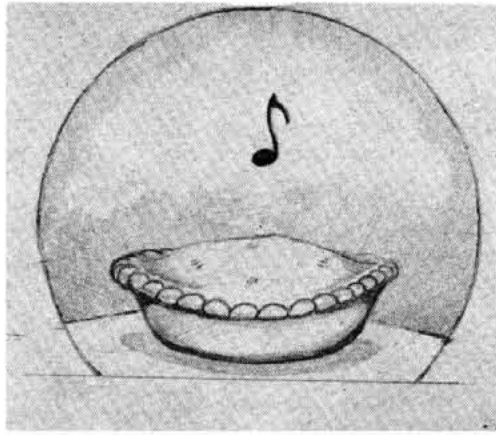


# THE MAGIC PIE

by John Zanzal



And so it was as always that two brothers lived in a certain land. The elder's name was Grumpkin and the younger, Bumpkin.

Grumpkin always disliked his younger brother and did everything to make his life hard. He worked him from sun up to sun down. But Bumpkin whistled and sang as he worked and grew happier each day.

Now it was that their business was making pies; the finest pies in the land. Grumpkin gave the orders and counted the money while Bumpkin cooked and cleaned and tended the garden.

One day as he was tending the garden, he heard singing. It was the most beautiful voice he had ever heard.

"Who's that singing?" he asked.

"Tis I, 'tis I —  
imprisoned in this cell  
I lie," sang the voice.

"Where are you?" Bumpkin asked.

"Within the sound of ears —  
Within the sight of eyes —  
Oh, find me, one who hears  
for you are surely wise."

Looking below his feet, Bumpkin saw a flash of light and digging with his hands he soon uncovered a solid gold pumpkin.

"I'll get you out" said Bumpkin, lifting it over his head, but the harder he tried to dash it against the ground, the more it stuck to his hands.

"You can help me if you try  
bake me in your finest pie."

So Bumpkin ran back to the kitchen and prepared the pumpkin. When the pie was done, it had a fine brown crust, but no longer looked gold. The whole house smelled deliciously so that Grumpkin went to the kitchen.

"I found a golden pumpkin," Bumpkin told his brother, "and it told me to bake it in a pie."

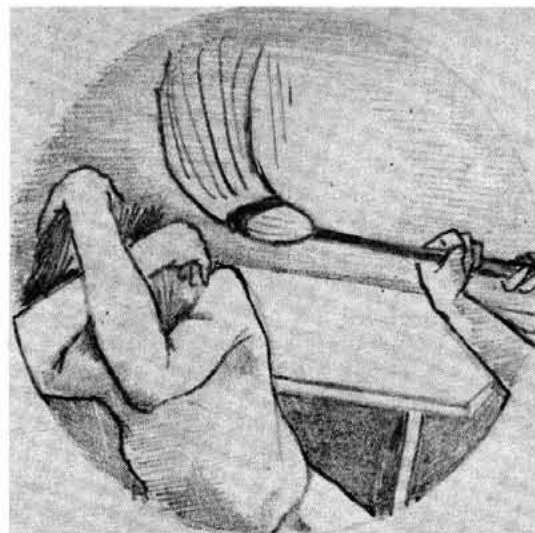
"If anyone heard what you've

said they would call you an idiot," replied Grumpkin, who picked up a broom and beat his brother soundly.

After Grumpkin had gone the pie began to sing again.

"My poor friend, please do not cry  
though truth is punished, not the lie  
if you cut me with a knife  
I am bound to take your life—  
But if my crust you crumble  
nicely—  
I will give you wishes thrice."

The sweet voice soothed Bumpkin until he forgot his ill treatment. The promises of three wishes pleased him, but he could not decide, seeing how he did not want for gold nor power. He thought it would perhaps please Grumpkin to share the wishes, so that night at supper, he told his brother about the singing pie.



"If anyone heard what you said they would call you an idiot!" said Grumpkin, who picked up a knife to cut the pie. No sooner did he touch it than he dropped dead. And Bumpkin, who loved his brother, wept for him. The pie sang:

"Woe to he who used the knife  
for I was bound to take his life,  
but if my crust you crumble nicely:  
I will give you wishes thrice."

Bumpkin broke the pie and wished that his brother was alive and well. The pie told him that his brother would recover when he was gone and that he must prepare for a long journey. He must take a bag of beans with him. So, Bumpkin took the pie and a small bag of beans, mounted his horse and rode away. As soon as he was out of sight, Grumpkin awoke.

"Where has that fool brother of

mine gone?" he asked himself. "He'll come back when he's hungry and I'll give him another beating with the broom."

Bumpkin rode off and the pie sang to him and kept him company until they came to a land where everyone wore black. Bumpkin asked an old woman why and she said that it was the King's decree. His only daughter had disappeared and in mourning everyone in the land was to wear black. The pie sang to Bumpkin:

"Sad day, bad day  
All my life is locked away  
Enchanted daughter of the King  
see the trouble that I bring."

Bumpkin went to the King to tell him he would save his daughter, but when the King heard the voice he kept the pie and threw Bumpkin out.

The King put the pie at his bed side and talked and wept to it far

into the night. The next day he summoned Bumpkin before him.

"My daughter is a captive of a terrible monster," he said, "and she says that only you can save her. So I command that you rescue her, or I will have your head."

Bumpkin did not argue, and asked only that he be given a sword and the magic pie. The King did not want to give him the voice of his daughter, so that night Bumpkin snuck into the King's bed chamber, when he was asleep, and stole the pie.

He rode like the wind until morning found him at the mouth of a huge cave in which lived an Ogre as big as a house and twice as wide. "I wish I could defeat this foe," he said, and the pie sang: "Take your sword and plow four rows

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March 18, 1970

# UH NEWS

liberated  
press



Plant twelve beans and see what grows."

Bumpkin planted twelve beans, then hid behind a tree, just as the Ogre was coming from the cave.

"I smell breakfast near at hand,  
I smell the blood of a Christian man."

From the twelve beans sprang twelve soldiers, each twice as powerful as Bumpkin. They all had suits of armor and swords. On seeing them, the Ogre bellowed:

"There's nothing better day or night

Than twelve to one in a full fair fight."

The twelve attacked and all day long they clashed. The Ogre was furious and killed one after the other, and where they fell, a bean sprout grew. At night, wounded and exhausted, the Ogre stumbled back to his cave, leaving twelve bean sprouts.

Bumpkin took his sword and followed him deep into the cave, and when the Ogre lay down to sleep he cut off his head. Then he fetched the pie and went to seek the princess.

He found her asleep in a block of ice, and she was more beautiful than her voice had led him to believe. He loved her so much he could hardly speak a word. Finally, he wished that she be disenchanting, and the ice began to melt.

When it had melted, she opened her eyes, saying:

"I'm very hungry, do you suppose I could have some of your pie?"

Bumpkin gave it to her and she ate it all, and when she had done her eyes sparkled for now she knew all he had done to save her.

The two returned to her father who blessed their marriage, and so it was, as always that they lived happily ever after.

# Liberated Press

## Ed Note:

The following letters were posted by Ewart Skinner (from the archives of Missouri) to Jim Stidfole, Literary board chairman for the Nexus, the UofH Literary Magazine on the question of the nature of a literary magazine. Ewart, perhaps the best of poets to ever be a part of our community, transferred last year. Someday this school might learn to keep the few good students they have.

love and kisses,  
the jack of hearts

Dear Jim,

This is a very hurried attempt on my part to say basically; that we should be as attentive as possible toward our writing. We should take into consideration all that we could know and all that we must feel.

The history of ideas — the imprint of them on us. Man observes the universe going towards a cause: He feels it. If man could not feel, he would have to be a calculable genius with a piercing mathematical projection. But this would sorely reduce the amount of literary artists.

In the scope of UHar, we must try then to absorb all the forces around us. All! This is one way in which we could be understood: But isn't that the essence of all our attempts? i.e. to be understood?

## Literary Magazine

Love,  
Ewart

### Scope and Context

Dear Jimmy,

I must begin by saying that if I write, I write not to teach but to ask. Do not be mistaken: I consider this an exhalted humility. Of the magazine which I trust is out this semester, or perhaps has not been printed already, the question has been asked of me: How shall it be done? Simply, this, I took to mean, what are my opinions on the subject. I would like to discuss two aspects of the University Magazine, Scope and Context.

It seems that the most urgent problem here is the problem of what should be selected; to be put in; what both in terms of quality and of relevance. We must at all times keep in mind the literature is universal; but we must always remember the literary environment from which we are gearing our pattern.

First I think that all available material from all available writers (sources) of campus talent should be considered. And when I say all, I mean all; from the Liberated Press to the Yearbook. Anywhere talent can be found, it should be accumulated and examined.

Secondly, I think that, not only literature should be gathered, but every phase of context within which the poetry has been created; so as to show

- 1) its place in time
- 2) its place in space
- 3) its relation to the movement
- 4) its relation to the people.

It is not as if you were making a sentimental yearbook out of the Magazine, but merely reinforcing the context of its appearance. By for to trying the vitality of an era with part explanation of its existence.

Again we are not only interested with poetry; no poet can only be entangled with poetry; for poetry is not only poetry but everything that is not poetry. So capture every phrase of activity which can be subtly expressive and effective in explaining poetic satisfaction.

When I assisted in producing the anemic but ironically surprisingly pleasing University Magazine that year one of the main issues was how to promote the art. This also should be explored. Get pictures of poets who have read, advertisements (The Liberated Press should be a good source) get advertisements of student poets who have read; transfix them, publicize them, make them part of the new poetic development. Use criticisms of professors and also of students. Use IDEAS; not merely pure poetry, use a theme of progress and publicity, make it appealing, make it a University Magazine of poetry, with scope but showing the significance of its context; its art but also its creativity.

Jimmy, I hope to keep up writing to you until the University Magazine is published, but this is what I think the beginning should be.

Please let me know how you feel about my thoughts, how Steiner feels, and how the groups feel.

I sit here and I remember some nights in Hartford. Some were very disorganized but fun anyway. I thank you for all your cooperation. Dylan and Chin must be having quite a heyday since the little fella is growing up to be quite a kick. Well, that's the way it spots. Take care.

I Remain Yours,  
Ewart

"Give my love to the Community."

Editor — Jack Hardy	Assistant News Editor — Charles Alpert
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Managing Editor — Suzan	Poetry Editor — Jim Morini
News Editor — Gini Welles	Photo Editor — Jon Rosenthal
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office menials — Dave Kowalski, Tom Young, Erica	
Mushbramescoroom, Sara Owen, Ray Fudge, Donald Perkins,	
Stephen Levy, Mark A. Bauman, Charles Levin, Chopper, Barbara	
Ward, Bob Clement, Jeff Sandler	



## Fear Not!

Dear Editor,

While I assume that the article in last week's LIBERATED PRESS concerning a vision of our campus in 1980 was written in jest, I am concerned lest some students take that wild vision of unlimited growth seriously. The following is a bare outline of the facts. I would be happy to discuss the situation in further detail on Thursday during my weekly coffee hour, 9:30 to 11:00 a.m., in Room C of the Campus Center.

1. We have not yet reached the full-time student enrollment projected five years ago (about 3,600) for the six campus schools.

2. The figure of 3,600 was arrived at by adding the totals submitted by the six schools in answer to the question: "What would be the optimum size for your school to insure effective operation of your academic programs?"

3. No one I know of, be he student, faculty, administrator, or Regent, has seriously advocated that we exceed the planned limits.

4. Some schools have already reached their maximum size or are close to their limits.

5. Our present physical plant can take care of the academic needs of the programs for at least 4,000 full-time, DAY students. We DO need more faculty office space and a bigger library than the one under construction, but unless outside funds become available unexpectedly we can only plan for the enlargement of our library in 1973-'74.

6. We may be able to move Ward Technical Institute to the campus if we can obtain the necessary grants and gifts to cover ALL costs of building and moving. Hudson Hall, Ward's present facility, is most adequate.

7. The Regents Commission, composed of students, faculty, and Regents, gave a very low priority in its report this year even to the consideration of additional plan expansion.

8. We could use two more dormitories just to meet accommodation plans set years ago, but current mortgage rates and building costs are so prohibitive that we are reviewing alternate construction plans. Dormitories, by contrast, are "self-liquidating" through student fees, so we are most anxious to avoid the high charges that would result if we built two more dorms similar to our present facilities.

9. The increase in the enrollment last year was in line with total University plans, even though it was greater than anyone expected (a reflection of demand for admission rather than any "decreed" to lower standards). Further modest increases in certain schools will make it possible to operate more economically. In any case, we are still committed to our original plans to enroll a maximum of approximately 3,600 full-time undergraduates in the combined six campus schools.

David D. Komisar  
Dean of Faculties

## Save Us From Our Jeans

To the editor:

College students around the country today are bitching about the lack of identity that they find on their respective campuses. Most of the blame is given to the administrations for the impersonal relationships it has created. College students claim that they are thought of by the administration as mere numbers in an endless system of numbers. College students want to be looked upon as individuals, each person a little different than the other, each with, hopefully, more substance than a number, each with slightly different tastes, thoughts, ideas, feelings, etc. In that case, how can a U of H student reconcile his individualism with his conformity (conscious or unconscious). Between 1:30 and 1:50 last Friday afternoon I counted 47 people passing through the lounge, not sitting in the lounge, but passing through. Of those 47 (male and female) 41 wore blue dungarees (regular and bellbottom). Three other girls wore miniskirts and three other guys wore different colored pants.

And we claim that our search for identity is being blocked by the SYSTEM?

Wayne Ginsburg

## Cold Hands-Warm Heart

Dear Jack,

I need help. For the millionth time I have just left one of the convenient mens' rooms that are scattered over the campus. What I want to know is how do I get hot water to come out of the sink sprayer? I'm tired of freezing the hell out of my hands every time I wash them. I've tried everything: stepping on the pedal in the middle, on the left, on the right with both feet, soft, hard, medium -- and all to no avail. I even think hot water. What gives? It would be easier to ask someone, but there are probably hundreds of others on campus who are as perplexed as I.

Sincerely,  
Ken Beauregard

## The Real World?

For me, the greater part of last semester was spent trying to figure out just what I was doing in school. After all, I wasn't aching with the pure desire to be educated; I was cutting more classes than I was attending. I complained that the whole institution of college life was nothing but a handy four year (plus) escape from all the problems of the outside; and suffering painfully from a terminal case of acute intellectual disillusionment.

So I finished out the semester and headed back for the comforts of home and the security of a job -- where I would meet lots of new young happy people, without any of the hangups that everyone at school inevitably has a few of. That's a crummy sentence but it doesn't matter anymore.

My first week at work was quite an experience. I was right. All the girls really were hung-up free and happy -- downright giggly. One of them is getting married in a month or so, so naturally the main conversational topic was her shower and all her possible presents which she kept a list of. It got to be a little boring after a week -- but I've been there for six weeks and the shower is still the top priority item on the topical agenda. I'm afraid I was wrong about some of my other expectations. Call it industrial disillusionment.

Office girls escape too -- right into a two-inch-thick Sears Catalogue ("Ooh! That's so cute.") and

then there was Spiegels -- and I never knew Penny's had a mail-order catalogue! And no one really has any friends there. I was fooled at first. Everyone was really friendly -- until I found out that it's just a front because if the truth must be known, everyone hates each other. I was black-listed after three days when something "dirty" slipped accidentally from my stranger's lips. After that the slips weren't accidental.

Well, the second week was a little more interesting when I learned that all the guys in manufacturing were teasing one of the supervisors. The joke was that he and I looked so much alike that we could be brother and sister. That kind of broke up the monotony of my grueling no-thinking job. It wouldn't be so bad but my boss has the idea that if he makes me feel like a lump of shit he'll get more work out of my typewriter. I guess there's no place for intelligence in industry. Anyway, I haven't seen any around yet.

Oh yes, my "brother," drove me home once a couple of weeks ago. It seems that he feels we should have a no-involvement sexual relationship because "everyone needs sex to live, right?" I agreed, but I just wasn't ready for incest, and anyway wouldn't his wife object?

I'm not ready to go back to school right away, but I'm afraid there's a worse hell than the one I left in January. So I'm wondering what's so terrible about a place where, sure everyone has problems, but at least they know they do; everyone tries to be honest with himself and his friends -- which he really has. I mean true friends who'll always stand by him and who really do care.

Oh well, I shouldn't complain about things here. I asked for it all -- and anyway, it's nice to know that you can fuck your brother. It's just not my idea of a good time.

- Shelly Stern

Dear Shel,

Hang in there. And remember, my door is always open.

Love and kisses,  
The lone survivor

## True Confession

I thought it would never happen to me but I was sucked into the vicious grasp of the killer drug. I was driving along a deserted section of Hazard Road in Enfield when my car blew a tire. I walked to the nearest house and asked to use the telephone. An obviously demented young man with shoulder length hair, a mustache, and dirty pants invited me inside and showed me where to find the phone.

As I waited for the garage to come fix the tire, my villainous host offered me a cold drink. I gratefully accepted, never giving it a second thought, as I always conduct myself by the religious precept of trust in my fellow-man. As I drained the tall glass of Kool-Aid I noticed a funny flavor. Then my brain exploded!

I felt like I was in heaven -- everything was beautiful. I felt no moral controls and only wanted to things I would enjoy. My realization that someone shared my euphoria, scared me. He told me I had just consumed an ounce of marijuana in my Kool-Aid. The beautiful feelings rapidly fled -- replaced by fear and trepidation. But I couldn't worry about it for long, as the powerful drug quickly took control again.

The hallucinations continued for two hours when they gradually weakened and I fell into a deep sleep. I awoke with a splitting headache and as my blurred vision cleared up I saw my demon from the previous day standing next to me. I felt completely drained of energy, and I quietly listened as he told me that my car was fixed. Then he left me alone with my tormented soul. I wanted to leave that evil place as quickly as I could but I still didn't have any

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# A Move Beyond Social Criticism

by Gini Welles



Ralph Nader, the consumer crusader, returns next week to the University of Hartford. Nader, who grew up in Winsted, Connecticut, will give a lecture at 8:30 p.m. Wednesday evening, March 18, in the Physical Education Center, on campus. He will speak on the topic, "Environmental Hazards: Man-Made and Man-Remedied."

The talk is being sponsored by the Speakers' Bureau of the Student Association. UofH students will be admitted on presentation of their I.D. cards. For the general public, 300 tickets at \$1 will be available.

Tickets may be secured at the Information Desk of the Gengras Campus Center from 3:30 p.m. to 7 p.m., Monday through Friday, or at the Program Office, Room 307-D, in the Gengras Center between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. during the week.

Ralph Nader earned a Bachelor of Arts degree from Princeton University in 1955. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and was graduated magna cum laude. He took his law degree at Harvard Law School in 1958. He was a research assistant at Harvard Law School, 1958-59, served in the U.S. Army, and began the practice of law.

During the 1961 and 1962 Fall Semesters, Nader was an adjunct instructor in history at the U of H. As a member of the adjunct faculty, School of Arts and Sciences, he taught two upper-level evening courses -- "The Far East in the 20th Century," 1961, and the same course in 1962, plus "History of the Far East."

Loner Ralph Nader works outside the government, and frequently against it -- a one-man gang in a perpetual rumble with the biggest corporations in the country and their compliant friends in the bureaucracy.

Though still in his mid-30's, Ralph Nader, in a fast-riding career, has established himself as the consumer's top advocate. His initial interest in highway safety led to his 1965 best-selling book, "Unsafe at Any Speed," which led to numerous reforms in the automobile industry.

With the recognition that we've had the technological potential and economic capability to build safer cars for decades he was appalled at the tolerance of needless highway slaughter and maiming of hundreds of thousands of people annually. Mr. Nader believes that unsafe autos pose a profound professional challenge to the legal, medical, and engineering professions, who have the responsibility not just to apply their optimum skills to the problems but to work for the elimination of those very problems whenever possible.

From car safety, Nader has expanded his consumer crusade to encompass sanitary issues in the meat and fish industry, the dangerous misuse of medical X-rays, gas-pipeline safety, and environmental hazards, such as air and water pollution.

He has also zeroed in on the various recalcitrant federal agen-

cies, especially their pattern of passing their personnel into high-paying jobs with the very industries they were supposed to regulate.

"Pollution is another prime national crime," he states. "There is something fundamentally wrong when the same government that allocates \$200 million to subsidize supersonic flights, metes out only \$46 million to protect the health of the nation. It is a great folly not to allocate resources and money to combat pollution of air, water, and soil."

In his efforts to protect the consumer, Nader has enlisted the aid of students for the past two summers in investigating Washington agencies. Last summer, 102 law, engineering and medical students -- dubbed "Nader's Raiders" -- delved into such governmental bodies as the department of Agriculture, the Food and Drug Ad-

ministration, the National Water Pollution Control Administration and the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Yet Nader is not at all content with what he has accomplished. For one thing, in his opinion, few of the measures he has done so much to put through have gone far enough. For another much as the public response has increased, apathy is still a problem.

"The real question is not why I'm doing what I'm doing," he says, "but why so many people don't care."

In an age when money and man-

power are considered indispensable for any public organization, Nader stands as a lonely phenomenon. He does it all on his own, supporting himself by lectures and articles, doing his own legwork, making his own contacts.

THE NEW YORK TIMES best described the accomplishments of RALPH NADER: "Many others have shared his dim view of corporate America and have expressed their doubts in more detail and more persuasively. What sets Nader apart is that he has moved beyond social criticism to effective political action."

## FEATURE NEWS



Aspiring Dean Sweeney

### Dean Aspires To Climb Down From His Ivory Tower

by Gini Welles & Dave Kowalski

Spurred by an editorial in last week's UH News; Liberated Press, Dean Eugene T. Sweeney is seriously considering running as the tenth candidate on the Democratic ticket for the First District's Congressional seat.

Sweeney said "I'm delighted that the students think I'm qualified, but I couldn't formally announce my candidacy unless some people came forward from the Democratic Party organization and said that my candidacy had merit."

Sweeney has had his nose in politics for a long time now. He was chairman of the McCarthy for President campaign in Bloomfield two years ago, is a member of the Bloomfield Democratic Town Committee, Chairman of the town's Board of Tax Review, and champion of the Bloomfield Committee backing Joseph Duffey for the U. S. Senate.

Sweeney articulated his platform, saying: "It's my feeling that representing one's constituents in Washington is only the half of it. It is just as important to represent Washington to one's constituents." Dr. Sweeney feels that a Congressman should spend a scheduled amount of time during each year in his district informing the people of the policies and actions of Congress. "If I were in the position," says Sweeney, "I would want to let the people know what's going on." Sweeney feels that too many politicians don't carry this information back to their constituents.

Dean Sweeney finishes his term as interim Dean of Student Relations in June when he will return to the classroom. He predicted that he would then have the time for campaigning, after having given up what he described as "a seven day a week job" as dean. He looks to the University and students for support. "It'll give my students a good excuse to get out of the classroom and ring some doorbells."

Of his backing, both party machine and grass roots, Sweeney said, "I have a core of friends from the McCarthy campaign two years ago as well as former and present students who are interested in seeing me run." If the opportunity presented itself, Sweeney said that he was sure that he could get himself an organization to back him in his campaign.

Daddario, who is running for governor on the top of the Connecticut Democratic ticket is, in Sweeney's words, "a good man to head the ticket, a man all Democrats can unite behind."

### Who's Fault Is Oily Coast?

by Geoffr3y Lerner

As approximately 150 square miles of oil slick hit the Louisiana coast, the people of Louisiana and the Department of Interior yell foul. But this is all that they can do. Due to the primary negligence of the Chevron Oil Company the oil is there. Somehow, a multi-million dollar oil company couldn't scrape up \$800 to purchase an emergency valve that would have immediately curtailed the oil leak. But we must sympathize with Chevron as they lost a bundle in their fertilizer plants and must make up the loss. On the other hand, if it was not for the gross negligence on the part of the Department inspectors this would not have happened. Mr. Hickel claims that this was just a slight oversight of his men and places the entire blame on Chevron. Like any big business Chevron tried to get away with something and since they were never apprehended they figured it is all right. We know that business, as well as the individual, always tries 'to get away with something' and the unwritten law that governs this game is, "It's legal until you're caught." It is the job of the Department of Interior to protect the public from such practices and they obviously have been caught

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## Inhumane and Immoral Standards by Ray Blanks

Gary Hansley won't answer his draft call when it comes. The 19-year-old, black youth was killed by Hartford police Saturday night, following a purse-snatching incident. The alleged crime occurred in Gary's neighborhood of decay, rats despair -- Hartford's North End. The purse contained only \$3 and was recovered next to the dead youth's body.

Such senseless and extreme exercise of authority is not new to Hartford area citizens. Nor is the practice experienced by black people only. Deaths caused by police fire happened recently in Glastonbury and West Hartford. With each incident, police are found innocent and within their duty of performing reasonable service as guardians of the law. In addition, mild public outcry accompanies these incidents yet no new policies

or guidelines are enacted to protect the public or suspected criminals.

When Gary was pronounced dead at St. Francis Hospital, his cousin, Richard Harris, age 18, released his anger. He was not comforted but was arrested on charges of breach of the peace.

To the youth's parents, we offer our sympathy and indignation. That isn't worth much but what can we do against the tremendous power and authority of the police. Marches don't mean much in these incidents as evidenced by marches staged against the death of Dennis Jones in West Hartford.

One can write the Mayor, the City Manager or City Councilmen at City Hall or the Chief of Police at his headquarters. But realistically, the best we can do is to WATCH OUT FOR THE POLICE.

When we encounter them, we had better be cool and careful. We can, however, challenge their exercise of the law when they affront us or we observe situations around us that seem suspicious.

Our hope is that such incidents won't happen again. Perhaps that is wishful thinking. We must remain concerned and voice our disapproval against policemen being policemen, judge, jury and executioner over such petty crimes. We must pressure for police to follow due processes of the law. We must again remind policemen that lethal actions are justified only when their life or another's is in imminent danger. We must also spread the word around that everything in the blue uniform ain't your best friends, although surely they are needed in our violent society.

Until the time comes when we can meaningful change practices of the past, we just have to mark time, get ourselves together and be prepared to become once again, armies of the night, to correct the injustices and senselessness, inhumane and immoral standards practiced in our society.



## The Cafeteria Situation In September...

by Steve Levy

Most of you are aware that there will be two separate cafeterias next year -- one for dorm students and one for cash customers. The cafeteria for dorm students will be on the right side of the campus road between the existing dormitory complexes while the cash cafeteria will be located at the site of the present cafeteria. The use of these facilities and the rules under which they will operate have both positive and negative connotations when the students are considered.

The main concern of many people is that this will divide the campus into two residing camps; one which lives in the dormitories, and the other consisting of commuting students. They argue that most of the interaction between students takes place within the confines of the cafeteria and this is probably correct. It is feared that the result of this division will be, in effect, two universities -- one operating for dormitory students and the other for commuting students.

At the moment this might not seem important to you, but next year you might not see some of your closest friends for days or weeks at a time, and the reason might well be the result of the two cafeterias.

I talked to Kevin Fahey, Activities Director of the GCC, and Mr. Sam Broughton, the gentleman who operates the Ogden Food Service at UH. Both of them told me that the crowded condition of the present cafeteria necessitated the construction and use of another cafeteria. Both of these men expressed the hope that the GCC will remain the primary center of campus life. All of the activities which the GCC hosts will remain in the campus center. Activities such as movies, which are normal-

ly shown in the basements of different dorms, will probably be shown in the new cafeteria building but the campus center will remain the center of campus life. This is the hope of all concerned.

During my talk with Mr. Broughton I realized that a second cafeteria is really a necessity because the size of the university has outdistanced the number of people which the present cafeteria was meant to serve. The planning of the first cafeteria was very poorly done. Mr. Broughton did not like all of the plans for the new cafeteria; he and Ogden Foods consulted with the architects and redesigned much of it to benefit both the help and the students.

The new cafeteria will be for the dorm students and their guests.

Guests will have to pay for their food. There will be "seconds" station--places with food which will eliminate long waiting in lines for seconds. Beverage machines will be on the floor and this will eliminate more confusion and waiting in line. Hopefully, an ice cream counter will also be on the floor. Kitchens and dining rooms will be on the same floor to insure hotter and better tasting food.

It is my personal opinion that there will be a definite problem next year when the two cafeterias are in operation. It will affect the interaction between dorm student and commuting students. It will divide the campus to some degree, but perhaps the positive factors will outweigh the negative ones. I hope that this is the case but this remains to be seen.

## On Gaining Perspective

### Eldridge Cleaver's SOUL ON ICE

by Peter Sklar

It is difficult for the average white person to empathize with the misfortunes faced by the black man in America. For this reason, white commentary on Eldridge Cleaver's SOUL ON ICE often reflects an attitude stemming from the broad anaesthetized area of thought that lies between empathy and apathy. A white person might respond to SOUL ON ICE by saying, "Eldridge Cleaver is a black man who believes that violence is the answer to the Negro problem." To analyze such a statement for signs of racism might seem difficult or even unwarranted, yet perhaps in examining a somewhat analogous statement, such signs will begin to appear. A black citizen of Great Britain during the time of the American Revolution might have responded to Patrick Henry's famous speech of 1776 by saying, "Patrick Henry is a white man who believes that violence is the answer to the colonial problem." It may seem unnecessary to use the word 'white' in describing Patrick Henry; such usage harshly repudiates the notion that almost everyone is white. The fact that many white Americans would use the word 'black' as a prime fac-

tor in their description of Eldridge Cleaver, is an indication of the race-consciousness, or racism, that has been bred in America over the past three centuries.

Just as it may have seemed unnecessary to call Patrick Henry a white man, it may seem unfair or prejudicial to claim that he believed in "violence" as a means of solving the conflict with Great Britain. Most white Americans prefer to believe that the colonists fought the Revolution to relieve themselves of oppression and exploitation and that the violence involved was due primarily to the stubborn resistance of the oppressor and exploiter, Great Britain. Most white Americans, therefore, view Patrick Henry's statement: "Give me liberty or give me death" as more than justifiable, but rather as reflective of a magnificently noble character. Yet, surely, black men under the jurisdiction of the United States have fared far worse for far longer than the colonists under Great Britain; the fact that Eldridge Cleaver's statement: "We shall have our manhood or the entire earth will be levelled in our attempts to get it" is thought pr-

marily to reflect a belief in violence, is more than a further indication of American racism, but is an indication of the average white American's inability to relate to the black struggle as little more than a series of unwarranted acts of aggression.

To describe the unrest among the colonies in 1776 as "the colonial problem" would seem to many white Americans a gross distortion of reality; it would seem to associate the colonists directly with the source of the conflict and, therefore, belittle and degrade the colonists' cause. Similarly, the fact that many white Americans describe the unrest among black people as "the Negro problem" or "the black problem" would seem to many black Americans a gross distortion of reality; it would seem to associate black people directly and exclusively with the source of the current racial crisis. The tendency of many white Americans to create such an association is indicative of a prevalent attitude that holds the black struggle as an unwarranted insurrection against a just and noble America.

Now, let us again read "Soul on Ice."

## The University For All

by Sara Owen

Academic environment is something which we are all very conscious of today. With increasing importance placed on a college education and increasing competition for admission to an institute of higher learning, the question is raised, "Are colleges too selective, or not selective enough?"

Generally, colleges tend to be too selective, with the result that too many people are never given the chance for higher education. The December 20, 1969 issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW states, "... one of the major liabilities of the more selective institution is that many highly able students who go there find themselves for the first time competing with other students whose intellectual and academic abilities are commensurate with their own, consequently, they become discouraged and drop out. The implication is that certain very bright students would have a better chance of survival at a relatively unselective institution, primarily because the less competitive atmosphere there would permit them to maintain the academic superiority that they had been accustomed to in high school, and therefore to avoid the frustration and depression that they may feel in the highly selective institution."

What is the solution to this dilemma? It seems to be that of open admissions. Traditionally, colleges have selected their students primarily on the basis of their secondary school grades and their college board scores. But how much of an indication of future success are these? Students are being selected on the basis of past achievement, nor on the basis of future potential as they should be. SATURDAY REVIEW again says, "... not all of the most promising students succeed in college, nor do all the least promising students fail."

There is a distinct possibility that a school practicing an open admissions policy could provide a more balanced atmosphere. Competition would be cut, conceivably to the point where the tremendous pressure that today's student feels would be greatly relieved. Less

## COP Director Appointed

Don A. Summers, principal of Hartford's West Middle School, has been appointed director of a Career Opportunities Program that will get under way this summer at the University of Hartford, it was announced Thursday (March 12) by Dr. Irving S. Starr, dean, UofH School of Education.

Summers was one of 16 candidates whose qualifications were reviewed by a 30-member Career Opportunities Community Council, which will help to guide the program. He is undertaking the COP assignment, effective March 16, in addition to his regular post at the West Middle School.

The Hartford COP project is being funded, during its initial year, by a \$153,900 grant from the Education Professions Development Act, U.S. Office of Education, through Hartford's Model Cities Agency.

As COP director, Summers will coordinate an educational plan which this year will involve 100 paraprofessional aides in Hartford schools. Objective of the COP project is to offer these teaching aides step-by-step opportunities toward career advancement.

Classes will be held on the UofH campus, with some courses being given in Hartford schools, at locations near where the paraprofessional aides are employed. The COP project is viewed as a new source of teaching talent in urban areas, in that it is designed for men and women familiar with the community -- people who already hold paraprofessional positions in the school system.

demanding courses could be substituted for the present extremely demanding ones. A more relaxed, comfortable atmosphere would then result, with more time for interaction within the community. And at last, every young American would be able to realize the dream of a college education.

## Buddhism And Human Behavior

by HERMAN OGULNICK

The word Buddhism for many brings to mind pictures of a fat Gutama Buddha sitting in a Za-zen position engrossed in deep meditation. Thoughts of belly dancers and snake charmers are analogous to Buddhism for many people.

In the twentieth century, science, technology, intellectual and philosophical thought rank much higher than the spiritual side of human nature. Many people have been confused and disenchanted with the numerous dead end paths to enlightenment and simple human happiness. Because of this confusion, the inherent spiritual nature of most human beings is either dormant or completely dead.

Each one of us can awaken to our Buddha nature now and open new paths of happiness in our everyday lives. I know this for a fact. I have experienced a tremendous spiritual awakening in six months.

The TRUE Buddhist teachings as expounded by the TRUE Buddha, Nichiren Daichonin, is a very simple and rapidly growing life philosophy. Unlike the teachings of Gautama, Nichiren Daishonin's Buddhism offers both spiritual and material benefits that WORK for every single human being.

The actuality of happiness now, not in heaven or in another life, but now, can be found in the practice of this Buddhism. If each individual is able to bring about a human revolution from within, wars, poverty and human suffering will without a doubt, be wiped clean from the earth. In this sense,

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# Festival of Life Yeah! We Can Dance In The Belly of the MONSTER!

by Jim Odell

It was Sunday afternoon the energy started to flow towards the Festival of Life. Telephones rang and the word got around: the Hog Farm be coming and soon everyone be celebratin'. The Hog Farm, the Peace Police, conductors of Woodstock vibes, Sunshine People. They are the keepers of the Light. The Hog Farm are some beautiful people. They have a dream and the energy needed to bring that dream to life. The dream is Earth Peoples Park, and it represents perhaps the most basic movement of the future: the movement back to the Earth.

This Dream. The Chinese were hip to it, the Mayans were hip to it, American Indians were in touch with it (all primitive cultures were attuned): All life comes from the Earth. All energy comes from the Earth. And all energy needs must return to the Earth. Or else we will all cease to live as natural beings. Amerika the monster has driven all Earth rhythm out of our lives; it has poisoned the Earth, it has tortured our Mother. Amerikan technology has destroyed all the balance that once existed on this continent and now we are left to deal with the fatal debris.

Earth Peoples Park is an attempt to buy back the Earth and then give it all away. Dig it: we all own the Earth by birthright, but some men think that they got more rights to it than most because they have a piece of paper that says it really belongs to them. Now if we can give them some bucks and by so doing end their fantasy, then we can indeed buy back the Earth and treat her as she deserves to be treated. So the Hog Farm asks a dollar from each of us to buy land in New Mexico and smaller plots all over Amerika where people can come and live in harmony and peace. And where we can re-discover that the Earth is indeed the source of life and that only by preserving its ecological balance can we ourselves survive on its face.

And so the Hog Farm brought this message, contained in the wonderball of a Festival of Life. Music, brown rice, monkey dogs, good high with this righteous love feelin' and good people. These are the tools we need to bring the dreams to life, and to make

our own existence in the belly of monster Amerika worth the damage.

And so the Festival of Life came to be.

These Hog Farmers radiate a type of energy that one knows comes from many years of loving. The older ones function on an energy level that would shrivel the most intense Amerikan businessman. They relate to people as people, and this is their secret. Their love and energy and intensity are not given just to brothers and sisters; it is given freely to all who pass.

The Hog Farmers know how to relate to people. There is nothing magical or mystical about it. They live in the joy of giving. Sharing of energy and love is their bag, and a beautiful bag it is.

Hugh Romney (Wavy Gravy) has a smile which starts so deep in his face that when it breaks the surface you want to gush with breakthrough joy. I heard him rapping about a gig the Hog Farmers had done at a mental hospital in Middletown the night before. He said it was the warmest night they could remember; in the course of it a patient who had not spoken a word for seven years had started to rap about sunshine and fantasy. This is their magic so human, so warm. It is the warm Couch of Revolution in the cold heart of Amerika. It is not the bitterness so common in Revolutionary circles; it is the joy of brotherhood and communication that changes suffering into light. The Hog Farmers are the Keepers of the Light. DANCIN' IN THE BELLY OF THE MONSTER

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## Alice's Cookbook

Just returned from Darkest Africa. What a gas! That place really jives. There, there is no pollution problems, no population explosion, and no norms governing the cleanliness of the body. But, you damn well better keep your hands off some one else's, for at this point rules and regulations take over. However, the most important point I must make is that there is no pollution as we have here. This is due to their lack of technological advances and small population. Population is the key word, as without a huge population there is clean water and air. The car would pollute less if there were fewer people wanting to drive them. Factories would be producing less for a smaller population and thus, putting less crap into the air. The government would be closer watched by the people since now, with fewer people, the congressmen would be able to speak with more individuals. I am not advocating any birth control devices that would flip out the Pope, but we must do something. Young children are this country's largest asset. Without them, there would be no tomorrow, and yet, with too many there will be no tomorrow. Since only a select few of the people have been born with natural rhythm, the rest must take it upon themselves either to enroll in a music course or follow my rather scientific plan. (Please excuse the reference to science as this was the only word to use and I do not mean to have it used in fascist ways associated with the scientist.) This plan incorporates all the noble practices of exploitation handed down to us throughout the American heritage. I propose that we treat these youngsters as any other animal. By doing so, we also help to preserve many wild animals. For example: Easter Dinner of the Future

Precook a yearling until the meat thermometer registers done. Remove from the oven and allow to cool. Decorate with one can of sliced pineapple. And to add an added flare, alternate red and green cherries in the holes of the pineapple slices. Measure two cups of brown sugar into a mixing bowl and gradually add the pineapple juice; just enough to make a thick syrup. Spread this syrup liberally over the entire yearling and place in a 350 degree oven for about one hour. Your delight is finished and with an apple in its mouth, it becomes a dish fit for a king.

By the way, if you have read this far and have not figured out which yearling to use, you must use our most plentiful. One word of caution, don't use one that has been raised on mother's milk, as her's contains far too much DDT to pass minimal FDA standards. Who knows what the future brings?

THINK

## Education:

# What Price Now?

With the pending increase in tuition, from \$150 to \$300 per year, many students are asking, what are we deriving for the already colossal price? This question is answered in many ways. The administration states that we are getting a first rate education. Some students believe this and others disagree. The main disagreement is focused around the word "EDUCATION." What does it mean?

Webster defines education as "the field of study that deals mainly with methods of teaching and learning in schools". Just how this learning takes place is primarily determined by the administration. They, and only they, have the power to deliver to the students, teachers, or instructors that can merely bull their way through the course. The concept of teacher is not difficult, but is greatly different from that of an instructor. The TEACHER cares about his students and students in general. He will help the student to understand various aspects of the course material that are not clear. The teacher has full understanding of the subject and realizes that if a portion of the class cannot understand a problem it IS possible that he is at fault. When asked a question, a direct answer is given, be it, "I don't know myself, but I'll check into it" or "Sure, come in, this is how such and such is done." The teacher always comes prepared for class; just as prepared as he expects his students to be. To a teacher there is no dumb kid, all students are different; some require more help and guidance than others. People are individuals and not merely the numbers that the registrar attaches to them. Granted, neither the teacher nor instructor is expected to bend over backwards for a student that will not help himself, but when a student earnestly attempts, and is having trouble the teacher will not say, "I helped you all I can; I've got no more time for you. Too bad." The instructor needs no definition, as he is everything the teacher is not.

When a group of students corners a member of the administration about the problems with many instructors, the administrator either laughs it off, for what does the student know about teaching, or listens attentively and readily makes the student realize that he is speaking to a wall. The standard excuse delivered by the administration is that you should look at other universities and see how rotten it is there. We, the administration, are busy getting more PhD's to fill the ranks and make this school a better place. After pressing the issue of education at this university the final put down is, "If you don't like it, get the hell out." Maybe, they have a point. Nobody asked us to come here and nobody coerces us to remain. But, is it really too much to ask for a good university, staffed with teachers and not merely instructors? After all, our tuition pays for about 80% of this school and we do deserve teachers to help; not instructors to bullshit. Alas, somewhere along the way to making this university the administration confused the meaning of teacher with PhD. To them, unless you have a PhD you are not, and positively and categorically cannot, be a teacher.

It is time that the students of the University of Hartford and other universities should take an interest in the quality of persons hired to teach. We should realize that with a good education we will be able to someday correct the inequities that we are so busy protesting against now. By no means am I advocating that we should completely forget about the things we strongly believe in but, we must not neglect our school as we are doing. The administration fully realizes that with the war and pollution problems, we will demonstrate about before we do so about our own schools. It seems that they are taking advantage of this fact and featherbedding their own

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# The Student Quest For Knowledge

by Chopper

Knowledge is the fundamental basis and central focus to which all members of the academic community, especially the student, should direct and concentrate their ambitions. Without the desire to learn, the student cannot possibly acquire the full effect of the educational experience. It will then become detrimental to the way in which he relates to the community and, in reality, will also delay his progress in gaining the proper perspective needed to become a member of society. He should establish a philosophy which is aimed towards the acquisition of a higher education in its most inclusive form.

The student, in his unending quest for knowledge, must realize that learning from a book is not the only aspect of the educational experience. He must develop the art of thinking for himself, creating to his fullest potential and using whatever he might have learned to actively respond to the needs of the community for the purpose of alleviating them. Through his acquisition of knowledge, he should come to realize the importance of maintaining individuality within the environment that surrounds him.

Individuality is essential when a person is involved in a highly competitive, complex organization such as the university. This individuality should be based on his responsibility as a member of the community. He should be able to channel his knowledge so that he interacts with other members of the community and yet retain his own identity. His capabilities to communicate with every faction of the community should be used to their fullest potential in order that all may benefit. However, it should be noted that no matter what sort of interaction or communication the individual has with any other part of his environment, he must be himself at all times.

Pertinent to the student's role in the university is the aspect and relevancy of responsibility. By the time a person enters an institute of higher learning, he should be mature enough to sense where his responsibilities lie and consequently act in accordance with these attitudes. He should be aware of the situations that will affect him as a member of the community and be able to decide for himself the course of action that he might pursue. In pursuing this responsible course of action, the individual must be able to discriminate between right and wrong and not let someone dissuade him to their beliefs. He should strive for a higher understanding of what is expected of him as a student and relate them to the needs he feels necessary. It is within this concept of responsibility that a person will feel the effect of a complete education.

Awareness on the part of each member of the academic community should be a concentrated area of

concern. He should have the knowledge of issues that are pertinent to his role as a student, observe them, and question them if he feels it necessary to do so. It is within this range of awareness that the individual can judge the quality of the education he is attaining. The capacity to relate the academic community to the surrounding community is also applied to this realm of awareness. Through the knowledge of what will affect him, the student has the chance to express his position and suggest better ways of doing things.

The student must also understand the necessity of change. He should be the major contributor to change since it will entail improvements beneficial to his role in the university. He should comprehend that as the times are changing, so must the institutions. Since the academic community is the breeding ground for knowledge, and the type of structure which can be easily changed, then for all practical purposes it could be the leader of change within itself and within the society.

Even though it is important that each person retain his self-identity within the community, it should be briefly mentioned that the community must also possess unity. Each member of the university should interact with the other members so that they can learn from one another. If there is fragmentation from within the community the overall reaction is discontent. Discontentment would take away from the academic environment, thus creating an unfavorable atmosphere in which to learn.

Faith in yourself and in what you do is the most essential aspect of the educational experience. A student should acquire an attitude of self-assurance before he attempts to relate to the needs of the community. He should adhere to what he feels is pertinent to his role as a student. Without faith in himself, anything he might try to accomplish could be challenged and changed without too much resistance. This faith is needed so that a person can acquire the individuality, the responsibility, and the awareness needed to become a student with the will to learn.

Applications for Editor of the  
UH News  
Yearbook  
Plastic Bag and  
Nexus - The Literary Magazine

for next year must be submitted in writing before Thursday, April 9, 1970. Applications are to be sent through inter-campus mail to:

The Communications Commission  
c/o the S.A.  
Gengras Campus Center

All applicants must then come to the Communications Commission meeting on Thursday, April 16, at 4 p.m. in the Primus office, G.C.C. to be interviewed by the Commission.

Voting will be Thursday, April 23.

Environmental

Action: April 22

Vol. 1, No. 3

March



Government Ignores MRAK Commission

by Vic Kley

American industries are manufacturing and distributing chemicals capable of producing cancer and birth defects in animals. The HEW-sponsored MRAK Commission, reported several dangerous substances to HEW Secretary Robert Finch late in 1969. The report was also filed with the USDA, the FDA and the White House.

One of the substances mentioned, 2, 4, 5-T, is a powerful herbicide developed under biological warfare programs during the Second World War. It has been widely used within the United States to defoliate along highways and railroad rights-of-way and is extensively employed in South Vietnam. Lee Du Bridge, science advisor to President Nixon, called for a ban on the use of 2, 4, 5-T in this country by January 1, 1970, pending further investigation. At this date the registration of 2, 4, 5-T has not been cancelled by the USDA.

The portion of the MRAK Report which condemned 2,4,5-T also cited another chemical, PCNB (pentachloronitrobenzene). The report concluded that both substances produce "sufficiently prominent effects of a seriously hazardous nature to lead us to categorize it as probably dangerous." Unlike 2,4,5-R, PCNB is used extensively on foodstuffs.

PCNB, primarily a fungicide, is a product of Olin Matheson. In laboratory studies made by the Bionetics Research Labs of Litton Industries (under contract to the National Cancer Institute) PCNB was found to produce tumors of the liver, lung and lymphoid organs in mice. Further study into its teratogenic properties disclosed that PCNB produced such birth defects in mice as missing kidneys, cleft palates, and single or malformed eyes. Overall weight gain and liver enlargement were observed in the mothers. Olin's pesticide division in Little Rock, Arkansas, refuses to reveal how much PCNB is manufactured and sold, although they did indicate that the quantity exceeds 5,000,000 pounds per year. Olin's representative stated that over 3 million acres of cotton and 1/2 million acres of peanuts were treated with PCNB in Texas and Arkansas alone. CHEMICAL WEEK (April 26, 1969) describes the use of PCNB as a fungicide on cotton, crucifers, potatoes, lettuce, peanuts, wheat, beans, tomatoes, peppers and ornamentals.

In an interview with a representative of the USDA's division of pesticide registration, it was discovered that PCNB was not yet under restriction. The USDA spokesman was unaware of any action contemplated by the USDA re-

garding the chemical. PCNB is used in the form of wettable powder, emulsifiable concentrate, and dust.

In addition to 2,4,5-T and PCNB, the MRAK report recommended that several other pesticides, all shown to be toxic to the unborn, should be "immediately restricted to prevent risk of human exposure." These include Carbaryl, mercurials, 2,4-D, Captan and Folpet. Carbaryl, a product of Union Carbide sold under the trade name Sevin, caused in mice and dogs increases in cystic kidneys, skeletal deformations, cleft palates, and facial malformations. Carbaryl is sprayed and dusted on cattle, pigs, sheep, poultry, barley, oats, pecans, potatoes, rye, poultry houses and sugar cane primarily to prevent insect pests. In 1964, the last year for which estimates are available, 14,946,000 pounds of Carbaryl in the United States were produced.

Mercurials (organo mercury compounds) are used primarily as pesticides for farm and paper products. One organic mercury compound is Semasan (Hydroxymercurichlorophenol) made by DuPont and sprayed on potatoes and turf. The Mark Commission cites studies showing eye, tail and central nervous system deformities in mice resulting from mercurial compounds. Sweden has banned organo-mercuric compounds because of their effects on both animals and wildlife, especially fish and birds. America used over 796,556 pounds of organomercuric compounds as pesticides in 1967 (PESTICIDE REVIEW, 1967).

Three compounds of 2,4-D (the butyl, isophenyl, and isocetyl es-

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Researching Pollution

How To Begin...

by Tom Sharpless

An action program must legitimize itself with hard facts. Support will come more easily to the movement if those in the movement know what they're talking about.

Fortunately, a wealth of studies on environmental pollution is available. So many people are actively engaged in studying pollution but so few are doing anything about it that the call for further research is taken as the battle cry of the opposition. Nevertheless, I argue that it is at least as important to base convictions on fact as it is to act on those convictions.

Step one is to define a problem or area of interest to you. It is most challenging if personal interest is the chief criterion. However, you may elect to decide on the basis of probable usefulness. It will be of more immediate use to us here to collect what is known of the use of herbicides in Connecticut rather than to collect what is known about the effect of hot oil pipes on the Alaskan tundra. Another criterion might be your access to information in a particular area. The following general areas for pollution study may be useful:

1. Highways) Associated loss of natural areas
2. Dams ) Noise pollution
3. Airport ) Associated air and water pollution
4. Fossil Fuel (oil and coal) power plants: SO2, particulate, nitrogen oxides etc.
5. Nuclear power plants; thermal pollution, radioactive wastes
6. Industrial pollution: paper mills, mineral extractors, mines, metal plating, etc. lead, arsenic, mercury, beryllium, cadmium and manganese
7. Municipal sewage disposal
8. Municipal garbage disposal
9. Oil spills at sea
10. Farm pollution: especially pesticides, herbicides, nitrate and phosphate
11. Automobile pollution: CO, hydrocarbons, nitrogen oxides, ozone, asbestos, rubber dust.
12. Non-recycling materials: aluminum, glass, plastics, etc.
13. Balance of nature and human population
14. Crowding and human behavior.

Many approaches are possible, of course. It may be desirable to isolate something that's being polluted, such as the Connecticut River. Or it may be beneficial to study the political channels of pollution control on, say, the state level. Once selected, the area of concern may be reduced or expanded.

The hard work will be in locating the resources and collecting useful information. We are particularly fortunate in Hartford to have resources close at hand. Having the Connecticut State offices here gives us opportunities we would be remiss to pass up. The following list of state agencies and local organizations concerned with pollution is probably not complete; State of Connecticut

Pesticide Control Board - Anthony Wallace - 165 Capitol Ave. Water Resources Commission -

John J. Curry - 165 Capitol Ave. - Water pollution field reports. Air Pollution Control - Louis Proulx - 79 Elm St. Data on SO2 and Particulates. Health Dept. - Franklin Foote - 79 Elm St. Health Dept. - Franklin Foote - 79 Elm St. Environmental Health Services - David C. Wiggen - 79 Elm St. - Copies of Air Pollution Laws Transportation Department - George J. Conkling - 24 Wolcott Hill Rd., Wethersfield Clean Air Commission - Wm. J. Scully

Capitol Region Planning Agency - Robt. Brown - 15 Lewis St. - Air Pollution Study, Water Treatment Study Governor's Committee to Develop Environmental Policy for Connecticut - James G. Horsfall - New Haven - Handbook Metropolitan District AGENCY Water pollution control plants - Hartford Plaza

Survey and mapping div. - Hartford Plaza - Maps OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

Conn. Air Conservation Committee - Philip W. Woodrow (Program Director) 45 Ash St. E. Hartford Save the Reservoir Committee - Charlotte Kitowski - West Hartford

Conn. Action Now - Dan W. Lufkin - 152 Temple St. Rm 310 New Haven 06510

Conn. River Watershed Council - Chris Percy - Greenfield, Mass. Travelers Research Corporation - Thos. Malone - 250 Constitution Plaza - See Capitol Region Planning Agency Becket Academy - Moodis, Conn. Conn. River Pollution Survey - Talcott Mt. Science Center - Donald P. LaSalle - Montevideo Rd. Avon, Conn. - Ecologist (Vernon Crawford)

OUT OF STATE ORGANIZATIONS Sierra Club - 15 E. 53rd St. New York

Environmental Defense Fund - Tatchogue New York Zero Population Growth - New

York City Special attention is directed to the Capitol Region Studies on air pollution (1967) and water treatment (1970) if these are your areas of particular concern.

Next week: Book and periodicals.

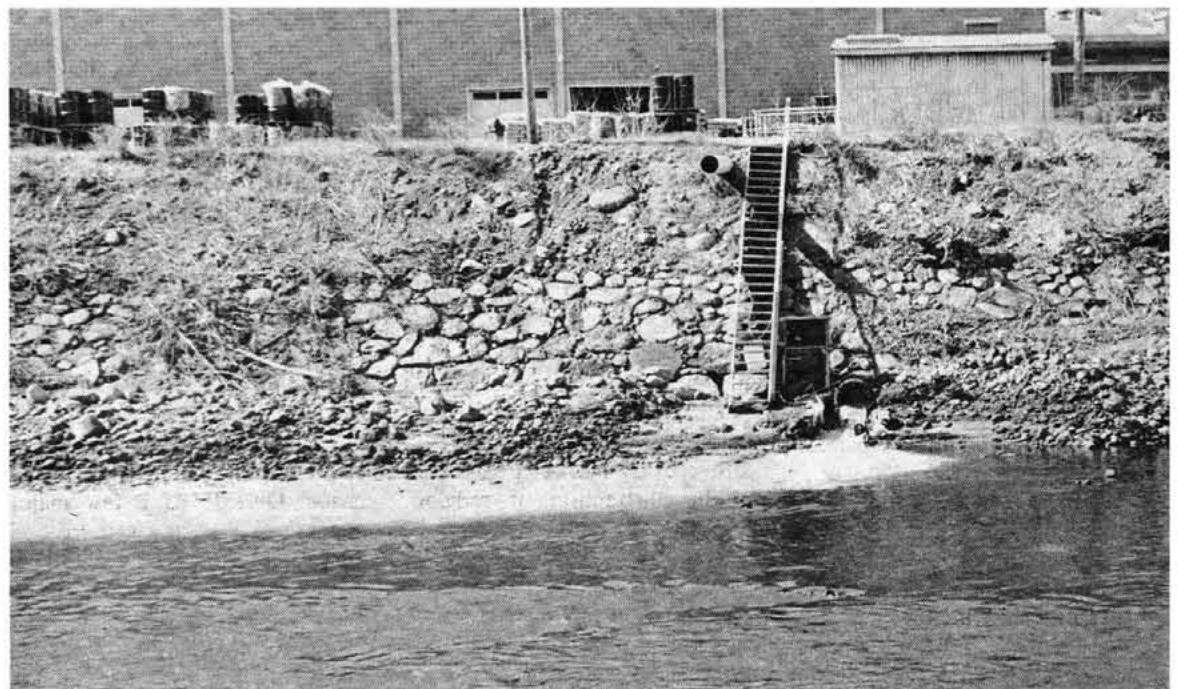
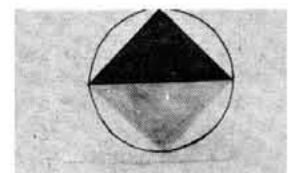
Protect Your Environment

In 1968-'69, a group of biology students at The Thomas School helped pass a bill in the Connecticut State Senate prohibiting the destruction of any wetland along the Connecticut shore line. These girls in Rowayton organized the Protect Your Environment Movement to inform and educate the public of the serious biological crisis we are facing. Since then many concerned people have organized themselves into PYE clubs all over the state. They're working on more projects in their local areas to protect and preserve their surroundings.

These clubs are trying to educate and fight against the dangers of air pollution, water pollution, loss of open space and natural resources, thermal pollution, over population, and poisonous wastes in large quantities. Their main form of publicity is a button which expresses their ideals.

Show your concern by wearing a PYE button or Earth Day button. If you are interested please phone Joan Robinson at 242-6821 or write to:

PYE CLUB The Thomas School 40 Highland Avenue Rowayton, Connecticut 06853 for more information.



Bill Crepeau

Naugatuck Chemical Co., Naugatuck, Ct. The large pipe on the right is the MAIN drainage pipe for waste materials. The actual color of the liquid pictured below is dirty yellow. The Naugatuck River becomes fully grayish-yellow 1/2 mile downstream and remains so until it reaches Danbury, Ct., fifteen miles downstream.

# A Review And An Art Manifesto

by Robert Clement

The current exhibit at the Hartford Art School is an anti-art environment appropriately titled "Student Environment." The main emphasis of this show is the application of material junk into an anti-aesthetic environment which attacks the conventional and stale philosophies regarding art as a humanistic endeavor. This exhibit of course find its origin in the Dadaist movement, the first international anti-art movement which swept Europe and America immediately following World War I. I found this exhibit to be the most exciting and artistic exhibit yet hung at HAS. I can foresee ahead of time massive arguments on how I could despise the last exhibit, "Harlem Artists 70's," and then find much credit in this exhibit. For that reason, I shall now give my philosophy of art and present a manifesto for the coming years.

**As there is no guise for the absurdity of being and no possible justification for the survival of humanity, then the most fitting climax before art's grand finality must be its drastic denunciation and divorce from the philosophy of classical humanism.** Man is the only creature that has created and defined his own misery by first presupposing that he is above the natural, the animalistic, and then establishing values and religions whose foundations are based upon the natural assumption that he is an animal, one who left on his own would revert back to jungle behavior. Humanity stinks of schizophrenia. And out of man's centuries of absurdity, one force rose to completely dominate him, religion. Religion is the greatest fascist system ever devised. Not only has it controlled his life, but it has influenced art for so long that it is only now when art has finally broken religion's hold.

Getting off of religion for a moment, I want first to say a few words about the state of modern

**Religion is the greatest fascist system ever devised.**

art. As the new decade is mathematically about to begin, the New York School of Abstract Expressionism is resting in its benign neglect. This school to me is the greatest school of art the world has seen. It divorced itself from the intellectual and spoke only emotionally. No one who has seen the work of Franz Klein can walk away without realizing its presence. It was not smothered in Freudian dreams or religious symbolism; it was simply pure and honest. On the opposite plane of pure abstract art stands the Minimal work. Minimal has currently reached its peak, and is on its way out. This period of art, from the Impressionists to the blank canvas of today, would be referred to by art historians as a period of primitive art. Always following the primitive will be a period of classical art such as the Renaissance to Gothic Art. Since I feel this period of primitivism is over, the new direction of art will be towards classical humanistic religion.

**Classical realism, in this critic's opinion, lacks the depth and dimension which could in any parallel the angst of modern man; classical realism in art is subservient to religious dogma, and both are irrelevant as man marches towards either his finality or his scientific utopia. Which-ever one, oblivion or utopia, man as we know him, the**

suffering fool, will no longer exist. A work of art today must be the manifestation of the agony of living. The day to day encounter with happiness and sorrow, anxiety and contentment. Man is caught in the agony of an emotional void due to his creation of a fascist system. (Freedom and Communism are similar; it is not the government that creates the

**Classical realism in art is subservient to religious dogma.**

restrictions, it is the common man. Within our system of democracy we have created as many restrictions as any other system because that is the way that man wills it. By choosing one church, he has created his own restrictions, relinquished his own freedom. Our day to day process of living is not the accumulation of new freedoms, but the relinquishment of them. Man does not desire freedom; he is afraid of it. What he desires is Fascism, for fascism is security, and any wish for security is the wish for fascism. Freedom is a product of humanism which can no longer exist as a workable enterprise. **Abstract art clearly represented this void, the angst of living.** A return to realism will be a fool-hardy last ditch belief in a "humanistic" humanity, rather than on man as the animal which he is. As man comes steadfastly closer to his finality, there will be

**Artists put pain in a clown's costume and wondered why it wasn't felt.**

a last ditch effort to find god, and from this yearning for an easy way out, the artist will return to a realism of religious overtones.

All of art is immersed in abstractions, those qualities which are distortions of the natural in order to profoundly state one central feeling or philosophy. Most art before the 20th century has been immersed in the abstraction of religion. Realism, as I have previously defined it in relation to art, is the technique of visual representation in which the most important forms are those which are immediately recognizable as solidified elements of our daily awareness. Realism in art is the bastard child of religion. From outright portrayal of religious

allegories to the subtle search for the orderly, religion has established the direction art has taken for centuries.

Most early art before the Renaissance are practical artifacts entertaining specific religious dimensions which have been elevated into the state of fine art years later. They were created not under the art for art sake dictum, but rather were practical decorations or tools subservient to their specific religions. The artifacts in Egyptian tombs were practical utensils for the pharaohs to use in their eternities. Upon all the major religious monuments decorated with art, Egyptian tombs, Borobudur, Hagia Sophia, and Gothic Cathedrals, the works of art, whether painting or sculpture, were always secondary to the major proportions of the architecture, the overwhelming distribution of space and light to

**Today a return to realism would parallel a return to religion, and once again art would be subservient to it.**

create a psychological state of religious awe. **Realism here is secondary to those abstract qualities of religion which dictates its omnipresence, its power, and which proclaims death as the evolution of and continuancy of life with the worldly placed in absolute disregard.** The sculptor pieces are all unified in their rigidness and simplicity. Only the outline of major anatomical features are represented in their portrayal of humans, — the degradation of man in his slave relationship to a god figure. The works show the simplicity and order of any life that is controlled by a philosophy that dictates regulations for every aspect of human life; religion is a fascist state and man will readily accept it.

Realism before the 20th century which divorced itself from outright representations of religious allegorical created order within their canvasses as a glorification of the human state; the creation of beauty within chaos. Outside of a few major exceptions such as Pieter Bruegel (who was more dream orientated), El Greco, and Joseph Turner, the paintings of this period, 1300-1850's, were either ideated portraits, landscapes, or situations. The main emphasis was on the artiness of the finished product, not on its content. They employed

numerous abstractions, such as status (emphasis on nobility and mythological situations) or on the geometric distribution of the design to create a balanced composition. Delacroix's "The Massacre of Chicos" has a composition of two triangular masses of bodies one on each side of the picture plane. The agony of the massacre, the human aspect of suffering and pain, and the absurdity of war is subservient to the balanced canvass. **The artist sought to create order within pain, not to show pain as it was.** The suffering of the dying figures couldn't surface out of the phonicness of a

**Art must awaken to this fact: the scientific and biological revolution will create that utopia where suffering doesn't exist and where art also will not exist.**

double triangular composition. Also the exacting details, one of the hardest problems to avoid when dealing with realism, created a frozen static quality which prohibited motion; the horse on the right side could have just as well been doing a trick balancing act as he could have been rearing up at the sight of the bloodied corpses. Theodore Gericault's "The Raft of the 'Medusa'" again created order by juxtaposing three minor triangles within one large one encompassing the total composition. One of the minor triangles on the raft, (created down from the highest figure waving a cloth to the far right hand edge of the raft on one point, and down to the figure at the immediate head of the drowned man lying outstretched on the other) is built around seven bodies all reaching in the same direction, towards land. This emphasis on order creates a contradiction between the subject matter and the technique used to portray it. Throughout this period, reality was defined through order, **the order first created by religion when it placed earth in the center of the universe,** and the further out one went, the more divine the heavens became. Whether or not the work was directly religious

**We must glorify war, killings, and all the tragedies of life without the religious dictates of order. Chaos must be art's ultimate purpose.**

orientated, the emphasis of religion and on its creation of the orderly process of life and death, gave to the artist the belief in an orderly universe upon which he channeled into his art. Man is always searching for order; an ideated dream to assuage his existence and suffering. For ages it was the artist who upheld this philosophy by creating within his

art that order. Copley's "Watson and the Shark" employs this triangular composition, as did West's "The Death of General Wolfe," Delacroix's "Greece Expiring on the Ruins of Missolonghia," Hogarth's "The Orgy," and Poussin's "The Rape of the Sabine Woman." The names of these paintings all but describe their brutal subject matter, but the quest for order distorted their presentation. They sought to glorify pain in such distortion that they destroyed that which they sought to portray — suffering. Artists put pain in a clown's costume and wondered why it wasn't felt.

When the work wasn't orderly in basic geometric composition, then it was orderly in the situation presented. Pastoral scenes were very frequent in this period: Lorraine's "A Pastoral," Poussin's "Landscape with the Burial of Phocion," Gainsborough's "Robert Andrews and His Wife," David's "View of the Luxembourg Gardens," and of course the American Hudson River School of painting. If not landscapes, there were beautiful nudes to grace your eyes with pleasure. Ingres' "Odalisque" lies serenely in her blue room. And there is always the works of Poussin and Delacroix. Again realism has always been tied to order, to that abstraction. Whether it was an obvious abstraction indebted to religion, such as Gothic and

**We must force the abolition of religion; we have to make man suffer.**

Renaissance works, or the more subtle compositional balances in the Baroque Period, religion has been the main influence upon realistic art. Today a return to realism would parallel a return to religion, and once again art would become subservient to it.

Before I go into modern art, I would like to once again state my belief in the origin of religion. From the first human to the 19th century, man's environment was the natural world, and it was 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 a 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 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 into a state of bloodiness, of rose and blood as intermingled qualities of the

(continued on page 13)

# POETRY

... "I shall raise the despised head of poetry again, and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kissed of all the great and master-spirits of our world."

From my house in the Blackfriars,  
this 11th day of February, 1607.

Ben Jonson  
Volpone, Or The Fox

Why do I keep coming back to you?  
Is it your beauty, your mystery?  
Or do I just keep coming back to myself  
As if I'd never left.

When lovers go into the country  
Don't they just use the leaves  
To get into themselves -  
They don't see the leaf -  
They see the hand near it,  
The hair splayed on the grass.

But we are not lovers,  
No. We are eyes in the dark  
That never close, never open  
Wide enough to drown  
The movements of the hand --  
Our loss is greater than the earth's.

Adrienne Harris

III

blue gorilla eyes  
with heavy browed  
forehead.  
but with the finest  
nose and shell-like  
ears  
came  
crossing my path,  
at dusk,  
i think it was.

Time it was...  
I had my whole life,  
stretching out ahead,  
and big dreams,  
of a husband and children -  
and love.

Time it was...

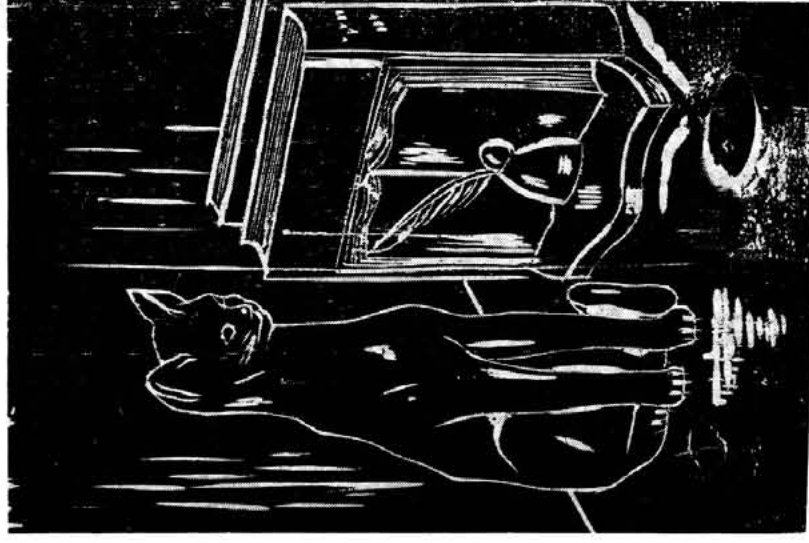
Sixteen

We will walk right through  
staring crowds.

We will turn deaf ears to  
ignorant insults.

We will go where we're going  
together - as friends.

We will go right on walking  
and perhaps they will follow.



Woodcut

M. Fowler, Cat With Books 3'70

## SOLILOQUY OF AN IDIOT

by Bruce Nichols Borthwick

Splitting atoms, vivisectioning stars,  
The pundit Philalethes grasp a soul  
With horny hands, and scalpel out  
What they had hoped to find.

The Gadfly laughs; the pregnant nothing  
Lies unseen in their retorts;  
Cro-Magnon brows are knit near cyclotrons.  
So, Galileo hung his heart in space  
Until more learned set it back in place  
To scoriolate and calcine like the rest.

Peer Gynt in a larger Hall,  
I flee the trolls in livery  
Who'd pin a tail on me!  
How can you smile with transcendental grace/  
When Beasts hold searing brands against your face?  
Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?

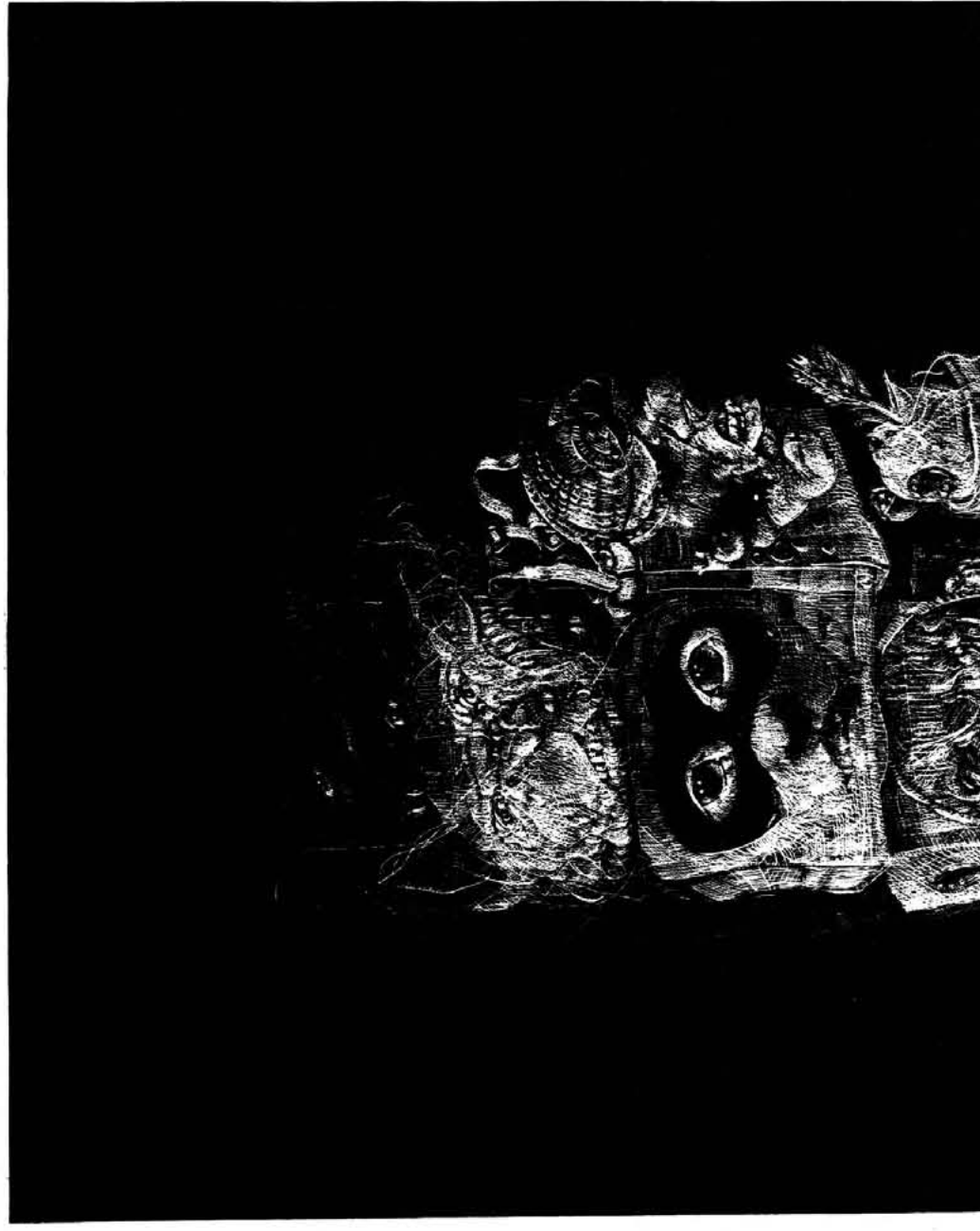
Behold the toads about your feet,  
Croaking their approval.  
Scribes and Pharisees, the plague of Egypt,  
Leaving warts upon the heart.

The scholar leaves his rigorous cell,  
His Forty Days now ended,  
With glowing mien comes back to the world,  
Seeks there to spread the Pentecostal flame,  
But Verres says, "You're much too fine for us,"  
Snd flings some courtly dung into his face.

Whose awesome temple casts its shadow here?  
Is it of Dagon, Bel or Ashtaroth?  
See how the celebrants lie trembling  
Like an antelope entrapped.  
Hypnotic drone of incantations  
Softly steal the mind away;  
The savage, charmed, survives another day.

The men of iron and earth  
Stole rainbows, pink-edged clouds, stars, moons  
And yellow skies;  
Forged a Babel, but it fell  
Because they had no temper.

How do I take that drunkenness  
From Adam, hoping from a brew of  
Sweat and stubborn soil to quaff the  
Sweet and bitter cup, no more to feel the  
Pain of what might be.  
How fearful is the solitude of sobriety,  
The hair shirt of the mind!  
I wish that I might flee  
Seducing toys of head and hand;  
Like Joseph, leave a motley coat behind.





as if measuring off the length  
between two walls.

Eyes, straight ahead,  
never looking to either side,  
and he appeared to be listening with  
his ears to his own heart.

Waiting for its next beat  
as though it would not  
come.

i shall always wonder,  
though i saw him — just that once,  
did he realize the air all around him  
was also in his lungs,

and in his heart, making it beat,  
keeping him alive?

when he had passed

<sup>i</sup>  
touched the air where he had been,  
and it was light, and moving.

but it could not hold him.  
and neither could my arms  
nor neither  
yours.

Liza meyer

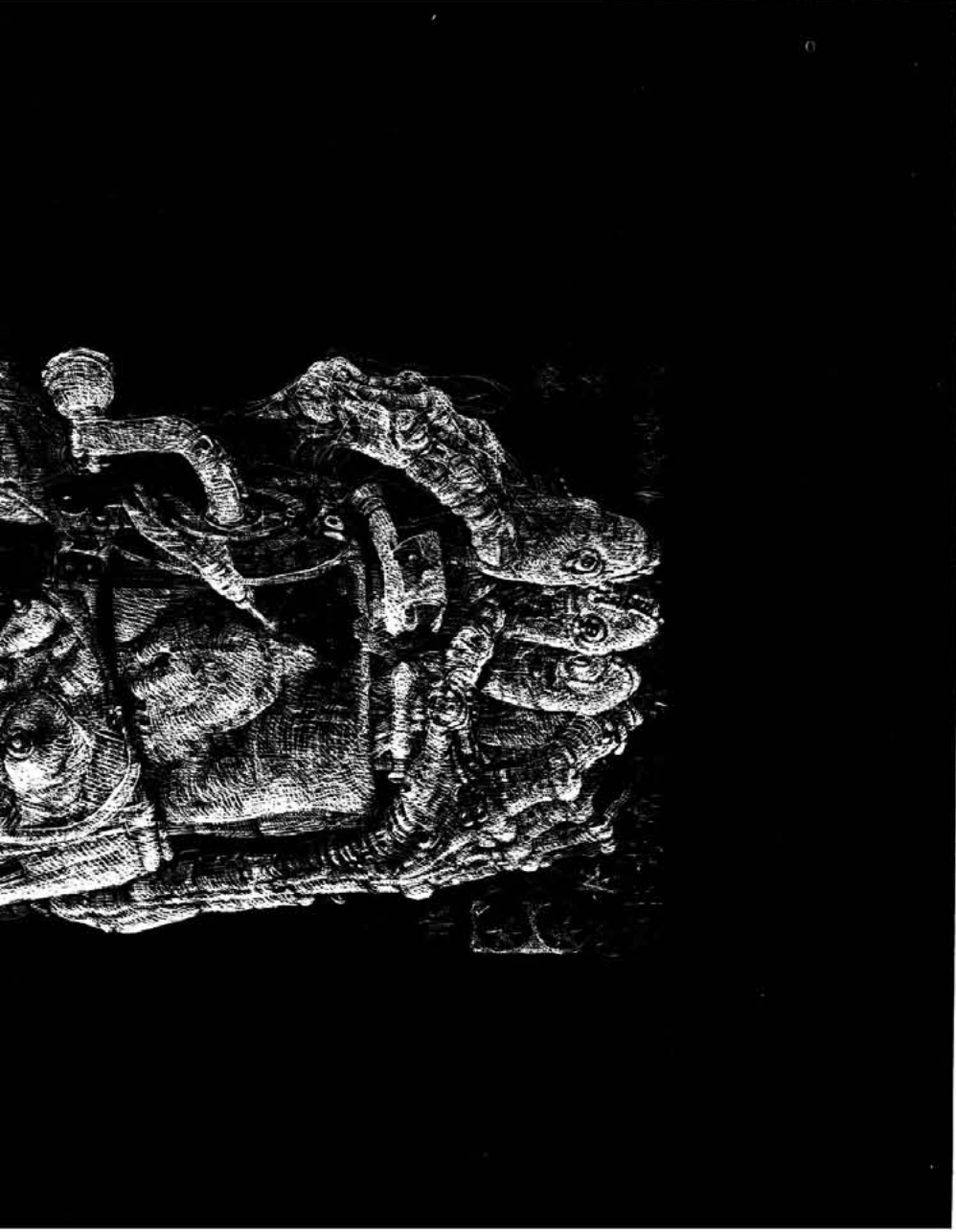
#### POEMS BY MELANIE LITCHFIELD

Fourteen

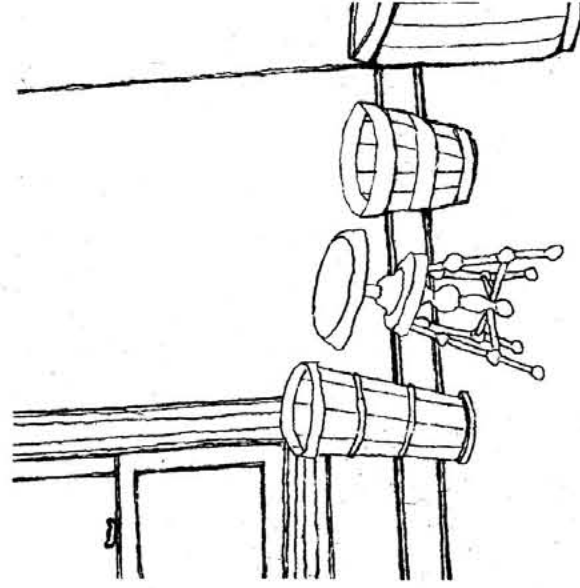
Let me quiet your fears  
while you silence mine.  
When the world presses harder  
and harder against us,  
we will hold hands tightly,  
and we will be unconquerable.

Fifteen

Time it was...  
I had pretty clothes,  
a dozen boy friends,  
and parties,  
in a big, friendly house —  
my home.



Zinkievich



Drawing by Phil Statlander

#### FREEZE

The Literary Magazine is soon to be  
available, yet it seems that it won't be  
available, because? Because.

You would say that the MAG. is a ...  
Wouldn't you? Anyhow, no matter what you  
think about it, it sure doesn't matter.

The Literary Magazine is coming out all  
over (spring is busting out all over), the  
school.

Our fine tradition of allowing creativity to  
flourish in and around the concrete minds of  
the campus center will end.

Yours in ambivalence,  
James Morini

Young artist, Stephen, do you laugh  
At Fortune's joke; to be distended  
On the Wheel between the high and low,  
Through depth of questioning, sentient pain  
The height of life to know?

Pluck as you will upon the harp of art  
To find the one True Note,  
And rise, a new Elijah,  
Your stronger hearts brings  
Play the still, sad music of humanity.

Sometimes, the Christian life, I feel,  
Is like a disembodied soul  
Transfixed upon a cross of doubt;  
A life of turning cheeks.  
Do Single Eyes cut out the  
Gray light of human feeling?  
Should I break my omnipotent ring of fire?

All the world is but a stage  
And I'm a paltry player.

I gaze, hesitantly envious,  
Upon the virtuoso, dancing on the  
Fine wires of convention,  
Wondering, "Will he fall?"  
The mystery of the perverted symbol  
Is the clasping of yellowed paper hands  
And the reciprocity of reluctant mirrors,  
Reflecting in each other an  
Infinite regression of absence.

Miasma between deep, basilisk eyes  
Projects holy wars

Between cranes and pygmies.

Are those who lie in one's bosom

Only smiling legos?

The self is smooth, warm marble  
To lamb-eyes;

But I have cut it open like an onion,

Tearing face after face of cold metal away —

Do I lack the seed of faith

Or were my ears deaf to Jocasta's plea?

The knowing ones have told me

Of Astarte's grace,

Called me initiate to the Mystery.

With anxious thrill I cross the

Adumbrated brazen doors,

But see their beards upon the idol's face.

"Panes et circenses!"; no small, still voice

Shouts in the ear of reason;

Can he really know celestial harmonies?

But if one were to make the break

And travel to the unknown country, Truth,

Could heavenly manna ease the

Hunger of Loneliness?

**CRIME STARTS**  
textbook presents  
**HIPPIE HAND**  
**BOOK!** starring Irving Bernstein

AS GEORGE SAID TO ME ONCE, GO FLY A KITE!

NOT REPRINTED BY POPULAR DEMAND.

are you **RAIN** and **JOY!**

Just another plain-Boy? feel unassuming

then... proclaim your individuality  
**GROW YOUR HAIR**

sprong! sprong! sprong! sprong!

**ALSO!!!** DRESS A LITTLE different...

Bernie's BOUTIQUE

**ZAP** YOU'RE AN INSTANT SORE THUMB

Look at by millions

People do notice!

**But** NOW THE KIDS DON'T NOTICE YOU.

yawn.

Here's WHAT TO DO... **Step 1** GET stoned!

Here smoke this.

**Waste GOOD?** Breathe deeply now.

**STONED!**

THIS WILL MAKE YOU SOCIALLY EXCEPTABLE. NOW YOU WILL GAIN FRIENDS!

**Step 2** THINK UP A VARIETY OF SILLY MOVEMENTS AND ACT generally freaky ALL OF THE TIME. (THIS IS VERY IMPRESSIVE.)

YOU'RE FREAKY.  
OH WOW, SO'RE YOU YOU'RE REALLY WOW, STRANGE

DO THESE ACTIONS WHENEVER YOU FEEL THE URGE, MOSTLY IN PUBLIC. THIS WAY MORE ATTENTION IS PAID TO YOU.

HOW WHAT A PSYCHEDELIC TRAIN. WHAT FREAKY DOORS. WAY-OUT WAY-OUT. OUTA SIGHT, FREAKY DANTASTIC COLOE.

**STEP 3** BECOME A ROCK-MUSIC FREAK!

Here listen to this.

**NOW!** LISTEN TO IT AND LEARN TO NOD YOUR HEAD IN TIME TO IT.

Groovy.

**NEXT** Follow step 3 everytime you hear any kind of MUSIC.

WHAT A FANTASTIC BEAT. The Philharmonic doing DANCE of the Bumble bee.

**STEP 4** LEARN TO PLAY DRUMS ON ANYTHING - TABLE TOPS, CHAIRS, BUILDINGS, AND EVEN YOUR BEST FRIEND.

Best two FINGERS I ever BOUGHT.

**STEP 4** BECOME CREATIVE, TAKE YOUR ROOM AND FILL IT WITH COLORED LIGHTS, AND SLOP PAINT ON THE WALLS.

ACID

**STEP 5** COMBINE STEPS 1-4 INTO A WAYOUT WORLD

YOUWZA.

NOW you're a genuine Hippie

**JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE.**

**NEXT WEEN** GAZOOKA PETE BIRTS AND recieves A SUBEDNA.

I wouldn't be caught anywhere with out my PLASTIC BAG.

X-HULABALOO

A DAVID THORO WENZEL prod. 1970-

# It's A Wild Time - I See People All Around Me Changing Faces It's A Wild Time - I Am Doing Things That Haven't Got A Name Yet

-Paul Kantner

Forty-five Hog Farmers in three buses came to Hartford Thursday to promote and explain Earth Peoples' Park through a festival of life in the gym. At least three thousand students and members of the Hartford community participated in the party. The idea is that if all the people who participated either directly or indirectly in Woodstock contribute a dollar then we can buy back the whole earth and turn it over to ourselves. The one thing we learned at Woodstock was that it wasn't the music or the drugs -- although there was plenty of both -- that brought us together; it was ourselves that brought us together. We have to get ourselves together every so often just to prove to ourselves that we are real.

You can get the idea that it won't work at all, until you realize what we did. Sunday, March 8, the hog farmers did a show in New Haven and said that they'd be willing to come to Hartford on the way to Boston. So Monday, the Student Association Executive Board agreed to sponsor the costs of the show -- approx. \$400. - and we got



the room reservation filled out and approved by Dr. Lomaglio. This is usually a month's worth of paper work all by itself. Having a place to hold the festival in started to give us a context. Tuesday the hog farmers were busted in New Haven, but a couple hundred people followed them to court -- chanting hare krishna they even turned on the matrons in the jail and the charges were dropped. Meanwhile, in Hartford, people were lining up bands and equipment and food -- brown rice, fruit, bean pies -- all good organic food. Tuesday we also started to get some publicity out on WDRG radio. The festival was open and free, and now people started to know about it. This started to get some people in North House and in the Northern wing of Student Services up tight -- but everything was going to be cool -- that's all we kept saying. Everything will be cool. There were hectic meetings with security people, who all agreed that it might be cool but that we would need a lot of cooperation.

Wednesday there were more hectic meetings with security and Mr.



Sanderson, more people in administrative offices to be calmed, but things started taking shape. The Quiet Ones were coming, we were getting ten dozen kazoos and slide whistles and noseflutes. We got permission to use the cafeteria kitchen and the food arrived. Mr. Broughton also agreed to give us twenty gallons of kool aid, so long as we paid for the cups. And the Hog Farmers did a show at the Conn. Valley Mental Hospital, where this girl who hadn't spoken in seven years started speaking. "You've got to treat people as people rather than as patients," one hog farmer explained.

Thursday morning saw the arrival of the Hog Farmers down on High Street. After four hours sleep in the warehouse, we started getting supplies, people and energy together. Our toys and noise-makers were picked up, candy and marshmallows were bought -- marshmallows are a nice thing outdoors, but inside they are a real drag. Sometime that afternoon WDRG gave us a radio station, and the hog farmers rapped about peace and the earth and saving ourselves . . . by five p.m. everything started showing up at the gym. We put down the floor covering, started setting up the light show stage, the bands and getting it together.

PEOPLE...PEOPLE...PEOPLE from everywhere began to arrive. Students, alumni, hog farmers, members of the community. All night long Dean Sweeney complained about the number of strange faces he was seeing, but that was all a part of it. This urban university opened itself, exposed itself, and everyone who came and participated shared in the opening. We declared the gym to be part of our earth for some hours in time -- completely open and exposed and asked that those who came do what they wanted to do. How do you explain to the Dean that those who are involved have a stake in what happens and when you have nothing being hidden you have nothing to lose except each other and the chance to do it -- something which none of us wanted to give up so none of us would do anything to jeopardize it. As long as it belongs as much to the guy with the blue paint dancing by us, dean, as it does to you or me then he's going to take care of it too.

And it was all a night for dancing and music and lights. In the blur of twelve bands in six hours time, the Quiet Ones stand out as something worthy of much greater listening to -- they passed the acid test. Then the Hog Farmers showed THE MOVIE. A perpetual motion venture, the movie ends with cries of now we are going to make a movie; and we are in the movie. After the movie, we picked up after ourselves. It is our earth and we have to take care of it. We freed the gym, a block of building 132' by 110', for a gathering of the Woodstock nation -- some three thousand of us, and we put it back together so that a gym class could be held at 8:00 a.m. Those of us who put it back together played basketball at seven.

### IN CONCLUSION

We really ought to thank W. W. Sanderson, the hog farm, mike lyster, john cronin, bob halpern, frank zimmy, blues and sam Mc-carver, all the people's names i didn't get and all the people who came and participated. One hog farmer was asked if he knew what he was doing and replied "I don't know, but I think I am getting the idea." The Hog Farm came, and it was cool. The irony is that it took the hog farm's coming to show that we don't need them. We put the gym back together, and we can do it anytime we want to all by ourselves, but they had to show us that. Next time though, i'd like a week's warning.  
love.....gentle ben

### EARTH PEOPLES' PARK

is not a music festival  
is work and love and generosity and devotion and play  
is doing it whoever you think you are  
is not being negative  
has no time schedule  
is immediate and spontaneous  
is not possessive nor possessed  
is great humility  
is as serious as the universe and the life it sustains  
will last as long as your hair  
has inherent balance  
has no glamour  
breathes deeply  
will allow life to live on knowing it is only our thoughts of knowing  
killing us instantly  
is beckoned by surrender  
has the giggle of give up  
is not afraid of freedom  
identifies with the infinite  
is an earthly garden  
knows life is holy  
is a first step in a universal action out in the open  
beckoning us back to our mother earth  
our roots our bodies the flowers  
the sun fun food all that we are  
is even in our lifetime

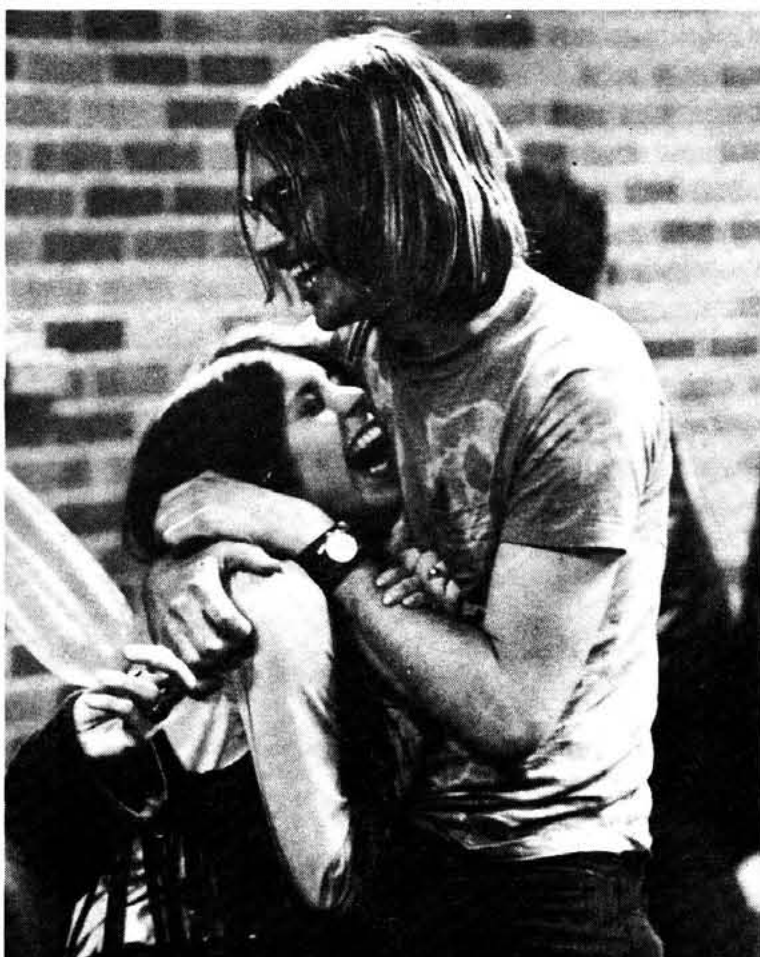
backtracking we seek the peaks no longer  
we will learn to live in the contours  
backtracking we will learn to walk gracefully  
as the way is so is the goal  
backtracking all land bordering wilderness is hereby declared sacred  
to the universe and to all life

earth peoples' park is a changing prototype of an alternative to the self destructive quality of materialistic culture a format for consciousness we all must soon share and for an easy phaseout it is neither a drain nor a builder of the materialistic system but sustaining life within a basic beautiful and refined system wherein the quality of life is enhanced by efficient use of technology and resources and the realization of man's oneness with the universe is sought and found and brought home to the one big family

so we will walk and work knowing the earth knows  
of course she knows--everything knows--have you noticed?

all is reflecting let's clean our mirrors for  
fascination is just for the moment but true love is eternal

think and be ready when the land is and be yourself but not for only yourself and let us use every tool necessary to heal the earth world round  
is walking in the forest unarmed



# News Briefs

## Beth El Awards Scholarship

Hartford Art School student Ralph Caparulo (left) recently named winner of the Beth El Sisterhood scholarship, shows his latest constructivist sculptures to Mrs. Charles Polivy (right), co-chairman of the Sisterhood's Art Committee, and to Dean Bernard Hanson of the Hartford Art School, University of Hartford.



Dean Hanson talks to winner of scholarship.



## Feeling Lonely?

JUST SITTING THERE...DOING NOTHING...BUT...WAITING...  
WAITING FOR SOMEONE...SOMETHING TO HAPPEN...  
TALKING TO YOURSELF...INSTEAD...INSTEAD OF TALKING TO ME?

I'll Listen to YOU ... ANYTIME!!!

Rooms 307F & G, Gengras Campus Center. Ask for Bea Pressley, or Tony Santonicola...professional listeners, mind guides and sensitivity group leaders. We may be of some help to you in individual guidance, psychological testing and counseling, or other personal matters of IMPORTANCE TO YOU. Bea has her doctorate in counseling and human relations from UMass and Tony, a former dean of the art school, will be receiving his doctorate in counseling psychology from Harvard this June. Both Bea and Tony are interested in your personal growth and development...are you? Drop in under the sign of CARE and be treated as a person, not a number...

A voice recital will be given by Kathryn Stokes on March 31, 1970 in Millard Auditorium at 8:30. This is her Senior Graduating Recital. All those interested in attending are cordially invited.

## \$330,000

A \$330,000 gift by the Charles A. Dana Foundation is to be expended in the form of science and engineering scholarships over the next ten years.

The \$330,000 gift is the second large contribution made by the Dana Foundation, of Greenwich, Conn. In 1965, the Dana Foundation presented a \$400,000 challenge grant for the construction of the U of H Science and Engineering Center, a \$3.8-million project. The multi-science center, which was dedicated on May 1, 1968, is named Charles A. Dana Hall, in honor of the principal donor.

Dana, a noted philanthropist, was educated as an attorney. His interests have included the Dana Corporation, a Toledo, Ohio maker of automobile transmission parts. The Dana Foundation, which he established, has made extensive contributions to many hospitals and institutions of higher learning.

"Effective, April 12, 1970, coinciding with the issuing of the new Hartford Directory, the Southern New England Telephone Company will change the existing University main number 236-5411 to 523-4811."

Dear Gini,  
Question of the Week:  
Is The Source also known as the "Jew H News"? Nu Left? Nu England Laundry Company?  
Shalom,  
UHa's Atheist L.I. Jew P.S. Jim Diamond belongs to the Rockville Centre Hadassah.

## Komisar's coffee hour postponed.

Due to immediate problems concerning university regulations, Dean Komisar has announced that he will not be able to hold coffee hours for the students for the next two weeks. At the present time he has not mentioned whether there will be a substitute for him, and if there is, who it will be. As it stands, we would have to conclude that there will be no coffee hours at all.

## Singles Club Forms

The New England Singles Club of Hartford is forming a new group for 18-20 year-olds. Their main purpose was to create a social life. The functions that make up their social life are as follows: dances, travel opportunities (domestic and foreign) at club discounts. There will also be recreational outings, and club members will have a chance to buy T.V.'s, stereos, cars, etc. for good discounts. Annual fee for members is \$15.00. If interested write to New England Singles Club Box A D Station A Hartford, Conn. 06106

WANTED together co-ed for light housework, once a week (like thursday). 4 room pad, St. Francis area. Pay: \$10-15, depending on ability, right-wing, little girls need not apply. 278-5936.

## Academic Commission To Organize Students

Did you know that the Arts and Sciences faculty is considering working with students on a faculty evaluation program? Did you know that there are two students on the Academic Standing Committee in A&S, the committee that hears appeals on probation and suspension? Did you know that there are three students on both the Admissions Policy and Student Aid Committee of the University? Did you know that with few exceptions, besides the above mentioned instances, THERE IS NO STUDENT INVOLVEMENT IN ACADEMIC AFFAIRS??!!

This situation has to change. If you don't like the way things are run, and if you want to do something about it, come to an open meeting of the Academic Commission tomorrow morning (Thursday, March 19) at 9:30 in Gengras Room F. Students from ALL schools are urged to attend. Remember, this is your school, IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!!

## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

### WEDNESDAY, March 18

Music: Institute of Contemporary American Music. "A Festival of Tape Music and Mixed Media." Program includes "Two Double Basses at Twenty Paces" and "Music Circus." Millard Auditorium, 8:30 p.m. FREE.  
- "A Festival of Tape Music and Mixed Media." "Hartford Memory Space." Joseloff Gallery, Art School, 4 p.m. FREE  
Dance: Community Folk Dancers, American School for the Deaf, West Hartford, 8 p.m.  
Theatre: "Misalliance" by George Bernard Shaw. Hartford Stage Company, 8 p.m. Information: 525-4258.  
Speaker: Ralph Nader "Environmental Hazards: Man-made and Man-remedied." Gym, 8:30 p.m. FREE.

### THURSDAY, MARCH 19

Music: "A Festival of Tape Music and Mixed Media." Lecture on the electronic synthesizer, 4 p.m. Joseloff Gallery.  
- Concert with electronic synthesizer, Hartt Symphonic Wind Ensemble, and modern dance program, Millard Audit, 8:30 p.m. FREE.  
Theatre: Mark Twain Masquers "Catch Me If You Can." Avery Theater, Wadsworth Atheneum, 8:30 p.m. Information: 247-9695.  
- "Misalliance." (see March 18).  
Speaker: Mrs. Carolyn Horton, "Books and the Floods of Florence." Trinity College Watkins Library, 8 p.m.  
Meeting: Open Meeting of the Academic Commission, Room F 9:30 a.m.

### FRIDAY, March 20

Music: "A Festival of Tape Music and Mixed Media." Films by Abbott Meader. Joseloff Gallery, 2 p.m. Films and Music, including "Meatwaves," "Psalm and Alleluia," and "An Avalanche." Millard Auditorium, 8:30 p.m. FREE.  
Films, Theatre: Film Series "8 1/2" by Fellini, Trinity College Kriebie Auditorium, 8 p.m.  
- Film Classic "The White Sheik." Auerbach Auditorium, 7 & 9 p.m. FREE.  
- "Catch Me If You Can" (see March 19).  
- "Misalliance" (see March 18).  
- "Mame" sponsored by Myth Farmington Co. Irving Robbins Jr. High, Farmington, 8 p.m.  
Sports: CAMPING SHOW. See Smokey the Bear! Fishing, Travel, and Trailing movies! New Haven Arena, 6-10 p.m., 90 cents.

### WEDNESDAY, March 25

Music: John Mayall and The Moody Blues, Bushnell, 8 p.m. Tickets \$4.50 - \$7.50.

### TUESDAY, March 31

Music: Student Recital, Gerald Mordis, violin, Berkman Recital Room, 8 p.m.  
- Senior recital, Kathryn Stokes, soprano, 8:30 p.m.

### WEDNESDAY, April 1

Sports: ROLLER DERBY!! Bombers vs. Pioneers. Eastern States Coliseum, West Springfield, 8 p.m. \$2.50 - \$4.  
Exhibits  
Art Exhibition and Sale sponsored by Beth-El Temple Sisterhood, 2626 Albany Ave., West Hartford, \$1.

Painting Job Available at \$2.25/hour all this week and subsequent Fridays. Pick your own hours. Call No. 325 for further information.

## Bridge Tournaments

The Recreation Committee will sponsor a Bridge Tournament on April 7. Mrs. Vail of the Hartford Bridge Club has graciously consented to direct the tournament and lend us all the necessary equipment.

The tournament will begin at 7:30 p.m. on April 7 in rooms F and H. Students interested in participating are requested to sign up at the desk in the Recreation Area in G.C.C. by April 5.

We have also been invited to enter a Bridge Tournament at the University of Rochester. The winners of our local Tournament will be able to enter this Tournament in New York.

## Book Sale

The Hartford Smith College Club announces its 8th annual Book Sale. The Sale will be held at the West Hartford Armory on Friday, April 10th from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. and on Saturday, April 11th from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Among the thousands of books to be sold, there will be volumes of poetry, prose, encyclopedias, cook books, mysteries, children's books, paperbacks of all kinds, recent best sellers, music books, old records, and old sheet music.

Proceeds from the Book Sale will go to the Smith Scholarship Fund which offers financial aid to local girls attending Smith College.

No admission is charged and this year, for the first time, coffee and donuts will be sold.

## Hartford Concert

The Hartford NAACP is sponsoring "An Evening with the Real McCoy" on Saturday, March 28th at 8 p.m. The Concert will be held at Hartford High Auditorium, 55 Forest St., Hartford. The Quartet features McCoy Tyner on piano, Freddie Waits on Drums, Herbie Lewis on bass and Gary Bartz, tenor sax. John Coltrane says of Tyner, "McCoy has an exceptionally well developed sense of form, both as a soloist and an accompanist. He is always looking for the most personal way of expressing himself."

All proceeds will go to further the work of the NAACP. Tickets are \$5.50, student tickets \$3.50. They may be purchased at the door or call 527-7856.

Art Manifesto, from page 7

whole human state. In the same manner, water became fertility, salt became semen, etc., which produced a mystical unification of man and his physical world. Thus language was a means through which emotionally man became part of his environment, and his environment became human. It was a transcendence 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 its 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. The most ghastly abstraction created by man was the belief in order, order of the universe. If there is order, can man ever comprehend it? Heisenberg's Principle of Indeterminacy in physics pretty clearly proves our vision of comprehension is limited. Bohr's Principle of Complementarity states that the electron must be regarded but as a wave and as a particle. Godel has shown that math contains insoluble problems and thus can never be formalized in any complete system. These paradoxes all but show that man can never visualize or formalize in any fashion that order which he desires. Man's world is not orderly, and can never be. It was out of this fact that led man to create religion; religion is the emotional justification for the unknown. Primitive man appeased his fears of nature, of the unknown, 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 translation into comprehensible variables. Thus religion was created to justify the unknown, to establish an order which was not there.

Modern art, from the Impressionists on, have in many ways helped to sever the grasp religion has on art. Yet their abstraction could never completely break away. Art is a dialectic process, one movement affecting and giving birth to another. With the hold religion has held, it seems almost impossible to completely break away. In order to, the artist must reverse the philosophy of religion, he must glorify suffering as an end in itself. It is time when man stopped yearning for scapegoats and fantasies, and recognized his pains for what they are — the major quality which makes us human. We are over emotional animals doomed

on earth to be dominated, ruled over, hurt, and then just die. Art has always created that imaginary order which does not exist. To be art one had to create lies of the human condition; the artist had to create pretty pictures out of the most horrifying situations. Man no longer lives in pastoral surroundings and god no longer blesses his sheep. Art must awaken to this fact: the scientific and biological revolution will create that utopia where suffering does not exist and where art also will not exist. Art has always been the product of suffering. Religion's emphasis has been on man's escape from suffering, and religion's influence on art has also been the avoidance of representing pure suffering. Christ's suffering was glorified, but his elevation into a man/god figure destroyed the possibility of the lesser man being elevated for his misery. Once science destroys physiological and psychological pain, the human animal as we know him will not exist. Man will simply go calmly on his way with the need for only entertainment, not art. Art goes hand in hand with suffering; the works of Franz Klein shows more torment than any other picture. They were his free expression of living, of suffering. They were not deadened by symbolism or compositional balances. They were as ugly as man is. Read the poetry of Sylvia Plath, Dylan Thomas, and William Carlos Williams. Read any classic, and the suffering will be there. Literature has never, as completely as art, destroyed suffering of its full impact. To be humanistic today, artists must glorify the absurdity of being, the pain and suffering that is so human. We must force man to realize that his utopia is the destruction of humanity. We must glorify war, killings, and all the tragedies of life without the religious dictates of order. Chaos must be art's ultimate purpose. If there must be a return to realism, it must be void of good composition, minute details; its end purpose must be to glorify pain and not to produce works of art. The last period of art must be the most human, it must be of chaos. This was the philosophy of Dadaism, and this is why I welcome "Student Environment" as the best exhibit of the year. Art in the utopian society will be solely the creation of blissful environments; there will be no emotions, no pain. Art must glorify suffering; it must carry on the humanism of Franz Klein, not Andy Wythe. Art must today force humanity to realize that there is no happiness without pain, no bliss without anxiety. We must cherish chaos and suffering; we must make humanity bleed. We must force the abolition of religion; we have to make man suffer.



Festival, from page 5

Six Rick groups jungle jumpin' in the bowels of UH gym! Hog Farmers mellow us all Earth. Passing the seeds of joy. Together our love a blanket to warm the night's joy. Dance, dance, dance. To keep the seed of joyous change alive inside of us we must come together and celebrate. To live in tune with nature we dance and celebrate in tune with each other. This again the Indians, the Chinese, the Hindus, all the primitives knew. So let it be with us. Dance, dance, dance.

UH gym filled and completely well by early evening. Rock and soul music to warm our insides: Fat Dog, Fat Dog, The Soul Choppers, the Hog Farm Five, Quiet Ones all there on that swirling evening. This flow is the music. Release all these feelings, see, that's got to be released. All those primitives were hip to it.

Two thousand faces by 10 p.m. all shining, all sparkling in this warmth of us. This joy whirling all around, the sweet smells of smoke grace the air and shazzam: we have a nest.

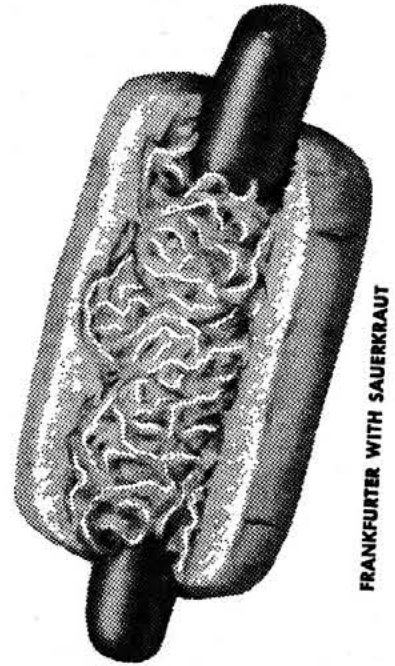
Love nests and circles of touch and feel. People's arms around

each other the way it needs to be. (let it bleed, let it bleed). Breathe and touch this honey cave we can make with our bodies. Please. Do come inside.

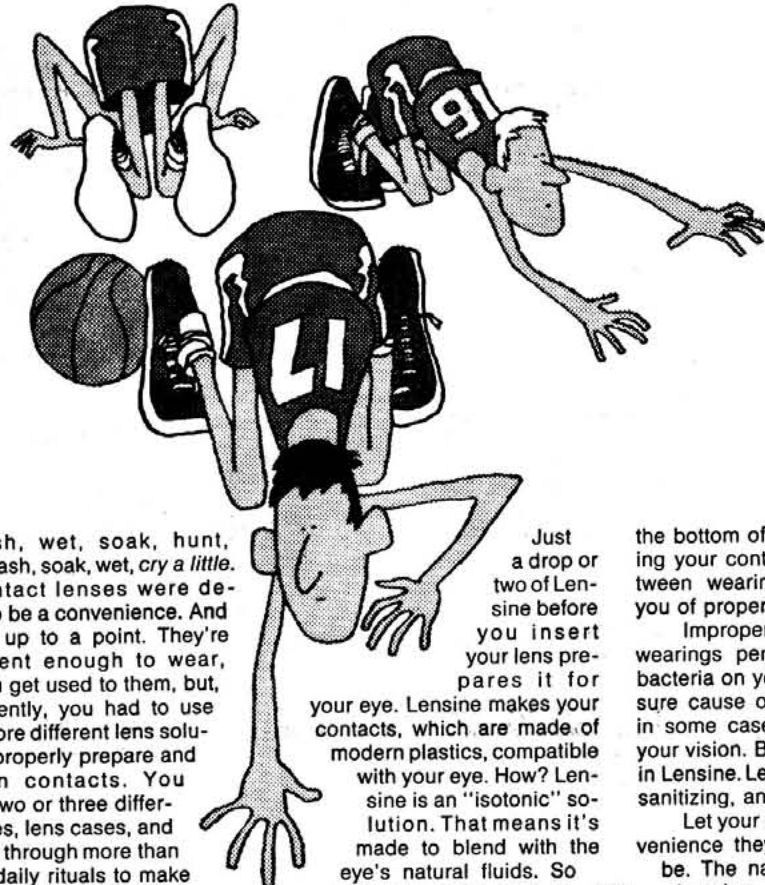
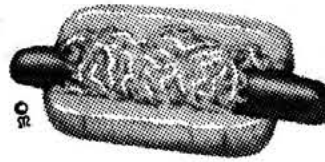
Splash of laughter woosh on in woosh on by. Laughter to join laughter to breathe. Laughter blown in this keen touch of young life.

And then the food came rolling in. Brown rice mellow before midnight, warm at dawn. Natural warming flavors of earth juice. Brown rice so nice. Fulness of life in a taste so mellow. Brown rice.

These were some of the tastes, feelings, vibes and rhythms of the Festival. You had to be there. There will be more to come; the Hog Farmers will be back. They lift us with something very real: release into joy, love energy with a direction to return to this Earth.



FRANKFURTER WITH SAUERKRAUT



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?

# Letters

(Continued from Page 2)

strength, I felt a strange desire I had never before experienced, I couldn't pin it down until I saw another glass of Kool-Aid on the table. Fear shot through my body and I knew exactly what that glass contained. Then a strange thing happened.

I wanted more than ever to run but something wouldn't let me. I needed that glass of "strength"; I knew I couldn't live without it. I lay there sweating for close to 1/2 hour before I could no longer fight it. I gulped down the tainted drink and almost instantly my strength returned. As euphoria closed around me for the second time in my life I knew I was hooked on marijuana -- the killer drug!

I cannot remember what happened for several weeks after that but I do know I somehow managed to get home. I degenerated quickly -- quitting my job, shunning my friends, and only venturing outside to steal money and buy drugs. All the signs of mental illness had begun to show. After a few weeks it made no difference what drug I used to revive myself daily. I used hashish, heroin, and amphetamines without discrimination. One day I tried LSD and found out it had an advantage because I only needed it once every three days. I probably wouldn't have stopped my deadly habit until I reached an early grave if I hadn't been arrested. The police were very understanding and they sent me to a sanitarium. Although the doctors found my physical condition to be poor and strong evidence of brain damage -- after several pain-wracked months I was cured of my vice.

Because of this terrible experience I had to change my name and move away from Hartford. I now live in a big city where my police record and terrible emotional scars can remain hidden. I have finally started to build a new life for myself, but my shameful past is within me forever. I have

written it down now only in hopes that it will serve as a warning for someone as gullible as I was. D.S.K.

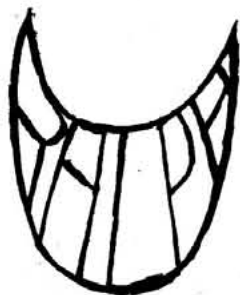
## Worship In The Theatre of Your Choice

Dear Jack,

One of the most meaningful ways that any student could celebrate a radical Easter would be to see the movie "Z".

Thinking of you,

Bob Potter



Rowan's Defense

Dear Mr. Hardy:

Prior to this semester, I worked for the University of Hartford for approximately two and one half years. During this time I had the opportunity of doing work for building and grounds out at the dormitories. During this time it was necessary to come in contact with the counselors of each dorm. One counselor with whom I had the pleasure of meeting was Peter Rowan.

In the March 11, 1970 issue of the LIBERATED PRESS I read a letter to the editor entitled, Mr. Personality. I found this letter

Intramural Wrestling Finals Thursday Happy Hours Gym - Be There!

to be a disturbing one, as those who know Mr. Rowan will agree. In defense of Peter Rowan, I am under the impression that the individuals (SFCT) who had wasted their time "telling" on him, really showed how "small" a group of people can be.

Do they honestly think that they were going to degrade Pete, and in so doing, create the image that they were all a "bunch of great guys?" Before they stop patting themselves on the back, I suggest they check their own conscience and see if they were honestly asking Pete to the "blast" because he was Peter Rowan a friend, or was it because he was Peter Rowan the counselor, who if he was present, would not report what he saw this time, or just might, because he was "part of the Gang", overlook it the next time?

It's a damn good thing that none of them (SFCT) were given the responsibility of Peter's position. I can just imagine how it would be in the dorms with those fun loving "boys".

Furthermore, I'll bet they think it was "cool" to comment about Peter's behavior. Again, just like little "boys", "you told on us, now we're gonna tell on you."

One final suggestion, why don't they look at themselves and at Peter Rowan and compare. I think they will be able to see why he has the responsibility he has and they are where they are. (They'll probably say, "I wouldn't want the job anyway". If they get a chance, which I'm sure they would, to concentrate, they could, with a little effort -- GROW UP!---

Questions: Did the U of H news bother to check on any facts backing the allegation in the letter? Did they (U of H) bother to find out about the seriousness of the letter? Was it a joke? Why did the U of H news print such a letter taking a chance that it (the letter) had the libelous consistency of defamation of character?

Sincerely yours, Robert M. Hirnyk

"There is no recess from anything that really matters . . ." R. A. Potter

## Lonely Soldier

Owen L. Mosteller, SKSN, B41-53-19 R-4 Division Repair Parts 32nd Naval Construction Regiment F.P.O., San Francisco, California 96695.

Dear Sir:

My name is Owen L. Mosteller and I am a member of the U.S. Navy. I'm a very lonely man, especially while serving over here in Vietnam. I sure would like to get rid of this feeling.

I sincerely hope that you will be able to print my name and address in your school paper, so that females can write to me. Mail call for me is very little, in fact almost non-existent.

I realize that this might be asking too much from both the gal's and yourself, but it really isn't. A letter over here is a warm and welcomed sight appreciated by the men. We don't see any American females for a whole year and it really gets tough!

If you can't print my name and address, then I thoroughly understand. Thank you very much for your time and co-operation.

Sincerely, Owen L. Mosteller

**\* SPECIALTIES \***  
PIZZA  
HOT OVEN GRINDERS  
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Hartford, Conn.  
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PSI CHI

**\*ATTENTION\***  
PSYCHOLOGY STUDENTS

PSI CHI, the national honor society in Psychology is now accepting applications for the spring induction. If you have completed 8 credits of Psychology beyond Psy 110 with a Q.P.A. of 3.0 or better, and have an overall average of 2.9, contact DR. BRAYER (D-333) before April 1st.

**OPEN MEETING**  
**ACADEMIC COMMISSION**  
Thursday, March 19  
9:30 AM, Room F  
Student Involvement In:  
Admissions  
Teacher Evaluation  
All Academic Areas  
Students from ALL schools urged to attend!  
This is your school -  
IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT,  
DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

**TONIGHT**  
**Consumer Crusader**  
**RALPH NADER**  
8:30 P.M. in the Gym  
Sponsored by Speakers Bureau  
Student Association  
A shuttle bus is provided from Lot M

CROSBY, STILLS, NASH, and YOUNG have a new album, *Deja Un* which retails for \$5.98. HARTFORD RECORD SERVICE offers this album this week only for \$3.49.  
All other albums at lowest prices.  
\$4.98 list for \$3.30, \$5.98 for 3.80;  
Free weekly delivery  
Call Anytime:  
Bob Dombroff 242-0152  
Dennis Hersh 247-0882  
By Popular Demand:  
SWEET BABY JAMES - Still \$2.99

**SUMMER CAMP POSITIONS**  
**FOR MEN AND WOMEN**  
Exciting work at boys' or co-ed camps - June 24 to August 25. Fine staff fellowship from all parts of the country and Europe. Openings include swimming, sailing, water skiing, motor boat driving, piano, folk music, guitar, archery, baseball and basketball coaches, tennis, science, woodwork. Located in cultural areas of Massachusetts and Maine. Fine salaries. Write fully. Robert Kinoy, Camp Taconic, 451 West End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10024.

# What's so special about Beechwood Ageing?

We must be bragging too much about Beechwood Ageing.

Because we're starting to get some flak about it. Like, "Beechwood, Beechwood... big deal." And "If Beechwood Ageing is so hot, why don't you tell everybody what it is?"

So we will.

First, it isn't big wooden casks that we age Budweiser in.

But it is a layer of thin wood strips from the beech tree (what else?) laid down in a dense lattice on the bottom of our glass-lined and stainless steel lagering tanks. This is where we



let Budweiser ferment a second time. (Most brewers quit after one fermentation. We don't.)

These beechwood strips offer extra surface area for tiny yeast particles to cling to, helping clarify the beer. And since these strips are also porous, they help absorb beer's natural "edge," giving Budweiser its finished taste. Or in other words, "a taste, a smoothness and a drinkability you will find in no other beer at any price."

Ah yes, drinkability. That's what's so special about Beechwood Ageing.

But you know that.

# Budweiser is the King of Beers.

(But you know that.)

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA • HOUSTON • COLUMBUS • JACKSONVILLE

### Education

(Continued from Page 5)

nests. So, while the administration fervently worries about replacing BA's and MA's with PhD's, regardless of the cost to the education of the student, we do, and have done, nothing to prevent it. It is about time we do something before the university arrives at the place the administration claims the students are bringing it to. To the administration specifically: If you would live up to your part of the bargain and provide us with teachers, there would be no apathy and general bitching; we would have a UNIVERSITY where everyone's freedom is enjoyed by all. When, and if, you fulfill your part by action and not words, we will gladly pay tuition hikes, for only then will we know that you think primarily about the students.

### Buddhism

(Continued from Page 4)

Buddhism is a world peace movement.

Unlike Judaism and Christianity, Buddhism is constantly on the uphill climb not only in the U.S., but all over the world.

If you're interested in world peace and if you're interested in dusting out your own mind, the

simple but profound practice of Buddhism is at your disposal. Anyone who is curious or wants to become a member is most welcome to a meeting every Wednesday at 8:30 Eldridge Cleaver Dorm, Room 402, Phone 243-2321.

### Oily Coast

(Continued from Page 3)

with their pants down. But what good is all this talk about who did what? It really is of no practical use as the damage has already been done. Breton Island, a wild life sanctuary, has been devastated by the oil. The Louisiana coast is next and with it goes the use of its beaches and its clam industry, some \$35 million will be needed to clean up this mess. A mess that would have been completely avoided if the inspectors really cared about their job and their homes. We have always been a wasteful society and according to

the Constitution one can waste as much as one desires. In this case the people at Chevron and the Department of Interior should be proud of themselves for carrying out the beliefs of the Constitution to its most illogical end. Today Louisiana, tomorrow the eastern seaboard, and all in strictest American tradition.

### MRAK

(Continued from Page 6)

ters) are sprayed extensively over Vietnam in a biological warfare chemical called agent orange (2,4-D and 2,4,5-T in a one-to-one mixture). Dow chemical produced 100,000,000 pounds in 1969 (PESTICIDE HANDBOOK, 1969). 2,4,-D is sold in small quantities for lawn care and is used in weed control for cereal grains, corn and pastures. Abnormal fetuses were associated with 2,4-D in mice (Bionetics report).

Captan is used as a wettable powder and dust on beans, cabbage,

tomatoes, spinach, pimentoes, peas, peppers, Brussel sprouts and cauliflower. Folpet is dusted as a wettable powder on apples, avocados, blueberries, citrus fruits, strawberries, grapes and tomatoes. Both were found to form birth deformities in rats, chickens and rabbits by studies reported in the Mrak report. The toxicity of Captan is enhanced by protein deficiencies. Migrant farm workers, a group among whom protein deficiencies are common, may be unusually susceptible to this chemical.

(Reported in Action, February 18, 1970)



### TUTORS NEEDED!!!

Students of the University of Hartford are desperately needed to tutor Upward Bound students in every field. If you would like to help these high school students, either just drop in some Tuesday evening (the room will be posted on the board near the information desk) or call ext. 225 for details. Come even if you think you have no tutorial skills. We need you.

Ever since you were a tiny girl, you've dreamed of a June wedding. The Summer issue of **MODERN BRIDE** makes your dream come Perfectly true.

At your newsstand now!



## Great Young Britain!

For the price of a stamp, we'll clue you in on the British scene.

Naming names of the spots only we local folk are "in" on.

We'll tell you about our native haunts. The pubs. Coffeehouses. Discotheques. Boutiques. And the like.

We'll tell you where you can bed-down for \$2 a night, breakfast included. And chow-down for \$1.

We'll tell you about the "doings" in the theatre. So you can see Broadway hits long before they break on Broadway. (Tickets: 90¢.)

We'll tell you about a crazy little \$30 ticket that'll buy you 1,100 miles of rail and boat travel.

And fill you in on all kinds of tours planned especially for the college crowd.

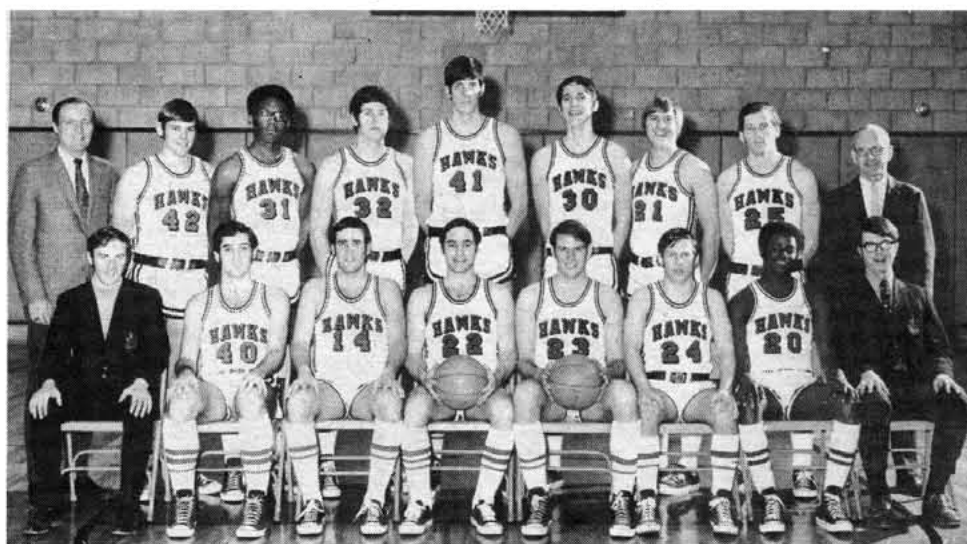
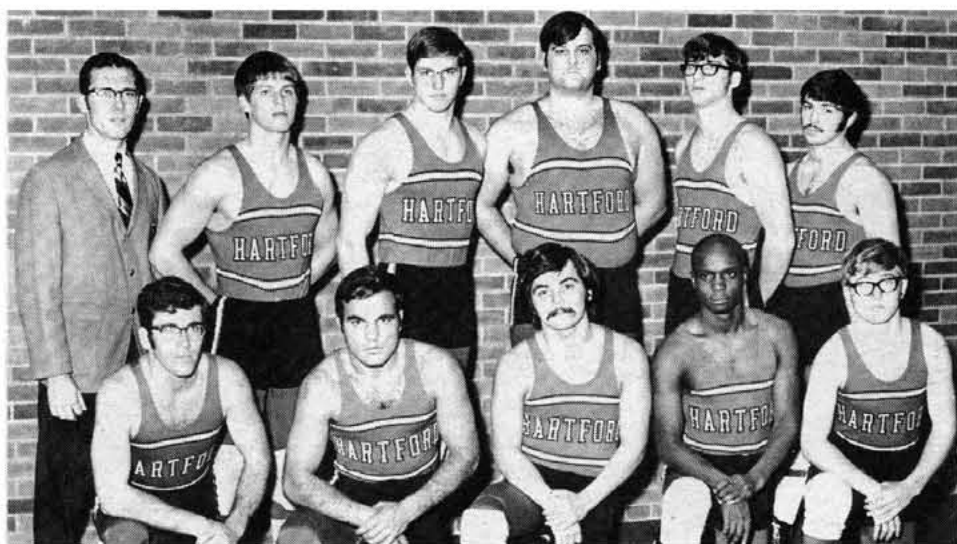
We'll even show you how to make it through Shakespeare country. Even if you couldn't make it through Shakespeare in class.

We've got hundreds of ideas. All wrapped up in our free book: *Great Young Britain*. 20 pages big. With over 50 color photos.

It's yours for the asking. Mail the coupon. And see your travel agent.

British Tourist Authority  
Box 4100, New York, N.Y. 10017  
Send me your free book: *Great Young Britain*.

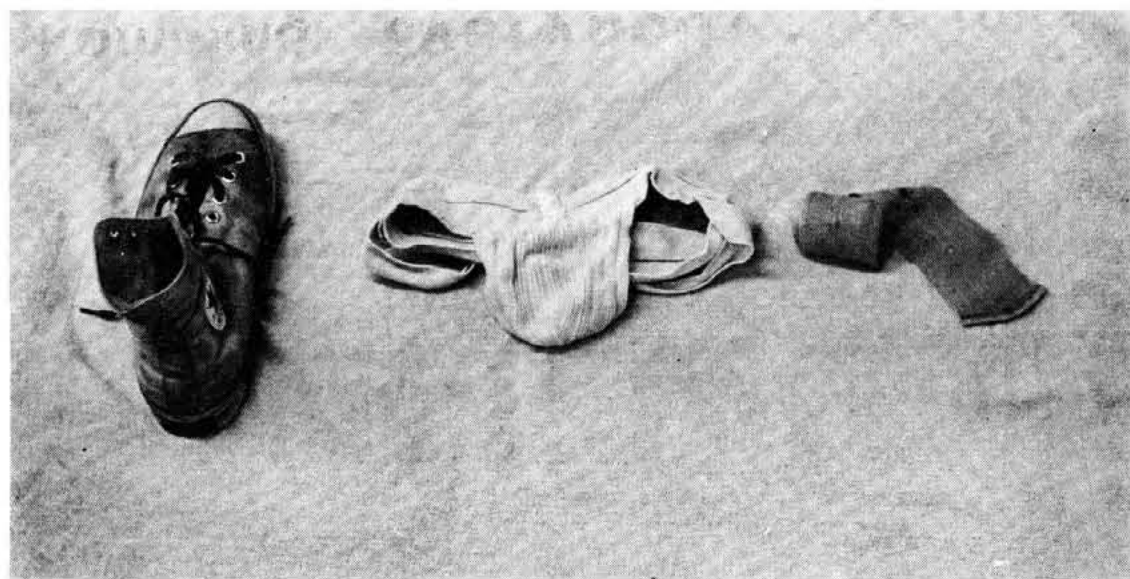
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
College \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



1969-70 varsity wrestling team (record, 9-3) L-R Standing: Coach Ciabotti, T. Getler, C. Beers, J. Glickman, T. Wethje, F. Alliano, Kneeling: Co-Captain S. Sanderson, G. Fazio, P. Perez, Co-Captain H. Napoleon, W. Knightes.

1969-70 varsity basketball team (record, 19-3) Standing L-R: Coach McCullough, R. Kuhlbars, A. Holmes, G. Turek, W. Augustine, R. Gwozdz, J. Dufault, E. Dunn, Ass't. Coach Wickman, Seated: G. Haber, T. Meade, R. Berger, L. Franciose, D. Brunelle, E. Beadle F. Tyson, R. Platt.

# SPORTS



## The Trainer's Quiz

by R.P.

In this picture you will notice three objects often found in a locker room. You will be given one minute to name as many of them as you can. Please do not consult with your friends. Ready? Begin . . . Time's up! Please exchange exams. The correct answers are, from left to right, a sneaker, an athletic supporter, and an ace bandage.

Add up all of your correct answers. Finished? Now exchange your exam with a friend so that he can check your addition. After you've done this, check the evaluation below to see what your score indicates.

Three correct answers - If you

got all three right then please report to the gym immediately; your services are desperately needed as a trainer.

Two correct answers - With two right you qualify as an assistant trainer.

One correct answer - If you only got one answer right then go on down to the gym anyway. Maybe they'll let you sweep the place or something.

No correct answers - If you didn't know one of the above items then go down to the gym and just leave your telephone number. You will be called to fill in on Walt's day off.

## Rambling On

with Russ Pottle

The battlelines are pretty well drawn. On one side stands Doc LoMaglio and his way of interpreting the events surrounding the past weeks' basketball scandal. On the other stands all of the students, alumni, and faculty members who know and care very much about the athletic situation at this institution.

Today, though, I do not wish to discuss which side is right or even the degree of their correctness. Instead I wish to bring to light the very basic results of this whole matter.

At the beginning of this academic year, few members of the UHa athletic faction (those students who are most closely tied with the athletic department) had any faith in the ability of Doc LoMaglio to carry out his duties as Athletic Director. Today none of the students who are aware of this school's athletic situation do. More so, a number of students, most notably those representing the University in varsity athletics, have even lost their basic respect for the man.

Confidence and respect are two qualities which are difficult to obtain and more difficult to maintain. Once lost, however, you might as well pack your bags.

It takes a wise man to know when it's time to move on. And if he doesn't? Perhaps it is up to equally wise men to make the decision for him.

## Everybody TKE Talks Is A Star

Freshman Basketball Coach Roger Wickman at the University of Hartford reviewed his court season and singled out the fine play of Michael Meade of Yonkers, N.Y., and Lee Kubachka of East Hartford as two promising varsity prospects for 1970-'71.

Meade, a 6-3 forward, was the "top scorer for us and a strong rebounder. He has a lot to learn but can be an asset to Coach Gordon McCullough's varsity next year," Wickman said.

Meade, brother of Hawks' varsity star Tom Meade, scored 323 points and a game average of 22.5 for the 7-8 freshman team. His 132 field goals was a team high and his foul shooting record was 59 for 82 and 72 per cent.

Kubachka, a 6-2 forward and son of former Hartford Public High School successful court mentor -- Joe Kubachka, "came on strong in the second half of the season and displayed some fine shooting talent," Wickman said. "Lee, who also has a lot to learn, possibly through experience, can be an asset to the varsity also," Wickman added.

"Both Meade and Kubachka have fine attitudes toward the game," Coach Wickman noted.

Kubachka scored 207 points and a 13.8 game average to rank No. 2 in scoring ahead of guard Steve Sobol of Rockville Center, N.Y., who had 171 points (12.2) and hit a team high mark at the foul line with 31 for 35 and 89 per cent.

This week's Sport Highlight is on TKE. During the football season, TKE took 2nd place with a 4-0-2 record. The team was led by intramural all-stars, Peter Rex, Bovio Collabella, and Tom "Legs" DeVita.

TKE got off to a fast start in basketball, but the loss of Peter Rex and Richie O. hurt the team. Regardless of this, TKE ended up in 2nd place led by the high scorer, Joe Morley.

Last week, TKE played their final volleyball game and finished the season with a 9-3 record. Rich Kuhlbars was a stand-out in this sport along with the help of the new brothers who received their first chance to play fraternity intramural sports.

Watch out for TKE's strong wrestling team starting this week. Representatives will be Bo Callabella, Steve Kassoy, Mike Crystal, Tom Levinson, John Wojciechowski, and Dave Wall.

### 1970 Football Club Schedule

Rutgers of Newark, Sept. 25, home  
Western New England, Oct. 2, home  
Pace, Oct. 9, home  
New Haven, Oct. 17, away  
St. Francis, Oct. 23, home  
Assumption, Oct. 31, away  
Providence, Nov. 6, Homecoming

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