

ECOLOGY:

The Environmental Handbook

ed. by Garrett DeBelli. A Ballantine Book. \$.95.

Every day while commuting to Winston-Salem I witness the destruction of our environment. Near the airport on I-40 isolated columns of fumes hang heavy in the damp air. A jet streaks in to the runway; its waste settles, visibly, so that I cannot ignore its presence.

Then clear vision again for a few miles. Approaching Winston-Salem poisonous vapors encircle the city. Fifth street exit - descent into a Dantesque valley where the smoke produced by man to punish his lungs for ecological sins on this earth blurs the vision. Sickly-sweet fumes from Reynolds Tobacco seep through the closed windows. Particles of soot settle on my car from the Negro school forced to burn cheap grades of fossil fuel - coal and oil.

Stadium Drive, facing Salem College -- on the steep hill, my clutch is in. A tractor-trailer in front of me guns its engine, throws in its clutch, belches black poison from its smokestack, groans and moves its bowels, making me gag. Later, at the School of the Arts, which is perched on a hill, I look down on the city smoldering like a slag heap. Although partially removed, I am breathing its fumes, inhaling air poisoned by motor vehicles and industry, and I am enraged.

Music Playing --- Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young

by Mike Ferguson

"I am a child, I'll last awhile, you can't conceive of the pleasure in my smile" - *I Am A Child*/Neil Young

Deja Vu, the new Lp by Crosby, Stills Nash & Young, sounds fuller and richer than the first by C, S & N. There is an added depth in the music, a gutty dimension that was lacking. The reason is Neil Young.

Few artists in American rock, save Dylan and a few others, have such a highly personalized approach to music as does Neil Young. He is a consummate artist who has spent much of his twenty-four years listening to, absorbing, and playing rock music, until he has molded into a distinctive and innovative craftsman. He's paid his dues.

Young has many qualities: his quivering, high-pitched vocal style, jabbing, piercing guitar runs, songs which penetrate their subject matter with haunting, introspective images that reflect experience. Strong and lean, Canadian, buckskin, firm Indian (part Cherokee) jaw, deep eyes that show many moods and feelings, vibrations that can be trans-

"Pollution is a crime compounded of ignorance and avarice." The quote is taken from *The Environmental Handbook*, prepared for the first National Environmental Teach-In on April 22. The book is designed to dispel this cloud of ignorance and indifference and to give the reader practical advice on how to initiate change. The goal of its contributors is that it be a useful practical tool for the Environmental Teach-In.

I do not believe that the environmental teach-in will provide new insight or factual knowledge, but I do hope that it will help alert public opinion to the immediacy of the ecological crisis. The teach-in should point to action programs that can be developed now in each particular community.

To make us more knowledgeable the editor includes essays and selections which give us not only well documented and researched articles on waste and pollution, but also insights into the historical and theological basis for our current situation.

lated only as those of someone at ease with his world.

Two springs ago, Neil sat quietly in a small backstage room in Raleigh, where Buffalo Springfield had just given what was to be one of their last concerts. He listened as I rapped with Stephen Stills, reluctant to answer my questions about *Broken Arrow* ("It's about bein' in a band, I suppose"). Stills, not saying that the band was splitting, but letting me draw my own conclusions, thought that the members of the group would sound surprisingly similar, should they go off on their own. Neil smiled at Stephen.

Young came from Canada to join the Springfield. His friendship with Stills, despite their different backgrounds and goals, was warm, if esoteric. Together, they pushed the Springfield, Stephen with his passionate desire, Neil with assured, affirmative smiles. They made beautiful music. Glorious American rock and roll music. Largely unappreciated music. As in their sensitive way, both Neil and Steve found lack of acceptance a hard thing to

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Book Review
by Anthony N. Fragola

In an essay by Lynn White, Jr., the author claims that christianity must bear a hugh burden of guilt for our environmental destruction, for Christianity has fostered the "axion that nature has not reason for existence save to serve man." To good God fearing fundamentalists and moderately involved Christians alike, this idea may seem heretical, blasphemous, or absurd. But it was demonstrated in one class that if viewed in a proper perspective and with an open mind, this dictum need not be antithetical to our religious faiths and biblical teachings. It is not Christianity which is corrupting, but man's refusal to accept theories which might hinder his quest for unlimited power or nature and matter.

ALL POWER POLLUTES

"All power pollutes," says *The Environmental Handbook*.

What can we do? Reduce the total energy used in this country by 25 per cent over the next decade, it responds.

Oh, shock, horror, dismay. What! Not use electric can openers, not strive for a totally electric home, not use the car to drive to Grimsley or Page a few blocks away, mingle with the common people on mass transit systems which could reduce the number of automobiles needed. There is already enough concrete and asphalt to cover the entire region of New England. Demand that Detroit produce cars that get 28 miles a gallon instead of twelve, sacrifice the comfort of a luxury of an "escape machine" for a bug not worth the dignity of my position? Perhaps Detroit fears clean air and a healthy environment? With these natural wonders we might not feel the urgency to escape. Exactly, says *The Environmental Handbook*, and more, much more.

A NATION OF PIGS

Signs in New York City implore the people - let's be a little less piggy. New York City is a perfect example of what unlimited consumption can produce. This is where the problem lies. How can we get the people to accept fewer luxuries. America is a piggy nation. We are soft and fat and nearly ready for the kill. To the younger generation and hippies the policeman is a symbol of the structure and system of America. (Most do not hate policemen as people. For one thing, until they began demonstrating, most did not have much contact with a "cop".) Pigs wallow in mire and thrive on garbage. Perhaps the title of "pig" as a symbol of the American way of life is more suitable than we think.

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