

RED TIDE

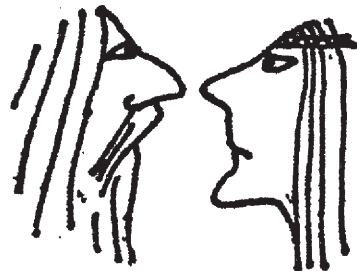
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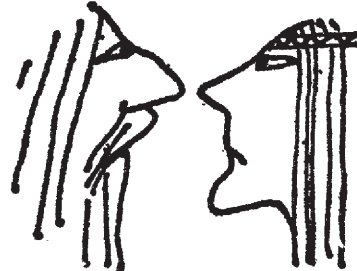
I'M NOT A MALE
CHAUVINIST PIG.



I'M A MAN, YOU'RE
A WOMAN.



I HAVE HANG UPS.
YOU HAVE HANG UPS.



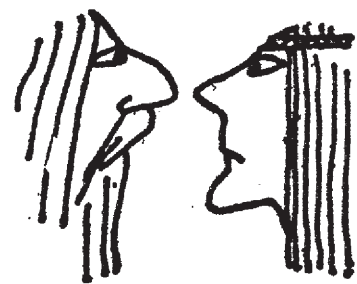
WE'RE BOTH VICTIMS OF
THE SAME OPPRESSIVE
SYSTEM.



WE'RE BOTH EQUAL
PARTNERS IN THE
SAME STRUGGLE.



WE ALL HAVE THE
SAME GOALS.



BUT WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IS AFTER FIGHTING ALL DAY
TO ACHIEVE THOSE GOALS-



WHY DO I HAVE TO
COME HOME TO A
DIRTY COMMUNE?



ONE MILLION - 5

SEPARATION IS DOOM. WE ARE FREE PEOPLE, AND WE DEMAND A FREE MUSIC, A FREE HIGH ENERGY SOURCE THAT WILL DRIVE US WILD INTO THE STREETS OF AMERICA YELLING AND SCREAMING AND TEARING DOWN EVERYTHING THAT WOULD KEEP PEOPLE SLAVES.

JOHN SINCLAIR-
POLITICAL PRISONER

A newspaper serving

RED  TIDE

the Bard Community



DOES ADOLPH'S ALIENATE?

HEY BRO' WHAT'S HAPPENING?

What's going on...

I'll tell you WHAT'S GOING ON...

PLENTY OR PLENTY OF NOTHING

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS

TROUBLE BREWING ON THE NORTH
SIDE OF TOWN

Town, referring to that Haven-on-the-Hudson-Ha, Annandale Trouble, referring to what went down, happened, occurred, et.c., Saturday night at that swinging nightspot situated in the heart of that aforementioned haven. Namely, for those of you not so 'into' riddles,

ADOLPH'S

CHECK THIS OUT!

We arrive at Adolph's around 12:30 P.M. after partying at 'home' (Stephens House) for some two hours, (this phenomena may be known to some of you affectionately as 'alienating' ourselves). To get back on the track, we arrive at Adolph's around 12:30 P.M. ready to party hearty. It could even be said we were going to 'interact' (another affectionate euphemism that has come to be part of the articulate vocabulary you have for speaking of US and Our doings) with members of the Bard community and the surrounding area.

Lo and Behold, a great number of you were even ready to 'interact' with us --- approximately 3.

So the scene is set. James Brown comes on with Hot Pants and we begin.

As often happens at Adolph's, our interaction takes the form of two lines wherein one person at a time comes down the lines hips gyrating, feet revolving, and fingers snapping having a good time to the music.

As I mentioned before, or maybe I didn't, being The place in Annandale, naturally Saturday night is The night -- Adolph's was packed townies and students alike all 'interacting'.

Three cheers for harmonious living, at any rate at the height of our passion.*

*At this point let me digress and make a few of our feelings clear. Particularly, let me see, how best to put this to you so that you might truly understand.... Dancing is to some of us as smoke is to some of you. Need I say more? And next, noise is no more abhorrent to us than cats and dogs in dining commons are to some of you.

Therefore, with this in mind, you can imagine our outrage, horror and hurt when Albina appears down the center of our line, hands on hips, frown on lips, telling us:

'We can't have all this NOISE!'
(meantime we've noticed the music has been turned off.)

*NOISE -- referring to finger poppin', hands clappin', singing.

Let me point out that the majority of us were Penguin-ing. This form of 'tribal' dance involves the Shimmying of the feet in a rotating manner similar to the ole Uncle Willy, both feet firmly planted on the ground. Therefore, NOISE does not even include the 'stomping of feet' since for this to have occurred and indeed

been part of the racket, we would have fallen flat on our faces.

So back to the formidable figure of authority---

'We can't have all this NOISE!'

We -- meaning Albina, since no one else seemed disturbed. In fact, most of the populace there was so glad to see some real 'interaction' that a smile of appreciation had crept over formerly barren doleful faces. Those not touched by alcohol really seemed touched by us and the lively atmosphere good music and good company generate.

Can't have -- will not put up with, will turn off the music so we will not have to put up with.

As far as putting up with -- I've (in my five semesters here) seen Albina put up with more than NOISE. How about breaking glasses with one's bare hands just to elicit the oohs and ahs of a truly appreciative audience. How about three glasses in one night, and how about Albina sweeping away the glass with no comment one way or the other.

Aside from the fact that this may show her to be 'uncultured' since she didn't respond with the proper oohs and ahs, it also shows her to be a woman of some courage and fortitude. And as such, her inability to cope with NOISE casts her in a poor light.

A WORD TO THE WISE ----

WATCH YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE ALBINA

BIG BROTHER IS NOT ONLY WATCHING YOU---- HIS QUARTERS, NICKELS, DIMES AND DOLLARS PUT YOU WHERE YOU ARE.

Why, you ask, are we so upset by this little incident?

Why, we ask, are you so upset when we 'alienate' (refer to opening paragraphs) ourselves?

Aside from this incident dampening our spirits, and being indicative of situations we encounter every day here at Bard (check out all the fuss over some of us living and eating together vs. fuss over other common interest groups eating together, i.e. drama table, and remember the good old God Squad?), one could even say our 'interaction' was thwarted. Angry, disgusted and hurt, we left rather than impose our NOISE on Albina (not to mention that as a result of our deplorable 'interaction' the music was turned down so low as to render it nonexistent).

And as we left, we made comments ranging from -- 'Shit, any time WE congregate and make NOISE they get worried,' 'They're not ready,' 'Was it just the NOISE, or the NOISE coming from a bunch of US?' to 'Why the hell don't they open a theological seminary if they don't want any NOISE.'

In conclusion, LET ME MAKE ONE THING PERFECTLY CLEAR, ADOLPH'S will either have to adapt or respond to the needs of the people it serves, OR, back to the drawing board for another common ground for 'interaction' that meets everybody's needs. However, until that time,

LONG LIVE ALIENATION.

Yours in 'interaction', an alienated member of the community,
Linda West

RED TIDE

JACKIE KEVESON JULIE GELFAND LEE FRYD GENE ELK
 DIANA AHLGREN SOL LOUIS SEGEL CAROL DANNEBERG LIS SEMEL
 ELLIE AIMONE MICHAEL APPELBAUM ERIC ARNOULD
 RICK WEINBERG LINDA WEST

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LA VERDAD

TRINIDAD PANAMA
 PUERTO RICO CUBA

On October the twenty seventh, a packed house of Bard students, was given a clear and realistic look into the oppressed lives of my people. They saw and heard about the causes and effects that the "Whiteman's" oppression has inflicted upon my people. It was through "The World of Piri Thomas" that they (the students) were made aware of the pain, depression, exploitation, and the slow execution of not only my people, but of all the so called "minorities" of the world. And who is responsible, for all this suffering which we the minorities are going through? The "Whiteman" that's who!

And for those of my Brothers and Sisters who attend church, for those of you who spend your time kneeling and praying and looking towards the sky, while the "Whiteman" exploits the very floor on which you are kneeling, wake up. There is no Hell after death, because the life you are living is Hell. This is Hell and the Whiteman is the Devil.

or that the color of our skin is different or is it because we want our children to grow up in the same way that the "Whiteman's" children grow up. We want our children to grow up healthy, have a good education have clothes on their backs, have some good food to put in their stomachs. In short we want what the "Whiteman" has, a chance to live as human beings, and not live a life in which we are treated like animals.

For all of you, who call yourselves liberals, for those of you who feel some kind of guilt and want to do something in order to help us, this is what you can do. Give up your mansions and penthouses to the poor and come live in the rat infested apartments that exist in our slums today. Let your children eat the peeling paint chips from the wall, and die like our children have died, let your women be raped and kicked around like you, have raped and kicked our women. Let someone in your family die of a sickness because you don't have enough to pay for the proper treatment. And when that person dies, begging on the streets for money in order to get him buried. No there is no such thing as being a liberal. For in order to be liberal, you, the "Whiteman", must die and be born again not as a "Whiteman" but as a part of a "minority group." Only then will you be able to really feel the guilt that you claim you feel now. Only then will you be a so called liberal.

Many of my Brothers and Sisters have an identity problem, resulting from the fact that either their skin color is lighter than most of us or that they have come from a middle class family, that no doubt has kissed the "Whiteman's" ass to get where they are. First of all being that my people are hybrids of many different races, we have in Puerto Rico people whose skin color ranges from "Whiteman" white to the blackness of our Brothers in Africa. Our hair texture ranges from very fine as that of our yellow or Indian Brothers to the tight curly hair which we find in our African brothers. Our eye color ranges from light green to blue, to brown, to black. The identity problem occurs when a Brother or Sister being white, with fine hair and blue eyes and comes from middle class background, finds themselves identifying with the "Whiteman" rather than with his or her own people. This same identity problem also occurs with Brothers and Sisters who may be black in color with tight curly hair, in which case they straighten their hair, by burning it or whatever other ways they can do it, so that it represents the hair of the "Whiteman". For all of you Brothers and Sisters who have this identity problem, I'll tell you this, you may be able to cop out of our struggle against the "whiteman" by pretending to be "white" but when the shit hits the fan, you will be wiped out before anyone else and the funny thing about it is, that you'll be wiped out by the same people you are pretending to be, and that's going the easy way. For any of you Brothers and Sisters, who have any idea of joining the Toms, think about it, and dig yourselves for what you really are, love your kinky hair, love the blackness of your skin, love your native tongue, be Proud of your ethnic background and as our Brother Piri Thomas puts it, "Walk Tall or Not at All."

This has been my own interpretation of what Mr. Piri Thomas was trying to get across to you of you who were at his lecture. As far as I am concerned he did an excellent job even though he was not as blunt as I am. I give my personal thanks for having Mr. Thomas up here, to do his thing for our (Minorities) cause.

If you have any points you want to bring out Pro or Con about this article, drop a line in my mailbox which is 240.

Walking Tall
 &
 Forever Latin,
 Hector Cortijo
 Public Relations
 Latin American Organization

letters

To The Red Tide:
 Congratulations on the content of your last issue. For the first time a Bard paper has had the courage and sense to attack two most vital issues in this small community, the use of hard drugs as a destructively ANTI-SOCIAL habit, and as a tool against radical commitment; and the fashion for a kind of debilitating inertia among the middle-class students. No student who has had to fight either a financial battle or a battle against deadening convention to come to Bard, could share in this mild and rather boring fashion for depression and the obscene tinges of racism that seem to accompany it. It is nonsense to suppose that there is neither racial prejudice, sexual prejudice, or social snobbery at Bard. It is bound to contain, in miniature, most of the prejudices of the larger community out of which it springs. But at least we can begin to rid ourselves of these outmoded, self-destructive and cruel attitudes by facing them with some shame, and by the realization that they are the by-products of impotence. It is impotence, not strength or style or passion that is exposed—by prejudice, by inertia, and often by the attempt to please one's peers inherent in the overuse of drugs. My only question to those who act as reflectively as this is, which peer are you pleasing?

Mary Lee Settle

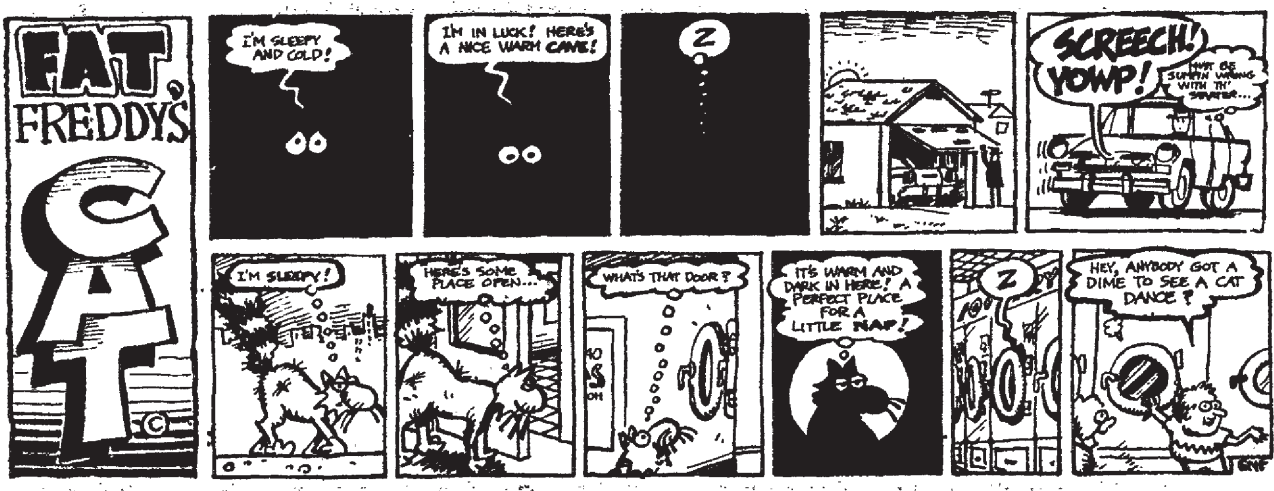
Dear (out of courtesy, of course) Editors,
 After seeing Chairman Mao on the front and the Soledad Brothers on the back of your latest rag, it was rather obvious that this was going to be yet another one of your radical-propaganda yellow journals. It was so obvious, in fact, that I didn't even bother reading it. You have to be sick to feed the student body such trash.
 (What do you intend to do about my nauseating stories now, Mr. Siegel?)
 Signed
 John Taylor Nelson
 (and the hell with courtesy)

FROM: John Juhl
 TO: Bard Community

Dear Bard:
 I'm writing this letter to the Bard Community because there is this little itchy grain of sand that is irritating me.
 First of all, I hope you all had fun on Halloween, got high, whatever. I had a pretty good time, but sometime while I was cutting across the floor packed mass jumble of bodies and rhythms and I notice some bottles and cups and

What causes a Brother or Sister to shoot dope into their body? Is it because they want to get high for the kick of it, or is it because by getting high, their minds will drift into a world of fantasy - where the reality of their meaningless lives in this "Whiteman's" world will be forgotten
 What is this reality? The reality is, having to live in a rat infested apartment with seven or eight or more brothers and sisters and not having a father because he died, or maybe he just got tired of working himself to death and not being able to support his family, he just ran out, and your mother is on welfare, and you are trying hard to stay in school and at the same time, getting a part-time job to help with the bills, and later if you do make it through high school, you find out that you got a second or maybe even a third rate education because your teachers are all middle class "whites" who don't know how to relate to someone from a "Minority" group and that the only jobs you find are "Slave" jobs because of your third rate education, and at the end of each week having to give the most part of your check to Mr. Nixon and his boys, to send men to the moon so that it too can be exploited, as the "Whiteman" has exploited every country on this earth, and to make guns and bombs, to destroy little yellow people because of their beliefs in a different political structure and why? What great crime have we, the "Minorities" of the world committed to deserve the inhuman treatment of this Devil "Whiteman?" Is it because we have a different culture,

to page 7





morning. after pill

The Morning-After Pill, or diethylstilbestrol (DES) as it is technically called, has been used by some doctors for many years to prevent conception in women who have had intercourse without any contraceptive protection. DES has also been used in hospitals to protect rape victims. Until now, how DES actually works and what side effects it produces had not been studied. Last week though, a study on the effectiveness of DES was published in the Journal of the American Medical Association. The physician who conducted the study was Dr. Lucile K. Kuchera. The results state that of the women who were given DES within 72 hours of intercourse, not one of them became pregnant, and the only side effects known so far are mild nausea, which occurred with a few women. Despite this, DES will not be used as an ordinary sort of contraception because it must be taken twice a day for five days after intercourse, and because doctors are still not certain how it prevents contraception from taking place.

by Carol Denenberg

to

THE BARD COMMUNITY

I thought you'd be interested in this letter I sent to the Dean. It is, I hope, self-explanatory.

Susie Van Leuven

October 25, 1971

Dean Selinger
Administration Office
Bard College
Annandale-on-Hudson
New York, 12504

Dear Dean Selinger,

I attended Bard College for two years several years ago. I left because I failed Moderation. I understand exactly why I didn't pass, and I think I have some idea of your educational aspirations. Clearly I wasn't one of your better students. I am writing now to try and communicate my ideas on education, and compare them to yours. Basing my comparison on my experience and your catalogue, I have come to the following conclusions.

The Bard student 'should develop a genuine interest in things intellectual and artistic sufficient to motivate continuing self-education in several diverse fields.' (catalogue, p.9, 71-72 issue). My experience, unfortunately, was to the contrary. My interest was destroyed by a static and conservative view of literature shared by most of the literature teachers I had. They seemed to believe there is only one correct interpretation of a piece of writing. My self-esteem and my desires for 'self-education' dwindled as the semesters went by. My own interests in literature and my courses in literature became divided. My motivation was obliterated by statements from professors. The gist of their conversation and counseling was the following: 'You really aren't made for college. You should be a housewife. None of your work has shown any capacity on your part.' My ideas for continuing education after Bard were somewhat

destroyed by a recommendation from one of my teachers. The gist was: '(Susie) lacks in capacity to learn. Her abilities are limited. We at Bard feel she isn't college material.' I felt, at least, that my college education could be developed elsewhere; where people might have difficulty understanding my 'inadequate' capabilities for learning.' It was no easy task to enroll at Antioch College with that recommendation in the fall of 1969.

My ideas on education are quite to the contrary. Learning is a valuable experience that should never be ceased; confidence is a necessary tool. A person cannot learn by being told what and how to think. He learns by understanding different concepts and evaluating his own ideas. In literature, where the field is so vast and interpretation for each major piece of literary work is so varied, there can be no correct or incorrect evaluation for said work. For Milton books were 'the life-blood of the master spirit.' For me, they were also the soul and very emotions of the writers. Different interpretations were not to be passed lightly away. The moment the door of perception is shut on an exploratory mind, interest and curiosity end. The student no longer finds a positive reinforcement, to put this into behaviorist terms. An endless cycle begins the moment a student believes himself to be inadequate. His work shows this, and thusly, he feels worse because of his work. Thus on and on ad infinitum.

I see my role here as a builder of bridges, not a burner of same. I must illuminate certain discrepancies in your educational system. I took an American Literature class at Bard for one year. I notice you are still offering this course. In this class we studied the written literature of the early American white writers of the eastern United States. This assumption that literature can only be what is written negates the possibility of other cultures having a strong and traditional oral literature. If the oral literature of the Native Americans and Afro-Americans is negated, so is their culture. This narrow thinking leads to my second point. What is American literature? Or better yet,

what does it mean to be an American? If we look into the history of the United States; and if we look into our present multi-racial, multi-cultural country, we cannot deny that all our peoples are not American. Yet we do. When American literature is studied at Bard the literature, both oral and written, of the Chicanos, the Asian-Americans, the Native Americans and the Afro-Americans is forgotten. Do you really mean that the student at Bard 'should have some grasp of the history of mankind and of the broad lines of intellectual and artistic development and achievement?' (catalogue, p.9, 71-72).

The final point of my letter deals with the matter of tuition. How many parents can afford to pay \$17,896.00 for four years of college? In this situation you will never have the diversity of culture, thought or ideas which can be found in some state colleges in California. Your student body is limited to a choice and lucky number of students who can afford it; and, unfortunately, are from the same background. If you could combine your knowledge and abilities with a state college and strive to make college available to anyone who wants it, you'll have a better educational system, and better educated graduates. For goodness sake, my tuition for one semester costs less than one year's worth of Community Dues at Bard.

Education is a learning experience to be valued. Growth occurs in the mind and the spirit through continuing education. I certainly hope no other student was told they didn't have the ability or the capacity to get a decent college education. They might never convince themselves they still have a chance.

Sincerely yours,

Susanna Van Leuven
Sonoma State College
senior

Susanna Solomon, at Bard 67-69

interview with

LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's Note: Two and a half years ago Kathleen Cleaver left the United States to live and work in voluntary exile in Algiers in the Black Panther Party's Ministry of Information.

Kathleen was in New York last week, and we had the opportunity to interview her. We asked questions that we thought would be on the minds of many of our readers - questions about the purpose of her trip to the United States; what the International Section has been doing in Algiers since the furor that surrounded the split in the Black Panther Party last winter; urban guerrilla warfare in the United States; and the Timothy Leary episode that was the focus of so much attention and confusion last winter.

We felt that it was important to expand our understanding of the "Algiers faction" beyond the realm of hunches and vague feelings. The following interview gives a first-hand account of what the International Section thinks, and how they function.)

The first question we wanted to ask was about the purpose of your trip in the United States, and what you want to do while you're here.

The initial impetus is to lay the foundation to create the Revolutionary People's Communication Network, which we feel is the type of structure that could link up on an international level the revolutionary organizations, movements and individuals that are all working with common ideas but with different ways and means.

This means linking up our facilities for getting and putting out information, and linking up our activities if and when that's practical. The primary thing is to maintain direct and regular communication within the country and outside, because that way there is an international revolutionary movement.

There's a lot of activity going on in a lot of different places inside the United States but there's also a lot of isolation. People aren't talking. They're relating specifically to their area, or specifically to their friends or their group.

What kind of people will you be talking to on your trip?

What's being organized is a nationwide speaking tour. We'll be talking to all different kinds of people, in large part on campuses because this is where you can make speaking engagements. But we also want to meet with other groups or organizations that can get something together.

We want to talk to many of the ex-Panthers and original Panthers. We've taken a position that the Party is dead, but that doesn't mean the Panthers are. There's a lot of people who are alive, who are moving around. Some are in jail; some are getting out of jail; some are doing other things. There's a wealth of experience and attitude and information among these people.

So you don't consider yourself a Black Panther Party?

Well the RPCN is not a political organization: it's a network. It was created by the former Ministry of Information of the Black Panther Party, but it is not aligned to it, because it doesn't exist anymore.

When you're out speaking to students and other organizations, what specifically do you want from them?

They could tell me about what they're doing, what's happening in their area, what their problems are. I could tell them about international situations, or about things I know about relating to the Party, or past political experiences.

Through Algiers we're in contact with all the liberation movements from Africa and Palestine, and many of the governments from revolutionary countries.

It's really an important center where you can collect, exchange and distribute information. But if the information can't be taken out of Algiers, and if more information can't be put in, then it's not benefitting the American revolutionary struggle.

It might be good if you could describe what the International Section does.

In September, 1970, we received the status of a liberation movement in Afro-American struggles from the Algerian government. We were then given office quarters which we work out of now. It's interesting that the former occupants of this office were the South Vietnamese. When the PRG was formally recognized by the Algerian government they moved into other quarters and the Afro-Americans got the building.

In the International Section we do a lot of work in communication because that's the key to maintaining any kind of active role in the struggle. Once you're in exile, there's a limit to the physical contribution you can make, because you can't move. So until that situation is alleviated, the most important thing is to maintain contact, maintain communication and distribute as much information as you can.

That raises a question in my mind - what kinds of things you'll be talking about on kinds of political views do you want to discuss with the students particularly? Because I think that especially among white students there is a lot of confusion about what the International Section thinks or pushes.

revolu comr

A lot of people, specifically in the white movement, have felt confused as to what to do at this point. I think that people are definitely trying to figure some things out. But, for instance, at demonstrations for a long time, people have been exhorted to pick up the gun. Recently, at an Attica demonstration, someone from the New York Panthers got up and said, "We can't have anymore demonstrations. This is the last demonstration."

Kathleen Cleaver

I'd like to come to a point where we'd be able to establish some type of working unity for future communication and contact. It's not a matter of sitting down and rapping to people. Things are much too serious now, just to sit around and talk to people.

So you'll want them to send you information when you go back, and you'd like to be able to extend the RPCN to them as well?

Right. We'd like to establish a very broad base of contact, and on the basis of that, begin to circulate information, and on the basis of that, build up something that's very solid. Because as time goes by, it's going to become more and more difficult to get any information outside of the United States.

You know, people don't see much of the RPCN in the United States and they don't realize that it goes to other parts of the world as well.

Well, so far we have Germany, Algiers and we're working with some people in England

The development of the RPCN is from the experience of the third world and from the experience of the first world, knowing the problems of each. In the third world there are many liberation struggles that are quite advanced, quite developed, like the Eritrean liberation struggle (for independence from Ethiopia), but they have great difficulty in getting the information out. The facilities for communication and mass media distribution are just not there.

We've been able to get enough equipment together to maintain communication with the struggles in the United States and also with the struggles elsewhere in the world.

We have a communications room with tapes and telex and tape recorders. We get a lot of news programs in from all over the world. We put out a radio program, and we make tapes to send back to the United States. We issue a bulletin which we send all over the world, call Information, which is published in French and English. We also initiated the formation of a new newspaper.

Right On?

Yes, and now we're going beyond and putting out a national newspaper that's independent of anything else, the RPCN newspaper, Babylon.

We provide a type of facility in Algiers for many other Americans - people who find themselves in a position where they don't want to go to jail, and they've exhausted their underground resources, and so they need some place to go where they can work and live. The number varies, but we have quite a few exiles, and we have to provide for them and their families.

I want to get back a little bit, to the kinds of things you'll be talking about on your trip. During the split that occurred in the Black Panther Party in the United States, the International Section was characterized as the militarist action of the Party.

Well, that's an incorrect political line. There is a need for demonstrations. People who are engaged in armed struggle cannot attend demonstrations, and you have to recognize that you have to have people working on different levels.

I think that the time is over when you need to go to a rally and tell people to pick up the gun. That's not the issue. You go to a rally and deal with the political issues that the people are assembled to deal with. The confusion comes in when people still relate to that unitary structure in which everything is done in one organization - it's no longer functional.

I want to ask you about urban guerrilla warfare. People want to understand how these ideas concretely relate to the United States.

For instance, two policemen were killed in New York during the summer. It seems although it's not quite clear, that it was a whole set-up job. That they were called to a specific place just to be killed.

People raise questions like "Who are these two policemen - why were they killed specifically?" And some of the people who proclaim ecstatically about urban guerrilla warfare in the United States don't deal with their questions. The propaganda that was sent to radio stations after that action didn't explain in concrete terms what the purpose was.

How do you feel about an action like that? I don't mean for that to be a loaded question.

It's definitely loaded.

In terms of the action itself, just as an act - two officers of the repressive forces of the state were killed and whoever killed them got away. That type of action is carried out in any area that is engaging in any type of warfare. Now the United States is very highly urbanized, so you find this type of action taking place in urban areas.

**'it's a question of whether
you recognize
whether you're
in a state of war or not'**

It's a question of whether you recognize whether you're in a state of war or not. The people who raised the questions you mentioned clearly don't define the present situation as a state of war.

There are many people in this country who don't need to be convinced they're in a state of war, who are being persecuted, attacked or dragged into prisoner-of-war

This is true, but this is going to happen whether or not these two pigs were killed or whether they were still working on the beat. I think that a lot of the criticisms that are coming down on this action are criticisms that can be resolved by the correct type of political organization, information and educational work being done. The lack of the apparatus to provide that kind of education is one of the very serious problems in this country.

We're in a period of transition. Things are falling apart and being put together on a higher level. The people who are continuing to act on the principles that they accepted all along and advancing them to these kind of actions are the ones who are getting caught in a jam right now. But there's nothing wrong with the principle. There's something wrong with the political apparatus, the political organization, the education with-

Revolutionary people's communication network

camp -- the people who are receiving the brunt of repression from the police agencies within this country. If they hear that any member of any of the police agencies are killed, that's positive. That's two less enemy.

There are elements of this society who are at war. And I'm sure that the New York Police Force and many other police forces will acknowledge this.

However, there are many other people, many other elements of society, who do not recognize themselves to be in a state of war, and all of these people live in the same city and have access to the same information, perhaps might even live on the same block. So it's a whole question that involves level of consciousness, level of participation in the struggle.

The number of people in the U.S. revolutionary movement, or the U.S. progressive movement, that are actually engaging in urban guerrilla warfare at this time is actually very small, and the apparatus to support them, at this point is very weak.

That doesn't mean that there's something wrong with urban guerrilla warfare. That means that the development of urban guerrilla warfare has not reached the point where it can be successful, often enough that you receive support. Because this is what people will support, your successful activity.

You work in terms of right now, what's happening, how does that fall down. It's a situation thing, it's a wishy-washy thing, it's a vacillating thing, and a lot of opportunism comes in.

So the executioners of the police agents, maybe 5 years from now they will be regarded as heroes. Is their action any less heroic now because people can't understand the situation? Maybe 5 years from now, as the situation becomes more and more obviously one of military confrontation, the people who are engaged in guerrilla warfare now may think that if more people had been shot earlier, the situation would be more together.

It's a very complex situation that you're dealing with, especially in New York, and the urban areas, which is why you're going to have a lot of confusion, a lot of problems.

One problem is that when incidents like the one referred to happen, it enables the government to appropriate much more money, to increase the size of the police forces...

One of the basic mottoes of the Black Panther Party was 'If the racist dog policemen don't withdraw from the community, they must face the wrath of the armed people.' That was a position, you know. It was an alternative - either you get out of the community and stop brutalizing the people, or the people will turn into an army and drive you out, which is essentially what happens in every liberated area -- there is some military organization formed to drive these aggressive forces out.

To translate that principle to the conditions of the United States is a very delicate operation. Many things have to be taken into consideration and a lot of work has to be done. But people who want to engage in guerrilla warfare right now shouldn't be told they can't.

in the movement -- which is not their task to carry out.

The people who raise those questions are coming from an entirely different level of involvement and awareness. They aren't the people who participate in these kinds of activities, and I don't think they should be criticized for that. I think the people who don't understand their actions should be educated so that they can clearly see what it's all about, so that even if they don't agree they don't interfere.

There's one more question that we had, which you don't have to go into great depth --

About Leary?



'I didn't come here to be any example'

Yes.

OK ask me the question, what do you want to know about Leary?

There was an awful lot of anti-international section feeling in the United States by the white movement -- some newspapers for example were into Leary, and didn't understand why he was busted, right?

Now let me tell you something. I had worked with the white movement, but I'd never really examined it -- I mean I wasn't a member of the white movement. And I was perfectly shocked when all of these newspapers reacted that way. It was racist.

We wanted to incorporate this man and his wife into our activities, to make it possible for them to work with us. You know we didn't invite them there, they were brought over there. We did everything we could to make a working situation possible, but they wouldn't cooperate. They'd read books and it would go in one ear and out the other. They'd be told things and it'd go in one ear and out the other.

In what ways wouldn't they cooperate?

We have a very serious political situation you have to deal with. You have to be very careful about what you do, who you talk to, and all other types of things. And Leary and his wife would go out in the desert and take off their clothes and sit on a rug -- you know, in a traditional Algerian countryside.

Now how can you associate yourself with people like this. How can you always be going around making excuses for people who indicate they don't even have common sense, they're just totally unaware of the environment in which they live and the restrictions that they must put upon themselves.

The problem was that they were our responsibility and they were causing us so many security problems and endangering so many other people by the repercussions that their absurd activities were having on us, that we had to put some very heavy discipline on them.

What kind of discipline was involved?

What do you mean what kind of discipline? -- self-discipline.

People talked with them, tried to explain the situation to them, tried to get them to come to some kind of understanding of the position they put us in. But they couldn't relate to any form of collectivism. They just wanted to have an individual, private experience in a collective, completely political type of situation.

After Leary was talked to he was released. He wasn't beaten; he wasn't brutalized; he was just taken from one house in a car and driven to another one.

Are you under any restrictions while you're here?

They have no restrictions they can put on me. They can try to think up some. I hope I can do as much as I can before they come up with what kinds of restrictions they've got. I don't think you need any examples of what they can do. I know what they can do. Everybody knows what they can do. I didn't come here to be any example.

laurence abrams esq - proprietor

by Eric Arnould

with thanks to the Kingston Daily Freeman

Almost unique and in many ways without peer, Laurence Robert Abrams is slowly but inexorably wending his way towards fame and fortune as a master of past arts. At twenty, he has established himself in business at 35 Broadway in Tivoli. His business is the rejuvenation of the technological marvels of the past, especially the player piano. A student for three years, he quit because school left him too little time for action. 'A waste of time,' he says, adding 'I could learn what I wanted to know outside of college.'

He still makes frequent appearances on campus, and can be seen sporting his costume of the past seven years -- a three piece black suit, high collar and bow tie, pince-nez glasses and sometimes gold-headed cane and top hat. For Mr. Abrams is more than a technical master, he is a firm believer in the virtues of Victorian turn of the century life and philosophy. That was a time when people cared about themselves and their works, when craftsmanship was a valued and valuable commodity, when gentlemen and women walked the streets. Degeneracy bores him. Laurence Abrams has taken the time to cultivate the art of wit and conversation, a virtue peculiar to a slower paced life.

For the past eight months Mr. Abrams has been working out of an old building in Tivoli which he probably feels is sounder now than anything being constructed today. This is an opinion he extends to most old buildings and machines as compared to their modern counterparts. Here he collects Victrolas, player pianos and similar antique instruments for repair and restoration. All this work is done painstakingly using all hand tools and the same organic materials as those used in the original production. Currently he is at work restoring a Welte-Mignon grand automatic player piano. This player mechanism is an extremely complicated set of interconnected bellows and innumerable rubber connecting tubes of various shapes and sizes that seems to have been designed by a mad Swiss clockmaker. Like all player pianos, it runs on a vacuum principle, so all connections must be absolutely tight.



Two major types of pianos are restored by Larry, those that have automatic expression devices, like the Welte, and those that don't. None of the five companies that make the players make the automatic expression rolls. These rolls were either made by a sensitive machine responding to an actual performance of the music or by plotting the correct hole positions on graph paper, a long and tedious operation. Larry has mastery of both types of player pianos and with equal facility provides expression through volume, tone and tempo adjustments to a Chopin etude or 'Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair.' His vast collection of piano rolls ranges from ragtime to Classical.

Although most of his experience is with player pianos (he apprenticed for five years to a player piano restorer in Cincinnati) and Victrolas (of which some in his shop are beautiful museum pieces), Larry will try his hand at restoring anything that appeals to his fancy. Among his current long-term projects are the restoration of an orchestration purchased from the Lyceum Theatre (a huge Moog-like contraption weighing 3000 pounds incorporating elements of the piano and organ as well as other instruments that was used to provide the musical accompaniment for silent movies), rebuilding a model T Ford which sits in the outbuilding of his home in Clermont, rebuilding an ornate pot-bellied stove with nickel accoutrements and numerous mica-covered windows purchased from Stockenberg's in Red Hook, and restoring his present home, a fine old farmhouse in nearly mint condition.

At home Laurence Abrams lives rather severely (by modern standards) in nineteenth century style. A pump in the kitchen is his only inside plumbing, and coal burning kitchen and parlor stoves are his only source of heat. He notes that it only costs about \$200 to heat his house all winter this way. His shop is also heated by a pot-bellied stove and has no insulation. To live otherwise would be an escape into modernity for Larry, whose only major concession to the present is his addiction to Coca-Cola.

Larry lives a cultural rejuvenation of the past as well. Besides his fine collection of early 78 recordings and player piano roles, he enjoys Gilbert and Sullivan operetta and other nineteenth century operas. Lucius Beebe and Thomas Edison are stars in his pantheon, and he pores over the former's writings and

the latter's biography.

While Larry's nightmares are centered around the words 'new,' 'improved,' 'bigger,' 'better,' 'faster,' 'more convenient,' he dreams of the day when he can ride to his shop in a horse and buggy, when his shop will be finished in dark-stained wainscoting and function as the showroom for his refinished and restored productions from his own forging, lathing and joining workshop.

On the wall of his shop is the motto: 'A job well done is a customer won,' a slogan he wishes he had coined. He believes his work is some of the best, and while he has a healthy sense of self-humor, sincerity and diligence are his stock-in-trade. Horatio Alger should have seen the Tivoli Player Piano Shop and its proprietor Laurence Abrams.



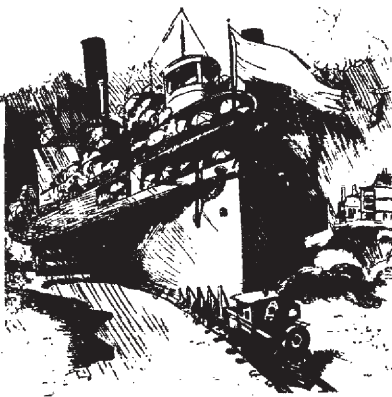
Musician Ship

by SOL LOUIS SIEGEL

Mitch Korn once again graced Bard Hall with his presence last Monday night, demonstrating his usual near-omnipotence on the guitar and coming on in far better voice than he did last spring. His repertoire consisted mainly of the things he did at that last concert, but they all sounded better this time around, because his voice, which sounded rather frail last time, was, if not always clear, considerably more powerful; it carried a lot of conviction behind it, and it made a lot of songs that seemed ordinary last semester memorable experiences this time. Another help was Geoff MacAdie's bass playing, which added a new dimension to the instrumental work. (Lou Silver played bongos, but I couldn't hear them, and I was sitting in the first row.) A new song, 'City Census', was the high point; it was a well made protest song that was brilliantly pulled off. But some of the 'repeats', most notably his white-man-and-Indian song, 'Such a Friend of Mine', and his Indian sun-chant song, which closed the program, were also extremely impressive. In other words, an all-around good show.

Now for records of various sizes and shapes.

Mitch asked me to put in a good word for the Pentangle's new album, REFLECTION (Reprise), which isn't too difficult a task, since this British group has always produced a folk-rock music with their own kind of 'rock' that is both exciting and truly beautiful. Their latest is no exception. The material is longer and more difficult, but no less rewarding. Gorgeous!



Another dorm-mate asked me to put in a good word for PAPA NEBO (Atlantic) because he has a friend in the group and because he thinks it's especially good. I'm willing to admit that this American folk-rock ensemble does far better work than 90% of the groups being recorded, but that other 10% is a lot of groups. Even so, I find many of Michael Packer's songs to be quite listenable, and, more importantly, relistenable. I'm told that these recordings were messed up in the mixing. Knowing our great recording industry, I wouldn't be surprised.

PLASTIC DREAMS (Atlantic) is the latest effort of the Modern Jazz Quartet. I was going to write a lengthy review of it, singing its praises, then decided that in the case of this combo, it would be overkill.

And, for you masochists out there, Warner has put out a live double album by Rod McKuen, consisting primarily of mediocre music sung by McKuen, who has a less-than-mediocre voice. Actually, some of these songs might sound fairly good performed by someone with a voice, but that's academic here. The thing is called GRAND TOUR. Forewarned is forearmed.

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I say to myself this is a really nice floor to dance on and I start noticing little candies kind of ground into the floor like chewing gum and I see this broken bottle here and there and in between is the kind of studded pattern of the flattened carmels. You know what broken glass does to bare feet, or hands? You know.

And I wonder to myself how these people could survive if they didn't have somebody to follow along behind them with a shovel and pail. I can see it for horses in Central Park, but for supposedly intelligent people? What a drag to have to discuss it. (We have to discuss it.)

I kept thinking, these people must each have two maids and a full time garbage man to keep up with them at home.

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These are probably the same people who in fifty years will have to have their bed pans emptied or have somebody to do it for them.

You were drunk? Congratulations!

I don't feel particularly hostile to any one individual but it is with reluctance that I communicate these thoughts to you. What I mean is, Why?

Wondering,
John Juhl

P.S. Who me? I didn't do it.



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