Our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms
Vice-Chairman Lin Piao.
THE SOLEDAD BROTHERS DESPERATELY NEED CASH!

With the trial finally about to start, the Soledad Brothers Legal Defense team is on the verge of total bankruptcy. The outcome of the trial hangs in the balance. The Soledad Brothers have been under indictment since February 1970 (more than 18 months). The massive pre-trial assaults by the prosecution (changes of venue, gag rules, harassment, endless pre-trial hearings) have almost completely exhausted every penny raised by the defense.

The trial is now scheduled to start on August 9, 1971.

Defense attorneys expect it to last 5 months. Conservative estimates put the cost of the defense (expert witnesses, special investigators, travel expenses for witness interviews from all over the state, the bare necessities for supporting three attorneys and their staff during the trial, etc.) at $125,000. The state will be spending many times this amount in its ruthless attempt to railroad the Soledad Brothers to the gas chamber. Your money is urgently needed to prevent a legal lynching. Please send your contribution immediately to:

THE SOLEDAD BROTHERS LEGAL DEFENSE FUND
510 North Third Street
San Jose, California 95112

I enclose_______ for the cause of justice in the Soledad Case.

Please send Soledad Button (75c minimum contribution)
I would like to work for the Soledad Brothers in my community. Please send information.

Name________________________________________
Address______________________________________
Economic Crisis: Where's the Money?

by R. WILES

The implementation of such a comprehensive economic program as that of President Nixon usually implies not only a rather dire state of economic affairs but also the failure of economic policy actions in recent years. An analogy to the Great Depression is inevitable, where the New Deal was forced to attack economic stagnation of massive proportions and at the same time attempt to fill a vacuum of economic inertia.

On the contemporary scene, however, the problems must be viewed as beginning with the successful economic results of the Kennedy-Johnson Tax Cuts of 1964 and their growth impact, carrying the American economy from the doldrum state of the early 1960's to virtual full employment in 1967. There are serious difficulties in maintaining prosperity as there are in achieving full employment and a growing economic system. These difficulties are intensified when the major economic weapon of the U.S. Government - the Federal Budget - loses its flexibility as a policy tool and must be sacrificed to the demands of war. The present problems can, in large part, be traced to the clash of the '64 fiscal program's bearing fruit in 1965-66 with the decision by President Johnson to escalate the war in 1965. This caused in 1965-66 and, more seriously in 1967, a large Federal Deficit granted upon a fully employed, full capacity economy. This combination is unique and has only one possible result; that is, a rapid acceleration of prices throughout the economic system.

The villain in such an inflationary spiral is, however, not federal deficit finance per se, but rather conservative economic policy which would have it, but the timing of such a large deficit. In short, the economy at full potential is not viable at all, and therefore could not absorb the additional spending required to finance the Vietnam escalation.

This is only part of the picture as far as our inflation difficulties are concerned. Another factor to be considered is the failure of President Johnson, especially in 1968, to deal with the inflationary pressure. Just as the state of the economy in 1961-64 had called for tax cuts and increased government spending, so the situation in 1967-68 called for opposite medicine, a rather substantial tax increase. No such move was given serious discussion by the Administration and instead we were treated to a slighter form of tax cut in 1968 which was too small, too late and, as a result, did not show, virtually ineffective.

Thus today, really five years after the acceleration of prices began to show up, we are still faced with one of the most serious inflation in American economic history and have lost our economic progress in the bargain. Yet things are rarely so simple in economics to allow the blame for the inflation to fall on these two factors alone. There are institutional explanations as well: in 1965 wage settlements began to overstep the rise of productivity of labor which had been rising handomely since the early '60s. This also adds inflationary fuel to the economy, as unit wage costs rise and prices are forced upward to maintain profit margins. And this factor is one of the major causes of the inflation in the industrial segment of the economy and one has only looked at how to handle what economists like to call the "full employment ceiling." This has only one possible result: that is, a rapid acceleration of prices throughout the economic system.

The villain in such an inflationary spiral is, however, not federal deficit finance per se, but rather conservative economic policy which would have it, but the timing of such a large deficit. In short, the economy at full potential is not viable at all, and therefore could not absorb the additional spending required to finance the Vietnam escalation.

Nixon's suggested tax package for the next year involves some lucrative plums for the corporate sector - especially in the area of tax credits for investment in plant and equipment. There are also incentives involved in the blanket application of the freeze to all wages and prices - that is, regardless of income levels in the case of individual incomes and regardless of respect to individual business enterprises, both of whom may have needed wage or price increases to adjust to the economic realities of an inflationary spiral.

Probably due to considerations like these, we have now sketched out for us the second phase of Nixon's program to become effective Nov. 1. I use the word 'sketch' advisedly. For the guidelines for 'Phase Two' are remarkably unclear. The only proved aim of the program is the goal of restraining price increases within a 2-3% inflation rate by the end of 1972 - a range that most economists regard as virtually no inflation at all and as necessary to avoid with incentives for economic growth. Aside from this, however, Nixon's Pay Board and Price Commission must form some criteria by which to judge the requests for wage and price increases that have been requested during the month and will seek redress in November.

An example of the uncertainty felt by the Pay Board in the Phase Two plan is the following quotation from a Background Paper on Post-Freeze Economic Stabilization Program presented by the White House this month to present the rationale for the program. It is remarkable for its vagueness:

'The Pay Board will formulate standards of permissible employees' compensation to carry out the purposes of the program. The Price Commission will promulgate standards of permissible price increases. The Cost of Living Council will

(to page fourteen)
Friends,

I was overjoyed to read PASS ON SATANOS'S ASS in the last issue. My good feelings were due more to the fact that I was reading something that actually acknowledged and dealt with gayness, rather than to the contents of the article.

Since I've arrived at Bard, I've wondered where the gay faction, moreover, the GAY CONSCIOUSNESS of this campus, was hiding. I was told "There used to be a GLF here last year, but not this year. There aren't enough gay people." WHAT?

To my disappointment, the only people I've met who feel at all comfortable talking about gayness are women in our consciousness-raising sessions. If it weren't for our weekly meetings, I belive I'd have a difficult time maintaining my own awareness of sexism and sexuality.

In a gay newspaper, COME OUT, a list of gay organizations and their addresses are published. Bard GLF is listed. Box 87. I've asked Box 87 what's going on - but they won't tell me. ISN'T ANYONE ELSE INTERESTED IN STARTING ANYTHING?

(sometimes I wonder if anyone else sees that how we've been fucked over sexually is the key to how we've been divided in every way possible).

Laurie Lewis

AN OPEN LETTER TO HECTOR CORTIJO

Sir,

I don't know what you're mad about, and I couldn't care less, you've destroyed any possibility of my ever selling out your problems. But regardless of what it is, I can see no conceivable justification for the irrational article you wrote for the Red Tide.

I am amazed that you have been given an opportunity to inflict your childish viewpoints on the rest of us. I suspect that it may have been an attempt to pacify you, but regardless of the reasons for your having La Verdad, you have abused the privilege. It has always been my belief that the purpose of a piece of writing is to present a viewpoint and to back it up with facts. Not once in your "article" (I hesitate to dignify it by labeling it such) did you mention anything that would read an objective person to feel anything but pity for you and your childish prattlings.

That was just one big ego trip for you. You weren't speaking to anyone, you were speaking at them, and if you hope to ever accomplish anything more than antagonizing people, you had better revise your attitudes.

K. Michael Hickey

"LA VERDAD"

Being that my last article has caused a little reaction from some readers, I would like to follow it up, with this one, and clear up some of the points that I made in the last.

First of all let me say that I was really shocked at getting any responses at all. For awhile there I thought that many of you couldn't read or were just blind. I thank those of you who did respond and I hope to hear from you again.

It seems that those of you who did respond accused my article of being irrational, an ego trip, childish, etc. My article may have given you that impression but then again that's your opinion. As far as I am concerned it accomplished its goal-getting a response. You see, I've written two previous articles in which I got only one response, so I came up with the conclusion that the only way I was ever going to get through was by being, as you put it, "irrational and childish."

As far as my feelings towards the petition which was the subject of my last article are concerned, they haven't changed. I still feel that the petition was, as my brother Mike puts it, "an apathetic insult" towards the Latin American Organization and the Black Organization. The whole article was directed at the people who wrote it and those of you who signed it.

You question my ability and intelligence as readers? Even if you did not comprehend the real goal behind that petition, it doesn't take a genius to see how disorganized and ineffective you really are.

This is by no means an apology. For those who feel insulted by my last article, I just wanted you to know that I am interested in your viewpoints and that never will I remain silent.

FOREVER LATIN...
Hector Cortijo
Public Relations
Latin American Organization
"Who are these people?"

To the editors and writers in general, and to Manuel Auli in particular:

The words "racist" and "oppression" have been used so freely in the Observer and the Red Tide, especially in reference to conditions at Bard, that I think it is time a point was cleared up.

Yes, most of the white people at Bard, and I include myself, are apathetic, indifferent and in many cases selfish. We have a lot of prejudices, some of which we pretend don't exist, others which we honestly don't know we have.

But we are not racist. Have you, Manuel, ever met genuinely "outright racist" or real "oppression"? Have you ever been kicked, spit on, laughed at because you were a Puerto Rican? Has this happened once at Bard?

The war you are fighting is a necessary one, but don't confuse Bard with the deep South or the Puerto Rican ghettoes of New York. It's a shooting war here, and you are fighting it with atom bombs.

Daniel Cantor

P.S. In the interests of the "rapport and interaction" that you are trying to build, let me add a specific request to your use of the paper's use of New Left rhetoric. I believe your intention is to shake us up, and I agree wholeheartedly that we need it, but my personal reaction is that I am shaken up the wrong way. You allegedly met. Instead of making me think, I find that articles that sound like yours did at first don't begin and end turn me off completely to what you have to say.

"WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?"

A Child of the Dark
Carolina de Jesus

When my article came out a boy came to the table at which Julie Gettman was sitting and just threw the paper in her face for making the graphic for my article and shouted "bullshit!" and left. Another guy said "Who are these people?"

The following is an answer to Daniel Cantor's letter but it is also a response to these two students and the others who unfortunately, if they had any questions to raise, dismissed them among their friends and not with me.

Dear Dan:

I will answer point by point all of the questions and statements in your letter. You said in your letter that "most white people at Bard (and you include yourself) are apathetic, indifferent and in many cases selfish, but we are not racist." You ask me personally if I have ever met genuinely "outright racist" or real "oppression" (your quotation marks.)

I think there is no question that Bard students, whether they are Black, white or Puerto Rican, are indifferent and apathetic as individuals. But it is quite a different thing when there exists indifference and apathy towards two groups. The matter is more complicated than you think. The social inequity and debt to Black and Latin American must be paid in full. And this is something not easy, for you and your peers to understand or grasp fully.

You state that oppression and racism are an overly used word, with the implication that it is cliché. It would be difficult to deny that Black people have been oppressed for more than three hundred years, and that the black man has been robbed of his life. This is still going on.

I am not associating in any way the language (note that I don't use your word, rhetoric) of "leftist" young people in the U.S. In Puerto Rico, in Santo Domingo, and other Latin countries the people are still shouting "Yanqui go home!" Our oppression has not ended. Dan, the present social, economic, and political life of the Latin countries is controlled by Anglo-Americans. An obvious example is Puerto Rico, a neo-colony. We are, the Anglo-American governments say, a "Commonwealth" by free choice. Puerto Rico is one of the more blatant instances; it is much more difficult to see how the U.S. controls, in its indirect and under-handed way, the other Latin countries.

When it comes to Puerto Ricans you do not accept or you evidently deny the fact that we have been oppressed -- oppressed in the sense that our economies, government, and our lives have been and are presently controlled by your regime and your people.

Our bondage is not like that of the Africa who was forced into slavery. It is more subtle, more indirect and less visible or easy to perceive. It is this bondage that you will not read about in your history textbooks. You will only read in Newsweek or the Times of nationalization of the Anaconda Copper Mines, Allende's Marxist government, and the like. That is, Latin Americans' past and contemporary history is either completely distorted or deliberately ignored. For example, when a man like Allende comes to power, who is concerned with redistributing the wealth and making Chile a better place to live, he is described by the press and the Anglo government in terms that are designed to trigger negative emotional responses and not in terms that are accurate or truly portray the objectives of the people. And that is what I mean by oppression and racism.

But what has this to do with oppression at Bard? As I said in my article there are poor and lower-middle class students at Bard that deeply resent the fact that we get scholarships and "special" financial assistance. I feel that I am not taking anything from them. What little we have now, as in the case of the Afro-American, is long due. Think of it as a debt, but in this instance Anglo-Americans did not borrow from us; they robbed us of our lives.

It is this resentment that fosters hostility towards Black and Latin American students at Bard. It is a hostility that is not overt but I assure you we feel it. No, people at Bard have not "kicked, spit and laughed at us simply because we are Puerto Ricans or Latinas." You or any other member of the Bard community cannot put yourselves in our shoes. You cannot feel the resentment that we constantly face here at Bard.

In the first paragraph of my article I stated that the attitudes of Bard students toward Latin and Black people have been conditioned, biographic and not an overt resentment, but infrequent- ly outright racism. I developed further in the article my point that at Bard we constantly experience indifference. That is, at Bard people are not interested or do not care about what Anglo-Americans have done to Latin and Black people. Immediately when we come to Bard we are at a disadvantage. Due to the fact that we went to segregated schools (and segregation not only exists across the Dixie lines) our academic background is unsuitable for the scholastic work. We are on an unequal footing and these differences are not resolved.

Do not think, for one moment, that Bard is geographically isolated and that the outside world is shut out. Recognize the realities; the social inequities are brought into the Bard community, not just from the slums across the river in Kingston and generally from the deep souths around this area ("the south is just across the Canadian border")

I do not fight with words for words. I think, Julie, I get my hands not to convey three people or "power" fighting each other. It was intended to point out the humorous ridiculousness of the hostility that has been going on among us all. Julie Gettman's cartoon was totally misconstrued.

You say that "shake you up the wrong way" and that I "alienate" you. Yes, my article was intended to be provocative. It was designed to make people think. The primary purpose of the article was to formulate questions in the minds of the friendly, the hostile, the indifferent, the concerned, the apathetic, and the sympathetic. Although your and other people's reactions were an immediate and emotional denial that prejudice exists at Bard, I can only grudgingly excuse you for asking questions. Most people have grumbled and discussed the content of the article among themselves. Instead they should have asked questions, come to us and talked. We would not necessarily have to come to an agreement.

I hope, Dan, that you and other members of the Bard community think not of us as the people who sit at the back table in dining commons or those two organizations that request and use to get a good amount of money from any given semester. Let us find a base of similarities, not a pool of differences, to work in our common interests.

I cannot promise any of you that I will extend my hand out to you; the past is too fresh for me to forget. But if you extend your hand, what other recourse have I but to extend mine.

Do not react emotionally to this letter or to my article. Read it over, reconsider it and then and only then respond. Do respond.

In all sincerity and honesty,
Manuel A. Auli
Taking a walk may sound like a simple act, but there are times and places when you'd be crazy to do it. If you were a Jew in the 1930's you certainly wouldn't go for a walk in the streets of Berlin. If you are a black man it would not be wise to take a walk in a predominantly white neighborhood, and vice versa. There are also places where the climate presents a constitutional highly impractical; for example, walking for a walk in Antarctica, for example, or for a walk in the Sahara Desert.

Nor is it wise to go walking in the rain forest of a country which is already unalterable even in the shade. If you are a simple peasant whose trade generally consists of a loincloth, a pair of sandals and a straw hat to deflect the rays of the sun, you will be spending this time in the shack you call home, taking a nap. If you are a water buffalo or some other beast of burden, you will be crouched down in the nearest convenient shade and dozing off.

If, however, you are a soldier in the United States Army, you will be marching in this rain forest, in uniform, carrying heavy pack and weapons on your back. And your commanding officer will be Lt. Michael Ronson.

And if you are in this last situation, you are miserable, physically and mentally. Physically, because you have spent the last three days eating our of cans and drinking out of canteens and sleeping in holes in the ground and marching in this jungle where the insects you alive and the humidity dulls your senses and the heat collects under the helmet. But you are not in the jungle of the烈 that it can't stop. Mentally, because you are in the jungle of the mind and the jungle of the anger because you have been doing so without finding anything, yet thankful you have. These days have been no thing but concentrated suffering, and you wonder if Hell could be much worse.

Indeed, you wonder if Hall could be much worse than your life so far in the Republic of Vietnam; in Hell, at least, you have a change to enjoy the comfort of freedom while addressing your fellow Americans, but you learn quickly that Communism is an idea, and that an idea is to be killed, yours as likely a victim as theirs.

By the time you learn that, you're eight weeks at the University of Wisconsin, where you spent four years and a lot of effort to get you through school, where you told to work all day. You're almost as far as the training camp as you spent six months learning the basics of making war. You are in Vietnam and it is crazy. And where does that leave you, Robert Edwards?

It leaves you in a jungle in the middle of nowhere looking for somebody you have never seen before who may or may not want to talk to you because you are trying to kill him. And according to the rules that the leaders of a supreme nation have decided you must follow, you have to keep on doing it for eight more months before you can go home and try to forget.

Such thoughts often ran through the head of Robert Edwards. They helped to take his mind off his physical miseries and the things he had seen - and done - in the four months since he had come to help make Vietnam safe for democracy. Not that anything could do the job entirely, but complaining to himself about the government was better than reminding himself of what he had seen when he had been attached to a machine gun crew last year. He had captured the day before, or of the bloody traps that others hadn't seen in time.

So here was PtC. Robert M. Edwards, age 24, University of Wisconsin Class of ’67, in a platoon of soldiers whose mission was to clear a certain section of the central highlands of enemy forces. The term ‘enemy forces’ had long ago become tantamount to the natives just for the sake of something to do with the incentive of rewards for high body counts. Find a girl, have her body, don’t like it, have her life. Edwards’s memory was overflowing with sights of people of every size, shape, age and sex who had been in the exact wrong place at the exact wrong time. Those people didn’t have to worry about Communism any more, or of hunger or war. Here, at least, American foreign policy had been successful.

Edwards wondered about the men in the platoon with whom this. Men like Hal Davis seemed like perfectly nice fellows in training camp and would probably be the same when they got home. Looks like there are circumstance a side which anyone can become a killer, thought Edwards. Leave it to the United States Army to find them.

Not that he placed himself over the others - he didn’t. He had a share of the total guilt that was not acquired in training camp. He himself was among them; in this God-forsaken corner of Southeast Asia stories got around about other C.O.’s, who had tried, and sometimes succeeded. But not Michael Ronson, who was little older than the troops and lacking in both confidence and experience. He knew how to get into an attack or an ambush, but with the armed enemy out of sight he didn’t feel like facing down one of his own men after the commission of another act that Radio Haber exaggerate - logical, because he knew a lot more about those under his command than about those he was supposed to be protecting. Nobody seemed to suspicion and fear, and for good reason: every group of soldiers that had ever come to this village had brought trouble. This one was no exception.

Ronson’s first order was to get everybody together in a big group for a few moments. Then he ordered the burning of the village. This was quickly done.

Guarding the villagers and watching the Edwards was hit by a tidal wave of revolution. He was sick of the whole thing, all of it. And he dropped his gun.

Ronson couldn’t believe it.

‘Edwards, pick up that gun or I’ll have you court marshalled.’

Edwards didn’t move. But the others did. They dropped their guns, too.

Edwards couldn’t believe it.

‘Are you crazy?’ Ronson was screaming. ‘This is mutiny! Do you think that nothing like this has ever happened in this war before?’

‘Maybe it hasn’t,’ said Edwards quietly.

The villagers couldn’t believe it; they couldn’t speak English either, but they could tell what was happening. They couldn’t believe it either, but it wasn’t theirs to believe or not. They were free, right past the unarmored Americans, as fast as they could.

Ronson picked up his own rifle and prepared to fire at the mutineering mob. But he was cut short.

For there were others, hidden in the trees and crouched in the rice paddies. They couldn’t speak English either, but they could tell what was happening. They couldn’t believe it either, but it wasn’t theirs to believe or not. They acted.

Two days later, an squad of American soldiers rode into the field headquarters.

‘We’re at that village, sir. We’ve found Ronson’s group. They’re all dead, sir. There’s nobody else there.’

‘Was it an ambush?’ asked Major Kenny.

‘Some look that way, sir. Some of the men weren’t even holding their guns. They must have been caught completely by surprise.’

‘Alright, soldier. Report back to the base — no, wait there,’ I’ll send out a copter like I should have done in the first place to pick you up — along with some of those bastards.’

After signing off, Kenny ordered out the helicopter. Then he ordered another platoon to go out and take care of anybody in the area who even vaguely looked like a Cong.
the politiks of junk

by MICHAEL ROSSMAN

thanks to LNS

U.S. agencies support hill tribes [like the Meo] who make their living growing the poppy, and C.I.A. advisors lead their troops in combat against the North Vietnamese. Major C.I.A. bases in Thailand and Laos afflict the main influences of the opium supply routes there, and receive heavy traffic from former Nationalist Chinese refugees who established themselves in control of opium trade in the uplands of Burma, and later in Thailand.

It's not clear just how intimately heroin has entered into determining military policy in Southeast Asia-Dien Bien Phu and the Plain of Jars are both opium-distribution centers. But it's clear that the C.I.A. is involved through its front airline, Air America, in flying out a major portion of S.E. Asian opium production, to filter through various routes into America.

The details of the drug's arrival are still obscure. What is known is that its distribution system has changed since the old days when the Mafia handled heroin in undisguised hegemony, though that legend persists.

The Mafia's settled harmony with big-time police was disrupted in the mid-Sixties—by lapses of co-operation and local arrests, and by high-level Federal prosecution of Mafia kingspins. Now much of the heroin traffic in the East is ultimately controlled by anti-Castro Cuban refugees, which CIA connections at least—(And who knows what kind of support from other government agencies!)—

This one-two government punch, with the sudden tightening of control over the heroin trade, was effective during the years when drug rebellions were

This practice of drugging black ghettoes with smack seems to have begun seriously in the summer of 1968. The political was too perfect to be dismissed as mere coincidence. And that its purpose is political is suggested by facts about the heroin trade which are now emerging.

Let us look to where heroin comes from, and how it gets to the black ghettos. (I am indebted to Michael Aldrich of the Marijuana Review, and through him Allen Ginsberg, for much of this material.)

Contrary to official myth, the great bulk of heroin entering the U.S. comes not from the opium fields of Turkey by way of Marseilles, but from Southeast Asia by ugly means. Opium production in the opium-producing countries of Indochina increased tenfold from 1960 to 1968. By 1970, the amount of raw opium growing in Indochina was estimated at 20,000 tons, as compared to 10,000 tons in 1968.

In these years of Law'n'Order, heroin multiplied crime in the urban core—the National Institutes of Mental Health's current underestimate is 250,000 addicts—

In response, police forces expand enormously, function in the ghettos as occupying armies, organize and affiliate for independent political power, mutate into Minutemen and beyond. To the extent that the present balances and policies of power in this nation depend on widespread and spreading heroin use by the blacks and the young, the military involvement in S.E. Asia is at stake for the sake of heroin as for tungsten and oil.

Am I going too far, to suggest a great depth of Government involvement both domestically and internationally—with heroin as an instrument of social control?

Perhaps the evidence is circumstantial. Yet in America ten percent of the adult population are chronic alcoholics, and the medical profession is bought by the drug companies to teach people to pop pills for their ills.

The highest commercial art of the culture is used to persuade people to seek chemical remedy for social reality, and massive populations of children are drugged with amphetamines to "adjust" them to schools rapidly growing more intolerable.

With small exception all the major institutions of America now passively or actively cooperate in addicting people to a wide variety of destructive drugs, most are legal and all are highly profitable. From tobacco to barbiturates and speed, all sap human energy, destroy the body, and confuse the private and collective spirit.

In trying to stand back, to grasp in History what is happening to us now, it is well to remember that destructive drugs are a traditional tool of American policy, for deliberate cultural genocide.

The Opium Wars which opened the Orient to U.S. imperialism ended in 1848 with America requiring China to legalize opium trade. And during the two centuries previous, alcohol was the chemical-warfare—and smallpox the biological warfare we directed against the many Indian tribes in our first exercise in genocide.

Now in Harlem pushers deal smack to eight-year-olds from white Caddies parked in front of the grammar schools, and liberals put the Panthers down for being paranoid.

(But must be said, that outside their own ranks the Panthers' battle against smack—like that of almost all other revolutionary groups—has been mostly rhetorical. Had they focused their work as much on smack as on children's breakfasts, and sent out armed patrols after the pushers as they did following the police at first, they might have won deeper allegiance and support from the black community.)

If only the blacks were threatened simply by drug genocides, all this would be academic. For we in white America are still largely racist in our perspective and concept. But now the Peace afflicts the children of the white middle class—the changing young, the white niggers of the counterculture.

Our resemblances to the blacks has long been evident—we are hefty, smelly, sexy, looser, musical, etc.—and now the usage of drugs in their community is being repeated in ours.

The white youth ghettoes were forming during the mid-Sixties, while the white student movement was becoming a prominent force for social change. In 1967, their prototype, the Haight, was trumpeted nationally by the Media. Two years later echo Haight's visible in 200 cities, and by the early Seventies many counter-communities were making serious bids for shares of civic power.

Until the time of the Haight's exposure, the drug uses of the San Francisco Bay Area counter-community revolved almost exclusively around grass, acid, and other psychedelics. These drugs served many as powerful agents of personal change, or spiritual and social insight, and opened consciousness in a way compatible with radical social transformation.

Much of their manufacture and distribution were motivated in part by the glamour and human concern; and some for their use as agents of growth.

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ERIC: Exactly how far back does your experience of films go?

SITNEY: Actually, I read a couple of books on film and I decided to find out about film history. At that time I was a student, and I went to see the various film societies there. At Yale there were only a couple of film series running. So I got together with a couple of friends and I tried to form a film society. I guess the way it was done technically illegal -- a fraud. We called a number of distributors and booked a series of films. Then I put up money to get the screenings arrangements out of the city and proceeded to sell tickets without ever having a place to show the films or the money for the rentals. With the money we got for the tickets we had enough money for the rentals, but that's what it got stuck by. Because of this I finally realized one really believed we were doing it; when I went down to the Museum of Modern Art to pay for the film rentals they panicked and made me bring my parents in. After a while there was a bunch of blowouts the local Y.M.C.A. finally allowed us to use a basement room. That's how I started a film society, and since we had a film society, I decided to start a magazine.

ERIC: Was that "Film Culture"?

SITNEY: No. "Film Culture" was an offshoot of a film magazine that had been the big film magazine since 1955. This was in 1960. We started a little magazine called "Film West" as an offshoot of the "Film Culture" that's where I started writing about film. At this time I was pursuing an academic education I was contributing to various film periodicals.

E: How did you get from there to being an editor of "Film Culture"?

S: That was ironic. It's partly because of the generosity of a great man, Jonas Meeks, and partially because of what he didn't know. At this time, in "Filmwest" I had started publishing articles on the "movie" side of things. It became my specialty in the Civil War of seventeen or so. We had an exposition of the work of Maya Deren, Stan Brakhage, etc. No one was writing about this area of film at the time. Meeks was very interested. I would send off copies of our local notes to all the major film publications. Meeks wrote back to me asking if I would like to be an "editor" of "Film Culture." I wrote back and said, "Yes, I accept." Then I wrote back to Meeks asking the other people around him looked at me and said, "Christ Almighty, he's just a kid!"" He said, "That's just a kid!" But Jonas said, "What the hell, if he writes like that, he's okay!" So the thing was very generous, and from that point on I was an editor of "Film Culture." We would make a snail's pace out of high school for a couple of days a week, go to New York to work on the magazine, and come back with a note from my mother saying I had been sick. This went on for my entire senior year in high school and I spent the following summer in New York working full time on the magazine.

E: Did you have a great part to play in the transformation of "Film Culture" into a national publication?

S: No. History had a great part to play in that. I had somehow gotten on to something that was emerging. I wouldn't say that it was because of me that "Film Culture" changed, but rather that part of the general change was the influence of the logical consequences of that change added to the work of the filmmakers led to the general change.

E: So then did you work on "Film Culture" until Anthology Film Archives came into being?

S: No, I stayed in Europe, lecturing and writing and so on. I wrote a novel. After about a year and a half I received a letter making me an offer to write a film article. I took the offer and wrote a series of articles for the magazine. The editors at the magazine, who included Stanley Cavell, were very interested in film theory and they asked me to write a series of articles on film theory. I was interested in the idea of film theory and it led to the development of my interest in film theory and my writing on film theory. I think that my writing on film theory and my interest in film theory led to the development of my interest in film studies and my work in film studies.

E: Do you have any interest in politics outside of film?

S: I'm not a party man of any sort, but I think that any person who thinks about politics is interested in political aspects. I have an immense suspicion of mass psychology and its political ramifications. I'm very interested in the kind of political culture that has been generated by political movements by people like Marcus, and by neo-Fascist critics. But I am equally interested in the political ramifications of the people who fashion thought new labels to fascists, such as Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis. It seems to me that what we need more than anything else in the sphere of political thought is intelligence and not party lines. I'm afraid I can see a repetition among those people who do not know the history of radical politics in the twenties and thirties.

 Interview with P. Adams Sitney

In America a repetition of those strategies and the kind of dilemma that Stalinism caused repeated in the various forms of religious acceptance that Maoism has had in our society. The problem of politics about politics is that one thinks simultaneously of those very intelligent people who are political propagandists and of those very great numbers of people who have uninterestingly followed useful and heroic and weak and fascinating political lines. It seems to me to be a very difficult time for serious thought about politics.

E: Have you seen any of the newer small film-making that have come out of Vietnam?

S: Well, I've seen the American newreel, and I've seen Jonas's film from Vietnam. One reacts in a kind of gut way. The conditions for making art, I think, are quite other than warfare. I can't imagine how a film can deal with a situation as problematic and guilt-ridden as life is in Vietnam, in an sophisticated and artistic way. Nevertheless, there is a film, not about Vietnam, directed by Stan Brakhage, called "Twenty-Third Psalm Branch" which deal with a series of series of tactics of the film that is certainly sophisticated and artistic. I basically believe that a cinema which makes people think, which widens their consciousness and uses their eyes and uses their minds critically is a cinema of ultimate political value. More than a cinema that merely gives people its confidence in and confirmation of an already established political slogan. Various organizations, such as Newreel, have attempted to make political docs.

E: You mentioned video. Do you feel threatened by the prospect of video?

S: Not at all. In fact the idea struck me the day that Anthology Film Archives was established. Anthology Film Archives was the first physical theatre constructed to meet the needs of the artist rather than the needs of the legitimate film business.
stage. It struck me that on that day, seeing it as it did, that the fact that one could have an idealized film theatre was curiously coincident with the fact that the film itself had become to some extent a fossilized medium. With the emergence of video there is something newer on the horizon. At this particular stage I don't think it is possible to define what will be the ideal situation for viewing video. The fact that video exists and is beginning to pose its own problems somehow helps to clarify what the problems and dimensions of film are.

E. Are you interested in developing a program of film here? Do you see it as just a job for you, or do you have any interest in film education on a college level?

S: It seems to me to be quite evident that between now, 1971, and the end of this millennium, the year 2000, there will be a heroic age of film scholarship; conceivably also a heroic age of film making, but that remains to be seen. It seems to be my major function at this moment to work toward the development of serious thought about film. And one of the ways in which I see it is as a teacher. Bard is in a position, as any college is now, to establish a very serious, high level program in film making and film scholarship. They can, if they are clever enough in the next few years, create a nucleus faculty of the highest order. I'm interested in the possibility of the kind of students who would be attracted because of the situation at Bard. If the situation persists as it is now, with two or three or four part-time members of the faculty in an overcrowded department with insufficient funding, I don't think it can develop on a scale that we would like and that would make it most fruitful to teach here. I don't think of it simply as a job, and also I have only been here for a month, and I do not yet know the parameters ofseriousness expected of students in regard to film. There's certainly a kind of person, lost in a haze, who will head for film. This doesn't mean that everyone who's interested in film-making is in this position, but this is a factor that any film department that speaks honestly must contend with. It is fashionable, it's in. This is what I think of level of magazines. On the other hand, it also attracts people who are very aware of their society and the intellectual trends emerging around them, people who have a certain visionary sense of art and the future of art and the evolution of their times in terms of aesthetics. A few months at Bard will not tell what kind of students will attract in the next five years. If it can attract the best students, I'd be very interested. Unfortunately my position is as an extreme auxiliary man in the department. The arts at Bard are conceived, not wrongly, as practical arts. Some one who majors in film is considered essentially to be a film-maker. Nevertheless, there is a certain satisfaction for one who is to make the history of the arts, the aesthetics of film, to have particularly good students to work with him. It remains to be seen whether those particular kind of students with that particular interest will be attracted by the given situation. Of course, my reaction is a function of that possibility or not.

E: Do you think the students you have now or the students who will be coming will have to make a radical re-orientation towards film?

S: The big problem is like a library. If Bard had a thousand films that its students could take off the shelves and look at in the same way that they can go to the Bard library then it would be a much simpler situation. For really serious work to begin, the films will have to be here, available. A chance will have to be made for them to be seen and re-seen. This seems to be one of the primary factors in serious film education.

E: Of course you do have the problem of a small school.

S: Exactly, we're dealing with a critical problem. Film is expensive. It's a heroic venture for a small, privately endowed school to get into. Eventually, and the president is quite aware of this, Bard must face the question of how much of a commitment it can make to spending money for film. If students continue to come at the rate at which they have been coming, which isn't all sure since film may just be the fashion of this year, this decision would be made easier. The situation now in the Red Balloon is like that of a biology department in a barn crying out for microscopes. We simply need the materials. And then there's going to be another question - how much should be spent for film-making materials, since film-making is the major interest of the Bard film department... One really doesn't know at this early stage what is going to be the basic track of any movie from the 1930's that can imagine what the record sounds like now. The recording level on the Guilini is a bit too high, but it sounds a lot better. If you can only buy one classical record this year... One of the truly immortal pieces of violin playing has been Jasha Heifetz' Interpretation of the Sibelius Violin Concerto. His recording with the late great Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, made in the '40's, has attained legendary stature; his stereo version, with Walter Heidt and the Chicago, is, however, far preferable because of the improved sound. The latter has always been my favorite violin record, but it had one disadvantage: the performance was 27 minutes long and the only thing on the record. Now, RCA has changed all that; the performance is still 27 minutes long but it's on one record side, with another great Heifetz recording, that of the Prokofiev Second Concerto, on the flip side (the Prokofiev was previously on the flip side with the Mendelssohn Concerto, which is NOT a great Heifetz performance). Both still sound great after a decade. In other words, this is a disk for a desert island.

Some notes: At long last, Phillips Records has decided to replace all its American - pressed (by the Mercury Records plant) discs with British pressings. Good news, because American Phillips pressings were notorious - way legendary - for bad bass response, cracks and pops, and fuzzy whines. The move leaves Angel/Capitol in the last place in pressings, just below RCA.

Columbia, in the meantime, has decided to cut their production of re-release disks ('Greatest Hits' of great composers, etc.) in favor of new recordings. I wish I knew what kind of new recordings....
"Hey cats, watchmenow I'm gonna lay this heavy side on Y'all now...blah blah..."

"From the opening allergy we move to Andre's Messiaen's Turanga Lila..."

"Goddard, we're in the 20th hour of our Freddie & the Dreamers Marathon..."

"Turn on the radio, it's time for the Crazy Weights Show."
...it's High Time
Detroit's own MC5...

"...in my opinion some of the finest
Celtic bagpipe music to be found...."

In fact all across the
nation the Campus
Radio Station flour-
ishes.......

"Ha ha ha ha
haa ha ha ha"
Standing on Interstate 90 in the middle of Montana, there was that closing-of-summer feeling in his mind, the feeling that was so mixed with the long trip back east and the thought of good friends, but again and again, it was all happening as the second phase of the thoughtfulness that had begun the season before. Before there were no real occasions anywhere because there was a feeling to work at school, but there was a lot of people and life was for real soon anyway, and for the time, even though there was much chewing and brooding, there was no threat - until it began to change and his and other's were related to others. There were many changes there still. He was slowly beginning to work on himself. Where the present scheme of his life was concerned, always there was an expectancy of some kind of drastic change.

Last summer dwoned on him at large in its wholesomeness and depth. The boundaries of school and living at home were broiled for good and he was stone but one with each other. So he lay in each new place he saw with every stranger he knew to him. His story, though colored with the people and destiny of his own life, was the story of every freshly sprung eighteen-year-old of that summer who had had it in his head for some time that the road was the place where there was something to find, wherever something was to begin.

It looked like a huge sky living room, which gave him a dark impression. The faces looked sloppy happy.

"New York!" Bustle bustle. "Gotta go right now back there! Good. Where abouts ya goin' in New York? Manhattan? Weesh goh! It's Queens. Outshut. Washroom, bathroom way. " The car started up. Everyone introduced themselves. The driver's name was Jim. After some questions from him, the hitchhiker talked of who he was, where he'd been and what he was doing going back to New York at ninety miles an hour down the Montana highway.

Aug. 28 evening

So ends Dean Moriarty as I finish Kerouac ON THE ROAD and the radio is working for the first time since I stepped into this box four days ago. Of all times for the radio to work and that smooth soft song comes on as night is coming to Ohio after the orange sun hung and looked at the window. It was just before Dean's woman threw this song at him: "He gives me love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love."

The things all these trees and houses and glowing yellow fields are telling me coming to New York tonight, six hundred miles straight through all the way.

The summer's it's been, with the girl I've fantalyzed loving all my life. And that is what we don't know, and that sometimes we actually look at each other and not know. But here I am, on my own for two weeks, hitching back to see her again and practically all I've been thinking about are the times when she's pissed the hell out of me. We've been together almost a whole year and I can't even remember what she looks like. But I really don't know myself, just as she really doesn't know herself and real love is a rare thing between people like us at nineteen at this day and age at this stage of growth and all that.

So much is flying by outside me and so many gas stations inside me that I feel very far away from her and from her love and from everything I can think of. There is so much energy to get this thing on when I'm so weary of it all going by all sum stupid automobiles, with her, and friends, and relatives and loved ones... almost the people I've ever known and still more strangers every day. The summer has been a summary of my life.

And there's even more to come - all of New York City yet, the Big Rotten Apple yet - that is if we make it there alive with the carbon monoxide that's been leaking into the car for the whole trip. And the accident we had in Montana going 80. But we're still here and the car still goes fast, why not?

Tony, the guy who owns this streetcar (which incidentally, he really got taken on) was talking to me about his relationship with Melody, a fifteen-year-old he met in Alaska and he's away now who he met in Oregon a week ago. Deciding that they had a good thing going, he took her along to New York to live with him. Ever since, they've been having problems. The accident occurs when Tony, who was driving around on Lookout, laughed over to Medora and crowed in his alcoholic Queen tone, "C'mon, gimme a kiss" upon which we all slapped on off the road and flat ditch. We were on the road again a few minutes later after having gotten towed out and Tony having bought a new set of tires and a tank of gas with his father's credit card. Anyway, Melody kept telling that "the feeling was gone" and Tony was pissed because he had such great things in mind. He told me, "I like really wanna find a good chick to live with at school and really get together with hal, but it look like it's gonna woah out. I can't understand it. How's a relationship dissolve? I wonder where Melody is going to stay when she gets to New York. She's already kicked a heroin habit once and she's been used quite a bit. She was crying this morning after she spoke to her mother on the phone who said that for heaven's sake, she's like a fifteen-year-old girl back home again.

She just turned the radio off. She's the one who's been trying to turn it on for four days.

I'm sitting in the back in a big fluffy stuffy bag with Jim and Beverly who have been together for as long as my girl and I have. They are warm and happy. They snuggle and coo a lot. They talk a lot about consciousness, microbiotics, astrologics, chanting and yoga. They seem to know a good deal about occult sciences, but I don't know if they know what, or if they even practice or realize. Beverly sits back here with her shirt off all the time and Jim is mostly quiet, occasionally getting goofy with an evil leer. When they talk, they get very excited and talk at the same time, rapidly trading short sentences. E. F. Sutton is hearing these double-track rebellions on Baba Ram Das, chanting OM, the spiral of creation, or on Eating Away according to the Order of the Universe in Brooklyn. We heard about smoking hashish and taking chemicals, too.

A guy named Mike got out later in the day and said he'd just had an accident to go down to Denver, slowly coming back as we approached York. The last time I could remember feeling anything comparable to this manic onrush was last fall, my first summer in the country, up at college. I was finally living in a room and I started taking a lot of drugs, I stopped eating most, I started doing a little hash he was on, school was for the first time in years exciting and above all, I fell, as much as I ran headlong into love. Each day was a quiet grace. There was nothing to be worried about - not even the problems at home in the monster city. Even that mess was part of the poetic life I was leading. It had a sweet, soft, slow tension, a melting, almost tear of divinity, but now there was so much energy.

After the long summer of being taken by circumstance to every time point in the United States, I've been facing responsibility for everything, every action, the gladness was there again. Out of the wisdom gained through living such a paradoxically introverted yet frenetic, alien summer, out of the experience of four summers in one, what I have to tell people with New York and all the past personal and future experiences I've told on me, then up to school and start working on the specific goals that I wanted to attain. I would not just meticulously attend and observe like last year. That had its reason. I was going to start to do more.

But like last year, I would spend this year remembering the long, people and complex summer days one by one, what they taught me and what they meant in the scheme of things. But I knew that as I still discovered new understanding of the summer before, this summer was different yet, I was no longer newly born, at least not any longer in the terms of last summer.

As we emerged from the Holland Tunnel, New York looked the same and felt the same. I would not take a whole year to recover from this summer. I was to start understanding now, though I knew this city held more surprises for me. I said goodbye to my friends, and for the third summer in a row, I sat for three months on forty-second street and north avenue. I was five a.m. It looked and felt more the same than ever it had before. Yes there was still just the one place, but all the travelling was no longer the annoyance of selling a place in the city and wanting to get back home town. The point of it all was merely fourteen miles away if it was anywhere...
The new Airplane album — Well, if you've been with them from the beginning (Surrealistic Pillow) (if you want to start with Grace), the typical reaction I've encountered is that it's pretty poor. If you came in relatively late (Volunteers) you might consider it a fine album, rank- right up there with Sly, the Stones, Grand Funk or wherever your tastes run. And of course I'm there are all the shades in between. Total shit to their best. Each to his own I always say. (Actually I never say that, I just didn't want to offer anyone any help in their point of view out). Nevertheless... I hear that Bank shall prove to be the first of the non- Jefferson Airplane Airplane albums. Or perhaps the last true Airplane.

This is not to say that Paul Kantner, Grace Slick, Jorma Kaukonen, Jack Casady, Joey Covington and Papa John Chead will not continue to put out albums, but it will be just that, Paul Kantner, Grace Slick, etc., putting out albums. Not the Jefferson Airplane.

Now before you get yourself involved in the self-righteous anger (since you liked Bank) of accusing me of being a 'Rock Reactionary' (or something like that) let me say that I do believe in the ability of a band to change their style and personnel and still remain the same band. The Grateful Dead have always been the Grateful Dead. With or without Tom Constanten, one drummer or two, Dark Star, Johnny G. Goolds or Ripple.

What I'm talking about is the cohesive feeling, the combined musical and personal interaction — so necessary and integral to the San Francisco Groups in particular. And... it may seem trite or corny, but I've played the music, the only word that really describes it is love.

The love.

Without which 95% of rock is nothing but banal restatement of the same lyric ideas of the last century, boring repetition of the most simplistic musical modes of the last four centuries, and noise... loud noise.

Woodstock merely showed on a larger scale what the San Francisco concerts had known since 1966. That no matter what the quality of the music (and the early Dead were pathetic at times) as was the later Dead at Woodstock for that matter) the important thing, the vital thing was the feeling, the vibrations whatever hackneyed, overused phrase you wish — I love.

Which brings us back to the Airplane (thought I forgot about 'em didn't ya?) (no tech luck) (Surrealistic Pillow sounds to me like an act of love. Something that extends out and beyond the recording studio where it was cut. Something that was the product, directly, of the six members of the Jefferson Airplane, and perhaps indirectly of the entire San Francisco scene that supported them.

And of course I'm there are all the shades in between. Total shit to their best. Each to his own I always say. (Actually I never say that, I just didn't want to offer anyone any help in their point of view out). Nevertheless... I hear that Bank shall prove to be the first of the non- Jefferson Airplane Airplane albums. Or perhaps the last true Airplane.

And musically — once again listen, really listen, to "Spare Change" off of "A Fear Bathing at Baxter, " Spare Change. That's exactly what it is. A few minutes taken from the whole of a Jorma Kaukonen, Jack Casady, Spencer Dryden session, but you can FEEL the interaction. The movement. Jack, laying in a foundation, Jorma, making a stab here, a stab there, finding something good and moving along with it. Spencer, nagging,pushing things along. How can I describe it? I can't. Go listen to it!

Then listen to Bank.

I guess what bothers me most about Bank is its mediocrity. A close second would have to be the general lack of subtlety. Especially musically. Why?

First, look at the composers — all doing exactly what they've done on their previous albums or solo compositions.

Kantner's "War Movie," "Rock and Roll Island," and "When the Earth Moves Again" positively reek of "Starship" and primarily the worst aspects. Heavy over-tracking of rhythm guitars and pianos, words strung together because they either sound good ("sonar, laser, quasar, pulsar") or expand Kantner's political view/ fantasies ("The government troops were circled in the sun gun, found themselves on the run, from our nation") without any apparent attempt at lyricism (and yes, just as singing is not merely using the voice to make sounds, lyricism is not merely using vocabulary to make sentences), and the most intensely boring work I've heard Jack Cassidy do on bass. Ever!
A TRIP DOWN HELL'S CANYON

As I boarded the Mohawk Jet liner, visions and ideas of all sorts flitted through my mind in the anticipation of my upcoming journey through the deepest canyon in the world. Hells Canyon, which covers 210 miles of the very lengthy Snake River in the west, forms the border line between Idaho and Oregon, and Washington further north. As the jet began its ascent, I beheld the Great Canyon of the Grand, and Cow, Coyote, of deep blue skies, of cows and cowboys. Having been a Long Islander, unconnected with western living and beauty, my dreams were built purely out of second hand information.

To begin with, I was my first flight above the city, which is a whole new phenomenon in itself. The dream-like softness of weather seen from above provides an awesome sense of a few thousand feet below. Such splendor must have been Jons's inspiration with without a doubt (I've looked at clouds from both sides now). I was also entertained with two sunsets, since we stopped at both Denver and and.

Arriving in Boise after 8 hours, we went directly to the nearest Holiday Inn. Upon awakening, I looked out the east window saying "Well, Boise's flat - just plains. From the other end of the canyon I heard, "No, it's all mountains," and there was, in fact, a mountainous view to the west. "Mountains with snow - unreal. Maybe it's the Rockies." We found out later that they were the foot hills of Boise.

Later that morning in April, we were picked up and brought across the state line to the small town of Haysville, Oregon, where we spent the night in a tent.

Awakening at 8 the next morning, which was Monday, we collected all of our possessions and began our 5 day excursion, planning to end up in Lewiston, Idaho, on Friday, and fly home Saturday. 20 people, of whom 4 were "guides," climbed aboard 2 rubber rafts, 15 feet in length, 8 in width. The Snake River proved to be quite rough, and going down the rapids was a thrilling experience, to say the least, despite the fact that we didn't flip once. In 5 days, we saw hundreds of cows and sheep, 2 elk, 2 grizzlies, approximately 25 different types of birds, many deer and various other forms of animal life foreign to the eastern.

One of the guides felt something crawling on his leg, casually brushed off the insect, to find it was a baby scorpion. Baby or not, they can be poisonous. We would stop for snacks, lunch, or just a rest and view. I would occasionally climb the nearby hills, which were barren and valley. I would always watch where I put my hands and feet; as rattlesnakes are quite common in the Northwest. The sky was instantly de-saturated, the stars were just unbelievable. The 3D effect was excellent. West. I had one impossible to describe. You will find canyons behind mountains behind plateaus, brown and green, with every detail razor-sharp in the gleaming sun.

The warmth, friendliness, and knowledge of the other passengers, all of whom were Westerners, added greatly to this memorable occasion. They described things and point out certain characteristics of the West with which I am familiar. They were happy, outgoing, outdoors-type people, always glad to help. The food was especially delicious, and the beer was "CHEEOOOOOW" call, which always echoed loud and clear. We would occasionally climb the nearby hills, which were barren and valley. I would always watch where I put my hands and feet; as rattlesnakes are quite common in the Northwest. The sky was instantly de-saturated, the stars were just unbelievable. The 3D effect was excellent. West. I had one impossible to describe. You will find canyons behind mountains behind plateaus, brown and green, with every detail razor-sharp in the gleaming sun.

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November Movies

SUNDAY

NOVEMBER 1971

1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

CAT
gunter grass

MOUSE

THE IDIOT
doestoyevsky

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

2 trash
paul morrisey

5 \textit{the golem}
paul wegener

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

6 RIDE the HIGH COUNTRY
sam peckinpah

12 DESIGN for LIVING
E. lubitsch

7 CORRUPTION OF THE DAMNED
G. kuchar

14 wild strawberries
BERGMAN

10 \textit{the general}
buster keaton

8 BLOND COBRA
b. fleischer

17 \textit{the killers}
DON SIEGEL

9 \textit{the horror chamber of doctor faustus}
GEORGES FRANJU

21 TARANTULA

23 \textit{hamlet}
pasternak

26 Thanksgiving

16 \textit{young torless}
schlondorff

24 \textit{thanks—giving}

28 \textit{wild child}
f. truffaut (MONDAY)

30 \textit{metropolis}
fritz lang

FILM COMMITTEE:

Vicki Garnick (Chairman)
Bob Avreich
Ellen Cosgrove
Nancy Golladay
Larry Gross
Harvey Yaffe

Senate will elect the Film Committee for next semester (Spring 1972) in the immediate future. All interested students sign up on the sheet posted in Hemenway and watch the board for the time and place at which Senate will have the candidates give their qualifications.
ECONOMY

(continued from page one)

review these standards for consistency with the anti-inflation goal. If either the Pay Board or the Com- mission is unable to develop the continuing stan- dards in time to take effect at the end of the freeze, they may propose interim standards. In the event the Board or Com- mission do not develop interim standards by November 13 the Cost of Living Council will issue such interim standards.

It is comforting to have all eventualities covered.

In short, these bodies, composed of labor and industrial representatives and mem- bers defending the public interest, must formulate, perhaps ad hoc as the re- quests come in, an "inconvenience" somewhat related to the attempts of the 1960's in Great Britain and on the Con- tinent to win inflationary movements in - with, I might add, none too satisfac- tory results. We have had similar experi- ences with our so-called Wage - Price Guidelines first used by the Kennedy Administration in 1962 and abandoned by President Johnson in 1966. As an economic tool such guidelines make more sense than a wage freeze, tying price and wage increases to growth in productivity so that technological pro- gress can be passed on to the public with either gain or loss. By April 30, at the same time, wages can be increased as a reward for rising productivity. But what may go wrong is that economies cannot be counted upon to convince labor bar- gainers or industrial price setters on this score. The guidelines, it is agreed, worked rather well during the early years of their trial. But it must be remem- bered that the early to mid-60's were years of rapid growth and unemploy- ment in the U.S. economy with very little upward price pressure. The guide- lines became less effective as the U.S. economic excesses began and were virtually ignored by labor and industry in later years.

The one generally accepted result of such a trial is in the guidelines' educa- tion value - that is, bringing to the attention of self-interested groups in labor unions and industrial power blocks the tie-in between productivity and wage and price movements. It was stressed in a series of governmental opin- ions offered during this period that the price level rise because of wage-price movements and that what each of us in our usual myopia in such matters sees as merely chasing a rising price level, actu- ally may have another side to it - that is, our demand for higher prices and wages push up the very level toward which we think of ourselves as adjusting.

If the educative value of these five years of experience is as widespread as some think, then the Phase Two job of the Price Police may be simplified. I would be inclined to say that one of the great achievements in this area are rather unlikely. Both Unions and industry already talk of their experi- ence for the three month period as a base of martyrdom and, from reports, merely waiting for the second phase to be the first line for their share of the deferred fruit of their past patriotism. I would suspect that, short of a further freeze, we will see another period of "price-floating" from both sides of the inflationary spiral - Unions arguing that wages must be maintained and the pur- chasing power value of money wages and prices, and Industry arguing that their prices must rise to make up for the cost squeeze that they see imposed upon them from both overrated worker unions.

As for the present, the only spe- cific item in the second phase of the program is that vague mention of opposition to the generation by the program of "windfall profits".

If we can call this a specific phrase at all. In a day of well-fatigued of 1967 guidelines, this phrase would denote much more than it does today. As it stands "windfall" would seem to con- note an implied control on some sort of unwarranted or unfair movement of prices at the expense of labor or wages. The Unions have shown in their initial reaction to such a reading, terminology such as this is seen as nothing more than a bone thrown to a labor sector that has grown too so- phisticated economically and too powerful politically to be duped by such vague language.

Though the past month has shown some rather encouraging signs of the beginning of a strong recovery in the economy, es- pecially by the slowdown in the rise of the wholesale price index, the question of the future remains highly doubtful. The new can point to past experience in economies when such major interven- tions as the wage freeze have been followed by, if anything, more stringent 'phase two'. We have recent evidence of the ability and non-relevance of Presidents to so intervene - Kennedy's confrontation with the steel industry in the latter's attempt to raise prices and Johnson's overt attack on copper and aluminum price hikes by threatening to sell surplus Govern- mental stocks of those metals. To use the term 'free enterprise' in the face of such actions is a travesty and hard- looks well for any kind of automatic functioning of the price-wage mecha- nism in the future. Those who still believe Presidential pronouncements concern their outlook on the economy could, of course, seek consolation in Nixon's 1969 statement: "Free prices and wages are the heart of our econo- mic system; we should not stop them from working even to cure an infla- tionary fever. I do not intend to im- pose wage and price controls which would substitute new, growing and more vexatious problems for the prob- lems of deflation."

In the light of subsequent policies such a statement reminds one of Nuriel - Pissar's song in The Mikado: "This is What I Never Do."

Partly to allay fears of the sort I have expressed as to the future war- king of the program, the Background Paper quoted above carries a para- graph that is obviously intended as a softener:

"If the program is to be durable, it must appeal to the American people as basically fair. Arbitrariness and integrity will be tolerated briefly for an important pur- pose, as is being tolerated during the freeze. But this will not last for long. Therefore, more concern for fairness is required, even though perfect fairness is difficult to attain."

It is most comforting to reflect on this, reflects

(continued from page twelve)

I am sure that you and your publisher already anticipate heavy sales not only to the New Left but to the Ku Klux Klan and similar groups, who are engaged in the common cause of terrorizing their fellow citizens and paralyzing the en- forcement of constitutional guarantees of civil rights and freedom. Perhaps, indeed, the Klan has already subsidized the publication, for its leaders cannot but recognize that their methods have become tame and old-fashioned compared to those that Hitler devised and that you are stan- dardizing, making available to all like-minded men.

When the Revolution comes — whether from the Left or the Right - I predict that the names of William Powell and Lyle Stuart will take their rightful place alongside those of Heinrich Himmler and Lawrence Beria. Even if the Revolution does not come, the world will recognize the kinship of spirit.

I close with the pledge never to become Your humble obedient servant,

Arthur Bestor
Professor of History
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington 98105

In response to the letter by Professor Bestor printed in the Free Press 2 issues back, the Free Press has re- ceived the latter letter below (from Bill Powell):

On a recent visit to Manhattan, I over- heard a conversation between two bus- inessmen, which I recorded as follows:

"So did you get your trophy?"

"The first business I was asked.

"And I am glad you reminded me of that. I had a couple of ideas I wanted to talk over with you. I was up in the Catskills hunting, and for the first time I realized how backwards the trophy industry is. It's incredibly old-fashioned."

KEVIN LOFCHIE

"How do you mean?" the first man asked.

"Well...stuffed deer heads, elephant foot umbrellas, bear belts, and preserved fish are trite. Kind of a cliché in a sense. What the American male needs is a new modern type of trophy. One that has meaning in today's world. It would be to update the trophy industry...well, there'd be a fortune in it."

"What do you have in mind?" the first man asked.

"The key is just keeping all the trophies up to date."

"Like the signs of the zodiac on birth- day cards."

"You've got the idea."

"But how would one go about updating the trophy industry?" the first man asked.

"Well, I had an idea for a starter. You must know how the army takes body counts in South East Asia. They order G.I.'s to slice off the ears of the dead enemy. The army won't have any use for those ears once they have been cut. I bet we could buy them cheap. You know army surplus, reserve, and sell them as trophies. We'd make a fortune."

"They'd be as big as Fridge's. The Americ- An Legion'd go bananas."

"I had another idea, for big business. How much do you think General Motors would pay for a beautifully finished coffee table, enlaid with Ralph Nader's teeth."

"It would be a one shot deal, but we could name our own price."

"I'm sure we could think up something to do with the racist question."

"Of course."

"How long do you think we'd keep a hash-pipe made from Tim Leary's penis?"

"It'd sell like that."

"The first man scratched his fingers. "But there'd be one problem. What would we do about those alienated college students? How could we relate with them?"

"What would you say to a hand-made steel-ouch, embroidered with Indian Meditation Beads, made from Ron Ziegler's scrotum."

R. WILES
But from late 1966 on, a concatenation of events reorganized most of the distribution system of psychedelic drugs. Major dealers were murdered in many underworld ways, some involving the Mafia. Many neighborhood dealers were driven out by police busts, by disruption of their supply, or by meeting a man with a gun one too often who belonged to the cop. Police were efficient in persecuting the freelance acid manufacturers — especially those who, like Owsley, made their drugs for community good as well as for profit.

In 1967, when the activity generated in the Haight began to affect the whole city, all city agencies from building inspector to up coopered to suppress it. And in that year, as the distribution system of psychedelics was being re-shaped, contaminated psychedelics appeared for the first time in quantity in the Bay Area.

First it was acid, laced with speed or strychnine. In 1968 real THC appeared briefly, to what public appetite, and the scur vulgur speed was massively peddled as THC to kids who had no idea of the difference, but took it because they'd been trained to do whatever was procry.

By 1969 the standard additives for acid were speed and the animal tranquilizer PCP, with which it was marketed as mesasane — accounting for a major proportion of psychedelic use for the next several years, though almost no genuine mesasane was around.

Wherever all the dirtied drugs came from, they were eagerly peddled to the counter-community by the Hip Capitalists. These people were hairy, sexy, musical, etc.

But Hip Capitalism is Capitalism still, in all its pristine ugliness under the psychedelic paint. They were interested mainly in quick profits in a high-turnover scene, and would sell almost anything to anyone without concern for what its broad effects would be.

God damn the pusherman, especially when he calls himself "brother." For through his eager cooperation, ten million children of America have been conditioned to weird and destructive chemical boys trips, and set well on the road to speed and smack addiction.

Junkies began showing up in the Haight in 1967, and speed and the black market started spreading through suburban high-schools all over the nation. Matters took a stark turn for the worse in 1968, the year after the Yippies appeared to dangerous in Chicago.

During the Great Pot Drought of that summer, many people turned on to these drugs for the first time seriously — urged by ready supply through new channels of organized crime, and by the widespread despair after Chicago and the death of the People's Park.

During these years governments persecuted marijuana use unmercifully (there were 250,000 arrests in 1969), and mounted intensive border operations to interrupt supply, while policing the supply of speed, speed and down much less intensively.

By such means the Official Line was that marijuana and heroin were equally evil. This misrepresentation was deeply political. Guided by its teaching and by blind anti-authoritarian reflex many young people chose to treat all drugs with equal casualness, and suffered the consequence.

Now it is 1971. Marijuana persecution seems to be slackening, but the hook of smack is deep in the counter-community and junkies are dying along Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley. We know speed kills yet we keep on speeding anyway, children of our culture despite our difference.

And now the supply-lines of these deadly drugs reach into the very place where the white yung are conveniently gathered. From them a psychic numbness spreads, to reinforce the shock and warning of Kent State and Jacksonville.

As in the black ghettos, the people turn criminal against themselves while police occupation spreads, and their potential for political action becomes undermined and corrupted. A cruel feedback begins: opressed and politically impotent, the people turn to drugs to escape reality, and by self-destructive drug use deepen their impotence.

One drug dependency can lead to another, and Hip Capitalism has been as instrumental as government policy in channeling psychedelic use into destructive drug addiction.

The psychedelics are magical drugs. They can open up a person’s revolution-ary awareness, help you get a sense of who you are, and open you to the sickness that surrounds us. But once we’ve reached that awareness, we can’t go home. Social reality is confused and painful these days, and sensitivity is agony as well as ecstasy.

Either we push ahead and change the world, or else we fight our new awareness — with cynicism towards the world and pity ourselves; by watering down our insights enough to fit in with the dominant social reality.

Thus psychedelics are dangerous as well as magical. And great will lead to the numbness of heroin, as the old myths tell, unless we make it happen some other way.

Michael Rossman

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