

INSIGHT



Ink drawing by Doreen Mumano

By Nick Dembrosky

Rushing waterfalls; yellow, orange and red leaves covering our hills and valleys; a lone seagull flying above a white sandy deserted beach; a sailing ship, as free as a white cloud driven by rushing winds, cutting across an ocean of water, these are the images which come to mind when I gaze at this ship. This ship is an ink drawing done by Daren, a student here at Highacres.

My mind is filled with these beautiful thoughts. I feel happy at the realization that these things do exist. Creeping up on me now however are the other images, they are not quite so pleasing. My dream world is disturbed by the other side. Like a rusty knife thrust into my back the nausea makes itself known in the form of: an old man in rags, two days hungry, covered with the stench of urine and bad booze, vomits up his last bottle of wine and falls, unconscious. Meanwhile, Brooks Brother wingtips and glossy patent leather of businessmen and their cute secretaries bypass the figure and rush to their noontime motel.

In the same city, "Christ, I can't breathe!" is fast becoming the cry of the masses, as the exhaust pipes of "great American industries" spew forth chemical waste. Yes, we Ameri-

cans get upset when we cannot breathe. The problem affects each and every one of us directly. Why can we not realize that any problem which exists in this country affects us just as directly as this? They should not be stepped over as if they were non-existent. But, we still cannot breathe; we can't even see. No, we don't see the scars on children of Mexican workers. These workers come from their native land to work in vineyards of California. Grapes, covered with insecticides, poison their children. But that's all right. That's in California. And besides, we prize ourselves in being Americans, citizens of the greatest country in the world. A country which stole its land from the Indians. Indians were once a proud, a free race of people. Well, America took care of them, allright, by putting them on reservations in barren wastelands. Let's all be proud; let's all be patriotic to a cause which burns Vietnamese farmers as they work in their fields. After all, Hitler burned 6,000,000 Jews. Where do you bury a nation of lies? A nation which distorts its news about itself on all media. Papers and television broadcast the virtues of Mayor Daley of Chicago. Mayor Daley of Chicago who ordered sadistic police into a group of peaceful demonstrators.

The police lost control of themselves and beat heads of boys, men, and women. So the blood poured in Chicago, in Berkely, in all our major cities and America is proud. And, the public receives distorted news in their comfortable, safe homes on their color television sets, which indicate the necessity of these brutal actions. These same Americans are happy that they live in a free country.

Contrary to President Nixon's campaign, we would like to make things very clear. These thoughts are expressed in the following poem by Wendy Wilson, a student on the Hazleton Campus.

From Presidents and policies to long-winded treaties
And things that go Zap in the night.

Genocide of redskins
Genocide of Blackskins
Genocide of anybutwaspskins;

Babies burned with napalm
Babies bitten by rats
Babies dying from pesticides;

Smogged-up cities
Clogged-up streams
Fogged-up minds;

Military-industrial complexes
Military-manipulated men
Military-damned fools;

Backdowns on desegregation
Backdowns on peace
Backdown from honesty;

Madness in ABMs
Madness in prejudice
Madness in ignorance;
Good people deliver us.

You can try to forget, you can throw this paper down as garbage or use it as a paper airplane but eventually it catches up to you, you can never really escape the nausea. You can live in your dream worlds and try to block it out of your mind, retreat into your sheltered houses, associate with people who think like you, protected, until it comes knocking at your front door in the form of starvation, of pollution, of war. Then who will you turn to? Do you turn to your tin foil savior? Do you start calling Him to come? But he is dead. That leaves _____ you!

ENERGIES OF SOUL

By Barb Sipler

Free the powers of my mind
From the grips of its encavement,
Liberation, liberation,
Flowing energies of Soul.

Codes and so-called truths distract
me

Cloud the crystals of my thoughts
Liberation, liberation,
Flowing energies of Soul.

Particles of mass provide for
Inter-action of the nerve cells,
Liberation, liberation,
Flowing energies of Soul.

Blood and bones and flesh deceive
me
Moan for satisfaction now,
Liberation, liberation,
Flowing energies of Soul.

Release me from this state of
madness,
Permit the powers of mind to see
Liberation, Liberation
Flowing energies of Soul.

Physical being has stopped and
rotted,
Now the energy's released.
Able to seek the truths around me,
Mind of mine — now you are free!

S. G. A.

URGES

ALL STUDENTS

TO ATTEND

STATE LECTURES

OCT. 15

SUB LOUNGE

11:30 A. M.