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For Bob Shepherd -
who knows, as I
do, not all is bad
Jim Foose

Disclaimer

5.5.71

The University's Code of Student Conduct contains the statement that "the editors shall have the right to editorial freedom without the prior approval of copy . . ."

This book is being published even though the editorial comment, pictures and graphic design contained in this edition of the Kentuckian were found not to be representative of student activities and therefore unacceptable for publication by the Director of Student Publications for the University.

The responsibility for the editorial comment, pictures, and graphic design is solely that of the editor, Alex Soteriou.

Charles A. Reynolds
Director of Student Publications

KENTUCKY 69 INTO 70

This is very simply intended . . .

The matter of
Life
is controversial here . . .







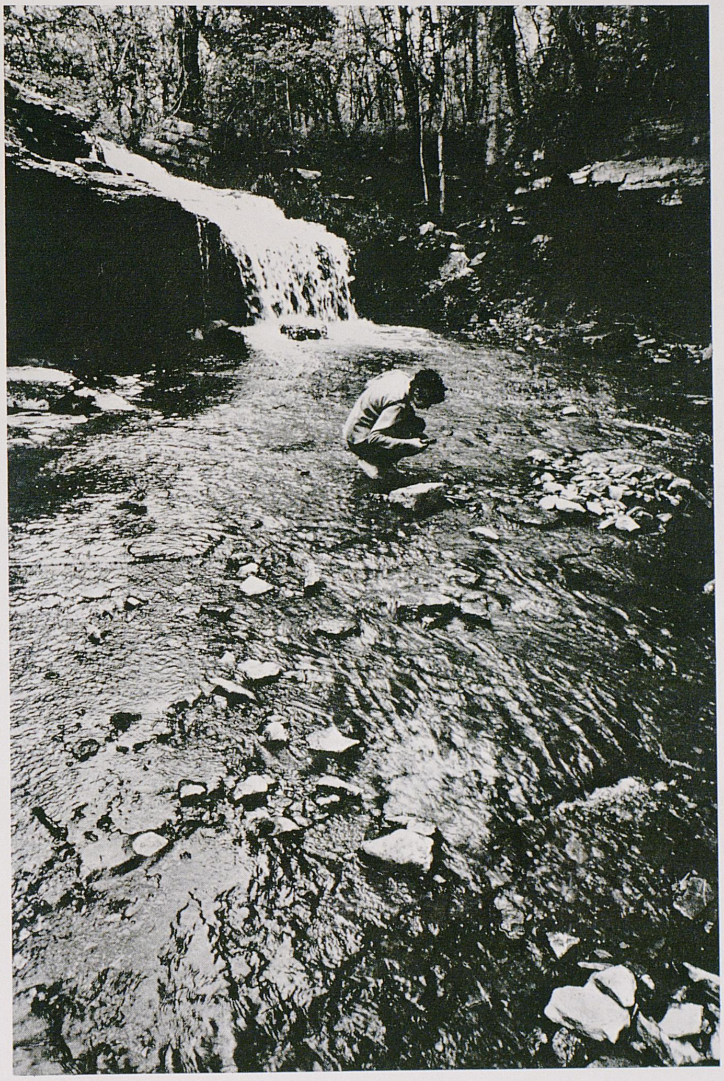


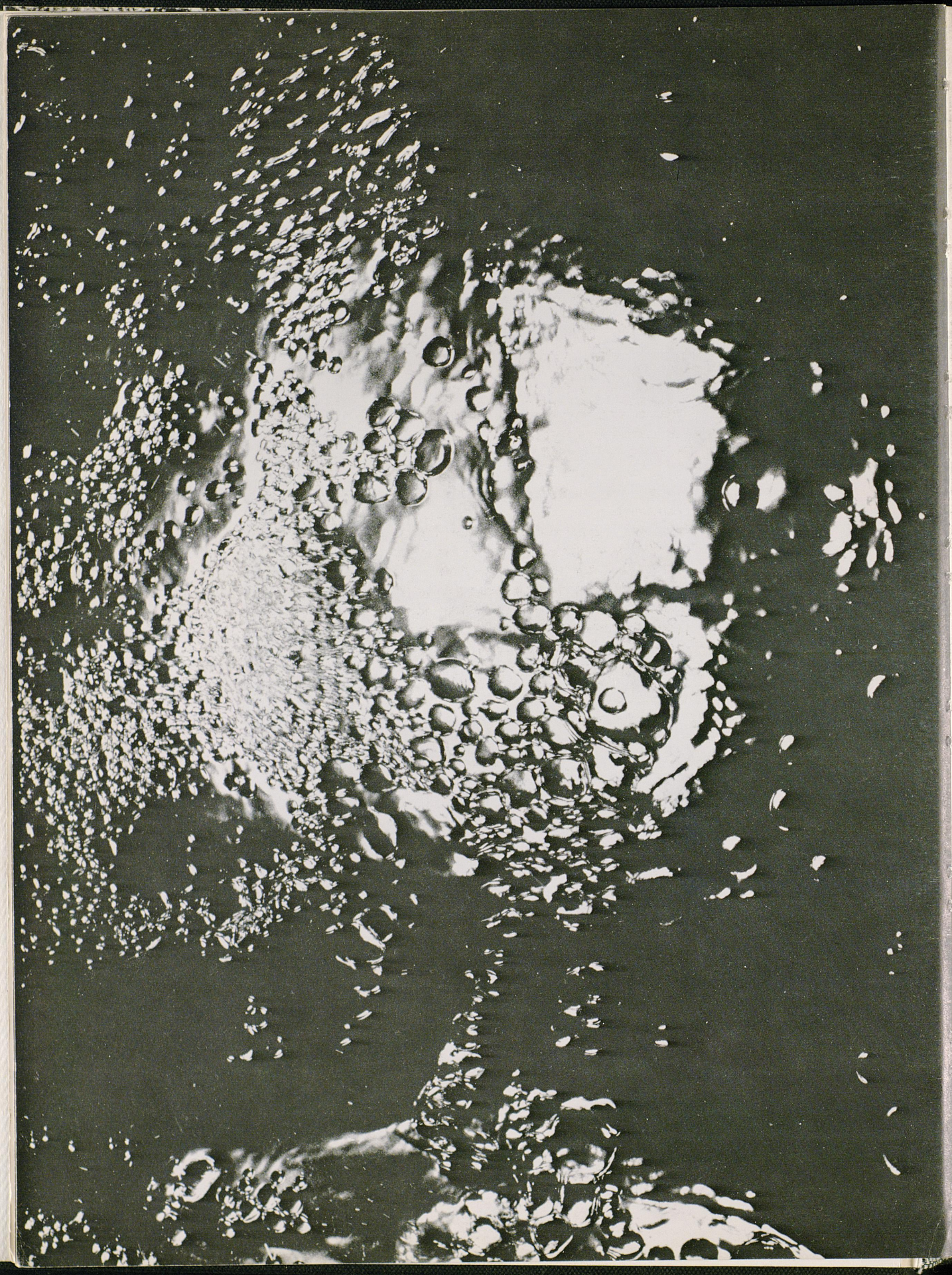
Kentucky people . . .


RALEIGH



There is this fantastic—and more—place
Just a few minutes away from campus
—incredible.
—Green Mansions
A stream cuts a narrow piece through stone—
the stone is cut into endless layers—
and all flowing down—
down as into the center of the earth.
There are caves—
rock ledges with water falling over them—
green and more green than green—
jungle sounds—
trees so tall they force the sun into shafts of light.
It's here that
A mystical kinship with nature
comes into full meaning—



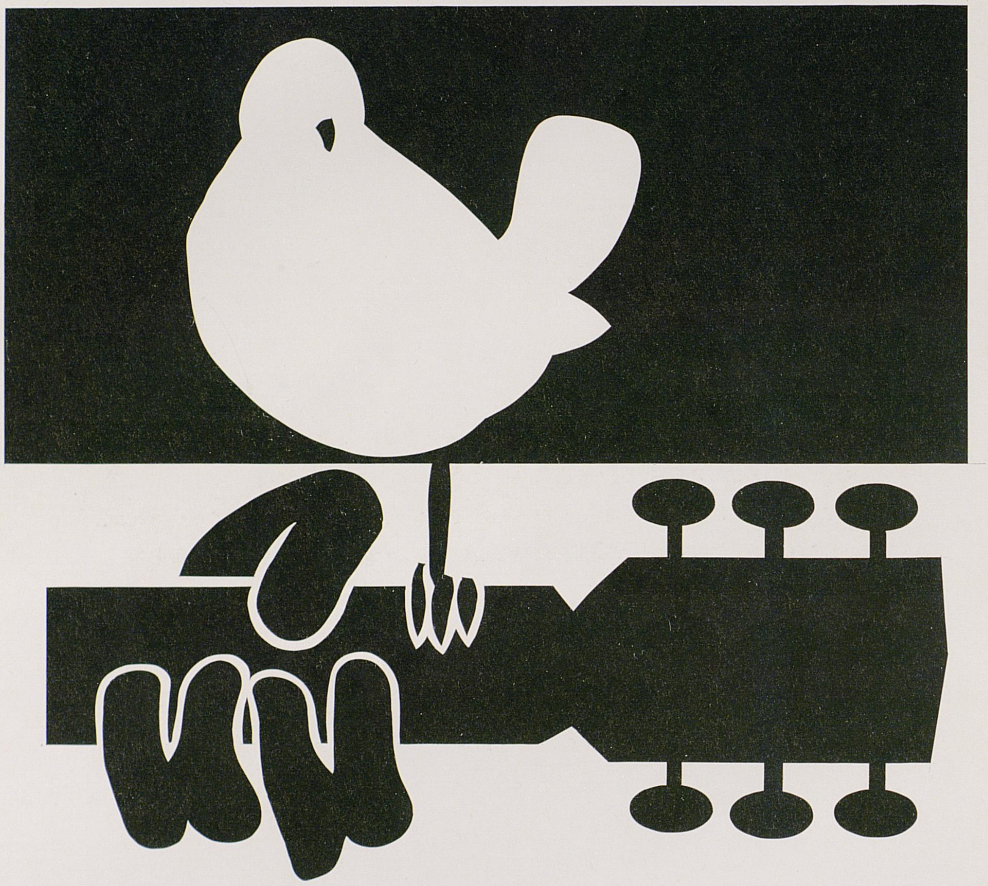


More and more it seems that the ordering of nature is an art akin to music— fugues in shell and cartilage, counterpoint in fibers and capillaries, throbbing rhythm in waves of sound, light, and nerve. And oneself is connected with it quite inextricably— a node, a ganglion, an electronic inter-weaving of paths, circuits, and impulses that stretch and hum through the whole of time and space. The entire pattern swirls in its complexity like smoke in sunbeams or the rippling networks of sunlight in shallow water. Transforming itself endlessly into itself, the pattern alone remains.

Alan W. Watts

Sound adds a whole dimension
to an already vibrating nature
it echoes the rhythms of life processes
the hum of interactions.
It creates a flow
a movement
a harmony—with all
with nature





WOODSTOCK NATION is built on ELECTRICITY. It is our energy, music, politics, school, religion, play, battleground and our sensuality.

Abbie Hoffman

Yasgur (the farmer who owned the land where it all happened) addressed the crowd and told them they had proved to the world that a half million people could assemble on a hillside and get along with one another.

Life





We made our Music
We brought life to our Park
We dug the Spring
We were Woodstock
We didn't do as much
music this year—
we were busy with
social issues
revolution
and things—





The best stuff is when we come offstage and everybody crowds around and we're all so emotionally high that all we can do is smile. That's my favorite thing, it just goes beyond words. You're all tight and close and grinning from ear to ear and people come by and some of them can't even say anything. It doesn't happen everytime because we're not as open and as free as we could be all the time and neither are they. We keep on trying.

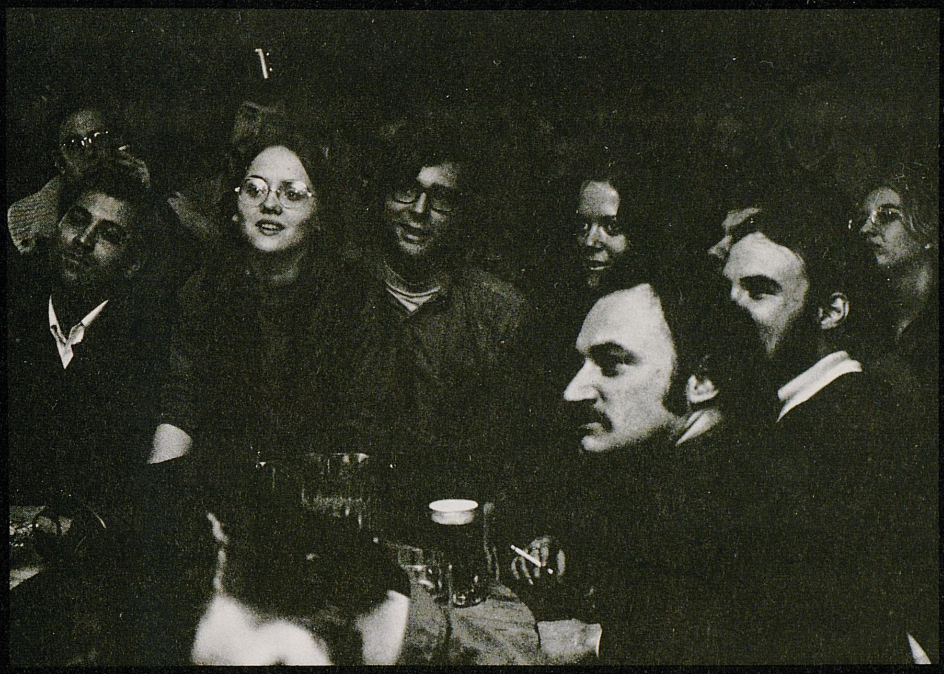
Jesse Colin Young of the Youngbloods



This place was too good to be true
We played our own music wildly
We danced on the tables
We all sang together
We all reified each other
it was like a community—
it was a community.
This Paddock was incredible.
Paul—the guy who ran it was timid—
but intrigued by our beautiful antics.
Then there wasn't enough "room" for all of us
and the cops would come every night
and
now we can't play our music at the Paddock
—at least not instrumentally . . .



The feeling of community is so great—
and music helped
pull it together so much—




GUM Springs
Community
Center



A group of Indians calling themselves The White Roots of Peace, came to our university and rapped with us. They got into the beauty and sense of COMMUNITY that they feel by living a one-to-one relationship with each other—with the earth—echoes of McLuhan's tribal village—COMMUNITY IS A GOOD FEELING.



In becoming close with nature
new sensitivities develop—
feelings for the life essence—
hints of archetypal symbolism—relationships . . .
a kinship
a mystical kinship with nature
a sense of harmony with all
the motions and workings of the cosmos
a simpleness
—and yet a feel of hidden ageless complexities
a primitiveness—
a community with the earth
and with man—

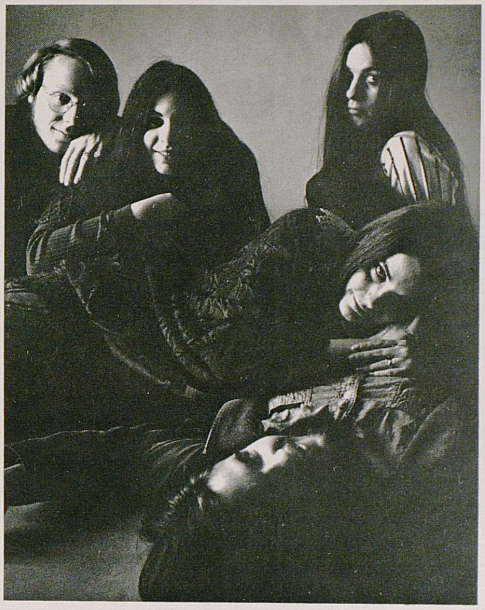
In the tribal world, painting lives on the body, sculpture is something you use or worship, architecture you do yourself, and literature you recite or dance. Fashion is language: it structures the abyss of darkness. Speak that I may see you.
In the tribal world, art belongs to ordinary day-to-day experiences: the way a father addresses his son, decorates his house door, butchers a pig, dances, puts on his loincloth in the morning or addresses his guardian spirit.
When art becomes inseparable from daily living— the way a woman prepares a meal, speaks to her children, decorates her home, makes love, laughs—there is no "art", for all of life is art.

Marshall McLuhan









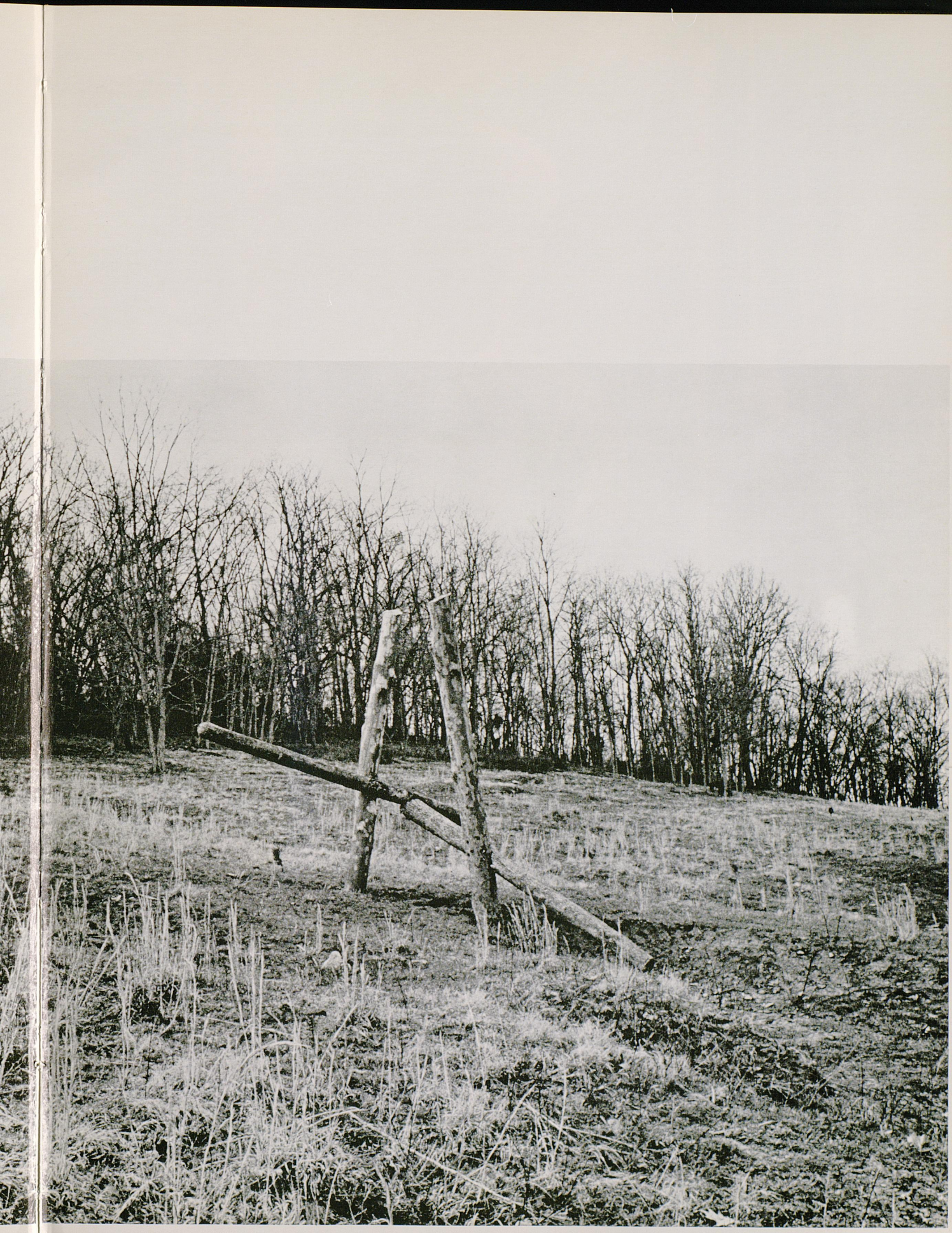
Dress is becoming more and more of an expression of art— in tune with a more casual, direct and active relation with life—with the environment.



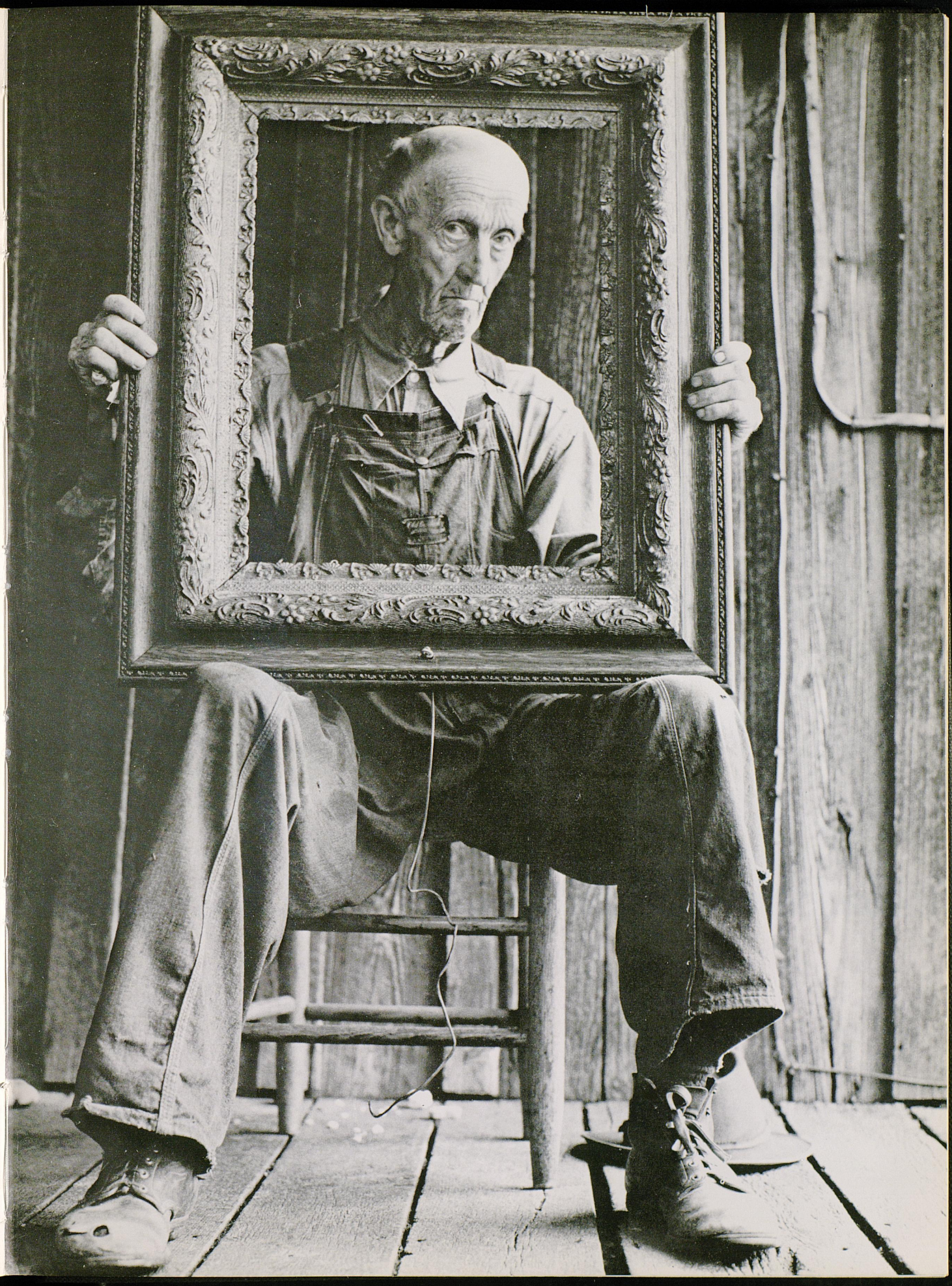


Life is art
art is life
it's as simple as that—
you can understand that because you are that!
and the relationship between you
and all
is so beautifully pulled together
with environmental art
without disrupting
but rather by extending—
and all in harmony
all in harmony
and people are into that here—
some of them—
Hugh Burton's sculpture here is part
of the art which flows
through / with his farm.

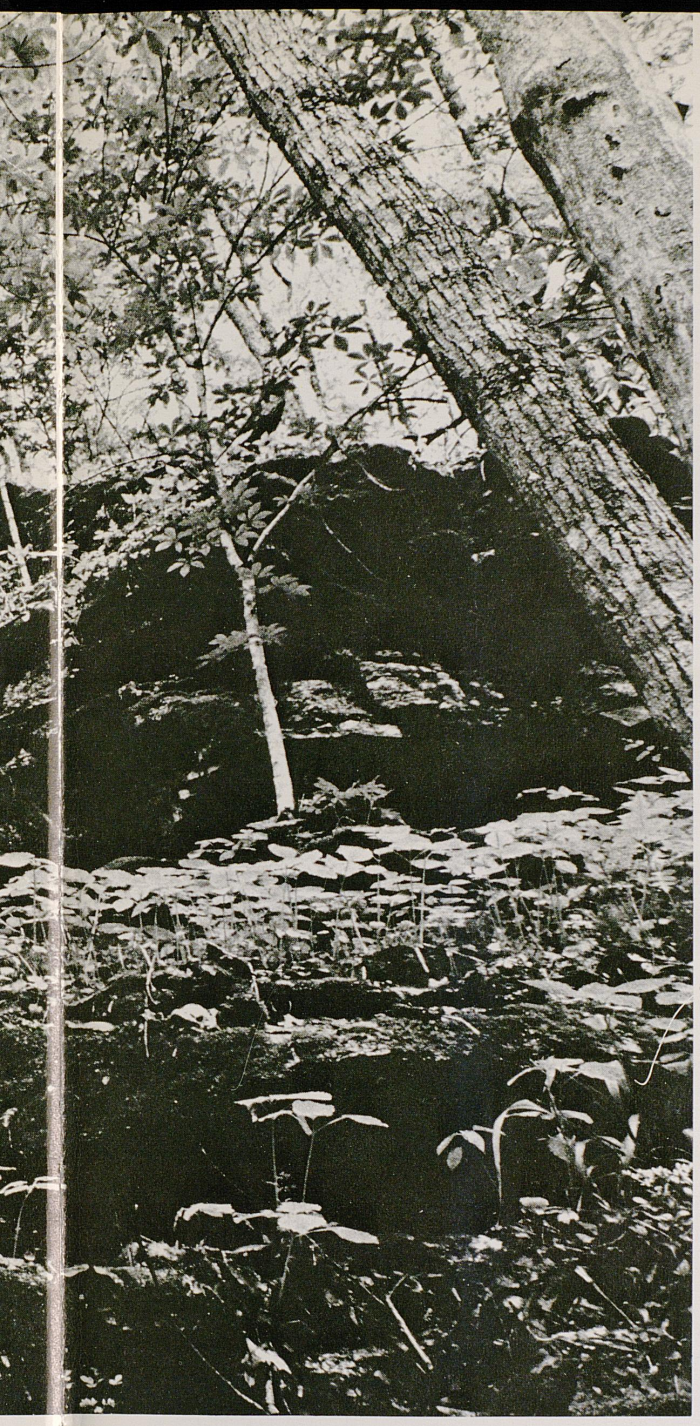




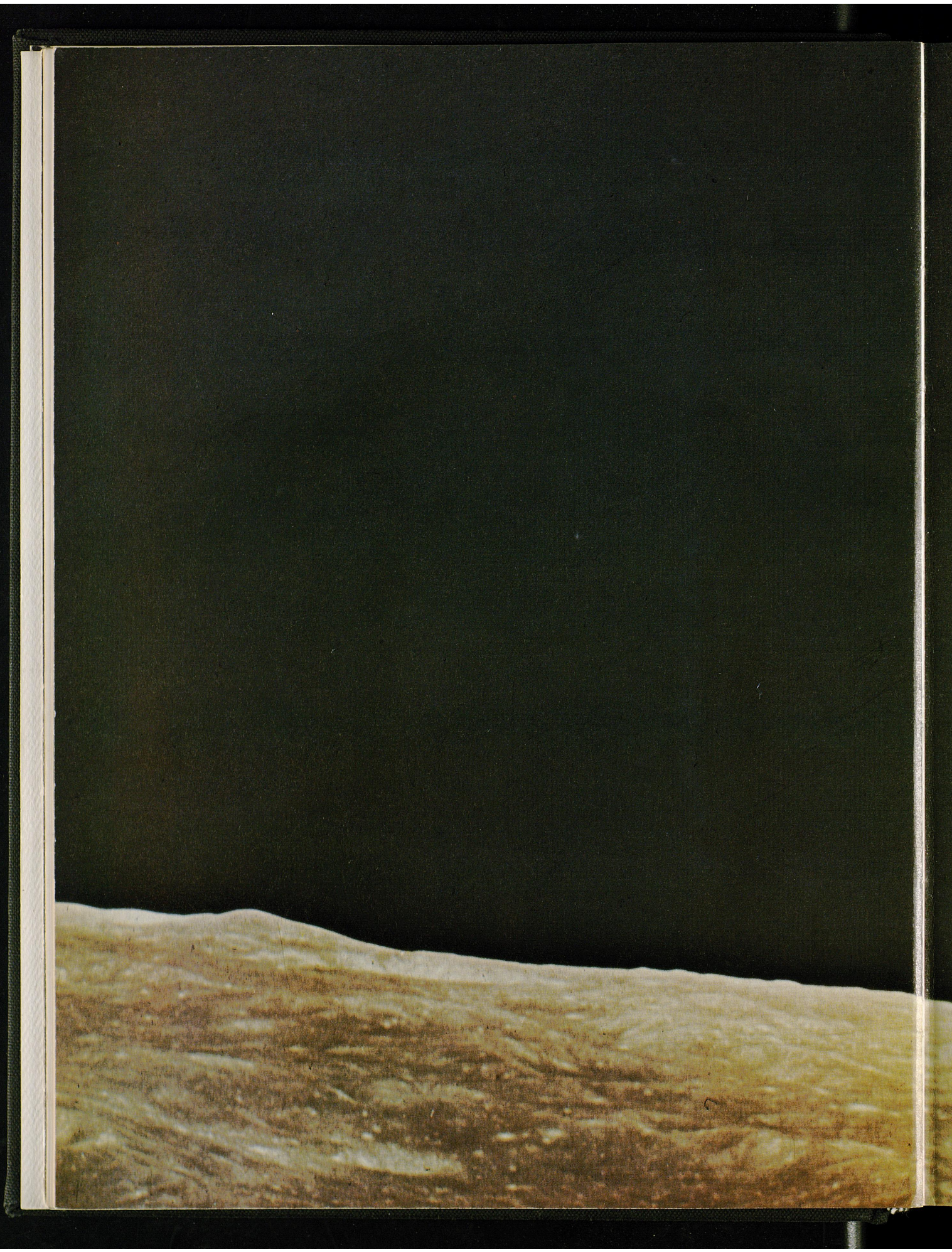
. . . you are that

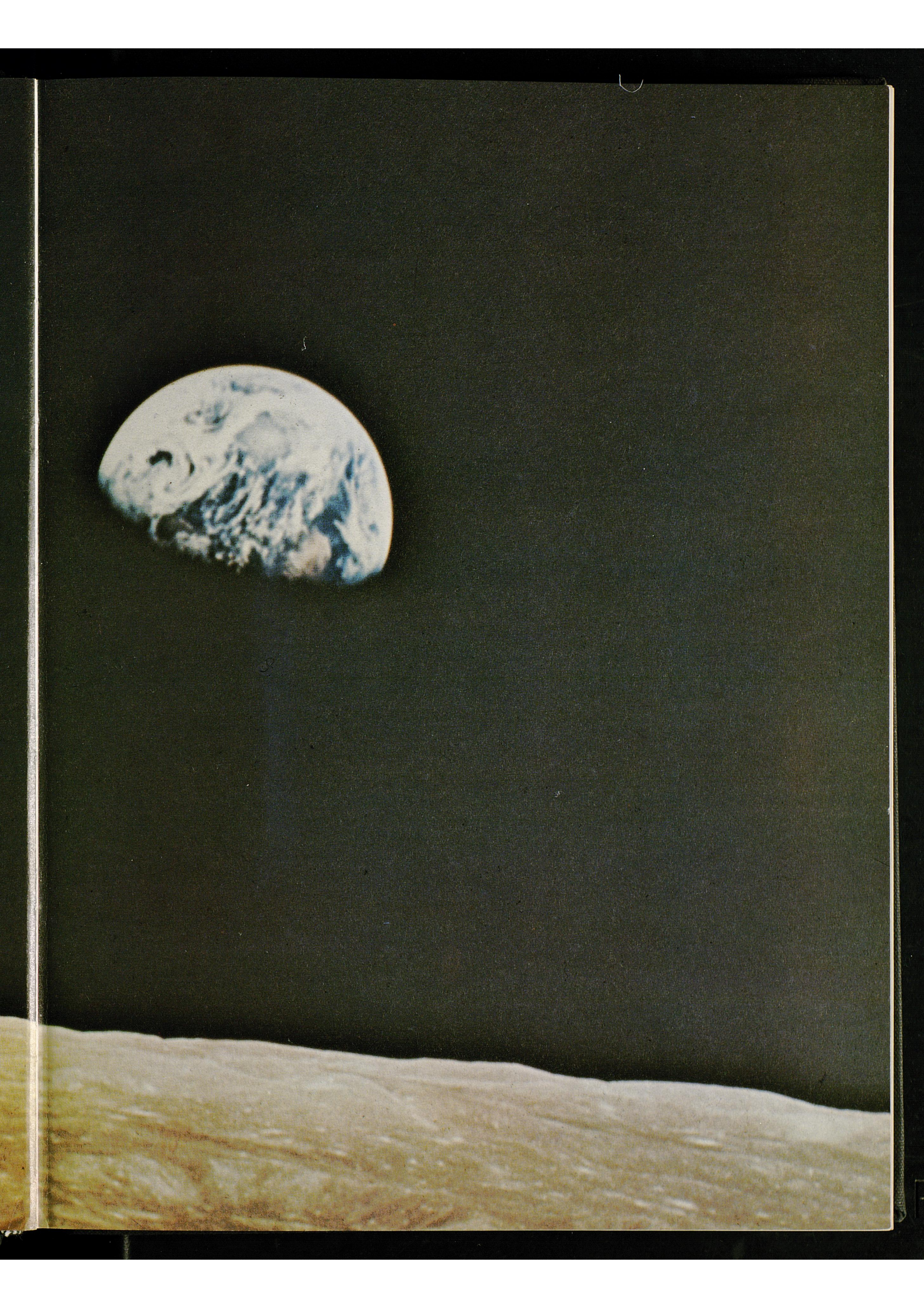






and our Kentucky—
that place where
we're being—
being art
just grew a little - -







We've embraced eons of space—
We've extended ourselves
further than ever—
and after how many
thousands of years?
We've actually walked around on that—
that moon
THE MOON
how incredible—
we've looked up at it for so long—
so long
And what now?

"We came in peace
for all mankind"

And what now . . .
What kind of peace
"for all mankind" can
we give to our home
planet?

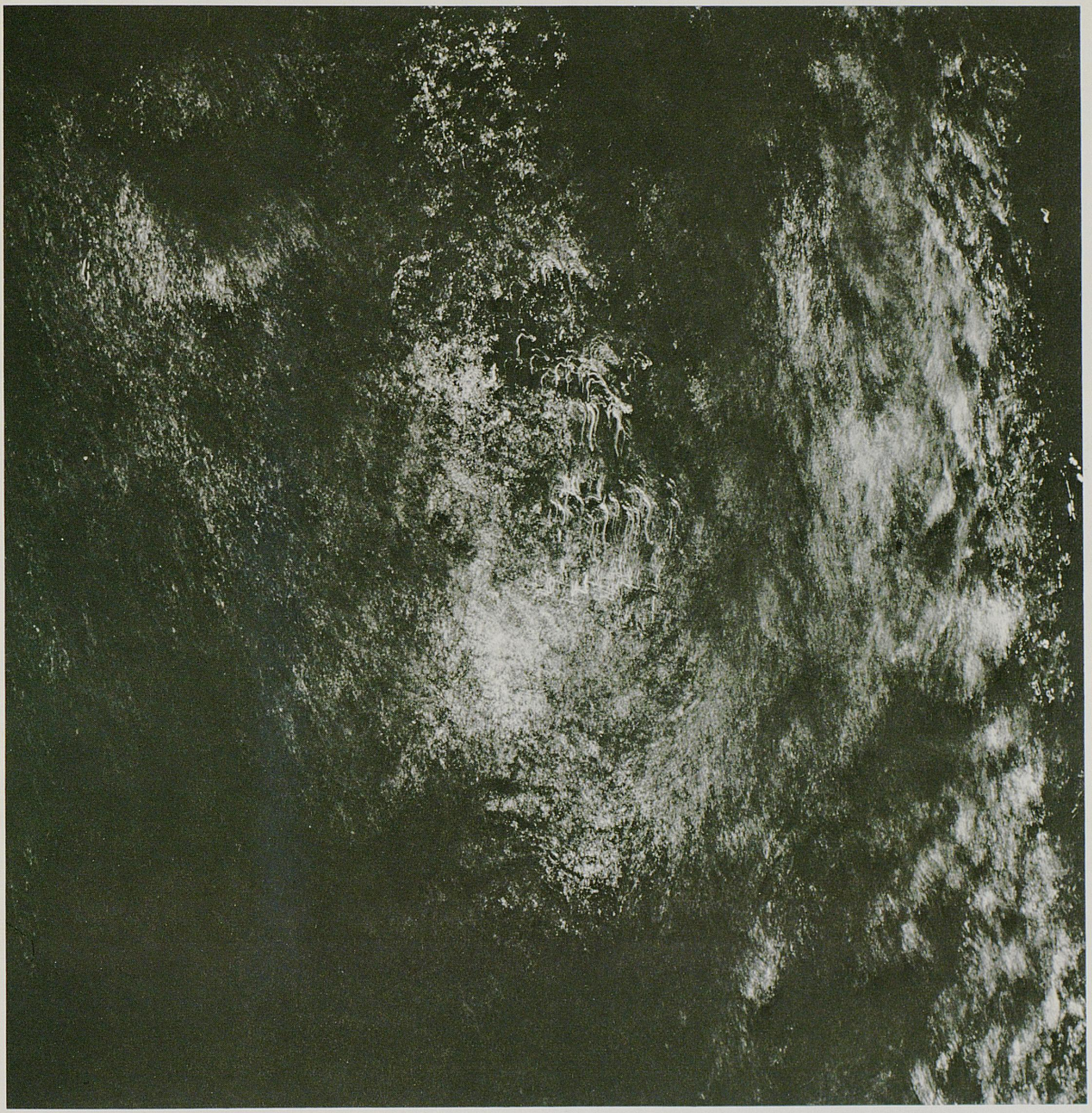




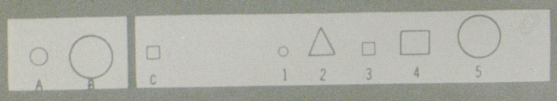
We have little bits
of the moon also—
A lot of lucky people do.
Some bits were used as gifts.
Ours were for research—

In an age in which men have begun to explore outer space, a more fantastic space odyssey awaits us: An exploration of social space—between man and man—and a journey into inner space—between a man and his *self*.

Paul N. Savoy



Here's one free sample

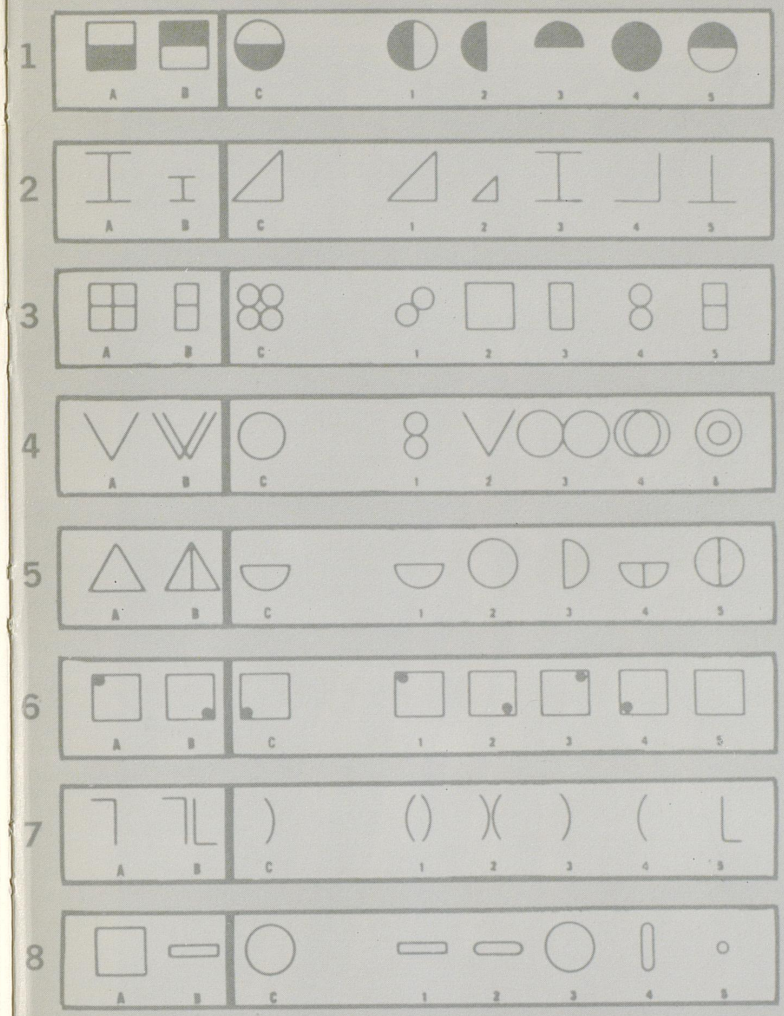


that can expand your mind — and your future

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
ADVO-SYSTEM, INC.
Service Road
Hartford, Conn. 0610

RESIDENT 0410
16 CEDAR AVE
HAWTHORNE NJ 07506

This sample aptitude test will tell whether you have the potential to make it as a computer programmer.



You don't have to be some kind of a mathematical genius or anything like that. Computers aren't that tough to learn about. If you're 17-40, with a high school diploma or its equivalent, and you can pass this test, chances are you'll be able to complete our programming course.

And ECPI can teach you how to put that ability to work for you.

Not that it's a breeze. ECPI is no cinch course. We're a full-fledged school, with more than 90 centers throughout the country, professional instructors, IBM equipment to learn on, homework, exams - the whole bit. But once you've earned our Certificate of Achievement, you can go out and earn good money as a professional computer programmer. It's a wide-open field (over 25,000 jobs were not filled last year because of a lack of qualified applicants) and you can move up fast.

So take the test, and mail it to us today. We'll send you your score and information on a career in computer programming. Do it now - you could be in one of those 25,000 jobs next year if you do.

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

Data Processing — Aptitude Indication

TEST INSTRUCTIONS

Each panel above (#1-#8) is a problem in which you are to change figure C to one of the figures on the right side of the test. How is figure C to be changed? Figures A and B give you a hint. Whatever is done to figure A in order to change it to figure B is what must be done to figure C. In other words, you are to find the rule or rules by which A is changed to B. Then use the same rule or rules to find how C should be changed.

ANSWER HERE

1.____ 3.____ 5.____ 7.____

2.____ 4.____ 6.____ 8.____

It took me 2 4 6 8 10 minutes (circle one) to complete the test.

NAME____ (Please PRINT Plainly) DATE____

ADDRESS____

CITY____ STATE____ ZIP____

PHONE____ AGE____ SEX____ ☐ CHECK HERE if eligible for vet. eran's benefits.

THE ECPI DIPLOMA YOUR PASSPORT TO THE FUTURE

CHARTERED BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY REGISTERED WITH THE N.J. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

Please help us help you by completing the "Personal Profile" at right. This will enable us to furnish you with a preliminary appraisal of your qualifications.

— Robert K. Hunter, Dir. Electronic Computer Programming Institute

FAMILY STATUS ✓ ☐ Married ☐ Single ☐ Divorced No. of Children? ____

EDUCATION ✓ ☐ High School ☐ Some Coll. ☐ Degree

CAREER EXPERIENCE ✓ ☐ Business ☐ Sales ☐ Industrial ☐ Technical ☐ Craft ☐ Service

Present Occupation ____

How long? ____ yrs. ☐ Day ☐ Night

Could earning an ECPI Diploma help you advance within your present company? ☐ Yes ☐ No

IMPORTANT: Nothing herein shall be construed as application for enrollment

STAND-1



Strange life lines these are—
expansions of our heads—?
Strange expansions—
if they are that.
THE 360 computer—
we've got them on campus,
they're programed to teach,
more efficient than a 'live' prof—
less likely to err than an individual,
probably much less of a hassel—

Memo to English faculty
January 7, 1970

. . . as a working rule we may assume that research and teaching are the primary factors considered, that of the two, research is the more important, and that service would generally be considered as a subsidary factor to the others.


CHRIST DIED FOR OUR SINS
BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND THOU
SHALT BE SAVED.
TRY
CHRIST!

another extreme
at a different level—
but very Kentucky,
was during the state-wide
teachers "strike".
According to one of the churches
in downtown, Lexington,
the solution to the problem
was a twenty-four hour
revival
to which the students at Asbury,
who were always getting into
some very heavy revivals,
were warmly invited . . .

what is

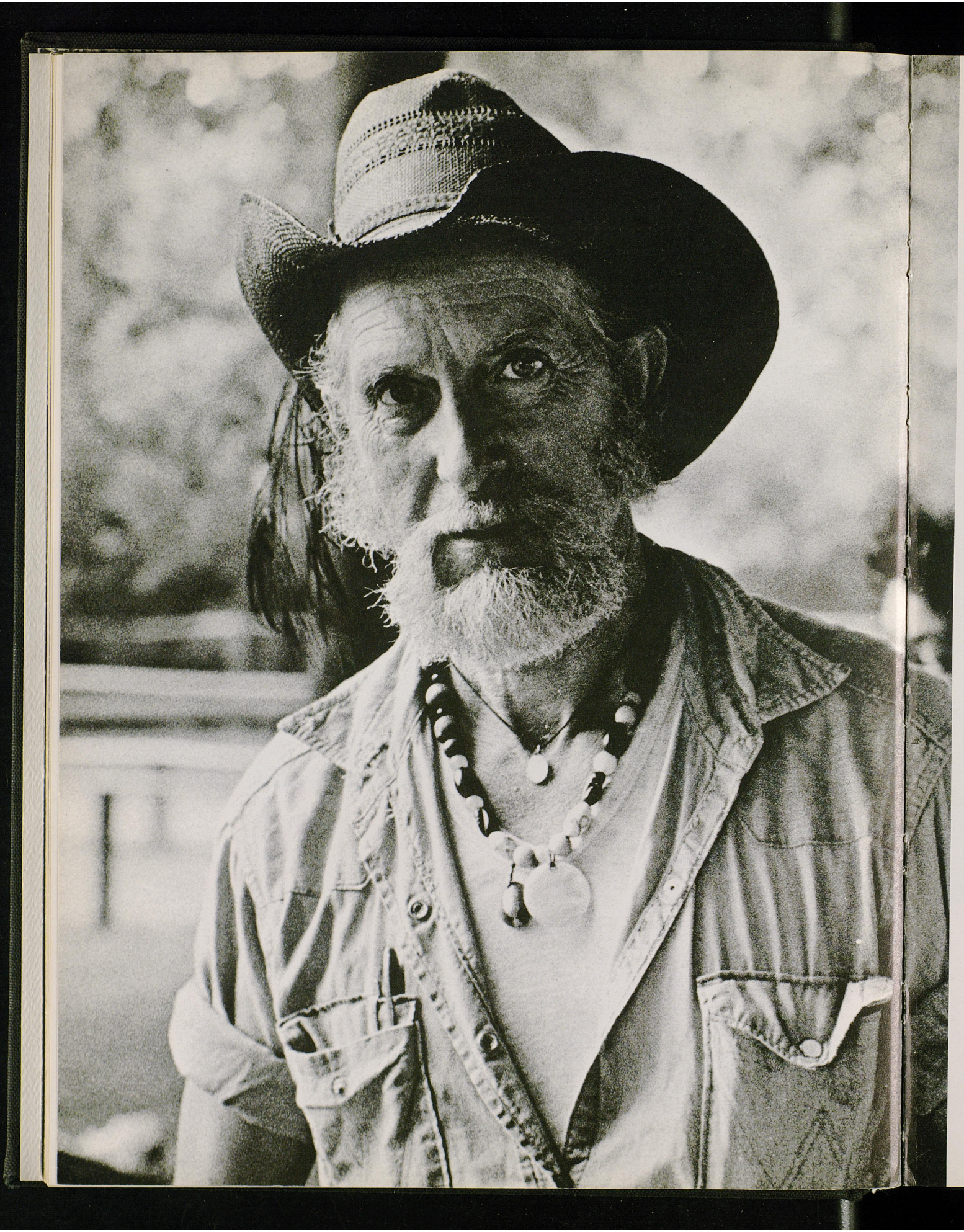

education?

LIVING!

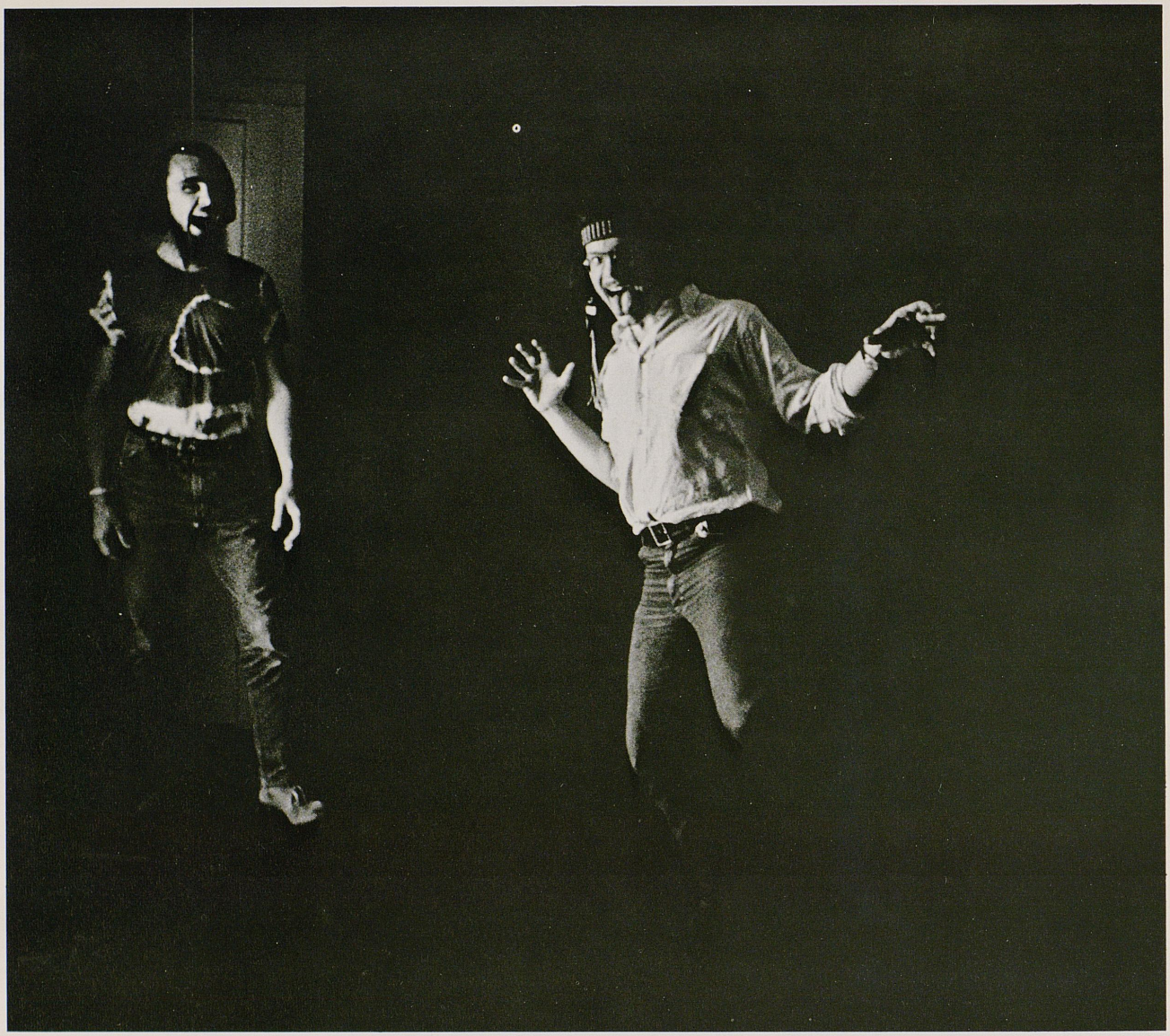


So Spud and others
pulled together our free university
a university concerned with the LIVING!





to have lived is education . . .



WHAT IS "FREAKING OUT"

On a personal level, freaking out is a process whereby an individual casts off outmoded and restricting standards of thinking, dress, and social etiquette in order to express CREATIVELY his relationship to his immediate environment and the social structure as a whole. Less perceptive individuals have referred to us who have chosen this way of thinking and FEELING as "Freaks", hence the term: Freaking Out. On a collective level, when any number of "Freaks" gather and express themselves creatively through music or dance, for example, it is generally referred to as a Freak Out. The participants, already emancipated from our national social slavery, dressed in their most inspired apparel, realize as a group whatever potential they possess for free expression.

The Mothers of Invention

"Freak-out" means sensory chaos
McLuhan







Today's television child is attuned to up-to-the-minute "adult" news— inflation, rioting, war, taxes, crime, bathing beauties—and is bewildered when he enters the nineteenth-century environment that still characterizes the educational establishment where information is scarce but ordered and structured by fragmented, classified patterns, subjects, and schedules. It is naturally an environment much like any factory set-up with its inventories and assembly lines.

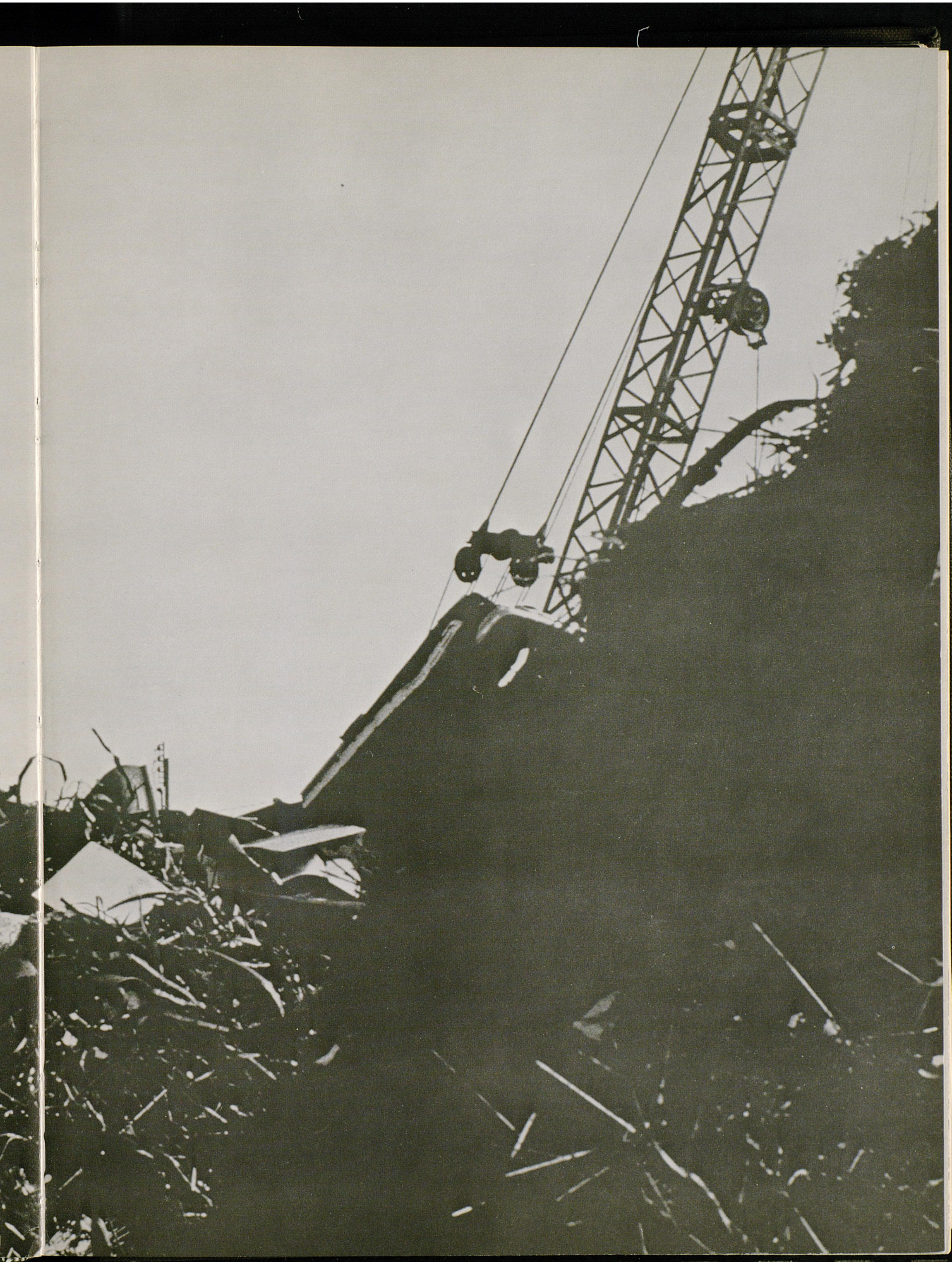
Marshall McLuhan



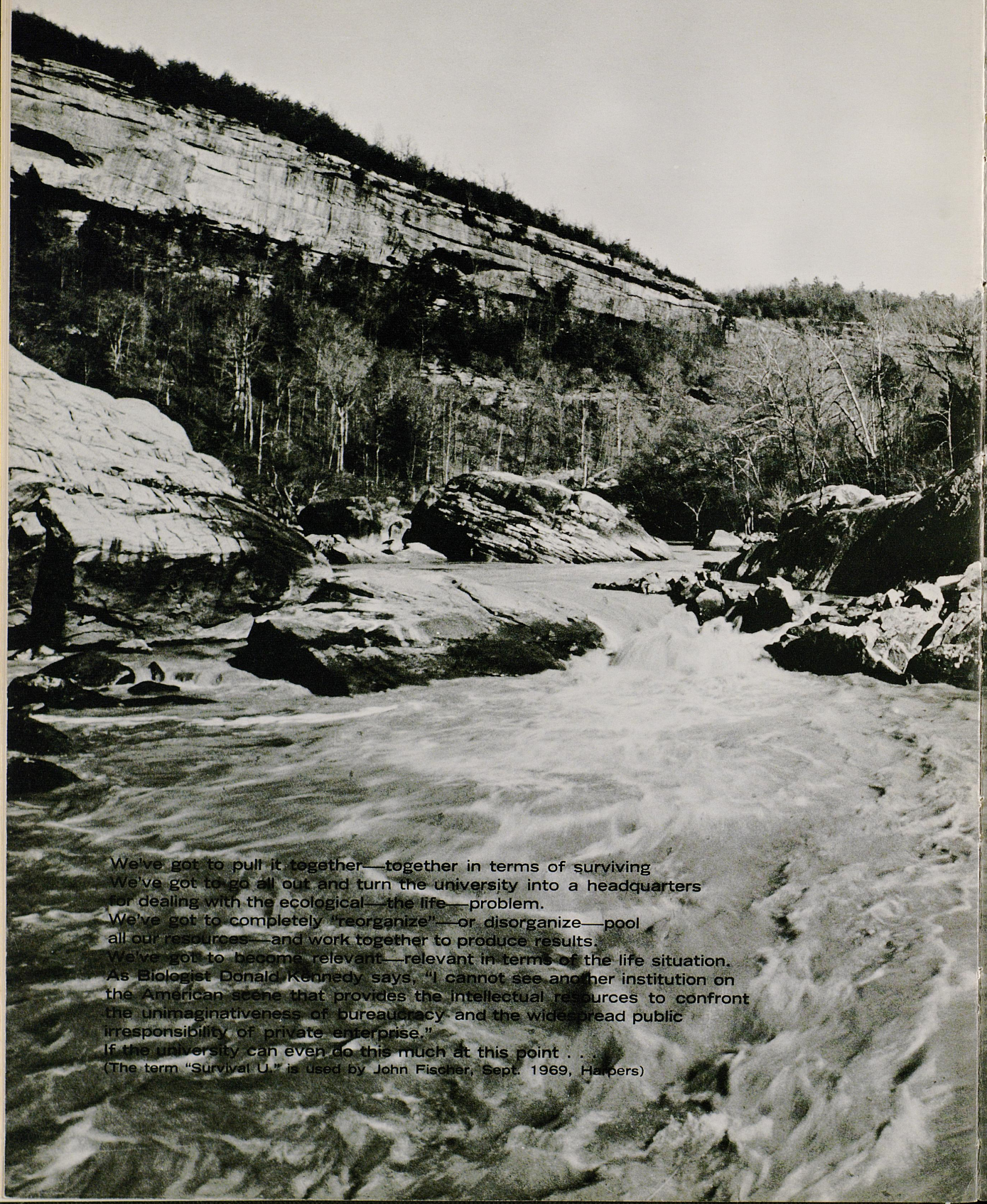


Survival U.

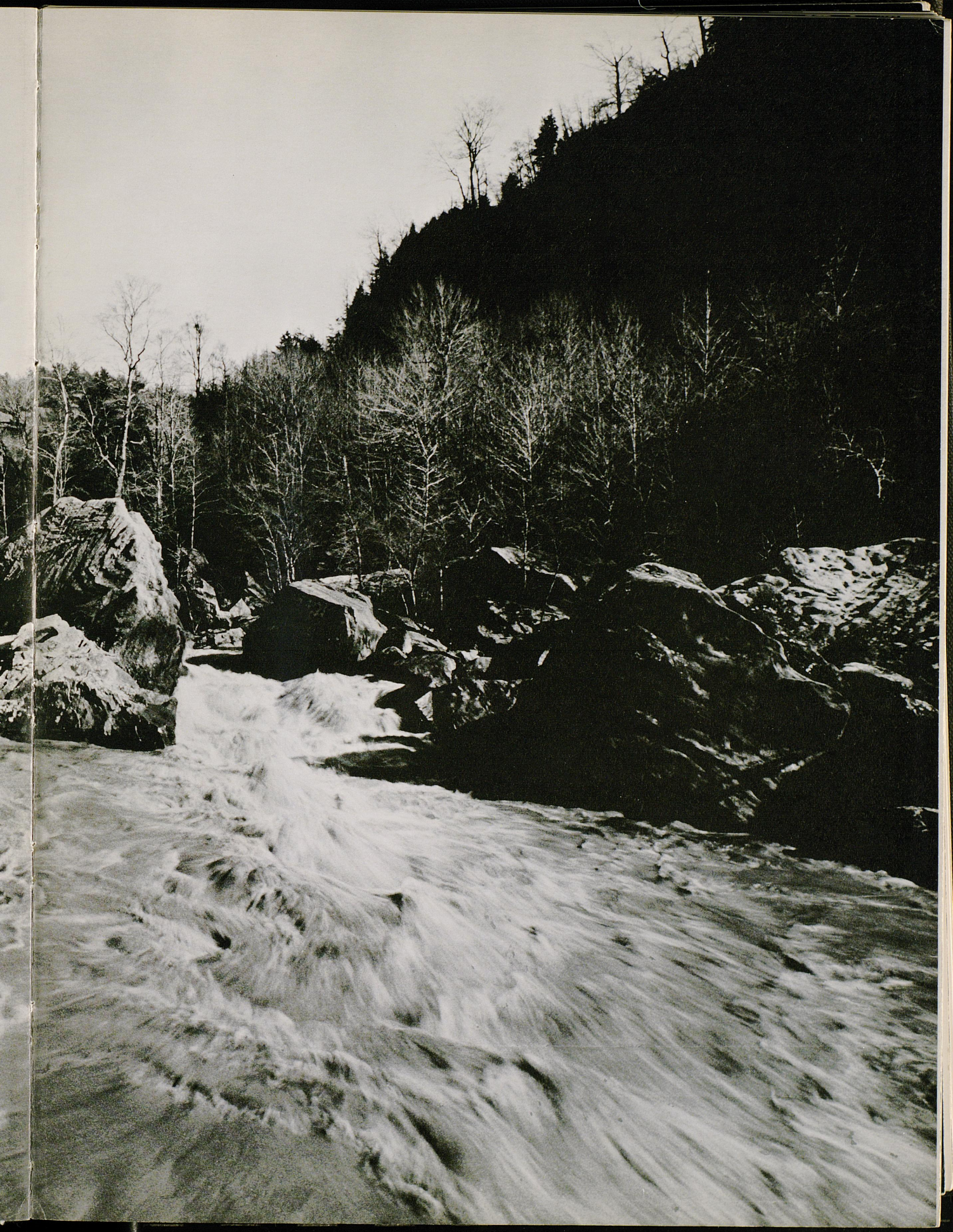




Survival U. . . .



We've got to pull it together—together in terms of surviving
We've got to go all out and turn the university into a headquarters for dealing with the ecological—the life—problem.
We've got to completely "reorganize"—or disorganize—pool all our resources—and work together to produce results.
We've got to become relevant—relevant in terms of the life situation.
As Biologist Donald Kennedy says, "I cannot see another institution on the American scene that provides the intellectual resources to confront the unimaginativeness of bureaucracy and the widespread public irresponsibility of private enterprise."
If the university can even do this much at this point . . .
(The term "Survival U." is used by John Fischer, Sept. 1969, Harpers)



Unity Through Pollution

Once upon a time a young man named Irwin gave up protests. He gave up protesting Vietnam, the draft, sexually segregated rest rooms and pigs on campus.

"Ecology is the one true cause!" said Irwin nobly, just like most young people of the time. "I shall devote myself to making a more beautiful world."

"Oh, my beamish boy," cried his happy mother, like mothers everywhere. "I knew you'd give up those silly demonstrations and settle down to doing good."

"Everybody's for ecology, son," said his proud father, like fathers everywhere. "At least we've found a common cause that will close the generation gap."

And it did. Irwin joined the Students for Delightful Surroundings. He spent his days spearing litter with a pointy stick. And his evenings circulating petitions.

The older generation finally approved of the younger generation. Everybody was happy.

But after a year or so, Irwin and his young friends discovered that spearing litter seemed somewhat joyless. And circulating petitions seemed somewhat pointless. Nothing much got done.

Oh, Congress passed a few bills. The corporations talked about "corporate responsibility." The President said the local communities must do more. The local communities said Washington must do more.

So the air got smoggier, the waters fouler, the litter deeper and the supermarkets more crowded.



"These things take time, son," said Irwin's father nervously. "At least you're doing good, dear," said Irwin's mother uneasily.

At 5:14 p.m. the following Tuesday, the SDS staged a lie-in on the Pasadena Freeway. The resultant traffic jam, extending from Anaheim to Azusa, eventually had to be paved over.

The Nation was outraged. Editorial writers thundered: "No little band of radicals, no matter how just their cause, has the right to . . ."

The next day, the SDS blew up 16 dams to create wild rivers, toppled 42 oil derricks to promote clean beaches and booed every passing baby carriage in Central Park.

The following week, they dynamited every sewer in Decatur, N.J., sabotaged the No Deposit bottle factory in Billings, S.C. and tried to burn down the heart of Los Angeles—but they couldn't find it.

Young Irwin, home on the lam, was confronted by his tearful mother. "Why don't you quit that radical SDS, dear," she pleaded, "and join the nice, respectable Sierra Club instead?"

"Those Uncle Smokeys!", snorted Irwin. "They just want to conserve the wilderness we've got. But we're going to make the whole country into one big wilderness!"

"But, son," pleaded his father, "think of the innocent people you're hurting in this cause of yours."

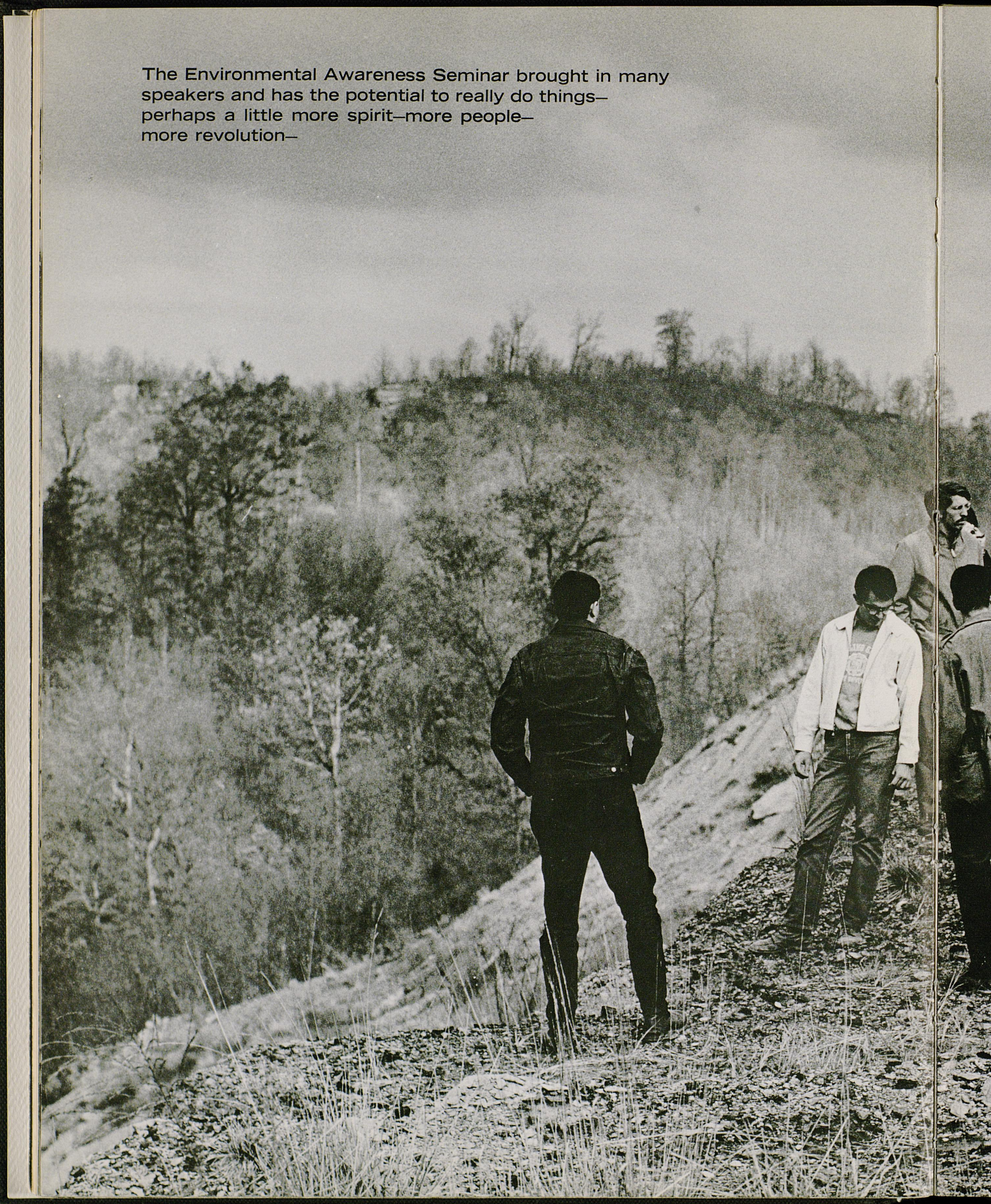
"The great thing about ecology as a cause," said Irwin happily, "is that everybody's guilty."

And with that he proceeded to set fire to the family car, tip over the family barbecue and smash up all two-and-a-half toilets in the family's two-and-a-half-bath house.

When he'd gone, his parents ruefully surveyed the wreckage. "I think I liked it better," said his mother with a sigh, "when he was only mad at the President, the university, the police and the Army."

Art Hoppe
S. F. Chron.

The Environmental Awareness Seminar brought in many speakers and has the potential to really do things—
perhaps a little more spirit—more people—
more revolution—







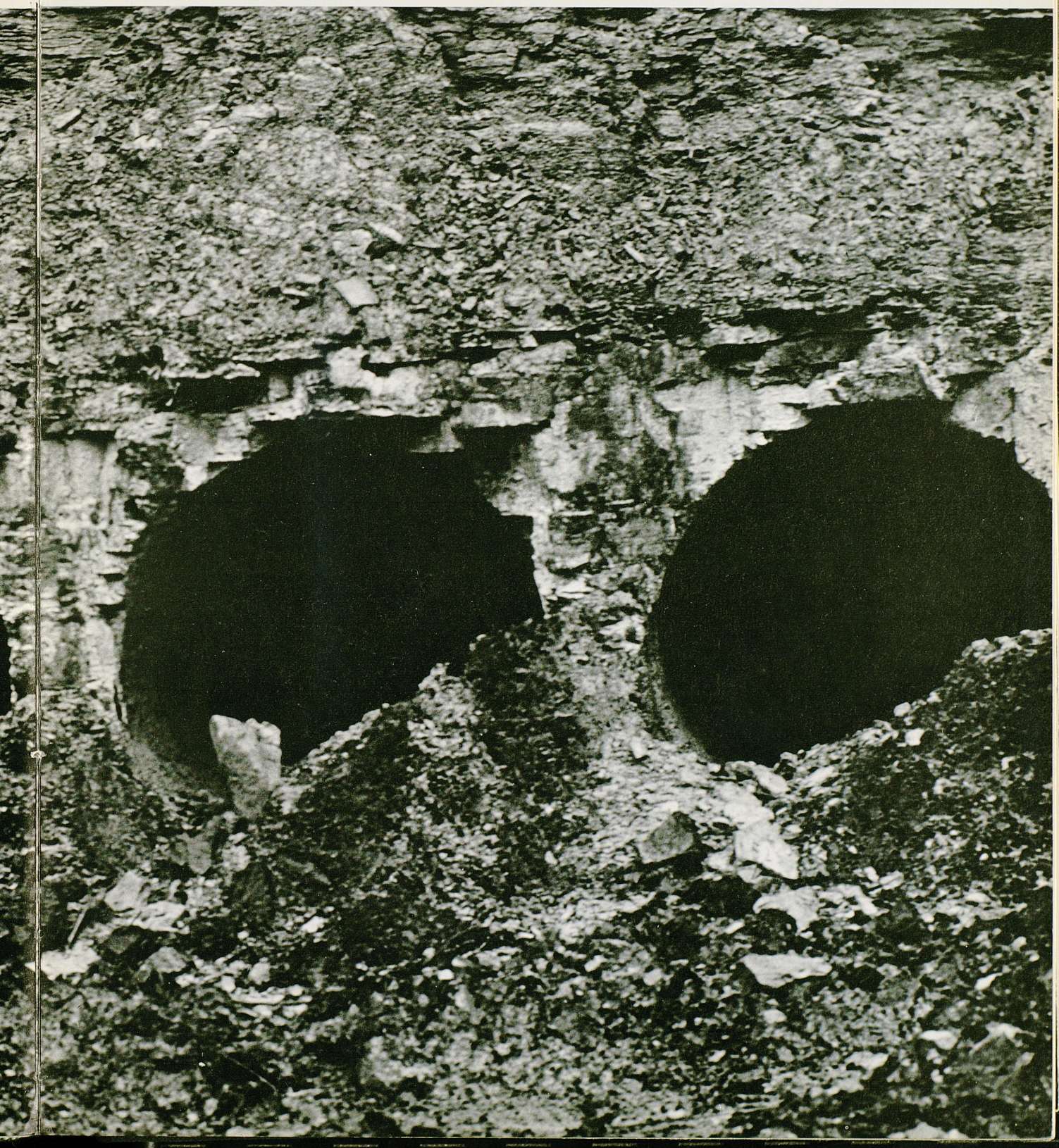
We pleaded with "recruiters" from Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Bethlehem strips all over Kentucky and is owned by the Mellon family, one of the richest families in Amerika.

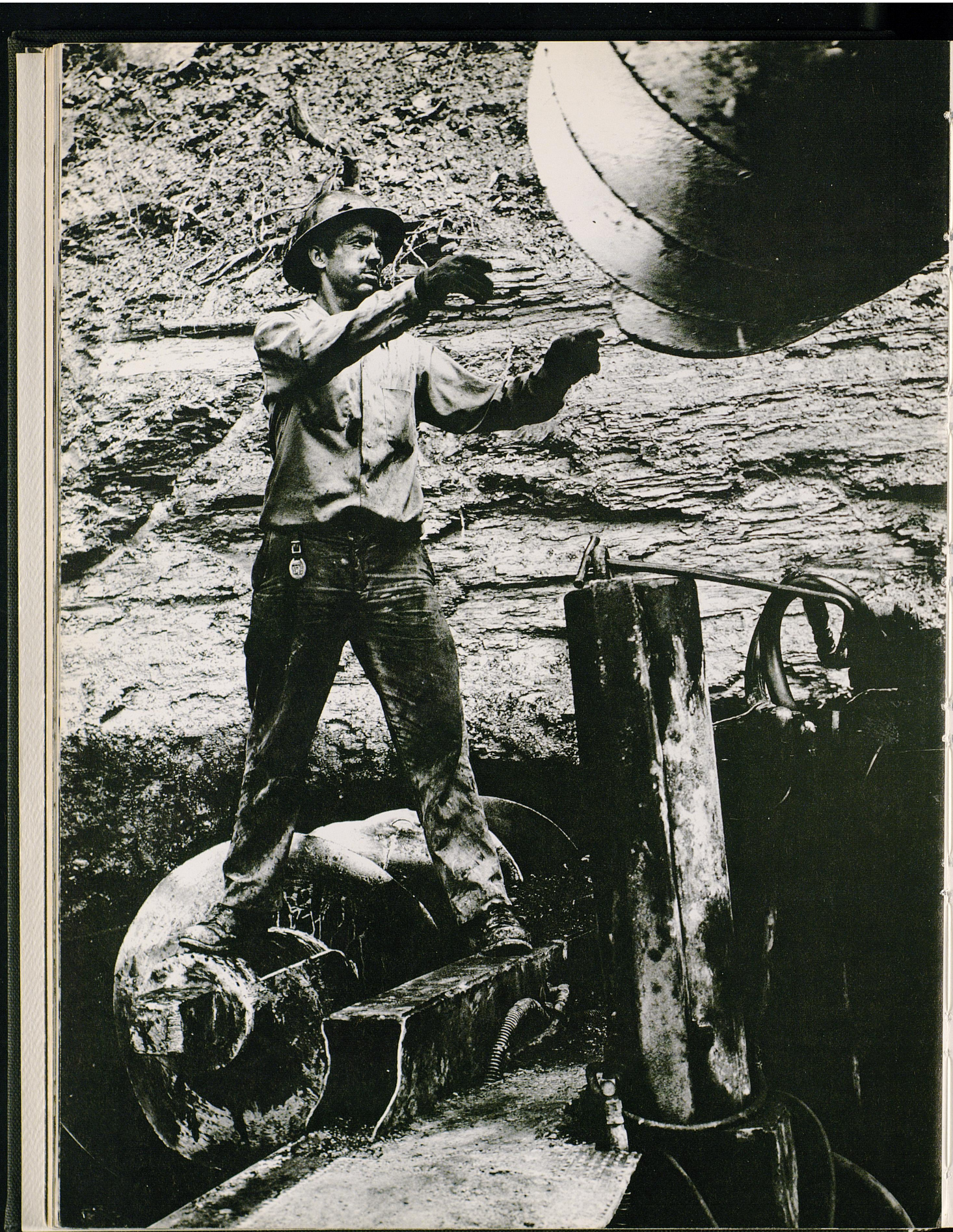
In the flat country of western Kentucky, where thousands of acres had already been devastated by strip-mining, the coal seams lie only thirty to sixty feet beneath the surface. The overburden is scraped off and the coal is scooped out. Inevitably such topsoil as the land affords is buried under towering heaps of subsoil. When the strippers move on . . . the level meadows and cornfields have been converted to jumbled heaps of hardpan . . . this hellish landscape is slow to support vegetation and years elapse before the yellow waste turns green again. In the meantime immense quantities of dirt have crept into the sluggish streams, have choked them, and brackish ponds have formed to breed millions of mosquitoes . . . After the coal has been carried away vast quantities of the shattered mineral are left uncovered. Many seams contain substantial quantities of sulphur, which when wet produce toxic sulphuric acid. This poison bleeds into the creeks, killing minute vegetation and destroying fish, frogs and other stream-dwellers. Only 20 per cent of the coal in a virgin boundary can be recovered even when both strip and augar mining are employed in unison . . . Strip-mining destroys the land and eradicates the economic base on which continued residence within the region is predicated . . . The rights of thousands of mountaineers to house and home is adjudicated. The surface land is destroyed totally insofar as any known system of reclamation is concerned . . . The coal corporations hold the present estate and future heritage of the land—in effect an option to preserve or ruin present and future generations.

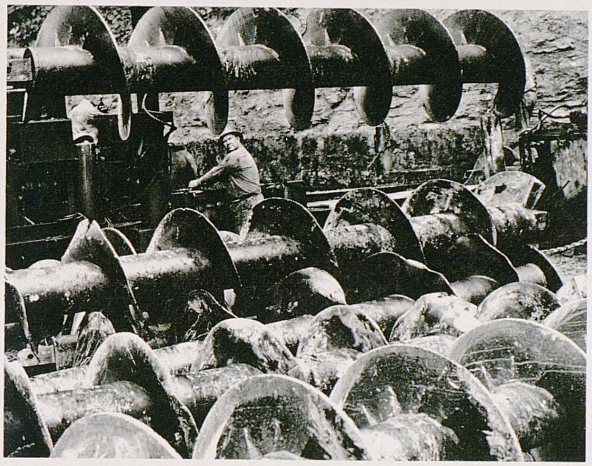
Harry M. Caudill

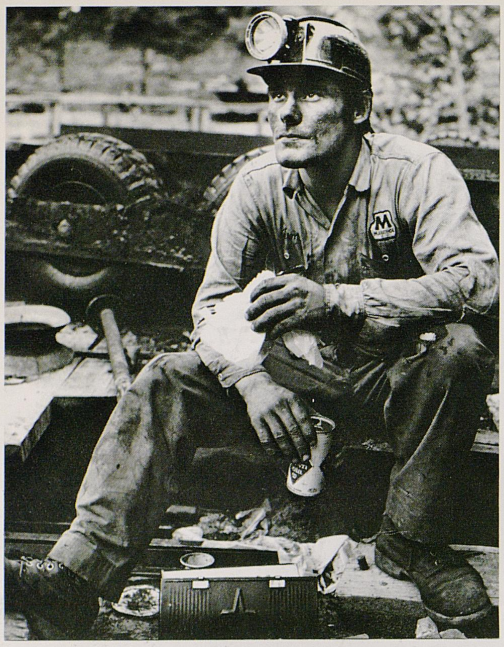












"My children have not been going to school and nobody wants them to go more than I do. I've been out of work now for four years. I've been all over this coal field and over into Virginia and West Virginia looking for work . . . I drawed out my unemployment compensation over three years ago and the only income I've had since has been just a day's work now and then doing farm work for somebody . . . I'm dead-broke and just about ready to give up. I live over a mile from the schoolhouse and I simply don't have any money to buy children shoes or clothes to wear. I own a little four room shanty and twenty acres of wore out hillside land. Last spring the coal company that owns the coal . . . teetotally destroyed the land . . . Me and my oldest boy have one pair of shoes between us, and that's all. When he wears them, I don't have any and when I wear them, he don't have any. If it wasn't for these rations the government gives us, I guess the whole family would have starved to death long afore now . . . If you think putting me in jail will help my young-uns any, then go ahead and do it and I'll be glad of it. . . ." Speech of a miner who had been arrested and brought to court for not sending his children to school in Harlan County, Kentucky.





Dan Gibson

Dan came to campus during our strip-mining plea – he had stood up to the stripping machine – and won. He is a legend in the mountains and it was so good to feel his strength – his simpatico and spirit with us.

and in Kentucky style there are ballads to Dan—

THE BALLAD OF DAN GIBSON
by Gurney Norman

The foreman of the 'dozer crew
Told old Dan he was comin' through
To scrape away his trees and earth
And strip-mine coal for all he was worth.

Dan looked at the 'dozer and then at the fellow,
And said buddy you're wrong if you think I'm yellow.
Don't think that because I'm an old man
I'm afraid to defend my piece of the land.

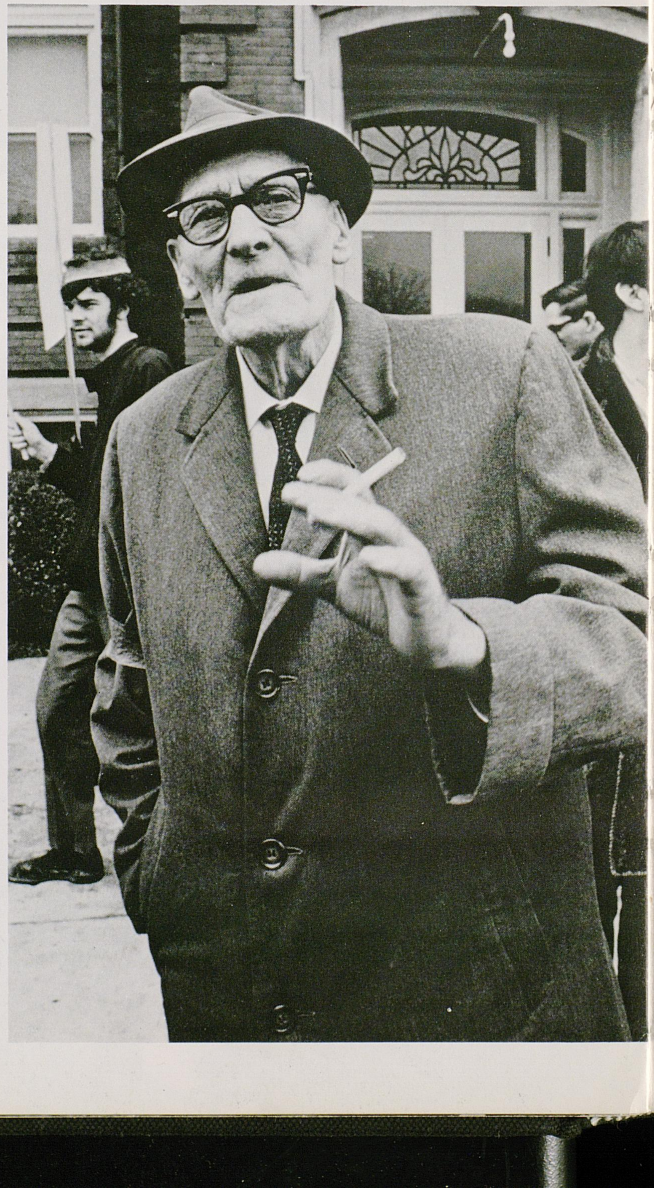
The driver of the 'dozer had a second thought.
He began to wonder just whether he ought
To tangle with as fierce a looking man
As the one before him they called old Dan.

So he said to Dan, now listen mister,
I drive this 'dozer for my wife and sister.
I ain't drawing a big enough pay
To die for no boss and the TVA.

So let me tell you what I'm gonna do,
I'll go and get the boss of this stripmine crew.
Then if you two are bound to fuss
Why that'll be better than the two of us.

The foreman went to Hazard and got the boss,
Told him he was scared, their cause was lost.
If we don't do something about old Dan
We'll never get to strip-mine any more land.

The stripper could hardly believe his ears.
For how could a man of 70 years
Defy an industry powerful as coal?
The stripper couldn't see it to save his soul.



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But still old Dan had him sort of worried,
So out to the mine site the boss man hurried,
Afraid that he might lose some face
If he didn't put Dan back in his place.

It won't be easy the foreman said.
Dan's got a strange notion inside his head
That just because the land is his
He can keep out the strip-mine biz.

Now you couldn't say the stripper was a cowardly fellow.
It wouldn't be fair to call him yellow.
It was just to keep peace in the mountain tops
That he took along with him twenty-one cops.

But when he arrived with his well armed band,
The stripper strutted out on old Dan's land.
Hey Dan, he yelled, are you up there?
Come on down, we'll settle this fare.

For the next few minutes everything was still,
While the cops and the boss man stared at the hill.
They were looking for the man they called old Dan,
To arrest him for trespassing his own land.

They waited for a while and then fanned out
To assault the hill and tried to rout
A dangerous criminal who had defied
Some powerful men now after his hide.

The hill was steep and to the big boss
The surface of it was a total loss.
But he knew that under the rugged soil
Lay a seam of coal worth more than oil.

So he urged the cops with their clubs and guns
To find old Dan and make him run
Till he was off the strip-mine site,
And not worried too much about his legal rights.

Old Dan wasn't hard for them to find.
The cops could have found him if they'd been blind.
For Dan wasn't the kind to cringe and hide,
He figured the law was on his side.

But the boss said Dan that's where you're wrong.
The law's on the side of him that's strong.
That's why us coal men are so lucky,
To mine in the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

Dan could hardly believe his ears,
And his bright old eyes filled up with tears.
He wasn't afraid to go to jail,
But he couldn't stand to think that freedom had failed.

The strip-miner said, Now don't cry Dan
Let's make a deal for this here land.
If you'll let me strip this worthless hill,
Me and my partners will pay you well.

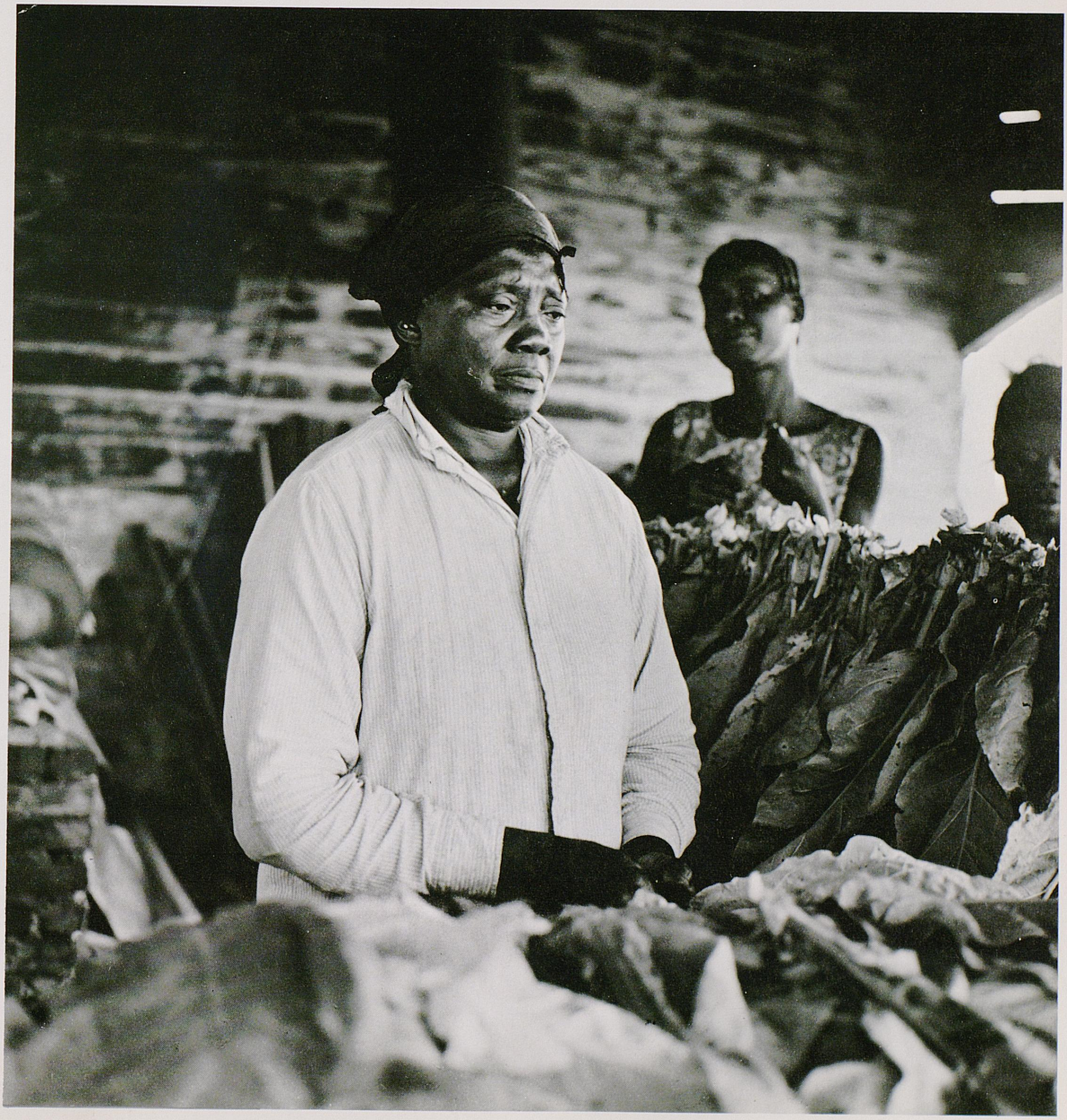
Dan looked around him at all the cops.
Then he gazed awhile at the mountain tops.
He saw the ugly strip-mine bench,
Then frowned at the boss like he smelt a stench.

Said, you got this coal through a crooked deed
To satisfy your lust and greed.
You cheated my father of his mineral rights,
But you'll never get the surface without a hard fight.

So they took old Dan to the Hindman jail.
But he got out on a sudden bail
Put up by his neighbors and all his kin
So he could fight the strip-miners again.

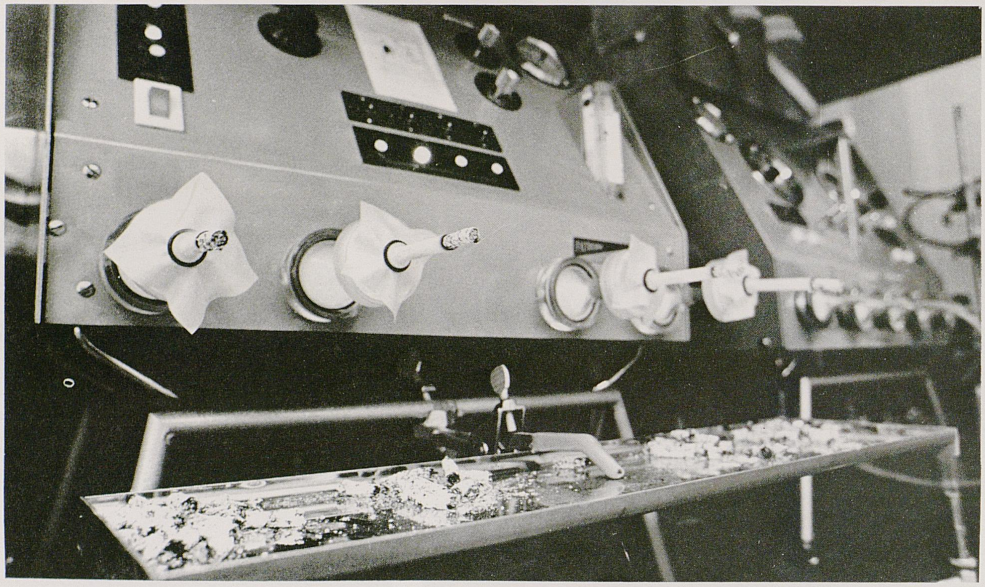
He's fightin' them now with a thousand others,
To win this as are all blood brothers,
Bound to defend each other's land
From the ruin of the evil strip-mine band.

We're pretty much a tobacco state
50% of our crop income —









—every smoke is one minute
or some such bit of time off your life

We have a tobacco and health
research institute here at UK
the federal government gives us
a half-cent per pack of
cigarettes sold to get into this—

and at the same time
many people here live off
their tobacco sales—

We rapped with Rachael about her experiences— She and her ten brothers and sisters grew up on a tobacco farm

There's been a bunch of disagreement over the ill effects of tobacco. And this has effected tobacco prices. They've gone down. The people that are really going to be hurt are the small farmers . . . the ones who have two tenths acre— 2 acres— 1 acre— . That's their money crop right there— you don't make money off of corn and soy beans— You make a little bit— but the money that pays for the up keep of the machinery, to buy new machinery, to keep the farm going, to pay off loans— comes from your tobacco.—College education for your sons— a lot of boys in school— that's the way they pay for it— Well it's twice as bad now too— There's flooding— I don't know what it's like at home— except from pictures I've seen in the home papers —the flood looks like it's pretty serious— bottom lands, especially. Bottom land's your best land— but it's also easiest to flood— and it's going to be hard— if we don't have a relatively dry summer— with rain when needed.

. . . you've got to cut off the blossoms in July or so. And you also cut out the suckers. The sucker is the heart to the tobacco. And you have to go in and dig that



out,— the tobacco is gummey, dirty, nasty, wet. Early in the morning is the best time. That's when they usually work in it because it's hot. It could kill somebody if it's exceptionally hot.

There's a lot of work involved in gettin' tobacco out. July or the beginning of August— end of August— the beginning of September— each year it varies. You cut it— and it's hot work— it's heavy work— it's hard work— But it's always been kind of neat at our place because our's is a family farm— and we all get out, you know. My sister and I we took turns washing dishes in the morning and worked cleaning house. Whoever washed dishes of course got out before anybody else and we'd race, fight over who's going to get that job because we'd want to get outside. I usually lost and ended up doing the house. But you'd get to ride the tractor . . . and little kids get to drive the tractor because as long as you can drive a straight line and you're going pretty slow it's not hard to do . . . my little brothers— first time they did it they were 10, 11 — and they're still children but they've got enough sense—

It was a big thing—for our family anyway. We always had fun out there, especially when we were little. All your uncles are around and they may be grumpy—but they're funny—they really are. It's like a family reunion.

When my grandfather's house was still standing I can remember it, they were all out there doin' it



and all my aunts and uncles came in, even my uncles who weren't farmers. All my aunts cooked up a storm. It was really great. We had good times. And at 10 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, or there abouts, Daddy brings out the Cokes and the peanut butter and crackers, and it's really a lot of fun.

Course my daddy's a unique man too he takes life as it comes, course he worries, but he sits back and enjoys life too—farmin' —he loves it. My daddy's a smart man. He can be doing anything— but you get him inside and he goes stir crazy. He's got to be outside. That's the way he grew up and that's the way he wants it. Now he doesn't want his sons to farm. Because it's a hard life.

We've got 11 children.

He's got eleven of us to educate, and he plans on all of us going to college. And it's hard on him—you know, but it's something he wants to do — he's just a fantastic person.

. . . It hangs in the barn for a couple of months. And it dries out and turns that rich golden good lookin' brown. It smells—but I think it's a beautiful smell. Now this year was bad, Daddy said he could feel the tension. You could feel it in the warehouse. It gets to be a very personal thing with you—you know? Last year my daddy never got called down on the price he set. He got called down all the time this year. They aren't paying the prices. Well if people are going to cut down smoking—there's no other use for tobacco. My Daddy quit smoking. People are scared.

Doctors have done a good job scaring people.

The small farmer is really having a rough time.


BAIR
RUTHERFORD
COUNTY JUDGE
KEESEE
HAYES



So many of our beautiful trees get wrecked—I mean—who wants to look at scenic Kentucky advertised in magazines, and politics and beauty queens advertised on trees?

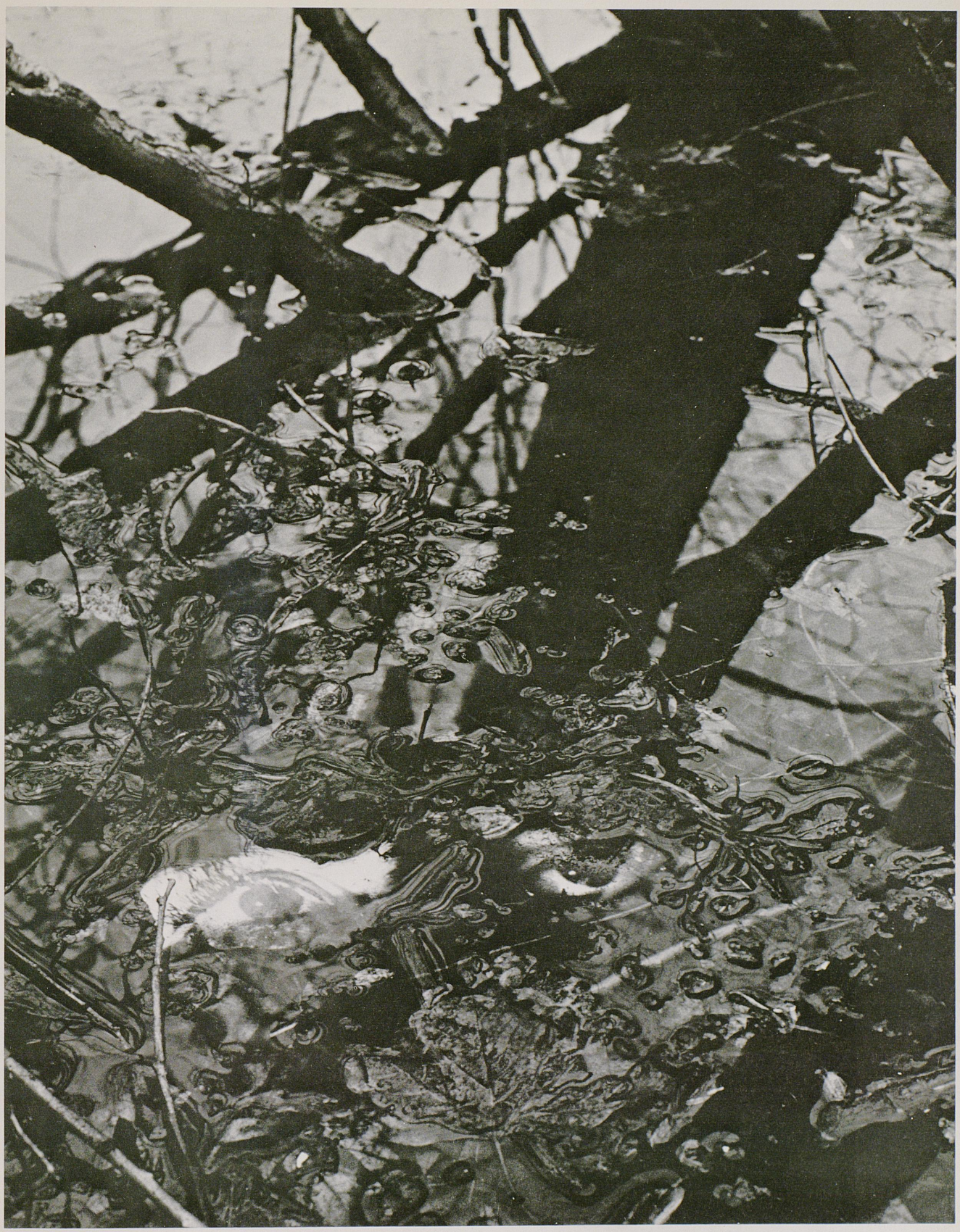
You wouldn't believe the tons of staples stuck in some of the trees on campus. Hopefully, people are becoming more sensitive about things like trees. We even had a few more planted on campus—

The campus became a home for starlings
at least for a while—
then we began seeing the starlings
dead all over campus—
some of them had been blown apart—
We observed university personnel
shooting into the trees on dusky evenings—
and during the day a "clean-up" man
would skewer the bird corpses and bag them—
Some of us were pretty upset—
rumor has it that it was "dangerous" to walk
around near the president's house
because those awful birds were
always excreting and put important
people in the line of fire—
and then came the order—
the order to get rid of those hazards.

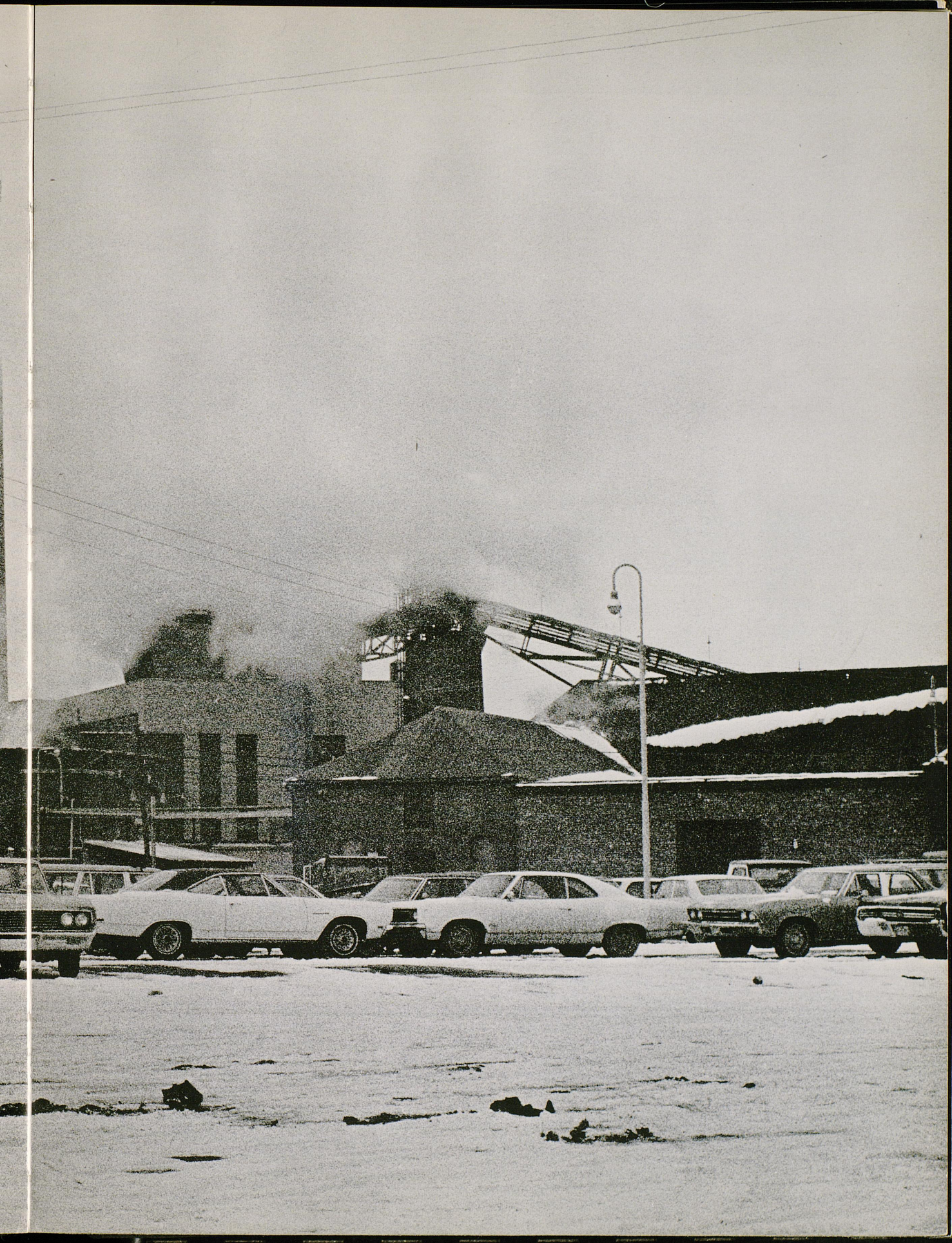
It's strange that the university
concerns itself with such unusual hazards—
such unusual "clear and present dangers",
in light of our total situation.

Lexington water isn't all that good—
some of the outlying areas have no public sewers
and bad drainage.
After two cases of typhoid the board of
health investigated one area and found
raw sewage floating in the stream that
runs by homes—
A four-year-old boy contracted typhoid.
But these communities don't want
to take care of their sewage problems—
it's all a plot.
They can't afford to pay for sewers—
so if the city tells them to pay for sewers—
that's only because the city wants to annex them.
And they want to be left alone.
The mother of the boy who contracted typhoid
hardly feels the same way—
but then again maybe she's one of
those communists.
—And the water problems go on—



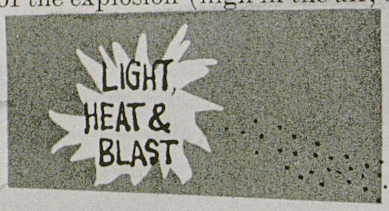



SAFETY PAYS
IN EVERY WAY

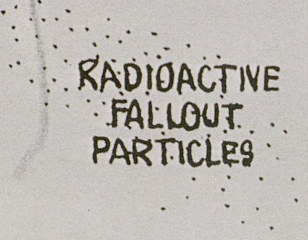


UNDERSTAND THE HAZARDS OF NUCLEAR ATTACK

When a nuclear bomb or missile explodes, the main effects produced are intense light (flash), heat, blast, and radiation. How strong these effects are depends on the size and type of the weapon; how far away the explosion is; the weather conditions (sunny or rainy, windy or still); the terrain (whether the ground is flat or hilly); and the height of the explosion (high in the air, or near the ground).

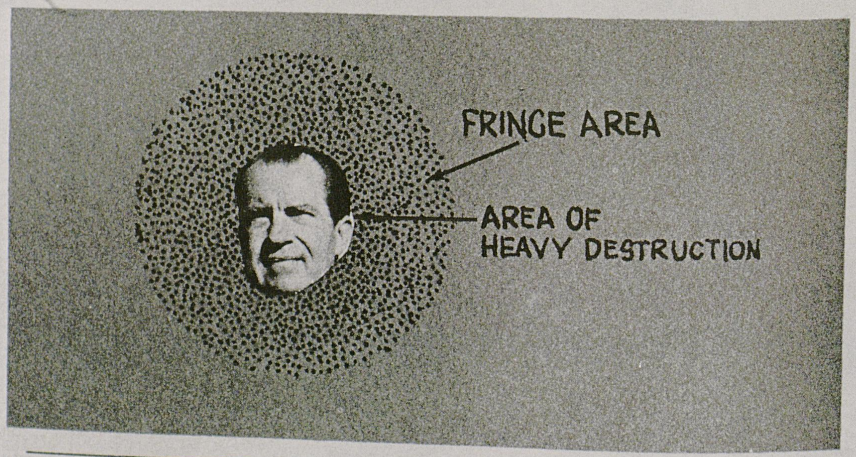


All nuclear explosions cause light, heat and blast, which occur immediately. In addition, explosions that are on or close to the ground would create large quantities of dangerous radioactive fallout particles, most of which would fall to earth during the first 24 hours. Explosions high in the air would create smaller radioactive particles, which would not have any real effect on humans until many months or years later, if at all.*



What Would Happen in an Enemy Attack

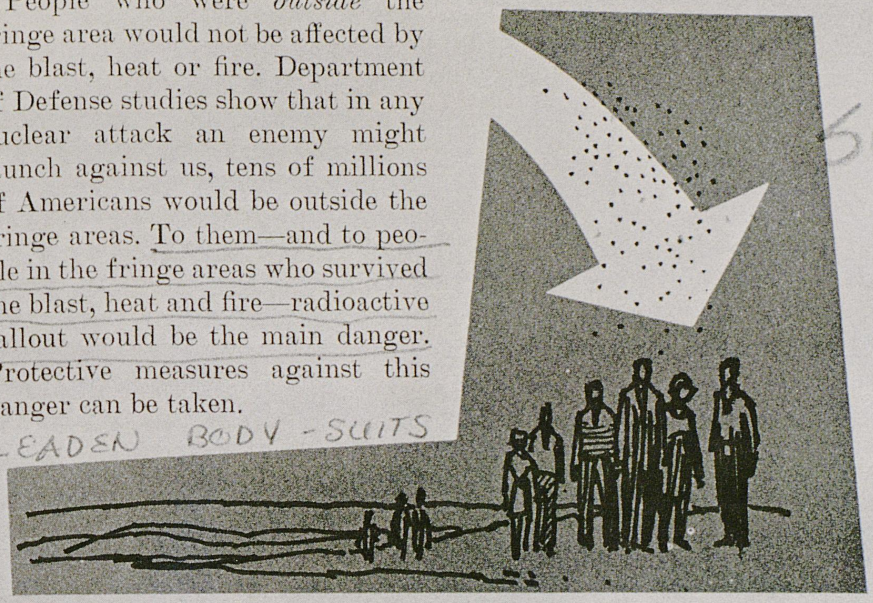
If the U.S. should be attacked, the people who happened to be close to a nuclear explosion—in the area of heavy destruction—probably would be killed or seriously injured by the blast, or by the heat of the nuclear fireball.



*These smaller particles would drift to earth more slowly, losing much of their radioactivity before they reached the ground, and would be spread by the upper winds over vast areas of the world.

People a few miles away—in the "fringe area" of the explosion—would be endangered by the blast and heat, and by fires that the explosion might start. However, it is likely that most of the people in the fringe area would survive these hazards.

People who were *outside* the fringe area would not be affected by the blast, heat or fire. Department of Defense studies show that in any nuclear attack an enemy might launch against us, tens of millions of Americans would be outside the fringe areas. To them—and to people in the fringe areas who survived the blast, heat and fire—radioactive fallout would be the main danger. Protective measures against this danger can be taken.



What Is Fallout?

When a nuclear weapon explodes near the ground, great quantities of pulverized earth and other debris are sucked up into the nuclear cloud. There the radioactive gases produced by the explosion condense on and into this debris, producing radioactive fallout particles. Within a short time, these particles fall back to earth—the larger ones first, the smaller ones later. On the way down, and after they reach the ground, the radioactive particles give off invisible gamma rays—like X-rays—too much of which can kill or injure people. These particles give off most of their radiation quickly; therefore the first few hours or days after an attack would be the most dangerous period.




LEXINGTON BLUE GRASS
ARMY DEPOT
SINCE 1941
DEFENSE OUR BUSINESS
READINESS OUR GOAL



Bluegrass Depot is second among Kentucky's industrial employers trailing only General Electric. Operation at the depot is triple shift around-the-clock. The storage depot at Richmond is one of the largest in the world, covering 20,000 or more acres. There are 900 underground storage units known as "igloos" scattered over the installation. Recently 720 tons of lethal nerve-gas, 1100 car loads (the depot has its own rail station) were scheduled to be shipped out of the depot. Because of the controversy the shipment was delayed. The depot is very much involved in chemo-biological warfare storage.



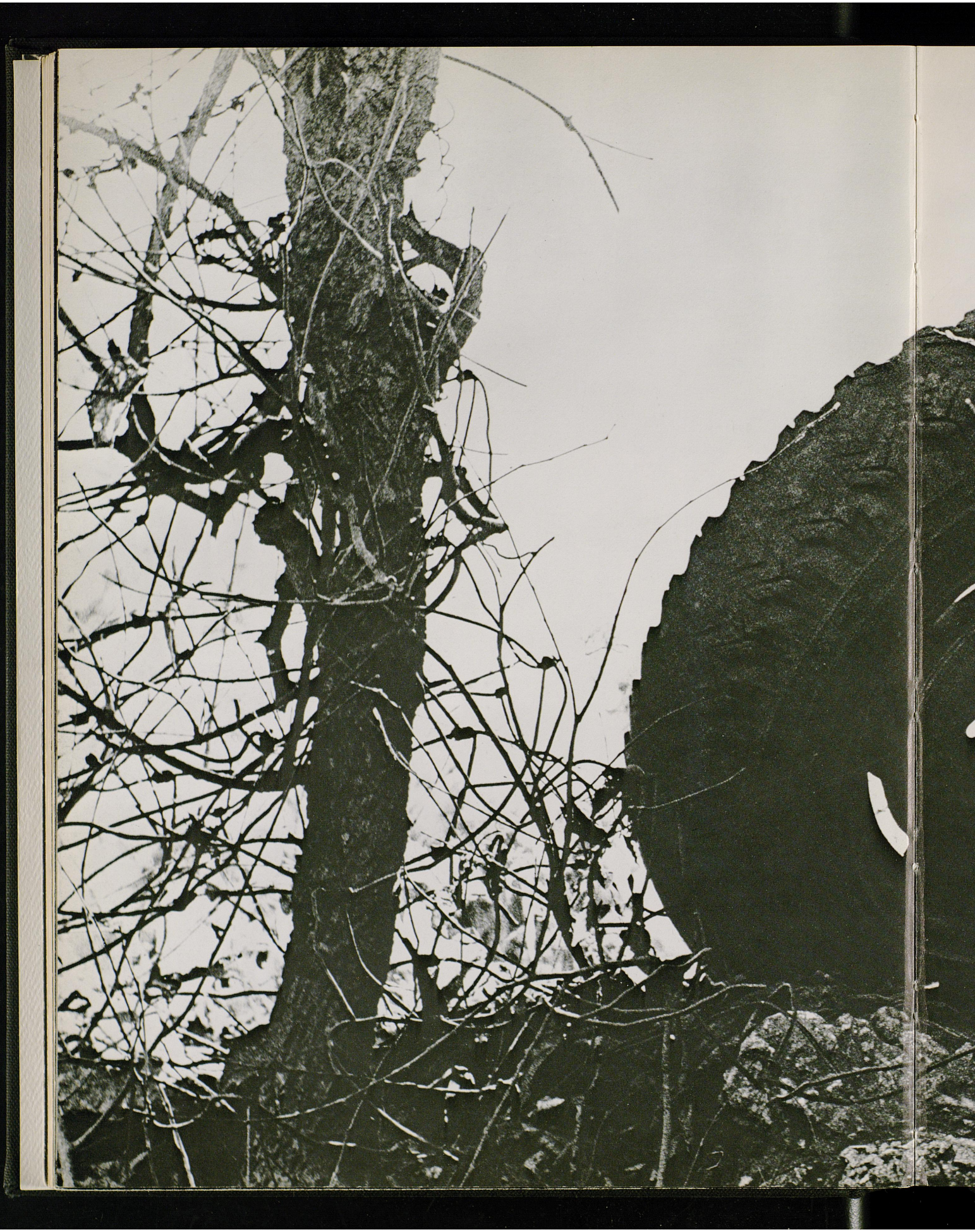
Kentucky's earth is storage for many unusual things—much more than just coal. 330 acres called "Maxey Flats" is the largest privately operated nuclear graveyard in the nation. Under Atomic Energy Commission regulations, the land was donated to the state of Kentucky by Nuclear Engineering Co., Inc., which, in turn, leased it back for their burial operation. Kentucky, always in the market for new industry, decided seven years ago to enter the nuclear field. The administration under former Gov. Edward T. Breathitt discovered that more and more of the U. S. government's nuclear waste was being consigned to private industry for burial on state land. At the same time, authorities in the nuclear field had decided that burial at sea, the common method, was undesirable and dangerous. Nuclear Engineering concurred in that opinion and helped pioneer land burial. Taking an early initiative, Kentucky entered an agreement with Nuclear Engineering to build this facility. Located about 70 miles northeast of Lexington, Maxey Flats today is the major atomic burial ground for the eastern half of the nation. The area's 50 residents have not really accepted the unusual cemetery which disturbs the serenity of Maxy Flats. Many refer to it as the "nuclear slop-jar of America." The atomic graves are several hundred feet long, 60 feet wide and 60 feet deep. Shipments arrive at the rate of about four per day.

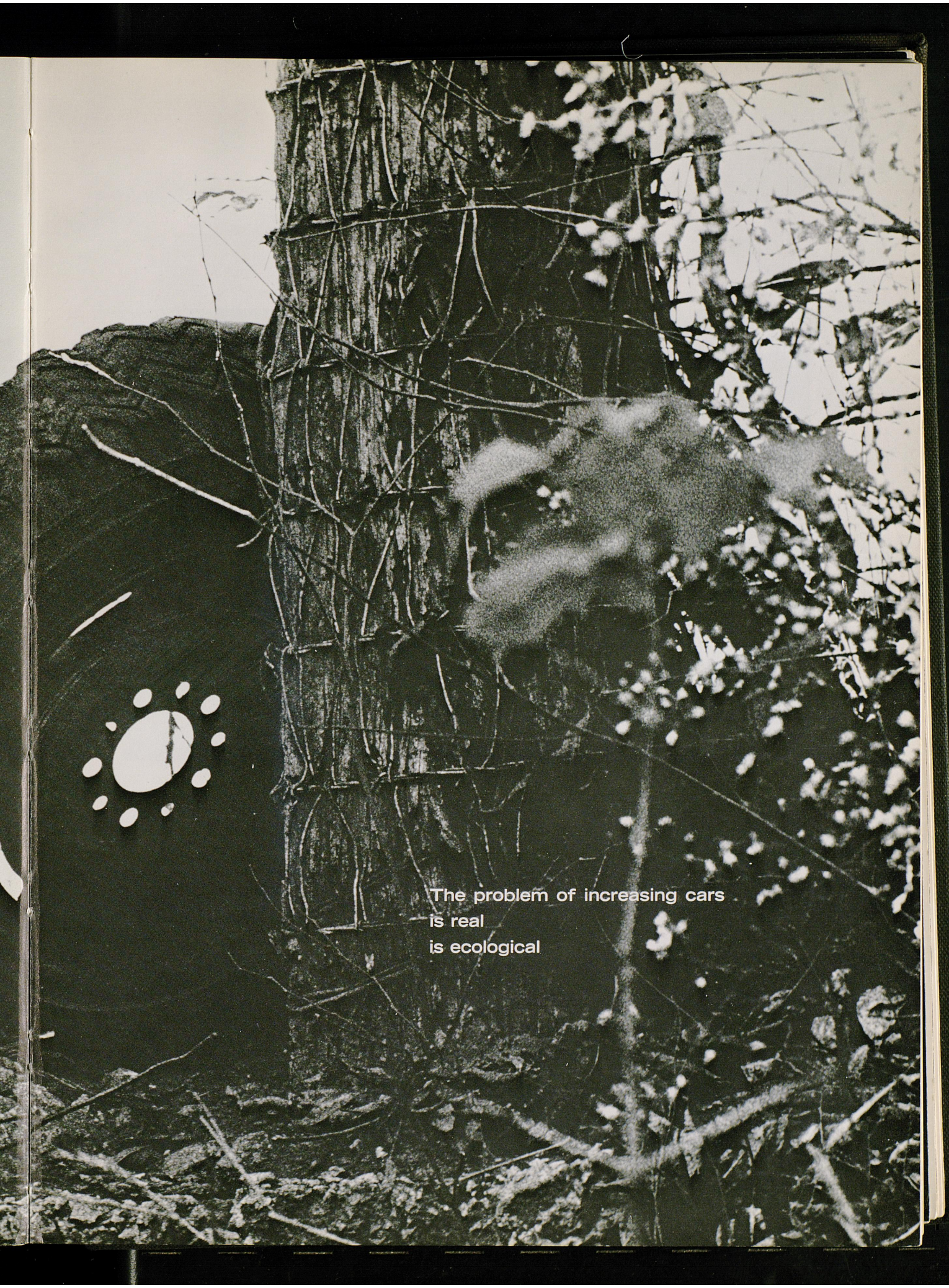
UPI and Courier-Journal

AND WHAT OF THE GOOD EARTH?


Downtown Lexington
BARBER SHOP
RESTAURANT
HOME COOKING
POOL
STEAKS


Brandy's KITCHEN
E FOOD
WALK
E. MAIN ST.
NO
LEFT
TURN




The problem of increasing cars
is real
is ecological



And how do we house
all these cars?
These cars which are
taking up more and more
of the land—
We build a home for them—
some communal—
some not—
Can you dig actually building
homes for cars—
getting into design over it?

Putting all those cars some place is a problem.
We'll have to knock down some houses—
the university expands—
it expands to accommodate the increase of cars—
and the community decreases—
A student recalls—

I signed a years lease for the eleven room white stucco house in June, 1969. At that time, it was owned by a Lexington optometrist who assured me that even though the university wanted the land for a parking lot, the house would be standing at least for a year.

I called the owner and he came to show us through the house. It was filthy—maggots in the refrigerator. He said he would give us a bargain: we clean the house and the rent is $200 a month, or he cleans the house and the rent is $210 a month. We took the $200 option and spent the rest of June and July cleaning the house with a rented rug shampooer and other expensive cleaning equipment and soaps. And we went to summer school classes in our spare time.

In August the university called me to say they had just bought the house from the owner. They agreed to let us remain in the house until the end of the fall semester.

Then the parking lot came—
the neighbors were all frightened—
it's a drag seeing your home or
place torn down for a parking lot.



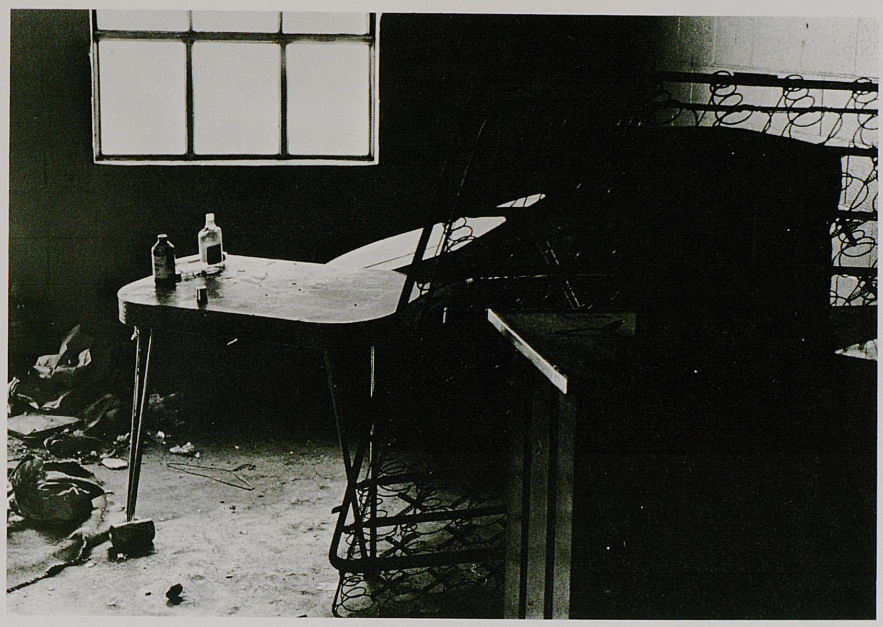
We are another problem . . .





US.

Lexington — "in the heart
of the bluegrass"
still hasn't done the
best it could do
for its people and its land—
We have our own little
inner-cities
our own extremely high crime rate
our sixteenth century jail house
our political garbage
our ecological problems
not to mention ideological problems—




416

Environment becomes social . . .





Kentucky Village is like a lot of places that are supposed to pull things together—they just don't.



How can we single out this place and tell you it's corrupt—when there are hundreds of KV's all over—what concern is it of yours if these kids get mentally twisted and beat up—if some of the people who work with them consider them trash—them niggers—? What concern is it of yours?

We had a picture of the kids at KV—but we can't use it—

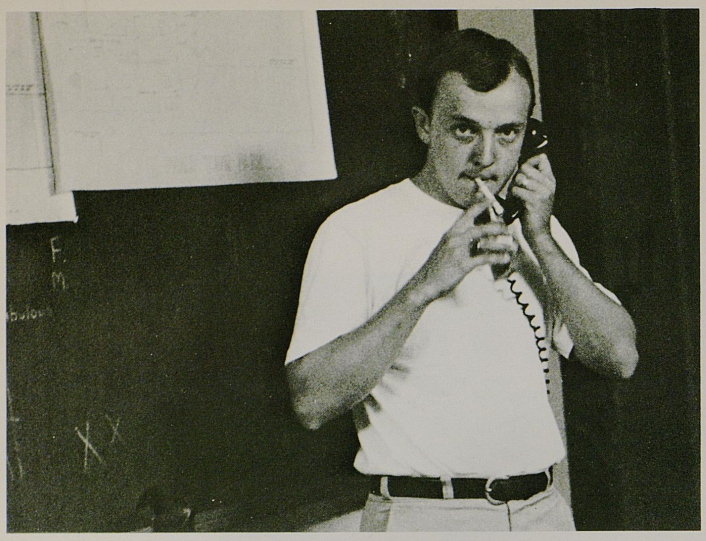


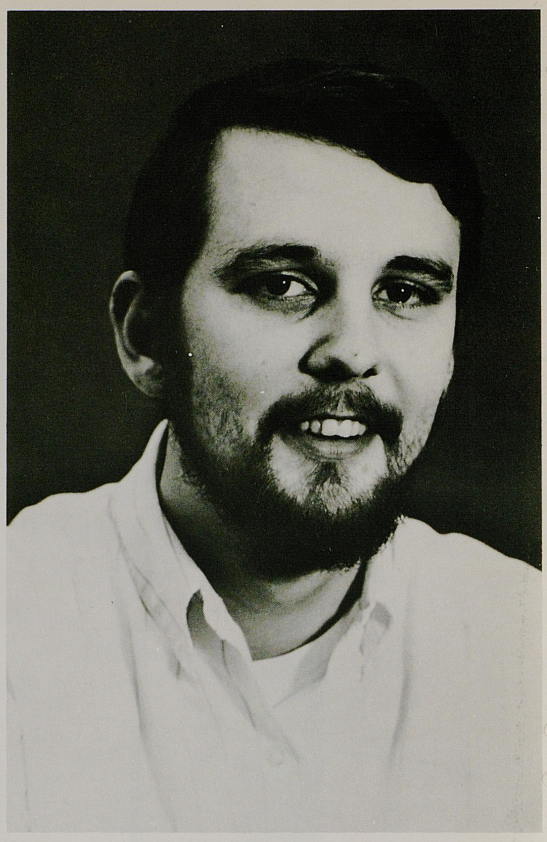
They look pretty much like these kids—

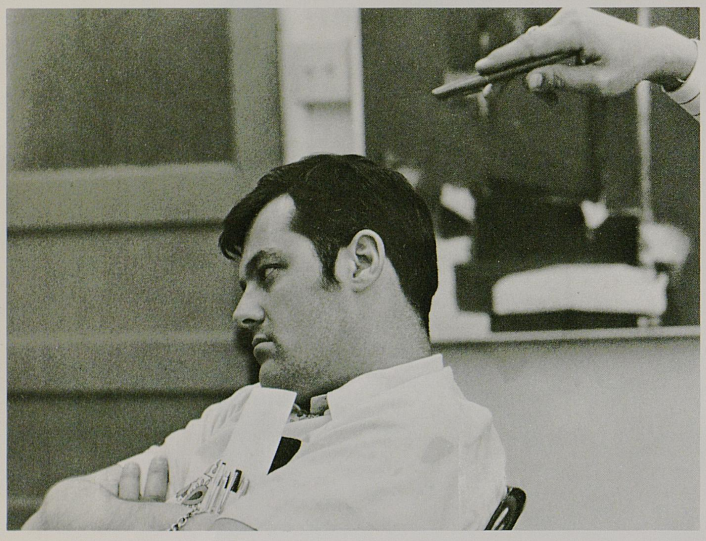
Many UK students work at KV—one of them recalls—

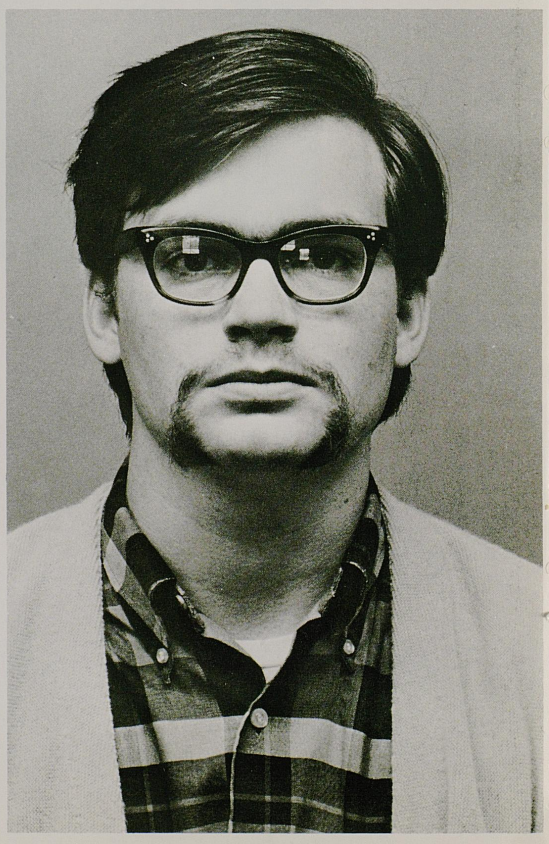
It was less than two years ago that KV was nothing more than a penal institution for young kids. The people who worked there then are still penal-minded in essence. Most of them are older people . . . the kids can't leave KV and look like old mother hubbard, they have got to be socialized to go back into society and maintain themselves . . . our capacity is two hundred. Right now I think we have about three hundred kids at KV. Since I have been working there hasn't been one month that we haven't been overcrowded. KV has been sort of a pot for the kids that they didn't have anything else to do with. Usually KV gets all the runaways from boys camps, girl's institutions, they get all of the hard-core juvenile delinquents. It's sort of a melting pot of the child welfare institutional services.

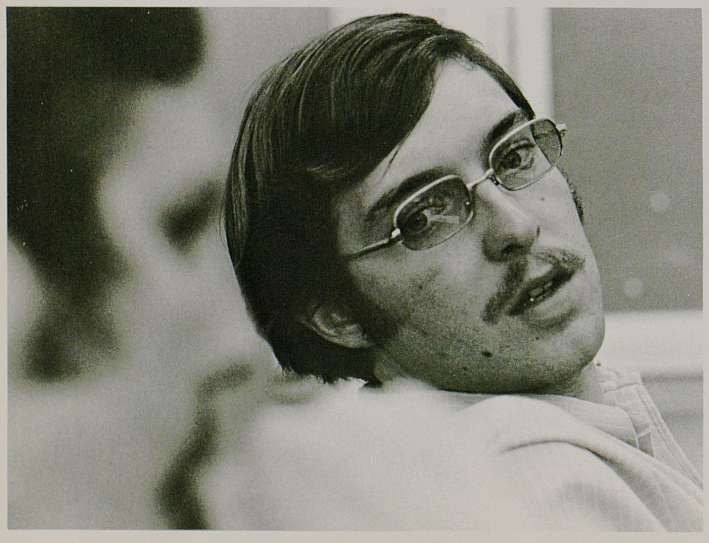












redevelopment–
perhaps with a real sense of COMMUNITY . . .

These five students are into a program which will redevelop the Pralltown section of Lexington. Redevelopment that will get into levels of relationships— hopefully— Redevelopment in terms of housing which will in turn be related to family structure and income. Redevelopment that excludes university ownership and slumlords—
COMMUNITY will perhaps feel its meaning— former residents are being encouraged to return— a co-op is planned which should pull the residents together politically and economically. There will be new stores, facilities, and streets— and in relation to the motion and feeling of the community— And all this can maybe even be organic— if the individuality of the resident isn't overlooked— if a one to one relationship and understanding between all those involved can be basic— and seems to be!!— people are digging it— getting into the work— getting into the people involved— and together residents, students and faculty have made an incredible— a really together— playground— to start— and people, agencies and government who are funding it seem to dig it— it will be interesting to see what happens—





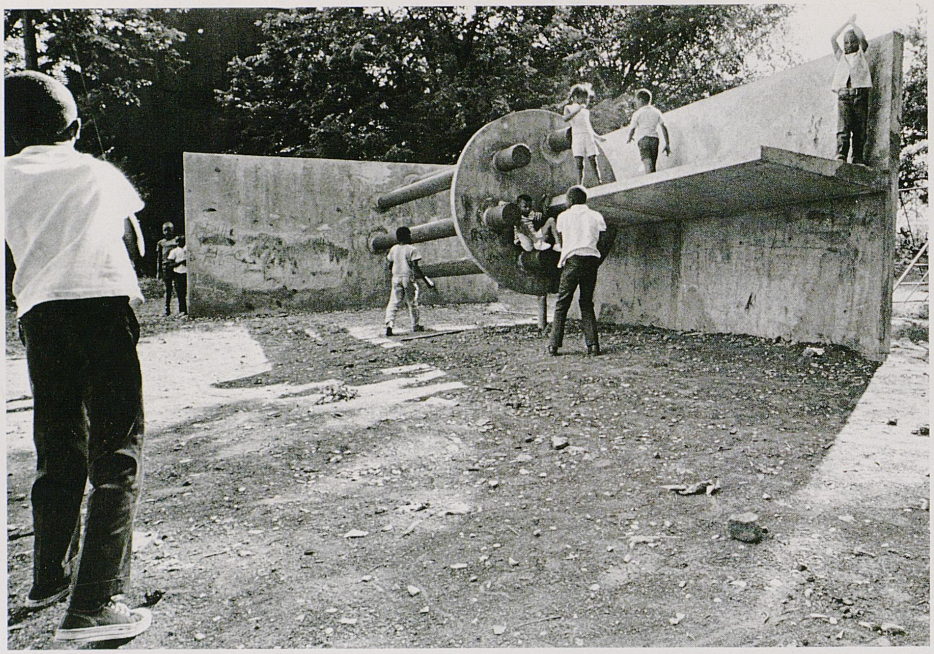




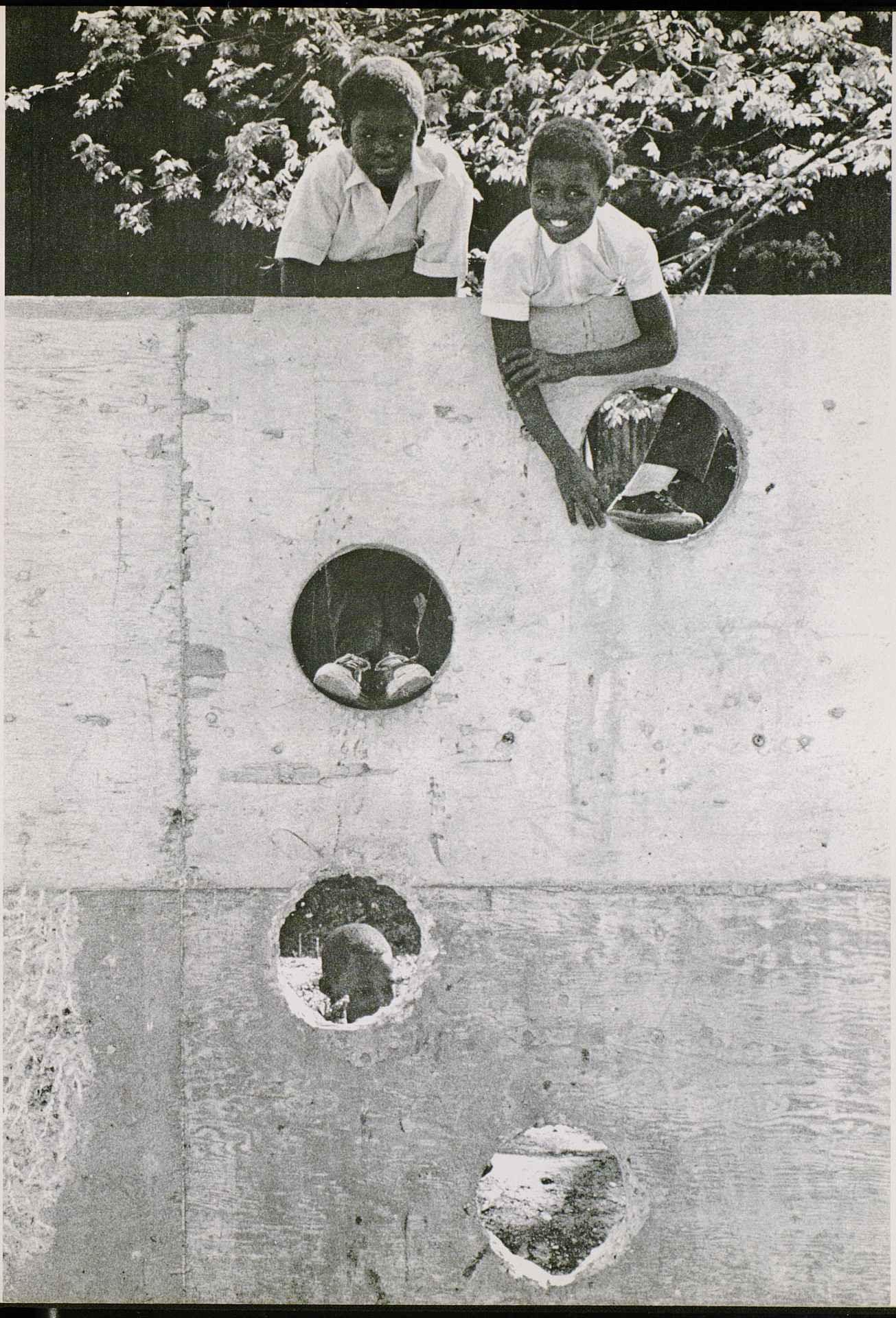


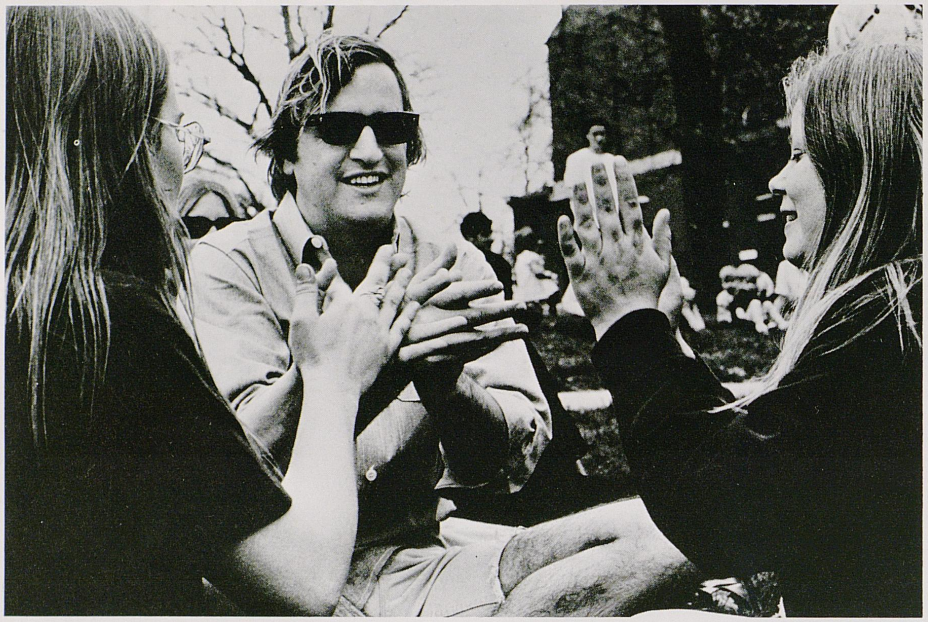






ALRIGHT!





playing is a lot of fun—
and has the potential to bring people together
it can easily be an extension of yourself—
an extension of nature
and this way has an integrating
harmonizing effect
by relating
energies . . . flows . . . elements
into one subtle motion
at the same time
playing that goes counter-grain
to nature(?) essence(?)
can get heavy
and disruptive





We have a new fountain and we can dig it!

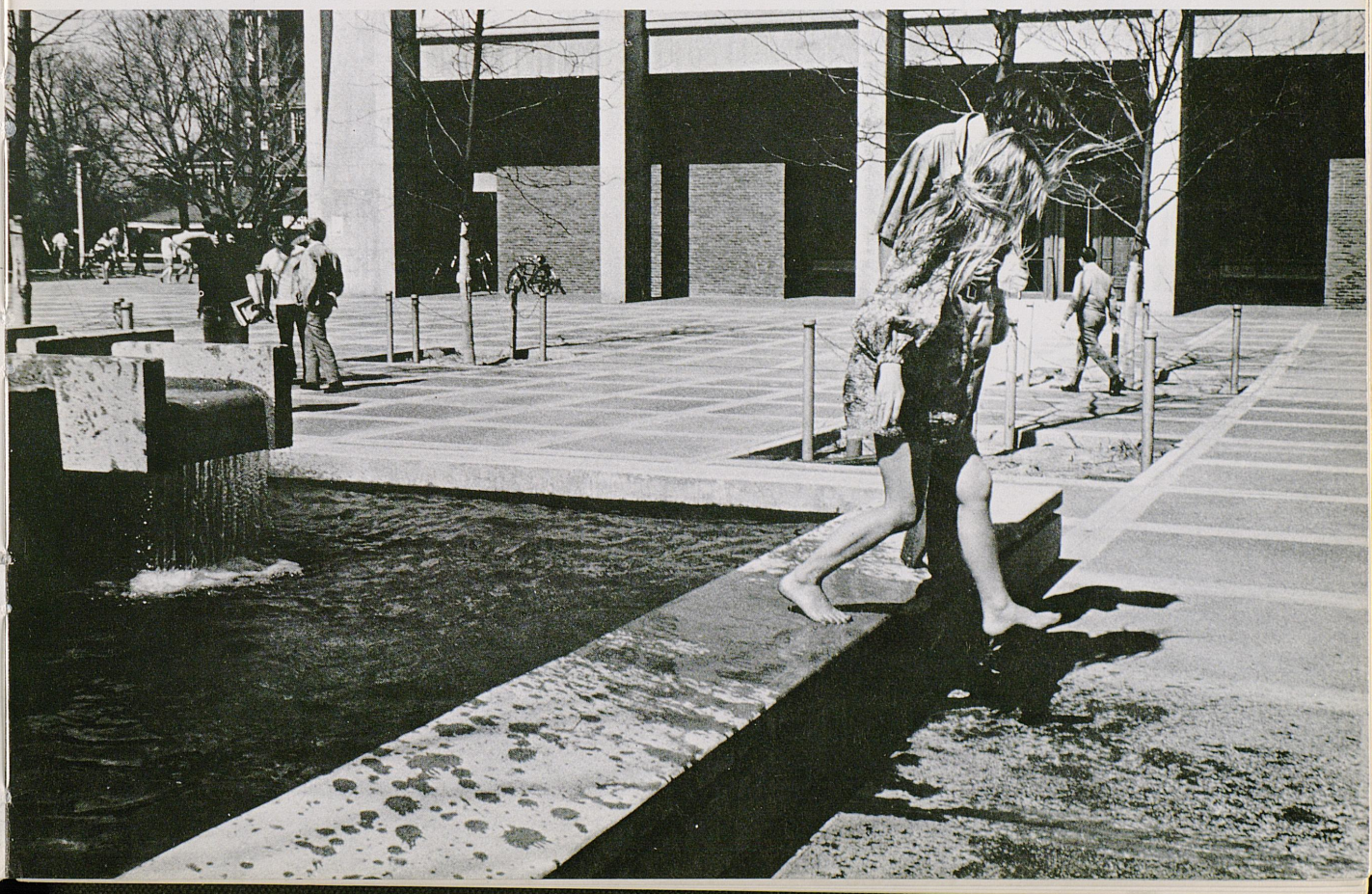






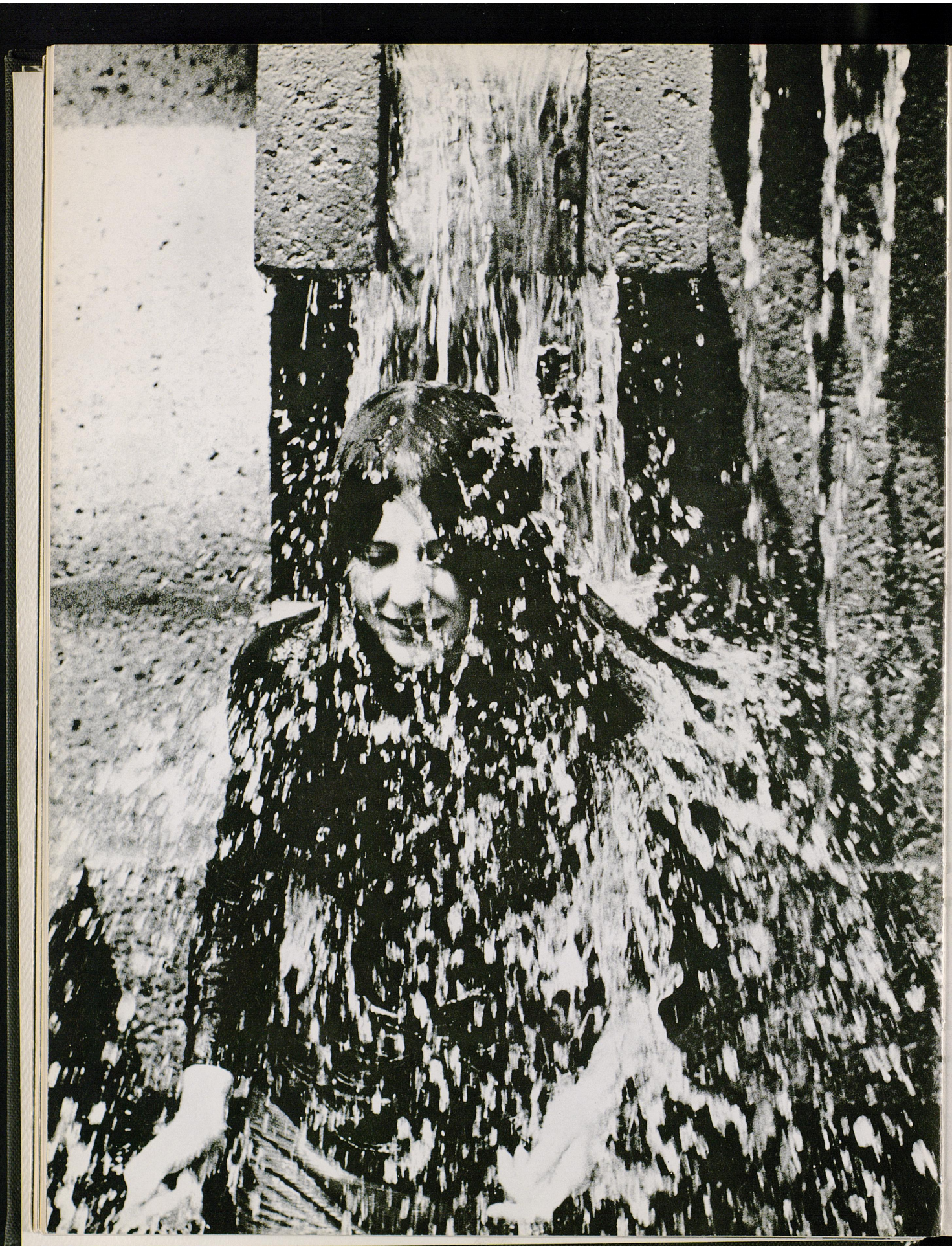
All day, in wave after wave and from all directions of the mind's compass, there has repeatedly come upon me the sense of my original identity as one with the very fountain of the universe. I have seen, too, that the fountain is its own source and motive, and that its spirit is an unbounded playfulness which is the many-dimensioned dance of life. There is no problem left, but who will believe it?

Alan W. Watts

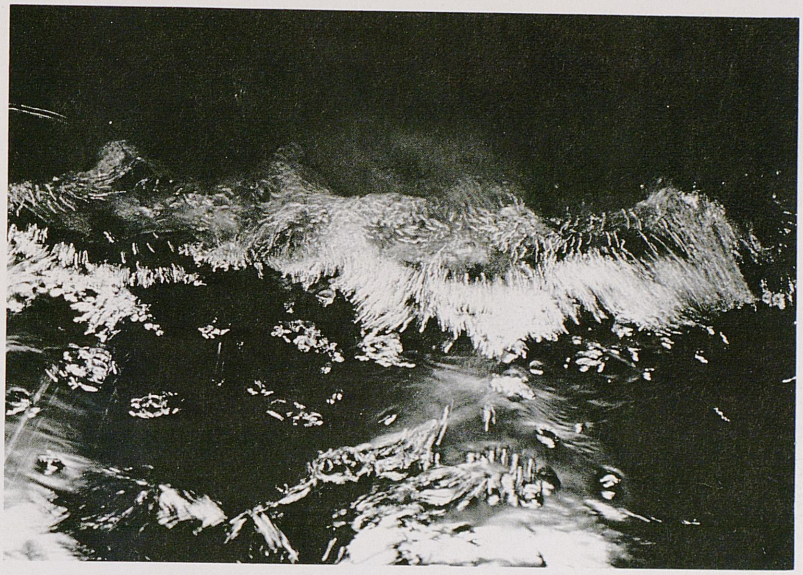








Water—
to splash and wipe across your face
to mix barefeet and grass with
to gulp down and sigh
to submerge yourself in
TO FEEL
TO DRINK

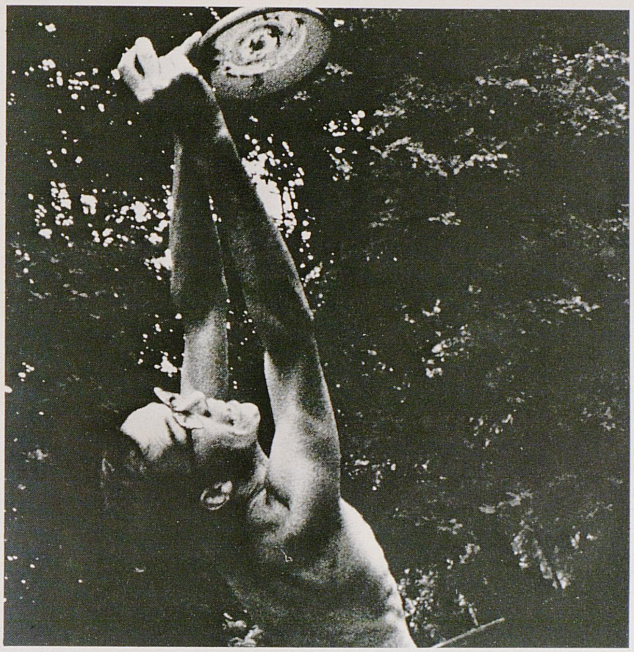


almost as a primordial
life substance
containing the molecular ancestry
of everything.
and all very simple
simple rain
simple to drink
and also very simple not to pollute



This is Sam and Bill.

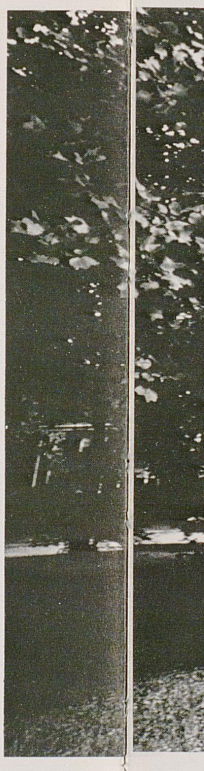






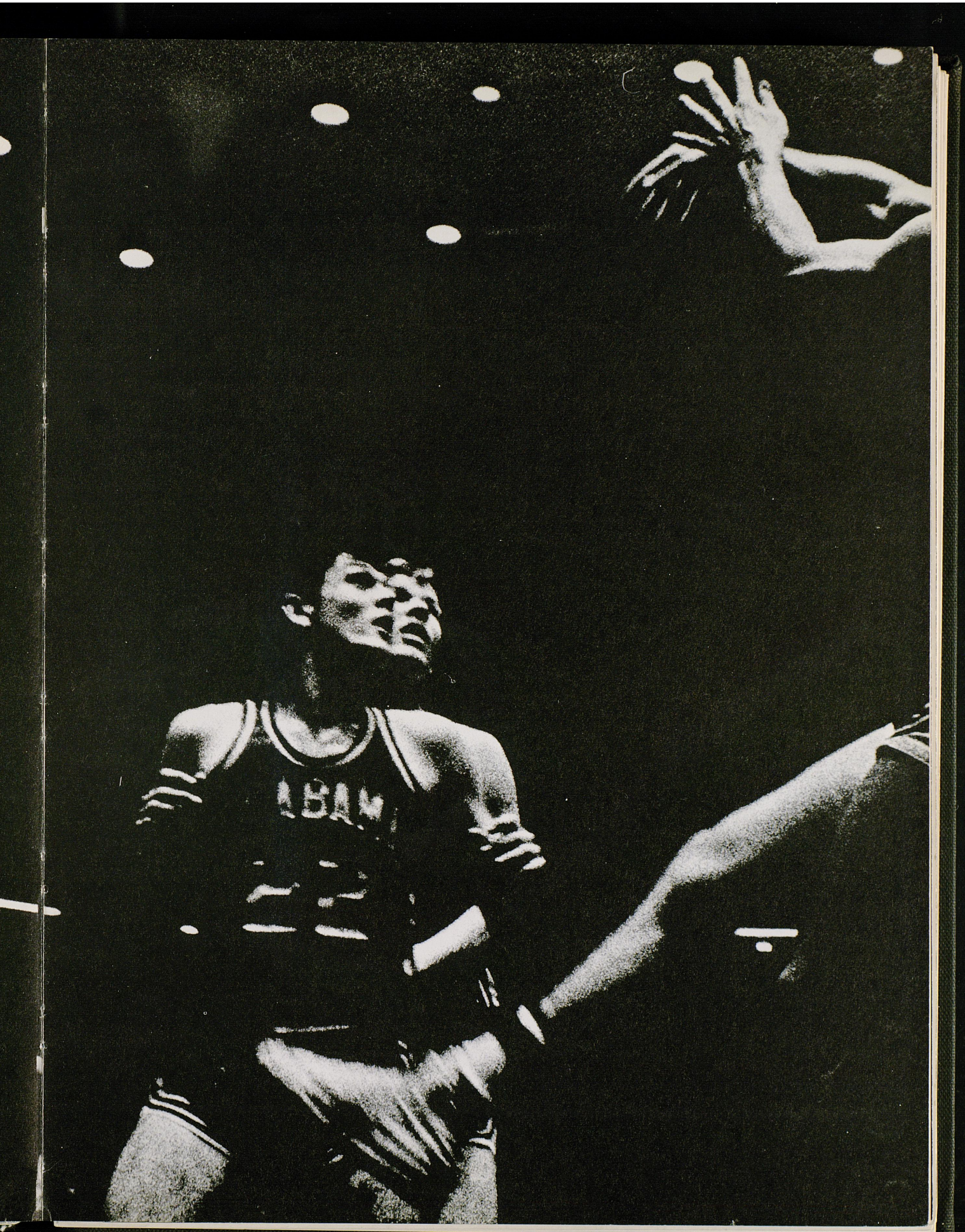


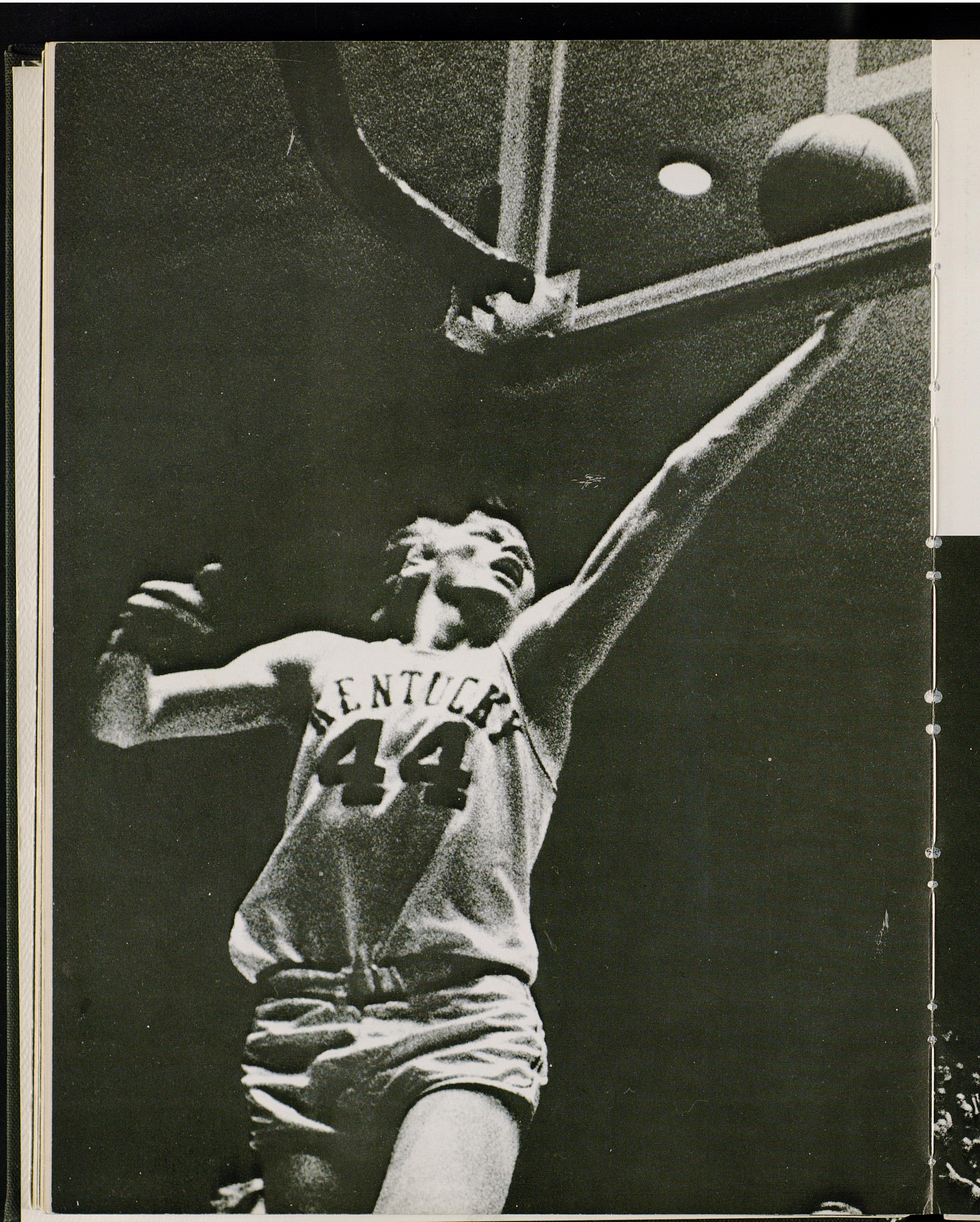
frisbee





a game can be such an emotional thing . . .

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STATE
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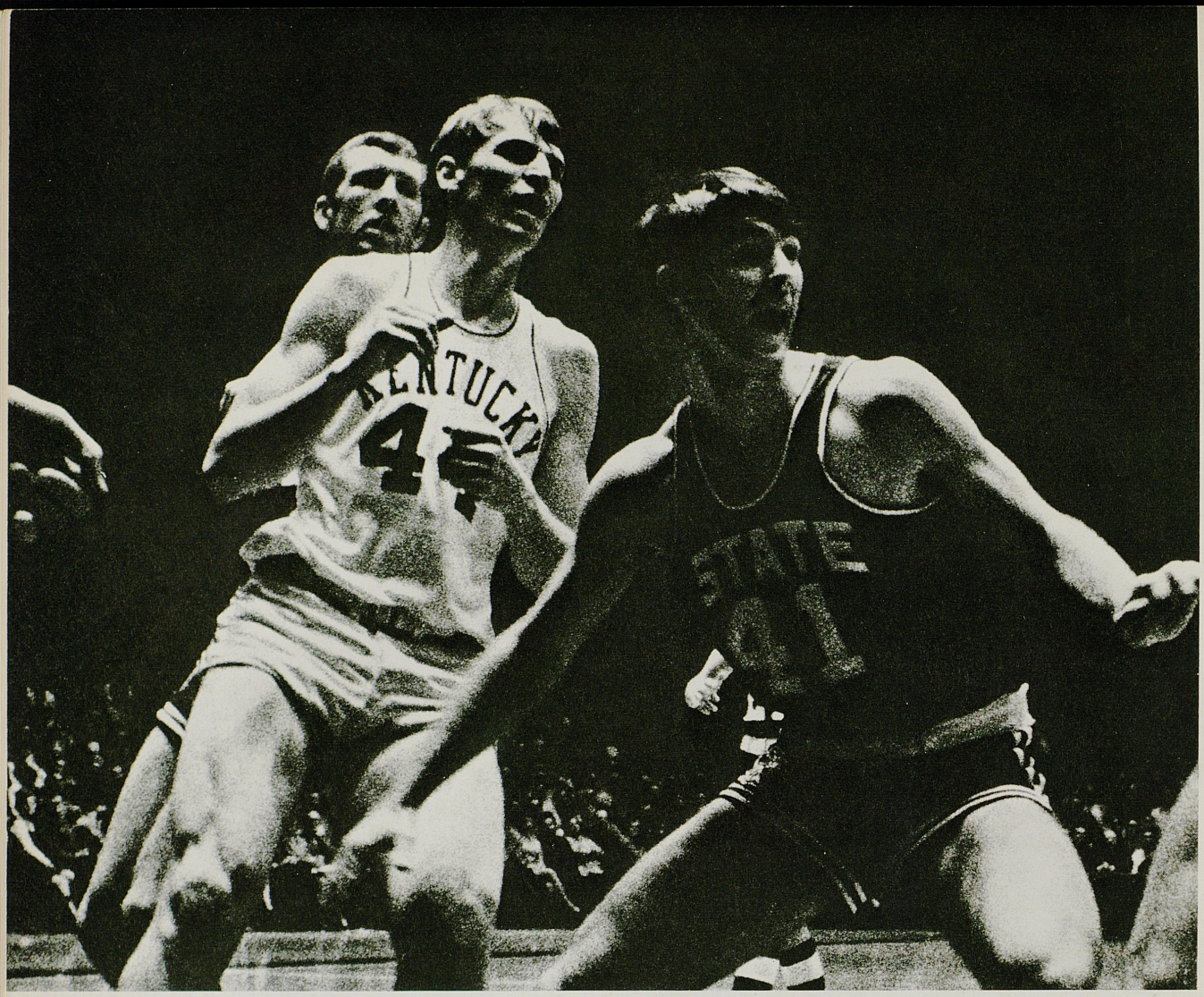
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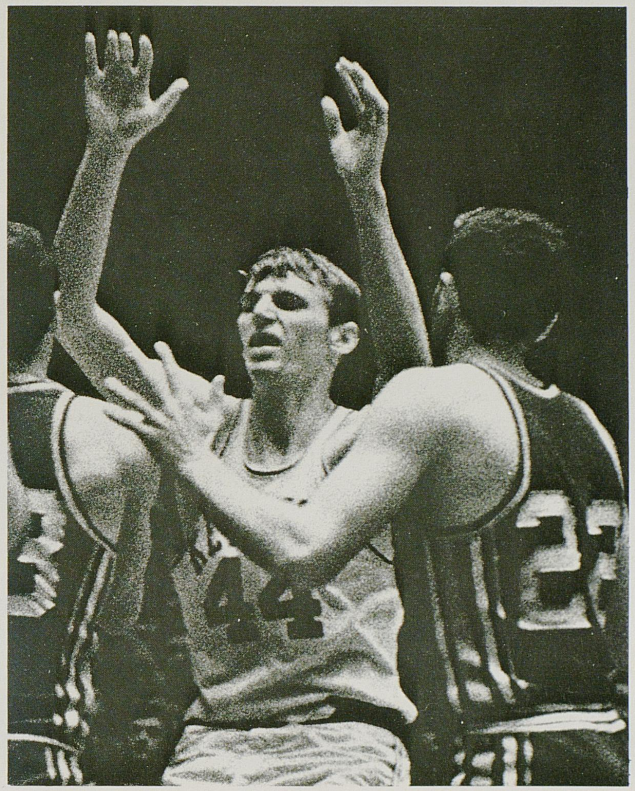
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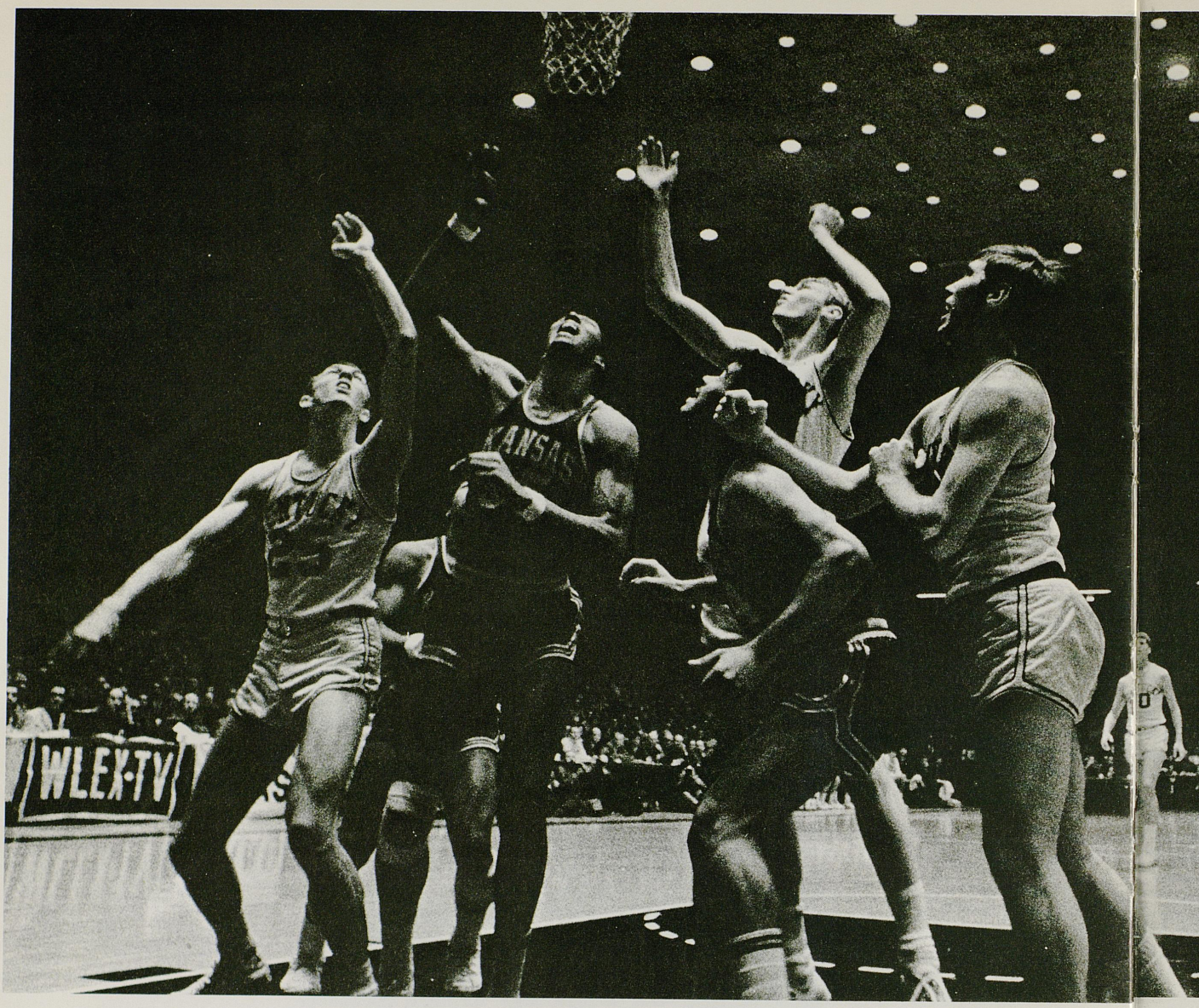
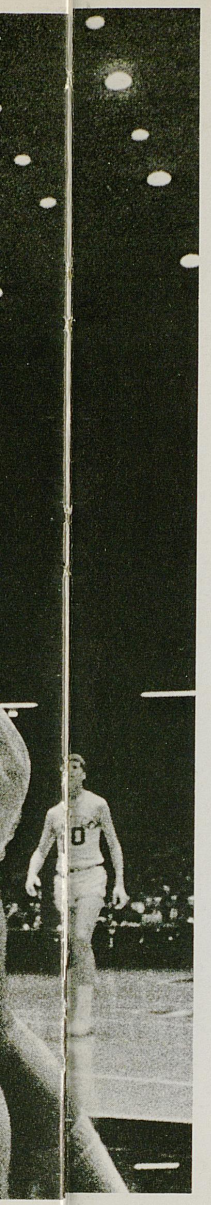
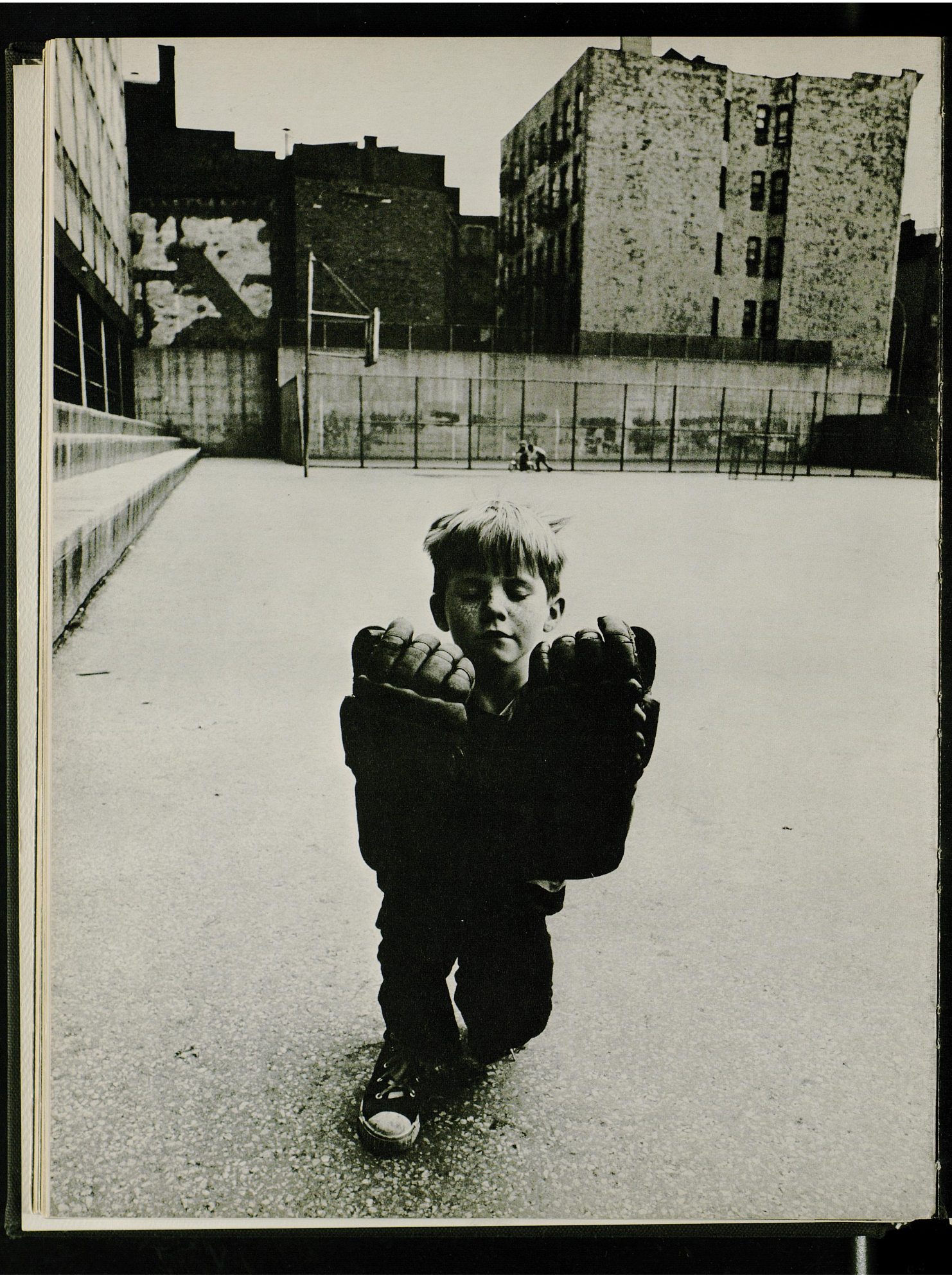

WLEX-TV



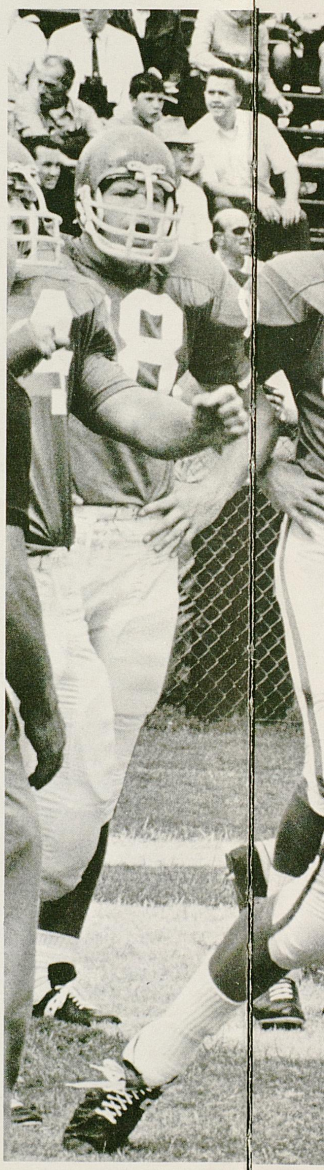


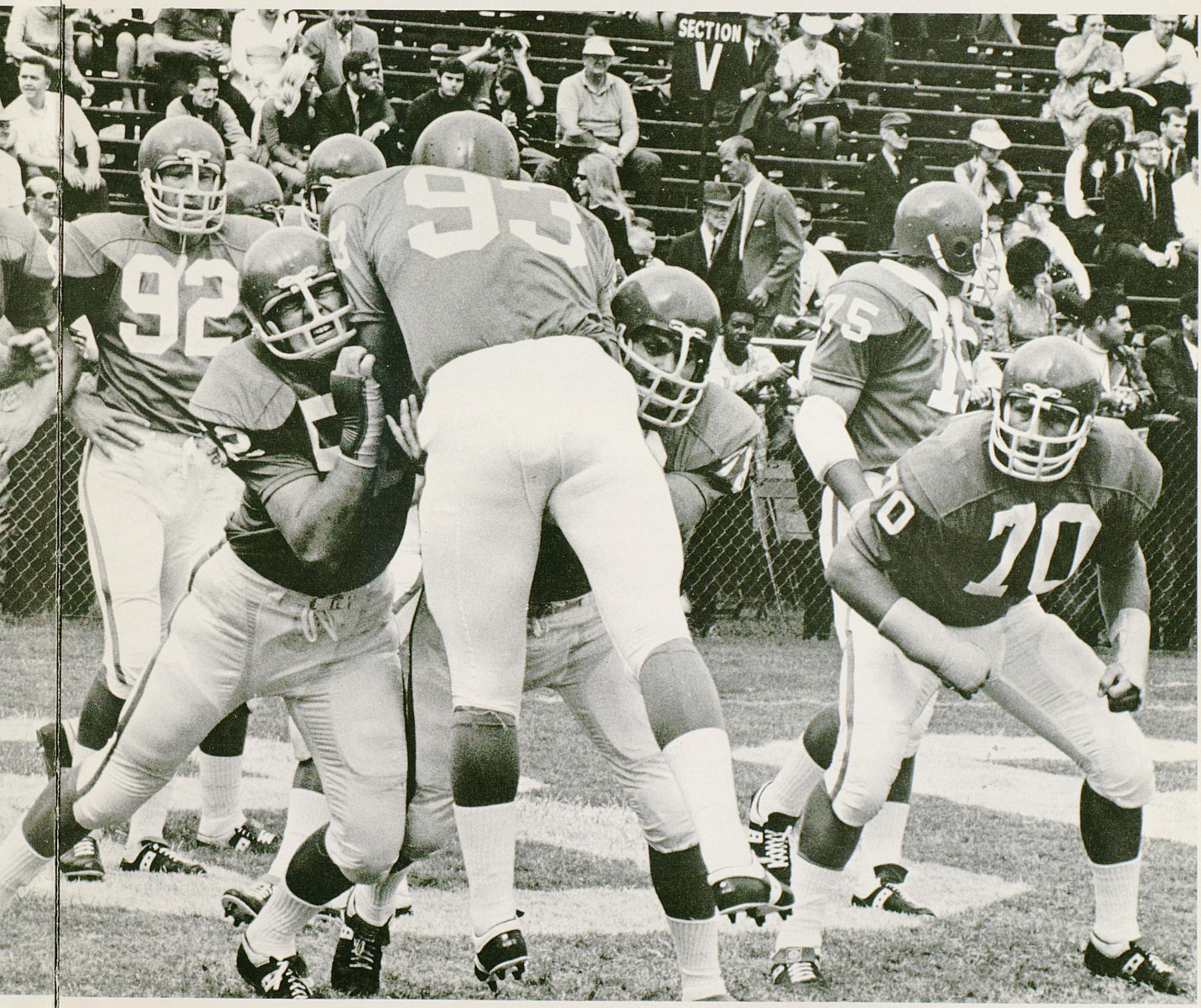




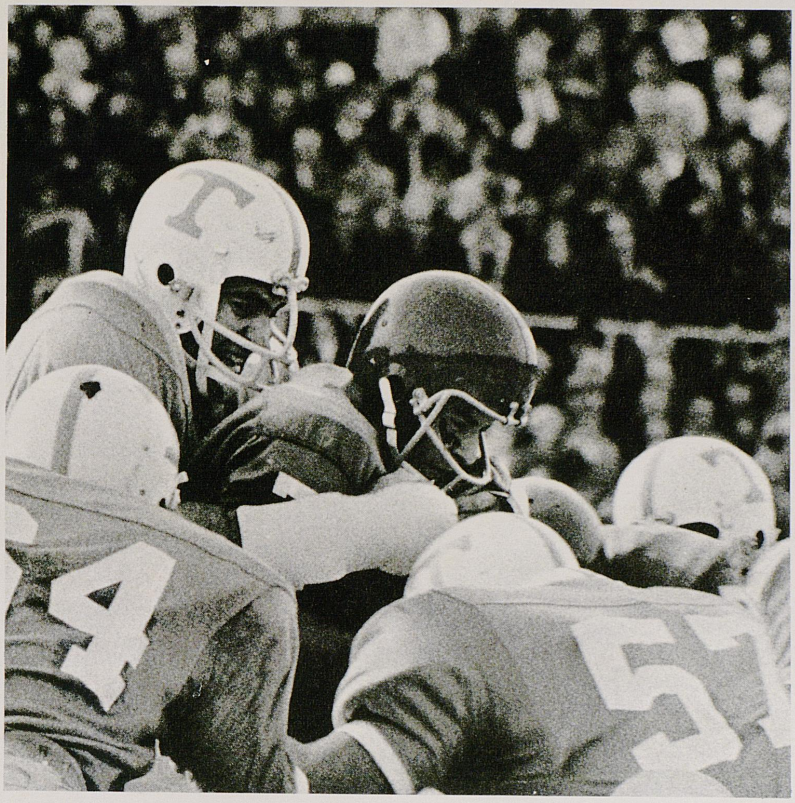
games can be such an emotional thing . . .

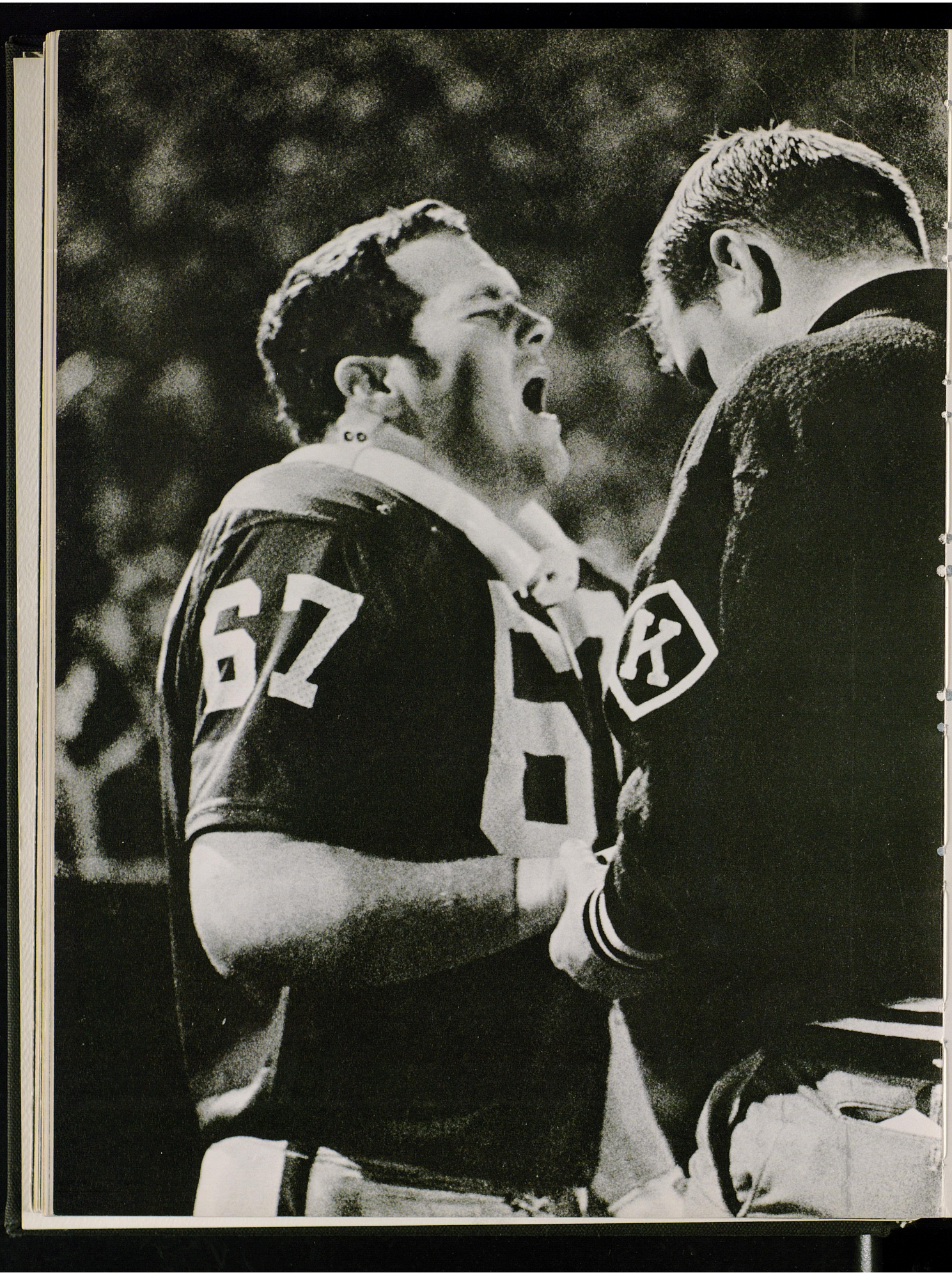
Football—
It's hard to understand
how one could get into
something that's so physically
dangerous—
but perhaps it's less
dangerous than getting
involved in an anti-war
demonstration—
Dig football for what
it's worth—
it must be something if
you can dig it.
Perhaps it's the best release
for some kinds of feelings—
or some kinds of things—




SECTION
V
92
70



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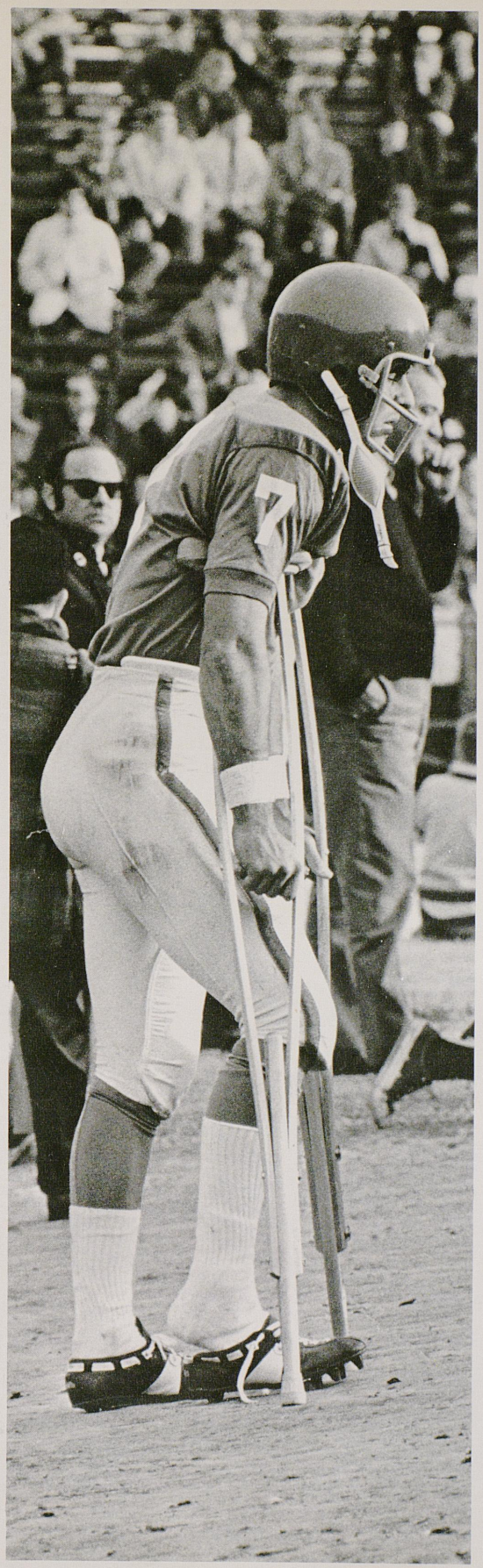


Other Offenses

–taken from the University Code of Student Conduct

The threat of, or commission of, physical violence against any member of the University community or any person present on University property except while engaged in authorized sports activities.

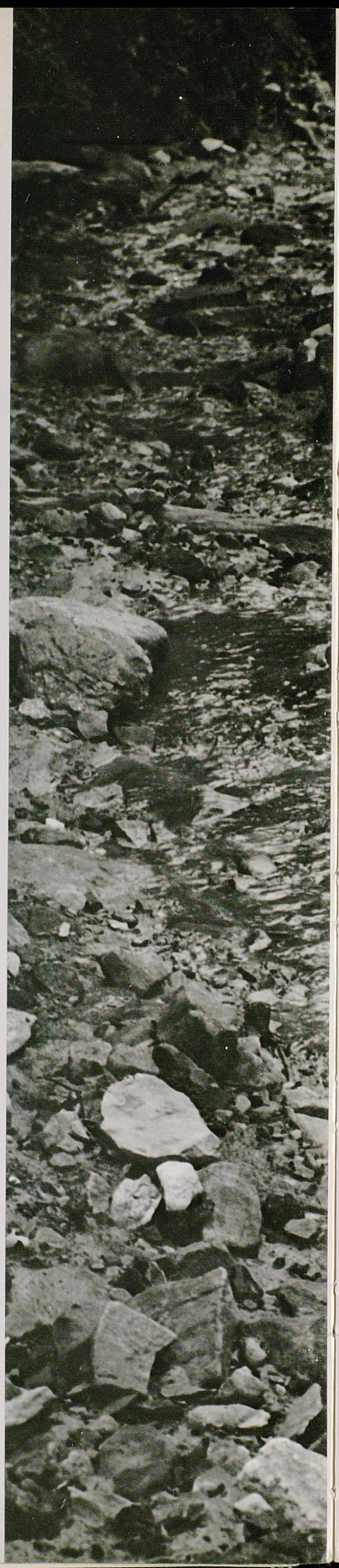
games can get really heavy . . .



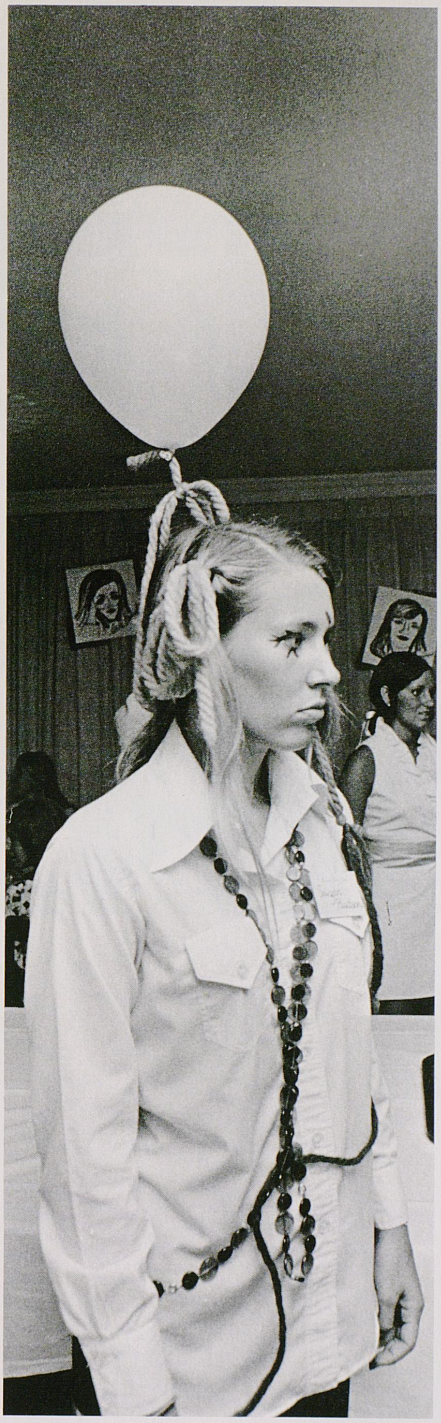


And perhaps as a shelter from
    the horrible reality games that
    the politicians and all sorts of
    mysterious people play—
some of us get into the simplicity of
kid-dom again—
    so much fun—
    so simple
    while the problems that we're
    responsible for
pile up—
pollute up—
blow up—

And some of us still play kids
and forget that it all has
    anything to do with us
and laugh at those concerned—
and then go and play
grown-up house—









games with unfathomed complexities and relationships . . .





Be empty
Watch quietly while the ten thousand forms
    swim into life and return to the source

Do nothing
Return to the source

Deep repose is the sign
That you have reached
The appointed goal

To return to the source is to
    discover the eternal law of seed
He who returns to this eternal law is enlightened
Being enlightened he is serene
Being serene he is open-hearted
Being open-hearted he is beyond social games
Being beyond social games he is in tune with seed
Being in tune with seed he endures

Until the end of his life he is not in peril.

Timothy Leary



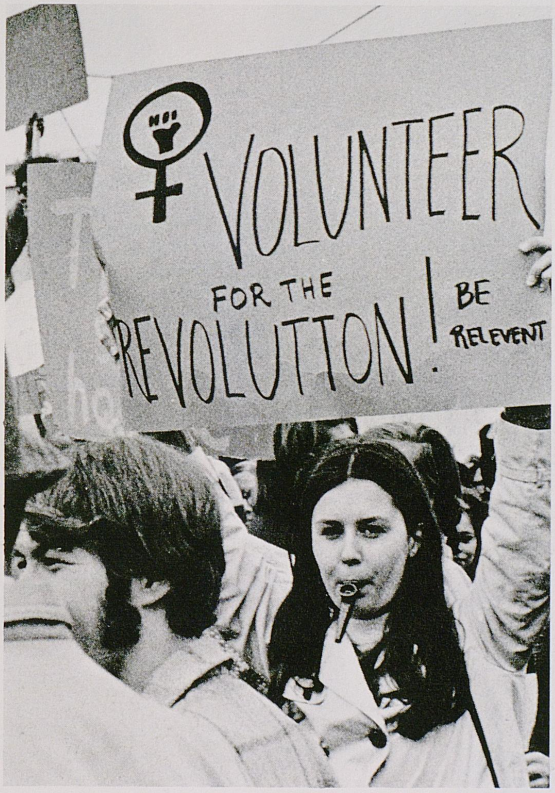
Thelma Pat Nixon flew into Lexington—
we were one of the points in her tour.
She was selling the merits of
"volunteerism".
She dropped by Kentucky's Eastern
State Mental Hospital and told
an inmate that—
"This is a good place to be."—



There were mixed feelings—
of course.
A girl had a brother in Viet Nam—
she wanted to ask Thelma
about her brother—
Some women wanted to just
SEE
Thelma
and on—
Pat didn't actually have
all that much to say to anybody—


FREE
SPEECH
FOR
G.I.'S
Free the Army


NIXON



Women's Liberation wasn't big on Pat—I heard some guy say "Now there's a woman after my heart—she sets her own hair every night."!!!





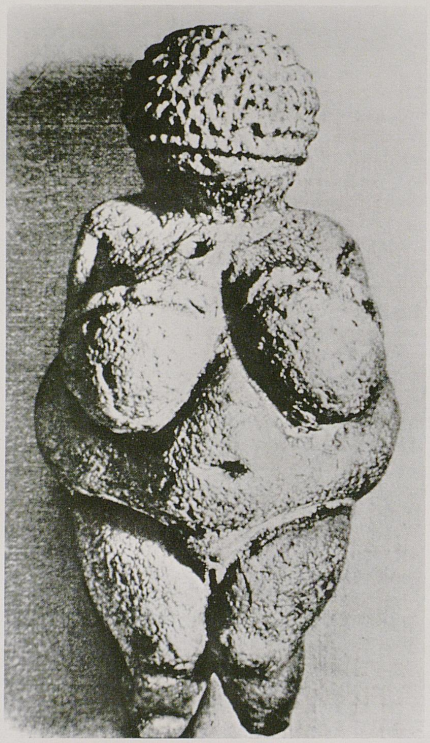
Women are pulling more and more things together all over. We had a big women's lib conference here— I mean, can you believe that the amendment to the U.S. Constitution which would provide that "equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or any other state, on account of sex," has been so long in coming—!


Black is beautiful.
The Beauty of BLACKNESS
March 1-7, 1970
UK BLACK STUDENT UNION

Black women here are realizing
their own beautiful identity



Black Student Union Queen Cherry Swint got into the question of Black women's role—



and what of all this?
There has been a venus
for every age—
what kind of symbolism
goes into it all—
and why?
Why represent many by one—
or by a few?
and why?

Ah, but some were queens of kingdoms . . .

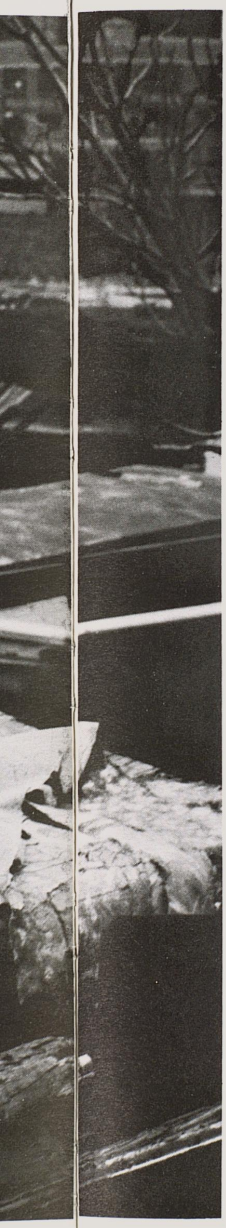


and now is the age
of the electronic queen—
the image that the media
forces on its audience—
the image—
the form.
and what of essence?
and woman-ness?
how is that touched?
and warmth?
this is a camera age—
this is an image of
people
time—
and the depth of field is
relatively limited—
but not in essence.
in essence.



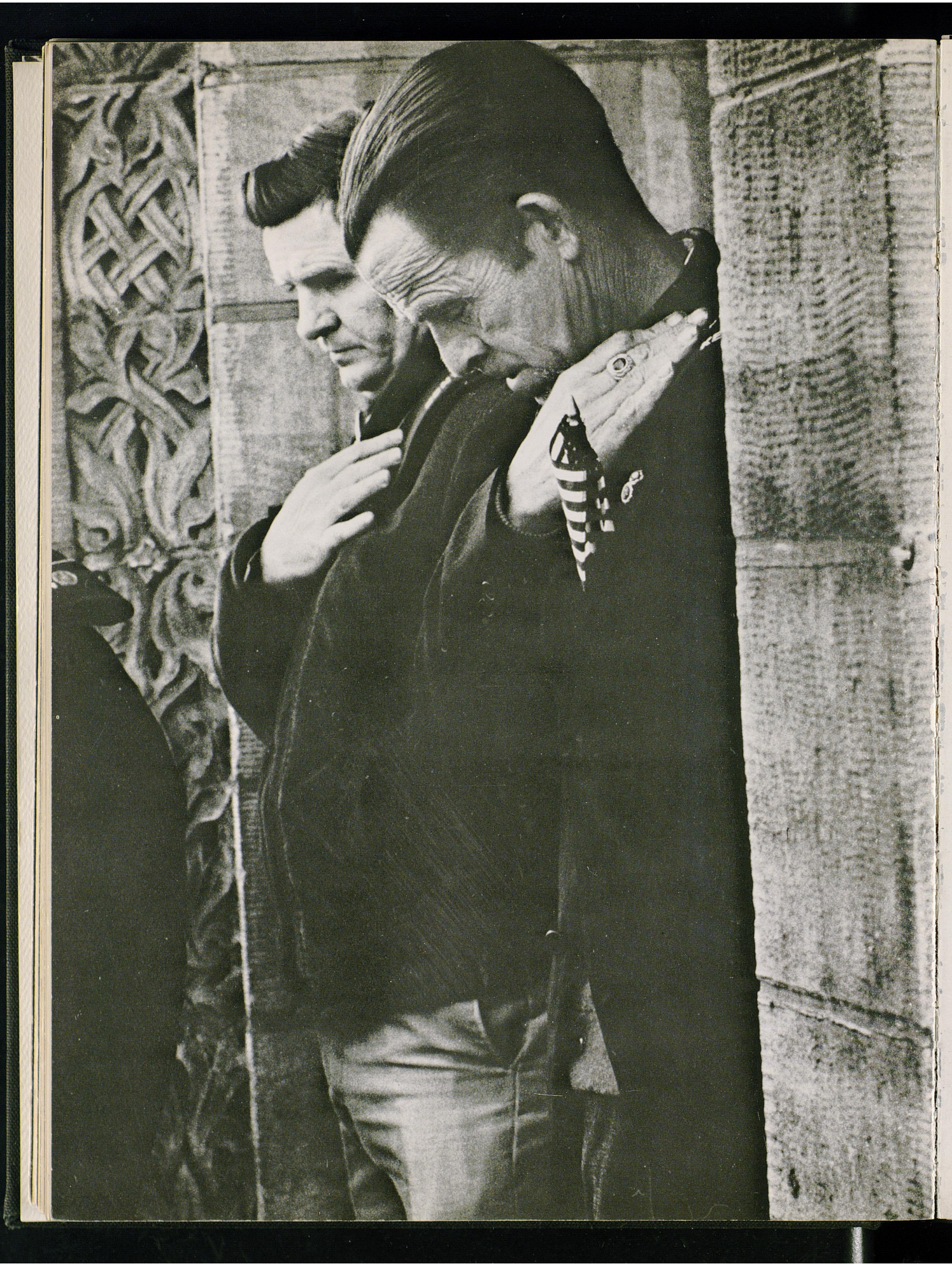


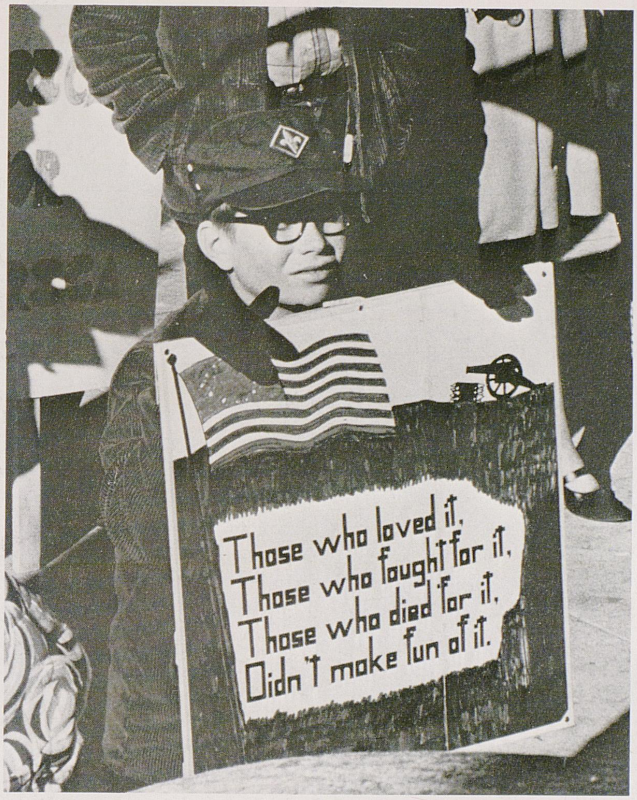




and what has electronics done for us . . .
for us the PERSON?
in relation to other persons—
to the earth under us—
and technology—the child of god—
What has it, all totaled, brought us?
And what of the earth?
that earth, the land—
that we have funneled into terms—
terms of COUNTRIES
Countries and all that go with it—






Those who loved it,
Those who fought for it,
Those who died for it,
Didn't make fun of it.

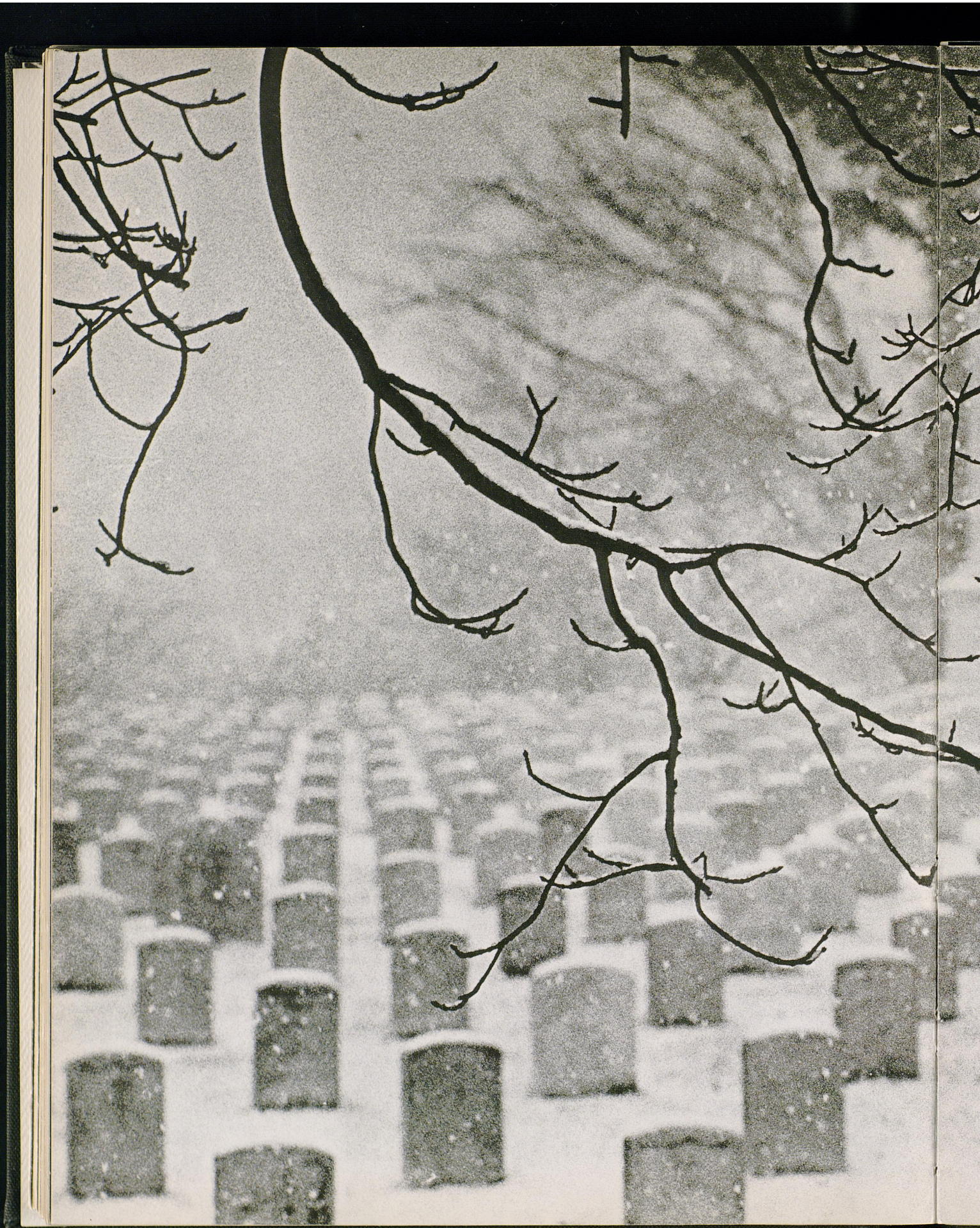
In 1969 they began to assert themselves. They were "discovered" first by politicians and the press, and then they started to discover themselves. In the Administration's voices —especially in the Vice President's and the Attorney General's—in the achievements and the character of the astronauts, in a murmurous and pervasive discontent, they sought to reclaim their culture. It was their interpretation of patriotism that bought Richard Nixon the time to pursue a gradual withdrawal from the war. By their silent but newly felt presence, they influenced the mood of government and the course of legislation, and thus began to shape the course of the nation and the nation's course in the world. The Men and Women of the Year were the Middle Americans.

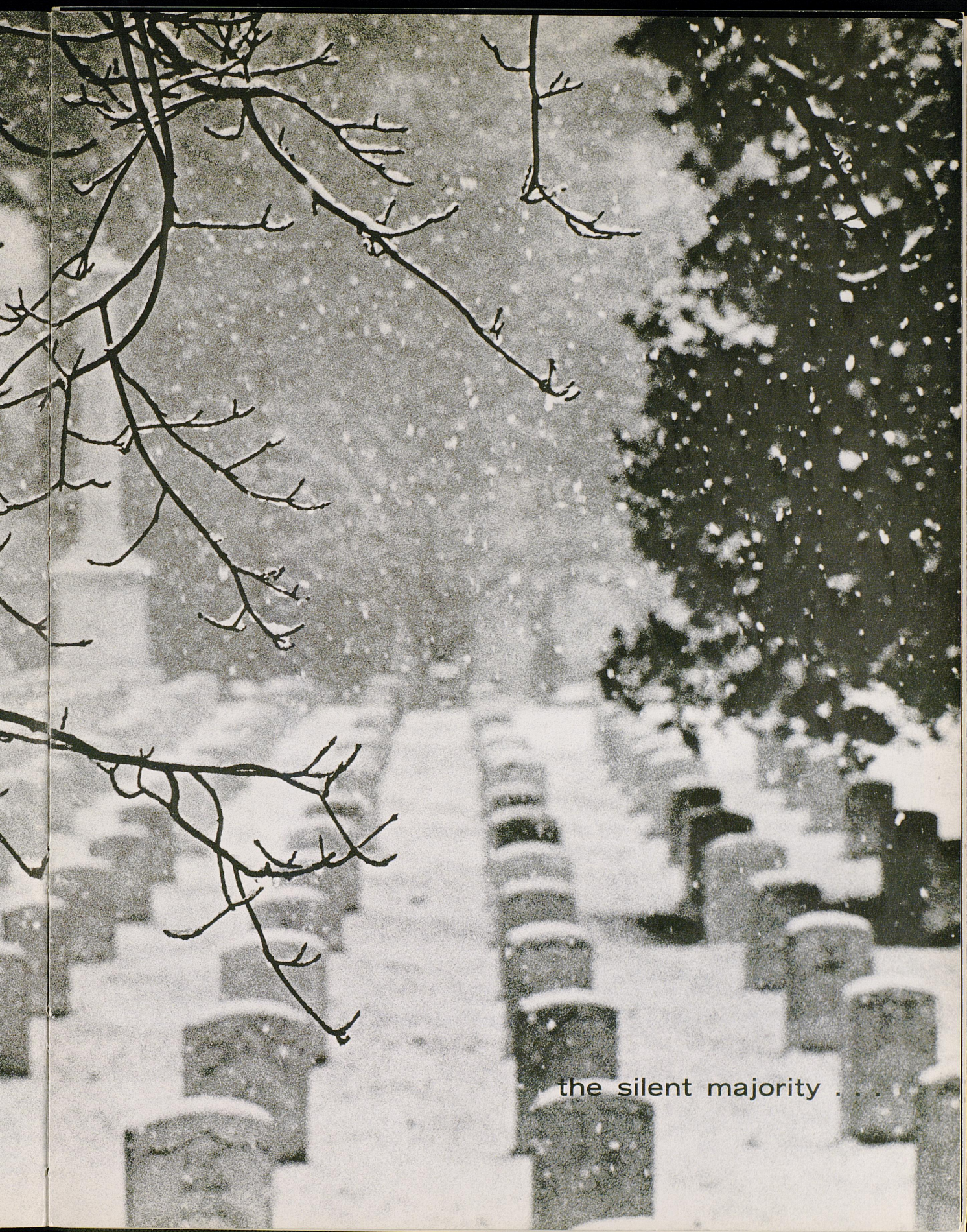


Time, January 5, 1970




SILENT
MAJORITY
GRAVES COX
RAINDO
RAINDO

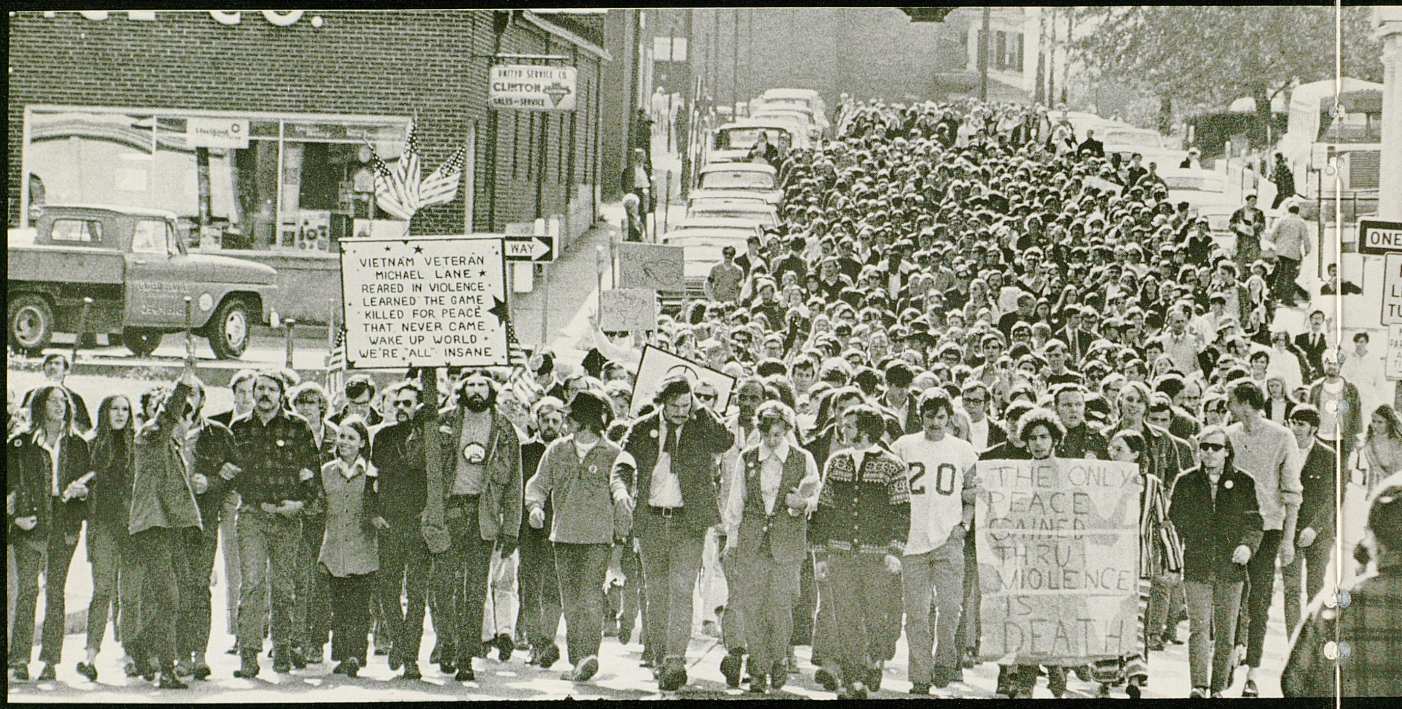



the silent majority . . .

WE WILL NOT BE SILENT!






UNITED SERVICE CO.
CLINTON
SALES—SERVICE
WAY
VIETNAM VETERAN
MICHAEL LANE
REARED IN VIOLENCE
LEARNED THE GAME
KILLED FOR PEACE
THAT NEVER CAME
WAKE UP WORLD
WE'RE "ALL" INSANE
20
THE ONLY
PEACE
GAINED
THRU
VIOLENCE
IS
DEATH

OCT.
NOV.
APRIL

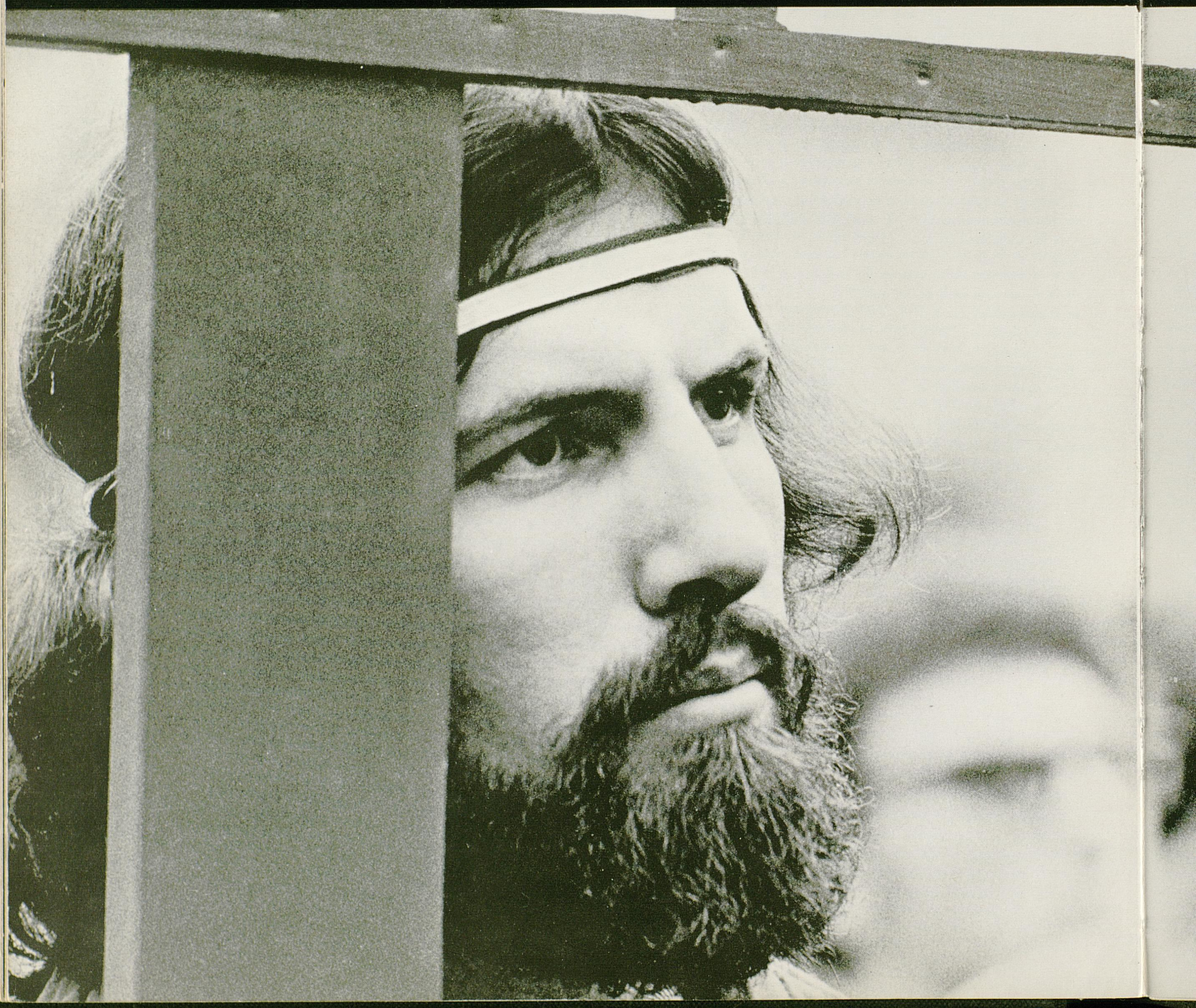
15

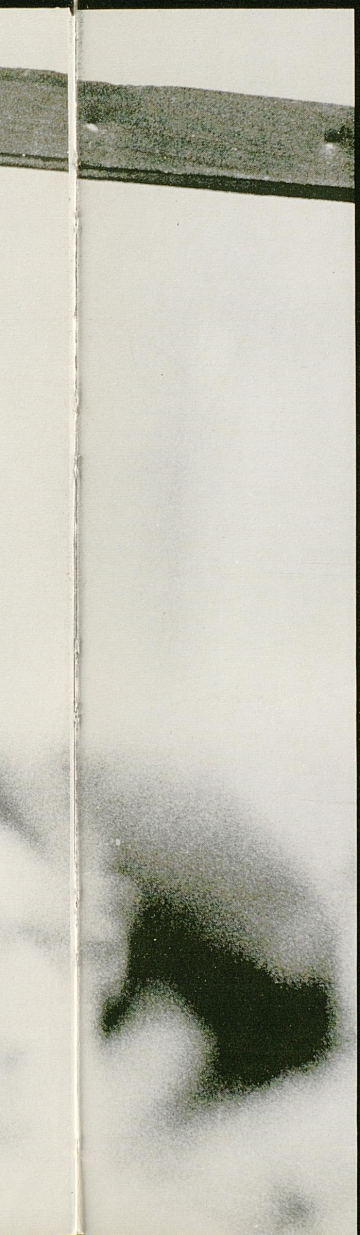


We marched for peace
in what was the
start of a long series
of marches
We began the moratoriums—
the marches against death—
It was a time when this country
saw the largest anti-war demonstration in its history.

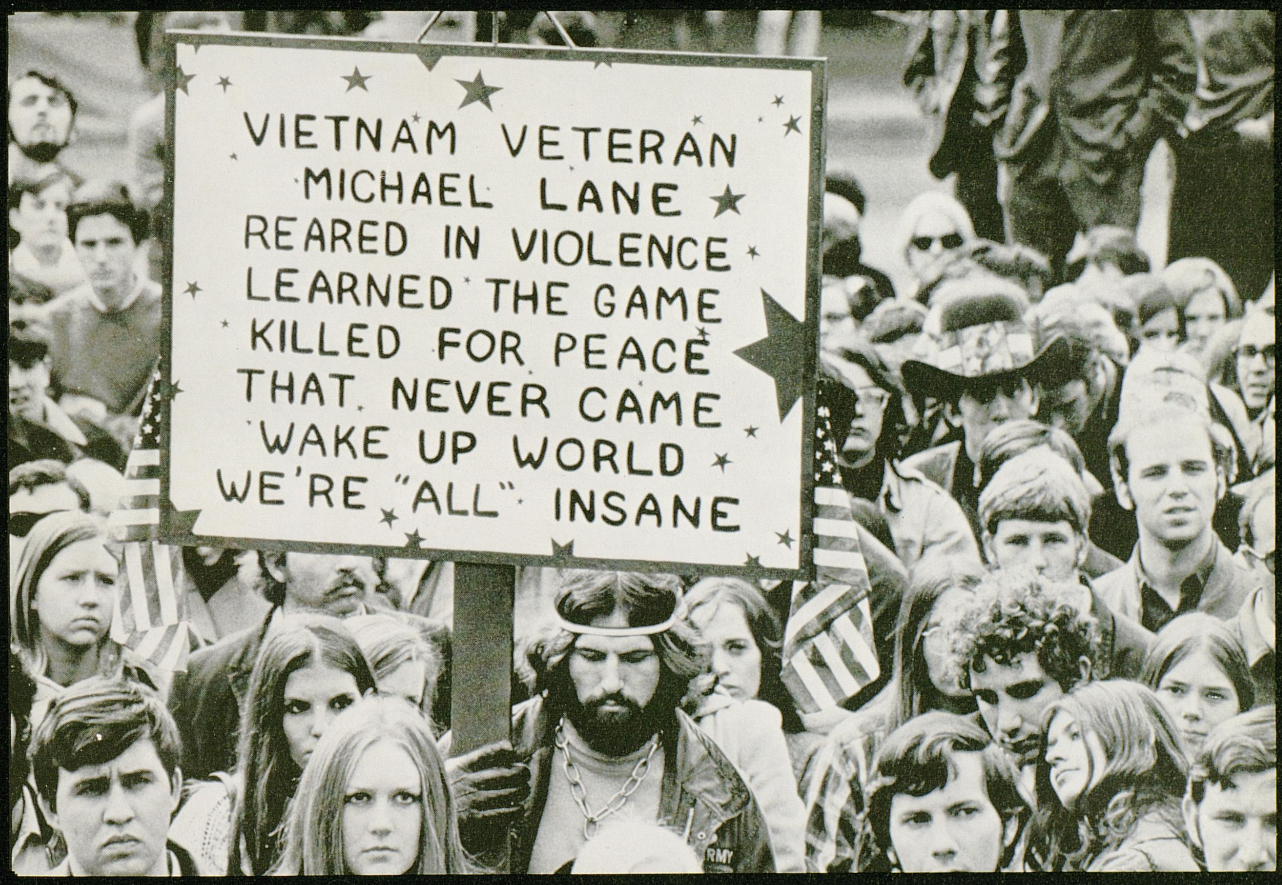
3000 of us marched in Lexington—
and mourned the war dead.

Blessed are the Peacemakers:
for they shall be called the children of God–





It's incredible
that we could pull together
a war situation
when we are we
and there need
be no problem
of any kind
ever
and none of these games
ever.


VIETNAM VETERAN
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REARED IN VIOLENCE
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THAT NEVER CAME
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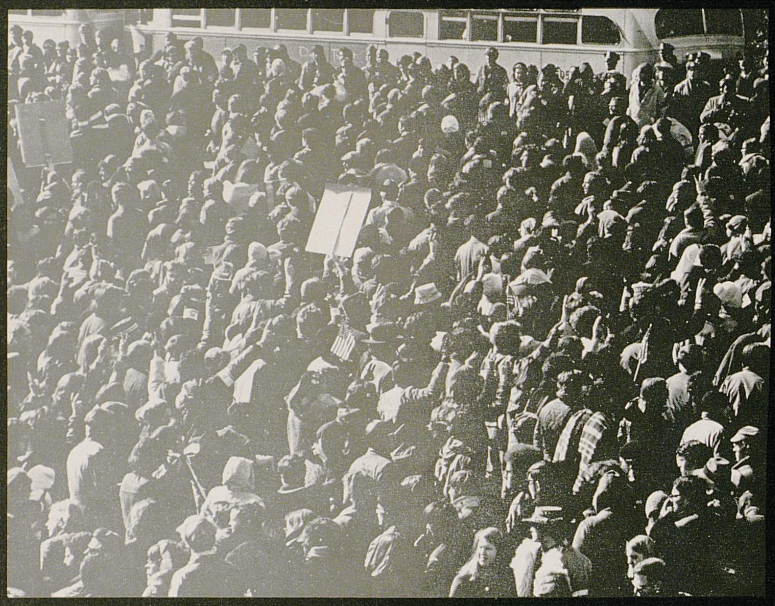
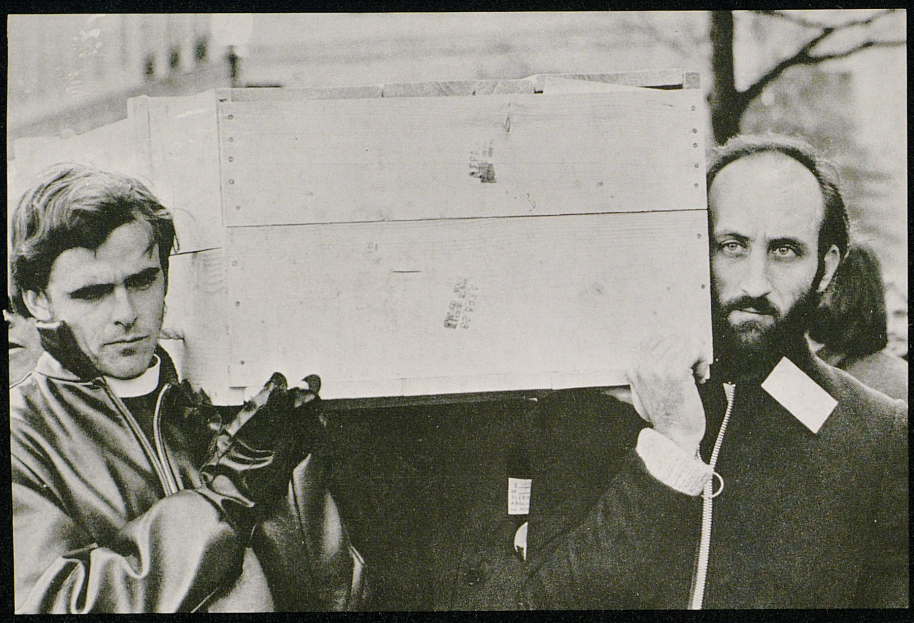
WE'RE "ALL" INSANE



We went to Washington—
and Kentucky
was there in force—



Thousands of people opened their homes to us . . . there was always a place to stay
Washington became a mobile city again



We carried symbolic coffins



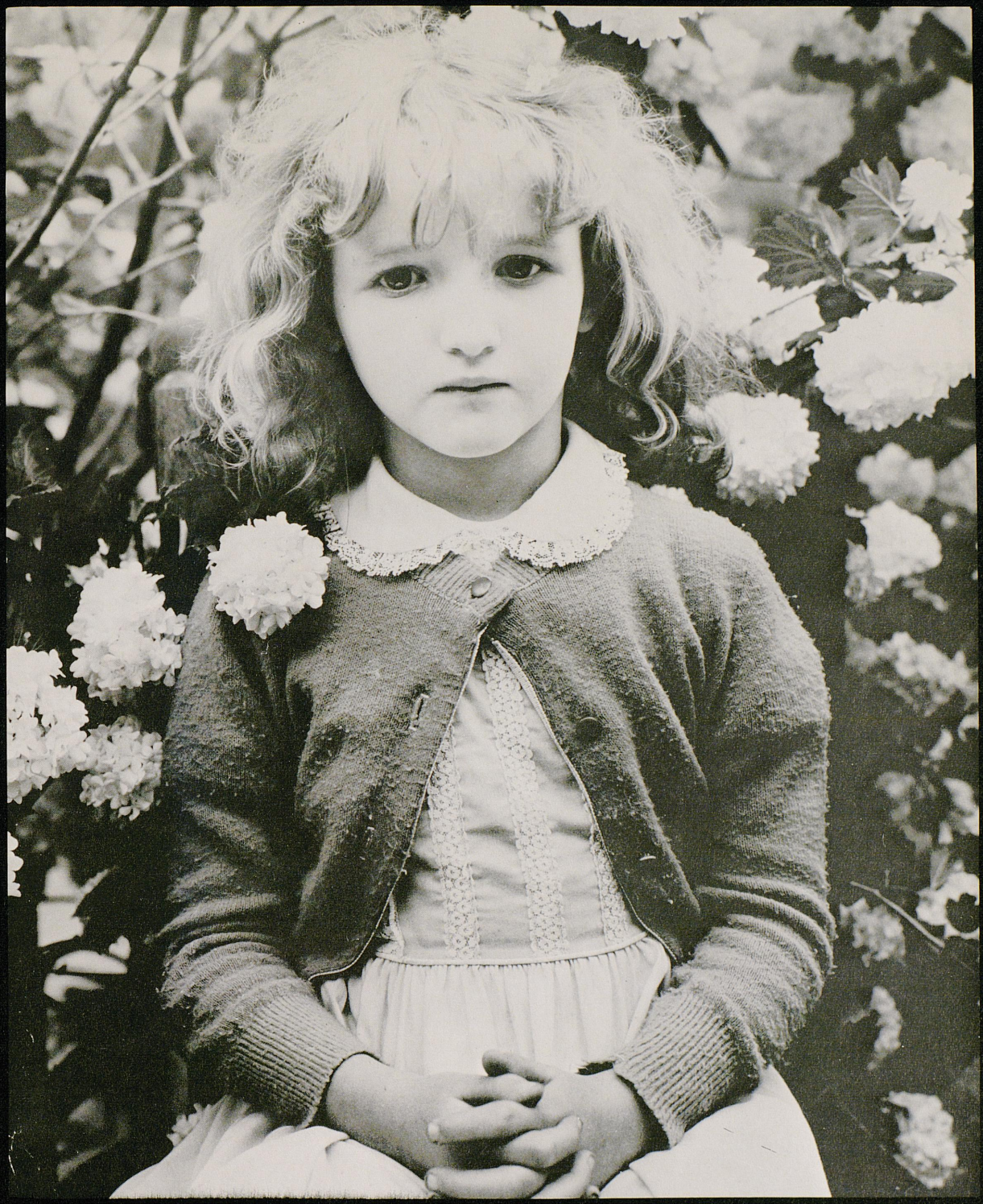
I saw these in an airport—
I was incredulous—
but I knew what they were—
they were being shipped home
from Vietnam like pieces of luggage.
The stewardess saw the commotion
I was making and asked what
was wrong—
when I pointed to the coffins
she said, "Oh—those—I thought
somebody had gotten hurt or something."
and walked away—
HOW CAN MIDDLE AMERIKA SIT BACK
WHILE HER CHILDREN ARE SENT HOME
LIKE THIS?







And what of our children?



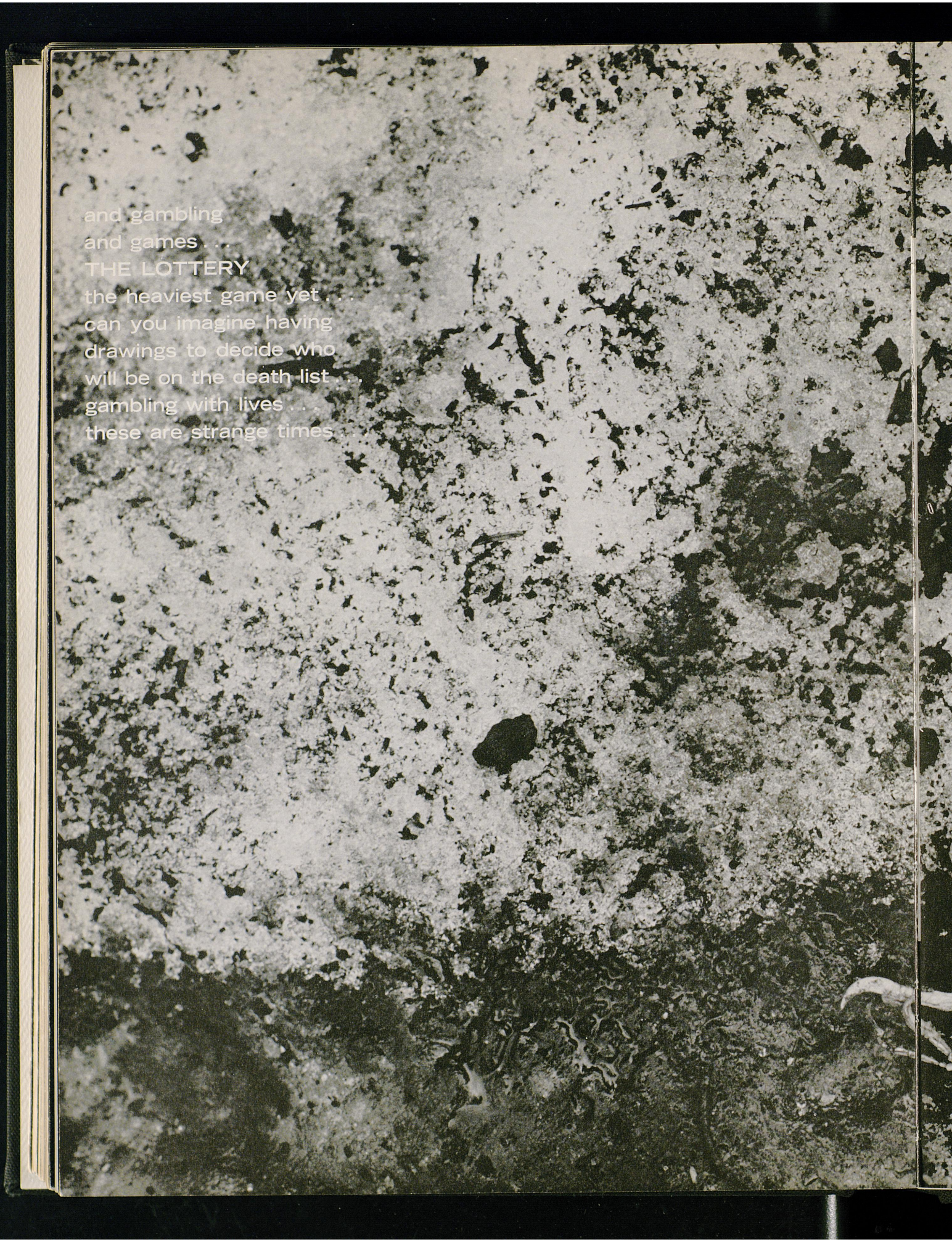


And in Frankfort we reminded middle Kentuckians of the sons they had lost.



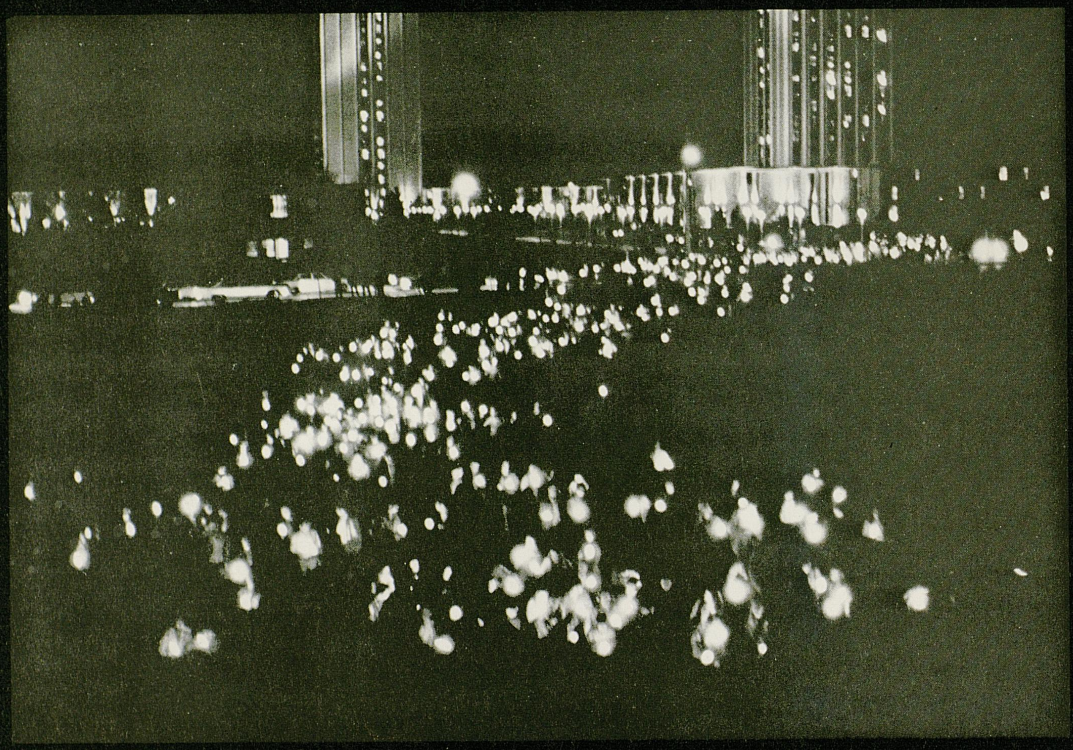


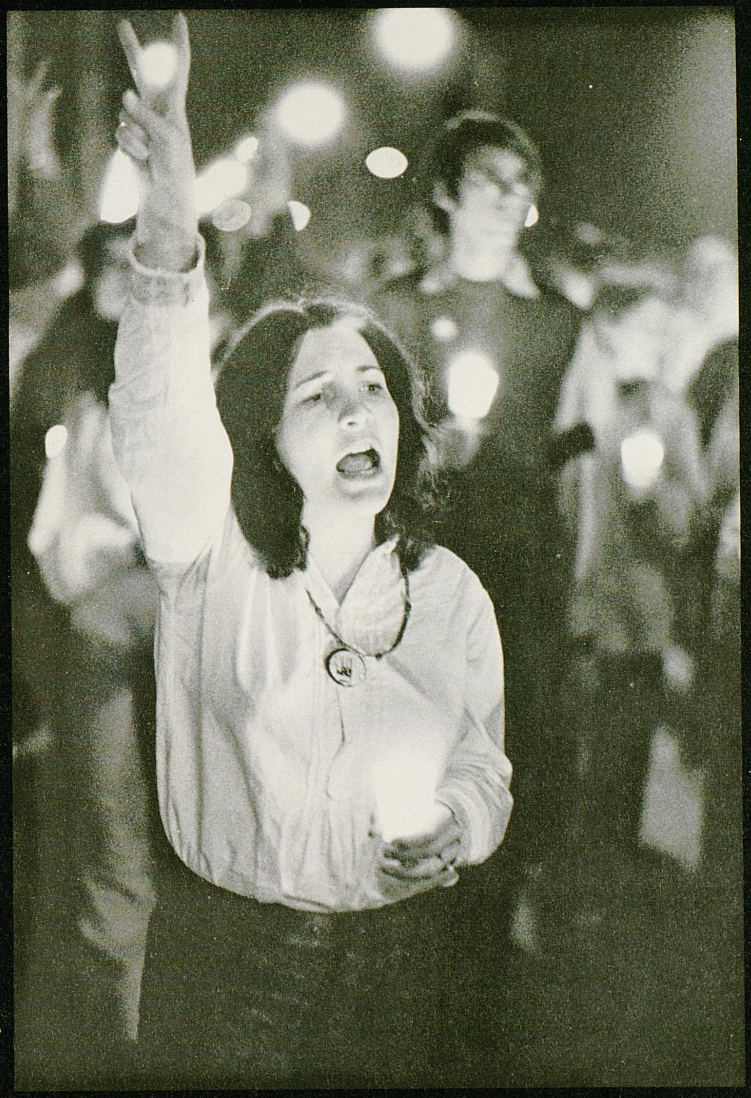



and gambling
and games . . .
THE LOTTERY
the heaviest game yet . . .
can you imagine having
drawings to decide who
will be on the death list . . .
gambling with lives . . .
these are strange times . . .



We marched again in April—
the war was still going on—and worse
We were sick with it all . . .

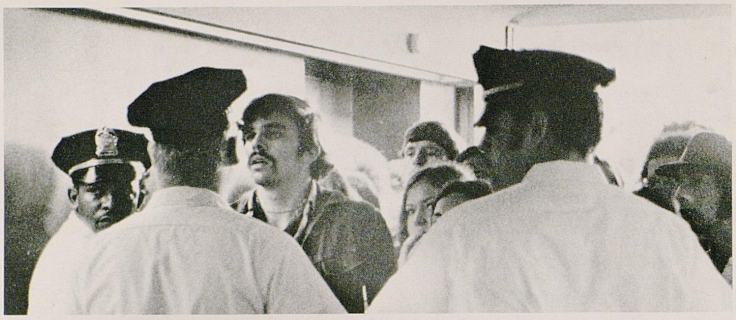




We had met before
when we heard of Nixon's
decision to go into Cambodia
—to kill more.
We had to do something.
Monday three days later
we were stunned—we
learned of the murders
of four fellow students
at Kent State—
We were RIPPED APART—
they can't do this to us—



STRIKE!



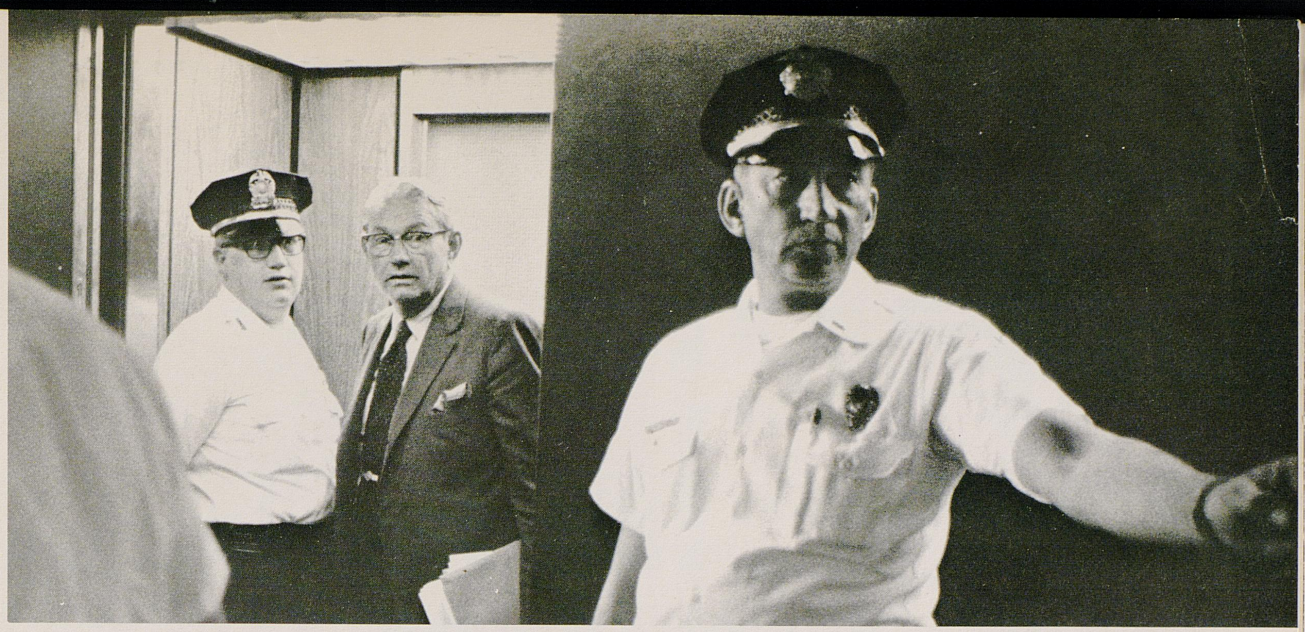


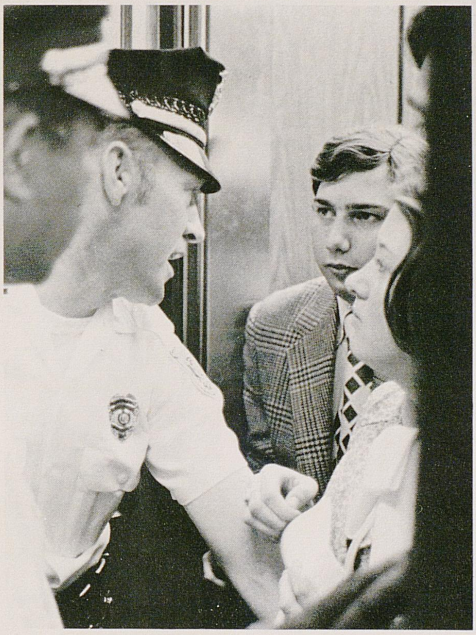
We crowded up in the tower where the board of trustees
was meeting
We wanted them to feel about the deaths at Kent State—
We wanted them to forbid guns on campus
They didn't want to be inconvenienced by us.
Our faces—
these two looks continue to haunt me—
—of all the thousands of emotions we felt that
afternoon— these two
these two—

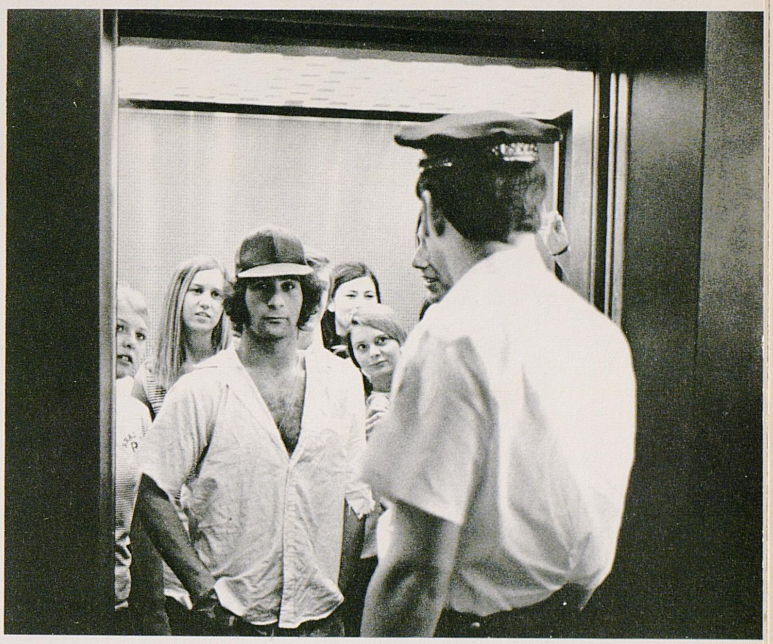


Our president conceded to rap with us—
but told us that he didn't think such raps got any place
It would be nice if they could.







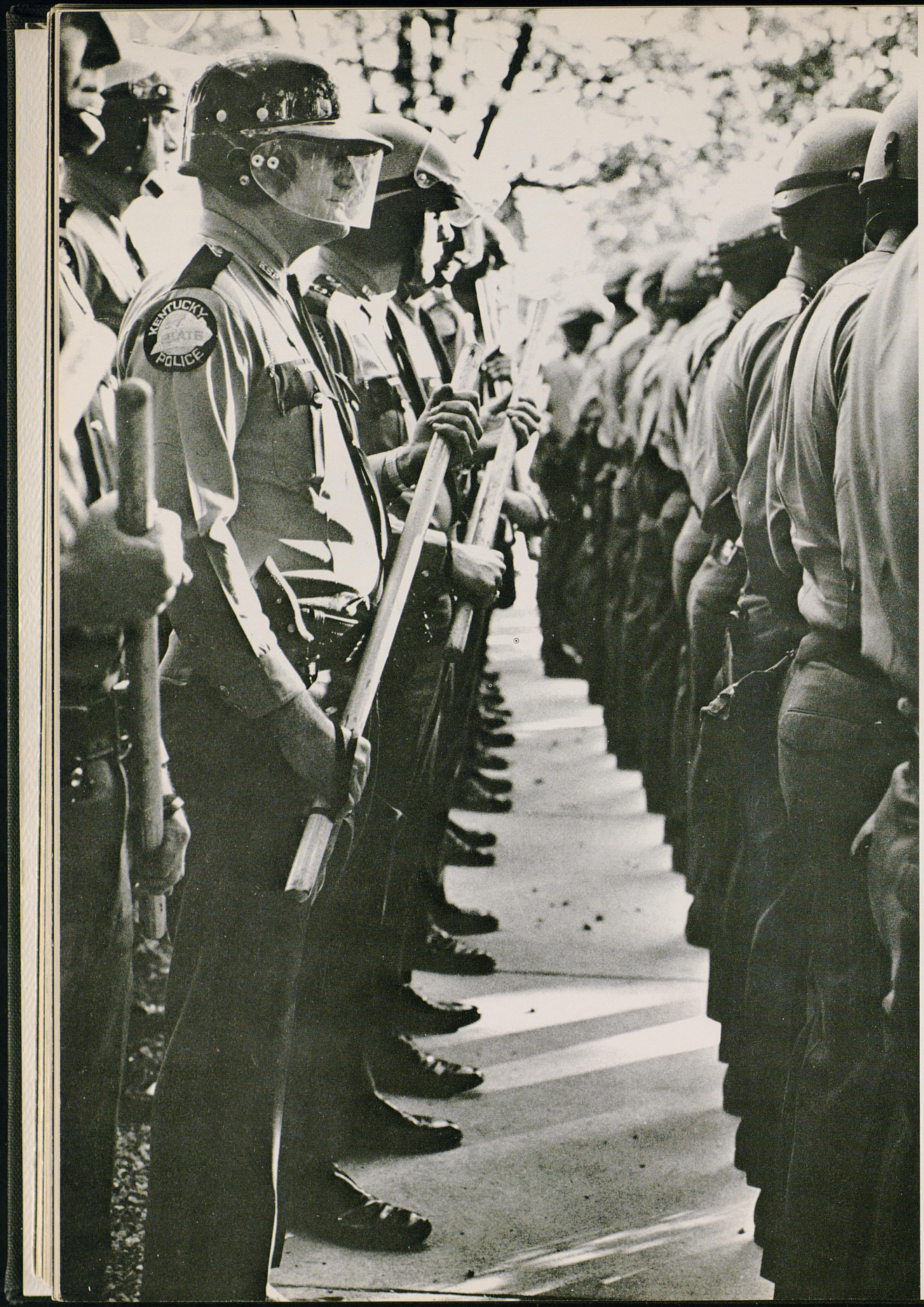


The police "protected" the board of trustees
from our questions . . .
from our requests—

We got exactly
what we were requesting
not to get—
What students all over
were getting—
are getting—
the absurdity is beyond belief
but it only witnesses
the strategy of a militant nation—






KENTUCKY
STATE
POLICE

Imagine a response like this
to requests for peace
for peace at home
for peace on campus
for peace in Cambodia.
And what has happened
to communication
to people
to AMERIKA?

only disbelief—




U.S. ARMY





"We shall have to look after ourselves."
"And another thing. We can't have everybody talking at once. We'll have to have hands up like at school."
"Then I'll give him the conch."
"Conch?"
"That's what the shell's called. I'll give the conch to the next person to speak. He can hold it when he's speaking." Ralph waved the conch.
"Shut up! Wait! Listen!"
"I've got the conch," said Piggy indignantly, "You let me speak!"
"The conch doesn't count up on the mountain," said Jack, "so you shut up!"
"I've got the conch in my hand."
"Sit down!"
"Shut up!"
"Take the conch!"
"Shut up!"
Ralph shouted.
"Hear him! He's got the conch!"
There was a moment's struggle and the glimmering conch jigged up and down. Ralph leapt to his feet.
"Jack! Jack! You haven't got the conch! Let him speak."
"I'm chief. I was chosen."
"Piggy's got the conch."
"I had the conch," said Piggy simply, "I had the right to speak."
"How about us, Ralph?"
"You haven't got the conch. Here."
"I mean—how about us? Suppose the beast comes when you're all away. I can't see proper, and if I get scared—"
Jack broke in contemptuously.
"You're always scared."
"I got the conch—"
"Conch! Conch!" shouted Jack, "we don't need the conch anymore. We know who ought to say things. What good did Simon do speaking, or Bill, or Walter? It's time some people knew they've got to keep quiet and leave deciding things to the rest of us." Ralph could no longer ignore his speech. The blood was hot in his cheeks.
"You haven't got the conch," he said. "Sit down."

Lord of the Flies, Golding

Communication!

We have a BIG problem with communication— lack or failure of it— in HUMAN terms— it's very frustrating— and destroys any potential for unity— for peace . . .



This is the remains of one of the ROTC buildings on our campus. Who burned it—or why it burned we don't know.

Nation-wide protest over the war machine has changed during the past few years. There has been an increasing assault that ranged from boycotts on goods to destruction of related war materials. Middle Amerikans are feeling the same fears they felt in the 60's when there was a surge of Black and Civil Rights related assaults, only this time the assault is from their own sons and daughters—



It has been only five years since
the first draft card burnings . . .

Kentucky; Bill of Rights
Sec. 4.

All power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their peace, safety, happiness and the protection of property. For the advancement

of these ends, they have at all times an inalienable and indefensible right to alter, reform or abolish their government in such manner as they may deem proper.

Sec. 26.

To guard against transgressions of the high powers which we have delegated. WE DECLARE that every thing in this Bill of Rights is excepted out of the general powers of government, and shall forever remain inviolate; and all laws contrary thereto, or contrary to this Constitution, shall be void.

. . . the response the day after the burning



in the town newspaper—

U.K. CAMPUS
RIOTS!!

NOW ARE YOU

READY TO FIGHT

COMMUNISM??

Let's restore Americanism

and help keep America Strong

Join the

JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY

Write P. O. Box 7075

Lexington, Ky. 40502

"We are very much alive

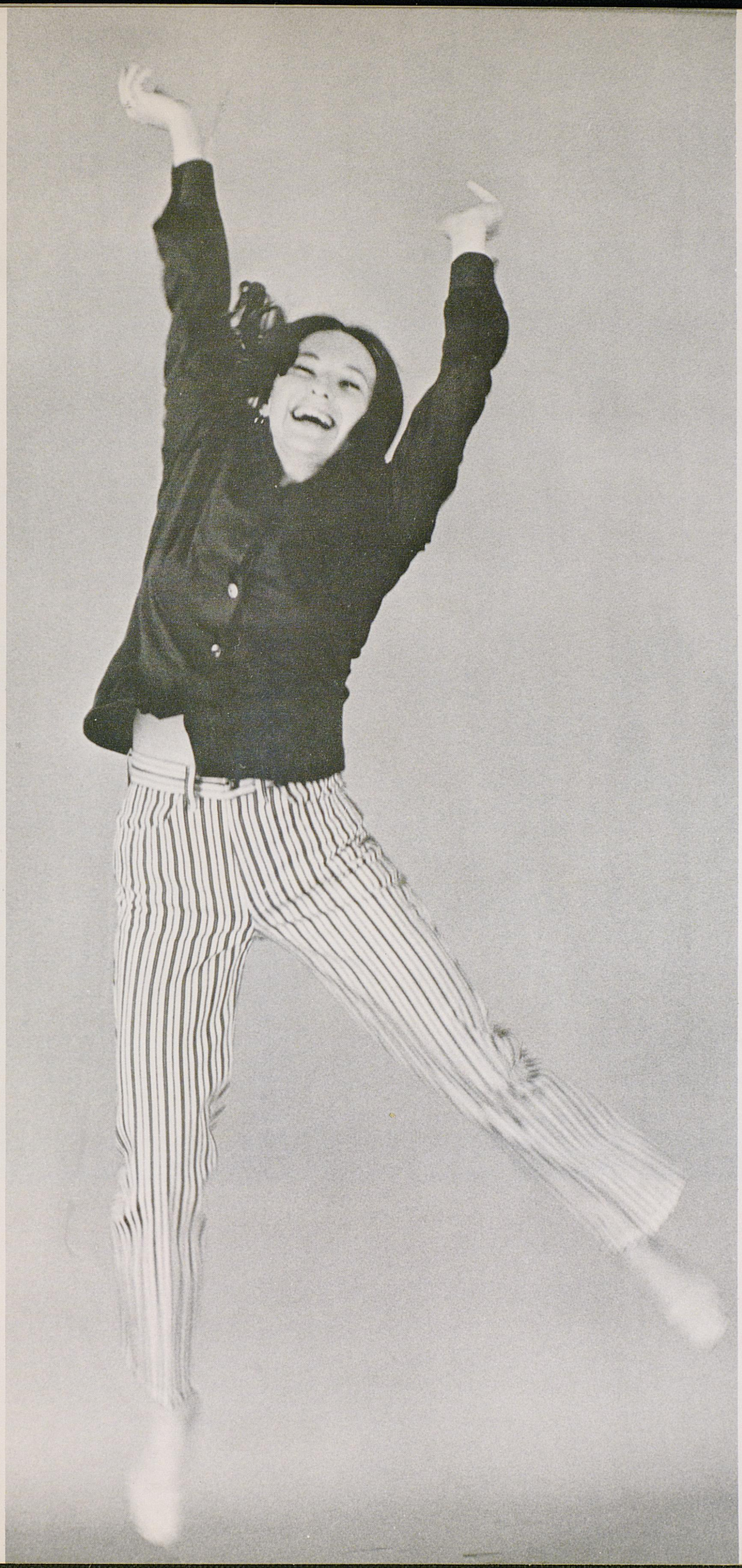
and well."







"YIP-pie! We're yippies!"



We kept meeting to try and pull something together. We were outraged by the war, the killings at Kent State, Jackson State College, and our own campus problems. The only way to change this incredible situation was to DO something about it—and before it was too late. We felt an incredible sense of urgency—the administration, however, was into the ritual of final week and apparently saw no reason to be alarmed by the national situation. They were more alarmed by us—and reacted hostiley. They "revoked" our constitutional right to assemble. They declared curfews. They called on local and state policemen who arrested and beat us. Our governor declared the campus in a state of emergency and called on 250 National Guard with live ammunition and fixed bayonets. They broke up our gatherings and chased us off campus. They guarded the campus from us, the students. Forced off the campus we marched in mass through the streets till we came to Transylvania College where the administration welcomed our peaceful assembly. The next night hundreds of us spent the night on the grounds of the Lexington Theological Seminary while the national guard held up their guns across the street from us. They were "guarding" the campus from us. At another time we were gassed and arrested for being on our campus. And conflicts continued for an incredible week—here—and all over the nation. It became clear that college students all over were not going to sit by while things continued. The whole nation finally began to feel the importance and power of student unrest in a new way.









some time ago it might have been a sign for victory . . .
now it's for peace





here is your reward! — and without warning the National Guard gassed us at a peaceful afternoon assembly — they released so much gas that patients in a nearby hospital were effected — they sprayed gas directly into faces. In the shuffle, one trooper broke his run to violently beat a speaker system with his club . . .
Whew . . .



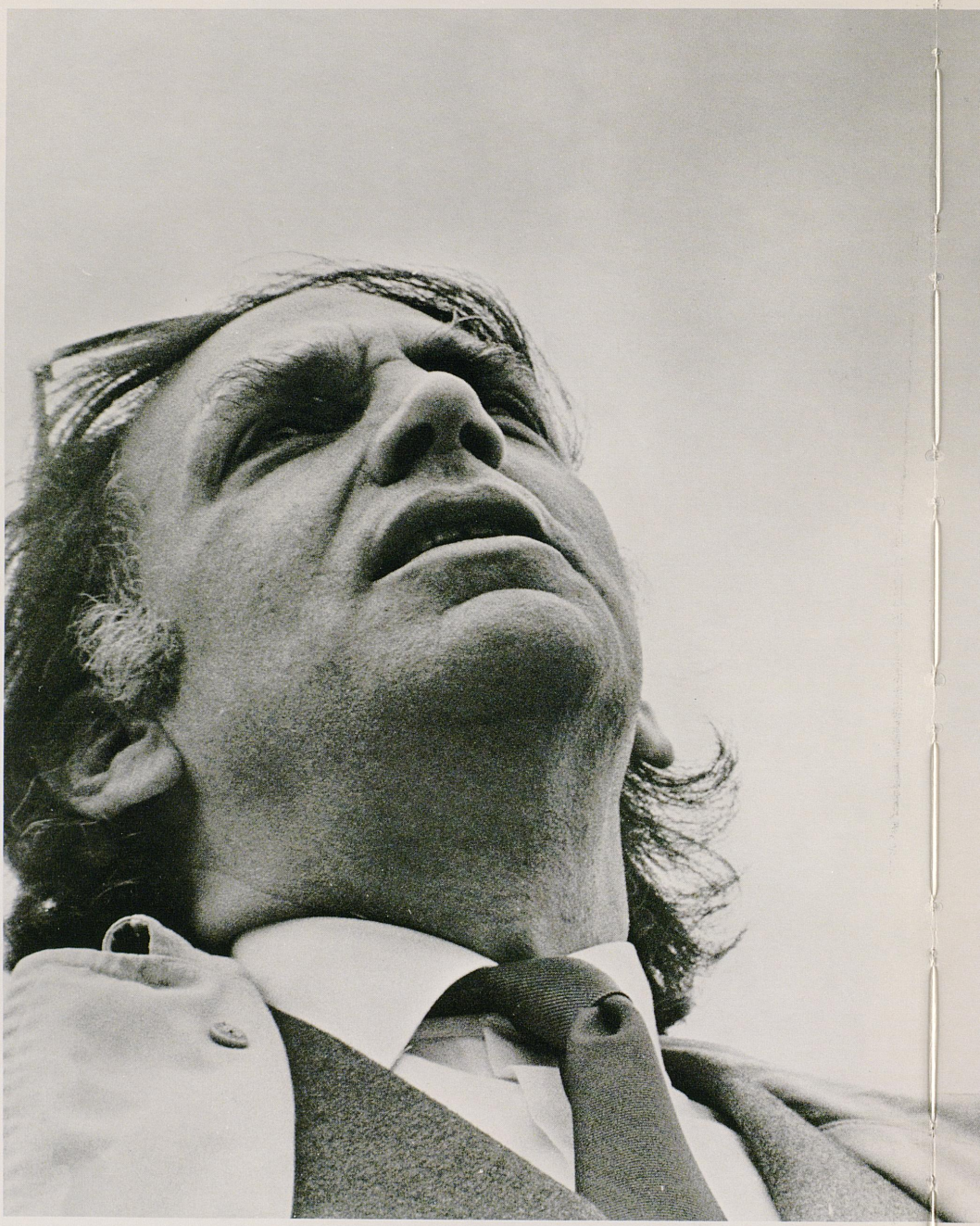
then came the trials . . .

and there are good people
into law over here—
Bob Sedler
Bill Allison
Ken Guido
and some students—
some students who pulled together
a summer program for Black pre-law students
some students who aren't AFRAID
to follow the dictates of their personal convictions—
some EFFETE SNOBS FOR PEACE!!



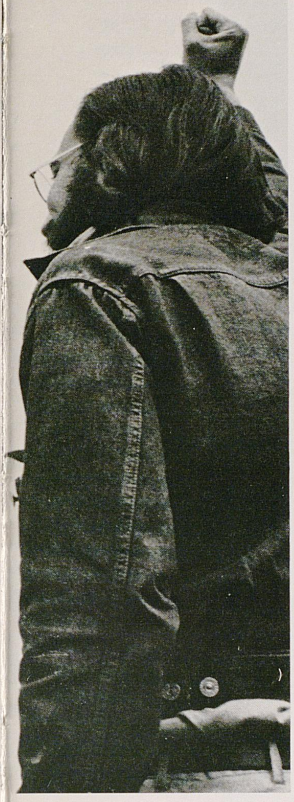

EFFETE SNOB
FOR PEACE

Bill Kunstler









We are in a resistance posture. This fist which I wouldn't have raised on any platform a year ago means resistance to illegitimate authority—it's a strange day for me to be 50 and a lawyer for 25 years and to raise a fist in front of a crowd.

I don't do it with the aplomb and the assurance that maybe I appear to, because I wonder why I'm doing it. And I guess I understand why I'm doing it—because I do think it is resistance now—and not protest. I think the 60's were the heyday of protest in the U.S.—when people marched and prayed-in and sat-in and waited-in. And there was the march on Washington. And we had battlefields like Albany, Georgia, St. Augustine, Birmingham, Jackson and so on. But those days are gone.

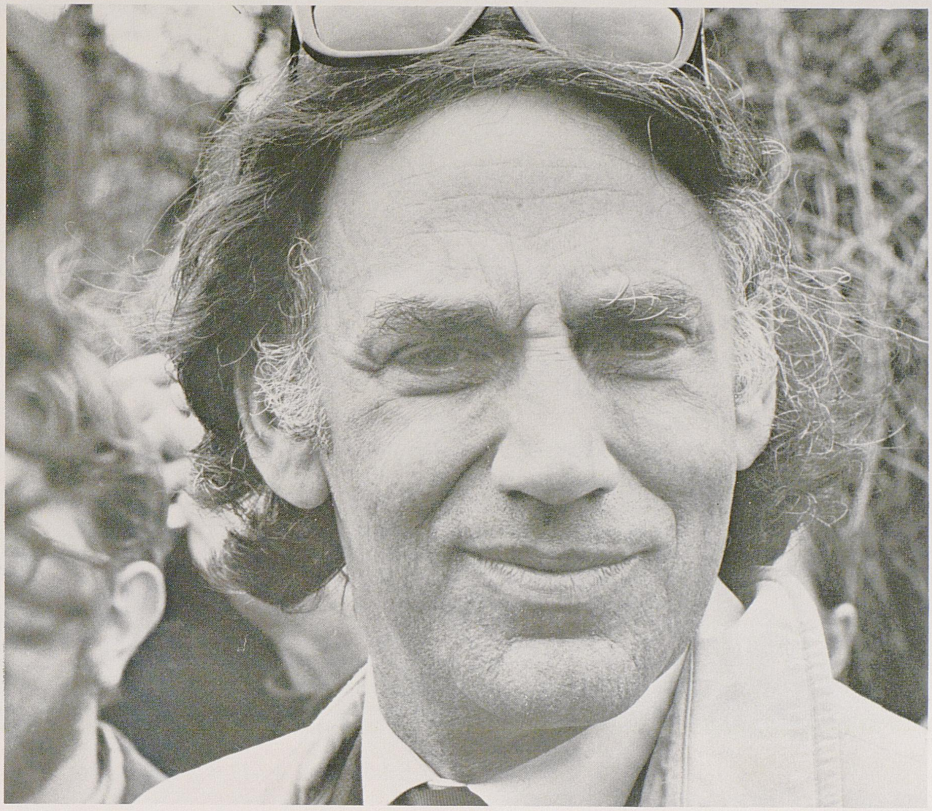
Bill Kunstler

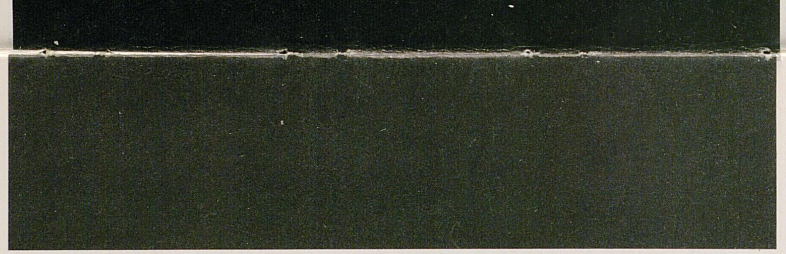
Among all the changes, all the revolution—the law and the lawyers are also becoming integrated into the totalness of humanity—into the essence of civil liberties—into the cause of the individual into an exciting involvement —The Constitution is being forced to life. People are applying artificial respiration to the smothered code. When someone gets busted for the words he spoke we run to the men in the black robes and scream "There is to be freedom of speech—and we will no longer settle for ANYTHING less."

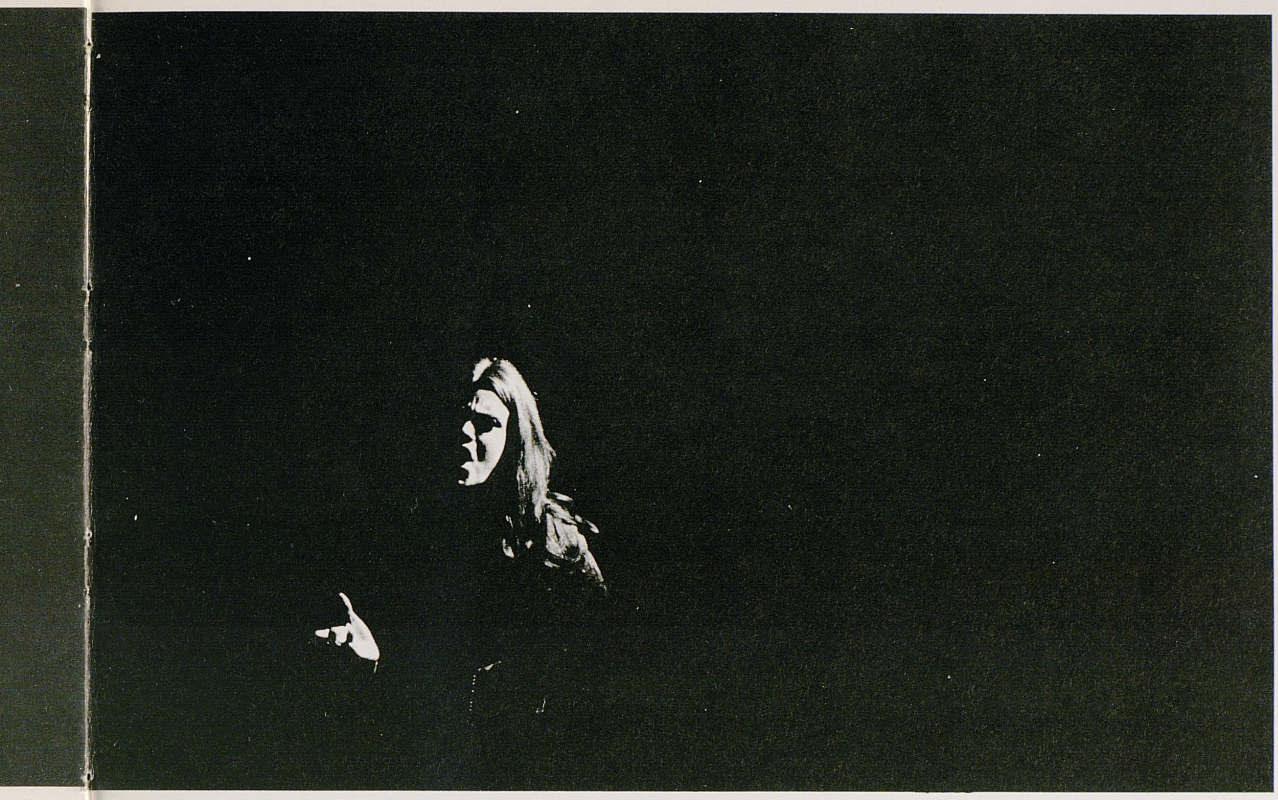
We will not compromise our freedoms any longer.

Kunstler has tied the theater of life into the courtroom—the realization that a poet or a culture has as much to do with the case in question as does a pile of specific facts about a specific event—

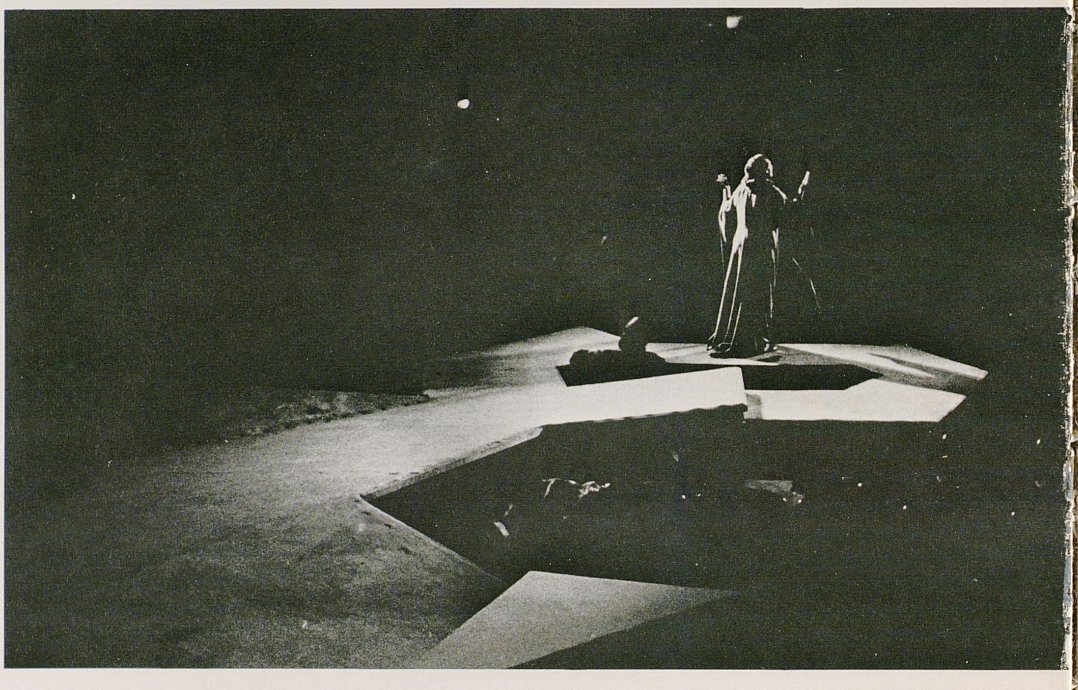
We are approaching the edges of understanding in wholistic terms—of seeing the interrelations and connections that exist in everything.







and perhaps the absurdity is so great
that the only thing that can be done is theater—





but the stages have changed . . .







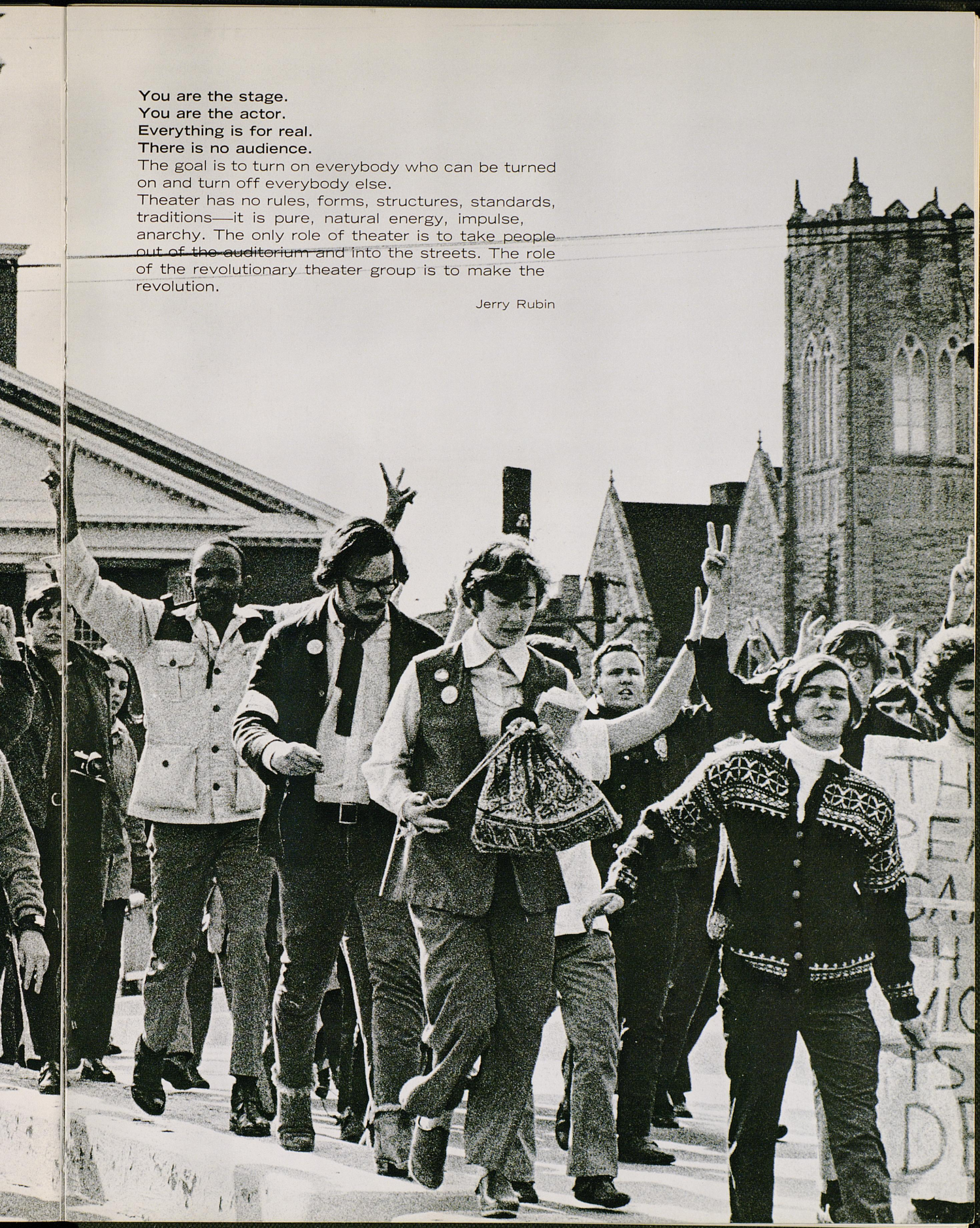
Guerrilla theater attempts to get into the real situation but is still staged—

THEATER?!!!
The streets are the real theater!



You are the stage.
You are the actor.
Everything is for real.
There is no audience.
The goal is to turn on everybody who can be turned on and turn off everybody else.
Theater has no rules, forms, structures, standards, traditions—it is pure, natural energy, impulse, anarchy. The only role of theater is to take people out of the auditorium and into the streets. The role of the revolutionary theater group is to make the revolution.

Jerry Rubin



Let me say, at the risk of seeming ridiculous, that the true revolutionary is guided by a great feeling of love.







RIGHT

ON!

This is the situation—
the land—
the people—
the problems—
and these are the people
who are going to have to deal with it . . .



Anna Abrams
Paul Acra
Betty Adams
Eldred Adams
William Adams
James Adkins
Betty Aebi
Barry Allen
Catherine Allen

Charles Allen
David Allen
Niesje Allen
Rebecca Allen
Susan Alves
Larry Anderson
Edgar Archer
Lee Ash
Beverly Ashcraft

James Asseff
Thomas Bacon
Catherine Baer
Allice Bailey
George Bakallis
Mary Bakallis
Brenda Baker
Donald Baker
Donna Baker

Richard Baldwin
Louis Ball
John Ballard
Bill Barnett
Elizabeth Barnett
Sandra Baron
Ronald Barrow
John Basham
Jack Bates

Robert Bathalter
Margaret Bault
Shelia Becker
Susan Bedrick
Peter Bell
William Benjamin
Randall Bentley
Richard Berchou
Robert Berg

Linda Berkley
Jean Best
Martha Bickett
Jane Bickford
Jane Bierley
Linda Bigerstaff
Douglas Billips
Judith Bishop
Don Blackburn

Alex Blaine
Kenneth Blake
Catherine Blakeman
Joanne Blanck
John Bland
Marvin Blanford
Mary Blanford
Cary Blankenship
Cheryl Blanton

Richard Bloyd
Woodie Bogie
Leslie Boggs
Lina Bond
Philip Borries
James Boswell
Jay Bowers
Ronald Boyle
Nicholas Brady

William Brady
Anna Brandner
James Brewer
Gary Brickler
Denny Briley
Jana Brizendine
John Broere
Louis Broghamer
Aubrey Brown



Catherine Brown
Leonard Brown
Patricia Brown
Ronald Brown
William Brown
William Brown
John Browning
Earl Bruce
Nancy Bruenderman

Randall Bruestle
Linda Brumleve
Betty Bryson
James Buhr
Pamela Burch
Alvan Burden
Dana Burke
Johnny Burkett
Ronnie Burkhead

Terry Burlew
Jesse Burron
George Busseni
Linda Byrum
Terrene Cable
Linda Caldwell
Patrick Callahan
John Campbell
Kay Campbell

William Campbell
Robert Cannon
Carol Capriccio
Ernie Carlisle
James Carmical
Lois Carpenter
Ben Carr
George Carruba
Jerry Carter

Steve Carter
Linda Carver
Robert Caskey
Lawrence Catlett
Suzanne Cecil
Jo-Jean Chandler
Carletta Chaney
John Chapman
Kenneth Chapman

William Chupil
Andrea Clark
Martha Clark
Nancy Clark
Elizabeth Clay
Angela Clifford
Paula Clifford
Roger Coffey
Tam Cohen

Patricia Cole
Paulette Cole
Jeanne Coleman
Lynn Collins
Judy Combest
Gary Combs
Dana Conkel
Ruth Conley
Marian Cook

Barbara Cooper
James Cooper
Robert Cooper
Lana Cooper
William Cooper
Dennis Cope
David Cornett
Paul Cornett
Jerome Costa

Gene Cox
Hubert Cox
Mitzi Coyle
Candace Cozine
Judith Craft
Betty Craig
Larry Cranfill
Cheryl Crawford
Nancy Crewe

Harold Crockett
Raymond Cross
Kathleen Crotty
Richard Crouch
Janet Crumbaker
Brenda Culley
Wallace Currans
Edith Curry
Sherry Daily

Norlean Danhauer
Byron Daniel
James Davenport
Gloria Davidson
Barbara Davis
Delbert Davis
Lois Davis
Paula Davis
Danny Day

Susan Dempsey
Tim Dievery
Philip Disney
Ivan Doane
Carroll Dotson
Penelope Douglas
William Douglas
Carolyn Downard
Susan Downard

Sandra Dozier
Sharon Drescher
Dennis Driver
Darrell Dudgeon
Don Duff
Benny Dukes
Arthur Duncan
Sarah Dunn
Carolyn Dunnavan

Len Duren
Donna Durham
Gary Earle
Janis Earle
Michael Earle
Rand Eikelberger
Sharan Eikelberger
Kathleen Eldridge
John Elliott

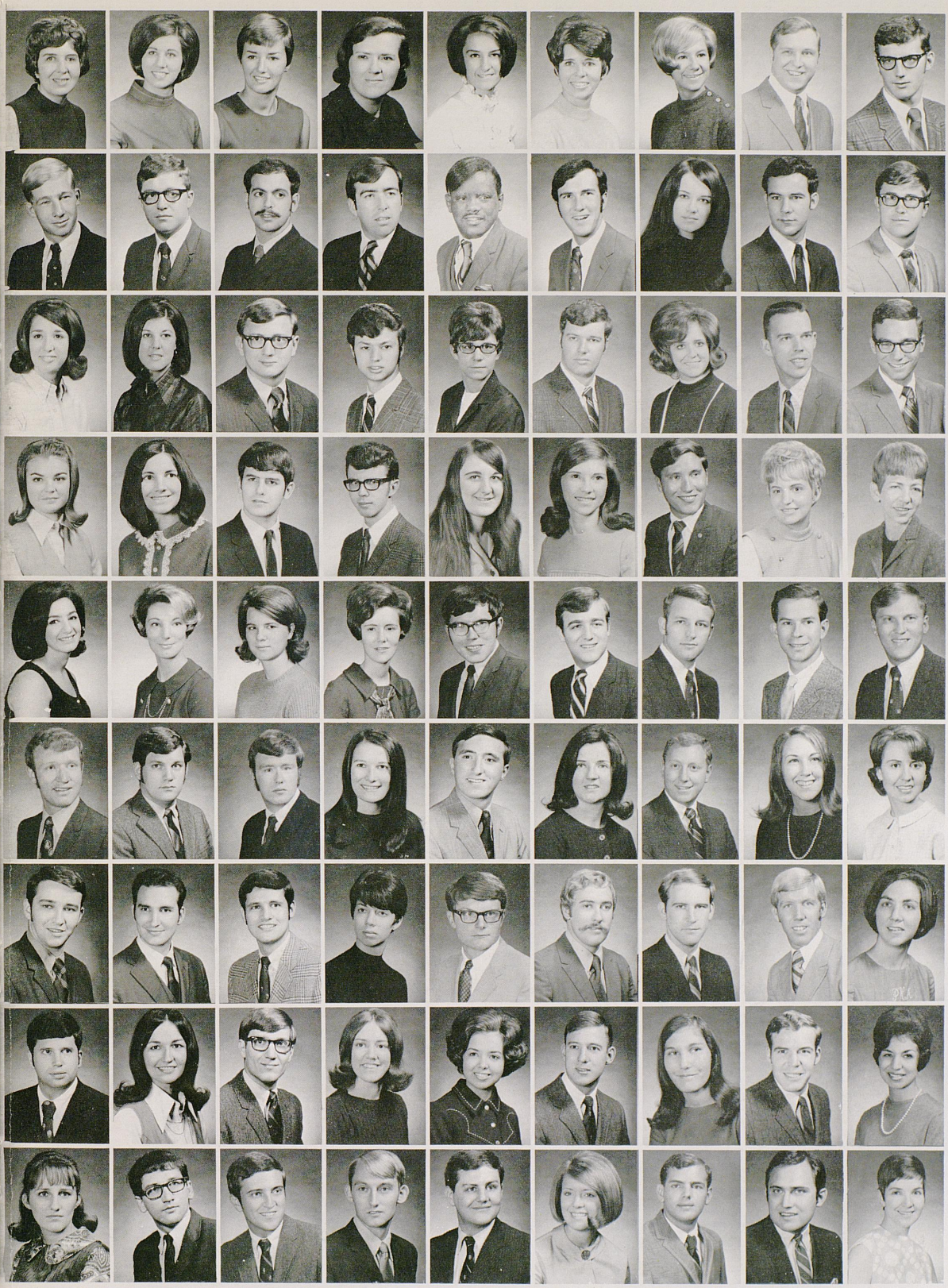
Sandra Elliott
Karen Ellis
Ann Emberger
June Emerson
Ann Enderly
Janice Engsberg
Betty Ensbock
Melody Fay
Barbara Feagan

Philip Feigel
Philip Feistritzer
William Felts
David Felty
James Feyko
Sandra Fieldon
Georgette Fields
John Fischer
William Fisher

Linda Fitzsimons
Dorcas Fleetwood
Richard Fleischer
Willis Floyd
Edwin Ford
James Foster
Cyrus Francisco
Robert Freppon
Kelsey Friend

Harold Fry
Mary Fry
Vernon Frykholm
Vicki Fudge
John Fuller
Tim Futrell
Sandra Gardner
Ezra Gash
Nancy Gatson





Martha Gee
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Linda Gehringer
Joyce Gex
Deedie Gibson
Mary Gibson
Linda Glore
Robert Godecker
Vernon Goetz

Richard Goodell
Timothy Grahl
Richard Grana
Stephen Gray
John Green
William Green
Patricia Greene
Daniel Griggs
Edward Grimes

Kathleen Grimm
Tanya Gritz
Charles Grizzle
Richard Guidi
Marie Gutjahr
Leonard Guy
Darliene Haley
Harold Haley
Basil Hall

Carolyn Hall
Nola Hall
Robert Hall
Thomas Hall
Mary Halpin
Kathleen Hamfeldt
Larry Hamfeldt
Rita Hamilton
Martha Hankins

Noel Hanna
Dianne Harberson
Sherry Harmon
Martha Harney
Kenneth Harper
Ernest Harris
Harold Harrison
Robert Harrison
Lloyd Hart

Louis Haskell
William Hatcher
William Hauser
Dorothy Hawn
Michael Hayes
Mary Heffner
Cove Heilbronner
Cheryl Hendren
Mary Henderson

William Herndon
Roger Herron
Robert Hewett
Priscilla Hibberd
Stephen Hibbitts
Dana Hicks
Charles Hill
Charles Holbrook
Patricia Holcombe

David Holladay
Sharon Holland
David Holmes
Donna Honaker
Teresa Hopson
Jack Horn
Shirley Horstman
John Horton
Julie Houchin

Shirley House
Terry House
Joe Howell
Thomas Huchaby
Robert Huebener
Mary Hughes
Robert Hughes
Charles Hunter
Doralyn Hurt



William Hurt
Michael Hurter
Lonnie Ingram
Yvonne Isaacs
Judith Irvin
Stephen Jackson
Thelma Jackson
William Jacobs
Bonnie Jarvis

Brenda Jenkins
George Jepson
James Jobe
Dian Johnson
Lary Jones
Martha Jones
Robert Jones
William Jones
Elizabeth Joseph

Nicholas Jurich
James Kastner
Linda Kayser
Kenneth Keeling
William Kelley
Paul Kelly
Geraldine Kemper
Kenneth Kennedy
Martha Kesheimer

Betty King
Robert King
Karlene Kipping
Mary Kirtley
Robert Kirtley
Carol Knott
Thomas Knott
Jerry Korfhage
Stephen Krentz

John Kriener
Ronald Kurtz
Patricia Lackey
Beverly Lacy
Dave Lairson
Anne LaMaster
Paul Lamb
Russell Lampe
Robert Lane

Lynn Langel
Ann Lassiter
Linda Lawson
Frank Ledford
Virginia Lee
Gerard Legere
Linda LeMarr
Ann Lewis
Clarence Lewis

Daryl Lewis
Howard Lewis
Joe Lewis
John Lieberman
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Stanley Lockett

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Darlie Lykins
Wallace MacGregor
Deborah Magan
Kathleen Magee
Judy Maggard
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Ronald Major

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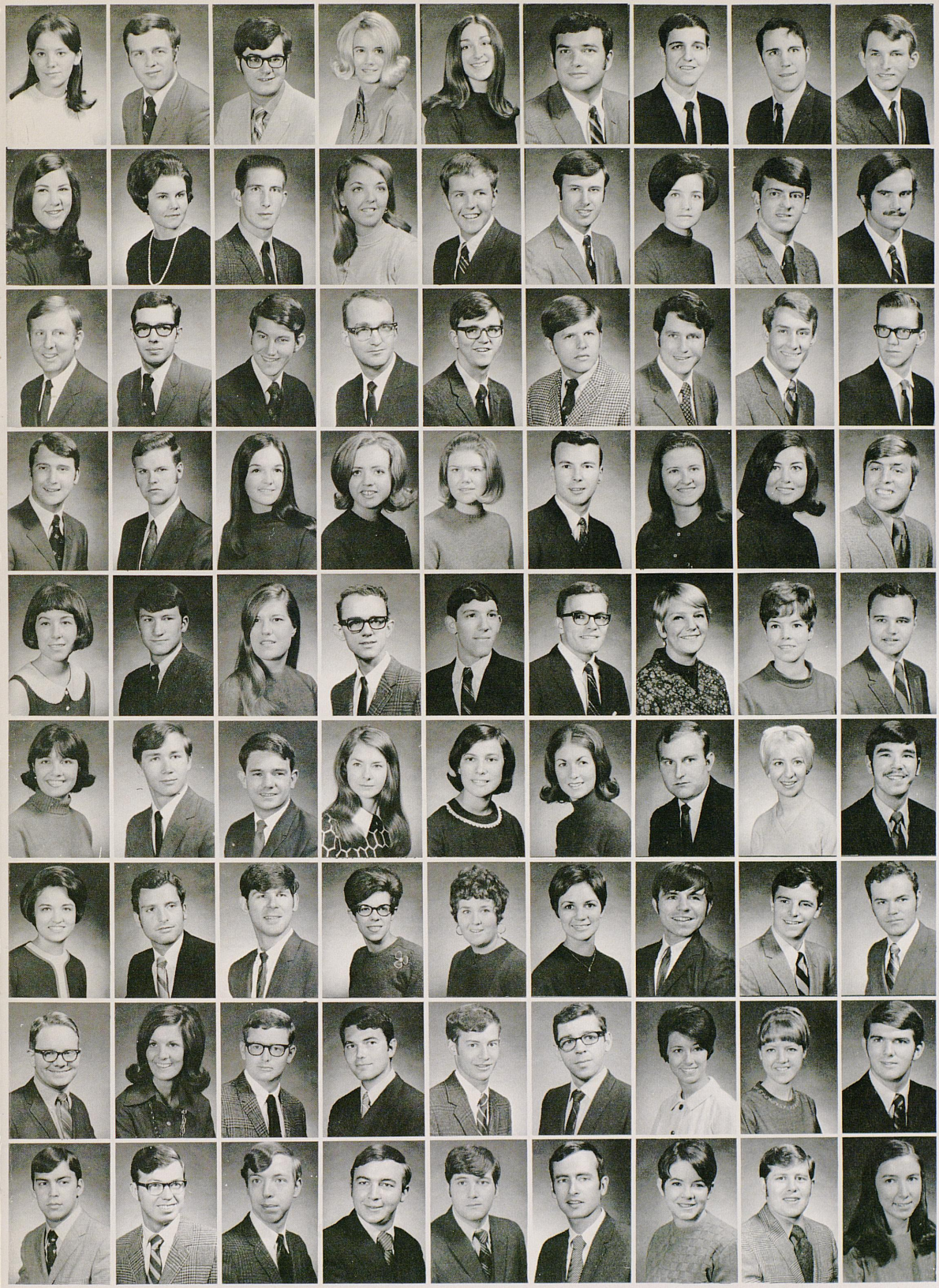
Mary Martin
Robert Martin
Richard Marting
Pamela Marzetti
Donna Mason



LuAnn Mattone
Edward Mayer
Barry Mayfield
Nancy Mayo
Patricia Mawhorter
James McCarthy
Jimmy McClanahan
Kenneth McClanahan
Allen McClaskey

Elaine McCormick
Marc McDaniel
Donald McDonald
Hollie McDowell
James McElroy
James McGregor
Stella McIntosh
Herbert McKee
Arthur McLean

David McLellan
Claude Meers
Kimbel Miller
Christopher Miller
James Miller
James Miller
Winston Miller
Paul Mitchell
Ronald Monson

Allen Montgomery
Richard Montgomery
Susan Montgomery
Frances Moore
Jerelia Moore
John Moore
Susan Moore
Lois Moores
Danny Moreland

Lillie Morris
Robert Morris
Lucy Morrow
James Moses
Marvin Moskowitz
Phillip Moss
Ellen Mott
Linda Mudd
Daniel Mueller

Kathy Mueller
Ronald Mueller
John Mullins
Patricia Napier
Karen Navarin
Marsha Nestor
Donald Newman
Nancy Nielsen
Gary Noll

Martha Noll
David Norat
James Norris
Brenda Nostrant
Anna Nuckols
Janet Nugent
Dennis Ochs
Richard O'Connor
Steven Osborne

William Overstreet
Jeannie Owen
Harold Owens
Robert Palmer
Kenneth Palmgreen
Victor Para
Naomi Parker
Cheryl Parks
Roger Parks

John Patterson
Fred Payne
Michael Payne
Glen Peace
Thomas Pepitone
Stephen Pennington
Peggy Percefull
Morris Percifield
Carole Petrey

Joan Petrokubi
David Peyton
Phyllis Peyton
Betty Phelps
William Pile
Stephen Plenge
Timothy Polk
Julia Pollard
Babara Poole

Gary Poole
Teresa Poole
Thomas Post
Patricia Powers
Charles Prewitt
Elaine Prewitt
Carol Price
William Price
Owen Pruden

Alice Rabuck
Richard Raderer
Francis Raine
Maureeda Raleigh
Lawrence Ray
Rose Ray
Pamela Raymer
Linda Redd
Jerome Redden

Gelena Reed
Jane Reeves
Jeanne Regnier
Delores Reichenbach
Felix Reynolds
John Reynolds
Anne Rice
Ronald Rice
Charlotte Richardson

James Riggs
Barbara Rinehart
James Ringo
Marion Rison
William Ritchie
JoAnne Roberts
Ronald Roberts
James Robinette
George Robinson

Jane Robinson
Patricia Rogers
Shelia Rose
Rosalee Roy
David Royse
Deborah Rudolph
Susan Rueff
Leonard Rush
Carlene Russell

Lawrence Russell
Ralph Russell
John Rutledge
Edward Rychtarik
Frank Salisbury
Sue Salmon
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Darryl Sauer
Laura Sauer

Karen Schalk
James Schier
Sandra Schierberg
Nancye Schmetzer
Jerome Schmitz
Diana Schneider
Harry Schornberg
Wilfrid Schroder
Charles Scroggin

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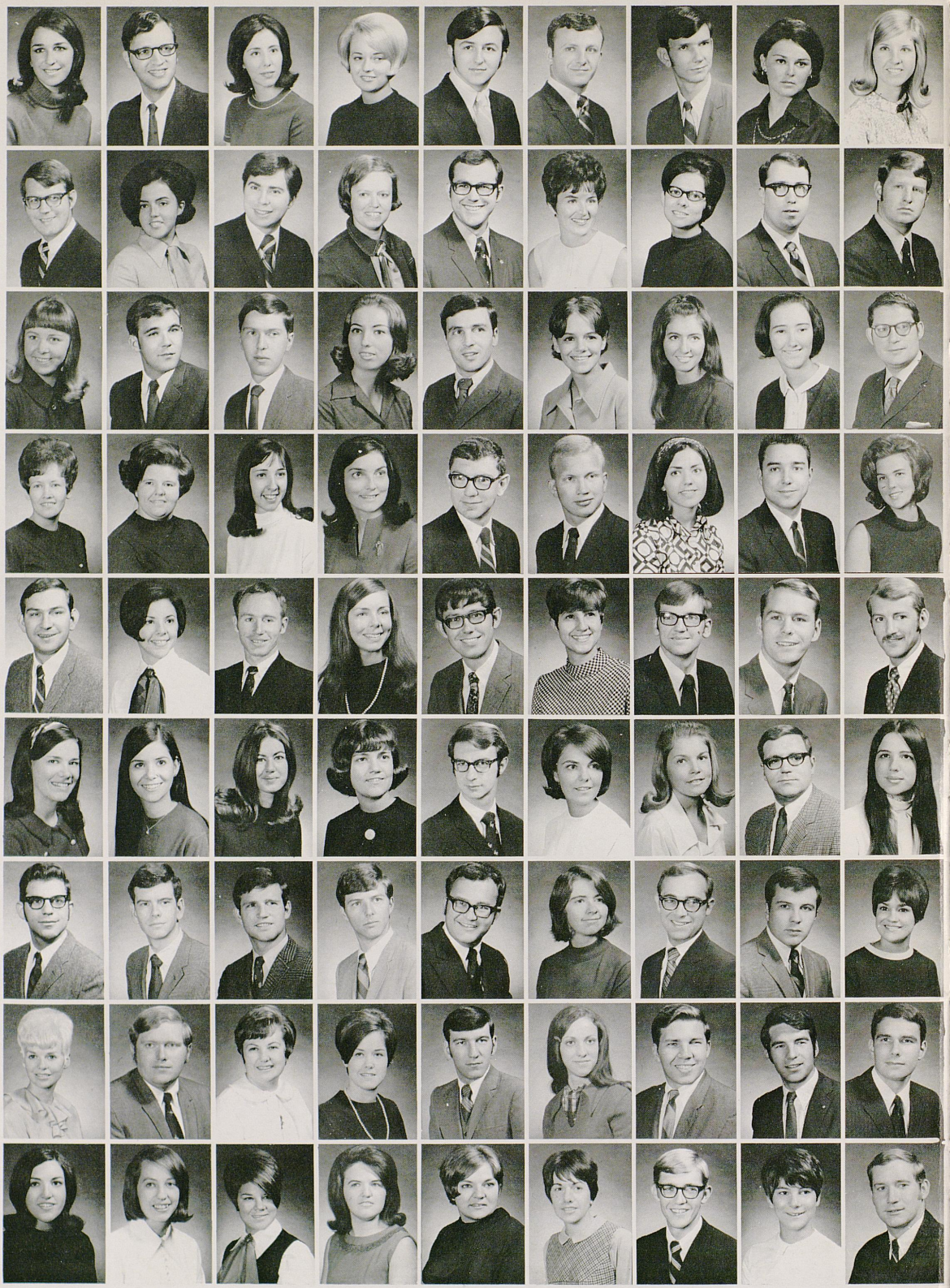
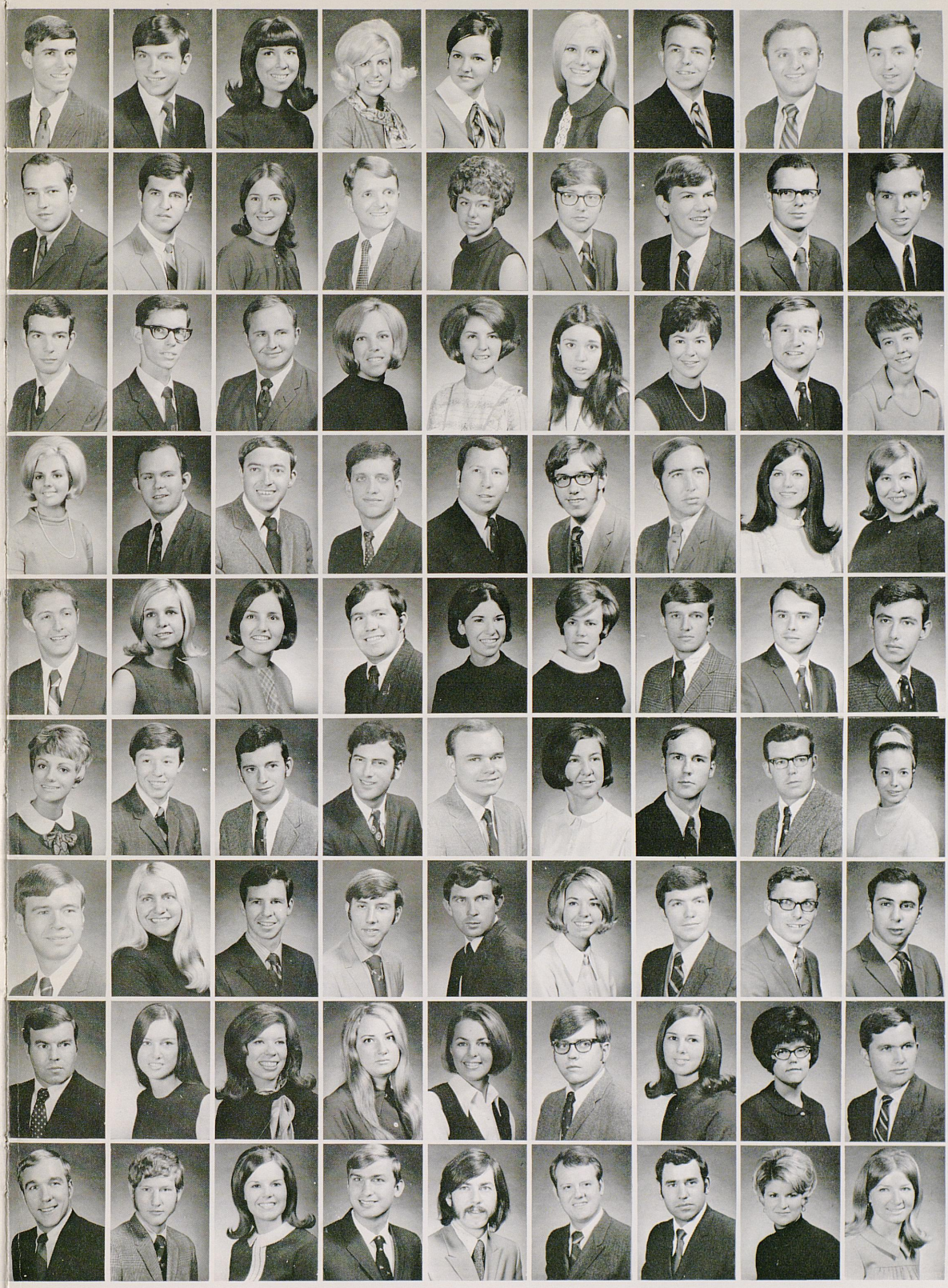
Louise Sethmann
Margaret Setzer
William Seymour
Sarah Shadle
Richard Shafer





Charles Shaffer
Gary Shemwell
Linda Sheperson
Melinda Shields
Sarah Shiver
Linda Shockey
Raymond Shuman
Saliba Shunnara
Victor Simi

George Simons
Alvah Skaggs
Shirley Skellenger
James Skinner
Margaret Slack
John Smau
Kenneth Smith
Larry Smith
Prentice Smith

Ronald Smith
Roy Smith
Sherrill Smith
Susan Smith
Diane Soltess
Alexandra Soteriou
Gale Spandorf
Herbert Sparks
Shelia Spickard

Pamela Spies
William Stacey
James Stallard
James Staton
Warren Steil
Walter Steinmann
Dana Stephens
Andrea Stevens
Vicki Steward

Eugene Stewart
Pamela Stewart
Roberta Stinson
William Stinson
Jane Stoer
Constance Stout
William Strait
Ronald Struve
Dennis Stuckey

Joan Stumbo
Michael Stump
Jerome Stykes
Jan Sumner
Bruce Survant
Glenda Sutton
Terry Sutton
Frank Tanner
Nancy Tanner

Bernard Tamme
Ann Tarpine
John Tarr
James Tarter
Ronald Taylor
Sandra Taylor
William Taylor
Howard Teater
Robert Telfeyan

Joseph Ternes
Charlotte Tharp
Linda Thomas
Vickie Thomason
Deborah Thompson
James Thompson
Patsy Thompson
Phyllis Thompson
Thomas Thompson

William Thompson
Christian Thorup
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Gary Wagers
Donald Waggener
Larry Wakefield
Rudiger Waldner

Reuben Walker
Daniel Wallen
Della Wallen
Linda Wallen
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Stephen Walker
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Catherine Baer
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George Bakallis





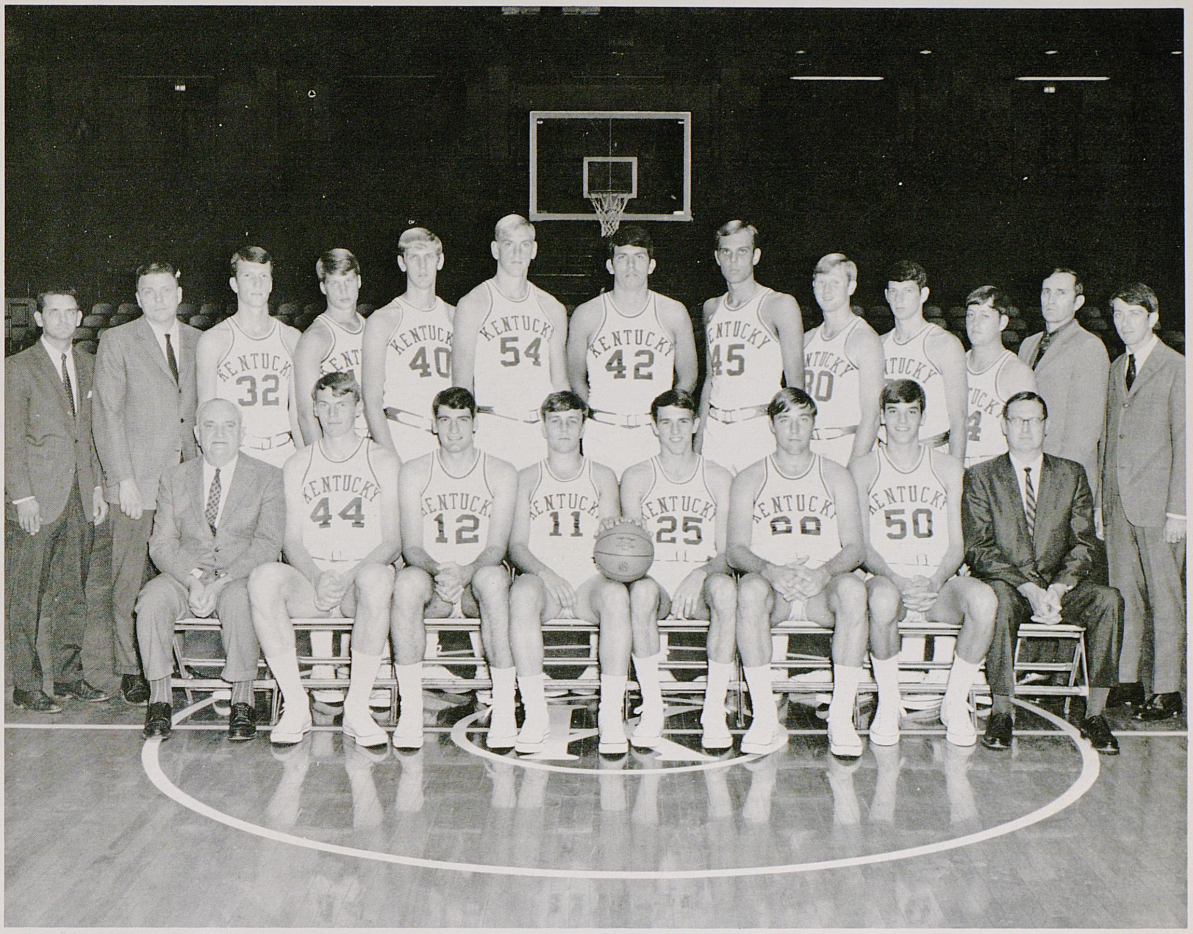
Who are going to have to deal with it . . .

(advertisements of sorts)



Student Athletic Committee—Nanette Mershow, Donna Baker, Gale Phillips, Helga Skonberg, Scott Wilson, James Richardson, William Shores, Roger C. White, Mark Lane.

Rip off along dotted line



University of Kentucky Basketball Squad—Coach Adolph F. Rupp, Dan Issel, Tom Parker, Bob McCowan, Larry Steele, Mike Pratt, Randy Noll, assistant coach Joe B. Hall. Standing—assistant Dick Parsons, trainer Claude Vaughan, Kent Hollenbeck, Jim Dinwiddie, Clint Wheeler, Art Laib, Randy Pool, Mark Soderberg, Stan Key, Terry Mills, Bill Busey, assistant T. L. Plain, manager Doug Billips.

Rip off along dotted line



Front — Dale Balsom. Row 1 — Betsy Welch, Barbara Wells, Karen Reed, Cyb Barnstable, Janet Cannon, Amy Bondurant. Row 2 — Sandi McSpadden, Judy Thomason, Cathy Allen, Debora Maupsn, Michelle Hue, Paulette Avery, Donna Baber, Wayne Dees.

Angel Flight



Rip off along dotted line



Row 1 — Joseph Yanek, Wayne Dees, Commander R. Bruce Telfeyan, Robert Cooper, Albert Scruggs. Row 2 — Carl Hollbrook, Martin Moreman, Roger White, Larry Rogus, Robert Jones, Kenny Hamm. Row 3 — Captain Jim Rash, David Vietor, David Campbell, Stephen Spencer, Chester Stevens, Charles Krinz.



Arnold Air Society

Rip off along dotted line



Army ROTC Sponsors—Peggy Kennedy, Susan Wachs, Debbie Rogan, Leigh Bryant, Tevis Wright, Pam Price, Nancy Martin.

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Kentucky Babes





Rip off along dotted line



Troopers



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Chi Epsilon



Panhellenic Council — Mary Birtram, Pat Faraci, Vicki Fudge, Carol Hamilton, Lynn Hayes, Kate Elliston, Terry Boyd, Becky Driesler, Susan Camenisch, Bev Laisl, Sylvia Thyen, Terry Miller.

Rip off along dotted line



Cosmopolitan Club — Front — Viraphone Choochunklin, Afli Haji Omar, Alfonso del Fierro, Sayan Singholka, Ron Lambert, Susy Foley, Jack Clarkson. Standing — Analy Scorsone. Seated — Mary Taylor, Djiem So, Nick Rice, Christine Garrigues, Jake Karnes, Noel Hanna, Alan Warne, Osmin del Cid, Jan Hall, Jane Powachana, Leon Smothers.

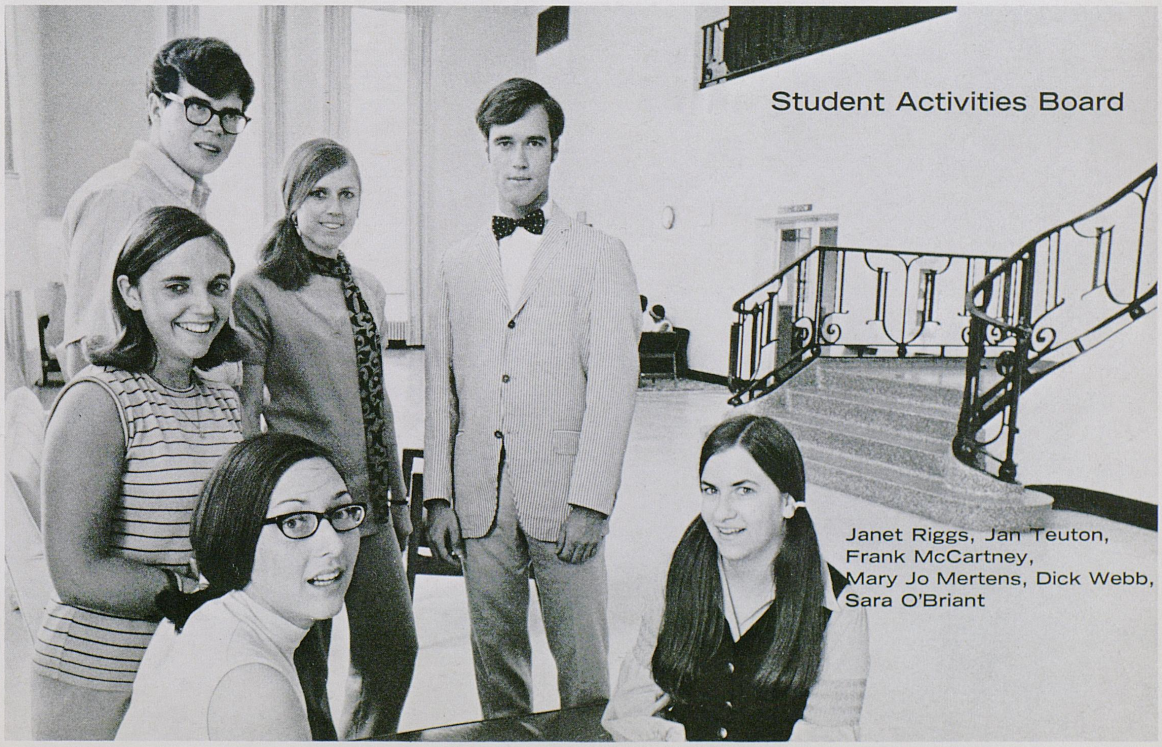


Black Student Union Cherry Swint BSU Queen

Rip off along dotted line



Student Center Board — Leigh Fleming, Woodford Reynolds, Susan Grimsley, Betty Southard, Frank Harris, Gary Eblen, Robin Lowry, Tony Smith, Jack Day, Mike McNulty, Sharon Ramsey, Gene Warren.



Student Activities Board

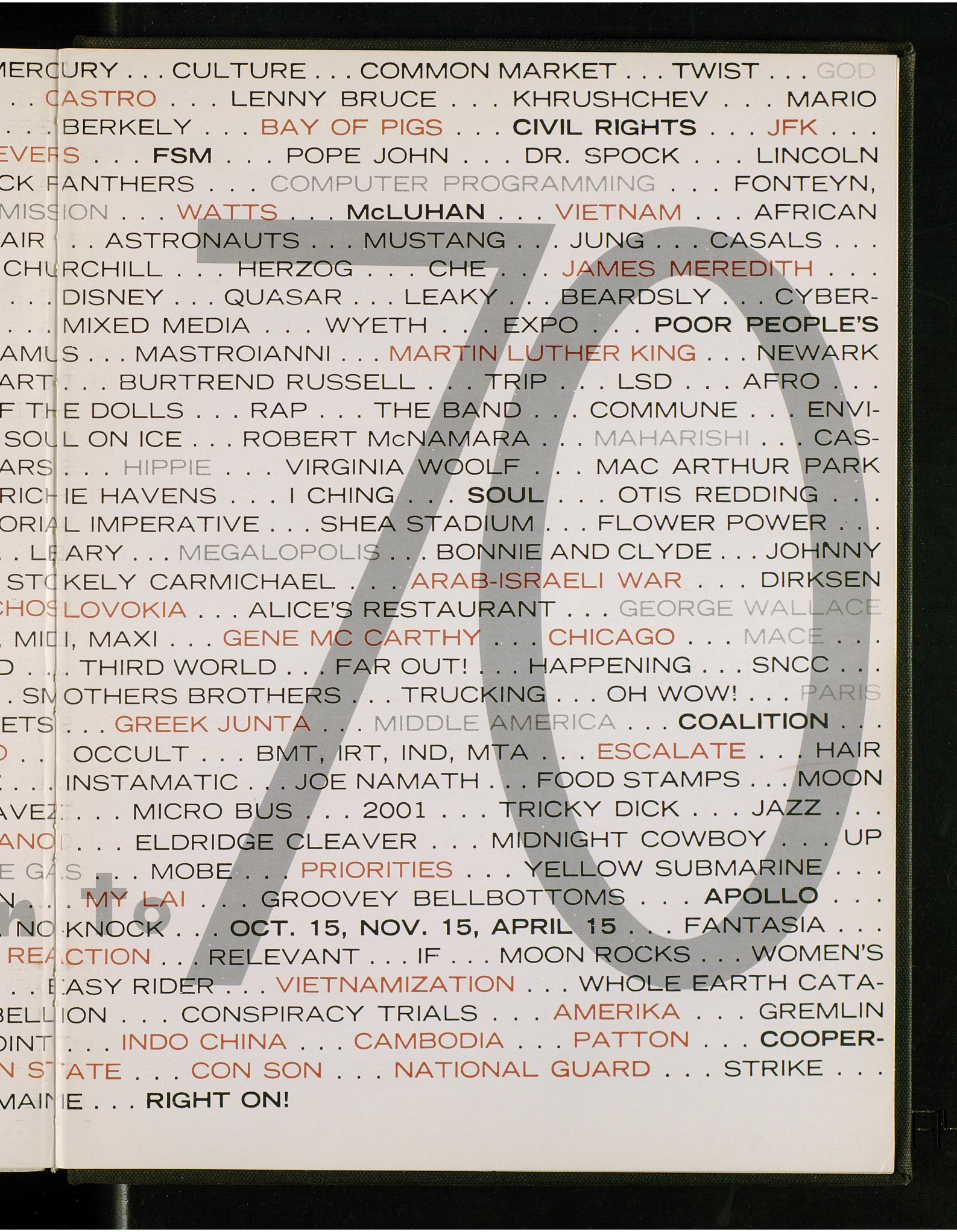
Janet Riggs, Jan Teuton, Frank McCartney, Mary Jo Mertens, Dick Webb, Sara O'Briant

Rip off along dotted line

This
incredibly
has all been a part of it too . . .

TV . . . NEW MATH . . . ELECTRONICS . . . **DYLAN** . . . MERCU
IS DEAD . . . DIETS . . . I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND . . . CA
SAVIO . . . PEACE CORPS . . . ECUMENICAL COUNCIL . . . B
CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS . . . JOAN BAEZ . . . MEDGER EVER
CENTER . . . CREDIT CARDS . . . MALCOLM X . . . BLACK PA
NUREYEV . . . CONGO . . . U THANT . . . WARREN COMMISSIO
GENISIS . . . FALLOUT SHELTERS . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR
RACHEL CARSON . . . JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU . . . CHU
MEDICARE . . . VIDEO-TAPE . . . TOLKIEN . . . WARHOL . . . D
NETICS . . . ASSASSINATION . . . LBJ/HHH . . . NADER . . . M
MARCH . . . BLOW-UP . . . JANIS JOPLIN . . . ALBERT CAMUS
. . . CONCRETE POETRY . . . HALLUCINOGENIC . . . OP ART
MOOG SYNTHESIZER . . . PSYCHEDELIC . . . VALLEY OF THE
RONMENT . . . HEAVY . . . JEFFERSON AIRPLANE . . . SOUL
SETTE . . . DISCOTHEQUE . . . BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS
. . . LINDSAY . . . H. RAP BROWN . . . LIGHT SHOW . . . RICHIE
BERGMAN . . . THE GRADUATE . . . GURU . . . TERRITORIAL
DDT . . . HOROSCOPE . . . HEALTH FOOD . . . BIAFRA . . . LE A
CASH . . . BERNADETTE DEVLIN . . . MEDITATION . . . STOK
. . . ARLO GUTHRIE . . . NAPALM . . . TINY TIM . . . CZECHOSLO
. . . MAO . . . **GOD IS ALIVE** . . . RFK . . . GRASS . . . MINI, MIDI,
FREE PRESS(?) . . . MAYOR DALEY . . . UNDERGROUND . . .
COLUMBIA . . . MARK RUDD . . . **BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL** . . . SMO
TALKS . . . MAFIA . . . SPEED . . . WEATHERMEN . . . METS
CO . . . ENCOUNTER GROUP . . . LAUGH-IN . . . PUEBLO . . .
. . . JOHN AND YOKO . . . AGE OF AQUARIUS . . . **YIPPIE** . . . IN
. . . GULF OF TONKIN . . . BOYCOTT GRAPES . . . CHAVEZ
GEMINI . . . MEKONG DELTA . . . TRANSPLANT . . . HANOI
AGAINST THE WALL . . . JEAN-LUC GODARD . . . NERVE GAS
WOODSTOCK . . . CYCLAMATES . . . URBAN COALITION . . .
ECOLOGY . . . POLLUTION . . . OVER POPULATION . . . NO-K
ZPG . . . **MORATORIUM** . . . PROTRACTED PROTECTIVE REAC
LIB . . . GUERRILLA THEATER . . . BLACK PANTHERS . . . BA
LOGUE . . . DO IT! . . . KUNSTLER . . . POINTS OF REBELLIO
. . . MOVEMENT . . . EFFETE SNOBS . . . ZABRISKIE POINT
CHURCH AMENDMENT . . . KENT STATE . . . JACKSON STA
SCREAMING YELLOW ZONKERS . . . SATYRICON . . . MAINE

McLUHAN . . .


MERCURY . . . CULTURE . . . COMMON MARKET . . . TWIST . . . GOD
. . . CASTRO . . . LENNY BRUCE . . . KHRUSHCHEV . . . MARIO
. . . BERKELY . . . BAY OF PIGS . . . CIVIL RIGHTS . . . JFK . . .
EVERS . . . FSM . . . POPE JOHN . . . DR. SPOCK . . . LINCOLN
CK PANTHERS . . . COMPUTER PROGRAMMING . . . FONTEYN,
MISSION . . . WATTS . . . McLUHAN . . . VIETNAM . . . AFRICAN
AIR . . . ASTRONAUTS . . . MUSTANG . . . JUNG . . . CASALS . . .
CHURCHILL . . . HERZOG . . . CHE . . . JAMES MEREDITH . . .
. . . DISNEY . . . QUASAR . . . LEAKY . . . BEARDSLY . . . CYBER-
. . . MIXED MEDIA . . . WYETH . . . EXPO . . . POOR PEOPLE'S
AMUS . . . MASTROIANNI . . . MARTIN LUTHER KING . . . NEWARK
ART . . . BURTREND RUSSELL . . . TRIP . . . LSD . . . AFRO . . .
F THE DOLLS . . . RAP . . . THE BAND . . . COMMUNE . . . ENVI-
SOUL ON ICE . . . ROBERT McNAMARA . . . MAHARISHI . . . CAS-
ARS . . . HIPPIE . . . VIRGINIA WOOLF . . . MAC ARTHUR PARK
RICHIE HAVENS . . . I CHING . . . SOUL . . . OTIS REDDING . . .
ORIAL IMPERATIVE . . . SHEA STADIUM . . . FLOWER POWER . . .
. . LEARY . . . MEGALOPOLIS . . . BONNIE AND CLYDE . . . JOHNNY
STOKELY CARMICHAEL . . . ARAB-ISRAELI WAR . . . DIRKSEN
CHOSLOVOKIA . . . ALICE'S RESTAURANT . . . GEORGE WALLACE
, MIDI, MAXI . . . GENE MC CARTHY . . . CHICAGO . . . MACE . . .
D . . . THIRD WORLD . . . FAR OUT! . . . HAPPENING . . . SNCC . . .
. SMOTHERS BROTHERS . . . TRUCKING . . . OH WOW! . . . PARIS
ETS . . . GREEK JUNTA . . . MIDDLE AMERICA . . . COALITION . . .
O . . . OCCULT . . . BMT, IRT, IND, MTA . . . ESCALATE . . . HAIR
. . . INSTAMATIC . . . JOE NAMATH . . . FOOD STAMPS . . . MOON
AVEZ . . . MICRO BUS . . . 2001 . . . TRICKY DICK . . . JAZZ . . .
ANOI . . . ELDRIDGE CLEAVER . . . MIDNIGHT COWBOY . . . UP
E GAS . . . MOBE . . . PRIORITIES . . . YELLOW SUBMARINE . . .
N . . . MY LAI . . . GROOVEY BELLBOTTOMS . . . APOLLO . . .
. NO KNOCK . . . OCT. 15, NOV. 15, APRIL 15 . . . FANTASIA . . .
REACTION . . . RELEVANT . . . IF . . . MOON ROCKS . . . WOMEN'S
. . . EASY RIDER . . . VIETNAMIZATION . . . WHOLE EARTH CATA-
BELLION . . . CONSPIRACY TRIALS . . . AMERIKA . . . GREMLIN
OINT . . . INDO CHINA . . . CAMBODIA . . . PATTON . . . COOPER-
N STATE . . . CON SON . . . NATIONAL GUARD . . . STRIKE . . .
MAINE . . . RIGHT ON!
70

in relation to all this,
from the Book of Changes—

47. K'un / Oppression (Exhaustion)

above TUI THE JOYOUS, LAKE
below K'AN THE ABYSMAL, WATER

The lake is above, water below; the lake is empty, dried up. Exhaustion is expressed in yet another way: at the top, a dark line is holding down two light lines; below, a light line is hemmed in between two dark ones. The upper trigram belongs to the principle of darkness, the lower to the principle of light. Thus everywhere superior men are oppressed and held in restraint by inferior men.

THE JUDGMENT

OPPRESSION. Success. Perseverance.

The great man brings about good fortune.

No blame.

When one has something to say,

It is not believed.

Times of adversity are the reverse of times of success, but they can lead to success if they befall the right man. When a strong man meets with adversity, he remains cheerful despite all danger, and this cheerfulness is the source of later successes; it is that stability which is stronger than fate. He who lets his spirit be broken by exhaustion certainly has no success. But if adversity only bends a man, it creates in him a power to react that is bound in time to manifest itself. No inferior man is capable of this. Only the great man brings about good fortune and remains blameless. It is true that for the time being outward influence is denied him, because his words have no effect. Therefore in times of adversity it is important to be strong within and sparing of words.

into . . .

58. Tui / The Joyous, Lake

above TUI THE JOYOUS, LAKE
below TUI THE JOYOUS, LAKE

This hexagram, like Sun, is one of the eight formed by doubling of a trigram. The trigram Tui denotes the youngest daughter; it is symbolized by the smiling lake, and its attribute is joyousness. Contrary to appearances, it is not the yielding quality of the top line that accounts for joy here. The attribute of the yielding or dark principle is not joy but melancholy. However, joy is indicated by the fact that there are two strong lines within, expressing themselves through the medium of gentleness.
True joy, therefore, rests on firmness and strength within, manifesting itself outwardly as yielding and gentle.

THE JUDGMENT

THE JOYOUS. Success.
Perseverance is favorable.

The joyous mood is infectious and therefore brings success. But joy must be based on steadfastness if it is not to degenerate into uncontrolled mirth. Truth and strength must dwell in the heart, while gentleness reveals itself in social intercourse. In this way one assumes the right attitude toward God and man and achieves something. Under certain conditions, intimidation without gentleness may achieve something momentarily, but not for all time. When, on the other hand, the hearts of men are won by friendliness, they are led to take all hardships upon themselves willingly, and if need be will not shun death itself, so great is the power of joy over men. . . . Knowledge should be a refreshing and vitalizing force. It becomes so only through stimulating intercourse with congenial friends with whom one holds discussion and practices application of the truths of life. In this way learning becomes many-sided and takes on a cheerful lightness, whereas there is always something ponderous and one-sided about the learning of the self-taught.

ALEXANDRA SOTERIOU — **EDITOR** — all "theme" and flow, layout, design and copy, and photographs on pages 24, 27, 29, 39, 54, 71, 72, 100, 101, 102 background, 103, 110-113, 127, 200, 202, 209, 213, 280, 295, 300, 307 and 357.
MIMI FULLER — help and encouragement beyond all belief. It was Mimi who went to everyone carrying so much excitement over this book — and who inevitably gave me so much excitement — and who saw some meaning in this — and who devoted so much time to all this — endless thanks.
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EVERYBODY — thanks!

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R. D. LAING — page 359.
ALAN WATTS — I am not looking at the world, not confronting it; I am knowing it by a continuous process of transforming it into myself, so that everything around me, the whole globe of space, no longer feels away from me but in the middle.

And this is all simply dedicated to life.
Thanks could be endless —
and are —
but especially to Bill Roughen who went over my thoughts with me and helped me get them together — whose fine photography — and feeling for photography has ment so much to me. And endless thanks to Ken Guido who most importantly deeply understood the feeling and flow of this book while others were glossing over it and getting into their own hang-ups. And of course for all his help when people at the university were deciding if this book could be published — when people in the state were feeling some kind of involvement in that issue — when legal matters became clouded, and when all this got me down. And thanks to all the beautiful photographers who helped pull this book together — particularly Arthur Tress who was so generous with his work —
And endlessly to all that went before, during and after — to my parents — to those concerned — to life.

Fellini might have had us dancing here . . .



"If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind,
if I could tell you I would let you know."





"When shall we have our eyes open to see? When shall we open our arms to embrace everything — stones, rain, flowers, and men? What d'you think about that, boss? And what do your books have to say about it?"

Zorba