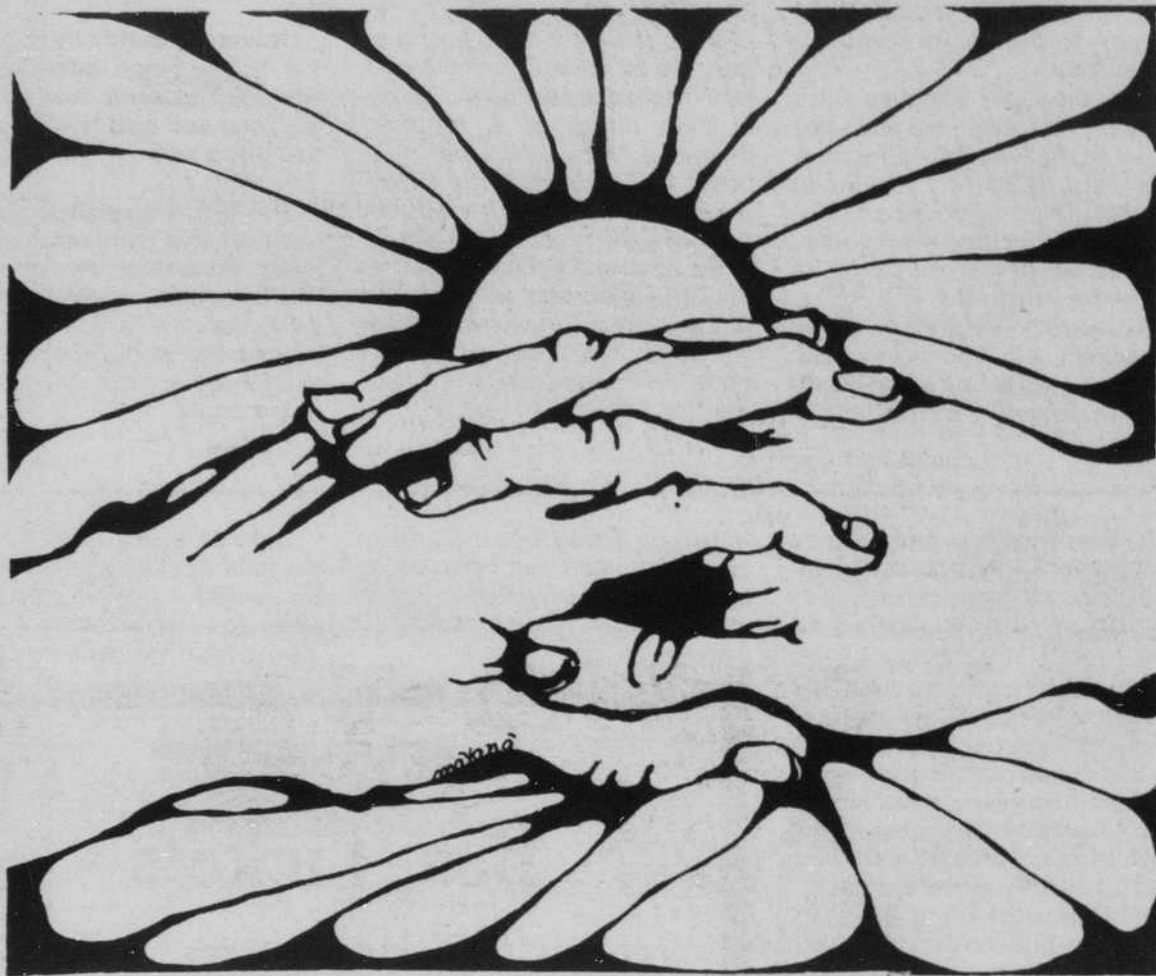


Empty...



Artist unknown

I hate to hurt them
but it happens.
Knowing if I married their image
I'd only fall to some existence:
of briefcases and
writings that even I wouldn't read.
I stand beautiful girl
in their dreams,
now turn to music that was
played for me...

When knife words and statements
slice into us we sit there,
stare at faces that used to
hold all the truths.
We bleed alone and still
it's the same color.

Kate Andersen

An Indian is only six feet tall. If he leaves the Great Valley at daybreak — and follows the sun — he can reach the Sea by nightfall, with a steady stride and good luck.

The white man covers the distance in less than an hour. He races across the earth almost as swiftly as the sun moves across the sky. And without effort. A slight twist of his wrist to begin, and then steady pressure applied through his leg to the ball of his right foot. Nothing more. He sits there, enclosed in a hulk of steel, rushing through space.

Untitled

You white men think you are gods. To travel from the Great Valley to the Sea in less than an hour.

But not for free. The chrome horse demands its price.

You must lay a hard mixture of sand and rock over the brown earth. You must criss-cross this land with huge, smooth paths. You must destroy the trees. You must remove the wild ani-

mals. You must make a part of the world regular, even predictable.

What energy hurtles you through space? A series of small explosions in the center of that hulk of metal. Explosions terrify my people. They are man-made thunder. Man does not make thunder cheaply. The small explosions fill the air with poison gas. Soon you will not be able to breathe without

choking, soon you will not be able to open your eyes without crying, soon you will not be able to live at all.

It is not an easy journey to walk from the Great Valley to the Sea. My people would not make such a journey without good reason. We would finish the day tired and hungry. But when we traveled the distance we knew the earth we walked across. We knew the leaves of the live oak, the chatter of the squirrel, the tap of the woodpecker.

White man, what do you know?

Conversation With Bob

Me and Bob Dylan
sat down to talk of a time
soon to come, about writing
songs and sonnets and playing
a guitar and drinking
beer and smoking
things
and just living.

We talked for a few minutes
and I was silent most of the time
'cept for a passing comment,
and I thought about his age
and his past and his drawings,
books, and tunes and I saw
that he has no throne,
's'pose he didn't want one,
no matter,
they couldn't make one big enough for
him to sit in.

And that time will soon be here
when we run out of sonnets
and all the other stuff
I mentioned,
but no matter,
I just flip the record over.

KPM



Staff photo

A biweekly

Monday, December 13, 1976