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Tues & Wed evenings
7:30-9:30
(Old music room)
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Unclassified Ads

For sale: 1990 two-door Dodge Lancer, white, original floor stick shift, good condition. Call 759-3741, evenings or weekends.

Lost my dog on Monday, March 1st, in Rhinebeck, close to Round Lake. He is a large yellow labrador retriever. He had a dark brown collar on with Mass. identification. He's a little over a year and still very playful—almost too friendly. If you've seen him, please call 876-6586.
When Allen Ginsberg visited Bard several weeks ago to read some of his poems he was observed to refer an allo CIA (Central Intelligence Agency) official. In the Indochinese opium trade, I had been faintly aware of some reports of CIA/junk colllusion before this time, but subsequent discussions with the officials laid them as too far out or paranoid pipe-dreams to follow up and find if this collusion did in fact exist.

As it turned out, Eric and I decided to ask Allen, who was still here at Bard, about seeing even further evidence censuring this collusion. He pulled out of his bag a black folder at the back of which were a sheath of mimeographed sheets listing sources of information giving testimony to just this CIA/dope connection. He explained to us that he had mailed copies of these sheets to critical people in the field the underground and straight media, to hopefully encourage further publicity of this complicity.

We asked him why he himself wouldn’t sit down and put together a piece detailing the evidence of CIA/junk colllusion in a sympathetic, such as was already appearing in publication, such as in the San Francisco, such as were hinted at by the people at Ramparts magazine, such as in articles, and that it would be printed in the near future. In the meantime, however, Allen has chosen to write a short essay outlining his accession in the “Nola Express”, a prominent New Orleans paper serving the young radical/hip community there.

Entitled “The CIA & DR OPium: The Conviction,” the piece presents a damning case against not only the CIA but the corrupt Saigon “government” and the nationalist Chinese puppet dictatorship of Chiang Kai Shek. It seems that the main motive for the CIA involvement in the aged opium trade of Laos and Thailand is mainly the “spill-over” of our entire Indochinese military venture. One of the basic military strategic assumptions of the U.S. communica- tion in Indochina is the policy of “polic- itization,” whereby much of it as it now exists, the covert CIAopo, is directed to winning to local pop- ulation over to us, or if not retaken by the Chinese or the Thais, then by guerillas and seizes. Both the Calley/Mylai murders and the CIA/dope connection must be understood in this light: in Calley’s case, he was “policing” the local area, making it safe for democracy, and in the CIA’s case, their active involvement in the Lasithi and Thai opium trade is a more subtle way of winning the allegiance of a section of the local population.

Allen refers to an article by Peter Dale Scott in Ramparts several months ago, concerning Air America. Air America, it is shown, was founded by Claire Chennault, a member by marriage from the Chiang Kai Shek dynesty of Taiwan, which has since 1945 left the millitary control of Nationalist Government. It is readily admitted in Air America, which carries military supplies and CIA agents, Air America also carries the opium crops of the Lasithi Mee tribe to Hong Kong, where it is then shipped off to unmarked destinations by Air America.

What’s in it for the CIA, you might ask? As mentioned above, the huge market game in Indochina is pacification and security: by buying and dealing the opium of the Mee tribesmen in Laos, the CIA is insured of their loyalty to America. One other reinforces another, and in the case the CIA demands loyalty from the Lasithi Mee in return for not buying his opium crops off his hands. It is essential to realize in this context that the Mee tribesmen constitute what the U.S. con- siders an insurmountable ally in the effort to win and pacify northern Laos and Thailand. The Mee main crop is opium, and what greater favor could the CIA do for them but to help them reach the

progress report from dick

On April 7, President Nixon went before the American people with a “progress” report on the war in Vietnam and told them that his program of “Vietnamization” has been a success, a victory.” It has been a success, he said, because “in the last eight months neither side has gained a victory.” In fact, conflict which has almost cost the lives of over 2,000,000 Indochinese and 50,000 American soldiers.

On Saturday, April 24, the American people will have the opportunity to reply to Nixon’s farce, by marching in the hundreds of thousands in the streets of Washington, D.C. to protest the immediate and total withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Indochina.

These demonstrations have the potential of being the most massive and powerful anti-war actions in United States history. Already participation of trade unionists has surpassed that of any other mobilization. Nationally, such organizations and labor leaders as the California Federation of Labor have pledged their support.

The war in Indochina, as attested by so many groups as the Vietnam Soldier Investigatory, lies itself in a web of so-called “search and destroy,” “free fire zones” and “strategic hamlets” and other programs are aimed at one thing, and only one thing, to destroy the whole social fabric of Indochinese society. There have been many revolutionary forces of the populations that suffered and made their own way to liberation.

According to the principles that Allied forces applied at Nuremberg, not only a crime against peace, but a crime against humanity, war and the war criminals are to be wrested from the collusion and war criminals who have collaborated in the war.

The fact is clear that Calley is Indicted by far too many votes in the usual military war. However, what is equally clear is that the military is attempting to shift the entire blame for the massacre onto Calley’s shoulders, and is attempting to picture Calley as an “isolated act” of bar- barism on the part of a “few” individuals.

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Dear Brothers and Sisters on Bard Observer:  

HI! I am a Swedish freak, and I am "sweden" - isolated into a Swedish Mental Hospital! The specific and in my way "so called" reason for that is that I am a "drug addict." I am wired by the fucking govern-
ment into this place only for drug addiction. This is a fucking bad place to "live", and I am going more insane for each day that passes by, than to the treatment I've got here. I have been here for a very long time, and I only want to be free, but I don't know when. I am writing to you, dear brothers and sisters, to ask for: If you please will be so kind and send me a "sample copy" free to me of your "gorry paper "Bard Observer" to me. Please. Will you be so kind and do that for me? I hope so, you will make me very happy, and "cheer me up" very much when I am stuck inside this house. A institution of the mad, fucking society, I have been a big receptor here, than to the so-called "treatment" that I've got here. Aren't mental hospitals

because there are so many book opportunities this week, I'm going to limit this to a list of what they are. Anybody who would like to review any of these books, please let me know.

Max Shulman, Potatoes ARE CHEAP.

"How a Jewish boy listened to his mother but found happiness anyway."

Charles Tocayon, THE REVELATIONS OF A DISAPPEARING MAN. "A novel about identity, sexuality, life, death, 

C. Aubrey Smith, a girl in leather, and a father & son."

Brent Ashabranner, A MOMENT IN 

HISTORY. "The first ten years of the Peace Corps."

Norrell Pinn, DR. BOWDLEER'S LEGACY. "A history of excrated books in Eng-

land and America."

Terrence Lorr Smith, THE THIEF WHO 

 Garr C Fell "Wee. A novel."

David Dellinger, REVOLUTIONARY 

NONVIOLENT."

Robert Gott, GUERRILLA MOVE-

MENTS IN LATIN AMERICA. "...it is the country that offers ideal condi-

tions for the fight." - Ch. Guevara

Ezekiel Mohalehe, DOWN SECOND AVE-

U. "Growing up in a South African ghetto."

Carr Naes, COLLEGE BOWL QUIZ 

BOOK. "More than 500 challenges from America's favorite quiz show."

Geoffrey Ayrton, THE TRUTH ABOUT 

DRUGS."

Jim Crane, INSIDE OUT. "Biting cartoon commentary on the American Dream."

Rev. Todd S. J. Lavon, PATRIOTIC 

POEMS OF AMERIKA.

Keesepotte Kypsilise, MY NAME IS 

AFRICA. "The young man and women found were accepted because they fit into what the whites wanted to believe."

Now on written language. The Mayans had two. One for religious documents and another for everyday business. The Cholchuas designed their own alphabet at the time of the civil war and have kept a record of their history ever since. The Navaho also have their own alphabet which they print their newspapers in. Before the Europeans came they had a pictograph system that all tribes could understand no matter what language they spoke. These are now dismissed as pretty rock paintings.

Also the Eastern tribes had cities at the time of De Soto, but gave up as not the way to go, so that all that was left by the time the Pilgrims landed were ruins. Also the Eastern tribes were far advanced in Government and Law. So far advanced that the U.S. Government based its Con-

stitution on the Iroquois Great Law. But made the mistake of only using parts of it. The Mayans went so far advanced in Mach that we didn't catch up with them until the 19th century. We still do not understand the Indians' perfect re-

relationship with the law that made it a paradise in 1920 and a garbage heap today. There is a tribe near the Great Lakes that has counted the years they lived there and their figures come (can't find it) but it 

outs them well into the Ice Age.

Also the anthropologists agree that the Indian hasn't changed over many years. Then could this mean that the original man that produced modern man? This whole argument of the Indian Reminds me of the Dark Ages when man thought the sun revolved 

around the Earth instead of the opposite.

Sorry, but knowing Indians and being able to talk to them, make me jump when I see the same old non-truths rubbish around.

All the world has much in common in memory history. All remember great floods and droughts. If you go back to the old days when ancient religions of Europe, they have much in common with the Indian religions. Which again are not that divorced from the Asian non-reli-
gions. All talk of the land that drowned. Also are 3 distinct races of Indians. Anyway, enough. Go find a traditional Indian to talk to.

Beverly Saumonsen  
Tolm White of the Rainbow People  
John Day, Oregon

Dear Beverly,  

Thank you for your letter. I think you misunderstood some of the points I was trying to make. My main theme from the first paragraph to the last was the failure of the Western white intellect to comprehend or understand the Native American. The purpose was to attempt to summarize modern archeolo-

gy's findings truthfully with fairness while noting its contra-
dictions, inaccuracies, and limitations ("This is only a quick sketch of some of what modern science thinks it knows about them.")  

Lydia Ayers

Advertising Representative:  
T. Scott Williams  
Tel: 914-758-3665.

At the University of Louisville, Louisville, Ken-

ucky, on April 23-24, 1971. Since all entries must be received by April 15, it's too late to enter the competition. Any-

body who wants to go to the festival, however, should go to the U. of Louis-

ville, University College, Belknap Campus, Louisville, Kentucky, in April.

OCEANS  

"The deep seas demand that men develop devices of law, politics and cooperation to utilize this last, great unexploited resource. The very immensity of the world's oceans calls for international co-

operation on a grand scale." - Secretary General U. Thant.

An Intercollegiate conference on THE FATE OF THE OCEANS will be held on

April 29, 30 and May 1, 1971, at Villanova University. Attendance at conference lectures is free. For more information on the conference, and the registration form, please see me in the Observer office.

(From or telephone World Order Re-

search Institute, Villanova University, Pa. 19085, 212 LA 7100- 

246 or 242. Dr. John L. Converse, coor-

dinator.)
When Igor Stravinsky died in New York last Tuesday, I found it much easier to mourn the loss of the man than the loss of the music. The man was a trivial citizen of the world; born in Russia, he became musically mature in Paris, lived his later years in America, and left a wish to be buried in Venice. His acid wit and exasperated profile will be missed. The man, however, remains in his music and in his own recordings of it.

The catalogue of musical works is staggering: The Rite of Spring, The Firebird, Petrouchka, the Symphonies in C, The Rake’s Progress, Oedipus Rex, the Symphonies of Psalms, the Violin Concerto, The Fairy’s Kiss, the "Dumbarton Oaks" concerto, the Mass, the Symphony in Three Movements - this is only part of a life’s work that changed the course of Western music and continued to dominate for half a century. Not only did he create music from the dead hand of Romanti- 
cism, but, with neo-classicism, he was the first to open a new direction that it could take. In Stravinsky’s hands, neo-classicism, a modernist revival of older musical forms could express any feeling or set of feelings. I have been delighted by the gregariousness of the Psalms in C, seared by the power of the Symphony in Three Movements, moved by the religious fervor of the Psalms of Psalms. He also knew when to quit; he switched to serial composition, his music became free, controversial, also produced works of major significance.

Igor Stravinsky was probably the greatest composer of the 20th century. With The Rite of Spring he stated a revolution that shows no signs of slowing down today. Only Beethoven and Wagner exerted as much influence on their own times and on posterity as Stravinsky did on his. Igor Stravinsky was the first composer - and only Stravinsky was able to preserve his own interpretations of his works.

Soil Louis Siegel

Shoplifting

Several Bard students have been sent- tenced to three days in the Dutchess County jail for shoplifting from the Red Hook A&P. Since the middle of February a number and perhaps more than a dozen Bard students, have been arrested there. Though the fine has usually been approximately $100,000, petty theft is pun- ishable by one year in prison and/or a $1000 fine and the Red Hook Justices are getting stricter and stricter. Grand Union manager Robert Riley says that his store has been instructed not to deal with shoplifters, who he said were a "problem." He declined to reveal the method.

The Medicine Show, a travelling company of musicians and players in the great American Tradition, will strike out into Dutchess County this spring. We conceived the Medicine Show last fall in talks with members of NIRB, a local rock group, when we decided that Bard people should get out into the surrounding area and meet their "peer group." One of the problems that besets Bard is that Bard people don’t realize the extent of the surrounding community and the surrounding community isn’t aware of Bard. We concluded that music was the greatest common denominator for starting communication among the various people of the region.

Thus, the Medicine Show was born. Patterned after the medicine shows of the 19th centu- ridy, the patent medicine was sold to groups who were attending a holiday show, the present day Medicine Show will present a blend of folk to the assem- blages of audiences. Presently, the Medicine Show consists of a bluegrass band, bringing in rock, folk rev- ev, swing music, plus, as an extra added attraction, a magic act presented by a veteran prestidigitator.

Where do you come in? Probably around the second act. We need actors at this point, as the Medicine Show will continue to move on. We picture a set of more or less revolving acts for each performance, so that the show will be different each time we perform. The performances will be in the open, although several of them will probably be in church basements. Churches and similar groups will sponsor the show in various towns, due to varying local regulations. The weekend performances will consist of two-hour shows plus long sets by the various groups afterwards.

If you’d like to join, contact Geoff Cahoon or John Hicks, either by catching us around or through campus mail. Join the Medicine Show!

Geoff Cahoon
John Hicks

Letters

I have never had an anthropology or archaeology teacher, but I have had an Indian teacher. Last summer at Berkeley, I met a department entitled “Native Ameri- can Influence on Contemporary Society” with a full-blooded Cherokee woman. Unfortunately, she was a university- educated, white-acclimated, urban Indian who knew shockingly little about the Indian heritage or mystique. When she partook of the whole course to proudly list all the materials that American society had appropriated from the Indians (foods, medicines, names), I refused to take her exams, suggested she was teaching about the mystique in the whites’ terms, and asked her to deal with the Indian spirit, with his relationship to the land, to living things, to themselves - where there seems to have been little influence. She flunked me and called me a racist.

The material that I discussed in my essay was gleaned from inanimate objects paint painstakingly unraveled from the soil all over this continent and not from actually talking with the Indians, and a little change that it is based on their outgrown lies. (After all, any self-respecting anthropologist does little justice to the Indians.)

If you believe in evolution, the current evidence is overwhelming against modern man being more than a few thousand years old. In Africa and Asia hundreds of skeletons of almost human and pre-human form in some areas and deer-stones and bear-teeth, have been discovered dating back to 5.5 million years ago. In America, no skeleton has been found so far older than 20,000 years and of any form but the "negative human type.

It’s ironical, isn’t it, that the United States Government is based in part on the belief that this is the most brutal, bloody, imperialistic confederacy of Indians on the continent, the Iroquois (who mean "evil adepts"), who are an empire through systematic warfare, the extermination of tribes, gunpowder supplied by the European powers, and by conscription made to fight for subjugated peoples?

When I stated that the Native Americans had no writing, I was referring to the point of their contact with European civilization. Tribes like the Cherokee developed alphabets to please or be com- plied with, but no written language has been discovered. The Mayan did have a hieroglyphic tongue at one time, but almost all of the thousands of tribes did not.

To say that the Eastern tribes had cities and a De Soto’s fighting and the diseases he brought from Europe.

For me, a more apt criticism of my article would be that I love-romanticized the American Indian. I painted over the less- attractive aspects of their lives: starvation, slavery (which was widespread), cruelty, oppression of women (early Christian religious leaders almost unanimously pitied Indian women because they thought they were terribly overworked by the men), human sacrifices (in those temples along the Mississippi).

Sincerely, 
David Schrott

To the Editors:

In the issue previous to the last, I wrote an article for you on "Observer" treatise reviews. I explicitly stated the realities by which I believe plays should be seen, and not the need arises, judged. While I was happy that you printed the article, there was no reason not to, since I did not per- ceive myself to be defending himself against a malice which has no ground in fact.

I. The review was stupid:

a) I stated in my article and I affirm now that technical analysis of a play’s conven- ionally accepted opinions or responses to a play as an audience, we will come to its city. If we try to cate- gorize before we respond, we will mis- point (and not only of plays). Mr. Juhl proved my argument. By being off "naturalism" he drowned "Juno and the Paycock" out of his ears.

b) the second basic insanity in the review was Juhl’s insensitive and misleading statement of acting with the craft of making a chair. In itself, this is responsive thinking; both crafts are physical expressions involving time, effort and trust. But in the effete tradition I am in my article, Juhl de- cides that making chairs is below his vis- ion of what an "artist" should do. Mak- ing characters is too dirty for him also. I freely admit that any useful craft is diffi- cult and grubby, even painful, but if Juhl isn’t up to it, it proves only his detach- ment from direct human expression and from the caring concern which true ex- pression comes from. If it does not prove mere expression is invalid, as he would have us think.

II. The review was a front for cowardice:

This brings me to the cause for which I most deeply despise John’s review. In- stead of facing his own detachment from useful expression, John attacked some one else as well. This is the sort of de- fensive projection which I had hoped most people had learned to combat in themselves, especially after such events as the killings at Jackson State. Why does a white teacher fire at a black student? In John’s case, he can’t even see if it isn’t to create and destroy an "enemy" whose existence he designs to cover his own wasty failings!

And why does John Juhl suddenly lash out at Charlie when it’s Charlie’s last mester here if it isn’t similarly create and slander a defenseless enemy? If John had attacked Charlie when he had to face him in an acting class, I would have re- spected his review for its integrity, if not for its truthfulness. But he waited for the shelter of the Inner College and the news of Charlie’s resignation, and then he found the "courage" to strike. That is why I felt this letter had to be written: there is no other reason to reply to such a vicious review.

The "Observer" shares responsibility for this cowardice. In the past, your editors have cut down and ordered rewritten arti- cles which dealt with facts, principles and ideas. In John Juhl’s review, you have preserved the sanctity of malice. I say this, and I say that, who is not hypocrisy? Everything involving favoring one word or phrase over another; you have favored cowardice.

Sincerely yours, 
Bruce Chilton
a sensible proposal for preston hall

The new Dining Commons will be finished and occupied by the Spring of 1972. With the move of the food service to this new facility, the old dining commons, formally called Preston Hall, will be left vacant. The Long Range Planning Committee was given the task of planning for the future of Preston Hall by President Kline last fall, and they promptly issued a call for alternate plans for the use of this space.

However, they received only one written plan from the various departments, this coming from the Psychology Department. The Psych. Dept. plan called for the conversion of the large dining hall into a lecture hall, with the two smaller dining rooms being converted into four offices and a calculator room. The kitchen and storage areas, part of which comprise the basement of Aspinwall, were to be used as laboratory space and new classroom space.

Our basic rationale consisted of two concerns. First, we felt there was a need for a large gathering place for students where activities of various sorts could take place. This would take the form of a well-equipped large hall for performances as well as smaller halls that would be versatile in their applications. All these facilities would be open twenty-four hours a day, thus providing a gathering place for students in the late night hours that is sadly lacking at this point.

The second concern was the creation of flexible classroom and office space. We were concerned that such specialized use of the building as Psych. labs would be costly and would not serve the long-range needs of the college.

With these two concerns in mind we have drawn up the following plans for the use of Preston Hall:

The Great Hall: Now the main dining room. This would remain essentially unchanged except for the addition of a movable stage, the installation of a sound system, carpeting, and possibly the installation of a small snack bar arrangement for the late-night dispensing of sandwiches, soda and coffee. Until the addition to the theatre is constructed, this space would be used by the Drama Department for rehearsal space during the day and evening.

The Lesser Hall: Would also be used by the Drama Dept. for rehearsals during the day, but would be open to general use after dinner time. This space would be available for small concerts and lectures.

The Conference Room: Is designed to be the standard student meeting room. Carpeted, and isolated from the Great Hall by folding doors, it could be used as a classroom during the day and for Student Senate meetings as well as other organizational meetings.

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The Office Wing: currently the second serving line and the office of the Slater Manager, this area would be broken up into six offices, five of which would be reserved as faculty offices. As it is currently pictured, Office No. 5 with the adjacent mimeograph room would be reserved for the Student Association, thus providing a meeting place, office and printing plant for the students within one area. The large office, No. 1, would be reserved for the chairman of a department, with the others going to regular faculty. Currently, our plans call for using four of the offices for the Psych. Dept., thus moving them out of the depths of Tewksbury and providing them with additional classroom space.

The Classrooms: Classroom No. 1, currently a walk-in refrigerator and storage area, would be designed to accommodate lecture classes. Classroom No. 2, currently the Faculty Dining Room, would remain essentially unchanged. Classroom No. 3, currently the Bake Shop, would be thickly carpeted, with the carpeting running up the sides of the walls (see illustration), providing an informal seminar setting. Classroom No. 4, currently part of the kitchen area and serving line no. 1, is designed to serve seminars and lecture courses up to fifty people.

The Study Room: is designed to be open twenty four hours a day. Its sound-proofed carrels will provide space for quiet study near the center of student activity.

The Gallery: With its angled wall, the Gallery will provide a break in the long halls of this area as well as providing additional display space for student and faculty work. Also, such a gallery would provide for increased contact between the creative and academic disciplines at Bard.

The Stairs: Presently the space that will be occupied by the stairwell is occupied by two wall-in refrigerators. We feel that it is essential that this area be linked with the rest of Aspinwall by the use of these stairs. Research indicates that these were, at one time, probably stairs in this location, directly under the main stairs of Aspinwall.

As was mentioned before, we anticipate the Psych. Dept. using large portions of this space. Granted, they do not get their needed lab space in the same location as their offices and classrooms, but our study of their present facilities in Tewksbury reveals that vacating their present space would make it relatively inexpensive to convert that area into lab space, leaving a classroom there for the teaching of classes that require proximity to the labs.

Beyond the needs of the Psych. Dept., however, with the increase of classroom space we have designed, it would be possible for the other Social Studies Dept., to move some of their classes from Hegeman into Aspinwall. This has a further advantage of creating more space for the Natural Science Division. Thus, our plan, rather than merely moving a single department, gives each division additional space for their growing needs, while not limiting the use of that space to any specialized purpose. We feel that our plan, which will be coming before the Long Range Planning Committee shortly, far better fills the long range needs of Bard than any other plan so far mentioned.

Geoff Cahoon
Nelson Bennett
The coming of the Birgen brothers

by Reamer Kline

The coming trial of the Birgen brothers has been characterized by Rep. William Anderson of Tennessee as possibly "the trial of the century, the climactic point of all dissent in America."

Daniel Birgen is a 49-year-old Jewish poet who has published numerous national awards. His brother, Philip, 47, is of the Josephites, a Catholic order committed to the teaching of blacks. In October, 1967, Philip and three other men poured a mixture of human blood, cat's and duck's blood on the files of a Baltimore Selective Service Board. Then in November, Daniel Birgen added to what had become a comparison, they are file a draft card board records in Catonsville, Md., with homemade napalm concocted fromements found in a Green Beret manual.

Phillip was arrested and incarcerated in Danbury Federal Prison. Daniel studied the FBI for four months, meanwhile taking refuge with 37 different families in 12 cities. During this time he repeatedly embarrassed the FBI by appearing to deliver a sermon in church, to tape an interview at a television studio, and to speak to 7,000 cheering students at a widely-publicized rally at Cornell University. (He escaped on that occasion by climbing into a huge paper-mache figure of one of the twelve apostles.) He was finally arrested on Black Island this past August, at the home of William String fellow, an Episcopalian lay theologian, and Anthony Towne, a poet.

This past November, J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI "asked" the news that what he termed the East Coast Co-resistance to Save Lives was plotting on coming Washington's birthday to blow up at four points the heating tunnels connecting government buildings in Washington and then to kidnap Henry Kissinger, President Nixon's national security advisor, and hold him hostage until the President should agree to hasten the end of the Vietnam war. On this Washington tunnel plot, a grand jury in Harrisburg, Pa., in mid-January returned indictments against 13 persons as defendants or co-conspirators. Ten of these are present or former priests or nuns, and the others a physics professor, the son of a Kansas Episcopal bishop, and a Pakistani scholar well-known on the American college lecture circuit. Meanwhile, a play by Daniel Birgen, "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine," has played prominently in Broadway, and is now touring the country.

Whether the Birgens and their fellow will actually be brought to trial on the Washington tunnel plot has yet to be seen. It is hard to see this rather bizarre project take the shape of a spectacular trial - it lacks the symbolism of their Baltimore and Catonsville acts of witness - the use of blood and napalm (concomitants of war) to disrupt the paper-work of war.

"I have never been able to look upon myself as a criminal," Daniel Birgen writes, "I would fail to be dead in a society which is so publicilly available, I could be a kind of work as we have always done throughout my life. I never tried to hurt a person. I tried to do something symbolic with pieces of paper."

The Birgens hold a deep moral signifi-
cance for the country and for the world as a whole. They represent a new confrontation with conscience both for the Catholic Church in the United States and for our society as a whole. As far as the former goes, the Birgens almost certainly in-
stitute the American Church's most pow-
erful involvement so far with the issues of the day and social change. As a highly structured institution and with most of its pronouncements coming through its hierarchy, the Catholic Church in the United States has been pretty consistently on the side of author-
ity and the status quo. "The powers that be are ordained of God. Fear God... Honor the King." The Church's chief strength in the United States has been among ethnic groups that had come here to get ahead and to win a place for them selves in the society... and the clergy and bishops were not about to take stands which would impede the acceptance of their people into the American system. Radical activism was largely limited to fringe groups such as the Catholic Worker, and to enterprising monks and monstors carrying on clandestine reform of the liturgy or experiments in ecumenism. (A significant exception to this non involvement was the highly effective and widely publicized participations of Catholi c nuns and clergys in the civil rights marches and projects of the 1960s).

The Birgens represent a whole new level (as far as the United States goes) of the Church as a voice of reform. "My brother and I" Daniel Birgen says, "have no continuing interest whatsoever in what you might call the internal questions of the Catholic community, whether that be the question of parochial schools, or the question of birth control, or the question of celibacy...We are interested in a kind of rare fundamentalism, or that which has to do with the stance of the Church be fore mankind...My brother and I feel that there is an important chapter of history to be written in our time and we would like to help write it. It is a chapter of history which we hope will see the center of the Church's concerns located at the center of society, where human lives are involved in a really tragic struggle for survival and human dignity.

Daniel Birgen's impact upon the Catho lic community is intensified by the fact that he is a Jew. More than any other body within the Church, the Jews have been "on the side of the institution," and have embodied the Church's most effec-
tive use of intellect and authority for ecclesiastical ends. Generally "the great Catholics" have some kind of work as we have always done throughout my life. I never tried to hurt a person. I tried to do something symbolic with pieces of paper."
The following is an excerpt from the Bard Psychology Journal which will be available to those interested in the end of May. Dr. Henry Antonio Campiereno is the consulting psychiatrist for the Bard community. Appointments for consultation are available through the Infirmary, and for students in Psychology and Chemistry from Brooklyn College, an M.A. in Pathology from N.Y.U., and an M.D. from Albany Medical College, and after meeting the requirements a special board of psychiatry and neurology became a fellow of the American Psychiatric Association (APAP). At present he is director of an alcohol rehabilitation clinic in Albany and has a private practice as well.

O: About how many hours a week do you spend at Bard?

P: I spend six to eight hours a week at Bard.

O: Where did you hear about Bard?

P: I heard about Bard from Dr. Roger Yeri, who was a colleague at Albany Medical College a year behind me, and he is your consultant intern. He's always been fascinated by and very at
tuned to the problems of the student body here. He's a busy practitioner around Rhinebeck and thought that I would be interested in seeing Bard stud
eants inasmuch as my practice did not contain people in the age group of, say, 17 to 21.

O: What kind of problems do students most often confront you with?

P: Well, this could be answered on two planes: clinically speaking, most of the problems fall into the categories of effec
tion or anxiety and depression. There is very little acute psychosis, and there is very little acute toxic drug problems, delirium, etc. or otherwise. I would say that most of the problems are, in Erikson's terminology, "identity crisis."

O: Do you feel that you succeed in helping them in solving their problems, in getting a little more oriented?

P: I would say yes and I would say no. Yes, for the extent that it is well within the limits of my technique and time spent here to make a change in the degree of anxiety or depression that an individual feels, but to get any of the existential and intrapsychic problems, of course, is impossible to do on a short-term basis. Hopefully, once an individual achieves some psychic equilibrium again, either through his own ability or another source of help, he will launch himself on a program that would enable him to answer some of these questions and to make contact with some of the vital and meaningful issues that he wants to be in touch with.

O: Most of the research on psychiatric treatment has failed to show conclusive evidence of its success of treatment. There doesn't seem to be any data that would confirm conclusively, that psychi
tric help has been of great benefit to a number of people. To what would you attribute this?

P: Well, I would like to first dissect the question, criticize it and then to answer what perhaps will be a synthesis of that question and my answer. I think the studies which you refer to are studies which have shown that psychiatry or medicine cannot be shown to be conclusively therapeutic. My opinion about this is that those studies are apocryphal. First of all, the collection of

O: To my knowledge Bard has never had a suicide, or at least one that has been known generally by the student body, is there something about the Bard Community that might preclude this kind of at
tempt, or that would make it less probable for it to happen here?

P: Well, I don't know about that. Statistically there are no suicides here or whether people leave the Bard campus and do it while they are at home on sum
er vacation or between semesters. But I would say that generally speaking, going as far back as Emil Dörkheim, a French Sociologist who did his work in the 1880's, the cluster of factors that deter
mines, suicide, more or less, whether persons will commit suicide are related to mean
ingful relationships, particularly lack of al
ternatives. In fact, I think Dörkheim practically coined the term alienation, which is used today as a form of cultural isolation. And the more cult
erally isolated a person feels, the fewer contractual, meaningful, intimate re
lationships he has, the more prone he is to suicide. Divorced persons suicide more often, old persons suicide more often, alcoholics suicide ten times more frequently than people in the general community. So that a community may have the means of reaching people or making people feel that they belong, and will act this kind of amorphic quality that mod
ificates suicide. And then to that extent I would say that this is a relatively small and a community in which suicide is less likely to occur. Let me say this, suicide is an extremely pre
cipitative phenomenon and that society has complete immunity from it. Cer
tainly there are some societies where it is far more common. As you know some of the Scandinavian countries and right here in the United States the suicide rates are considerably higher, than, say, in Spain or Italy, or some other count
ries. I don't know whether I've answered your question, but I would say that the more a place makes a person feel at home or valued, I see that term and under
scores it, the less suicide one could see in that place.

O: Since most of your knowledge of this community comes indirectly through the students who come to see you, do you feel that this lack of knowledge of the real workings of the community has hindered you in any way in dealing with the students here?

P: You know, there are many philosophic ruminations of that question, both in the Bard community and the whole of society. That is, the psychiatrist becomes extremely adept at pathology and he is not really well versed in health and what constitutes health. I think I would say that I have spent time and energy in trying to find out more about the non
patient, non-psychopathic life of Bard and, of course, I don't know every
thing about it, but I'm still learning. That's a good question because very fre
quently psychiatrists are asked to make statements about mental health. It's hilarious and ironic that it's mental health that the psychiatrist knows about, it's the disease or the lack of men
tal health that he can speak about as an expert.

Not all parts of this interview have been included here, at the OBSERVER's discretion.

Interview conducted by Sharon Murphy
I haven't left my room in the past two weeks except to take the bus. Ah, the bus, that's something to talk about. I've got a lot to say about the bus. Sometimes I don't even catch it. Sometimes it goes by and I don't even notice. I've got a lot of time just sitting around.

Speaking of food and alcohol, most people at Schuyler prepare their own meals. It varies: steak for breakfast, great inter- actional dinners, three days of starvation when you run out of money. You have to make sure you get your money's worth.

Speaking of food and alcohol, most people at Schuyler prepare their own meals. It varies: steak for breakfast, great interactional dinners, three days of starvation when you run out of money. You have to make sure you get your money's worth.

There is a lot of energy devoted to food at Schuyler House. After the initial scramble for shelves and refrigerator space at the beginning of the term, the kitchen is a little crowded. Even the little kitchen comes across a new problem - not who eats but how to keep whatever it is from being stolen. You learn quickly that you don't leave soda or chocolate bars in the kitchen if you ever want to see them again. In fact, nothing which is readily edible should be left anywhere except in your room.

Besides food, there is a lot of feverous discussion of the expression "in the kitchen". The lovely wooden tables have been covered with formsica to make them easier to clean, but there is usually a thin crust of food on each of them by 10 o'clock at night. Dingoes don't get done, the sink gets clogged, everything imaginable is burned onto the stove. One pot or pan joins the kitchen to a black hole.

There's a clean-up system whereby every right person cleans up after all the people who have bothered to clean up after themselves. It's a drag for the person who has to clean, but it gladdens the heart of the early morning coffee- fi and cigarette-crowd to walk into a tolerable kitchen.

If I seem like I'm spending a lot of time talking about the kitchen, it's because so much time at Schuyler House is centered around food and food-related activities. Cooking, Stocking Staph, Being Underfed, Cooking, Improvising and Going Hungry Gone, Watching Your Pound of Bacon Disappear Before You Eat Any. It's wonderful; dining commons with a personal touch.

I don't want to sound bitter. Some people like the kitchen; for some people it's our way of life. I admire their courage and ability to get through except for the off-hours like 2 a.m.

Besides a kitchen, Schuyler has a lot of great bathrooms. It's nice if you can get into one. If you can't, it's not so great. But you learn to adapt, to learn to frequent the less popular bathrooms and avoid long waits. You don't leave your shampoo in the shower and you remember to close the shower curtain. A lot of people feel it's possible to really "get off" on some of the bathrooms in Schuyler House. I believe them, I think it's even happened to me.

There are all kinds of great legends attached to the bathrooms at Schuyler House. There's the doctor who electrocuted people in the bathtub; the basement for the basement (well didn't Schuyler House used to have a basement underground?); the ghosts; the children of a mohawkian tribe.

Those are legends about a house, a home, a place of residence. The legend of Schuyler as a dormitory is not so old but it's just as real.

When I first came to Bard I knew there was something called "Schuyler girls" that had about 110 or so, "took over" the road from time to time, and generally led a gay life, 8 miles up the road from Bard. Somebody once told me there was a successful prostitution ring, patronized by local businessmen, at Schuyler. I still can't really believe that one, but it's certain.

Of course, Schuyler is a crazy place. When I first moved there I expected to have to fight for a position in an area of old women, but that wasn't really necessary. A few people have screamed at 4:00 in the morning from time to time and I guess there have been some messes and fights but generally things have been pretty quiet.

There's always the excitement of fighting over the cats and the kitchen problems. But I'm too busy talking about the kitchen and cats really aren't that exciting.

Oh yes, guests and phone calls. Guests make note, disrupt the tranquility of the social room, and some of them can't understand that the food in the kitchen isn't communal. No one answers the phone and if they do, they forget messages. When you think about it, it is pretty inefficient to have the telephone on the first floor when everyone lives on the second and third floors. Phone calls really can be important, too. Also, it's amusing to have someone monopolize the phone for hours. What can you expect, though?

Remember, this is a dormitory, not your own little world.

Schuyler is beautiful. The front hall, with mirrors and a checkerboard tile floor, is a dream. There's a dining room with beautifully upholstered furniture and old wooden tables. The drapes are falling apart but it's really more decodont than deteriorated. The living room is filled with lots of windows (nice lighting at 7:30 some time of day). A big fireplace and a bookcase loaded with all kinds of books. The maid, Helen, is something of an institution, and thanks to her the social rooms and bathrooms are remarkably clean most of the time.

Outside there are such treats as waterfalls, a pond you can swim in, some of the best yard sales you've ever met and a coach house, a treasure trove of old junk (excuse me, curios, antiques?). The garden isn't tended by the Blithefield garden and it always reminds me of the garden at an elegant estate that's been allowed to run to ruin.

I haven't mentioned the alleged sexual frustration that reigns over the world of Schuyler House. To talk about sexual frustration as a Schuyler House phenomenon is obvious and unfair. Sure it makes a great explanation for dormitory tension, but I'm stuck of people using sexual frustration as a catch-all, it's an easy way out. (In not mentioning sexual frustration I have now mentioned it 4 times, I wonder if that means anything.)

At Schuyler House everything is not as it seems. The big house on the hill is a dormitory, probably resembling Tewksbury, but it does not have a real love infection. It is nice though to fix breakfast, sit around eating and chilling. One of the most welcome places and lounge on the porch is the springtime drinking sangria. Also if you are a guy who dates Schuyler some people love it. I guess it just depends on your point of view.

Over the past year several new comic books have appeared, many of which are a credit to their art form. This article is a guide to some excellent reading and viewing.

Of the commercial comic book world, Marvel Comics are generally the only worth reading, although DC has recently shown signs of considerable improvement. Marvel is responsible for THE PANTASTIC FOUR, SPIDERMAN, and X-MEN. DC means SUPERMAN, JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA, SGT. ROCK, those lovely LOIS LANE annals, and mountains of "imaginary stories" about weddings.

Marvel's latest excursion is into the "sword and sorcery" area and began last July with the appearance of CONAN THE BARBARIAN. Conan was invented by Robert E. Howard, the grand-pappy of sword and sorcery, who died in the 30's. Conan is a wandering barbarian in the Hyborian Age, a time at the "crossroads of the way of civilization and the way of sorcery and black magic."

Marvel has produced an admirable rendition of the character. Roy Thomas' scripting, which sets off the original dialogue, is fine, and the stories run with flow from new fiction to adaptations of Howard's tales. Barry Smith's artwork is beautiful and evocative; the mystical and physical world that Conan lives in. The second issue contains letters of congratulations from such notable science fiction and television writer Harlan Ellison (who just scripted a very strange Avenger-Hulk story) and August Derleth (Friend of H.P. Lovecraft, who had two shorter stories adapted by Marvel). Conan is in his sixth issue now, and the high standard is holding.

Quite a lot of his success, Marvel has now followed with another of Howard's creations, KULL THE CONQUEROR. The story of KING KULL was well-drawn by Ross Andru and inked by Gene Colan (who did some fine work in MAD, CREEPY, and THE REALIST, to mention a few), and is written by Roy Thomas. KULL is similar in rows to CONAN, which means it is good fare.

In an interesting venture, Marvel has also launched SAVAGE TALES, which is a bigger comic magazine in black and white that sells for 50 cents and is rated M, for "mature content." It is not a new format for Marvel (they had a Spiderman spectacle a couple of years ago, but in it they take advantage of the freedom from the Comics Code Authority to inject sex into the stories. There is an eye-popping little Conan tale about an enchantress who answers the call of love and turns him into one of two bloodthirsty giants. Conan triumphs and turns his anger and lust toward the girl, but she invokes Ymir, the Frost Giant, god of a warrior race, who spits her off into the cosmos. Other stories deal with the supernatural, a small, newly-liberated African nation, and a future world run by fierce women. The artwork is very promising and the plots are interesting. A new issue should be out presently.

An extraordinary step was recently taken by Marvel concerning the Comics Code Authority: the last two issues of SPIDERMAN DO NOT have that little stamp of approval in the upper righthand corner. The plots dealt with (Superman forbid?) DRUGS! It seems that Peter Parker's roommate, old Harry Osborn (who always seems to have something to do) is now hooked on barbiturates. The CCA would not permit any discussion of drugs, so Marvel ignored them, and published the controversial issues anyway. (In no. 96, Spidey saves a black cat, who is tipping at the Fillmore, from falling off the roof.) The publisher, Charles Goodman, will not back down despite pressure from other comic book companies. We may yet see Matt Musser burning Karen Page.

And, on the underground circuit, it's never really the end. A new 20 comic book, DEEP COMIX, is out. The artists/ writer, Don Glidered, is a little published for my taste, but the 3D effect is good and the stories are up to par.

Underground comic seem to be becoming more stable that is, with better distribution, more comix are not one-shot, and second issues are coming from SLOTH, DEATH FUNNIES, and SKULL COMICS have appeared. Particularly excellent are INSECT FEAR (with S. Clay Wilson), Kim Dotch, Alan, D. and other neo-wooded, SKULL COMICS (in the E.C. tradition, only with a more sickly sexism and perversion, COUTONIE to page 17
The shadow out of time

I can never again hear the accursed name of Herman Kappachemo without feeling the shiver of mild whirring horror. Nor can I endure entering the library of Bardwich and meeting the gaze of the demonic eyes in that sinister portrait. This very night I shall flee Bardwich College. Before I vanish, while some vestige of reason is still left to me, I believe it is my duty to record the sequence of unhallowed events which have cost one student his life; another her soul, three more their peace of mind for the rest of their lives, and another his draft deferment.

Bardwich College is an obscure liberal arts institution in the town of Arkham-on-Hudson. Here, Rudolph Carter, pursued a major in Gnostic iconography. Bardwich was founded in 1880 as a sanitarium for the criminally insane, opened after the sensational Mansoul malpractice trial in 1882, at which time it became a seminary under the auspices of the Romanian Orthodox Church. Today it has evolved into an independent progressive school, with strong departments in masonic training and exorcism. Bardwich has a somber campus, quaint Gothic buildings with barred windows, and by tendrils creeping over the stone walls like the repulsive tentacles of some native world monster. Arkham-on-Hudson is a charming county hamlet of ancient homes and ancient people, subdued in a maximum-like stillness broken only by the sounds of beating raven wings and hardering arteries.

Bardwich's most distinctive edifice is the mansion of Woodwoor, used as a dormitory for girls. A black shadow hangs over the stately, spired and haunted catacombs of Woodwoor, a shadow from an awful past which as we shall see was reached out to the present to produce the edelich blasphemies which have shaken my sanity and disrupted my regularity.

According to the town records, Zachariah Zich came to Arkham-on-Hudson in 1824. He was a retired sea captain who had amassed a considerable amount of lume in the slave trade, and was described as a stern and serious man in a black broad, much given to smoking evil-smelling mixtures in his captain's watch. He announced his intention to settle down after his retirement, and built the mansion of Woodwoor complete with a marble crypt for his future use. The good folk of the area inquired Zachar and his gold welcome, and he soon married a daughter of one of the prominent families.

It was not long before Zachariah Zich became the subject of unbelievable stories whispered by the fearful locals. One night his pregnant wife fled Woodwoor in terror and shortly afterward left the region entirely. Her father was reported to be gigantic by what she told him, and returned from an inexplicable visit to Woodwoor in a state of shock. A month later the poor man and his household died of hoof and mouth disease.

Bulging bloodshot eyes that gazed at you like an expectant Baraka, a sharp beak-like nose that he employed to open letters; and a mouth reminiscent of a lamprey. He always spoke in muttered sepulchral tones and his breath smelled faintly of formaldehyde.

I only saw Herman occasionally when I caught him creeping in or out of his room. He had a furtive manner and when he looked directly at him he dropped his eyes to the floor, making soft "soothing" sounds. He always avoided conversation, muttering and walking away or whispering out a stiletto. He never went to movies or meetings of any kind. Most of the time he stayed locked in his room, playing Elish Zamb albums. Late at night he often wanted for long walks by himself. Once a week he ventured off-campus to visit a nearby petshop and buy fresh pappies for his leeches.

I had written Kappachemo off as a nuxous recluse when a month later I discovered another aspect of his character. I was sitting with my girl; Heather in Dimin Commons when he walked up and, ignoring my greeting, pulled up a chair and started staring at Heather the way an avid biology major examines a frog he is in the process of dissecting.

"Oh, yaas," he said, his long white fingers writhing like snakes, "you are most diocyantly proportioned. You will need to go very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very well indeed. The mistralic delights of a body so delicious as yours will satiate the desires of both of us...

Wheeling like Peter Lorre, the slavering demon reached out to touch my dearest as he recoiled in utter revulsion.

"One moment, my friend!" I cried, rising to my feet and hefting a bowl of yogurt. "If you touch my finger on that girl I shall put your nose! Fuck off, ya perv!"

Kappachemo turned and lowered at me. That look of his chilled me to the marrow.

"You powerless insect," he said. "Just wait till I find the..." and then he caught himself and regained his composure. "Be wiser, Carter. I quite forget myself. Please accept my apology." He heaved his eyes up at Heather once more and said, "Until we meet again, good evening, my dear. He withered me with another glare. "Goodbyes, Carter." He spun and walked into the night, slinger...

The picture in the house

Herman Kappachemo moved into the room next to mine. The first time I met him something about him made me shudder — he had but known the loveless abysses through which I was to drag my shrieking mind, at that very moment I would have dug my stiffened fingers into his knobby tissue.

Herman was a giant waspish boy usually dressed in gray monk's cloak or motheaten war surcoat of 55 uniforms. His complexion was of an almost cadaverous pallor and he had a whiskied luxus. His skin clung to his skull with a disgusting tightness and a false rumor spread that he always wore a nylon stocking pulled over his head, leading to an awkward encounter when a drunken student tried to remove it. Herman's raven-black hair was kept plastered down and parted in the middle, giving rise to another mistaken belief that he was neither bald and had painted his head. A cluster of blue veins marked their forehead and visibly pulsed. He had

predict by niles jagor

Hunters relating seeing the fired-born sea captain wandering in the forests at night gathering unspeakable herbs and decrepitudal mammals. Dogs on neighboring farms bayed every night like lost souls. Horses ridden near Woodwoor plunged into a fit of panic. Unwholesome visitors passed through Zich's door: old gypies, hunchbacks, relatives from Collinwood, weird sisters, Rosicrucians, once, Tantric barbarians, and hounds from the Baskervilles. Unwholesome lights flickered in the windows after dark, and there were rumors of unearthly rites performed by moonlight.

The outraged populace became convinced that Captain Zich had in some desolate corner of the world picked up some forbidden lore of nameless forces and cosmic obscenities and practiced that foul magic in Arkham-on-Hudson, thereby threatening the sanity of their very souls and ruining property values in the neighborhood.

On the night of October 31, 1826 an athen farmer rode into town to babbble about demonic sounds and luminous phantasmagoria at the Woodwoor estate. A few hours later a grim party of thirty-four men armed with torches, pitchforks, flintlocks and sharpened wagon chains marched to Woodwoor to put an end to the blasphemous career of Zachariah Zich.

What happened that night at that scene of horror will never be known. Towards dawn the party returned, shaken to the core, part transformed, pupils dilated. They would tell their disturbed families nothing save that Zachariah Zich was no more and never again would have his name by Woodwoor. Woodwoor filled them with dread as if it wasn’t until the next day that they found the courage to auc...
It was the night of February 2nd when Kappachemo perpetrated his act of cosmic horror. I was in my room alone, studying, when I heard the strange sounds coming from next door. I looked out my window and saw to my horror how the house was in flames. I ran downstairs to warn the others, but when I reached the street, I saw that the whole town was ablaze. The fire was spreading rapidly, and I realized that it was too late to do anything to stop it. I ran back to my room to get my notes, but when I opened the door, I found it was already engulfed in flames.

Kappachemo's voice echoed through the darkness, telling me that I was too late. He had already activated the bomb. I tried to escape, but the flames were too hot. I could see the flames吞噬 everything, even the darkness. I knew that I was going to die, but I couldn't help but think of the moment I had just witnessed. The night of February 2nd had been the end of the world as I knew it.
For Herman had vanished, and the iron bars in his window had been impassibly torn out, pushed out from within according to instructions. Below this window saw a three-story fall he could not have survived without disabling injury at the very least, but a thorough search of the Menor grounds found no sign of him.

While puzzling over this chain of events, a phone call came from a friend of Heather’s at Wormwood. She told me my chick was in a state of hysterics and I should come right away.

I sped to the arms of my beloved to find her sobbing and quaking with dire fright. “Oh, Ruddy!” she screamed. “It’s so awful! Every time I fall asleep I see Herman Kappachemo walk through the streets in a darkness and then he turns into this ghastly fungus thing and then back into Herman and his eyes burn like coals and he or it keeps whispering to me, whispering that I must come to it, whispering the most degrading, obscene—”

She fainted.

“Bad trip,” said her friend.

“Cheezeus! I hope so!” I said.

But the next day more appalling facts accumulated. The friendly campus St. Bar- nard dog, Rusty, was found jammed into the tailpipe of a Volkswagen. The great Bardichov bell had been plucked from its tower and turned inside-out. A motorist whose car was smacked in the front said he had run into “a strange man with burning eyes who stepped in front of me and my car boiled right off him as if it were a boiler.”

I could only conclude that Herman Kappachemo or whatever he had become posed a threat of staggering magnitude to the very safety of the cosmos and no puny material weapon we hurled at him would avail us. I spent the day in my room poring over the forbidden books from Zich’s desk, reading incredible words on yellowed pages, conjuring crumbling fold-outs, filling in crossword.

As the sun set, a strange conference was held in a locked room.

I had carefully picked these allies: Father Flannagan, the staunch Bardichov chap- lain who feared neither death nor the devil; Slum Gullion, a loyal friend of mine who worked in the Distilling Commons and was well acquainted to the gristy and the grotesque; and Bulldog Schultz, the two- fingered hero of Bardich Security.

“Gentlemen,” I said, after relating my ac- quaindance with Kappachemo, “we can only assume that the student in question traces his origin back to that unlive Zechariah ZIch who fled from Wormwood, and that some knowledge of the ghastly lore powered by his base instinct was passed down to him, and it was in hopes of finding this key to dreadful power that he came to Bardich. And having done so, he has picked up where ZIch left off.

“ZIch Kappachemo has done is establish a bridge with the Dirty Old One. These entities-demons if you will—once held what is now our earth until the Elder Ancients dispatched them to some black dimension in unimaginable space. There they wait, old, old and strong and hungry as hell, waiting to break loose again into our world. And what Kappachemo has done is open to the way.”

“Saints preserve us!”

“Holy shit!”

in the vault

My assistants outfitted with block stove candles, we drove to Wormwood where we felt certain that Herman would strike that night. I feared for Heather, whom he had evidently selected to be first victim.

We dished into the accordant dormitory.

“Where’s Heather?” I asked.

“She walked into the library a little after it got dark, about fifteen minutes ago,” a Proctor said. “I’ve been here all the time and she hasn’t walked out yet.”

“Heather!” I called. “Ruddy’s here to pro- tect you!” I entered the library but there was no one there. “Where is she?”

YOU ARE HELPLESS, CARTER. YOU CAN‘T STOP ME.

“You goofed, Kappachemo. You shouldn’t have left your books lying around.”

Too late, he realized that my three accom- plices had formed the points of an isosceles triangle around him. He began making noises in the air and repeating a terrible formula.

PER ADENIDIO ELOHIM, ADENIDIO SABATHO

But I was too quick for him. I flashed the exact middle finger that was the mystic sign of the corpse-burying cult of the Pyrenes and in a clear voice pronounced the exorcism:

“[lal] Sig-Gru-Both(i) (Shan-vai) Centifuge Rofoscoled Knegh!”

The earth quaked and the candles flickered wildly. Herman’s eyes dulled and his body melted into a mass of subtle slime.

“Bring the candles closer,” I said.

Beside what was once Herman Kappachemo was a fuzzy fungus thing the size of a cantalope.

“The Dirty Old One,” I said. “It’ll have to flee from the light.”

The thing dwindled in size as we watched until it was no more. Heather woke up and looked around her. “Where am I? Ruddy! What happened?”

“Never fear, quarklet,” I said. “Every- thing is all right.”

Curse you, Kappachemo! Fool that I was to underestimate you! I have seen the glow in Heather’s eyes when she doesn’t know I am looking! They wanted me to think they were shut off from the earth. And now I must flee Bardich and study the books till I learn where I went wrong, flee before that thing that looks like Heather and talks like Herman Kappachemo comes for me to carry me off to the midnight guits beyond a madman’s wilddest dreams where the blind faulste God Naugahode stands before the dancing legions of ovatom grotesque shapes that hold up sign saying “Let’s Make a Deal!”...What is that at the win- dow? No, I tell you, my girl friend is not a fungus...arghmpkflkKkK..."
MULTI-SENSORY MAN: THE SUBTLE SPEAKER TALKS TO THE EYES

The primary subject of this series of Case Lectures was Man, making it best to begin with Ray Birdwhistell’s talk, concerning personal body motion communication. I found it entertaining, but over-simplified. Other people felt the same; he was charged in his statement that the good/bad mind/body rational/ emotional dichotomy was not applicable to the French philosophers of the eighteenth century. His modern example of dichotomy, placing Reagen on one side, and the free love freaks on the other, is a blatant over- simplification. Reagen gets too easily into thought control as well as body control, as some people indicated, and I think most of the advocates of free-love are merely trying to repress the value of an integrated mind/body. Unification of this dichotomy, however, particularly as it relates to communications behavior, was the central theme of his lecture, which he used as a demonstration of which unification was well. A more complete and specially detailed version of this lecture and others is contained in his book KINESICS AND CONTEXT: ESSENTS ON BODY MOVEMENT COMMUNICATION.

Our memory ... tells us that communication, as its simplest, a dialog, is made up of more or less serial messages which are punctuated by silences in which nothing is happening.” The key word in this folk saying is “perpetual,” but if we consider that communication and his/pro can be completely defined in reference to any form of society, by definition serial, we cannot read two things at once. To define verbal interpersonal communication in this way, is to render it essentially as a written play and as Birdwhistell and McLuhan would agree, a vestigial view derived from the first involvement of any single medium in the invention of the printing press. We get an entirely different picture of communication if we recognize that communication is not just what happens in one channel, namely the auditory. Communication is a system which makes use of the channels of all the sensor systems, in “a continuous process utilizing the various channels and the combination of them as appropriate to the particular situation.” One or more of these channels is always at work.

The linguistic and paralinguistic (i.e. sounds like laugh! and equally important silenced, are only one channel. Birdwhistell’s baby, kinetics and paralanguage, that is body motion, is another, even more basic and continuous. “The student of body motion behavior...becomes aware of the bodily endless movement, the shifting, wriggling, squirming, adjusting, and organically different movements which characterizes the living human body in space.” The primary subject of this talk was to quantify this kind of data to be able to make both cross-societal comparisons and comparisons to other communication systems like the linguistic, olfactory, and tactile.

Think of yourself as a multi-media show. Much of Birdwhistell’s work is dependent on a certain amount of hardware, mainly the movie camera and modifications of it. By analyzing a series of single frames, he has been able to discover important aspects of silent communication, ordinarily missed by an observer, and totally un-recognized by the participants. The mention of movies brings us to Ken Werner. But if you see the lecture read Bird- whistell’s book, it’s freaky.

MULTI MEDIA ART: MULTI- SENSORY MAN PROJECTS HIMSELF

“Ken Werner’s ‘electronic melodramas’ may have disappointed many people who thought they were for a sensorially- induced trip, or whatever. Young people out has never been the major function of art. Admittedly, the show was not all it could have been, nor was it presented to its best advantage; the room was too big to fill with the projections. Sound system was too small, and the crowd too big. But, I was much more concerned with its implications for current art in general, and also by the spontaneous, strange behavior of many of the spectators turned participants. Apparently, they were freaked out.”

Two quotes from Marshall McLuhan: “All media are extensions of some human faculty,” a statement that seems in status in the light of Birdwhistell’s discoveries, and “We have now become aware of the possibility of arranging the entire human environment as a work of art, as a teaching machine designed to control perception and to make everyday learning a process of discovery,” a statement that defines information processing as a fundamental component of art.

Many contemporary artists like Ken Werner are, perhaps unconsciously, making use of Birdwhistell’s concept of multi-channel communications in conjunction with the new possibilities opened up by electronic technology. Ranging from works demanding audience’s physical participation, to mere multi-channel projects, the complex quality of these works has a very individualistic form. The theme of the audience, often resulting in extreme reactions of like or dislike. There is now an audience participation series at the Museum of Modern Art’s Projects series, made up of various artists, which utilizes multi-channel art. For a cooler account than visual participation there are several books available from the Museum of Modern Art Bookstore: INFORMATION, ART POWER, SPACES, and one containing information about assemblages, and happenings.

Artist Bruce Nauman is involved in utilizing many new forms and new technologies: Work going through several channels he extends media with artificial and technological means; many expressive modes, manipulating and playing with many different mediums that the situation is changed. Often his work is inescapable. His concern for the human body as a foundation of all other personal communication has led him to select significant parts of his own body and object which he put them onto a recording medium where they become standardized and objectified. One such transformation of his subjectivity and the into a process of physical dematerialization demonstrated in a film called “Black Balls” in which his fabrics were painted black. A pen is an extension of the tradition of artist as subject and object of his recorded expressions, a self portrait no less revealing than one of Van Gogh’s.

He has moved on to involve the spectator in a series of situaitional happenings in which man, the person and perceived performs both actions at once, revealing photos by gefland & weinberg immediate information about himself as learning. One work, constructed for the Wilder Gallery, has the spectator walk down a hallway narrower, taller, and longer than the space we usually construct for ourselves; thus, putting the participant in an initial stress situation. As the far wall, are two viewing screens which broadcast the spectator from below and in front. The spectator is confronted with himself as he normally would. Another situation involves two acoustic panels wired so that striking one produces a noise radiated from the other. Other works, called “performance pieces,” subject the participant to actions that have no particular time, and time, because of their repetitive quality, a performance of Warhol’s early films, “Sleep.”

In all his work Nauman’s special view of the situation of communication, or situation to a situation, it may be described by the saying of the man or one of the many long-suffering or a delay of his own time. In this work he has welded an electronic support system to an amazing dream.

Another type of sensory imbalance was created by a fellow who designed a room which one entered by a trap door which was then closed. The participant then thought there was a kitten in a silent, completely bare enclosure, painted white. It should be noted that the environmental quality of both these works is an important part of their total communications system fusion effect.

A much less obvious alternative to these “emotional overloads” is the show I mention now at the Museum of Contemp- orary Crafts. The “Phosphorescent Inflat- able” created by Swiss Artists Carl and Heidi Bucher depend on spectator in- volvement for their full realization. The inflatable rubber objects with legs of the soft, smooth vinyl, which lies about on the floor until somebody climbs into one. With a human form, the shoulder and the sculp- ture, it can stand upright...do other jumping...ramping ‘bending’ ‘bricks’ as the wave and ocean....the whole room darkening the people wearing them, and creating a single balloons like bubble dance." Another part of the exhibition consists in connecting blocks upon which participants recline while the light is on. When the light goes to next page
The nation’s attention. The Yippies used this media to blow right out of proportion, and into a continuous theatrical production. Using multi-channel communication techniques, like the broadcast of Pigasus as a Presidential candidate in 1968, they have managed to affect and become a part of history.

In some ways, the media like TV and radio could instantly transform their theatrical productions into a form of mass media, as the demonstrations at the 1968 Democratic Convention. And, if given a chance like the Maoist family are given of its potential, the media can be used to its perilously, horrifying, and ritualize the “news”, making it theatre.

It seems to me that these ideas, admittedly somewhat inconvenient, are the logical extension of what the Case Lecture was all about. We have seen Birdwhistell’s relatively calm scientific findings, manifested and even magnified in the new multi-media arts and in recent “activist” theatre. The influence of electronic media on non-linguistic infra-communications has been explored and treated as a new reservoir of artistic data. Birdwhistell’s findings reveal something of the way in which people communicate, perhaps they will also be useful in understanding and studying the nature of art. In turn, the new process and dynamism may help us understand and improve communications and education. Feed back you see.

By Eric Arnould
Bernardo Bertolucci’s film “The Conformist” is essentially a brilliant political melodrama. Bertolucci’s film has to do with the hero’s repression homo- sexual which is yet another layer of his character. Bertolucci in his film is basically “explaining” the origin of his Fascist politics, and this equation is rather difficult for all those who are considered. For a number of important reasons it is one of the most exciting things to happen in recent years.

The central plot device is this: Marcello (Jean-Louis Trintignant) goes to Paris on his honeymoon. He has been assigned to murder an old philandering politician who is an anti-Fascist. Marcello is so eager to be a good party member that he gladly combines romance with murder. Bertolucci starts us on the morning of the killing as the hero drives to commit the crime, and throughout the rest of the film we only see his name up to it. There are flashbacks within flashbacks. For instance as Marcello remembers his engagement there is a scene where he goes before a priest in confession. Within that flashback he narrates an event from his childhood in which he was raped by his chauffeur. The method is very complex, but the three force of the images keeps the audience going. In particular the image of the car traveling towards its murderous rendezvous in the snowy woods outside of Paris, has an almost indescribably inevitable quality to it. This image serves as punctuation, for the various events of the hero’s past.

Bertolucci has done very well in creating the 1930’s atmosphere. Aside from the cars and the clothes which are all exact and detailed, he uses the music of the period very successfully. In particular there is a scene where the hero and his last friend, who is also a dedicated Fascist, wait at a radio studio for the friend to give a political speech. As they talk we see three girls无人机Andreesisters type of song. This rhythm of the speech as counterpointed with the 30’s song gives a real feeling for the period.

Similarly, when the film moves from Italy to Paris, we feel the city just as a tourist in the thirties might have. At this point in the film Marcello and his wife are a very happy couple. Marcello is the professor and his wife is the wife of the professor. She is a woman of great intelligence. Their relationship is very strong. In the last scene they are very happy and they are about to have a baby. It seems to me that as long as Bertolucci emphasizes the erotic aspect of the story to the charge action with spirituality and emotion, it will work. Occasionally, however, it becomes a way of preaching about how decadent Fascism is.

Bertolucci’s talent for conveying emotion focuses our attention on the hero’s obsession with being “normal.” He wants simply to become a good citizen, and of course the central irony of the film is that the hero’s actions only serve to plunge him deeper and deeper into isolation. He has married the dullest and most conventional woman he can find, (he smiles at one point to explain “a girl family is a plebeian class” and he says with enormous pride only to fail in love with the Jewish wife of the left-wing politician). He is succeeded by another of his left-wing friend.

The entire cast is superb. Jean-Louis Trintignant has quiet but quickly become one of the most important screen actor in Europe today. Within the last five years he has had major roles in most of the important French films. Leconte’s “A Man and a Woman,” Costa-Gavras’ “Z” and “The Sleeping Car Murder,” and Eric Rohmer’s “My Night at Maud’s.” His performance in “The Conformist” is the best yet. It is a performance which is incredibly agile. He manages to send the audience in many directions at once, without ever sacrificing clarity. I can’t remember when an actor on screen has used his face and body so expressively. His Marcello is comic, pitiful, and ignorant, and yet we never lose our interest or concern. Here of course Bertolucci is partly due for some of the credit. The movie just flows and the images are so carged with excitement that we can’t keep our eyes off the screen. In addition to the scenes mentioned, there is the great death scene, the professor and his wife murdered in the snow, while Marcello watched impotently. The peaceful passage of the scene has a certain aura of eroticism and violence. There is the amazing scene where the hero in an insane asylum, as he walks up the block, the archetypal good citizen, through an vast area, conceived as a theatre. Also there is a party for the hero, which is the most beautiful party with a blind Jew, the two men looking for each other, at opposite walls of the vast hall.

Bertolucci clearly has one of the most fertile visual images of any modern director. He is, of course, the only fourth feature-film. In spite of the film’s flaws, it is very clearly the work of a man with considerable creative imagination. After praising Bertolucci’s Bertolucci’s film, I should like to try and approach pieces for Bergman’s doubts about God. This is an interview just before the distribution of “Shame.” Bergman claimed that his private obsession with God had ended and he expressed a similar but distinct concern. “I...even I used to think of myself as unemotionally interesting and that nothing else could be as fascinating. When that interest began to pall somewhat, what, especially during these years last when the religious interest in me began to fall away — and that used to protect me from a great deal — then I could suddenly see the world, and that is terrifyingly experienced.”

“Shame,” and even more, “The Passion of Anna,” are about the terror of being a human being today. Bergman is no longer famously showing us his psyche but rather he is looking at the world quietly and intensely. He is no longer concerned with disputing metaphysical ideas on film, but rather he is simply concerned with revealing the quality of our reality.

The action of “The Passion” takes place Faro Island. It isn’t named of course but that it has been the scene of many Bergman films. “Through a Glass Darkly” and “Winter’s Light” (“Summer’s Winter”) are in fact on Faron Island. Bergman’s only concern is to look at this Old World and to wring everything out of it. And it is concerned with the relationship between Anna Fromm (Liv Ullman as Anna), William (Nils Poppe) and Von Sydow). Anna is a widower whose main action through the first part of the film is to repeat intensely and yet somewhat vaguely, the marvels of her life with her husband was. In close-ups, which predominate, she expresses the word “was” and the in between life but in close-ups she expresses the might “is” and Andreas have read her last letter from her husband, in which he said they must part.

Andreas lives in solitude before meeting Anna, and the other two major characters, Elis and Eva Vargen with whom Anna is living in the beginning of the film.

The first distinctive aspect of the film is the presence of the narrator. It is the first time to my knowledge that Bergman has used this method. The voice is detached and somewhat ironic as he introduces us to Andreas mending his coat. The early reactions of the film have little dialogue we see Andreas, a model of a good citizen helping old John with his wheelbarrow. He is in a modest but attractive house. The first important event which determines subsequent action, comes as Andreas reads the letter sent from Anna’s husband. The letter reveals that the relationship had continued, and he was going to train the help to “acts of physical and psychological violence.” This phrase acts as a refrain throughout the film. Andreas remembers it, and indeed Bergman asks the audience to remember it, as an element always present in the dramatic action.

Andreas breaks out of his solitude for a night. He goes to the home of Elis Vargen and Bergman beautifully handles the subsequent dinner party sequence. There is an establishing shot, dominated by brilliant yellow curvelight. Each of the four characters in the scene were isolated from the others as they make dinner conversation. Of the four only Anna manages to speak with any kind of intensity. She starts to talk about her and her husband. The description is her voice, and our knowledge of the fables in her relationship with her husband, make her tone and intensity all the more poignant. The others, each in their way, make some gripping ambiguous attempt at talking about themselves. However, close-ups are more than a matter of emotional intensity, they define the essential isolation of each of the characters. The lost shot of the sequence is a shot of all four from about a medium distance, as they laugh quietly and pour wine all around. It is a shot which on a super-
rom preceding page

facial level, records the social milieu of the spectators, which is clearly derived, but each of the individual shots emphasizes the tension going on beneath the surface.

The next scenes are between Eis, the sophisticated and successful architect, and Andrea. Eis shows his collections on a glass wall, which leans against the wall. As they sit drinking and smoking cigarettes, Bergman shows very subtly Andrea's discomfort at the bald state of Eis's life. Significantly for Bergman addicts, Eis's last name is Venice, the same as that of the soulless intellectual who, together with Eis again plays the role of foil to Andrea. Is the sort of sophisticated and intelli-
gen man, who has made a bad compromis-

ing with experience, and his picture col-

lection becomes his way of relating to life. We get a sense of him using the pic-

tures to feel power and control.

The next scene reveals Eva, the bored disassembled wife of Eis, who tries poignantly to find a fact to break with Andrea. It is a relationship which can-

not work. He has been given ample evidence to account for her unfai-

thfulness. And the scene of her leaving, after having slept with Andrea, is a beautiful one. Several times she starts to leave and looks back at Eis. And when she leaves she is looking at Eis, butrantically kisssing him, in the hope that somehow she will never actually have to leave.

Very abruptly we find that Andrea has started an affair with Anna. It is this re-
lationship between them that becomes the real center of the film. Eva and Eis all but disappear. The two couples and the complications which their relationship entails, form a counterpoint to the problems of Andrea and the whole second story, which is a more explicit counterpoint to the relationship on the island. In fact, once Eis's broken out of animals are slaughtered somewhere there is a man in a nose. And all the while Andrea and Anna try to keep their rela-

tionship going. There is the short beautiful scene of Andrea remembering his wife, refusing to tell Anna about her. And Anna's tortured awareness that she is not getting the truth.

In an extraordinary moment she takes out a pitcher of milk which falls, and she bursts into tears. The various levels of vulnerability in the scene are amazing, the way in which our sympathy shifts back and forth, and the kind of cruelty and suffering are a mar-

velous testament to Bergman's skill. What we have here is a mastery of the simple domestic scene. It is done with a rigorous naturalness that allows each ges-

ture and facial movement, each physical action, to have a force of its own and at the same time contribute to an overall effect. In particular the sense of space in that scene is amazing. The two are sitting in two different rooms, their only means of connection being the dog. Each sees the other struggling and
grimly, each knows in his own way to reach out, but ultimately they are inef-

fective.

As it must, the relationship breaks down. In a long dialogue Anna suggests that they go off the island but Andrea sug-
grants that it is impossible. For a moment, they have an understanding of each other, an awareness of common pain. But soon the relationship disintegrates. For one of the most intense passages I have ever seen in a film, it is a more explicit Bergman for being a liar, and he suddenly turns on her with an axe, then savagely beats her. And this event is counter-

pointed against the most recent island atrocity, the burning of a barn and the destruction of the livestock.

Any recital of the last events of the film is bound to seem melodramatic and pre-

posterous. Suffice it to say that Berg-


man handles the flipping of violence with the exquisite tact. What is remarka-

tible is the fact that Andrea's outburst, the climax of the film, the event towards which the film has been leading is in no way incompatible with our earlier sense of him as an exemplary man. Andrea is far from being Bergman's mouthpiece, and in fact is the closest embodiment of a modern Everyman that I've seen on the screen. It is Bergman's great distinction to have filmed a vision of human rela-
tionships which uncompromisingly reveals their complications. The characters in the film are no longer tormented by theological questions, they are simply reacting to the full weight of human ex-
pense.

The seventh seal

“The Seventh Seal,” an earlier work by Bergman, is a much less perfect work, and yet it has virtues all its own. It is not the absolute masterpiece of Berg-

men's career, it remains a remarkable work, clearly the work of a master direc-

tor.

The opening sequences set up the basic contrasts which structure the film. On the one hand there is the Knight and the Squire, exhausted and worn, an axial, antag-

onistic sleeping on the barren shore; this is contrasted with the life and activity of the Bishop in which sees the Virgin Mary. We see the knight trying unsuccessfully to pray, whereas Joseph offers reminiscence of Berg-

man's Eternity. The knight is a man of God, about making a significant action, it is only the carnal, albeit played by Bjornstark who is capable of positive action, in saving Joseph at the inn, saving the life of Joseph, and in renounc-

ing himself against Raoul than in saving others; and yet his actions have a great moral force. The knight, while Bergman sympathizes more directly with the

So much for the historical precision. As for the Baron who shows the sword, Bondarchuk's positive traits, traits re-


duced. In particular the sense of space is tremendous.

The mild tints in some shots, aerial "blotters" revealing the levels of vulnerability in the scen-

es are fantastic. The June Taylor Dancer, the camera moving along a suspended cable to ride in the flight of a cannon ball. Yet these tech-
niques are the films, as Bondarchuk's way of saying, "Look, isn't that nice!"

The acting leaves much to be desired. Steiger performs excellently the role of a brillant général who has gone astray; but he is no Napoleon. That is the fault of the script writer (H.A.L. Lea-

vidt for understating the Emperor's mental and physical deterioration. Pummer, while also performing well, is of-

fered only cliche's to speak (UXbridge) by GEE, Sir, it's not my leg. Well, GEE, Sir, by God, you have. What. eventu-

ally appears is the humanist ("Next to a baton the worst thing in the world is a battle won"), not the sadist who stabbed his own leg.

Most disappointing is Welles. Over-stuffed as Louis XVIII, he is seen only twice, early in the film, and speaks three lines (I would quote them if they were impart-

ant enough to remember.)

In sum, there is nothing particularly en-
gaging about Bondarchuk's film. Despite the excel-


table itself. It is enjoyable for its grand-

eur, it is beautiful for the ease in handling vaporizing the men in an Eumenides sense of calm and conflict. Yet it remains on a par with Dany Filbou's "Jacob's Island" orgies. It entertaines, but it does not move.

Nevertheless, the historical films of directors seem to be riper. What, after all, could be more spectacular in this spectacle-seeking time than the mass-


events of history brought forth our de-

zelfied eyes in vivid, blood-red production? We should look forward to a David Lean production of "Arabia" with Elliot Gould as Alexander the Great, Sir John Leigh as Darius III, and a million extras supplied by the Jordanian army.

by John Reiner

*It is rumoured, tho, I can't verify it, that since the American production staff insisted upon using actual gunpowder in the explosions, two of the extras were accident-

antly blown up.

church is in particular over-expect.

Here Bergman is failing to fully ex-


tirate the material, and he falls back on ex-


ploration. One cannot compare this scene with the amazing procession of the Penitents, where Bergman fully works out the meaning of the ritual. The cut-

ting back and forth between the proces-

sion, the transfiguration, the procession, climaxized by the closups of each of the major characters, the texture, the sound, the atmos-

pheric, and it gains further force from its proximity to the lighted heartedness of the central theme.

Indeed, one of the real strengths of the Seventh Seal is, in its mixture of various tones and tenses. The progression for instance, between the scene in the inn juxtaposed against the great meal of milk and wild strawberries is perhaps the greatest sequence in the film. In the whole complex of characters and emo-


tions, the tranquility and serenity of this scene, is amazing. Bergman frames the action so that all of the major characters appear together at rest, each of them separate by their actions (Joseph playing the lute, the eure gazing away not quite satisfied and yet unfimed by the camera.

In this scene Bergman is capable of great serenity. In other scenes Bergman has used the occasion of agony which is almost excrus-

i
cise. In this case the witch has a sort of primitive horrifying quality. In particular, there is a case of the witch running throughout the film. Where the knight is a man of God, about making a significant action, it is only the carnal, albeit played by Bjornstark who is capable of positive action, in saving Joseph at the inn, saving the life of Joseph, and in renounc-

ing himself against Raoul than in saving others; and yet his actions have a great moral force. The knight, while Bergman sympathizes more directly with the

Near the end of the film, the knight is at last able to perform an action by saving Joseph and Mary. It is a victory for which we find at best equivocal. “The Seventh Seal” is a film which stops short of total triumph. But the point of the film is, after all, that the possibility of evil is the only possibility of good. The knight is a man of God, about making a significant action, it is only the carnal, albeit played by Bjornstark who is capable of positive action, in saving Joseph at the inn, saving the life of Joseph, and in renunci-

ing himself against Raoul than in saving others; and yet his actions have a great moral force. The knight, while Bergman sympathizes more directly with the

by Larry Gross
The following short interviews with Elie Yarden, Louis Garcia-Reiner and a variety of students represent extensive interest in adding jazz courses to the curriculum. Many music students here are either interested or at least somewhat lean toward it. Students from other departments have also expressed interest. Some music majors have expressed the feeling that "talking here might depend on getting better music courses next year.

Although students have this interest, there are no jazz courses here now, and the current music faculty is really better able to teach other phases of music. These need not be exclusively classical music of any culture, but they usually seem to be predominantly Renaissance and post-Renaissance Western music.

We really need a change, and the faculty is willing to go along with it. Most of the music department seems to favor the idea of adding jazz classes, and the real problem is getting money for more faculty time.

Jim Sivard said, "Jazz history is probably more valuable than an improvisation course, because improvisation is mostly self-taught, and jazz history, because it dealt with the roots of jazz, would probably be more helpful if it got into recordings as examples of what the cats were doing, instead of verbalizations of it."

He suggested that for a teacher, "it has to be a black jazz musician, relativley famous. Maybe Count Basie and Duke Ellington." He got laid off his teaching job at Indiana State. He also thought of Archie Shepp, who's done a lot of research in jazz history, and Roswell Rudd, even though he's white, because he's studied ethnomusicology. These are the people practical choices, because they all live in New York, and they're all really articulate. "The course should also get into other kinds of improvisation, like African or Eastern folk," Jim said.

Andy Newell said, "When you play, you compose. You can write down stuff that you thought up. And what I play as a theme, but improvisation's spontaneous and reactive composition.

"It would be pretty enlightening for the music department as a whole to teach some other kind of music than Western European classical."

"They weren't the only ones to express interest in expanding and adding these courses. The music department needs to loosen itself up a little."

Ken, another non-major, whose jazz experience includes "occasional jazz playing and superficial one-time listening to records," said that he was interested both in history and studio courses, but that he would prefer studio courses. He suggested that Tom Darler, who is on a 6-year PhD program at Cornell and has "excellent piano improvisation," would be a good person to teach here in a few years.

Kirk Bjornskau, who is also a music major, said, "I'd like to see the philosophical side of music. The music department needs to loosen itself up a little."

Joel Parkes, a drama major, said, "I'd be interested in just a history of it. I also a basic musicianship of the jazz type. The more courses the better."

He has had experience in jazz dance and just a little work on alto sax.

Dave, a drummer, who is also a music major, said, "It would be very interesting for people to find out about jazz, blues, African and Indian roots. I think you should get a jazz improvisation course taught by some black musician from the city, and one who can teach Oriental instruments, too.

"We're experimenting in a type of jazz composition and teaching where we don't set any limits and we try to get a feel for what's going on and doing it by playing. I take on a very sacred religious meaning when you play." It's really important for people to listen to free-form black revolution jazz. It's important to emphasize the idea of expressing social change. A lot of people listen to rock and roll music and it just-case them, but this really meaningful. It can be tied in with religious changes and social changes, black history and altered states of consciousness.

"There should be more material (records and literature) on jazz, black and folk music in the library."

"Get some jazz musician from Harlem who's spent some time on the streets."

"I personally would like to see a workshop on jazz. It would have to be small. Then, on the other hand, I have no idea how you'd choose people for it. It would have to be a Writer's Workshop. It would have to have the essential educational function, plus it would be a great opportunity to get a potenially fine music that's bot- tied up in a lot of people's ideas and try it out in a lot of people's minds."

"This is the kind of thing that is communicated among everyone without the teacher speaking it all out to anybody." Elie Yarden had some insights into the world of jazz students that he'd been involved with jazz and some jazz views on the curriculum.

"The Bard program shouldn't be training ground for jazz musicians any more than it should be a training ground for any musicians.

"The strongest interest in jazz is from students here now is among the most academically and the most creative students. Of students already moderately and moderately interested, six have a serious interest in jazz, but not in perfect performance or playing, but they also want to study it. It's desire to study it is im- portant. What's unavailable here is the possibility of studying it."

"As far as my own views as a composser and teacher, who's been in the curriculum in music cannot afford to neglect jazz, as composers and just people living. It's part of the culture. It's part of my life, which can't live without it. Jazz is an important part of our musical culture and has been for some time. Jazz is not something commercial, any more than Beethoven.

"Jazz should be incorporated in the curriculum because of its intrinsic values, not because it's modish. It's more modish today than it was fifty years ago."

"Most college music departments have a conservatory-like attitude. They tend to be conservative in comparison to art departments of sociology or psychology departments. They tend to be conserva- tive in the sense that they generally want to be suspicious of any contemporaneous phenomenon, even if it's only 10 years old. This also affects themselves in the tendency towards overspecialization of the kind that just doesn't fit into my notion of a lib- eral arts curriculum."

"The music department here, as a department, favors the inclusion of jazz in the curriculum, and the only problem now is trying to overcome the practical problems of getting additional faculty time so we can provide it.

"We need a course which studies jazz styles, the history, with an emphasis on the music itself. I also think it would be useful to have a studio in jazz improvisation for those students sufficiently advanced in music to benefit from this. I don't think of it as a separate discipline, but as a part of my own work and I would not like to see more than one lecture course in the curriculum.

"You don't have to create a separate department and this sort of junk."

I think students want to take more than one studio course, because then it's given. Once you have the basics you have to play it. Just like one course in chamber music should be enough, though you'll continue to play chamber music all the time."

"The philosophy of a liberal arts college should be a broad one. If you want skills, you go to a conser- vatory."

"I don't think we need a regular faculty member up here. What I would like to see is a series of guest lecturers or photographers on a year's contract, but Bard does not provide for his right now. Or find someone who, in addition to being a good jazz musician, could have all sorts of academic qualifica- tions, too. Jazz musicians go to school these days. Most of them are musicians.

"One of the important reasons that I do want jazz in the curriculum is to counter the over-specialization."

"I can see why it's unlikely that just because some student wants something it's not a justification for adding it to the curriculum. I'm not a cafeteria."

Paula Lockard, a visiting Bard music student, had this insight. She said you should put rock into the cur- riculum. "There are so many things happening that are worthy of study. In most big universities, they already have jazz, and now it's time to think the way the Artist class is thinking, only through rock. But Bard is behind. It's just starting to think."

Elie concluded, "That's because Bard's an innovative school."

Elliott Apter, a music major who's being advised by me, said, "I'd like to see a good hard basic jazz course as a part of the music. I'm starting to look at it as a discipline, not just a study of jazz. But jazz relates to classical music as well.

"We're taking a new kind of music which is really a conglomeration of jazz and classical and electric and trying and some kind of synthesis between the two, sort of like Klaed Emerson does."

I was raised on traditional jazz. Mode. Of those people, I was very hard to listen to Coltrane and the newer jazz sounds. I'm trying to understand what this new jazz is driving all, and I think it is just that I just don't understand it in terms of speci- fically."

Seth Kinbill, a music major who is leaving, said, "We need a history not only of music but also not only of music, but also of the theory and history.

"I'm sorta now at the point where I could play "nee-cool," which is not quite avant-garde but more modern cool. I slept experiment in "avant- garde jazz," but I haven't really developed the compositional skill to make it valid."

"I studied with a teacher who played with Bill Evans, who taught me a lot of early jazz harmony, like bop har- mony. All my thinking, all my playing, helped me play jazz. I'm compo- sitional for modern classical, I guess, at this point.

"I'd like to add the necessity to have the philosophy of music. There are no music students on this campus who are igno- rant of jazz, but they pass off chaotic and frus- trated that this is the kind of jazz they have, in actuality they have jazz, and they don't know how it evolved to the avant-garde style that it is today."
In a recent article, Larry Gerson argued that some of the best movies are transmutations of weak source material. When you consider the facts, moviegoers may discover that pretty good movies have been made from Evan Hunter novels, and there's no reason that he may just be right. However, I doubt that any amount of effort can make a bad film out of Hunter's latest book. NOBODY KNEW THEY WERE THERE, recently dumped on the public by Doubleday.

The novel is set in the year 1974, "a decade before 1984," in which time "our nation's leaders", presumably Dick and Spiro, have tightened the yoke of repression upon the shoulders of America and are muscles to a fight against an unspecified war. A man who calls himself Arthur Sachs arrives in a small college town in the West in October of this dreadful year. He has been hired by a group of college professors to kill the President when the "Peace Train" is taking him across the country to show his patriotism to his war-ravaged people. It is revealed that Sachs is really an East Coast lawyer named Samuel Eistein whose sole qualification for the role of assassin is that one of his sons died in the unspecific war and he wants revenge.

How these college people came to hire him is never explained. The text has the inevitable marital problems back home and another son who intends to skid for his own good who's been busted for dope. He also has the even more inevitable mistress, a student who may or may not be pregnant by the end of the book. In the end, the professors back out at the last minute. And when Eister tries to blow up the bridge himself, he finds that the wires to the dynamite have been cut, so he simply goes back to New York.

It might have helped a little if Hunter had at least given us a clear picture of his comix

from page 8

COOTIE (by Robert William, whose art is superb), and YOUNG LUST (graphic and twisted love comix). All of these, and many more, are obtainable at the East Side Book Store at St. Mark's Place in NYC. Marvel and most other comic books can be bought at Red Hook at the drugstore. Remember: Comic books are a space age art medium, and they will not rot your mind.

Note: Jack Kirby (the main man in comic books since 1940) has quit Marvel and is working for DC, doing THE NEW GODS, THE FOREVER PEOPLE, METROPOLIS, AND JIMMY ODLES. He is a genius and his work reflects it.

Niles Jaeger

Two new recordings of Leos Janacek's Sinfonietta bring to mind an old but important question - what should and should not be recorded? There are two kinds of recordings: those made for the phonograph, and those for which the phonograph was created. In the days of 78's, many recordings fell to the first category; the idea of two dozen versions of, say, The Beethoven 4th Concerto was pure nonsense when one album consisted of four heavy, breakable shellac discs, and what company would be crazy enough to cut four competing versions on the market during the depression years? In fact, few pianists recorded that concerto before 1940, and those two are still representative on disc.

Things changed with the LP, of course. Now it was feasible to record just about anything, and in the expanded production economy more people could buy the records. Projects that were considered impossible before became reality, things like the operas of Wagner and the symphonies of Mahler. This should have initiated a genuine "golden age" of recording. But the LP, by making professional mass production on an unprecedented scale ended the necessity of recording performances that were already famous. This way, when a company comes out with a new version of a piece that was already recorded, anyone of ten other labels is likely to retaliate with a new version of its own, and a major project like, say, the Beethoven symphonies, instead of being seriously and carefully considered before its fulfillment, can be the result of the whim of a producer or director. There is something frightening about this kind of dog-eat-dog commercialization that makes me think of a single composer going to market with eight different Beethoven Fifths at the same time, or for two companies to issue different Beethoven Fifths at the same time, or for two companies to issue different works of the Philadelphia Orchestra on recordings of "the 1872 Overtures" on the same day.

The effect of these changes on popular music was similar. George Harrison's "All Things Must Pass," the latest LPs of Paul Kantner and David Crosby and a host of other joyous things would have been impossible 25 years ago, but now would junk like Grand Funk and Little Feat thrive? I have my doubts whether if the slick "arrangements" that marred Toni Paxton's most ambitious album would have been considered in the age of shellac discs.

Now let's get back to Janacek. The Sinfonietta is a fine, fine piece, but a big place requiring a big orchestra and a monster brass section. Not a work of patriotic Czech; he wrote the Sinfonietta "just to sing of the Czech people's spirit, national beauty, joy and strength." It is a genuine music people, filled with the spirit of the land when it's played right. Many conductors and soloists understand this work and have made short of the long. The lack, great George Szell decided to concentrate on orchestral execution and came up with an unsinkable version. But the others often seem sabotaged by bad sound quality. Now, for example, Maestro Seiji Ozawa, a young conductor with an international reputation, and the Chicago Symphony, in One of the five finest. According to the reports I have received, it is a brilliant, exciting reading; this comes close, but not quite...

Those beautiful people at Polydor have sent me a new box by DGG, which they distribute in the States through the Columbia, with Janacek's "Taras Bulba" of which I am a great fan. "Tara Bulba" is a Czech with a left-sidexile from the homeland Orchestra of the CBS. In the CBS recording (over of 1948, his many recordings of the music of Czech composers - Dvorak, Smetana, Janacek - form a long series of triumphs, but this is the greatest of them all. The story is one of the most famous of life that Janacek put into the music all of the typical themes of life. The Bolshoi is of life that Janacek put into the music all of the typical themes of life. The Bolshoi is of life.

Sol Louis Siegel

"The guys are taking over. It makes me sick."

-- Dean says on State department

Department of State, U.S.A.
Washington, D.C.

Gentlemen

As Dean of Bard College, I received a communication from the State Department (in an envelope marked "Official Business") setting forth the Department's case in favor of the Administration's present policy in Indochina, and against the "People's Peace Treaty" that has been proposed by the National Student Association.

I found this communication highly objectionable on two grounds:

First, it is improper, in my judgment, for the State Department to use the taxpayer's money to finance a lobbyist's propaganda effort of this kind. President Nixon has had more success in the last six years with foreign policy than any other President in history. I feel that if there has been any lack of "balance" in opportunities to discuss this issue in the media, it has been to the disadvantage of those who oppose his policy.

Second, I strongly resent the implication from such a communication that college and university administrators need or desire ammunition to use against their students and anti-war arguments. Like many other academic administrators, I am in wholehearted agreement with those of our students who believe that the Administration's present policy in Indochina is not only unwise, but profoundly immoral, and I personally support the "People's Peace Treaty," which has been endorsed not only by the National Student Association, but also by many other distinguished Americans, from all walks of our national life.

Surely, the State Department could, in the future, find some other, less objectionable, way to communicate its already well-known "views" to those college students and others who have "requested" them.

Yours truly,
Carl M. Selinger
Dean of the College

Dear Dean Selinger:

I have your letter of March 18 concerning our comments on the "People's Peace Treaty," and would like you to know the background behind them.

It is not our normal practice to send information materials unrequested to anyone, though we do make occasional exceptions. We made an exception in this case because some of the principal sponsors of the "People's Peace Treaty" are making efforts on campuses around the country to use it as a focus of a week of civil disobedience here in Washington in May. Since the terms of the treaty, for the reasons listed in our paper, have already been rejected many times, and in our judgment, right or wrong, could not for the same reasons be accepted now, we could not see how such demonstrations could serve any public interest; we could only see clearly how they might lead to unwanted disorder, with all the risks and costs that would entail. Today, as you know, mass breakdowns by large numbers of young people is only too likely to lead to violence, whether by the demonstrators, or by overzealous law enforcement authorities or both.

In these circumstances, and in the interest of potential demonstrators as well as of Washington authorities, we felt it desirable to try to publicize certain facts about the treaty on campus campuses - the fact that the treaty is not a new proposal, that it has been turned down repeatedly in the past and that it continues to be unacceptable to all the governments concerned except the North Vietnamese and China.

The influence which you draw from our paper - the idea that we think college ministers and teachers as a group are looking for ammunition to use against your students' political arguments - does us something less than justice. Some, of course, are - they write and tell us so. But my colleagues and I have visited far too many campuses in recent months and years not to know that political opinion among faculty members as among students tends to range from one extreme to the other through all gradations in between. From the same experience, we also know that many students lack and want solid information, and that of the few who are well informed and regardless of their views want to know what their Government says on points of particular interest to them. An officer of the National Student Association, for example, was one of the first to solicit our views on the "People's Peace Treaty." To make our views known in a short time to a substantial number, we could only address ourselves to those in positions of leadership on the campus, such as yourself.

I regret that you found this offensive, but can in no way assure you that it represents an indifferent departure from our normal practice.

Sincerely yours,
Barry M. Blatt, Jr.
Deputy Assistant Secretary for public affairs
wedding

from page 6

compromise. (Pat calls me the Henry Clay
of the 1970's. She's so write like that.) I
made Tricia the head of the Civilian Con-
servation Corps, and Julie the head of the
Tennessee Valley Authority. (They were
so happy they asked me to give that fine
young man, Bill Calley, a new deal. Well,
I guess maybe I will shuffle the deck a
bit.)

It seems that I've gotten off the topic. I'm
sorry, but for the first time in my life,
I'm upset, and my mind isn't so crystal
clear right now. Tricia, my innocent little
lamb, getting wed to a man a year younger
than she is and what's worse is that she's
marrying some hokey with a dirty name
like Cox. Disgusting. When she gets mar-
rried, she'll probably lose her virginity.
(What a dirty boy that Eddie is.) The
wedding will be a small affair, closed to
the press, with about 23,000 friends, rela-
tives, acquaintances and anybody else we
can get to attend. There will be a big
cake and lots of Champagne for everyone.
The couple will honeymoon where Pat
and I did it for the first time. The Niagara
Falls Millhouse. Sorry, I have to run, but
I have to give Tricia a bath and then take
a presidential shit. I am the president.

p.s. Tricia is pregnant, I think. She didn't
eat her sugar pops.

Michael May

NOTTINGHAM, England (AP) — David Price
of the English Channel, slit open its stomach
and found a slot-machine taken. Two weeks later, he
hooked another coin, which contained a brass forty-fourth century
Roman coin worth about $100 ($240).

MIAMI (AP) — A Cleveland youth killed for contempt for wearing a
court shirt resembling an American flag was freed yesterday but he didn't get his
shirt back.

Circuit Judge Harold Yarn, who ordered the boy freed, advised him against
wearing the shirt again and said further court action would be needed if he
wanted to regain possession of the garment.

The youth said that he was Paul Joseph Forrester, 17, of Cleveland. When he
appeared earlier as a witness, he gave a different name and was sentenced to
30 days in jail on a charge of contempt of court for wearing the flag-like shirt
in the court.

HARRISBURG, Pa. (AP) — A pumpkin weighing 260 pounds and exhibited by
Howard Steepy was the biggest in the 56-year history of the Pennsylvania
Farm Show.

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WE SELL

DEPOSIT bottles
opium
from page 1

opium grown in the hill tribe of Thailand is guarded in transit by Nationalist Chinese troops until it arrives in Bangkok, to await the next Air America plane out. These Nationalist Chinese troops are remnants of the Viet-Minh conflict and are heavily subsidized by the CIA.

Ross Cohen, in a book called THE CHINA LOPH, in AMERICAN POLITICS, clearly links the China Lobby, the Nationalist Chinese govt., with this opium traffic. According to Allen, this book was originally published by MacMillan in the early '60s and was later suppressed for obvious reasons. Ross Cohen, furthermore, claims that this connection between the Taiwan govt. and opium was fully known by the U.S. State Department, because of documents that he himself saw in the State Department files and that have since disappeared. Financial profit and corruption seem to account for this clandestine Chinese involvement in opium.

Besides these sources, both the AP andUPI press services have extensive reports in their files of opium interests in Indochina and various accounts of the CIA's complicity in its operations. Nicholas von Hoffman, the Washington Post re-
porter, Jeff Greenfield, or Kennedy speech writer, Senator John Tunney of Californ-
ia, a Professor McCalister of Yale Uni-
versity, Peter Dale Scott of the English Department at Berkeley, and ex-Rep-
resentative Clayton Powell are all cited by Allen as having testified on various occa-
sions to just these connections, as outlined above.

The significance of this CIA complicity in the opium trade is enormous - the World Health Organization estimated this year that 82% of the world's opium comes from Indochina. This estimate probably gives one a clear idea of what percentage of the world's heroin comes from that area, howover indirectly. The sudden influx of high-grade junk in Vietnam that the media reported widely recently, is most likely the indirect result of the CIA's activities there.

More importantly, the growing use of junk in the U.S. itself is undoubtedly the result of these actions. The well-documented corruption in the NYC police narcotics division makes the even greater availability of junk, at cheaper, "popular" prices, understandable. But what does this all ultimately point to? On one level, it- should be obvious that our support for the govt. of Saigon and Taiwan, not to mention those of Thailand and Cambodia, is based on corruption and high-level rot. As Allen correctly points out, this opium business is just an extension of the classic tendency of an imperialist power to push opium on an exploited group, in this case, the most dangerous ele-
ments in U.S. society today, the blacks, Puerto Ricans and young whites. Whereas the Opium Wars in China of the 19th century saw the British attempting to push opium to the Chinese, with the re-
sult that the Chinese revolted and actively fought the white junk dealers, the con-
temporary parallel gives us the U.S. govt.'s record for acting as junk pusher, but this time with a shocking twist: whereas the British were attempting to hook a whole race, the Chinese, on to junk, the U.S. is more ambitious. Their own blacks, latino and young people are now the victims.

--- Dana Ahlgren

jazz
from page 16

Louis Garcia-Renart said, "I think there has always been the faculty interest in jazz, but there hasn't been the demand from the students. Usually, the students in the past who were interested in jazz were not the good students. I feel that in the last two or three years, this has changed. Now there are some good students with solid backgrounds who are interested in jazz.

"I actually brought up the idea that we should have a jazz program here as a result of a jazz moderation of a very talented girl. We recom-
menced that she leave here because there was no one here who was qualifed to teach her.

"I think that a jam session is the result of very long disciplined prac-
tices that one has to do. You have to work just like you'd have to work to play a Beethoven concerto. You have to practice at improvising. It's not just accidentua music.

"I think now that jazz is seventy years old. It is a well established and
highly misunderstood. Anybody who can pick five notes out of a
guitar thinks they can play jazz, but this is all accidental, there's no
background.

"I have done combinations of jazz and "er-called" classical music, very
successful works for saxophone and orchestra.

"I don't see how it could be next year. We'd have to start looking for
someone to teach it.

"I think it's important that it should be offered. There are good students
definitely interested and who should be guided, and if what they want to
do with their lives in jazz, they should be studying it with somebody who
knows it. I know at least three stud-
ents now that are very interested and
very good."

lydia ayers