


THE EAST VILLAGE CENTER

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S U C C E S S

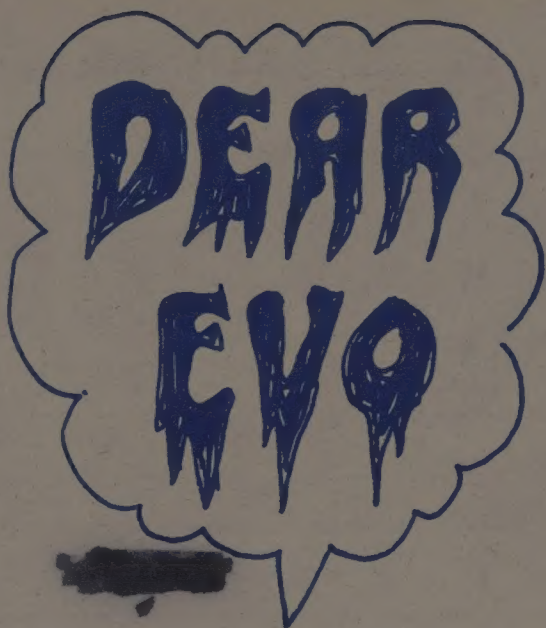
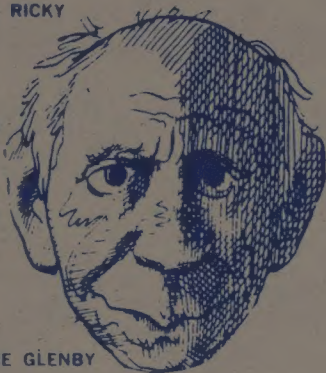
GOODBYE SAIGON HELLO SEOUL

Give the gang
our best.

The spice, tang
and sizzle of
pepperoni pizza

DAN SMITH

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 * ALLAN KATZMAN
 * DICK PRESTON
 * JAAKOV KOHN
 * MELISSA STOUT
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Edgar Allan Poe.

all wound up

Dear Sirs,
 What a masterpiece — the front page photo of the January 19-25 "STATE OF THE UNION" issue, that is. It carries a messages that no one thousand words could ever.
 And it portrays perfectly the essence of your weekly.
 Yours truly,
ROBERT H. COOPER
 Fanwod, New Jersey

big bass drum

Dear Sirs —
 Concerning Bob Riche's philosophically excellent article "The Rock Moves The Tree Speaks and the Shit Hits The Fan" in the January 19th-25th EVO (Vol. 3, No. 7), it seems to me that white peace demonstrators could not and should not march to Harlem at the time of the next riot to "demonstrate our solidarity by sitting in the streets surrounding the major police precincts."

Should not because they wouldn't be welcomed by anyone. Could not because by the time the word of the riot's beginnings could get to enough peace people, the police would have Harlem (or Bedford-Stuyvesant or Brownsville or East New York or South Bronx) well cordoned off, and certainly would not permit people to enter. Buses and subways would not be running. Also, if we COULD get in, they would have peace people and black people together and containable geographically with the same number of police.

I think Mr. Riche's later suggestion is much the best, and should be emphasized: when we start hearing reports of a ghetto riot, the peace people should have their own demonstration downtown, or at several downtowns, at City Hall, the Stock Exchange, or at whatever prearranged or spontaneously arranged tactically advantageous spots people decide upon. This would force the police or troops to deal with us as well as with the ghetto disruptions, and thus to divide their forces and their strength.

I congratulate Bob Riche and The Other for the aforementioned article. I hope there will be many suggestions and criticisms of this whole idea in the public prints.

Since I'm presently a Federal Creature, I shall only sign myself

Sincerely,
 Joe VISTA

different animal.

Dear EVO:
 You advocate peace and non-violence, but on the back of the January 19-25 (Vol. 3, No. 7) issue, the solution to your "enemies is a machine gun. Tsk, Tsk.

Love,
STORMY
 Box 1363
 Aspen, Colorado

Tsk, Tsk, on you, Stormy. You missed the point. Look again and listen to the media and soon the page will come true. None of the primates is EVO — E.D.

The following is a list of places in Canada to aid draft resisters:

If you're heading for the Province of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, or New Brunswick: P.O. Box 129, Halifax, N.S.

For Quebec: 305 Dorchester Blvd. West, Montreal 1, P. Q.

For Ontario: 175 Bedford Road, Toronto 5, Ontario.

For Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, Northwest Territories: 83 Maple Street, Winnipeg 2, Manitoba.

For British Columbia, Yukon Territory: Foot of Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B.C.

Newfoundland Committee to Aid American War Objectors, Box 4174 Harvey Road Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters, P.O. Box 231, Westmont 6, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Phone: (514) 931-3007.

Mrs. Goldie Josephy, 2141 Rushton Rd., Ottawa, Ontario. Phone (613) 728-3942.

SUPA Anti-Draft Program, 658 Spadina, Toronto, Ontario. Phone: (416) 924-1867 (9 A.M. to 6 P.M.).

Don Pentland, 194 Oak Street, Winnipeg 9, Manitoba. Phone: (204) 475-6851.

Dunc Blewett, 1200 Jubilee St., Regina, Saskatchewan. Phone: (306) 536-2297.

Committee on War Immigrants, Station B, Box 3234, Calgary, Alberta. Phone: (604) 738-5037.

Committee to Aid American War Objectors, Box 4231, Vancouver 9, B.C. Phone: (604) 738-4612.

University of Alberta, P.O. Box 322, Edmonton, Alberta. Phone: (403) 439-0445.

COLONEL MAGUS DELIVERS

Fear Not Dear Edie Boo
 Sleezie, The Fairy's Princess,
 Will Soon Soar the Boards to
 Black Jack Patrician Poverty
 Ah! Champagne Maiden's Stone
 Thank Saint Valentine!!!
 It's God's Will

Because you can get more in.

Dear EVO,
 Paul Goodman states in the beginning of his failure to communicate called **Paul Goodman Raps** (Vol. 3, No. 5 and Vol. 3, No. 6) that "Everybody agrees that total destruction is a bad thing." He's wrong. I don't agree. I'll bet Leary doesn't agree either.

Paul Goodman joins the military humans, the trees in the forest, and almost all life for the past billion years in making the fundamental mistake: **fear of death.**

If someone didn't think that death was a bad thing would that person give any shits about the war in Vietnam? Would that person ever see a Bad Thing? How can you be happy when you're afraid?

Paul Goodman dislikes many things. I like Paul Goodman's dislike.

Love hate,
 GOD
 N. Y., N. Y.

many holes.

Dear EVO:
READ THIS IN PRIVATE. "BIG BROTHER" IS WATCHING.

This letter is from a small minority group (hungry freaks Daddy) who are being held in Thu Duc, Vietnam against our will. You want to know what is holding us? A group of Patriotic Bastards whose Patriotism lies in their can of beer. **THIS IS SERIOUS!**

We are being suppressed (forceably) by members of the **INNER PARTY** who have casually dropped hints to this effect:

About three months ago the Captain announced a company frisk. Although the company shakedown was announced, only two people were searched. (Known Cannabis smokers). The search was supposedly for anything illegal, but those fucking juice-headed bastards can only see one evil and that is marijuana and other drugs. Instead of stopping at shakedowns, they've progressed further on and now find that the Viet Cong terrorist tactics work real good in bringing about nervous breakdowns and causing paranoia in very large and harmful degrees.

One of us was severely beaten by hands and feet while the juiced up Sgt. yelled, "You're one of those protestors who rape little girls, incite riots, and beat innocent children!" (The victim refused to defend himself against the Captain's bouncer, Sgt. Mueller, who was soon promoted to E-6).

Privacy is no longer possible for us. We are constantly watched for any fault (no matter how small) about a bust. What is really unfortunate is that through which they would readily and happily use in bringing the Captain's many eyes and ears he has learned who smokes.

Several people have already been busted for the possession of grass in this company. There is no doubt that in time (which is not on our side) we will eventually become inmates at LBJ (Long Binh Jail) stockade or become murder victims of the real enemy. **WE ARE DESPERATE!**

A couple of us here have subscriptions to your publication and our commanding officer is aware of this fact. Since he learned of its existence (over two months ago) we have never received it and are convinced that **THEY** are **STEALING OUR MAILS**, and our EVO.

There is so much to tell, but since privacy and freedom are gone we have to rush this.

(Excuse the paranoia for if this letter fell into the party's hands we will not be able to exist).

Thanks for listening. We'd like to be heard.
CAUTION: As this letter may be harmful to our health, we feel that only our initials should be used and not our complete names.

Love,
 O. B.
 J. P.
 G. P.

God, Grass
EVO

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

NEW WEEKLY RATES:

Please enter my subscription.
 Please renew my subscription.
 I have enclosed \$6 for a one-year subscription.
 I have enclosed \$10 for a two-year subscription.

Name: _____
 Street & Number: _____
 City: _____ State _____ Zip _____

IS WAR WITH RED LSD

No, says an intelligence analyst who argues that has replaced

War

*Private Flying:
Therapy Aloft for Disabled*

The New Defense Secretary Thinks Like the President

Wall Street took on the role of the anti-hero (just like in the new movies) last week. It played awfully rough with the young and old heroines who are investors, as stock prices plunged lower than a starlet's décolleté. But, when things got really bad, it came to the rescue and kept its cool during the Korean crisis.

The faces on the cutting room floor were those of timid souls who panicked Thursday morning, when news of the call-up of reserves reached brokerage house boardrooms. The tape-watching in-and-out traders who sit studying stock prices (their feet planted firmly on the floor to hide the holes in their shoes) reacted as expected to their breed.

But just when that kind of news indicated that the nation is finally heading back toward vigorous business recovery (after last year's slump) the usually over-optimistic Commerce Department played the villain. They took a look at their charts and pronounced that their "leading indicators of future economic activity" looked weaker in December than in November. They're telling us that, just maybe, things aren't as rosy as the lads in Endsville-on-the-Potomac had thought.



ARGENTINES FORCING HAIRCUTS ON HIPPIES

Special to The New York Times
BUENOS AIRES, Jan. 27 — The Argentine federal police disclosed this weekend that, since the current campaign against hippies began earlier

Narcotic Chief Charges With Dope Law Laxity



■ **Drug Control:** The President urged stiffer penalties for merchants of "slavery to the young"—traffickers in LSD and other "dangerous drugs" and a 30 per cent increase in the number of Federal narcotics agents. Outlook: excellent.

OUR HEAVIEST RUBBERIZED PADDING!



USA
VS
LSD
primary target for all-out war
WHO'S WINNING?

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, JANUARY 26,



Associated Press
PESSIMISTIC ON VIETNAM: Senator Edward M. Kennedy in Boston telephoning his Washington office yesterday. In his first public address since his trip to Vietnam, he cited growing resentment among Vietnamese refugees.

ASK TO MEDITATE



lorraine in the sky with ice land by Lorraine Glennby

I thought you might be interested in what is going on in this misnamed country, which doesn't get nearly the notice it deserves on account of its geographical isolation. Actually Iceland has an artistic and intellectual community as alive as the East Village, centered in Reykjavik, which operates under almost ideal conditions. There are no critics to speak of in Iceland except the artists themselves and those who become well-known are not idolised and/or exploited, so that they have about the best possible atmosphere in which to develop — their work as well as themselves, with no superficial scramble for publicity and, incidentally, no censorship.

Six of the — excuse the expression — avant garde painters recently formed a coalition called ZUM (Scandinavian equivalent of ZOOM, from the comic strips) for the purpose of getting their stuff shown collectively abroad, which is difficult for individual Icelandic artists on account of bread and long-distance connections involved. They have already had shows in Denmark and Sweden. One of these, "Kristjon" is presently designing non-functional machines, male and female. You can tell (he says) by looking at them which is male and which female, just as you can tell toilets, say, from latrines. But, like so many people who have lots of machines in their lives but who really do nothing, these sculptural machines don't either.

A hell of a lot of good literature is being made here also by young writers who have broken away from traditional Icelandic forms, trying to bring new life to the society and pull it out and away from complacency and fatuous Americanising, which is being foisted on the public in part by the Amer. military machine operating out of the base there (but more of that later). Here is one example — a poem by Nina Bjork, one of Iceland's best young female poets:

TODAY

*Straws have trembled
from the grip of the wind
The evening is red so red*

*There lies a naked woman on the stone beds
beaten by the cold surf*

*Today people gave a friendly nod and said
we believe we believe*

*Buzzards with broad wings
are flying low
The evening is red so red*

*Today people gave a friendly nod and said
we believe we believe*

*A faint breeze
whispers
so low
that its barely heard:
Believe in what? In what?*

I have been working with Nina and Ulver Hjorvar, editor of the largest socialist magazine here — in which the poem was first published — on translating more stuff of which I will send other samples later. There is a large socialist group here to which most of the artists, liberals, intellectuals, radicals etc. belong, and it is from this quarter (as always) that most of the protest action comes, but it often has a lot of popular support.

America hears little about the political/protest scene in Iceland, which is not surprising since from what I can see our foreign relations have about all the stink they can handle right now and the situation in Iceland is particularly embarrassing. The people into the thousands have been protesting the war in Vietnam for years, but not only that. Another, peculiarly Icelandic target, are the American soldiers in Iceland.

Iceland is a member of NATO and, as such, their chief "benefit and contribution" has been the establishment of a military base at Keflavik (the same area as the Icelandic international airport, and about an hour drive from Reykjavik, the capital). It was stipulated that this base would be manned and prepared for defense IN THE CASE OF WAR. However, since the creation of the base it has been kept chock full of American soldiers and active in disseminating American propaganda. These two factors combined have, over a period of years, been fucking with Icelandic culture (not to mention a fair number of its unmarried girls, from teenage on, who are now unmarried mothers). Now, Iceland is a country which has never had, never needed, and more-over doesn't want an army. The presence of a full staff of soldiers on the base is utterly uncalled for by the treaty since we are presently in what the American government calls — like it or not — a "state of peace."

Increasing numbers of Icelanders are protesting the presence of the American military and their influence on the following counts:

1) They resent the attempt on the part of the Americans to indoctrinate the people via leaflets, radio, and television, with their dogma about the virtue of the war, the "evils of Communism," and the excellence of the "american way of life." I couldn't believe my ears the first time I heard one of the standard signing-off slogans following a radio program which had been broadcast in Iceland courtesy of the U. S., which ran: "This program has been brought to you by the U. S. Armed Forces, the Gallant Ally fighting the forces of evil in Vietnam."

Gallant ally my ass.

Another stunt of that sort was a widely broadcast invitation from the base this summer asking each and every Icelander to come and bring his children to see the base, the soldiers, and their machines. Thanks to the gallant ally, this was the first generation of Icelandic children ever to see authentic war machines outside of the movies.

2) Icelandic intellectuals, artists, and teachers are putting pressure on the Americans to withdraw their television shows from countrywide networks and restrict them to the Keflavik area (where the soldiers and their families live) with the complaint that they are lowering the level of culture (which is amazingly high in Iceland) and polluting the language with slang.

3) Even some Icelandic capitalists criticise those big businessmen and politicians in the country who are slavishly devoted to the American party-line (and the American dollars). On Icelandic Independence Day, Dec. 1st, Sigurdur Magnusson, a prestigious "free capitalist" who quit a high-ranking job on the Icelandic establishment newspaper to begin editing a literary and farmers' (!) magazine, broadcast a speech in which he blamed many in the Icelandic government for "hanging onto the ass of Uncle Sam."

Well, as you can see, I'm getting tired. My mother sent me a mountain of EVOs and they look great and brought back many memories. CONGRATULATIONS on your weckliness — I just hope it won't break any backs. This weary traveller feels like an eight-year-old inside, just digging and grooving on this big, beautiful world and its people. I cut out from Iceland for a few weeks to explore other Scandinavia, and even made it to Finnish Lapland where I spent two

POOR PARANOID ALMANAC

by ALLAN KATZMAN



The World's Best-paid Writer

CLOSE-UP / THE MAN WHO TURNS SEX AND ADVENTURE INTO CASH

SHIP OF FOOLS

Last week when the "pueblo incident" broke and the reserves were called up I was in a sleezy roadside diner on Long Island devouring a greasy hamburger. My waitress and another customer were having a dialogue about the newest wave in insanity known as foreign affairs.

"Wow! All my friends are being called up," stated the customer who was sipping a cup of coffee at the counter. "Well, personally," shot back the waitress, "I wish they would drop the bomb and get it over with. I'm tired of the whole damn thing."

"I hope not," replied the customer, "the last time I got five slugs in my back for my troubles and besides I don't want to be called in again."

"What was your job in the army?" queried the waitress. "Oh, a specialist in disarming A-bombs that don't go off." There was silence for a minute, then the customer threw a quarter on the counter.

I watched him leave and walk across the highway to the gas station across from the diner. In civilian life it seemed he was only a mechanic for his troubles.

I looked away up at the sky and started counting the stars (not so much to see if they were all there but to try to understand that they would always be there) and wondered if God could ever be so vengeful as to punish someone so completely for stealing one of them? We were all God's children but evidently while the children were away the big boy's would play. So I sat there counting, watching the big boy's quarrel over some toy and cry and wail, "Give me back my boat or I'll kill you."

I was not at all ashamed of seeing it this way. Patriotism be damned! Capitalism and Communism be damned! I resented the big boy's playing gory checkers with God's universe. My first loyalty was to Him and His world as He created it.

I knew, if I wanted, that I could give all the sophisticated political ramifications for such an event taking place. God knows, middle-class Americans were knowledgeable in the ways of parlour diplomacy, second guessing to their liberal friends' delight.

But they were a nation of morons to have let reality get out of hand the way it had. They deserved Johnson. They deserved the doom that awaited them and which they could pull down on their own heads as easily as they pulled over the covers in bed.

And, I, myself, could have extricated myself easily from all this mess by saying, "a plague on both their houses," if it were not for the fact it was also this same "house" I lived in. It seemed there were too many people in America today who were willing to see it all come down because they were all so sick of it. It was, you might say, the sign of our time, the death-rattle-knell of a civilization diseased with the matrix of buy and sell.

We were a weary nation that thought to emulate the stars but instead found itself a miserable dot in what was best and worst in humanity. We had reached high and failed miserably like a man who had only reinvented the typewriter — Nothing new! Just God's children who thought themselves big enough to mess around with the Universe.

So I sat there, counted the stars, and hoped they would become real, become the jewels of a new world, a world without war — without misery; trusting and leaving it all up to Him in His great wisdom and love for His children.

★ ★ ★

Many people from California are always telling me how that state is the last one in the Union with civilization. Of course, what they are talking about is the beauty of its redwood trees and coastal splendour. But what gets me is that such a supposedly beautiful state could produce something like Hollywood. If only that swamp of mediocrity would only dry up and blow away or just sink and disappear along of course, with a few thousand birchrites, and do everyone a favor. But, this is just fantasy, probably though in the best tradition of Hollywood.

It isn't enough that they SHOULD spare us the gory details every year of who made the best picture or who gave the best performance by an actor

or actress while being directed by producers who have as much notion of art as a horse breaking wind and the track record in one felled swoop. Now we must be subjected to an award program for Hollywood stars of the future called "The 1968 Hollywood Stars of Tomorrow Awards."

Channel 7 had the dubious honor of presenting this bit of flat pastry for our TV palates. Gene Kelly hosted and tried to be as inconspicuous as possible, that is if you can imagine Gene Kelly dancing with Jerry, the mouse of Tom and Jerry Cartoon fame, being inconspicuous for anyone who remembers him as such. But there he was giving us his "Movies are better than ever Folks" smile and giving out awards that were better given to the real actors of the year, Ronald Reagan and George Murphy.

★ ★ ★

On February 28, Hawthorne Books will publish TWIGGY by Twiggy, the charming vivacious industry who is as much a symbol of deflation as Jayne Mansfield was a symbol of inflation.

Beautifully bound, that is the book, with over 100 black and white photographs, it sells at \$3.95.

Twiggy is her own best Boswell as she explains herself as phenomenon of the century, "How I probably just came along on a white rabbit at the right time and met the smile on the face of the tiger."

★ ★ ★

Baby Hawaiian Wood Rose, which comes four seeds to the pod and contains lysergic acid monoamide (a hallucinogenic) is legal. But the white powder surrounding the seeds is very toxic and can cause nausea and convulsions.

If you are using it, make sure you thoroughly clean the seeds with a tooth-brush or nail. But the best thing to do is not to use it at all.

★ ★ ★

The Youth International Festival, Theater and Convention (Yippies) who plan to hold their own Political convention at Chicago in August, the same time as the National Democratic Convention, needs money and talent for their project.

Anyone interested get in contact with YIPPIES, 32 Union Square East, Rm. 607 or call 673-1787 or 228-8432.

★ ★ ★

Last Saturday night at 10:30 on Channel Five Huntington Hartford sat in as moderator on a show of his own production called "I. Q." His guest Ted Sorensen, the late President Kennedy's speech writer and advisor, faced the "geniuses" of the I. Q. test-club Mensa.

It was a lovely illustration of American intellectualism in action. The "Geniuses" were very polite, not like the less intelligent audience cross-examiners of shows like Burke and Pyne who often phrase their questions as opinionated statements. The Geniuses were intelligent enough to know that a question should not be a statement and so, being obviously against the "war," politely queried Sorensen on Viet Nam and his involvement with W. W. 2 as a non-combatant. They let Sorensen soak up time and explain how, though he was a non-combatant then, he would have to take up the defense of his country now since there was little else to do and this was a stop-the-communist-war which the U. S. must wage.

Somehow Hartford sat by and said nothing, while the geniuses were very polite.

★ ★ ★



Twenty drawings by S. Clay Wilson, combining the best in pornography, drugs, perversion and perversity, can be purchased

for \$4.00 from The Abington Book Shop, Inc., 1237 Oread — Lawrence, Kansas.

Sure, there's a way to clean between your teeth and help prevent adult tooth loss

Now your mouth can feel cleaner
than ever before — and be clean.

by Orville Schell

(Editor's Note: this article is reprinted for LNS users by permission of the Atlantic Monthly Co., Boston, Mass., copyright 1967).

Scores of GI's in combat fatigues who had been sprawled out on benches in the Danang Air Base passenger shed started getting up and moving outside. Once outside they gathered in small knots on the rain-soaked aprons, watching. Some half-heartedly fumbled with cameras. Overhead, jets screamed off the runways into the fluffy early-morning clouds to their targets. A large army truck had just pulled up a short distance from the shed and disgorged about sixty barefoot Vietnamese dressed in ragged shorts and faded dirty shirts. Each had a gray sandbag pulled down over his head. They clung to each other in a disjointed human chain as they were herded by shotgun-toting GI's into an awaiting C-130 transport plane. Moving over closer to this faceless procession, I noticed that several captives had long hair flowing out from under their gray sacks. At the end of the groping line two people were limping and were being helped along by anonymous friends. A Japanese correspondent tried to take a picture and was waved off. He was told that it was against regulations. No one was quite sure what regulation it was against, so he took it anyway.

I walked over to the officer in charge and asked who these people were and where they were being taken.

"These here are hard-core V.C.," he drawled. "You can tell just by lookin' at 'em."

An assistant corrected him and said that he thought that they were CDs (Civil Defendants). I asked what that meant.

"We don't deal in the meanings of all these names," he said "but we know they're Charlie — maybe saboteurs, collaborators, and like that."

Meanwhile the Vietnamese were slowly being loaded through the rear door of the tadpole-shaped C-130. Since they could not see, they were moving very cautiously, feeling their way slowly up on the hanging tail gate. A GI who was jabbing them along with the barrel of his shotgun said playfully, "If one of these slopes takes off his bag, I'll blow his fuckin's head off."

The officer in charge, who was not accompanying the flight, handed over the manifest of passengers to the pilot, "Well, Chief," he said, "here are the Mexicans. They're all yours."

Inside the aircraft the "sacked" Vietnamese sat utterly silent on the cabin floor. Four GI guards sat on the fold-down seats on both sides of the aircraft. In the dim light of the interior the Vietnamese looked like some sort of strange hooded religious order. Except for one or two pathetic parcels wrapped in brown paper, these people carried no personal possessions. As the engines started, they shrank back against one another in terror. Sensing their fear, one of the GI's poked the Vietnamese nearest to him in the foot with his rifle barrel. The man lunged back away from his unseen tormentor. Another guard commenced breaking his shotgun and cocking his pistol. The noise sent a wave of cringing down the line of huddling figures.

Finally the plane was cleared and started down the runway on its takeoff. As it got airborne the hydraulic system to retract the landing gear went on making a high-pitched scream. The Vietnamese clutched each other in fear.

One of the guards hooted above the noise of the engines, "Hang on, sweethearts!" Then he leaned over to me and said, "Hope none of 'em barfs."

I asked if they would be allowed to remove their sacks if they became sick.

"Hell, no!" he replied. "They're so dirty they

don't give a shit, and neither do we because we were getting rid of em."

As we gained altitude, the Vietnamese began shaking their heads and hitting their ears. They apparently did not understand how to pop their ears. Several became quite frantic. One of the guards looked toward them and then at me in feigned amazement that anyone could be so stupid.

In a half hour we landed at Chulai Air Base in Quantin Province. The Vietnamese were herded off the plane and led into a small barbed-wire enclosure, about twenty-five feet by twenty-five feet, out under the blazing hot sun. Here they squatted on the sandy ground and waited. Within a half hour a large pickup truck arrived. The Vietnamese were then divided into two groups and thirty were jammed into the back of the truck. The fact that the vehicle was really too small to transport the whole group in two trips seemed to disturb no one. None of the captors spoke Vietnamese, and obviously none of the captives spoke English. When a guard's command was not immediately understood and obeyed, he would start swearing and shoving the Vietnamese as though they were some dumb stubborn animals refusing to leave the barn.

After some hesitation the driver agreed to let me accompany him to camp, and we set off across the Chulai Air Base, headquarters for Task Force Oregon. The giant runways stretched endlessly away, finally disappearing into mirages in the heat. Sandbag bunkers, gun emplacements, barracks, and hundreds of miles of barbed-wire fence were all that broke the monotony of the dry, sandy dunes upon which the base is built.

The truck finally pulled up in front of a large sign emblazoned with two crossed pirate pistols which read CHULAI POWC (Prisoner of War Camp). As the Vietnamese were being unloaded, I was ushered into the camp headquarters and introduced to the temporary commanding officer, a morose-looking sergeant from Cincinnati who had eyes like Robert Mitchum's. I explained that I was a journalist and that I had accompanied the newly arrived Vietnamese from Danang. I said that I was interested in finding out just who these people were, what they had done, and where they were being taken. The sergeant said that until he had had a chance to look at their papers he could not be certain. Five minutes later he returned and announced that the Vietnamese who had just flown down from Danang were what is known as IC's (Innocent Civilians). He said that this means that they had been interrogated and found to be innocent of aiding or cooperating with the enemy. He proudly informed me, "These people will be returned to their villages just as soon as we get a chance to ship them out. And if their villages have been destroyed or lie in V.C. areas, well, then we'll turn them over to the Vietnamese refugee authorities and let them take care of them."

The Chulai camp lies on a sand dune bluff overlooking the blue ocean and a beautiful beach, where GI's can be seen riding on air mattresses in the surf and cooking barbecues. All day, low-flying jets, transports, gun ships (helicopters), and small Cessna spotters circle noisily overhead. The prisoners' compound itself consists of four barbed-wire enclosures known as "cages." In each cage the prisoners have built a small thatched roof structure faced on three sides by rattan matting to protect themselves from the sun and rain. Besides the prisoners, a latrine, and the sandy ground, there is nothing else inside the cages. At night the prisoners are given army cots on which

Continued on Page 16



SPOCK'S FLOCKS

BY BRUCE TOBIN

Once upon time, January 27th, 1968, in the great big empire called America, there was a parade of children. It was something like the Medieval Childrens Parade which came hundreds of years before. All the children in the neighborhood were asked to go to the parade.

"Are you going to the parade tomorrow, Freddy?" asked little Linda.

"I dunno," said Freddy shyly.

"I'm going to the Children Against The War Parade. Are you?" asked Pete grandly.

"Drop dead, you pinko commie," replied Bobby sternly.

You see, the army of the great big empire called America was fighting in a far away country called Vietnam. Now some of the people living in America did not like the army fighting in the far away land of Vietnam. They wanted the army brought back home safely to America. They wanted the army brought back immediately. But there were also a lot of people living in America who wanted the army to stay in the far away land. In fact, there were a whole lot of people who wanted the Army to stay right where it was. They liked the Army. They liked their country. They said: "The army is good." "The country is good." "The war is good." Good army. Good country. Good war.

Corinne's and Billy's father and mother were very busy helping to get everything ready for the big parade. It was the night before the parade, and all through the house, everyone was stirring, including the mouse who had formed his own anti-committee. He was going to march in an anti-urban renewal parade, because he was afraid that if there was urban renewal, there would be no place for all the mice to go.

Urban renewal? What a strange sounding word. "What is urban renewal, mommy?" asked cute Corinne.

"That is when they tear down all the dirty slums, and build nice clean new buildings in their place," answered Corinne's mother.

"Why?" asked bright Billy.

"Skip it," replied bright Billy's daddy, "it doesn't really matter."

And that was that. Meanwhile, cute Corinne's and bright Billy's industrious parents were working zealously at their endeavor towards a freer and more just society. "What?" "Skip it, it doesn't really matter."

Mommy and daddy were busy cutting out strips of tissue paper you wrap-up things in, not the kind of coloured tissue paper. They were using the kind you use when you go to the bathroom. After they finished cutting out the strips of tissue paper, they then wrote words on them with a marking crayon. They wrote: "Stop the War"

"Oh what fun" thought Corinne. "Can I write on the paper, mommy? Can I? Can I?" "You don't know how to write, honey" replied mommy. "But you can help cut out some more strips of paper." "Oh what fun." "Oh what fun."

The next day was Saturday, and it was the day of the big parade. Corinne and Billy were wide awake and dressed before anyone else in the house, including the mouse. After Mommy and Daddy got dressed, they all went to St. George's Church at 16th Street and Rutherford Place. When they arrived at the church, there were lots of other children and parents outside. There were little babies in their baby carriages, and little boys and girls clinging to their mommys, and children running hither and thither.

There were balloons with lots of writing on them. "Peace." "Love." "Spock." Oh, what a festive time it is, and look . . . there are lollipops Yummy-yummy. There is Mr. Goodman. He is one of the grown-up in charge of the parade. He is speaking. He is speaking to a reporter. The reporter is writing. Let us listen to what he is saying to the reporter.

" . . . mainly to bring to the neighborhood the plight of Dr. Spock. As a doctor, he's against the war because"



"Mommy, what does outer . . . outeragous mean? "It means . . . it means . . . They're not nice people Sally. Don't listen to them."

There is the reporter again. He is still writing. He is still asking questions. Do all reporters always ask questions? Why? Now he is asking that soldier a question. What is the question he asked the soldier? The soldier is speaking. What is the soldier saying?

" . . . Not much. I'm not impressed. I have different opinions than they do. As for the children, it speaks for itself. They're just having a good time. Balloons and all."

Here we are in front of the Public Health Station. We are now going to turn in our 'Daft Cards.' It says on them: "Pre Injection Daft Card. Children Against the War. Name . . ."

Mr. Goodman is speaking again. He is speaking into a portable microphone. Shhhh. "Now this box . . . this box filled with the kid's daft cards, will be presented to Dr. Spock with love . . . with love to Dr. Spock on Monday night at the rally. Now we're going to march to the church . . . St. Mark's, where the kids will tell us what they think of the draft."

March, march, march. Here we are. We are at St. Mark's In The Bowery Church.

"The children will now tell us what they think of the war. Anyone who wants to come up and say something . . . come on up. Here is someone. What's your name?"

"Tracy."

"And what do you want to say about the war?"

"I don't want Dr. Spock to be killed."

"Good girl . . . good girl. That's beautiful."

"My name is David, and I'm against the war because everybody . . . no one will get hurt."

"Beautiful . . . Wasn't that beautiful. Any more children?"

"My name is George. Well, first of all . . . there's a lot of killing. A lot of money wasted. A lot of mothers don't like their kids lying down in some other country getting killed."

"Jonathan's my name. Well, it's not doing our country any good. So if you don't want your sisters, ancestors, uncles, getting killed. **LET'S DO SOMETHING.**"

Here is cute Corinne. What is she going to say? Listen.

"Because everybody killing each other . . . and . . . and . . . there's less people around."

"My name is Gregory. First of all, I don't like killing other people, and other people don't like killing other people."

What is that man behind us saying? He is shouting:

"DIRTY COCKSUCKERS! YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF LITTLE COCKSUCKERS! A BUNCH OF ANIMALS! I FOUGHT WORLD WAR TWO FOR YOU COCKSUCKERS!"

Then the angry man went over to the police car, and he and the policeman laughed. They laughed very loud and long.

"What does cocksucker mean, mommy?"



"Are all doctor's against the war?" asked bright Billy.

"Shhhh, I can't hear Mr. Goodman" answered Daddy.

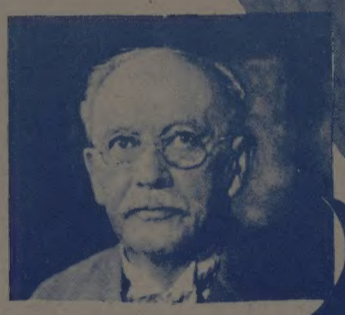
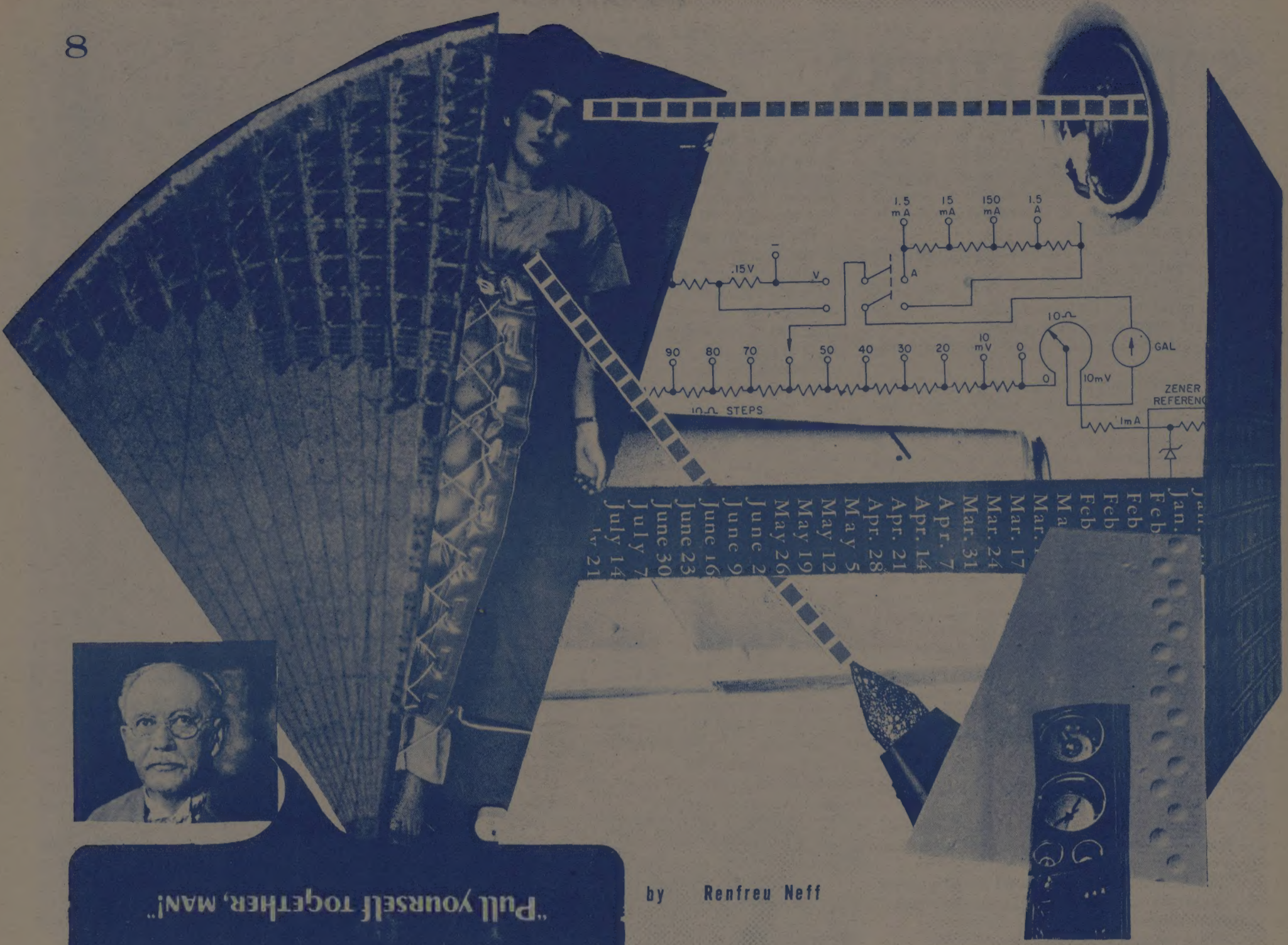
" . . . so he's against the war because it means killing of young men and people in general. We want to get his views across to the neighborhood. We're linking up the natural thing, which is Dr. Spock and children . . . which of course is close to the mothers in the neighborhood, because of so many children brought up under Dr. Spock's tutelage."

"What is Mr. Goodman saying, daddy? What does he mean? I don't understand him" said bright Billy.

It is time to march. We are going to march all the way to East 3rd Street. We are going to march to the Public Health Center there. When we get there, we will turn in our 'Daft Cards.' We will put our 'Daft Cards' in a pretty pink and blue box with fancy ribbons. Then Mr. Goodman, and some of the older people will give it to Dr. Spock on Monday night at the meeting for the grown-ups. They are going to give the box of 'Daft Cards' to Dr. Spock "with love from the children against the war." "Oh, I wish I were old enough to go to the grown-up rally" said Jonathan sadly. "It sounds like so much fun."

We are marching to 3rd Street. March, march, march. Look at the people standing on the sidewalk. They are looking at us. They are talking to us. They are saying: "Here come the Hippies." "Outrageous." "Simply outrageous." "Look at the Hippies."





"Pull Yourself Together, Man!"

by Renfreu Neff

The *New York Times* of December 27, 1967 headlined: **TON OF MARIJUANA SEIZED AT BORDER** and followed up with the report:

"The Treasury Department announced today the largest recorded seizure of marijuana—about 2000 pounds, worth \$2,000,000, taken by customs officers at Calexico, California."

A couple of days later a local radio station carried the bulletin that 600 pounds of marijuana, worth a quarter of a million dollars retail, had been seized in a raid in New York City.

Because of the anxiety, uncertainty, and all-purpose chaos of our times, a climate has evolved in which we take comfort in the security blankets of mathematical manipulation, otherwise known as statistics. If the world seems to be falling apart, statistics suggest that beneath the rubble lies a solid foundation of information that is measurable, calculable, and maybe—on a good day when the pollution index isn't terribly aggressive—even predictable. If, for example, we learn that in 1959 the sisal crop of the Yucatan peninsula was an estimated 148,881 metric tons of fibre and that, according to the official estimate of 1960, there were about 1400 camels in Lebanon, we can calculate from other data given that about fifty percent of the world's supply of sisal comes from Mexico, and we can then go on to predict that Lebanese camels will possibly enjoy a population explosion above and beyond their admirable performance of eight years ago.

Statistics, like religion, inspire faith, trust, and confidence; they ring of authority, swing the majority, and take priority. And as with religion, the only ones who question such information are those who actually know something about the subject.

Which brings us up to the credibility gap of grass and how the math of marijuana is manipulated to nourish its myth.

Arithmetic is not one of my strong points—I can tell a good "count" from a short one, but that's about it—so rather than worry with long-dividing the Given Information, I'll do a "times" and carry-the-six sort of thing, come at it that way, and leave the credibility gaping.

A quick check of Webster's Table of Weights and Measures confirms that there are, indeed, 2000 pounds in a ton—provided, of course, it's a **short ton**, or a 20 short hundred-

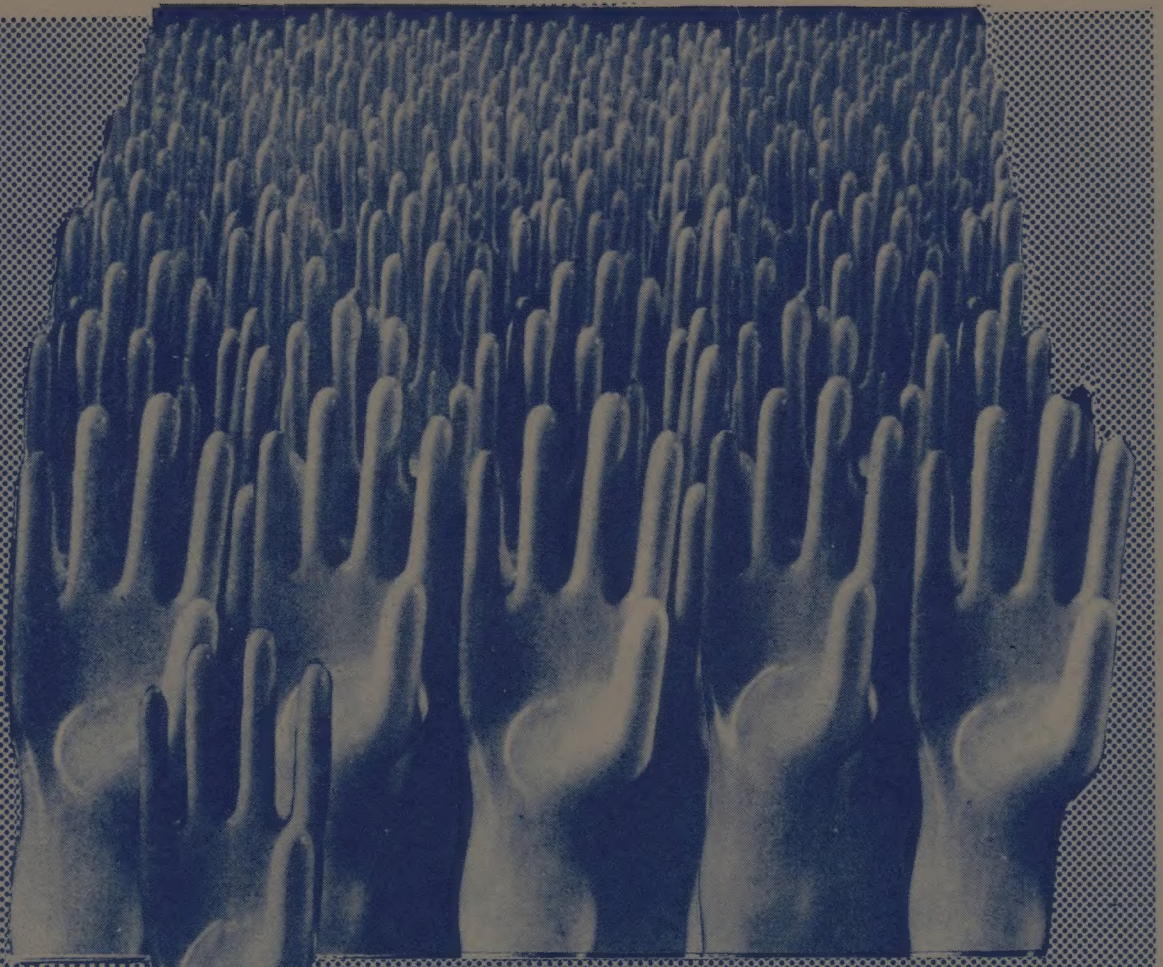
MYTH - MATH

weight, and not a **long ton**, or 20 long hundredweight, which would be 2240 pounds. I'm just assuming that the six men arrested in Calexico convinced the Treasury Department that what they were transporting was "dynamite" and that they had cleaned it, and that's why it was a "short" ton. It's also much easier to work with a lot of zeroes. Checking further on, I find that my recollection of sixteen ounces equalling one pound still holds true, although for some reasons it seems that apothecaries in Troy cut a pound into only twelve ounces—an excellent argument for making the stuff available by prescription.

Now we have 32,000 ounces of grass, each of which, if rumour and casual word-of-mouth gossip can be believed, has an average value of twenty dollars in New York City and less than half of that on the West coast where, the legend goes, transportation expenses from Mexico are minimal. Somehow the fact emerges that the **maximum** "retail" value of that ton of grass would in reality be about \$640,000—if it arrived **in toto** and **uncut** in New York City. By the same calculations, the second bust that netted 600 pounds "worth a quarter of a million dollars" had a maximum retail value of \$192,000, an even more valid figure since it was already in Fun City.

The difference between "\$2,000,000" and \$640,000 in the first case and "a quarter of a million dollars" and \$192,000 in the second must not be construed as an attempt to make the mass media the scapegoat for the credibility gap, nor must we impulsively accuse the *New York Times* of irresponsible journalism. If these reported figures are correct, if \$640,000 worth of grass is really worth \$2,000,000 and if \$192,000 worth can bring in a quarter of a million dollars, it simply confirms what most of us have been saying for a long time—it's high time the federal government passed some strong anti-oregano legislation and placed stop-gaps on the national condiments interests. Some smokers have already been spotted with a "psychic addiction" to tarragon, and sage inhalation is getting to others. A friend of mine reports knowing someone who has a fifty dollar-a-month sweet basil habit. Thyme kills. Future generations of marjoram babies—

The seasoning monopolies must be busted!



Shako 'em up tonight!

by Jerry Rubin

Ramblings from the stratosphere/scratches on my brain while insane/thanks to chemistry/all rationalized from memory and put into better (or worse) language days later:

*** We of the white middle class are not children of violence. But increasingly, day by day we are becoming the enemies of a system whose basic means of control is violence, or the threat of violence. One never knows if he is going to return from a demonstration anymore with his precious head in one piece.

Doesn't it follow that the larger our movement becomes, the greater our threat, the more likely it will be that we are going to die? When we speak of revolution, do we realize that we are talking about our own skins, our own lives? Is America going to let us humanize her without a bloody fight? Why are we white middle-classes any different than the blacks or the Vietnamese?

In this sense Che is more powerful dead than alive. His death demonstrates to us that if we want change, we are going to have to risk our own lives. When does the revolution begin? When does one get a gun? Blow up a draft board? When guerrilla war breaks out in the city, and cops and blacks start shooting, are we going to hide, or are we going to take sides?

Have words, arguments, debates ever settled a struggle for power? Even if our offensive tactics are non-violent, what are we going to do when the police come to take us away, or when they brutality attack us during demonstrations? . . . think about it.

*** Today our war is symbolic—theatrical. We are trying to take the charm, the mystery, the prestige out of their symbols. Once the symbol has lost its myth, America has lost her power to command authority. Everything up for grabs.

The campus demonstrations have zonked the myth of the university as a sacred place.

The draft actions have laid bare the draft as an arm of brute force.

The Pentagon spectacular dramatized the Pentagon as a place where one should piss, smoke pot, and scratch on the wall: "Che Lives!"

And next August comes the National Democratic Convention in Chicago . . . yippee! yippee!! yippee!!!

*** America has lost her myth. Myths make history. American institutions lack ideals. America is old, tired and fuzzy, and today she represents guns, napalm, and money. America offers us nothing to believe in, nothing to get excited about.

The only exciting thing around is anti-Americanism. The revolution is generational. The war is between the young and the old. Not a psychological conflict a la Freud, but a historical-generational conflict. The young who inherited America feel no responsibility to defend her irrationality and insanity. We want to create our own insanity!

It is not a mechanical matter of age. Bertrand Russell is a leader of the youth movement, and he's in his 90's. "Don't trust anyone over 30" should now read "Don't trust anyone over 34"—it is now four years later. Every generation should look to the youngest generation for leadership, because it is the youngest generation which is the most directly and emotionally affected by society's repression.

The younger you are, the clearer is your head. The healthiest society is the one which lets the youngest people make all the decisions. The young should teach the old, not vice versa. I'm certain that 16-year-olds and 18-year-olds should vote; I don't know about people over 40.

The youth have polarized America. When a kid grows up and looks at the horizon, various images come to mind . . . the military . . . Harvard . . . the corporation . . . Madison Avenue . . . Berkeley. Each word carries its own meaning.

Our life style has boomed its way into every home, and every kid today has a choice. If he lets his hair grow, begins to take dope, and laughs at the war, he has joined the youth revolution.

A romantic, cultural youth movement is a greater threat to the stability of America than is any political movement or ideology.

*** We are creating an alternative culture. The media, whether or not they like us, sensationalizes and romanticizes that culture and, through the magic of television, carries it into every home. The effect is massive.

How would Marx have rewritten his books if he had known about television! Wow! The Marxists who don't incorporate television into their theories of social change are like visitors from the 19th century.

Television has outmoded books, ideologies, speeches, and conventional education. Television has made theater and action the major mediums of learning in America today.

The long-hairs have become a new minority in America: a visual minority. Our communication is through theater, through action. We confront America from the defensive position of building our own culture and community, with our music, press, values myths and legends.

*** It's a regional as well as a generational revolution. Certainly it is a hell of a lot easier to build a new cultural alternative in California than it is in New York. New advances come where you have a base, a home . . . think of all the things that have come first out of California and then like shock waves have hit the country . . .

The HUAC demonstrations, the rock music, the first underground papers, the peace candidates, the Resistance, the first official anti-war third party, the hippies, the diggers, the dances, the Mime Troupe, and the first flowering of communities where our morality and values are dominant; where the "straight society" is suspected.

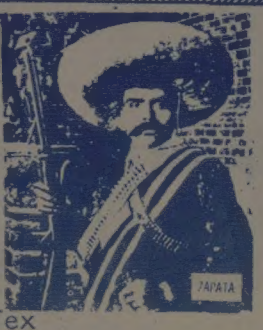
It is where one is in the majority super-confident that one begins to imagine the audacious and advance into the unknown. "California" to us means not Ronald Rea-

Continued on Page 19

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"Intellect is despised and neglected"

—The House of Intellect

By Jacques Barzun

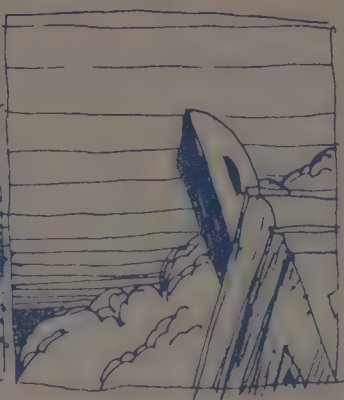
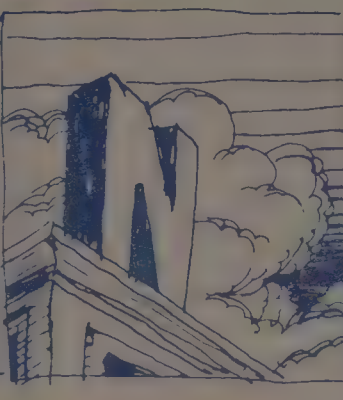
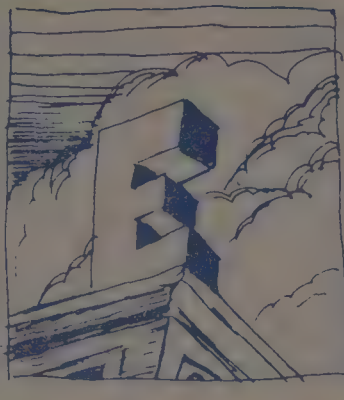
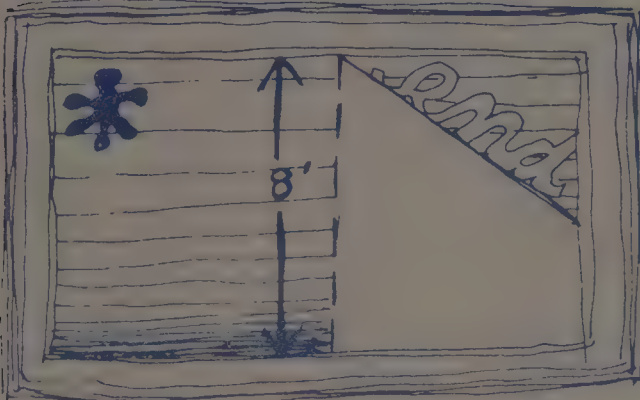
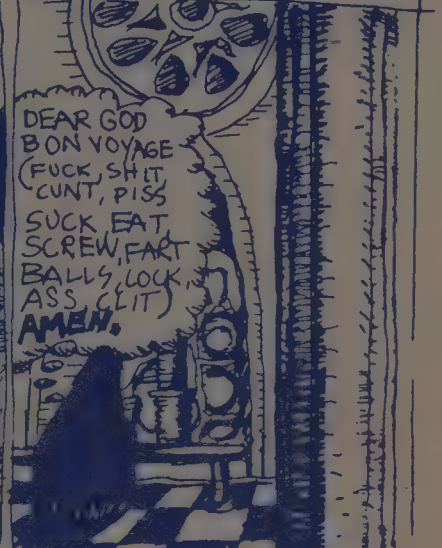
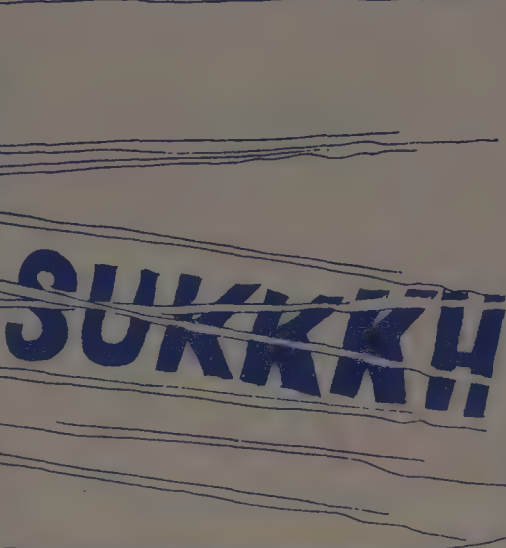
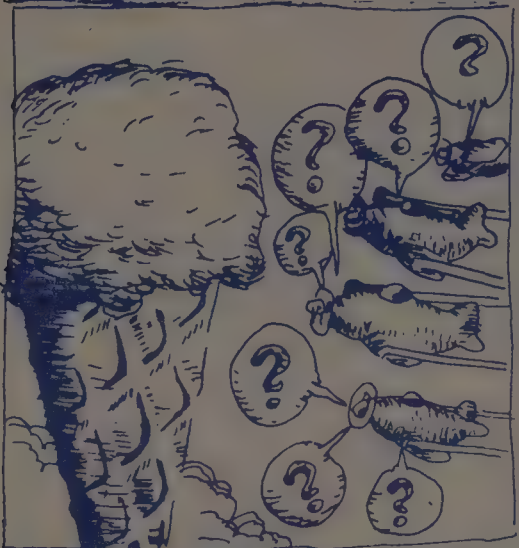
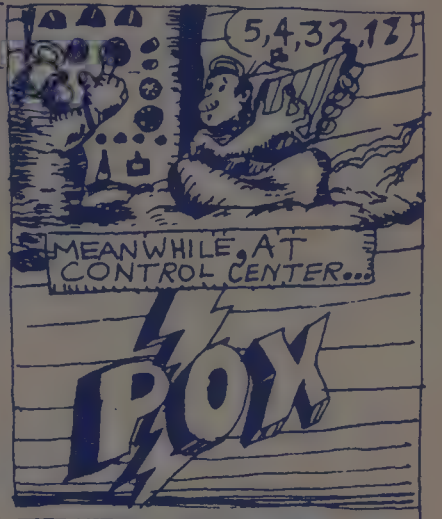
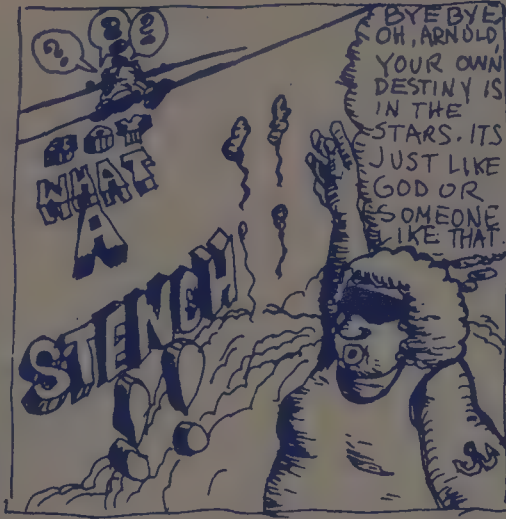
"I have attempted to define what a less considerable body of Negroes have thought and expressed on a less analytic and articulate level" In pursuit of this definitive alignment with a noblesse oblige approach of iconoclasm, the author has truly opened Pandora's box in a severe critical re-assessment of the black intellectual, whom he lays bare in an unfortunate truth. The evolution of this study in critical yet sympathetic dialectics is indeed long overdue. This service performed should initiate a dialogue for a more self critical advance, when there has been none. The politics of culture in this society and its understanding quite obviously is, and has been, a dim mirage to the black intellectual who residually suffers from the American malaise. The structural content-intent of this critical plethora is bluntly "the handwriting on the wall." *Epater le Bourgeois* or rather, "telling it like it is," in this case comes off as a scathing reconstruction by a critic of power instead of a power associate. At the same time the argument of truth in context serves as an unimpeachable freedom few men achieve. Therefore, the serviceability of such a work that is rooted in a real crisis, is or should be a succinct terminal point for those who consider themselves "intellectuals" beyond the "cogito ergo sum" factor.

Since intellectualism is fundamentally an introverted function of the mind and is wedded to alienation with all of its hang-ups and greater responsibilities, the author airs his deduced views in a market place of sociological reflection as a documented compendium by stating that "these ideas are expressed in many different ways but, because of the fact that the American Negro exists under the dominating persuasion of the Great American Ideal, the philosophy of these Negroes has not been allowed the dignity of acceptance as an ethnic conception of reality." The passionate ideal of intellectual self determination by blacks is an exploration seldom, if ever ventured into. This work is then an intellectual citizen's arrest by the author and an indictment by a black of the entire American anti-intellectual atmosphere from which few, if any black Americans have any voice, save those singular culture-heroes whose power is ultimately appointed. However this black on black and white portrait is a clear mirror of historical paralysis and denial that reflects this crisis. Intellectualism then is a game of critical and wound opening homework for the serious mind at work. And in this case it is not committed to optimism.

This work synthesizes black intellectual thinking for over some sixty odd years. It is divided into areas of six periods which are unfortunately only separated by roman numerals with sub-individual titles as thematic guides leading into a malestrom of the author's un-neutralized iconic sensibility. Harold Cruse is dangerous because he writes with a careful and critical absorption. Cruse's intellectual orientation is admittedly from the C. Wright Mills concept of power, and the power struggle which he adapts in a seeming purge of his own now disavowed Marxian dialectics. Yet his entire scheme is a dialectical reformation, from which he has again synthesized the context of the black intellectual through documentation. In most cases his documentations are exact in content, but as in the case of the NEW SCHOOL-Harlem Writers conference of Spring 1965 these dialogues he refers to as "distorted" are further distorted by his poor consideration that all of the names mentioned did not just sit down in some large auditorium and have a gabfest. This conference covered a three day period with roughly nine panels of special intent. Though diatribe did permeate throughout this weekend, what could have been a "shooting match" remained a "shouting match." Some of us did manage to survive . . . and not too easily. Aside from this and a niagara of issues and real disenchantments, the author exposes the inner layers of



Did anyone Fart? *alanschmoo* Take Off



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JULES FREEMOND
by
Pop, Rock & Jelly

Pop music is like some monster Moby Dick; it seems eager to eat up every musical idiom just to change them all into shit. After maybe two years of psychedelic, "raga" rock, we're left with the remains of hundreds of teenage rock bands stranded on the shores of New Jersey, playing with feedback noise and nothing, whole tone scale exercises on sitars, open tuned guitars, and the new, improved (easy to play) electric sitar from Coral electronics.

For a while, it looked as if the next big "pop" sound would be electric blues: the amplified, hard driving sound of Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf that grew up in Chicago during the 40's. Paul Butterfield was making it nationally, audiences at the Fillmore were grooving to Chuck Berry with Steve Miller, and most of the white Chicago blues bands had split for the west coast while local San Francisco groups were beginning to work in the new, urban blues style.

Well, times change, and it looks like the blues still ain't about to make it big at WMCA. Dylan went to Nashville for that touch of authentic country and western (C&W) sound on his new LP, and Flatt and Scruggs have just put out an album of Dylan hits. A recently successful single called "Georgia Pines" was done by the Candymen — former C&W star Roy Orbison's sidemen. And on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley, the boys have taken to wearing spurs on their pointy toe cowboy boots. It begins to look like the C&W sound is already slouching toward 57th street, waiting to be born.

But there's still an audience for blues in New York, and as long as there is, clubs like the Cafe Au Go Go can continue to book major talent. James Cotton is major talent. Now, in his early thirties, he left Arkansas as a kid to work in Memphis with people like B.B., King and Sonny Boy Williamson. In 1957, he went north to Chicago and, after scuffling around for a while, wound up playing harp, harmonica and singing with Muddy Waters' various bands all over the West side.

He's playing through this weekend on a double bill with Blood, Sweat & Tears at the Au Go Go. With a quartet featuring Alberto Gianquinto on piano, Luther Tucker on guitar, Robert Anderson on bass and Frances Clay on drums, Cotton has developed a band that is capable of moving from a slow, churning, "Something On Your Mind," to the hard, insistent, almost Gospel like drive of "Turn On Your Lovelight."

On his first recording as a leader, "Chicago/The Blues Today" (Vol. 2), done for Vanguard several years ago, Cotton was featured with a trio doing a delta influenced electric blues. Today he is much harsher . . . grittier . . . more urban: a difference in tone as well as in choice of songs. He opened his set last Friday by coming on stage in the middle of the third number—after the band had warmed up and Tucker had a chance to show off his incredibly fast slide guitar.

Singing "I got a job in a steel mill . . . truckin' steel like a Swede" with his voice going up and up . . . breaking, and then falsetto; the audience taking it all in . . . beginning to groove. He does "Driving Wheel" against Tucker's fast and hard guitar—a fantastic amount of texture from such a small group. And all this time, Cotton singing . . . shouting . . . playing long, long notes that explode into fast runs on the harp—holding it tight into the mike while Clay does a fast shuffle with a complicated eight beat figure behind him on drums.

When he starts "Something On Your Mind," the audience is screaming—oh, yeahhhh. And he stands there, big and heavy, hair conked back and sweating through his shirt; he isn't good tonight, he's perfect. This is what the people came for, spent four or five dollars for, and he's giving it to them straight. He does "Good Time Charlie" pacing around the stage. Something was the matter with the piano mike and he is joking about it. Finally, it's fixed and Gianquinto begins to play beautiful, delicate, almost rag time figures

"Turn on your life light, baby . . ." He stops bouncing around, goes, down on his knees. "Let it shine on me . . . I'm down on my knees, let it shine on me . . .", gets up and then off the stage, walking around in the audience . . . still singing—and the crowd is breaking up: shouting, clapping, standing up to see him. On and on—circling around, then back on the stage and off again—no mike, jumping up and down, singing, clapping his hands with the audience, shouting "she's my baby and everything's all right." At Big John's in Chicago, (the Northside blues club where Butterfield started) Cotton would sometimes take the mike and go outside onto the sidewalk still singing—the band onstage and the audience trying to see what was going on.

But Cotton isn't just some black entertainer out to give white audiences an emotional release and make a buck. He's a disciplined blues performer whose roots lie as deep in Southern gospel and blues as in the steel mills of Southside Chicago. On his new LP, "James Cotton Blues Band" (Verve/Folkways), he uses the group he is now working with, but with Sam Lay on drums. To this was added two trombones, two baritone saxes, tenor sax and trumpet.

It is interesting to compare Cotton's big band album with the live set that Blood, Sweat & Tears did that night at the AuGoGo. Both groups use a brass and reed section along side an

THEATRE

by Allan C Edmands

The New Negro Ensemble (performing in repertory at St. Marks Theatre, 133 Second Ave.) is exceptional in that it has sought deliberately to become institutional; it has brought black theatre out of the basements and school auditoriums of the underground into the established Off-Broadway circuit. A well-established theatre for black people, explains artistic director Douglas Turner Ward, is the chief goal of the Ensemble. "We can't wait for any postrevolutionary Golden Age . . . there has to be a place NOW where Negroes can control and examine their own possibilities in theatre."

Indeed, the Ensemble has provided the one place where blacks can be employed in professional theatre on a permanent basis. For example, all members of the active company receive regular (and identical) salaries, and each has the security of a yearly contract. Also, the Ensemble has established workshops where eighty members receive free professional training. Here members can acquire a thorough background in all conventional aspects of the theatre craft.

At the same time the Ensemble finds it important to bring quality theatre to black audiences, for, according to the company, what could be more natural than to want to do theatre in front of their own people? But, as Ward sees it, although black people already have the cultural forms, they are not habitual theatregoers; and "they do not see that they are lacking by the absence of theatre." To combat this problem the Ensemble attempts to reach a non-review-reading public through community organizations and by word-of-mouth; it offers group rates and discount tickets (20,000 in Harlem for example); and for those unaccustomed to calling in reservations, it leaves large blocks of seats unreserved.

But the company doesn't want to be just a community theatre: "we are not self-consciously black, we have no problems about our identity, we just ARE." Segregation is not their goal. Indeed, there seems not a chance that it will be segregated—unless it's all white. The audiences have been at least 75% white—probably due to somewhat extravagant establishment publicity, general ticket prices of \$4.00, and perhaps location; (although two years ago at the same theatre when it was still underground Ward's DAY OF ABSENCE played to a house 50% black).

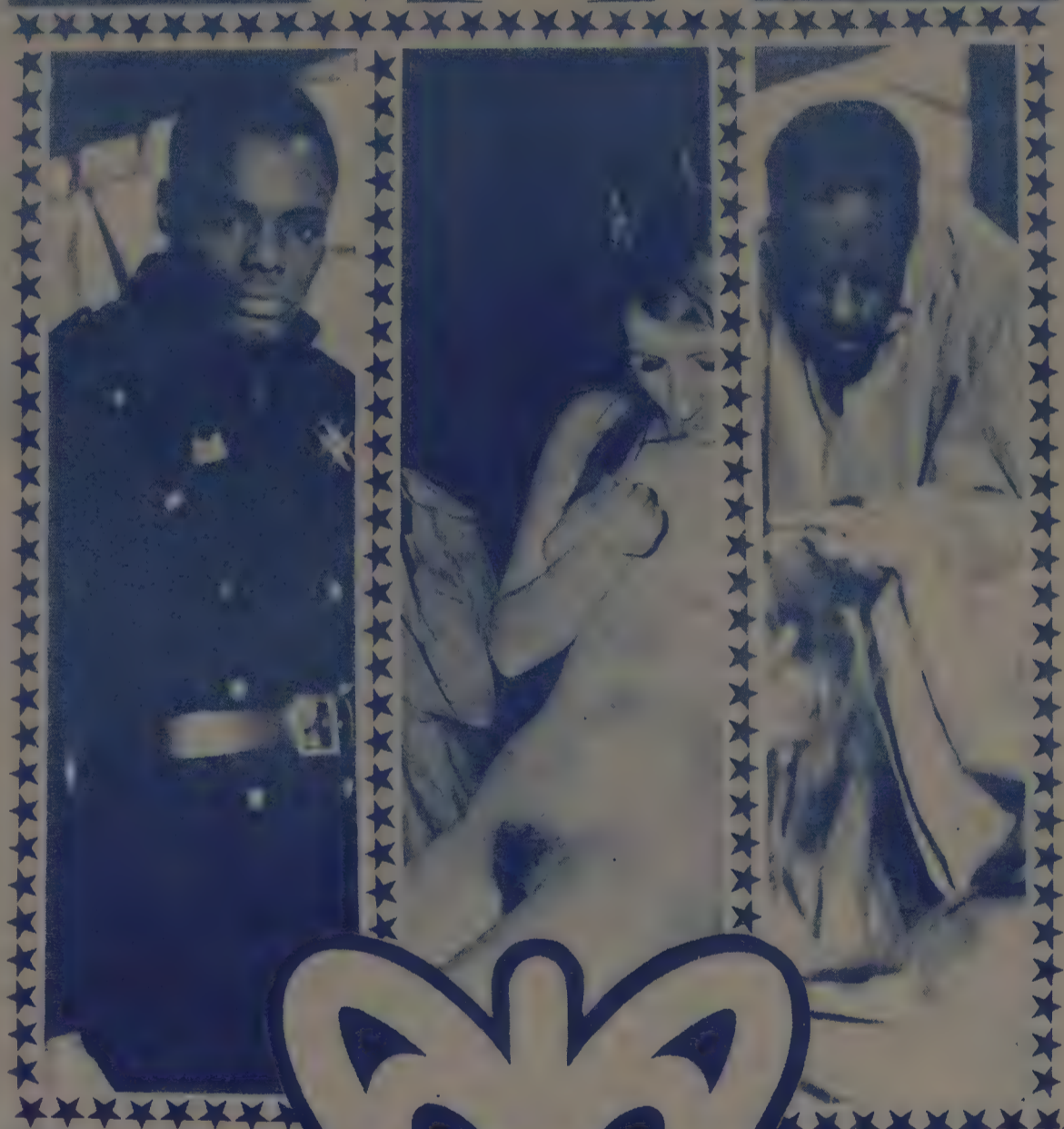
But despite the connotations of "establishment" necessarily associated with an Off-Broadway theatre attended primarily by whites (mostly middle class at that), the Ensemble wants to produce only plays whose subjects have relevance to the black experience. Ward sums up this experience with one word, "repression." But he emphasizes that repression is not an isolated black phenomenon; thus the plays needn't always deal specifically with black people.

The other major requirement for a play is that it be produced as a total experience—in order to communicate meaningfully to those who, through a lack of exposure to theatre, are not accustomed to analyzing the particulars of a production. The current Ensemble production, SONG OF LUSITANIAN BOGEY by Peter Weiss, is a play about Portugal's enslavement of Angola. An imposing monstrous machine with a steam shovel jaw is the single set piece. A jazz combo drones while the actors sing their lines as in opera. The text is almost exclusively statistical propaganda or information. But it is difficult or impossible to isolate the effects of the various elements. The total effect is overwhelming; repression is made real for everybody.

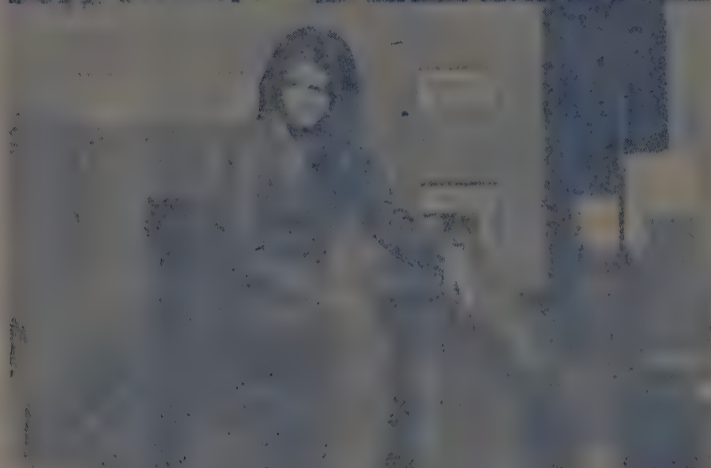
Finally, a theatre without alienation, Ward believes, is one of the most significant *raison d'être* of the New Negro Ensemble. This is usually more possible for black artists and audiences than for white ones. Whites feel such a great need to apologize. It is so hard for them to be positive or forthright . . . Everyone knows they have so little left with which one can sympathize.

★

Cooper Square Arts Theatre (35 Cooper Square or Bowery at E. 6th St.) is currently producing two shorts to standing-room-only crowds. They are Burton Snyder's THE PENALTY FOR BEING SLOW and Ed Wode's CHRISTMAS TURKEY, and certainly the latter play is the greater attraction. The reason is that the Christmas turkey is an entirely naked female human being bottomless and topless, and I don't believe that had been done before on the American stage. The production survived the first few nights last weekend without legal injunction, and Wode's "operational paranoia" is relaxing. When Charlotte Moorman, topless cellist of recent fame, called Wode last Monday for reservations, she informed him that the penal code has been revised to tolerate topless and bottomless performers of "legitimate art"—whatever that is. TURKEY is not a peep



SLUMGODDESS



POP, ROCK & JELLY

Continued from Page 14

amplified rhythm section. With Cotton, the sound is dense and funky, very heavy in the lower registers because of the baritone-trombone-tenor voicing. The writing and arranging are primarily blues oriented—the band sounding at times like a cross between a Ray Charles touring band and an old Count Basie chart. Cotton functions as a traditional blues shouter over a brass choir that tends to either play riffs or long chords. There are some brilliant solos, but they are on guitar and piano. Though the drumming seems somewhat stiff and the writing tends to use the brass for comping—as an extension of the pianist's left hand, it still remains a very exciting record.

Blood, Sweat & Tears is also exciting: live, they can almost blow you off your feet. Organized by Al Kooper and Steve Katz after leaving the Blues Project, the group features Kooper on organ, Katz on rhythm and lead guitar, bass, drums, trombone, two trumpets and alto sax. Besides being a good organist with a deep feeling for blues and jazz, Kooper has a surprisingly effective and honest voice.

The band is very tight, with nice arrangements and a bright, clean sound—very Basie at times. The charts sometimes have nice lines for the brass—as in a fugue section in the first number—but the writing still tends to use them for riffing behind Katz' or Kooper's solos. The groups best work is probably in blues and blues oriented material; the more obviously pop things seem unfocused—a cross between Kenton and Motown. Make no mistake however, the band is a gas and should be heard if you're at all into jazz or blues. Their first LP, "Child is Father to the Man," and a single, "House in the Century," should be out in the next few weeks. They close at the AuGoGo at the end of this month to tour winding up at the Fillmore. They should go over very well there, along with Butterfield's new band and Bloomfield's Electric Flag. The big bands might come back yet . . . even in cowboy boots.

iceland

Continued from Page 4

of miles above the Arctic Circle with a family of Lapps. But that's another story . . .

black, black soot of home, but as soon as I do I've got a fur piece to go before I see the weeks living in the middle of a forest hundreds I'll fall by. I thought I could make it for a few days over Christmas but, the best laid plans . . .

Until, then, I'll keep in touch.
Love from

LORRAINE

P.S. I dig being a foreign correspondent.

prisoners

Continued from Page 6

to sleep. In the daytime these are stacked neatly outside, the cages near the cooking area, into which the prisoners are brought three times a day in two shifts to cook their own meals over an open fire. The army provides dried meat, onion soup, tomato juice, and Texas long grain rice. The reasoning behind this bizarre bill of fare is unclear. The fact that it was not Vietnamese left the sergeant undisturbed.

"Since these people like American chow," he said, "there is no sweat. We treat these peo-

Continued on Page 17

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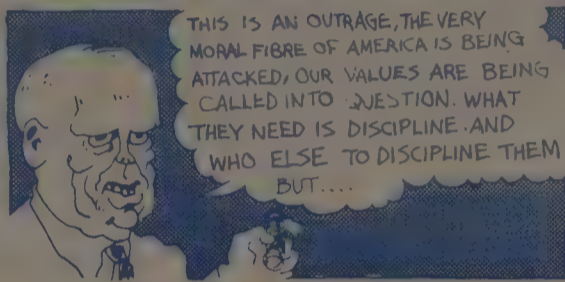
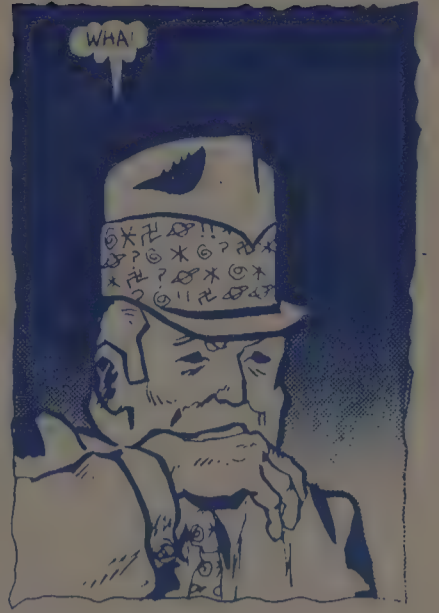
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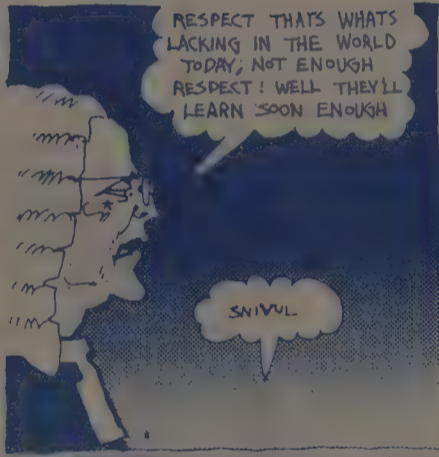
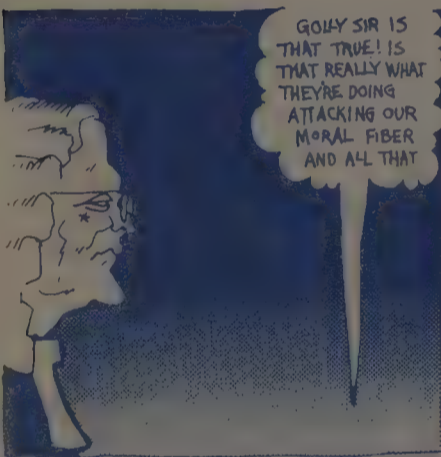
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intriguing fun approach to meeting single people."

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 M Rodriguez



DISCIPLINARIAN



prisoners

Continued from Page 16

ple like human beings, not animals."

The camp medic hastened to add, "You know, some folks really cry when they have to leave here. (This was said to me on numerous occasions during the next two days.) We give them four squares a day and all the pills they can eat. And we try and show them the American way of life so that when they go back to their villages..."

He trailed off, not knowing exactly how to finish his sentence. Outside the office the new arrivals were squatting in the sand up against a barbed-wire fence. They had removed their sandbag hods. There were six women and several extremely young looking males. They sat listlessly looking up at the bare-chested Americans towering over them. No one talked. Their faces showed no trace of any kind of feeling.

Inside, the briefing continued: There were 141 people imprisoned at the camp. Chulai POWC is the collection point for Vietnamese "detained" in the area of operations of Task Force Oregon. In some areas and on some military operations only people with weapons are picked up and brought in. In other areas where there are known or suspected hostile forces, everyone is picked up and brought in. This includes the aged, women, and children. There are no systematic rules for determining who will be a "detainee." The decision is left up to the field commander's judgment. I asked several people to explain the difference between a *refugee* and a *detainee*. Most of those asked assumed that words were somehow self-explanatory. But none of them could systematically articulate the difference.

Like so many other terms in the Vietnam War lexicon, these words are adopted out of

administrative necessity, although they may have very little relation to reality. In Vietnam the situation is very different from any previous war situation in which there have been *detainees* and *refugees*: every Vietnamese in the field is potentially hostile. Yet the army needs categories to handle and process these people efficiently even if the categories do not accurately describe the people involved. Every Vietnamese encountered with U.S. forces must fit into one of the previously determined categories. The words *refugee* and *detainee* are really words without meaning. They bring with them old meanings which are irrelevant as designation for the people they are describing. For instance, both *detainees* and *refugees* are generated by U.S. and ARVN forces as they move through the countryside on operations destroying villages. These people are not fleeing Communism. They are forced to leave by an invading army. Their designation usually depends on a hasty battlefield decision. It is their decision which makes a person a *refugee* or *detainee*. Often a suspect is questioned briefly in the field by a team of ARVN interrogators. But under combat conditions this intelligence-gathering can become extremely indiscriminate and brutal. The emphasis is on getting quick information which may save American lives as the operation moves on. Torture and intimidation are common. After this field interrogation, any villager who is still suspect is bound, blindfolded, and taken back to Chulai to be questioned at greater length and then finally classified. Until this time he is treated just like a prisoner, since there is no way to ascertain whether a *detainee* is hostile or friendly. He is guilty until proven innocent; then if found innocent he suddenly becomes a *refugee*. As one colonel in J2 (intelligence) at the Saigon Pentagon put it, "Our job concerns us with the intelligence we can get so that we can take

a hill or save a life — this is our interest. But we do respect the dignity of others and treat them in a humane Christian manner. But you mustn't forget that there is a war going on out here."

At Chulai, 52 out of the 127 prisoners (not including the 59 new arrivals) were designated as IC's. Throughout all of Vietnam 65 per cent of all detainees finally prove to be IC's. In other words, two out of three suspects brought in from the field are innocent. There are only two other possible designations besides IC; PW (Prisoner of War) and CD (Civil Defendant). North Vietnamese regulars, Viet Cong, or any other person who has committed an act against a *friendly force* is designated as a PW. But an average of only 7 per cent of all detainees prove to be PW's. These prisoners are turned over to Vietnamese Army-run PW camps, of which there are now six with a capacity of over 10,000. One camp which is under construction on Phuquoc Island on the Cambodian border will have a capacity of 20,000 when finished. These camps are technically built according to Geneva Convention specifications, and the inmates are theoretically under the jurisdiction of the Treatment of Prisoners of War section of that convention. But because it is extremely difficult to gain access to these camps on anything more than a short formal tour, it is impossible to be certain of what conditions in them are really like.

The third possible designation for a detainee is CD. This is the vaguest and most poorly defined of the three categories. Officially someone who is suspected of being a "spy, saboteur, or terrorist" comes under this category. But actually it is a convenient designation for anyone about whom the interrogation teams cannot make up their minds. These unfortunates fall into a limbo category. Since they have not committed a belligerent act against a friendly

prisoners

Continued from Page 17

army they cannot be classified as PW's and therefore do not fall under the protection of the Geneva Convention. They are treated as criminal or political prisoners and thrown into local provincial jails, which are under the jurisdiction of the national police. Treatment is rough, and conditions are indescribably squalid. Such prisons are prime targets for raiding Viet Cong units. For instance, on Aug. 29 the Viet Cong hit the capital city of Quangngai Province and sprang the local jail, freeing 1200 prisoners, many of whom were CD's. A national average of 28 per cent of all detainees are finally designated as CD. During the time I was at the Chulai camp, 30 out of 141 fell into this category.

In a situation where every Vietnamese is potentially hostile, the United States, as the figures suggest, is forced to the desperate tactic of picking up vast numbers of questionable cases. A large number of civilians are simply shot in the field by scared trigger-happy GI's who have learned that it is risky business to trust any Vietnamese, especially any Vietnamese near or in a combat area. Of course, any dead Vietnamese is conveniently considered VC, thereby raising the unit's enemy KIA (Killed in Action) body count, the summa of progress in Vietnam. As one enlisted man in Duchpho District, Quangngai Province, said, "Anything dead that's not white is VC."

For instance, on an operation a unit may take sniper fire from the direction of a village. This is sufficient justification for calling in an air strike and wiping out part or all of the village. (The casualness with which Americans put air strikes on "suspected enemy positions" is disturbing.) The Vietnamese have learned to build bunkers under their huts for just that eventuality. But when the ground forces finally do move into what is left of the village, anyone who is caught hiding in a bunker is automatically treated with great suspicion. He or she is usually detained.

In the month of June 10,000 Vietnamese were detained. In July the figure rose to 15,000. Only 2.5 per cent of the July detainees were finally designated as PW's. This is a very small return and a very large catch. In the last six months in I Corps, where combat had been most intense, this mass detention of tens of thousands of people and the attendant disruption of rural life have created a critical but largely ignored social problem. These people are taken forcibly from their farms (which are usually burned), separated from their families, and taken to collection centers like Chulai to await interrogation and designation. Frequently they are moved again because of overcrowded facilities. It often takes weeks for a detainee to be finally declared innocent and released. Then he is usually released into one of the badly overcrowded refugee camps. A military police spokesman in Saigon from the Plans and Policy branch, when asked what effect he thought this mass detention was having on "winning the hearts and minds of the people," merely said, "Bringing in so many people is just a problem which is necessarily inherent in this type war. But it has not yet been presented as a problem area."

For the detainee it IS a "problem area." At Chulai, no one had told any of the prisoners or detainees with whom I talked why they had been picked up. I talked to several Innocent Civilians who had no idea why they were being held, and had not even been told that in fact they had already been designated as IC's and were only waiting to be transported to refugee centers. The Americans seemed totally oblivious of this piteous information gap. It was blandly assumed that somehow these small, unintelligible yellow-skinned people were different, that they could live anywhere, eat anything, and not be disturbed by common American emotions and concerns for one's family, oneself, and the future. None of the Americans I met spoke Vietnamese. They were totally dependent on the seven ARVN interpreters who had been assigned to them for communication with their captives. The only real communication took place during the interrogations. At this time the Americans asked all the questions, never the other way around.

negro

Continued from Page 11

black intellectual history that heretofore were curiosities and just plain neglected material stuck away in someone's memory or in the archives of The Schomburg Collection in Harlem. Even Cruse's supplemental bibliography will cause many a librarian to shuffle and scratch his head when the truly serious student, scholar and researcher gets the notion to find out for himself. Cruse may seem like a Diogenes or a Jeremiah to many, but in reading him he waltzes with no spurious monologue of platitudes. For even though many bones may rattle, the seriousness of his pointing-the-way, is in itself a candle in the dark. As relentless as the author is in his categorical zinc lined mind, cultural altruism on the intellectual level can never escape the human factor. In this case I would call it a "sour grapes-sweet lemon" attitude, which he has consistently risen above . . . without redemption. Writers write books for different purposes, and this author indefensibly is nobody's intellectual-munch in anybody's promised-land or for that matter a button down institutional intellect. Cruse is really a prophet-guru who makes Eric Hoffer seem like a dilettante. In fact "the jig is up".

Black intellectuals in no specific context need the value of self criticism, by and for themselves as a real challenge to their authority. Independent of the natural class struggle and the embourgeoisement of all intellectuals, black criticism as a serious catalyst for the black world comes none to late. The intellectual history of black people in this country comes in small doses and is usually lumped together in either false history or evangelical sociological tracts etc. Some of these works are simply good and others negligible. Why? Because they are not critical enough. I often wonder what ole Booker T. felt like after reading "The Souls of Black Folk" by W. E. B. Dubois? Who really knows where it is? Is not life a continuous speculation with knowns and unknowns? White abstractions and sociological apparatuses abound by many cogent observers. Meanwhile the black intellectual reverberates in a vacuum for two distinct reasons. They are judgement through lack of critical standards and "the creaming off" of truly vital minds into untold rock gardens. Pages 453-4

dens of inaccurate achievement. Cruse states: "the Negro intellectual has never been defined at all. For the most part, the Negro intellectual has been rather a free agent in the Black and White scheme of things". The questions of identity, (racial) and conditioned response to thing "American" is indeed persuasive. The black culture-heroes of the past are brought under severe examination in definition of yesterdays paralysis and today's crisis. Cruse chokes history as if it were his own rag doll.

"Before we have an American literature, we must have an American criticism," sayeth James Russell Lowell. The discipline and craft of this non-experiment comes to grips with the Lowell thesis.

In spite of himself after 548 pages of really seeking the meaning for everything, by providing synthesis, outlines, proposals, arguments, metamorphosing, eclipsing, negating, attacking, judging, defining, placating, excoriating, justifying, and challenging, the author comes up for air and states: "In essence Page 548

Black Power represents nothing more than a strategic retreat for a purpose. It proposes to change, not the white world outside, but the black world inside, by reforming it into something else politically and economically." Without a doubt black intellectual thinking is the most rainchecked ball game in the human league. The question of the Black ethos here and in Africa is also viable for consideration; and further explorations and palaver regarding "Negritude" and "African Personality" are strictly cultural redemptions which also deserve synthesis in the American scheme of life and should and can effectively be brought to the forefront. Needless to say, the world of ideas that are invoked in a true intellectuality is not just one of simple intelligence, or for that matter is intellectuality a cop-out for dealing with things as they are. The opening up of a dead-end street and turning it into a highway is an indication of real progress. The black intellectual condition does not have to be begged, but further realized by blacks in relevance to their own values. Richard Hofstadter in his prize winning "Anti-Intellectualism In American Life" evokes, "American intellectuals, like intellectuals elsewhere are often uneasy in their role, they are given to moments of self doubt, and even self hatred, and at times they make acidulous and sweeping comments on the whole tribe to which they belong." Harold Cruse is no less an example. This book will blow your mind.

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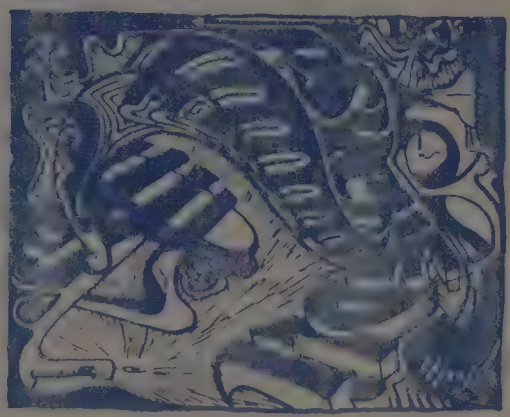
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theater

Continued from Page 15

show, however; it is a drawled portrayal of the West yielding up its many charms to the non-West. For such a bestowal, why shouldn't the West expect undying gratitude and even a fat deal—"we will give you our bombs, you will give us slaves." Probably much would have been lost, dramatically and otherwise, under a G-string. I have little to say for the other play—it might have been a penalty for those of us who were slow in getting to the theatre—except that the part of a lecherous (at least in fantasy) Bible salesman was well acted.

For one who has harangued so hard against reviews, it is no doubt peculiar that I write them myself. I write this column for two reasons: 1) it is a convenient way to meet people who ARE actively engaged in a "theatrical renaissance", and 2) I see as much theatre as I want for free. I'm not sure how much theatre can be written about, and my apologies to those who may have been here misled. A review at best would be a guideline so that readers and prospective spectators will know how to spend their money at box offices or become aware of what is and isn't worth seeing in the multitude of theatrical media in this city. The worth of the guideline itself depends upon how much the reader respects the reviewer's OPINION. Unfortunately, even the best review may influence a spectator, whether or not he agrees, to see a production IN TERMS of the review. Try not to take reviews too seriously; reviewers cannot present the production as a whole on paper so that you all can judge for yourselves.

We pause now for an announcement: The Angry Arts Theatre Committee is forming an anti-war, anti-establishment street theatre, which will develop and carry out new ideas of guerrilla theatre. Its aim will be to reach audiences not touched by traditional theatre, or even by most demonstrations and parades, and to creatively disturb the peace of this city at war. For those interested in becoming part of a permanent company, interviews will be held at the Washington Square Church, 133 W. 4th St., on Wednesday, Feb. 7, from 4:30-9:30 p.m. Those who cannot make it then may write to Apt. 4F, 527 E. 12th St., N.Y., N.Y.

Walter Sanchez' Little Theatre (180 Bleecker at MacDougall) is a tiny basement. Here Sanchez has been/is will be producing total theatre experiences which will combine all the media as well as all the specialized theatrical genres in any syntheses which "work". His productions are on weekend nights for a modest contribution. I will have more to say about him later.

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RUBIN

Continued from Page 9

gan, but freedom. To the youth of America, we say: "Go West, young man." The weather, the free spirit, the emphasis on youth, and the dominance of our types means revolution. We claim California as a guerrilla base.

But California does not have enough theatrical props. The Pentagon is not there; neither is the Stock Exchange. The National Death Convention is going to be held in Chicago in August. We need theatrical props like these to put on our great confrontation-shows which create the great myths which cut through the shit and travel via the media into the living rooms and into the heads of the youth.

After Chicago I think the thing to do is to get a travelling Yippie guerrilla theater band roaring through college campuses burning books, burning degrees and exams, burning school records, busting up classrooms, and freeing our brothers from the prison of the university. We'll probably get beat up or arrested, because physical force is the final protector of law and authority in the classroom.

The universities cannot be reformed. They must be abandoned or closed down. They should be used as bases for actions against society, but never taken seriously. The professors have nothing to teach; we learn in action confronting America. We can learn more from any jail than we can from any university.

Besides, our brother revolutionaries—and I think the white middle class is a revolutionary class—are in prison in their own minds, hypnotized by their acceptance of the goals and myths of the school system.

Fuck those grades and degrees! One learns by doing, not reading! One learns by living! Empty the schools! Close them down! Enjoy yourself! Live for the moment! Teach your teachers!

*** America is being strangled by her old myths. America is doomed by her own history. The values of America are the weapons by which this country meets her fate.

The values of democracy and the values of money and authority are forever in conflict, and this country is caught in a schizophrenic power struggle.

We are taking seriously what we were taught in elementary school, and resolving all the contradictions in favor of freedom—now!

In Vietnam America is fighting herself. The war in Vietnam is really an American civil war: the two America's are battling. The youth of America and the youth of Vietnam are struggling together against old America, born in revolution but aged in power. The Vietnam war opens the wounds of America, and inspires us to do our thing, to make our revolution, to become free.

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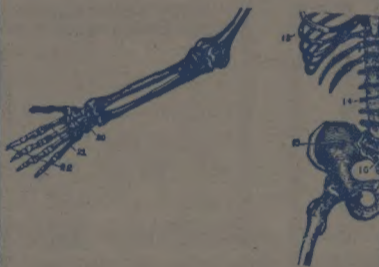
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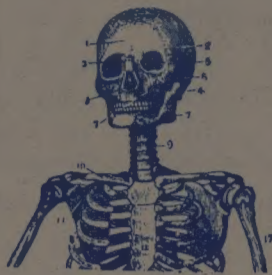
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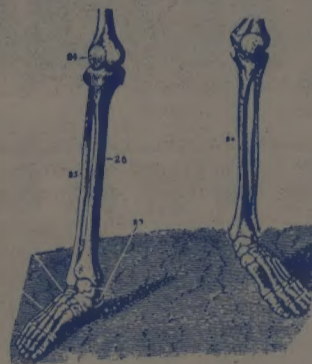
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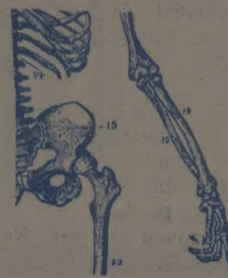
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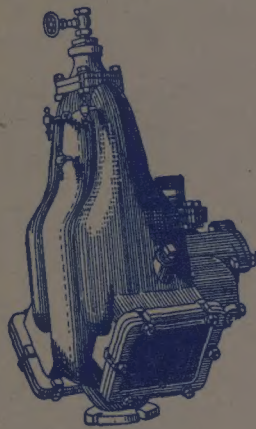
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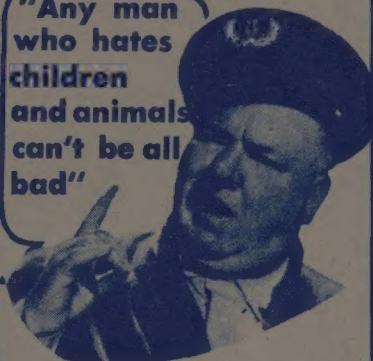


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TO THE GAL WHO LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE (OR WOULD LIKE TO): Considerate, good-looking businessman (35) with luxury apartment and cultured tastes (music, theater, art, travel, sports cars), solid citizen by day, unmasked after dark. Seeks slim, lovely, intelligent gal companion or roommate. Phone Mr. Barr during office hours. MJ 3-3207.

Unlike the surrounding ads, this is a genuine search for an above average girl in both intelligence and appearance. My IQ, income, maturity and tastes are alike: High. Box 102, NYC, NY, 11435.

Young man timid interested in rather dominant type distinctive females, feeling possibility to try some visit exchanges. Call GR 5-6936.

"Trainee assistant companion to white international writer. No experience required at all. Absolutely free to travel, willing to study. Free thinker. Reliability and discretion mandatory. All living expenses paid. Write extensively in confidence to: O. F. M., P.O. Box 1422, Grand Central Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

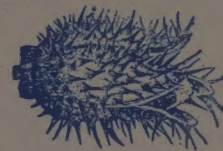
Capitalizing on your mistakes is art. ANON.

Young hung stud debonier but decadent seeks relationship with luscious wench—refined but not reformed. Write Barry, EVO, Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10009.

ERNEST THOMPSON wherever you are, don't come home. We still hate you!
Mom and Dad.

Two New York fun loving men, age 25 and 26, looking for two fun loving girls up to 30 yrs. for enjoyable weekends. Call Bill, 516 - PL 7-7859. Rudy 516 - OR 1-4013 after 8 p.m.

Gay Guy desires girl (straight or otherwise for transition to heterosexuality. Call 429-9065, 5 to 6 p.m. No queers.



a, ripe fruit

Professional man, 29 - wanted young, warm, uninhibited, intelligent WOMAN 18-35, to share bright apt. on a mutually satisfying basis. No Homo's Call Bob after 6: Phone 672-5804 or write: Bob - apt. 4, 41-70-74th St., 11373 N.Y.

VERA. Are you all right? Please, call Uncle MAX. No demands. No hassles. Just worried.

GET ORAL!! Male with a Ph.D in cunnilinguist arts will be more than happy to keep you company: Send photo and phone number. Write, Box 132 5517 Broadway, N. Y. 10463.

Young male, (23), good-looking, medium build, 5'10", interested in music, literature, politics, etc., desires to share life in serious, hopefully long-term relationship with same. Must be good-looking, intelligent, unaffected, under 24 yrs. No brutes, no creeps, no psychos. Write, give background ad lib., enclose photos (portrait) - Box 546, Cathedral Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10025. If interested will reciprocate promptly and, if mutually satisfactory, will arrange meeting. Absolute discretion assured.

researcher seeks uninhibited, exhibitionistic nympho-type girl subjects interested in experimenting with various autoerotic body expressions to contribute to program of serious investigation of erotic dynamics and their affect on the aging process. Call Area Code 203-TO 9-8438 weekdays after 9 pm or anytime weekends.

Male willing to share apartment with female. Good personality, easy going. No complications. Low rental. Midtown area. Phone 247-7982.

If you answered this ad last week, answer again. A printing error was made in the address. Intelligent sensitive male, age 34, desires pretty, shapely female, 18-35 who is warm affectionate and understanding. I am 5'8" medium build, average looking talented, compassionate and understanding with a good sense of humor. I like music cultural, activities and sports. If you desire a sincere honest romantic relationship and companionship and would enjoy being needed and appreciated then please Write to: I. S., P.O. Box 233, New York, N. Y. 10008. (Photo optional).

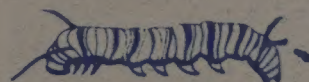
Looking for pretty femine Bi-sexual girl who could enjoy the understanding and security of a relationship with attractive, tall, masculine, Bi-sexual man, 28, in the arts. Desire companionship (possible marriage), fun, sex, "sharing" and absolute truth! Please write with photo and let's discuss limitless possibilities of such a permissive arrangement. Box 380, N. Y., 10036.

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