


THE EAST VILLAGE OCEANER



VOL. 3 NO. 25

NATIONAL 

MAY 31

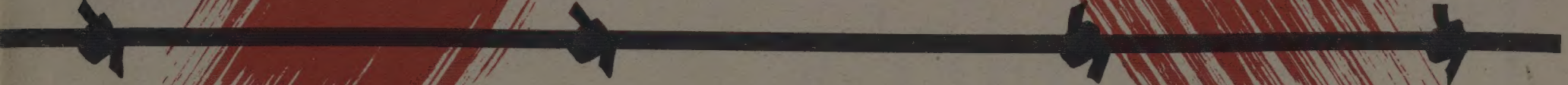


We, the undersigned, hereby petition Nelson Rockefeller, Governor of New York State and his good offices, to oppose the current bill presented to him by the State Legislature which proposes that—

“Criminal possession of a dangerous drug would be punishable by imprisonment of one to twenty-five years. The present penalty is one to fifteen years.

“Criminally selling to an adult would be punishable by imprisonment of one to twenty-five years. The present penalty for this offense is also one to fifteen years.

“Criminally selling to a person less than twenty-one years old would be punishable by a prison term of fifteen years too life. The present penalty is one to twenty-five years.” (New York Times, May 1st, 1968).



Oh, who owns New York, Oh, who owns New York,
Oh, who owns New York the people say?
Why WE own New York, why WE own New York,
C - O - L - U - M - B - I - A !!!



The words of the old college song are not strictly true when applied to the 22 sq. miles of Manhattan Island but have real meaning for the 1/4 sq. mile area of Morningside Heights. Blocks outside the 28-acre campus are riddled with buildings under Columbia ownership, or about to be under it. Vast areas are owned by 15 other private institutions tightly tied to Columbia's apron strings through Morningside Heights Incorporated (founded by David Rockefeller), a "community service" organization and Remedco, an institutional land holding company.

These subsidiaries make it easy for new institutions to come uptown to the expanding institutional park on the Heights and for old ones already there to get more land, by assembling property, managing buildings and evicting tenants. The men operating these outfits, however, are merely the shock troops in a battle directed by the generals who sit quite removed from the scene of the massacres. The generals, who operate without benefit of a master plan, are the president and trustees of Columbia University, and their advisors.

Who are these remote men who play chess — with residential and educational buildings as the pieces — on the checkerboard of upper Manhattan? How do they arrive at their policies which have removed more than 7,500 residents, largely black or Puerto Rican, through bribes and threats during the past few years? Do they still fit the description put forward by historian Charles Beard fifty years ago, upon his resignation from Columbia, in these words:

Having observed closely the inner life at Columbia for many years, I have been driven to the conclusion that the University is really under the control of a small and active group of trustees who have no standing in the world of education, who are reactionary and visionless in politics, narrow and medieval in religion. Their conduct betrays a profound misconception of the true function of a university and the advancement of learning.

Perhaps the main difference, with certain exceptions, is a progression of religious philosophy to the Renaissance.

What are the composite vital statistics of the average trustee? First, he graduated from Columbia College about 1928, took a law degree and went directly into business. Now, 61 years old, he is the director of at least one investment house, real estate company or public utility. He lives on the upper east side of Manhattan and is a member, along with David Rockefeller, of New York's LINK CLUB. If he wrote a book it would have a title such as, "Vitality in a Business Enterprise." If he has a doctorate it is honorary. Only two of Columbia's 23 trustees have earned Ph.D.'s, both in political science, although you might not have guessed this from recent events on the Heights.

Now it certainly is advantageous for a university to have on its governing board a man like Harold Frederick McGuire (62), a director of the Shell Oil Company, to head up the gymnasium building fund. Or a Lawrence Arthur Wien (63), a director of Consolidated Edison and a real estate operator without peer, who, after buying the Empire State Building lost interest in individual properties and turned his attention to purchasing real estate companies and opposing the World Trade Center.

It must also be useful to have Frederick Russel Kappel (66) around. He's the chief executive office of A.T. & T., a director of Chase Manhattan Bank and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. — and a member of the Links Club. William Armistead Miale Burden (62) is a financier descended from the Vanderbilts, a consultant to Smith Barney and Co., American Metal Climax, Lockheed Aircraft and Columbia Broadcasting System. He is also a former Ambassador to Belgium and is a member of the U. S. Citizen's Commission for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (whatever that is) — and the Links Club.

Surely there is something sinister when a major urban university forges links with the business world; the point is, why are there so few with the word of education? Is this simply the operation of Greshman's Law applied to a board of Trustees?

Outside President Grayson Kirk there are no professors, no scientists, no artists or philosophers on the board. It consists exclusively of men whose con-

tribution to scholarship is writing checks and managing money or land.

There are, however, two members of the Links Club on the board still missing: William S. Paley (67), the design-conscious chairman of CBS and Walter Nelson Thayer (58), an investment banker.

The board also has several younger men, such as Charles Franklin Luce (51), who lives in Vancouver, Washington, and is with the Department of Interior and who was appointed Chairman & Chief Executive Officer of (Trustee Kirks' & Wien's) Con Ed., or Vincent George Kling (52), architect to industry, who has decided on the best use of land on the Heights ("educational and related") without ever having seen a master plan. But then Kling is constructing the \$7.3 million student center for Barnard there, so who needs a master plan?

Another young man showing concern for Columbia is trustee Arthur Ochs Sulzberger (42), publisher of the New York Times. It was the Times which refused to headline the major news story on the Heights, the police bust, and instead wrote, "Pickets Circle Columbia; Class Reopening Delayed; 720 Protesters Arraigned," Wednesday, May 1, 1968. Meanwhile the Washington Post saw fit to print the facts, "Police Rout Columbia Protestors," the same day.

[The Times also ran a witless piece by A. M. Rosenthal, their Pulitzer (School of Journalism, Columbia University) Prize-winning reporter, entitled, "Combat and Compassion at Columbia." According to this distorted and saccharine pastiche, students "shrieked" while police were "silent," students "provoked" plain clothesmen yet uniformed men remained friendly to "the kids." President Kirk, whose one book is entitled

(Continued on Page 16)



the spider kings of COLUMBIA

by Isham (reg. Architect)

PETER LEGGIERI
 ALLAN KATZMAN
 JAAKOV KOHN
 DON KATZMAN
 LENNOX RAPHAEL
 MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
 PETER MIKALAJUNAS
 FRED CARUSO
 ALAN ASNEN
 ZOD FENSTER
 GIL WEINGOURT
 WALTER BREDEL
 PHIL GARVIN
 WILMER LUCAS
 EMMET LAKE
 TULI KUPFERBERG
 KEVIN FAVOUR
 MELISA STOUT
 FLICKA
 DIANE DORR-DORYNEK
 LIL PICARD
 LITA ELISCU
 RAYANN RUBINSTEIN

ICELAND: LORRAINE-GLENNBY
 LONDON: MILES
 PARIS: J. J. LEBEL
 AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
 BERLIN: ALEX GROSS
 LOS ANGELES: SAM SILVER
 SAN FRANCISCO: ERNIE BARRY
 PARADISE: STEPPENWOLF DANGERFIELD
 WALL STREET: JAY AND THE KID
 TIN PAN ALLEY: RUDNICK & FRAWLEY

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Dear EVO:

I'd like to suggest that all people who've been bitching about how grass oughta be legalized stop bitching and take action. Why not have a nationwide Smoke-Out on some specified date in the future (like July 4), after which all American heads will commence smoking publicly. We could celebrate New Independence Day with parades, picnics, American flags. Turn on Mom, and when the Great Hunger arises, feast on apple pie.

Publicity, organization, and active campaigning would be necessary, a task which I think you're particularly suited for. There are many "respectable" people in respectable positions who smoke, and they especially should be encouraged to take part. I include members of the medical and psychiatric professions. (They can't arrest us all!)

I am a member of the N.Y. City Police Department. For obvious reasons I leave this unsigned.

Name withheld by request.

bitch box

Dear Sir:

As a licensed certified psychologist in Florida, it is my considered opinion that many young men of draft age that consider themselves, or are considered "hippies" have personality problems and/or attitudes that would increase and be detrimental to our national and international military activities were they to enter the armed services.

I therefore feel that upon close psychological examination (and their draft-board so notified) that our country would be best served if these young men were to be found "psychologically unfit for military service."

Sincerely,
 John M. Kennedy
 Psychologist-Director

Dear EVO:

This being an election year, it behooves all patriotic americans who unwittingly believe that the political process can bring to bear fundamental changes upon society to support with fervor the candidate of their choice for president of these United States.

It is with a lack of such enthusiasm that I offer my own slogan, to be written on the subway walls, and tenement halls: RICHARD NIXON IS A FIGMENT OF THE ESTABLISHMENTS IMAGINATION. UP AGAINST THE WALL MUTHAH-FUKAH.

Love,
 Bob Whalen
 137 Sullivan
 N.Y., N.Y. 10012

Dear EVO:

Peace Brothers. Perhaps there are those, who along with me, have had the unpleasant experience of being subjected to the gross ignorance of Columbia University's president, Grayson Kirk. First allow me to say that it is, to say the least, somewhat strange that this fellow, G. Kirk, has managed to remain in position as president of a university for so long. His lack of understanding and of communication to stress but one point is so infinite that surely he is a sign of the general incompetence of the power structure i.e., ESTABLISHMENT NOW COMES GRAYSON KIRK TO ADD INSULT TO INJURY BY HAVING THE AUDACITY TO SAY/DEMAND THE FINAL SAY IN DETERMINING WHAT PENALTIES SHOULD BE IMPOSED UPON THE DEMONSTRATORS. THE ACT THAT NATURE ALLOWS HIS EXISTENCE IS PENALTY ENOUGH FOR ANY THINKING PERSON, LET ALONE STUDENTS. HE IS NOW #789 ON MY SHIT LIST.

SOCK IT TO EM BABY,
 Black Ronald

Dear EVO:

I wrote you a couple of months ago, explaining what was happening to me, here in Germany because as my superiors term it, I subscribe to that subversive piece of shit, the East Village Other. Well because of EVO and because I refused to submit to the Army way of thinking, and refused to let them control my mind, like they do to so many others, I have had to go through numerous harassment by my superiors. They have tried every thing they could think of, to get me in their way of thinking. Friday May 10th, things came to a climax, the Gestapo decided to have a foot and wall locker inspection. Naturally when they came to me, they immediately began to harass me, and started tearing things apart. One of them, even said "You are nothing but a dirty Comme-Punk-Bastard and I'll take you outside and beat your fucken head into the ground". Well anyway after they were finished playing there games, I had to report to the CO. He told me that I was being investigated for charges brought against me, by the three people who inspected me. Well today they called me in, and because they are real nice people they decided not to Court-Martial me, instead they were only giving me a Article 15, so these nice people fined me 25 dollars, reduced me to Pvt., put me on 14 days restriction and 14 days extra duty. I am real grateful to them, for not fucking me up more, considering I didn't do anything. I just want to point out to any one reading this letter, of how the Army can fuck up your whole life. Just because a few brainwashed individuals had it in for me, I'll probably have to spend the rest of my life with an Undesirable Discharge. To give you an example of what they can do, when they were questioning me about the charges, I told them how one of my Superiors called me a dirty-Comme-punk-bastard, and how he wanted to beat my fucken head into the ground. Well my CO, being the fair man that he is, asked the other two men present who also made charges against me, if they heard anything to which they replied "No Sir". So he said "you see no one called you anything. This could be termed Military Justice. Even after it was over the person involved came up to me and said "You see you can't beat me". These people are really intelligent too, they have been in the Army 15 years or more and are convinced everything the Army does is right. I have often heard such intelligent remarks by them like "Anyone who is a hippie is a Comme" or

"Your mind is all fucked up, because you protest the War" or "anyone who questions the Government are Comme-Bastard and should be shot". So you can see for yourself how highly intelligent they are. I would just like to make one plea to all other GI's who are reading this letter, do not let them control you if you feel you are right if you have something to say about the War or the Army say it, your Constitution gives you this right, the Army trys to take it away. When you submit to them even when they are wrong, they have gained a big victory in controlling your mind. Show them that you have a Mind of your own, that can't be brainwashed by anything wrong or immoral, and do not let them try and take away any of you Constitutional Freedoms. I do not know what will happen to me for writing this let-let but I am not afraid anymore, and I will sign my name and full address so they know where to find me. I appeal to every other GI to stand up and speak out if you think you are right, no matter what they try to do to you. Right now I am awaiting 212 action to be boarded out of the Army, in the mean time, I am still continuing my Anti-War Campaign despite threats from them that they'll send me to Jail. I would like to hear from anyone who can give any advice or assurance, in the rough weeks ahead in this fucked up place I need to know that there are some people out there who are with me in my fight for freedom and against injustice. And for those lame individuals who are also brainwashed by the military, wise up, take a minute and look around, see how there fucking up the whole world, get out and speak up for your rights don't be a asshole all your life. They will probably put me in jail for writing this letter, you can call it, "FREEDOM OF SPEECH". What a Fucken Joke.

Yours in Peace and Love,
 Thomas A. Cardillo
 564th MP Co.
 APO 09189.

Dear EVO:

Recently I received an extraordinary official invitation from Hanoi which says, among other things, "We are, your Vietnamese friends, very pleased to invite you to visit our country for two or three months, and then we shall have time to exchange views of other questions. We will be very glad to meet you in the nearest days."

Such an invitation is, according to Dave Dellinger and Staughton Lynd, unprecedented, since no other American has been invited to visit North Vietnam

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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for so long a time. Partly this is due to my having devoted the last four years to extensively researching, writing, teaching, and lecturing about North Vietnam.

For five semesters I taught a course on Vietnam at the Free School. My book manuscript *Democratic Republic of Vietnam* sets forth the DRV's political and humanistic contributions. Currently I have been giving talks on the life and thought of Ho Chi Minh. I have spoken before such groups as the American Humanist Association, the Community Church, the West Side Committee on Vietnam and the Catholic Worker.

My correspondence with the Vietnamese began with a letter I wrote to Ho Chi Minh in 1965 and his warm-hearted reply to it. In addition to constant study of Western sources, I am one of fewer than a handful of Americans who have read over 200 books and many hundreds of periodicals published in Hanoi. When I get to North Vietnam I would like to write articles and human interest stories with a special twist for readers of EVO.

I want more than anything in the world to help the people of North Vietnam who have suffered so at American hands. With many of their dear ones dead and their homes, industries and cities lying in raw ruins, it will take a long time for them to rebuild their lives as well as their cities. I intend to do all that I possibly can to help them, including working in the hospitals with the war victims.

I need to raise \$1,500 for my transportation to Hanoi with a first stop at Prague. I would appreciate any contributions you can make towards financing my trip. I feel that anyone who donates money for my trip to Hanoi by his contribution would be participating in my efforts to help the Vietnamese people and counteract some of the suffering that Americans have caused them.

Sincerely yours,
 Charlotte Polin
 Hotel Bryant, Room 203
 230 W. 54th St.
 New York, N.Y. 10019.

Dear E(cstatic) V(igilant) U(mnipotent).

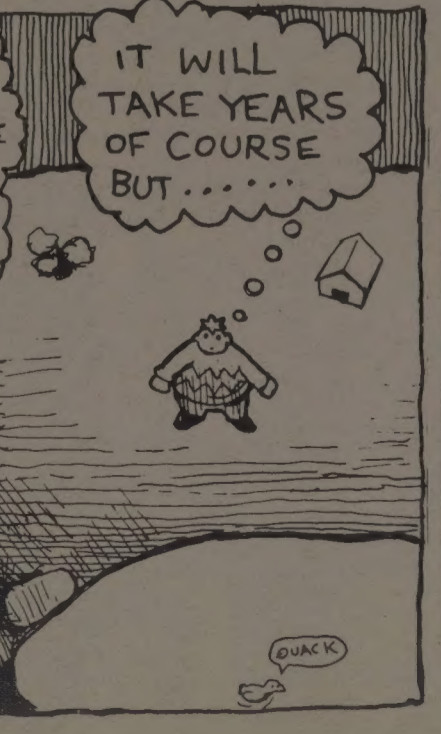
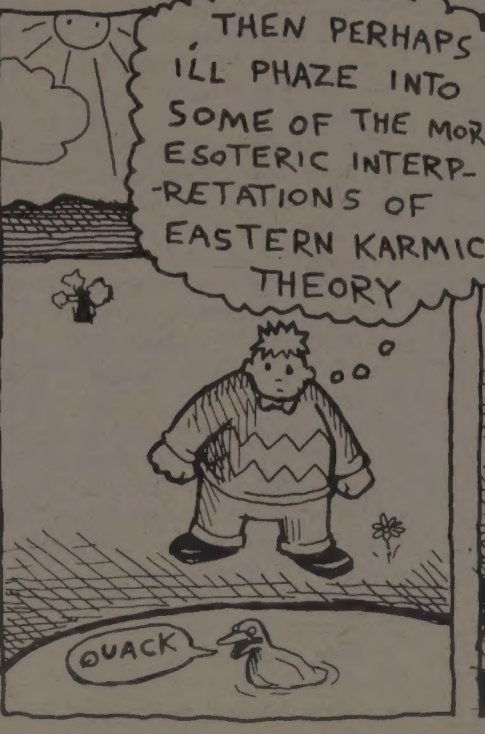
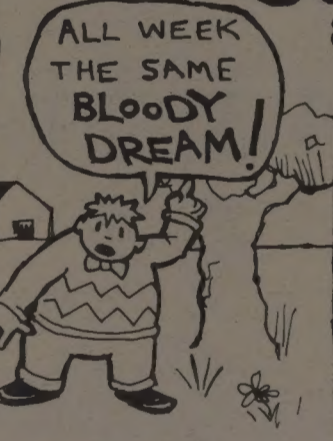
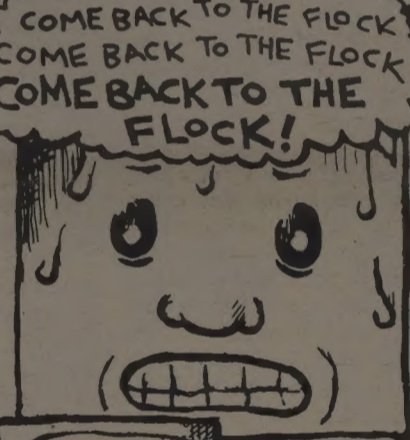
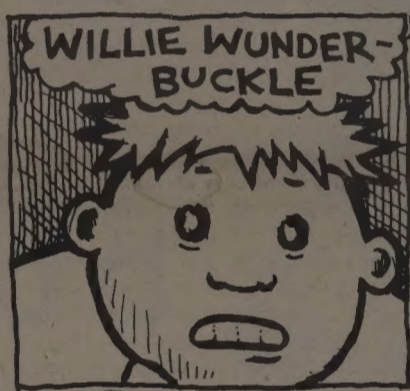
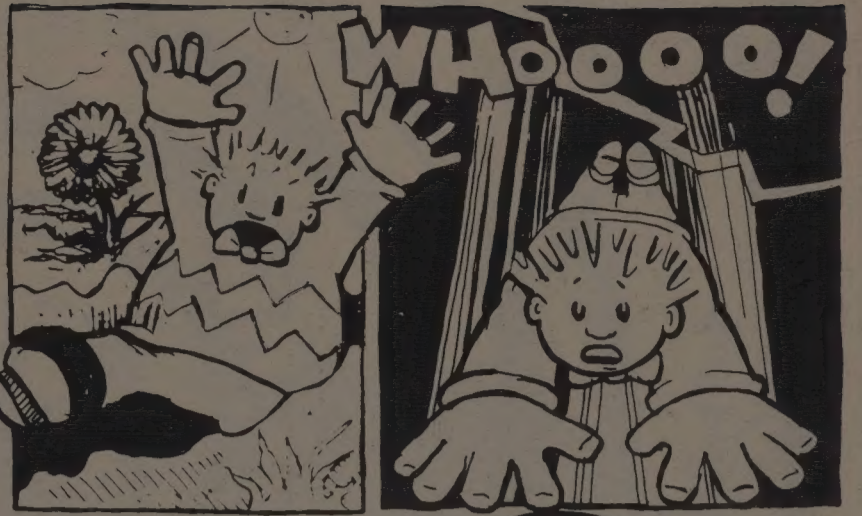
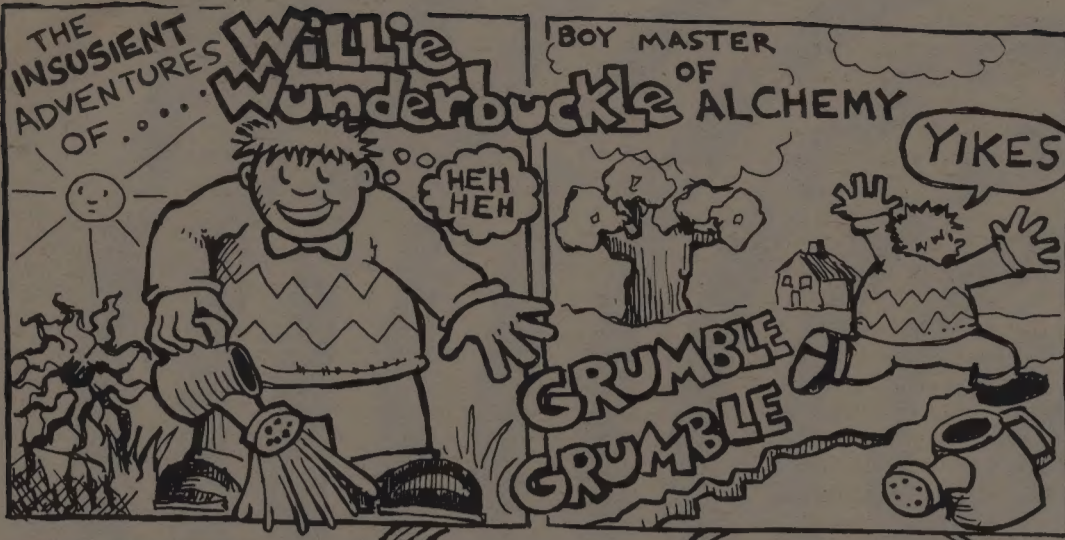
I love you, we love you, they love you. May I say keep up the great work you've been doing for your readers. The reason I am writing is because my mother received absolutely free a fucking pamphlet about drugs. The prick who sent it is Anthony J. Mercorella, 85th District, Bronx County. Now she's throwing me bullshit all about the fucked up facts printed in it.

For instance: "Chronic use of marijuana may adversely affect the personality and has potentially harmful effect upon the brain and other organs." What the fuck of crap is that. This shit is polluting the minds of the readers. Don't believe the bullshit of all the pricks working for the prevention and stamping out of the spread of narcotics. They should never wake up tomorrow morning.

Going far as a head,
 After effects he won't dread,
 There is a meaning, there is a time,
 For the Illusions of the Expanded Mind.

Thank you for taking the time to read something that is worth reading.

Peace and love,
 Bobby Atlanasio
 Bronx, New York
 Spontaneous Generation.
 P.S. Stop the spread of pricks.





Charlie Bubbles & the St. Marks Carnival

by Jonathon Oldstyle

Friday, May 18, 1968

It was a warm balmy evening around 1:30 A.M. on St. Mark's Place. I decided to walk my dog which was usual for me. The street was filled with beautiful people of every description. There was a premonition of summer in the air. The street truly belonged to the people. To make it even more festive a balloon man was selling gas balloons on long long strings. Some of the balloons went higher than the buildings . . . It was lovely. It was exciting. It was the mardi gras of Fun City.

I walked up the south side of St. Mark's Place and crossed at the corner at 3rd Avenue. There was a crowd and a few policemen standing there; something had just happened.

My dog Groovy and I stood on the corner for a few minutes. I was listening to a young man speaking to the police sergeant . . . He shook the sergeant's hand and said: "I'm Jack Lynn, Chairman of the St. Mark's Improvement Committee." They continued to rap and I continued to stand there listening. My ears began to light up when he asked the police sergeant if the balloon man had a right to be on St. Mark's selling balloons. The sergeant told him he had a peddler's license, but he was not allowed to stand in one place, but must keep moving with his artifact which included a big gas tank, which made movement difficult. But this did not seem to satisfy our boy, Smiling Jack, with the good-guy handshake, for he insisted that the officer do something more. The police-

man in charge being eager to do his job which was to give the balloon man a summons for remaining still. We all must admit it doesn't take much effort for a policeman to write out a summons. Since usually he doesn't have to appear in court, since the law breaker usually pleads guilty and pays the fine and lets it pass. But how many peddlers keep moving all the time? I've bought many an ice cream pop from a still peddler around Central Park, but that's Central Park and peddlers there have different rights from St. Mark's.

My curiosity being aroused, I followed this do-gooder to the middle of the block where he was leaning on the fence in front of the Electric Circus watching the crowd go by.

As I began to question him, he immediately thrust out his hand and introduced himself — the Ronald Reagan approach — "Hi, I'm Jack Lynn, self-appointed Chairman of the St. Mark's Betterment Committee." I asked him who paid him and he said no one. I asked him what he had against balloons and he said he didn't like the carnival atmosphere it made . . . I asked him about his committee and he said that they were against all the tourists on St. Mark's. I said I was for all the tourists on St. Mark's Place. He said the noise disturbed the tenants who lived in the buildings. So I said, Well, why don't you take a petition around and have the old ladies sign it . . . He said he did this already. I'm sure he worded the petition in such a way as anybody in their right mind would have signed it. I said the streets belong to the people and the people want St. Mark's Place and they should have it! He said that by law St. Mark's was residential and he was going to see to it that "the law" was enforced. I said, "Yeah, just like in the West

Village where the small coffee houses aren't given licenses because they can't afford the pay offs . . ." He said he was active there too and that he was suing the city to close down these small cafes without the so-called proper licenses. It is apparent that he would like to make our East Village up tight like the West Village. I said if you close down the Village where are the young entertainers going to get their start if not through the controlled cafes that are run by the syndicates??? He immediately denied the existence of the syndicate. By this time my temper was boiling and I started to yell if you don't like it here why are you hanging around to see to it that the police do their job? It was already apparent that he had made himself known to the police.

One more thing, I asked him where were the young people going to express themselves if not here and he said that if "they would move the Village down to perhaps Canal Street to a non-residential avenue. I said, I'm sorry but a city is organic, and that the Village is here and these people want it here and here it will stay and if he didn't like it, to get the hell out and to move uptown where he belongs.

I think that we, the young people who want the Village to grow should get together and make our petitions to counteract this all American Good-guy.

I strongly feel that we the young of the Village are the majority and we want freedom to exist here, because if our cafe opens up we will have places to go to express ourselves, especially in the small privately owned store front type cafe as in the old Village.

I say, let's put the uptight out of sight and let us organize our committees to protect our rights, our Village, our joys: simple as a balloon on a long long string.

While San Francisco Mayor Alioto on taxpayer's welfare dined with the rich and powerful in New York City on May 7 his Blue Shirts staged a spontaneous happening in front of his city's City Hall front steps on Polk Street here.

Perhaps jealous of the attention given over the last month to the Free City adherent's noontime poetry readings at the spot, they abruptly pulled up the curtain on their road show of farce, assault, and detention.

The theater was superb but the admission price was high: five members of the audience arrested on various charges and lodged in the City Prison in the Hall of Injustice on Bryant Street.

The Tuesday event started with a Free City press conference at which hip attorney Terrence Hallinan talked for the Free City offer of a no-charge labor force to infuse the city with new energy. Hallinan said the offer had been submitted to the Mayor's office and was being ignored.

The offer was part of a series of proposals made to Alioto by "San Franciscans, in the interest of eternity, and out of respect for their mayor," and included the following:

"That city-owned buildings remaining empty be restored to the people for reconstruction, embellishment, and refurbishment so that those people might live there freely.

"That all foodstuffs and materials in surplus not accounted for in current welfare distribution be returned to the people for redistribution free through ten autonomous neighborhood free stores whose rent shall be paid by the city."

The noon-time crowd of hundreds of Civic Center office workers and bureaucrats seemed to this reporter to care as little about eternity as about the few dozen hip people in their midst.

After Hallinan charged that San Francisco police have recently been telling local produce markets to not supply the Diggers with free vegetables and fruit, the regular poetry reading began. By this time potentate Alioto, supposedly promoting us in New York, had made connections with David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank and McGeorge Bundy of the Ford Foundation, and he was all smiles with one of the bosses of General Electric.

Meantime his Blue Shirts in front of his City Hall were giving meaner and meaner looks to the hip citizens while the crowd waited expectantly for "the action."

Suddenly three Blue Shirts burst into action and grabbed Thomas Baker, known as Ama, who had just finished reading some poems to the crowd. He was clad in a brightly colored American flag shirt and was rushed off to be charged with that terrible crime, "614D, Defacing a flag."

Of course it didn't seem to matter that the flag shirt worn by Ama was of the type sold by The Town Squire clothing shop in San Francisco. According to Gus Territo, manager of Town Squire, the stars and stripes shirt sold by his store is "made out of printed cotton in France."

"It is not made from flags," he told me. "Actually it has 70 stars and the stripes go up and down lengthwise, not cross-wise to the stars as on the American flag."

Territo told me the manufacturer actually calls it "The Flag Shirt." Currently it is selling in 70 stores throughout the nation at the upper income price of \$15 a shirt.

But, ah, it was the action that counted, not the props. The three big and strong Blue Shirts sternly led frail and bookish Ama into a paddy wagon that arrived as they stepped into the street.

Charles Terkel, a member of the audience who was a friend of Ama, walked to the paddy wagon and stood outside it chanting "Fuck, fuck, fuck" in protest of the arrest.

With the audience's sensitivities surely in mind, Alioto's Safety Officers took hold of Terkel and guided him into the paddy wagon. He was booked on a "311.6, Using profane language in public."

The curtain went down on the improvisational theater for a ten minutes intermission while the Blue Shirts worked out the rest of the happening.

The curtains went up and the bright afternoon sun focused on Municipal Court Judge Albert A. Axelrod. He began by confronting Free Man Ron Thelin who was wearing a brightly colored, folded bandana over his face.

Judge Albert questioned Ron's wearing the bandana and described it as a mask concealing his identity. Ron said he had a right to conceal his identity.

Judge Albert then informed Ron Thelin that he was wrong and he quoted Section 650A from a little book he had with him.

As stated by that Section, in Freedomland America, California division, you get thrown into a modern dungeon if you "appear on any street or highway or in other public places" with one's "face partially or completely concealed by means of a mask or other regalia or paraphernalia, with intent to conceal" one's "identity."

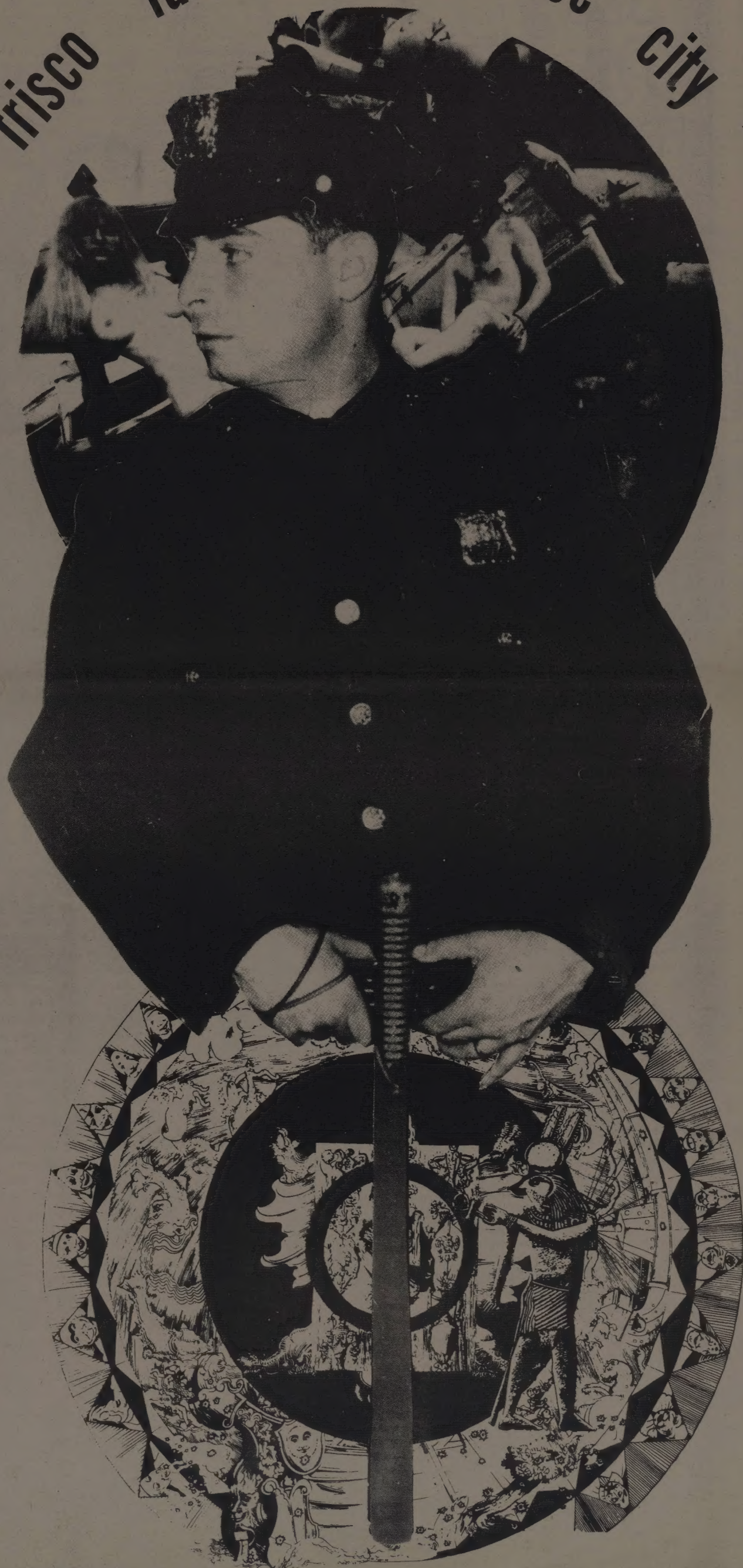
Naturally, the law excludes people wearing masks "in good faith for the purposes of amusement, entertainment, or in compliance with any public health order."

Shortly before Judge Albert confronted Ron Thelin, Ron told the press, "I wear a mask so I can intellectualize my fantasy, which is to be free."

(Continued on Page 18)

by Ernie Barry

frisco fuzz freaks free city





No one jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, Friday, May 17 at one in the afternoon. No one was obliterated or carted off howling to a madhouse. And no one was arrested.

It was a beautiful almost summer day and strolling across the pedestrian walk of Manhattan's answer to the East River brought back memories of a time when beauty cost nothing but a look and a deep breath.

I was on my way to witness Yoyoi Kusama's NAKED EVENT in the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge. The invitation read: THE ANATOMIC EXPLOSION. ABOLISH CLOTHES, CARS, TELEVISIONS, GUNS ATOMIC BOMBS. OBLITERATE YOURSELF WITH POLKA DOTS! SELF-OBLITERATION IS THE ONLY WAY OUT. ANYONE WISHING TO JUMP FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE WILL NOT BE PROVIDED WITH A BATHING SUIT. INSTEAD KUSAMA WILL COVER YOUR BODY WITH POLKA DOTS.

Kusama has been obliterating peoples' bodies with paint and bright dots for the past couple of years. But nowhere as long as this Registered National Historic Landmark which has been obliterating the distance between Manhattan, island of the speed dream, and Brooklyn, borough of the big sleep, with its own iron reality and nut and bolt support.

Leaning over the waist high railing of the walk and looking down on the passing cars below or out upon the river where toy boats pass in the night, I felt the long forgotten feeling of suspended motion. The day seemed to be constructed on light air and suspended from thin wire. It was an old day but reliable and the sun stared at you and let you know it was contented with being where it was. I watched as a few couples lined the too few benches along the walk. They were either eating their one o'clock lunch or talking quietly with their hands. A bunch of nicely dressed men, cameras slouched over shoulders, strolled by, waiting for something to be photographed; not visitors from out of town but natives, tourists of their own look who trusted the camera more than their own eyes.

I walked passed them and up a short catwalk and was stopped at the top of the landing by a young waiv-haired boy who asked for identification. I showed him my press card and walked by into a barrage of cameras clicking away.

The event had already started and Kusama in her white leotards, and a young Puerto Rican boy in Class Army greens and desert boots, were painting away the nude bodies of four young men. Their skin ran the gambit from black to white and red to green. The majority of onlookers, about twenty in all, were from the press. A few people, who were there accidentally for no reason at all, stared in amazement and then continued on. One person, in the usual sports gear of a jogger, disrupted his pace to be astonished. He approached Kusama and asked her with reverence that "the next times she was going to do something like this on the bridge to notify him so he could schedule his exercise with hers." She nodded orientally with a yes, not actually knowing what he meant and then began painting two more nude young men who had american flags wrapped about their right thighs.

Above her head, on the stone pillar foundation that catapulted from the river through the bridge's center, was a plaque which read: 1956 AWARD OF MERIT. FOURTEEN YEARS IN BUILDING AND OPENED TO TRAFFIC MAY 24, 1883, THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE HAS MORE THAN PROVEN ITS PRACTICALITY AND CONFIRMED THE VISIONS OF THOSE WHO LABORED FOR ITS COMPLETION. DESIGNED ORIGINALLY TO CARRY PEDESTRIANS AND HORSE-DRAWN TRAFFIC, IT HAS SINCE BEEN REMODELED BY OTHER FORWARD THINKING MINDS TO ITS PRESENT EFFICIENT USEFULNESS MAKING IT A PREEMINENT EXAMPLE OF ADAPTATION OF THE STEEL BRIDGE. I couldn't help feeling at the time, that the award was outdated by twelve years, and that practicality and vision had, to a new generation, become one of irreverence and fun.

The event didn't last long, not as long as the Bridge's, and was called to a halt twenty minutes after it had begun with a whistle blast that forewarned of the proverbial "man." But the police never showed; being busy with their own events or, if they were smart, with the greatest event of all, the day beating down on everyone's head, warm and supprisingly clean.

Kusama headed down towards Wall Street with the press, like Mary and her little lambs, following close behind. I remained to watch it all fade away on the horizon and to make a promise to myself to come back soon on the

next clear and sunny day to be surprised again on how beautiful it was when it was all there and nothing more.

Saturday, May 18th, however, turned into a bleak and dismal day. It had rained during the early part of the morning. Towards twelve o'clock, it had begun to clear but the day was still overcast and it had become refreshingly cold.

I strolled over to Washington Square Park to await the April 27th marchers who had been beaten by the police at the last Anti-War parade. They had returned today to try again. Last time they had no permit and his time, to keep faith with their beliefs, they marched without one again.

There were about one hundred and fifty, all from about nine different political groups; a coalition, as they called it, "for an anti-imperialist march." They ran around the circular fountain in the middle of the park shouting their slogans and waving their banners. About another one hundred and fifty people stood outside and watched or took pictures.

The police were in full force, a busload of police standing by and at least a hundred more advantageously placed within a three hundred foot perimeter. They also had four more busloads of Tactical Policemen tucked away on Broadway and fourth street. This time the Police did not have the disadvantage of too many parades on the lack of experience that unnecessary or even any confrontation between themselves and the demonstrators could bring bad publicity down on their heads.

While the police and everyone else were busy watching the round-the-rosy march, one of the paraders, with the help of a walkie-talkie, and who was planted in the Washington Square "Arch of Triumph" the night before, managed to plant two Viet Cong flags and a sign which read "The streets belong to the people" from its very top.

The police broke through the door on the right side of the arch and in a matter of minutes emerged with their prey, his face was flushed and he was limping.

The parade suddenly broke its mantra pattern and started running through the park and down towards the bowery. The police stood around and let the marchers pass into the street and relayed their direction over police phones. Tourists and the curious watched as if it was just another event in the life of Washington Square Park. A group of people stood under and around the

arch watching the police trying to fix the broken lock. The Arch stood cold and symbolically violated. Some people were aroused by the irreverence for the monument and talked to the police sympathetically. But most stood around curious to know what it was like inside but not willing to find out, at least, while the police were there.

The revolution was officially over as the marchers headed down second avenue towards fourteenth street. They shouted defiance to the people who stood around who shouted obscenities back. If it was a nicer day, someone might have gotten hurt but as it turned out it was nasty and cold and people were more busy trying to get away from the bad weather and reach home after a long day of playing "monopoly."

It all turned out stalemated, for the marchers as well as the day but at least no one jumped off the Washington Square Arch, Saturday, May 18 at two in the afternoon. No one was obliterated or carted off howling to a madhouse. And only one person did not "pass go" and went directly to jail.

Paul Krassner and Abbie Hoffman and wife are going to Europe after the summer. Paul plans to do benefits for any underground newspaper in Europe. All the underground has to do is organize the benefit-place, time, and date—and Paul will perform for free. If European underground newspapers are interested, get in touch with Krassner in c/o EVO, 105 Second Ave., New York City, 10009, U.S.A.

Rumor has it that the Maharishi has flipped out and taken the last Valhalla of mental sainthood. No one knows where he is and few want to discuss his cancellation of a three-week nationwide tour with the pop group, the Beach Boys when it had barely gotten underway.

A spokesman for the New York agency which books acts for the Beach Boys commented: "It seems as though people don't believe in the Maharishi any more. On this tour the Beach Boys were supposed to do their regular show and he was supposed to do his transcendental meditation, but it did not pan out."

It has been reported the Maharishi is on his way back to India from California but from what has been said about the fiasco by others, as well as his followers who are high up in his organization, it looks as if he's on his way back to infinity from nowhere.

the hanged man

by Don Katzman

There is a noticeable gap between what the U.S. Government states is its limited objective in Vietnam and what the American people believe it to be. In a recent poll, 45% of the people who were asked about the U. S. objectives in South Vietnam replied "to force North Vietnam to withdraw from South Vietnam completely and eliminate all Communist influence." Our government has stated that its aims are limited "to permit the Vietnamese in South Vietnam freely to choose their own future." The reason for this gap is that the American public sees the Vietnam war in terms of lives lost, property damage and money spent, while the officials of government see it in terms of goals not accomplished and victories that have never been reached.

The three main failures of U.S. policy in Vietnam are as follows: First, the United States forces have never secured any part of South Vietnam, including the American Embassy, as witnessed by the various offenses launched by the enemy. The bombing has not halted in any way the flow of men or materials into South Vietnam nor broken the will of the North Vietnamese people to continue the struggle. The reason for this is that the North Vietnamese are a backward people and have learned to live with very little. They survive mainly on what they produce agriculturally. Also most of North Vietnam's war materials are supplied by outside countries. Any of North Vietnam's industry that is worth bombing is gathered in one small area and ringed by a highly efficient anti-aircraft unit. It is estimated that U. S. planes have destroyed 340 million dollars worth of facilities while suffering 6 billion dollars worth of damage.

Second, we have failed to pacify any of the area in South Vietnam due not only to a lack of security but more so because American forces cannot accomplish what the South Vietnamese government is not willing to accomplish on their own. The government of South Vietnam has proved it is more concerned with protecting itself against political rivals than protecting the people against the Vietcong. Also, due to the widespread corruption of many officials in the countryside, most of America's military power and supplies are wasted.

Third, the effectiveness of the South Vietnamese forces (ARVN) has yet to be proved on the battlefield. Although ARVN forces are greater, American losses have been running higher. Only 1/3 of ARVN losses are taken on the offensive and though the forces has doubled in size, its casualties remain the same. Many of ARVN operations take place where the enemy is known not to be.

For the above reasons and because of domestic and international pressures, the American government has gone to the conference table under awkward circumstances. Their diplomatic proposals must be equally balanced to satisfy both the domestic pressures of Congress and the American public as well as the South Vietnamese government. It is also likely that America's allies will want to consult with the United States on every step of the negotiations. This too will complicate matters. And to this the fact that any peace proposal must also be acceptable to the North Vietnamese, the Vietcong and the Chinese and it adds up to an almost impossible task.

On the other side of the bargaining table must be weighed the complexities of North Vietnam's situation. There has always been a great lack of communication between East and West. The North Vietnamese government and the Chinese have what is known in diplomatic circles as the 1954 Geneva Convention syndrome. In 1954 when France's position in Indo-China became untenable, the war was moved to the negotiation tables of Geneva. Out of this conference, two new countries were born along the 17th parallel, with the stipulation that elections would be held in two years, deciding the fate of both peoples. The Diem government in South Vietnam used its powers to oppress any of its rivals. Diem's political enemies fell back into the jungle and formed the NFL (NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT) which pledged to overthrow the Diem regime and to unify South Vietnam with the North. Hanoi approved wholeheartedly of the NLF when they began to realize that Diem would not settle the problem of reunification by election. The most important stipulation of the 1954 Geneva convention and the one on which all hopes of peace rested had been broken. What Hanoi had won on the field of battle, she had now lost politically at the peace table.

There is also a great deal of mistrust on the American side as to North Vietnam's intentions involving peace talks. Stalling at the peace table while building up military strength is part and parcel of established communist tactics. There is no reason to believe that North Vietnam has been bombed into considering peace as an alternative. It is also true that North Vietnam and the Vietcong can carry on guerrilla warfare for the next 50 years. They are not nor have they ever been in an untenable position. The question now remains why the acceptance of peace negotiations? It may possibly be that North Vietnam has mistakenly taken dissonance among the American Public and President Johnson's refusal to run for re-election as a sign of defeat. Again we see the lack of understanding on the communist's part about American politics. North Vietnam cannot understand that the pressures of the American public and the actions of the American government can literally run along two separate roads. This misunderstanding on the part of North Vietnam is caused by the fact that

they have little or no internal pressures to take into consideration.

Let us now revoke all the arguments given above and freely accept that North Vietnam is genuinely willing to negotiate. If we proceed along these lines, we must take into consideration the outside pressures of Communist China. China is completely against any form of surrender or any peace that will compromise theirs and North Vietnam's position. If the North Vietnamese accept peace terms and no longer supply her man-power or ammunition to the Vietcong, then China will take up the position of Vietcong supplier. Peace negotiations without the Vietcong's attendance underlines the inherent flaw in the peace conference itself.

Moving along with the actual lines of negotiation to be discussed, we find one fact more prominent above all others. The signing of a peace treaty and its actual implementation toward surrendering of arms, halting of bombing and other war-like activities are of two different natures. To call a truce in Vietnam where no clear battle lines are drawn is absurd. A cease fire now has nothing to recommend it because of the previous unsuccessful ones. Although North Vietnam may agree to a cease fire, the insurgents may not feel obliged to do the same. A third way, withdrawal of troops, can easily be achieved but its implementation would have to wait until the International Control Commission was enlarged to handle the problem. One flaw in this idea is that North Vietnam has always denied it had any troops in the

South at all. There is also the matter of the surrender of arms by the Vietcong. Assurances must be made that the Vietcong will not cache more arms than it surrenders and that it would be allowed to take part in the government of South Vietnam. If these assurances can be secured then the problem of the GVN constitution comes into play. It is obvious that the constitution must be ratified or the structure of government be altered to include the Vietcong. Exactly how this is to be done poses the last stumbling block. The United States and the South Vietnam government may protest against too much alteration of the document, while the Vietcong may consider complete abandonment of the constitution as the only alternative and ask for another election specially on the problem of reunification.

If we have come full circle, it has not been done without the awareness that all problems in Vietnam lead back to 1956 when elections for reunification were abandoned by both sides. It is obvious that all other problems stem from this unhealed wound which has become infected with war and social disintegration. We cannot consider cure-alls for Vietnam by predicating solutions on a merely moral basis because all the parties involved are more concerned with loss of power and prestige. Morality under the conditions of war is mainly a source of propaganda. It is plain that reunification is the groundwork for peace. Right, no matter how moral, without this ground work will not be served.



BLACK THEATRE?

REFLECTION ON A REALITY: A PLAY

ACT I: REACTION . . .

I'm white — I think that's where it starts — and Monday night I went to a Black Panthers Benefit. I was tempted, just then, to say "Ball" for the alliteration, but they hardly had gang-banging on their mind — not the good-for-you, old-fashioned kind . . .

A Black Panthers Benefit, for ELDRIDGE CLEAVER . . . and others . . . LeRoi Jones, James Forman, Mrs. ELDRIDGE CLEAVER, and others. Marlon Brando was supposed to show. He didn't. No, nobody really knows why . . .

I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired. Yeah.

Black is beautiful. Yeah.

A picture of Stokeley. Yeah.

We are your masters and you will have to submit

. . . I don't want (our children) to grow up to be Marlon Brando. *Yeah.*

That's the way the evening went, sort of . . . The bill was also supposed to include Rap Brown — but everyone knew this was a means of drawing attention to his inability to come thanks to the pigs. Pigs: that term is defined in *The Black Panther* newspaper as:

A low natured beast that has no regard for law, justice, or the rights of the people; a creature that bites the hands that feeds it; a foul depraved traducer, usually found masquerading as the victim of an unprovoked attack.

Last night, the term was expanded to include every body? — white people who oppose black superiority and their simple right to take what they want — as in, "Let the pig know; 'I will kill you'."

Hate? No, baby, there wasn't hate in those words; and there wasn't hate in that audience. It was more than one word; bigger than hate, and puffed up slightly more — and yeah, I don't like being called a pig — so what — WHAT! I half-whine, half-demand-do you expect me to do about it . . . ? Because now I have to decide, don't I. But so do you. That's what this whole thing was about, wasn't it — taking a stand, deciding who you are for. Where Are You, Brother? Here are black people; everybody has black friends and has screwed with black ass at one time or another, right? Like, in your own home, right? And you've eaten soul food and liked it, right?

Ah then, what is this — why LeRoi is *not* talking to that asshole over there, the one who thinks NAACP is slightly radical. He is talking to his black brothers, and he is talking *about* you, and me, and all the other motherfuckers in the room. Sometimes "motherfuckers" is a term of endearment, but not tonight.

ACT II: PERSPECTIVE — WHEN THE WORLD IS UPSIDEDOWN

Sweet reason, sweet reason, Mrs. Kathleen Cleaver speaks, and the soft voice comes from a Woman; a very beautiful woman, as she stands there, all in black, arms out, palms up, in a dimmed spotlight, talking to that audience like a jockey talks to a nervous colt. She speaks truth and sincerity; she tells of Eldridge Cleaver's arrest . . .

Hang on to the memory of her with her low-talkin' voice, because she's all the comfort there is that night.

Sweet reason. What do they all want from the whites in that audience who have paid money to come to a Black Panthers Benefit. This thing has the subtlety of a Nazi bund meeting, and about the same attraction. And yet, in the name of sweet reason I am supposed to agree that because white anglo-saxon Founding Fathers agreed to slavery; because generations agreed to remain blind to the horrors; because my family is part of that dictum: "I'll march for a good cause but don't bring any home to dinner"; because I was not born black and did not suffer that particular agony; for all these and more (remember in 2nd grade, hearing a Puerto Rican hotly denying he was colored, and everyone laughed — share the guilt, share the guilt — it was *everyone*, even in 2nd grade) for all of this, what the fuck am I supposed to do, to be . . . ?

I am supposed to just go on giving money so that black can become separate and superior — the new corollary to separate and equal. Give money — that's all whites can do.

Well, I've never considered a world in which I don't exist. Somehow, I had always figured on being white ass, at least. Somehow, I find comfort in Eldridge Cleaver's belief that the white youth may have a chance . . . So LeRoi and Bobby Seale are not really talking to me. Somewhere between the theory of separation, and the practical need to co-exist, in that crazy point-to-point steeplechase there is hope. Because LeRoi may think I am a fool; like a turkey that worries about being cooked for Thanksgiving dinner — I may not get it this Thanksgiving, but there's always another one . . . But it doesn't work that way; not in my head. It can't because to kill in such an inane way would be a rather white thing to do; and to preach

superiority is a white thing to do . . . LeRoi is an extreme reaction but he is the other half of an action — which means the two are parts of a whole . . . and yet, somehow I wonder if maybe that whole isn't cracking.

I watched while a man in the audience hissed Le Roi, once, twice, and then was forcibly removed by a squad of panthers & friends, taken outside, and given a lesson in the rights of free speech: Speak when you're spoken to, boy. Is there that much pleasure in brute physical strength aimed at empty symbols . . . I watched Bobby Seale speechify and rant for hours — with an armed, crackerjack quartet of Panthers standing tall behind him. I watched white people listen to Le Roi et al., call them ugly, shit, motherfuckers, fascists, pigs . . . and then trot out to give money for Black Panther books, newspapers, stationery (yeah, notepaper and envelopes with pictures of The Leaders: everyone from Malcolm X to Martin Luther — why not, he's more black than you are, brother — and he would appreciate being used for the Good Cause) . . . and then those same people — chickens, I guess — walked back in, to be roasted. Money — give money, white shit, because that's your job: to be raped and bugged of your money — to have it stolen right from under your nose. Because, it's time: "This is a hold up, motherfucker."

Black Theatre. There was a play by Ed Bullins and one by Le Roi; The Bullins play, "How Do You Do" was about one-third more subtle than Le Roi's, but then Bullins himself is about one third more subtle than Le Roi — and that doesn't mean he really thinks differently, or feels differently; it means he has not yet reached that pinnacle of lonely hatred and red eyes.

I have black friends — certainly I have been as intimate with them as anyone else I know, using the same scale and percentages for "close" friends. Last night, I realized that all that had gone before did not mean anything. And if it comes to a real confrontation, I shall probably be the first to go, as some of my friends have pointed out. Because I'll walk out first and smile and — if it comes to this — probably disappear under a wave of feet trampling over me . . . Will it come to this . . . ? Well, before last night, and even now, I SAY no. But before last night I believed "no," and now . . . I'm not so sure. It won't happen on a national scale, all at once. The minority would be crushed, because urban guerrillas the "black nation" just is not. But on a small, personal level, direct confrontations of people who know one another — yes. And for what. A name — Black Power. Black Power, umgawa, black POWER! I saw a bunch of kids chanting this a few weeks ago, about the time of the King assassination. Maybe three or four were black.

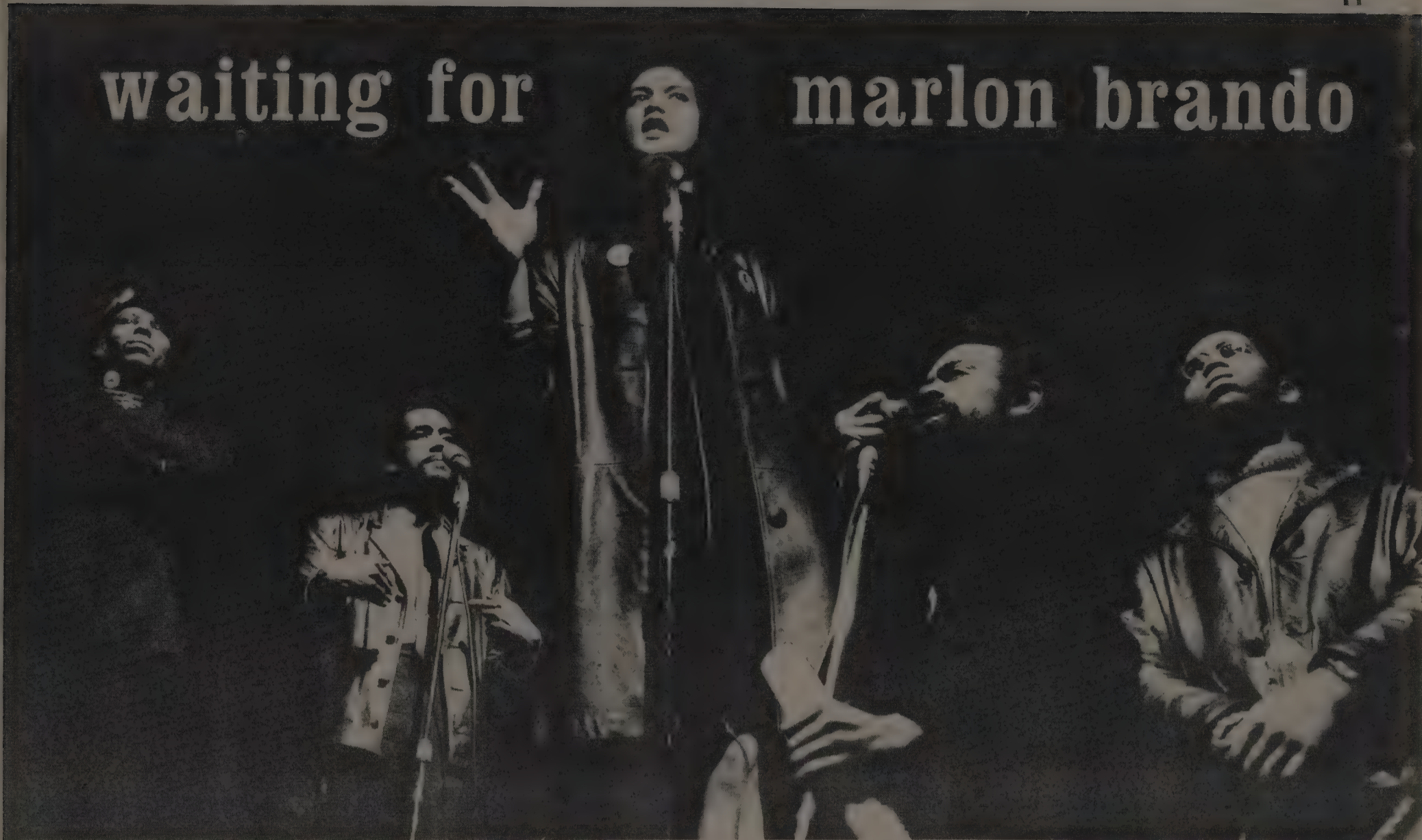
INTERMISSION (this is an unended play)

This play ends at Intermission, when I left the Fillmore. But black theatre is going to go on for a long time. It would be very easy to make a long metaphor about "black theatre" using the words "actors," "producer," etcetera. Metaphors are a step away from the reality, however, and time and space have hurled themselves so far, so fast, there is no longer any way to accept the right to step away from this reality — it is very ugly, and stepping doesn't make it prettier.

by Lita Eliseu



waiting for marlon brando



by Lennox Raphael

People don't talk, they come together to listen, see & feel, or be disturbed by dreams & reality.

To some he was freak & beautiful riding in the wild ones shooting in one-eyed jacks or balling on the waterfront & to others he was god with that sweet gentle helping hand of pretested expectancy as they waited for him. The Lord, no, only Marlon, BRANDO, he who ran with the panthers in California & said he was humbled & will do nothing but listen, stir up bread, and honor soul, he who said fuck you Hollywood no more bullshit here I come & anyone that wants me use me take me in your arms, did not show up at the benefit for the BLACK PANTHERS at Fillmore East last Monday night in lower New York's most impressive controversial dynamic night of revolutionary blackness words deeds guns & ideas, more of what will come & go in the sometimes chaotic roles of audience & players, no part-time reality, only an agonizing totality of feeling that returns to shatter lies and become a new mythology.

The Jimi Hendrix Experience was there the days before & Jimi worked out in electronic spirit space like a teenaged Sun Ra and in the shows that followed the soul was so thick that the experts thought the delightfully freaky Arthur Brown was black in his dances and songs of fire & smoke. Then King died, no, he was killed by America the satan west of oat meal & cuckass schizophrenia & Oakland cops (goon squads of the more comfortable liberals) continued to gun down panthers in the concrete hills that threaten to become mountains for black guerrillas who will surely do more than love vanilla cream & Robert Kennedy, the same Sir Robert, Catholic pope of the political circus. And, cut this shit, another benefit was born, more political prisoners, for that's how black revolutionaries see themselves in the context of a dehumanizing violence that denies them, that seeks to; the raving vampire that wishes more than blood.

Jimi sold out, all 2,600, & the benefit for writer Eldridge Cleaver and other panthers in jail sold out too, a big rush for tickets at \$2, \$3, and \$4, in the campaign to raise more than \$200,000 bail & eyebrows.

And the masochs walked out, couldn't look at the mirror or away from it without employing themselves in a mesh of bad vibrations. Put uptight by new cultural experiences, the new blood & head of a structured multifaceted defiance that eschews politeness & intellectual liberal radical asskissing as a bumper.

Paranoia: a little catharsis for you, some for me, Chase Manhattan will take what's left.

Whites want blacks to preface every revolutionary statement with love, for whites. But some know where it's at, and you're either with it, shaking, or out of it, at.

So the people came & were told "we will go back into blackness and be our own judges," reasserting the primacy of their history, "black art had better be what black people are," and "know what you are and you will know what to do." Washington Carver

did genius right, but "all the peanut butter factories today are owned by whites." Or, "be the thing you need," as the LeRoi Jones-Ed Bullins movie BLACK SPRING emphasized, energy at work. So the movie set the tone, energy at work, blackness, blacks to revitalize & whites to dig it, or walk out, or shout & dream bullshit, or say they were gypped out of their bread because Brando didn't show up in his Hollywood leather jacket.

Malcolm X was another hero, is, is dead now, but the liberation struggle "will produce many more heroes," Jim Foreman, of SNCC, said in an expectful night of m.c.ing. And Herman Ferguson, accused with several others of plotting to bump off Roy Wilkins & James Farmer, referred to "this vicious kind of thing the Man is running down on us," Hoover's recent put down of SNCC, R.A.M. and the Black Muslims as threats to the white security of America, "the game has just about come full circle for us," everyone involved by force, "when the Man begins to let you know what he has done he has got his thing together," mentioned "Lindsay's plans" to deal with rebellious blacks in New York city, hit America "phony class system," King was killed because he was moving in black direction, "we'll never know," the white man wiped out the Indians & wiped out the buffalo too, and "you know who he's going to wipe out when he gets rid of us," advised blacks to pick out up their belongings now & present themselves at the gates of the concentration camps now "to save the man having to come to look for us," and advised the panthers to split as soon as they got the bread. "This is a dangerous town. Ask me. I know." He appears in court, Kew Gardens, May 27, 9:30 A.M., the judges.

People are still talking about the night of blackness, how LeRoi Jones was just too much, too much, some fascinated by his genius & dismayed by his conviction, depending on how seen, he has hurt them very much, somebody walks into this office & complains that Jones thinks he's a demigod, money is shit that smells good when used for the revolution, media exercises. They wanted to see Jones who lived few blocks away once, alaifa, salaam alaikum, he came on strong "trying to talk to all the literary people" and spoke of "black power, black culture, black art, briefly." Despite the fact that he was characterized as crazy & evil, he said, whites in the audience knew that was not so, but, "people don't understand" that blacks wanted to be "masters of our own space so we can govern ourselves." Not hate. Whites were to be treated like "rain, a puddle," and "we are saying now we want the power." Whites who dug imitating blacks shouldn't expect blacks descendants of something more credible & immediate than "Greco-Roman European" culture. "We were strong & will be strong again," Jones said, spirits from the sixth Egyptian millennium. "We know that you beach boys and rolling stones you will never last 6,000 years . . . we know that we are your masters and you will have to submit," whites always imitating, the minstrel psychosis "only another form of hero worship," he said, "we know you still lead us around so you can suck our blood." The poet is intimately involved in the Newark, New Jersey school boycott "so children can learn about

themselves," and become black people with unamerican minds free from the brainwashing of centuries.

"WE DON'T WANT THEM TO GROW UP TO BE MARLON BRANDO," he said, and put down the campbell soup can culture, "We don't want them to grow up to believe that the celebration of homosexuality is somehow esoteric & profound." Blacks were creators, whites imitators. "May be you can be civilized by brothers who have the stomach for it." The same people who killed Bobby Hutton, gunned down by Oakland cops a few weeks ago, are the "same ones sitting here," for whites who rushed to dryfuck the aesthetic, who couldn't stand blackness or were confused about it, the logical run of their opposition means a bullet in Bobby Hutton. LeRoi said he was dealing with "consciousness," and the warning, "know that what you are doing is condemning us to slavery & condemning your own self to slavery."

Then the Black Troupe doing Ed Bullin's play, "HOW DO YOU DO," and the line "Fine day if it doesn't cloud up with shit." Beautifully done in space & clarity, and, at 10 past 10, Kathleen Cleaver, Eldridge's wife in leather & astroid natural talking about her man & brothers & pigs with guns. Spoke of "aspect of the coalition," poor whites mexican-Americans of the SouthWest; Reies Tijerina's "Our position has always been a humanist one." In colonized countries, she said, it was proper for revolutionaries to work out some form of alliance with activists in mother country " . . . black men have right to self-defense and that right must be established." She talks about guns (57 magnum, 12 gauge shotgun, etcetera, bullets) with the ease that Ladybird reserves for flowers, Kathleen there for her man too, and that's where it's at, her man in a special isolated cell block the "Medical Facility" in the Vacaville prison, California where he recently spoke to writer Len Holt and said, after sobbing, "Can't brothers conduct a tribunal and let the world know what happened to Bobby? and convince those who may doubt that cops are beasts adorned with iron, lead and license to exterminate us." His soul was not on ice. The fire was burning. Soul still burns. The new wife she is, women with men on the firing line, one on the outside, in her black boots very erect & electric without con. When Jim Farmer warned "you can't get cancer & freedom too" and roused everyone to contribute about \$1,000. And Victor Hernandez Cruz, whose SNAPS is being put out by Random House, chipped in Puerto Rican solidarity, said, "Our people wasn't quiet last summer. They did their thing too," and read a beautiful poem, said we will be there, revolution. And a policeman was maced off the stage by the Gut Theatre whose director Vargas of Columbia is having trouble with the immigration office here. Then LeRoi & his space angels in cosmic ecstasy of redeeming blackness, "HOME ON THE RANGE," a luminous reality that put some uptight, others down, & made many feel pure, clean, and blacker, depending. Not only political dozens. Joel Fabricant loves to eat niggers because he's an anti-semitic.

Then Bobby Seale comes on & says "turn the house-lights one. Good morning," stood firm, cool, arms folded, chairman of the panthers, spoke of black re-

(Continued on Page 21)



Will success spoil

th
by Michael

Macrobiotics has enjoyed an unexpected success. Its original goal was philosophical; in the world's eyes it has become a diet. It has attracted many kinds of people, the elderly who want to live longer, young people who want to enjoy their youth, invalids who no longer want to wait in a hospital room for the doctor to come and say that there-is-only-ten-percent-chance-for-the-operation-to-be-successful. It has particularly convinced those who did not want to depend on someone else's decision. As a diet it has been remarkably successful. It is not difficult to understand why; with Yin and Yang everything becomes simple. One buys brown rice, good vegetables, occasionally some fruit in season; one goes home and starts the operation. Cook the rice, sautee the vegetables, prepare some Bancha Tea and you are ready.

And what is the purpose of eating this way? To live longer? No. It is not a philosophy of fear. The purpose of life is not simply to live as long as possible. Man's dignity does not allow him to become involved in such folly, a man can live two hundred years and still waste his time.

What does man want? To be God? Is his ultimate desire to control matter and spirit? Why must he seek utopian power by usurping impossible dimensions? Isn't the possible more difficult to accomplish than the impossible? It is more difficult to give birth to a beautiful child than to speak of creation until one is out of breath. The spirit comes to those who have worked for it. One does not run after it like a diploma; one gets what one deserves. One must start from a b c. First clean the body which is supposed to receive the spirit. One cannot pretend to create wonders after gulping down bacon and eggs in the morning and a pound of beef at night. Great men have always known intuitively what to eat. Why is not everyone inspired to do the same? The wise man creates emptiness within himself in order to receive the spirit. There is a universal Law: Yin and Yang; the more we adhere to that law the greater are our desires to create. One can only win.

One transmutes the self as one starts to change one's food. One must be the Law itself. He who tries to escape from this law is at the mercy of his bad judgement and its consequences: Schizophrenia.

Day is Yang, night is Yin. Man is Yang, Woman is Yin. Every phenomenon includes its complementary opposite; there is no night without day, no woman without man, no cold (Yin) without heat (Yang). One produces the other. We must let it happen. One can interfere only when one knows the law called "transmutation." Every man should be capable of changing Yin into Yang and Yang into Yin.

It is no longer a secret that today's nourishment becomes tomorrow's thought. Yin produces Yang in an impeccable order. A man can be what he wants; he can go up or down. Is it not obvious that un-

Macrobiotic diet?

balanced food will give birth to an unbalanced mind? If it is not so, then what is our relationship to the things of the earth?

All that grows is ours to enjoy. But first we must choose. Does a man marry every woman he meets? Tomorrow's freedom is continuously available in the food of today.

Macrobiotics is not a movement. It is simply what Lao-Tse, Confucius and more recently Georges Ohsawa were willing to explain to us, a philosophy that teaches the interplay of forces in everything — in food, thought, morality, etc. Macrobiotics is neither a religion nor an organization. It is a garden of wonders for everyone; a chance for every man to realize his inner self. It is not a technique. It is a search for the wisdom modern man has lost. There is nothing taught but what man already knows. It is like coming back home.

Sometimes there is a gathering, a meal is served and a discussion follows. One never gets bored. The more we study Yin and Yang the more we are astounded by their accomplishments. The more we know of them the more humble we become.

There are some books which should be read: *Zen Macrobiotics and The Book Of Judgement* by George Ohsawa; *You Are All Sanpaku* by William Dufty, for those who want to get a general idea about the Philosophy; the *Tao Te King* of Lao Tse; the *I-King*; the *Yellow Emperor's Classic of Internal Medicine*; *Zen Macrobiotic Cooking* recently published by University Books, etc.

The role of Macrobiotics is important; it is the Law that will prevent man from drowning body and soul in a world of automation and conformity, the first step towards real freedom.

Yin-Yang is the key that opens all doors; even the devil is caught in the act. Yin and Yang are not an illusion or a concept. They are the day and the night, the heart-beat of the Universe. They create for Man an everyday dream in the midst of apparent reality. A man who does not achieve this, who does not change Reality into Dream, Yang into Yin, is not a man. For those who ignore this, there is always the danger of following someone whose system seems

to function well, but which may take years of pain to forget. One must take risks, but not beyond one's capacities. The *I-King* says: The Superior man does not permit his thoughts to go beyond his situation. It is a very wise adage; when one understands it one is aware of the greatness of man.

All is in constant change. The last will become the first. Yin becomes Yang, and Yang becomes Yin. The only constant is change.

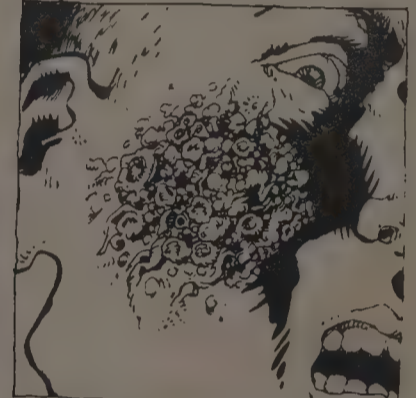
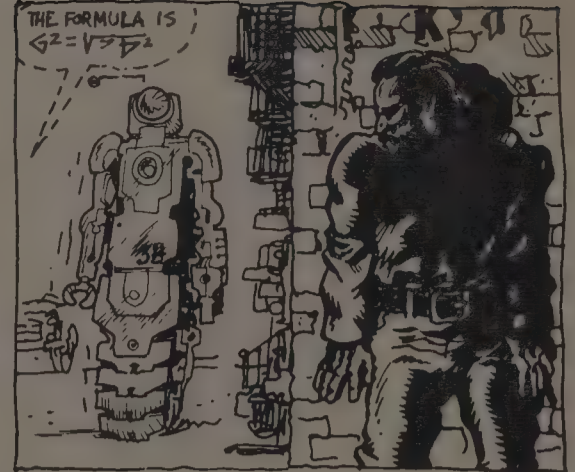
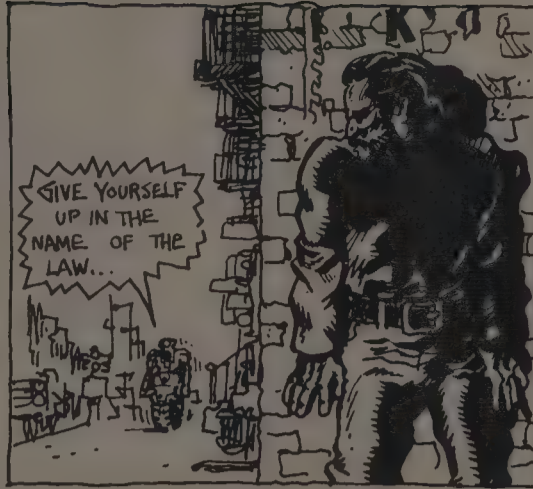
Get a book on the Macrobiotic philosophy and another for the cooking. Read, eat, and discover the thought that will save the man of tomorrow.

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POP

By Bob Rudnik / Dennis Frawley

Booker T. and The M.G.'s came to town last week but the New York press was apparently still stunned over the Beatles' ring-ding conference to pay much attention. Even the highly promoted press party for the group at Manhattan's newest pop club Space, was sparsely attended.

The virtual boycott by music critics from the Voice to Variety is not understandable in light of the importance they have made of the Memphis sound in the pop world. Booker T. and the M.G.'s were recently awarded the instrumental group of 1967 by Billboard Magazine. (Someone finally ousted Herb Alpert). They have been the staff rhythm band for Stax records since their million seller of Green Onions in 1961. With the Memphis record company, they became involved in the production and helped write as well as back up such top artists as Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, Sam and Dave, Rufus and Carla Thomas.

Their live performances are always excellent, Professional and smooth, they have a huge repertoire and can adapt to any situation including an impromptu session with singer Eddie Brigatti of Young Rascals.

It's nice to hear musicians who dig what they're playing. The M.G.'s, with skillful guitarist Steve Cropper (who co-authored tunes with Otis Redding), fine bass player Donald "Duck" Dunn, drummer Al Jackson, and Booker T. Jones on organ are all outstanding rock musicians.

Bill Graham is booking his second jazz group into the Fillmore East. Gary Burton's quartet will be there May 31-June 1, opposite Moby Grape and the Fugs. Although not the draw at present of Charles Lloyd, Burton's group features one of the most talented ensembles to play the Second Avenue rock palace. Larry Coryell's fine guitar work is the reason for this quartet being

classified as jazz-rock. He is the single most dynamic guitarist in either jazz or rock today, and one of the few artists capable of making it in either medium. His feeling for both is natural and intuitive—this not being a case of a Wes Montgomery or Arthur Fielder playing the Beatles. Bassist Steve Swallow goes the sophisticated sound of the combo into integrated conversations of various musical textures while drummer Haynes beats a strong rhythm pattern laying a sure emotional framework. But it is leader Burton, a former child prodigy, whose vibes provide articulate commentary in shifting patterns of smooth dialogue with his quartet. Their mellow involving sound can also be heard for the next week at Steve Paul's "The Scene", 46 st. and 8th Avenue.

It becomes increasingly more apparent that pop groups who "want to make it" think that all they have to do is cop an act or image, develop a slightly different or fake sound, and hope for a hit record or album. Of all groups trying to avoid this pleasant security syndrome, the McCoys would seem the least likely. They could sit staid on their minimal reputation from "Hang On Sloopy" and play one-nighters throughout the mid-west gathering much money and the hearts of our non drop-out brothers and sisters of the suburban middle class.

However, they're risking their capitalistic integrity and their fans for a creative new sound. The heads of these four mid-American teenagers seem well together as the Jimi Hendrix influence on their music wanes while the McCoy's own taste increase.

With one of the McCoys still in high school and the other three barely 20, they could become a major force in pop music in two or three years if they can maintain their current pace and keep together. The organist used to be with

the Candyman; the guitarist rivals George Harrison for seriousness. Basically, they have a more solid, honest sound than much of the music (Iron Butterfly, Blue Cheer, Ultimate Spinach) currently making the psychedelic circuit.

... The Electric Flag's performance at the Fillmore East June 7-8 will probably be their last.

... Anti-hero Dustin Hoffman, star of "The Graduate" will appear next in "The Midnight Cowboy", based on a novel by James Leo Herlihy (Blue Denim, All Fall Down), to be directed by John Schlesinger.

... Randy Brecker, former trumpeter with Blood, Sweat, and Tears, is now playing with Horace Silver.

... John Lennon of the Beatles has written a play, in collaboration with American Negro playwright Adrienne Kennedy (Funny House of a Negro), which will be produced in June by Britain's National Theatre. The play "In His Own Write," is of course based on John's first book and will be directed by Victor Spinetti.

... Soupy Sales has signed with Motown.

... Generation, the most recent addition to the small circle of clubs offering fresh contemporary music unfortunately will not be reopening and is in the process of being sold.

... Nico has just finished recording her first Electra album. Arranged by John Cale of the Velvet Underground, it should be much better than her poorly produced solo for Verve records. Electra will promote the Moon Goddess as the female Jim Morrison.

... You can be executed in Georgia for selling marijuana to a minor.

... Blood, Sweat, and Tears has a new trombonist, two new trumpet players and a new vocalist—David Clayton Thomas. Canada's white Ray Charles

... Miami's pop festival, held last weekend at Gulfstream Park race track with

such notables as Jimi Hendrix, Mothers, Blue Cheer, and Arthur Brown was a failure.

... John Cage, the music world's leading exponent of electronic and avant-garde composition, will begin a series of Monday night concerts, to be known as The Electric Ear, at the Electric Circus beginning May 27. The Electric Ear, to be directed by Thais Latham and Eric Salzman, will be devoted to new forms in music, sound and media, and will feature well-known composers and performers. The first program will be titled "Reunion", with John Cage, Lowell Cross, David Behrman, and Gordon Mumma. "Reunion", is an electronic sigh-and-sound system work whose form is determined by the moves of a chess game (chessboard by Lowell Cross.) The series, being sponsored by the Electric Circus Foundation for Experimental Arts, will run through the summer. Included will be such well-known figures in avant-garde music as John Cage, Luciano Berio and Cathy Berbarian, Salvatore Marterano, Pauline Oliveros, Mel Powell, Michael Sahl, Eric Ealyman, Morton Subotnick, Lejaren Heller, Alvin Lucien, Vladimir Nasachevsky, and others.

... Levy reports from San Francisco that Tiny Tim performed to standing ovations at the Fillmore West. For an encore he did an incredible version of "Earth Angel".

COMING ATTRACTIONS

This weekend in New York.
Electric Circus: James Cotton
Bitter End: Jim and Jean, Jake Holmes, David Steinberg
Slugs: Art Blakey
Space: Long Island Pop Festival with Vagrants, Rich Kids, and the illusions.
Scene: Gary Burton Quartet
Dom: Art Farmer
Village Vanguard: Roland Kirk
Cafe Au Go Go: Collision Course

Hip pocrates

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

QUESTION: Last weekend my boyfriend and I were picking mushrooms in the woods and found some funny yellow ones with long stems. Could these have been hallucinogenic mushrooms?

ANSWER: Before you go tripping off in the woods again, you should realize that only experts should try to distinguish between edible mushrooms and poisonous toadstools. Toadstools (*Amanita muscaria*, *A. verna*, *A. phalloides*, *A. brunnescens*) may give a kind of trip but collapse and even death may follow.

Amanita muscaria has a sudden (1 to 2 hours) onset of action and causes confusion, excitement, thirst, nausea and vomiting, diarrhea, wheezing, salivation, slow pulse, tremors, weakness, collapse and perhaps death. *Amanita phalloides*, *brunnescens* and *verna* have a delayed onset of action (12 to 24 hours) and cause confusion, depression, headache, convulsions, coma, nausea, vomiting, bloody vomitus and stools, jaundice, reduced flow of urine and fluid in the lungs.

So-called "magic mushrooms" or *teonanacatl* ("flesh of God") are grown in Mexico and used for religious and psychic purposes by descendants of the Aztecs. Curanderas (witch women) and curanderos (witch doctors) dispense the mushrooms *Psilocybe mexicana* which causes body image changes and visions when ingested in suitable quantities.

The Swiss chemist Hoffman (who first synthesized LSD) isolated the active ingredient of the "magic mushrooms," psilocybin, in 1958.

QUESTION: Every now and then I meet a girl who uses Emko vaginal foam to prevent pregnancy. It seems to do the job alright (I think) but there is one thing which really is annoying—the taste! Why does Emko taste so bad? I've sampled one or two other brands and they're no better. What do you suggest?

ANSWER: Your complaint is quite common and I'm sure the Emko Company would be interested in copyright Eugene Schoenfeld, M. D. 1968

your comments. Write to them at 7912 Manchester Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., 63143. "Give them a tongue-lashing." (See's note)

QUESTION: My husband is of the nervous type. Often his skin is very itchy. However, the big problem is that immediately following intercourse his balls itch so much that he cannot stand it. Is there anything that you can suggest to alleviate this problem?

ANSWER? Scratch? Another possibility is that you have a yeast infection or other condition causing irritation to your spouse. In any case both you and your husband should be examined to determine whether there is a physical cause for this problem.

Here's some news from another underground weekly, the AMA News. Its April 29th issue reports the results of the Illinois State Medical Society's National Symposium on Psychedelic Drugs and Marijuana in Chicago. Acting commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics George Gaffney said, "the laws that we have have aroused bitterness in some quarters."

Donald Miller, chief counsel for the FBN called marijuana a "harmful and dangerous substance." He added that "We now have 60,000 marijuana users in the United States . . ."

Boston attorney Joseph S. Oteri said, "This business of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics being interested only in apprehending the seller is so much garbage. Whenever they make raids, they bring along the local police so they can arrest the users."

Duke Fisher, M. D., of the UCLA Neuro-Psychiatric Institute reported that individuals "who have a significant dependency on marijuana and use it chronically tell of a decrease of sexual drive and interest."

Only a sinister drug like marijuana could transform its users into crazed sex fiends while at the same time rendering them impotent.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions.
Write to him c/o EVO

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spider kings

(Continued from Page 3)

"War and National Policy," and is a director of the Institute of Defense Analysis, was described as so "stunned" at the (police) damage to his office he failed to recognize a hand-made set of brass knuckles. The piece couldn't have presented a better image of Columbia than if it had been written by the University Public Information Office. It will not win another Pulitzer.]

Other trustees include Judge Frederick von Pelt Bryan (64); District Attorney Frank Smithwick Hogan (66) and rubber, hide, metal and produce broker Harold Anthony Rousselot (61). And then there is Percy Uris (69), builder and benefactor, who stands ready to donate or build new facilities as required. He donated (with his brother) \$3 million toward award-losing Uris Hall, and stands ready to construct Columbia's multi-million dollar annexation of the Piers area above 125th Street.

Trustee Walter Henry Sammis (72) has connections with a dozen or so public utilities: perhaps it was he who arranged the deal whereby Columbia sold the plot on Amsterdam Avenue and 110th Street to Con Ed so they could put up a Mussolini-Modern power sub-station. (Then again, it could have been either Kirk or Wein, both directors of the utility.)

William Ernst Petersen (62) is president of Irving Trust Co. and the new Madison Square Garden, while Samuel Randolph Walker (59) is a former president of Sterling Forest, the residential, academic and research community in Rockland County and Urban American, Inc. Maurice Moore (72) is a director of Time, Inc., General Dynamics, Chemical Bank New York Trust and Columbia's \$200 million fund drive, along with Benjamin Joseph Buttenwieser (68), a builder, broker and philanthropist. Arthur B. Krim (58) is president of United Artist and a fund raiser for President Lyndon Johnson, while Alan H. Temple is chairman of Prudential Life, the Monsanto Corp. and First National City Bank. But just who is William T. Grossett? Or Frode Jensen?

The pre-eminent trustee, of course, is president Grayson Louis Kirk (65). He directs a liberal assortment of enterprises, including, but not limited to: Socony-Mobil Oil, IBM, Con Ed, Nation-Wide Securities, Greenwich Savings Bank, Morningside Heights Incorporated and the Asia Foundation. He has honorary degrees from over 35 colleges and universities and a chestful of decorations from South America, Asian and European governments — and yes, he is a member of the Links Club.

Like trustees across the nation, these business men are ultimately responsible for the curriculum, staffing discipline and management of the university. But their connection with the first three categories (like the recent appointment of Col. Earl V. Brown, the law officer at the court martial of Capt. Howard B. Levy, to the Columbia Law School) is relatively loose. They leave most educational matters to the president and the teaching staff, and put more time into what really interests them the most: manipulating money. Unfortunately, the manipulation of money is no longer a "safe" area, where all one could lose was cash. Today problems of poverty and race

relations in urban areas have interjected moral questions into abstract questions of real estate, and the undeclared war in Vietnam has interjected moral issues even into securities and banking.

For advice on university affairs the trustees rely on president Kirk: after all, they meet only once a month and theirs is not a full-time job. Unfortunately Kirk runs a small staff, and has, according to "Columbia College Today" (a house organ), "easily the thinnest top administration of any major American university" (Fall, 1966). In other words, it is over-centralized. This observation is borne out by another fact of life at Columbia; up until the strike, there was no general faculty council or senate. In theory, this permitted professors to concentrate on the problems of their own departments, and kept them out of such extra-curricular duties as fund-raising. Unfortunately, it also kept them out of voicing their opinion on general university policy. It appears all this has been changed by the strike, for the faculty has finally begun to act as a unified body, expressing its own voice in university affairs.

How well have the trustees managed within their own sphere of competence, finance? The record shows Columbia was eighth in the list of fund raising by colleges and universities last year, and hopes to better last year's \$20.5 million total. The university counts on gifts for fully one third of its operating expenses. The trustees have also set themselves a special \$200 million endowment fund goal, to which trustee Wien has given \$1 million and trustee Uris \$2 million. It is not yet known what effect the recent episode on the Heights will have in reaching this goal.

The trustees manage the endowments of the university, taking a conservative approach, which drew this criticism from McGeorge Bundy, president of Ford Foundation:

It is far from clear that (the) trustees have reason to be proud of their performance in making money for their colleges. We recognize the risks of unconventional investing, but the true test of performance in the handling of money is the record of achievement, not the opinion of the respectable.

What Bundy suggested was the creation of a full-time investment staff, rather than continue with the present monthly direction.

The trustees also manage the university's real estate holdings, but since these are not public one can only estimate their extent. The 12 acres which Columbia owns under Rockefeller Center pull in a reported \$3 to \$4 million annually. Columbia owns a small but valuable property at 111 Wall Street, on which Uris Buildings Corp. is building an office structure for (trustee Temple's) First National City Bank. The university also owns 125 acres in Palisades, New York, and are said to be speculating with 545 acres in Rockland County, New York, not for from (trustee Walker's) Sterling Forest. Columbia also own much of the 45.7 acres in the Manhattanville Piers area between 125th and 135th Streets, and West of Broadway.

These water-front parcels were purchased by Columbia only during the past three years, and their development will bring about public investigations and community protest which will make the events of this spring look like a panty-raid. The piers area

is valuable because so few people live in it: about 2,000. Real estate in New York today derives value from its lack of relocation problems. This virtue was seen by Columbia building advisor James Felt (65), a former City Planning Commissioner and advisor to Morningside Heights Incorporated. [Felt's brother, Irving Michael (583, is chairman of (trustee Peterson's) Madison Square Garden Center.]

The first line of attack was to try to set up, in the fall of 1965, a front group consisting of friends of Columbia (David Rockefeller, James Felt and other) and community leaders. This group was to hire an architect to develop a residential and industrial proposal for the Piers area. The housing would be suitable for university faculty and community residents, and the industry would offer jobs to the depressed Harlem community.

The go-between for this group was Donald Elliott (35) then the chairman of the Morningside Urban Renewal Council and a self-styled "good friend of the university; he had grown up on Morningside Heights and he knew how important the University was to the City." Unfortunately for Elliott, Rockefeller, Felt and the university, the community leaders did not buy the scheme. First, they doubted how many of the new apartments would be priced for local tenants (the average family income for this area was under \$5,000 per year). Second, the industry was not directed to the unskilled workers prevalent in Harlem, but rather to technical workers (such as computer programmers) associated with university. When the community did not respond, Elliott (who is now City Planning Commissioner) dropped the deal.

Present university plans for the Piers area follow a scheme which the university has more chance of pulling off: they are allied with a Negro executive with no particular roots in the area, Joe Overton. Who is directing the project for Columbia? Courtney C. Brown, dean of Columbia's Business School, with offices in Columbia's Uris Hall. (Dean Brown is a former economist with Rockefeller's Standard Oil Co., owns 1,500 shares in Uris Buildings Corp., and recently joined trustees Paley and Burden as a director of CBS.)

What is wrong with Columbia investing in housing and commercial property? Nothing, depending on how they go about it. To view the Piers as merely a good place to put faculty and the poor who now occupy Morningside Heights without consulting the wider Harlem community will only add insult to injury. Legally this can be done, but many believe that a great educational institution should provide leadership in solving today's explosive urban problems, which threaten to tear apart the American society. And Columbia has in its School of Architecture designers and planners of international reputation who are consulted all over the world on urban questions: but not by Columbia. The plain fact is that building in a city today is no longer a simple matter of sticks and stones. Human lives and social patterns are at stake, and these relationships must be a part of the architectural and planning program.

The problem is that running a university today has gone well beyond the questions of cutting grass, raising money and playing Monopoly with real estate once a month. University planning is a full-time job and Columbia should be following a master plan, openly arrived at and publicly accepted. The university is involved with the larger community whether it likes it or not: with government research and foundation grants as well as through its dislocating effect on its immediate neighbors.

The problem is that in its quest for lebensraum, Columbia has concentrated on physical and material questions, and has turned solely to men with standing in the world of business. It is now time to use its full resources in solving the complex political, social and moral problems of our time. It is better that the president of Columbia University start a new Foundation in Harlem than remain a director of the Asia Foundation.

Perhaps these changes will occur only when the trustees truly represent the alumni, the faculty and the public at large.

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What the hell, Vive la France!

by Jaakov Kohn

France is twisting in the throes of a creeping paralysis, yet it does not seem to be able to make up its mind whether to die in lieu of rebirth or teeter on its traditional brink of catatonic catastrophe.

Whatever took place in France during the past two weeks — the pileup of events is too big to enumerate — was sparked by a relatively small group of Sorbonne students. In spite of massive brutality unleashed by the Gendarmes and a stand off attitude of total indifference taken by the traditional Left during the first days of the demonstrations, the contagious spontaneity of the Sorbonne revolt caught on and within days turned hundreds of thousands of young people throughout France into a militant revolutionary body.

The French power structure, ranging from the far right to the Central Committee of the Communist Party, suddenly had to take cognizance of what Premier Pompidou so aptly termed "a truly revolutionary situation."

The massive energy unleashed by the students opened doors that were hitherto tightly shut. The inconceivable suddenly became a distinct possibility. The "Socialist Utopia" ceased being just another slogan trashed about by the "unruly malcontents of the Left Bank." France found itself on the threshold of a tomorrow that nobody dared to face.

By tearing down the overbearing edifice of French education and the archaic system which made it tick, the students succeeded in cracking one of the basic foundations of the French Bourgeois structure. Overnight the points the students have tried to put across became ever so poignant and the powers on hand began to tremble. The lines were clearly drawn. The forces of tomorrow — the students — were on one side of the barricades. The Establishment — that un-

holy alliance of left and right — on the other. It became ever increasingly clear that the Status Quo, that octopus of accomodation of left and right that enabled De Gaulle to do his thing, was indeed in danger. None realized it more than the leadership of the Communist Party. Like all upright burghers, these "leaders of the masses" whom Cohn Bendit rightly called "Stalinist Creeps," were determined not to let the "Maoist" of the Sorbonne go any further.

A general strike was declared and most public and industrial plants were seized. Normalcy was suspended. The millions of the CGT, the trade union arm of the Communist Party were ordered "to prevent any outside intervention (by the students) in the affairs of the working class."

Out of nowhere, the stop gap objectives were achieved. The old bag of tricks was again master-

fully put to use by the old politicians of the "WOIKING" class who with a series of deviously motivated acts of political cynicism succeeded in isolating the one and only true revolutionary force in France — the students.

With most of France at a standstill, nothing much was left for the students to do but hold marathon sessions of the States General — a talk-in named after the parliament of the first French revolution.

The mundane and uptight Communists are holding the balance of power, ever ready to bargain for whatever share of the bounty they might grab. Let the revolution shove itself up its own ass.

De Gaulle — he called the whole thing an act of "bed wetting" and ever conscious of the grandeur of France, proceeded to grant the students an amnesty, for which they did not even bargain. What the hell. Vive la France.

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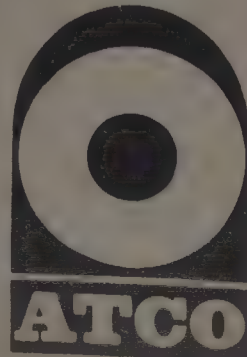


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(Continued from Page 11)

volution "in confines of racist America," cursed "mis-information," the "racist mass media." Said, "The only way by which white power structure operates is by gun power," and emphasized the crying necessity "to make the pig act in a desired manner," to teach him respect. RESPECT. "We hate you, white people," he said, attitudes & tradition, what whites have done to blacks, the way things are moving today, the acts, and "Next time you come up here saying I hate you because of your skin I'll kick you in the ass." Or maybe he said I'll kick your ass! Blacks were fighting the "real racism," the bullets of cops with extension erections, he wasn't going to jump into the bag of hating whites "just because of the simple color of your jive skin." The nitty-gritty was political consciousness & guns for blacks to defend their integrity and holiness as a people. "Stick 'em up, motherfucker," for the panthers were for blacks, "not for white people in the white community," called for UN-directed black plebiscite. Necessary for the black community to see armed black men in the community, defending. Blacks, nowadays talk about guns — not molotov cocktails, and he was against "spontaneous riots." The brothers in Detroit who held 200 square blocks & battled crack paratroopers "weren't talking any esoteric bullshit. These brothers were throwing lead at those people, real lead."

Alluding to those who feel that guns & revolution should be underground in this "complex system" he said how the hell are people going to support some-

thing they don't know about. Praised LeRoi for helping to "unbrainwash" with his vision & drama, "We've got to come on top of the ground and help to unbrainwash the brothers." Not romantically, but "out of pure necessity." And, "Sure, we will be forced underground." The gun as a political entity determining revolution & ecstasy. "We advocate no more spontaneous riots in the black community." Called on black revolutionaries to follow example of Vietnamese who goes about his business coolly who takes guns from American boys "and fighting the aggressor to determine their own destiny in their own land." Remember, he said, "One gun gets 10 guns." The "dudes with process" were burning the town down while people were talking about "natural & esoteric bullshit." APPLAUSE. "The party is out there with the brothers . . . if it's necessary to off one of those pigs for brutality, off him!"

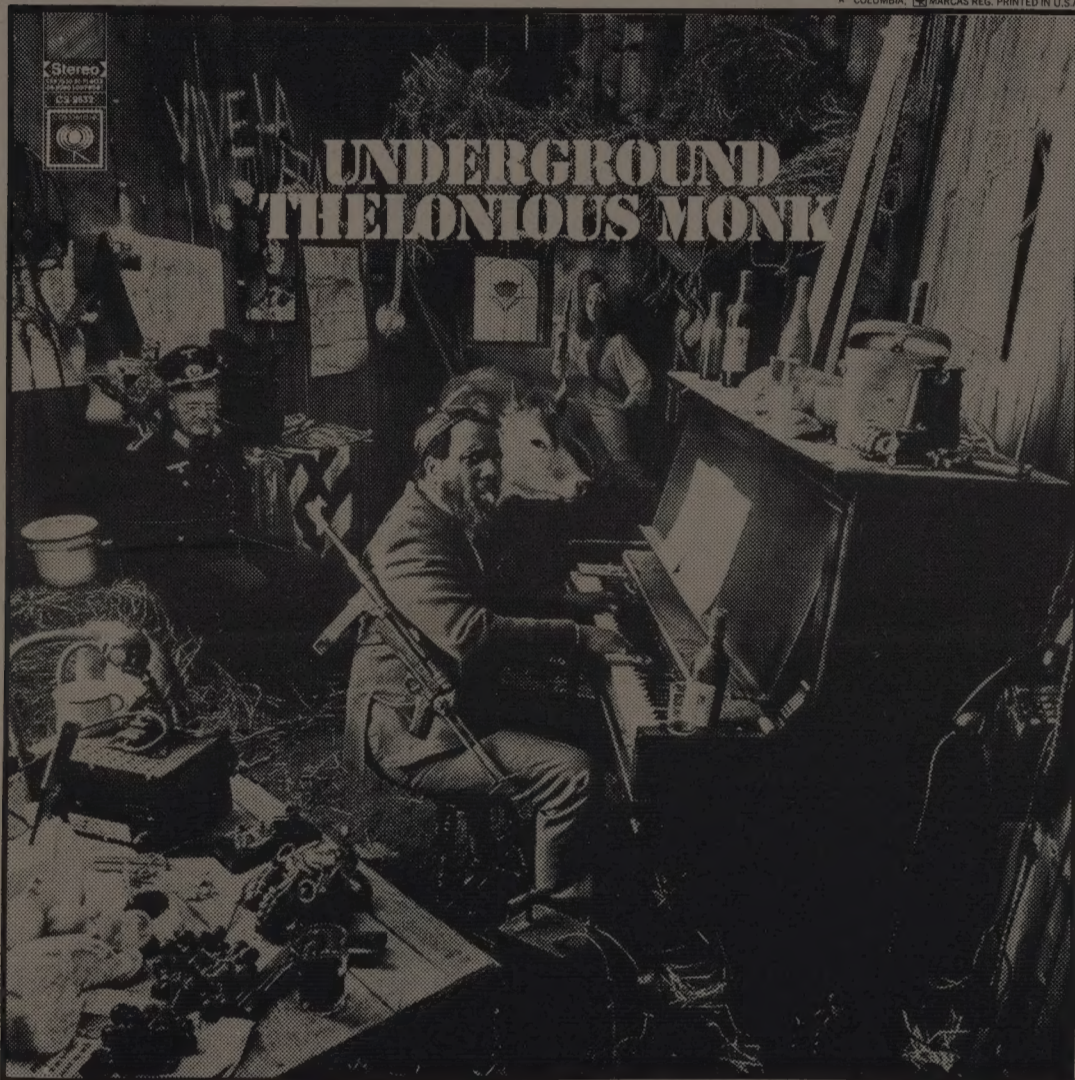
And white liberals. What is a white liberal? Who sat there & sought clarity and confusion, who listened as Seale offered an analogy of how he used to take money from a white liberal kid at school with a knife, "white liberal boy give me your money or I'll cut your guts out again and again," and as the boy brought him money day after day he learned about power, its determining value, its power, & whites went to Africa and stole "gestures & government, so when I take two dollars from this pig don't you say nothing." Power. "You can go and tell the principal that I took your two dollars but we are going to deal with him too."

LIBERALS: "We're going to force you to support black liberation whether you like it or not." No more

talk "about racists." Guns. Get guns, give guns. They sold guns to the Indians. Traders & lovers. The "vanguard of the revolution is black people . . . we're talking about black revolution . . . black, bloody revolution . . . so liberals GET OFF YOUR RUMP. If you want to act like John Brown, do it. Because we're leading this revolution." The panthers were not racist. Then he put down Bobby Kennedy's "verbal sincerity." BACK TO LIBERALS, leftists. They should march here in these cities in millions & thousands like they are doing against American involvement in Vietnam & march against the war against blacks. "That's what you can do and when you do that you'll learn what blacks been knowing for years," that cops are pigs. "Politics for black people starts from a hungry stomach," wall to wall rats & roaches. "Unify around a gun." And it was over, the new talking was born. The uptight generations will sleep, and Ravi Shankar replaced the panthers on the marquee. The wagging of tongues. Some talked about the one, white, who shouted BULLSHIT during "HOME ON THE RANGE" & was hustled out with thumps quietly before Marlon Brando never arrived to run with the real wild ones.

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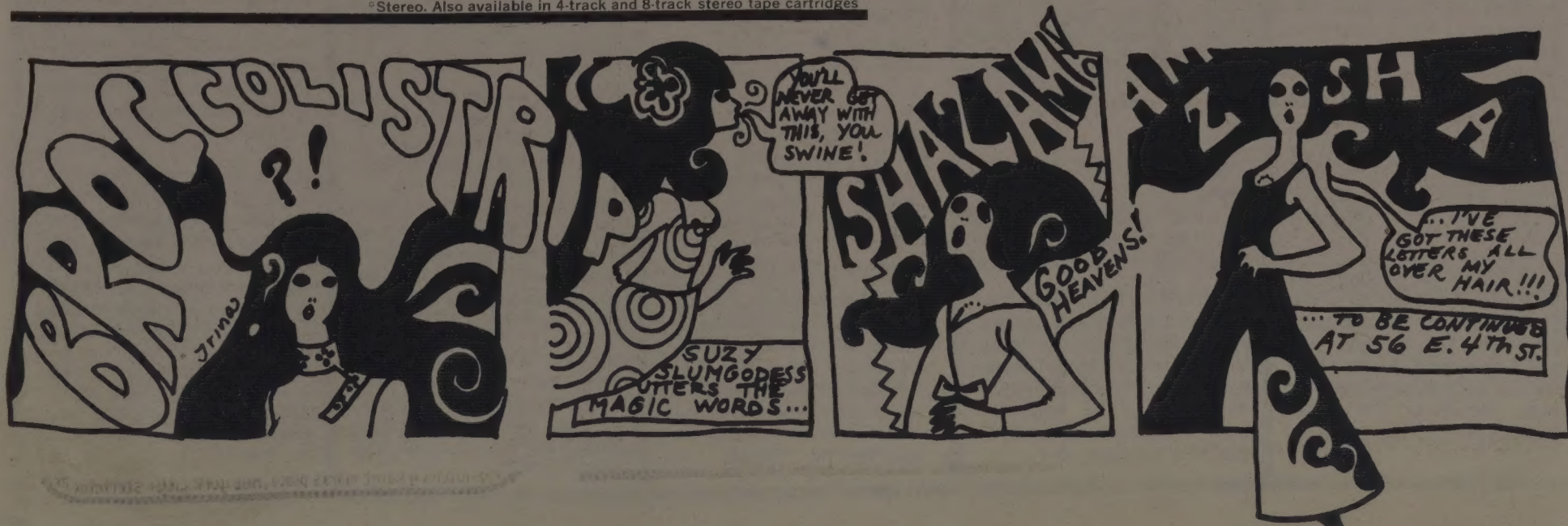
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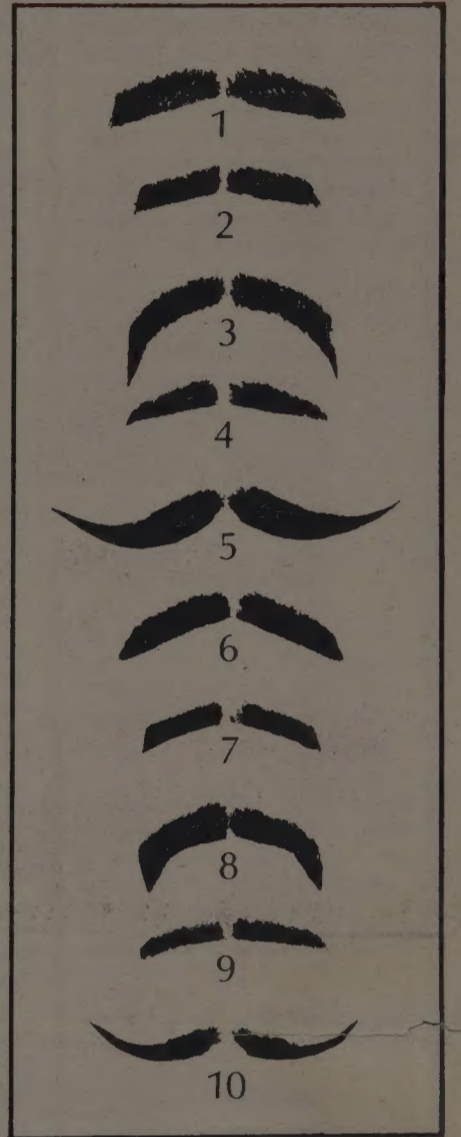
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