

we've read war propaganda before. That war was a shattering thing for the Kikuyu people. The Kikuyu weren't supposed to be able to fight. They were never recruited as soldiers, but they fought and the score at the end was 10,000 Kikuyu dead to 33 white men. So I'd like to read more about the Mau Mau, an authoritative book. I was there for six months then and I was shattered by the war myself."

Hanley experienced the same kind of English mentality in India where he worked for the J. Arthur Rank organization and the BBC, and later wrote *The Journey Homeward*, a novel about the struggle for power in a small princely state in 1947, after the departure of the British. When he produced a script about Gandhi and a documentary film on India gaining its freedom, he came in contact with "a certain kind of Englishman who needed to feel that India needed white men to rule it because it had too many caste systems and too many languages."

As for the religious and tribal warfare that erupted in India and Africa after independence, how could an Irishman "preach" about that, he asked.

"The north of Ireland is like an iceberg melting. It was a frozen area. If the Catholics—we'll call them Catholics—the minority—who are really representatives of the original race who were occupied by the settlers—if they'd been black, it would have been much more understandable to the world, this struggle in the north. It was about some people who feel superior to the people they live on top of. Some people need to feel superior, they can't *live* without feeling superior. There must be niggers or wogs or yids or wops or paddies—in order for some people to feel comfortable. Well that's finished now. Of course it's very painful when it ends, very painful, very bloody. It's like the Negroes in the States. Whites didn't want to live next to black men and now plenty of black men don't want to live next to white men. I think it was inevitable, but it's very sad. It's tragic, that black men should feel so aggrieved, so shut out, that they've decided they want their form of apartheid. They don't want to live with whitey. It's tragic but understandable. You've got to be a

marvelous person—blacky—to feel aggrieved about whitey and yet to remember that the whitey you're sitting with didn't do that."

Hanley, who reads Arabic and is now researching a book on the slave trade, went on, "The Arabs took the East coast and whitey did the West, but as usual there were black chiefs of black families who sold the black men. The blacks did much of the hunting of the blacks to help the Arabs. It's awkward, it's uncomfortable to look at the facts, but when they're faced, it's easier. Now Islam has got one thing in it—it doesn't give a damn what color you are. I was very interested and touched to learn that Malcolm X was shattered to find, as he was introduced to all the Muslims on his way to Mecca, that he knew nothing about Islam, the meaning of Islam, when he met white Muslims, grey Muslims, yellow-haired Muslims, blue-eyed Muslims. There are all kinds of whiteys and there are all kinds of blackys and brownies. Malcolm finally realized you just can't hate whitey really, and, I think, he got shot for that." ○

CONSCIOUSNESS AS A COMMODITY

by r.g. davis

Ringolevio: A Life Played for Keeps, by Emmett Grogan, Little Brown & Company, \$7.95.

Emmett Grogan has blown his cover and is doing the best he can to hold onto the pieces.

The first portion of *Ringolevio*, the heroic adventures of Kenny Wisdom, a 16- or 17-year-old fantasy-Grogan, is unimpeachable. It is a short novella for the kids from the streets of all big cities—the loner, robber, adventurer, planes, Europe, cleverness, trickery, jails, money, sex and all the street wisdom any hippie would love to possess: a HOLLYWOOD MOVIE.

In the second portion, Grogan the

R. G. Davis founded the San Francisco Mime Troupe and directed it from 1960 to 1970. He is the author of a forthcoming book on guerrilla theatre.



Emmet Grogan

writer tells us of Grogan the political activist who originated the Diggers' operations in the Haight-Ashbury, and about 50 other spectacular occurrences. This section is more difficult for Grogan the writer because current events have more than one person in attendance.

Ringolevio, a game of the Brooklyn gutters, is a prisoner-based game and a catchy title. It is useful in describing Kenny Wisdom's cops' and prisoners' life style. Fortunately, Grogan (the writer) doesn't elevate it to a Ringolevio Game Theory of the events from 1966 through 1970 in the Haight.

Even so, the book has enough claim to childish purity and adolescent imagery. The first photo in the large volume is one of a baby with an American flag (didn't Jerry Rubin do that first?) and the last photo is of Grogan himself in leather vest, tight Levi's, cigarette, and wristbands around ready fists, walking on Hester Street.

I read the first 170 pages of Kenny Wisdom's adventures in Brooklyn and in Europe, and I threw the book down. Page 86: "One of the cardinal rules of burglary is that when you go on a job you should never take anything with you that might identify you if you have to split in a hurry and drop everything. . . . A good thief should go in clean, with a new set of clothes with the labels torn out. . . ." The murder-mystery style runs through the exciting Novella. Page 87: "Wisdom left his

house with his parents thinking that he was going to play ball . . ." Then Wisdom (!) makes three phone calls and scores a big robbery. Page 91: "Most combinations dial to the right for the first number, one full turn to left for the second number . . . (etc.) . . . None of the codes worked. So he decided that the guy must have a good memory and it had cost Wisdom six minutes to find it out. He had been inside the apartment for twelve or thirteen minutes."

The kid was not only a safe cracker but James Bond cool. Kenny (Grogan as a youth) even does an axe handle bit with two rednecks to flatter any liberal's imagination. A civil rights march in Raleigh, North Carolina, is attacked by rednecks (must have been the same guys who shot Peter Fonda in *Easy Rider*). Kenny is in Raleigh to bump off a guy who bum rapped him in Italy. Nevertheless, he stops a moment to do a good turn. Page 160: "Kenny shoved the cleaning kit into the waistband of his corduroys and snuck up behind the guy with the axe handle in the rear of the alley. The other guy was busy trying to kick in some kid's ribs and he didn't notice Kenny take the headache stick away from his partner, but he heard the sound it made when Kenny crushed in the side of his friend's face with it, and he turned just in time to catch a glimpse of the club as it line-driven his jaw into right field. Both of them were on the ground unconscious. Kenny tossed the axe handle down, and told the civil rights activists that it was all right to get up now. . . ." The civil rights kids reject the brutality but a black girl sneaks up and says: "Thank you brother." Movies? Yes, but can Hollywood find a 16 year old with such mastery?

Yet, perhaps it was true? Let us give Grogan the benefit of style and accept all as true. Even then it doesn't work.

The exploits are so tailored to flatter the writer's youth (Kenny is, after all, Grogan, the writer reveals at the end of the book) that one can only read the adolescent fantasy as a fiction. Wisdom is such an impossible amalgam that it fictionalizes Emmett Grogan the character in the second part of the book. The stylistic game

play on the reader by Grogan the writer is one of "if you were there, you know; if you weren't there, you don't." Personal attendance flatters the insider, while the outsider can fake it, by accepting the baloney of Grogan to support one's absence from the "scene."

Grogan's attempt to establish the truth of his original innovative insight, his and the Diggers, brings us one step closer to Consciousness as a Commodity. He tells us the "real" story. It even says so in the beginning of the book: "This Book is true." Yet his arguments are contradictory and his "truth" is believable only if you, the reader, were there.

And that's the way the Diggers operated: theirs was a fictional-action or better, anti-materialist materialism. They gave out free food, their first public act in the Panhandle, yet they denied the source. The food then was a miracle, a gift, a right they said—and ultimately, like all miracles, charity. Where it came from? who grew it? or gave it? or lost it? or cooked it? was suppressed for the masses. It was a mysterious occurrence, that only the elite insiders "understood" and now can read.

Despite Grogan's heroic attempt to extricate the Diggers from history and maintain a Medieval Robin Hood pose, history flows on and the Diggers are one part of the cultural movement of the late 1960s (1965 through 1970).

The Diggers were to the Yippies what the Family Dog was to Bill Graham and *Crawdaddy* was to *Rolling Stone*.

Grogan castigates and viciously attacks Abbie Hoffman so thoroughly that we see precisely the delusion in the Digger approach to the world. Their anonymity was as impossible as the idea of "free" in an imperialist society. Grogan calls Abbie and tells him not to print his book *Free*: "Listen, Hoffman, I've been hearin' that you're writing some sort of book, and I wanna tell you, if you print or paraphrase any of those pieces, especially the Hun's (Peter Berg) stuff on theater, without saying that you didn't write those words, we're gonna make you answer for it plenty, understand. And we're not going to consider it a misdemeanor either!" Hoffman came back with words to the effect that it



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was all "free" wasn't it? So how could he or anyone else steal "free?"

Well, the Yippies copped the stuff and ran. They picked up on the essential contradiction that Emmett attempts to hold onto: if it's free, it's free, get it! Just like two old black ladies who used to hang around Berg's Free store (Trip without a Ticket) and pick up the clothes they could hock. When the white Diggers complained, the ladies said, "Well, it's free, honey, ain't it?"

The Yippies ran with the commodities just as the black ladies ran to sell the clothes. When private property is attacked with anti-materialist arguments, it doesn't stop the materialists of consciousness, the Yippies, from picking up the goods and reselling them, just as the black ladies made

cash from "free" clothes.

In the cultural climate of the late 1960s, the merchandisers moved rapidly to gobble up innovators. The Diggers began in 1966, a year after the San Francisco Mime Troupe made national headlines about free shows in the parks (with donations) and the Yippies hit big times in 1968. Jann Wenner gave *Crawdaddy* only one year's grace before his *Rolling Stone* moved in and Graham came along on the crest of a bunch of innovators: the Family Dog and the Mime Troupe's radical reputation.

The Yippies, *Rolling Stone* and Graham at the Fillmore have one thing in common: they tend to do the "shit" work. The Yippies did political

organizing, rallies, speeches, court trials, jail, press conferences, all those things the Diggers wanted to keep away from because of their claim to anonymity, and spontaneous, organizationless action. Jann Wenner set up a newspaper to receive regular ads from the record industry and made the operation run on time, while *Crawdaddy* was erratically put out and eventually Paul Williams, its editor, went off to a commune. Graham collected the tickets, paid the bills, took care of PR, apple hanging, yelling and screaming, booking and all the stuff that either hipsters wouldn't or couldn't do well. The Family Dog was terrible at business and Chet Helms was a longhair mystic, always running out of money, begging for support without any political savvy. He was pure; he never gave a benefit for a political group; while Graham made a better soup and spooned off the fat.

However one may vent one's spleen on the innovators and merchandisers, as Grogan does with the Yippies and I tend to do with Graham, we must realize that the conditions produced the innovations. The merchandisers move in where contradictions thrive. Merchandisers merchandize that which is saleable, that which the innovator is not selling or taking the opportunity to develop.

The Yippies were not afraid of soiling themselves as Graham was not afraid of doing the "shit" work and of making money. Those of us who were incapable of doing the "shit" work or afraid of the upsurge of possibilities, (i.e., of losing purity) were superseded by the carpetbaggers.

It is true that the carpetbaggers tend to distort the original event. I must agree with Grogan that the stuff Abbie Hoffman printed in books and RAMPARTS was old Digger Communication Company stuff made into a joke, just as Graham cut out the profitless dancing and the social purpose of the early rock/dance/concerts and made them into spectator events. Nevertheless, the Yippies spread the word and the carpetbaggers provided jobs.

The imitators or merchandisers do not pick up the entire original product, but only that which they need to turn stuff into profit. The Consciousness marketer in the twentieth cen-

A serious anomaly has haunted American development of East Asian studies. They are supported in the hope that better American understanding will help improve relations with East Asian peoples. Yet the relations themselves are seldom studied, with the result that we advance crabwise toward understanding problems we have faced and will face in East Asia.

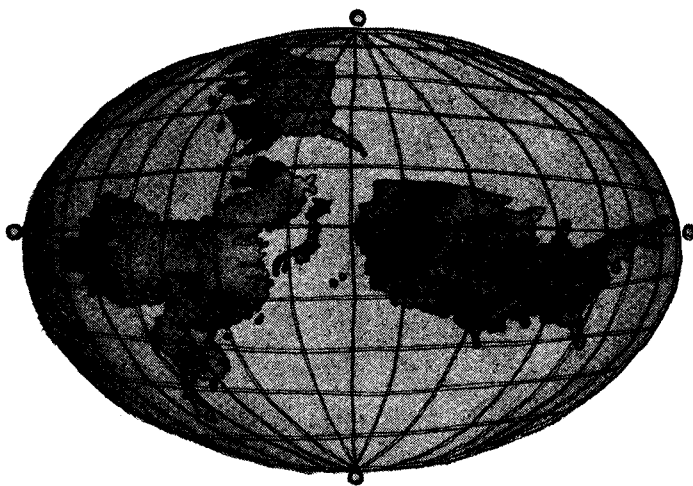
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tury is an electronic heavy, usually a longhair or its equivalent, and one who, like the old style businessman, is prone to "suffer," "apologize" or to "retire." Bill Graham's image of himself in the movie *Fillmore*, besides being hokey, is similar to what Abbie Hoffman did when he "retired from the Movement." Graham poses as a sufferer and hard worker just like all the other millionaires (just count up the dates and names and multiply by a thousand), while Abbie retired at the same time Frank Sinatra bowed out in Las Vegas.

Emmett Grogan's book doesn't teach us how to operate in society because the operators were anonymous heroes, mysterious workers of truth, who got ripped off by the less righteous. The Diggers, and Emmett specifically, remain pure to the end.

Purity is never convincing, even if Proctor and Gamble says so; we are all hip to the contradictions. Nevertheless, if the only events I believe are those I can verify by my own personal experience and the rest is rap, my insight is flattered, my hipness is inflated, and the process makes me one of the "in-group." We are induced to revive our elite status (the reader's elite insight) and simultaneously maintain Grogan as hero, loner in the night, and wolf on the hill.

For those who were not there and did not attend the first Human Be-In, Grogan says there were 300,000 people there, when in fact there were (I was there too) only 20,000. If he says he was approached by Angela Davis as he stone faced Stokely Carmichael in London, at the Dialectics of Liberation Conference, or gave the Panthers the idea for their breakfast program, plus a truck load of food, I wasn't there so I don't believe him. The events are slick, wild and entertaining; his book is not a criticism, self-criticism or historical analysis of the Diggers; rather it is exploit, exploit, exploit. The writer tells of his exploits in the third person to protect the secrecy of his illegal activities and to make Grogan's role appear objective. The results are pretentious.

Emmett the writer tells us about Emmett the character, who after viewing an incident early in the career of the Panthers, at RAMPARTS, says,

"In the late 1960's the merchandisers moved rapidly to gobble up innovators. The Yippies did political organizing, court trials, jail, all those things the Diggers wanted to keep away from because of their claim to anonymity and spontaneous, organizationless action."

"Emmett understood what the Panthers were doing and respected them as brothers in the same struggle." Emmett the writer flatters his early Wisdom while the instant perception of Emmett the character is unbelievable. What comparative struggle? The Panthers were a political party with a call to the lumpen proles at their inception. The Diggers were an anonymous, white radical, hip, socially mobile group of longhairs. The Panthers carried guns and showed them; the Diggers hid their guns and never talked of Free Guns. The 10-point program of the Panther Party was not derived from the Digger Papers.

The fatuousness of objectivity increases as real events slip out of the grasp of Emmett's slick raconteur style: "From the moment he found out the details of 'The Dialectics of Liberation' Emmett felt he had a responsibility to attend because the forum was packed solid with hard-core-radical-political careerists, headlined by Stokely Carmichael, and including John Gerassi, Paul Goodman and Herbert Marcuse, whom Emmett regarded with a respect he holds for few men."

Even objectivity disappears in the latter part of the book when Emmett the character tells of his fear that a New York cop from Kenny Wisdom's youth might arrest Emmett the character for stealing meat for free food: wouldn't that be ironic? It's necessary for Emmett to lift the veil just slightly in case we didn't get the point that this is all him. Like an improvisational comedian, he never completes the character because it might cover his individuality and identity.

The terrible plague of the 1960s was a search for identity. Grogan lost his for a few years and like many of us researched the period to find out what went wrong. He has done the research, shaken the "facts" loose from their historical setting and returned to bolster his image with an individualistic analysis of events. Grogan tells us the history of the Diggers, without any

historical sensitivity. His claim to sole responsibility for the Altamont fiasco, stated in a reprint of an article he wrote for the New York *Post* entitled, "It was my fault," denies the collusion of carpetbaggers, rock stars, fascist gangs and twenty do-good organizers. It is difficult to explain oneself, one's program, or one's group in slogans (the pressure of commercials), and sometimes Grogan can't find the hipness to do even that. The book has many details that have to be given a thorough examination—perhaps a Provo, Digger, Yippie, Situationist criss-cross—before anyone can believe or politically use his adolescent, fast-paced novel.

Emmett's book reads like a film script—fast cuts, heroic exploits and macho trips. Fifty years ago the invention of film objectified events and simultaneously made it possible to manipulate "Truth." Modern audiences are extraordinarily placid, for they know film is a fake event. A ray of light through a piece of celluloid onto a screen and it's all manipulated. It will be nice to see the movie of Grogan's tale. Its enlargement will make more obvious than ever that the Digger "Ideology of Failure" was a good old Protestant American event: "If you do good you'll get hurt." No revolutionary ever wrote that. "The good are never defeated because of their kindness, but because of their weakness."

Thanks to the Diggers and their counterparts, the Yippies, The Family Dog, Bill Graham, *Crawdaddy*, *Rolling Stone* and International Corporate Capitalism, we have arrived at a period of total manipulation in which we see and read all events as PR and PR as all events. This totally manipulated universe creates a potential, even a demand, for historical reason. When a people are constantly tricked, historical reason, logical critique and a rational material analysis are the only means left to convince a people to listen, to move.

MUNICH ON \$40 MILLION A DAY

by ted brock

The souvenir kiosks and refreshment stands, which had remained open to serve thousands of visitors on the Day of Terror, were inexplicably closed for the Israeli memorial service. Down on the field, Avery Brundage took advantage of the moratorium to sell a little more of the old snake oil to "every civilized person." It was tough being the Olympics, he said, because all these two-bit peddlers, politicians and savages—these Africans and these terrorists—kept trying to muscle in on a good thing.

As he spoke, new Olympic product Mark Spitz was hurrying toward Hollywood to televise the reminder that his body, like Phyllis Diller's, needs milk. By the time he made his stopover for a press conference in London, it had been reported that officials fearing for his life had spirited



him out of the Olympic Village, and Spitz made sure to preface his post-terror comments with "As an American and as a Jew . . ." No one checked to see whether Milt Sonsky, the javelin thrower from New York, was also aboard the plane.

Ted Brock is a freelance journalist whose work has appeared in Sport magazine, the San Francisco Chronicle, and other periodicals.

Still-teeming with Olympic Guests—everyone and everything was an Olympia Something in the new *Pidgen Deutsch*—Munich maintained the appearance she had primped so carefully. The Games' ubiquitous logo—Olympic rings and spiral sunburst—replaced the Good House-keeping seal as the world's most powerful endorsement. Metallic green athlete mannequins in a department store window, running *sans genitalia*, pointed the way to Karlsplatz, where the hungry could feed on Langanese Olympia Cup ice cream and wash it down with Lowenbrau's Olympia Pilsener while learning directions to the grand opening of Munich's first McDonald's.

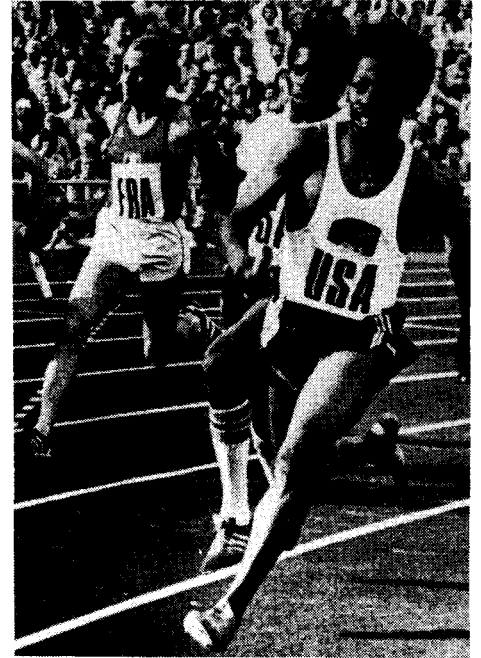
Time and space dissolved through the tubes of a new porcelain-bright, computerized subway system which, in less than ten minutes, could suck whole trainloads of human bodies from Marienplatz in the center of town to the Olympia Park five miles away. An adventurous spectator could purchase a \$10 gymnastics ticket for \$50 to \$100 in the Marienplatz black market 20 minutes prior to the event and arrive at his seat well before the computerized message board lit up to let him know what he was about to watch.

Outside the sporthalls, street merchants arranged their wares in neat rows. (For them, it was divine justice that the official souvenir outlets were closed on the Day of Mourning. Business tripled following the Memorial Service.) A man with a boxful of windup animals ran his own sidewalk circus, adding new performers as the seasoned ones were sold. Windup Jesus freaks wearing badges that said "Teen Challenge" and "Youth With a Mission" daily combed the grounds in their efforts to recycle lost souls. One of them pondered his own mundane dilemma: his friend Jan Johnson would be competing in the pole vault soon, and reasonably-priced tickets were nowhere to be found.

"Maybe The Lord can get me through the gate," he said. "You know, there was a guy in Acts who needed to get from Arabia to Egypt. Philip. The Lord *flew* him there . . . without a reservation . . . ha . . . You know, Jan's just gonna *kill* those guys in the vault. Jesus can help him over

the bar, if he'll just take Jesus into his heart. I believe Jan's one person The Lord can help in a mighty way."

But The Lord was no match for the International Amateur Athletic Federation, which ruled that Americans Johnson and Bob Seagren, the world record holder, were not allowed to use their own poles in the competition. Johnson finished third, Seagren finished second, and Wolfgang Nordwig—the East German who precipitated the ruling with his complaint that the Americans' poles hadn't been on the market long enough to allow



everyone a chance to buy one—rode last year's model to victory.

Munich had spared nothing for this Olympiad, and the Olympic Village—that sanctuary for athletes—seemed overwhelming, a hastily-built housing project destined for rotating hordes of German workers and their families after the Games. (A housing shortage in Munich makes the Olympic Village one of the better public investments on the lot. The sporthalls and stadia, for all their translucent radiance and roller coaster rooflines, are not likely to enjoy such demand in the future.)

Inside the athletes' Village, there was everything from a centrally-located discotheque where a live disc jockey said "Yeah" between records, to a three-story cafeteria which never ran out of every food of the world, to