

# RED TIDE

Vol. 1      No. 4      November 4, 1971

Page 1	Economic Crisis: Where's the Money? R. Wiles
Page 2	Letters La Verdad
Page 3	Who are These People
Page 4	Massacre John Taylor Nelson
Page 5	The Politik of Junk : An Easy Way to Kill a Movement Micheal Rossman
Page 6	Interview with P. Adams Sitney Eric Arnould and Eleanor Almone
Page 7	Musician Ship Sol Luie Siegel Let's Eat [Cartoon]
Page 8	The WXBC Blues Duncan Hanna
Page 10	Hasn't Stopped Since. . .
Page 11	Jefferson Airplane: A New Departure Chris Martinez
Page 12	Reflects Kevan Lofchie A Trip Down Hell's Canyon Bruce Poli
Page 13	Movie Schedule

# RED TIDE

NOVEMBER 4, 1971

VOLUME ONE NUMBER FOUR



Our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms  
Vice-Chairman Lin Piao.



## THE SOLEDAD BROTHERS DESPERATELY NEED CASH!

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

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

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

### THE SOLEDAD BROTHERS LEGAL DEFENSE FUND

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I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ for the cause of justice in the Soledad Case.

\_\_\_\_\_ Please send Soledad Button (75c minimum contribution)

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WOMEN HAVE SERVED ALL THESE CENTURIES AS LOOKING GLASSES POSSESSING THE POWER OF REFLECTING THE FIGURE OF MAN AT TWICE ITS NATURAL SIZE  
—virginia woolf

# RED TIDE

A newspaper serving

the Bard Community



# economic crisis: WHERE'S THE MONEY?

by R. WILES

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

On the contemporary scene, however, the problems must be viewed as beginning with the successful economic results of the Kennedy-Johnson Tax Cuts of 1964 and their growth impact, carrying the American economy from the doldrum state of the early 1960's to virtual full employment in 1967. There are 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 fiscal program's bearing fruit in 1965-66 with the decision by President Johnson to escalate the war in 1965. This caused in 1965-66 and, more seriously in 1967, a large Federal Deficit grafted upon a fully-employed, full capacity economy. This combination carried the economy to what economists like to call the "full employment ceiling." Such a mix has only one possible result; that is, a rapid acceleration of prices throughout the economic system.

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

This is only part of the picture as far as our current economic difficulties are concerned. A second factor to be considered is the

failure of President Johnson, especially in 1968, to deal with the inflationary pressure. Just as the state of the economy in 1961-64 had called for tax cuts and increased government spending, so the situation in 1967-68 called for opposite medicine, a rather substantial tax increase. No such move was given serious discussion by the Administration and instead we were treated to a slightly bothersome 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 inflations in American economic history and we have lost our economic progress in the bargain. Yet things are rarely so simple in economics to allow the blame for the inflation to fall on these two factors alone. There are institutional explanations as well: in 1965 wage settlements began to outstrip the rise of productivity of labor which had been rising handsomely since the early '60's. This also adds inflationary fuel to the economy as unit wage costs rise and prices are forced upward to maintain profit margins. Add this factor to the long since documented fact of inflexible 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 we have 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 pressure without the full employment usually accompanying it. The economist, never bashful about creating new terminology for such a situation, but distressingly slow in forging new policies to deal with it, has recently begun to call this contemporary economic problem 'stagflation'. 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, incompatible bedfellows.

Given this view of economic difficulties I think 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 intransigent inflation. Statistically, it lops off the 'paper' growth rapidly rising prices and wages have given us. 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, i.e. 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 free market pricing or on the related issue of whether the market works well when left alone. I would suggest that interferences 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 first 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-patriotic appeals to hold the price-wage line,

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

Probably due to considerations like these, we have now sketched out for us the second phase of Nixon's program to become effective Nov. 14. I use the word 'sketch' advisedly. For the guidelines for 'Phase Two' are remarkably unclear. The only avowed aim of the program is the goal of restraining price increases within a 2-3% inflation rate by the end of 1972 -- a range that most economists regard as virtually no inflation at all and see as necessary to accord with incentives for economic growth. Aside from this, however, Nixon's Pay Board and Price Commission must form some criteria by which to judge the requests for wage and price increases that have waited in the wings during the freeze and will seek redress in November.

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

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

(to page fourteen)



**2**

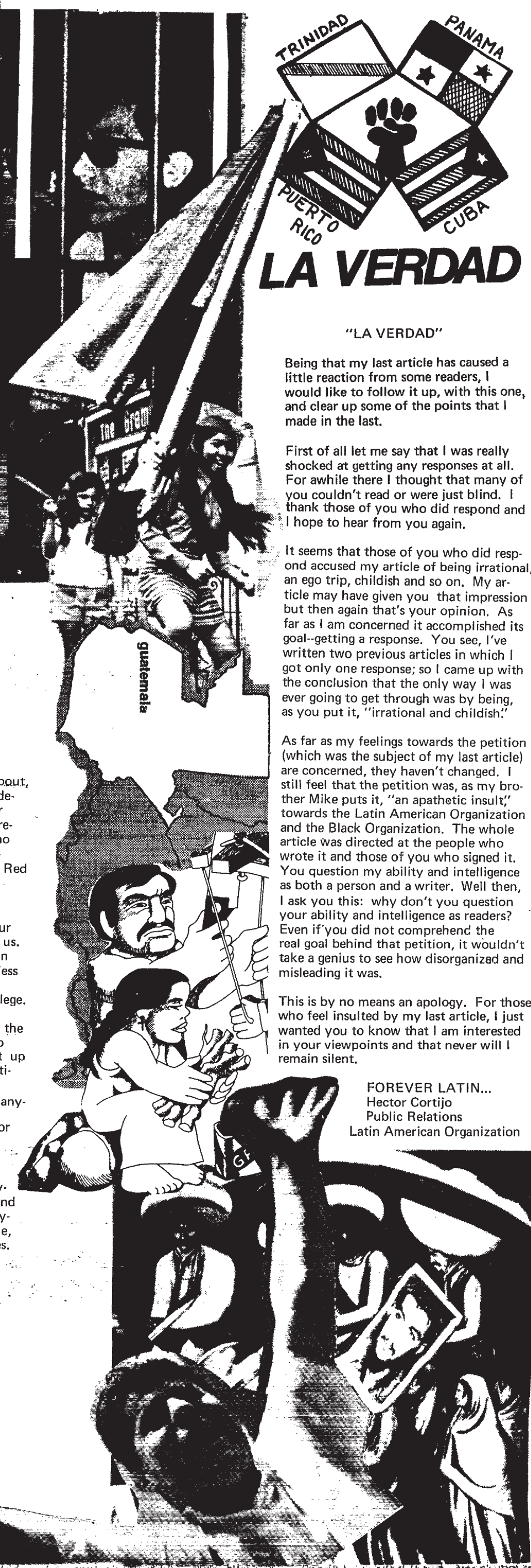
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**LA VERDAD**

"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 both 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 wouldn't take a genius to see how disorganized and misleading it 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  
Public Relations  
Latin American Organization

**letters**

Friends,

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

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

To my disappointment, the only people I've met who feel at all comfortable talking about gayness are women in our consciousness-raising sessions. If it weren't for our weekly meetings, I 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,

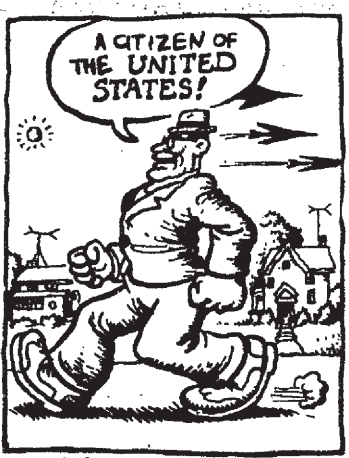
I don't know what you're mad about, (and I couldn't care less, you've destroyed any possibility of my ever caring about your problems) but regardless of what it is, I can see no conceivable justification for the irrational article you wrote for the Red Tide.

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 lead 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



# 'who are these people?' 3

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

The words "racism" 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 racism" 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 New Left rhetoric. I believe your intention is to shake us up, and I agree wholeheartedly that we need it. But my personal reaction is that I am shaken up the wrong way. You alienate me. Instead of making me think, I find that articles that sound like yours did at the beginning 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 long way. Just as the politicians are a long way off from the people. I got tired and sat down. 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**  
Carolina Maria de Jesus

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, discussed 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 racism" or real "oppression" (your quotation marks.)

I think there is no question that Bard students, whether they are Black, white or Puerto Rican are indifferent and apathetic as individuals. But it is quite a different

thing when there exists indifference and apathy towards two groups. The matter is more complicated than you think. The social inequity and debt to Black and Latin 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 is 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 "Yangui go home." Our oppression has not ended, Dan. The present social, economic, and political life of the Latin countries is controlled by Anglo-Americans. An obvious example is Puerto Rico, a neo-colony. We are, the Anglo-American 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 underhanded 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

DRAW YOUR OWN — M. Auli

ately 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 line) our academic background ill-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 humorous ridiculousness of the hostility that has been going on among us all. Julie Gelfand's cartoon was totally misconstrued.

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 your and other people's reactions were an immediate and emotional denial that prejudice exists at Bard, I congratulate you for asking questions. Most people have grumbled and discussed the content of the article among themselves. Instead they should have asked questions, come to us and talked. We would not necessarily have to come to an agreement.

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

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

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

In all sincerity and honesty,  
Manuel A. Auli



R. Crumb, who else?

# 4 MASSACRE

by John Taylor Nelson

Taking a walk may sound like a simple act, but there are times and places when and where you have to be crazy to do it. If you were a Jew in the 1930's you certainly wouldn't go for a walk in the streets of Berlin. If you are a black man it would not be wise to take a walk in a white neighborhood, and vice versa. There are also places where the climate makes a constitutional highly impractical; an irresistible urge to go for a walk in Antarctica, for example, can be fatal.

Nor is it wise to go walking in the rain forest of a certain section of South Vietnam, especially at noon when the combination of heat and humidity is almost unbearable even in the shade. If you are a simple peasant there whose wardrobe generally consists of a loincloth, a pair of sandals and a straw hat to deflect the rays of the sun, you will be spending this time in the shack you call home, taking a nap. If you are a water buffalo or some other beast of burden, you will be crouched down in the nearest convenient shade, taking a nap.

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

And if you are in this last situation, you are miserable, physically and mentally. Physically, because you have spent the last three days eating out of cans and drinking out of canteens and sleeping in holes in the ground and marching in this jungle where the insects eat you alive and the humidity dulls your senses and the heat collects under the helmet that serves as a target for bullets that it can't stop. Mentally, because you have been marching for three days, angry because you have been doing so without finding anything, yet thankful you haven't. These days have been nothing but concentrated suffering, and you wonder if Hell could be much worse.

Indeed, you wonder if Hell could be much worse than your life so far in the Republic of Vietnam; in Hell, at least, you don't have to worry about whether that girl who walks up to you in the streets of Saigon is offering you physical pleasure or sudden death, or whether or not that bottle of beer you've just been offered is poisoned. Why are you here in the first place? To fight Communism, of course. To fight Communism. That sounds all well and good when your President, in his deep Southern tones, invokes the cause of freedom while addressing his fellow Americans, but you learn quickly that Communism is an idea, and that is

Communism is an idea, and that if an idea is to be killed, yours is just as likely a victim as theirs.

By the time you learn that, you're eight thousand miles from the University of Wisconsin, where you spent four years working all night to get you through school, where you had to work all day. You're almost as far from the training camp where you spent six months learning the basic skills of making war. You are fifty-nine miles from Saigon. And where does that leave you now, Robert Edwards?

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

Such thoughts often ran through the head of Robert Edwards. They helped to take his mind off his physical misery and the things he had seen - and done - in the four months since he has come to help make Vietnam safe for democracy. Not that anything could do the job entirely, but complaining to himself about the government was better than reminding himself of what he had seen when they had found the two platoon members who the V.C. had captured the day before, or of the booby traps that others hadn't seen in time.

So here was Pfc. Robert M. Edwards, age 24, University of Wisconsin Class of '67, in a platoon of soldiers whose mission was to clear a certain section of the central highlands of enemy forces. The term 'enemy forces' had long ago become a joke amongst the troops who had no means whatsoever of distinguishing the enemy from the farmers who were hoping that the soldiers on both sides would leave enough for them to stay alive. This provided a crucial

© 1968 ROBB



advantage for the Cong, who found it quite easy to take their foreign foes by surprise, but there was a big side advantage for the Americans as well -- they could count any dead yellow-skinned body as a dead Cong, and enough dead Cong counted towards leaves in Saigon.

This fact was not lost on the members of this particular platoon, who might have started tormenting the natives just for the sake of something to do without the incentive of rewards for high body counts. Find a girl, have her body, if she doesn't like it, have her life. Edwards' memory was overflowing with images of people of every size, shape, age and sex who had been in the exact wrong place at the exact wrong time. These people didn't have to worry about Communism any more, or of hunger or war. Here, at least, American foreign policy had been successful.

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

Not that he placed himself over the others -- he couldn't. He held a share of the total guilt that was not acquired from merely standing idly by. But they all placed themselves over Ronson, who should have had the guts to say no, to at least slow this madness down. Even in this God-forsaken corner of Southeast Asia stories got around about other C.O.'s who had tried, and even sometimes succeeded. But not Michael Ronson, who was little older than his troops and lacking in both confidence and experience. He knew what to do in an attack or an ambush, but with the armed enemy out of sight he didn't feel like facing down one of his own men after the commission of another act that Radio Hanoi could exaggerate -- logical, because he knew a lot more about those under his command than about those he was supposed to be protecting. Nobody seemed to

know much about these people.

Ronson probably liked to think that he was simply following orders, but he had strange ways of interpreting them. Given an order to bring in enemy spies, he would include anyone who had a transistor radio, especially those who had attached long pieces of wire as antennas. Told to round up enemy food supplies, he would take half of the rice supply of every village in the area. And so forth. Since Ronson couldn't order around his own men, he ordered around the natives.

I wonder what the folks back in Madison would say if they knew about all this, Edwards thought. Would they still put Support-Our-Boys-in-Vietnam bumper stickers on the car? Support Our Boys. In Korea, wasn't it Support Our Fighting Men? Maybe next time it'll be Children, and they'll fight the thing themselves. He smiled a little at the thought.

Ronson, looking back, must have seen that little grin, because he was looking at him as if he were crazy. Then he told Hal Davis, the radio man, to get field headquarters.

YA KNOW... THIS ALL MAKES LOUSY HISTORY....

'Ronson speaking', he said when contact was established with Major Kearny at headquarters. 'There seems to be no enemy activity in Sector 3 - C, sir. It's pretty quiet. Request further instructions.'

'There's a village about five miles north from where you are. It's supposed to be abandoned. Everyone left after a Cong raid last month. Make sure the Cong aren't using it as a base of some sort. If they are, don't attack, radio back here. If they aren't, return to base. Is that clear?'

'It's clear enough, sir', said Ronson, who signed off.

The platoon had taken about nine steps toward that village when somebody started shooting at them. They fired back and heard a gasp of pain from among the bushes. Searching, they found a single sniper with a Russian-made rifle, dead. He looked about 15 years old.

'The Cong must be getting desperate' noted Ronson. Then he checked his own platoon. Nobody had been hurt except Hal Davis. He was dead, too, and a bullet had put his walkie-talkie out of commission.

There was now no means of communicating with the home base. But he decided to go ahead to that village anyway. He wanted to take no chances with the Cong. And, besides, with a little luck, the troops might not have to sleep on the ground tonight.

They reached that village about an hour before sundown and discovered that its original occupants had returned, with the exception of the young men, who had been killed. The survivors had gathered up some sticks and built a new row of shacks, and were now planting a new rice crop in the fields, the same way they had been doing it for thousands of years. Edwards wondered how that general in Washington thought anyone was going to bomb this place back into the Stone Age when it had never really left it.

The villagers eyed their visitors with

suspicion and fear, and for good reason: every group of soldiers that had ever come to this village had brought trouble. This one was no exception. Ronson's first order was to get everybody together in a big group in a clearing. His next was for a thorough search of every building in sight.

The search uncovered one item of interest besides a small amount of rice to keep the natives alive until the next harvest. This was a rusty, unloaded rifle of the same make as the one with which the young V.C. had killed Hal Davis. Ronson looked at it for a few moments. Then he ordered the burning of the village. This was quickly done.

Guarding the villagers and watching the fire, Edwards began to think that maybe, just maybe, Ronson had finally cracked under the pressure of this thing. In a moment, however, he didn't think so, he knew.

Ronson told his forces to make a ring around the captives, and they obeyed. 'Raise your rifles', he said, 'and when I say 'fire' I want you to kill them. All of them. Is that clear?'

Nobody said a word.

'Alright then. Ready... aim....'

At this moment, Robert Edwards was hit by a tidal wave of revulsion. He was sick of the whole thing, all of it. And he dropped his gun.

Ronson couldn't believe it.

'Edwards, pick up that gun or I'll have you court martialed.'

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

Edwards couldn't believe it.

'Are you crazy?', Ronson was screaming. 'This is mutiny! Do you 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 but they had a fairly clear idea of what was going on. But it wasn't theirs to believe it or not. They ran into the forest, right past the unarmed Americans, as fast as they could.

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

For there were others, hidden in the trees and crouched in the rice paddies. They couldn't speak English either, but they could tell what was happening.

They couldn't believe it either, but it wasn't theirs to believe it or not. They acted.

Two days later, a scouting party radioed 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 here.'

'Was it an ambush?', asked Major Kearny.

'Sure looks that way, sir. Some of the men weren't even holding their guns. They must have been caught completely by surprise.'

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

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

# the politiks of junk

by MICHAEL ROSSMAN

thanks to LNS

5

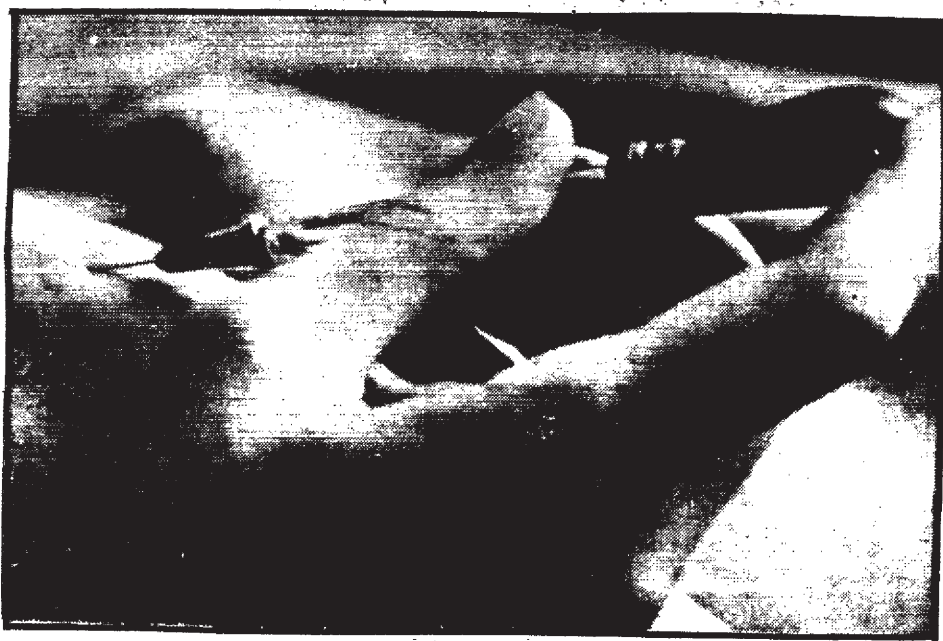
Now that the Seventies are well begun, with dozens of heroin addicts dying in Berkley from over dose or poison, it is time to consider the politics of destructive drug use in the white counterculture.

Blacks' people's experience gives us some perspective. For some time now the Black Panther Party has been out front against the use of all destructive drugs. They see such drugs, from alcohol to speed and smack, as tools of control and oppression, used by the capitalist system for the purpose of genocide.

Surely there is substance to their fears. Heroin provides the most direct example. As the black ghettos became increasingly rebellious, the black liberation movement gathered momentum beginning with the burning of Watts in 1965.

By 1968 there were 'riots' in 120 cities when King was assassinated, then the trend reversed. But it took more than multiplied military force and managed to 'pacify' the ghettos. The relative peace since then has been enforced by massive injections of heroin into the black mainline.

Before each 'long hot summer' and in each period of political tension, ready smack floods the ghettos. Addicts nod in doorways, people strengthen their locks in fear. Fifty percent of inner city crime is said to be heroin-connected. The people's energy becomes absorbed internally, turns against itself, undermines all revolt against the objective social conditions.



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

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

Contrary to official myth, the great bulk of heroin entering the U.S. comes not from the opium fields of Turkey by way of Marseilles, but from Southeast Asia by ugly means. Opium production in the U.S.-controlled regions of Indochina increased tenfold from 1960 to 1970.

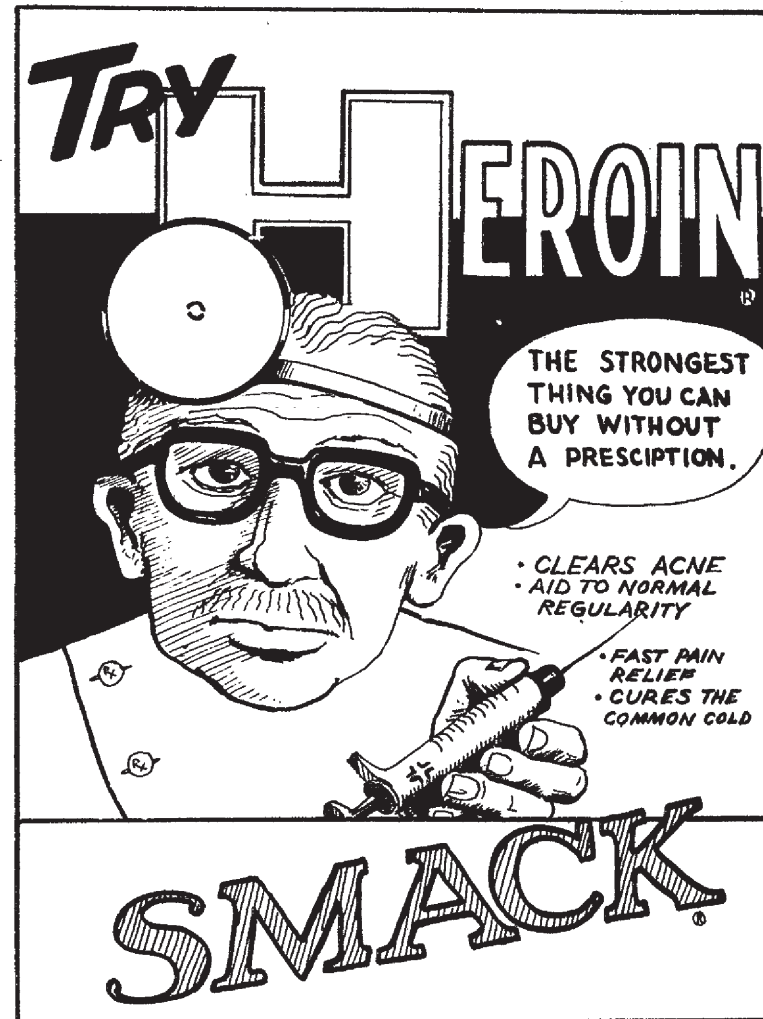
U.S. agencies support hill tribes [like the Meo] who make their living growing the poppy, and C.I.A. advisors lead their troops in combat against the North Vietnamese. Major CIA bases in Thailand and Laos lie athwart the main confluences of the opium supply routes there, and receive heavy traffic from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

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

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

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

This one-two government punch, with the upshot of tighter control over the heroin trade, was effected during the years when ghetto rebellions were



## AN EASY WAY TO KILL A MOVEMENT

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

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

With small exception all the major institutions of America now passively or actively cooperate in addicting people to a wide variety of destructive drugs; most are legal and all are highly profitable. From tobacco to 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 1858 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.

(It 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 racist 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.

The white youth ghettos 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's 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 missionary zeal and humane concern; and with lore for their use as agents of growth.

(to page fifteen)



**ERIC:** Exactly how far back does your experience in film 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 in New Haven, and there were no film societies there. At Yale there were only screenings of popular movies. 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 mimeographed announcements 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 enough to pay the rent for the films, but that's when it got sticky. Because of our age no one wanted to give us a room; no one really believed we were doing it; when I went down to the Museum of Modern Art to pay for the film rentals they panicked and made me bring my parents in to sign the rental slip. After a whole bunch of betrayals the local Y.M.C.A. finally allowed us to use a basement room. That's how I started a film society. Then, since we had a film society, I decided to start a magazine.

**ERIC:** Was that "Film Culture?"

**SITNEY:** No. "Film Culture" was already existent. It had been the big film magazine since 1955. This was in 1960. We started a little magazine called "Film Wise" as the notes for the film society and 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 didn't know at the time. In "Filmwise" I had started publishing articles on the "avant garde" film. 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. Mekas wasn't yet particularly interested. I would send off copies of our local notes to all the major film publications. Mekas sent a note back to me asking if I would like to be "avant garde" film editor of "Film Culture." I wrote back and said "Yes, I accept." Then I went to New York to meet him. The other people around him looked at me and said "Christ Almighty, he's just a kid! He can't be an editor." But Jonas said "What the hell. If he writes that kind of article, we'll publish it." So he was very generous, and from that point on I was an editor of "Film Culture." What I would do is sneak 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 an "avant garde" publications?

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

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

**S:** No, I stayed in Europe, lecturing and writing and trying to write a novel. After about a year and a half I received a letter asking if I would come to take over a

film museum and library. Starting such a museum had long been a dream of a circle that included Jonas Mekas and myself and now this dream was finally being realized. I was staggered, and of course I said yes. Then for three years we worked on the planning, the construction, the polemics, the ideology of a film museum.

**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 the best possible theatre for showing the best "avant garde" films. We met Kubelka in the process of this dream and he had an idea of the ideal physical plant. He called it "the invisible cinema." Kubelka's ideal theatre would have been much larger, located in midtown and shaped like a giant egg. Economics and circumstances led to 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 six people who would select the films to be shown. Myself, Peter Kubelka, Jonas Mekas, Stan Brakhage, James Broughton and Ken Kelman. 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 library and publications and the scholarly aspects.

**E:** Do you and Jonas Mekas see the Film Archives as an expanding phenomena 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 Ph.D. candidates with films. We had a program for catalogueing 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, but now in America we are seeing the growth of film as a poetic and strictly artistic medium in works by Michael Snow and Stan Brakhage. Are you interested at all in the political aspects and potentialities of film?

**S:** Well, the particular dichotomy you raise 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 espionage and propaganda from the people who are opposed to that position. Almost everything that has been produced by the so-called political cinema of the sixties has been of the agid-prop nature and directed towards a kind of cheerleader politics. This encourages people who are already committed to a given position but simply alienates those who are opposed to it. What you call the poetic cinema is involved in a much wider series of tactics. A series of tactics that Eisenstein must, to a certain extent, be reconciled with. I basically believe that a cinema which makes people think, which widens their consciousness, which forces them to use their eyes and to use their minds critically is a cinema of ultimate political value. Much more than a cinema that merely give people confidence in and confirmation of an already established political slogan. Various organizations, such as Newsreel, have attempted to make political docu-

mentaries. I have yet to see in that "genre" any work of the level of consciousness of a Sergei Eisenstein or a Dziga Vertov which could synthesize both the revolutionary aspects of form and the revolutionary aspects of politics. Until such a synthesis is possible it seems to me that a truly political cinema has not arrived.

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

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



person who has made films about all the aspects of life which engage his consciousness. He made a very famous series of films about the birth of his children. He has dealt with his own sexuality very frankly in a number of films throughout his life. He's dealt with his concepts and his notions of cosmology. He's made films about what he sees every day. He's tried to give an impression of air, fire and water as he encounters it. He is a great lyrical poet of the cinema and almost all the major issues that touch our times have appeared one way or another in his films. A very curious, complex and interesting aspect of this is his film "Twenty-Third Psalm Branch" which

# interview with P. adams sitney

in America a repetition of those strategies and the kind of dilemma that Stalinism caused repeated in the various forms of religious acceptance that Maoism has had in our society. The problem of talking about politics is that one thinks simultaneously of those very intelligent people who have analyzed political situations and of those great numbers of people who have unintelligently followed either noble and heroic or weak and fashionable political lines. It seems to me to be a very difficult time for serious thought about politics.

**E:** Have you seen any of the newsreel type films that have come out of Vietnam?

**S:** Well I've seen the American newsreel, and I've seen Joris Even's film from North Vietnam. One reacts in a kind of gut way. The conditions for making high art, I think, are quite other than warfare. I can't imagine how a film can deal with a situation as problematic and guilt-ridden for the American people as Vietnam in a sophisticated and artistic way. Nevertheless, there is a film, not about Vietnam, directed by Stan Brakhage, called "Twenty-Third Psalm Branch" which deals with the phenomenon of war and the way the human consciousness confronts the idea of war. It seems to me to offer more vision and more intelligence on the subject than any of the direct agid-prop films that I've seen such as Joris Even's work.

**E:** Can we talk more about Stan Brakhage?

**S:** I think Brakhage is one of the most dominant figures in the American "avant garde" film. He is a very large man, a

was engendered out of the kind of agony that he felt over the type of questions you are posing me. Brakhage doesn't respond as an intellectual. He responds as a dialectician sometimes, he responds as a personal artist, and he had to make a work which encompassed all of his complex personal ideas about the nature of warmakers and politics. And I think he has created a very intelligent and very interesting work in that particular film. In this century it is very hard for art to do the work of politics, although at various times it has been called upon to do so. One can't think of any exceptionally successful examples. Eisenstein, I think, is perhaps the exemplary case, along with Vertov and certain other figures who happen to have tasted that exhilaration known as the October Revolution and have had that tremendous sense of the fusion of modernist thought with political revolution. But the subsequent history of what happened to Vertov and Eisenstein has tended to make the idea of revolution a pessimistic although perhaps not absolutely negative force for subsequent artists. The great paradox of the relationship between personal liberty and political organization occurred with the coming of Stalin, and this paradox has cast a shadow over subsequent revolution on it. I'm not a political expert, I'm just looking at this from the very confused point of view of someone involved in the arts and seeing politics through the filter of the experience of artists.

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

**S:** Not at all. In fact the idea struck me the day that Anthology Film Archives opened that in a way Anthology Film Archives was the first physical theatre constructed to meet the needs of cinema rather than the needs of the legitimate

**FINEST COLOR FEATURE FILMS IN 16mm**

stage. It struck me that on that day, opening as it did, 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.

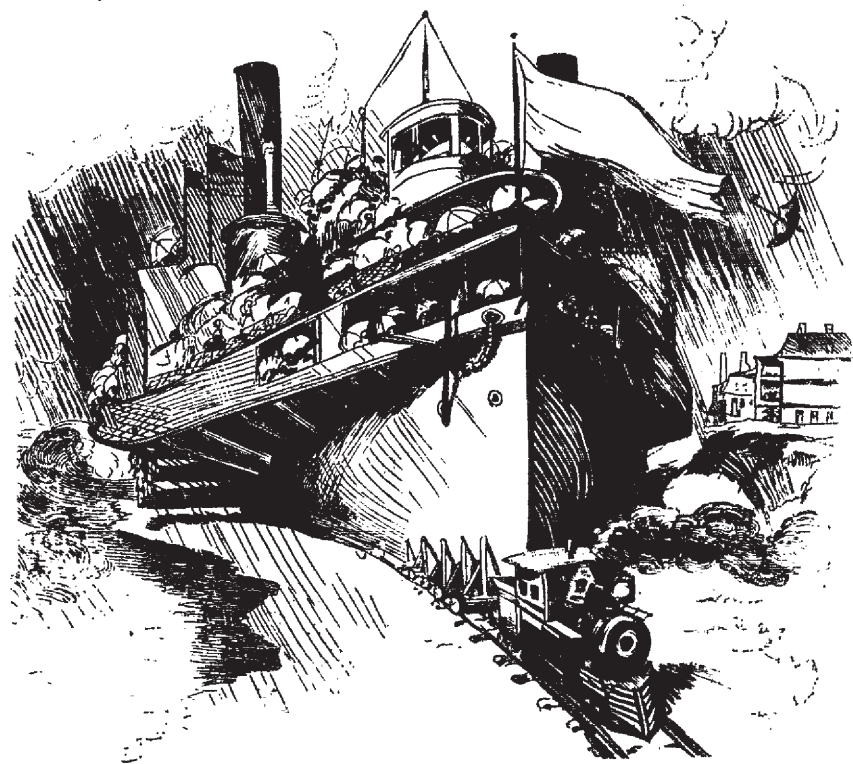
E: Are you interested in developing a program of film here? Do you see it as just a job for you, or do you have any interest in film education on a college level?

S: It seems to me to be quite evident that between now, 1971, and the end of this millenium, 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

students, I'd be very interested. Unfortunately my position is as an extreme auxiliary man in the department. The arts at Bard are conceived, not wrongly, as practical arts. Some one who majors in film is considered essentially to be a film-maker. Nevertheless, there is a certain satisfaction for one who is in to the history of film, the aesthetics of film, to have particularly good students to work with him. It remains to be seen whether those particular kind of students with that particular interest will be attracted by the given situation. Of course, my reaction is a function of that possibility or not.

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

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



# Musician Ship

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.

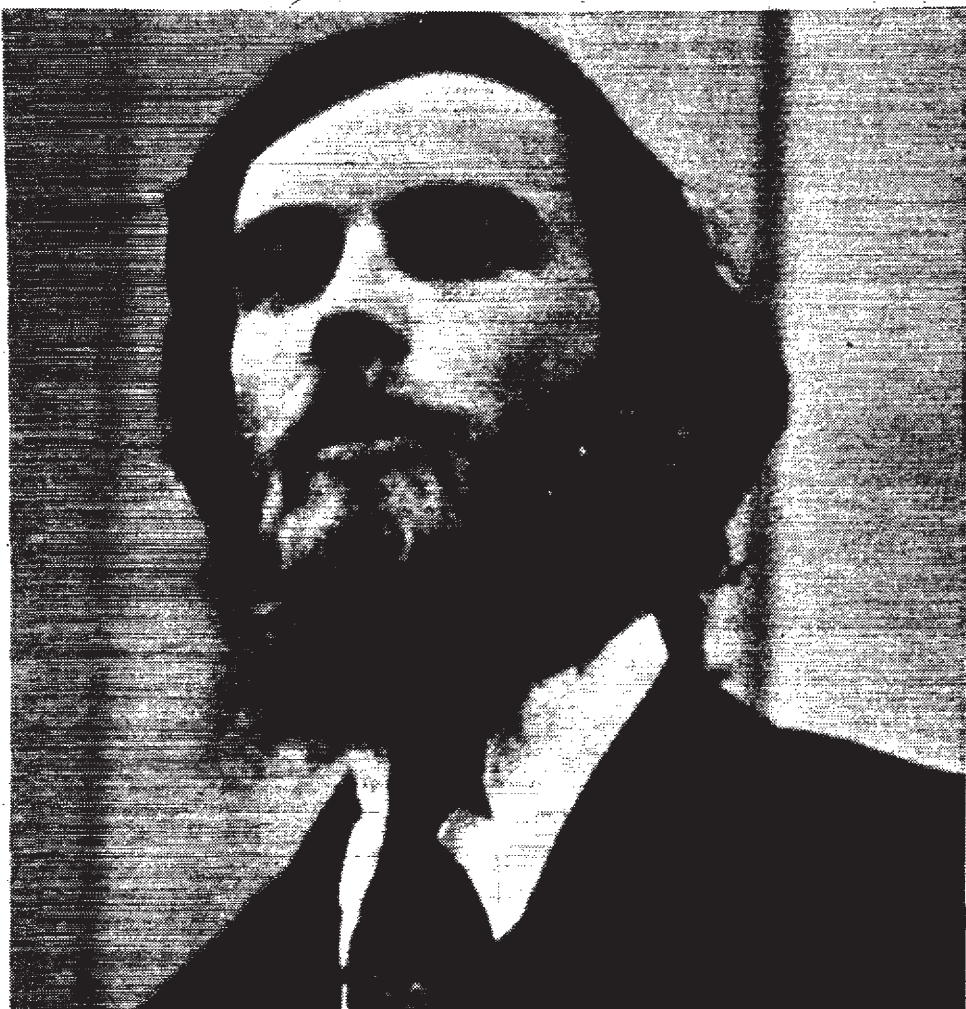
Last year, Angel released the first recordings of the great Italian conductor Carlo Maria Giulini with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Because of poorly chosen repertory, and because Giulini wasn't in top form, these records were duds, but two new disks featuring the Mahler First and Beethoven Seventh Symphonies show both the conductor and the orchestra at their awe-inspiring best. In both, Giulini is in full control of both himself and the music; no detail is overlooked, yet nothing is overdone. The Mahler is spared the supertheatrics that 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 Jascha Horenstein version on Nonesuch with the London Symphony.

track of any movie from the 1930's can imagine what that record 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 record 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 '40's, has attained legendary stature; his stereo version, with Walter Hendl 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 Phillips pressings were notorious -- nay 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....



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 seriousness extended by the students in regard to film. There's a certain kind of person, lost in a daze, 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 magnitism. On the other hand, it also attracts people who are very aware of their society and the intellectual trends emergant 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 it will attract in the next few years. If it can attract the best

primary factors in serious film education.

E: But of course you do have the problems 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 Eric Arnould & Eleanor Alimone



There are something like 27 Beethoven Sevens, 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 rythms 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-



# the WXYZBCB



"Hey rats watchmenow I'm gonna lay this heavy side on y'all now...blah blah..."



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



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



turn on the radio, its time for the Crazy Weights show.

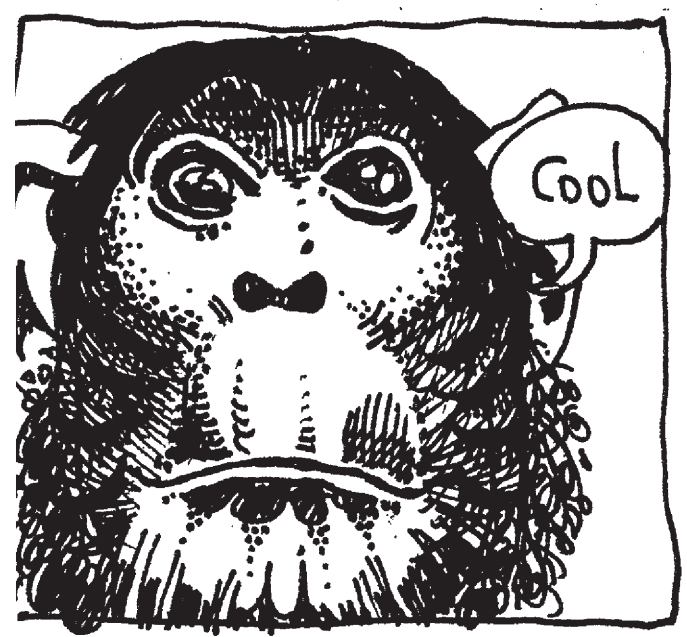
U E S as told by... Duncan Hannah



g... its High Time ee  
 Detroit's own MC5...

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

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



**BARD**  
 could use  
 a radio  
 station  
 too

"Ha ha ha ha haa ha ha ha"

# hasn't stopped since...

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 thoughtfeeling that had begun the summer before: that there were no real vacations anymore because there was something to find out; that school was a choice and life was the real school 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 problems there still. He was slowly beginning to work on himself. Where the present scheme of his life was concerned, always there was an expectancy of some kind of drastic change.

Last summer dawned on him life at large in its wholeness and depth. The boundaries of school and living at home were broken for good and he was alone but at one with each strange summer day he lived 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 conscious choice, 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 Spokane to Missoula from a friend of his cousin's, but since then he had gotten only short and infrequent rides. He was patient, though.

Occasional cars had been passing him at that spot for twenty minutes when a blue blur barreled past 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 inside as five assorted faces looked back at him, smiling. "Thank you." "Hi." "Hi." "Where are you goin'?"

"New York." The car was a battered, metallic-blue '66 Pontiac Bonneville. Inside

it looked like a huge messy livingroom, which gave him a dark impression. The faces looked sloppy-happy.

"New Yohk?!" Bustle bustle. "Ya got enough room back thea? Good. Whereabouts ya goin' in New Yohk? Manhattan? Weah goin' t' Queens. Outasite. Weahreon oua way." The car started up again and everyone introduced themselves. The driver's name was Jim. After some questions from Him, the hitch-hiker told them some of who he was, where he'd been and what he was doing going back to New York at ninety miles an hour down the Montana highway.

Aug. 28 evening

So ends Dean Moriarty as I finish Kerouac's ON THE ROAD and the radio is working for the first time since I stepped into this box four days ago. Of all times for the radio to work and that smooth soft song comes on as night is coming to Ohio after the orange sun hung and looked at the east, silently summing up the summer as it started its slow blink in the mist. I can picture Dean's women thinking this song about him; "He gives me love, love, love, love, crazy love, he gives me love, love, love, love, crazy love."

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

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

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

And there's even more to come - all of New York City yet, The Big Rotten Apple yet - that is if we make it there alive with the carbon monoxide that's been leaking into the car for the whole trip. And the accident we had in Wyoming going 90. But we're all still here and the car still goes fast, so why not?

Tony, the guy who owns this streamliner (which incidentally, he really got taken on) was talking to me about his relationship with Melody, a fifteen-year-old runaway who he met in Oregon a week ago. Deciding that they had a good thing going, he took her along to New York to live with him. Ever since, they've been having problems. The accident occurred when Tony, who was driving stoned on hashish, leaned over to Melody and crooned in his adolescent Queens tone, "C'mon, gimme a kiss" upon which we fishtailed and spun off the road into a ditch. We were on the road again a few hours later after having gotten towed out and Tony having bought a new set of tires and a tank of gas with his father's credit card. Anyway, Melody kept telling Tony that "the feeling was gone" and Tony was pissed because he had such great things in mind. He told me, "Like I really wanna find a good chick to live with at school and really get it tagetha with jah, but it can't

look like it's gonna wohk out. I can't understand it. Howkin a relationship dissa-peah?" I wonder where Melody is going to stay when she gets to New York. She's already kicked a heroin habit once and has been used quite a bit. She was crying this morning after she spoke to her mother on the phone who said that for her birthday she's like a fifteen-year-old girl back home again.

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

I'm sitting in the back on a big fluffy sleeping bag with Jim and Beverly who have been together about as long as my girl and I have. They are warm and happy. They snuggle and coo a lot. They talk a lot about consciousness, macrobiotics, astrology, chanting and yoga. They seem to know a good deal about occult sciences, but as with me, their knowledge far exceeds their practice or realization. Beverly sits back here with her shirt off all the time and Jim is mostly quiet, occasionally getting goofy with an evil leer. When they talk they get very excited and talk at the same time, rapidly trading short sentences. Even funnier is hearing these double-track revelations on Baba Ram Das, chanting OM, the spiral of creation, or on Eating According to the Order of the Universe in Brooklynes. We hear alot about smoking hashish and taking chemicals, too.

A guy named Mike got out later in the day we had the accident to go down to Denver. He's so mellow and good to talk with. He believes in Jesus, but he doesn't really try to push it on you like most fresh converts. When I asked him what his sign was, he said, "Well first of all, I'm a child of God . . ."

We picked up another guy yesterday in South Dakota. He's from L.A. and kind of wierd - L.A.-sort-of-crazy-seeming - and sounds like Frank Zappa when he talks. He's carry assorted dope, which makes me a little nervous and he told us all about this lucrative auto-repair business he sold right before he left L.A. He really throws that mechanic's jargon around. He and Melody slept together last night while Tony talked to me some more. Told me how he used to be a giv dealer and how he's going to do one more deal of a hundred and fifty kilos and how he's pretty sure this'll be his last because he promised his father he wouldn't do it anymore after he was busted last year.

Strange how we're all here together barreling down some highway gathered from all over, from infinitely diverse destinies. I get this feeling a lot, even among people I've known for a long time.

These long hauls are always thoughtful times for me. The endless blur of road and scenery drive me inside myself. Been trying not to let my mind wander - trying to concentrate on one thing, or on nothing. I can't do it for too long. Today I went off and imagined writing a book of all my travels, each chapter with a quote from ON THE ROAD as its preface and point of departure.

## CHAPTER FOUR

"L.A." I loved the way she said "L.A."; I love the way everybody says "LA" on the Coast; it's their one and only golden town where all is said and done.

I touched down in L.A. International Airport all by myself flying at 40,000 feet on the LSD I had taken an hour and a half before at the San Francisco Airport. Some how I had to find a way of getting myself away from the insanity of this airport and into downtown Los Angeles in four hours I meet my father at the Park-Sheraton Hotel First I had to face the insurmountable task of actually going to get my sleeping bag at the baggage pick-up, which was undoubtedly fourteen miles away if it was anywhere



## CHAPTER TEN

"He began to lean 'Yes!' to everything, just like Dean at this time, and hasn't stopped since."

Yes, the feeling, that particupar feeling of elation, of life gushing out of my pours was slowly coming back as we approached New York. The last time I could remember feeling anything comparable to this manic onrush was last fall, my first autumn in the country, up at college. I was finally living away from home, I had stopped taking drugs, I stopped eating meat, I started doing a little hatha yoga, school was for the first time in years exciting and above all, I fell, as much as I ran headlong into, love. Each day was a quiet grace. There was nothing to be worried about - not even the problems at home in the monster city. Even that mess was part of the ecstatic life I was leading. It had a sweet, soft, slow sensation, a melting, almost tearful swoon, but now there was so much energy.

After the long summer of being taken by circumstance every time to the point of facing responsibility for everything, every action, the gladness was there again. Out of the wisdom gained through living such a paradoxically introverted yet frenetic, diverse summer, out of the experience of four summers in one came the insane will to grapple with New York and all the past, present and future problems it might drop on me, then go up to school and start working on the specific goals that I wanted to attain. I would not just attentively drift and observe like last year. That had its season. I was going to start to do more.

But like last year, I would spend this year remembering the long, peopled and complex summer days one by one, what they taught me and what they meant in the scheme of things. But I knew that as I still discovered new understanding of the summer before, this summer was different yet. I was no longer newly born, at least no longer in the terms of last summer.

As we emerged from the Holland Tunnel, New York looked the same and felt the same. I would not take a whole year to uncover this summer. I was to start understanding now, though I knew this city held more surprises for me. I said good-bye to my friends, and for the third summer in a row, I set foot after three months on forty-second street and eighth avenue. It was five a.m. It looked and felt more the same than it ever had before. Yet it was still just another place. The point of all this travelling was no longer the sensation of seeing a place for the first time, even if it was my home town. The point of it all was me.

by CHRIS CURTIS



# Jefferson Airplane: A NEW DEPARTURE

by Chris Martinez

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 as 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 Kaukenen, Jack Cassady, 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 their style and personnel and still remain the same band. The Grateful Dead have always been the Grateful Dead. With or without Tom Constanten, one drummer or two, Dark Star, Johnny B. Goode 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 restatement of the same lyric ideas of the last century, boring repetition of the most simplistic musical modes of the last four centuries, and noise...loud noise.

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

Which brings us back to the Airplane (thought I forgot about 'em didn't ya?) (no such 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 else 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's." Spare Change. That's exactly what it is. A few minutes taken from the whole of a Jorma Kaukenen, Jack Cassady, 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 sole compositions. Kantner's "War Movie," "Rock and Roll Island" and "When the Earth Moves Again" positively reek of "Starship" and primarily the worst aspects. Heavy over-tracking of rhythm guitars and pianos, words strung together because they either sound good ("sonar, laser, quasar, pulsar") or expound Kantner's political view/fantasies ("The government troops were circled in the sun gun, found themselves on the run, from our nation") without any apparent attempt at lyricism (and yes, just as singing is not merely using the voice to make sounds, lyricism is not merely using vocabulary to make sentences), and the most intensely boring work I've heard Jack Cassady do on bass. Ever!

Grace's "Crazy Miranda" seems (musically) strangely reminiscent of the opening bars of "Rejoyce" as does "Lawman" seem (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 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 "Thank" appeals to me. Nothing special, but still very nice. Something that you yourself might have always wanted to do (as I do) if you could ever get a hold of a really good tape recorder. Sing your own eight-part harmony piece. A capella, no less!

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 and hoped for all night wasn't "White Rabbit," it was to catch a Jack Cassady smile...ahh, for them, for me, it's all past. As my friend Lee put it "...and the mighty Airplane isn't flying anymore..." Ahh, but you had to have been there.



by KEVAN LOFCHIE

# reflects

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. Powell's tongue-and-cheek journalism in his book takes into account contemporary views and instructions on guerrilla warfare, as well as that of drug usage and other similar activity. This is not a book review so I only wish to add that I think Mr. Powell has a good thing going. Not only has he confused people as to whether the book is a dead-serious probe into guerrilla activity or not, but he has indeed provoked some concern among that age of leadership in our society otherwise known as the older generation.

For a more precise view of the book's impact, we now go back to January, 1971. Following are three articles on Powell's book from the school newspaper, The Windham Free Press:

## "ANARCHIST COOKBOOK"

New York, Jan. 14 - A publishing firm which prides itself on being controversial yesterday disclosed it is publishing a manual for revolutionaries containing instructions ranging from sabotage to murder and mayhem.

Lyle Stuart Inc. said "The Anarchist Cookbook" has come out in a \$12 hardcover edition and a \$5.95 paperback edition which "will be made available to university bookshops." The book's author is William Powell, a student at Windham College, Putney, Vt. According to Powell's forward, he sees his book as a useful handbook for the silent majority when the "fascists in power" decide on "final repression of the people." Peter M. Bergman head of a publishing house subsidiary and author of the book's preface, said he thinks the book's chief interest will be "for the square guy who wants to know what is going on."

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

The book instructs in surveillance, explosives, lethal gases, wire-tapping, electronic jamming, use of guns and knives, garroting and booby-trapping. It is profusely illustrated with photographs and diagrams. A lengthy section on drugs gives formulas for making LSD and cooking with marijuana and hashish.

The cover of the book bears this warning: "...keep in mind that the topics written about here are illegal and constitute a threat."



As an example the weapons section on knives offers this advice: "The heart is another fatal spot to be considered in your attack. A sharp thrust will usually slip off the rib cage and penetrate the heart. This type of thrust should incorporate an upward swing."

Lyle Stuart, head of the publishing firm, said "a great many" people on his staff thought the book was dangerous and should not be published.

"Some were appalled," he said. "The stockholders were in a state of shock."

"But I am the one who made the final decision. I think Bergman's prefatory note puts the whole issue into perspective. People like the Weathermen have called me and said they were opposed to the book -- that the general public shouldn't know these things."

Dear Mr. Powell:

May I congratulate you and your publisher on the projected publication of "The Anarchist Cookbook," described

(to page fourteen)

in a news despatch this morning as "a manual for revolutionaries containing instructions raging from sabotage to murder and mayhem." Particularly illuminating were your succinct instructions for killing a man with a dagger through the heart.

Your book should be of great value to those of the Right and the Left who are working to destroy the hated established order which clings to an outmoded belief in the sacredness of human life, which fosters a pathetic hatred of violence and suffering, and which worships the false gods of reason, tolerance, and personal freedom.

Your complete repudiation of these degenerate ideas encourages me to believe that you may very well contribute importantly to the completion of the work that Adolf Hitler was prevented from accomplishing, despite his success in destroying the republic against which he waged his revolutionary guerrilla campaign.

May I call your attention, however, to the need for a second volume. You have studied to good advantage the terrorist tactics used by the Nazis in achieving power. You have not as yet provided instructions in the efficient wielding of that power in such a way as to prevent the recedescence of liberal and democratic heresies once the Establishment based upon them has been destroyed.

May I therefore suggest that you study carefully the records of the Nuremberg trials. They have been cited extensively by liberals who have obviously been horrified by what went on at Auschwitz, Belsen, Buchenwald, and Dachau. No one, I believe, has studied them in the spirit that you would bring to the task. The admiring attitude toward the infliction of pain and death which seems to animate "The Anarchist Cookbook" should prevent you from succumbing to liberal, bourgeois humanitarianism and should enable you to read the Nuremberg record simply as a manual of instructions. Extremists need a detailed handbook on the construction and operation of instruments of torture, and your book, with its enthusiastic descriptions of dynamiting, garroting, and booby-trapping, shows that you are the man to write it. I look forward particularly to your description of the procedure (worked out in one of the Nazi concentration camps) for tanning human skin to make lampshades. An ornament of this sort would be a center of attraction in your dormitory room at Windham College, alongside the trophies that you have already perhaps collected (such as gold teeth from the persons who have been stabbed or garroted according to your specifications.)

## A TRIP DOWN HELL'S CANYON

As I boarded the Mohawk jet liner, visions and ideas of all sorts flashed through my mind in the anticipation of my upcoming journey through the deepest canyon in the world. Hell's Canyon, which covers 85 miles of the very lengthy Snake River in the west, forms the border line between Idaho and Oregon, and Idaho and Washington further north. As the jet began its ascent, I thought of the Grand Canyon, of wolves and coyotes, of deep blue skies, of cows and cowboys. Having been a Long Islander, unexposed to western living and beauty, my dreams were built purely out of second hand information.

To begin with, it was my first flight above the clouds, which is a whole new phenomena in itself. The dream-like softness of weather seen from above provides for another world just a few thousand feet up. Such splendor must have been Joni Mitchell's inspiration without a doubt (I've looked at clouds from both sides now"). I was also entertained with two sunsets, since we stopped at both Detroit

and Denver.

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

Later that morning in April, we were picked up and brought across the state line to the small town of Halfway, Oregon, where we spent the night in a tent. Awakening at 6 the next morning, which was Monday, we collected all of our necessities and began our 5 day excursion, planning to end up in Lewiston, Idaho, on Friday, and fly home Saturday. 20 people, of whom 4 were "guides," climbed aboard 2 rubber rafts, 15 feet in length, 6 in width. The Snake River proved to be quite rough, and going down the rapids was a thrilling

experience, to say the least, despite the fact that we didn't flip once. In 5 days, we saw hundreds of cows and sheep, 2 elk, 5 eagles, approximately 25 different types of birds, many deer and various other forms of animal life foreign to the easterner. One of the guides felt something crawling on his leg, casually brushed off the insect, to find it was a baby scorpion. Baby or not, they can be quite poisonous. We would stop for snacks, lunch, or just a rest and view. I would occasionally climb the nearby hills, which were barren and velvety. I would always watch where I put my hands and feet; as rattlesnakes are quite common in the Northwest. The sky was a constant deep blue, unpolluted, and the stars were just unbelievable. The 3D effect of the West is an impossible thing to describe. You will find canyons behind mountains behind plateaus, brown and green, with every detail razor-sharp in the gleaming sun.

The warmth, friendliness, and knowledge of the other passengers, all of whom were Westerners, added greatly to this memora-

ble occasion. They would describe things and point out certain characteristics of the West with which we were not familiar. They were happy, outgoing, outdoors-type people, always glad to help. The food was also excellent. Awaiting the first "CHEEOOOOW" call, which always echoed loudly in the hills, I anticipated bare necessities as far as dinner was concerned. Ten minutes later, huge pieces of freshly made steak filled my heart and stomach with joy.

Deep in a 5500-foot canyon (the highest point was 6600), the daylight only lasts from 10 until 4, but those 6 or 7 hours a day were the most fulfilling hours I've ever spent. Once I woke up to the sound of a clanging bell very near. I looked out of the tent, to find a bewildered sheep staring at me from five feet away. We had pitched camp in the middle of a sheep field. Most of the time I would sit back, read, think, and enjoy the view. And what a view.

Bruce Poli

# November Movies

## SUNDAY

NOVEMBER  
1971



S	M	T	W	T	F	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. fleishner

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  
doestoyevsky

16  
YOUNG  
TORLESS  
SCHLONDORFF

23  
hamlet  
pasternak

30  
METROPOLIS  
fritz lang

## wednesday

3  
trash  
paul morrisey

10  
RIDE the HIGH  
COUNTRY  
sam  
peckinpah

17  
the  
general  
buster keaton

24  
thanks —  
giving

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 Hegeman and watch the board for the time and place at which Senate will have the candidates give their qualifications.

## FRIDAY

5  
the  
golem  
PAUL WEGENER

12  
DESIGN  
for  
LIVING  
E. LUBITSCH

19  
the  
killers  
DON  
SIEGEL

26  
Thanks-  
giving

FILM COMMITTEE:  
Vicki Garnick (Chairman)

Bob Avrech  
Ellen Cosgrove  
Nancy Gollady  
Larry Gross  
Harvey Yaffe



# ECONOMY

(continued from page one)

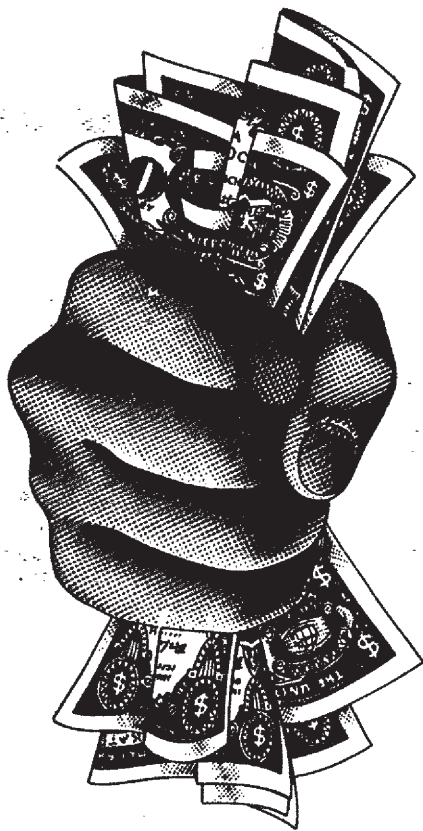
review these standards for consistency with the anti-inflation goal. If either the Pay Board or the Price Commission is unable to develop the continuing standards in time to take effect at the end of the freeze, it may propose interim standards. In the event the Board or Commission do not develop interim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

It is comforting to have all eventualities covered.

In short, these bodies, composed of labor and industrial representatives and members defending the public interest, must formulate, perhaps ad hoc as the requests come in, an 'incomes Policy' somewhat related to the attempts of the 1960's in Great Britain and on the Continent to stem inflationary movements -- with, I might add, none too satisfactory results. We 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 so that technological progress can be passed on to the public with either steady or falling prices while, at the same time, wages can be increased as a reward for rising productivity. But what may be good economics cannot be counted upon to convince labor bargainers 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 sluggish growth and unemployment in the U.S. economy with very little upward price pressure. The guidelines became less effective as the 1965 economic exuberance 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' education value -- that is, bringing to 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 opinions offered during this period that the price level rises 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, actually may have another side to it -- that is, our demand for higher prices and wages push up the very level toward which we think of ourselves as adjusting.

If the educative value of these five years of experience is as widespread as some think, then the Phase Two job of the Price Police may be simplified. I would be inclined to say that great achievements in this area are rather unlikely. Both Unions and industry already talk of their experience for the three month period as a time of martyrdom and are, 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 'me-tooism' from both sides of the inflationary spiral -- Unions arguing that wages must rise to maintain the purchasing power value of money wages and large industry arguing that their prices must rise to make up for the cost squeeze that they see foisted upon them from below by overzealous trade unions. As for the present, the only specific item in the second phase of the program is that vague mention of opposition to the generation by the program of 'windfall profits', if one can call this a specific phrase at all. If one were talking of pre-1967 guideposts, this phrase would denote



much more than it does today. As it stands 'windfall' would seem to connote an implied control on some sort of unwarranted or unfair movement of prices at the expense of labor as wages lag prices. As Union leaders have shown in their initial reaction to such a reading, terminology such as this is seen as nothing more than a bone thrown to a labor sector that has grown too sophisticated economically and too powerful politically to be duped by such vague language.

Though the past month has shown some rather encouraging signs of the beginnings of a strong recovery in the economy, especially 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 economies when such major interventions as the wage freeze have been followed by, if anything, more stringent 'phase twos'. We have recent evidence of the ability and non-reluctance 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 Governmental stocks of these metals. To use the term 'free enterprise' in the face of such actions is a travesty and hardly bodes well for any kind of automatic functioning of the price-wage mechanism 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 economic system; we should not stop them from working even to cure an inflationary fever. I do not intend to impose wage and price controls which would substitute new, growing and more vexatious problems for the problems of inflations.' In the light of subsequent policies such a statement reminds one of Nanki - Poo's song in *The Mikado* -- 'This is What I'll Never Do.'

Partly to alleviate fears of the sort I have expressed as to the future workings of the program, the 'Background Paper' I quoted above carries a paragraph 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 purpose, as it is being tolerated during the freeze. But this will not last for long. Therefore, more concern for fairness is required, even though perfect fairness is difficult to attain.'

It is most comforting to reflect on this.

R. WILES

# reflects

(continued from page twelve)

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

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

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

Professor of History  
University of Washington  
Seattle, Washington 98105

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

On a recent visit to Manhattan, I overheard a conversation between two businessmen, which I recorded as follows:

"So did you get your trophy?" the first business man asked.

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



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

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

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

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

"Like the signs of the zodiac on birthday cards."

"You've got the idea."

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

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

"They'd be as big as Frisbees. The American Legion'd go bananas."

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

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

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

"Of course."

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

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

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

KEVAN LOFCHIE

