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

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

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

Defense attorneys expect it to last 5 months. Conservative estimates put the cost of the defense (expert witnesses, special investigators, travel expenses for witness interviews from all over the state, the bare necessities for supporting three attorneys and their staff during the trial, etc.) at $155,000. The state will be spending many times this amount in its ruthless attempt to railroad the Soledad Brothers to the gas chamber. Your money is urgently needed to prevent a legal lynching. Please send your contribution immediately to:

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

I enclose ________ for the cause of justice in the Soledad Case.

_______ Please send Soledad Button ($75c minimum contribution)

_______ I would like to work for the Soledad Brothers in my community. Please send information.

Name

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

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

The problem is such an inflationary spiral is, however, not federal deficit financed at all. The smaller conservative economic policy would have it, but the timing of such a large deficit. In short, the economy at full employment and full capacity levels cannot absorb the additional spending required to finance the Vietnam escalation. This is only part of the picture as far as the difficulties are concerned. A second factor to be considered is the failure of President Johnson, especially in 1966, to deal with the inflationary pressure. Just as the state of the economy in 1961-64 had called for tax cuts and increased government spending, so the situation in 1967-68 called for opposite medicine, a rather substantial tax increase. Such a move was given serious discussion by the Administration and instead we were treated to a slighter reduction tax surcharge in 1968 which was too small, too late and, as subsequent data shows, virtually ineffective.

Thus today, really five years after the acceleration of prices began to show up, we are still faced with one of the most serious inflation in American economic history and we have lost our economic progress in the bargain. Yet things are really so simple in economics to allow the blame for the inflation to fall on these two factors alone. There are institutional explanations as well: in 1965 wage settlements began to outstrip the rise of productivity of labor which had been rising handsomely since the early '60's. This also adds inflationary fuel to the economic as unit wage costs rise and prices are forced upward to maintain profit margins. Add this factor to the long document fact of inflationary prices in the industrial segment of the economy and one has constructed a wonderful textbook model of classic inflation.

But here the textbook model's relevance fails. For in the past two years the economy has had inflation plus a rather substantial dose of unemployment and excess capacity at the same time. That is, we have a repeat of only one-half of the 1965-66 problem - inflationary one factor without the full employment usually accompanying it. The economist, never bashful about terminology, has suggested for such a situation, but distressingly often, for forging new policies to deal with it, has recently begun to call this condition temporary economic progress stagnation. Such a term combines the dual problems of inflation and stagnation which, until a year or two ago, we used to think of as mutually exclusive, or at least, incomparablebefellow.

Given this view of economic difficulties, it is impossible to disagree that some strong (and probably unique) economic policy move was in order and long overdue. In these terms the Nixon program of the wage-price freeze is a very logical move. It is one of the strongest possible actions to be taken in such an inflationary situation. Statistically, it cuts off the "paper" spiral by rapidly rising prices and wages have been given. Further, after the three month trial period, it should take some of the "inflation psychology" out of the decisions of business and consumers and allow them to make more rational investment and consumption decisions. This is not based primarily, as now, on what expectations of a steadily rising price level would encourage. For economists have long recognized that acceleration of inflation has more of a psychological base than any one economic factor that can be quantitatively isolated. This is not to say, however, that the specifics of the freeze was necessary given the current problem. Yet in spite of one's ideological outlook on the desirability of the price market or on the relative size of whether the market works well when left alone. I would suggest that inefficacy of this nature with market price decisions have a poor track record. We experienced such problems in the Second World War and Korean price controls, and the Soviet economic system has struggled manfully with the dislocations and black markets caused by such interferences. A vote for a wage-price freeze must be purely a pragmatic one.

Even accepting the necessity of such a move, one certainly can attack the phase of the policy as involving inequities in application - with no profit guidelines and inequitable proposals in the tax area. While, on the one hand, asking the economy by quasi-periodic appeals to hold the price-wage line,
Letters

Friends,

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

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

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

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

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

Laurie Lewis

AN OPEN LETTER TO HECTOR CORTIJO

Sir,

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

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

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

K. Michael Hickey

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K. Michael Hickey

"LA VERDAD"

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

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

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

As far as my feelings towards the petition (which was the subject of my last article) are concerned, they haven't changed. I still feel that the petition was, as my brother Mike puts it, "an apathetic insult" towards the Latin American Organization and the Black Organization. The whole article was directed at the people who wrote it and those of you who signed it. You question my ability and intelligence as readers; even if you did not question my ability as a person and a writer. Well then, I ask you this: why don't you question your ability and intelligence as readers? Even if you did not comprehend the real goal behind that petition, it didn't take a genius to see how disorganized and ridiculous the whole thing was.

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

FOREVER LATIN...
Hector Cortijo
Hector Cortijo...
Latin American Organization

ARMS
PUBLIC RELATIONS
LATIN AMERICAN ORGANIZATION
To the editors and writers in general, and to Manuel Auli in particular:

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

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

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

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

Daniel Cantor

P.S. In the interests of the "rapport and interaction" that you are trying to build, let me add a specific protest against your use (and the paper's use) of the word "racist." I believe your intention is to shake us up, and I agree wholeheartedly that we need it. But my personal reaction is that it is a shaken up the wrong way. You alienated me. Instead of making me think, I find that articles that sound like yours did at first, start to befuddle and end turn me off completely to what you have to say.

"WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?"

"When a rainbow appeared I went running in its direction. But the rainbow was a lie. Just as the politicians are a long way off from the people, I got tired and turned back. Afterward I started to cry. They must fight to improve... so that our children don't suffer as we are suffering."

Child of the Dark

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

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

Dear Dan:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I do not fight wars with atom bombs. I think, Julie's graphic was not to convey three people or "powers" fighting each other. It was intended to point out the humours ridiculousness of the hostility that has been going on among us all, Julie Gelfand's cartoon was totally misconstructed.

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

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

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

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

In all sincerity and honesty,

Manuel Auli

R. Crumb, who else?
by John Taylor Nelson

The mass massacre knew much about these people. Ronson probably liked to think that he was simply following orders, but he had no idea of the strange strings of information going on around him. Given one order to bring in enemy spies, he would be told that the man had a Russian-made rifle and was armed. It would be clear his orders. His next was for a thorough search of every building in sight.

The sweep uncovered one item of interest besides a small amount of rice to keep the natives alive until the next harvest. There was a rusty, unmarked rifle of the same make as the one which young V.C. had killed Hal Davis. Ronson had already checked on this for a few moments. Then he ordered the burning of the village. This was quickly done.

Guiding the villagers and watching the reds, Edwards had been killed by a hit from a grenade in the revolution. He was sick of the whole thing, all of it. And he dropped his gun.

Ronson didn’t believe it.

"Edwards, pick up that gun or I’ll have you court-martialed!"

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

"Ronson couldn’t believe it.

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

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

The villagers couldn’t believe it; they couldn’t speak English either, but they could tell what was happening.

"They couldn’t believe it either, but they didn’t believe it or not. They acted.

Two days later, a scouting party rode in to field headquarters.

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

"Was it an ambush?" asked Major Keamy.

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

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

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

by MICHAEL ROSSMAN

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

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

Contrary to official myth, the great bulk of heroin entering the U.S. comes not from the opium fields of Turkey by way of Marseilles, but from Southeast Asia by ugly means. Opium production in the former is stagnant, while that of Indo-China increased tenfold from 1960 to 1971.

In these years of Law'n'Order, heroin multiplied crime in the urban core -- the National Institute of Mental Health's current underestimate is 250,000 junkies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Opium Wars which opened the Orient to U.S. imperialism ended in 1888 with America requiring China to legalize opium trade. And during the two centuries previous, alcohol was the chemical warfare -- and smallpox the biological warfare we directed against the many Indian tribes in our first exercise in genocide.

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

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

If only the blacks were threatened sharply by drug genocide, all this would be academic. For we in white America are still largely racism in our perspective and concerns. But now the Plague afflicts the children of the white middle class -- the changing young, the white niggers of the counterculture. Our resemblances to the blacks has long been evident -- we are hairy, smelly, sexy, looser, musical, etc. -- and now the ravage of drugs in their community is being repeated in ours.

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

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

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

(to page fifteen)
ERIC: Exactly how far back does your interest in film history go?

SITNEY: Actually, I read a couple of books on film and I decided I wanted to find out about film history. At that time I was sixteen, I happened to be reading a little about the history of film society there. At Yale there were only not many books on popular films. So I got together with a couple of friends and I tried to form a film society. I guess the way I did it was technically illegal — a fraud. We called a number of distributors and booked a series of films. Then I put up much larger advertisements around the city and proceeded to sell tickets without having secured a place to show the films or the money to pay for them. With the money we got for the tickets we had initially paid for the films, but that's when it got sticky. Because of our advertisement, we were sure one really believed we were doing it; when I went down to the Museum of Modern Art to pay for the films they ran off. So I had a bunch of arrests by the local Y.M.C.A., finally allowed us to use a basement room. That's how I started a film society, and since we had a film society, I decided to start a magazine.

ERIC: Was that “Film Culture”?

SITNEY: No, “Film Culture” was a name I thought had been the big film magazine since 1955. This was in 1960. We started a little magazine called “Film Weekly,” because that's where I started writing about film. All the time I was pursuing an academic education I was contributing to various film periodicals.

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

S: That was ironic. It's partly because of the generosity of a great man, Jonas Mekas, and partially because of what he did not know at the time. In “Filmweekly” I had started publishing articles on the “new wave.” And it became my specialty at the age of seventeen or so. We had an exposition of the work of Maya Deren, Stan Brakhage, etc. No one was writing about this area of film at the time. Jonas was very interested. I would send off copies of our local notes to all the major film publications. Mekas made a note back to me asking if I would like to be “an avant garde” film producer for “Film Culture.” I wrote back and said “yes, I accept.” Then I went down to New York to meet the other people around him who looked at me and said “Christ Almighty, he's just a kid, isn't he?” But Jonas said “What the hell, he looks like he knows what the hell he's doing and I wish I knew as much as he does.” I was very generous, and from that point on I was an editor of “Film Culture.” We worked out of a shoebox out of high school for a couple of days a week, go to New York to work on the magazine, and come back with a note from my mother saying I had been sick. This went on for my entire senior year of high school and I spent the following summer in New York working full time on the magazine.

E: Did you have a great part to play in the transformation of “Film Culture” into “Film Culture”? For instance, did you have a say in changes of emphasis or other directions?

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

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

S: No, I stayed in Europe, lecturing and doing a little writing and I wrote a novel. After about a year and a half I received a letter making me an offer at the Film Archives. I had written on film of interest in the twenties and thirties. The archives had a great part to play in the general change in tactics. A series of films had somehow gotten on to the work of the director of the Archives, the idealogy of a film museum, etc. And I taught at the School of the Museum of Modern Art which was started by Jonas Mekas.

E: Did Peter Kubelka design the theatre for the Film Archives?

S: A number of people were involved. All along the idea was to have an impossible theatre for showing the best “avant garde” films. We met Kubelka in a sense of this dream and he picked the ideal of the physical plant. He called the theatre “the Invisible Cinema.” Kubelka realized that the ideal theatre would have been much larger, located in midtown and shaped like a giant cube. But because of economies and circumstances he made a few compromises from the ideal, and, working with architects we ended up with Anthology Film Archives. I started out as the director, with a group of five people, could see the films to be shown. Myself, Peter Kubelka, Jonas Mekas, Stan Brakhage, James Brunton and Ken Keim. As the committees met it became very difficult to work as a group because of the number of distinct personalities involved. After a year, Brakhage resigned in a great traumatic moment. I found more and more that my energies were sapped by being a public figure in charge of the museum. Eventually I resigned as the sole director of the museum and Jonas Mekas, who is much better at handling the public relations aspect of the job but had originally not wanted to take the position because he was working on a film of his own, took my place. Jonas Mekas and I became co-directors, he in charge of the business of running the theatre and I in charge of the acquisitions, publications and the scholarly aspects.

E: Do you and Jonas Mekas see the Film Archives as an expanding phenomenon or do you plan to maintain it in its present state?

S: At the very moment with the present state of economics, Anthology is somewhat crippled. We had planned to expand the various scholarly facilities. We had planned a special program for providing candidates with films. We had a program for cataloguing and research into the history of American “avant garde” film. These programs have been temporarily postponed. Our problem at the moment is survival.

E: Let me shift the subject slightly. Because of Eisenstein’s work film has some kind of foundation in politics. In America we are seeing the growth of film as a poetic and strictly artistic medium. Works by Michael Snow and Stan Brakhage. Are you interested in all the political aspects and potentialities of film?

S: Well, the particular dichotomy you suggest is oversimplified. In the first place there is a certain factor about political films. 1) A truly political film must be one that will do more than simply raise the cry of Right On! from the people who are already committed to that political position and raise the cry of sovietization and propaganda from the people who are opposed to that position. Almost everything has been produced by so-called political cinema of the sixties has been of the agit-prop nature and directed towards a kind of diestvater political posture. This encourages people who are already committed to a given position highly alienates those who are opposed to it. What you call the poetic cinema is involved in a much wider series of tactics and strategies that Eisenstein must, to a certain extent, have been involved with. I basically believe that a cinema which makes people think, which widers their consciousness and already established political slogan. Various organizations, such as Newsreel, have attempted to make political docu-

FINEST COLOR FEATURE FILMS IN 16mm

interview with p. adams sitney
stage. It struck me that on that day, on seeing it, that the fact that one could have an idealized film theatre was curiously coincident with the fact that the film had become to some extent a fossilized medium. With the emergence of video there is something newer on the horizon. At this particular stage I don't think it is possible to define what will be the ideal situation for viewing video. The fact that video exists and is beginning to pose its own problems somehow helps to clarify what the problems and dimensions of film are.

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

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

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

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

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

S: Exactly, we're dealing with a critical problem. Film is expensive. It's a heroic venture for a small, privately endowed school to get into. Eventually, and the president is quite aware of this, Bard must face the question of how much of a commitment it can make to spending money for film. If students continue to come at the rate at which they have been coming, which isn't at all sure since film may just be the fashion of this year, this decision would be made easier. The situation now in the Red Balloon is like that of a biology department in a barn crying out for microscopes. We simply need the materials. And then there's going to be another question - how much should be spent for film-making materials, since film-making is the major concern of the Bard film department. One really doesn't know at this early stage what is going to become of it. I'm interested.

by SOL, LOUIS SIEGEL

Having received a flood (or at least a high tide) of review copies of classical records in recent weeks, I've decided that I have pretty good reason to write a column. Besides, they're all great records.

Last year, Angel released the first recordings of the great Italian conductor Carlo Maria Giulini with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Because of poorly chosen repertoire, and because Giulini wasn't in top form, these records were duds, but two new disks featuring the Mahler First and Beethoven Seventh Symphonies show both the conductor and the orchestra at their awe-inspiring best. In both, Giulini is in full control of himself and the music; no detail is overlooked, yet nothing is overdone. The Mahler is a splendid achievement, so many conductors bring to it: the piece, after all, is melodramatic enough as it is. The long finale is tightly held together, and the great fanfares hit the listener with full force. There were, at last count, 15 versions of this work in the catalogue, but there is only one that is equal to this one: the Jaoeh Horowitz version on Nonesuch with the London Symphony.

There are something like 27 Beethoven Symphonies, but I can't think of one that's as good as the new Giulini, although a few come close. This is my personal favorite of all symphonies, because of the incredible rhythmic thrust that goes all the way through. The only other conductor who ever put across the rhythms as well as Giulini does here was Toscanini in his recording with the New York Philharmonic. But Toscanini recorded that in 1936, and anyone who has ever heard the sound-track of any movie from the 1930's can imagine what that sound sounds like now. The recording level on the Giulini is a bit too high, but it sounds a lot better. If you can only buy one classical recording this year....

One of the truly immortal pieces of violin playing has been Jascha Heifetz' Interpretation of the Sibelius Violin Concerto. His recording with the late great Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, made in the '40s, has attained legendary stature; his stereo version, with Walter Heed and the Chicago, is, however, far preferable because of the improved sound. The latter has always been my favorite violin record, but it had one disadvantage: the performance was 27 minutes long and the only thing on the record. Now, RCA has changed all that; the performance is still 27 minutes long, but it's on one record side, with another great Heifetz recording, that of the Prokofiev Second Concerto, on the flip side (the Prokofiev was previously on the flip side with the Mendelssohn Concerto, which is NOT a great Heifetz performance). Both still sound great after a decade. In other words, this is a disk for a desert island.

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

Columbia, in the meantime, has decided to cut their production of re-release disks ('Greatest Hits' of great composers, etc.) in favor of new recordings. I wish I knew what kind of new recordings....

by Eric Arnold & Eleanor Armstrong
"Hey cats watchmenow I'm gonna lay this heavy side on Y'all now...blah blah..."

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

"We're in the 20th hour of our Freddie + the dreamers marathon...."

"Turn on the radio, it's time for the Crazy Freight's Show."
as told by... Duncan Hannah

Hampshire

it's High Time
Detroi's own MC5...

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

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

COOL

"Ha ha ha ha
haa ha ha ha"

BARD

could use
a radio
station
too
Standing on Interstate 90 in the middle of Montana, there was that closing-of-summer feeling in his mind, the feeling that was so mixed with the long trip back east and the thought of school again. But again and again, all summer was happening as the second phase of the thoughtwhirl that had begun the summer before: that there were no real accidents anywhere because there was something to find out; that school was not chosen and life was for real anyway, and for the time, even though there was much churning and brooding, there was no threat—until it came to changing himself and the ways he related to others. There were many chances there still. He was slowly beginning to work on himself. Where present the scheme of his life was concerned, always it was an expectancy of some kind of drastic change.

Last summer dwanned on him at large in its wholesomeness and depth. The boundaries of school and living at home were broken for good and he was stone but one with earth, and all day hot in every new place he saw with every stranger he came to know. His story, though colored with the people and destiny of his own life, was the story of every freshly-sprung eighteen-year-old of that summer who had had it in his head for some time that the road was the place where there was something to find, where something was to begin.

It was never formulated as an aim. It was a feeling underneath the dull continuings of every day, and when the time came it was an emergence as natural and unthought of as a bird’s first flight. But unlike most new birds, his wings had been ready for some time. For those years it was torture to stay in the nest, and out of porous chasms, no less. But when his time came, he flew without faltering.

It had been a slow day hitchhiking. That morning he had gotten a ride from Spoke- ne to Missoula from a friend of his cousin’s, but since then he had only short and interfrey rides. He was patient, though.

Occasional cars had been passing him at that spot for twenty minutes when a blue barrel brained just him and gradually came to a stop fifty yards away. He picked up his pack and ran toward the car as it backed up. When they met he looked at those five asbestos faces looked back at him, smiling.

"Thank you." "Hi." "Hi." "Where are you going?"

"New York." The car was a battered, metallic-blue '68 Pontiac Bonneville, Inside...

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The new Airplane album -- Well, if you've been with them from the beginning (Surrealistic Pillow) (if you want to start with Grace), the typical reaction I've encountered is that it is pretty poor. If you came in relatively late (Volunteers) you might consider it a fine album, ranking right up there with Sly, the Stones, Grand Funk or wherever your tastes run. And of course I'm there are all the shades in between. Total shit to their best. Each to his own I always say. (Actually I never say that, I just didn't want to offend anyone by leaving their point of view out). Nevertheless... I fear that Bark shall prove to be the first of the non-Jefferson Airplane Airplane albums. Or perhaps the last true Airplane.

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

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

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

The love

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

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

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

The love -- I keep returning to that, perhaps even harping on it, but how can I express it? Listen to 'Today.' Really listen. Not as a background entertainment to get stoned by, but as an entity to be appreciated in and of itself.

With you standing here I can tell the world
What it means to love
To go on from here
I can use words
But they don't say enough.
And musically -- once again -- listen, really listen, to 'Spare Change' off of 'After Bathing at Baxter.' 'Spare Change.' That's exactly what it is. A few minutes taken from the whole of a Jorma Kaukonen, Jack Casady, Spencer Dryden session, but you can feel the interaction. The movement, Jack, laying in a foundation. Jorma, making a stab here, a stab there, finding something good and moving along with it. Spencer, nagging, pushing things along... How can I describe it? I can't. Go listen to it!

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

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

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

Grave's "Crazy Miranda" seems (musically) strangely reminiscent of the opening bars of "Rejoice" as does "Lawman" seems (again musically) reminiscent of "Hey Fredrick" from Volunteers.

"Pretty As You Feel" seems to me to be the lamest cut on the album. It kind of starts with both a musical and a lyrical statement that would appear to have some sort of potential -- and then carries it on and on and on and goes absolutely nowhere in the end.

Ahh but I can't say that it's all bad. That would neither be fair nor honest. I found both a gem and a rhinestone. Rhinestones first: Joey Covington's sole cut (if you've heard it, you'll know) brings us back to the San Francisco of the '60's.

And finally the gem. I think "Third Week at the Chelsea" is the finest song Jorma has written to date. Without exception, and I guess part of the reason for that is that it essentially says all that I've been trying to get across in this article. That the dream is over. That for those people who watched the Airplane grow and change, for whom the arrival at a new Airplane album was a cause of heartfelt elation, who know...that when you went to an Airplane concert, what you waited for was a good tape recorder. Sing your own eight-part harmonic piece. A capella, no less!

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A former acquaintance of mine at Windham College, Putney, Vt., Mr. Bill Powell, is the author of _The Anarchist Cookbook_, published by Lyle Stuart, Inc., and his book; has just been published this fall. For a more complete review of the book, see an article by William Powell, a student at Windham College, Putney, Vt. According to Powell's account, he was looking for a useful handbook for the minor subject when he found it. The book's author, Professor Peter Bergman, a student at Windham College, Putney, Vt., and head of a publishing house subsidiary and author of the book's preface, says that the book's chief interest will be for the person who wants to know what is going on.

"There is no political merit in publishing this book," Bergman says. "It is not a call for action. For the real hippy and yippy, especially the rebellious student, it hardly contains anything basic that he does not already know.

"This is a handbook for the minor subject when he finds it. The book's author, Professor Peter Bergman, a student at Windham College, Putney, Vt., and head of a publishing house subsidiary and author of the book's preface, says that the book's chief interest will be for the person who wants to know what is going on.

The book contains a complete guide to survival in a world where the threat of war is ever-present. It is profusely illustrated with photographs and diagrams, and provides formulas for making LSD and cooking with marijuana and hashish.

The cover of the book bears this warning: "... remember that the topics written about here are illegal and constitute a threat."
November Movies

SUNDAY

NOVEMBER 1971

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

7 CORRUPTION OF THE DAMNED
g. kuchar
BLOND COBRA
b. fleisher

14 wild straw berries
BERGMAN

21 the horror chamber of
doctor faustus
GEORGES FRANJU

28 WILD CHILD
f. truffaut
(MONDAY)

TUESDAY

2 CAT & MOUSE
gunter grass

9 THE IDIOT
dostoyevsky

16 YOUNG TORLESS
SCHLONDORFF

FRIDAY

5 the golem
PAUL WEGENER

12 DESIGN for LIVING
E. LUBITSCH

19 the killers
DON SIEGEL

WEDNESDAY

3 trash
paul morrisey

10 RIDE the HIGH COUNTRY
sam peckinpah

17 the general
buster keaton

THANKSGIVING

24 thanks giving

26 Thanksgiving

FILM COMMITTEE:
Vicki Garnick (Chairman)
Bob Avrech
Ellen Cosgrove
Nancy Golladay
Larry Gross
Harvey Yaffe

Senate will elect the Film Committee for next semester (Spring 1972) in the immediate future. All interested students sign up on the sheet posted in Haggman and watch the board for the time and place at which Senate will have the candidates give their qualifications.
review these standards for consistency with the anti-inflation goal. If either the Pay Board or the President should find itself unable to develop the continuing standards in time to take effect at the end of the freeze, such special interim standards may be proposed. In the event the Board or Commission do not act, or if they develop interim standards by November 13 the Cost of Living Council will issue such interim standards.

It is comforting to have all eventualities covered.

In short, these bodies, composed of labor and industrial representatives and members defending the public interest, must formulate, perhaps ad hoc as the requests come in, an "incidence policy" somewhat related to the attempts of the 1960's in Great Britain and on the Continent to say that great achievements in labor and industry have had similar experiences with our so-called Wage-Price Guideposts first used by the Kennedy Administration in 1962 and abandoned by President Johnson in 1966. As an economic tool such guidelines make more sense than a wage freeze, tying price and wage increases to growth in productivity. If technological prog-

ress can be passed on to the public with either labor or industrial price setters on this score, the guideposts, it is agreed, worked rather well during the early years of their trial. But it must be remembered that the early to mid-60's were years of unceasing growth and unemploy-

ment in the U.S. economy with very little upward pressure. The guide-

posts became less effective as the 1965, 1966 economic expansion began and were virtually ignored by labor and industry in later years.

The one generally accepted result of such a trial is in the guideposts' educa-

tional value--that the attention of self-interested groups in labor unions and industrial power blocs the tie-in between productivity and wage and price movements. It was stressed in a series of governmental opin-

ions offered during this period that the price level rise because of wage-price movements and that what each of us in our usual myopia in such matters sees as merely chasing a rising price level, actual-

ly may have another side to it --

that is, our demand for higher prices and wages push up the very level toward which we think of ourselves as adjusting.

If the educational value of these five years of experience is as widespread as some think, then the Phase Two job of the Price Police may be simplified. I would be inclined to say that great achievements in this area are rather unlikely. Both Unions and industry already talk of their experience for the three month period as a series of martyrdom and strain, from reports, merely waiting for the second phase to be the first in line for their share of the deferred fruits of their past patriotism. I would suspect that, short of a further freeze, we will see another period of "free-fooling" from both sides of the inflationary spiral -- Unions arguing that wages must be maintained the pur-

ching power value of money wages and industry arguing that their wages must rise to make up for the cost squeeze they see imposed upon them by both government and the wage freezes. As for the present, the only specific item in the second phase of the program is that vague notion of opposition to the generation by the program of "wasteful profits."

Now, if we can call this a specific phrase at all. If we are talking of the 1967 guideposts, this phrase would denote

much more than it does today. As it stands "windfall" would seem to con-

template an implied control on some sort of unearned or unfair movement of prices at the expense of labor and wages lagged, as Unions leaders are so often in the charact-

ter of their initial reaction to such a reading, terminology such as this is seen as nothing more than a bone thrown to a labor sector that has grown too so-

phicalized economically and too po-

erful politically to be duped by such vague language.

Though the past month has shown some rather encouraging signs of the beginning of a strong recovery in the economy, es-

pecially by the slowdown in the rise of the wholesale price index, the question of the future remains highly doubtful. The cynic can point to past experiences in economics when such major interven-

tions as the wage freeze have been followed by, if anything, more stringent "phase two."

We have recent evidence of the ability and non-relevance of Presidents to so intervene Kennedy's confrontation with the steel industry in the latter's abortive attempt to raise prices and Johnson's overt attack on copper and aluminum price raises by threatening to sell surplus Govern-

mental stocks of these metals. To use the term "free enterprise" in the face of such actions is a travesty and hard looks well for any kind of automatic functioning of the price-wage mecha-
nism in the future. Those who still believe Presidential pronouncements concerning their outlook on the economy could, of course, seek consolation in Nixon's 1969 statement: "Free prices and wages are the heart of our econo-

mic system; we should not stop them from working even to cure an infla-

tionary fever. I do not intend to im-

pose wage and price controls which would substitute new, growing and more vexatious problems for the prob-

lems of deflations." In the light of subsequent policies such a statement reminds one of Narki's "Pooh's song in The Mikado: "This is What I Never Do."

Partly to allay fears of the sort I have expressed to the future war-

king of the program, the "Background Paper" quoted above carries a para-

graph that is obviously intended as a softener:

"If the program is to be durable, it must appeal to the American people as basically fair. Arbitrariness and integrity will be tolerated briefly for an important pur-

pose, but it will be tolerated during the freeze. But this will not last for long. Therefore, more concern for fairness is required, even though perfect fairness is difficult to attain.

It is most comforting to reflect on this.
Many neighborhood dealers were driven out by police bust, by disruption of their supply, or by meeting a man with a gun once too often while selling to cop. Police were efficient in persecuting the freelance acid manufacturers, especially those who, like Owsley, made their drugs for community good as well as for profit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thus psychedelics are dangerous as well as magical. And great will fall on to the numbedness of heroin, as the old myths tell, unless we make it happen otherwise.

MICHAEL ROSSMAN