Cover Page Photograph
Josh Moroz

Back Page Student Trustees
Lis Semel

Page 1 Panthers Bleeding
Dana Ahlgren
April
Kurt Hill
Suspect Captured
Sharon Murphy

Page 2 The First Annual Great Bard Cleanup
Rubble
Lydia Ayers
Letters
["Schardt's piece wasn't bad for what it was, . . . Woefully incomplete."]
Timothy Lange, Editor-in-Chief (Winomi Watomis) The Colorado Daily

Page 3 The Shooting Of An Element
Joshua Moroz
Ping Pong Patches Peking
Michael May

Page 4 Bard Racism
Dana Ahlgren
Freedom Seder
Sol Louis Siegel
Jazz

Page 5 Grateful Dead Live
Photograph
Rick Weinberg
Raymond Chandler: Poet
Joshua Moroz

Page 6 Environmental Advertising Is Just More Pollution
Lydia Ayers
Drawing
Environmental Action
Photograph
Kodak Company

Page 8 Films
Persona
Shame
Citizen Kane
Larry Gross
Wet Dream
Snit Nites
Musician Ship
Sol Louis Siegel
great bard clean-up...
shooting up...
advertising pollution...

photo by Josh Moroz
STUDENT TRUSTEES

The Board of Trustees, at its March 25 meeting, accepted the report of its Committee on Campus and Community Relations and adopted the Committee's recommendations that: (1) if it is agreeable, the Community Advisory Board (CAB) be assigned to the task of studying, and reporting on, the subject of governance at Bard, and (2) the Board amend its By-Laws at its next meeting to provide for the election, to the Board, for a term of one year each, of two students and two faculty members. The following are excerpts from the Committee's report:

...matter, we must ask the more fundamental question of the role of the Board, the administration, the faculty, the students, the alumni, and perhaps others, in the decision-making process of the College.

Accordingly, we recommend the establishment of a faculty, student and administration Committee on Governance. We recognize that the Committee on Governance will necessarily consider the role of the Board of Trustees in College governance. However, we do not recommend membership on the Committee on Governance of a member of this Board.

In lieu of a regular Committee member, we recommend that the Chairman of the Board appoint a member of the Board as a liaison member of the Committee on Governance to represent the Board to the Committee and the Committee to the Board.

We recommend that the Board request the President of the College to appoint, by such methods (including student and faculty elections, if desired) as it deems appropriate, a Committee on Governance to consist of students, faculty members and members of the administration; that such Committee be established before the end of the current academic year; that such Committee attempt to collect materials for study over the summer months; that such Committee meet regularly during the next academic year; and that such Committee submit to the Bard Community an interim report by January 1, 1972 and a final report by April 15, 1972.

II

Notwithstanding our opinion that the question of student and/or faculty membership on the Board of Trustees is subordinated to the broader issues of College governance, it is our recommendation that the Board proceed forthwith to elect two students and two members of the faculty to the Board.

There are two specific problems attendant upon student and faculty membership in the Board which should be mentioned. One is the question of conflict of interest; the other is the question of confidentiality.

It is undoubtedly true that student and faculty members of the Board will be more apt to be faced with conflict of interest problems than outside trustees. This is the concomitant of their greater interest in the decisions which the Board makes. We feel, however, that the potential conflict of interest of students and faculty members is no different in kind from that faced by corporate management on a corporate Board of Directors. Prima facie, on the issue of reappointment or salary for the member himself, a member of the faculty on the Board would abstain. Similarly, a student member of the Board would abstain from considerations of the awarding or non-awarding of his own degree.

Somewhat akin is the question of confidentiality. There may well be a basic, generational difference of opinion between most Board members and most students on the issue of confidentiality. To many Trustees, some matters should not be the subject of public discussion. To many students, the absence of public discussion of the real issues upon which decisions are made smacks of an absence of due process, of star chamber proceedings and of, in their words, corruption. Your Committee feels that the problems of conflict of interest and of confidentiality are really questions of propriety and taste—and there is no reason to presuppose that students and faculty members are lacking in either.

Accordingly, we recommend the following:

1. The election, at the June, 1971 meeting of the Board, of two students and two members of the faculty as members of the Board of Trustees;

2. One year of full time service on the faculty shall be required as a qualification of faculty members on the Board;

3. Admission to the Upper College and one year of residence at Bard shall be required as a qualification of student members on the Board;

4. The term of office of student and faculty members on the Board shall be one year;

5. Because of the present requirements of New York law that all Trustees be over the age of 21, in the event of the election of a student member under the age of 21, such member shall be entitled to all of the rights and privileges of Board membership...
Two months have passed since the first signs of the now well-publicized Black Panther Party split first appeared. The split has developed along the following lines—Huyn Newton, Bobby Seale, David Hilliard and most of the local chapters of the BPP have aligned themselves against Eldridge Cleaver, the New York Black Panther chapter and the International Section of the BPP in Algiers. The man- ner in which the split manifested itself in public is amusing and instructive in itself. A short chronology of the events might help in discovering the reasons behind the dispute as well as lead to the revolutionary moves of the party as a whole might have been learned from the events of the past 6 weeks.

On Feb. 9, a statement signed by Huyn was circulated in the courtroom of the New York 21, denouncing Michael Tabor and Richard Moore for having deserted their fellow defendants in the middle of the trial. Huyn said that the two jeopardized not only those on trial in New York but the whole party by running out and abandoning their comrades.

In the same statement, Huyn expelleed not only Tabor and Moore, but nine other members of the N.Y. 21 for signing a letter which criticized the national leadership of the BPP for refusing to wholeheartedly endorse the activities of the Weathermen. The implication of the letter was clear: Huyn and the national leadership were being accused of not being sufficiently militant.

By Feb. 26, the friction between Eldridge, the N.Y. Panthers and the International Section on one hand, and Huyn, Bobby and the rest of the national leadership on the other, surfaced on television. On a San Francisco TV show Huyn and Eldridge fought it out by telephone over an hour long, the role that the BPP has taken in the period of time between Bobby’s imprisonment in New Haven and Huyn’s release from jail. Eldridge accused David Hilliard of having taken over the party and having transformed it into an automatic, hero-worshiping elitist clique that turned away from the people for selfish reasons rather than serving their needs. Huyn responded to this by expelling Eldridge from the Party.

The next week’s issue of the BPP newspaper carried a long supplement, written by Elaine Brown of the Los Angeles BPP chapter, accusing Eldridge of holding his wife, Kathleen, captive in Algiers, and of arranging an alleged letter of Kathleen’s (a Clinton “Rhume” Smith). Only two days later, a N.Y. BPP member named Robert Webb, was shot dead on 12th St. in Harlem, by members of an unidentified opposition Party chapter, aligned with Huyn. The shooting is said to have been the result of an intense argument over the newspaper and its allegations concerning Eldridge.

On March 11 a video-tape made by the members of the International Section at Algiers, including Kathleen Cleaver, Michael Tabor and Connie Matthews Tabor, was shown at the People’s Video Theater (544 Ave. of America) in NYC. The three charged Huyn with incompetent management of Party affairs since his release from prison. Michael said, “I was soon revealed that the brother (Huyn) was buckled like a hunt dog stepping out of the penitentiary after 2 years and finding himself in command of a national organization.”

Huyn was charged with squandering the money of the Party on a lavish $650 a month apartment for himself and having transformed the Party under his leadership into an elitist clique that turned away from the people for selfish reasons rather than serving their needs. Huyn responded to this by expelling Eldridge from the Party.

The April 24 demonstrations in Washington, D.C., and San Francisco, were two of the largest and most successful anti-war mobilizations in movement history, rivalling the November, 1969 demonstrations in size. At least half a million marched on Washington, and nearly 200,000 jammed the streets of San Francisco.

For most Bard students and faculty, however, the day began quite uneventfully, with an assembly at the gymnasium at 12:30 a.m., followed by a slow, bumpy ride to the pick-up point at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie. This, in turn, was followed by an hour’s wait in the cold, early morning sun, until the chartered buses arrived from New Paltz, of course, where some company bureaucrat had sent them by mistake.

However, by the time we had arrived in Washington, the mild spring weather (75 degrees) had made up for the morning’s problems.

The day before the demonstration, Attorney General John Mitchell appeared on national television to state that there was a “strong possibility” of confrontation and violence at Saturday’s mobilization. However, like most administration “predictions” of this sort, it did not materialize. There was, in fact, only one minor inconvenience to a group of National Socialist White People’s Party (Nazis) attempting to provoke a confrontation with a group of demonstrators.

Saturday’s anti-war activities began with an assembly at the Ellipse behind the White House.

President Richard Nixon, undoubtedly motivated more by a desire to escape public wrath than a desire for “rest,” was not at home when several thousand “Yellow Americans” showed up to pay him a visit demanding that all the troops be brought home now, and an immediate end to the draft. The President was reportedly staying in his retreat at Camp David, Md., during the demonstration.

By mid-morning, the crowd had become so immense that the march to the Capitol was pushed ahead by 1 hour to relieve the congestion and pressure in the assembly area.

The march was led by a contingent of veterans and active-duty servicemen, many of whom were among the 3000 Vietnam Veterans Against the War who had helped set the stage for Saturday’s march and rally, earlier that week.

Following several days of mock “search and destroy” missions to dramatize the barbarism of the Vietnam war, and hours of testimony before Congressional committees, they climaxed their week of activities on April 23, when they marched to the Capitol and then down their war decorations in disgust at America’s policies of imperialism abroad and repression at home.

Another significant aspect of the April 24 demonstration was the offer of unconditional support it received from working class organizations.

Hundreds of labor unions endorsed the actions, including Region Six of the United Auto Workers, the California Federation of Teachers, the Drug and Hospital Workers, and New York City’s largest union, the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees.

Harold Gibbons, International Vice President of the Teamsters Union, optimistically predicted a new wave of labor opposition to the war as he personally led his contingent in the demonstration, loudly shouting anti-war slogans.

Banners such as “Federal Employers for Peace,” “Labor for Peace,” were to be seen everywhere along Pennsylvania Avenue.

Jerry Gordon, a coordinator of the National Peace Action Coalition (NPAC), organizers of the demonstration, stated that the crowd probably approached 500,000 in number, but that the total might have been close to 1,000,000 “including those stuck in buses and cars and not able to get in.”

Fred Halsted, Chief Marshall, that demonstrators were still arriving more than half an hour after the rally had begun at the Capitol, 16 blocks away from the White House.

Among the many speakers at the five-hour rally on the Capitol’s south side, was Debbie Ruskin, Chairwoman of the Student Mobilization Committee (SMC), the nation’s largest student anti-war group, “A lot of people said that students were apathetic about the war, and that people wouldn’t turn out to demonstrate against it,” she stated that the anti-war movement was “incredible testimony” to the contrary, and that not only do students hate the war, but that other sectors of the population, especially Blacks and union workers, are also fed up with Viet-

nam.

Senator Vance Hartke, who has recently come out in favor of immediate withdrawal of all U.S. troops, also was among those who addressed the crowd. He stated that America needed to return to its “unfounded business” of ending pov-

erty, racism, and neglect of the aged. He added that “the only way we can ever do them is to end the war by getting out now.”

Darrell Nesbitt, suspect of raping a Bard student, was apprehended by the police about 4 a.m. Monday morning. He was found in an out building at the St. Joseph Novitiate in Barrytown and was flown to Dutchess County Jail where he is being held at $2500 bail. He will be charged with rape, first degree, a Class B felony.

Nesbitt, 24 years old, had been in the Mar-
ines from 1968-1968. He is a Vietnam veteran. A Red Hook resident, he was shot on the woods in the area. During the search of wooded areas around the col-
egel, the police found five campuses.

Among them were one on Cruger’s island, one behind Delfaire’s property and one equipped with a tent in the deserted vil-

lage. Also found by the police was an M1 carbine and a shotgun he had aban-

doned. Dressed in camouflage clothing, Nesbitt was able to talk to officers since last Wednesday. He was spotted once Sunday afternoon, but the blood-

hounds lost his trail.

The Bard girl was walking on Cruger’s island at about 1:30 Wednesday afternoon when she was abducted and taken at gun-

point to the deserted village, with several stops along the way. When released, she went to the President’s house and phoned the police.

A State Trooper said, “He thinks he’s still in Vietnam.”

Other speakers related the war to addi-

tional pressing domestic problems. A women’s liberation activist pointed out that the war in Indochina was one of the principle reasons why women do not have free abortion on demand, or free child care centers, and stated, “When women, who comprise 56% of the popula-
tion, decide that the war will end, it will end.”

Several black liberation activists, includ-

ing Andrew Pully, a combat veteran, stated that the same racist America which is engaging in a racist war in Viet-

nam, is also responsible for the racist op-

pression and exploitation of black and other Third World people at home. He called upon all Third World peoples to unite against American imperialism in Vietnam.

Bard student Sol Siegel, who stated that the April 24 action was his first national demonstration, had this to say about the mobilization:

“I was amazed. I expected six figures, but I never really had an impression of that many people until I came and saw them today. It was incredible, really. We all took a vague idea from newspapers, but you have to be there. The rally itself was pretty much unexceptional, but the fact of the attendance of such a huge block of people can’t be ignored.”
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With: Richard Bilanji, Michael Bresler, Julie Gefland, Kurt Hill, Niles Jagger, Brit Jones, Michael Mey, Joshua Monroe, Sharon Murphy, Lisa Serret, Rick Weinberg.


SLAVERY AND MUSLIM SOCIETY IN AFRICA, Allan G. B. Fisher and Humphrey M. Johnson (Institute for Saharan and Sudanese Africa and the Trans-Saharan Trade) Doubleday $6.85

A MOMENT IN HISTORY, Brent Ahlbrenner (The last ten years of the Peace Corps) Doubleday $7.95

THE BOOK OF PEACE, Richard Shannon. ("I am a spiritual journey into the meaning of things." Doubleday $6.00

POTATOES ARE CHEAPER, Max Shulman. (How a Jewish boy listened to his mother but found happiness anyway.) Doubleday $5.95

THE CHEIF WHO CAME TO DINNER, Terrence Lorr Smith. (a novel) Doubleday $4.95

FAKING IT, Or the Wrong Hungarian, Gerald Green. (author of THE LAST

ANGRY MAN Trident Press. $7.95

THIS EARTH, MY BROTHER, Kofi Awoonor. (An Allegorical Tale of Africa) Doubleday $5.95

TOMORROW'S TOMORROW, The Black Well, Joyce A. Lather. ("It's none other!") Doubleday $6.95

THE REVELATIONS OF A DISAPPEARING MAN, Charles Tekeyan. (A novel about identity, sexuality, life, death, eternity, C. Aubrey Smith, a girl in laurel and a father & son.) Doubleday $6.95

REVOLUTIONARY NONVIOLENCE, David Dellinger. (Essays. Anchor. $2.56

ASTROLOGY AND SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY, Edward Anthony. (A horoscope guide to selecting your ideal partner) An Essenes Special Edition, $1.00

DIVIDED WE STAND, Gushing Stout and David S. Grossberg. (Reflections on the Crisis at Cornell) Doubleday-Anchor. $1.45

DOWN SECOND AVENUE, Ezekiel Mphalaite. (Growing up in a South Afri
can-ghetto.) Doubleday-Anchor. $1.95

MY NAME IS AFIKA, Kipimasiyape. Kipsitsele. Doubleday-Anchor. $1.95

PATRIOTIC POEMS OF AMERIKA, Rev. Todd S. J. Lawson. Peace and Pieces Books $1.85

THE HOMEcomings, Joel Schenker will produce Harold Pinter's "The Homecoming," starring Janie Ruse, Tony Tanner and Eric Berry, on Tuesday, May 18, after nine previews beginning May 10. Jerry Adler will direct it. "The Homecoming" will have a curtain at 7:30 Mon. Sat. and matinees on Wed. and Sat., at the Bijou Theatre (387 West 48th Street).

Student ID cards will be accepted at the box office for reduced prices for all performances.

Lydia Ayers

THE FIRST ANNUAL GREAT BARD CLEANUP

THURSDAY, APRIL 29th 9:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

The first annual Great Bard Clean-up will begin this Thursday morning. Barbara Grossman will be directing people to all areas on campus from the main headquarters which will be located outside the coffee shop.

With commencement one month earlier this year there are one month fewer B & G days. Let's get involved in our immediate environment, Let's clean up Bard. Do your share.

A little bit from everyone is all that's needed.

The areas below have been suggested areas for the clean-up attack.

1. Rake and clean up both sides main driveway from Stone Row to Chapel.
2. Area between Bard Hall and Proctor clear out and grade.
3. From rear of library down Kappa path - clean out and rake either side of black-top path.
4. Corner of woods by entrance to new tennis courts - clean out broken limbs, dead tree trunks and trash.
5. Rake up old leaves and trash around sewer pumping station between South Hall and Alteor.
6. Rake around South Hall and clear up trash.
7. Clean out dead leaves and trash next to Manor House, all around building.
8. Cemetery - rake up dead leaves.
9. Rake all around Robbins, clear out dead leaves and trash next to foundation.
10. Remove old broken down fence and brush grown into the wall approaching the campus from Biltmore drive and restore wall where broken.
11. Old tennis courts on main campus, rake up dead leaves.
12. Clear out leaves and rubbish in window wells around Aspinwall.
13. Fill holes in lawn next to driveway on Chapel circle, and spread new gravel on circle.
14. Clear up broken branches, fallen trees and other trash between skating pond and tar road.
15. Remove materials in dump by Manor House so it won't be seen as you come down Cruger Road (help and oversight of B & G needed for this).
16. Cruger Island road from black-top road down to opposite Auxiliary dorms clear out fallen branches and down tree trunks, and rake out trash (Don't do right-hand side of Cruger Island road - much poison ivy on fence posts and trees here - too dangerous to work here.)

free beer
join in the festivities
cookout

burning of rifles destined for the Indians would do once the soldiers raised a badly armed village.

I would agree that there is much justification for comparing My Lai with Soldier Blue, but the only thing May sees apparently is that My Lai and the massacre in Soldier Blue make good copy so his review will be longer.

I am (unannouncedly) awaiting his reaction to Little Big Man.

You're in Peace and Freedom, Timothy Longe, Editor-in-Chief (Winno Watomis) The Colorado Daily

P.S. We still like most of what you're doing.
Along the Bleeker St, one finds numerous Groovy and Slav pit stops screened: all of which are crammed tight in between the tall buildings. They’re allegedly planted to the entrance doors that open to the inside such that, once inside, one would find themselves jammed against the hallway door being flung to.

Between Sullivan and Thompson streets on the north side of the street is the ‘Circle in the Square’ theatre. Flocks of out-of-towners are forever lingering in front of the theatre and at the box office. Right across from it, looming like some gargantuan tribute to the Welfare Board, and the Department of Corrections of New York is the Greenwich Hotel. Dank and rancid home of nearly three quarters of the Village’s winos, junkies, and played-out beatniks, but mostly junkies. Black junkies who have in some way or another been railroaded to a point where all they can eat for substance is food. It’s something to decide some thought to.

Getting back to the huge edifice, that in one sense can be considered similar to the outside faces of those drab, factory-like Brooklyn high schools. In particular Brooklyn Tech with it’s grated windows resembling some house of detention. A lamened swagging of aged plywood projects out on the west side of the mar-quit (which advertises nought but shelter from the rain). In peeling, blue-black lettering it states “GREENWICH HOTEL” *BIG WEEKLY RATES** THOSE DOLLARS PER NIGHT** SATIRES**ACANS- CY**. Below is a sign similar in material, telling of the cafeteria’s special of the day as far as soups are concerned, with an additional note that there is a special of a stew dish (aww garlic breaxal) for one dollar and forty-nine cents. Perpendicular to this is the entrance, a revolving door flanked by two open-cut wood and glass doors.

A squat black man, built four feet by four feet, is moulded into a chair back towards the counter where tenants collect their letters and their keys. He wears a grey sweat suit and a sleeveless jaggidy cut-off. While fondling his paws that have a mark of a foot like a single eye is glued to his entrance and his other – the wandering eye, floats from side to side to the other and finally comes to rest on his paws. His cranium has an indentation on the right side and a protrusion resembling a small pomegranate. He is the one, rather than the others, who makes it quite hard for any of the ‘Coney Street Boys’ to make their connections at the hotel. Yet the kids from tenth street also meander in either bringing bits of ‘powder’ solid in the burns and hobs down on Jane St. or simply looking to score a ‘wake-up’ shot. Half loads go for such exorbitant price down on MacDougal that only the richer chumps will buy them, preferring to avoid any haaske, even if it might mean reducing the price by a good fifteen dollars.

As for the rather well known tenant who support what has become for them a domineering habit, they are fronted something in the area of five or six half loads which they are to sell for their ‘Mar’. Out of what they off on the streets, a substantial amount of the gros back to their man and the rest of the money that is put towards ‘running’ and for their Shows for the day.

The hotel appears to be about fifteen flights. To the east of the entrance is the Village Gate. On the Thompson and Sullivan St. sides are exits and entrances and both side are equipped with a very old system of fire escapes. Uniform guards on the floors of each hotel, who are in all probability users themselves, Tar in wait for anything that comes their way. Except for the familiar black faces that have already established a routine for eliminating any haskies, they try (they being the aforementioned primates of the lobby) to keep all possible buyers, mostly white, from getting beyond the lobby. Should any of them perceive they be fortunate to get to the upper floors, or the dryroom where all the connections hang, they are quite often pincched by the guards and they either wind up losing their money, their dope, or maybe both. While any of this might be happening the boys are lying in the alcove of the ‘Circle in the Square’ with the hopes of catching the eye of one of the dealers who are leaning on the window sills of the dryroom, which looks out across to the al- drome. It has been a quirk for me trying to figure out whether to mention real names or pseudonym. At times I felt the real names have more meaning and are easier to visualize, yet at other times I have second thoughts about putting old acquaintances in joicsity with the sixth person. Let’s just forget about other the latter and let me just say being here I’m not even sure if they’re still laying out in that area. As I remember, and this lasted for quite a while, a dynasty built up around the ‘drud brothers’. Jerry and Doug Dru. They’ve been dealing the finest thing around for a long, long time. Three dollar packages wrapped in tin foil that could have passed for a ‘pound’ bag in other areas. Then there were Gypsy, three hundred pounds of Spanish that wouldn’t give the time of day to a white boy, and Indo and Spanish Billy who were at that time fairly well known such that it was not at all easy for them to make the rounds. Indo is not partial reality to day or night whereas Billy would easily cruise during the day. He’d wait for the clubs and coffee houses to open before going out. Camouflaged very well to visitors to the clubs and God-knows-who trying to buy buttons at the millions of plastic head shops that cater to people who are fogged enough to throw their money away on the shit in those stores.

Those chinks really gave those pig pongo’s the royal treatment. They ate Swann’s eleven course Chinese T.V. dinners, the same I ate when I watched Macbhey R.F.D. and Family Affair (Pat is such a great cook). Oh, I almost forget, Clel Cowan, a member of my team, handed me some mangle jone and boric acid. That long haired guy said, “Don’t knock it till you’ve tried it, Dick.” I was moved that he would correlate me in such a short time. I couldn’t believe it, but that kid with all that hair actually could talk. I’m going to be nicer to all those freaks now that I know they’re people. Well I snorted some grass and shot up that acid and hallucinated. I thought I was the champion pig pongo player of the world, and my name is Spiro Avenop. Boy, I really dignity. Can you imagine being that stone?

Well, I’m going to start having relations with Chou Enlai soon. (Pat says he’s final). Jim Buckely asked me the other day what I thought about Red China. I said, “Nothing. I don’t understand the color of the tablet cloth.” I asked Chou if Red China had a democracy (giving him time to think). He answered, “How can you think we go to many people? We go to every house every night.” I said, “A great joke, Chou, I read it in Playboy.” He answered “We’ve gonna trade with Marsha! But I also afraid they’d blow my fucking head right off. Well, that’s the way the ball bounce. Until next time, if there is a next time, I remain your king.

by Michael May

Doug Dru. They’ve been dealing the finest thing around for a long, long time. Three dollar packages wrapped in tin foil that could have passed for a ‘pound’ bag in other areas. Then there were Gypsy, three hundred pounds of Spanish that wouldn’t give the time of day to a white boy, and Indo and Spanish Billy who were at that time fairly well known such that it was not at all easy for them to make the rounds. Indo is not partial reality to day or night whereas Billy would easily cruise during the day. He’d wait for the clubs and coffee houses to open before going out. Camouflaged very well to visitors to the clubs and God-knows-who trying to buy buttons at the millions of plastic head shops that cater to people who are fogged enough to throw their money away on the shit in those stores.

by Joshua Maroz

by R.M. Nixon

Before I start getting, I want to make one thing porcinal dear, and that is I like all types of food. French, English, Japanese, Yugoslav and all that Uncle Tom’s Converted Rice. And it has been converted. It is now an American dish. I would also like to preface my remarks by saying that I am knowledgeable about ping pong. And if your generation is he with newspapers I was quoted last week saying that in Whitter College I played ping pong and I must admit I was pretty good at it. (Pat tells me ‘I’m so athletic, she’s so nice’). As a matter of fact my first real love was the original Ping Pong Pat because of her athletic prowess. If I may, I would like to digress at this point to mention how I met Ping Pong Pat. (I seldom get off the topic but I feel I can be straight with you). I walked into the rec room (that’s the large room for you amateurs) and saw her beautiful arms dippings with sweet and I quoted her B.V.D’s. underneath her sweet-stained ping pong skirt. She was the cutest look ever all. I sat on a throne to give her form. What a flirt! I bet she had got training to get that form anyhow. Any way I got all my strength up and asked her if she would play with me. She beat me all right, but I knew that one day I would best her. (uh, at ping pong.) She beat me, but I felt good. Like I was my form, but I looked so virile, how could she resist me? Well, the rest is history, as you well know. Before I go back to my original point, I’d like to think the United Textile Association for voting my Tricia one of the ten best-dressed children in my country. Of course, she was twenty five years old.

by Joshua Maroz

So anyhow all the yellow, jaundiced faces are probably still waiting for their ‘leaves’ to wake up and get out on the streets. And the street cleaner sweeps the bole and the little glass stamp envelopes left on the floor are known by ‘me’ ‘I’m real tired. Exactly. So everybody is William Burroughs. But really no one is but you. That’s what they’re saying. And how about ‘Hunks the junkie’? He’s the guy that got Big Bill off for the first time. Everyone’s just gonna have to learn that it’s their story. Not anyone else’s.

This descriptive piece is simply an intro- duction to what will be a much more amorous scene of sorts of my life those days when $3.00 used to be my luck. It was fun for a while, but as for now, that’s another story.

The shooting of an element

graphic by Julie Gefland

graphic by Julie Gefland

photographic by Josh Maroz

by Michael May

to be continued next week
freedom seder

Last Thursday night, April 15, the Jewish Alliance held a Freedom Seder in Blithe Wood.

For those of you who didn’t go, or who went but had too much wine, the seder is the ceremonial dinner that commemorates the liberation of the Children of Israel from Egyptian slavery just 3600 years ago. The ceremony involves retelling the story of Moses’ adop-
tion by the Pharaoh’s daughter, his efforts to persuade the Pharaoh to free the He-
brew slaves, the ten plagues that God brought down upon the Egyptians, cul-
nimating in the deaths of all the first-born (and which covenants have been attribut-
ing to various natural phenomena ever since), his passing over the houses of the He-
brews while spreading the final plague, the slaying of all the first-born, and the flight of the Hebrews from Egypt. The story is depicted in the Haggadah, which is a key part of the ceremony, including explaining the symbolic items on the Seder Plate, including the bitter herbs, usually horseradish, that symbolize the bitterness of the years of slavery.

There were more than 100 people cele-
brating the ritual that night, and the Alliance was ready for them with, among other things, fifteen gallons of wine (about 750 bottles) and 30 pounds of matzah, the flat cakes of bread that the Hebrews had no time to let rise before fleeing Egypt.

The Haggadah, the text read during the Seder, was adapted by Marshall Kupchan, Steven Berman, and Daniel Cantor from Arthur Waskow’s “Radical Haggadah,” which appeared in Ramparts a few years ago. The original Waskow text was over run with references to today’s struggle for freedom, peace, and the environment; the version used at the Seder retained some of these, including quotations from Shaw and Martin Luther King, Jr., but these were not literal changes but additions to the traditional Haggadah text which I personally prefer. I don’t think that it is necessarily necessary to make the Passover service more “relevant” to the needs of our time, but I do think it is a more relevant service if it is more relevant to the needs of our time.

The service was conducted in a kind of audience-participation fashion, with suc-
cessive paragraphs being read out loud in sequence, with the audience remaining silent, until the next in line, who were mostly students. It was nice to see a lot of different people here. When I watched them all march by me as I was going down the ellipse, I had the feeling that none of them would agree with each other on anything, except perhaps that they want to end the war... and the working people decide that they want to stop the war, they’ll do it in a very short time.”

by Kurt Hill

Jazz

Hopefully Bard will be able to hire a jazz musician (possibly trombonist pianist Roswell Rudd of Archie Shepp’s band) to teach part-time next semester. A certain minimum number of students is required, however, in order to make this enterprise worthwhile. If you are seriously interested in taking a Jazz History course (emphasis on the music through recordings, and not on dates, names, etc.) or an Improvisation course, or in the absence of a qualified teacher, please fill out the appended form taking Jazz History course or Jazz Improvisation Workshop, please sign below and return to box 686.

Jazz History and/or Improvisation taught by a jazz musician

Student-run Improvisation Workshop and Seminar (affiliation with some instrument or other required)

Name ____________________________

Major __________________________

Box No. _________________________

So, to that extent, white people might be somewhat justified in claiming ignorance of the Latino American’s plight. But does the community attempt to correct this fault? Up until several years ago, it was easy to ignore the problem—there were no Latino American events.

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It is in the nature of a rock concert that you get more for your money than music. And why else I can speak with great confidence about the success of the Grateful Dead in Princeton on Saturday the 17th. I can not properly speak about guitar technique or about the harmony of the musical compositions. I cannot make critical judgments about tone, acoustical reverberation, or other related topics. My relationship to rock music, and music in general, is that of an amazed novice rather than a sharp-eyed aficionado. And yet, I can now go forward and praise the Dead.

The first thing to talk about is the audience. Princeton was for me a very strange place. It looked like a combination median between a skyscraper and a church. On the one hand the concert was everywhere happening; on the other, the atmosphere was fantastic. Everything was turned inside out, and the audience was a huge crowd of people of all ages, who seemed to be having a great time. The music started, this impression was almost completely obliterated. I think this fact is very crucial in understanding the meaning of rock and the Dead in particular. Like marijuana, rock and roll is one of the experiences of the college-aged person. A group of students listening to the Dead in Princeton will probably react similarly to a group listening to the Dead in Nebraska or Florida or at Florida or at Bard. All of my sense of strangeness and otherness with respect to the Princeton students, none of whom I know, I have, completely disappeared while the music played. If one wishes to be cynical one can argue that this experience destroyed my sense of individuality, that it rendered me an amorphous and blind, but I don’t think that is the case. Rather I reacted spontaneously, and I felt as if those in the audience had just simply glued to the stage lost in admiration; some sang along, and others just tried to keep their minds open to the music as they stood still. I felt, for one of the rare times in my own life, that primitive, pre-intellectual kind of communication with other people, that almost tribal fellowship. I think one of the interesting things about this feeling is direct relationship to the style in which the Grateful Dead play. When Mick Jagger does something, you know it or hate his guts. But when the Dead play, there is a flow between you and them. I think you have to feel like you are part of the more flamboyant, and “original” groups like The Who, Sly and The Family Stone, and The Grateful Dead. Generally I always feel a greater distance toward myself and the kind of performer, regardless of the extent to which I admire the performer. A group like the Dead, and also groups like the Band, for one example, are so unself-conscious, so direct and simple, that I think the admiration is encompassed by a direct sort of empathy with which I can identify and you love the music, then you love them as well, because they are more concerned with playing than with ego-tripping. Hendrix, Jagger, Townes, they’re all great, but I could never relate as completely to them as I could to each of the members of the Dead. All of that, even the individuals contributed so amaz ingly. I mean, I know that if any of the group tried to outstrip the others, never once was there any blatant straining after effect, but instead an intensely quiet kind of confidence and pleasure. The paradox is that while the Dead play their music without relying on theatrical mannerisms and the kind of theatrical movement which Jagger depends on, they are very successful at gaining precisely the sort of audience involvement that is typical of a speaker of earlier. Of course, it isn’t really that hard to understand. The Dead depend quite strongly on the music, and on the music that music and audience involvement and pleasure make the empathy go. There were a couple of aspects of the concert which were particularly interesting for me. For one I felt like the first time as though I truly understood the role of a rock drummer. Bill Kreutzmann did one solo, which was fine, but what really impressed me was the way the drums complemented the music. Usually the drummers play through their music, that music and the drumming are one and pleasure make the empathy go. The Dead have been playing together for a long time, and this came through very clearly, in a way that I haven’t been able to notice before. In particular I loved the way that Phil Lesh would quietly move closer to Garcia whenever there was a particularly cluttered run to do. There was also the almost machine-like precision with which they moved toward and away from the microphones. Perhaps all of this is trivial to those readers who’ve gone to a million shows, but they were all great sources of pleasure, satisfaction and amusement to me. The other thing that I can remember most clearly is the way the band changed its faces after a song ended. It was a sort of poetic, semi-human beauty at the heights of their technical performance, as the band moved in and out of the frame. It was a reminder of how people, here or anywhere, seem engaged in a complex and sometimes tortured way, that it is indeed a joy to watch people who are really engaged. It seems to me that it is this sort of composite integration to working at full-tilt with high standards, which makes the Grateful Dead so ex ample. The image of five people know ing how to do what they do, and simultaneously letting other people in on their enjoyment, is one of a few which can genuinely be cherished.

photo by Rick Weinberg

Raymond Chandler: poet

"Anna Haley was about two hundred and forty pounds of middle-aged putty-faced woman in a black tailor made suit. Her eyes were shiny black, almost, and she had about the same color. She was sitting behind a black glass desk that looked like Napoleon’s tomb and she was smoking a cigarette in a black holder that was not quite as long as a rolled umbrella. She laughed."

I watched her shake ash from the cigarette to the shiny top of the desk where flakes of it curdled and crawled in the draft from an open window.

"I need a man good-looking enough to pick up a dame who has a sense of style, but he’s got to be tough enough to swap punches with a power shovel. I need a guy who can act like a bar lizard and barchat like Fred Allen, only better, and get dwashed in a beer truck and think some cutie in the leg-line topped him with a breastwick."

"It’s a cinch, " I said. "You need the New York Yankees, Robert Donat, and the Yacht Club Boys."

"You might do," Anna said, "cleaned up a little. Twenty bucks a day and ex."

Raymond Chandler is at most times considered the prototype of Dashiell Hammett. Kid brother. It’s crap, if you’re asking me.

Chandler came into the world in Chicago 1888. At fifteen, he was dragged to England by his old boy. He went to English public school, then went on to Oulich College (majoring in Greek and Latin). He then studied French in France and Germany with no success. Although he was an American he did stay in England for quite a while and upon returning to the States he said that he had an English accent you could cut with a baseball bat. He said that there were two kinds of slang that were any good: slang that’s established itself in the language and that which you make up yourself. Everything else is apt to be pass before it gets into print.

When being asked how to talk to someone to leave Chandler used a host of expressions like "Scream. Beat it. Take the air, you way, dangle, hit the road, dust, take a powder, etc...". In December of '23 his first story appeared; "Black-Mailers Don’t Shoot." At this time Chandler was forty-five. He was about the foremost member of the Black Mask magazine (pub) school of thought. Odd enough Chandler was in the oil business and a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It was then he began to write stories on his own having published them in the country pulp mags that were floating around at that time. Before this, upon returning to the U.S. he went up to Canada (1917-18) and joined the royal highlanders, serving in France. It was after this he began his busier career in Los Angeles.

His first novel, and the one that probably comes to the minds of people when his name is mentioned, was published in 1930, THE BIG SLEEP. Very quickly it was followed in the start of the 40’s by FARRELL, MY LOVELY, THE LADY IN THE LAKE, and THE HIGH WINDOW. All of which started his immovable charac- ter, Philip Marlowe. Marlowe’s first book was known as John Dalance. Chandler is credited as being of the BIG SLEEP that “I’ll never equal it for suspense.” I can’t say, that my success followed with writing the screenplay for the Hollywood adaptation of James M. Cain’s DOUBLE INDEMNITY. The film starred Fred MacMurry, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. It was to aid Chandler tremendously in the future even though he himself had already made a huge impact and was considered the one, and I might add only, possible peer of Dashiell Hammett. His direction and being able to look to writing also. A bit prior to this THE MALTESE FALCON, starred Humphrey Bogart as Sam, just as THE BIG SLEEP did. Yet Bogart’s woman Lauren Bacall was to receive full SLEEP whereas in THE MALTESE FALCON the Man Trap was played by Mary Astor. In a very early short story, A house ‘dick’ Tony Reems played the way for the image of Marlowe.
Presented by Kodak Company

Environmental Advertising

ECO-PORNOGRAPHY S. 927

Senator William B. Spong, Jr. of Virginia has introduced a bill to put the purveyors of eco-pornography behind bars for six months or to fine them $10,000.

Senator Spong says his bill, S. 927, was prompted by the flood of advertising praising industrial pollution control that followed hard on the heels of the nation's new environmental awareness. As Spong put it, "Many industries apparently are placing more emphasis on advertising their abatement activities than they are on abatement itself. And the advertisements in some cases are worse than misleading - they are not even truthful."

The bill amends the air and water control laws "to prevent false and deceptive advertising with respect to products and services to prevent and control air and water pollution." Co-sponsors include Senators Howard Baker of Tennessee, Birch Bayh of Indiana, Robert Dole of Kansas, Edmund Muskie of Maine and Jennings Randolph of West Virginia. All except Spong are members of the Public Works Committee to which the legislation was referred, virtually assuring its passage on the Senate Floor.

Reprinted from CONSERVATION NEWS, National Wildlife Federation, Washington D.C.

How to return a non-returnable can

1. Bring it to a recycling center.
2. We have already set up several around the country. By the end of April, there will be over a hundred.
3. We're the people who make cans. And we think a used can can be a useful thing. Not another piece of garbage.
4. We'll take any can you can give us. Beer, Soda, Soup, Salmon. Anything. Steel or aluminum. Just take off the labels and rinse them out. And we'll sort, ship and sell them to the metal companies. And whatever money we get, we'll give it to local environmental projects.
5. The point is very simply to conserve natural resources and get rid of garbage. If we re-use steel and aluminum, we don't have to take as much out of the ground.
6. But we need you. And we need your cans. Tomato juice. Clam soup. String beans. All of them.
7. Now there is no such thing as a non-returnable can.

The Can People

8. We care more than you do. We have to.

DEBUNKING MADISON AVENUE

The can is under attack; there is a growing national effort to reduce the annual amount of solid waste in the U.S. and a growing number of citizen suits seeking to ban non-returnable beverage containers - favoring returnable bottles over non-returnable cans.

The thrust of this ad is not so much to stimulate the desire to return cans as it is to get them to keep on buying cans. Once you read the six-inch-high headline and see the enormous cumpled can, then you can go out, free of guilt, and buy more cans. You can now be returned. Later on, you don't have to return them any more. There doesn't have to be returnable bottles.

1. Besides, how are you going to return them if you can't even find a recycling center in your area?
2. 200 plants are expected to have "recycling centers" by summer. But if these so-called centers are nothing more than a few open bins on plant property, they could have been set up immediately - even before the ads began.
3. In 1970, can companies manufactured about 63 billion cans, 30 billion of which were beer and soft-drink containers.
4. The casual way can companies plan to handle public scrap underneath their lack of serious concern for recycling processes.
5. The going rate is $200 per ton for all-aluminum cans, $20 per ton for pure steel cans, and $10 per ton for bi-metal cans.
6. Not only does aluminum interfere with the reprocessing by de-tinning companies, it is not even recovered.

7. In spite of all the limitations, public relations men remain cooperative and optimistic about their recycling program.

Mr. Hudson of Continental Can Company was so enthusiastic he said, "Little old ladies with paper bags full of tin cans on their laps are probably sitting on subways right now trying to get here."

Mr. Norman Doby of Director of Government Relations for American Can Company in Washington, D.C., said, "I don't give a rat what kind of can it is - it can be recycled."

8. In an address to the National Canners Association, Mr. William F. May, Chairman of the American Can Association, explained, "We owe it to our children, as well as to our stockholders, to work in a positive way toward ecological repair." Perhaps commercial advertising is the positive way. If it can stimulate others to do the recycling - many municipalities are beginning their own programs - then "The Can People" won't have to assume long-term financial responsibility and business can continue as usual.

(excerpt from an article by Avery Taylor, ENVIRONMENTAL ACTION, April 17, 1971, a biweekly publication of ENVIRONMENTAL Action, Inc., Room 731, 1346 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. $7.50/yr.)

Allowance, Time in the Utility Household graphic: ENVIRONMENTAL ACTION

CLEANER AIR 12 WAYS

The advertising business has lived so easily and wealthily with the implied false promise that we have come to regard it as our Constitutional right.

We're not even much subtler than we were in the 1930's when the industry said that it could make coal clean enough for the ash to be scraped out of the chimney. Today we say it can clean our air. But the ash is going to be burned somewhere. If it isn't burned it will be rained back on us.

The following excerpts from the Introduction represent the tone and general attitude of the book:

"Advertisements deliberately distort to sell their products. Oil companies are furiously advertising that using their new low sulfur fuel will eliminate pollution. The impression is firmly implanted in the mind of the public that the road to cleaner skies will be built by burning low lead detergent gas so that the more the public uses, the cleaner the air will become. But the petroleum industry and their corporate brothers in the auto industry fail to advertise alternative solutions to the air pollution problem.

"Soap and detergent manufacturers also project a misleading picture of the genuine desires of the public for cleaner water. One maker even markets a product tagged Ecolo-G to tap the concern. After all, phosphate products received a commercial bashing, the inorganic environmentists, doubtless the (tricraciic acid) and started advertising new pollution-fighting detergents. Now, tests are showing that their operation may be as bad or worse than the original phosphate product..."
is just more pollution

A section of the book, "The Foundation," gives detailed information on who need to research corporations which pollute: sources of financial statistics, political arrangements and other evidence of corruption. It also suggests where to get money, where to get cheap office supplies, how to organize an office and how to plan the environment for a successful community meeting. Then it discusses how to use media to get the word out. "Dealing with the news media is an art, and it should be taken seriously." The theatrical aspect of any action should be considered. "If a photographic situation is likely to arise, the media know about it beforehand." Then it gives other "Tactics" to get the message across. Starting with speaking programs and workshops, it says, "Weekly meetings over a period of time could create a hard core of individuals who can form a network of experts, airport, automobile, solid waste, power generation, noise, oil pollution, open space and population." Appendices include, "Personal Inventory, Community Inventory, National Eco Groups, Local Eco Groups, Glossary of Eco Words, and a Glossary of Organizational Acronyms and Abbreviations.

"Gardens can be eliminated by planting a pot filled with beer in the garden. The ugly beer love much, so they drown in it." (Fairfax County Cen's Kitchen Garden Club)

The March issue of EARTH magazine from San Francisco has articles on Zen meditation, strip mining the Navajo sacred female mountain, and Partch's unusual musical instruments. Other interesting articles include an "Underground to cities and colleges," an essay on the effects of "Death in Venice," "Communism" and "Government by Television." In layout EARTH is glossy and attractive as any most of the other contemporary magazines, but the articles appeal to more literal tastes than most of the other special. The typography is exceptional.

Quiet

"Less thinking might be better thinking for the simple reason that we might have more than thoughts and words to think about. For thoughts are symbols rather than realities: they represent, but are not, the actual world."
In the first part, the action moves from Alma’s groping attempts to get close to Elizabeth, by confiding in her and complimenting her. These scenes suggest the precariousness of Alma’s situation. This movement is changed from the moment Alma reads the letter. At that moment, she feels betrayed and totally alone. This fact is conveyed particularly by two stunning shots, one in which Alma stands away from the car and stares at her reflection in the pond, the other which comes after the first fight, in which she sits huddled in the rocks.

The sense of desolation which Alma has gained is reflected in the two horrifying bits of cruelty, one with the glass, the other with the boiling water. Each of those acts is an indication of Alma’s intense horror at the implications of Elizabeth’s silence. They register her unwillingness to accept Elizabeth’s despair, and the whole breaking down of her carefully ordered existence.

The following sequences continue the action, dramatizing the workings of this new awareness. Each of the following scenes have an explicitly nightmarish quality. The scene with Elizabeth’s husband is heavily charged with an almost surreal quality, as is the scene of Elizabeth sucking Alma’s blood. In the first scene with the husband’s visit, the shots of Elizabeth in the foreground, as if in her own world, are the second two making love, express the way that Alma has absorbed Elizabeth’s sense of incomparability. Her horrified screams at the end of that scene are made more terrifying by Bergman’s simple camera movement to Elizabeth’s face in close-up. Her expression signifying her complete understand- ing of Alma’s newly understood pain. It is terrifying to call these scenes “exchange of identity” but actually Elizabeth does not really progress. The significant action belongs to Alma. Even in the blood sucking scene, we feel that Alma is directing the action, it is her mixture of desire and disgust which moves the scene. Yet I don’t think that these later scenes should be viewed as Alma’s dream. In pleasant dreams, the consequence of the twice-repeated story encourages us to feel Elizabeth’s suffering being as fully as Alma’s. More particularly, there are the two scenes and Elizabeth is alone: one watching the monk set fire to himself, the other with her looking at the picture of the Woman in Black. These two scenes suggest the terror of any person trying to open himself up to the events of our age and they are analogous to the acts of cruelty which the women themselves perpetrate. If Elizabeth’s character is the more static one in the film, we must insist that her suffering is more than a projection by Alma.

It seems to me that the nature of the last sections of the film is such that although we cannot take them as literally true, we cannot write them off as dream or fantasy. The confusion here is part of Bergman’s meaning. In that initial image of the boy reaching to touch the faces going in and out of focus, he has given us one clue to his own uncertainty, his own sense of a reality too powerful to become rationally explainable. Each of the last four scenes in the film involves in the established characters of the first part. In one sense the organisation is like that of a symphony, rather than a linear narrative. The themes established in the first section are given us in the second, but with variations which develop and extend. The film ends in the same naturalistic manner. The scene of the two women preparing to leave is entirely wordless. We are left with one unsolved ambiguity, as Alma prepares herself to return to the world. We cannot say whether she is prepared to begin again, or merely stronger by the painful experience. The openness of the ending suggests to me that, among other things, Bergman could not fully make up his own mind. The direction which the second section of the film goes, allows no positive resolution. And hence, as the boy returns, for a brief moment, the face goes into a blur, the film runs out of the machine. It is as if the physical demand of the death of the ending has overthrown the story. It seems once again Bergman’s own statement about the inadequacy of the medium to fully do justice to the existential.
from preceding page

and as such emerges more directly and powerfully. The absence of demons and mysteries and confusion allows us to participate more fully in the emotional action, and so we can respond to those first beautiful scenes of the husband and wife making and making up more intensely.

It seems to me that Bergman's doomed marriage is not something about the Plague or the atom bomb. It is just dirty normal war, the kind of existence which the Victorians have had for thirty years now. Total holocaust is certainly terrible to us, but this evilly emotive, demoralizing existence is the kind we can relate to. It is as we always imagine it was. Bergman universalizes it similar to the way Camus utilized the plague. Though "Shame" seems to me the most effective anti-war film I've seen, I don't think that we should view it in precisely those terms. What we are given is a war as an impetus and catalyst, which wreaks an intense kind of effect on human relations. It is modern experience, the sense of dislocation, the fear, the terror, heightened. When Eva speaks of her last dream, the roses on fire, beautiful and awful, she speaks, I think, for Berg- man, but not the Bergman who must find philosophical answers, but rather the man trying to survive. Pauline Kael has referred to "Shame" as "An Essay written in advance for a civilization which seems already dangerous." What makes "Shame" so beautiful to me, is that for all the despair and the terror we feel, there is a change and effectively the values in life which deserve to survive. The despair is not abstracted from experience, but from a loss of something real and genuine. Those shots of the antique shop, and sense of order, security and serenity they express, or the scenes of Eva and Jan dancing and cooking with their meal, are real and moving. In those scenes, and in the whole character of Eva, very much flawed and very vulnerable, I see something new in Bergman's abili- ty, the ability to make beauty and peace as real as despair and agony.

Saturday night, Down The Road.

"Did ya see 'The Dream Play,' Freak show, huh?"

Sunday morning, D.C.

"Heymanny's behaving late show, the theatre la. I'm there, manoooooooh.

You know.

And later.

"Fucking music blew my head.

And still later.

"Nice set." ?

And later still.

"Nice lights...wow, yeah!"

Later and still.

"Fucking music sucked,"

And on.

Well, they've done it again. Those long-haired theatre people handed the Bard Community another play, April 17th, at the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance. It was a "Dream Play" written by August Strindberg and directed by Richard Biliang. Another play - another fraud, is more like it than fairies and gals. Listen up.

On immediately entering the auditorium one was immediately conscious of the strange ambiance.

The lights were so dim that I could hardly read my program ofallon or talk to my friends across the auditorium. And there was the fait hint of incense in the air.

Wicked and foreboding.

And the play...

When the play finally got going (I saw the show every night and every time there was a late comer banging, crudely enough, on the side door of the auditorium), I could hear the actors over the incredible din of the music (?), felt uncomfortably disoriented.

One sensed that one, or two, did not know (and were meant to know either) where they were. Purposefully, the director placed the audience in a time, a world, forced us to watch some

flakishly clothed young people on about

absurdly colored stage, do all kinds of bad and

obscene things. He made some of the

youngsters rub each others bodies all

over and from the way the actors did it so well and so much, he probably bratual-

ized them quite a lot backstage and pronounced more of the same if they didn't comply with his dastiety dictates.

Why are people like this allowed to guide 13 peoples lives and actions like that? Its an outrage. Parents should be told where and how their money is being spent.

The authorities should be alerted.

Oh my goodness.

"The Dream Play," like some of the other so called performances given at the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance, tried to trick the audience, to place them in some fairyland, fantasy or freakland, la la la.

When I came to see "Antony and Cleopar," I felt assured of good Shakespearean

flaunts and nice rounded and polished language.

Also, a fraud again.

Actors with strange colors in their hair marched here and there as if the small stage was the world, all the while with their private brickling through their tight little sectarians.

Gee.

They think we'll believe anything. Never once I saw the column of Rome or the slave and send of Egypt.

Do they think we're Idiots?

It's all ba.

And those other goode shows...senses waste of the youthful, handsome, and beautiful actors efforts and talents. Only the ego of the directors can be seen on the stage and, oh golly, it's so sourful.

Well, enough of my badmating but just one more thing, friends.

The sound for "The Dream Play" was by a Slify Rock (soft irony). I became aware of the destructiveness of this rock and roll and mucisit early and easily.

All that the music (?) consisted of was grating, harsh, raucous sound and rattles and moving from speaker to

characterizes the robber baron in our

mythology. When Welles-Kane

nounces "six years ago I looked at a pic-

ture of the greatest newspaper men in

the world. I felt like a kid in a candy store.

Well, I got my candy...all of it."

There is a kind of chains in it, which Welles pun-

tuates beautifully with the sound of the

Musician Ship

It's not Lisette. Columbia has issued the third album in its "Empty Bed Blues" series, and it is a maddeningly un-

even collection of cuts from the years 1924 and 1928.

One side of this two-record set is an al-

most total loss because of extremely poor sound and worse accompaniment. In these recordings from December of 1923 to Sep-

ember of 1928 that make up side Two are a great improve-

ment. This side includes the first collabora-

tions with the great trombone player

Charlie Green; the combination of Smith and Green in "Weeping Willow Blues" and "Byebye Blues" is tremendous. Side Three is the best in the album; it includes the classic "Empty Bed Blues," one of the truly immortal blues interpretations and the other songs from early 1928 come awfully close. The cuts from September of 1928 that make up side Four are some-

times medicous and dull, but some, such as "Poor Man's Bill" is Adequate. Musically, therefore, the quality is ex-

tremely" to page 10

picture being taken. These scenes and others of the same extraordinary sense of rhythm and structure. The meanings aren't deep or difficult, but each point is driven in with a clean blow, and if we're conscious of the techniques, conscious of the manipulation, we are still carried along.

The tone of the film, which is sensational and flamboyant, is of course perfectly suited to the character who inspired the

film. Heart's press was the great origina-

tor of "yellow journalism," the muck-

raking, scandal-producing journalism of the twenties and thirties. "Citizen Kane," in its structure, is just such a muck-raking story. The uncovering of bits of dirt, which may be used to turn the film into a morality play, provides a kind of excite-

ment which gives the film much of its

strength.

At this moment I've seen the film six
times. I never seem to get old. While one watches it, one gets, irresistibly, a feeling that film can do anything. It has the sort of vitality which characterizes American movies at their best, a feeling of speed, a gift for humor which comes the closest to defining an American tradition.

by Larry Gross...
from page 9

The production of this album is excellent. Producer Chris Alberns’s liner notes are both well-written and entertaining, and the cover art is first-class. The recordings themselves have been sonically improved as much as they could be without distorting the originals. Columbia should also be given praise for marketing the album at the price of one classical record instead of charging full price. Notwithstanding the quality of the production and the importance of the music, however, I feel that “Empty Bed Blues” is meant more for the blues fanatic than for the general collector. The latter breed of record buyer should wait for the fourth and fifth albums in the Sesame Series, which will consist entirely of material recorded when The World’s Greatest Blues Singer was at the height of his career.

Scott Joplin is another great black musician who is the subject of a recent recording, this one a Norahms disc entitled PIANO RAGS BY SCOTT JOPLIN. Joplin is credited by many with having been the “inventor” of rags at the turn of the century; his “Maple Leaf Rag” was the first rag to be published by a Negro, and it made both Joplin and his publisher rich. Joplin saw the rag as a possible edition for serious composition as much as he, say, Chopin did his waltzes. These rags are beautiful pieces, flowing, melodic, satisfying, and even tender. No, they are not fast and exciting. Joplin stated more than once that “It is never right to play ‘Ragtime’ fast.” While we’re on that track, it isn’t right to play jazz or blues fast, either; white imitators were the ones that speeded this music up.

Joplin wrote several hundred rags, plus two operas and a ballet that have been shamefully ignored. On the record at hand, eight Joplin rags covering a time span from 1899 to 1914 are played by Joelth Ritchin, who seems to have done a superb job of duplicating Joplin’s piano style. These are great performances of wonderful music. The Bessie Smith album may be meant for those with specialized tastes, but Norahms’s Joplin record is an absolute must-have for any collection. And I mean ANY collection! If, by any happenstance, you should have any questions, praise, condemnations, or comments concerning this column or anything else in this rag with my name on it, please call me on a piece of paper and send it to Box 76, Campus Mail. This, of course, assumes that there’s somebody out there who actually reads this.

by Sol Louis Siegel

from page one

finance had to be checked through central headquarters before it could be de-

cided upon. The resultant bureaucratic red tape and confusion led to widespread
disillusionment among rank and file party members.

David Hilliard’s authoritarian personality and his influence on the national commi-
tee was acknowledged by most critics, the Algiers chapter and N.Y. chapter, to be

sure, as being the chief reason for the present problems within the party. As

Ayo Malik Shaker of the N.Y. BPP anal-

yzed, Hilliard and the Hilliard-dominated BPP newspaper -“...It is a slander sheet

that one week calls a man a hero and a week later calls him an enemy of the

people.” Hilliard was rapidly changing the party into a centralist, undemocratic,

pseudo-statist elite. No reasons would be given for the expulsion of a party

member - he/she would be branded as an “enemy of the people” with no opportu-

nity to defend him/her self. This does not indicate any clear communication

between the people and the party.

On a broader level there seems to be a crucial dispute concerning the role of the

Party: Huey and the rest of the central com-

mittee seem committed to a program re-

volving around community organization and the 10 Point Program, whereas Eld-

ridge and his followers support going underground to wage armed warfare for

the purpose of freeing political prisoners and halting the U.S. government’s plans

of oppression. But even such a generaliza-

tion is misleading, for several reasons.

On the purely tactical level, Huey seems to be treading on firmer ground. No action

will benefit the people unless they them-

selves recognize their role in the action and understand and support it. At this

stage, then, educating the people to gain popular support for specific moves such as

local kidnapping or armed self-defense would seem to be of the highest priority. As

we have seen, however, this program of educating the people has not succeeded under

the direction of David Hilliard or Huey himself. One to the authoritarian, undemocratic

structure of the present party, it has been unable to attract the support of large groups

of the populace. The potential support is there, no doubt, but due to structural

shortcomings and errors made by that leadership group, the Party has failed to take

the initiative and effectively mobilize the local communities.

For that reason, perhaps, the alternate ideology as presented by Eldridge would
evidently circumvent the people alto-

gether and resort to small underground
groups committed to political sabotage and terrorism. It is understandable that the

temptation to resort to premonitory, violent actions in order to achieve what might

otherwise take years and years to accomplish by less spectacular means. We think it

is no coincidence that Eldridge’s calls for more violent action come at a time when

he has no direct control of any kind with the day-to-day circumstances of the

American reality. He is out of touch, having been away, against his will, for 2½ years

now. Huey, Bobby and the others here in the U.S. have at least a more direct and

therefore more reliable impression of the American situation.

Eldridge is more than justified in opposing the autocratic tendencies of the BPP central

committees. The less hierarchical structure of Eldridge’s Algiers section, as evidenced

in the Algiers videotape and first-hand reports, indicate that

there, decisions are arrived at democra-

tically rather than being handed down from the top in the form of the official

party line, as is Hilliard’s habit. Eld-

ridge’s important criticism that neither

Huey nor Hilliard had actively supported

the N.Y. 21’s trial nor Bobby’s and

Erika’s trial in New Haven indicates,

furthermore, that a power play between

the East Coast and West Coast factions

of the BPP has long been in the making,

and by is means a new bizarre develop-

ment.

The manner in which this feud has taken

place should give all of us some impor-

tant lessons to learn for the future, so

that we learn rather than repeat the

mistakes. It should be clear from the

above account that what should have been

avoided at all costs in the future is such an

unhealthy reliance on personality-cult

politics as those we have practiced. To

a certain degree, charismatic leader-

ship is essential, but hero-worship as is


from preceding page

the Stalinist or even Maoist models is definitely not applicable to the needs of the American people.

Out of the personality-cult politics comes inevitably the clash of competing individ-

uals, the Huays vs. the Eldridges, the Bobby vs. the Hilliard, etc. The only re-

tult is bitter jealousy and inter-group rivalry. In recent issues of the BPP new-

spaper, the Chinese-style glorification of Supreme Commander Huay’s Sayings was reach-

ing even greater heights of absurdity and irrelevance — how many Americans can seri-

ously relate to that style of politics? What is constructive for China and its revolution may by no

means be good or even applicable to us in this country. This tendency towards cult-hero glorifica-

tion is just such an alien phenomenon, that it does not relate to large numbers of Americans.


This cult-hero worship leads also to the autocratic oppressive centralism that we

described above in the BPP. Over the tendency to very rely solely on the Supreme Command-er for di-

rection and guidance, rather than on the people themselves. This can very easily

lead into the very situation we see in BPP today, where the needs of the various local

chapters and the community

y they serve are subordinated to the smooth functioning of the national

headquarters of the BPP leadership. Little if any local autonomy, with predictably oppressive

results.

Eldridge’s "prower", small Weatherman-

style action groups, is unfortunately an unrealistic, romantic vision, at this time.

No small, self-contained urban guerrilla

outfit could hope to survive for long in an American city if the group did not

enjoy the widespread support of the sur-

rounding community. The guerrillas of Latin America have learned that lesson, and their

success in eluding the national police gives evidence to the validity of this rule.

Where does this all leave us, then? Only

two days ago, as of this writing, another

BPP member was found shot dead in

New York. The police have arrested B

"Black Panther sympathizers" in con-

cnection with the incident. There was no

reason this killing had to occur; the only

people who gain when the Left turns on

itself in this way are the police and the

ruling concerns of this country. Looking

at this from an optimistic angle, how-

ever, one can’t help but recognize that

the condition which spawned the BPP in

the first place is still with us. In any event

the national liberation movement will

continue. Even if the BPP does not sur-
nive, the movement as a whole will. Per-
haps it is fortunate that these failures and shortcomings of the BPP were re-
novated when they were; the BPP has al-
ways enjoyed the role of influencing the entire movement in overall ideology and

attitudes.

It is tragic, however, that the conflict

within the Panther leadership should have

taken such an antagonistic and self-de-

FIGURING... IN THE AMAZING BACK ROOM!

Karl Schoepple- plex tie shoe repair
Barrytown Station Road