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# OBSERVER

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# idespierta boricua ... defiende lo tuyo!

On March 8, last Monday, Richie Perez, a Minister of Information of the Young Lords Party and the managing editor of their newspaper "Palante" came to Bard to educate this community about the oppression of Puerto Ricans and Latinos by the United States ruling elite, both in this country and in the U.S.-controlled colony of Puerto Rico. His brief outline of the historical background of Puerto Rico, its initial colonial domination by the Spanish and its subsequent conquest by the United States industrial interests during the general expansionist thrust of 1898 (the Spanish-American War), was both stirring and concise. Richie did not have to refer to excessive rhetorical devices in order to effectively make his point to his listeners. As a public speaker, he was comfortable and at ease, confident of his own consciousness and eager to share his thoughts and beliefs with others. His involvement in and dedication to the fight against the oppression of all peoples, particularly the Puerto Rican people, was clearly evident throughout his talk. In these days of political confusion and disillusionment among white radicals, this gave the surrounding atmosphere a refreshingly positive and forward-looking glow.

For most of those present, the immediate need was to be informed about the nature and character of the Young Lords Party itself: its origins and goals. Richie emphasized, above all else, that the Young Lords have learned from and followed the example of other revolutionary organizations in the United States, particularly the Black Panther Party, the White Panthers, and the Weatherpeople. He qualified this statement by adding that the Lords adopt the principles developed by the Panthers and other groups in a positive and critical manner. In other words, the Lords study and learn from the mistakes of others so as not to repeat the errors that have been made in the past. This critical study of both domestic and foreign revolutionary movements has resulted, even at this early stage in the Lords' development, in an extremely realistic and well thought out program for organizing the oppressed Latino communities, both here and in Puerto Rico.

The Lords have much in common with other advanced revolutionary organizations in the United States; they share an exploited, poverty-stricken background similar to the black community. They are very much aware of the fact that, (drawing from Lenin), it has been the most oppressed class in a given society that has been the most advanced in revolutionary thought and action. The Lords recognize that black people in the United States have traditionally been relegated to the lowest positions in society. Hence, the Lords have looked primarily to the Black Panther Party for inspiration and guidance. The Lords as an organization are young - they were formally founded only two years ago, in 1969. Yet even in such a small space of time, they show definite signs of becoming the most together and forward-looking party in the United States.

In discussion after his talk, Richie explained what he sees to be the primary difference between the Lords and the Panthers: the Lords are a "democratic centralist" party, as opposed to the autocratic "centralism" recently evidenced within the Black Panther Party. He used several specific instances to explain this point. When the Panthers National Leadership decides on a course of action, for instance, a drive to eliminate sexism (the rampant male chauvinism that exists within the black community and the Party itself), the directive is simply issued from the top down. There appears to be no consultation of the Party membership or the community at large. As a result, a split develops between what the ideals of the Party are stated to be, and the realities that exist both in the Party rank and file and the community. Sexism remains a major problem, despite the best intentions of the Panther leadership, because the dir-

ectives issued from above are not conscientiously followed through by direct action in the streets - in the form of education.

The Lords, on the other hand, have analyzed this problem and have recognized it as a fundamental crucial one to be dealt with. "Democratic centralism" has evolved as follows: The Central Committee of the Lords presents a series of suggestions and alternatives meant to deal with a specific problem such as machismo male chauvinism (which is as strong, if not stronger, in the Latin community) to

the general membership of the Party, and, most importantly, to the community. In this manner the voice of the people can be heard and their will expressed prior to any action by the leadership. The community and the Party itself indicate the direction the leadership (whose primary function, as Richie put it, is to "serve the people") is to take. Whereas the tendency in the Panther Party has been much idealism and lofty rhetoric with little concerted action on specific problems, the Lords point to their own success in reversing this trend, by directly, democratically, involving all the people in the Lords' program.

Richie expressed what is obviously becoming the dominant belief among radicals in this country: that armed struggle will ultimately determine the fate of the United States ruling elite. The time for non-violent resistance and protest is over. Richie says, but armed struggle cannot hope to succeed before the support and solidarity of the people, the lumpen (the prostitutes, drug addicts, prisoners and welfare recipients), the industrial and agricultural workers, students, and even the professionals (those who constitute the white-collar mainstay of the capitalist mechanism) is attained. He explained that the need to gain support in the community means that the present stage of revolutionary activity in this country must be concentrated most heavily on education, on informing the people through talks, newspapers, radio (whatever means available) about the revolutionary ideology and the movement against the United States neo-imperialism, both domestic and international.

A footnote of interest to most Bard students is that Richie Perez, himself, far from condemning out of hand, all mind-expanding drugs, understands the need for the judicious use of grass and LSD in developing a well-rounded revolutionary consciousness. Richie's manner of speech, the words he used, indicated quite clearly that (as he later freely admitted) he comes from an acid/grass orientation, prior to his involvement with the Lords. As an important figure in the Lord leadership, Richie recognized the hazards of his continuing to smoke dope or use LSD, the danger of being jailed for a ridiculous term on dope charges or the inability to react quickly and effectively in an emergency situation. Nevertheless, he is conscious of his "debt" to the positive use of grass and LSD and, at this stage, cannot advise anyone not to get high, on the condition that getting high does not mean a self-centered withdrawal from political realities. For this reason, Richie had much praise for the White Panthers, whom he sees as being among the vanguard (the most advanced) or the white revolutionary organizations. He explained that they not only understand the meaning of armed struggle, but are attempting to adopt this position in a manner consistent with the current political situation facing us all. Expanded Consciousness is an integral part of young America's educational development, so that the gun won't be blind, but high on a heightened awareness of our common oppression.

--- Dana Ahlgren



## ANOTHER ANTI-WAR CONFERENCE AND STILL THE WAR GOES ON...

A regional anti-war conference held at Vassar College March 13, has resulted in the formation of the Mid-Hudson Coalition for Peace, and organization which will strive "to unite all who oppose the war ... irrespective of their views on other questions and regardless of their affiliations."

The five-hour conference was attended by nearly 100 area activists, representing a dozen or more anti-war organizations in the Mid-Hudson valley.

Only one organizational proposal was submitted for consideration by members of the Bard and Red Hook SMCs, the Ulster County Community College Peace Action Coalition, and the Vassar Committee to End the War.

Its basic features included the demand for the immediate and unconditional withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Indochina; political nonexclusion within the coalition, whereby all who are opposed to the war are welcome to participate on an equal basis; peaceful, orderly and disciplined

actions, which put the responsibility for violence where it belongs -- on the war-makers; an emphasis on mass demonstrations as the most effective method for communicating the anti-war message to the largest numbers of people; non-partisanship, whereby the coalition would not seek to endorse any particular candidates for political office; and an insistence that the decisionmaking process of the coalition be democratically structured on both the local and regional level.

The proposal was amended to include a clause which emphasized that while the organization would not be affiliated with any national group, it will seek to work with any organization which conforms to the above mentioned principles. Also, a section was added which stressed while all antiwar actions sponsored by the coalition must be built in such a manner as to minimize the possibilities of confrontations with the authorities, it affirmed the right of selfdefense against unprovoked attacks.

In addition, the organizational proposal stipulated that an open steering committee be formed to carry out the conference's decisions, and that an eight-member coordinating committee be formed to be responsible for facilitating communication between the various anti-war groups in the Mid-Hudson region.

The conference also adopted the following anti-war activities:

**APRIL 2-4** Local demonstrations to mark the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and endorsement of a demonstration planned by civil rights activists demanding "freedom from hunger, war and repression," which will be held in N.Y.C. during this time.

**APRIL 19-24** The coalition endorsed National Peace Action Week, and called for local campus, and community anti-war activities, which are to culminate in a regional demonstration in Poughkeepsie.

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# observer

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## TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD LAWS

We have been informed that two students are presently under investigation by the Red Hook Telephone Company for the illegal use of a credit card number. If you indulge in this criminal activity, first be cool, and second, know the laws! The following are excerpts from the New York State Penal Code.

2. "Credit card" means any instrument, whether known as a credit card, credit plate, charge plate, or by any other name, which purports to evidence an undertaking to pay for property or services delivered or rendered to or upon the order of a designated person or bearer.

Sec. 165.15 Theft of services.

A person is guilty of theft of services when:

1. With intent to defraud, he obtains or attempts to obtain a service, or induces or attempts to induce the supplier of a rendered service to agree to payment therefor on a credit basis, by the use of a credit card which he knows to be stolen, forged, revoked, cancelled, unauthorized or in any way invalid for the purpose; or

4. With intent to avoid payment therefor by himself or another person of the lawful charge for any telecommunications service, he obtains or attempts to obtain such service or aboids or attempts to avoid payment therefor by himself or another person by means of (a) tampering or making connection with the equipment of the supplier, whether by mechanical, electrical, acoustical or other means, or (b) any misrepresentation of fact which he knows to be false, or (c) any other artifice, trick, deception, device or device; or

5. With intent to avoid payment by himself or another person for a prospective or already rendered service the charge or compensation for which is measured by a meter or other mechanical device, he tampers with such device or with other equipment related thereto, or in any manner attempts to prevent the meter or device from performing its measuring function, without the consent of the supplier of the service. A person who tampers with such a device or equipment without the consent of the supplier of the service is presumed to do so with intent to avoid, or to enable another to avoid, payment for the service involved.



David Harris, who had been imprisoned for refusing military induction, with his wife, Joan Baez, and their 16-month-old son, Gabriel, at airport at El Paso, Tex. Mr. Harris, who began his term in August, 1969, was freed by order of parole board. He said he had had some effect in opposing the Vietnam war. La Tuna Federal Correctional Institution released him.

# rubble



### FILM

The Museum of Modern Art Department of Film is presenting a series of films at 11:30 every Saturday from Feb. 6, 1971 to July 15, 1972. On March 27, they will show four Chaplin films, THE TRAMP (1915), A WOMAN (1915), THE BANK (1915) and POLICE (1916).

The University Film Association will award six scholarships to film students when it gathers for its annual convention in August, 1971. These scholarships should "encourage students in the pursuit of careers in film production, writing, teaching, history, aesthetics or criticism," Professor Howard Suber said in announcing the competition. Winners of the four \$500 scholarships and two \$1000 scholarships will be chosen on the basis of film or written work submitted. Obtain information and application forms from Professor Suber, c/o UCLA Motion Picture Division, Los Angeles, California, 90024.

The University Film Study Center is planning two weekend film history symposiums: "Surrealism and French Documentary Film," April 15-17 at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. and "Film and Modern Art," May 7-9 at Yale University, New Haven, Conn. "Surrealism and French Documentary Film" traces the artistic and social development of Surrealism in documentary films from Bunuel and Vigo through Renoir, Cartier Bresson and Eli Lotar to Georges Franju, Alain Resnais, Agnes Varda, Jean Rouch, Jean Luc Godard and Chris Marker. Mr. Rouch will present his new film, "Petit a Petit."

The Yale Symposium will examine the exchange of ideas, talent and influence between modern art and film from World War I through the '20's. Two lectures on the Soviet Cinema will be given.

Attendance is open to the interested public. A \$5.00 registration fee allows free entry to all events. For more information, contact Hugh Evans, University Film Study Center, Box 275, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

## faculty evaluations

Faculty evaluations continue this Spring by the students' Educational Policies Committee, the four Divisional Evaluation Committees, and the College Review Committee. Of the nine teachers scheduled, only one is a tenure decision: Jake Grossberg, sculpture professor. The remaining are five-year evaluations of tenured faculty:

Natural Science: Richard Clarke

AMDD: Matt Phillips and Luis Garcia-Renart

Lang. & Lit.: William Walter, Terry Dewsnap, Elizabeth Stambler

Social Studies: Frank Oja, Robert Koblit

EPC is presently sending forms through campus mail to their students of last semester. The Divisional Evaluation Committees will schedule meetings within the coming month where other testimony and evidence may be presented. Written statements may also be submitted, but the divisional committees are considering only those that are signed.

### THEATER

A Shakespeare Festival is now in progress at SUNY College at New Paltz. A few of the remaining performances include "Hamlet" (Thurs. through Sun.), "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Friday, film), Harry Levin's lecture on "Shakespeare and the Revolution of the Times" and Paul Barry's workshop and performance. Further information is available in the Observer office or by calling the Festival Office at New Paltz (914) 257-2191.

### BOOKS

A MOMENT IN HISTORY, Brent Ashabanner. About the first ten years of the Peace Corps, it deals with the problems the Peace Corps faced, as, supported by John F. Kennedy, it grew too fast. "A candid, informative and absorbing book?" THE REVELATIONS OF A DISAPPEARING MAN, Charles Tekeyan. "A novel about identity, sexuality, life, death, eternity, C. Aubrey Smith, a girl in leather, and a father and son." THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER, Terrence Lore Smith. "A young man bored by marriage and a nine-to-five job suddenly decides to do something about it, and finds an exciting new career as the number-one jewel thief of Chicago's North Shore society."

Lydia Ayers

## letters

Dear Sir:

I take exception to Ljs Semel's description of Red Hook as "a very depressed community, a community that is really in trouble." In reality, the Bard community is a very depressed community, a community that is really in trouble. It has more persons receiving food stamps than all of Red Hook; it has a greater drug problem than Red Hook; and, although the Bard community represents a tenth of the Red Hook population, it probably accounts for over 70% of the police actions in our local courts with charges ranging from drug use and sale, traffic violations, to shoplifting from our local merchants.

On the other hand, while many communities are desperately in need of child day care centers, Red Hook has an excellent facility lacking applicants. We have negligible welfare rolls; we have the lowest tax rate in Dutchess County; and, we have one of the best public school systems in the area. In this "bedroom" community we have a high proportion of professional people who have chosen to live here for these reasons.

While the Bard community may find Red Hook depressing, it is certainly not depressed.

Very truly yours,  
(Mrs.) Shirley K. Stelman  
Red Hook, New York

Letter to the Editor:

Adam Thorne's tasteless "Memorandum to the Sport" was disgusting enough for its neurotic whining; but Thorne went even further by passing off material stolen from others as his own. "Eat poop" the only humorous words in the article, were coined by Frank McCarter. The rest was paraphrased from a bootlegged copy of Kim Agnew's diary. Only one grain of truth can be found: Thorne's father is an alcoholic ex-prizefighter.

Britt Jones

# building a university w/o walls<sup>3</sup>

On Wednesday, March 3rd, 1971, the faculty, after many months of uncertainty, approved the first step towards Bard's involvement in the University Without Walls program. What prompted this acceptance? Money... but also determined faculty involvement together with a clarification of what Bard's involvement in the U.W.W. framework will be!

The following is the introductory paragraph of the proposal submitted to the faculty by Mr. Oja (together with Mr. Tieger and Dr. Fout):

"Bard belongs to a consortium of eighteen colleges called The Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities. The officers of the Union have drafted a grant proposal for a program called University Without Walls. Thus far, funds totalling approximately \$800,000 have been granted...to support a developmental year for the U.W.W. Not all the colleges and universities in the Union will participate nor are all the participating colleges and universities members of the Union. The question is: should Bard accept a grant of \$40,000 to plan and design a Bard unit of the U.W.W.?"

These funds awarded to the Union are quite recent: The U.S. office of Education grant was made in December totalling \$415,000, the Ford Foundation grant came through a few weeks ago, on Feb. 16, totalling \$400,000. Therefore, it is only now that serious committed efforts can be made for the program at Bard, thanks to this outside financing.

Strong doubts existed in the minds of the Bard representatives involved in the U.W.W. preliminaries last semester. These fears have been somewhat dissipated. This is partially due to the fact that these individuals are not the ones concerned with the U.W.W.

Last semester's group consisted of the Dean (still in the group this semester), Mr. Walter, Mr. Wilson, Pam Fairbanks, and Michael Lieberman. This semester the committed faculty to date are Mr. Oja, Mr. Tieger and Dr. Fout. Those students kept fully informed and taking some part in dialogue have been Lis Semel, as Student Senate President, and Herb Ritts, Marion Swerdlow, and myself as co-Chairman of E.P.C.

Even in the minds of these new people there are still certain doubts about the validity of the U.W.W. at Bard. However, two facts, aside from the money, helped this group come to the conclusion that the developmental year should be gone ahead with:

--- The approval of this initial developmental year in no way binds Bard to go through with what plans would be devised during the developmental year. As a result, these proposed in-depth and thoroughly studied plans will have to be approved by the faculty once this year is through. (during this period, no student will be enrolled in the program.)

--- Every unit of the U.W.W. is very independent. Bard will have almost complete autonomy to set up whatever innovative and radical educational experience it sees fit.

Naturally the overall guidelines for the U.W.W. program as a whole must be vague and general if they are to allow for flexibility of each of the U.W.W. subunits. Within what framework or theme should each subunit evolve? This is Bard's understanding of it: (Again from Mr. Oja's proposal)

The task during a developmental year would be to design a specific new program of study which would lead to either



a U.W.W. or a Bard degree. The new program would be developed within the following broad framework:

- 1) Abandonment of the usual format of college as four years in residence for 124 credits in class, laboratory and studio work in a prescribed curriculum by 18 to 22 year olds being taught by a fixed resident faculty.
- 2) Progress toward a degree at the student's own pace with guidance and tutelage of a faculty teacher-advisor whose only fixed responsibility would be to maintain contact and interaction with approximately thirty students.
- 3) Emphasis upon flexibility in meeting the student's educational needs and goals. Students could progress toward a degree with a "broad mix" of educational experiences, perhaps including, but not limited to, traditional courses at nearby colleges, independent study, seminars in the field,

telelectures, programmed instruction, videotape playbacks, special seminars at Bard, in-service training, correspondence, internship programs, etc....

The conclusion comes as a reiteration of the independence given to Bard for its particular U.W.W. program and states what task is at hand for the study group:

"It is obvious that the U.W.W. program is at this time extremely open and general. To forge any kind of specific program, and to evaluate its desirability and feasibility, require the utilization of many of the resources (human and material) of a college. The developmental year of the U.W.W. was funded by Ford and U.S.O.E. to compensate the individuals and the institution for such preliminary work."

In response to what was somewhat of a misunderstanding on Mr. Dewsnap's part, Mr. Oja, supporting the vagueness of the

whole program, pointing out the flexibility entailed cited the diverse U.W.W. programs already planned by the more advanced units:

- Goddard plans an expansion of their adult education program.
- Antioch plans to set up small Antiochs all over the country, comparable to our Inner College.
- Staten Island Community College plans a non-resident, non-class attending program for disadvantaged students.
- Stevens College plans to set up a program for their alumnae without a B.A. to be able to go back to College and get one.

It should be clear therefore that Bard has no specific plans as of yet for its unit and what its program might be. Of course, rumours have leaped and oozed in various Bard milieus about the prospective program. These are for the most part wild speculations and it's far too early for there to be any truth to them. As Mr. Tieger stated just before the question was called and the motion passed overwhelmingly:

"We can do almost anything we can live with."

After the motion was passed the question was asked as it had been earlier why no students were included on the proposed U.W.W. planning committee. In the discussion which followed, Mr. Oja voiced his disapproval of this idea. However, a varied group of faculty members supported student representation (Rosenberg, Pasciencier, Dewsnap, Griffith, Miller, Black) and this motion carried = 21 to 12!

I think the underlying harmony and state of mind in which the U.W.W. was approved came from Professor Bertelsman, when he pointed out very wisely: "How can a College like Bard which claims to be for experimentation not even investigate the possibilities of this program especially when it is self funded?"

Now we are going to investigate it at least, faculty and students together. Bard can claim a growing interest in experimentation whether for better or for worse, depending on the individual. First there was the Inner College, now we have this initial study year for the U.W.W. as well as sound student run courses such as Women's Studies...

Francois Cailliac

## protest abortion restrictions

NEW YORK (LNS) -- At least 24 bills will soon be put before the Albany legislature against the existing, recently liberalized New York State abortion law. One bill would put the abortion decision totally in the hands of the doctor. If passed, a woman could legally be forced to have an abortion without her consent. Another bill would make abortion legal only to save a woman's life. Other bills reduce from 24 to 12 weeks the time period from the start of pregnancy in which an abortion can be performed. One bill denies a married woman the right to an abortion if her husband objects.

In New York City the Health Service Administration has already issued guidelines in the City Health Code which restricts abortions to fully equipped hospitals, hospital-affiliated clinics within 10 minutes of such hospitals, or to independent clinics with special equipment and personnel the cost \$250,000 per clinic.

The anti-abortion campaigners are also calling for a residency requirement of 90 days to 6 months. This will deter the large numbers of women who now come to New York for abortions from all over the country.

Women are planning to march on the state capitol in Albany on March 27. For details call or write the Women's Strike Coalition, 118 E. 28th St., Rm. 405, or (212) 685-4106. 07, 08.

# REVIEWED RECORDS REJUVENATE ROCK

photos by Rick Weinberg

"Blows Against the Empire" -- Paul Kantner  
 "If I could only remember my name" -- David Crosby

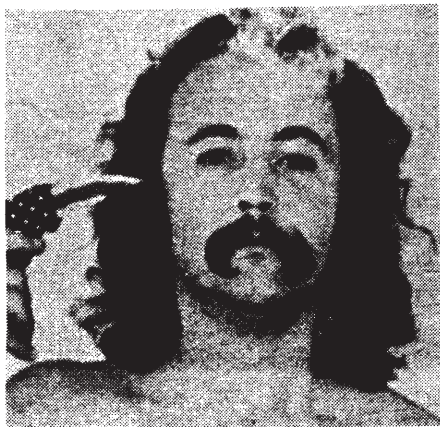
In the last four months, two albums have been released which indicate that rock music, far from stagnating further into self-indulgence, has in fact been rejuvenated by a broad cross-fertilization of talents and energies. Paul Kantner's and David Crosby's solo LP's are collective efforts by the most important and creative musicians on the West Coast. As such, the two records cannot be separated; they are both infused with the same vision.

As all the musicians involved would agree, the current trend towards musical intercommunalism began with Delaney and Bonnie; the idea of having a band made up entirely of "friends" who drop in to play for as long as they wish, then leave to develop other interests. In a sense, however, this idea of free-floating band is indigenous to the San Francisco area itself, where the new movement is taking place. The "traditional" top three bands there, the Airplane, the Dead and Quicksilver have always remained close, jamming together and trading musical ideas among one another. Until now, the relationship has been quite informal; the musicians would get together when they could, for person enjoyment. With the release of these two LP's a change has clearly been indicated. Although the individual bands will most likely continue to function for some time, the definite way of the future lies in a free-form, always evolving, community of artists, as typified by these "solo" records. As the name "solo" implies, this new "community of musicians" will be less restricted than the older forms, and individual, as well as collective, talents will be given a greater opportunity to develop. The whole concept of a community of musicians suggests new, untried possibilities, with many social, as well as artistic, implications.

On one level, this free interchange of musical energies, if accompanied by a developed revolutionary program, could signal the beginning of the end of the corporate stranglehold on "individual" talent. In the past, and continuing at the present time, corporate-ownership of bands and single artists has to a large degree prevented the unrestricted, creative collaboration of many musicians. In great part, this has been due to the inevitable monopolization of large industry under capitalism. Today, three or four principal record companies control 95% of the music we listen to. In the 1950's and even the early '60's, there were numerous "independents" who were still able to compete (however haphazardly) with the larger corporations. Indeed, the independents determined, at the time

of the rise of rock 'n' roll, the very direction of rock. The independents were the only companies who would handle "race music", as it was called, or even the white copies. Soon, when it became evident that rock 'n' roll was here to stay (Elvis Presley), the larger corporations moved in, buying out contracts and copyrights. It is no coincidence that rock 'n' roll was "tamed" and degenerated at roughly the same time the major companies took it over: in 1957-1958 the Great Commercialization began to take place. Up the charts went Fabian, Paul Anka and Presley-with-strings-and choir. Syrupy love ballads with nary a piece of skin showing. Rock 'n' roll was effectively neutralized by the RCAs, the Columbias, and the Capitols.

It took the Beatles and the Stones from England to boost a dying, if not dead, art to its full creative potential once again. The Beatles can be understood, on one level at least, as a necessary alternative to the producer, company-controlled music of the Paul and Paula ilk. The companies reacted to this new development in a



suitably underhanded fashion; recognizing that the music of the Beatles and Stones sold in large quantities, the companies were willing to accept the new creativity of the individual groups, and relinquished their former role of musical director and producer. The groups could, to a large degree, determine their own musical content, but with subtle strings attached. The corporation ad-departments, the nerve-center of the "entertainment industry", took to creating "sounds": the "English Sounds", the "surf and hot rod sound", the "Motown Sound", the "Boss-town Sound", the "San Francisco Sound", etc.... The companies could, by creating the new "sounds", manipulate which artists would "sell" and become "successful", and which artists would be doomed to "failure" and only local, as opposed to national or even international fame. This was and is an easy process -- merely push certain singles and LP's to the key radio stations (to a fantastic degree owned by the same people who make the records in the first place) and take out ads in

"Rolling Stone" or "16" magazine. What initially appeared as a positive development (the raunchy, body-oriented energy of the early Beatles and Stones) soon was twisted by the companies into the opposite of what it once was (a restrictive, commercially-oriented music "industry"). The recent John Lennon diatribe in "Rolling Stone" and the breakup of the Beatles over business concerns, are only two examples of this. The fun was gone from music; it became exclusively a business affair.

By contrast, the San Francisco bands have developed more closely along the lines of being "peoples' bands" -- bands whose primary concern is their audience and its needs. Benefits and free concerts were a regular part of their schedule, a tendency that made most record executives and managers shudder. If a bust was pulled in the community, these bands would play a benefit to provide bail money; at rallies and marches the same musicians would often be present. This was all in direct conflict with the traditional role of bands and musicians in the political context.

This is not to say that these bands have not been interested in earning money and becoming famous. One can judge their actions only relative to what is going on elsewhere in the "music industry". The direction these bands are taking is, once more, far ahead of the work being produced by most of their fellow-musicians in the United States and England. The plans that this family (which consists mainly of the Airplane, the Dead, Quicksilver, and C.S.N. & Y) is putting together now include tours by the entire communal band, films to be conceived, directed, and executed by various members of the family, and further experiments in song and music (such as we are now treated to in the Kantner and Crosby LP's). If these two records are any real indication of where these people are headed, they are in a good way indeed.

Paul Kantner's LP, because he and Grace Slick determined the underlying theme of the work, is more overtly politically-oriented than David Crosby's. Crosby's record is, on the other hand, a slightly less utopian, more personal (but nonetheless forceful) collection. The theme first taken up by "Wooden Ships" (itself a Crosby/Kantner collaboration) is, in Kantner's LP, most explicitly developed: "Hijack the Starship" -- explores the outer realms of space (inner and outer), self-determination for all. What makes this music so impressive in the end is the makeup of the musicians: Jerry Garcia or Jorma Kaukonen alternating on lead, Phil Lesh or Jack Casady on bass, Crosby, Kantner, Slick, David Frieberg (of Quicksilver) and Neil Young on Rhythm guitar, Joey Covington, Mickey Hart and Bill



Kreutzman drumming, and a most diverse crowd providing back-up vocals. There are simply no extra-super cuts on these LP's which I can point to as being most outstanding. All the material is important and excellent and fits together to give the records fullness and consistency.

What distinguishes this group of musicians, poets, visionaries, and crazies, though, is their unique (among musically-inclined people) involvement with those they play for. They are political in that they reflect the needs of their "constituency" in young America. In conjunction with the revolutionary organizations in the United States, these musicians may very well prove to be among the most valuable educators we have. The connections between these musicians and the more obviously "political" Panthers and Young Lords is already beginning to show itself. "The journey of a thousand miles begins with the first step."

-- Dana Ahlgren

## MUSICIAN SHIP

Our Very Own Mitch Korn sang and played guitar for an hour at Bard Hall last Saturday night in front of a very nice-sized crowd. Lord knows, we've got enough talent around this place, and it's good to see some of it on display. Mitch is a folk performer in whom I found traces of Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, and Neil Young - perhaps because I looked for them. His main strength lies in his guitar playing, which on this night was just short of unbelievable, and since I've heard Doc Watson and Dave Bromberg live, I think I should have a vague idea of what great guitar playing is. The most exciting single moment in his concert, in fact, was a guitar interlude between verses of a song based on an Indian chant, in which he speeded up then suddenly slowed the tempo and went from loud to soft - a great effect. His own material is simple and melodious, if not particularly memorable. His voice tended to go a bit flat on occasion, and wasn't always easy to hear, but he got his message across. All in all, a very enjoyable way to spend an hour; I hope we'll have more of them.

Moving on to records, Capitol has put out an album by a British rock group called McGuinness Flint, and it is a winner from beginning to end. The group's name is derived from the names of guitarist Tom McGuinness and drummer Hughie Flint, but most of the songs were written by guitarist Graham Lyle and bass Benny Gallagher, with keyboard man Dennis Coulson occasionally getting into the act. The group's style is simple, but it is never simple-minded; they make music, not organized noise. There are some gorgeous lyrical numbers, while other cuts resemble street music in their knee-slapping rhythms; nothing I know of can beat their hit single, "When I'm Dead and Gone", for sheer rhythmic excitement. This album seems to be getting lost in the shuffle with the recent Apple albums by John Lennon and George Harrison and the new albums by Chicago and the Grateful Dead, which is a shame, because in McGuinness Flint, Capitol has put out one of the really great records of British rock.

Sol Louis Siegel



# NOTES ON AN 'ARTISTS' PARADISE'

## III - THE DEFECTION OF ANATOLY KUZNETSOV

"Some young people do not want to hear anything about war and politics and just want to dance and love - to live in short. It is fine to live, to dance and to love; but do you know what I would add to this? I would add, on the strength of my own and everybody's experience, reflection and anxieties: woe to him who forgets politics nowadays."

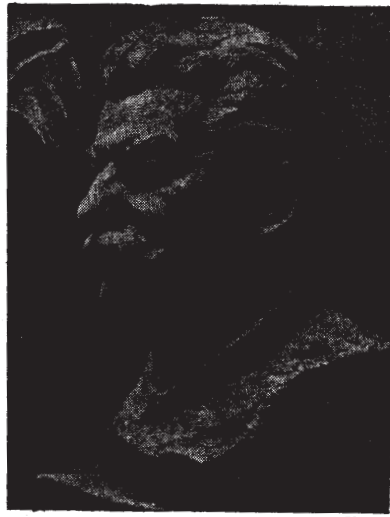
Anatoly Kuznetsov  
(from Babi Yar)

You have all heard or read the stories: Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn vilified by the Soviet government after winning Nobel Prizes; their work banned. Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel sent to prison camp for "sedition" (They told the truth). Daniel's wife Larisa in prison for denouncing the invasion of Czechoslovakia while Pravda daily scores American intervention in Indochina. We have all heard the stories.

But these sensational events, widely reported by the Western press, give only the vaguest idea of what it is like to be a writer in Russia. Perhaps the best description has been given us by Anatoly Kuznetsov, author of such works as Babi Yar, a "documentary novel" describing the two years of his childhood in Kiev during which the city was held by the Nazis.

According to Kuznetsov, there are three classes of citizens in the U.S.S.R. - those who actively co-operate with the KGB (secret police), those who want nothing to do with them, and those who oppose them. The first class gets along fairly well, the second has trouble getting work done and is always under suspicion, and the third usually ends up in Siberia.

Kuznetsov had his first taste of this life in 1954 when he was preparing to make his first trip abroad, with a delegation of Soviet writers, to Paris. (Getting permission to leave the Soviet Union in the first place is a long process wrapped up in an incredible amount of red tape.) Shortly before he was to leave, he was politely informed that he would have to co-operate with the "comrade" (a KGB man) who would accompany the group, telling him how the others behaved, who talked to whom, and who wanted to stay behind. When he objected, he was told that if he didn't co-operate, he wouldn't go to Paris. Kuznetsov co-operated.



UPI

After the trip he filed the required long report on his journey, but some body in Moscow didn't like it for some reason. Kuznetsov wasn't allowed to go abroad again until 1962.

After he returned to Russia, he was constantly visited by the "comrades" who wanted to know what he was doing, what his colleagues were doing, what he

thought of their work. Finally, he told them to get out and if he heard of an anti-Soviet plot, he would let them know.

After this, Kuznetsov's life changed - for the worse. His phone was tapped, his mail opened. Whenever he was away from his house for any period of time, he noted upon his return that there were signs that someone had been in his study. That study mysteriously caught fire one night while he was away, and his manuscripts survived only because he had moved them a few days before. When he took a room at Tolstoy's estate to do work on a novel, he was constantly watched, and a woman working for the KGB lost her job when she couldn't find a "real reason" for his presence there. On top of this, he was given endless reminders that he was under such surveillance.

But the horrors Kuznetsov faced personally paled in the face of artistic depredation. Kuznetsov claims that his works were mangled beyond recognition when they were put out by the state publishing house. After the fire in his house, he stored his manuscripts in jars buried in his yard. He was subjected to the usual "criticism" by Pravda, Babi Yar, for instance, supposedly chronicled the Nazi murders of Jews while failing to place proper emphasis on the Russian and Ukrainians victims of the war. Wrote Kuznetsov, "I turn over in my mind what I have written and what I would like to write and what I could write . . . I feel like an ant, cemented up in the foundations of a house. All around there is nothing but stones, walls, and darkness. To live to the end of my life with this feeling of being stifled, in this state of being buried alive . . ."

Eventually Kuznetsov got to the point where he simply had to get out of Rus-

sia at any cost. Having lived under both Fascism and Communism, he knew how the two differed - very slightly. To get out alive, he had to get back in to the good graces of the KGB. He did so by writing them a report that informed them that several major Soviet writers intended to put out an underground newspaper - anti-government, of course. Kuznetsov always was a master at fiction; after the report, which the KGB believed, it took him only six months to get permission to go to a writers' conference in London. This was in July of 1969. He went with 35mm photographs of all his manuscripts sewn in his clothing. In London, he told his "interpreter" that he wanted to get a prostitute in the Soho district - thus getting away long enough to get to the British authorities and apply for asylum. He promptly rejected Communism and resigned from the Party and from the Writers' Union in Moscow.

Kuznetsov betrayed his colleagues to get out of the U.S.S.R., and left behind a wife, a son, and an aged mother. That getting out was more important to him than the possible consequences for others left behind is by itself as savage an indictment of the Communist system as anything else.

Sol Louis Siegel

## new frames old pictures

I wonder at what point in a man's life the universe begins to shrink and solidify in fairly repetitious forms of thought; not of the denotive but of the connotive.

It is here in the ritual tedium of static lectures where words like "umm" and "like" become crucial short circuit blank spaces that grow like a temporal cancer on thought and speech patterns, and it is here in the reading of literary fragments unintelligibly intoned in a drone-like meter that I begin to crawl up the walls. Those words have as much meaning for me as a Latin Mass had for a 14th century swineherd, with this one difference; the swineherd did not need to understand in order to feel the Mass. I am not so much interested in feeling the professor as I am in learning something from him.

To go further, I am not so much interested in filling a particular sector of my memory bank as I am with understanding the over all mechanics of the discipline and how it relates to those areas around it, what use it has as a tool to understand new systems that will replace and surround it.

I mean this from the point of view of craft. When a tool is idolized it is no longer useful. When I learn to build a good chair I learn the use of the tools and I also learn how to save time when I build another.

When I am shown a succession of bad chairs or when the teacher does not bring his own interest to illuminate it I do not feel that I am receiving a distillation of thought, but a card catalogue of data that will serve as footnotes to my final exam. The word is a tool and it must be used.

I don't mind filling time to make money, but to spend money (\$3,800) doing it seems a bit foolish.

It would seem that this problem of shrinking worlds and show case tools would be less prevalent in the creative and performing arts. The arts imply self expression and communication with others. Their success is measured not in an objective sense but by the subjective response - involvement of the viewer. The

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# vandenberg

I have believed for years in the inability of the American people to fend off an armed invasion, should it ever come; whenever I think of America, I think of a people that has "grown soft" physically and mentally, and events of recent years serve only to strengthen that impression. A man who calls himself Oliver Lange obviously seems to agree with me on this point in his novel **VANDENBERG**, recently published by Stein and Day.

Lange is an unusual person, if you can believe the book's outer jacket, which states that Oliver Lange is a pen name for a man who moved with his family to a place in New Mexico, six miles from the nearest phone, with no running water or electricity, where he can "do his thing", which, I presume, includes writing novels. Lange, as I see it, has thought of what would happen to him in a certain possible but improbable situation, and the result is **VANDENBERG**.

Gene Vandenberg is a 50-year-old painter who has had moderate success; he is living with his mentally retarded son on a ranch in New Mexico, making a living, perfectly happy with being able to pay the bills, exalting in his freedom, and not at all bothered by the lack of running water and electricity at his place, which is in the middle of nowhere. Then the Russians wipe out the population of Washington with germ warfare and simply walk in and take over the country. Seeing Vandenberg as an independent and unproductive person, the new Soviet Military Government has him arrested and sent to a special camp where men are made to conform to

Soviet standards by means of drugs, slipped into the food, and tampering with the brain. He escapes, however, hiding out in the mountains, where he comes to be the leader of a sort of guerilla band with the intention of blowing up the prison camp. This band is a motley group including an aging rowdy, Mexicans of various descriptions, a cameraman, and his son; the execution of their plan is, of course, the climax of the novel.

**VANDENBERG** works on two levels: first, as an adventure novel, and secondly, as a sort of social tract. The adventure part comes off fine; it is very fast-paced and very well written, and everything comes off like clock-work. The characters, for the most part, are well etched, although Vandenberg is the only one to emerge in real detail (the fact that the character of Vandenberg completely dominates the book certainly helps my argument that Vandenberg is really Lange in fictional dress). As a social statement, condemning the American people as "the most spineless people to walk the face of the earth", it is less successful. Lange states his views through "excerpts" from Vandenberg's "journals" that occasionally interrupt the action of the novel; after a while, they tend to get monotonous. Also, Lange gives a rather mild description of life under Soviet rule that comes closer to martial law than foreign occupation; he doesn't really show why we should get off our rears to fight the Russians in the first place.



Photograph by Attila Dogruel

Author: Oliver Lange

Despite these flaws, however, I enjoyed this book immensely. My advice: wait for the paperback, then get it - or, better yet, wait for the movie.

Sol Louis Siegel

# 6 the cage

Last weekend, in spite of snow warnings, a friend and I decided to hitch up to Goddard. After a couple of nice, quiet days spent mainly sitting around the kitchen with the eight people remaining in the dorm for the weekend, while the snow did in fact materialize outside, we started hitching back early Monday morning (9:00) with a ride to Springfield, Mass. Fortunately, although it had just started snowing again as we got out of the car and started walking backwards up a long access road, the snowbanks were no longer five feet deep. We stopped under a bridge to make an "Albany" sign. Just as we sallied forth from under the bridge, the snow stopped and the sun came out. "Oh, somebody sent us the sun," she said. "Somebody better send us a couple of cars," I mumbled. Right away, two cars swished by, and one of them stopped a small way up the road. When we reached it, we noticed that the back of the station wagon was fully loaded with suitcases. We barely found room, next to the four people already in the car, for us and our knapsacks.

After a round of introductions, we started the usual opening conversation by finding out where each other was going and why, and where each other was from. We had discovered the Barbwire Theater (from LA) traveling from a show at the University of Mass. to Cornell, who cheerfully offered to give us back our weather and all the crap on the ground. We thanked them and declined.

We asked them, naturally, what sort of theatre they did, recognizing the possible relevance to the Bard theatre, and naturally curious anyway. Mike told us they were playing *THE CAGE*, by Rick Cluchey, "a play born in prison and acted out by all exconvicts."

De De interjected, "The state of California stops everything in the prisons at 4:30 p.m. every day of the year and counts everybody, and every man had better be standing on his feet at the front of his cage."

"We're after social reform, and the prisons will take care of themselves," continued Mike. "We want to stop this stuff in Vietnam and the rest of it. If we take care of each other, society will take care of itself."

De De began telling prison tales. "The black correctional officer fucked over the black inmates because he wanted to prove to his colleagues that he wasn't showing any partiality to anybody. 'I'm getting ready to go before the disciplinary court, and one of my brothers was being hassled for helping me. I jumped up to help him and the correctional officer told me to sit down. I hit him, and broke out the door, and knocked down some other dude who was in the way. My instinct was telling me Butch was being knocked down by the pig in the east block and I gotta save him."

"I started running ('You don't run inside of San Quentin,' explained Mike, 'you walk all the time.') and this guy was aiming a gun at me, but the correctional officer stopped him. I don't know why. I ran into an alley and about 5 cops started beating the cowboy shit out of me."



"I was going into the Catholic Chapel to do something," continued Mike, "and I saw him over there, and I knew something was happening. I was holding a knife and went over to help him. I got hit in the stomach and back and left my knife in the dude that hit me. He expected me to fall over or something. We all started running, and I landed in the drama workshop and said I wanted to become an actor."

Someone told another story about a guy who had just gotten a new cell. Another inmate, a quiet guy, dumped gasoline on the guy in the cell, then he threw in a lighted match, and burned up both the guys in the cell. A word of caution against quiet people because you can never tell what they'll do next.

Before we got out of the car in front of the Thruway tollbooths, Mike laid a copy of the script on me because I mentioned that I wrote for a college newspaper. Very roughly, here is what the play is about:

*THE CAGE* deals with the problem of

Jive, a new prisoner (Joe Dick) alternately referred to as "Greenface" who is a Med student accused of killing his girlfriend. "My girl . . . they found her dead . . . she was dead . . . only I . . . I didn't do it." He is confident his lawyer will get him out in a couple of days.

Al (Robert Poole) begins celebrating, "Christ, he wiped out his broad. Hey, hey, hey, we got us a real, live killer!" Al hates Jive because Jive is green and uppitty, and because Al's lover, Doc (De De Ford) had lost interest and is trying to make Jive. Doc goes out of his way to protect Jive from Al's hatred, which makes Al's jealousy more intense. Jive is not interested. "Stop feeling on me . . . I don't know you."

The Captain of Guards (Baghdad Everhart) and the Lieutenant of Guards, a sadistic man (Michael Gonzales) interrupt the action of the play periodically to harass the prisoners. At one point, they drag Doc away to teach him to stop running his mouth.

The dialogue leads into a Kangaroo court,

with Hatchet (Micil Murphy) who is criminally insane and sometimes referred to as "General" presiding. Doc acts as Attorney for the Defense and Al as the Prosecutor. A tinge of the personal jealousy over Jive continues as they mock American Justice which put them there. "You're after the boy's body, and I intend to prove it! Now, how's that grab you, Clarence Darrow McStud!" screams Al, the Prosecutor, Doc retorts, "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me . . . you crooked leg bastard!"

The trial finally gets down to the nitty-gritty, or the object of the farce. "Now punk, did you, or did you not murder this poor, helpless, frail, defenceless, small flower of womanhood . . . this beautiful young girl?"

Jive is, by now, confused, "Would you repeat the question?" and Doc objects, "Sir, the question is unfair. Why, it just smacks of self-incrimination!"

Hatchet says, "But it's the law, Counselor." He becomes the executioner, saying, "Greenface, die you must . . ." as he strangles Jive.

In the preface, Kenneth Kitch, one of the builders of the Barbwire Theatre writes, "it is the allegorical life of the play that gives it its richness. Around the central toilet -- the fountain and vortex, baptismal font and seat of justice -- swirls the violent, humorous dance and curvet of men in the frenzied grip of institutions they have created, institutions which were designed to make things comprehensible and workable, but which, like evilly luxuriant foliage, have spread and risen to choke the garden. In the midst of the pomp of the church and the circumstance of the state, the toilet stands like a black flower whose meaning is, 'after all, man is a shitting animal, so who, my children, is kidding whom?'"

For performance information, write to Barbwire Theatre, 109 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Lydia Ayers

## juno and paycock

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viewer is an important part of any art. There follows a natural rule of thumb. Those people who express themselves in a way that inspires, frightens, or involves us, etc. gain us as viewers because we are attracted to them.

I wonder what attracted me to the Theatre Saturday night? I could have gone to the Sock Hop and greased myself and got ripped and had a scene with "the fuzz" and smashed Sottery's door, but No! I went to see *Juno and The Paycock* by Sean O'Casey. In spite of the fact that it was opening night, I had seen this show before. In terms of what occurred on stage, the play seemed to me to be more about the director Charles Kakatsakis than about Sean O'Casey or the Irish Revolution.

The director while coordinating and shaping a play to express his own particular design must consider the intent of the author. He also must "contemporize" his production, that is he must speak in some way to the immediate present.

Finally the show should be an organic and natural expression of the director's particular theater; "a manifestation of the artistic personality of the theatrical collective at the given stage of its creative development."

It seems to me that the relation between the director and these other factors was

entirely out of proportion. While I don't see that much theater, it seems that the general flow of the play was a somewhat stilted re-run of past shows. From the manic tempo of the first scene to the climactic throwing of a book in one of the last scenes. (You old record lovers will remember Caruso's demise in *Awake and Sing*.)

It is no discredit to the actors that by the later scenes they have slowed down enough to catch up to their accents. While most of the actors seemed comfortable it seemed to be only in spite of imposed infirmities. Joxer had a bird in his throat; Mrs. Madigan's deaf yell had a lecture-like declarative quality.

Ray Gross's performance, while admirable for its attempt, seems to be an undifferentiated explosion. No conservation of energy. All the same dynamic level. So, where's the director? Why the arbitrary infirmities?

Why not, I suppose, but there was still something nagging, as if the actors were poured into preset character molds. I would not say this if I had not seen other shows, *Awake and Sing* specifically, that used the same actors for what seems to me to be the same characters.

In this respect I think that the actors to a greater and lesser degree followed the direction and acted out the characters intended by the director. I sometimes missed themselves in their characters, or even feared that they were becoming their characters. The idolization of a part is a melting with the tool. I don't

mean that the actor thinks he is the character off stage, but that when he "acts", he always plays this part or a variation of it.

To a degree this is unavoidable, but when the symbol of that character becomes stamped on the mirrors of the mind the man is blind and will see only what was himself - perhaps a narcissus, but more likely a stereotype of the parts he has played.

Then the best compliment I can honestly give is that the performance was sustained. Captain Jack was sustained. If it was not for the arbitrary ulterior factors that influenced the production, I think I would have enjoyed the final scenes with Juno and her daughter, and with Joxer and Captain Jack.

It is not to the actor's discredit that they perhaps unintentionally conspired to make something other than the intended naturalism to fill their direction. In fact the last scene was downright unearthly. Perhaps the director meant that too.

On a serious note, one bright spot in the show was the lighting. Its red-green contrast seethed through to the last scene of the show that reminded me of Faustus being dragged off to hell.

These are my reactions to *Juno and the Paycock*. As a layman my arguments are at times imprecise; but I can say this clearly. I for one am tired of these plays. Some artists try to paint the same picture many times; but it is time to paint a new picture.

John Juhl

# SAGA OF THE INDIAN

The American Indian has not yet learned to inhabit photographs. Nor history textbooks, cultural schema, archaeological graphs, or the Western intellect. The charming sons and daughters of the earth who caught the eyes of the first European money-barons and intellectuals, the deadly savages who threatened righteous civilization, and the now sullen and drained curiosities haunting our arid wastelands and psyche, have all in the end eluded the understanding of our culture.

Many many thousands of years into an expanse reckoned now only by glacial scars, extinct beasts, scattered footprints, muted bones, and charred feast-sites, the races separated. Families of Mongoloid-Caucasian blood dropped from the marching step of historical time advancing westward across Asia into Europe. Instead they streamed through a lush grassy plain towards the rising sun and slipped into a different life-space of another dimension.

Brilliant in their harmonizing with the extreme climactic changes of the last 10,000 years --- probably the most brilliant of man's short-long history of living together with nature's resources --- the thousands of bands of American Indians enjoyed unrecorded lives of freedom, richness, and health. Eventually their beginnings would be forgotten, but fatefully they would encounter their part-brothers of blood still marching westward, now creatures of a different order.

Now fanatics for spaces/objects sharply bounded to exclude other living things, the Europeans were people obsessed with written law, fences, precise land-deeds, commandments, blessed social classes, multiple-layered clothing, and stunting and exact sense of time extending back to Adam, Eve and Abraham; and were people armed with a technology of iron and abstraction that was nourished by a complex division of labor and the eventual misery of millions.

The European from the beginning tried to convert the American Indian to "civilization," to the life-space and reality of the Old World. The first response of the intellectuals to news of a race in a new continent was the attempt to place them in the Biblical-Western time sequence: the Indians were actually one of the Lost Tribes of Israel and, hence, nothing new or alien. Later during the Renaissance, scholars would comb their classical authors for references to lost races or lands to account for and de-mystify the savage red men.

When the North American continent began to be systematically divided and consumed, the Indian was sometimes considered to be climbing slower up the ladder of culture and civilization because he did not have the properties and property-principles of God's sacred white people. All they really needed, it was thought, were lessons on how to be Englishmen. Incidentally, our culture heroes thought Indian babies were born white and were unfortunately discolored by the elements. Sometimes the native Americans were considered savages kept in ignorance by the devil and placed in the Christian path as a test of faith and courage. At other times, they were weeds in the Garden to be rooted out and burned.

In the enlightened 1971, the American Indian is a safe object for nostalgia, commercial imitation, sociological autopsies, and

the archaeologist's shovel. None have found him. He still inhabits a different life-space and all the blood and anguish of trying to coax, wrench, or drag him "back" or "up" have only crippled him and destroyed something in ourselves.

The following does little justice to the Indians, unless you would like to be remembered, judged, and valued by your decomposing skull cap, your .22 rifle shells, and a hammer. They left no books, journals, records, or documents. They had thousands of languages --- more, in fact, than all the rest of the world combined --- but no writing. (One language is so abstract --- the Achomawi of California --- that Kant's Critique of Pure Reason would be more easily translated into that than English.) This is only a vague sketch of some of what modern science thinks it knows about them. Regrettably, this leaves out too much of their rich life: their mythologies, their rituals, their wisdom. What it does try to do is give a few highlights out of many from the Bering Strait to the advent of the white men.

Sometime during the glacial epoch or Pleistocene period, maybe 20,000 years ago, a living web of plants, animals, and humans was moving eastward. The 120 foot deep waters of the Bering Strait had been soaked up by the huge glaciers resting over the northern half of the continent. Indeed, the Bering Sea is the smoothest surface in the world, sloping at 3-4 inches a mile, and at one time may have exposed a 1300 mile broad grassy plain. So many fauna (animal) and floral (plant) life are identical in both Asia and America that this green bridge must have been open for ages at a stretch to allow such a rich complex and selection of interdependent life to wander over.

How long ago? No one will ever know. Blood-group studies of living Indians have recorded the purest type-A groups in the world, as well as the only known populations entirely lacking A; the purest O groups in the world; and the purest B group in the world. An eminent geographer concludes that the basic peopling of the Americas may indeed have taken place "before the primordial blood streams of man became mingled." If this is so, then the American Indian is by far the oldest known race on earth. Others think the red men are part of the Mongolian stock that includes the Chinese, Japanese, Burmese, Tibetans, Siamese, Malays, Eskimoes, Lapps, Finns, Magyars, and Turks.

Predictably, though there is a current accepted date for the first emigrant, it is only speculation with contradictory evidence. Most scientists prefer roughly 18,000 BC because it fits best within their theoretical framework of cultural development. Inexplicably, however, Indians left much more ancient campsites deep within America. One, a little north of present-day Dallas, contains the remnants of meals that exceed the range of the Humble Oil Corporation Laboratory's Carbon-14 dating process --- which means the dinners are older than 38,000 years! What may prove to be the New? World's most spectacular find is a 6-inch long fragment of a mastodon's pelvis which was unearthed in 1959 near Mexico City. It is scratched with the

please turn page



# "why do you keep ca

from preceding page

likenesses of camels, tapirs, mastodons, and other prehistoric animals, and it is believed to have been carved when the bone was fresh some 30,000 years ago.

The exact time of arrival is, of course, immaterial. It is the Western intellect's mania to debate such calculations. The families may have followed the mammoth, the four-horned antelope, the giant bear, the wolf, the camel, the llama, or the giant beaver who were following the vegetation which was slowly being blown or carried farther towards the East. The first and continuing immigrants were probably simply living within the best ecological conditions. They were exclusively large

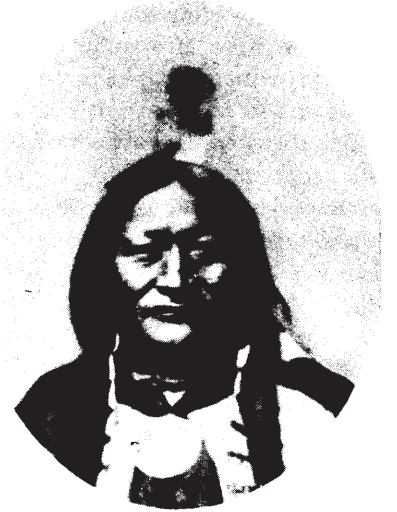
game hunters with the skills of fire and stone tools and weapons.

The great central plain of Alaska was ice-free during this time (due to low precipitation only the mountains were glaciated) and the migrant hunters slowly moved across it and towards the southeast to the Mac Kenzie River and down the long corridor along the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains into the vast heart of the North American continent. Subsequently another route opened along the Upper Yukon and its tributaries, the Liard and the Peace, to the Plains. Still later another route became available into the Great Basin of Utah and Nevada. There has been little, if any remains found

along these paths due, in part, to their treacherous and difficult conditions.

Some of the Indians continued to Mexico. In Nicaragua petrified footprints are found alongside the tracks of bison which have been extinct for milleniums. Cremation burials of men with the bones of the ground sloth and horse have been discovered within an extinct volcano crater at the southern tip of South America--dated 6500 BC.

Others spread across the plains to the southern Mississippi and eastward. After the retreat of the ice sheets (circa 10,000 BC) many undoubtedly spread eastward across what is now southern



*Little Wolf, Cheyenne*

Canada, settling in the Great Lakes region or going on to the New England area.

Modern archaeologists divide the history of the American Indian into many cultural phases, based on their relics left in the earth. What these stages are depends upon the individual scientist. Few are coordinated chronologically or spatially. One may have occurred only in one area, another in many areas but at many different times. The stages are basically Paleo-Indian or Lithic; Archaic Woodland; and Mississippi. Each of these may have sub-stages of Early, Middle, or Late, depending upon who you are talking to.

Most of the two continents were first pioneered and explored on the cultural stage called Paleo-Indian or Lithic. Life consisted of hunting the huge now-extinct mammals, which were feasting on the rich plant life of glacial fertility, with large and heavy chipped stone arrow and spears (called CLOVIS points). The points were fluted, that is, were made with a long groove down one side which drew more blood out and were deadlier than a smooth arrow. These hunting cultures appear (at the earliest the



# ing us indians?"

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Red Cloud, Oglala Sioux

They were highly skilled and successful hunters judging from their rich meals. Those hearths near Dallas, Texas, earlier referred to as being at least 38,000 years old, contain the charred remains of: two tortoises, a large bison, a horse, a camel, a large wolf, an elephant, a glyptodon, a coyote, a prairie dog, rabbits, a deer or antelope, birds, three small mussel shells, a snail shell, and hackberry seeds.

archaeologists can find them) in the Central and Southern High Plains and adjacent eastern foothills of the Rocky Mountains---then moist and well-watered environments--- and are dated from 9000 BC to 4000BC.

The greatest number of these Clovis points have been found in the Mississippi Valley and Eastern United States; unfortunately few have been found with other evidence that could be dated. The wide almost continental distribution does not indicate simultaneous or even related cultures. What it does mean is that bands of American Indians using generally comparable weapons suited for large game wandered over at one time or another most of the present United States.

Indeed, the wide dissemination of their arrows and their broad range of diet indicate that paleo-Indian hunters enjoyed as nearly a condition of free wandering in search of food in an unoccupied country as has ever existed in the history of man. No permanent homes and few deep refuse deposits have ever been found for the cultural milieu of the Clovis hunter.

In time, the dessication of the period between glaciers made the Plains so dry and arid that it drove the larger mammals eastward towards a better watered and moist-



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er climate, followed by the Clovis hunter. Meanwhile, the hardy bison survived the dryness of the Plains and were hunted by a succeeding Indian culture using a lighter arrow called FOLSOM. Later Folsom points are scattered in a more northerly pattern suggesting a northward drift of animals, man, and the melting glacier.

Our part of the country, the Northeast, was not entered early. A bleak and forboding terrain of thick spruce and fir

and enormous glacial lakes, it was still the abode of the fearsome mastodon. But very slowly Clovis hunters entered her virgin forests. Traces of flint correlated with the recession of the glacial lakes indicates a scanty occupation of the Northeast by Paleo-Indian hunters during a relatively brief and recent interval falling somewhere between 3500 BC to 5000 BC.

please turn page



from preceding page

The Lithic culture reached its peak somewhere before 3500 BC. An indeterminate break occurred before the next stage, the Archaic. No clear continuity has ever been demonstrated between them. Some theorize that vast new migrations from Asia with a more "advanced" technology superseded, or more likely, assimilated the existing cultures. Whatever, by 3500 BC most regions of the continent were more or less sparsely peopled by semi-nomadic hunting-fishing-gathering bands.

The change in culture was also due to the changing environment. With the melting of the last glacier, many of the large animals such as the mastodon, horse, elephant, large bear, sloth, and camel disappeared, leaving smaller and more familiar game like deer, moose, and bison. In some areas like the drier Southwest survival could not depend only upon the chase.

The differences between Paleo-Indian and Archaic are striking. The American Indian was now developing seasonal economies based on seasonal localities and resources. It is here that the first settlements are found (although they were not permanent) it is here that the red men began living in and with the forests and waters.

Confronted with a new environment, their techniques and goals changed. Now equipped with wood-working tools from polished stone, they chopped trees, carved boats, and built fortifications. Fishing emerged as an important source of food, obtained through new tools like the harpoon, fishhook, and canoe. Setting traps, snares, weirs, (even perhaps poisoning fish with local plants in the Southeast); gathering seeds, roots, and berries to grind in mortars; in all these ways the Indians were becoming increasingly familiar with natural sources of food and with the best materials and techniques for obtaining them.

Other cultural activities have been first discerned in the Archaic period: ceremonial burials; pipes for smoking tobacco; artifacts from human skeletons; copper jewelry; headdresses.

The first inhabitants of South Cruger's Island were Indians of the Archaic phase. Radiocarbon samples give the earliest date of occupation as c. 2500 BC. Artifacts reveal a foodgathering economy, with a major emphasis on hunting, a lesser reliance on fishing, and little dependence on wild vegetal foods, in a humid forested environment. Polished stone implements, a pipe, and a small cemetery of flexed skeletons with heavy stone slabs laid over their graves have been uncovered on the island.

COLLECTION OF DR. C. M. DRURY



*Humiliated, but still proudly defiant, some of Chief Joseph's Nez Percés posed for this picture after their 1877 defeat in Montana*

The American Indians were probably the greatest agriculturists in the history of the world. They have contributed over half our staple plant foods, including corn, potatoes, manioc (from which comes tapioca), garlic, onions, pineapple, avocados, artichokes, peanuts, cultivated strawberries, lima beans, frijole beans, kidney beans, tonka beans, squash, pumpkins, chocolate, rubber, quinine, cocaine, and tobacco. There are over forty lesser crops which were first developed and cultivated by the red men — for example, mate, maple sugar, pecans, brazil nuts, butter nuts, and sarsaparilla.

The domestication of maize or corn was probably the most remarkable and difficult agricultural event in the history of man. Maize is different from the other cereals in the wide gap which seems to separate it from its uncultivated ancestors.

It occurs in a great variety of forms in many kinds of habitats, but it is always dependent on the protection of man. Left to take care of itself, in competition with other plants and at the mercy of other organisms which feed on it, even the hardiest variety can survive for scarcely more than a few generations.

This biological helplessness is inherent in the way it produces its seeds and the difficulty with which they may be dispersed. It is very convenient to be able to harvest such a compact and well wrapped package of grain at a single operation, but these same qualities spell the plant's doom in nature. The seeds will not normally fall and if they do, they will not normally scatter or survive.

Not only did the Indians domesticate it, but they developed hundreds of varieties for every possible climate and terrain — an incredible feat of intelligence and skill. This is partially the result of their technique of cultivation. They did not have beasts of burden or metal tools. Consequently, they handled each plant and seed individually and became familiar with it.

The earliest example of corn was found in Bat Cave, New Mexico, dated circa 4000 BC. (For comparison, grain domestication in the Old World is dated 3000 BC to 5000 BC.) It had cobs the size of strawberries, which united the characteristics of both popcorn and podcorn. The original domestication is supposed to have begun first farther south and to have been a key factor in the rise of the civilizations of the Aztecs, Mayas, and Incas.

Agriculture spread slowly up through the North American continent without sudden dramatic cultural changes. The first predominantly farming period began

about 500 AD. in the Pueblo Villages of the Southwest. By the time the Europeans landed to colonize, agriculture was wide spread and an essential part of Indian culture. Ironically, it also saved the first colonists from starvation.

True to form, the first Europeans ate the Indians' corn, but could not acknowledge the peoples who created it. Instead of seeing virtuoso farmers, they saw beasts and wild men roaming through the woods wasting potential farming land and resources.

by David Schardt

## SOLDIER BLUE— RED WITH BLOOD

Arthur Hiller's directorial efforts in *Soldier Blue* seem to be lacking any imagination except for his obsession with the gory details of the U.S. cavalry's gruesome battle techniques against the Indians. This aspect of the movie is both the most appalling and yet the most effective. When the movie begins we see the archetypal redskins brutally murder an entire regiment of U.S. calvarymen. Big Shit! The Indians, as everyone well knows, killed just for the hell of it. So this typical massacre really had little effect upon the audience. (As American audiences are accustomed to vicious violence as depicted in films and television). The audience also knows that the Indians will get the shit kicked out of them before the movie ends. So it is quite likely that this movie is no different. And they're right. But it is by no means typical. *Soldier Blue* goes to the extreme of realism and refreshingly enough: truth.

The basic conflict in the movie is good and evil. (This has been as beaten to death as the routine boy meets girl in the recent cinema.) But, naturally with all this return to romance shit (i.e. *Love Story*) the story-line had to include the artificial relationship between Candice Bergen and Peter Strauss (*Soldier Blue*). Candice is the aggressive, hardened bitch, who had been a squaw to the tribe's chief. Strauss is the naive, young, and innocent soldier boy who knows that America is always right. Candy has seen the butchery of the white man and also his butchery. *Soldier Blue* has seen only the savage Indian with his scalps. Both are the only survivors of the Indian attack. Consequently they find themselves companions in what can only be called an Incredible Journey. They make love, undress, look for socks, kill an Indian, get captured by an old man who sells guns to the savages, escape, and Soldier boy destroys them. WOW! How's that for spiffy action?

Finally we see that Candy is the more resourceful of the pair in the wilderness but our soldier learns quickly and decides to

quicken their relations. Candy gets back to the fort and surprise! She sees her fiancée, another army man. *Soldier Blue* arrives at the fort and reports the massacre and that the "Injuns" are preparing for war. So the general gets right on the scene. The Indians had already signed a peace pact with the white man and want to talk peace. Candy, meanwhile has already arrived at her old Indian home and donned her fashionably designed redskin dress. The soldiers, 800 strong, arrive. Indian chief rides out with Old Glory and a peace flag but the general wants some fun so he orders the captain to give the order to fire. The captain (Candy's fiancée) says brilliantly, "But sir, he wants to talk peace" to which the general says blindly but knowingly, "You must be mistaken, give the order." Bang, (the Indians weren't prepared to fight except for a few warriors smart enough to know the ways of the white man.) Bang, (children are made legless, armless with the white man's sabre.) Bang, Bang, (the children are plunged through sticks, women are decapitated.) Bang, Bang, kapow, (Indian women are raped, teepees are burned, more children are shot in the back.) *Soldier Blue* doesn't understand but Candy does and gets the living women and children into a pit. She is forcibly removed by the soldiers and then the Indians are slaughtered in a fashion reminiscent of My Lai. *Soldier Blue* takes the child which the general shot in the back and places her in the general's arms. *Soldier Blue* is put under arrest. The calvary is commended for its bravery and good work. Candy leaves, *Soldier Blue* leaves in chains, the Indians are all left dead. The audience leaves after a narrator tells them that what they have just seen was true. The Secretary of the Interior at the time of the incident called it the "worst atrocity Americans have ever engaged in. I wonder if Lieutenant Calley might have had a preview showing.

Michael May

"PROPERTY RIGHTS  
AND HUMAN RIGHTS  
ARE INSEPARABLE..."



# BLOW-UP

## PRO CON

11

by Niles Jaeger

BLOW-UP is a poetic investigation of a man searching for meaning in his life, for something real.

David Hemmings moves through his life as a photographer without finding any substance. We meet him leaving a factory in which he has spent the night witnessing the suffering with his camera. But he sheds his clothes, film, and experience with the lack of concern that characterizes most of his relationships. We see him disappear again and



again: he leaves Veruschka on the floor, leaves his models with their eyes closed, leaves Sarah Miles (the painter's wife), leaves the pawnshop owner. His involvement is always fleeting and shallow: the orgy, the demonstration, the mime troupe, the rock concert all leave him empty.

That he is looking for something seems obvious. A spiritual deficiency, more so than a moral one, is very present in him, and he is vaguely aware of it; he talks to his friend Ron about freedom and yet he had just disillusioned the girl in the antique shop. He tells the teenyboppers that he has no time, he fabricates his life to Vanessa Redgrave and then admits it as a lie. Using his camera as his weapon, he attempts to "find something to hold onto," as the artist said.

He is drawn to a park; a timeless place where the only evidence of the commercial world behind is a neon sign. We see him chasing birds with his camera. Their freedom is elusive, they fly away. Hemmings is, for the first time, clearly happy as he follows the lovers to a small field where his camera becomes an intrusion into someone else's life (and death). Against the wind in the leaves, the sound of the shutter clicking is alien. His camera is also there to protect him: he hides behind it and when Redgrave confronts him, his first reaction is to use it as a defense. When she kneels, it is to the camera.

In the brilliantly filmed evolution of his discovery of the murder, Hemmings becomes engrossed in the realization of death, indirectly. He is faced with something more important than a photograph; an ultimate reality, a physical reality that prompts a commitment of the mind. He returns to the park without his camera. In an awesome visual image he approaches the body, his white pants gleaming and making clear that it is his second intrusion, as he touches the corpse.

Hemmings is stripped of his camera. His photographs are gone, the death is between him and the corpse. He needs to make a decision, attempts, but succumbs

to the ease of drugs. In the morning, illuminated by real light, the park is empty of the body. His camera is useless. He withdraws into himself. The mime troupe enact their fantasy. The murder is unreal, the more so for the remaining photograph. Just as the factory was shattered by the mime troupe, the picture-murder is shattered by imaginary tennis. He cannot capture life, he is confined to fantasies that can only be meaningless while he doesn't believe in them.

NOTE OF OPTIMISM: the mime troupe is a very nice fantasy.



by Larry Gross

"In art you cannot achieve accuracy without emotion."—Sir Kenneth Clarke

Antonioni's films are concerned obsessively with the subject of emptiness and alienation, and in that sense they are right in the mainstream of most of the good art in the 20th century. But somewhere along the line the concern for the quality of existence went out of his style. BLOW-UP is a dehumanized movie about people who are dehumanized.

In the first sequence of the film the mime troupe romping around the streets of London nearly knock two nuns off the street. There we have it in a nutshell, modern man uncommitted and dissolute, indifferent to traditional values. Or, take if you will another scene, the photographer in the antique shop who bargains with the girl and then unscrupulously tries to "bring the price down" behind her back. Get it? Coarse materialism indifferent to the values of the past. The problem with scenes like these, and there are a great number of them in the film, is not the ideology behind them which is hackneyed and obvious so much as Antonioni's complete inability to relate us to the characters involved. I am not inferring that he's supposed to make us like his characters, but he is supposed to integrate them into our concern.

For most of us in the audience the photographer's behavior is so coarse and inhuman that our interest in him dries up completely. We spend the whole movie clucking at him for being empty and cruel and exploitive, and we go out feeling superior, because after all we're real human beings.

So much of the footage in and around the city is overloaded with phony symbolism that has no "meaning", no moral, and little "significance." The only moment it falls down is when Hemmings defends himself and we're back to messages. In those brief moments however Antonioni is in full control. He is fascinated with the process of observation and he exploits (as Hitchcock likes to do) the essentially voyeuristic nature of the film medium (we watch the photographer while he watches the couple). But then there are those damned birds (freedom, fluidity purity?) there with the guy chasing them.

It is one thing to make an abstract film purely concerned with properties of space and perception, and I have no doubt that Antonioni could do a great one, but why all this heavy-breathing social and moral commentary, unless he's interested in involving us in some genuine humanity. Characters like the two groupie teenagers are so ruthlessly characterized, that Antonioni's moral disgust goes right out the window. How can we feel disgust and indignation, which is clearly the emotion desired, when these people aren't human? When the mode of perception is inhuman.

The other strong sequence is the one where the photographs are blown-up. Here again Antonioni is clearly fascinated by the mechanics of perception, the way in which the pieces come together to reveal a story. Isn't it funny; there is more emotional force in those stills of Vanessa Redgrave, than anywhere in the film, and it's not just her emotions it is the audience's which are involved. Coincidentally this scene and the one in the park are the only one's in which Antonioni's perspective is at one with the photographer's. We feel him in these moments concerned and fascinated, and hence we are as well. But these moments strung together cannot relieve our sense that a part of the story hasn't been told, that the director is holding back some sign of his relation to the material.

Scenes like the rock concert and the dope party, aside from the clumsiness of their introduction into the story, are so uncomprehending and at the same time overloaded with signs of ominousness and decadence that we may want to laugh. It is hard to believe that someone, with such a great eye, demonstrated in bits and pieces, is capable of such simple-mindedness, such blatant poverty of imagination.

Unfortunately, Blow-Up is the kind of film which everyone can take to these days; either you groove on the colors and ignore the pop sociological-moral analysis or you weave elaborate theories about the levels of meaning. It is the sort of intellectual game which has more to do with mass-culture cliches than it does with art. One has to ask oneself very honestly while watching this film whether what we are seeing is ambiguity and complexity; in other words difficult for valid formal reasons or whether it is really just as empty as the world it is criticizing.

Blow-Up is so self-consciously "beautiful" so full of overappreciated affects and little points, that it fails in a very interesting way. It dulls the senses.

# MODERATION FANTASIES

by paul margolis

The old order changeth. One by one, the last vestiges of Old Bard pass away unnoticed and unlamented. Now that venerable institution, Moderation, is about to submit to the inevitable.

Timing in this situation is critical. After so many years, Moderation has become too deeply ingrained in Bard's structure to be casually cast aside. On the other hand, too much of a delay in cutting the Moderation umbilicus could cause the Hudson Valley quiet to be disrupted by such raucous invective as: TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT, YOU CAN'T MAKE US MODERATE! An unfortunate situation in either case.

What is needed is a gradual shift from the old to the new.

The solution I propose is not only logical and reasonable, but simple to the point of being juvenile. Why not model the whole thing after the ubiquitous bar or bas mitzvah?

To be sure, it is a ritual steeped in tradition, plus being an examination of sorts. Such a thing would prove an admirable replacement for the present Puritan Ethic-based Moderation, considering Bard's ethnic makeup.

Before you put this down in disgust or seek true humor from Fat Freddy's Cat, consider this modest proposal for a few moments. With a few alterations ensuring relevance, the basic rite is eminently suitable for today's Bard student.

The greatest difference between the old Moderation and the new would be the elimination of the three teacher board and its auto da fe connotations. Such stuffy academic methods might have been good enough in the old days, but are totally irrelevant in today's educational mileu.

Rather than being compelled to demonstrate particular ability, the candidate's suitability for passage to the Upper College would be automatically assumed. As in the ancient Hebraic tradition, it would be merely a matter of putting on a token performance before teachers, friends, and whomever else might care to be present.

One can imagine Moderations becoming gala affairs, as well they deserve to be. In good weather they could be held in the Blithewood gardens or otherwise in the Chapel. Invitations to such affairs would be honors bestowed upon a select few of the candidates' friends and relatives.

For the Moderation itself a good deal of freedom is allowed the individual candidate. Depending upon the department in which he or she intends to moderate, the candidate might choose to read original literary works, perform a dramatic piece, or chloroform and dissect a rat.

At the completion of the moderation, the chairman of the particular department would confer a warm handshake and a certificate of Moderation, then mumble an incantation understood only in the upper echelons of Bard academia. The entire procedure would be quite painless, dispelling any unpleasant associations with academics. Since this does draw heavily

on the bar mitzvah precedent, the consent or failure would be dispensed with.

A reception would follow the Moderation. The intention would be to keep it as simple and tasteful as possible. However this would by no means be construed to rule out catering or gift giving, on the contrary. Ah, picture it: hors d'oeuvres, flowing champagne. Now that's the way to get an education. Nice, if a bit bourgeois.

If the above seems to prolong unnecessarily the existence of an institution of dubious merit, another option exists. Bard could simply throw caution, and Moderation, to the winds and get along nicely without it. Most schools manage to. It isn't really all that significant to have weathered two years at Bard.

by konrad andrey

The Naked Moderation

"Moderation . . . is no virtue."  
—Barry Goldwater  
1964 Republican  
Convention

The genteel tradition of Moderation is well overdue for just that. Faugh! The whole business has become as absurd and unreal as The Moderation by Fran Kafka, in which Student K. wanders through a labyrinth of offices preparing for a Moderation in a subject unknown to him and is finally run over by a Procter bus. The real thing is scarcely better. A student writes up a condensed version of Monarch Notes and does an academic vaudeville performance for a committee of balding pedants. Passing Moderation yields as much status as a complete collection of Grand Funk Railroad albums. Is it any wonder that to most students Moderation is just another one of the annoying aspects of Bard life, like movie sub-titles, and dog hair in the yogurt?

The root of the problem lies in the Bard community's falling victim to popular fantasy, the current pantywaist pipe-dreams of wistful sociologists and Unitarian discussion groups. I suppose, my starry-eyed flower child, that you think Moderation is a scholastic structure, the creation of your civilized facade? Poppycock! Science proves that the urge to Moderate is a savage biological inescapable instinct, as deeply mired in the human ape's animal nature as sex and capitalist competition.

Anthropologists call this primeval drive the Moderate Imperative. To stick it out in the battle for survival, every wild creature must make the leap from the stage of Youth to the stage of Adult. This requires a distinct, rugged coming of age — in other words, Moderation. For man to phase out a jungle-tough Moderation process is as feasible as caterpillars trying to be butterflies without going into cocoons.

Take a look at the Moderation practices in a band of Rhodesian baboons. The young baboon must prove himself before a committee of silver-furred elders. First the candidate presents a pawful of hair plucked from a leopard, gorilla, water buffalo or whit hunter, depending on which division of the tribe it seeks to enter. Then the baboon flies into an intricate series of growls, fang-barings, screams, somersaults and chest-thumpings—the baboon mode of expressing an individual's past in the tribe and claim to status. The adult baboons then examine qualifications further by jumping on the candidate's back and beating him with a bone. The young baboon fights them off. If the committee is satisfied, the candidate passes and enters the upper

\*For a treatment of the Moderate Imperative in human evolution, see my most recent book, Annandale Genesis.

echelons of the group. If a baboon fails, it may keep trying until the next rainy season. Flunkies are thrown to the crocodiles.

The Amazon River Basin catfish, the desert thrush, the Armenian ground squirrel — a volume of examples could be cited, all following the common patterns of trophy: testimony: examination calculated in each species to ensure fitness.

Primitive man understood the moderate Imperative. Supreme value was placed on it by the Australian aborigines, that Old Stone Age people who managed to survive until today, thanks to anthropological research grants. You wouldn't catch a teen-age aborigine reaching maturity by writing a paper on Metternich or doing a scene from Volpone. The adult committees put candidates through stringent ordeals, ending by taking them to sacred ground and circumcising them. This would be impractical for Bard Moderation due to the college's ethnic composition.

We turned these instinctive Moderation patterns into a bloodless academic formality. The process is so estranged from its biological basis that the Moderate Imperative is repressed and sublimated. Anguished Bard students, tormented by seething drives they do not understand, make foolhardy bids for status, such as drinking Slater coffee and visiting the Deserted Village at night in altered states of consciousness.

The crisis has festered and spread like athlete's foot in a high school locker room. Many colleges have no Moderation at all. Even fraternity hazing is vanishing. We face the disgusting spectacle of an entire generation psychologically unhinged of a national epidemic of identity loss, sexual confusion, frustration, penis envy and socialized medicine.

How shall we change Moderation? Forget it, runt. Before we can have a biologically viable Moderation we need a biologically viable Bard community. Put a Bard student through a suitable ordeal, such as tying his limbs to four Volkswagens, and he'd fail miserably.

A long hard transition period is in order. To start, the Dining Commons could switch to an exclusive menu of steak and beer for all three meals. After a semester or so of this, Bard would look like a convention of sumo wrestlers. I also suggest a program of intramural fist-fights and adding a few Rhodesian baboons to the faculty.

It is futile to think that Moderation can be changed for the better while we continue to remain oblivious to our animal natures. The administration ignores the Moderate Imperative as its peril. The time is in sight when the dorms will rattle with choruses of howls and roars, and the Bard community will lope into the night to claim its heritage.

## STOLEN KISSES



The hero of Francois Truffaut's STOLEN KISSES, Antoine Doinel is the same Antoine who appeared in Truffaut's first film, THE FOUR HUNDRED BLOWS and his most recent film, BED AND BOARD. Truffaut discovered the then ten-year-old Jean-Pierre Leaud for his intensely beautiful first film, and it is now that same Leaud who has grown right with Truffaut. The Doinel trilogy is heavily autobiographical and yet it is remarkably free of the kind of self-pity which characterizes so much "confessional" art. It is one of the particular virtues of Truffaut's best films, and STOLEN KISSES is one of them, that he is able to view the characters with irony as well as love.

STOLEN KISSES shows us Antoine as he is kicked out of the army and then tries, failing each time, to find work. We also see him attempting to renew a relationship with his girl friend (Claude Jade) and falling head over heels for an older woman (Delphine Seyrig).

In substance and plot, STOLEN KISSES is nothing more than a modern Education Sentimentale and if one is cynical I suppose it could be compared to THE GRADUATE. But Truffaut is able to transform this rather banal material simply through the intensity of his concern for his characters.

This intensity is difficult to talk about because it is not brooding or sombre, everything takes place in a Paris which is light and lyrical. At the same time there are subtle little emotional twinges which reach us effectively. For example, Antoine is hired as a detective by a merchant to find out why nobody likes him. He is then seduced by the merchant's wife. Back at the detective agency, his balling out is a very light funny moment, but this is immediately juxtaposed with the death of Antoine's friend, an older detective.

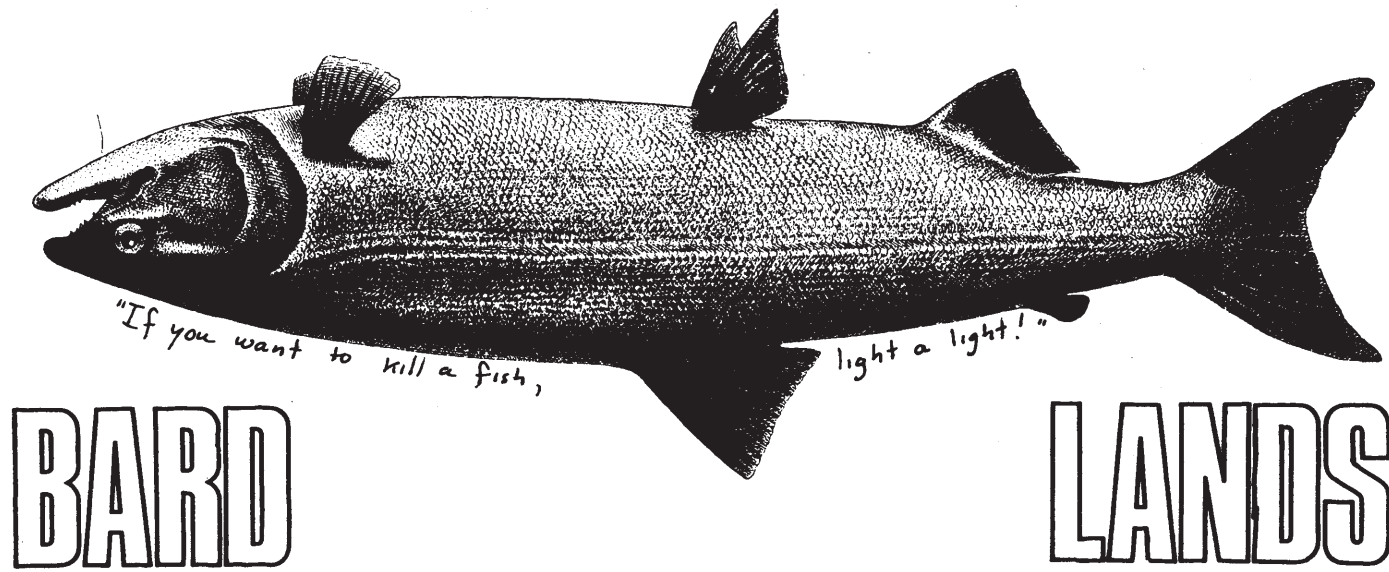
The leap from laughter to terror is extraordinarily deft, and we are bewildered, unsettled. It doesn't seem to me, however, that the blend of comedy and tragedy is forced, rather it seems to arise naturally out of the action.

Of all of the modern French directors, Truffaut in his methods and attitude is most clearly the heir to the tradition of Jean Renoir. His films are rough at the edges as are Renoir's, his camera style is leisurely and unhurried as is Renoir's, he improvises in the same manner that Renoir did, letting his players have a wide latitude. Where they differ, it seems to me, is in the precariousness of Truffaut's world. Renoir's temperament is perhaps the most serious of all great modern artists, but with Truffaut the juxtaposition of humor and horror is ultimately more disarming.

In his attitude towards men and women this is particularly so. In this film, the happy ending might be viewed as nothing more than sheer accident. And in particular, there is one scene where Leaud sits in front of a mirror and chants repeatedly his own name, the name of his girl-friend, and the name of the married woman with whom he is infatuated. In that marvelous scene, which owes its quality to Leaud, but perhaps more importantly to Truffaut's faith in Leaud, some of the obsessiveness of love comes through to us. It is the kind of scene which successfully unifies an audience in a shared experience.

As with Renoir, we respond to Truffaut's films because they are affirmations which do not ignore or negate the chaos of existence. The mixed nature of our experience is revealed in all its ambiguity, sadness and beauty.

Larry Gross



Central Hudson's Danskammer plant on the Hudson near Newburgh. Great damage is caused by the mining of fossil fuels; for example, oil spills and the Pennsylvania abandoned coal-mine fires. Fossil fuel operated power plants are serious air polluters. Transmission lines and pumped-storage facilities constructed to store energy from fossil fuel plants deface the landscape and disembowel mountains.

3) Nuclear. Controlled nuclear fission in an atomic reactor heats water, etc. By-products are Thermal pollution of waterways by waste heat, discharge of radioactive isotopes into waterways, and highly radioactive spent reactor fuel that is probably impossible to dispose of with complete safety.

Utilities companies are converting to the nuclear process as fast as they can, all over the country. Until public opinion and government control forces research and development of ecologically suitable methods of generating electricity such as the conversion of sun, wind, tide, and geothermal energy, try to remember that every kilowatt-hour of electricity that makes life easier for us makes it harder for the fishes and everybody else that doesn't want to turn night into day. Do you feel good about that? (Further reading: Richard Curtis and Elizabeth Hogan, PERILS OF THE PEACEFUL ATOM; Paul Swatek, USER'S GUIDE TO THE PROTECTION OF THE ENVIRONMENT; many articles on all phases of power production and use in Environment cabinet, slots 3 and 4.)

Watch for early spring phenomena:

Stoneflies are a group of insects which spend their early life on the rocky bottoms of swift streams, where they are a part of the staple diet of trout. One species matures in March and the smoke-grey winged adults may be seen crawling on the melting snows looking for mates, sometimes in great numbers. Look for them on the bank of the Sawkill near the swimming pool when the air temperature is above freezing. (further reading: Anne H. Morgan, FIELD BOOK OF PONDS AND STREAMS.)

If you go at dusk or on a moonlit night to the edge of the wet meadow behind the gym, you may hear the courtship ritual of the male woodcock, a swamp-dwelling member of the sandpiper family. He alternately struts around a small area of wet ground, making a nasal 'peent' sound every few seconds, and flies in great loops making a chirping sound. At the climax of the flight, just before dropping back to the ground, a third and very beautiful call is given which I am at a loss to describe. The woodcock stays with us from March to November, probing in the soil for earthworms with its long bill. (Arthur

C. Bent, LIFE HISTORIES OF NORTH AMERICAN SHOREBIRDS.)

The lower Cruger Island Road is a good place to observe the flowering of the willows. Along with the alders and red-maple, these are the first trees and shrubs to flower. Willows have the male (pollen-bearing) and female (seed-forming) flowers on different individuals. The male catkins (elongated clusters of minute flowers) are the familiar "pussies" which, allowed to develop, soon become large and golden with pollen. The female catkins are quite different, and somewhat resemble large green caterpillars. Several weeks after fertilisation, the mature fruit capsules open by curling back on two sides like a fleur-de-lis to release silky plumed seeds into the wind. (Walter Rogers, TREEFLOWERS.)

This is a plea for people to turn lights off when they are not needed, and to otherwise use less electricity. Why?

Electricity is generated by three major methods:

1) Hydroelectric. Rivers are dammed to impound large reservoirs which provide a dependable controlled source of water

to turn turbine generators. These reservoirs often destroy fertile floodplain areas which are valuable for wildlife habitat or agriculture; some dams flood areas of great scenic beauty like Glen Canyon. Anadromous fish such as salmon moving upstream to spawn have tremendous difficulties; even if fish-ladders are provided that allow them to climb around the dam, they are then confronted with still water which disorients them. The young of these fish on the return trip downstream must either be washed over the spillways or pass through the turbines.

2) Fossil fuel. Coal or oil are burned to heat water, and the resultant steam drives turbines. Two thirds of the electric power in the mid-Hudson region comes from

# ship of horrors

One by one they died. They banged their heads and bodies against cramped cages, opening deep gashes and cracking limbs. But the ship of horror rode on, carrying its cargo of wild animals over rough and tumbling seas. Their destination: American zoos. But only 14 of the beasts survived, out of the 27 that had started out from Africa.

Most of those that didn't make it were tossed over the side - a giraffe, gazelles, a zebra. The carcasses of nine animals formed a sickening parade of lifeless flesh in the Atlantic Ocean.

When the seaborne zoo, the 10,000-ton freighter New City of Westminster, arrived in New York, harbor, another animal - the 10th - died. The final two succumbed in quarantine, after leaving the vessel.

"The animals were so beautiful in Africa, but once they were in their cages at sea they started to become sad and morose," said a 22-year-old British crewman on the ship, engineer James Cassidy.

Cassidy, who snapped pictures of the animals during their month-long odyssey, said, "They were quite lifeless and seemed to give up the will to live."

"About a week out of Mombasa (East Africa), a giraffe we called him Engelbert just died quietly, for no apparent reason. But his skin was broken and torn where he had repeatedly fallen against the bars of his cage. He was dumped overboard with a derrick.

"The animals couldn't move while in the crates. Their cages seemed much too small for them.

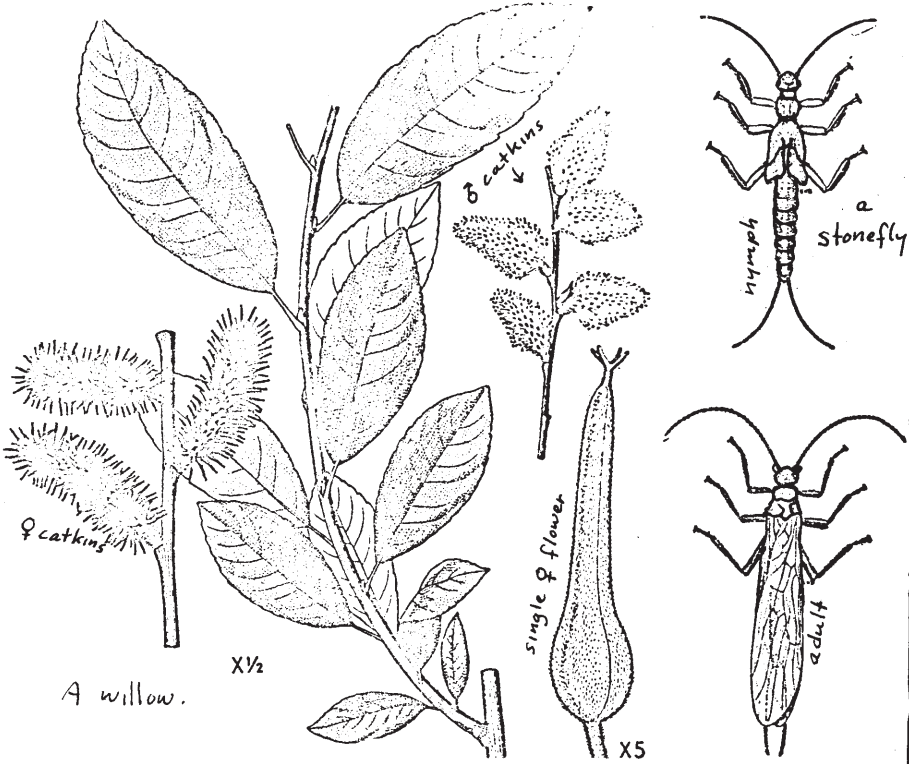
"They injured themselves against the bars when the ship rolled, throwing them about. They died off, one by one. They looked so pathetic standing there, day after day, without even enough room for them to sit down.

"The zebras literally wore great holes in their sides and bellies trying to sit down or turn around.

"The whole voyage was horrifying and sickening. It was complete and utter misery for the animals, and agony for the crew, having to watch them die, then push them over the side. I never want to sail on a zoo ship again."

John Stephen, cargo manager for States Marine Lines of New York, which chartered the ship, blamed the deaths on "rough weather during the major part of

the ship's run from Mombasa. "We lost a giraffe, two zebras, (one in New York harbor) and seven gazelles on the ship," Stephen said. "Some of the animals fell down in their crates and injured themselves with their sharp hoofs and were killed," he said. "And we had to shoot one because it hit its head and was just destroying itself in the cage."





#### WORST NEWS OF THE YEAR

Karachi, Pakistan, March 10 (Reuters) — Pakistani students here boycotted classes after news spread that Muhammad Ali was beaten by Joe Frazier in their title fight, newspapers reported today.

One local newspaper, The Sun, said the students felt Ali's defeat was "the worst news possible of the year."

#### HOW TO MAKE MONEY ON DOPE

Washington, D.C. — The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs expects to spend an average of \$18,600 per drug-peddler arrest during the current fiscal year, the bureau's director, John Ingersoll, told a House appropriations subcommittee. The high cost of arrests stems partly from the cost of purchasing drugs for evidence, Ingersoll explained, and partly from the high prices charged by high-level informants, some of who get \$50,000 or more in a single case.

A youth arrested in a dormitory room in Indiana State University for illegal possession of marijuana was sentenced to 180 days at the state farm and fined \$524 after pleading guilty here Wednesday. The judge called (the youth's) offense "the most serious crime I have seen since taking the bench nearly two years ago."

#### THE REAL MC COY

After making their debut in San Francisco under a quasi-legal private-club arrangement, genuine hard-core pornographic movies have reached New York. At least one theatre in the Times Square area has been screening two-hour programs of relatively high-quality 16mm explicit sex films that make no pretense of being either artistic or educational. The theatre was reportedly grossing about \$40,000 a week.

#### \$500,000 Montreal Robbery

Montreal, March 11 (Canadian Press) — Three masked men made off with more than \$500,000 in money and negotiable bonds in a pre-dawn robbery yesterday at Montreal International Airport. The police said they were mystified as to how the men remained unspotted by about 50 workers at an Air Canada cargo terminal while holding four workers at gunpoint in a security cage.

#### Octogenarian Is Jealous

Bogota, Colombia (UPI) — The police took 80-year-old Andres Quiroga into custody after he gave his wife, Anatilda, 86, a beating for "flirting" with a 16-year-old. She said it was a case of "unjustified jealousy."

#### Brandt Sends Brandt a Gift

Bonn (Reuters) — Chancellor Willy Brandt sent two bottles of schnapps to Willy Brandt, an ordinary citizen, because the latter, listed in the Bonn telephone directory, had been receiving a steady flow of official phone calls.

#### FATHER OF THE YEAR

Clifton, Virginia — When Representative Louis Wyman (R-New Hampshire) learned that his 19-year old son, Louis Wyman II, had been arrested for possession of marijuana, he at first refused to post bond, saying that some jail time wouldn't do any harm. Six days later, the senior Wyman relented and paid \$2500, but not until he had obtained a signed contract in which Louis II promised to get his hair cut, keep shaved, visit a barber every ten days, go to school, avoid drugs, not wear hippie clothes and stop living in a commune.

Newark, March 9— A Federal Judge dismissed a suit seeking to restrain the New Jersey State Police from allegedly harassing long-haired youths driving on state highways.

Judge Robert Shaw of the United States District Court ruled that the suit, brought by the American Civil Liberties Union, should have been heard first in State Court.

The suit brought on behalf of 37 plaintiffs, charged the State Police with stopping cars driven by youths with long hair of

hair or unusual cloths and searching the cars and their occupants. This, the suit contended, "constitutes a comprehensive deprivation of Fourth Amendment rights."

Frank Askin, an A.C.L.U. lawyer said he would appeal the decision to the Third Circuit Court of Appeals.

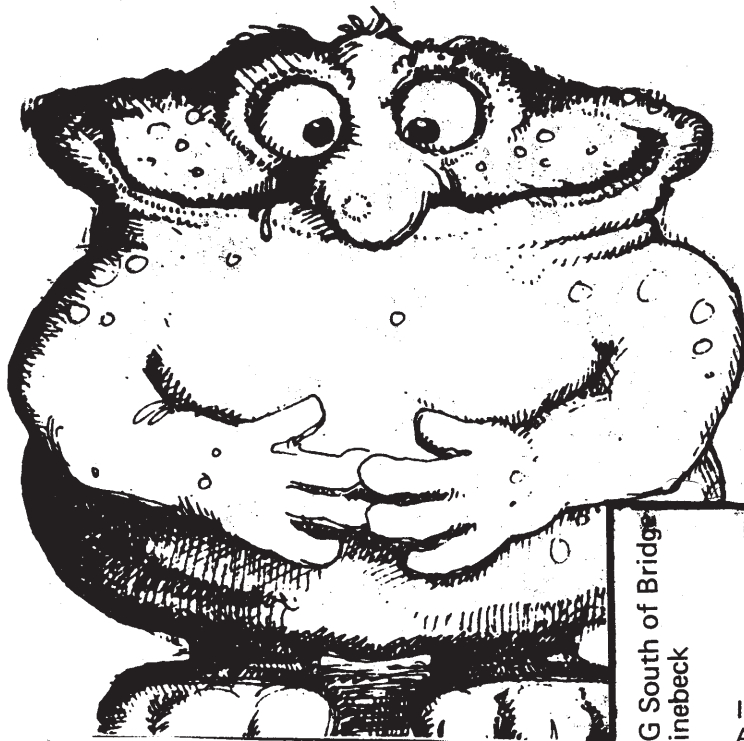
Fort Madison, Iowa (UPI)—Kevin Fickel, 15 years old, ate 135 prunes in the Fort Madison Community High School cafeteria and claimed a new world record for swallowing the most prunes in one sitting. The old record, Mr. Fickel said, was set in 1968 by an Englishman named Edward Baxter, who ate 130 prunes.

#### OWN CAR RUNS OVER BRITON

Stansted Mountfitchet, England (UPI) — Alfred Burton was hospitalized after being knocked down by his own automobile. The car would not start, Mr. Burton said, so he got out and began to crank it by hand —forgetting it was in gear.

#### Hotel Gambles on Weather

London (Canadian Press) —A new London hotel, the Americana, is showing unusual faith in the British climate. If it rains for more than one hour in a day, the hotel charges only a single rate for a double room.



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## anti-war conference

from page 1

sie on the 19. demanding "U.S. out now!" The group also voted support for the conference of the Vietnam Veterans for Peace, which will be meeting in Washington, D.C. that week.

APRIL 24 The coalition pledged itself to build support for the mass marches on Washington and San Francisco, demanding the immediate withdrawal of all American forces from Indochina. The group also voiced support for the demands of welfare groups which will be participating in the demonstrations that day, demanding a guaranteed annual income of \$5,500 and demanded that all political prisoners in the U.S. be freed.

MAY 5 To commemorate the massacre of students at Kent and Jackson States, the coalition will plan demonstrations on campuses and in communities, demanding an immediate end to the war. The group also endorsed the actions being planned for May 5 in Washington stressing non-violent civil disobedience and a continuation of the People's Lobby.

MAY 16 Solidarity Day with anti-war GIs and demonstrations at military bases, was also endorsed by the conference.

In addition to supporting these anti-war activities, the conference pledged itself to set up a regional system of draft counseling

centers as an alternative method of opposing the government's policies. Also, the group also endorsed the People's Peace Treaty as another method of communicating the anti-war message to the American people.

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