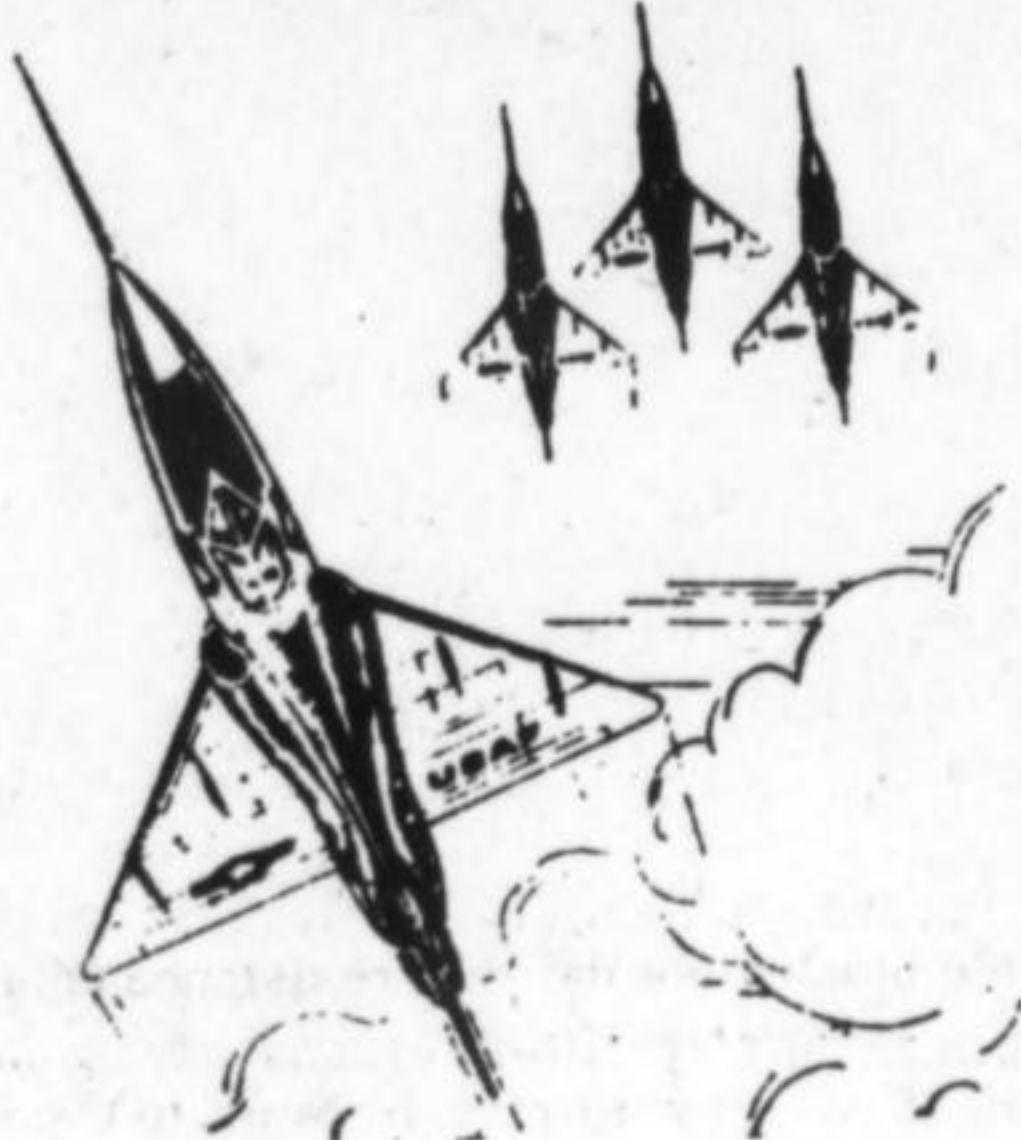
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Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate).

The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (52 issues). Phone 228-8640.



**TUNED IN
TURNED ON
BAILED OUT**
UNITED STATES AIR FORCE



Dear EVO,

Sir, since I've joined the Air Force I've been turned on to a lot of things such as: Dylan, pot and now your press.

A friend of mine from New York has turned me on to all these things and showed me all the hang-ups I used to have.

We're constantly hanging up posters we find of your movement and the Air Force is constantly taking them down.

We discovered that the Air Force is one big hang up but can't get out now.

In looking for help we came across an article about your press so we decided to write.

We don't know your address so when you receive this note write back and send help.

Will welcome all literature you can send.

Signed,
hung ups
Box 454
3342 School Squadron
Amarillo AFB Texas 79111

DEAR COOL

Dear Evo:

I'm all for Sam -- 1 (Evo, 1-1-68). The up-tight straights who dominate my agency are not to be trusted in any way. All are inveterate pathological liars and alcoholics. Employees are fired without much ado when upreceptive to ugly medieval tactics: brainwashing, slave driving, manipulations, intimidation, etc. Human rights are unknown here; the resulting atmosphere is socially and professionally pathetic. What to do? Some FLOWUR agents are presently behind enemy lines working with the youthful minds. Little victories here and there might lead one day to some greater ones. Summing up: the CORPORATE MENTALITY is pure suburban B.S.; and, the present intellectual and creative decline (not to say decay) of most of our American institutions does not come as a surprise to me. What else to expect from organized lying and alcoholism? Love and more love to you all

B*****

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Dear EVO:

I have written a parody of the now-famous SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND album. Many people have spoken out against the Vietnam War by peace marches and demonstrations. I chose to express my feelings in the way of a song or two. Here is my favorite: "A Day in the Death," the finale number--

Love,
Les Ericson

A DAY IN THE DEATH

I read the NEWS today oh boy
I should have read the TIMES or POST instead
and though the NEWS was rather sad
Well I just had to laugh, I saw the photograph
They blew his mind out in a car
They couldn't stand his policies or views
A man who went a bit too far
They knew his kind before
Nobody was really sure
if he would win the war in Vietnam

I watched T.V. today oh boy
The AJAX white knight had just
cleaned the town
A crowd of slobos got sparkling white
No news of Lyndon's death
It never reached the press
I had to turn it off

Got up, switched the dial
Ran my fingers across a file
There was still no news of L.B.J.'s death
It was very late so I turned
Every station had no news
So I slipped on a pair of shoes
Found my way downstairs and bought the DAILY NEWS
While turning the pages I fell into a snooze
AHHHHHHH

I read news again today
Four thousand holes in Lyndon Johnson's head
And though the holes were rather small
They had to count them all
Now they know how many holes
Are left when Viet Nam is gone
We should have turned them on.

Les Ericson

DEAR DUMDUM

Gentlemen:

In re: your photograph of two fags carrying on in a Florida men's room. I have been trying to figure out what was going on on the other side of the partition. Could it be possible that the other party was just looking? In Florida, when you see "Smile you're on Candid Camera" written on the wall of the head, they mean it.

Yours truly,
David Wallis

Walter Bishop Jr. Quintet

Jan. 23 to 28
Cecil Taylor Quintet

Slugs

In the far east

242 East 3rd Street (bet. Ave. B & C)
677-9727

Dear EVO,

Tompkins Square Community Center is not a building, it is feelings, emotions, and has a heart. The Center has no money and, because of the community people, it has grown like a baby. Opposition from the city comes in many different ways, with denial of necessities such as better lighting, space and cooperation being primary headings. Because a man gives his all to deter the glue-sniffing, the alcoholism, the hanging out on the corner, the riots and gang wars, is not important. Condemnation is easy to those who never tasted bitterness and starvation of almost all categories of life; and human warmth is a forgotten feeling in certain people, in keeping with their positions. Tompkins Square Community Center will stand and grow regardless of the politics, the obstacles, the empty treasury, and denials from those that could help. TSCC will still provide better leaders, better homes, better jobs, and ultimately an improved community; and maybe bringing about a moral structure of good community people. I love my people, excluding none.

Love,
Bab Collier

COVER
COURTESY THE DIFFERENT DRUMMER
PHOTO: W. BELL ENGLISH

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Sincerely yours,
Florence Korn
(Mrs.) Charles Korn
Secretary

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Local
Ronnie

National
J. Kohn

the rock moves the tree speaks and the shit hits the fan

by BOB RICKE



Is there a vague sense in the air that the anti-war struggle has peaked out, that it has nowhere else to go from here? Is there a sense of futility stemming from the fact that after each mass protest — each more massive than the preceding — the administration has proceeded almost merrily with an accelerated prosecution of the war? Put it this way: How many people who marched in Washington in October can be expected to feel when the call is put out for the next mass demonstration that marching does even the minutest bit of good?

Even the attempt to give impetus to the anti-war struggle by raising it from a protest level to a resistance level would appear in danger of being stymied by a similar sense of futility — with mass arrests and beatings the answer of the authorities. (Perhaps even more frustrating than the actual physical confrontation has been a debilitating awareness of the long lines and deep ranks of power standing in reserve. In truth, the resistance phase so far has been a kind of cat and mouse game with the police cats held back on leashes, the game proceeding under their sufferance, with only an occasional bloody swipe at someone when the TV cameras have been turned the other way.)

This is not to disparage either the mass protesters nor the resisters, who under sufferance of the police or not, have exhibited both bravery and dedication. Nevertheless, the question persists — you do hear it in discussions — among those on the far Left as well as among the most moderate of Liberals: Has the anti-war struggle peaked out?

Well, if it has, beyond the fact that it is too bad, it is also a fucking shame; because, despite all the singing and clapping of hands, the anti-war struggle in this country has not even begun to get going yet. Not as a meaningful mass movement that means shit to anybody, it hasn't. At the very moment when the cry of mass resistance has been raised, and could, one suspects, have a real chance for success, the movement may be in danger of losing all momentum. Why? Simply because it lacks the content for mass resistance — a content, paradoxically, that exists in plenitude; in fact, it's been exploding right in our faces for the past five years, but so far up to the present moment has been completely ignored.

Well, where does it exist? Obviously, it has to exist in the radical and resistant power of the black revolution. And, yes, the black revolution — which is the only movement in this country that scares anybody — is about as close to the essentially white middle class anti-war movement as Rapp Brown is to Ellsworth Bunker, and that's what's wrong with the white middle class anti-war movement; why, in fact, it has no impetus; it has no blacks; it has no balls.

Oh, Lordy! One can hear the hue and cry. "Defamer! Nasty! Hitter below the belt! It's not that we don't welcome black participation; but the blacks refuse to come into the peace movement. We urge them. They promise, but don't show up. Their interests are narrow. They won't participate."

Yeah, sure. Now, dig it, Carlye. Them niggers in the streets been doin more all along to stop the war than the whole white middle class anti-war movement put together. They are the anti-war movement in this country. What you may have been seeing as riots and looting have been insurrections against a nation at war, and if you don't think that lays a restraining hand on the arm that aims the gun, forget it. Or better, consider: What combination of peace struggle actions in this country has accomplished so much for peace as was accomplished in one day of black insurrection last summer:

1) pointing up the hypocrisy of Johnson's pious shit about America the custodian of democracy worldwide —

2) sharpening the contradiction between moneys needed to fight the war and moneys needed to attack the nation's accelerating internal deterioration —

3) most importantly, threatening the government with actual internal guerrilla opposition which ultimately — and one suspects sooner, rather than later — could require at home the very same garrisons now busy "pacifying" the populace of Vietnam. (Witness the numbers of paratroops, National Guard, State cops, etc., in one city, Detroit, last summer.)

In all honesty, does anyone doubt that the thrust of the black revolt in this country has a devastating anti-war content; that the seditious reality of the black revolt does more to force Johnson to end the war than all of the actions combined — protest and/or resistant — of the white middle class peace movement?

The fact is, it is not the blacks who have been avoiding the peace movement; it is the white middle class anti-war effort that has been unwilling or unable to see — and to join with — the black revolutionary opposition to the war — an opposition which has the muscle one used to look for in the working class (probably because the black population is today's American working class), and which is the only kind of opposition that can be effective against arrogant, anti-democratic regimes such as the one in Washington today.

The point is being made here that the center of the peace movement, in fact, lies within the black revolution, and that the "traditional" middle class peace movement has as its obligation to link up with it.

Yeah, but goshamighty and leaping lizards, they won't let us work with them. You know, Black Power. Eek! Black separatists. They won't cooperate with whites.

Yeah. So how come Stokely is the featured guest at Castro's first conference of the Organization of Latin American Solidarity? Is Castro a spade? Rapp Brown addresses a peace meeting — a 90 per cent fay audience — in the East Village. Floyd McKissick is indefatigable in his appearances on white television. These are the leaders, right? The ones who hate whites. Yeah. They may hate whites, but not as much as they hate bullshit, you can bet on it. And this country, from Lyndon Johnson on down

to too much of the white anti-war movement is bullshit.

The burden, bullshitters, is upon us — us whites. They, the blacks, got the real resistance going against the machine. We're sitting around saying they won't help us. If we want to give impetus to the so-called anti-war movement — if we want to help ourselves — it's time we helped them — by getting our lily white asses into their fight, the most meaningful anti-war struggle in this contry. There are a lot of additional virtues to that, too, not the least of which is it gets a lot of the bullshit out of our systems.

Does anyone really think they don't want us? Is that what they say? Or is that what Huntley-Brinkley say that they say? Why the fuck do we invite Rapp Brown "downtown" and go to hear him speak if we don't listen to what he says to us? What he says is, the blacks got plenty of reason to oppose the war. Even more reason than whites. For one thing, all them spades are gettin shot up over there. So come on all you bullshit artists, we don't want you marryin our sisters (heh, heh,) but we don't mind cooperating with you to stop the war.

They've been saying this for five years! Malcolm said it so loud and clear he got burned. Because if a certain kind of militant unity ever really was organized it could be devastating to the war machine.

To this same point, there's been exactly one peace slogan since the beginning of the movement that's stuck in everybody's mind: "Hell, no, we won't go!" — first enunciated by Stokely. And there's another cat who probably has more worshippers among the black kids than any other man in America, Muhammad Ali, and he says to the draft board: "I got nuthin against those people over there." And he'll go to jail, if necessary, rather than join the Army. But of course, every bullshit artist knows that the Nee-groes aren't interested in the peace movement.

If there's one reason why the blacks have avoided the white middle class so-called peace movement in this country it's probably because they don't trust it; don't really believe that Whitey is as serious as they are about opposing the Johnson war machine government. Fact is, they're not any more impressed by our marches than Lyndon Johnson is.

So, okay. It's up to us. How do we make contact? That's the point, right? Okay, dig it. Here's a modest proposal to the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Group. Do go ahead, please, and call for another mass demonstration, or Fifth Avenue peace march. Let all of the peace and student groups mobilize their people so as to make the march a big success. Just like always. Except — and this is the pisser;

Let's schedule the march for the evening of the next Harlem riot.

Instead of marching like sheep South to the Sheep Meadow, let's take ourselves North to Harlem and demonstrate our solidarity by sitting in the streets surrounding the major police precincts.

We want to strengthen the peace movement, right? We want to give it impetus. Let's demonstrate against

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the dialectics of liberation part two

by PAUL GOODMAN

I am a kind of Jeffersonian, way out of date. In my opinion, most political talk is much too ambitious. People expect to use political power to accomplish some excellence or grandeur. It cannot. What it can do, sometimes, is to guarantee a situation of minimum decency in which maybe something good will occur. From this point of view, the good societies in the world at present are certainly small ones, perhaps Denmark, Tanzania or so.

Consider Ireland. In my experience, it is fairly decent. Priest-ridden as it is, its censorship is not intolerable -- I have printed things in the Dublin Times which I could not get in the London Times and certainly not in the New York Times. People are well fed because it is good farm country and, with all the backward agronomy and belief in leprechauns, it has not been ruined. Now the average national income in Ireland is just a fourth of the average in the United States. The amount of technology available (measured, let's say, in kilowatts) is probably about a seventh or eighth. Yet it's absurd to say that one lives in Dublin only a fourth as well as in New York or Budapest. One lives quite as well, in some respects better, in some respects worse. Obviously something is wrong with the GNP way of looking at things.

To be sure, the country is depopulating. This is partly, I guess, because of the priests, the mothers, and the sexual repression. A lively girl is certainly right to get out. Mainly, I suppose, it is because young fellows can't make any money, according to another standard. They are convinced that it must be better elsewhere where the money is, so they emigrate.

Even so, I feel that if we in the revolutionary movement had more modest aims, we would make more sense. Certainly the promise of technological advance was the simplification of relations with the environment and the enrichment of the quality of life; but instead it has given us complication of the environment and confusion of life.

Let me talk now about my own country. Most of the stories you have heard do not, in my opinion, give a right picture of the United States. In many ways it is worse than what you've heard, but not in the way you've heard. Because of justified anger and resentment, the speakers have slipped into a torturing of a Marxist explanation of the present American scene that really is irrelevant. To put it one way, we really go in less and less for old-fashioned exploitation; that is, we don't want surplus value from the Vietnamese and we don't want surplus value sweated from the hides of Negroes (though we did for 200 years). The present cash figures, however, tell a different -- and worse -- story. Our system gives out a continual subsidy to these peoples. In Vietnam it takes the curious form of building their infrastructure -- e.g., large concrete air runways, and docks at which our marines disembark. These will no doubt last a long time and be among the biggest harbors in the world. Or in Harlem: consider a typical figure from Spanish Harlem, researched by one of the University Seminars at Columbia. The City of New York, with Federal subsidies, pays out to each Puerto Rican family about \$10,000 a year in special social services, welfare money, remedial reading, reform school for the delinquents, etc. A middle class family a few blocks away doesn't get any of this. Now this is hardly exploitation of the poor in a classical sense; yet somehow none of the money gets to them in a usable way: it is rather a way of processing them, pushing them around, controlling their lives one way or another. And this is the vitally true meaning in the cry "Black Power": not stop exploiting us, but give us the money to use our own way; get off our backs. Obviously, however, this is not explicable in terms of the older Marxist economics; it must be analyzed in terms of a new concept of domination.

Consider a rough history of colonialism over the centuries and millenia. The oldest kind seems to be plain displacement and annihilation, as the Dorians descended into Greece and pushed out the Pelasgians, or the Europeans pushed out the Indians, with the slogan, "Go away, die." Next was the ancient colonialism where a strong group settled like an incubus on the older indigenous group and exacted tribute; perhaps a little garrison is left behind to collect the tribute. The next step, demanding a more complex technology, is to exploit the underdogs for their labor. Perhaps capital equipment is brought in, typically the sugar mills into Brazil or Cuba; the natives work for subsistence or less -- this is the literal exaction of surplus value in Marxist terms. Or importantly, raw materials are exacted, processed back at home, and some of them then resold in the colony at a further profit -- old-fashioned mercantilism. Needless to say, there is still a good deal of exploited labor in these last two senses, especially in Latin America, as John Gerassi pointed out last week.

Nevertheless, at present we can do without most of these imported raw materials sweated from the indigenous. In a pinch we do do without them. Starting with the war shortages, for instance, we now mainly use artificial rubber. Our petroleum comes mostly

from the United States, and with nuclear power we won't need much of it anyway. The rarer metals give way increasingly to plastics, and the basic iron is home dug. So this kind of domination of colonies is less and less important, though we keep it going to make the last buck.

But the peculiar character of modern domination is the following -- and this applies both to the underdeveloped countries and to Harlem. The big powers want the other peoples to simply shut up. For those peoples do not belong to the lovely high technological system. They are unnecessary, we don't need their labor, we don't need their raw materials. Nor do they make interesting consumer's markets, since their economy is in a different league altogether. Unfortunately, when they begin to starve, they get rambunctious. Why don't they shut up and cease to exist? Frankly, the real inner policy of the U.S. majority with regard to the Negroes is not racist at all: the Americans hold nothing against the Negroes, if only they would go in the middle of the Atlantic ocean and drown. This would be cheaper and more efficient for everybody. You see, this is a different story from the one that was told last week.

It is clearly the only possible explanation of the Vietnam war. We are asking, "Why don't they go away? Is it possible that we have sent half a million troops there, and the very best new equipment -- at \$30 billion a year -- and they still don't go away?" If they would finally go away, we could develop the rest of the world in a proper civilized way. That is, we are back to the original most primitive kind of colonialism, genocide.

In principle, there are two kinds of technological expansion possible at present in the case of somewhat backward peoples, like Europeans -- we give them capital and new equipment, so we can do business with them; in the case of very backward peoples who cannot be brought up to the market level, we must get them out of the way, so we can build the future.

Of course there are complexities. There are rival high technologies; the United States, France and Germany, Russia, Japan. And here there are alternative possibilities, that create domestic friction in each of the giant powers. On the one hand a lot of expansion of military high technology can occur by keeping the underdeveloped regions in being and fomenting wars in them, with rival groups supported by rival great powers. On the other hand (as the Chinese critics point out, some in the great powers think it would be wiser to create a new Congress of Vienna, especially by an entente of the United States and Russia, in order to have a general pacification and clear the decks for big progress. The principle of a Congress of Vienna is that nothing new is every supposed to happen, ever, ever.

Unfortunately, there is a third alternative that is still more likely in the foreseeable future, the dismal outcome predicted in Orwell's 1984 -- a general world war among three or four great powers with shifting alliances. (Usually, in Orwell, these powers seem to be fighting about dividing up Africa.) One aspect of Orwell's novel, however, that makes it rather rosily romantic, is that his warring giants are not equipped with atom bombs.

Domestically, the United States is an excluding society, in the sense that various styles and conditions of life become useless and outcasts -- though within the acceptable way of being a human being there is much social mobility.

We have noticed the exclusion of the Negroes and Spanish Americans, who comprise up to 12 or 13% of the population. An even more important group -- though not very much mentioned -- is the farmers. The rural population is now about 5%, which means that 50 million must have been driven from the land during this century. This has purportedly been done in terms of efficiency and to take advantage of new technology, but of course the choice of technology and the concept of efficiency have been political decisions by dominant groups, chain-grocers, processors, etc. The aged are excluded at an increasingly early age. There are 5 to 10 million delinquent and insane who must be put away; but of course these are unacceptable only because of the standards and conditions of acceptability. Certainly more than 90% of those who fill the big State mental institutions could be quite harmless to themselves or others, in a different system of things. And very much of the delinquency was, in a simpler society, just vitality.

The greatest excluded group is the young (50% of the population is under 26). The school system is, by and large, a way of keeping the young on ice. Very little of it has any educational or vocational use; but all must be confined and processed in schools for at least 12 years and more than 40% of the older age group wastes 4 more years in college. According to Edgar Friedenberg, one of our best sociologists of education, the chief use of the high schooling -- whether the middle class schools or the blackboard jungles -- is to break spirit.

Here again we must go beyond the classical Marxist interpretation of exploitation and class war. When John Gerassi said, the other day, that the State can tolerate the Hippies because they are no threat to the

Continued on PAGE 17



COSMIC PEACE

Drop Seeding The BUFFALO GRASS

by WALTER BOWART

"To deal with confusion, power has been centralized and government control increased. It is probable that all the world's governments will be more or less completely totalitarian even before the harnessing of atomic energy; that they will to totalitarian during and after the harnessing seems almost certain. Only a large-scale popular movement toward decentralization and self help can arrest the present tendency toward statism."

Aldous Huxley

In the midst of many negatives, protestations, demonstrations — one looks about for some positive news.

It seems, sadly, that the embryonic experiment called "beatnik or hippie" by the press, as a movement toward decentralization is one of, if not the only, truly positive step away from our impending regimented existence.

On the day when former President Dwight Eisenhower admitted on a national television program that we might soon be living under a military regime, and elicited little or no notice in the public media, the drop-out "hippies" are getting stiff resistance from their rural neighbors, who could know no more than what they read in the newspapers.

Thirty minutes from the New Mexican border, past the Sangre Christe Mountains, snow capped and shining in the sun; across the Purgatory River, running through the bleak broken-down town of 10,000 lies Trinidad, Colorado.

Outside of Trinidad about ten miles at an elevation of 6013 feet, across from an armory-like abandoned school house on six acres of dry land, lies Drop City.

Seven geodesic domes built from used lumber covered with flattened steel salvaged from wrecked cars makes up the seven rounds buildings housing the 25 residents of Drop City. Of the original builders only Clard Svensen remains.

Clard, remembering me from the story I did on Drop City (EVO Vol. 1, No. 17) was very uptight at seeing me again.

"We don't want any more publicity. We've had enough. We brought bedlam on ourselves through our own publicity efforts."

Over one year ago Clard Svensen and Curly Bensen, two University of Colorado students who had been turned on by Buckminster Fuller's ideas, came to New York seeking publicity and financial help in starting the first community drop-out experiment of our modern age. They got the publicity but not the financial support, but continued to build on their own initiative.

"My God, man, in the summer there are sometimes forty tourist walking around here," Svensen continued in his protest.

"We're thinking of burning Drop City down. We're going to move, start out new in Canada or Virginia or on a farm near here but this time we'll keep it a secret," a man named Dana added.

At the entrance to Drop City is a large hand-painted sign reading exactly like the signs outside the ram-

shackled Southwestern Indian Reservation: *NO PHOTOGRAPHS, VISITING HOURS WEEKENDS ONLY. 8 a.m. TO 8 p.m.*

Outside the door to the 30 foot community dome is a can labeled *CONTRIBUTIONS*. I asked how Drop City was being supported.

"We were getting food stamps from the government, but they cut us off. It seems that one family can get them but if you consolidate your needs into one BIG family they cut you off on some technicality."

"The Buckminster Fuller Fund awarded us \$500 last Christmas, and we lecture once in a while. We don't worry about money though. It either comes or it doesn't," Clard explained, saying that on the next weekend he would be driving all the way to Chicago to give a talk on Drop City at the Chicago Art Institute for the \$250 the Institute had offered.

Though poor, the dwellers of the resourceful geodesic city live better than most of the residents of New

York and are more than willing to share their meager fortunes with whoever might come along to participate constructively within the community.

"We're the most open commune. We'll let anyone come for a while, but only those who contribute can stay. It has to be that way. We've learned the hard way by letting too many come who could only take away," the tall, bearded, Dana explained.

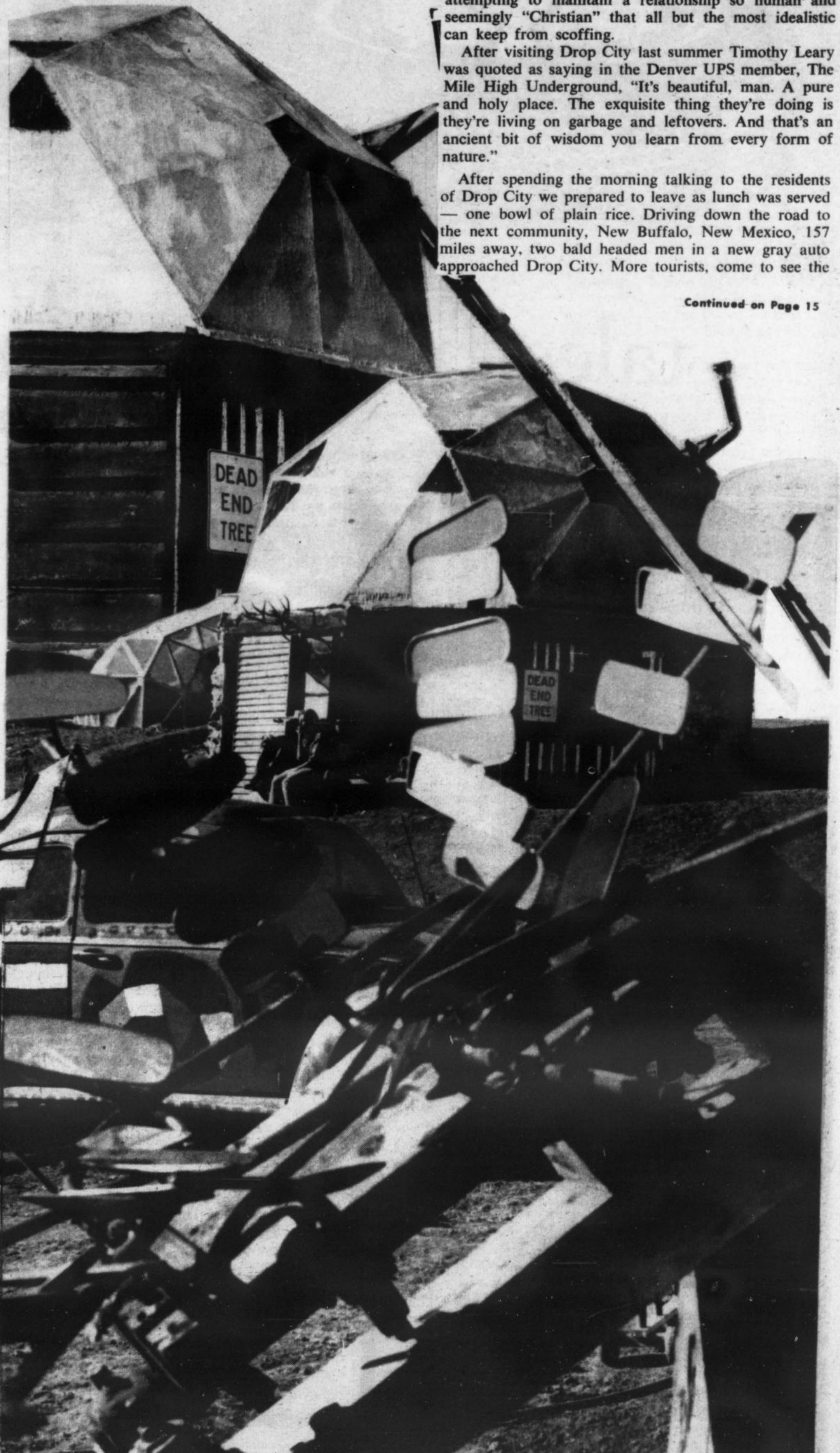
Recently he told us, several amphetamine users came through from California on their way east. "Speed freaks" are known to be in bad health and many of them had hepatitis so they stopped to see a local doctor in Trinidad and received extensive medical treatment sending the bill to Drop City.

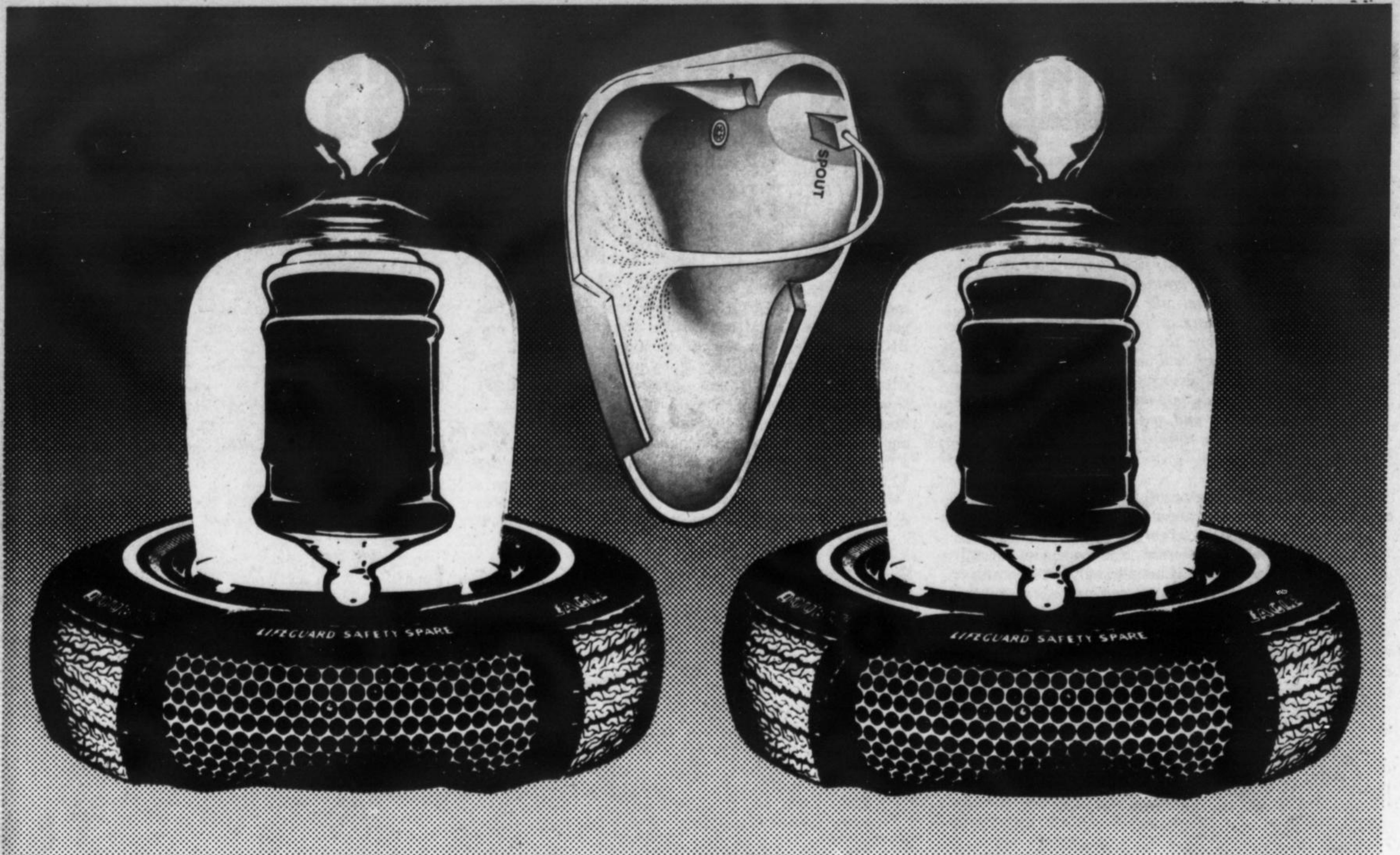
It is hard enough to drop out of the American economy and set up a self-sufficient way of life without free-loaders. And that's just what Drop City and the 25 other communities which have sprung up throughout the country have been trying to do, at the same time attempting to maintain a relationship so human and seemingly "Christian" that all but the most idealistic can keep from scoffing.

After visiting Drop City last summer Timothy Leary was quoted as saying in the Denver UPS member, The Mile High Underground, "It's beautiful, man. A pure and holy place. The exquisite thing they're doing is they're living on garbage and leftovers. And that's an ancient bit of wisdom you learn from every form of nature."

After spending the morning talking to the residents of Drop City we prepared to leave as lunch was served — one bowl of plain rice. Driving down the road to the next community, New Buffalo, New Mexico, 157 miles away, two bald headed men in a new gray auto approached Drop City. More tourists, come to see the

Continued on Page 15





tales from the land of was

HOW LONG BLUES

by RICHARD PRESTON

In the great Land of Was people went to school for many years and were given an education in many things from dishwashing to nuclear physics. All knowledge, even that which would enable them to start a revolution was freely available, though in practice most people (except the Is) tended to concentrate on that knowledge which would lead to a progressive increase in their bank statement.

But even the most advanced education was worth nothing because it floated in the air and had no foundation because the system neglected to instruct them in one vital area — that of life and death.

While every item of knowledge connected with life was permitted, the subject of death was taboo . . . which was very weird because the act of being born is merely the first act to a play whose last act must of necessity end with a death bed scene.

And so most people in Was, from the aristocracy to the slaves, feared death greatly and because deep at the bottom of their souls they knew the truth, that all things must return to dust from which they came, they acted out their lives as if they and their works were immortal . . . as if their institutions were carved out of granite. And their day dreams were of immortality and they resisted change and new ideas as if they were the very shadow of death itself. For it was also a bitter truth that those who stood closest to and in fear of death were those who were appointed to lead the people in their journey though life.

King Lyndon the Gruesome was by no means an exception. Having had one heart attack from which the hand of the grim reaper was stayed only by the combined talents of the best medical minds in the Kingdom, he was only too aware that another might cut his career as Monarch tragically (for him) short.

There was then, quite understandably, considerable excitement in the White Palace on the day that a message arrived from the Kingdom of South Africa telling a wonderful tale of a hither to unknown Doktor Burnheart who was on the verge of success in transplanting new hearts into old bodies.

King Lyndon followed the operation with even more attention than he gave to the daily reports on the war with the Cong and the patient's pulse sounded louder in his ears than all the braying of the herds of yes men with which he had surrounded himself. Here, the King thought, lay the very threshold of immortality. If the

heart transplant was successful, then it was just a matter of time before other organs could be added to the list. And after that — who knows, maybe new bodies too. He wrote out a memo to his police chief telling him to be on the lookout for a man who looked like he had looked when he was thirty. One should always be prepared, he felt.

But King Lyndon did not share his joy alone.

Every major politician and multimillionaire in the world was at that moment sending the Doktor a message of congratulation and offers of financial assistance and the only provisions they made were that should their assistance in this matter result in success, the Doktor was to become their personal physician and surgeon. It seemed to them that, at long last, immortality could be bought and paid for in this life.

On the world market, the price of negro slaves skyrocketed, for everyone knew they had the best and strongest hearts. The South African King, Vorster the Fanatic, had worked out a plan whereby certain tribes noted for their physical prowess could be isolated and kept in perfect condition so that in any emergency their hearts could be taken from their poor black bodies and placed in rich white ones.

King Kosygin the Pink was furious. He had been robbed of another first. Summoning his court doctors he told them in plain language just what he thought of them.

"You're scum, comrades, incompeten scum. How could you let bourgeois medicine take the initiative in this field? I want some action and I want it now. You will find a solution to this problem or you will be sent to Cairo as medical orderlies. Work closely together and meditate on Comrade Lenin's immortal words 'Two socialist heads are better than one Capitalist one'."

The heart race was on.

In South Africa Doktor Burnheart sorted out his mail into two piles. Those from slaves seeking assistance and those from the aristocracy begging for immortality. He came to a letter from King Lyndon the Gruesome. It was brief and straight to the point. "Name your own price," it said. He tossed the remaining letters into the wastebasket and booked a passage to Was.

"Ma dear Doctor, Ah sure am glad to see you," said King Lyndon moving over on his throne to make way for the Doktor. "Now tell me, Son, jest what it is that ah can do fer yew?"

Doktor Burnheart look around the empty room, behind the throne and under it and then whispered something into the elephantine ear of the King.

"Wall, that's a little more complicated than ah had expected, but ah think we can manage it. Incidentally, son," he continued, "we have some mighty fine hearts here in Was . . ."

In the Red Palace King Kosygin was anxiously awaiting an answer to a message he had sent to his Surgeon General concerning progress in the heart situation. As he waited, he listened to the sound of his own heartbeat . . . thump, thump, thump, thump . . . Many was the time in the dark night of the purges when he had tried to still it for fear it would give him away. Now, after all these years of conniving he listened to it with a fresh ear . . . thump, thump, thump . . . if only it would continue to beat forever he would be able to remake the revolution in his own image. He found his whole view of life (and death) changing. The Red Square Mausoleum, which had hither to been the apex of his ambition was now seen as a cool and drafty place compared to the eternal warmth of his palace. The companion he has dreamed of spending eternity with now seemed a little lifeless.

The Surgeon General entered, accompanied by a man with a sack over his head.

"I don't want to see your prisoner," screamed the King. "I want to hear about your progress."

"Yes, Comrade King," said the Surgeon General, smiling nervously. "Permit me, however, to show you the first step in our progress." The Surgeon General busied himself with removing the sack from the man's head.

"Comrade King, let me proudly present to you a giant step in Socialist medicine . . . let me present to you," and he whipped the sack off the man's head with a flamboyant gesture, " . . . the first two headed doctor! Soon we shall have this heart problem licked and . . ."

But the words were wasted for King Kosygin the Pink had done what any bourgeois gentleman would have done under similar circumstances — he had fainted.

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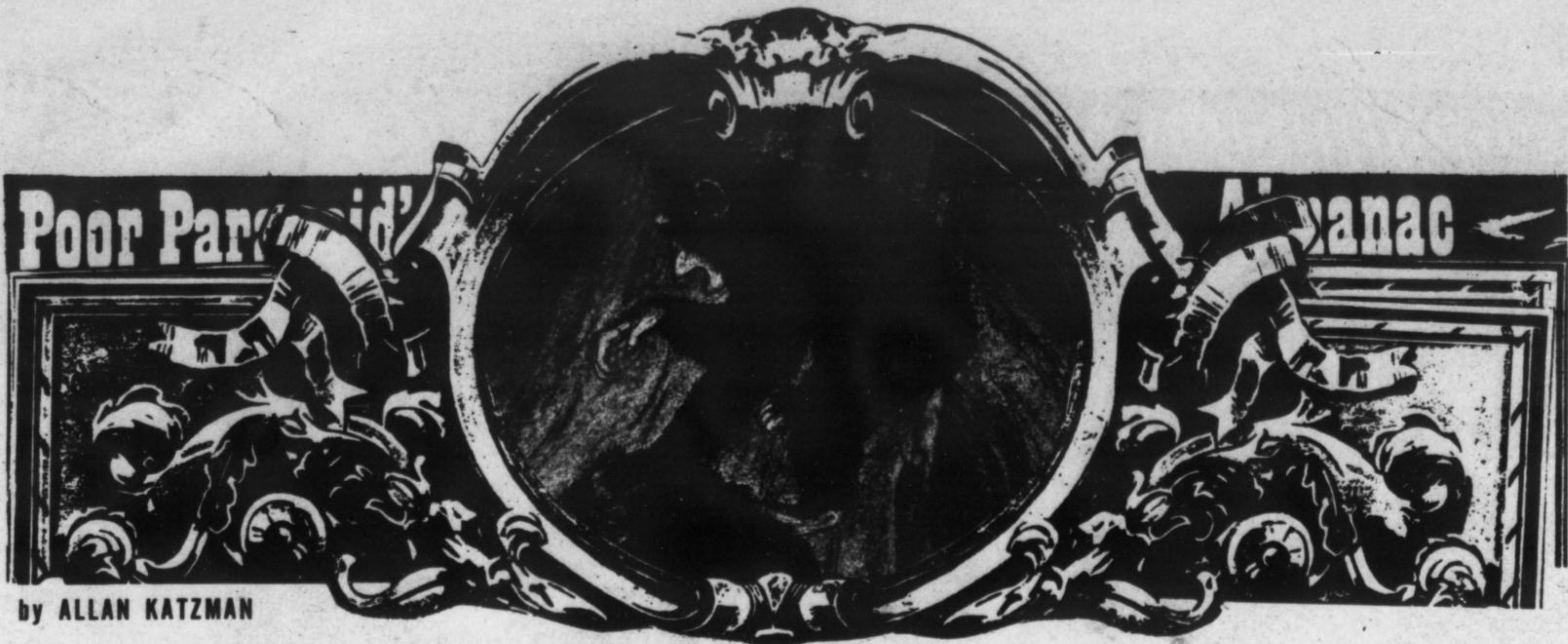
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by ALLAN KATZMAN

In Japan it is the year of the Monkey. In America it is the year of the Walrus. Dr. Spock, Mitchell Goodman, Reverend Coffin and others have been indicted in Boston on charges of conspiring to counsel against the draft. In Newark Leroi Jones has been sentenced to two and a half years for illegal possession of firearms. In Millbrook the Timothy Leary gang is under constant harassment by local gestapo. And on the good old lower east side Bob Collier finds it increasingly more difficult to live down his past, and his participation in the Statue of Liberty Bust.

Everything is coming together. The Resistance has called for more resistance. "We stand beside the men who have been indicted for support of draft resisters. If they are sentenced, we too must be sentenced. If they are imprisoned, we will take their places and will continue to use what means we can to bring this war to an end."

They can be contacted at their office at 763 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

The Committee on Poetry has issued a poetic appeal to their literary colleagues to "herald their conclusion that fellow poet Jones was dealt with harshly by police and courts and 'all-white jury' because of his race and poetical activities."

"He is a conspicuous American artist imprisoned for his poetry during a crisis of authoritarianism in these States."

For further information on their activities contact: Committee On Poetry, P.O. Box 582, Stuyvesant Station, New York 9, New York, or phone 212-777-6786.

The Millbrook Defense Fund has sounded "A Call to Arms For the Battle of Millbrook."

"Daily, our privacy is illegally violated, our priests and students brutally dragged off to jail on trumped up charges and held for ridiculous bail sums, and our buildings searched and ransacked without warrants."

"We have no protection. Physical resistance is impossible and contrary to our beliefs in non-violence and love."

"It is quite clear that Psychedelics are no longer an issue and probably never were. What is at issue is the civil and religious right of thirty law-abiding human beings to live in religious assembly in a place of their own choosing -- no matter how strange, unorthodox, or unwelcome their customs may appear to the conservative, monied aristocracy who ruthlessly wield the political power of the country."

Please send any help you can give to: The Millbrook Defense Fund, Box B, Millbrook, New York 12545.

Bob Collier, one of the few people on the lower east side who has the talent and leadership to help the indigenous poor help themselves, finds himself a political football over a job he really never wanted. All the help he can get revolves around the Tompkins Square Community Center at the welfare building on 9th Street and Avenue B. Send him your support.

"I am he, as you are he/As you are me, and/We are all together" is the way it's going. The walrus and the eggman will come together this August in Chicago, the same time the National Democratic Convention takes place. The word has gone out "the Yuppies are coming," the Youth International Party, Youth festival, theater and convention.

Some of the people who will participate and who are now working on it:

Stu Albert, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Krassner, Arlo Guthrie, Bob Fass, Ray Mungo, Len Chandler, Phil Ochs, Marvin Garson, Barbara Garson, Jerry Rubin, Bread and Puppet Theater, Pageant Players, Walter Gundy, Keith Lampe, Peter Gessner, Marshall Bloom, Abbie Hoffman, Alan Katzman, Shirley Clarke, Bob Ockene, The Fugs, Tom Neuman, Country Joe and the Fish, Sharon Krebs, Myron Shapiro.

Here is their full statement on the matter:

"Join us in Chicago in August for an international festival of youth, music and theater. Rise up and abandon the creeping meatball! Come all you rebels, youth spirits, rock minstrels, truth seekers, peacock freaks, poets, barricade jumpers, dancers, lovers and artists!

It is summer. It is the last week in August and the National Death Party meets to bless Lyndon

Johnson. We are there! There are 500,000 of us dancing in the streets throbbing with amplifiers and harmony. We are making love in the parks. We are reading, singing, laughing, printing newspapers, groping, making a mock convention, and celebrating the birth of Free America in Our Own Time!!

A new spirit explodes in the land. Things are bursting in music, poetry, dancing, newspapers, movies, celebrations, magic, politics, theater and life styles. All these new tribes will gather in Chicago. We will be completely open. Everything will be free. Bring blankets, tents, draft cards, body paint, Mr. Leary's cow, food to share, music, eager skin, and happiness. The threats of LBJ, Richard Daley, and J. Edgar Freako will not stop us! We are coming!! We are coming from all over the world!

The life of the American spirit is being torn asunder by the forces of violence, decay and the anpalm cancer fiend. We demand the Politics of Ecstasy! We demand the Second American Revolution! We are the delicate spores of the New Fierceness that will change America. We will create our own reality, we are Free America! We will not accept the false theater of the Death Convention.

We will be in Chicago! Begin preparations now! Chicago is yours! Do it!!

In Japan it is the Year of the Monkey
In America - GOO - GOO - GA -
JOB GOO - GOO - GA - JOOB.

Interesting item in the Nyack Journal-News of January 3, 1968.

"Strong evidence exists that one unidentified township police department in Rockland County is going to pot.

That is, the cops were growing a marijuana plant in a flower pot at headquarters, 'so the officers would learn to recognize it.' But the plant died.

The police chief said, "My officers neglected to water the marijuana plant regularly."

Isn't that outrageous?"

The article also pointed out that "cultivating marijuana, either in pots or patches, is undoubtedly a felony."

MASAWV, a group of students from New York's Music and Art High School against the war in Vietnam, will be holding an Angry Arts festival on January 25 and 27 at the Community Church, 40 East 35th Street, near Park Avenue. The proceeds will be going to the Committee of Responsibility. The program will include a concert of jazz, classical and folk music; an art sale and exhibition; and afterwards, a showing of the documentary film, "The War Game." The program will begin at 7:15 pm each night and the admission will be \$1.50.

If anyone is interested in who killed Kennedy I suggest you ask Bobby. If you don't get an answer then the next best thing to do is attend a roundtable discussion to be held Monday, Jan. 22, 8:00 p.m. at Carnegie Hall, 154 W 57th St., NYC.

Sponsored by Kennedy Assassination Inquiry Committee, photographic evidence will be shown and evaluated. Contributions \$3.00 - no reserved seats. Tickets by mail, G.P.O. Box 2691, NYC 10001

Smoking more but enjoying it less? The new fad among high school drop-ins is to turn on with pipes rather than paper. They say the old way causes cancer due to the deleterious chemical content of the paper.

AFRAMERICAN News Service
LIBERATION News Service

The UNIVERSAL COLOURED PEOPLES ASSOCIATION is a British Black Power organization that looks very much like the real thing. The UCPA included in its membership not only Africans and persons of African descent, but also Pakistanis and Indians, who comprise a sizeable part of Britain's colored minority. They picture themselves as "...new,...young, essentially Grass Root." They draw from all professions among people who share "a common oppressor and a serious approach to life, and the problem before us. They plan community organization on every level

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Dec. 30 (LIBERATION News Service) -- Pres. Lyndon B. Johnson's pre-Christmas television interview with reporters from the three major TV networks was censored by the White House, according to Sidney E. Elsner in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The interview was cut from two and one-half hours to one hour after being "subject to White House scrutiny for reasons of national policy and security," Elsner wrote. Johnson also looked at instant playbacks of his answers to the reporters' questions every 10 minutes to approve his own style.

Even after Johnson had left for Australia several hours before the program was scheduled for presentation, "the Associated Press reported that (LBJ) was radioing 'suggestions' for further changes to the network control center," Elsner wrote.

"As almost anyone can see, this type of pressure by any president puts broadcasting media in a very uncomfortable spot because their licenses to exist depend on a federal agency," Elsner concluded.

Ed Cassidy, of 719 E. 9th St., the young pusher preyed upon by bunco artists posing as Narcos and later asked by the police to sign a statement against them, had called me up last Saturday before the story broke in Sunday's New York Times. The conversation went something like this:

C: Look the police are at my house. What should I do?

EVO: What happened?

C: Well, last Thursday at about 6:30, two men barged into my house, flashed a badge and handcuffed me.

EVO: WHY?

C: Pushing. They confiscated a kilo of grass, \$160, an automatic pistol, a rifle & a hundred rounds of ammo and some porno.

EVO: Did they book you?

C: No! They offered me a deal. You know, Informing. I said yes but instead informed all my contacts to beat it. I was sure they were Narcos. They both impressed me as being stupid and horny.

EVO: You mean they weren't Narcos?

C: No!

EVO: Then what are the police doing at your house?

C: Well they caught them and now they want me to sign a statement against them. What should I do?

EVO: Get a lawyer. Here's one you can contact.

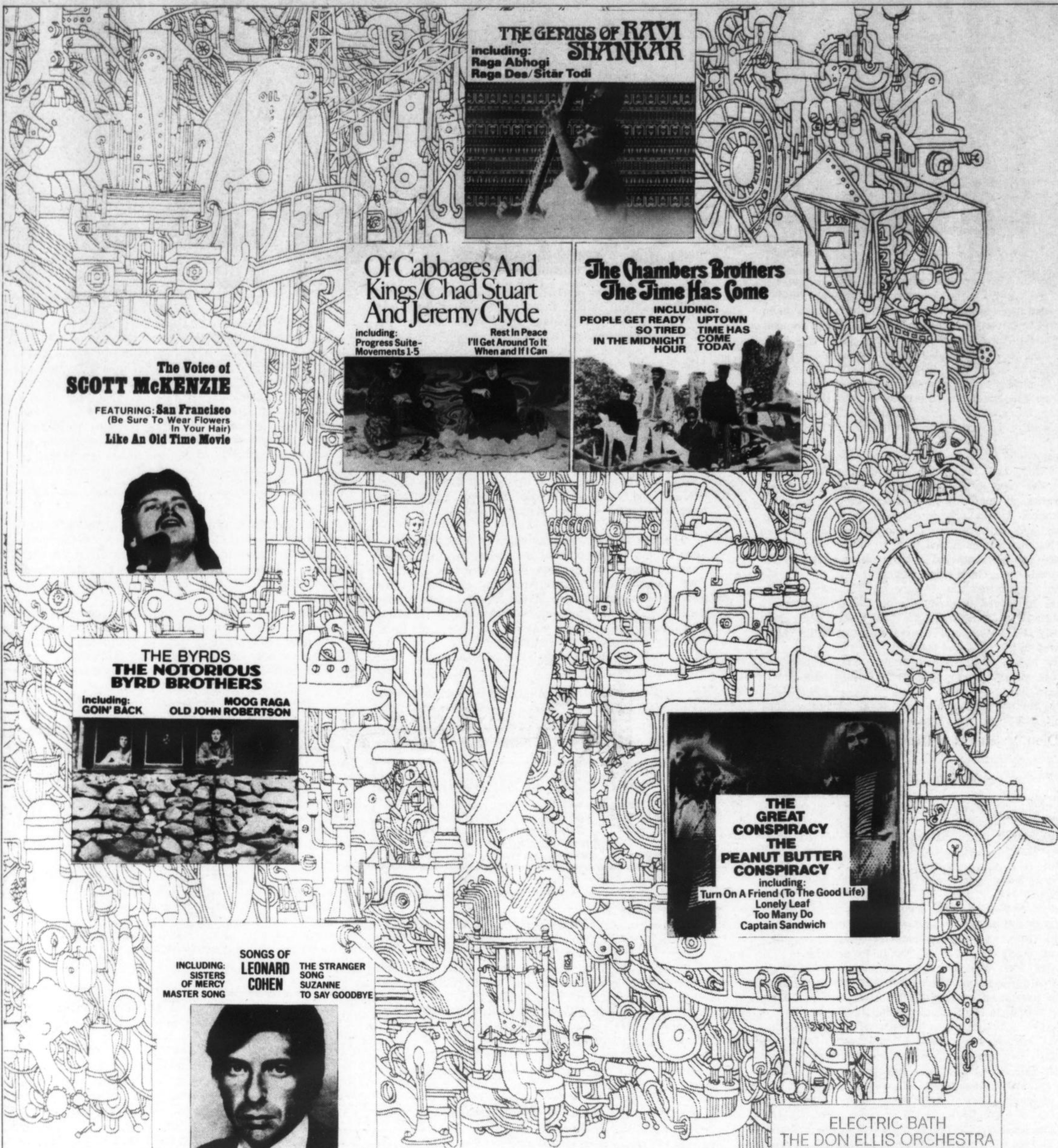
C: Thanks...Wow, it's really getting bad. If you can't trust the cops, who can you trust?

Athens Jan 13...A Greek woman who says she is more than 130 years old, attributes her long life to a strict rejection of sex relations.

"It seems that in the same way I renounced men, death has renounced me," she said.

The woman, Maria Paporis, is in the hospital, but is making a rapid recovery from pneumonia.

France Jan 13...Marie Floiras who celebrated her 100th birthday yesterday attributes her long life to a daily breakfast of a knob of garlic and a bowl of soup laced with red wine.



THE GENIUS OF RAVI SHANKAR
 including:
 Raga Abhogi
 Raga Des/ Sitar Todi

Of Cabbages And Kings/Chad Stuart And Jeremy Clyde
 including:
 Progress Suite-
 Movements 1-5

**The Chambers Brothers
 The Time Has Come**
 INCLUDING:
 PEOPLE GET READY
 SO TIRED
 IN THE MIDNIGHT
 HOUR

**The Voice of
 SCOTT MCKENZIE**
 FEATURING: San Francisco
 (Be Sure To Wear Flowers
 In Your Hair)
 Like An Old Time Movie

**THE BYRDS
 THE NOTORIOUS
 BYRD BROTHERS**
 including:
 GOIN' BACK

**THE GREAT CONSPIRACY
 THE PEANUT BUTTER CONSPIRACY**
 including:
 Turn On A Friend (To The Good Life)
 Lonely Leaf
 Too Many Do
 Captain Sandwich

**SONGS OF
 LEONARD COHEN**
 INCLUDING:
 SISTERS
 OF MERCY
 MASTER SONG

**ELECTRIC BATH
 THE DON ELLIS ORCHESTRA**
 INCLUDING:
 TURKISH BATH
 ALONE

The Rock Machine is a machine with a soul.

The Rock Machine never sleeps. Day or night you can hear it. With its happening sounds. Of today... of tomorrow... The Rock Machine. Its beat is relentless. Because those at work within it are... Ravi Shankar. Genius of sitar. Master of Raga. Father of rock's new sound... Chad and Jeremy. A rock suite. A symphony of strange sounds. Of Cabbages and Kings... The Chambers Brothers. The Time Has Come. Their time is now...

Scott McKenzie. The haunting voice. The soulful lyric. The beautiful feeling... The Byrds. Trying their wings in Country and Western. Soaring... The Peanut Butter Conspiracy. Spreading the word from the underground. The Great Conspiracy... Leonard Cohen. Novelist and poet, singing his songs. The voice of a beautiful mind... The Don Ellis Orchestra. Electric Bath. Reverb amplifiers, clavinets, loop delays and quarter-tone trumpets. Shocking...

The Contemporary Sound on COLUMBIA RECORDS

Pop Rock and Jelly

by EMMETT LAKE

His real name is Chester William Powers, Jr., I think. Who could ever live with a name like that? Not Dino Valenti. He says his momma was a Seminole Indian. Says he grew up on a carnival where his dad ran the girlie show on the midway. Maybe he still thinks of most people as marks. Bland white-faced, shallow-eyed unthinking boobs who'll spend twenty bucks trying to guess which cup the little ball is under — lonely people who come to the carnival because the carnival is the only place that sells what they don't have and can't come by on their own dreams.

Dino Valenti has a big black dog and they both do the same thing to other people. They scare the shit out of them. People see him cruising in a rented Mustang with his buddies (friends are handy in case of a fight.) They see friend Tim picking his teeth with a long mean knife. Hanging out. They always seem to be asking, "Hey, where'd he go. He was just here a minute ago."

Where did he go?

Probably off somewhere with the prettiest ball around.

He served something like a year out of a one to ten sentence on a work farm in California charged with excessive speeding — amphetamine. It's all in the record and he doesn't care who knows. He sold a song to insure a light sentence: "Everybody get together, gonna love one another right now." Youngbloods. Freddy Neil. Others. He sold it outright. Receives no royalties from it. Suggests that any songwriter in similar trouble do the same, if he can swing it.

He likes to think of himself as the biggest cunt-hound on the Westcoast, but when you get right down to it, he looks like an ugly little girl. Sort of a five-year dead Little Orphan Annie or a palsied Lulu in ridiculous velvet Renaissance shirts.

Dino Valenti is a user. All his friends and lovers are really just chess pieces and the guy really is a shit after all. He just uses astrology. Doesn't really believe in anything except what he can directly feel. Just uses everything: science fiction, solar biology, dianetics, macrobiotics, vitamin pills, movies, girls, people, money, clean air, magic eucalyptus forest, windchimes, San Francisco Bay, sycamore and sumac, pipes of pan, flutes, words, truth, lies and anything else he can lay his hands on or conceive of . . . to do his thing.

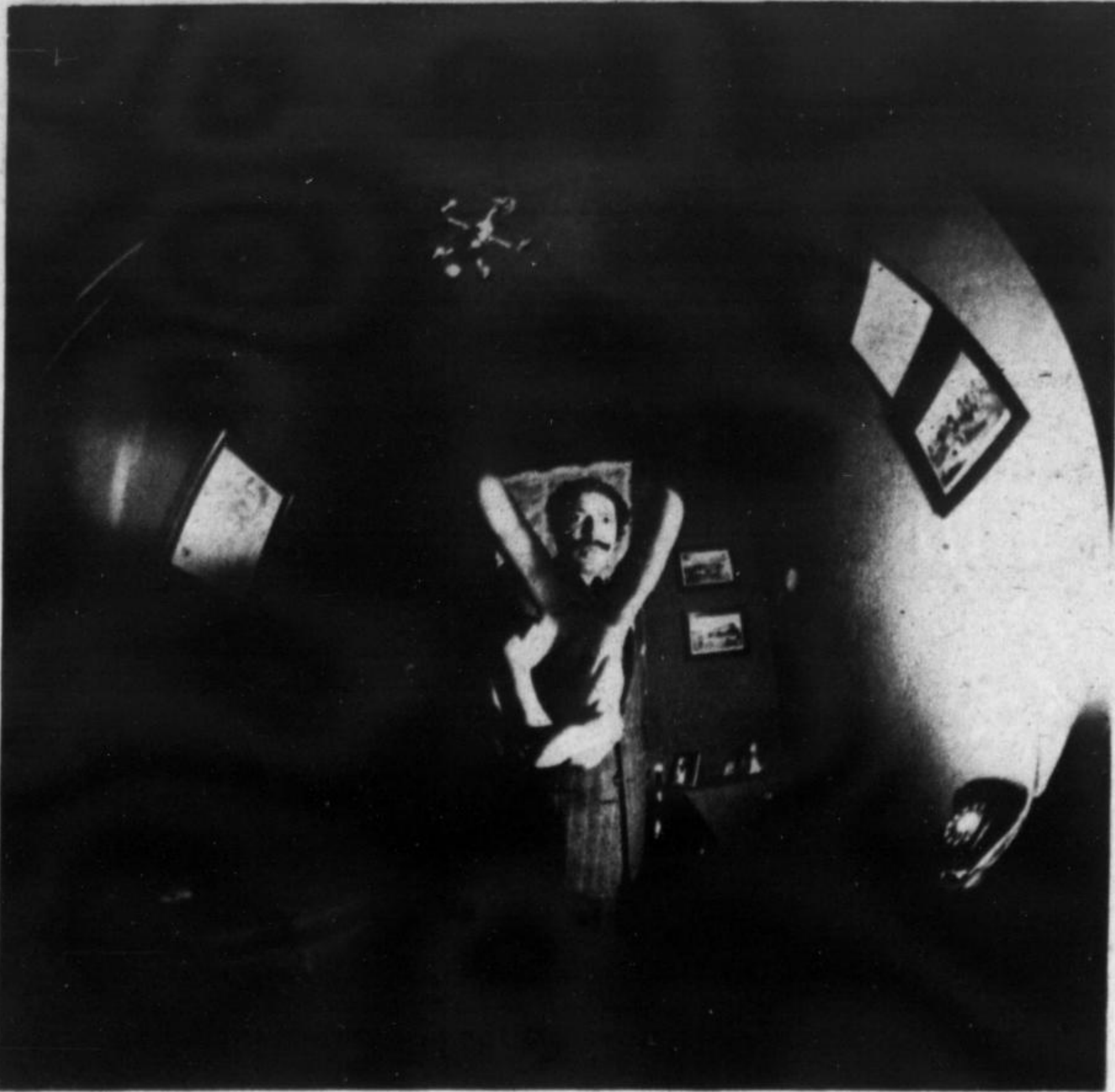
All these superlatives are boring so it's nice to be able to rush off a few paragraphs about what an asshole he is. More Paul Anka than Paul Anka. More 1970 flamenco than Montoya. More of everything except (one wonders) fucked-up. And if fucked-up, then higher and grander than one is sure of seeing clearly. He makes a good candidate for Maslow's self-motivating personality category. All the Zen and all the Tao couldn't put him back together better again. Dynamic integration. But it always seems near the exploding point. It's fascinating to try and figure out what the fuck made him like he is.

It's fascinating to try and figure out what the fuck made him like he is, especially when you hear his music . . . it's all power and it's all impact. He doesn't sing "Everybody get together gonna love one another right now" anymore. Too old. And he doesn't pay attention to the chords. Except when he knows some hungry young musician is following every change; in which case he'll stop as soon as he notices and go through it slow so the cat can appreciate it on that level. The words of his songs can sound pretty stupid sometimes . . . out of context. The dynamics and the melody are never the same twice. I don't think he cares about his songs the way most songwriters do. He doesn't cherish them. He cherishes people. And because he cherishes people, in his own fucked-up way, he writes songs to them, because that's the only way some people can bear some things is when they're sung.

To get the feel of his magic, you have to see him perform. But he is more. Not more incredible or beautiful. Just more. A performance exists only when several of his friends become an audience. Like when he was singing to the live-in maid at Mickey Dolenz' Laurel Canyon home, and what it was like when he was told about how he shoved the gun into the tall fat man's face. Everyone who knows him goes through changes. "I would not steal your time just to take it away."

Dino Valenti ain't no Monkees and he ain't no Supremes, but if he's around your town you ought to see him. He'll have an album out on the Epic label in about a month or so. He's the guy with the funny looking striped tent on the midway, and you're the mark. Admission: three or four ninety-eight.



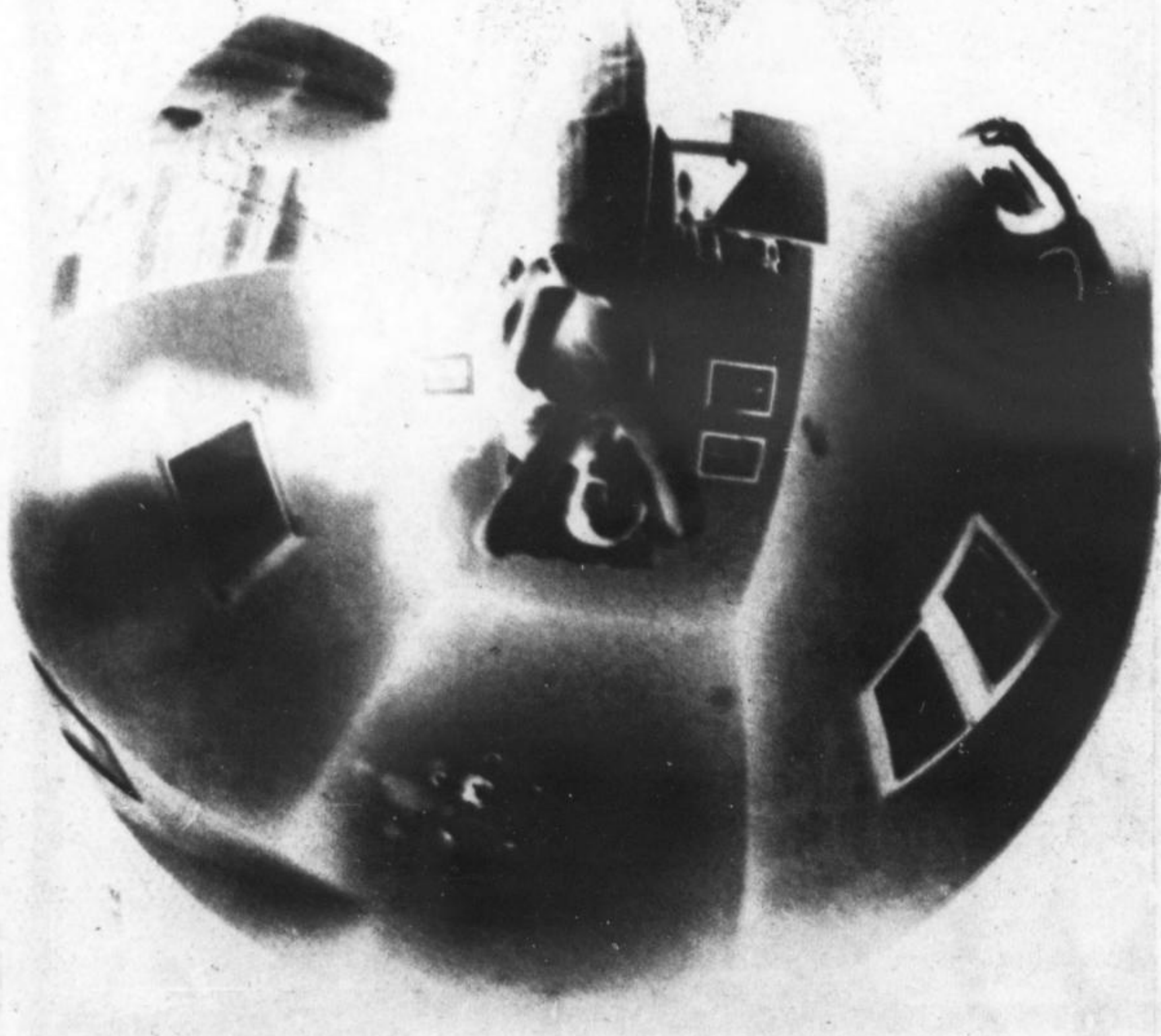


in the child that bore may we spent poomings along
 pooming spap spap spayup spayup sp!at splat spayup
 splack splat spayup in old cloth or amber tracts
 settled for by the slab door put staggered in a lightly
 sipping tills the crescent sheathed through the crisp
 host's eye

mellons and finery spread the road leafing of dust
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 have been skid in an all too often after having lipped
 of ruffled asks stiff rock carvings scented whys and
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 the air ever nearing clever gearing hoped to treat
 the silence mere and as that galant swing did curl
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yawning bore the few much lunched upon the twig-
 ging baskets leaned to stear ago the graveled wagon
 grown of rust and mounting that which to the heat
 could scale and bounding a well took vantage from
 the rain what gained they there when no one to dis-
 claim such trots and cantored rang

in stained barn drenched tall shafts of heat lay glad
 where hidden others met by the lake some danced
 on fields of setting dark moods scaped the green
 with wind went leaving bare their tearing such that
 didn't care to swim the bending gain



The Vein

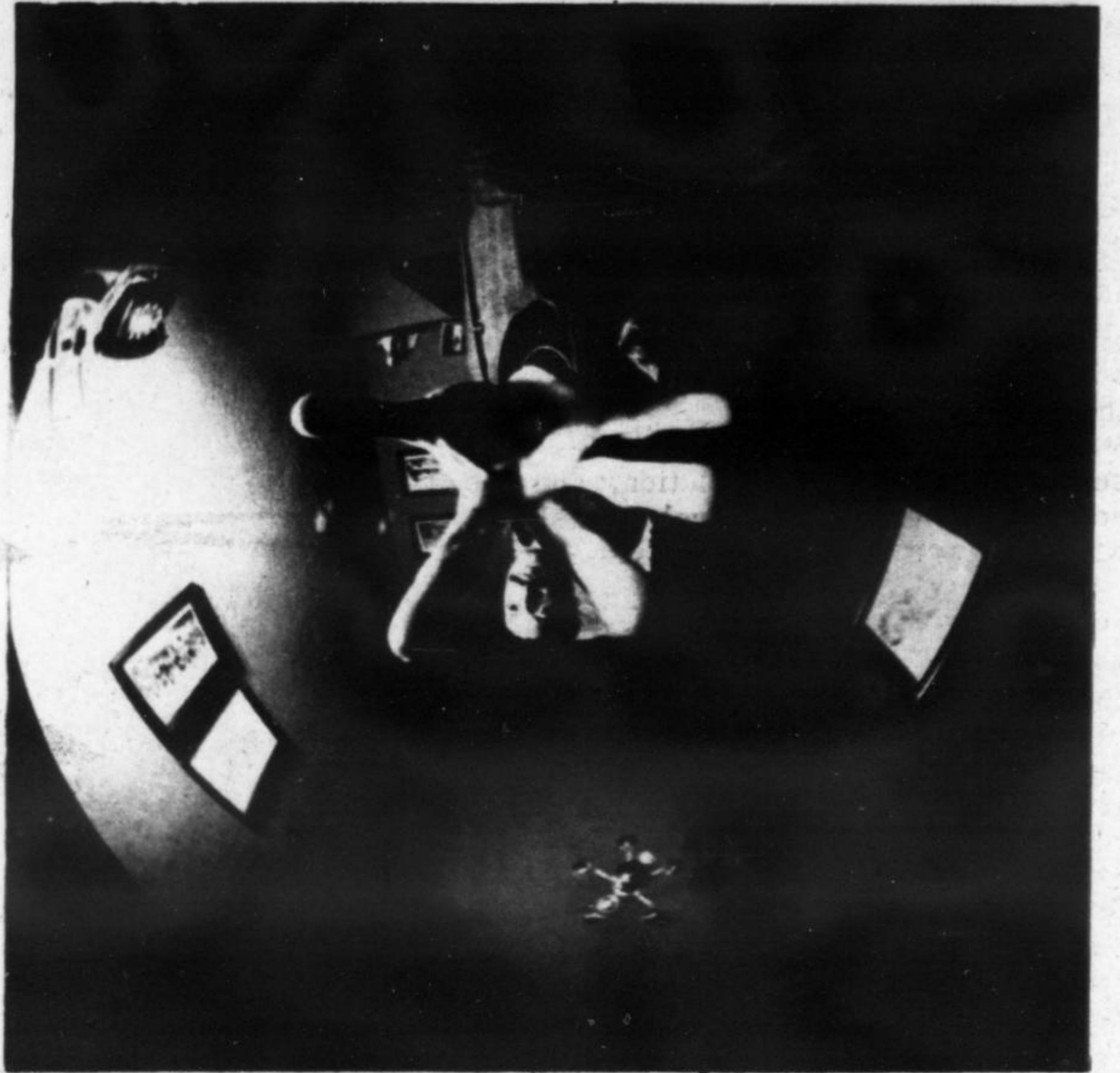
by N. H. PRITCHARD

Time is a child moving counters
 in a game; the royal power is a
 child's

Heraclitus

in moments of the onecgone shared they swirl as
 of a teeth's bright rush of utters far in these where
 hands beneath earth hold wet of sea the notion of
 a clouded be as when blind scans tolled of night's
 dark star against a nowhere there where sheds of
 once planked boughs again the burnished whisp of
 covered tongues or eyes as a veined beneath a smile's
 leaf

brooding crept we through a dimple trees began
 their winds took leave scepting morsels roughed we
 damsle givance curves it's cleavaged weenings bit
 the scape filled vault of airing flung the askage
 in a bidding who could wonder widest balanced burnt-
 ing uttered water thickly we run through trees green
 before therever would have chanced where brief
 enough to spread crowd stripped furrows long against
 the golden we pairs simpled for fleeing these vying
 each others hoofs spurt gusts the light fled dusts
 the fell shinned blocks of lust vast in what will



only there only have would been the edged glass
 sound makes as on an empty porch of mauve tile
 felt the foot wed

where the mowed sun dropped it didn't clatter that
 the pronged green grew onup the ladder stood where
 the least of them took turns yearning for the shoveled
 tops to watch and again to lend the sand and much
 demanding did that way to gape and hate not taste
 the ray whose oughty whisper all who knew could
 bring about what couldn't do that rare path tucked
 with such a dense that calling went it's own

many remained though others able went

whose bodied heard them come in chains wrapped
 margin of a lain laid still dint milled lance the
 tracings grew these lands at their piers strained

too sweep! of afterdoom their twistings dwelled the
 scent of redness tombed about a belling sought for-
 givenness hummed away the cooling splendour cloudy
 caught among a rock stopped the well from dieings
 flying leaves beneath the dig a chimes been signing
 knived a cakes thin plate of gladly gave the fall

alone the dusk drew might brightly waining slightly
 less meager growing only knowing

Continued on PAGE 13

Books

by WILMER LUCAS

PARIS, FRANCE New Years Day, 1900

In the beginning there was LeRoi Jones' conditioning "Blues People." Wm. Morrow and Co.—(1963) as a Black assessment of "Negro Music In White America." The success of this interpretive definition by a Black on the recurrent genesis of the music of his people is now legend, and to boot, a popular classic in its own right. The real difference between this phalanx and "Blues" is that "Blues" was written as a reconstruction, and this work is an extension and not a "successor" to "Blues." These hasty Jazz papers are now assembled from a variety of former Jonesian resources such as DOWNBEAT, METRONOME, JAZZ REVIEW, KULCHUR, NEGRO DIGEST and a twist of collected record liner notes, plus two original works composed for this quixotic push. From Jones' audio to linear capacity something inside of home defies chaos as such as, "Jazz, as a Negro music, existed, up until the time of the big bands, on the same socio-cultural level as the sub-culture from which it was issued." and thus "It is the philosophy of Negro Music that is most important, and this philosophy is only partially the result of the sociological disposition of Negroes in America." LeRoi Jones has the mantle to be doctrinaire in a tradition he has uniquely enforced as an encouraging sensibility in our time. However self committed these pieces could have been improved and enlarged upon in substance, after the fact of their origin, as enormous cakes instead of the you name it Jazz malnutrition everso rampant. But I guess baby, you aint gonna tell it all, is ya? These assortments are as slight as Jones wishes to be pure. As a preface or primer for ALLKINDSOFF... folks this exposure to the lure of the real Jazz-bitch who begs to be consumated is in fact, charm. LeRoi Jones most convincinly, has at best gotten beyond the Jazz eunuchs of alltime; not because he is Black, but moreso because he is a MAN. Jones' sense of purity and ablution, and the Jazz-bitch come-on make for natural bedfellows, especially when his purity is not pretentious.

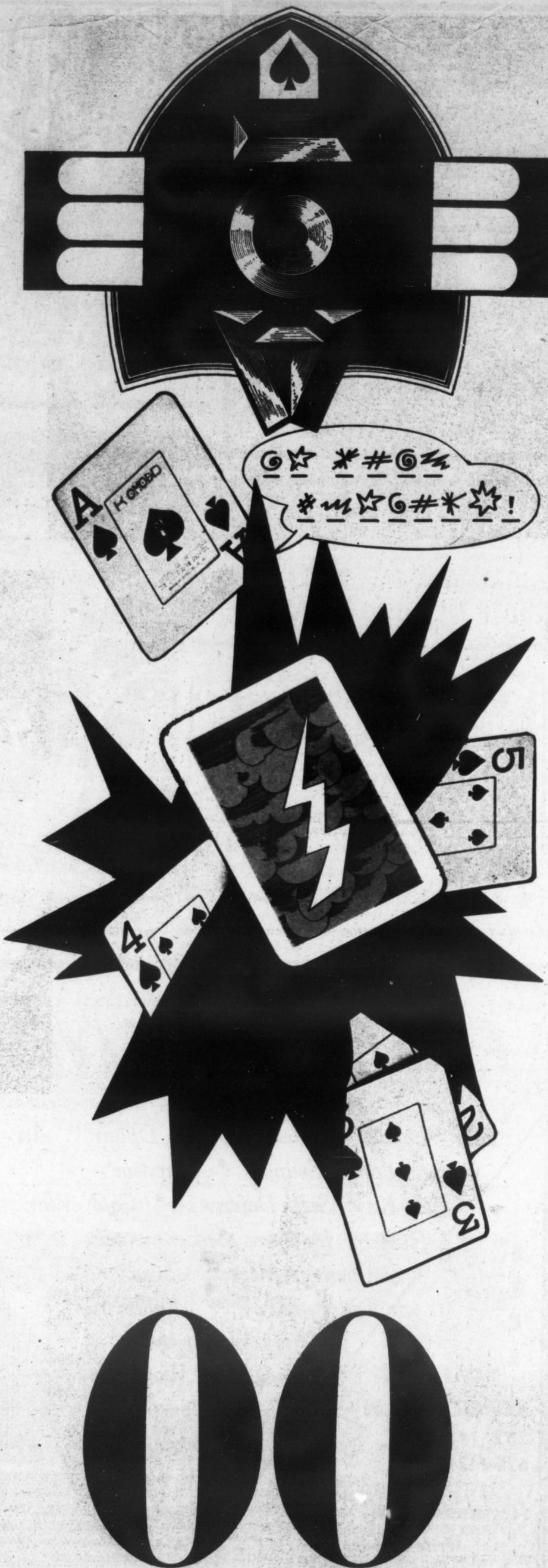
Since "Blues" and more recently A.B. Spellman's "Four Lives In The BeBop Business," (Pantheon, 1966) the Black Jazz critic suffrage movement has increased by one volume. Obviously "Things are changing," but taste is something you can't smoke or drink. Black Jazz critics should be able to make it somewhere...if their intentions are upheld by commitment and conviction. I know of one stuck away in a Black college whose sensitivity to Jazz ideas is a rare faith of an almost absurdity, who can out-write, out-think, and lay on to issues of esthetic tensity that could embarrass most of us. (Ronald Welburn). To the usurpers of the Great White Kingdom of Jazz-neutralics; Brother Jones has left the door wide open. Walk don't run...and because, is not enough.

If somehow we could bypass History, Sociology and whatever else that may ail the human species as themes, discoveries and dedications, then an independence of ideas could easily prevail at last from a known frame of reference. "Formal" music, for the Jazz musician should be ideas. Ideas that can make it easier for this modern Jazz player to get at his roots." Jones' ethnocentricity never chokes his interior Jazz-habit, for this area oddly enough is the least rancorous of his multi-portal career... through which Jones is conveniently able to synthesize and extract the motif—of his conviction... Nostalgically I remember the Fall of 1963 when we both had teaching posts at the NEW SCHOOL, and Jones was given a book party by his publisher in conjunction with the stodgy NEW SCHOOL Associates. The emergence of Jones on the critical Jazz scene drew the enthusiasm of all worlds. Critics, cultists, bag peepers, students and some Jazz musicians of assorted persuasions attended, as beer flowed and Roy Haynes Trio permitted the massive frame of Randy Weston to sit in for a small gig. This was the year

Continued on PAGE 16

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vein

Continued from PAGE 10

instead wherein that tricorned box with it's sand
for the land and more time than the day spent rash
with glad dafts and spilling ran with a lumpy nugget
six boxes one robe four pants a flashlight two sleep-
ing bags and a cartridge for a spare bee

through the once lime grass cows merely thousands
of chewing huge birds with whiskers

who moves this late bright weaves in swelling theived
did the treachery and full of all corruption come hither
to where three of one embarked fairing though all
where some became two others stopped fair lead
strewn tall given to attain took kindred eyes or
another before

is that the last bell

thus thrust first tinder kindling grown the maple
gave rust air it's bark and ample and plain fair orange
orb sworn to that sea line stretching bare cour-
teous and neat still trembling meakly weened by
some awesome twilit rise beyond be gone the name-
less coloured yarn

are there any of them left

windows and curtains laces of old wind haughty
through the pine boxes of candy

very due that being one each dwells through errant
woods of stone and roaming unknown streams where
few prints mark the air molested only by that dare
tucked stem bending but to where
only those old lamps and faded cares drawn squalid
all ground either weary twine rounded though most
of them chose another road towing shadows

is there really any difference

hardly though a current so weary clumped bore few
of whom brought spruces and welding near some
couple bubbled

when did it all begin

possibly

this under wood of dust still chills though staunch
and eager cows group wide or a barn rusted egg

shut ever swells now cause maimed plight and manners
of taudry stripe purloined whispers and a honey
suckled

what plumes and vanished steps weighty gemlike and
rude newly plucked abundant gasps plundered witty
doth providing blind drums and as far as the slate
clung there were eyes

but after that the ass only ate corn

cordial briar tombs and sweet thrones where quarried
perches bore their plague about the heated niche
one fruit dutiful and ripe truly suited might the
last prolong an or the turgid clammer of the shore
fish

were there ever any others here before

howsome how by the decks they sat sparced the span
stretched belonging told in a dune or who could have
walked there where no leaves wanted of the nave
lain nearing dove a distance banded against the
stinging glaze in nights of rope the hand meandering

dim were the cinched bred alms and the lost clocks
watched their shriveled gains and by the cloak the
will is maimed

mere rude from many vows foul barely roams and
foil the bent most ring the tear swayed neither the
stone's weeler nor all kinds with grief by shallow
rivers lived to choose whose able could and yet
what swears thee still is dark not counted mere

so frowns grew and shorter were the oddfull tributes
to a wing that mighty trunk whose should brace and
caved by some slight look or other either sprung
what nurtures score slim numbtimes fawning tore
it's honour spawned the languid hence unborn

but costly knew thee of this odd bitter doom spanned
last within that inner room of passion's bliss and
water bled meant much if one were two or three
the cape perhaps the drape to see through

has dimming the outs shut on their brought spread
stark the bright parts leaf the barked thins drift
in cobbles bent

has through the glaze of milled sift dusk the twanging
will is wrought it's tugish mulls of undered gusts

inquisition of a flush till the rung of wakes become
with grown again the eblast shingle dead of turning
then the steps of chippered stills an inlet of our
seems kneedeep in winding claimed the glance of
glow in lighted window clings

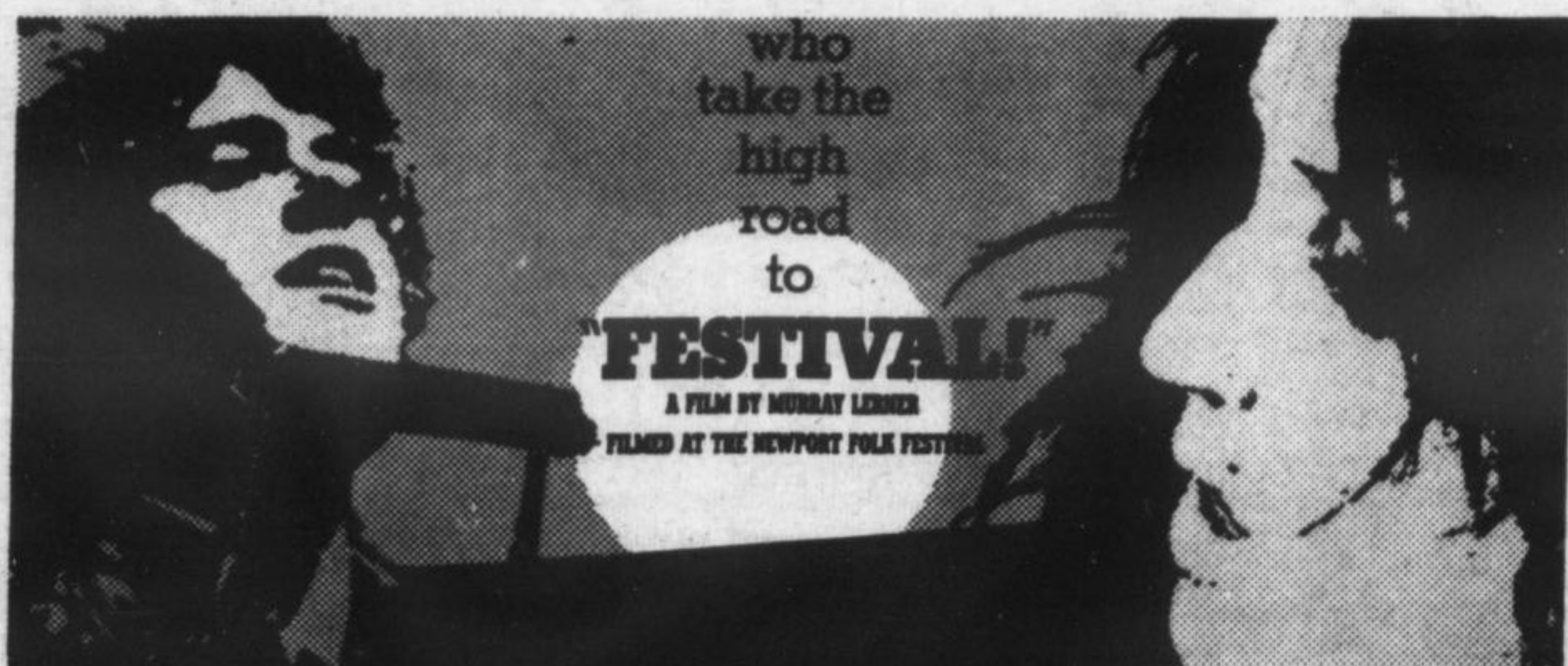
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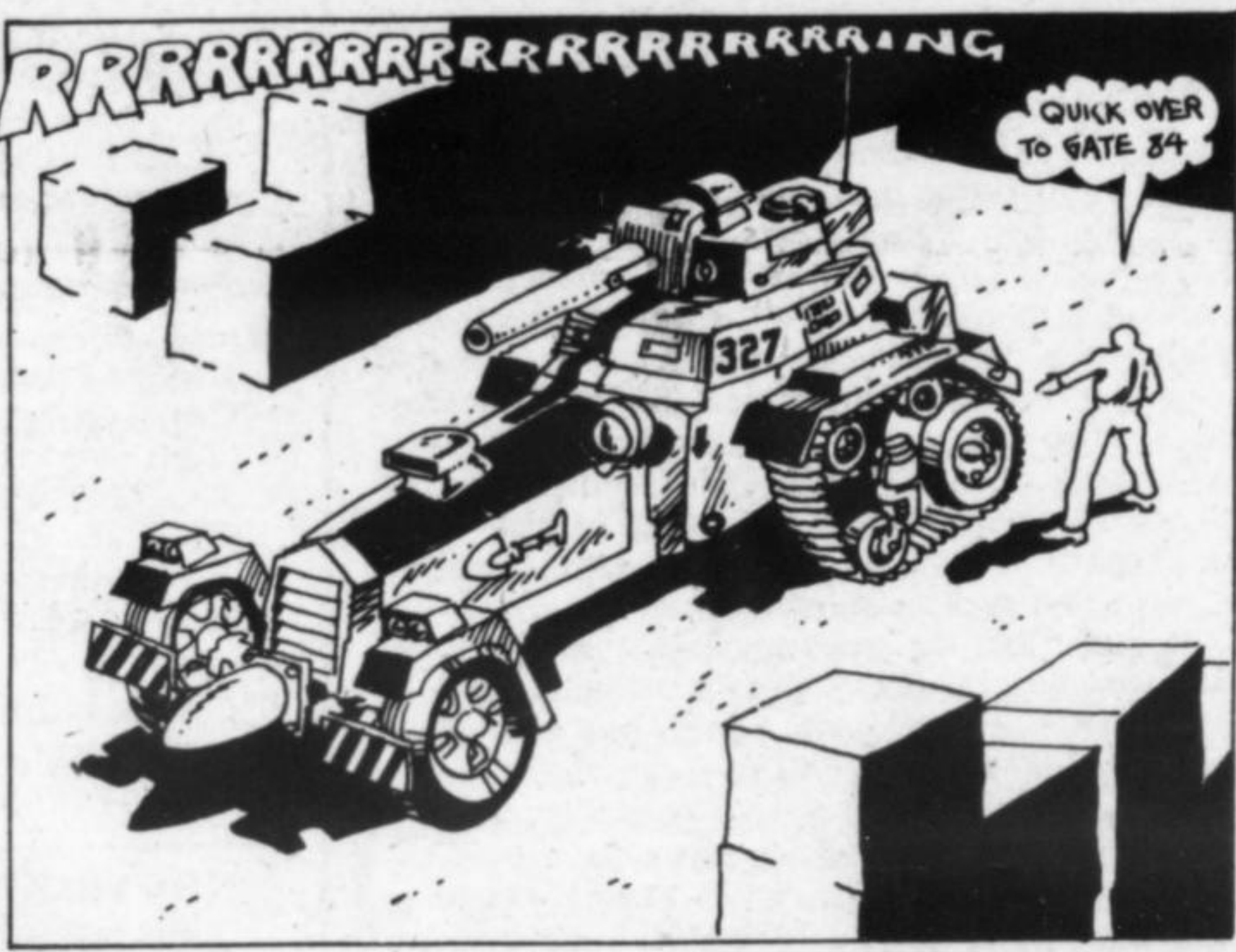
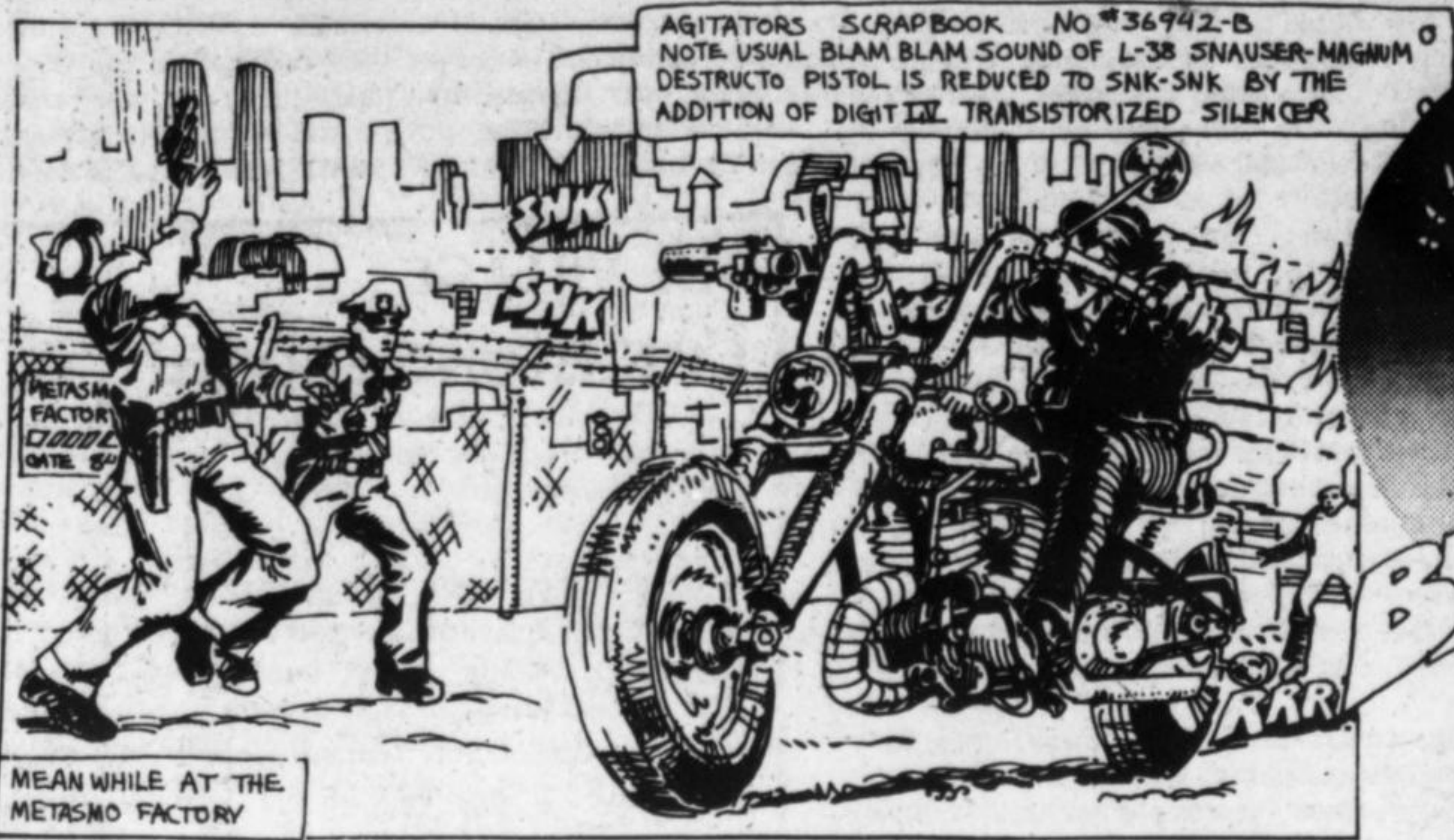
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TALES FROM THE HOODLUM

ALGERNON BACKWASH and M. RODRIGUEZ



buffaloseed

Continued from PAGE 5

sights and maybe take something away. At least a little inspiration.

The problem of living in the remote country is how to stay awake. So it evolves that the only way to drop out and stay in touch is to go to a quiet place taking with you the reflective, stimulating friends upon which so much of an awake life depends.

Running into an old friend in New Buffalo was a pleasant surprise. Here ten miles outside of Taos, eight families are living in teepees while they build a large and architecturally interesting adobe house.

I observed the eight families sitting around the fireplace in the kitchen. (It was too cold to work that day). I noticed, but then did not fully realize (until I shared a similar experience being snowbound with eight people in a small mountain house), that all the people were low keyed in their expression and acutely aware of each other.

It's hard enough to live under the normal American family conditions with other people, even those who share your genetic strain. Whether you call it communal, commonwealth, community, or communist, living in a large group presents many problems.

Who owns what? Is your toothbrush private property? It seems it is necessary to have a door to slam. Who does what work? Is any work mandatory? How do you keep the sex thing straight?

In New Buffalo as well as Drop City the answer was the same. "There are no rules. We just work it out as it comes."

No one has any of the answers to the problems of the modern world, but it is certain that growing numbers of young people are dropping but from the life-



style offered by industrialized society. The struggle is toward a city where life is work is play is worship. The city is becoming the church. On the wall hangs a page from the Bible:

"The Lord also spake unto Joshua saying, speak to the children of Israel saying, appoint out for you cities of refuge whereof I spake unto you by the hand of Moses: That the slayer that killeth any person unaware and unwittingly may flee thither: and they shall be your refuge from the avenger of blood. And when he that doth flee unto one of those cities shall stand at the entering of the gate of the city, and shall declare his cause in the ears of the elders of that city, they shall take him into them and give him a place, that he may dwell among them."

And that seems to be the way things are stacking up.

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books

Continued from PAGE 11

of the twist, and the Watasi was still an African tribe then, as it is now. I proudly reviewed "Blues" for AFRICAN HERITAGE magazine with all the nobility of intention I could muster. LeRoi Jones was then the man of the hour, as he got through beautifully. John O. Killens who was also in attendance on that November afternoon earnestly asked me, "Did Roi sell any books?" In no way could I answer this question; but I then felt that nothing short of Armageddon could deter its sales potential.

First books by Blacks especially on the subjects of their own cultural areas of expertise and exploratory non-fiction have seldom if ever missed the educational and promotional markets if creditable acknowledgement is planned into the scheme of projection. A recent work by Loftin Mitchell ("Black Drama," Hawthorn - 1967) is another book of precedence whose potential shares that Jackie Robinson thing. For the most part Jones, Spellman and even Mitchell are Boswellian journalists of high service to their respective interests. But like life, we can't stop here, for the issues of esthetic velocity altogether comprise a monument of speculation as a vehicle for an expanding consciousness of the intellect. Jones and Spellman fortunately are aware of this. This is perhaps why their poetry is so Jazz oriented. I can never lose the feeling that the inner worlds of THE NEW JAZZ are ceremonial doings of a neo-African Secret Society. In fact the Jihadists are the holy men, with Jones as the supreme holy man or paramount chief. NEGRITUDE be damned as an act of contrition. Jones' typewriter is his sincerest instrument into the hinterland of Afro-American music. Jones' celebration and the celebrated are oftentimes indistinguishable, but then this is par for the course once having entered the pavillion of Jazz. As an almost religious act of free expression and self determination the balloon continues to soar "Up, up and away." Scared...just hang on UP.

For the zealous Jazzist this exploration is an excellent Baedeker of the New York Jazz scene yet available. Its dedication to the late John Coltrane is apropos. Eric Dolphy's inspiration is also a legacy to be remembered. The most we can offer their individual creativeness is R*E*S*P*E*C*T.

As an effusive issue, Jazz for this writer has always been an extremely difficult point of departure to write about. Being objective about the Jazz-bitch has always seemed to be getting beneath the layers of scar tissue so obviously discomfiting. As a curiosity for the intellect it still remains a challenge to a degree of not-so sophisticated a means. Having the creative timbre to get through to a quintessence of credibility (before the gap), is like having some sort of nuclear device you carry around in your head, that could explode any minute. Listening to Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane and others evokes this legitimacy as a veritable fact in our time.

Few Jazz writers have such aplomb, and Jones is such a writer. Since some of us were nurtured on alien perspectives in Jazz through commercial and journalistic considerations, everything previously written with few exceptions in the bibliography of Jazz re-issues itself as a sycophantic academic in an eroding garden of forbidden fruit. The mootness of this debacle will invariably spin itself out. Ralph Ellison on Jazz and equally on Jones out-intellectualizes the vitality of either subject. Jones may bore on occasion, but he is most of all fecund. It is too simple to overestimate Jones' promise as a Jazz writer. So little else is available that affords present comparison which is the only easy yardstick for criteria, etc. Could this music stand up by itself without Jones' interpretation and polemics? Is a catalyst necessary? Have the intentions of THE NEW JAZZ gone beyond the limitations of the present instruments? What is the ungenetic esthetic of the Jazz ritual? Jazzmen as Culture-Heroes stand exposed and too often exploited in their Art. M. Roach, C. Mingus, R. Weston, O. Coleman and B. Powell are examples. The REAL Power of Jazz is more instead an effrontery by Afro-Americana to break clear from the chattels of cultural bondage. Compare the syrup of Herb Alpert and Co. with the technical and fervent drive of the South African trumpeter Hugh Masakela. The parallel between the systems of South African apartheid and the American brand are not only geopolitical considerations, but cultural as well. Had a musicologist invaded Roi's domain, and I can imagine there are a few who will, you can bet that the end results could never be the same. The functional asset of Jones is his naked panorama of cultural replenishment without a counter-neutralism. In short: Jones indicates "Please don't rain on my parade."

The world that Jazz imposes is no independent idea. It is everything we believe it is...and what Jones postulates, but more so as an art, it is naturally given to whatever influences it, and in turn affords influence. The juxtaposition of pitted stimuli deserve a more responsible balance as an enlargement of sincere ideas. The good new men of Jazz are the patriots of ideas being transformed by their music. Jazz is confessional, scathing and is, whatever is left that America has not already destroyed. Read it before someone gets the notion to build a monument to Paul Whiteman and carve Bessie Smith's name on it. LeRoi once inscribed a book for me that said "To Wilmer - Good Luck, in America - Best, Roi." I finally got the message.

peaceriot

Continued from PAGE 3

the war on the very day when real opposition against the war takes place in Harlem. There are more than a couple of advantages to this particular kind of approach:

1. A peace demonstration during a ghetto outburst could mark the beginning of a working relationship between black militants and the middle class peace movement adherents—with both blacks and whites coming to a deeper understanding of the inescapable inter-relationship between the struggles of the two groups.

2. Linking a peace demonstration with a so-called riot would introduce a new tough reality into the peace ranks and add vastly to the strength and persuasiveness of the anti-war movement.

3. At the same time, the presence of masses of whites outside local police precincts would go a long way towards helping to prevent indiscriminate gunning down of innocent black men, women and children by trigger happy troops and cops—an appropriate supporting role for whites to play without a danger of them intruding into areas of the black struggle where their help is not wanted or needed. (Whites have been wondering what role they could play in the black revolution ever since the death of the Civil Rights movement.)

4. A peace demonstration in combination with a ghetto uprising would help to inject a valuable political content into the uprising itself, underlining its essential nature as an attack on the anti-democratic Johnson administration rather than what too often has been glibly characterized as a "race riot."

5. For the first time, the cops would not have the initiative. At least, the demonstration would no longer be at their sufferance. (That, in itself, would give the whole peace struggle a new urgency.)

Well, of course, this proposal will be seen to be outrageous. And yet, is it? For every objection raised legitimately aren't there two arguments in favor of it?

Yes, I know there would be a loss of considerable numbers of white moderate liberal peace adherents—at least, at first. Granted, you would not get 300,000 anti-war protesters the first time out. You wouldn't get 100,000 or 50,000. Could we get 25,000? That's pretty good. Peace demonstrations as recently as three years ago in New York drew less. And if the first Harlem demonstration should turn out to be a success, with some of the fear and distrust of both blacks and whites towards each other diminished, might not the second be a much greater success?

Further, would it not be of great value to everyone if white liberals, many of whom are presently alienated from the black revolution, should come to recognize that essentially the cry of "black power" is, as much as anything else, the strongest cry for peace in America today? If this should come to be accepted, what a mass of people—of all strata—might be joined in both the anti-war movement and the black revolution at the same time!

I am assuming that the militant black leadership would view the proposal being made here with great suspicion at first. At the same time, I am willing to believe that if serious efforts were made to approach them, they might cooperate to some extent in helping to bring it to life. The initial approach would have to come from the white middle class anti-war leaders. But it would be essential, I should think, that blacks should play the dominant role in the planning of such a demonstration—particularly insofar as the march to Harlem is concerned. I am willing to concede that the march to Harlem might not be feasible at this time. I don't pretend to know. I would rely upon black leadership to make that determination. But even if the strategy of marching to Harlem were to prove unworkable, I would argue that a demonstration somewhere—perhaps around City Hall—timed to coincide with the next ghetto uprising—would still have the effect of strengthening both struggles. And, in fact, once the gesture of solidarity had been made seriously by an actual demonstration somewhere, it might then be possible to hold the next demonstration in Harlem in the midst of the next uprising. That would give you your 300,000 demonstrators. Plus another couple million, as well!

One final suggestion: The announcement of the peace group's intention should be made loudly and clearly in advance, namely: That as soon as the next Harlem outburst occurs, peace marchers will go into action—exercising their democratic rights to demonstrate for peace. Right? (Leaders of peace groups would have to work out ways of mobilizing their members on short notice.) The value of the advance announcement is that it would serve notice—to the government, to liberals, to blacks—to everyone, to the effect that the black revolution and the peace struggle are inter-linked; nor is one about to die as the result of a feeling of futility on the part of its supporters; nor is the other to be permitted to be killed as the result of merciless repression against a militant minority standing without allies.

Once it has been made clear to the black leaders and to the black community that the presently constituted peace movement is as interested in peace as the black community is, and that there is a sincere appreciation of the large significance of the ghetto outbursts wherever they take place, the possibilities for cooperation, and, therefore, for real success in achieving the objectives of both groups can be brought that much closer to a living reality.

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cosmic goodman

Continued from PAGE 4

structure, he was misinformed. Proportionate to its numbers, this group is by far the most harassed, beat up, and jailed by the police. Negroes go scot free in comparison. The social response to the demonstrating Negroes is, primarily, "Why don't they go away?" It is at the point of riot that deep anxiety begins to be aroused. But with the Hippies there is a gut reaction from the beginning -- they are dirty, indecent, shiftless, etc.; they threaten the self-justification of the system.

For the psychology of the American system, the system of exclusion, is precisely to be puristic, self-righteous, narrow in the options it allows and, of course, intensely do-good and "humanitarian" in trying to get people to shape up. We have a very rich country and, quite the opposite of what Gerassi says, it can tolerate tremendous economic drains. It continually tries to buy people off. But it must buy them off in a way that nothing really different can ever happen, that good order is preserved. As we anarchists say, however, this order is chaos. Therefore there are explosions.

What, then, what I and my friends suggest positively?

First, we are interested in what to do with the new technology -- how to select it in the interests of prudence, safety, modesty, amenity, utility? For instance, which functions should be automated and which not? For sometimes it is of great human advantage to automate; in other cases it is dehumanizing and does not really perform the function promised. This is one of the profoundest questions we face, yet few are addressing it. And the pressure groups, both in the United States and elsewhere, are largely those who profit by automating ad lib.

Again, what functions should be protected from technological organization altogether? Might it not be better in an advanced technological society if we protected all the children -- let's say up to age 13 -- from intense processing? Perhaps even to try to diminish old-fashioned socialization as much as possible? When structures are so fantastically complicated and hyperorganized, there is a strong argument, for both happiness and efficiency, to try to protect the unorganized potentialities of life. Our tendency in schooling has been just the reverse, of course. Interestingly, Lenin was rather sold on progressive education, invited John Dewey to Russia, and so on, just as in the United States, processing has been intensified.

How, in technologizing a backward area, to minimize cultural takeover and disruption of community patterns? What fits local work habits, skills, materials? How to add technology in such a way that people can preserve their independence?

This leads to a second kind of question: how to extend liberty and democracy? Across the world -- and here I agree with Ronnie Laing, though I wish he had said "across the world" rather than merely "in the United States" -- a chief revolutionary need at present is to loosen the bonds of authority.

Ronnie said that it is "obedience" that will doom us. The Americans, I have been arguing, are far too obedient; Chairman Mao readers certainly also look to be too obedient the pictures. Some might argue that the Chinese are obedient in a good cause; I don't think that was Ronnie's point. To loosen authority, we certainly must loosen national and ideological loyalties. There must be a lot of decentralization of power and decision-making, in social organizations and industrial organizations. We must ask -- and it is often an empirical question -- where, how, and how much workmen can manage their own plants, children and teachers manage their own schools, loosed from the obedience syndrome. What is really efficient in the long run? Parliamentary democracy seems to have failed. So-called "democratic centralism" obviously will not do.

Next I come to something that especially the young people don't want to hear. Most of these questions are professional questions, and it really is quite essential that people know something. Pure spirit, lively heart, courage, high aims are prerequisite but not sufficient. Yet the young shun professionalism. And for good reason. Most professionals at present, certainly in the United States, are finks. (In underdeveloped countries they tend to be incompetent bureaucrats.) And the very idea of autonomous responsible professionalism has begun to fade; professionals are becoming nothing but personnel of organizations. They execute programs handed down to them -- no matter that; they do not criticize and reject the programs in terms of their own best judgment and their ethical responsibilities.

Since they believe that to become a professional is to be corrupt and part of the hated system, many of the best youth quit school altogether to devote themselves to "real" revolutionary activity, in the slums, etc. Some seem to think that in a good society there will be no professionals at all, no problems of health, engineering or justice that require special competence. This is a sad dilemma -- if they do not learn anything, these young will know nothing. In my opinion, this attitude of theirs is a chief reason why they have so little positive program for social reconstruction.

But when societies are badly functioning -- and all the major societies are badly functioning -- to be an authentic professional, or try to be, is itself revolutionary. It soon brings one into conflict; and since institutions are connected, one's conflict becomes general. The revolutionary spirit of an authentic professional is, perhaps, not hotly activist, but it is deeply committed, involves one's intimate habits, and is lasting.

What is needed is some kind of alliance between authentic professionals and the populism that is everywhere reviving. In this alliance, the professionals must not lead or dictate. Power resides in the people; it comes "from below." In a complicated world, however, the ability to hire and fire their own professionals increases simple people's confidence of power. The professionals, in turn, must be professionally autonomous, not subject to short-range political aims and popular prejudices. Obviously this is a difficult relation, yet indispensable.

The young do not seem to want this coalition. Let me give two examples. I wrote a book called *The Community of Scholars*, at the end of which I made a proposal for the formation of a few tiny professional universities, to shock the big system.

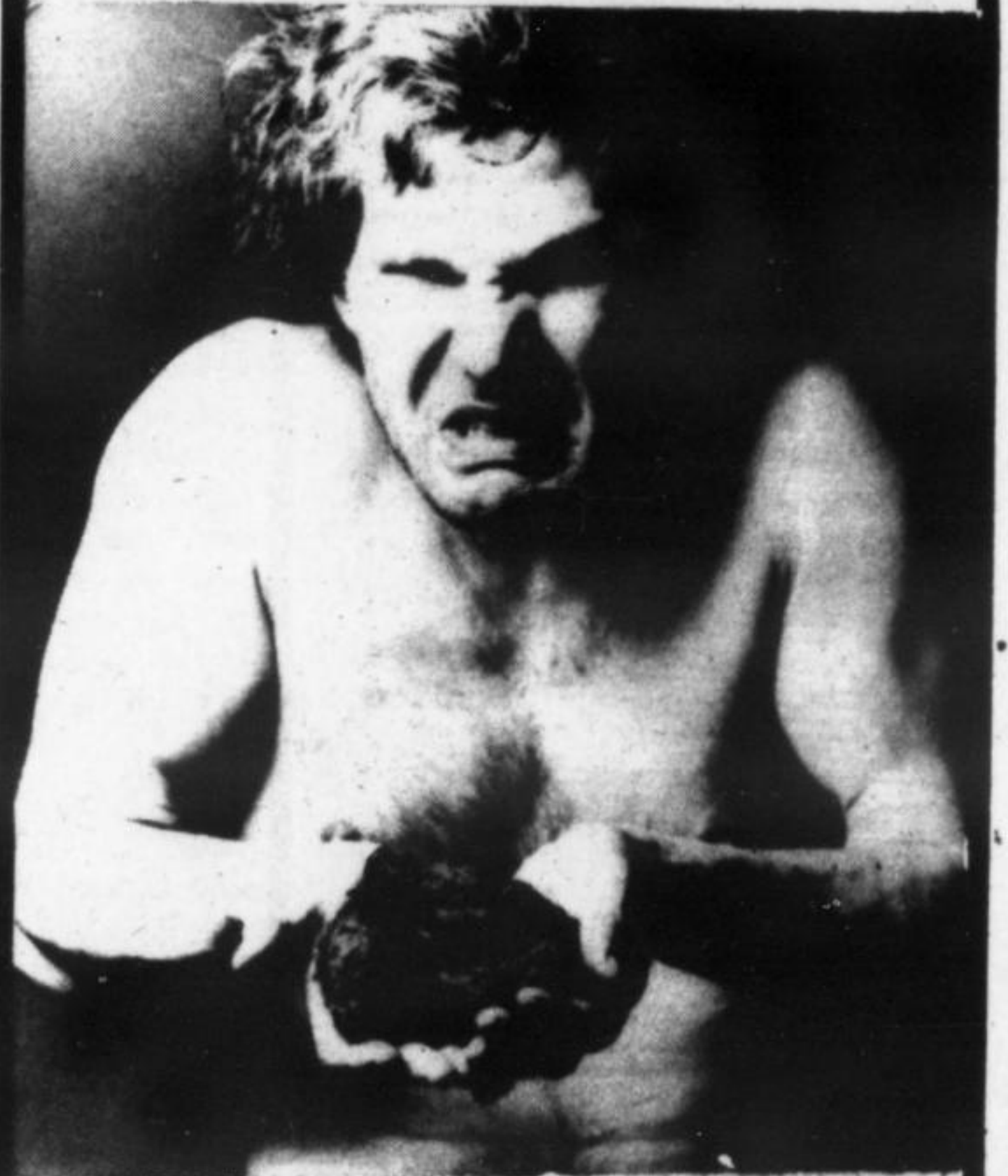
All that is required is ten professionals (mostly working in the world and not academics), and a hundred students; that is, the usual medieval university. This created apparent enthusiasm among the radical young and they began to carry out the plan in numerous "free universities." Yet in fact none of these has any professional or vocational content at all. They are devoted to "Sensitivity Training," "Freedom of Women," "Castro's Cuba," "The Psychedelic Experience." These are no doubt fine things, but they are not at all what I had in mind.

Again, consider the tragic thing that has occurred in SNCC, excluding the white students. This has effectually cut SNCC off from potential professionals, since these good white students are the most promising authentic professionals. And SNCC provided a possible framework for the alliance of populism and authentic professionalism. Certainly SNCC is justified in its claim that Negroes must work out their own emancipation. Yet the reconstruction of society must in the end transcend separatism anyway.

Let me end with a remark about international action. At present, needless to say, there is no such thing as a working class international; that ceased to exist in 1914. (We are now at the stage that the American CIO-AFL enthusiastically endorses the Vietnam War!) The one actual international in the world at present is the international of technology and management -- that spreads its style and exchanges its persons right across the world. In every country it is mainly an abusive force, technology is abused, the methods of management are alienating. But it is the case that the Chinese physicists developing their atom bomb were trained in Caltech.

There is potentially another international, which I referred to at the beginning of this talk, the international of the young -- the young people who have more in common with one another than with any of their own regimes; whether in Prague, or Warsaw, or Madrid, or Berkeley they have a common danger, a common style, a common resentment. In my opinion this potential group is the only possible opponent of the present technical-managerial international. But to become so, it must learn something and push for the right use of technology, the liberating method of management.

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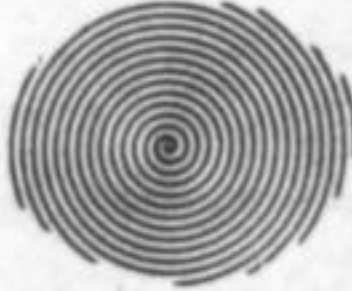
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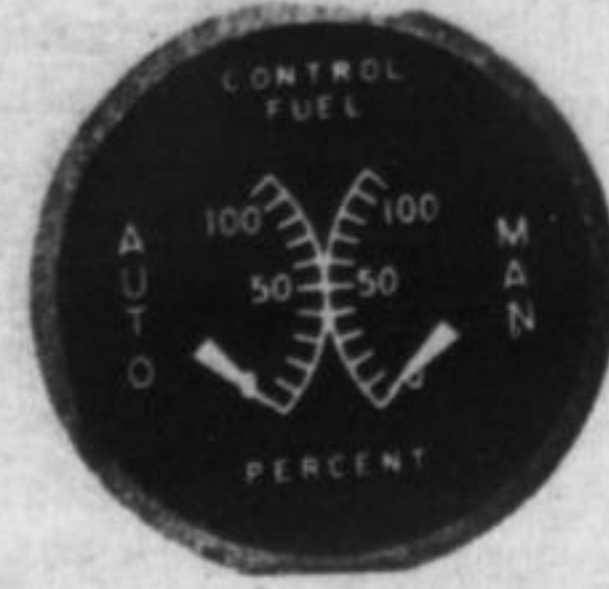
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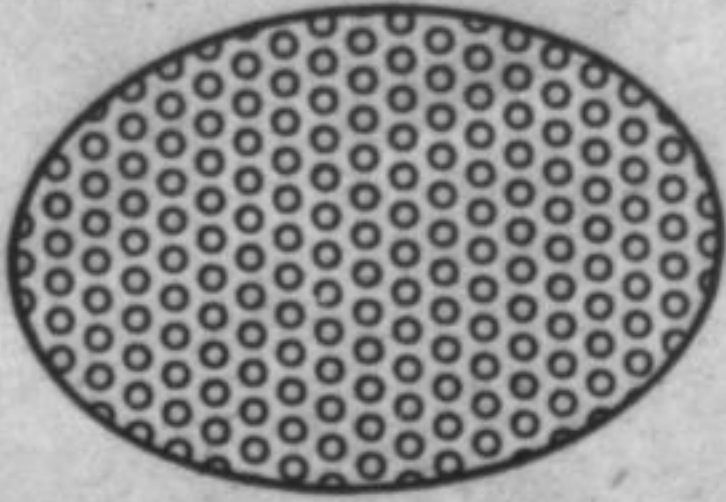
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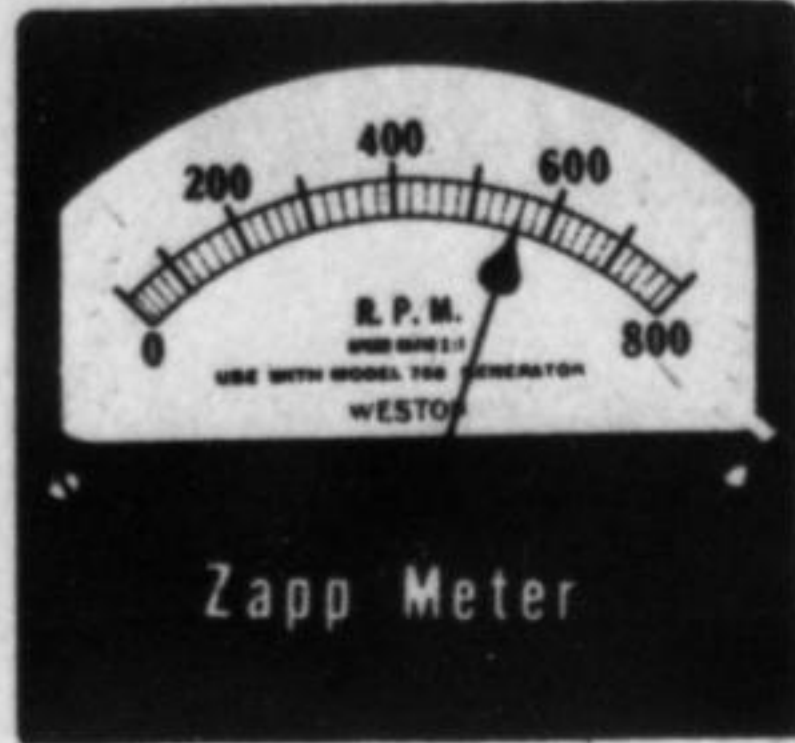
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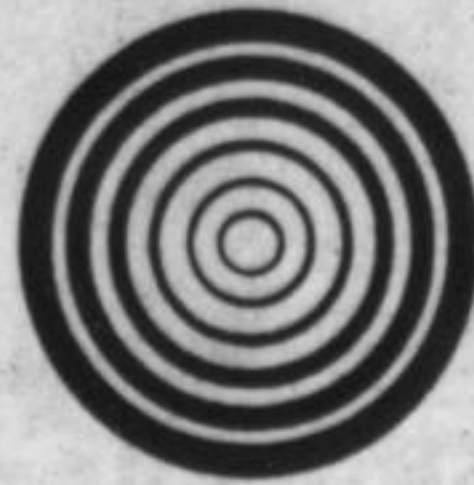


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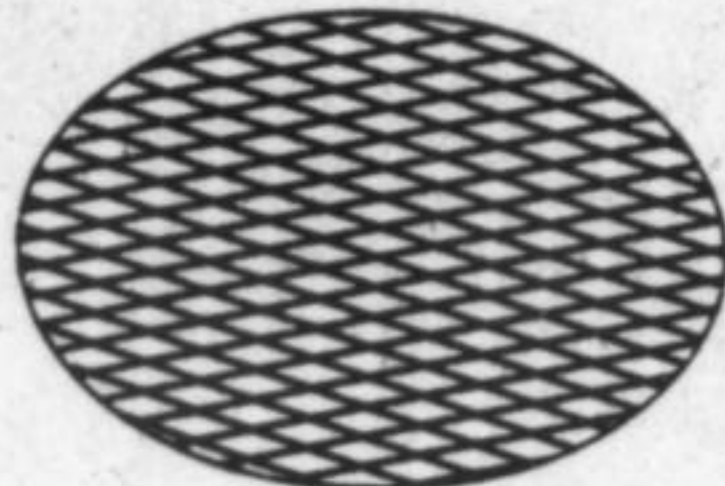
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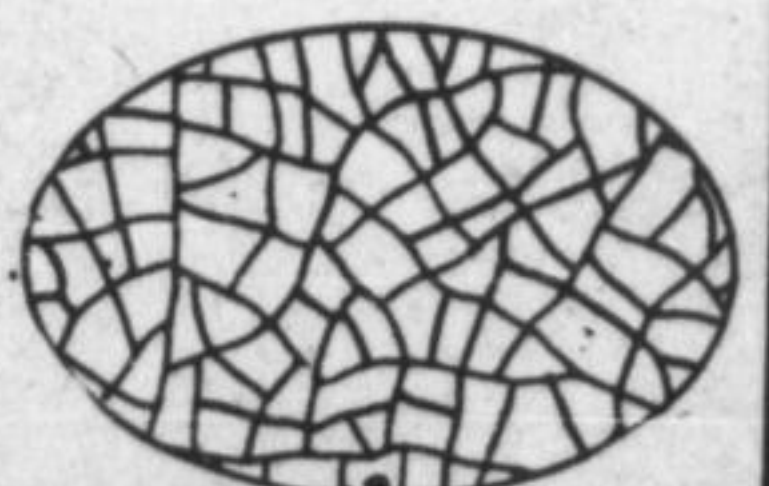
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