

banned. Furthermore, inmates can't take books from the library. (Last April, several thousand books of fiction were destroyed by the administration.)

6. Better management of the commissary.

7. Let inmates have more choice in their job and vocational training assignments.

A prison official later tried to tell the public that the demand was for "a swimming pool and color TV"—this is about the norm for bureaucratic veracity. As can be seen, the grievances were as moderate as possibly could be imagined. This made no difference, however, and no one from the administration ever talked with any striker about the issues.

On Friday several hundred strikers held a meeting in the recreation yard. (So far the administration had sent a number of leaders, about twenty, into solitary confinement, but had done nothing to the other strikers.) These men were lured inside with the promise of food (meals had been irregular during the strike). Once inside they were locked in the main corridor and confronted again with Mr. Hogan, who asked them to give up and return to their cells. However he was argued down by several angry inmates. When Hogan had lost the argument the goon squad appeared, in helmets and gas masks and armed with clubs and gas guns. At this the inmates began to move in the direction Hogan indicated but the goons attacked anyway. Prison officials admit that six men were sent to the hospital, so presumably the number was considerably larger.

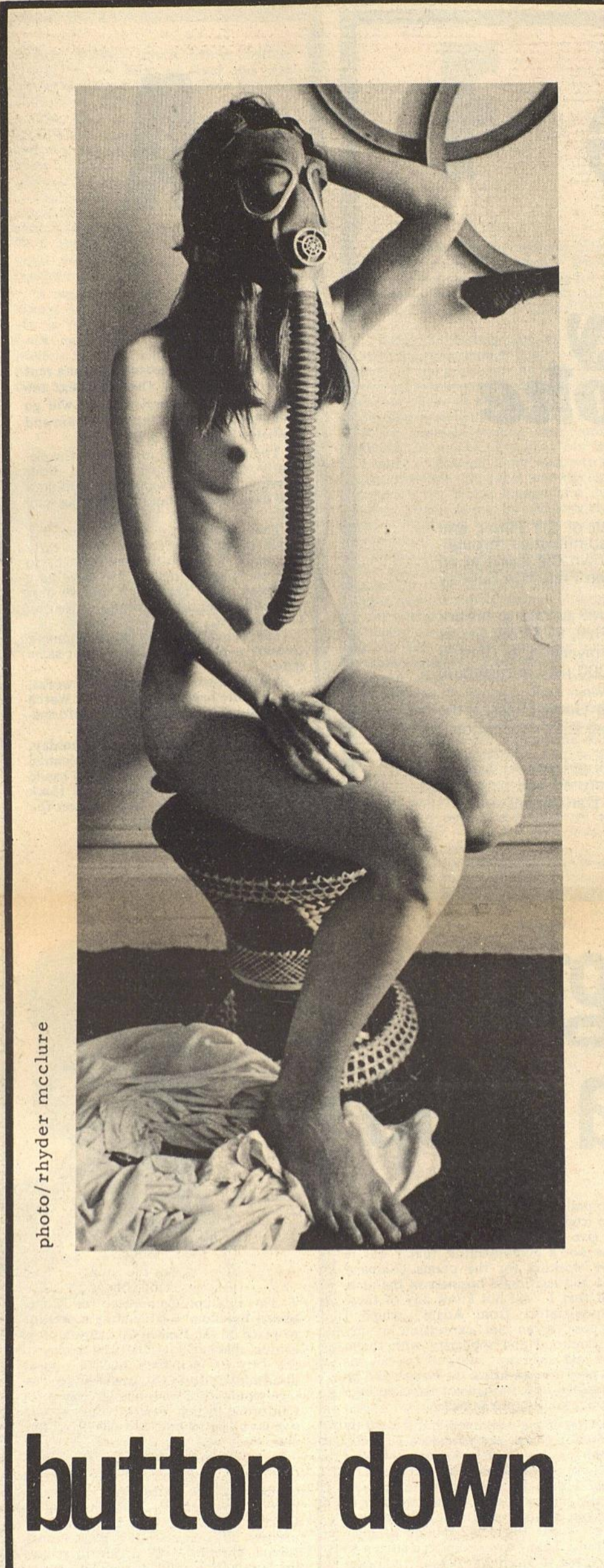
The situation had been declared a riot on Friday, though it had been completely non-violent so far, probably due partly to the influence of draft resisters. (It is not known whether it will be possible to sell non-violent tactics to the inmates in the future.) It has been speculated that the police riot was motivated by the desire to try out new techniques of rehabilitation: a veteran of many demonstrations reports that the gas used was not tear gas but something stronger.

Several hundred prisoners were now put in "solitary confinement"—I-block's 120 cells were filled with two or more prisoners apiece. The remaining prisoners were talked to in groups of ten or so—a technique designed to intimidate the weaker prisoners. The solidarity which had been remarkably strong so far began to deteriorate, and by Wednesday work was going on fairly normally.

Reprisals began almost at once. Some strikers were still in solitary a month after the strike. An undetermined number had good time taken away (in effect, had their sentences extended a month or more) and one inmate with a 15-year sentence was threatened with the denial of parole (ironically, he had been of no use to the strike and was being punished for a past SDS involvement.) As many as 150 prisoners, including most with college training, were transferred to other, harder institutions.

(Prison officials admit that they are at a loss when trying to handle the "new class of prisoners" who don't fit their prejudices and stereotypes and don't respond well to the various techniques used for handling the old kind of prisoner. [In the future such prisoners will probably be segregated: the July 19 *Peacemaker* reports on how Allenwood prison farm is being changed into a concentration camp for political prisoners, complete with floodlights, barbed wire, and more restrictive regulations.] At Lompoc the "new class of prisoners" and the oldstyle prisoners worked together pretty well, and the original industries sitdown seems to have been the work mostly of non-hippies. Convicts do not have to be told they are oppressed.)

It would be a mistake to believe that because one prison was stalled for a week the system was hurt much. A prison isn't really closed down until all the prisoners get out, and even the measly little demands which were made weren't acted upon. But a lot of people learned things—mainly solidarity. Everyone involved commented on the solidarity among very diverse people, which is amazing considering that the strike was in effect a substitute for the long-rumored summer race riot—white prisoners against black. It looks like the bureau of prisons is going to have its hands full from now on.



photo/rhyder mcclure

# button down

rhyder mcclure

The drive down Highway 1 to Big Sur is a delight. All that sky and ocean, the cliffs, the winding road, the Provinces and the Fort Ord rifle range. The last sight is the only touch of unpleasantness in all the 160 miles or so from the City to the Esalen Institute. It's a drive like that that puts you in the right frame of mind. You're out of the City and your lungs are about to burst with good clean

Pacific Ocean/country air. Wow! You're feeling fine! and ready to hear some of the best music around.

You park your car and head for the sign—Esalen Institute, Reservations Only—something slightly evil about signs like that, but you don't think anything more of it, 'cause you're here to get behind that music. You see hundreds of folk sitting along the highway looking down at a speck of blue that seems eternally far away. Then you realize that these

people are not going in, and you wonder why. So we stand in line to get tickets. That'll be eight dollars. You shell out the bread and then step to another table and get your hand stamped. Down the asphalt road to that speck of blue, but you are stopped about five times by these people wearing Y in Yang buttons of red and blue who speak out brutally—lemme see your stamp—oh groovey, man, go right on. Five checks I say to myself? What the fuck. The speck of blue is a swimming pool and behind it are the musicians. Joni Mitchell is just coming on.

Well, it's true, some of the best music around was there but there was something in the air other than Ocean/country freshness, something low key and something subtly pungent.

Joni Mitchell is really a fine woman. Her singing, pregnant with strong sensitivity and quiet gentleness and her presence, created a good mood. Joan Baez did an a cappella thing that moved the surrounding hills with its beauty. Dorothy Morrison is simply out of sight. She is polished and very heavy. Her singing, gospel rock perhaps, is loaded with exuberance. She makes joyful music. Crosby, Stills & Nash—you've already heard what they were into. They're the very best anywhere.

While all this is going on, the Esalen people are also going on. They are ugly. If you happen to be in that posh upper middle class "hip" set, you might get the idea that they are far out, but we know where that's at. Let me tell you a little about these Esalen creeps. The show was four bucks, right? Well, not everyone in the world has that, including many of the people who were sitting on the rocks along Highway 1 in front of Esalen. Some of these people tried to sneak in. I hope lots of them made it. I saw one guy emerge from the woods, that great free road, only to be apprehended by the Esalen robots. You gotta pay. I got no bread. You gotta pay anyway. I can't. And he walked on. The robots grabbed him, threw him to the ground and kicked the shit out of him. That, I guess, is how Esalen feels poor people should be dealt with—remember, Esalen Institute, Reservations Only.

Everywhere I looked there were these robots in their blue and red Yin Yang buttons pushing, shoving and being nasty and rude and inhuman to people. I had several run-ins with the Robots, one of which is very telling: You got a button? (I must have heard that one seven thousand times). You see, I was on the blue speck area, with my camera, getting ready to photograph Sunday's doings, and that area was restricted to those with BUTTONS. No, but I gotta press pass and I was here all yesterday with no hassle. You gotta have a button to be here. The cat was really nasty too, no humanity. Add seven more Robots, all being nasty and uptight at once—where's your button where's your button? You gotta have a button.

Scene now getting very heavy; I'm surrounded by uptight Robots and they are beginning to push me. You gotta go to the office and get a button. But I shot all day yesterday without a "BUTTON." I'm real. Get to the office, fucker, or anywhere else, just get outta here, you got no button. These people are now very ugly, pushing and pulling me, who is just a little confused and put off at this point. Sure, man, I'll go get your button, but first let me tell you a little something about Esalen. I don't want to hear your opinion, you fucker, get out. The pushing is now very intense, even manic. We don't give a shit what you think, the robots chimed in. Said one particularly ugly robot—I saw you here yesterday. I don't like your style and I don't want you in here today, understand? Get out.

Don't you guys see what I'm trying to say about Esalen? Don't you understand anything? Well, they didn't see or understand that they are paradyme creeps with uptight, possessive, self-righteous minds and no souls or hearts. They 86ed me. Went to the office after I dusted myself off and talked to the Issuer of Buttons. He gave me what I wanted and bemoaned the Festival at length and all of US—you and me, brother—for being invaders and plunderers of God's own children's ESALIN INSTITUTE. RESERVATIONS ONLY.

Esalen's idea of a Folk Festival is my idea of an Esalen Freak Show at the most sordid of Esalen carnivals.