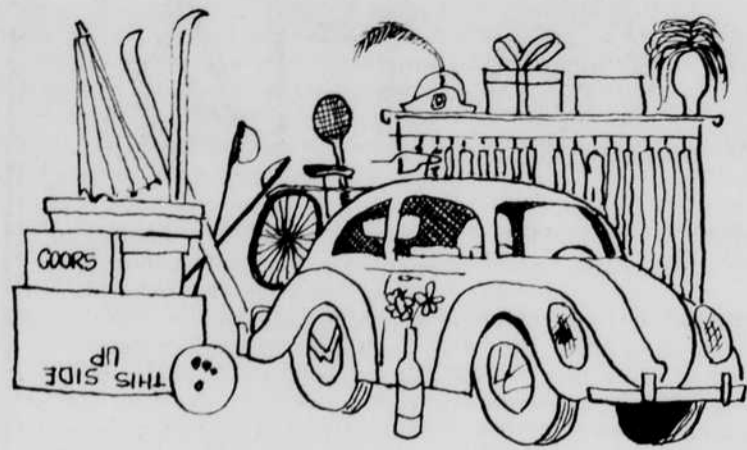


IF YOU HAVE ENOUGH FOR A VAN, BUT HE ONLY HAS A VOLKSWAGEN..... CALL BERTSCH.



You move as much as you want, as far as you want when you move with Bertsch. That's because Bertsch is the agent for Allied Van Lines, the world's number 1 moving company. When you move... trust Bertsch... you Allied Agent in Eugene at 344-6257.

**BERTSCH MOVING & STORAGE CO., INC.**

P.O. Box 975, 309 West 4th, Eugene, Oreg.



# Do It For Mother Earth And The YMCA.

Come out to the big Mother Earth Day Concert at Autzen Stadium on June 4 at 8:00 p.m.—but don't come empty-handed.

A 40-foot Rainier Brewing Company van will be waiting there to haul all the beer, soft drink and other bottles and cans you bring along to appropriate manufacturers for recycling. Every penny received will be turned over to the University of Oregon and Central Lane Family YMCA's.

And for our own recyclable bottles and all-aluminum cans Rainier will contribute double what we normally pay—or 2c each (50c per case of 24) for the bottles and 1c each (25c per case of 24) for the aluminum cans. We'll reuse our recyclable bottles and have the cans melted down and made into new aluminum products.

So come out and hear Mother Earth, The Doobie Bros. and Oroboros—but don't come empty-handed. Let's all do it for Mother Earth and the YMCA.

Rainier Brewing Company, Seattle, Washington

## Wolfe ...

Continued from Page 7

Grass, Allen Ginsberg, and Gregory Markopoulos, who is an "underground" filmmaker before 1,200 students. The subject was "The Style of the Sixties." Paul Krassner was the moderator, and the Horsemen charged on. Very soon the entire discussion was centered on police repression, Gestapo tactics, the knock on the door, the Triumph of Knout. I couldn't believe what was happening, but there it was.

"What are you talking about?" I said. "We're in the middle of a... Happiness Explosion!" But I didn't know where to begin. I might as well have said let's talk about the Fisher King. Happiness, said Saint-Just a century ago, is a new concept in Europe. Apparently it was new here, unheard of almost. Ah, philosophers!—if we want to be serious, let us discuss the real apocalyptic danger and things truly scary; ego extension, the politics of pleasure, the self-realization racket, the pharmacology of Overjoy...

But why discuss it now. I, for one, will be content merely to watch the faces of our leaders, political and intellectual, the day they wake up and look over their shoulders and catch the first glimpse of their erstwhile followers—streaking—happy workers!—in precisely the opposite direction, through God's own American ozone—Apocalyptic riders!—astride their own custom versions—enjoy!—of the 300-horsepower Chevrolet V-8 engines of this world... riding bareback...

Out of context, Rex Reed could have written that, but in context it is definitely the work of a new Wolfe (maybe an aging Wolfe: Tom isn't Tom anymore). What followed the above words of his introduction are several finely wrought glimpses into a different world than existed in 1965. This is a pathetic world.

The pump house gang is a group of young surfers who live totally for the surf and sand (there is nothing inherently wrong with this). But they are also a national fad. Add a dash of movie lore and a man named Bruce Brown films the whole phenomenon and gets rich. But the gang sits around the pump house and continues to sit around the pump house and finally Leonard and Donna who are 18 and 21, respectively, kill themselves. "Nobody knew what to think. But one thing it seemed like—well, it seemed like Donna and Leonard thought they had lived The Life as far as it would go and now it was running out. All that was left to do was—but that is an insane idea. It can't be like that. The Life can't run out, people can't change all that much just because gods own chronometer runs on and the body packing starts deteriorating and the fudgy tallow shows up at the thighs where they squeeze out of the bathing suit—"

My god, that is sickening. We're all caught in the whirlpool tyranny of time. Whatever happened to poor Tom, Trivial Tom?

My god, that is sickening. We're all caught in the whirlpool tyranny of time. Whatever happened to poor Tom, Trivial Tom?

### Hefner

Then we have Hugh Hefner, recluse. An empire built on sex appropriately run from a huge sixteen-round revolving bed. But as the bed revolves, Hef's head seems to be... "floating to the left." And he has his own camera right in his bedroom—"putting... God knows what on videotape."

But Wolfe is showing something essentially absurd in this life of Hefner,

king of sex, king of the status dropouts. This is not the world of the street, the brutal street, that was becoming so prominent in American life—all those marches, all those riots. But it is strange that even Hefner, recluse, really the king of enterprise (sex, Americans, sex) found that teargas like a junky burglar is indiscriminatory in whose nose-house it will pilfer. Hefner, king of enterprise, got gassed during all those riots.

In this book, Wolfe has really caught some of the contemporary aspects of America in small, strange microcosms of the entire society. It is as if the sum is made up of the whole of its parts or maybe we should reverse the whole formula...and then reverse it again. Wolfe's new non-fiction is a sort of societal yo-yo.

Dark, Dark Tom.

### Clownish

Carol Doda is a freak but an enterprising freak. "But of course! A heroine of her times! Carol Doda wears false eyelashes, but only to go with her Easter Egg yellow hair, dyed from brown, which goes with her soapstone skin, so perfectly white from remaining forever, every night within the hot meat spigot casbah of Broadway—Electra of the Main Stem!—in order to show the

### An Approach to Life

continue to improve  
express feelings directly  
identify put-downs  
have no expectations  
don't rationalize  
have new experiences  
paraphrase when unclear  
seek new perceptions  
accept feedback  
read body language  
discuss reality  
ignore other's illusions  
perception check  
give behavior observations  
touch and help others  
don't interrupt  
interpret when asked  
negotiate relationships  
accept fantasy  
focus on the moment  
and trip

new world a pair of—at last!—perfected twentieth-century American breasts. You have only one life to live. Why not live it as a put-together girl?"

Maybe Carol Doda is a clown. Maybe Hugh Hefner is a clown. Maybe American sex is clownish. Sex, or at least Wolfe's vision of it, might just be all embodied in the irr, irr of Hefner's bed and referred to as "it" in much the same manner as Carol Doda refers to them as "them."

### Mirror

Then we have a profile of Marshall McLuhan (do not read this page, people). Wolfe presents McLuhan's theories—radical and startling, a quick smack of the possible future for men still involved in the past—against the repetitive uttering of "What if he is right?" But there is an unsettling effect in that repetitive question. It is almost as if the sound went out: What if his right? and the echo came back: What is going to happen to us?

This effect is one of the central essences of this book. It is almost as if Wolfe is giving a series of portraits of paths and is making us actually enjoy it. If the reader enjoys the book, it is almost as if he has become one of the chapters in it. Does reading reflect back like a mirror on the reader?

But the book is uneven. At times it is so very very good and at times absolutely terrible. The stories, "The Mild Ones" and "The Hair Boys," for example, could have been left blank pages in the middle of the book and it would have been better in the end.

### Ambivalence

This is one of the troubles the reader has with Wolfe. When he is good, he is very very good, but when he is bad, he is just poor Tom, trivial Tom. The worst part of the problem is that the badness seems so obvious. Throughout his work the triviality occurs when either his subject matter is merely a zoom-zoom thing or when he tries to treat a person superficially.

Tom's bomb in "The Mild Ones" is an example of one of these zoom-zoom things. This guy builds this terrific motorcycle and it goes zoom-zoom and the reader goes: So what? Toms says, there he goes. Reader says, so what? Tom is only humming, no lyric to his song.

An example of the super superficial treatment is Ken Kesey.

I first read The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test shortly after I moved to Oregon. I didn't read it for Wolfe but because Kesey is such a "big name in dees here parts of the country."

The list at left is an outline of the monograph Communication and Learning written and published locally by Mike Sprague. He calls it, "A newly articulated description of human interaction and potential." It could be called a how-to-live system but falls short.

The attempt is to synthesize thinking of ten important psychologists including Perls, Adler, Dreikers and Frankl with ideas of Fuller, Russell, and E.T. Hall into a clear concise framework to understand human behavior.

Sprague claims to uncover two new principles that govern human functioning explaining the relationship of anxiety to perception. He says there are two human feelings: anxiety and joy. Anxiety is defined functionally as the brain's signal to itself through the senses of a current misperception. The other concept—the mind can focus on only one thing at a time which is limited to the past, present or future—mysticism excluded.

The whole theory is based on absolutely defining ultimate or objective reality with being totally in the here and now as the primary goal.

Some words are defined in a new way, but he fails to adequately explain joy and being on the moment, and leaves out such important human realities as images, depression, and fear.

The consistency of the system is tight but individual interpretation can lead to confusion. The concept of reality and some of the other ideas need more explanation. The uncompromising position of absolutism may remind the reader of religious dogma, but if the author accurately describes reality as he claims, he's unusually perceptive, otherwise it's one big mistake. Sold in local bookstores.

The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test is on the whole the worst thing Tom has done. Yet it does have its good points. Tom is so uneven.

### Technique

The main good point is technique. The ability to hold the language together, to extend the style, is quite good. This style is part acid language and part movie reporting.

However, there are only two good scenes in the entire book and for different reasons. The first is the Hells Angels scene and the second is Kesey's escape from the house in Mexico.

The Hell's Angels scene is well done because it moves the reader—right to the toilet to retch. The reader is disgusted. This is the pathos of man staring him in the face—so one person got gang banged, so what, she asked for it.

Kesey's escape is well done because of the interlinking of two elements. Kesey is waiting in a house in Mexico and he is getting really paranoid—it seems every pig in the world is after him. Finally Black Maria shows up and when Kesey hears her footsteps, it freaks him out—IT'S THE F.B.I! With one mad dash—go!—he leaps out the window and runs off through the jungle. That's a scene out of

a movie and when it happens, as it has happened in countless movies, the reader's mind's ear can hear the cheering of the theatre audience. That was the whole tradition of Douglas Fairbanks—Burt Lancaster—Sean Connery leaping through that window! Oh, joy! Then flash! It's all irony. We don't actually know that those footfalls are Black Maria's until Kesey has made his mad dash and then an instant later she steps through the door. It's the old O. Henry twist! As in Catch-22, we are stopped short by the basic ironic insanity of man.

### Kesey

The worst part of the book is the skim-the-surface treatment of Kesey. Here is a young author of two very fine novels. Eccentric? Yes, but complex too. Tom doesn't catch the complexity. Kesey is merely A PRESENCE. Presenting just a presence, Tom can not answer the question, So what? The answer lies in exploring the complexity.

At the end of the book, Tom has Kesey going "We blew it. We blew it." I remember that same line at one point in Easy Rider (Fonda and Hopper probably took it right out of this book—the similarity between that movie and this book could be explored quite

compact, no unnecessary description, the style presents a devastating air of objective observation. Perfectly he conveys the impression of "this is what happened." He has caught the accuracy—it seems—of an even so important, however, is the subject matter. Wolfe finally has tackled a relevant subject.

He has attacked the American liberal's myth of wanting to feel guilty. But his attack is not really an attack, per se. He is merely serving as the rope which these people use to hang themselves.

The phenomenon that took place at Lenny's is called nostalgia de la boue (literally—"nostalgia for the mud"). It is the romanticizing of primitive souls and those souls are the Black Panthers. And the true motive of the entire radical chic can be summed up with: "most of the people in this room have had a problem of being unwanted." Don't you want us, Black Panthers?

### Chic

Wolfe is devastating. The beautiful people are sincere: "Who do you call to give a party?" The beautiful people are involved: "I've never met a Panther—this is a first for me." The beautiful people are with it—Latin American servants, far freaking out. And when the chips are down: "In general, the Radically Chic made a strategic withdrawal, denouncing the 'witchhunt' of the press as they went. There was brief talk of a whole series of parties for the Panthers in and around New York, by way of showing the world that socialites and culturati were ready to stand up and be counted in defense of what the Panthers, and, for that matter, the Bernsteins, stood for. But it never happened. In fact, if the socialites already in line for Panther parties had gone ahead and given them in clear defiance of the opening round of attacks on the Panthers and the Bernsteins, they might well have struck and extraordinary counterblow in behalf of the Movement. This is, after all, a period of great confusion among the culturati and liberal intellectuals generally, and one in which a decisive display of conviction and self-confidence can be overwhelming. But for the Radically Chic to have fought back in this way would have been a violation of their own innermost conviction. Radical Chic, after all, is only radical in style: in its heart is part of Society and its traditions. Politics, like Rock, Pop and Camp, has its uses; but to put one's whole status on the line for nostalgia de la boue in any of its forms would be unprincipled."

### Mau-maung

Balanced with Radical Chic is "Mau-Maung the Flak Catchers." Together they seem to indicate that the Blacks have definitely understood the Black-White relationship in the country. They have cut to the very center of the white mentality and exploited it.

Mau-Maung is the description of a technique to gain money from bureaucracy of the poverty program. It is a technique founded on sheer intimidation (much the same as Whites have used for years on the Blacks). They wear their ghetto rags. They come in groups. They plug down their weapons. And they scare the hell out of the bureaucrats. Success.

We try to call it racism but way back in our minds the thought lingers: is it really only common sense. Contentwise, Wolfe seems a pig; but that has nothing to do with the politics of style.

Wolfe hits. Tom misses. If the pattern continues, it's time for a miss—poor Tom.

What if he hit again? The pattern will be broken. Does that disturb us? Is life worth living?

Mike Petryni

## ALI BABA

Home of exotic Arabian food

featuring a great variety of fine Arabian food at the most reasonable prices around. Dinner is only \$1.25. Each night we feature a different dinner. No set menu.

Dinner time is 5:30 - 8:30 pm

We're located between Eugene & Springfield at 3758 Franklin Blvd. 746-9290. Closed Sunday. Free parking.

P.S. Films Presents

ROD STEIGER

## The Pawn Broker

"... Harsh but compassionate... unbearable cruelty and totally heart breaking... Steiger's finest performance."

—The Tymes

FRIDAY 150 SCIENCE

9:30, 7:00, & 9:15 pm  
\$1.00

WOMEN Sophs SENIORS JUNIORS  
GRADS-TO-BE  
Do you have 2 years of college left?  
Apply NOW for the Air Force ROTC two-year program to complete the Air Force Officers qualification test, physical exam, personal interview, and summer field training by fall of 1971. For further info— with no obligation— call 686-3107 or visit U.S.P.O. EUGENE ONE NOW!

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY  
ADD BIG MAMA THORNTON  
PRESENTED BY BUTTERFLY PRODUCTIONS AND THE COMMUNITY SKOOL

FRIDAY  
MAY 28  
8-12 PM  
AT  
M'ARTHUR  
COURT  
EUGENE

TICKETS: 3<sup>00</sup> IN ADV. 3<sup>00</sup> AT THE DOOR  
OUTLETS: Confusion Center, Crystal Shop, Sun Shop, Id. Book Store, Sherwood Forest and Mad's 14 Fi