

OBSERVER

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observer

volume 14 number 5 april 28, 1971

great bard clean-up...
shooting up...
advertising pollution...



photo by Josh Moroz

**BARD COLLEGE
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STUDENT TRUSTEES

The Board of Trustees, at its March 25 meeting, accepted the report of its Committee on Campus and Community Relations and adopted the Committee's recommendations that: (1) if it is agreeable, the Community Advisory Board (CAB) be assigned to the task of studying, and reporting on, the subject of governance at Bard, and (2) the Board amend its By-Laws at its next meeting to provide for the election, to the Board, for a term of one year each, of two students and two faculty members. The following are excerpts from the Committee's report:

I

In addition to conferences with interested students and faculty members on campus and the solicitation of the views of the Student Senate officers, the Committee has examined some of the literature on the subject, reviewed the formal reports, charters, by-laws, handbooks and press releases of several of the colleges and universities which have given consideration to the matter and discussed the question with the Dean and the President.

Our inquiry quickly brought us to the realization that the question of student and/or faculty membership on the Board was a secondary, not the primary, issue. Before Bard can intelligently resolve this

matter, we must ask the more fundamental question of the role of the Board, the administration, the faculty, the students, the alumni, and perhaps others, in the decision-making process of the College.

Accordingly, we recommend the establishment of a faculty, student and administration Committee on Governance. We recognize that the Committee on Governance will necessarily consider the role of the Board of Trustees in College governance. However, we do not recommend membership on the Committee on Governance of a member of the Board.

In lieu of a regular Committee member, we recommend that the Chairman of the Board appoint a member of the Board as a liaison member of the Committee on Governance to represent the Board to the Committee and the Committee to the Board.

We recommend that the Board request the President of the College to appoint, by such methods (including student and faculty elections, if desired) as he deems appropriate, a Committee on Governance to consist of students, faculty members and members of the administration; that such Committee be established before the end of the current academic year; that such Committee attempt to collect ma-

terials for study over the summer months; that such Committee meet regularly during the next academic year; and that such Committee submit to the Bard Community an interim report by January 1, 1972 and a final report by April 15, 1972.

II

Notwithstanding our opinion that the question of student and/or faculty membership on the Board of Trustees is subordinate to the broader issues of College governance, it is our recommendation that the Board proceed forthwith to elect two students and two members of the faculty to the Board.

There are two specific problems attendant on student and faculty membership in the Board which should be mentioned. One is the question of conflict of interest; the other is the question of confidentiality.

It is undoubtedly true that student and faculty members of the Board will be more apt to be faced with conflict of interest problems than outside trustees. This is the concomitant of their greater interest in the decisions which the Board makes. We feel, however, that the potential conflict of interest of students and faculty members is no different in kind from that faced by corporate management on a corporate Board of Directors. Presumably, on the issue of reappointment or salary for the member himself, a member of the faculty on the Board would abstain. Similarly, a student member of the Board would abstain from consideration of the awarding or non-awarding of his own degree.

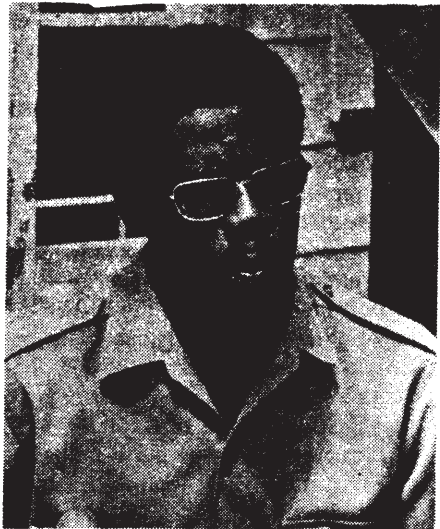
Somewhat akin is the question of confidentiality. There may well be a basic, generational difference of opinion between most Board members and most students on the issue of confidentiality. To many Trustees, some matters should not be the subject of public discussion. To many students, the absence of public discussion of the real issues upon which decisions are made smacks of an absence of due process, of star chamber proceedings and of, in their words, corruption. Your Committee feels that the problems of conflict of interest and of confidentiality are really questions of propriety and taste—and there is no reason to presuppose that students and faculty members are lacking in either.

Accordingly, we recommend the following:

1. The election, at the June, 1971 meeting of the Board, of two students and two members of the faculty as members of the Board of Trustees;
2. One year of full time service on the faculty shall be required as a qualification of faculty members on the Board;
3. Admission to the Upper College and one year of residence at Bard shall be required as a qualification of student members on the Board;
4. The term of office of student and faculty members on the Board shall be one year;
5. Because of the present requirements of New York law that all Trustees be over the age of 21, in the event of the election of a student member under the age of 21, such member shall be entitled to all of the rights and privileges of Board membership

panthers bleeding

Two months have passed since the first signs of the now well-publicized Black Panther Party split first appeared. The split has developed along the following lines - Huey Newton, Bobby Seale, David Hilliard and most of the local chapters of



Hilliard

the BPP have aligned themselves against Eldridge Cleaver, the New York Black Panther chapter and the International Section of the BPP in Algiers. The manner in which the split manifested itself in public is amazing and instructive in itself. A short chronology of the events might help in discovering the reasons behind the dispute as well as lessons that the revolutionary movement as a whole might learn from the events of the past 8 weeks.

On Feb. 9, a statement signed by Huey was circulated in the courtroom of the New York 21, denouncing Michael Tabor and Richard Moore for having deserted their fellow defendants in the middle of the trial. Huey said that the two jeopardized not only those on trial in New York but the entire Party by running out and abandoning their comrades.

In the same statement, Huey expelled not only Tabor and Moore, but nine other members of the N.Y. 21, for signing a letter which criticized the national leadership of the BPP for refusing to wholeheartedly endorse the activities of the Weathermen. The implication of the letter was clear: Huey and the national leadership were being accused of not being sufficiently militant.

By Feb. 26, the friction between Eldridge, the N.Y. Panthers and the International Section on one hand, and Huey, Bobby and the rest of the national leadership on the other, surfaced on television. On a San Francisco morning TV show Huey and Eldridge fought it out by telephone over one basic issue, the role that the BPP has taken in the period of time between Bobby's imprisonment in New Haven and Huey's release from jail. Eldridge accused David Hilliard of having taken over the party and having transformed it into an autocratic, hero-worshipping elite clique that turned away from the people for selfish reasons rather than serving their needs. Huey responded to this by expelling Eldridge from the Party.

The next week's issue of the BPP newspaper carried a long supplement, written by Elaine Brown of the Los Angeles BPP chapter, accusing Eldridge of holding his wife, Kathleen, captive in Algiers, and of killing an alleged lover of Kathleen's (a Clinton "Rahim" Smith). Only two days later, a N.Y. BPP member, Robert Webb, was shot dead on 125th St. in Harlem, by members of an unidentified opposition Party chapter, aligned with Huey. The shooting is said to have been the result of an intense argument over the newspaper and its allegations concerning Eldridge.

On March 11 a video-tape made by the members of the International Section at Algiers, including Kathleen Cleaver, Michael Tabor and Connie Matthews Tabor, was shown at the People's Video Theater (544 Ave. of Americas) in NYC. The three charged Huey with incompetent management of Party affairs since his release from prison. Michael said, "It was soon revealed that the brother (Huey) was bewildered and baffled as a result of stepping out of the penitentiary after 2½ years and finding himself in command of a national organization."

Huey was charged with squandering the money of the Party on a lavish \$650 a month apartment for himself. The centralization of the Party came under heavier attack - every detail concerning local

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suspect captured

Darrell Neese, suspected of raping a Bard student, was apprehended by the police about 9 o'clock Monday morning. He was found in an out-building at the St. Joseph Novitiate in Barrytown and was taken to the Dutchess County Jail where he is being held at \$2500 bail. He will be charged with rape, first degree, a class B felony.

Neese, 24 years old, had been in the Marines from 1964-1968. He is a Vietnam veteran. A Red Hook resident, he knew the woods in the area well. During the search of wooded areas around the college, the police found five campsites.



DARRELL NEESE

Among them were one on Cruger's Island, one behind Delafield's property and one equipped with a tent in the deserted village. Also found by the police were an M-1 carbine and a shotgun he had abandoned. Dressed in camouflaged clothing, Neese had managed to elude the police since last Wednesday. He was spotted once Sunday afternoon, but the bloodhounds lost his trail.

The Bard girl was walking on Cruger's Island at about 1:30 Wednesday afternoon when she was abducted and taken at gunpoint to the deserted village, with several stops along the way. When released, she went to the President's house and phoned the police.

A State Trooper said, "He thinks he's still in Vietnam."

Sharon Murphy

APRIL 24

The April 24 demonstrations in Washington, D.C., and San Francisco, were two of the largest and most successful anti-war mobilizations in movement history, rivaling the November, 1969 demonstrations in their size. At least half a million marched on Washington, and nearly 200,000 jammed the streets of San Francisco.

For most Bard students and faculty, however, the day began quite un auspiciously, with an assembly at the gymnasium at 12:30 a.m., followed by a slow, bumpy ride in a school bus to the pick-up point at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie. This, in turn, was followed by an hour's wait in the cold early-morning air, until the chartered buses arrived from New Paltz - late, of course - where some company bureaucrat had sent them by mistake.

However, by the time we had arrived in Washington, the mild spring weather (75 degrees) had made up for the morning's problems.

The day before the demonstration, Attorney General John Mitchell appeared on national television to state that there was a "strong possibility" of confrontation and violence at Saturday's mobilization. However, like most administration "predictions" of this sort, it did not materialize. There was, in fact, only one minor incident reported, when a few members of the National Socialist White People's Party (Nazis) attempted to provoke a confrontation with a group of demonstrators.

Saturday's anti-war activities began with an assembly at the Ellipse behind the White House.

President Richard Nixon, undoubtedly motivated more by a desire to escape public wrath than a desire for "rest," was not at home when several hundred thousand "fellow Americans" showed up to pay him a visit demanding that all the troops be brought home now, and an immediate end to the draft. The President



was reportedly staying in his retreat at Camp David, Md., during the demonstration.

By mid-morning, the crowd had become so immense that the march to the Capitol was pushed ahead by one hour to relieve the congestion and pressure on the assembly area.

The march was led by a contingent of veterans and active-duty servicemen, many of whom were among the 3,000 Vietnam Veterans Against the War who had helped set the stage for Saturday's march and rally, earlier that week.

Following several days of mock "search and destroy" missions to dramatize the barbarism of the Vietnam war, and hours of testimony before Congressional committees, they climaxed their week of activities on April 23, when they marched to the Capitol and threw down their war decorations in disgust at America's policies of imperialism abroad and repression at home.

Another significant aspect of the April 24 mobilization was the unprecedented support it received from working class organizations.

Hundreds of labor unions endorsed the actions, including Region Six of the Unit-

ed Auto Workers, the California Federation of Teachers, the Drug and Hospital Workers, and New York City's largest union, the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees.

Harold Gibbons, International Vice President of the Teamsters Union epitomized the new wave of labor opposition to the war as he personally led his contingent in the demonstration, loudly shouting anti-war slogans.

Banners such as "Federal Employees for Peace," "Teachers for Peace," "Labor for Peace," were to be seen everywhere along Pennsylvania Avenue.

Jerry Gordon, a coordinator of the National Peace Action Coalition (NPAC), organizers of the demonstration, stated that the crowd probably approached 500,000 in number, but that the total might have been close to 1,000,000 "including those stuck in buses and cars and not able to get in."

Fred Halstead, Chief Marshall, said that demonstrators were still arriving more than half an hour after the rally had begun at the Capitol, 16 blocks away from the White House.

Among the many speakers at the five-hour rally on the Capitol's south side, was Debby Bustin, Chairwoman of the Student Mobilization Committee (SMC), the nation's largest student anti-war group. "A lot of people said that students were apathetic about the war, and that people wouldn't turn out to demonstrate against it." She stated that the anti-war movement was "incredible testimony" to the contrary, and that not only do students hate the war, but that other sectors of the population, especially Blacks and union workers, are also fed up with Vietnam.

Senator Vance Hartke, who has recently come out in favor of immediate withdrawal of all U.S. troops, also was among those who addressed the crowd. He stated that America needed to return to its "unfinished business" of ending poverty, racism, and neglect of the aged. He added that "the only way we can ever do them is to end the war by getting out now."

Other speakers related the war to additional pressing domestic problems. A women's liberation activist pointed out that the war in Indochina was one of the principle reasons why women do not have free abortion on demand, or free child-care centers, and stated, "When women, who comprise 55% of the population, decide that the war will end, it will end!"

Several black liberation activists, including Andrew Pully, a combat veteran, stressed that the same racist America which is engaging in a racist war in Vietnam, is also responsible for the racist oppression and exploitation of Black and other Third World people at home. He called upon all Third World peoples to unite against American imperialism in Vietnam.

Bard student Sol Siegel, who stated that the April 24 action was his first national demonstration, had this to say about the mobilization:

"I was amazed. I expected six figures, but I never really had an impression of that many people until I came and saw them today. It was incredible, really. You get a vague idea from newspapers, but you have to be there. The rally itself was pretty much unexceptional, but the fact of the attendance of such a huge block of people can't be ignored."

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observer

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rubble



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

SLAVERY AND MUSLIM SOCIETY IN AFRICA, Allan G. B. Fisher and Humphrey J. Fisher. (The Institution in Saharan and Sudanic Africa and the Trans-Saharan Trade) Doubleday. \$6.95

A MOMENT IN HISTORY, Brent Ashabanner. (the first ten years of the Peace Corps.) Doubleday. \$7.95

THE BOOK OF PEACE, Richard Shannon. ("a spiritual journey into the meaning of things.") Doubleday. \$6.00

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

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

FAKING IT, Or the Wrong Hungarian, Gerald Green. (author of THE LAST

ANGRY MAN) Trident Press. \$7.95

THIS EARTH, MY BROTHER, Kofi Awoonor. (An Allegorical Tale of Africa) Doubleday. \$5.95

TOMORROW'S TOMORROW, The Black Woman, Joyce A. Ladner. ("like none other") Doubleday. \$6.95

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

REVOLUTIONARY NONVIOLENCE, David Dellinger. (Essays) Anchor. \$2.50

ASTROLOGY AND SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY, Edward Anthony. (A horoscope guide to selecting your ideal partner) An Essandess Special Edition. \$1.00

DIVIDED WE STAND, Cushing Strout and David I. Grossvogel, (Reflections on the Crisis at Cornell) Doubleday-Anchor. \$1.45

DOWN SECOND AVENUE, Ezekiel Mphahlele. (Growing up in a South African ghetto.) Doubleday-Anchor. \$1.95

MY NAME IS AFRIKA, Keorapetse Kgositse. Doubleday-Anchor. \$1.95

PATRIOTIC POEMS OF AMERIKKKA, Rev. Todd S. J. Lawson. Peace and Pieces Books. \$1.85

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

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

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

Lydia Ayers

THE FIRST ANNUAL GREAT BARD CLEANUP

free beer

join in the festivities

cookout

THURSDAY APRIL 29th

9:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

(in case of rain it will be held
on April 30th)

The first annual great Bard clean-up will begin this Thursday morning. Barbara Grossman will be directing people to all areas on campus from the main headquarters which will be located outside the coffee shop.

With commencement one month earlier this year there are one month fewer B & G days. Let's get involved in our immediate environment. Let's clean up Bard. Do your share.

A little bit from everyone is all that's needed.

The areas below have been suggested areas for the clean-up attack.

1. Rake and clean up both sides main driveway from Stone Row to Chapel.

2. Area between Bard Hall and Proctor, clear out and grade.

3. From rear of library down Kappa path - clean out and rake either side of black-top path.

4. Corner of woods by entrance to new tennis courts - clean out broken limbs, dead tree trunks and trash.

5. Rake up old leaves and trash around sewer pumping station between South Hall and Albee.

6. Rake around South Hall and clear up trash.

7. Clean out dead leaves and trash next to Manor House, all around building.

8. Cemetery - rake up dead leaves.

9. Rake all around Robbins, clear out dead leaves and trash next to foundation.

10. Remove old broken down fence and

brush grown into the wall approaching the campus from Blithewood drive—and restore wall where broken.

11. Old tennis courts on main campus—rake up dead leaves.

12. Clear out leaves and rubbish in window wells around Aspinwall.

13. Fill in holes in lawn next to driveway on Chapel circle, and spread new gravel on circle.

14. Clear up broken branches, fallen trees and other trash between skating pond and tar road.

15. Remove materials in dump by Manor House so it won't be seen as you come down Cruger Road (help and oversight of B & G needed for this).

16. Cruger Island road from black-top road down to opposite Auxilliary dorms - clear out fallen branches and down tree trunks, and rake out trash. (Don't do right-hand side of Cruger Island road - much poison ivy on fence-posts and trees here - too dangerous to work here.)

letters

Dear People,

Normally, I enjoy reading your paper. It has done some things sadly lacking in most of the college press and done it well and with style.

However, I was looking through some back issues and came across the March 18, 1970 issue. The pictures that went with the Indian article were good, and well laid out. Too bad the copy was so sadly lacking. Schardt's piece wasn't bad for what was there, but it was so woefully incomplete.

But, incompleteness is excusable. Michael May should have his white head examined, however. His review -- if one can stoop so low to call it that -- of Soldier Blue was the most insipid thing I have read in any college newspaper in a long while. Besides displaying a large vocabulary (and I have nothing against four-letter words used for effect), he shows a complete dearth of knowledge of Indian culture, American history and common sense.

Candice Bergen, who May calls an aggressive, hardened bitch, was far more. She typified the radical (politically) while Peter Strauss (Soldier Blue) typified the liberal. It was she who knew what Strauss's



burning of rifles destined for the Indians would do once the soldiers raided a badly armed village.

I would agree that there is much justification for comparing My Lai with Soldier Blue, but the only thing May sees apparently is that My Lai and the massacre in Soldier Blue make good copy so his review will be longer.

I am (un anxiously) awaiting his reaction to Little Big Man.

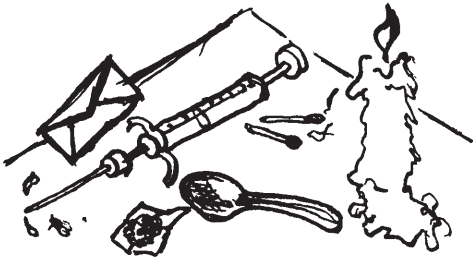
Yours in Peace and Freedom,
Timothy Lange, Editor-in-Chief
(Winomi Watomis)
The Colorado Daily

P.S. We still like most of what you're doing.

the shooting of an element³

Along the Bleeker St. one finds numerous Greek and Slavic eat and run joints scattered about; all of which are crammed tightly into the fronts of small buildings. They're adjacently planted to the entrance doors that open to the inside such that anyone could easily find themselves jammed against the hallway door being flattened to the wall.

Between Sullivan and Thompson streets on the north side of the street is 'The Circle in the Square' theatre. Flocks of out-of-towners are forever lingering in front of the theatre and at the box office. Right across from it, looming like some gargantuan tribute to the Welfare Board, and the Department of Corrections of New York is the Greenwich Hotel. Dank and rancid home of nearly three quarters of the Village's winos, junkies, and played-out beeros...but mostly junkies. Black junkies who have in some way or another been railroaded to a point where all they can hope for is subsistence. It is something to devote some thought to. They



graphic by julie gelfand

have all, at one time or another, been 'in stir' at the Tombs or Riker's Island.

Two blocks west, and from there one blocks north, is the pizzeria on the southwest corner of Macdougall and Third street. The major haunt of a group of Italian neighborhood kids (though not young anymore) known as 'The Carmine Street Boys.' I first crossed their tracks while going to P.S. 3. They were at that time

going to "Our Lady of Pompeii." I'd make the mistake of walking home on the wrong side of Bleeker and wound up getting my little ass whupped. Whupped bad. Of late though (late being the last three or four years) they have fallen into quite a smack (or *deji*, *snaw*, anything you want to call it) scene. This is what would bring us back to the infamous Greenwich Hotel. Pilgrimages are forever being made from the pizzeria to the hotel and vice versa. And for what? A tres bag; or what would be considered a *douce sac* *uptown*.

But getting back to the huge edifice, that in one sense can be considered similar to the outside faces of those drab, factory-like Brooklyn high schools. In particular Brooklyn Tech with its grated windows resembling some house of detention. A laminated swing-sign of aged plywood projects out on the west side of the marquis (which advertises nought but shelter from the rain). In peeling, blue-block lettering it states "GREENWICH HOTEL *BI*WEEKLY RATES*THREE DOLLARS PER NIGHT**BATHS**VACANCY". Below is a sign similar in material, telling of the cafeteria's special of the day as far as soups are concerned, with an additional note that there is a special of a stew dish (avec garlic bread) for one dollar and forty-nine cents. Perpendicular to this is the entrance; a revolving door flanked by two open-cut wood and glass doors.

A squat black man, built four feet by four feet, is molded into a chair back towards the counter where tenants collect their letters and their keys. He wears a grey sweat shirt with the sleeves jaggedly cut off. While fondling his paws that have walnut-knuckles, one eye is glued to the entrance and his other -- the wandering eye, floats from one side to the other and finally comes to rest on his paws. His cranium has an indentation on the right side and a protrusion resembling a small



photo by Josh Moroz

pomegranite. He is the one, rather one of the ones, who makes it quite hard for any of the 'Carmine Street Boys' to make their connections at the hotel. Yet the kids from tenth street also meander in either bringing talk of 'powder-dope' sold by the bums and hobos down on Jane St. or simply looking to score a 'wake-up' shot. Half-loads go for such exorbitant prices down on Macdougall that only the richer chumps will buy them, preferring to avoid any hassles, even if it might mean reducing the price by a good fifteen dollars.

As for the rather well known tenants who support what has become for them a domineering habit, they are fronted something in the area of five or six half-loads which they are to sell for their 'Man'. Out of what they 'off' on the streets, a substantial amount of the bread goes back to their man and the rest of the money will be put towards 're-upping' and for their Shot(s) for the day.

The hotel appears to be about fifteen flights. To the east of the entrance is the Village Gate. On the Thompson and Sullivan St. sides are exits and entrances and both sides are equipped with a fairly old system of fire escapes. Uniform guards on the floors of each flight, who are in all probability users themselves, lay in wait for anything that comes their way. Except for the familiar black faces that have already established a routine for eliminating any hassles, they try (they being the aforementioned primate of the lobby) to keep all possible buyers, mostly white, from getting beyond the lobby. Should any of them perchance be fortunate to get to the upper floors, or the day-room where all the connections hang, they are quite often pinched by the guards and they either wind up losing their money, their dope, or maybe both. While any of this might be happening the boys will be laying in the alcove of the 'Circle in The Square' with the hopes of catching the eye of one of the dealers who are leaning on the window sills of the day-room, which looks out across to the alcove. It has been a quirk for me trying to figure out whether to mention real names or pseudonyms. At times I feel the real names have more meaning and are easier to visualize, yet at other times I have second thoughts about putting old acquaintances in jeopardy with the sixth precinct. Let's just forget about either of the latter and let me just say being here I'm not even sure if they're still laying out in that area. As I remember, and this lasted for quite a while, a dynasty built up around the 'drud brothers'. Jerry and

Dougy Drud. They'd been dealing the finest thing around for a long, long time. Three dollar packets wrapped in tin foil that could have passed for a 'pound' bag in other areas. Then there were Gypsy, three hundred pounds of Spaniard that wouldn't give the time of day to a white boy; and Indio and Spanish Billy who were at that time fairly well known such that it was not at all easy for them to make the rounds. Indio is not partial really to day or night whereas Billy would rarely cruise during the day. He'd wait for the clubs and coffee houses to open before going out. Camouflaged very well visitors to the clubs and God-knows-who-trying to buy buttons at the millions of plastic head shops that cater to people who are fogged enough to throw their money away on the shit in those stores.



graphic by julie gelfand

So anyhow all the yellow, jaundiced faces are probably still waiting for their 'men' to wake up and get out on the streets. And the street cleaner sweeps the foil and the little glassine stamp envelopes off the street, not knowing. I'm just real tired. Exactly. So everybody is William Burroughs. But really no one is but you. That's what they're saying. And how about 'Hunke the junkie'? He's the guy that got Big Bill off for the first time. Everyone's just gonna have to learn that it's their story. Not anyone else's.

This descriptive piece is simply an introduction to what will be a much more persona of sorts of my life in those days when \$3.00 used to be my lucky number. It was fun for a while, but as for now, that whole scene can go to hell!

to be continued next week

by Joshua Moroz

ping pong patches peking

by R.M. Nixon

Before I start writing, I want to make one thing porcelain clear, and that is that I like all types of food: French, English, Japanese, Vulgarian and all that Uncle Tom's Converted Rice. And it has been converted. It is now an American dish. I also would like to preface my remarks by saying that I am knowledgeable about ping pong. And if your generation is hep with newspapers I was quoted last week saying that at Whittier College I played ping pong and I must admit I was pretty good at it. (Pat tells me I'm so athletic, she's so nice.) As a matter of fact my first lady and yours was nicknamed Ping Pong Pat because of her athletic prowess.

If I may, I would like to digress at this point to mention how I met Ping Pong Pat. (I seldom get off the topic but I feel I can be straight with you.) I walked into the rec room (that's recreation room for you amateurs) and saw her beautiful arm-pits dripping with sweat and I spotted her B.V.D.'s underneath her sweat-stained ping pong skirt. She was the cat's meow all right. I sat on a throne to gaze at her form. What a wrist! I bet she had some training to get a forearm like that. Anyway I got all my strength up and asked her if she would play with me. Well, she beat me all right, but I knew that one day I would beat her. (uh, at ping pong.) She never said how much she envied my form, but I looked so virile, how could she resist me? Well, the rest is history, as you well know. Before I go back to my original topic, I'd like to thank the United Textile Association for voting my Tricia one of the ten best-dressed children in my country. Of course, she is twenty five years old.

Well back to my presidential rap about China and my T.T.T. (Table Tennis Team).

Those chinks really gave those ping pongs the royal treatment. They ate Swansons eleven course Chinese T.V. dinners, the same one I eat when I watched Mayberry R.F.D. and Family Affair (Pat is such a great cook). Oh I almost forgot. Glen Cowan, a member of my team, handed me some mary jane and boric acid. That long haired guy said, "Don't knock it till you've tried it, Dick." I was moved that he could relate with me in such a short time. I couldn't believe it, but that kid with all that hair actually could talk. I'm going to be nicer to all those freaks now that I know they're people. Well I snorted some grass and shot up that acid and I hallucinated. I thought I was the champion ping pong player of the world, and my name is Spiro Agnew. Boy, I really flipped out. Can you imagine being that stoned?

Well, I'm going to start having relations with Chou Enlai soon. (Pat says he's fine). Jim Buckley asked me the other day what I thought about Red China. Wittily, I answered, "It depends on the color of the table cloth." I asked Chou if Red China had a democracy (giving him the benefit of my doubt). He answered, "How you think we get so many people? We have elections every night." I said, "A great joke, Chou, I read it in Playboy too." Well, we're gonna trade with China. Mao Tse Tung for Martha Mitchell. She'll straighten those chinks out. I was gonna go to Red China with Martha, but I was afraid they'd blow my fucking head right off. Well, that's the way the ball bounces. Until next time, if there is a next time, I remain your king.

by Michael May

BARD RACISM

Bard students and faculty have traditionally had a distinctly individualistic view of themselves; indeed, the entire academic structure of Bard is fashioned around the well-worn American concept of "do your own thing." The present generation of Bard students and faculty is by no means an exception to this grand tradition: self-interest and neglect of anything that does not directly affect one's own existence are two main characteristics of the average Bard student or faculty member.

One result of this complete, all-consuming egotism is a phenomenon that is by no means new in itself, but rather, is new to Bard. Up until several years ago, Bard was clearly in step with the general trend of U.S. "higher" education: a token black student here and there, but the emphasis was definitely on a lily-white campus. Hopefully, that situation is changing; Bard has many more black students than ever before.

The problem, then, is not only one of having Third World students come to Bard, but also having minority students stay at Bard. There is a subtle racism that infects every white Bard person, student and faculty, and the effects of this racism are felt very clearly by the black and Latin-American students here, making it extremely difficult for them to live here comfortably and fully.

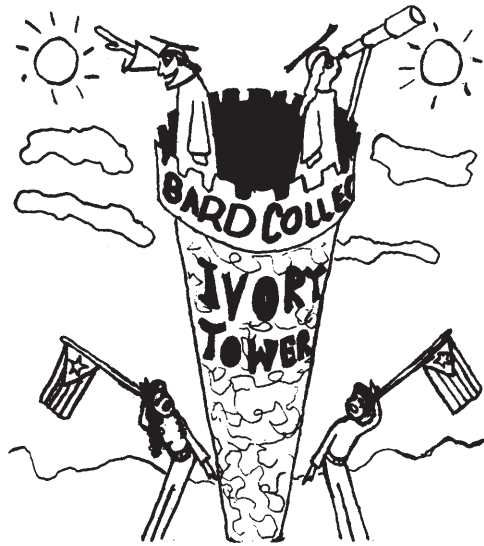
A sweeping charge of racism at a school such as this is bound to create resentment and confusion, unless further clarified. The racism which I refer to is obviously not the racism of the Ku Klux Klan, the active, organized attempt to discriminate against another race. Bard racism is the result of an apathetic, self-interested, self-centered student body, and faculty, too concerned with their own affairs to notice the struggle of others.

In the past decade, white liberal and radical guilt has quickly extended itself to the efforts of the black liberation struggle, obviously because the effects of black slavery have been historically much more visible than the oppression of other races in this country. White liberals and radicals have failed, however, to support, or even recognize, the oppression of Latin Americans in this country.

The most comforting excuse for white people having ignored the Spanish-speaking Americans' situation is the fact that the media have given virtually no publicity to this. Whereas the media have justifiably given the cause of black liberation high priority, the Latin American is forgotten or over-looked: This truism is particularly evident at Bard, not to mention all other "institutions of higher education": this semester there are only 7 Latin American students, out of a student body of 710.

Perhaps the reason the media have failed to publicize the Latin Americans' situation is because in the U.S. they have not yet been as dramatic as black people have been in demonstrating on the streets of the cities. As far as Puerto Rico itself is concerned, the government clearly has an active interest in seeing that news of the growing strength of the independence movement is suppressed. The media thrive on sensation—daring shots of a burning city after a riot is sure to get top billing on the 6 o'clock news, whereas the less obvious, but deadlier unemployment rate, infant mortality rate, hunger and depressed living conditions that both the black person and Latin American must face is buried under fine print and neglect.

So, to that extent, white Bard people might be somewhat justified in claiming ignorance of the Latin American's plight. But does the Bard community attempt to correct this fault? Up until several years ago it was easy to completely ignore the problem—there were no Latin American



graphic by julie gelfand

was corrected by simply attracting some Latin American students to come here. The assumption underlying this move was a typically liberal one, one which did little to solve the real problems that confront Third World students. It was thought that by simply getting Latin American students to attend Bard, the problem would be solved. But what happens after these students are accepted?

Again, the assumptions of the Bard community were completely unrealistic and inadequate. It was thought that if one simply let it be, ignored the changes, they would go away. Consequently, no efforts have been made to make the Third World students feel at home at Bard, to provide the minority students with a positive, supportive atmosphere in which he/she could remain independent of the white middle- and upper-class life-style that is the Bard life-style, or learn about himself (herself) and his (her) own history. It is assumed here that the white middle- and upper-class life is the only valid one, the only one to which one should aspire. That this assumption stifles and oppresses any student coming from a different background should be obvious.

In an effort to combat this characteristic of the Bard community, the Latin American Student Organization at Bard has presented over the last several weeks an exceptionally full schedule of lectures, talks and dramatic presentations. The Latin American Student Organization has put an enormous amount of work into educating us, the white Bard student and faculty member, about the independence movement in both Puerto Rico and the U.S., and we have not even bothered to attend their presentations. On April 12, Ramon Arbona of the Movement for Puerto Rican Independence (MPI) spoke in Sottery, and of roughly 700 white students on campus, merely 4 saw fit to attend. No faculty members.

The reasons are fairly obvious, as I see them. The white members of the Bard community have been too wrapped up in themselves, doing their own thing, to see beyond their petty middle-class pre-occupations. External appearances to the contrary, all is not well at Bard, and the fault is all ours. Our ignorance and apathy toward the minority students here has created huge amounts of frustration and bitterness that aren't overtly dramatic but have made peaceful Bard almost unliveable for our Latin American brothers and sisters. Our racism is equivalent in effect to that of our parents, and that is what we are supposedly trying to fight. Until we honestly confront ourselves with the fact that we have neglected and ignored the Latin American students here, we shall continue to live like racists, living only for ourselves to the exclusion of all others.

april 24

from page 1

Pam Ware stated that "I had never been in a demonstration that large. The first demonstration that I had attended was last October's demonstration in New York City, and that was only about 5,000 people. It showed me the effect that so many people can have on each other."

Mary Centin, when asked to describe her

freedom seder

Last Thursday night, April 15, the Jewish Alliance held a Freedom Seder in Blithewood. For those of you who didn't go, or who went but had too much wine, the Seder is the ceremonial dinner that celebrates the Passover, the Jewish holiday that commemorates the liberation of the Children of Israel from Egyptian slavery some 3500 years ago. The ceremony involves retelling the story of Moses' adoption by the Pharaoh's daughter, his efforts to persuade the Pharaoh to free the Hebrew slaves, the ten plagues that God brought down upon the Egyptians, culminating in the deaths of all the first-born (and which cynics have been attributing to various natural phenomena ever since), His passing over the houses of the Hebrews while spreading the final plague, the slaying of all the first-born, and the flight of the Hebrews from Egypt that ends with the miraculous crossing of the Red Sea while the Pharaoh's army drowns. A key part of the ceremony involves explaining the symbolic items on the Seder Plate, including the bitter herbs, usually horseradish, that symbolize the bitterness of the years of slavery.

There were more than 100 people celebrating the ritual that night, and the Alliance was ready for them with, among other things, fifteen gallons of wine (60 quart bottles) and 30 pounds of matzoh, the flat cakes of bread that the Hebrews had no time to let rise before fleeing Egypt.

The Hagaddah, the text read during the Seder, was adapted by Marshall Kupchan, Steven Berman, and Daniel Cantor from Arthur Waskow's "Radical Hagaddah" which appeared in Ramparts a few years back. The original Waskow text was over-run with references to today's struggle for freedom, peace and brotherhood; the version used at the Seder retained some of these, including quotations from Ghandi and Martin Luther King, but these were not latent changes but additions to the traditional Hagaddah, which I personally prefer. I don't think that it is really necessary to make the Passover service more "relevant" to our times, but I have to admit that Kupchan, Berman and Cantor did a good job of it.

reactions to the Washington demonstration, had this to say: "I went in May last year, it was mostly students...It was nice to see a lot of different people here. When I watched them all marching past me as I was going down the Ellipse, I had the feeling that none of them would agree with each other on anything, except maybe that they want to end the war... [When] the working people decide that they want to stop the war, they'll do it in a very short time."

by Kurt Hill

The service was conducted in a kind of audience-participation fashion, with successive paragraphs being read by whoever was next in line going down the table. Parts designated for the "reader" and responsive readings were taken care of by Kupchan. The Four Questions, where the youngest in attendance asks about the differences between the night of the Seder and other nights, were recited by librarian Aaron Fessler's son Norman. Daniel Cantor deserves additional credit for taking on the unenviable task of editing and typing up the Hagaddah. Under the circumstances of preparing a Seder for such a large group of people, I think the Alliance did a wonderful job. After the ceremony, there was gefilte fish, Passover cookies and apples for all, in addition to the matzoh and wine, followed by songs and Israeli dancing. Everyone had a rollicking good time, and more than a few got high—and why not? The Seder calls for drinking four cups of wine.

I found one thing wrong with the affair. To me, the most important line in the service is the one that states that every Israelite should, at Passover, think of the exodus from Egypt as if he himself had been liberated. I thought that this spirit was strangely missing during the Freedom Seder. I wasn't really surprised, though. Historically, the Jew has acted as if he were aware of his heritage only when he has come under naked oppression. For the most part this kind of oppression doesn't really exist in this country.

The most important thing about the celebration of Passover is that it should commemorate not the liberation of a minority 3500 years ago, but the fact that it made it possible for their descendants to be free. Every Jew should feel as if he had fled Egypt, fought Nero's armies at Masada, been burned at the stake in Spain crammed into ghettos in Europe, and gassed by the Nazis. Every Jew has had a small stake in the creation of great poetry the creation of a new music for the 20th century, the smashing of the atom, the building of a new nation in the Holy Land. This is the real meaning and significance of the Passover.

by Sol Louis Siegel

jazz

Hopefully Bard will be able to hire a jazz musician (possibly trombonist-pianist Roswell Rudd of Archie Shepp's band) to teach part-time next semester. A certain minimum number of students is required, however, to make this enterprise worthwhile. If you are seriously interested in taking a Jazz History course (emphasis on the music through recordings, and not on dates, names, etc.) or an Improvisation course, or, in the absence of a qualified teacher, interested in a student-run Improvisation Workshop, please sign below and return to box 686.



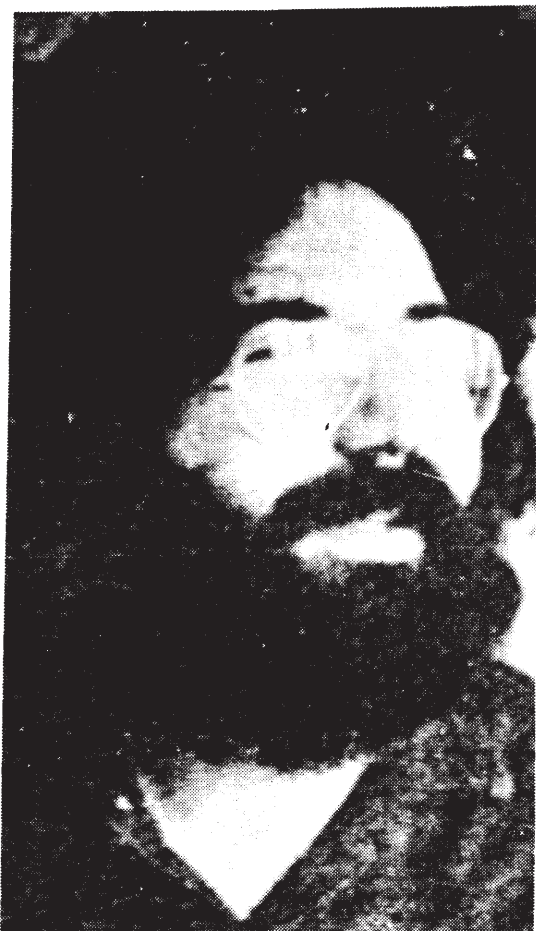
Jazz History and/or Improvisation taught by a jazz musician



Student-run Improvisation Workshop and Seminar (affinity with some instrument or other required)

Name _____ Major _____ Box No. _____

photo by Rick Weinberg



grateful dead live ⁵

It is in the nature of a rock concert that you get more for your money than music. That is why I can speak with great confidence about the success of the Grateful Dead in Princeton on Saturday the 17th. I cannot properly speak about guitar technique, or about the subtlety of the musical compositions. I cannot make critical judgments about tone, acoustical quality, and other related topics. My relationship to rock music, and music in general, is that of an amazed novice rather than a sharp-eared aficionado. And yet, I can now go forward and praise the Dead.

The first thing to talk about is the audience. Princeton was for me a very strange place. It looked like a combination medieval fortress-resort club. On the afternoon of the concert everyone was either playing tennis, running track or throwing a frisbee around. The student body was, on a superficial level, which was all I had time for, noticeably straighter than the Bard student body: a lot more crew-cuts, a lot more school jackets, and, in general, what appeared to be a greater quietness, an absence of eccentricity. When the music started, this impression was almost completely obliterated. I think this fact

is very crucial in understanding the meaning of rock and the Dead in particular. Like marijuana, rock is the great shared experience of the college-aged people. A group of students listening to the Dead in Princeton will probably react similarly to a group listening to the Dead in Nebraska or Florida or at Bard. All of my sense of strangeness and otherness with respect to the Princeton students, none of whom I knew, (save one), completely disappeared while the music played. If one wishes to be cynical one can argue that this experience destroyed my sense of individuality, that it rendered me anonymous and blind, but I don't think that that is the case. Rather I reacted spontaneously, and I felt as if those in the audience did so as well. Some danced; some just jumped up and down; others waved their arms in time to the music; others sat or stood simply glued to the stage lost in admiration; some sang along, and others just tried to keep their bodies going to the music even as they stood still. I felt, for one of the rare times in my own life, that primitive, pre-intellectual kind of communion with other people, that almost tribal fellowship. I think one of the interesting things about this feeling is its

direct relationship to the style in which the Grateful Dead play. When Mick Jagger does his thing, one may idolize him or love his ass or hate his guts or whatever, but one never feels as though there is a flow between you and him. I think this kind of response is typical of the more flamboyant, and "original" groups like The Who, Sly and The Family Stone, and Hendrix when he performed. Generally I always feel a greater distance between myself and this kind of a performer, regardless of the extent to which I admire the performer. A group like the Dead, and also groups like the Band, for one example, are so unself-conscious, so direct and simple, that I think admiration is encompassed by a direct sort of empathy. They come to play, and if you love the music, then you love them as well, because they are more concerned with playing than with ego-tripping. Hendrix, Jagger, Townsend, they're all great, but I could never relate as closely to them as I could to each of the members of the Dead. For all that, each of the individuals contributed some amazing solos, I never felt that any one member of the group tried to outstrip the others, never once was there any blatant straining after effect, but instead an intensely quiet kind of confidence and pleasure. The paradox is that while the Dead play their music without relying on theatrical mannerisms and the kind of rhetorical motion which Jagger depends on, they are very successful at gaining precisely the sort of audience involvement I spoke of earlier. Of course, it isn't really that hard to understand. The Dead speak eloquently through their music, that music and their own confidence and pleasure make the empathy go.

There were a couple of aspects of the concert which were particularly interesting for me. For one thing I felt for the first time as though I truly understood the role of a rock drummer. Bill Kreutzmann did one solo, which was fine, but what really impressed me was the deftness with which he followed the riffs of Garcia and Weir and Lesh. The Dead seem, to my unaccustomed ears, to be one of the most complex of all groups, and the structure and development of the longer songs demands a rigorously sharp drummer. Bill Kreutzmann seemed to be definitely that. Another thing that impressed me was the extraordinarily wide range of vocals. Bob Weir, Pigpen, and Jerry Garcia each are unusually capable at solos, and they are amazingly varied in the range and tone they cover. I like Garcia's style the best myself, but I could tell that each of them was strong in his own way.

The Dead have been playing together a long time, and this came through very clearly, in a way that I hadn't been able to notice before. In particular I loved the way that Phil Lesh would quietly move closer to Garcia whenever there was a particularly complicated run to do. There was also the almost machine-like precision with which they moved toward and away from the microphones. Perhaps all of this is trivial to those readers who've gone to a million concerts, but they were all great sources of pleasure, satisfaction and amazement to me. The other thing that I can remember most clearly was the expression on the group's faces after a song ended. It was a sort of pleased smile, half amusement at the hysterical reaction of the audience clapping, cheering and waving, and half satisfaction with their own performance. So few people, here or anywhere, seem engaged in doing something that they love to do, that it is indeed a joy to watch people who are so engaged. It seems to me that it is this sort of commitment, commitment to working at full-tilt with high standards, which makes the group so exemplary. The image of five people knowing how to do what they enjoy doing, and simultaneously letting other people in on their enjoyment, is one of a few which can genuinely be cherished.

raymond chandler: poet

"Anna Halsey was about two hundred and forty pounds of middle-aged putty-faced woman in a black tailor made suit. Her eyes were shiny black shoe buttons, her cheeks were as soft as suet and about the same color. She was sitting behind a black glass desk that looked like Napoleon's tomb and she was smoking a cigarette in a black holder that was not quite as long as a rolled umbrella. She said: "I need a man."

I watched her shake ash from the cigarette to the shiny top of the desk where flakes of it curled and crawled in the draft from an open window.

"I need a man good-looking enough to pick up a dame who has a sense of class, but he's got to be tough enough to swap punches with a power shovel. I need a guy who can act like a bar lizard and backchat like Fred Allen, only better, and get hit on the head with a beer truck and think some cutie in the leg-line topped him with a breadstick."

"It's a cinch," I said. "You need the New York Yankees, Robert Donat, and the Yacht Club Boys."

"You might do," Anna said, "cleaned up a little. Twenty bucks a day and ex's."

Raymond Chandler is at most times considered the protege of Dashiell Hammett. Kid brother. It's crap, if you're asking me. Chandler came into the world in Chicago in 1888. At eight he was dragged to England by his old lady. He went to English public school, then went on to Dulwich College (majoring in Greek and Latin). He then studied French in France and Germany with no success. Although he was an American he did stay in England for quite a while and upon returning to the States he said that he had 'an English accent you could cut with a baseball bat'. He said that there were two kinds of slang that were any good: slang that's established itself in the language and that which you make up yourself. Everything else is apt to be passe before it gets into print.

When being asked how to tell someone to leave Chandler used a host of expressions like "Scram, Beat it, Take the air, on your way, dangle, hit the road, dust, get in the wind, take a powder, etc...." In December of '33 his first story appeared; "Black-mailers Don't Shoot." At this time Chandler was forty-five. He was about the foremost member of the 'Black Mask' magazine (pulp) school of thought. Oddly enough Chandler was in the oil business and when the 'Great Depression' hit he began to write stories on his own having them published in the countless pulp mags that were floating around at that time. Before this, upon returning to the U.S. he went up to Canada (1917-18) and

joined the royal highlanders, serving in France. It was after this he began his business career in Los Angeles.

His first novel, and the one that probably comes to the minds of people when his name is mentioned, was published in 1939, THE BIG SLEEP. Very quickly it was followed in the start of the '40's by FAREWELL, MY LOVELY; THE LADY IN THE LAKE; and THE HIGH WINDOW. All of which starred his inimitable character, Philip Marlowe -- 'Hardest-Boiled Dick (private)' around. In many of the earlier stories the character, essentially Marlowe was known as John Dalmás. Chandler is quoted as saying of the BIG SLEEP that "I'll never equal it for suspense." Great success followed with him writing the screenplay for the Hollywood adaptation of James M. Cain's DOUBLE INDEMNITY. The film starred Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. It was to aid Chandler tremendously in the future even though he had already made a huge impact and was considered the one, and I might add only, possible peer of Dashiell Hammett, the ex-Pinkerton operative who took to writing also. A bit prior to Chandler though. His great work, THE MALTESE FALCON, starred Humphrey Bogart, just as THE BIG SLEEP would. Yet 'Bogie's' woman Lauren Bacall was to star in THE BIG SLEEP whereas in THE MALTESE FALCON the 'Man Trap' was played by Mary Astor. In a very early short story, a house 'dick' Tony Reseck paved the way for the image of Marlowe.

Chandler's own description of Marlowe in a capsule runs as follows: "Philip Marlowe has a personal conscience which is quite different than a social conscience. He is against the upper classes because they take baths and have money; and he despises the ones who are phony. But he is a sympathetic man. And so will take up a personal cause for a lowly person."

Marlowe's own description of the private eye business is: "What makes a man stay with it nobody knows. You don't get rich, you don't often have much fun. Sometimes you get beaten up or shot at or tossed in the jailhouse. Once in a while you get dead." The man died in La Jolla, Calif. on March 26, 1959.

A beautiful career cut short. All I can tell you is to read everything you can find by the man and I can give you the final mood in THE BIG SLEEP:

"I went quickly away from her down the room and out and down the tiled staircase to the front hall. I didn't see anybody when I left. I found my hat alone this time. Outside the gardens had a haunted look, as though small wide eyes were watching me from behind the bushes, as though the sunshine itself had a mysterious something in it's light. I got into my car and drove off down the hill.

What did it matter where you lay once you were dead? In a dirty sump or in a marble tower on top of a hill? You were dead, you were sleeping the big sleep, you were not bothered by things like that. Oil and water were the same as wind and air to you. You just slept the big sleep, not caring about the nastiness of how you died or where you fell. Me, I was part of the nastiness now. Far more a part of it than Rusty Regan was. But the old man didn't have to be. He could lie quiet on his bed, with his bloodless hands folded on the sheet, waiting. His heart was a brief, uncertain murmur. His thoughts were as grey as ashes. And in a little while he too, like Rusty Regan would be sleeping the big sleep... On the way downtown I stopped at a bar and had a couple of double scotches. They didn't do any good. All they did was make me think of Silver-Wig, and I never saw her again."

by Joshua Moroz

6 environmental advertising

ECO-PORNOGRAPHY S. 927

Senator William B. Spong, Jr. of Virginia has introduced a bill to put the purveyors of eco-pornography behind bars for six months or to fine them \$10,000.

Senator Spong says his bill, S. 927, was prompted by the flood of advertising praising industrial pollution control that followed hard on the heels of the nation's new environmental awareness. As Spong put it, "Many industries apparently are placing more emphasis on advertising their abatement activities than they are on abatement itself. And the advertisements in some cases are worse than misleading - they are not even truthful."

The bill amends the air and water control laws "to prevent false and deceptive advertising with respect to products and services to prevent and control air and water pollution." Co-sponsors include Senators Howard Baker of Tenn., Birch Bayh of Indiana, Robert Dole of Kansas, Edmund Muskie of Maine and Jennings Randolph of West Virginia. All except Spong are members of the Public Works Committee to which the legislation was referred, virtually assuring its passage on to the Senate Floor.

Reprinted from CONSERVATION NEWS, National Wildlife Federation. Washington D.C.

How to return a non-returnable can.



1. Bring it to a recycling center.
2. We have already set up several around the country. By the end of April, there will be over a hundred.
3. We're the people who make cans. And we think a used can can be a useful thing. Not another piece of garbage.
4. We'll take any can you can give us. Beer. Soda. Soup. Salmon. Anything. Steel or aluminum. Just take off the labels and rinse them out. And we'll sort, ship and sell them to the metal companies. And whatever money we get, we'll give to local environmental projects.
- 5
6. The point is very simply to conserve natural resources and get rid of garbage. If we re-use steel and aluminum, we don't have to take as much out of the ground.
7. Now there is no such thing as a non-returnable can.

The Can People

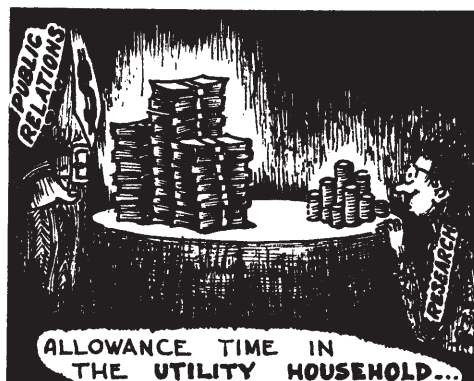
8. We care more than you do. We have to.
- DEBUNKING MADISON AVENUE

The can is under attack; there is a growing national effort to reduce the annual amount of solid waste in the U.S. and a growing number of citizen suits seeking to ban non-returnable beverage containers -- favoring returnable bottles over non-returnable cans...

The thrust of this ad is not so much to stimulate people to return cans as it is to get them to keep on buying cans. Once you read the six-inch-high headline and see the enormous crumpled can, then you can go out, free of guilt, and buy more cans because they can now be returned. Later on, you don't have to return them any more than you have to return your returnable bottles.

1. Besides, how are you going to return them if you can't even find a recycling center in your area?
2. 200 plants are expected to have "recycling centers" by summer. But if these so-called centers are nothing more than a few open bins on plant property, they could have been set up immediately -- even before the ads began.
3. In 1970, can companies manufactured about 63 billion cans, 30 billion of which were beer and soft-drink containers.
4. The casual way can companies plan to handle public scrap underlines their lack of serious concern for recycling processes.
5. The going rate is \$200 per ton for all-aluminum cans, \$20 per ton for pure steel cans, and \$10 per ton for bi-metal cans.
6. Not only does aluminum interfere with the reprocessing by de-tinning companies, it is not even recovered.
7. In spite of all the limitations, public relations men remain cooperative and optimistic about their recycling program... Mr. Hudson of Continental Can Company was so enthusiastic he said, "Little old ladies with paper bags full of tin cans on their laps are probably sitting on subways right now trying to get here." ...Mr. Norman Dobyns, Director of Government Relations for American Can Company in Washington, D.C., said, "I don't give a rat what kind of can it is -- it can be recycled."
8. In an address to the National Canners Association, Mr. William F. May, Chairman of the American Can Association, explained: "We owe it to our children, as well as to our stockholders, to work in a positive way toward ecological repair." Perhaps commercial advertising is the positive way. If it can stimulate others to do the recycling -- many municipalities are beginning their own programs -- then "The Can People" won't have to assume long-term financial responsibility and business can continue as usual.

(exerpts from an article by Avery Taylor, ENVIRONMENTAL ACTION, April 17, 1971, a biweekly publication of Environmental Action, Inc., Room 731, 1346 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. \$7.50/yr.)



graphic: ENVIRONMENTAL ACTION

CLEANER AIR 12 WAYS

The advertising business has lived so easily and wealthily with the implied false promise that we have come to regard it as our Constitutional right.

We're not even much subtler than we were in the strident USP days. Back then, nobody really said Wonder Bread is the only bread that builds better bodies 12 ways. If the great unwashed chose to believe that, all to the better. Now we have Geritol. As the FTC claims, all that cloying advertising is supported by people who buy Geritol and don't really need it. Similar charges are being shot at the advertising for mouthwash.

So who is really hurt? If people don't know it's the milk and not the Wheaties that makes champions, we can live with that.



photo: Kodak Company

But now we're entering the era of the massive false implication, and the public just won't permit us to live with it. The general concern with the environment will continue to mount, and empty advertising promises will backfire. It is not a little personal worry about bad breath; it is a deep-seated fear for the lives of this generation and generations to come.

More to our point, it is not a fear that should be manipulated with tawdry little advertising claims. No nonsense about superficially cleaner gasoline will have any bearing on air pollution. And somehow, partly through advertising, the public has the idea that leaded gasoline is the villain. Yet, as Environmental Monthly reports, tests conducted by the Bureau of Mines indicated a switch to unleaded fuel could actually increase emissions causing photo-chemical smog by 25%.

Let's stop talking. Let's take action.

Walter Joyce,
Editor

Reprinted from MARKETING/COMMUNICATIONS.

EARTH TOOL KIT, Environmental Action, Pocket Books, \$1.25

EARTH TOOL KIT is a well-organized, detailed guide to environmental tactics. Current environmental information is always needed, and ETK discusses current issues and solutions. Environmental Action grew from the staff that coordinated Earth Day, 1971.

Anyone who wants to do ecological research or "environmental action" this summer will find this book an invaluable resource, because it shows how to go through all the nitty-gritty chores that get the work done.

The following exerpts from the Introduction represent the tone and general attitude of the book:

"Advertisements deliberately distort to sell their products. Oil companies are

furiously advertising that using their new low lead gasolines will fight air pollution. The impression is firmly implanted in the mind of the public that the road to cleaner skies will be built by burning low lead detergent gas so that the more the public drives, the cleaner the air will become. But the petroleum industry and their corporate brothers in the auto industry fail to advertise alternative solutions to the air pollution problem.

"Soap and detergent manufacturers also practice environmental double-think on the genuine desires of the public for cleaner water. One maker even markets

a product tagged Ecolo-G to tap the concern. After high phosphate products received a commercial battering, the industry hurriedly substituted NTA (nitril triacetic acid) and started advertising new pollution-fighting detergents. Now, tests are showing that their solution may be as bad or worse than the original phosphate problem...

"Magazine articles and television programs devoted to the environmental crisis are creating a potential constituency for a movement to transform America. As roses wilt from air pollution, the garden club becomes a hotbed of social activists...Environmental concerns can force socially and politically diverse groups together to work for a common solution...

"More people are beginning to understand that decisions with far-reaching effects on society are being made without anyone consulting them. Consumers have little to say about what products they will face on the television screen. No votes are taken on what additives should be put in food. Drivers have no choice but to drive a smog-producing internal combustion engine. No referendums are held on whether highways should be built through neighborhoods. The American people were never consulted about entering a war in Southeast Asia...

"The chairman of the board of General Motors, who profits from manufacturing smog-producing engines, must breathe the same air as other citizens. Transportation tie-ups bog down everyone. Chemically contaminated water flows into luxurious new apartments and into slums.

"In the face of our seemingly overwhelming environmental problems, the average citizen feels hopelessly inadequate and powerless. Pollution despoliation and mineral exploitation are in evidence everywhere, and the small "neighborhood" victory seems almost useless when compared with the magnitude of the problem."

ig is just more pollution

A section of the book, "The Foundation," gives detailed information for people who need to research corporations which pollute: sources of financial statistics, political arrangements and other evidence of corruption. It also suggests where to get money, where to get cheap office supplies, how to organize an office and how to plan the environment for a successful community meeting. Then it discusses how to use the media to "get the word out." "Dealing with the news-media is an art, and it should be taken seriously." "The theatrical aspect of any action should be considered." "If a photogenic situation is likely to arise, let the media know about it beforehand." Then it gives other "Tactics" to get the message across. Starting with speaking programs and workshops, it says, "Weekly meetings over a period of time could create a hard core of individuals who can form a nucleus for later action."

"Teach-ins" -- "including earth-rock concerts, auto burials, lectures, community pollution inventories, dump-ins of non-returnable containers, street closings, clean-ups, television programs and others."

"Guerrilla theatre...uses satire...to prick consciences about problems." It gives suggestions for what to do if you are "up against Congress," and legislators are passing the wrong laws, or no laws at all. It adds tips for lobbyists and "Public watchdogs."

"Concern about the environment leads many individuals to take small, personal steps to bring their old life style into closer harmony with nature. But after placing a brick in the toilet tank to save water, changing to white tissues to fight water pollution and walking to work to clean up the air, they notice that conditions are not improving. This period of enlightenment dramatizes the need for social as well as individual action."

A lot of background information on the "Battle Fronts" gives some of the technical problems of pesticides, airports, automobiles, solid wastes, power generation, noise, oil pollution, open space and population.

Appendices include, "Personal Inventory, Community Inventory, National Eco Groups, Local Eco Groups, Glossary of Eco Words, and a Glossary of Organizational Abbreviations and Contributors."

"Garden slugs can be eliminated by placing a pan filled with beer in the garden. The slugs love beer so much, they drown in it." (Fairfax County Camelot Garden Club)

The March issue of EARTH magazine from San Francisco has articles on Zen meditation, strip mining the Navajo sacred female mountain, and Harry Partch's unusual musical instruments. Other interesting articles include an "Underguide to cities and colleges," an assortment of reviews, "Death in Venice," "Communes" and "Government by Television."

In layout EARTH is as glossy and attractive as any other contemporary magazine, but the articles appeal to more liberal tastes than most of the slick specials. The photography is exceptional.

QUIET

"Less thinking might be better thinking for the simple reason that we might have more than thoughts and words to think about. For thoughts are symbols rather than realities: they represent, but are not, the actual world."



This is perhaps the "topic sentence" of Alan Watts' article, "Silence for the Moment," which outlines "an art of meditation, known in the Orient by such names as Yoga and Zen, which consists in the temporary stopping of words and notions in the head, of being aware simply of what is, here and now, without saying anything to oneself about it or about anything else. In this clear and silent state of mind much that one takes for reality just vanishes."

Although he does give a sketchy subjective introduction to meditation, this is a description of how to breathe and sit and how to let thoughts progress beyond thinking and into awareness. Recognizing that this may only be a taste for some people, he suggests a book that explains it more deeply, *MEDITATION IN ACTION*, by Chogyam Trungpa (Shambala Press, Berkeley. \$2.25).

In summary, he writes, "To find reality the mind must, for the moment, be silent, for in silence it is seen that reality is just this eternal moment."

STRIPPING

"...The earth was removed by the machine with a child's play motion, the machine eating easily into the cheap, dirty coal. The coal was lifted into the trucks larger than houses, transported through the black snow to the slurry mixer standing like a primordial, skeletal framework of the future over the sacred Female Mountain, where the coal is ground into a black, slurry mix, then the monster has a diarrhea that is pumped into a black pipeline and shot westward to where it will finally arrive in the form of electricity and smoke in the power plants of sunny California. During the breaks in the gusting snow storm, you could see where Peabody had gouged and torn the pinon, greasewood, sage and rabbit brush into a miasma of churning black shit."

William Eastlake uses graphic images in this story of the people who had to leave their homes and live in their "other home," in a lyrical description of a dirty business. The poor, "traditional" Indians are real and helpless; they don't have the education, money, lawyers or whatever it takes to keep somebody like the Peabody Coal Company from disembowelling their sacred Female Black Mesa.

"Lukachukai (the Male Mountain) and Black Mesa (the Female Mountain) are the yin and yang of Navajo existence. To the Navajos and Hopis who live in the shadow of these mountains, they are sacred places. Without them, the world would come unbalanced."

"Whites say that the Navajos have no sacred shrines..." is a sensitive, human-oriented article. Eastlake "went to Black Mesa to find out why we are destroying the Female with a strip mine," and talked to some of the people who live there. These people include Bessie Etsitty Begave, a 66-year-old, gray-haired and earth-skinned lady, who proudly sits in a pile of driftwood, wearing a plush brown shirt that could be shiny velveteen and a skirt

that looks like driftwood pink satin. She isn't smiling. Her hands rest on her knees as though in meditation, and she looks defiant. "They told us they would plant again, but I doubt they will plant the grass that we know, sagebrush that we know, plants that we know, that we use for worship. Ceremonies, medicines, dyes: this is all gone. "Our prayer places are destroyed," her statement reads. Peabody destroyed her home.

Ted Yazzie is a Navajo man, 63, wrinkled brown face, black moustache, black hat and a black windbreaker, almost closed eyes, and frowning, his face leans against his fist and his elbow propped up on the white bedstead, he sits on a pink woven blanket. "It's terrible when they work. Since they started, people began to change. The air began to change. It is something we have not known before. The plants seem to have no life. When the wind blows our way, the dust covers the whole ground -- the food, the animals, the hogans, the water. The dust is dirty; it is black. The sun rises, yet it is still grey. The sun sets, it is grey. The sun rises, yet it is still grey. The sun sets, it is grey. I imagine the night as grey..."



Black Mesa coal runs a power plant that supplies electricity for the neon facade of Las Vegas, while creating the smog that smothers Navajo and Hopi reservations. Six more power plants are coming, with enough smoke to cover most of California. Peabody will leave the Black Mesa in thirty-five years, when the mine is spent or coal is obsolete, "just as it abandoned the land and people of Appalachia."

At the end of the story, the old man and the author from EARTH, "Together the last and final witness to the death of a planet. Standing against the implacable blue, isolate, catching, both catching, the last look of Female Mountain, my eyes sharing with him through joined hands the last strand of Black Mesa in death, bleeding and alone."

HARRY PARTCH

"He has avoided electronics," writes Ken Spiker, "the over-all impression one gets from his instruments is organic. Polished driftwood makes up structural parts of several instruments."

Harry Partch is a man who has created his own environment with musical instruments of glass and wood, "seeking to rescue the primitive, evocative and magical powers of music from the jaws of sterile esthetic abstraction." Spiker's article gives a picture of the man, but only out-

lines the music. I wanted to find out more about it, so I went to the library to look for GENESIS OF A MUSIC. They didn't have it.

Partch writes, in GENESIS, "I began to write music on the basis of harmonized spoken words, for new instruments and in new scales, and to play it in various parts of the country. I set lyrics by the Eighth Century Chinese Li Po, intoning the words and accompanying myself on my Adapted Viola..."

To do this, Spiker says, he replaced the Western European harmonic system, which is "out of tune" in its fifteen divisions of the octave, with a "just" or "pure" scale based on the partial system. These are expressed in ratios to 1/1, the "Unity" or starting tone. Any number of tones can be generated within an octave, but to do this, the ratios become very complex. The smallest ratios are the most consonant.

He has spent forty years building "a variety of beautiful and strange musical instruments based on his tonal system, and composed works...for single instruments and voices. and large theater pieces...In

his stage productions, the instruments are the set. The instrumentalists are also the actors...The musicians have to be trained to play never-before-heard-of instruments, read Partch's peculiar notations, and execute passages which are technically difficult."

He has created about twenty original instruments, including "the Marimba Eroica (a seven-foot sculptured plank suspended over a resonator as big as a piano, which shook the windows with a 21 cycle tone when struck with a mallet as big as a sleeping bag)." The Chromelodeon (a reed organ) is the only instrument that plays all 43 tones of the Partch octave.

"He is primarily concerned with the magic of music, its primitive and emotional qualities."

"Of all the tonal ingredients a creative man can put into his music, his voice is at once the most dramatically potent and the most intimate."

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San Francisco, California 94105

by Lydia Ayers



persona

"Persona," made in 1967, constituted a radical departure from all of Bergman's previous work, both in theme and style. In this film the obsession with God which dominated (and in some cases marred) the earlier work, was subsumed into a larger framework of experience of human suffering. For the first time the loneliness and agony of his characters derived directly from the quality of their interpersonal experience as opposed to their metaphysical doubt.

This shift in perspective should enable the viewer to locate the motive for some of the troublesome structural qualities in the film. The rapid series of images functions in one way, at least, to warn us that this film is taking us in a new direction. These images have other functions as well, however. The shots of the hand being nailed, the animal being bled, and the bodies in the morgue are clearly related to the violence which occurs in the rest of the film. More importantly, these shots constitute Bergman's own meditation on the nature of the medium itself. It is not a matter of his distancing himself (in the manner of Godard or Brecht) from the material, but rather a commentary on his own ability to do justice to the reality he is showing us. It seems to me, that the whole "break-up" which occurs in the last half of the film, the absence of a logical chronology, constitutes Bergman's confession of the fact that the film involves issues which cannot satisfactorily be resolved. What keeps the film coherent and satisfying, is that each of the scenes which are rationally questionable in linear relation to each other, relate to thematic issues raised in the relatively conventional first part of the narrative. "Persona" is really two films at once, the story of the relationship between Alma and Elizabeth, and a meditation on the way that story can be told.

If anyone has doubts about the fact that Bergman is a great film-maker, the opening scenes between Alma and Elizabeth should dispel them. A scene for instance, like Alma putting cream on her face and thinking carelessly about her work and fiancé, seems to me absolutely perfect. Similarly the sequence in which Alma narrates the story of the orgy. In scenes like these Bergman exhibits a kind of control which is amazing. He understands the way each nuance, the tone of voice, the gesture of face or hand, contributes to a total effect.

The development of "Persona" is essentially Alma's. The first part of the film deals with her gradual loss of stability and confidence. This is touched on in numerous ways. For example, there is the scene in which she introduces herself to Elizabeth. At first she starts cheerfully telling her about herself, and then, gradually she stops. Bergman does not move the camera throughout. He simply allows the recognition by Alma that her words have no effect, emerge through the change in tone of voice. Similarly there is an early scene on the island where Alma reads aloud to Elizabeth. The book says that man's attempts at salvation, his profession of faith, is only an indication of his sense of desolation. Elizabeth nods slowly, Alma refuses to agree but her voice reflects how unsure she is. That scene which explicitly crystalizes the difference between Alma and Elizabeth was preceded by the two of them cheerfully sitting together, working serenely. In the first, they are always together in the same frame but as Alma reads Bergman begins to cut back and forth between them. The tension which ultimately breaks out in the subsequent parts of the film is here established.

In the first part, the action moves from Alma's groping attempts to get close to Elizabeth, by confiding in her and complimenting her. These scenes suggest the precariousness of Alma's situation. This movement is changed from the moment Alma reads the letter. At that moment, she feels betrayed and totally alone. This fact is conveyed particularly by two stunning shots, one in which Alma stands away from the car and stares at her reflection in a pond, the other which comes after the first fight, in which she sits huddled in the rocks.

The sense of desolation which Alma has gained is reflected in the two horrifying bits of cruelty, one with the glass, the other with the boiling water. Each of those acts is an indication of Alma's intense horror at the implications of Elizabeth's silence. They register her unwillingness to accept Elizabeth's despair, and the whole breaking down of her carefully ordered existence.

The following sequences continue the action, dramatizing the workings of this new awareness. Each of the following scenes have an explicitly nightmarish quality. The scene with Elizabeth's husband is heavily charged with an almost surreal quality, as is the scene of Elizabeth sucking Alma's blood. In the first scene with the husband's visit, the shots of Elizabeth in the foreground, as witness to the other two making love, expresses the way that Alma has absorbed Elizabeth's sense of incompatibility. Her horrified screams at the end of that scene are made more terrifying by Bergman's simple camera movement to Elizabeth's face in close up, her expression signifying her complete understanding of Alma's newly-understood pain. It is tempting to call these scenes "exchange of identity" but actually Elizabeth does not really progress; the significant action belongs to Alma. Even in the blood sucking scene, we feel that Alma is directing the action, it is her mixture of desire and disgust which moves the scene. Yet I don't think that these later scenes should be viewed as Alma's dream. In particular the scene of the twice repeated story encourages us to feel Elizabeth's suffering as being as fully there as Alma's. More particularly, there are the two sequences in which Elizabeth is alone: once watching the monk set fire to himself, the other with her looking at the picture of the Warsaw Ghetto. These two scenes suggest the terror of any person trying to open himself up to the events of our age, and they are analogous to the acts of



cruelty which the women themselves perform. If Elizabeth's character is the more static one in the film, we must insist that her suffering is more than a projection by Alma.

It seems to me that the nature of the last sections of the film is such that although we cannot take them as literally true, we cannot write them off as dream or fantasy. The confusion here is in part of Bergman's meaning. In that initial image of the boy reaching to touch the faces going in and out of focus, he has given us one clue to his own uncertainty, his own sense of a reality too powerful to become rationally explicable. Each of the last events in the film inheres in the established characters of the first part. In one sense the organization is like that of a symphony, rather than a linear narrative. The themes established in the first section are given to us in the second, but with variations which develop and extend. The film ends in the same naturalistic manner. The scene of the two women preparing to leave is entirely wordless. We are left with one unsolved ambiguity, as Alma prepares herself to return to the world. We cannot say whether she is prepared to begin again, made stronger by the painful experience. The openness of the ending suggests to me that, among other things, Bergman could not fully make up his own mind. The direction which the second part of the film goes, allows no positive resolution. And hence, as the boy returns, for a brief moment, the face goes into a blur, the film runs out of the machine. It is as if the physical demand of the medium for an ending has overthrown the story. It seems once again Bergman's own statement about the inadequacy of the medium to fully do justice to existence.

shame

There are passages in "Persona" which are as exciting and powerful as anyone can find anywhere. The acting is nothing short of superb, and Suen Nykvist's camera work deserves an article itself. It seems to me, however, to be ultimately less satisfying a film than "Shame." The nuances and meanings in "Persona" are not fully resolved, they are still partially within Bergman's mind. But in "Shame" he is in total control. The absence of ambiguity and mystery in "Shame" may make it at first somewhat less attractive, but it seems to me to evidence an increased confidence on Bergman's part. The fact that we needn't get into guesswork is for me a strength rather than a limitation.

It seems to me that all of the virtues of the earlier films are left intact in "Shame." Like "The Seventh Seal," it uses the apocalypse as a metaphor for human experience. The ravaged countryside, the homeless wanderers are the same, but they are seen with a greater richness and detail. Like "Persona," the film deals with psychic cruelty and violence, but the development is clearer while being no less complex.

In the previous two films Bergman had difficulty in sustaining the brooding intensity of the moods. He fell back on comic relief in "The Seventh Seal," and he burned the film in "Persona." But "Shame" is modulated and balanced more consistently. The use of sound is particularly subtle and beautiful, beginning with the ominous church bells, continuing with the sound of the telephone and then breaking out into the bombing. Bergman uses the sound of the war in its rising and falling of intensity to adjust the audience to the action.

What makes "Shame" successful is that Bergman has at last been able to find and then shoot a body of action which fully absorbs the range of meanings he wishes to imply. In "The Seventh Seal" the journey was a little too self-consciously metaphysical, in "Persona" the action was paralyzed, but in "Shame" the movement seems inevitable and right. A scene, for instance, like the one where Jan shoots Jacobi, tied as it is to a chain of logical narrative, allows Bergman a wider latitude for his special skills. The shot of Jan in the foreground, his back to us, Eva looking at him (and the viewer) and Jacobi standing, his hands locked around his head, is more horrifying than any of the action of the other films. It is not weighted down with metaphysical baggage, nor is there anything unclear or ambiguous. It is plainly and clearly stated,

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and as such emerges more directly and powerfully. The absence of demons and mysteries and confusion allows us to participate more fully in the emotional action, and so we can respond to those first beautiful scenes of the husband and wife sparring and making up more intensely.

It seems to me that Bergman's doomsday metaphor is not something absolute like the Plague or the atom bomb. It is just dirty normal war, the kind of existence which the Vietnamese people have had for thirty years now. Total holocaust is inconceivable to us, but this endlessly attritive, demoralizing existence is the kind we can relate to. It is war as we always imagined it. Bergman universalizes it similar to the way Camus utilized the plague. Though "Shame" seems to me the most effective anti-war film I have seen, I don't think that we should view it in precisely those terms. What we are given is war as an impetus and catalyst, which wreaks an intense kind of effect on human relations. It is modern experience, the sense of dislocation and meaninglessness, the arbitrary, heightened. When Eva speaks of her last dream, the roses on fire, beautiful and awful, she speaks, I think, for Bergman, but not the Bergman who must find philosophical answers, but rather the man trying to survive. Pauline Kael has referred to "Shame" as "An elegy written in advance for a civilization which seems already lost." What makes "Shame" most beautiful to me, is that for all the despair and pain we feel, it captures so simply and effectively the values in life which deserve to survive. The despair is not abstracted from experience, but from a loss of something real and genuine. Those shots of the antique shop, with the sense of order, security and serenity they express, or the scene of Eva and Jan drinking wine with their meal, are real and moving. In those scenes, and in the whole character of Eva, very much flawed and very vulnerable, I sense something new in Bergman's abilities, the ability to make beauty and peace as real as despair and agony.

citizen kane

"Citizen Kane" is the most enjoyable of all great films, the most exuberant and fun. Orson Welles' films sometimes lack the profundity and depth of those of Renoir, Bergman and Antonioni, but they have an ebullient joy just in the telling that more than compensates. "Citizen Kane" provides the kind of pleasure that only youthful prodigies can provide. Its gifts and excitements are so prodigal that only a young man could have provided them. Part of our enthusiasm derives from Welles' own. We feel that we are looking at film again for the first time.

Normally, when a younger director plays self-consciously with the medium, it is a measure of a lack of confidence. The effects are contrived to give the impression of sophistication, but the effect is usually so labored that we feel as though we're watching a film made by an assembly line. Mike Nichols' "The Graduate" is a good example of this sort of failure. But for Welles, self-consciousness and flamboyance are integral parts of his aesthetic. It becomes the substance which holds the film together. It makes scenes like the opera opening, for instance, amazingly effective. The whole gala atmosphere of the opera is perfect for Welles' tone. Similarly the scenes of Kane as a crusading journalist insulting the Establishment in the form of Thatcher. Welles is able in a few scenes to put an apt pulse on the difference between the insolent Kane and the staid banker.

As a psychological mystery, "Kane" isn't very deep. The rosebud bit is a neat dramatic device, but it's overloaded with meanings it can't hold. Where "Kane" succeeds fantastically is in its ability to capture a sense of milieu and style and

wet dream

Saturday night, Down The Road.

"Did ya see 'The Dream Play.' Freak show, huh?"

Sunday morning, D.C.

"Heymandidyaseethaweirdshowthetheatre-lastnitefaroutmanoooooooooh. You know.

And later.

"Fucking music blew my head."

And still later.

"Nice set." ?

And later still.

"Nice lights.....wow, yeah!"

Later and still.

"Fucking music sucked."

And on.

Well, they've done it again. Those long-haired theatre people handed the Bard Commune-ity another play, April 17-20, at the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance. It was "A Dream Play" written by August Strindberg and directed by Richard Bilangi. Another play - another fraud, is more like it fellas and gals. Listen up. On immediately entering the auditorium one was immediately conscious of the strange ambience.

The lights were so dim that I could hardly read my mimeographed program or talk to my friends across the auditorium. And there was the faint hint of incense in the air.

Wicked....and foreboding.

And the play....

When the play finally got going (I saw the show every night and every nite there was a late comer banging, crudely enough, on the side door of the auditorium), if one could hear the actors over the incredible din of the music (?), one felt uncomfortably disoriented.

One sensed that one, or two, did not know (and were not meant to know either), where they were. Purposefully, the director placed the audience in a limbo world, forced us to watch some

flashily clothed young people on an absurdly colored stage, do foreign and obscene things. He made some of the youngsters rub each others' bodies all over and from the way the actors did it so well and so much, he probably brutalized them quite a lot backstage and promised more of the same if they didn't comply with his dastardly dictums.

Why are people like this allowed to guide 13 peoples lives and actions like that? Its an outrage. Parents should be told where and how their money is being spent.

The authorities should be alerted.

Oh my goodness.

"The Dream Play," like some of the other so called performances given at the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance, tried to trick the audience, to place them in some fairyland, fantasy or freakland, la la.

When I came to see "Antony and Cleopatra," I felt assured of good Shakespearean flourish and nice rounded and polished language.

Alas, a fraud again.

Actors with strange colors in their hair marched here and there as if the small stage was the world, all the while with their privates bulging through their tight little leotards.

Gee.

They think we'll believe anything. Never once did I see the columns of Rome or the slaves and sand of Egypt.

Do they think we're idiots.

It's all bosh.

And those other game shows...senseless waste of the youthful, handsome, and beautiful actors efforts and talents. Only the ego of the directors can be seen on the stage and, oh golly, it's so sordid.

Well, enough of my badinage - but just one more thing, friends.

The sound for "The Dream Play" was by a Slimy Rock (sweat irony). I became aware of the destructiveness of this rock and roll miscreant quite easily and early.

All that the music (?) consisted of was grating, harsh, raucous sounds and whines and rattlings moved from speaker to

which characterizes the robber baron in our mythology. When Welles-Kane announces "six years ago I looked at a picture of the greatest newspaper men in the world. I felt like a kid in a candy store. Well, I got my candy...all of it." There is a kind of charm in it, which Welles punctuates beautifully with the sound of the

speaker to give the feeling of...what? 9

Who knows.

A cheap effect.

Ah, for some good Francis X. Zappa Suites; but alas, he doesn't sell enough or destroy his instruments or wear sexy clothes like they do.

Well friends, all in all, another beastie bummer from the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance. The actors, poor devils, were the victims of a probable weirdo freak, always on drugs and alcohol, judging from his closing night appearance. (Another foul up so common amongst "those at the end of the gaily lit path" that I'm too sick-of-it-all to go into).

The music, the word being, in itself, a complement for the Slimy Rock, was flashy brashy and trashy.

Slimy Rock, why don't you learn anything from your good music teachers.

Classical music uber alles.

Viva la commonsense plays.

Fuck off all you theatre hippies.

Goodbye and God bless
Snit Nites

Musician Ship

Columbia has issued the third album in its series of five albums that will contain all of the recordings by the great blues singer Bessie Smith. This release, entitled "Empty Bed Blues," is a maddeningly uneven collection of cuts from the years 1924 and 1928.

Side One of this two-record set is an almost total loss because of extremely poor sound and worse accompaniment. In these recordings of April, 1924, you can only dimly perceive a great voice. The takes from the summer of that year that make up side Two are a great improvement. This side includes the first collaborations with the great trombone player Charlie Green; the combination of Smith and Green in "Weeping Willow Blues" and "Bye Bye Blues" is tremendous. Side Three is the best in the album; it includes the classic "Empty Bed Blues," one of the truly immortal blues interpretations and the other songs from early 1928 come awfully close. The cuts from September of 1928 that make up side Four are sometimes mediocre and dull, but some, such as "Poor Man's Blues" are especially good. Musically, therefore, the quality is extremely variable.

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picture being taken. These scenes and others like them reflect an amazingly sure sense of rhythm and structure. The meanings aren't deep or difficult, but each point is driven in with a clean blow, and if we're conscious of the techniques, conscious of the manipulation, we still are carried along.

The tone of the film, which is sensational and flamboyant, is of course perfectly suited to the character who inspired the film. Hearst's press was the great originator of "yellow journalism," the muckraking, scandal-producing journalism of the twenties and thirties. "Citizen Kane," in its structure, is just such a muckraking story. The uncovering of bits of dirt, which may be used to turn the film into a morality play, provides a kind of excitement which gives the film much of its strength.

At this moment I've seen the film six times. It never seems to get old. While one watches it, one gets, irresistably, a feeling that film can do anything. It has the sort of vitality which characterizes American movies at their best, a feeling of speed, a gift for humor which comes the closest to defining an American tradition.

by Larry Gross



10 musician ship

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The production of this album is excellent. Producer Chris Albertson's liner notes are both well-written and entertaining, and the cover art is first-class. The recordings themselves have been sonically improved as much as they could be without distorting the originals. Columbia should also be given praise for marketing the album at the price of one classical record instead of charging full price. Notwithstanding the quality of the production and the importance of the music, however, I feel that "Empty Bed Blues" is meant more for the blues fanatic than for the general collector. The latter breed of record buyer should wait for the fourth and fifth albums in the Bessie Smith series, which will consist entirely of material recorded when The World's Greatest Blues Singer was at the height of her career.

Scott Joplin is another great black musician who is the subject of a recent recording, this one a Nonesuch disc entitled PIANO RAGS BY SCOTT JOPLIN. Joplin is credited by many with having been the "inventor" of ragtime at the

turn of the century; his "Maple Leaf Rag" was the first rag to be published by a Negro, and it made both Joplin and his publisher rich. Joplin saw the rag as a possible idiom for serious composition as much as, say, Chopin did his waltzes. These rags are beautiful pieces, flowing, melodious, bittersweet and even tender. No, they are not fast and exciting. Joplin stated more than once that "It is never right to play 'Ragtime' fast." While we're on that track, it isn't right to play jazz or blues fast, either; white imitators were the ones that speeded this music up.

Joplin wrote several hundred rags, plus two operas and a ballet that have been shamefully ignored. On the record at hand, eight Joplin rags covering a time span from 1899 to 1914 are played by Joshua Rifkin, who seems to have done a superlative job of duplicating Joplin's piano style. These are great performances of wonderful music. The Bessie Smith album may be meant for those with specialized tastes, but Nonesuch's Joplin record is an absolute must-have for any collection. And I mean ANY collection!

If, by any happenstance, you should have any questions, praise, condemnations, or comments concerning this column or anything else in this rag with my name on it, please write it on a piece of paper and send it to Box 76, Campus Mail. This, of course, presumes that there's somebody out there who actually reads this.

by Sol Louis Siegel

panthers

from page one

finances had to be checked through central headquarters before it could be decided upon. The resultant bureaucratic red-tape and confusion led to widespread disillusionment among rank and file party members.

David Hilliard's authoritarian personality and his influence on the national committee was acknowledged by most critics, the Algiers chapter and N.Y. chapter, to be sure, as being the chief reason for the present problems within the party. As Azyd Malik Shakur of the N.Y. BPP analyzed, Hilliard and the Hilliard-dominated BPP newspaper - "... (it is) a slander sheet that one week calls a man a hero and a week later calls him an enemy of the people." Hilliard was rapidly changing the party into a centralist, undemocratic, pseudo-stalinist elite. No reasons would be given for the expulsion of a party member - he/she would be branded as an "enemy of the people" with no opportunity to defend him/her self. This does not indicate any clear communication between the people and the party.

On a broader level there seems to be a crucial dispute concerning the role of the Party; Huey and the rest of central committee seem committed to a program revolving around community organization and the 10 Point Program, whereas Eldridge and his followers support going underground to wage armed warfare for

the purpose of freeing political prisoners and halting the U.S. government's plans of oppression. But even such a generalization is misleading, for several reasons.

On the purely tactical level, Huey seems to be treading on firmer ground. No action will benefit the people unless they themselves recognize their role in the action and understand and support it. At this stage, then, educating the people to gain popular support for specific moves such as political kidnapping or armed self-defense would seem to be of the highest priority. As we have seen, however, this program of educating the people has not succeeded under the direction of David Hilliard or Huey himself. One to the authoritarian, undemocratic structure of the present party, it has been unable to attract the support of large groups of the populace. The potential support is there, no doubt, but due to structural shortcomings and errors made by the leadership group, the Party has failed to take the initiative and effectively mobilize the local communities.

For that reason, perhaps, the alternate ideology as presented by Eldridge would evidently circumvent the people altogether and resort to small underground groups committed to political sabotage and terrorism. It is easy to understand the temptation to resort to premature, violent terrorist actions to achieve what might otherwise take years and years to accomplish by less spectacular means. I think it is no coincidence that Eldridge's calls for more violent action come at a time when he has no direct contact with the day-to-day circumstances of the American reality. He is out of touch, having been away, against his will, for 2½ years now. Huey, Bobby and the others here in the U.S. have at least a more direct and therefore more reliable impression of the American situation.

Eldridge is more than justified however in opposing the autocratic tendencies of the BPP central committee. The less hierarchical structure of Eldridge's Algiers section, as evidenced in the Algiers videotape and first-hand reports, indicate that there, decisions are arrived at democratically rather than being handed down from the top in the form of the official party line, as is Hilliard's habit. Eldridge's important criticism that neither Huey nor Hilliard had actively supported the N.Y. 21's trial nor Bobby's and Erika's trial in New Haven indicates, furthermore, that a power play between the East Coast and West Coast factions of the BPP has long been in the making, and is by no means a new bizarre development.

The manner in which this feud has taken place should give all of us some important lessons to learn for the future, so that we learn, rather than repeat, past mistakes. It should be clear from the above account that what should be avoided at all costs in the future is such an unhealthy reliance on personality-cult politics as the Panthers have practiced. To a certain degree, charismatic leadership is essential, but hero-worship as in

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from preceding page

the Stalinist or even Maoist models is definitely not applicable to the needs of the American people.

Out of the personality-cult politics comes inevitably the clash of competing individuals, the Huey vs. the Eldridge, the Bobby vs. the Hilliard, etc. The only result is bitter jealousy and inter-group rivalry. In recent issues of the BPP newspaper, the Chinese-style glorification of Supreme Commander Huey's Sayings was reaching even greater heights of absurdity and irrelevance - how many Americans can seriously relate to that style of politics? What is constructive for China and its revolution may by no means be good or even applicable to us in this country. This tendency towards cult-hero glorification is just such an alien phenomenon, that it does not relate to large numbers of Americans.



Newton

This cult-hero worship leads also to the autocratic oppressive centralism that we have described above in the BPP. Over time the tendency evolves to rely solely on the Supreme Commander for direction and guidance, rather than on the people themselves. This can very easily turn into the very situation we see in BPP today, where the just needs of the various local chapters and the communities they serve are subordinated to the smooth functioning of the national bureaucracy of the BPP leadership. Little if any leeway is allowed for local autonomy, with predictably oppressive results.

Eldridge's "answer", small Weatherman-style action groups, is unfortunately an unrealistic, romantic vision, at this time. No small, self-contained urban guerilla outfit could hope to survive for long in an American city if the group did not enjoy the widespread support of the surrounding community. The guerillas of Latin America have learned that lesson, and their success in eluding the national police gives evidence to the validity of this rule.

Where does this all leave us, then? Only two days ago, as of this writing, another BPP member was found shot dead in New York. The police have arrested 8 "Black Panther sympathizers" in connection with the incident. There was no reason this killing had to occur; the only people who gain when the Left turns on itself in this way are the police and the ruling concerns of this country. Looking at this from an optimistic angle, however, one can't help but recognize that the condition which spawned the BPP in the first place is still with us. In any event



United Press International
Bobby G. Seale

the national liberation movement will continue. Even if the BPP does not survive, the movement as a whole will. Perhaps it is fortunate that these failures and shortcomings of the BPP were revealed when they were; the BPP has always enjoyed the role of influencing the entire movement in overall ideology and attitudes.

It is tragic, however, that the conflict within the Panther leadership should have taken such an antagonistic and self-defeating turn. One would have hoped that the Party could have dealt with these internal problems in a critical and constructive manner. The crucial difference is not that the split occurred but the way in which it occurred, that it relied on brutal character assassination, rumors, and individual acts of revenge. Constructive self-criticism is essential to the improvement and evolution of any party, but clashes of rival personality cults can serve only to confuse and mystify the people.

by Dana Ahlgren

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trustees

from back cover

except the right to vote and the right to be counted for the purpose of determining the presence of a quorum;

6. Student members and faculty members shall be elected by such methods as their respective constituencies shall determine.

Respectfully submitted,

Fairleigh S. Dickinson
Bobbi Gray
William V. Lewit
William F. Rueger
David E. Schwab II

The members of the Community Advisory Board this semester are Marian Swerdlow (EPC), Cliff Brown (Judicial Board), Lis Semel (President, Student Senate), Prof. Richard Wiles, Prof. Agnes Domandi, and Charles Patrick. The Dean and Mrs. Sugatt also serve on the CAB. The President re-

cently met with Marian, Lis, and Prof. Wiles to discuss the Report. The group was concerned that interest in representation on the Board among both students and faculty was not as wide-spread as it once had been. Those present felt that the CAB was not the best group to compile a report on governance and that other students and faculty might be chosen to do the job. It was also suggested that the information the Board of Trustees was seeking might be easily available and would not involve a lengthy study.

Senate would like to discuss both issues with all interested students at its next meeting, Monday, May 3 at 6:00 p.m. in Albee Social. The Board of Trustees expects to accept student members as of June. The student body must decide if it is seriously committed to the proposal of representation on the Board, and, if so, how it would like to select its representatives.

Lis Semel

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