

THE

east
village



OTHER

VOL. 3, NO. 22
May 3

Metropolitan 15¢
Weekly



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 ALLAN KATZMAN
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 DICK PRESTON
 DON KATZMAN
 LENNOX RAPHAEL
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 BERLIN: ALEX GROSS
 LOS ANGELES: SAM SILVER
 PARADISE: STEPPENWOLF DANGERFIELD
 WALL STREET: JAY AND THE KID

Not now dear,
 Daddy's declaring
 war.

BRAIN DRAIN

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

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Beloved Others:

Not to add to the great yogurt controversy, but in the interests of turning on the youngblood to what they must have known all along: Yogurt is real healthy shit and, like eggs and honey, (Kama Sutra, and the Perfumed Garden), can be used as a drug if you are undernourished. Like you've been down so long it looks like up. Which is all bullshit. Which, if you try a few joints behind a pint of yogurt, you discover is divine . . .

oz, boo hoo of

Dear EVO:

First of all let me apologize for that ass-hole who calls himself "a proud sailor". (Mar. 22, Vol. 3, #17.) Secondly let me say that I am presently serving in the U. S. Army in Vietnam. (I have 26 Days left.) I am (at this time, and I've always been) in an infantry unit. I don't know where or how that "proud sailor" came to his asinine conclusions about the U. S. "Troops" fighting in Vietnam, but please allow me to say that I have experienced everything he is trying to denounce. I have seen with my own eyes, (my own men) mutilate the bodies of the dead Viet Cong. I have seen the bastards burn down Vietnamese villages. I have seen "the big brothers of the world" misuse, mutilate and torture a Vietnamese person for being a suspected Viet Cong. And now this stupid bastard sailor boy (who sits on his big ship, "JACKING OFF.") says we don't do this sort of thing. Well let me tell you, if he wasn't so "pansy ass, he'd be out here "humping" the jungles and rice paddies along with me. Then he'd know the real truth. As far as him saying "America love it or leave it." If this shit keeps on like it is, I'll do exactly that.

I will support your paper to the fullest. Unfortunately, I ask that you DON'T PRINT MY NAME, too many bastards have warped narrow minds like our "Sailor Boy".

Very sincerely

"A protesting Soldier.

P.S. He's entitled to his opinion, even if it is made of shit.

Dear EVO:

Just finished reading some of your back issues for about four weeks. And I burnt a little grass the four tops sing Bernadette, I love life and right now I'm groovy and glad just to sit and write. Your newspaper is a gas. I really like the things you say, I thought I was alone.

I first got hip to your paper while I was in the federal pen at Lewisburg. The EVO was contraband at that time and I heard about it from a guy I can now say was a penitentiary hippie. Anyway I read it and it knocked me out; that was the only one I saw in jail but I know it was black and white and had an article on concentration camps in the United States. I'm a black nationalist now, but only because I have to be. Because by nature I am peaceful. I've been out nine months now and your paper has always been high on my list but now summer is almost here but before my people do their thing. I would like to show them your papers history using your papers as proof of your social, political, etc. stance so that at least my group knows there are some groovy whites, and when the blood flows maybe there will be compassion as well as passion on our side.

Black Ronald

Dear EVO:

Put this in your trash sheet for some of your moron readers to digest:

1. I believe in two sexes—each distinguishable from the other by clothing and hairdo.
2. I believe in soap and water and shampoo. I believe their regular use will not wash out talent.
3. I believe that, while clothes do not make the man, genius does not necessarily come clothed like a litter basket.
4. I believe that courtesy is not corny, loyalty is not square, and God is not dead although he must get awfully sick.

We adults rebelled, too, when we were the younger generation. I don't say we were like your readers, but to our parents we were brimming with ignorance, arrogance, energy and idealism. But in due time they raised us and civilized us and loved us.

What are you doing for your young readers?

You poison their minds with hate—hate for God, their country and authority.

I dare any of your readers to prove to me otherwise.

John B. Underhill
 P.O. Box 654
 Cresskill, N.J. 07626.

Dear EVO:

Your readers deserve clarification on Columbia's student strike issues. There are three central points:

1) Construction of a University gymnasium in Morningside Park, a public park basically used by Harlem residents

2) Columbia's intent on expanding into the Morningside Heights residential regions

3) The University's membership in IDA, the Institute of Defense Analysis.

1. The gymnasium issue goes back seven years to the time when Columbia announced plans to build a new gym, "probably" located in Morningside Park. Opposition from the students and from the Harlem community made itself almost immediately known. Letters, petitions, rallies were to no avail. The University administration never was willing to talk about an alternative site. Instead, they announced as a concession (or pacifier) plans to build two gyms, one for students, the other for the community.

The student gym included a full-size basketball court and a magnificent pool, among other country club frills. The community gym was to have a less-than-regulation-size basketball court and no pool at all.

Finally, students would enter from the top of the hill, the community from the bottom.

To further quiet complainers, the University subsequently increased the "community" facilities.

Still at issue was the basic premise: Did a private University have the moral right to take precious public park land (How many goddam parks do you think there are in Harlem?) for its own use?

Columbia obtained legal rights to the land when it signed a lease with the City of New York for the Morningside Park site at \$3,000 (three thousand) a year.

Columbia's annual budget is more than \$100 million. You can guess what kind of power and pull and backslapping was necessary to have the city yield public parkland. The reasoning of the city had to include somewhere the administration idea that the University has a higher moral right over the rest of the community.

2. During the last decade, Columbia decided vast expansion was essential. Facilities were overcrowded, new schools were planned, and there was an acute shortage of student and faculty housing.

Columbia slowly acquired scores of buildings from 110th St. to 116th St. (my minimum accurate estimate) between Morningside Drive and Riverside Park.

This land currently houses tens of thousands of people in rent-controlled buildings ranging from excellent to fair and poor.

Columbia proceeded to evict tenants, renovate or rebuild and go on its merry indiscriminate way.

The University failed to provide evicted persons with any compensation including a failure in every way to find them suitable, equivalent, alternative housing.

Thrust into the apartment-hunting hell of N.Y.C. were hundreds of middle-class middle-aged people who had resided in rent-controlled buildings for 20 years. In addition, whores and junkies were left homeless as well.

A number of community organizations, building by building as they became Columbia's targets, organized opposition to the macabre advance of a privileged institution.

Finally, when the stink came close to equalling a fart in the face of the administration, Columbia established as a result of its embarrassment a system of compensation (\$) which included efforts at finding substitute housing. This is an impossible task.

Nonetheless, the character of the community was scheduled for destruction. There is no substitute in the city for Morningside Heights, with its fabulous access to glorious Riverside Park, shopping and transportation, cultural activities and resources, restaurants and bars.

3. The Institute of Defense Analysis is a group of 12 universities, which, since they are so named, so thereby perform, and so deserve the non-participation of Columbia.

I wanted here not so much to amuse as to clarify.

I have a request for a return favor by your readers: SUPPORT THE COLUMBIA STUDENT STRIKE. If you're in school, stop going. Everyone, come to Columbia and join the peaceful encirclement of the campus. You will be among friends. The cops and plainclothesmen used clubs, fists and feet on young men and women as well as elderly men and women last night during their unprovoked attack, but this violence bit is not the Columbia student bag. Keep the peace. And keep the faith by joining those who have already shed blood for a belief.

New York's finest motherfuckers don't dare attack again, and NBC's Gabe Pressman is telling it like it is . . .

You know the world's half-crazy, and that's why you gotta be there.

Edward J. Rubenstein,
 Columbia College '65
 159 Second Avenue
 N.Y.C. 10003.

Dear EVO:

I am a soldier in the United States Army. I am now serving my tour of duty in Vietnam. Since being here, I have found that our presence here is a must. These people yearn to have just a small percentage of the privileges we are afforded in the United States. Many people are under the impression that most of the Vietnamese people are Vietcong soldiers. I have found this to be untrue. The people who side with the Vietcong are forced to do so. Their wives and families are threatened. I feel that we must stop this oppression. And the only way to do it is to win this war.

I would appreciate it if you could publish this letter in your newspaper, so I could hear from your readers what they think of what the United States is doing over here. I sometimes feel that, maybe no one really believes in our cause here. If any of your readers could tell me why they think we should not be here, I would be interested to hear from them.

Sincerely yours

Pfc. Philip E. Barker
 HHD 58th Trans Bn (Am & S)
 APO San Francisco 96337
 Drawer 76

(Continued on Page 17)



Up a'gin The
 Wall,
 Muthafukah

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
 105 Second Avenue
 New York, New York 10003

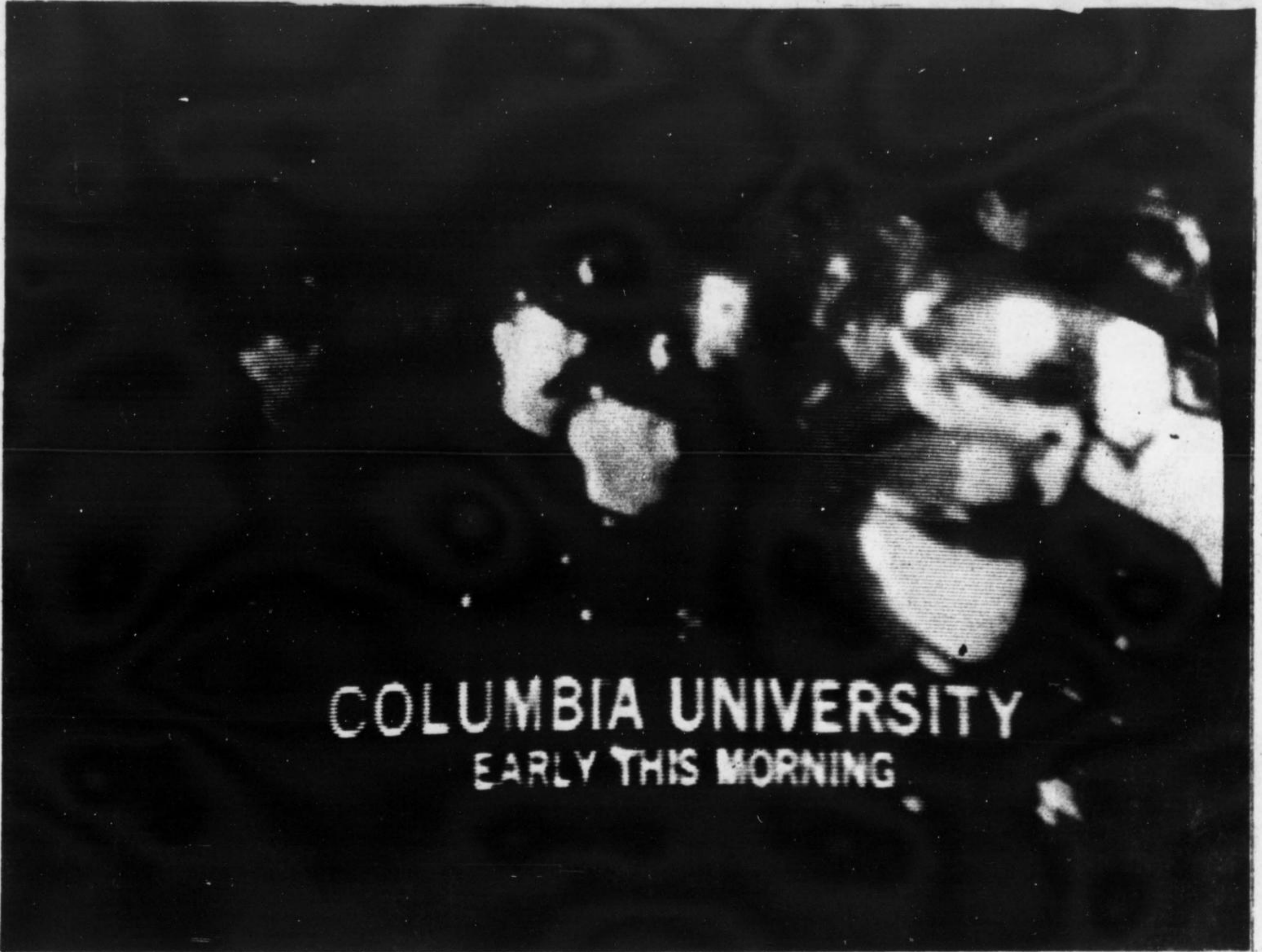
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POLICE RADICALIZE



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
EARLY THIS MORNING

COLUMBIA STUDENTS

By Lennox Raphael

Reading, Riting, 'Rithmetic and Revolution; the 4th R, exploded at Columbia and spattered hundreds of students with blood and arrests as cops once more attacked the people with complete impunity.

New York's finest hoodlums, frustrated, angry, nervous, and backed by a harassed and inept university president, waded victoriously into flesh at Columbia beating left and right and white and sparing most of the black students in a strange twist to the end of an eight-day seige of five buildings.

Our brave and spoiled cops used clubs, fists, feet, furniture and handcuffs as knuckles, bloodying students and unlookers and arresting 720 persons on ranging from criminal trespassing, counts of felonius assault, simple assault, loitering and disorderly conduct.

Women were ordered to undress and squat at the precinct stations. Police thought drugs were secreted in their cunts.

"When the blockaders refused to budge, a front line of 10 helmeted policemen rushed up and pulled them from the steps. Five students were dragged away by the hair, clubbed when they were down, and hit on the head with handcuffs and helmets."

7 cops beating one student. "Terrific violence."

145 students were treated at two hospitals and one campus infirmary.

In a press conference after the one-sided battle, a victorious Kirk absentmindedly picked his nose and said granting of amnesty "would have dealt a near fatal blow, not only to this institution, but to the whole of American higher education," and launched into that apologetic spiel about the students being "abetted by an unknown number of outsiders." OUTSIDERS.

"And there were incidents in which students were pummeled, dragged along concrete steps, kicked, punched and struck with police blackjacks.

"On a small green plot dividing Avery and Fayerweather Halls two uniformed policemen grabbed a young woman and as each officer held her by an arm they spun her about and flung her into a tree.

"Nearby two other officers were seen flinging a man to the ground. When he tried to get up, they grabbed him and threw him down again. A plainclothesman rushed up and stomped the fallen man."

POLICE LOVE TO PROTECT PEOPLE

Plainclothesmen dressed like students and uniformed cops had a field day as they shrieked and danced and fainted with their clubs, and had their kicks with the blessing of Grayson Kirk whose ouster as President is now demanded by student leaders who will not forgive him for demanding violence from the cops, because everyone knew that students would be injured, arrested, hospitalized if the cops received the o.k. to beat heads at a private hour.

Four weeks ago SDS presented to the administra-

tion a petition containing about 1,500 names calling for the university's withdrawal from the Institute of Defense Analyses, a 12-university consortium that helps kill people. Then they sat-in for a while, and the university brought charges against six society leaders, including Mark Rudd, campus president of SDS.

Therefore, the six demands of the striking students were:

1. Disciplinary action against the six originally charged must be lifted, and no reprisals taken against anyone in that demonstration.
2. Construction of the Columbia gym on Harlem land must stop NOW.
3. The University must use its good offices to see that all charges against persons arrested at the gym site be dropped.
4. All relations with IDA must be severed, inclusive of President Kirk and Trustee William Burden's membership on the Executive Board.
5. President Kirk's edict on Indoor Demonstrations must be dropped.
6. All judicial decisions should be made in an open hearing with due process judged by a bipartite committee of students and faculty.

The pre-condition for negotiation on these demands is amnesty for the strikers.

Students mobilized against the university on April 23 with the call for an immediate halt to the construction of the controversial \$12,000,000 gym in the heart of Morningside Park at the edge of Harlem and as an attempt to kick some peace into the university and get it out of the Institute for Defense Analyses.

The protest at Columbia was spearheaded by SDS (Student for a Democratic Society) and the Student Afro-American Society. Together, their members "liberated" Hamilton Hall and blockaded Dean Coleman in his office. About 5 a.m. next morning the Afro-American Society asked Mark Rudd to leave with his group. They felt that the whites were too jovial about the 'revolution', and unprepared to face the music when the cops started swinging. So Rudd led 60 white students who took over Low Library and, in a few days, the students controlled five buildings.

Kirk was not present when his office was seized. Students pissed on the floor of his private bathroom, accidentally, and decorated his photo with a red mustache. His drawers were rifled. Students found public relations manifesto on how to cool the community on the gym, plus correspondence with the Institute of Defense Analysis, a confidential memo on how honorary degrees are "sold and bought" by kings, queens and crooks, an erection-flap book on sadism, and several 20-years old prophylactics. At Press time Ramparts' was trying to secure the more important document for publication, and student leaders were talking about

publishing them as pamphlets to be distributed free on campus.

"In Avery Hall, Robert McG. Thomas, Jr., a New York Times reporter, was struck on the head by a policeman using handcuffs as brass knuckles. He required 12 stitches to close the wound. Steve Shapiro, a Life magazine photographer, was punched in the eye by a policeman and one of his cameras was smashed after, he said, he had shown the officer his press identification.

"Mr. Thomas received his injuries after he had accompanied the police' into Avery Hall and had shown his press card to gain access to the second floor. Once there, he was challenged by a plainclothes man and was told the press would have to leave.

"When an appeal to a uniformed Deputy Inspector failed, Mr. Thomas turned to descend the curving marble staircase. He was grabbed by plainclothes men at the top of the stairs, slugged and thrown down the steps, where other plainclothes men struck him over the head.

"Mr. Thomas, who held his press card high over his head at all times, was then grabbed by uniformed patrolmen who lined the stairs. He was struck repeatedly as he was flung down the steps. He finally managed to make his way outside, after losing his glasses. He was not arrested."

BUT 100'S WERE BEATEN AND ARRESTED.

Police used rushing attacks, their sticks flying in your face, breaking chairs and small tables and throwing them at students. Students were screaming. Students lay on the grass with bloody heads, cops laughed, cops kicked students around, dropped them on concrete, picked them up again and dropped them again, and smiled, and went to another student, smashed people around. They didn't care. It was private property, they had been called in by Grayson Kirk, and they had a free-for-all in their heads and eyes.

"First the cops picked me up," said Harold Drysdale. Then threw me into this other bunch of cops. Then they hit me in the ribs and kicked me and just kept on doing it."

And they kept on doing it to everyone, some savage beatings.

"Beat the hell out of them," said a lieutenant.

Dwight McDonald's wife heard one officer say, "If my daughter was inside there I'd drag her out here and castrate her."

"Does anybody want to take a walk," one plainclothesman asked at one building, "If you don't want a criminal record, just go out the gate. Use your head. You've got a good future ahead of you. Make it easier on us, too."

Then the kicking continued.

"Kick his ass good," shouted a uniformed cop.

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4 ALAN BURKE SHOW TAKEN OVER BY GUERRILLAS



THE AIR IS STILL FREE —
TELEVISION BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE —
HOW TO FREE TELEVISION

— Saul Gottlieb



On April 26th I was an audience guest at the Alan Burke TV show. Before it was over, I was "ordered" off the show by Alan Burke, who called in the cops. Five cops beat me, punched me, clawed at me, kicked me on the floor, and dragged me the length of the studio to an elevator. In the elevator one cop punched me repeatedly and kicked me in the back several times, twisted my arms, (handcuffed behind my back) and dragged me into the hall, where he ordered me "Up against the wall, motherfucker," and banged my head against the stone wall. He dragged me through the streets to the precinct-house, pulling my hair (much of it fell out as I combed it later) and twisting my arms cruelly, calling me a "pig," an "animal," a "motherfucker," the tight handcuffs biting my wrists all the way.

It all started the week before, when a young man named Carl Rosenberg called me and asked if I'd like to take part in a segment of the Alan Burke show he'd been invited to do. Carl is a costume designer who's been with the San Francisco Mime Troupe and the Diggers on the coast. I didn't know him, but his picture had been in the Village Voice recently, wearing one of his costumes; the Burke show people asked him to put on a "fashion show." They told him he could invite others to participate.

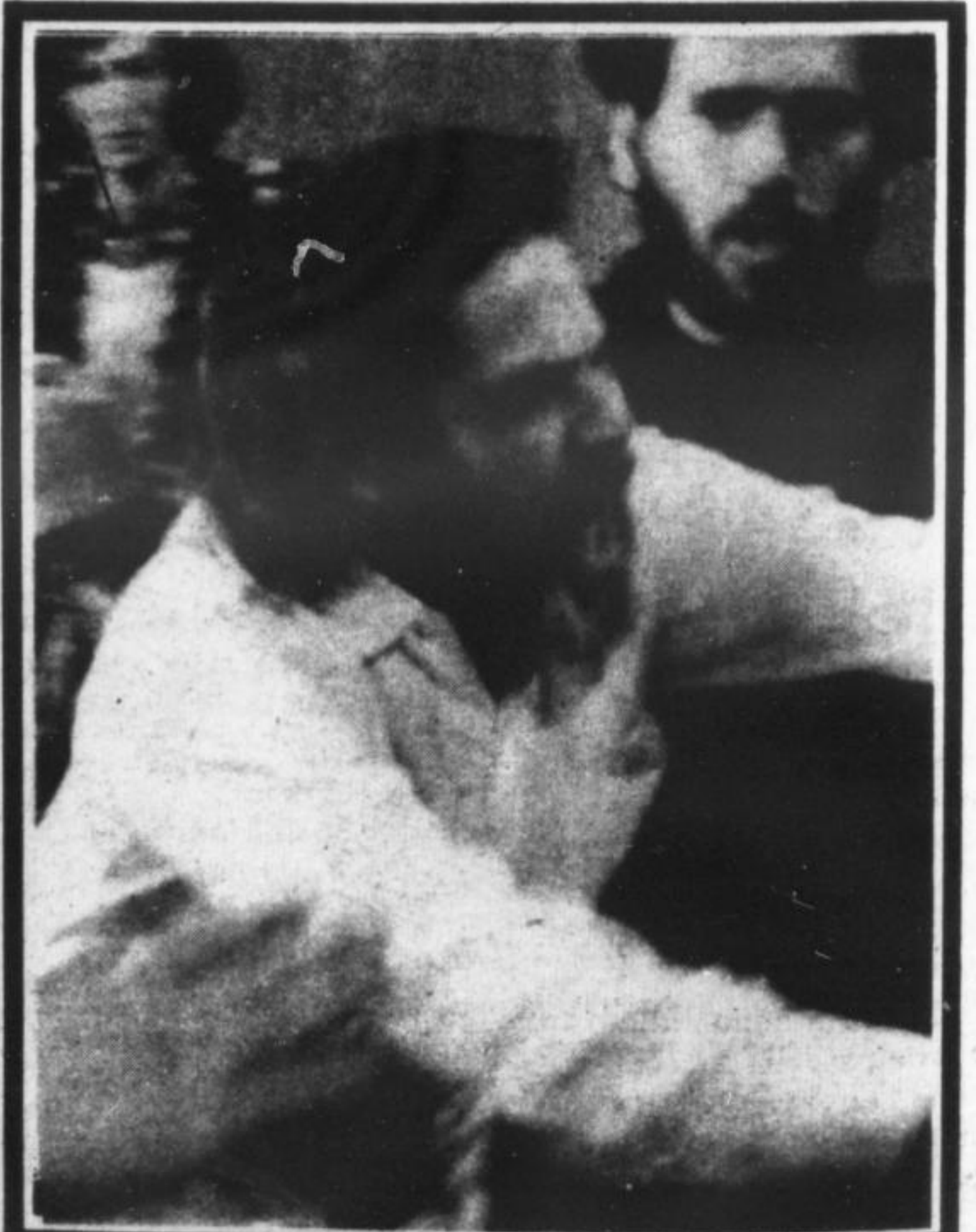
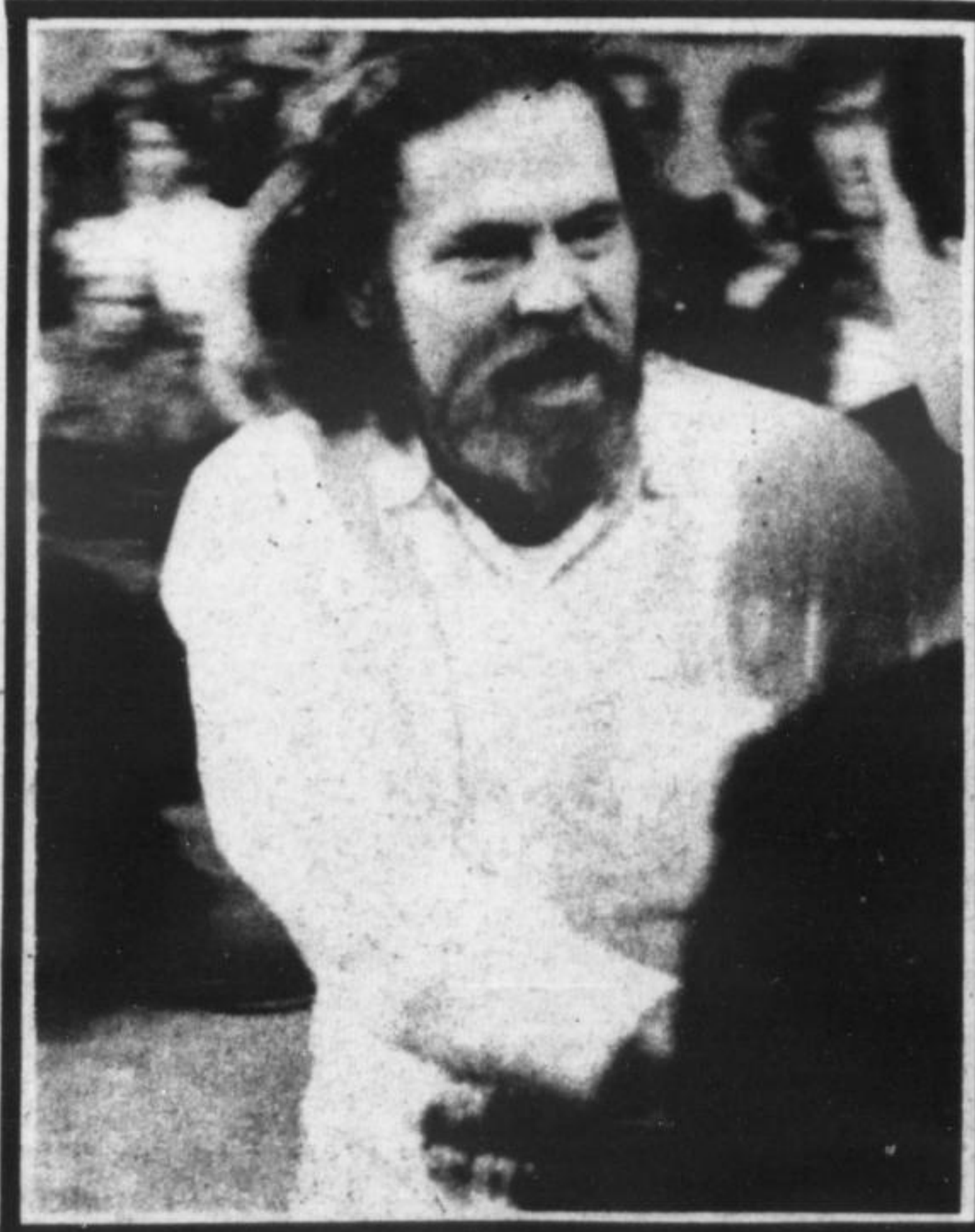
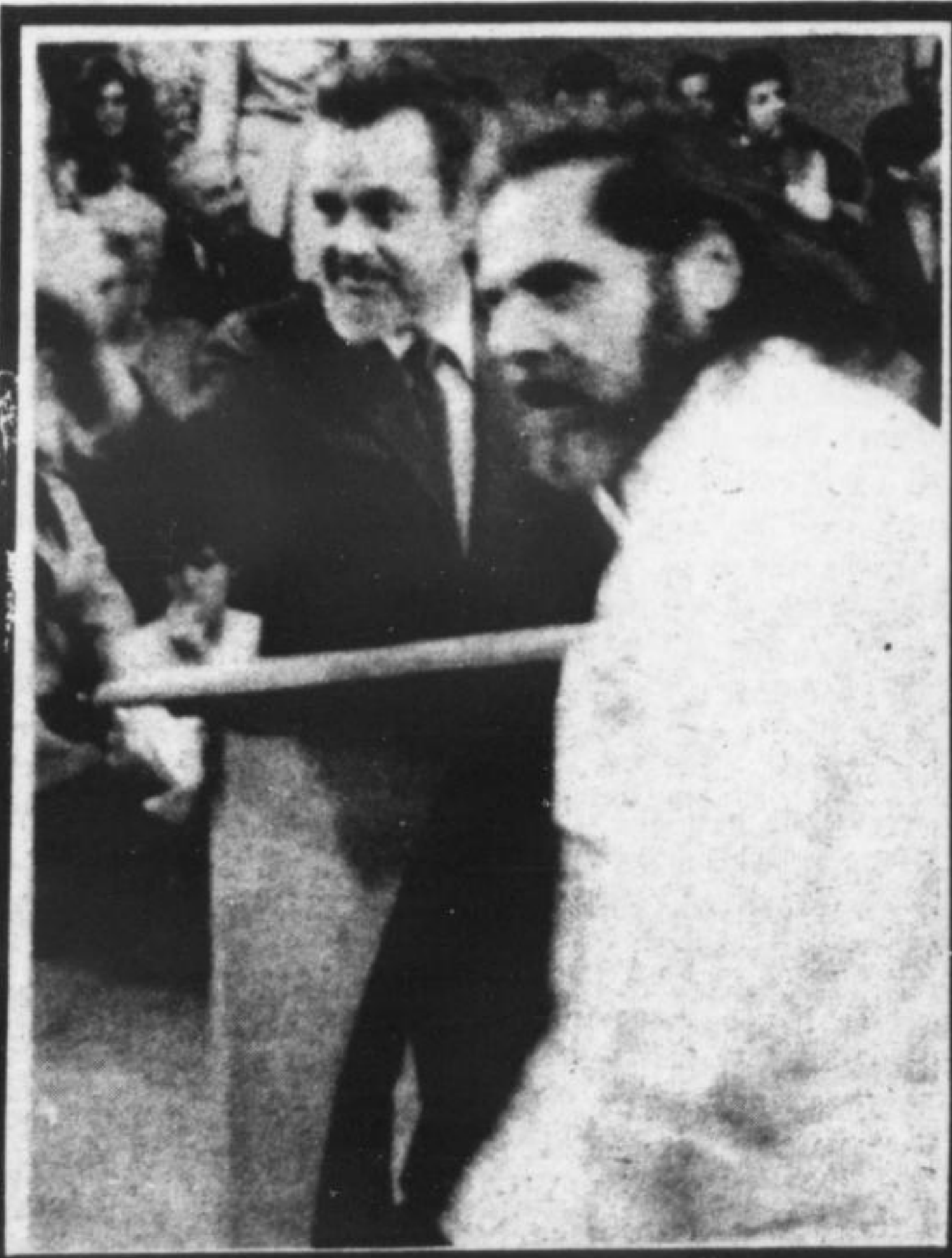
I hesitated to join him, because I hate television. I'd had my own show in New Orleans in the '50's, and found it a drag. TV is a terribly controlled medium, perhaps the one most under the thumb of the Establishment — including advertisers, network executives, agency executives, producers and directors and cameramen afraid of the executives, etc. And now with the taping of shows and the virtually complete elimination of "live" TV, the control is total. TV is unfree, the essence of the new fascism in the US, the manipulated and manipulating media of the one-dimensional society. It could — and should — be as spontaneous as street-theatre, but has become deadened and flattened out by its "owners."

I finally agreed to attend when Carl told me that a lot of people who felt as I did about TV were going to be there, and we might be able to do something improvised and spontaneous together. We understood, of course, that the show would be taped and therefore whatever happened "live" might be cut before transmission. But still, we could at least demonstrate some kind of alive theatre in the mausoleum of the "vast wasteland."

On 67th Street, on my way to the studio there, I met three friends who had just left the show — one had been kicked out by Alan Burke for eating "the show's" cheeries, and had told Burke to go fuck himself. The three were going up to demonstrate at Columbia University, and asked me to go with them. "Later," I said.

Inside the studio there were several uniformed N.Y. cops — obviously there'd been a tip-off. A couple of Columbia students watched the cops nervously, saying they'd rather be busted at Hamilton Hall, but Carl persuaded them to stay.

(Continued on Page 19)



By Allan Katzman

Last week's Berkeley Barb contained a formula for "People's MACE," just like fuzz-MACE. It was a leaflet sent to them and signed by the People's Movement Against Cop Excesses. The leaflet explains; "The mainstay of People's MACE in Energine FIREPROOF Spot Remover, which is the same composition as the 'central nervous system depressant' which makes up 95% of Fuzz Mace."

"CAUTION" warns the leaflet—"use ONLY Energine Fireproof Spot Remover—not the regular flammable type, containing naphtha, a poison."

The recipe goes as follows: "To eight ounces of Energine Fireproof Cleaning Fluid (one up) add one tablespoon (½ ounce) of turpentine. Use a kitchen measure and not an ordinary 'tablespoon'.

To this mixture add four ounces of red pepper. Let it stand a while and then strain out the pepper. The people's Mace should be red in color.

MACE will dissolve a plastic water-gun, so it may have to be dispensed from a small 'pump oiler' available in hardware store. Better ways may be available. Experiment?

Large-scale application may be possible with a pump-pressurized insecticide sprayer (carefully washed beforehand) or a water-type extinguisher which is pressurized to 100 pounds at a gas station."

Of course, one has to be reminded that squirting anything at a cop is probably felonious assault except if there is a war going on and that would have to be decided by the reader.

An English columnist in last week's San Francisco's Chronicle prophesized that LBJ would resign the Presidency at Chicago's Democratic Convention thereby automatically making HHH President and ensuring his candidacy and election.

A new drug on the market is called, of all things, LBJ. It is a down Trip manufactured by Bardo Corp., a non-profit organization. The dose 5 to 15 milligrams (no small children or pregnant women). An extreme overdose like 125 mgms. can produce atrophy and poisoning, heaviness in the body, muscle relaxant, psychotic state, drunkenness. Under no circumstances mix with speed. It is more powerful than acid and with thorazine the muscles totally relax. A statement from a representative from Bardo states that "2000 samples have been released in New York after a test run in Boston. There should be no double tripping and should be taken on a full stomach. The drug is a cross between mescaline, belladonna and acid."

Funny letter from Dan McLeod, Minister of Mathematics and Methodology, Editor of the underground newspaper, Georgia Straight in Vancouver, British Columbia. The letter came along with a white armband surrounding the letter H (For Hippie) and a Head Kit with instructions. The letter follows: Dear People:

The City Government of Vancouver has heard a lot of talk from the Establishment media here and elsewhere, about "hippies." We have never seen a "hippie," but we have been seeing an awful lot of unreasonable discrimination going on.

We have noticed that the Establishment media refuse to accept the term "freebies" or "free people." So your City Government has decided to make people more aware of the "type" of person that the police and others are setting themselves upon in our fair city.

Your City Government has printed up 5,000 H-arm-band-kits such as the one enclosed. Their sole purpose is for the enjoyment of our citizens, whose basic rights and freedoms have been so shit upon lately that they have almost (and justifiably so) lost their sense of humour. These arm-bands IDENTIFY our citizens . . . and better yet, they make them virtually immune from the law, which is mistaken for justice nowadays.

The arm-bands allow every citizen to participate in Street Theatre . . . any time, any where. Because one of the funniest things in the world to the hip person is to watch another person get

up tight. And watching and grooving on another person getting up tight is all a part of the Tragi-Comedy, the Street Theatre of Up Tight . . . which is what street life is all about lately . . . so why not enjoy it?

For example, the other day a girl wearing an H-band was walking down Davie Street when two fuzz came bounding up to her. The fuzz were happy . . . invincible in blue uniforms with guns . . . Ego-Cops! . . . just riding down Davie Street doing their thing, wanting only to help this poor girl, to rehabilitate her. Anyway, before they could even begin to question her about pot, her sex life, and call in two bull dikes to come feel her up and take her

IEST '68 is published by the "Internationale Essener Song Tage," Europe's first big festival of folklore, folksong, chanson and popular music. It takes place from 25th to 29th September 1968 in Essen and brings 110 artists from all over the world to Germany many of them for the first time.

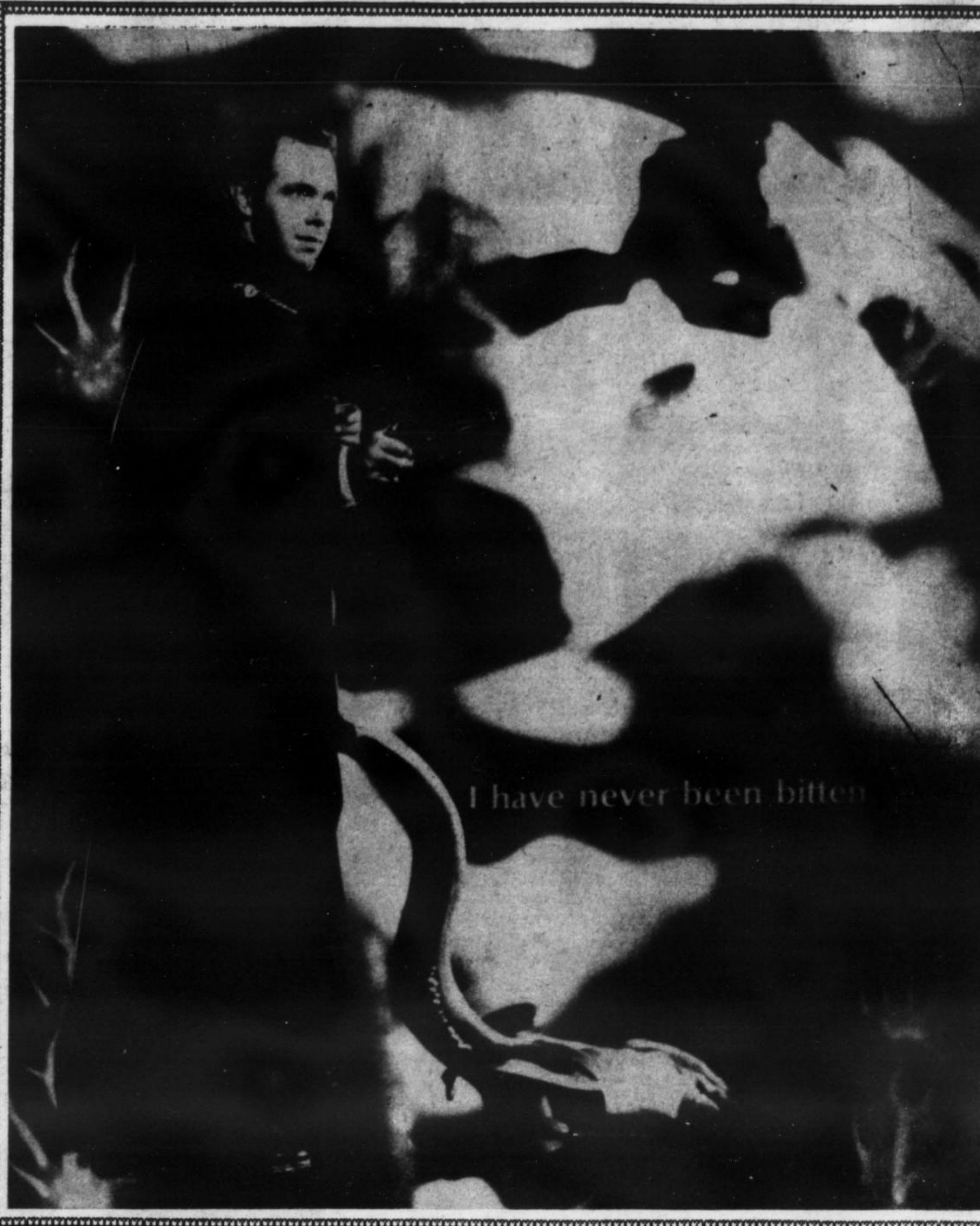
In this leaflet the "Greatest" of folklore, folksong, chanson and beat are interviewed and portrayed, among others Phil Ochs, Pete Seeger, The Mothers of Invention, Donovan, Degenhardt, Biermann, Süverkrüp, Hüsch, Brassens, Brel, The Pink Floyd, The Fugs and others.

Besides, the leaflet gives you information about the festival programme,

who want to start such papers. In addition, reporters photographers, artists, cartoonists and graphics people who want to work on the project are invited to contact RP.

Resistance Press is a non-profit news service financed by contributions from the papers it serves and from private individuals.

poor paranoid's almanac



to the Juvenile Detention Home, SUD-DENLY a look of utter and abject fear crossed her face. She collapsed in a heap upon the sidewalk. She groped and grovelled at the feet of the two fuzz; she begged and pleaded for mercy: "Don't hit me! Please! I'll do anything! Anything! Take me away and rape me, fuck me in the police elevator, but Please! Please! Please! Don't arrest me!" etc., etc. The cops jumped into their comfortable car and drove away in horror. There are many, many more cases, but we will leave the rest to your imagination.

Copies of this letter have gone to every member of the Underground Press Syndicate. We hope that the Liberation News Service and the Yippies pass it on to others who we do not reach. The response to this idea in Vancouver has been fantastic, and we think it could easily be duplicated in your city, where I am sure you and your friends are tired of getting fucked around by humourless people.

IEST '68 will be given away, a leaflet with thirty portraits of the most important singers and musicians of folksong, folklore, chansons and popular music.

its organisation and conception (a festival with politics, pop and art).

IEST '68 comes out with 20,000 edition and will be sent to you free of cost on request by "Internationale Essener Song Tage," 43 Essen, Schützenbahn 11-13.

A new 6-cent U.S. postage stamp that shows a policeman and a little boy walking hand-in-hand, will be issued May 17 during Police Week. Since the kid doesn't have blood stains on him, we assume he was maced. (RP)

The next expansion area for underground journalism, according to Resistance Press news service, will be papers in up-tight black and white city neighborhoods. This is already starting, says R-Press, because during urban strife people learn they can't trust the daily papers and other establishment news sources.

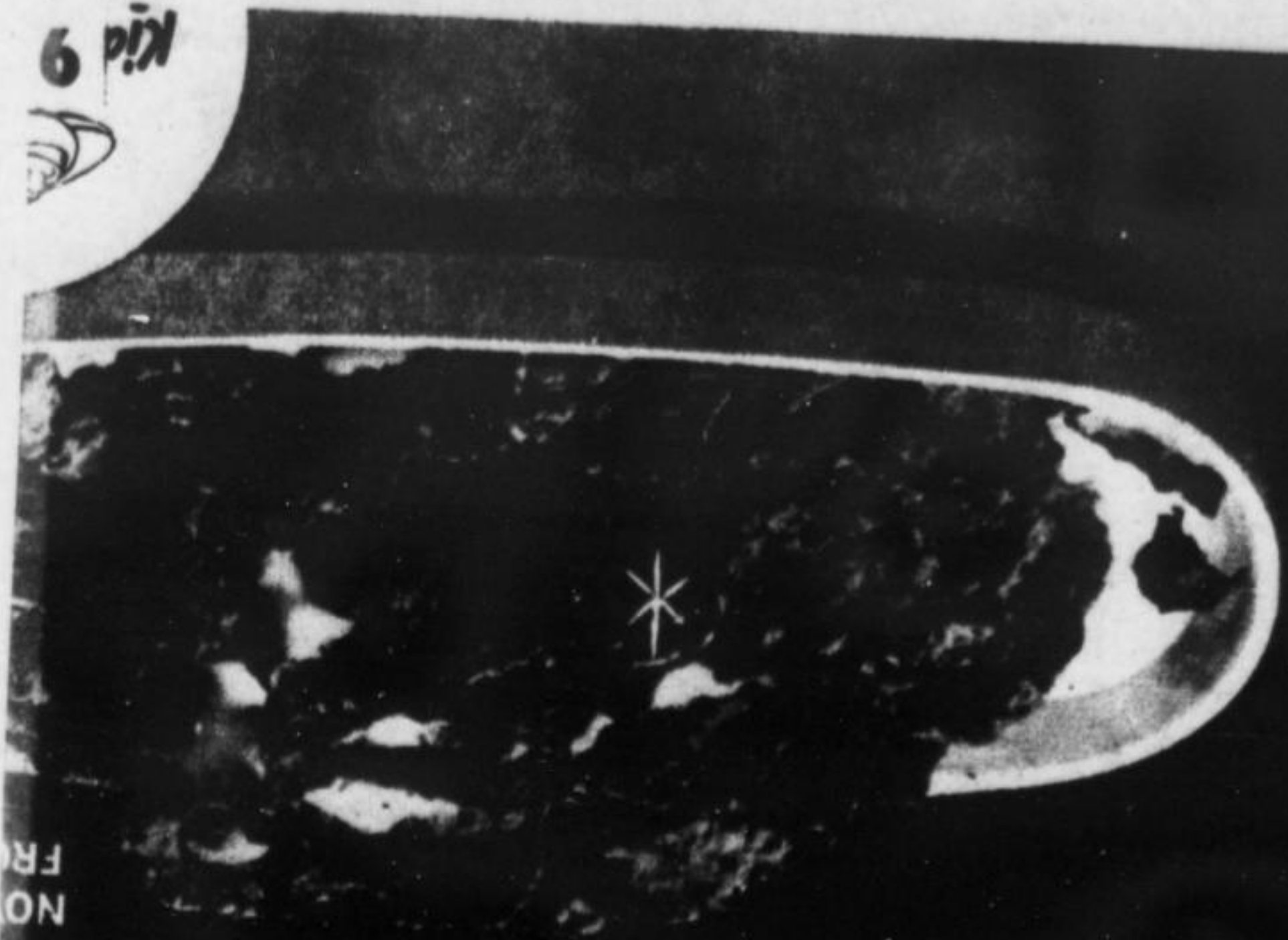
Resistance Press also believes that there is an important job for the underground press within the labor movement and on the job—non-establishment, rank-and-file newspapers and discussion journals.

To encourage this expansion, Resistance Press, P.O. Box 592, Chicago, Illinois 60690, is offering help to those

The YIPPIE office in Chicago was busted for possession of pot. Mayor Daley is initiating the largest hate/force/smear campaign since the rise of Hitler. From the report I received from Resistance Press, Chicago will be uncool this summer if not entirely in flames because of the Mayor's underground methods.

The Port Chicago Vigil in California which is now into its 633rd day of picketing and stopping war supplies from coming in, is now under siege by local and Federal police. Their headquarters was busted and several people arrested for possession of pot. A small amount of seeds were planted by police. I say police because members of the Peace Vigil in Port Chicago have publicized the fact that marijuana smoking was strictly prohibited on their premises. This is another example where the police are using the pot laws to bust peace organizations without incurring the wrath of inherited political freedoms.

The Port Chicago Vigil needs money for court costs. Send to: PORT CHICAGO VIGIL, Jim Bernard, Canyon, California.



Kellogg's
RAISIN BRA

SLIP THUMB UNDER TAB
← SLIDE GENTLY →
RAISIN BRA
KIDS! ACTION MODEL
Hydroplane
ONLY



MISHMARCH

They marched again, the mothers, the motley young ones, the meandering middle-of-the-roaders, the meager men drooling over the prospect of more war and the "motherfucka's." Three marches in all: Peace, Loyalty, and Revolution. And if they had met at the edge of time, it would all have been over in a minute.

But they did not meet, they only marched. Down Fifth Avenue, a mere 70,000 (NBC NEWS), to Central Park's Sheep Meadow; Down past St. Patrick's Cathedral where the newly crowned Cardinal of Kill blessed the mere 3,000 Hokies; Down to the pavement of Washington Square Park where the police pummeled their skulls for not having a permit to march: 12,000 police out in full force making sure they would not meet but only march. And if they had met, would it have not been the same arms and legs, the same flesh and bone that would have crushed them or caressed them?

Was it for money they marched? (Fifth Avenue business' have complained that everytime there is a march business drops between 20% and 70%—but sale of buttons and some newspapers go up). Or was it for morale? (Waiting for the war, here at home and abroad, to begin anew or end while the politicians played pasty with a nation's waiting soul). Or was it for morals? (For the right to kill or be killed. For the right to live or let live).

It was a frustrating march for almost everyone except those whose heads were justified by force for not being permitted.

It was frustrating for the Mayor who was ten minutes late to speak and greet Mrs. King at the Sheep Meadow; twenty minutes, to watch loyalty pass in

review or stand beneath the Cathedral of the Happy Warrior; a lifetime of late for not being there where he said, "In short, I will not kill children," but maybe beat them up a bit.

It was frustrating for all those crushed by the thousands and tens of thousands to have their sore feet, their ears straining at an inaudible public address system while helicopters overhead drowned out any chance of hearing it, and their mashed bodies straining to be free justified by some idiot on the speakers platform telling them that "the Other (Loyalty Day) Parade had only taken twenty minutes."

And then the speeches: Mrs. King, strong and beautiful, whose husband was now right. The Mayor who all along knew we should never have been in Vietnam and all along should have gotten out. A black veteran of that foreign war who spent not a year there but "11 months and 20 days" and who now had come home to finish his hitch in this new but same domestic war. The scientist whose knowledge and experience showed that money we spend on bombs could house every black family in America. The labor union official who swore that George Meany did not represent Labor. The actress, Viveca Lindfors, who had met with the mothers and women of Vietnam and was moved to tell someone about it. The singer Diana Sands, who read two poems which told how even poets were moved to tell someone about it. And the others who poured the same words into steel microphones strong enough to endure anything including a march of rhetoric.

It would have been almost prophetic and kind if one of them had stood up and said with Woodrow Wilson

knowhow that, "this would be a march to end all marches." But no one did and the people remained packed into time and space until all the words ran out. They held their flags and banners, their balloons aloft, feeding their faces with cheap ice creams, pretzels, and orange drink. They strained their heads to hear, hoping it would get lighter, that the moment would be frozen into tranquility and they would be right.

There was only one moment that disturbed their reaching: A bunch of "young facists" with american flags waving tried to grab and burn the flag of the National Liberation Front. About fifty, and four Viet Cong flags stood up and drove the "young toughs" from the park shouting the words, "Loyalty Sucks."

It all seemed to be another march in another army where they marched a whole battalion to stamp down a mile of sand. And when the troops asked why, they told them it was cheaper this way and that besides they couldn't let them sit around with nothing to do.

But now they were standing or sitting or running. When it was over most of them headed for home. Some stopped off at Columbia University to wish the rebels well who had taken over five buildings. When it was over no one was left except the sanitation workers to clean up the paper and placards lying on the Sheep Meadow field which had again been lowered an inch by sheer weight of numbers. And when it was over nothing was left except the waiting for peace and the prospect of another march, this time on Washington D.C. and for money.

by Allan Katzman

GENERATION

by Bob Rudnick/Dennis Frawley

GAFFED

7

The only thing that saved the first 2 1/2 of the show at the Fillmore East the past weekend from being the essence of the bad trip/emergence into hell was Joshua's light show. Otherwise the 2 hour musical time lapse was a masochistic pleasure garden of painful noises slamming against the brain.

First came the IRON BUTTERFLY from L. A. the use of a name connoting the idea of turning the bright, colorful freedom of nature into the solid, dull, grey metallic of the up-tight city is analogous to their music. If they would just stop jumping around long enough to listen to each other, they might be able to achieve the free flight psychedelic sound they so desperately crave.

Following the "Fly" were the Blue Cheer, who are allegedly the new trip for the flower-meth children. This San Francisco based trio, out of the Hendrix-Cream mold have learned the techniques of feedback, but are now faced with the problem of mastering their instruments. The instrumental virtuosity of one or more of the musicians for open-ended improvisations is one of the justifications for such a small group and the Cheer, unlike Hendrix and the Cream, lack this virtuosity. They have attempted to synthesize blues and acid rock in their music but lack the varying abilities to pull it off. They tend to fly off in the psychedelic direction, leaving the blues to tail along behind as best it can. Cheer's guitarist, Leigh Stevens, when forced to play blues, is embarrassingly herky-jerky and erratic. They continually fall back into making use of hypnotic repetition. The vocals are irritatingly screamed at you by bassist Peterson. Rather than try to merge gimmicky vehicles of previous bands, new groups must pay their dues working their own sound and relationships together. Six giant Marshall amplifiers, accelerated promotion and connections with "hip" disc jockeys won't make these groups more palatable to the ear.

The closing band of the evening, Traffic, have a versatile, clean, fresh approach to rhythm and blues and ballads in direct contrast to Blue Cheer. This British band was formed in early 1967 by Steve Winwood after leaving Spencer Davis where he was vocalist, guitarist, and organist, being featured on such tunes as "Gimme Some Lovin" and "I'm A Man." Six months of self imposed isolation in the seclusion of their cottage in Britain's Berkshire Downs by Winwood (guitar, organ,

vocals) and Jim Capaldi (drums), Chris Wood (flute and sax) and Dave Mason (guitar and bass) fused and sorted their wealth of musical experience. Mason, who sat in last Sat. with Traffic at Fillmore, left the band at the end of last year and through intensive work back at their isolated cottage, the band emerged as a trio gaining new freedom. Although as yet not extremely strong jazz musicians, traffic is another example of rocks increasing indebtedness to jazz. In their recent live performances in New York at the Fillmore and "The Scene" they were even more exciting and impressive than their United Artists album

WHILE

Mr. Fantasy indicates. They are improvising their music from basic structures on most of their tunes and have a distinctive open jazzy rhythm and blues sound. With this approach they can only get better. In 19-year-old Stevie Winwood, Traffic has one of the strongest and surest voices in pop music as well as one of the finest organists and guitarists. He has subtle control over his voice bending and twisting it, sometimes closely resembling Nina Simone or Ray Charles but there are obviously other influences in his unique vocal ability. It is also encouraging to see the saxophone-flute play a major role in such a small ensemble. Horns appear to be playing a more dominant role in the trend of pop music and perhaps soon they will enjoy popularity equal to the guitar and

organ as solo instruments in rock. One minor criticism of Traffic might be the gap left when Chris Wood (sax and flute) switches to bass as this is not his strong instrument. However overall with the strength both instrumentally, vocally and in material. Traffic must be classified as one of the most gifted and moving of today's rock bands.

... Steve Paul's Scene was filled to capacity for Charles Lloyd's quintet. The subterranean cellar was the perfect setting for Lloyds and Jarret's avant garde sounds. Its atmosphere seems geared for a jazz club. Steve has been getting the best bookings in town recently (Gary Burton with Larry Coryell are scheduled for two weeks in May). One reason for his success in copping top acts is the fact that he promptly pays his groups.

... Avert Garde jazz composer Carla Bley has written an extended work for the Gary Burton quartet.

... The big new dance in Harlem, "tighten-up" is derived from Soullands (WWRL) current top seller "Tighten-up" by Archie Bell and the Drells, from Dallas. Arthurs and the Salvation will probably be featuring this sophisticated boogalu in about six months.

Paradoxically, the number 1 Boss Blues is "Everybodys Got to Change Sometimes" by Taj Mahal, a west coast based psychedelic spade band.

... Cheetah will not publish its June issue.

... Vanguard's soon to be released Country Joe & the Fish album will picture on its cover a scene from Joe McDonalds recent wedding. The groom and his 8 month pregnant bride are flanked by in-laws and friends.

... Pharoah Sanders, Coltrane's protegee and one of the most significant mainstream avant-garde tenor saxophonists, will bring his quintet into Slugs on Mon. May 20th along with the Barry Harris Quartet featuring Charles McPherson on alto.

... This week at the Fillmore, the Jefferson Airplane with Glen McKay's Head Lights will appear. On the same bill will be The Crazy World of Arthur Brown, reported to be the most bizarre or Englands pop acts.

... Jeremy & The Satyrs, are at the Village Vanguard, followed by Elvin Jones on Tues. May 7. Monday nights feature the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big jazz band.

... Sun Ra continues at Slugs on Monday nights with his Myth-Science Arkestra.

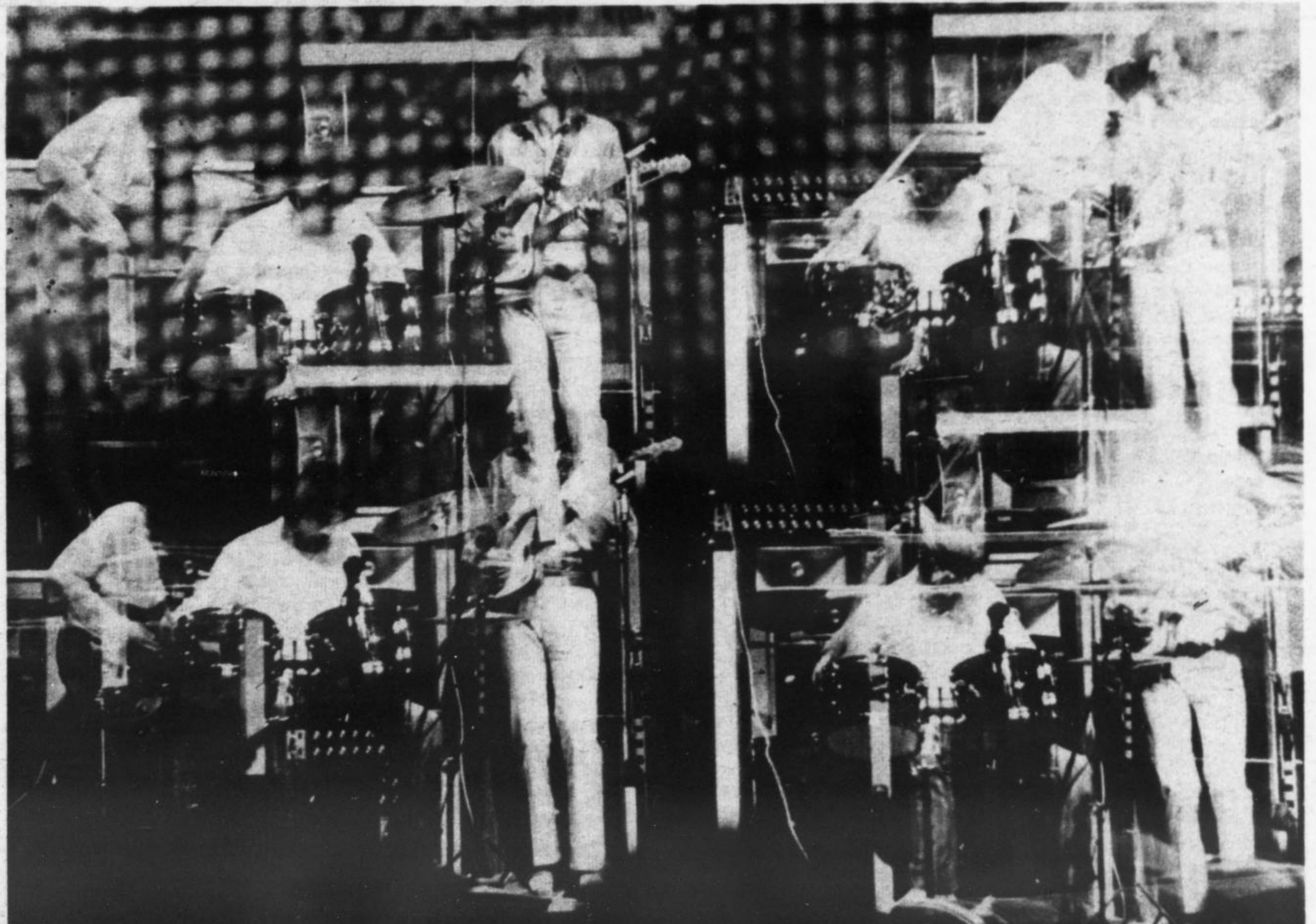
... The Grateful Dead are at the Electric Circus May 7-9 while Cat Mother and the All Night News Boys continue.

... At the Cheetah the Bagatelle from Boston are appearing from May 2-8.

... The Bitter End features Lori Burton, Pickle Brothers and Jerry Jeff Walker this week.

... The Guru and the Beach Boys appear at the Singer Bowl at 2 p.m. and Iona College at 5 p.m. on Saturday May 4.

WINWOOD WARBLES



POP ELATION

NOTES ON TRAFFIC

STEVE PAUL'S SCENE
MAY 1, 1968

his madonna-innocence face contorts with the emotional nuances and rhythm of each word . . . voices out of Ray Charles with the toning of Nina Simone . . . it could have come from some "Big Momma" spade church vocalist from rural Georgia, by way of Jerry Lee Lewis mellowed through the rhythm of Chicago South Side Soul cool jazz of late fifties plus the volume of Tom Jones . . . powerful . . . no electronic microphone could aptly amplify his voice . . . Winwood should be calling us from some down home white clapboard church . . . like to hear him do "I'm Gonna Put A Spell On You."

organ is attached by tendons to his hands . . . shoulders hunch into each note . . . sometimes sounds like guitar

or bagpipes or voice . . . his guitar is creaming and clean.

Jim Capaldi beats bitchen sense into drums . . . forcing group to push, strive, all the fuckin time . . . Winwood needs this strength, it keeps him going . . . drummer never backs away or falters . . . sweat drips from his forehead onto symbols.

horn player has balls, will risk anything for his sound . . . on fringe of avant-garde . . . Chris Woods tilts his eyelids nursing the sweetness out of

flute; pours self into saxophone . . . confident, competent; to be great . . . grabs out for riffs, bending them at first to his capabilities then following their extension.

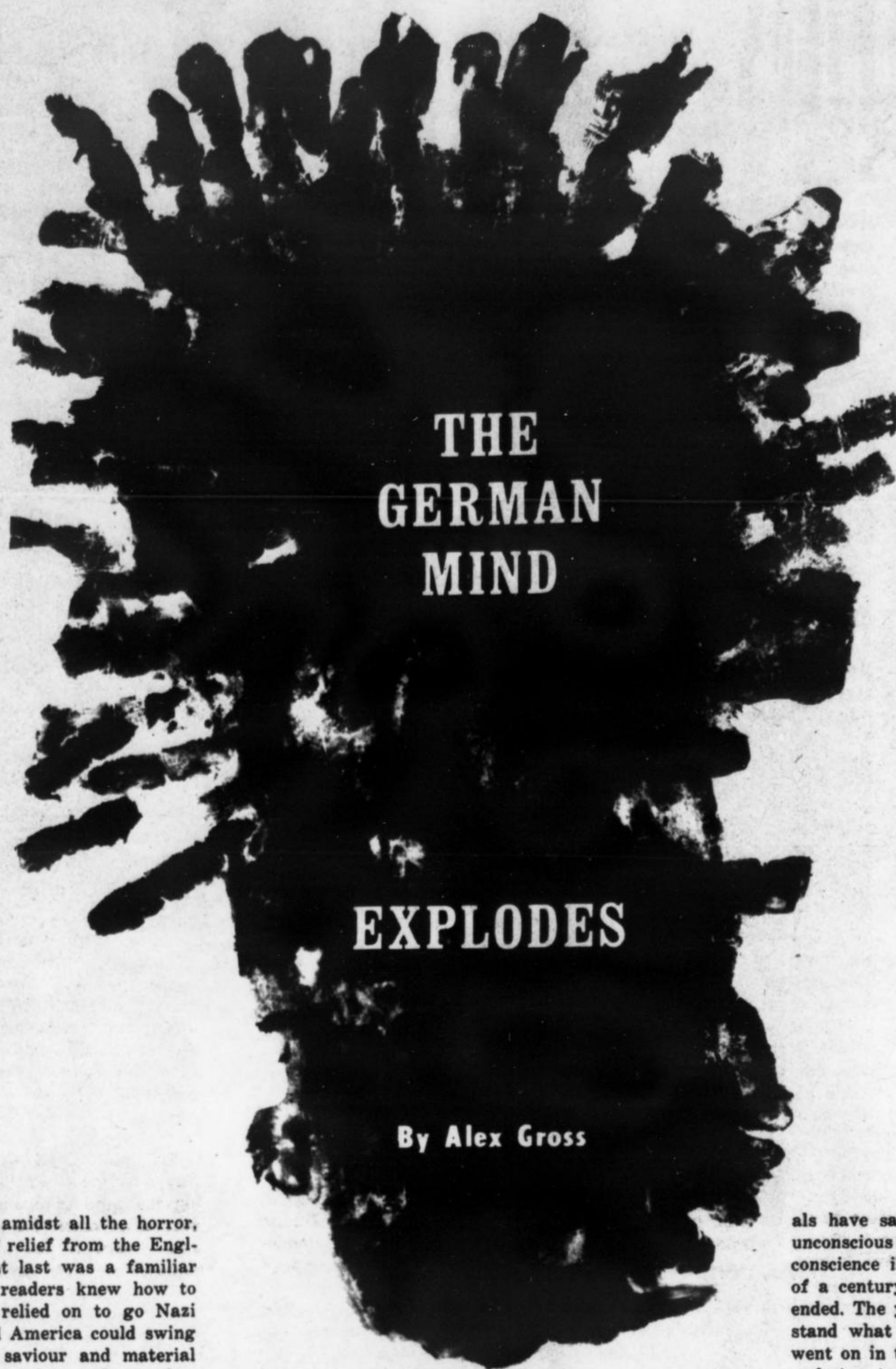
Traffic is the SUPER GROUP . . . Beatles can't do their sound live, Stones aren't allowed . . . Traffic cuts Cream, cuts Hendrix; neither's sound is as inter-dependent . . . their sound carries listeners to the highest emotional pitch and keeps it there . . . not with intermittent rushes then crashing . . . ob-

vious they worked their own heads together for six months . . . they really love their music . . . no weak spots or boring phrases . . . courage, gutsy, young, not holding back, not inhibited . . . developing . . . want to follow them into new dimensions . . . even plastic part of audience exhibited true natural reactions tonight.

Traffic is the only one who could follow Big Brother.

Generation has been fucking people since its inception. They are closed in-

(Continued on Page 17)



THE GERMAN MIND

EXPLODES

By Alex Gross

The Easter riots in Germany, amidst all the horror, seem to have provoked a sigh of relief from the English and American press. Here at last was a familiar script which the press and its readers knew how to play. If the Germans could be relied on to go Nazi again, then perhaps England and America could swing back into their roles of moral saviour and material redeemer of the world, a welcome change from what was happening at home in either place. But the reality is far more complex, and today's German problems have little to do with a replay of the Second World War, however reassuring this might be for some. What is at issue is something more important and less soluble—automation, over-population, poor and ill-defined education, and a growing awareness that ideas no longer stop moving at national boundaries.

No one can doubt that the weekend was rich in its moments of glory, as a band of determined demonstrators, protected only by rainwear or the occasional crash helmet, besieged the Springer skyscraper, only a few feet from the Berlin wall. No one looked at the wall—the enemy was clearly within West Berlin, just as he may be inside all our cities, East and West, if not within ourselves. There was glory also in the student meeting at the Technical University, an almost classical kind of glory, as though Russian Revolutionary posters had suddenly sprung to life — one could relive the days of the Paris Commune or Germany's own Spartacist Rebellion after the First World War. But the Paris Commune collapsed, the Spartacists were annihilated because they had, despite their enthusiasm, no real bond or contact with the people, and the Russian revolution was delivered over to Stalin and the bureaucrats.

Among the Spartacists were Rosa Luxemburg and Carl Liebknecht—like Che Guevara today, they have been raised to the status of holy martyrs, but the fact remains that they failed, by their own standards, in what they set out to do. The point is not to blindly follow the political dogma of the past, however alluring it may seem, but to define a workable politics for our own time and put it into practice. The young Germans have much to teach us in this respect—they are perhaps the best informed and most meaningfully active of the young today—but they also have something to learn. It is all too often assumed in Berlin that a long burst of Marxist terminology can resolve all difficulties and make all doubts vanish.

There is ample evidence that this is true in most SDS literature, including Dutschke's own writings, and it is perhaps typical than an editor of *International Times*, confronted by a translation of an interview with Dutschke was so confused by Dutschke's constant reiteration of the word "anti-authoritarian" that he changed it to "underground," as this seemed the only way to have the interview make any sense outside of Germany.

The fact of the matter is that Dutschke is probably one of the least "underground" among the many German student leaders—there are groups on all sides of him, and although one of these has recently started out on an "underground" direction, it has not pleased other elements in the SDS by doing so.

This is a group headed by Hartmut Sander, Bernd Dramer, and Bernhard Fleischer, and they have recently begun publishing the first printed underground paper in Germany. They are closely associated with the Berlin Commune, who brought out a home-printed underground brochure during the recent Viet Nam congress. Like the Commune this new group is a splinter group of the SDS, and they have also recently split from an SDS-connected student publishing house which continues to publish mainly Marxist tracts, selling only in small specialist bookstores. But the new group is different, as is their paper—they are not afraid to print articles about beat groups, sex, LSD, and other subjects which interest the young. They are already successful to the extent that their first issue has been confiscated as obscene (the police found very few copies to confiscate—the paper had just moved to a new address), and the second is certain to be confiscated as well. The first issue showed a sedately naked backside on the cover—the second issue reprinted the same picture on one page of the center spread and on the other page attempted to show what obscenity could really be—perhaps the most realistically detailed photos of cunnilingus, as practiced by two girls, that have ever been printed.

Other recent developments might suggest a vital rather than a gloomy future for the new German youth, despite the reactionary majority and the neo-Nazi party. There is of course the recent report-card burning in Berlin, but this is only part of a nationally coordinated program of infiltration into the German high school system. There is also now an "Art Lab" in Berlin, founded the day before Dutschke was shot, based vaguely on the London Arts Lab—it is hoped to provide a forum for happenings, theatre, art shows, dance, relatively non-political discussions, and snacks.

The confrontation now happening in Germany is an unbelievably exciting and important one. On one level a very real confrontation between young and old is taking place concerning the German past, the very confrontation English and American armchair liber-

als have said could not take place because they are unconscious racists and wish to believe that the German conscience is inferior to their own. Almost a quarter of a century has passed since the Second World War ended. The young Germans really are trying to understand what happened and they really do know what went on in the concentration camps. It is all the more unfortunate that this should be happening at a time when the establishment press, in England at least, is making dangerously nationalistic noises of its own.

Thus the young Germans have been dismissed by one English paper as "Red Nazis," while a recent BBC interview with a German student started out with the question "Why are the German students prone to violence?" Beginning with this premise, the interviewer had no trouble at all proving that it simply went to show that English education and system were better than German, which is probably what he wanted to prove from the outset. And two days after the Grosvenor Square riots it was alleged on a BBC news program that the disturbances were caused largely (wording approximate) "by foreign nationals, principally from Germany and West Berlin, among them the German student leader Rudi Dutschke, who was however in another part of London." Aside from the fact that his name is Dutschke and he was not even in London at the time, this departure from BBC's traditional reputation for fairness and accuracy is especially to be lamented.

If the young German movement were to move in a more reactionary or nationalistic direction, the English press (and government) would bear some of the responsibility for this. However shocked England may be over the events in Grosvenor Square, many young Germans returned home equally shocked and disappointed by the level of English justice they encountered during their stay. They came to England full of high idealism, thinking that by their opposition to the Viet Nam War they were helping to atone for German deeds against the Jews—they believed strongly in their own image of English democracy and fairness and were more than a little confused when they found themselves arrested and forced to plead guilty, in at least some cases without justification, with no fair hearing. It should also be noted that many of the German students who came, far from being rabble or drifters, were in fact among the most gifted and alert of young Germany, the people who may be making important government decisions in only a few years.

There are of course a few slightly disturbing features among the German young—one often gains the impression from students that unifying Germany remains for them a more important task than unifying Europe or mankind, even than carrying out ideological doctrine.

But there is an even more basic level of confronta-

(Continued on Page 20)

THEATRE?



SUNDAY.

That paragraph isn't very funny, and you could argue it contains little enough truth; then and again, April 27th in New York wasn't very funny either, and it hardly seemed real or true.

It wasn't bad walking up 52nd Street. I didn't know which parade it was, for a while. First off, there was a posse of mounted cops—which could have meant anything. But then came the Ukrainians, then the Byelorussians, who carried great signs: "Byelorussians Must Be Free;" "Byelorussia for the Byelorussians;" "Communism is the Worst Enemy of the Free World," and of course, "We Support American Servicemen in Vietnam." Not a word about Byelorussians in Vietnam, but then . . .

Next were some more marching bands and people. Then came

DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS City of New York

who brought along some sanitation trucks, painted yellow. They were followed by a bagpipe band followed by more people. The First Avenue Boys were led by a bunch of high-school baton twirlers, all very intent on not dropping their batons in the dog mess in the streets.

Then the order came to Tennnn-Hallit! because a fire truck came across the parade at right angles, siren blaring. When everyone started up again, all the men practiced those great field-marshal routines, Hunn! Tayoo! Hun! Twoooo! Forrrrd Harch! The women behind them sort of stood there, leaning further and further forward until they sort of all fell into a new space looking sort of relieved that they hadn't fallen over their feet.

There were regiments of children. Little crewcutted blond Ukrainian boys, all snottynosed and smiling, backs straight . . . little blond girls, in blue uniforms, carrying tin trumpets, looking around for someone they could smile at . . . little pony-tailed, eyeglassed kids, all in uniform, trying to stay in step and not able to understand why the step kept changing and the adults kept laughing and grinning each time they caught the eye of an onlooker.

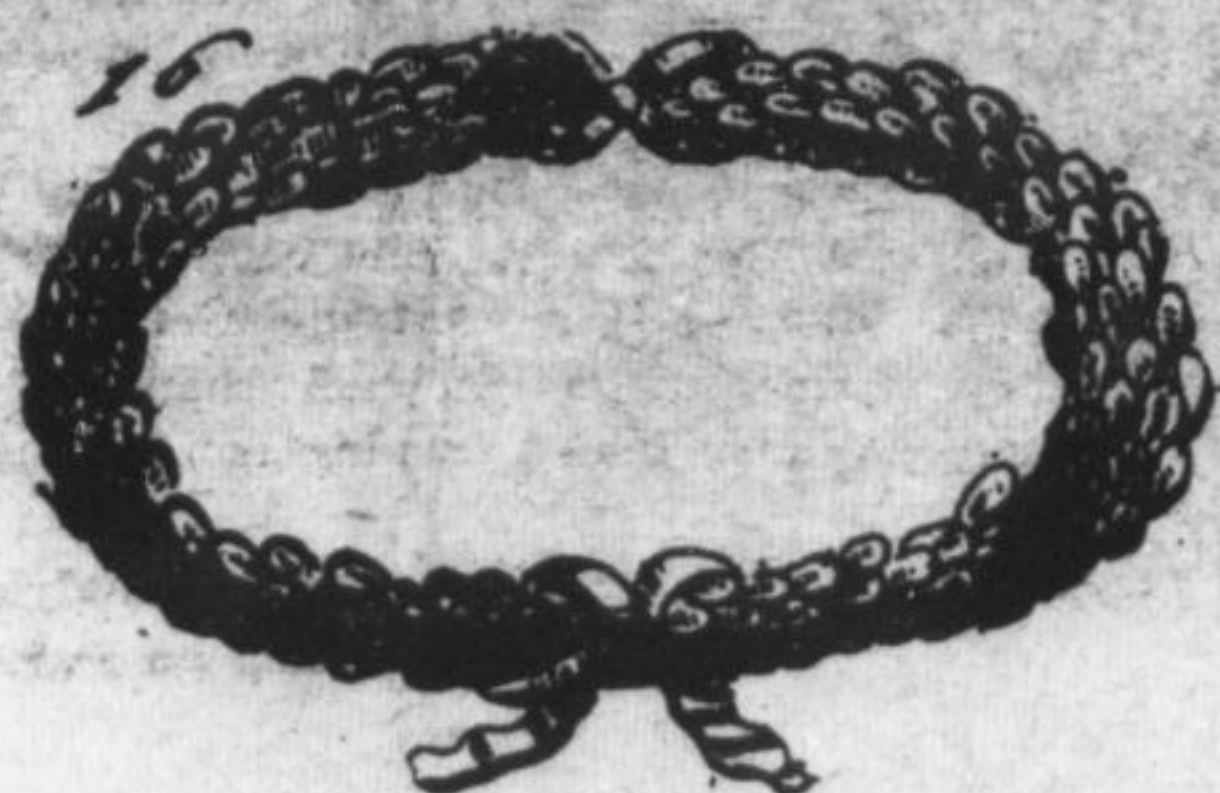
In Central Park, there was Sheep's Meadow. There was also a group carrying a card.

Young, liberal, conservative
"YIPPIE" Party

and another sign: Young
Independent
Patriots
for the war in Vietnam.

Too bad. Everyone I spoke with in the crowd watching them thought they were all hippies, and didn't bother reading the end of the signs, muttering instead, "Lousy hippies, all the same."

CORONA MYRTEA OVALS



Elsewhere in this paper and other media, there will be long accounts of what happened down in Washington Square, up at Columbia, and all around. I spent most of the time up in the East 100's, and in the Park, far away from Sheep's Meadow. Everyone I saw was too busy watching out for muggers, UFO's, shitting dogs, and next-door-neighbors to pay over-much attention to parades or paraders. It is anticlimactic and childish to add 'It sure was a nice day,' but I'll add that, because that is about as funny and true as anything else I could put down for a closing comment.

Theatre . . . next week, starting May 6th, Cafe Au Go Go at 152 Bleecker St. will have a 'Collision Course' 12-play cycle, all shorts, including plays by Lanford Wilson, Rochelle Owens, and Jules Feiffer, among others. (And it is hard to decide which three names to casually mention . . .).

The Electric Circus has done something really nice—no, really. It has been running children's entertainments, and the last one—just over, was "Alice, Through The Glass Lightly," and it was really lovely. The sets were done by Saito, who usually works out of La Mama. The nasty comment is: Sure, get the customers while they're young, and then when they reach puberty, they can try to afford the \$4.50 tickets. Still, the show was lovely, a word often reserved for entertainment you wish to imply was childish but that somehow got to you. The Electric Circus . . . Yes. The next children's gig will play outside either in Tompkins Square or possibly Central Park. As of now, "nobody knows what it will be, dear, but it will be fun, you can bet on that . . ."

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• Cantorial Liturgy • Filtered Swimming Pool • Health Gym • Steam Room •
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THE FAMILY THAT PRAYS TOGETHER STAYS TOGETHER.

The American Mime Theatre will put on a "lecture demonstration" at Lincoln Center's Library and Museum of the Performing Arts this next weekend. Thursday and Friday, performances are at 6:30; Saturday, at 2:30 p.m. Last week, The American Magic Mime Troupe told me they were the only true Mime Troupe. "American Mime says it 'has nothing to do with the work of anyone who calls themselves a mime, mimist, pantomimist, dancer mime, hand mime, silent actor, comedian, tumbler or circus clown. It is different from the Russian mime, Italian mime, French mime, Polish-French mime, Hungarian French mime, Israeli-French mime, and from all personal versions of these attempted by anybody.'" So there. I have seen American Mime (this one)

CORONA LAUREA



perform only once before; they were excellent, and therefore deserve a fair comment—if you like mime, go see this group.

La Mama put on two plays by Raphael Bunuel, "Seventeen Boxes," and "Let There Be Light." They're both good. I write that, and I can't believe it, but there it is two interesting plays. The first one concerns itself with the ritual of stacking boxes, done by two men and two women—and one Extra who bungles because he is not in on the game. Any action can become ritual. So long as there is development, the ritual can be theatrical, and this box-stacking becomes a theatrical world series of "May I help you?", as one man and woman hold a box between them and side-shuffle across the stage to stack that box; or the other couple's "You look lovely in purple," . . . "Thank-yewwww," as they side across the stage . . . It is getting more and more difficult to talk intelligently about visual experiences such as plays, because any artwork that is at all interesting hardly any longer contains a structural narrative; i.e., they reduce one to relating one's own sensations of the experience, but hardly allow talking about the experience itself . . . Anyway, the other play is longer, and is about

CORONA TRIUMPHALIS



a man, James, who thinks he controls life, fits everything into the frame according to his own light-scheme—only to eventually discover that he has limits.

The acting in both plays was excellent, especially that of Stefen Peters and Larry Luckinbill (who also directed the plays), but it is rather unfair to single them out, when there were also Rudy Caringi, Mariclare Costello, Al Hinkley, and Robin Strasser, as the couples from "Seventeen Boxes"; then all of them again plus Robert Mont and Roger Bowman in the second play.

La Mama is hoping to re-open around the end of June, but is having trouble with Them: all those people anti-Off-Off-Broadway, who consider lofts both fire and living hazards. As Ellen Stewart says, "Why should anything be different now?" If it is true, however, that it helps to know others share the misery, (it isn't, but this is about the best intro I can find to the subject) then Miss Stewart can share her boat with a couple of other Off-Off cafes and theatre clubs, because they too have been suffering from over-diligent policemen who have been handing out summonses and such as though the owners of these cafes were a bunch of under-30 hippies . . .

Richard Schechner's Performances Group, which played at the Radical Booking Agency Benefit, is nearing the time of open previews for "Dionysius 69," a section of which the group had performed that weekend. I hope to see one of their rehearsals next week and have more to say then.



Next week at Theatre Genesis, "Willy the Germ" goes on Friday, May 3. The play is by Murray (with an 'a') Mednick. Last week or so ago, it was incorrectly titled "Willy the Worm." I have been informed it is Germ, not Worm.

By Lite Elisco

THEATER



Our object is to found a "Neolithic city," to go back to man's first creative community arrangement and begin on that. We are against the word "commune," because it puts too much emphasis on co-operation, which could too easily become a law, a system of regulations enforced by the group on its individuals, as in communism or puritan religious settlements. By emphasizing the word "city" we hope to preserve some of the free, experimental individual spirit which, as Lewis Mumford says, is one of the saving features of a great sprawling metropolis: since we expect our group, however small at first, to be composed of a group of individuals with great sprawling differences in their backgrounds, we don't think such an emphasis is irreconcilable with our "primitive" goal—in fact, to be given priority over the goal of going back to the wilds, over the goal of beginning again, is our ultimate goal of reconciling the Primitive with the Civilized.

Mutual Aid with Self-Reliance, and Reverence for the Earth with Reverence for the Individual. We call ourselves Walden Three because we believe that B. F. Skinner's picture of a robot-dominated future in Walden II leaves the individual just as isolated in his individuality as Thoreau was physically cut off from Mankind at Walden Pond—to us, a communications-system without an active base of individuality is as meaningless as individuality without an active background of communication with mankind. To Thoreau human conversation was a Tower of Babel and Nature was a Muse. To B. F. Skinner, the animals are kept from running amok against the cycle of balances which sustains them because of the hardness and predictability of a machine called Instinct: to him the very definition of Individuality is "running amok," and this being so the job of human beings—if they want to retain the solidity of their species and not destroy that species with the lack of correlation between their different mind and body responses—is to produce a language-machine as precise as the automatic signs and signals of nature only vastly more complex. What both the behaviorist and the hermit are too bogged down in their daily isolation from their own species to see is that despite the special need-grouping of animals and despite the Machine of Nature or the Muse of Nature which helps their individual needs to survive against a general back-drop of other special need-groups, Communication with them is mainly uneven between individual and individual.

In our belief that any solution to the problem of environment must be founded on the principal of what enriches the individual—which is nothing but the experience of being-human at humanity's most solid point, some of us have begun to question whether or not the split between private values and public values—or between the individual's interest and the common good—which is the central problem of communication, may not have its origin in that most solid point; it would seem logical. This led us to try to put together an anthropology of social man in which Ethics—the study of the gap between Good and Evil in man, and Epistemology—the study of the gap between Feeling and Thought, are bought together in an attempt to answer one question: since man is a social creature, could both of these gaps have arisen from an aboriginal quarrel over communal borderlines, and could this quarrel have been settled communally in the wrong way—and therefore left a deep scar down the center of Man's individuality? Pursuing this question might show us not only how the individual can become more solid but also how he can become more solidly a special creature.

OUR PHILOSOPHY

"Evil" as we generally conceive of it is simply the other side of a narrow parochial notion of the Good,

a notion enabling us to back away from the Creation even as the Established Neolithic Villager backed away from the roving bands of hunters in the forest—even as a child might back up into a womb: the aboriginal village boundary must have had its immediate corollary in an inner one. From this point on it must have been impossible for man to experience any kind of Being at all without feeling as though one side of being must keep the other side always at bay; from this point on, the Different Drummer in the self must have been seen as a mischievous barbarian, the hated and admired devil, tempting the Conscientious Self to follow it into the lost forests of its daring; the Different Drummer in the Outside World as an exile from the Paradise of Obedience, his vices all as alluring as they are irredeemable, the loved and rejected nigger. One can well imagine how the City in time became in the view of common man a Citadel of Virtue to be protected by castrated priests. As animals and community anarchist Utopians, we reject this rigid barrier between inner and outer, upper and lower temporal and immortal which, in our view, is responsible for all the other disastrous dichotomies, sexual, ontological, and political, that in the fullness of time have split Man from Women, from his own body, and from the body of Mankind. We believe this stake drives so deep into the human heart that the word "co-operation" must be replaced by the word "Incorporation" as a motto adequate to promote the ideal of a United World. Just as the crevasse between nature and man is not closable until we cease fearing the Different Drummer in ourselves, until we radically transform our top-heavy notion of morality, so a sound ecology is not possible until organismic self-regulation becomes the prevailing gospel, until we learn to integrate love and aggression, Yin with Yang, until we stop playing out the rape-scene of our nightmares on Nature. So also healing the divorce between the Science and Humanities is not possible until

we close the crevasse between Spontaneity and intellect, Childhood and Adulthood, Dream and Reality.

We spurn the Socratic Ethic with its identification of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, because it seems to us at worse to presume a corollary identification between the False, the Bad, and the Ugly, as though some of the "best" people in the world may not be prostitutes and thieves, and at best it presumes an absolute polarization between the Harmonious Life and the Restless and Obsessed Life. We of Walden Three are restless above all, and some of us are hedonists and some are contemplatives, while others are vegetarians and hunters, but at the basis of our notion of how to revise the neolithic city is a more erotic conception of co-operation than that of the Social Contract, and a more generous definition of the Good than that of the Communitarian purists. The Good, to us, is simply the stable background of the Universe out of which all things came and the stable background of the Universe into which all things go, and we don't attempt to analyze this background and we don't intend to speak for it—thus we do not need a caste of priests to hold us together as a community. The danger, as we see it, of making Mutual Aid the object of ethics is that it can then become the super-ego of a religion community that will not tolerate the avaricious or the shiftless in its company, instead of an article of animal faith breathing exactly into the gaps between different ways of being in the world because there and no-where else is the absolute freedom of individual volition to be found without which there can be no commune, no community, and no common good. Evil, for us, is simply the breathing of the boundary-line between the Self and the would-be Self, or between the Estab-

lished Neolithic Villager in the Self and the invading Neolithic Hunter in the Self, and we regard it as only natural that the breathing of this boundary-line should combine the qualities of the dangerous, the forbidden, the attractive, and the challenging. We regard it as hope-making that our virtues should constantly inform our vices and vice-versa, and that the Self can never wholly escape from its wholeness gives us faith in the primacy of the life-wish, in the ongoingness of the world.

The Neolithic lake-dwellers had at once a more secure relationship with their environment than the nomads and a more flexible relationship with their environment than the cave-dwellers, and it is for this reason Kropotkin says, that among all primitive people their community-arrangements were the most amicable, and were the least warlike and had no cannibalism. We want the ecological and geological variety of a great lake-site, preferably in the Champlain Valley of Quebec, where the climate is temperate, where there is a very real possibility of buying land cheap or of getting a land-grant from the Canadian government, where it is possible to choose from among an assortment of sites providing a mixture of woods, unused grazing land, arable earth, accessible fresh-water, and marsh-land—a mixture of work, leisure, and pleasure-taking opportunities for the individual. We are not interested in intensive hunting or intensive farming so much as in intensive culture.

This year, since we do not expect to stay past summer, we hope to please ourselves with a variety of light-structures, such as wig-wams, house-boats, lean-tos, and tree-houses, but our paramount favorite is the geodisic dome. They are preeminently functional, portable, easy to assemble, and so resilient in matter and hardy in composition, that their basic frames could be left standing through the long winter. Until recently, some of us would have thought the barrenness of the moon to be their ideal setting, but a mental picture someone suggested to us of a small group of such structures clustered on a lake-front changed all that. We suddenly saw these proud, secular dwellings of the human spirit standing on the edge of an uncharted wildness looking like the original huts of the Neolithic Villages, dwarfed by nothing and dwarfing nothing as the ideal form of a new beginning on Earth. And there was the preeminently tempting possibility that the moral atmosphere of living in them in such conditions—an atmosphere in which the boundary-line between the Primitive and the Civilized will become well nigh invisible—would provide us with the unclouded will and clearheadedness to experiment with other dumb-bunny marvels, such as solar energy and our own simple power system. Certainly anything that keeps us from slipping into the Neanderthal ecstasies of Jack London and Jack Kerouac will be more than welcome, whether it be Wilhelm Reich's orgone box, or Buckminster Fuller's dome, or Moondog's alchemistic transmutation of natural objects into jazz instruments and instrumentalization of children's laughter and the sounds of birds.

There will be no voting in Walden Three, no majority-rule of even the most benevolent description, no pre-arranged Councils coming out with final decisions. We intend to let our dissenting wills lash out into the open against the Fixed Ways of the Universe, against the Fixed Ways of the Community, against the Fixed Ways of the Brother, in the faith that anything that appears to the Self to be fixed against the Self can only be a projection of that Self's fixed fear of the butterfly-wheel of experience. Even the American Indian can take home a lesson from us here, for at the base of his asceticism and stoicism is a will which has never fully accepted the Old World and

MEXICO HEAD

On the global board at Head Central, flashing red AVOID warnings on Mexico—grass busts up 75% since last year! Pundits suspect a Johnson-Mexican-Mafia coalition to eradicate increasing hippy grass traffic. ("Syndicate" dealt grass enters U.S. from Mexico with full cooperation of authorities on both sides of the border. Last October 30,000 kilos in a 4 truck caravan were seized by Mexican police in Laredo. The drivers were substituted for and the caravan went through. This tale uttered on hushed lips from the dungeon in 99 Bucarelli, the dreaded torture palace of the Federal Brain Police in Mexico City). The summer Olympiad is also responsible for the ferocious effort being made to rid Mexico of "hippies viciosos." Last month the Mexico City Daily News (Doublethink, Reactionary, Wire Service style) announced the intention of the Federal Police, an autonomous body in Mexico, to "eliminate every hippy" (Final Solution) before the Olympics begin in August. The Mexican government (proto-Facist) hopes to realize huge foreign investments which would be inhibited by the presence of filthy, spaced out kids.

In response to rumored Johnsonian swipes at Mexican president Diaz Ordaz (in Juarez, during the recent territorial squabbles) for harboring hippies and draft dodgers, the wounded macho pride has cast a policy of returning — brutally if possible — all "undersirables" (those who appear a little freer than the average tourist) to the U.S. border. Overtly sexual sadism is not uncommon. In Puerto Vallarta, San Blas, Zijuatenejo, Barra de Navidad, San Miguel Allende, Cuernavaca, Huatla (a tremor in the gland engenders there visions . . .), and other places, the Federales have deported ("I was imported," said Wesley) hundreds of Americans since last September. Kids living in jungle villages with only Indians, completely spaced out on grass and peyote; kids who couldn't even talk anymore, barefoot, were dragged bewildered into cattle trucks. A small group, living in nature near Vallarta, were busted twice last month. Mostly nude, they were accused by the police of dealing machine-guns to the revolutionaries (in the hills, of course) for grass. The police insisted that the battery-powered, stereo tape machine was a radio transmitter used to keep in touch with the guerrillas. (Headline in Eng.-speaking Guadalajara news rag: Nudist Pro-Castro Terror Group Uncovered). George and Olaf were sentenced to a 2-year-term in Federal prison and had to escape. I don't know why George wasn't deported, but in the case of Olaf it would have cost the Mexicans more money to fly him back to Sweden than it would to keep him on frioles in prison for 40 years.

Special Warning to Aliens: There is no habeas corpus in Mexico (they can keep you in jail forever without trial or a lawyer) and the law is Napoleonic (you're guilty until you prove yourself innocent). Chances are you'll get busted if you go to Mexico this summer so, look out, kid, the grass is greener in Sheep's Meadow. (Secret world astrologers predict Mexican Renaissance, 1969).

For the trip that combines business and pleasure (take the old lady), Isla San Miguel glows like a ruby in the Gulf of Panama. From a distance the deep, scarlet haze surrounding the island appears to breathe and possess a life of its own, until, upon closer view, the island's few acres reveal themselves studded with closely grown 20 ft. high Panama ("red") grass plants. \$2 (U.S.) per kilo. In the history of the island no single individual has ever succeeded in smoking an entire joint. 3-5 puffs is average for a mature male. Caution: Not even the super-avaricious Panama City police dare approach Isla San Miguel unannounced. The inhabitants are thoroughly aware of their island's rare beauty and go about armed, with bandoliers. They are also heads and love to turn everybody on.

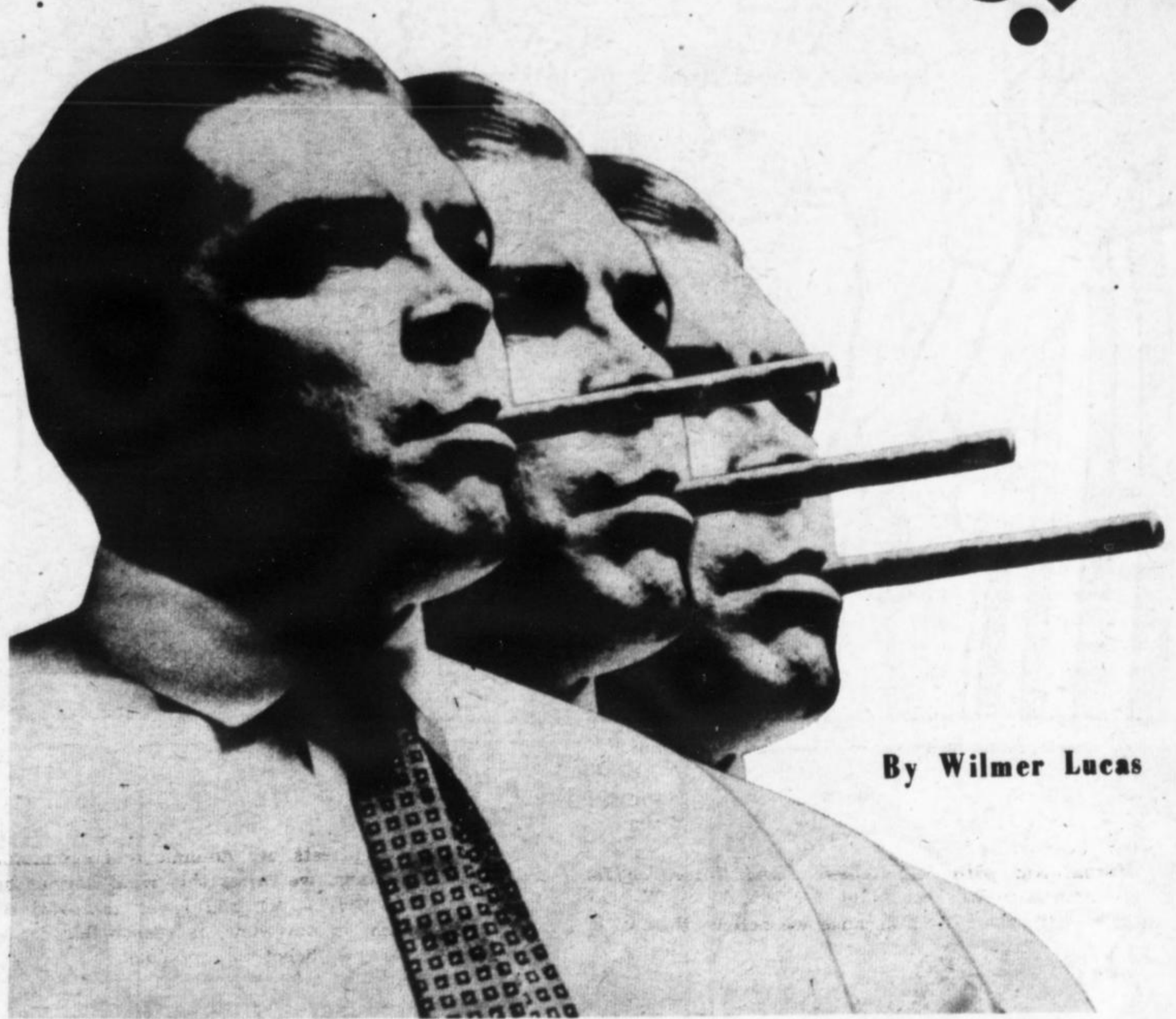
To celebrate fully the growing spirit of internationalism border-ins, etc., a group of travelers are assembling in Stockholm this month (contact Olaf Arrhenius, Kagghamara Gard, Grödinge, Sweden) to embark upon a diesel bus expedition to Nepal and India. Summer in Kathmandu. I'll be heading for Konarak and the Black Pagoda which presents "bigger than life-size couples in amorous poses which would be qualified by modern censors as sheer pornography," Fodor's Guide to India, 1968, to write my pornographic-travelogue-novel which Grove Pres will publish next year.

... notes on travel in NYC, traversing the sweaty pearl of the inner city, John, Lynn, and I were refused service—for having holes in our clothes?—at Mickey's Fag City (where they serve chickpeas) but some groovy kid at Fillmore East waved us in for free. Heavy Traffic . . .

By Richard Hern

FLASH

LICHTER! LIVES!



By Wilmer Lucas

Ernesto "Che" Guevara was killed in Bolivia last October. One of his more concise legacies for present and perhaps future appeal is this loose but emphatic expertise on the nature of guerrilla warfare. Guevara is no Clausewitz on War, but it is evident that the success of the Cuban Revolution in 1959 had a great deal to do with a practical application of realities he confronted through strategies this work suggests.

The philosophy of action that this work assembles is simply to overcome the oppressor. The lessons of the Cuban Revolution afford three basic revolutionary provisos, they are:

1. "Popular forces can win a war against an army."
2. "It is not necessary to wait until all conditions for making revolution exist; the insurrection can create them."
3. "In underdeveloped America the countryside is the basic area for armed fighting."

The Cuban terrain was obviously a perfect launching pad for all of Castro-Guevara manipulations, tactical reprises and successes. Let us also say that Haitian "Independence" of 1804 was a guerrilla action in effect. Let us further believe that this book is perhaps required reading in all military colleges where modern warfare is taught—not hastily but thoroughly. Guevara asks, "Why does the guerrilla fighter fight? He responds in saying: "We must come to the inevitable conclusion that the guerrilla fighter is a social reformer, that he takes up arms responding to the angry protest of the people against their oppressors, and that he fights in order to change the social system that keeps his unarmed brothers in ignominy and misery." In short, "the guerrilla fighter is above all an agrarian revolutionary." This agrarian revolutionary force is also an urban one for all present day speculation. And thus: "Hit and run" some call this scornfully, and this is accurate. Hit and run, wait, lie in ambush, again hit, and run, and thus repeatedly, without giving any rest to the enemy."

The guerrilla band in ideal composition "Che" suggests consists of: 25 men equipped to do the job on the most unfavorable ground where an army or militia would never attempt to be confronted. The idea above all, is to win the physical skirmish, and more important to plant the psychological seed for undermining the opposition. This inevitable network of conspirators is again a mass involvement; aligning the peasantry with the sympathies of hierarchy from guerrilla intelligence.

After all the goal of agrarian reform was essentially the goal of the Fidelistas. The "West Indian" complex of the 19th and 20th Century, revolutionary position ultimately falls into three periods according to C.L.R. James in "The Black Jacobins": I. The nineteenth Century; II. Between the Wars; III. After World War II. An agrarian reform parallel significance has had its roots in two factors: the sugar plantation and "Negro" slavery, infused with the European colonialism and American paternalism. Guevara and Fanon are the only modern Caribbeans who have thus far elicited tactical approaches to modern neo-colonialism of timely, popular and strategic appeal. Frantz Fanon was concerned with Algeria as a psychiatrist born in Martinique; "Che" Guevara was an Argentinian born physician who became a naturalized Cuban, and later a member of the Castro cabinet. His work in this book is not an examination or diagnosis, but a prescription for past Cuban operations. He quite naturally alludes to "The Americas," considering his own Monroe Doctrine of guerrilla warfare, which is as ambiguous in Revolutionary tactics as it wants to be. In short "Che" Guevara affords an appeal in a general biopsy of what he thinks, and has been effective for Cuba. Even the long winded and cogent C. Wright Mills in his "Listen Yankee" (1960) afforded "Che" who was then President of the National Bank Cuba, a due gratitude. But Guevara did not write magic, he emphasized technique in the business of overcoming. The role of tactics, warfare on favorable ground, suburban warfare, the nature of the guerrilla band, the organization of the guerrilla front and finally the "Organization in Secret of the First Guerrilla Band," afford testimony to an understanding of the Cuban insurrection which has been as misunderstood as our position in Guantanamo Bay, Vietnam, or elsewhere. Guevara supports in essence that "Whoever does not feel this undoubted truth cannot be a guerrilla fighter."

With the limitations of flagrant yellow journalism that have already negated both Castro and Cubans; the selflessness and rallying point of Guevara's legacy will remain a mystique until both Cuba and U.S.A. hope fully decide that tyranny is the demented sire of a guerrilla. To some this work may seem as a handbook, and for others it may come as an excitement, and a temporary fulfillment of an inner need for anarchy and nihilism. In both cases, with others unmentioned the "Third World" is all that is left.

THE KABITZEN FOLLIES

...WITH THAT SAUCY WONDER... SANTA!

BY KIM DEITCH



fashions

out

of

sight

Superman style in-flight costume: actually has detachable parts, all snaps: Gerda Wisler (who calls this "modular clothing")

Plastic dress: Rachel Chodorov

"Demosia Hgimes" — even the Army can be MADE to do something worthwhile. By taking a regular GI helmet attaching a "mind-vibrating" machine, you get a relaxator. From Farman.

Once upon a time, it turned out that New York extended northward, past 14th Street. Past Gramercy, even. All the way to 53rd Street off Fifth and the Museum of Contemporary Crafts which was examining ways to cover the human body, hopefully different from either Janis Joplin's or the Lone Ranger's. Chemistry for Better Living produces thermo-reactive materials which cool in the summer, warm when it's winter; colors which change according to light stimulus; fused material which never sees a needle; materials which can inflate so that clothes become furniture, eradicating another boundary.

I haven't made comments throughout because clothes can be a groove, and if they aren't for you, all the cute Vogue comments or all the groovies in the world won't help. There has been a rather overlarge influence in fashion, dripulator fashion, from the hippies back to the straights. The only way you can tell a Real One is to notice if his boots have that Italian leather "natural shine" look or if they're that way because this is the only pair of shoes the man owns . . . (not a very good way, but those boundaries are evaporating in all directions). It is nice to know that there are whole new areas to be played with — and areas which any enterprising head can probably soon afford to experiment in and around.

The museum is at 29 West 53rd Street, about two doors past MOMA. The show runs until June 9th, admission is 50 cents, or free if you are (or look like you are) under 12.

Some of the clothes are available in the city: Bonnie Cashin; Frank Lincoln Viner; Clydeen Malloch (whose studio is at 59 West 8th St.); Farman, and Diana Dew.



Fire suit: U. S. Navy Clothing and Textile Research Unit.

Text: Lita Eliscu

Photo: Diane Dorr-Dorynek

Layout: Bob Parent

Man in jacket of plastic strips joined by disc buttons — Frank L. Viner. Concept: Speed—function—leisure.



Electric clothes — from Diana Dew (out of sight). a) Motorcycle jacket, has "electroluminescent and incandescent lights" operated by self-contained power pack" b) Alarm belt: body temperature causes alarm to go off—read carefully.

columbia

(Continued from Page 3)

People were bleeding, some profusely, students were shouting, "Medic!" just like war, man; blood on the ground, the sound of blows raining down on students who got what they were looking for without realizing it because the cops were really beating radicalism into their heads, telling them where they stood both in the university and the police department which doesn't give a shit about any blood that's not a cop's.

At midnight Monday Rudd was sure that police wouldn't spare the blacks and beat the whites. He trusted Lindsay, believed the Mayor wouldn't do anything to provoke the Daily News which has already accused him of being too lenient with blacks, letting them get away with too much blackness. So the fate of the whites depended on decisions taken at Hamilton, Renamed Malcolm X University. Gut Rudd felt that the working relationship between black and white radicals on campus was "extraordinary" and "one of the biggest steps in the movement I've seen," and the fact that black student demands centered mainly around the issue of the gym as related to the community did not matter. "It hasn't changed anything," he said.

Few students believed that the blacks would give up without a fight, and there was every indication that Hamilton Hall was preparing to repulse any police attack. Student security at Hamilton was the tightest. Some observers felt that a more integrated assault on the university, black and white mixed together, would have confused the university and the police, and things might have ended differently with amnesty for everyone because the surrounding community would have been then more totally with all the serious dissenters, and the police wouldn't have been able to isolate, divide, rule, beat, arrest, get their summer-training, etcetera, so easily.

The Police were even praised by Harlem leaders, who were also proud that the police action at Hamilton was under the commando of Deputy Chief Inspector Waith, the Commander of Manhattan North.

"As a matter of fact," said Human Rights Commissioner William Booth, rather naively "I was gratified to see that the police have learned human rights. The demonstrators behaved themselves . . . despite the fact that they were being arrested. They did not give the police a reason to use unnecessary force. In Hamilton Hall the police acted very professional." Because they were afraid of the community, but the whites, without a solid community support, made up for the workout deprived cops by blacks.

Police Commissioner Leary, who was present, praised his men for doing "an excellent job."

"The Negroes came out peaceably," said the Mayor, but insisted on being arrested and the police arrested them. Some white students resisted the police and force was met with force. I hope the force was reasonable."

But faculty were beaten up, professors were in blood and tears.

"This is the worst brutality I have seen in my life and I've been to Georgia and Alabama," said Rabbi Abe Goldman, Jewish chaplain of the university. He said police had beaten him up.

It's a question too of the old order against a new dream of students who insist on managing themselves and fighting against injustices social, sexual, psychological. And its an international wave of revolutionary consciousness. Students in Paris, Rome, Madrid, Cairo, Prague, Tokyo, Rio and Peking are on the battling for their rights as individuals, and the right to be outraged by the immorality that rests in the heads of their parents. But the situation in New York was different from Tokyo and Germany where students (like in Latin America) fight.

But a few hours before the bust last Monday many students at Columbia were talking about surrendering, about taking what they could get while they could get it, and not stick out for amnesty. America never offers amnesty to the unarmed. America is too busy dying.

"Some of the younger people are hippies and activists," said Harold Howe 2d, United States Education Commissioner in Washington on the unrest on campuses throughout the nation. "Some are experimenter with a more liberal sexual code or new kinds of utopias or are seeking a greater sensitivity to moral and ethical issues.

"They are disaffected and disgruntled with what is going on in the universities."

And a few hours before or after the death of Edna Ferber two weeks ago, Erwin N. Griswold, Solicitor General of the United States, upheld the moral right of dissenters to disobey laws they believe in their conscience to be unjust.

Then there is incredibly naive verbal jitterburg of public officials like Lindsay and Bob Kennedy who, for political reasons known only to their ambitions, crisscross the nation begging students, with a kind of slumming euphoria to seek to control their lives and dissent, dissent, dissent, or the country would perish. And Lindsay, who most earnestly wants to be president (or simple vice), was on his way to another "dissent" nonsense while cops kicked heads, groins, faces, stomachs, concrete & clits.

"Did you order the police into Columbia?" he was asked by students.

"No," Lindsay said. "The administration did that." When it is clearly evident that it is the Mayor who manages the muzzle.

And before addressing 4,000 students, he read a statement he prepared while flying from New York to Chicago to speak at Illinois and at Notre Damn.

Students have a right to protest, to dissent, to demonstrate. That right is basic, but no supreme. It cannot be allowed to supersede equally important individuals' rights and privileges, among them the right of a university to teach and grant degrees, and the right of students to learn.

The demonstration by a group of Columbia University students during the past several days clearly exceeded even the most liberal perimeters of the right to assemble and dissent. The demonstrators, comprising less than 5 per cent of the student body, ransacked the office of the university president, held a dean prisoner and forced the administration to suspend classes.

Regardless of the merits of their cause, a few hundred students cannot be allowed to impose their will on a university of some 20,000 students through destructive, illegal tactics.

Officials of the university tried repeatedly to induce the demonstrators to end their revolt. Only after a remarkable display of patience and restraint did the university file criminal charges of trespass and formally request the New York City police to remove the students who had taken over school buildings.

Once the charges were filed, the police had no choice under the law but to arrest and remove the trespassing students.

I hope now that the university can return to the business of higher education, and the students to the task of advancing through the lawful avenues of the democratic process. I hope, also, that the university will address itself more fully than it has in the past to its relationship with, and role within, the larger community of which it is an integral part.

Then he launched into a dissentorium, similar to nine others delivered to college students in last five months, "You marched and you demonstrated, an and in doing so, you received several lumps on the head, a good many jail sentences, and special-delivery letters from General Hershey.

"Frankly and realistically, however, that is about all you truly achieved. Among those in the policy councils of Government, those in a position to alter the commitment to the war, nobody listens. Then, suddenly and almost miraculously, it all changed: you got smart. The resistance movement got a haircut, shaved, put on a tie, and went into politics. You went into New Hampshire, and American politics hasn't been the same since you did."

But the Mayor, true to form, was not talking about "bizarre, negative and other self-indulging" protests such as blocking Dow Chemical, gods of napalm, burning draft cards and heckling Hershey.

And the Mayor denied he had presidential ambitions. He wants to be a good Mayor of New York City, but he wasn't here for the blood of the bust, and he could say miles away that "Once the (administration) charges were filed, the police had no choice under the law but to arrest and remove the trespassing students," and his city "responded with great sadness to the university's request. This put the city government and the police department in a most unhappy position. There are few things more important than the integrity and independence of a private institution."

Some kids shouted, "LINDSAY FOR PRESIDENT."

"Unnecessary police violence, amounting in many cases to inexcusable brutality" was put down by the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. "We demand," the Committee said, "that the New York City Police Department have as policemen only officers who are capable of enforcing the law without brutality. This demand is in accordance with Mayor Lindsay's excellent statement that he is opposed to any such drastic action as was suggested in the 'shoot to kill' directive by Mayor Daley of Chicago." The police have been wild this spring. One week earlier the N.Y. Civil Liberties Union put down police violence at demonstrations where police openly attack and provoke. Civil Liberties want them to eliminate "dragnet arrests" and the "flying wedge" and halt use of nightsticks in controlling crowds, stop using plainclothesmen at demonstrations and make cops wear name tags as well as badge numbers.

"With all the criticisms I have of N.Y. City Police Department," said executive director Neier, "I must say in fairness that I don't know of any other city that has a better department."

And Neier was arrested at the peace demonstration last Saturday, whereupon he denounced police tactics used to break up what he termed a "legal demonstration." Thirty-five youths were also arrested when they emerged from Central Park after the Sheep Meadow rally, on their way to march to Columbia in support of the students there.

walden

(Continued from Page 10)

never fully rejected the new, a will which is blocked off at both places of entry and tightened in the shoulders and behind the jaw-bones. With Goodman, Buber, and Kafka we concur that there is a better chance of a fist-fight between the brothers leading to the Paradisical Embrace than the Consensus of the Chiefs: the embrace of the Chiefs is cold and stiff, but the arms of the brothers are hot and loose. Love and Strife, we could show him, are two apples that hang upon the tree of Eros.

THE CHALLENGE

As we see it, the mass dance-step of Marshall McLuhan leads not backwards to Pre-Columbian unanimity but forward to the electronic head-gear of B. F. Skinner — "forward" and "backward" become very slippery terms when the problem of Historical Man is that he is teetering on a tightrope: so does the term "escapist." Who is the Escapist, Moondog who has given up his wooden flute to court the attention and the nickles of the photographers of the Time and Life building, or those Painted, but far from Naked Savages waiting in line at the Electric Circus, who have left their Suburban homes in rebellion against the electric tooth-brush? The complete truth is, that the inner ear, the center of equilibrium, has been destroyed in all of us, by the electric tooth-brush, by the electric guitar, and by that one thin leg on the giant spider of the Communications Industry — the Time and Life building. The mouthpieces of the sub-culture tell us to draw the line, but where do you draw the line between Dylan and The Rights of Man, between Donovan and The Ways and Power of Love, between the Beatles and Civilization and its Discontents? It is impossible to walk the streets of the ghetto today and be a living man if one could stop up one's ears to Dylan, Donovan, and the Beatles, impossible not to feed the Big Record Companies who pay the disc-jockeys that hog the air-waves with your own heart-beat. It is not the lines of communication that have broken down — they are thriving — it is the lines between environments; they have been snarled. I think the word is "jammed." In abandoning a world in which it is impossible at any given moment to draw the line between the Artificial Environment and the Authentic Environment, and in taking to the Canadian wilds, we are not stepping out of the mainstream of anything. There is no main-stream, there is only as far as we are concerned a main-drift, and the drift is not to the Noosphere, but to "No-where'sville."

The main-stream of the future, if there is to be any future, is in these little creeks and streams running down from the frozen Mountain, in Czechoslovakia, in West Germany, in the Netherlands. The headlines are given to the extrovert youths who would "expropriate" the microphones and the printing-factories from the authorities, and who would "legalise" pot, but what no one of our elders realizes is that behind all that mock-mounting of the barricades (there are no barricades), behind all that self-conscious revolution and boisterous verbal imitation of Castro and Mao Tse Tung, the greatest revolution of all time is quietly preparing itself. It is not insignificant that the bond of the International Youth Movement is in growing long hair. Youth, the largest Exploited Class in the world, has the unique advantage of having a potential life-career before it — for the first time in the history of the world the Different Drummer inside the Established Villager can afford to identify himself with the Different Drummer who is not allowed in the village; as long-haired Community Anarchist Utopians who can no longer believe in the boundary within, in your rotten Institutions, in your rotten Conscience, we are the first nomads to make a program of hunting for the City of Man in the forests of our selves. In the end we shall leave the skin-deep "tuned-in" Environment of Skinner and McLuhan behind us like a jelly-fish on a beach and enter into the true Total Environment, a place where there is a public use and public praise not only for the electronically magnified yamp and individual gargle but also for the individual's in-most thought and yearning.

The revolution which the TV commentators make out as extending only as deep as the roots of our hair is already spreading, as well we know, to the intersections of our legs, and some of us are beginning to feel it in the cells of our brains. Is it not possible that just in playing the game that we are going to inherit a future worthy of our beautiful human powers, and in playing it in dead earnest in the full heat of our youth, we may provide a moral alternative to the Hudson Institute, wherein faded liberals sit around playing Rick and Monopoly with the cities of the world? The latter men are not so much the enemies of the future of the world, for they are more jealous of the potential power of youth which they have thrown away on dreams of gaining Abstract Power than they are jealous of the actual brokers of Abstract Power: the machines they pretend to possess for turning out all the answers for a broken world have a hidden purpose not so much ghoulish

The Tea Company
is Coming

as anti-spiritual — to stop up the Church of a Million Questions. As young people and as Americans, we consider it our erotic duty to blockade their avenues of thinking about the unthinkable with new avenues of thinking which happen also to be new ways of being-in-the-world.

Unlike the Hudson Institute, though, there are no large private and governments funds behind us. At this moment we are casting out an appeal for big rolls of mesquite netting, material for Buckminster Fuller's domes, camping and carpentry and tilling equipment, books on diets, recipes, and First Aid, storable or dried foods, seeds, how-to-do-it-books and books on growing, information on Friendly persons in Canada and information on her laws, information on her flora, fauna, and terrain, all literary material on anarchist lore, outdoor clothing, cooking utensils, one good short-wave radio, and plenty of raw canvas. Thanks to an advertisement in the underground newspapers, one car has so far been contributed to our cause, but we will need at least a couple more in starting off, and we're collecting contributions for an outsized gasoline-and-toll fund — in case, if worse comes to worse, we have to buy our own land. Most of all — and we have saved this request for last because it is most important — we would welcome any and all suggestions sent to us in book-form or be it letter as to how to do practical things that are necessary for our survival with the maximum of simplicity and efficiency and the minimum of resources: one has already been received by us from a lady in Delaware on how to bleed longer life out of embers by utilizing empty tincans, which retain heat. Another lady in New York City has sent half-a-dozen railroad signal lanterns to our cause, accompanied by the suggestion that we remove the red glass and convert them into personal kerosene lamps. This is where we are at present.

None of us have a cool or slick stance toward the problems of the world, as do Hermann Kahn's band of little professionals — our only weapons against that school are a little warmth, a little light, in the most rudimentary containers. That the task is wholly dangerous, forbidden, attractive, and challenging to us means that we are actually inheriting a wholly new world if we just step into the task, because these are the chief characteristics of a wholly new world. The Clean Slate can afford Mistakes. The future lights us up, the future warms us.

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I once said that I opened The Scene to create my own world within the world of reality. That was true four years ago. Since then, The Scene has become quite well known through full page coverage in Newsweek, the cover of the Saturday Evening Post and a television show syndicated nationally by David Wolper. But, more important, as child is father to the man, the scene is father to the Scene.

Profit, power and a scene that has to capitalize on itself and capitalize its very self does not have to exist, even a nightclub. Especially a nightclub that lives and breathes with a nature so human that it even has a soul.

I doubt if I originally meant it to be that way. Ego and money are hard to deny, especially at the beginning. But sometimes along the way, more important and meaningful values find the need and courage to intercede. For whatever reason, The Scene became a pretty rewarding scene. Not financially, for it is quite in debt. But creatively and spiritually, it is rich and prosperous.

These are very strong sentiments for a nightclub. And hard to communicate to one who has not been present over the past four years. Creatively, we can point to such top musicians as The DOORS, TIM HARDIN, MUDDY WATERS, The RASCALS and JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE, who have developed and performed their craft here. And to many unknown groups who received substantial assistance to their growth here. And to TINY TIM, who was born a universe and is becoming a star. And to jam sessions that have informally brought together such charismatic combinations as RICHIE HAVENS and ODETTA, JIM MORRISON and JIMI HENDRIX, and ERIC CLAPTON joined by MIKE BLOOMFIELD and DANNY KALB. This in our recent pop phase. Which was preceded by a failure phase. Which was preceded by being internationally known as New York's most "in" club where stars like Sammy Davis and Liza Minelli would do guest sets along with the show business hopefuls who were hoping. Whatever

the phase, it was and always will be the creativity and energy of youth that is responsible. Not only for the talent, but for the spirit and soul that is the scene.

As we once found our way two years ago, we are finding a different way now. Before, it was all that is young in show business. Now it is all that is young in pop music. And young is what is good. Come before April 25 and see HOWLIN WOLF, a youth in his 50's, show you what is real. CHARLES LLOYD (April 25-28); TRAFFIC (April 29-May 1), and GARY BURTON Quartet (May 20-June 2) will follow along with ? as further examples of contemporary music in its presentation at the scene.

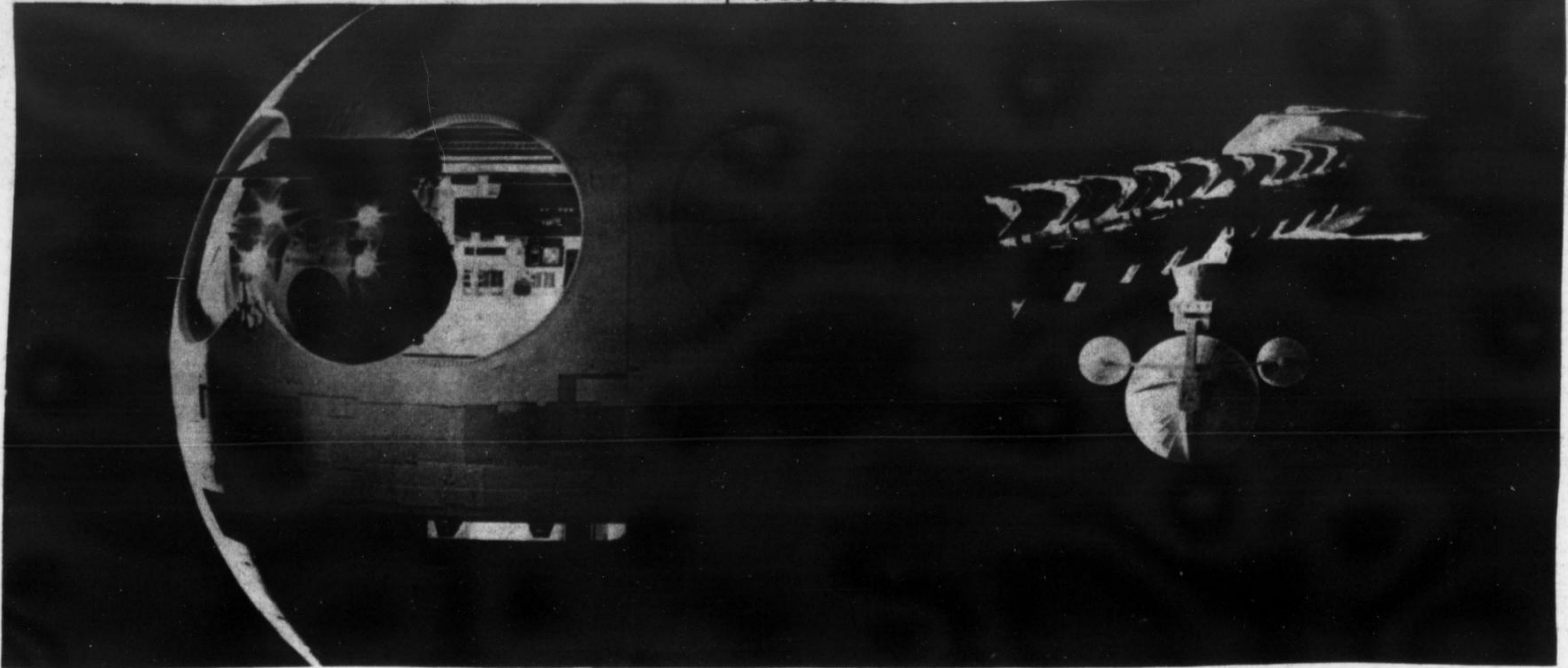
The nightly jam sessions of the struggling musicians and established pop stars who are the regulars at the scene, transform stars into people and great music into reality. This great music and pop-in-ness is the subject of an in-depth article in the forthcoming issue of a major national magazine. Yes, we're alive and kicking and about to become big again. But we're also for sale.

I've just found a house in the country. Not near enough to the city to own The Scene. But near enough to work for the scene. I'll take the organic fulfillment of creativity. They can have the glory of ego back. I'll take the power of peace of mind. They can take the power of power back.

Somewhere there must be a foundation that wants to involve itself in a non-profit scene of the above nature. To help us both get started on our respective paths I will give this foundation The Scene for nothing. Absolutely nothing. The foundation will assume the liabilities, which are considerable but self-liquidating, based on current operating income. The foundation will assume the assets (they tell me The Scene is worth between one hundred and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.) Amazing what the license to liquor and to be The Scene is worth. And isn't. Your foundation can have all this for nothing. And me, too. For a reasonable salary. If your foundation will let the scene profit not, but gain its soul.

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Stanley Kubrick's "2001" A Masterpiece

GENE YOUNGBLOOD

Stanley Kubrick's "2001: A Space Odyssey" is a masterpiece. I do not use a word like that freely; I'm not exactly sure what it means. But there are times when no other description seems adequate, and this is one of those times.

It is an unspeakably beautiful motion picture, a triumph of surpassing technical mastery and probing thematic eloquence. It is everything we ever dreamed it could be. Everything and more. It belongs in the same league with Antonioni's "Red Desert," Godard's "Alphaville" and Emshwiller's "Relativity." That's what I mean by masterpiece.

Expanded Cinema no longer is restricted to the underground. Imagine Gershfield's "Now the Buffalo's Gone," Jordan Belson's "Allures," John Whitney's "Lapis" and "Yantra," and the Griffith Park Observatory's Planetarium all combined in single-projection Cinerama and you have some idea what "2001" is like.

But the film is important far beyond its immediate mastery because, for once, we have a multi-million-dollar corporate investment, complete with Good Housekeeping Seal, which is at the same time a personal artistic statement and a serious exploration into the possibilities of cinema. The visions of Dr. Arthur C. Clarke, scientist-dreamer, and Stanley Kubrick, artist-filmmaker, are fused here with the economic power of the motion picture industry and the result is, I'm sure, what every underground movie-maker dreams of.

You sit there completely overwhelmed, numbed, staggered by what you're seeing. You try, but you can't guess how they did it. So you just relax and let it take you in. And when it has taken you in with technological achievements beyond your imagination, then it says something very meaningful and very beautiful.

When the curtain closes you sit for a moment collecting your wits. "2001" is similar, in structure at least, to the works of Herman Hesse: it begins one way and ends in an entirely different way, a conclusion you never would have suspected from the structure of the piece. Think of "Steppenwolf" for example: it begins slowly, ploddingly, mathematically, but at the end there has been a complete reversal, a total change, yet the turnabout seems an entirely logical conclusion of what has gone before.

At first glance "2001" appears to be a celebration of the achievements of "civilized" man on the threshold of outer space; yet there is an incredible twist of logic which suggests that man is only beginning to awaken and that, perhaps, we are toying with the Mystery of Life by probing the secrets of eternity. Thus this film is extremely metaphysical,

almost (at one point) mystical. But have we forgotten that metaphysics and so-called "science fiction" are synonymous?

Furthermore, I don't think it reasonable to call this film "science fiction" anymore than we would think of James Bond movies as science fiction. "Metropolis" and "Things To Come" were considered science fiction at one time, yet the things they predicted—laser beams, rockets, helicopters—are commonplace today. Science, yes, but science-fiction, no, because ALL fiction is science-fiction today. And anyway, there is very little in "2001" that we would not consider feasible within the next decade or so.

The film opens with a prologue titled "The Dawn of Man," and it took me a few minutes to realize that the humanoid apes are not really monkeys but people. (This incredibly convincing sequence should dispel any misconceptions about the merit of "Planet of the Apes," a juvenile farce in comparison to "2001.") metallic monolith buried in the prehistoric earth, obviously a product of advanced intelligence. One humanoid reaches up to touch the object, but withdraws timidly. Finally all the primitives huddle about the base of the totem-like monolith, a gesture which suggests all sorts of social concepts. Later there is a battle, with the apes using bones as clubs. A bone is hurled into the air, spinning in slow motion, and becomes a space station spinning slowly above earth. This is among the most valid allegorical transitions I have seen in the movies, a medium given to rather grandiose symbolism. As it turns out, "2001" is filled with allegories and metaphors, but they are brilliantly realized and do not seem in the least pretentious. It is not symbolism itself that we find offensive, but rather the vulgar and trite ways in which it commonly is used. Here it seems perfect.

A great deal of the power of these images is due to Kubrick's stylization, a formal arrangement of forms; and since he is dealing with the cosmos, a mathematical phenomenon, then his Cartesian imagery seems all the more valid and natural. For example, one haunting image is repeated throughout the film as a sort of metaphysical leitmotif: In deep space, we are suspended near a huge planet, its crest illuminated by starlight. Suddenly another globe appears behind and directly in line with the first; and now, with a blinding starburst of light, a glowing sun rises behind the second planet, continuing the geometrical arrangement of "heavenly bodies." It is a timeless, unforgettable image which suggests, almost surrealistically, some higher order, some transcending logic far beyond human intelligence. And indeed it is precisely the notion

of "heavenly bodies" with which Kubrick is concerned; in this context "surrealism" loses all meaning because our definition of "realism" begins to seem petty and insignificant. "2001" is Stanley Kubrick's interstellar morality play.

At the point when the primitive bone becomes the whirling space station, "2001" turns into a bravura display of filmic technology. During the last three years we've been reading articles about the secrecy which shrouded the production of the film in England; we've read how the actors refuse to discuss what went on behind closed doors, and how to this day Kubrick and Dr. Clarke will not divulge their methods in simulating weightlessness—If, indeed, it is only simulated; there are times you'd swear they actually created a centrifuge right there in the soundstage.

In any event, it is useless to attempt to describe with mere words what is so majestically, stupendously depicted in epic-sized images on that vast Cinerama screen. Somehow—through inventive use of perspective and very precise camera movement—the sensation of being suspended in outer space is overwhelming. Kubrick has had to completely re-invent montage and continuity in order to suggest the directionless anti-logical condition of the universe. Even though it is only a movie, and even though we are sitting in a theater under the effect of gravity, we soon are convinced that there is, in fact, no "up" or "down" and that "direction" is only relative. If you want to use terms like "psychedelic" or "total environment," I'd say that's what this movie is all about.

The music is "The Blue Danube Waltz" as the gargantuan cylindrical "Hilton Space Station No. 5" revolves serenely around the earth. It contains an entire city of activity, including such mundane facilities as Howard Johnson's Earthlight Room and appliances like an RCA Whirlpool Liquipack dispenser for ersatz space foods. "The Blue Danube" seems at first a rather trite attempt at suggesting the commonplace, effortless nature of space station travel in the year 2001. After the second and third times it's used, you become rather annoyed. But at the end you discover a more ominous, surrealistic meaning in Kubrick's inspired choice of this music along with electronic sounds.

There are thousands of films—within-the-film, each a fascinating example of computer-electronic movies like those of the Whitney Brothers or UCLA's John Stehura. I'm talking about the tiny monitor screens and data processing equipment that clutter the visual surface of "2001" like a starburst of oculosopes. The staggering casualness of the film is what strikes one most: actors walk—or float—nonchalantly in

and out of vast horizonless rooms which must have cost fortunes to construct but which appear on the screen only once, for a few seconds.

Not once can you detect strings or wires or mirror tricks or anything that might give a clue to the secret of Kubrick's magic. Everything is straightforward and simple: a man runs the inner circumference of a 360-degree cylinder; a woman steps into a circular room which then turns 180-degrees, leaving her upside-down, and she calmly walks out. Cut, and the following shot is right-side-up with her leaving the cylinder. Our directional orientation, at least as it relates to the screen, is destroyed.

But technical mastery is not the chief point of the film, and that in itself is a strength. A lesser filmmaker almost certainly would have displayed his technical innovations blatantly, making the film "about" gadgetry and spectacular effects (this, in fact, is what always has defeated science-fiction movies). Instead, Kubrick uses his brilliant techniques only to set us up for the real message, only to increase the impact of the film's ultimate statement.

One of those metallic monoliths—exactly the same as the monkeys found four million years earlier—is discovered on the moon. Scientists determine that it is, in fact, four million years old and that it projects a radio signal to Jupiter. Thus the "story" of the film is the quest for knowledge as represented by the mysterious monolith.

A sub-theme is introduced during the long voyage toward Jupiter, with Gary Lockwood and Keir Dullea as the only conscious members of the flight. The other crew members are being preserved in a state of suspended animation, or "hibernation," in tomb-like containers. A computer which not only "thinks" but also "feels," runs the ship with the help of the two men.

And so Kubrick introduces his man-vs-machine statement, a valid one though he ventures very close to pretension and preciousness. The electronic brain, with Big Brother eyes in every compartment and a universal "voice" which can be heard everywhere, malfunctions—whether by deci-

sion or by accident is not made clear. In any case, the machine kills Lockwood and the hibernating crew, and ultimately is destroyed by Dullea.

And then comes the incredible denouement, the wordless final half-hour of the film which becomes a tour-de-force display of abstract cinema and surrealist imagery as powerful and inventive as any I've seen in the so-called "underground" or anywhere else.

Alone in his tiny space-pod, Dullea hurtles through the Milky Way, through endless seas of space vapor and space dust, and finally through the mysterious cloudy shroud of Jupiter. All I can say is you've never seen anything like it. When I first saw "Now the Buffalo's Gone" I wondered what it would be like in Cinerama. Well, "2001" is it.

I have never seen a so-called "psychedelic" film or mixed-media light show that could compare with the colossal impact of this sequence. Perhaps "2001" will introduce techniques of abstract Expanded Cinema to a much wider audience than the Cinematheque-16 ever could. In any event, there is no doubt in my mind that Expanded Cinema is the art of the future.

Finally comes the incredibly beautiful sequence which Times critic Charles Champlin did not understand and which he found "deliberately obscure." Dullea, wrinkled and old, finds himself in a strange Colonial room with a luminous floor. Seated at a table eating is still another image of himself, this time even more wrinkled and older. This image looks toward the bed, in which is lying an even older image of Dullea—so old and emaciated, in fact, that he incredibly resembles the humanoid apes in The Dawn of Man. This primitive creature reaches out timidly with his palsied hand and we see the huge metallic monolith standing in the middle of the room.

Suddenly there is that timeless image of the two globes with the sun bursting over them, and the old humanoid creature has transformed into a foetus with huge eyes drifting through space as one tiny element of the cosmos. The space traveler has discovered the secret of life, the essence of the cosmos, and thus obliterates himself.

This review reprinted exactly as it appeared in the Los Angeles Free Press, April 19, 1968

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letters

(Continued from Page 2)

Dear EVO:

Thank you so much for the EVOS . . . its weird to read them here. I feel so close and yet so removed from the yips, spades, bobbies, and cops. I get a clear view befogged by a relaxed paranoia—if you dig.

Regret the terse "no" on the back of envelope, but I/we just cant make the very tough scene of shipping dope to the states. The borders are tight as a fist and I imagine the mails aren't any more open. Don't want to get anybody in trouble. I wish I could though—the grass is just great. And you can't find a bad poke in all of Mexico. I can smoke again without getting uptight—whewwhew.

The social scene here is a real drag. Very few mexican hip-types, the farthest out people seem to be marxists and all they do is sit around and bullshit. They are un-believers, cynics and all of them appear to just be waiting around for some kind of che or Fidel type messiah to come and lead them into revolution. Carlos and I are working our asses off trying to turn them on and tune them in to the fact that revolution is from inside, and that they got to do it now in their own way. But God its hard . . . these are attractive people in their twenties and thirties (some 40) some have got lots of bread, and many are professionals. Well we are passing around the joints and getting them high and socking it to them. Everyone is fascinated by acid and peyote and we have convinced some very important people that they could make use of the stuff. We are running stiff competition with the freudian analysts. Mexico is about 25 years in back of where its at. Or maybe a hundred—I mean like the marxists are all going to analysts while other mexicans are still living in tiny houses and plowing their little fields with oxen and mules. Cooking on charcoal. I cant believe how feudal the set is. The campesinos are so down that they don't know how to say "no" to those who push them around. It is very sad. I talk about this with our sup-

traffic

(Continued from Page 7)

definitely supposedly for refinancing. Groups have been paid little or nothing of their expected fees. And this after Generation screwed every club in town offering outrageous bids to top acts. (\$1500 a night to Love for a two day mid-week stand). Local papers which operate on a very narrow margin have been stuck for hundreds of dollars of advertising revenue. The ante was \$3.75 with a one drink minimum, however they hadn't as yet acquired a liquor license. With this steep pricing policy and lack of dancing, Generation was sparsely attended even though having good bookings, fine sound system and a stage free of obstructions.

Generation closed so it could cancel all acts who couldn't fill the room, and will reopen when top draw Paul Butterfield will appear.

Frawley-Rudnick: "It is true you haven't been paying your acts?"

Barry Imhoff of Generation: "Who knows whats truth and what isn't."

posedly sophisticated friends (communists) and they are all just incredibly indifferent (i.e. waiting for the messiah). I can't abide hypocritical thinking—especially on such a huge scale. So—we are going to blow a few minds with some peyote and see what happens. Pray for rain!

I could write a book of impressions about Mexico—maybe I will some day. Anyway, Viva la Revolution, love to everyone, we miss you . . .

Barbara

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burke

(Continued from Page 4)

The main guest of the show was Madeline Murray O'Hare, the famous American atheist. Burke made sure he put her down before she ever opened her mouth by saying he was "with God" and against her. She was pretty strong, and hard for him to put down, but the producers had "arranged" an adversary for her, a Rumanian anti-communist minister who'd been jailed, he said, by the Rumanian communist government for "preaching Christ." At one point, he peeled off his vestments to show the scars on his body from beatings by the "Atheist Reds."

But he was so full of misinformation and lies about the socialist countries — people jailed for going to church, people starving to death, in East Germany and Cuba — that I couldn't refrain from shouting "Lies, Lies, Lies."

TV flunkeys and police approached me to throw me out; suddenly the producer, Sheila Rabb, came up and said, "Let him speak," and led me to the microphone, where I was filmed pointing out the specific lies of the minister, who, it turned out, had never even been to East Germany.

During the break before the "fashion show," Jerry Rubin watched Burke, and said, "I never realized it before, he's the Plastic Man — he's not real, he's TV plastic."

Then Carl came on in his fantastic put-on costume, helmet-and-dove, and succeeded in getting Burke uptight immediately by refusing to answer his dumb questions. Carl even picked up Burke's script and waved it at the camera; Burke ordered him out, and we started shouting to Carl not to leave. Carl touched Burke on his knee, and Burke cringed, shocked to be touched by a human hand. Then the others came on in their even weirder costumes, and began flinging fruit to the audience, which was enjoying this sudden freedom. Burke gave up trying to throw Carl out, when Charlie Feinman called out from the back, "There's another costume," and came into the camera-area, wearing his normal clothes.

"What's the costume?" Burke asked, confused. "The costume of a human being — which you can't recognize," Charlie said.

Burke ordered Charlie off the set, but Charlie kept rapping at him. I jumped out of my seat and started yelling in Burke's face, "Why are you throwing him out, can't you talk to him, isn't this supposed to be an audience participation show?"

Burke just stared at me in disbelief, shaken, drained. "Television has to be free," I said to him.

"Nothing is free," he said. I told him the air was free, and TV belonged to all of us, not to him, or to the owners of the station or the networks. He signalled to the cops to come get us.

The cops surrounded Charlie, who said, "Am I under arrest?" They didn't answer, just started moving him out. I called to the others to help Charlie, not to let them throw him out.

The next thing I knew I was on the floor with three or four cops on top of me. My only thought was to not be thrown out, that I had a right to be on this "audience participation" show, so I wriggled and twisted and turned, trying to get away from the cops. People were screaming, some seemed to be trying to help me. I kept calling out "Free Television!" as they beat me. (I heard later that many people were struggling with the cops, and the TV flunkeys, to release me.) At one point I managed to break loose from my attackers, but ran into a wall of TV staffers who threw me back to the cops. Finally, exhausted, I gave up when they got me to the door.

While Charlie and I were led to the precinct, the police arrested three others but released them on the spot because they couldn't decide on what to charge them with. EVO's camerawoman, Raeanne Rubinstein, was seen by Burke as she was shooting him, and he told the cops to confiscate her film. (She has signed the release form on entering, which prohibits cameras — another sample of TV's control of reality. There were other photographers there, however, who were not observed by Burke or his staff, fortunately.)

In the bullpen in the precinct, I asked for water, but wasn't given any for twenty minutes. I asked to call a lawyer, but was not allowed to call anyone. (A call was made for me, by the desk sergeant, four hours later.) I asked for hospital treatment — my back was killing me — and three hours later they took me to Lennox Hill, where the doctor did not examine me for another hour — she had an ambulance call. She told me the cops had been in for treatment earlier, but had only minor scratches. My wounds, she said, were not dangerous, though I should have an electric blanket for my back at the Tombs. "Have you ever been in the Tombs?" I asked her, incredulously.

Special Services (Red Squad) of the Police Dept. appeared and hassled for three hours with the WNEW brass in the precinct, and they finally came up with five counts on me and four on Charlie, including "felonious assault," a pretty serious charge, by the cops. They dragged us around town all night from prison to prison, and by 11 A.M. we were standing in front of a judge, with a lawyer who happened to be in court who was a friend of my lawyer's.

The D. A. asked for \$1,000 bail each; the arresting cops were not in court because they had been "hospitalized" and were on "sick leave" that day. The D. A. took a Very Serious View of this fact, as did the Judge, but bail was reduced to \$500 each. Luckily, friends had gathered enough bread together earlier to make the bail. Trial is May 29th.

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 In the breaking and the breathing
 Of the water weeds
 While she's so busy being free"

Joni Mitchell 1968

The Tea Company
 is Coming

20 germany

(Continued from Page 8)

tion about to break in Germany, more disturbing than either past or politics—it is an international problem rather than a German one, though it has a particularly German twist. Throughout the overdeveloped nations of the world the realization is slowly dawning that it is no longer necessary to work on the same scale in the same way during the same hours as it was in the past. Durkheim long ago demonstrated that any change in the distribution of labor could change the entire character of a society. Misunderstood, this is a uselessly Utopian notion, correctly understood it is a highly constructive, though still dangerous, idea and method.

Almost all our societies are still based on a work ethic, German society perhaps more so than any. The Germans have traditionally not known what to do when not working, and it has until recently been unthinkable that Germans could ever begin to "drop out" of their society. Yet there are clear signs that they are now beginning to drop out. The implications of this for the German psyche are explosive. Combined with the other factors mentioned, they are pure dynamite.

The only possible approach to a solution, for the Germans or anyone, lies in a compassionate, quietly humorous questioning of all values from the past, of all political and/or religious doctrines, regardless of their importance to individuals holding them. It means that daily newspapers everywhere must stop appealing to the good old prejudices which made our nation, society, and system, whichever one it is, the greatest and the wisest and the best. It means that "revolutionary leaders," who are themselves imprisoned in their own dated preconceptions, must realize that the true structure of society today is no longer barricades and buildings which must be rushed or destroyed but the media of communication, which must be utterly reconstructed, simultaneously and inevitably bringing about an alteration in the very texture of our thought, our society, and our own innermost being. At present there is very little sign that any of this is going to happen.

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THE LIBERATION ARMY

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NEGRO artist desires attractive woman any nationality for Hedonism. Also will rent out small cozy room for small discreet party of females. Call Jimmy evenings 989-5288.

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MALE 29, needs evening employment. Tall, reasonable attractive, presentable, honest. Almost anything but lonely chicks considered if paid well. Make honest offer. 6-9 Erik, 355-7325.

GRADUATE Student (22, Caucasian, 6'5"), new to N.Y.C. from midwest, seeks intelligent, sensitive, affectionate girl for meaningful relationship. Write: Charles Cook, General Delivery, New York, N.Y. 10001.

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SINGLE, successful gentleman interested in the theatre, music, art and the current scene. I would like to meet an intelligent attractive gal to share my cosy pad. E njoy with me social activities and occasional travel. Hopefully should lead to a long range meaningful relationship. Please phone anytime, 212-247-5812 and let's wine and dine.

TALL, dark, and handsome 33 year old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and . . . Let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Services, 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C.

TALL, handsome, young man, artists (32, 6'3", 185 lbs.), needs lovely young nympho type girl friend for lunches and day-time or twilight togetherness. Call 685-1541, days.

COLLEGE graduate, 23, intelligent, mature, understanding, fun-loving desires enduring but passionate relationship hopefully leading to marriage, to very attractive and sexy, but strong willed and sincere girl. Am anxious to share my apt, rent free, if desired. Write Ron Rogart, 142-25 Pershing Crescent, Apt. 4C, Jamaica, N.Y.

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SJK—Shure dig fair travelers Golly, gee why not call

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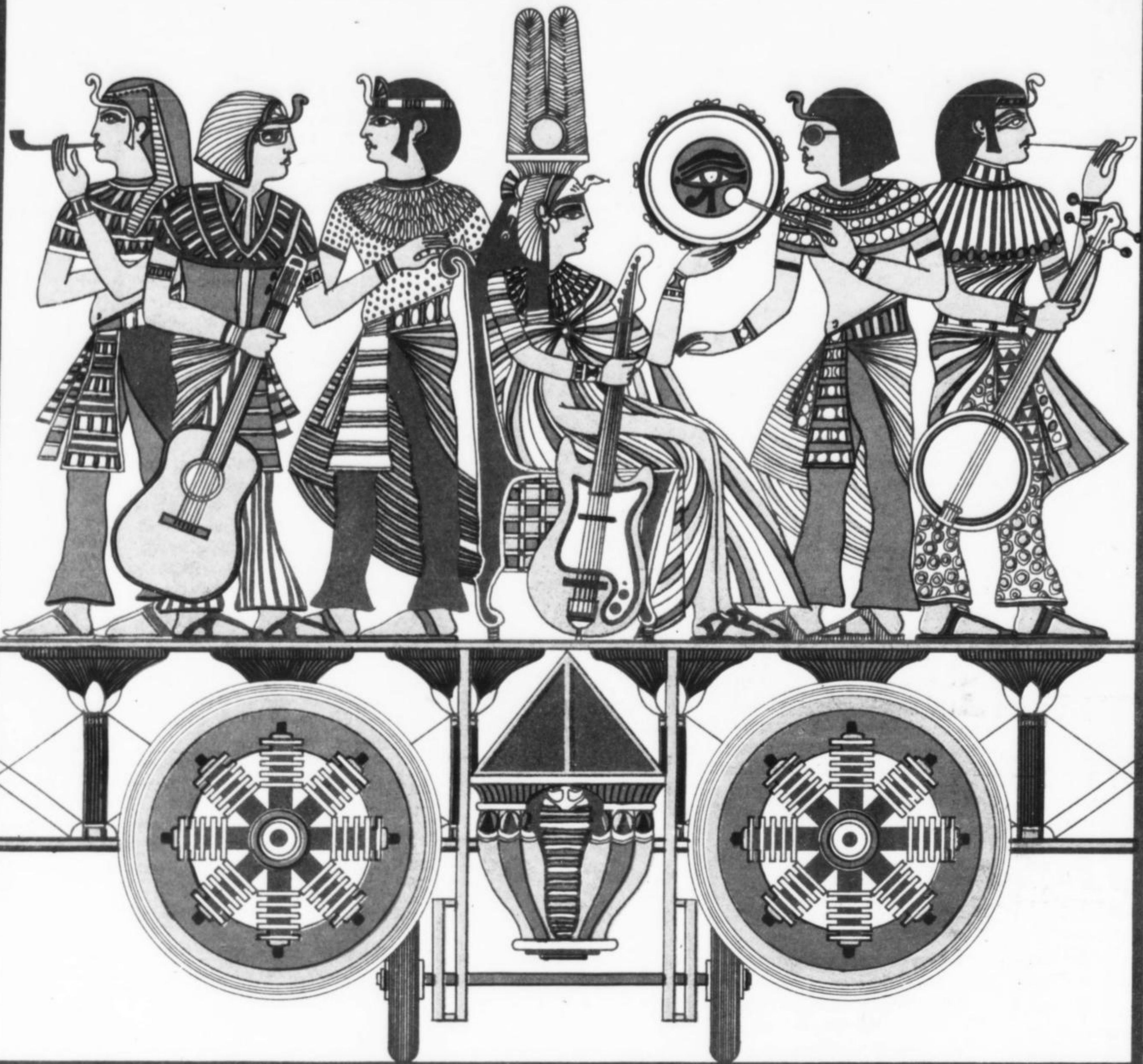
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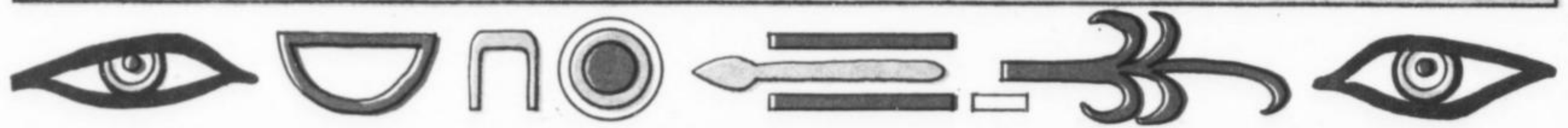
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