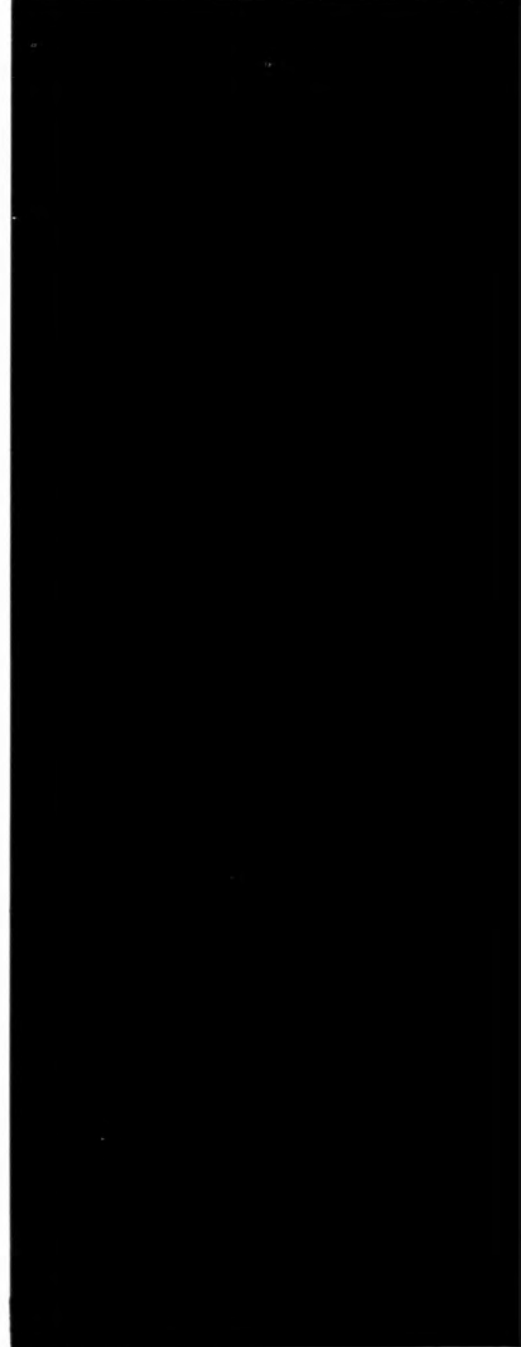
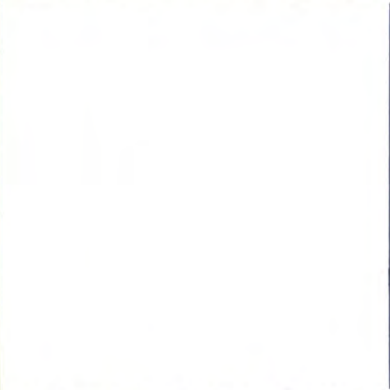


Summer









ETA SHOW



“Resistance,
Resistance, Together
we’ll be free!”

“Local authorities said
he could say it and
everybody in the room
could say it all they
want as long as they
said it inside that
room.”

“There’s Joe standing
on the cliff. He sure
looks depressed. Ya,
you’d be depressed if
the Sarge bawled you
out and your girlfriend
wrote you a dear John
letter and your mother
got busted for smack. I
wonder what we could
say to help cheer him
up. Jump, Joe, Jump!”



Let there be no love poems written until love can exist freely and cleanly. Let Black People understand that they are the lovers and the sons of lovers and warriors and sons of warriors. Are poems & Poets & all the loveliness here in the world. We want a black poem. And a Black World. Let the world be a Black Poem And Let All Black People Speak This Poem Silently or LOUD.

LeRoi Jones

Make no mistake of it we will live. We will be alive and we will walk and talk and eat and sing and laugh and feel and love and bear our children in tranquility in security in decency in peace. You plan the wars you masters of men plan the wars and point the way and we will point the gun.

johny got his gun
dalton trumbo



REGISTRATION



Registration is a baptism, a labor of becoming. You can't always get what you want. This fact is made particularly clear during registration. Channelled cautiously by fearful respect you meander the miles of crazy motion.

Advisors are not heroic figures. They are merely a race of patient men. Their shirtsleeves were stained with the mediocre tarnish of paperwork. The sympathetic patience of fatigued forms... they turned briskly to the next with automatic hand. One sensed the despair of the operation in it's ceremony.

Registration exuded a spirit of equality. All were equally unprepared, misinformed, and slighted. Real equality, you hated the people before you regardless of race, color, or creed. A general misanthropy. One must have had a certain awkward grace to endure. Grace under pressure.

And if one were to ask "how many are a thousand people, two thousand?", the definition's figures grow blurred, leaving only dense time between you and the chartered destination of each wall.

After impressions decayed in utter anarchy. There was comfort in the emerging faces though, lazarus-like, they merely muttered by, as though they'd somewhere to go and walked camly away.



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