

INSIDE: Happy Mayday New Haven  
 Happy Birthday Hair Happy Depression Number II



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# CHARGE!!



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KUDOS: KURTZMAN, ELDER, PAVIS, WOOD, SEVERIN & E.C.



# HIRAP 比

It is inconcievable that at this late date there were still some who were suprised by Cambodia. It is equally inconceivable to assume that a repetition of our past forms of protest will have any bearing on the suicidal course of Doom-Mediocrity so recklessly pursued by the grocery clerk from Whittier. The brainless non-logic motivating each and every move of this government makes it imperative for the people of this country to resort to whatever means they choose to stop the insanity perpetrated in the name of 'the victorious 190-year history of this country' by the clique of schemers, ten-percenters, and suburban numbskulls we choose to put in the seat of power.

To assume that shouting, stomping, and travelling to the demonstration of our choice makes much of a dent in the conciousness of the jailors of Bobby Seale and Tim Leary, is delusion that cannot be supported. To confine one's dissent to a formalized form of protestation is a futility tailored to the needs of the fuckheads who call their brainless saturation bombings 'protective reactions', and who try to put us on with shit like, 'I would rather be a one-term president and do what I believe is right than be a two-term president at the cost of seeing America become a second-rate power and to see this nation accept the first defeat in its proud 190-year history'.

It can't work any longer; it has to stop. We have got to come to terms with the need to channel our anger, our frustration, and our dreams into an organic manifestation thereof.

STRIKE WHEREVER AND WHENEVER YOU CAN! DO IT.

At Kent University in Ohio, they didn't wait for the next organized affair to let the man know where they stood. This past weekend in New Haven there were some who objected to Abbie and Jerry; there were others who were suprised by the Panthers' restraint, neither mattered. The one and all-important issue on hand is to make sure that your dissent is as potent as the fucked-up paranoids' nightmares that make them do what they do.

At a time when even Scotty Reston can't suppress it any longer--

"It's a bad time in foriegn relations, race relations, university relations, economic relations and human relations, and the Administration seems to be developing an infallible instinct for doing the wrong thing. The unavoidable perplexities are understandable, but the avoidable stupidities are intolerable. Failure seems to have gone to their heads."

--it is indeed high time to strike. Strike whenever and wherever you can.

DO IT!

HAPPY NEW MOON RENFREU

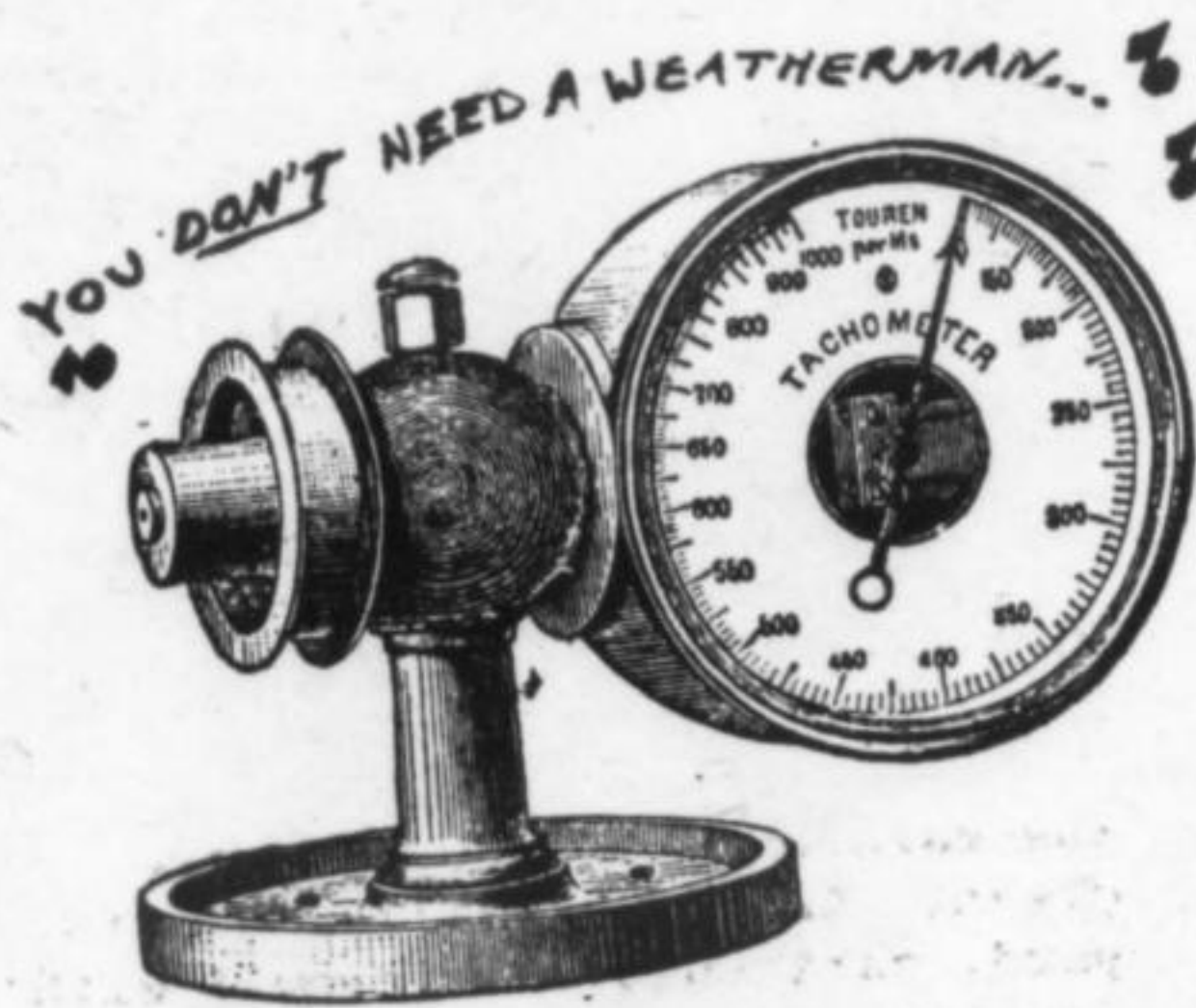
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off me!



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# MAYDAY IN NEW HAVEN

I had last been in New Haven in September of '68 when the Living Theatre had had its American premiere at the Yale School of Drama. At that time there were rumblings on campus, echoes of a distant storm slowly and rather timorously gathering force, and it was hard to predict if the storm would ever hit, if it would really become cohesive enough to be reckoned with when such a large number of students had joined in the naive "anarchy" of Paradise Now, while equal numbers had massed on the street beyond the theatre, attuned to those then-far-off rumblings and knowing then that revolution could not be booked into a theatre. Possessed of no delusions of an instant paradise, they were the Now who saw the storm moving closer.

So it would come about, one year and many months later, that this magnificent fortress of Academe, having realized that its continuation was less significant than the necessary risks of a struggle it could no longer ignore, would be liberated from within by its own students and faculty. That struggle now faced it, directly across the placid New Haven green in the courthouse where Bobby Seale and eight other members of the Black Panther Party were on trial, and the time had come for Yale to put its institutional body on the line, to strike in support of those on trial and to open its gates to others, an estimated 25,000 young people, who came to New Haven to add their support to the demonstration.

In doing this, Yale set an important example for other universities, particularly those like it who slumber in ivy-covered obsolescence, for this May First weekend marked the Political Woodstock of the revolution. It showed that the nation born at Woodstock has matured and is learning to use its resources for vital political change. It came this time not to communicate with itself in a festival atmosphere, but to sound yet another time-check in the countdown for an old and dying culture

The dying culture knew that, coming from New Haven made it even unpleasant to those who believed in God, Country and Yale so extra precautions had to be taken; the defendants were moved to a prison an hour-and-a-half outside of New Haven for the weekend. It had mobilized its National Guard and Federal troops were sent in, turning New Haven into an armed camp for two days while these uniformed emissaries from the Dead stood in formation on the streets giving onto the green.

their silhouettes appearing on the rooftops of buildings whose streetlevel windows have been boarded up by fear, this ominous presence soon becomes pathetic as these military creatures stand helmeted in the warm sun, rifles ready in expectation of chaos and discord, terrorism and riots predicted by the media at the suggestion of state and local officials. How embarrassing it must have been. Uncomfortable, too, and fuck them.

A lot was learned this weekend, and for many there is much still to be learned. We must learn to question those who say Do It without saying how it should be done, those who use hysteria and "living theatre" flamboyance when reasoned militance is needed. They are appealing to the underdeveloped political consciousness, useful in turning on the young, and much of what they say is true, good and all that. Unfortunately, there is much that is untrue and gratuitous in what they say, and on Friday night we saw how these ego-fulfilling tactics are so easily turned against them by the enemy. In their ability to manipulate audiences the collective emotional pitch is raised to a level that becomes dangerous when it is tuned into by a provocateur... it is a high-pitched note that animals respond to.

There were a number of excellent speakers at both the Friday and Saturday afternoon rallies on the green, among them Ken Mills, the Yale professor who led the shut-down of the university, Dave Dellinger, New Haven Panther Leader David Hilliard, and Tom Hayden, each speaking with a militant commitment, a highly developed revolutionary ostentatiousness; they were saying do it, too, but really do it and don't fuck around.

The spirit of the afternoon carried over into the evening, and as a dinner of brown rice and salad was served by students in each "yard" and "quad" of the university, it was a time to mingle and talk to each other... the main topic of conversation being the severe lack of drugs, since, unlike Woodstock, everybody seemed to have come up to New Haven clean and had to make do with his own Wretched Mind. There were a few modest stashes being shared, but the sum total probably wouldn't have brought a decent misdemeanor, so for the most part, we ate well and talked about getting stoned when we got back to New York or Boston even Ann Arbor and some had come all the way from Montreal.

The dining apparatus was cleared away, and as night settled in, there was something for everyone in each of the yards: the

the Chicago Seven were in different places; David Hilliard someplace else; rock groups, light shows and dancing at Ingalls Rink and in the big yard where the main gate opened onto the green. And in a smaller courtyard, particularly medieval with its stone arches and casement windows, a crowd of young people relaxed on the grass in peaceful attentiveness, students sat in their open windows, as Allen Ginsberg read poetry and chanted on the terrace. Beautiful here, peaceful and serene, disturbed only by an escalating clamorous response to Jerry Rubin who was speaking at the other end of an arched passage in the adjacent quadrangle.

It was the same speech heard earlier in the day before about 200 people and broadcast on the university radio station, it was now being given for perhaps a thousand more, and it would be heard at the next afternoon's rally before an audience of close to 15,000 on the green. Its

sequence was always different, but the jokes were the same and many lines coincided with Abbie Hoffman's speeches. Tonight the sound system didn't relay the words as clearly as the one set up for the radio show, but what did come across with perfect clarity was an unmistakable and discomforting hysteria carried in the hoarse voice that raged, straining its vocal cords, working over the receptive audience, rousing it once again with hysteria-by-rote.

It is not surprising that what happened next was triggered in this particular place, in this particular atmosphere...

Someone grabbed the mike from Rubin, identified himself as a member of the Black Panther party and announced that two other members of that party had just been busted on the green by a the police. "Are you all going to sit there and let the pigs get

away with that?" he had shouted, and before anyone could intervene and quiet the crowd, his cry of "To the green! Take the green!" was taken up, confusion broke out as people began running for the gates. Jerry tried to call them back, someone else took the microphone in an effort to persuade these excited people not to leave the campus, for such a confrontation was dangerous, it could bring thousands of troops on campus or into the black community if there was any disruption caused by this rumour, thousands of people could get hurt....

But it was too late, and if thousands of people did not leave the campus, about 500 did... cowboys and violence-groupies of the revolution, YAWF Women grasping their banners and urging them, militant idiot-chicks screaming those asinine slogans about Mao and Ho all that dialectic bullshit that doesn't relate to the reality of the American revolution, and somehow you were hoping they'd get their fat asses kicked in by a marine.

Many of us had joined the demonstration marshals and the Black Panthers in an effort to end this stupidity before the police and Federal troops stepped in. We had spoken through bullhorns, telling them they were thoughtlessly endangering the lives of thousands who did not support this action: Hill-

iard, Big Man and Artie Seale had tried to stop them. But nothing worked, they wanted a "confrontation", and if it would turn out that no serious trouble would occur... No arrests, no blood, no split skulls, only a couple of unboarded windows smashed... it wasn't because they hadn't tried. Their retreat is slow and not particularly heroic, effected through a sequence of smoke bombs, tear gas, pepper fog and CN. Medical crews stand by at the main gate to treat them as they stagger back, choking and coughing, blacks and student marshals form a cordong across the entrance to prevent the curious and the belated violence-prone from joining those in the street, and the breeze brings the first billows of tear gas through the archway and across the large yard where there had once been music and dancing...

But where now a few hundred, perhaps a thousand shadowy figures sit huddled on the sandy

ground at the far end of the great expanse, and Allen Ginsberg sits cross-legged on the stage amidst assorted microphones and amplifiers and rock paraphernalia and leadstems in an OM.

Finally, it ends, about two hours after it has begun, an uneasy truce negotiated with tear gas and CN canisters lobbed on the sidewalk about the gate, and as the gas fog rolls through the archway and disperses itself across the yard in a ghostly

burning mist, thousands of shadows run, blinded, choking and gasping... through the night, the innocent run with the thoughtless, for all have been gassed, and a medical crew passes by carrying the limp body of a young man; he is said to have an allergy and the gases have caused him to collapse.

It is such an uncalled-for, unthinking distraction, particularly when so many trying to implement a revolution are either in jail or dead. The misguided, action-hungry cowboys of the revolution are as dangerous as the police-provocateurs sent to lure them into suicidal street-confrontation. Later that night members of the New Haven legal defense committee for the Panthers disclosed that at approximately the same time Jerry Rubin was interrupted, a similar incident was taking place in another area where Abbie Hoffman was speaking, the same story about a bust on the green, the same call for

violent reprisal; and the timing of these incidents coincided with a bomb going off at the skating rink. A confrontation had to be provoked to provide some excuse for having called in the National Guard and Federal troops for the weekend.

At the beginning of the rally on Saturday afternoon, a small plane flew overhead, its silvery body gleaming in the sunlight as it circled low, spuming white smoke from its rear end, and moving in a vast circle. It spewed out an almost perfectly connected circle up there, its beginning arc blown

by the wind in a frothy smoke-cloud circle before the tail was hooked around, coming back to bisect the circle, then circle again, not so much this time, and coming back to make a diagonal from a point on the perimeter to

the center point of the diameter. It was pretty good. It circled once more, the other way this time, and when it was finished, this huge smoky cosmic peace sign hung there in the blue sky, slowly drifting down the green.

And when we all stood up and cheered, all 20,000-and-some of us, the plane dipped a silvery wing, a modest conspirator, and fled off over the buildings where troops stood on the rooftops,

silhouetted against the sky, drawn from their cover by a peace sign in the sky. And confused because we had been talking about revolution.

# ...MR. AND MRS. AMERICA...AND ALL THE SHIPS AT SEA...



## WOMEN DISRUPT CBS ANNUAL MEETING

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) — Columbia Broadcasting System (CBS), one of the three major television networks whose revenue this year is expected to jump 20% to \$310.6 million dollars, was having an intimate annual meeting when ten women suddenly sprang to the front of the small 200 seat auditorium and shouted, "We won't be slaves!"

The 175 shareholders at the meeting were really into hearing how good the dividends were going to be that year, so they hissed and booed as the women strode forward to the microphone. A spokeswoman of the group read a list of demands and complaints, most of which were directed against the network's daytime programming. Aimed at women who are alone all day in the house with their babies and their furniture, their ironing and their dishes, soap-operas are "mind-coddling and dull," she said. "And you say we've come a long way, baby."

American women, she went on, weren't interested in CBS's profits, because they were tired of being the butt of programming and advertising designed to exploit their emotions, their bodies, and their pocketbooks.

Caught by surprise, company chairman William S. Paley called for the women to sit down. When this didn't work, he called for a motion to eject them — then changed his mind and called for a ten-minute recess.

The women then filed out of the meeting handing out leaflets that contained a degrading CBS advertisement showing a housewife in haircurlers and declaring "She Turns Us On!" On the reverse side of the leaflet, the women's liberation group announced, "We turn on CBS!"

Their statement demanded an end to "humiliating and unrealistic portrayals"

behind his concoction in this way: "CN and CS gas attack a sulphidral group in the eye. Egg had a great deal of albumin, and egg albumin has a great deal of sulphur."

The implications of this directed McWhorter — who is working with Neilands on discovering one single element that counteracts CS gas — to mix up an egg base mixture one week ago. He says it can be made by anyone.

McWhorter's recipe is as follows for a quart of tear gas relief: Mix 8-10 eggs with one cup of water and a tablespoon of baking soda. Beat very well.

The compound's creator said that on Apr. 15 he and many others spread the egg mixture on their faces and around their eyes. They then walked out into a wave of tear gas. Their reaction? "We all felt fine."

Vinegar in a handkerchief, McWhorter, indicated, is an effective agent to breathe through, but vinegar should not be spread on the face.

The vinegar-soaked handkerchief and the egg mixture should, together, make an effective anti-tear gas team.

McWhorter promised that further research on tear gas antidotes is proceeding despite some pressure from unnamed sources. Future developments, he said, will be reported promptly to the public.

## VIETNAM VET ARRESTED FOR "THREATENING" NIXON

TACOMA, Wash. (LNS) — Willie Williams, a Vietnam veteran stationed at Fort Lewis, had a poster on his wall and the words, "I will no longer be an emissary in this imperialist military regime. Freedom, or death to President Nixon."

Williams was arrested and charged with "threatening the life of the President of the United States." This is the same charge that has been lodged against David Hilliard, Chief of Staff of the Black Panther Party. Hilliard, during a speech at an anti-war rally, had said, "We will kill Richard Nixon. We will kill any motherfucker that stands in the way of our freedom."

In August of 1969, Williams returned

from a year with the infantry in Vietnam. His home is in Seattle, and he returned to find many friends and relatives jobless. Seattle has been hard hit by lay-offs which form the back-bone of Nixon's anti-inflation campaign.

Williams went AWOL to help his family stay alive. In January, 1970, he turned himself in at Fort Lewis and asked to be put in pre-trial confinement because he refused to train or do any work for the Army. His request was turned down and he was assigned to the 143rd Supply and Service Company. When other people in his company saw the poster on his wall locker, they began signing it. On Feb. 21, when he was busted, there were 28 signatures on the poster.

A date has not yet been set for Williams' court martial, but an attorney for the Army said that even if it is proven that Willie Williams did not actually threaten the life of the President, he can still be convicted of "conduct discrediting the Armed Services." Williams' response is that "the service is a discredit to itself."

## SECURITY AND MORALITY IN SOUTH AFRICA

Pretoria, South Africa (LNS) — P.H. Anderson, President of the Industrial and Commercial Security Association of South Africa, speaks glowingly of his association and its role in bolstering up the economy of white supremacist South Africa in an article entitled "Security Takes a Giant Step in South Africa." The article appeared recently in Security World, a houseorgan for private police agents and agencies such as Pinkerton.

"Today, the security officer is fast becoming a part of the business management team. This has largely resulted from management awareness of the ever-increasing sophistication of criminal methods and the resultant rise in crime and its threat to business," writes Anderson.

One of the biggest "crimes" that worries the South African security-men is the "crime" of revolution:

"Events both overseas and locally now make it imperative that a security officer make himself fully conversant in the latest riot and disaster control techniques," Anderson continues. The "local" events he refers to are the

liberation struggles of millions of black Africans.

In pleading for the establishment of a curriculum in Industrial and Commercial Security at a "recognized educational institution, as is presently the case at a number of American universities whose degrees in Police Administration and Industrial Security are held in high regard by U.S. industrialists," Anderson enthuses:

"The resultant improvement of knowledge and skills in the field of

security will be of benefit, both morally and economically, to the entire country."

## POT, PATRIOTISM AND PILLOW-CASES

DAYTON, Ohio (LNS) — Federal and local authorities here confiscated a two-pound brick of marijuana mailed to a girl here from Vietnam wrapped in an American flag pillow-case, according to a UPI report.

# US INVADESCAMBODIA

RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON, you scumbunny, you creep, you clot of fetid pus, bung-hole of the Galaxy, you teaspoonful of shit, infected dingleberry in the arse of God, filthy chavare on the coast of Eternity, flotsam and jetsam on the sea of life, sarcastic little fuck of borderline literacy, thornridden pampers on the tuckass of the new century, infested sewer of the Woodstock Nation, you greasy fuck, you closet queen, corroded cocksucking constipated netherfucker, you viral plague, tertiary stage of Asiatic clap, crotch-rot of the Nuclear Age, you drop of shit from the arsehole of a pig, cabbak, golem, asshole, paskudnyak, schemegge, turdlicker, honkey devil, you sucker of the canorous prams, we anatha-metize you, we cut you off from the light, you filthy stench, you brain-damaged scumbunny, eater of dead babies, sucker of shit, a freight train should run up your nose, you prick, may you be blighted in the eyes, and in the hands, and in the hair, and in the feet and the throat and the spine and liver and lights and genitals of you, you bun trap, you wrong number, bad rapper, day tripper, Mace-blister in the eye of our Generation, tomb-robber, leper ball, short circuit, redneck fag-stemper, fag, nag, skag bag, drag, bad dream, grease blot, you should fucking DIE!!!

THE STAFF

And what downs me personally about the whole thing is that nobody showed up for a Provo event. It is true that you had to be given a leaflet to come conscious of the event, you couldn't get it from a paper, but shit, there are so many weird people down here where those leaflets were given out, thousands of them must have known about it. And it was a lovely day, Sunday, surely the best day so far for some groovy street action. Also, the HAIR people are such assholes, and that whole production is such a blatant ripoff, and God damn it the Panthers have been in jail for a year now... What the fuck is going on? Everybody gets toned and comes down to the Fillmore to dig on the fucking music, and that's all they do. Woodstock Nation shit.

And the press coverage of this hoo-tah was murderous. All night on the radio, you heard how an indeterminate number of people were busted at a midtown restaurant for disturbing the hippie tribal party of the HAIR cast. The Times said we were there to support some Black Panthers' convicted last Thursday for the murder of an East Bronx man. Then the News said... But forget the News coverage, their headline alone was an award-winner: 'COPS THROW NET OVER HAIR', 'GO-WRITER', 'Television ignored it, and the Post confined themselves to the remarks in Aronowitz' column, which I shall reprint here in toto:

'What happened afterwards is described elsewhere in these pages. (It wasn't.) Like the Provos, I wasn't invited to the Four Seasons. According to police reports, about 50 of the Provos showed up at the party and demanded \$100,000 from the Four Seasons, a percentage from "Hair's" weekly gross and dinner, all in the name of hippie culture.

"By the time it was over a dozen Provos were piled into a paddy wagon with Jim Rado volunteering to go with them. The police accommodated him. When the paddy wagon arrived at the E. 51st street precinct, everybody piled out happy. The cops snuffed the interior of the paddy wagon and found a couple of packets of skag, a few bags of pot, and a chunk or two of hash. As for me, I walked home slowly through the park with my finger up my ass, watching whole families pick the daffodils from the carefully nurtured flower beds. It was a beautiful day.'

Vesit, it sure was a nice day, Al.

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dozen professional murderers look, they don't have any idea of what's going on. The idea, as piled out of a limousine and ran inside with sten guns and moved down the entire HAIR cast, plus Tom Wolfe, who was there by invitation only. Which shows you how reliable our sources are. Actually, a couple dozen more people showed up, a hooly was attempted, the Four Seasons called the pigs, and thirteen people were arrested, including Jim Rado, HAIR lyricist, who was walking by when the pinch we hit up a movie company occurred. Now, I could tell Rado from a real person all the way across the street, but the pigs, walking the streets among the rest of us. And this wasn't more than a half-dozen of us, and we were all young and dirty and weak, the doorman invited us, if there had been twenty of us, we could have stormed the dining hall and broken all the crockery. Thirty, in and sat down and eaten with everybody else. Given fifty provos - and the numbers of people who used to show up at the Daily News in the presence of Protestants who would merely ignore 'Off The Pig' - and then I strolled off toward Queens. A few minutes later, all hell broke loose. According to reliable sources, a

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Sunday was yet another of the nicest days of the year. Doesn't it seem as though we're getting a suspicious superabundance of nice days lately? This column is getting to be nothing more than a florist's shop. There must have been a half-dozen of us after the other, warm balmly breeze spring days with late afternoon sunlight the texture of etc., and to look upon people like that threw us into severe disorientation anxieties. Does the real world cease at Fourteenth Street? Maybe the HAIR people could relate to this - certainly Wolfgang Grojanka could - but us, we were thrown for a loss.

The Four Seasons, I say, was ripe for the plucking. The doorman out front, they didn't know it all those fuckers are on across the street, but the pigs, sweeping him up in a blatant ripoff, and God damn it the Panthers have been in jail for a year now... What the fuck is going on? Everybody gets toned and comes down to the Fillmore to dig on the fucking music, and that's all they do. Woodstock Nation shit.

And the press coverage of this hoo-tah was murderous. All night on the radio, you heard how an indeterminate number of people were busted at a midtown restaurant for disturbing the hippie tribal party of the HAIR cast. The Times said we were there to support some Black Panthers' convicted last Thursday for the murder of an East Bronx man. Then the News said... But forget the News coverage, their headline alone was an award-winner: 'COPS THROW NET OVER HAIR', 'GO-WRITER', 'Television ignored it, and the Post confined themselves to the remarks in Aronowitz' column, which I shall reprint here in toto:

'What happened afterwards is described elsewhere in these pages. (It wasn't.) Like the Provos, I wasn't invited to the Four Seasons. According to police reports, about 50 of the Provos showed up at the party and demanded \$100,000 from the Four Seasons, a percentage from "Hair's" weekly gross and dinner, all in the name of hippie culture.

"By the time it was over a dozen Provos were piled into a paddy wagon with Jim Rado volunteering to go with them. The police accommodated him. When the paddy wagon arrived at the E. 51st street precinct, everybody piled out happy. The cops snuffed the interior of the paddy wagon and found a couple of packets of skag, a few bags of pot, and a chunk or two of hash. As for me, I walked home slowly through the park with my finger up my ass, watching whole families pick the daffodils from the carefully nurtured flower beds. It was a beautiful day.'

Vesit, it sure was a nice day, Al.

For example, a fellow calling himself the New York Provos was going about all last week handing out leaflets calling for everyone of a provo turn of mind to visit the Four Seasons restaurant on Sunday, the occasion of the second birthday party of HAIR. Never mind the gentleman's name - call him the smoke-in at the Daily News in '67, invariably approached Dana Baile - but it was a choice hundreds - we could have taken over the Four Seasons and run it at a profit. Those uptown bastards are as spacey as they wreak consternation and panic. All these rich, scruffy youngsters with their genetic neurological sensibilities, how would they comfort themselves as a confrontation with the real world-riddled, trashed-up provos? Witnessed through the assignmatism of newspaper and Teve coverage - any fuckup with HAIR is bound to bring down news coverage - the incident might prove humorous in the extreme.

The whole idea of Provo, sec, is to provoke meritment, it necessary out of violence and blood, but meritment, meritment. It is this that distinguishes Provo from any other political sentiment, and which causes me to cleave to it, being a more a child of EC Comics than *Ramparts* Magazine. So I went up to the Four Seasons on Sunday, hoping for a hooly.

The restaurant lay there ripe for the plucking, right around the corner from the Seagram's Plaza's detergent fountains. Quite a pretty area, with lovely sculptured wealthy people sauntering down the broad sidewalks with pedigreed animals preceding them, sniffing, sniffing. Where the fuck are their heads at? somebody asked in tones of great astonishment as a lovely sculptured middle-aged couple sauntered by into the

10¢ THE DOZ. KING SIZE

DECOM-RO-SITION

PEANUT BUTTER N. BUBBLE GUM

10¢ THE DOZ. KING SIZE



# VISUAL LITERACY by alex gross

There may be something about Chicago that attracts controversy — certainly there are few cities in the north where the battle lines are more clearly drawn. Recently the second national conference on Visual Literacy was held in Chicago, and all the tensions in this nation were seething on the surface of the conference even though no one was clubbed and no police were called in.

The point of the phrase Visual Literacy is that some of the brighter people in education and communication have caught on that no one is educating and no one communicating. They are not doing so partly because of an outmoded educational system and partly because of the outmoded message about society that system was conveying. The conference was interdisciplinary, including experimental psychologists, artists, film-makers, television people, art educators, mental health experts, teachers of the deaf, and (mostly) teachers of media courses, teachers using media in their courses, and just plain teachers.

Perhaps the most dramatic demonstration was made by Miss Van Ftergiotis who talked about Dial Access Videotape learning. The entire school system in West Hartford, Conn. is hooked into the dial access method. This means that there are televisions sets (or 'monitors') in every

classroom and also a number of booths for individual students provided with monitors. To see the lessons for the day all the teacher or student has to do is dial a number and he sees a full list of all the lessons rotating on a drum — he then selects the number of the lesson he wants and it appears on the set. If by any chance he wants to see a lesson not being shown that day, he dials another number, and warm human hands place the necessary tape on a playback unit so he can see it on his monitor. The number of this 'course' is then inserted on the drum so that other students can watch too if they want. All lessons are repeated as often as needed.

There are two important things about this method—the first is that the act of transferring school material to videotape tends to change the nature of the material just as it changes the way in which it is being presented. Teachers often approach Van Ftergiotis with one hour lectures or half-hour lessons which they want to have put on tape, only to have Van inform them that the material can be presented in six or five or two minutes of television time when adequately edited. This process of editing which she is carrying out is of the utmost importance in making education more palatable and meaningful

to millions of children from all social backgrounds and may represent the first step in breaking human knowledge down into bite-size mind-size chunks which actually help the brain to absorb it. This means that learning may actually one day soon become a science rather than a sado-masochistic elite-oriented prison system.

The other important thing is that the method she is using (which has also been introduced in varying states of development elsewhere in the country) is only one step removed from a system which will allow anyone to pick up his phone any time he wants to see The Curse of the Mummy or any other film or tape on record and have it piped into his own television set at home. In theory anyone could make a few adjustments on his TV set and call up the West Hartford school system at this moment to have their school courses transmitted straight to him, provided he was willing to pay the toll charges.

Already Ma Bell and the General Telephone Companies are beginning to jockey for position for this rich new plum, though it looks like General is ahead at the moment. In Hartford so far the phone company is charging the school only the standard rate for local calls, though this could change. It would make sense for all interested parties to start

campaigning now to put a system of such public and cultural importance under impartial control rather than leaving it to telephone companies to fight over. It would be tempting to suggest having the government step in, if we only had a government we thought we could trust with this project. In any case Dial Access is here to stay — it is not science fiction or something out of McLuhan but a living working reality.

A representative of Sesame Street was also present at conference and announced that his program is so successful that it may be forming a new network. Sesame Street also plans to scrap all its material from this year and start completely fresh next season on the basis of what they have learned — among the changes they will be making will be to give in to the Women's Liberation protest that the program tends to reinforce stereotyped ideas of women and the home. A group called CEMREL is in the process of assembling 143 mixed-media packages including see, hear, touch, build, destroy, and rebuild elements, going from the first to the eighth grades, of which their package for pre-schoolers is almost complete. They do not intend to release any of these until they have

completed all research necessary to prove that they actually work — this is a giant project, financed by many foundations, which may also transform education into something far more creative, assuming it isn't too late.

About half the people present at this conference were genuinely interested in changing education and the entire process of communication — they use the phrase Visual Literacy, although they do not insist on a precise definition of it, to stand for the new communication awareness that has sprung up in the post-verbal age. They know that children are bored in school and want to do something about it. But the other half of the people there seemed to look on the new media as merely a further means of indoctrinating people with old ideas and reinforcing old concepts of learning. As a result of this division representatives of the Art Workers Coalition found it necessary to serve a set of demands on the conference at the beginning of its general business meeting. These demands included the following: that the organizers of all programs in this field must include college and high school students (and finally even "elementary" school pupils as well) instead of just talking (Continued on Page 19)

# musical mod donna and mod donn art

by LIL PICARD

A colorful chorus of nine liberated MOD — CHICKS tramp, stomp, rock, march, undulate as longhaired, afro-ed, ponytailed bluejeaned, leather-vested, dancer-singers over the stage of the Shakespeare Festival Public Theater, Lafayette Street. Mod Donna is "a space age Musical Soap" — dish, the first ambi-sexual Liberation Musical written and composed by women, with a women cast — except two male "victims," necessary to get the story going and a male producer, Joseph Papp of Shakespeare fame. The revue-musical harks back to Weill-Brecht style, but marches right on to a 1970 version of "marching-songs" and foot-stamping assertive women-power liveliness. In part the two acts are witty, sarcastic, tongue in cheek amusing comments on today's establishment mores of

women-exploitation in the circles of Mad Avenue executive-playboy circles, where merchandising of wares and sex direct the slick-magazine fashionable scenes. The women liberation Musical-revue explodes in two acts, with scenes of dialogues between the four "Principals" two females and two males, the leading actors, alternating with the nine-girl chorus, who sing-out the story in rock-music style like a greek chorus. They are references to "Creon" and "Antigone" in the first act, where on electronically moved furniture, one couch and two square seats the tragical-comical involvement of two husbands with their two spouses are "slept-out" on the ever ready mobile-couchbed of instant sex and orgasm, which Mod Donna can experience with the husband of Chris, but Chris unfortunately can not get with hubby Jeff. While all along husband of blonde sex-bomb Donna is working in Jeff's office as the capitalistic slave of boss Jeff, who maybe deals in advertising or hardware or what not. But he has the money and the power... and so he gets beautiful Donna to sleep with

him a trois in the cool privacy of a modern marriage. The cigar smoking two women-consuming executive is played not very sexy and convincing by Larry Bryggman, but Donna is a honey of a Madonna, a slick-snake metallic-voiced blonde beauty, who can sing and act and has a pink-white catty body-appeal. Her name: April Shawban. In the second act, Chris, the typical "cool" executive dame and corporation-bosses wife, get's the orgiastic idea, that Donna has to get a baby from her husband so she herself can get the "miraculous orgasm". Tragically pregnant female Blondie-Donna get's ditched by the ruthless exploiters of sex. They decide after having reached the climax of achievement in sex-life a trois to pay off Donna and disappear on a "Second Honeymoon". —without the lovely pregnant Donna... naturally. What else could happen in the circles of the rich and sophisticated. All the time the husband of Donna works to make the grade in Jeff's office and is unhappy and jealous and... but why tell it all... go and see.

The songs are catching, especially towards the end with "Liberation song" and "We are the shores" the musical ends with a bang. Book and Lyrics by Myrna Lamb, Music by Susan Hulsman Bingham directed by Joseph Papp, excellent costumes by Milo Morrow.

## MOD DONN ART

In the lobby and in the upstairs balcony a group of artists from the WOMEN'S LIBERATION ART are showing their works. Paintings, collages and mixed media environmental sculptures. Their names: Alida Walsh, Ann Wilson, Faith Ringold, Inverna, Iris Crump, Juliette Gordon, Kate Millett, May Stevens, Muriel Castanis, Nancy Spero, Sara Saporta. To make a statement and show their philosophical "colors" openly, honestly and determined to be women and artists, they wrote a kind of Manifesto, which is placed on the entrance wall of the Theater-lobby and made up as a collage. I am receiving every day mountains of "press releases" and I regard them in today's multi-dimensional

print-explosion as a new language art worth reviewing and taking seriously. A press-release if often to me more "a work of art" than the "art" itself, it's a statement of emotion, of feeling, a message, an information. I will therefore print the "Words" and "thoughts" the 11 women-artists have composed, to let the readers of Evo know "what the Women liberation art group stands for: "For the past centuries the world has belonged entirely to the male of the species. He has defined what women are to be, and he has made them nurturers, servants, and his entertainment. In the male dominated art world, female artists are considered dabblers, their art is "feminine", thus unworthy to be judged as real art. Most women internalize male artistic dominance but cannot admit it. The women's liberation movement shocked them into recognition of themselves. One thing has already been accomplished "bonding" together, the creation of warmth, understanding and appreciation amongst ourselves as artists. Human life is (Continued on Page 18)



Tough week and a short one, too, with the deadline moved up three days because moving day is this week. It's only Tuesday today, getting dangerously close to next month, and for those who can handle severe time warps, start here and don't worry about a thing. If you're hung up on events-in-sequence, you're in trouble, but, dig it, this is set down in the order of

importance:

This Friday, 1 May, there's a big rally in New Haven to support the Panthers going to trial there, and I hope you all went. *EVO* hopes to get coverage on that for this issue, if we're set up after the Big Move, but whatever happens here and whatever happened in New Haven, send MONEY for the

defense of the Panthers on trial in New York and go to that trial, find out for yourself how justice is getting fucked over again. The trials are at Criminal Court Building, 100 Centre Street (13th floor, Part 1348), they begin at 10:30 am, Monday through Thursday. The trials are free: the defendants aren't. So give as much as you can for their defense and bail funds, and send your contributions to the Committee to Free the Panther 21, 11 East 16th Street, New York, 10003. Put your dollars where you dialectic is and join one of the biggest affinity groups in town.

Last Sunday afternoon about thirteen or so young people tried to get into the second birthday party of *Hair* with the intent of spreading just that word to the shiny revolutionaries uptown. They were immediately turned back by rampaging policemen who were summoned to the Seagram Building where the *Hair*-fest was taking place in the Four Seasons Restaurant. They were able to shout a question or two — concerning why none of the show's profits were going into things like bail funds, legal funds, and things like that — before the club-swinging cops arrived to disrupt the disruption and shout some obscenities that hadn't been used at the door (an *EVO* photographer on the scene was told to shove his press pass up his obscenity and hustled toward one of the many squad cars encircling the building, before a second cop intervened with a decision against busting "the press"). Thirteen others were arrested, including James Rado, *Hair*'s co-author, who left the party and joined the demonstrators. Rado was

charged with disorderly conduct and possession of narcotics, ten others were charged with possession and criminal trespass, and two girls were charged with criminal trespass.

*Hair* is as big a rip-off as the Fillmore East, it's just a matter of zip-code. *Hair* is a Broadway rip-off, so at least it's far enough away to be ignored, while the Fillmore sits in the heart of Hippyland, siphoning money off of the subway teeny-boppers and putting little of it back into the hippy ghetto that surrounds it. The weekly profits from *Hair* are estimated at over \$300,000, it is said to have grossed more than \$7,000,000 just from its two-year run in New York. Having given Broadway its first nude-scene flash, actors in the show can be heard these days on the radio bemoaning an acne plague that seems to have stricken the cast in its aquarian age and touting the miracles wrought by Thera-Blem, a pimple creme that's apparently getting them over the hurdles. It sort of explains why the lights are so dim for the nude scene. Theatrical nudity will all be over when the cast of *O! Calcutta* starts chanting pimple goo commercials.

So, here it is Tuesday. This week's issue has just hit the stands and next week's has to go into the oven the same day. We're cool as long as nobody does nothing to nobody the rest of the week. *EVO* is being evicted by Wolfgang, rock empire's most famous slumlord, who happened to have been ours lo these many couple of years. Wolfgang said we didn't respect him, after all he'd been through... the Nazis, concentration camp, the whole thing, and now *EVO* was fucking

with his head. Said he rode out of the east, which wasn't easy in those days, not the jet set trip you get these days, and kids have been fucking with him ever since. Putting him on, getting him up tight, that sort of stuff, but ask some of those kids, and they'll tell you that, having studied business administration under the Nazis, Wolfgang takes care of business in a style that has ultimately made him a thorough-going drag on the industry. Nostalgic, these concentration camp alumni, carrying on like Ivy League dudes...

"I was sent to Auschwitz."  
"Well, I was in Buchenwald..."

"Oh, really. Did you know...?"

Sure, that was probably the most historic bad trip in modern history, but that was another generation's bummer, and the sad part about it now is how so many survived with a cut-throat's "degree" in business and no degree of humanity. How so many, check out Wolfgang, got fixated on a grudge match with the past and keep demanding reparations from those of us who weren't around when it was ass-kicking time in the Sudetens.

A lot more shit has hit the air conditioner since then, a lot of new enemies in the spheres of relevance, and if you tell a 20-year old standing on line for a ticket to the Fillmore Seats about Dachau, he'd probably say, "Heavy, dad, I know how you feel. Saw those flicks... I was in Chicago in '67 myself..."

Times change, but destiny is always down with the action.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HAIR,

#### CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

# INTERGALACTIC UNION DOPOGRAM

#### SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter  
NL = Night Letter  
LT = International Letter Telegram

HI , BROTHERS AND SISTERS ,  
WE WON

WHENEVER TRICKY DICK NIXON COMES ON T.V. YOU CAN BE SURE THAT HE WILL BE LYING .

HE WILL SEND OUT BAD VIBRATIONS AND WILL BE A DOWN TRIP. THAT PAGE .

PIGS ARE USING TEAR AND PEPPER GAS . A WEAPON ADVERTISED BY THE INDUSTRIES AS BEING THE MOST HUMANE

WAY TO DEAL WITH THE CRITICISMS OF THEIR OWN SONS AND DAUGHTERS .

DIG THE FRIGHTENED , UPTIGHT FACES OF THE NATIONAL GUARD IN NEW HAVEN. MAYDAY . THE SOLIDARITY GATHERING

TO FREE OUR BROTHER BOBBY SEALE . BRAINWASHED GUARDSMEN WATCHED THOUSANDS OF PEACEFUL , TURNED ON ,  
BEAUTIFUL REVOLUTIONARIES .

SEVENTY-FIVE PEOPLE ARRESTED LAST SUNDAY IN WASHINGTON, D.C. DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK AND MANY CLERGYMEN  
BUSTED FOR HOLDING A RELIGIOUS SERVICE OPPOSITE THE WHITE HOUSE . PROTESTING THE U.S. INVASION OF  
CAMBODIA .

ALCOHOLICS ARE JAILING YOUNG PEOPLE FOR SMOKING FLOWERS . AT PRESENT MORE THAN 250,000 BROTHERS AND  
SISTERS ARE IN THE SLAM FOR SMOKING MARIJUANA .

MOTHERS ARE NOW BEING PUNISHED FOR FAILING TO FINK ON THEIR OWN KIDS .

THE ESTABLISHMENT IS FUCKED UP ON MONEY AND FEAR

ABOLISH THE MONEY

THE PRICE OF ONE TRIP OF SUNSHINE LSD IS 50¢

( CHEAPER THAN TWO SUBWAY RIDES )

BROTHERS AND SISTERS , SUNSHINE WILL BE EVERYWHERE . TURN ON THE WORLD , OUR VIBRATIONS HAVE TO BALANCE  
THE MADNESS OF BLIND ELDERS . SINCE THERE IS PRACTICALLY NO MONEY INVOLVED YOUR FAMILY WILL BE ABLE TO  
FRONT MOST OF IT TO FELLOW DEALERS ,

LET US ALL DO THE BIG TRIP TOGETHER . TURN THE WORLD ON .

TODAY STARTS THE NATIONAL SCHOOL STRIKE . ENTER NO BRAINWASHED INSTITUTIONS UNTIL THE FALL .

NOW IS THE TIME TO TRIP, TO GET YOUR HEAD TOGETHER , TO COME TOGETHER , TO HOLD TOGETHER .

MAKE EVERY WEEKEND A WOODSTOCK WEEKEND , A NEW HAVEN RALLY , A CENTRAL PARK FREE CONCERT .

TURN ON WITH SUNSHINE. ON

G.I.A.



# RIP OFF KAREN BERG

There was a day when the Incredible String Band didn't reach me, for I was very sophisticated and tres hipguard; I knifed through those tremely lyric strains coming from the radio with what I pleased myself to know were acid comments. That was in the very early String Band Days and I worked in one of those midtown coffins nine to five. I'm younger now and have long since forgotten the reasons the Incredible didn't delight me.

*Somewhere in the distance you  
Had fought the monster to a  
draw  
In those days of books and wine  
With Ferlinghetti grasping for  
a straw  
Ob we can teach them nothing,  
nothing  
But survival in a desert bare  
But they can teach us how  
to love  
And live and tie bright ribbons  
in our hair.*

Those lines are from Paul Siebel's song the the Incredible String Band, "Then Came the Children."

And a lot of rock becomes more and more formula, more sterile in its attempts to be heavy, the ISB seems more and more to be full of life. Life includes the harrowing, the down, but few groups have the artistry to deal with these things and add to our understanding of them, like say the Pink Floyd. And then Pink Floyd is also capable of producing the gentleness, the sweetness and humor with which the ISB is

concerned. On *Ummagumma*, "Grantchester Meadows" and "Several Species of Small Furry Animals Gather Together in a Cave and Grooving with a Pict" are electronic visits with earth, flowers, sunshine, animals (with the Pink Floyd reminder of the vulnerability of such things as man enters to swat and kill the fly, ending its pleasant buzzing). Other than having the initial cap in common, "U" is a trip similar to that of *Ummagumma*, *Ulysses*, and remindful of Blake's *Urizen*.

The simple tale and the music of "U" is one of fantasy, involving time (time travel), a seeker, truth found (through love) after adversity. In order to enjoy "U", it would seem to be best to rinse intellectual hardness from the mind and curl up like a child and just dig the sweetness of the production. It was easy to do.

The drawings projected on a soft cloth screen were charming and lovely, beautifully colored, from Janet Shankman. The costumes, by Jane Mock, were gorgeous. Humor and joy aplenty, music good. The Incredible String Band evokes senses of life, of goodwill. Soft colors mixed with vividness, clarity. Lavendar and crystal. The musicians smile — of what use is grimness?

And *women* are onstage, on record, playing drums, guitars. Albeit Rose and I orice are Rose and Licoric we don't know if they hav last names, and they aren't key architects of the String Band, but they're there and the men aren't uptight

about their being there. A woman did the costumes, a woman did the art for "U". Respect shown to women in music.

But it's a natural extension of the respect for life the ISB evidently has. They recognize little animals as being important and write songs about them; they write things about birds, about creation, about love. The masculinity ego trip, whatever it is, is not evident. The tenderness and softness relegated to women is just part of all life to the Incredible String Band.

I went to see Jesse Fuller at the Gaslight last week. A grand man. I'm sorry I didn't take notes; I intended to a later night. But when I came back, he had split — his old lady had taken sick.

Jesse Fuller is best known for writing "San Francisco Bay Blues" but he's just a fine old blues singer in any case. He's a bit of a one-man band, had his own homemade amplifier, and various instruments onstage. "You see this box," he queries, pointin out a small wooden stand with electronic equipment resting on it, don't-know-what in it. "I made that as a coffin, for my little grandson, but he didn't die anyway, he got well," Fuller chuckles, "so I decided it was silly to waste it and now I use it for equipment." Jesse Fuller makes few visits to the apple, as few as all the other old blues singers do. It was a good, mellow set with favorites being called out, Fuller's playin' and singin' 'em.

But on a return visit to see Jesse Fuller, finding him gone, things weren't so bad. Erik Frandsen had stepped in for Fuller and Gaslight regulars held the fort. Erik was in good form, spinning off one dry joke after another, playing and singing in between, all of which he does very well — Frandsen is an excellent, fine guitarist. Jim Glover, who writes songs, some with startlingly fine lyrics, was there; Denny Brown, one of the nicest people anywhere and an enjoyable singer, was there. It's all kind of a shame. These people are very good to listen to and just don't get heard enough. But the Gaslight, the Underground, similar places have similar problems, all of which might soon diminish with the return to popularity of acoustic guitar, nice songs, nice voices. In the meantime, it's very good entertainment, inexpensive, and rewarding.

I have some old Claude Thornhill stuff around, very worn banged-up records, but treasured, largely due to very fine arrangements by Gil Evans. What Evans was doing then in voicing of horns, use of percussion, was electrifying and is still fresh and unique.

One of the first 12-inch records I owned was *Gil Evans and Ten* which is still one of the best albums I have or have had (hundreds have passed through my shelves, fewer have stayed). Gil Evans, piano; Steve Lacy, soprano sax; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Louis Mucci, John

Cansi, Jake Koven, trumpets; Bart Varsalona, bass trombone; Willie Ruff, french horn; Kee Konitz (under pseudonym on record), alto; Dave Kurtzer, bassoon; Paul Chambers, bass; Nick Stabulas, Jo Jones, drums!! Jesus, it's a good record. The pieces are standards, some Tadd Dameron, an original by Evans.

Evans has done a lot of arranging since then, mostly for Miles (he did things with Miles in the early days, too), but now another record is out, Ampex A10102, with Gil Evans and a Gil Evans group. Joe Beck, electric guitrz; Herb Bushler, bass; Jimmy Cleveland (again), trombone; Billy Harper, saxophone and flute; Howard Johnson, tuba; Elvin Jones, Donald McDonald, Al Mouzon, Susan Evans, percussion. And another fine, excellent, record. Evans is so careful, never sloppy,

in what he allows to reach your ear. But there's ease in the swinging arrangements; it's very deceptive. To put the voicing together, to build on tight arrangements, sometimes using simple harmonies, sometimes complex, and still give an impression of *free* music, unrestrained by overarranging, is rare enough. Few arrangers have the ability to turn out a fine, total product reflecting respect for the music and the musician's freedom to interpret the music. Everything on this album is an original and it's all good.

RIPOFF  
/by Karin Berg

## LETTERS

Dear Editor:

Bill Graham went to Spain and left us, his patronizing troops, behind; troops provided with understaffed organizers; organizers who could not sustain the togetherness that people had established themselves.

This seems recurrent with the purchase of tickets for every major rock group who performs at the Fillmore East.

Early Sunday morning, April 26, rock-followers began camping on the street surrounding the Fillmore block. Thus began the long vigil where people shared food, blankets and friendship. The ushers added to the harmonious atmosphere and passed out cookies.

During the long wait more than just a harmonious atmosphere developed. Anxieties built up as a result of inadequate preparation by the top brass. No toilet facilities were arranged. There was no guarantee that an early arrival meant an early purchase of tickets. And there was no limitation to the number of tickets a person could purchase, thereby "scalping" was encouraged, one of the

many elements that undermined the respect of others. In other words, creating an "every-man-for-himself" situation.

A weak attempt was made in assuring positions by handing out numbers (1 to 25). Since this system was not followed through it did not work, and since numbers were sequentially handed to only a small fraction of participants, this accomplished little, if any, order to the majority.

Many latecomers pushed into the already existing lines. Fear of losing one's turn in line caused people to be inconsiderate; but, had enough ushers been hired they could have handled the large number of inconsiderates who greedily infringed on the unity that had developed throughout the night.

One could expect any sensibly handled crowd to progress from a calm state to an anticipatory state; however, new problems arose because the people were not treated with respect.



INCREDIBLE STRING BAND and STONE MONKEY

People congregated in unmanageable numbers instead of being lead into pre-organized narrow file lines. Basically, this lack of preparation caused an unnecessary massing. This in turn caused frustration for all. The ushers found it difficult to handle the overwhelming number of young people. They were forced to give orders to a "mob" instead of addressing individuals. Feeling we were treated as without intelligence, we could not respond to their instructions.

For hours people were pushed, squeezed, trampled and harrassed by the frustrated attempts to organize the over-anxious mob. Since we were not assured a place, we felt we had to fight to claim our position. We were pushed so close together and were so insistent about getting to the front of the line that we found it almost impossible to breathe.

We would be forced to give up or to gasp for a breath of cool air. Some asked to be doused with water, or for a sip of some cold drink that was

being passed around. Dripping in perspiration and completely exhausted, I was liberated from the pressing crowd, only to be part of anew spectacle — waiting inside the building to buy my tickets. This too, was handled very poorly. An hour later, half delirious, I dragged myself up to one of the two ticket windows.

After a seventeen-hour vigil, including a six-hour tight, unbearable squeeze, the marathon ended.

(Continued on Page 20)

by Jackie Friedrich

Sometimes I think I'm being pushed too far. Being told to accept an Orange Julius in the place of Mendy's is like being told to accept a computer for a mother.

For many of us Mendy's has been home, and for the past week we bitterly watched that home being torn apart and divested of its egg creams and lime rickeys in the interest of franchises and big business.

Mendy's was an unauthorized meeting place, rehearsal hall, and crash pad. It was probably the only place in the East Village where you could ask for just a glass of water and get it, and sit for hours with no one hassling you about a minimum. It was the only place on the Lower East Side where I could cash checks and many people borrowed money from Mendy or ate for free when they were broke.

Mendy's was located at the corner of 7th Street and 2nd Ave. for thirty seven years. The business was started by Mendy's father in 1892 in a store on Stanton and Lewis Streets. There was also a store on Ave D. I asked Mendy how the egg cream was invented (his father invented both the egg cream and the eskimo pie) and he told me that one summer his father, instead of making eggs for breakfast, mixed his eggs with some milk and chocolate syrup. He then started selling this concoction in his store, and the rest is egg cream history. I asked Mendy if his father had patented the syrup, but he said, "In those days we didn't know from patents."

The Stanton Street and Ave D stores were forced to close by incoming projects. And now Abe Harmitz, the owner of Ratners, has forced the last bastion of original egg creams to close down.



## THE ASSASSINATION of the EGG CREAM

-Stevens

Mendy's lease expired five years ago. Harmitz kept stalling the Austers everytime they asked to sign a new lease. Then, last July, Harmitz asked the Austers for a raise in rent. They had been paying \$425 a month, and Harmitz now wanted \$550. The Austers said they couldn't afford this and offered \$500. This was accepted with thanks and apparent good feelings. The Austers again asked for a lease, but Harmitz kept replying that he was waiting for NYU to send his lease, and as soon as he got his lease, the Austers would get theirs. They got theirs, all right. In January they received an eviction notice which they took to court but were told they had to be out by April 30. It was ridiculous to try

further action as Harmitz had already signed a lease with Orange Julius.

Mendy and Josie don't know what they're going to do now. Many egg cream freaks have asked them to bottle their syrup and sell it in stores. Even while I was talking to them and all the equipment had been ripped out, people streamed in, begging for egg creams.

Of course the grim reaper was there, buying coolers and tanks. He was haggling with Mendy about paying \$10 for the whole show. I'm sure I'm not the only one who feels those tanks should be collectors items.

Tommy came in to say good-bye. Tommy, to a casual observer would appear to be a

75-year old alcoholic — but actually he is the original hippie drop-out and Mendy's was his crash pad. Josie and Mendy set up a bed for him in the back room, took care of him when he was sick, and listened to his occasional freak-outs. Now Tommy is back on the streets with the rest of us who used Mendy's as our daytime crash pad.

I asked Mendy, who had been around when Second Avenue was known as the Jewish Fifth Avenue, what he thought of the hippies. He said, "They're wonderful. The finest people. They always say 'hello' when they come in, and when they leave they always say 'have a nice day.' My good friends don't even do that."

Another thing — I have never been in Ratners when at least once during my meal, cops were brought in to eject some undesirables. In all the years I've been living in Mendy's, I have never once seen a cop called in to take care of anyone.

There's not much that can be added to Mendy's statement. The Abe Harmitz of this world care very little that they have robbed us of our home. As my mother used to say — they're laughing all the way to the bank.

I don't think I'll ever be able to eat a grilled cheese sandwich or drink a lime rickey again although I admit, I'll probably find myself drinking Orange Julius and cursing myself the whole time.

The problem is — I still don't really believe that Mendy's is closed — and probably never will. I didn't even believe it when, while

sitting on a ledge, piled with debris, looking at the empty store, Josie said, "I wish I could offer you an egg cream, but..."

## Tompkins Square Sunday Afternoon

by David Walley

You can never tell where you're going to get that cosmic flash. Sometimes the East Village can be dreadful — rusted hulks of cars can be found on Avenue D and Tenth Street and gaping potholes so large that even buses have to dodge them are frequently found only a few feet from a clump of flowers. The park on the East Side down by the projects is not Central Park... too much concrete. It's not that wide either, maybe three blocks at its full width before it telescopes down around 12th Street. This park is scarred and beaten, bleakly fronting a squalid Brooklyn harbor district. As beaten as it is, each Sunday (last Sunday was its finest hour) there must have been 12 softball teams mixing it up, shrilly gesticulating in Spanish, all partaking in that great American pastime. Most of

the uniforms weren't too clean or modern, but there was soul, it was real, nobody could have told me that this was anywhere but America, Earth Day plus 4. This park's on the outer perimeter.

Further into the Eastside itself is the famous, many-storied Tompkins Square Park, scene of numerous informal Be-ins (long before Bethesda fountain became fashionable), smoke-ins, and open air concerts. Tompkins Square Park is a landmark for East Village residents, one of the only places left where one can sit unencumbered with a jug of wine and a set of bongos and where one will always find someone to share the jog and get a set going. Bongos, flutes, bottles and sticks cracking together reverberate through the warm day's air. Today is Sunday, a special day for the residents, it is the day when everyone takes their constitutional with their old ladies, kids, dogs, or cameras.

San Francisco has always touted itself for being the center of good vibes, the center of the be-in consciousness. Tompkins Square has been holding open air concerts for years, before the media consciousness made it

possible on the Woodstock level, before the promoters stepped in to fill their pockets. Free music for a free people... sounds like some kind of official propaganda pamphlet ("I hereby order by an Act of Congress each Sunday to be a day of free music"... Nix-on that, could be just like Earth Day). Tompkins Square has been hosting bands which would never make the Fillmore East stage because the musicians have contempt for the audience and the new culture which has seen fit to make profit off the bare skeleton of the Movement. Free music for a free people will be a long way in coming until everyone sees that happenings are spontaneous and no amount of space regulations, big name acts, or toilets can produce what has been, for ages it seems, the same spirit which pervades Tompkins Square every Sunday in the Spring.

The first nice Sunday in the Spring brings everyone out of their winter habitats. The music starts sometime in the morning but is drowned out by the softball game going on on the corner of Tenth and A. As the noon hour approaches, the bongo players edge out of the shadows onto the grassy

fenced-off areas. The pattern rarely varies but one conga, depending on its location will produce a bottle-stick percussion instrument normally followed by a flute(s) or a steel drum. The crowd starts with the musicians and fans outward, those who don't play gawk or nod in time to the music... Some dance singly or in groups. One band working out is the exception, there more like five all beating varied times which somehow fit together on a higher level, like a mass extention of the big note.

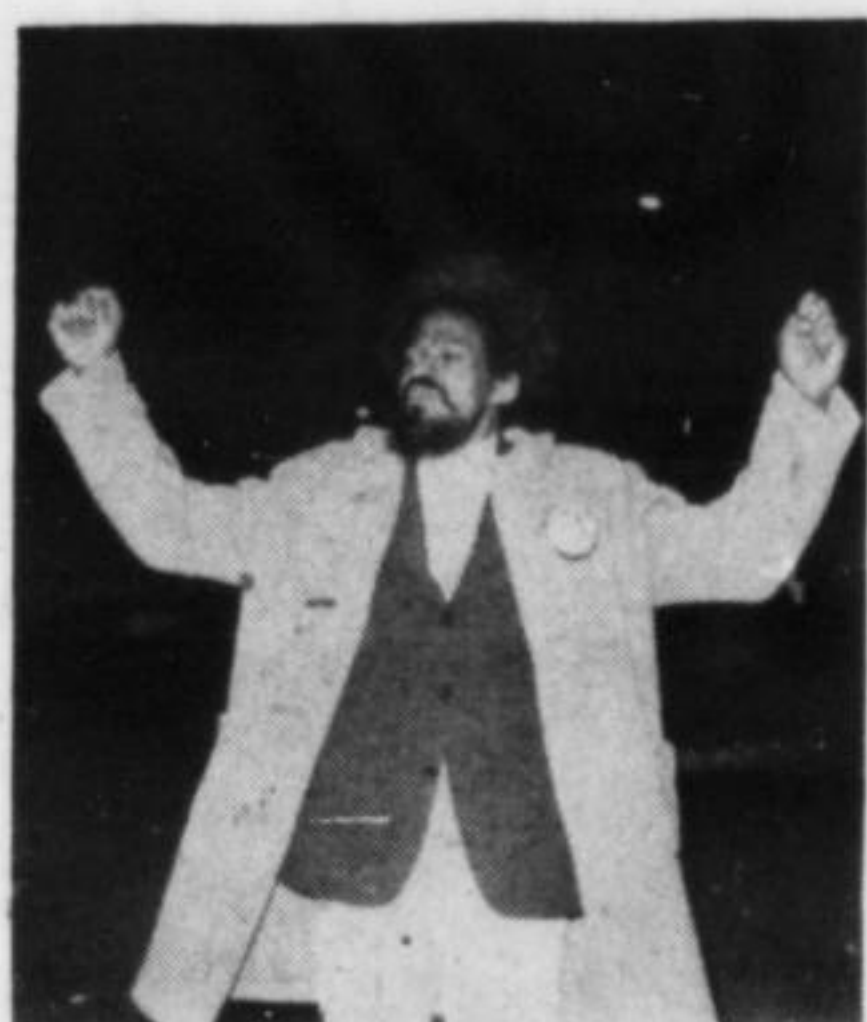
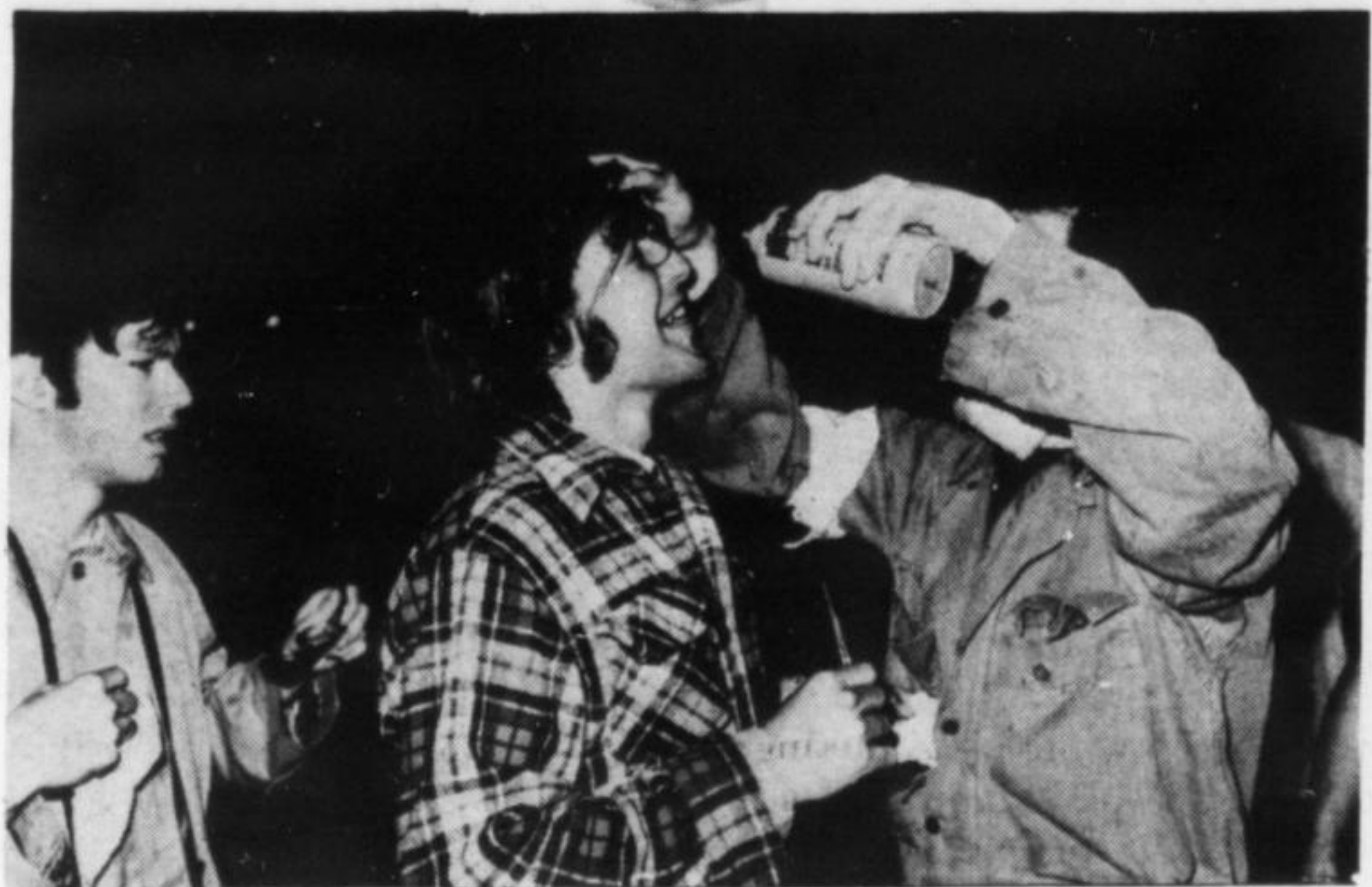
Everyone is happy here, for the afternoon at least albeit there is a war somewhere outside the city limits, albeit there is a period of unemployment, albeit sometimes the garbage is strewn in empty buildings because the Sanitation Department has declared it an area of neglect. The headlines may scream crisis, but Miguel is chugging wine blasted out of his skull beating on the tins. These musicians here don't need 16 Hi-Watt amplifiers or Hanley sound systems to get it on for the folks... they are their own sound system, their audience is the electrical circuitry which plugs everyone into the same vibrations.

When rock was first

introduced to Tompkins Square in 1967 the residents threw a mild fit. Not only was the music loud and shrill, but it brought along with it a collection of longhairs, unwanted visitors from an alien culture. In the beginning, the residents and the bongo players attempted to ruin the concerts in the bandshell. That too has changed. The bands are just as much a part of the scene as anyone else... time heals some wounds.

The park scene is fascinating because it is so human. The average Sunday crowd contains a broad cross-section of the city and the world. On any given Sunday there can be seen strolling around, out of work jazz musicians, poets, painters, strung-out suburbanites, editorial photographers in search of the perfect picture for the next Sunday supplement, dirty kids, harried mother, unwed mothers, Panthers, social workers, plainclothes cops on the lookout for a furtive joint, and marvelous young women. They stroll before the bandshell good humors in hand or they sit on the slatted benches soaking up the sun.

Tompkins Square Sunday  
(Continued on Page 18)



Photos by Joseph Stevens Asylum Press

# NEW HAVEN!

If one single issue was at stake during the rallies to save Bobby Seale in New Haven last weekend, it was the financial, political and racial relationship between black and white radicals in this country. As early as Friday morning, when members of the Conspiracy gave a joint press conference at Yale University, Jerry Rubin pointed out that he was tired of hearing the group referred to as "the Conspiracy 7."

"We're the Conspiracy 8," he shouted, "and anyone who calls us the Conspiracy 7 is a fucking racist!"

This theme was repeated later in the morning when Rubin spoke before a group of students at Woolsey Hall and told them that if Bobby Seale could stand up and challenge Julius Hoffman in the courtroom in Chicago, then they could certainly stand up and challenge their professors in the classroom - and later during the rally on the Green when French author Jean Genet called for a "new delicacy of feeling" on the part of white students and radicals.

"White radicals must perform actions which will eliminate their own privileges," Genet said through Bigman, a Panther who read the English translation of the speech. "If they cling so closely to their whiteness, it is in death they will find it. You talk about arrogance. The Black pride is a result of a new political awareness which the whites have not yet achieved. Through their terrible four centuries of slavery and oppression, Blacks have gained a total understanding of the whites, and now the whites must undertake a new understanding of the Blacks. To now, the Blacks have seen two kinds of white behavior: brutal domination or distant parent-alism. In the movement, they see the tendency of the white man to downgrade them once again. Another way must be found."

"...I count on all of you...if the Black Panther Party asks it of you, you must leave your classrooms in order to carry the word to America about Bobby Seale and about racism. You must face life directly...you are no longer comfortable Aquarians under a gold fist which is capable of no more than blowing bubbles!"

The fact of the matter was, Genet was speaking before some 15,000 comfortable Aquarians who had come to New Haven to support the movement, but also to crash, eat free food and receive a free political education at one of the oldest and richest universities in the country, Yale, which had been opened for use by striking students and some of their professors. Welcome to Yale, they said, and they donated what they could to feed and house the thousands of people who had come in from other parts, they ran a daily strike newspaper, they set up medical clinics, they fought, struck and argued for every advantage they could win...but mostly, they were beautiful to look at. Checking in at 20 years of age and younger, they sported a variety of neat, 1964 Beatle haircuts and C.F.O. shirts and varsity jackets and bleached blue-jeans, and they looked young, healthy, intelligent and in-the-prime. Their minds were some of the best in the country, they had graduated in the upper ten percent of their high school classes, they had the highest I.Q.'s and profound intellectual interests and hobbies who could support them provided their Yale was short, their grades were good, but it was worth the effort for them, wouldn't you say? Hair is the place, the height of the Ivory Tower - Jonathan Edwards College and Branford College, old, venerated institutions - Gothic dormitories with rooms that looked like the Presidential suite, and surrounding a collection of small, pleasant courtyards. The free-food lines and grungy New Yorkers looked out of place in this environment, but certainly everyone loved it, and many people questioned the opulence which leads to such a plush, sheltered life.

But something was happening at Yale, the street was coming to the students and the students were VERY aware of the fact that 4,000 federal troops had been flown into New England the night before, that 13 Panthers had been busted in Baltimore the day before, that newspapers throughout the country were predicting violence, blood, kickass, subversion, and that President Agnew called for Brewster's ouster, that Brewster himself was walking a new and semi-radical line for a man in his position, not to mention the guests - the radicals - the Panthers - the Police - who were even now up to various and sundry tasks on the Green where Jean Genet was speaking.

Genet gave his rap, he made a rough comparison between the Seale case and the Dreyfus affair in France, then they read a letter he'd received from the authorities asking him to come down to be questioned about his entry into the country, then he turned and said through his interpreter, "I ask the Black Panthers to tell us what I should do," and one of the Panthers said, "We suggest having a demonstration equivalent to this many people, upholding one of the only upholders of justice in this country, Jean Genet," and he was given a fantastic ovation.

The Green, directly across from the Old Campus, was three times the size of Bryant Park in New York, but the main assembly was gathered on a section roughly one third that size. The people were approximately 15,000 in number, and they sat in the sun, students, Black Panthers, a few Young Lords and many radicals from New York and Boston - and they were handed leaflets, tracts, maps and other souvenirs by the marshals wearing yellow head-bands and giving directions to whatever activity you wished to visit. The courthouse was in the lower right-hand corner, check the map, and across Church Street, check the map, was the storefront New Politics Center and the Union and New Haven Trust Company Bank and the Circuit Court, where a Connecticut State flag was hanging. Police photographers stood on the roof of the bank, and the National Guardsmen were stationed a few blocks away. The scene was very peaceful.

Various Panthers spoke, then Robert Scheer was introduced as a "man who has proved himself worthy of the respect of Black people and all people everywhere," and he castigated the press for their coverage of the Panthers and the New Haven Rally, and he called Richard Nixon a war criminal.

"We know about the liberals," he said. "As soon as you threaten the institutions they feel comfortable in, they will turn to facism rather than give up power..."

"The pacifism of David Dellinger does not mean to be passive - it means to find more ingenious methods of offing pigs than the gun."

"...We prefer non-violence to violence, but you are not going to kill Bobby Seale. We will stop you by any means necessary, and we are serious about it. All power to the people, all power to all political prisoners."

by RAY SCHULTZ

As the sky darkened, we went out to various speeches and events, Jerry Rubin at Grant College, Abbie Hoffman at Styles, and the speeches were funny, provocative, intelligent and outasight - then at 9:15 or so, we drifted onto the streets again, exhilarated by the whole experience, Woodstock, a political Woodstock, a doped Woodstock, a duped Woodstock, a great Woodstock walking into the spring night, a happy Woodstock, an angry Woodstock, then people seemed to be gathering in the streets, happy people, then more poured out of the various universities, angry people, then the Y.A.W.F. flag was moving through the night and we heard war whoops and off the pig and the crowd got larger, the word went out, the Panthers of New Haven have been busted and they want a massive street retaliation, we were running down Elm Street towards the Green and the Courthouse and Woodstock was forgotten -

"Free Bobby!"

"Free the Panthers!"

"OFF THE PIG!"

"Get back! Stay back!" they shouted, "This is a trick, a pig trick!"

"OFF THE PIG!"

And suddenly a crowd of 4,000 people or so was standing at the corner of Elm and Church Streets confronting the police who were standing across the way with the National Guard behind them with their gasmasks and guns to the ready...and the marshals were pleading with people to get on the green, get back on the Green, then a bottle was thrown and people pushed at the marshals who were desperately trying to clasp arms and form a human net that would force the people onto the Green.

"Get back," they pleaded, "The Panthers do not want violence tonight. You must listen to the Panthers."

KA-BOOM!!! - and a series of fire-crackers went off on the Green, then suddenly a terrible humming started - it sounded like the OM - and people began running in the opposite direction on Elm Street, some of the people, and the sound continued KA-BOOM!!! and another set of firecrackers, and some broken bottles crashing in the street near the police, then the humming stopped - the calm before the storm - then it started again and there was much shouting and a few more crashes then the police turned left on Church and the machines they were holding started spewing a horrible pepper gas out in a large cloud. The people scattered to the safe side of the Green, but it was getting wilder, none of it was safe -

Fires had been started in the park, the Police moved down Church, completely covering the street with gas, then we noticed a National Guard troop on the far side and they had canisters. Marshalls continued to try to move the people back onto the campus - where Allen Ginsberg was coming.

"Get back on the campus!" they shouted. "The Panthers do not want a demonstration tonight!"

You're walking into a pig trap!"

A pig trap it was! In the course of twenty minutes, there were people jamming through the gates of the Old Campus while Marshalls fought and pushed to keep others inside! A troop of Guardsmen ran up to the left corner, in front of the campus, and they got in position to fire canisters at the people who were running and straggling back to the campus. The crowd gathered anew, Hoffman was running around with a gas mask, Rubin had a scarf around his head, they were talking about how Yale seemed to be co-opting the event, and wouldn't it be cool if Yale was offered? More bottles were thrown, then the soldiers began lobbing canisters - pop! - and the Green looked like Lincoln Park with the smoke and gas rising in the colored lights, and people ran like crazy to the gates and pushed their way inside, but the gas followed them in - pop! the gas billowed right through the entrance and people were running around holding their faces in their hands, holding handkerchiefs and napkins to their mouths and noses - and medical aides dispensed water and gave directions to safer, higher ground at the University.

The inside courtyard was filled with the stuff. It didn't hurt too bad - you could function with it - but many people were messed up. They moved across the yard and into the Branford College complex, where the air was lighter, and medics saw to first aid. At the gates, the marshalls continued to argue people off the streets, and to keep the others inside. As the smoke cleared, we wandered down to the basement of Branford where people busted open the ice cream machines and investigated the extensive underground caverns of Yale. The tension cooled, and people planned for the morning.

The next morning, we found that the person who had instigated the rumour of a Panther bust the night before was a pig provocateur who had taken the state at Grant College after Jerry Rubin. The Hartford Times said it was Jerry Rubin himself, and the rest of the straight press didn't even mention the incident. News also came through that Ingles Rink, a park where a rock concert was being held the night before, was bombed, and that two or three people had been injured. In the courtyard of Branford, debates were held on tactics, and several whites called for massive destruction in the streets, but two or three Panthers tried to cool it.

"That was a pig who started that shit last night," they said, "wise up."

But a new element had crept in. For the first time in the memory of this reporter, whites in the movement (or pigs in the movement) were criticizing the Panthers for not being tough enough.

The two or three Panthers at Branford were soft-spoken to a point, and had a difficult time keeping on top of the discussion. One white, fat and raunchy, said the time had come to stop listening to "non violence raps" and start taking action right away.

"We take the revolution wherever we go," he shouted.

"No, listen here," one Panther said. "You were asked to come here to help free Bobby Seale."

"We can free Bobby Seale," the white said. "One man can lift a car, we can tear that courthouse down stone by stone!"

"No, you fool, Bobby ain't even being held in New Haven right now. They moved him. Now we invited you people here to support us, and if you ain't willing to take orders from a Black man, you can get the hell out! We're planning this event and we're telling you this ain't the time for violence. We want you to cool it. We're getting sick of these pig provocateurs. Whatever shit you people bring down this weekend, it's all gonna fall down on the heads of black people in this community. Now if you want to start trouble, you go back wherever you came from, and from now on, when you hear some crazy fucker talking this shit, you off him. You come up alongside him and wipe him out! I'm not fooling."

This line was repeated at other workshops and events Saturday morning, and the Panthers issued a statement about the events of the night before:

"...Trashing in the streets, confrontations for the mere sake of confrontation are not political acts. Tactical strategy must be carefully planned if it is to be effective in producing a desired political consequence. A great deal of confusion seems to have clouded

Then a Panther leader spoke, and his voice was cracked in anger as he went on about whites in the movement -

"Don't tell me how good you are," he said, "You got to get hip - you got to get funky, and if you can't get funky, you got to get out!" - as Allen Ginsberg sat in silence on the back of the stage and chanted to himself.

Women's Liberation was next and their speaker talked about the Black Panther women currently in prison -

"344 days in confinement - no trial yet!"

-and about their sisters and brothers everywhere who are oppressed and struggling for liberation-

"344 days in confinement - no trial yet!"

At that point your reporter was standing under the stage near a sound truck, and a girl Marshall asked one of the men for a Black marshal.

"What for?"

"There's some girls standing up in front, and they won't sit down. I've been talking to them for twenty minutes."

"You think a Black marshal would do it?"

"It would be nice."

Then David Dellenger spoke. He talked about Bobby Seale, he talked about non-violence, he talked about the ultimate hypocrisy of the liberals in the peace movement

"It's like that old phrase, how can you love God who you do not know when you can't love your neighbor who you DO know. Well, I ask you - how can you love the Viet Cong who you have not seen, when you do not love the Black people in this country who you HAVE seen!"

A newspaper reporter interviewed a man in a wheel chair with one leg who had put himself between the police and the crowd at a tense scene that morning.

"They wouldn't have hit me," he said, "I was using my body to cool it."

A man dressed in what appeared to be a black priest's robe walked around with two small sheep who followed him closely, and he carried a sign which read "If you love animals, don't kill them."

Then Yale Professor Ken Mills spoke. He was a black man with a noble head of hair and a soft, melodic voice that carried the rhythm of music and poetry, and he had pushed very heavily for closing down the University functions for the past two weeks, and he was well-loved. He talked about racism, imperialism, the government and peace - he went on about Cambodia and the lies and deceit of the Nixon administration and he talked about the alternatives - and the turning of Yale into what it should be.

"We must be disciplined," he said, "it is our highest duty to be disciplined, and it is not the time for violence here."

"The struggle has only begun and it must continue! You are building a struggle that will overwhelm the class society, the class society hell-bent on keeping us down at home. And remember, you are not struggling only for Black people, for oppressed people, you are struggling for yourselves, for your own liberation - check it out for yourself.

"...This is an institute of privilege, but it doesn't need to be forever. You must take care of business.

"...Your black brothers are not going back. They cannot go back. Most Yalies don't even know where Driscoll Avenue is - that has to be broken down, you people can't turn back, you MUSN'T turn back - DO NOT LEAVE THE PANTHERS ALONE!"

His speech was concluded to tremendous applause and the next speaker was - Abbie Hoffman! Hoffman strutted to the microphone, he was wearing the new YIP flag as a cape, with the red star and the green leaf, and he held the mike with one hand and stood like Mick Jagger with all the defiance in the world and he began his rap about Bobby Seale in the courtroom, about Charles Garry entering the hospital for an operation and Judge Julius "Jennings" Hoffman refusing Seale the right to conduct a defense with the attorney of his choice and how when Seale protested he was taken to the back room and bound and gagged while the jury was hustled out of the court then hustled back in, and how Seale broke the gag and told Julius "Adolf Hitler" Hoffman he was a racist who was denying the constitutional rights of a black man and about how Julius Ceasar Hoffman reacted-

"What is this? What is this? In all my 732 years on the bench I have never heard a defendant talk this way - why, in my 576 years on the bench I've been the best friend black people ever had in this country."

-And Hoffman worked the crowd like a pro, they laughed at every line he gave and cheered at every other line, and when he finished the look on his face was radiant, and Rubin grabbed him and gave him a great hug.

The call had gone out for a peaceful demonstration, that was the wish of the Panthers, but three blocks away on the corner of State and Elm Streets, a small battalion of National Guard, 45 soldiers, stood in formation while a nervous Lieutenant uttered various orders.

"You," he said to one of them, "button your shirt."

"You don't have to do that on my account," photographer Joseph Stevens said to him.

"That's not my purpose," the Lieutenant said. "I just want him to look the way he should."

"You people aren't needed," I said. "This is a peaceful demonstration."

"I sincerely hope so," he said. "LOOK SHARP, MEN!"

At the corner of Chapel and State Streets, another battalion stood, only this bunch wore gas-masks and carried tear-gas canisters and they had bayonets on the ends of their guns. "Leave them alone!" two old greasers shouted. "They deserve some respect!"

The people had drifted back to the Old Campus where dope was smoked and food was served in the pleasant courtyards. Rock music was played, the Rolling Stones where we were, live bands in other sections - and the food was a salad made of lettuce and rice, very tasty, and it was a euphoric sensation sitting in the spring evening, the Woodstock Nation come to Yale.

producing a desired political consequence. A great deal of confusion seems to have clouded the events following the worship in Branford College last night. The fact is that Jerry Rubin's microphone was taken over by a pig provocateur who spoke falsely in the name of the Black Panther Party.

"...We are kidding ourselves to think that anarchy will help the Panthers. Moving into the streets requires a great deal of education and training. To pour unprepared and defenseless into the streets is both apolitical and suicidal. The issues must be discussed and acted upon in ways which will be most effective in freeing the New Haven Panthers. The lives of 9 revolutionaries are at stake. Revolutionary struggle is not a game. It is not an individualist head-trip nor is it a one-day street battle. The revolutionaries here in New Haven should be able to communicate this to their brothers and sisters who are still confused about what direction to take.

Saturday afternoon, another rally was held on the Green, and the call from the speakers was almost universal: cool the violence. One of the dissenters to this was Jerry Rubin who warned the crowd not to be influenced by the marshals calling for non-violence. Most of the speakers, though, were emphatic in their demand for discipline and for adherence to the plans and strategies laid down by the Black Panther Party. A tape was played from Bobby Seale in jail, and Seale said make no bones about it, I do not expect a fair trial. Tom Hayden spoke then, and he brought up one of the most important issues facing the movement as a whole, and the Panthers in particular: money.

"The time has come to stop giving money on a philanthropic basis," he said. "This is not philanthropy! The case is not one of freeing individual men so much as it is continuing the revolution. We want you to give all you can, you should all walk out of here penniless."

Hayden then announced that all activities in New Haven were cancelled for Sunday, but that a nationwide strike of high schools and colleges was being called for May 5 in accordance with the following demands: 1) That the United States government end its systematic oppression of political dissidents, and release all political prisoners, such as Bobby Seale and other members of the Black Panther Party. 2) That the United States government cease its expansion of the Vietnam war into Cambodia and Laos; that it unilaterally and immediately withdraw all forces from Southeast Asia. 3) That the universities and their complicity with the United States war machine be an immediate end to defense research, R.O.T.C., counterinsurgency research and all other such programs. Going into the evening, students from several schools rapped about their plans before going back into their own particular situations at home. As the sun went down once more, most of the out-of-towners seemed to have left the city of New Haven, and the streets were filled with Yalies who were acting in what appeared to be the usual Saturday-night-on-the-campus fashion.

At about six-thirty or so, though, we saw huge clouds of smoke coming from the corner of Elm and Church, the New Politics Center was burning! A large crowd of people had already gathered, most of them rather clean looking students, and the marshals were out there again pleading for people to return to the campus.

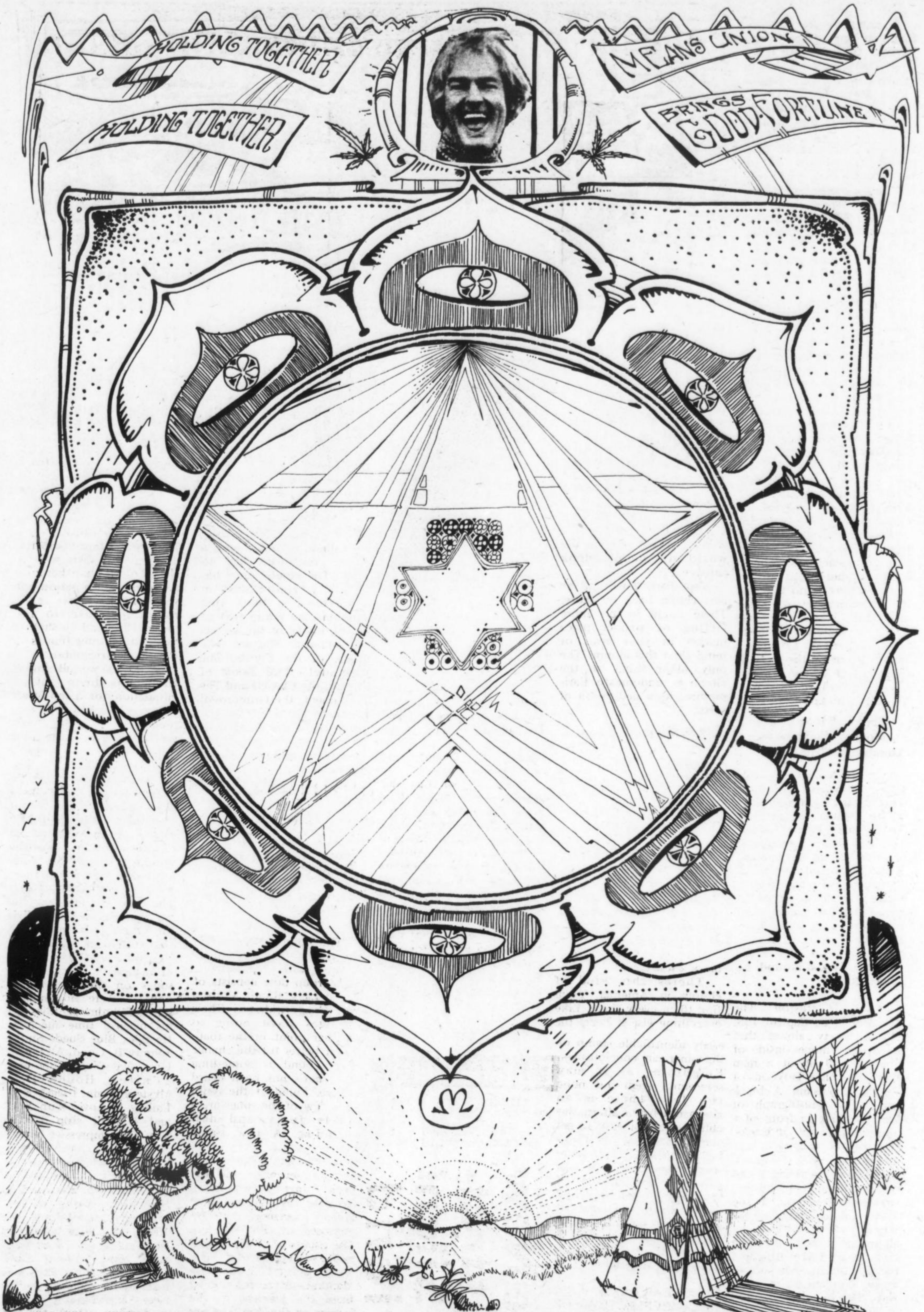
"If the New Politics Center was offed, it was a pig that did it! The person that did it did not come to New Haven to free Bobby Seale!"

The crowd was curious, mostly. They stood on the steps of the courthouse and watched the gutting of the building across the street. Then the soldiers arrived, with the police in front as usual, and they braced their canisters in the wind. The people moved slowly off the courthouse steps to the Green, for they were in mood to hassle the police unduly, they were innocent bystanders in the game of life, etc. They moved along and the marshals managed to move them up the street to the corner of College. But the crowd stayed together there, and the fire engines sort of crowded the situation at the other end of the block, so it was still looking sticky. But the crowd was peaceful. There was very little going on, then suddenly a battalion of the National Guard came running up in perfect time. One, two, one, two, soldier, soldier, don't look down, there's no pussy on the ground - yuh left, yuh left, etc., right left, then one of them hollered HALT!, and they turned and left-faced and began pointing their guns at the crowd. Dynamite! Another Chicago? There was some new shuffling around and you knew that it would happen again, then someone threw a bottle at the soldiers. It landed and a chick's voice screamed out desperately, "WAIT, WAIT! IT WAS A MISTAKE, HOLD YOUR FIRE!" and people began running but the soldiers held their fire, and the marshals hassled the crowd some more, pleading with them to fool it, then another bottle landed, smash, then another one followed behind it, crash, and suddenly they turned and lobbed a canister into the street and it exploded with a burst, and the crowd took off.

They lobbed another one directly behind it and began moving forward as the people fled before them. Several people ran into the church on the corner, and the doors were closed behind them, but the gas became so thick that it seeped into the church and completely devastated the scene in a student coffee house in the basement. Once again, the gates were crushed with people trying to escape the gas. The crowd, much of it, reshuffled on the green and the scene at this point was similar to the evening before. Through the tear gas, we saw bodies running - the silhouettes of gas masks where their heads should be - and throwing objects at the soldiers who were steadily moving forward. A Panther sound truck moved through the Green, directly perpendicular to the flow of the gas, telling the people that the Politics Center fire had been caused by an accident in the furnace, and pleading with them to go back to the Campus, but once again it was near to impossible to completely disperse the crowd, and large number of them gathered on Church Street and the soldiers once again stood on the corner of Church and Chapel Streets, and some objects were thrown at them, but not too many, and they opened fire without delay and the first two canisters hit the parchment of the building, two feet away from the entrance to the gate, and exploded with sorrowful bursts of a heavier tear gas than that of the night before. It was a completely brutal scene. They lobbed canister after canister at no threat to themselves, and they saturated the outside of the college and lobbed two in through the gate and filled the place. The crowd fled across to the gates of Branford and Jonathan Edwards, but the gas followed them, on a high wind, and pretty soon there was no place you could walk without being subjected to the gas.

The medics came out with the water and the towels, and they led people into the clinics and assisted those that needed it. One victim was vomiting and blowing his mind, and other's faces had been wrecked. It took a few hours for the situation to cool down, and there were scattered incidents into the night.

In the morning it rained, and people departed quietly on busses leaving New Haven after the Mayday Rally to Free Bobby Seale.



holding together: a freedom fund • 1230 queens rd. berkley, calif.

I caught Sweet Stavin Chain at one of the many festivals that dot the time map. The festival was not a woodstock affair. No folks, Sweet Stavin Chain doesn't live in the Woodstock nation. But they really broke it up at the festival... They're sort of a cross between some borderland rock and roll and some really fine blues playing... They turn out quite a sound. Their first album is out on Cotillion SD 9021.

At the festival near Philly they were home town favorites and all of their fans were running around the woods boogieing on down.

There's a world of difference between the hometown music that you get now days live in NY city or over the fm airways, and real music. About the only place there's new music happening these days is far far away from the city. You can go to the fillmore east but that's Bill Grahams home town so you'll hear Bill Graham hometown music...

Sweet Stavin Chain, they're 8 guys that sound like 20 sometimes. There sound comes from every where. There is no flaw in the combination of these musicians, their vocal quality is matched by their instrumental artistry. There's a cut on the second side, an old T-bone Walker favorite called Stormy Monday. you know

"They Call It Stormy Monday, Could be Tuesday Just The Same"

Stavin chain does it pretty good. They also play "Im Tore Down" a song called "The Theme From The Teddy Bears Picnic." When you get down around the second side of the album, King Curtis comes by to sit in for a few choruses. Stavin Chain is really an amazing group with a sound that's been too long gone from american music. It makes you feel that the Blues Battalion is just around the next corner.

\*\*\*\*

Earl Of Ruston The Salvation CO. Capitol 465. Its a funny album that sometimes moves inside of you. Its all about a man they called Earl D Woods of Ruston Louisiana A black and white photograph of Earl standing in front of a house made out of bricks. Hes sort of smiling out of the picture with his eyes. Hands raised holding a can of anti freeze to his lips he, toys with the door to the Time Library of Earl D Ruston. That's what the album does, toys with the memory of Earl d Ruston I mean... Its an errie sort of music but beautiful in a way. The only information is the names of the songs and that picture of Earl. I dont know who the salvation company is, or where the album was recorded.



hundreds of secrets hidden for centuries.

There's a chicks voice, and some guys voices and that machine, the one that the Moody Blues has to make the sound of the wind and the ocean and sometimes even outer space. The Salvation Company speaks and sings with this thing in their voice, it comes from living somewhere far away from the electric city. Maybe its america. Where else in the world do people drink antifreeze??

Yep, Earls gone, and he aint comin back no more. There could be no more fitting or proper place marker in your heart or mind than this album. The only other thing on the album is underneath Earls picture, its a dedication of sorts:

Earl D. Woods of Ruston,  
Louisiana  
Died June 5, 1969  
His mother, Leecy R. Woods  
Moore  
Misses him very much.  
So does the salvation  
company.  
So we recreate him nightly  
on stage.

I really like the way they do this cut called Revival, Starting off a song with a gregorian chant doesn't happen too much in pop music these days.

There's this kind of church in America. You'll find them everywhere. Like everything else it bears the

easily identifiable stamp of the american consciousness. Frightening as it may sometimes seem but none the less there is an alternative to the alternative culture. Its not easy to get plugged into if you those big city vibes, if by some strange quirk of fate you perfect the dance of invisibility, Get out and hear what the rest of america is into. You just might find the biggest surprise of your life. Yeah that's right, America.

THIRD EAR BAND MUSIC IS A REFLECTION OF THE UNIVERSE AS MAGIC PLAY ILLUSION SIMPLY BECAUSE IT COULD NOT POSSIBLY BE ANYTHING ELSE.

The third Ear Band is a strange and quite beautiful combination of musical styles, instruments and performers. Only once in a while does something happen to form a totally new sound. Third ear band successfully combines Oboe, Recorder, Violin, Viola, Chello, Slide pipe, Tabla, Hand Drums, and Wind Chimes. into an instrumental album of sorts.

What can you say about sounds that dance??? There's something about music with no words. Its real easy to slide thru this album and into your head. Riddled with all kinds of Aural Paradoxes, drones and repetitious rhythms. If you can imagine the sound as well as the sight smell and feel of a time or place. This album is kind of for your ears what the same kind of thing feeling good does to your mind.

In a rare 'on the wax' appearance, John Peel makes his debut as a Jew's Harp virtuoso. I don't think the album will be too big of a hit here in America though. Having no catchy lyrics, no pop melodies to sing along with places this record in the miscellaneous record bins at most stores. Maybe it's better that way. This album is not for rock and rollers. The name of it is ALCHEMY on Harvest records, No. SKAO 376.

and alchemy simply defined is Power or a method of transmutation. I don't think you'll hear any of this stuff coming out of your transistorized FM stations. It ain't greasy kid stuff that's for sure.

The stuff that gets recorded in England these days gets passed off as just that, "Stuff from Europe." Anyway, whether you dig the album or not there's a book you might like to read. The citadel press has recently republished in paperback a book that contains the entire text of the 4 books of the secrets of Albertus Magnus, The Book of the Spirits, The Almadel, The Book of Power, the Clavicle and The Testament, the Grimoire of Honorius the Great, and the processes of the Black Pact as set forth in the True Grimoire and the Great Grimoire.

conjuring,  
arts,

It's written by Sayed Idries Shah and is called *The Secret Lore of Magic: Books of the Sorceress*, Copyright 1957, 316 pages, \$2.95.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Mandrake Memorial. Streamlined since last fall's brief public appearance. The group now consists of Kevin Lally, Randy Monaco and Craig Anderton. Their changes have come to another point in the road. Much better for the change their sound is something else that's not been heard before. Some of the lyrics of a few of the songs are a little fuzzy and new sounding. A new sound takes a lot of understanding. The artists of the seventies for the most part aren't being inspired by electric acid visions anymore but by glimpses of The Garden. The garden is on that island out in the middle of the sea. You might hear the Mandrake Memorial coming from the jukebox in the lounge on the ship. The one on its way to the island.

Puzzle, The Mandrake Memorial, Poppy Records No. PYS40006. Poppy

Records, they quite don't know to do the record business yet but they are far more righteous to their artists and the presentation of the artists work than most of the other record companies. They at least present an alternative to loud rock and roll, besides it's always a gas to hear music that's one dream ahead of the crowd.

There was a time in america of long ago, Elvis was the closest thing that there was (appearing on a nationwide scale) that was even remotely close to real music. Elvis and his shaking legs and lightning fingers on the old electric guitar.

Well, as we all know, Elvis has been out of circulation for a few years surfacing recently for a one hour television special and a couple weeks at a las vegas hotel. Very few personal appearances and none that his real fans would be able to get to see. RCA has a new album called *From Memphis to Vegas No. LSP 6020*. . . it's a double album of Elvis at his best. Not the old Elvis though, for little boys always grow into men, well sometimes anyway. The two records on the package are entitled "Elvis in Person at the International Hotel Las Vegas Nevada" and "Elvis in Memphis". Out of the 15 songs on the first record only 2 were not million sellers for him. Its Elvis and his magical time machine. He does Blue Suede Shoes, Johnny B. Good, All Shook Up, Are You Lonesome Tonight?, Hound Dog, Mystery Train, I can't Help Falling In Love With You, and I can't stop Loving You. An impressive lineup of hits. The other record has him without the 40 voice choir and all the pit band back up. Elvis back in Memphis doing a few spirituals and Inherit the Wind, The Grass Wont Pay No Mind, From a Jack To A King, and Without Love There Is Nothing. Elvis was a pretty far out dude for his time. He still gets it on after a fashion. Dont get kiddies Elvis is one of the cornerstones of modern day watered down de humanized rock and roll. . .

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Friend

## Claudia by Dreifus

While the Rev. Ian Paisley was whipping up Northern Ireland's Protestant population for his successful bid for Parliament, a tough, stout, forty-two year old woman was flying to New York to tell Irish-America of the plight of Catholics in Ulster. The lady was Mrs. Brigid Bond, a welfare recipient, the wife of an unemployed electrician, the mother of three sons, the Chairwoman of the Derry Housing Action Committee, and a representative of the Northern Irish Civil Rights Association.

In Derry, she's a legend. The Catholic residents of the Bogside slum district think of her as an authentic Irish heroine—a fighter like Bernadette Devlin and Maude Gonne. The Protestants despise her to the point where her small pre-industrial revolution slum apartment has been petrol bombed three times. She has lead countless civil rights marches. She's been beaten and bruised by both Ulster police and Paisleyite mob. Then there was the time last August where CS teargas bombarded the Catholic district for forty-eight unending hours. Last winter, she took fourteen homeless families in the heart of Protestant Derry, the Guild Hall, for a six week sit-in. The action was highlighted by an attempt by the Rev. Ian Paisley and his followers to club the homeless to death. Brigid, who has a serious congenital defect in her heart, was nearly frightened to death when Paisley attempted to attack. But she wouldn't move.

I HADN'T SEEN BRIGID BOND SINCE a mournful day last September, when the Bogside hesitantly agreed to let British Soldiers take down their barricades. Brigid had been putting me and my husband up in her cold-water flat while I transmitted news reports to WBAI in New York. For the week I stayed with the Bonds, Brigid and her family slept every night, upright by the fire, sitting up in their easy chairs. "We sleep like this," Johnny Bond, her husband, explained, "because it is the safest thing for us to do. We don't want to be trapped in the bedroom. They've been here three times already tryin' to burn us out. The Police, well ya know, they won't protect us... so we just sit here and wait for the bastards."

The day the barricades came down, Brigid was morose for the whole afternoon. "It's the end," she lamented. "We just don't have the guts to free ourselves... That's what it is... no guts! Oh, the British troops... they'll never protect us from the Paisleyites and the government. The British are responsible for all of this. Now, what ever will we do?" We walked over to the Bogside barricades that day to survey the excavations. "You best go to Belfast," she said to me bitterly. "There's nothing more for you to see here. Nothing."

WE MET AGAIN ON A WARM NEW YORK APRIL afternoon in the green-painted, poster-festooned East Twenty-third Street offices of the National Association for Irish Justice—the NIAJ. The NAIJ, is a youthful American group that serves as the representative of the Northern Irish Civil Rights Association in the United States. Brigid, dressed in an old grey knit suit, a non-descript coat, looked old, tired, out-of-place and homesick. The somber quality of her voice had grown deeper since that day the barricades came down.

"I am here," she said, "because the people over here are under the impression that the British troops are in Ireland to save the Catholic minority from a massacre. That's a lie! The Tommies are in our country to protect British property rights. Their presence in Ulster has given the civil rights movement many, many setbacks. Since the British have arrived, things haven't gotten better in the Six Counties, they've gotten worse! But there's something really strange about the people here in America, Claudia. Something very strange. No one... no one at all seems to care!"

That Brigid's presence in New York was met by the indifference of the Irish-American community didn't really surprise me. You see, civil rights activists from Northern Ireland are somewhat to the left of Irish-America. Civil Rights Association activists refuse to concede that the situation in Ulster is a religious struggle. The battle in the North, they say, is not a fight of Protestant against Catholic, but a battle of the poor against the rich. The British lords and industrialists are responsible for the bigotry of Ulster and the poor working-class Protestant is not to be blamed for their murderous attacks on the Catholic community. American Irish take to this kind of talk like a ton of bricks. To them it smacks of wierdo philosophies like "socialism" and "humanitarianism" and they want NOTHING to do with that kind of stuff. What's more, Northern Irish civil righters are not clamouring for immediate union with the Irish Free State. They see the twenty-six southern counties as priest-ridden, conservative, socially backward and much too capitalistic. "We want a revolution both North and South, then we'll have union" says Bernadette Devlin.

It's talk like that which makes Northern Irish civil righters extremely unwelcome in Irish-American circles. Despite her acclaim from the American press, Bernadette Devlin was essentially snubbed by her Irish-American brothers during her trip here last summer. Catholic sources contributed a mere \$91,000 to her refugee relief fund. When she refused to meet with Mayor Daley in Chicago, only a hundred windy city Irishmen bothered to come out and cheer her. In Belfast, Frank Gogarty, the former Chairman of the Civil Rights

Association was bombarded all winter with letters from irate Americans urging that the CRA purge itself of its "Reds." If the organization refused to do so, Gogarty was warned, assistance from American friends would cease. The final straw for conservative Irish-America came when Bernadette Devlin sent Mayor Lindsey's key to New York City to the Black Panther Party. That was it! As far as the Sons of Eiren in America were concerned, these folks from Ulster were all a misguided dangerous bunch of pinkoes. No more help would be forthcoming!

So that's why Brigid came to New York: to try to convince the Irish of the worthiness of the civil rights cause and to bring home some badly needed money. She had a horrifying tale of political repression in Ulster to tell. But no one would listen. "Since the arrival of British troops," she said, "everything has gotten worse for our people. A new law, the Public Order Amendment Bill has just been passed. Now it is illegal to hold sit-ins in public buildings. The homeless can no longer squat in vacant houses. Sit-ins on roads are prohibited... as are any form of counter demonstrations. What's more, we have to give the police 72 hours notice before we hold a demonstration... and then all demonstrations have to be approved by the government."

This new law, incidently, stands along side of the Special Powers Act, a repressive piece of legislation that has been used only against Irish freedom fighters and never against Paisleyite extremist groups. Under the Special Powers Act (which was invoked during last August's rising) a man can be taken to prison for an indefinite period of time without a trial. Flogging is permitted under the Special Powers Act. That's British justice in action.

Over lunch, I asked Brigid to explain how the situation in Ulster had deteriorated. "For the past year," she sighed, while picking at an all-American hamburger, "Paisleyite groups have had a free hand in attacking Catholic homes. Nearly every week-end, you hear of Paisleyite mobs marching on Unity Walk, a Catholic housing project located in an isolated section of Belfast. Those Paisleyites come every Saturday night and try to level the place and burn it down. But the Police and the British, they never make very many, if any, arrests. The British simply toss a few cans of tear-gas at the Protestants and tell them to go home. But meanwhile, Tommies are arresting Catholic youths for the most minor of offenses. Last fall, they picked up two boys for the 'crime' of puttin' up posters. The lads were sentenced to three months. There are only a few Paisleyites who've landed such harsh sentences for doing things like burning out Catholic homes and attacking innocent people. We have a kind of 'repression' in Ulster similar to what you have here. Only in Belfast, the troops are armed with Browning submachine guns and they have orders to shoot us and to kill!"

While Brigid Bond had an urgent message to bring to Irish-Americans, she encountered from Catholics here nothing but hostility and indifference. On March 14th, she tried to march with Irishmen in the St. Patrick's Day Parade. But the group that had brought her to the United States, the National Association for Irish Justice, had been banned from participating in the St. Paddy's Day festivities. Radicalism, or something like that, was the reason the NIAJ was given for the ban. But bans weren't anything that stopped Mrs. Bond in Derry, so she showed up at the Parade carrying a huge sign that read "Civil Rights for the Northern Ireland." A parade marshal rather gruffly seized the sign from Brigid and told her that the only placards that would be permitted were the innocuous kelly-green banners that announced groups like the "Levittown chapter of the County Cork Rebels." Brigid marched without her sign, but later she said, "The whole thing reminded me an awful lot of the Orange Parades, the Protestants hold in Derry. The spectacle, the costumes and the atmosphere was the same."

Then there was that experience at a Queens Catholic Organization. When Brigid started speaking of the necessity for all of Ireland's working people to stick together, a brave son of Eiren rose up and denounced her. "Where were you in 1918?" he demanded.

"I wasn't born yet," she answered.

In the Irish community, nearly everyone, was in the Dublin Post Office on Easter Sunday, 1918. If you weren't there, you just don't rate. And even if you were there, that may not be enough. For instance, one of the National Association for Irish Justice's office is a young man named Brian Heron. Brian Heron is the grandson of James Connelly, the leader of the Easter Rising. He is also a member of the Peace and Freedom Party—a fact that makes him and the NAIJ mighty unpopular in Irish-American circles.

When Brigid went to one Catholic group in this city she was flatly told that no one would talk with her because of her connection with the NAIJ.

"What's wrong with the organization?" Mrs. Bond asked incredulously.

"Well you wouldn't understand it," one man answered, "but they're affiliated with the S-D-S!"

"What's that?"

"well, I can't explain it to a foreigner... Just think of COMMUNIST... then you'll know what I mean."

And then there was that incident at Gaelic Park. "They refused to have us there," Brigid related. "They were actually having this rally for the North. Only about a hundred people were there. I asked if I could speak, but this man... I think Mike Flannery was his name told

## FROM IRELAND LAND NEWS



me 'no'. He said I couldn't speak because the NAIJ had paid for my plane ticket over here. He said I was some kind of subversive and that he wouldn't have anything to do with me."

If the Irish-American community was ignoring Brigid, their disinterest in Northern Irish civil rights was nothing compared to the stone indifference exhibited by the media. No one was interested in doing a story on repression in Ulster. That was last year's news. During her stay in New York, she was interviewed by a total of three newspapers, EVO, THE IRISH ECHO and for some reason, THE WORKERS WORLD. "I'll talk to anyone who will listen to me about our cause."

So the Irish in America, despite all the hoopla on St. Patrick's Day, have almost no interest in the sufferings of their brothers in Ulster. In the bars and grills of Queens and Brooklyn, there's a lot of cheap talk about the glorious days of the Easter Rising. Jukebox's in Irish-Catholic communities, still carry rebel tunes like "The Rising of the Moon" and "Kevin Barry." Everyone hums along, but no one sends money to Northern Ireland. Joe Byrne, a young Irish-American writer, noted that this year's St. Patrick's day march seemed terribly sad... almost seedy. "Irish-Americans," he says, "have been brought up on dreams of bravery and heroism from the Easter Rebellion. Every Irish cop, every Irish construction worker thinks himself a descendent of the Rising. But this year, when they had their chance to help make yet another rebellion, they abandoned their people. The knowledge of this betrayal gave the march a tone of sadness. I really don't know if I'll ever march again."

But in Derry, we know for sure that Brigid Bond will continue her marching. "We're going to keep demonstrating," she said, "that will mean a 'long hot summer'—to use an American term. Frankly, we're not going to give up till every British soldier is out of our country, till we win jobs, and houses and... and... FREEDOM!"





**IKE & TINA TURNER "COME TOGETHER"**  
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**FROM LIBERTY RECORDS**



# tompkins sq.

(Continued from Page 10)

afternoons have that shoddy ambience about them. The local kids and the rock musicians attract each other, and periodically they try to sit on the stage to get a closer look at all the electronic equipment (they are sometimes pushed off by officious road managers, but more often than not, the stage fills up to the point where the musicians are literally devoured by curious children). While the music is happening, the kids are running around, crawling through their parents' legs or being pulled along by huge dogs.

Dogs, not just one, not two, many, seems like hundreds, invade. The Park is filled with dogs of all sizes, dogs of all descriptions, large/small, miniscule. Scenes from Breugel or Brecht, there large ones humping the smaller ones (almost skewering them), small on large (normally rebuffed for their efforts), poodles with shepherds, danes with chows, Afgans with mutts... a holiday of buggery for all. The dogs are only outmatched by their masters, like this one kid I saw dressed in leather jacket and carrying a chain. He swung it menacingly around and then gruffly called his pet... a three-inch high lump of fluff which coughed an answer. It stumbled forward and wagged what I presumed was a tail. People and dogs, dogs and people, woof!

And there's the perennial scowling Good Humor Man, the one who hates kids and comes on like WC Fields to the adults. Denying a kid his ice cream even if he gets it all over himself is a capital crime down here on Sunday. Soda and balloons, kids with dogs, long-haired freaks with shoulder-length locks,

superspades with super Afros are all there to parade in the afternoon sun. Like a blurred camera shot, soft colors, lights, laughter, happy faces, smiles, and dancing... Tompkins Square Sunday afternoon.

As I turn my head, I can clearly see the thick black smoke from the ConEdison plant on 14th between C and D... Tompkins Square Sunday Afternoon, Earth Day plus 4.

## modart

(Continued from Page 7)

interaction of two sexes and art must be the expression of the total human world. Only art fed by male and female interacting can be vital."

Every human being has a very personal reaction when confronted by visual works, made from "Materials", whatever these materials might be. I, as an artist and a composer of words and thoughts have my very own definite likes and dislikes, seeing "things" artistically constructed, painted, sculpted, sometimes also "written" or acted out in events, actions. I react to so-called "Works of Art" passionately and intuitively. Very often I like "Things", which are not called "Art" at the moment they appear. It happened in my life that many years later, those "Things of Life" became "accepted ART. Why this happened is one of Life's riddles, maybe unaccountable miracles. Entering the lobby of the Mod Donn Art-display I at once "saw" the medium chest of drawers by Sara Saporta. This "Ready Made" piece of simple household furniture, appealed to me. It is transformed by the artist into a Play-box, for a "Game for Audiences to Play", and it gave me the opportunity to discover myself and the secrets of the artists, hidden in six drawers: Wooden pegs and

cut-out leaves, calenders and diaries, rotating files, bits of colored papers... things to play with...

Secondly I "saw" the muted "QUILT" by ANN WILSON, couchsized and transformed to a work of color and forms, by the artist's ingenuity, with adding and subtracting to the ready made object the personal touches, interceptions of bands with white designs. Ann Wilson is a Collage-Poet with an inventive spirit.

The third work that attracted me, was Kate Millets's wooden Cage-Construction filled with white Papiermache Urinals (ready-made Marcel Duchamp association) and gray painted

female legs, doing a kind of "Toilet-LeRoy-Jones" macabre Ladies-room can-can dance. The cage is an upsetting visual shocker, a trap and a snare, psychologically as well as sociologically important, in trying to come to terms with the female-male involvement of the artist. JULIETTE GORDON's collage seemed stronger to me and clearer in a visual impact than her painting. Faith Ringold's Flag painting is a strong manifestation of believe and in the composition of design (Flag) and the human figures shows the "political" and human expression of "Faith" by a painter whose first name underlines her commitment.



A lot of people think that's all Horseshit Magazine is interested in. Sex. Sex. Sex. But that's not true. Horseshit has lots of interests. Horseshit is interested in the whole range of human life and activities, not just any one thing. Why we have all kinds of articles and pictures. Some are concerned with doing it - standing up, others are concerned with something completely different, like doing it upside down. Horseshit is just a mass of variety. It's got stuff about kneeling positions, and ones sitting down, and sideways... does that sound like being interested in only one thing to you? Horseshit's also been condemned for its drawings which show pussy hair and the male cock. No, no, these things aren't our idea. We didn't invent the genitals. That's the way people come naturally. Blame nature, not us. Just think of it this way, Horseshit is no more concerned with sex than a thirty-five year old female virgin is. It... hmm... well, no, it's not that concerned with sex. Look, Horseshit doesn't talk about sex any more than the average person thinks about it. Fair enough? Test your averageness. Subscribe.

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## HUNTER COLLEGE STRIKING 6th WEEK

People's Coalition members and other affiliated students have been staging a strike to demonstrate their solidarity for University reform. The most salient feature of their proposals written up in a document called "No. 4 demands" is that students be given equal representation with faculty on a fifty-fifty basis on all university committees including those dealing with Program and Personnel.

This strike has been going on since April 9th with varying degrees of success because the administration has taken a transient position on the equal representation issue. In a series of actions recently, 13 members of the People's Coalition and a faculty member were arrested on

school grounds by police called in by President Wexler on April 29.

The basic issues of this particular action seem to hinge on student participation in university functions. At the present time, the People's Coalition has offered to debate President Wexler on the following issue, "Resolved: That the 34 demands and the tactics of the People's Coalition are justified." It appears that President Wexler is attempting to stall for time until the two factions meet again in concert. The People's Coalition walked out of negotiations two weeks ago in protest of Administration "tactics."

According to a university official, the situation is at the polarization point where the

students support the People's Coalition but not their 'disruptive tactics.' It is a sticky issue indeed for neither side is willing to give in to the other's point of view. It does appear that there could be some real discussion if both the People's

Coalition and President Wexler would agree to compromise their positions in the interests of peace. As it is, the student body is divided by a strike which is keeping 30-60% from attending classes in sympathy for the Coalition's position.

At the present time, the police have been called in by President Wexler to keep the peace, i.e., discourage further actions by the Coalition. It would appear that there is little chance of settlement at this time until both sides sit down and talk reasonably about their differences. The equal representation demand by the

Coalition is the most powerful of the demands for it encourages the university to accept current realities of student awareness. DW

## MAHAGONY OPENS AND CLOSSES

"The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagony" by Bertold Brecht and Kurt Weill opened last night to a less than enthusiastic audience. Not that the production suffered from anything drastic, only that the play was supposed to open in February but production hassles and disagreements and personnel problems plagued the opening.

"Mahagony" was originally written sometime in the 30's about a mythical place (set somewhere in Florida) where pleasure was the ultimate good. It's all very allegorical and very Thirtyish in its references. (In those days in Germany, America was the ultimate decadence... at least that part of it hasn't changed.) The sets are magnificent, the chorus is very good and disciplined, but the main characters don't have enough of the old decadence to carry it off. The audience was patient, expecting something to spark, but nothing happened. It was all very placid, and for being an "Off Broadway" production, perhaps too much money showed through. Carmen Capalbo, the director, was responsible for a long-running production of "Three Penny Opera" which ran in the Theater de Lys for 2,000 performances. This time, all his energy and insight couldn't save it... unfortunately. It's a good year for Brecht and Petronius, perhaps another less ambitious production will be in order without all the fanfare. DW

advanced do-it-yourself switchboard element than Wilfred achieved with his clivilux. It is literally possible to play with Van Leer's work for hours. Van Leer made one attempt to get through to the "Modern" in 1959 when he left one of his machines with them for a period of two months. During this time many curators played with it and marvelled at its possibilities - they also invited many painters and sculptors in to play with it, and so it may have had an unrecorded effect on the works of some of our best known "names." But the "Modern" was not interested in buying - after all Van Leer was from Chicago and was not a "name." After two months of playing with his costly prototype and trying to get him to donate it to them, the "Modern" informed Van Leer that it was really too close to Wilfred's work and in any case they could not afford it. All Of This To The Greater Glory of ART HISTORY, while the Rockefellers amass their pile of sacred icons, stored in their vaults for tax benefits. This case is typical of the "Modern's" activities in the past - it is to be hoped that a visible change will soon be noted.

There are also some signs that Chicago artists may at last be beginning to organize - in that city all art is supposed to come from New York, and it is no wonder that Chicago artists are starting to get angry. It is to be hoped that a small group will soon be staging demonstrations at the Art Institute along the lines of what the Coalition has been doing at the "Modern." The main force holding them back has been a communist-dominated group called Artists United which invites the Russian Consul to its meetings and insists that all artists must work within party lines laid down in the thirties. Chicago has been so polarized for so long that this has seemed reasonable, but it may now be that creative energies are beginning to move in this and many other directions.

*Should a gentleman offer a lady his jeans? Yeah, well, that depends a little on the lady... and a little on the jeans.*

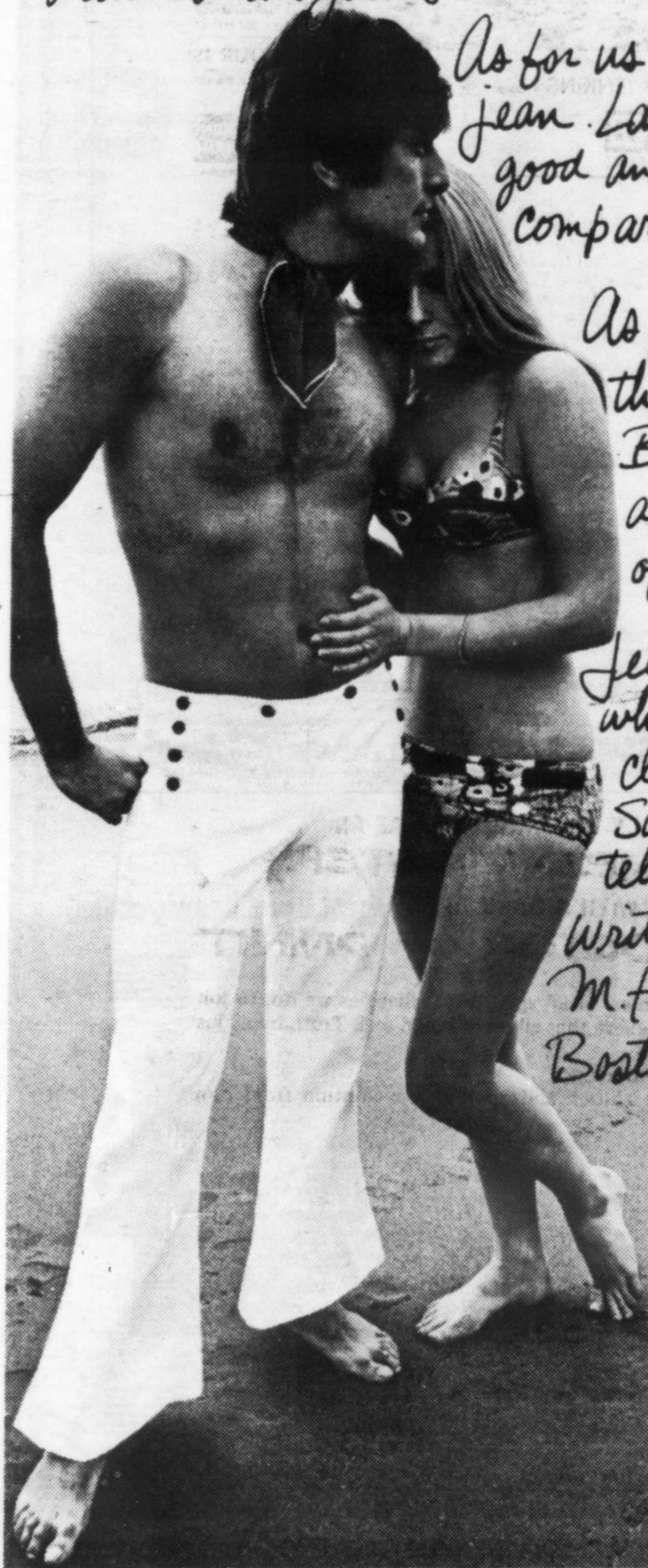
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## vis. literacy

about them; that creative artists must be invited to play a larger role in this field; that the organization should be devoted to furthering human values rather than simply setting up a new academic clique; that students from minority groups should have the same access to these new methods as middle-class students. It is to be hoped that the Visual Literacy organization will give into these demands.

One of the things the conference failed to do was to include people from the Chicago area in their program. This means they missed the work of the Dutch-American educator and artist Wouter Van Leer who lives in Chicago. Van Leer is not only involved with teaching machines but is also one of the unsung pioneers of American light and tech art. Starting in 1940, where Thomas Wilfred left off, Van Leer has achieved in his light machines images that are more concrete (and hence less evanescent), richer in color, and more varied than Wilfred's, whose Lumia works have long been exhibited at the "Modern" Museum. Van Leer's machines also contain a much more

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# letters

(Continued from Page 9)

Who the hell needs this? Must we sacrifice to enjoy, because Bill Graham has failed to be more concerned as owner of one of the most patronized rock theatres in the country?

Three Mentally, Physically and Financially Exploited Participants,

Peter  
debi & Halle

Follows Voice

Dear EVO - Where the hell is your coverage of the split in the Guardian which I have read about in Rat & even the Village Voice? Where is your coverage of the upcoming trial of Sam Melville, Jane Alpert, David Hughey, and Jon Grell? Article by Father Berrigan was great & so was the article Kick Ass Junction, and also on the Grove Press Nine.

All Power To The People,  
Marc Suzdak

Ed - As soon as our fatass revisionist counterrevolutionary chauvinist honkey com-symp reporters get off their asses, we'll shoot that nooz right TO ya, Marc!

Moms & Dads  
For Peace

Dear EVO - As a parent, who is an avid reader of yours, I would like some help. How can parents organize against the Viet Nam War? I am against the war and I'm sure many other parents are. Even though I have a 17 year old daughter and not a son, I feel as though I still must be able to do more than just sit and complain. How can parents organize and

make themselves heard instead of having to have their children do all of the protesting and have slurs cast upon them? The poor children are called hippies, Commies, cowards, dope fiends, etc. because they organize, march, protest, etc. Perhaps if mothers and fathers *instead* did the protesting someone would listen.

I am very serious about this, and my friends who are also parents have said they would be too glad to cooperate. Please tell me how to go about making ourselves heard.

The parents should not allow their children to be drafted or to go to Viet Nam. Perhaps then the children would not be dismissed as easily as they now are.

I am looking forward to an answer from you. Where can I start? What do I do? Help, before it is too late for us all.  
Mrs Sheila Barriello  
Brooklyn

Ed - This is a hell of an organization to ask about forming an organization. Nobody here even knows what a telephone tree looks like. Is it excurrent or deliquescent? Call the War Resistor's League, at 228-0450, or visit them at 339 Lafayette Street.

Quotations  
of  
Chairman Ford?

Dear EVO - Maybe we can get Gerald Ford impeached. Why don't you print his material as it appears in the Congressional Record? You and he have no agreement for such a publication, but then neither did Justice Douglas and Evergreen. I suggest you put something of Ford's on your front page and send a complimentary copy to every member of the house. I will be happy to contribute a few \$ to such a cause.  
J. Orloff

Ed - Gee, don't tell us you're one of those Red Communists who give all kinds of money to front publications like us? By George, we've been wondering when those rich Communists were going to start coming around.

The First Family

Born in Stonewall, Texas, on Auguts 27, 1908, Lyndon Baines Johnson was sworn into office as the thirty-sixth president of the United States in Dallas, Texax. Like the man he succeeded,

Johnson was born into a family with a political heritage. Claudia (Lady Bird) Taylor was born December 22, 1912, and marrie LBJ in 1934. Their first daughter, Lynda Bird Johnson, was born March 19, 1944, followed by Luci Baines on July 2, 1947.

Stick THIS in your craw, and see how it comes out. Been shooting those old enemas, eh what?

R. S. & J.S.  
Washington, D.C.

"Might just be this year's 'Putney Swope'!"

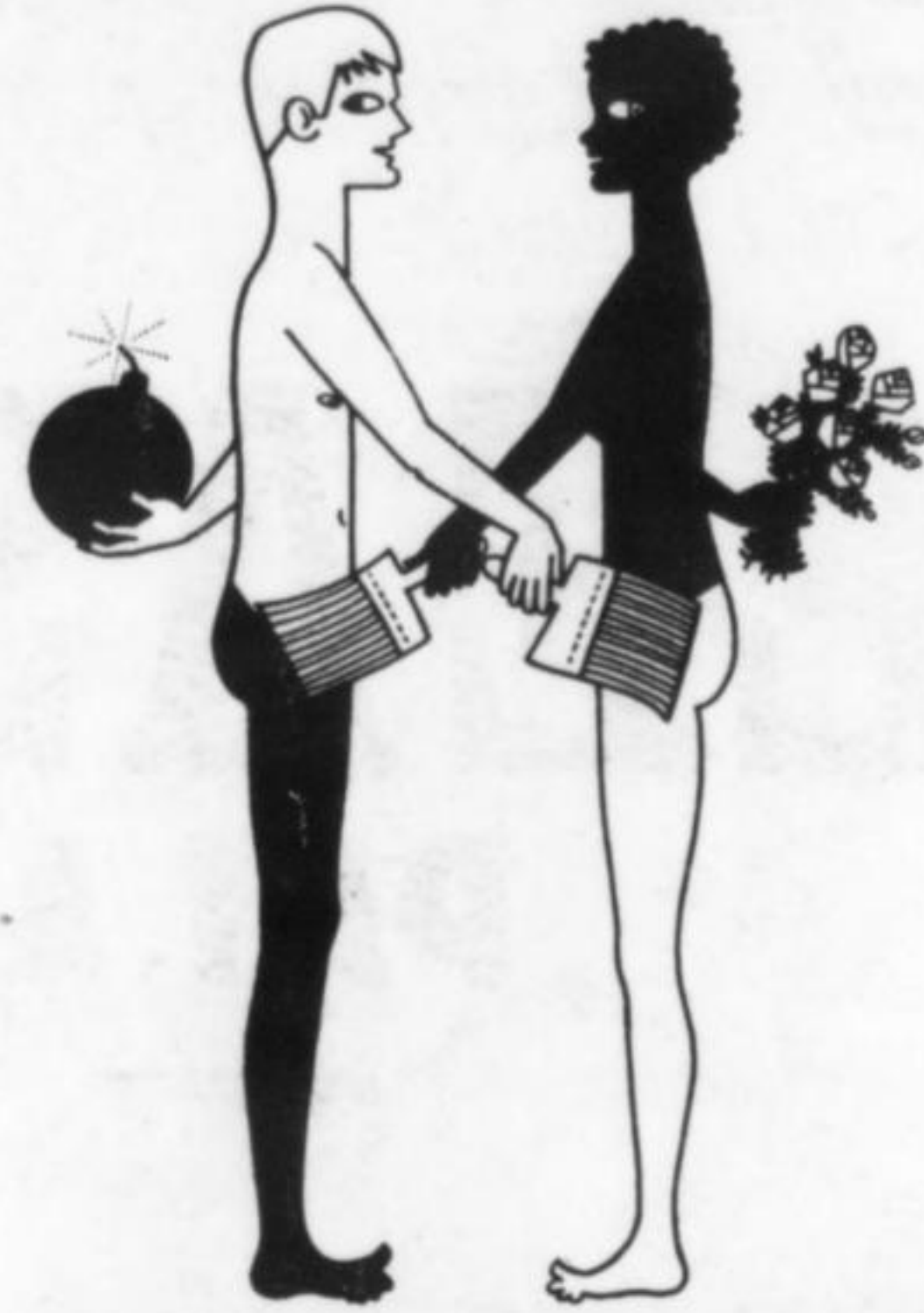
-William Wolf, Cue

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-Richard Cohen, Women's Wear Daily

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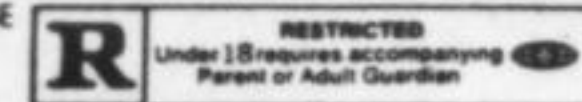
-Joseph Gelmis, Newsday



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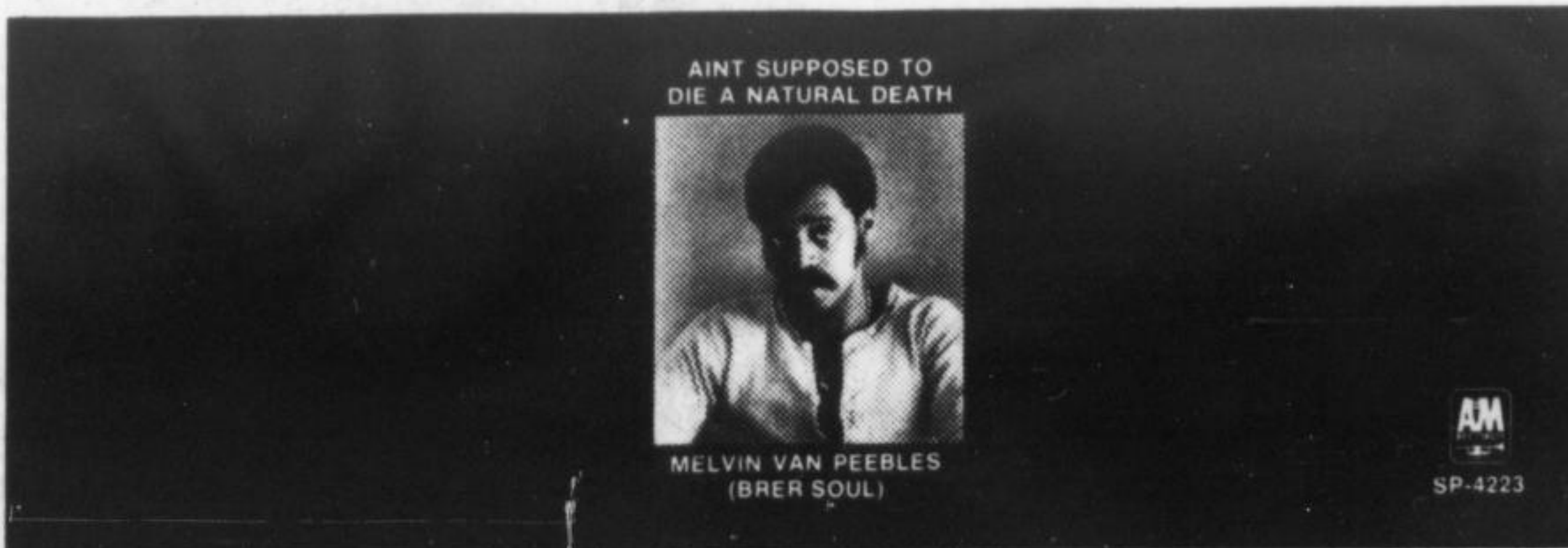
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**stock** (Continued from Page 6) prices fall, ore margins are called, more stocks are dumped, prices fall even further. There is no confidence anymore and the

man on the tube says Cambodia is getting very sticky and everybody gets positively scared. The analysis has only begun, though. The more astute folks know there is much more to the

problem, that the end is nowhere in sight, and we will have to go through some highly trying times before it all settles out.

The war in Viet Nam and surrounding areas can only lead to one thing in the end: we must get out. In the immediate future

we can either get further embroiled, stretching the economy to or perhaps through the breaking point, forcing us out in one to three years (probably before the end of 1972), or we can pull out now and let the liberators take over. The People cannot lose in the long run anyway, and we now know we cannot win. We either get out or face a destroyed economy and/or stare directly into the awesome prospect of World War III.

No matter what, there will come the awareness that our "presence" in SE Asia has left these countries so weak - yes war wastes their resources, too - that they can no longer resist their traditional enemy, China. So, it turns out that it is

we who have made the "Domino Theory" come true by making Viet Nam, Cambodia, Laos and Thailand vulnerable to a Chinese or at least Communist take-over.

And if that comes to be, you can bet your booties the Pentagon will be more paranoid than ever, calling for even greater spending on weapons and increased pressure to stop the Communist Menace at new holding points in the Mid-East, or Korea, or So. America, or wherever, pointing back at the fulfilled Domino Theory for justification. Ain't it crazy, folks?

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**MATURE,** secure, talented, well-built, masculine male has profound need for association with preferably short, pleasant-looking average or slightly underweight boy or young man of character, worldliness, and opposites needs. Box 522, Planetarium Sta., NYC 10024.

**HANDSOME MALE MODEL,** Good definition, swimmer build, 6', 150 lbs., black hair. Call Dave 929-1340.

Good looking, athletic model, 20, college student. 6'2", 195 lbs. Call Jeff 835-6925 NY and NJ. \$35.00.

**MALE MODEL, 6'1", 22, 160, \$30** per session. Call Ron 533-6602. Have own studio. Before 11 AM, after 7 PM.

**ATHLETIC MALE MODEL.** Pleasant to work with. Will also consider salaried position as personal aide and travelling companion. 628-0508.

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Models, actresses, to model stockings products. Experienced, inexperienced. \$20.00 per session, minimum. Immed. payment. No hassles. If you want pics for yourself, Arrangement possible. Call Thurs. only 6:30 PM to 9:00 PM. No hang-ups. 475-5686. Ask for Eric. **FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour.** No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio, 255-2711.

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**SEXUAL FREEDOM magazine No.1** (busted by SF police) with erotic lithographs by Gerald Gooch - plus current issue - \$2. Mailed in plain cover. SF League, Box 14034-EV, San Francisco, Calif. 94114.

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Don't pay your bills and get away with it. Rush 25 cents to: GUIDE Box 74607-EV Hollywood 90004

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Gay male books, magazines, movies, FREE CATALOGUES. Trojan, Box 2121-EV, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103.

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Psychedelic lighting, posters, leather goods, beads, jewelry, candles, incense, many others. Unequaled selection, quality. 1000's of items. Complete listing \$1.00. Quick Service. Mid-West Psychedelia, P.O. Box 2943-EV, Madison, Wis. 53701.

## UNISEX

Young boy 18 seeks young boys under 23 for fun and friendship. No queens. P.O. Box 163, Parkechester Station, Bronx 10462.

Sincere white male, attractive, late thirties, seeks attractive, sincere, solvent masculine black. No hustlers, phonies. Photo/phone answered first. M. Edwards, Room 504, 152 West 42nd St., New York 10036.

## SPECIAL SERVICES

M.A. in Psychology gives spiritual and practical astrological analysis in your home. Interpretation of birth chart and projections for the coming year. Call Marcello Augusto at 201-435-3006.

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS

"Ben-Hur (A Tale of the Christ)" (B & H Diary Lunch) (Tribune MissElla) ("I will not race Eye Him with half a body") sends me To The gal-ys.) Free book: Ben, P.O. Box 752, S., Pleasant Sta.

For the benefit of those moved by this tale of woe, the Ball Fund for poor wretched Sam Melville is reproduced below. Send checks made out to the Alpert-Melville-Huey Defense Fund; do NOT however address the envelope to the defense fund, but rather to Sam Melville himself, for otherwise the post office cretins will not deliver the letter. Send the check, then, to: Sam Melville P.O. Box 554 Stuyvesant Station New York, N.Y. 10009

News Item: Latest Official Figures reveal worst-ever girl-shortage hits London. British population experts anticipate a continuing SURPLUS of over 1 1/2 million young bachelors in England.

As come as you are pillow fight. May 3, Sheep Meadow, 2 PM. Bring your own softness. Pillow fights are living explanation of anarchy? Women with sex problems, write to published author compiling case histories (anonymous), receive copy of book when published. Meadows, P.O. Box 84, Arlington, Va. 22210.

Debbie Tuller please pick up your mail at Village Project, 88 Second Ave, NYC.

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Young NEGRO MALE, looking for Female Maid, part time, permanent or temporary. Any race, free room and board. Private HOUSE IN QUEENS. 468-9896.

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Trip-out with "Acapulco Red." 100% legal turn-on. 20 number lid \$2. 3/\$5. 7/\$10.00. Guaranteed. Rush Order to: CRYSTAL IMPORTS Box 36241-EVO Hollywood 90036

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own private valley in southern Vermont. There's swimming, water skiing, tennis, horseback riding, summer playhouses, music festivals, country inns with groovy rock bands. Do it all or just relax and groove on some great people and good conversation. The entire summer cost only 150.00. There will be car pools to get you there and back every weekend. Call 684-6904 or OR9-2498 and keep trying.

**NANCY (CANDY) DALLIN PLEASE PICK UP YOUR MAIL AT THE VILLAGE PROJECT, 88 2nd AVE., NYC.**

**HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS** Spend a year in India. Pacific High School going Sept 15-May 15. Travel, Antiquities, Ashrams, Bathe in the headwaters of the Ganges. Small self-directed groups/lots of travel. \$3500.00 includes transportation, room and board, cultural, learning and medical fees. We also have a farout summer program. Not in India but in the Santa Cruz Mts near San Francisco. Staff & students decide their own schedule. 6 wks/\$600.00. For more info write Pacific High School, Box 311, Palo Alto, Calif. 94302, tel. 408-867-2260.

**STORE FRONT, 618 E. 9th St., betw. Aves B & C. Rent: \$70.00. Security: \$70.00. Take over lease, \$800. Much work done, lofft, etc. Fredy.**

**FILM DIRECTOR SCREEN TESTING** handsome, well-proportioned, young men (experienced or beginners to age 25) for roles in Acapulco based production. Scenario calls for ATHLETICS, Nudity, Simulated Love, GREAT EXPERIENCE with modest expense allowance! Send Photo to BARTAN, P.O. Box 3906, NYC 10017.

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**SAINT MARKS FREE CLINIC NEEDS SPACE FOR EXPANSION. PLENTY OF DOCTORS, DENTISTS, NOT ENOUGH SPACE. 3 to 5 ROOM APT. OR SMALL LOFT. LOVE, 533-9500.**

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**CURTESY ADS.** (M-451, NYC Negro gentleman 40% seeks docile ladies any race). (M-478, NYC. Forties male with facilities, seeks disciplinarian any age.) Curtesy letters forwarded free. (Club publication \$1.00. LADIES FREE.) Write: Secretary, The Village Club, 152 W. 42nd Street, Suite 536, New York, N.Y. 10036.

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**WOMEN -** Manhattan bachelor, fortyish, cultured, would like to meet you for fun-filled dates, possible enduring relationship. Don't be shy - phone and let's discuss mutual interests. NO MEN! Call UFB-4658.

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Swinging Airline Pilot looking for a sexy and uninhibited gal who loved to travel. May share my posh east side apartment if she desires. All expenses paid. Call Evenings, Captain R.L.J., 628-7425.

I am a young Italian fellow and I need a young girlfriend, for love and friendship, must be 21 to 24 years of age. Call Louis, 228-9068.

Limousine driver has apt. on West 80's. Looking for slim female who could use a friend, am rather lonely and will help those who help me. I enjoy the French and Greek cultures. Perhaps there is someone around who enjoys the same as I. I'm rather a quiet guy and work from 4 to 1. I have a 36 ft. cabin cruiser that could use some female companionship this coming summer, so come on all you lovely females. Call John at 799-5269 before 3 PM and after 1 AM.

**WHEN IN LOS ANGELES, CALL EVELYN FOR A DATE.** 213-876-0981.

**BLUE EYES, BLONDE MALE, 24,** has erection and desires pussy. The pussy that desires my dick may contact I.R., P.O. Box 3410, Grand Central Station, NYC, NY 10017.

**TALL, dark, 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 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., NYC. Please, gals only.

## GROUP GROPES

**GENEROUS, Congenial, Couple** Desires Buxom Female Companion, To share our Spacious Suburban Home. No Prejudices, Little Duties. **MANY BENEFITS.** Personal Statistics and Full Photo Requested. J. Cloud, 6 South Railroad Ave., Middletown, NY 10940.

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**ONGOING ENCOUNTER GROUP HAS OPENINGS.** If you're seeking thrills, this is not for you. It's for serious-minded people wanting greater awareness of their feelings and the feelings of others. Small group by invitation only - after interview. If interested, write for appointment. Jules B. Singer, 370 Lexington Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

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Be warm, beautiful & affectionate with people who you can dig. Meet a group of men & women who get to know each other thru touch & expressing feelings. Body contact & awareness AND total honesty. Tues. Thurs. Fri. & Sat. at 8:30. Gals \$1.00. Call Brenda, 348-9494, 988-9738, or Shane, 799-9398.

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