

revolution . . . rock . . .

by Jim Steinman '69

There was this button on this silk shirt of this long-haired freak in Chicago right before the police riots. "I am the AmeriCong" it said. Has the War of Liberation finally come home? Where it belongs? Where we can keep an eye on it?

After this summer's explosions, it became clearer than ever before . . . AMERICA NO LONGER GLOWS IN THE DARK . . . the flag has blown a fuse . . . America . . . the dream engine is grinding to a halt . . . I should mention here that this is an article on rock music, among other things . . .

Somewhere in Las Vegas at this very moment the last buffalo in America is dying. He is dying of onesomeness. The sky is leaving his face and he is choking on the neon fumes that waft over from the flashing hotel signs. Onesomeness. So like a huge lumbering beast, this country finds it harder and harder to breathe. It is suffocating while we make love to the rhythm of its gasps . . . And when the last beautiful buffalo in America starts to convulse and beg for help, iron robots disguised as cops will beat it to death on the eyes, and then go together to the locker room and whisper sweet nothings to their billy clubs . . .

There was a girl in Lincoln Park with a weed in her hair. She probably had the crabs. Or they had her. Whichever comes first. Anyway, she was smiling when the cops surrounded her, and her lower lip was bleeding. Pretty soon the rest of her would be too.

And the L.A. Free Press has reported that in Big



I AM THE AMERICAN CONG . . .

Sur, in lovely California, a tribe of young kids are living on the cliffs, emaciated, tired, pimped, drugged and rotting . . . just a bunch of American children going gently insane, their veins monstrously swelling as they fill them with strange chemical blood that they buy for \$165 from the local dealer. For a year they've been living there in Big Sur in sunny California on the edge of America waiting for an earthquake. Because that's why they went there in the first place, to see the goddamned earthquake from the best goddamned seat in the house.

It seems that this 15 year old girl, this perfectly normal stoned pubescent, was tripping on some special mixture of acid, heroin, and STP and had a vision and saw the entire west coast crumbling down off the rocks and toppling into the sea, floating off like a huge scab on the purple water. And all her friends believed her, and so for a year these fine middle-class young men and women have been lying in each other's skin, boy on boy, girl on girl, flesh on the rocks waiting for the earthquake. Can we ever understand why McCarthy failed to get them involved in reality?

The earthquake never happened there. Not in California. But in August, in Chicago, in Mayor Daley's armpit, a twitch went beserk. A mad twitch in Mayor Daley's armpit, and the seismographs are going bull-shit, the country's going to split like never before. And all the hiding places are hiding.

"I've had it, you've had it, we've had it, we've all had the climax! This is a turning point" . . . from the score of "HAIR."

In her new play, "Massachusetts Trust," Megan Terry asks the musical question "Why are Richard Nixon's cheeks so far apart? Because they're so full of shit." Does this sort of attitude provide any sort of constructive value?

Perhaps this is all inevitable, perhaps it really is cosmic calling time for a deadened kingdom to pay up. A broken bargain with Hopi priests is repaid in mythic time by Vietcong Warriors. The smashing of the Inca temples is revenged by new Africans burning the ghettos and dancing with the flames. The systematic murder of this country's sacred rivers, soil, air and forests does not go unmourned: a new army of tribal youth takes the place of the dead Iroquois: long stoned boys and girls who sleep in each other's hair and wake up in unknown planets with no zip codes or names, who create their own insanity as the greatest insult they can give a society whose mental health can be measured in uniformed corpses and packaged decay.

We hear a lot of talk about revolution now, a lot of it the usual dogmatic nonsense . . . (The most moving plea to come from SDS recently was the lovely plea that begged: "Let's get all our shit together now so it all hits the fan at the same time.") Empires are destroyed on such foundations). But I think that a new, largely apolitical style of street fighting may be taking shape today in the alleys of middle-class white youth.

Richard Goldstein in the Village Voice said: "Make revolution as you would make love." Now what if we extend that to some other modern pleasures: Make revolution as you would take drugs, as you would dance, as you would hallucinate, as you would crash a motorcycle through a highway, as you would experience rock music: more than the body can bear. But never—never make revolution as you would make order, or as you would analyze, or study, or plan, or organize, or think. We are not concerned with intellect or theory here. The streets may have grown too hot for that.

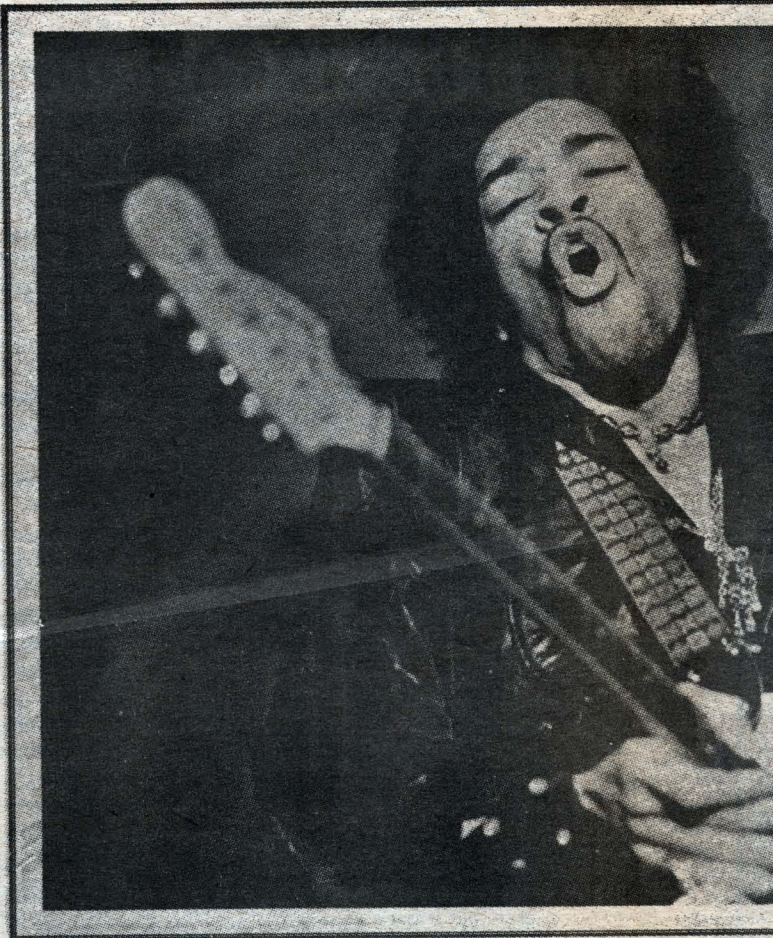
I think it's inevitable that rebellion in this country be transformed by drugs, rock, pop culture in general, and the freer aspects of the new sex scenes, the force of the new hedonism. Revolt may become less a road to reform and more a trip to intoxication. It begins to appear more and more futile, to try and change the diseased roots of this society. Perhaps our main goal will become the protection of our own sanity within the larger cancer. In this case, revolutionary flare-up's main value will be the purgative impact and assaulting power such confrontations have for the participants. The chasm between the young and old, the established and the alienated in this country goes far beyond any immediate political social or economic causes.

We may see violent confrontations with authority that seem to have no reason for being, at least any immediate rational reason, but the clash will be inevitable because youth, at this time more than any other, needs magic, needs exalting release, needs mass ritual and catharsis. Such emotional purge may become a necessary component of survival in this country, and revolution may turn into a style of dark Dionysian pleasure-pain splashed on the streets. Rebellion as outdoor theatre, audience participation at its peak, and who has time for politics? The clash for the sake of the clash. The confrontation with power for the sake of the power of intoxication, a power that may keep many from madness.

In "The Birth of Tragedy" Nietzsche speaks at length concerning Apollo and Dionysos, ideas that may be considered as cosmic forces, archetypes, gods, ideals, universal processes, energy levels, paths to enlightenment, styles of artistic experience. . . simplified the ecstasy of Apollo is that of union, "tuning in" with the over-riding pattern of order and design unfolding in the universe. The unchanging meaning and fixed permanence of existence. One witnesses or even co-operates in creation of an emergent pattern, of order out of chaos, becoming part of an expansive, pre-eminent harmony. Now certainly there is an Apollonian component to the psychedelic and musical experience. But I think that today's rock-drug culture is overwhelmingly Dionysian.

Dionysian ecstasy, vaguely, is that of being overwhelmed with the sheer glory of motion of what is beyond, being taken over by such motion, becoming no

the doors . . .



jumping jack

longer human but an instrument of the godhead, a tongue of flame in the sun. One delights in the very activity, in the wild dancing (whether internal or psychically overt as well), in having laid down the burden of being human and surrendered to the overmastering cosmic whirl. Order, harmony are shattered. Kinetic drive rules. Music, pageantry, ritual, lightshows are the art of intoxication.

In "The Greek Musicdrama" Nietzsche describes Dionysian ecstasy: "It is neither an arbitrary matter nor playful exuberance when, in the first beginnings of the drama, wildly excited mobs roam through fields and wood costumed as satyrs and sileni their faces smeared with soot and plant juices, and wearing wreaths. The overpowering, suddenly manifested effect of spring (*we can substitute drugs or rock here. . . author's note*) also increases the vital forces to such excess that ecstatic conditions, visions and the belief in one's own enchantment appear everywhere. Here is the cradle of the drama. For it does not begin in that somebody disguises himself and tries to arouse illusions in others; rather in that man is beside himself and believes himself transformed and enchanted.

In the condition of this 'being beside oneself,' the ecstasy, there is only one more step needed: we do not return to ourselves but pass over into another being so that we behave as though enchanted. From that, in the last analysis, comes the deep wonder of the drama: one step becomes uncertain and with it the belief in the fixity and permanence of the individual. The Dionysian ecstatic is transformed." Now, certainly a major aspect of being heavily stoned is this transformation into a godhead, because everything becomes possible in the drugged state, as everything is possible for a God.

And just as Nietzsche sees the cradle of the drama being an ecstatic ceremony, not a presentation separating audience and artists, so we can look at today's most powerful example of ritual musicdrama, the total environment rock concert in a place such as Fillmore East or the Electric Circus. Here we have a huge tribe of people in a monstrous electronic womb assaulted by waves of crashing sound and curtains of swirling lights. energized to a peak response by the effect of drugs and

by Larry Dilg '69

The production of Jean Genet's *The Balcony* at Kirby Memorial Theater this weekend presented what might be called "shock for the masses." The play had been heralded as "the complete and unshackled expression of an utterly evil and decadent mind, set down with a kind of grotesque pride and in entire honesty." Local reviewers had all remarked that it was a powerful and shocking play. At the least the Playbill had described it as controversial. I could barely stay awake. It was seldom interesting, never shocking.

The play itself fails in this aspect. Primarily, *The Balcony* is a literary experience. It is wordy and overstuffed with philosophical language that sets dialectical whirligigs out of appearance and illusion. While the idea of a brothel in which men play the roles of more powerful mythic men in order to become aroused is an interesting setting for a play, the play itself centers on an amplification of the setting. What elements of plot there are center on a revolution which fails to do

more than mirror the existing social structure, and the efforts of a Chief of Police to become immortalized in the brothel's mythic nomenclature.

The trouble with *The Balcony* is that it fails to provide a dramatic context to match its philosophical strength. The speeches are long, the action slow, and as result the themes seem overstated. Instead of allowing the images to remain to

'THE BALCONY' AT KIRBY

be deciphered by the audience, Genet insists on explaining everything. As a result, there are long, tedious moments of dialogue in which nothing happens. We are deluged with words.

To the reader, this deluge is perfectly acceptable. Words are the medium of literature, while they are only part of theater. The reader can pause and make sense of each statement before reading on, while the viewer must sit and listen to

lines as fast as they are delivered him. Further, while the reader creates his own presentation of the play in his imagination, the viewer is forced to accept that which is represented on stage. Genet's images are far more effective in the unlimited imagination than they are on the stage, constrained by the limits of dramatic production. The idea of someone deriving sexual excitement from playing the

role of a Bishop forgiving a penitent is an oddly powerful one. It would seem to give the play a perverse tension which would make it bizarre yet compelling. But the actual scene, in Genet's hands, is wordy, and any strength in its imagery is lost under philosophy and talk.

It would seem that the most effective way to make the audience relate Genet's appearance-illusion dialectic to their own lives would be to take advantage of the

power of the sexual imagery in the scenes of the rooms at the brothel. The power of these scenes could be used to draw the viewer into the perverse, surrealist world where nothing is real. Then, as the revolution (the real world) enters the illusory brothel world, the audience would be able to make the leap into their own lives.

The Kirby production unfortunately fell prey to Genet's weaknesses. The characters were uninteresting and the action was besludged with the playwright's long dialectic. Part of the fault was the generally uninspired acting. Several of the roles were miscast, probably due to the limitations of summer theater. The staging and lighting served to widen the gap between audience and stage, thereby increasing the emphasis on philosophy. The costumes of the whores were such that the play had no sexual power whatsoever. The entire focus of the production seemed on the dialectic.

However, this choice cannot be blamed wholly on the director. For the play's strength is in its philosophy. Professor

(Continued on Page 5)



BARON WOLMAN

mayor daley's armpit

•••
nietzsche

"artists" using reality as their material, and the audience is a thing of the past. Thus, the street riot becomes a gigantic pageant. It is no longer satisfactory to have catharsis through metaphor, only reality will do. So reality is created. The reality of the street clash as in Chicago. A magic theatre of intoxication. The cities of America are the new stage, the kids are the demonic visionary artists, the drama cannot be stopped.

In a terror-numbered world, perhaps we can stay sane by exulting in contact with the terror, riding wild through it, meeting it dead center, head-on collision. I'm not alone in this: I know a lot of kids who said they felt high during the Chicago bloodbath, really high in a strange new way. An impression I had is that running through the streets of that city, bloody pouring dripping, you couldn't help but feel that anything is possible now, there are no limits at this moment, anything is possible at this level in space.

And add to this the effect of television, which, when focusing its electronic eye on the theatrical orgies like Chicago, immediately makes millions of viewers participants in the birth of a new modern mythology. And there you are, running wild, transformed into an ecstatic godhead, transforming yourself into a myth that millions will stare at in the dark through hollow glazed amazed eyes, worshipping their little television like supplicants at an altar.

The chaos in Chicago was just a beginning, a much needed long awaited release of rage and anger and emotion. The silent screams could finally break through to life and be heard. The volume and power of the "shrieks of Chicago," "hog butcher to the world," was music drama at its most cathartic.

So to today's Dionysian drug high, sex high, and rock high we can now add the following level of revels: the "revolting high." The time is right.

We can see the way these various components come together in some recent rock songs, reflecting the mood I've been speaking of. First, "Five to One" by the Doors on their last album, "Waiting for the Sun" epitomizes the new brand of revolution-anthem. Unlike all those humane, liberal, sappy sincere folk ditties of the fifties preaching revolution this is a snide, hissing, thumping, pounding sexual come-on. "Five to one", by the way, is the position of the hands on a clock as they form the

Hilton sneering at the cops, caressing their girls with their free hand, smoking a joint and hissing: Come on, honey, come on cop, get together one more time . . . This rebellion is like a rape, probably from the back door. Political infiltration as anal penetration. Is this the way we'll have it in the 1970's? (The line "They got the guns but we got the numbers" has a double meaning since "numbers" is slang for a joint . . . rock, sex, drugs, youth, revolution, pleasure . . . it's all coming together, so to speak . . .)

The Rolling Stones, meanwhile, in "Street Fighting Man" are busy shouting about the time being right for violent revolution and street chaos and such and the way Mick Jagger sings it, with the gritty heavy foreplay of his leering vocal, you know these riots have got to be



... AND I BRING YOU FIRE!

a gas . . . while the Stones' previous song, "Jumping Jack Flash", was a perfect evocation of the character of the new breed of street-fighter named "Jumping" Jack Flash . . . I was born in a crossfire hurricane/And I cried at the howling driving rain/I was raised by a toothless bearded hag/I was schooled with a strap right across my back/I was drowned/I was washed up and left for dead/I fell down to my feet and I saw they bled/I was crowned with a spike right through my head/But it's all right now in fact it's a gas and it's all right Jumping Jack Flash it's a gas gas gas . . ." The violence of the lyrics mingle freely with the joy. Joy in the suffering. And in England today "Jumping Jack Flash" has become synonymous for an amphetamine capsule and an exceptional orgasm . . . Connections, anyone?

This summer's number one song was "Born to be Wild" by Steppenwolf, a record that may qualify as the hardest rock since "Satisfaction." A driving motorcycle hymn, it conjures up nightmare visions of shiny chrome bikes with bloodshot headlights, reproducing in nocturnal alleys and groaning with greasy pleasure. "Get the motor running/Shoot out on the highway/Looking for adventure/And whatever comes our way/Hey darling gonna make it happen/Take the world in a love embrace/Fire all of our guns at once and explode into space/And like a true nature's child/We were born to be wild/We can reach so high we're never gonna die/Makin' our own lightning/Heavy metal thunder/Racing with the wind/And the feeling that I'm under . . ." What ever happened to flower-power? The song leaves no doubt that "the love embrace" might be a bear hug that would leave the world an empty lifeless victim. "Making our own lightning, heavy metal thunder": forget the metaphor. This is really it. Gods are being created. Perhaps in the next Chicago, hundreds of horny motorcycles will swarm over the troops and leave all the kids shattered but satisfied. "One in five, nobody here gets out alive."

"I am the Lizard King. I can do anything!" We can see it now. Stoned hot young legions swarming through the streets . . . We came down the rivers and highways, we came down from forests and falls, we came down from Carson and Springfield, we came down from Phoenix enthralled. Brothers and sisters of the pale forest, Children of the Night, who among you will run with the hunt, who among you will run transfixed, transformed through the stains of the city, shivering with ecstasy, battered by bayonets, crushed by tanks, breathing the breathless, breathing the breathtaking, beaten cold with beauty . . . a very final beauty . . . beaten cold with a beauty that comes right before the end. And all the hiding places are hiding.

g jack flash . . .

godhead, a
n the very
al or psychi-
burden of
ormastering
ed. Kinetic
ows are the

close flesh contact. The physical motion is glorious, the sensual immersion complete. Here the separation of artist and audience is almost completely shattered. Almost. The audience is transformed. At such concerts drama comes closest to its birth.

The boundary between artist and audience will probably be broken down even more soon. And I think this corresponds again to a major aspect of the drug high. I said before that in the stoned condition everything is possible. This is largely because metaphor and

describes
ary matter
beginnings
m through
silenti their
nd wearing
sted effect
k here. . .
es to such
he belief in
Here is the
that some-
illusions in
nd believes

"'Born to be Wild' is a driving motorcycle hymn that conjures up visions of shiny chrome bikes with bloodshot headlights, reproducing in nocturnal alleys and groaning with greasy pleasure . . . America no longer glows in the dark . . . the flag has blown a fuse . . ."

reality merge when you're stoned. They become one. Illusion and truth unite. I would say that one of the major intoxications of being stoned is the mixing of metaphor and reality, no separation, the former is the latter. In a corresponding way, the artist, supplier of metaphor, is breaking the boundary between himself and his audience, supplier of "reality." The audience is becoming the artist.

Two recent examples of this were evident recently. In "Dionysos in '69" in New York the actors got the audience on the stage involving them in the drama and sexual action of the "play." And in the Living Theatre's performance of "Paradise Now" at Yale last week, by the end of six hours of ritualized performing, almost the whole young audience was on stage, nude with the actors, making love with each other together, chanting with the players merging with the play until the separation was nonexistent. The whole thing ended with actors and audience alike running nude into the street outside and being arrested for "indecent exposure." The metaphor that separates the viewer and the player is shattered.

So we wind up with a generation of young drugged

"V" sign of peace, love, brotherhood, a popular hippie gesture. By using this as the basis for such a violent, dark song, the Doors add a corrosive note of irony to the piece. This is clearly a wild invitation to the "enemy" to meet in one final, cataclysmic clash, all couched in sexual language. The weapon being used here is the sexual power of youth and the god-like delirious strength of the drugged mind that can do anything . . .

"Five to one, baby, one in five/Nobody here gets out alive/Well you get yours honey and I'll get mine/Gonna make it baby if we try/The old get old and the young get stronger/May take a week and it might take longer/They got the guns yeah but we got the numbers/Gonna win yeah we're taking over!/Your ballroom days are over baby Night is drawing near/Shadows of the evening crawl across the years/Trade in your hours for a handful of dimes/Gonna make it baby in my prime/Get together one more time/Come on honey/I am the Lizard King. I can do anything!/I can make the earth stop in its tracks/Get together one more time." This last invitation to "get together" is spit out with sinister shading; this is no call to a chick.

You could just see the kids in front of the Conrad-

the scenes
The power
o draw the
surrealistic
hen, as the
enters the
ence would
their own

by Dan Greenblatt '70

The AJO record "Recollections" is excellent—about as good as it could be. The soloing on the record is consistently good—imaginative and well structured—and the ensemble work showed a marked improvement over several of the early AJO concerts last year.

The problems with the record reflect the problems in jazz today on all levels: lack of unification, education and incentive for jazz musicians.

The AJO's members have a wide range of jazz interests and have trouble finding

(Continued from page 4)

Boughton can hardly be blamed for not transcending the limitations of Genet's ability. Yet one still hopes for a play which could present Genet's existential conflict in fashion that would grab the viewer by the throat. With this production it was too easy to say Yes, I understand.

The greatest disappointment was that the play was more effective in print than on stage. Yet the attempt was admirable. If nothing else, perhaps more people will read the play—that's a step forward.

common feelings that are needed to make a big band work. Saxophonist Bruce Krasin digs modern jazz and sounds like Cannonball Adderly and John Handy. Paul Farrell (bass) admires Coltrane and Jimmy Garrison. Russ Allen (saxophone) is into a more form oriented solo style, in a Bill Evans vein. Guitarist Howie Conn is a lover of the blues.

Band director Jim Meyer (trumpet)

rhythmically or emotionally and created an uninterested effect. The band also missed the lively, dramatic feeling of "Advance" by not being rhythmically precise. This, and "Up Tight," sounded muddy to me.

But the reviewer should remember that few (if any) of the musicians are students of big-band jazz, or could they have been: jazz and jazz composition are not taught

AMHERST JAZZ ON WAX

sounds to me like the one man who understands the big band feeling and his solos fit the tunes more perfectly than the other soloists. Each of his five solos is excellent and tightly knit into the feeling of the song. I liked particularly his long-phrased, lyrical solo on Miss Fine."

This lack of unity in the band as a whole led to some weakness in the ensemble sections. The melody and bridge of "Miss Fine" were not tight either

in the Five-College area. And, due to their varying interests the band can only meet for one weekly practice session. Real precision would be impossible under such conditions and with such a wide assortment of musicians, and credit must be given to the band for their improvement as a unit.

The startling quality of the individual musicians showed up in nearly every solo. Meyer, as I mentioned, played

beautifully on Krasin. His solo on "Take Five" is powerful and logical, and showed fantastic control over the monstrously difficult 5-4 time signature. Howie Conn is lucid and beautiful in "Sunday Morning." Drummer Kenny Hohenberger, although not generally sturdy in the big band setting, easily outshines Joe Morello in his "Take Five" solo.

"Esselobbee" is nearly phenomenal. This 18-minute master-piece, recorded live at Mount Holyoke last November, begins much like Miles Davis' "All Blues." Krasin sounds like Cannonball at his best in his alto solo. Meyer follows in a mellow Miles mode. Russ Allen is next on soprano sax—he is the first I have heard on that difficult instrument, which he handles flawlessly, who sounds good without sounding like Coltrane.

After a free form section that fits the piece very well, Meyer and Krasin exchange instrumental barks at each other, sounding very conversational and creating real humor. Then Hohenberger takes another fine, technically superb drum solo before the piece closes.