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TEN CENTS

Panel Criticizes Anderson Plan

By MARTIN FLUMENBAUM

The Undergraduate Academic Affairs Committee yesterday released a plan for reorganization of the freshman year curriculum as an alternative to a proposal made by Professor of English Quentin Anderson for a ten-point common course to supplant Humanities A, Contemporary Civilization A, and English Composition.

The committee suggested that both semesters of English composition be discarded and replaced with a one-term course modeled after English 1003 -- a course involving the close scrutiny of a single text.

It also recommended that the College provide freshmen with the option of taking one of the three basic general education courses as a seminar.

The College Committee on Instruction approved the Anderson plan last week and suggested that ten sections, each limited to fifteen students and taught by a full-time faculty member and a preceptor, be established next fall on an experimental basis. The proposal now must be approved by the College faculty.

"My scheme extrapolates the notion of the freshman seminar," Professor Anderson wrote in February, "seeks to preserve not the common experience of Humanities A or Contemporary Civilization, but a common emphasis on responsible inquiry, methodological rigor, and inclusive treatment leading to at least a modest mastery on the part of the student."

Alan Sparer '69, author of the Academic Affairs Committee proposal, stated that the Anderson plan lacked "breadth" and would be "demoralizing."

In a two-page critique, Sparer declared that "Professor Anderson's program, in restricting itself to smaller 'topics' for intensive study, overemphasizes depth to the exclusion of breadth."

(Continued on Page 2)

Trustees to Consider Naval ROTC Issue

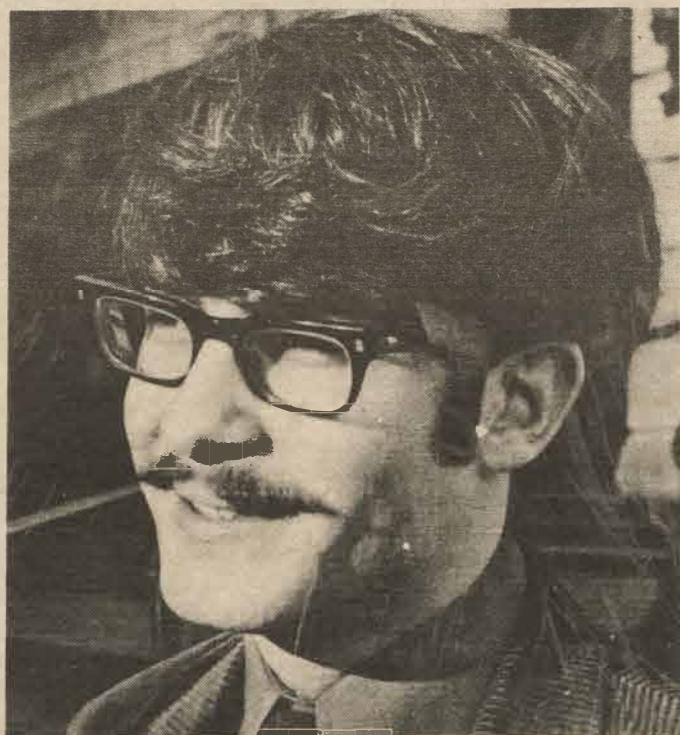
The Trustees will meet today to consider changes in the current status of the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps program. It is expected that the board will resolve the matter at today's session.

An administration spokesman said yesterday that the Trustees, who plan to meet at an undisclosed location off campus, will probably also discuss the proposed University Senate and the preliminary planning designs of I.M. Pei, the University's master planner.

Several weeks ago, the Trustees met to consider the recommendations of the University Council on NROTC, but after lengthy debate, the board decided to delay final decision on the matter.

The University Council had asked that Columbia renegotiate its present contract with the Navy so that NROTC courses not listed in regular academic departments would be denied professorial rank.

An administration spokesman said yesterday that the University is now "looking for a decision which would accord with the sense if not necessarily the letter" of the University Council's recommendations.



Alan Sparer

Restraining Order May Be Modified

University Attorneys Might Seek Change In Injunction's Anti-Incitement Clause

By MICHAEL GERRARD

The University administration will probably ask the courts at a hearing tomorrow to modify or drop a controversial provision of the temporary restraining order served on protesters in Philosophy Hall two weeks ago.

According to an informed source close to the administration, Columbia attorneys plan to ask New York County Supreme Court Judge Jawn A. Sandifer, who issued the order, to "amend" the section of the writ which "restrains and enjoins" persons from "threatening to or inciting or counselling others" to commit disruptive acts on campus.

The court order, which was personally served on

several protesters occupying Philosophy, also enjoins all persons who know of the injunction from gathering so as to hinder the "normal functions" of the University, creating "excessive noise" on campus, or "employing force or violence or threat of force or violence" against persons or property on campus.

Administration spokesmen stated over the weekend that the University wants to revise the incitement clause to "make clear that the injunction is not intended to inhibit free speech."

Several campus groups and New York attorneys have charged that the court order--and particularly the incitement clause--could be used to repress peaceful, non-disruptive protest.

Under the temporary order, those persons personally served are required to appear in court tomorrow to "show cause" why the restraining order should not be

(Continued on Page 3)

Architecture Revamps Governance

By JURIS KAZA

The faculty of the School of Architecture voted Friday to adopt a restructuring proposal giving students and faculty a virtually equal voice in the determination of the school's policies. The School of Architecture thus becomes the first division of the University to formally implement an extensive restructuring proposal.

The system, which has been in operation on an ad-hoc basis since last May, consists of student-faculty councils for each of the school's three subdivisions (architecture, planning, and technology), whose members in turn choose two student and two faculty representatives each to serve on a 15-member division-wide council.

The chairmen of the three subdivisions of the school sit on the council as well as the 12 student

and faculty members.

Polykarp Kusch, vice president and dean of faculties, said Friday that the changes which the architecture faculty voted for are a violation of the University's statutes, which restrict decision-making power in divisions to the faculty. He stated that a University Senate could authorize the necessary changes in the statutes.

He added, however, that such changes would not necessarily "legitimize" the kind of restructuring that the Architecture School has adopted.

Sigurd Grava, an associate professor of urban planning and a member of the four-man committee that studied restructuring proposals for the faculty, said Friday that the proposals were approved "in anticipation of changes in the statutes."

Professor Grava also noted that two amendments to the proposal that the faculty approved will probably be enacted by the faculty at their next meeting.

One amendment proposes that each delegation to the executive council be composed of two students, two faculty members, and the three divisional chairmen, who would have no vote.

Currently the three chairmen have votes on the executive council. Professor Grava said the amendment was proposed to ensure "50-50" student-faculty representation on the council.

The other amendment proposes that future amendments to the school's rules require ratification by a two-thirds vote of the students, as well as the currently-required two-thirds vote of the faculty.

The Sundial: Anniversary Portrait



Last week we thought it might be like old times. Noon rallies on the sundial, big crowds on Low Plaza, maybe even a couple of paddy wagons out on College Walk. But it just didn't pan out. Monday only about seventy high school kids turned up and Wednesday--the day of the Great Show-down between Big Andy and SAS--the big uproar we all expected just didn't happen. So now people are talking about Tuesday or Wednesday this week, and maybe something will happen and maybe something won't. But the great geyser can hardly pour out enough these days to fill one building, let alone five like it used to in the Big Season the oldtimers are still talking about...

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Panel Criticizes Anderson Plan

(Continued from Page 1)

It is not general education, but early specialization."

Maintaining that the committee's proposal "attempts to combine breadth and depth," Sparer noted several difficulties involved in the common course proposal.

First he warned that those freshmen who are taught by poor instructors or who lose interest in the selected topic would be in a worse position under the Anderson plan than they are now. "It is likely that many of them will drop out of school," he declared.

Second, Sparer noted that having the same fifteen students in sixty per cent of their classes "will restrict the social life of freshmen, just when it is most important that they be exposed to a wide variety



Quentin Anderson
of fellow students."

Similarly, having the same faculty member for sixty per cent of their class time "will limit their ac-

quaintance with the faculty, just when they need to see a large variety of teachers, in order to have some rational basis for the selection of a major field."

Third, Sparer maintained that if the Anderson proposal were approved, all flexibility in the freshman year schedule would be lost. "Almost all freshmen will be forced to take the same program: the Anderson ten-point course, a foreign language, and a math or science course."

Professor Anderson has suggested that 150 instructors would be required to teach the common course—35 teachers per term more than the present CC, Humanities and freshman English staffs. Sparer, however, said the number would be considerably higher since professors teaching the common course would be entitled to a reduction in the rest of their course load.

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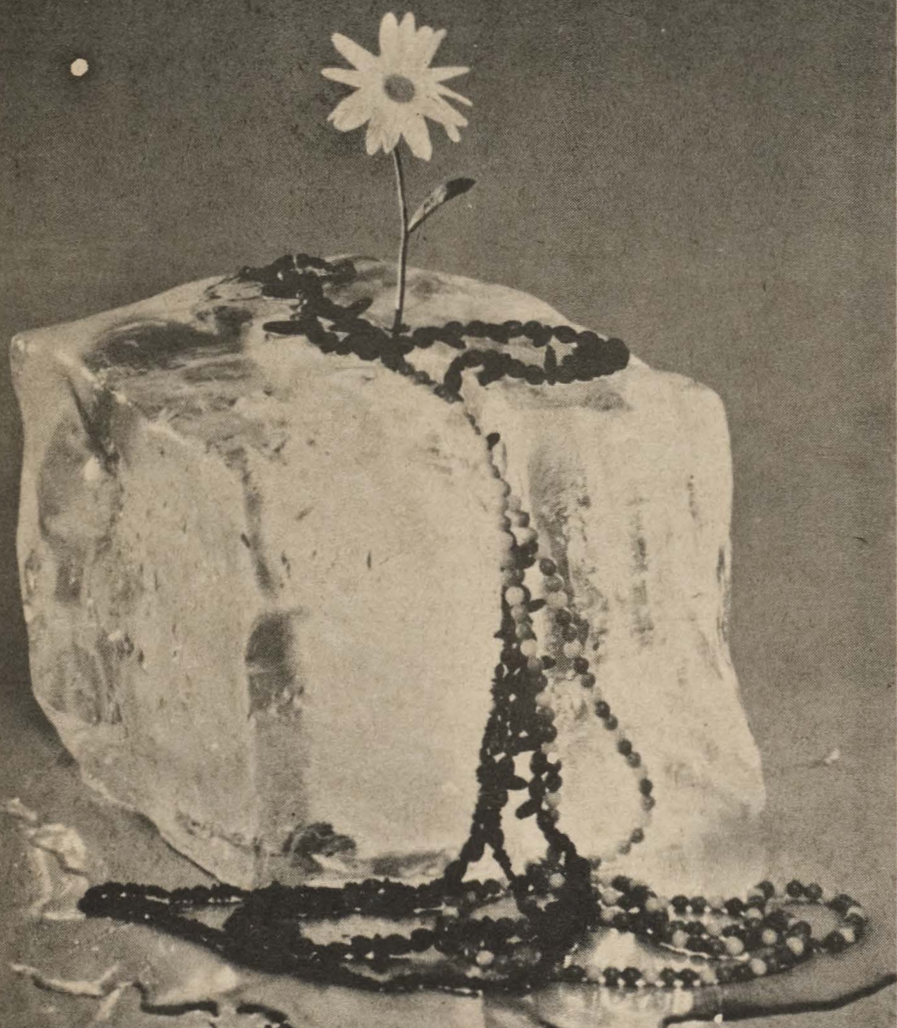
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Anarchists Issue 69 Demands; Scores ROTC and Kirk Home

By RALPH GREENSPAN

The Pacifist-Anarchist-Bisexual-Psychedelic Conspiracy made public Friday a list of 69 demands which must be met by sunset Tuesday or Columbia will be "dumped into the East River," according to a leaflet distributed by the group.

The leaflet states that the first two demands, "expungement" of the ROTC program and all record of it and appropriation of the mansion given to Grayson Kirk for an experimental "college-commune", are non-negotiable.

Members of the group tried unsuccessfully to present these demands to Acting President Andrew W. Cordier on Friday, but only succeeded in arranging an appointment with him for 8:30 a.m. May 2.

the organization's demands cover a wide range of issues, but all are part of an "overall program culminating with the destruction of evil," according to the leaflet. Outstanding among the demands are the following:

- a chicken in every pot. Two chickens in every garage.
- R. Crumb be appointed full professor of Graphic Arts.

—the Trustees consult the IChing before making decisions.

—Free the Panther 21. Free the Chicago 8. Free the Boston 4. Free the Catonsville 9. Free the Columbia 17,000. Free the Dave Clark 5.

—Paul Krassner be appointed editor of CCT.

—GS be renamed Bakunin U. and then abolished.

The PABSC was first organized last Wednesday when they began a sit-in outside the NROTC office in Hartley Hall. The size of the group fluctuated during the course of the 48 hour sit-in, rising as high as thirty, according to a member of the group, and falling as low as three, according to eyewitnesses.

The sit-in ended on Friday afternoon when the group decided to try to visit President Cordier's office.

About ten members of the PABSC entered the offices of the Spectator Friday morning and liberated the editorial office of the student-run daily for about five minutes, marching around and chanting "Lies! Lies! Lies!" When asked for further explanation the group declined to comment.

The Battle Joined: SDS vs PL

By LENNY GLYNN

The Progressive Labor Party is a relatively young party just approaching its fourth birthday. About three years ago, the party decided to work within the student movement, primarily in SDS. And in a short period of time PL had built up considerable influence within SDS, basing their program on "worker-student alliance" politics. According to the PL line, radical students should take no militant action until they have "built a 'base' linking up with the struggles of the working class."

The PLP was so successful by last December that its supporters came close to gaining a majority at the SDS National Council in Ann Arbor. Many people felt that it was only a matter of time before PL would gain a clear majority in SDS and reshape the radical organization in its own image. But those hopes and fears were set back by the most recent National Council meeting in Austin where several proposals opposed by PL were passed by large majorities. Since the Austin conference, opposition to PL has increased within SDS—especially at the Columbia chapter. And what

seemed in December to be the invincible rise of PL to control of SDS now appears to have been the peaking of its influence. At last Thursday's SDS general assembly, PL suffered an unprecedented defeat when the SDS expansion committee, led by PL members and sympathizers, was disbanded after a bitter six-hour fight. The vote to disband the committee was narrow but another vote to censure PL passed by a larger majority. PL spokesmen were not phased. Bob Leonhardt, a member of PL, said after the meeting that irrespective of the results of the votes "strategically this is the first time so many people came to support worker-student alliance politics... the steering committee's victories are the victories of a group of people whose sole goal is to maintain control over the organization, who have shown they would rather smash SDS than relinquish control of it to worker-student alliance politics."

It is very doubtful, however, that PL can rally such voting strength in Columbia SDS again.

As one steering committee member stated, "These votes don't reflect the opinion of the majority of the people in SDS because most of the people voting against the steering committee 1) never came to SDS meetings before 2) were members of right wing organizations at Columbia 3) were from the SDS Labor Committee which was disbanded in the fall."

The twenty votes of the Labor Committee were in fact used to support PL. Ironically, PL had spearheaded the purge of the Labor Committee last fall.

The general assembly decision marked the first time a PL-led committee has been disbanded by an SDS chapter. Bernadene Dohrn, inter-organizational secretary of SDS, who was at the assembly, indicated that the repercussions of the internal fight at Columbia would be felt throughout national SDS. This fight will almost certainly result in the overcoming of PL's political influence within SDS soon after the next National Council in June.

But even though PL has been weakened at Columbia, the party's influence may still impede the work of the steering committee.

The disbanded expansion committee's members cannot be excluded from SDS meetings under the current SDS constitution and the new, independent group that they are forming cannot be disbanded by regular SDS. For the rest of the spring at Columbia, SDS general assemblies will be torn by bitter faction fights with almost no rational political debate taking place.

Restraining Order May Be Modified

(Continued from Page 1)

made a preliminary injunction. If the defendants do not appear in court, the preliminary injunction will be granted to the University by default.

Under legal procedure, the preliminary injunction would be in effect until a final trial could be held on the facts of the case—probably three to six months from now. If the courts uphold the University's case at that time, Columbia will obtain a permanent injunction barring all future disruptions.

Last week, two campus groups announced plans to see Acting President Andrew W. Cordier about the court order.

The University Committee on Rules of Conduct, a tri-partite panel empowered to draft campus

disciplinary rulings, last week appointed a special sub-committee to investigate the injunction and ask the President to "clarify" the court writ.

Professor of Chemistry William Reinmuth, a member of the committee, said the sub-committee is scheduled to meet with the President Friday to discuss the matter.

A spokesman for Students for a Restructured University stated Friday that his organization plans to stage a non-violent action today to protest the court injunction—particularly the clause prohibiting persons from "inciting" others to

commit disruptive acts.

Neal Hurwitz, graduate faculties, a leading spokesman for the group, said that SRU will send delegates to three administrative offices every hour between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. today to ask University officials to rescind the injunction.

Hurwitz stated that the protesters plan to visit the offices of President Cordier, Dean Carl F. Hovde and Vice President for Business Thomas McGoe. The spokesman said SRU will take "further action" Wednesday if the administration fails to act.

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COLUMBIA DAILY SPECTATOR

The Anderson Plan

Last week, with little fanfare or publicity, the College Committee on Instruction passed a proposal which would introduce on an experimental basis a single, ten-point freshman course to replace Humanities A, Contemporary Civilization A, and English composition. The plan, which would apply to 150 students next year, was conceived by Quentin Anderson and has the backing of notables like Jacques Barzun and Lionel Trilling. Unfortunately, it seems to be heading for rapid endorsement by the College faculty.

Professor Anderson argues that the current freshman courses are not working, and that what students need is intensive textual analysis which would train them in "disciplined inquiry." He says, "We should be getting down to the brass tacks of logic, clear writing, responsible reading, demonstrated comprehension, at the outset"-- that is, in the freshman year.

To accomplish these aims, Anderson suggests a year-long seminar, to meet six hours a week, taught by an assistant professor and a preceptor, devoted to one specialized subject. Anderson's own sample topics: "The City in the 19th Century and After; Evolutionary Thought in Victorian England; Art Nouveau and Its Interpreters; John Dewey and American Schools; The History of Biology."

In other words, a student would spend his first year at Columbia taking, for example, Introductory Chemistry, second-year French, and Art Nouveau and Its Interpreters (or Disciplined Inquiry A).

What Professor Anderson apparently forgets is that concentration on a single subject to the degree he proposes will succeed only if students have freely chosen the subject and really want to spend virtually the entire term examining it. Imagine the situation of the student who, three weeks into the semester, has irrevocably concluded that he is uninterested in Art Nouveau and its Critics, and finds his one ten-point seminar dull. His whole freshman year is shot.

The Anderson plan masquerades as a return to general education, but it is really the triumph of methodology over history. For years people have bemoaned the tendency of survey courses to over-emphasize historical generalizations at the expense of intensive analysis, and it was likely that out of this criticism a plan would arise for the total submersion of the historical framework in favor of an analytical one. But the shift to this extreme position should be resisted.

Moreover, supporters of the Anderson proposal fail to consider what will actually happen in most cases if his plan becomes the accepted format. A topic chosen for the ten-point course will be the specialty of the assistant professor, who will probably discuss the minutiae of his field, not the logic of inquiry. Professor Anderson would have students do in their freshman year what academics do all their lives.

There are other things wrong with the Anderson plan. It would restrict classroom contact to twelve or fifteen fellow students, and give freshmen exposure to fewer faculty members. There would be less opportunity for comparing different fields. Many students entering the sciences might never have the occasion to read the Homeric epics, Greek tragedy, the Republic, Augustine's Confessions, Dante, Milton, Rabelais..... and those who might read them later in literature courses, might never have the opportunity to look at those works as naive men. That perhaps might be the greatest loss: In their freshman year, students would be expected to examine literature as sophisticated scholars, as academic professionals-- and it would all be pretense.

The Academic Affairs Committee has presented an intelligent alternative to the Anderson proposal which merits consideration by the faculty. By eliminating English composition and substituting English 1003, the committee retains intensive study of a single text which Anderson wants-- but within reasonable proportion to the rest of the curriculum. By establishing a seminar option in one of the general education courses, they provide for small discussion groups. But they do not eliminate Humanities A --one of the most eminently successful courses in the College-- and they do not cut out Contemporary Civilization-- which for all its faults, is still basically worth preserving. The staff CC has recently sought to eliminate the worse features of survey-type courses by revising the curriculum to permit concentration in particular historical periods. The changes they are making should not be cut short.

If the College faculty endorses the Anderson plan, it may make no other modifications in the freshman curriculum, thinking that one experiment is enough for this year. In that case, we would not only suffer a bad change, but the bad change would also serve to drive out sensible reforms, such as the alternative plan proposed by Academic Affairs.

PAUL STARR

Records Blues Reviewed

By GALEN GART

Buddy Guy's latest release was recorded in a live performance at the New Orleans House in Berkeley, California. There are several good selections on the album, which tries to capture Guy in as many lights and moods as possible, but Buddy ultimately emerges not as a blues performer, but as a soul singer who also plays guitar. Even so, the album represents probably one of the more successful music "fusions" to date, and even though hardened blues freaks might be let down slightly by the motley assortment offered, the record should appeal to a large and diverse audience, and most important, do well commercially.

On the three best blues tracks, "I Got My Eyes On You," "The Things She Used to Do," and "I Had a Dream Last Night," Guy, who has long been the quickest black guitarist around, gets it on. His guitar work, like Albert King's, achieves a remarkable definition and a particularly glassy, stinging effect which is delightful to the listener. In "I Had a Dream," Buddy's familiar "mandoline" technique is used to build and heighten the climax of what turns out to be the best single performance on the album.

Unfortunately, Buddy has never learned to use his fine voice to its full advantage, and the recording consequently suffers from the vocal end. Part of the problem is that Guy tends to approach all material--blues, rhythm and blues, soul--whatever--the same way. Unlike oldtimers Muddy Waters and B. B. King, Guy is too easily excitable and doesn't know how to "save" himself for the times that he needs it. At critical moments, he tends to overstate and overreach himself. There is also too much reliance on the guttural (shrieks, grunts, pants and other artificial stimulants) to free the music from the gimmickry and forced drama that afflicts the worst of "soul."

"Fever," which works surprisingly well in this vein, is given some nice jazz touches from the horn section, but the album's failures are the results of stereotyped deliveries of stale material. Nothing whatsoever is gained by recording "Knock On Wood" yet another time with "James Brown" horn riffs added in. "I'm Not the Best," the 7-minute finale, is more notable for the crowd's performance than it is for Buddy's. The "free" form might have worked here, had there been an initial pattern to start with and work from. But there wasn't, and it's really too bad, because the album sags in the precise place it needs to be picked up.

* * *

It's time somebody discovered Charley Musselwhite. He's easily the single most underrated blues

(Continued on Page 5)

Letters to the Editor

Provocative Editorial

To the Editor:

Your editorial of April 24 provokes me into supplying answers to the--doubtless rhetorical--questions posed there. You ask: why have professors who have so strongly condemned disruption been so reticent on the black institute? Because they deplore the methods used to press for the reform, although they will probably nonetheless approve it.

You ask: if they are so worried about the forces which threaten freedom at Columbia, why have they not as a group stirred themselves against an injunction that clearly poses a danger to freedom of speech? Because they regard disruption--not injunctions--as a clear threat to freedom of speech of students and faculty alike.

Certainly the faculty "must work actively with students." If you will turn to your own news columns you will see that collaboration already extends to curriculum, personnel, grades, degree requirements, the Senate, NROTC and many other problems. A reader of your editorial might suppose that no progress whatever had been made.

Harold Barger

April 24, 1969

Mistaken Identity

To the Editor:

I wish to publically make clear that since I never accepted the statement "The University as a Sanctuary of Academic Freedom" as reflecting my own views concerning the issues discussed, I did not sign it. The name "George W. Flynn" on the statement (published in Spectator Monday, April 21) belongs to another faculty member.

George W. Flynn

April 22, 1969

Instructor, Music Department

(Continued on Page 5)

Ethnographic Cinema
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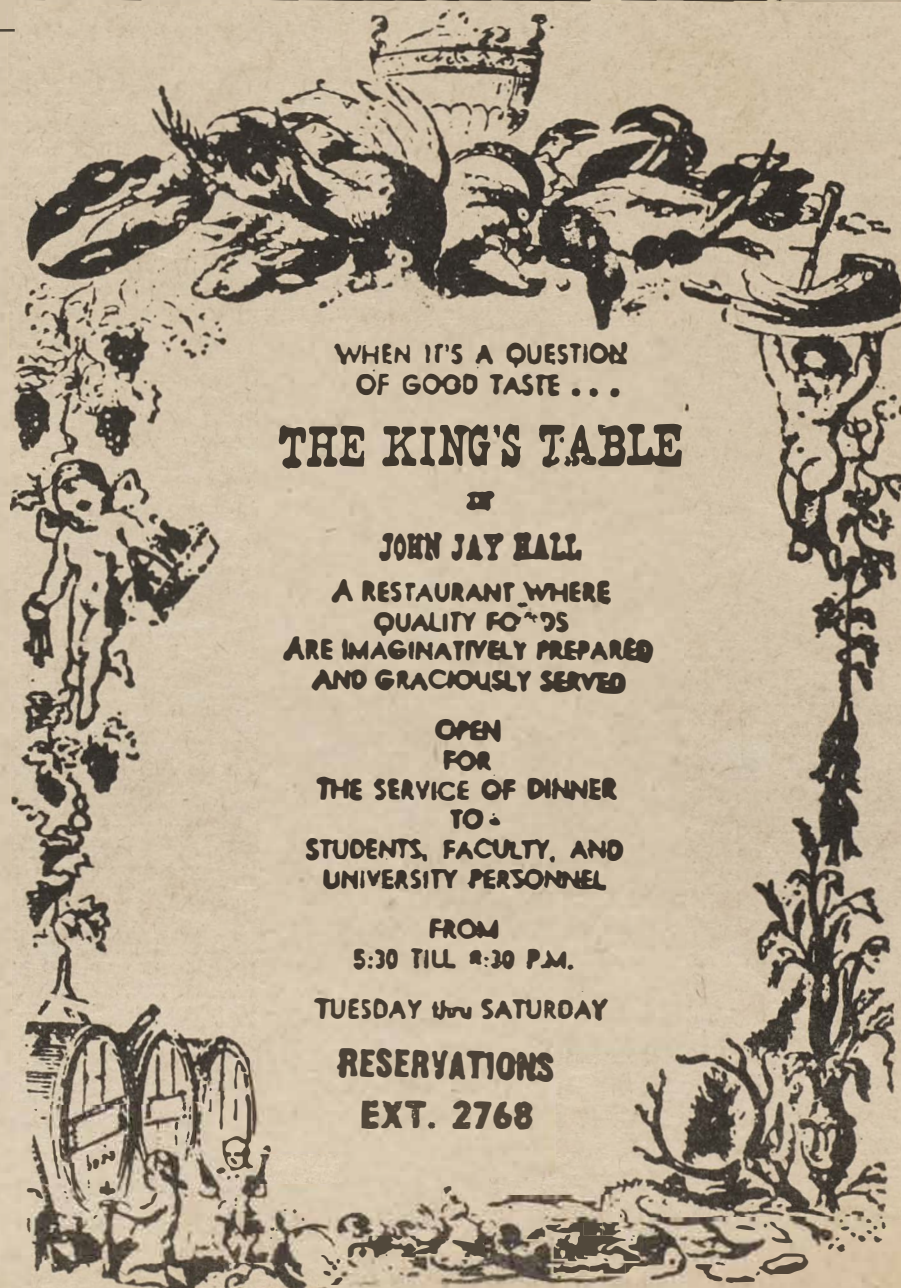
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Czechoslovakia: Strength in Political Unity

By RICHARD GREEMAN

Finding your way through the labyrinth of Czech politics is about as difficult -- or as easy -- as finding your way through the labyrinth of the streets of Prague. The street signs and house numbers which were removed last August by the population in order to prevent the Russians from finding and arresting people have not yet been replaced. At first you are totally disoriented: how to find your way to a home or public building, even with a map, when you don't even know the name of the street where you are standing? The answer is easy: ask somebody. Within two minutes you will be surrounded by a crowd of three to a dozen Praguers, of whom half will speak a little English or German, all arguing about where such-and-such a building used to be and offering to take you there. You realize that such amenities as addresses are superfluous in a country where people have real confidence in each other.

It is the same with politics. Here again, the "street signs" are down: the official press prints only what the government, under Russian pressure, wants people to know, i.e. damn little. But not an event takes place in Czechoslovakia that isn't known by 90% of the population within two days. The grapevine is better than any newspaper. The cleaning lady in the Ministry of Interior tells her son, a university student, who meets a worker from the Jawa factory whose brother is in the Fifth Regiment etc. etc. By nightfall, the latest shift in government policy or the latest resolution of a certain factory or group of journalists is table-talk in every cafe and restaurant. And do people talk! Looking for a Czech who isn't interested in

The author, recently returned from Prague, is a member of SDS. A sequel to his article today will appear in Tuesday's Spectator.

Readers interested in the current situation in Czechoslovakia may hear Mr. Greeman discuss his recent experiences there in a forum with Ralph Schoenman and Leonard Liggio in the Barnard Gymnasium at 8 p.m. tonight.



Photos by Wide World
PRAGUE--August, 1968: Czech citizens vent their anger with clenched fists at a Soviet cameraman during the Russian invasion. Soldiers still "occupy" the capital city, but they are Czechs, not Russians.

talking politics is like looking for a Frenchman who isn't interested in food or women, they just don't exist. In cafes, on street corners, in homes, everyone is talking. I can state without reservation that I have never experienced a freer atmosphere in my life than in poor, suppressed, censored, occupied Prague. If you want to know what's happening there, ask somebody.

Once you make contact with people, it is relatively easy to get behind appearances and discover the reality. For example,

when I arrived I was shocked to find the streets literally full of soldiers carrying sub-machine guns. "So this is what occupied means," I thought. Not exactly. To begin with, the soldiers were Czech. I never saw a single Russian uniform in Prague, although I was told that the Russians were poised in camps and barracks just outside the city. This "occupation" was brand new. When the Russians protested the sacking of the Aeroflot offices during the March 28 demonstration, the



OCCUPTION: Czechoslovakians engage a Soviet Army officer in a discussion in the streets of Prague. According to the author, the Russian troops have withdrawn to camps and barracks outside the city.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from Page 4)

A Woman's Fury

To the Editor:

Professor Snook, in his response to my article (whose title was changed from Feminine-Masculine (alphabetical order) to Masculine-Feminine by Spectator) plays with the concept of passivity in a misleading way. Because I say that females have internalized norms destructive of themselves this is supposed to mean that I see them as essentially passive and he views this as contradictory to my thesis that passivity is imposed upon them.

The ridiculousness of this becomes apparent when one compares the case of females to that of blacks: because we admit that blacks were capable of developing a self-image of passivity does this mean they were passive to begin with? Males internalize norms of dominance; does this imply that I mean they are passive just because they have internalized norms? When the professor says that all members involved in a social relation

participate in it, does he mean to imply that as Freud said, females actively seek passivity. If this is his meaning let the professor present me with proof of this "natural" tendency—an unchanging predilection or one changed with great pursuant frustration. Any other definition of natural does not permit us to distinguish between what is and is not conditioned.

If the professor does not imply by the notion of "participation" desire for the status he does certainly latch onto a sociological notion of oppression (of which notion I make use when I note that men as well as women are oppressed by sex-stereotypes): individuals do not directly oppress one another but do it by way of social institutions and internalized norms. It is therefore old fashioned to say that there is an oppressor class (male) and a victim class (female), e.g. a white man does not oppress a black—they both act on internalized norms and society oppresses them both. Now, I don't doubt that the "master" is oppressed

but it is he who runs the system and its power centers and it is unlikely that the origin and maintenance of many of its elements were "consensual"—force and law were used; it is the slave who suffers most. After all it is the slave who revolts not the master (if he/she overcomes psychological crippling and recognizes the arbitrary nature of the system and the part he/she is playing in maintaining it; it is rare that the oppressed master recognizes his oppression, grants rights after discussion and does not "shoot" the rebel.

Feminism is essentially a humanism (it is an attempt to improve heterosexual relations.) It is not wrong for people to express anger when they are deprived of human status (why is it understood that blacks have a right to their anger; females are supposed to smile and be "supportive"); females seem to dread the possibility that they will be labeled "male-haters". They should recognize that this dread is just another indication that they are once again on the de-

Dubcek government promised them to keep law and order on the streets. Two armed soldiers were to accompany every policeman on his rounds. As a result, between the soldiers actually patrolling and those on their way to and from their duty assignments, the streets were full of soldiers. And what soldiers! Every one a Schweik. All young, 17-19. Long hair hanging over the back of their collars. Ties askew or pulled down at the throat. Boots unpolished. Machineguns slung casually behind their backs.

I spent an hour in a cafe drinking with one of these soldiers. He was a student. He lived with his folks. He was simply part of the population. The last thing he would dream of would be to shoot at his fellow citizens and comrades. Later, a journalist explained to me that the only result of this "martial law" in Prague was to demoralize and neutralize the police. How can a cop act like a cop when he is being followed wherever he goes by two of these smiling SDS-types carrying machine-guns? Again, you see how the unity of the population, however passive, is their strength.

More realities: When Dubcek cracked down on the journalists at "Rude Pravo" (the Party organ) the papers were full of resolutions of support from factories and trade unions. Again, I was shocked. I had thought the unions supported the new press freedoms. Later, I spoke to an ex-Party-member in the know. He told me that the fired journalists had all been rehired by the metal-workers union paper at their old salaries and that the "resolutions" were meaningless. They all began with pro forma statements of support for the Party and government, which the papers printed. But they all went on to criticize, albeit in Aesopian language, the crack-down and to support the journalists. The real sense of the resolutions was censored out. Again, the political unity is there.

ensive and are passively allowing themselves to be defined and labeled by men (who have no answers to their arguments—only ad hominums); they are not committed to defining and judging their own beings.

Fine, I say judge males as individuals; recognize that men like women are products of a culture that harms them both, but recognize that whatever resistance you meet, whatever its origins is still resistance and has to be dealt with above all (as I said in my article). Professor Snook does not agree, though on his own premises he should: the professor says the solution is a change in society but then accuses me of desiring new patterns of dominance and submission in this change and he says that any reorganization of society is a new form of oppression. His argument is circular. Essentially he believes progress is impossible. He brushes aside the crux of the issue: democratic theory does not deny that power exists; its goal is to distribute it equally to prevent individuals from using

Blues

(Continued from Page 4)

performer around, probably because his music tends to separate the real blues lovers from those who are faking it, or, as it were "hanging on." (Regards to Vanilla Fudge) If it is apropos to mix music and politics on this campus, Musselwhite could be described as a "non-radical," as far as the blues is concerned, anyway. What he plays is just straight and heavy, and thus the album's title is also a pretty fair indication of what's actually between the covers.

This is Musselwhite's second album, and, like the first, "Stand Back," it features pounding, exhilarating music by a very tight group of musicians. (This, despite the fact that "Stand Back"'s personnel was an ad hoc association of "sessions" men, brought together specifically to record.)

As for Musselwhite himself, he is certainly one of the three or four best harp players to be produced anywhere in the last five years, and his husky vocal style seems to owe a great deal to Junior Wells', for one. (Granted, Musselwhite doesn't approach Wells in this department, but for a white boy, he ain't bad at all.) Musselwhite is backed up on "Stone Blues," by a "permanent force" of very able, and, interestingly, very exciting musicians.

The band has an instinctive feel for blues counterpoint. The fleeting and glancing strains of the harmonica and guitar set against an exploding bass line augmented by drums and organ is what gives this record a raging impact. Musselwhite's group is slick enough to make the richest patterns seem totally spontaneous, and this illusory quality is the genius that lies at the bottom of all good band blues.

their power to oppress others.

Not every pattern of power distribution is as oppressive as every other. He says that "to acquiesce in the exercise of power (is) thus to be dominated". Since when does acquiescence to the rights, i.e. legitimate powers of others imply that one is dominated; (since when does acquiescing in the powers of a government established by the consent of the governed imply dominance.) The professor does not understand the democratic notion of power. I did not advocate new stereotypes for female or male unless freedom to develop all one's capacities is stereotypical. And equality does not lead to an endless power struggle as the professor thinks; one obeys a rule which minimizes conflict—mutual respect. (Important conventions come to represent this principle; other conventions just fall by the wayside—the first person to get to the door goes through it.) If the professor is projecting fear that females or a human society will feed on males as society oriented around the male has fed on females. I can assure him that we don't want our freedom at anyone's expense any more than we accept anyone getting their freedom at our expense.

(To correct Professor Snook, women are stereotyped as "passionate" in the sense that "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" but men are stereotyped as "passionate" seekers of truth and justice.)

Frances Kamm '69B
April 24, 1969

Engineering and Science at IBM

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Don earned a B.S.E.E. in 1965. Today, he's an Associate Engineer in systems design and evaluation at IBM. Most of his work consists of determining modifications needed to make complex data processing systems fit the specialized requirements of IBM customers.

Depending on the size of the project, Don works individually or in a small team. He's now working with three other engineers on part of an air traffic control system that will process radar information by computer. Says Don: "There are only general guidelines. The assignment is simply to come up with the optimum system."

Set your own pace

Recently he wrote a simulation program that enables an IBM computer to predict the performance of a data processing system that will track satellites. He handled that project himself. "Nobody stands over my shoulder," Don says. "I pretty much set my own pace."

Don's informal working environment is typical of Engineering and Science at IBM. No matter how large the project, we break it down into units small enough to be handled by one person or a few people.

Don sees a lot of possibilities for the future. He says, "My job requires that I keep up to date with all the latest IBM equipment and systems programs. With that broad an outlook, I can move into almost any technical area at IBM—development, manufacturing, product test, space and defense projects, programming or marketing."

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Columbia Baseball

Out at Second

Photo by FREDERICK YU



Cindermen Lose to Huskies; Georgetown Tops Linksmen

Columbia's varsity golf team was almost as unsuccessful as the cindermen Friday, as they were able to win just one match against Georgetown at the Westview Country Club in Vienna, Va. Lion captain and number one golfer Bob Bly won three-and-two (ahead three holes with two remaining). Dan Basarich, Dave Garrett and Hank Newell, playing in the numbers two, three, and seven positions respectively, made things close by not losing until the seventeenth hole.

The number one Cub golfer won his match, but the Lion frosh were no match for Yale at the Bulldog's course Saturday. Yale won the meet 5-2, as Charles Jackson, playing in the fourth po-

sition, was the only other Columbia player to win a match.

Columbia's varsity track team had another disappointing weekend. Although the Lions did not expect to win any points in the Penn Relays at Philadelphia Friday, they did feel they could beat the University of Connecticut Saturday at Baker Field, but lost 113-41.


Columbia second baseman Doug Watt dives to tag Harvard's Bob Dorwart during the second inning of Friday's game at Baker Field, and base umpire Patrick Abate signals that Watt's tag is in time for the out.

Dorwart reached first with two men out in the second inning on an error by Lion third baseman Jim Alloy. When John Heyel's first pitch to the next batter got past Lion catcher Chuck Assicurato, Dorwart broke for second.

But the Lion catcher retrieved the ball quickly and threw him out.

Classified

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Netmen Lose to Crimson, Then Trounce Brown 8-1

By RICHARD WALDHORN

Columbia's varsity tennis team split this weekend's matches at Baker Field, losing to Harvard 9-0 and beating Brown 8-1.

After a disappointing showing against Harvard on Friday, the Lions came back to win five of the six singles matches and sweep the three doubles matches against Brown. The meet-clinching fifth win came in the second singles match, after Columbia had taken a four to one lead by winning the third, fourth, fifth and sixth singles matches, while losing only in the first spot. Larry Parsont, facing Don Smith of Brown, won the first set 6-3, and took the second set to clinch the match 9-7. Lion captain Bob Donaldson was the only Columbia netman to be beaten, losing to Brown's first man, Spike Gonzales in straight sets, 6-1, 6-1. Gonzales' fine drop shots and volleying helped him in getting Brown's only win.

In the other singles matches, Lloyd Emanuel, Dave Isenberg and Dick Menaker all won in straight sets, and number six man Larry Gordon, after dropping the first set 6-2, easily took the match 6-2, 6-0.

When the doubles matches began, the meet was already over with the Lions leading 5-1. Larry Parsont and Lloyd Emanuel play-

ed first doubles, and again Parsont was involved in the final match.

With a gallery of team members and spectators, Parsont and Emanuel put on a show of tennis and comedy skills, beating Gonzales and Smith 2-6, 6-2, 6-2, while keeping them laughing throughout the match. After reaching a well-placed Gonzales drop shot, Parsont turned to the crowd (and Gonzales) and asked, "Did you ever see anything like that before?"

Things were not as cheerful Friday afternoon against Harvard. Columbia's Donaldson came closest to taking a match by extending John Levin, Harvard's first man to three sets. Levin struggled and won the first set 7-5, and then fell apart while Donaldson improved his volleying to lose the second set 6-0. The third set went to Levin, however, with little difficulty, 6-2.

Levin, a tall steady player, used his height and steel racquet to produce a big serve and net game, while Donaldson was plagued throughout the match with his inability to put away easy forehand volleys.

The freshman team won its only match of the weekend Saturday by beating Fordham 8-1.

Two League Defeats Ruin Columbia Nine's Weekend

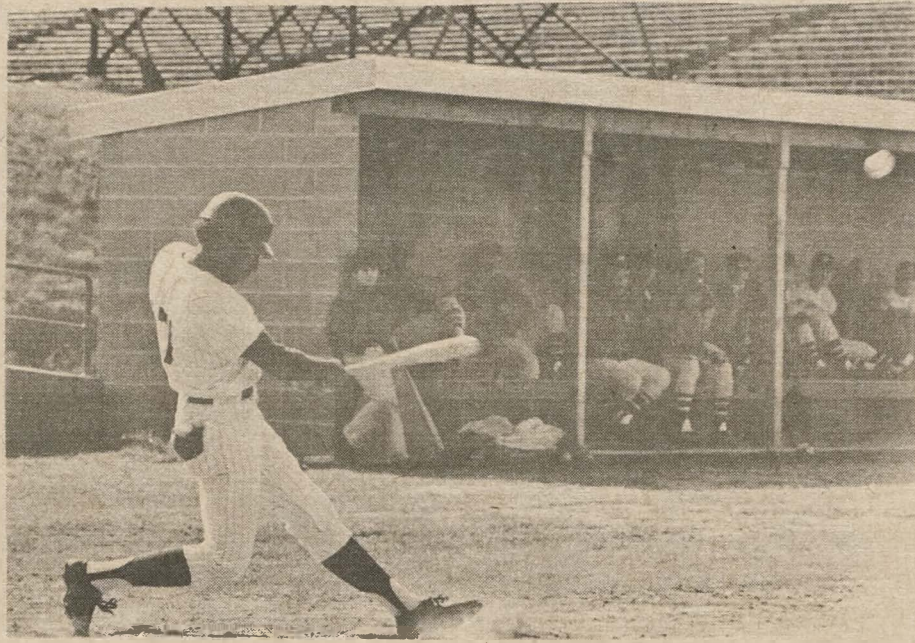


Photo by Frederick Yu

MAKING CONTACT: Frank Stimley, Columbia's senior leftfielder who batted .400 last year and was an all-Eastern League selection, connects with one of Harvard's Bob Dorwart's pitches, for a long fly.

Harvard's Dorwart Hurls 4-Hit Shutout; Columbia Pitcher Heyel Injures Elbow

Columbia may have lost more than a baseball game on Friday, when Harvard topped the Lions in an Eastern League contest by a 6-0 score. Starting pitcher John Heyel, the ace of the Columbia mound staff, was removed after hurling only three innings, when he suffered an injury to his pitching arm.

At first it was feared that the injury might be a recurrence of the shoulder injury which her first suffered while playing football in high school, and which has hampered his throwing since that time. But instead, it was his right elbow and not the shoulder which was ailing. The exact extent of the injury is not known at the present time, but if it is serious, then any hopes Columbia may have had to challenge for the Eastern League crown this season will be severely dimmed.

Harvard starting pitcher Bob Dorwart had little trouble handling the Lion batsmen, and the outcome of the game was never in doubt after the early stages. The Crimson scored one run in the first on a walk and a wind-blown pop fly which fell for a single, and then added three unearned runs in out of reach.

In going the distance, Dorwart limited the Lions to just four singles, two of them by catcher Chuck Assicuro. The batting star for the Crimson was captain Dan Ignacio, who went three for four with a run scored, a run batted in, and a stolen base.

One pitcher who did work effectively for Columbia was reliever Ron Szumilas, who replaced Heyel in the fourth inning.

Lion varsity coach Dick Hansen said before the race that he did not expect to win this one, and that his team would be concentrating its efforts on what seemed to be a more realistic goal, upsetting Rutgers in a triangular meet with the Black Knights and Georgetown to be held at home next Saturday.

For this reason, the lightweights had practiced through Friday and planned to change their seating arrangements as an experiment.

Both MIT and Cornell have good lightweight squads. MIT has lost just one race this season, to Harvard. This was Cornell's second defeat; the Big Red previously were beaten by Penn, who is unbeaten. Penn and Harvard are believed to have two of the better crews in the country.

Brown Hands Lions 2nd League Loss

By ALEX SACHARE

Columbia's hopes for an Eastern League baseball title were dimmed Saturday afternoon, when the Lions were beaten by Brown 5-3 under sunny skies at Baker Field.

The loss to the Bruins, who were not rated as a particularly strong club in the league, gave Columbia a 5-6 record overall, and a 1-2 league mark. Brown is now 3-2 in the league, and 12-9-1 overall.

The fact that the Bruins have played twice as many games as Columbia may well have been the difference in Saturday's contest. While not an overwhelmingly talented club, the Bruins did not make any errors in fundamentals, and looked like a well-drilled, experienced unit.

Columbia out-hit Brown 7-6, but the Bruins had the benefit of wildness on the part of Lion starting pitcher Terry Sweeney. Making his second start of the season after pitching well in relief on numerous occasions, Sweeney gave up nine walks before he was removed in the sixth inning, and the Bruins capitalized on his wildness to score five runs.

Brown starting pitcher Bob Thorley went all the way, but was hardly overpowering. The Lions hit him rather hard time and again, but could not put the hits together for a rally, and had a number of long fly balls caught.

The Bruins got all five of their runs off Sweeney. Ron Szumilas pitched the final three and one-third innings, allowing neither a run nor a hit.

Columbia got two runs in the eighth inning to make the score 5-3, on an error by pitcher Thorley and a home run over the center field fence by Bob Bosson. It was the first homer of the year for Bosson.

It was the first home run by a Columbia player to go over the fence. Frank Stimley has the only other Lion home run, and his came on an umpire's ruling after the ball rolled under the right field fence.

Box Scores

HARVARD (6)					COLUMBIA (0)					BROWN (5)					COLUMBIA (3)				
Player	AB	R	H	RBI	Player	AB	R	H	RBI	Player	AB	R	H	RBI	Player	AB	R	H	RBI
Bernhard	3	1	1	0	Graham	4	0	0	0	M'Adams	4	1	1	0	Graham	4	0	0	0
Tucker	4	0	0	0	Assicur.	3	0	2	0	Kahn	5	0	0	1	Assicur.	4	0	0	0
DeMich.	2	1	0	0	Stimley	4	0	0	0	Flanders	4	1	1	0	Stimley	3	1	1	0
Varney	4	2	1	1	Bosson	4	0	0	0	Stewart	3	1	0	0	Bosson	4	1	1	2
Ignacio	4	1	3	1	Conte	4	0	0	0	Crozier	3	0	1	3	Conte	4	0	0	0
Hurley	1	0	1	0	Vatt	4	0	1	0	Hoag	4	0	1	1	Vatt	4	0	1	0
Kelly	4	0	1	1	Early	3	0	0	0	Marini	3	0	0	0	Early	2	0	0	0
Locksley	1	0	0	0	Alloy	2	0	0	0	Phillips	3	1	0	0	Szumilas	2	0	1	0
Cherry	4	0	1	1	Szakos	1	0	0	0	Thorley	4	1	2	0	Szakos	4	1	1	0
Turco	4	0	0	0	Heyel	1	0	1	0					Sweeney	4	0	2	0	
Dorwart	3	1	0	0	Szumilas	1	0	0	0										
					Sweeney	1	0	0	0										
TOTAL 34 6 8 4					TOTAL 32 0 4 0					TOTAL 33 5 6 5					TOTAL 35 3 7 2				
HARVARD.....103 000 011 - 6 8 2					COLUMBIA.....000 000 000 - 0 4 3					BROWN.....002 012 000 -- 5 6 3					COLUMBIA...000 010 020 -- 3 7 3				
										Winning Pitcher -- Thorley					Losing Pitcher -- Sweeney				

Lion Crews Beaten in Cup Races

Lion Heavies Are Last As Quakers Top Elis

Before Saturday's Blackwell Cup regatta at Yale's docks in Derby Conn., Columbia's varsity heavy-weight coach Bill Stowe hinted rather strongly that he expected to come in third and would plan for the race accordingly. Well, the expected occurred as Pennsylvania's unbeaten crews won all three races (freshman, junior varsity, and varsity) with Yale second and Columbia third in each race.

The Lions did have something to cheer about, however, as they finished just one length behind Yale in the varsity race, and the fact that Stowe had made a number of "experimental" changes in preparation for next Saturday's race with Rutgers. Considering this, Stowe said that he was pleased that his squad stayed so close to Yale.

Pennsylvania was in a class by itself, winning the race by over three lengths in the time of 5:26.8. Aided by the Housatonic River, which was swollen by the runoff of heavy Connecticut snows, the Quakers set a course record for the 2000-meters.

Penn jumped off to an early lead, settled to a pace of 35-36 strokes a minute, and then lengthened its margin in the last 500 meters. Columbia began gaining in the last 500 meters, but it could not catch Yale.

The junior varsity race was closer, as Penn topped the Elis by just one second, or less than a quarter-length. The Lions lost by two lengths.



Bill Stowe

The freshman race saw the Cubs finish three and one-half lengths behind Penn, which beat Yale by two and one-half lengths.

Several changes were made in the varsity boat, the most important being Bill Longa replacing captain Bob Kidd as stroke. The rest of the Lion boat consisted of Mike Reiser, Bill Lynch, Matt Saczawa, John Probolus, Lowell Hart, John Seney, Kidd, and James McHaney (coxswain).

This was Pennsylvania's fourth consecutive Blackwell Cup victory. Last year, on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia, the quakers won with a slower time of 5:41.8, two lengths ahead of Yale and seven ahead of Columbia.

MIT Lights Take Race As Lions Are Third

A thrilling lightweight crew race took place at Cornell Saturday for the Geiger Cup, but unfortunately the Lions managed to miss out on all the excitement. While MIT was winning a stunning come-from-behind victory over the Big Red, Columbia was far behind in third place.

The three started evenly and Cornell gradually assumed a slight lead. At about the half-way mark, Columbia began to fall out of contention. Then in the final 500 meters, MIT assumed a sprint which raised their stroke to 38 and enabled them to gradually gain water on Cornell. The Engineers passed the Big Red right before the finish line.

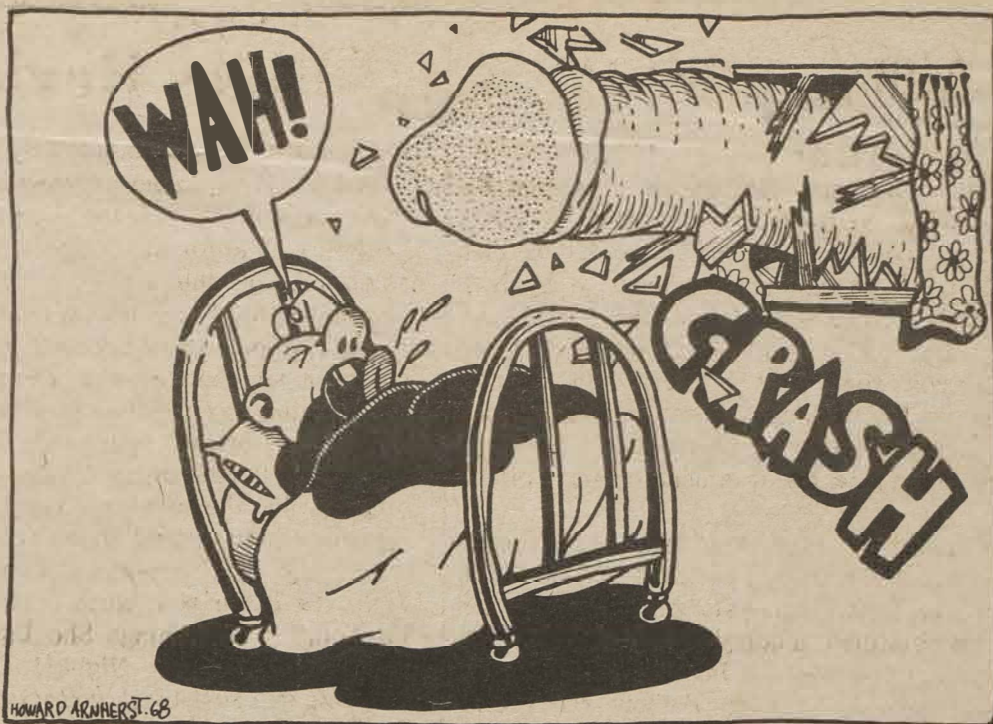
Lion varsity coach Dick Hansen said before the race that he did not expect to win this one, and that his team would be concentrating its efforts on what seemed to be a more realistic goal, upsetting Rutgers in a triangular meet with the Black Knights and Georgetown to be held at home next Saturday.

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IN THIS ISSUE:

- Migrant journal: c1
- Why cit council split: c3
- An interview with Morton Sobell: c4
- More R. Crumb: c6
- Why "Greetings" is revolutionary: c10



crumb: c6
for adults only

CONNECTION

volume two

number two

28 april '69

the magazine supplement of the Columbia Daily Spectator

Migrant journal: summer 1968

By EDEN WEINMAN

Sunday, June 16, 1968

9 a.m.

Yemassee, South Carolina: two gas stations, cut by the state highway. Nobody has heard of the Migrant Service Center. "I'm lookin' for work. Where d'ya reckon I can find some?"

"You ain't goin' to fin' none 'round here. Your best bet's to go up to Beaufort." He points out the road. I start hitching. This is the South, where civil rights workers are shot.

"Where ya goin'?"

"Beaufort."

"Hlop in, I can take ya 'bout half the way there . . . Ya just get outa the service?"

"Uh-uh. I ain't been called up yet."

"Oh, I figured ya looked like ya just got outa the service, so I took ya. It's hard to get a ride on this road. Where 'bouts ya from?"

"New York. I never been down here before. I want to see what it looks like." The road is a thin paved line between two green jungles. A body buried in those woods would never be found. We bump across a railroad track.

"There was a real bad crash here, two, three years ago. Bill Collins was drunk, it was Saturday night, he ran right into a train. He was killed, car was totaled. Battery was still okay though, I got that, and the generator. Generator still works. Parts of the car were all over here, every which way . . . Okay, here ya go. Ya take that fork there."

11:30 a.m. Beaufort's a pretty big town, it looks like it would take about thirty minutes to walk across. It's hot; no idea where to begin looking for work. I walk into an air-conditioned drugstore, see the Beaufort Gazette on the newsstand, call the phone number on the masthead. It's busy, so I dial the sheriff's department.

"I'm looking for some migrant camps. Do you know where they are?"

"You might try out on Lady's Island. There's a lot of packing houses out there."

Lady's Island, across a long bridge. A huge packing house roof reflects the sun. "I'm lookin' for a migrant crew to hire on with. D'ya know where I can find one?"

"Fuck, you don't want to work with them, it's niggers and mexicans. They'll

Notes on a Columbia student's summer working as a migrant laborer in the South, where the hours are long, the wages are low, and the people are far from gentle.



ILLUSTRATION BY LINCOLN PERRY

knife you as quick as they blink. You might get work at one of the other packin' houses. We can't take you, we're running boxes today."

More walking, some houses along the road, occasional people. "D'ya know where I can get work?"

"There's a contractor lives in that house there. His name's Meano."

Meano's wife comes to the door. "He's in the field now. Ya can come by tonight. I don't know if he can take ya or not." I've got only ten dollars, and the sandwiches will not last forever.

1 p.m. A packing house agrees to hire me for the afternoon.

In cardboard crates, catch the tomatoes as they tumble down the grading chute, jerk the full box away, and roll it down the line. It's checked on a scale (sixty pounds), closed, rolled on. Picked up, carried several yards to a pallet. A forklift will carry the boxes a ton at a time into refrigerator vans.

The tomato sorting machine rises like a grey-green dinosaur, with growling pulleys and truck loads of tomatoes tumbling down its chutes, to a dozen teams spaced along its sides. On the crest, riding its back, is a double column of twenty black girls, scarves on their heads and over their mouths to keep out the choking dust, watching the tomatoes roll by, fresh from picking, unloaded by tons from the caravan of trucks, as the girls at feverish pace pick out the old, the small, the rotten, the bruised. Everybody is sweating slippery under the hot roof above us, mouth velvety from the dust, as the machine rolls on and on.

The white foreman adds me to a white team doing the bucking and weighing, and has a black fourteen-year-old carry our sixty pound box to the pallet.

"I'm getting money to start at USC." The white at my side talks to me as we work.

"I didn't have time to ask. How much we gettin' paid?"

"\$1.60 an hour."

"Wow. I was expectin' \$1.25."

"The packing houses used to pay \$1 an hour, but in '64 congress voted a minimum wage, and it's been going up fifteen cents each year. Next year it'll be \$1.75."

My co-worker carries a few boxes to the pallet, then calls, with a smile, "Frank, move your ass down here and stop clowning." The fourteen-year-old has walked away to talk with his friends, and our loaded boxes pile up. The white

[continued on c-2]

Eden Weinman, a junior in the College, is spending his junior year abroad in France. He worked as a migrant laborer last summer.

Migrant journal

[continued from c-1]

trades places with Frank for a while, to give him a chance to rest; when tired himself, he has Frank take over again.

Tomatoes roll, bump, push, jostle, crowd each other as they hurry down the chute. Sometimes, like the audience from a theatre on fire jamming the exits, the tomatoes wedge in the chutes, and have to be knocked loose. A few old tomatoes elude the sorters on high, and the white zealously picks them out. "They shouldn't let these get by."

He calls Frank back. Frank, who had left again and was talking with his friends down the line, throws a tomato at him, laughing.

There are nearly one million migrant workers in the United States. Picking fifty boxes of tomatoes a day pays about \$15; most migrants work less than 5 months a year.

After a couple of hours the machine breaks down momentarily, and everybody runs to the soda machine. I go up to the loft to look for the toilet and find the one marked "White." Downstairs, along with everyone else, I drink a soda. As the white and black packing house workers talk, I sense two separate worlds, foreign to my own, non-intersecting. One is closer to my universe than the other.

The machine recovers and roars. "I don't know when we'll be able to let you all go." The packing house has a lot of tomatoes to process that day.

We finish after five hours. The foreman who had hired me comes up. "Do you want to work through the night?"

"Sure. But I've got to see a guy right now."

"We've got to get this machine cleaned out. Be back in an hour, someone'll be here to tell you what to do."

6:30 p.m. Meano is home when I get to his red brick house. "Shit, I'll take you if I could, but I ain't got no place to put you. I'm lettin' four guys sleep here already. Yesterday I had to send away three guys up from Texas, three real good pickers." Meano's accent is heavy.

"Where d'ya think I can get work?"

Meano yells in Spanish to another room. I remember things from Vista, the Mexican pride in "raza," in being "Chicano." Two babies play with an empty plastic milk bottle near Meano's feet. A woman yells back something. Meano says, "Be here tomorrow."

"Bout what time?"

"The morning. Before I leave."

"When's that?"

"Oh, I dunno. Six or seven."

I leave and eat a sandwich by a roadside phone booth. Inside, a black in clean clothes talks in a resonant voice, fingering a pile of quarters and dimes. Two other blacks, one in pants frayed at the knees, listen. A red '68 Catalina is pulled up alongside. Its license plate says BOWIE.

"... this year. Everybody's mighty happy with my crew, ain't had no trouble at all ... Two, three at the most, we'll probably be comin' up to Virginia the first week of July ... Uh-uh, I ain't got a phone here, I'll call you back ... Okay ... So long, Mr. Hendrix." The man comes out of the phone booth, says to the two who are with him, "It's gonna be some of the best potatoes he's ever had. We'll go into town for an hour, then I'll take you back to camp."

"It's lookin' for work and a place to stay. I heard ya talk 'bout your camp. Can ya give me some work?"

He looks me over: workshoes, totebag. "Yeah, I need someone right away. I just had to fire one of my checkers." Then, aside to one of his men, "Sam hasn't left the Fayer house in a week. I went down there last night, he was so drunk he couldn't even run." Back to me. "I've got another white workin' for me, my crew gets along fine with him. We're in a big camp down the road that way, my wife does the cookin', fried chicken, baked potatoes, hamburgers, she cooks real good. I bring sodas and sandwiches out in the field. If any of my men needs help, or a loan, or some liquor or a

woman an' we ain't workin', he can count on me.

"If you check good, you know, help me a little with the books, I can pay you extra too, dependin' how much you help." The checker is the crew-boss's "eye," sometimes fakes a low count on some workers, to get an extra profit which he shares with the boss.

Does this boss want "help" adding numbers, or gyping workers? "I don't wanna check. I'd rather pick."

"Sure, I understand. If you pick 'bout fifty boxes, you'll be makin' better than \$15 a day, and we've been workin' regular ... You sure you don't wanna check, it's a lot easier, and if you help me good, you'll make 'bout as much as pickin'."

"I already talked to a guy said he might be able to hire me, I said I'd go by his house tomorrow ..."

"I like a man keeps his word. If he don't get you nothin', you come see me, my name's Frank Bowie, you've probably seen my buses." A school bus, repainted sky blue, is parked nearby. Several dozen blacks of all ages sit, or walk around. The women and girls have covered their hair with scarves, everyone is still filthy from the field. The bus is marked, "Frank Bowie Special, Direct from Orlando, Florida." "You be here tomorrow evening," he says, "I'll be lookin' for you. I think you'll work just fine." He and the two other men get in the Catalina and drive off.

Monday, June 17

The alarm clock rings at 6:15 a.m. The tomato mush which seeped through my jeans has dried into stains as stiff as cardboard. I look in the mirror. The unshaven, dirty, day-old bum looking back would not get a dime on 114th and Broadway. I wash my face in the cold stream of a hose, and shave.

"I'll put in a word for you with Bill, he might be able to hire you as my assistant."

"Thanks, but I've got to get me a place to stay, and I can't live here. When can I get my pay?"

"Come by this afternoon and pick it up from the business office."

6:45 a.m. At Meano's house in the early reddish daylight about fifteen Mexican-Americans wait, sitting on the steps or squatting over the dewy grass. They are talking quietly, take no notice of my arrival. Birds are chirping in the distance.

Meano says something in Spanish, everybody piles into two cars and a panel truck.

We follow a dirt road into the center of the fresh tomato rows. The workers scramble for the wooden crates a-

longside the road. Any time spent in the field without a crate means that much money lost. The sun has been up for about an hour, and has just begun to bring out the acid smell of the tomato vines. The green parallel rows of tomatoes, separated by dusty furrows, stretch a hundred yards in either direction from where we are, but the workers cluster in the rows nearest the cars.

The older workers have faces as if carved from olive wood. In the fields the sun has hardened their skin, turned it the brown of leather. Especially on the nape of the neck, because their faces are buried in the leaves. The women wear rubber gloves to protect their hands from the stains and acid of the tomatoes. Large floppy straw hats shield their heads from the sun.

I stand near the station wagon. Next to me, under straight black hair, are golden faces too young to work. One of the men catches a pair of baby field mice, and gives them to the children. A frail boy about five tries balancing a mouse on his little sister's head, but the mouse falls off, and he momentarily panics as he loses it in the tall grass.

A little boy cups the second mouse in his palm, and three or four children crowd around to pet it gingerly with a finger. On all fours the frail boy who had dropped the mouse finds it again, and squeals with happiness. One of the other children grabs for it, but the boy snatches it away.

"You goin' to be pickin'?" says to me the man who had found the mice, as he watches the children.

"Meano said he'd get me a place to stay, I'll be goin' with him. How's the field?"

"Not too bad. I got sixty-five boxes yesterday. Twenty dollars. Ain't bad for five hours." But migrant families average less than a hundred days of work per year.

He returns to where he had finished picking the day before. Behind him the vines are slightly pushed down. Bent almost double, his hands easily touching the ground, his legs almost straight, he begins to shuffle slowly forward. His hands, pushing the bushes this way and that, whisk in and out, search the tomatoes, grab them three and four at a time, flick out the stem with a jerk of the thumb, and throw them into the box with a steady fast bump, bump, bump. The tomatoes are green, and will ripen on their way to market.

We've been in the field less than a quarter of an hour. Several of the pickers have already filled up a fifty pound box, carried it to the road, and begun a second.

"The packing houses used to pay \$1 an hour, but in '64 Congress voted a minimum wage and it's been going up fifteen cents each year."

"All right," Meano says to me, "we'll go to the packin' house. Roberto's truck's usually there 'bout now."

10 a.m. The truck is getting hotter, and I can no longer sleep. Walking around the side of the truck, I see dozens of people working in the sun, while a few drink or rest briefly. Robert notes on a pad how many boxes each person has picked. "Okay, where d'ya want me to start?" I say.

He walks with me. "You picked tomatoes before?"

"Yeah, I was workin' out in California two years ago, I picked 'em a couple of times."

"Take these three rows here, and carry your boxes to the other side." About ten minutes later he comes back to look at what I've picked. "Get the stems out, you see, like this ...

These here are too small. I want 'em like this." Near where I kneel as I pick, Robert finds several handfuls of tomatoes which I missed, and puts them in my box.

"Pick both sides of the row. Watch you don't miss too many."

The sides of my thumbs are getting raw from flicking out the tomato stems. The tomatoes hide beneath their leaves. My hands move mechanically, often pick tomatoes which I know must be thrown out. Even the breeze is hot. The bugs see my hands are occupied. They settle on my face, neck arms, are mired in the sweat.

In a half hour I pick one box—thirty cents—and go back to the truck to drink water, swallow salt pills, slap on more sun lotion, and eat a peanut butter-jelly sandwich from my totebag. The sandwich makes me even thirstier. After fifteen minutes I go back.

An hour passes. I think I'm becoming more proficient, and have picked three boxes in all. Robert comes over, with one hand picks up several tomatoes which I have just left on the vine, with the other tosses out some undersized tomatoes.

"Leave the little ones."

I go back to the pickup for another long drink, and Robert sits down nearby. Horace, his driver, starts to head the big Ford out of the field, to take full tomato crates to the packing house. "I got to pick up the money I earned last night."

"Go with Horace," Robert says.

I run after the truck. Fidel seats me between himself and Horace, so that he can stick his head out the window and enjoy the breeze.

The crates, loaded sloppily, wobble in the rear-view mirror.

"Watch the bump," says Fidel.

At the packing house Horace backs the truck into a narrow space. The workers, including the "ugly mother-fucker," unload tomatoes from another truck.

"It'll be a long time before they do us," Horace says.

"I'm goin' to get my money," I say.

I pass places I know: the telephone booth, Meano's house. His dog is under the steps, just his muzzle showing.

The business office of the packing house is closed. I wait. Ten minutes later the accountant comes and unlocks the door. She is a tight-skinned blonde in her early forties, her hair in a bun.

"We don't pay till Friday." She snaps her words.

Two years ago a crew boss in California had used the same excuse not to pay me.

"I might not be here Friday. I need the money now. The boss said I could get paid right away."

She checks on the intercom. "I'm sorry, I had to make sure. We usually only pay Friday, it simplifies our book-keeping." She looks at my time card, makes out a check for twenty-two dollars. "You a college student?"

"Uh-uh."

"You look a little like one. Sometimes they work for us."

"Where can I cash this?"

"You know the general store on your left, going that way? The liquor store behind will take it."

The cashier gives me the money without asking for identification.

At the packing house Horace is with a black one-armed man who seems to be the boss of the loading crew.

This man moves the crates easily on a dolly, turning them with the stump of his shoulder. Fewer men are working, it's about lunch time. Two whites, sitting on inverted crates near a water

[continued on c-8]

Why cit council split

By JOEL FRADER

The vagaries of what used to be Columbia College Citizenship Council have in many ways mirrored the ups and downs of the development of social consciousness on American campuses since the "silent Fifties." We have come far from a President Eisenhower-inspired scheme to bring controversial speakers on social problems to Columbia to attacking the University's racism, and class oppression—not necessarily in that order.

There are, of course, many reasons for transition. Central, however, to the process of change has been a dynamic between doing and seeing. As students filed triplicate forms in the endless hallways of the city's bureaucracy one Saturday afternoon a month five or six years ago some few began to wonder if "citizenship" might not mean more direct involvement in the affairs of fellow New Yorkers.

Students fell naturally into the role of tutor. It was a chance perhaps to apply some of the facts and figures crammed into our pre-professional brains. For the first time school might become relevant, more alive.

For a while the excitement of the unsterilized worlds beyond Columbia perverted our vision. Were we really meeting twice a week with a black or Puerto Rican fifth grader who couldn't read? And even if we were, why was it so hard to get him to concentrate, to work harder? Didn't he want to go to college and get ahead? Maybe the answer was new and more sophisticated techniques. We purchased the best books, consultants, and games to be found. But the kids everywhere still fidgeted in their seats. By that time some of them even got hostile when we suggested that they didn't have the proper motivation.

Perplexed, we decided to figure out why we weren't very effective junior educators. We found out pretty quickly. Schools in New York stank. Teachers cared more about job security and discipline than education. Classrooms were over-crowded, facilities decrepit, conditions in general were deplorable. Community groups throughout the city had begun to show their anger at the school system; the great integrationist strawman was burned. Lousy black/white schools were still lousy. And it wasn't just the schools. Life for most "inner city" (read black and Puerto Rican) residents was unbearable—when possible at all.

has to report to his pre-induction physical next week. He has to fight them yellow . . . He has to protect our great country."

So once again we saw the pieces fall together. The government preferred to play dominoes in Southeast Asia—with the youngest and strongest fighters in the community—than to help out on 104th St. and Columbus Ave.

At the same time, of course, things were happening on campus. The military effort boosted research. Old facilities were proving to be inadequate. More room was needed to house the various institutional areas of the University that serves the established order. That meant expansion. Students were uptight about the draft and Vietnam. Questions were raised about the university's complicity with the war. Recruiting for the war effort was attacked. The connections between Columbia and the State became clearer.

Most important for Cit Council were the pressures to expand and remodel the University. A modern stream-lined campus meant the building of a gym in Morningside Park and removal of thousands of community residents from the Heights. The great institutional complex proposed for Morningside was to be had at the expense of the people the university was funding us to help. The fight for better life conditions was a fight against Columbia as well as Washington and Wall Street. And the more we looked into the problems, the harder it became to draw the distinctions between Columbia University, the Pentagon, the State Department, and the major corporate and financial interests of New York and the nation.

We were, then, in 1967-68, very confused. Our experiences in just a few years had made us aware of the need for massive social change. The governmental apparatus we had always been taught to rely on as the agent—directly or indirectly—for improvement was failing to provide even minimal resources for patching up the worst sore-spots.

For a while, some of us applied the dwindling supply of band-aids while others took up the offensive. Cit Council was among the first groups around to oppose the gym. At first we held hearings and discussions with the University and the community. Later, Cit Council people were involved in the first demonstration at the gym site. Some of us joined the fight for community

"Presumably we have come to the University to learn to be better human beings. If we do nothing with knowledge we then ignore our fundamental responsibilities."

Thus Michael Harrington socked it to us. And then, a new hope. The liberal Kennedy era arrived in all its (wealthy) hangings. The War (take your pick: Poverty or Vietnam) had begun. Columbia students, often against the wishes of Hamilton Hall and Low Library, were quick to jump on the OEO/ community-action bandwagon. New, "comprehensive" approaches to all our social ills were written behind the ivy insulated walls of Canbridge and Morningside Heights. We saw the light: fight for "control over the decisions that affect our lives."

The trouble was that we weren't supposed to fight too hard. Our \$100,000 might not get renewed if City Hall complained we were too noisy. And then our \$100,000 became \$50,000. "National priorities, sorry. We can't get your welfare grant this week, Mrs. Jones. We have to make the world safe for democracy. Oh, Mrs. Jones, your son

control of the schools, hoping to help out on all levels, from tutorial to political. And for two years, some of us talked about Stokely Carmichael's injunction to attack racism where we came from, not in the streets of Harlem but in Great Neck and White Plains.

Then last spring, we all had to make some decisions very quickly. From then on peaceful co-existence became more difficult. The night of the initial occupation of Hamilton Hall the old Governing Board of Citizenship Council met. Many of us came over from Hamilton and we were anxious to get back. Could we not, we asked, endorse the action and get back to the matters at hand? The answer was a confused no!

I argued that Cit Council had become an organization with certain values. We believed in the right of the community to determine its own affairs. We believed that the University was usurping that right in its expansion policy. So we had helped lead the fight against the gym. Now it was time to openly back those values. Support for the sit-in

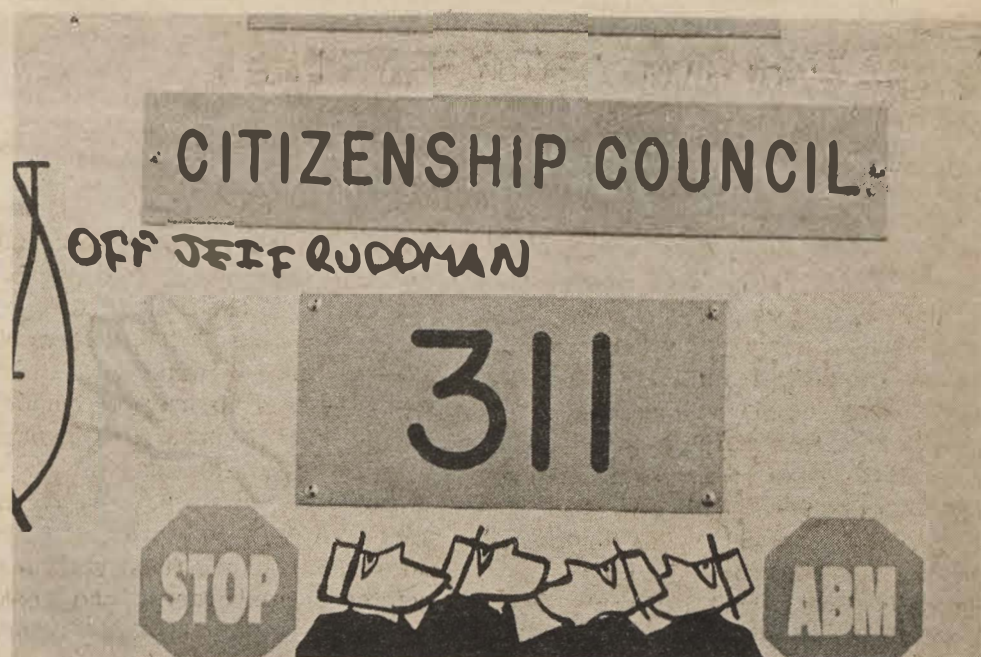


PHOTO BY RICHARD HOWARD

was not only fitting, but entirely consistent and proper.

No, I was told. How can we bite the hand that feeds us? Only some of us believed this was the way—therefore, we should make this an individual, not an institutional decision. It's more practical that way. So we punted. We endorsed some of the demands and took no stand on the tactics. Most people know the rest of the history in one of various versions. In two days our offices became "Strike Central." Many members were enraged. And even though most people ended up helping the cause, personal grudges developed which have never been overcome.

The University was not delighted with its new tenants—in Mathematics or Ferris Booth. And when in the fall we began our "political" programs, I'm sure that many an administrator thought our minds had been blown by the spectre of SDS which still haunted the whole of the third floor of FBH.

What I have tried to show, up to this point, however, is that the currently "too-hot-to-handle" political programs developed because we have grown up learning that the New York City (or Patterson, New Jersey or Cleveland, Ohio) schools, welfare programs, or general social conditions were not going to improve through the beneficence of McGeorge Bundy or John Lindsay. The only way we know how to get everyone rights (to decent housing, food, health, etc.) is to organize for them, demand them, and fight for them.

Now, of course, the University has said that we may be right—though they don't believe it—but it's not up to them to say so or to support us.

Dean Hovde has made his views clear in his official document on "The Structure of Community Service Organizations in Columbia College" and his recent letter to Spectator (4/10/69). It helps, I think, to examine what he's said.

Basically, the main issue is this. The dean finds that politics are out. In the future, "programs which are financially supported from my office must (sic) be engaged in primarily in service to the community, and no project will be funded whose aims and programs are primarily political." Moreover, this is somehow a "distinction of kind, not value." So, as Spectator pointed out in an editorial, a spurious balance is achieved because one "liberal" program—the Government Committee—is challenged: "... to work in a Congressman's office is proper, but it would not be proper to work in a Congressman's political campaigns, if the College's funds are involved."

In other words, the university should not, according to the Dean, support politics. The University, however, does support political activity everyday—it would be impractical for them not to. Columbia officials are involved in legislative lobbying. For example, they are opposing Congressional efforts to cut off funds to "campus rebels." They go to City Hall and Albany to ask for land for expansion (that's how the gym was authorized). Professors and administrators are intimately involved in policy making; both official (IDA, State Department) and non-official (David Truman was regarded as one of Robert Kennedy's top advisors, etc.)

The Dean, I think, would have two responses to this. First, he would say that most of the things I mentioned above involve government, not politics. But the distinction is meaningless. Government is the matter of running the social order and necessarily involves politics, i. e., social policy. Such policy is necessarily partisan. We haven't seen President Nixon inviting too many SDS or Social-Labor (let alone Liberal Party) people into his non-partisan coalition. The Dean's distinction between pre- and post-election activity, the supposed transcendence of "politics" by government, is a false issue.

Secondly, the Dean would say that "Mistakes have been made . . ." (Spec). IDA is now purged and we are moving toward a purified University which "should be dedicated to pursuit and transmission of knowledge . . . to serve all opinions. . . ." The implication is that we can talk about anything we like as long as we don't do anything. This split between knowledge and action is unconscionable. Presumably we have come to the University to learn to be better human beings. If we do nothing with knowledge we then ignore our fundamental responsibilities to others, and, ultimately to ourselves.

The implications of inaction—in the name of "value-freedom" or whatever—must be exposed. Paul Baran, the economist, wrote a pamphlet "The Commitment of the Intellectual" long before Noam Chomsky. In it he says, "It should be perfectly clear that such abdication amounts in practice to the endorsement of the status quo, to lending a helping hand to those who are seeking to obstruct any change in the existing order of things in favor of a better one."

The problem, the Dean would say, then, is deciding who's right—or to support everyone. He has asked me what I should do were I Dean and a racist, anti-Semitic organization approached the college for funds. I should say, I think, that racism and anti-semitism are wrong. No money. In other words I would make a decision on that as I have decided about the war, community control, or capitalism. I would not hide behind a wall of ivy covered institutional neutrality.

As a last ditch effort, the Dean would say that Citizenship Council doesn't, then, work on the community. What constitutes the community? Is Riker's Island (where the Service Council runs a prisons project) in the East River the community? How about Congressman's Scheuer's office in the Bronx? Why are they any more the community than Douglaston or Long Beach where our programs run? Is it the Manhattan community, New York City, the human community? The real problem is that our economic and social system have destroyed all sense of community and we are fighting to build a real one.

In sum then, it seems that the Dean's decision on our political programs is political repression, despite his distaste for the phrase. Not only can we not avoid being political animals in practice, we shouldn't try to avoid this. The question is really which side are we on. I think we should be on the side of making Columbia really serve the people. And that's my politics.

An interview with Morton Sobell

By KAREN DAVID

On February 2, 1950, Klaus Fuchs, a member of the British team of scientists who had worked on the Manhattan Project during WWII, was arrested as a Soviet agent. Fuchs was charged with having passed information relating to atomic power over to the Russians, an accusation to which he readily confessed.

On May 23, Harry Gold, an American citizen, was arrested, on a charge of conspiracy to commit wartime espionage. He confessed to having been a contact of Klaus Fuchs, under the employ of the Russian government. David Greenglass, an ex-G.I. who had been stationed at Los Alamos during the war, was arrested three weeks later, being accused of having delivered information concerning the atomic bomb to Harry Gold in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Greenglass, confessing to the charge, claimed that his brother-in-law, Julius Rosenberg, had been responsible for recruiting him and arranging the meeting between himself and Gold. Greenglass stated that while on furlough in N.Y.C., Julius Rosenberg had given him one half of a jello box, the other half of which was given to Harry Gold, as a means of identification. Rosenberg was arrested, but denied any knowledge of these occurrences. A short time later came the arrests of Ethel Rosenberg and Morton Sobell. But, though Sobell was arrested in connection with the Rosenberg espionage conspiracy, he was not said to have been involved in the transmitting of any atomic secrets, nor was he in any way connected with David Greenglass or Harry Gold.

The sole witness of the prosecution to directly accuse Sobell of involvement was Max Elitcher, who testified that Sobell, as well as Julius Rosenberg, had attempted to recruit him as a Russian agent, and that, in his presense, Morton Sobell had gone to deliver a can of film to the Rosenberg apartment.

On June 16, 1950, David Greenglass, an ex-G.I. who had been stationed at Los Alamos during the war, was arrested by the F.B.I. He was accused of having been a member of an espionage ring involved with the stealing of U.S. atomic secrets. On July 17, the F.B.I. announced the arrest of Greenglass's brother-in-law, Julius Rosenberg. The arrest came shortly after the F.B.I. had informed the press that Greenglass wanted to "cooperate" with the Bureau.

The prosecution's case against Julius and Ethel Rosenberg centered primarily around the testimony of David Greenglass. According to his accusations, Julius Rosenberg requested that his brother-in-law, while in Los Alamos, procure information concerning the construction of the atom bomb. The government maintained that this information, obtained by a minor technician with no more than a high school diploma, provided the Russians with the "secret" to the atom bomb.

After the arrest of the Rosenbergs, the government extended its "inquiries." "Everybody who was ever associated with Julius Rosenberg, in any way, no matter how remotely, was investigated by the F.B.I. after his arrest. The whole series of intimidations that took place at that period of McCarthyism was such that if one person was in any way under suspicion, there would immediately be this network of reaching out toward anyone connected with that person," reflects Mrs. Sobell.

Morton Sobell had been in the unfortunate position of having once known Julius Rosenberg, though the two men were only slight acquaintances. "I knew Julius in school," he says. "He was in the class after mine. At the time, there were only about 25 students in the engineering school of CCNY, so, of course, I knew him. Also, he was politically left oriented, so there was that connection. But, then, during that period, nearly half the class had left leanings. After graduation, I lost sight of him until I came back to New York in '47, during which time I must have visited the Rosenberg apartment only 3 or 4 times."

The final connection between Julius Rosenberg and Morton Sobell was made by Max Elitcher, a fellow classmate and member of the Young Communist League. According to Elitcher, Sobell had approached him on numerous occasions, asking that he "keep his eyes open" for any information that might be of use to Communists. Elitcher further stated that Sobell, in his attempts to recruit him, had often referred to Julius Rosenberg. Thus, his testimony irrevocably cemented the fate of Morton Sobell to that of the Rosenbergs.

Elitcher's relation to Sobell was a close one. After having gone through high school and college together, they both went to work at the Bureau of Ordinances in Washington, where they shared an apartment. Subsequently, when Sobell was working in Schenectady, Elitcher occasionally visited with his friend. Later, after they had both moved back to New York, Elitcher purchased a house behind Sobell. "You have to get this picture against his testimony that in '44 I had approached him to become a spy and that I kept making approaches to him until 1950," Sobell says. "Yet despite the fact that in '48 I had been approaching him for four years, he chose to become my neighbor. Of course, he resisted my blandishments all this time. But why he wanted to be in such a close proximity to someone as dangerous as myself seems totally incomprehensible."

The reasons for Elitcher's accusations and close cooperation with the F.B.I. are not so incomprehensible, according to Mrs. Sobell. "Elitcher, himself, was liable to a five-year prison sentence because of his confessed perjury. (In applying for a government job, Elitcher had denied any connection with the Communist party, of which he had been a member.) But he was never arrested or tried. So, that, here was a classical case of someone who was being pressured by the prosecution in an attempt to achieve his certain ends, which were, in this case, political in nature."

It was relatively easy for Elitcher to "inform" on him, Sobell asserts. "Obviously, he didn't know anyone else as well. Secondly, the conversations which he related concerning equipment did actually take place. He didn't have to lie



Morton Sobell

much in accusing me. He took conversations which were perfectly innocent of themselves, discussions concerning our jobs, and then added 'for purposes of espionage.' In other words, everything he said was perfectly true, to the point at which he added this statement on espionage. Also, we had both been members of the Young Communist League at that time at City College, so my political orientation fitted the requirements. You must understand that to have a spy trial of and by itself would not have been sufficient at the time. The prosecution's main purpose was to scare people away from the left, so that it was mandatory that the defendants be of a left persuasion. So I fitted their needs perfectly."

But the ultimate consideration in Sobell's candidacy for the role of a Russian spy materialized in the form of his alleged "flight" to Mexico, which came only ten days after David Greenglass had been arrested. The implications of the trip were strengthened by inquiries Sobell made, when in Mexico, on how to leave the country, while at the same time traveling under an alias.

Though seemingly evidence of guilt, Sobell's trip to Mexico has less significance when understood in context. "We left for Mexico at the end of June. At that time, my wife, Helen, had just completed her course at Columbia, I had finished teaching at Brooklyn Poly, and Sydney, our daughter, was out of school. Thus, it was a period when we had all just completed our commitments and therefore, an opportune time to take off. It was purely coincidental that the two periods came at the same time." But why the use of the alias? "When we left for Mexico it was merely as a vacation. But while down there things happened in rapid succession—the war started, the Rosenbergs were arrested, and then the general heightened hysteria which led to my momentary panic and change of plans." Mrs. Sobell added, "At this time, there were teachers who were being fired from their jobs and engineers being subjected to all kinds of harassing security checks. Mort was both an engineer and a teacher and we were certainly not unaware of the tense atmosphere. And then to see the whole issue heightened by the outbreak of the Korean war, and then to read this fantastic account in the newspapers on the arrest of Julius Rosenberg for stealing the secret of the atom bomb. We were disturbed and upset and frightened, for this wasn't so long after World War II during which 6 million Jews were killed by the Nazis. So we panicked. In retrospect, we should have been even more frightened than we were."

But this period of panic soon ended, Sobell says. After two weeks of frantic



Mrs. Sobell

journeys over Mexico, he returned to his wife and children, who had remained in Mexico City, registered under their own names. He then had his family vaccinated, in preparation for their return to the United States. A few days later Sobell and his family were "deported" from Mexico. A description of this incident was recorded by Sobell in an affidavit (included in "Invitation to an Inquest," by Walter and Miriam Scheir, Doubleday, 1965) claiming that his removal from Mexico was not a legal extradition, but a kidnapping:

"On Wednesday, August 16, 1950, at about 8:00 P.M., while in our apartment in Mexico City, there was a knock on the door. My older daughter opened the door and three men burst into the room with drawn guns and bodies poised for shooting; these men did not ask my name, did not say what they wanted.

"They picked me up bodily and carried me down from the fourth floor to the ground floor. In the street I kept shouting for the police. A taxi was hailed and they opened the door; tried to force me into the taxi; when two more men came in and beat me over the head with blackjacks until I lost consciousness. I woke up in the taxi and I was stretched horizontally at the feet of the three men.

"When the car stopped in front of a building, they ordered me to get up; they told me to get into the building, but not to make a scene or they would plug me. . . we went upstairs, and, we went into an office.

"They sat me down and a slim, tall, dark man came over; he looked at me. I asked him what it was all about. He slapped me in the face and told me that they were the ones that were asking questions. At that point I discovered that my head was bloody and my shirt bespattered with blood.

"At 4:00 A.M. I was moved into a large four-door Packard and seated in the rear with two armed men, one on each side of me. At that moment, the same tall, thin man came to the door and spoke to my guards in English saying to them "If he makes any trouble shoot him."

"We stopped at the Mexican Customs on the Mexican side of the bridge, across the Rio Grande marking the border. A man entered with a badge in his hand and stated that he was a United States agent and he remained in the car. When we arrived at the United States Customs I was directed to sign a card, arrested after they searched my baggage and myself. They handcuffed me and placed me in jail where I remained for five days, after which I was taken to New York City."

[continued on c-5]

Morton Sobell

[continued from c-4]

The trial began on March 6, 1951, at the Federal Courthouse in New York City. The defendants were Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and Morton Sobell; the charge was a conspiracy to commit espionage—no actual theft of secretive material was ever specified in the indictment. "I was never accused of having taken particular secrets," Sobell notes. "England does not even have a conspiracy count; and the only occasion in which they would use a similar charge in this country, generally, is in such an instance as the Spock Case, for they can't really accuse anybody for having done anything to violate the law. In a conspiracy count, talk is presented as evidence, thereby lending itself to misrepresentation. In the case of Elitcher, I was accused of having spoken to him which was very innocuous in itself, but, yet, by putting it into a conspiracy framework, they turned it into something which fit their purpose."

According to Sobell, his attorneys did not permit him to testify in his own defense. "Why didn't he let me? It had nothing to do with the Elitcher testimony, though I couldn't have handled it too well, since all I could have told them was that, yes, we did have these conversations, but what Elitcher told you to read into them was wrong. My lawyer was fooled by the F.B.I., who told him that they had other material and that they could kill me if I took the stand. This was a standard tactic that they used—other people have reported it. Accordingly, he got frightened for me as well as for himself."

"You must understand that these were not normal times. Mr. Kontz, in his position as my lawyer, was unable to conduct the trial with sufficient aggressiveness. Many, many times, rather than objecting to a statement, as a matter of record, he would waive his right, in hopes of appeasing the judge."

"After my arrest, Helen went around, trying to get some good lawyers on the case; prestige lawyers who were expert in their field, but none of these men would accept the case, so, that, in fact the lawyers that we did manage to get should be commended for their courage. Though one of the biggest constitution lawyers wrote the Rosenberg brief, he did so anonymously, and refused to try the case himself."

"You must realize that this was not an isolated incident," explained Mrs. Sobell. "There were many things that were happening during this period. Thousands of people lost their jobs, many were being deported, there was an atmosphere of alienation, suspicion, fear. It was the 'fearful 50's', the silent generation, when none of the people in the universities dared to raise their voice. There was a paralysis that descended on the country in regard to any kind of activity."

"We were listening, a few nights ago, to some rabbis orating about the 9 Jews who have been hanged in Iraq," continued Mr. Sobell, "yet how many rabbis during this period of 1953, when the Rosenbergs were burned, orated. There were very few. The reason is that they can see what is happening in Iraq has political overtones, but they did not see that what was taking place here was politically motivated."

Mr. Sobell believes that before the jury ever had the opportunity to review the case, the press had already tried and convicted the Rosenbergs and himself. "There were two trials in progress, the bare legal trial in the courts and the phoney trial for the press," explains Mr. Sobell. The public trial, he continued, was employed as a means of achieving conviction for treason—an accusation which could never have been made in the courts, for at least

two witnesses must testify in a case of treason. And without the stigma of treason, the purpose of the trial as a device to promote a fear of the left could not have been fully satisfied.

Exactly one month after the trial began, Judge Kaufman sentenced the Rosenbergs to "death by electrocution". The Judge declared "I consider your crime worse than murder. I believe your conduct in putting in the hands of the Russians the A-Bomb years before our best scientists predicted Russia would perfect the bomb has already caused, in my opinion, the Communist aggression in Korea, with the resultant casualties exceeding fifty thousand and who knows but that millions more of

port a statement which exemplified this view:

"The campaign to 'save the Rosenbergs' is a case study of how Communists can turn on the heat. The pressure is tremendous. Communists all over the world get into the act, and follow the same line. The demand for 'justice' is so intense it even attacks some non-Communists, and arouses genuine sympathy for spies. Forgotten in the furor: the crime of the Rosenbergs".

But the protest movements and appeals appeared useless. The government refused to commute the sentence until the Rosenbergs confessed and agreed to collaborate with the F.B.I. But though the Supreme Court refused to review

Just as the fear of the death penalty was employed against the Rosenbergs in a final attempt to gain their cooperation, Morton Sobell was presented with the threat of Alcatraz. "The threat was used in a number of ways," he remembers. "At that time the committee was just starting up, with Helen spearheading the movement. They realized what a menace it posed, and, so, they hoped that with my confession, they might prevent the growth of the campaign. Furthermore, the prosecution wanted me as a witness, to fill in the gaps in their case."

When he wouldn't "cooperate," the government made good its threat and sent him to Alcatraz. "I did not feel any great shock when I first arrived at Alcatraz," Sobell said. "I had become anesthetized. A human being is a very adaptable animal. Though there are those who are weak, and quickly go under, I was able to adjust myself to my surroundings. There are all sorts of defense mechanisms one can use. Probably my strongest support came from the outside—knowing that my wife was leading the campaign for vindication and that doubts were beginning to be acknowledged. But, still, prison life was not very pleasant."

Though Judge Kaufman had advised against a parole, eighteen and one-half years later, Morton Sobell was released from Federal prison. "I feel no bitterness towards those who helped convict me," he says. "The establishment needed a political trial to heat up the cold war and to prevent dissension. I just happened to fit into the picture."

"Given this perspective of the situation, I could not feel myself the persecuted individual. I was not in the same position as the innocent man who had become the victim of an over zealous prosecutor or prejudiced jury. The time was right for a political trial, and I fitted the bill."

During his eighteen years of imprisonment, Mr. Sobell's lawyers appealed eight times to the Supreme Court, and were refused a hearing each time. "It shows a conspiracy in the government," says Mr. Sobell, "for at a hearing we would have the power to summon witnesses and, thereby, produce a proper defense."

"The reasons for the refusal seem obvious," continued Mr. Sobell. "Most of the cases that are brought before the Supreme Court have been tried by the State. But my case originated in the federal courts."

"I have never regarded the vindication of myself or the Rosenbergs in a personal light," Sobell said. "It is now simply a question of history, for nobody still believes the myths that were part of the trial. But whether the vindication will occur during our lifetimes, I cannot answer."

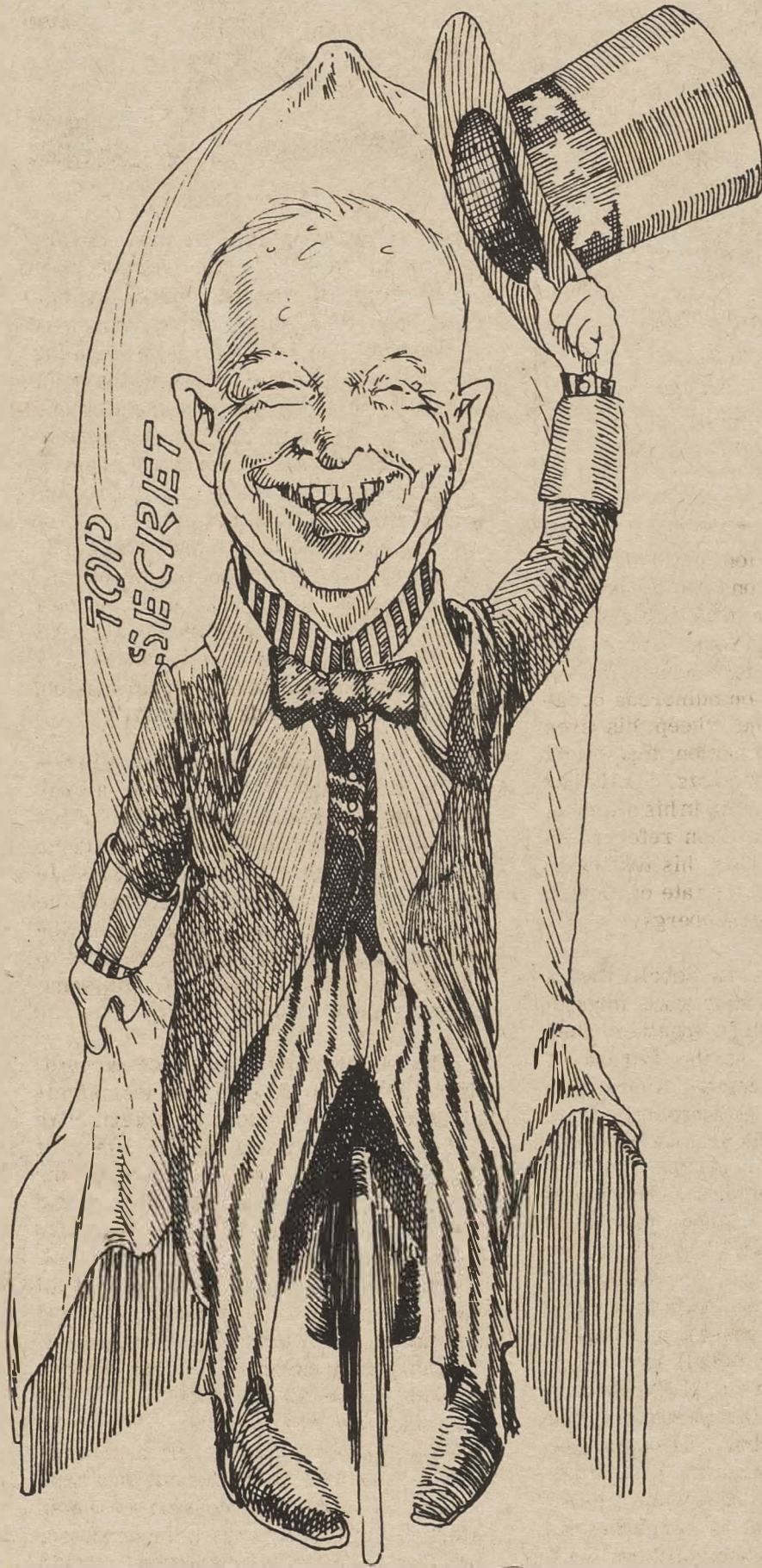


ILLUSTRATION BY LINCOLN PERRY

innocent people may pay the price of your treason. Indeed, by your betrayal you undoubtedly have altered the course of history to the disadvantage of our country. We have evidence of your treachery all around us every day—for the civilian defense activities throughout the nation are aimed at preparing us for an atom bomb attack..." Judge Kaufman proved more "lenient" in sentencing Sobell, for no evidence presented indicated his involvement in the selling of the atom bomb secrets. Sobell received 30 years, with a request that he never be paroled. David Greenglass was sentenced to only 15 years, "for cooperating". He was released 9 years later.

Although a movement to commute the Rosenbergs' death sentence began in the States, it received little support, for the press was quick to label its supporters Communists. On Jan. 9, 1953, there appeared in U.S. News and World Re-

the case, Justice Douglas, on the day before the execution, issued a stay of execution. He said that there was a possibility that the Rosenbergs could have been improperly tried under the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, which had superseded the Espionage Act of 1917 and which required that a recommendation by the jury be submitted for the death penalty to be administered. Since none was given, Justice Douglas wished to allow for a full judicial consideration.

Washington exploded at the news of the stay of execution. William Wheeler, a Georgia Democrat, offered a resolution calling for the impeachment of Douglas for "high crimes and misdemeanors in office." The White House requested that Chief Justice Vinson reconvene the court to consider vacating Douglas's stay. The next day, Vinson read a majority verdict vacating the stay of execution. A few hours later the Rosenbergs were executed.

connection

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R. Crumb: the sacred and the profane

The family that LAYS together STAYS together!



By STEVEN MARX

Part II. The Profane

"The Road of Excess Leads to the Palace of Wisdom"—Blake

"The family that lays together stays together!" announces the caption of R. Crumb's panoramic centerfold in SNATCH COMIX. One's first response is probably to laugh at the profanation of two conventional American pieties: family worship and togetherness. But one soon realizes that the travesty is also a truth; that the "cartoon" is also a vision of harmony and delight. Ultimately, one may perceive that there is no real conflict between the parody and what is parodied: for laying is praying and praying is laying; both are the expression of devotion to God, in the Universe and in Man; both are the address and the reply.

In SNATCH COMIX pornographic fantasies replace the divine fantasies of Crumb's earlier work. The Sacred becomes the Profane; the mysterious becomes the obscene (unseen); for here, the Profane and the obscene are regarded as holy. The Profane has the same aura as the Sacred, and exposure to it has the same emotional effects as exposure to the Sacred: Dionysus and Apollo are merely different aspects of the same God. This is made explicit in John Thomson's "Spiritual Stag Film." (Yellow Dog, #4) Fucking, sucking and masturbating are acts of devotion to the Dionysiac deity. The reader contemplates these acts in SNATCH as exempla, and he is guided to imitative practise: "JERK OFF with Snatch Comics" proclaims the back cover as a ritual command.

The world of Blake's Experience parodies and reverses the world of Blake's Innocence, yet ultimately depicts the same reality and demands the same reverence: "Did he who made the Lamb make Thee?" The "unpredictable" little girl in "Phonus Balonus Blues," (EVO) is the same as Meatball. The picture of the hairy and sweaty Mr. Sketchum getting a blow job as he sits at the drawing board, found on the inside cover of SNATCH, parodies and reverses the picture of the bow-tied, clean-cut and naive Mr. Sketchum on the inside cover of ZAP #0, who introduces us to child-like delight. Yet, both are the same character—Crumb addressing the reader directly.

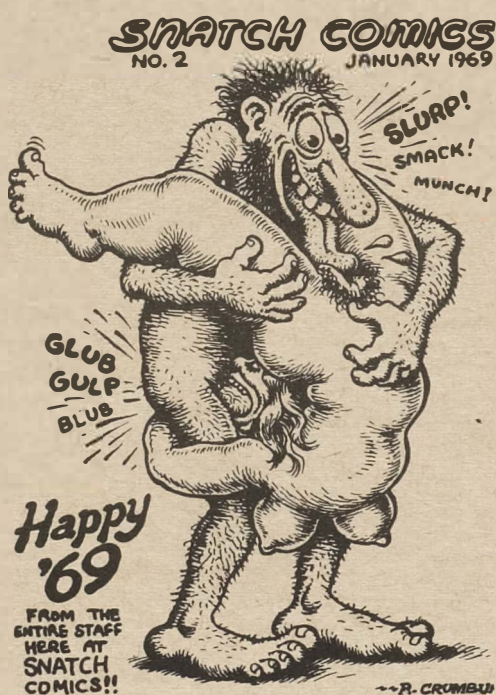
The invitation to the delights of Innocence is parodied by, and yet identi-

fied with the invitation to the delights of Experience:

It's a Kid! And he's waving to us from all the way over there!...See what I mean? Things like that are happening all the time in these comic strips...Wow! Don't miss a single issue! (ZAP)

The pleasure is ours folks! We really like drawing dirty cartoons! We hope you enjoy lookin' at em as much as we enjoy drawin' em!...What this world needs is more satisfied customers. (SNATCH)

Both invitations are "profaned" by taking the verbal form of commercials, but the message in both is sacred and direct.



The second invitation may not be as easy to accept as the first. Some people are unable to look at SNATCH; others are frightened or depressed by it. A friend, after leafing through it quietly for five minutes, looked up and said one word: "Heavy." The passage from Innocence to Experience is always painful, even if the Experience is that of pleasure. There is a single frame by Howard Arnherst in SNATCH showing an infant in the cradle bawling with terror as a huge and gross but beautiful phallus comes crashing through its nursery window. The didactic purpose of SNATCH, and of most of Crumb's recent strips is to guide us through that passage. Like ZAP, SNATCH fulfills the perennial function of serious literature: to teach and delight; to teach through delight. It teaches the proper worship of Dionysus.

A critique of pornography per se can be nothing more or less than a critique of all literature. No matter what the book, the teaching it does is through

secondary experience; the delight it provides is substitute gratification. The limits and values of pornography supplies the theme of one of Crumb's most sensitive and compassionate "obscene" strips, "Dirty Dog," which appears in ZAP #3.

"Dirty Dog" begins with a bunny rabbit behind a TV camera in the upper corner of the first frame saying, "Hi! I'm God! Lets get going." Introduced by a quote from a blues—"Rather drink muddy water, lord/Sleep in a hollow log/Than to be up here in New York/Treated like a dirty dog,"—we discover him walking the streets, desolately searching for love: "I sure have been leading a Dog's life since I got to this town... Makes me horny as hell too...Jeez! I gotta meet some cunts!?" He tries to make friends, but to no avail, so... "Dog-gone it anyhow...guess I'll go look at skin mags..." He goes into a porn bookstore; has a series of difficult encounters with the other customers, the manager and his own fantasies; selects a mag to buy and go home with. In the last frame we see him briskly truckin' down the street, the wrapped magazine under his arm, a glowing smile on his face, with the thought in mind, "Man oh man, this is a real good one!" In a corner of the last frame, the radiant bunny rabbit God points to Dirty Dog and looks out at the audience to say: "Poor old Dirty Dog! But he's happy."

ZAP #3 appeared in January of this year, announcing itself as a "special 69 issue." In several of the strips throughout the comic, there is a play on the resemblance of the figure "69" to the figure of the Yin-Yang. Underlying the structure of the comic as a whole, however, is an implicit assertion that the Sacred and the Profane themselves form a Yin-Yang; that the fleshly "soixante neuf" and the abstract principle of all change are analogous and interwoven: "Dig the Profile." Through an ingenious

method of reversing the pagination and a remarkable turning center spread, the editors have made the comic book readable in both directions, so that each cover is both front and back. Reading in one direction, one is oriented toward the Sacred: Rick Griffin's cover depicts a Peace Eye escaped from its shackles in the cave of the flesh, moving upward to the clear light of the void. The other direction is oriented toward the Profane: S. Clay Wilson's cover depicts a group of unspeakably ugly pirates threatening the reader with sharpened swords and glints in their eyes. And within ZAP #3 we find exalted apocalypses intermingled with gross fantasies. Indeed, as Rick Griffith shows in "The Secret of OXO" on the back cover of SNATCH, the Apocalypse is a gross fantasy.

The grossest strip in ZAP #3 is Wilson's "Captain Pissgums and his Pervert Pirates:"

They came from every crudcrusted corner of the globe, these lice-infested losers...some were sadists...some were masochists...some just licked stinky ol' boots...and the Captain settled for having his crew whiz into his mouth while others looked on delighted.

Despite their grossness and violence, we soon discover that the pirates are delicately solicitous of one another's sexual proclivities, that the Captain is just another one of the boys, and that their cruise is a kind of idyll:

Good morning men, you look like hell... what we're gonna do though, is stay on this course for a while...I realize that sounds vague...but don't sweat it—today everybody gets a double ration of grog... and we're gonna keep on the same course and sail and sail and fuck. (cough)

The narrative involves the interruption of the idyll because of the chase and capture of Pissgums' ship by another pirate vessel, "the Quivering Thigh," sailed by Fatima and her crew of dykes. The two sexually incompatible and competing crews have a huge and brutal rumble, and Pissgums' ship is destroyed. Then,

The fighting between the pervert pirates and the dykes slowed down...everybody was tired. This feeling spread across the ship...it seemed everybody wanted to stop the sword-play, to sex it up instead!

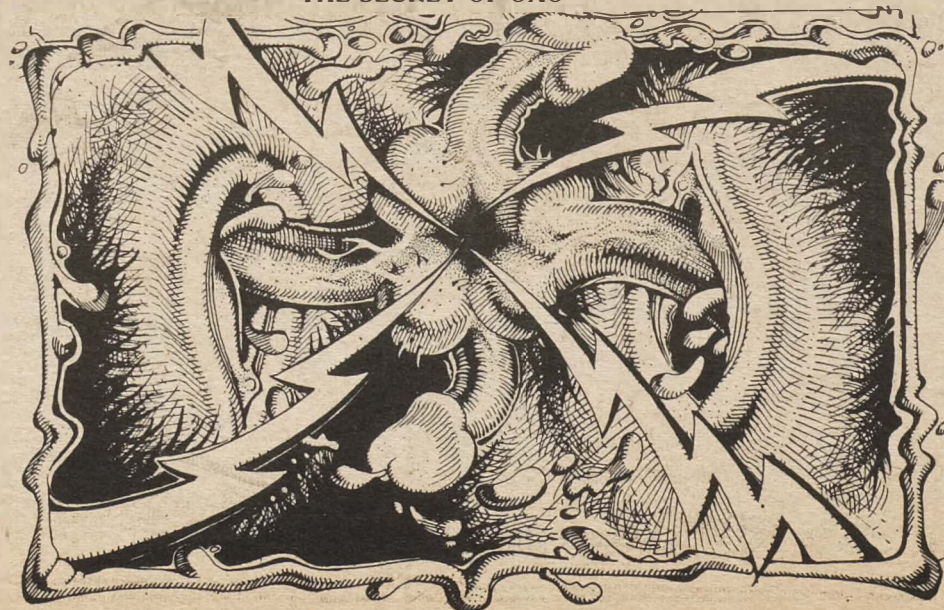
As the strip concludes, one of the dykes has a great idea:

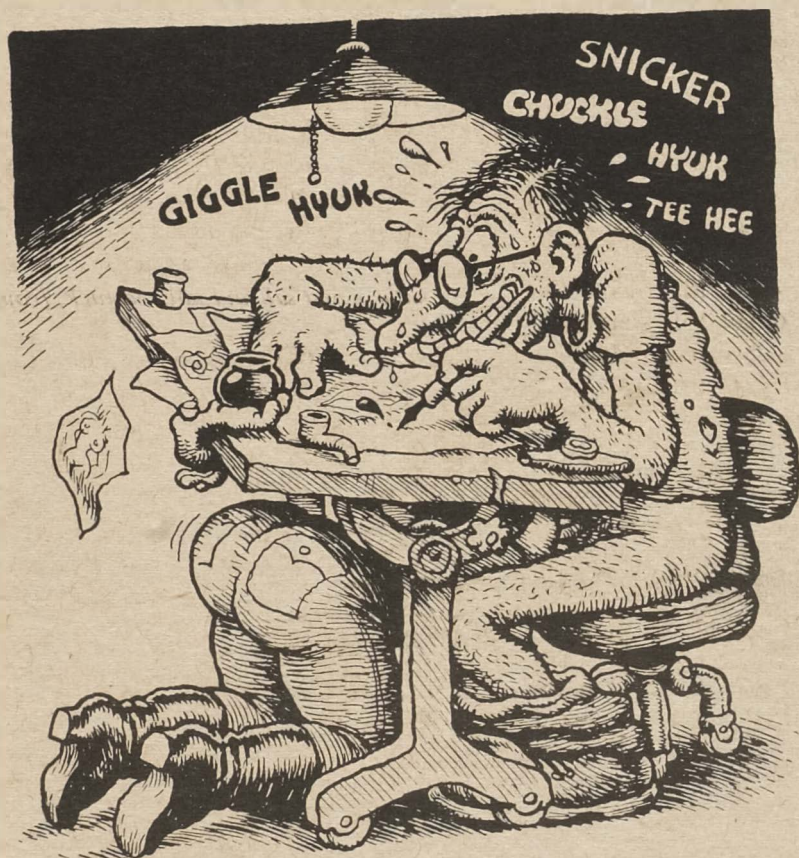
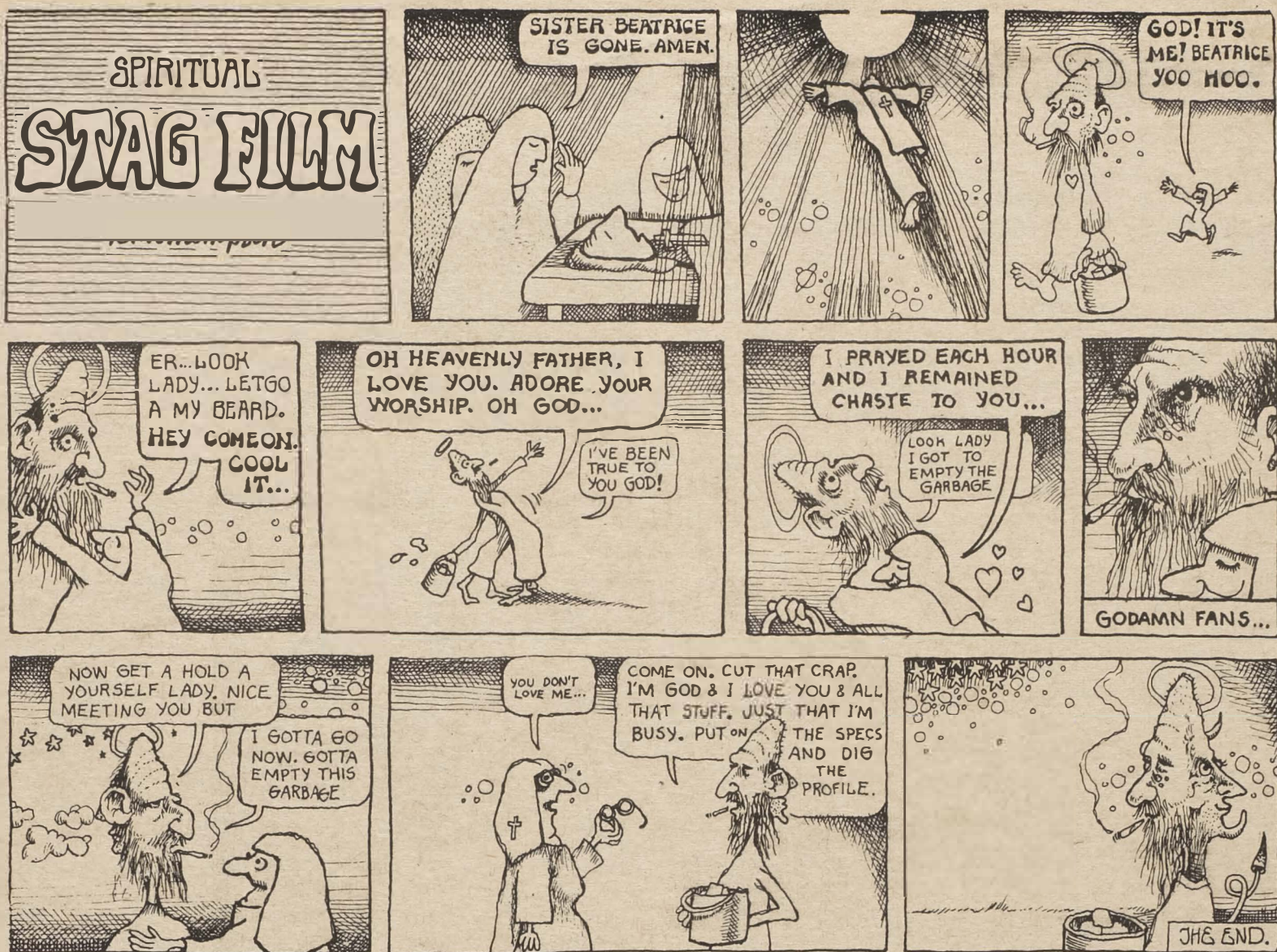
We can all aboard our ship, "The Quivering Thigh" and have some fun...Pull yourselves together, and even though we're dykes, we can use you men 'cuzz you're all hung so nice'...Exceptions can be made so lets have ourselves a fat orgy.

This happy ending is climaxed by an apocalypse, as Pissgums and Fatima remain behind in a clutch, and go down with the sinking ship:

Perhaps Pissgums and Fatima came to some conclusions before they went under with the ship.

THE SECRET OF OXO





THE PLEASURE IS OURS, FOLKS!

WE REALLY LIKE DRAWING DIRTY CAR-TOONS! IT HELPS US GET RID OF PENT-UP ANXIETIES AND REPRESSIONS AND ALL THAT KINDA STUFF... WE HOPE YOU ENJOY LOOKIN' AT 'EM AS MUCH AS WE ENJOY DRAWIN' EM !!

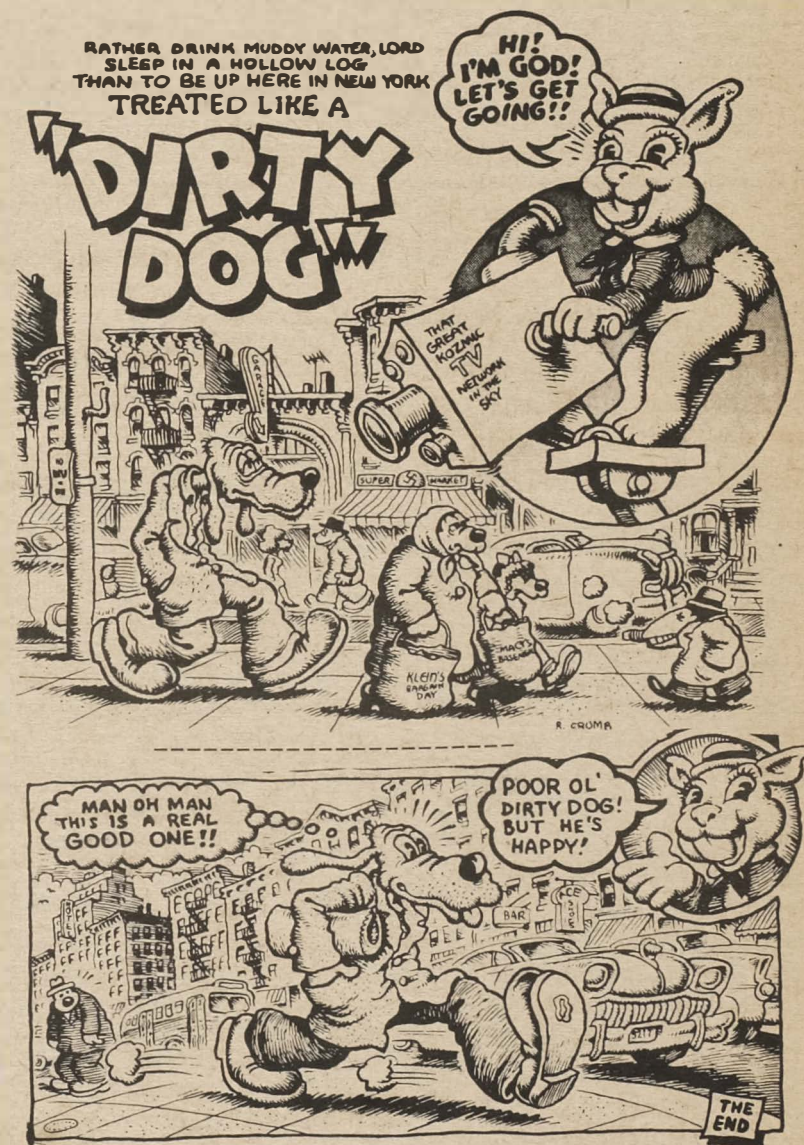
"WHAT THIS WORLD NEEDS IS MORE SATISFIED CUSTOMERS!"

"The ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years is true..."

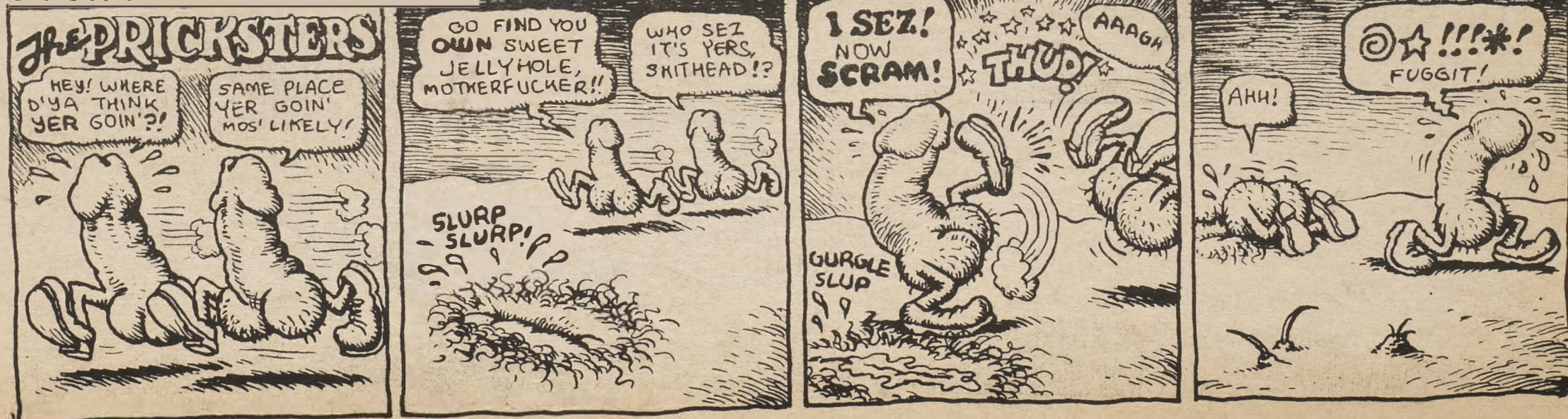
For the cherub with his flaming sword is hereby commanded to leave his guard at the tree of life; and when he does the whole creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite and corrupt...

This will come to pass by an improvement in sensual enjoyment."

—Blake



TALES FROM THE LAND OF GENITALIA



Migrant journal

[continued from c-2]

cooler, listen to Horace. His face is oval, dark, his smile a little sullen.

"When we gets to Ohio, I's goin' to get myself a car. My brother had a car, and he'd take a girl out in the woods and say, 'Either you fuck me or you walk back.' Most of the girls fucked him, it was a long way back. I'll fuck each girl two times, maybe three, then get me another girlfriend."

The one-armed man hardly listens to Horace. He swings himself down from the loading platform on his good arm, into the sun. His car does not start. "Did you check the sparks?" asks Horace.

"They're all new." The man unscrews the carburetor cover, taps the valve, puts the cover back. This time he keeps the starter going several seconds, until the motor coughs on with a low, unsteady cadence. He waves to Horace matter-of-factly and drives out of the loading yard, oil fumes pouring from the exhaust.

"He's known me since I was comin' here three years ago." Horace sits down by me, Fidel comes over. The tomatoes unloaded, I follow Horace and Fidel to help re-load the crates. "You don't have to," Horace says to me. We's gettin' paid."

"That's okay."

Horace tosses the splintery wooden box to Fidel—both of them bare-handed—and Fidel lays down the box for me to stack. I fall behind, so Horace goes more slowly.

2 p.m. The vines are dustier than in the morning, the sun is lower than when we left, but the field is hotter. Those resting in the shade do not talk.

the unloading is finished. "Ilope I get home before it's dark," Horace says. "The lights don't work, and I don't have my license. I don't want to get arrested again." Across the bridge, in town, we leave Main Street, its sidewalks, white pedestrians, and neat ordered houses. Horace heads the truck into the section of Beaufort where the crew has rented some shacks. The buildings lose their paint, lawns disappear, the road gets narrower, less well paved. Blacks sit on porches, and walk along the road.

Horace turns on the headlights, which catch a young girl walking by the road. He honks twice, she looks up. "Hey girl," he says, "hey girl, I'd like to walk with you."

"Where you from?"

"Iona. Get in."

"Uh-uh. I gotta be home."

"You wait here. I'll be right back."

Where we stop a couple of minutes later, the screens on the windows are torn, the houses balance on stilts, debris thrown underneath. The houses are the dirty grey of white-wash long since peeled off.

Horace returns from the house, gives me some advice before leaving. "You better lock the doors if you sleep out here." I will be a lone white sleeping in the street of a black slum.

Horace points out a woman sitting on the porch steps, staring vacantly at her feet. Her hair is cut short, and bristles in dozens of little strands.

"Don't talk to that woman," says Horace quietly. "She's crazy. She'll throw herself on you."

It's about eight-thirty. Sally, the fat woman I remember from the truck,

"His hands, pushing the bushes this way and that, whisk in and whisk out; search the tomatoes, grab them three or four at a time; flick out the stem, and throw them into the box."

About three more hours pass, I pick almost five more boxes. After each fifty pound box I carry it to the end of the row, where it will be picked up by the truck.

Robert comes by. "Hurry up. We're fixin' to go." My rows are finished, but the eighth box is incomplete.

"Where can I finish this box?" Robert points to an untouched triangle of vines at a turn in the road.

The box filled, I go for a drink at the pickup, where the rest of the crew has already gathered. Two short blacks in their late forties tip the water can for each other, to rinse the mud off their hands. I wash off an empty soda pop bottle lying in the dust, drink some water out of it, and pass it to a fat, elderly woman at my side.

"Let's go, everybody," Robert yells.

The fat woman has trouble climbing into the truck. "Lean on me," says a man with a dark face and short white hair.

"There you go, Sally." Someone gives the woman more room on the bench inside the pickup. Robert's Mexican workers have already left in the station wagon. I am his only white worker, it is understood that I ride with the blacks. We bump out of the field, dust being sucked into our faces by the truck's motion.

At the packing house Robert talks to a white man, and comes over to me. "Tonight you'll sleep in the truck. I'll get you a place to live tomorrow."

Robert leaves Horace and me to wait while the tomatoes are unloaded from the big truck. Horace talks with some of the loaders. He and the "ugly mother-fucker" avoid each other. Horace is an easy six one or two, and big boned.

Night has already started to fall when

comes out of the house, flops down with an "oof" on the porch.

"D'ya have a toilet," I ask.

"Yeah, in there."

"Can I use it?"

"Uh-huh." The house smells of urine. The first door to my left is padlocked. The second door has a huge split in it, torn magazines cover the floor around the toilet.

Sally is alone on the porch steps when I get back, but other members of the crew return soon.

Two short, thin blacks in their late forties come in from around the house, and sit down. I remember them tilting the water-can to help each other wash. One has a lean impish face with lively eyes, a moustache. The other seems sadder, slumps more.

A heavy-set black, beer can in one hand, rough wooden club in the other, comes down the street, walking with the man who had helped Sally into the truck, probably her husband.

The husband is of medium height; no flesh covers his bones, they are knotted together with huge, permanently tensed muscles. One of Michelangelo's slaves, after starving for three weeks, would look like this man. His feet are still so thickly crusted from the field's mud and tomatoes that, though he is wearing sandals, he seems at first glance to wear dark-green galoshes.

"Lee, John," some one says as the two men climb the stairs.

Sally sees me on the porch. "You set up here," she says, offering me her place.

"This is fine."

"John, go in the house and get the rockin' chair." Her husband returns with the rockin' chair.

"You set here," he says to me.

"Thanks, I'm okay here."

[continued on c-9]



[continued from c-8]

John sits down in the rocking chair, pulls a flask out of his hip pocket, takes a swig, offers me some.

"No thanks."

He insists.

"I don't drink."

John drinks, offers the bottle to the man with whom he just arrived.

"Take some."

The man takes the flask, keeps on drinking, until John jerks the bottle back.

"I said take some, not drink the whole goddam bottle."

The two men in their forties each accept a sip, give the bottle back to John. John drinks again, returns the bottle to his pocket, turns in my direction.

"Lend me five dollars," he says. I feel he is beginning to evaluate me. "Shit man, I'm tight up," I say. "You're what?"

The short man with the moustache says "You heard him, he's tied up, that

only picked once, due to rain and packing house vagaries. Zak left me to sleep on an abandoned porch of the farm, an old Southern plantation (something out of *Gone with the Wind*) in the process of being converted into a golf-course, since no single owner could any longer afford its elegance. The house was completely gutted of glass, wiring, plumbing; mosquitoes swarmed on the screens. The first evening, tall, long-legged white birds, turning red at sunset, bathed themselves among the reeds near shore, as they nibbled insects and frogs.

The second evening, after helping the two white hired hands, Dick and Lawrence, with chores around the farm, I returned to my porch. Storm clouds covered the sky, making night fall quickly. Lightning bolts flashed across the darkness, electrifying the plantation in an eerie neon blue, and thunder exploded on all sides. I dreamt of forty foot ocean waves crashing against cliffs. Everything turned yellow while a fog horn cut through the roar. "Hooo, hooo . . ."

" . . . honk, honk." Lawrence's

Lawrence's best friend was a band leader from Beaufort, who sported a bristling beard, an excellent gun and knife collection. Sometimes at night he came over, two pistols at his side in the gunslinger tradition. Lawrence and he stayed out until morning "coon hunting, and I don't care how many legs they got."

Lawrence carried a .22 rifle in the jeep when driving around the plantation, to shoot at anything that moved: cats, mice, squirrels. White birds with long necks lived in the marsh below the entrance to the plantation at the bottom of a hill. Lawrence cut the car's motor when approaching, and let us silently drift up close to the birds. "Give me my gun." Aim, fire, bang, and the flock rises into the air—invariably unharmed.

"What's that white bird there with the long neck," I asked.

"That, my boy, is called a long necked white bird."

Monday, June 24

8 a.m. The field is dry enough, and the cannery is working. Robert's crew can pick, so we go down to the field. The last day we had worked, Zak had gotten mad at Robert because his crew was picking so many small tomatoes. Robert reminds us, "Watch it now, just the big ones, just the big ones. I don't want to see any cats-faces or little ones."

It's hard to pick just the big ones, because there are not very many on the vine. Zak keeps going through our boxes, finding lots of small tomatoes. He overturns one box. Mighty Koon had picked.

"Get out of here," he says to Robert. "If your crew can't pick good, I'll get one that can."

"All right, everybody," says Robert, "finish your box. We're through for the day."

A black woman next to me says, "It's those Mexicans, they always pick the little ones."

Robert is talking to Zak: "I guess we'll go on up to Virginia." He tells me, "You can wait here."

"I'd better go with you now if you're not comin' by here later."

"Okay."

So that I can pack, Dick drives me up to the bunkhouse. His wife and baby come to tell me good-bye, I give back a jug which Dick had lent me when he showed me how to milk.

"You can stay here if you want," says Zak.

"Thanks, but I want to travel."

"You're a damn fool to go with that crew if you do. That's a mixed crew, they're the worst kind. Them mexi-

car'll fuck your ass if you's not careful."

Shorty straightens up. Oscar says, "Shit boy, you don't know what you's talkin' 'bout."

"You don't tell me to shut up, I'll put my foot on you. Pop knows you's fuckin' 'round with Lee's wife too, that's why he let Shorty have it back in the field. Pow, Shorty says, 'What hit me?'" Horace imitates Shorty getting hit in the face. To Oscar: "Pop didn't hit you, he don't want Momma to find out why's he's down to Lee's house so much. But he will soon, you just wait." Horace laughs and imitates Pop hitting Oscar, "Pow, pow."

"I don't know what the hell you's talkin' 'bout."

Pop comes out and sits down. Horace goes quiet. Pop sees a girl sitting on a porch down the road. "Hey Horace, isn't that your girl friend?" Horace looks down at the ground. "You scared to call her? Why don't you call her? I'll call her for you if you's scared to."

Shorty laughs loudly.

"I'm gonna shoot some pool," and Horace jumps off the porch.

"He's just scared," Shorty says, when Horace is down the road. "He talks 'bout girls real big, but he's just scared."

"Where's a laundromat?" I ask.

Shorty gives me directions. "Hey, I've got some pants down to my place might fit you, they's too big for me." He walks with me. Children are playing in a muddy lot with three swings. As we approach Main Street, the buildings get neater, trim cottages display, "Rooms by the night, \$1.50," "Room to let, \$8/week."

"Robert had me pay my rent through Friday," Shorty says, "and now he says we's leavin' tonight. He oughta pay the rent. The woman better give me back part of my money, I ain't stayin' there, she ain't got no right to keep it."

We go around the back of a white-washed wood house on stilts, up a few steps.

"I ain't 'lowed to bring visitors."

He brushes aside a curtain in the hall which leads to the kitchen, and exposes an alcove with a narrow mahogany four post bed, and Shorty's possessions—a seaman's trunk, a metal suitcase, a box of pots and pans. The room is clean, with rose-flower wall paper, but bare.

A short elderly black woman with steel frame glasses comes out of the kitchen, her hands folded under an apron.

"M'am, I brought this boy here to give him some pants I got. Robert says we'll be leavin' tonight."

She looks at me and returns to the

"Lawrence weighed 280 pounds. When feeding the hogs he sometimes amused himself by kicking one in the side: 'Look at the sonofabitch run.'"

mean he ain't got none to spare. You know what he mean."

Sally, still on the sofa, says "John, the boy ain't got 'nough for hisself."

John drinks some more, wipes his mouth on his hand, and goes into the house. The mosquitoes start to appear.

"Night," I say, and head for the truck.

"You lock the door," says the woman. I see the Beaufort Gazette's front page headline (small town papers are always hard up for news): "Brained White Found."

John comes back out of the house. "That door don't lock. You better keep the window open a crack, or you'll suffocate to death."

I stretch out on the seat of the cab. The mosquitoes whine. It's dark, the voices on the porch slowly stop, and I hear footsteps going away. I wouldn't be nervous if people had not kept warning me to lock the door. Drunken voices pass by outside, and I crouch down to avoid being seen. I have forgotten the insect repellent in Robert's pickup, with my tote-bag. To protect my face I pull up my shirt, and expose my stomach.

A random grab in the air catches two pilots, from out of an invisible, buzzing whirlpool. I move by the window to be able to see the mosquitoes better. Two unknown forms come towards me, I duck down, and the footsteps fade. Outside and inside, the street and the mosquitoes, Scylla and Charibdis.

One lands in my ear—his fatal error. Whine. Slap, slap, Whine. Where are they all coming from? If I can just seal the cab, and kill those already in. But the little window will not shut. The metal of the dashboard, the closed windows, echo the high-pitched roar.

Maybe I can escape on top of the truck. But I'll be seen from the road. No, it's midnight, nobody would be out now. And besides, up high I will be harder to mug. Ah, cool air, a breeze, no mosquitoes. Peace. Whine, slap, slap. The road's one street lamp points the long shadows of three men right at me. Try to hide on the far side of the roof. It cracks under my weight. The men pass. Back into the truck. A shrill ovation greets my return. Well, if they want to eat me, let them.

"Hey! Hey! Get up!" John pounds on the cabin door. I must have slept four hours.

Wednesday, June 19 - Sunday, June 23 (Summary)

In the next five days Robert's crew

car was outside, its headlights lighting the porch blinded me. I could barely read eleven p.m. on my watch.

"Hey man," he said, "ain't no reason for you to sleep here. You can share my room in the bunkhouse." In two minutes I was in his car. "I don't know how I forgot about you. You're welcome to stay with me as long as you want." Back in his room he put on a town and country record singing, "Men have got to help each other." "Listen to the words. They're true," Lawrence said.

Wallace for President pins, buttons, banners, and hats covered the wall. The Candidate spoke on the radio more often in the South than in the North: "It seems Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York State just called me a 'demagogue.' I don't know just exactly what he means, but it's a shame that he's got bad feelings against me, when our parents got along so fine. Why, my parents always used to buy oil from his parents during the winter, but I guess they were a mite too generous, and paid them a little too much, since their son gets uppity and starts down-talking me like that."

Lawrence rocked with laughter. "You can't help liking that man."

One day a black drove by the plantation, with a loose exhaust pipe on his car.

"Looks like I get a little nigger money," whispered Lawrence to me as he slipped under the car to weld the rattling pipe. But when finished, he turned down the dollar the man offered him, and waved him on his way.

Black families, probably direct descendants of freed slaves, lived in isolated one-room shanties scattered around the former plantation. Sometimes they planted corn by hand in little patches behind their houses. Lawrence and Dick ridiculed this "nigger corn"—stunted and thin—in comparison with "white corn" which grows full-bodied and tall in fertilized fields. "Them niggers are too stupid to even plant corn."

The day when Robert's crew picked, Dick and Lawrence rounded up the blacks who lived near-by, to take them to the field. Dick counted how many boxes each person picked, and took him his pay. "We take good care of our niggers."

Lawrence weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. When feeding the hogs he sometimes amused himself by kicking one in the side. "Look at that sonofabitch run." Once in the hay loft he caught a rat underneath his boot, and slowly squeezed its guts out of its mouth like toothpaste out of a tube.

"When we gets to Ohio," Horace said; "I's goin' to get myself a car. My brother had a car, and he'd take a girl in the woods and say: 'Either you fuck or you walk back.'"

cans and niggers is always fightin', before you know it you're goin' to wake up some mornin' with your ass cut into bits. They gets into a fight over a woman, some one gets killed every time. Robert don't want to take you, even though he don't say it. That's why he had you sleepin' out here."

"Maybe, but anyways I've got to leave with a crew if I'm goin' to travel. The season's 'bout finished here, I might as well leave with this one."

"I'll tell Robert to add \$20 to your tomato money for the plowin' you did here."

Lawrence, after I say good-bye to him, swears at the seeder, which refuses to plant soy beans properly.

Back in Beaufort the two short men, and Horace, and myself are sitting on Pop's porch, as everyone else packs their things. The man with the moustache bends down to pick up something. Horace laughs, "Watch out Shorty, Os-

kitchen. Shorty lays the metal suitcase carefully on the bed, undoes the belt which holds it closed, rummages through the neatly-pressed clothes, and brings out a pair of golden corduroys.

"I ain't got no money," I say.

"Take 'em, they's too big for me."

"Thanks." I hold them up to my waist. "They look 'bout right."

A washing machine removes the tomato stains from my work clothes, and I buy some sugared breakfast cereals and three cans of Campbell's soup for the trip up to Virginia. At John's house Horace is back, waiting with Fidel and a thin Mexican. "Hey man," Horace says to me, "let's go shoot some pool."

"Sure."

"Let's go Natcho," says Horace to the thin Mexican.

Swaggering, Horace leads the way. Sagging steps into a large dark room.

[continued on c-12]

Brian De Palma is a revolutionary

By STEVE DITLEA

At 27, Brian De Palma is probably the most important American director today, because of the success of one film. It didn't get rave reviews, didn't win any awards nor get nominated for an Oscar, yet "Greetings" is the most important American movie of the last few years. De Palma has brought to American movies a revolution in both form and content which will serve as a model for a new wave of American film makers of the seventies. Already, young directors talk of making "another 'Greetings'," and the title of the movie has become synonymous with a new genre: the low-budget commercial film which is fresh, spontaneous, topical, and youthful. The success of "Greetings" has opened the way for more independently produced films which reach a level of honesty no Hollywood picture could ever aspire to. The American counterpart of the French Nouvelle Vague is about to start now that De Palma's film has broken many of the barriers to wide public acceptance of low-budget, unorthodox features.

In talking about his films, De Palma is extremely articulate; it is obvious that he is constantly thinking and intellectualizing about both the technique and the content of his movies. He considers himself somewhat of a formalist and can go on at length about the characteristics of a type of shot which he particularly liked using. There is a boyish quality to De Palma as he gleefully recounts a scene, an idea, or a theme, ever excited by the discovery he once made and incorporated into one of his films: he is still a little too young to have become jaded and his enthusiasm has not been dulled by the realities and obstacles which usually confront directors.

When he talks, De Palma shows a mixture of great technical expertise and apparent naivete about the practicalities and difficulties of working in the film industry. He doesn't worry about the day when his creativity will be hampered by the unpleasant necessities involved in making high-budget films, nor about the prospect of someday having to compromise himself in order to get a film made.

"I guess I've always been lucky; I've always been my own boss had my own way on any project I've worked on"; De Palma's words reflect the unique position of the independent film maker. Yet, in an industry where giant sums of money are wasted on ridiculous projects, the independent must hustle to find the relatively small amounts of money necessary for making what are often very original and worthy films. Despite these difficulties, De Palma is quite optimistic; he considers his material needs as relatively unimportant, his one all-consuming interest is making films.

De Palma first started making movies while an undergraduate at Columbia. A graduate of the class of 1962, he remembers the time when film making was the somewhat exotic preoccupation of a few eccentrics on campus. Of the other students making films at the time, De Palma says, "I thought they were jerks and they thought I was a jerk." The lack of a conducive atmosphere for film making at Columbia was not much of a handicap to De Palma; he joined a film making group downtown and sold almost all of his worldly possessions to buy himself a movie camera. When asked why he started to make films despite all of the difficulties which faced him at the time, De Palma shrugs and explains that film making did not seem to be so difficult or unusual to him. He came to film with a good

knowledge of photography and only started to make his own movies after having helped his older brother on one.

De Palma credits his brother as an important influence during his early life. The two were always rivals; When his brother became interested in physics and went on to M.I.T., Brian also became interested in science. Whatever his brother did, he would try to do better. When his brother became interested in film, it was only natural that Brian would try to make movies too. Somewhere along the line, De Palma went through the standard identity crisis, realized that he wasn't really going to be a physicist and concentrated on acting and film making. He became general manager of Players, acted in plays both at Columbia and Sarah Lawrence and made three fairly ambitious short films.

Of his first film "Icarus", made during his sophomore year, De Palma has mixed

and used only simple techniques, De Palma spent a total of about \$5000 on his three student efforts. When asked about where he got this money, De Palma shrugs, mumbles something about getting in anywhere he could and indicates that he led a very spartan existence in order to save money.

After graduating from Columbia, De Palma got a writing fellowship and decided to use it at Sarah Lawrence. It was there that he worked under Wilford Leach, head of the drama department, and met Cynthia Munroe. Together, the three of them made "The Wedding Party," De Palma's first feature. Originally shot in 1964, the film opened recently in the village, offering an opportunity to see De Palma's early work and giving film buffs a chance to test the auteur theory as "The Wedding Party" play simultaneously with "Greetings", only a few blocks away.

"The Wedding Party" is a good film

of events preceding their wedding. As he meets the bride's family and participates in the various receptions and ceremonies, he begins to have his doubts about going through with the marriage. In the end, of course, he goes through with it.

The main interest of the film resides in a type of comedy of manners which is seldom seen on the screen today. Most of the humor in the film stems from the attitudes and appearance of the members of the bride's family, all of whom are depicted as broad caricatures. This kind of humor is best when it is underplayed since so much of it depends on the obvious attributes of the characters. Occasionally situation comedy creeps in and when it does, it upsets the mood of the film. De Palma's penchant for scenes with constant movement is a definite asset in this sort of film where the characterization is basically weak and the film should never slow down lest the shallowness of the characters become obvious. It is during Leach's scenes—when there is a feeble attempt at letting the characters reveal themselves—that the basic weakness of the portrayals, especially the bride and bridegroom, shows up in the most glaring way.

The best parts of the movie are pure De Palma, as evidenced by similar scenes in "Greetings." Most obvious are the scenes of the bridegroom talking with his two friends. Using a technique which is later used in an almost identical scene in "Greetings" De Palma uses constant jump cuts while the two friends give their advice. Even the participants in this scene are predecessors of the characters in the later film: Allester is a ringer for Lloyd and the bridegroom's other friend is portrayed by Robert De Niro, who also stars in "Greetings," (though in a very different role).

De Palma is especially fond of the scene where he alternated parts of two takes where the bench the characters are sitting on is reversed while the rest of the scene remains the same. The dinner party scene is punctuated by a skillful use of jump cut and pans. Scenes using slow or fast motion to simulate silent movie comedies are perhaps overdone, but are always technically excellent. One chase scene on the dunes of a beach is a true masterpiece in the Senett tradition.

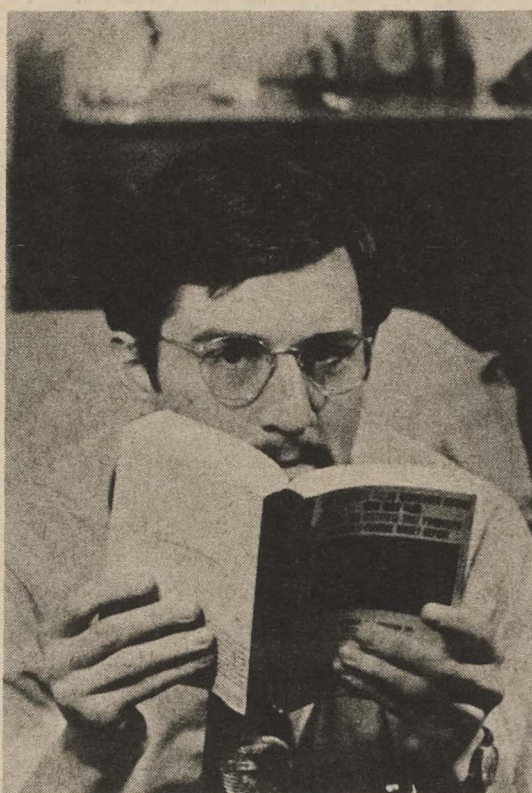
"The Wedding Party" gave De Palma important experience in the making of a feature. Working with a budget of \$100,000, a respectable sum for this kind of independent production, De Palma shot it in 35 mm. black & white, using location shooting exclusively to cut down on costs. In working on the script, De Palma used actors' improvisations and incorporated them for dialogue material. De Palma's direction of his actors was heavily dependent on improvisational techniques and this is most obvious in the contrast between those scenes and the more heavy-handed sequences which show Leach's touch.

De Palma spent nearly two years editing "The Wedding Party" and in the process, added to his experience with film. In order to salvage inferior footage, he came up with some ingenious editing solutions testifying to his technical expertise. To save scenes which were out of focus, De Palma resorted to superimpositions of rain in several cases and of a window in one case. As a result of his cameraman's mistakes, De Palma admits that he had to make "The Wedding Party" into a very wet movie.

After "The Wedding Party", De Palma taught film at Sarah Lawrence and at N.Y.U. He tends to be critical of film schools despite his acknowledgement of the necessity for training film directors.



Brian De Palma



Robert De Niro



feelings. Though a Spectator reviewer at the time singled it out as being the best of a series of student films, De Palma laughs at the pretentiousness of the symbolism he used in the story. The film was a forty minute comedy about identity and conformism. "It's just like a first novel, with all of the faults of a first novel," De Palma said in response to a suggestion that students might want to see the film. His next work was "Dionysus," a film he shot at Sarah Lawrence; it too dealt with conformity and tackled the problem of the artist. It is only his third student film, "Wotan's Awake" which De Palma thinks is still worth seeing. Made over a period of nearly two years, "Wotan" won De Palma acclaim as it won a prize in an experimental film competition. De Palma is enthusiastic about the sound track, the photography and the acting on this film. On all of his films, De Palma did the photography and the editing, learning much about the nature of the film medium in the process. Though his films were shot without sound

in its own right; it becomes doubly interesting when viewed as a source for many of the most successful bits in "Greetings". De Palma came up with the original idea for the film and wrote the scenario with Cynthia Munroe, who was providing financial backing. As the project took form, they sought the help of Wilford Leach, who had had experience in directing and staging in the theatre.

The film suffers from a dichotomy stemming from the collaboration of two very different influences: film and drama. De Palma's touch is evident in the most cinematic scenes in the film; scenes where there is constant movement by the camera, the characters or the dialogue. The film drags during the more theatrical moments when the camera is used to record what can best be described as stage business; these are Leach's scenes and are certainly inferior to the rest of the film.

The story of "The Wedding Party" is simple: a young bridegroom comes to his bride's home for the few days

Steve Ditlea, a senior in the College, has recently been rejected from graduate school.

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De Palma taught himself most of what he knows about film and tends to feel that this is the best way for any one to learn.

For a few years De Palma worked on documentaries, doing his own shooting and editing. Among these films was the award winning "The Responsive Eye", on op art, and an ambitious project on the legal division of the N.A.A.C.P. which is still to be edited. His second feature, "Murder A la Mod" was made in 1967. De Palma feels

for the film's importance to young film-makers.

The key to the significance of "Greetings" rests in an understanding of the problem of cost in film production. Even the cheapest standard Hollywood feature costs millions of dollars to make. With such large sums of money at stake, a director must turn out a standardized product with the greatest appeal for the largest audience. With so great a financial investment, control over a film's content rests in the hands of businessmen and not the filmmaker; the result is the death of creativity and the birth of subtle forms of censorship.

"At 27, Brian De Palma is probably the most important American director today, because of the success of one film."

that some day it may be considered a classic of sorts. It reflects his interest in Hitchcockian cinema, an interest which De Palma hopes to pursue this summer in another film he wants to do after "Son of Greetings."

The idea for "Greetings" came up after De Palma had met Chuck Hirsch while working for a while at Universal. Hirsch had been struck by Godard's "Masculin-Feminin;" he wanted to make an American "Masculin-Feminin" which would reflect the qualities of youth and spontaneity which Godard had captured on film. Hirsch and De Palma wrote a scenario--Hirsch included his own political preoccupations, as well as a lasting interest in the Kennedy assassination, and computer dating, and De Palma was intrigued with the idea of voyeurism for one of his characters.

As plans for the film took shape, it became obvious that no one actor could embody all of the qualities of a Jean-Pierre Leaud. De Palma decided to use Robert De Niro, an actor who he feels is truly outstanding for his ability to identify with a role. In the end, De Niro's portrayal of Jon, the voyeur is the best characterization in the film. De Palma, a former general manager of Columbia Players asked the then general manager, Gerritt Graham, for actors to audition for a part in the film. Gerritt got the part of Lloyd Clay, giving a flamboyant performance in the movie. The other lead was played by Jonathan Warden, an off-Broadway actor. Almost all of the remaining roles were given to amateurs, friends of De Palma and Hirsch or chance acquaintances. As a result of their casting for the picture, De Palma and Hirsch came up with actors who made up for inexperience by providing youthfulness and spontaneity.

Once again, De Palma used improvisations for dialogue in the shooting script. During the shooting itself, the actors improvised excellent lines, including De Niro's marvelous line about "peep art", a new art form based on voyeurism. Gerritt Graham's story about the Barnard mixer was based on a few suggestions by De Palma and a lot of improvisation by Graham; the result is extremely funny and spontaneous, comparing favorably with Jean-Claude-Leaud's story of mashed potatoes and the rediscovery of Galileo's theory of the Universe in "Masculin Feminin".

De Palma and Hirsch succeeded at making an excellent film which broke a lot of conventions. Unfortunately, the reviews which appeared when "Greetings" came out were lukewarm; this was due in large part to the shortsightedness of "official" critics who tend to see only the manifest content of a film without regard to its form. For one critic to say the "Greetings" is "an overground sex protest film" is about as enlightening as saying that "Breathless" is a gangster thriller. A reviewer who is satisfied to give a synopsis and make some evaluation of the performances in "Greetings" is overlooking the factors which are responsible,

Until recently, American film makers who wanted to have real artistic control over their films had to be satisfied with selling out to the formula film or had to go outside of the "industry" into independent productions with limited appeal or into the "underground" with esoteric and often self-indulgent films.

By making a film for considerably less than the normal cost, costing only forty thousand dollars which would pay back its original investment after relatively few showings to limited audiences, Brian De Palma was able to retain total control over his work and was able to create something fresh and exciting without compromises. Yet, by aiming at the regular movie houses instead of the underground or "art houses", he was able to reach a greater audience and have a greater commercial success. This last point is extremely important, for without a real commercial success an independent film maker will have difficulty in ever making another feature.

To make "Greetings," De Palma and his producer Chuck Hirsch broke many rules of film making and somehow got away with it. Making a color 35 mm. feature film for the relatively minuscule sum of \$40,000 was something impossible until De Palma and Hirsch did it. Starting shooting without knowing how much money would be forthcoming for their movie, De Palma began using 16 mm. film, only to start over again in 35mm., a more professional medium, after almost a third of the film was shot. For every foot of film that is actually used in a feature, it is normal practice to shoot ten or fifteen feet of film. De Palma was limited to shooting "Greetings" at an previously-impossible ratio of three to one. A standard feature takes eight to ten weeks to shoot; they did it in three. In order to make a successful film you've got to have skilled actors; yet De Palma succeeded with unknowns and amateurs. In planning a film, it is usually necessary to tailor it to an audience or market; De Palma and Hirsch had only their own critical standards in mind when they made the film and were willing to release it in any way possible, including showing it as a skin flick on 42nd Street, if necessary.

If all of this seems trivial, it is not; by ignoring technical and professional conventions in production, De Palma's was able to make a film with total artistic freedom, breaking the conventions of content which characterize so much of American cinema. Though foreign film makers, especially Godard, have pioneered in the breaking of these conventions, De Palma is the first American to have adapted and improved upon their production techniques ("Breathless," one of the cheapest successful features ever made, cost \$90,000, nearly twice as much as "Greetings") and to have a wide commercial success.

Much of the technique used in the film is the result of the need to shoot the film as cheaply as possible. "Greetings" was a shot in long takes, cinema-verite style and then edited with

a profusion of jump cuts. De Palma goes beyond Godard in the use of jump-cutting by using it extensively to combine two different takes of the same scene, never hesitating to take advantage of the jarring effect of such a cut.

As is often the case in Godard films, De Palma uses the jump-cut to cover up mistakes in his shooting as well as for the effect itself, yet he is able to bring it off by using it as audaciously as possible. The scene of Paul, Jon and Lloyd talking about avoiding the draft in a psychedelic clothing store is remarkable: as they talk, the scene alternates between two customers in the store keep changing places and clothing. As the result of an error in the processing, of the print I saw, the alternation between takes was accompanied by a change in color in each take, heightening the psychedelic effect of the store and pointing the way for new possibilities for the jump-cut, though in this case the effect was unintentional.

At times, the image on the film is grainy as the result of blowing up as part of the original image on the film. Because of costs, De Palma was unable to retake incorrectly framed scenes on the film, he resorted to this lab technique to salvage his footage. By using this blow-up effect, the technique of the film echoes the theme of the spoof of "Blow-Up" which is in the film itself, though again, the effect was originally unintentional.

The shooting of the film was done entirely on location, in order to save money on studio costs. But an off-shoot of this was greater realism which would have been impossible had "Greetings" been shot in a studio. Almost everything which cost limitations forced De Palma to use for his filming added to the realism and spontaneity of the film: Shooting on location, using non-professional actors and small shooting crews. Though he does not subscribe to Godard's fanatically mystical belief in realism, De Palma was gratified to find that "Greetings" had attained a noticeable degree of authenticity.

The technique in "Greetings" is evidence of a film maker who has total control of the medium. The editing, which De Palma did himself, show ingenuity, skill and audaciousness, whether it be in his use of jump-cuts or of seemingly standard slick cutting, as in the scene of Paul's seduction of Jon's following a girl in the park. In the shooting of the film, De Palma also shows evidence of a wide-ranging knowledge of varied film techniques, from the speeded-up silent-film style scene of Paul going to Whitehall to the spoof of TV Vietnam documentaries, from a continuing spoof of "Blow-Up" to a skillful parody of stag films.

"Greetings" is made up of several

without any real depth to them. De Palma's skill as a director is to never let the film slow down enough for this flaw to become too apparent. There is a constant comic invention which keeps the film moving by injecting new characters and incidents. The minor characters in the film are truly excellent: whether it be the smut peddler, the girl who appears in the peep art sequence, or Mel Margulies playing himself.

The structure of the film permits a patchwork of episodes to be created by juxtaposing different scenes involving each of the main characters. Gerritt Graham's scenes at the beginning of the film are terrific. His constant rapping about ways of evading the draft and about his sexual adventures are funny in themselves but are also pure Gerritt: snotty, pompous, and overblown, and as a result, also quite funny. When he later gets involved in a sub-plot involving the Kennedy assassination, Gerritt is lost and is replaced by the character he portrays, Lloyd Clay. The sub-plot is saved by the introduction of Earl Roberts, a strange fanatic who makes a brief but very funny appearance. The scenes of computer dates are occasionally funny but rather banal, with the exception of "Bored Housewife" sequence.

The most successful treatment of a topic is in Jon's preoccupation of voyeurism. This is carefully developed from the moment he first becomes aware of it, through a series of incidents which show the progress of his perversion, to the moment where he changes his whole world in terms of voyeurism in the middle of the jungle of Vietnam. The truly outstanding scene is the filming of the "peep art" sequence; De Palma transforms the audience, as well as Paul, into voyeurs as they peer into a girl's window as she undresses. This scene best illustrates De Palma's feeling that that the nature of film is wrapped up with voyeurism on the part of the film maker and the audience.

The treatment of sex in the film is indicative of the whole atmosphere of "Greetings". Sex is always considered in a very natural way, often serving as the object of a funny scene, never with Hollywood's mock artiness" which is often a cover for exploitation. What ultimately angered Hollywood and got "Greetings" an X rating was the unconventional way in which sex was treated in several scenes: the casual use of nudity in Gerritt's bullet racing scene where a girl is used as a dummy instead of as a sex object, the "Bored Housewife" stag film, and Gerritt's Barnard mixer rap. The only unconventional thing about all of these was the fact that Hollywood had never shown sex scenes which did not follow the heavy pant-pant formula of "adult films."

"By ignoring technical and professional conventions in production, De Palma was able to make 'Greetings' with total artistic freedom."

loosely connected episodes which deal with the preoccupations of three young men, Jon, Lloyd, and Paul. Most of what interests them is topical and somewhat transitory: the Vietnam war, the draft, computer dating.. It is this very topical and yet ephemeral quality which makes "Greetings" unique: movies tend to ignore the topical humor used in magazines or television for fear that the film will become dated by the time it is released. Most American films take place in a nebulous time setting; it is only recently that criticism has been raised against such films as "The Graduate" and "Goodbye Columbia" for their failure to inject elements of topicality in order to add accuracy to the portrayal of characters.

If "Greetings" has one fault, it is an overemphasis on topical and realistic incidents at the expense of characterization. In the film each character becomes identified with one topic; as a

The quality of a film can often be gauged by the word of mouth it generates; here at Columbia, many people are talking about "Greetings," yet few have actually seen it. Any one who would like to see what film can really be like, fresh, funny and unconventional, should see "Greetings" when it opens again soon in the Village.

Those who have seen "Greetings" should wait impatiently for "Son of Greetings" As De Palma describes it, the film is about the black revolution but it is also about the foibles of society. De Palma is extremely enthusiastic about the script and foresees "Son of Greetings" as being more unified and even funnier than "Greetings". As the shooting on the film ends, De Palma is becoming even more enthusiastic and impatient to complete the editing and have it shown soon. Any one interested in seeing the work of one of this generation's most important directors should also share that impatience.

Migrant journal

[continued from c-9]

Two teen-aged black girls are sitting at the bar on our right, three black men talk with them. Horace, like an executive demanding the menu at the Twenty-One orders drinks for Fidel and myself.

We go through the bar into the gloomy room in back. We can hardly talk: Otis Redding, from a juke box at full volume, sings, "I didn't have nothin' to live for, look's like nothin's goin' to come my way. I can't do what people tell me to do, so I guess I'll just remain the same." The felt on the table is torn. Cue sticks have pock-marked the wall, the naked lightbulb hangs by its wire from the ceiling.

Using a wooden triangle, Horace sets up the balls.

"That ain't how they go," says Fidel, re-arranging them. Horace, Fidel, and Natcho play a few games at a nickel a game. Horace plays awkwardly, loses to Fidel, who loses to Natcho.

"You want to play, man?" Natcho asks me.

"I don't know how."

"You hold the stick like this," says Horace, "and look along this finger. Take some shots." Fidel, playing against me, elaborately chalks his cue stick.

Three older blacks in sports shirts come in. They crowd the room with the four of us already there. The rhythm from the juke box pounds the air, the men jitterbug in place as they wait to shoot. One accidentally pokes me with his cue stick. "Sorry."

The men size us up. "One of you want to play? I don't play good, but it's more interestin' if there's a dollar ridin' on it."

"I don't play for money."

"Uh-uh."

"Me neither."

"No thanks."

Horace begins to act nervous. The juke box pounds. "I'm goin' back."

"Me too," says Natcho, and we all leave.

Outside, where it is now almost as dark as it was in the bar, Horace says, "I wan't goin' to play that dude for money. Him talkin' 'bout how he wasn't no good. Shit, if he wasn't no good, he wouldn't of bet no dollar."

"I don't play for money with nobody I don't know," says Natcho.

Tuesday, June 25

The sun wakes us about eight. Oscar turns down a small box of Sugar Pops I offer him. "When I drink I can't eat."

The woman in the next room, the kitchen, is yelling at her kids. "Get out of the way. You're always gettin' into everytin'." It's the woman I had seen in the field with her children. Oscar and I go down to Pop's house.

I ask Sally, "Where can I wash?"

"The water's 'round back."

Mexican children play in front of a couple of weathered, tar-paper-covered wood houses. They watch me as water from the faucet makes a muddy pool.

Out front, Horace talks to me about Virginia. "Last year Robert got us a big old house, we was all together."

"I've got a stove up in Virginia. It's a lot better up in Virginia," says Billy.

Robert arrives in his truck, the sides paneled to form a van, a tarpaulin on top. His family's boxes fill the red and white pickup, and the Mexicans ride in the '66 Impala. Everybody forms a line to Mom and Pop's room to help them load their things. Splashes of linoleum cover about half the floor. Piles of dirty dishes beside a kerosene hot-plate, clothes in heaps, a half-filled leather sea trunk. Half-filled cans and boxes. Knives and forks loose on the floor. The bed frame folded in two. As soon as Sally fills each tub, can, or whatever, somebody carries it to the truck.

"Hon, ya wanna keep this?" she yells, pointing to a generator on the floor.

"Yeah, I can fix it and sell it."

We fold the mattress in two and carry the bed frame, wash tubs, rocking chair, empty kerosene jugs, clothes, broken coffee heater, oil can, framed pictures.

Momma frets. "When we get up to Virginia, I'm gonna throw out some of this junk."

Finally the house is emptied. On the porch couch remain: Have You Been Saved?, an issue of "Watchtower," Our Wonderful Earth, and the volume "A" of an encyclopedia.

"D'ya want the books, Momma?"

"Yeah, set 'em in the truck. One day when I've got the money I'm goin' to buy me some glasses and read 'em."

"Where we goin'?" I show Robert my road map of the east coast.

"Ocakbo, Virginia."

He can't find it.

"Ask Natcho, he uses maps better 'an me."

I show the map to Natcho. "Uh, it's not on the map, but it's near Parsley, here." Our trip will be seven hundred miles.

Robert gives Horace a rope. "Tie the boxes back." They threaten to fall forward onto where we will be riding.

Momma looks into the truck, sees her boxes in disarray. "I's goin' to buy me a trailer to put all my things in neat. Then all's I'll have to do will be to just tow it behind wherever we go, like that Mexican family does."

Robert puts Momma in the pickup alongside Natcho. The other blacks, and Mighty Koon and myself go into the van.



Robert leads the procession in the green truck, followed by the pickup, followed by the Impala. We stop quickly at Shorty's house, then Oscar's. Piece by piece, the leaning tower of baggage grows, to touch the tarpaulin roof.

We are twelve in the van, plus two dogs. We sit on three short wooden benches, except for Shorty. He is regally enthroned on a soft, purple velvet chair he has found and chained to the floor, against the baggage which wobbles above.

We stop at a gas station. Discreetly, Robert gives me the money from Zak for working on the farm. With Pop's help he strings electrical wire from the cab of the truck to the back. The side and brake lights do not work, and a dark truck on the highway at night is suicide. "Is it firin' now?" About half of the lights are.

Horace rummages in the wiring of the pickup's horn, some one pushes the button. "I can't get this to say nothin'."

Shorty buys a can of beer with his last money, and asks me to lend him some more.

"Robert don't want him to drink," says Horace.

"I can't lend you nothin' if Robert don't want it."

"Come on, I'll pay you right back."

"Robert's my boss, I can't go against what he says."

"Give it to me, I'll pay you back as soon as we get to Virginia. Robert owes me fifteen dollars."

"He's doin' right," says Horace to Shorty, "you know Robert don't want you to drink today."

"Fuck."

10:30 a.m. Robert starts up the

truck. There is room for about six of us. Legs jab backs, heads push shoulders, elbows crowd ribs. Only those near the end of the van have a little fresh air. Mighty Koon stands looking at the city divider line of the highway rushing away.

A brief shower drips through holes in the tarpaulin, and Mighty Koon retreats to a drier, safer position, singing all the time strange Spanish songs which no one understands.

"What's the Puerto Rican singing about?" asks Shorty.

"Shut up," says Horace to Mighty Koon.

Mighty Koon replies something incomprehensible in Spanish, grins, and keeps on singing.

As turns and hills tilt the truck, we have to move our sacks of food on the floor to avoid the nomad pools of rainwater and dog urine. The dog fleas are not put off by our smell.

Shorty is feeling happy in his upholstered chair. "I heard 'bout a woman ridin' one of them big Greyhound buses, one with air conditionin' and toilets, and everythin'. She went back to the toilet to piss and the bus turned over, and she peed all over herself." He laughs, for a long time.

His laughter gets on Horace's nerves. "You laugh like a damn fool."

A man pulls his head down from where he was watching the sky. He has thick bushy hair, talks quickly, moving his big hands.

"I know a woman in Norfolk who got pregnant by a mule. She saw the mule in the field one day, and bent over, and the mule climbed her just like he climb another mule, and fucked

"and also the dog will piss where he smells shit, and shit where he smells piss. So if ya get a little piss or shit on a blanket, or a newspaper, it don't matter, either one will do, he'll go right over to it every time. That's what the man did with his dog down in Coralin."

"We was pickin' beans, and the man would lock us out of the camp durin' the day—only if you was married, your wife could stay. That was when Bilbo was runnin' the camp. Even if it was rainin', or you was sick, you hadda go out and work. Then his son took over, and he told the foreman that if it was rainin' we didn't have to work. We could if we wanted to, if we needed the money, but we didn't have to."

"Bilbo's dog used to come out in the field. We put all our lunches on a low trailer they pulled behind the tractor. One day that dog got up on the trailer and ate all our lunches. We was goin' to kill that dog. We told Bilbo, and he said, 'Man, I better get that dog to the hospital, he's goin' to be sick, he done ate too much.' Man, and we was goin' to tear that dog's ass up. But he gave us some sandwiches, and a gallon of milk. You know, this much baloney, so we each had two, three sandwiches."

"One day we was out there, and the man would come by and push down on our hampers, and say, 'Watch the juice fly.' And he'd push it down so that if it was filled up it'd be only half filled. And then he'd say, 'Go on and fill it up.'

"That woman said, 'Do that again, and the juice is goin' to fly, and she filled up another box, and the man came by and said, 'Watch the juice fly,' and pushed it on down but it wouldn't go down. And she said, 'I said do that one more time and the juice is goin' to fly. And she filled up another box, and the man came by and pushed them beans down in the hamper, and said, 'Go fill it up, woman.' She pulled out a short little .38 and bam, bam, bam, the juice was flyin' every which way. Bam, bam, bam. And they didn't do nothin' to her."

"The only one I seen who fills 'em up so you can't push 'em down is Momma," says John.

Lee says, "You can rack 'em by settin' all of 'em on the end 'cept the ones on top. Then when the man pushes 'em down, they all pops up again. But don't let 'em catch you rackin' 'em."

"When I load the hampers," says Pop, "I don't care how full they make 'em. The lighter they is, the easier it is for me. Shit, I'll take 'em at twenty-five pounds, instead of thirty-two like they's supposed to be. Ain't none of my business to fill 'em up."

"There was this one lady, and the loader kept pushin' her beans down, so she went out and bought herself a pack of razor blades. She put those in there and the man pushed down, he tore his hand all up. He didn't mess with her no more."

"There's some women," says Lee, "sits on one crate, and drags the other 'long while they's pickin'. I don't see how they do that."

"What I do," says Pop, is to fill up two of 'em half way and then dump 'em together. It makes 'em easier to fill like that."

Lee says, "Yeah, that's what I do..." June 26-July 13 (Summary)

We arrive in Virginia. Robert finds an abandoned house to live in, and we work when the weather permits, five of the next seventeen days.

Before I leave I tell Momma that a former girl friend has come back to me, that I have to meet her up in New York.

Lee warns me against hitchhiking, as I plan to do, but I insist that I don't have the money to spare for the bus.

"You're a damn fool," he says, "people'll think you've just been paid, that's Saturday. They'll knock you over the head, take your wallet, throw you in the bushes. The only way the police will find you'll be the vultures flying around in the air."

"He's gotta do it," says Momma. "He loves the girl."

Natcho drives me to the highway, just