



Oswald (Peter Moore) and Regina (Mary Leydon) smile at each other over another wooden set piece.

Ibsen's 'Ghosts' succeeds in misdirected production

A few spotty performances and some moments of incomprehensible blocking do not serious damage to the Drama Department's current production of Henrik Ibsen's *Ghosts*.

Those who dismiss "Ghosts" as a dusty piece of naturalist rhetoric blind themselves to the play's central concern: the unceasing battle between our sense of duty and our need for self-determination.

Ibsen's microcosm offers a variety of enslaved and enlightened spirits. At one pole, we have the officious Pastor Manders saying that "we must do our duty," for we have no right to happiness.

His foil is Mrs. Alving, who believes

that "law and order... causes all the unhappiness in the world." Her strength of spirit is infinitely preferable to the mealy-mouthed minister's toadying fear of "people who really have the right to hold an opinion," but she too falls prey to the degenerative germ of social obligation.

Oswald, her son, is vanquished by a social germ of a different sort — despite his grasping attempts at freedom. He almost succeeds in his quest for the free-spirited servingmaid Regina, but (unfortunately for him) she is the one character free enough to escape from the sticky web of social impotence that ensnares those around her.

We see her alone at the beginning of the first two acts, and it is her final exit that assures us that the end has come for the Alving family. From her initial brusqueness to Engstrand — who futilely demands respect as her father — to her proud departure from the Alving house, she is in firm command of her destiny.

Sadly, Mary Leydon's performance does not show such confidence. While Regina exerts a quietly sexual domination over the other characters, Ms. Leydon carries within her all the authority and emotive force of a snow crystal in a fireplace.

John Caldwell provides a happy contrast in the role of Engstrand. Nauseatingly obsequious in the early scenes, he slowly reveals his Uriah-Heep-like talent for exploiting the vanity of those who are at once socially superior, pragmatically inferior, and morally equal to him.

It would be unfair to discuss the other players prior to a few words about the work of director Michael Barry. Indeed, our comments about Ms. Leydon's portrayal might be more appropriately directed to Professor Barry's flawed conception.

There are many aspects of the production that trouble us — the underplaying of Regina being one of the more pressing. However, we also wonder why Peter Moore's very competent Oswald was kept emotionless in the first act; this sullied his otherwise genuine outburst in act two, and seemed to leave him uncertain as to his frigidity or feverishness at any given moment. It is also hard to discover the non-Barryn force which inspired his aimless walk across the stage in act one — perhaps the same

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The selling of the University

Riding down the Bayshore Freeway, one occasionally sees billboards promoting the use of Pacific Gas and Electricity, suggesting Princess telephones for status, and touting the virtues of Blue Cross and Blue Shield in the battle against sickness. Somehow the blatant use of advertising to promote either favored government monopolies or tax-free institutions seems inappropriate and unnecessary. Why should non-profit or limited profit enterprises waste their money encouraging more sales?

Stanford is not very different, although it has not yet tried the billboard technique. The dramatic increase in funds coming to Stanford over the last 20 years is the product of time and money as well as good luck. Stanford, if it is to be bigger and better, must promote itself. If millions of dollars are to be raised for Stanford, the University must make the news, send out thousands of letters and requests, hold

fund-raising dinners, and encourage favorable legislation from government bodies. All these activities cost money — a lot of money.

Stanford's budget for University Relations is now almost a million dollars a year. Most of this money is spent in salaries, and some of it on publications like the *Campus Report* and the *Stanford Observer*; some of the budget goes to underwrite the Office of Public Events. The remainder is spread out on the postage, telephones, and travel expenses that make up the primary tools of PR men and women.

This million is only part of the whole picture. In addition to this budget the Medical School, the Law School, and the Business School have their own staffs working on news. The Athletic Department has a separate staff for its events, and the Alumni Office with a total budget of

almost half a million per year is again a separate organization. How much faculty and unbudgeted administrative time is spent on promotions is an open question. And then there is the area of fund-raising proper under the General Secretary's office.

A reasonable estimate of the cost of promoting Stanford is about \$2 million per year, or enough to pay 100 faculty salaries. This is a lot of money, especially compared not to the total Stanford budget, but to the \$48 million in unrestricted funds. Four percent of this is spent on projecting Stanford's image to the public through one means or another.

Why? Why does Stanford have to sell itself? Why does it have to get bigger and, perhaps, better?

Ultimately, the answer seems to be, Why not? Since everybody else is spinning their wheels to get bigger and better, Stanford must do the same to keep up. The fact that Stanford is already the "Harvard of the West," or, more realistically, the best know little private university west of the Mississippi, makes very little difference. When compared to Michigan State or UCLA, Stanford is small, and so it needs to

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Liberation School

A group of Bay Area activists have organized what they hope to be a significant contribution to supplementing, and providing an alternative to, traditional education programs. They see the project as "a radical education program for the increasing number of people who experience and oppose injustice in American society, aimed at developing theory and analysis, contributing to social change, and increasing our abilities to carry on political struggles."

The *Liberation School* will be offering courses on a variety of topics ranging from U.S. Imperialism to National Policy and Urban Politics, Racism to Feminism, and from Radical Education to Radio Programming Technique.

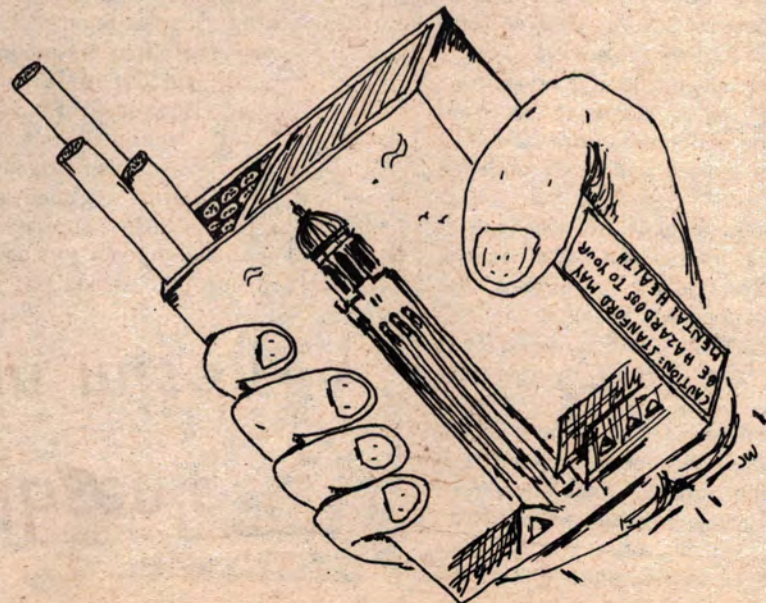
This Fall, most of these courses will be taught in San Francisco with two taught locally in Palo Alto. However, there are plans for expanding class offerings to more topics of study and to a wider geographical area. It is hoped that interested students and prospective teachers will contact the school in order to get new programs

moving.

A general registration fee of 10 dollars for low income people and 20 dollars for high income people allows one to attend any number of classes with the exception of the film series which will cost one dollar at the door and no registration is required. It must be made clear, however, that no one will be turned away from any class because of an inability to pay.

The classes taught locally are *Socialist versus Capitalist Education*, taught by Sherry and Robert Girling, and *Radical Films*, which is essentially a series of films made by Saul Landau. The weekly education course begins Thursday, October 26, and people interested in it are encouraged to register by the second class meeting if possible.

Anyone interested in further information on class listings, in attending classes, or in starting new ones should contact either: The Liberation School, 345 Franklin St., S.F., 863-1945; or, Dan Feshbach, 816 Cowper, Palo Alto, 321-5741.





Mod Bob Byers spends so much time typing in his office that visitors must catch him between strokes.

Run, don't ride

Chappie ed,

Re: article by Dwight Johnson: Who needs a bicycle to be familiar with the Arastradero-Zot's-Alpine loop? That's just a nice 12 mile jog from the gym and back. And that lollipop advice about taking Old Page Mill by Frenchman's tower to avoid that little hill — unless we're really beat we run up that for the conditioning. Loved the altitude profile, please keep printing those.

Anyone interested in 10-20 mile, slow & easy runs, meet us at the Angell Field track across the street from the gym 8 a.m. Sundays. For information about this and area road races contact Ray White (x3052) or Don Peterson (326-1349).

Ray White

Polls show the educated tend to support McGovern

The results of a recent National Gallup Poll show that McGovern holds a 49%-47% edge over Nixon in the competition for university students' votes. This advantage does not quite meet up to the 3-1 margin that McGovern projected earlier this year.

At Stanford, these percentages are validated if the results of a poll taken by Nixon-for-President workers at Freshman Donner House in Stern Hall are typical of the campus vote at large. According to their results, of the 81 students questioned, 31% support McGovern, 42% will vote for Nixon, and 27% are as yet undecided. The breakdown by sex has 41% of the women voting for McGovern and Nixon, leaving 18% undecided. Twenty five per cent of the men support McGovern, while 41% are for Nixon, and 33% are undecided.

The Gallup poll included a breakdown of the vote in an effort to ascertain whether voting preferences were related to one's class in college and one's place of residence.

In the national poll in which 1116 students were interviewed, 40% of the freshman expressed a preference for McGovern, compared to 45% of the sophomores, 55% of the juniors, and 52% of the seniors, and 68% of the graduate students.

The percentages of students planning to vote for Nixon in November declined in an inverse proportion to the increased McGovern supporters. Fifty-six per cent of the freshman will be voting for Nixon, as will 52% of the sophomores, 40% of the

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Stanford promotes image far and wide

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grow. Along with other American corporations growth seems to be Stanford's unspoken ethic. The growth is controlled, of course, and well planned, but it's still good old American growth. Stanford is very patriotic.

The most visible section of the University Relations Department is the News Service. Back in 1952 the Stanford News Service was one man — Fred Glover. Now it is made up of four men and one woman: Bob Byers, Harry Press, Jeff Littleboy, Bob Lamar, and Nancy Donham. In addition the News Service maintains a supporting staff of 15 or 20 for photography, composing, and typing. In 1952 the News Service cost about \$25,000. Now it costs \$173,000 per year — an increase of \$11,000 over last year.

As it has grown, the News Service has become more professional. Barry Hildebrand of *Time* magazine now says that of all the universities he has covered — including Harvard, Dartmouth, Columbia, MIT, and Berkeley — Stanford's news service is "by far the best." Ray Aarons of the *Washington Post* and Paul Davis of the *Reader's Digest* are among many reporters who have echoed Hildebrand's praise.

Their main reason is that "the news bureau at Stanford University operates like a newspaper staff, covering rallies, riots, and attacks on the administration with what seems to be exceptional impartiality." The San Francisco bureau chief of the *Los Angeles Times*, Bud Lembke, predicted that "this kind of neutral public relations, as contrasted to outrageous flackery, is going to be the trend of the future."

A number of people from other universities have come to Stanford to study its \$170,000 pace-setting news bureau, and to talk with its head, Bob Byers. The 41-year-old ex-newspaperman with muttonchop sideburns tells his visitors that he believes a university's failure "to deal candidly with any audience may quickly diminish the university's credibility with all of them." He argues that universities should take the initiative in reporting "bad" news to protect their good names in the long run.

Jeff Littleboy, of course, agrees. He's a general assignment reporter on Stanford's staff, who feels that the News Service's primary purpose is to inform faculty, students, alumni, and friends of the University of "the thinking and achievements of Stanford." Yet he also notes that the service "encourages financial support by providing an image that alumni can relate to. It's something subtle, low-key... [but] the news service is still more like a wire service than a PR staff."

In spite of Byers' claims, the News Service has a perspective, like every newspaper and news service. Objectivity depends on your viewpoint. The *Chaparral* pointed out an issue of the *Campus Report* last year in which four front-page stories featured Dick Lyman doing or saying something. This is an editorial decision. The *Venceremos* newspaper undoubtedly has a different view of what is important.

The News Service perspective might best be summed up as a basic faith in the goodness of Stanford, its right to an important role locally and nationally, and its versatility and rationality in handling its minor problems. Since most other university news services, as well as the national press, have roughly the same perspective, it is not surprising that they should praise Bob's professionalism. It is also not surprising that the radical movement finds the News Service biased and patronizing.

Another large area of University Relations is the Office of Public Events. Less than ten years ago this was a one-woman office. Agnes Nohrnberg functioned mainly as an adviser to student groups and a coordinator of facilities. Tom Bacchetti, with a staff of three full-time helpers, now puts on 40 productions, as well as coordinating student use of the auditoriums. University Relations picks up the deficit, currently over a hundred thousand dollars per year. Why does Stanford feel it should provide such a service with professionals to run it? Improving community relations? Providing greater variety to campus life? Or perhaps

circuses for the people, if they can afford it? Take your pick.

A mixture of internal promotions and external publicity occurs in other areas of University relations. Indeed, the lines of division among the immediate Stanford community, alumni and friends, and finally political and business leaders and the general public are far from clear-cut.

Frank Newman, director of University Relations, estimated that about 50% of his budget is spent on internal promotions, selling the University to its members. Are these expenditures used to control the community by managing the news? Frank prefers to think of it as "communicating an accurate picture of Stanford."

Ken Cuthbertson, Vice-President for Development, has a similar view of University Relations. "Stanford has a broad responsibility to inform the public of what it's doing. If Stanford is to protect its present position as well as the freedom to determine its future direction, it needs to communicate the constructive aspects of its work. Stanford has had an especially large job in the last 20 years as it has moved from the position of a regional institution to that of a national asset."

Stanford also feels the competition from state universities. As Cuthbertson noted, "Stanford has got to do a good job at public relations if it is to convince students to pay \$2700 per year for their education." Of course, the funds could be spent on improving undergraduate education rather than publicity.

Stanford's new fund drive has increased the need for University relations services. Administratively, fund-raising is separate from news and relations, but they clearly relate to each other at their focus, the donor. Cuthbertson feels that major donors are accustomed to approaches from many worthy causes, and Stanford must be both aggressive and honest in its approach. "Certainly we emphasize the positive aspects of Stanford. Donors are already all too aware of the negative aspects." (Perhaps the *Chaparral* tells them.)

Why doesn't Stanford hire a professional firm like Whitaker and Baxter, the company that promotes ballot propositions? According to Newman, "We don't think it would work. We are also more concerned with research and communications on topics relevant to Stanford than in classic image building. Moreover, Stanford's problem is primarily one of presenting what's actually going on at Stanford. This requires people here on the campus, not in Washington or Los Angeles."

Stanford has considered setting up an office in Washington in conjunction with some of the Eastern private schools, but so far this has not seemed worthwhile. The University of California does maintain such an office. Currently the area of dealing with national and state legislative problems is in the hands of ex-Acting Dean of Students Bob Freelen. Among other responsibilities, Freelen is involved in providing input to the state committee charged with revising the master plan for education in California. This input will presumably try to protect Stanford's interests and help avoid unnecessary competition.

Does Stanford's approach to public relations work? Clearly it does: the income generated is a rough approximation of how well. Other universities that have previously depended on a less centralized volunteer approach are beginning to copy Stanford. Harvard, for example, seems to be moving in this direction.

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All members of the Bridge community are welcome at their staff meetings.

Bridge offers peer support

By Mari Edlin

"The Bridge offers a warm, receptive place where anyone can walk in the door and then try to work out his problems," commented Martha Martin, one of the facilitators of the campus drop-in center known as The Bridge.

The Bridge opened in November 1971 to serve the Stanford and surrounding Bay area communities by lending an ear to anyone with a problem or with just a desire for a friendly chat. It is staffed by students available 24 hours a day and especially trained to do peer counseling.

The center was originally set up as a drug center, "a rap center for people who were bummed out," according to one of the Bridge initiators, Dale Snape, Assistant to the Dean of Students. He explained that people were afraid to go to Cowell Health Center with drug problems, and The Bridge

offered a place more like home.

Dale excitedly supports The Bridge as he views the center now in progress, "It's students and non-students exploring new things — it's a focus for energy that really wants to help."

The Bridge presently has 22 counselors and two co-facilitators, Martha Martin and Dr. Vince D'Andrea, a psychiatrist at Cowell Health Center. Martha offers her years of counseling experience while Vince serves as a reference facility with his medical background. They also act as liaisons between the administration and The Bridge as they attempt to define its role in the Stanford community. Martha and Vince teach the SWOPSI course which trains students to become counselors. "The program seems to have a lot of momentum, but we hope to get more people involved. Most problems don't require that much training to handle so that we need people trained at all levels," added Vince.

The 21 students, presently enrolled in the class, are learning how to relate to people and to deal with their problems. Through the use of films, lectures, video tapes and discussions, the students have learned how to approach drug counseling and how to handle sexual and other personal problems.

One of the most frequently used and effective teaching tools is role-playing, according to Howard Hamburger, a counselor at The Bridge. "It is a way to test out certain situations that may occur." The class meets as a large group weekly and has sections which also meet once a week. Meetings on a one-to-one basis with Bridge counselors, which occur weekly, hopefully will help the students to find out about The Bridge and themselves; then each student can decide whether or not he/she wants to become a peer counselor.

The staff of The Bridge functions as a close community. The counselors try to help each other work out hypothetical problems so that they may become more effective in their work. All decisions are made by consensus. The Bridge also attempts to reach outside its headquarters by informing the community about typical student problems. It has worked with

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Three powerful films: a movie PREview

If you read the movie review of *Burn!* last issue, your reaction to it depended on whether you saw the movie or not. If you saw the movie, you were happy, if you didn't, you weren't. Why? Because, as the review so clearly and belatedly pointed out, *Burn!* is an excellent movie.

Unfortunately, movies at Stanford are shown only one night, so if the movie reviewer sees the film the same time everyone else does, he isn't able to advise people if the movie is worth seeing. By the time the review is printed, the movie has already left.

In order to solve this problem, I will review movies before they come to Stanford. Therefore, the format will differ slightly from a conventional review. I will first describe the type of movie (i.e., humorous, tragic, etc.) and then discuss how well executed it is — all in an effort to help you decide whether you will enjoy the film or not.

With that in mind, we can now turn to what inspired me to do this in the first place — the three great films being shown this weekend. *The Battle of Algiers*, *Midnight Cowboy*, and *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, showing Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, respectively, together comprise excellence in almost all aspects of film art.

Battle of Algiers

First and best is *The Battle of Algiers*, being shown Friday night, 7:30 and 10:00, at Bishop Auditorium by the LSCRR Prison Law Group. Directed by Gillo Pontecorvo, the creator of *Burn!*, this movie is certainly not suited to people looking for a good time. It is the most shattering and emotionally draining film

I've ever experienced; the viewer should be prepared for an intensely saddening experience.

Algiers' power lies in its reality. Pontecorvo uses black and white film with clean documentary techniques to convince the viewer that what he is seeing is not fiction, but filmed reality. However, as stated at the beginning of the movie, not a single foot of film is newsreel; every scene was acted out under Pontecorvo's guidance. Yet, the viewer is convinced that every detail of what he is seeing is real. The objectivism of the film maker also lends realism.

Although Pontecorvo is on the side of the rebels, he never lets his viewpoint overrule his primary concern for humanity. Pontecorvo obviously sympathizes with both sides in the revolution; both the French and the Algerians are shown as human beings, not merely symbols of ideals. For Pontecorvo, revolution is not an abstract intellectual struggle; it is a cloudy accumulation of undefined tensions that finally combine and explode to create a bloodbath destroying both its greatest supporters and its most powerful opponents. Revolution is not the consequence of conscious intellectual will — it is an avalanche that sweeps away its creators, carried along only by its own irresistible momentum.

At the film's end not a sense of human triumph, but a sense of human futility persists. Too many people have died, too much suffering and torture has been inflicted for the viewer to feel joy at the success of the revolution.

By merging ideology with its consequences and actions with their

results, Pontecorvo exposes the source of glory for what it is, and thereby deadens it. There can be no glory in blowing up a bar filled with French bourgeoisie; not when Pontecorvo has first shown the people as living human beings, with feelings and dreams, hopes and fears, just before they are torn to pieces by an Algerian bomb.

There can be no glory because there is no glory in killing people once you have seen them closely. By never showing violence without the people it destroys, by never placing ecology above humanity, Pontecorvo creates a film that rises above mere shocking of the viewer by displaying brutality. Pontecorvo does not show dead bodies, he shows the people that once inhabited them before they were destroyed.

By its outstanding compassion for its characters, *The Battle of Algiers* rises to a level of art that saddens the viewer. A sadness which comes not by a superficially displayed violence, but by a sobering knowledge of the discrepancy between ideology and reality.

Midnight Cowboy

Midnight Cowboy, probably the most

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LSCRR Prison Law Group Film Series Presents

Pontecorvo's

BATTLE OF ALGIERS

Cubberly Auditorium
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\$1.00
Friday, October 27





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Chaparral assesses propositions

Tuesday, November 7 is Election Day. While in no hurry to jump on the bandwagon, *The Chaparral* recommends that its readers go out and vote. We realize that it won't solve many of your problems. In fact, it might not solve any of your problems. If you won't vote, and even if you will, participate in the anti-war march that will take place in downtown Palo Alto on Election Eve.

With the election in mind, the *Chaparral* has prepared voting recommendations on the candidates and propositions that Stanford students are likely to be voting on. Detailed comments are made only on issues which we consider particularly important or complex.

The material included here was worked out with the Palo Alto Tenants Union and is essentially the same as their recommendations. The Proposition recommendations are also the same as those independently arrived at by the San Francisco *Bay Guardian* and, with the exception of Proposition 3, the same as the positions of the Black Panthers of Oakland. We encourage you to take this sample ballot when you go to vote.

STATE PROPOSITIONS

We urge a YES vote on both Propositions One and Two because we recognize the social importance of education and medicine. There is also the fact that allocation of these funds will allow for an increase in the employment of construction workers in the state even though it is inevitable that big contractors and financiers will take their inordinate cut.

Both Propositions Three and Eight have the effect of putting the financial burden of cleaning up the environment on the people and not on the polluters who are the big industries. A NO vote on these is appropriate.

Propositions 4-7 deal mainly with technical revisions of State Law. A YES vote on all, especially on number five as this one will increase local control of school districts. A YES vote is also urged on Propositions Nine through 13. They are fairly straight-forward.

The most complex issue on the ballot is Proposition 14. It has to do with tax reform.

Proposition 14 provides no real reform at all but rather appears to be a conflict between the ruling class and the petty bourgeoisie. Out of this can of worms several points emerge. It would reduce property taxes somewhat which would directly benefit homeowners but would not necessarily help renters as landowners are not required to pass on benefits to tenants. In spite of the positive effect of increasing the tax on cigarettes and liquor, it would have the negative effect of increasing an already retrogressive sales tax.

There would be an increase on the income taxes of corporations and insurance companies, which is good, but it would decrease the bank taxes by a small amount and might actually provide \$150 million to insurance companies. It seems that the main effect would be to benefit large landowners, businesses with large property holdings, and real estate interests.

It is also likely that public schools and community colleges would suffer lower funding rates. The *Chaparral* suggests a NO vote on this proposition.

Proposition 15 deals with the salaries of state employees. While this measure does take the power of organizing and striking from the employees, and as such

Chronicle of a black Messiah

Undoubtedly one of the most bizarre, yet enlightening excursions into the Black community is to be found in the pages of Arnold Kemp's *Eat of Me: I am the Savior*.

Tracing the evolution of a young Black activist, Yaquii Laster, from the revolutionary to the messianic, author Kemp isolates the weaknesses of the Black community and obligations of the Black intelligentsia. Through an eight-year journey, Yaquii comes to realize that the Black community requires a Messiah, Black society must overcome its disunity, and Black leaders must supply the messianic figure.

Yaquii's journey to this awareness begins with the brutal assassination of his leader Nicholas Said, a Malcolm X-like character. Nicholas, having just formed a splinter group off of the Prophet's movement, is shot-gunned as he attempts to deliver a speech.

In what Yaquii calls reflex action, he manages to kill two of Nicholas' assassins, ambush six members of the Prophet's group, burn down a mosque, and nearly dynamite the Prophet's daughter before he is arrested. Needless to say, Yaquii is given time to think over what happened — about seven years.

During his prison term, Yaquii concludes that the Prophet is innocent. As he tells a friend, "... just assume that the Prophet was behind it, either on his own or working with the Man. What better chance for the pigs to run a parlay; Nicholas dead, the Prophet in jail — two birds with one stone. No, man it's too pat. If there was any way to hook the Prophet to any part of it, the pigs would've eaten him alive."

Although Yaquii never openly admits it, he has proven his violence and prison term to be meaningless. In fact, his actions were detrimental to the Black cause, weakening the Prophet and removing himself from effectiveness for seven years. Yaquii's first lesson is that mis-directed activity creates disunity.

Released from prison, Yaquii organizes a meeting of diverse political factions at work in the Black community. Using Lenin's favorite tactic of extended meetings, he succeeds in easing the factions into a coalition. However, at the climax of agreement the building explodes, killing several leaders and scattering the rest.

Provided with such a catharsis, Yaquii's mind begins to analyze his community. Through a series of conversations, he begins to comprehend the total disunity which permeates Black society. In the first conversation, a cleaning lady vocalizes the weakness.

"Hell," she snorted, "everybody look like the fuzz nowadays. Was a time you could tell. Use to be black folks was porters and janitors if they was unschooled and researchers and undertakers if they was. Now they is all snitchers. Never seen so many black police — all informing on their peoples for a pension. Telling on their mommas if the white man tells 'em to."

Total awareness of the problem precipitates when Yaquii confronts his former comrade, Habib, who staged Nicholas' assassination and the coalition's bombing. Habib shows how Black has turned on Black as he screams, "This ain't no punk gang war, baby. I mean this ain't no small-time nigger feud. I am the Man. Dig it! I am the Man!"

Although Yaquii had sensed his community's disunity on the surface, it is now apparent to him that the problem is more complex. No political coalition will

bring Black unity; the sickness runs too deep throughout his society.

Now that he has isolated the primary problem, Yaquii must strive to find the solution. He must locate some hicle to unite Black people. Whatever the device may be, he now realizes that it must transcend the political.

Ironically, the needed device should have been obvious to Yaquii. It was right before him at the start of his eight-year journey in the person of Nicholas. Black people need a Messiah — that is the device. Perhaps, this idea was what Nicholas had intended to express in his aborted speech.

At any rate, Yaquii is now enlightened and in a dream he performs his first offering of the "Host", throwing potato chips into the air and passing a bottle of muscatel



around to his disciples. Having seen the failure of political activism to unite the Black community, Yaquii has moved into the realm of the spiritual.

At the end of his pilgrimage, Yaquii has come full circle. He is in the Prophet's mosque along with his close friends and scores of fellow Blacks. The Prophet speaks, "Hear me, blessed servants of Lord God Allah! Allah has spoken to me, and the name spoken was that of Yaquii Laster. . . . And you, Yaquii Laster, have been chosen as the righteous arm of God. We will follow wherever you lead. Be it into peace or war we will rally behind you with the relentless ferocity of the east wind. . . . Lead us, Yaquii, deliver us from this evil. Save us, my son."

Upon reflection, what Kemp has developed is a profound treatise on the Black community, while noting a possible misdirection in the movement. He seems to be suggesting the orientation be not towards political organizations, but rather individual leaders.

In fact, the use of Islamic imagery throughout the novel enhances such an idea. Contrary to many religions, Islam is not institutionally or organizationally oriented. Beginning with Mohammed, Islamic culture has possessed a tendency to center around a prominent individual (Nasser, King Hussein, Feisal). Some historians argue that this tendency has frustrated efforts in Palestine to create strong national political parties.

As a parallel, Kemp seems to bring the same observation to the Black community. Political organization as orientation for the movement is doomed to failure. Instead, a strong, singular messianic individual is needed to unite Black people.

When one considers the exceptional following of such leaders as Martin Luther King and Malcolm X, the credibility of Yaquii's conclusions seem certain, earning notability for this, Kemp's first novel. —MARK LEE

1	Bonds to Provide Public Community College Facilities	Yes
2	Bonds to Provide Health Science Facilities	Yes
3	Environmental Pollution Bond Authorization	No
4	Legislative Reorganization	Yes
5	School Districts	Yes
6	Miscellaneous Constitutional Revisions	Yes
7	Elections and Presidential Primary	Yes
8	Tax Exemption for Anti-Pollution Facilities	No
9	Bond Vote for Structurally Unsafe School Buildings	Yes
10	Blind Veterans Tax Exemption	Yes
11	Right of Privacy	Yes
12	Disabled Veterans Tax Exemption	Yes
13	Workmen's Compensation	Yes
14	Taxation	No
15	State Employee Salaries	Yes
16	Highway Patrol Salaries	No
17	Death Penalty	No
18	Obscenity	No
19	Marijuana	Yes
20	Coastal Zone Conservation	Yes
21	Assignment of Students to Schools	No
22	Agricultural Labor Relations	No

and candidates on Nov. ballot

is an attempt to head off a growing dissent, it does include provisions for collective bargaining and it does materially improve the status of the workers in question. Additionally it takes away the Governor's veto in these matters. We think a YES vote is appropriate.

In spite of the fact that many freaks seem to have 'Yes on 16' stickers on their cars, we think a NO vote is the reasonable vote. The proposition has to do with raising wages of Highway Patrol and the stickers are probably worth about 10 mph on freeways. But it would add further inducement to make the Highway Patrol even more of an elite organization.

J. Geils gross, Campbell clean

Well, now you know what was wrong with the last issue of the *Chaparral* — No record reviews! No Borgan the Organ and Zeus the Whiz shaping your tastes with the most up-to-date trends in music.

This week we're trying out a new guys: Poohneil Porcelin. He's really with it, ya know? Just listen! *The J. Geils Band, Live — Full House*; Atlantic

The grooviest vibes I've been turning on to around campus has been J. Geils new album, a live gig from the home of the MC 5, the Cinderella Ballroom in Detroit. This disc is wall-to-wall hard rock at its crudest. Savage, raw-bone, non-stop action for your ears — that's what J. Geils is all about. Essentially, this album is a greatest hits album, and if you know anything at all about J. Geils Band, well then, man, you know this one really makes it.

If you've never heard of J. Geils (where have you been?), let me tell you that they come on like a wild and loose band that's been hanging on since the '50's; they have sort of a beatnik aura — with the emphasis on *beat*. Their grease rock represents a paradox in that they are a rising phenomena in a music world turning on to the heavy lyrics of spacy intellectuals such as Cat Stevens and the Moody Blues.

Harmonica Man Magic Dick is no mellow intellectual, but when he blows his magic harp he'll send your mind to Saturn. J. Geils Band seems out of place in modern, more sensitive music, but I guess some of his appeal is his offensiveness. Pick up on this one and you'll know what I mean.

Let us know what you think of Poohneil. We're really high on him.

Since Zeus's review didn't pass the Comix Code, we'll have to republish a record review from another magazine. I read a good one this week in the *Laramie, Wyoming American*.

The Glen Campbell Goodtime Album — Capital — by Peabsley Boright

This is shore the biggest thing ta hit town since Bobby Goldsboro's *Songs of Christmas*. Glen is jest one a them pure country good guys, who wouldn't let the big city steal his innocence.

The first song which caught my fancy was that song the kids was playin a few years back, *Mac Arthur Park*. Glenn does a real moving rendition of it. He sounds like he really understands the words too. There is a big chorus in the background, which imitates the sound of the sun at times, and a real live symphony too.

Warning to the fellas! Some of these songs is so soupy romantic that they'll have your wives cryin fer days. You jest might have to leave the house when she plays it.

Him singin Paul Anka's *My Way* made me think a the days the Bodie brothers had Paula Sue Winbegler captured up at the mine, and those wild years.

Glen couldn't do *Bridge Over Troubled Waters* as good as Bobby Spitz down the valley-way ken, which ain't too good neither.

But Glenn ain't all good times and guitar pickin. He's a very serious and sincere boy. He leaves us with a message from Billy Graham himself, a song Billy Graham wrote called *Pave Your Way Into Tomorrow*, which is no anti-ecology like some a you kidders might say, but is instead a devout and solemn appeal from the true way of our Lord and Savior.

Watch out fer this one.

Glen Campbell Fan Club, PO Box 69500, Hollywood, California 90069

Proposition 17 would reinstitute the death penalty. The philosophy behind this measure is morally bankrupt. The courts have finally moved to abolish the death penalty. Don't reverse the trend. Vote NO on the Death Initiative.

The obscenity proposition Number 18, is absurd. It violates the right of freedom of expression and among other things would make photos of Michaelangelo's 'David' illegal. Vote NO.

Like everybody else, we don't necessarily endorse the use of marijuana but we think that the penalties currently prescribed are unjust. YES on 19.

You eco-freaks and everyone else should all vote YES on Proposition 20 — the Coastal Initiative. It requires that a coastline ecology plan be drawn up in the next four years and will require permits for coastal development. Big business interests are opposing the measure.

A touchy one is some respects is Proposition 21. The problem is that it does nothing to give local school districts powr over facility usage. It is not really a 'bussing' measure as some would have you believe. The EPA community is against it. We think you should vote NO.

Last, but very important, is the farm labor bill. This proposition must fail. If passed, this proposition would, in effect, kill the United Farm Workers Union. For all practical purposes, it would outlaw a strike by farm workers, and a boycott by consumers. See the *Chaparral* of October 12 for the complete details and vote NO!

COUNTY MEASURES

The passage of Santa Clara county measure A would open the way for speculators and real estate people to construct an unneeded athletic arena, making it the third in the Bay Area. We do not need more waste and profit. Vote NO.

Proposition R is essentially a land usage and ecology issue that would set up a board that would be given money to purchase and protect regional open spaces and parks. Vote YES.

CANDIDATES

One must vote on a ward member to the board in the event that the above mentioned Proposition R passes. Vote for T. Stewart Burns, who has been active in community Grass Roots.

There is little to comment on in the ninth Congressional district except that the AIP candidate is the only one against gun control. You should vote for the Democate Edwards anyway. In the Tenth Congressional District, one should by all means *not* vote for Gubser even if it meant Mickey Mouse would win. Fortunately, Democrat Gillette seems better than either.

The only tight congressional race in the area is between Jim Stewart and Pete McCloskey. The Tenants Union and the *Bay Guardian* staffs were split on this race and the *Chaparral* finds itself split too.

McCloskey is anti-war on Vietnam but for many of the wrong reasons. He also has voted in favor of the B-1 bomber, the no-knock crime bill, and has sustained Nixon's recent vetoes of child care and education bills. Jim Stewart supports the farm-workers and has spoken in favor of unrestricted civil liberties. However, Stewart's position on the war is closer to that of Nixon.

There are also political considerations in this race. Some people feel that McCloskey could do more in Washington because of his effect inside the Republican party than Stewart could do. Some local radicals also have pointed out that it might be possible to work for a relatively radical Democrat in two years and that it would be much harder to win in a primary against an incumbent Democrat. Well, take your pick.

In the county supervisorial races, state senate, and state assembly races, the Democratic ticket seems to be the lesser of evils.

Some of you may be voting on El Camino Hospital District candidates and to be honest, we haven't got a clue about any of them.

We've left out the big one for last. There are four Presidential tickets on the ballot in California. One can vote for an out-and-out fascist, or a racist mass-murderer, a naive 'liberal' white knight, or an independent radical. The politics of Spock and Hobson of the Peace and Freedom Party are by far the best of those on the ballot but a vote for them is thrown away



Bike club rolling

By DWIGHT JOHNSON

Stanford's new-born bike club was baptized Saturday as twenty of us on nineteen bikes completed some, or all, of a planned thirty miles. All kinds of riders turned out at 9 a.m. to tour the foothills. There were racers from Pedali Alpini mixed with the normal allotment of ten-speeds and three audacious people on three-speeds. A couple on a tandem were probably the only ones used to riding in groups (yuk!)

Only one of the group knew the route in advance. While he was stopped to consult with a man who had just discovered he was on the wrong ride with the wrong group, the tour got lost.

However, all but one of us made it to lunch in Foothills Park. The descent from there to Stanford was by so many different routes that it might best be called a scatter. This first ride was planned that way to allow people with different ambitions to drop back to campus as they wished. Now we know that there is enough diversity in the club that we planned two rides this Saturday.

One ride will be within the grasp of three-speeds, leaving Saturday, 9 a.m. from history corner. I'll probably lead that one. But, if you want to ride to La Honda or the beach, there will be another group leaving at the same time, same place complete with maps and a leader.

Besides the weekly Saturday morning rides, the club has discussed overnight camping trips and longer trips to the wine country and other places. Someone suggested regular short rides at the "crack of dawn" two or three days a week. Interest was expressed in some repair clinics, while several educational ideas have been brought up. There has even been some irresponsible talk of the group getting organized. Want to be president? You're it.

Well, I was going to write about cycling to the beach, but the bike club ride will have to do for this week. If you're not a group oriented cyclist (I'm not either) wait til next issue and there will be 25, count 'em, 25 ways to the ocean. (Some of the local joggers will want to do them all simultaneously, of course.) I'll also suggest some flatter afternoon excursions up and down the Peninsula.

This week I really just want to plug the bike club because it could develop into a means for working out some of the problems associated with making the bicycle a real alternative to the automobile.

Among other things, this will involve intimate knowledge of the local streets and by-ways, as well as a program for turning cycling into a comfortable habit. If you have any hot suggestions or ideas the bike club is still virgin territory. Join it, or send a note to the *Chaparral*.

P.S. Ray and Don, I've just seen a profile of a run that is twenty miles and uphill all the way. If you like hills perhaps it will be up yours. . . .

Big film weekend ahead

Continued from page three

famous of this weekend's movies, will be shown Saturday night, 7:30 and 9:45, in Cubberley by the Law School Film Society. If you don't want to sit in the aisle, go a few minutes early.

Midnight Cowboy is a film that most people will enjoy. It is a sensitively done movie, yet is interesting enough to be entertaining.

The story opens with a blue-eyed, baby-faced country boy (Jon Voight) who journeys to New York in the hope that he can make a living as a male prostitute. Unfortunately for him, things don't work out very nicely in the Big City, and he soon ends up living in a hovel with a crippled bum named Ratso (Dustin Hoffman). The result is a sensitively played, sad relationship that gives a good feeling of what it's like to be without money in New York City.

Like all Schlesinger movies, this film uses acting for its meaning and impact. The interest it creates comes from the characterization rather than solely from the action. Schlesinger's main strength as a director lies chiefly in getting the best possible performances from his actors, and when he has someone with Dustin Hoffman's ability, the result is excellence. Hoffman's performance is simply incredible. He demonstrates more than mere competence in an extremely demanding role; he creates the part, enhances it, and works it into the strongest part of this movie.

The plot itself does a good job of bringing us into close contact with the actors. The story really is quite moving despite one rough spot — a flashback sequence that does not come off, but in general is stimulating and entertaining. I'd recommend this movie to anyone for the acting alone; as a total movie it is well worth your money.

Sunday, Bloody Sunday

On the other hand, many people have told me that *Sunday Bloody Sunday* is the

worst movie they've ever seen. Personally, I think it's one of the best movies I've ever seen; this somewhat startling discrepancy arises from the nature of the movie itself.

First of all, the word "Bloody" in the title does not signify gore. It is the English slang use of the term; this movie has nothing in it to fascinate the usual patrons who stagger to Mem Aud for the Sunday Night Flicks. *Sunday Bloody Sunday* could never be termed exciting; it's more like a Flaubert novel than a movie.

The reason many people don't like it is simply because it doesn't offer much in the way of macro-action. This is Schlesinger's most recent movie, and it is based entirely on subtleties. It is definitely slow-moving, but that is precisely its theme. It is a picture exploring the fragile lives of two middle-aged people, each clutching their compromised existence with all their weary energy because they have nothing else. Both Glenda Jackson and Peter Finch were nominated for their delicately played roles in this movie.

The irony of the whole thing is that this movie is going to be shown at the Sunday Night Flicks (7:00 and 9:30). The most subtle, gentle, and humane movie will be shown to the most raucous, unsensitive, and merciless audience imaginable. *Sunday Bloody Sunday* requires a sensitive audience to appreciate its art; it is slow-moving and requires some effort to identify with its middle age characters. I would therefore appeal to all those not in the mood for a movie like this not to come; you will not enjoy it anyway, and you may just ruin it for those who can appreciate it. It is not a suitable object for ridicule, as was *The Summer of '42*; it will simply bore those who prefer excitement to insight. Unless you are prepared to sit and absorb this movie, don't waste your money. On the other hand, if you are receptive to a sensitive and beautifully done film, you will find *Sunday Bloody Sunday* to be one of the best you have ever seen.

—MIDAS MORGUL



Propositions evaluated

Continued from page five

unless one believes that McGovern and Shriver have absolutely no chance at all in which case the Peace and Freedom vote is good because it keeps them on the ballot next time around if they get a certain percentage of this vote.

The American Independent Party candidates are your choice if you believe in the extreme version of Repression Breeds Resistance theory. But it seems unlikely that the movement is well enough organized or large enough at this time to win in a direct confrontation with AmeriKa next year.

Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew have a record that speaks for itself. In spite of a magnificent Public Relations job and several clever gestures to Peking and Moscow the record still shows the past administration to be responsible for the most massive air war in history, for freezing wages while allowing prices and profits to creep upwards despite the facade of 'controls', for catering to the powerful monied class, and for one of the most corrupt political administrations in American history. If you can believe all of the lies we have been told about this duo's 'accomplishments' then vote for them, but we would recommend another ticket.

The *Chaparral* staff recognizes that the McGovern-Shriver ticket leaves a lot to be desired but we recommend you vote for it on several assumptions: if everyone who wants McGovern votes for him and if Nixon fans are too confident, McGovern might pull it out; McGovern would almost surely have to end the war in Southeast Asia and we are sure this would be much appreciated by the Laotians, Cambodians, and Vietnamese people; McGovern's election would forstall the Supreme Court going completely rightist for at least four more years; and hopefully some reasonable reforms in tax structure and other social areas would result. In a sense it would also be a test of radical theory as to the inability of a liberal to really alter political and economic conditions in a capitalist society. We might be enlightened and pleased by the experiment.

A McGovern election would probably move us away from the politics of despair that has grasped the movement. A victory for the peace movement along with a less repressive government would create a spark that might ignite the energies and hopes of many people who have been dulled by what they see as the hopelessness of political change.

PR power sells Stanford

Continued from page two

In the final analysis, Stanford, like many other institutions, is hell-bent on growth financially and physically. University Relations will continue to play a large role in this process. Part of their role will tie the University into national policies and vice versa. What was once an accessory to the educational function of the University, research, may well become its main undertaking. It currently consumes about 75% of the University budget. "A

national asset?" Yes, Stanford is certainly that, even if it is controlled by a relatively small number of private individuals. University Relations has done a superb job in creating this national asset. But sometimes one wishes Stanford were just a very good educational institution. Perhaps that luxury is gone with the one-man news service.

—TIM COBURN
—JOHN SCHMITZ



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Friendly consultation at the Bridge.

Bridge provides varied services

Continued from page three

church groups, various academic departments, the freshmen orientation program, and the resident assistant program on campus.

The aim of The Bridge is to try and find alternative ways of counseling. "We are definitely moving away from the realm of the doctor-patient relationship or the counselor over the counselee set-up but actually the relationship does depend on each counselor. One doesn't react to everyone in the same way. It all depends on the nature of the problem and the type of person with whom one is dealing. Maybe a person just needs to go away on a camping trip or maybe he needs a more structured set-up than counseling," commented Howard.

One technique which is quite effective, according to Liz Ditz, another Bridge counselor, is fantasy. "We ask the person with the problem to lie down and relax and think through each alternative solution to his problem. Every technique is just a suggestion, and we try and see what works the best," added Liz.

For the first time this fall, the Bridge is offering a series of workshops. "We wanted to have some doing things — more than just talking about action. Hopefully, these will break down the sense of isolation that exists at Stanford," explained Martha in reference to the workshops. Essentially, the workshops will enable people to swap skills as well as help to bring people together. The offerings do serve a wide variety of interests: massage, beginner's VW repair, self-hypnosis, pottery, macrame, bread baking with a rotating leadership, recorder and guitar lessons, and various encounter group workshops such as "Getting in Touch with Yourself and Others" and "Practical Exploration of Your Own Psychology".

I recently had the opportunity to sit in on the self-hypnosis course offered on Sunday evenings by Bridge counselors Annabelle Lee and Nancy Hendrick. It must be one of the more popular

workshops as 25 of us squeezed into the living room at The Bridge. I was a bit skeptical because I was sure I was one of those "unhypnotizable" people. My mind always seems to wander. That's the same reason why I don't sleep well at night.

Well, anyway, I remember staring at the light switch as a target and listening to the monotone instructions coming from Nancy. My eyes began to get tired and wanted to shut to blink out the moisture. At the count of 20, according to Nancy, I should have been in a deep sleep; instead, I recall thinking about all the reading I had to do and about how cramped my legs were beginning to feel in the crowded room. Nancy continued her instructions which I know I followed. I put my right arm out, palm up, until it became too heavy to lift; then I extended both arms forward and felt my hands move apart as though being repulsed by each other (That was what was suppose to happen); I never did hear the mosquito that should have been buzzing in my ear, but I felt it land on my right hand; and I enjoyed the pleasant sensation of sweet candy melting in my mouth. These were some of the things that Nancy suggested to us as we remained hypnotized. After about 25 minutes, the count started backward from 20, and at one, we should have been wide awake and a bit hazy as to what just happened. I still felt a bit drowsy and even though I know I wasn't hypnotized, I didn't remember everything. So, I'm not the best subject, but maybe next week I'll get the hang of it.

Another outgrowth of The Bridge is the recently initiated "Imeros," meaning a longing for a person, place, or thing. "Imeros" is an activity clearing house which employs some match-making techniques but is not a dating service. "It admits that people have needs for other people which is not a bad thing. We serve as a communicative process by matching up these needs and finding companions for people," explained Stanford junior Jonathan Hansen, one of the organizers of the project. "It is definitely not a 'Lonely

'Ghosts' a quiet triumph

Continued from page one

power that led Engstrand and Manders, in the last act, to stand at either downstage side talking to each other while facing away from the audience.

Happily for the Stanford audience, talented actors have the power to light up a show beclouded by a foggy foreman. Donald Bowman and Carolyn Gillespie, as Manders and Mrs. Alving, provide some of the richest relationship acting we have seen in a long while.

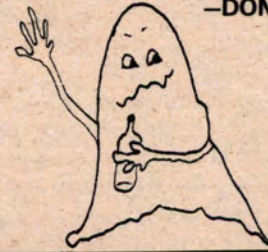
Mr. Bowman is hermetically encased in his propriety, and, though he walks as if he had a yardstick up his rectum, his Manders is more adept at getting out of

corners than Muhammad Ali. As difficult as it is to praise a consummate hypocritical weasel, his grace and self-controlled stuffiness are delightful to behold, and his characterization is one of the bulwarks of the production's strength.

The play stands or falls on the basis of our belief in Manders and Mrs. Alving, and both Gillespie and Bowman are flawless. Well-developed characterizations are rare — when they are accompanied by the ability to breathe life into every scene, we have the miracle of theatre in all its majesty.

If you want to check out these truly excellent performances in a thoughtful drama that explores the interfaces among morality, moralizing, and the way of the world, see *Ghosts* — 8 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, this week and next at the Little Theatre in Memorial Hall.

—DON ALTSCHUL



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Heart's Club'." At present, 50 people, 40 of whom are male, have filled out the confidential questionnaire to enable them to participate in "Imeros." Hopefully, it will enable people to reach out to others without a loss of dignity.

The Bridge seems to have started off the new school year full of enthusiasm. Senior Matt Wolf, a student in the counseling course, described his reaction to the program, "There is a high level of energy at The Bridge, but I'm a little afraid that it will dissipate rapidly if not channeled creatively. We get together only too infrequently and people need to use their time more effectively when together — they need to share more of their knowledge and individual experiences." These are the problems of any new project.

The Bridge, located at 634 Campus Drive, invites anyone to drop by and visit or just simply to relax. If you're far away and you want to talk, call 321-7878 or Ext. 2202 or 2203.

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