

# DOES THE BRONX REALLY EXIST?

by dave schwartz

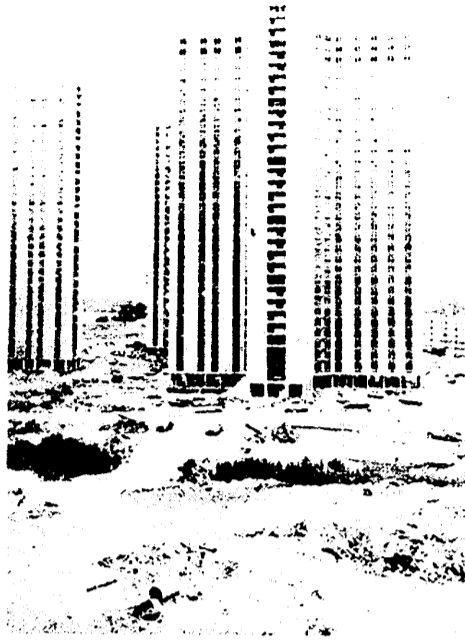
When I hitch home from Queens College, passing motorists sign-read my destination, "the Bronx." I'm sure they often ask themselves, as I ask myself, not only: "Is this the right road to the Bronx?" but more emphatically: "Why do they call it the Bronx?" The question stands: why do they call it the Bronx?

I would like to think "Bronx" is given the kingly article "the" because it is, after all, the only part of New York City connected to the North American continent. However, the real reason is much more simple than my romantic ideal would allow. The phrase "the Bronx" goes back to its original Dutch settler, a Mr. Bronck who owned most (if not all) of this peninsula. When other folks would visit his fair family and extensive lands, they would say: "We're going to the Broncks," and that geographic designation indicating a far away family has stuck ever since ("cks" becoming plain old "x").

Meanwhile, when someone finally picks me up, and doesn't ask me "Why is it the Bronx?" he usually does ask me after we cross the Whitestone Bridge: "When will this traffic circle ever be finished?" My generous driver is here, of course, referring to the mythical Bruckner Traffic Circle; five years in the making already and five more in the awaiting; and, at present, the major touchstone for denigrating the fecund existence of the Bronx (my theme). According to plan, the Bruckner Traffic Circle shall be the largest clover-leaf interchange in the world. But like all enormous creations, its birth throes are long and painful; increasing traffic confusion and congestion are today's toll for tomorrow's glory. Moreover, like all beneficial construction projects for the Bronx, the Bruckner Traffic Circle will come too late to really help, that is, to stop the growing exodus of Bronxites moving to better, already assembled parts. Its strikingly gigantic roadway system will probably hasten their speedy exit from the Bronx's fair shores.

Admittedly, the Bronx is limited. It is almost second-hand, the place perhaps where the extra building materials of Manhattan were kept. If this is the case, at least it is not third-hand, like Queens. Queens is a dream of the Bronx come true; a totally plastic artifice that is the same all over; an achievement at which the Bronx's progress has only hinted so far. Immigrant settlers came to the Bronx, and when they established themselves here, paying off their homes with the best years of their lives, they suddenly found themselves free; this mortgage masochism had no more owing opportunities in it for activating their old age. Therefore, they moved out into new co-op apartments in Queens in order to do something secure with every penny of their retirement benefits. Young or old, Queens occupants originally from the Bronx claim their consciousness has been raised by this process; it gives them a sense of involvement, a chance at journey and adventure. Consequently, in moments of weakness, many a Queens citizen has admitted to me: "You know, I used to live in the Bronx. I spent a few years. . . ." These people belittle their humble beginnings. Now present Bronxites can save time, expense and travel because a brand new Co-op City has just been built in our own borough.

Ask native Queens people what the Bronx conjures up in their minds, and they'll answer admitting a complete lack of association, a void. Many have not travelled there, and the Bronx, they say, is "like Brooklyn" in this regard. Those in Westchester look at it as the "foul South," while Staten Islanders see it as the "infamous Yankee North." Perhaps the trouble with the Bronx lies in its odd geography. This borough is situated between metropolitan New York City and upstate New York,



between Queens and New Jersey, places where everybody wants to go. Quite simply, the George Washington Bridge is the most beloved convenience in the Bronx, because it is the gateway for Manhattan and Queens into the rest of the United States. The Bronx is well known, as a result, for nothing less than the fact that you have to leave it; its highway arteries make it a mere place on the way to somewhere else, your real destination. Like the man said: "Who wants to go to the Bronx?"

As it stands today, the Bronx leads a phantom existence robbed of its own charismatic essence. No one has written a best-selling book about it. No U.S. president has come from its homestead. Even King Kong stayed in Manhattan. Radio announcers speak of "the Bronx" as if it were a forbidden oath or a typographical error in their copy. Out-of-towners consider it a dead and unknown sunken continent, like Atlantis, and marvel to find it indicated on a tourist map. No one, not even any of its inhabitants, wants to verify that the Bronx, by itself, exists. No one, it seems, wants to anchor their dreams there permanently. Let us grant that the Bronx has no night-life (which is true). Let us grant that the Bronx consists of endless auto-body shops, chain-store franchises, construction sites with endless garbage dumps, poorly-lit highways and unaesthetic apartment buildings (which is also true). And let us yet grant that the Bronx harbors countless bowling alleys, cheap food joints, and streets ravished by pothole abysses (which is even more true). Now tell me: are there any reasons to deny that the Bronx really exists?

(editor's note: Madeline, are you taking notes?)

The enormous problem of the Bronx's actual vs. imagined existence affects not only its own geographic substantiality but its human dwellers as well. Bronxites, such as myself, have been known to suffer in obvious ways because of this existential dilemma. Frequent colds due to too-quickly embracing esoteric foreign doctrines; susceptibility to long and frequent periods of travel away from home; exaggerated and imagined life-histories due to an excessive provincialism, the naive stance of a native

son's pride in being on Bronx soil in modern times; and exceedingly vain hopes of actually finding something to do in the Bronx--on any night! are all symptoms of that metaphysical malaise known as "the Bronx."

The best thing to do in these cases, as are usual in the Bronx, is to go to the Orchard Beach parking lot and make out. Then let's follow the prophylactic trail from these primal breeding grounds (just beyond the borough's massive garbage dumps that are just across the way from Co-op City) and see first-hand just what the Bronx doesn't have to offer. Going up Pelham Parkway we encounter, just as it becomes Fordham Road by Southern Boulevard, fabulous and famous Bronx Park, including the Bronx Zoo, which up until a few years ago was the largest zoo in the world, and the New York Botanical Gardens which is never closed to lovers and summer classical music concerts. Continuing up Fordham Road, we make a right at the Grand Concourse to visit the cottage where Edgar Allan Poe not only got drunk and lost a wife, but also wrote some of the finest horror stories in the English language. The Grand Concourse will take you further onto spacious Van Cortlandt Park, tyrannized in the summer by chance white meteors from its golf course and sporting an artificial ski slope in the winter in addition to junkies all year round. Those who venture beyond Van Cortlandt Park can visit the celebrity-studded Woodlawn cemetery or turn east along Gun Hill Road and make a pilgrimage to the former grounds of the Freedomland amusement park, upon which Co-op City is currently being constructed.

A comparison between Freedomland and Co-op City will give insight into the state of Bronx past and Bronx future. Freedomland came and went with the Twist in the early Sixties with rides and amusements based on American History. Rides and amusements which (naturally) never worked. Co-op City, on the other hand, works like a bacteria culture growing on an old mold, bestowing, in its numerous twenty-story buildings, mini-city space for those newly-weds who want a higher life and those senior citizens who want to be closer to that other, upcoming world. An added treat, moreover, for lucky Co-op City residents is the fact that with each year every building sinks back down a little into the rat-infested swamps upon which Freedomland too had been implanted. Here we see, as elsewhere, how the Bronx has always been a pre-atomic experimental testing-ground for second-rate American institutions.

The question now is: will the curse of the Bruckner Traffic Circle ever be broken? Perhaps when that highway complex is finished a turnabout in favor and recognition will occur for the Bronx. Always being built over and torn down, the Bronx needs hardy people who are ever willing to participate in the karmic adventure of its perpetual reconstruction. Settling in the Bronx is no small achievement; it takes a lot of nerve to resist the big-time of Manhattan and the good-life in Queens. To the modern pioneer, the Bronx is the last frontier. For this reason, it is my contention that "the" Bronx deserves a change of attitude. Its definition has suffered from the lack of its proper discovery. The varied peoples who presently make up its constituency have not given the Bronx the benefits of their appropriate time, nor have other world peoples lavished upon it any of their attentive tourism. Capitalistic construction companies have forced its beautiful unsettled dumps with new co-ops and highways; but for what? Who knows what famous people are buried in Woodlawn Cemetery? Who knows what legendary mobsters have been murdered here? Who knows what savage culture graced this land before the Dutch arrived? Who has seen the Bronx? Neither you nor I.

## news briefs

Outgoing Chancellor Albert Bowker reiterated early this week warnings that the City University would not be able to open in the fall without increased funding from the state.

In particular, he said the one-year-old Open Admissions program, with its necessary supportive services, may have to be jettisoned. High school seniors who have already been given places in next fall's class would have to be reapportioned among the university's various units. Budget allocations also would have to be reorganized, a time-consuming process that he said would at least force postponement of the opening of classes in September by two months.

In a related development, the university agreed to cut a \$2 million program and leave 275 jobs vacant in the individual units and the central office to help the city erase an estimated \$1 billion budget gap. The cuts include

cancellation of expense funds for the chancellor, deputy chancellor and the college presidents.

The College's Day Care Center is moving to the gatehouse, former President Buell G. Gallagher's home on Convent Avenue and 133rd Street.

"I expect the Day Care Center



Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer

on South Campus to do more towards improving the drug situation than any number of security guards could do." President Marshak suggested last Friday night, in reference to the change in location of the Day Care Center.

The Music Department offices which now occupy the gatehouse will be re-located in Shepherd Hall.

Marshak also said that the Music Department may use Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer's office. Acoustic insulation of the room makes his office a choice location for the Music Department.

Dean Sohmer reacted to his possible dislocation with, in his own words, "wry amusement." "Several alternatives have come up since," he added.

"The Day Care Center will be permanently situated at the gatehouse until the gatehouse ceases to exist," said Marshak.



Three hundred ninety-six National Guardsmen and military Reservists have signed a statement strongly protesting their being used to contain anti-war demonstrations this spring and summer.

Their statement, released May 4 on the first anniversary of the National Guard killing of four Kent State University students, declared the soldiers' "whole-hearted agreement with those who have demonstrated against the ever-expanding war, both then and again in recent weeks."

"We are not proud of having taken arms against our fellow Americans," the National Guardsmen and Reservists said. "We do not want to do so again."

The soldiers signing the protest included Army and Air National Guardsmen, and Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine, and Coast Guard Reservists. Twenty three of the three hundred ninety six signers were officers.

## news briefs

Sam Jaffe was in Bowker Lounge last week to receive the James Hackett award for distinguished dramatic achievement by an alumnus.

"My absence," the 1912 graduate told those gathered, "makes Rip Van Winkle's 40 year nap seem like 40 winks."

"John Huston Finley, who was president of the College, used to open each meeting in the Great Hall by saying 'This is the happiest moment of my life.' Well, I'm not John Huston Finley and this isn't the Great Hall, but this is the happiest moment of my life."

Jaffe, best known as Dr. Zorba in the Ben Casey TV series, also portrayed the title role in the movie version of "Gunga Din," as well as the 200 year old High Lama in "The Lost Horizon," not to mention the assistant to Townshend Harris, founder of the College and first U.S. Counsel to Japan (who was portrayed by John Wayne) in "The Barbarian and the Geisha."

He was joined at the ceremony by Zero Mostel, a previous recipient of the award, who helped a group of students present in the lounge break College regulations by joining them in a hand of poker.



Betty Rawls

Last summer, City College and many individuals who are devoted to aiding Blacks and Puerto Ricans in their pursuits for quality education suffered a great loss. Betty Rawls, a young black counselor in the SEEK Program at the school, was killed in a private plane which crashed in South Carolina. She worked strenuously counseling her students and many others, and in doing so, she contributed toward an educational system that would challenge students and be receptive to their potentialities; a system to which Miss Rawls diligently, unselfishly, and effectively devoted her beautiful life.

A Memorial Scholarship in her name has been established in order to demonstrate but a minute portion of the respect that so many had for her. The Scholarship is also a small way of concurring with Miss Rawls' contention that there is a great need for more minority group members in the field of psychology.

This aid will encourage and financially assist students who demonstrate that they are both desirous and capable of pursuing such studies on graduate level.

The Scholarship will be administered through the City College Scholarship Fund and awarded annually at graduation.

An intensive program designed to teach students the fundamentals of Spanish in a single summer will be offered by the Romance languages department this year.

The program, carrying ten



## Thirty

fred miller

"Whattya doin'?"

"Sellin'."

"Yeah? Howcome?"

"Movin' on, you know."

"Where to?"

"Boston for starters."

"Boston, huh."

"Cambridge, yeah."

It's not a bad house you know, worn, some traditional lines. A couple of sturdy beams, we like near to ripped it up a couple of times. I guess I liked living there—old comfortable womb, but I'm done. It's up for sale, you can have it.

It's yours. I've stalked it for four years and each next step makes me feel old. I've changed more than it has and yet I have trouble recognizing it.

"Thirty" columns are supposed to be all sentiment and nostalgia—here's a little. It's a place of wonder you know—wondering when Steve

## Thirty

madeleine tress

I first started hanging around the OP office when I came into City nearly four years ago. I came to City because Cornell had rejected me and I decided that City was where it was at. Through stalled D trains from Brooklyn, I was going to emerge as the great campus radical. So of course, I joined that great commie rag sheet.

I quit OP at the end of my third term. I got into this whole touchy feely thing from one Human Relations Weekend too many. While everyone in my first T-group was complaining about how he or she had to break off with this one or that one, I was talking about getting out of the OP office.

It was Women's Lib before anyone had ever heard of it. There was myself, Leslie, and about a dozen guys who either pampered me because I was a chick (all those countless propositions which I turned down, some to my regret and some to my joy), or treated me as one of the guys. All I wanted was to be treated as a human being. So I walked out of the office. I really began to hate quite a few people who doubled as a group of uptight hostile bastards. I walked into that office seeking escape from the cafeteria but anything that was going to plague me downstairs followed me up three flights.

I came back last term because all those people who disguised themselves as monkey demons were gone. But I quickly became bored and once again walked out.

Leaving the College is like expressing gratitude at some award ceremony. I would like to thank the hut people for making my freshman year a little less lonesome and a little more traumatic; OP for cynicizing me; Ruth, Barbara, Fred and Sam for being there; the Psychological Center for their unbelievable graduate students; Marshall Berman and Jack Rothenberg for getting me into graduate school; Jacques Brel, Erick von Schmidt, Joni Mitchell, and especially the late Richard Farina for their lyrics; and finally, Madeleine Tress for putting up with me for some twenty odd years. City College gave me what I wanted in four years—a B.A. I will have

credits—the equivalent of a full year of language study—will be limited to 45 students. The "Spanish Summer Institute" is especially designed to train teachers and prospective teachers who will have Spanish-speaking children in their classes, but enrollment is open to all students.

Classes will be limited to 15 students and will meet from 9 to 3 five days a week.

"Students who complete the course should be able to communicate with Spanish speaking people and hold everyday conversations in Spanish," according to Prof. Renee Waldinger (Chairman, Romance Languages). If they fail, they'll be minus 20 in their cumulative index.

Student Senate elections have been set for beginning of October by Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer.

At the request of student newspaper editors, the English department has agreed to create a fifth journalism course for the fall term, Eng. 53.1—The New Journalism. With registration limited to about 15 people, the seminar will deal with the role of the journalist in society as an observer or participant. Interested students should come to the OP office, Room 336 Finley, as soon as possible so that a meeting can be held to discuss the course content and the names of possible teachers.

will get to the printers, wondering why the FBI called me at home, wondering whether friends will get back from demonstrations alive, wondering what I'll do next, wondering what I am. Wandering around in my usual dazed way, observing and thinking with half the world thinking I'm a speed freak and the other half not giving a shit.

Thanks to Larry Gould and a couple of other people who helped me learn.

Thanks to some other people, whose names need not be said, who helped grow.

And thanks to the people I've leaned on and cried with and may you know my warmth, the way I felt the warmth of you.

A strange breed—part OP people, part-time cafeteria freak, part-time seekers after many truths.

I wondered what my OP by-lines meant—so many people knew my name but did they know what came with it? OP made me do something, which if it was not lasting, at least brought me to many more students than I ever could have brought myself. I hope that neither suffered from the contact.

We fought the war and ROTC and the huts and recruitment and the Sanctuary and Open Admissions and we won a little and lost more often. Sometimes we were even right. It brought me an education above and beyond going to College.

Bill Brakefield, I admired you but I never understood why you wanted so badly to go to jail. You should have taken the offer to split to Canada. But many things I did not understand.

Goodbye Alf Conrad and Betty Rawls—I called you friends, may you have seen me as the same. You stood for people, may I someday share your purpose.

Dawn in Finley, weekends in Cuddebackville, the West Side Highway at 4 AM with someone blowing harp behind me. Thursdays at the Printers, Sunday morning at the Fillmore, rushed papers, the West End, crammed exams, McSorley's. Good things, legal and not.

Driving up Convent Avenue, dead tired on a Friday morning handing out copies of a brand new OP through the windows of the car.

Patti, Robin, Paula, Sam, Steve, Alan, Jonny, Mady, April way back when; I decided to name ten names and then no more. Please don't feel hurt if you're left out, we'll say hello again on some deserted street.

Thirty columns are also supposed to contain some pearls of wisdom accumulated over the years.

Nothing, man. Find yours, I'd give you mine but I don't think you'd believe it.

And I don't blame you.

"How much you want for that house?"

"Just give me your hand brother, I've taken too much already."



some fond memories of college like piling on the lawn or going stoned to open fraternity rushes, and some bitter ones like getting tears in a Jahns coffee milkshake or one conversation on the South Campus lawn last Spring.

I don't know if I will ever come back and visit. I always said that I would return to grade school, junior high and high school and I never did. Right now I can't seem to find a reason for coming back here.

"Sometimes we bind ourselves together and seldom know the harm in binding. . . ."

And that's what college was all about.

## observation post

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# Thirty

jonny neumann

Yesterday night I sat in a crowded subway in Times Square, sadly wondering why I so dearly want to be a clear writer. I did not expect to figure any simple answers. But three strangers standing in the car suddenly helped me to understand the mystery of my love for writing.

For two weeks I had been intensely working on the magazine article which was now on my lap. Its edges were dampening as my sweating flats tried to bury the manuscript from everyone's sight. I was on my way home after visiting a close friend who had edited the article. He suggested a few changes; his criticism was not harsh. But he hinted that the story touched on some basic differences in our views and maybe in our personalities. Most of his comments were indirect and vague but they hurt me very much. I could not determine whether his troubling remarks were directed more at the actual writing or at my ideas.

I felt even more irritated and confused simply because I had allowed myself to be so strongly bothered. I do not like to make my personality an important part of what I write. A work should express feelings or thoughts which can stand on their own, removed from the author. I hate the popular concept of writing merely to prove one's wit or intelligence. My article, ironically, criticized Norman Mailer and John Lennon for offering very little concrete thinking other than in advertisements for themselves.

But now I could not avoid facing that I was miserable because someone had criticized my writing. I grew afraid and very unsure. I asked: How much of me do I associate with what I write? Where can I draw the line between what people think of my writing and what they think of me? Can I be so upset because of my possibly poor writing style, even when I feel satisfied with the ideas I try to express? I began to conclude: if writing means confusing my feelings, losing my emotions to words, and sharing passions with paper rather than with people, then I do not want to be a writer. I would be unwilling, I felt, to ruin a friendship, particularly the one with myself, as a result of an argument over my writing.

I probably would have continued forcing myself deeper into a depression, had it not been for the two girls and a boy (about my age) who walked on to the subway while I

## The more I tried to make sense...the more mysterious it became...

was lost in this gloom. I was staring at a correction on page ten when I finally noticed that the three people had been leaning over me, also reading the article. One would expect a strap-hanger to read the headlines on the newspaper in the hands of the person next to him, but these three were straining to look at a type-written essay which was even partially hidden by my hands. And then they began speaking to me about it.

"What's the paper for?" one of the girls asked. "It looks fascinating."

I was shy, as well as startled. "It's a magazine story I'm writing," I whispered meekly.

"Have you sold it yet?" she wanted to know.

"No."

"What magazine is it for?"

"I don't know."

"Do you have another copy?"

"Not with me."

"Could we read this one?"

This strange encounter puzzled me, but somehow it seemed very natural—almost as if those people were friends who came to my house to read the story and give me comfort. I immediately handed the article to the girl, who sat down on a seat opposite me. The other girl and boy sat next to me on each side. As the girl finished each page, she passed it along to one friend who read it and gave it to the other. Thus a stream of pages flowed around a part of the crowded subway car.

Most of the people—we appeared to be a typically tired, dreary after-the-rush-hour crew—seemed entertained by the event. Some peered over shoulders to see what the fuss was about. Many passengers were unusually friendly and were even talking aloud. But most of the conversation came from the three strangers, who seemed absurdly excited by the article.

A mysterious but beautiful wave of images now pushed away my growing self-doubt of a few minutes ago. I do not believe in mysticism; I enjoy uncovering and defining reasons for situations. But I could find no rational explanation for what was happening, or how it quickly, clearly changed my mood. The more I tried to make sense of my new feeling, the more mysterious and intense it became.

I felt removed altogether from worrying about self-consciousness. Like the tiny air bubbles fizzing together with the glass of water in the Alka Seltzer ad above my head, I had become another of the unknown but smiling people together in the subway car. I had less to do with the



article than the people who were reading it. It was *their* story now. As far as I was concerned it did not matter that I, or anybody in particular, had written it. There was a distinction between me and the words I composed. My feelings and ideas were shared among people, strangers right here in front of me. Yet I was not being judged.

What perplexes me most is that my pride as a writer disappeared on this mysterious subway ride; I would have expected my self-indulgence to increase. But the immediacy of sharing with these people what I had previously worked out on my own made me feel comfortable and satisfied, not egotistical. I did not care at all whether others felt my writing was good, bad or even terrible. The only thing that mattered now was the peaceful feeling I had reached with myself and the others in this little travelling house.

What is most fascinating, though, is the way it all happened: just when I was trying with such difficulty to figure what my writing means and why and how I am hurt by criticism... my thoughts just fell together neatly. And the solution came through no plan I had envisioned. As I left the subway station, I felt passionately compelled to write, write, write. I looked forward to working in spite of my fear of making mistakes; my ability will grow and crystallize as I mature. And in being clear, in understanding why I write and in explaining my ideas concretely, I will be able to separate myself from my writing and allow myself to feel satisfied, at least sometimes.

Still, precisely at the time I reach a certain clarity, as with the realization I just sensed on the subway, I will overwhelmingly be struck by the mystery of how I arrived there. And I will then have to begin to unravel my confusion all over again, to reach the next temporary point of clarity.

This uncanny cycle of mystery and understanding may help to explain the love and excitement I feel for writing.

I realize, too, that my attitude towards writing is far away from the general climate of artists today. Unlike Mailer, Hawkes, Godard, Fellini, Warhol, Lennon... I believe that writing should be thought out at length in advance, and consciously directed even though it is spontaneously created.

Implicitly, my political outlook is also different. And here is where I have run into most of my major problems and arguments. I have no disagreement with any criticism of the establishment, neither do I object to most revolutionary or fresh ideas, when they are stated clearly. Rather, I become very upset with the admitted or implied sentiment that we cannot think out or plan any actions which might bring people together eventually. I am also skeptical and cynical. What disgusts me is the denial of individual responsibility which so many political and

artistic heroes seem to smugly suggest.

The Lt. Calley massacre trial was the most blatant example of American individual irresponsibility. The killing of 102 people, said Calley, was "no big deal."

Is not Norman Mailer, in *Armies of the Night*, for example, equally immature and potentially dangerous? He continually illustrates that his drinking parties with Robert Lowell and Jimmy Breslin are far more important to describe than the serious anti-war demonstrations raging at the Pentagon. Or he says in a television interview: "It's come to the point where nothing matters any more...."

Does not John Lennon add to the perilous political atmosphere by insisting: "Don't you dare question the meaning of what I do!" Or when he sings, in *Plastic Ono Band*: "Don't feel sorry/Bout what you've done."

Such refusal of responsibility inevitably leads to self-deception and dishonesty with others. Why are Mailer and Lennon never serious and direct about what they have to say? Why is there always such hype and sarcasm and trickery? What, in fact, do they offer besides their personality?

I sense we are blindly accepting half truths and hollow words which often replace the feelings they describe. We believe in concepts which define Coca Cola as well as love with simple catch-words like "real." War and movies and drunken writers become one and confused. Vagueness is described as something "perfectly clear."

Nixon, Agnew & Co. are the worst offenders in spreading this haze of dishonesty, but slovenly artists and politicians on all sides add much to the confusion. I feel a cold, ugly desolation in much of what is popular today: if Norman Mailer and Pete Hamill were not known so well as energetic personalities, we would learn almost nothing from their writing. They attack everything as "absurd" and have given us nowhere to go from there. We are so often let down, left empty-handed and even scorned by our heroes. What do we have to hold on to? What, even, do we ask for?

The worst irony is that people like Mailer and Lennon, while representing the struggle for liberation and equality, are actually symbols of superiority. I could never imagine, for example, Mailer feeling equal to or satisfied with a small group of strangers in a subway. Not simply because he is famous. There are many other famous, serious artists and leaders who, I think, would feel that equality: Isaac Babel, George Orwell, Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, Gandhi. There is not a human problem in the world which will be worked out before we reach and believe in equality: sexually, economically, ecologically, politically, racially; we will not go far until a balance on each side is attained.

How can we possibly begin to experience equality if we admire people because they profess superiority? Or do we care any more?

I believe enough people do care; I have to believe that if I am to go on. The super-fear of the Apocalypse being right around the corner is by now no more than another half-truth which we use to avoid facing up to our responsibilities. I do not believe we are closer to final destruction than any other generation. The Plague which wiped out one third of Europe last century was probably far more frightening and less controllable than the threat of nuclear or ecological disaster.

Obviously, we do have a thousand real and complicated problems. There can be no simple solutions to any of them. But we must distinguish one problem from another, and be able to fit them into proportion. We may not be as helpless as some lead us to believe. Our greatest power might be in something we already possess: our minds. If we apply the energy and courage to think on our own, if we understand meanings and implications rather than blindly accept images and illusions, we could begin to grow up.

There is a silent majority, I think. But that group is made up of the people riding with me on the IRT last night.





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# D.C. Bust: 'We Were All Prisoners Of War'

by Larry Rosen

For a few anxious minutes, we thought the cops would be crazy enough to gas and beat the 3000 demonstrators who were peacefully sitting in before the Justice Department Building May 4.

But Tuesday was a different demonstration, unlike others held earlier in the week, perhaps because it was run by an uneasy coalition between the Mayday Tribe and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

People began assembling at Franklin Park before noon. A people's press conference was held while more people descended upon the park. The crowd waited as the microphone was passed through it—so that anyone could say to both the people and the press why they had decided to come to Washington this week. One man read a statement from a pamphlet he got at the Smithsonian about how the men at the Boston Tea Party took the law into their own hands and how it was a major step in summoning up the American Revolution. This statement drew a lot of applause.

After this, SCLC's Golden Franks organized the thousand or so demonstrators into groups of 30, 4 abreast and at noon the marchers started for the Justice Dept., heading east on I street, south on 13th Street and east on Pennsylvania Avenue.

People were upset by the strict leadership and organization of the march by SCLC. But because of the failure of disorganized groups to shut down the city the previous day, the people swallowed their pride and marched along the sidewalks, obeying traffic lights and marshals.

The mood was very festive, as we sang, chanted, clapped and asked passersby to join us. Many joined our ranks and even construction workers (mostly black) gave us the clenched fist salute. As we neared the Justice Dept., our ranks swelled to 3,000. The crowd filled all of 10th Street. As the speakers gave their usual raps, the 8,600 soldiers and police deployed in the area cordoned off both ends of 10th Avenue.

At three p.m. (the time ending our permit to demonstrate), Golden Franks, the man who accepted the responsibility to get us into the Justice Department area and out again without police harassment and arrest, took the mike and pleaded with the crowd of 3,000 to pick themselves up and march over to Resurrection City. He was shouted down and laughed at. No one was leaving because of some bullshit court order. A police truck equipped with gun slits and bullhorns pulled out through police lines and with Police Commissioner Jerry Wilson at the mike, announced that we would be subject to arrest if we didn't leave the area immediately.

You know, these cops are amazing. They block all exits from the street with manpower over double ours and then they order you to leave or face arrest. Everyone laughed. The people at the podium asked for people to come up with their instruments and make music. Drummers, flutists and singers took the steps. One person played the Star Spangled Banner and the 3,000 sang along. The cops began moving in and the people prepared themselves for gas. It didn't come though. Cops, 100 across, six deep moved in slowly, but with only their clubs and arresting books. People began taking off their anti-gas paraphernalia and began dancing to the music. The pigs, seeing this, lowered their clubs and from that point on, the relationship between the cops and the people was very cordial with smiles on everyone's faces. Demonstrators raised a chant for "higher pay for cops." In general, people did not resist arrest and cops did not use excessive force in helping people to the busses.

Of course there are always some party poopers in every crowd whose only purpose in their existence is to destroy everybody else's good time. A few cops threatened demonstrators and used roughneck tactics on people who refused to move themselves. Leave it to the FBI to try to fuck up everything. Six of these motherfuckers, during the arrests, dashed out of the Justice Building to personally arrest a man who was writing on the walls. Among those six who helped drag the man into the sanctuary of the



Justice Dept. courtyard and beat him to the ground was William C. Sullivan, the number three man in the FBI and the man frequently mentioned as successor to Chief Pig J. Edgar Hoover. Sullivan was said to have described his behavior as "just a little sport." What a schmuck.

There was also a police photographer with a telescopic lens who was taking pictures of workers at the windows of the Justice Department, watching the demonstration. They'll probably be put on security risk files or something.

My arresting officer was really a nice guy. His identification badge read A.L. Scharbacher. As I sat there, he said, O.K., get up."

Me: "Aren't you going to help me up?"

Schar: "O.K."

He put out his hand and I took it and we walked hand in hand to the bus. He began filling out my arrest form.

Incidentally, the reason they did not use gas was because on Monday, they made over 7,000 illegal arrests and the courts forced them to let the people go without conviction or bail. This time they were going to do a perfectly legal job in mass arrests.

Scharbacher: "What's your name?"

Me: "Rosen, Lawrence Rosen."

Schar: "Middle name?"

Me: "Ha! Ha! Stanley."

Schar: "Address?"

Me: "New York, 1411 Waring Avenue."

Schar: "Uh! I mean, off the record, what do you do? It's okay. I'm just curious."

Me: "Oh, I'm a biology student at City College in New York."

Schar: "You know, we've had a lot of Rosens arrested

yesterday."

Me: "Well don't you know, all Jews are Communists? Hey, are you Jewish?"

Scharbacher: "Me? No, I'm German."

We both laughed. While waiting on line at the bus we had to pose for a picture. The cameraman says smile so I stand and flash the "V" sign with Scharbacher. Sixty seconds later Scharbacher attaches it to my arrest form and I get on the bus. Luckily, Ed Weberman, my friend, was on the same bus as me. While we were sitting in the street, I had asked Ed to take a picture of me as I was being arrested, but this police guy overheard us and arrested Ed first.

When the bus filled up, we were on our way. The spirit was really high with singing, shouting and joking. It was like the bus ride up to summer camp—except we were going to a different sort of camp. When we finally arrived at the 14th Precinct, we all started singing "We're here because we're here because..." We sat in the police garage and were called in one by one for processing.

It was interesting to see the difference between the GI's and the police guarding us at the station and generally everywhere in the city. Many of the cops are fighting private little wars and have vicious, savage heads about them. The troops, on the other hand, were very friendly, engaged us in conversation and gave us the clenched fist salute. Because of this, their roles assigned to them at the Monday shutdowns were different. For instance, at Dupont Circle, the troops were put on the inside of the Circle, partly to guard it against invasion and partly as a show of force. This action allowed the police to move down the side streets leading to the circle to disrupt demonstrators.

The GI's couldn't really be trusted and were given a passive role in the disruptions. Only a veteran of a demeaning job, sufficiently brutalized by it could be trusted to put his body on the line to protect the Government.

A cop walked over to me and started staring and checking my face with my arresting picture. He did this for a few moments. I yelled out my name: "Rosen!" He didn't answer and kept checking the picture. So I yelled at the top of my lungs, "Rosen!" He said, "Okay, just for that you're going to be called last," and he stalked back into the office. Everybody laughed at him. A few seconds later another cop walks out with the same picture and calls out, "Rosen!" I go in.

Throughout my whole stay in the prison, I saw a lot of the cops in the same insecurity bags—having to constantly prove that they're men and punishing people for disrespect. That probably is the reason why they're always running that three foot club through their fingers.

There were already ten people in the cell into which I was placed. It had an iron bed without a mattress, so it was made only for one. The toilet was broken and had urine and butts in it from the who knows how many days before we arrived. I started having fantasies that big Ed

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Rosen discusses political issues with guardsmen while being detained in police garage.



sid settler

## D.C.-People Were Watching

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)—“No,” she said smiling. “I’m not going to work. Neither is anyone on this street. There’s all this happening all around the city. Wasn’t Key Bridge tied up? And you know we don’t want this war.”

N Street and 21st, N.W.—in the heart of the nation’s capital, in the middle of the Dupont Circle target area on Mayday. This 60 year old black woman, standing in front of her house, watched in amusement as a D.C. Transit bus came to a halt at the corner, its distributor cable ripped out. Further down the street, VWs and other cars juked out from the curb at crazy angles, squatted defiantly on the center line, and kept the street closed.

Streets like 21st and N were kept closed temporarily all across D.C. on the morning of May 3, inconveniencing countless residents. “Violating their civil rights,” cried the Justice Department.

On one street, demonstrators took to opening the hoods of passing cars, forcing their drivers to stop, get out and close them. A middle-aged driver, looking scared, was one such victim—but after having stopped, he finally smiled and offered to give a lift to the three demonstrators who opened his hood. They hopped in.

Other “discommoded” drivers were less hospitable. A number went so far as to accelerate when they saw demonstrators blocking their path. A few people were run over or struck by angry motorists. Other drivers—still a distinct minority—gave the finger to protestors, or fumed in silence.

Later on that morning, traffic flowed more normally, thousands of arrests having stopped the stall-in tactics. We drove around the city, trying to look anonymous, in a small anonymous car. But this week in D.C., no one with long hair or denim clothing could be anonymous, and on almost every street, some passer-by would shout “Keep up the good work!” at us, or wave, give a V-sign or a fist.

“What do you think of the demonstrations?” we asked a straight-looking young white guy in a People’s Drugstore

**“We drove around the city, trying to look anonymous”**

across from Dupont Circle. On the traffic circle, hundreds of Marines and GIs stood with their rifles ready.

“Well, I don’t know if this is the best way of going about it, and you seem awfully disorganized. But,” he said, motioning to the occupying force in the circle, “That kind of thing is certainly making people think.”

The next morning we were in a bank in Georgetown, the city’s center of hip culture and high rent. It was the scene of heavy gassing and many arrests, when protestors pulled back from the Key Bridge target area. As we cashed a large check for bail money, we mentioned to the young woman teller (with frosted, teased blond hair) that the money was for some arrested friends.

“Oh really?” she exclaimed suddenly, glad to have a chance to talk about what had become the major topic of concern for Washingtonians. “Then let me tell you about something I saw yesterday. There were all these groups of young people, just walking in the street and stopping traffic. All of a sudden a group of policemen charged and arrested a lot. They grabbed one boy and beat him and beat him. I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to trust a policeman again.”

Another teller came over to us, a grey haired woman dressed in a severe conservative suit. “Are the demonstrations over yet? I hear there’s another one this coming

Saturday.”

“No,” said the younger woman, “That’s a pro-war rally. I don’t think there’ll be many people, not so many as this week.”

We mentioned the already-dated poll that says that 73% of the American people favor immediate withdrawal by the end of the year.

“Only 73%?” the older woman responded, “I’m sure it must be much more than that.”

We were walking on R Street when we met an old, shabby, somewhat drunk black man carrying a puppy under his jacket to keep it warm. We commented on what a beautiful puppy he had. Then he asked us if we were broke.

“Well, kind of. . . .”

“Don’t think I want to ask you for money,” he exclaimed, “I want to give you money.” He started digging for coins in his tattered pants. “You know why I want to give you this money? You know, I was wounded three times fighting for this country (in World War II) and they still treat me like a dog. Not so good as I treat my dog.” He gave the puppy a fond pat on the head.

“Now I have my own house and a job in construction (he held out the rougnened palms of his hands) so I’ve got enough. I’m too old to do what you people are doing, but I think it’s really great, what you’re doing. So I want to give you this money.”

He tried to press ten dollars into the hand of one of us. We refused it. “Well, if you change your minds, remember I’ll be glad to give you as much as you need.”

Around the corner in Georgetown, two recently bailed-out demonstrators sat eating their first good meal in a day in a coffee shop. A jack-booted motorcycle cop walked in





sid satter,

and tried to make friendly conversation with the waitress as he asked for his food. But the waitress stared at the floor and silently took his order. Other patrons in the restaurant stared at the cop, who stood nervously on his feet, and left as soon as possible.

The day before, after the Justice Department sit-in and bust, another waitress in a nearby restaurant willingly filled demonstrators' canteens with water.

Each of these separate incidents and conversations was enough to give a lift to bedraggled and foot-weary demonstrators. But it wasn't until you found yourself trundling through the streets of D.C. on a bus full of busted people headed for the clink, that you fully realized how it wasn't just isolated people who sympathized with Mayday.

Crossing the city from overcrowded jail to overcrowded jail, through black and white neighborhoods, downtown business districts, everywhere—the chanting, fist-waving demonstrators were greeted overwhelmingly by people on the street with V-signs, clenched fists, and broad smiles.

It was too much. We kept looking at each other in delighted disbelief. Far fuckin' out!

# MAY DAY



# Senate Exec V.P. Sullivan: 'Moods Came in Waves'

maureen sullivan

Everything was over by noon Monday. For the past three or four hours I had been trying to find my way back to Georgetown University. I found instead, a fellow lost brother and together we stumbled along very cold, hungry, tired and frustrated. "If we can just find Dupont Circle I'll be able to get back," I said.

And we did find Dupont Circle. And we found a policeman to help put us in the right direction.

"Excuse me sir, but can you direct us to New Hampshire Ave?"

"Surely ma'am, right this way," as he took my arm. Another policeman took my new-found friend's arm and led us right into Dupont Circle, in the direction of a bus. Being my usual observant self I announced, "Hey, you're not taking us to New Hampshire Ave., you're arresting us!"

"That's right miss."

"But I didn't do anything.;

"Tell that to the judge."

"What are the charges?"

"There are none."

"Then how could you do this to me?"

"Very easily miss, I'm getting paid for it."

With his last comment I knew it was hopeless. There were hundreds of marines and police inside the Circle who assured me I was on my way to jail. Dupont had been cleverly encircled by buses to hide the paddy wagons inside. I went quietly. Charlie (the brother I met on the way) was pushed up against a car and searched while I was escorted into the bus. I was greeted by cheers and about forty smiling faces. As I tried to explain to them what had happened, one guy shouted "I was just waiting for a red light to change," and another: "I was just jay-walking."

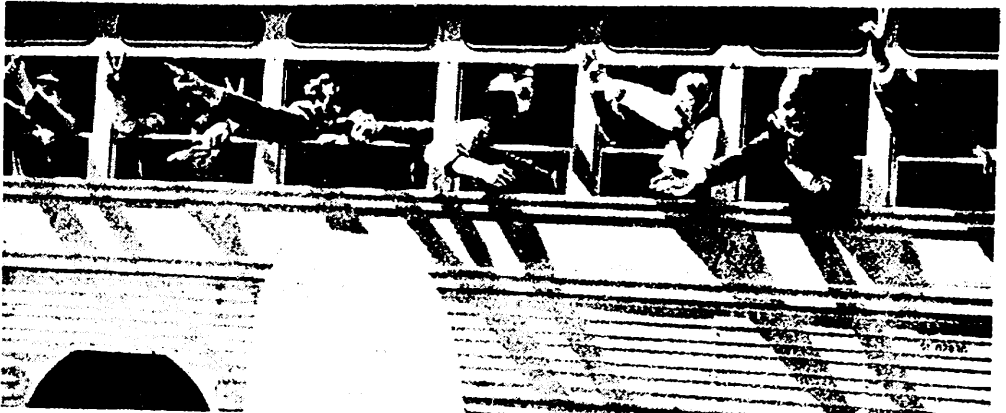
We were both down, and we found it hard to get into the good-natured spirit of the rest of the bus. But just then, five Hare Krishna people were pushed into the bus and we couldn't keep from laughing—that did it, the whole thing had to be a joke. Hare Krishna people just couldn't be involved in the Mayday movement.

The bus was driven into the ground floor of a big white building. It was right out of concentration camp stores. We were ordered out of the buses and told to line up against the wall. "Up against the wall, Motherfuckers" someone shouted. And as the walls actually began to close around us, I thought "Oh my God, the showers." I wasn't simply being paranoid, someone else shouted the same thing. The floor on which we stood began to move down and we were herded into the basement when one of the walls opened. Again we were lined up against the walls. We were told we would not be allowed to keep anything with us. All valuables would be tagged with our names so as not to get lost. We were then led single-file through an opening in the bars to cells with our brothers and sisters

"Do we want girls?," one guard shouted out to another. I was the first woman to enter through the bars; it never dawned on me that Charlie and I would be separated. After all, I wasn't in a situation like this since third grade.

"Yeah, but put them in the other block." Charlie and I looked at one another. Despite his teasings about how it was my fault, he did look sad and rather lonely. I felt it too—we'll probably never see each other again.

I proceeded alone into a long hallway. I was followed soon after by five other sisters (out of fifty people there were only six women on the bus). The six of us were put into one cell. Across from us were 20 sisters jammed into a



smaller cell. The first thing that happened was the "search."

I was told to take off my jacket, and not knowing what to expect, I procrastinated as long as I could. The woman who was searching me looked rather young and still unhardened by this inhuman system, so she became rather embarrassed and only lightly searched me. I was asked to empty out my pockets. The only thing I had with me was some pills for bronchial asthma. There was a big to-do over whether I could keep them, so finally after explaining I had to have them with me at all times, they were brought to the doctor and he okayed them.

Back in the cell the only piece of furniture which stood out was the toilet, which was stashed in a corner. All else was cold stone except for an iron bench. Soon it was fingerprinting and picture-taking time. That was around the corner where all the men were, and it proved to be an exciting walk. Our brothers were boisterous and full of

spirit. Five of us went along with the whole process very peacefully. However, a sixth sister refused to have her fingerprints taken. As they pushed and shoved her and twisted her arm, we climbed the bars to try to see what was happening. We couldn't. All we heard were loud screams and pleadings from her to let go of her wrists and to stop choking her. When she finally came back to the cell, her wrists swelled. After long proceeding with a doctor and painkillers and the rest of it, she was taken to the hospital with broken wrists.

Many of the sisters who were there had been there since six that morning and they were anxious to know what had happened in the streets.

We were each allowed one phone call. We space them out so as to get reports from Bust Central and friends located around the city. News from the outside became very vital, something to talk about, something to hope for.

Moods came in waves. At first we talked and were very lively. Our songs mingled with those of the brothers and

echoed throughout the building. As time droned on we became quiet and some slept.

There were many tense and frustrated moments. People were crying after the woman was hurt. It sparked an argument about whether the guards and others who worked in the prisons were at fault for their behavior. This was the only time we turned on one another. When we grew frustrated again, we yelled out slogans and sang even louder.

We were hungry and the only food available was food that we would have to pay for. Finally, we were fed at about 8 P.M. Each person was given two sandwiches and an orange. We each saved some food because we didn't know when we would get food again.

Finally at 9 P.M. we were told that if we had ten dollars we could be let out. About five of us didn't have any money. One girl gave me ten dollars and when I asked for her address so I could mail it to her, she said to forget it. At 10 that evening I was free.

## Feeling Good Was Easy and the Running Was Fun

by ken kessler

"Did you do any trashing on this block here?" this black dude wanted to know.

"No," we said. "We came here to hurt the government, not the people."

"Right, right on," said the dude,

smiling at us from under the brim of his floppy red cap. "It's just my grandma, she lives on this block. Don't trash this block, man."

We looked with satisfaction down the side street, where we had blocked an intersection by

moving five Volkswagens and a Ford Falcon, then lolled lazily on the corner while a bakery truck, already thwarted on Connecticut Avenue, turned onto our street, followed by a Lincoln Continental with Virginia plates.

Quick into the street now, the six of us, to block it up on this end. A trap. And the man from Virginia was going to be late.

Of course, so was the bakery truck. That was the kind of decision we made when we went to Mayday in Washington to stop the Government.

But a lot of people weren't mad at us. That black dude wasn't—despite the honking and commotion that soon ensued on his grandma's block.

A lot of people were rooting for us. Weren't you? It was an easy action to understand, that thing we tried to do in the streets that Monday. If the government doesn't stop the war, we'll stop the government. Simple and direct. Honest. A good thing to do, even if we failed.

To stop us, they had to arrest seven thousand of us, mostly illegally, starve us and freeze us and mace us. I never knew I could run so fast.

I wasn't busted.

Over on Connecticut Avenue, somebody had a key to open the circuit boxes on traffic lights. A

lady across the street kept watch for us while we got it open, but our wire cutters weren't big enough to do any real damage to the thick cable we found inside.

Further on down the Avenue a bus stopped for an obstruction. Somebody ran over to the back and opened up the bus, exposing the works, prepared to wrench loose some vital wives and stop that bus.

Out came the busdriver, fire in his eye, fire extinguisher cradled in his muscular limbs. The brother stood his ground, then, ducked while the busdriver squirted foam into his own engine. And the busdriver stood shock-still while the laughing hippie ran.

Like they said on TV, we didn't stop the government but it wasn't a normal day. And we learned from the experience. Now everybody who reads OP knows how to make a street-trap, knows how to stop a bus. Watch out, Washington. The hippies are gaining on you.

Whenever anybody stares at me in the street I give them a nod and a friendly wave. I want people to like hippies. For all our stangeness we are their army of liberation. A truly outrageous percentage of them want us to stop killing and getting killed over there for nothing. So many

have lost their sons. Sometimes I feel like I'm their son, their laughing avenger.

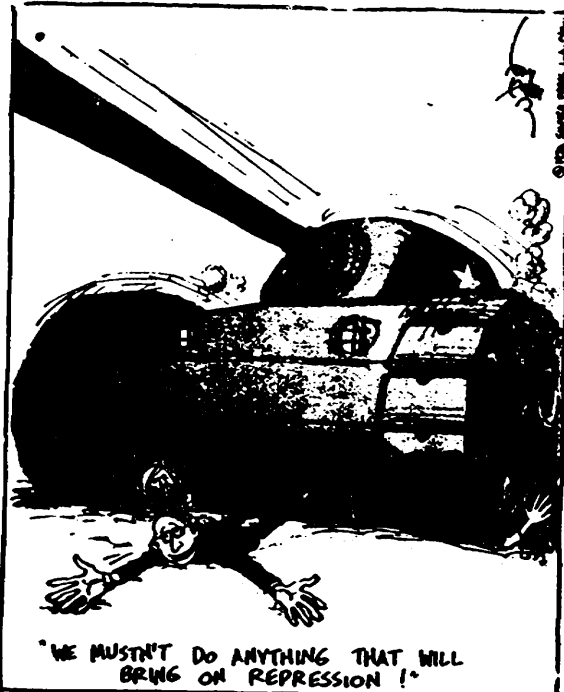
The officials from Washington get on the tube and say terrible things about me, about my brothers and sisters. I love when they do that. America watches them, hears their foul nonsense, and it thinks, these men killed our sons. I love when America's enemies say nasty things about me, because it means that I'm America's friend.

Across the street from the Washington Hilton, a lady leaned out that morning from her window. She was still in her curlers and her nightdress. We had just done something illegal on Connecticut Avenue again, (that's my street) and zoomed around the corner, doing sixty, feeling good about ourselves.

"Wait!" she shouted, up in the sky, and we looked up and saw her. "Don't you all run down that way—the Man is waiting for you there."

I felt good in Washington on the 24th, with that half-million. They all thought I was right, that I've been right all along. They didn't care how I look or how I dress or what I make or how I smell.

And I felt even better on May 3rd. To be doing it, and in the road!





# ROLLING STONES - Sticky Fingers

Mick Jagger is not now and has never been Satan. Oh, there are those among us who envisioned massive orgies and bloodbaths in the streets, accompanied by Jagger bellowing out "Sympathy." But it just ain't gonna happen. Sorry people—Sorry Mick—Sorry Maysles Brothers.

Al Aronowitz noted that the failure of Altamont lay, in part, with the economic interests involved in staging the concert. When 300,000 people gather in one place to listen to music, somebody's got to get something out of it. That's good old American knowhow. So let's say what took place at Dick Carter's Altamont Speedway, could have occurred at a James Taylor concert, given the right conditions. Jagger was merely an unfortunate victim of the system, the media, et al. He's really a nice chap ("We all need someone we can lean on/And if you want to, well you can lean on me.")



Mick claims that *Sticky Fingers* is the Stones' greatest LP since *Beggars Banquet*. What in hell does that mean? Actually, their latest release is a collection of musical styles the Stones haven't utilized in years, as well as an exploration of new techniques which will, undoubtedly, be copied by other artists in the future.

Apparently by getting away from the "Midnight Rambler/Sympathy" concept, Jagger is trying to eradicate the image given to him by so called pop critics and housewives, who testify that he rapes fourteen year-old girls. Still, they're the Stones, unmistakably the Stones.

The death of Brian Jones had a shattering impact on the group. While the "theme" of *Let It Bleed* was life at its most desperate levels, this album makes very serious anti-drug references. "Sister Morphine," which the Stones declined to record for three years, is the most obvious example. Jagger's haunting voice denotes the "scream of the ambulance" ("I don't think I can wait that long/Oh, you see, I'm not that strong"). The sound is acoustic, and somewhat mysteriously hollow, augmented by a strange piano, played by Jack Nitzche of Crazy Horse fame.

"Dead Flowers" is another song laden with strong anti-drug material. This is their standard country piece for the album—solace and comfort with a needle and a spoon. Sheer despondency, we all know it, but after all, that's what it's all about. So, the notorious "Monkey Man" finally meets his fate at the hands of *Sticky Fingers*.

"Can't You Hear Me Knocking" is a fine rocker, reminiscent of early, early Stones. It's definitely one of

the stronger cuts on the record. There is a finely developed mixture of jazz, r & b and rock on this song, with Billy Preston proving his capabilities as the finest session organist around.

Of course the Stones reinforce their tradition of doing one blues number, composed by one blues man, and doing it very well. Their offering is "You Gotta Move," written by Fred McDowell. The Stones have proven that they can handle the blues. In fact, Jagger almost sounds as if he's paid his dues and just up from the South, steel string in hand, ready to play. On the last album, the Stones brought Robert Johnson out from a relative obscurity, hopefully, as a result of this record, more people will turn on to what McDowell's been doing for the past twenty years.

Then there's "Wild Horses:"  
 "Praiseless lady, you know who I am,  
 You know I can't let you  
 Slide right through my hands.  
 Wild horses couldn't drag me away.  
 Wild, wild horses, couldn't drag me away."

This is one of those tearful ballads that Mick spoke about on the radio. There's a scene in *Gimme Shelter* in which the Stones check into a motel room down in Muscle Shoals. Downing a quart of J & B, Jagger and Richard pound out this song. It's hard to determine exactly what that scene did for the movie, but it was one of the high intensity points of the film. There was one other.

Finally, the Stones have Paul Buckmaster, string accompanist for Elton John, weave some astral melodic patterns into "Moonlight Mile." For the first time since *Flowers* was released, the Stones employ poetic images and apply them to some serene and beautiful instrumentation. There's much more to the song than that, but this is a track that should not be analyzed or dissected, just listened to in a dark room with the windows open.



The Rolling Stones have taken a sharp turn, musically, from the directions in which they were headed a year and a half ago, when their last album was recorded. They have taken a sharp turn psychically, also. Jagger has converted to Catholicism and married a princess. Is this any way for a self-respecting devil to behave?

Now that the Beatles are (unfortunately) temporarily out of the picture, the field is wide open for the Stones to emerge at the forefront of the music world. Just another US tour should do it for them.

The Stones have washed their hands of blood and damnation; they've got no expectations to pass that way again.

kenny winikoff

OPPOP



John Cale

John Cale's first album, *Vintage Violence* (Columbia CS 1037), was definitely one of the most underrated albums in the past year. I didn't know what to expect when I purchased it, since his work with the Velvet Underground gave me a new meaning to the word noise. Yet his work in arranging and producing two Nico albums thrills my senses with new feelings of eeriness and mystery. On *Vintage Violence*, one hears more sides of Cale besides his morbid and destructive quality. Most of the songs are fairly conventional. "Gideon's Bibles" breaks from a rather mundane melody into a harmonious climax, similar in style to the Beach Boys. Big White Cloud's music definitely gives the feeling of floating on a big white cloud. "Adelaide and Celso" are fairly simple songs, dealing with simple love themes. "Charlemagne has a flavoring of country music, though not to the extent that the Byrds or Dead have gone. "Amsterdam" and "Ghost Story" are two hauntingly different songs. Amsterdam is sung by the lover of a young girl who journeyed to Amsterdam and fell in love with men of a higher breed than her lover. Upon returning, their old relationship couldn't resume, since she was used to better things than her love could have given her. Yet, he still believes "the journey did her well." Ghost Story creates a feeling of a dark and eerie night by its use of cold and brittle organ playing.

On his more recent effort, *Church of Anthrax* (Columbia C 30131), he receives the aid of Terry Riley. Riley plays piano, organ and soprano saxophone. Cale plays bass, harpsichord, piano, guitar, viola, and organ. The music is anything but conventional. The title track *Church of Anthrax*, can either be thought of as one of the greatest things ever recorded, or one of the biggest pieces of trash ever heard. I agree with the former opinion. The piece is one of the most complex pieces of rock-classical-jazz I've ever come across and one must hear it to believe it. *Ides of March* uses two exciting jazz pianos and some off-beat drum playing to achieve its off balance effect. The other selections on this album are all of the same unconventional quality. All are instrumentals, except "The Soul of Patrick Lee," which sounds more appropriate for the first album. Cale's talent may not be recognized now, but in the years to come he may very well be given the recognition he deserves as an innovator of modern music.

arthur diamond

## Scruggs Bros.

Gary and Randy Scruggs are their father's sons, and everyone knows that, but on the strength of their album, they are becoming known for what they can do on their own.

They have played behind their father, Earl of Nashville banjo fame, on records and on stage for three years, including the massive peace rally in Washington in November 1969. Now they have begun playing small clubs and colleges as a brother team.

"I sing but I'm not a picker," Gary, who is 21, told an interviewer recently. "Randy's a picker, but he don't sing a whole lot. There's a whole lot that I don't like that he likes, so we complement each other."

Randy, who is just 17, handles the banjo and guitar, acoustic or electric, quite well. He demonstrates his fingerpicking on songs like "Foggy Mountain" and "Earl's Breakdown," which the senior Scruggs wrote.

At this point, they will have to develop their own brand of country rock. None of the material they do now is original. On the album, the tunes range from the Beatles' "Let It Be" to Joan Baez' "Sweet Sir Galahad" to the traditional "Black Mountain Rag." But the arrangements of some of the songs have been over-produced and their voices tend to get lost amidst all the instruments

—steve simon



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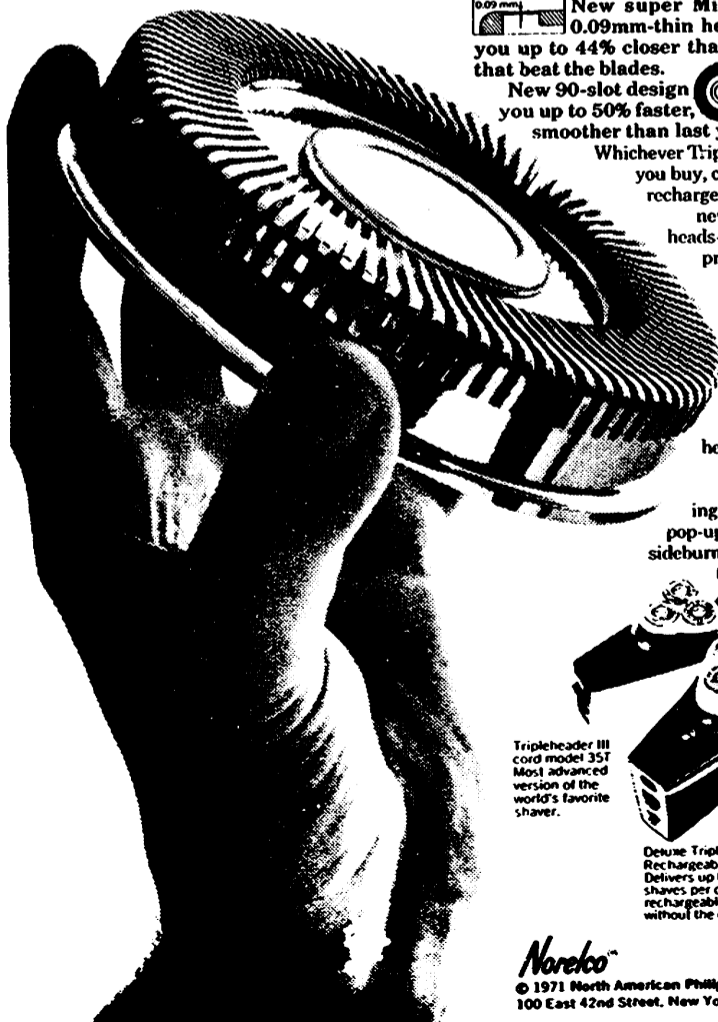
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(Continued from page 5)

Weberman would be the next one to make it thirteen. So I said to the guys, "Brace yourself for the next guy." Sure enough it's Ed. Everybody had a blank stare and an open mouth as Ed tried to get in and finally succeeded.

Jail is a very demeaning place and made even more degrading by putting twelve people into one mere cell. The toilet wasn't working so all we could do was piss in it. And did you ever try pissing with eleven people standing all around you, including a guy from Gay Liberation staring at your penis?

It was real test of our beliefs and spirit when it came to food, water, cigarettes, seats, noise. Everything was shared equally. With the man in the back getting first. Five men sat upright on the bed, one lay down, stretched out underneath the bed with the cockroaches, one sat on the seat of the toilet, three sat on the floor and two stood up. We began switching off. The heat in the hall was excessive, sometimes exceeding 140 degrees or more due to the overcrowding.

One fucker cop closed all the windows because when he ordered us to shut up, we refused. Boy, he showed us who was boss. He finally opened them, probably felt guilty. They fed us Bologna sandwiches with ranchy marmalade. Nothing else. One guy shouted out, "All those fuckers give us bread, water and a lot of baloney."

In the morning we were put in buses to be transferred to the Central Cell Block. The cops on the buses were of a different breed. There were three of them. All were young, had long hair, dungarees, and wore Mayday buttons. We called these guys the Mod Squad.

Those guys were really sick. They beat one of the brothers for not moving quick enough to the rear of the bus. When a sister tried to stop him, she was hit, too. All you needed was one look at these guys and you could see that these were the guys in fifth grade who used to bully the weaker kids.

In the Central Cell Block conditions were slightly better, but after spending twenty-four hours already without any sleep, they seemed worse. Ten people were put into every two-man cell. At least here the toilets worked.

People were getting very frustrated and were insulting the cops. The cops, in retaliation, beat people and threatened to gas the whole cell block if the noise level didn't go down. People began to shut up when a person fell unconscious from an asthma attack, and a cellmate had to call for help. The cops finally came after half an hour and took him out to the hospital. Another person was let out to walk the hallway, because he flipped out from

the weaker kids.

## Vermont Commune

"Tell the students at the College that school is bullshit and they all should quit." Ladybelle Fiske said last fall as she explained the benefits of never having gone to one.

Ladybelle, 20, and her brother William, 17, were kept out of school by their father Irving, who believes that formal education destroys a child's natural curiosity. Ladybelle and William never even went to kindergarten, let alone College.

"Colleges are dark satanic mills that grind men's souls to dust," Ladybelle asserts, quoting the words of William Blake. Ladybelle and William spend their summers on their father's 280 acres in Vermont, where they live in a commune with about 20 others who have dropped out of the straight world.

The Fiskes also rent out cabins on their property. Ladybelle said that she would like to have students at the College come up to spend weekends or part of their vacations at their place to see how much more fun and exciting the unacademic world can be.

Students who would like to go up to the Fiske place and enjoy the freedom of life in the Vermont mountains can write to Irving Fiske; Quarry Hill, Rochester Vt. 05767.

## Claustrophobia

The next day, we were taken to the court by police bus. One cop was talking to us about the Coliseum. "We had to gas them. The girls were sucking off all the guys. We had no choice."

When we arrived at the court building, we were put into a large detention cell. We began moving upstairs, room to room, for processing. We could tell that we were getting closer to the courtroom by seeing the quality of the toilets get better and better.

We were very lucky to have Judge Halleck. He let us plead not guilty, which resulted in our walking out of the court, which I promptly did.

I arrived home Friday night Saturday night I went with my friends Andy and Anne to the Brewer and Shipley Concert at LNU. We started out to Anne's house at 1 a.m. On the F train out to Queens, I had fallen asleep, when this guy tapped me on the shoulder. I opened my eyes and it was Larry Auerbach, one of my cellmates. Fucking freak out! To meet the only other New Yorker in my cell on the F train at 2 in the morning. We jumped upon each other, saying hello. He got off the next stop. I never got his number, but I don't think we ever could have become real friends. We just shared something very intense.

We had shared the same cell, the same Bologna sandwiches, the same roaches, the same water, the same butts, the same lung infections we all came down with the second morning. We both learned about what the cops were like inside the jail and what being a prisoner was like and how the Government dealt with the most revolutionary act ever committed by the anti-war movement.

We felt the same emotions: love for most of the brothers in the cell, dislike for a few, strength in the streets, fear of being at the complete mercy of the cops and finally, complete frustration while waiting for our own release from a sterile, metallic caged environment.

The jail sort of crystallized what we all were going through in our normal lives. But everyday living is more subtle. At one point or another we all reflected on what long term prisoners must go through. How the human spirit is attacked and crushed in prison. Our spirit was defending itself. But we were lucky. We had a secret weapon on our side. We knew eventually we would be released.

One small, maybe irrelevant victory was the complete covering of every jailhouse wall with graffiti. As I left my cell, I noticed that one brother had written during the night: "Survive Today, Fight Tomorrow."



# Peace observation post

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