



Some participants in the experiment in communal living pose on the front porch of their ramshackle house in Madison, N. J., a quiet town that is unhappy about their presence.

The New York Times (by Patrick A. Burns)



Edward Running Fox Goode, an American Indian who stays at the house from time to time, dances for the residents and some of the nightly visitors.

Frank Olivo for The New York Times

## Young Rebels Set Up Own Community in Jersey

By TOM BUCKLEY  
Special to The New York Times

MADISON, N. J., Aug. 25 —Throughout a recent evening, youngsters arrived at a ramshackle 17-room house on the main street of this quiet community. They came on foot up the long driveway, on motorbikes, in sports cars, an old hearse and a battered camper.

Some, clearly nervous, were visiting the house for the first time. Others were night-after-night visitors, drawn by the desire to participate in or, at least, to observe an experiment in communal living that is being repeated in countless other communities.

By 11 P.M., there were perhaps 35 youngsters in the house, or walking about the pleasant grounds.

In an upstairs bedroom, behind a closed door, a couple embraced while a phonograph played rock music. Another couple sat on the stairs, sharing a bottle of beer. In the kitchen, a tall blond girl dreamily washed the supper dishes while a bare-chested young man mixed dried milk and water and poured it on a bowl of Shredded Wheat.

### Grew Up in Jersey

Bob Courboin, 21 years old, the "father" and guiding spirit of the house, sat on the broad porch, easing his back against a white column, letting the wood-scented night breezes cool his bare feet. His arm was around the shoulder of his girl friend, Jean Prussell, 18.

"I look forward to the day when the whole world will be like this," he said.

Young Courboin, like most of the residents of the house and the regular visitors, is from New Jersey. He grew up in Summit. His parents are in relatively comfortable circumstances. He has been a rebel against middle-class values and the gospel of success, he said, since he was 15.

His fight against society

led to his dismissal from Seton Hall Prep after less than a year, and, later to a term in the Annandale Reformatory for car theft. He was behind bars on the day President Kennedy was shot, and, in a way that he cannot fully explain, he says, the effect that it had on him at that time changed his life.

In the past, he said, he had used dangerous drugs and narcotics, including heroin, but since helping to establish the house six months ago he had stopped.

### No Drugs Permitted

"Music, beauty, sex—they all mean just as much without it," he said. "I can get as high on beauty now as I used to be able to with four or five joints. Kids come here as speed freaks [methedrine users] and they drop off."

The prohibition against drugs in the house is one of the few rules that govern the community.

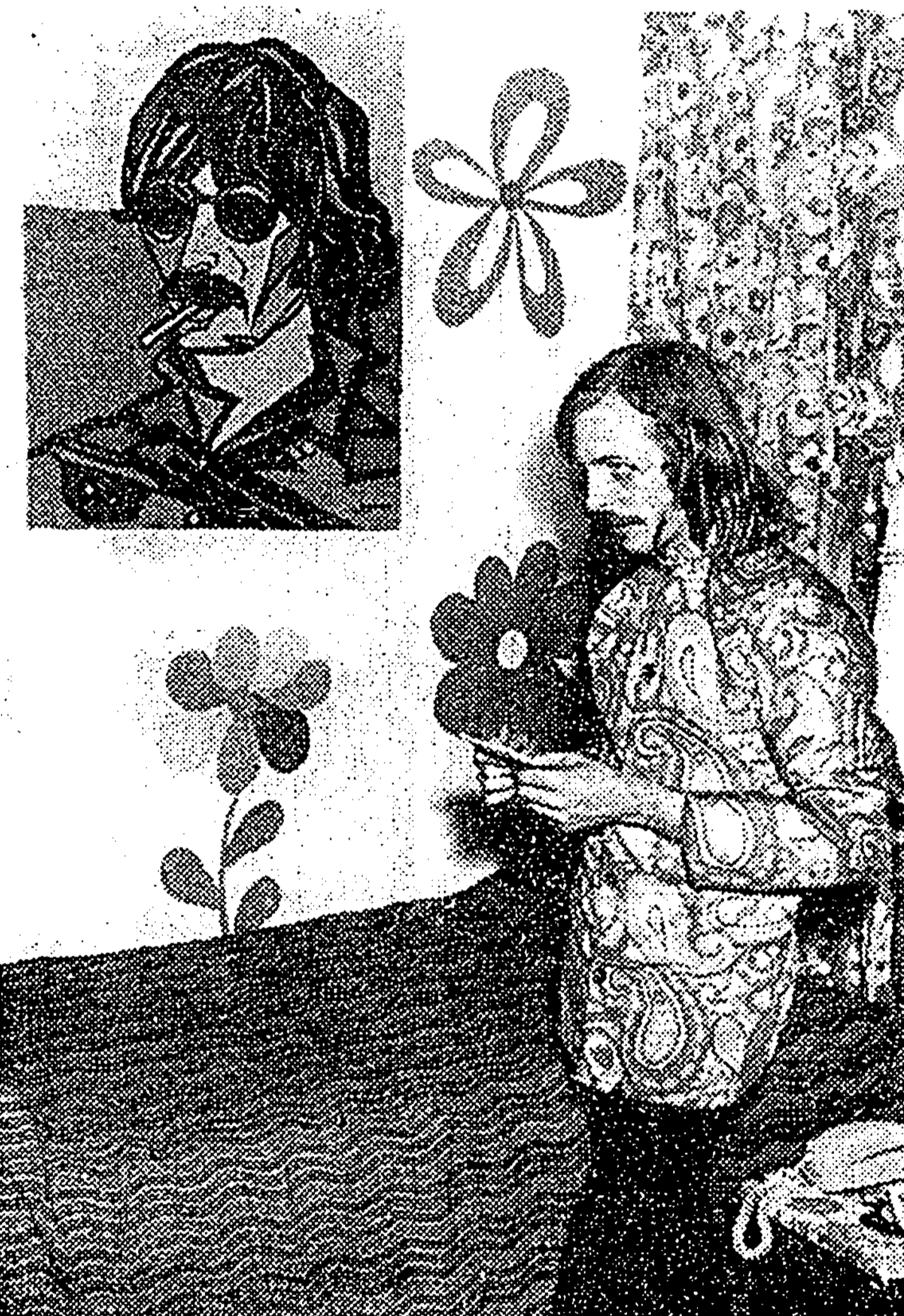
The bedrooms on the two upper floors are assigned to the eight to ten young people who regularly stay there.

The rent of \$250 a month is shared by Bob Courboin, who has a \$90-a-week factory job, and three other young men who are regularly employed—Stan Kusinow, 23, a laboratory technician, and Joe Boatman, 22, a truck driver, both of New Brunswick, and Tom Wetzler, 19, a draftsman from Clark.

Among the nonpaying guests, a roster that changes from week to week, are Robert Bowen, 19, of Summit, an all-state basketball player at Seton Hall Prep last year, and two young women, both over 18, who asked that their names not be used.

Bob Bowen is quiet and tends to keep to himself. He left Spring Hill College in Massachusetts, where he had a full scholarship, in April.

"It was seven months of nonexistence," he said. "What I couldn't stand most of all



Bob Courboin, 21, is the "father" and guiding spirit of the house, and also pays a share of the \$250-a-month rent.

was having to stand on line for supper every night. Thirty minutes on line for no reason.

"Now my main ambition is to grow my hair down to my waist and drive a motorcycle as fast as I can. In a couple of months I'm going to sell my car—I should get about \$500—and go to the Virgin Islands to live."

Most of the residents of the house say they get along reasonably well with their parents, and some have been encouraged to strike out on their own, but there is an air of neutrality—an absence of

apparent emotion—when the subject comes up.

Many residents of Madison, which calls itself "The Rose City," are unhappy about having the youngsters in the house. In the past few weeks, the owner has been threatening to evict them.

"Except that we've put about \$1,000 into fixing up the place, we don't mind particularly," Bob Courboin said of the threats. "We've already got our eye on another place a couple of miles from here. There's 15 acres of land. We'll be isolated and nobody

will be able to say we're bothering them."

Most of the complaints of excessive noise have come from a garden-apartment development that borders one side of the house, although about 150 feet away. The complaints are often justified, Bob Courboin acknowledges.

On the other hand, relations with a nursing home on the other side are excellent, said 19-year-old Kevin Taylor of Florham Park, who has a nonpaying job at WFMU, a "free-form" radio station affiliated with Upsala College in East Orange.

"They really dig us," he said. "They're all senile. When we got the airplane they all thought it was World War I again and that we were going to take them for a ride."

The airplane he spoke of was a vividly painted wood-and-fabric mockup of a biplane that was displayed outside the Fillmore East ballroom in the East Village during the recent appearance there of the Jefferson Airplane.

### Police Chief Tolerant

The town police chief, Harry Bartow, takes a lenient view.

"There haven't been any drugs used up there as far as we know," he said, "and there's no trouble as far as their attitude is concerned. They're always polite when we have to go up there. The thing is, you just can't throw open a house to 50 or 60 people a night and not have trouble."

An unspoken reason for the attitude of the town, the residents of the house believe, is that it is a home for whites, Negroes and, in the case of Stan Kusinow and his cousin, Aarkadus Malunow, 20, Mongolians. There is even an American Indian, Edward Running Fox Goode, 21, who stays there from time to time.

It is to share some of this stigma that Bob Courboin has let his red hair grow long and wears a flowered Nehru jacket.

"We could cut our hair and do it the easy way," he said quietly, "but now I know what it's like to just walk down the street and have people hate you."