

EXTRA!!

THE east village OTHER

JUNE 3, 1967

20 cents outside N.Y. 15c

"My God! My God!"

Where is this happening?
This is America!



editorial

The Tactical Patrol Force, started and trained as a riot control unit, has been used since the Harlem riots of 1964 as a mobile aggressional force in the various minority slum areas. Ostensibly intended as peace insurance in potentially troublesome neighborhoods, the TPF has actually served to inflame passions and foment disorder among the Spanish and African type citizens.

Dreaded the security and feeling of general well-being that cops on regular beats or assignments enjoy, these crack troops are really up-tight and head over backwards to avoid avoiding hostile confrontations with the unfortunate inhabitants (natives?) of ghetto neighborhoods.

One of their favorite diversions, when things are too peaceful, is to set up roadblocks on the Lower East Side; and harass all the dark or bearded motorists that happen by with "routine vehicle checks" that last ten minutes, on every corner. It's not unusual to be stopped for four "routine" checks in as many blocks, by teams of upwards of half a dozen of these stalwarts.

The more TPF cops Commissioner Leary bestows on the Lower East Side, the more vehemently the passionate citizens rail their cage and spit staccato Spanish that falls ominously on ears that know the language only as a normally melodious sound.

Naturally, these high-spirited but basically love-oriented Latinos are not ready to go up against the guts of the fearless boys in blue, but when Leary's Legions descend on hippie subothers who think it's a free country, routing bloody flower children with bloody clubs, they open the emotional flood gates of the PR populace and aim the deluge straight at the long-haired sons and daughters of poor bewildered Mr. and Mrs. Square Head America.

Tompkins Square Park is the common outdoor living room of the slave, hispanic, african and hippie populations of the steaming lower east side. The Memorial Day blood-letting celebration, unleashed on that site by New York's Fuzilest against hippies but otherwise harmless mafia charlers and love devotees, marked the white hippies of the neighborhood as fair game for all the poverty-ridden, fear-freaked Spanish youths looking on, the possessed, dispossessed, tormented street rangers, eager for a go at anything in a white skin. The subsequent violence enacted Thursday in the same park was Scene 2 in a tawdry drama forced on a captive audience under the auspices of the N.Y. Police-men's Malevolent Aims.

If this show pulls on us, we must not blame the actors, caught in a badly conceived plot with disastrous roles.

The question that arises through critical observation of these proceedings, is whether the men supposedly responsible for maintenance of peace in our city understand the violent forces they provoked by these terrorist tactics. For it should be noted, any pretense that the savage

conduct of the tactical patrol commandos WAS NOT sanctioned by their superiors, collapses before the onslaught of obvious facts:

1. It was not a suddenly generated situation that galvanized the police to precipitate action. They had lots of time to call the stationhouse and ask the lieutenant what to do about these people sitting on the grass sunning themselves.

2. Since the above-mentioned Harlem delirium of '64, it has been stated policy in the New York Police Department that in riot control, force is not employed by "The Good Guys," except where necessary to protect life and personal property. This is the catechism these tactical patrol cops are supposed to learn by heart—it's not the unwritten agreement, understood, smothered in the precinct locker rooms, about what every Legionnaire Cop worth his poppy would like to do with the dirty unsharbed commie bastards, that's something altogether else again. And it's not the way these young pork chops look at the Puerto Rican kids while they unconsciously pound nightsticks into gloved fists. But the lowly cop, fearful as any good American for his job, doesn't often disobey his catechism in full public view without orders from above, absolving him in front for any brutality he deems necessary. It seems certain, therefore, that the cops acted as they did knowing they'd be forgiven, in much the same way that the young neighborhood Puerto Ricans, witnessing that sordid scene, sensed their own opportunity to attack the hippies with impunity.

MAKE WAY FOR THE NEW PSYCHEDELIC MERCHANT



If Leary and his general staff don't know what the natural consequences are when you provoke a hot mob with the smell and sight of blood, then we should replace them with people who do understand, while they take a couple of dozen years off from their duties to read up on Cametti's "Crowds and Power," and related works.

If they knowingly engender this havoc, maybe the love kids should go hand out some man-eating plants at Police Headquarters.

— R. MacDonald

THIS IS THE ONLY OMEIGER

NEEDS PHOTO: 1968-1971
All the other photos in this book from 8-1-1968

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Good Bye Groovy Tuesday, Memorial Day Debacle

BY KATHLEEN DONAHUE



SHORTLY BEFORE VIOLENCE ERUPTED, HIPPIES JIBED WITH A SARGENT WHO SEEMED PERPLEXED

On Memorial Day, May 30, several thousand neighbors of the Lower East Side watched a close-circled incident of police brutality, where the police attacked youths "loitering," hospitalized three, and roughly handled a pregnant woman; arresting 36 others, over-acting on a simple "noise complaint."

A wreath hung on the flagpole in Tompkins Square Park in honor of the "our boys who died defending the country."

Uproar, the mayor reviewed the Memorial Day parade; while across from the reviewing stand, "parties" held up signs saying, "Go back to the city, you bastards" and "Take the route out of the city."

In the preceding week, Ninth Precinct police, using illegal tactics and forceful entry, harassed a commune on East 11th St. Six separate times arrests were made, and six times they were thrown out of court, for, in plain English, the charges were bogus.

Until 5 P.M. that Memorial Tuesday afternoon, everything in Tompkins Park was peaceful. Twenty people were sitting on the five remaining blades of grass singing Hara Krishna, the religious chant Swami A. C. Bhaktivedanta had brought from India to teach the children how to "elevate their consciousness" through the mantra.

While the religious ceremony went on in the tree-bordered circle of grass, other neighbors stood about, playing with their children and dogs, waiting for the park concert to begin. A permit had been issued to the New East Village Association for a series of concerts in the park, of which this was to be the first of the summer.

Allegedly, a naturalized American of Hindu descent and companion to a Parks Department official, who was later identified as the man who cleans the urinals, about "the benches sitting on the grass singing." The urinal cleaner went to the 9th Precinct and filed a formal "noise complaint."

A policeman warned a pregnant girl to stop drinking on a huge coga drug. He was very polite in asking for her co-operation, keeping to the usual policy of the police, to avoid any possibility of racial conflict.

At about 8:30 four police cars parked in the driveway of the park near Avenue A. The police were walking around talking to each other when suddenly a paddy wagon pulled up and thirty cops walked onto the fenced-off lawn.

A law secretary to a supreme court judge was sitting at home by his window overlooking the park from Avenue A, writing a Supreme Court decision. It seemed a quiet afternoon, but he looked out of his window, to see five patrol cars at the entrance to the park on 9th Street and Avenue A.

He thought he would take a break and walk through the park, assuming that it was another of the summer accounts available to the ones which had been given last year.

He walked downtown and across the street, and strolled over to the bus across vendor, whom he knew, to see if he could find out what was going on.

The vendor pointed to a spot 20 feet away, within the fenced-off area, and explained that some hippies were sitting on the grass and policemen were standing over them.

The lawyer, realizing that nothing exciting was happening, began to walk out of the park. "That," the lawyer said, "is assumed as if God had chosen to banish police cars upon me. For, at that moment, seven patrol cars surrounded to a halt and discharged dozens of cops, reminding me very much of the thousand clowns pouring out of a little car in a circus routine."

"I ran turned around and went back to the area, as the police started swinging their clubs and pulling people."

"Later, I asked a police officer what had happened, and he said a 1915 assault on an officer was called. If a police officer was assaulted, the laugh of time between the assault and the arrival of the '1013' squadrons was less than sixty seconds, for that is the total length of time I was not aware of what was happening in the circle."

"I saw no one assaulted except the hippies by the police, and I think that Commissioner Leary will have a hard time backing up that accusation."

One officer had approached the singing groups and told everyone to leave the area; there had been a "noise complaint."

The driver was hilarious. Every Sunday, people come to the park to join in the chanting of Hara Krishna. Every day, children and dogs played on the grass. When the secretary, John Holt, dug out the passive characters to leave the area, suddenly, everyone laughed.

The police cannot stand being laughed at. They highly resent being why they feel insecure, why they are hated, and why they have to carry a club and a gas,

Under the command of brave Captain League, the police began making arrests by dragging people off. One cop fell into the sitting figures, and as he did, "accidentally" started swinging his right stick.

The police started dragging a young woman, who had been lying on the grass, off by her feet. The people around her started yelling, "she's sick," "she's pregnant." When the police heard this, they shortly dropped her, but would not, despite the cryings of bystanders, call an ambulance. One of the watching crowd finally called the ambulance, and the girl was carried off on a stretcher, apparently in labor.

Previous to this concentrated action, the police took a 18-year-old boy away, on the complaint of his parents. It was alleged the young man was shocked up with a 25-year-old woman. His cops, the mother and the wife led the long-haired punk off to the patrol car.

The crowd of spectators, now growing large, got angry. The black nationalist elements in the crowd looked pleased.

Captain League militarily paced about, his gold bars shining in the late afternoon sun, giving orders as if he were charging his own men.

Four or five three beer cans and firecrackers—an ominous warning—a creek of a bottle which must certainly would have occurred, had the police tried their tactics in the full heat of summer.

Several rocks were thrown from the crowd, which chanted, "Frazier," "Gig Bell," "Steven Trosser," "Gestapo."

Police Commissioner Leary, in newspaper interviews the day following, gave as an excuse for the unnecessary brutality, the fact that stones and cans were thrown at the police. The stones and cans of any were not thrown until after the police had started swinging their clubs, which were used on the hippies sitting on the grass, and ran on the crowd wherever the stones had come.

The singing started again, and it looked for a moment as if it would overcome him with the makers of the day; but the police would not stand for music and grained guitars, and rushed and shoved and clubbed. Suddenly give was written on the faces of several hippies sitting their clubs, which were used on the hippies staggered. Some women became hysterical. The police offered Frank White, and dragged her off, handcuffed and bleeding, crying, "My God, my God, where is the bleeding?" in his American.



PREVIOUS TO THE BLOODLETTING A PAPA COP PICES AT A POINT

Frank Wise maintained an unshakable attitude of peaceful integrity, even in the hospital ward in the Crossland Court building, where he had been remanded "for treatment" after the court's attempt to prosecute him. The physician on duty Tuesday night was so regular in his unerring sympathy for long-haired beatniks, that Wise simply told him to fuck off, and refused treatment thereafter, despite his own seriously broken condition.

10 Uniformed police made a flying wedge and drove up "Swing's Hill," after being pelted with gravel and shot at with a Fourth of July rocket, which exploded exactly like a rifle grenade, and caused those cops the embarrassment of driving for cover. Here people sat down, but inevitably scored as police cause, with clubs swinging. Several remained sitting, and were, oddly enough, unharmed for the rest of the day.

At the end of the "round-up," three police wagons were filled. At least one person was seen being hit after he was already inside the wagon. The media responded quickly. The radio carried headlines about the "riot in the East Village." Chief Inspector Garelis must have heard it over the radio, and came directly to the scene. He sized up the situation immediately, and, with an embarrassed and angry look on his face, issued commands to the officers, who immediately pulled back.

After the police had pulled back, the crowd, now numbering in the thousands, ran onto the grass dancing and holding hands in a circle. The stage was opened, the lights turned on, and Ron Jackson, from the New East Village Association, came to the stage and led off the parade.

After the band played one number, Paul Krauser went to the mike, and urged everyone to go to 189 Centre Street, where the arrested were being arranged in night court.

At night court, people gathered in the halls with flowers; and while, singing the Marx Kristian arias. The police asked them to leave the hall, and told them that if they didn't, the judge could hold them in contempt. The sit-in was moved outside, where several hundred others had gathered.

Larry Pool and his wife Fali, the owners of JOOP-KINS SQUARE PRISON, met with Charles Laugel in a bar that evening, for a private chat about the incident. The Poole reported, "When we brought up the incident of a pregnant woman being roughly handled by the police, Captain Laugel said he had no recollection of this, and that he could not believe that it could happen. He said, and I quote, 'police men have a higher IQ, than the average person walking the streets today.' That he went on to say, 'police men have no common sense than the average person, so worse police men beat a pregnant woman, because policemen have children of their own, and most of these cops in the park don't have any children.'"

The media churned. EVO was inundated with calls from THE NEW YORK TIMES, POET, and several magazines. As the first edition of the TIMES rolled onto the streets, Sylvia Fox, editor of the TIMES story, former deputy police commissioner, asked EVO for corrections. Who was the SEVAT

THE TIMES headline said, HIPPIES CLASH WITH POLICE, and only in the late paragraph, disclosed that the police had started the incident. It was typical of the mass media to be guilty of "idea of invention" in these cases. It was the same story with the Chronicle in San Francisco. Sensational misrepresentation with lots of gobblety-gook.

When asked why he wrote the headline in such a misleading way, Sylvia Fox stated, "What could we write? The hippies did clash with the police. We couldn't say the police started them. It did the best I could."

Humor came from the Ninth Precinct, that Captain Langst was really sweating.

The clash in the most delicate precinct in the city. The crime rate is higher here than in any other. It is the citadel of MPF, the Federal Government's giant anti-rehabilitation project, and St. Mark's Federally funded film experiment with alienated youth. And, most of all, the area of the most violence focused on it as the interracial-Cohenism-hippie-Latin-Negro-old European meeting pot.

The day after the incident, Captain Fink was in the place with all of the hippie community leaders. He was politely requesting. Fink had had all the brass on his neck. Assured us that if he had been on the job, it most certainly would not have happened and, most likely, it wouldn't have, for Fink is the good one and Laugel is the bad one.

The New York Times bought the good-cop bad-cop story. Hippie leaders, however, remembered the "old-time riots" in Washington Square six years previously, where police used tactics identical to the ones used on Memorial Day in Tompkins Square. The harassment of the MacDougal Street shop owners and shoe-string Japanese merchants, and the artists' life crackdowns by the buildings and fire departments followed that "riot."

Simultaneous with New York's artist-beats harassment, San Francisco's North Beach section underwent the same dress. The beatniks were peaceful people, and had little stomach for a fight. As well, today's hippies need to be naive, in that they do not look below the surface or beyond the pressure of the moment.

The result of that conflict between the "establishment" and the beatniks was that most of the best merchants were driven out of business in one way or another, and their leases were picked up by the more well-to-do "middle-class," who today own both North Beach and Greenwich Village.

But the beatniks moved out from under the pressure. Going underground, they incubated for the past few years, and have recently burst forth in great numbers to Eighth-Avenue and the West Village. And again, it seems to the hippies, the same thing is happening all over again in San Francisco and New York.

The "Swamp Strip Riot" is another example of the pattern. They set up dance halls which served only soft drinks, and discovered and encouraged the local musical talent. Money was being made and music was being born. Out of this level flowering of the hippie community in L.A. came the Buffalo Springfield, the Doors, The Byrds, and many others.

The Strip was closed, not because the kids were being successful, and not because they were driving the others up-tight talking to each other in their secret language; the reason the Strip got closed about two years ago was money! Today, Swamp Strip is going full blast again, but not with hippie dance halls; with big-money-hippie-innovation dance halls. And they've even lowered the drinking age.

Meanwhile, the plot thickens in New York, with the Mayor, Commissioner Loney and Chief Police Inspector Garelis, each making three conflicting statements to the press as to whom was to blame for the Memorial Day incident in Tompkins Square Park.

As EVO goes to press, the hippies are exercising new and continued harassment, such as the trouble with the Sustaining Department being established two s "Health Campaign," resulting in tubercle plague scares and other exaggerations, to be used against N.Y. Hippies as it was in San Francisco in April.



THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF REALITY AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF 100 CENTER STREET UNDER THE DIRECTION OF HIS HONOUR AND THE RIOT SQUAD

by D.A. Latham

Each party wagon was unloaded at the East gate of Criminal Court building around eight-thirty, approximately one full hour after the arrests were made. While a contingent of police officers stood along wayside on the sidewalks, waiting for the word from somewhere, a small group of hippies attempted to extract some halfway relevant explanation for the arrests—for the agitations—for the riot, for anything at all. The total absence of communication between the hippies and the fuzz was brutally concise, as two extremely obedient officers strove to speak of ethics and morality against a background of rhythmic chanting from the party wagons.

"When as officer of the law orders a person to disperse, and that person refuses to do so, and an arrest is made, then any action on the part of that officer—short of actually killing the person, I suppose—is justified," one Officer Giarratano of the Fifth Precinct attempted to explain. "These people were actually resisting arrest, and they got roughed up. It's their fault."

"Resisting arrest? My God, they were beat!" Positive resistance is denied, you've got to admit that. What else were we supposed to do, leave them sitting there?"

"That pregnant chick—she had to treat her like that?"

"Stupidly. If she wanted to risk her baby to make a last case in court, or whatever, then it's her fault, not ours."

"She wanted to risk her baby? Whose idea was it to arrest these people in the first place? Here?"

"Look, as injustice was committed in that park. An injustice. It's the responsibility of the police department..."

"As injustice?"

"As injustice?"

Total freedom, absolute semantic freedom—in that note, the wagons were emptied at last. Some of the people were still laughing, voluntarily or involuntarily, it was difficult to see through the ring of soldiers who were securing them inside the building. Blood was evident on a number of faces, however, stale and fensive. A patrol car pulled up at the last moment, and a tall kid wearing head bandages and a weak grin was helped across the sidewalk. "Another girl is on her way," he remarked confidently.

A couple of hours elapsed, during which the second floor of Criminal Court gradually filled with hippies and protesters. For a while, choice old 100 Center Street, where the door is straight out of Little Orphan Annie, and the men's jail is way to kill the other side of the building from the ladies', was a space

there, one could surely taste a 50-50. People were still shouting festively. They couldn't hold their all; the charge was shared, they had to drop it. The brutality was unobtrusive and shocking, the noise was obviously agonizing; and, well, hadn't we all of us just violated the fucking law ourselves, by charging over the goddamn glass like hellheads? It all seemed really simple at that point, and cheap on Criminal Court was wearing belts and incense for the first time in riot history.

It was a good idea, though, to get an early out in the courtroom: one witness, noting at all had been happening all night in there (he said), a witness' testimony was instructing the bailiffs to clear the halls all the way to the street, and admit no one else into the courtroom. The clerk was rattling off charges in an unintelligible tongue, and the bailiff was sitting on everybody's right.

"Quiet in the court. Shadden, I said, or I'll throw you all out. You—just away that notebook, you can't have no writing in here. Soldiers and shadden, alright. Put away that cigarette, you. SHADENAP!"

Silence is a courtroom? Duh. The bailiff was clearly and exactly doing his dependent to freak hippies out of the courtroom—and he was doing fine. Before two minutes had elapsed, a handful of obviously tripped people had left, whispering. For the first half hour, the court was careful to process only jawbreaking cases, while the bailiff ranted and railed up and down the aisle under the "Is God We Trust" emblem, frothing everyone into total oblivion. At that point, the first in an interminable series of ten-minute sessions was called; when court resumed, the hippie contingent was reduced by half.

For one thing, the court was rebating its re-admit anyone who left the hallway alongside the courtroom; anyone who needed the job, then, was clearly up shit creek. No, the court wasn't exactly deterring the hippies of their right to attend public proceedings—oh, the court was merely encouraging them to stay the hell away. As the proceedings dragged out, hour after hour, this point became very clear indeed—wherever the marauder hovers around everyone who hangs on: "What are they trying to HIDE?"

Eventually, though, when the hippie faction had been reduced to something like a dozen, the court saw fit to reveal the first of the formidable hour-long, shouting-barbaric-spect. Tompkins Square rioters. Four girls were shown in, robes whipping across the floor and sets jewels twinkling, and lined up before His Honour.

His Honour was not violently incensed. Cheyney, the assent delayed by the Communications Company, asked loudly for public proceedings, and His Honour, automatically came through, did his bit, played his piece. The essence of His Honour's soliloquy was the asking of totally irrelevant, supremely revealing little questions: where ones this chick work, what's her own's address, how long have those two lived in the city... And since these formal entreatances had been dismissed with, and the formal entreatances had been properly humiliated, raved, and subverted, then His Honour straightened his robe primly across the lap, and called for five hundred dollars bond money. The whole was instructed to appear in Section 1-B on 3 Ave, and allowed to leave the courtroom. After another string of ratiocinuous cases had been reviewed, another recess was called.

Five more hippies were reviewed when court opened next. Cheyney went into his parole thing again, His Honour followed through like a golf ball, and this batch was released on five hundred to a thousand dollars apiece. While this exchange was ensuing out, however, the cops helped Frank Wise into the courtroom.

Wise was smacked. One ball of his face was knocked out of recognition, bright red and broken into shards of open flesh. There was blood in his hair, his clothes were in shreds, and one of his hands was bent horribly out of shape. Four hours before, Wise had been dragged from under a job of six cops, all wearing billy-club, by his wrists; for four hours he had fought unconsciousness, that he might appear before the court as an example of what had really happened. This—a savagely beaten man, sitting shattered in full view of the courtroom—was one of the things the court had been trying to hide all night.

"The defendant will stand before the bench and raise his right hand. Do you swear to—" By this time, Wise was out of hanging—all five-five of him—between Cheyney and some court attendants. Cheyney went politely into his parole bit again, begging His Honour to kindly consider the defendant's subordinate physical condition at the moment, his position in the community, the welfare of his wife and children—

"Well," His Honour interrupted sagely, "it's got a wife and children at home, then why's he out in the park, making neighborhood news from public officers and striking them?"

"I did none of those things."

"Order!"

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FRANK WISE ASKS THE HEAVENS "WHERE IS THIS HAPPENING? IN THIS AMERICA?" SHORTLY BEFORE HE WAS SMOGGED, HAND CUPPED AND DRAGGED AWAY

ASSASSINATION...

"I did more of those things. I have hundreds of witnesses, hundreds of them, who will swear that I did none of those things!"

The night dragged on, an interminable Kafkaesque tedium—hesitant, pale, shivering, silent, misery, mounting horror... Night court was in session as usual, and the things of night court proclaimed everything classified and subversive, New York City and its perpetual Dixie Gospel of staidity, corruption, degeneracy and death. The people listened in sad and, delatant and placidly rendered unlistenable by the court ritual. Lawyers yawned and scratched, rising to perform their bit every ten minutes or so. Court stenographers chatted with each other about their personal trivia, the press reporters depressed and desolated, and the justices elicit law students grined at each other, nodding happily at every point of order.

And it dragged ON: The flower people appeared in little bunches every half hour or so, overhead and hurl, but always wearing that singular acid-head expression of curdled detachment—and every three, five or seven and thirteen, His Honour slipped them down. Justice had been out of the question since six that afternoon—before the court was half done with the hippies, reality itself was shuddering totally. The cops and the court were frozen into the classical attitude of passiveness and restriction, frozen stiff with fear of what they had done that afternoon. They'd stomped those people because of somebody's stupid mistake, and now there was nothing to do but to keep staring on those kids...

At midnight, the clerk announced a two-hour recess. Midnight—six hours since a pregnant woman had been dragged out of Timesgate Square by her heels, six hours for her, and six for her husband. When last seen, the cops had dropped her onto the ground a second, long enough for several people to see that she was in pain, Oh, for six hours now, her husband had been asking the clerks, the prosecutor, Chevery, the other hippies, everyone, for some word of how she was. Nobody knew—nobody was even allowed to find out. A two-hour recess. The proceedings dragged out through six, eight, ten hours of unbearable, uncomprehensible procrastination... what were they doing? WHAT WERE THEY DOING?

Whether Chevery managed to calm Miss down, or if Miss was really choking on his own grief, was not clear. His Honour, visibly embarrassed by this display, remarked Miss to the medical quarters of the court building.

**Nobody knew.
Nobody could help.
Flower Power wilted
-- a blight.**



A STRATEGY CONFERENCE



LONGING FOR 'LOST YOUTH' NEIGHBORHOOD RESIDENTS WATCH POLICE ACTION BENEATH THE MEMORIAL REAR IN TOMPKINS PARK

COMMUNITY ACTION

BY ALLAN KATZMAN

The aftermath of the Tompkins Square detour as Memorial Day is just beginning to be felt in the East Village community. Just 1, the next morning after the lively affair, a meeting was held at the Brotherhood of Man, between Avenue C and 3rd Street. Present were members of the neighborhood Churches, Hippos, representatives of the Negro community, the Straight community, Captain Fink of the New Precinct and Lt. Lipsey of Community Relations. The main concern of the discussion was on how to prevent such an occurrence from happening again. A representative of the Communications Company, Lili Principe, reminded everyone that "we could expect fifty thousand hippos here this summer, and if we don't settle what happened at Tompkins Square Park, we can expect to have a riot situation as our heads."

Captain Fink was quite perturbed as he tried to explain the need for a dialogue to be thoroughly established between the police and the rest of the community: Negro, Puerto Rican, Ukrainian, Italian and Hippos. Everyone agreed that a meeting should be called between the police and the community, and

but it should be limited to thirty people, representatives from different parts of the community. It was decided that the luncheon should be on 8th Street and Ave. B. Friday at 7:30, was the best time and place.

Larry and Pat Pool, of the Tompkins Square Press, walked in just after the decision had been made. Larry was quite upset, and in no uncertain terms, let everyone know what he felt. "Look," he began, "I have been up all night, walking around, talking to people, and I'm telling you, there are people around who are pushing to see this turn into a full-fledged riot. They got blood in their eyes and in their hearts; and I'm telling you, they're calling for the revolution." He refused to name names, but told us, "You know who they are." There was silence as we wanted to say what they feared, but the few minutes' evenly silence seemed to answer, as if we knew who they were.

Larry was filled in on what had occurred before he arrived, and then calmed him down. He offered to help in any way he could. The meeting broke up at 8 o'clock.

I arrived back at my office to find a woman willing for me, who was looking for a lawyer and bail

money for the hippos who were still in jail. "My God," I said, "don't you know of the bail and lawyer fund set up by the Jade Companions of the Flowered Dance, set up by the Hippos themselves?" She shook her head, she was a hippie living in the neighborhood for over a year, but she had never heard of them.

I gave her the number of the Jade Companions, who had already been contacted when the incident happened, and were out raising the rest of the bail money.

I left my office to attend a press conference that the Hippos community had called for 5 o'clock today at Public art artists' commons at 9 Bleecker Street. When I arrived, seventeen were hanging around, and T.V. cameras were being set up. Five of the hippos who had been arrested were sitting in chairs, waiting to be interviewed. Jim Fourie, of the Communications Company, was trying to get the newsmen and cameras trained on the people who were involved. But they wouldn't listen. They interviewed whoever they wanted, took pictures of the weaselly-looking people they could find. It was their show, and they were determined to create the news according to their own preconceived, imaginary script. As it turned out, I found myself



APPREHENDING 'PERPETRATOR' NUMBER 20

the next day in a photograph in the New York Times, identified as one of the hippos who had been arrested. What a farce! I had come to the press conference, not only as an involved member of the community, but also as a newspaper man covering an event, and found myself involved in the script. It's as if the entire news media was acting out of its own volition, its own lies. It was the pseudo-event of the week.

I arrived back at my office to find that a meeting of the hippos community had been called for 8 o'clock tonight, at the Forum restaurant, on Avenue A between 100 and 110 Streets. The Forum was packed when I arrived, and Jim Nash, of the newly established Community Defense Committee, was chairing the meeting. He began the meeting by reiterating the proposals that the new committee had written up the night of the Memorial Day incident. There was much pushing and shoving up front, and it was hard to hear who the proposals were. They seemed to deal with setting up a bail fund and lawyer, and communication with the police. The atmosphere became heavy with anger when a few radicals tried to break up the meeting by shouting everyone else down. Jim Nash deferred the meeting over to Captain Fink, who had been invited to the meeting by the Defense Committee.

Fink began his plea by stating, "Look, I have come here to answer your questions and hear your grievances." But he was cut off before he could finish. The radicals started shouting "Facts!" and "The revolution is here, and this is it: your blood that's going to

flow!" Then all hell broke loose. People were pushing and shoving. A woman next to me cried out, "I don't believe it! I don't believe it! I'm going to be sick." My stomach was churning, too. I looked around and realized that the majority of the hippie community had not attended.

By this time, Captain Fink had to leave the meeting, with hostility and abuse following his footsteps. Jim Nash tried to get back control of the meeting, but he was shooed down with invective of "Good Jimmie," "Infamous." Nash left the Forum, taking his committee to a secret location on the East Side, to work out the problems. The radicals remained in the coffee house, shouting their abuses, rallying their hatred against the entire world. It became all too evident to the other people who were wandering around bewildered, that these radicals were so different from the people who had turned and feathered a flower child at the recent legality-day parade, except that they were using words and words, instead of fists and clubs. They were calling for blood, everyone's blood.

I attended a meeting the next day, called by the Communications Company, at the Family Store, on 6th Street between 2nd and 3rd Avenues. Everyone felt a little better now. Frank Wise, the last remaining hippo, had been returned on 8th Street. Most of the representatives of the hippos community were in attendance, including Andy Kent, a member of Jim Nash's newly formed Community Defense Committee.

It was agreed by all present, that we had to consolidate the entire hippie community in one organization; otherwise, everyone would be working at cross purposes. Everyone agreed the best organization would be a trial council headed after the American Indians, where representatives from every part of the community would be sent, to sit in council and decide issues. All decisions would be made in the name of the council, and no one person would be responsible for making any decision without consulting the council first.

I left the meeting and headed over to the Village Theater, where the fashion show of East Village boutiques, "Trips to Wear," was in progress. Earlier, a rumor was heard that there might be a bust by the police, on possible nudity in the fashion show. I knew the rumor had to be ridiculous, but couldn't help feeling that everything that had happened in the past two days was nothing short of unbelievable. I walked, and it happened, the reference, but not in the theater, in Tompkins Square Park. A riot was in progress while we all watched the treasury looting of Fashion, WING and WSCA reported the events as they were happening. "Anti-Hippos alienists had started a riot in Tompkins Square Park," the radio blared. The ridiculous had been made real. The World had now been divided into Hippos and Anti-Hippos. The situation had worsened. We were now made fully aware that the situation had to be dealt with, deal with now, or else.



CAPT. LANSAM (IN FOREGROUND) IS RELIEVED OF COMMAND AS CHIEF POLICE INSPECTOR GABELICK ARRIVES ON THE MEMORIAL DAY SCENE

THE INJURED SPEAK

Interview with Eddie M. Cohen and Leo Young

The following are first person interviews with two of those arrested in Tompkins Square Park on Memorial Day. Eddie M. Cohen and Leo Young describe their personal experiences with the police at the time of arrest.

Eddie M. Cohen: I was about the eighth person taken away. First they took my thumb back to my arm. I don't know why it didn't break. I yelled to Frank to grab my legs, and he grabbed one and somebody else had the other. Then the cops grabbed me around the mouth and nose, so I couldn't yell or breathe any more. This brute is where one of the cops was gouging my eye. Another cop was pulling me away, while people were holding my legs, he was pulling me by the throat. Then four policemen were carrying me off. I wasn't close to losing my temper. I twisted loose from the police, and reached for a knife I was carrying in my jacket. And someone who knew I had the knife shouted, "No, don't," so I didn't, and the cops grabbed me again. They carried me out and threw me over the park bench, and landed on the back of my head. I think they threw everyone over that way. At the time, some people yelled, "Why don't you break his back, while you're at it?" They threw me in the paddy wagon with a bunch of other people.

Then I saw Frank Wain. They brought him to the back of the paddy wagon as a stretcher, after dragging him part of the way over the ground by the back of his neck. He was in a state close to unconsciousness. When they brought him to the back of the paddy wagon, someone's back got away and the stretcher he was on slipped, and Frank was dumped flat on the ground like a dead fish. He was bleeding profusely from several gashes on the head. One seemed to be a quarter inch deep. He was bleeding from one ear at the time. They placed him up off the ground, and threw him in the paddy wagon. The wagon was already full, and it took an awful minute to restrain someone, so that Frank would have a little room to sit up. By this time, he was covered and caked with his own blood. We were there perhaps twenty or thirty minutes before we were driven to the station. At the precinct station we all went into a large room, and were told to give our names and addresses and such. Frank was laid out on the floor. He was bleeding from both ears at that time. There was a fellow with us, who said that he'd been an army medic, and told the police officer that Frank was bleeding from the ears, that was a sign

Violence again broke out in the East Village in the form of a riot, Thursday night, June 3, only two days after the police brutality and multiple arrests of the biggame dance on Memorial Day.

The "Biggame" Players were performing a play about Vietnam on the stage in Tompkins Square Park. Large numbers of kids, mostly Latin and Negro, were gathered up front near the platform, and during the play, they began to make vulgar remarks; and threw beer, gum and banana peels at the Players. When the Players resumed after the harassment and tried to perform again, they were greeted with hostile jeers by the kids, who started hooting at them, and throwing more food; while firecrackers began going off continually in the crowd. The actors kept performing, but retired, after a time, when there was an inter-upt. Twenty minutes later, they returned to continue the play, and the riot began.

There were no policemen in sight. Most of the biggame who were there were gathered away from the stage, sitting down on the fence or on the grate, which they had finally gotten permission to do. The Players announced that they were going to re-mount Thursday's episode in Tompkins Square Park, and asked some of the kids to come up onstage, and act the part of hipster and police; and at this point all order was lost.



of consciousness, and that he should be rushed to a hospital. The police said they'd called an ambulance. We said, "Can't you take him to St. Vincent's? It's only a few minutes away." He said, "No, we have to wait for the ambulance." We got there a little after six. It was close to 8:45 or I before a nurse came in, and he was finally taken out.

Leo Young: I was in the center holding on to other people, and people were being carried off one by one. I was sitting by myself with my hands folded, and a policeman came over and asked me if I'd walk to the paddy wagon. I said, "I'd rather sit here." Then, four policemen came and grabbed my hands. I noticed bruises on my arms, and scratches on my back. From where I was dragged and dropped on the ground before being dumped in the paddy wagon.

By the time thirty minutes had passed, Higer's Bill was stacked with metal druse and barrels, and a bunch of people had begun to loiter. Suddenly, without provocation, a mob started out after a single girl.

A few more squad cars arrived, which had more difficulty getting through the crowds, as the crowd were thrust on, but at no time were any nightsticks shown. A few relatives could be seen waiting near Ninth Street, but they did not move in. The kids began beating on leaders and windows, and the firecrackers continued, but the police inside their cars remained very reserved; all they did was keep the rioters moving.

The crowd was looking for something on which to expend its energy. Little groups and heated arguments began to form. It was Latin and Negro against white; few, if any, biggame had remained on the scene. When the real violence started, young (17- and 18-year-old) Negroes began running in the Park, some of whom had come out of The Bronx, and others who were not from the West Village area. There was a group of whites who were European by accent, and Puerto Rican of allages, varying from 11 to 26, all beating one another.

A motorcycle came up towards Seventh Street and Avenue D., but when he got to the intersection a crowd formed and stopped his bike. The hapless rider was pulled off his cycle and into the crowd, who then lifted the cycle and started waving it around like a top.

It was a reversible situation on Tuesday, 38 biggame were loaded and abandoned sitting on the grass and playing musical instruments. Tuesday night the cops were accused of violence, and two days later, a lot of people got their revenge. The total damage remains to be assessed.

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53