

# THE east village OTHER

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JOHNSON



FOREVER?

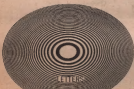
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1

Dear Editor,

As an Airman assigned to Ft. Sneyder Air Force Base, Marietta, Ga., I thought you and perhaps the rest of the Underground Press Syndicate would like to see what our editors of the Base newspaper put on the front page of their New Year's issue. This base is part of the Strategic Air Command, and has a long history of being quite conservative in its activities, inasmuch as SAC is equal to one's apple pie, etc. Anyway I've quite sure this front cover is a first for all Air Force newspapers, from all military newspapers.

If the military (the backbone of this nation) is interpreting psychedelic art to activate its troops, doesn't this sure take the edge off the robotization of the new art?

COMPLUED.....

The SAC cover, see below -- 24.



2

Dear EVO,

Here is the brochure on a show of my still photographs and underground films. It opened yesterday at one of Marietta's two colleges. The enclosed cheque for \$100.00 represents the rights' fee for viewing the films. It isn't much but I would like you and the EVO to decide which of the Anti-War groups or the Anti-Draft groups reads it the most and give it to want. A small contribution from this "house."

Peace.

M.J. Parrish

1848 Roxas Boulevard  
Marietta, PhilippinesEnc.  
cc: Mr. Kenneth Brown

3

Richard L. Gale, 28 year-old pacifist for the New England Committee for Non-Violent Action, announced publicly his resignation from the United States Army at a peace conference held on the morning of January 3, 1968 in Cheltenham, Ohio.

The press conference was a demonstration supporting JACQUARY SMITH and Michael Smith, co-workers of Gale. They are now serving jail sentences as a result of December 7, 1967 induction-center sit-ins in Cheltenham.

Gale was on Christmas leave from Fort Dix, New Jersey which ended at 12 o'clock midnight on January 3, 1968.

The following is a letter written by Gale to Commanding Officer, LA 1084 cover.

January 2, 1968

Lt. John Smith, Company Commander  
 Delta Company  
 Fourth Battalion, Second BCT Brigade  
 Fort Dix, New Jersey

Resister Smith:

This letter is my formal resignation from the United States Army. I am now on Christmas leave. My orders stipulate that I return on January 2, 1968. I will not be returning.

I have come to this course of action after seeking and hearing what the military is doing to the young men of the United States.

I am through resentments that I might have expected to see in a Commander's country. I have watched hundreds of men being made loyal "Kiss, Kiss P" as they plunged their bayonets into America's sanctified "country."

I see basic training as a transformation process. The Army is succeeding in accomplishing the horrible and ugly job of transforming a man into a machine, a machine that can kill without feeling.

I have talked to many men who have just come back from Vietnam. I heard them tell how they slaughtered innocent people for the mere joy of killing.

But rarely the slaughter of innocent people so many miles from home is not defending our country, lives, or principles. The United States military instead of defending "the free world," is jeopardizing its own existence as well as that of all humanity.

I choose no longer to be a part of this process of destruction, and therefore, I submit my resignation in the name of Peace.

Richard L. Gale

Copies to:

President of the United States  
 Secretary of Defense  
 Senators  
 Congressmen

4

Dear EVO,

By chance I came across your degenerate rag the other day. I'd like you to know, however, that your days of pushing dirt on the public are numbered as there is a drive in action at present to force a ban on smut papers. Your campaign for law and order will be short lived. To conclude, admit it, this beloved country should give order, your half will be the first to be eliminated.

Ponder this.....smut.

Laugh now.....while you can!!!

M.M. &amp; B.S.

We're not afraid. God is on OUR side--Ed.

5

Dear EVO,

Loyal parton, VFWers, DAREns, John Birchers, interested citizens and all supporters of the war in Viet Nam:

The time is here to show our massive strength; to demonstrate our unwavering faith; in President Johnson and his present Viet Nam policies. Ours is a great and noble cause for a great and noble nation promulgated by a great and noble President. We must stand behind him.

To demonstrate our faith in the President, the COMMITTEE for the ACCELERATION of the VIETNAM ESCALATION of AMERICAN TROOPS (CAVEAT) is now taking subscriptions and contributions from interested parties to import to the United States one Viet Cong soldier, fully armed and indoctrinated. Our followers, numbering several tens of thousands, will converge on the corner of 6th Avenue and 6th Street at 12:00 noon on February 3, at which time we will literally participate in the Vietnam War by singing an and officially beating this vicious Viet Cong to death. Napalm will be supplied to each arrival. The Viet Cong will be supplied with black armbands to simulate war-time conditions.

After the victory (assuming, of course, we defeat the Viet Cong soldier) there will be an awarding of medals to those participants who demonstrated bravery, loyalty, etc., and purple hearts to those wounded or injured in their zeal.

WOMEN and children welcome.

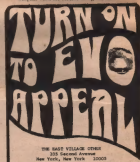
DON'T LIVE VICARIOUSLY!!!  
 SUPPORT THE WAR IN VIETNAM. RECALL THE GREAT SOCIETY. WE'LL LAST A THOUSAND YEARS!!

Sincerely yours,

CAVEAT

N.Y.N.Y.

P.S. Flowers and herbs will not be considered as weapons when the medals are given out.



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**BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP**

by  
GERALDSTEINBERG

On June 15, 1948 don't be where Icarus is because if it is you won't be. In space, a little to your left if you face toward Iceland, is a chunk of rock and space refined metal approximately 1.2 miles wide and 300 yards thick and it is only 18,000,000 miles away and it is traveling at 13,840 mph to a place where you are going to be on June 15th.

Professor S. T. Butler of Sydney University in Australia on February 4, 1946 tried to explain through the establishment's media that Icarus, a planetoid weighing about as much as Mount Everest was to pass within 500,000 miles of the Earth. However, if scientific calculations were off .0005001, Icarus, whose orbital eccentricity quotient of .81 makes it the most unpredictable of all planetoids, could come considerably closer. Icarus, which in a scaled down planet, will make it through the atmosphere and, even though it will be about 1/3 of its former self, it still will be a formidable piece of rock if it hits where you or one of your loved ones happens to be.

Why isn't the American government alarmed? It is. This is going to sound like a science fiction movie but the Government went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and asked them to devise a plan by which Icarus could be destroyed if it appeared to be coming too close to the Earth. M.I.T. came up with the plan last October and this is it: M.I.T. outlined a plan by which Icarus would be blown up in space by seven Saturn rockets each carrying an atomic payload of 49 megatons. Now, when these rockets hit Icarus out in space there will be a bang worth 280 million tons of

TNT and supposedly Icarus will become atomic waste and not hurt anybody. But the fact is almost 2050 deaths can be attributed to Icarus already in the guise of earthquakes in India and China, freak snow storms in Arizona and tidal waves in the Aleutians; these things being influenced by the gravitational pull of Icarus.

Earthquakes are very important to people living in America because a fault line runs from San Francisco through Ohio across New York City and on into the Atlantic Ocean. A fault line is that place which will most likely crack and open in the earth in the event of an earthquake.

Another danger we embrace with Icarus' approach is that of drowning. If Icarus does not pass through the Earth's atmosphere its gravitational pull will be increased because it will not lose any of its mass that it would lose by being partly burnt up entering our atmosphere. Icarus in its full size has about the same weight and mass as Mount Everest including everybody that ever climbed it or tried to. So when this mountain passes the Earth from the East to West at about 450 miles up (about as far as Washington, D.C. is from New York) it will pass over the blue very green salty occasionally white capped Atlantic Ocean, which is made of water and is not very heavy when you measure a square foot of it. This is because the ocean, relative to that which its bed is made of, is less dense. If, the ocean, is also less dense than Icarus. This means that when Icarus passes the ocean, the ocean, like the body of a swooning lover, will reach for Icarus to try and stop him

from his flight to the sun. And when Icarus has passed, leaving behind his stunned girlfriend who has reached up liberally 327 feet and has followed him from Ireland to the Battery of Lower Manhattan, but has failed to stop him, in desperation the ocean will throw herself to the ground with one mighty sob and instead of crying she will become one tear. A tear so tall as the flat floor of the RCA building in Rockefeller Plaza. This tear will fall from 327 feet up, will have fallen from 3600 miles away and will in speed by trying to keep up with Icarus who will have slowed down only a little from his original 13,840 mph.

On the other hand if there were an earthquake and a tidal wave, everything might work out for the better because an earthquake might push Manhattan Island up out of the water and the huge tidal wave would just crash against our cliffs, like the cliffs of Dover only our cliffs would be ally brows instead of shaly white. Again, on the other hand, no could be saved the anguish of a tidal wave if we had an earthquake that caused Manhattan Island to sink to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. This way the tidal wave would hit New Jersey; it would be like one of those Abbott and Costello movies where Abbott ducks and Costello gets hit.

All of these dangers increase in direct proportion to the closeness of Icarus because Icarus' pull on the Earth increases with the nearness of Icarus. And Icarus got 90.50 miles closer to you while you read this article. Think about that for a minute.



## Why is this man smiling

MESSAGE: Keep your eyes open for urban paranoia.

From the beginning of November, the City of New York has been trying to squeeze the hip community out of existence. The Department of Sanitation blamed hippies for dirty streets; the Housing Department put pressure on landlords to eliminate undesirable (closing both free stores); and the police moved in to wipe out the movement's one independent source of money—traffic in various consciousness expanding agents.

Before the October 21 confrontation at the Pentagon, the mass media pumped the image of an emaciated, apologetic hippie as a comfortable alternative to the virus of new left politics. The real efforts of hip ghetto organizers, the appearances of the diggers, etc., and the spread of the bkey myth, actually indicated that this was the more integral, more flexible rebellion, on many more levels. But the vision of freaks storming the gates of America's war machine was the straw that broke the camel's back. Anti-hippie propaganda began to appear shortly afterwards in TIME and NEWSWEEK. This was like saying to the cops, "Look—we're no longer holding them up in our hands." This quick fall from grace had two effects. The hippies, long hypnotized by their image in the media, lost cohesion and self-confidence and predictably, the government moved in to wipe out hip counter-institutions—free stores, free mass media (THE AVATAR, in Boston, was forced to suspend printing and EVO's news dealers

have been arrested) and the network of suspected pot and acid dealers.

Acid, of course, is the true consciousness-expander; the deconditioning catalyst behind the various social changes associated with the hip culture. It is the specific of this deconditioning agent being applied to the general American population that has prompted ruthless police suppression of its manufacture and sale—suppression so effective that acid has virtually disappeared from the street. Marijuana was next.

Informers and police really started circulating in the area after Guey's murder. Then in December, several hundred people were rounded up all over lower Manhattan. On the lower east side, whole apartment full, and in one case, a whole store full of people were arrested, charged with prior sales, possession, or loitering with intent to buy dangerous drugs—when in fact the premises and everybody involved were clean. If on the basis of an informer's testimony, the police thought you were up to something, and knew that they couldn't actually get a sale on you, they busted anyway, and a pre-dated, pre-issued warrant would be ready 20 minutes after they got you to the stationhouse. The police refuse to play fair. Their course of action is intended, simply, to wipe out the competition through legal costs—see just the competition of a deviant subculture, but the competition of cheap drugs which threatened the Narcotics Police Department's own stake in the

DEPT. OF  
JUSTIFIED PARANOIA

# NEVER TRUST A MAN WITH A BEARD.

IRVING SHUSHNICK

traffic of hard drugs.

It is a strange fact that south of the 9th Precinct, where hippies have not really penetrated the Puerto Rican ghetto, heroin is abundant, while grass is scarce and expensive. In the East Village, there is plenty of each on the street, but acid has been practically unavailable. The police were the ones who recently pressed for, and got, new licenses just permits for the sale of "narcotic" drugs—heroin, cocaine, amphetamine, and marijuana. This makes dealing these drugs so dangerous that police have seen off the traffic in all but grass. The network of police informers trains meth and acid with impunity in return for a cut in the proceeds and information about the competition. Bigger syndicates and Mafia connections pay off, in drugs and money. And the police themselves... well, rumor among dealers has it that Inp and Koch, the notorious narco team busted with others for selling cocaine, were eliminated because they hadn't cut the right people in on the profits. All of this is an example of how the open activities of an institution (the police getting the new harsh laws on drugs) tend to complement the hidden, less than legal activities.

All of this favors hard drugs, since the mark-up on grass and acid is insufficient to maintain pay-offs. Furthermore, acid leads to social disruption, the development of new lifestyles, etc. The police could never allow the sale of acid. Now, it is true that "needle drugs" like amphetamine and heroin lead to isolated crimes of violence and crimes against property. (In fact, the only difference between a junky and a speedfreak in this respect, is that the speedfreak takes off more people, because speed is a stimulant.) But this is not a bad thing for the police. The New York Police Department has the same relationship to individual crime—as opposed to demonstrations or insurrection—that the Pentagon has toward war. A rising number of crimes committed by individuals provide the "believable threat" to society that justifies the maintenance and growth of the police, without uncomfortable modifications. The police could stop meth/heroin dead, just as they've stopped acid. But by pumping meth into the scene they can reduce a large number of the less hip to junky games of living for the next upshot, petty theft, etc. Amphetamine destroys the constitution of the scene, reducing hippies to criminals. This is an example of the way that the unintended consequences of below-board activities within an institution (the police) can complement and support the existence of the institution.

In New York, you can get 15 years for selling marijuana, a medically harmless flower, while you can murder someone and go 10.

Let's start planting new seeds. Our flowers have been trampled. Weed your garden.

Many of us are extremely disatisfied with the state of society that we want to change it drastically, and a revolution that we want to see. And the fewer that seem protesting in order to make a change, is likely to drift from group to group, so each group is in the world. I think that this is merely a common sense remark. But my experience at this conference has been that when people do agree with me, one method they use to ignore me is to say, "Oh that's just common sense." And they then don't pay any attention to it and proceed as if it were not for the world. This procedure, of disregarding the obvious, is intensely liberating to me.

Let the discuss briefly three revolutionary crises as they appear in different groups. Start with one that is unbelievable. There is a high risk that the world will be destroyed by nuclear war within the next ten or fifteen years, and everybody agrees that total destruction is a Bad Thing. Now if one has been, like myself, a pacifist for forty years, one is terribly impressed that during that period, since the First World War, the possibility of nuclear war has increased so rapidly and is now catastrophic. This fact has a terrible weight of evidence. And from this point of view it follows quite simply that in the world as present we need to see that the people of the world against the power structure of the world, the world, the country, whatever its politics or ideology, I don't mean necessarily that the different powerful nations are really capable politically or morally, but they are what they are because they are powerful -- that this is certain terms. They have increased their capital and their bases along a certain line, for twenty years they have been stockpiling nuclear weapons or making desperate attempts to get them. Necessarily, this kind of thinking becomes "rationality" in their societies. It makes the decision.

We can assume, I think, that no decision-making plans for the best-up, yet there is an almost inevitable drift toward that best-up. And we can easily imagine circumstances that would produce it. Consider my own country. Suppose there is a continuing rash of very bad riots on the streets. And, as a result, an extreme reactionary group is voted into power. Then suppose that one of the big South American countries, Brazil or Chile, goes Communist -- as would happen at any time. It is almost inevitable that, in a panic, nuclear bombs would be dropped. I myself think that, within a month, the same situation could occur in China within a few years (though many people at this conference would, of course, vehemently deny it). At present the Soviet Union seems to be balancing itself out of reason in the world, but I would not have said this in 1958 and who knows what the past-future will be in 1976.

From this point of view, therefore, the immediate revolutionary slogan is "Get the power away from the people who have that kind of power, wherever they are." This slogan carries the risk of national destruction, war, a curiously of international communication, Berlin walls. It means internationalizing space exploration, talk to underdeveloped regions, overseas youth centers, de-emphasizing national organizations and building the world economy. The most of peaceful co-existence among national powers obviously does not work for "detente" is not a statement, it is a failure.

The intent of Gandhi was correct, so long as India was colonized, he was a revolutionary. But it was necessary first to find agency and shatter off the imperial oppressor. But then, having achieved nationalhood, it was wise to get rid of the Pakistan boundary and ultimately the Chinese boundary, to walk across these boundaries and make friends by the same non-violent means. So Duber in Israel. Duber felt, rightly or wrongly, that for historical reasons the Jews had to occupy Palestine and affirm their national identity with their own land. But that, once the State was established, and agreed to dissolve it, so being a bilateral and enter into fraternity with the Arabs or whatever country to spend the money sent by America) Jews to create Arab-Israeli cooperation (Gandhi and Duber) were of course repudiated as entirely unrealistic, but who was realistic? Israel is now developing to some birth and India will develop an atom bomb if it has time.

In brief, during the national revolution it is necessary to jump to the back of one's mind to keep the social revolution in humanity and power. The best reconciliation in the back of one's mind is certainly impossible to one's thematic. It is a dilemma.

Two weeks ago I was in Hungary at an international meeting of youth leaders from the '70s. There were twenty young people from conventional states and twenty from Spain, Italy, France, England, Holland, and the United States. In important respects it was clear that these young people had more in common with one another -- a sub-culture of their own and an alienation from the incompleteness, double-talk, and pretensing of the previous generation -- than so had with their respective countries. They were, generally, an internationalist of radical youth, with the same attitude and slogan from New York to Madrid or Warsaw to Prague. (There were no Chinese present.) Finally after they had adopted resolutions against the Vietnam War and in behalf of the French revolution in Detroit to meet their needs, I introduced the following resolution: Since there was no involvement there of nuclear war, and since the older people were drifting, it was up to the young, just to survive, to take the issue into their own hands and form a consensus from transcending national and New Year's resolutions, to organize co-ordinated demonstrations in all capitals against the four great nuclear powers, and to try to boycott them. Especially the young of the non-nuclear nations could take the lead and try to sweep the others away.

## THE DIALECTICS OF LIBERATION Part One

PAUL GOODMAN

This seemed to be a beloved present. I assumed that that if we could get 500 picketing in Warsaw, we could get 50,000 in Bucharest. But at present, in America, as in England, when the pacifist crowd grows to a certain point, there comes the cry, "What about them?" and this is hard to answer when there is nothing about them.

What happened in the proposal? Except for two Maoists from Italy and a Trotskyite from England -- I shall return to these -- the young people from the West thought that it was a long shot but worth trying. The Trotskyite happened to be a warmhearted Jew, which they compared with the fact that the pacifist crowd in 1958. The young Maoists also were for it -- honestly. Indeed, when I tried to drop the matter since I could not get accurately, they would not allow me but went around crying to collect signatures. They were, in fact, at danger's point with their own regime, which had centered their newspaper and was threatening to shut them. From the other communist countries, I heard the following. The East Germans made me and complain, "You are right but we do not dare demonstrate. We have suffered too much. You don't know what it's like." The young Hungarian said, "Foreign policy is the business of the government."

A youth group apparently believes a demand on a local foreign policy -- even if it is the administrative policy -- it is an administrative act -- even patriotic Soviet Hungarians. The Poles were apparatus types and accused me of bourgeois idealism, because I included the quantity of nuclear war from the general context of political conflict. The Italian Maoist and the English Trotskyite said that the present necessity was for China to develop an atom bomb and my proposal was divisive and counter-revolutionary. "It would be better," I meant literally, "What all mankind be destroyed than that 500 million Chinese be disadvantaged, for they are the future."

I report this episode to illustrate the difficulties at present around nuclear pacifism, even among radical youth. Finally the meeting adopted a resolution to establish a Committee of Co-ordinated of the subject, address (John Louwage, 6 Coventry Gardens, Flood Street, London W.1, England).

Turn now to the point of view of ecologists and community-planners, and a different revolutionary crisis seems to arise, which a generation down will be a catastrophe because of the abuse of technology on an unprecedented scale, wrong land use, wrong urbanization, and over-concentrating management. This crisis is understood mainly by geographers, biologists, engineers, educators, and population but it is felt generally as overpopulation, alienation, and an increasing serious physical distress as public health and social welfare. In some regions there is probably a real danger of overpopulation, though I tend to be skeptical of Malthusian arguments about glacial political and economic change that have occurred.

I don't spell out the sophisticated details of these environmental and ecological catastrophes -- others can do it far more competently and it is hardly any longer necessary, especially to people who live in these cities. But the point is that these things are going to do it, maybe not so quickly as the atom bombs might, but maybe only ten years later if we are spared the bombs. But perhaps even more important is that because of the bad ecology, even in the present stage, the preparation or reconstruction of a decent society becomes less and less possible because of the ecological causes. Consider that the Mayor of New York has said that it would cost \$50 billion to make New York "livable." There is something going to be that kind of money, and who does it mean to live where it is not livable and getting worse? To try to do reasonable policies when there is increasing alienation, psychic depression, nervous disease, degenerative disease, over-concentration, and things like black blot on the surface -- the Gross National Product might be rising in some places and in others everybody can be quoting from Chairman Mao's latest red book, but all are getting deeper into the bog. Here again, clearly, we have to go across national, ideological, and class boundaries. But the relevant thinking -- e.g. rural reconstructions, decentralization to conventional economic, political, educational systems important to education for hardware technology -- such things are not major political centers they belong to technocrats.

It makes sloganizing difficult. How is one to say, "Up with Chairman Mao" but "Down with the Maoist educational system?" It is not impossible.

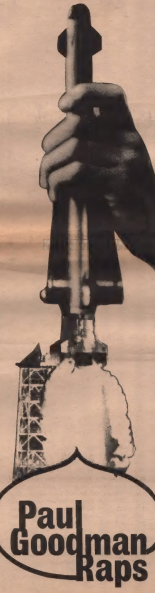
If you come from an ecological background, however, it will be self-evident to you that these considerations must be kept in the foreground. They are perhaps not the most important thing. But what is the most important thing?

Incidentally, I myself don't know how, politically, to handle this dilemma.

So let's turn quickly to another revolutionary alternative, which I guess everybody here would prefer to see as early as possible to the main crisis. The fact that two thirds of mankind is getting both materially and absolutely poorer because of the abuse of technology, economic greed, power plays, and organized religion and of the "Third" nations. This process certainly overrides the boundary between the so-called western nations and the so-called communist nations -- though China is not yet a "Third" nation.

How shall we end that the leader of the majority of mankind, the Maoist, and the other things they look for the whole package of the western technology. This is called their rising aspirations. The other days, mostly Communist, was talking about Africa, culture and the African following their own way, but in fact the political leaders were trained in Cambridge.

Continued on Page 11



UP, UP AND AWAY!

THEY TALK IT UP, IF YOU HOOP!

Featuring good ol' **BILL DICK** CRAZY POPS!

**Sky-Hi Comics**

NO SMIL, TROOTHS! KICKS!



Then on the Other Hand...

by R. CRUMB CARTONIST HERO OF THE PEOPLE



# TALES FROM THE MADHEUM

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AND JIM RODRIGUEZ

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IN THE COUNTRY OF YOUR DISAPPOINTMENT



OH ALAS IS BELIEVED OF OH ME, NOT THE LITTLE WHEEL, I'VE BEEN MARRIED TO MARGIE THE LITTLE PINKS SURVIVAL FACT.



REMARKABLE QUOTED BY MISS MORGENTHAU ARRIVES ON THE SET



NOW THE ENTERTAINERS ARE TO BE CONSIDERED BY MOST PEOPLE, BUT OF COURSE, THESE THINGS ALWAYS OCCURRED TO THE PLACE OF THE INTELLIGENT... PRIMARILY CONSIDERED AS A CLASS WHO I'LL CONTINUE TO TRY TO MAKE SURE TO GET THE NEAREST EYES, YOU, AND YOU.



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"One-100"  
an excerpt in one part

CAST  
OF CHARACTERS



"BILL"



"TOM"



WE-KO-EET-SENKO

The editors of *The Village Other* like to read only the most obscure writings of unknown authors. The following article is selected for our readers' pleasure from *Hager's New York and Erie Railroad Guide* published in 1835. We believe it is one of the greatest pieces of American literature to come since 1800.

Bill Quidé, the father of Tom, was one of the most noted of these hunters and fighters. The Indians regarded Bill's father, and the son avenged upon them, to the extent of one hundred lives, that being his own estimated value in relation. Bill hunted to get his own in execution, and as an amateur dog-slayer in the month of August once went to work with more zeal than did Bill with his knife and rifle. Those trusty weapons every day gave him his daily bread. He did not carry off the scalps, these would have been but common-place verifications of his performance. He brought away their eagle heads, and, having finished and selected them, carefully put them away on shelves in his den. The collection of heads thus "wisely kept for show" rapidly increased with his skill and practice. His vigilance was an extraordinary in chasing his foes as in despatching them. In vain they tried to outstep the pale face when they knew was thus rapidly thinning out their tribe. At last the mortality became so great, and his safety seemed so secure, that they, believing him to be supernatural agency, avoided him and his hunts as altogether. This did not please the collector of Indian heads, for, his returns being to none in more slow, he found that no many years would be necessary to accomplish his view. His skills now increased slowly, though steadily, and an acute observation might have guessed the increasing lapse of time between the red "fish-die" of his last deposits and the mellow look and ivory gloss of his performance. Tom, now, was doing his work upon Bill. "The eye of the bold hunter of men" was glowing like a star in the midnight sky, his step set an action in doubling them, and his hand shook while "covering" them with his rifle. Age, however, could not quench his determination to fulfill his vow. However languidly he made in the morning, one glance at the shelves of his prizing physiological cabinet would make him become out of bed, seize his rifle, and take to the woods. In this place work the hunter grew old. His son Tom, long since a man grown, had often wished "to follow to the field his works here," "but his size denied." Bill would allow no partnership, and resolved to finish the bloody game as he commenced it, singly-headed. At last the steep-walk Indian skull was deposited with the others, and Bill, pleased at the thought of soon wiping out the "win or otherwise" he had exhibited upon the last of his collection, prepared for his last work, with calling, if it proved successful, for his own bones to be laid on the shelf. It might have been the agitation caused by this thought of a speedy fulfillment of his vow that made old Bill suddenly ill, and then he knew his time had come. Calling his son Tom to his bedside, he told him he was dying, and that he had a legacy to leave him. "This row of Indian skulls, Tom? There's sixty-nine on 'em, and I want you to make 'em a hundred, but the Lord won't be in me, Tom, but wants you to finish the job! I charge you to do it, Tom, or your father's ghost, and your eternal grandfather's, will come and haunt you!" With this exhortation, the old hunter, with his eyes fixed on his trophies, gave up the ghost.

Now whether old Bill had done off the Indians, or made them too cautious, or Tom was weakened, does not appear, but the son did not give equal to the task solemnly imposed upon him. In vain did Tom scour the woods, and try his best to catch the "last of the Maltese." Years' while past, had the niche on the shelves still remained vacant. The effect of his failures were disastrous upon Tom. He lost all confidence in his abilities, and sunk into fatalism. "It was just his luck!" With a son's pride, he would carry his hereditary skills, and sigh for the glory of adding to them the last skull, or that time so providently set upon his progenitor's shoulders! From these interviews between the "quick and the dead" he would retire dejected and despairing, and finally sought relief for his troubled conscience in the "last industry of noble minds"—the bottle! "How could he get the head-rod head, when there were no Indians to give 'em?" And then Tom drank a bumper to the rest of the soul of his grandeur, when he thought ought to be content with the set very "valuable function" of sixty-nine Indian lives. Amid these potations, however, would appear the figure of his father wrapped in bear-skin—"his habit as he lived"—who, pointing to the incomplete row of heads, would shake his fist at Tom; and then the skulls would go, and skeletons thence would appear at their scabby skeletons' seats, and skeleton fingers would grip their scolding joints at him; and then his father's phlegm would chase each all-headed, and Tom would sink out, staggering with his life, so return empty-handed, as usual. In this way Tom has lived to be an old man, his organs wasted and his health impaired by the heavy thoughts of the memorization of his father's dying request. Like Hamlet, he is the victim of a false position—misapprehension, though intended to accomplish the mission imposed upon him. With the "sweet price," he might rail against the "savage spite" of being born to reduce the dislocated joints of his own soul, and paraphrase his inactive thus:

—I hope you out of this! Oh, cursed Mother,

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# Poor Paranoid's



# Almanac

ALLAN KATZMAN

Jim Fossat, the actor turned hippie turned actor, and Bob Fass of WGBH, have both finally in as up and cooking TV series MYPD. Fass is scheduled to pop, of all things, an underground editor. Fossat will be playing what he is.

Do you see all this new scenery must make Fass happy. It is one of the most important elements of his life. Of course, most of us, myself included, share in this same fantasy except Fass doesn't do it openly.

I will never forget the time just before I haven't that is why I bring it up so with an opportune moment when I mistakenly reported (not a first for GUY) that Paul Kravitz was the person who enrolled the Washington columnist with occasional. It was a rather mistake. (Who would ever have thought Fass guilty of such a creative act.)

The next day I read Fass on the street. But he didn't say hello or goodbye or graciously correct my mistake but ran over to me, his right hand behind his, and both of them yelled into my face the words "BOB FASS BOB FASS BOB FASS BOB FASS." I grabbed him as he began to run off and asked the inevitable question: "What is that supposed to mean, Bob?" (Of course I knew the shouting of his name meant M4 M4 M4 M4 M4 but I really did want to know WHY/WHY/WHY/WHY/WHY) I know, as a human being with plenty of health, how funny I must appear to people who is why at this moment I indulge in one of my greatest habits -- revenge but, at that moment, Bob Fass appeared in

There is an old Latin saying, JUSTA FIAT PUNEA MENTH, "where justice is done the world ends" but what happened after LeRoy Jones, poet, playwright, critic and black revolutionary was sentenced to from 5-10 to 5 years for illegal possession of arms during the Newark riots, was just the world's slight cracking in the old world known as December. Our ancient courts of law had once again proved how inadequate they were in the exercise of justice. The sentence was another milestone on the pathway of the middle-class.

His punishment, for me at least, was filled with irony. The fact that a well armed soldier during a riot didn't kill the first white man he saw as he stepped out onto the street from his house was the highest touch of irony. Getting caught for illegal possession was another.

Many years ago when LeRoy Jones was just a poet, he had invited me to the University of Buffalo to share a reading with him. I stayed at his home along with his first wife (white) and their two children.

But and I spent several hours talking over long dead issues, poetry was one of them. During the course of the conversation he related to me a personal confidence. His wife and he were living separately but had remained with their neighbors and landlord, none of the neighborhood children were allowed to play with their kids and the landlord was trying to throw them out of the house they had rented. There was a lot of money involved in all this since the District Attorney of Buffalo at the time was a negro. He had accused him, "Don't worry Mr. Jones! I'll make sure nothing happens."

Nothing did except what he beyond his control. Not was constantly harassed by white high school kids yelling from the safety of a moving car, "You nigger, get out of this block! You don't belong here!" Once they stopped and were about to confront him he turned and yelled back, "Hey white, come on and I'll put your balls off." all the while consciously trying by reaching into his pocket for some invisible knife or gun. "It always worked," he said to me, "not a good thing so that white still believed the myth."

Many years later in some court of law, I couldn't help feeling, they believed him again but this time with disastrous consequences. White didn't back down and LeRoy Jones now must be worrying all the inevitable debt of the future when the gavel will be holding next time will be plainly visible.

### THE SKIN PAINTING

BY THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF ONE BEAST

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Issues #2 and #4 of MOTHER OF VOICES, a UPS PAPER OUT OF Massachusetts, has called for the First International. "Love is" to be held the summer of '68 in Saigon, South Vietnam. The call for action will begin in July 4th. As the appeal states, "Let's write or record the song and energy appealing to a government that doesn't govern. If we really want to end the war, then let's go over there and end the war!"

The organizers for all this is fairly simple. The Mother of Voices proposes that the West Coast tribes should concentrate on transportation, chartering airplanes or cargo ships, at a cost of around \$50 per person. The MSU team should concentrate on transportation and lodging for people in transit from the East to the West Coast. The East Coast will have to concentrate on fund-raising.

The problems that arise from such an undertaking have been highlighted due to LBJ's recent move to stop such an attempt. If wonder if Vietnam is on his list, if anyone is interested in undertaking the trip contact Ed Polina, Mother of Voices, Northampton, Mass.

Here is another interesting item from The Jerusalem Weekend Report:

**ANTI-HIPPIE**  
By Moshe Levinson (Grade 13)  
"On" Vocational School, Rehovot

Before I say why I would not like to be a Hippie, I must explain this expression. The Hippie movement was born in San Francisco about a year ago. Its members are all youths, who claim that the world is very ugly, except for flowers, which are very beautiful. They oppose the war in Vietnam, so they wear flowers in their hair and on their clothes. Their clothes are very colorful, beautiful and strange. Among the flowers we may find small bells and many others. One of their aims is to make people love each other.

This way of life may be good for the American youth, but not for me, and not for Israeli youth. Here in Israel we have many things to do. Our land is a new one, so we have to build it up. Nobody here likes wars, but we have because our neighbors want to throw us into the sea. So we cannot afford to stop the demonstrations of the Hippies. We cannot demonstrate against war because of our situation. In America the case is different -- the Hippies there are protesting a war which is in someone else's country.

Furthermore, I do not find the world ugly and I do not need anything -- including flowers -- to make it more beautiful.

The arguments above show us that a movement like that of the Hippie is not suitable for Israel, and that is why I would not like to be a Hippie.

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The Source subcommittee on juvenile delinquency this spring will be discussing alleviating the present laws governing marijuana. We, as well as they, now know all the pros and cons of the argument. That is interesting when you compare the same pros and cons found in a foreign country such as Israel where marijuana smoking is a very small problem.

I come from the Jerusalem Weekend Post of December 7, 1967. "I don't give you a guarantee, but I have not heard of any students taking drugs. Nevertheless, we don't have an alcohol problem either -- professors and educators from abroad are always struck by this. Cars is not a broad young generation -- the security situation, their need for careers, the hard work they have to do, all keep them from being bored. All the above (active boys farming) to whom I speak are emphatic about this."

Don't forget that Alcohol was legal in America -- then Prohibition tried to stop something that was an established social custom. Fortunately that does not apply to Israel. In Israel, although it may apply to some countries -- how we are determined to stop something new starting. That is an important distinction.

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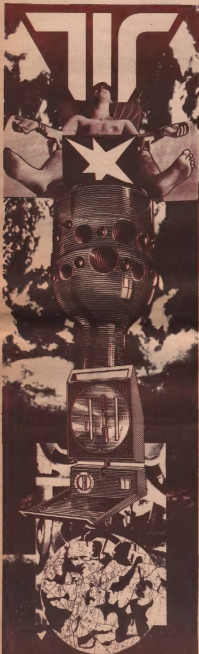
**PROCEEDS TO THE SUPPORT OF RESPONSIBILITY**

ANAK, the Jewish Witness magazine, has interesting features on "The Increase of Lovelessness? What does it mean? How can you protect yourself?" are given all the social, economic and psychological answers for violence including the metaphysical ones: godlessness. As far as solutions on how to protect yourself from all this violence; "once have tried to be heroic and have struggled with hippies men. But many have lost their lives as the Israeli person, infamously, puts the fingers of his eye, or lather on with his hair."

Yet, in the case of a Christian version, if a man, finds the secret to universal forgiveness, also will not do it. She is being asked to break God's law, so she will return to attacking or perhaps she to protect herself, even if the criminal does not violence (Deut. 22:26-27) in such situations, the person guided by God's laws can find protection by appealing to Jehovah God as payer, calling on his name out loud, to stop the situation can bear it. The Bible shows there is protection for one who respects and answers the name of God. The name of Jehovah is a strong power. Into it the righteous rest and is given protection." -- Prov. 18:10.

## ENVIRONMENTMENTS

by ALLAN KATZMAN



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satanic  
majesties'  
request

I received the invitation last week. It said: "You are cordially invited to attend the End of the World on Saturday, January 6, 8 o'clock at the warehouse on 123 Gavenaport Street." There was also a little note attached, "Dear Mr. Katzman, We were delighted with your review of Jackie Cassen and Rudi Stevas' show Environment V: Vibrations. Especially the idea that art might be a programmed environment suggesting alternate cultural strategies. Signed R. Kohn and T. Acheson."

Needless to say, I waited in anticipation the whole week for Saturday to arrive. I had never looked forward to anything in my whole life as I looked forward to this. It was not every day a man was invited to witness the end of the world, programmed or not. But at the same time I felt I was being consoled. These were artists I had never heard of before or even recollected reading about.

I started out Saturday promptly at seven thirty, figuring on walking there to shake off my nervousness. It had started to snow rather heavily.

When I arrived at what looked like a twelve story building I was surprised to find myself not alone. At least twenty five other people had been invited. Some of them I recognized and we all smiled at each other somewhat embarrassingly....The next thing I knew we were all standing in line while being ushered single file into a huge darkened warehouse. Then it all happened at once.

An almost hundred foot geodesic dome sucked us into its center by a door which was retracted by thirty feet of ladder. It was ten more feet to its center where four heliographs suspended in almost black air shot images of recorded time via laser beams. All of a sudden each one of us lost our ability at equilibrium and began to fall down. In a few seconds the room shifted turning us on our heads. A feeling of weightlessness began to crawl over us while the images shot against the heliographs started to speed up so fast that we took on the movement of celluloid.

We were moving in dark light while laser energy bombarded our struggling bodies. In a moment the temperature of our clothes hung to our skin. The room became a stifling vacuum of space and found us stuck against the sides of the dome like chewing gum. The room took on a twisting, turning motion and we suddenly realized we had been standing still. We stood there, unable to move, programmed by the energy piercing our bones pinning us down which like a fat man sitting on our arms and legs held us against the walls of the room. In a moment a fire optic ceiling poured broken light over the laser images and in a minute every thing seemed to break into pieces. Things fell apart and the center broke away and hurled towards us smashing our faces and leaving raw skin where it had slapped us. We watched helplessly as anarchy was begun before our eyes. The blood in all our veins began literally to boil and we felt immersed in a ceremony of destructive light. The world around us as we knew it, what we thought were minutes but were actually hours, was beginning to end. An environment of total devastation was performed for us and what was most important of all we were there while it was happening.

Convinced it was all real, we forgot all the while it was an art exhibition. The passionate intensity of images as they were fired off at us in such rapid motion made the technology of programmed harkari seem our own flesh and blood.

It certainly fell for me at the time not that I thought was an alternative cultural strategy. Or was it? As the artist who dreamed it all up, Ray Kohn, and the engineer who made it all up, Trent Acheson, told me, "Why not! It was a lot better than the real thing and besides it was built to the size and proportions of a church. Measure the interior of St. Patrick's Cathedral someday and you'll see it is the same height and width."

It was certainly something to think about but I still had my doubts, "What about the depth?" I asked Ray Kohn.

"It's a mindblower, guaranteed to give you a more real sense of religion after you have left it."

"You see," Trent Acheson continued, "It's the old time religion in a flash. Of course in the large scale model but just as soon as I figure out how to reduce it to a small sized room, we'll put in on the open market and install it like any household equipment. It's just a matter of reducing the components of this large model to transistor size."

I was shocked at this second alternative as any person would be who was still living in 1968.

Ray and Trent had met each other quite unexpectedly one day in Detroit in January of '65. Ray, a graduate of Berkeley, MA in art, was on his way to

Most theatre, according to Peter Brook the director of the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of MARRAT/SADE, is "unspookably bad, boring and incompetent....not even worth a breath of discussion." Most theatre going is inertia. "The only relevant question is: 'why do we go to the theatre at all?'" Brook's comments are particularly pertinent to the ugly American Theatre which is irrelevant, mummified and materialistic.

Fread had claimed that art was for the most part harmless, never seeking to be more than an illusion. With few exceptions "it never dares to make any attacks on the realm of 'reality.'" Ronny Davis, director of the SF Mime Troupe, asserts that Fread has defined American Theatre. Yet the Troupe's production of L'AMANT MILITAIRE, is a glaring exception. The commedia concerns Spain's involvement in an Italian civil war and suggests obvious parallels to our own undeclared aggression in Vietnam. This suggestion is fortified by many blatant allusions throughout the play; so one could escape ignorant of the Troupe's anti-war sentiments. The war issue is only one of many punches pulled in the production: for example, racial-national stereotypes are exploited to exaggerated proportions (but still with compassion) to expose their hypocrisy. Little in the realm of reality is safe from the Troupe's attacks.

Gordon Rogoff reports Judith Malina of the Living Theatre as saying that one goes to the theatre "so that afterwards one would go out in the streets and break windows: begin a revolution." Davis believes that a play only mildly suggestive (cf. TIGER AT THE GATES whose content is so immersed in the Trojan War that its pacifist message is clichéd) or like's Lincoln Center production of DANTON'S DEATH whose innocuous suggestion that Johnson is a dictator was elucidated by grouping him mistily with Mao, Castro and Robespierre) will safely go over the heads of the public. But in L'AMANT MILITAIRE the audience is led in chanting "Hell No We Won't Go." The play concludes with the Pope issuing revolutionary slogans, and if that were not enough one of the players out of character openly advocates Revolution on stage.

The strategy of the Troupe is to live off the land and tour, regarding any local engagement as a guerrilla attack on that locality. It disregards an author's intentions and freely adapts an opus to suit its purposes (L'AMANT was written in 1732.) It uses all forms --- commedia, vaudeville, minstrel show, anything that works. The spontaneity, grace, ensemble movement and delightful gaiety of the Troupe --- accomplished through intense physical training and presentational (rather than inward) direction --- create a living theatrical experience. The audience cannot help but become involved, and vibrant dialogue between actors and spectators occur inevitably at intermission.

The Troupe is not alone in bringing new life to the theatre. Broadway and off-Broadway have been spoiled for the audiences of Ellen Stuart's La Mama E.T.C. At La Mama theatrical sensations get inside them, are felt immediately instead of a day or two later after discussion. "It's open and you can breathe," says Ellen about her theatre, "you can feel and take it in."

Although the Mime Troupe finds a free adaptation and mixture of traditional dramatic forms can create a new presentational theatre of ideas, Jean-Claud van Itallie has discovered in off-off-Broadway "the only place in America where plays in new forms can be tried out." The other arts, he says, are daring the theatre to join the 20th century. He is searching for forms more immediately dramatic to a contemporary audience.

The ridiculous company has had some serious collisions with official agencies in the past. A year or so ago pressure from some Indian delegates succeeded in closing its production of INDIRA GANDHI'S DARING DEVICE which they found insulting to their exalted Prime Minister. But Establishment harassment is not new or exceptional to the unconventional theatre, and the forces of status quo lack no imagination for finding excuses. The Living Theatre was forced into exile three years ago by the Internal Revenue Bureau. The Mime Troupe has been busted for park permit violations, obscenity and marijuana possession. Recently Ezrico Vargas of the Gut Theatre, Spanish Harlem's street theatre, was arrested for smoking pot. La Mama forced to change locations three times due to bullying from the Fire Dept., Buildings Dept. and License Dept., has found an original solution to harassment in an aura of exclusiveness. It changed its name from Cafe La Mama to La Mama Experimental Theatre Club. Ellen runs a weekly ad ("club notice --- members only") in the VOICE, withholding the

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## ALEUTIAN

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## REVOLUTION

POWER



This article is by Adam, a full-blooded Athapascan Indian from Alaska.

When one hears of Alaska here in the "lower 48," one immediately thinks of Eskimos who live in igloos in sub-zero weather.

There are Eskimos, 23,000 of them, but there are also 14,000 Athapascans, 5,000 Aleuts, and 10,000 Tinkians and Haidas. A total of 52,000 Natives (a legal term) out of a total population of 272,000 in the State of Alaska.

Out of these 52,000 Natives, there are 23,000 over twenty one who maintain that the land in Alaska is theirs.

Everyone knows that the U.S. had never been at war with the original inhabitants of Alaska so what right have they to simply take the land without compensating anyone?

Young men and women all over Alaska from small villages with names like Neenana, Pt. Hope, Furi Yukon, and Tanana are studying, giving speeches, organizing and, in general, fighting the giant machinery with the very laws used to justify the seizure of the lands.

In March 30, 1867, The United States, without consulting the Athapascans of the Interior, or the Eskimos of the north, bought Alaska from Russia for something like 2 cents an acre. To justify the purchase they simply labeled the original inhabitants "Uncivilized." Then they had the audacity to give the natives a choice! A choice either to remain in their homeland or leave. (see 15 Stat. 559) Article III.

Congress didn't recognize the natives for 36 years until a band of British Columbian Natives immigrated to Alaska. The Annette Islands was given to them for a reservation. (35 Stat. 1066, 1101).

When Congress finally did recognize the natives, it was only to make them wards of the government: giving them special privileges to hunt and fish in their own land; giving them medical supplies and treatment to combat the diseases The White Man brought into Alaska; and finally, education programmed to justify the deal they made with Russia.

This red taped Bureau imported Bill's thing, mail order teachers and, for many years since, the natives have been clutching the Bible like exchanged for the land.

Today the natives have come to the full realization that this was a bum deal and they demand compensation for the land that was taken from them.

The weapon they use is the law; the law which very few of the previous generations were able to interpret. So's standardized education, the obstacle. (Note: In 1904, white children and children of mixed blood were, if civilized, the only ones allowed to attend public schools.) Section 7, Jan. 27, 1905, (23 Stat. 817 c. 877).

Small associations and committees forming all over Alaska are joining the statewide "Alaska Federation Of Natives." Emil Notti, an Athapascan Indian from Rampart is the President of this.

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by BOB RUENICK

Cambodian Prince Norodom Sihanouk lost his premier and cabinet because of his reported willingness to allow U.S. troops to pursue Vietnamese across the Cambodian border. Many of the cabinet ministers were already upset by the Prince's cooperation with U.S. after the increase in inhumane activities directed against the Vietnamese people by the American government. However, since the mass resignation, Prince Sihanouk has warned that if "the American Army or its allies penetrated areas inhabited by Cambodians -- or even by peaceful Vietnamese whom we owe it to ourselves to protect," Cambodia would fight back "with all our means." He went on to add that he would seek foreign assistance to repel would be U.S. aggression. Ho Chi Minh quickly pledged North Vietnamese support stating that: "The Vietnamese people are ready to do everything they can in all circumstances to meet all the requests of the Cambodian Government and people."

From no less a source than Newsweek, (a favorite source of mine), Jan. 1, 1969, we find that the territory of Cambodia has not been immune in the past. In addition to small ground actions in "hot parais," American long-range patrols have been operating regularly and in increasing numbers along the Sihanouk trail. On

at least one occasion, a brigade commander called in air strikes against a suspected North-Vietnamese concentration inside Cambodia.

A story in the Washington Post on Dec. 20, described a plan, supposedly under consideration at highest U.S. government levels, calling for South Vietnamese soldiers to make the first public breach of the Cambodian border. American commanders would then feel free to reinforce them inside Cambodia with U.S. troops. The Cambodian News Agency reported that the border was clandestinely invaded on 45 occasions by U.S. and South Vietnamese troops from Dec. 11 to 14 and by Thailand forces from Nov. 20 to Dec. 2, resulting in several Cambodians being killed and wounded. And the U.S. government has issued veiled threats to the Cambodians. Their sovereignty will not stand in the way of a U.S. world peace campaign. And after Cambodia, Thailand, Sen.....

Bill Blum's column in the Washington Free Press (the lonely bastion of the Underground Press Syndicate truth in any nation's double think, double talk capital) continually provides fresh insight and coverage of little known or suppressed news. Example: his disclosure of the deletion of a news item in the Dec. 10

Washington Post. A former Navy officer revealed that no torpedoes were fired by North Vietnamese ships on American destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin during the now-famous incident of August 1964. "Reports by the U.S. government that torpedoes had been fired by the North Vietnamese were the chief inspiration for the Tonkin resolution in Congress and the rationale for American escalation of the War. The Tonkin resolution is still the only declaration even approaching official Congressional approval of the War....."

Another Blum revelation: The United States witnesses at accusations of being colonialist or neo-colonialist. Perhaps some light was shed on the question recently by two votes taken at the United Nations.

On November 17, the U.N. General Assembly passed, 91 to 2, a resolution recommended by the Colonialism Committee, strongly condemning "the exploitation of colonial territories" by "foreign financial, economic and other interests." The U.S. was among 17 abstainers, protesting that the resolution was a proposal to exercise and would discourage private investment. Portugal and South Africa voted against it.

# from the Madhouse

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## THEATRE

Continued From Page 11

address [122 Second Ave., J. "Managers" pay weekly "dues" of \$1 for each show they attend.

Because "dues," donations and check benefits are often not enough, a prevailing problem of experimental theatre is lack of funds. However, retaining friendships are usually offset by the dedication and self-sacrifice of the actors and friends. Nonetheless, when one is an off-off-Broadway play achiever, a run of more than a few days or weeks how long it may deserve to do so, "It can be very frustrating," states van Dilla, "to put in months of effort on a production that you know beforehand will be seen only three or four times." A theatre that has a "Frankenstein" great idea becomes a where to the Establishment, and few serious theatres will accept.

Another very serious problem of anti-establishment theatre is the need for large audiences. If the off-off-Broadway plays continue to be done mostly in the Village, actors van Dilla, they run the risk of being seen "for and by a closed group, a coterie." In theory, La Manna has an audience "intensely devoted to theatre." But the exclusiveness of the members-only club has necessarily limited this audience to a select theatrical intelligentsia similar to the club of vocal aristocrats who used to exclusively possess Melrose. However, Elton has seen actors to Copenhagen, Paris and Bogota. It is hoped that this was the beginning of an "international underground." Elton got the message that the inspiration behind La Manna, like other off-off-Broadway groups, to create an alternative American theatre, has decayed. The reason Elton of off-off-Broadway now means to be as a lounge-club place for commercial theatre.

According to Davis, it is the Troupe's obligation to "gather audiences and SCRIBE them into being provoked and confronted, and into returning." The excitement in the Troupe's audience began during the vehement intermission discussions, and the Troupe's reputation for provocation has spread from coast to coast. Often, however, audiences of this guerrilla theatre have shades of political exclusiveness—particularly of campus engagement. Is the Troupe willing to advocate Revolution in front of a Mainstream American crowd, and would it be willing to advertise productions in a reactionary medium in order to attract disinterested audiences? Perhaps the Mine Troupe, like Teatro Campesino, is only a theatre for building revolutionary spirit among those already committed to social change.

Another problem, peculiar to the Mine Troupe in this discussion, is the dilemma of producing plays with pertinence which will not become mere socio-economic, data-driven, didactic. "If the content is too incoherent, the art is necessarily and the artist's motivation, will the audience's garbage pull. If the content is tedious, symbolic or academically suggestive, the public will refuse to see it, because their minds have been fattened by television and rock 'n' roll." However, since the Troupe plays acting and literary works, it can usually keep up with the times. The Troupe seems to have chosen to sacrifice the recognition and ease of future securities for wide political relevance now. If both are not possible with the company, any widely-viewed society can certainly use some theatre-of-the-present. Other generations might at least remember the forward style, spontaneity and forthright importance to this advertisement.

John Arden claimed long ago that theatre will never change a society, "at most it will confirm people in what they are beginning to believe." The Mine Troupe is challenging the class, and other non-conventional theatre types it is attempts to expand our collective consciousness. Taken in its entirety, the theatrical presence threatens to re-emerge as a dramatic presentation into a grass-roots based art form of tribal spiritualism.

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## ENVIRONMENTS

Continued From Page 11

New York from California to seek funds and fortune in the New York art galleries. Trent, a graduate of MIT in nuclear electronics, was working at the time for General Motors. While working on a special project (involving a nuclear powered automobile, he met Ray in a local underground coffeehouse. Their mutual ideas about their irreducibly in friendship and Trent quit his job and invented a great amount of money to be sent around up their future partnership. They arrived in New York in the summer of '65 and began to assemble talent and equipment for their programmed environments.

"What about the coldness of this type of project? Don't you think by doing this you have the humanity out of church and religion?"

"Oh no!" Ray Koba emphatically answered. "All we've done is to make available church and religion on a personal basis. A man can decide for himself when he wants to go to church and have his religion. And he can do it alone or invite family and friends."

"I am getting read now because I felt as if I was getting taken by the oldest shell game in the world."

"Look, this is some kind of trial isn't it?"

"Of course," they replied in unison the bourgeoisie and bourgeoisie. "It's the oldest trick in the world. Now you see it, now you don't. It happens every day all over God's creation and especially on this planet Earth. It's called Christ."

"Well, that finally did it. I stropped out of there and would have crashed the first guy I saw if I hadn't walked into an empty street. It was dark out and the moon was falling heavier than lead. I realized I had been in there for a couple of hours. A vast of precious time," I thought.

I began walking rapidly caught up in my anger that I noticed I was almost running. I stopped short, falling into some garbage now slightly sticking out of an alley way, and sat for a moment alone as a cold chill crept over my body. I was shamed and the street was empty. The buildings started to move and the sky began to pitch. In the ocean, I found myself screaming down my hand up to my nose in quick embarrassment and looked slowly around to see if I was still alone. I was. No one had heard except the universe. I picked myself up, dusted myself off, thought for a minute and started to lough.



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## GOODMAN

Continued From Page 11

or Harvard or Moscow or the Southern (where else would they be trained?) and the technicians have gotten re-educating high-technology training and, worst of all, the people themselves are classically misled by the wonders of the western standard of living.

The matter becomes desperate when the high-technology that is sought is armaments. For, the argument goes, "Unless we have five bombers and fifty atomic bombs, we are defenseless and ultimately more bombed, we are defenseless and surrounded, we will be swamped and colonized again." This argument is true. But one must also say, "This is a dilemma. You aren't getting your own outdoors. Every step destroys your tribes, your way of life. The skills you have are lost, the one-dollar era beyond you in the foreseeable future. And the set-up is wildly inflationary. It requires an investment of \$50,000 to employ a technician without. That productivity, in world market terms, is about one-thirtieth — though you need to feed your face. Necessarily you quit the farm, crowd the city, die of cholera, etc." Apparently all this — we are told by some — is being cured by disarmament and big "planning," a method by which it conceals that scores of millions will die.

A few very persons — the "international technocrat" people, some people in the United States, people in the Third World — try to solve the problem by being selective about the technology and using sophisticated science to tailor aid to local needs. However, community centers headless in say, this is not the thing of those in political power in Africa, India, or far as I have seen, the only one who is not in the bag it Nkyere of Tanzania — he seems to be making the attempt to start from where his people are and take them on from there. I am told by Dave Delinger, who knows Cuba well, that the Cubans also are finally beginning to try to withdraw from the power and realize some distance to themselves and think, "where are they can we live well and lightly and with increasing freedom?" It did in Cuba, India, and Tanzania and Cuba do not add up to an impressive fraction of the world's rich of the world.

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