The following was submitted to the Art Department as Part two of my Senior Project Statement.

On Thursday, December 4th, a large turnout in Sottery welcomed four women from New York City who raised the question, "Is there a female aesthetic in art?" The women, all involved in the field of art, were Maria Tucker, a curator at the Whitney Museum, Dorothy Rockburne, a sculptor, Lucy Lippard, a critic, and Faith Ringgold, a painter of "Pop Art." Also present was Linda Nochlin, an art Historian and author of an article which appeared in Art News (Jan. 21) entitled "Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?" Throughout the symposium the women stressed the difficulties that a woman faces at every turn when she chooses art as a career. The bankrupt gallery museum system in New York City is rough on men and all but excludes women. However, with the exception of Faith Ringgold, all the women were intent on making it within the system.

I went to the symposium with the hope that it would answer many of the questions I have been asking myself this semester while finishing my senior project in painting. Should my identity as a woman come through in my paintings? Should painting be purely an intellectual process or should it also reflect one's emotions and ideas? Most of all, is it possible to express political views in painting and still create "good" art?

Unfortunately, the women passed over the most vital question of the evening. "If the system is corrupt, why participate in it?" It was only later that I thought about this one question which didn't concern those women who had already made their decisions, that I arrived at the answers to a number of my questions.

The gallery-museum system is a socially responsive, a political force of the class it represents. It dictates what may be considered art and what may be considered trash. To quote Mao, "There is no such thing as art for art's sake, art that stands above classes, art that is detached from or independent of politics. The fact that only the wealthy can afford to own art and only the upper class intellectuals, the artists themselves and some of their friends can understand it is indicative of the social stratification that is inherent in the art world. This is art that is not available to the great majority of the people because they can't afford it and they don't comprehend it. It is quite understandable that non-objective art is elusive world is suffering from less than perfect freedom has begun to shake households. The inequities of our society are becoming harder and harder to ignore. There is an undertone in the art world.

For me, my answer is that art should go to the people. We are going into a revolutionary phase of history, and our art should reflect it. It must be art for and about the people. Feminist art should express feminist attitudes which are easily recognized by those who view it.

From surveys of artists, it can be concluded that there is no inherent quality that pervades all women's work. Feminist art is however that art that does not exploit women, which reaches out to all the people, especially women, and speaks truths to them about women's oppression. Likewise, revolutionary art takes brutal situations and conditions and expresses them in a pictorial form that the people can relate to. It becomes an educational process that exists in the interest of a People's revolution. It is inexpensive and available for all. To say that revolutionary art cannot possibly be "good art" is a fallacy. It is possible for a painting to relay a message and be aesthetically exciting. People's Art, if it truly belongs to the people, can be an ever changing, ever advancing form of art. The more the people are exposed to art that they understand, the easier it will be for them to learn about the elements and concepts of the artistic process. As the people's tastes grow more sophisticated, so may the art.

So, where does this leave me? I am presently completing a senior project of non-objective paintings. I am realizing that emotionally I have no ties with my work, a purely intellectual endeavor. I have, I admit, learned much about special, textual and color relationships that is invaluable to me. However, I don't know where I will start when I have left my project behind. Is the future, my art to include my own sense of social consciousness.

I'm not saying that it's wrong to paint non-objectively, or to paint paintings that lack social thrust. I'm just saying that People's Art as an art form that should not be shunned, seen by my the Bard Art Department faculty. There exist very strong prejudices against this form of art in the department, undoubtedly at the expense of students who may be concerned with it. The art must include the art has a right to his own art, but so does the great majority, the oppressed peoples in our society. It is for them that I would like to paint.

Julie Gelfand

The presence of a group of women artists from New York City at Bard this weekend had a catalytic effect on the community.

In Sottery on Thursday night a symposium was held to deal with the question "Is there a female aesthetic?" Following that, on Friday afternoon, women's and men's consciousness-raising groups were held ranging in size from six to fifteen persons. Each consciousness-raising group decided on a topic to explore. Some choices were sexuality, sensitivity, and fears connected with breaking down sexual roles.

Consciousness raising is not a new technique. It has been used in other countries (e.g. Cuba and China) during times of political change to heighten political awareness. Consciousness raising was, incidentally, started by a woman. The purpose of consciousness raising in respect to sexual liberation is to examine the sexual roles we have been socialized into and consequently break them down and rid ourselves of them.

The energy level at Bard that weekend was higher than usual. Friday night there was a mixed gathering (women and men) that included those of us who were involved with the consciousness-raising groups and some who weren't. Individuals reported what had happened in their particular groups and what it had had on them. A more general discussion followed dealing with problems at Bard. That part of the discussion revealed how many people here feel the need for others to stimulate them; that it is difficult to create without a catalyst; and how easy it is to blame our inability on external rather than internal obstacles (i.e. Bard's location, middle class homogeneity, educational structure). Although these factors can be obstacles, they need not be. There is no time in our lives when we won't have to worry about supporting ourselves. The important thing is to stop blaming our situation for ourselves and MOVE. Already more members of the community seem to be interested in Women's and Men's Liberation.

A new Men's Liberation group is beginning. There are posters all over campus setting the date of Tuesday, December 7th at 8:00 p.m. in Albee Social for the first meeting.

Women's Liberation meetings will continue to meet at 8:15 on Tuesday nights in South Hall Social. If women and men are interested in joining either group, it would be helpful to come to meetings regularly so as not to break down the continuity of the consciousness-raising process.

Laurie Lewis

WAR DECLARED ON SEXISM

The unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form

The theme of this symposium was the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form. A new Men's Liberation group is beginning.

At Bard, the weekend was higher than usual. Friday night there was a mixed gathering of women and men that included those of us who were involved with the consciousness-raising groups and some who weren't. Individuals reported what had happened in their groups and what it had had on them. A more general discussion followed dealing with problems at Bard. That part of the discussion revealed how many people here feel the need for others to stimulate them; that it is difficult to create without a catalyst; and how easy it is to blame our inability on external rather than internal obstacles (i.e. Bard's location, middle class homogeneity, educational structure). Although these factors can be obstacles, they need not be. There is no time in our lives when we won't have to worry about supporting ourselves. The important thing is to stop blaming our situation for ourselves and MOVE. Already more members of the community seem to be interested in Women's and Men's Liberation.

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Laurie Lewis
Most of you will probably remember the sole issue of "Crazy Eights" that appeared a while ago. In the interests of clearing up a confusion that has been, I thought it best to take this opportunity to present the Red Tide's position in relation to "Crazy Eights," and to clarify our editorial policy in general.

Firstly, the printing costs and lay-out materials were provided for free by the Red Tide. We did this because a group of students approached us with the complaint that the Red Tide was not meeting their needs: the Red Tide was, in their view, much too "political." LNS material seemed in their eyes to have priority over original material written by Bard students; and the Red Tide was accused of not printing articles that ran counter to our "leftist" tendencies. Rather than denying these students the opportunity to put their complaints to good use, we offered them our complete cooperation. Only one request did we make: that we have an opportunity to present a statement in the "Crazy Eights" explaining our position. That never happened, through no fault of our own.

Secondly, we would have to insist that LNS material has never and will not take priority over original Bard writing. Articles by Bard students are always accepted and printed more quickly than "canned news." Bard writing is only refused in cases of extremely poor writing.

Most of the material in the paper we have printed, if one bothers to investigate carefully, does not. In fact accord with the political positions of the staff members. The simple truth of the matter is that we have never been in a position to choose or reject specific Bard articles, because of the great lack of original material contributed. An inordinate amount of energy has been spent trying to provide individuals on campus to contribute original articles on any subject. With rare exceptions, our pleas have been met with conspicuous apathy.

If LNS material seems to be printed too often, it's because a Bard student hasn't bothered to get down and write his own account of the story. If we have any editorial policy at all, it is to maintain a semblance of coverage of important events in the "outside world." The general unhappiness of the Bard community, however, is shaped only by those who contribute to it. If the paper seems unrepresentative of your views, then listen from here.

In conclusion, this only very any organization, and particularly a newspaper dedicated to meeting the needs of the community, is going to respond to different needs if specific criticisms are made public. So far, no one has bothered to take the time to present suggestions for improvement, to make personal contributions to or to generally criticize. Until you take the time and interest to make your comments and criticisms known to the staff, chances are against things changing too drastically. We'd love to see you in the newspaper office. That's in the basement of McVicker.

Please forward your payment at once and if you have any questions do not delay in getting in touch with me. Failure to respond will be taken as a clear indication of your intentions with regard to this obligation.

David L. Wagner
Controller

Red Tide is an independent student publication of the Bard College community. Publication is weekly during the Bard College academic year. News and other inquiries should be addressed to me, otherwise stated. Red Tide is a Member of the U.S. Student Press Association, an Associate Member of the Underground Press Syndicate, and subscribes to Liberation News Service, and College Press Service. National advertising representative for Red Tide is UPS Ad. Rep., Box 26, Yall, Station, New York 10014.

Nan T. Shanahan
Editor

535 Skipack Pike
Blue Bell
Pennsylvania 19422

To the Editor:

Here is an exact copy of a letter that was sent to me and my reply.

Bard College
Annandale-on-Hudson
New York 12504

November 10, 1971

I have recently joined Bard College in the position of Assistant Controller. One of my primary responsibilities will be the collection of overdue student accounts. In reviewing your file I note that your account is grossly overdue and that you have consistently ignored correspondence concerning this obligation.

The graveres of this situation cannot be overemphasized. Unless a positive response from you is received within the immediate future, direct legal steps will be taken to liquidate the outstanding balance. You should be aware that certain Courthouse has been established to aid in the collection of relatively small claims and that existing procedures allow creditors to recover Deputy Sheriff's fees, interest and litigation costs all of which will be added to the amount you presently owe.

If you are having financial difficulties or for any other reason are unable to pay I ask that you take the opportunity to contact me in person or in writing. We can arrange a payment schedule or to negotiate a settlement. I assure you that your cooperation will be greatly appreciated.

The Chinese will not tolerate an attack on Pakistan. We will get all the weapons and ammunition you need, (every assistance) support of our people. The Chinese are so easy - 25 years credit, interest free. Last year when I was in Peking I negotiated $200 million worth of economic affairs, for our five-year-plan, with no interest.

Sincerely,

William Wilson Jr.
Most of the students were also registered in either the Ecology course or Animal Behavior course in Education. All were sophomores and juniors; most had worked with me previously either in a one-semester natural history course or through the Inner College Observatories. The three biology majors expected to continue their studies in zoology and/or wildlife ecology.

In addition to a great deal of time I spent with the students in the field, I was also enthusiastic about this possibility, got together and talked about it, and came up with the beginnings of a plan. As we discussed the idea a lot more during the spring and summer, I read a lot of literature on birds, and also some books on humanistic education. I became very excited: here was an opportunity for me to try and put together my field studies with textbook learning and organize a course which would be truly learning-centered and interest-oriented, with everyone contributing in their own way and finding their own level of working. Another half-dozen students expressed an interest in participating, and I suggested to those with less experience that they spend some time over the summer reading a non-technical introductory book (such as Arthur Allen's "Birds of Life and Lore"), and learning to use binoculars and a field guide for identifying birds. By the time we got together again at a preliminary meeting before registration, we all had some knowledge of birds and were all aware that we wanted to really get down and learn more and try to have a good course on it. Carl Rogers' book "Freedom to Learn" was especially inspiring to me, and it helped me look back at my own learning and one that I really want and expected to try and put together my field studies into some kind of an integrated course, at least as it was then. It was never a science major, or ornithologist, or naturalist. What I wanted and expected from this course was not the kind of information that would lead me toward such a specific goal. What I learned was more of a personal kind of resource, that can be applied to my whole life. It was for me an experience of growth and learning about myself and about learning and education, processes which cannot be separated from the wholeness of myself. This course was an experiment in education.

The most important aspect, for me, of the Ornithology course was not so much in the information about birds that I assimilated, but the fact of my experience participating in an experimental, or alternative kind of course. I probably will never be a science major, or ornithologist, or naturalist. What I wanted and expected from this course was not the kind of information that would lead me toward such a specific goal. What I learned was more of a personal kind of resource, that can be applied to my whole life. It was for me an experience of growth and learning about myself and about learning and education, processes which cannot be separated from the wholeness of myself. This course was an experiment in education.

Erik Kviat

"The course was beneficial for me in that it allowed me to get together a lot of the field observations I made over the summer. The various readings answered many of the questions I had about things I had seen in bird life and not really understood. It was also very beneficial for me to work with Erik and other people who are also involved and all have different ways of approaching the subject."
The Minutes of the Senate Meeting of November 17, 1971

Luther Douglas opened the meeting.

Francois Calliaurac told the Senate that he would like to see an amendment added to the by-laws of the University Without Walls Committee which states that no one under 23 years of age be admitted to the University. He felt that under exceptional conditions someone under 23 years of age should be admitted.

It was moved and seconded that the Student Senate recommend that an amendment be added to the by-laws of the University Without Walls to the effect that, in the future, persons under 23 be admitted to the school under exceptional conditions. It was passed.

David Detusch was told by Pam Goodson, with the Senates' approval, that since he was still interested in the Shakkei Committee she would send him the material needed to get in touch with Mrs. Arzy, so he could get started.

It was also agreed to contact the other Senators who were not present and get their opinion on the idea of a concession being taken away from its original holder.

Luther Douglas informed the Senators that he get in touch with Dr. Loda, the local veterinarian, about giving shots for distemper to the dogs on campus. The vet's aid the Senates would get in touch with Dr. Loda, the local veterinarian, about giving shots for distemper to the dogs on campus. The vet's aid the Senates would get in touch with Dr. Loda, the local veterinarian, about giving shots for distemper to the dogs on campus.

The Senators decided that the Senate would pay between $2.00 and $2.50 depending on which vet chosen. Bram Sorgman told the Senators that he had a catalog that listed the chemicals that a vet uses and their prices and suggested that Senate buy the chemicals needed and have the vet come to the campus and administer the shots. Luther Douglas will call the vet on Friday and ask him if it would be possible for Senate to buy the chemicals and for him to come to the campus on one Sat. and administer the shots to the dogs of the owners who are concerned enough to bring their dog, or eat, for the shot.

The Senators feel that the referendum that Bruce Holvenstot has written is too general. Peter Herman suggested that the referendum be set up so that the student is told that he has $37.50 to allocate to either the clubs listed or to a general category also listed. It was moved and seconded that there be a referendum where the student is told he has $37.50 to allocate to any club he wants on the list or to a general category. It was passed.

The Pepsi company resides in place Pepsi machines in various dorms. They want one person to be in charge of the handling of the sodas, as far as filling the machines and handling the money made. The cases of soda cost $7.50 per case. The machines aren't rented and any damage done to the machine will be repaired by the company. It was suggested that there be a concession for the person in charge, and that person will be paid by Senate. The concession will be held next semester. Lis Semel proposed that the minutes of Senate meetings be put in the paper weekly in column form so that the community will know what Senate is doing. The secretary will be doing this job.

The meeting was adjourned.

The Minutes of the Senate Meeting of December 1, 1971

The Senators counted the ballots. The results were as follows:

One term Senators:
- Richard Edson
- Michael Flaherty

Two term Senators:
- Ted Boylan
- Sol Louis Siegel
- Ian Hobbs
- Larry Levine

Bruce Holvenstot talked to the Senators about his opinion poll. He asked for suggestions and opinions. The Senators feel that the opinion poll as he has drawn it up now is too general. Lis Semel suggested that Bruce go to Mr. Teiger or Mr. Levine or a sociology major who knows a lot about questionnaires for help. Bruce will poll the campus generally because he wants people to show where their interests lie as far as activities are concerned. He doesn't want the students to vote for or against certain clubs, he wants them to vote for the area of activities that the clubs provide. He will go to see Mr. Teiger or Mr. Levine to help him draw up the last draft of the poll.

The meeting was adjourned.

The Minutes of the Senate Meeting of December 8, 1971

The President opened the meeting.

Mrs. Sugatt attended the meeting and President Kline also attended the meeting. There was not a quorum taken, so the Senators were present were unable to vote on any issues but the meeting was held to discuss the matters on the agenda.

President Kline spoke to the Senators on the fire of fire on campus and of the dorms are more prone to fire simply because there is a concentration of people. He asks that the students be more aware of the danger of fire in a dorm. The administration would like to tighten up on playing with fire alarms, tampering with fire extinguishers, ripping off of batteries from fire alarm systems. They would like to institute a hard line of punishment for those who incorporate fire alarm systems and equipment. Investigation after the Schuyler House fire showed that there are some dorms with trunks blocked in which should be used for escape in case of fire. Mrs. Sugatt suggested that Senate recommend that there be a fire drill at the beginning of each semester and that one person in each dorm be appointed the leader. This should be arranged so that each student will know what to do if there is a fire.

Luther asked if there are storage spaces in all dorms. President Kline said that dorms with single rooms there isn't storage space because it is assumed that there is room in the rooms for storage of trunks and such, but in dorms where you have double rooms there is storage space. President Kline feels that an appliance to lessen fire danger is good exits and that the trunks should not be blocked down.

Luther then asked President Kline what the Senate did about students ripping off batteries. President Kline suggested that a good strong policy and fire drills be set up. There were no more questions about fire danger.

Some students interested in having a quiet dorm came to the Senate meeting. They had already gone to Mrs. Sugatt concerning the matter and she is trying to get them the modular dorm Wolff. The problem is that of the few people who

The President of the Senate is:

Luther Douglas

ENVIRONMENTAL CONCERN COMMITTEE

A new committee has been formed this semester to enable people who are concerned with environmental problems at Bard to talk with people from the administration, buildings and grounds and faculty. A decision was made by this committee to prohibit motorbikes on Bard College land. The committee is willing to discuss any environmental problems you see at Bard. Announcements of meetings will be on the Earth Board in Hegeman. Members of the Committee are Bob Bruno, Bill Griffith, Dick Griffiths and Barbara Rogolsky.
On November 20 three women from Bard and myself attended the Women's March on Washington. We massed at the Ellipse at 10:30. After two hours of waiting in the cold and being harried by button-pushers and Militant sellers, the march began. To me it looked like there were 5,000 to 7,000 women and men. I say women and men because for the first time at a women's demonstration there was not an overwhelming majority of women. I would say 60% were women. We marched to the Capitol. Onlookers gaping at the enormous quantity of banners. One of our favorites was: 'Abort the A.M.A.'

The demands varied but the main demands were:

FREE ABORTION ON DEMAND FREE BIRTH CONTROL

NO FORCED STERILIZATION

Every year 15,000 women die from abortions. Six times as many Black and Latin women die as White women. Demanding repeal is not enough. The average cost of an abortion in N.Y. is $150, which means poor women can't afford abortions. Abortions should be FREE.

In America families on welfare are threatened with cutbacks if either the mother or father is not competing for a woman's needs. If men avoid abortion repeal they will keep women in chains. When 3 Democratic contenders for the Presidency were asked about abortion repeal, Sen. Muskie answered, 'I don't know, I never had one.' Kennedy said, 'I believe the fetus has a right to live.' McGovern said, 'I am the revolution.'

Martha Coleman from the Black Task force of WONAC. She said, 'Aborts do not cause poverty, we all know who causes poverty in this country...4,000 black women die from illegal abortions each year. Black women will not take second place to any man. We won't be harrassed, we will be leaders.'

Shirley Wheeler spoke for about three minutes, she was very nervous. Her speech was the most moving. She is the first woman in this country to be legally prosecuted for having an abortion. The state of Florida arrested Shirley and threw her in jail for 4 days. She was unable to raise bail. Her trial lasted 2 days. She was convicted with manslaughter and sentenced to 20 years imprisonment.

Leana Clark Thalin spoke. She said she had an abortion 30 years ago in Florida and would they press charges now? Nixon thinks he can turn off women like a water faucet. He said he would like all women to be like his wife and daughters, I'd rather be dead. The men's political parties in this country are not structured for a woman's needs.

Linda Jennis from the Socialist Workers Party spoke for President spoke. She said, 'In 1973 we got the right to vote. Women are still machines for producing babies. If men avoid abortion repeal they will keep women in chains. When 3 Democratic contenders for the Presidency were asked about abortion repeal, Sen. Muskie answered, 'I don't know, I never had one.' Kennedy said, 'I believe the fetus has a right to live.' McGovern said, 'I am the revolution.'

The demonstration ended early. The news media said there were 1,000 or so people at the march. But it really doesn't matter. I know we marched in Washington San Francisco, France, Italy, Canada and New Zealand.

Joy Merrill

in remembrance of the farm

George Porgy sits on a wall
And counts one two three... the passing revolution.
'One two three,' There's nothing there for me.
I am the revolution'

George Porgy has a great fall
But he climbs back up on the wall
Over the backs of black burning babies
Over the backs of wailing women
Over the backs of his sister and mother,
'One two three, There's nothing here for me.
I am the revolution'

George Porgy gets shot off the wall
And weeps to his God, LENINMARKXRU--
BIN,
And tries to climb back up on the wall.
But he finds that we moved it.

The screwing of a pig.
Slaughtered young and plump
and screwed on a stick.
The charred black
Carrion in a black sack -- pig shaped.
A stick shaveling through from mouth to ass
Combining Freud's fantasies
The anal and the oral.
The tongue lolling out
Rolling red
And the charred black carcass.

The screwing of a pig.
Mouth to flesh
Ripped out pieces
Of在线的空白处

Chris Warden
HUEY OUT OF CAPTIVITY

Huey Newton, co-founder of the Black Panther Party, returned from a visit to the People's Republic of China Oct. 12. He wrote the following article on what he saw and did in China.

Huey Newton

Too much of the time we on the left try to pretend that developing countries are already developed, and don't need the kind of technology that's in America. They are already developed, and don't need the kind of technology that's available only at the expense of the people. We on the left try ing on the streets. They are too much of the time we on the left trying to pretend that developing countries are to compare it to the American economy. The Chinese people will make any sacrifice necessary to keep their country in revolution so this won't happen again. Revolution is a process, and they're definitely in process at a very rapid rate in China.

The Chinese people are very interested in what kind of technological developments are taking place in the U.S., because they, too, would like to develop most of them. They realize that their country is 'backward,' as they put it, although we call it 'developing.' But people in China aren't afraid of technology. They know they will own it, and it will be used by themselves. They won't be assaulted by commercials for consumption of things they don't need, technological gimmicks. There's no advertising. The country is dedicated to lifting the whole country, so the people can buy. I say 'all' of the people, because the distance between the lowest and the highest wage is very slight. They work in factories, steel works. The workers are very unified as a group, very politically conscious. I had read, from the people who had reported from China, that it was truly a dictatorship of the proletariat and that all the bosses had been kicked out. It was hard to imagine, and even though I had heard it from my friends, I thought they were giving me a little propaganda to make my own experience. The factories were truly run by the collective, by the workers. As we would enter a factory, there would be a welcoming committee of 5 or 6 people. Everyone had a little red book, and they would stop the machines momentarily and raise the books in the air saying 'Welcome Black Panther Party.' We support the American people and take a position against the imperialist's small ruling clique. These were men and women sweating under pouring steel. And not only did they not consider themselves oppressed, but they considered themselves in complete control of the factory.

We had lunch in the factory often. There was an abundance of food. It is hard to turn it down. If you turn down food, they think you are sick. The food was very good. They had a selection of about ten courses. You sort of taste each meat. We had duck, beef, tigers, pork, chicken... they kept bringing out more food. They said that perhaps the meal wasn't as skillfully prepared as food we had eaten in other parts of China, but the quantity seemed to be a daily event, an average meal according to them. And, of course, lots and lots of rice. Five different drinks, beer, mao-tai wine, plum wine. You could hardly drink out of your cup before someone came along and filled it. They took pride in the meal, largely due to the fact that they raise much of their food in the village nearby where they live. They thought that after we left we might be hungry and they gave us sweet potatoes that they had baked and wrapped for us to take. They showed us the field where they were raised, and said that they had plenty of them.

I wanted to test them, to see if they really wanted criticism, as they are always saying, and not just praise. Visiting a large plant - I call it large, 5,000 workers, although they call it small - I pointed out that they were letting much waste go into the air, and I explained how in America we had a national crisis of smog coming from factories, dumping waste into our streams, and that because they were developing industry, they would run into the same problem if they didn't take a lesson from the U.S. on what could happen if it is not handled in a creative way. They were very pleased with this criticism, and they said that they had thought of the problem and would start working on it. We talked directly to some workers there, the leaders of different factions of the Red Guards. One was of the May 21st, the other of the May 22nd Movement. They worried about each other during the Cultural Revolution, and admitted it. One man was in prison for six months, in a dungeon under the factory. Of course, his faction had arrested many of the other faction, too. When I talked to this man, he said that he was bitter for a long time while they had him in prison. Then, after he studied the thought of Chairman Mao Tsetung, and he talked to the Army Political Teams, he started to use self-criticism, and saw that he had been wrong sometimes. So he did the same. He searched for people he had wronged, and apologized to them and the other faction. And they did the same. And he was no longer bitter because it wasn't a personal thing. This man is now one of the leaders, the cadre leaders, in the factory. He told me he was willing to go to prison, and to die for the revolution, to make sure that the people maintain their power.

I can not express how enthusiastic the workers are because they work for themselves. It also shows in the different ways that they have advanced their plant to produce more with less work involved. They took pride in their work, and they knew exactly what the end result of that work would be; how it was necessary for them to do it in order to maintain the country's freedom, their liberated territory.

I had never been to China before, but contrary to most western reports I saw no signs of power struggle internally in China. I saw great mobilization, great revolutionary enthusiasm among the people, and vigilance and consciousness that they might be attacked at any moment. They point out that they are mobilized in a defensive way, not an aggressive way; that the tunnel warfare is preparation for the event that the country is ever occupied. It was not only from the U.S. that they are prepared for attack, however. They are also prepared for attack by the Soviet Union and the Japanese militarists, at the same time. As Premier Chou Enlai pointed out in Peking when we spoke, the Chinese people cannot attack anyone with tunnels.
Stone grey December mornings, Winter. Familiar end of semester nervousness oozing from students. The Dining Commons shuffle -- everyone coming untogether again.

Bard -- the same shit.

All semester there's been this shit in the air. The Tide. Though "over-" is perhaps the best generic term for any newspaper that has yet appeared at Bard, the Tide is an improvement over last year's journalism. Yet it remains obviously lacking in bringing to light any community dynamics.

For a good portion of this semester there was an attempt at honest community dialogue as evidenced by Black and Latin student articles that expressed a compassion, clearely conceived and reserved (except for occasional needless vitriol from Hector Cortijo) the result was more of a one-sided dialogue than an open exchange of positions.

Beyond this failure, the reaction to the Tide's "response to Manuel" article got total-ly hung up with the small amount of initial political rhetoric and completely mis-understood Manuel's plea for us at Bard, casting him in the role of a racist and someone who is unaware of other people.

As freaks, in addition to being activists at Bard, we were supposed to be intellignet. When a fellow student points out in a considerate, if passionate, manner some shortcomings in our community group nature we should not mistake this for personal or detractiive accusation.

In addition to these sad responses, the Tide was greatly negligent in its handling of the whole race issue. Specifically, a petition was brought before the Senate concerning Student Senate budget and concerns expressed in the petition by Black and Latin students were ignored. Several articles were published in the Tide expressing minority students' resentment, one of them as a lead story.

But neither in that issue nor in any following did the Tide report on the Senate meeting where this all happened or explain anything about the petition. At the point when an incident occurred that a newspaper could have used to create a real discussion of issues, the Tide did nothing but create confusion. Coming un-together.

The fact remains that Bard College has a racial problem, specifically, a white problem. It's not a problem of oppression, or racism, or exclusion, but one of non-re-action, non-inclusion and non-awareness. With the inevitable expansion of this school and the growth in enrollment of minority students, the situation will only worsen. It will get worse than better. There are many people waiting for this to happen, waiting for this school to become, to fail. It's what they want.

But it is not even Bard College as an institution that has this hang-up. It is that ubiquitous non-existing community of people on a very person-to-person level cannot make it out of their own minds to respond to the needs of others.

It is this problem that Bard (head-to-head) ultimately has to deal with. This is not a different place. Bard is a small, by definition but it has not even the most basic concept of itself as a living entity or an organic organism. The prevailing attitude often indicates the opposite -- that Bard is dead, a hole held, a down, a neolithic madhouse, an emotional junkyard. Sentiments of this depressed low energy level were expressed at the joint Women's Men's Liberation Symposium three weeks ago where the discussion centered on consciousness raising at Bard. The response from the women artists and intellectuals making the leap was basic but insightful -- if you can't get it together, you won't be able to do it anymore.

Comparing Bard to other schools she had visited one woman said, 'This place has more energy than any school I've seen. Just look around you and find it.'

After that very tight bringing together meeting there was renewed talk of getting it together with women and men in groups on campus -- an idea that had been talked about before; always with the response from one side or the other that they had to get it together by their own first. Left to its own initiative the Bard non-community did its thing. There were more people at each separate meeting, but neither group came out of its own separate way for any real coming together.

Consciousness raising cannot be done in cliques -- one filled with women and the other with men. It is something that must be brought out to a larger group where the possibility for real communal experience exists. The same is true of conscious-ness raising for academic alternatives. After one short ill-equipped, ill-staffed, ill-structured year the Inner College experiment was dropped and the Educational Alternatives course was conducted this whole semester with one express purpose, to suggest real changes for this school, but so far it has failed to bring any badly need-ed fresh air into these non-allow-ball halls.

The latest attempt to appear or-campus this semester, the issue of Crazy Eight-

'expression of alternate thinking at Bard' -- we have gotten more journalism, fashion, lower sensation fiction, bad poetry. Though the Tide can hardly be said to reflect what Bard is all about, Crazy Eight was even more alienating than it was meant to be. As the editorial noted for us, its utter rigidity makes you realize what is going on at Bard these days.

The main criticism of the Red Tide -- regular dirt -- it is that it is too leftist and too political. If anything the Red Tide is not radical enough. It talks of the revolution, but never where it really concerns us -- not in California or New York City, but here, now, in the woods of An­derland where there are real community problems and a desperate need for a dyna-mic forum of thought and directed ac­tion. The Tide should concern itself with unstaging Bard and with helping to bring together a working community but of this anagol of 700 scattered freaks.

Before next semester's winter antics are too high it should be made the ex­press purpose of the Tide and the Sen­ate to establish the new Dining Commons as an open building to serve as a com­munity social area and meeting place; to proceed with an open investigation of the ARA - Slater food service aimed at replacing it or getting healthy, wholesome food; an ex­ploitation of documented cases of negli­gence by the infirmary and incomplete service in general (specifically its failure to give birth control and VD examinations).

To create and encourage open­ended dialogues on inter-group relations at Bard; to create and help find frequent informal music -- party jams on a small level; to encourage and create dialogues between students, faculty and adminis­tration, a forum on innovative academic alter­native.

Bard ceased to be innovative almost twenty years ago. Now it's a grace to say it's liberal. To avoid drowning it is impera­tive to stop observing the tide, whatever its color, and make some waves of our own.

Christopher Wynn

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'...the idea of survival makes me think of desperation, of emo­tions and agression and fears taken to such a feverish pitch. But for birds it is simply a matter of being, living, sometimes even mechanically. No waste, no gluttony, no grudges. Everything is functional. When you learn that owls have serrated edges on their flight feathers to subdue noise in the predatory flights, and that in V-formation utilize the air cur­rents set up by individuals in the flock, suddenly your sense of equilibrium is touched upon. There is a beauty in this idea of function because it is rhythmical, but I guess that's my subjective idea of beauty.'
free milk and
socialist music

by Steve Albert
University Review/LIBERATION News Service

SANTIAGO DE CHILE (LNS) ---- "CUBA IS NOT ALONE"

It was written on the wall with a bunch of hammers and sickles. We were in Chile - just off the plane to see the revolution. A coalition of Socialists, Communists and various Populists put Salvador Allende in the Chilean White House. Allende, an open Marxist, opposes full socialism by constitutional means. 

What do you think of that Cuban slogan? I ask our cab driver. "I don't like it. I like to be free and happy and sing a lot. The Communists take away your freedom. In Cuba they don't sing anymore." 

"Well how many Chileans want communism?" 

"About half, and half want democracy."

It was strange. Jerry Rubin, Phil Ochs and I checked into a hotel in downtown Santiago, but we couldn't find the revolution. 

The downtown area was exciting - it exploded in very busy life. Santiago is built on the centralized Spanish model. Everything important and powerful happens in the center. All government business, theatre and education is conducted here. It goes on all around you. It's hard to feel this means anything but crowds and the multiplication of rush. 

The people are mostly well-dressed and fed. There are lots of little fruit, peanut and candy stands. We got away from the center and ordinary. We felt we were in the countryside. 

We are on our way to interview a labor leader. "I say, why don't you come along and help ask questions." 

"Sure, but I'll tell you this guy is in the Communist Party and you can't believe what he says." 

The interview with the C.P. was very formal. He told us 38 per cent of the Chilean working class was organized and that all the support the Government because it raised their income, cut down on inflation, and nationalized the monopolies. 

"The guy wasn't as bad as I thought," commented Rico, "he gave the party line but he was likable." 

Ricardo was really down on the Allende Government. He thinks it is co-opting the workers and not building socialism. 

After about a week of going from office to office in the downtown area and being shunted from bureaucrat to taxicab and everyone looking fat and prosperous, we didn't know what to believe. 

"We are having a strike against the bureaucracy in the Philosophy Department," Ricardo announced, "why don't you come to the university and meet some real revolutionaries."

The Philosophy Department looked like Paris in the midst of the student revolution. The staggers on the walls were anarchistic and had the earmark of French left and intellect. 

"I'm fine - I eat and I shit!" 

"When the Russian workers were ready for revolution - Stalin was ready for them." 

"End coluss Interruptus!" 

"If bureaucracy is revolution - I am a counter-revolutionary!" 

The Government bureaucrats are trying to take our department over - so we have made the occupation and the strike against them - and the strike is going to spread," proclaims a long-haired car who carries brass knuckles to fight policemen and communists.

Afterwards, we go to a party and get more of the anti-government passion. 

"Look Allende is like your father. Why do you want to meet him?"

"It's true they nationalized the copper, but we will be dependent economically on America or Russia."

"The Land Reform Program is based on laws passed by conservative governments. They are giving the peasants land to own privately - so they are just creating capitalists in the countryside."

"Every worker just wants a car and a TV set, so what's the difference?"

We smoked a lot of Chilean grass. It grows plentifully and although it's not strong it gets you high. Most people go out to the countryside and get it for free.

Sounds of Dylan, Cockor and the Stones went through my ears and I didn't know what to feel or think. I came to Chile for a revolution and these people who looked and smocked like I said it didn't exist. Maybe they were right. This was the first Chilean home we were in and the people we met, with the exception of cabbies and waiters, were all bourgeois. Everything seemed so uptight, middle class and ordinary. We felt we were drowning in the bourgeoisie. 

"This house has no floors, no heating, no electricity, just a lot of people in big families."

We are on a Polibec - communities built out of desperation, the hopeless seizing land by the thousands. The rural unemployed come to Santiago, becoming urban unemployed. 

"Half of the population of Santiago lives on Polibecos."

They started under the previous government. Unemployed and poor workers began to seize unused private lands and build shack cities. The Government sent in the "Mobile Unit" - Chile's toughest police - specially trained by the C.I.A. in riot control. The battles were pitched and bloody. Sometimes hardhat construction workers would seize the office building they were building and turn it into a hotel.

The people needed housing and would build their shacks out of brick if that was the only way to get a roof.

"It's all different now. Our Socialist government helps the people."

Winston was talking. He is pro-Allende and a member of the Young Communists. "Our government says this land belongs to the people and they have the right to work the land. Our government owns nothing. Our government is building houses with floors, with electricity: we are building schools and daycare centers. All these people are for our government. Do not be misled." 

Winston had a little car and was talking to an around from shack to shack. We went inside some and drank wine with the people and talked lots of politics.

For the first time the peoples' vote made a difference. They elected a government which served them. Previous governments turned guns on the people and applied the gringo. Now the government was into free milk and schools.

I really dug these people of the Polibec. In some way which is both silent and loud they sing to Allende - like the French lumpen sang to Marat - for justice and dignity. These people like Allende and call him President. This is a great character reference. 

Someone told me Allende abolished the "Mobile Unit," and if its members want to remain on the police force they would have to participate in the government's "Free Milk for Children" program. 

Most of them quit. 

"We got away from the center city of Santiago to the outskirts, to the slums - and discovered a revolution was really happening. To get further into the revolution we further afield. We traveled by bus and train through most of the country, visiting factories, hospitals, schools and mines. Our group want to top of the snowy Andes and then two miles under the sea in a huge coal mine.

In Lota, a small southern town built around a coal mine, it was impossible to walk down a block without being invited into a working class bar for some wine and political talk. Allende's picture was always on the wall and socialist music on the jukebox.

"Do you like our politics, our wine, our food, our whole country?"

The answer was always yes - and there was always more wine.

"I'm a counter-revolutionary, a supporter of the government, a supporter of the people."
The Mothers East - June 1971

The last three months have seen the release of 2 new Frank Zappa albums, these being a 'live at the Filmore' album, and the checkered track of the forthcoming movie '200 Motels'. Both albums have the basic theme of how insane you can get touring with a rock and roll band but that's about all they have in common so I'll be reviewing them separately. This week I'll take the live album.

ahh... the new Mothers.

There was always something about the new Mothers, something innately negative that could turn you off if you were trying to be serious about them. That well justified attitude that they held (the few times I've met them you are ashes and ignorant ones at that. You don't really deserve or understand this but we'll play it for you anyway because maybe you'll learn something.) Justified (a lot more than it all the people who never had the chance to see the Mothers, and who are presently going to see them today, went for a for a joke), but never the less, rather self-defeating in that they turned away many of the honestly interested but more sensitive people who didn't like to be lumped with the others exactly like they masochistically came for... to be told how tame and mindless they were.

The new Mothers are happier, they sound it, and the attack has been shifted from the viewers them to the backstage. Frank Zappa has either gotten bored or (more likely) given up on trying to change his fondest desire?

Groupies: 'Don't call us groupies! That's going too far. We really wouldn't ball you just because you're a star.'

Frank comes in to let us know that 'These girls wouldn't let just anyone own spoons on their vital parts. They want a guy from a group with a big hit single in the charts. After this the girls relent and admit that what they're looking for is 'A guy from a group with a thing in the charts. And if his dick is a MONSTER, they will give you the hot!'. And so the next combined section, 'Bwana Dick' and 'Ladies of the Solar Beat' deal with the sedo-masochistic attitudes that can arise when the size of one's own reproductive organ becomes a measure of one's social status.

I won't go any further than to say that Freud would be interested to say the least in the lyrical aspect of these pieces.

From there we're treated to a short 'Willie the Pimp' which I feel to be quite apposite to the studio 'Hot Rats' version for no other reason than the increased excitement of a live solo. This changes rather unnoticeably into a sort of continuation of "What Kind of Girls" called 'Do you like my kind of girls?'.

What Kind of Girls' called 'Do You Like My New Car?'. The small talk that takes place on the roost begins to take on a more down to business tone and true to form, she 'gives him the hot' to such a degree that he completely freaks out and is left totally at her mercy. And what does she want, with a full-faced pop star at her command, ready to give anything to get what he wants?... What is her fondest desire?

'I want to hear the big hit record. You better sing me the big hit record RIGHT NOW baby, or you ain't goin' NO WHERE!'

What his hit record?

Well, when you've got 3 ex-Turtles in your group (Jim Pons, bass; Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan, vocals), the only likely choice would have to be, of course, HAPPY TOGETHER!

Musician Ship

by Sol Louis Siegel

Star: 'Say you chicks seem real "far out" and "groovy". Ever been to a HOLIDAY INN?'

by Chris Martinez

Angel has sent over what is obviously its biggest production of the season, a complete recording of Wagner's 'Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg' on five records, conducted by Herbert von Karajan with an all-star cast and a beautiful illustrated booklet that includes notes, biographies, and li-bretto. What this handsome, expensive album does not include is a complete picture of what the opera is about. Karajan concentrates here on sound and poetry, which the work has in abundance, but it comes at the expense of drama, li-terary subtlety, and comedy.

Now, Wagner was as great a librettist as a composer, a fact which many overlook, and 'Die Meistersinger' proves this decisively. The beauties of the libretto are endless: the simplicity (deceptive, of course) of the story, the magnificent evocation of the art of the Meistersinger, the struggle of art against the Philistines, the timing of the comedy - one could write a full scale critique on it. The work is autobiographical in some respects. Certainly the tempering of Waller's youthful fire by the wisdom and experience of the old cobbler Sachs is a strong commentary on the career of any great artist, and the story goes that Wagner originally intended to cast the pedant he finally called Beckmesser Hans Lick after Eduard Hanfstaengl, his most savage critic. Put on stage as a straight dramatic play, it could easily be called a master-pie - which is it.

Karajan seems to have decided to ignore all this in favor of his usual polished orchestral sound (The Dresden State Orches-tra plays magnificently). Thus, we have some moments of great beauty at the expense of the words. The comic moments suffer noticeably; Walther's first attempt at joining the Mastersingers is thrillingly well done from the standpoint of the wild, beautiful song, but I didn't even hear Beckmesser's chalk marks on the slate that are supposed to serve as comic counterpart, and Beckmesser's dis-solute attempt to sing the prize song in Act 5, perhaps the funniest thing in the opera, struck me as a long, boring nothing. The moments of pomp and circumstance, with the inevitable exception of the familiar March of the Mastersingers, suffer similarly. The best example of this is in the role call of the Mastersinger: In 1; Wagner took great pains to keep it from being boring, but Karajan found a way anyhow.

Not that this monumental undertaking is a total loss. Karajan said that he wanted young voices for the roles of the young lovers, and he got them - Helen Donath is a very good Eva and Rene Kollo is sim-ply marvelous as Walther. Indeed, when Walther sings the prize song at the end, the listener is just as enraptured by it as the townspeople on stage are supposed to be. Gerard Evans does a good job of man-ning up Beckmesser. Theo Adam sings the crucial role of Sachs the cobbler; his voice seems a bit overly strong for the part, but he does well for the most part, at least when he's-speaking Beckmesser. The minor parts seem to be well taken, and the chorus work is good, although they sound strangely distant in the final chorus - the engineer's fault, perhaps.

In brief, not a perfect 'Meistersinger', but the best one we've got, mainly by default: it's the first stereo studio version ever attempted, five years after LenoCon put out the complete Ring cycle. So it goes.
**JOHN FREE NOW!**

**DIANA**
by Grace Slick and Paul Kantner

How do you feel to shoot down your brother now
& bury us in cages of cement & steel
What do you see when you look at one another now
What do you tell me how do you feel
Sing a song for the children that are gone
Sing a song for Diana
Huntress of the moon & a lady of the Earth
weather woman Diana

**BERNADINE**

It's three o'clock in the morning there's a knockin at my door
I thought it was the police they came three hours before
I put on the chain and opened up a crack
This crazy sister smiled at me and I just grinned right back
Bernadine, sister is that you?
Bernadine, sister is that you?
Come in and stay awhile
There is always room for you.
Frantic FBI took all over and down
Tryin to catch our sister but she's nowhere to be found
She ain't out there tremblin and hidin out in fear
She's livin with the people and it's been more than a year
Bernadine, sister is that you?
Bernadine, sister is that you?
Your picture's in the post office
But the people are protectin you.
We're risin up and movin in all different ways
A New Morning's comin and it's comin in our day.
We gotta protect our warriors and show em how we care
Separation is doom and we are everywhere
Bernadine, sister is that you?
Bernadine, sister is that you?
You'll be all right because
We'll do what we have to do
The FBI are tryin
But they can't put a stop to you

Music by Chuck Berry ("Nadine")
Words by John Sinclair for Bernadine Dohrn to be performed by the UP.

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**ATTICA STATE, ATTICA STATE**

What a waste of human power,
What a waste of human lives.
Shoot the prisoners in the tower,
Forty-three poor widowed wives.

Attica State, Attica State,
We're all mates with Attica State!
Media blames it on the prisoners,
But the prisoners did not kill.
Rockefeller pulled the trigger.
That is what the people feel.
chorus
Free the prisoners, jail the judges!
That is what the people feel.
chorus
They all live in suffocation.
Let's not watch them die in sorrow.
Now's the time for revolution,
Give them all a chance to grow.
chorus
Come together, join the movement,
Take a stand for human rights.
Fear and hatred clouds our judgement,
Free us all from endless night.
Attica State,
We're all mates
We all live in
Attica, Attica, Attica State!

by John Lennon and Yoko Ono

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**THE BALLAD OF GEORGE JACKSON**
by Bob Dylan

I woke up this morning
There were tears in my bed
They killed the man I really loved,
Shot him in the head.

Lord, lord, they cut George Jackson down.
Lord, lord, they laid him in the ground.
They sent him off to prison
For a $70 robbery.
They closed the door behind him,
And they threw away the key.
chorus
He wouldn't take shit from no one.
He wouldn't bow down on his knee.
Authorities they hated him
Because he was just too real.
chorus
The prison guards they surrounded him
And they closed him from above.
They were frightened by his power,
They were scared of his love.
chorus
Sometimes I think this whole World is one big prison yard.
Some of us are prisoners,
Some of us are guards.
chorus
A Column by JOHN SINCLAIR

I start: I out last week to write a
post-rock roll imperialism I've been doing for all week, but there's so much I want to say that I never know where to start. Then it occurred to me that maybe a lot of people are wondering what I'm talking about when I say "imperialism." It's a word some people use all the time without bothering to see if anybody else understands it, you know, so I thought I'd better spell it out before I race on with this other stuff just to make sure everybody knows what I mean.

Imperialism is an economic (and political and cultural) system in which one people control the economies, political and/or cultural life of one or more other peoples. It is a higher stage of capitalism, a social system in which the control of the life of a people is held by a small minority class of people who have managed to rip off land and other natural wealth, usually by means of force, and who keep it and use it for their own gain, while the rest of the people are made into wage earners who have to sell their labor to the "owners" in exchange for food, shelter, clothing, and everything else they need to survive. Under a capitalist system the "owners" not only control the wealth they means of production and the products created by the labor of the workers, but they also control the educational, information and communications systems through which the people's ideas and attitudes are shaped, so that the whole people comes to think and act the way the "owners" want and need them to.

That's pretty simplistic, but I hope I did a better job of it this time. If it's not enough maybe I can spend some more time and space on it some time soon. But my point here is that imperialism is an extension of capitalism—a capitalist "owner- ship" or ruling class controls not only the owners of the people of their own culture but other whole peoples as well, within a single world order, not drawing from not only to the people who produce that wealth but to the "owners" who have managed to control the world's wealth and all the different peoples.

If we try (Amerika) make it even more important for the ruling class to put down their internal rebellions, but that has happened and is happening because of the oppressed people grows and grows in direct proportion to their growth and development of the contradictions of the capitalist-imperialist system.

I know this is all pretty stiff and maybe it's hard to understand at first, but unless we understand why they aren't and what those vultures are doing to us, we won't be able to move the right way to win our freedom from their madness. Can you dig that?

I hope you can bear with me through this stuff until I can get on to the real part again, which should be about half-way through this week's little installment, ok? It's as hard on me trying to get this shit down as it is on people like us. But it's gotta be done, and I'll keep trying as long as I can. Meanwhile, I think I better turn on the radio and see if I can pick up some killer rock and roll music so I can remember what this is all about. Long Live Rock and Roll! Rainbow for the People of the Future! Down with Maggie's Paris.
this is not here

Yoko Ono’s one woman show at the Everson Museum, in Syracuse, wasn’t anything I expected. I was prepared for ink drawings and lithographs; like the ones that were banned in parts of America. After poor reviews in the N.Y. Times, I tried entering with an objective mind. Yoko’s show was conceptual art, or the theory that half of art was what the viewer thinks it is and the other half what the viewer MAKES it. I had mixed feelings. Was she serious or playing an enormous joke on the public? I think Yoko was sincere. I think she expected an establishment type of newspaper to put down her show. Many people in the world are not ready for conceptual art.

The first floor and basement were free. You walked in and a mock N.Y. Times newspaper by John and Yoko was distributed. Titled—THIS IS NOT HERE. When Yoko lived in a loft in downtown N.Y. there was a huge ugly closet in it. Instead of brooding about its size, she simply stuck a sign on it ‘This is not here’ and forgot about the existence of the closet.

I can only talk about what I remember about the exhibit. What really sticks in my mind is that John and Yoko are STILL in a flower child peace thing. I find this amazing nowadays. The exhibits and films reflected this.

On the first things I came upon was a small window with a skylight above it. A sign nearby read: ‘lie down and let the sun shine through, by Yoko Ono. Then I entered a room that contained only in being near the earth and obscure vision. For a moment one could only feel the temperature of the room, or the substance causing such conditions.

Others were cloud, smoke, milk, cotton in the corner and a Western frame with black earth stretched inside. A sign read 1/400/1,000 of Mona Lisa’s mole. The sun in the earth was bare. Many exhibits were ruined because crowds had ripped off their pictures.

Something were glued down or encased in glass. There was a gift shop containing a typical commercial shit. Yoko’s books and albums, jewelry, posters and t-shirts. This was the downfall of the exhibit. It was quite helpful also. Admission to the second floor was $1, your hand was stamped with a green bear paw. Green ink pads and stampers were for sale. We opened the ink pads—stamped our hands and went upstairs for free.

The first room contained typical hotel boxes held items. You were supposed to pick up everything in the room. Logs, refrigerators, cement bags—all weighty items. They were made of plastic. The authenticity in appearance was amazing. These were cots, strawhats, pillows—all invisibly weighted with sand. It is a shock to unexpectly grab a 30 pound pillow.

The corridor leading into the water exhibit contained huge clay flower pots. A sign read: ‘Imagine the flowers’. The water exhibit, the largest, was collected by John and Yoko by asking friends for contributions. All containing or having something to do with water. Dylan and Ono were among some of the contributors. Almost everything had been ruined by previous audiences.

In order to experience the next exhibit you were asked to put on a gas mask and walk through the masks covered in order to omit your sense of vision. You walked through a room, with objects in it. Electronic tape played. In the basement was a plexiglas maze. A toilet was in the center surrounded with a two way mirror. You were to sit on it and think and watch the people outside. There were bathroom stalls that had signs that told you to think of something, measure your thought with thread and a ruler, when you were done you were asked to cut the thread and put it in a jar.

At night the museum showed their films. I saw five one night.

FLY-by Yoko Ono 1968 ‘Flies walking on a woman’s body from head to toe and the fly flies out of the window.’ The sound track was Yoko’s high pitched voice wailing, buzzing and screaming. She really achieved her affect of making one uncomfortable and nervous with the soundtrack. Yoko said the model—Virginia Lust—symbolized all women. The fly was continually fucks over women and they have not done anything to stop it. The film was made by having a man collect flies in N.Y.O. They paid him $25 each fly. There were eight different models who tried for the part. They were either tickled or the flies would not walk on their bodies. Many were used because the flies were drugged so they wouldn’t fly and they died quickly.

ERECTION by Yoko Ono and John Lennon. It is the viewing of the erection of a large hotel/apartment building. It was made by piecing together still photos of the building in various stages of construction. All photos were taken at sunset. She also experienced the change of seasons and the change from a structure of beauty to a completed ugly building. Something are better left unframed.

UP YOUR LEGS FOREVER by Yoko Ono 1967, ‘The camera work of the film should constantly go up, up, up, nonstop. Collect 387 pairs of legs and just go up and down (legs from toes to the end of the thigh) pair after pair and go on up until you run through the whole 387.’ The sound track was the people who were donating their legs for the film, walking in and saying their names. It was very boring after half an hour. The film ran about an hour.

All in all I enjoyed the show very much. I like the idea of conceptual art. The masses can understand it and anyone can relate to it. Conceptual art is also plot of fun. I think more shows like Yoko by other people will begin to take the elitism out of art. Everyone is an artist. Yoko’s show will be at the Museum of Modern Art in New York soon.

Joy Merrill

reflects

How do we get where we’re going?

And now presenting, for the first time ever in a campus newspaper, a Special to the Times article showing how another liberal’s hoodoo tilts the ground for a greater latitude in which the liberal can operate.

Today’s Special: THE PROBLEMS OF TODAY; THE CAMPUS VIEWPOINT.

Problems in Our World is no longer an issue on campuses today. But can we imagine how things would be different if no problems at all? No longer would there be any debates on problems, nor any concern for the existence of potential problems. The Problem as we know it—war problem, war problem, civil problem, money problem, total problem, ANY problem—would be dead. Everyone would be happy, and everyone would agree that they are happy. Agreement would become so ingrained into society that the simple action of agreeing would lose its small yet significant position on the Controversy Scale. People would only have to smile. Without any problems nothing would have to be said. No government would be needed; we would all agree. (i.e., I am one step ahead of Orwell...or...are we that much influenced by those Christians, Plastic John and his Lemon Sisters?)

One way to reach the utopia is to organize religion. Yes, when it comes to civil strife of any kind, one can do no better than hit the Totalitarian task to night and strive for complete unity the next day: unity of mind, body, ideas and, above all, skin. Not skin COLOR, but of skin. The skin of the human race must be saved. We must get together to form a bloc of flesh. We must agree to do the same things at the same time, think alike and look exactly the same. The human race must unite into one massive organism, one monstrous Proportion: proportion nothing but its own salvation and survival: Brethren, let us strive for the Unity of One Skin.

The proposition of seeing skin together is admittedly a difficult one to conceive, let alone to do. But Men in his own estimate, it seems to us sensible and desirable to see more and do more and to see up the present situation, if this be any debates on the time. The progress in Technology in the Western World has served as man’s hope toward achieving this extraordinary degree of unity.

Television is the invention of Technology devised to entertain man electronically when man has weakened in his ability to generate pleasure or ‘good times’ on his own. Television can serve as the beginning in achieving unity among men.

Television can do everything for the viewer. He can become so detached from everything around him that even the most stimulating distraction could bother the viewer. Masses of people could be entertained together while watching television. People could gather or ‘party’—a party, for example: ‘Hey, what happened to party, Jim?’ ‘They all left together. And were they together?’

In all due respect to this responsible newspaper of the human community, it is only fair to solve that this is probably too far fetched at this point to accomplish such an achievement overnight. But as long as there are still debates on our world today the invention of Television and other drugs in western society at this point, commendable toward an end where man’s drives for peace, tranquility, and—above all—unity.
We went to Valdivia, a city with many lakes in the south of Chile. It's a place with a big German population.

The Souvenirs Company in Valdivia has been taken over by its workers. Lately it's been having financial problems and paying low wages -- so the workers occupied the plant and proclaimed it a tomato, Tomato means taken.

Tomato is happening all over Chile. Textile factories, banks, movie theatres, farms, and soda companies. You see the word in the headlines every day. It is a popular sport to guess what is being taken.

When a business is tomato the workers form a temporary committee which carries out some of its action. The government appoints an intervener who joins with the workers in the management of the nationalized firm.

The workers of Souvenirs have just taken over and the government person has yet to arrive. In the meantime, no work is being done and the workers are running round and pitch horseshoes.

We share what we have in the communal kitchen.

If the Capitalists try to make a coup like they did in Bolivia, we will fight them.

Do you think Angela Davis will get her freedom?

Everybody in Chile knows about Angela. The hard political work of the Communist Party has made her a case a permanent topic of conversation.

They say some of these enterprises are banks and the government should not get stuck with keeping them alive. But the revolution is not just a campaign slogan. All over Chile the prison house of imperialism and private property is breaking down. Workers and farmers were seizing land and factories, and the idea of communal living was eating away at the shirt of money.

The anarchist strike was still going on. Ricardo said over a sandwich.

'You know, those anarchists should go to work more,' Ricardo said over a sandwich. We were sitting at a cafe across the street from the Philosophy department, where the anarchist strike was still going on.

'They are only interested in themselves,' Ricardo went on. 'They don't like the workers, sometimes they even make fun of them. It's foolish to call yourself an anarchist when the workers are all socialists. I'm thinking of joining M.I.R.'

The more we traveled around Chile, the more I came to feel that this was a real revolution. I saw many things which were reactionary, like the fact that the workers were behind important desks and women tended to be their secretaries. But the revolution was not just a campaign slogan. All over Chile the prison house of imperialism and private property is breaking down. Workers and farmers were seizing land and factories, and the idea of communal living was eating away at the shirt of money.

The anarchist strike never spread, and after a month it was settled on terms everyone found acceptable. For one month, the black flag of anarchy flew over the Philosophy building and no police, bureaucrats or Communists tore it down.

There aren't many anarchists in Chile, and most of them live in the center-city and pretend it's Paris. It's very easy to forget the proletariat exists when you never see it.

It is especially easy for North Americans.

'We were surprised Allende could be elected,' declared the Marxist, 'we were surprised he was allowed to take power, and finally we were surprised he has lasted nine months.'

Allende was a young man who never had to worry about his next meal. The working class molded him in the image of its action. The workers of Chile did what they always do: they took the mine. Now the workers

leave after the mine was nationalized, they piled up what products in a yard that ruined part of the mine. Now the workers are putting in a day of voluntary free labor.

'If really like the Americans,' declares a Chilean who works in the management of the mine. 'They are good people here and I have to see them go, but they have done this bad thing to our mine.'

The workers at Chuqui were well paid by American standards, sort of labor aristocrats. In the elections they voted against Allende. But what the Americans did was too much, so they work with the government to save the mine their former bosses sought to destroy.

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