

Living is easy with eyes closed

Having been told repeatedly 'Don't you understand, Peg-you can't build a movement on guilt,' I still feel that somehow, some way, some one can reach you-and I have got to try.

How is it possible for you to allow yourselves the incredible casualness of blowing dope and digging a Jethro Tull concert while your brothers and sisters are working unceasingly to save your bodies from the heavy clubs of disrespect, repression, and illegal discrimination. These people are working for you for your future-given there will be a future. They gave you an opportunity on April 24 to demonstrate your acclaimed disgust at the way the system has been handling you and all other minority groups, and you rejected it. Why?

It is most certainly shameful that you don't have the hearts

to understand the conditions others are forced to exist under in this misused democracy. If you are happy with your stereos and your dope and you don't need anything else remember please think of the American Indians, and Puerto Ricans who don't have bread to fill their bellies, let alone stereo music to fill their rooms. Remember too that the same three or four hours you wile away at a concert, American and Vietnamese boys dropped like flies-dead. Do you understand what DEATH-means? It's never again waking to fiery red and purple dawn, it's never catching a spider web sparkling dewy in the sunlight, it's never feeling the warm breeze touch your face, and never again holding your lover close. It is an end-to everything, even the flesh of your bodies - food for the insects and the worms of earth.

Reflect on these images while the strains of the next concert you attend reach your ears. But don't stop there-go on and reflect on the four year old Chicano migrant picking heads of lettuce from dawn to dusk next time you see non-union lettuce at your market. Remember the Black man and woman desperately in need of a job who has been turned away from a racist A&P next time you shop there. And then just for laughs next time youre riding your bike down Cedar Ave. or strumming your guitar in a quiet nook where flowers grow remember the men who have lost their legs and cannot ride, and those who have lost their arms and cannot strum-fighting a losing battle on a far-away battleground.

And by God, if you don't feel guilt for your apathy then I pity you.

Margaret Rice