

Support Swells for 8 Teachers After Takeover

By JONNY NEUMANN

Student and faculty activism continues after last week's two hour takeover of Wagner Hall protesting the alleged political firing of eight sociology teachers.

The firings have now been condemned by the Faculty Senate, the Student Senate, the Concerned Faculty, the Sociology Student Caucus, the Black and Puerto Rican Faculty, the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community (BPRSC) and the House Plan Association (HPA).

A rally Friday was sparsely attended, as many students stayed home because of the Moratorium against the Vietnam war. But about a dozen militants wearing white handkerchiefs over their faces, marched north from the rally and stormed through Harris Hall, screaming for ROTC to leave campus, and smashing ROTC trophies. Two students, Phil Rosen and James Seal were held by cadets after a scuffle, until guards could arrest them on charges of criminal mischief and burglary.

Two hundred students and scattered faculty occupied Wagner Hall for two hours Thursday afternoon. The building seizure followed a Sociology Student caucus meeting at which Acting President Joseph Copeland refused to discuss the firings, saying he did not wish to injure the professional reputations or prejudice the appeals of those dismissed.

The demonstrators evacuated the building when they were threatened with "arrest for trespass and/or college discipline" by College officials. The students marched to the Administration

Building, where they held a brief rally.

Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer has said that disciplinary action would definitely be taken against the protestors, but he refused to name the number of students who would be brought before the student-faculty discipline committee or how they would be identified.

Despite the disciplinary threats, protest against the firings have mounted. Ad-hoc faculty and student groups met Thursday night after the take-over to discuss issues and to plan actions for this week.

Major criticism is being directed at the Administration for refusing to reveal reasons for the dismissals of approximately one quarter of the full-time Sociology faculty.

The Review Committee, a group consisting of Copeland and the academic deans, is expected to consider the appeal of Assistant Professor Jay Schulman (Sociology) Wednesday morning. The Committee tabled the Schulman case in its meeting last Wednesday.

Schulman is the first of the fired faculty to appeal his dismissal. The sociology professor was recommended for reappointment by his department's Appointments Committee. A 6-1 vote of the Review Committee reversed that decision. Schulman is claiming that he has been denied due process, since he was fired without an opportunity to defend himself.

Schulman and Copeland served together on the original negotiating team during last spring's BPRSC strike. Schulman strongly supported all of the student demands.

Professor Bernard Bellush (History), chairman of the executive committee of the Faculty Senate, charged in a press conference last Thursday that "there are very definitely political issues involved in the firing of Schulman." The administration has claimed politics did not play a role in the decision.

"We will not tolerate this breach of academic freedom," Bellush said in defense of Schulman. "We are prepared to use every means possible — within the prerogatives and channels of

(Continued on Page 3)



M. Peter Grad

Above, Security Director Albert Dandridge, surrounded by crowd, uses bullhorn to warn students inside Wagner Hall Thursday of possible arrest or suspension. Below, Acting President Joseph Copeland (third from right) is protected by assistants as he leaves student meeting in Steiglitz Hall.

Students Query and Wait: Copeland Wouldn't Say Why

Thursday's two hour takeover of Wagner Hall put a decisive end to Acting President Joseph Copeland's attempts at appeasing 325 angry students, a wide conglomeration of people united by a desire to see the rehiring of eight sociology teachers recently fired.

For over an hour, Copeland addressed the crowd in a Steiglitz lecture room, repeatedly claiming that the fired teachers were "scholastically inept" and refusing to discuss cases of individual teachers.

Students struck back at Copeland with increasing hostility. As he became more deeply involved in the controversy, students grew more and more enraged. Copeland rarely had a chance to utter more than a few sentences, as hisses, boos and laughter from the audience would continually overpower him.

The meeting was called in order "to get Copeland to see the students and to resolve the issues related to the firing and open admissions," according to the Sociology Caucus Chairman, Alex Miles. The group had earlier presented a petition signed with 1,000 names to the Acting President, demanding reasons for the firing.

The students contended at the meeting that the eight teachers were fired because of the teachers' radical beliefs. All eight were in favor of the adoption of the demand that the College enroll a greater number of Blacks and Puerto Ricans. The demand was one of five presented by the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community (BPRSC). The group further charged that the eight

were fired as a step to stop the implementation of an effective Open Admissions program.

Copeland opened the meeting with a 15 minute statement dealing mainly with the issue of Open Admissions.

James Landy, Student Senate President, asked Copeland to explain the apparent contradiction in his claim that 18% more teachers are needed to implement open admissions, and the firing of 8 teachers. Copeland reiterated his earlier reasons about "inept scholasticity." To Alex Miles' charge that he was pressuring department heads to get rid of radicals, Copeland had no response. Tension rose as Mel Friedman, associated with the Commune, asked if it wasn't suspicious that professors responsible for the firings were also opposed to last spring's strike. Friedman also accused Copeland of prejudice. "If I were prejudiced," Copeland retorted, "I would favor those who supported Open Admissions." He said that right wing teachers were also

(Continued on Page 3)



Barry Pollack

Guards Stop 'Panther' Sales

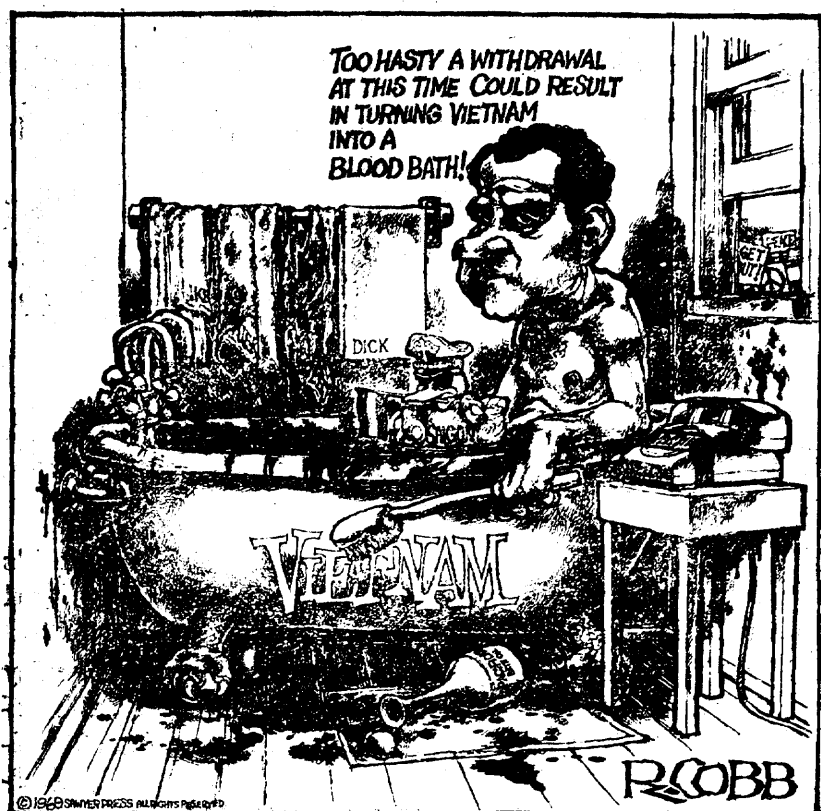
Burns Guards warned three students Thursday morning to stop distributing Black Panther literature at the College.

The students were taken to the Security office and told that they were forbidden to sell Black Panther, the official newspaper of the organization, or to pass out Panther leaflets.

Jamet Cyryl, one of the three, called the Burns Guard's actions a part of the nationwide effort to crush the Panthers. With the recent shooting of Fred Hampton in Chicago, 28 Panthers have been killed since January, 1968.

According to Miss Cyryl, the Burns Guards could not give reasons for their action, but stated they were following orders of their captain. She asserted that the guards had no cause to prohibit distribution of the literature, since the Panthers were being sanctioned by an official student organization, the Black Student Honor Society.

She noted that students supporting other off-campus organizations were allowed to freely distribute pamphlets.



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Decade

In July of 1960 the Democratic Party nominated John Kennedy for the presidency of the United States. In November of that year he beat a used car salesman from California, becoming the youngest elected president in the history of the country. So John Kennedy went back to Washington, bringing a Texan named Johnson with him. That was probably his first mistake.

Kennedy told us that the torch had been passed to a new generation. He meant his generation, of course, but we didn't realize that at first. So we went out to America with that torch in hand to rekindle the fire of freedom — wherever the passage of time had banked and smothered it.

At first it seemed like a modern Children's Crusade, as students left their high schools and colleges to force America to live up to its own self-image. It became another Children's Crusade when the children started dying. Remember Chaney? Schwerner? Goodwin?

John Kennedy told us: "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country." We asked, and he helped give our generation a war of its very own, so we could die for our country.

But he's dead now, too. His sins are cancelled.

We began the sixties innocent, idealistic, young. The history of the past ten years has aged us, killed the happiness we could have shared. The last decade for us has been an episode of bloodshed and death. Malcolm X. Chaney. Schwerner. Goodwin. Kennedy. King. Kennedy. Song My. Bobby Hutton. Fred Hampton.

The torch was passed from one generation to the next. But the generation Kennedy spoke about dropped that torch, and when we picked it up again we had a different purpose. You put to the torch that which is contaminated, diseased, degenerating.

The College is degenerating, along with almost everything else we cherish. It has survived the Sixties, just barely. It lacks leadership, vitality, youth. A college should never lack youth, but our College lacks the kind of youthful leadership it needs so desperately to face the next decade and the next generation of students.

In fact, the Seventies are almost upon us. There are those who think they see it, and they are already striking out against it. They are pleased with their status and with their search for victims, and their latest victims are eight teachers in the sociology department.

Time is running out on us. The used car salesman became president, after all.

Academic Freedom

By ARNOLD BIRENBAUM

The author is one of the recently dismissed assistant professors in the sociology department.

The City College is in the midst of changes, the outcomes of which are problematic. In one sense this is a crisis of orthodoxy, reflected in the deepening split between the senior and junior faculty at the college. Some of the younger teachers have come out of graduate school with a profound sense of unease and uncertainty about what they have learned, and what they must teach. This does not mean that they have opted out from their fields; rather, they are committed to recreating their disciplines to permit the unification of professional and intellectual roles. They wish to transmit to students the major ideas and a passion for their craft, to be competent scholars whose writings promote a humanistic and analytical orientation. In addition, they are faculty members who are unafraid to deal with the major issues before the college, individuals who will work for the changes needed to produce an intellectually excellent and open institution. Unfortunately, the older faculty have been unwilling to recognize the extent to which their junior colleagues are concerned with these problems and their efforts to remake academic roles into fully involving vocations.

Many of us feel that we can change ourselves and society by working actively for what we believe in. Others are silent, fearing the negative consequences of activism: that organized reaction would make it impossible for them to continue to teach at City College. Thus, by remaining silent now, they expect to preserve diversity of opinion on the faculty in the long run. Liberals were

caught in this bind in the 1950's. At a time when caution was regarded as a wise policy, C. Wright Mills advocated the use of civil liberties rather than merely their defense. By this he meant that silence in the face of recognized evil or injustice can only insure the perpetuation of that condition. The detached academicians of Germany in the 1930's are a case in point. I do not believe it is possible to postpone the validation of the meaning of academic freedom; it is our responsibility to react honestly and openly to the situation from the start. Otherwise, a repressive climate of opinion, and the habit of remaining silent become perfected into a trained incapacity to act on one's beliefs.

Today some senior faculty members, fearing an arbitrary and restrictive policy by the administration, are willing to do some "house cleaning" on their own, choosing what they regard as the lesser of two evils in order to preserve faculty autonomy. To me, compliance with attempted or anticipated domination is a form of enslavement; moreover, it is a condition of self-estrangement. For what more could modern masters want than that the slaves be self-motivating, doing their bidding in an "other-directed" way so that the dominators do not appear to be controlling them? The open and free university cannot be created, or even upheld as an ideal, by those who serve the ends of people whose only value is orderliness.

The college is only as good as its faculty and students, and this is measured by their willingness to work and think freely. My further participation in teaching, scholarly activities and college politics on this campus depends upon a recognition of the existence of the political ambience described here, and a resolute resistance to it.

Open Season

By REBEL OWEN

They're killing Panthers now. Open season. Murder. Systematic, safe, cold murder. They're killing Panthers in Oakland, New Haven, New York, Chicago, L.A. They're killing them in bed, in jail, in courts, in the street.

They're killing gooks in Vietnam: in Songmy, in thousands of towns, in hamlets so obscure no one agrees on their names, in the countryside. These are the enemy, they say, for they have marked them thus on their charts, and those they call the enemy are exterminated: bullets, hand grenades, gas, mortar, fire, artillery, strafing, pinpoint bombing from two miles up. And they, they see daylight around the corner.

They. They love their children, don't conspicuously cheat on their wives, return at night to a secure home from a world they can't seem to prevent from moving away from them. But they try. Anything that moves, they shoot, kill, murder. Can we hate a man that loves his children? He's not trying to kill us. Yet.

We. We watch the victims moving into the furnace: some are struggling with all their will; Bobby Seale, frantic, desperate flies caught in a steel web; some march cheerfully, picking each others' pockets as they go; some go unaware: a two year old girl, crying for her mother, four quick holes up her chest, the roar of the gun, the flesh, blood, flying, eyes that will never see.

We. We see no futures, hate our pasts. We live in mindless, dim despair, taking the hard bright

joy of the moment, never looking up, because we'll see too much. We are not the victims. Yet.

We. How much more will we have to forget to keep our safety?

I. Ron McGuire, struggling on the floor of Finley Center, a platoon of Burns Guards dragging him off for the crime of existing on City College property. Stu Lefkowitz, Ira Bloom, Israel Levine, administration toads, watching their operation with concern, smoothness the key; I, anger, fight or flee, no point to flee. Levine, who looks through me, slam his head against the wall, a little fuzzle-blood, maybe it will be real; Lefkowitz, trailing his putrid slime through the narrow halls. Bloom... but I shake; I do nothing. Do they, will they, love their children?

I. Am. Afraid. Afraid of myself, afraid of conflict, afraid of jail, afraid, very afraid to die. Not of the pain, as long as the pain has an end, but afraid of the end.

I restrain my anger, from fear.

Panthers are being murdered in Oakland, Chicago, L.A., because their anger overcame their fear, and they fought. Vietnamese are being murdered in Saigon, Nhatrang, Ankhé, because long ago their anger overcame their fear, and they fought.

This page I write, should be washed in blood. It is only ink, paper, words, lies. But I see that I, too, have a line, somewhere inside myself, where the anger overcomes the fear. How close am I to it, I wonder? How close are we.

To the Editor:

Thank you for your illuminating account, "Natasha's Easy Ride Hitching In America" (OP, Dec. 5). I find it more than a little depressing to see such a transparently mixed-up person with so evident a lack of sense of values given two pages to advertise the fact. Is this what you feel is the role of your liberal paper? I sense the story was printed in a rather laudatory vein, extolling the virtues of this 'uninhibited' woman, as opposed to the uptight values of those she encountered. How envious a position to be unconstrained by inconveniences such as laws, eh? Who knows what exciting feast might have been in store for the reader had her friend Nomad been fortunate enough to have had possession of his luger? Natasha no doubt would relish each moment recounting the retribution dealt the 'motherfucker'?

Would it be improper to request an explanation of your motives in publishing the above-mentioned

story? I am sure you have good reasons for devoting one-quarter of an edition to such an account, and your readers are entitled to be advised of them.

Thank you for your attention.

Yours, etc.

Lawrence R. Bardfeld

Dear Larry:

We greatly appreciate your concern. We also feel "Easy Ride..." is more than a little depressing; we can only sympathize with the boredom and senselessness you must have felt while struggling through the story.

Actually, we did have a last-minute choice of using "Easy Ride..." or an exclusive news scoop on the end of the war, poverty and cancer. We chose the former because we felt no one would ever believe the latter.

—editors.

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Bill Brakefield: Acquittal or 30 Years

Bill Brakefield's military trial at Fort Dix proceeds into its third full day Monday with the defense trying to counter the testimony of nine prosecution witnesses.

The Army private who sought sanctuary at the College in November, 1968, while he was AWOL, now has a chance of returning to civilian life if he is acquitted of riot charges at his latest court martial.

A guilty verdict on all the charges of aggravated arson and rioting, however, can banish the 20-year-old to another 30 years in military prisons.

A verdict is expected to be handed down Tuesday afternoon by the panel of three officers and two enlisted men.

All hinges on the success or failure of the Army's strenuous attempts to brand Brakefield and 8 others as "ringleaders" of an uprising last June against oppressive stockade conditions at the fort. At the time of the riot, he was serving out his term for being AWOL.

Brakefield is the fourth to be tried, and the sentences in the three other cases have been increasingly less severe. The first to be tried, Jeffrey Russell, was sentenced to three years at hard labor; Tom Catlow was given a dishonorable discharge; and Terry Klug was acquitted. The case against Brakefield is similar to the others.

Several of his relatives and friends have been attending the trial, which one of them says is "going very well . . . none of the witnesses have said anything incriminating."

Not one of the prosecution witnesses has been able to positively say that Brakefield set fires or threw footlockers at windows during the riot, although several have tried.

The last witness Thursday, Pvt. William Miller, testified that shortly before the riot, Brakefield had advocated setting fires by ignit-

ing cans of shoe polish and placing them in ventilation ducts.

Another witness, Pvt. Edwin Arnett, an Army deserter, who had once received political asylum in Sweden, told the court he had seen a man he thought was Brakefield moving things around in a cell during the riot. A few seconds later, he said, he saw a fire where the man had been.

But Brakefield's defense attorney, Rowland Watts, called on an Army psychiatrist who said Arnett was an "unreliable witness."

Another prosecution witness, Frederick Glisson, a civilian who was imprisoned in the stockade the night of the riot, said Brakefield pushed a bunk toward a window which broke a few moments later.

Glisson said he later saw Brakefield and Russell standing by a fence in the compounding making V signs and saying something which sounded like, "Viva la revolution!"

Meanwhile, Brakefield, Klug, and three other prisoners are seeking to abolish the stockade in a lawsuit they have filed against Secretary of the Army Stanley Resor, Major General Kenneth Collins, commanding officer at the fort; Major Andrew Casey, the head of the stockade, and other Fort Dix officials.

With the support of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, the James Madison Constitutional Law Institute, and the New York Military Law Panel, the soldiers are charging the Army with "cruel and unusual punishment," including brutality by guards, medical abuses, diet deficiencies, denial of mail, chapel and exercise privileges, and interference with the right to counsel.

Victor Rabinowitz, their chief attorney, has termed the treatment accorded prisoners at the fort "barbaric" and a "gross violation of the Constitution's prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment and the Army's own regulations."

—Simon



Bill Brakefield
On Trial at Fort Dix

Students, Faculty Ready As Firings Are Appealed

(Continued from Page 1)

the faculty — we are ready to call in the AAUP (American Association of University Professors) to insure due process." Copeland said last week that neither he nor the Board of Higher Education (BHE) would accept the AAUP as a spokesman for the faculty because it is not the recognized bargaining agent.

Thirty nonaligned faculty members met Thursday evening in Finley Center to consider actions they could take to protest the firings.

The group, calling itself Concerned Faculty, said that the sociology firings were politically motivated, and agreed to take a "counter-action." They planned to organize support in the departments over the week-end, and called for another meeting Tuesday at 4 PM in Room 440 Finley. Ross Danielson, a Sociology lecturer, argued that "the firings must be seen as a step against 'open admissions,' and against what the students have been fighting for." Danielson, who joined the Sociology Department this term, said he fears that he, too, may be fired for being politically active on the campus.

Most faculty at the meeting were angered when informed that each department holds two sets of files on all its members. One file, the personnel folder — containing everything but departmental evaluations — is open to

the teacher. The other, the administrative file — containing evaluations — is confidential, and cannot be seen by the individual.

Schulman, who chaired the meeting, added that other confidential material, such as political affiliations and actions, are included in the "secret files." He added that he suspected the FBI contributed to the files.

The "secret files" originated in a Board of Higher Education policy statement adopted December 18, 1967. The Board recommended: "The confidentiality of reports, including evaluation reports . . . should be preserved, and to that end these reports should be kept in a confidential file and should not be part of the candidate's personnel folder."

Max-Kahn Memorandum

The Board's ruling was prompted by a position paper written by BHE Counsel Arthur Kahn and Administrator Pearl Max, which explains why the Faculty have not been given reasons for their dismissal. The memorandum states, ". . . we have decided to recommend against [author's boldface] ever assigning reasons for non-reappointment or non-promotion. We likewise believe that it would be professional misconduct for a member of a P & B (Personnel & Budget) committee to disclose the substance or even the nature of the discussion at the P & B meeting."

The BHE By-laws state that the only conditions under which a fired teacher may hear the reasons for his dismissal is if he appeals the decision and his case is given a trial.

Leaders of the House Plan Association were also upset by the procedure of the firings. Twenty HPA members wrote a statement Thursday night questioning "the process, criteria, and qualifications used in the recent firings."

They established a committee to investigate the dismissals, and planned to discuss possible action with its membership of 1,000 students. The central committee will meet Tuesday.



M. Peter Grad

Crowd in Stieglitz Hall listens to Acting President Joseph Copeland before proceeding to Wagner Hall.

Copeland Refuses to Give Reasons

(Continued from Page 1)

fired. Miles immediately challenged Copeland's statement.

Paul Milkman, of the Labor Committee, read a list of charges beginning with an accusation that the college was involved in a "multi-million dollar racket called the 'CCNY Construction Fund.'"

Emotions reached a peak as a Black student rose and shouted to Copeland: "You tell us the college is for the benefit of the people. You also tell us that those teachers were fired for our benefit. Now we're here to tell you that we want those teachers back!"

Tremendous applause followed, as Copeland, standing up to leave, said that "the City University will do a better job on Open Admissions." Before he could leave, someone shouted, "The City University won't be opened if those teachers aren't rehired."

At that point Alex Miles took the microphone demanding action. "We've tried all legal procedures to get the teachers rehired. We have to take a more direct and peaceful action. The time is now. We are going to take over Wagner Hall."

So 325 students left their seats in Stieglitz, and walked in a surprisingly calm manner to Wagner Hall, where leaders stood with bullhorns declaring

that the building was to be liberated.

Slowly the Hall was emptied of its regular club activities, and 200 students crowded into the main hallway to find out what was happening. Most gathered in 106 Wagner to hear Alex Miles explain that the take-over was a planned two-hour show of protest. Student Senate Vice President Alan Ross immediately informed Copeland that the occupation was only temporary, so the Administration felt it had matters in hand.

Inside, the mood was calm and pensive. Students discussed future strategy, planned Friday's rally, argued whether to make the stay longer. Only one wall received a souvenir: "Off the Pig," "Free the Dean Peace 5," and "Free the Conspiracy 8," sprayed in Day-Glo paint.

At 3:10 PM, Security Director Albert Dandridge approached the building with a bullhorn, and, surrounded by students and press, called out, "To the occupants of Wagner Hall: If you don't remove yourself forthwith you are subject to arrest for trespass and/or college discipline."

The students decided to leave the Hall and march to the Administration Building. About 100 persons were still marching when they arrived at 138th Street. Burns Guards were waiting for them, so they stood on the lawn

and listened to speakers denounce the firings as examples of political repression.

The theme was put forth by Katherine Durkin, a member of Youth Against War and Fascism (YAWF), who said the faculty dismissals were "representative of the whole repression coming down, black and white."

Lee Robinson, a fellow YAWF member, had previously said, "We're against these firings because they supported black liberation and so do we . . . Education isn't worth anything if they keep picking off teachers."

A sign taped to the Administration Building's front door read, "Not working." Ten Burns guards stood before it, and Copeland stared down from above.

Pay \$200 or Go to Jail

Three Commune members were sentenced Thursday to pay \$200 by December 18, or serve 15 days in jail in a long-standing case involving former Associate Dean of Students James Peace.

The trio—Josh Chaikin, Mel Friedman, and Jeff Steinberg—pleaded guilty last month to a reduced charge of criminal trespassing in the second degree in a deal with the district attorney's office in which several other charges were dropped. Peace had charged that they stole confidential files from his office and assaulted his secretary in an incident one year ago.

Bob Eberwein, whose trial was postponed yesterday to January 28, still faces charges of criminal trespassing and tampering, along with a fifth person, Charles Zerzan, who did not appear in court. They could be sentenced to six month terms.

Contributions to pay the \$200 fines may be brought to the OP office, Room 336 Finley.

Our Boys in Vietnam:

"It's Just That They Don't Know..."

By PAUL HILLERY

Both Nixon and Agnew have repeatedly blamed anti-war demonstrations for hindering Administration efforts for peace — "undermining morale and weakening our position at the conference table."

In the wake of the November Moratorium, I talked with several Vietnam veterans about their reactions to peace demonstrations about reactions of the men and officers around them while in Vietnam, and about the real issues which "undermine morale."

R.C. is a twenty-one year old black. He was bitter about being drafted because he is an only child from a broken home. He could be considered a "straight" American and has never been a militant. I asked him how his platoon reacted when they first heard of the demonstrations.

"Most of the men jumped for joy," R.C. said enthusiastically. Then his grin melted as his memory took over, "They acted the same way when the peace talks began, but they lost hope when they heard the shit with the conference table. The government's gotta do something about the demonstrations because it's like a constant itch, but Uncle Sam can bullshit at the talks until doomsday for all he cares. Personally, I felt that at least there was somebody in my corner who wanted to see me get home."

Justifiable Hardship

Before being drafted, R.C. had not formulated an opinion about the war. He's the type of person who makes the best of any situation, but for the one and a half years he spent in the Army, R.C. kept flooding the offices with justifiable hardship pleas.

"Did you ever get the feeling that it was the United States you were fighting?" I asked. He seemed to slip in and out of awareness of my presence.

"Yeah, lots of times. Like one time my group was sent into N.V.A. (North Vietnamese Army) held territory to draw the enemy into ground combat so that our artillery could open up on them when they were out engaged in combat with us. The whole deal

is that WE were supposed to be there when the shelling opened up, so we'd catch it too. We used to get shelled by our own artillery lots of times. I was a radio operator for a while and one day I received orders I was suppose to relay to our captain to advance across this field. I said 'Yes sir,' into the radio, then didn't tell the captain. I knew we weren't suppose to be advancing that far, those guys at Headquarters don't know from shit. So we sat on the road waiting for the orders I had gotten for over an hour. Then sure enough artillery opened up on where we would have been if we had advanced — OUR ARTILLERY! A lot of boys got killed because of goof ups."

Reflective Fingers

Now, R.C. was reflective. He played with his fingers, stared at his feet.

R.C. won the air medal for bravery by leaping from a helicopter to save some pinned-down men. He never speaks of himself in heroic terms; just an amazed sense of his own brutality and disgust with some officers.

In talking of other morale problems, R.C. brought up the credibility gap. "We'll hear a shot, somebody will throw a grenade

into the bushes and they'll say, 'We must have got 10 or 15 VC,' and that number will end up on the enemy mortality sheet without any Charlie being seen, living or dead, in that area."

"Were you kept informed of things? Many pro-war people say that the Hippies don't have the right to protest because only the soldiers fighting the war know the real picture..."

He smiled, saying:

"Where did you hear that bull? Man, the only thing they explained was our next objective and basically how to carry it out. Once in a while they'd say a little bit about how this maneuver related to the last one, but we didn't really care by that time. They fight the war with maps, like reading directions on a can of Raid. We didn't worry about what had happened, or its meaning."

"Did you have any officers who shouldn't have been there?"

"Yeah, all of them, and me too. See, if a captain here in the States wants to become a major he has to have a certain amount of combat experience, so they put these dudes who don't know shit in charge of companies and these fuckin' creeps get half the men killed. They're always getting

Free Music Lessons

The Traditional Folk Music Club is offering free instruction in guitar, banjo, blues harp, and fiddle to interested students. The schedule is as follows:

Guitar—Thursday, 11 AM—Room 345 Finley.

Guitar—Friday, 2 PM—platform behind South Campus Cafeteria annex.

Beginning Guitar—Monday, Noon—platform behind South Campus Cafeteria annex.

Banjo—Monday, 10 AM—Room 345 Finley.

Fiddle—Monday, 1 PM—Room 345 Finley.

Blues Harmonica—Tuesday, 1 PM—Room 345 Finley.

For further information, leave your name, address and phone number in the club's mailbox in Room 152 Finley, or come to Room 345 at noon Thursdays.

the men lost, shooting off flares and giving away your position, leading you into booby-traps. They're not that bad, it's just that they don't know nothin'. Some of them are just plain stupid. A Lieutenant wanted me to carry the radio and I didn't want to, because that antenna is like a target to Charlie, so I went up to the Sergeant and said, "S-serg-gent, I-I-I can't c-c-carry t-the ra-a-dio, be-e-cause I-Ive g-g-got th-th-this speech defect." Now that sucker believed me and I'd been with him for three months without stuttering."

Another veteran I talked to came back a drug addict. He was caught stealing and was sent to a rehabilitation home. Now he's back, but on heroin again.

"When you're shipped to the Nam they give you stimulants which you can take to keep you going when the going gets rough. Everybody's smoking grass or poppin' bennies and the officers, you know, act like they don't see

nothin'. Man, you can get all the grass you want almost free—and the hard stuff for just a little more. I know lots of guys who came back hooked."

The U.S. military can't be blamed for all of the morale crushers. North Vietnam is running a racial campaign of leaf-letting the troops with pleas for blacks to desert. The leaflets tell how the blacks are fighting for a country that still denies them their equality and sends them to Vietnam to kill them off. The unproportionally high percentage of blacks in Vietnam gives credence to their argument. Says one black veteran: "They're right. You should see how many of my boys are here, but it probably wouldn't be any different with Charlies in charge. Both countries suck!"

"Yes," he said, "going over to Vietnam, and the way I was treated over there by the army just increased my hatred for my country."



10 things America's new small cars won't talk about.

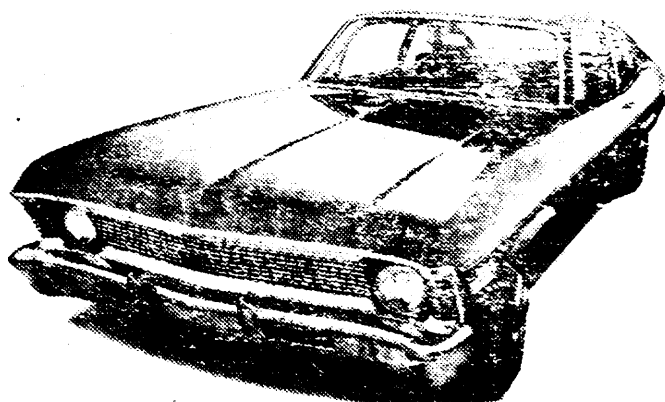
Nova talks about things
those new little cars prefer not to mention.

For instance, (1) a cargo-guard luggage compartment; (2) an extra set of fenders inside the fenders; (3) flush and dry rocker panels that help prevent rust and corrosion; (4) a quality built Body by Fisher; (5) Magic-Mirror acrylic lacquer finish; (6) a firm, steady ride programmed by computer-selected springs; (7) six different engines and five transmissions available; (8) an available lighting group that even includes a monitor for your windshield washer fluid; (9) radios you can order, with antennas built right into the windshield and (10) the availability of a new, more compact radio/stereo tape system. America's little cars don't offer them. Nova does.

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Nova: America's not-too-small car



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OPPO

REVIEWS

Well, we all need someone we can cream on...

Alan Rabunski

A few weeks ago, I spent the night at Madison Square Garden queuing-up for tickets to the Stones concert. In the morning after the crash of acid and the crushing-crunch of the scene, all I had were des billets — nothing to do but forget it and sleep out the day. It wasn't until the album came out that the concert became a source of continual joy for me. It's because the Stones above everyone else white make me move. I mean Smokey's really out-a-sight, but this is the fucking Rolling Stones. Everybody knows about their viciousness and sexuality, but those are the words for the musicologists and any intellectual hanger-on. For my blood the Stones are the best rock band going. Even more than that Mick Jagger has always been a kind of mythical figure for me — lot's of pictures but strictly a non-reality-nowhere. Add to that the fact that all chicks love his ass and that's enough for me.

I got the album Saturday afternoon and didn't listen to anything else all weekend. First impressions were that the album was funkier and more black-sounding than anything they'd done. There's even an old Robert Johnson tune, "Love In Vain" — the only song on the album the Stones didn't write — with lyrics by some one named Woody Payne. The best track on the album is "Midnight Rambler," which features Jagger on harp with some scat singing the title cut, reminiscent of "Goin' Home."

The best lines are from "Let it Bleed":

"Well, we all need someone we can lean on. And if you want it, you can lean on me . . .

Well, we all need someone we can dream on. And if you want it, you can dream on me . . .

(Continued on Page 2-S)



New York Post: Vito DeLucia

Beatles Crack the Smack and Let Out Slack

Richie Black

THE first thing that you notice about this new music is how good it feels. The album is in celebration, even the "heavier" songs are straight-forward and easeful, not at all self-conscious.

The realness and honesty here was badly missing from the Beatles' last album, and it was this lack which made so much of that music distant and unapproachable. With "Abbey Road," the Beatles are closer to their music than they have ever been. This new commitment gives them a greater freedom, makes for a more relaxed music, and ultimately brings us closer to the Beatles.

They have surrendered the guile, the mockery, the stylization that characterized the double album, by renewing that lightness which has always been a part of their music. If "The Beatles" was a smirk, "Abbey Road" is a smile and an exhalation. The music demonstrates again their versatility as musicians, but in this album, that ability unifies rather than fragments. The unity is one of approach, and the result is a collection of songs which continually echo and re-enforce one another. And whether the resonance comes from an interweaving of melody-lines in the fifteen minute medley, or more subtlety in a similarity of "effect" throughout the album, it is a sign of a new surety in the Beatles.

Everyone in the group seems to have gained in power. Paul's singing is extraordinary in its strength and range of style. Lennon's psychic entropy is all the more explosive for his musical control. Harrison's togetherness is becoming clearer and brighter, in his own songs and in

the feeling of all the music. And Ringo's song is just so joyously simple.

The Beatles begin the album with "Come Together," a fine dance number in slowed-down Chuck Berry style. John shoots out the lyrics — another scenario in the expanding Lennon zoo — over a hard bass and drum lines. The words are as open in their freakiness as they are in "I Am the Walrus" or "Sexy Sadie." Come Together . . . two virgins . . . advice in love? The song is beautifully produced, fun to listen to, but as Lennon does the old patterns well, his new music is just in another realm.

"I Want You (She's so heavy)," the last cut on the first side, is very new. Lennon is really strung out here and he shows us, absolutely. The lyrics remain as simple and stark as the chord progressions — the message is simply the title. There is a restrained panic about this song with the tension coming through Lennon's repeated shifts from a 4/4 to a 3/4 structure. The organ line of the final "She's so heavy" refrain degenerates into a static like wind over a bass-and-lead sea. The song ends in a complete cut-off — like falling from a flood to a vacuum — and the effect is absolutely hellish. This is maximum-volume head-music with direct lines to the body. Through the barest lyrics and simplest structure, Lennon has achieved a formal power never heard before in the Beatles. "I'm so tired" was similar in attempt, but the dependence there on the lyrics coupled with an almost neutral melody, was too strong.

However, with this cut, Lennon makes it work through the qualities of the notes, not the ideas in the lyrics. He knows the "heaviness" of the bass line and the pull

of his time shifts. In this one, it all comes very much together.

"Because" is the last Lennon song on the album — apart from the medley — and is a whole different mood. Not cryptic or frantic, this short piece is lush and religious: the feel of a Bach fugue and The Incredible String Band. The lyrics combine that comic simplicity and perfect truth, the profound and the cliché, which the Beatles have always known as . . . coming together. Because the world is round it turns me on. Because the wind is high it blows my mind. Lavished with three part harmony, given with harpsichord, guitars, and moog, the words

smile with the music. This is what it's all about. Give peace a chance. Affirmation, celebration, and prayer. The real Church music.

Maybe John has been learning "something" from George. George's best songs: always very much with compassion. Like Dylan in his last two albums, the voice is always close to us. But George's songs have been laments, and if in parts unsuccessful, a bit sentimental. "Within You, Without You," "Blue Jay Way," "While my Guitar . . ." With the second cut on this album, "Something," Harrison's music is finally rejoicing, because

(Continued on Page 2-S)

in this issue

MUSIC:

ROLLING STONES alan rabunski/1s

BEATLES richie black/1s

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE jonathan penzner/3s

TEN WHEEL DRIVE vs. THE FLOCK aram schefrin/8s

RUFFY SAINTE-MARIE steve marcus/7s

INTERVIEW:

with AIRPLANE crewmembers josh mills/4s

FILM:

EASY RIDER fred miller/7s

"Z" gil friend/7s

THEATRE:

HEAT dave rudnitsky/6s

Observation Post

Stones Rolling Stones Rolling Stones Rolling Rev

(Continued from Page 1-S)

Well, we all need someone we can cream on . . . And if you want it, you can cream on me."

The last cut on the album, a longer version of the single, "You Can't Always Get What You Want," features the London Bach Choir. That mixture seems like a joke, I mean the choir (if that's what hard-core freaks call them) sound very British-Anglican-virgin-like dressed in white silk robes — a Royal Albert Hall recital trip. The song does have this year's lesson plan for the street-fighters:

"We went down to the demonstration to get our fair share of abuse,
Singing we're gonna vent our frustration.
If we don't, we'll blow a fifty-amp fuse . . .
You can't always get what you want.
Well, if you try sometime, you just might find, you get what you need."

The heroin song on this album, "Gimmie Shelter," has the recurring line, "It's just a shot away." The album has got more but you should find out for yourself to be sure.

By the time I had all this figured out, it was Thursday night and time for the big show. Security at the Garden was really fucked — more cops than you'd believe. I happened to meet one of these cops in the john lined up at a stall. He looked very Jewish, like he probably had a desk job and couldn't hurt a fly. As I approached, I shot him a quick eye — mind you, not intimidating, but enough for him to belch out, "We do it, too." I hit him with a blase "I know that." He obviously must have felt like the asshole he probably is because he quickly backed off with this huge shit-eating-grin wiping his whole punim, saying, "I know you know more than that."

Anyway, I got to my seat in time to catch the end of Terry Reid, who sounded okay, but I was just too impatient. When I heard that Ike and Tina were on the bill I nearly flipped. But before that, B.B. King came on and won the audience. He got me to sit back and relax. He's a great showman who can still teach Jagger a thing or two. By now the audience was warm enough for Tina and the Ikettes to blow the place apart. Ike doesn't say much except play guitar, but it's a great arrangement he has with Tina. She's the star — she sings and dances all over, backed up by the Ikettes. But mainly, she really moves. Quite a woman, she is.

Janis Joplin surprised everyone with her appearance, but nothing really happened. Personally, I think that Tina outclasses Janis down the line — but, nevertheless a smart move on Ike's part considering it was a pre-

dominately white audience. Tina left and the house lights were turned on. It was time for a break so that the sound system could be checked out to perfection.

During the break, I ran into tons of friends — the whole night seemed a social event, like some debutante's ball in Scarsdale. I learned that I had been in the wrong seat when I found my group, but it hadn't mattered since I'd been sitting next to this spade cat who kept feeding me hash for the head and Manishevitz for the throat. Add to that, the hash I'd eaten before the concert and I was out-a-sight-groovy-nailed-to-the-wall.

My seat was on the floor level — so, I was in good position to rush the stage if need be. When the Stones came on everybody stood on their chairs. They opened with "Jumping Jack Flash." When I saw that no one was going to sit down I decided it was time to move. If I had to play 12-year-old-games, I was going to win 'cause I can push and shove with the best of 'em. By the time the Stones were into "Carol" I was pretty close. My strategy, however, didn't end there. I kept moving. I even gave some 15-year-old with white sweat socks (she had come from the back of the balcony) a free ride.

Jagger was wearing black bells and a black-T-shirt, which boasted an omega insignia, skin-tight, of course. He had on a Captain America hat, which he discarded pretty quickly, a necklace, a Moroccan belt and a long red scarf, which he played with all night — the comparison to Isadora Duncan struck me right away. Jagger's got a whole repertoire of effeminate gestures which he intends as scare tactics. But that's part of the act. And, it's just incredible to watch. He dances on stage, throwing his head from side to side, swinging his hips like some kind of Amanda Jones — all the time he's got his audience on the edge of their pants.

The others Stones provide that hard driving beat that is part-and-parcel of the group. Keith Richards also does a "faggot" with his earrings — if anyone in the group is into weird sexual things, it's him. He also looks like he's been into a lot of cocaine — long, thin hair that hangs the way his body does. He bears some resemblance to George Harrison. He does play a great guitar. Charlie Watts is consistent on drums. He's got the look of a jazz drummer — never seeming to strain himself — he does the cool, but he really blows. Wyman looks like the only sane one on stage — he never sweats and he does the bass man. Mick Taylor's the replacement for Brian Jones (the word in England last summer was that he probably OD'd on junk). He looks like a kid next to Jagger but he still plays a good guitar. It's probably a huge kick for him to be a Stone. The five of them, with Jagger leading the charge, put on quite a show.

During "Sympathy for the Devil," there was a scuffle in the center aisle with some kids being dragged off by plainclothesmen. A chant of "Pigs, Pigs . . ." began and the kids were soon released. My own peculiar sense of the absurd enabled me to see the utter irony in the scene as Jagger sang, "Every cop is a criminal and all the sinners saints." Jagger always maintained his cool.

Throughout the concert, girls were jumping on stage lunging at him, but the Mick would do his own side-step-darting-around-under-and-away from his besiegers. When "Stray Cat Blues" came on, Jagger removed his necklace and reduced "15-year-old" to 13. "We're gonna do a new one" was the way he introduced "Love In Vain. After the line, "I don't like to cry," he turned his back to the audience and faced Watts. Next came "Prodigal Son," with just Richards backing him. Richards ended the song too soon for Jagger, but Mick came back with a "That's all right." Some old blues followed — the recurring line being "When the law gets ready, you got to move." It seemed like Jagger's political statement for the night.

After "Under My Thumb" and "I'm Free," Jagger was all set to destroy. During "Midnight Rambler," the screaming and crushing let loose. The shock troops came from every direction. Now, I understood the power of Mick Jagger, all that makes him the epitome of the rock star. He teases his audience, leads them on in all sorts of ways until he decides to slay them. As the crowd surged forward, Jagger dropped to his knees staring down at the girls in front — all of them dying to touch him, none of them succeeding. To the victor must go the spoils, and so when the song was over Mick Jagger just thanked New York City.

Jagger came back for more with the only song that could top that act — "Satisfaction." It was all gravy. By this time I had gotten to about ten feet of the stage. The house lights had been turned on. And everyone stood and danced. Jagger casually remarked, "We're goin' home," as his introduction to "Honky Tonk Woman." During the song Jagger danced all over the stage waving goodbye, telling everyone it was time to go home. Afterwards, he began walking off the stage. He stopped, turned to Watts and returned to close the show with "Street Fighting Man." Next, he was showering his fans with rose petals. When the box was empty, he flung it at the crowd and walked off. Telling the audience that the show was over and then doing that last song was all just part of the act — just part of his power.

I knew the concert was over, so I headed for the cold night air, feeling quite satisfied. It was a night-and-a-half. After a week of Mick Jagger's harshness it was time for a little honey — a whole lotta' Smokey.

feeling the disease . . .

(Continued from Page 1-S)

. . . "Somewhere in her smile she knows that I don't need no other lover." Listen to what Harrison is saying in his voice. To her:

You're asking me will my love grow,
I don't know, I don't know.

You stick around now it may show
I don't know, I don't know.

Harrison's wisest lyrics, but no philosophy — Just compassion. They are a compression of what we all really "know." Yes, the song would be stronger, again, less sentimental without the somewhat annoying orchestrated strings. But the song is otherwise so compelling, so full of life; it has to be enjoyed . . . in its own rejoicing.

Yes, here comes the sun! "Here Comes the Sun," Harrison's second song is pure morning music. Good Day Sunshine. The guitars are crystal clear, the bass is full and warm. This time the string backing is used to easily suspend the simple, floating melody. The lyrics merely point the way.

This is perhaps the most visual music that the Beatles have ever produced. A flood of Orange, the guitars and organ flow as riffs of blue and green, the bass is golden brown. Their music has always been superb head music, but this album does it for you. (because the wind is high it blows my mind / because the wind is high). Each of the lines builds and swerves with the others. No gimmicks, no tricks, no cleverness. Play this for your philo professor when he asks about "significant form."

Paul's two songs. "Maxwell's Silver

Hammer" — Maxwell Edison, (majoring in medicine) kills a girlfriend, his teacher, and the judge. Sounds like one of John's fancies, on the order of "Bungalow Bill." Funny violence, violent fun.

"Oh! Darling" — Paul does this 50's number very straight. His shattering vocal is closer to "I Want You" than to anything cried out fifteen years ago. The words are the same, but somehow the energy level has been upped. "Well, you know I nearly broke down and DIED." The only goof is the vocal reverb between the verses. Otherwise, very heavy. The form is stylized, but the voice isn't.

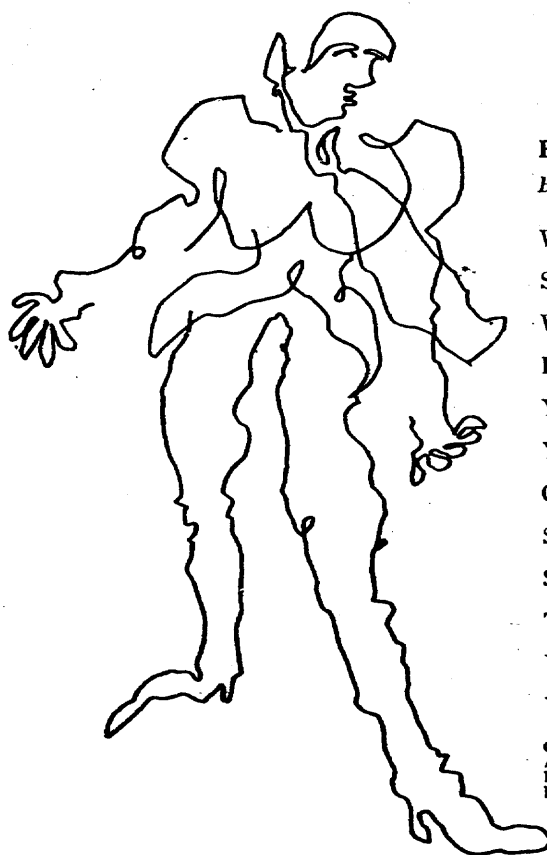
Yeah, the Beatles would be great in concert again.

And then Ringo's "Octopus's Garden." A great children's song. A great everyone song. The seas of the yellow submarines. Winnie-the Pooh and Dr. Seuss. The melody begs for foot-stomping and all our play-along kazoos. The falsetto backup is just grand. Ringo bubbles out:

Oh what joy, for every girl and boy,
Knowing we're happy and we're safe.

The cut is over, and John begins his drone . . . "I want you, I want you so bad / It's driving me mad, it's driving me mad."

The songs on the album are as different from one another as they could be, but they all connect in their direction. The "presence" is the same in "Because" and "Oh! Darling." The aspect and the approach are different, but the signal comes across on the same vibration. The Beatles have made a beautiful connection here, within the album, and through it to us. Connection.



Then listen to the medley on side two. A resonance? Yes. Again, connection.

The Beatles know Climax. The medley lives in a body rhythm of unexpected phrasing, quick time shifts, dream fulfillment, suspense, and ultimately, climax. You don't need the words, just the music. Or, follow the words following the music. This is a piece that definitely improves with listening age. The magic here is speed. The Beatles travel this half of the album in new time . . . no tears, no fears, no ruined years, no clocks.

You never give me your money. What we have here is a failure to . . . consummate. A break (brake) down. Hey,

POLYTHENE PAM

By John Lennon and Paul McCartney

Well, you should see Polythene Pam
She's so good looking but she looks like a man.

Well, you should see her in drag,

Dressed in her polythene bag.

Yes, you should see Polythene Pam,

Yeh, Yeh, Yeh.

Get a dose of her in jackboot and kilt.

She's killer-diller when she's dressed to the hilt.

She's the kind of a girl

That makes the News of the World

Yes you could say she was attractively built.

Yeh, Yeh, Yeh.

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Jude, Revisited. No connection, too much confusion. Then two giant steps. One faster melody and then another. Yes, "Oh that magic feeling, no where to go!" What to do?: "step on the gas, and wipe that tear away." Almost four minutes of high compression. Three melodies: no connection, no direction, (but) GO. This is the movement for the rest of the medley and the Beatles carry it through.

Sun King. John's peace-pipe-dream. "Every body's laughing, every body's happy." And then a very foreign language — "Caesto obrigado tanta much / Que can eat it carousel." It's good that this (Continued on Page 8-S)

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Review of (J. Airplane's) 'Volunteers' (maybe)

Jonathan Penzner

Black sails knifing through the pitch-blende night

Away from the radioactive landmass madness

From the silver-suited people searching out

Uncontaminated food and shelter on the shores

No glowing metal on our ship of wood only

Free happy crazy people naked in the universe

(—DATELINE EARTH, JULY 1975)

"Even some paranoids have enemies."

(—anonymous)

says this story is a review of the Jefferson Airplane's latest album, *Volunteers*. What's all this rhetoric?" Ahhh. I beg your indulgence a little while longer. The album is really beautiful. I haven't ever heard the Airplane as warm, touching and disturbing. "Wooden Ships" tears me up.

The Crosby, Stills and Nash version is fluff compared to the Airplane's rendition. And judging from the introductory verse to the song quoted above, this song cannot be fluff. It must be piercing and throbbing with life and energy. The Airplane version throbs and chokes with fascinating, feverish strokes.

But. The movement is at a very hazard-

Who will take it from you
We will and who are we

We are volunteers (of Amerika)
volunteers (of Amerika)
volunteers (of Amerika)
volunteers (of Amerika)

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The two songs open and close the album. As a single, they are fantastic. The first describes what it is "we" do and what "we" want. The other is a mobilizing song. It's a rabble-rouser. Oddly, "Volunteers" is Marty Balin's only number on the album. It's only two minutes, three seconds long.

The two songs don't go far enough, however. "We Can Be Together" is too reminiscent of tribalism/nationalism for my comfort. We were together at Woodstock, yet, now that I think back on it, Woodstock was not enough. It is not enough just to "be together."

I agree we must "tear down the walls," but not for the purpose of building a "new continent of earth and fire." Earth and fire brings back that Tribe article.

Grace Slick's song, "Eskimo Blue Day" does the same thing. Like "Bear Melt" on the last album, *Bless Its Pointed Little Head*, it is a nature song. From the repetition of such lines as "But the human name / Doesn't mean shit to a tree," or "But the human crowd / Doesn't mean shit to a tree," I get the impression that Grace is uptight about the tree, not humanity. What do these lines mean: "Consider how small you are / Compared to your scream / The human dream / Doesn't mean shit to a tree." Maybe Grace is concerned after all, but I'm not sure.

I'm all in favor of nature, and I won't knock the experience of being together, but there's some confusion over where it is we're going, for what and for whom. The nationalists sever nature. The polluted city is worthless. "Eskimo," "Good Shepherd" and even a funky song like "The Farm," re-enforce the trend of escaping from our problems. "The City" and "The Country" are symbols for reality and fantasy.

"The Farm," written by Gary Blackman and Paul Kantner, is no ordinary farm. It's written in a kind of country style, but it isn't country music. It's Airplane music. "Well, I gotta get back to work now and clear away some logs / Ah the sun is shinin' westwards yeah I think I'll saddle up my frog and / Get outta here."

"Good Shepherd" is a traditional song arranged by Jorma Kaukonen, who also

plays with the Stones, Beatles or Steve Miller's Band.

"Wooden Ships" is a beautiful song, whether it is played by Crosby and Co. or by the Airplane. With the Airplane's version of the song, however, the song becomes a real lament, with some searing guitar lines which tug and pull above the vocals. The Crosby version is very subtle and too much like everything else on their album. *Volunteers* is diversified, more than any other Airplane album, which helps set "Wooden Ships" apart and make it more alive, more passionate and forboding.

The song describes an escape: "Go take a sister by the hand / Lead her far from this foreign land / Somewhere where we might laugh again / We are leaving / You don't need us." The escape is from a war-devastated, polluted land. The problem arises again. Why must we always look for fantasies? Why do we have to look for never-never land, somewhere over the horizon, far away from here? "Silver people on the shoreline leave us be / Very free / And gone."

We must stay where we are now, before and after some "catastrophe" because those people need us and we need them. Even if they are now convinced we are "outlaws," we must prove to them that we are the true volunteers of Amerika. We must show them the way to the future.

Musically, the album is beautiful. It's not simple rock and roll, generating some mindless beat to dance to or get stoned by. It's passed being an escape in itself. But the politics of its lyrics are weirdly messed up.

But I don't want to go to the other shore. I wanna stay right here, where I am now and change what is. These words of Jorma's from "Turn My Life Down" explain part of the problem: "My yesterdays have melted with my tomorrow / And the present leaves me with no point of view." Our tomorrows will not just melt, they will be blown apart unless we can find a point of view for today. We have been living a fantasy of revolutions for years now, and each succeeding revolution gets more and more dangerous. These fantasy-revolutions have sometimes been an escape hatch for our justified paranoias. But a culture is being built on those fantasies, even if they are somewhat contorted, contradictory and confused.

Perhaps there will be a definitive break between cultural nationalists and political



Marty Balin, vocals: Grace Slick, vocals: Spencer Dryden, drums: Paul Kantner, guitar and vocals: Jorma Kaukonen, lead guitar, and Jack Casady bass.

Rock 'n' Roll music has been an important form of the revolution for a while now. In the fifties, it was the only form. But that old stuff was so crude, vague and simple.

Today's politics are confused, but they are more advanced than Boo-Bop-She-Bop. And today's music is more involved, complex and exciting. Lyrics are short-hand versions of political philosophies, and many revolutionists use them as gospel.

It is significant that Weathermen broke into the Garden last week to hear Mick Jagger stomp out his lines: "Everywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy . . ." Rock, some claim, is the Revolution. If it isn't the revolution itself, then surely it is a very large portion of it. Depending on where in the political arena you are sitting, rock has either created a consciousness among our generation, or it has been directly influenced and stimulated by it. Music and politics travel hand in hand.

When I wore a "Peace in Vietnam" button on the Fifth Avenue March four years ago, the Radio Corporation of Amerika was proclaiming a "Jet Age Sound" has arrived. Ugh! It was the first Jefferson Airplane album, but it's embarrassing — were we ever so naive-looking?

The movement was getting to be very drug-oriented around that time, Psychedelic. I didn't feel comfortable in that political/cultural medium and I tried separating culture from politics, because I believe there was a danger in culture overcoming politics; perhaps becoming politics.

That is what has happened. The Berkeley Tribe recently suggested that what we all must do is desert the cities, spend a few million dollars and form communes out in the wilderness. We are a "nation," as defined by our styles, drugs, sexual appetites, and music. (I thought the Indians had tried all that and, as far as I could tell, had lost the battle against the Big Pig. Just listen to Buffy Sainte-Marie.)

As polluted as New York is, as unpopular as our ways are, I don't want to leave this city for some continuous Woodstock. I want to change what exists. I do not want to run away from it.

You might ask, "Yes, but the headline

dous point. Cultural/political revolutionists would isolate youth into a Nation, reducing us to an impotent mass at home on the range. Other cultural/political revolutionists would have us believe the same about us being a Nation, etcetera, but would have us pick up guns and fight it out in the streets. A lot is said about "The People" by this group, but so far, none of them has come up with a way to serve "The People."

At the same time, there are members of our "culture" who are developing ideas and structures to serve not only us, but everybody. The plans come in snatches, but they are apparent.

The politically-conscious musicians among us are torn by the same problems of goals and tactics as our culturally involved politicians and by the cultural revolutionists. Mick Jagger, in "Street Fighting Man" and now in "You Can't Always Get What You Want," reacts with impotence. The Beatles (less one O. B. E.) left us with their ambiguous "count me out (in)" and a put-down.

With their refreshing new album, the Airplane has swept a lot of this impotence aside, but they have brought with them some of the escapism and hazards.

When I first heard Paul Kantner's "We Can Be Together," I flipped. It's a beautiful song, one of Kantner's best. It is a joyous song, full of hope: "We are the forces of chaos and anarchy / Every thing we say we are we are / And we are very / Proud of ourselves." Did you hear that? I shouted, a grin spread from ear to ear. Grace Slick, Marty Balin and Kantner sang, "All your private property is / Target for your enemy / And your enemy is We."

The single, "Volunteers" and "We Can Be Together" came out before the album. "Volunteers" is what "Together" describes:

Look whats happening out in the streets
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Hev Im dancing down the streets
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Aint it amazing all the people I meet
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Hey now its time for you and me
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Come on now were marching to the sea
Got a revolution Got to revolution



The Volunteers of America assemble in Times Square.

wrote "Turn My Life Down" for the album. Both songs are beautifully arranged, played and recorded. Grace Slick's "Hey Frederick" features a long instrumental jam with Nicky Hopkins on piano. Hopkins joins in on four other numbers, but "Hey Frederick" is the best of Hopkins' collaborations. The eight minute number is also better than all the work Hopkins did with Jeff Beck, and is more good music than one gets from him when he

revolutionists modeled along the lines of the Black Panthers' split with black capitalists and black cultural nationalists. It seems improbable. It would be upsetting. I don't think it will happen; not as long as there are Weathermen to break into concerts. Perhaps the culture itself will change, make an about-face and stare the problems down instead of running away from them.

(dead on arrival).

Probably an interesting J. Airplane ra

During Jefferson Airplane's Thanksgiving gig at the Fillmore, Josh Mills arranged an interview at their Manhattan hotel. Only Paul Kantner and Grace Slick showed up . . . and Paul, steadily smoking joints the size of Camels, grew increasingly zonked as the afternoon went on. Kantner watched a color television intently. He had tuned it to a bright green shade and watched game shows, panels and "The Secret Spysmasher" intently, all with the sound turned off. His eyes only occasionally left the screen as he answered questions. Grace was in and out of the room throughout the interview.

The transcript follows:

Josh: "In the last year or so, what happened that made you decide to be overtly political in 'Volunteers'?"

Paul: "I don't see us as being political in our songs. I'm very anti-political. There's total lack of dealing with politics . . . not on any level . . . politics are self-destructive."

J: "Social commentary?"

P: "Sure. 'Volunteers' is not political . . . outlaws aren't political . . . that's what the song is about."

J: "What happened in the last year to bring this album out?"

P: "I saw a lot of people get burned, a lot of people jailed, busted. A lot of stupid politicians get elected. Frustration more than reaction. Things that made me mad and made me puke. But you shouldn't pit yourself against people like that. That's why I don't get involved with crazy revolutionaries. You're not going to accomplish anything on those lines."

"They're spending all their time being paranoid when they could be out on the West Coast enjoying themselves, getting high, meeting lots of good people and ignoring it all . . . and if you get enough people to ignore it all, you've got a community, that functions within itself."

J: "Do you think you can effectively get away from it all?"

P: "I have got away from it all."

J: "You're pretty unique."

P: "No, all you have to do is get away from it all and ignore it. If enough people ignore it, it doesn't exist except unto itself. If everybody in the country ignored Richard Nixon he could sign all the bills he wanted to and they wouldn't mean shit. You make your life and the lives of people around you as comfortable and as productive as possible: rather than fight their wrongs you do your rights. What you think is right you do, you spend all your time doing that, and that's what 'Volunteers' is all about."

J: "What about the political overtones of 'Meadowlands'?"

P: "It has political . . . we put it in there because we thought it would offend a lot of people. We also put it in there because it's a really beautiful melody. And like where it came from is that I heard Pete Seeger playing it on his 12-string guitar a lot . . . It's a beautiful song, it's a nice pretty thing to go through, nice and strong, great melody. The album is political, but not in the sense you mean politics. San Francisco politics are different from New York politics. San Francisco politics is a lack of involvement . . . who you gonna vote for? I haven't seen somebody I'd vote for in the last eight years, since Kennedy."

J: "Do you have another album already done, more or less, with RCA?"

P: "No, we don't give them anything more than we have to."

J: "How much longer does your contract with the run?"

P: "Less than a year."

J: "You can move somewhere else?"

P: "I trust."

J: "Your own company?"

P: "In conjunction with a few other people . . . we just want to make it more under our own power . . . This record came out pretty well."

J: "Up against the wall, Fred?"

P: "Just that, and we had to put it on the back of the single."

J: "How do you get together stuff for an album?"

P: "I've got two albums written, as far as my material is concerned. I don't know how much of it I'll use."

J: "Are you gonna do anything outside of the group?"

P: "Nah, I get most of what I need done inside the group."

J: "What about Jorma and Jack doing outside stuff?"

P: "He has another type of music he likes to play that we don't really do. It also stems from him and Jack going around and playing at all these little clubs in every town after hours."

J: "Your set Wednesday wasn't very loose?"

P: "Sure, every set's different, there's no format."

J: "You tired of touring?"

P: "No, this is the first tour we've been on . . . we don't really tour, we're out for 30 days and that's the longest we've been out in two years at a time, usually we just go out for a weekend and fly home."

J: "You've got a pretty close relationship with Bill Graham?"

P: "Yeah, but he's not our manager . . . we get along very well."

J: "On the live album, Grace says something at the end about, 'Okay, now you kids can get up and shake our ass.' I wanted to ask her about that."

P: "Yeah, sit-down things are a drag. That's the City of New York's fault, mainly, cause they won't give Bill Graham a dance permit until he rips out all the seats and puts a floor in and they told him when he does that then they'll consider it . . . they're saying to him, rip out all the seats and if we don't give you a permit you'll have to put all the seats back in."

J: "How did you find playing up at Tanglewood?"

Grace: "I liked it. It was good, but the sound, it was a little hard to tell what was going on."

P: "The sound, the roof was making echoes. You'd hear the drums a quarter of a beat late."

G: "It's hard for us to get it together, 'cause nobody plays the same thing twice."



So you can't just assume the drummer is doing the same thing he did last night. We can on some songs, some are predictable, but most of 'em aren't. Unless you have your music all exactly the same, then it's all right, you can play anywhere."

P: "See, that's what makes the Stones. The drummer and the bass player and pretty much the rhythm guitar player are playing pretty much the same thing, so both Keith Richards and Mick Jagger know pretty much what's going on whether they can hear it or not, so they can fit in pretty well."

J: "Your voices sort of weave in and out, don't they?"

P: "So does Jack."

G: "Jorma's weaving, Spencer's weaving, Paul's weaving, Marty's weaving and I'm weaving. So it's like, have you seen, they've shown pictures of a spider's reg-

ular web and the web they do after they've been given acid: that's about the way we play."

J: "What's the starting point, who do you watch when you're singing?"

G: "It depends upon who's fucking up. I don't watch anybody unless I'm fucking-up or somebody else is, and then I turn around to look at them and see what happened or what I'm doing wrong and then check it out and then go on from there."

P: "You've got a vague idea of what's supposed to happen and you play what you feel like playing at the time. And you sing what you feel like singing."

G: "Yeah."

J: "Jack and Jorma play to each other, don't they?"

P: "Well, we all do in a sense. Jack and Jorma probably more than the others, but everybody still playing to everybody else in a sense. There's no conscious direction, where it's all focused down on the drum-beat or anything like that. It just either works or it doesn't."

J: "How do you first get a song together?"

P: "Whoever wrote it plays it. Then we just start playing it, learn the chord structure, change it if you want to. Usually one person has the song, or the basic idea of the song, even if two or three people wrote it, somebody will have the basic idea."

J: "What did you think of Woodstock?"

P: "Woodstock was amazing, that it happened."

J: "What about your performance there? The first thing I heard was Nicky Hopkins jamming with you."

P: "We were pretty wiped out. We'd been waiting on the stage for 15 hours and taken acid, lots of acid. So by 6.30 in the morning we were stumbling around the stage trying to get it together . . . we didn't even rehearse, we didn't have to with Nicky . . . the sound wasn't too good though, we didn't know half of what we played there."

J: "Is Nicky going to be doing more work with you?"

P: "Oh yeah, we'll probably snag him again for a song."

J: "Do you ever use someone else's material during a jam?"

P: "Sometimes during a jam, Grace or Marty or I will sing somebody else's song, or we'll pick up someone else's part, like Grace last night singing one of Crosby, Stills and Nash's new songs."

J: "Are you conscious of the light shows while you're playing?"

P: "Yeah."

G: "Not unless you've got eyes in the back of your head."

P: "I sometimes look around. He didn't ask if I saw them. I'm conscious of them."

G: "You're not nearly as conscious of them as you are of Jorma."

P: "So?"

G: "You move around the stage for a definite reason. To hear, to be physically close to imply something . . . The music is so loud and kinda strong that you often have to use your whole body to imply something to a member of the group. Like, Spencer will play with his head down like this and you'll have to bend down and do stuff like that to get his attention."

J: "Who decides what you play each night? I mean, is there an order decided on beforehand?"

G: "Paul's the only one who knows what we're gonna play, and he changes it in the middle of a set. That's why after we get through playing there are people wandering around the stage. That's his thing, keep it a secret until he's ready. Sometimes two members won't know what the song is and Paul will start playing and they'll say, 'Oh, that's it, okay,' it's very loose."

J: "Are you gonna keep using people from other groups on your records, like on 'Volunteers'?"

P: "Yeah."

G: "Our friends."

J: "Isn't it a problem clearing their labels?"

G: "No, they welcome the public. J: "Do you get hassled by the end at all?"

G: "Occasionally, but it's kinda hassle back. They're worried about and we're amused by it. I enjoy it with them or fooling around. Music, it's the same kind of lyrics poking people all the time, either antly or unpleasantly, saying, 'alive, you're alive.' That can be as or it can be pleasant, making love body. So, hassling them, is just keeping them on our toes."

J: "Do you care about not having singles any more?"

G: "You either decide to write singles or you don't. For AM radio have to write things down, a bass can't play more than a certain of notes, you have to play together have to write the song that way, it has to be simple and it's got something that everybody can relate and it's gotta have some kind of tune sound: 'Don't you want some love, don't you need somebody to love, can't get no satisfaction,' anybody knows that can write a single, it can't have any freedom that way, a lot of notes, and loud, and all this stuff. Our singles sound that way sound awful."

J: "Were they done just for fun?"

G: "They were from another group happened to write simple songs Great Society. So, now it's a whole different bunch of people."

J: "You two and Marty write the songs you use. Do the others many songs that the group doesn't use?"

P: "Jorma's just starting to, he writes one song a year; Jorma writes one song a year, but we're pushing him, 'C'mon Jorma, write one.'"

J: "Is that why he's going out on his own?"

P: "No, he's doing that essentially playing all those clubs after hours after a gig he and Jack will go and play at some shitty little club all night."

G: "He likes to play blues, too, and isn't really a blues group."

P: "Right."

G: "He gets off playing more blues. He's more blues-oriented."

J: "Do any of you feel restricted by the confines of the group?"

P: "Yeah."

G: "Sure, occasionally."

P: "Jack and Jorma did, yeah, everybody does."

J: "Do you foresee an end to the group?"

P: "It seems to be working . . . it stops working, everybody can do ever they want. If Grace wants to and make an album, she can, if she the time."

J: "Does the group take up most of your time?"

P: "A good deal of it. We can whenever we want to. We don't want to."

J: "As artists, is your freedom of expression by record companies, by middlemen, by record companies, by middlemen, won't buy your stuff and distribute it, the trouble Blind Faith had with album cover?"

P: "We're not really controlled, we don't care if it sells or not. I'm particularly concerned if the MCA buys it. I'm just putting it there to buy if they want it, to burn, to make ashtrays do it. See, there's a people that do buy it, that's what it's for."

J: "I guess at this point you've made financially."

P: "No. We don't save money, we have a lot of money, I mean we spend a lot of money, I mean we spend a lot of that we wouldn't otherwise have. We don't need a light show. We put work on our album covers, it costs more money. We carry all that

equipment mint."

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P: "Right."

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OPHOTOS by Michael Knight

equipment, the sound equipment costs a mint."

G: "Money's regenerative."

P: "Right."

G: "We don't have any money stashed anywhere, it's in constant use."

P: "We don't make money like the Beatles or Rolling Stones."

J: "But enough to have freedom? I mean, other groups still get hassled by not having the freedom that comes with a big reputation."

G: "The Sons, on their first tour... they've reached the point where their heads are rolling around and twisted."

P: "I don't want to be in this group... I want to get out of here. I want to go home."

G: "Wah!"

P: "Yeah, the road's really a hassle until you get into it. That almost broke us up."

J: "Back in 1965?"

P: "1967... We were on this huge tour. We almost fell apart. Now, with 30 days, it's not like 30 concerts. We do two days, take three days off. We pick the gigs, we pick the groups that play with us."

J: "Do you get a lot of offers for TV?"

P: "Yeah, but we turn them all down, all those shitty shows."

J: "Who makes those decisions, Bill Thompson?"

P: "Bill sort of serves as the focal point between us and the rest of the world, but it's like a seven-man manager, we all sit down and decide which places we want to play. We send our sound man to check out halls and let us know what they're like."

J: "What type of gig do you like?"

P: "10,000 is the maximum size, the best is 5,000."

J: "You play a lot of free concerts, is that because you're opposed to the high ticket prices?"

P: "That has nothing to do with it. It's just as much fun to play outside if it costs somebody a dollar as if it costs them nothing. I don't mind paying \$8 to see the Stones. If the Beatles wanted to come over here for two nights and charge \$60 a night, I wouldn't mind paying \$60 to see the Beatles."

J: "But it's almost all white people there."

P: "Yea, that's the way it is."

J: "Does it bother you?"

P: "I play for whoever wants to hear it. The people who don't come, it's not the fault of the people who come. It's just who the music appeals to."

J: "Do you make any attempt to reach out to people?"

P: "You can't reach out to the masses by other than playing music. That's why we do it. Music is really a good way to communicate."

J: "Then is your answer to the world's problems to say, 'Okay, I'm setting a life style'?"

P: "Yeah, well, it's an enjoyable way to live."

G: "Musicians play music; other people impose political and/or leadership qualities on the musicians. The media has decided rock and roll musicians are the politicians of this generation — which is not true. The media has the power to say what's going on. The media has decided we're gonna be spokesmen for this generation, then we're spokesmen, but we're not the ones who decided it. If they want to impose politics on us, that's all right."

P: "Musicians can never be politicians. That's the safeguard, there's not a musician I know..."

G: "Who can get it together... they're true anarchists, they just do what seems to be the right thing to do that day."

J: "But in this sense aren't you leaders: didn't you turn a lot of people on to acid for example?"

P: "That not being a leader, that's saying a possibility for good exists... turning people on to acid is no political thing, it's just presenting something to open somebody's head up."

J: "I think you're still hung up on my first question about politics, mean, aren't you leaders by leading people into new things, like drugs?"

P: "It's not a drug world. Drugs are no more important to the scene than Gibson guitar strings. They're useful and they're enjoyable and they create, they foster a certain way of thinking. They're not hardly at all a major factor in that, it's like 10 per cent."

G: "You stay in a rut of what's around you. Say, if I'd been around in 1910, I'd written songs about cars, or airplanes, they were new and interesting, and hadn't been tried out. It's not drugs, it's something new, a thing that's coming up and spreading out."

J: "Aren't you aware that a lot of teenagers are trying out these new things just

'cause rock stars, rock groups, are doing them?"

J: "Yeah, good... good."

J: "Do you take the responsibility for this?"

G: "That's the Christian ethic, it runs back to feeling guilty you exist, which is essentially a Catholic ethic..."

P: "Original sin, original sin."

G: "I'm going to go around and be whatever I am and say whatever I please and if some guy wants to run up and jump off a cliff because I'm putting him on about it... there's nothing I can do about it. I mean, I've done some stupid things because somebody else told me it worked out. So I figure all right, so I got sucked in. If it worked fine, fine, whatever it is."

P: "We don't say take acid indiscriminately, fill your mouth with LSD all the time, shoot speed and do all those trips, there's a good deal of taking care of your self, whether that involved taking drugs or driving in cars, you're gonna be aware of what's going on before you get into it... you don't just walk out on the streets of New York and drop three tabs of acid in your mouth... you just don't do that. When you get in a car you don't close your eyes and step on the accelerator."

J: "Ten, 15 years ago, how did you work out what you were going to do?"

P: "I never worked it out, it just happened."

G: "Some people will never get it together. David Crosby said a fantastic thing: 'Turn on a square and you get a turned-on square.'"

P: "You get a problem with drugs when a person uses them who is not suitable for using them. It's like if you get a paraplegic in an automobile. There's a lot of people... who just are not able to take drugs. Certain people are just not open to change, and one of the biggest things acid does is change you... if you're not open to that change, you shouldn't take it. You should think about it. People start freaking out and go schizophrenic on acid when they start changing and don't want to change. It's a powerful drug and induces a different way of thinking."

J: "Are you into any other type of creating, of art, besides music?"

P: "No."

G: "Yeah, I did some writing and painting. What separates humans from animals is their art."

P: "I don't think you can say animals don't have art. You don't know what ants

draw on the walls of their hills 'cause you never looked. You don't know what they're drawing down there. There may be some really good drawings down there."

G: "But as far as we know right now that's the only thing..."

P: "But that's another mistake, assuming what we know is what is..."

G: "No, I don't assume that... all that I'm saying is what we exactly know now is..."

P: "That's meaningless. I'm sure ants don't know we have art."

G: "That's true."

P: "So maybe the ant is the supreme force of life on this planet."

G: "That's very possible."

P: "And we're just not aware of it. The ants know who they are. We don't. We're just another thing on this planet."

G: "Within the structure of a conversation that is not using hypothetical problems..."

P: "Well, I just don't think you can say that ants don't have art."

G: "I can, until I know otherwise."

P: "Well, that's the whole thing that Crown of Creation is about. That's assuming that you're the crown of creation."

G: "No, I'm not."

P: "Well, you can't say that."

G: "What is art? I keep asking Andy Warhol."

P: "The other ants he drew? There are people who make an art out of working at a gas station. It's all in enjoying what you're doing."

J: "Which is your best album, in your opinion?"

P: "We do what we can do at the time, and what we do is the best we can do at the time. We're less aware of new things we acquire, we acquire them unconsciously."

J: "Do you care at all about selling records?"

G: "Selling records is no problem. You can go straight to something, build a freeway and go straight to it or you can travel around here and look at stuff on the way. Either way is all right. There are some people who make top 40 records, that's good. They go straight through and make that record. Or some people go off over there and do it that way. I mean, you know if you get on the freeway it's going to take you a certain amount of time and you're gonna see certain things and you know where you're gonna get. You don't particularly know when you take a side road how you're gonna get there, or if you're gonna get there."

P: "'Crown of Creation' wasn't as good as 'Baxter's' was more poorly recorded. It was our first album, we had fired our producer and didn't trust anybody. We did it all ourselves; we learned a lot, it was good to do it that way."

J: "Who takes responsibility in the studio?"

P: "Usually the person who wrote the song is the master of the recording session. Other people will sit around, 'Hey Jorma, why don't you push this button?' We argue about it right along."

J: "Which groups are you close to at home?"

P: "Crosby, Stills and Nash, the Dead, Quicksilver."

J: "How much affect does audience enthusiasm have on you? Like at the Fillmore, where everybody gets up kind of automatically and shouts for encores."

G: "Well..."

J: "Like what about Woodstock — how did it feel playing to half a million people?"

G: "By the time we got up there, there could have been four people, or three or five cretins, or 800 martians."

P: "It didn't feel any different. When you're on stage, it doesn't matter whether there are four people watching you or nobody watching us or a million people watching us. We sorta feel the same."

J: "What are you thinking of doing next?"

P: "We'd like to go to Europe again, and to the Far East, and behind the Iron Curtain. But we might have trouble there with both sides. The government may not think we're the best representatives to send abroad."

Buffy – Blood, Sweat, No Tears

Steve Marcus

Buffy Sainte-Marie's voice has always raised an anguished demand for recognition of her people — the American Indian — as well as an outcry against the animal way in which they have been disposed of, discarded, and forgotten.

In the past, she has written and sung songs which, in a broader sense, reject man and his values and call for the substitution of a new kind of humanity in a new kind of world.

In her latest album, "Illuminations," she appears to have "grown up" in the sense Mom and Dad would mean it: a college radical in the thirties who gave up and accepted a job on Wall Street; a teenager who wakes up one day and finds his beloved father is a lush keeping a mistress in a midtown hotel; a Bob Dylan who sacrifices his mind for a more easily controlled body.

"Illuminations" describes a world in which everyone is degraded in the way most personal to him. It is a world in which the only possible relationships are those in which one partner is denigrated, humiliated and dehumanized. Some consider the process of birth itself to be the ultimate in humiliation, as Buffy reminds us near the outset of the recording in telling of the birth of Christ in "Mary."

The album opens with lines written by Leonard Cohen. "God is alive. Magic is afoot. God is afoot. Magic is alive. Magic never died. Good never sickened."

Both "magic" and "God" were at one time filters through which the weak could view the world, and perhaps make a potentially miserable life a bit more bearable. Buffy must have based all her hopes and aspirations for herself and her people on her own gods, whatever or whoever they may be.

On discovering their impotency, her world collapsed, as has happened to so many upon their first glimpse of reality. She is able to talk about it through songs she and others have written. "In the dawning waking hour he'll lift his head and brush his eyes with gentle strokes/ That will only blindly mislead him into the first day/ of creation," Richie Havens wrote in "Adam".

With nothing left to hold onto and no longer able to hope for salvation, Buffy joins the "live for today, for there may be no tomorrow" generation.

"And you will find your sun/ and know the magic meaning/ of its light . . . Give up the vows you've taken/ and you will live/ and you will learn to fly again" she sings in "The Angel" by Ed Freedman. So

Buffy, embittered and disillusioned, abandons her dreams and attempts to "live" as though every second were her last.

"Every young man I've ever seen/ been means as he could be/ Every last one I've loved and run/ as he would do to me," she proudly sings in "Better to Find Out for Yourself," her own song. "As I looked into his eyes/ no reflection came/ and I gave him bedding," she cries out somewhat blandly in another song she wrote, "The Vampire."

The image she projects is that of a 42nd Street prostitute who loves for money, laughs but wants to cry, and cries because she is unable to shed a tear.

She cannot because she is hollow; there is nothing below her flesh. Any meaningful relationship for her is out of the question, for life itself appears to have no meaning for her. Her emotions are cardboard representations of feelings natural to her long ago but now an alien intrusion.

She protests no more; a Fatalist does not protest because he has no hope. And Buffy has no hope, and therefore no use for protest. The only magic left in her life is Self, and she already knows what a fraud that is.

"Take me to your teepee town/ Rock me, Honey, take me down/ What a pleasure just to drown/ with you, Honey!" These lines contain the only reference, teepee, in the album to her formerly paramount image that of the wronged, beaten, murdered Indian. It is used in a pulsating, throbbing, violent song climaxed by orgasmic screams of ecstasy and pain. No longer is the teepee a symbol of a human race mercilessly slaughtered; now it is another place a physical location for one being to "use" another. The song, "With You, Honey," is frenetic, desperate, bordering on the hysterical. There is more pain than ecstasy in her outcry.

Buffy is in fact balling throughout the album, and always with the same kind of men-cruel, stone-hearted sadists, several of whom have mouths she describes as "pouty" (an Indian expression corresponding roughly to the "shiftless" Negro) and all of whom come at her "like a cannonball." In each case she reveals how arousing she finds such men, and how completely and with total abandon she submits to their passion.

That's all Buffy Sainte-Marie seems to feel is left for her.

Unlike Judy Collins, whose voice has lightened and purified with the passage of time, Buffy Sainte-Marie's tone has slightly darkened over the years, and she sings



lower in her range than previously. She is accompanied by solo guitar, drums, bass, strings and electronic sound synthesized from her voice and guitar.

She is lyrical where lyricism is called for, as in "The Angel," "Mary," and "Guess Who I Saw in Paris," where the sighing, aching melody is used to project a wistful longing for a naivete now forever lost to her. She appropriately spits out the words where such dramatics are called for.

But there is no undercurrent to her voice — it's all above the surface. Once upon a time whatever she had to say, was said through her voice. Now it is just another instrument to her, to be used at face value.

The pronounced wobble of that voice always served to emphasize her passionate commitment to her songs and to set her apart from the lilting purity of angels floating above the clouds.

Yet technicians, or maybe Buffy herself, have deemed it advisable to disguise that wobble — that individuality in this album. In an industry which has often placed mediocrity on a pedestal and hidden it behind a barrage of microphones and synthesized life, Miss Sainte-Marie managed to keep her head well above water. Although she is almost drowned here by the overwhelming impact of her revelation, Buffy is still Buffy, and she emerges from this apparent fog of philosophical disillusionment as the artist and human being that she is. Perhaps even a little more so.

"Oh my little rosary/ how I miss you so/ Never used you very well/ now I never will," she sings in "The Vampire." Buffy has seen the light and is now back to Colorado or wherever drowning her sorrows in the creation of mod Indian fashions for the average Cherokee housewife.

Find the Cost of Freedom - Lay Your Body Down

Fred Miller

America is the open road, something about a frontier, open land, room to get up and move. A Conestoga wagon to two high handled motorcycles, free men to go on the road, on down a road that anchors the American dream in a few thousand miles of countryside.

The road at the College is Convent Avenue. A few blocks of the living Harlem version of the American dream, cut off and reshaped into the dream of education for all. Academic community, intellectual life, the wisdom of ages, as opposed to the wisdom of the road, the wisdom of the individual lifetime, the anti-intellectual wisdom not found in the books of Convent Avenue. Stone buildings and wooden chairs, to form a framework of life apart from the stone mesas and wooden forest of the road.

Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper are a couple of drug freaks who packed two motorcycles, some rock tapes, and a camera crew and took off to make the modern hymn to the road, this time in film as opposed to Horace Greeley's newspaper dicta and Jack Kerouac's novels. For now is film, a more complete art form leaving little to the watcher's mind. But "Easy Rider" is more in the

mind of the viewer than most films, relying on the identification of the viewer to make more points than the mechanical words of the movie screen.

You see somewhere as they drove across the southwest, filming America as it appears to freaks on bikes, Fonda and Hopper decided to make more than a travelogue, to make a point, some point about America. It's like Dennis Hopper says, "Freedom, that's it man, that's what it's all about."

With money supplied by a big drug deal, they ride along experiencing the world, and blowing grass every night to comment about it.

Walk into a classroom some day if you bother. There's the professor, you can always spot him, he's the one that dresses up real formal, unlike the students, they're the ones wearing blue jeans. He stands, sits, or walks around depending on his mood and format. You sit down and stay put. He's got the desk you can write on, you're cramped into the stupid seat with the desk on top. And then he tells you where it's at, what's happening: he tells you about the word, and in 90% of your classes the subject matter is irrelevant, he could talk about anything, it doesn't matter because it has no life, no relation to people, just some dried formula about anything. You listen: you're not encouraged to do anything on your own.

With eighty five people in a recitation how can you ask a question? It's all him, telling you to absorb something, to parrot it back for a grade; not to learn it, not to remember it, not to be able to use it, not to savour every bit of knowledge as an adjunct of your personality, not to see its reality and beauty, but to repeat in a one hour orgasm to mark your completion of the course. But then hurry to your next class because if you're late you'll be marked for cutting. You've got

four years to learn it, and then proceed to the next stage.

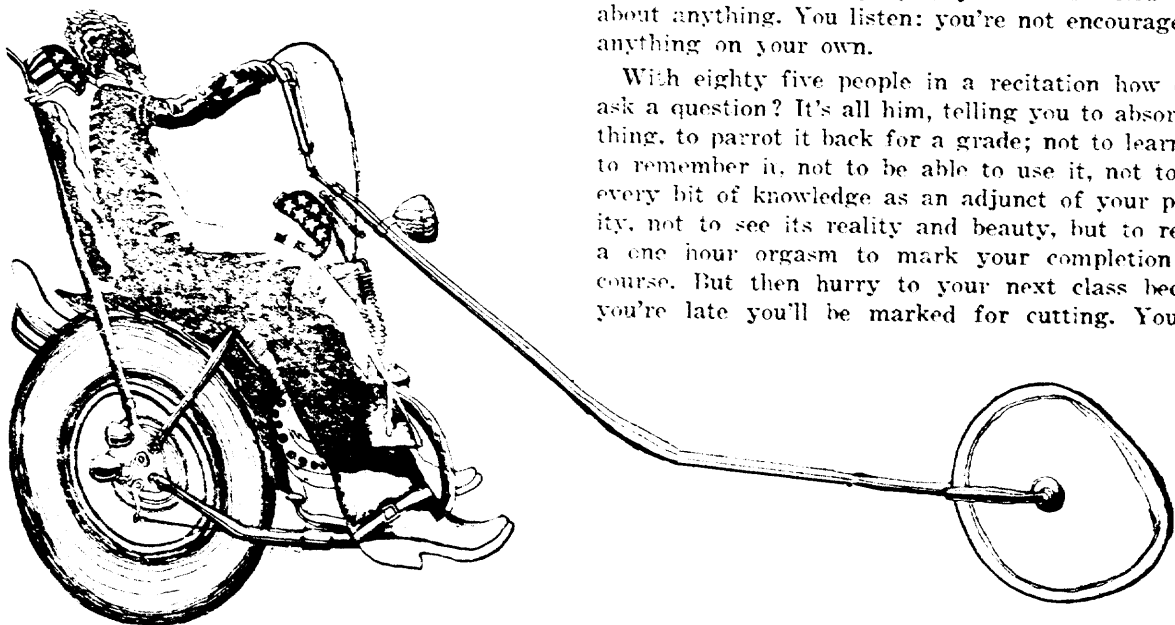
"Easy Rider" is a flawed movie. Much of its travelogue first half is pretentious. City bred Peter Fonda watches a group of hippies planting food in a desert commune, and with all the serious determination of a charter member of the 4H club, looks over the land and comments, "I think they're gonna make it." But when Fonda isn't passing judgments he's on drugs, and the movie is perhaps the first to deal intelligently with drugs. When Fonda and Hopper blow grass they act stoned, and when they trip, it's like a rush. Very real. People hassle their long hair. Country girls ogle their bikes and bodies. Motels won't take freaks. A poor farmer gives of his food. Very real. The identification begins to grow.

Up in the snack bar sit about a thousand kids, locked into a couple pounds of makeup, student uniforms of bells and Oxford shirts, all in style, all together with each other. All one, except maybe a few blacks in a corner, maybe a few freaks in another. And on the jukebox some really popular song is blaring. They call the song, "People Got To Be Free" and a lot of people rock with the music.

One stoned night, as they bed down in a Louisiana forest, Jack Nicholson, a drunken ACLU lawyer who has been traveling with the dynamic duo, looks at Hopper and asks him what he thinks he represented to the hostile crowd in the Louisiana roadhouse. Hopper says, somebody who needs a shave. Nicholson tells him, "No, they look at you and they see the freedom they have denied themselves, all they could be. I mean they'll tell you a lot about individual freedoms but let them see a free individual and they get scared. You threaten them."

Yeah, freedom, one has to identify with the free souls, with their good times, with their ugliness, forgive them their pusher roles and love their easy ride as they cut across America. Even empathize with their dissatisfaction with their own roles, questioning their own freedom.

"Easy Rider" gets stronger as it goes along becoming a masterpiece somewhere in Louisiana because it says real things about America and people and freedom and the discontent of America's youth. Flaws and all, it's a human movie.



Theater: 'Avant-Garde' is Becoming Old 'Heat'

David Rudnitsky

Girls who at 21 still live in Carnarsie, who attend Brooklyn College, and who spurn pre-marital sex aren't supposed to know much about underground theatre. They're supposed to be either nauseated by it or perverted by it.

This is a false assumption.

"Oh, it's another one of those birth, ritual things," said the Carnarsie virgin. The trouble was that it was one of those birth, ritual things.

And the tragedy was that the play was called "Heat." Offered in a sweatingly hot gymnasium on the second floor of the YMCA Sloane House on 34th street, it was avant-garde all the way through.

It had an evolution sequence from ameba to man. It had an audience participation, ritualistic death sequence. It had a highly innovative and imaginative birth affair-in short, it had all the components of a credible theatre experience.

But it was old hat-and just after a few months.

"Heat" was a part of the Grotowski theatre movement. It amplified and stylized basic primitive movements, condensed them into short individual offerings, and presented them in a converted gym which used practically no lighting or musical effects. It was good, anti-literary theatre in the tradition of "Meat Joy" and the rest of the early Kinetic Theatre (a movement known for the quick pace of its productions and the insanely intense ensemble arrangements).

The actors were young, talented, inspired. For the most part they gave the impression that this was their first big theatre performance and that they would try their hardest. They did. Guys were bare from the waist up. Girls wore no bras under their leotards. By contemporary standards it was modest. But the most important element of the play was its artistic sincerity. Sure, it floundered here and there and you could criticize it for not being disciplined enough in its intricate movements. You could even say that the actors seemed to have been given too much liberty in each performance with their movements-but this was communication of feeling. Each actor projected his feelings through contortions of his body. In extremely stylized and choreographed theatre, a great deal of that spontaneity could be lost in the name of precision.

This play should have been a failure. No gimmicks like strobe lights or rock music were employed. No overt fucking which made "Che" into one of the most tawdry productions of the new wave. No plastic sheath which descends upon the audience as in "Stomp." No cries of "Fuck the establishment," "Legalize pot," or "Kill the pigs," bombarded the audience.

This play is now being killed. It's being killed by a whole myriad of imitators, and alleged innovators, who inhabit the theatre lofts suffused through the East Village. Audiences are growing tired of the countless nonverbal rituals that are being thrown together in patterns of Machines, Anguish, Birth and Death" under ceilings which reveal their unstable nature through curling and cracking plaster. Most of these small "underground" productions are being done in the nude or "almost." The major apocalypse of these productions seems to be that actors (and actresses) have balls and tits like everyone else.

They just aren't working, and neither are the professional ones. "Che," which came before "Heat," made it on all the legal shit. "Oh Calcutta" isn't worth this sentence. People would rather fuck for themselves than watch it on stage under the elaborate guise of "liberated theatre." Unless, of course, you get a real horny crowd which can't do any better than to groove on the fornicating vibes. And at the prices "Che" charges, only the well-to-do horny can come. Other assorted hornies, and the curious, will have to settle for the offerings on 42nd Street.

But even these "plays" can't make a



Brooklyn College virgin uncomfortable anymore. Even one I saw in a sorority sweatshirt at "Che" seemed sincerely bored. Bored. The whole fuckin' audience was bored! It was simply dull old shit. Even the couple who mentioned something about Mill Burn, New Jersey seemed to be yawning. They came to see what was "happening."

What's happening, anyway?

Julian Beck used to put a few people uptight with his sado-masochistic approach to theatre. A member of the audience would come up on stage and actually find himself driven to kill. In more intense Living Theatre, you could get the living shit kicked out of you if you were selected to go up on stage. Carried to the extreme, the audience didn't know if it was part of the play or for real. Reality/theatre-no one was quite sure.

At Berkeley, a play was produced in which an actor was planted in the audi-

establishment" and people rose from the audience spewing condemnations. It had good rock music that set your foot a-tappin'.

Freaks and rock shows have become

Z: A Greek Quantifier

Gil Friend

"Z", which opened last Monday at the Beekman Theatre, can expect a reception far surpassing its veritable sweep of the European cinema audience.

Much like "If . . .," which along with "Z" walked away with the audience at this year's Cannes festival, its success is assured by the current political/cultural climate of revolution which the corporate-entertainment axis has found so financially rewarding. Which is not to denigrate the work itself, only to explain the agar it will prosper in.

"Z" is a document — a staged documentary, in effect — of the intrigue surrounding the death of a Greek opposition deputy (Yves Montand) in 1963. As the leader of a national peace movement subjected to considerable police harassment, he is the victim of an apparent hit-and-run accident following a public meeting. The police, whose partiality to right-wing hecklers during the rally was undisguised, report the event as a tragic accident, while the deputy's supporters say he was clubbed by a rider in the van that struck him.

The story could have ended there, for even pre-junta Greece was not exactly an open society, but the investigator (Jean-Louis Trintignant) assigned to the case allows his loyalty to the law to override his loyalty to the government. When he sees evidence supporting the assassination claim, he ignores his superiors' directions to limit himself to screwing a few scapegoats, and completes his investigation, naming names of high officials, and thereby jeopardizing the government's chances in the upcoming elections. But the tanks reached the streets before the ballot boxes.

In addition to delivering a powerful political message which will seem shocking to a few sheltered souls and all too familiar to many others, "Z" is a solid, good film. Based on the novel by Vassilios the film is carefully executed by Coasta-Garvas, director of "The Sleeping Car Murders." Prior experience with the mystery form has served him well, for he demonstrates control of not only his actors and camera and settings but of such intangibles as tension as well. He

the thing; combined with the "liberated" outlook and the ritualistic movements, any show will find a producer and get the publicity and be billed as the "integral disintegration of personal integrity." It will probably even be a hit for a few months until some show finds a more exciting gimmick, like castration or ass-licking.

What the theatre needs now is a median, a good median utilizing the best of both the anti-literary and the classical literary theatre which relies upon dialogue for communicating a large part of its meaning. Open theatre has succeeded here to some degree as well as the two major forms of Japanese theatre. A cross between the cast of "Heat" and the classical fare at the New York Theatre Ensemble would prove quite interesting.

One such production, incorporating people with a variety of backgrounds, including a dancer, a classical playwright, people who've worked at La Mama and Theatre Genesis, and a few who have studied Grotowski techniques, is attempting to bridge the gap between the two competing theatrical forms. It's in its laboratory stage at a theatre loft on 14th Street. The members of this ensemble prefer to remain anonymous for the present, but it shows unique promise, with contemporary depth and stature.

A new anti-literary movement is developing. It is more serious and more committed to total expression through both language and movement. Who knows what it will grow into.

maintains in us an anxiety throughout the film, partly through the investigation and interrogation — forms we know so well from TV — that make up much of the film, partly through some gut-jerking violence, and, quite curiously, through some beautifully executed flashback sequences.

These last are never fully explained, but they needn't be, for they function not as factual story elements, not even as reference points, but in a role more akin to that of the overtones in music; they are vehicles for conveying some of the pathos of the character to the viewer, transferring and translating emotion and mood.

Raoul Coutard's cinematography is, as might be expected, consistently good; it too functions on a level beyond the merely representational. Coutard has already established himself, largely through his work with Goddard, as one of the most perceptive and creative of today's cinematographers. His camera moves a great deal during the film, while everything is in flux, and when it is motionless, it is more often than not holding onto a close shot of some nervous or guilty or bitter face. Coutard's camera is more than a carefully used tool working for the director; it is a carefully played instrument that offers him more than passive assistance.

The acting in "Z" is perhaps the most difficult facet of the film to discuss and thus is well saved for last, for it is one of those rare films in which the performances are for the most part so unobtrusive and convincing that they almost slip by unnoticed. It is hard to single people out for notice, for the cast is consistently good. Among the leads, Irene Papas, as the deputy's wife, didn't please me especially, but Trintignant was excellent. Yves Montand, while not on screen as much as one might have hoped, was still Yves Montand.

"Z" is prevented from being a great film, by a few poorly done shots and a couple of heavy-handed moments, the closing being most regrettable. But it is a very good film, and well worth seeing — quite aside from the fact that it will become the next "required seeing" film of the season.

We Have Ten Wheel Drive and The Flock too...

Aram Scheffrin

The Rock 'n' Roll Revival sucks. Okay, now we can go on from there.

A couple of weeks ago the Action House on Long Island presented an interesting program. I don't think they would describe it that way, but that's what it was. Sharing the bill were two of the newer big rock groups, the Flock from Chicago and Ten Wheel Drive from New York. The Flock had farther to travel, so they looked tired — in the dressing room, not on stage.

The Flock's format is as follows: two tenor saxes, trumpet, guitar, bass, drums and Jerry Goodman, who is virtuosic (?) on the violin and plays very creditable guitar. They played material from the album, and it sounded just like their album. So in a minute I'll talk about their album, but first a brief discussion of their stage thing.

They are very dynamic on stage. Very dynamic. What gassed me more than anything else, visually, were the steps, so help me, the horn section was doing. Rather than increasing their playing volume on, for example, chord swells, they just started at the back of the stage and swooped up to the microphone. There's this disorganized gaggle of horn players back around the amplifiers and suddenly they're all up front hooting away. Remember Red Prysock? It looks like that. It doesn't sound like that.

Goodman and Fred Glickstein, lead vocal and guitar, are on stage first. They do "Introduction," which introduces the album. It's a fitting intro, because Goodman's violin is very much the dominant factor in this band. The piece is a fairly dissonant combination of, I guess, the romantics, the later classicists, and people like Wieniawsky, who composed pieces specifically for the virtuoso violinist. It ain't rock, if that matters. Goodman has all the fingers in every possible right place, and I think he does have soul, despite what everybody is telling me. I never liked violin jazz players, and I don't like violin rock players generally, at least not when the violin is a dominant instrument. (I dig it on McKendree Spring, which I don't dig otherwise, and I dig it on Blind Faith's album.) But the violin is used well in this group. Goodman does have an occasional tendency to start playing what sound like exercises, but he also gets things down when he wants to. One thing that drove me crazy on the album — he seemed to be playing off pitch a hell of a lot. That bothers me.

So then we get to "Clown." It sort of has an R&B feel. Sort of. Flock's rhythm section is not one of those that puts out group power. It's more a question of the listener putting together the various elements himself rather than having it done by the band. It cooks, but there are spaces between the drummer, bass player, guitarist. In that respect, the band has Blood Sweat and Tears' assets and/or liabilities — the band's rhythm section doesn't pick you up and push you. They play together, but they don't, if you know what I mean. Anyway, the Flock drives like hell, whatever the chemistry is.

The horn work here is good. In section playing, they are completely together. On the album, I think, they're over dubbed at least once — but so was BST and so was TWD and so I guess was CTA. There is an extended semi-free jazz section played over a repeated bass riff, in which the horns are used very effectively — nice broad trumpet tones. Probably by inclination, the Flock's horn players tend toward later Coltrane-type songs rather than lyricism. It works here. At the Action House, the Flock jammed with Ten Wheel Drive, and it didn't work there, but we'll get to that.

The Flock uses a lot of vocal harmony. When they sing together, they lay on the vibrato so heavily that it sounds as if their throats were being manipulated. It isn't natural and it sounds awful. Listen to "Tired of Waiting." That piece is the least adventurous on the album, and it makes

it straight through. The violin cadenzas sound integrated, which is a tremendous feat — try Isaac Stern with Steppenwolf; let your head go on that for a while.

"Store Bought Store Thought" is a perfect capsule summary of the beauties and flaws of the band. Lyric, forget it! Good strong cow-bell-pushed head to this chart. A tendency to write dissonant horn parts for their own sake, without regard to the feel of the tune. The Electric Flag did things like that once in a while. Tempo changes that flow naturally — Sons of Champlin do this best.

Very nice blues violin on "Truth." Standard blues horn figures about half way through. Then there's those art-for-art's sake dissonances again, but they don't bother me here. Long, long violin cadenza. Nice. Two bars of blues, two bars of Heifetz. Couple bars of noise. On stage, Goodman did this with wah-wah, and wound up shrieking like eardrums don't exist. I don't like that approach, never have, never will. The crowd loved it. But listen, it isn't music.

At the Action House, the Flock came up to jam on this thing. Lou Hoff, who is the best saxophone player ever to play in any rock band, did a magnificent tenor sax solo (on the album he plays tenor,

draws from herself to do it — method acting. The mood of the character, rather than any point, is what's being put across. The music is mostly subservient to that purpose.

Then there is Genya Ravan, who when she is good is amazing, and when she is bad is merely great. She is basically a blues/jazz singer, with a very heavy black influence. So there is often a tug of war among the personnel when the tune is intended to evoke a very plaintive, very white emotional state. Fortunately, Genya is incredibly talented, and carries off these alien emotional conditions beautifully, probably because the sadness (Construction No. 1 is a very sad album in its lyrics), expressed is a sadness which I know she feels, although it is expressed in ways she never would use. The result is that these white tunes are infused with black spirit, and the sound is somehow unique.

TWD is better live than on the album — because of the personnel changes, because it's more mature, and also because the recording process was a hassle, uncomfortable. The basic musical problem on the album is with the rhythms section — the time fluttered, and it generally was not together. This is no longer true. TWD



alto, baritone and flute). Then came the Flock's tenor player, and from there on the thing fell apart. TWD likes to keep thing-lyrical, emotional and . . . musical. By the time the jam was over, things were out of hand. There were two rhythm sections on the stage and about 17 musicians in all. No one could hear what anyone else was doing, and I really believe the Flock didn't care. There was the TWD rhythm section trying its damndest every few minutes to establish some kind of underpinning to the jam, and it just couldn't catch on three feet from where it was being played. It wound up totally cacophonous. I don't know how the audience put up with it. TWD didn't like it. Everybody was staring at everybody.

TWD's musical approach is weird, because it's directed by very disparate personalities. Most of the writing is done by Aram Scheffrin and Mike Zager, who is a very melodic writer. So the tunes have strong melodies. The jazz elements are there, in the chording and in the solos, but they are never allowed to interfere with the overall structure of the tune — nothing is put in which does not advance the feeling which is being evoked. In this respect, TWD's tunes are tone poems — they set a mood, feed it and build it till it's supposed to be over and then it's over. Nothing jars you loose from what you're supposed to feel.

A lot of this is due to the lyricist. He comes from the theatre, in spirit. The lyrics never preach, they never come out and tell you to do anything. They rarely present his own point of view per se. What happens is a character is created in each tune for the vocalist to play. She

has now achieved that group rhythm section power which I referred to above; as a result, the band drives incredibly, pushing Genya to beautiful heights. Two new trumpet players have galvanized the horn section, so there is an interplay across the stage which keeps the band gassed with itself.

The album contains a very wide spectrum of moods, and has been criticized for that reason. I don't buy that. What TWD

can do, TWD should do. The first cut, "Tightrope," is a fairly basic R&B type thing featuring Genya doing what she does best. It builds nicely and was performed pretty well, leaving out the guitar solo. Good to dance to.

"Lapidary" is one of those theatrical pieces I mentioned. I think it's very evocative — it's also the best tune, musically, on the album. Nice classical guitar, nice flute. Nice. The horns color the background — they're unobtrusive but you'd miss them if they weren't there. Genya is light, fragile except at the climax, which climaxes.

"Eve of the Needle" borrows from Cream, Kenton and Clearasil ads. This thing went so well in the studio it wound up being eight minutes long, but you won't notice the time going by. Leon Rix does the lead vocal, with Genya screaming over him. It's the best lyric and the best arrangement, and shows the band at its most inventive. It's not about drugs.

"Candy Man Blues" is a straight jazz ballad, and it shows one true side of Genya — the love for Betty Carter, hanging out at jazz joints, loving jazz musicians, down and quiet about it. She is in many ways a product of an earlier time, in her soul. She doesn't want to be Janis, she wants to be Aretha before and after "Respect." This is before, and she is what she wants to be.

Lou Hoff and Genya have very little in common on the surface. But Lou wrote this, and played the tenor solo, and they're the same person to me.

"Ain't Gonna Happen" shows Genya's other side. All soul, black and in pain. It's her tour de force and her best performance, because it was written in her terms. You could love her for this one. Slow, hard, all highs.

I'm going to skip "Polar Bear Rug." "House In Central Park" is a really nice tune — it's not played well, but let it get into you. All the color stops were pulled out — if you remember Claude Thornhill . . . contrapuntal lines, piccolo trumpet, cello, flutes, orchestra . . .

Mostly I'm talking about emotions — musician's emotions, Genya's emotions, the emotions you're supposed to get yourselves into — get yourselves, not got, get. Everything is directed toward feeling.

That's why I think TWD's album is better than the Flock's. The production is not as good; sometimes the playing is a good deal less than perfect (it won't be next time). TWD has managed to capture its power, its subtlety, its many dimensions, and its guts. Liner notes notwithstanding, there's no bludgeon here — but there is a blade, and there is a feather, and there's a whole lifetime in there, too.

Buy the damn thing.

Buy the Flock too.

Getting Back Home...

(Continued from Page 2-S)

sequence is short, more would have been much too slow, much too sticky.

Now another three melodies. Quick, sharp, in and out. These cuts crackle. (The "Mr. Mustard" fuzz-bass is very dirty.) Listen to the bridge between "Polythene Pam" and Paul's bit, "She Came in Through the Bathroom Window." And Paul:

Didn't any body tell her,
Didn't any body see?

Sundays on the phone to Monday,
Tuesdays on the phone to me . . .

(Though she thought I knew the answer,
Well, I knew, but I could not say)

Three bad cases of the grip, or it is the clutch? Holding back? Holding on. It's all about Letting Go, making some connection.

The final three minutes . . . spectacular.

Down to basics. A metaphysical lullaby?? Paul's smashing vocal on this one actually pulls it off. Golden Slumbers, a waking-dream lullaby, some primal nostalgia: "Once there was a way, to get back home-ward / Once there was a way, to get back home." (A remembrance of things past). Get Back. And Come Together. A time for bringing it all back home.

But they have no expectations: NOTHING is revealed. The answer: "Carry That Weight." Paul's soft and gritty "Slumbers" vocal calls up a "Carry That Weight" chorus, (reminiscent of the Jude ending.) And from then on, it all flows easily, uphill.

The album ends with, 1) a free-surgin guitar break — the final formal connection, 2) a trite and true LOVE motto, and 3) a joke on making the Queen (the ultimate connection ??).

Norman Brown in Love's Body: "Practice Levity and Levitation." The album does both. As one. The two come together.

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Mutt And Jeff Lead Comp. Lit. 189- It's A Series of Noon Happenings

Noon, and the bell has just done its thing in Mott Hall. In a double-sized classroom, about 35 students knit or read or talk or just wait for the entrance of the English Department's answer to Mutt and Jeff—that dialectical duo, Professors Frederick Karl and Leo Hamalian, with another installment of Comparative Literature 189, Contemporary Writers.

Karl parks himself on one end of the desk, with a volume of poetry. Hamalian lights a cigarette, and leans on the other end. Karl reminds the class to pick up a copy of 26 Ways of Looking at a Black Man by Raymond Patterson at the bookstore for the next guest reading.

Someone passes around a petition protesting the firings in the Sociology department. A guy with Lennon-like hair and beard, who up to now had been mulling over the latest OP, demands student power. Karl remarks, "We're not going to reach those who think, 'someone has to get the ax, so I'm glad it's a radical, simply with cries of student power.'" Hamalian reminds the students that "even if everyone here is sure the firings are political in nature, we must be prepared to fight possibly false evidence against these teachers."

The student shoots back that Karl and Hamalian are both "so respectfully reasonable." Groans

from the class answer him, and so he sticks his nose back in the newspaper for the rest of the hour. Hamalian and Karl perform an antiphonal reading of two similar poems, discuss what has been read.

Hamalian thinks that the Contemporary Writers class "is as close to a series of Happenings as any on the campus." At noon every Monday, the class expands to include anyone who wants to hear authors read their own works. Writers such as Lenox Raphael, Allen Ginsberg, Jerzy Kosinski, Robert Creeley, Diane Wakoski, and Ray Paterson, have already given readings this fall.

However, for some students, the best aspect of the readings comes right after they are over, because then the two professors, the guest reader, and any students so inclined, have lunch together. Jerry Leichtling, one of the more enthusiastic students, thinks these lunches are a vital learning experience in which students are able to converse with contemporary writers in relaxed surroundings.

"I was a little surprised at first to find that almost without exception the writers have been totally unpretentious and attentive to the students' ideas and questions," he remarked.

Mark Sugerman points out, "The lunches are a valuable learning experience, because they're not at all heavy handed. But these relaxed discussions with famous authors make you realize that a writer is no god after all. He's only human, and sometimes this can be disillusioning."

But the class is not just readings and rap sessions over sandwiches and coffee. Twice a week Karl and Hamalian and students get together sans writers and talk — and not always just about

current literary trends, either. Bill Brakefield, the draft lottery, Diane Wakoski's poetry and body, the fired teachers, and the purpose of the class itself, were a few of the topics thrown around during two recent sessions.

The discussions are exciting and on a higher level than those in most other classes, despite, or because of the class's almost complete lack of organization. No formal reading list exists. Karl and Hamalian refuse to force the students to do any reading they don't want to do themselves. Because of this lack of pressure, the students who do the reading because they want to, are usually both enthusiastic and articulate in class.

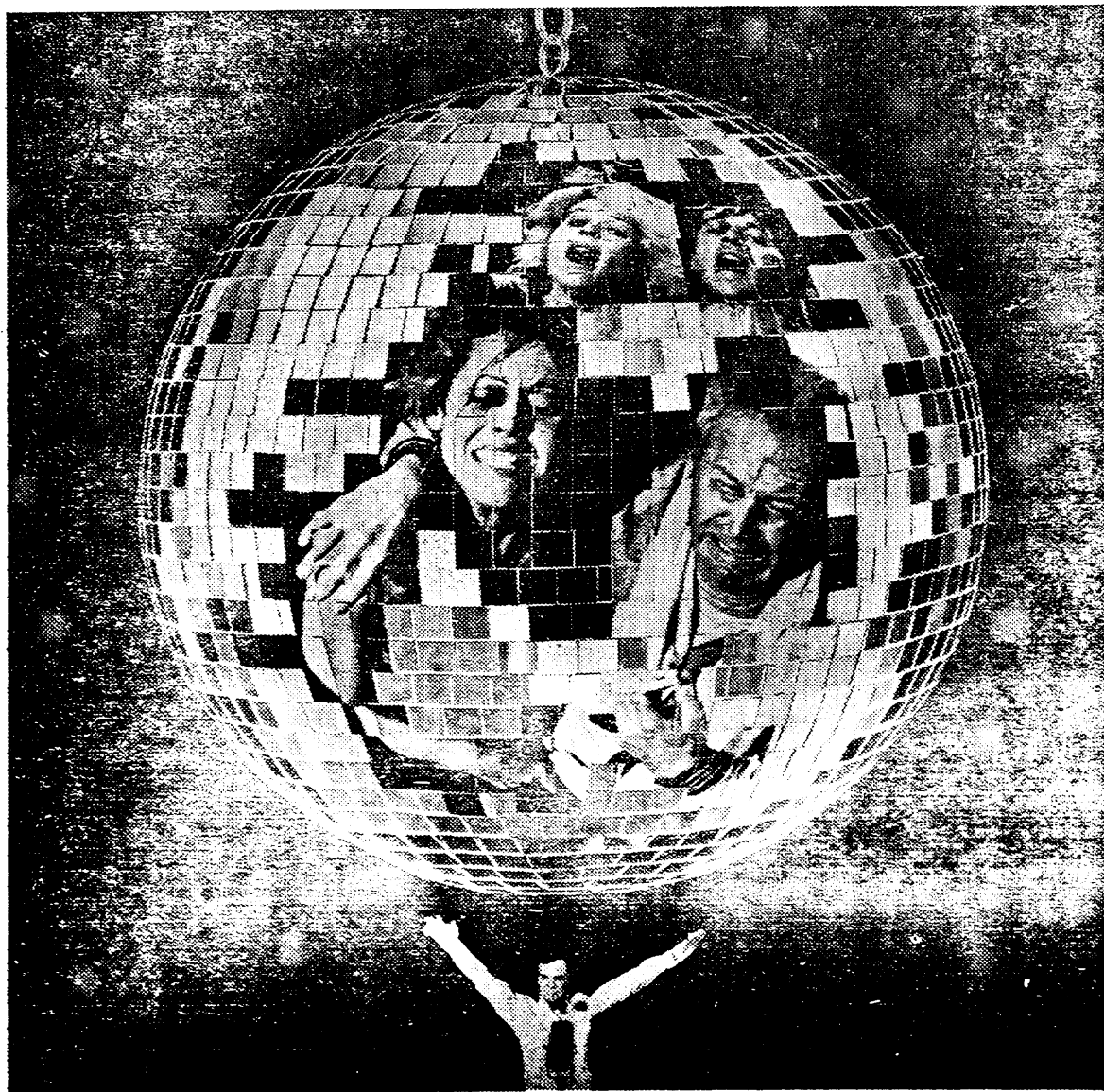
The fact that there are two professors — and two viewpoints — tends to make the class more stimulating as well, though there are students who strongly disagree and haven't come to class in months. They contend that because no attempts have been made to organize the material into a coherent whole, the classroom discussions fall apart or just go off in two unrelated directions.

One student made this very complaint in class, and demanded to know what kind of goal Karl and Hamalian have in mind for the course. "If you mean by the word 'goal,' the possession of a certain amount of related knowledge by the end of the term, then we don't have a goal," Hamalian replied. Karl added, "We're interested in the direct, personal experiences each of us has this term, both while attending the readings and in our class discussions. If each of us has had some rewarding private experience here, then we've succeeded in what we wanted to do."

—Karen Smith

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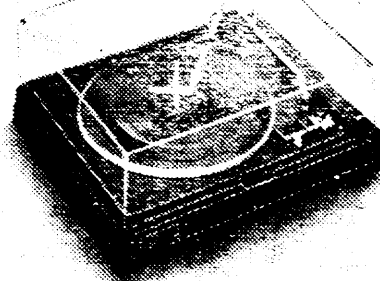
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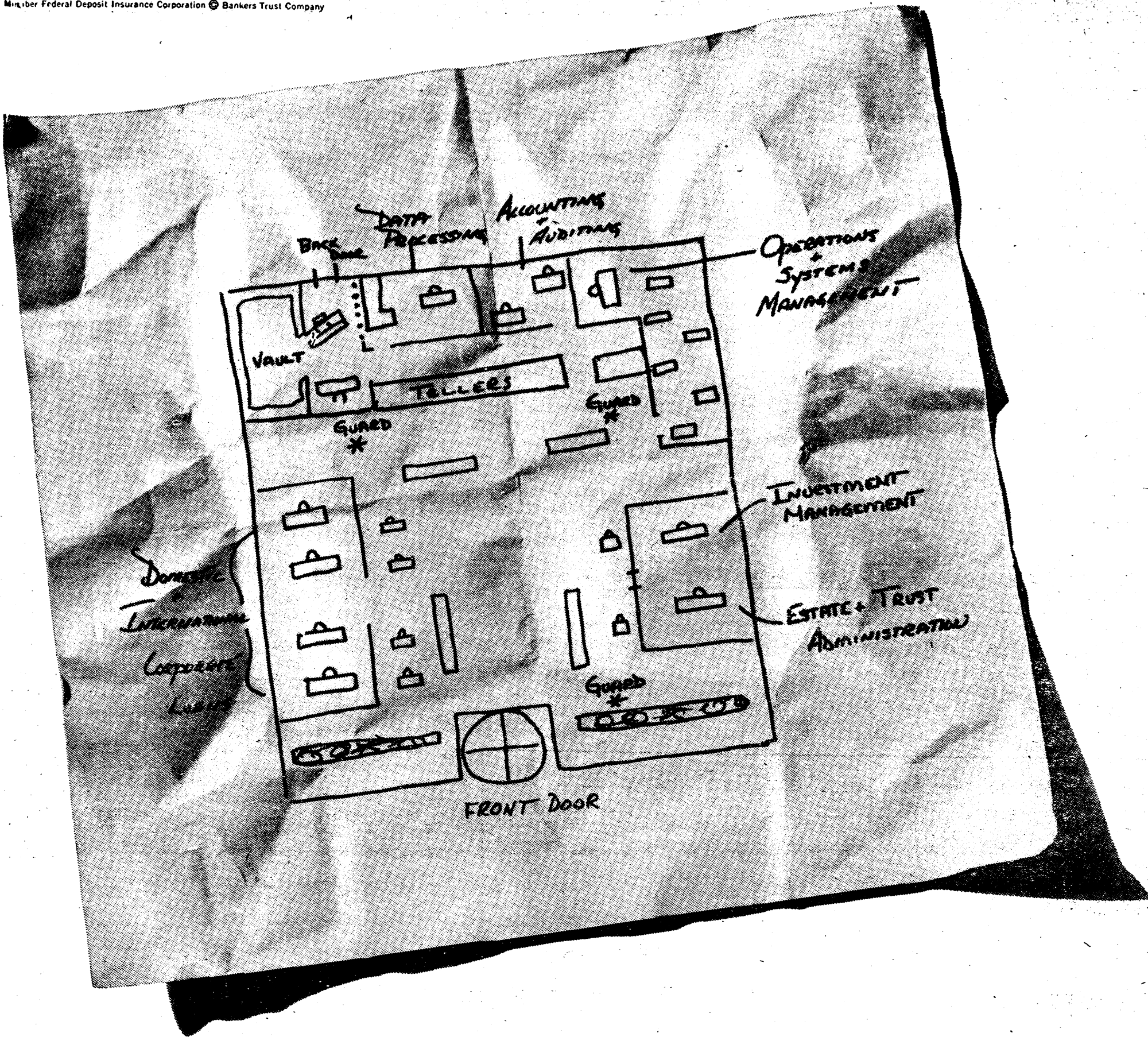
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Knowles Says Nixon's Health Policy Needs Rx

Dr. John Knowles, rejected by the Nixon administration as a possible Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs, addressed about twenty students in the Grand Ballroom yesterday.

Currently a professor at Harvard Medical School and the general director of Massachusetts General Hospital, Knowles spoke of 45 million people in the richest country in the world being hungry, and of the recent White House conference where experts agreed that hunger in this country is unnecessary.

He said the American Medical Association, which was accused of blocking his nomination, restricts the number of potential doctors by not providing for additional academic instruction where necessary to meet medical school requirements. At the same time, he said, many of its members profit by using deceptive Medical and Medicare billing practices.

Emphasizing the need for reforming medical profession, he said, "The medical profession, if it is to live up

to its honorable calling, will have to get itself involved in those things which are the soil of disease today." He cited poverty of the slums and back country areas as fertile breeding grounds for diseases.

"We will have to make ourselves relevant to urban problems across the country if we are to eliminate (unnecessary) diseases," he said, adding that he "would have to work within the political system — I hope peacefully, but certainly rapidly."

Knowles said that students should pressure Congressmen and Senators, and educate themselves and others regarding the true state of the nation, and demand that medical care "become a right, not a privilege."

He said afterwards that he did not believe the Nixon administration was interested in pressing for reform — either in the medical profession or in the elimination of hunger. President Nixon "had better take strong and drastic steps," he commented.

In speaking of his own rejection by President Nixon,

Knowles observed that he didn't think he and Nixon would have been able to work well together. "Not that I'm a flaming liberal, but the present government in Washington is no place for a man like me to be at a time like this."

"If I had been accepted to the post, I probably would have yelled by head off for three weeks, and then have been fired. I don't think I would have been a viable administrator for Mr. Nixon."

The Black Science Students Organization, which sponsored the Knowles talk, will hold a three-day conference on opportunities for blacks in medicine and dentistry next Friday through Sunday in Finley Student Center.

Representatives from the following medical schools have agreed to attend. Tufts, Stanford, New York, Albert Einstein, Mount Sinai, Columbia, Cornell, Howard, Case Western Reserve, Maharra, Southern California, Minnesota, and Illinois.

—Marcus

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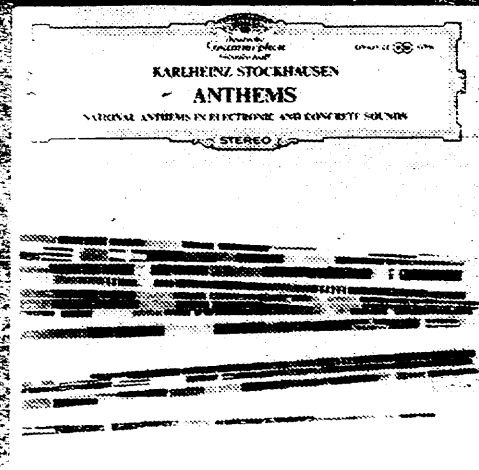
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Black Studies Gets Fourteen Additional Courses?

The liberal arts Faculty Council approved 14 new courses for the Urban and Ethnic Studies (UES) Department Thursday.

However, a shortage of money may prevent the department from offering all of the courses next term.

The Council did not discuss the controversial firing of eight sociology teachers and most of the faculty at the meeting apparently were unaware of the seizure of Wagner Hall, which occurred an hour before.

The UES courses, which were proposed on an experimental

basis, are to be used in evaluating how the department will set up its overall curriculum and specialization requirements. They are to be financed through a special fund for experimentation—not through the regular budget of the College.

But according to Dean Sherburne Barber (Liberal Arts and Sciences), "We do not have enough funds to do all. I want to offer as many courses as possible and use the budget to a maximum. We have to do that. Any money we don't use goes back to the BHE."

The Council accepted the package of courses recommended by its Curriculum and Teaching

Committee after a brief debate.

The approved courses are: The Afro-American Child in His Urban Setting; The Black Revolution; Ethnic Leaders; Urban Dynamics in Black Africa; The Puerto Rican Community; The Puerto Rican Child in His Urban Setting; Negritude As A Cultural Movement; a Survey of the Literature of Black French-Speaking Countries; Socio-Dynamics in the Urban Community; Major Urban Community Issues; African Dance as Human Behavior; Puerto Rican Folklore; Chinese American Heritage; and Creative Research in Urban and Ethnic Studies.

The faculty group also ap-

proved suggested courses from other departments, including Physical Education 101 — Sports and Recreation in Modern Society; Biology 264 — A Laboratory in Animal Behavior; Music 141 — Topics in Folk Music; Music 141.1 — North American Folk Music; Music 141.2 Latin American Folk Music; Chinese 53-54 — Intermediate Chinese; and two as yet unnumbered history courses in the History of Science and Technology. The departments involved may offer these courses in the Spring Term.

The Council also began deliberation on the report of its Special Committee on Curriculum, which has called for a drastic overhaul

of the College's administrative structure and the reorganization of departments along broad topics, such as war and racism.

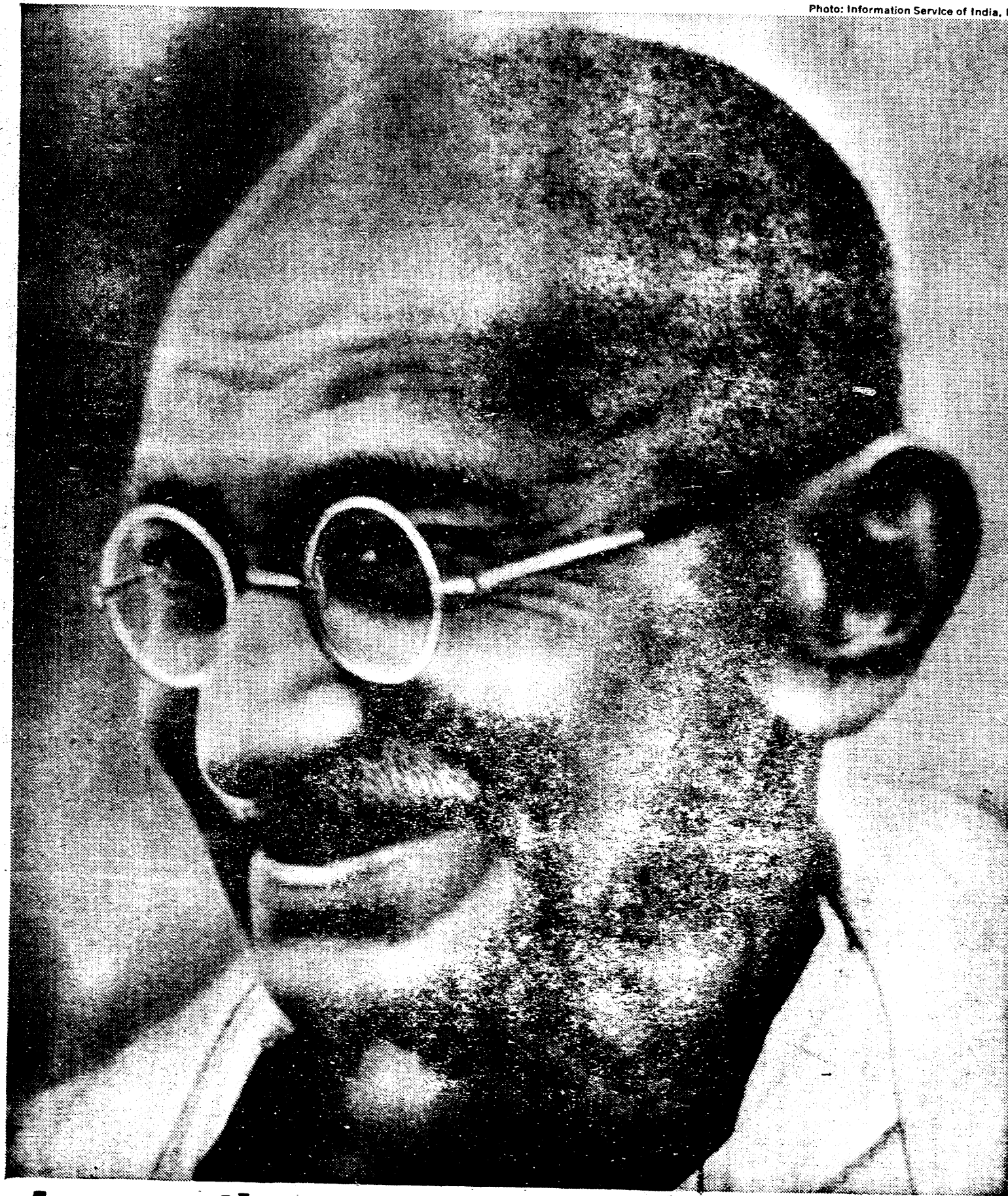
Dean Oscar Zeichner (Graduate Studies) blasted the report, saying, "There is no evidence the changes recommended here would help the curriculum or education. The report contradicts itself by calling for strong departments to be formed, like breaking Anthropology away from Sociology, while denying the departmental structure by reorganizing into division."

Assistant Professor Maurice Cohen (Philosophy), a member of the Special Committee said some of the responses to the report were "hysterical." He added, "I am a recent arrival at City College and for all I know I will be a quick departure." In describing the proposals for curriculum he said, "Our present curriculum does not allow a rational attack on the problems of today: war, racism and pollution. The curriculum does not zero in on the intellectual needs of students or faculty. One must attempt a change."

The report will be considered again at a special meeting in January.

—Miller

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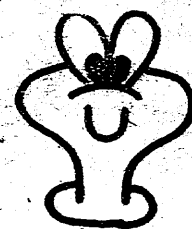
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