Page 12 Films
- A Man Escaped
- Psycho
- Sierra Madre
  Larry Gross

Page 13 Panthers, Bleeding Or Leech
- Gene Elk
- Political Cartoon
  R. Cobb

Page 14 Everywhere A Nation Underground
- Eric Arnould

Page 15 Porno
- Dr. Bowdler’s Legacy
  Lingha Mandyoni
- Piet Hein
- William M. Lipton

Page 16 Jeremy Steig
- Lydia Ayers
- Jazz
  Black Experience In Sound
  Dave Phillips
- Neglect
  John Reiner
- Incredible String Band
  Richard Grabel

Page 17 Road To Saigon
- Richard Edson
- Political Cartoon
  R. Cobb
Tuesday evening, I decided to go to D.C. for the next day for the May Day festivities. Wednesday morning I arrived in the city and boarded the train to D.C. to begin a week of political and cultural protest.

Several minor changes were made at the LPRC's suggestion. These include the expansion of Classroom 1 so that it now occupies the rear section of the 1963 addition to Dining Commons, and the removal of the interior walls in the present faculty dining room, which would now become Classroom 2.

The addition of an outside entrance to the Leuer Hall will allow the Psychology Dept. to isolate itself from activities occurring in the adjacent rooms, but will still have the effect of bringing a new centralization of academic activities to the Bard campus. Apsenx, which rests on the top of the present kitchen area, will be linked to this new facility by the addition of a new staircase, and it will certainly become a major center of the campus, contributing to the finer form of campus that we already possess.

preston hall

student use of the Great Hall and the Conference Room remains. As the plan indicates, the Psych. Dept. gets use of the Leuer Hall, dividing it into two large offices, a calculator room, and two psychology labs. In addition to this, they gift the use of the offices and laboratories in what is now the second dining line, and the use of the present bake shop as a storage area; also, the use of the present storeroom as a workshop.

Other minor changes were made at the LPRC's suggestion. These include the expansion of Classroom 1 so that it now occupies the rear section of the 1963 addition to Dining Commons, and the removal of the interior walls in the present faculty dining room, which would now become Classroom 2.

The addition of an outside entrance to the Leuer Hall will allow the Psychology Dept. to isolate itself from activities occurring in the adjacent rooms, but will still have the effect of bringing a new centralization of academic activities to the Bard campus. Apsenx, which rests on the top of the present kitchen area, will be linked to this new facility by the addition of a new staircase, and it will certainly become a major center of the campus, contributing to the finer form of campus that we already possess.

The oration of the present plan, presented in large type, and the graphical layout is as follows:

Department of Psychology

In the original article regarding the use of Preston Hall (the present Dining Commons) it was mentioned that the plan that was presented had yet to go before the LPRC. Meeting Committee. As it is several weeks ago that and the plan you are so kind to show me in this paper, I have heard the final plan for Preston Hall as agreed upon by the Campus Committee, a formalization of the original plan indicating in large type, and the graphical layout is as follows:

It was noted that the LPRC, that the two plans that have been submitted to the Committee, the Psychology Dept. and the Math Dept. and Nelson Bennett, were not acceptable. In lengthy discussion with the Campus Committee, a final compromise was reached, a new line, and the graphical layout is as follows:

The Psychology Dept. is to move its facilities from the Library basement, where they are Ivanc, according to the terms of Bard's purchase of Toombs Hall. However, student use of the Great Hall and the Conference Room remains. As the plan indicates, the Psych. Dept. gets use of the Leuer Hall, dividing it into two large offices, a calculator room, and two psychology labs. In addition to this, they gift the use of the offices and laboratories in what is now the second dining line, and the use of the present bake shop as a storage area; also, the use of the present storeroom as a workshop.

Other minor changes were made at the LPRC's suggestion. These include the expansion of Classroom 1 so that it now occupies the rear section of the 1963 addition to Dining Commons, and the removal of the interior walls in the present faculty dining room, which would now become Classroom 2.

The addition of an outside entrance to the Leuer Hall will allow the Psychology Dept. to isolate itself from activities occurring in the adjacent rooms, but will still have the effect of bringing a new centralization of academic activities to the Bard campus. Apsenx, which rests on the top of the present kitchen area, will be linked to this new facility by the addition of a new staircase, and it will certainly become a major center of the campus, contributing to the finer form of campus that we already possess.

May Day

Tuesday evening, I decided to go to D.C. for the next day for the May Day festivities. Wednesday morning I arrived in the city and boarded the train to D.C. to begin a week of political and cultural protest.

Several minor changes were made at the LPRC's suggestion. These include the expansion of Classroom 1 so that it now occupies the rear section of the 1963 addition to Dining Commons, and the removal of the interior walls in the present faculty dining room, which would now become Classroom 2.

The addition of an outside entrance to the Leuer Hall will allow the Psychology Dept. to isolate itself from activities occurring in the adjacent rooms, but will still have the effect of bringing a new centralization of academic activities to the Bard campus. Apsenx, which rests on the top of the present kitchen area, will be linked to this new facility by the addition of a new staircase, and it will certainly become a major center of the campus, contributing to the finer form of campus that we already possess.

Tuesday evening, I decided to go to D.C. for the next day for the May Day festivities. Wednesday morning I arrived in the city and boarded the train to D.C. to begin a week of political and cultural protest.

Several minor changes were made at the LPRC's suggestion. These include the expansion of Classroom 1 so that it now occupies the rear section of the 1963 addition to Dining Commons, and the removal of the interior walls in the present faculty dining room, which would now become Classroom 2.

The addition of an outside entrance to the Leuer Hall will allow the Psychology Dept. to isolate itself from activities occurring in the adjacent rooms, but will still have the effect of bringing a new centralization of academic activities to the Bard campus. Apsenx, which rests on the top of the present kitchen area, will be linked to this new facility by the addition of a new staircase, and it will certainly become a major center of the campus, contributing to the finer form of campus that we already possess.

Tuesday evening, I decided to go to D.C. for the next day for the May Day festivities. Wednesday morning I arrived in the city and boarded the train to D.C. to begin a week of political and cultural protest.

Several minor changes were made at the LPRC's suggestion. These include the expansion of Classroom 1 so that it now occupies the rear section of the 1963 addition to Dining Commons, and the removal of the interior walls in the present faculty dining room, which would now become Classroom 2.

The addition of an outside entrance to the Leuer Hall will allow the Psychology Dept. to isolate itself from activities occurring in the adjacent rooms, but will still have the effect of bringing a new centralization of academic activities to the Bard campus. Apsenx, which rests on the top of the present kitchen area, will be linked to this new facility by the addition of a new staircase, and it will certainly become a major center of the campus, contributing to the finer form of campus that we already possess.

Tuesday evening, I decided to go to D.C. for the next day for the May Day festivities. Wednesday morning I arrived in the city and boarded the train to D.C. to begin a week of political and cultural protest.

Several minor changes were made at the LPRC's suggestion. These include the expansion of Classroom 1 so that it now occupies the rear section of the 1963 addition to Dining Commons, and the removal of the interior walls in the present faculty dining room, which would now become Classroom 2.

The addition of an outside entrance to the Leuer Hall will allow the Psychology Dept. to isolate itself from activities occurring in the adjacent rooms, but will still have the effect of bringing a new centralization of academic activities to the Bard campus. Apsenx, which rests on the top of the present kitchen area, will be linked to this new facility by the addition of a new staircase, and it will certainly become a major center of the campus, contributing to the finer form of campus that we already possess.

Tuesday evening, I decided to go to D.C. for the next day for the May Day festivities. Wednesday morning I arrived in the city and boarded the train to D.C. to begin a week of political and cultural protest.

Several minor changes were made at the LPRC's suggestion. These include the expansion of Classroom 1 so that it now occupies the rear section of the 1963 addition to Dining Commons, and the removal of the interior walls in the present faculty dining room, which would now become Classroom 2.

The addition of an outside entrance to the Leuer Hall will allow the Psychology Dept. to isolate itself from activities occurring in the adjacent rooms, but will still have the effect of bringing a new centralization of academic activities to the Bard campus. Apsenx, which rests on the top of the present kitchen area, will be linked to this new facility by the addition of a new staircase, and it will certainly become a major center of the campus, contributing to the finer form of campus that we already possess.

May Day

Tuesday evening, I decided to go to D.C. for the next day for the May Day festivities. Wednesday morning I arrived in the city and boarded the train to D.C. to begin a week of political and cultural protest.

Several minor changes were made at the LPRC's suggestion. These include the expansion of Classroom 1 so that it now occupies the rear section of the 1963 addition to Dining Commons, and the removal of the interior walls in the present faculty dining room, which would now become Classroom 2.

The addition of an outside entrance to the Leuer Hall will allow the Psychology Dept. to isolate itself from activities occurring in the adjacent rooms, but will still have the effect of bringing a new centralization of academic activities to the Bard campus. Apsenx, which rests on the top of the present kitchen area, will be linked to this new facility by the addition of a new staircase, and it will certainly become a major center of the campus, contributing to the finer form of campus that we already possess.

Tuesday evening, I decided to go to D.C. for the next day for the May Day festivities. Wednesday morning I arrived in the city and boarded the train to D.C. to begin a week of political and cultural protest.

Several minor changes were made at the LPRC's suggestion. These include the expansion of Classroom 1 so that it now occupies the rear section of the 1963 addition to Dining Commons, and the removal of the interior walls in the present faculty dining room, which would now become Classroom 2.

The addition of an outside entrance to the Leuer Hall will allow the Psychology Dept. to isolate itself from activities occurring in the adjacent rooms, but will still have the effect of bringing a new centralization of academic activities to the Bard campus. Apsenx, which rests on the top of the present kitchen area, will be linked to this new facility by the addition of a new staircase, and it will certainly become a major center of the campus, contributing to the finer form of campus that we already possess.

Tuesday evening, I decided to go to D.C. for the next day for the May Day festivities. Wednesday morning I arrived in the city and boarded the train to D.C. to begin a week of political and cultural protest.

Several minor changes were made at the LPRC's suggestion. These include the expansion of Classroom 1 so that it now occupies the rear section of the 1963 addition to Dining Commons, and the removal of the interior walls in the present faculty dining room, which would now become Classroom 2.

The addition of an outside entrance to the Leuer Hall will allow the Psychology Dept. to isolate itself from activities occurring in the adjacent rooms, but will still have the effect of bringing a new centralization of academic activities to the Bard campus. Apsenx, which rests on the top of the present kitchen area, will be linked to this new facility by the addition of a new staircase, and it will certainly become a major center of the campus, contributing to the finer form of campus that we already possess.
Rubble

STILL LOOKING FOR A SUMMER JOB?

STUDENT OVERSEAS SERVICES

"Several thousand summer jobs in Europe are still available on a first come, first served basis." SOS claims that although summer jobs are scarce in the U.S., "there are thousands of summer jobs in Europe for looking for take... The air fare alone, a job in Europe means you are entirely making money while living the European life. Your wages will more than

THE HOMEOWNERING

Jen Schunk will produce Harold Pinter's "The Homecoming" starring Janet McTeer, Tony Nemesco, and Eric Bore on May 18, after a successful beginning in May 10. Jen Adler will direct.

STUDENT ID CARDS will be available at the box office for reduced prices for all performances.

BOOKS — fun, exciting, summer reading. This fall, we've got some great books, and we'd really love if it you help us clean out our drawers by the end of the semester. If you're interested in any of these books, please let us know through Box 76, Campus Mail, in the next couple of days. See how much money you'll save if you get your FREE books from all!


THE BREATH OF CLOTHES AND KINGS, Yves Sainte, (Shakespeare's relationship and historical) Atheneum, $10.


POTATOES ARE CHEAPER, Max Shulman, (How a Jewish boy listened to his heart and found happiness anywhere) Doubleday, $5.95.

THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER, Terrence Lake Smith, (A novel.) Doubleday, $5.95.

FAKING IT, Or the Wrong Hungarian, Gerald Green. (Author of THE LAST ANGRY MAN) Trident Press, $7.95.

THE REVELATIONS OF A DISAPPEARING MAN, Charles Taylorson, (A novel about identity, sexuality, death, décor, and A. Smith, a gin in leather, and A. Saffery & Son.) Doubleday, $8.95.

WOMEN'S DRUGS, Causing Strauss and David I. Grossman. (Reflections on women's experience) Doubleday Anchor, $6.95.

Self-Accusation

By Peter Mandika

Directed By Mark Cohler

May 21

8:00, 9:30

in the gym

SQUASH COURT I
from page one
$250 or 10% colaterals." Fifty times this was repeated at 4 o'clock a.m., in Washington D.C., with the white-haired judge almost rocking himself to sleep repeating his little bit in the play; JUSTICE.

Out. We go back to the park and have trouble finding our campsite because the place has changed so much. Around 50,000 people showed up during the weekend, to listen to music and smoke dope. The Beach Boys were playing. Coming back to the camp was, for us, like coming back to a base camp after running a mission; only now the mission was in the homes of our nation and not Vietnam. But it took the same form, smoke a little dope and smoke a little whisky, until everything is expounding around you.

Seven o'clock Sunday morning, choppers flying overhead with loudspeakers. "Your permit has been cancelled. You must leave the camp or face arrest." More tactical police start to sweep through the park. We all pack up and start dispersing (Escape and evasion). A group of 200 or so stay behind, sitting close together, singing "We all live in a concentration camp" to the tune of "Yellow Subma-

rine." They all get busted. But mostly everyone drifts toward the George Wash-
ington campus, which is what the police had hoped for.

I got split off from the Vets and wound up at Georgetown University in a New York regional meeting of some 600 peo-
ple. This is Sunday night and the mood has changed. Monday morning is only a few hours away and there is business to be taken care of. The region’s target is Dupont Circle at five-thirty. No more dope or music as everyone had to be straight for the morning. The weekend had been the cultural revolt and now the time had come for the political action.

A lot of people had left. That was one of the things that had been happening about Saturday and Sunday. All those people at the park for the music and dope, knowing that they would be washed straight and not be on the streets Monday morning was damaging to the spirit that had built up by Thursday and Friday. A lot of them did split but Monday morning there would be 25,000-30,000 people in the streets.

Monday morning, five o’clock, on the streets moving towards town. Very hard to convey the mood of the morning. In terms of our tactical actions, none of us had anticipated, was that we were on the streets too early. By six o’clock most groups were at their targets and already being busted. The police were able to clear us away from our pri-
mary sites the day before, but as we had heavy rush hour traffic began. For the rest of the morn-
ing D.C. was an incredible scene. Route twenty six (of gypsies, muggies [?!] 3 to 300 moving through the city, con-

frontation and everything to block traffic with; trash, trash cans, cars, trees, etc. An incredible scene (the military, they refer to this as a field expedition). The police were all over the city; in patrol cars with European sounding sirens, tacti-
cal police on buses, horse police, the milit-

dary in convoys, wecellent many city flow station overhead, fire trucks stationed randomly about. The most effective pol-

cice were those on scooters. They main-
ained visibility even when we had streets blocked and were all over the city. These scooters they police would run into crowds to disperse, them running over people.

The police used gas very heavily to break up when we outnumbered them and reinforcements couldn’t get through. As a result, the whole city was gased, more than I have ever seen at any demon-

stration. Cops, workers, everyone had burning eyes from the tear gas. None of the CS riot control gas was used. I think this was because of the fact that everyone was suffering from it, not just those it was intended for (a problem the Army has encountered in certain areas of its technologically oriented warfare against the V.C./N.L.F. and N.V.A. in South East Asia).

Tactically, the police are trying to main-
tain control of the battle and are direct-
ing it towards the GW campus. This strength was derived from us and every-
one knew it.

Time spent in this camp, with absurd things happening so fast that you can’t keep up with them. Some people really get into the concentration camp scene and start making plans to tunnel out. One couple got married, Abraham Hoffman was best man. They get out a lot. Goals pots came down, the tarp went out and a tent was made. The long wait, the middle of the night again and then sent downtown and put through the conveyer belt of justice again. It is four o’clock Tuesday morning. On the streets again our way back to a house on 18th St. where we crashed. Wanting to go to sleep but getting caught up in a meeting assessing the day and trying to decide whether to go back on to the streets in a few hours. At regional meetings Monday evening they decided to go back the next morning, but later, between seven and nine o’clock, to get rush hour traffic. After much discussion, we decided to go out at seven. Sleep for two hours and then back out on the street. Quiet. The police making a large show of force, the primary targets (four traffic circles within the city) were aborted and a report of the small actions of Monday began, but on a much smaller scale. Eleven o’clock at 14th and I, a rally and march on the Justice Department and more buses. D.C. becomes very quiet and we decide to leave; it had been a good week.

Looking back on the week I feel very happy. Why? I’m not sure, a lot of rea-
tons, some good things happened. The over-growth that developed in the black community for us Monday and the support shown by some of the troops were the most significant. The black commu-

nity which had been very quiet during the weekend of cultural revolt came out very strongly Monday night. They brought food and fire wood to us at the football field and helped in raising bun. At one point some of the prisoners been bus to the field kicked the windows out of the police bus and escaped. The neighborhood people, black working class, took those white freaks out of their homes and hid them from the police. At the field, food had been brought, which the National Guard troops threw over the fence to us. They also chopped wood for us.

At one point during the day, part of a company of the 82nd Airborne Division refused to clear an area of demonstrators. This company was quickly and quietly replaced and naturally this incident was not reported by the straight press. This incident, though minor, had a great influ-

ence on us; I could only imagine scenes from the Winter Palace in 1917 and the Cossacks refusing to fire on the Russian workers.

While all of these are really significant, I think the reason for the optimistic mood coming out of D.C. is that what happened in the morning to the movement the first significant realization within the movement that I have been able to observe in a while. This took many forms, the most important being operating effectively on a regional level which I already men-
tioned and second a collective discipline that had always been lacking at previous functions. The regionalism that is important because it was a study in democratic cen-
tralism being validly and effectively car-
ried out. The elitism-national leadership contradication in a democratic movement was successfully resolved. It was a beauti-

ful thing to watch each region struggle through decisions and then the inter-
regional discourse to arrive at the final decision. People deciding and then acting collectively, not an easy thing in this society, for any group, even a revolutionary one.

The discipline was a particularly satisfying phenomena to observe. Even in the In-
ters “Battle of Algiers” atmosphere that pervaded D.C. Monday morning there was a definite lack of the irrational ka

kamutian that always marked past actions. People were disciplined in an aggres-

sive, effective manner. We were arriving at targets in groups, functioning, waiting the police, dispersing and grouping at secondary targets – thinking on their feet. Thinking back to last May, it becomes obvious of the progress that has been made within the movement. Also in this vein was the successful synthesis of the cultural and political revolt. Dur-

ing the weekend everyone took part in the dope and music, but Monday morning the music was gone and so was the dope. Monday and Tuesday I saw no dope or heard of anyone doing any. This may be the most accurate reflection of the inter-

ral discipline which marked May Day.

I think it is time for an ideological anal-
tication or two. What is the Viet Nam war? To us in D.C., it is neither "to protect the empire” or to prevent the Vietnamese from having a national victory. People have to work together, but still the war will have to be fought. How would you believe, nor is it a "mistake" as the liberal politicians would say. It is the logical outcome of the determination of the American monarchists that a ruling class to maintain economic power and military dominance in Southeast Asia and in other parts of the world. Wherein in Southeast Asia is an imperialist war.

Where does it all lead, this statement and the events of May Day? I think some of us have an idea where it is all going. We will continue to struggle to reach them. I hope we make it. I hope this is the end.

by Frank Montalba
Another Letter
to Father

Dear Dad,

Thanks so much for the letter and for the check. I am fine, well, happy, healthy, not dead, etc. etc. I hope you are healthy, happy, well, etc. etc.

There is a land somewhere in the world. Its name it is not important, perhaps it does not have a name. Its location is not very important either. Perhaps it does not have a location. What is important? You are asking. We are coming to that. There are two very strange customs in this land, and it is only because of them that I speak of it at all. In our own culture we find it necessary to be clean, whereas the people of this other land I speak of devote all their time to being messy. In their own habits we find it necessary to be clean, whereas the others find it of the utmost importance to be dirty. Yes, slopiness and dirtiness are the customs of this land that I speak about. It is no lie. And although you have never been to this land, and although you will never go to it again, you will see it in the province of your body.

In the land I speak about, am speaking about, and will continue to speak about, things are not the same. In this land it is the sloppy person, or the dirty person, or the person who has rather both these attributes, and they are attributes, who is the respected person. The dirt of the dirty person, is the dirt that has come slowly, gathered from all the objects, persons, and places that the dirty person of whom I’m speaking has come in contact with. This thin layer of dirt is the remainder of all that was touched and can never be touched again, of all those hands, of all those faces, of all those chairs, and walls, and tablecloths that have been touched throughout the day. But it is not enough for the dirt to gather, gather slowly on the body of each person of this land. This dirt is also self-inflicted, in fact from morning till night the people are constantly pouring dirt on themselves. When they wipe they bathe in it, and brush their teeth in it. After eating they sprinkle dirt on their hands. At night they put even more dirt on themselves. Once every month, however, the people do consent to bathe in clean, clear water. And they start again, collecting the dirt each day, till it gathers everywhere on their body.

But the dirty person as I have mentioned is not only dirty. He is also sloppy. And this sloppiness, like the dirtiness, does not just come of itself but is attained by a series of highly cultivated practices. Day in and day out sloppiness is sought for and is brought into being by so many habits, practices, and customs. In the morning, after the teeth are brushed with dirt, the hair is dishotheaded and knotted up with dirty hands, until it is one nest, until it is either sticking up or ratty all over the face. Until, in short, it looks like everything we spend our all mornings trying to make it not look like. After the hair comes the clothing, and the clothing is torn, dirty, and smelling bad. Every day the clothes are taken and twisted into knots, until they become wrinkled. Colors are worn purposefully not to match. Clothes are always too big, so that they have a sloppy look to them, and are purposefully torn to make them look shabby. The time spent on cutting the clothes, wrinkling the clothes, and making the clothing dirty, is as great as the time spent in our own land to wash them, to iron them, and to match them.

The sloppier and dirtier the person, the more attractive, the more affluent, the more respected he is. The president of the land, for example, and all the presidents of companies and prominent industries, and all their darling wives beside are the dirtiest people of all. The dirt lingers on their bodies from all the tablecloths, chairs, hands, and clothes of other dirty wives and presidents they have met throughout the day. The dirt is sought from morning till night. Yes, they are the dirtiest and sloppiest people of all. It is a land that is certainly very different from our own.

Woo to the person, yes, pure woe, who is not sloppy, who is not dirty, but who is clean, and who is neat. And there was such a person. Now we are coming to the heart of the matter. There was once a young lady, in the land that I speak about, who was neither sloppy nor dirty. It was not that she paid any attention to being neat either. It was just that she did not go out of her way to be either sloppy or neat.

One day her father called her into his study. He wanted to have a long talk with her. "I want to have a long talk with you," he said. Lies, all lies, actually it was not a long talk at all, and secondly it was not a talk with his daughter but a talk with his daughter, who couldn't get a word in. But all this we know about. Which land are we in anyway? We are in the land that I wanted to speak of from the very beginning or would be speaking of, if not for these interruptions. After the father said this to his daughter, he said, "Before you sit down, and before we begin, I implore you to make yourself look more decent and respectable." She took some dirt from the window sill that had collected over the days and wiped it on her face. She ran her fingers through her hair. "For God sake look at you, just look at you, what a sight! Clean clothes, no smell from the mouth, or from the arms, uncowed fingernails, uncoiled clothing. You are incomparable, unspeakable. Who will be with you? Who will see you? Who will respect you? Sit down, sit down. You are a twenty years old. It's time you start looking like a young lady." She wanted away. She thought about what her father said. "I suppose I should try to be attractive," she thought. She tried for several days. He was pleased. All his attitudes towards her changed. Instead of meeting her with a groan he met her with a smile. He even went so far as to kiss her under the chin. He was glowing with pride. She would be married. She was a darling,nicknamed her under the chin again, frequently every day, after every meal. She soon went to the university. However, she revert ed to her old practices. He never knew. He thought she was a dirty, sloppy, respectable girl. Yes, a respectable girl. This is what pleased him. This is what made him smile when he thought of her. But she was not a respectable girl in the land that I am speaking about, was speaking about, and will never speak about again.

by Janet Aust
the shooting of an element

part II

It was a chilly October night and I had made the decision, once and for all, to drop out of high school after this, my junior year. Brooklyn Tech. I think I told you. The Band was playing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music along with Allen Ginsberg; and it was right smack in the middle of one of the biggest pot draughts New York City ever staged through. Tom—a friend who assumed the role of Big Brother for me for the past few years—suggested we snort some heroin... "I was down" for the idea because if Ginsberg was going to be reading I would have to add a little something to my 'hip credentials'. So I would be bear

able right in Brooklyn and Mrs. Moran's little boy was going to be stoned on 'The Great White Hype'.

Tom gave me a rolled up dollar bill and pointed out what looked like communion!

asser on copy of life magazine; he said, "Bluff slow and steady." I did and I squirmed with warmth for a moment and then had a taste in my mouth that drove me to the sink for water which I needed desperately. I came back laugh

ing a loud stupid laugh and gave Tom a jerky grin. He said, "How you doing, Brother?" I told him that except for being a little too warm, I felt better than ever. We left the house and headed for the (NO) downtown trains. My eyes kept drifting down, closed while we were on the train, and Tom looked as if he was having a real nice dream.

We got off the train and I felt like dispossessing my dinner in the first garbage can I saw. But I couldn't. That wouldn't have made a very good impression on my big brother at all.

To move from this touching scene of a boy and his first experience with hard drugs to a more generalized aspect. The plain fact is that everyone who plays around with the shit is just so goddamned set on something, it'll make you puke. If no one else can, they can handle it. As I say all of this I hope you don't get the feeling that I'm excluding myself; I was positive, beyond any doubt, that I was the one that could take care of himself.

For about the first eight months I would only learn to. That was my rationale be

hind the idea that I wasn't about to get thrown out. The reason that I started fucking around on a day-to-day basis, at least I fooled myself into believing that it was

the reason, was because of a problem I had had in a relationship with a girl (shy, timid, etc.). It wasn't going at all as I had wanted or expected. So to compensate, I decided to get myself into a position in which every thing was normal and a woman. The interest was so great that I didn't know any girls. I knew plenty of girls that were either into just or doing some…. At least it made me feel better at the point that it is far worse, and any Junkie on 3rd Base will tell you this, for a girl to get strung out on smack is very rare. So she will be a little less a pretty girl than a guy, and this does not mean to say she is weaker. It just means that appearance and personal hypertons, in my opinion, tend to be more noticeable to a girl to a guy. A guy needs a lot more people for a girl. A girl goes straight to prostitution, etc.

Anyway about eight months after I'd been shooting, and this was strictly a mat

ter of economics (I told myself). I began to slick up. I'm fairly confident that I don't have to explain the difference be

tween skin-popping and mainlining. You see when you first make the jump from snorting to the needle the amount you have to do lessens so that it is very criti

cal after building up a rather large rela

tionship, to be able to knock it down a cou

ple of notches by taking the needle...

So to go on from here, I started acting like the prototype of the middle-class white junkie. Status was all a matter of how many black and Spanish connections you had... It took me a bit of time to build up a rather large amount of acc

quaintances that I could score from. Af

ter a while my days began to take on a definite pattern as far as cocking and getting high, I'd wake up, spend a little time getting together and then I'd get out on the street, manage to find one of my connections roaming around to sell his stuff. Finally I would score. Some
times scoring took ten minutes, other times it might take up to three hours. After scoring I would usually make it over to my friend Billy's house. Billy ran the neighborhood 'shooting gallery'. Strange character that he was, still at home all day waiting for people to come over and give him a taste because he was kind enough to let them use his house and his works.

It would be hard for me to express the ecstasy and joy one feels after scoring

and you are walking to the place you are going to get off. Then there is the almost ritualistic act of cooking food preparing the dope, drawing it up into the eyedropper, and then hitting up. By this time I was maintaining. Needless to say, once I got a taste of the rush involved when you put it into your veins, I never snorted or skinned again. Every once in a while, I'd stop for a day to prove to my self that I didn't have a habit. That day would be a very anxious one, not to men

tion the fact that I would raise and turn the night away. The fact that I wanted to be a junkie was so badly contributed to incre

sibly as far as my getting a habit was concerned. The psychological factor involved in withdrawal symptoms are fan

tastic. There are stories of addicts going to jail for eight months and not having any withdrawal and then getting out, eight months later, seeing someone get off and then getting withdrawal symp

ptoms.

To kick the habit, one has to come to the conclusion that one is a junkie. This is a hard realization for many people to come to. It was not easy for me to do at all and it took quite a bit of time. I am presently a member of the West Side Medical Center methadone out-patient pro

gram and will be completely off methane

done in about three weeks.

photo by sandy friedland/its

Then I guess I came to Bard. I told myself that now I had a perfect reason to stop getting high. Schoolwork would provide the perfect substitute for running around and getting high. It's funny, too, because by this time I was really getting attached to the fact of running over to West 10th St. near the river and waiting outside Pap's window for him to stick his neck out and say it was cool to come up.

Well to get back to the subject of my coming to Bard I really didn't know what in hell to expect. How many junkies made it to college? I arrived at school and as it turned out I wasn't ready to stop. So I started comming to the city twice a week to score. You know, I was still the coolest, heroin junkie this school ever saw. People informed me that it was funny I should be living in Bolton because an old student had lived there and had a reputation for being quite a user. I could never understand how in hell she managed to find out about me. Some guy was coming into my room and asking to see my arms. Imagine that! I thought they'd be asking for passports next. The thing that really baffled me though was the fact that I was so sure I was being cool about it, yet information was slipping all over. Next I was being accused of supplying the campus with coke which had no foundation to it whatsoever. Yet I must add that when I re

mained at the program the administration was totally willing to cooperate.

Looking back it's just as if it lost or mis

placed two years. With barely any mem

ory of them. I am still trying to piece

out the whom's and what's of the security department and their little information network.

by Josh Moroz
With the facts that I now know about ecology, my understanding has forced me to face the reality involved, and to formulate on a level other than the intuitive, my particular goals and functional rules in dealing with a situation that threatens to eliminate our species. I never life. Ecology is life. If life is to survive ecology must live. All organisms must live in balance with their environment or perish. Hence, ecology is a lifestyle. It is a lifestyle I have consciously chosen as my own. I stress the word consciously because consciousness is the greatness of man and the burden of man. Other animals simply lack the capacity to understand nature's regulatory mechanisms to any large extent. They lack the magnitude of control over their environment which man exercises because of his capacity for consciousness.

Consciousness neutralizes responsibility. Rational thought enables man to choose his actions. A conscious being holds the responsibility for his choice of actions. Mistakes are made but awareness of the mistake involves the responsibility of learning from it.

Man's mind has given him the means to rise to a supremacy on earth never attained by another species. His inventions have given him comfort, aesthetic pleasures, scientific knowledge, a healthier and longer life, headings to pursue his interests, and his desires to be free of what he assumes to be the irrational, uncontrollable, frightening forces of nature, modern man has forgotten that he is a part of nature. Man has melded nature to his own ends. To be free from the cold and rain on his naked body, he made clothes and built houses using nature's materials. The desire to survive drove him to apply his mind to the task of controlling his environment. Modern man wants not merely to survive but to live under the best conditions possible, free from his mind from the tasks of bare existence in order to ponder the workings and beauty of the universe.

Then why is man destroying the world? Why does he continue to rape his mother, the earth? In his long, continuous struggle to the top he has thought only of himself. His ancient fear of being cold and naked in the rain has made him regard nature as his adversary. He has closed himself off from what he believes to be the tears of the wilderness. From the safety of houses in cities and towns he exclaims romantically about the beauty and mystery of nature, as seen in picture books. Few take the time or have the desire to see, experience, and understand the "mystery" of nature. Those that do are labeled "nature-lovers" and are regarded as somewhat of a curiosity. These "nature-lovers" find difficulty expressing their understanding to those who care so little. How do you explain the smell of a new dawn? How do you explain the sight and sound of a clear, clean brook? The dawn or the dragonfly wasn't afraid of you! — to someone who has no ear to hear nature's music, no eye to see nature's myriad forms, no desire to understand nature's delicate web of life's complexity! "How nice," he says.

Industry. The complex machine invented by man's mind to provide multitudes with the material needed to support high standards of living. Nature is the source of all raw materials needed for man to live — at any standard. The myth of boundless nature is perhaps most characteristic of America: and one of her greatest follies. In the quest for "the better, new, improved way of life" modern man applied his mind to the task of utilizing more and newer materials and to create something new to be devised, and as much of the old materials as he could hope to use. New frontiers and virgin lands inspired him to expand his boundaries and provide more and newer goods for ever increasing numbers of people. Untamed, untamed wilderness is the unlimited source of materials for man's progress. Manifest destiny. The myth explodes in our faces.

When an industrialist pollutes a lake, but refuses to utilize anti-pollution devices, says, "Look, I have to make money, don't I?" and pointing to the factory across the lake, "Why don't you ask him to stop polluting? Why pick on me? I'm only trying to make a living." He is at fault. But while we're pointing fingers we must go all the way to the source. The congressmen with influential friends in business, who is afraid to legislate against pollution is at fault. But the person who buys this manufacturer's product is perhaps at fault more than any institution. Each and every individual who buys manufactured goods is a small, but nevertheless integral part of the mass of individuals called consumers. In every society where trades are specialized and needed goods are purchased or traded, the demands for production are made by the consumers themselves. An individual exercises the power of his consciousness by rationing demand. It is irrational for a person to desire, placing a value upon these various articles, and choosing from among them those which he feels suit him best. The consequences of his action become his responsibility.

The blame and responsibility for the ecological crisis rests on each and every human being. It often is difficult to correct and to correct it is corporate as well. Man's blame lies in his ignorance. He is not aware of his actions or his ambition to excel, he has forgotten to look in himself to find his fears, weaknesses, and greatest qualities. This failure to scrutinize his own nature as an objective as possible has limited the use and understanding of the unconscious in man's behavior and in his striving for consciousness. If modern man had become aware that his fear of nature as irrational forces, hostile to human life, was only an emotion stemming from the naked man's vulnerability and from ignorance of nature's laws, he could have applied his mind to learning about nature. This would have given him a basic understanding of the processes at work in his natural environment. He could have been living in harmony with the earth before science developed a more detailed, diversified, and comprehensive analysis of life's facts. If this had been the case, ecology would now be an old science.

Through history the overwhelming majority of men have refused to see the potential greatness of man's mind. He has considered his higher self to be a part of nature too small to do anything for it. Millions who must be seen as only asocial and nonexistent, define their values. Hence, incapable of making ethical and moral choices, they do what they're told." They will not accept the responsibility for their actions, blaming the consequences on some one else, an abstract—unnatural force, or fate. These people are ignorant of themselves, ignorant of what means to be a human being. We as concerned, as our species are of those others which constitute our environment. Until man learns to be fully aware of his particular functional capacities and weaknesses, he will never live in comprehension and harmony with the functioning of earth's ecosystem. The enon is not the answer.

The only rational solution is for each person to face his responsibility. Loss of our lives and maybe all life will be the consequence of the failure to accept this responsibility. All actions have consequences. The consequences of pollution is death—suicide. Man's drive to live is the antithesis of suicide. Yet, his desire to excel, if not accompanied by the fullest application of his rational capacities will, through the necessary consequence of action, cause him to commit suicide. The logic of this situation is simple, but education is essential to its comprehension.

America is the largest and most influential country in the world—and the largest polluter (I include population under the general term pollution). If pollution can be stopped here it can be stopped anywhere. Educating 200,000,000 people to the crisis at hand is a colossal job. It must be done. Anyone who can understand the ecological problem has the nec- essity of his own consciousness, the personal responsibility to take on the task... to page 18

Photo by Nick Elia
I haven't written anything for the Observer for weeks, because my heart has been in other things. I have mixed emotions now, writing this, and I don't feel completely articulate. I've been down on the North Bay a lot, making observations on many aspects of marine life, and especially watching animals. This is what I really enjoy, and feel I can do well. Sleep at night in a fixed-over duck blind, observe waterbird activity in early morning, behaviour of ducks, sandpipers, herons, songbirds, and others of the owl, paddle around to examine uprooting and flowering vegetation, muskrat nests, looking for fish and invertebrates, learning the signs of animals too shy to draw themselves to my daytime eyes. I try to live in a way which makes the least demands on the land; the more I can live so, the closer I feel to this land and its organisms. My awareness came from Europe two generations ago, and I grew up in a stumbling mixture of traditions. I want to learn the way of where I am, I want to really be here. When I study natural and the way we live in it, I see how our style of living hurts the land and the things that I love, and it hurts me in my own body. I try to speak with other people the beautiful and ugly things that I know; I find that I want to see more of the beauty and to live closer to it, and I want to make my own ugliness less. Since I am just writing words to you on a piece of paper that is very insensitive, I can't hear what you responded to what I'm saying and I can't be sure you understand. I can't say how I feel, and try to be as honest as I can - doing any other way is worthless to me. I hope you believe me.

There are things going on here I want to talk about before we all go off for the summer."

Field Station. Bard will be building a small field laboratory for ecological study of the North and South Bays. Construction will take place this summer. The station is being financed by the Merill Foundation for Bard's Ecology Department. During a meeting of the Ecology Committee (Bruce Pierce, Weiss, Clarke, Chairmen) with David Young, Dick Griffiths and an architect, certain design features were decided on, and the site at the mouth of the Sawkill was visited. The station will be situated at the loop in the road that goes down past the sawmill plant to a boat landing on the South Bay. It will be small, with just enough room for laboratory space for David Young and several students that will be working with him on the Bay studies, and bunks for space for night work and visiting ecologists. Use will be made of buildings that were in use as a greenhouse (apparently a house was built there long ago), and probably only one tree will be cut. The building will be on pilings, with storage space for boats under them. It will have a sort of open porch on the three elevated sides, and a window looking out over the Bay. The forest will remain undisturbed between the building and the Bay and the Creek.

Photograph by Dick Young.

Mud from the water treatment plant building flowing over the snow toward the Sawkill, March 1971.

Special provisions will be made for exemplary disposal of potentially polluting wastes; chemical wastes will drain into a tank of scrap yard for removal and burnt on the upland away from water; there will be a chemical storage that can be emptied on the organic garden's compost heap. Utility lines to the station will be underground. Construction of the building itself will be in wood, with plain unpainted wood outside, preferably red cedar which is very resistant to insects and fungi. This is because paints are multiple pollutants as well as being unattractive in the woods. After construction is completed, the old access road will be permanently closed off at the sawmill plant. No vehicles will come to the station. I am very pleased that all of these ideas were adopted, but I have certain reservations. Building anything at all is a tremendous consumption of materials. My suggestion of utilizing salvaged wood from the deserted village was turned down as being too costly. Electric heat for the station is a very inefficient use of energy; fossil fuels are burned to make heat which is used to generate electricity, and the electricity is used to make heat again, with power losses at every stage. Better to burn bottled gas directly, which causes relatively little air pollution. Other lesser problems still unresolved include potential erosion of the bank by drainage off the station roof, and access to the water for boats and people without increasing erosion of the bank by the already existing paths.

David Young's special field is aquatic ecology and water pollution. His initial research, some of which will begin this summer, will be aimed at some heuristic physical and chemical parameters of the Bays including tidal flushing and nutrient balance. I think it is important to point out here that we, the Bard community, are one of the major polluters in the Sawkill water.

Photograph by Dick Young.

Health ecologically. However, ongoing research by NYU's Institute for Ecological Medicine shows that pollution, mainly in three categories (nitrates, pesticides, and metals), are beginning to tip the balance. If you are a freer who lives near the Bridge, you may be able to watch the shallow waters of the River being taken over by bluegreen algal and aquatic organisms such as Carp, Goft, Purple Loosestrife and Watermilfoil at the expense of the things we value like food, pure water, recreation and natural beauty.

I'm sorry. I have to get that kind of stuff off my chest. If you are interested in reading about the NYU studies, there is a paper on the exhibit table in my lab, Hoge- man 306. "Water quality in industrial areas: profile of a river," by Nowell, Knoppe and Elwood, from ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY, January 1970.)

Oprey. This bird is rapidly becoming rare from pesticide poisoning, among other problems. We are fortunate to have three or four them hanging around the North and South Bays and Craggy Island, probably wandering immature birds. Try to go see them in the next two weeks before they leave. It may be your last chance ever. Look for a large black and white hawk, flagging or warning; diving for fish, perching in a dead tree between the Bays or on the Islands. Other Animals you can see on the North Bay now are Yellowbes of several species (mainly moles; many females are on the nest), Snake, Bittern and other herons, and Mustard take nesting young now.

Salmon. A silvered large-scaling herring with a very compressed body, forked tail, and sawlike wane on the belly. They are spawning in the Bays by the thousands now, after migrating upriver from the coastal waters. Look for them in the mouths of the Sawkill and under the railroad bridges. They are easily caught (legally by scoop-netting) and can be picked or cooked in any way. Please don't take more than a few until you try them once.

Summer. If you are planning to travel this summer, or just want to be outside at home, and you want to learn something of the natural history or human ecology of your surroundings, come see me: I'll try to land or recommend something for you. We have very fine literature for the Great Smokies, New Jersey, the Catskills, California, Prairie, Hudson Valley, etc. Also be sure to sign up for the Club "Campering Manners for Wilderness." I hope you have lots of joy, and take good care of our Mother Earth.

Erik Kivist"
"It neber run my train off the truck an' I neber lost a passenger" - the most fa-
mous cry of a railroader beat the unfor-
uately little-known woman.

Harriet Tubman was born a slave on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, on "the hide-
water district," around 1821. Old Rit, her mother, and Ben, her father, were
slaves on the plantation of Edward Broda. The only freedom the slaves knew was
at the young children left in "the Quartes" of huddles, one-room, windowless caves,
under the care of the women too old to work. From these women, the children learned
the "middle passage" their forebears en-
dured in being shipped to America. This
inspired Mitty (Acrinata) was Harriet's
chief ermin, which she would keep
her people and she began to understand the constant tension and fear that she felt
around her.

At six years, she was given her first job
- carrying water to the workhounds in the Fig of the day, in the sun. Every day, at
this time, she would run to her mother's
locality, she was hired to a neighboring plant
for a child-nurse and housekeeper (at smaller
isolated farms). She was often at the
place, she was left with a younger slave
or neighbor, she attended school. The whole
The news came to the Quartes and
Harriet learned to read and write. The boys
were to be sold with South with the
work. This news filled her with terrible
hope of John Tubman, she
Harriet would run to run away with her
that night. John was steady, she
wooden shoes (her father had care-
fully taught her to her aid as she
herself.

At this time, Harriet married John Tub-
man, a free Negro. Times were hard and
plants in the plantations were constantly be-
ng changed, and the owners found it
more and more necessary to sell slaves
South, even if they were friendly to their
fellow Slaves. There was now a constant, real
east in the Quarter as they saw the chain
wagon passing every day. The threat be-
came increasingly real to Harriet as she
saw the plantation grow more disorganized
and field lying vacant.

She spoke about this with John Tubman, every time she
said she would follow the North Star
rather than be sold. John Tubman was free,
he had been born free of parents, he
could not understand and he told her
to put such thoughts out of her mind.
He said she would never survive, and
furthermore, if she ran away, he would
not meet the master.

The news came to the Quarter men be-
fore the news came to the women and the
boys. John Tubman had been to see his sisters
brothers to be sold with South with the
work. This news filled her with terrible
hope of John Tubman, she
Harriet would run to run away with her
that night. John was steady, she
wooden shoes (her father had care-
fully taught her to her aid as she
told him.

The freight Slave Law was passed as part
of the Compromise of 1850, which
meant that Harriet Tubman and all run-
way slaves like her were no longer legal
anywhere in the North. If, of course,
her first winter in St. CATHERINE'S was very
hard, but with the aid of her fugitive pas-
port, she found a job in Pennsylvania. She
saw that a strong and a bold heart
would reto this journey until her entire
family was out of slave territory.

She went to work in Philadelphia doing
her hard housework and cooking in a
hotel. She saved as much of her money as she could with the goal of returning
to the Eastern shore on a rescue mission.
She found Philadelphia a strange place,
but through other runaways she learned
of the Philadelphia Vigilance Committee,
which helped fugitives seeking help and
information about their relatives. It
was here that she learned of the existence
of the Underground Railroad and that
Philadelphia was its center in the East.
Through all she learned from the people
(primarily Negroes and Quakers who made
up this committee, she developed the con
pion that any slave knew the stop could make it safely to freedom.
She arranged for the escape of one of
her sister's family through the Vigilance
Committee, as well as being active in
with news of the Eastern Shore
from incoming fugitives.

The Fugitive Slave Law was passed as part
of the Compromise of 1850, which
meant that Harriet Tubman and all run-
way slaves like her were no longer legal
anywhere in the North. If, of course,
her first winter in St. CATHERINE'S was very
hard, but with the aid of her fugitive pas-
port, she found a job in Pennsylvania. She
saw that a strong and a bold heart
would reto this journey until her entire
family was out of slave territory.

She went to work in Philadelphia doing
her hard housework and cooking in a
hotel. She saved as much of her money as she could with the goal of returning
to the Eastern shore on a rescue mission.
She found Philadelphia a strange place,
but through other runaways she learned
of the Philadelphia Vigilance Committee,
which helped fugitives seeking help and
information about their relatives. It
was here that she learned of the existence
of the Underground Railroad and that
Philadelphia was its center in the East.
Through all she learned from the people
(primarily Negroes and Quakers who made
up this committee, she developed the con
pion that any slave knew the stop could make it safely to freedom.
She arranged for the escape of one of
her sister's family through the Vigilance
Committee, as well as being active in
with news of the Eastern Shore
from incoming fugitives.

The Fugitive Slave Law was passed as part
of the Compromise of 1850, which
meant that Harriet Tubman and all run-
way slaves like her were no longer legal
anywhere in the North. If, of course,
her first winter in St. CATHERINE'S was very
hard, but with the aid of her fugitive pas-
port, she found a job in Pennsylvania. She
saw that a strong and a bold heart
would reto this journey until her entire
family was out of slave territory.

She went to work in Philadelphia doing
her hard housework and cooking in a
hotel. She saved as much of her money as she could with the goal of returning
to the Eastern shore on a rescue mission.
She found Philadelphia a strange place,
but through other runaways she learned
of the Philadelphia Vigilance Committee,
which helped fugitives seeking help and
information about their relatives. It
was here that she learned of the existence
of the Underground Railroad and that
Philadelphia was its center in the East.
Through all she learned from the people
(primarily Negroes and Quakers who made
up this committee, she developed the con
pion that any slave knew the stop could make it safely to freedom.
She arranged for the escape of one of
her sister's family through the Vigilance
Committee, as well as being active in
with news of the Eastern Shore
from incoming fugitives.
panthers, bleeding, or leached

Throughout the history of the student left, there has been a great tendency to deal harshly with their own organizational structures. SDS, although founded on a principle of participatory democracy (each member of the organization votes on policy and elects officers to carry out policy and not set it) was constantly plagued by criticisms of undemocratic practice. Its leaders certainly did set policy and often against the wishes of the members of the organization. This eventually led to SDS's demise and a further fragmentation of the student left, a movement that has never been really very cohesive.

Although the criticisms of SDS were warranted, members of the left have become increasingly conscious of undemocratic practices, in fact it has turned into an incredible paranoia. At meetings and conferences people feel cheated when they don't get an opportunity to get in their two cents. Everybody has a different idea of the structure that their group should have, if any structure at all. The organization has become chauvinistic, instead of dealing with their objective, they deal with the form. And in the end nothing is accomplished except bitter party jibbering.

But at the same time, I don't want to say that the means justify the ends. To think the organizations should not be tolerated. They should either be reformed or abolished.

In recent years the white left flocked to the Black Panther Party for leadership and inspiration. In many instances Panther worshiping became the order of the day. The figure of the lean Black Panther, gun in hand, was certainly very sexy. The fact, that here was a group out on the firing line and "giving leadership to the Black Community," relieved many student listless of the failures they had experienced. Consequently the BPP received an incredible barrage of press coverage and in many cases totally out of proportion.

This press coverage forced the BPP up against the wall, it made them the target for the white press. The happy few in almost every city in the country. At some points they succeeded in alienating them from the Black Community in the sense that they were over and above the problems of the average Black American.

The incredible white support caused them to become a mysterious cult group in the eyes of many persons and became a further irritation to the fading. The BPP did not properly deal with this, partly because it created a source of newly united funds and also because many members enjoyed their sensationalism.

Soon problems developed internally within the BPP. It's reveal the BPP had their daily survival, I wonder if the Black Community can.

The Black Panther Party is part of an American tradition, Irishmen, Nellies, Jews and many others have in the past formed community groups to protect their communities. The BPP was formed in 1966 because it was needed for survival purposes in the Black Community.

Yes there are difficulties internally in the BPP as there are difficulties within any organization. The central committee of the BPP voided to much power, both Newton and Cleaver acknowledge this. Women do find it difficult to have the same responsibilities that men have, this is true in almost all leftist organizations. But at this point it is irresponsible for the student left to dwell too long on this and give it the press coverage that the Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell clique enjoy. Because the survival and need for the BPP does not lie within the student left. Only the Black Community can make a decision on the relevance of the BPP and in the end the BPP will reach its destiny through the wishes of that community.

At this point the student left should be talking in terms of getting itself together. But if they are concerned about the Black Panther Party there is a task to be performed. The splicer of three Panthers on Death Row in San Quentin prison, hundreds in jail, others in haunting courtroom forces should be intolerable to the left.

Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins still face the death penalty as they did when the Panthers were in vogue. At this point it would be good if the left went on a concerted drive to free all political prisoners and stop the execution of the BPP members. 

Gene Elk

WHAT FMILU WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE?

Here is your chance to help pick the movies for next semester! Just fill in the form below and we (the Film Committee) will do our best to bring them to you.

TITLE

DIRECTOR

Return via campus mail to the Film Committee (Harvey Yaffe, Vicki Gambick, Larry Gross, Robert Avrech, Ellen Cosgrove, and Nancy Galloway)

by Larry Gross
I think it is generally agreed that the recent events in Washington, performed by the May-Day Tribe have worked to the detriment of the Movement. It's often hard to figure out why a specific action gets wrong, why it turns the public against the Movement rather than for it. Some factors are definitely related to the discrimination and ill-advised trash of private individuals' property and to other tactical errors on the part of all concerned. I think some of these problems can be ascribed to poor exploitation of the media and their representatives. Perhaps this is not the best time to review two new books that have come out, but the matters of media are back with some new "ups" for everyone. Jerry Rubin's WE ARE EVERYWHERE and Abbie Hoffman's STEAL THIS BOOK are perfect complements and both further the cause in their liner, eccentric way. Although the elements of ego-tripping are definitely present in WE ARE EVERYWHERE, it is more of an intensely personal projection as well as representing a major ideological step forward. We can find a lot of his subjective ramblings applicable to ourselves. Some of the things he says may dissatisfy a large proportion of Yard students, but his criticisms are legitimate. Remember this next time you say, "No man, I'm not into politics.

"Niggers who've 'dropped out of politics' have dropped out of life, dropped out of the human ability to feel and experience the sufferings of others. Pil-pilishing parents escape to the absurd; pot-smoking hippies escape to the country.

"No freak will be free until Bobby Seale is free...

"The revolution is nothing if it is not spiritual but the spiritual revolution by itself is nothing...Spiritual revolution and psychic liberation is essential."

This tendency for self-criticism is one of the saddest aspects of this book and a long-needed and long-forgotten area of the hip communications network of which this book is a part.

As an agent of the living political theatre called Yippie, Rubin takes a look at the use of media, especially TV. Something that the May-Day Tribe did not succeed in doing was the David Frost Show in England.

"Blah, Blah, Blah. Everything has been said.

The show's format reduces all statements to muffled repetitions, "Now STRUGGL [

'gs sounds like a deterrent. Mediocrity built it...All words could be co-opted..."Whatever I did had to be non-verbal, advertise..."

: If we are to be revolutionary, we had to be able to format of the drone...The media control our consciousness...It didn't happen if it wasn't on TV. Youth culture in images."

From these quotes, one can get an idea of the style of the book, stream-of-consciousness, spontaneous, and somewhat shallow as well. But an infectious enthusiasm, and high spirit pervade the book that makes us want to believe, the charisma is there. Taken from their context some passages lose much of their strength because the book is a whole, an environment, and an element, and we can check up on Jerry's instant history and theory because he lets us know exactly where he stands.

"Radicalism does not proceed step by step, logically or rationalistically; radicalism is an insight, a historical exploitation with petty mind, an Apocalypse in which individuals change themselves overnight...becoming a revolutionary is like falling in love. No one can explain it, no warning is given, and the causes are catastrophic." He reasoning is highly subjective and should be taken as such, for it is a vision comparable to a work of art. I detect a note of 101 POLITICS OF ESTATE by Tim Leary."

Women's Liberation would find plenty of legitimate fault with its attitude towards women, but he has made 100 percent progress in this area since DD IT. There is a great deal of self-criticism, and by extension, Movement criticism on this subject, that should open the minds of many Movement men. Once again his superficiality is vitiated by sincerity.

"What if Mary Jo were drinking and Teddy died? Would she get out of jail? THINK ABOUT IT!

He feels that male chauvinism was responsible for the fact that many men were ac-

cused in the Chicago Conspiracy case, which left plenty of genuine Yippie women with only demeaning supporting roles in the drama. He protests the fact that Movement women are forced to be secretaries just like in any massive business corporation, screams "HOUSEWIVES ARE POLITICAL PRISONERS," and makes an attempt to relax the chauvinism to the national war policy.

Besides ideological considerations, there is a lot of incredibly inside dope of life of hippy trial that reads like a comedy version of Kafka's THE TRIAL, relates his prison experience (why are these always so intense and moving?), pays deference to the struggles of third world groups fighting in the belly of the monster, discusses with some insight the relationship of the Weatherpeople phenomenon and just about everything else that's happening now. The most amazing story to my mind is the one about the defendant WATER Crankle said to Rubin: "When the Nazis come to my door, I hope you guys will be outside on the barricades."

The new book is very nicely put together by a radical collective called Nyugen Al Quy. Intercultural Shitworkers Local 110, and it includes lots of flashy pictures of Us, Jerry puts it. You really should take a look if you are interested in the Jerry Rubin behind JERRY RUBIN, AGENT PROVOCATEUR, the Movement, the Yippies, Chicago and other characters.

Abbie Hoffman's fourth book is the per-

fect political complement to WE ARE EVERYWHERE.

Assuming you are "ideologically wed" with the Kapitalistic American Feudal Empire, STEAL THIS BOOK is a "Handbook of Survival for the Citizens of Woodstock Nation." I think the best proof of the potential of this book and the idea behind it is the fact that 30, count 'em, folks, publishers refused to publish it.

STEAL THIS BOOK is divided into three sections with an Appendix of organizations that help people and other books worth reading. Section one is entitled SURVIVE! and it is about FREE Food, Clothing, Furniture, Transportation, Land, Housing, Education, Medical Care, Communication, Pay, Money, Dodge, and As-


snael Freebies. Says Abbie:

"Whether the way its describes to flip-off shit are legal, or illegal, is irrelevant. The dictionary of law is written by the bosses of order. Our moral dictionary says no holding from each other...To not deal from the institutions that are the pillars of Empire is equally immoral.

Not all the methods described are illegal by any means. Much is just information to enable you to get what you deserve as a citizen, like food stamps, or to tell you where the National Parks are, for example. If you can find an abandoned oil drilling rig at sea, it's yours under the high seas-aways laws. There is information on how to buy a decent farm, or get a list of com-


corn. The best item is one which tells you how to get a free elk or buffalo from the federal government.

Section two is entitled FITZKIT and is based on the assumption that we are to survive as a culture, if any liberation movement is to survive, then we must fight. But Hoffman isn't a Weatherper-

son. "Don't get hung up on the sacrificial trip. Revolution is not about suicide, it is about life. With your fingers probe the hole in the ground, the hole that is meant to fill...Become a barometer and feel on all sides; feel the machines, and in particular the sterile machines of corporate death and the ro-


bots that guard them." While the first part of this book is useful for everyone, this section demands a little more com-


citement to the cause of liberation. His seriousness is quite understandable when we remember that it is in part to him and his co-defendants in Chicago, especially Bobby Seale, that we owe the spread of the realization that we live in the big Pig Empire. If you want to see what Amarkia is up for if threatened, check out the latest FBI 10 Most Wanted List, most of the people are kids, wanted for political crimes and about half are women! The idea of internationalism is also of impera-


tive. As Jerry Rubin and the English Yipp-


does demontrated for better or worse to David Frost and a million British TV fans, we are everywhere; what this book can do is begin to tie Us together with a unified program of practical defense and offense. But it is a start.

FITZKIT contains sections on how to start and run an amateur media network, graphic broadcasting, essential demon-


stration dress, and equipment, weapons for trashing, a General Strategy Rap, how to construct both assassinations and conspiracies.

The Washington 10,000 might have been clone from the general strategy rap. Every rock or morlock cocktail should be a very obvious political point. Random violence produces random propaganda results. Why waste even a nod? When it comes to automobiles, choose only police vehicles and very expensive cars like Lamborghini and Latch Griffith. They might also have found his gang strategy and bud-


dy systems tactic helpful. Hoffman's book lists the phone numbers of prominent police like "El Presidente," and "El Asesin," Richard Helms. To tie up the government, tie up the phones..."
In his homeland Denmark, he is best known for his poems, some of which are in his latest book, GROOKS 2, about which he has published over 7000. A Grook, which sounds as though it comes from the anatomy of a dinosaur, is an original name for his own epigrams. These charming, often rhyming verses are aolla podium of the many facets of human nature. I read these "Confessional" poems like the words on a Chinese fortune cookie—eagerly. Though each one is unconnected, they are all traditional epigrams treading concisely, pointedly and satirically a single thought and enlivened with a witticist or ingenious turn of thought.

"In Here It's" the poem seems naïve at first, like a nursery rhyme. Some of the phrases such as "What a dear little thing" are just entertaining, but when you reach the last line, that silly whimsy comes out. The poem starts out as a geographic representation and ends in a face. There is an accurate sense of truth in the words without pretense or purgery.

ON BEING ONESELF

If virtue can't be seen alone at least my faults can be my own.

"On Being One's Self" reflects an ironic self-awareness. Everyone has all your virtues and none of your faults. Indeed, sometimes you are incapable of doing anything right, only wrong. It reminds me of the cliche "you can't win for losing" due to the lack of an epigram which is "to lose the game by winning it"—to emphasize the point. The pain after having made a big mistake would certainly be eased by the humor of this grook.

"Columbus, being a part of many notions Spanish...one of them undertakes to say: 'Mr. Christopher, even if you have not found the Indies, we should not have been devoid of a man who would have attempted the same thing that you did, here in our own country of Spain, as it is full of great men clever in cosmography and literature!'" Columbus said nothing in answer to these words, but having pinned an egg to be brought to him, he placed it on the table saying: 'Cattlemen, you will not make this egg stand up as it will break and without anything at all.' They all tried and no one succeeded in making it stand up. When the egg came round to the hands of Columbus, by beating it down on the table he fixed it, having thus done what no one else had done and wherefore all remained confused, understanding what it means to be Foolish.

This story may not appear to have much relevance to Piet Hein. But it certainly does when you read one of his poems or see one of his super-epigrams. Quoted in several biographical articles, it is more than an insight. It is a curious parallel to Piet Hein's approach to mathematics, philosophy and poetry.

In his homeland Denmark, he is best known for his poems, some of which are in his latest book, GROOKS 2, about which he has published over 7000. A Grook, which sounds as though it comes from the anatomy of a dinosaur, is an original name for his own epigrams. These charming, often rhyming verses are an alloy podium of the many facets of human nature. I read these "Confessional" poems like the words on a Chinese fortune cookie—eagerly. Though each one is unconnected, they are all traditional epigrams treading concisely, pointedly and satirically a single thought and enlivened with a witticist or ingenious turn of thought.

Lingha Mandyory

"Columbus, being a part of many notions Spanish...one of them undertakes to say: 'Mr. Christopher, even if you have not found the Indies, we should not have been devoid of a man who would have attempted the same thing that you did, here in our own country of Spain, as it is full of great men clever in cosmography and literature!'" Columbus said nothing in answer to these words, but having pinned an egg to be brought to him, he placed it on the table saying: 'Cattlemen, you will not make this egg stand up as it will break and without anything at all.' They all tried and no one succeeded in making it stand up. When the egg came round to the hands of Columbus, by beating it down on the table he fixed it, having thus done what no one else had done and wherefore all remained confused, understanding what it means to be Foolish.

This story may not appear to have much relevance to Piet Hein. But it certainly does when you read one of his poems or see one of his super-epigrams. Quoted in several biographical articles, it is more than an insight. It is a curious parallel to Piet Hein's approach to mathematics, philosophy and poetry.

In his homeland Denmark, he is best known for his poems, some of which are in his latest book, GROOKS 2, about which he has published over 7000. A Grook, which sounds as though it comes from the anatomy of a dinosaur, is an original name for his own epigrams. These charming, often rhyming verses are an alloy podium of the many facets of human nature. I read these "Confessional" poems like the words on a Chinese fortune cookie—eagerly. Though each one is unconnected, they are all traditional epigrams treading concisely, pointedly and satirically a single thought and enlivened with a witticist or ingenious turn of thought.

Lingha Mandyory
Jeremy Steig gave a phenomenal concert here a week ago last Tuesday, in spite of the hail squalls in the Chapel and police and barker amplifiers.

Songs included HOME, COME WITH ME, GIVE ME SOME CAKES. At times, his flute seemed to whisper or scream, at others it varied from a gentle, simple melody to very fancy jazz ornementation in glissando that covered up the whole theme, and seemed to create new ideas too, past the melody and too delicately related to it, until somehow they returned, and, yes, these were the melody, under a transformation that returns to the beginning. For a change in texture, in one song, he toyed with the use of embouchure rolls and mutes, keeping the keys, a grimace that worked better when contrasted with the rest of the concert.

The general mood was intense. Jim Ham- mer, at the piano, who plays with John McLaughlin and Sarah Vaughan, grom- med, screened so his face and appeared at the piano. One solo, using a Ring Modulator, sounded not quite like it would sound on the piano part, or electrifice the pian- ist to produce the effect. He was excellent.

The bass player, Gabe Paltch, who played with Elvin Jones, was tall and draped over one of the amplifiers as he played. His lines were almost stopped, but twice he confirmed the beat through the roar of the bass. His solo was interesting, because it left the steady rhythm of the bass line unperturbed, expanding the melody, yet even this used a certain amount of restraint - the sound didn't cavort around or seem to whirl into a samba dance or something.

The drummer, Don Alias, who plays with Nina Simone, in contrast to this, was very active and very loud. The best was the other, but the counter-rhythm played around it in every conceivable way. He slapped the drums so hard that one of the more weak breaks, and Stuart ran out to get another one. Steig switched the drums while the drummer continued the best on the other drum heads, and the rest of the group kept playing.

Jeremy Steig, who has studied "classical and all that shit" a long time ago, said that his group has been together 7 months. He plays sometimes with Martin Muller and Eddie Gomez, who is the bass player with Bill Evans. In a statement after the concert, he said that he used Eddie Goslee and Martin Muller when Bill Evans isn’t working, or he tries to use the band he played with for the concert.

"It’s kinda nice. I get to play with every- body. Boys don’t make 3 records with the others. The off guys are on the last one. I’ve never made 3 records with them before."

"Most of our music is improvised and we write it down from the tapes after we play it, so that we can copy it, and we’re trying to write around it. We’ve been together a couple of months. It takes me two weeks."

I hope we can make enough money to keep this together.

by Larry Ayers

THE BLACK EXPERIENCE IN SOUND

The invalidity of the melting pot concept in American music is reflected in the development of jazz in the fifties. The dominant theme in contemporary jazz has again turned to blackness. In ef- fect, it preserves the integrity of a shared identity which has been threatened by black artists in the past. The black jazzmen of the jazz field have in re- cent years served as the most active instigators of the blackness that is currently emerging.

Norman Mailer in his underground pe- riod WHITE NEGRO provides us with a clue of the tendency to token black integration of the American musical scene in its relation to a focal point of international social life, and it is a focal point that may begin to emerge in the music. For black music in its integration became apparent. As a de- fence against the threat of the "golden nuptial," literary whites retreated from effective competitive dialogue with blacks. Most black professional musicians are aware of the phenomenon of the white musician who claims an inherent genetic difference that necessitates from the development of a complex and sophisti- cated conception of rhythm. White musi- cians plead an inability to apply a pragu- matic method to the natural outcome of the development of a sophisticated polyrhythmic approach to music. In fact, it is quite the contrary. A polyrhythmic concept, the factors enabling blacks to develop their musical conception are seen as nuisances, e.g., natural rhythm, lack of memory, lack of intelectual baggage, lack of music education. They ad- mit this to be a positive value, but continu- e to view their music as the only way that can also be explained in terms of negative value.

Jazz, I maintain, cannot be approached from a negative position with its general origins, revolution, and scope. Roland Kirk, who plays black classical music, is not imperative that those who promote this music be black, but to be on another familiar footing with "for- ter traditions" is heretical. Bach, for instance, seemed out of context is merely a brilliant musician. The reserved place that he holds in traditional Western cul- ture is made possible through an aware- ness of his milieu, Charles Parker, John Coltrane, Roland Kirk, Miles Davis, and Elvin Jones may be looked at as isolated musical phenomena or as progenitors of a fertile protean wellbeing of American music.

There are too many examples of white musicians - Phil Woods, Joe Zawinul, J.J. Johnson, the two, who play, work, and play jazz out of the best funk spirituality or for all they know that white folks are "different." The reality is that most folks are different, for if the black musicians depended on a polly black audience to sustain their artistic careers, they would be doomed to anonymity in the system as we know it.

When young white musicians speak to me about the privileged and unique position of being black, I refer them back to the source of their good fortune in good days, where they find a woman who for them epitomizes blackness and whose origin is with her, this physical and spiritual origin, this goading blackness.

Howard Kall in Urban Blues and Frantz Fanon in his Politics of Emotion. He states that women play an important role in creating a black identity. White women's unwillingness to attend to the cause of the struggle for the blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re- blackness to a theme in jazz, and the blackness, the major causes of the re-
In 1964 American advisors went into Vietnam to teach American rubbers terrors and our French allies. Some sec- ondary wars were fought. French colonials decided that Vietnam would make a fine colony and with much ado incorpor- ated Vietnam into their very own French Indochina. Everything’s fine, everyone’s happy—until World War II. The 1964 and the Geneva Conference, the world (the world?) decided that for their com- fort and happiness we must divide this destitute country into two autonomous states. A northern one, run by a screaming man with a funny beard, and a republic in the south maintained by a quasi-puppet of the American government.

Then what? Why wasn’t everyone happy? The world did its best to assure a just solution. Just who are these troublemak- ers in Vietnam. Ho Chi Minh. Mao. He’s a communist. We God-directed Americans protect the free world and assuage a free and democratic country in South Vietnam. Beware...non-communis...communis...Well, look at it this way, you have a row of dummies...Those dumdum God-fearing Americans; Men- du, Bundy, Acheson, Dulles and a few, these men know what they’re doing, if they didn’t why is he president and the others his advisors? Really now...they wouldn’t lead us wrong.

What about John F, the liberal’s liberal: America’s youth and dynamis personifi- ed...how could he lead us wrong? There were only twenty-five thousand in Viet- nam when Lyndon came to the presidency. We can’t blame Kennedy, can we? Lyndon, ummmmm, Lynn-don John- nis, anybody’s grandfatherly grandpa...he really does not much sup- port him. Besides, with McNamara, West- moreland, Forrestal, and Rusk advising him, he must have been interested in heart. So what’s another fifty-thousand.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND AMER- IAN TROOPS IN THE JUNGLES OF VIETNAM TO FIGHT A WAR THAT NOBODY KNOWS THE FIRST THING ABOUT: NOT WITH MY LIFE YOU DON’T! The American people are waking up. Cry out against our injuries abroad. Let it be known that we don’t want this war. Civil Disobedience.

Comrades, nothing but. J Edgar doesn’t like these pro-Americans. George Wallace hates both the rich and their com- rades over in Asia. Throw these damned protesters in jail and for the North Viet- namites: bomb ’em back to the stone age. Military Victory. We have a commi-

ment to a friend, we cannot let our frien- dreds. Most fellow Americans, the people of Vietnam want the freedoms and privileges that any other people, of any other na-

dion, desires. We are there to help them gain these freedoms.

Quickly...unto this confusion and mela-
dracine scene come the American colon-
knights in gray armor. Here he is...Eugene McCarthy. An intellectual, and a poet. In politics? America’s children out their hair and put on tis to work for our saving

of the thousands of American boys who have willingly given their lives for free-
doms, we seek a just peace. But an unfor-
lous peace is better than a dishonorable

in, right? Never yet mind.

A cheerless baby lying in a ditch in a “qualified” harlet. Better dead than red. Yah. Yah...A goat...a goat...is a goat. Shoot anything that moves, any-
thing with slanted eyes. You can never tell. Did you know that the Americans have dropped more bombs on Southeast Asia than in all of World War Two? Really? That’s quite fascinating. Fifty thousand American boys have come home from their patriotic duty in green plastic bags and metal boxes. Two million Asians have died (two million?) Gue, that’s a lot in our protection of them. Well as General Sherman said: War is hell. A well- rounded point. Breco.

It started with speaking out, pleading with those sincere but misguided men of power. Yah, Yah. Didn’t work. Johnson sent in five-hundred thousand. So we demonstrate, McCarthy, a fleeting hope. Than confrontation.

1, 2, 3, 4, — we don’t want your fuckin’ war. Groovy, Dismantle the War Ma-
chine. Hippy, man, heavy. What do we want? PEACE! What do we want it? NOW! Yeah, yeah. Right on. People are dying, babies are burning.

The democratic American political two-party system will now begin with its democratic function. Richard Nixon, that oft-somnambulist, Tricky Dicky dropp- ing on to fulfill his God-ordained obliga-
tion to America vs. Hubert Horatio Humphrey. But just...a little problem in Chicago. Well that’s over and election day has come and gone and we find that with all of 41% of the American vote we have a willing and daring, sincere and honest politician in the White House that will bring us together. On top of that, Mr. Nixon has promised to end the war.

November 15, 1969, one year later. Half a million Americans flooded to Washing-
ton’s a tobb in our protection of them. Mr. Nixon watched football. The War goes on.

to page 19
species

from page 6

of educating others and to live an ecological lifestyle himself. Legislators must be forced to pass laws against pollution and to start massive educational and propa-
gandistic programs if necessary. Industrial polluters must be stopped. Legislation may help, but considering the power of many industrialists and the slowness of the legislative process, other measures may need to be taken. Consumer pres-
tents are an example; a box burn-in or a bottle smash-in on the steps of the in-
dustry's office building would get public-
city and might help. The consumer is the

essential element to the manufacturer's survival. If people refuse to buy pollu-
tion causing products, the manufacturers would be forced to meet their demands — or go out of business. Violence is always a questionable measure and the least de-
sirable, but in a case where all else fails and it is a question of life or death for humanity, those who find themselves ca-
pable should exercise this alternative. A factory or factories which pollute in-
cently and which refuse to accept the neces-
sities of ecological care, should be
destroyed unexpectedly with a 20 minute warning to remove workers. Several well-
planned bombings might induce other factories to take the less burdensome
cost of installing pollution controls.

It is very clear that most of the respon-
sibility for pollution control must start at
the lowest level in the hierarchy of societ-
al power — the individual. Each person
must learn which of his actions are eco-
logically sound or unsound. This requires
information from ecologically educated
individuals. He must then alter his life-

By buying returnable bottles, recycling paper and cans, using less electricity and water, using his car
less and installing an anti-pollution devi-
se, retiring from buying over-pro-
cessed and over-packaged food, wasting
less of everything, buying articles of qual-
ity for long use, and making himself as
aware as possible of the ecological pro-
cesses in the environment and of his role
as a rational being, living in the environ-
ment. As he learns, he too must become
an ecological educator.

We now have a choice. We must use the
full capacity of consciousness to choose our actions. If humanity does not suc-
cede in coming to grips with the meaning
of consciousness and the responsibility it
places upon man as the most powerful, hence dangerous of all species, we will
have abandoned our right to choose. No-
ture will make the choice for us. We will
all bear the responsibility and face the
consequences. Make your choice now.
Life or death?

by Sharon Murphy
PIET HEIN
from page 15
This approach is what makes his epigrams so funny. The form does not change from one, nor are the ideas themselves original, but the language is quick and fresh, and very natural. Everything is placed in a new context, alluding to a new reality.
They differ from the reality of traditional epigrams of the Romans. They both exhi-
bit poetic flavor to point but the Romans to the point that strikes Piet Hein to the point that charms.
I wonder what effect Piet Hein’s epigrams will have on modern literature. T.K. Whitelaw said of Martial: a master epigram-
ist, what I think may be true of Piet Hein’s aphoristic verse, “An age which exalts him is a disillusioned and skeptical, a sophisticated and cynical age. It holds up realism as the end of art, for it under-
stands and has faith in only the concrete and the immediate.”
Steinberg has also said “Questions are dreams, answers are dream interpretation, and they both have independence, beauty and truth – especially the questions. But questions and answers [like dreams about dream interpretation] are night-
mares.”
Great men talk more. They are often heretical, suggesting questions or answers, yet much of their beauty lies in their simplicity. On the other hand, they come close to sounding like limer-
icks – true, and the thought sounds too brief – like Chinese fortunes. Each grook is really a complex idea, as I have discovered by reading his essays, but the poem does not stop at it.
THE OPPOSITE VIEW
For many system-thinkers it’s a good-for-nothing system that classifies as oppositions: stupid and wisdom, by because logic-choppers it’s accepted with avidity: stupid itself classifies as oppositional wisdom.
In “The Opposite View” the arrangement and choice of words creates a light ten-
tion overall; however, certain phrases like “good-for-nothing system” and “logic-
choppers” are just clever. The accompanying drawing is merely illustrative and only
adds to the cleverness. Besides which the idea deserves more exploration.
The opposite of stupidity is not the oppo-
site stupidity. The real opposite of stupid-
ity is wisdom. Says Piet Hein, in his essay “Of Order and Disorder.” “Veins often hang together in a form that is like a butterfly, so that the two extremes are close to each other and the real opposite is at the far end of the curve.” As I see it this then stupidity is all that lies in the middle.
Piet Hein exhibits most of his intolerance for the gap between “cultivus” and “tech-
nox” (not unintentionally sounding like “occultist and idiosyncratic”). Cultix relies on tradition, on foreign culture, and technology is “nontraditional, having its roots directly in the soil, in nature.” A truly creative attitude arises out of a combination of the two.
Piet Hein, now 60, has possessed this com-
binati on since his days at the University of Copenhagen, where he studied both physics and philosophy. Whether it is poetry or math, he thinks the same way. Though I have only discussed his poetry, mathematics is his forte. During the design of a plaza-traffic circuit in Stock-
holm, the architects were unable to find a shape which was conducive to the flow of traffic and yet made maximum use of the area. Piet Hein solved the problem by examining the shape of the egg, the ellipse. By igniting the formula’s factor over 2 (R = a/b), the shape converges towards the rectangle. He calls it the super-ellipse. “The super-ellipse has the same formula as the circle and the ellipse, but it is less obvious and more beautiful.” In three dimensions it is a “super-egg” since it will balance on either end. And if, perhaps, the chimney of Colum-
bus. Of course any mathematician would have known this formula, but it was an artist who applied it. Piet Hein has the experience of several fields, and so when he specializes, he draws from not one discipline but several. Simply put, he is aware. His awareness is trompe l’oeil, it is deceiving. I will end with another one of his stories, also about poetry. “Do you believe more strongly in the laws of nature than the magician. Be-
cause he has experienced, so to speak, on his own body, what it takes—not to break the laws of nature, but to make it look as if we were breaking them.”
by William M. Lipton

ROAD TO SAIGON
from page 17
A new set of faces, although hardly dis-

gnosed: congratulations. Congratulations fatigue. Laos. Another attempt for a peace. Back to Texas. Washington May Day Tribe. One government demonstration. Bring the War Home. If the government won’t stop the war, then we’ll stop the government. A fine, romantic, beautifully impossible war. And the war goes on.
The American people are tired of this war. Outrage? Hardly. Just tired. The other Americans are tired, frustrated and almost beaten in their failures. Just a sec-
ond, the public outcry has certainly dimin-
ished the number of deaths, hasn’t it? OK, so now instead of two thousand people dying per week, we inflict and suffer a mere thousand. My, my, why don’t we congratulate ourselves. The government just doesn’t listen. It just doesn’t respond. We must do something. Power to the people!
Piet Hein’s aphoristic verse, “An age which exalts him is a disillusioned and skeptical, a sophisticated and cynical age. It holds up realism as the end of art, for it understands and has faith in only the concrete and the immediate.”

A New Set of Faces

Ah hah. Sprit and Dicky continue to see the light at the end of the always elud-
ing tunnel. Congratulations fatigue. Laos. Another attempt for a peace. Back to Texas. Washington May Day Tribe. One government demonstration. Bring the War Home. If the government won’t stop the war, then we’ll stop the government. A fine, romantic, beautifully impossible war. And the war goes on.
The American people are tired of this war. Outrage? Hardly. Just tired. The other Americans are tired, frustrated and almost beaten in their failures. Just a sec-
ond, the public outcry has certainly dimin-
ished the number of deaths, hasn’t it? OK, so now instead of two thousand people dying per week, we inflict and suffer a mere thousand. My, my, why don’t we congratulate ourselves. The government just doesn’t listen. It just doesn’t respond. We must do something. Power to the people!
Piet Hein’s aphoristic verse, “An age which exalts him is a disillusioned and skeptical, a sophisticated and cynical age. It holds up realism as the end of art, for it understands and has faith in only the concrete and the immediate.”

A New Set of Faces

Ah hah. Sprit and Dicky continue to see the light at the end of the always elud-
ing tunnel. Congratulations fatigue. Laos. Another attempt for a peace. Back to Texas. Washington May Day Tribe. One government demonstration. Bring the War Home. If the government won’t stop the war, then we’ll stop the government. A fine, romantic, beautifully impossible war. And the war goes on.
The American people are tired of this war. Outrage? Hardly. Just tired. The other Americans are tired, frustrated and almost beaten in their failures. Just a sec-
ond, the public outcry has certainly dimin-
ished the number of deaths, hasn’t it? OK, so now instead of two thousand people dying per week, we inflict and suffer a mere thousand. My, my, why don’t we congratulate ourselves. The government just doesn’t listen. It just doesn’t respond. We must do something. Power to the people!
Piet Hein’s aphoristic verse, “An age which exalts him is a disillusioned and skeptical, a sophisticated and cynical age. It holds up realism as the end of art, for it understands and has faith in only the concrete and the immediate.”

A New Set of Faces

Ah hah. Sprit and Dicky continue to see the light at the end of the always elud-
ing tunnel. Congratulations fatigue. Laos. Another attempt for a peace. Back to Texas. Washington May Day Tribe. One government demonstration. Bring the War Home. If the government won’t stop the war, then we’ll stop the government. A fine, romantic, beautifully impossible war. And the war goes on.
The American people are tired of this war. Outrage? Hardly. Just tired. The other Americans are tired, frustrated and almost beaten in their failures. Just a sec-
ond, the public outcry has certainly dimin-
ished the number of deaths, hasn’t it? OK, so now instead of two thousand people dying per week, we inflict and suffer a mere thousand. My, my, why don’t we congratulate ourselves. The government just doesn’t listen. It just doesn’t respond. We must do something. Power to the people!