

# OBSERVER

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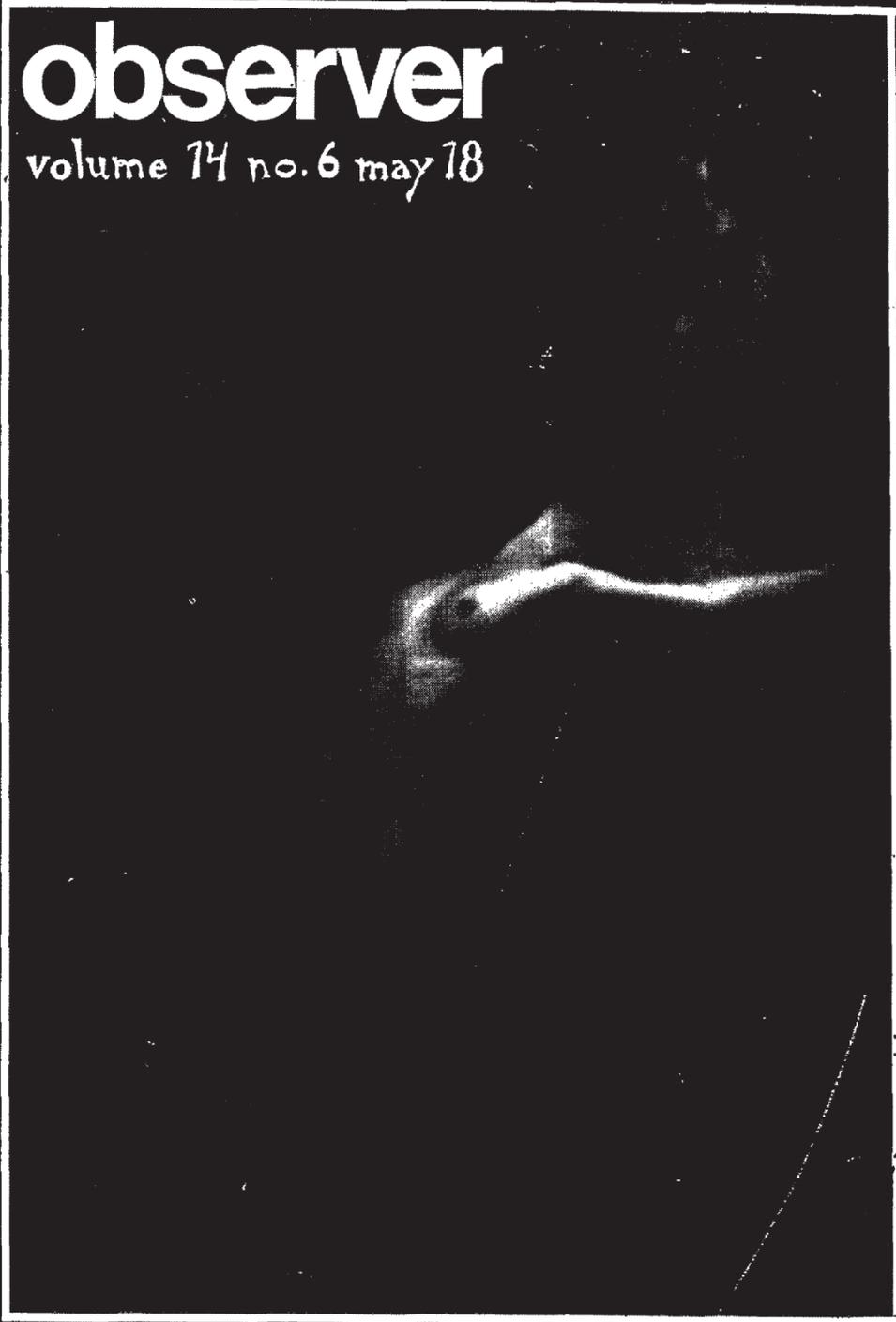
Cover Page	Photograph
Back Page	The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers Gilbert Shelton
Page 1	Plans May Day Frank Montafia
Page 2	Letters [“ . . . Anything against the law about having a flag on a hat and wearing . . .”] Shirley Jewett [“ . . . Encourage you to wear your hat . . . Might be old local ordinances . . .”] The Editor [“All faculty . . . Should return their books to the library . . .”] Jeffrey R. Ray
	Rubble Lydia Ayers
Page 4	Another Letter To Father Janet Auster
Page 5	The Shooting Of An Element Part II Josh Moroz
	Photograph Candy Freeland/LNS
Page 6	A Threatened Species Sharon Murphy
	Photograph Nick Elias
Page 7	Bard Lands Erik Kiviat
	Photograph Nick Elias
	Photograph Laine Abbott
	Photograph Natural History Magazine
Page 8	Heroine: Harriet Tubman Shirley Cassara
	Drawing Julie Gelfand
Page 9	Photograph J. Richard Bartelstone
	Photograph Nick Elias
Page 10	Photograph Nick Elias
Page 11	Photograph Zach Bregman
	Photograph Nick Elias

Content Summary Continued on Next Page

Page 12	Films <i>A Man Escaped</i> <i>Psycho</i> <i>Sierra Madre</i> Larry Gross
Page 13	Panthers, Bleeding Or Leeches 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

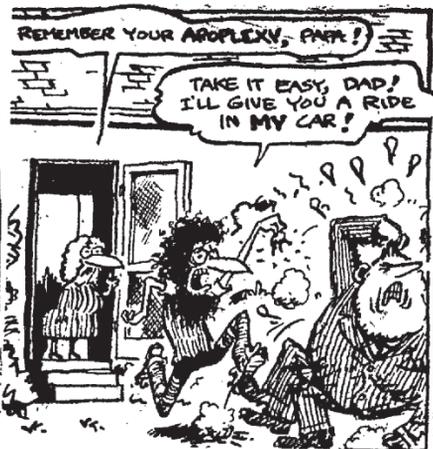
# observer

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continued on page 18

# plans

In the original article regarding the future use of Preston Hall (the present Dining Commons) it was mentioned that the plan that was then presented had yet to go before the Long Range Planning Committee. As of two weeks ago it did and the plan you see on this page represents the final plan for Preston Hall, as agreed upon by the LRPC.

The modifications to the original plan are indicated in large type, and the reasoning behind those changes is as follows:

It was felt, by the LRPC, that the two plans that had been submitted to the Committee, by the Psychology Dept. and Geoff Cahoon and Nelson Bennett, were not incompatible. In lengthy discussion before the Committee, a final compromise was worked out. The Psychology Dept. gets to move its facilities from Tewksbury basement, where they are illegal according to the terms of Bard's mortgage to Tewksbury. However, stu-

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

Several other minor changes were made at the LRPC'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 Lesser Hall will allow the Psychology Dept. to isolate itself from activities occurring in the adjacent rooms, but will still have the affect of bringing a new centralization of academic activities to the Bard campus. Aspinwall, which rests on 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 linear form of campus that we already possess.

# may day

Tuesday evening, I decided to go to D.C. the next day for the May Day festivities. Wednesday morning I received in the mail my Bronze Star, which the Army had awarded me three years ago. Wednesday afternoon I headed for D.C. to begin a week of political and cultural protest-rebellion-freak-out aimed at the government, establishment, F.B.I., C.I.A., and the U.S. Army, which had just sent me that token of appreciation for my proficiency and heroics in their program of imperialism for S.E. Asia: The Viet Nam War.

Wednesday night in D.C., I found where the Viet Nam Vets Against the War were camped in West Potomac Park and crashed with them. A lot of dope and Boone's Farm Apple Wine. The Vets were an interesting group, mostly working class backgrounds; I was one of the few college students. They are very together politically but have an arrogant, independ-

ent attitude that offended many of the freaks. The only political area in which they were not progressive was sexism. Most of them were conscious of male chauvinism as a concept, but enjoyed the reality of it too much to be receptive to even discussing the subject.

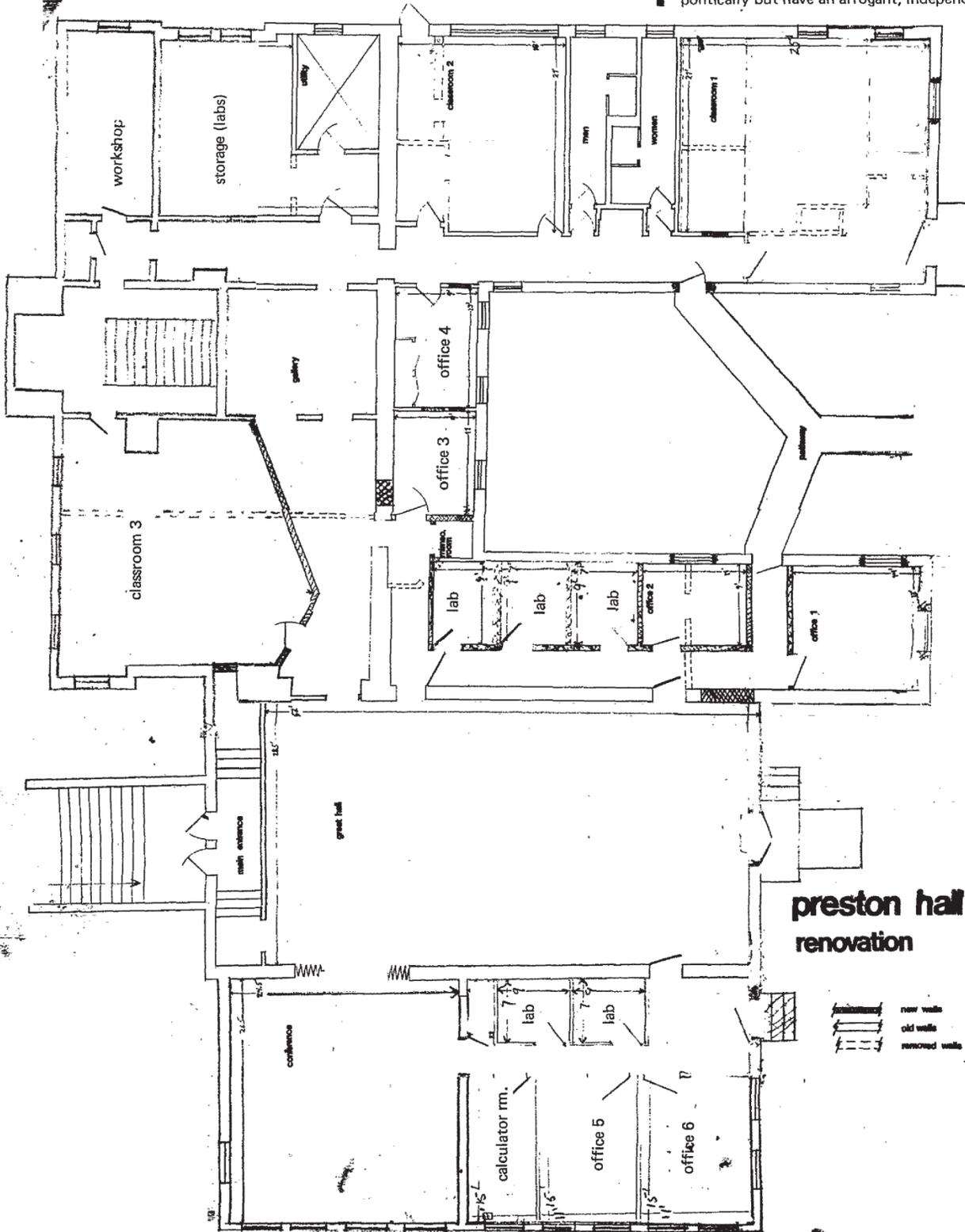
Thursday was spent in the camp, spending time at the different campsites. The Boston people were in one area, the New York people in another, etc. It was nice to see how the regionals were organizing and functioning. This would turn out to be the politics of the week; the regional being the level where command decisions were resolved. Thursday evening, the camp is starting to increase in population and spreading out. By Friday morning there are five or six thousand people within this incredible campsite of teepees, parachutes, tents, buses, rented trucks and freaks; assorted in groups like Gay Lib, Vets, May Day Tribe, Women's Group, D.C., Illinois, Alabama. Dig it, Alabama sent 50 people to D.C. for May Day!

Friday afternoon we drift over to the Justice Department with intentions to block off all the entrances. About 200 people sit in at each exit and effectively sealed off the building. The rest of the people, about 2,000, started marching around the building, led by one of the SCLC people. There, at the Justice Department, I saw the most impressive sight of the week. About 100 people sat down and blocked the steps at the entrance on Pennsylvania Avenue. They (somebody sent out 25 cops who lined the top of the steps facing us, then all these mousy bureaucrats would sneak down to the entrance and peek out at us over the shoulders of the cops. So, for about an hour, we're sitting there looking at this show when suddenly I realize that every one of the cops was black and that every one of the bureaucrats was white (pale white). It really impressed me. Here society had put this bureaucracy in this building and these protesters, wanting more than anything else to destroy this bureaucracy and everything it epitomizes, and right in the middle of these two forces history has placed the black man in a uniform. I wanted more than anything for those black cops to turn around and take a look at what they were defending, to make them aware of the role they were being put into and the nature of that role.

More cops come, the tactical police, and we get busted. I'm sent with a group of 50 (mostly Vets) to a district headquarters for processing. On the bus ride, during processing, in the cell block, the whole time, we, as a group, maintained control. Collectively we were so together in a positive, dynamic, overt manner that I felt that no matter how deeply they locked us away, we would still maintain control of the situation and of them. We had marched off the bus, hands clasped on the tops of our heads, whistling "Bridge Over River Kwai". A good mood, a nice feeling. Later that night I thought back to the scene at the Justice Department. The 2,000 people marching around and around the building, singing and chanting, made me think of Mailer's description of the '67 Pentagon march, where he talks about Abbie Hoffman and the Yippies circling the building, trying, through cosmic force, to lift the Pentagon off the ground. I felt that if the people had kept marching circles around the Justice Department it would inevitably have to rise or at the very least crumble to the ground.

They (them again) took us downtown and programmed us through the judicial process; one of the most effective productions of a farce I have ever witnessed. Everything was set between the judge and the lawyers before we entered the courtroom. We were operating collectively but the system operates upon individuals, therefore, each one of us had to go through the same little skit with the lawyer, the judge and the clerk. Clerk, "How do you plead?" Defendant, "Not guilty." Lawyer, "Defendant requests trial by jury." Judge, "Granted, May 11; bail

to page three



# observer

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## letters

Dear Editors and any one else who have anything to do with the groovy Bard Observer,

Just a note (or letter or whatever you want to call it) to lay on ya how much I dig the Observer. And a million thanks for putting me on your mailing list (I wrote a letter earlier requesting a couple of sample copies)! You see getting your magazines really livens me up (and my friends also the ones I show the Observer to) and well you see I live in a very small town (as opposed to cities like Chicago, Minneapolis, etc.) and there is just nothing to do and I mean absolutely nothing (especially in winter) and well anyway it's quite a nice town nice people and all that it's just there isn't anything for the teenagers to do, nowhere to go, nothing to do. Anyway it all comes down that this is a very boring town. Oh sure there's a movie theatre but who wants to watch "Walt Disney" or "John Wayne Reruns" well there's a few up to date movies like "Mash" etc. and movies that kids like myself that are under 17 or 18 can't get into see (Shit! Shit!). I'm 15 years old. I have a question and hope to get an answer you see I have a black floppy hat with an American flag on it and was wondering if there is anything against the law in having a flag on a hat and having the hat on ya head? Now can you answer it (hope so)? The flag is right side up. Also if there is any one up at ya editor staff who is a guy between 18-25 or 30 years old, likes the Beatles, Black Sabbath, Donovan, the Bee Gees (preferably someone who really digs the Beatles) and who isn't of the Horoscope sign "Leo," "Aquarius," or "Sagittarius". I'm a Taurus (May 2nd), and who isn't married and who has long hair, to write to me OK? (OK!) Well guess that's about all for now. Please keep the Observer comin in the mail.

Love & Peace (to the whole world),

Shirley Jewett  
R.R.3  
Valley City, North Dakota  
58072

p.s. Please continue the continuing saga of Fat Freddy's Cat! (Hope ya do!) as I love it.

Dear Shirley,

We would encourage you to wear your hat (since we all are good patriots) but beware! There might be old local ordinances in your town which would

give a cop the right to arrest you. If you are nasty to him, he might want to take advantage of your age, drag you down to the station, threaten and scare the shit out of you. So don't call him a pig while you are under your hat. Be a sweet fifteen year old if he hassles you. It's not worth a bust. You might ask a friendly cop if there are any local ordinances in your town. People have been arrested for wearing the American flag, and we understand that they are bringing the case up through the higher courts. To date (and we would love to be corrected if anyone knows for sure) no decision has been made, as it is still due to come to court.

the editor

p.s. I'm an Aquarius with a Sagittarius girlfriend. Sorry.

Dear Sir

It has come to my attention that at the faculty meeting of May 12, 1971 that a resolution was passed to the effect that all faculty members on the staff should return their books to the library at the end of the academic year. This resolution was passed in response to a proposal of the Library Committee that all those on the faculty who did not return their books should have their June paychecks withheld. The resolution that was passed however, had no measures which could require faculty to return their books.

As a student and a member of the Library Committee I know that one of the many problems that the library has is that the faculty are not required to return their books within a certain period of time. Students however, are required to return their books at the end of each semester. Some of the members of the faculty have built up a private library from the Hoffman Collection and have not returned books checked out five or six years ago. I know this not only because of my position on the Library Committee, but because I have been trying to get a faculty member to return a book for the past four years which was checked out in 1965 and after several notices from the library and three personal requests, I have yet to see the books. It appears to me that the faculty "resolution" does little to effectively correct the situation and to discipline the faculty as they expect students to be disciplined

# 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 looking for takers...The air fare aside, a paying job in Europe means you are actually making money while living the European life. Your wages will more than finance independent travel around Europe.

"Most available jobs fall in the category of resort, restaurant, hotel, office, factory, construction and camp counseling work. The SOS places you in a job of your choice and obtains your work permit, visa and other necessary papers before you leave for Europe. SOS also arranges your room and board.

SOS provides job listings, descriptions, applications and the SOS handbook on earning a summer in Europe. Send your name, address and \$1 (for handling and air mail materials from Europe) to Student Overseas Services, P.O. Box 5173, Santa Barbara, California 93103.

### JOBS EUROPE

Hundreds of jobs are still available for any time of the year. The program aims to give students an inexpensive and unique cultural opportunity to live in Europe. These salaried jobs, which usually include room and board, are mostly for general help with large first class hotels in Great Britain and Switzerland.

Participants may make their own transportation arrangements and travel as long as they wish after completing their chosen work assignment. Most people work from 2 to 4 months, but can work longer. London, England and the French, German and Italian speaking areas of Switzerland are the most popular areas to work.

For free details, send a stamped, self-addressed business envelope to: JOBS EUROPE, 13355 Cantora Street, Panorama City, California 91402.

I would, therefore, pose these questions to the august body which sits in solemn convocation in Sottery Hall:

If a faculty member is not required to return his or her books within a specified period of time and is not expected to pay a fine for his or her flagrant delinquencies of five or six years, then why should a student be fined for keeping a book out over field period or two weeks beyond the due date and be expected to pay a fine, much less return the book at all? If a student is required to return a book so that it might be used by others, should not the faculty also be required to return their books for the same reason? And finally, if a student is required to return a book before the due date if the library requests it, and must pay a fine if he or she keeps the book beyond the designated date, should not the faculty also be required to at least return the book upon request, and should there not also be punitive measures that are applicable to the faculty in such a case?

There is to my mind, and inequity here, and as we all know, a simple resolution can be ignored. The faculty has not set a very good example for the students to follow.

Thanking you, I am,

respectfully yours,  
Jeffrey R. Ray

### THE HOMECOMING

Jeel Schenker will produce Harold Pinter's "The Homecoming," starring Janice Rule, Tony Tanner and Eric Berry, on Tuesday, May 18, after nine previews beginning May 10. Jerry Adler will direct it.

"The Homecoming" will have a curtain at 7:30 Mon.-Sat. and matinees on Wed. and Sat. at the Bijou Theatre (357 West 48th Street).

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

BOOKS - fun, exciting summer reading Well, folks, we still have these books, and we would really like it if you helped 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 save if you get your FREE books from us!)

BLACK THINK, Jesse Owens. (My life as a Black man and White man). Pocket Books. 95 cents.

THE BREATH OF CLOWNS AND KINGS, Theodore Weiss. (Shakespeare's Early Comedies and Histories) Athenaeum. \$10.

THE JESUS BAG, William H. Grier, M.D. and Price M. Cobbs, M.D. (Authors of BLACK RAGE) McGraw-Hill \$6.95.

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

THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER, Terrence Lore Smith. (A novel.) Doubleday. \$4.95.

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 Tekeyan. (A novel about identity, sexuality, life, death, eternity, C. Aubrey Smith, a girl in leather, and a father & son.) Doubleday. \$6.95.

DIVIDED WE STAND, Cushing Strout and David I. Grossvogel. (Reflections on the crisis at Cornell). Doubleday-Anchor. 45.

by Lydia Ayers

### Self-Accusation

By  
Peter Handke

Directed By  
Mark Cohen

May 21 Friday

8:00, 9:30

in the gym

SQUASH COURT I

from page one

\$250 or 10% collateral." 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 played. 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 home country and not Viet Nam. But it took the same form, smoke a little dope and drop off to sleep while everything is exploding 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 Submarine". They all get busted. But mostly everyone drifts toward the George Washington 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 people. This is Sunday night and the mood has changed. Monday morning is only hours away and there is business to be taken care of. The regional'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 depressing about Saturday and Sunday. All those people at the park for the music and dope; knowing that a lot of them would split and not be on the streets Monday morning was damaging to the spirit that had built up over Thursday and Friday. A lot of them did split but come 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. Intense. Our major tactical mistake, which 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 primary targets before the heavy rush hour traffic began. For the rest of the morning D.C. was in an incredible state. Roving bands (of godless anarchists, maybe?) of 3 to 300 moving through the city, confiscating anything and everything to block traffic with; trash, trash cans, cars, trees, their own bodies (in the military, they refer to this as a field expediency). The police were all over the city; in patrol cars with European sounding sirens, tactical police on buses, horse police, the mili-

## may day



tary in convoys, the constant ruse on station overhead, fire trucks stationed randomly about. The most effective police were those on scooters. They maintained mobility even when we had the streets blocked and were all over the city. These scooterized police would run into crowds to disperse them, sometimes running over people.

The police used gas very heavily to break us up when we outnumbered them and reinforcements couldn't get through. As a result, the whole city was gassed, more than I have ever seen at any demonstration. Cops, workers, us; 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 maintain control of the battle and are directing it towards the GW campus. This

strength was derived from us and everyone knew it.

Time spent in this camp, with absurd things happening so fast that you can't keep up with them. Some people really got into the concentration camp scene and started making plans to tunnel out. One couple got married, Abbie Hoffman was best man. They gassed us a lot. Goal posts 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 conveyor belt of justice again. It is four o'clock Tuesday morning. On the streets again working 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 streets. Quiet. The police making a large show of force, the primary targets (four traffic circles within the city) were aborted and a repeat 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 busts. 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 reasons, some good things happened. The overt support that developed in the black community for us Monday and the covert support shown by some of the troops were the most significant. The black community 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 bail. At one point some of the prisoners being bussed to the field kicked the windows out of the police bus and escaped. The neighborhood people, black working class, took these white freaks into 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 influence 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 what happened internally to the movement. While the effects of the whole action on the American public are important, I feel that at this stage in the historical development of the movement the most decisive thing was the education of the movement itself. What May Day did was show the first significant progression 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 mentioned and second a collective discipline that had always been lacking at previous functions. The regional thing is important because it was a study in democratic centralism being validly and effectively carried out. The elitism-national leadership contradiction in a democratic movement was successfully resolved. It was a beautiful 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 intense "Battle of Algiers" atmosphere that pervaded D.C. Monday morning there was a definite lack of the conspicuous kamakyism that always marked past actions. People were disciplined in a progressive, effective manner. They were arriving at targets in groups, functioning, evading the police, dispersing and regrouping 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. During 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 internal discipline which marked May Day.

I think it is time for an ideological sentence or two. What is the Viet Nam war? To us in D.C., it is neither "to protect freedom and democracy" as Nixon would have you believe, nor is it a "mistake" as the liberal politicians would say. It is the logical outcome of the determination of the American monopoly capitalist ruling class to maintain economic, political and military dominance in Southeast Asia and in other parts of the world. The war 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 there. I hope we make it. I hope we are right.

by Frank Montafia

# 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. etc. I hope you are happy, healthy, well, etc. etc. etc.

There is a land somewhere in the world. Its name 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 are very concerned with being neat, whereas the people in the other land that I speak of devote all their time to being messy. In our own habitat we find it necessary to be clean, whereas the others find it of the utmost importance to be dirty. Yes, sloppiness 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 go to it, you are enter-



ing it now. And when you will leave it, and you are in the process of leaving it now -- you will never forget it, you will try to forget it but you never will. But entering implies exiting -- and to exit from somewhere we have to be somewhere -- that somewhere is the land that we are now in the process of exiting. That somewhere is here.

All throughout the day we are constantly primping ourselves. Is it not true? In the morning upon waking it is time to brush the teeth, wash the face, clean the ears, shower, do the finger nails, fix up the toe nails, to get rid of offensive odors flying from the underarms, and that beloved orifice known as the mouth. Then we put on the clothes, clothes that must be clean, unwrinkled, and likewise have no offensive odors. These are habits that we indoctrinated with when we are very young. It is said of those who do not partake in all the above activities that they are disorganized, disoriented, maladjusted, and on the whole, just not nice people, people that one is to be, in the long run, very skeptical about. Daughters who are of this category are scorned by their fathers, and rejected by their mothers, ignored by men and usually remain unmarried. Sons are scoffed at by their fathers and sneered at by their mothers. They become the scum of society, they are the disreputable, the truly disgusting. This we know about. We are exiting. We are entering.

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 wake 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 clear, clean water. And they start again; collecting the dirt each day, till it gathers everywhere on their body,

so that no skin can be seen but only a dark brown crust. Just as when we play football or do heavy work and allow ourselves to get good and dirty, only to clean ourselves, so too, the people of the land that I speak, get themselves good and clean so that they can become dirty again. A long time ago the people never inflicted the dirt themselves, but simply watched

it collect upon their skins. The dirtier a man was, the more involved and occupied with life. Today however, this is not the case. The dirt and the sloppiness have merely after long habit become pleasing to the eye. That is all. It is now a stimulated response. Everytime there is dirt seen on the body, the beholder finds it beautiful. Everytime there is cleanliness and no dirt the beholder finds it ugly -- and is disgusted by the person who has no dirt on him.



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 disheveled and knotted up with dirty hands, until it is one rats nest, until it is either sticking up or falling all over the face. Until, in short, it looks like everything we spend all our mornings trying to make it not look like. After the hair comes the clothing, and the clothing is torn, dirty, and smells 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 clothes dirty, is as great as the time spent in our own land to wash them, to iron them, and to match them.

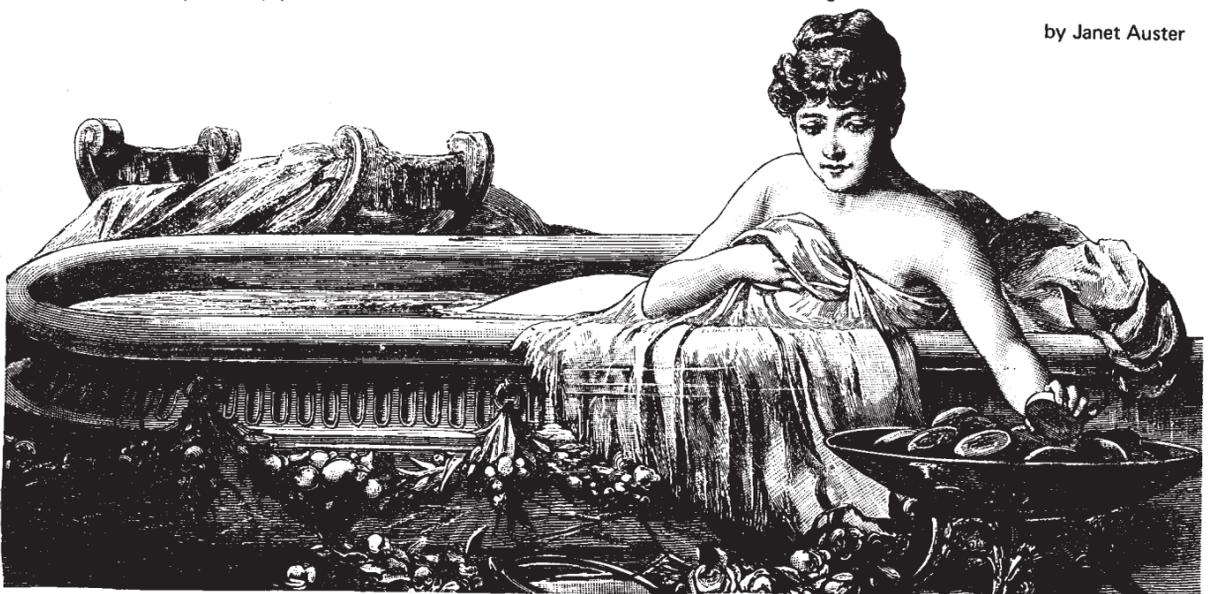
The sloppier and dirtier the person, the more attractive, the more affluent, the more respected he is. The president of the land, for example, and all the presidents of companies and prominent industries, and all their darling wives besides are the dirtiest people of all. The dirt lingers on their bodies from all the tablecloths, chairs, hands, and faces 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.



Woe 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 wanted 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 at 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 windowsill that had collected over the days and wiped it on her face. She ran her fingers through her hair. "For God sakes look at you, just look at you, just look at you. What a sight! Clean clothes, no smell from the mouth, or from the arms, unchewed fingernails, uncut clothing. You are incorrigible, disreputable. Who will marry you? Who will be seen with you? Who will respect you? Sit down, sit down. You are twenty years old. It's time you start looking like a young lady." She went 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 tickle her under the chin. He was glowing with pride. She would be married. She was a darling. He tickled her under the chin again, frequently every day, after every meal. She soon went to the university, however. There she reverted to her old practices. He never knew. He thought she was a dirty, sloppy, respectable girl. Yes, a respectable girl. This is what renewed 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 Auster



# the shooting of an element

5

## 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 staggered 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 it would be beatnik night in Brooklyn and Mrs. Moroz's little boy was going to be stoned on 'The Great White Heap.'

Tom gave me a rolled up dollar bill and poured out what looked like confectionary sugar on a copy of life magazine; he said, "Sniff 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 laughing a low 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 IND downtown train. My eyelids 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 depositing 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 god damn self-confident, it'd 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 snort it. That was my rationale behind the idea that I wasn't about to get trapped. 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 (corny shit, huh?). It wasn't going at all as I had wanted or expected. So to compensate, I decided to get myself into a position where such things as girls or women or sex or 'meaningful realtionships' weren't necessary. This is not to say I didn't know any girls. I knew plenty of girls that were either into junk or downs heavily. I might add at this point that it is far worse, and any junkie or barb head will tell you this, for a girl to get strung out on smack than for a guy. She will deteriorate much quicker than a guy, and this does not mean to say she is weaker. It just means that appearance and personal hygiene, in my opinion, tend to be more noticeable on a girl than to a guy. A guy steals and mugs people for a fix. A girl goes straight to prostitution, etc.

Anyhow about eight months after I'd been snorting, and this was strictly a matter of economics (I told myself), I began to skin pop. I'm fairly confident that I don't have to explain the difference between 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 enticing after building up a rather large resistance, to be able to knock it down a couple of notches by taking to 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 acquaintances that I could score from. After a while my days began to take on a definite pattern as far as copping and 'getting-off.' I'd wake up, spend a little time getting together and then I'd get out on the street, hoping to find one of my connections roaming around trying to sell his thing. Finally I would score. Sometimes 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 is, he'd sit 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



photo by candy freeland/Ins

while you are running to the place you are going to get off at. Then there is the almost ritualistic act of cooking and preparing the dope, drawing it up into the eyedropper, and then hitting up. By this time I was mainlining. 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 myself that I didn't have a habit. That day would be a very anxious day, not to mention the fact that I would toss and turn the night away. The fact that I wanted to be a junkie so badly contributed tremendously as far as my getting a habit was concerned. The psychological factors involved in withdrawal symptoms are fantastic. 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 symptoms.

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 cut down program and will be completely off methadone in about three weeks.

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 commuting to the city twice a week to score. You know, I swore I was the coolest, badest junkie this school ever saw...People informed me that it was funny I should be living in Potter because an old student had lived there and had a reputation for being quite a user. I could never understand how in hell the security dept. found 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 returned on the program the administration was totally willing to cooperate.

Looking back it's just as if I lost or misplaced two years. With barely any memory of them. I am still trying to piece out the who's and how's of the security department and their little information network.

by Josh Moroz



# a threatened species

With the facts that I now know about ecology, my understanding has forced me to face the realities involved, and to formulate on a level other than the intuitive, my particular niche and functional role in dealing with a situation that threatens to eliminate our species. I revere 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 overstep 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 necessitates 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 invokes 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 comforts, aesthetic pleasures, scientific knowledge, a healthier and longer life, freedom to pursue his interests, and even the moon. But in his desire 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 molded nature to his own ends. To be free from the cold and rain on his nak-

ed 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, to free 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 terrors 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 deer or the chipmunk who 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 millions with the materials 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. There was always 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, untouched wilderness is the unlimited source of materials for man's progress. Manifest destiny. The myth explodes in our faces.

When an industrialist who 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 congressman with influential friends in business, who is afraid to legislate against pollution is at fault. But the person who buys this manufacturer's products 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 rationally determining his needs and desires, 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 alive. It stems from a corporate mistake and the responsibility to correct it is corporate as well.

Man's blame lies in his ignorance. He is a selfish animal. In his ambition to excel he has forgotten to look into himself to find his fears, weaknesses, and greatest qualities. This failure to scrutinize his own nature as objectively as possible has limited the use and understanding of those capabilities inherent in his capacity 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 complete 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 consciousness, but he hasn't seen it for what it is. Millions who must be seen as only semi-conscious, seldom define their values. Hence, incapable of making a choice, they "follow the herd" or "do what they're told." They will not accept the responsibility for their actions, blaming the consequences on some one else, an abstract—unnamable force, or fate. These people are ignorant of themselves, ignorant of what it means to be a human being. We are as ignorant of our own species as we are of those others which constitute our environment. Until man learns to be fully aware of his particular functional capabilities and weaknesses, he will never live in comprehension and harmony with the functioning of earth's ecosystem. The moon 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 consequence 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 capabilities 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, by the necessity of his own consciousness, the personal responsibility to take on the task

to page 18



photo by nick elias

\*I am being idealistic. There are alternatives, but they deny men the chance to fully develop those qualities that are the source of his present supremacy and the means to man's realization of his fullest potential. Two such alternatives are dictatorship and brainwashing. Forced ecology might save the human race, but institutions established by force are temporary at best.



photo by nick elias

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 marsh 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 marsh, paddle around to examine sprouting and flowering vegetation, muskrat nests, looking for fish and invertebrates, learning the signs of animals too shy to show 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 ancestors came from Europe two generations ago, and I grew up in a crumbling mixture of traditions. I want to learn the way of where I am, so I can really be here. When I study nature 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 share 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 impersonal, I can't hear how you respond to what I'm saying and I can't be sure you understand. All I can say is how I feel, and try to be as honest as I can doing it any other way is worthless to me. I hope you believe me.

There are things going on here I want to tell you 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 Merrill Foundation grant for Bard's Ecology Department. During a meeting of the Ecology Committee (Bruce, Pierce, Weiss, Clarke, Chalmers) 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 sewage treatment 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 bunk space for night work and visiting ecologists. Use will be made of the area that is already cleared of vegetation (apparently a house was sited there long ago), and probably only one tree will be cut. The building will be on piles, with storage space for boats underneath. It will have a sort of open porch on the three elevated sides, and large windows looking out over the Bay. The forest will remain undisturbed between the building and the Bay and the Creek.



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 sawdust for removal and burial on the upland away from water; there will be a chemical toilet 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 unsightly in the woods. After construction is completed, the old access road will be permanently closed off at the sewage 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 utilising salvaged wood from the deserted village was turned

shed. Among our more harmful wastes entering the Creek and the Bay are the following:

Large quantities of plant nutrients (nitrate, phosphate) from human excrement, cleaning products, and wasted food; the sewage treatment plant puts these into ideally utilisable form.

Soil (silt) washing down from bared ground around the sewage plant, auxiliary pump station, sewer lines, roads, etc. adversely affects aquatic life in many ways.

Toxic metals and other substances such as boron and bromine from the science laboratories, darkroom, swimming pool, dump, and all painted surfaces; transported by water and air.

Until recently the middle Hudson estuary from Catskill to Newburgh has been fairly

# bard lands

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 basic 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-

7  
healthy ecologically. However, ongoing research by NYU's Institute for Environmental Medicine shows that pollution, mainly in three categories (nutrients, pesticides, and metals), are beginning to tip the balance. If you are a freshman at Bard, you may be able to watch the shallow edge areas of the River being taken over by bluegreen algae, and exotic organisms such as Carp, Goldfish, Purple Loosestrife and Waterchestnut at the expense of the things that 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, Hegeman 306, "Water quality in industrial areas: profile of a river," by Howells, Kneipe and Eisenbud, from ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY, January 1970.)



the osprey

Osprey. This bird is rapidly becoming rare from pesticide poisoning, among other problems. We are fortunate to have three or four of them hanging around the North and South Bays and Cruger 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, flapping or soaring, 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 Yellowlegs, ducks of several species (mostly males; many females are on the nest), Snipe, Bittern and other herons, and Muskrat (also rearing young now).

Alewives. A silvery large-scaled herring with a very compressed body, forked tail, and sawlike scales 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 mouth of the Sawkill and under the railroad bridges. They are easily caught (legally by scap-netting) and can be pickled 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 lend or recommend something for you to read. We have very fine literature on the Great Smokies, New Jersey Pine Barrens, California, Prairie, Hudson Valley, etc. Also please read and save the Sierra Club "Camping Manners for Wilderness" elsewhere in this issue. I hope you have lots of joy, and take good care of our Mother the Earth.

Erik Kiviat

photo from natural history magazine

photo by laine abbott

# heroine: harriet tubman

"I nebber run my train off de track an' I nebber lost a passenger" - the most famous quote of a remarkable but unfortunately little-known woman.

Harriet Ross was born a slave on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, or the "tide-water district," around 1821. Old Rit, her mother, and Ben, her father, were slaves on the plantation of Edward Brodas. The only freedom the slaves knew was as very young children left in "the Quarter" of huddled, one-room, windowless cabins, under the care of the women too old to work. From these women, the children learned stories of their ancestors and "the middle passage" their forebears endured in being shipped to America. This instilled Minty (Araminta was Harriet's childhood name) with her first sense of 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 workhands in the fields where she learned the rhythmical songs of the fields. In the next three years, the master hired her out twice. The first time to a weaver and her husband, where Minty looked after muskrat traps but was finally sent home when she refused to learn to weave. The second time, she was hired to a nearby plantation for a child-nurse and housekeeper (at seven years old). She was beaten on the back of the neck every time she let the child cry. Eventually she was sent back again as "not worth a sixpence."

From then on she was set to work in the fields. Brodas hired her out to a man who kept her outdoors at heavy labor. At harvest time, the slaves of the two plantations were gathered for a cornhusking fest. The masters were very nervous at this time, as the slaves knew from their tight "interplantation" system of communication. One story was that of Tice Davids, a slave in Kentucky, who ran away from his master. Although the master pursued him five feet behind, he disappeared and was never found. The other story that frightened the masters was that of Nat Turner, a slave from Southampton, Virginia. He was called "the Prophet" and preached to the slaves about how God had chosen him to be a second Moses and deliver the slaves. Adding followers from every surrounding plantation, he led an uprising that killed sixty white people, and was only quelled by the local militia and Federal troops. Nat disappeared but was found two months later in a cave. These rumors grew among the slaves of a magic railroad that ran underground.

At the cornhusking, Minty saw a slave who was not working or singing, which attracted the attention of the overseer. He waited until the right moment, and tried to escape across the fields. The overseer pursued and Minty followed. The slave ducked into a store. Minty was ordered to hold him but instead let him escape out again and blocked the overseer. He picked up a 2 pound weight and hurled it at the fleeing man, but it hit Minty, gashing her forehead. She was in a coma through the winter and did not begin to recover until Spring. When she had recovered, she found the people respected her for her courage and they had begun to call her Harriet, her adult name. She took to wearing a bandana - the sign of womanhood and also perhaps to cover the scar that branded her for the rest of her life.

Because slave traders had refused to buy her during her deep sleep, she was hired out once more to a local man who also hired her father to manage his slaves. After much pleading, she was allowed to work in the fields instead of the house. She had such superior strength that he let her "hire her time" - finding jobs for herself. He showed her off to his friends

by harnessing her to a barge loaded with stones.

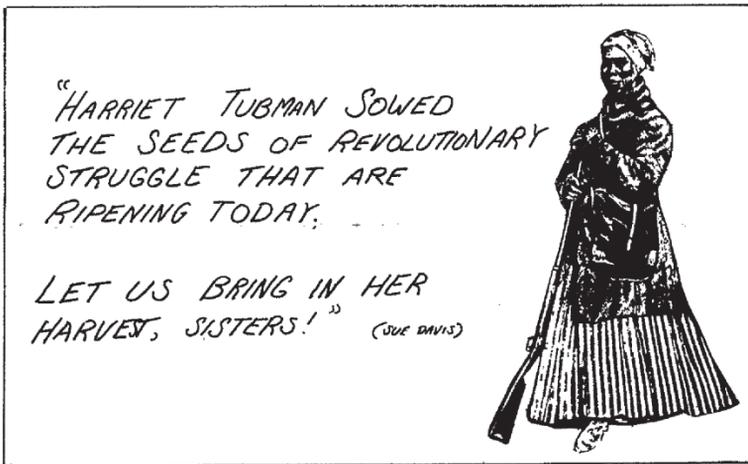
At this time, Harriet married John Tubman, a free Negro. Times were hard and crops in the plantations were constantly being changed, and the owners found it more and more necessary to sell slaves South, even if they were friendly to their slaves. There was now a constant, real fear in the Quarter as they saw the chain gangs passing every day. The threat became increasingly real to Harriet as she saw the plantation grow more dilapidated and fields lying fallow. 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 of free 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 tell the master.

The news came to the Quarter even before the Big House. Harriet and two brothers were to be sold South with the next chain gang. In spite of her now horrible fear of John Tubman, she convinced her brothers to run away with her that night. When John was asleep, she took the breakfast food and left silently. The woodman's skills her father had carefully taught her came to her aid as she

and potatoholes, attics of Quaker and German farmers, she found herself free and in Pennsylvania. She vowed that she would redo this journey until her entire family was out of slave territory.

She went to work in Philadelphia doing her hated 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 extensiveness 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 conviction that any slave that knew the stops could make it safely to freedom. She arranged for the successful escape of her sister's family through the Vigilance Committee, as well as being able to keep in touch 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 runaways like her were no longer safe anywhere in the North. If was, of course,



graphic by julie gelfand

lead her brothers through the woods toward the North Star. Her brothers were scared of her silence and confidence and turned fearful and dragged her forcibly back. The next day Harriet knew that she must go alone. Once more she escaped the cabin, but this time, with her painfully precious hand-made quilt and some food, she made her way to the house of a white woman. Many times this woman had stopped by the field where Harriet worked and promised her help any time she needed it. She answered Harriet's knock with no surprise, took her in and fed her. She gave her the names of the next two places where it was safe for her to stop. Harriet left the precious quilt in gratitude. She had discovered the secret of the real Underground Railroad.

After a long, silent, night trek through the woods she came to the first place. When her knock was answered, she showed her paper and was taken in. Once more she was fed but she became suspicious when handed a broom and told to sweep the yard, until she realized no passerby would suspect her if she looked like she belonged to the place. At nightfall, the farmer loaded a wagon with produce which concealed Harriet. He drove until early morning, when he showed her a river to follow to the second place.

At last, after ninety miles of sleeping on the ground, concealment in haystacks

now twice as dangerous for her to return, but in the Spring, she went back to Dorchester County and brought out one of her brothers and two other men.

She continued working in hotels in Philadelphia and Cape May, New Jersey, interspersed with trips back to the Eastern shore to alleviate masters of their slaves. Two years after she left Maryland, she decided to make a special trip back to persuade John Tubman to go North with her. She had built a wonderful image of the life she could live with him in the North as a free woman. When she saved enough for this trip, she dressed herself in men's clothing, her now usual traveling dress because of the increased danger and the price put on her head. When she found the cabin, she was crushed to find that John Tubman had taken another wife and only laughed at her and her men's clothing. She announced her presence in the Quarter and left that night with another group.

When she returned to Philadelphia, the implications of the new law became increasingly apparent, with news of arrested fugitives. She knew that from now on all her trips would have to end in Canada. Her friends of the Vigilance Committee schooled her in the Underground Railroad route farther north and her next journey came to an end in St. Catherine's, Canada West (now Ontario).

Her first winter in St. Catherine's was very hard, but with the aid of her fugitive passengers she established her home there. During the next six years, she fell into a pattern of making a trip back to Maryland in the spring, working in Philadelphia or Cape May until fall when she led another exodus ending in St. Catherine's.

The legend of Harriet Tubman was already stronger than she knew. She was known to many slaves only as "Moses" - many thought she was just a myth and really did not exist. Plantation owners were now worrying about the silent man named Moses who would strike like a plague unexpectedly and they would find half of their slaves gone. She acquired this time from the hymn "Go Down, Moses," by which she announced her arrival (in a low whispered song) in a "Quarter." This song was forbidden for anyone to sing after the Nat Turner uprising. At this time, the reward for her capture was twelve thousand dollars and steadily increased as more slaves disappeared from the Eastern Shore.

Eventually, Harriet achieved her aim of bringing her whole family out; the hardest and last in the series was bringing her parents. They had now grown too old for the hardships of the usual escape route. This was the riskiest trip also, because she had to use a wagon and travel only at night and hide during the day. She took her parents to St. Catherine's but they hardly survived the hardships of the cold winter. In Spring, Harriet decided that they would be safe just over the border into New York, and settled them in a small frame house in an upstate town, Auburn.

In the years that followed, Harriet made fewer trips back south because her friends had persuaded her that she was needed to lecture to the people of the North. In spite of the fact that she was exposing herself dangerously, she held audiences spellbound with accounts of her experiences. Her eloquence was not confined to the abolitionist platform, but she was also sought after as a women's rights speaker. Her reputation spread all over the North, and when the Civil War broke out, she was enlisted by the Governor of Massachusetts as a lookout (and spy) for the Union Army. Throughout the rest of the war, her duties varied between the lookout work and work in the field hospitals.

When the war was over, Harriet returned to Auburn and looked after her parents until they died. In later years she married again to Nelson Davis who was more than twenty years younger than she. He had tuberculosis and the Auburn folk said she married him in order to take care of him. Nelson Davis died on October 14, 1888, at forty-four. Harriet had repeatedly applied for a pension for herself or back pay for those years with the army. Her claim was never allowed, but eventually she was given twenty dollars a month as the widow of Nelson Davis, who served in Company G of the U.S. Infantry.

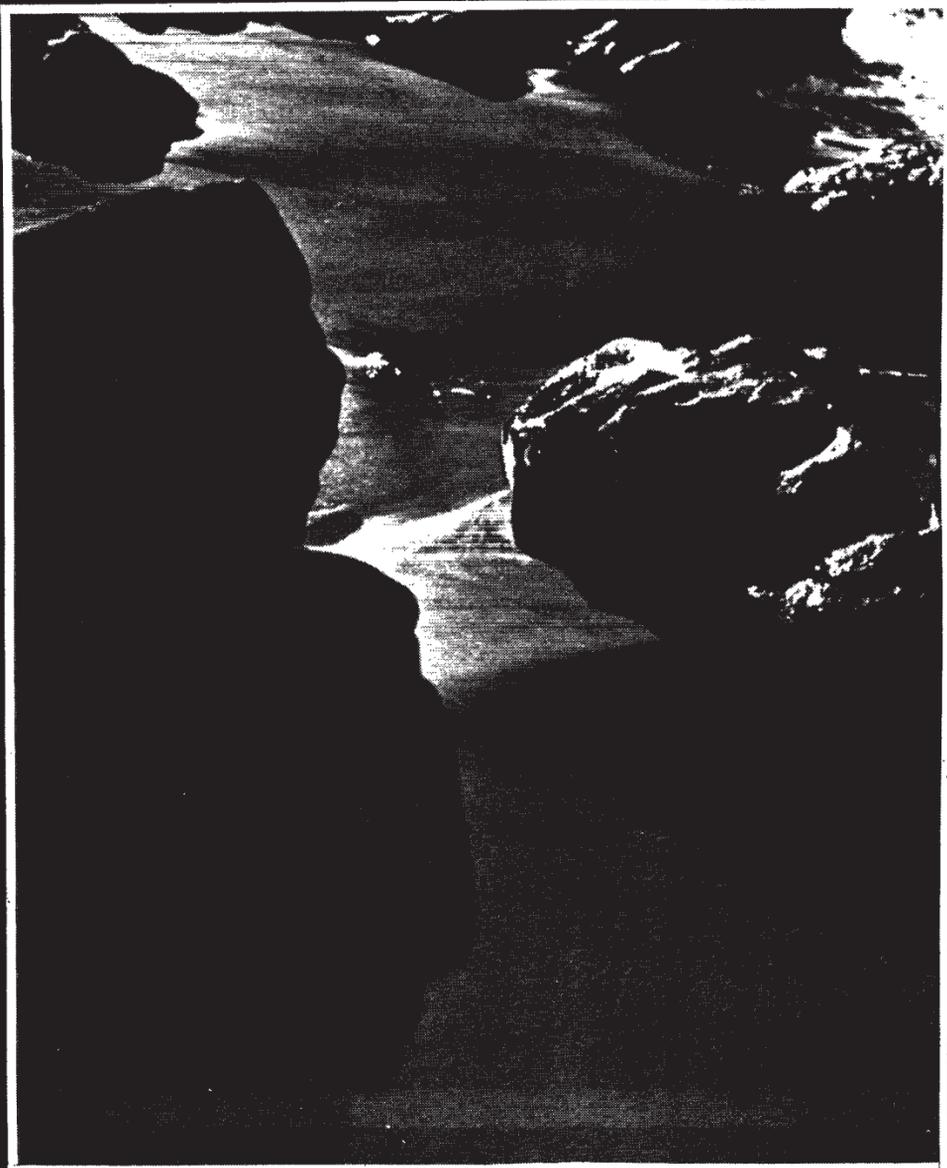
The last major act of good will was Harriet's establishment of her house and land as a home for the sick, poor and homeless, though she continued to live there herself. Her joy in life was now selling vegetables to the women of the town, who would spend hours on end listening raptly to her endless tales.

Her death on March 10, 1913, in many ways represented the end of an era in American history. In spite of her valiant work in the Union Army, she will always be remembered as a conductor on the Underground Railroad and sustained by faith in the living and the belief that God willed freedom as a right that all men should enjoy.

by Shirley Cassara

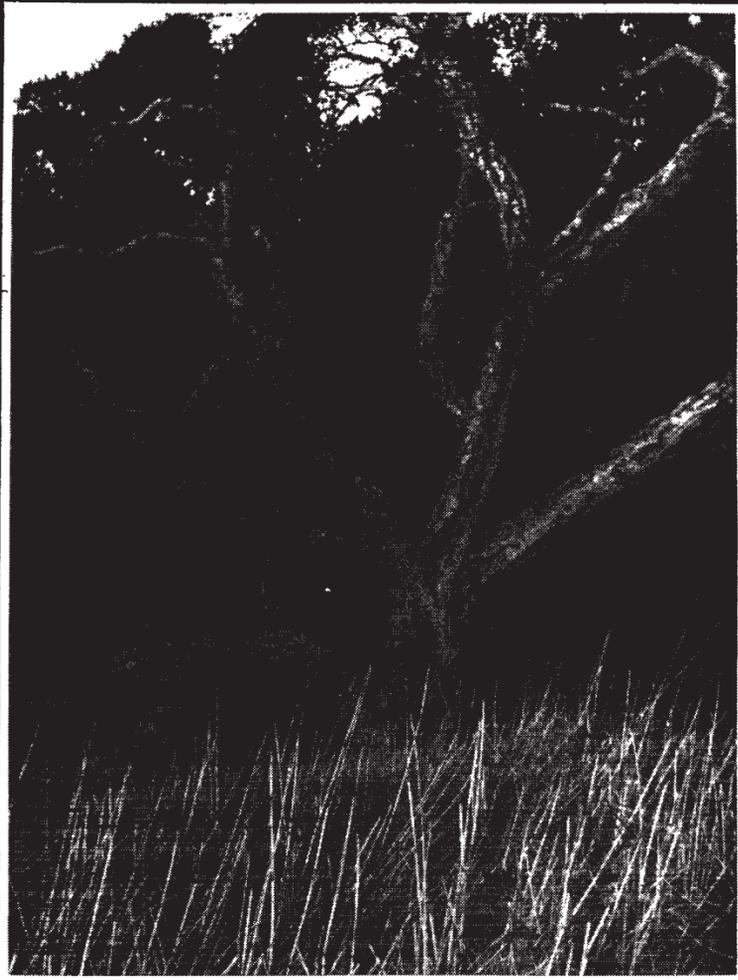


j. richard bartelstone

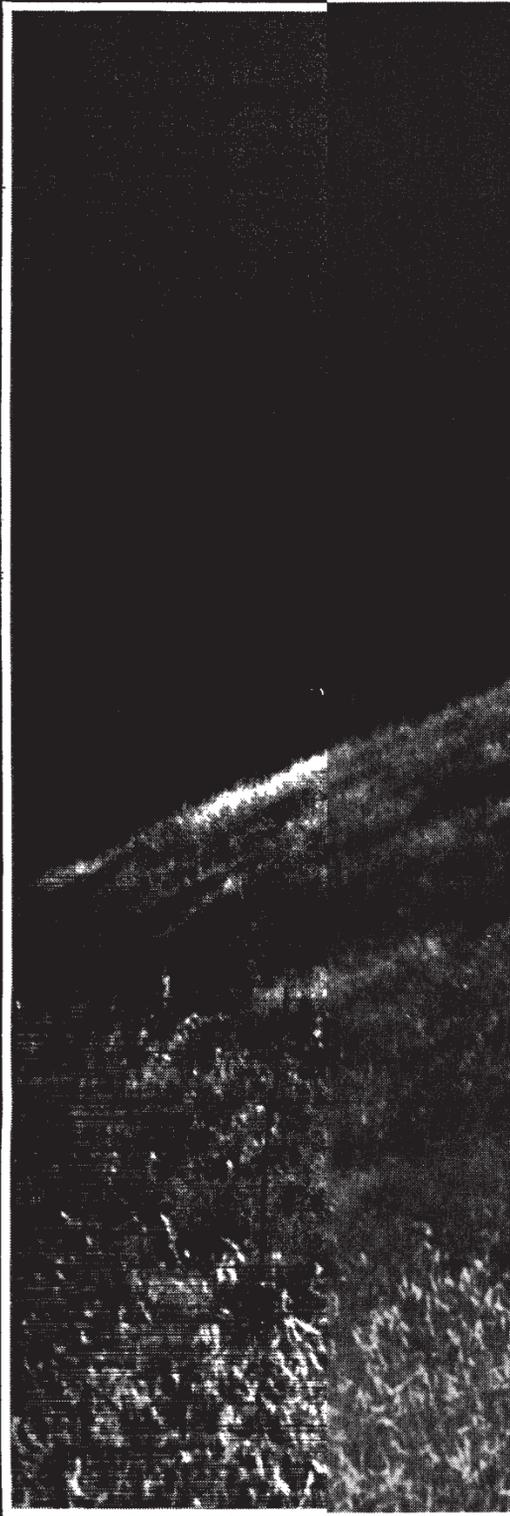


nick elias

nick elias



zach bregman





nick elias



## a man escaped

Bresson's "A Man Escaped" is difficult to talk about. The kinds of effects which are gained seem to defy analysis. In telling the story of a single individual's escape from a German prison camp, Bresson manages to touch on an incredible variety of emotions and ideas. But if you look closely all that you seem to see is an almost fanatically authentic picture of the prisoner's life. A number of people were bored by the film. At first that seems plausible, inasmuch as there seems a total lack of emotion in the film.

It seems to me however that most of the difficulty of this film and Bresson's films in general comes from a certain laziness on all our parts. We are used to being passive at the movies. We like to have the passion and the drama and the action hit us over the head. We want the director to do all of the work for us. But Bresson doesn't work that way. He concentrates on the smallest kinds of nuances, the most refined and pared down objects of our attention. Usually escape movies are an opportunity for fast, enjoyable melodrama but Bresson takes the genre as a medium for very intense spiritual problems.

By concentrating very closely on all the little physical details of the hero's cell, particularly the door, the little spoon used for chiseling the wood, the floor on which the spoon is sharpened, Bresson dramatizes a transfiguration of the world. The world is the whole impersonal experience of imprisonment and constraint, and the progress of escaping that particular world is a process of asceticism. Bresson never shows the German officials or guards fully. They remain abstract, a kind of absolute which must be transcended. If all of this seems implausible, far-fetched, it is mainly because of Bresson's rigorous refusal to deal with these themes explicitly or obviously. If, however, the series of small vignettes are regarded closely, the ritual element of the hero's activity should be noticeable. Considering, for instance, the difference between the scenes in which the prisoners are together, and the scenes when the hero is alone, one becomes conscious of the maddening routine of the group scenes, in comparison to the incredible variety of feelings which the prisoner alone gives us. Moments like the breaking of the spoon near the beginning, or the first shot of the prisoner looking out through the bars, or that first magical moment when he leaves the cell and walks around the other cells, are really amazing.

Certainly Bresson is not a very easy director to enjoy. He doesn't give us a great deal to work with, but what he does give us is so rigorously and exactly presented that we should take pains to understand it.



## psycho

"Psycho" is a film which made an enormous amount of money. It is now a crucial part of movie mythology. The shower sequence was considered, in 1960, unusually daring and today for all the nudity on screen, its power remains undiminished. The paradoxical thing about the film's success is the fact that it undermines all of our assumptions, and gives us nothing positive to hold on to. The final images of the film, Norman sitting alone possessed by his mother, and Marion's car being dragged out of a swamp, are images of total desolation. The two who solve the mystery, Lila and Sam, are so under-characterized and ultimately vapid, that we haven't the slightest interest in their destinies whatsoever. The only people that we really relate to while we're watching, Norman and Marion, are both dead, Norman the more horrifyingly so by virtue of his being completely possessed. There are no phoenixes rising out of the ashes of events; only the ashes remain.

All of this takes on additional force when the audience thinks back through the earlier scenes in the film. Hitchcock uses all of his considerable resources in order that we identify with Marion Crane. In the office, with the vulgar client leering, the first scene where Sam refuses marriage, and the whole slightly macabre presence of the policeman, we have a steady and continual narrowing of attention. Marion dominates our attention and our concern. In each of the early scenes, with the used-car salesman, the policeman and the conversation with

Norman, we, along with Marion, appraise and consider the rightness of stealing forty thousand dollars. At the moment of Marion's realization that she must give the money back, we in the audience breathe a sigh of relief. We, it seems, have been vindicated. And the greatest indication of that vindication comes in the most elemental way: Marion steps into the shower for her, and our, purification. It is at that moment that one of the most horrifying murders on film occurs.

Hitchcock's method here is almost unrelentingly cruel. There is first of all the presence of Norman, beautifully played by Anthony Perkins, shy, sensitive and kind. Then there is that image of Janet Leigh smiling beautifully as she steps in. At the moment of our closest identification we are brought up short, and the nature of the setting allows Hitchcock to play on our somewhat lecherous voyeurism. A moment before the murder, Norman places himself so that he can watch Marion undress, and Hitchcock allows us the comfortable position of superiority, then one moment later he places us in exactly the same position. All of our assumptions, which are assumptions about the plots of movies, as well as our notion of order and safety and innocence are destroyed.

At this point we cling to Norman simply because there is no one else and also because we see him as trapped by Mother. In the scene where he cleans up after the murder, the shock and terror he expresses is very close to our own. In each of the subsequent scenes between Norman and those who investigate the crime, our emotions are disturbed, since none of them is shown to have any comprehension of Norman's situation. We are tied to Lila and Sam and Arbogast, since they will reveal to us the answers, but at the same time we are tied to Norman's sensitivity and entrapment.

The scene with Arbogast leading up to the second murder is a particularly acute example of this method. On the one hand we want him to find out about the murder, but in his talk with Norman we see him almost cruelly torturing Norman. Anthony Perkins does a beautiful job here of registering a slow loss of control, under the barrage of questions. We feel almost as if we are being attacked. Then, in the scene of Arbogast moving up the stairs, Hitchcock places the camera from Arbogast's point of view, in a series of slow tracking shots which re-establish his search for the mystery and our own interest in justice. The climax is a dazzling cut to a high angle as Arbogast is stabbed. The subjective camera, here as before, in the shower, places the knife in our own hands.

The final sequence in the Bates house brings these terrifying elements together. Once again, in the scene of Sam interrogating Norman, the normal, good-guy imputes motives to Norman which he is totally innocent of. The casting of John Gavin, an incredibly vapid actor, helps us to identify with Norman, but it also sets up a neat image of two men, one normal, the other crazy, both of whom look very much alike. This scene leads to Lila's walk through the Bates house, everything slightly Victorian and moth-eaten, with the recording of Beethoven and the old childhood toys setting up a suggestive image of Norman's complex situation. These all climax in the final confrontation of the skull of Mrs. Bates, and Mrs. Bates manically alive in the eyes of Norman; the swinging light-bulb an incredibly intense image of the shock of recognition; and perhaps most terrifying of all, Norman and Sam, locked in physical conflict so that their bodies seem to merge into one composite image.

The force of "Psycho" is not that of a well-constructed psychological drama; we don't understand, we only experience. The psychiatrist is a bone thrown to those in the audience who desire explanation. "Psycho" takes a position beyond psychology and makes us aware of a kind of potential for violence which defies rational explanation.

## strangers on a train

"Strangers on a Train" lacks the controlled intensity which characterizes the best of "Psycho" but it has other virtues of its own, and the very best sequences rank with anything that Hitchcock did before or after. If one wants a peculiar demonstration of Hitchcock's brilliance one need only look at what he does with a simple cigarette lighter. This everyday object, like the shower, and the merry-go-round, becomes the object of our strongest fears and hopes throughout the film. Hitchcock emphasizes it in the first scene of the meeting as Guy holds it up to Bruno so that Bruno can light a cigarette. It becomes the focal point of the discussion, since it introduces the character of Anne Morton. Later in what is perhaps the most macabre scene in the film Bruno holds it up to Miriam's face before he calmly strangles her. It becomes one element in the virtuoso tennis montage, and finally it becomes the opportunity for the release of tension at Bruno's death. Hitchcock uses the most banally normal objects, a lighter, glasses, to create the most extreme reactions.

The film contains a more explicit treatment of the relationship between sexuality and violence which lies at the core of "Psycho." The interweaving of Guy's desire to get rid of Miriam so that he may be free to marry the more attractive Anne, is neatly balanced against Bruno's oedipal jealousy of his father. And here again, as in "Psycho," there is an element of suppressed homosexuality leading to violence. All of these elements are involved in the sequence leading to Miriam's murder as Bruno skillfully pretends to be charmed. Miriam's smug sexual confidence which was previously so abhorrent to us in the audience, gives the murder a typically cruel poetic justice. Once again, we, along with Guy, are made to share in the complicity of the act. And all of this is made more disturbing by our knowledge of Bruno's motive, as Miriam invites her own death. The image reflected through the distorting lenses of the glasses takes on the quality of an embrace.

As long as Robert Walker's gracefully decadent Bruno is on screen the nuances are beautifully worked out. Unfortunately the Farley Granger-Ruth Roman relationship is rather a letdown by comparison. It intensifies the ambiguity of our response to Bruno, but it doesn't give us anything solid to relate him to. There are, however, enough scenes with Walker to sustain the film. In particular, there is the famous tennis playing scene where all heads turn except for Bruno's. It is a good example of the way Hitchcock takes an ordinary event and subtly distorts it, so that we laugh and perhaps shudder at once. When you think of it, those faces turning back and forth are really surreal, and the image precisely defines the essence of Bruno, both in terms of the plot demands, and in the deeper element of homosexual obsessiveness. The other two set-pieces are also brilliant. In the first, Guy plays a frantic tennis match while Bruno attempts to recover the lighter. The whole sequence is a beautiful example of Hitchcock's peculiar talent for counterpoint and design: the bright, sunny tennis court, against the dark interior of the sewer, the wide space as the two opponents face each other, and the cramped close-ups of Bruno's hand, all these elements serve to extend the tension.

Finally of course there is the merry-go-round. The policeman, in a way typical of Hitchcock, shoots the attendant. (The police in Hitchcock's films are always plodding, stupid, and ineffectual. Hitchcock himself has admitted to an almost paranoid fear of the police, and one can be sure while watching his films that the cops are always wrong, and will always

to next page

from preceding page

be fooled.) And there is the image of total chaos which we find in some part of every Hitchcock film.

These scenes, along with the brilliant demonstration of the art of murder by Bruno at the sophisticated Washington dinner party, confirm Hitchcock's control. In these scenes he charges the most obvious experiences with fear and terror. He sets us up in our most complacent attitudes only to wound us, and remind us of the precarious nature of our existence.

## sierra madre

"The Treasure of the Sierra Madre," remains one of the richest and best, and most enjoyable American films. Its characterizations are so vivid and precise that they keep turning up in other films. That Mexican bandit has been imitated many times in subsequent Westerns, but not equalled.

This film represents what are perhaps the most fertile aspects of our American movies. There is in it a beautiful understanding of the way sheer naked action can reveal character; the way in which people define themselves by the way they sit on a park bench, or drink liquor or smoke a cigarette. Few films, it seems to me, have fully communicated so well just what it means to work hard. A simple scene, for instance, like Bogart and Tim Holt (as Curtin) shading themselves with nothing to do on a park bench seems to me to be perfect. John Huston's direction here, and throughout, is always controlled but never once imposing or self-conscious. We are simply so involved in the story and the characters that the director seems to have disappeared. As Huston remarked of the camerawork in this film, "It's impersonal, it just looks on and lets them stew in their own juice." As Huston's later career demonstrates, this form of simplicity does not always succeed but here it works beautifully. The characters, the landscape, the weather, everything is vivid and involving.



The acting in the film is superb, from Bogart on down to the smallest bit players. Although the Bogart character is a bit fast in its development, it is still excruciatingly effective. Part of the special force of this movie for us, is seeing the dark side, the underside, of the mythological Bogart persona revealed in its full paranoia. Of course, the key to the film's success lies in the amazing Walter Huston. The film critic James Agee observed, "The character is beautifully conceived and written, but I think it is chiefly Walter Huston who gives it its almost Shakespearian wonderfulness, charm, and wisdom...Huston carries the whole show as deftly and easily as he handles his comedy lines."

These two performances, and the perfect casting of Tim Holt as Curtin (Holt was a virtual nonentity throughout the rest of his career) contribute to the vitality of the film. Huston never made another film equal to this one, but here, as in his first feature, "The Maltese Falcon," he shows a kind of understanding for the ambiguity of human goals, the dark isolated essence of heroic mythology, and the deep primitive essence of action and violence itself.

by Larry Gross

# panthers, bleeding or leeches <sup>13</sup>

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 which has never been really very cohesive.

Although the criticism of SDS was 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 consequence has been disastrous, instead of dealing with their objective, they deal with the form. And in the end nothing is accomplished except bitter infighting.

But at the same time, I don't want to say that the means justify the ends. Totalitarian 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 leftists of the failures they had experienced. Consequently the BPP received an incredible barrage of press coverage and in many cases totally out of proportion.

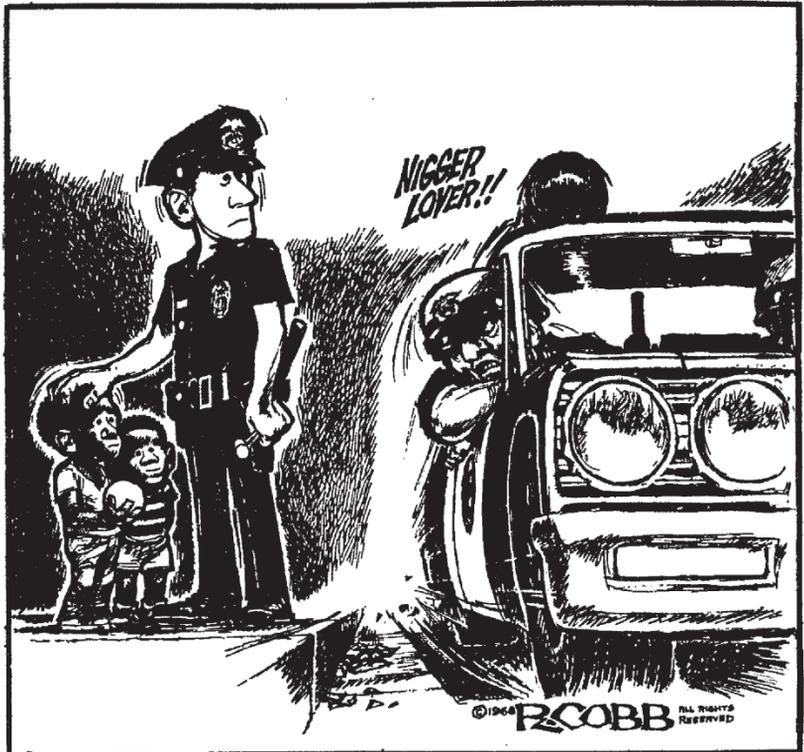
This press coverage forced the BPP up against the wall, it made them the target of every trigger-happy cop in almost every city in the country. At the same time it also helped to alienate them from the Black Community in the sense, that they were over and above the problems of the average Black American.

The incredible white support caused them to become a mysterious cult group in the

eyes of many persons and became a further invitation to the faddist. The BPP did not properly deal with this, partly because it created a source of sorely needed funds and also because many members enjoyed their sanctification.

Soon problems developed internally within the BPP. It's reveal the BPP has

ical facilities and one of the first proponents of preventive medical care, the loans to welfare mothers, bussing programs for friends and relatives to visit prisoners, bail funds, and possibly most of all the spread of the idea of community self defense in the face of brutal police attacks. The student left can forget a lot of these things because they aren't necessary for



faults and differences. Immediately the student left led by Liberation News Service attacks the BPP for its lack of internal democracy. Never before had they done so. But now LNS finds that is expedient to attack the BPP. "After all the left can never go along with undemocratic practices." It always must show in its practice and propaganda that the revolution is utopia and that the student left is the bastion of libertarian ideals. It is forgotten that in order to build a new society many mistakes are made.

It forgets the contributions the Black Panther Party has made: the free breakfast programs which feed almost 20,000 children a day, the health clinics which in many areas are the only adequate med-

their daily survival, I wonder if the Black Community can.

The Black Panther Party is part of an American tradition. Irishmen, Italians, 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 committees of the BPP wielded too 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 specter of three Panthers on Death Row in San Quentin prison, hundreds in jail, others in haunting courtroom farces 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 genocide of BPP members.

Gene Elk

### WHAT FILM 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
_____	_____
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Return via campus mail to the Film Committee (Harvey Yaffe, Vicki Garnick, Larry Gross, Robert Avrech, Ellen Cosgrove, and Nancy Galloway)

# everywhere a nation underground

I think it is generally agreed that the recent events in Washington, perpetrated by the May-Day Tribe have worked to the detriment of the Movement. It's often hard to figure out why a specific action goes wrong, why it turns the public against the Movement rather than for it. Some factors are definitely related to indiscriminate and ill-advised trashing of private individuals' property and to other tactical errors on the part of all concerned. I think some of the 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 masters 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 linear, ecstatic 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 what he says may disaffect a large proportion of Bard students, but his criticisms are legitimate. Remember this next time you say, "No, man, I'm not into politics."

"Hippies who've 'dropped out of politics' have dropped out of life, dropped out of their own ability to feel and experience the sufferings of others. Pill-dropping parents escape to the suburbs; 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 psychedelic capitalism go hand in hand."

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

As an agent of the living political theatre called Yippie, Rubin talks a lot about the use of media, especially TV, something the May-Day Tribe did not succeed in manipulating. Rubin talks about appearing on the David Frost Show in England:

"Blah. Blah. Blah. Everything has been



said. The show's format reduces all statements to mashed potatoes, 'Armed Struggle' sounds like a detergent. Mediocrity is built in...All words could be co-opted... Whatever I did had to be non-verbal, visual: to be revolutionary we had to break the format of the show...The media control our consciousness...It didn't happen if it wasn't on TV. Truth exists 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 event. 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 rationally: radicalism is an insight, a historical explosion with body and 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 cataclysmic."

His 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 *THE POLITICS OF ECSTASY* by Tim Leary.



Honest operator, I just put in 87 dollars in change and .....

Women's Liberation would find plenty of legitimate fault with his attitude towards women, but he has made 100% progress in this area since *DO 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 driving and Teddy died? Would she ever get out of jail? THINK ABOUT IT!"

He feels that male chauvinism was responsible for the fact that only men were accused 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 macho business corporation, screams "*HOUSEWIVES ARE POLITICAL PRISONERS*," and makes an attempt to relate chauvinism to the national War policy.

Besides ideological considerations, there is included lots of incredible inside dope of the Conspiracy trial that reads like a comedy version of Kafka's *THE TRIAL*, relates his prison experiences (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 Weatherpeople phenomenon and just about everything else that's happening now. The most amazing story to my mind is the one about the time Walter Cronkite said to Rubin:

"When the Nazis come to my door, I hope you guys are going to be outside on the barricades."

The new book is very nicely put together by a radical collective called Nguyen Ai Quoc Intercommunal Shitworkers Local 110, and it includes lots of flashy pictures of Us, as 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 delights.

Abbie Hoffman's fourth book is the perfect practical complement to *WE ARE EVERYWHERE*. Assuming you are "ideologically set" against the Kapitalistic Amerikan 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 stealing. Section one is entitled *SURVIVE!* and it is about FREE Food, Clothing, Furniture, Transportation, Land, Housing, Education, Medical Care, Communication, Play, Money, Dope, and Assorted Freebies. Says Abbie:

"Whether the ways it describes to rip-off shit are legal, or illegal, is irrelevant. The dictionary of law is written by the bosses of order. Our moral dictionary says no heisting from each other...To not steal from the institutions that are the pillars of Pig 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 salvage laws. There is information on how to buy a decent farm, or get a list of communes. The best item is one which tells you how to get a free elk or buffalo from

the federal government!

Section two is entitled *FIGHT!* and is based on the assumption that if we are to survive as a culture, if any liberation movement is to survive, then we must fight. But Hoffman is not a Weatherperson.

"Don't get hung up on the sacrifice trip. Revolution is not about suicide, it is about life. With your fingers probe the holiness of your body and see that it was meant to live...Become an internationalist and learn to respect all life. Make war on the machines, and in particular the sterile machines of corporate death and the robots that guard them." While the first part of this book is useful for everyone, this section demands a little more commitment 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 Pig Empire. If you want to see what Amerika 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 importance. As Jerry Rubin and the English Yippies demonstrated 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 only the beginning.

*FIGHT!* contains sections on how to start and run an alternate media newspaper, Guerilla Broadcasting, essential demonstration dress, and equipment, weapons for trashing, a General Strategy Rap, how to construct both amusing and more serious bombs, i.e., stink bombs and pipe bombs, First-aid, Hip-pocket Law for those who are apprehended, some great shoplifting techniques, how to make phony credit cards, Monkey Warfare, how to get and care for guns (for the fanatics and self-defense minded among us), and a section on how to live underground. Are you listening Bernadine?

Included are some easy but effective self-defense techniques with diagrams, a chart with important information about common CBW riot weapons, a list of medical committees willing to help organize medical teams for demonstrations, what to do when you're AWOL in Sweden, and other goodies.

The Washington 10,000 might have benefited from the general strategy rap, "Every rock or molotov cocktail should make a very obvious political point. Random violence produces random propaganda results. Why waste even a rock?...When it comes to automobiles, choose only police vehicles and very expensive cars like Lamborghinis and Iso Grifos." They might also have found his gang strategy and buddy systems tactics helpful. Hoffman also lists the phone numbers of prominent porkers like "El Presidente," and "El Assassin," Richard Helms. To tie up the government, tie up the phones.

to next page



# porno

DR. BOWDLER'S LEGACY,  
Noel Perrin, Doubleday  
\$1.45. 226 pages

Everyone, hopefully, has read at least one erotic book. Whether one is of the Henry Miller bent, or of the Traveller's Companion Series crowd, one has to be involved, no matter how slightly, with the great liberalizations which have taken place in the media world. Today's college crowd is one of the significant generations in the history of the censorship-expurgation game. Somewhere in the caverns of our ids we all pray that traditional veils which have recently been lifted from erotic literature will be permanently disposed of so that they may never again shroud one of our most satisfying of literary morsels: the erotic book. If these desires are realized, this generation will be the one which has had the honor to be on both sides of the coin of expurgation. Who among us can forget the memorable day when Fanny Hill became "legal." There are few of us who will soon forget the sheer terror lest we be discovered as we gingerly lifted the mattress on our parents' double bed to find our treasure: a paperback, unexpurgated version of John Cleland's masterpiece. For many of us it was James Bond. ah! The Spy Who Loved Me, the first truly erotic work that we could carry around without fear because it had the sanction of being a James Bond thriller! I still have vivid memories of the day my friend Billy was caught reading my copy in an 8th grade music class. The teacher looked at Billy, Billy looked at me, and I let fall, from my then virginal lips, the phrase which I now most regret, "Would I read a thing like THAT?" Gone are the days when one should be embarrassed about purchasing a copy of De Sade.

Perrin's book chronicles the birth, reign, and last dying gasps of bowdlerism briefly and beautifully. He gives stories of many passages which various expurgators have seen fit to prune, from Onan's episode in the Bible, to that of Gulliver's genitals in Gulliver's Travels, and beyond. If you have ever chanced to read Shakespeare, you might like to know the sordid history of expurgated versions of his plays, at least one of which is still in print. It is of interest to anyone who enjoys erotic literature. Some heroes will be tarnished. Many will be saddened to learn of Eugene O'Neil's brief fling with bowdlerism in his translations of Greek drama. However, this sadness will be minor compared to the smug satisfaction as the realization dawns that this is the age of the potentially perfect erotic masterpiece.

Lingha Mandyoni

# under-ground

from preceding page

The section LIBERATE! is composed of four chapters, Fuck New York! Fuck Chicago! Fuck Los Angeles! and Fuck San Francisco! each of which details methods of survival generally listed under SURVIVE! In addition, there are lots of special items like where to get free flowers or meet a real ghost in New York. If you're lost in L.A. and "it's Easter-time too," you can get \$10.00 for a pint of blood, and \$20.00 in San Francisco. The best thing about each section is the potential they represent. For a generation of free floaters and travellers, a guide to how to survive and dig in fast in strange cities is essential. If you can eat and sleep for free in New York, why not in St. Louis, Ann Arbor, Anchorage, Tampa or Honolulu; Abbie gives his address and urges suggestions.

Both of these two new books are fine, but maybe Hoffman's is closer to what is

"Columbus, being at a party with many noble Spaniards...one of them undertook to say: 'Mr. Christopher, even if you had 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 desired an egg to be brought to him, he placed it on the table saying: 'Gentlemen, you will not make this egg stand up as I will naked 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 crushed a little of one end; wherefore all remained confused, understanding what he would have said: That after the deed is done, everybody knows how to do it."

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-ellipses. Quoted in several biographical articles, it is more than an insight. It is a curious parallel with Piet Hein's approach to mathematics, philosophy and poetry.

In his homeland Denmark, he is best known for Grooks, some of which are in his latest book, GROOKS 3, 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 olla podrida of the many facets of human nature. I read these "Confucian" poems like the message from a Chinese fortune cookie — eagerly. Though each one is unexpected, they are all traditional epigrams treating concisely, pointedly and satirically a single thought and ending with a witticism or ingenious turn of thought.

In "Here It Is" the poem seems naive at first, like a nursery rhyme. Some of the phrases such as "What a dear little star!" are just entertaining, but when you reach the last line, that sly 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 pungency.

## ON BEING ONESELF

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

"On Being Oneself" 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 cliché "you can't win for losing" due to the tone of exasperation—going to—smugness. The pain after having made a big mistake would certainly be eased by the humor of this grook.

really needed right now for those of us floundering about, trying to be new, trying to escape, avoid, fuck up, liberate and confuse the system that would like to ignore and impound us. A lot of the Yippie ideology I find naive, some silly, but Jerry Rubin can sometimes break through to something meaningful. His book tends toward repetition, and I have it on good authority that his editor rewrote a lot of WE ARE EVERYWHERE, but it can be as appealing as it can be obnoxious. Hoffman has eschewed blabber for action, which is all to his credit. If the questions of illegality or immorality hang you up, then read the New York Times to find out who is really immoral. I think Thomas Jefferson once said something about the duty of the people to revolt if their government oppressed them. Anyway, you can take what you need and skip what turns you off. Some of Abbie's advice is definitely relevant to Bard — "Avoid all needle drugs — the only dope worth shooting is Richard Nixon!" Yippie!

by Eric Arnould

# PIET HEIN



This aphoristic poem has a form typical of most grooks. He sets it up with the conditional phrase "If virtue can't be mine alone." This is the exposition which informs us, very humbly, that his virtues are shared by others. Then he concludes by saying his faults are his own. This is no confession due to the sarcastic implication that no one wants to admit he might have your faults, though he probably does. The implication is heightened by saving his point until the last word of the last line. Since there are so few words in the epigram, the surprise comes all the more suddenly. The implication is also emphasized by his use of rhyme and metrics. The same number of syllables are in each, and in simple rhyme. This order makes the epigram appear very logical. The logic conflicts with the erroneous idea of your faults being yours alone so that you realize his sarcasm. Strictness of form is also exhibited in "Candle Wisdom."

## CANDLE WISDOM

If you knew  
what you know  
when your candle  
has burnt low,  
it would greatly  
ease your plight  
while your candle  
still burns bright.

Here again he starts out using the conditional "if" clause, and then ends immediately with the main sentence. As in many of his epigrams, he avoids a transition line, and he treats parallelism and repetition very carefully. Piet Hein arranges to have the repeated words at the beginning or end of lines or at least in the same metrical position in succeeding lines. The words "know," "candle," and "you" are all used twice and in the same position. The concluding word "bright" does not come again until the end.

The metaphor of burning a candle for living life has become quite familiar. The idea that it would be so much easier if you knew as a young person what you know as an old one is also trite. To be effective an epigram must be perfect. In a poem the images and actions are always there even if the message fails, but in an epigram you have only a few words. Unfortunately, though I respect the integrity of grooks, some of them just seem to miss. Perhaps this is due to the difficulty of their translation from Danish or the fact that my senses were dulled after reading so many of them.

An interesting parallel to Piet Hein is Saul Steinberg, to whom "Drawing Near" is dedicated.

## DRAWING NEAR

You draw  
the near things  
nearer  
by making  
clear things  
queerer.

Steinberg, whose work often covers the New Yorker, accentuates people and their surroundings with extravagant, swirling lines and bright watercolors. Their message is intrinsic because of the mood he creates by putting together so many unlikely combinations in such a matter-of-fact way (pictorial epigrams). Steinberg has said, "I call myself the inspector and my progression is: discovery of questions — my questions become my symptoms, so to speak, as well as the symptoms of others. In other words my answer." This is a complicated expression of Piet Hein's own ideas:

Solutions to problems  
are easy to find:  
the problem's a great  
contribution.  
What is truly an art  
is to wring from your mind  
a problem to fit  
a solution.

This grook has overtones of the egg story of Columbus. The Spanish gentlemen spent so much effort trying to find a solution, that they forgot the conditions of the problem. Columbus defined the precise problem which did not say that the egg could not be crushed, and solved it in seconds. "Art is a solution of a problem which cannot be expressed explicitly until it is solved," retorts the Danish wizard. This is in the vein of Sherlock Holmes whose solutions always seemed so basic once they had been revealed. This also hints at the order of the creative process. You do much studying and then let all the ideas become a natural part of you. Out of all the discipline and training arises some new idea.

"The subconscious is as necessary as the handkerchief which the magician puts over his top hat. The rabbits couldn't come into being inside the hat without that handkerchief. Not for any mystical reasons, but for the very reason that consciousness requires explicit questions and answers."

"The true creative process, the solving of implicit problems, which is the same throughout human activity, is the source of all art and the true human characteristic."

to page 19

# jeremy steig

by Lauri

Jeremy Steig gave a phenomenal concert here a week ago last Tuesday, in spite of the bad acoustics in the Chapel and poor Bard amplifiers.

Songs included HOME, COME WITH ME, GIVE ME SOME and CAKES. At times, his flute seemed to whisper or scream, at others it varied from a gentle, simple melody to very fancy jazz ornamentation in glissandi that covered up the whole theme, and seemed to create new ideas themselves, past the melody and too obscurely related to it, until somehow they returned, and, yes, they 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 rhythmically tapping the keys, a gimmick that worked because it contrasted with the rest of the concert.

The general mood was intense. Jan Hammer, at the piano, who plays with John McLaughlin and Sarah Vaughn, grimaced, screwed up his face and squinted at the piano. One solo, using a Ring Modulator, sounded like it would tear the piano apart, or electrocute the pianist. Other runs were frenetic and potent.

The bass player, Gene Perla, who plays with Elvin Jones, was tall and draped over one of the amplifiers as he played. His image was of the steadiness of a tree, as he confirmed the beat through the run of the bass. His solo was more interesting because it left the steadier rhythm of the back-up pulse and became a stronger melodic message. Yet even this used a certain amount of restraint -- the sound

didn't cavort around or seem to whirl into a sabre dance or something.

The drummer, Don Alias, who plays with Nina Simone, in contrast to this, was very active and very loud. The beat was there, but the counter-rhythms played around with it in every conceivable way. He slapped the drums so hard that one of the snare heads broke, and Stuart ran out to get another one. Steig switched the drums while the drummer continued the beat 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 their group has been together 7 months. He plays sometimes with Martie Murrell and Eddie Gomez, who is the bass player with Bill Evans. In a statement after the concert, he said that he used Eddie Gomez and Martie Murrell 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 everybody. Don's made 3 records with me. The other guys are on the last one. I haven't recorded with them before.

"Most of our music's improvised, and we write it down from the tapes after we play it, so that we can copywrite it. We sort of do it together. It takes Jan a couple of hours. It takes me two weeks.

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

by Lydia Ayers

# jazz black experience in sound

The invalidity of the melting pot concept in American culture is reflected in the development of jazz in the fifties. The dominant theme in contemporary jazz has again turned to blackness. In an effort to preserve the integrity of a shared lifestyle and musical experience, the black giants of the jazz field have in recent years maintained a closed shop.

Norman Mailer in his underground polemic THE WHITE NEGRO provides us with a chronicle of the disintegration of token black integration of the American cultural life. The jazz club became the focal point of interracial social life, and it was there that the logical outcome of integration became apparent. As a defense against this threat of the "golden nuptial," liberal 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 restricts him from the development of a complex and sophisticated conception of rhythm. White musicians plead an inability to apply a pragmatic methodology to the development of a sophisticated polyrhythmic approach to music. Admitting the advantages of a polyrhythmic conception, the factors enabling blacks to develop this conception are seen as minuses, e.g., natural rhythm, lack of uptightness, lack of intellectual baggage, lack of moral restraint. They admit this to be a positive value, but continue to view it as something that can only be explained in terms of negative value.

Jazz, I maintain, cannot be approached from a neutral position via its historical origins, evolution, and essence. Roland Kirk aptly describes jazz as black classical music. It is not imperative that those who perform this music be black, but to be on other than familiar footing with "for-

mal traditions" is heretical. Bach, for instance, viewed out of context is merely a brilliant musician. The revered place that he holds in traditional Western culture is made possible through an awareness of his milieu. Charlie 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 wellspring of American culture.

There are too many examples of white musicians - Phil Woods, Joe Zawinul, J.R. Montrose - who live, work, and play jazz out of the best funk nittygritty tradition for anyone to claim that white folks are "different." The reality is that most folks are different, for if the black musicians depended on a solely 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 and suggest in good faith that they find a woman who for them epitomizes blackness and engage in cunilingus with her. This physical and spiritual pilgrimage culminating in this symbolic act would be the deciding factor in determining just how "different" blackness is.

Howard Keil in *Urban Blues* and Frantz Fanon in his polemics demand that whites break out of the prisons of a colorless (white) world and join in the creation of a third entity. Whites' unwillingness to attempt this is the major cause of the return to blackness as a theme in jazz, and the reluctance of blacks to work with whites in jazz on the same basis of second class citizenship generally encountered in the American culture.

by Dave Phillips



# neglect

It is among the goals of a small, liberal arts college that an education be provided to every student, allowing him the full vantage of personal contact with instructors and an increased availability of educational equipment. While Bard College is generally able to provide this type of education to the majority of students, in the music department it has relinquished this principle altogether and is presently pursuing a policy indifferent, if not harmful, to the requirements of an adequate musical programme. A rundown of the present departmental facilities will illustrate the situation.

Materially, the status of the music department is pitiful. For a department of at least 35 majors, there are presently eight pianos available in Bard Hall and Annandale House. In the latter, two are of good quality, two poor, and two worthless. There are also 5 other pianos sprinkled around the campus, all ridiculously out of tune. Otherwise, the college stocks 5 wind instruments for Collegium Musicum, the chapel organ, one broken electronic organ, and a dearth of available sheet music. There is no harpsichord, although the students have requested it. Perhaps most appalling is the incredible fact that there are only four music stands: performance groups are severely limited, and students are forced to tape their scores to the walls during rehearsal.

But the material failings are not the most serious. The essential, and most damaging, deficiency lies in the short supply of faculty. During the normal course of events, the music department can lay claim to 3½ faculty time slots, and the present absence of Dr. Sleeper -- with no replacement provided -- reduces this figure considerably. Luis Garcia-Renart, two time receiver of the Pablo Casals award for cello, is presently the greatest bone of contention. Once a full-time instructor, Garcia-Renart's status has been reduced to half-time (although he works here far more than he is paid for). If the emphasis upon the performance major at Bard is not increased, he will probably leave.

And what of the performance majors? The Instrumental Studio provides individual instruction in cello, guitar, organ, and piano. But majors in flute, trombone, etc. must spend an additional \$250 per semester for courses and transportation with off-campus instructors, despite the fact that they already pay over \$1500 on Bard tuition -- the college does not supply any of the money. With the present lack of faculty time, insufficient material, and added expense, many talented students leave Bard to get at least an adequate musical education elsewhere.

John Reiner

# incredible string band

The music of the Incredible String Band is a ceremony of creation. They are the troubadours of the ancient song of life re-awakened by the new culture and the modern paths for the exploration of inner space. Listening to them, you may hear your own inner voice.

They began by playing folk music, and have always remained rooted in the folk tradition. Yet even their first album, made many years ago, departed in its lyrics into realms of the imagination, childhood visions, hip fairy tales. Folk music colored by a new cosmic sense of things. After making this record the group split up for awhile in order to begin their individual spiritual search. This search was to lead them to Eastern lands, to acid, yoga, Scientology. What they have emerged from these various trips with is an honest sense of the Order of the Universe, an ability to truly apprehend man's organic presence within Infinite existence. But they are never into easy formulas for explaining the great riddles, they present their understanding through paradox and mystery, and for this reason they often perplex the uninitiate. In a movie they made called "Be Glad," Robin was asked why he wrote songs. He answered, "If I was able to tell you why I write songs, I wouldn't be able to write them."

Throughout the eight albums they have released, the String Band have been constantly growing, expanding the forms of their music, and being themselves and expressing the theme of evolution that is central to the meanings of their songs. The most dramatic development in the changes they have gone through occurred in the production of "U", a "surreal parable in song and dance" which was created and performed together with a dance troupe called the Stone Monkey. This was more than music, it was complete astral theater. The show combined the elements of story line, poetry and music, dancing, artwork and costumes to attain a very high plane of experience.

The concert of Sunday, May 9th, at Philharmonic Hall, demonstrated a continuing movement by the String Band toward a fusion of music and theater. The relationship of rock to theater is well known and much demonstrated by groups such as the Who or the Rolling Stones. But what these groups have done is mostly to offer a theatrical presentation of the music, whereas the String Band are seeking to let each element be its own vehicle and yet complement the other. A shift in their personnel, the replacement of Rose with a former member of the Stone Monkey named Malcolm, may be in part responsible for this new direction. One segment of the concert was entirely devoted to a comical theater piece starring Malcolm. Also unusual was that they did not play any songs from already released records, the entire concert was made up of new songs. The new stuff makes much more use of electric instruments. At one point Mike even turned his back to the audience to face his amplifier, rock style, and did some loud rockin' out. Yet everything they did seemed a natural outgrowth from all their past work, retaining the same loving feel for harmony and the beauty of music and poetry. The title of one song was "Evolution Rag," and that is the dance they are doing. Their songs tell us to listen to the message of our cells, to grow according to the patterns of expansion that all of life is busy following. They bare a message that is beyond time, and so they are not afraid to use the new media of theater and electric music to convey that message. They evolve.

When the String Band play, one sees on their faces a smile that comes with a whisper of certainty from God that everything actually is as it is.

by Richard Grabel

# ROAD TO SAIGON

In 1954 American advisors went into Vietnam to protect American rubber interests and our French allies. Some seventy years before, French Colonialists decided that Vietnam would make a fine colony and without much ado incorporated Vietnam into their very own French Indo-china. Everything's fine, everyone's happy; until World War II. Come 1954 and the Geneva Conference, the world (the world?) decided that for their comfort and happiness we must divide this destitute country into two autonomous states. A northern one, run by a scrawny 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 troublemakers in Vietnam. Ho Chi who? Minh. He's a communist. We God-directed Americans must protect the free world and ensure a free and democratic country in South Vietnam. Beware...monolithic communism. Well, look at it this way, you have a row of dominos...Those dear, God-fearing Americans; Messrs. Bundy, Achenson, Dulles and Ike, 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 dynamism personified...how could he lead us wrong? There were only twenty-five thousand in Vietnam when Lyndon came to the presidency. We can't blame Kennedy, can we?

Lyndon, ummmmm, Lynn-donn Johnnn-sonn, anybody's grandfatherly grandpappy. But he's our president, we must support him. Besides, with McNamara, Westmoreland, Rostow, and Rusk advising him, he must have our best interests at heart. So what's another fifty-thousand.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND AMERICAN 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 injustices abroad. Let it be known that we don't want this war. Civil Disobedience.

Commies, nothing but. J. Edgar doesn't like these anti-Americans. George Wallace hates both the pinkos here and their comrades over in Asia. Throw these damned protesters in jail, and for the North Vietnamese: bomb 'em back to the stone age. Military Victory. We have a commi-

ment to a friend, we cannot let our friend down. Maaa fellow Americans, the people of Vietnam want the freedoms that any other people, of any other nation, desires. We are there to help them gain these freedoms.

Quicklike...unto this confusing and melodramatic scene comes the Minnesota knight in grey armor. Here he is...Eugene McCarthy. An intellectual, and a poet. In politics? America's children cut their hair and put on ties to work for our saving



What about Greece? Huh...and Spain? What about them? Some other time, son. I'm a very busy man.

Another fifty thousand here, seventy five thousand there, more than half a million in all. Planes and helicopters, bombs and napalm, billions of dollars in military hardware and the most militarily and technologically advanced nation in the world fighting that rag-tag, bush league army in the wilds of Vietnam. Hell, we'll just send in so many boys and so much equipment that that tiny, hungry, senseless, communist nation of North Vietnam and their Viet Cong friends will just have to lose. Simple as that.

Well things didn't go exactly that way, as we all know, nevertheless our government decided for us that America, since Americans are America and all that America stands for are what we Americans cherish, could not suffer the shame of losing. Honor, you know. God, flag, country. It seems that God is always on the side with the biggest guns and the most men.

of the thousands of American boys who have willingly given their lives for freedom, we seek a just peace. But an unglorious peace is better than a dishonorable war, right? Never yer' mind.

A charcoal broiled baby lying in a ditch in a "pacified" hamlet. Better dead than red. Yuk. Yuk...A gook...is a gook...is a gook. Shoot anything that moves, anything 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?? Gee, that's a lot) in our protection of them. Well as General Sherman said: War is hell. A well-rounded point. Bravo.

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

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

The democratic American political two party structure will now begin with its democratic function. Richard Nixon, that ol' son-of-a-gun. Tricky Dicky dropping by to fulfill his God-ordained obligation to America; vs. Hubert Horatio Humphrey. But first...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 flocked to Washington to register their protest of American involvement in Vietnam. Mr. Nixon watched football. The War goes on.

to page 19

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# 18 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 propagandistic 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 protests are an example; a box burn-in or a bottle smash-in on the steps of the industry's office building would get publicity and might help. The consumer is the

essential element to the manufacturer's survival. If people refused to buy pollution 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 desirable, but in a case where all else fails and it is a question of life or death for humanity, those who find themselves capable should exercise this alternative. A factory or factories which pollute incessantly and which refuse to accept the necessities of ecological care, should be bombed 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 responsibility for pollution control must start at the lowest level in the hierarchy of societal power - the individual. Each person must learn which of his actions are ecologically sound or unsound. This requires information from ecologically educated individuals. He must then alter his lifestyle accordingly. By buying returnable bottles, recycling paper and cans, using less electricity and water, using his car less and installing an anti-pollution device, refraining from buying over-processed and over-packaged food, wasting less of everything, buying articles of quality for long use, and making himself as aware as possible of the ecological processes in the environment and of his role

as a rational being, living in the environment. As he learns, he too must become an ecological educator.

We now have a choice. We must use the fullest capacity of consciousness to choose our actions. If humanity does not succeed 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 abdicated our right to choose. Nature 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

from back cover



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## PIET HEIN

from page 15

This approach is what makes his epigrams so curious. The form does not change for each 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 sacrifice poetic flavor to point but the Romans to the point that stings and Piet Hein to the point that charms.

I wonder what effect Piet Hein's epigrams will have on modern literature. T.K. Whipple said of Martial, a master epigrammatist, 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 understands 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 dreaming about dream interpretation] are nightmare." Grooks are not complex. They are often heuristic, suggesting questions or answers; yet, much of their beauty lies in their simplicity. On the other hand, they come close to sounding like limericks — cute, and the thoughts sound too brief — like Chinese fortunes. Each grook is really expressing a developed idea as I have discovered by reading his essays, but the poem does not develop it.

### THE OPPOSITE VIEW

For many system-shoppers it's a good-for-nothing system that classifies as opposites stupidity and wisdom,

because by logic-choppers it's accepted with avidity: stupidity's true opposite's the opposite stupidity.

In "The Opposite View" the arrangement and choice of words creates a tight sentence 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 explanation.

The opposite of stupidity is not the opposite stupidity. The real opposite of stupidity is wisdom. Says Piet Hein, in his essay "Of Order and Disorder," "Ideas often hang together in a form like that of a horseshoe, 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 then stupidity is all that which lies in the middle.

Piet Hein exhibits most of his intolerance for the gap between "cultism" and "technocy" (not unintentionally sounding like occultism and idiocy). Cultism relies on tradition, on former cultures, and technocy 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 combination 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 designing of a plaza-traffic circle in Stockholm, 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 increasing the formula's factor over 2 ( $1 \frac{1}{2} P + 1 \frac{1}{2} P = 1$ ), the shape converges towards the rectangle. He calls it the super-ellipse. "The super-ellipse has the same convincing unity as the circle and the ellipse, but it is less obvious and less banal." In three dimensions it is a "super-egg" since it will balance on either end (to, perhaps, the chagrin of Columbus). 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 not from 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 magic. "No one believes more strongly in the laws of nature than the magician. Because 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 he were breaking them."

by William M. Lipton

## ROAD TO SAIGON

from page 17

A new set of faces, although hardly distinguishable; Rodgers, Kissenger, Erlichman, try and cope with this blunderbuss that we find ourselves in. It is not my war, I am doing my best to end it. The great silent (apathetic?) majority will bear me out.

What about the military-industrial complex? Yes...what of it? Well...you know the pig Nixon and the superpigs in the Pentagon get together with the pig capitalists to make money from the war. Off the pigs. Power to the people! Are conservatives and hard hats the people? What about the people that spit, curse, and are repulsed by the people proclaiming that they want to give the power to the people? Shit man, the people want peace, it's as simple as that. Power to the people.

And now....the Abbie and Jerry show. And in conjunction with the first act... the Chicago conspiracy trial. Get hip to repression and capitalism. Liberals arise. It's an issue of politics. It's an issue of morality. It's an issue of economy. It's an issue of priorities.

We recognize our mistake and I will try to end this war - but to end it in a way that will strengthen trust for America around the world. Vietnamization. Pacification. Counter-insurgency. Body counts. Incursions. Invasions. Disengagement. De-escalation. Cambodia. Well what d'ya know, Mr. Nixon is ending this war with a little detour through Cambodia.

Kent. Jackson. Washington. Nixon still hopes for a just peace. The nation erupts in outrage and our representatives in Congress have finally proposed a legislative end to the war. Quite a difference between the Tonken Gulf Resolution and the McGovern-Hatfield, except only one passed.

Ah hah. Spiro and Dicky continue to see the light at the end of the always elongating tunnel. Congratulations fellas. Laos. Another attempt for a just peace. Back to Washington. May Day Tribe. One more demonstration-confrontation. Bring the War home. If the government won't stop the war, then we'll stop the government. A fine, romantic, beautifully impossible farce. And the war goes on.

The American people are tired of this war. Outraged? Hardly, just tired. The other Americans are tired, frustrated and almost beaten in their failure. Just a second, the public outcry has certainly deliniated 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! Power to the people!

Eureka! It's the system. The ills of society are caused by the system. Work within it if you want to change it. Work outside it to disrupt it. Burn it down. The system conducts this war and we are told to act as responsible citizens if we want to end it. Youthful idealism vs. mature pragmatism.

Christ, we've been killed, lied to, deceived and tricked all in the guise of freedom and democracy. The American government condemns Russia's occupation of Czechoslovakia, but in the name of freedom and democracy occupies Southeast Asia. We've pleaded with, insulted, condemned and bombed those who continue this unbelievable absurdity.

In the name of the American people I will try to bring an honorable peace to Vietnam. And the war goes honorably on.

by Richard Edson

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