By Emanuel Goldman

The Park Square Cinema.

The Royal Hunt of the Sun provides an opportunity to study a past that has special significance today. Pizarro's conquest of Peru is a classic prototype of political and personal imperialism.

The motives for imperialism are explored in detail. We see, of course, the motive of economic exploitation. The Incas were ruined, and the gold thereby available was not jewelry or trinkets, but barter. The huge quantities of gold were melted down to make money. It is the story of gold, gold, gold.

All this is implicit in the confrontation between Pizarro and the Inca king. An unlikely friendship arises between the two (both are tyrants that made good). Pizarro begins to sympathize with the other, but he is too deep in it to then decide he was on the wrong side. The Royal Hunt of the Sun is an absorbing historical interpretation, which I found personally moving as well as thought-provoking.

By Bruce Schwartz

DO IT! Scenario of the Revolu-
tion: Jerry Rubin, Simon & Schuster, 255 pgs., illus., $2.45.

DO IT! may be the book in the bookstore waiting to be stolen. “Danger!” screams the jacket note. “This book will become a Molotov cocktail in your very hand.” It sounds like the Communist Manifesto of our era.

Jerry Rubin and Simon & Schuster, if you have the nerve to put that book over a $2.45 paperback, I hope everyone will find the nerve to take Jerry’s advice and DO IT! Right now. I would just remind the good fellows at your public library department of the old saying, “When it comes time to hang the last of the bourgeoisie, there will be a cap-

cit in hand to do the job.” So much for the inconvenience ofCopyright

DO IT! film: “Royal Hunt of the Sun” recordings: Miles Davis, Ed Sanders, and shorts

ED SANDERS

Sanderson’s Truckstop — Ed Sanders (Reprise)

Even in the twilight days when the Fugs’ heavy-handedness showed, because they were no longer gross enough to hide it, there was still Ed Sanders. His voice, his presence, his otherwise dissual Fugs album of the same name. Now Sanders is on his own, the Fugs having broken up. He is backed by eight fine folk and country-oriented musicians of whom only Pat Sky has a “name” (but all are excellent). Not all the cuts are biting satire, but those that aren’t are musical good entertainment. Good mark it on their own.

Of the satirical cuts, the “Iliad” is the only one containing so-called obscenities; it is also the best, chronicling the beat-

up of a peace queer. Other subjects include “polaroid war,” “molestation,” and “housewifery.”

Rex Begenis

Miles Davis

Bitches Brew — Miles Davis (Columbia)

Quite simply, the new double album is magnificent. So are the two records that come inside. The instrumental sections of the album continues the trend of the previous albums “In A Silent Way” and “In A Silent Way”: a heavy, though subtle, emphasis on percussion (French drummers and a percussionist), electric pianos (two or three at a time), a fender bass, bass, and electric guitar, as well as, this time, a bass clarinet. The only brass besides Davis’s trumpet is Wayne Shorter’s soprano sax. Also continued is the trend toward long (the title-cut runs 27 minutes) free-form composi-

tions, rather than the fairly tight, four or five-minute cuts of albums of a few years ago, which impressed around around Paris, that were at least obvious, and often (to put it vulgarly) “catchy”

What is different here is the feeling. With Bitches Brew was fairly transparently (In A Silent Way) this is a Bitches Brew. Miles’ band is a lot more intense, moody. The bass clarinet often provides the only steady, ear-catching facts. Adding to the overall impact is the electric hacking; besides the effec-


tive stereo presence, Miles’ trump-

et is given an echo at times. “Bitches Brew” centers around trumpet fanfare of sorts that echo into the distance. Brilliant music is not often easy listening. This powerful, coolly emotional offering from the Prince of Darkness demands concentration. It is unity (the title-cut alone contains 10 distinct vocal parts, including a Ray Cooper on the clarinet) and the improvisation of Wagnerian opera.

—Mike Feitig

Robert Shaw plays Pizarro in “The Royal Hunt of the Sun” at the Park Square Cinema.

DO IT! film: “Royal Hunt of the Sun” recordings: Miles Davis, Ed Sanders, and shorts

OPEN THE PRISONS DISBAND THE ARMY

There are no common-law

crimes

The Yippies are calling for total anarchy. After the revolu-
tion, Jerry claims, we will be able to take the, by now, useless American military machine and use it for real civilization, to produce food, and for the needs of the day. I take that as meaning that we will do what we do about pollution, population, and scarcity resources in a hungry world, defense against real ene-

gies, and the like. No government? Of that, Jerry makes no mention, but implies it is the end; and by “it,” he means everyone’s collective inclination. If we do not have a government, we will have a government.

LSC

(Full name: LSC is not one of the graffit in Bruce Schwarzes article)

FRIDAY

Dr. Zihgrohe. Three hours of blue snowflakes, humid mous-
taches, overacting, screaming music, disorganized plot, love and revo-

lution, though not in that order. Viewers can amuse themselves admiring the scenery or counting the extras. The film is, however, beautifully and coolly made. There have been sex poppy vox rot 1, 2, 3, by the one believer (Bert-

hoven on his death-bed).

SATURDAY

Weekend, Jean-Luc Godard’s most vision of current revolu-
tion of civilization on the high-

ways, in which people kill each other at will; or they kill the survivors degenerate to can-

nibals. Although marred by polit-

cal paranoia, the film is a sharp insight of society’s eerie frightening.

SUNDAY

How I Win War, Richard Lester’s ultimate anti-war film. It’s so gross it’s brilliant.

through the episodes that have molded his philosophy, or ra-
th, that are his philosophy. Like Stevenson’s dollar balls at the capitalists at the New York Stock Exchange. Jerry also al-

ows us a glimpse of the revolution in some ready-made shots, from Chairman Jerry, such as: “Bonoie Parker and Cylde Barrow aren’t that great; there’s the New York.”

“A society which makes war, that is not a right, has no right to exist.”

“Eat your money and die.”

“Don’t waste your money and die.”

“Agree with your tactics, I don’t know about your goal.”

It sounds like the Yippies’ philosophy, which, one must conclude after sliding through Jerry’s eminently digestible (yes, like TV, which is in turn like sour cream or Fu­rins, it slides down easy, easy to digest) book, is anarchy. DO IT! is no Communist Manifesto. It’s warmed-over Bakunin with a French surrealist movement, and Cachet thrown in. It’s all very simple. Overthrow the re-
publish politically correct. We will simply live in a state of loving peace and mild social reform. We build the revolution property right now. The medium is the message. We are the medium. We will do it. The French Yippies have taken the American idea of the Yippie. It’s all very original. In 1969, the Yippies began with the French surrealism movement opened with the words, THE TECHNOLOGY REVOLUTION: APRIL 21, 1970 PAGE 5