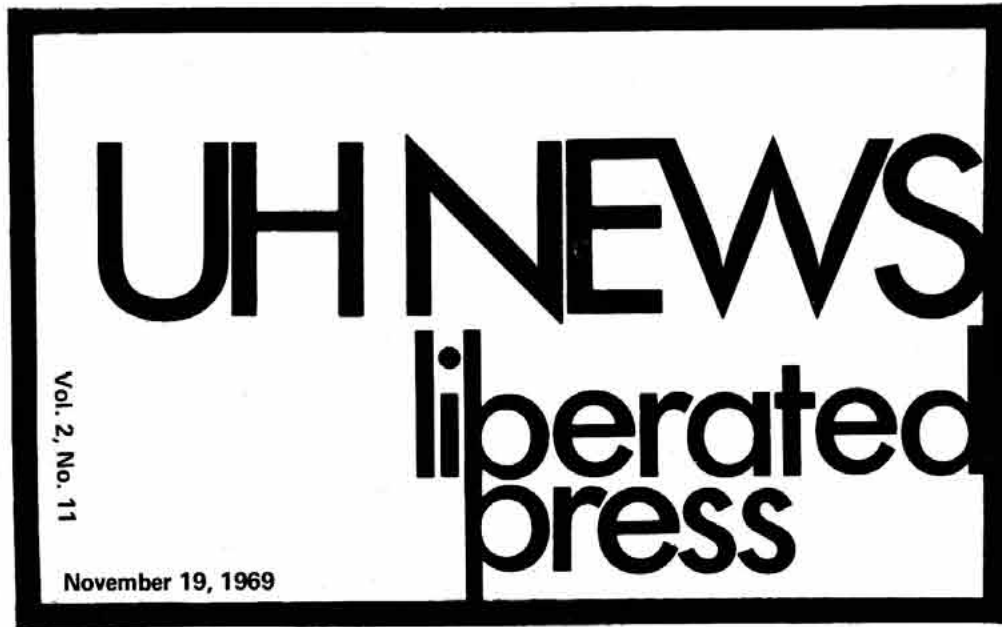


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## Ramparts Editor Speaks

Robert Scheer, editor of "Ramparts" magazine, will give a lecture at 8:15 p.m. Wednesday evening, Dec. 3 in Holcomb Commons at the Gengras Campus Center, University of Hartford.

Scheer will speak under auspices of the Speakers Bureau of the Student Association. Topic of his talk will be: "The New Left and the American Empire."

The lecture is intended primarily for UofH students. Students from area colleges and other guests will be accommodated as seats remain available. There is no admission charge.

Robert Scheer became foreign editor of "Ramparts," which is based in San Francisco, in 1965. He was named managing editor in 1966. He now serves as editor. In this capacity, he travels extensively, reporting the political scene as he views it.

An editorial and political activist, Robert Scheer is an articulate advocate of the New Politics movement. He has participated in its affairs as a board member of the National Committee for New Politics.

In June, 1966, Scheer was a candidate in the Democratic primary in the 7th Congressional District in California. In an unexpectedly tight race, he received 45 percent of the vote against the incumbent.

Scheer's contacts in the world of contemporary politics include the self-exiled writer, Eldridge Cleaver, author of the best-selling "Soul on Ice." Scheer conveys Cleaver manuscripts for publication in "Ramparts" or in book form.

In 1967, Robert Scheer toured Egypt and Israel. He was the first American reporter to visit Egypt during the period that followed the abortive confrontation between Israel and her Arab neighbors during the "Six Day War."

In 1960, Scheer toured Fidel Cas-

tro's Cuba. In 1961 he co-authored with Prof. Maurice Zeitlin, a book entitled "Cuba: Tragedy in Our Hemisphere." A revised and extended version, entitled "Cuba: An American Tragedy," was published in 1962.

In the spring of 1965, again in 1966, Scheer traveled to Southeast Asia, touring Vietnam and Laos. On his second trip, he interviewed Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the ruler of Cambodia. Scheer's findings on Southeast Asia were published in a special report to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, in Santa Barbara, Calif.

His report, "How the United States Got Involved in Vietnam," is the Center's best seller, with well over 135,000 copies sold.

Robert Scheer earned a Bachelor or Arts degree in economics and political science at City College of New York. For a year he studied at Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs, Syracuse University, as a Maxwell Fellow in public administration.

Scheer then took two additional years of graduate work at the University of California, Berkeley, where he was a teaching assistant in economics and a fellow at the Center for Chinese Studies. Subsequently he taught American government at City College of New York.

December third marks the end of the first semester Speakers Bureau program. Robert Scheer, past managing editor of RAMPARTS MAGAZINE, will speak in the South Cafe at 8:30 p.m. Scheer is more than a one-time journalistic figure. In Berkeley, 1966, the incumbent candidate for Congress was bucked by some of his party because he did not take a stand against American Foreign Policy in Southeast Asia. A new candidate was necessary. Robert Scheer, who advocated withdrawal from Vietnam, an extensive poverty program and a new style of politics, was the man.

This was 1966. You were probably in high school then. Can you honestly say you were concerned with the war? Were you marching for peace then? Didn't you think America was great? Robert Scheer didn't. He was working for peace while we were dressing up for our Senior Proms. He has not seen his issues implemented. He has wanted to pull out for four long years now. Come and share your frustrations with a man who knows.

The results of the Speakers Bureau Questionnaire will be printed in the next issue of the UH News.

**ROBERT SCHEER**

**TO SPEAK**

**DEC 3**

**8:30**

**SO. CAFE**

# DUFFEY FOR SENATE

## Indignation Meetings At CBS

## Fold Spindle & Mutilate



Last week, the faculty and the student body of the college of Basic Studies held separate meetings, addressed among other things to an expression of their indignation at the criticism of Dean Meinke which appeared in the LIBERATED PRESS. Chancellor Woodruff was requested to attend each of these meetings, accompanied by Dean Komisar and Mr. Raymond Gibson, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board of Regents. Each group wanted to make it perfectly clear that it supported the Dean, and that it considered the criticisms unwarranted.

On December 5, 6, 7, 11-14, The University Players, under the direction of Edgar Klotten, will present "Fold, Spindle and Mutilate," an irreverent musical revue by Dan Callabreeze, with music by Richard deRosa of Hartt College. It's a play about College Students and their "battle" with their computerized social milieu.

"Fold, Spindle and Mutilate" promises fun, frolic, satire, games, wild songs, clever sketches, and a good eve's entertainment. Keep watching the Liberated Press for more details and don't miss the show.

We spend more on tobacco than on education ... more on pet food than on food stamps for the poor ... more on chewing gum than on model cities ... more on deodorants than on controlling pollution.

*Do you have any pictures that you would like to see in the Yearbook- submit them now in a self addressed stamped envelope (if you wish them returned) to the Yearbook office rm.320, G.C.C*

**SERGE GAVNER**  
**BIG LINE**  
 AT THE OPENING  
 loft COFFEEHOUSE  
 ACROSS FROM CINERAMA  
 FARMINGTON AVE. HARTFORD, CT.  
 Nov. 11-20 9pm-1  
 Nov. 21-23 7pm-9  
 CALL 253-3961...

UNIVERSITY OF HARTFORD  
STUDENT ASSOCIATION  
PRESENTS

## Joni Mitchell

in concert.



**Sunday - December 7**  
**tickets on sale Monday**  
**\$3.50 to students**

# LIBERTY & EQUALITY???

## Three Pregnant Women Harassed Treated As If Guilty Before Trial

by Karen Bergengren

Five of the fourteen Black Panthers arrested in New Haven this spring are women. Three of the five are pregnant. The women are all being held at Niantic State Farm. They are isolated from the other prisoners. Exercise is forbidden. Proper food for pregnancy has been denied. They are not allowed to see their private doctors and are therefore denied proper medical care. Their mail is censored going in and going out.

Books, that have been requested, are denied. Search lights were installed in their cells shortly after they arrived. The search lights are lit all night. Patrols shine spotlights into the cells periodically. This practice makes sleep difficult. Most preposterous, BIRTH WILL OCCUR UNDER ARMED GUARD.

The women can only be visited by family, clergy and the lawyers who were with them at their first court appearance (some of whom took the job on a temporary basis). With this arrangement, the women have to find "suitable," according to state standards, homes for their babies. One of the women is without local family, and cannot begin to make arrangements for a temporary home for her child. If any of the women have their baby in jail, unless "suitable" arrangements are made, their babies will be taken from them and put into foster homes. When released from jail, the women will have to prove they are "qualified" (by state

standards) to regain custody of their children. Because of the visiting regulations, friends cannot help to find the necessary "suitable" homes. ALL OF THIS AND THE WOMEN HAVE NOT BEEN PROVEN GUILTY. THEY SHOULD, according to law, BE TREATED AS INNOCENT.

Why do these conditions exist? The commissioner in charge does not distinguish, by his own admission, between those prisoners who have been convicted and those still awaiting trial. These women should be allowed to get out on bond while awaiting trial. They shouldn't be treated as condemned before being proven guilty. They should be allowed to obtain the lawyers of their choice on a permanent basis.

THERE WILL BE A MARCH TO PROTEST THESE CONDITIONS ON NOV. 22 AT 1 O'CLOCK FROM THE BEAVER POND PARK - GOSS ST. TO NEW HAVEN GREEN IN NEW HAVEN. LEND THESE WOMEN YOUR SUPPORT!!!!



## Alpha Xi Delta: Offers Scholarship

Announcement is being made today that Alpha Xi Delta, national social fraternity for women, is again offering a graduate fellowship for advanced study in the field of Social Service, the grant to be \$1,500.00. This annual award was first made in 1959.

Alpha Xi Delta is continuing to offer this Fellowship because it concurs with most civic authorities and juvenile court officials that there is an increasing need for trained personnel to work with youngsters. Supporting this belief, combating juvenile delinquency was chosen as the national philanthropy in 1958.

To be eligible for this award, an applicant must be a graduate of an accredited college or university, have a grade average of B or above, be interested in pursuing a career or working with children or youth to combat delinquency in the United States.

Interested persons may obtain an application for this Fellowship at this time from Dona Silvestri, 558 So. Main St., W. Hartford, Conn. Completed applications should be mailed in time to be received by the deadline date of January 31, 1970, to the National Philanthropy Chairman: Mrs. Robert F. Batchelder, 6186 Soledad Mountain Road, LaJolla, California 92037.

November 19

7:30 P.M.

History Forum  
presents  
Dr. Esposito  
on  
Sino-Soviet Relations

Refreshments

Admission: \$.25



**COTELLETTO di VITELLO PARMIGIANO con SALZA POMMODORO.**

**O CIELO!**

**QUE BUONO PRANZO E CON UNO PREZZO!**

Namely, our Veal Cutlet Parmesan with Tomato Sauce.

A great dinner, still only \$3.65 with translation included.

There's more to Valle's than just terrific steaks and great lobster.

VALLE'S, mia bella!

**VALLE'S STEAK HOUSES** can be habit forming

Hartford At Brainard Rd. Exit off Routes 91 and 15.



**"I know the way home with my eyes closed."**

Then you know the way too well. Because driving an old familiar route can make you drowsy, even if you've had plenty of sleep. If that happens on your way home for Thanksgiving, pull over, take a break and take two NoDoz®. It'll help you drive home with your eyes open.

NoDoz. No car should be without it.



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# West African Sculpture

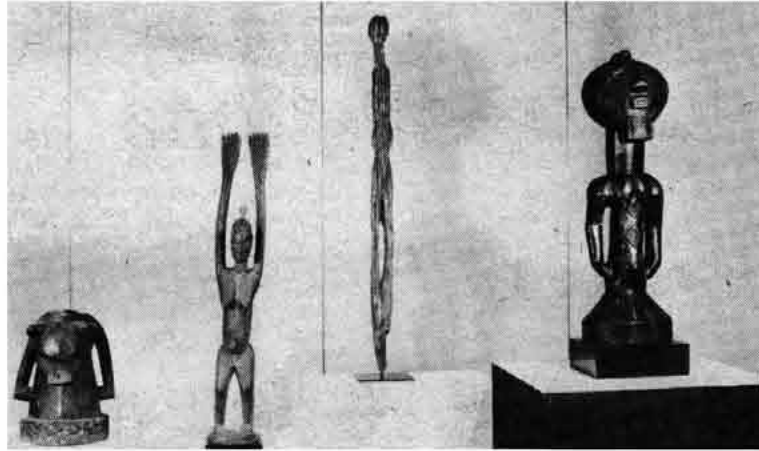
A definitive exhibit of West African sculpture is on view through November 26 at Joseloff Gallery of the Hartford Art School, University of Hartford.

Twenty-eight works are included in the show, which has been arranged and coordinated by Wolfgang Behl, associate professor of sculpture. The works are on loan from the Merton D. Simpson and Royal-Athena Galleries of New York, which are nationally recognized as foremost exhibitors of African works.

According to Professor Behl the exhibit is one of "outstanding quality" highly representative of the west coast of Africa, including the Baule, Dan, Dogon and Cameroon tribes. Linear works of the northern Sudan area, as well as the massive or organic works characteristic of more easterly sections are on view in the collection.

Among the sculptures are a Baule figurine distinguished by its sophistication and fine workmanship; Poro Society masks with symmetrical arrangement of form; face and head masks of several tribes; provincial Bini-rooster made of wood covered with metal foil or "economy bronze," and a Sudan rain goddess with raised arms.

The exhibit is open to the public; there is no admission charge. Gallery hours are weekdays only 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday; and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Monday through Thursday.



Linear sculptures from the northern region of West Africa and the more massive sculptures from the eastern region are on display through November 26 in the Joseloff Gallery of the Hartford Art School, University of Hartford. The entire spectrum of West African sculpture is covered in this outstanding sculpture show.

PEOPLE...  
ARTICLES FOR THE  
FEATURE ON  
WITCHCRAFT ARE STILL  
NEEDED. DID EVERYONE  
WHO WAS SO ENTHUSIAS-  
TIC LAST WEEK COP-OUT  
ON ME?  
DON'T SAY IT,  
WRITE IT!  
DISAPPOINTED

# Emergency Closing 69-70

While some other occurrence, such as a fire, flood, power failure or windstorm, may motivate the cancellation of classes and other activities, most closings are announced in response to severe snowstorms and to their effects upon our capacity to park automobiles and to move them on campus roads.

Notice of cancellation will be given by the inclusion of the name of the University of Hartford in "No School" lists read over radio stations WDRC, WPOP, WRCH, WTIC, and WWUH.

We shall try to have notice of morning cancellations read before 7:00 a.m., those of late afternoon classes read before 3:00 p.m., and those of evening classes and events read before 5:00 p.m.

Because they must handle a very large volume of notices, radio stations may not be able to do more than indicate by name each institution. Certain activities and services may be regarded as so essential as to justify their continuance during a general closing. Should this be so, those in charge must give advance notice to the persons involved that they are to remain on, or report for, duty despite the cancellation notice.

In general, persons remaining on campus for emergency duty after a cancellation because of snow will be asked to move their parked cars to designated areas where they will interfere minimally with snow removal. Those coming to the campus during such a time will be asked to use only public transportation unless snowfall shall have ceased, in which case they may come in private cars, but are to park only in certain specified areas indicated by the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds. A memorandum detailing such arrangements has been prepared by the cancellation officer and made available to each supervisor.

Any questions regarding these arrangements should be directed to George H. Menke, Cancellation Officer, extension 240. He should also be informed at once of any condition which might constitute grounds for cancellation of activities. (Home telephone: 523-7952.)

## Library Committee Report

Dear Students:

It is my pleasure to report to you some significant changes in the methods and functioning of our library system. These changes have been officially recognized at the last meeting of the Faculty Library Committee and have recently been enacted. They include:

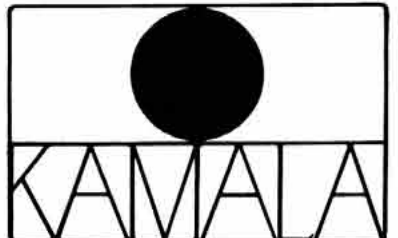
- 1) Faculty and staff may no longer borrow books for unlimited periods of time. The new policy grants faculty a 30 day limit with renewals possible if made in person. If a student requests a book which is being held by a faculty member on the renewal policy, it is subject to immediate recall. In order to get books back on the shelves, please be sure to put in a written request for books you cannot find. All faculty holdings will be called back for inventory prior to Christmas vacation.
- 2) ALL CLASSROOMS (EXCLUDING LABS) NOT BEING UTILIZED BY A CLASSMAY BE USED FOR INDIVIDUAL STUDY.
- 3) A Library Consultant, Mr. J. Lucker of Princeton University, was here on 11/5/69 to evaluate the science library. Results of his analysis will be posted at a later date.
- 4) The Dana Hall Library has made funds available for reprints of all major science works on microfilm. These will be on the

LANDMARKS OF SCIENCE series.  
5) Attempts are being made to establish a borrowing policy with the Department of Mental Health and Education Library. If successful, this policy will enable graduate students in education to use the books available, on campus in the evenings.

However, in order to insure the availability of books to all students, we have found it necessary to install an alarm system in the University Hall Library, and an inspector at the door of Auerbach.

I hope you will all take full advantage of these refinements and use the resources of our libraries productively.

Respectfully submitted,  
Susan Silver  
Chairman of the Library  
Committee



- IMPORTED BEADS,
- JEWELRY PARTS,
- INSTRUCTION, HAND-  
CRAFTED JEWELRY,
- POTTERY, HAND-  
CROCHETED CLOTHES,
- SCULPTURE, GRAPHICS,
- ETC.

12 Union Place  
Hartford, Conn.  
Hours: 12-6  
Thurs. till 9

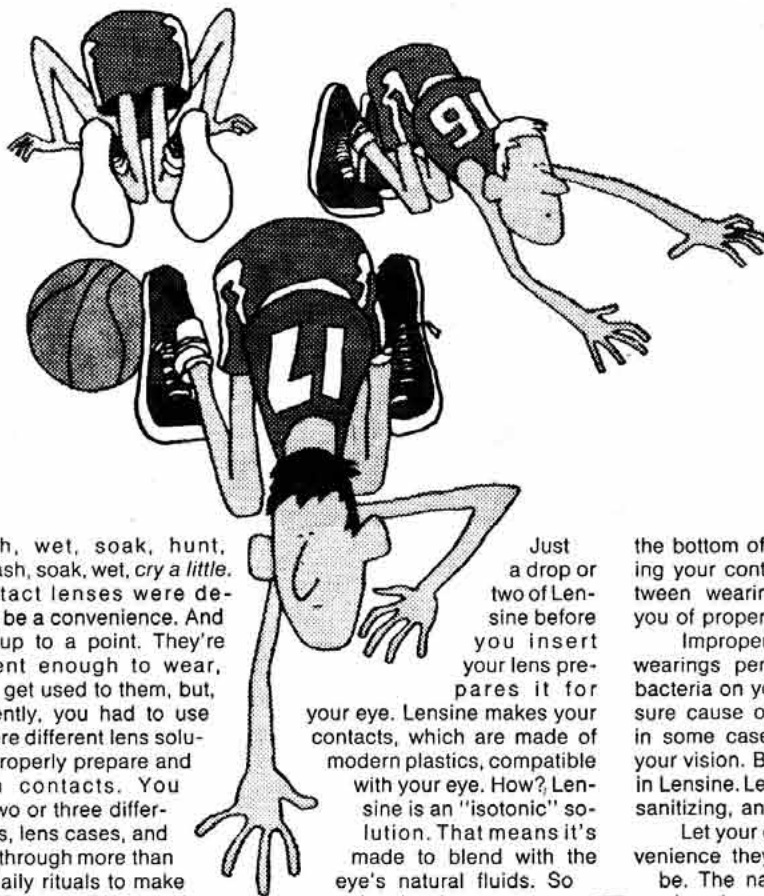
### History Forum

The History Forum will present Dr. Esposito, who will speak on the subject of Sino-Soviet Relations in Room C of the Gengras Campus Center at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday, November 19. There will be refreshments served. Admission 25 cents.

### Baritone Recital

On Friday, November 21, baritone Daniel Parker gives his senior voice recital, assisted by a string quartet and by Maureen Ferrara at the piano. The program takes place at 8:30 p.m. in Millard Auditorium, and will include works by Mozart, Dello Joio, Barber, Bach, and Dvorak.

Two senior recitals take place Sunday, November 23: Nancy Bridges, soprano at 3 p.m. in the Berkman Recital Room, and Salvatore Macchia, double bass at 8:30 p.m., also in the Berkman Recital Room.



Wash, wet, soak, hunt, squirt, wash, soak, wet, cry a little.

Contact lenses were designed to be a convenience. And they are up to a point. They're convenient enough to wear, once you get used to them, but, until recently, you had to use two or more different lens solutions to properly prepare and maintain contacts. You needed two or three different bottles, lens cases, and you went through more than enough daily rituals to make even the most steadfast individuals consider dropping out.

But now caring for your contacts can be as convenient as wearing them. Now there's Lensine, from the makers of Murine. Lensine is the one lens solution designed for complete contact lens care . . . preparing, cleansing, and soaking.

Just a drop or two of Lensine before you insert your lens prepares it for your eye. Lensine makes your contacts, which are made of modern plastics, compatible with your eye. How? Lensine is an "isotonic" solution. That means it's made to blend with the eye's natural fluids. So a simple drop or two coats the lens, forming a sort of comfort zone around it.

Cleaning your contacts with Lensine fights bacteria and foreign deposits that build up during the course of the day. And for overnight soaking, Lensine provides a handy contact canister on



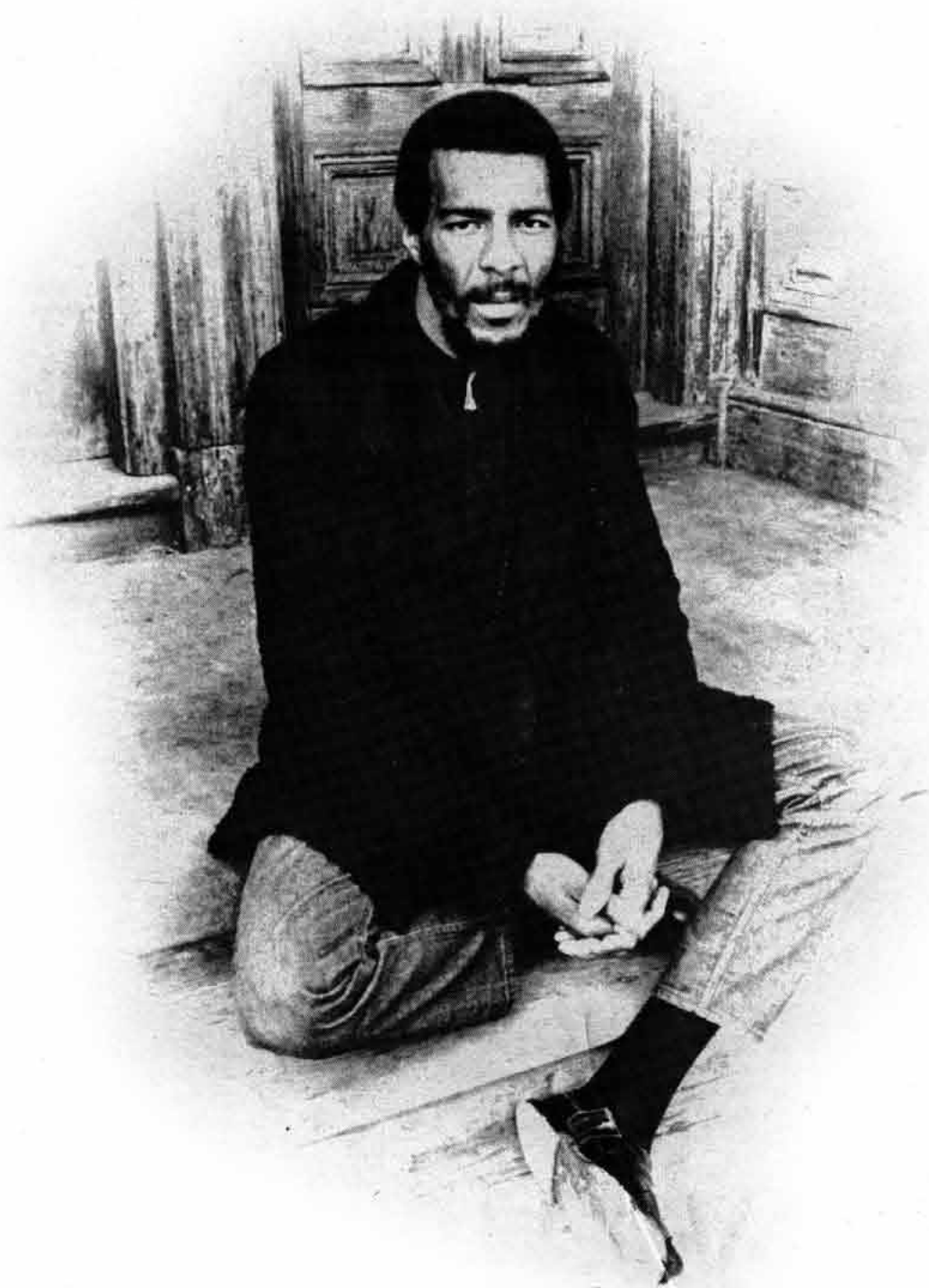
the bottom of every bottle. Soaking your contacts in Lensine between wearing periods assures you of proper lens hygiene.

Improper storage between wearings permits the growth of bacteria on your lenses. This is a sure cause of eye irritation and, in some cases, it can endanger your vision. Bacteria cannot grow in Lensine. Lensine is sterile, self-sanitizing, and antiseptic.

Let your contacts be the convenience they were designed to be. The name of the game is Lensine. Lensine, made by the Murine Company, Inc.

# Are you cut out for contact sports?

**University of Hartford  
Student Association  
and  
C. and E. Productions  
Present  
RICHIE HAVENS**



**in concert with Jack Hardy and Some Dead Bears  
at the Physical Education Center**

**Saturday-November 22-7:00 & 10:00 PM**

1500 tickets to the 10PM show are on sale for students at \$2.50

at the G.C.C. information desk all seats are \$4.50

tickets on sale at: UFO, LaSalle Music Shop, Image Boutique, Warren's Music Shop



### WHY

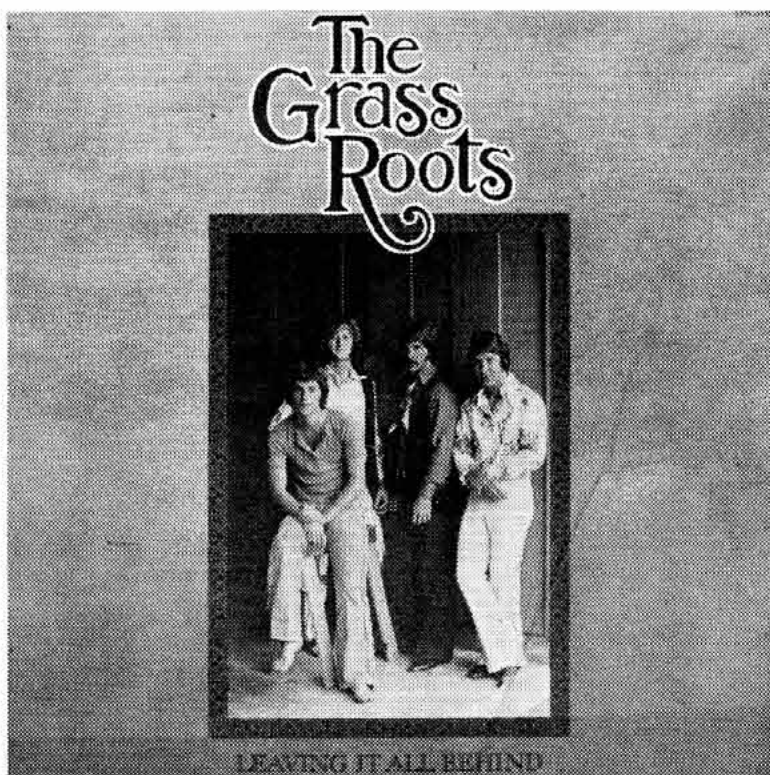
**ALL THIS TALK ABOUT BLUES,  
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COUNTRY AND BUBBLE GUM,  
ETG.?**

**WHEN IN FACT WE'RE REALLY  
TALKING ABOUT  
GOOD SONGS & GOOD SOUNDS  
...IN SHORT...**

**ENTERTAINMENT!**

**THE GRASSROOTS  
IS  
ENTERTAINMENT**

**THEY HAVE A NEW ALBUM THAT INCLUDES  
WAIT A MILLION YEARS & HEAVEN KNOWS**



**IF IT'S ON   BELIEVE IT!**

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# Briefs

## Psych Workshop

A workshop to surmount barriers between such groups as generations, races, administrators, and teachers will be held this winter under auspices of the Institute for Human Development, University of Hartford.

Arranged as a "Workshop in Personal Growth and Group Dynamics," the week-long session will take place Jan. 23-29 at The Center, 303 Tunxis Rd., West Hartford.

Participants will include UofH junior- and senior-level students, graduate students at UofH and other schools, and interested adults. Upper-level undergraduate students from other schools may also apply.

The workshop method has been used by many business firms to further organizational development. The program has been introduced recently into the educational system, reportedly with considerable success.

In the main, the UofH workshop, which begins at 5 p.m. Jan. 23 and ends at noon Jan. 29, will concentrate on four methods developed by the National Training Laboratories Institute for Applied Behavioral Science. These methods involve sensitivity training, T-groups, improvisation sessions, and non-verbal encounters.

Throughout the workshop, intrapersonal, interpersonal, and group process relationships will be stressed. Three UofH credits in education may be earned, by arrangement, in group process or group counseling.

Workshop director will be Dr. M. Michael Klaber, associate professor of educational psychology. Heading the workshop staff will be Dr. Milton A. Young, associate professor at the Institute for Human Development.

The overall workshop fee includes room and board. Applications may be made through Jan. 9. Requests for application forms should be sent to:

Dr. M. Michael Klaber, director, Group Workshop, Institute for Human Development, in room 228 at University Hall. Write or phone 236-5411, ext. 278.

### Apollo Jazz

As an air of mystery hung over the UofH campus, three men left this earth for another place about 250,000 miles from here. There was no television set up in the campus center lounge. There is a good reason for this, they have none. But how can this be so, this semester all fulltime students contributed \$25.00 to the running of the center. Where does it go? I doubt that there is any dirty work, there is only foolishness in spending. Kevin Fahey, the head of the visual aid department for Gengras, told me that he was not given adequate time to rent a TV. Now what is adequate? NASA announced the shot in late August and reaffirmed the date for the past two weeks on the radio and television. They did everything except send written notice to the campus center. At \$25 a person there must be \$150 somewhere that can be spent on a television instead of squandered in some other way. Let's try a little harder and maybe there will be a set for the splash-down next week. (Sic)

### Veteran's Club

The C.C.S.C. Vet Club invites all veterans at UofH to attend their "Hail Bacchus - God of Wine" function at the Polish National Alliance, 37 Ward St., New Britain on Nov. 22.

Come to the business meeting Thursday, November 20 GCC Room B at 9:45 for tickets and particulars or contact Dick Whinnem at the business school.

Also: Buy your Christmas trees from us. More info later.

P.S. Club pix to be taken on Thursday.

### Kumsitzim

In these days of campus unrest, much has been said about lack of student-faculty communication. In an effort to combat this problem, the Jewish Intercollegiate Council is sponsoring the first of a series of KUMSITZIM, on Thursday, November 20, from 3 to 5 p.m. in Room H of G.C.C. All students, faculty, staff and administration are invited to drop in, have a cup of coffee, and get to know each other in a non-classroom situation.

### Atid

Atid, the University of Hartford's Jewish organization on campus will conduct Friday Night Services on November 21, 1969, at 7:30 p.m. in Room D of the Gengras Campus Center. This is the second time the group is conducting services this year. Atid hopes to hold them throughout the year at least once a month. The students will lead the service. It is to include the service, poetry, possibly a speaker, and an Oneg Shabbat with Israeli singing and dancing and refreshments. All are welcome to participate.

Psych Society Meeting  
Behavior Modification  
for the  
Retarded

Dr. Streitfeld will discuss the function of a Clinical Psychologist in a center for retarded including the application of principles of behavior modification.

Interested students attend meeting Thursday, November 20th at 9:30 in Gengras Center, Room H.


**PEOPLE  
WITH CLASS  
READ THE  
PLASTIC BAG\***

**ALL FOREIGN  
STUDENTS  
TAKE NOTICE**

If you are going to be turkey-less this Thanksgiving, please call me on this extension 635

**Events of the Week**

<b>Wednesday – November 19</b>			
Band Night	Davis Rant	8:30	So. Cafe
<b>Thursday – November 20</b>			
Film Series	"Wait until Dark"	8:30 p.m.	So. Cafe
<b>Friday, – November 21</b>			
Coffee House		8:30 p.m.	So. Cafe
Film Classics	"Red Badge of Courage"	7 & 9 p.m.	Auer. Aud.
Senior Recital	Daniel Parker	8:30 p.m.	Millard Aud.
<b>Saturday – November 22</b>			
Concert	Gym	Richie Havens	7 & 9 p.m.
<b>Sunday – November 23</b>			
Opera	"Love for Three Oranges"		Opera Guild Members Only
Senior Recitals	Nancy Bridges, Salvatore Macchia		Berkman Hall
<b>Monday – November 24</b>			
Faculty Recital	Watson Morrison, Piano	8:30 p.m.	Millard



## Be a model

(or just look like one)


New York's World Famous BARBIZON SCHOOL OF MODELING is now in HARTFORD. Barbizon has started more girls on successful modeling careers than all other schools combined. If you qualify, you may

tune-in on an exciting career as a fashion or photographic model. Send for our FREE 32-page illustrated book to help decide if you qualify. No obligation; just fill in and mail this coupon. Call 249-1626

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### SPECIAL

THANKSGIVING WEEK DANCES

9 PM to 1 AM

THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1969

DANCE TO

## STRAWSBURG TOWER


FRIDAY and SATURDAY  
Nov. 28 & 29, 1969

DANCE TO

## MUSTARD FAMILY

Better known as US69

NEXT DOOR TO WEINER CLOTHES

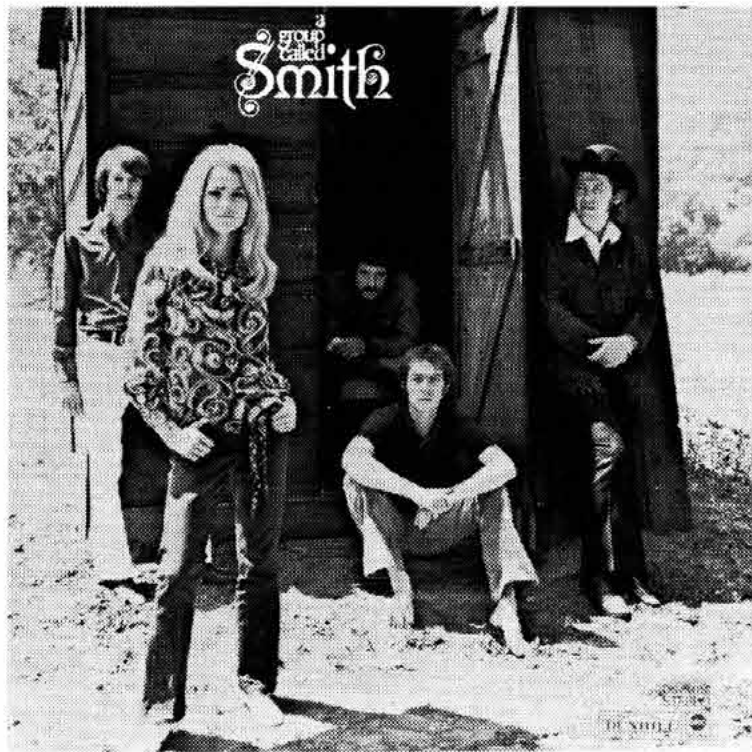


**WHY**



**ALL THIS TALK ABOUT BLUES,  
UNDERGROUND, HARD-ROCK,  
COUNTRY AND BUBBLE GUM,  
ETC.?**

**WHEN IN FACT WE'RE REALLY  
TALKING ABOUT  
GOOD SONGS & GOOD SOUNDS  
...IN SHORT...  
ENTERTAINMENT!**

**A GROUP CALLED SMITH  
IS  
ENTERTAINMENT**



DS 50056 A GROUP CALLED SMITH / featuring BABY, IT'S YOU

**IF IT'S ON**   **BELIEVE IT!**

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# Great White What?

by Henry Mishkoff

An unauthorized Bob Dylan album, dubbed "The Great White Wonder" by Dylan fans, was on sale briefly last week in the lobby of the Gengras Campus Center. Selling for \$8.25, the album offers four sides of Dylan performing Dylan. Columbia Records, who holds an exclusive recording contract with Dylan, is attempting, rather unsuccessfully to date, to halt sales on the album.

The beauty of the album lies not in the technical quality of the recording (which is poor), but in the honesty and diversity of performance. Some of the cuts were rejected for lack of space on the first Dylan albums, some document his early attempts at rock (or folk-rock music), others were recorded with The Band as a backup group, prior to their first album. Some cuts were taken from old tapes in poor condition; some were taken

from old records made from old tapes in poor condition. One cut was taken off a television speaker. Needless to say, the quality of the recording, in a technical sense, leaves something to be desired.

On a musical sense, the double album is lacking just one thing -- more cuts. Dylan fans will be amazed by the cuts, none of which Dylan has ever before recorded. The cuts are not from one, but from several Dylans -- that is to say, you can trace the development of Dylan's style from cut to cut by the pitch of his voice, the beat of his music, and the weight of his lyrics.

The Great White Wonder is a must for anyone who has even dug a Dylan song, which is almost everyone. Run, don't walk, to your nearest black market and be the first on your block to own an illicitly produced album. If you can't find one to buy, steal one -- they're illegal anyway.

# Americans All!!

Dear Mike,

I am feeling very disturbed, and am not sleeping well, ever since last Sun. when I saw that you had removed the American flag from your car.

I wonder if you realize what you have done when you intentionally destroyed the symbol of your country. This is the country you were born in. The country that gives you the freedom to say what you wish, to do what you want, the opportunity to make of yourself what you like. True, there is room for improvement in our government, but believe me Mike, there is no other country in this while world that is anywhere near as tolerant and as democratic as this wonderful U.S.A. You cannot appreciate its qualities because you haven't seen, or suffered the miseries that people go through in all parts of the world.

Sure, you can be bitter about the Viet Nam situation. So am I, as well as most people throughout the country. But it's a very hard problem to solve. However, eventually it will be solved but it must be settled in such a way that the people in Viet Nam will not be wiped out like flies by the Viet Cong when the U.S. will pull out of there.

Now, think hard son, and tell me why you wish to "bite the hand that feeds you" (your country) -- and if you give me a reasonable answer, I may be able to sleep better.

As always, with love,  
Dad

Dear Dad,

I am writing you this letter in an effort to comfort you and to once again try to help you understand me.

You are very disturbed because I removed the American flag decal from my car, or in your words, "intentionally destroyed the symbol of my country." This is a misconception, I would not destroy an American flag. On October 15th I was a moratorium marcher here in Hartford. I approached a group of people burning an American flag (an isolated incident) and admonished them, explaining that this was not the purpose of the moratorium. I was almost beat up for it.

And I love my country . . . not only from a geographical standpoint, but I love the people who inhabit it. I cannot ignore the mistreatment of any small part of the population. I see my country not as a name, but a people . . . fellow human beings.

It disturbs me greatly to see our government making foolish mistakes. At most, government officials feel them only as foolish mistakes. To others they mean inequality, inferior education, unemployment, poor housing, hunger . . . and the soldier?

Merely paying taxes and voting is not enough. The present national conditions are more than substantial proof of that. "The times they are 'a changin'." Something must be done.

On April 27, 1967 I marched down 5th Avenue in demonstration against the War in Vietnam and you said it would accomplish nothing. Again to the U.N. and again at Hunter College and again last month through the city of Hartford when millions of others throughout our country made their views known. Our president says he would ignore the peace demonstrators. Well, if he can ignore those who elected him to represent them, I will ignore him on November 13, 14, and 15 when I will march on the capital.

I removed that American flag decal from my car not to "destroy the symbol of my country" but to refrain from the displaying of my country's symbol, simply because I am ashamed of its mounting failures. I hope the time is near when I can proudly brandish our flag . . . yes I do love my country.

As always, with love,  
Michael

# 'Sports Nigger' at U of H

by WELTON JOHNSON

1969 has become the year of the "sports nigger" at the University of Hartford. Blacks this year find it more convenient to lie back and party than to deal with the presence of racism at this University. Rather than deal with the University's policies of gradualism and tokenism concerning the destruction of institutionalized racism, we find it more comfortable to be co-opted by the University's "liberal-minded" Administration.

What is the problem of the sports niggers here at UofH? Why can't we liberate ourselves from this whirlpool of stagnation and rejoin the mainstream of the Black Liberation Movement in America? Why are we sitting on our hands when our nineteen proposals from last year are still unacted upon? Why are we more concerned about having to raise money instead of demanding a \$15,000 per year budget? Why should we be worried about grades when we have already acknowledged the fact that the University's curriculum is unmeaningful to the black man's role in his community? We have a newspaper controlled by whites; why haven't we dealt with this? Why, brothers and sisters, do we choose to remain Negroes instead of becoming black people?

an Interview With A "Sports Nigger"

Q. What do you think of the performance of the Afro-American Organization this year?

A. I think this year we have progressed; for instance: We now have cardboard dorm signs with Eldridge Cleaver on one side and W. C. Fields on the other. (Power to the People!). We have meetings at least once a month now. We even have our own basement to gather in and drink our pink pussycat.

Q. How do you feel about the Administration's attitude towards you this year.

A. I think their giving us a soul food night was very heavy. I think that not suspending us for naming the black dorms was just as heavy.

Q. Do you appreciate the efforts made by the Administration to destroy racism at UofH?

A. Yes, I'm very satisfied with the efforts they have put into integrating the bathrooms and laundry rooms on campus, and especially on the football fields where we sports niggers congregate.

Q. How do you feel about having that eminent "liberal" sociologist, Dr. Robert Potter and his esteemed family living in the Afro-American dorms.

A. I think he is groovy. I think it's groovy to talk of "soul power" and Afro-Kola.

Q. What do you think of the performance of "Together"?

A. I think we have all worked on it faithfully every week. But these

This is for you SPORTS NIGGER

To Whom It May Concern:

Whereas the Black students of this urban university find its curriculum irrelevant to the needs of Black students (and to those of Americans In General), we, the Afro-American Organization, propose, 1) namely, the instituting of a Black Studies Department offering a major degree, staffed and administered by Blacks who are acceptable to the Afro-American Organization.

- Related proposals, yet of no less importance, are the following:
- 2) That the percentage of matriculated students reflect the black ethnic percentage of Hartford.
- 3) That no black students be expelled, suspended, or academically dismissed without the judgment of his peer group.
- 4) That a \$15,000 budget for the Afro-American Organization be annually allotted.
- 5) That a dormitory complex be named after black heroes, with the understanding that black students have priority in choosing their living accommodations in these dormitories.
- 6) The hiring of black security guards employed in cooperation with the Afro-American Organization.
- 7) That a black newspaper be instituted for the benefit of the university and the community.
- 8) The establishment of a black library.
- 9) The creation of a special emergency loan fund for black students.
- 10) The inauguration of community educational programs such as, but more meaningful than, the extant "New Careers Program" which brings persons from the black community into school to train them for para-professional jobs.
- 11) That scholarships be awarded to black athletes.
- 12) That fellowships be awarded to black students in the graduate school.
- 13) The formation of satellite schools in the black community to teach prospective educators of the nature of blackness.
- 14) That black artists, i.e. black writers, musicians, painters, etc., be hired to live in residence--chosen by the Afro-American Organization.
- 15) That incoming blacks be oriented under the auspices of the Afro-American Organization during Orientation Week.
- 16) That one third of the total WWUH air time be allocated to blacks.
- 17) That the number of blacks on the Board of Regents reflect the respective percentage of blacks in Hartford.
- 18) The universal observance of black holidays.
- 19) That the present policy of segregating the University Community and the Hartford Community be abolished.

editors seem too radical for our taste, so we decided that rather than being hung up with these radicals that we would socialize. Next week we are having a blue-light social. Bring your own bottle. (WE WOULD RATHER SOCIALIZE THAN FIGHT). It looks real groovy to walk around with the latest "Together" in your pocket, even if you don't read it.

Q. By the way, what is the latest dance out?

A. The "Get back don't call me black."

Q. O.K., a final question; what are your projections for the rest of this year?

A. I'm hoping by Christmas to organize a New Year's Party, we're working very heavily on it. We hope by 1972 (we're working on it now) to have a National Negro Day on campus; where all us Negroes will have a free love-in. Bring your own bottle.

We shall Overcome  
(so says Uncle Roy)  
The answers given to the above questions are solely the opinions of "Sports niggers" ed,  
Paul Manselle  
Welton Johnson  
Angelo Lewis  
Reggie X

# Great White Wonder

by James Diamond

One of the finest sights I've seen all year in the campus center (I hate to disappoint all those freaky bitchy little girls from Long Island) was a certain long haired gentleman from San Francisco. Don't get me wrong I was not attracted by the guy, but the item he was selling stimulated me so much that I thought in a few minutes the campus janitor would have to clean up the mess I had created. The item was Bob Dylan's "Great White Wonder Album". This two record set is a composite of underground tapes recorded back in 1962, and other more recent tapes made after Dylan's motorcycle accident. If you like Dylan to any extent, buy the album. If you don't like Dylan, buy the album anyway, and show your friends what groovy taste you have.

"The Great White Wonder" illustrates the different stages that Dylan has gone through as an artist. In this album one can see that Dylan is more than just another song-writer, he is a synthesizer of so many forms of American music. I can say cynically that he is in actuality a talented Alan Lomax. For no other singer or folklorist has been able to write, sing, produce, and create as many pure forms of American music as Bob Dylan has.

Dylan sang the blues back in

the early sixties when Dion was still looking for Runaround Sue. Just listen to "Baby, Please Don't Go" and "See That My Grave is Kept Clean." Those cuts (made eight years ago) are a fine example of a nearly authentic blues sound. "See That My Grave is Kept Clean" is an adequate interpretation of an old Blind Lemon Jefferson blues. Dylan seems to give some weary folk songs an excellent sense of humor and wit. He sings Dave Van Ronk's version of "Candy Man" maybe not

as well as Ronk but he certainly makes his impression as Bob Dylan, the folksinger. The "Dink Song", another traditional folk song, comes to life when Dylan sings "Woman I love, She's Long and Tall and she moves her body just like a cannonball". Mr. Dylan sings that traditional southern mountain folk song of considerable popularity and age, "A Man of Constant Sorrow" in his own unique style.

One of the things I was most interested in was the one cut written by Woody Guthrie. I've always wanted to hear Dylan sing a Woody Guthrie song. He sings Guthrie's "I Ain't Got a Home in This World Anymore" in much the same style that Woody did. Much of Dylan's early material was written in the same musical language as his one-time idol Woody Guthrie (not to be confused with Arlo). A perfect example of a song influenced by Woody Guthrie is the cut, "Heze-

(Continued on Page B10)

FINANCE COMMISSION  
MEETING  
THURSDAY - NOV. 20  
STUDENT ASSOCIATION OFFICE  
3:00 Sharp

ATTN. HOLDEN, CASCO, WALKER, MEARS, TIEGER, LASKY, CARTER, D'AGATI, RAGGIO

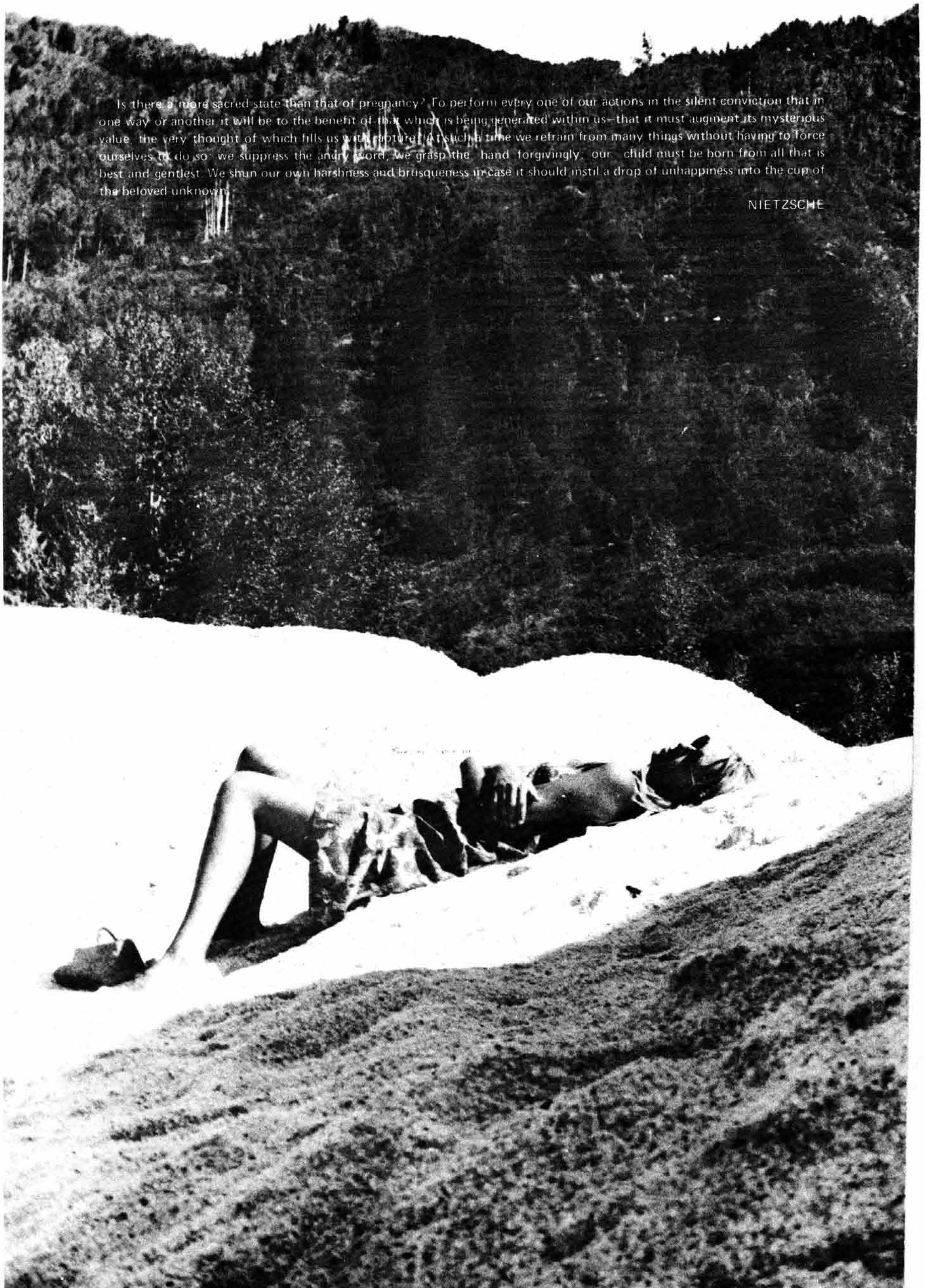
NOTICE: ALL CLUBS INVITED TO ATTEND IF THEY NEED ANY \$ IN THE FUTURE.

A BUDGET REVISION-COMMISSION MEETING WILL BE HELD AFTER CLUB CONSIDERATIONS.

This is an OFFICIAL Meeting--(It will be heavy!)

J.C.





Is there a more sacred state than that of pregnancy? To perform every one of our actions in the silent conviction that in one way or another it will be to the benefit of that which is being generated within us—that it must augment its mysterious value, the very thought of which fills us with rapture! At such a time we refrain from many things without having to force ourselves to do so: we suppress the angry word, we grasp the hand forgivingly, our child must be born from all that is best and gentlest. We shun our own harshness and brusqueness in case it should instil a drop of unhappiness into the cup of the beloved unknown.

NIETZSCHE

# U.H. News Liberated Press

# LETTERS to the editor

## SA Accounts

Dear Jack:

The following paragraph is the actual minutes of the Student Association meeting of October 7, 1969. The minutes of the Student Association can be found at the Information Desk at the Campus Center.

Ben Holden gave the report on the Rhinoceros Concert. He said the concert brought in \$5003.00, but after taxes and such expenses \$4387.00 were left. The final profit was about \$200.00. Bill Clement made a motion to accept this report and it was seconded by Terry Mears. Passed.

The report of the concert leaves much to be desired. Mr. Holden did not give an itemized report of the financial aspects of the concert. He failed to mention the attendance, and the admission price. He also failed to give a detailed report of expenses incurred for the concert.

Questions may be asked as to what expenses were incurred. What was the cost of the performing group?

Answer: The reader is not given this information. What was the cost for security police?

Answer: The reader is not given this information. What other expenses were incurred?

Answer: The reader is not given this information. What taxes were paid on the concert?

Answer: The reader is not given this information.

The gross receipts, according to Mr. Holden, amounted to \$5003.00. After taxes and expenses \$4387.00 were left. If that is the case, what is the profit?

Answer: The reader does not know for sure--could the profit be about \$200.00 as stated? What happened to the other \$4187.00? The reader does not know.

According to the Student Association, the report has passed as follows:

Gross Receipts	\$5003.00
Taxes & Such	
Expenses	616.00
Amount left	4387.00
Profit about	200.00
Amount Unaccounted for	\$4187.00

As you can see, many questions go unanswered. How about some answers?

Sid Baum

Mein lieber Jackson von Herzen: Having been tarred and feathered by the Misses Judy DeAngelis and Sharon Sadoff in the Nov. 12 issue of "UH News," the undersigned wishes to disabuse these comely coeds of any effort, on his part, to animadvert the theatrical labors of those dedicated young people, cast and crew alike, who took part in "Dark of the Moon."

Under a nice black heading, "Wallace Directs Cornpone Comedy," "UH News" printed an appreciation of the charismatic Mark Wallace which also ran, the very next day, in the weekly edition of the "Farmington Valley Herald" -- with a two-column photograph.

Yes, I read the script for "Dark of the Moon," which is considerably less estrogenic than the more lubricious passages of Krafft-Ebing. In any event, there is no point in staging a UofH play unless there is an audience. Ergo, it is a waste of UofH funds -- and our budget is tight -- to write insipid press material about the University Players.

"Dark of the Moon," while no "Tobacco Road," is a tender legend. Many of its lines, if properly inflected, are quite spicy. It is a work worth promoting. If it is played in a mood of soulful relevance, then the whole point is missed. If it is played as a bitter-sweet romance, then it can be a delight.

Institutional news releases are never signed by the writer. So my attempt to drum up a little business for Mark Wallace and his gallant cohorts was in no sense "anonymous."

If a bit of theatrical hyperbole crept in, here and there -- well, do you eager thespians enjoy playing to empty houses? Or would you prefer to appear before an expectant audience: an audience lured on campus by the devious devices of an immoral, insensitive, crass and indubitably illiterate press agent?

-- Sad Sam, South Cottage

## Administration White Paper

To the Editor of the Liberated Press:

At a meeting at the College of Basic Studies on Friday, the student body of that College expressed its most enthusiastic support of Dean Meinke and asked me to write you a letter conveying their strong disapproval of your criticism of him in the editorial in your November 5 issue.

Dean Meinke was not present at the meeting. It was called to hear and respond to explanations by Dean Komisar and myself of the actions being taken on a student disciplinary case then under consideration. More than three quarters of the students of the College attended. The entire meeting was marked by wholehearted expressions of confidence in Dean Meinke and was climaxed by a standing ovation in his honor.

A. M. Woodruff, Chancellor

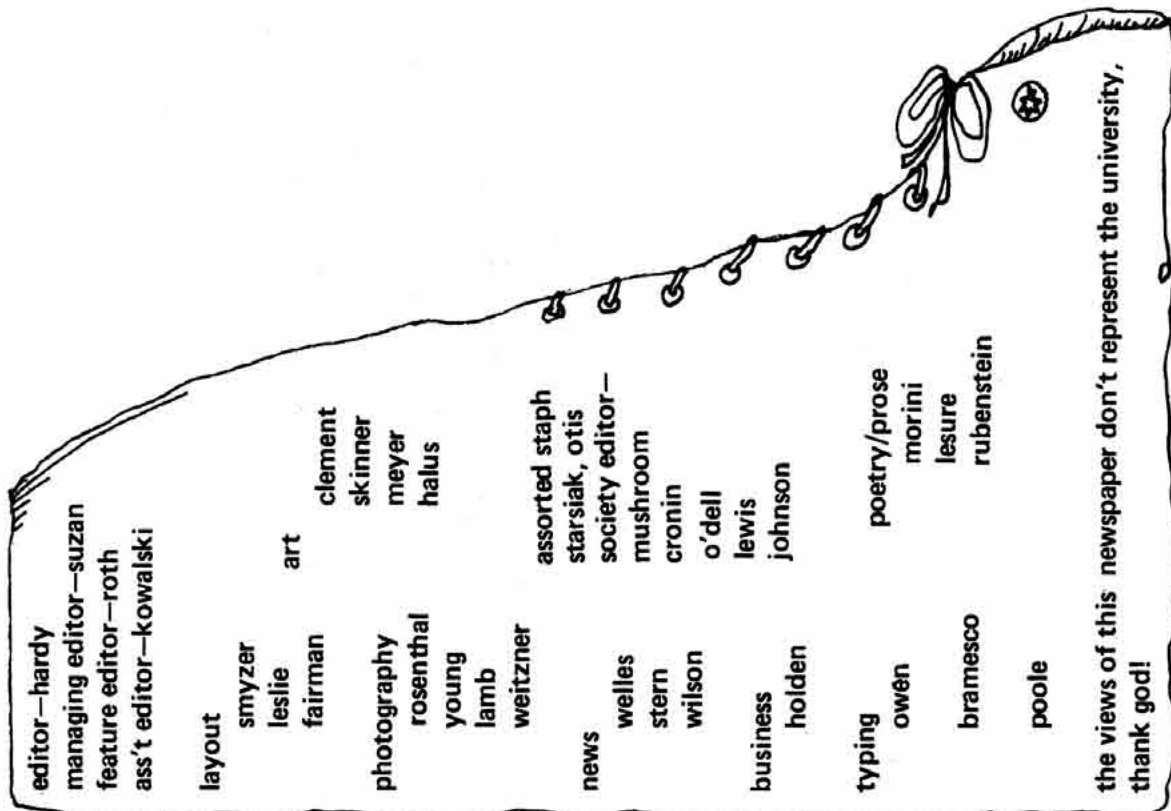
## Teachers

University of Hartford  
From Redorcia  
To Liberated Press

"a log ain't got no feet," he said in reply to the question. of course. anyone should know that it can't chase a dog. he laughed at the thought. teachers can be so silly

at times.

-Redorcia



the views of this newspaper don't represent the university, thank god!

## Open Letter to Jack

Tell the women  
I miss their bodies  
and their minds;  
The men —

their streamlined fantasies.  
Ask for me  
If it makes any sense at all or difference,  
whether here or there we exist—

to touch the fringes of eternity.  
Tell all the loves who I've lost  
and those I've won—  
that I'm still in love;

The men — both pro and con  
that I'm still strong and wild;  
the caring — that I'm still secret and sad.  
Tell the bandits that I'm a bandit still

The men of arms—I'm still secret and sad.  
The ones who saw me cry — that I'm still passionate.  
I will tell you that when fame is gone  
you know where the battle is —

the brave ones — that I'm afraid —  
the revolutionaries and their pains  
that I'm beginning to believe —  
The crowds, that I'm alone now

the way it should be —  
And tell the world Jack,  
tell the world for me  
I'm still in love.

Ewart C. Skinner

## Appendix:Freaks

Dear Jack,  
Here is an addition to one of  
your articles that ran last week.  
THE UH NEWS LIBERATED  
PRESS GUIDE TO CAMPUS  
FREAKS

### APPENDIX

The Stanley Starsiak

See the Stanley Starsiak. See him  
sit and write and condemn. See  
him peer out of his grey-tinted  
personality and rain on everyone's  
parade. Too bad he's so busy hat-  
ing everything. Too bad he thinks  
condemnation is the only road to  
reform. Too bad he's going to have  
ulcers before he's 30. Pity the  
poor Stanley Starsiak. He's not  
really the thinking man's Don Rick-  
les. He's more the illiterate's  
Abbie Hoffman.

Why does he stop where he does?  
Why not hate love? Why not hate  
truth? Why not hate Stanley Star-  
siak? Oops! Stanley just cut his  
wrists. Too bad, now we all have  
to hate for us is the Board of  
Regents.

No Animosity intended,  
Tim Lindsey

## A Thank You

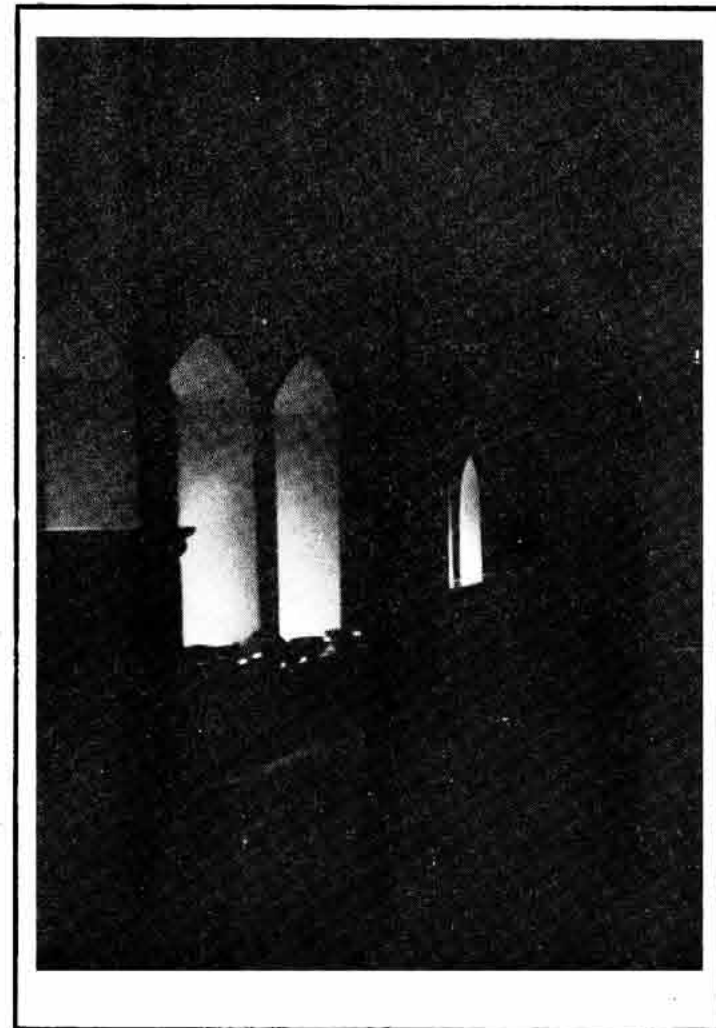
280 C Sigourney Street  
Hartford, Connecticut 06105  
November 11, 1969

Mr. Jack Hardy, Editor  
Liberated Press  
University of Hartford  
200 Bloomfield Ave.  
Dear Mr. Hardy:

We want to thank you for giving  
us publicity in your excellent cam-  
pus paper and for pointing out the  
fact that we stressed only the good  
in the United Nations. That was  
definitely our intent. But why do  
you call it a "bad day"? Is it  
bad to encourage any step in the  
direction of that which both we and  
you (as evident in your paper) re-  
gard as ideal in human relations?  
We are as aware as you are of  
the deficiencies of the United Na-  
tions. It falls far short of the ideal  
United Nations as outlined in the  
Baha'i Teachings. But would the  
world be better with no United  
Nations?

We regard the United Nations as  
we do an individual. Just as the  
individual should be praised for his  
good accomplishments and be en-  
couraged to improve and develop,  
so should the United Nations.  
Baha'is are "bright-eyed" (that was  
a wonderful epithet!) because we  
have a vision of what mankind, the  
United Nations included, is destined  
to become when we reach maturity.

Yours sincerely,  
(Miss) Lorna Tasker, Secretary



## At the Concert

Dear Jack of Hearts and everyone:

I was thoroughly disgusted with  
the conduct of the narrow-minded  
crowd at the Homecoming Con-  
cert. I sat in the northwest cor-  
ner of the gym and what I ob-  
served didn't speak too well of  
the people present. I am speak-  
ing of the treatment Tim Hardin  
received while performing before  
an inconsiderate audience. They  
made it very uncomfortable for  
the aware people who came to  
listen to him.

A good majority of the Univer-  
sity of Hartford students are pho-  
nies. They were all there to hear  
"Chicago Transit Authority" be-  
cause they are "the in thing".  
These people don't have minds of  
their own and they like what they  
are supposed to like. They don't  
think Tim Hardin is cool enough  
to dig and they don't even have  
the common courtesy to shut their  
mouths while he is performing.

I paid to see Tim Hardin. I  
tried to concentrate on the music  
but my mind was annoyed and har-  
rassed by talk, laughter, and in-  
sulting statements toward Tim. Af-  
ter he had sung three songs, a  
person sitting directly behind me  
(the fraternity type) said in a loud  
voice "We've heard enough of this  
guy; bring on Chicago". "We want  
to hear some real music", and  
you could feel the impatience all  
over the gym. Tim was keeping  
them waiting so they opened their  
mouths and closed their minds.  
Couldn't they at least try to hide  
their ignorance?

Tim Hardin is only sincere. He  
sings with feeling. His lyrics re-  
flect the despair of life or the  
ecstasy of a genuine happiness.  
People talk and laugh; no one is  
listening. That's alright, they  
wouldn't understand it anyway. Tim  
closes his eyes and sings "Misty  
Roses" and some wise bastard  
throws what sounds like a hundred  
pennies between the bleachers  
drawing laughter and applause.

Tim Hardin performing before  
4,000 people at the University of  
Hartford is like Shakespeare recit-  
ing his sonnets at Miami Beach;  
Seeger talking about Biafra on  
"Playboy after Dark"; Dylan per-  
forming at the Republican Con-  
vention. How many people know what's  
going on? So here's to the kids  
who don't even have the attention  
span to listen to music you can't

dance to. Wake up friends!!  
Richard Langevin

## Where Do We Go?

11/15/69

To whom it may concern:

I have a bone to pick with the  
administration about use of the  
Lounges in the girls' dormitories.  
On weekends our lounges (main)  
are locked, bolted and securely  
sealed promptly at 1:00 a.m. The  
GCC Lounge has been closed at  
12:30 a.m. Where the hell are we  
supposed to go when we are dating  
students who don't attend this Uni-  
versity and are from out-of-state.  
In warm weather it's not such a  
hassle to stay outside or sit in  
a car -- but in the winter it's  
a pain in the ass to traipse in  
the snow or ruin a car battery  
because there is absolutely no-  
where to go to sit. We pay enough  
money for housing to entitle us to  
use our dorm Lounges whenever  
we please. I can't see why the  
girls' Lounges can't remain un-  
locked until at least 3:00 a.m. I  
don't see why it is such an incon-  
venience to the security cops since  
they have to stay around all night  
anyway.

How about some action--fast!!!!  
Diane Slater

## Run the Caff Staff

To the Terrific Trio,  
Litsky, McLaughlin, and Loeb:

I'm sure glad to see that you  
guys are really "with it" here on  
campus. What with leaders of the  
caliber of Nixon, Agnew, and Ken-  
nedy (yes, readers, I'm putting  
HIM down too!) screwing things up  
on the national level, all we need  
here at the UoH is three more of  
the same; a trio of brainwashed,  
third-grade-intellect jackasses  
representing us. Intellectual ex-  
pansion embraces originality, and  
yet you contradict your stand by  
appealing to the voters' desire to  
be stereotyped collegiate students  
(i.e.: administration hating, privi-  
lege demanding, "liberatedly" talk-  
ing and minimally thinking.) If all  
it takes to run for S.A. represen-  
tative is to be a mentally retarded,  
foul-mouthed mimic of currently  
fashionable trends on campus, then  
for God's sake let's run the cafe-  
teria staff!!!

-Giles

**Despair**  
Jack of Hearts,  
Here is a piece for your rag if you can fit it in. I've tried to explain  
the anguish I would feel if I were torn from my girl to fight in that war  
that I don't believe in.

To touch, to hold, to caress my love  
Does not make us one  
So much I want to marry but can't  
Not while I tote A gun  
I'd rather leave you unwed my love  
Than take you for my wife  
Then go away and not return  
Leaving hollowness in your life  
Vietnam is very young  
This much God can see  
But why must I tote the gun  
Which separates you from me  
I'd be willing to fight and die  
For freedom's mighty cause  
If not my love for you  
And our plans which would be lost  
Will God let me return to you?  
Only time will tell  
Jen, pray for me that I may return  
To you from earth-bound hell  
It hurts me to be torn from you  
And sent across the sea  
To fight some other countrie's war  
Whose bullets can't make you bleed  
Dearest Jen forgive me  
But now I must be gone  
God permit me to return  
So we two can become one.

Rudy

# On The Intellectual Society As A Miscarriage

by Robert Clement

Today's society is but the crumbling synthetic monument to two century's fascination with Descartes thought process; the steadfast belief in the intellectual process as the foundation for man's ultimate glories, the creation of the pearly gates somewhere in NYC. All is within our powers, and our power resides within our insatiable urge to comprehend all, and to use all to our benefit. And yet we have arrived at no suitable junction.

Drifting along to the noon time flow, we play our roles as Rosencrantz or Guildenstern, Vladimir or Estagon. Whoever we are, where ever we are, we've been fucked. The intellectuals are the recreated Grand Inquisitor, who in a tyrannical rage, destroy all so that man may be free in the servitude of the facts, figures, and formulations of a scientific facade. And in the end, we still die, but we have died in want. In want of a life that would lead Immanuel Kant to utter on his death bed, "The sense of humanity has not yet left me." In the waste land, there is no humanity.

What has died in man since the intellectual process has ruled supreme?—the sense of humanity, the I-and-thou inherent within all mankind; the doctrine that places man within but above his conceptual environment.

From the first human to the 19th century, man's environment was the natural world. It is from the overwhelming bewilderment inherent within our sensual contact with nature which produced the first indirect movement towards the necessity of a god figure—the creation of language. Man was surrounded by an alien evolutionary process which retained its order while man was forced to react to it and survive within it through his plastic nature. Man's process of survival could be effective only through his ability to join together, and it was through this unification need that produced art and language. However the history of both art and linguistics show that man's early forms of communication were more than an intellectual process for thought unity, but was rather an intense emotional unification with his physical environment. The concept of "redness," as exemplified in a red rose, was humanly interwoven as a state of bloodiness, of rose and blood as intermingled qualities of the whole human state. In the same manner, water became fertility, salt became semen, etc., which produced a mystical unification of man and his world. Thus language was a means through which man emotionally became a part of his environment, and his environment became human. It was a transcendent which became more clearly manifested in religion. But first man needed a language before he could create the spiritual; the early transcendent quality of language, of his being of the physical, created the vehicle in which the transcendent quality of religion could be explored.

Yet man would always be separated from nature because he could produce abstractions such as language which, by their very nature, created restrictions and definitions which would oppose the natural. Religion became the unifying force between man's conception of the natural and the natural environment which he lived in.

Every known civilization, no matter how primitive or isolated, has created a religion—an abstract justification of the unknown. Inherent within nature was beauty, order, chaos, and fear; all which reacted against man to produce mysticism. Religion can only exist when man is surrounded by elements which he can't comprehend. Psychologically, primitive man appeased his fears of nature by investing them within a man transcended god figure. By instilling them within a god/man figure, primitive societies could then relate to the unknown through their already man/nature language which had become the basis of their culture; they rechanneled the unknown into the abstraction of their tribal dialect. Through this process, man could comprehend the unknown through its

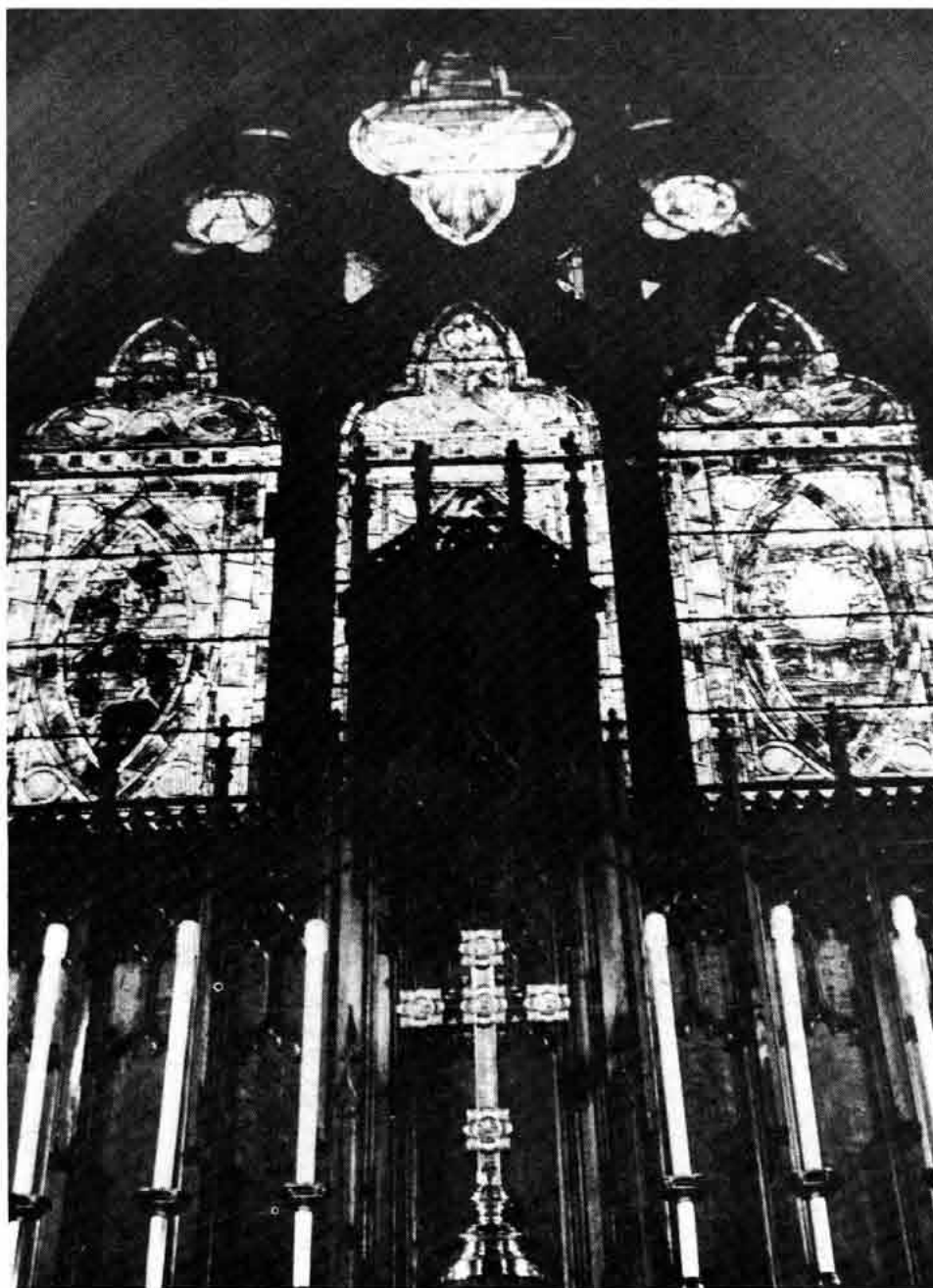


photo by the author

translation into comprehensible variables. Religion was an emotional justification for the unknown, which by its very nature, could never be rationalized. Religion then created a unifying basis for the culture; a common self-sustaining belief that gave meaning to life by proposing a moral code. Man's major need is a purpose for his suffering. Whether it be explained in a religion or a philosophy, man needs an abstract meaning for the pains he will have to suffer. As long as man lived in the natural world, religion supplied the reason.

But slowly, man created a counter environment. One that was of his entire making, and thusly one void of mysticism. A city can hold fear, but it can't possess god. The whole structure of a city is countering chaos; religion is relevant only within a unified substance, that although it may project adjunct chaos, it must capture the mind in its singularity. Nature classifies the adjunct within its singular whole by projecting a state that is above all aesthetic, and one that retains the transitions inherent within man's psychological development. Nature also possesses the infinite; the

continuous process which operates against the heavens, which in itself is religious in that it is lost above the delineation of the natural plain. Man's concrete environment, on the other hand, is against man because it fails to consider the emotional needs of man which became sanctified in his unification with god/nature.

Our sociological disaster can be explained within this premise: that man in his radical reversion of nature through his premature creation of a counter environment, has disrupted the life forces prevalent in him since his species originated. This premise would include man's loss of the religious and thusly his elevation of the intellectual process which has inadvertently created an emotional

In turn, our sociological problems are faced by politicians who interpret them within dollar signs and governmental expenditures without trying to solve the problem by arriving at the inner chaos which is the result of moral decay. When Nietzsche said god was dead he could have continued his thought by saying that man was thusly dead.

With our loss of religion came the loss of man's unity. Religion supplied more than an explanation for suffering and the justification of the unknown, it created festivities in its holidays. Man could celebrate with all others a day of joy and happiness. It created a relief from the tensions of daily existence. Today we celebrate no holidays; we merely participate.

Our elevation of the intellectual created the technological society. Today man is subservient to the machinery of work. We have discarded all the forces prevalent in man before he became a slave to the intellectual miscarriage. Our only philosophy is the philosophy of servitude. We continue to create that which is against man. We have created the city which is pure chaos. Every action affects man; the continuous chaotic feature of a city with its stop lights, small ugly continuous storefronts, blaring neon lights, all help to make man a psychological wreck. There are more suicides, murders, emotional breakdowns, heart attacks, etc., than there ever were, and this is because we have created the city without taking into consideration how we could replace the emotional elevation inherent within nature, within our new environment. We have refused to create within our society a replacement for religion. We have allowed man to rot.

Where does the solution lie? First in education. Our whole educational process in the technological society lies on treating all subjects as if they were cadavers ready to be slit. We have elevated math and science into a god-like position and discarded philosophy. In the elementary schools, readying the mind for the scientific age is stressed beyond belief, and we are never taught how to respond emotionally. There are no senses training courses here as there are in Russia. Children are not taught how to feel, or see, or hear. They are solely processed in how to add, not in how to paint or play a musical instrument. We teach our children only concrete facts rather than having them explore abstract concepts. Most high schools don't even have philosophy classes. We are simply programmed to feed IBM computers. English is treated as such. One is not taught how to respond to poetry, but rather how to interpret it all in a Freudian light. Our professors sit back and dissect it so thoroughly that it becomes a bore to read literature. No one tries to teach us the beauty inherent within words. No one tries to teach us how to enjoy anything beautiful; nothing, to most of us, is beautiful. Education should give us an appreciation of the aesthetic; not how to destroy it through interpretations.

We must also create our cities as a singular whole, learning from nature that which man needs. We should make our city blocks longer and instead of having many small store fronts have one large building that is aesthetically pleasing. Our sidewalks should be three times as large, with more natural decorations. With the enlargement of city blocks we could drastically eliminate a lot of roads and substitute them with small forms of transportations that would operate only within that block. The main emphasis would be on unity and order. Discarding all neon signs and protruding signs would help to create a very pleasant situation.

The main emphasis would be on the creation of and the appreciation of that which is beautiful. By creating a harmonious whole, we can help to create that environment which, although it can't replace religion, can help to replace it.

void. Defining the religious as it correlates to this essay would be as the following; the elevation of one's conscious activity beyond the metaphysical rationalization of the physical into correlating standards by emotionally subjecting one's experience into the totality of the occasion by an undefinable belief that one is part of the infinite whole—a whole that is more poetic than it is scientific, more aesthetic than it is pleasing. This belief, this elevation beyond is the result of emotionally overwhelming sensations when one's senses become highly sensitive to that which it comes into contact with. Realizing the aesthetic, the beautiful is only one third of the problem; becoming overwhelmed by it is the more desperate two thirds.

However, the 20th century is the century of interpretations. Our two most influential philosophies have been created out of a need to interpret social conditions prevalent within a man made society. Marxism and Freudian Psychology merely lend interpretations to the outer structure without presenting doctrines that would change in any manner the chaos of the inner structure.

## hartford blue trains (for rod: has gone beyond)

the main: we two  
 as if we alone had come in expectation a journey's route  
 within that silent standing vessel/ ship  
 wrecked now for but a lonely decade ( but e  
 process is immeasurable & can not b tallied  
 against e tides; nor hintd at upon e disguises  
 e still raging stars)/:for they/e others  
 gathering there bneath its shadow/ d  
 sired no voyage: had never gone byond; rather  
 had remaind solely to sustain the motion as  
 wind driven leaves falln: (flowing aimless/  
 as gentle hands gently e surface e dis  
 tant a soft body upon soft sheets/ but i  
 had heard harsh words rebound against  
 their chants) as if we  
 had but come to dny  
 that the substance lies  
 within its deceiving movements (leap  
 ing as Vilella in his greatest  
 instant of strain) upon e blue trains of  
 glass reflecting the transilient  
 winds force against e seas/  
 to arrive at but e final evolution  
 of a dying climax): to flow onward  
 void the restless reversals a mornings  
 preparation against the storm: d  
 parting along unquivering lanes that lead  
 to no ncounters-to no mbrace but to the  
 main where they/as solemn as the even  
 ing vespers/ nter narrow crevices  
 to produce (imnu but u fail  
 to respond))

workers r e king  
 dom; had seen e queen ant  
 icipate his death:  
 (had served no lord  
 til falln from e strain/ his  
 own dead  
 weight/had servd himself; a  
 gainst e rivers lips  
 once had slaughtered a child; a  
 girl) & yet still he fell  
 beneath e rising chorus of 8(

am; sun  
 bleeding softly e nakd  
 fall(  
 autumn) against e still  
 mo (urni) ings  
 wake; e last har  
 vest bfore e l  
 st deaths  
 coming;  
 white: to raise e was

sail against the burning wind ( i had  
 heard e anger of a fool) against e  
 cry  
 ing summit (he had heard e anger of e  
 masses)

for those who came to thrust  
 all but their dominion  
 against the nightsdawning sky/slaughterd:  
 tossd violently from their bastarddreams  
 when the nights last silence svelopd  
 the darkness in alarm(  
 to scurry bhind  
 e dsertd castle upon e flowing plain:  
 to fear e noise/silence  
 to seek e light/darknes  
 for e

nightwatchmen all having d  
 partd against e cold: white: a  
 lone but for e distant flashing warn  
 ings that forewarns of lost mpires  
 in e distant mist)

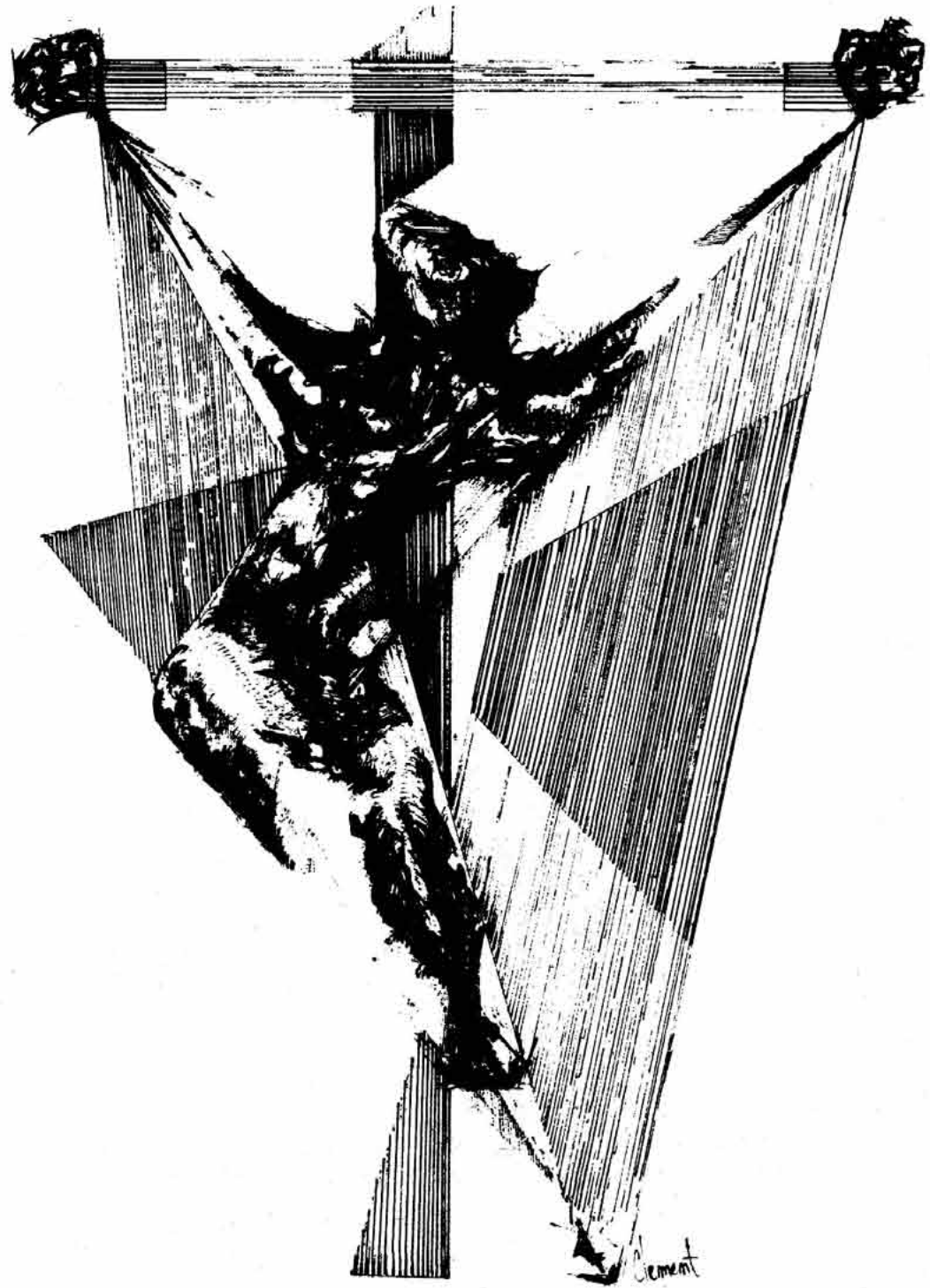
& they  
 but aware of themselves  
 as unxpectd arrivals tossd care  
 lessly upon e dirt that hangs out  
 stretchd upon the haggard facades ( weep for e  
 guilt e strangld dogs) where  
 the aged peddle their outcast  
 memories upon freshly cut roses/ &  
 e blood shall flow upon soft sheets/

( to take in that which has been discardd & un  
 derstand all although it is not  
 within e signs)

& i shall go into e  
 world to oppose thee:  
 i & thou/ fore  
 runners of all

...  
 e phoenix lies e shaft e fire  
 god of water  
 god of fire  
 bless be here/this your home

to go byond he who lst knew e bodies/e motion: masses/dawn/constit. plaza  
 to go byond he who lst knew e grains/e motion: american row  
 to go byond... row row



drawing by the author

e white stillness en  
 gravd in leadn molds nbankd in 1 sin  
 gle white stone lying asa sort of mem  
 orial to one (they say it was he) who labored civil (c)  
 ity upon e rivers shores & now (as it has been relatd) e father of they  
 who forgd its undulating channels into  
 a bleeding iron prj/rite

(& that which has flowd  
 has flowd forever)

& yet but still to retain e frost  
 before e dew lying upon upliftd  
 limbs...

& yet never to go byond-  
 to probe the shallow mysteries  
 investd within a strandd vessel

...  
 white  
 to darkness fell a  
 gainst  
 e last dying fish  
 er upon  
 e early morning frost

## Death Of Winter by Jack Hardy

*dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to bury the winter – to watch the leaf that has been long frozen to once again drift down the river and as we watch the close grey sky we must ask forgiveness for building cement walls – they have brought the winter into Spring... But we cannot erase the winter by building fires, as the winter will not be burnt – we can only maintain our own warmth until the spring...*

### Eyes of the Country

and can one not see the destruction that our idle minds created. People have tried to combat it by keeping the hands in motion and yet they realize not that it is the mind that they must keep in direction. It is the lack of direction that is causing our downfall. One can argue that it is better to have no action than to have action and reaction – but this is not even the case. We have no action or reaction – we have two sides, that are not sides, that profess a fight that doesn't need to be fought, to gain territory that is already won. We are acting defensively. We react before the action is taken – and we act on the rationalization that if we don't act, then we shall be destroyed by the reaction (never stopping to realize that to react, one needs an action). Then, once the reaction has taken place, we use the events of the reaction to rationalize out the original action – what it can be reduced to is a lack of trust, or a lack of faith. We have no faith in the human existence. We have reduced the human species into an abstraction. We no longer deal with people on a one-to-one basis. We no longer know or even care to know, the people with whom we deal every day. We rationalize that it is the size and

### a dream of trees

and there are so many of us drifting ... with no purpose and no cause ... The whole of society without anything but ummer interests – reduced to pastimes – building model railroads in our minds – never building new ideas – taking what modern advertising tells us is new – but can we build the betterment of society on Saturday afternoons – and can we build faith within the walls of a church we attend but once a week – Political campaigns – donate a dollar but none of our time – time is so valuable – why – there is only so much time in our lives – life? Forty thousand of them lost over a matter of political pride. Pride? What do we have of which to be proud: a country divided between right and left, young and old – between intellectual and working man –

and I met an old man, a drifter, who had stolen many a town. He had seen the country and was knowledgeable on questions of nature, and of man and nations – I asked him of man and nations and he spoke to me of nature: "...perhaps like the apple tree upon which they have grafted a pear branch, then a peach branch – they all can be grafted without hurting the tree, it only takes a while for the tree to heal and accept the new branches – but what of the tree when all the fruit has ripened – can it withstand the weight – or can it withstand the wait? Can it tolerate the ripened foreign fruit? And when the branches begin to break and die, will there be any tears shed? – or can a tree shed tears?..."

Perhaps like the sugar maple – the most beautiful in its yearly death – and yet it has no fruit; we only tap the sap and boil it down to the nectar of society – casting it in molds for candy, pouring it over breakfast to sweeten the beginning of the day – but if too much of the sap is drained will not the tree die? And will not this death be final, and the leaves be brown? ... this time –

perhaps also like the olive tree which grows not well in some countries. It shall have but one fruit and shall live to be many hundreds of years old. It can grow on hills, in valleys and in hot and dry – but can it grow in cold and wet?

Perhaps like the elm which towers over other trees – so caught in disease – brought down on his knees – and he will be gone soon –"

I asked him if this was not sort of a negative view as he saw no such thing as a good tree – he answered that there are no good trees – only beautiful forests – and the tree is only that which is above the ground. He spoke nothing of that which was below the earth.

numbers that intimidate us. We say that we know people, when we know not even our neighbors – We pass a man on the street and dare not to say hello –

and political revolution is not possible today – the craving for violence in our society is only a manifestation of the fear of the same – the only other channel for the manifestations of the frustration of fear is faith – the frustrations of our society are manifested in a combination of the two – we have small amounts of faith in various endeavors and hence also some violence – many of us are willing to participate in a riot but few are willing to take up an organized fight against society. Many more of us are willing to attend a peaceful demonstration and yet few are willing to help organize one. Our society has learned to tolerate this minor dissension – now and then a few arrests to keep the opposition honest. But what happens when society refuses to tolerate this dissension – the opposition becomes more frustrated and can either head towards a more violent course or can turn towards a more faithful course –

and yet the rejection of our attempts to modify the system only make us more masochistic, with less faith in even ourselves and with more violence –

Violence is a prelude to revolution – riots are uncontrolled revolutions: revolutions without purpose, leadership or direction. Purposes are tacked on later as a rationalization, leaders are produced at

the moment of test, without seasoning, and direction is never determined.

Before we begin tearing down we must build from the bottom, under the bottom. The struggle in this country is so far different from the other corners of revolution. The struggle is classless, and ageless which adds a different dimension to the struggle. In a society where the



photo by Siegfried Halus

classes are well defined the violent overthrow is relatively easy. The masses are merely realigned and their frustrations are channelled into aggression. In a society like ours where the classes are, (if they exist) very undefined, it is very hard to focus the revolt towards a specific target. The government can only be part of it. One could overthrow the government and things would be no different as the people remain the same.

If there is to be leadership in this classless revolution then it must come from the present upperclass. These are leaders that have nothing to gain and everything to lose. Their death would be as the death of christ — one who had everything — the supreme sacrifice — The present leadership is from the middle class — people that have something to gain. The lower class does not have the time or the education to lead. The upper class does not have to work their way up to the top — They have the time to devote to philosophy. They alone can lead the society from the deathly course of polarization. And what of this present trend towards polarization?

Too often our polarization comes from minor incidents that have nothing to do with the struggle except characterize dissent. Numerous folk heroes who are jailed become the focal point when actually by society's rules (the rules by which even the dissent is channelled) they belong in jail. Then there are the battle grounds — the campus, the parks, the areas that fringe on the idea of a no man's land or a people's land, that are actually privately owned. We fool ourselves by thinking that we are fighting for our own land when actually we are fighting for empty land. We must accept the concept that this is not a landed struggle. We must free ourselves from thinking of the system in terms of land. Since revolution began in this country it has been a landed struggle in a sense a military struggle. We gain little in that our winnings are measured by how much territory is secured. But this is self defeating. If we win the people's park we are admitting defeat as the only way we can win it is by the owner saying we can use it. And we all thank him and live happily ever after.

We are losing something very valuable. This is this country's false sense of security. Until a few years ago this country could not conceive of revolutionary elements existing. The riots in the cities and colleges have changed this. A few years ago, no Wallace could ever have made headway. Now we must recognize him as a reality, a force, a sort of organized reaction — capitalizing on paranoia. What we are losing, in pure military terms, is the element of surprise. And the sense of security in this country must be restored. This means taking the struggle out of the open battle field and placing it into the minds of the people that are involved and theirs alone.

#### Death of philosophy

and philosophers have cried a million tales of that which has happened, and that which is happening and yet none dare claim the knowledge to lead. Their cynicism towards the times has even turned on itself, destroying self confidence —

The tendencies of society are to break away from philosophical leadership. We force leadership upon people and force society to listen to that leader alone, for philosophical leadership. With unqualified leaders, we will get poor or no philosophical leadership. The concept now in leadership is "to take the Greyhound Bus and leave the driving to us." There can be no direction given by minority ideals and even less accepted by the leadership — philosophers hence become a part of the system and if they are to be widely read they will have to produce that which the people want to read: they tend to be merely writing interpretive philosophy rather than leadership philosophy-i.e. Marcuse's recent essay "on liberation" and an older one "repressive tolerance" categorize, define, and explain the movement and the society against which it is moving (respectively). The Philosophers are not leading, as they have been beaten into the ground by the system. The government and society itself has had no philosophical base since its beginning. Politicians cannot be philosophers as the time that is needed to maintain a position is too demanding. To proceed to a position of influence, vocal influence, one must gain a political position, this in itself will then be limited by beurocracy and hence the voice is all but silenced. The time-consuming factor needed to develop "leadership" philosophy is incomprehensible. The leader must then adapt someone else's proven philosophy (which he does not fully comprehend and cannot activate as it usually does not apply to the situation at hand) i.e. today's left wing adapting marx or mao, or even returning further back to Christ or Hitler. But what they realize not is that the philosophical leaders should only be studied as to their relevance as a type of leader and not as a philosophical base. We have no true leaders in the movement.

#### sleep

If the rain can bring misery then the sun can bring happiness — but then what brings the rain and sun — and now we see the young artists huddled in their corners and all of them crying because they cannot paint on rainy days — and yet they never paint anything anyway — they search for an excuse, any excuse to do nothing. Could they not paint their own portraits on rainy days —

And was he really saved — the one with the joy in his face — We all said, at the time, that he wasn't. But then if we think about it, he could be very easily one of the happiest persons in our time. His mission is that of simplifying our faith as he has simplified his own — and is not a life without responsibility the only happy life? Those of us with responsibility can only find joy when we are successful, and yet our successes are so over-shadowed by our defeats. And if we could dream our joy we could pass our time in sleep and would not have to afront

reality. And there are so many of us who pass our lives in sleep. The eyes become closed to that which surrounds us and we create our own world within our head. But what of the nightmare — we wake up screaming, as if it is so horrible that we should be involved with something bad within the very world we have created.

But are we really sleeping —

And what is this disease called sleep that infects the entire world. Our leaders have shaken us to try to awaken us and yet we continue to slumber. Like the kiss of love that passes the sleeping sickness, we have passed our sleep through love. But is it really out of love — We have molded love to our own ends — we have shaped the rules to outline the game we want to play — And yet we are still losing. Fight as we may, death still brings us nowhere nearer to god.

\* \* \* \* \*

and that is where we must begin — within the inner person — at the core of the soul from whence comes one's direction — and do the people of today have any direction —

Now one must look darker from the hills than when he is sunken in the valley — and the light seen from the first hill has shone for two thousand years and yet has been fading since that first star went under — And can one believe: There are too many ways to be condemned and too many ways to be saved. And none of them deal with the truth — none of them deal with the nature of man or deal with man himself — If man is an evil being then there is nothing but a road of masochism between him and death, (if he is going to be saved). And the subtle jealousy of those who are within the cult of evil causes their destruction before they can join the cult. For evil has always been attractive — Evil has always been the easy direction of the soul. And is that not for which a lazy society wishes. From early childhood we are taught that on all hallows eve we can wear the clothes of evil and enjoy the sweets of life for free. For the only time in the year, the drag queen uninhibitedly searches his mate. But can we only be ourselves on this night of evil because we are evil or is it that this is the only time that we are allowed to be ourselves — the frustration that builds within us so often causes us to break — and we do break — and then the pentecostal meeting — once again we can uninhibitedly release our tensions — praise the lord, thrusting our arms out — and channelling every mention towards god — and the concept is "Give your whole life to the Christ" — We want no responsibility. If someone dies that is the way that god wanted it. And if there is a war then it must be right or else god would not have had it begin — If there is suffering, it is good if it is in his name.

and this tendency to reduce responsibility through faith must be ended. We must create a new style of faith — a new direction of the soul. We must find a new concept of philosophical leadership — yet leaders are dangerous — the tendencies of our society to hand over all their thought-rights to be a leader. It is as if we have set the stage for a play — the lead part being open for two distinct leadership types — Christ or the anti-Christ.

#### Christ

and what of Christ?

One must understand that Christ was not the son of god but merely a son of man — his god given talent and intelligence taught him the way to lead and the way to teach — he had studied the scriptures that had come before him and, within his mind, wrote out a play — he then chose to play the leading role and gave his life toward using the available resources to perpetrate his teachings —

There was no mass media in those days — he had to rely on the folk tradition to carry his message — He was incredibly learned in the art of the parable and understood truly the importance of using it. Within the bounds of a simple story, Christ could relay his teachings knowing that they would lose much less in transfer than a mere attempt at articulating his philosophy — One must understand that teachings change as they are exchanged from person to person and depend on the amount that is retained in memory.

Perhaps Christ's most pressing and self-destroying decision was that of having to choose the leading role in his play. He was the artful master who could have taught much more if he had played a supporting role — and yet one must then have faith in the leading character and he could not have faith in anyone but himself. For in those days there were many who professed to be the one sent down from God; and none that could be believed in — and the belief — faith are needed — to place one's teachings in the third person.

\* \* \* \* \*

and he could not understand when I told him that god was a part of me and that I was one with god. Perhaps he just thought that it was my ego again — But still I tried to show him that we all had god within us. god is that which we have in us that can create and god is that which is the unknown and there is so much of us that is unknown — We have begun to destroy both of these factors. Perhaps it is within the realm of our inquisitiveness or more so in our search for self explanation — If we only had more faith and less reason or at least combined the two — there is so much marvel in that which is new — everything about a new relationship, a new covenant of minds, to this we pay homage with what little faith we have.

And the only ones that have faith in me are the insane — for they are the highly intelligent whose intelligence has not caused them to become skeptical or cynical — modern science has been used too much to disprove that which is progress — for we must have an emotional base — We must have a birth out of love — and yet the society cannot reply to that which it still considers sacred...

(Continued to page 12)

## The Song of L.B. Absalom -The Criminal-No-No-Louis

I saw him there first,  
with his eyes first  
deep gazing, unbelieving  
with his straight  
across his face smile – first  
like a ruled line  
like a wire handle  
of a paint can curved  
it was – when it changed  
– to love – first  
his cold clammish falanges  
piercing each other's back palms;  
his elbows knocking against  
his bony thigh.  
Close to himself he was  
as he asked –  
looking at the atoms in the air –  
"They say strange things  
about me – have you heard?"  
But first I said –  
"Pleased to meet you –  
I have heard nothing."  
"Oh – they say I'm a play-boy  
you know? Top cock around here man" –  
with his tin can smile –

"I don't know why they drag him  
boundless as the sea they,  
a straw, chaff, incorrigibly cold  
and with a tin can smile and all"

And he would scoff and stink  
and bristle at the words of hate  
for he loved to be in it – strangely –  
like a mad dog, full of power  
unresolved, temper to be leveled  
so that retrospect may be a  
source of comfort in the blade  
so yes – he delved into it  
always like a mad cur.

And he would cackle at  
talk of love of cunt and the  
crude – and be fed in it a  
wicked fire, an urge a matrix  
of some strange desire was his shell,  
And giggle he would at the  
meaning of love where the tint  
of being loved met his soul with  
a sorrowful fire – and then he would remember and stare  
for there he was – always –  
alone naked – cold and thin.

I was wicked because – as he lay there  
I thought at any time he would die on me  
with his incurable wheezing and  
hacking and pole damp whiteness –  
The hair grew sparse upon his bones  
like dried out sticks they were –

Why do I sit here then  
in this intolerable ward  
sick against his sickness  
flimsy against his being emaciated  
listen to him laugh – Louis –  
that loud dry laugh of his –  
look at him beg mercy by making  
himself Prince of All Warriors  
and look at him whimper and  
twist and bleed at his  
fingernails  
when I ask him  
Why Louis – Why?

But I don't know what it is  
that drags him boundless as  
the sea – as I myself –  
what brings him – It;  
a straw – a chaff  
incorrigibly cold  
and with a tin can smile and all.

You would know that he was alive  
if you heard him toss at night  
whine and scare like a frightened  
hairy, scrawny opossum – at the slightest  
noise – glaring at the light  
and the man and the gun.

They would laugh at him, Yes –  
when he is a hero  
– a King – a financial wizard  
and a CIA agent –  
and in his lesser moments and mine  
I would allow to share his glory  
at being an FBI man.

But they aren't there –  
can't get down into those ribs of his  
down into those bones of his  
which cry out for love  
those fearful deep night eyes  
that I saw first –  
first – like a leak in  
indefinable shadows  
first –  
into that head – greased and holy  
as an ascetic Indian Priest  
first –  
his drawn face –  
rigid and then yet  
articulate, stiff,  
like a grinning dog's face found  
heavy and hoary  
saying death.

I don't know why  
I would take the odors  
of his slowly putrifying  
into the halls and classes and outsides  
Why – if I bore this in love  
Strangely enough –  
would I take off a jacket  
and have it scorched in the sun  
to kill the germs –  
why I might not have stayed  
if he were immaculate or why  
I might have  
if he were a leper!



drawing by Liza Meyer



Yes – his sea might have been  
soft and once, sunlit  
and warm – in a past somewhere.  
until the fish died –  
all of them died –  
a sort of Median tragedy  
where this child came upon  
the harshness of a sea without God –  
A child cradled in anibivalent  
reeds –

a child who I can't love  
but can't leave –  
for he is here in my arms  
whether I want him or not  
and he stinks like the dead  
and I carry it with me –  
but – does he carry anything  
of mine I wonder –  
I without boils or whelps.

Some talk lightly of caring  
but some are soft –  
Some are not as scornful as I –  
giving praise and power  
but hiding from the puke when it musts the floor  
and from his stifling incinerating heat and stench  
when the windows are tight  
and the heat is 90 degrees  
but the beast is shivering.

why would I not break  
his back or neck  
when he idealizes the vulgar styles  
of killer doctrines and hard line politics;  
or when he smears the blood from  
his whelps and broken boils  
all over the room.  
Maybe I fear that it will  
be the futile beatings  
of a dull dead ox,  
the heavy fall of a rod  
upon a dead hide that does  
not listen to pain,  
a lifeless hide of an  
emaciated cow – dead – infested  
with hidden unmolested fat maggots  
but no blood – no blood –

I don't know what it is  
that drags him  
boundless as a sea – It;  
a straw, a chaff  
incorrigibly cold  
and with a tin can smile and all.

The wave rushes on and leaves him  
derelict on a place  
a desert place like you or me –  
with no whelps or boils.  
and we must listen to ageless lies of his,  
of his adventures with the Amazon  
and how he roamed the shores  
of Lesbos naked as he was  
(bones and all I presume)  
the only blood he had being the boil;  
and came, found, and caught,  
the honey from their lips – these fair  
bold sensuous – formidable – strong  
ungenerous women –  
and how he fought with them  
with the passion of a Hun, and brought  
them down, one by one, subdued –

and knew their bodies under him,  
warm and fleshy full of red vigor  
and motion and hell and their breasts large  
nature things and their backsides too –  
nudging him in his paradise –  
how he fought with her, yes,  
bones deep within her flesh,  
his bloody boils and pimples  
fast and close –  
and she cried out yes,  
to her God in nature for the  
love and the sweltness that was in her all  
and he would die  
sapped of all his energy  
as she lisped and lingered  
begging for her pleasure –  
and the love; the quietude of the sea –  
and all the sap that remained in him –

Yes I watched too  
toward the Sea –  
and his bones were stubbed,  
jagged against her soft face deep  
his death fast against this fair  
his bones close between  
the supple plump bottomed women  
stabbed to death by the dead –  
My eyes are strained too  
in jealousy of his mind,  
for my place is desert and thirst  
and I too am in need of love –  
– But not like this no – no –  
I will not walk with him no –  
for will he walk immaculate –



drawing by Liza Meyer

monkey and man – pale dry  
silver like the mask of a face  
cold – vapor-like sweat  
ruling the mastery of his world  
burdening others with his odor –  
and townsmen with his wisdom?

I remember him –  
He sat there nights  
and thought and thought  
Oh God –  
never did he move  
or look alive except  
by the mutter of his nonexistent lips.

He talked sometimes of ways  
of disposing others as if  
he were the all authority  
– the all God –  
as if prayed to him nights  
this half putrified puppy  
as if I loved him  
this man of dry laughter  
as if I dared  
he did all these things.

You can't ask me why I didn't move  
– I know –  
because I don't know why they brought him here  
boundless as a Sea  
stripped – ravaged – seawrecked  
derelict, mutineer of toil and sorrow –  
with boils and whelps  
itching from the salt –  
a straw - a chaff  
incorrigibly cold  
and with a tin can smile and all.

Edward C. Skinner

# Poetry, Prose

## Tell It Like It Is

If someone asked me for an opinion of what poetry means, and what the subject of poetry is, I'd answer the poem on the page, and the lesser amount of the poet's exhibition of self love the better. How unfortunate it is that some not most of today's young poets are on ego trips. The first and earliest poems of these wits are merely conceits. Because of the poets concern with himself and vanity he enjoys seeing his poem in print, much like a masturbator enjoys seeing his own sperm on his belly. And poems that are produced hastily and uncarefully are really only masturbations of imagery that only the poet himself can understand, images that afford him pleasure, sexual excitement. He is only playing with himself and letting others watch. This is the first stage in writing, and for the bashful and self conscience a way of achieving self gratification much like an orgasm.

Who wants to listen to someone talk about only himself? It would be quite boring, but if a poet can make you feel what he felt, make you reexperience his emotion, he can also make you feel what happened to some one in a specific situation, someone other than himself, then he is studying people's behavior and is outside himself.

If you had a pleasant experience, or an unpleasant experience you may try your hardest to imitate that experience so I can feel pleasure, or pain, not necessarily your pain because with a specific here the universal is implied.

A few skills must be developed as writing is learned. One of these is vision, telling it like it is. Another is voice, and the refinement of these two aid in achieving a style. Very few beginners have the guts to work long in search of this goal.

The imitation of sights and sounds and mood should not be accompanied with an explanation, if a poem is specific and concrete it needs none. No one who writes can be told how talented he or she is, he or she doesn't listen but if the creative process is one of concern to a poet he can be guided along the path he has already set foot onto.

Poetry means only what the poem says. The way the poet says it is his own, no matter who he imitates. The meaning of the choice of words should not be clouded with unnecessaries, but rather they should be clear of vagueness, and simple.

Morini

*It runs down stone walls like rain or ivy,  
It gathers like a cloud, mistakes itself  
for a rainbow, and ends up down the edge  
of the field. It moves with the wind, and  
shifts with the tides. It's cool as green  
ocean, spacious as blue sky. It whispers  
between trees, it hugs the stars, it's silver  
as the moon, and nearer than death.*

*What is it that blasts fire red, bleeds, sleeps  
in a flower bed. It is a color-sound, a very  
bright-loud one in deed, war it is called  
and kills like a weed.*

morini

somewhere;  
a girl leans against a  
cemetery wall;  
and smokes;  
a cigarette;  
and it's cloudy  
and autumn dusty  
as winter leaves; when  
she waits for me;  
ahead of death;  
to stop me from dying  
without a child  
she waits; silently, and  
free:  
somewhere around my grave—  
wherever  
that may be.

morini

a poem to me  
i talk to myself in bed  
before i dream  
of groovy things  
out side in  
side i look and  
see what i appear  
to be  
in side out  
side what is me  
i am a poem  
please read me.

morini

genesis

yesterday i created it was a mistake of course it would have been my knowing is the mistake and not the creation but now that i know, what am i to do i won't like him, my creature that is he reminds me to much of myself still i dont trust him why just this morning he questioned my integrity who the hell does he think he is worst of all, he wont leave me alone follows me everywhere oh i know i could destroy him, but what good would that do me i mean something else will surely come of my destruction now that ive started this cycle, ill just have to wait it out maybe it will wait me but hmmm here he comes now with a friend yet there you see, ive done it again heaven help me

— Michael Rubenstein

to jon, one year from november 10

*i don't even think about  
you now.  
that i loved you is last year  
and i don't remember  
that far back.  
but why do i cry when  
it snows?*

brynnin

to my 7th lover...

*many are since you  
but none are you  
some i have loved,  
but not like you  
they are not you  
so there is nothing  
to believe in...*

brynnin

to lolee

*the rain beats upon me  
melting my sanity as i see  
my dreams slowly drowned  
reflections of the life we shared  
the sad goodbyes  
the soft lingering kiss  
the warmth i found in yuur words  
you gave me everything  
all that is but a mirror of my mind  
where once i saw happiness in your thoughts  
now lives my sentence  
the funny faces  
the love in your eyes  
your tender touch  
gone.  
alone in the storm i look for you  
it is raining but i have no umbrella  
i love you.*

me

HE IS DEAD

*And my life is no more  
And my soul is gone, gone.  
Don't turn me away  
Please — let me in.*

*And the son, now asleep, is alone  
And his father lives in another house  
His life is no more  
And his soul is gone, gone.  
They turned him away  
No one, no one would let him in.*

*They say he died  
They say he will be no more.  
Then who will save my life,  
Then who will capture my soul?  
Don't turn me away  
Please — let me in.*

EMCS

Anna

*the smell of rain;  
dripping drainpipes  
dropping the last drop  
on the grass in the backyard; up  
steps, upstairs;  
wooden porch, stained wet,  
empty  
cloudy sky moving—  
still no rainbow;  
coloring book colorless in the big puddle;  
by the white fence;*  
  
*little girl watching from her window,  
turns her head; goes  
next door to play.*

morini

*not interested in your senses,  
flamboyant—you sink,  
displacing oceans of aggression,  
(lakes of).*

*very skilled, you allow your will,  
to slash and slice, the past day  
away. asleep (unnecessarily napping)  
into late afternoon.*

*who could this be,  
which tease, tassles strip, whose  
mind, mind (it's me),  
against everyone you lean,*

*and as he and she and he and she  
topple over in a line, you  
jump like a wave in the wind.*

morini

These moments are not times  
to sit and pray –  
are they now?  
Because the power of living  
is all full of revolution  
and change and fight;  
now isn't that the way it is!  
And when the wind blows cold  
down the narrow so called  
avenues of the villages  
and the minds –  
it is not who blows the wind  
but how the wind feels  
against your teeth –  
now isn't that the way it feels –  
when it feels – well isn't it!  
(If you've ever been cold).

So I will have faith in –  
No – not in God –  
But my Gun, my Brains, and my Bard,  
after Love,  
And yes, yes the people.  
Now ain't that the way it should be!?

Ewart C. Skinner

For those who judge the world  
with perception  
and objection  
With eyes that cannot see the world  
as personality  
Take your clothes off  
and look in the mirror sometime  
Take a good look at yourself,  
And then you come and tell me who you are  
For I cannot see you  
through the force of your flesh.

Gretchen Peterson

#### The Night

The night has depth and muffled riches  
nestling deep, its soothing touches  
create round and silken visions  
alludes to beauty in the senses.

The night makes places for the warmth  
nestling deep into the darkness  
moaning, soothing, yearning, sighing,  
resting calmly for the morning.

Gretchen Peterson

Having warned her of a regrettable disability,  
the jester proceeded to do his stuff  
and carrying a wooden puppet of himself  
and shaking the bells on his harlequin toes  
brought an actual smile to the frozen lips  
of the stone faced wondergirl.

Having been warned, she continues  
to smile, quite contentedly for a while  
until she remembers –  
the warning of the night before,  
and one icy smiling tear shatters on the marble floor.

Having completed the job,  
the jester departs –  
bells ringing,  
puppet shaking,  
painted mouth crying over tapestried shoulder  
"I told you so."

e. h. bramesco

#### The November Years

Today is November.  
The earth is grey and groans  
as we move, resisting change.  
It is a cold steel ball  
waiting  
to be moved  
waiting  
to roll towards the fire  
that burns red in the summer  
where the steel will melt,  
and take form,  
to become beautiful.

vondo

Her warmth enveloped me in a  
blanket of silky softness,  
the branching of her many  
gnarled fingers webbed so  
closely with my mind, my mind  
my mind,  
my...

Gini

My mind is just a shadow

My mind is just a shadow  
of what it used to be  
It used to laugh and play and dance  
and shiver in its glee  
But now with branches wilting,  
its nerves in atrophy  
life ceases to be fun and games  
for now it must study.

My mind must now be disciplined,  
be taught to read quickly  
It must absorb the contents  
of men's philosophy.

My mind is but a shadow  
of playtime dead and gone  
for now instead of singing  
it must recite the song.

Instead of chasing rainbows  
and living to just be  
it must commence to memorize  
all the reveries  
of books, and all the learnings  
written in days of old  
I must give up my childhood  
for shadows of the cold  
and harsh years of "The College"  
Your Wisdom has brought me  
a shade of springtime passing  
a shadow, that is me.

Gretchen Peterson

University Reptiles  
(Universius Reptilis)

Turtles laugh to tumbling stones  
Winging gently through fluff  
and stuff  
and Imagination  
Finding crazy senses  
Covering crops of Starch  
Cry the muffled lizards –  
'wet dew enhances  
Visions of green)' –

(Fly on, Victoria!)

Gretchen Peterson

## Simplicity

by Jack LeSure

Somehow, this week, I feel that the column should be called something other than Simplicity. Ewart Skinner has written us a poem that is somewhat more than simple. The poem is a fascinating study of life today—without really talking about it.

The first three lines set the entire mood of the work with the words, "These moments are not times/ to sit and pray –/ are they now?" He has summed up a time when religion is meaningless and time is all important. He implies not only that religion is unimportant but also that time is so cramped that we have none of it to waste in motionless prayer.

In the following three lines, Mr. Skinner has typified the actions of the times by telling us that, "... the power of living/ is all full of revolution/ and changes and fight." He has described, in 13 (unlucky?) words everything that is going on around us in the world today. Rather a cynical outlook, but too true.

Mr. Skinner goes on to make what appears to me to be his own commentary on religious thought. He speaks briefly about the wind and those who attempt to explain it in terms of God. He would have man explain the wind (and every other natural thing I ascertain) in terms of feelings, and physical reactions ("If you've ever been cold").

The last six lines of the poem appear at first to be an optimistic resolution of the problem of life today. On a second scrutiny, there are two images which seem to destroy this interpretation. The final lines seem to me to be the most cynical of all. He tells us that he will have faith in his gun—strange perverted faith, that—and faith in after love. It occurs to me to wonder what after love is, but it seems to connote the feeling of calm, bordering on exhaustion. The image could also refer to the hurting following a busted affair. To have faith in pain is a sad state of mind.

Mr. Skinner finishes his poem with the words, "Now isn't that the way it should be!" in direct reference to the things he will have his faith in. I would truly fear meeting the man who feels that this poem ends on an optimistic note.

#### EXPOSE

Here is a line I thought I would use in a poem:  
"I spent some time in Alice's perfumed bathroom."  
Sounds symbolic, doesn't it?

Actually, there's a restaurant named Alice's Wonderful  
Kitchen.

And I went to the bathroom there.  
It was perfumed.  
To hide the real smell.

It's too bad I didn't write that poem  
People might have thought I was another  
young genius  
using such metaphysical abstractions.

Honesty doesn't get you anywhere.  
But at least you know what smells.

c.h. bramesco

#### THE AMATEUR POET'S PLAN

Oh, one of these days I'm gonna write me  
a poem.

It will be triter  
And have more cliches  
Than any other poem the world has ever seen.  
It will drip sticky syrup  
And wallow in self-pity  
And declare itself unique.

And it will make me ill  
Because it will be an accurate reflection  
Of my emotions.

erica bramesco

(Continued from page 7)

## discipline

few things seem as important to me as helping people yet to be born. It is with those of the future that we must truly concern ourselves. Those young that we are in the process of knowing now are already lost. It is so hard to realize that one cannot change people. People can only change themselves. If someone does not want to be changed then he cannot be changed under any amount of pressure. Just as the girl who does not want to be seduced cannot be seduced. And then we are placed within the responsibility of changing the minds of many people, and then we try to remain our own persons. Is it possible? We have become a number of different roles to different people and it is hard to extend ourselves beyond these roles. Can one really remain human in politics — can one remain pure within the beurocracy that ties us hand and foot. There is so little time to read these days. There is so much that should be read. There are too many stale ideas that keep being warmed over every time we are forced to think. And should we have to be forced to think. Our lives have always been void of discipline, and also void of responsibility. Perhaps we have never understood the tie between the two. And now we have an incredible amount of responsibility and still no discipline — we have rationalized being against discipline and yet we sometimes get this feeling that we are fooling ourselves. In learning more about revolution and studying what little we have read, over and over it is stressed: the need for discipline in the course of revolution. The critics of our movement harp on this point. But if we still find it in our hearts to say that this is wrong, would we have learned so much from school if I had been tied to academic discipline?

Can one set up a free society after a disciplined revolution? Discipline means either beurocracy or dictatorship, or both. The only alternative is self discipline and yet can that really exist? We have watched those that self discipline their way through college and they are by far the least free of all the members of the academic community. They are the ones who cannot enjoy an afternoon in the leaves unless it is planned into 'the schedule'. They are the ones that must schedule their fun, and in later life they will schedule their children, their meals, their days of love making.

But what of society where there is no need for revolution, if such a society ever exists? Could the revolutionary impulse still be directed toward the cultural arts? How much of our arts and literature these days are oriented by the revolution? How many of our artists are disciplined; can we really teach painting, musical composition, creative writing? The truly creative arts all come from the revolution. If we then discipline the revolution will we not destroy the art.

If we discipline the revolution will we not then be merely setting up another ordered, disciplined society which will then be in need of another revolution? Our country here is a prime example of how the disciplined revolution self-perpetuates itself — our Revolutionary War began out of chaotic acts of love — all the later romanticized events. What we forget is that the colonists later realized that the colonial army had to be highly disciplined if they were to beat Britain. The reports written of Washington's army at Valley Forge exposes this transition — Revolutionary armies are always governed by love which makes for a little less need for discipline than the established foe. The establishment army must even be more disciplined than the revolutionary army. It is governed by fear. Fear can easily be turned into panic and because of this, fear has to hold the army together — discipline is fear. But still, all that is *really* different is that the revolutionary army is more involved with self-discipline; but as we have said before it is still discipline that will self-perpetuate after the revolution, if the revolution is successful. Each time the society is overthrown, there is much less discipline involved in the military part of the conflict.

what will happen after the ninth or tenth revolution? Or will we need that many before we have constructed a perfect society?

\* \* \* \* \*

*That the message has been brought, we have known; I find little to help in the way of finding the right way to break the gull from her lofty sleep. And then one might as well see to it that the hurt comes my way. Pain is of the essence and the essence is time and the time is gone. And the dawn breaks on the back-side of the evening and the clouds part to bring the sun close to burn ... close to burn ... burn. Now within the darkness comes the cry of that which has caused the pain; and the fire is doused with coldness: water — even the mind has won before it retreats from the reality of darkness. We have darkness. We have darkness.*

## A dream of cold

and there could be more to life, I thought I heard him say — I threw some more logs on the fire and asked him for some candles to write by. he didn't hear me. I was going to ask again but he had had a hard day — thought about sleep but it wasn't very near. Then began to think of where we were, and no matter how I looked at it, it wasn't where we wanted to be. It never had been — We had been searching for a place secure from the elements. But, in the whole of society, there did not exist such a place — Paranoia, that was what destroyed the womb — We had all agreed sitting there that there was no better place physically. But outside the wind was blowing cold. There were too many cracks in the siding that forced the chill into our spines — many times he asked me why I didn't want to move. I tried to rationalize it out by telling him I was a masochist — But we both knew that I was near death — The chill was set too deep — What was it that kept me there — There were none that wanted to be kept warm so that could not have been my purpose — I often wondered why so many had died of the cold that year. It had been so bitter, so incredibly bitter — There had not even been enough left in town to warrant holding church services — but we held them anyway — It really made no sense, crying to a god that had watched his children die — Food was scarce too — never enough to have bread and wine — never any wine — people without the barest luxury in life. We often wondered why there remained such a bond between us all — There was never a fight. Even

when someone was caught cheating at cards — still no fight. Perhaps it was the fact that there was no more money to bet — we had only one valuable commodity — music — and we all had music — We would spend the days apart but in the evening we would all come together — songs of better times — times which most of us had never seen — We would think back when we had looked at those in need with a benevolent twinkle in our eyes — give a bit to charity and not prosecute the man we caught stealing our wood — And I thought I heard him say that he had just returned with his wood. But now we were all together — Someone was singing 'girl from north country'. But we WERE in the north country — hiding. A letter had come the day before. No name but I recognized the seal set in the wax. To the south there was much blood. unneeded pain — And all because religion could make no money: that posed a threat. I remembered the old days when we studied the religious wars in Ireland.

Could never see a stronger bond than religion — we were right. But the paranoia against it — We had never figured that. Perhaps it only was equaled by the paranoia of the first suspected devil worship — and the witch hunts that followed. And it was so easy to see the crucifixion of Christ. Every time I studied a snowflake carefully I could see his pain — We had tried — we had known that we would not win in our time — But that was the bond that brought us together — That we would all die for others. And we all wondered, silently, if we might possibly be dying for no one.

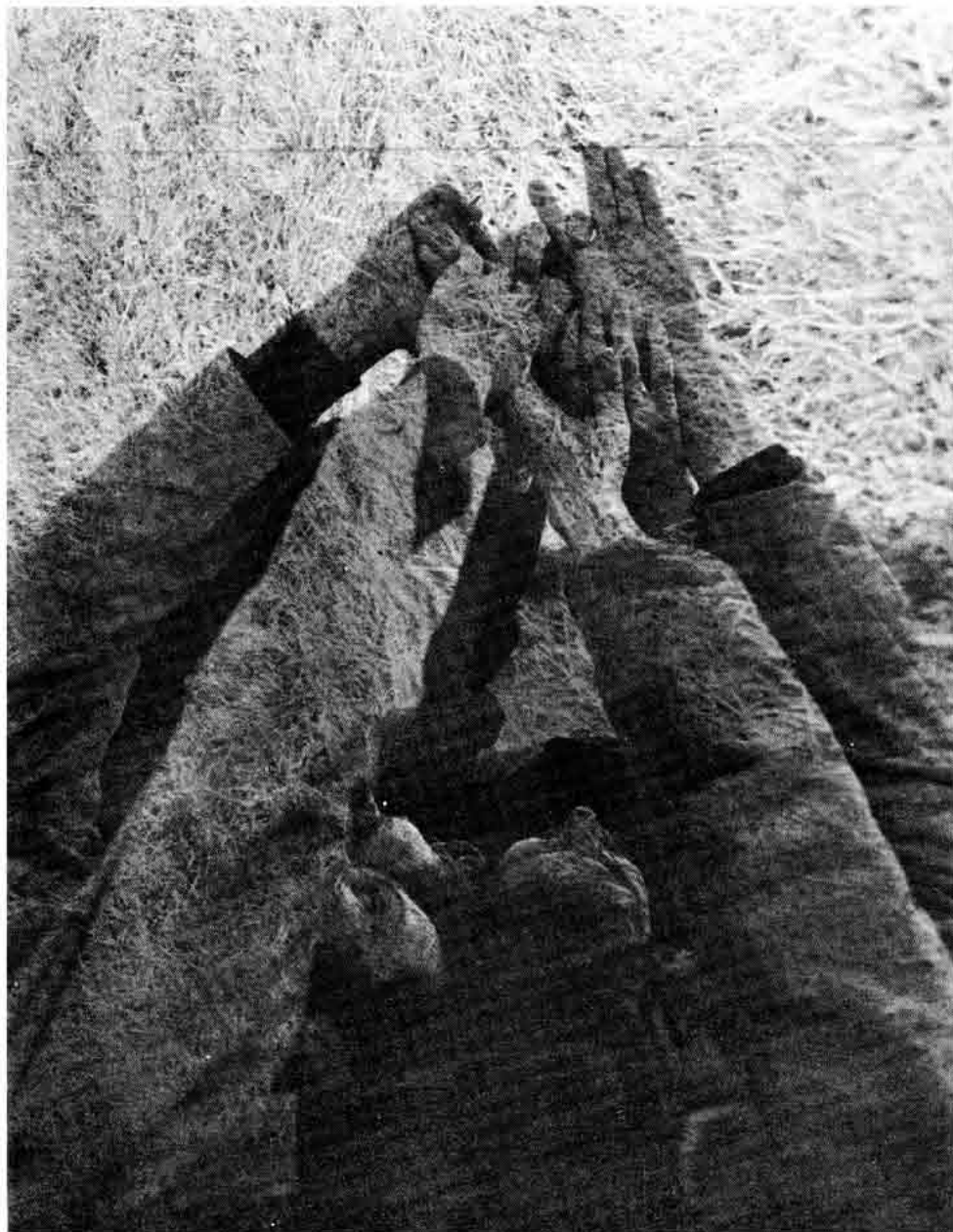
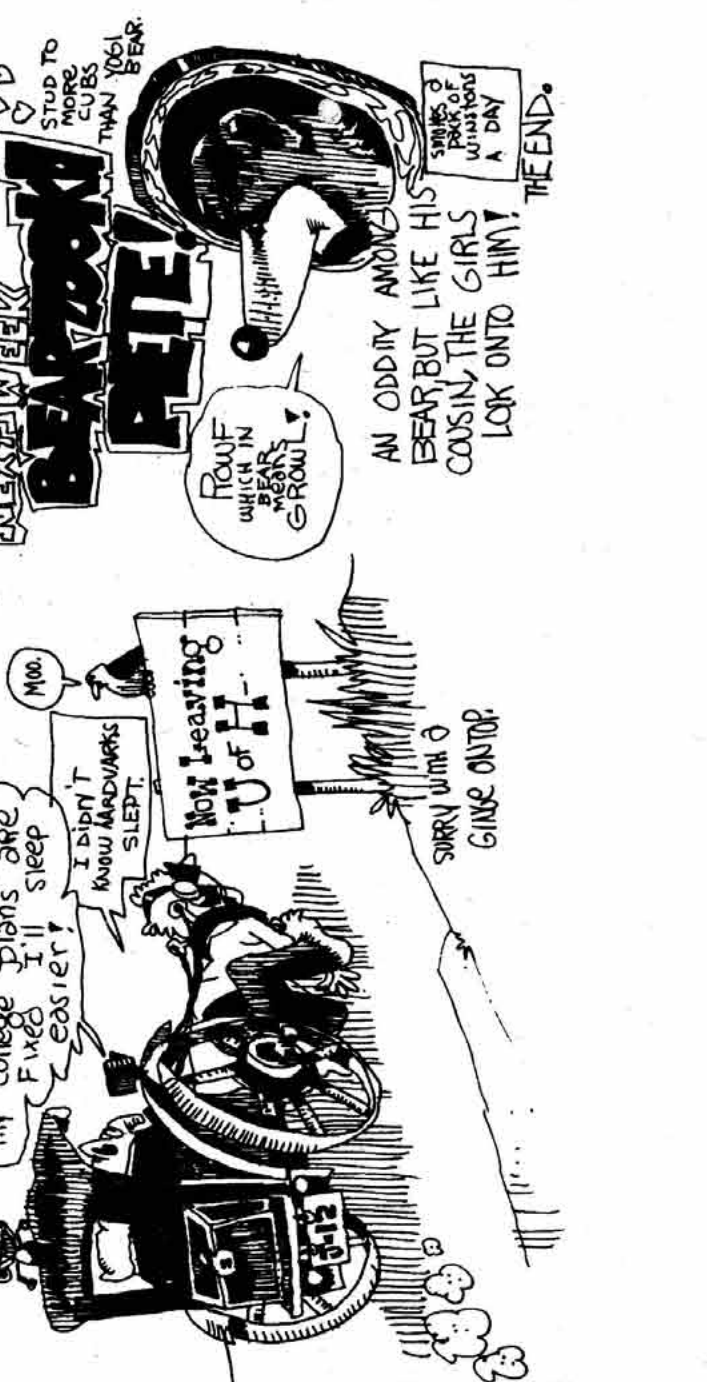
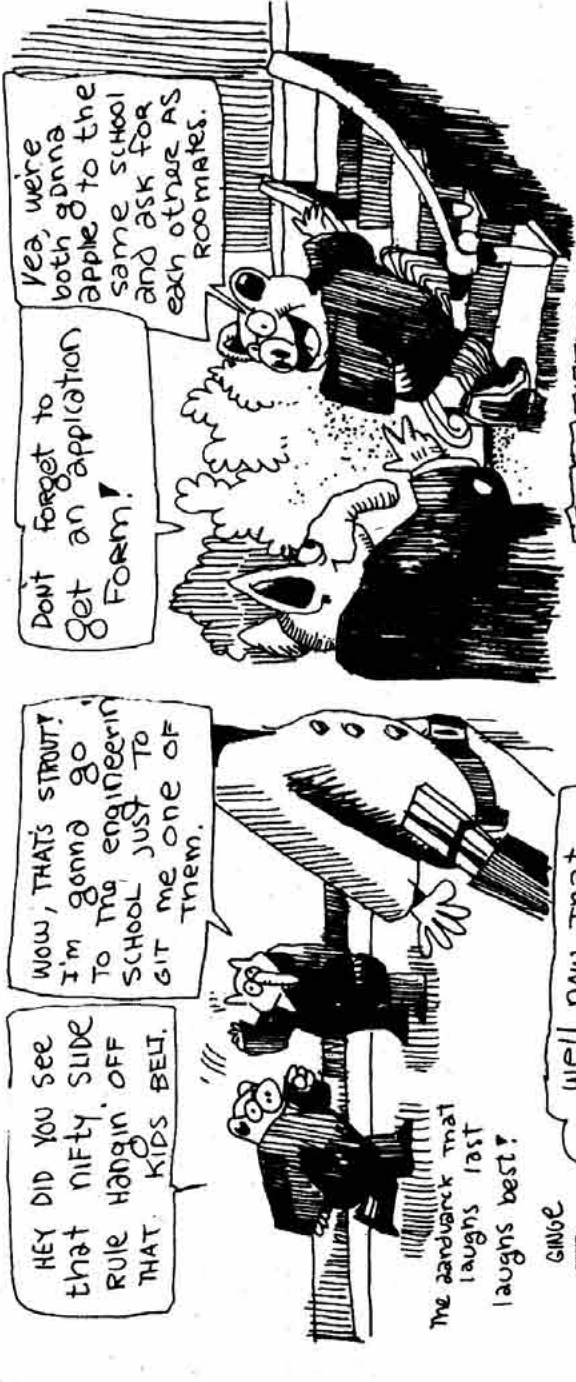


photo by Siegfried Halus

love & kisses,  
the jack of hearts



Food Committee Meeting

Thursday 4:00 p.m. Room E

# FREE OUR SISTERS

# FREE OURSELVES

SIX OF OUR BLACK PANTHER SISTERS AND SEVEN BROTHERS HAVE SPENT SIX MONTHS IN JAIL ON CHARGES OF CONSPIRACY, MURDER, KIDNAPPING, AND BINDING. IN TRUTH THEY ARE POLITICAL PRISONERS. ALL SIX ARE KEPT IN ISOLATION. THREE OF THEM ARE PREGNANT. THEIR BABIES WILL BE BORN UNDER ARMED GUARD AND TAKEN AWAY.

NONE HAVE BEEN TIRED OR FOUND GUILTY OF ANY CRIME! YET THEY ARE:

- Denied their legal right to interview counsel...
- Denied their civil right to choice of doctors...
- Denied their physical right to exercise, rest and proper clothing...
- Denied their human right to their children...
- Denied their constitutional right to prepare their defense...

WE DEMAND THAT OUR SISTERS BE GIVEN THEIR DUE RIGHTS!  
PRESS RADIO AND T.V. COVERAGE HAS BEEN DENIED BUT WE WILL NOT BE SILENCED!  
WE WILL SHOW THE PRISONS, THE COURTS, AND THE STATE THAT WE WILL NOT TOLERATE THE OPPRESSION OF OUR SISTERS ANYWHERE IN ANY WAY  
JOIN US ON NOV. 22 AT BEAVER POND PARK IN NEW HAVEN—FREE OUR SISTERS.

# NEW HAVEN NOV. 22

(Continued from Page B8)

...kiah Jones." This was probably written during the time when Bob Dylan and Joan Baez were doing the SNCC tours in Mississippi. ('It was down in Chaney County, a time they talk about with his lady by his side he took a stand') So far we have seen Dylan as a blues singer and a folksinger of traditional and topical songs.

Now let's skip a few years and

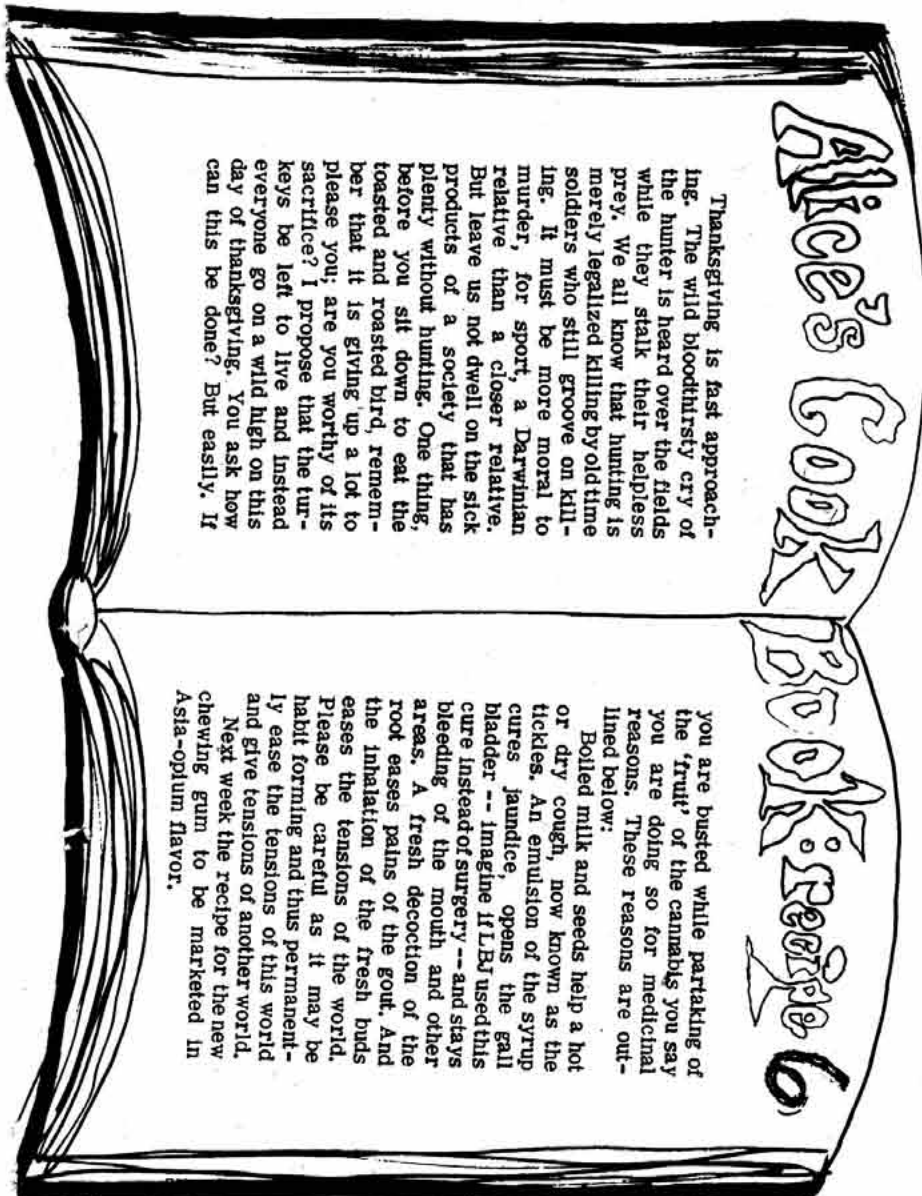
many rolling stones and come to where Dylan is breaking away from folk rock, and about to enter into country and western music. Dylan got a group together, formerly called Levon Helm and the Screaming Hawks and called them The Band. All the songs with the Band apparently were recorded after Dylan's motorcycle accident, when most people, thought he was dead. ('And there was no man around who could track or trace

him down") The songs themselves are good, although at times, Dylan is having all sorts of trouble trying to keep up with the singing of the Band. Even the biggest Dylan freak will admit that the Band does a lot better job on "I Shall be Released", "Tears of Rage", and "This Wheel's on Fire" which are on their "Big Pink" album, without Dylan as lead vocalist.

If you look at Dylan's country-oriented music you can see how he has once again recreated another style of American music. When you listen to his earlier cuts, keep in mind that they are being performed by a young, nineteen-year-old Jewish boy. Also keep in mind that he never made it big in those days, because as he puts it, "they thought I was a

hill-billy." If nothing else can be said about this album, at least we can say it is relevant. Buy it, borrow it, or steal it, then sit down for about three hours and digest it all.

The Great White Wonder Returns tomorrow in the lounge



**Alice's Cook Book Recipes**

Thanksgiving is fast approaching. The wild bloodthirsty cry of the hunter is heard over the fields while they stalk their helpless prey. We all know that hunting is merely legalized killing by oldtime soldiers who still groove on killing. It must be more moral to murder, for sport, a Darwinian relative than a closer relative. But leave us not dwell on the sick products of a society that has plenty without hunting. One thing, before you sit down to eat the roasted and roasted bird, remember that it is giving up a lot to please you; are you worthy of its sacrifice? I propose that the turkeys be left to live and instead everyone go on a wild high on this day of thanksgiving. You ask how can this be done? But easily. If

you are busted while partaking of the 'fruit' of the cannibals you say you are doing so for medicinal reasons. These reasons are outlined below:

Bolled milk and seeds help a hot or dry cough, now known as the tickles. An emulsion of the syrup cures jaundice, opens the gall bladder -- imagine if L.B.I used this cure instead of surgery -- and stays bleeding of the mouth and other areas. A fresh decoction of the root eases pains of the gout. And the inhalation of the fresh buds eases the tensions of the world. Please be careful as it may be habit forming and thus permanently ease the tensions of this world and give tensions of another world. Next week the recipe for the new chewing gum to be marketed in Asia-opium flavor.

## AN INTERVIEW IS LIKE A BLIND DATE.

You invest some time and effort. And once in a while, you come up with a great relationship.

Many engineers find a truly rewarding relationship begins in an interview with the Carrier Air Conditioning Company representative. He's looking for a particular kind of engineer. One who will bring to work a mature brand of enthusiasm for taking things apart to see what makes them tick.

We'll help you turn that talent into the ability to design, make, and market air conditioning units of every conceivable nature. Equipment that cools everything from a bedroom to an Astrodome. We're the largest manufacturer of air conditioning products in the world. And we're looking for the new men who will keep us at the head of the pack.

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Monday, December 1, 1969

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# GENGRAS

## President's Message

by William Fleming

**FREE FOOD! FREE FILMS!** Tonight at 7:30 p.m. in the Faculty Dining Room and you are invited. Tonight the P.B.O.G. is having an open house with free food, free films, free information and free exchange of ideas. This is your big chance to learn how you can start the initiative on your ideas for programs on campus. We cannot give the students what they want unless you tell us what you want. Perhaps you want to start a club, have a workshop, or maybe you just want to know how the programming is done on campus. If so be sure to come tonight and find out. We'll be happy to answer your questions tonight.

This is a big week for the P. B.O.G. Besides tonight's big meeting, we are renting a T.V. for the Apollo 12 coverage, with a moon-walk tonight, liftoff from the lunar surface and docking tomorrow, and splashdown on Monday. See the schedule printed elsewhere on this page for exact times.

Tomorrow night we will have the film **WAIT UNTIL DARK** as our film of the week. Due to Thanksgiving vacation there will be no films next week.

The Sports Promotion Committee of the P.B.O.G. urges you to support our basketball team by going to the opening game on Tuesday, December 2 against Springfield at the UofH gym. Last year the Hawks were 5th in the New England Region of NCAA. This year they're out to make the playoffs (third or better).

On Friday and Saturday four of our P.B.O.G. officers will join me at the ACU-I (Association of College Unions International) Region One conference at Holy Cross. At this conference we will be exchanging programming ideas with students from other New England colleges and universities.

On this Friday, **THE CORNER** will have a special Hootenanny Coffeehouse that you won't want to miss.

## Band Nite No. 2

The P.B.O.G. has scheduled its second Band Night for this Wednesday. The band nights are sponsored by the Recreation Committee for the benefit of our students and the social organizations on our campus so as to make both more familiar with local bands available for mixers.

This week we will feature "Davis Rant" and "OBSIDIAN." Both groups have played in the Hartford area and are interested in playing at the U of H.

The event will be **FREE** and will start at 8:30 p.m. in the So. Cafe.

All students and Social Chairmen are invited to attend this evening of free rock music.

The Recreation Committee of the P.B.O.G. will be sponsoring a T.V. for Apollo 12 coverage. Below are the scheduled events that will be covered.

**Tonight (TV in "R" Dorm)**

12:29 am - Second moon walk (about 3 hours, 15 minutes long)

**Tomorrow (in Suissman Lounge, G.C.C.)**

9:23 am - Lift-off from surface of the moon

12:37 - T.V. from space

1:02 - docking of LEM with command module

**Friday**

4:17 pm - TV from space

**Sunday**

6:52 AM - TV from space

**Monday**

3:57 PM - Splash down

# CAMPUS

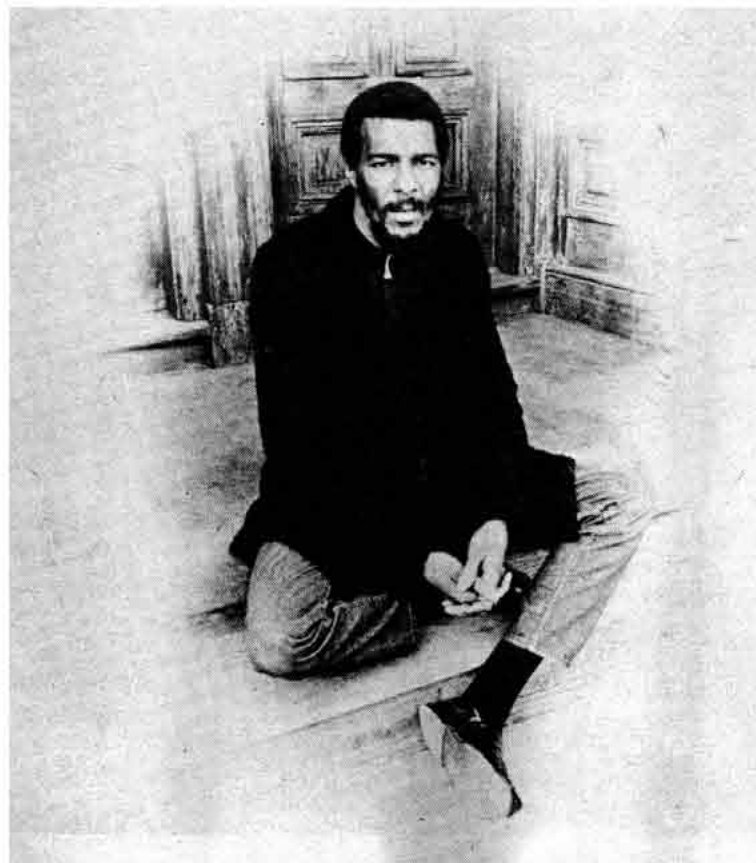
## HAVENS & HARDY TO PLAY

FRAMINGHAM, MASS., NOV. 3... C & E Productions announced today that they are presenting one of America's foremost folk artists, Richie Havens in concert at University of Hartford on Saturday, Nov. 22 at 7:00 and 10:00 p.m.

In cooperation with the Student Association at University of Hartford, a concert series is planned with C & E Productions and the Richie Havens concert is first in this series. Future dates and artists will be announced.

Richie Havens is riding the crest of his career, and is one of the true contemporary artists on the present music scene, and although the release of his latest Album, "Stonehenge," on the Stormy Forest label has been delayed, he still has a top single "Rocky Raccoon" which is rapidly becoming a factor in the record business.

The opening group on the Richie Havens Show are local favorites and familiar to the University of Hartford students, Jack Hardy with "Some Dear Bears."



Richie Havens

### COFFEEHOUSE

The greatest range of folk music you've heard this year. The Coffeehouse Committee presents a series of folk performances on Friday, November 21.

The performers will include:

William Reyburn and David Colby  
Dennis Andreopolis  
Jane Landis  
Diana Davis  
and others

It's something different. Each performance plays a half-hour set.

**FREE ADMISSION**  
**REFRESHMENTS**  
SOUTH CAFE 8:30 p.m.  
Friday, November 21, 1969

### ADVANCE REGISTRATION

Dec. 1-5 Seniors & Juniors **ONLY**  
Dec. 8-12 Sophomores **ONLY**  
Dec. 15-19 Freshmen **ONLY**

Registration Begins in Your Dean's Office

# CENTER



# SPORTS

## Grappling Preview

by Bob Ohmen

"A new era of wrestling has started at Hartford." These are the words of an exuberant Coach John Ciabotti while he watched over his troops as they began getting in shape for upcoming wrestling season. "This is the last of the real Spartan sports, where a man is in direct competition with another man. It's just a matter of who is the better athlete." Ciabotti went on to say: "It appears this year that Hartford has those better men."

The wrestling squad this year has the look of old veterans intermingled with a fine crop of rookies. The veterans have the experience and the know how, the newcomers have the potential and the desire to win. Combining both it comes to a very bright outlook.

Leading the pack as veterans are senior Scott Sanderson and junior Henry Napoleon. Sanderson, going into his fourth year as a University of Hartford grappler, should have his finest year. He has been improving consistently and it should all culminate this year. Henry Napoleon is going into his second year as a varsity wrestler. Last year's Most Valuable Player, Henry has taken over Dick Argus' position as team leader, both inspirationally and work wise, Napoleon has the spirit and the desire, the team looks to him to have a near perfect year. Another returnee from last year's squad is big Chuck Beers. Beers has the desire and the hunger for victory. With some smoothing of a few rough edges, Beers has the potential for a great year.

Then there are the newcomers varsity life. Walt Knights, sixth in the New England's last year as a freshman, appears ready to take on all comers this year. The hardest worker in practice, Knights promises to be one of the finest wrestlers in the school's history. Tom Getler, has all the tools, strength, moves, and most important, desire. Getler is ready this year for top performances. For the first time in the history of the

wrestling team, the University of Hartford has a real heavy weight, standing 6'5" and weighing 290, Jeff Glickmen could be a prize catch. An experienced wrestler, out of junior college, Jeff anchors the team as a heavy weight. The coach and the whole team look to Glickmen to have a fine year. Another Junior College transfer who is a much welcomed addition to the squad is Ted Weithje. Regional Champ last year in junior college, Weithje appears to have the winning attitude. Not really a newcomer this year, Nelson Rabinovitch may finally have found a home on the varsity wrestling squad. Last year Rabinovitch weighed in at 210 too light for heavy weight but too heavy for anything else. This year by dieting and working out in the gym he has dropped his weight down to about 190. His goal is 177 and if he makes it which it appears he will, he will play an important part in what the team accomplishes this year.

This just leaves two men unaccounted for this year. Gaetano Fazio and Frank Aliano. Both are coming off of spectacular undefeated seasons. The way it appears now both of these sophomores are ready to pick up where they left off last year. These two boys will be the leaders in what could be the year

for wrestling at Hartford.

Looking into the future there is only brightness. Three transfer students are now working out in preparation for next year's season. Pancho Perez is a small, colorful, peppercorn who adds excitement to the matches with his quick moves and his daring wrestling style. Jeff Hottenroth comes to Hartford from Rollins College. He is tough and rugged and his determination is only matched by his hard style of wrestling. Rounding out this trio is Mike Sheeler, Mike, coming out of Springfield, adds a new look to the squad by depending on his legs equally as much as he does on his arms.



## SAE Captures Football Crown

by Jim Donnelly

Sigma Alpha Epsilon capped their winningest season ever by defeating Theta Chi 21-14, thus gaining fraternity league honors for fall 1969. Reasons for their victory were the same as the rest of the season -- teamwork and sportsmanship. While individuals like Ray Cook and Joe Kubatchka were outstanding, it was these two qualities which made SAE a true champion. It would seem from this angle that the brothers of SAE found friends instead of enemies on the football

field. This is not underestimating the aggressiveness of SAE team; ask anyone who has faced the likes of George Ritchie and Pete Denehy. In any case, I would like to add my congratulations to the brothers of SAE for a job well done.

While I'm in the mood for handing out accolades, we should mention last year's champion Tau Kappa Epsilon. The TEKE machine had the unenviable job of going against an emotionally super-charged team week after week. It should be noted that for the past year, the Tekes have met the challenge with success. It should also be noted that the brothers of Tau Kappa Epsilon finished undefeated and were denied the championship on the basis of a tie game. If anyone thinks the TEKE machine is dead, he should just show up at the first intramural basketball game and get a quick change of heart.

Meanwhile, the third annual Turkey Trot will be run on November 25. The 1.5 mile cross-country run drew close to 30 contestants last year. While it is not the most action-packed event of the year, it certainly has a very humorous finish if you enjoy seeing people gasping for air.

See you next week!

### Sports for the Week

Friday  
8:30 p.m. in gym  
Basketball Scrimmage  
Hawks vs. Quinnipiac  
Tuesday  
Happy annual UHA  
"Turkey Trot"  
Happy Hours

## B-Ball Scrimmage

In their second of three pre-season tuneups, the basketball team did battle with the team from Sacred Heart University on the Hawks' hardwoods last Friday afternoon. Sacred Heart was not in the same class as the Hawks' first rival, Assumption, but still managed to give the hometown boys a good workout.

The Hawks were able to penetrate the Sacred Heart defense with far more frequency than they could the Assumption despite their playing without starting center Wayne Augustine.

Several Hartford players includ-

ing Dave Brunelle, Greg Turek, Rich Kuhlbars, and Ed Dunn, stood out at one time or another, but the big star for the Hawks and for the game was Larry Franciose. The senior co-captain led the Hawks from his backcourt position and carried home scoring honors with 26 points in the three twenty minute halves.

Look for Franciose to be a key in the Hawks' bid for another successful season.

This Friday night the basketball team meets Quinnipiac College in its final pre-season scrimmage. See you at the gym.



Rolly Nadler

### SPORTS STARS

Sophomore Tom Sanders and freshman Rolly Nadler came out on top on offense -- rushing and passing receptions -- statistics for the 1969 UoH Hawks grid team. Both players are halfbacks.

Sanders ran up 459 yards in 51 plays to be the leading offensive player for the 5-1 scarlet and white this season. Sanders, in his offensive total, picked up 222 yards on 16 pass receptions while scoring three touchdowns of his 24 points total.

Nadler, high scorer for the Hawks with 26 points including four touchdowns, was the No. 1 rushing star with 302 yards on 88 carries. The duo together accounted for 801 offensive yards, seven touchdowns, and 50 of the Hawks 109 points.



Tom Sanders

## Football Club Final Statistics

Leading Rushers		Kickoff Returns	
Nadler	302 yds. (3 TDs)	Britto	4 for 55 yds.
Sanders	237 yds.	Nadler	3 for 48 yds.
Smith	141 yds. (1 TD)	Moody	3 for 44 yds.

Leading Receivers		Punt Returns	
Sanders	16 for 222 yds.	Britto	5 for 24 yds.
Driscoll	5 for 90 yds.	Moody	3 for 49 yds.
Aldinger	0 for 0 yds.		

Leading Passers				
	Atts.	Comp.	Yds.	TDs. Int.
Adams	54	19	291	2 4
Jurist	29	14	199	2 4

Leading Punters		
No.	Yds.	Avg./Punt
Morley	28	893 31.9

Interception Leaders	
Moody	4 for 40 yds.
Greenberg	3 for 48 yds.
Adams	3 for 46 yds.
Britto	2 for 50 yds.

Scoring	
Nadler	26
Sanders	24
Adams	18
Driscoll	8
Smith	6
Rotundo	6
Cornaglia	6
Jurist	4
Greenberg	4
Morley	2
Jenkins	2
Raphael	2
Shroeder	1

Total Offense	
Sanders	459 yds.
Adams	358 yds.
Nadler	342 yds.

# MARCH ON WASHINGTON



## Farce in Washington

by J. Cronin

The March on Washington last Saturday was a dismal failure. Seemingly, it was originally doomed as such as it was being run by a honkey movement group called "New Mobe." "New Mobe" is a bunch of peace and love fags who are more concerned with a New York Times type of demonstration than an actual demonstration of power by the people.

Saturday a minimum of 250,000 people gathered at The Mall in Washington to march, to "march" down Pennsylvania Avenue to demonstrate, to "demonstrate" against the war. A permit had been obtained, as if 250,000 people need a permit, to march, and it was good until 12:30. Do you know what the New Mobe fags did? At 12:30 they told 2/3 of the march, those who hadn't gotten on to the street yet, that they couldn't march because the permit had expired. A couple of hundred thousand people were told by New Mobe that they were no longer allowed on the streets, their streets, because Washington says no.

"Oh dear, why won't Nixon listen to us?" Because the government can lead you around like sheep, you assholes. Washington is a per-

fect example of where the New Left is at in America. A prime example of what kind of determination and devotion these people have. "End Oppression," right -- "Oh but when you have a demonstration you have to follow the rules." (New Mobe radical)

Nine bus loads of people from New York arrived at 12:45 and were quickly hustled through the Mall, detoured from the street, and led through the back to the rally to hear speakers tell them that the war is wrong. What is this a demonstration of? It seems to me that people are more concerned with showing that hundreds of thousands of people can be packed in a park like sardines and be peaceful, than demonstrate resistance to the oppressors. What kind of shit is this? Man, Woodstock is

over. It's time to show our power and ability to mess up this fucking government. It's time to stop oppression and give the people their power. The march wasn't a march, there was no demonstration there. The people were led and fed bullshit by New Left liberals. A bright point at Washington was the Justice Department where a few thousand actually demonstrated something and exercised their power and vehemence against the government. If the New Mobe "march" is the kind of shit that's going to go on, there isn't going to be any revolution. You can "demonstrate" your asses off in this manner and the man will be happy as a lark as long as you don't rock the boat. As long as you play into the government's hands, as long as the government can allocate a place for you and your demonstrations in the machine, as long as the government can control it geographically and timewise, in effect controlling the whole thing, then you are just another cog, another gear in the massive machine called America. Man, we have to fuck up the works and bust the machine. Show power, not impotence.

## Onto the Pudding at The Justice Dept.: YOU DON'T NEED A WEATHERMAN

by J. O'Dell

The November dusk bites cold, the frost barely concealing the tension in the air. Justice Department completely surrounded by pigs, as all adjacent streets seem hung with blue uniforms and white helmets. The streets themselves filled with The Young. Both Pig and Young carefully checking each other out, glaring. The tension is ripe and from this we all seem to know that it will be going down.

This the scene around the Justice Department, Saturday night-fall. Justice Dept., the seat of the repressive monster which plays with the fates of Bobby Seale and the rest of the Chicago 8. Which has a hold on us all. Which will give birth to other bastards of Justice in the oncoming wave of repression. Justice Dept. Hell. As Lenny Bruce said, the only justice to be found in the halls of Justice is found in the halls.

Outside the entrance, a particularly ugly pig tightens the chin strap on his riot helmet. And then all of a sudden the air is charged.

### II. The Dance

Sea of red flags turns the corner of Constitution Ave. Weathermen. And friends. Indian war whoops graze the air. Those not with flags raise clenched fists. Chant "Stop the Trial; Off the Pig." Flags and fists still turning the corner. The street crowd is large: 7,000 - 8,000 at first glance. And then the crowd is one, and numbers lose meaning.

March once twice around Justice Dept. Then the street crowd stops and the more militant move to-

wards the cold granite entrance of the massive Justice Dept. Red flags planted at the door along with more chant. "Free Bobby Seale, Power to the People." This clearly the militant crowd as bottles sail and windows smash. Red paint splatters the cold facade, smoke bombs fill the air. Flags and fists are raised higher, and now we are no longer marching. Now we dance to the music of Nixon's street march. Justice windows feeling like young stallions. Pounce on and engage the Pig in the language he can relate to. Dance dance dance. And move quick now.

I slow down to climb on top of a press car to check the crowd. The blue and white pork line is moving now. Everybody anxious as to how they will react. Handkerchiefs are pulled out to be used against gas, and those that have them don gas masks and helmets and we are down to business.

The pig moves up on both sides surrounding a good half of the crowd and sealing off one side of the street. Self appointed street generals fill the air with con-

(Continued on Page B15)



# Love, Tears & Blood, From D.C.

by Angelo Lewis

—\*\*— you don't need a weatherman  
to tell the way  
the wind blows... \*\*—by dylan

## I. Prologue

"Only the innocents will die, be buried..." The morning, pale blue Sunday morning that it be, paints sky, mist of white sky stone clear above D.C. I awaken in silence & see for miles. My thoughts are in front of me. Speckled pictures, sing-song sentiments. Only these & children. Lying in circles & dreaming dreams...

## II. Vision.

### Golden Dream.

Come darkness, come darkness. Sweetness of dreams: orange phases: walking upstairs & into sunlight. Gun in hand, mind clear as

D.C. morning. Soaring through clouds & into stars. Walking on With sunlight, With sunlight. With sunlight. Come forth the children. Feel their grace all of you. Riding on rainbows. Vision for blind eyes. Water for thirst. Natural beauty in time of the gun.

Aching phases. Dessert of tears. Why every season. The same old way. Why moves my fate. With way of the wind. Who is the lover. I share with the most.

Ask of the Ching. Three questions, Answer addresses itself to one. Timeless question, timeless answer. Who is the one. I call the one.

Ching gives answer. Shape of a hexagram. Spells Revolution, way of the change-maker. Lady rebellion. Lover of mine. Soft-skin goddess of streets. Naked angel of midnight. Crave of you. Be mine. Be mine. Revolution be mine. Alive on the throne of justice, divine on the table of gods. Be mine. Be mine. Move hither...

Gently she stirs on untouched, warm sun of quiet woman, coming on & moving mountains, proud & fine in country air, dawning...

### III. D.C. Bleeds

it does, it does, i have seen it bleeding, brothers & sisters, i have seen it, i have seen it, come

(Continued from Page B14)

flicting orders. Be Cool. Move back slow vs Charge the Pig - Off the Pig. Cubano Ray gives me his flag. I tear off the cloth to use against the gas and keep the stick for the Man.

Then about fifteen explosions and large clouds of gas loom up on the edge of the street. The wind takes hold of the clouds and they begin to roll in over the crowd. The first wave hits and burns the eyes and lungs like fire. Cough, spit, and move out of the way. The crowd is cool, nobody runs, those with masks advance on the pigs and those without retreat into the park.

The gas manages to split us up and the crowd is now down to small knots of stray dogs. These Weathermen some bad mother-fuckers. Admire their courage and hold judgment on their motives, as some of them are clearly crazy. I find myself in the shadows of the Washington Monument with a bunch of them. We light a fire and talk street strategy. Of a sudden a gas container sails out of the darkness and into our midst, hitting a brother and bouncing to the ground, exploding in a cloud of chemical misery. Me I'm sick

rushing, walk crippled, fall flatly on tears of sad streets where creatures fall onward with cold eyes over them, armies on buildings over them, police on pavements, tear gas in faces, fire in minds, windows broken, all of them innocents, yes, yes, i have seen it, it bleeds, it bleeds, have seen it bleed, spill blood at my brothers, cough no at our dignity, i tell you, i tell you, we must, must, kick on this monster, till it dies, till it dies, dies, dies, lies in the dirt with its blood & its sickness, head fall rolling in gutter, red, white, & blue, flow freely, flow freely, move over, fall down, down, down, be finished at last...

## IV. Truth

Arriving in D.C. with maze of fever. Fever. Burns it does. Mind moves blindly in circles. Visions & sickness & sadness & pain. Still not the motion of SPIRIT. Continue, move onward. Keeping your light & that which you learn.

Tide of evening draws closer. Rolls on slowly. Night creatures cut hard through soup of darkness. Ghost of warmth through ice of air. Sight of flag waving on backstreet. Red, white, & blue but beautiful. Look over at James & smile. We get out of car & do our bogey. Take the flag

with it can't breathe only run. Into the shelter of the medical tent, breathe some oxygen.

The gas is evil, not regular tear gas at all, it rips into your system and you can't see and want to retch. It took a good half-hour for the effects to wear off and by then it was 8:30 nighttime and groups were forming again for more dance. The pig is all over the edge of the park, but he doesn't seem to want to engage, and I split the park to check out the rest of the night.

Things seem cooler than they were earlier. The Volunteers in small bands around burning trash barrels, laughing storming cutting up. All jumping on the pig's cases. Mellow tired and gassed, I meet a sudden brother who carries some wine. We walk quietly back across the park, trading stories of the turmoil. Fun and adventure; it was a good day's march and a better night's stomp. Sudden brother spits blood from the gas damage, curses and we drink more wine. Talk of where Revolution is at and where it's all going. Towards regeneration or towards realizing the fate of this decadent society with fire. America goes on, straight to hell. And the wind blows colder. Om.

# NOV. 15



unto our own.

Joyous prankster that we be. Talk of one more tomorrow. This time to make the morning move. As night clothes the fire of 1,000 angels. Marching on DuPont Circle toward Saigon Embassy. Setting fires & throwing stones. Time to do the street thing, children. We are the volunteers. We are. The volunteers.

Heavy eyes demand our sleep. Darkness offers wreaths of dreams. We dream.

Awaken next morning & hit the streets. Liberate our breakfast from the People's Drug Store. Walk on the edge of autumn. That the cold be made warmer. On all these strange days.

Marching we moved. First with Michigan people. Down people moving. Slogans upwards towards the sun.

We looooooove  
Chairman Mao  
We looooooove  
Chairman Mao  
We looooooove  
Lin Piao  
We looooooove  
Lin Piao  
We looooooove  
the PRG  
We looooooove  
the PRG  
We haaaaate  
Richard Nixon  
We haaaaate  
Richard Nixon  
We looooooove  
our Revolutionary Brothers

& Sisters!

We looooooove  
our Revolutionary Brothers  
& Sisters!

Right On!

Later with Moter City Panthers. Chanting the Panther Standard. Power to the People, Off the Pig! Bold & Beautiful through the Streets. Brother screaming "Power to the Weathermen." Onward march the volunteers.

Liberal contingent in masse at monument. Looking sadly like a be-in. Moving on. Splitting to inner city. Still hear Spock & Gregory pouring through the airways. King Harvest Has Surely Come.

The street is cold & mean. Pigs are everywhere. Fully equipped & licensed to kill. We chant "Off the Pig" at them with small group of Panthers. They smile & stink onward. Oink on, America.

Some face screaming at hippies about private property. Sun cuts through autumn wind. Reach up and feel the urge. "I will exercise my revolutionary rights to piss!" Speech time. Pig wants me to talk about it. Ask me for ID. Told him to oink off. And no I don't have a draft card.

Five o'clock. Police surrounding Justice Building. Clubs & Helmets & Everything. We join the Yippie-Weathermen contingent and march around the building screaming. Some of us

have blood in our eyes. Converging on building. "Free Bobby Seale!" "End Bullshit Justice." Break windows, are tear-gassed, remaining unmoved.

Police clubs threatening, we shout for the freedom of Bobby Seale. Pepper-gas screams into the air of young night. We disperse & come back again. Five-thousand strong. "We're going to the White House." We would if we could.

Moving uptown Weatherman are breaking windows & splitting immediately. Police are pissed. They oink about, do a mating call & GAS EVERYBODY. Well, that's showbiz. The dawn of another battle having ended. Many lessons have been learned. By all of us.

For my part, I have seen no more courageous revolutionary attitude, however fool hardy, than that of the Weatherman. They make no speeches. They know the way the wind blows & move forth to fight. Fearing nothing. Alive at the teeth of the monster.

We grow stronger: When we come again, we will not leave until the War—every particular war—is over. The time of the tiger is NOW. Defend yourself. Get it together.

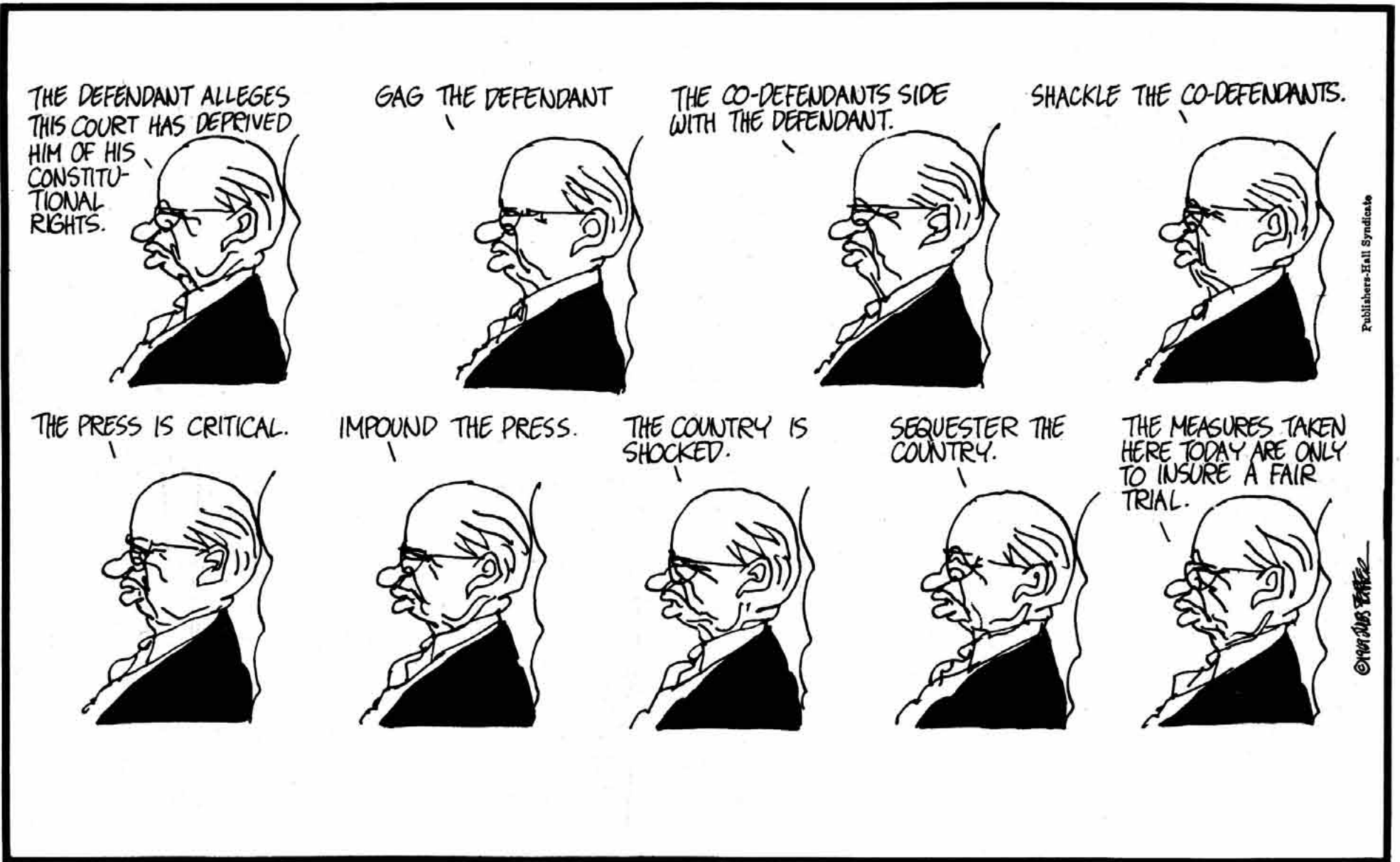

JOIN THE CONSPIRACY  
ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

V Clear

the children they move stand  
about roam freely  
be rushing,  
their Innocents  
solemn  
their grace  
have you seen them have you  
seen them  
can you feel the revolution  
Clear as the sun that makes  
the morning blossom  
Flowing and Brilliant  
through circles & meadows  
& on into  
Streets...

angelo







**TAU KAPPA EPSILON**  
presents  
**SILVER BELLS**

Friday - Dec. 12 - **Kelley Green**  
(in coffee house)

Saturday - Dec. 13 - **Silver Bells**  
(semi formal)

\$5.00 per couple for both nights



**Winter Weekend Committee**

**MEETING**

ALL INTERESTED PEOPLE INVITED  
PBDG ROOM G.C.C.  
THURS., NOV. 20 - 10:00 A.M.

**The WRITE-IN is open**

Mon.—Thurs. 7:00 P.M. GCC Lounge  
Take Advantage Drop-in  
to write to your senators and congressmen

(paper and envelopes we have—bring a stamp) In The Name of Peace in Vietnam (If you would like to help us take the Write-In to the community, see Peter Sklar or Marylene Nabors 522-7850.)