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# THE east village OTHER



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# Scribbles

Dear EVO:  
 As one of the "movers" who reads EVO I would like to answer Mr. Underhill's four points made in his letter (EVO May 3, 1968).

1. I also believe in her songs—each distinguishable from the other by voice tone and certain other anatomical differences of which I trust he is aware.

2. A good point, it would be rather difficult not to believe in ones, water or shampoo. Does Mr. Underhill believe in (say) cars or ballpoint pens. How do you wash your toilet? Have you washed your tooth recently?

3. I will not attack Mr. Underhill's poor metaphors for this point. But so what? Christ was probably clothed like a litter basket, but then they could weave some very attractive baskets in those days.

4. This is a terribly weak and negative argument. I say courtesy is very important, loyalty is essential and God is alive and well and living in Heaven.

EVO provides news which help the "young readers" to realize that some of the extreme right material printed by some of the establishment newspapers, and its interest in minority groups is not merely academic, it is a reality.

A person can still love his country, believe in God, be loyal, and respect politicians, but one would have to be a masochist to love the cop, who unprovoked breaks his head open with a nightstick.

Yours,  
 H. V. Ewell  
 223 W. 24th St.  
 N.Y.C., N.Y.

Dear EVO:  
 This is my first letter to you and it's in regard to Mr. Underhill's letter in Vol. 3, No. 22.

Mr. Underhill:  
 If you sack a prick till you reach your mouth and swallow it you will probably find it tastes very similar to words you spout out on paper and call a letter. Your mind won't be around for long, fucker.

Happy sucking,  
 Mike  
 On with the show and good health to you, EVO.

Dear EVO:  
 Re: The Almanac of Poor Peoples, 4176 Issues  
 Your statement about awareness spreading faster to the younger section, etc. is very true. This past Friday, I was very surprised to find such militancy among some of the students at J.H.S. 194 (those who protested against the war). Some of the students were seventh graders.

The demonstration was beautiful and spontaneous and had the practical effect of keeping half of the kids at home.

I teach at J.H.S. 194. It's in White-stone, Queens.  
 S. Sligman  
 47-14 196 St.  
 Flushing, N.Y.

## 14 TIPS ON JIGSAW PUZZLING

1. Place all pieces on a table face up.
2. Sort for outside edges.
3. Sort for color.
4. Fit all outside edges together for the best start.
5. Work on large masses of color or obvious faces.
6. Consult the picture on the Springsla box cover.
7. Carefully analyze general color and cutting pattern of the pieces.
8. Look for clues—bits of lettering, locks of certain colors, straight edges, and the shape of a lock.
9. Shape is the only guide on a one-color puzzle.
10. When starting, work on a different section for a while.
11. Work as a team with two to six people. It's fun to work Springsla puzzles together.
12. Take time and emphasize enjoyment. Racing through a puzzle doesn't give the most pleasure. Get up a special puzzle table.
13. Frustrating, unusual pieces provide greater satisfaction when they are finally in their place. We will continually design unusual pieces to challenge you.
14. Persevere! Don't give up!

Dear EVO:  
 Although I'm only a Freshman in high school (16) I subscribe to your paper. About a month back I took a copy of it to the place (school) Winnemac High. I was in 5th period study hall and I gave your paper to a friend—lol, 3, issue 155. He was sort of holding it up in the air reading it, not giving a damn of anyone around him. I took up and see one of our so called guards coming towards him. He stops by his side and asked him where he got it. Being too faithful he points to me. He grabs the rear and then steps by me. He gives me a lot of bull such as:

"This is not acceptable here!"  
 "Where did you get that?"  
 "Do your parents know you read this kind of material?"  
 "Does the principal know about this?"  
 "Get up out of this seat, what are you getting here?"  
 He got up and he starts to walk me to the "trash" office. He then sees my notebook and grabs it from me. I had a lot of old sayings written on it such as: Fuck Leaders, Legions PNL, and so on. We got to the "trash" office and discover that he had gone to lunch. He tells me to wait and he walks happily back to the study.

I then stroll happily away from the office toward some graduate area free of the guards. That was the last I ever heard of the incident.

This was the plain truth and I just thought I'd write you and inform you of how your groovy paper is accepted here.

Yours,  
 Thomas Jackson  
 Box 453  
 Hempden, N.H. 03042

Dear EVO:  
 I read your articles on the "Columbia Mission" and I feel somewhat disgusted and hurt to think that students could think they would get attacked by the police.

It is obvious to me that we are involved in a revolution that is real. We must realize that half measures are insufficient. To make such a violent move like the one initially made by the students of Columbia and then to allow the "peace" office to hasten them is evidence of lack of understanding. The students must be prepared to fight and resist the TPF with the same weapons that the TPF uses on them. If they want peace, so do we, if they give violence and brutality instead, we must return it even sterner.

Everybody must get stoned.

Black Redd

Dear EVO:  
 In your No. 22 issue on the letter page you have printed a "really beautiful" leaflet which was handed out at some obscure gathering. Inspection will show that it is nothing but a paraphrase of Trotsky's advice to Lenin's Act one Scene 1st of Hamlet. It is generally considered to be the over-sentimental cliché that would be said by ad fool like Trotsky. You could get better advice for free by reading by going into a church on Easter and reading Matthew 7:12.

Yours truly  
 Scott McCan  
 Arvid Mill, CA1012.

Dear EVO:  
 General Louis B. Hersey of the Selective Service System has come out of hiding. He intends to speak at our college (Brookdale Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York) on the morning of July 6 for N.O.T.C. commissioning. The students of the school are ecstatic. He appears to be a Democrat. We're only 3 hours from N.Y.C., so please, come on up.

Sincerely,  
 D. M. TAYLOR  
 Head of "Hersey Stay Out" Committee.

Dear EVO:  
 As an excited admirer and avid reader of your rag, I feel that I should like some time to comment on your story about Leading to Line, of April 26. Man, that story was really full of BULLSHIT. If someone busted into your office and wrecked your equipment, you'd want to wipe his golden ass all over the fucking street too. Keep up the GOOD WORK.

Yours truly,  
 Robert B. Lehart  
 New York, New York.

Dear EVO:  
 Help! On my first night in N.Y. about a week ago (April 26), my (Toyota) car was robbed of typewriter, suitcase, and a box of writings. I'm only interested in getting the poetry and/or writing back. My name: Tom Donphy, my pen-name: GENERAL WASTE-MORE-LAND. Any information would be appreciated. Write EVO or 5420 Gertie Way, Hollywood, California, 90027.

Peace,  
 Tom.

The Tea Company  
 is Coming  
 May 23



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 New York, New York 10003

WEEKLY BATHS

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## Like Le Roi says, it doesn't mean that we're going to be working hand-in-hand, but it's a start.

### attributed to Irving Shushnik

What do LeRoi Jones & Tom Hayden & Anthony Imperiale & Mae West have to do with this electromagnetic convulsions of chance & choice?

Newark is shaping up mysteriously, a lot happening there between blacks & whites on all levels — in the interest of black and white. And some observers are confused, don't know whose eyes are fooling them, and, since activist writer/man-about-town Jones is involved, the opinionists/opportunists/opinionated are undecided whether to eat their corn or go with it, or have it both ways. They do not like the taste of lunch when LeRoi sits down for a "man-to-man" talk with Charles Kinney, a Newark police detective, and Anthony Imperiale, Newark representative of white racism in a city that blacks will now take over by bullets instead of bullets.

A black mayor may not eat Newark straight, but will eat it on the right track. Kinney believes that an "international leftwing conspiracy financed by Peking" & assisted by Newark "reds" were responsible for the 1967 rebellions there. Jones is free on \$25,000 bail pending appeal for conviction for having a gun at that time.

Imperiale feels that he never wants to go into his feelings unless it's politically right.

LeRoi was on the streets after King's assassination telling his brothers to cool the fire & put some action into their mourning & anger by working for black political control in Newark. Jones is a member of United Brothers, Newark's black unity.

"We have come to the conclusion that the city is ours anyway," he said. Specific goals are the majority (to be filled next year) & 3 councilmen-at-large vacancies to be squared this fall.

United Brothers will select black candidates at a convention planned for late June. And "col's paws or marionettes" will be passed over.

"Democrat and Republican will be expunged in the trust we hope to mount," Jones said.

Mae West is watching, and Jones, Kinney & Imperiale rapped at a press conference six days after King.

**LE ROI JONES:** Recently, in the recent development—sort of situation in Newark—the unrest caused by Dr. King's death, we found that a lot of this—the turmoil and a lot of the, in general, the kind of riotous situation, has been caused by instigators, people who really have no interest in the community except to cause riotous conditions.

We, the Black Nationalists in Newark believe that we can gain power in Newark through political means, and there are whites-led, so-called radical groups, leftists groups, that are exploiting the people's desire for power—the black people's legitimate desire for power, exploiting it and actually using black people as a kind of shock troops to further their own designs. And this has come to our attention and we are trying to get a better fix on—clearly it.

**STEPHEN FLANDERS:** I think I'd turn now to Capt. Charles Kinney of the Detective Division of the Newark Police Department, who, I think, can throw some more light on this situation.

**Captain CHARLES KINNEY:** Well, yes, I'd like to make clear that I am here representing Director Dennis H. Spivey of the Newark Police Department who has been quite instrumental in getting these two groups together, Tony Imperiale and his North West Citizens Group, and Le Roi Jones and his group.

We've concerned. The director is satisfied—the fact that he is responsible for the public safety. By anything he can do to create a dialogue between these two opposing groups, he intends to do.

I find myself in agreement with Le Roi Jones, and it's a happy thing to find myself in such agreement. To the extent that there are groups in our city, there are groups in our city who are desirous of having a riot, who are desirous of changing not only the form of government in the City of Newark, but are desirous of changing the form of government in the United States, of America. Any strike that they can cause, any trouble that they can make between the black and white community is a means to their end.

**FLANDERS:** Captain, do you have any identities that can be made known at this time?

**KINNEY:** Well, yes, I have prepared a full report and I am accusing the raw left, and in particular the Students for a Democratic Society in the City of Newark. They operate as the Newark Community Union Project, and this group has come to our city and they've been active in our city some four years, and they have been very, very active in fomenting the trouble that we have in the City of Newark, using black man and using white men to take care of their own particular needs.

**JACK CAVANAGH:** Captain, do you have substantial evidence to back up this charge?

**KINNEY:** Yes, I do.

**FLANDERS:** Well, for example, who is leading the Students for a Democratic Society in Newark?

**KINNEY:** In Newark, the leader is a man named Thomas Hayden. Hayden is a graduate of the University of Michigan where he was editor of a Michigan daily newspaper. He came to Newark in 1964 with—and set up this Newark Community Union Project. He brought some people with him and who have been with him for the entire four years that they've been in operation. Other students, young people, come into the city, especially during the summer months, and where they operate for a few months and then go.

They—they have taken the opportunity to come into our city to the extent where now they have actually got into control of two of the eight area wards of the United Community Corporation, which is operated by the Office of Economic Opportunity.

Now, the United Community Corporation is a fine organization. I want to go on record as saying that. And there are many, many dedicated people in the United Community Corporation, and the United Community Corporation has a potential for great good in the City of Newark. But these people are exploiting them. These people are controlling two area wards and they are creating problems in our city which originated in a riot in July, and are trying to cause another one in April 1968.

**CAVANAGH:** Did these people actively foment and instigate last year's riot in Newark?

**KINNEY:** They were very, very instrumental in so doing.

**FLANDERS:** Mr. Le Roi Jones, when you spoke a few moments ago about these white-led groups, were you aware at that time, or has this just come to your notice now that Mr. Tom Hayden was perhaps behind this?

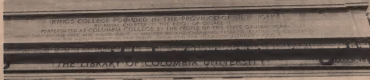
**JONES:** Well, I don't know. You know, I don't know the extent of any of their workings because to me they all seem to be interested in the same ends, and whether it's Tom Hayden—I don't know Tom Hayden, you know. But they seem to be interested in the same ends. That's manipulation of black people for reasons of their own.

I think many times this—the whole idea of these movements which might seem beneficial to black people seem like they're trying to bring about better understanding between the races, actually, they try to manipulate black people and gain power for themselves.

**FLANDERS:** Mr. Tony Imperiale, do you feel this is a dangerous situation? I saw you nodding your head when Capt. Kinney mentioned Tom Hayden, and he mentioned this group. What is your viewpoint on this?



# destruction artkertekshure



by hham (Registered Architect)

When Columbia College became a University and moved into the stately seventy years ago Morningside Heights was just a rolling hillside covered with goats, gardeners, farmers and an innkeeper. The green and famous are gone, but the events of the past two weeks have led me to wonder if some damaged spirit still lurches in the plain Victorian brick hospital near Low Library.

The University put up its buildings, the city put up the subway but the administration sees today that it still had to put up with all the complexities of the urban setting it had tried to flee. With city police on the campus, it is evident the university did not move far enough for its purpose. Coming from Northern New Jersey in bellows for the faculty, local real estate is expensive and inflated with ranches and estates and the indigenous community of Harlem have become increasingly restless and aware that a political spider with power hungry tentacles lurks behind the ostentatious walls of our present day universities.

Matters came to a head two years ago when tenacity resistance to university expansion — at the expense of need, live-over housing — caused President Garyson Kirk to reveal his plans for famous building. Shortly afterwards, however, Kirk started community leaders by announcing yet another new wave of reconstruction, including sites never before made public.

When pressed, Kirk logically said he had never really agreed to limit himself to the announced list of sites, even though the City Board of Estimates thought he had. New buildings included the new notorious Morningside Park expansion. The Wagner administration had already shown willingness to build on park land, and had even cooperated with Columbia by permitting construction of tennis courts between Henry Hudson Drive and Grant's Tomb. A less obvious marriage of convenience placed P.R. 14 in Morningside Park at 122nd Street in 1932, after an irate Harlem community presented its location on Cleverland Avenue, near to Columbia faculty members strong enough to leave living in the wild city. While the new location is still an encroachment on parkland, at least the school is integrated, poised between the academic steeples and the depths of Harlem.

Perhaps ten years ago a powerful university could plan an athletic facility on a city park, donate one eighth to the local community and get away with it. Such unilateral largesse is not possible today. Opposition runs the spectrum from park preservationists (who also fitfully objected to P.R. 14) to community groups who chant, "Give us scholarships, not gymnasiums." Of course, Columbia has some programs for working with its community (such as the exciting athletic program in Morningside Park) and has been given \$10 million by the Ford Foundation to set up others. But the university has acted against local interests at least as often as it has acted with them — recently it analyzed setting up a cooperative apartment which would have tripled one of the best locally developed, locally sponsored commercial ventures — the new-facinating Harlem River Cosponsor's Cooperative.

Against this background, building a gym with a separate basement facility for the community was an act of supreme insensitivity. Of course, the project is legal. Yet it raises a question more profound than mere legality: in a Democracy should a powerful group, even if supported by a majority, ignore, violate and ultimately strangle the wishes of a weak minority?

Appropriately enough, the design of the gym expresses the mediocrity of the entire scheme. A more sensitive arrangement, with undergraduates and community athletes rubbing shoulders in courts, staircases and swimming pools, would suggest an enlightened social philosophy, a glimpse into where university policy — and educational goals in mid-century America — might be aimed. But no, the design "takes advantage" of the steep park slope; undergraduates enter at the top, and never need even see members of the community emerge from their doorways at the bottom, 125 ft. below. The form of the project is consistent with its spirit. It really is the project it is not a gym, but rather two gyms, one placed above the other, separate and unequal.

One is reminded of the words of architect Louis Sullivan, writing in 1881: "Nothing more clearly reflects the status and leadership of a people than the character of its buildings. They are emanations of the people; they visualize for us the soul of the people. They are as an open book. And by this sign the tendency today is disappointing."

Yet, as the events of the past two weeks show, there is a new form of life stirring on Columbia's campus. This observer slipped past a loosely guarded entrance a week ago Friday (where one presently peered at the long-haired demonstrators and belatedly asked, "Do you see who's taking over? Senator McCarthy is really vindicated!" Without referring to Eugene) and saw a surprisingly quiet campus. Crowds of students and a few policemen roamed about, but students behaved freely enough and answered questions freely. A group of Afro-American turned a picnic lunch, students manned tables withing signifiers and the mood was restful, not tense.

Up at Payson tower, students loomed over a third story ledge, peering down in Jernundström perspective. One visitor remarked that the sight resembled the Baroque paintings in Venetian churches. A hastily pointed sign (ironically quoted Columbia's Vice-President David E. Truman's marbled phrase, "Legality is the basis of morality and justice") I was with a librarian who refused to check the great collection of architectural books in Avery Hall. My companion had refused to leave his post until carried by the loudest students that the volumes and drawings would be reported, and he wanted to make sure the bargains were being set hold. As we approached the entrance a cheer went up. Students, high above on a ledge, were glad to see him. After all, the architects hardly had voted unanimously against the gym. Assured the collection was safe, the librarian left, and I was invited into the building.

Yards of chain held the massive iron gates closed, but the half-dozen student guards really gazed at it. Avery Hall was dark, electricity off. About 40 students scurried the building, which simply must level it. They were demonstrating oppositely with the stonemasons and opponents to the gym and Columbia's involvement with the Institute for Defense Analysis. They also wanted more voice in the choice of design critics. Students slept in the faculty lounge, others were busy redesigning the gym along more compassionate lines but none, together with one sympathetic faculty member, were out on the ledge sunning themselves. A protesting carrier had been turned into a furtive locked post.

Several radio and walkie-talkie reported police movement on campus, a Strike Coordinating Committee representative stilled latest bargaining positions, and a journalism student interviewed the faculty executives for LIFE. The chairman of one department entered the building without fan in check his suit, and a representative of the German Springs were asked to come up. Permission was granted after the notion of holding him hostage was frankly discussed and discarded. The atmosphere was more like a carnival than a revolution.

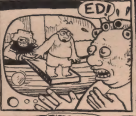
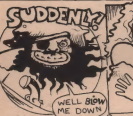
Leaving the campus is the evening I walked uptown on Amsterdam Avenue, down the steep street toward 125th Street and Harlem. The first two levels of the

(Continued on Page 17)



# THE FOLKS BACK HOME

SALIENT SAGA... THE UNIVERSAL FLIP OUT! ETHEL FORREST, SUBURBAN MENOPAUSAL HOUSEWIFE WAS TAKING A BATH;



# THEATRA?

by Lita Eliza



Hair makes me sick. That's HAIR: The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical, of course. Fivory word in that title is descriptive. The play is an only-in-America product, because this is the only country where people go to the theatre in order to be reassured that what they have always wanted to think is true. So, up there on a stage for 2½ hours are an ersatz tribe of loving, rocking, musical, hairy quasi-hip people doing Tom O'Horgan's thing. They sing of those sensations and experiences which comprise the New Generation, the ones that like the passé that refreshes: they sing of "Hah-ah" and "Sodomy" and drag in a "Colored Spade" (the play is just that impetuously redundant) and whisper "I Believe in Love." Show-stopper: "I Got Life." No surprise, really, after hash and some 69ing, dig it — you better have something . . . Anyway, this is all before the intermission, and by now, the audience is really happy. Rather than tell why they are so happy, here is "Intermission," a number unto itself.

## INTERMISSION

Two Women, dressed only in camemberts which barely cover their belly buttons — still the only actresses were considered too obscure to reveal. Their upper halves are cloaked in swing-length eyelashes, barely sweeping their knees in, and there are chains hanging from various knobs.

One: "Oy have kids . . . and they're just lolle THAT, you they are! Now they smoke that stuff too, they smoke that dirty filthy stuff right in the house. Oy would them: if you're going to smoke that filthy stuff, you smoke it here. Oy worried still my kids name home one night and smoked it . . . Yeah . . . Now I don't worry. You think your kids haven't, or won't. Ha! You'll see. But it's good to let them smoke it home. So you can watch them, and see what goes on. So tell them: Smoke At Home. You'll be glad, darling, you will be . . ."

I could go on, of course, with post-Intermission, but why bother: both the play and the audience are clearly over these . . . and I'm somewhere else. When the play sticks to reality hip, during costumes like: "Berger is the prettiest boy on Avenue

B!" that's OK. And if Claude-mum-Christ (the hero, yes, the Hero) wants to sing "I Got Life, I got my teeth, I got my hair, I got love!", yeah, OK, too. BUT when the biggest show-stopper of the evening is a song, "White Boys" sung by a Surrealist-ish group of black chicks: "White boys are delicious, white boys are nutritious, White boys fill my larnny, white boys are so yummy . . ." well, then. When a black chick plays Abe Lincoln and one of those colored spades walks by and says "What you don't wish dem white folks!" and her answer is, "Who you think you are? LeRo!" well, then all I could do was be joyful that he was not there, to grab the "orange-fuckapator" up there on the stage.

And when a very pregnant girl comes out and says sadly that she loves Claude cause he's so good-cool: and his her back to get knocked up by a speed freak — and the audience roars . . . well then, I said I would stop. If the play sounds like it fills a missing hole in your experience, go. It won't help you understand YOUR parents any better — from the front — and you don't mind bringing a flashlight, (suddenly the stage gets very very dark) then go. That scene is typical of the whole play; it has been advertised as the Boldest Daringest Nudo-out Scene on Stage Anywhere (outside of certain private theatres) and if you could see the stage at that point, it probably is exactly that.

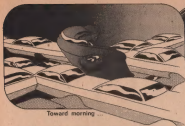
If theatre is going to be considered the reality of a reflection, meaning that the stage itself provides the reality of the experience, then OK, "Hair" is mildly funny, like remembering when you thought people did it by using wires; both experiences are invalid, but you can still hallucinate on them, right? Unfortunately, the sell-out audiences exist, it seems (including the critics who have also sold out) on watching the play as though it is a reflection of The Reality of Their Kids, and tells them the answers . . .

I can't seem to stay away from "Hair," and I don't really want to, I want to warn EVERYONE first before I that up about it. "Tom Paine also directed by Tom O'Horgan, is playing at Stage 73, however, 321 East 73rd, for anybody up in the trip. The same kind of fantastic staging is used in this play, and here there is no annoying, obvious hypocritical endorsement. There is just really good theatre. It is really worth the stage effects if you go high. Even on "dirty" pot.

Perhaps the most condemning comment to make about "Hair" is to remember that at 2:30 A.M. I got a call asking me to go up to Columbia when the cops were out. The same night of . . . the play. And to remember that the kid who called me was supposedly a member of the same kind of fun-loving tribal rockettes as these young American teenagers. My greatest objection to the play is that it totally nullifies the meaning of being alive, it hasn't the decency which allows people to make non-cool statements and not be embarrassed by the emotion, to just CARE about anything really.

Friday night, The Monstrous Foundation did have that forum to discuss the future of democracy, interpretations and perspectives were compiled by Norman Mailer, Herbert Marcuse and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

It is Mr. Schlesinger's great misfortune to look like an egg with a constantly peeping feger. This quality plus his position that the U.S.A. is still the same good old product made him . . . hated. Professor Marcuse had his idolaters and co-madons who defended his right to speak because they KNEW He Knows. Norman Mailer was beautiful. Nat Hentoff moderated, which generally meant he sat there looking either bemused or amused. The interesting part of the evening, believe it or not, was NOT the debate — which is foregone and con-



Toward morning...



Jewel wonders whether she's been too hasty inviting Det puffs up as she lights a smoke



Information: Det "I wasn't the first to steal that fur - I'm vegetarian" "You'll eat what we tell you"

With that she slaps the bulb and floes



Thanks Det

Charming trailer



No! Aren't you going too fast?

head bashing



And

while cops come includes for the on-way for that...



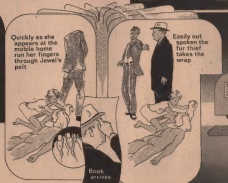
Detective Book wears the streets. 7 a.m. spots a wind-blown bread bag



...the bread bag is in the middle of the street



Mean Book and the thief remember a quiet lakefront trailer. Likely hide-out



Quickly as she appears at the mobile home run her fingers through Jewel's pelt

Easily out spoken the fur thief takes the wrap

Book arrives



Morning once more the tentacles are lowered



# "...show me your love and i'll show you mine..."

The "Crazy World of Arthur Brown" made its United States debut this past weekend at the Fillmore East as presence for our reading the Moonies to Britain. They seemed better suited to some fourth rated Beverly burlesque house with their smugly lines and nasal political jibes. Arthur has himself occurred to the stage as a platform horse (they almost dropped him twice Friday night). Once entrenched on stage he kept his dog-like ears while James about out of his headpiece. His cool in-carnate rill (cross between Billa Loaf and John Carridine) is designed for Saturday morning or midweek matinee kiddie shows; the fate of a second rate Shakespearean actor with the age of a Decade.

Except for some funky bo-beppin by the organist, one almost wishes the gimmicks (he also shouts smoke bombs) would have been strong enough to minimize the music which was dull and overbearing. Arthur, removing his stiv mask, reveals a quantity made up face while singing pretentious lyrics in his harsh voice. He can't match the ambivalence perambulators on second avenue for entertainment value or Niagara. It may be a good idea to integrate music and theatricality, but not when both are second rate as in this case.

Miami is now beginning to have a pop-rock psychedelic scene. The image, a giant new rock palace (formerly a trading alley) on upper Collins Ave. (east row) is looking all the biggest acts (Mother, Spoonful, Cream, etc.) and doing phenomenal business. The youth are beginning to become aware of the contemporary social trend although the city as a whole is years behind. An indication of the change can be indicated by the head shops now located in conservative Coral Gables.

From Billboard: ...Harwood records, a new label, will release \$1 of Lawrence

Waltz best sellers. "The general manager of the new company is Larry Walk, the executive's son."

Bobby Withlander of the Chicago Seed reports:

LITTLE WALTER—DEAD AT 36  
Little Walter is dead... for those of you who don't know, Walter originated the harmonica style that has been popularized by Jr. Wells and Paul Butterfield. He introduced an entirely original, unique way of playing the harmonica that has become the dominant "school" for virtually all harp players in blues and rock. With preferable awareness the major Chicago newspapers failed to give Little Walter the obituary a giant in music and one of the founders of the Chicago Blues sound deserved. Walter made his name in that potential mother lode of talent—the Midway Tavern band; they got together in a street band on Maxwell Street. No cause of death was given in the newspapers but the word is that Walter was badly beaten by someone he saw just five hours before he died of a cerebral hemorrhage.

... Noble Haven's Record (SD 719) released by Dwayne International is a composite of his early blues work as opposed to his two recent Verve-Foxtrot albums. He is influenced more by Ray Charles and Fred Neil than the Beatles and Bob Dylan on this early recording. Haven's ready voice is much more suited, as this album shows, to the early blues rather than his more recent fusion of his style with white and folkies music.

Millions of women in over 100 countries have used more than 26. Million tampons.

Tom Rush  
"The Circle Game" (Elektra).

A search-faced, smoothly drenched Tom Rush beams from his latest Elektra album (*The Circle Game*) looking like a stand-in for Ed Ames, Sergio Franchi, or Robert Gault. It's an easy going, restrained record highlighted by the Harvard English school graduate's sharp brisk phrasing and style. As a composite of some of the best work of today's young songwriters (*Show Cases* by Neil Mitchell), the album ranges from folk ballads to country rock. An orchestra and numerous studio musicians (most notably Blue Longhorns) give Rush good looking on this pleasant listening album.

Formerly a straight folk singer, Tom was first amplified on one side of his last Elektra album (*Take A Little Walk With Me*) with the fine assistance of Al Kooper's arranging and studio guitar work. It is one of the best combinations of the rock and roll of Buddy Holly, Elvis, Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, Drifters, etc. *Circle Game* is a successful shift to a more romantic pop style while retaining his country and blues flavoring. Hopefully, however, Elektra has plans for more of Rush's repertoire in the country, folkies, ballroom blues and early rock and roll stylings at which he is an adept.

Levi Jones has a new book published entitled "Black Man!" consisting of essays dating back to 1960, many of which have appeared in *Downtime*. His "Blues People" is of course a classic and essential work in tracing the social and racial evolution of jazz, blues, and our culture's contemporary folk music—rock and roll.

Detroit wouldn't appear to be the logical site as the vanguard of a fusion

of rock and avant-garde jazz. Gut non-city groups such as the MC-5 have combined basic rock and roll with electronic tape/magic explorations. The MC-5 do a rock version of Upper and Lower Egypt from Pharaoh Sanders "Talis" album with words by the band's manager—poet John Sinclair as well as coverings of traditional rock and roll masterpieces such as Tuti-Prutti and Surem's Jay Hawkins "I Put A Spell On You." They are now working on some Blupp issues (Hawness, Mama Ten 'Nights) in rock and roll arrangements. The band is a total living experience for its members and their brothers and sisters in the Detroit Transcendentalists; a communal organization. They are a fine powerful performing band and have become a legend in Detroit where there is now a major rock scene centering around the Grande Ballrooms. The UP, another Detroit act, from Turner's "A Love Supreme" as part of its standard repertoire. Many recording bands are frequently flown away by these local groups.

Fred Neil  
"Sensations" (Capitol ST 2882)

Any time Fred Neil records an album or makes an appearance it is an event for its listeners with him one of the most remarkable vocal instrumentalists, a rich, warm, non-baritone and a unique manner of expressing himself in the blues idiom. His third solo album, when released in January, received virtually no publicity in New York, although on the West Coast it was heralded by full page ads in the local underground press. Neil is one of the most important white singer-songwriters today. His influence has been instrumental in the development of almost every blues and folk-rock singer who has heard him from John Sebastian and David Crosby

LOOK OUT FOLKS ITS...

# SERGEANT SUNSHINE



by Lennox Raphael

They called him Sunshine, the good & brave Sergeant. Sunshine is he titled in a loving job of fighting tambores, flower girls and Easter peeps, a little broke out, and you noticed bright red socks, a bright red ribbon around his head, and the first blow, a female inn tracking over his shiny badge.

He had been a hero. He fought valiantly in the war of private reality versus public eyes. News found him & he found gay promotion. His one day would sound his official way with justice he was swept down in the sun of illogical credibility & the scales of ignorance dropped from his eyes & his first high was an opening into the second and the third was never beautiful.

He was a nice guy. What kind of cat came up being a man and had to have hair, or growls, or no voice, or even to talk back, possibly to have money because his credibility that?

"I wanted a little one night," Police Sergeant Richard R. Bergan said, "and I didn't want in all the evidence. I tried a little gun, and it was a bit more fun than that."

So he who "wanted to serve mankind" but "liked the authority the uniform gave him" had been eating prison since he joined the department in 1957 was finally allowed, and somewhere along it rearranged his mind & gathered his fantasies in one manageable bundle & sent him free, with certain reservations.

"I found out I was on the wrong side," he said. "I wanted to know what the enemy was. I found out I was the enemy."

It all started when he took a little & turned himself on with grass & turned out "like Easter and Christmas and New Year's Eve, all rolled up into one little pill... all the good feelings, all the good times & everybody's love... multiplied."

And helped change him too, the electronic wand, his fingers stilled, his voice grew increasingly suspicious of its echoes.

He loved brown cake. Brown was God in Bolo. I like. The preacher was a gentleman of a drink. And home followed Sunshine, dragged his high from the Air Force to the Police & made his nerves, lightning & short-circuited.

Then tragedy struck his life on Christmas Eve, 1964, when his beloved wife committed suicide. And now he has two children living with his second wife in Walnut Creek, San Francisco.

Sergeant's Egan came up & he looked & he passed, and there was great rejoicing in his head.

"I passed the sergeant's exam after I had been smoking grass. I also placed number three on the fire department exam. You can see how I control my brain."

A lot of people can see how it control his brain because, in spite of passing his exam while under duress of rock, he decided to stand by a friend who had been picked up for smoking. And a test case was born.

So he got up early that Easter noon, rolled his smoking both with his brain & managed to do both with the hypocrisy. And he got on his bright red underwear, & the red was symbolic of the blood & he would soon & with him, off his walking of course) to help as people kill each other to no purpose, securing forever.

He wasn't wearing his gun. "A policeman has no business being a preacher with a gun."

"Soak it to 'em!" a girl cried & struggled to keep her eyes below the elbow, while a gentleman of the "mattress" and he looked with restrained scorn upon the 200 beautiful heads of dispirited consciousness & said, "For you you high is trouble and leaves you low on bread."

Sunshine smiled. He found himself beeping at the rear & was promoting it to a halt when he passed San Francisco's 1964 eating Holy Communion the day before and told them he took a "different kind" of Communion, yes, it since he didn't want to be "sandy" he was going to light up & smoke on the steps of justice. He was becoming a Public Christian. Fuck Jesus.

"I am trying to prove I have the right to do what I want with my own body. I feel the present laws against marijuana and LSD have reached the same absurdity as those against alcohol during Prohibition."



"They accused my best friend and that pissed me off. I can smoke it and hide and my friend got beat."

Sunshine straightened his Adam's apple. He lit up. The first puff was scoured & he felt like spitting, but the second & third carved pappas in the room gave as another efficient started in to arrest the cop who smoked alone.

Lieutenant Matthew Curtis, who faces honor more books, hosted Sergeant Bergan inside the jaws of the law where he was booked on suspicion of possession of pot. And by order of Chief Thomas Cahill, who reverts a chilled glass of scotch & milk, he was relieved of his badge & suspended from the force; & his uniform snatched, was left to keep out of city prison on his own recognizance in red underwear & prison blanket. And the sweet child of Jesus & freedom wiggled up & drew his coat as he spoke to the history merchants.

"I want three for grass," he said, cigarettes lit, and he said, "I was there for a night thing. We're trying to start a deinstitution program with a ten cent piece of ribbon."

"I'd like to stop some of the killing. There's no sense in killing something unless you can eat it." And he's not against "authorities," & yes, he likes being a policeman. "I'd still like to be one. But you gotta work out what you do in the "mattress" day of a policeman to serve mankind. You can't serve people with grass. I've never seen one on a waster yet."

"I don't need a gun to deal with people because I'm not afraid of them."

And his words of wisdom to fellow officers, heads & thumbs, "If more smoked grass had got red ribbons crossed their hats, and had the gas not to carry a gun, then people would start accepting policemen as policemen, not as oppressors... I'm not a coward anymore."

He was doing his job, smoke missionary, and had more words of wisdom for his friend, "I'd like to encourage the cops to keep a little of the next state they confiscated and try it. It really is great shit. Maybe they'll understand if you say it's like peeing your best husband down the sink."

And Sunshine returned to Domest.

# Beats Humaines

Beats Humaines

The fact is the place where I put on my pants is a house where I take off my shirt and suit, where I have floor, seat, a map of my span. Just now I was talking about me to myself, and put on a little look a tremendous loaf of bread and I've then made the room, I've moved, trying to turn a little, the right side of life to the left; later, I've washed my whole body, my belly, vigorously with dignity, I've turned over to see what duties do, I've sneezed off what brings me so near and put that map in proper order that robbid off or west, I don't know it.

My house, unfortunately, is a house, a floor, unfortunately, where with its inscription my beloved spoon lives, my dear new letterless skeleton, the razor, a permanent vapor. Truthfully, when I think what life is,

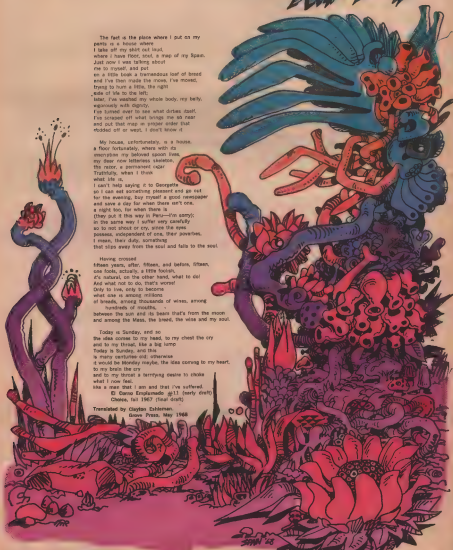
I can't help saying it to Geropete so I can eat something pleasant and go out for the evening, buy myself a good newspaper and save a day for when there isn't one, a night too, for when there is (they put it this way in Paris—I'm sorry; in the same way I suffer very carefully so to not shout or cry, since the eyes possess, independent of one, their power). I mean, their duty, something that slips away from the soul and falls to the seat.

Having crossed fifteen years, after, fifteen, and before, fifteen, one looks, actually, a little better, it's natural on the other hand, what to do! And what not to do, that's worse! Only to live, only to become what one is among millions of heads, among thousands of wines, among hundreds of mouths, between the sun and its beam that's from the moon and among the Mass, the bread, the wine and my soul.

Today is Sunday, and so the idea comes to my head, to my chest the cry and to my throat, like a big lump. Today is Sunday, and this is many centuries old, otherwise it would be Monday maybe, the idea coming to my heart, to my brain the cry and to my throat a herringy desire to shake what I now feel.

like a man that I am and that I've suffered.  
© Corso Emmanuele, #11 (early death)  
Chicago, fall 1967 (fall draft)

Translated by Clayton Eshleman,  
Green Press, May 1968

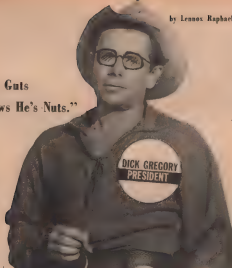


by Lennox Raphael

On July 24, one week after Barry Goldwater received the Republican nomination, FACT sent a questionnaire to all of the nation's 12,354 psychiatrists asking, "Do you believe Barry Goldwater is psychologically fit to serve as President of the United States?" (The names were supplied by the American Medical Association).

In all, 2,617 psychiatrists responded. Of those, 571 said they did not know enough about Goldwater to answer the question; 857 said they thought Goldwater was psychologically fit; and 1,189 said they were not sure. (It might be pointed out that the majority of those who thought Goldwater was psychologically fit nevertheless said they were not voting for him). FACT magazine, 1964.

## "In His Guts He Knows He's Nuts."



Imagine, he said to himself, I could have been President now at Pinesville, Arizona and here in this crazy Faley Square mansion with Peggy & I could live a snug snazzy trial worth \$2,000,000 if I was.

Yes, he was going to get the publishers for letting wrong vibrations to his military record, medical history & his spouse.

He was not President, not even a Senator, but all day people were asking him questions & he was answering & Judge Tyler being so patient & understanding. He was extremely upset when he saw the magazine & answers; he was talking Tyler & his friend Attorney Roger Roth. He would be walking down the street before or after his last Presidential debate & people would be staring at him & saying things, and he wouldn't know whether they were saying those good things that cheer him, or the man who fears his wife, said Zerk.

"Yes," the Senator said.  
"I never went to a psychiatrist in my life," he said the second day of his liberal activities against Ralph Ginsburg & Warren Rossman.

Peggy spoke first. He always loved Peggy. She was not "weepy, timid, and frail." She was a remarkable woman. "I would say my wife like most other women would say so the right occasion. Women are very emotional," yes, but "a timid woman could never have raised those four wonderful children the way she did . . . I think if you look at her you see she's not frail." She could ride horses, ride a snow saddle on her honeymoon, could ride bareback, could fish in blizzards & hold her own with the best in Mexico & Texas. Not a tough woman, but determined, and she always went out and got what she wanted. Not fry, but fine.

"I loved my wife, still do, and always will."  
"No, never," she said to the jury, her husband had never suffered any mental illness. She had talked about something like that once in a local magazine, but when she described the "nervous breakdown" she thought never occurred to me that it could be considered a mental breakdown." And she was not a "weepy" wife.

"Did you ever have any anxiety about your husband?" Mr. Roth asked, apologetically.  
"No," his eyes twinkled, laugh, "I never had any doubts about it."

Since as a boy he had boxed, played football, basketball, ridden horses & few about 20,000 hours in about 20 different places as a man. And Efficiency Experts don't lie. His "anxiety confessions," shows "high state of duty," has an "acute mind," "a conscious in any undertaking." The whole works.

"Makes me feel pretty good," he said & he remembered the New Yorker explains how Peggy felt against him as they begged. "The walked in on my arm, I made the acceptance speech, and she walked out on my arm." He saw as tears, but it would have been natural for any woman to shed a few.

"I might have dropped a couple myself."

Peggy smiled. The crackling rasp of coffee stirred through the window. She had expected an older Ralph Ginsburg, but Ralph had kind eyes & seemed tenderly with & bewitching, she thought as she & Barry heard their Arizona woman & posed charmingly for photographers. She remembered Ralph's cousin, Harris Steinberg promising to show the jurors "there's nothing false" in that special issue on Barry's "wired." Only "good journalism, although easy and tough and not for the old lady from Dubuque."

Barry was not that bad, and she knew he was a dash to beat anyone who ever ran against him in the Senatorial campaign to replace Hayden who announced his retirement last Monday.

"I don't say I'm perfect," Barry said, only the usual, ordinary imperfections. But he had "great pride" in his ancestors, and worried about his children & grandchildren. He would like his children to think that there was nothing "unusual" in his life. He had to give them a victory, for God & country. Suppose FACT was left on wheels & in Siberia.

The one who laughs last laughs best, he thought. The Shervels kicked him in the ass because they loved Johnson who turned around & kicked them in the ass because he loved the country more. But Johnson was leaving peacefully; the Shervels were in the same dilemma & he Barry Goldwater who knew the rhetorical value of extinction was wondering, still wondering.

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# theatra?

(Continued from Page 7)

cluded by the speaker's already-known position. The audience was quite excited, however; it divided itself into a separate jury almost immediately by physically all sitting in laps. Marcuse people sat in the gallery; Schlemmer persons (fewer than ten and you call them persons) sat underneath the benches; Maiter partisans sat confidently all around the place. Village Voice correspondents located themselves strategically close to the Men's Room and the doors so they could be first out with the scoop that a girl attacked Norman Mailer. Too bad. She never got that far; instead, she stood up and accused Mailer and Schlemmer of being exactly alike (!!! from the audience) because they were both immoral. Schlemmer's immorality stemmed from his belief that he did not know enough about the Columbia situation to make any comment. "Because I've been out of town." Mailer's immorality was close-by; he had spoken in favor of the student strike up there, but then said he would probably be against it, if it continued for years. (This bespeaks his typical American love of a fight but refusal to commit himself.)

At the end of an evening of kisses and hugs, an attempted proposition: a man in the audience called Marcuse "both amoral and infamously so" might have been jumped except that all the Marcuse people were up there in the gallery...

The whole evening was on exactly this level. Perhaps Maiter made the most clarifying statement in one of his recent analogies. In theoretical politics, the following action might happen this way: A clunky chick walks down the street, and you walk up to her and say, "I want to have you."

De Saussure — the best theoretical philosopher for (just about) any occasion — would consider that she ought to accept, making the experience either so pleasant or unpleasant that she determines your next move. Practically steps in: If she is THAT clunky that you stepped over to her on the street, probably there is a stud boyfriend nearby, so the wall must likely answer you, "Get away from me, motherfucker," and boy friend may even knock your head in...

... All of which leads to the conclusion that politics is not a series of warring formulas and proofs, but hypotheses which must always allow for an X factor.

I did not get to see The Performance Group in rehearsal because Tuesday night was "Red Cross." Saw Shepard's play. Sam Shepard just gets better and better. He is one of the few playwrights who is able to capture in theatre what films have done to greater extent: the image or reflection of what is going on today, in this culture, here and now. The play is built around a physical discomfort — a ten-year case of crabs, which has been suffered by the boy because... he likes it. Frameworks of reality are set in opposition and it is a tournament of crossroads leads to see whose vision wins out. The play is on double bill with "Muzakka," by John Gurnay. They are at Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal.

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The Tea Company  
is Coming

May 23

Tom O'Horgan really ought to be separated from the plays he directs, lest he be confused with them. Any play he does is worth the trip; only don't go to "Hair" because the story still gets in the way. The paradox is that most of his work contains exactly the same elements, as though he has a formula for conceptual theatre: some sex, some ritual gestures, a bow to Open Theater, a nod to the Living, and a little more sex. Plus a friendly nod to the audience. In "Ten Pains" this works; there is a nude scene (NB: "nude scenes" is theatre, I have come to realize — not nudity but thoroughly — mean the actors and the lights both go down); there are three scenes called "Improvisations" during which the actors talk out freely with and to the audience; the stage lights are freercker-bright.

The audience is the newest creative element in theatre (also the oldest, but there was a long liberation period). O'Horgan is well aware that involvement and participation are among the most effective stage techniques around, and he uses them well. In "Hair" however, the audience all too willingly accepts that illusory onstage as reality, and involves itself in yet another Big Lie; and O'Horgan feeds their consensive blindness with propagandized mental pictures. In "Ten Pains" he uses an Historical Figure and he has full rights to interpret as he wishes because no particular ego is involved.

I wondered for a while if I would have been sickened by "Hair" if the kids up there were Australian or French. Yes. No one has the right to remove another's validity as a joke, it's too dangerous for both of them. When I first thought about

reviewing "Hair," I was sure this would be a smart, easy review. It becomes writing and thinking. I took a little trip, and everything realigned themselves in rank of importance: a play is a play, not reality. To get that excited over "Hair" is to assign it too much importance: everyone is his own situation and illusion, right?

"Willy the Germ" by Murray Mednick will be next weekend, May 10-12, at Theatre Genesis, 2nd Ave. & 10th St.

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# show me

(Continued from Page 1)

to Ritchie Haines.

"Intensive is a collection or rough mix by Mail and his friends—James Band Jr. on stand up bass, and Bruce Langburn, Pete Childs, Cyrus Faryan, and Eric Glen Hood on guitars although all are not heard at the same time. It is an attempt to give the listener a feeling of the session and the words, conversations between Fred and his friends, including their turning on or talking between rats, Mail, his tender string and his potential style are heard on various rock organs, field ladders, blues and ballads. Some of the cuts are over extended and not too cohesive, but the album is still pure Fred Mail, another recording by this genius, who with The Hardis, is one of the legendary stars of the underground music scene.

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

Howard Katz's *Primal Jazz* Benefit will be at Washington Square Church at 8:30 p.m. Friday and 3:00 p.m. Saturday in the third of the Survival Music Series. Contribution \$1.00.

... Mary Griffin will appear with his musical variety show featuring Arthur Schneider and Elliot Joe Fire at the Westbury Music Fair, May 7 to 12 at 8:30 p.m. in Westbury, L.I.

... On Monday May 10 at 8:30 the Black Theatre for Black Panthers will be presented at the Filmore including Lord Jesus' Newark Spirit House Plays and Movies, Ed Nollin's Black Troops, Robert MacBeth's *Earlton*, New Lafayette Workshop, Woodie King's *N.Y. Concept East*, with speakers:

Earl Stone, Mrs. Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seal, the San Francisco Black Panthers Minister of Defense. All proceeds to Black Panther Defense Fund. Shows \$2, \$3, \$4.

... The Cheatab is featuring the Regatta and the Silver Cabaret through May 25 with the II Wind.

... Dick "Ricochet" Sugar's Bronx Main Palace will feature the "Battle of the Bands" Sat. May 11 featuring 30 top Latin psychedelic groups—the top attractions in Latin-American music appearing.

A series of 11 short plays under the title "Collaboration Cases" have moved into the Cafe Au GoGo.

... The Biller Mail is featuring the return of hip comedian David Steinberg together with Lori Burton and a new group, the Gould Light Gags which features Fred Simon's younger brother.

... Miles Davis and Dick Gregory are at the Village Gate.

... Blue Cheer and the Tangerine Zoo at the Artson House in L.I.

... Elton Jones at Village Vanguard with Thad Jones-Mel Lewis has been back on Monday nights.

... The Choir, a Canadian band, are at the Scene. The Gary Burton Quartet featuring Larry Coryell arrives on May 20. One of the non-profit organizations interested in acquiring Stone Paul's other sketches is The Mathematics Society.

... Joel Hendrix is at Filmore Friday only with Saturday open to public with various bands performing free. On Friday, May 24, at 9:30 (1 show only) Kavi Shekhar will appear with Ala Babka on tabla.

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May 23

TONY IMPERIAL: Well, first of all, from the time that our organization had formed, we immediately, our own people, began investigating as to what we could do to find out what caused some of the riots here in the City of Newark. It seemed at that time that everybody was screaming the dirt under the rug, blaming everybody but there it was supposed to go. And we believe that the Communists and the Trotskyite persons who have no interest in the City of Newark, except to cause a distraction on behalf of possibly Moscow or Peking, came here and helped out on these riots.

How we were organized. Thomas Hayden also because we fully guided us certain information as to his activities.

CAVANAUGH: Mr. Imperiale, you and Mr. Jones are considered to be at sort of opposite ends of the racial spectrum. Why do you agree to sit down and talk things over with him?

IMPERIAL: Well, first of all, I'd agree to sit down with any American if it goes to mean peace in the City of Newark and prevent bloodshed. But the police director called us in, we wanted to talk to him. And after a good first hour of hostility that we had, we decided we got to find out what we're just all Americans concerned for our people and for our lives, and through information that the director was able to give us as to how we were about it, ascertaining a Dollar and other Newark, we began to form a better relationship between us, and we were in constant communications to try to see what we could each do for our people and for the City of Newark.

CAVANAUGH: What has this all resulted in so far?

IMPERIAL: Well, it resulted in some pretty good results. This last little incident here in the City of Newark with Jones' people and my people, we were able to get on the streets and stop quite a lot of fuss that was going on. In my particular, what we kept our people at that got them off the street, prevented the kids from detecting the police with flashlights and stuff like that.

FLANDERS: Captain—

IMPERIAL: And this helps.

FLANDERS: Captain Kinney, some of these charges obviously are very serious. We are now having the public airing of them. Is there any legal action pending?

KINNEY: Well, I have submitted a complete report to my superiors with recommendations that my findings be before a court, grand jury and/or a federal grand jury.

Many of these people have refused to speak with the members of the Newark Police Department and myself as advisors of records. So, therefore, we have been handicapped in getting the firsthand information right directly from them in many cases.

I would like to point out to you that when we say Tom Hayden and NCUP, we're not just talking of white people. There are black people at NCUP also. And I might point out that just two months before the riots in the City of Newark, the riots in July of 1967, in September of 1967, Mr. Hayden traveled with both white and black people from Newark to Bratislava, Czechoslovakia for a meeting behind the Iron Curtain where they received certain instructions that we knew. From there, you may recall, Mr. Hayden did come back with both other people that he left with, but he went to Cambodia and brought back three United States Army sergeants who were prisoners of war from the North Vietnamese.

FLANDERS: Mr. Jones, what do you think the impact on the black community will be—the effect of these revelations that—

JONES: Well, I don't know. I'm wondering at this point myself what they'd be. You know, we know that there have been a lot of professional working in the communities—a lot of white community workers in the communities to do things that were not beneficial to black people. We also know there were some black people being duped. There were also some white people being duped by these people.

I think the point for us, for black people, is to get all of this—the kind of reputations out of the game and let us handle the situation ourselves. It's about self-government and power for black people to govern their lives, and that's what we're talking about. Anything else is a distraction. Anything else is not our goal.

FLANDERS: Do you feel that a conspiracy existed? You know we've had these reports that have come out saying that there aren't any.

JONES: Well, I say first, the only thing that black people should do something that they mean together and decide to do themselves. We know in Newark at this point that it is not beneficial to us to go up against policemen with guns and the possibility of tanks with just you know, stones and rocks and things like that. We know that political power is being made in Newark without a shot being fired. We understand that. But as we said, there are people who are not interested in the transfer of power to black people, but are still interested in staying power for their own motives, which have nothing, finally, to do with the, you know, benefit of black people.

FLANDERS: Well, Mr. Jones, how your competitors in the last few days, or even the last few weeks, which seemed like a marked change from at least your publicly stated position being brought about by these revelations.

JONES: Well, not totally, not totally. I think in Newark we're faced with a very unique situation. You know,

we're actually kind of maybe an exception—will be an example for many cities in the country.

I don't think it's any secret that a great many of the cities in the United States, the inner cities, are black, and I think that these people will also want to control their own environment, want to gain power—own to control their lives. And I think what we are trying to demonstrate is how it can be done, you see, and not to get involved in social fantasies involving the extermination of the people that is finally not the goal.

CAVANAUGH: Well, Mr. Jones, this disclosure about the alleged conspiracy, will the mean that you and Mr. Imperiale are going to work hand-in-hand from here on in an effort to keep the peace in Newark?

JONES: Well, I don't know about hand-in-hand. Certainly, we will be trying to reach other you know, about situations that seem to threaten us, I would suppose—thirteen other one of us. I mean that's probably as many names about Imperiale in the black community as there are about him in the white community, you know, and I don't think those numbers do either of us any good.

FLANDERS: Mr. Jones, there is one question I think we have to raise to bring this into context. You have been convicted of an riotous, crime, last summer, and being under constant watch from those who would question your motivation in engineering coverage and publicity in this fashion. Is this—then anything to that is there any substance to that?

JONES: Your man was I promised something for doing it.

FLANDERS: Precisely.

JONES: Well, I told you before that they promised to make me a Secretary of State and so when you see that happen, you know that that's what it was.

FLANDERS: How about that, Captain Kinney?

KINNEY: I think it's fair, but I very strongly doubt. There certainly has been no promises on any law enforcement agency's part. Mr. Ro has been found guilty. His trial is subject to an appeal. He is getting all the rights of every American citizen, but there's certainly been no promises made to him in any—in any fashion whatsoever.

CAVANAUGH: Captain, how about these alleged co-conspirators again? You say they are leftists.

KINNEY: Some of this information that is coming and that is being used is coming right from Peking, as a matter of fact, and it's coming from China by way of Canada, as a matter of fact, and this information is being used by these people and we're getting—we were the targets for today.

FLANDERS: Mr. Le Roi Jones, why do you think Newark was chosen as the target by these groups?

JONES: Well, I don't know. Newark is a bad place, you know, in the black community. The black community, the black community, you know, is just a bad place. It's a bad ghetto and there was a—I think a leadership vacuum caused by you know, establishment Nigamas, Toms, as one hand and a kind of despair—kind of a stink and despair on another hand, and this is the kind of vacuum that these kind of feeble revolutionaries like to slide into and utilize for their own ends. It's romantic for them and they feel that they're doing something.

FLANDERS: Mr. Imperiale, as the spokesman for the North Ward Citizens Committee, was these disclosures that Captain Kinney has touched on and Mr. Jones probably the most important factor in changing your thinking?

IMPERIAL: Yes, the revelations after we got down to the center of the dialogue through a struggle way came about, the assimilation of the knowledge on both sides, we see that that—I guess the, you know, the fact we just set there looking at each other with amazement and it was there that we set up the dialogue and we—it was there that we made this arrangement that—to keep a neutral between each other as this way we can digest our views which have com-

ing about between the Jews and I, the last night. I was supposed to have shot up a motorcycle against, and he was supposed to have been blowing up a building and I was going to get blamed for it. I like the fact that. But this is why even then we have found that we had something in common. That the education we received, we felt it best that we have a lot of communication.

Like Le Roi says, it doesn't mean that we're going to be working hand-in-hand, but it's a start.

JONES: What I think that we're both saying is that these things have been expected, these natural frustrations. These natural reactions have been anticipated by people who, finally, are not seeking to benefit black people or giving black people things that they want, but to get the things that, say, these other people want.

## columbia

(Continued from Page 31)

University are underground at 130th Street, just via the base of a Florence fountain toward 120th Street. You see the walls made with granite, broken only by small windows shaded with crime-corral iron bars as thick as your wrist! Why was this fortress architecture nestled into the campus buildings, such as Music Hall? Why did they cover so that two groups of followers could see it so completely? What was the university anticipating when it moved east of the city in 1897, and how did the architecture so perfectly symbolize the deeper meaning of that move with their cornerjoints, impenetrable exterior walls?

Looking back on the police riot which followed the peaceful move I had witnessed, during which order was restored by order of President Kiss, it is all too obvious that the strength of the University's architecture is only symbolic. Faculty members sitting on the steps of Arroy were stoned, rifle bullets and the door nearly pulled open. Police tried the crawler step leading upstairs and the students, expecting to be carried out, were thrown downstairs instead into the noisy maelstrom of soldiers.

Yet the formal beds on campus have been trampled and the greenery that the university community has given something for its loss of lawlessness. Despite its fine-voiced, pro-Spock stand against anarchy, the university is already giving more weight to student opinion. Perhaps it will seek with a closer gaze over Mountbatten Park and into Harlem as well.

Or will President Kiss simply and legitimately say that he had never really agreed to stop construction of the gym, he had only agreed to negotiate it?

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**FEMALE** nude models wanted \$40-80 per day. Still and motion picture work in modern studio. No experience necessary. Send many girls—steady. Phone 543-0967 or 545-9235. C.V.S. Figure Studios.

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

**MODEL** FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use 10 to 15 models a week. Have work less than \$90 for a shooting; all day rates \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at Studio and questions. Bob Wolfe Studio, 255-2711.

**MALE** MODELS needed by agent, photographers in most areas of country. Good youth-fits, well-developed muscles. Good feet; send photos. Box 2373-IV, Phila., P. 19203.

**EVO EMPLOYEE** would like to learn the basics of film making. Anyone who would like to get some info on the call 238-8640, and ask for Zed. Leave phone No. where you can be reached, or write to ZOD, Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Station, N.Y. 10009.

**GIRLS** need poses for adult magazine \$50 each 2 hrs. Al. attractive. Use 279-6452. Studio 1/8 66 W. 39th, Thurs, Fri., Sat., 1-9 p.m.

**PHOTOGRAPHER** needs models, experienced and non-experienced, occasional, nights etc. for illustrations of dresses, etc. figure pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6; George Weiss, Graphic House, 280 Madison Ave., MU 9-8027.

**NEED A MODEL?** Latest bulletin describes gorgeous girls who want to model for artists, photo, etc. Gives modeling rates and instructions for contacting each model. Most of the girls live in N.Y.C. Send \$2 to Royal-Models, Box 11, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236.

**WANTED**—experienced lead singer/lead be dedicated - totally unique, please don't answer this ad if you're not absolutely experienced and know what you're at. Group has an original material - long bar a event - draft deferred. 5 a.m.-6 p.m. - 516-671-3157, 6 p.m.-11 p.m. - 516-671-3157.

**GAIS WANTED** for modeling. Great opportunity. Write for details Royal-Models Galois, Box 11, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236.

**WANTED** houses for small private nudist group. Definitely attractive, unobstructed, good swimming for summer or week-ends. All expense, transportation plus. Photos or full description, please for Box 307, Hackettstown, N.J. 07940.

**ESTABLISHED** business seeks teen, mid-20s to late 30's. Must be over 50 weeks a.m. and possess management capabilities. Good salary and profit sharing plan. Call Enlow and Bryant Typographic Co., 212-670-0854, Ju 8-3700.

**A NEW ROCK GROUP** formed by two writers wants experienced musicians (all instruments) and good lead singer. The music is challenging and eclectic (rock, jazz, eastern classical), not a school single bag. Need a drummer who digs a variety of textures but has hard rock chops as well (Keith Moon, Ginger Baker, Mitch Mitchell). Group will spend a couple of co-pay months rehearsing in a beach house for concerts in late summer. 254-2225 or MU 9-3386.

**50 YOUNG** male figure models for professional photographers. No experience necessary. \$30.00 per hour. Call A. S. 2711.

#### PERSONAL

**LOVE** partner wanted. Attractive young man, single, 6 feet tall, slender, seeks intelligent FEMALE. Objective: team up and meet regularly for sex thrills. Call Jans, 421-2243.

**MARRIED**, handsome, 28, college grad, seeks white female, any age, interested in a meaningful sexual relationship—no heavy dating or bedding. Open for someone who is concerned. Assume a try. Absolute discretion assured. Shall we discuss it over dinner. Write Box 752, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, 10008.

**LADIES ONLY**—Variety can give you spice in a new life and if you are for real, call George anytime at 749-3313.

**FREE CONCERT**—FILMORA, Sat., Sept. 11, 8 p.m. Four groups outdoorgaze. Group therapy Joyful Noise, Stop Cynical.

**CONSERVATIVE** bachelor interested in the arts, etc., on line for the hour, would like to meet attractive lady for casual week-ends, theatre, have car excellent pad. No hippies or hustlers. Call 775-2541. After 7:00, Andrew.

**SWINGING** couples, girls, gals (M) liking to meet us and others. Discretions assured. Write: P.O. Box 1272, N.Y., N.Y. 10003.

**MAN**, in twenties or younger would like to communicate by mail with young ladies of similar age. Please write: Keith Changlin, 4 Denver Road, Landover, Cape Province, Republic of South Africa.

**YOUNG** woman, model or model of type, looking, casual, also. To job and travel with young importer throughout India, Russia, Scandinavia, etc. All responsibilities, clothes etc. Must be mature enough to dig constant affection and ready to leave immediately. 228-5189.

**FISHING** Camping, young men jobs are on one week fishing trip to Canada. Bring own fish call collect before 11 p.m. 301-566-7164. Gene.

**MALE NUDIST** 32, attractive, desires to meet other young males sharing same interest. Please check evenings 6 to 11 p.m. 271-8183.

**MARRIED** man 26, but unfulfilled wishes to meet female n/ls with same problem. Discretion assured, phone a model picture appreciated. Write: Richard Wayne c/o John M. Grant, 30, 3121 Middlebrook Rd., Bronx, N.Y. 10465.

**NEARLY** 26, seeks attractive established female to share East Village apartment. Enjoy sex. Call 553-8667 after 2 p.m. and let's see and dine.

**YOUNG** man 26 desires masculine man 30 years or younger. Call Gene. RE 7-3609.

**MALE**, 34, sensitive, articulate, refined, desires to meet intelligent female. Will share my 316 acre farm. Call Peter, 836-3512.

**WORLD TRAVELER**, 29, white, seeks woman 18-30 for stimulating experiences when in N.Y.C. Phone, photo, address as appreciated. S. H. Barker, 45 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10003.

**SINGLE** man in 40's already desires meeting fair looking ladies for pleasures and loveings. Age and nationality unimportant. Sincerely and discreetly interested and assured. Guaranteed replies if you write fully now. P.O. Box 576, Glen View, N.Y. 11542.

**CHINESE WOMAN** to come pond with English American age 50. Later if mutually agreeal upon meet. Am friendship. Don Healy, 167 Baker St., Newtuck, R.I.

## HOME GROWN HAPPINESS

OF MICHAEL W. MORRIS  
 What grows in your mind is all that counts. It is the only thing that you can't take away from you. It is the only thing that you can't give away. It is the only thing that you can't lose. It is the only thing that you can't find. It is the only thing that you can't buy. It is the only thing that you can't sell. It is the only thing that you can't trade. It is the only thing that you can't exchange. It is the only thing that you can't barter. It is the only thing that you can't haggle. It is the only thing that you can't negotiate. It is the only thing that you can't bargain. It is the only thing that you can't deal. It is the only thing that you can't transact. It is the only thing that you can't contract. It is the only thing that you can't agree. It is the only thing that you can't understand. It is the only thing that you can't know. It is the only thing that you can't feel. It is the only thing that you can't think. It is the only thing that you can't do. It is the only thing that you can't be. It is the only thing that you can't have. It is the only thing that you can't want. It is the only thing that you can't need. It is the only thing that you can't use. It is the only thing that you can't enjoy. It is the only thing that you can't love. It is the only thing that you can't live. It is the only thing that you can't die. It is the only thing that you can't exist. It is the only thing that you can't be. It is the only thing that you can't have. It is the only thing that you can't want. It is the only thing that you can't need. It is the only thing that you can't use. It is the only thing that you can't enjoy. It is the only thing that you can't love. It is the only thing that you can't live. It is the only thing that you can't die. It is the only thing that you can't exist.

## PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS MANY GIRLS. \$50 - \$75 A SHOOTING FOR NUDIST MAGAZINES. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

**AIRLINE PILOT** wants girl 18 to 35 to share post East side apartment, travel all countries abroad. Must be easy and credit in thoughts and actions. All expenses paid. Call Capt. R. L. J. 628-4583.

**YOUNG** man (26) heavy-set (5'11", 210 lbs.) will sex. Dig well-hung, muscular males. Have papers, etc., guarantee to gratify your desire. RT 7-6124, evenings.

**HANDSOME** bachelor, 28, introverts to city every weekend. Seeks unobtrusive girls, all ages, who like to ball. Meet late Fresh. Will spend financially. Call 519-799-6027. Barbara, 5:15 and 8 p.m. Don't be afraid. Call me, Jim.

**HANDSOME**, 6 ft., kindly, loving, personable, 38 yrs. old, well-hung, attractive, like fun and games. Call John if cozy pad after 5 p.m. 673-0071.

**YOUNG** HPF guy desires lovely white Brooklyn girl 20-30 for passionate, tender a performance. Be carefree call Roy evenings 7-10, 277-9090, Monday-Thursday.

**FELLOW** with a fetish, 31, looking for chicks to whose masturbation is an art, not merely a substitute. If you really dig 6-9 yourself growing, why not call 964-9056. (late) All love is good love.—BIT.

**MALE**, 26, good-looking and outgoing, working 40 hrs. weekly to meet an attractive, articulate girl for full fledged daytime get together. Have modern mid-Manhattan Apartment. Call 245-8656.

**YOUNG** masculine professional man, interested in sports, theatre, music, would like to take personal young man, 20-25, intelligent, sophisticated, no drugs, theatre, concerts, travel and help dispel the illusion of youth for an ambitious and sensitive young man in return for a sincere companionship. Write with photo if possible. Staff, Tavernier, P.O. Box 377, Stationer Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10024.

**MALE**, white, 28, studying curious relationship with unadvised aggressive black males. eager to be fed by all opening. Call Head between 7-10. WU-4336.

**ATTRACTIVE** young man, 24, seeks women 20 to 45, 5'6" or better to live with. Please manage. Give much sex. Call Mark 462-9345.

**MALE**, white, 24, 6'2" 180 lbs. seeks pretty well built girl (unmarried) single, model or Sportsman girl, 21-25, for date fun, sex. Send photos. Phone No., P.O. Box 2938, N.Y.C. 10014.

**MALE** 30, masculine, well built, hung, seeks young teen 18-24 must be bang, well built, for sessions with myself and my attractive girl. Jim, 629-9667.

**MALE**, white, attractive, 21, with long hair. Enjoys sex. Wants to meet female for mutual sexual satisfaction. Give photos. Box 62, Irvington, New Jersey, 07111.

**TALL**, handsome, young man, attractive (35, 6'7", 180 lbs.), needs young young nympho type girl friend for lunches and daytime or tonight to girlfriends. Call 695-1541, day.

**TALL**, dark, handsome, 32 year old, white, muscular (6'8", 200 lbs.), well built with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and... Let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me, include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Slaven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service 945 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C.

**CREATIVE** interesting man with wide range of abilities. Seeking to meet generous female applicant. Let's hear out of my officious. Help me whenever together. Barbara, 5:15 and 8 p.m. Call Bob 7-10 p.m. 277-5608.

**WEALTHY** married man looking for a mistress. We finish right party with the finer things in life, including apartment. Good figure and pretty face. No need. Interested write Lanes, Box 32, White Plains, N.Y. 11397.

**YOUNG** MAN, single, good-looking, intellectual, financially well-off, possible to share with you, possibly long-term, relationship with an attractive young female. Please write: Bert, c/o 214 123 Street, Call City Point, Queens, 11356.

**S. CIRCE** commands your bloodless creation with a child's potential of isolation and sunrise experiments with bright when curiously wounds the night. YU 2-6671. ORPHEUS JR.

**COME HOME** when virtue inspires the exagrine with the admission of a twinning fire. Come home when virtue discovers the embrace that protects the lords dragon. YU 2-4671. ORPHEUS JR.

**YOUNG** business executive tall good looking would like to meet young beautiful girl who likes to bring and travel around the country could be generous to the right party. Please write with photo and phone if possible. M. S. Sulle 355, 190 Broadway, N.Y. 10005.

**SJK** fuck you

love men

ditto

love dad



**BARY**...TIMES A "WASTING" 200

