

Inside: All About The Revolution

THE OTHER

east

village

Volume 5 Number 24

May 12, 1970

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35¢ Outside

THE SHIT HITS THE FAN



Design: Asylum Press Photo: Joseph Stevens

HIRAP

What are you going to do the next time a hard-hatted gorilla masquerading as a construction worker will start clobbering you about, or even better, when a pack of chickenshit yellowbelly cowards will gang up on you in the name of God, Mother, the Flag, apple pie and all their other totems, and proceed in cowardly unison to beat the bejesus out of you?

What are you going to do? Obviously, the choice is multiple.

A: You can permit yourself the luxury of being intimidated by the beer bellies enforced by crowbars and crusty sledge-hammers, and submit to all the pain and permanent soul damage the hyenas of the scaffold hold in store for you.

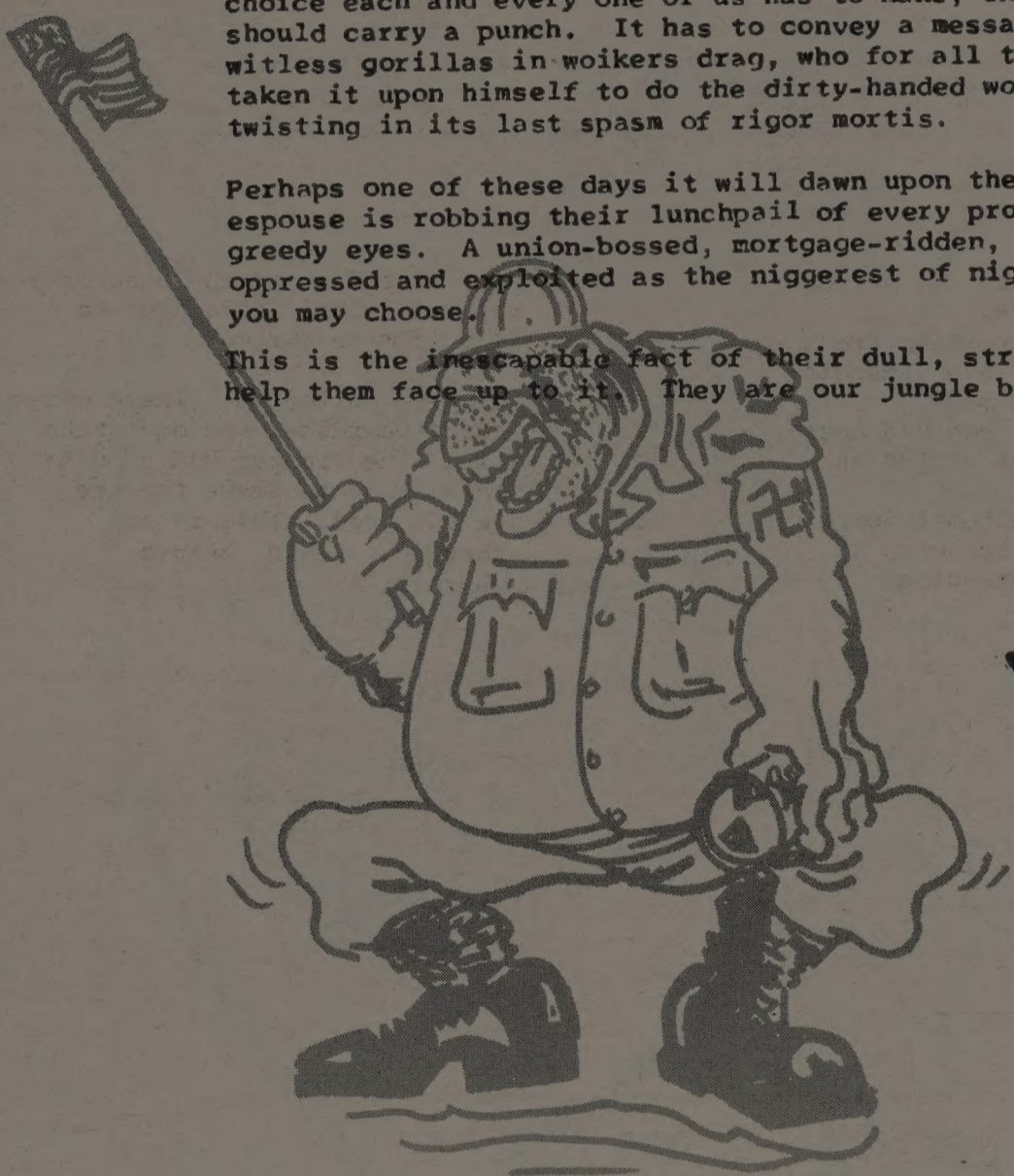
B: You can wallow in your innocence and seek the protection of the law; who will most likely be standing around beating time to the orgy of head-kicking.

C: You can do the obvious, and take care of yourself.

Taking care of oneself is of necessity a very private affair. It calls for a choice each and every one of us has to make, one that--in a manner of speech--should carry a punch. It has to convey a message sure to be understood by the witless gorillas in woikers drag, who for all the obvious pathetic reasons has taken it upon himself to do the dirty-handed work of the crumbling superstructure twisting in its last spasm of rigor mortis.

Perhaps one of these days it will dawn upon these poor souls that the system they espouse is robbing their lunchpail of every promise ever dangled in front of their greedy eyes. A union-bossed, mortgage-ridden, and wife-baited woiker is as oppressed and exploited as the niggerest of niggers, of whichever pigmentation you may choose.

This is the inescapable fact of their dull, strangled lives. We may as well help them face up to it. They are our jungle brothers. Can we civilize them?



Sealookin' B

Mayday in New Haven (p.3 of the last issue) was written by Renfreu Neff, although the article carried no byline. We staff members of EVO wish to disassociate ourselves from the views expressed in that article.

Dean Latimer
Claudia Dreyfus
Karin Berg

ATTENTION, ATTENTION,
THIS IS A BULLETIN, THIS
IS A BULLETIN



- JAAKOV KOHN
 - ALLEN KATZMAN
 - ARTHUR FELDMAN
 - IRVING SHUSHNIK
 - STEPHEN KOHN
 - JACKIE DIAMOND
 - RAY SCHULTZ
 - JACKIE FRIEDRICK
 - KARIN BERG
 - JOSEPH STEVENS
 - DON KATZMAN
 - AL SHENKER
 - HETTY MACLISE
 - BREN NICHOLS
 - STEVEN HELLER
 - FLICKA DE MOID
 - NORTH: THE KID
 - YOSSARIAN
 - CHARLIE FRICK
- John da Swede
WARREN KING ON VACATION
- FRED MOGUBGUB
 - SPAIN RODRIGUEZ
 - KIM DEITCH
 - R. CRUMB
 - JAMES LICHTENBERG
 - LONDON: MILES
 - AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
 - PARIS: J.J. LEBEL
 - DEAN LATIMER
 - DAVID WALLEY
 - JOHN PETER ZENGER
 - CLAUDIA DREIFUS
 - ALEX GROSS
 - LITA ELISCU
 - RENFREU NEFF
 - LIL PICARD
 - GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA
 - ZLAGOBODINSKI KHARSHOLSK
 - DURANCE VILE: TIMOTHY LEARY
- Jackie Acon
SORRY!
The name of
STEVE KRAUS
was omitted
from the
last 166
issues.
- EUROPEAN OPERATIONS:
JÉNO

SPECIAL MEASURES HAVE
BEEN TAKEN BY THE
AUTHORITIES TO COPE
WITH THE CRISIS



Unified by Nixon's invasion of Cambodia and the murder of four students by National Guard Troops in Ohio last Monday, the nationwide strike called by movement leaders during the rally in New Haven continued to spread to campuses throughout the country as the shit hit the fan for the second full week in a row.

At last count, more than 300 universities were affected. At least 275 of these were officially closed by state or university authorities. Violence erupted on several campuses and the National Guard was in high demand. What follows is a partial run-down of what went down during the week:

One-hundred thousand people gathered in Washington on Saturday to protest the Cambodian invasion. Scattered incidents occurred after the main rally broke up. Earlier in the day, Nixon spoke to some of the demonstrators and called it "one of the most meaningful experiences of my life." He and Agnew continued talking a soft line on students, but members of the administration dissented against presidential treatment of student protests as the strike potential grew.

Brandeis was set up as National Strike Headquarters. In New York, the Columbia

School of Journalism served as a clearing house for news on various strike activities.

Massive demonstrations took place at Harvard University.

Radicals marched on Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

California Governor Ronald Reagan ordered the State University system closed, and 6,000 students marched on the state capital of Sacramento.

Ten-thousand University of Texas students conducted a demonstration in Austin. It was called the biggest demonstration ever to occur in that part of the country.

Twelve-hundred University of Colorado students gathered at Fort Collins to protest the deaths of the Kent State Four.

Twenty-seven campus buildings were bombed at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. Students set up barricades and fought police in the street, and were broken up by attacks with tear gas. University president Fred H. Harrington announced his resignation, to be effective in October.

Molotov cocktails were thrown at the University of New York at Buffalo. Twelve students were wounded with buckshot.

Students were bayoneted by the National Guard at the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque. (Continued on Page 18)

KENT MASSACRE

by Mike York & Fred Kirsch

KENT, Ohio, May 5: Four students were murdered at Kent State University yesterday, and several wounded when National Guardsmen opened fire without warning.

It was cold-blooded murder. We narrowly missed getting killed ourselves.

The students had been protesting President Nixon's escalation of the war into Cambodia and the bombing of North Vietnam.

The day of the massacre there had been an impromptu call for a student strike at Kent.

The statement from the National Guard that they started shooting in response to sniping is untrue. It was a one-sided shoot-out.

We were caught with hundreds of other students near a parking lot when suddenly a line of Guardsmen turned towards us, knelt down, aimed-almost as if by an order.

Briefly, the events leading up to the bloodshed were this:

On Friday noon, May 1, there was a rally of about 2,000 to bury a copy of the Constitution. It was in response to Nixon's speech escalating the war. A serviceman with a silver star and a bronze star burned his discharge papers. Later the Black United Students held a rally.

That evening, the Guard was brought in.

Saturday night a crowd of several thousand burned down the ROTC building. When

ROTC burned, the Guardsmen had orders to shoot anyone who cut firehoses.

On Monday, May 4, we both went down to the Commons, and open field, at noon.

Someone climbed up on the base of a liberty bell and said: "It's time to strike. It's time to strike."

An Army jeep pulled up. There were four men, three Guardsmen and one state trooper in it. The trooper had a bull-horn. He said, "Please leave the area. Please leave the area. This is an illegal gathering. Leave, before someone is hurt."

A few students - no more than a handful - were heaving rocks. Thousands of students were in the area.

A group of Guardsmen approached. Before we knew it, we saw tear gas cannisters in the midst of us. People started running.

"Walk, walk," people shouted. The students walked. It was an orderly retreat.

Several truckloads of Guardsmen pulled up, got out, formed a single line, fixed their bayonets, put on tear gas masks, and started coming up the hill. Gas cannisters were lobbed. Students threw them back.

We retreated again. The scary thing about it was that the Guard was still coming, (Continued on Page 17)

WASHINGTON

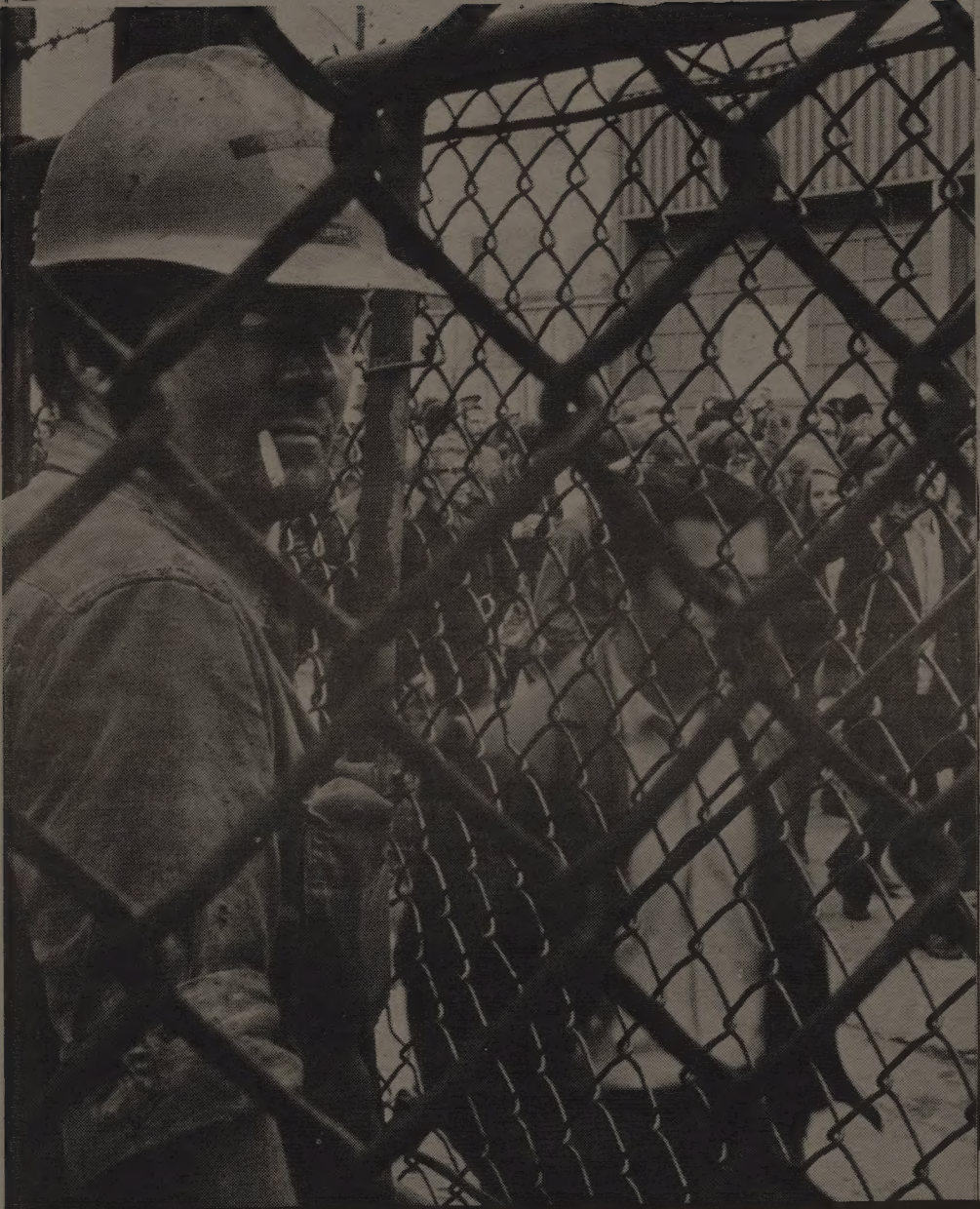
by Renfreu Neff

The mendacious, pig-headed and nervously delivered rhetoric spewed from Nixon last Friday night fell so far short of convincing American youth and the radical movement that his goals were the same as theirs and the radical movement that his goals were the same as theirs that, if anything, it had a reverse affect and served to convince many, who may have been undecided beforehand, that it was imperative to go to Washington the next day and take part in the hastily scheduled demonstration. Visibly tense and unnerved at his press conference, Nixon clung doggedly to his evasive line of appeasement in a blindly perverse effort to reach a movement no longer appeasable. But it was all immaterial in the final analysis, its insignificance built in by purporting to address itself to vital and immediate issues affecting, and affected by, the radical movement and then to do so before media representatives who do not speak for that movement. Nor do they understand the relationship of the movement to the issues, something clearly evidenced in the anemic questions posed and a jockeying for recognition that precludes following up one one another, an inquisitive teamwork that would gain direct and explicit answers, instead of the non sequiturs of the Nixon script. It was merely a cop-out that

kept masspress in line, redefined its pecking order and coned it into believing that after a while, even the radicals will discover that Tricky Dick is right on.

So masspress flails its arms as it it had to go to the bathroom, relieved simply by being called on to ask permission, and nobody leaves the room. Eventually a voice cays, "Thank you, Mr. President," the travesty is over...Cambodia, the latest promises on an endless war, four students murdered by the National Guard last week, colleges and universities closed down, riots and demonstrations, chaos sweeps across the nation, and Nixon has grazed it all with ignorance and circumvention. The final insult comes at the close: the press is asked to stand and observe a minute of silence in memory of Merriman Smith, a newsman whose duty now muffled by death, it was to say Thank you, Mr. President, to signal the end of a press conference.

On Saturday 9 May, those who do not thank this particular president converged for the most massive anti-Nixon demonstration to date in the nation's capital. Anti-Nixon must be emphasized because the November Moratorium drew an estimated crowd of 200,000 that gathered specifically in protest of the war. Today there was a different timbre to that (Continued on Page 15)



Joseph Stevens

Instead of their annual art show the students of the N.Y.U. Art Department, in cooperation with the faculty, are presenting a funeral exhibition honoring those who have been killed at home and abroad. These victims include the Kent State four, many Black Panthers, and innumerable others in South East Asia.

The central piece of the exhibit is a flower covered coffin surrounded by twelve candelabras. In place of the usual paintings, twenty entirely black canvases are hung. Each canvas bears the title THE AMERICAN DREAM followed by the name of one of the people who has been slain and whose death is being mourned.

! LOGISTICS!

Dear EVO

There was supposed to be a demonstration at Union Square at noon. At 12:30 there were a few hundred students milling around - no one seemed to know what was happening. Jerry Rubin was there and he was supposedly going to speak. After about a half an hour, the crowd decided to go to Washington Square where there were more people. We walked down and Jerry Rubin and Abbey Hoffman were there. Jerry spoke about a half a minute, "Uh.. Avenge Kent" he said. We were left sitting there... what now? No one knew.

About a half hour later, I found myself back at Union Square. Some high school students were playing leader and shouting misinformation. There didn't seem to be two people with the same ideas. The two predominate signs which happened to be next to each other, "Our rights are stronger than any weapon", "We're going to bring out the gun".

Finally everyone moved up to the UN. It was the same group of people - they were just moving around a lot. There was a pigpen ready for us on 48th Street. We wanted to be at the UN. We moved - pigs pushed us back. A bank window was trashed, and the crowd ran away. Violence they said - they were scared - more scared than the cops. It was shameful. Finally we all tried to cross the street - SUCCESS " " " " The horses

started coming toward us, the crowd ran scared again. The pigs sure were organized - they forced us right back to 48th Street - the pigpen. At about five o'clock the word was to watch. Where we were marching was not clear.

At 42nd Street and Seventh we turned around and saw a few businessmen, a few hippies and a few demonstrators. In every major park or street-corner in Manhattan a few of us remained looking for a lost demonstration. By six o'clock everyone had split.

Now we have to close down the city, - the whole city, not just the schools. All government buildings - Wallstreet - the banks. This is an ecomimic war. The Streights are capitalizing on the freaks and these people deserve to be destroyed. Trashing is not counter-productive - these institutions *must* be destroyed. People must look up so they buy expensive hip clothes at Different Drummer. Bill Graham charges money for our music. The streets are the people. Music should *free*. We must start suplying free food and clothing for the people. We must destroy the capitalist organizations - they are counterrevolutionary. Everyone should be on the streets. Stopping traffic, trashing windows and shedding love. Power to the People.

Amy Oppenheimer

MOVIN'

Everyone would like to know what role they play in the REVOLUTION, and all you long-haired-hip-revolutionary cab drivers: Here's your chance to do your bit for the Underground. Take a demonstrator to an event for free, Take four, Fill your cab, get stoned on the way. LISTEN TO THE RADIO. It won't take more than an hour out of your schedule, and what's an hour in the face of a revolution? Do your part for the Underground.

If there are at least 500 long-haired cab drivers in this city, then it stands to reason that we can effectively mobilize 2,000 people to any event, or place in about HALF an hour. Dig it. The hardest thing to get together in the revolution is mobilization, let's get it together.

If you are a cabbie, listen to the radio, an FM station, WBAI for example and find out when scheduled events are and where they are being held. And simply proceed from there, and take people to it. It will be easy to spot

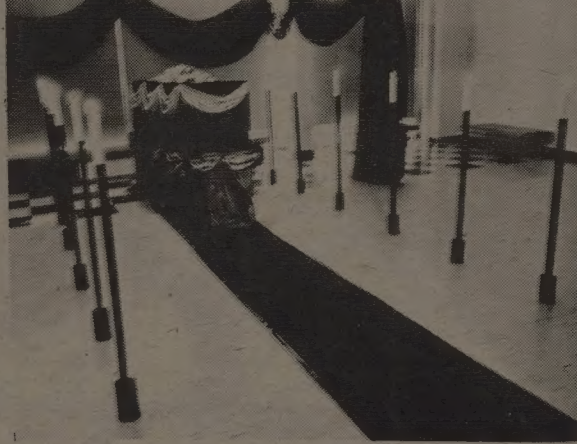
demonstrators for they will be waiting for you in the streets, and they will hail you, the freedom cab, with a raised arm and a clenched fist.

Provide, pleasant, congenial, transportation to would-be demonstrators. We shall contact WBAI, and hope that all you cabbies are out there, reading this. If you want to help organize, call us at EVO.

In the 'up and coming months there will be plenty of events to keep us all busy. At least one big demonstration every weekend and with all the schools on strike there will be action everyday. There is a huge demand that people get to these demonstrations and it is more than likely that even the heartiest of revolutionaries' spirits have been damaged at the mere thought of taking a subway to a demonstration. RIGHT ON.

Jackie Diamond

the american



Dear EVO,

While at a recent demo I heard a speech by one of our Red brothers who is trying to get his people together and take Ellis Island from the pig. Although this island is unoccupied "the great white father" deems it necessary to keep them off. Well the Red Man says OFF YOU to the pig and intends to get it. Is it a radical demand to ask for an abandoned island for your people to live on when the people you're asking have stolen the entire country from you and nearly exterminated your race in the process?

This is an Indian thing and although they don't need your physical help they need money, boats (or use of yours) and supplies. Publicity is also greatly appreciated. Nothing you give is tax deductible but FUCK taxes, help our brothers and sisters. Send or bring anything you can buy or steal to:

INDIANS OF ALL TRIBES

c/o Bruce Oakes
186 Atkins Ave.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Or call 827-5382.

REVOLUTION

CLASS WAR ON WALL STREET

(a remembrance of things to come)

Had they been blacks, browns, or young freaky whites, they would have been clubbed into insensibility. But they weren't. They were the hardhats--the construction workers--the army of the lunchpail. Almost a thousand of the heavily muscled, overpaid union men converged on the Sub-Treasury building at Wall and Nassau on Thursday, Fri Nassau on Friday, May 8.

About 2500 antiwar high school and college kids had been holding a peaceful rally on the lower steps of the old building. When the Noon whistle pierced the thick stock exchange air, the hard hats, who had brought the stars and stripes with them as a battle flag, surged thru a line of riot-trained Special Events Squad Police, roared their pleasure at the achievement and began an orgy of violence that ended only after they had had their fill of busting heads fill of busting long haired heads.

Some of the cops looked frightened--especially the handful of blacks. It was the Klan come North and they knew that smell of terror as a birthright.

But most of the lawmen on the set that day were delighted with what was coming down. For years, "that commie Lindsay" had succeeded in keeping them from doing wholesale violence to non-violent protesters.

At long last, someone was doing the job they'd wanted for their very own.

No policeman threw a punch, swung a nightstick, or attempted to make an arrest. When the Finest got down to business, they

formed a phalanx in front of the historic Sub-Treasury to protect the murals within and the statue of Washington that dominates the Wall Street area. At the same time, dozens of people were being beaten by the hard hats who committed their atrocities within easy view of the police.

City officials said later that the police did not do their jobs that day--in part because they were out-numbered. That logic is pure bullshit. Any student of police technique knows a line of tough, trained cops can break any line of demonstrators--if they want to. Many policemen slapped the hard hats on their backs, clasped their shoulders in true highschool football fashion and in general made plain the community of spirit they shared with the murdering lovers of God,

Mother and Country.

During the anti-war rally, a middle-aged psychotic stood up and shouted, "Fuck the Flag... Fuck the Country and Fuck the Flag!" Organizers feared a police provocation and screamed, "He's a pig agent. Don't listen to him, he's trying to lead us into a trap."

When the hard hats charged up the steps, the "Pig agent" climbed onto the Washington statue and threw himself against it like The Martyr at The Cross.

Two freaked out con-

struction workers grabbed him by his cuffs and pulled him screaming from his pedestal. His back struck the concrete below and his head would have broken like a fresh egg if a newsman hadn't cushioned its collision with the street.

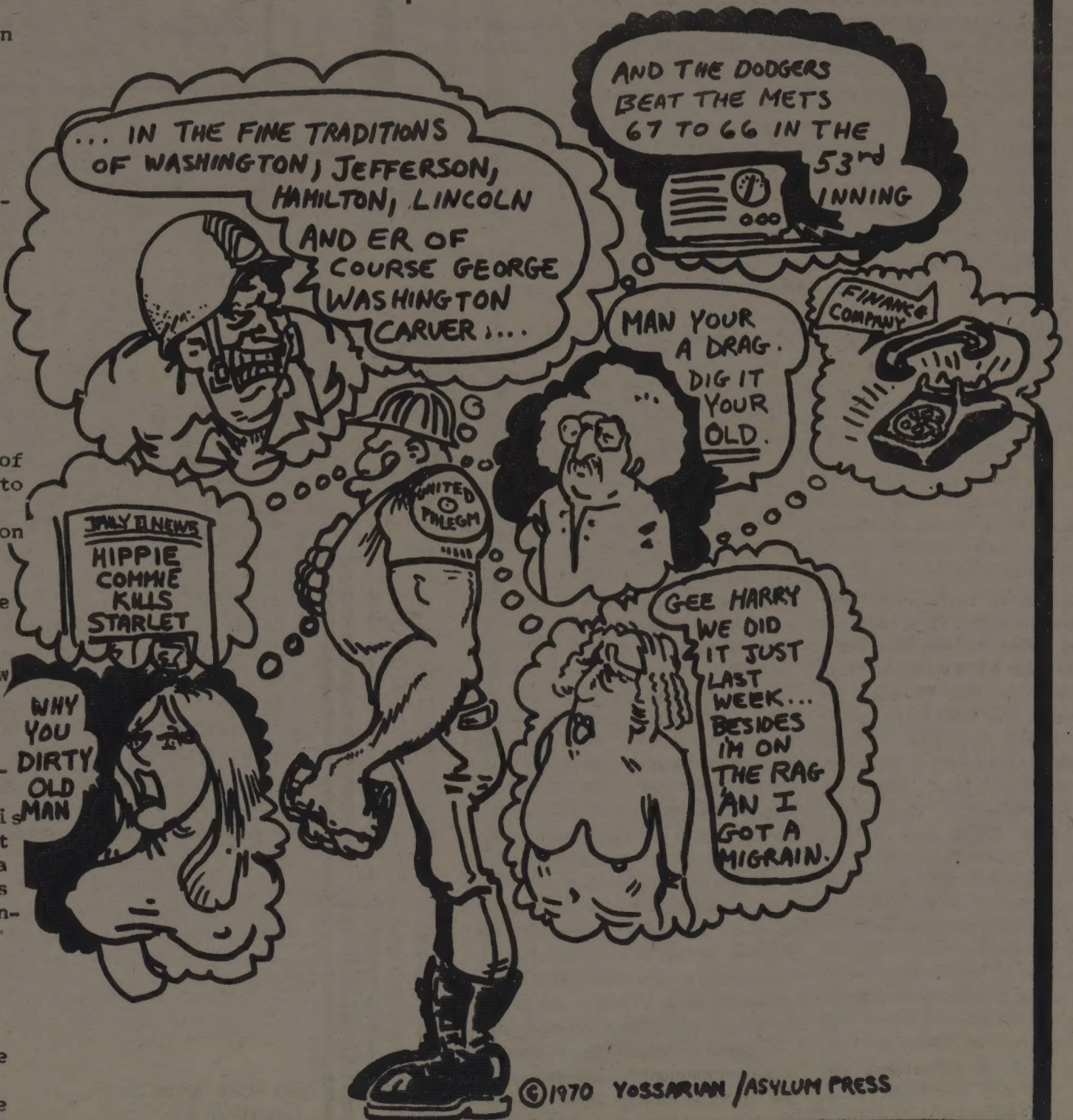
Police had been warned 24 hours in advance of the hard hat riot. They did nothing. Excuses about their men being thinly spread because of the hard hat riot, cause of the student strike demonstrations should be ignored as futile attempts at copping out. They had

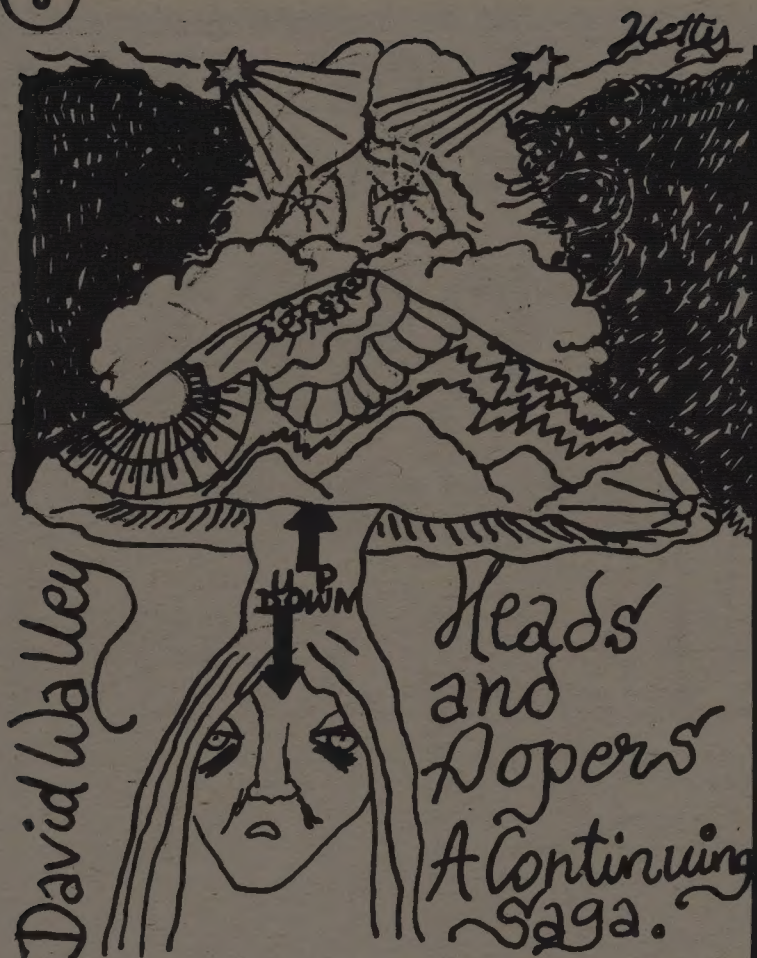
by

J. P.

Zenger, jr.

(Continued from Page 16)





There used to be a time, many years ago, before the advent of the Fillmore East and high school smack trips, that there were individuals known as heads. The head was a peculiar sort of person, male or female, in as far as they were devoted to the various pleasures of psychedelic drugs. It was even possible in those early days to be called a "head" and not even smoke dope. One was classified as a head by his very manner or living, his attitudes, his total awareness of other scenes. A head was someone you could always count on for some sort of enlightenment... and of course there were different grades according to whatever the particular head was into drug-wise, there were acid-heads, pot-heads, peyote heads and A-heads. In those early days, before everyone got Sergeant Pepered, drugs were not the fashionable commodity, not for everybody and they still aren't.

So today there is the doper, the indiscriminate user of drugs. A doper is a cool thing to be... I guess. And judging from the evidence which walks through the gates of the Fillmore on Friday and Saturday nights, or the human rubble which hangs out on Saint Marks, lost and found kids, strung-out kids, half-way kids, judging from that cosmology, it appears that dope has gone the way of all other mass commodities. It must be something in my makeup, something which makes me retch when I hear another "sparechange", or "Hey, Man you want some dope?" normally spoken by a kid not even out of his teens, spoken by someone who has no concept of the old ways, the old cosmology.

There has been much lost in four years since everyone turned on, or so it seems. Lost has been the essential easiness and earnestness of a new drive to find consciousness. It permeates every facet of this burgeoning culture which takes in the

politics of ecstasy turning it into the politics of infancy. Many scenes come back in my mind of the old days before the Madison Avenue sharpies started to sell milk products as a "turn on", many scenes which don't fit what seems is the normal pattern today. Like dealing for instance. There used to be a time when the dealer was your friend, your dealer had some responsibility for what he sold and more importantly, who he sold it to (whatever he was selling acid, grass or hash). Picture the scene in your mind, picture the scene and compare it with the furtive come-on followed by the hurried exchange of money in an alley followed by the initial let down of going home and trying to merchandize and now being thankful that you didn't get sick and at least got off.

Jeffrey the acid head comes over to do his business. You are pleasantly aware of things as they be, your old lady is with you and you may perhaps be surrounded by a few friends for everyone knows that this is the night that Jeffrey makes his rounds and sees his clients. You have known him for a few years, or maybe as little as six months, but you know that he'd never give you a bad count or sell you acid or mescaline which he had not tested first. He may have even tripped you out for first acid trip (the type of cat who used to make sure that everyone who got his acid could handle it and handle it well the first time round). Yeah Jeffrey's coming today, you and your friends are looking forward to seeing what he has and what he has seen.

A faint knock on the door and in comes Jeffrey. He looks a little like you do with your jeans and mackintosh and work shirt, but there is a feeling that he knows much more than you about the mind, knows because he has taken all the trips, and

(Continued on Page 19)

INTERGALACTIC UNION DOPOGRAM

HI BROTHERS AND SISTERS

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY IS THE YEAR NUMBER ONE OF OUR NEW NATION. TWO MESSAGES FROM THE STRAIGHT PRESS : A TWO PAGED LIFE MAGAZINE, MAY 1, AND AGAIN THIS WEEK IN TIME MAGAZINE.

A WARNING TO PEOPLE WHO MAKE OBSCENE PHONE CALLS. YOU'RE SICK, NOT CLEVER, BUT SICK. BECAUSE THE CALLS YOU AREN'T JOKES. THEY'RE CRIMES. BY LOCAL LAW AND NOW, BY FEDERAL LAW.

CONGRESS HAS JUST RECENTLY PASSED A BILL THAT CAN FINE YOU AND SEND YOU TO PRISON FOR 6 MONTHS IF YOU'RE CAUGHT AND CONVICTED. AND YOU WILL BE. BECAUSE NOW THE ODDS ARE ON OUR SIDE, NOT YOURS.

WE CAN SAY THAT BECAUSE AS GENERAL TELEPHONE - THE SECOND LARGEST TELEPHONE OPERATING COMPANY IN THE COUNTRY- WE KNOW WHAT'S BEING DONE ABOUT YOU.

ALTHOUGH WE DON'T HAVE IT THROUGHOUT OUR ENTIRE SYSTEM YET, TODAY'S SPECIAL TELEPHONE EQUIPMENT CAN NOT ONLY TRACE BACK AND IDENTIFY YOUR PHONE FROM THE RECEIVING PARTY'S END: IT CAN ALSO IDENTIFY ANY NUMBER YOU CALL FROM YOUR END. AND DON'T THINK YOU CAN BEAT IT BY KEEPING YOUR CALL SHORT. EITHER.

BECAUSE IT CAN ALSO PREVENT YOU FROM DISCONNECTING. AS LONG AS THE PARTY YOU CALL DOESN'T HANG UP, THE LINE WILL REMAIN OPEN. NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO. AND WHILE THEY KEEP THE LINE OPEN, THEY CAN MAKE ANOTHER CALL. TO US.

THEN THERE'S THE WORK BEING DONE ON THE VOICE PRINT - AN ELECTRONIC PICTURE OF THE HUMAN VOICE. IF YOURS IS TAKEN, IT'S AS GOOD AS GETTING YOUR FINGERPRINTS. THAT'S HOW DISTINCTIVE YOUR VOICE IS.

NO MATTER HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT DISGUIISING IT.

AND IF ALL THAT ISN'T ENOUGH TO STOP YOU, REMEMBER THIS THE NEXT TIME YOU GET THE URGE TO CALL WE HAVEN'T TOLD YOU EVERYTHING. SIGNED, GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

THE NEXT ITEM IS IN THE NEW YORK TIMES, MAY 9:

WASHINGTON, MAY 8: THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT SAYS IT MAY, IN SOME CASES, PAY AN INFORMER MORE THAN \$50,000 IN ITS DRIVE TO CURTAIL ILLEGAL DRUG SUPPLY CONSPIRACIES.

JOHN E. INGERSOLL TOLD OF THE HIGH PRICE OF INFORMATION TO A HOUSE APPROPRIATIONS SUBCOMMITTEE CONSIDERING A \$439,000 "INFORMERS FUND" REQUEST FOR HIS BUREAU OF NARCOTICS AND DANGEROUS DRUGS.

"IN ORDER TO SUCCESSFULLY PENETRATE THESE HIGH-LEVEL CONSPIRACIES, WE NEED THE ASSISTANCE OF HIGH-LEVEL CONFIDENTIAL INFORMANTS," MR. INGERSOLL TESTIFIED LAST MARCH. THE TRANSCRIPT OF THIS TESTIMONY WAS MADE PUBLIC TODAY.

(Continued on Page 16)

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

SYMBOLS

DL - Day Letter

NL - Night Letter

LT - International Letter Telegram

REVOLUTION? I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE

by
Al Shenker

THE DYING PIG



The most laughable novelty yet produced. It is made of rubber, and you have only to blow it up and stand the pig on his feet, when he begins to squeal as he slowly collapses and finally lies down and dies in the most natural manner. You can blow him up as often as desired, and each time he will go through the same performance to the great amusement and delight of your friends.

We are going to have a revolution, and we are going to win. Two weeks ago only the most extreme radicals were certain, and vocal on this point. The rest of us were sure of an eventual change in our favor, but we weren't ready to take to the streets, kick ass, and demand our rights.

With the shit that has gone down over the last weeks rattling around our drug-scraped heads there doesn't seem to be much doubt on our side that there will be a revolution. For the reason why we are going to win, you will have to hear a little story called Washington or Hippies Got A Lotta Bread.

This story begins in an army surplus store, which shall go nameless except for the title KAUFMAN'S, which I shall use (two branches, lower Broadway and 42nd street between eighth and ninth.)

Dig it, it's Friday and a hastily planned demonstration has been called for the next day. This writer, having been blessed with asthma (a very desirable disease to have when facing a draft board; just a little ways down the scale from homosexuality and/or schizophrenia), has decided to buy a gas mask for the upcoming demo.

Now, the best place in New York to buy sort of old and out-dated military equipment is this Kaufman's Army-Navy store. Why, just ask a half dozen South American governments if they haven't been satisfied with Kaufman's prompt service on practically any type or size equipment. Wholesale.

Why, this venerable institution even publishes a catalogue, appropriately titled COMBAT, which informs you of the costs and availability of such important items as huge-ass cannons, bombs, Russian Tokerev air-cooled automatic mother-looking rifles and the likes.

Now, for the last five years or so, this same outlet has been pulling in some loose change, by selling hippies C.P.O. shirts, British police helmets, Outback hats and other such groovy, fab, far out items.

Well, with the Cambodian shitpile and the Kent State M-ssacre (in four part harmony), Kaufman's has finally entered the youth market in a huge way. Friday afternoon the Broadway store is crowded with young people. There are all types hippies, students, short-haired non-involved types recently radicalized, and long-time demonstration attenders who had decided that a helmet is not only the one kind of hat you can write gassy shit on, but it can also save your neck from the unsightly spectacle of brains dribbling down it.

The salesmen were ecstatic. Over forty types with paunches whom you know voted for Nixon are running back and forth from the cellar, puffing away as they deliver a new stack of Tank helmets, or Civil Defense helmets which have been gathering dust since that little European/Asiatic police action back in '45.

The sales schpiel is amazing: "Sure we got gas masks. What kind ya want?"

"Well, man, what's the difference?"

"Well, ten bucks kind will last ya for four hours in the type of gas you'll be seeing, but what you really need is the better one because it will allow you more mobility, better visibility, and a much longer time span. And fer a few bucks more...."

When asked whether much ammunition was moving, the salesman quickly explained: "They sell the ammo uptown, I don't know nuttin about any ammo."

Word was that the uptown store had run out of gas masks long before, and from personal experience I know the prices are heavier in their uptown store. Incidentally, a reliable source informed me that prices on certain items (guess which) had taken a remarkable jump from just a few days before.

The kids were great, though. Hippies who had never expected or wanted to wear a helmet in their lives were putting them on backwards, and yelling "Kill them slanty-eyed gooks" as they clenched their teeth around the stubs of imaginary cigars, while pulling their jackets tight to keep out the cruel wind of the Ardenes, or maybe "Pork Chop Hill". Far out! Everyone in the world has seen at least one John Wayne movie.

The demonstration itself is covered elsewhere in this issue, so I will just mention some observations. There were the bus drivers who were pulling in a pretty penny for bringing us down. They all looked like brothers of Wall Street construction workers. There were the people in the NBC mobile unit who wouldn't share their NBC water with anybody else. There were the politicians who thought they were piling up future votes by showing up and glad-handing everyone. When I asked Howard Samuels if he had any of his son's stash he slapped me on the shoulder, muttered HoHO, turned eight colors, and split fast. There was Jane Fonda with her six-month-old social consciousness, exhorting the crowds to revolution. The kids who have been living the revolution for six years now seemed to tolerate her; which probably means that even in the movement a beautiful chick doesn't need brains.

Finally there were the Penn Central trains. Many of them seemed to be dragged out of retirement for the top dollar the kids were paying. The air conditioning in some of the newer cars wasn't working; and of course these cars have immovable windows. The general opinion was that these windows should be artificially ventilated in the near future. In fact, all through the day kids were picking out targets to trash in the coming months.

Now you can see why we are going to win. It won't be because of our superior weapons, or fantastic tactics, or our tight discipline. We will win because the other side is thoroughly corrupt. They will do anything for bread, and the decay of greed is irreversible.

Their society allows them to sell their principles, and then look their comrades in the eye while riffling a thick wad of bills. Now we are going to come along and shove their bread where it belongs. In the meantime, fold, spindle, and mutilate.

ASYLU POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

by Allen Katzman

I like to confront things. I like *being there*. So you can imagine how I felt when early in the afternoon, it had to be the radio confronting me; telling me of the four Kent students shot to death.

I wanted to be there.

It's no easy task, no easy task for anyone especially if, like myself, you've been there before — beaten, gassed, bayoneted and shot at. After awhile, it's a downright drag.

It sounds like a precarious and foolish way to live but it has more than once saved my life and others. Something like the tale of Buddha stopping the charge of an onrushing bull with just his stance and totally involved look.

It came in handy in Chicago when I was trapped and beaten by fifteen of Chicago's piggish, without benefit of badge or uniform. Just plainclothes' whips and chains.

I never once tuned my look or body away. Never once got angry or afraid. It was my look of curiosity and composure (along with the pharmacy's finest) demanding its rightful space that confounded them into submission.

Yes! They put my arm in a sling, but they could have easily had shot me with their twelve gauges and thirty eights that they kept pointing cocked and furious. It never once dawned on me that I was, at that moment, bullet-ridden-vessel-tearing-the-flesh-to-get-out or pain-spilling-over-away-from-consciousness.

It never really dawned on me, not even long before Chicago when I had seen a man's legs torn from his body sailing to another point on the horizon. Not even

then.

A lot of good *that* consciousness will do those 4 Kent students now that they're dead.

Not everyone can stop the charge of a bull more than once and get away with it. It takes a dedication and a madness of sorts. And those kids weren't mad enough, just angry.

But their deaths will now give dedication to others. It takes a cold logic to fight a war in which one is totally surrounded and outgunned. It takes more than rocks and rhetoric. And it takes more than bombs and youthful exuberance; more than anger, frustration and violence.

It takes an army, a well trained army of people who believe in the same thing, who fight to win not to die.

It was Nixon who fired the first shot because we let him. Make no mistake about it. He has been pumping the action through the direct use of his State of Office. He has been coming down hard on all dissidents on and off campus. Through his sidekicks Spiro T., Mitchell et al, he has declared war on the Universities and Colleges. GET IN LINE! OR ELSE!

Good little Germans or what? Is that the choice?

So far we have all been making our own choices. New Haven was a prime event of how many choices we could have made, and how many we did. Everybody was doing *their* thing. But when someone starts shooting at you (especially when you is the *people*; citizens of college campuses or otherwise) your thing is

more than vulnerable, it's self defeating.

It gets in the way of bullets. Those 4 Kent students got in the way. All because they were doing their thing and they could no longer get out of the way. Just like Cambodia who couldn't get out of the way of Nixon.

We're tired of conquest, war, disease and death, Mr. NIXON: That's not our choice. And I'm sure not the choice those 4 Kent students had in mind.

But what is our choice? Have you made it impossible for us or have you, in your infinite stupidity, simplified the choices? If you have, you're a *loser* Mr. Nixon in more ways than one. If you can't find and defeat the Vietnamese, how are you going to defeat your own people?

Are you shaping us into the kind of army that you dreamed on in your conquest of ASIA?

Think for a minute, Mr. Nixon. What are you going to do when the schools no longer work, when the courts and jails can no longer contain us, when streets are no longer big enough for your traffic to come through, when your stockmarket and system comes to a grinding halt?

Are you going to fire all your bullets into the dark mood of a country that is tired of dying?

What next, Mr. Nixon! You've been throwing the ball and we've been catching it. Now *you* better duck. Now *you're* in our ball park, on our campuses, on our streets.

You've put the test of a new consciousness on its metal. *You* placed it

at the juncture point of its own survival.

Now we must all pay the piper. *No more Schools. No more books. No more teachers dirty looks. No more nothing. Mass Strike!*

How are you going to do business, Mr. NIXON, if nothing works? How are you going to give orders if there's no one to take them?

WE'LL still be here; putting out our newspapers, doing *our* thing. Where will you be, Mr. Nixon?

Don't come to the gravesides of those 4 Kent students! You won't be welcome. Don't come to our campuses! You won't be welcome! Don't come to our cities! You won't be welcome! Don't come into our consciousness! You won't ever be welcomed again.

You no longer exist. You are no longer *there*. You have opted your humanity for power. We will deal with you as we deal with any monster. We will exorcise you. We will drive a stake through your heart. We will send the silver bullet after you and destroy your transformation. It is not our choice. Just as it is not our choice to die.

It is no longer innocence you will have to contend with. No longer naivety but purpose. None of the choices are yours. And none of the options.

We will stop the war! We will bring the troops home. We will lead the country and the world to its rightful destiny, *peace*. We the kids. WE THE PEOPLE.

We will change the system. Fire your guns, Mr. Nixon.

I will be there. I will confront you. You have been warned.



JAN VAN RAAY

WHY NOT CONSIDER GIVING A FRIEND A DOSE OF EVO ?

BRINGING THE WAR ON HOME BY Claudia Driehus

Are those *really* engineering students standing there shouting "STRIKE, STRIKE, SHUT THE SCHOOL DOWN?" Engineering students??? Can those blonde, young men, all dressed in their uniforms of McGregor zip-jackets and chino pants, really be circling the building of Brooklyn Polytechnical Institute as they cry revolutionary slogans?

"Free the Panther Twenty-One, Power to the People!"

"End ROTC, Shut Poly Down!"

"Let's Get Out of Vietnam, Stop Repression Now!"

300 students, most of them insipient engineers, the brains and the hearts of the military-industrial complex, are indeed ringing Brooklyn Polytechnical Institute. It is a freezing cold Wednesday, but the students insensed at Nixon's mad Indochina war, terrified at the deaths of four students at Kent State, disgusted with Agnew's Goebels-talk, are doing the impossible. They've organized the first major student strike in the history of their school, one of the nation's leading training academies for defense engineers. It's wild. You know that the REAL American Revolution can't be far when you see that these clean-cut kids who three years ago dreamt of Americana, Levittown, and a

snug little nook at Grumman Aircraft are now on the march.

Standing by a bullhorn is a young man... his blonde hair in a freakish tizz... a grown out crew cut nearly a foot long. His name is Andy Harwood. Andy is a third generation Poly man. His grandfather, a civil engineer of nore, attended the school, as did his civil engineer father. Andy himself would probably have gone into the family profession had it not been for the war and the changing times. But the war turned Andy's head around, and he is now majoring in psychology.

"I want everyone to take a look over to the left... by the door," he commands.

As the marching briefly stops, two demonstrators string up an effigy on the side of Brooklyn Poly's chrome and glass entrance. Pinned on the effigy is a sign: "This is what the government is trying to do to us."

"Yeah," shouts Andy, while checking the volume on his portable microphone, "the government killed four of our brothers and sisters in Ohio; they'd like to kill Bobby Seale; they'd like to kill all the Vietnamese. Come on, guys. NO MORE BUSINESS AS USUAL. SHUT DOWN POLY!"

Except for a small anti-tuition hike action five years earlier, this is the first

demonstration that any of the Poly students can remember. Brooklyn Poly is *that* kind of place. Situated in a remodeled razor-blade factory on the fringes of Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant district, the school is an educational factory for the manufacturers of military hardware. The raw material consists of bright, ambitious, highly motivated working class youth. The product: engineers, thinkers and builders for the Death Machine. 70% of the school's research funding comes from the Department of Defense. Most of Poly's graduates will, depending on the state of the economy, end up spending their lives in the crew-cut morass of the world of Lockheed, Boeing, Dow and Grumman. that kind of life means affluence, status, the American Dream to those who seek it and it has a price tag: apathy, total apathy. So why then are there four hundred Polytech students out there cursing... shouting... picketing... shedding that ticket of apathy. Even the President of the Student Council is out in front of the building conducting a poll. He wants to know if the students wish to shut down the Institute in protest against the Kent massacre and the Indo-China war. The students vote by carefully counted secret ballot. In the end they cry,

"Shut it down, End the war," by over 65%.

Marching on the picket-line is a tall dark haired young man named Jim Brausky. A senior in aero-space engineering, Jim used to be a member of Naval ROTC. For two years, he was also a student at the U.S. Naval Academy in Anapolis. "I think this demonstration is the best thing that ever happened at Poly," he says. How does it happen that a boy with a military record and a major in aero-space engineering is marching for peace? "I'm sick of the repression and I'm sick of the war!"

Also on the picket-line is Bob Bonelli, a nineteen year old major in electrical engineering. During the 1968 Presidential election, Bob was an active campaigner for Richard Nixon. He supported Nixon all throughout the first few months of his presidency. "But then I saw he wasn't going to do anything about the war..."

The demonstration, which has been going on since eight A.M., receives sizable support when two hundred high school students from Brooklyn Tech arrive at Poly's entrance. The "Tech" kids have been roaming around from campus to campus - like Brooklynese Red Guards - adding their numbers and encouragement to demonstrations throughout the

borough.

"Brothers from Poly," one sixteen year-old high school student declares, "we're here to support your strike! We've just come from LIU and the people are beautiful there. At NYC Community College the strike is almost 100% effective. Six high schools in Brooklyn are shut down and we don't intend to go back to school for the rest of the term. We're with you, we're all together."

"Right on!"

"STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE!... AVENGE THE KENT STATE FOUR!"

As the high school students lead their seniors in anti-war c h a n t s , a student-faculty-employee committee is set-up to present the strike demands to Polytech's President Adler.

"We'd like to see President Adler," Yale Tockerman tells a middle-aged secretary. Yale, a junior from the Social Sciences Department and a returnee from the Venceramos Brigade, has been chosen to act as a spokesman for the Strike Committee. The secretary glares at Yale with cool distrust. She doesn't like his sideburns and his curly hair. A few years ago... no, a few months ago no one would have dared show up in the President's office

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SOME REVIEWS BY JACKIE FRIEDMAN

Theatre Genesis, operating on a Ford Grant and housed at the Saint Marks Church, is one of the few free theatres around (other than street theatre). You are asked to give a contribution, but I don't think you have to. (I refuse to give what little money I have to something that's getting a little help from the Fords.) At the time I went to see "The Deer Kill" the audience seemed to be a club of theatre people this side of Broadway - but that can be changed. "The Deer Kill" is a three act play by Murray Mednick with some Biblical and revolutionary pretensions. There is some very good acting, which happily coincides with some very good writing. Two instances stand out in my mind where this happy union was made - and this coming together brought the audience together and for several very real moments we transcended that just being there feeling that had been putting me to sleep.

These two moments were: 1. when Walter Hadler, as Luke, went into a rap about getting busted for staring at a wick in a hardware store and eventually killing the cop who had busted him, and 2. when Bob Gladini, as Peter, embarked on a trip about having become the perfect Amerikan by becoming a junkie, because he was now a double slave. He was a slave to his monkey and a slave to the man so he could feed his monkey. The Perfect Amerikan. These two moments were incredibly beautiful and well worth seeing the play for.

Unfortunately, sometimes the writing is hurt by the bad acting, and sometimes the acting is hurt by the bad writing. And even more unfortunately, sometimes both are bad. Maybe if Theatre Genesis were not such a club, the fresh blood would keep this from happening.

If you think Hal, the computer in "2001", was something, wait til you see

Colossus, the computer in "The Forbin Project". That computer starts out to be Nixon's wet dream, but ends up by out Nixon-ing Nixon, in conjunction with a similar Russian computer, named, of course, Guardian. I can't decide whether the powers that be behind this film made it as a science fiction flick or an anti ABM/arms statement. I am sure they made it to make money, so any audience will do. It should, however, be required viewing for Laird and his disciples.

The all business, all efficient, cold as computer people, the JFK-look alike-winner President, the impudent computer itself, are all pretty amusing, but ultimately, the joke is on us, and the solution (the ending of course, is unresolved, with Forbin (MAN) pitted against the machine) is also left up to us.

The only real down in the whole thing, aside from having tripped over a step, neatly camouflaged by the wall to wall tartan plaid carpeting in the screening room, was that after the film, the producer came out to answer any questions. When no one had any questions, he proceeded to ask us questions, collete seminar style, about what WE felt the movie had to say. That's when I left. Obviously, the whole was greater than the sum of its parts.

Jean Luc Godard has finally succeeded in becoming a caricature of himself. About two weeks ago I saw "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" which might prove interesting if you happen to be a Godard freak, (which I was before seeing "Sympathy for the Devil; One Plus One").

No, "Two or Three Things" is really better than that. It has some incredible shots and some beautiful ideas. Not new ideas - but nostalgic ones. Nostalgic of the time when the shit

wasn't hitting the fan quite so quickly so there was time to reflect on your environmental and existential reactions. At least that's how it seemed to me - not totally relevant, but a quiet reinforcement of thoughts from more quiet times.

"Sympathy for the Devil"? (I saw Godard's version) Well, at some point during the film, after I had gone to look for a non existant candy machine, I started thinking of what I would rather be doing instead of watching it - even reading the Sunday Times Magazine Section or polishing my records would have been more exciting. Also, I suggest they change the only song from "Sympathy" to something more appropriate, like "I'm a Loser", or "I Can't Get No Satisfaction," or even "You Can't Always Get What You Want."

"Watermelon Man" will be opening soon and it's great! Go see it!

Last Saturday, while walking my dog and pitying myself for not being able to go to New Haven because no one would take same dog for three days, I was struck by a beautiful sight — three hundred people standing on St. Marks Place SINGING! I sang with them for awhile in blissful naivete about why they had gathered there. My state of grace didn't last for long. After about eight bars I realized that they were there to audition for "Hair."

I spent about an hour singing with them and wondering how stupid could they be — didn't they realize they created more joy and excitement singing spontaneously on the street than "Hair" could ever dream of creating? I then decided I should interview some of them and ended up being told what I already knew — like trying to get Nixon to tell you the truth.

Of the people auditioning there appeared to be two groups: the pros and the would be pros.

I spoke to four would be's first. Three of them were in Junior High school. When I asked them about their life style they said they weren't part of any

group, but if they had to choose, they would be hippies, because hippies had a better way of life.

I asked them who they thought would get hired from all of these people and they said, "Not the people who live that life style, but ones who can project it on stage."

The three girls had not seen "Hair" but they all loved the music.

None of them thought they would be hired. They felt the pros looked on "Hair" as just another job.

When I asked them if they were nervous, one girl said she had been so nervous, she was afraid to cross the street. But then she saw how nervous everyone else was, and how they were all checking out each others hippie regalia, so she decided to cross the street.

There seemed to be two camps. One group standing in front of the theatre, waiting, and another group singing in front of a neighboring building. I asked the girls what they thought of these two groups.

They felt the group in front of the theatre was made up of the professionals, while the singing group consisted of "Woodstock" people. So I

left to question a girl standing in front of the theatre.

No — she wasn't a professional. This was her first audition. She had just separated from her husband and had come to New York with her two children, looking for a career. She looked at the two camp situation more

change."

I then saw a man standing with some air of authority outside of the stage door. I asked him what his position with the production was and found out that he was the stage manager. When I asked him if I could interview him for EVO he said he'd heard EVO was a pornographic

too late. All he could do, would be to wait around for the Monday audition. The boy decided to wait.

I asked the stage manager who of these people were really hired — the hippies or the pros. He insisted it was 50-50.

I then asked him what he felt about the 'Provos' demands. He didn't know what they were, but felt that no dialogue could take place at a confrontation like the one at the Four Seasons. He said the restaurant had never faced such a situation and that, "Sgt. Kelly acted like Columbia had never happened."

When I told him what some of the Provos' demands were, he said that if you viewed a piece of art as the property of the people it was based on, then Chekhov should have given some of his profits away — he being an exploiter of a certain class. And no one calls Chekhov a thief although his estate is still making money.

He said he'd been around the East Village before "Hair" opened and had never heard anyone singing "Aquarius" or "Let the Sun Shine In" then.

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QUESTION: "WHY ARE THEY CALLED OFFICERS?" ANSWER: "BECAUSE THEY GET PAID TO OFF PEOPLE!"

Arlo Guthrie, in his album notes for Jack Elliott's last record, writes:

"This obviously is the back of Ramblin' Jack's Album, but Ramblin' Jack has never been captured by an album before and most likely he never will be. I've heard most of Jack's thirty albums or so and there are none (including this one) that mean anything real until you have heard him live — not just once, but many times. I believe I've heard Jack at his most worst and his unbelievable best... Most folks see him in the light of a legend or two and assume that that's where he's at. But Jack has a million legends — he's everybody he has ever met."

How does someone get to be a legend at 38? He's made 47 — forty-seven — records but, like Arlo says, Ramblin' Jack has never been captured by an album. But if you do see him at his best, the performance will soon take historic proportion in your memory. "Man, I remember Ramblin' Jack the time he..."

Jack Elliott just left town after a five-night stand at the Gaslight and I wish he were back in the middle of this grimness. I remember Ramblin' Jack for many good performances, but the one I remember as the best was the last set of the Thursday after his opening, during his latest stay. It all started about midnight and ended about four-thirty in the morning.

Rip Off

By Karin Berg



There was just this feeling, everything was right, a lot of his friends were there (great singers and songwriters in their own right). It was nice and warm and friendly — a feeling characteristic of the immediate environment surrounding Ramblin' Jack when he's feeling good.

He started with "Me and Bobbie McGhee," written by Kris Kristofferson. Kristofferson was there and the song seemed the better for it. Jack did the best "912 Greens" I've heard him do — with longer stories, different and wilder tales. "912 Greens" is written about the search for a five-string banjo,

picker in New Orleans — "we couldn't find him in the phone book cause he spells his name funny, Billy Faier" — (it's pronounced Fair).

Jack sang "Lay Lady Lay," the words of which he always fucks up, but that's okay.

David Bromberg came out to join him and they really began to get it on. While tuning up, David dug Jack's overalls cum bib, "Where did you get those Jack, do you call them elephant bell-bottoms?"

"No, man, these are tailor-made. I won 'em in a game of snooker."

Oh, they're burnin' down the house I was brought up in

Yellin' "Come on out and take your bride"

They're burnin' down the house I was brought up in But what a fool I'd be to go outside...

All of the Gaslight seemed like a party was going on, and people kept yelling out titles of songs for Jack to play.

"Well, I'm sure glad you all got all those old Jack Elliott records, but I'm not gonna play those old songs." But he gave in to most of them.

Tennessee Stud! Play Tennessee Stud!

"Damn, I'm not gonna play "Tennessee Stud." I hate that song. Damn, I hate that song." Sign of disappointment.

"Well..."
Along about eighteen and twenty-five I left Tennessee very much alive I never woulda made it through the Arkansas mud if I hadn't been a-ridin' on a Tennessee stud...

"That song is a bitch to sing. You need a fuckin' aqualung to get through it — got those long-winded sentences. I don't know how Jimmy Driftwood — he wrote the song — I don't know how he gets through it..."

Along about now Bobby Neuwirth joined in onstage with borrowed guitar. Along with great musicianship, insane hilarity prevailed. Jack sat at a table or went to fetch a coke after cajoling Neuwirth to sing a song or two. You're heard of Bobby Neuwirth — have you

ever heard him do one of his songs?

The psychedelic relic sat in his static attic With his senses all unfurled Playing songs on his stringless lute and tuneless flute Sewing silver buttons on his new gorilla suit (Chorus): Carefully measuring the distance to the cliff Took her most the morning What happened next was merely a mistake...

Jack came back onstage and I don't know how what happened next happened, but someone made a noise, Bobby Neuwirth became the sound effects of racing cars, and Jack became an interviewer, interviewing racing drivers. He also became the drivers, the pit men, driver's girls, and god knows what else.

"We now go the Grand Prix of Gibraltar, where the greatest drivers of the world meet, testing their skills for the greatest race of all, the race around the Rock of Gibraltar. Where the cool, placid breezes..." and on. The English driver, the American driver, the German driver, Von Gripp... "ve vill vin fur ze Churman nation, fur Deutschland..." the French driver, interviewing mechanics in the French pit... "ze French machinery ess like ze French people, like ze French voo-man, ze machine it has emotion, eet knows what ees desired of eet..."

(Continued on Page 22)

While four students were shot to death and many wounded at Kent State University and the U.S.A. Tanks are firing away and roll through the wood-thickets in a lost landscape devoid of humans in Cambodia, we are here in New York's Art World bombarded with hundreds of invitations for art openings and events in a never ending flow. It's "Business as Usual" in the disguise of culture and art. It is humanly impossible to attend all those events as a single reporter. Even with the best of intentions and all the good will one can produce "for ART's sake, it is not humanly possible anymore to commute from uptown to downtown to see all the Art-shows and also to visit all the studio and loft shows now open to the public on weekends.

What is happening is, that events which take on a more time-conscious content, like the demonstration of Black and Puerto Rican artists on May second before Moma, are seemingly becoming more "ART" than the objects displayed in the galleries and in the museums. At least that's what happens to me. I think that Jean Toche and Jon Hendrick's "ART-ACTION" at 3:30 May 2 before the entrance of MOMA, was a work of Art. They appeared in a black Limousine with chauffeur and secretary as "Trustee and Museum Director", Jon acting the Director, Toche the Trustee, and staged the invasion "of the Museum by the Blacks and the Puerto Ricans,

shouting: "don't let the Blacks and the Puerto Ricans into the museum; they installed a chickenwire fence and arranged in it's enclosure the "Art Works" they had brought along in the truck of the Limousine. They defended the Mock-Museum with Guns and smoke bombs, while all the time the real Art-bosses of the Museum looked on, letting the artists have their play. All this play-acting was a greeting the Black and Puerto Rican artists had prepared for the first days of Director John Hightower at Moma. He took the greeting calmly letting the artists have their say. The cops didn't interfere, they just looked on. Tom Lloyd and Ralph Ortiz having discussed their demands the day before with Director Hightower, seemingly have reached a certain "basis" of understanding, meaning that Black and Puerto Rican artists will be accepted to join the trustees at Moma, and there are also certain positive discussions going on that the demands for a Martin Luther Kind study center at Moma can be fulfilled.

At this moment, as I am writing the new story of the hopefully "cooperative" Museum of Modern Art, to meet the demands of AWC, a message was telephoned to me from "headquarters" Moma's telephone booth - main-floor - bookshop.

Jan van Ray, the always ready photo reporter of AWC read to me the xeroxed message

ART BUSINESS AS USUAL

BY LIL PICARD



of Director Hightower, placed outside the entrance of Momain, a 24 x 18 inch poster.

"John B. Hightower Director of M.U.O.A. issued the following statement today May 5th, 1970:

We protest the killing of 4 students at Kent State University in Ohio and the wounding of others. We protest senseless reaction to dissent from those for whom order is a higher priority than free discussions and open demonstration. We also oppose the closing of those institutions which in some way nurture freedom so essential and fragile a part of the arts and which provide all of us with a form of intensely human communications. Were it to be otherwise the Arts could be used by others less well intentioned to compound

rather than dispel the inhumanity that seems so intensely to pervade our society. Consequently the Museum of Modern Art will be OPEN FREE to the public today."

This action of MOMA in connection and response to the political events are interrupting the "Business as Usual" complacency of New Yorks Art World. John Hightower had been approached by AWC to "CLOSE" Moma as a Strike-Action, joining the Universities in their response to the shootings at Kent State. John Hightower refused to close, but his gesture of "NO BUSINESS" on the day of STRIKE, is a reversal of the "culture-dissent, by introducing an idealistic non-commercial FREE-MUSEUM DAY.

Another telephone message interrupted the writing on ART... which seems to take on a much more engaged content with the latest news from the culture front.

A non-coalition artist, LES LEVINE, informed us, that he is printing 10,000 posters today (May 5th) on the day of the University Strike and he is financing the printing from the money which was returned to him as a Tax refund. The Poster says in big letters: "MUSEUM OF MODERN ART IS OVER," and in small letters "if you want it."

Les Levine will also lecture on Thursday May 7th at Northwestern University,

Evenstown, Ill. on the Theme of Artist, Art and the War in Cambodia. In the last April issue of Art Forum Jack Burnham analyzes Les Levine's work in an article: "LES LEVINE BUSINESS AS USUAL." a philosophy the artist seems to be involved with by saying: "I don't find it interesting to create

antagonism, however I don't find it very interesting to prevent it either. In a totally programmed society my art is about packaging, but I don't package my work so that it is acceptable to the art world.—" Now, it seems that even a strictly pragmatic cool business-minded artist like Les Levine became radicalized enough to print a poster privately as a gesture of "dissent" — Material and will talk on the war in Cambodia and Art. Is the Art world, and I think in this case about the "tongue-in-cheek art world" "awakening? Are artists getting more engaged? Will the Art Workers Coalition get more influence and support in changing the "system" of the Business as usual in the Arts and will 57th Street and Mad Ave. see the handwriting on the walls, done by artists in red paint during the night from May 4th to May 5th, showing the death number 4 and the letter Z? As I heard the red paint was removed on the morning of the day of the strike — but at least the "writing" of this column can report on it... and so it does.

There is no longer a single museum in New York which does not tremble at the mention of the Art Workers Coalition. This does not show so much how powerful the Coalition has become but how incredibly fragile and artificial the values of our higher culture have always been. It is as though all our ideas of culture, along with the museum-gallery world which has administered them, were made of nothing more substantial than toothpicks held together with scotch tape. Yet this is presumably part of the great American heritage we are defending by killing hundreds of Americans and thousands of Asians weekly.

The Coalition has been able to make an impact partly because it has asked a number of important questions about this "culture" and partly because it has known how to get these questions through to the media by lively and original demonstrations. Some of the Coalition members are now thinking about spreading their activities to the Metropolitan Museum as well as the "Modern," though of course the "Modern" remains an important target. This was shown by last Saturday's happenings on Fifty-Third Street in the name of black and puerto rican artists, which looked like it was just going to be another typical demonstration, with a lot of

WILL CULTURE KILL THE MET?

people straggling about and literature being passed out and discussed in a half-hearted manner — then suddenly a sleek black limousine rolled up in front of the "Modern."

Out of the limousine stepped Jon Hendricks and Jean Toche of the Guerilla Art Action Group, both of them dressed in black tie and tails. Hendricks wore a sign around his neck reading TRUSTEE, while Toche's hair was especially coiffed to look like Henry Geldzahler's hair-do and the sign he wore said DIRECTOR. Immediately the two shouted out that they could not stand having black and puerto rican artists in their museum and began to unroll a large section of wire fence to build a barricade in front of the museum. They also placed a large bomb outside the entrance along with a quantity of cap pistols and toy machine guns as well as two chickens. After they had built part of their barricade, the black and puerto rican artists rallied behind a large puerto rican flag, unrolled by Adrian Garcia, and launched an attack on the newcomers. Everyone seized the weapons provided, and the uproar grew to

an unbelievable pitch amidst the "shooting," a large crowd gathered on both sides of Fifty-Third Street, a smoke bomb went off, and three police cars drew up in front of the Museum. But the Coalition now has the "Modern" so well tamed, at least in this respect, that a museum spokesman told the police that it was all a piece of theatre and not to interfere. Toche and Hendricks ran back into their limousine, Toche lacking most of his clothing, and were driven off down Fifty-Third Street, pursued on foot by some of their attackers. Some coalition members were disappointed that nothing more genuinely explosive happened, but most of those who remembered the Museum's reactionary stance of last year were pleased with the contrast, though it remains to be seen if firmer action may not be necessary to make the "Modern" give in on real points of difference.

It is inconceivable, in view of the mammoth changes now engulfing America, that any group of trustees or museum people can possibly imagine that things are ever going to just

revert to "culture as usual" again. The growing cultural needs of minority groups, the surging youth culture, the claims of cultural decentralization, the impact of electronic media, and the imminent revolution in display techniques and mind-to-mind pleasure-learning-healing devices are sure to make everything left over from nineteenth century culture-vulturing look deader than an oil-slicked duck — any one of these forces could transform our "culture," but taken altogether they spell a complete cultural overturning.

Yet it would appear that the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum have been allowed, and even encouraged, to believe that none of this is happening. In all fairness most of these trustees lead lives far removed from the institutions they are supposed to be guiding and they also have little time to devote their full energies to this work. But this does not in any way exonerate them from failing to take the time and energy to inform themselves of the full problems facing our traditional notions of culture. When a group of men as removed and protected as these trustees decides to invest fifty million dollars in the proposed new wings at the Met, then a few questions as to their wisdom or sources of information are desperately in order. This is all the more true when funds for

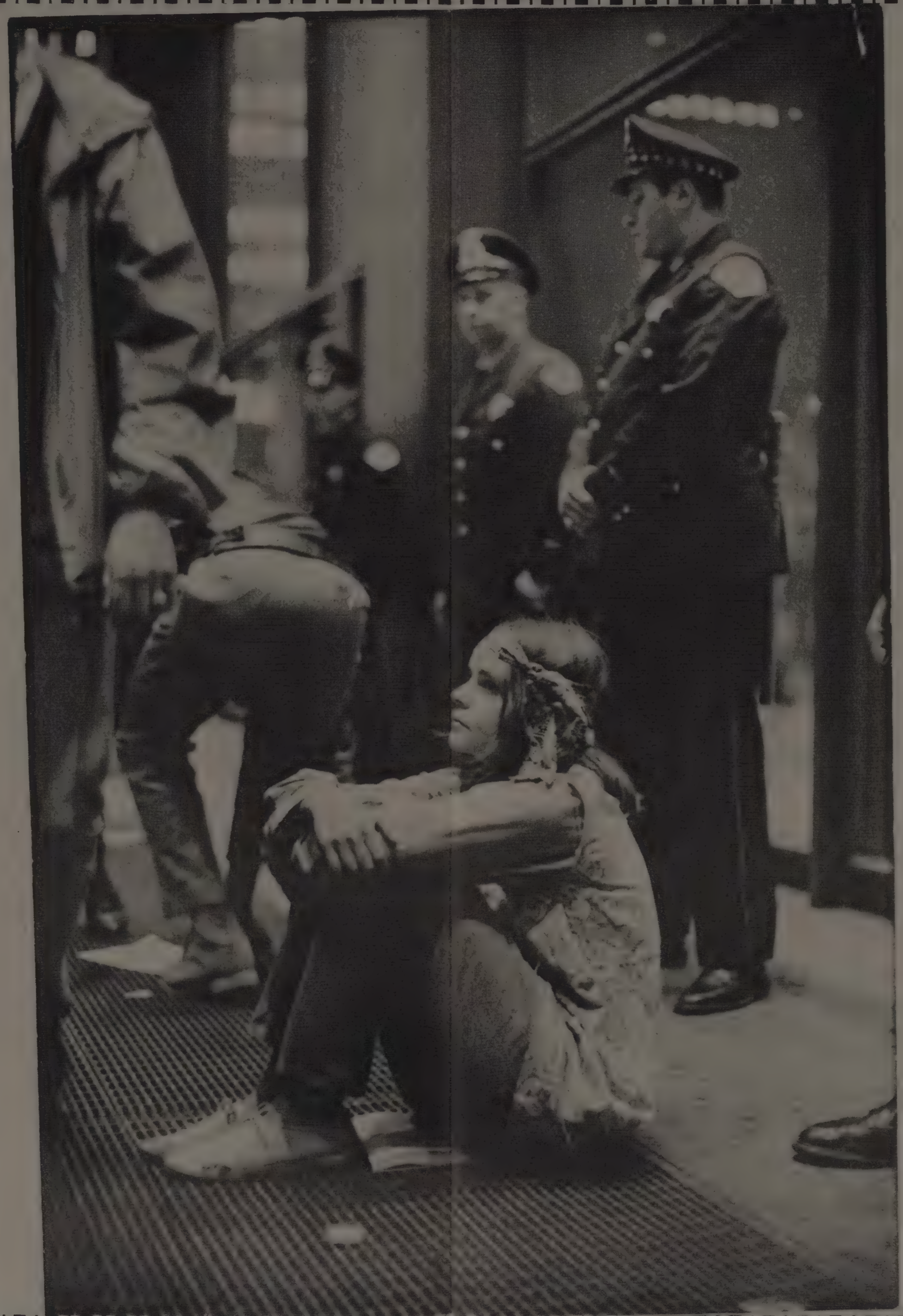
expansion in any direction, whether for culture, commerce, or the community, are less available than ever before.

The three new wings at the Metropolitan will simply provide more museum without providing a deeper, higher, or more relevant definition of our culture. They are being built to gratify the ego of a few millionaire collectors rather than to satisfy the genuine cultural needs of the general population, to say nothing about ecology and the needs of Central Park. No new definitions are being created by this project, no new explorations are being undertaken, no new exhibit techniques are being utilized. The new wings at the Met are the museum equivalent of Robert Moses' little mourned New York World's Fair — they show that this city equates culture with bigness, large amounts of money, and old-fashioned thinking.

As strange as it may seem, the villain of the piece would appear to be one Thomas Hoving, who despite his earlier achievements may have now reached his level of incompetence. Hoving seems to have gone on an exalted culture trip, next to the religious trip perhaps the most dangerous kind, and imagines himself to be the reigning pope of our new cultural religion. More

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washington at nite....

There were no answers in Washington - no one had any, neither the speakers saying all the old outrageously things, nor the thousands of people sweating in the hot sun that beat down on their listenership, nor even the hundreds who cavorted naked or half naked in the reflecting pools between the Lincoln Monument and the Washington Monument. There was only the question of an agonized George Washington University student as he watched other students throwing desks and chairs into the street, that street which would soon be filled not only with the warm night but with solid phalanxes of helmeted cops and the acrid clouds of gas. "What are you doing?" He yelled again and again. Down the street waited the cops, waited for their orders, down another the flames shot up into the velvet darkness from a burning truck. In the intersection, right by the gleaming new Student Union building stood Allen Ginsberg with a small group OMing the people, their voices ringing out with an ear message of peace which sounded like some majestic ensemble of bells.

Saturday's Washington protest started peacefully enough in the early Saturday morning of a Union Square deserted by all but the buses their clean, shaven, sullen drivers, and people waiting to go to D.C., running into friends or looking for them, coffee containers in their hands like magic finding instrument. Saturday was the hot ride to Washington with nearly everybody, straight looking or not, giving each other the peace sign or the high sign. It continued in the hot, sunbright expanse of the Ellipse behind the White House, a White House for once not digesting sightseeing groups right from the cover of The Readers Digest but a White House surrounded all around DC Transit buses parked nose to tail, ringed with cops whose tempers wear thin as the night came and went on.

It was fun when the rally ended and thousands headed over to the pools where hundreds splashed happily in a Woodstock come back to life in their smiles and their shouts, in the slogans that they chanted and the carefree nakedness of many boys and quite a few girls.

But the day wore on. By late afternoon there were crowds sitting down in the middle of the great intersection at the Statler Hilton, just a few blocks from the White House. There were others milling in front of the Peace Corps building a few feet away from Lafayette Park, where the fourth floor had been liberated by some ex-corpsmen who hung out banners denouncing the Government, where Chez Francois, one of the Capital's rancier restaurants gave away Vichisoise, Onion Soup and Quiche Lorraine to the people.

At the Statler Hilton it started getting heavy. The police managed to move the people out of the intersection and stood there while hundreds were milling around a few feet away

guarding the White House. Then came the armored truck and the order to leave the area. Once more the metallic voice of the Police Inspector with another warning, then, a few minutes later an unearthly rhythmic shriek from the speaker atop the armored truck, either to scare the people or some sort of signal. The crowd withdrew slowly as the cops advanced. As the withdrawal reached another intersection, the edge of the crowd came to a construction site and stuff started flying at the massed ranks of the police.

The crowd cut right, pulling back but the police now came from a side street, People started running down an alley and then the gas came, solid clouds of it. The people ran, for once ignoring the shouts Walk don't Run, looking through the tears streaming down their faces for the white coated med students with their water for the eyes and first aid kits in case things got even worse.

Not it was night. An evening full of squads or motorcycle cops macing around the city, its darkness torn by the sirens of fire engines racing who knows where and the sounds of smashing glass as bottles flew into the smart store windows of Connecticut Avenue, and out of Dupont Circle at the traffic going around it, till more cops cleared the area.

It was quiet when we walked over to George Washington University, the streets almost deserted. Lots of young people sitting on stoops and talking, cops at street corners cradling riot guns in their arms, their faces full of hatred and fatigue.

At George Washington University there was the sound of rock music, there was a free concert some place, but at the street corner in the heart of the campus, students were breaking into the locked class buildings and throwing chairs and desks into the street to block the intersection. Then some others came and cleared it. Up the street there was a fire, beyond it, people said, the cops ready to gas. At the Student Union building hundreds milling around, some smashing windows of campus buildings, others throwing stuff into the street. Some were OMing with Ginsberg, others watching it all from the terrace of the Student Union. The fire we had seen earlier had died down but now there was another, bigger, with flames shooting up above the small buildings. When suddenly people started running back from the burning barricade, yelling that the cops were getting ready to fire the gas. As they ran away from the fire others ran towards it yelling and throwing shit at the cops beyond the flames. Then came the gas, heavy, filling the narrow street with running people, again shouts of don't run and we finally reached the intersection at the Student Union, but the gas kept coming and most of the people piled into the building. A few minutes later, the med students, applying water and advice in equal portions, some people ventured out on the terrace again. A few feet away from us was the intersection, now full of a solid group of cops, their helmet shields gleaming under the street lights. The few people on the terrace started shouting at the cops and the night was full of the shriek and firefly speeding light of the gas canisters. The terrace emptied once again.

What comes to mind most vividly was the agonized face of the student as he yelled "What are you doing?" when other students smashed windows and threw furniture into the street. The faces of the people who smashed windows and threw bottles were carefree and gleeful. The faces of the cops oozed cold hate and fatigue. It was a magic night, of sorts.

WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 3)

disident tone, for it had grown from one of frustrated, impatient protest into a strident voice that called now for the impeachment of Nixon and immediate action to bring the war home. On little more than a week's notice thousands came to Washington, between 60-75,000, according to straight-press estimates, or, according to some who had helped to organize the Moratorium, a crowd that almost equalled that event in number. The latter would appear a more accurate estimate, but that's beside the point. With so little time for organization, without the heavy advance publicity that heralded the November demonstration, Saturday's turnout showed that thousands could be mobilized to show the government that they meant business. That was the point and it was made very clearly.

Other observations to set down: Masspress is worried, unsure of itself, confused to the point of being unreliable and propagandic in its reportage. Nothing new about this, it has simply become more obvious over the past couple of weeks. For example, crowd estimates for both New Haven and Washington fell suspiciously short of the mark (last week's Sunday Times carried a front page photograph of a few people gathered in an otherwise empty courtyard at Yale, a shot that must have been taken in the early hours of the morning when the campus was relatively quiet. It and its accompanying report give the impression that this is what it was like that weekend.) Also, apparently disturbed by what was expressed in this Saturday afternoon's speeches and further upset by the total response of the audience, masspress fell into a weird riff about the "obscenity" of the speeches, a segment of it reporting that the crowd had paid little attention to the speakers, while generally playing up the notion that a Be-In, Woodstock-style atmosphere prevailed. This misleading approach would seem to have been motivated by the un-co-tibility of what was happening by media that edit and censor its "news." Unable to print "fuck" and "shit" unable to relay the full militancy and revolutionary content of speeches by David Dellinger, Doug Miranda, John Froines and others, unable even to suggest what would

result from labor leader David Livingston's promise that union strikes would cripple the war machine, without the usual "entertainment" of rock music, with just two or three hours of afternoon speeches on a hot and brilliant day...masspress could only harp on "obscenity" and play up the Woodstock thing...grass smoking and nude bathing in the reflecting pools, a "frivolous" atmosphere, they called it, neglecting to note that the frivolity came after the rally. And not understanding that "frivolity" is part of the revolution

The part that keeps them distracted and out of its way. Careful mention was made of the "visiting anthropologists", the senators and congressmen and other generally ineffective politicians, and the participation of celebrities on the speakers stand. Jane Fonda for instance, and as someone said, "God help us when Mae West joins the movement."

But the fact is that the 60-75,000 or the 100,000...who d'ya read?...came together, a long way on short notice and for just a few hours, and were very together. The movement, too, has come a long way in a short time, and since New Haven there is good reason for optimism and believing that it will continue to grow. The white radicals recognize the Black Panther Party as the most coherent and disciplined revolutionary contingent; the Panthers are coming to understand that they aren't alone in the struggle. As we accept their political leadership, they are being turned on by the hang-loose apolitical politics of the Be-In. This is as important as the politics and the discipline; black and white radicals are learning from each other coming together to take care of business holding together when business is over for the day. We all know that we'd all rather be doing something else, politics is a bore, but the politics of politics must be taken care of now. Though less prepared than we should be, we are moving quickly, gathering force, things are beginning to fall into place. There is still a long way to go, but the distance seems to be getting shorter, we are covering it faster. There are still some, the minority of "cow-boys" and "violence-groupies" mentioned in last week's report on New Haven, who must realize that violence will be meaningless until we are all ready and equipped for it, until thousands

take to the streets together and confront either the police or the military, not with tear gas and noxious "fogs," but with the heavier stuff that tells them that all future raids will be on their arsenals of repression. We do not talk non-violence to the generation that gave us napalm, thalidomide and D.D.T.; we speak with specific retaliatory violence, defending ourselves on their own terms, for they will not listen to ours. The crying is over, we have No More Tears for you and the next blood to flow will be yours.

But we are getting it all together, and it scares them, because our mere preparation cracks the system and it falls apart by itself. It is any wonder that Nixon, unable to sleep after his Friday night press conference, went forth at 5 a.m. to meet thousands of young people gathered and waiting for Saturday's event? So profound was his guilt, yet he couldn't muster enough courage to return and confront double that number in broad daylight. Liberal politicians are nervous and afraid, because they are "politicians" and have yet to learn that we no longer trust, nor listen to, nor do we vote for, politicians. Moving through the crowd, smiling and shaking our hands, they bring a message that tells us to work within the system to bring about change. Their intentions may be good, but the system is dying.

Senator Charles Godell, New York's latest liberal politician, surrounded by conspicuously labelled aides who whisk him from one unimpressed group to the next, meanders around the press area behind the speakers platform and stops to pose for photographs in front of the Yippie flag, a banner unveiled to New Haven that features a bright green marijuana leaf and a red star on a field of black. He makes "statements" into a bevy of microphones shoved in his face, smiling and shaking hands with everyone who approaches. We'll all be voters in the eyes of a senator. The media moves off to catch Doctor Spock and the flag-bearers, also, move off to provide appropriate backdrop for the father of all conspirators, and two of us approach the senator, introduce ourselves and get a handshake.

"Do you smoke marijuana?" we inquire.

"Oh, no," he beams back.

"Do you know that the green leaf in the flag is?" We persist.

WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 15)

"I'm not responsible for what someone holds up in back of me," he replies with a helpless shrug.

"Are you here to support us or get our support for you?"

"I support you people..." he began, sounding something like the Chicago prosecuting attorney who referred to Bobby Seale as "that boy," "I introduced a bill in congress months ago to cut off military spending and end the war, and only a few other senators supported me then. Now they're all scared because they found out I was right."

"That's great, but now you're posing in front of the YIP flag and saying you didn't know it was there."

"It was behind me, I didn't see what they were holding up. I don't have to smoke marijuana to know what it's all about. We've got medical reports from all over the country. Any doctor will tell you it's not serious, but try and get a bill to legalize it through congress. I'm concerned about everything that bothers you people. I want to help you, but you people have to start coming to your representatives with your problems. We're there to hear your complaints."

In that case, we asked, did you know that the legal defense committee of our political prisoners...specifically those of the Panther 21 and the Chicago 10 in New York City...are under constant harassment from building inspectors, Con Edison and the phone company? Did you know that the preparation of legal defense for the defendants in these political trials is carried out under extreme interference and surveillance?"

"No, I didn't know that, that's terrible. Listen, tell those people to get in touch with my office. If they have any complaints, we'll do the best we can for them."

Senator Godell's office is located at 110 East 45th St. (6618250), so all "you people" get in touch and lay your problems on him. The name of the game is Working Within the System. But if the system was working you wouldn't have been indicted in the first place, so don't forget to lay that one on them, too. They may think you're bitching about the public utilities if you don't.

At one particularly poignant moment in the melee, a big coward of a man began intimidating a small group of terrified onlookers. A man in his mid-sixties told the steel worker to lay off and was smashed in the mouth for his civic concern.

On the east side of City Hall driveway, hard hats began punching out a young black kid. Blacks in the sidelines jumped in as did more construction workers, and for a while it seemed that a blown race war might begin outside the Good Mayor's own place.

At Trinity Church, a would-be Nazi in a steelworker's helmet climbed halfway up the closed fence and ripped down a red cross flag placed there by the Medical Committee for Human Rights. "This," declared the hero, is the silent majority that ain't bein' silent no more."

Back at Wall Street a Movement fool boasted the day had been won, since the bloody havoc had probably slowed down some of the day's trading.

May 8 will probably go down in the history books as a turning point in the American struggle. The hard hat riot splattered the Progressive Labor myth of a Woe

sive Labor myth of a Worker-Student alliance and dramatized for the first time the hostile positions of the blue collar worker and the upper middle class kids who are the Movement. The game has changed.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Shortly after Mayor Lindsay was re-elected, the police department

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Lynn Banker
Paul Blackburn
Ray Bremser
Charles Bukowski
Spencer Holst
Allen Katzman
Tuli Kuperberg
Taylor Mead
Jack Micheline
Jerome Rothenberg
and others

Benefit Poetry
Sunday May 17
Noon to 8pm
Dr Generosity
73 st & 2nd Ave
Adm \$2.00

WAR ON WALL

(Continued from Page 5)

the power but decided against using it.

The hard hat rampage then swept into then swept North to City Hall. There, police who had received radio warning of the approaching mob decided to let them have their way.

Their way included the virtual capture of the Hall, a brutal assault on neighboring Pace College in which dozens of people were beaten, windows smashed, and panic was spread.

On their way to Pace, hard hats stomped kids and old people alike--anyone who spoke out against them was guaranteed a beating.

DOPOGRAM

(Continued from Page 6)

MR. INGERSOLL SAID THAT THE MONEY REQUEST ALSO TOOK INTO ACCOUNT PROTECTION OF INFORMANTS. THE \$439,000 INCLUDES \$250,000 FOR EMERGENCY EXPENSES AUTHORIZED BY THE ATTORNEY GENERAL. MONEY, LAW AND ORDER, GUILT AND FEAR: THE SYMPTOMS OF A DECAYING SOCIETY. THE LAST POOR ATTEMPTS OF A CYNICAL UNABLE GOVERNMENT. BROTHERS AND SISTERS, STAY HIGH. MAKE MUCH HIPPER USE OF THE INSTRUMENTS OF OUR TIME. USE PHONE BOOTHS ONLY. MAKE DATES TO MEET. HAVE YOUR PHONE NUMBERS CODED. AND DEAL ONLY WITH PEOPLE WHO YOU HAVE KNOWN FOR AT LEAST A YEAR. TRIP WITH THEM, LOVE THEM, FORM CELLS, BECOME A CREATIVE COMMUNE. IT IS OUR SPIRITUAL HIGH WHICH WILL FORM NEW VALUES. WE ARE THE CREATIVE SPIRITS ON EARTH. WE ARE FORMING THE NEW NATION. PEOPLE WILL GET CONSCIOUS THAT THE ENTIRE POPULATION IS ONE BIG FAMILY, THE HUMAN FAMILY. OM. DOPE NEWS: SUNSHINE 50-CENTS A TRIP, ACAPULCO GOLD \$250 PER POUND, COMMERCIAL MEXICAN WEED SUGERED \$110 PER POUND IN QUANTITIES, JUNE 21ST, SUMMER SOLSTICE. SUNSHINE. JULY FOURTH IS INDEPENDENCE DAY. SMOKE IN WASHINGTON, D.C. GIA.

A student collapsed to the ground, hit. Suddenly, after about 30 seconds, the shooting stopped. We got up and looked around. One girl was lying on the ground, holding her stomach. Her face was white. There were others, lying on the ground. Some moved. Some didn't. The whole area was one of panic. We heard a girl crying hysterically. "Get an ambulance, get an ambulance," others were shouting.

A guy picked up one girl and held her in his arms. The front of her was covered with blood. "She's dead," he was shouting. "She's dead, I know she's dead." Some guys were leaning over another girl using jackets as makeshift compresses. Another was giving her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Another guy was helped hobbling to a dorm. One leg had been shot.

One fellow lay in the parking lot. Just lay there.

There were sounds of ambulance sirens. The ambulances piled up.

"Over here," some students were yelling. "Over here." Students were pointing down at the wounded lying on the ground. "Please hurry, please hurry."

The attendant lifted one fellow onto a stretcher. One side of his face was puffed way out and his face was blue.

People were crying and screaming, saying this thing was uncalled for.

We blame Nixon for this. He's the man responsible for these murders. He sent the troops to Vietnam and sent more to Cambodia. The students are outraged.

What is there to do now? The answer is immediate, total withdrawal of troops.

Kent is closed now. The university's president sent all the students home.

But we want the killers brought to trial.

Right now, we're still in sort of a state of shock. We can still see the National Guardsmen firing.

Each of us tried to go to sleep last night. But you can't. You can't put down your head,

and you keep hearing shots.

(Reprinted from The Militant.)

(Continued on Page 18)

"PLEASURE" NEWSPAPER, NEW YORK'S LARGEST SELLING ADULT TABLOID, TAKES GREAT PRIDE IN ANNOUNCING THE OPENING OF ITS FIRST

PLEASURE PALACE

TUESDAY-MAY 19TH, 1970



Admission to the Pleasure Palace is on a private membership basis **ONLY!** Your membership card will entitle you to use the facilities of this and all other future "Pleasure Palaces" throughout the world.

Beginning Tuesday, May 19th and every Tuesday thereafter Pleasure has leased the Electric Circus (located at 23 St. Mark's Place) for its own private and very personal party.

Beginning at 9 p.m. and continuing until 2 the next morning you can meet your kind of people in a totally relaxed atmosphere (free from outside interruptions). Straight, gay, and couples are all welcome to join the party. And what a party it will be!! The Pleasure Palace will feature:

- EXOTIC DANCERS (male and female)
- FILMS
- SLIDES
- MUSIC
- LIQUOR
- EROTIC LIGHT DISPLAYS

This will be a club you will want to join and tell your friends about. The only private club for today's sensually aware adults. The upright public is not wanted so no one will be allowed into the club unless he is carrying the Pleasure Palace Membership Card. There will be a \$5 admission charge to each party. The annual membership fee will be \$25 but by applying for your charter membership now you can save \$15 and will be admitted to the Grand Opening on May 19th absolutely free. Each member may bring one paying guest. This will be an event that will fire up your life. Join now. Membership on a limited basis only. You must be at least 21 years of age to apply.

Pleasure Palace World Premier at the Electric Circus, 23 St. Mark's Place, NYC, Tuesday, May 19th
 Charter Membership Application Annual Fee \$10
 Inviting you to the free Premier Night

SPECIAL CHARTER OFFER with this coupon \$10.00

CHARTER MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION BLANK

*NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY, STATE AND ZIP _____
 SEX MF _____
 I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE _____
 SEND CASH CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
 PLEASURE PALACE
 204 West 20th Street
 New York, N.Y. 10011

*All names held in strictest confidence

(Continued from Page 16)

tment quietly filled the long vacant slot of Chief inspector. The man who was named to that key city-wide position then went about the business of putting his personal stamp on the Department. Among his many deeds large and small was the passing down the line by word of mouth the Department's new policy on demonstrations. When it reached the precinct it was "take no more shit". Lindsay, acutely aware of the political power of the police, had taken great care during his campaign not to offend them. Returned to his office by a coalition of upper middle class intellectuals and black poor, Lindsay soon discovered he had won the race but lost virtually all control of the 32,000-man army. He was in trouble and he knew something had to be done.

At the end of April, the New York Times published the results of what it described as a six month study of corruption within the police department. That would mean the Times had turned loose its team of Pulitzer Prize winning probes just about two deep breaths after their boy won reelection. The expose drew a hell of a lot of heat. It came at a crucial time. The police were threatening a strike over a wage dispute and were flexing a good deal of non-violent muscle. The Times piece undercut potential public sympathy for the impending blue flu and the court slapped an injunction on the Finest. --ED.

POINT OF NO RETURN

(Continued from Page 3)

querque. University officials and state authorities say they want a full investigation of the incident.

Students went trashing on the University of Washington campus in Seattle and later on the streets of that city where they were met by gangs of armed vigilantes. Several people were injured or arrested.

Demonstrations to protest the deaths of the Kent State Four occurred in Cuba, Canada, England - and in several world capitals.

Commencement exercises at the University of Kentucky were postponed, and the National Guard was called in.

The officials of Rutgers and Princeton Universities announced large concessions to the students: the Rutgers Board of Governors voted to hold an open meeting on the subject of getting rid of the R.O.T.C., and the Princeton University president announced he would meet with the governors of the Institute of Defense Analysis to discuss their presence on campus.

Several colleges and universities were closed in Ohio, and the National Guard remained fully armed and ready. The R.O.T.C. building of the University of Ohio was fire-bombed. Widespread demonstrations occurred throughout the state, and Antioch College offered sanctuary to protesters and to national guard deserters and draftees.

The University of Georgia was ordered closed.

The University of Nevada R.O.T.C. building was bombed.

Riots occurred at the University of New York at Syracuse. Several arrests were made.

Riots occurred at the University of West Virginia.

Several arrests were made in Minnesota as students tried to invade the Federal Building in Minneapolis.

Violent incidents occurred at the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana. A state of emergency was declared in Carbondale, Ill., as the National Guard moved in. Police and National Guardsmen used clubs to break up a rally at the University of South Carolina.

Auxiliary staffs of several colleges and universities joined in the strike. Local 422 of the United Auto Workers, Waltham, Mass., went on strike to protest the war.

Students boycotted high schools throughout the country.

Professors supported the strikes and took their own initiative in some cases. Professors James E. Darnell and Cyrus Levinthal of Columbia organized professors in 26 states to lobby for an end to the invasion.

Several universities in the New York area participated in the strike. They include: Columbia, New School for Social Research, the City College of New York, Sarah Lawrence, Long Island University, Nassau Community College, Hofstra, C.W. Post, Vassar, Marymount, Finch, St. John's and Manhattanville, Brooklyn College, and Richmond Community College. Buildings were bombed at St. John's and Long Island University.

Students occupied NYU's Kimberly Hall, and were served with a summons to appear in court on Monday. William Kunstler spoke at NYU on Thursday night and told students they would probably be moved out and arrested if they failed to honor the summons. Radicals used printing facilities at Kimberly to set up their own bulletins.

Almost all branches of Columbia remained closed. Several Unions of campus workers went on strike, and various other unions planned one-hour work stoppages during the coming week.

Impromptu demonstrations occurred throughout the city during the week. On Thursday, 1,000 people sat in the streets around Union Square and blocked traffic until removed by the TPF, which made heavy use of clubs. Protestors returned the compliment with rocks and bottles, and seriously injured one undercover agent.

On Friday morning, a group of 500 construction workers swarmed into the Wall Street area where a demonstration was taking place. Armed with two-by-fours and bricks, and wearing helmets, they beat and seriously injured several demonstrators, and later demanded the raising of the flag at City Hall. Mayor Lindsay ordered an investigation of police neglect during the incident. Later that day, violence occurred at Pace College as the workers invaded the main building.

That night, a peaceful demonstration to protest the Cambodian invasion took place at the U.N.

Several protests, some of them violent, occurred in the 42nd Street area and at the United Nations during the week.

KENT

(Continued from Page 17)

shooting tear gas.

The Guard came down toward the hill. Maybe as many as a thousand students had regrouped on a hill near a parking lot.

The Guard came toward us. A few guys were throwing rocks - more like pebbles. They weren't big. One Guardsman brushed stones away with his hand.

Then the Guardsmen got to their knees. They aimed. There was no sniper fire. If the commanding general claims there was sniper fire coming from a building, why didn't they shoot up at the building? Why did they shoot at the crowd?

At first no one was sure what was happening. There was a steady, loud rattle, like machine guns.

Someone yelled, "Those are only blanks."

Then we heard bullets whistling past our heads. Dirt flew up in our faces, where bullets were hitting the ground, landing only a few feet from us.

There was a tree about 15 yards behind us. There were repeated sounds of thuds and splintering noise as bullets hit the tree. More bullets hit the cars in the lot, smashing the windshields, hitting the fenders and the sides of the cars.

One of us - Mike - dived behind a curb and lay flat. The other one - Fred - raced for a trash can and dived behind it. That's where we waited. Until the shooting stopped.

There was a steady rattling of bullets. We saw one student run for the parked cars. He almost made it. Suddenly, he spun around, his legs crumpled underneath him, and fell, half behind the car. A student who had made it tried to drag the body behind the car but he wasn't able to.

A girl was screaming.

"They're not using blanks. They're not using blanks."

Another student fell over, dead.

DOPERS

(Continued from Page 6)

like some modern-day Buddha or seer, can communicate his wisdom to you. So the ritual starts and he says, "Hey David, just came into some good smoke, want to test it out? (Not want some dope, I got this Lebanese hash which is outofsite and some acid caps, I think they're Owsley)." So me and my friends and my dealer proceed to sit around and smoke, perhaps. I'll turn him on to a new record or we'll talk about philosophy or the way things are... that may go on for an hour or so. By this time, everyone in the room is conscious that a subtle chemistry has been changed... everyone's stoned, but that's what it's all about anyway. Jeffrey is pleased and he ventures, rather coyly, "Well, um, I just may have some of this to sell, you guys think you might be interested in scoring?"

Of course someone always says, "Well, this isn't really that special (he's floating in the Elysium fields now) it's not as good as the other stuff... but then again it's a little better (he's turned into a magic mushroom and Alice is wondering which side to take). However, I think I'll buy all you got." The transaction is completed and the sacrament is exchanged. Jeffrey goes home fulfilled and all of us have, besides gotten off (never happens today because everyone is in such a rush) a few ounces to the good of righteous smoke.

Those were the old days friends, the days before it was the thing to be addicted to smoke, to be as fucked-up as possible all the time to the point of incoherence, to be

indiscriminately stoned on anything so long as it got you high, so long as it took you somewhere where you didn't have to cope with the outside, with yourself. It's the doper mentality today and all the heads that I know have either been busted, fled to the hills, started communes, or continued to be heads in a dying world cosmology.

The doper style pervades all facets of this generation, from life styles to music styles. Whereas the object of the head's existence was to fulfill himself and gain insight into things around him, the dopers only concern is to get high. The current smack phenomenon is a pure doper thing... lots of kids wanting to insulate themselves from themselves, wanting something to take away the pain of being aware, to numb that essential juice called youth. Smack is really a dopers dream as far as a psychedelic, it asks no questions, it raises none, smack is mother-father, totally permissive and promiscuous. Smack makes no demands and raises no questions which acid, mescaline or even thoughtful introspective grass smoking used to do. Yeah doper mentality.

Doper mentality means something else in real terms as far as music and politics. In the realm of music, the normal doper seems concerned with consumption with flash, with mediocrity. (Albeit the most popular music is the music which demands the least of one's attention because all of it can be picked up at the first listening... "I'll give it a 70, I can dance to it.") The doper is primarily concerned with not who he is but how he looks and where's he's seen.

Take the Fillmore. East for example... if you want to. It's a doper's paradise. Programs for the most part which are plain flashy with no content. But it's what the kids want, I always hear, yeah? A few years ago, there used to be heads at the Fillmore, people who made it possible for the artist to communicate, it was a receptive atmosphere. Now most artists feel lucky if they can get someone to even understand. The kids who line up for tickets, who stay up all night to get Crosby, Stills, Nash and what-his-name seats seem to come all from the same mold, the doper mold. For music to these people seems to be the final end in itself, not the communication, music for them is status - god help you if you don't get tickets for "the" concert of the year. Like errant soldiers, mercenaries they follow anyone who will promise them more of the same who will painlessly not lead them any deeper into the contemplation of their own emptiness.

All dopers, all that promise lost and gone. Look at it directly, knowing that "heads" have long ceased to be the majority, and you discover much to your chagrin that kids today

are no different than they were ten or twenty years ago except that they have longer hair, smoke dope, and search for their identity through the trappings of this new culture. It's not enough to appear to be involved, and all the acid in the world is of no avail if there is an essential refusal to avoid self-confrontation.

This falsity permeates the whole culture. It makes it impossible for many heads to accept what is going down. In politics it means outrage rather than planning, sporadic violence rather than tactics. The doper relies on surface and as long as he does that he is prisoner to whatever new images those

Madison Avenue sharpies can create. For a supposedly "anti-materialist" generation, there is more status seeking than even our parents could conceive. Dopers have permeated every corner of the culture, they the products of psychic affluence and have wrecked havoc on a viable alternative to consumerhood by replacing one form of vanity with another. They may even be the people which they warned their parents against.

Quote of the Week

"Uh, think I'll go and drain my lizard. Catch you later"

exit line by Jim Morrison at a post concert party

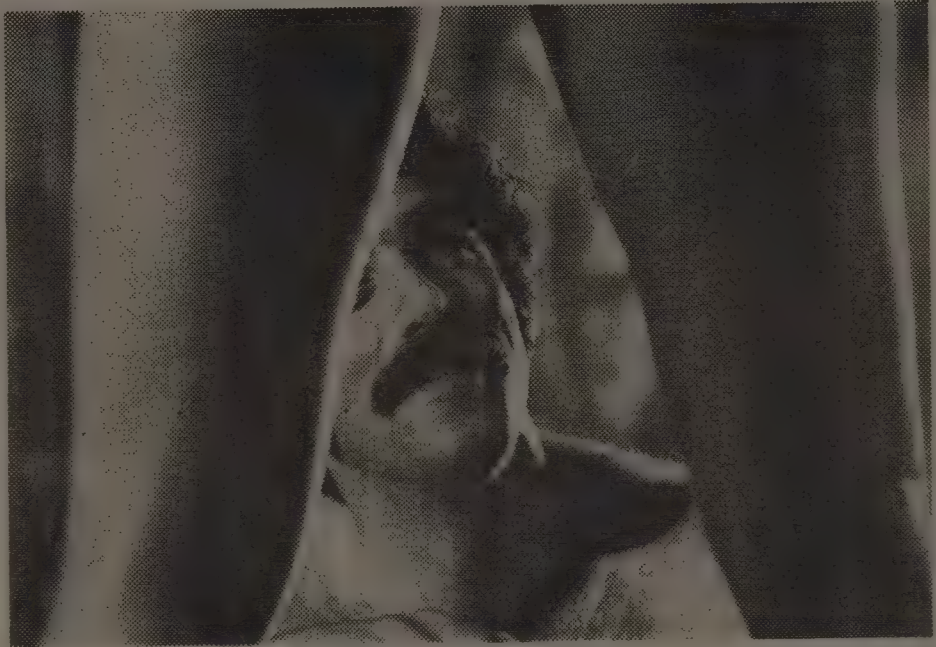
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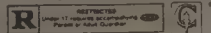
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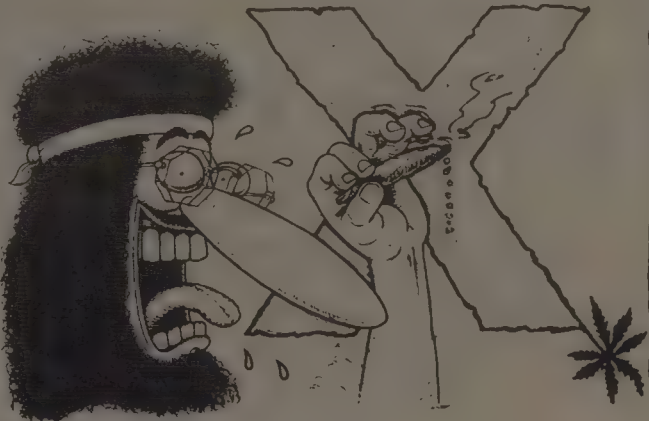


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**ELGIN
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ON HOME

(Continued from Page 9)

unannounced, looking like a refugee from the East Village. But today, anyway, she tries to be polite. In her best Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School manner, she asks Yale to identify himself and the twenty-man mob he has brought along. Yale just smiles. "We all want to see the President!"

"He's busy. You can't come in without an appointment. But, I'll check. I'll ask him if he'll see you."

The secretary returns after ten minutes to announce that President Adler is presently seeing another group of students who are frantic that the school not be closed down for the rest of the term. "If you wait," the strikers are told, "he may see you."

And in another ten minutes, a short, sixtyish man appears. "Well, well," chuckles President Adler to the twenty man committee. "What have we here? Who wants to see me?"

"We've come here, sir," says Yale, "to present you with our demands. They are non-negotiable!"

Adler's jaw drops ten feet at the sound the words "non-negotiable."

"Well, well... let's hear what you boys have to say, huh."

So Yale begins to explain that a group of students, faculty and employees of the Institute want to reassess its whole relationship with the military-industrial complex. "This strike," he says, "is being called here as a part of a national action by the University community to end the war, to end racism and to

end repression. We want you, President Adler, to take a public stand against the war and against the draft. We want ROTC off the campus. We want an end to Defense Department funding of this school. What's more we want an end to racist policies at Poly — that means more Black students and better relations with the community around us. We want a student voice from now on in all school policy making decisions... and, oh yes... we want no retribution taken against anyone involved in this action.

President Adler draws a deep breath and begins a ten minute session of drone that involves no communication with the committee. "Is everyone in this room attending the Institute... We want no outsiders here, huh? If there are outsiders here, you

should tell them to go away. Tell me, are all these demands the wishes of one united group — or are you separate? You don't really mean that these demands are 'non-negotiable?' Your suggestions are very interesting... and...um... very important...but don't you people think you are trying to solve all of the world's problems in one day. Frankly, I don't know if anyone in this room is competent enough to say anything that will end the war and stop the killing."

Susan Millman, a member of the social science faculty, addresses Adler: "Maybe no one in this room is competent to stop the war this minute, but we want to know what can be done to stop this school's complicity with the war machine. We want an end to ROTC, that can be done now... here."

"We have no complicity with the war machine," Adler returns.

"Nonsense," says Millman, "you have war research — biological warfare research going on right now in THIS building. Stop it... STOP IT NOW!"

Adler's face is flush red. "Eh... eh... well you're right, we do have some research... and its indefensible. But, the answers are very complex... very complex."

At this the committee, tired of hearing drivel about the complexities of relatively simple moral questions, walks out. There is nothing complicated about whether the school should be doing the brain work for the same killing machine that brought the world the Song My and Kent massacres.

"We'd like you to consider our demands," Yale Tockerman says as the group is leaving. "We'd also like you to consider the possibility of extending the student strike till the end of the term... no classes... to show

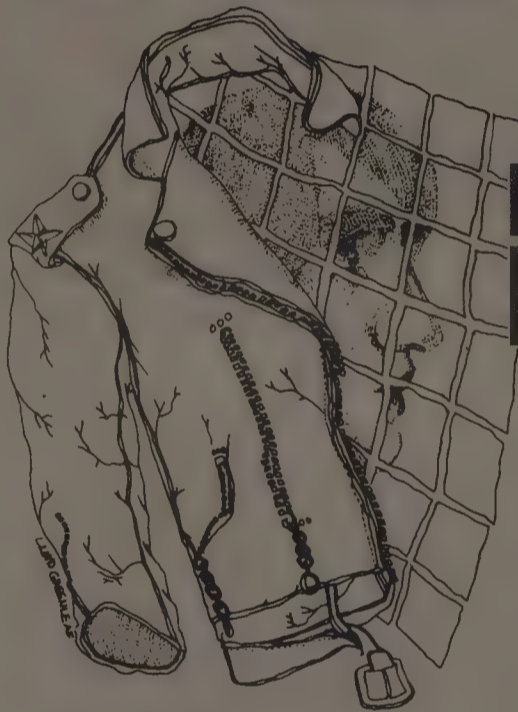
the country that we are a part of the sorrow over Kent State and Indochina."

At noon that day, the faculty council met with President Adler to consider the idea of closing down Poly for the rest of the term. One professor, speaking against the move, said that a shut-down would penalize all the grade-conscious students at the school. Another opponent of the strike said that the whole thing (the anti-war strike) reminded him of Nazi-occupied Austria. "To shut down in the face of these threats would begin to be the end of the American university system," he said. In the end, the grim shadow of four young bodies on a green Ohio lawn brought the faculty to reality. This was no longer a time for academic debate. Now moral leadership was needed. The school would shut down — it would become a part of the national strike. For the first time in Poly's hundred year history, the Institute would address itself to a world that went beyond job-training, military contracting, and "ivory tower" learning. "No more business as usual" at Brooklyn Polytechnical Institute. Extraordinary!

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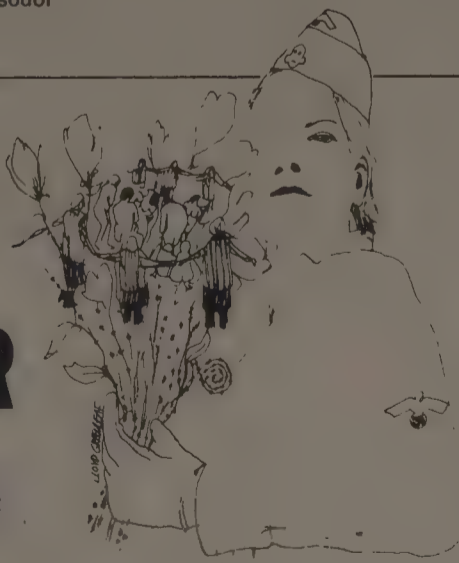
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OFF B'WAY

(Continued from Page 10)

I asked the stage manager why "Hair" couldn't give at least one free performance a week, and if he would be willing to work under those conditions. He said the likelihood of a free performance was remote because of the complexities. He felt that if there were a free performance, tickets should be distributed in an organized fashion, to people who REALLY couldn't afford it.

I left the stage manager as he went off to buy some groceries for the higher-ups inside.

I then saw the ring leaders of the singing camp, sitting on a stoop, and hoped to hear some more turned on, radical cant from them. They turned out to be professional actors. So, when I asked them about their life style, I got the same old rhetoric—they liked the hippie ideals and ways of thinking, but they were not hippies. They didn't like extremes or to be classified as part of any group.

They would rather dress as hippies but would dress straight for straighter shows.

I asked them how they felt about having to change themselves for everyone, but I don't remember an answer.

They said they would rather do "Hair" than other shows, and would go anywhere to be in it. They liked its music and its message, and said that they

would feel they had accomplished something after every performance.

They would, however, take a part in shows they hated for the money and the credit and for their craft (because "if you don't perform, its like letting your tool get rusty").

I asked them how they felt about the shit going down in the real world. They said they were down on politics, because all you could do about anything was to stand up and be counted.

I asked them what they thought about what someone like Jerry Rubin was doing, whereupon one turned to the other and asked, "What's he doing?"

About this time, a girl came out who had just auditioned and I over heard her saying to some friends that she couldn't even see the faces of the people auditioning her.

Several other people were hung up trying to second guess the casting director. One girl was saying, "Should I look innocent? Should I sing rock?"

Somewhere around here I said, "Look, if you're not

(Continued on Page 22)

CULTURE

(Continued from Page 11)

appallingly, Hoving sees these new wings at the Met as his own personal mission to bring into being as the highest culmination of culture in our country. Because the Berlin museum has an entire Greek temple, he feels the Met ought to have an Egyptian one — there is probably no better rationale for this acquisition — and we are asked to accept these wings as a pinnacle of cultural meaning when what they really are is a triumph of fund-raising.

There are also various stories of mismanaged funds beginning to emerge from the Metropolitan, particularly concerning the lavish celebrations over the museum's centenary. Five thousand dollars was allegedly spent for a plastic mock-up inedible birthday cake manufactured by the display department of a major New York department store, only to be scrapped because it was so hideous. Another story has it that fifteen thousand dollars were spent on gilding the ceiling of the Met's cloakroom, but this was also declared unsuitable and the gilding was painted over. But these stories are nothing compared to the tales of deep-seated tension existing on and between all levels of this

troubled institution without a clear idea of its past, present, or future.

The real question is what is to be the role of a repository of stones and artifacts from the past (which is what most of our museums ultimately are) in an age when culture is increasingly a matter of contacts in and between our brains created either electronically or by other heightened means. All of education is in an uproar over this, and anyone who doubts this would do well to read the two chapters about the school of the future in George Leonard's Education and Ecstasy. What we know about man, art, and culture is in the process of being radically transformed, and this is sure to have an immediate bearing on what our museums are doing. It may be that the best way of dealing with these stones and artifacts is to turn them over to our universities where scholars can have greater access to them, instead of leaving them in the confused messes we call museums.

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OFF B'WAY

(Continued from Page 10)

part of the solution, you're part of the problem."

So they countered with the usual: new plays have to be written, you can make your statement once you've "made it" — like Paul Newman and until then you have to put up with the system.

They felt "Hair" should be updated because its the only show on Broadway representative of young people. And they blamed the producer, Michael Butler, for keeping out new scenes and songs.

I told them that the most exciting and theatrical theatre I had ever been involved in was street theatre. They felt that since they had spent so much time and money on classes, they should be paid when they acted.

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That was on Saturday. On Monday I passed the same spot and again saw hordes of boutique hippies waiting for their turn. Monday night four students were killed.

It is the time for extremes and it is the time to take sides and if you haven't realized that the theatre is in the streets by this time, then maybe you have chosen your side — the wrong one.

It's time to stop excusing Aquarian rip-offs by talking about their shit-ass messages, and time to wake up to the blatant facts. "Hair" is Broadway's "Mod Squad": a tribal musical about peace and love and communes having its second birthday at the most restaurant in New York? This "hippie" cast doing Therablem ads?

Sure, your "tool" will get rusty if you're not performing. But your souls are corroding by not living and reacting to what's really happening. And nobody on the street needs Paul Newman to know which way the wind blows.

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(Continued from Page 10)

RIP OFF

and then there was the South American driver, Jose Julio Fandango.

Before this, David Bromberg had come back onstage after a brief absence, things were cookin'. John Herrold who used to be with the Greenbriar Boys did a stint, so after Bobby Neuwirth left, Odetta was brought forward. She was charming. "I feel so nervous..." She smiled, she felt shy, but she had no reason to be nervous. She sang "This Land is Your Land, This Land is My Land" just great and it fit the night. Michael Pollard was sitting there and someone suggested he play tambourine, but there was none in the house.

Then Kris Kristofferson came forward to sing just one song (he was to sing more another night), but even though it was just one, it was fine — a new one he had just started writing. "I got a friend called Ramblin' Jack..." Gary White followed. "This is a song I wrote to get laid..." Audible interest. "Naw, don't bother, cause it didn't work." it's called "The Greater Manhattan Love Song," and it's funny as hell; then Gary sang "Nobody's."

Jack came back to ask Roland Vargas to come forward and sing his beautiful song which

he wrote about Woody — Woody musta dug it. Then Dave Bromberg relinquished accompanying folks to sing a couple of his own songs —

Did you ever wake up people with bullfrogs on your mind
Sure sign people,
bullfrogs on your mind...

Then Jack came back again, to finish it all up. He must have ended the show five times, but it wouldn't end. So he came back to do "Bedbug Blues."
...They'll bite you and stand and grin
Back off and bite you again...

He sang Dylan's "I Threw it All Away" and the audience applauded, applauded, but let it end because it didn't want to be greedy and everything had been perfect. Ramblin' Jack just came back to say, "Thank you Mr. Pete Seeger and Mr. Woody Guthrie for making us all stand up straighter."

It was just a beautiful night/morning. A beautiful time for music, great humor. Jack Elliott isn't stingy with his emotions or feelings and makes immediate contact with his audience, regardless of his mood. If his mood isn't the best, well... but it's all to the good. He's so fuckin' human, he's so real. A legend maybe, but he doesn't come on with poses, a studied stance and all that bullshit. He loves his friends and he shares it with the audience. He loves Martha and his baby and if they're in the audience, he'll share that too. He loves his horse, Brigham, and isn't uptight about saying so. He loves diesel trucks, sailboats. He shares all these things with his audience so he loves the people in the audience, his audiences love him. His audience isn't everybody that pays to see him and if he's a little off-center the first time you see him, keep going back.

He's one performer that can be seen again and again.

On his closing night at the Gaslight: "This is the fifth night I've been here — it's been pretty good — like four and three quarters Friday nights." He begins to sing "Sowing in the Mountains," but is off. He stops.

"I'm not gonna make it... Did you ever go around feeling there was a half a cup of coffee somewhere that you didn't drink?"

He sang "Girl from the North Country"; "Diamond Joe"; "Don't Think Twice"; "Sadie Brown"; "Tramp on the Street"; "John Henry"; "Black Snake Woman" plus others he had sung Thursday. David Bromberg accompanied Jack again (as Jack introduced him he said, "His real name is Randy Starr) and the guitar work between them was even better at times than it had been before.

Kris Kristofferson sang again. In addition to the song he wrote about Ramblin' Jack, he sang another — a plaintive, moving, song...

On the Sunday morning sidewalk
Wishin' Lord I was stoned
Cause there's something in a Sunday
Makes a body feel alone.

Then he sang again. After Jack did "912 Greens" Bobby Neuwirth came up to sing a fine song he'd written about Ramblin' Jack Elliott that he hadn't sung the night I first heard him. Pete Watson sang a little, then Jack came back to sing and play the guitar, walking through the audience while singing and playing; he looks right at you, and the soft guitar with no mike is sweet and restful.

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Two soft spoken gentlemen ages 23 and 20 with Village apartment looking for two young ladies 18-25 who like to swing. Call Steve 966-1571.

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Blue-eyed blonde male, 24, has erection and desires pussy. The pussy that desires my dick may contact I.R., P.O. Box 176, Ansonia Station, NY, NY 10023.

Very romantic, handsome, well built tall white male 35, wants to hear from an attractive woman. Burt Towers, 115 Dean St., Hicksville, LI 516-433-0846.

Blue-eyed blonde male, 24, has erection and desires pussy. The pussy that desires my dick may contact I.R., P.O. Box 3410, Grand Central Station, NYC, NY 10017.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and... let's talk about it. You won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., NYC. Please, gals only.

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Cary Martin please pick up your mail at the Village Project, 88 Second Ave., NYC.

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Swinging airline pilot looking for a sexy and uninhibited gal who loves to travel. May share my posh east side apartment, if she desires. Call evenings, Captain R.L.J., 628-7425.

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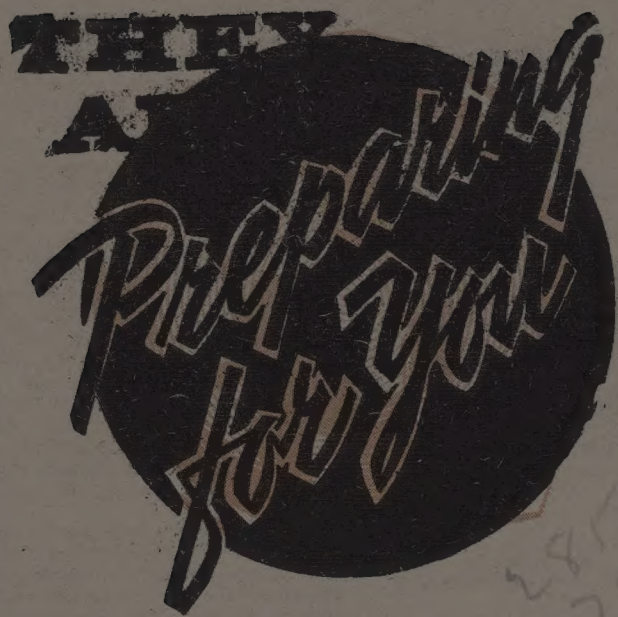
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STORE FRONT 618 E. 9th St between aves B & C. Rent \$70.00. Security \$70.00. Take over lease, \$800.00. Much work done, loft, etc, Fredy.



JOIN scout

Riddled through and through with every kind of cheap hustler, crook, fast talkin' fast walkin', sharpie american buisness man, The rock industry of the seventies is run with the same profit expense motive and attitude as the american supremarket. Its really a thing to have the magic of a culture sold out from under you as youre living it, especially in the supremarkets.

Theres so many different groups and preformers now, so many new and different stories and songs... sometimes it bores me to death.



Disappearing into the country side, with my friend the pop star. In north western england to an area where the land is now owned by many people that at one time or another were in the public eye. Preformers, pop stars they call them these days, but before 1965 there was no such thing as POP

The promise to a dear friend that i wouldnt point out where this place was, he told me; (scratching the back of his head).

"Jesus, wed have every bloody hero worshiper in the queens land crawling all over the country side". He was looking out over a scene of incredible beauty. April in England and one really gets the feel of what the changing of the seasons is all about. He was staring out across the morning sky for about five minutes in silence and then continued as is it were only a few beats later;

"... Its not that they mean any harm, its just a man cant think proper like if hes always got to answer for every thing hes thinking about to a devoted following of idol worshipors, Crist man i dont want to go out on that trip... you know" Another long silence...

He look at me as if to explain, "Its quiet up here you know"

The green rolling hills stretched for about 15 miles then dissapered into the woods. They had no particular name he told me, not like Mirk wood or Sherwood forrest or the black forrest where the clocks come from. My friend pointed and said

"THE WOODS, all those people could never make it through the woods, got caught up in the underbrush or something thats how come its so quiet. Really hard to get through the woods, especially when you get half way into them and the light dissapers. Thats what really shook us up a few years ago we were just foolin around makein all this money and going to parties and making movies and then all of a sudden one day the light

dissapered. It got real dark. Shook up a lot of people cause it started commin out of everywhere the darkness was really blowing everybodys mind in those days i hear from all the folks that come back from the tours in america, they say that theres a lot of darkness over there, and its comming out of every where all over again. But its still quiet here you know?." (He lives by the fork in a stream we walked along the water line back to the house

"I suppose you want to know what all the press has been about." he said

I Looked at him and with red white and blue stars around my eyes said:

"Hemmingway wrote 7 newspaper stories a day when he was 19 years old!"

The air hung silent and heavy for a few moments, it felt like i had dropped the old electric guitar right into my friends pudding. It was kind of disrespectfull cause he's older than me and i got to remember to have patience with all those who have passed out of the world of instant dreams. We had known each other for many years now and he smiled at my remark he said,

"I see youve been spending youre time In the Electric city. Writing for the East Village Other is a far cry away from anything Hemmingway would be into even if he were alive today. Things were pretty flipped out in Paris in his day. All them crazies runnin around smokein and drinkin champagne and talking about where its really

at, Picasso, Cocteau, Alice B Toklas, man, there were so many freaks running around in the woods outside of paris in those days, but not one of them had anything on whats going down now."

"What about america?" i questioned

"Especially america today, thats one of the few places where the crazies are just now comming into their own."

The clouds rolled by the sky stayed that same deep rich blue all day long. There was no air pollution in the woods that day or any other day for that matter.

"Dali turned me on to EVO. He came by to see us when we were filming near Gibraltar. He said that he had been to New York and met with Bowart a few years ago. (Salvadore Dali really got turned around 6 different ways in the electric city it seems.) Anyways he was carrying around lots of souvineers from the states. He had this big pile of off the underground newspapers you know? And he was just going around showing them to everyone. We had to give the EVOs back to him, they were his only copys. So i got a subscription and have been reading that ever since. Then out of nowhere i see your stuff appering in it. Big Time eh Charlie? "He blew a cloud of smoke into the air and it floated off toward the window. Looking at my wrist at an immaginary wrist watch i said, "No, Daylight savings time." We both laughed, the clouds rolled by and the afternood grew long, the shadows numbered more and more as the sun set.

"You know nobody would believe me if i wrote about whats really happening anyways"

"Thats what papers like EVO are for, for those with a different kind of belief."

"And what about those who would believe...?" I questioned

"Thats what the woods are for." He was still smiling

"If youre not out of the woods it can be pretty frightening sometimes. Especially in america.

"Americans are very short sighted for the most part that combined with the fact that its impossible to see the picture clearly if youre standing inside the frame may account for the dissaperance of the light. The craziness thats going on in the states, the anti social behavior, attacks on property the violent demonstrations, the reactions of the government officials to the threatning of the nations

security by the Guardians, Its only in america where it happens as a daily occurence. By the simple fact of america being so far technologically advanced than the rest of the world that these problems exist. Nobody thinks about old mother nature anymore, the noise of the machins is too loud. It jst could be natures way of destroying all the out dated reference frames and encouraging the creative forces of groth to come alive and create new patterns and new dances to usher in the Aquarian Assimilation. Being alarmed about the natural course of events does nothing in any way what so ever to change them."

He was lookingout the window again off into the night sky. The stars were shining and...well i dont have to go in to the picture but he said

"The planet is almost dead, were going to have the trap door open up right underneath the civilization if we dont get it all together real soon, the only way the flow can be created all the intellectual, material and spiritual recources must be organized to produce the flow. Creative Change is mankinds ace in the hole.

We sat in silence for a few more minutes.

"He turned to me away from the window:

"you know nobody is going to believe you anyways."

"Not in america anyways" i said.

I turned off the taperecorder and we watched old William shakespeare's birthday dissappear over the horizon. drinking wine, in wine there is truth.

I toasted him to the memory of old willy and all his unborn sons. He drank to the future of the dance.

"Rock and roll was really too much."

"Yeah i said, a real trip.

Charlie Frick