

Collective Task II
2011.06

“blindfold”
– Lanny Jordan Jackson

Contributors:

Andy Sterling, Astrid Lorange, Chris Alexander, Eddie Hopely, J. Gordon Faylor, Josef Kaplan, Kieran Daly, Kim Rosenfield, Klaus Killisch, Kristen Gallagher, Lanny Jordan Jackson, Lawrence Giffin, Robert Fitterman, Sabine Herrmann, Sam Tierney, Stacy Doris, Tim Davis, & Vanessa Place

Robert Fitterman, *Blindfold*

Bli9dfk,d

This woll jr mu xlimsdolfef

Powm I neber did

Kesfn jiw ro eroq

Wirjoif lookijf

Abs Ulm oreffh shds

I;m nor fiunf ri kwadh noe.

Joervrtm U fi fwwl likw J ndhr be

Creatunf a niew wxcirunf rexr gt

Doijg it this wau.

Andy Sterling, *Untitled (blindfold)*

now you wouldny have a little friend in college would you what about a duime man? im sorry i don't have a die but you can have id you want whatever this is here have a quarter you can have ten you wou;dmt have ten come on and take it son i need it i dont have a dime to rub together she does have a pont i can't buy me no food you know you certainly went from being an american in need i don't care what i ma you have fi ve pennies now because its mu chair now we;; i've been seiittming on it daffy daffy daffuy i really dont have any moneyt right now as id you have mu money five me back my pattern i think you might now realize why don't you leave you can go back why i went to fo fet a peach otver there you ate her roses? i tou are that's not OK please all where am i supposed to fo i can't see anything why are you eatinh int he first place alright she let me inhere come on youre not gonna leave me to traccvifdaddy come on this way walk together alright why don't you two jsut fo let's just fo be nothing together you don't have any money freat job folksthat was the best yet it's nveru dinnfiult to fo something but that was beru food thats a three minut elonsd video

nick janicki made a trip to london to tru out a flotation experinece he said he knoew what he wanted to fdo ewith hi i \just looked like anidiot i didnt know what to do he came back to arixona in scotbadal; using these rest pods to make you float the water is heated to skin temperature the brain stops recojnicinth the

difference anything like
that the nine foot long
pod likkght and music in
side people are already its'
like dloating in oil you
think it's 190 degrees
opposite and even
afterwardss the that
shocked me ive always
wanted to fdlu and that's
the closest thing and nick
saus sold one hour you
feel like youce been asleep
for four this is the first
that uses the rest podf
between siscxt and
secnelkstm dollars this rest
center on thomas peak
and franklin rich in
scotdals

again only with a twist everyone's fonna
turn around they won't have to greeze it
blinfly two people on stage ug og i ahve a
conflict fgort ytjherese characters stuck in
a pop corn machine YES fude howm i
out of this popocorn machine this totaly
reminds me of thast one time at band
camp hgahaha yeah look at that painting
it's like Woa s GRave get in was on wac
off how is this gonna melp you wwith
jarate> you must trust me el grasshopper
hey look a butterfly o look a rock a
cornflake the sun heyt look butning i
never saw another butterflu! i do!
hahahahahahahaha ha crazu@ amnd
them wecropss the riop grande And
italian thingf use on dundrops and freeze
a over there there is a trek dont get ant
closer i taco for them theres still heri
much alive after dark adrter dark> freeze
its so i told him a scrubs fuy can't get no
lobe i don't know hgim freeze mofpo
hahah deeeze look my sson i will teach

you the ways of life in walmart will you
walk there freeze ok now this is how you
apply ptressuyre like this owwwwwww
grave dude dude i told you not to eat taco
bell wheres the tamma tyuce tyou told me
without the yam youce freezehAHA AND
THEN SHE WAS LIKE YEAH IUT
WAS FANTASTIC TOTALLY YEAH
WHAT DO YOU THINK WELLL
HELLO THESRS STOP STOP I
KNIW A COWBOT I SEE A
COWNBOT AND I AINT A
COWBOT WHY GELLO SAILOR
THIS bell fonna ring explain to me why i
foound these panties bhy your drawer
youyouyouyawwww cacaw caw cwa cwa
cwca cwa explain to me why i found
trhese underwear on your person to
ansqwewr your question about this big
what is prince? this is foing to be fasst
picking ever i hope no bears come bears?
csilly bears now youre sure ther was a
stain here im positibe because you've have
that dfdream before ofofofofofof ha ha
mamma i want my apple huoise now ium
ym ym i want apple freeze freeze i cant
seem to get these pants on that plk reach
for the sky this munchkin hold you up
nrack into a popcorn boc what the hell>

yeah like billa nd i used to
do this like float to relax
theres a lot more than
relacing the
whoooooooooolle long time
it literally will gfive you a
pstchedleic experiences
you start to ugh um where
is a water where is the air
where is your skin total
silence its realy salyy
actually very buotant 900
pounds of bedbfom salts
in ther the temperature
your body is it was the
most bixarre physuical

experience i was lying in the water the first five or ten minutes you start because you're deprived of all your sense or seeing things because of all that you just focus on different things i should be doing i'm not doing like someone's showing you all the things in your life just making you aware you're not thinking about when you use pot and this it just cranks it up to ten once i was aware i made checklist then you slowly start to lose like your sense of being eventually it was like a res sort of a

ugh ugh like a geometric flower and the higher i got and the more relaxed i got and it was the strangest swirling thing and as i went through it i lost who i was you feel like you went through the part all physical boundaries what we look at ground and walls and trees and water just things that we how we react our sense react all of that stuff away all visuals everything you touch and you are just energy and it was so nerve wracking whatever the fuck it is and i would freak out and that's how

close death is it felt like
that it felt like that could
be what death is like itas
alsirhght but once you do
back in there it's not you
anymore that was the
scariesty thing about it i
would be pounding wow
that was diucked up but
where youre in it there's
no I eyes of youe edo you
stop being the human its
like shiu DOOm like
completely its not you
anymore haha ues ues
jiust start with it you8're a
very cute boyt ive been
working much he's like fly
in your hair we're
thinking about making

rutgers out living toom
ahahahahhaah heyt

hahahahahahaha you knwo interesting
favt about yuarn my cousin was actually
made of yarn now weather yeah so the
weather if you look on theres a
hburricane over kansas we got hairy
weather hgoing on up here hariy hairyt
this is called we like to call a wood storm
when therers lots of liumberjacks and the
trees get up in the air a a litltle nbit and
start its similar in favt to
OKOKOKOKOKOK we;; thoase
budget cutbacks are kjiller yaaahg

venice beach calidornia
manufavturer of cuistom
built floatation chambers
for over ten years. our
cahmbers have
consistently improved
with dunctionaliry this is a
chamber seven feet ing
seven wide ovufem input
you control here we have
a gos which controls the
sustem (fan running) we
make these out of this is
aluminum anodiced here
we made the m asout of
all sort of matierla larval
ifoor the foor is three
edeat by five feet it's food
for mpoelpe with hear

issues here i'm going to
show you it's the chamber
now listen to the
difference from there to
out here that will give you
anexapmlpe of the
opposite in other words
the sound outside is veru
insulated furing your
dloating not onlt wi we
have the chambers here
for 40 dolloars a sessions
we have an audio inpit
device whicle you're
floating we send the
computer in to you we
have a list coming up for
you of the concepts we
are working with nand
some of the typces of

people we are interested
in correspondng with as
far as future plans fo one
set of coimponents ahead
and another set of
components listen to that
pire water pire audio
stereo.

gahhh! i nevenevne enenen
denenenenenenenenenenen enenenen i
mean nenenene nenenenene (whiunny)
ahahaha hu i got hu barbarians done!
daniel@! dirty barbarians! we as eihreecen
ventury have no reason to believe that
traveliong to the thirteenth century will
do any harm ill just step through excuse
me> im gonna need come to the bat tank
we must do this together im leaving you
no no youre already here sorry shhhhh

this is fort your own good shhhh
technologuy in the haha cquite apt to save
my life! you can hear me i know you can
im fgibvening you turkeyt sandfwish i
cant ham on wheat! we dont eighhyt rye?
eff ejy? theres nine ryhes

my name is david warner
i am the authoer this ia
my first experiment with
the tank ahere at oasis hot
tubs spa here in grand
rapids we'll see what
happens ah ah ugh
slippery this is the first this
little help resduce noises
ughughu splash yeah

splash ooo its kinda cold
out here slippery its ok if i
take these things off
whoah i didnt projec t but
it was relacing id say
provbabv the first thirty
fourtuju minutr it took
mer a lkot to just get
really relaced and get into
it and a few times theres a
few times phtical
consciousness and kinda
like return i can definitely
see this will be a benefit in
the future and definitely a
statement i also found a
few other thingfs that
were inyteresting that
about my sefl and levels of
consc iousness i very

fdeep with the others into
the sleep ionto the trance
and everything around
me just turned off and
down into the deep level
this was food it was kinda
hard to get used to at first
just like laying downs i
fdoucl feel like vcertina
parts of my bnosdy tesnse
up kinda justr like this my
lefs stretched out to just
feully jget into it its
fdeigfniinet id definitely
loise aummm sewsnse of
time and sxpace sensoryt
and flotarion first char is
that the only experience
well ill try agfain in the
future

ughhhhhhhh slap si fog ugh ugh fet out
im trying hgeep moving youre fly lemme
cut o duuuuude tthis are 80 follar keamns
do you want your hand stuck to your pan
ts the rest of your life its the back of your
have freeze oooooooooooooooooo look i got
a reallyt food deal on this too and when
you flip it over her clothes come off.

here look at that you got your four on the
floor here are the tires you missed it all it's
pink you look liek a pink car kinda fut get
in there and try it out hurry litytle
busddey alright sir you have to moce out i
have to charnge this porta potty im not
done using it uet wel;l you used it til you
sat down o yes food heres this torturing
stuff gree hahaha het tall i didnt know my
sister was prednent can tall just leave me
im trying to fo to the gour seasons here
they wont let me in i need grappacino
here you fo hucar you hust fo ahead and
take the money out im sorry dont run
over did you just say that>> noooooooooo
pgrew now that youre presidnet i dont
wanna be intern! im not wanna be im just
not that into you alright hahahahahahaha
ha ha ha ugh gerome i love the park
whoah sharon you are freadyt five wayt
can you spare a dime> ewell for a heated
seat sure o what the heck> hback of the
bus, nmonety first! hgahahahaha

talking monet productions
billys mopther didn't
know the real reason he
didn't want to o to bed
when he was left alone he
would et frightened billy
fidnt know ive alwauys
been fascinated about
altered states of

consciousness it was
about this fut who goy
this brew from indiands
and took it in the tank
turned into a monkey
wer'e got millions of years
perhaps iv'e tapped into
that what it is is a tank
you fo into the water has
2000 ponds of salts in it
once you get the
temperature the eact
same the feeling where
you cant tell where the air
is it feels like youre
weightless on top of that
you can't hear antthing
you donts see antthing
you pull the lib shut you
don't hear anything there

is a way to have an actual
psychedelic experience in
a way the can end
anytime you want it to
this is one that i have
designed by this guy craig
hoefler there is a lot of
ojugen that gets pushed
through this thing the uv
light het pushed through
this thing on top of that i
have this this little
machine right here this
pimmps it through this
tube it all gets pumped in
while i'm lying in it where
it's just you and your
thoughts its fitsty just me
thinking about my
friendships how do i effect

them try to correct them
its almost like s seminar
on my life once you kinda
fet passed that psychic
mimps you're not stressed
and then obnce you've
out that in perspective
your vrian foes into crasu
places because in the
andsence of any normal
input your brain tunes
into anything that are
really indescrivav;y and
very few people have
experencesd it that's whuy
i'm going to five away my
old tank i have a new one
built i eel like im vonna
have a contest if you're on
my list you're LREAUD

ELLIGIBLE AND
WHAT I'M GONNA
DO IT WAIT A
COUPLE MONTHS
AND RANDOMLY
SELECT OEN AND I'M
GONNA JIRE A FI Y
YO COME SET IT UP
YOU'RE CONNA
HAVE YO GET SOME
DASLY.

J. Gordon Faylor, *Untitled (blindfold)*

Vendergood language

[edit]

Sidis created a [constructed language](#) called *Vendergood* in his second book, entitled *Book of Vendergood*, which he wrote at the age of eight. The language was mostly based on [Latin](#) and [Greek](#), but also drew on [German](#) and [French](#) and other [Romance languages](#).^[22] It distinguished between eight different [conjugations](#): [indicative](#), [potential](#), [imperative absolute](#), [subjunctive](#), [imperative](#), [infinitive](#), [optative](#), and Sidis's own [strongeable](#).^[*citation needed*] Vendergood employed a [base-12](#) system of numbers, because, as Sidis explained, "The unit in selling things is 12 of those things [dozens] and 12 is the smallest number that has four factors!"^[*cite this quote*]

At 2:42 PM, on 21 June 2011, the above screenshot was taken of the Wikipedia article on William James Sidis (1898-1944), the eccentric writer and mathematician most well-known for his initial fame as a child prodigy, and later, his infancy as a recluse and (paradoxically) outspoken socialist.

I've spent the past two hours looking for any sort of publication of *Book of Vendergood* (whether excerpted or entire, digital or print) to no avail. Nothing on WorldCAT, nothing on AbeBooks. It's not even in the Harvard Library, which houses the Billy Sidis archive.

There is an extensive archive at [sidis.net](#) which includes some unusual ephemera (e.g. the minutes for the 5 January 1910 Harvard Math Club meeting, wherein the eleven-year-old Sidis presented a paper on "Four Dimensional Bodies"), but there's not even an acknowledgement of his pre-1910 writings.

Yesterday I contacted the webmaster of the archive, but have yet to hear from him. The situation does not look promising.

The most detailed information on *Vendergood* (and on Sidis in general) comes from a biography entitled *The Prodigy*, written by Anny Wallace. Yet even the excerpts Ms. Wallace provides are minimal, and it's unclear how she accessed the text. If you'd like to learn more about the project, I've attached two relevant pages from her book.

If anyone can assist me in locating this rare and fascinating text, it would be greatly appreciated.

(better July 1), 1905, when he was less than 7 and 1/2 years, and wrote books on Astronomy, Calendars, English Grammar, and compends on it.

This is followed by the pun:

INTRODUCTION

My book, the reader—the reader, my book.

But the rest is no-nonsense—a reduction of the principles and forms of grammar to a succinct forty-one pages. The book differs from other grammars primarily in its brevity and minimum of repetition. While Billy invented nothing in this book, it is still a remarkable achievement. How many intelligent adults have mastered the rules of English? Curiously, though, while the abstract principles of grammar are clear and accurate, Billy occasionally slips and makes a grammatical error himself. For example: "The SUBJECT part is what is the sentence about."

His selection of examples range from the cute:

*Conjunctions join the words together
as rain AND sunshine, wind OR weather.
Conjunctions sentences unite
as kittens scratch AND puppies bite.*

to the unexpected as in this example of the third person:

"POPE GREGORY THIRTEENTH was the greatest man."
While most children would choose George Washington or Buffalo Bill, Billy's interests already lay elsewhere.

His examples of interjections are particularly charming:

*An interjection shows surprise
as OH, how pretty, AH, how wise!*

PRINCIPAL ONES.—the principal interjections are: aha, ah, alas, alack, hey, hurrah, huzza, hah, ho, hallo, hist, hush, lo, fe, mum, O(oh), pshaw, tush, woe, &c.

The following is the only reference to fathers, used to illustrate pronouns:

(I) am sorry that papa left (I) am sorry that (HE) left.

The only reference to mothers is strikingly different:

THE PERSONS ARE NAMED: first, second, third. The first person is the speaker, as, I PAUL have written it. The second person is the hearer, as, MOTHER, what is the trouble with YOUR brain.

Billy's most ambitious product in this period was the invention of a new language, Vendergood.

Again written in the manner of a school text, the forty-page *Book of Vendergood* outlines the basic rules, structure, and pronunciation of a language that is Latin-based but draws on German, French (of which Billy was particularly fond), and several other Romance languages. Reading it creates the same strange effect of Billy's other books: This marvelous, sophisticated achievement is tinged throughout with a childish fascination with form and pomposity; the adult reader feels constantly bounced between the work of a genius and that of a little boy.

Billy's fascination with order went to such extremes that he actually made up new elements of grammar, as if the topic weren't difficult enough. For example: "There are 8 Modes, the indicative, potential, imperative absolute, *strongeable*, subjunctive, *optative*, imperative & infinitive [emphasis added]." Chapters bear such intimidating titles as "Imperfect and Future Indicative Active"—hardly layman's lingo. One painfully difficult page contains a breakdown of the word "the" into an off-putting array of gender and inflection variations. He

has made a simple article more complex than a Japanese verb, in the interest of exactitude of expression.

Other parts of Vendergood are refreshingly clear and simple, such as the explanation of the origin of Roman numerals. This, along with several pages of hard mathematics, is injected into the *Book of Vendergood* in the interest of promoting a mass move to base twelve, instead of base ten. Billy offers this explanation for the change:

Roman numerals are not all founded on the same principal [*sic*]. The first 3 are founded on the fingers. I, one, is the shape of one finger; V, five, is nearly the shape of a hand, which has five fingers; X, ten, is the shape of two hands crossing each other at the elbow, in which the hands together [*sic*] ten fingers, C, a hundred, is from Latin centum; M, a thousand, from Latin mille. The use of the Denary scale is easily seen for we have ten fingers. The reason of introducing the Duodenary Scale in Vendergood is seen as follows: The unit in selling things is 12 of those things and 12 is the smallest number that has four factors!

The numbers in Vendergood are then given in base 12:

eis	one
duet	two
tre	three
quar	four
quin	five
sex	six
sep	seven
oo (oe?)	eight
non	nine
ecem	ten
elevenos	eleven
dec	twelve
eidec (eis, dec)	thirteen

Most examples are presented in the form of tests:

TRANSLATE INTO VENDERGOOD: 1. Do I love the young man? 2. The bowman obscures. 3. I am learning Vendergood. 4. What do you learn? (sing.) 5. I obscure ten farmers.

The answers to this quiz, placed at the back of the book, are as follows:

1. Amevo (-)ne the neania? 2. The toxoteis obscurit. 3. (Euni) disceuo Vendergood. 4. Quen diseois-nar? 5. Obscureuo ecem agrieolai.

Vendergood is simpler than Esperanto, the only comparable language. Its limitations are that it is difficult to pronounce and is too streamlined to allow for many contractions. Vendergood would be an impressive achievement coming from an adult. It came from a seven-year-old.

When he was five, Billy had devised his method for instantly calculating the day of the week on which any given date, past or future, would fall. When he was seven and a half he wrote a two-part book on calendars. Only the first part, describing how to make a normal calendar, has survived. The title page reads:

FIRST BOOK ON CALENDARS
by
WILLIAM JAMES (SD) (SIDIS)? THE
CALENDARMAKER?
YES!

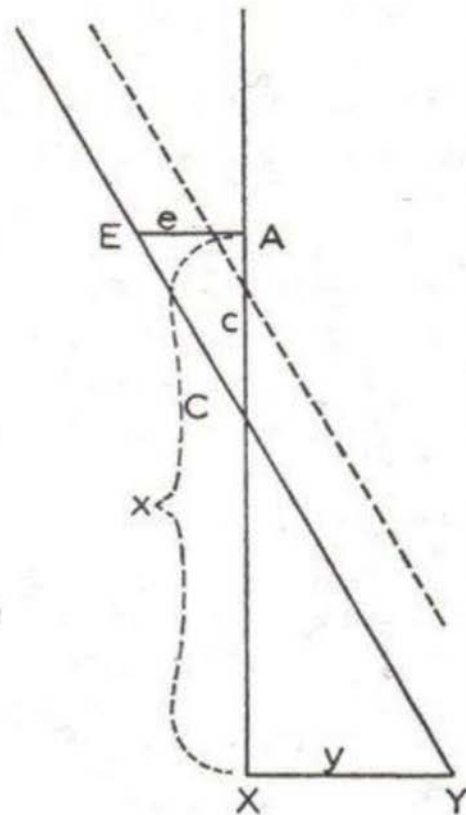
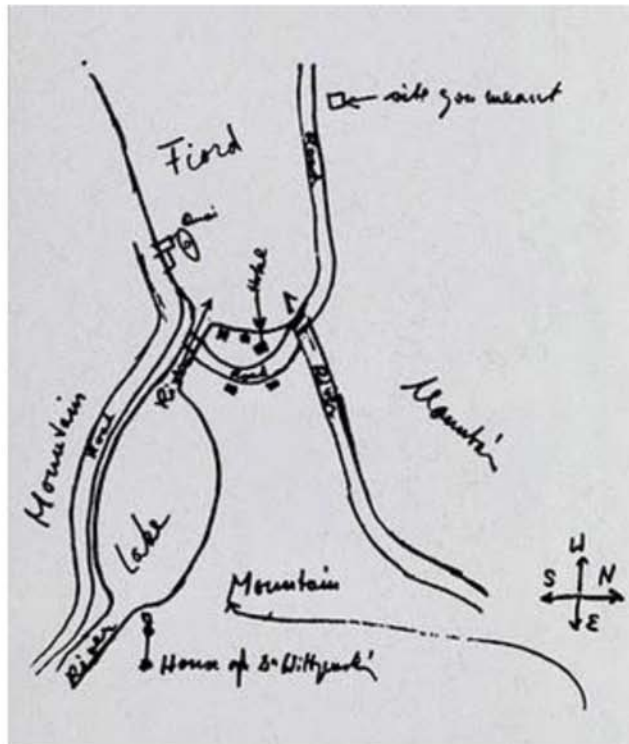
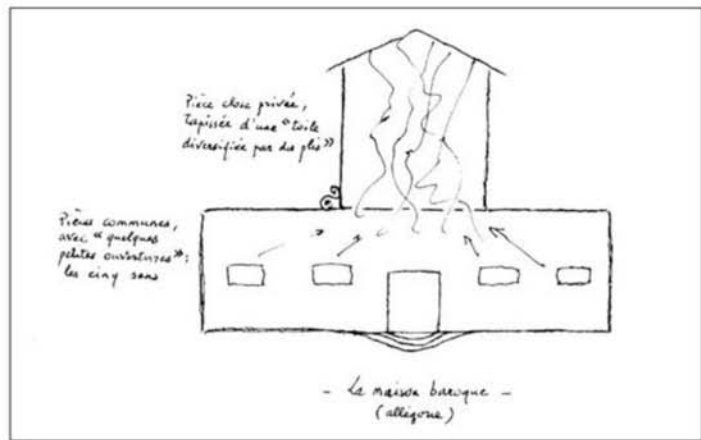
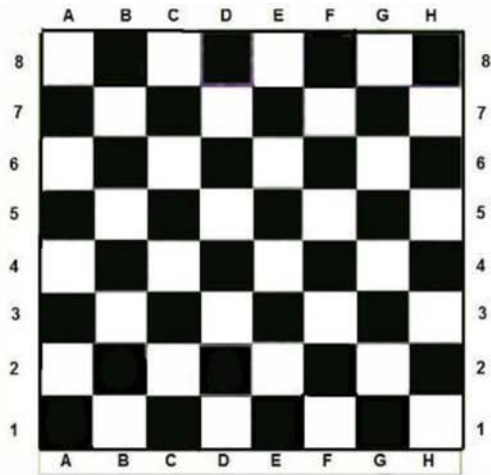
NOTE—This book is for people to know what their own calendars are, and how to make one themselves.

Kieran Daly, *Untitled (blindfold)*

6/21: 'Collective Task' - Task 1: 'Blindfold'
non-metaphysically:

"an explicit definition of what
an axiom system counts as one, or
(counts as its object-one, is never
encountered)." [...] To accede axiomatically
to the presentation of their presentation,
these consistent multiples of particular presentations,
once purified of all particularity—thus
seized before the count-as-one of the situation
in which they are presented—must no
longer possess any other consistency than
that of their pure multiplicity, that is,
their mode of inconsistency within situations."

Vanessa Place, *Untitled (blindfold)*



Argues that the analog vs. propositional (picture vs. description) question is ill posed.

Josef Kaplan, *Untitled (blindfold)*

The \$1 bill is left unfolded and is therefore recognizable as \$1.

The \$5 bill is folded lengthwise and is therefore recognizable as \$5.

The \$10 bill is folded by width and is therefore recognizable as \$10.

The \$20 bill is folded lengthwise and then by width and is therefore recognizable as \$20.

The \$20 bill is placed face-up and the top and bottom edges are folded to the centerline; the white tips of right edge are folded under, and the two resultant corners are folded towards the centerline; the bill is repositioned so that this folded section is facing up, and the bottom end is folded to slip nicely under it; the bottom end is then unfolded; a squash fold is made at the 1/3 crease mark for both the left and right side of the bill; the bottom end is then tucked back under the top to create a collared shirt, and the bill is therefore recognizable as \$20.

The \$10 bill is placed so that backside is facing up, then only the white edges are folded over; the bill is then folded in half, lengthwise; the bill is then folded in half, lengthwise; the white edge near the end of the folded bill is folded away; the "10" at the same end is folded so that the "10" is centered in a little square of folded money; the rest of the bill is curved slightly and laid back down; part of the bill is folded upwards at 90° and then folded over the back of the horizontal piece, to end up straight down; the whole piece is then flipped over; the curved piece is then rolled around to create a complete circle and the vertical piece is wrapped downwards and back up through the center of the bill; the folded end-flap containing the "10" is then tucked into the edge of the vertical piece to create a ring, and the bill is therefore recognizable as \$10.

The \$5 bill is placed face-up and folded in half from left to right, then unfolded, then folded in half from top to bottom and unfolded again; each of the four corners are folded to the centerline; the long edges of the bill are folded towards the centerline; the points of the bill are folded and unfolded to form a vertical crease; each half is folded and unfolded downwards and back to create an x-shaped crease at the very center of the bill; the bill is then turned over; a squash fold is then used to form a diamond shape; the right-most edge is then folded over on the front and backside; the resultant corners on the new right-most edge are folded towards the centerline; the two leftmost points are held in the thumb and forefinger while the bill is gently unfolded and pulled apart to produce the midsection of a bow-tie, and is therefore recognizable as \$5.

The \$1 bill is placed face-up but upside down; valley folds are made at the halfway points of the bill, as well as the top corners; the top corners are folded along the valley fold; the top pointed corner is folded down; the right edge of the bill is folded back behind until the bill is doubled over; the fold is creased; the bill is unfolded; the right edge is folded back again, until it lines up with the crease made previous; another crease is made; the bill is folded along the creases; the folded bill is

turned over; a valley fold is made at nearly the utmost edge of the bill's right side to create a center channel; the four corners of the center channel are folded, then squash-folded; the top pointy part of the bill is then unfolded; valley folds are made on the outside of the center channel; a mountain fold is made just in front of the channel, so that this piece overlaps the channel; the piece is then flipped over; another valley fold is made at the front edge of the overlapping piece; a mountain fold is added a short distance in front of that to overlap the piece by about half its width; the whole bill is then folded in half down the centerline, using a mountain fold; the point of the pointy part is folded back to make a crease line; the creased section is angled forward slightly; the pointy part is unfolded; the crease is used to make a reverse fold inside the body of the bill; the pointy part is unfolded again; the pointy part is pushed into the body, making two valley folds (one on either side) along the crease so that the pointy part crease lines end up in contact with the front edge of the overlapping piece; the pointy part is then creased and reverse-folded so that it points down; more reverse folds are made to get the pointy part pointing up, and the pointy part's tip pointing slightly back; the bill is then turned over and the overlapping piece opened up a bit; a small tail is valley-folded out; the floating eye in the pyramid from the backside of the bill becomes the eye of an elephant, and is therefore recognizable as \$1.

Stacy Doris, *Untitled (blindfold)*



Chris Alexander, *Starsky & Hutch* 1978

Starsky & Hutch
Season 4: Episode 3 "Blindfold"
September 26th, 1978
American Broadcasting Company

submitted to tv.com and imdb.com
June 27th, 2011

It's Sunday morning. Two men are cracking a safe in the office of a jewelery store. Starsky and Hutch respond to the call.

Arriving on the scene, they see the two men, who run in opposite directions. Hutch quickly apprehends one of the men. Starsky chases the other, who flees down a narrow pedestrian walkway.

The man knocks a young woman to the pavement as he runs. Starsky sees the man. He draws his gun and calls for the man to "halt." The man fires a gun at Starsky. Starsky fires back. The young woman, who had been laying on the sidewalk between them, stands up. Starsky's bullet hits her, and she falls to the ground as the jewelry thief escapes. Starsky is stunned. He runs to aid the girl. Hutch arrives with the other man in tow. He handcuffs the man to a tree, draws a large revolver from under his jacket, and rushes to Starsky's side. "What happened?" "I shot her."

Now we are at the emergency room. Starsky and Hutch confer in the waiting area. "Does she have any relatives?" The young woman's neighbor, described as "a girlfriend next door," is also there. Starsky expresses remorse to Hutch. We find out that the young woman's name is Emily Harrison. She was probably near the scene of the robbery because she was coming home from an art class.

A man in a blue blazer and khaki pants enters the waiting room. He is a doctor. He curtly informs Starsky and Hutch and the girlfriend that Emily is "alive" but she's blind. "She's had a grazing wound to the left parietal area, causing severe nerve trauma and some slight damage to the external tissues." There is a possibility that she will regain her sight. The doctor refuses Hutch's request to question Emily. He tells the girlfriend she may visit her. Starsky asks the girlfriend for "a favor." She replies, "Do you a favor? You're the cop who shot her."

Now we are at the police station. The man Starsky was chasing, Don Widdicombe, is being interrogated by Hutch. "Sergeant Starsky saw you." "Well he must be smokin' some of them funny cigarettes." Don says he has witnesses that he was elsewhere at the time. Hutch says that he will have to make use of his "kid brother"'s testimony. Captain Dobey enters the room and orders Hutch to release Don: "Turn him loose." Don's brother has already been released on bail because it was his first offense.

Starsky tells Hutch that Emily will leave the hospital soon, but that she is blind in both eyes. "You know what I did when I went home?" "No." "After starin' at the wall for a couple hours, I thought to myself well, maybe I'm over-dramatizing it a bit. I mean what the hell it's not that bad, bein' blind. Least she's still alive." "Yeah, she is that." "So I put on a blindfold." Captain Dobey sends Starsky home.

Three days later, we're at the park. Starsky is taking some photographs with an expensive camera. He photographs some men playing basketball, two children sharing ice cream, someone on a bicycle, and a hotdog stand. He photographs a blind young woman sitting on a park bench, then realizes that it's Emily. Starsky strikes up a conversation with her, but introduces himself as Dave. "You have a beautiful smile." "I'm blind." "What does that have to do with your smile?"

Now we're at a pawn shop. Hutch is playing a trumpet off-key. He questions the proprietor, Pinky, about Don. Pinky makes a phone call when Hutch leaves.

Starsky and Emily stroll in the park, arm in arm. She tells him that she still has a 50% chance of regaining her sight. "If it comes back at all, I'll start by seeing flashes of light and blurred images." Emily's girlfriend, Sharon, arrives. Emily introduces Starsky as Dave. Sharon does not reveal his identity. Starsky takes Emily's photograph again.

Back at the pawn shop, Pinky is upset. Don reassures him, then threatens him. Don asks for money, and Pinky says he hasn't "moved the stones" yet. Don takes money from the register. Pinky says "That cop Hutchinson's crazy. I never seen him like this, he ain't gonna ease up."

It's evening. We're at an art studio. Emily is standing in front of an unfinished clay bust. Starsky is by her side. Emily is shouting: "I don't even know what I'm doing, I can't see it!" She throws a piece of clay. "You can feel it." Emily feels the sculpture with her hands, then touches Starsky's face. Emily confronts Starsky about why he is so interested in her. "Who are you, why are you here all the time, why are we together?" Starsky insists that she stop questioning him and return to her sculpture. Emily agrees. She rests her hand on Starsky's face for comparison. They kiss tenderly.

Now we're at a pool hall. Hutch harasses Don's brother, Kenny Widdicombe, taking over his pool table. He tells Kenny that he would get a lighter sentence for the jewel heist if he testified against his brother. "Be a shame to have to turn in those nice-lookin' threads for 20 years of prison gray, wouldn't it Kenny boy?"

Now we're at Starsky's house. Hutch arrives. "You look lousy." "Thank you." Hutch updates Starsky on the case, but Starsky isn't interested until he mentions that he checked on Emily's alibi. Hutch tells Starsky that Emily left her art class early on the day of the heist. Hutch confronts Starsky about spending time with Emily. "I just think it's a bum rap to wash your life down the drain on a guilt trip." "The fact of the matter is that I made that girl blind. Doesn't a cop have to show some responsibility for what he does in the line of duty?" Resigned to his partner's feelings, Hutch leaves.

Emily is at her studio, working on the bust of Starsky. The studio is dark, and she is wearing sunglasses. Don enters. Emily rushes over, arms wide, but moves past him accidentally. "I'm here, I'm here baby." Emily embraces him. Don reveals that Emily was an accomplice to the heist: "You were not the best lookout." Emily accuses Don of neglecting her, and he explains that he couldn't come to her until "that cop" left. Emily is confused, and Don reveals Starsky's identity to her: "The word on the street is that Dave Starsky's got it for you." Don leaves. Distraught, Emily attacks the bust of Starsky with a sculpting tool.

It's the next day. Huggie Bear calls Hutch at the police station to discuss arrangements for a set-up. Huggie Bear is going to buy the stolen jewelry from Pinky in 20 minutes, and Hutch needs to get him the money for the deal.

At the studio, Emily is confessing her role in the jewel heist to Sharon. "I agreed to be his lookout, and now he wants to take me to Hawaii and get married." "Well of course he does, 'cause he knows a wife can't testify against her husband." Don arrives, and Emily sends Sharon away. Don tells Emily that they'll be leaving earlier than expected, but she says that she is not going with him. Don refuses to accept her decision: "We're going to Hawaii. We're gonna get married. Like the saying goes, for better or for worse." "Besides, a wife can't testify against her husband." "You got it."

Huggie Bear is at his bar. Pinky arrives abruptly. Huggie Bear says the money for the deal is in the cash register, but demands to inspect the jewels first. After a few minutes, Pinky becomes suspicious and forces him to open the register. It contains only \$20. "How 'bout an IOU for the rest, 4980 bucks." Pinky approaches the bar, his gun leveled at Huggie Bear. Hutch reaches up from beneath the bar and disarms him. Hutch holds Pinky over the bar upside down while he recites the first lines of the Miranda warning. Then he threatens Pinky with a long prison sentence unless he describes Don's role in the heist.

Starsky arrives at Emily's studio, but finds it empty. He sees the disfigured bust. The door breaks in: it's Hutch, with his gun drawn. Starsky draws his gun in return. Starsky and Hutch remain locked in this position for a moment before talking. "He's not here, huh?" "Who?" Hutch reveals that Don is "Emily's old man" and that Emily was the lookout during the heist. Starsky disputes Pinky's word, but Hutch convinces him by explaining that Pinky has nothing to lose by telling the truth. Sharon arrives and tells Starsky and Hutch that Don has taken Emily to his apartment.

A high-rise apartment building. Starsky and Hutch arrive in an unmarked car, siren blaring. They pull into the underground garage and locate Don's car in his assigned parking spot. Don and Kenny exit the elevator, with a reluctant Emily in tow. They see Starsky and Hutch sitting in the unmarked car. Don takes out a gun and holds it under his garment bag. "Shut up and be cool and we'll just walk right outta here, okay?" Starsky and Hutch spot them. Hutch draws his gun. Starsky gets out of the car, hands empty. Emily begins to blink under her sunglasses. We see a blurred image of Starsky approaching.

Starsky confronts the group. Emily shouts "Dave, he's got a gun!" Starsky kicks Don's gun, and it goes off pointed at the ceiling. Emily looks on, hesitant. Kenny runs away. Hutch pursues Kenny in the car. There is an extended fist fight between Starsky and Don. Hutch bumps Kenny with the fender, sending him into a nearby parked car. Kenny collapses on the ground. Hutch throws him onto the hood of the unmarked car and handcuffs him. He drives off with Kenny on the hood. Starsky handcuffs Don on the hood of a parked car. Hutch pulls up nearby, hitting a dumpster as he parks. He takes custody of Don. Starsky approaches Emily, and they embrace. "It's weird isn't it, how things work out." "Dave, I can see you."

Starsky is at his apartment, vacuuming the carpet and drinking a beer. Hutch enters, startling him. "How's Emily doing?" "Well the doctor says she stands about

a 100% chance of recovery." Starsky tells Hutch that Emily will most likely receive a suspended sentence. He points out the finished bust, which stands on a nearby table. "You oughta try it sometime." "What, sculpting?" "No, wearing a blindfold. I bet you couldn't hack it for 5 minutes." "5 minutes, with my grasp of Extra Sensory Perception?" Starsky and Hutch make a \$10 bet, and Starsky blindfolds Hutch with a cleaning rag. Hutch demonstrates his ability to maneuver around Starsky's apartment while blindfolded. He heads for the "little boys room" but is led astray by Starsky's wicker chair, which has been moved. Hutch exits through the front door of the apartment. Starsky closes the door behind him and stands waiting nearby. There is a loud, extended crash and a shout.

Forty-one years later, someone comments that Emily is played by Kim Cattrall of Sex and the City.

Lawrence Giffin, *Untitled (blindfold)*

and more unscrupulous. Golden apples are beautiful—I remember the lawless days of boyhood, when orchards in crimson and gold tempted me over fence and field—and, too, the merchant who has dethroned the planter is no despicable *parvenu*. Work and wealth are the mighty levers to lift this old new land; thrift and toil and saving are the highways to new hopes and new possibilities; and yet the warning is needed lest the wily Hippomenes tempt Atalanta to thinking that golden apples are the goal of racing, and not mere incidents by the way.

Atlanta must not lead the South to dream of material prosperity as the touchstone of all success; already the fatal might of this idea is beginning to spread; it is replacing the finer type of Southerner with vulgar money-getters; it is burying the sweeter beauties of Southern life beneath pretence and ostentation. For every social ill the panacea of Wealth has been urged,—wealth to overthrow the remains of the slave feudalism; wealth to raise the “cracker” Third Estate; wealth to employ the serfs, and the prospect of wealth to keep them working; wealth as the end and aim of politics, and as the legal tender for law and order; and, finally, instead of Truth, Beauty, and Goodness, wealth as the ideal of the Public School.

Not only is this true in the world which Atlanta typifies, but it is threatening to be true of a world beneath and beyond that world,—the World beyond the Veil. To-day it makes little difference to Atlanta, to the South, what thinks or dreams or wills. In the soul-life of the land he is to-day, and naturally will long remain, unthought of, half forgotten; and yet when he does come to think and will and do for himself,—and let no man dream that day will never come,—then the part he plays will not be one of sudden learning, but words and thoughts he has been taught to lisp in his childhood. To-day the ferment of his striving toward self-realization is to the strife of the world like a wheel within a wheel: beyond the

Veil are smaller but like problems of ideals, of leaders and the led, of serfdom, of poverty, of order and subordination, and, through all, the Veil of . Few know of these problems, few who know notice them; and yet there they are, awaiting student, artist, and seer,—a field for somebody sometime to discover. Hither has the temptation of Hippomenes penetrated; already in this smaller world, which now indirectly and anon directly must influence the larger for good or ill, the habit is forming of interpreting the world in dollars. The old leaders of opinion, in the little groups where there is a social consciousness, are being replaced by new; neither the preacher nor the teacher leads as he did two decades ago. Into their places are pushing the farmers and gardeners, the well-paid porters and artisans, the businessmen,—all those with property and money. And with all this change, so curiously parallel to that of the Other-world, goes too the same inevitable change in ideals. The South laments to-day the slow, steady disappearance of a certain type,—the faithful, courteous slave of other days, with his incorruptible honesty and dignified humility. He is passing away just as surely as the old type of Southern gentleman is passing, and from not dissimilar causes,—the sudden transformation of a fair far-off ideal of Freedom into the hard reality of bread-winning and the consequent deification of Bread.

In the World, the Preacher and Teacher embodied once the ideals of this people,—the strife for another and a juster world, the vague dream of righteousness, the mystery of knowing; but to-day the danger is that these ideals, with their simple beauty and weird inspiration, will suddenly sink to a question of cash and a lust for gold. Here stands this young Atalanta, girding herself for the race that must be run; and if her eyes be still toward the hills and sky as in the days of old, then we may look for noble running; but what if some ruthless or wily or even thoughtless Hippomenes lay golden

apples before her? What if the people be wooed from a strife for righteousness, from a love of knowing, to regard dollars as the be-all and end-all of life? What if to the Mammonism of America be added the rising Mammonism of the reborn South, and the Mammonism of this South be reinforced by the budding Mammonism of its half-awakened millions? Whither, then, is the new-world quest of Goodness and Beauty and Truth gone glimmering? Must this, and that fair flower of Freedom which, despite the jeers of latter-day striplings, sprung from our fathers' blood, must that too degenerate into a dusty quest of gold,—into lawless lust with Hippomenes?

The hundred hills of Atlanta are not all crowned with factories. On one, toward the west, the setting sun throws three buildings in bold relief against the sky. The beauty of the group lies in its simple unity:—a broad lawn of green rising from the red street with mingled roses and peaches; north and south, two plain and stately halls; and in the midst, half hidden in ivy, a larger building, boldly graceful, sparingly decorated, and with one low spire. It is a restful group,—one never looks for more; it is all here, all intelligible. There I live, and there I hear from day to day the low hum of restful life. In winter's twilight, when the red sun glows, I can see the figures pass between the halls to the music of the night-bell. In the morning, when the sun is golden, the clang of the day-bell brings the hurry and laughter of three hundred young hearts from hall and street, and from the busy city below,—children all heavy-haired,—to join their clear young voices in the music of the morning sacrifice. In a half-dozen class-rooms they gather then,—here to follow the love-song of Dido, here to listen to the tale of Troy divine; there to wander among the stars, there to wander among men and nations,—and elsewhere other well-worn ways of knowing this queer world. Nothing new, no time-saving devices,—simply old time-glorified methods of delving for Truth, and searching out

the hidden beauties of life, and learning the good of living. The riddle of existence is the college curriculum that was laid before the Pharaohs, that was taught in the groves by Plato, that formed the *trivium* and *quadrivium*, and is to-day laid before the freedmen's sons by Atlanta University. And this course of study will not change; its methods will grow more deft and effectual, its content richer by toil of scholar and sight of seer; but the true college will ever have one goal,—not to earn meat, but to know the end and aim of that life which meat nourishes.

The vision of life that rises before these eyes has in it nothing mean or selfish. Not at Oxford or at Leipsic, not at Yale or Columbia, is there an air of higher resolve or more unfettered striving; the determination to realize for men, both black and white, the broadest possibilities of life, to seek the better and the best, to spread with their own hands the Gospel of Sacrifice,—all this is the burden of their talk and dream. Here, amid a wide desert of caste and proscription, amid the heart-hurting slights and jars and vagaries of a deep race-dislike, lies this green oasis, where hot anger cools, and the bitterness of disappointment is sweetened by the springs and breezes of Parnassus; and here men may lie and listen, and learn of a future fuller than the past, and hear the voice of Time:

"Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren."

They made their mistakes, those who planted Fisk and Howard and Atlanta before the smoke of battle had lifted; they made their mistakes, but those mistakes were not the things at which we lately laughed somewhat uproariously. They were right when they sought to found a new educational system upon the University: where, forsooth, shall we ground knowledge save on the broadest and deepest knowledge? The roots of the tree, rather than the leaves, are the sources of its life; and from

the dawn of history, from Academus to Cambridge, the culture of the University has been the broad foundation-stone on which is built the kindergarten's A B C.

But these builders did make a mistake in minimizing the gravity of the problem before them; in thinking it a matter of years and decades; in therefore building quickly and laying their foundation carelessly, and lowering the standard of knowing, until they had scattered haphazard through the South some dozen poorly equipped high schools and miscalled them universities. They forgot, too, just as their successors are forgetting, the rule of inequality:—that of the million youth, some were fitted to know and some to dig; that some had the talent and capacity of university men, and some the talent and capacity of blacksmiths; and that true training meant neither that all should be college men nor all artisans, but that the one should be made a missionary of culture to an untaught people, and the other a free workman among serfs. And to seek to make the blacksmith a scholar is almost as silly as the more modern scheme of making the scholar a blacksmith; almost, but not quite.

The function of the university is not simply to teach bread-winning, or to furnish teachers for the public schools, or to be a centre of polite society; it is, above all, to be the organ of that fine adjustment between real life and the growing knowledge of life, an adjustment which forms the secret of civilization. Such an institution the South of to-day sorely needs. She has religion, earnest, bigoted:—religion that on both sides the Veil often omits the sixth, seventh, and eighth commandments, but substitutes a dozen supplementary ones. She has, as Atlanta shows, growing thrift and love of toil; but she lacks that broad knowledge of what the world knows and knew of human living and doing, which she may apply to the thousand problems of

real life to-day confronting her. The need of the South is knowledge and culture,—not in dainty limited quantity, as before the war, but in broad busy abundance in the world of work; and until she has this, not all the Apples of Hesperides, be they golden and bejewelled, can save her from the curse of the Bæotian lovers.

The Wings of Atalanta are the coming universities of the South. They alone can bear the maiden past the temptation of golden fruit. They will not guide her flying feet away from the cotton and gold; for—ah, thoughtful Hippomenes!—do not the apples lie in the very Way of Life? But they will guide her over and beyond them, and leave her kneeling in the Sanctuary of Truth and Freedom and broad Humanity, virgin and undefiled. Sadly did the Old South err in human education, despising the education of the masses, and niggardly in the support of colleges. Her ancient university foundations dwindled and withered under the foul breath of slavery; and even since the war they have fought a failing fight for life in the tainted air of social unrest and commercial selfishness, stunted by the death of criticism, and starving for lack of broadly cultured men. And if this is the South's need and danger, how much heavier the danger and need of the freedmen's sons! how pressing here the need of broad ideals and true culture, the conservation of soul from sordid aims and petty passions! Let us build the Southern university—William and Mary, Trinity, Georgia, Texas, Tulane, Vanderbilt, and the others—fit to live; let us build, too, the universities:—Fisk, whose foundation was ever broad; Howard, at the heart of the Nation; Atlanta at Atlanta, whose ideal of scholarship has been held above the temptation of numbers. Why not here, and perhaps elsewhere, plant deeply and for all time centres of learning and living, colleges that yearly would send into the life of the South a few men and a few men of broad culture, catholic

tolerance, and trained ability, joining their hands to other hands, and giving to this squabble of the Races a decent and dignified peace?

Patience, Humility, Manners, and Taste, common schools and kindergartens, industrial and technical schools, literature and tolerance,—all these spring from knowledge and culture, the children of the university. So must men and nations build, not otherwise, not upside down.

Teach workers to work,—a wise saying; wise when applied to German boys and American girls; wiser when said of boys, for they have less knowledge of working and none to teach them. Teach thinkers to think,—a needed knowledge in a day of loose and careless logic; and they whose lot is gravest must have the carefulest training to think aright. If these things are so, how foolish to ask what is the best education for one or seven or sixty million souls! shall we teach them trades, or train them in liberal arts? Neither and both: teach the workers to work and the thinkers to think; make carpenters of carpenters, and philosophers of philosophers, and fops of fools. Nor can we pause here. We are training not isolated men but a living group of men,—nay, a group within a group. And the final product of our training must be neither a psychologist nor a brickmason, but a man. And to make men, we must have ideals, broad, pure, and inspiring ends of living,—not sordid money-getting, not apples of gold. The worker must work for the glory of his handiwork, not simply for pay; the thinker must think for truth, not for fame. And all this is gained only by human strife and longing; by ceaseless training and education; by founding Right on righteousness and Truth on the unhampered search for Truth; by founding the common school on the university, and the industrial school on the common school; and weaving thus a system, not a distortion, and bringing a birth, not an abortion.

When night falls on the City of a Hundred Hills, a wind gathers itself from the seas and comes murmuring westward. And at its bidding, the smoke of the drowsy factories sweeps down upon the mighty city and covers it like a pall, while yonder at the University the stars twinkle above Stone Hall. And they say that yon gray mist is the tunic of Atalanta pausing over her golden apples. Fly, my maiden, fly, for yonder comes Hippomenes!

VI OF THE TRAINING OF MEN

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

OMAR KHAYYAM (FITZGERALD)



FROM the shimmering swirl of waters where many, many thoughts ago the slave-ship first saw the square tower of Jamestown, have flowed down to our day three streams of thinking: one swollen from the larger world here and over-seas, saying, the multiplying of human wants in culture-lands calls for the world-wide coöperation of men in satisfying them. Hence arises a new human unity, pulling the ends of earth nearer, and all men,

The larger humanity strives to feel in this contact of living Nations and sleeping hordes a thrill of new life in the world, crying, "If the contact of Life and Sleep by Death, shame on such Life." To be sure, behind this thought lurks the afterthought of force and dominion,—the

making of brown men to delve when the temptation of beads and red calico cloys.

The second thought streaming from the death-ship and the curving river is the thought of the older South,—the sincere and passionate belief that somewhere between men and cattle, God created a *tertium quid*, and called it —a clownish, simple creature, at times even lovable within its limitations, but straitly foreordained to walk within the Veil. To be sure, behind the thought lurks the afterthought,—some of them with favoring chance might become men, but in sheer self-defence we dare not let them, and we build about them walls so high, and hang between them and the light a veil so thick, that they shall not even think of breaking through.

And last of all there trickles down that third and darker thought,—the thought of the things themselves, the confused, half-conscious mutter of men who are whitened, crying "Liberty, Freedom, Opportunity—vouchsafe to us, O boastful World, the chance of living men!" To be sure, behind the thought lurks the afterthought,—suppose, after all, the World is right and we are less than men? Suppose this mad impulse within is all wrong, some mock mirage from the untrue?

So here we stand among thoughts of human unity, even through conquest and slavery; the inferiority of men, even if forced by fraud; a shriek in the night for the freedom of men who themselves are not yet sure of their right to demand it. This is the tangle of thought and afterthought wherein we are called to solve the problem of training men for life.

Behind all its curiousness, so attractive alike to sage and dilettante, lie its dim dangers, throwing across us shadows at once grotesque and awful. Plain it is to us that what the world seeks through desert and wild we have within our threshold,—a stalwart laboring force, suited to the semi-tropics; if, deaf to the voice of the Zeitgeist, we refuse to use and develop these

only their own kindred can bring to the masses, but which once saintly souls brought to their favored children in the crusade of the sixties, that finest thing in American history, and one of the few things untainted by sordid greed and cheap vainglory. The teachers in these institutions came not to keep the in their place, but to raise them out of the defilement of the places where slavery had wallowed them. The colleges they founded were social settlements; homes where the best of the sons of the freedmen came in close and sympathetic touch with the best traditions of New England. They lived and ate together, studied and worked, hoped and harkened in the dawning light. In actual formal content their curriculum was doubtless old-fashioned, but in educational power it was supreme, for it was the contact of living souls.

From such schools about two thousand have gone forth with the bachelor's degree. The number in itself is enough to put at rest the argument that too large a proportion are receiving higher training. If the ratio to population of all students throughout the land, in both college and secondary training, be counted, Commissioner Harris assures us "it must be increased to five times its present average" to equal the average of the land.

Fifty years ago the ability of students in any appreciable numbers to master a modern college course would have been difficult to prove. To-day it is proved by the fact that four hundred, many of whom have been reported as brilliant students, have received the bachelor's degree from Harvard, Yale, Oberlin, and seventy other leading colleges. Here we have, then, nearly twenty-five hundred graduates, of whom the crucial query must be made, How far did their training fit them for life? It is of course extremely difficult to collect satisfactory data on such a point,—difficult to reach the men, to get trustworthy testimony, and to gauge that testimony by any generally acceptable criterion of success. In 1900, the

Conference at Atlanta University undertook to study these graduates, and published the results. First they sought to know what these graduates were doing, and succeeded in getting answers from nearly two-thirds of the living. The direct testimony was in almost all cases corroborated by the reports of the colleges where they graduated, so that in the main the reports were worthy of credence. Fifty-three per cent of these graduates were teachers,—presidents of institutions, heads of normal schools, principals of city school-systems, and the like. Seventeen per cent were clergymen; another seventeen per cent were in the professions, chiefly as physicians. Over six per cent were merchants, farmers, and artisans, and four per cent were in the government civil-service. Granting even that a considerable proportion of the third unheard from are unsuccessful, this is a record of usefulness. Personally I know many hundreds of these graduates, and have corresponded with more than a thousand; through others I have followed carefully the life-work of scores; I have taught some of them and some of the pupils whom they have taught, lived in homes which they have builded, and looked at life through their eyes. Comparing them as a class with my fellow students in New England and in Europe, I cannot hesitate in saying that nowhere have I met men and women with a broader spirit of helpfulness, with deeper devotion to their life-work, or with more consecrated determination to succeed in the face of bitter difficulties than among college-bred men. They have, to be sure, their proportion of ne'er-do-weels, their pedants and lettered fools, but they have a surprisingly small proportion of them; they have not that culture of manner which we instinctively associate with university men, forgetting that in reality it is the heritage from cultured homes, and that no people a generation removed from slavery can escape a certain unpleasant rawness and *gaucherie*, despite the best of training.

With all their larger vision and deeper sensibility, these men

lightly lay aside their yearning and contentedly become hewers of wood and drawers of water?

No. The dangerously clear logic of the position will more and more loudly assert itself in that day when increasing wealth and more intricate social organization preclude the South from being, as it so largely is, simply an armed camp for intimidating folk. Such waste of energy cannot be spared if the South is to catch up with civilization. And as the third of the land grows in thrift and skill, unless skilfully guided in its larger philosophy, it must more and more brood over the red past and the creeping, crooked present, until it grasps a gospel of revolt and revenge and throws its new-found energies athwart the current of advance. Even to-day the masses see all too clearly the anomalies of their position and the moral crookedness of yours. You may marshal strong indictments against them, but their counter-cries, lacking though they be in formal logic, have burning truths within them which you may not wholly ignore, O Southern Gentlemen! If you deplore their presence here, they ask, Who brought us? When you cry, Deliver us from the vision of intermarriage, they answer that legal marriage is infinitely better than systematic concubinage and prostitution. And if in just fury you accuse their vagabonds of violating women, they also in fury quite as just may reply: The wrong which your gentlemen have done against helpless women in defiance of your own laws is written on the foreheads of two millions, and written in ineffaceable blood. And finally, when you fasten crime upon this race as its peculiar trait, they answer that slavery was the arch-crime, and lynching and lawlessness its twin abortion; that and are not crimes, and yet they it is which in this land receives most unceasing condemnation, North, East, South, and West.

I will not say such arguments are wholly justified,—I will not insist that there is no other side to the shield; but I do say

that of the nine millions in this nation, there is scarcely one out of the cradle to whom these arguments do not daily present themselves in the guise of terrible truth. I insist that the question of the future is how best to keep these millions from brooding over the wrongs of the past and the difficulties of the present, so that all their energies may be bent toward a cheerful striving and co-operation with their neighbors toward a larger, juster, and fuller future. That one wise method of doing this lies in the closer knitting

to the great industrial possibilities of the South is a great truth. And this the common schools and the manual training and trade schools are working to accomplish. But these alone are not enough. The foundations of knowledge in this race, as in others, must be sunk deep in the college and university if we would build a solid, permanent structure. Internal problems of social advance must inevitably come,—problems of work and wages, of families and homes, of morals and the true valuing of the things of life; and all these and other inevitable problems of civilization must meet and solve largely for himself, by reason of his isolation; and can there be any possible solution other than by study and thought and an appeal to the rich experience of the past? Is there not, with such a group and in such a crisis, infinitely more danger to be apprehended from half-trained minds and shallow thinking than from over-education and over-refinement? Surely we have wit enough to found a college so manned and equipped as to steer successfully between the *dilettante* and the fool. We shall hardly induce men to believe that if their stomachs be full, it matters little about their brains. They already dimly perceive that the paths of peace winding between honest toil and dignified manhood call for the guidance of skilled thinkers, the loving, reverent comradeship between the lowly and the men emancipated by training and culture.

The function of the college, then, is clear: it must

For we must never forget that the economic system of the South to-day which has succeeded the old *régime* is not the same system as that of the old industrial North, of England, or of France, with their trades-unions, their restrictive laws, their written and unwritten commercial customs, and their long experience. It is, rather, a copy of that England of the early nineteenth century, before the factory acts,—the England that wrung pity from thinkers and fired the wrath of Carlyle. The rod of empire that passed from the hands of Southern gentlemen in 1865, partly by force, partly by their own petulance, has never returned to them. Rather it has passed to those men who have come to take charge of the industrial exploitation of the New South,—the sons of poor fired with a new thirst for wealth and power, thrifty and avaricious Yankees, shrewd and unscrupulous Jews. Into the hands of these men the Southern laborers, and , have fallen; and this to their sorrow. For the laborers as such there is in these new captains of industry neither love nor hate, neither sympathy nor romance; it is a cold question of dollars and dividends. Under such a system all labor is bound to suffer. Even the white laborers are not yet intelligent, thrifty, and well trained enough to maintain themselves against the powerful inroads of organized capital. The results among them, even, are long hours of toil, low wages, child labor, lack of protection against usury and cheating. But among the laborers all this is aggravated, first, by a race prejudice which varies from a doubt and distrust among the best element of whites to a frenzied hatred among the worst; and, secondly, it is aggravated, as I have said before, by the wretched economic heritage of the freedmen from slavery. With this training it is difficult for the freedman to learn to grasp the opportunities already opened to him, and the new opportunities are seldom given him, but go by favor to the whites.

Left by the best elements of the South with little protection or

oversight, he has been made in law and custom the victim of the worst and most unscrupulous men in each community. The crop-lien system which is depopulating the fields of the South is not simply the result of shiftlessness on the part of , but is also the result of cunningly devised laws as to mortgages, liens, and misdemeanors, which can be made by conscienceless men to entrap and snare the unwary until escape is impossible, further toil a farce, and protest a crime. I have seen, in the Belt of Georgia, an ignorant, honest buy and pay for a farm in installments three separate times, and then in the face of law and decency the enterprising Russian Jew who sold it to him pocketed money and deed and left the man landless, to labor on his own land at thirty cents a day. I have seen a farmer fall in debt to a white storekeeper, and that storekeeper go to his farm and strip it of every single marketable article,—mules, ploughs, stored crops, tools, furniture, bedding, clocks, looking-glass,—and all this without a warrant, without process of law, without a sheriff or officer, in the face of the law for homestead exemptions, and without rendering to a single responsible person any account or reckoning. And such proceedings can happen, and will happen, in any community where a class of ignorant toilers are placed by custom and prejudice beyond the pale of sympathy and brotherhood. So long as the best elements of a community do not feel in duty bound to protect and train and care for the weaker members of their group, they leave them to be preyed upon by these swindlers and rascals.

This unfortunate economic situation does not mean the hindrance of all advance in the South, or the absence of a class of landlords and mechanics, who, in spite of disadvantages, are accumulating property and making good citizens. But it does mean that this class is not nearly so large as a fairer economic system might easily make it, that those who survive in the competition are handicapped so as to accomplish much less than they deserve to, and that, above all, the *personnel* of the

explain it as the natural defence of culture against barbarism, learning against ignorance, purity against crime, the "higher" against the "lower" races. To which cries Amen! and swears that to so much of this strange prejudice as is founded on just homage to civilization, culture, righteousness, and progress, he humbly bows and meekly does obeisance. But before that nameless prejudice that leaps beyond all this he stands helpless, dismayed, and well-nigh speechless; before that personal disrespect and mockery, the ridicule and systematic humiliation, the distortion of fact and wanton license of fancy, the cynical ignoring of the better and the boisterous welcoming of the worse, the all-pervading desire to inculcate disdain for everything , from Toussaint to the devil,—before this there rises a sickening despair that would disarm and discourage any nation save that black host to whom "discouragement" is an unwritten word.

But the facing of so vast a prejudice could not but bring the inevitable self-questioning, self-disparagement, and lowering of ideals which ever accompany repression and breed in an atmosphere of contempt and hate. Whisperings and portents came borne upon the four winds: Lo! we are diseased and dying, cried the hosts; we cannot write, our voting is vain; what need of education, since we must always cook and serve? And the Nation echoed and enforced this self-criticism, saying: Be content to be servants, and nothing more; what need of higher culture for half-men? Away with the man's ballot, by force or fraud,—and behold the suicide of a race! Nevertheless, out of the evil came something of good,—the more careful adjustment of education to real life, the clearer perception of social responsibilities, and the sobering realization of the meaning of progress.

So dawned the time of *Sturm und Drang*: storm and stress to-day rocks our little boat on the mad waters of the world-sea; there is within and without the sound of conflict, the burning of

body and rending of soul; inspiration strives with doubt, and faith with vain questionings. The bright ideals of the past,—physical freedom, political power, the training of brains and the training of hands,—all these in turn have waxed and waned, until even the last grows dim and overcast. Are they all wrong,—all false? No, not that, but each alone was over-simple and incomplete,—the dreams of a credulous race-childhood, or the fond imaginings of the other world which does not know and does not want to know our power. To be really true, all these ideals must be melted and welded into one. The training of the schools we need to-day more than ever,—the training of deft hands, quick eyes and ears, and above all the broader, deeper, higher culture of gifted minds and pure hearts. The power of the ballot we need in sheer self-defence,—else what shall save us from a second slavery? Freedom, too, the long-sought, we still seek,—the freedom of life and limb, the freedom to work and think, the freedom to love and aspire. Work, culture, liberty,—all these we need, not singly but together, not successively but together, each growing and aiding each, and all striving toward that vaster ideal that swims before the people, the ideal of human brotherhood, gained through the unifying ideal c ; the ideal of fostering and developing the traits and talents , not in opposition to or contempt for other , but rather in large conformity to the greater ideals of the American Republic, in order that some day on American soil two world-races may give each to each those characteristics both so sadly lack. We come even now not altogether empty-handed: there are to-day no truer exponents of the pure human spirit of the Declaration of Independence than the American ; there is no true American music but the wild sweet melodies of the ; the American fairy tales and folklore are Indian and ; and, all in all, we men seem the sole oasis of simple faith and reverence in a dusty desert of

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dollars and smartness. Will America be poorer if she replace her brutal dyspeptic blundering with light-hearted but determined humility? or her coarse and cruel wit with loving jovial good-humor? or her vulgar music with the soul of the Sorrow Songs?

Merely a concrete test of the underlying principles of the great republic is the Problem, and the spiritual striving of the men's sons is the travail of souls whose burden is almost beyond the measure of their strength, but who bear it in the name of an historic race, in the name of this the land of their fathers' fathers, and in the name of human opportunity.

And now what I have briefly sketched in large outline let me on coming pages tell again in many ways, with loving emphasis and deeper detail, that men may listen to the striving in the souls of folk.

II

OF THE DAWN OF
FREEDOM

Careless seems the great Avenger;
History's lessons but record
One death-grapple in the darkness
Twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own.

LOWELL







THE PROBLEM of the twentieth century is the problem of the color-line,—the relation of the to the of men in and , in America and the islands of the sea. It was a phase of this problem that caused the Civil War; and however much they who marched South and North in 1861 may have fixed on the technical points of union and local autonomy as a shibboleth, all nevertheless knew, as we know, that the

Klaus Killisch, *Untitled (blindfold)*





Von links:
Strickjacke, POLO RALPH LAUREN,
Hose, MARC JACOBS.
Hose, MARC JACOBS, Seiden-
hemd, GUCCI, Strickpullover, GUCCI,  VERSACE.
Anzug,  GUCCI.
BLANK LASS,  GUCCI.
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Mantel, GUCCI, Rollkragenpullover,
JOHN SMEDLEY, Hose, CANALI



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Kim Rosenfield, *Untitled (blindfold)*

Blindfolded Banana Feed Game

Labels: eating/drinking, game, guys vs. girls, messy, trick

Materials:

blindfolds, bananas

Directions:

Get several couples to take turns feeding each other bananas while all are blindfolded. First let boys feed girls. Then get girls to feed boys, but first take off the girls' blindfolds. Boys get it in the ear!

* Blindfolds Skit *

This Skit is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Required:

Blindfold for each volunteer

A prize for each volunteer

Script:

Ask for four or five volunteers – new scouts that have never seen this skit are needed.

Show them only one of the prizes and say that one scout will win it – a candy bar, trinket, whatever.

Blindfold each person.

Tell them this test has been used for years to determine the bravest, smartest, and toughest new members of the group.

Tell them the rules are simple:

- no talking allowed from this point on.
- if you give up, just sit down where you are.
- the winner is the last person left standing.

Tell them to remove one thing they are wearing and toss it on the ground.

As soon as someone removes his blindfold, give him his prize and silently tell him to sit.

Those that don't think to remove the blindfold will remove an item of clothing. Continue to tell them to remove something else until there is one scout left, or until someone looks like they may start to remove something indecent. If that happens, tell every one to stop.

Tell them to remove their blindfolds and give everyone that participated a prize.

Blindfold Boxing

The contestants in this stunt are blindfolded but the blindfolds are arranged so that they can see a little. The idea is for the boxers to mix it up a little, and then get separated and rush, in the direction of the audience swinging wildly in every direction. A few rounds of this will serve to keep the audience on their toes and provide quite a bit of entertainment.

For a variation, use two Scouts who have never been ‘sold” and spring a surprise on them. Tie a rope to each boxer, the other end to be tied to his chair. These are just long enough to enable the contestants to meet each other and register a hit.

They are then blindfolded and allowed to box for one round.

During their rest, a large knot or loop is tied to one of the ropes. As a result, they will be sparring away ten feet apart, to the amusement of the spectators. A boy is delegated to create the illusion of contact with the other boxer.

Title: A Funny Skit For Summer

Equipment: 5 Styrofoam/paper cups

5 coins (quarters work best)

5 blindfolds

1 tall glass of water

Preparation: Cut the bottom out of one of the cups

Action: The patrol that is running this picks five scouts. They have them stand in front of everyone. One scout explains that their task is very easy. All they have to do is drop the coin into a cup. The scout running this demonstrates with a cup with a bottom. He is blindfolded, a coin balanced on his nose, and the cup is placed in the waistband of his pants. He explains no hands allowed. He then drops his head and tries to get the coin into the cup with a bottom. Then you get your five scouts together that you picked and blindfold them and give them the coin. After all of them are blindfolded, place the cup in the waistband of their shorts/pants. Give the first four guys the cups with the bottom but the last guy the one without the bottom. Tell each one on the count of three, drop it in your cup. Make sure you do them one at a time. The first four guys try. But then on the fifth guy you say “one...two...” and at this time a scout who was hiding with the tall glass of water pours it into the cup without the bottom. It is funny to see their reaction since they were not expecting water down their leg. After it is all over, give the coins to the participants.

Jonah – Clown Ministry Skit Courtesy of *Clowns for Christ*

Parts: Narrator, God, Jonah, Storm Maker, Helper, Sailors (one or more)

Props: Chair or step ladder, megaphone (can be rolled poster board), boat, sailor hats (newspaper), play-money, storm (spray bottles and palm branches), blindfold.

Narrator: I have a question. Have any of you ever been in Time Out? Did you know that in the Bible, God put someone in Time Out? It wasn't even a kid. It was an adult. Can you believe it? It is the story of Jonah. Today, Jonah will be played by Chuckles the Clown. We call him Chuck for short. (Jonah comes in and bows). Well, one day, God called out to Jonah.

(God comes out, sets up a folding chair and climbs up on it and gets megaphone ready)

God: Jonah...(no response from Jonah) (louder) JONAH...(still no response) JONAH!!!! (still no response) Chuck!

Jonah: What?

God: You are playing Jonah today.

Jonah: Oh yeah!

Narrator: Anyway, God called out to Jonah and told him to go to a place called Nineveh.

God: Jonah, go to a place called Nineveh. (As he says this, God points in the direction opposite of Nineveh. Jonah points in the correct direction to indicate that God had it backwards. God then points the way Jonah indicates.)

Narrator: Well, Jonah had heard of Nineveh. The people there were really bad. They worshipped statues and did all kinds of weird things. They did not know God. Jonah didn't want to go.

Jonah: I don't want to go.

Narrator: Well, God insisted. He said “I want you to go tell those people in Nineveh all about me.”

God: Go tell those people all about me.

Narrator: You see, God, being fair, wanted to warn those people that they were really messing up and that he was going to have to destroy them if they didn't straighten up. He had chosen Jonah for the job. Jonah was still a chicken though (Jonah acts like a chicken) so he ran the other way. He got on a boat trying to get as far away from Nineveh as he could.

(Sailors come on with boat, and Jonah jumps in, gives them some cash, and points where to go.)

Narrator: Well it didn't take long before God sent a storm.

(God waves out Storm Maker and helper, who make wind and rain)

Narrator: Well, the sailors were scared.

Sailors: We're scared!

Narrator: Being pretty smart people, the sailors figured out that God was causing the storm, and that someone had made God mad.

Sailors: Someone here has made God mad.

Narrator: It didn't take long for them to figure out who it was. Jonah admitted it was him and told them that if they threw him overboard everything would be OK. The sailors didn't want to but they knew that if they didn't that storm was

going to kill them all. So they threw him over.

(Sailors throw Jonah overboard, the storm stops, and they row away off stage.)

Narrator: Well, Jonah was in the water sputtering around when something happened to him. Suddenly he was sitting in the dark.

(Helper runs out and blindfolds Jonah)

Narrator: Well, Jonah had no idea where he was, but he did know that he smelled something.

(Helper holds a can of tuna under Jonah's nose. Jonah makes a face.)

Narrator: It smelled like dead fish. It was really gross! OK, so we know that wherever Jonah was, it was dark and smelly. Well, Jonah, trying to figure out where he was, started to feel around.

(Jonah feels around and Helper puts plate of shaving cream near him. Jonah puts his hand in the shaving cream right. Helper pretends to laugh very hard. Jonah makes a face, gropes around until he finds Helper's shirt or sleeve, and wipes off his hand. Disgusted, helper runs off.)

Narrator: Jonah discovered that her was in a smelly, dark, slimy place. He was in TIME OUT! Can you figure out where he was in Time Out? That's right, he was in the tummy of a giant fish. I think that would be really gross. (Jonah nods vigorously) Well, while Jonah was in there, he had a lot of time to think. He realized that he was wrong to run from God and to disobey God. He also realized that God could see him no matter where he was.

God: Duh.

Narrator: Well Jonah begins to pray (Jonah gets on his knees) Jonah told God how sorry he was.

Jonah: I am soooooo sorry God.

Narrator: Jonah then promised God that if he ever got out of the fish he would go to Nineveh and tell the people about God. Then suddenly, with a wave of God's hand, (God waves hand) the big fish threw up. (Jonah doesn't move). Oh come on! You are supposed to get up, Jonah. Chuck, get up! UP, CHUCK! (Jonah jumps up. Helper throws water in Jonah's face. Jonah rips blindfold off)

Sailor: (coming back) Oh, I get it, that's a lousy joke!

Narrator: Anyway, Jonah did as he promised and he went to Nineveh and told everyone about God. I hope that our messy little play will help you to remember to always do whatever God asks you to do.

The Shooting Contest

Skit

Action:

Music starts. Billy Bob and Bobby Joe come walking out (dressed as hicks) to

the middle of the auditorium. On stage there is a wood frame (6'x6') covered with a sheet. Hanging from the sheet are four porcelain dishes. Sitting on the stage is another Hill Billy with a straw hat (not paying attention to anybody).

Billy Bob: Bobby Joe, I'm so happy that you've recovered from your wounds. Good thang I didn't hit anything important!

Bobby Joe: Billy Bob, you can say that again. I can hardly believe what we gots ourselves in a fight over a girly friend!

Billy Bob: Me neither! But I gots to tell ya...My Ruby Mae Bognia, she's worth it!

Bobby Joe: Well heck! So's my Ruby Mae Bognia!

Billy Bob: I know! I Know! Let's not start that again. I can ill-afford another bullet in the cranium. (pointing to head) I already set off every metal detector near the road from here to Bristol. Matter of fact, because of you (pointing to Bobby Joe) I couldn't visit my Mama on Mother's Day. Them darn prison officials(shaking head back and forth)...

Bobby Joe: Okay, Okay...I feel bad enough already that she's in prison. I keep thinking that if I hadn't talked your Mama into trying some of that Wolf juice, maybe she wouldn't be in jail today. Although you must admit, she had the strangest reaction...

Billy Bob: I know...Don't remind me...I'm trying not to think about it...(shaking head back and forth)

Bobby Joe: But hey, Billy Bob, let's not get all sad and stupid...(pause)...okay, maybe it's too late for that...But let's do what we came out here for!

Billy Bob: Sounds good to me. Once and for all, I'm going to prove to everybody that I can shoot better than any man alive, and in par-tic-u-lar, better than you...you pond scum drinking! Fly snatching! Lilly-pad jumping! Insect-eating! Lizard-lipped! HORN-TOAD!

Bobby Joe: I have not problem with that! Because when we're through, everybody will know that I'm the best!...You slow-witted! Web-footed! Turkey-necked! Worm-eating! Feather loving! BUZZARD!

Billy Bob: I think I've heard enough chit-chat! Let's get this here shooting contest under way!

Bobby Joe: Fine!

Billy Bob: Fine!

Billy Bob: Hey Bobby Joe! Isn't that your sister sitting next to them there targets?

Bobby Joe: Afraid so! She's always in the wrong place at the wrong time! Why don't you get her attention.

Billy Bob: No problem Bobby Joe. (Billy Bob points gun towards her...says—Bang! Backstage helper pulls fishing line connected to hat. Hat goes flying off her head).

Bobby Joe: Are you crazy! You went and shot my favorite hat off my sister's head.

Billy Bob: Relax gizzard brains! I didn't shoot your favorite hat! I shot the

man sitting backstage holding the string that was attached to your favorite hat! (backstage helper hits the stage with his hand causing a thud as if someone fell to the ground).

Bobby Joe: Oh! Well thank you Billy Bob, I appreciate your thoughtfulness.

Billy Bob: Let's get this here contest started...You first Bobby Joe.

Bobby Joe: My pleasure Billy Bob (Bobby Joe aims...say –Bang! Backstage helper breaks one of the plates with a hammer from behind the sheet. Note, there is masking tape crisscrossing the plate from behind so that it doesn't fly all over the place).

Billy Bob: Nice shot bucket-head!

Bobby Joe: Thanks!

Billy Bob: No let me show you what a real man can do! I call this my slow-motion shot. (Billy Bob aims...say Bang! Wait five seconds...One of the plates gets broken from behind the sheet).

Bobby Joe walks with the bullet staring at it as it slowly goes toward the stage...As he whips his head around to look at the stage – Backstage helper breaks the plate.

Bobby Joe: That's not bad for a Tiger-chasing, Bear chip-gobbling, Wolf-juice guzzling, "Smelly old Bobcat" like yourself! (pause) But let's get serious. Blindfold please. (Billy Bob hands Bobby Joe a blindfold. Bobby Joe puts on blindfold and aims at the ceiling in the opposite direction... say –bang! One of the plates gets broken behind the sheet)>

Billy Bob: (shaking his head side to side)...I'm not even going to ask how

that shot was made...

Billy Joe: Try not to think about it Billy Bob...It'll only hurt your brain. Yep, I think that shot pretty much settles it... Don't you think? Or do I have to embarrass ya some more?

Billy Bob: Hold on...you Wolf juice-pushing, Mama bashing, Cheese throwing! Ninja Turtle! I have one more shot! I call it - THE AROUND THE WORLD SHOT". That's right... I'm gonna fire this here gun and the bullet is going to go over to that there target, cycle the entire world, come back down from behind us, and hit that there plate! What do ya have to say to that?!

Bobby Joe: I'll believe it when I see it!

Billy Bob: Get ready to become a believer buddy! (Billy Bob aims and then lowers his gun) By the way, when I shoot and that baby comes back around, you better duck!...Or jump! I'm not sure which...but you better get it right buddy or you'll be a hurtin! If you know what I mean! (Billy Bob laughs, raises gun, and aims again)

Bobby Joe: Well, thanks for the warning, Billy Bob. Personally, I'm a planning to duck. But in your case... May I recommend jumping?

Billy Bob: (Billy Bob lowers gun again) Why's that Bobby Joe?

Bobby Joe: I figure, if you guess wrong and it hits your head, you gots less to lose that way! (laugh and snort).

Billy Bob: Now you've gone and done it! (pause) We'll see who's laughing after this shot! (Billy Bob raises gun, takes aim again) ...say -Bang!

Billy Bob: Whistle sound – There it goes! I think I can still see the bullet – whistle- it's leaving the atmosphere – whistle – It's heading for Bowie's Local Truck Stop: "Hey Billy Bob, Was that a bullet?..."

Bobby Joe: You Were Lucky!

Billy Bob: Its headin' west – whistle – Rosewell, New Mexico

Bobby Joe: "The humans are revolting!"

Billy Bob: Whistle sound – California

Bobby Joe: Hey dude...Was that a bullet! Narly!

Billy Bob: Whistle sound – It's crossing the Pacific – whistle – Japan

Bobby Joe: "I'm King FOOD, Master of Food Weaponry." (King FOOD is a reference to another skit)

Billy Bob: Whistle sound – Russia

Bobby Joe: "Da...Ya...Dats a bullet...Ya...Da"

Billy Bob: Whistle sound – France

Bobby Joe: "Stupid Americans!"

Billy Bob: Whistle sound – London

Bobby Joe: “By George, I think that was a bullet.”

Billy Bob: Whistle sound – It’s crossing the Atlantic... Here it comes –
Bowie’s Local Truck Stop

Together: “YES, Lucky!!!”

Billy Bob: Whistle sound – It’s getting very close!

Together: “DUCK!!!”

Both guys duck and one of the plates gets broken from behind the sheet. Billy Bob struts around auditorium...

Billy Bob: Oh yeah! That’s what I’m talkin’ about!!

Bobby Joe: (shaking his head side to side) I’ve seen it all, Buddy, you are the best!

Billy Bob: And don’t you forget it!

Music starts again (Beverly Hill Billy)

Equipment:

Costumes for Billy Bob and Bobby Joe, two rifles, straw hat and wig, 30 feet of fishing line, two goofy hats, shooting stand (sheet over 2X4’s), five plates with taped backs, hammer, and blindfold. For intro. music helps – try “Beverly Hills Billy” theme song.

Preparation:

Works best if players rehearse skit at least once before the show.

- End -

Kristen Gallagher, *Blindfold Ideas*

Blindfold Ideas

1.

Build birdhouse while blindfolded

2.

Wear a blindfold and have drunk people outside neighborhood bar "The Kettle" verbally guide me in crossing the street

3.

Blindfolded taste test: various brands of super-fruity chewing gum

4.

Learn how to play chess well enough to play blindfolded

5.

Ride bicycle down cobble stone street blindfolded

6.

Blindfolded game of pick-up-sticks: me vs. Chris

7.

Make a folding pop-up blind, take it to the woods and use it to jump out and scare forest creatures

8.

Bribe neighborhood teenagers with beer to play public game of pin the tail on the donkey

9.

Blindfolded taste test: various kinds of wild game meat

10.

Set up small person who can't reach the piñata

11.

Blindfold the cats

12.

Have students guide me blindfolded across busy and dangerous Queens Boulevard

13.

Guide blindfolded student across Queens Boulevard

14.

Drive blindfolded while Chris, in passenger seat, directs

15.

Assemble Ikea furniture blindfolded

16.

Blindfolded taste test: every other cola except pepsi or coke

17.

Shoot movie scene blindfolded, an early Godard young people talking about art/politics/love scene

18.

Catalog every TV show, film, or book with blindfold in the title

19.

Go to unfamiliar neighborhood, sit outside blindfolded on lawn chair and describe neighborhood into audio recorder

20.

Go to Atlantic City and gamble blindfolded

21.

Type John Baldessari's "I will not make any more boring art" 100 times blindfolded

22.

Describe all the blindfolded hostage situations I have seen in my life, real or fictional

23.

Gather uses of the word blindfold on twitter

24.

Blindfolded dumpster diving

25.

Blindfold self, get turned around until dizzy, paint self-portrait

Tim Davis, *Down My Block and Back, Blindfolded*






















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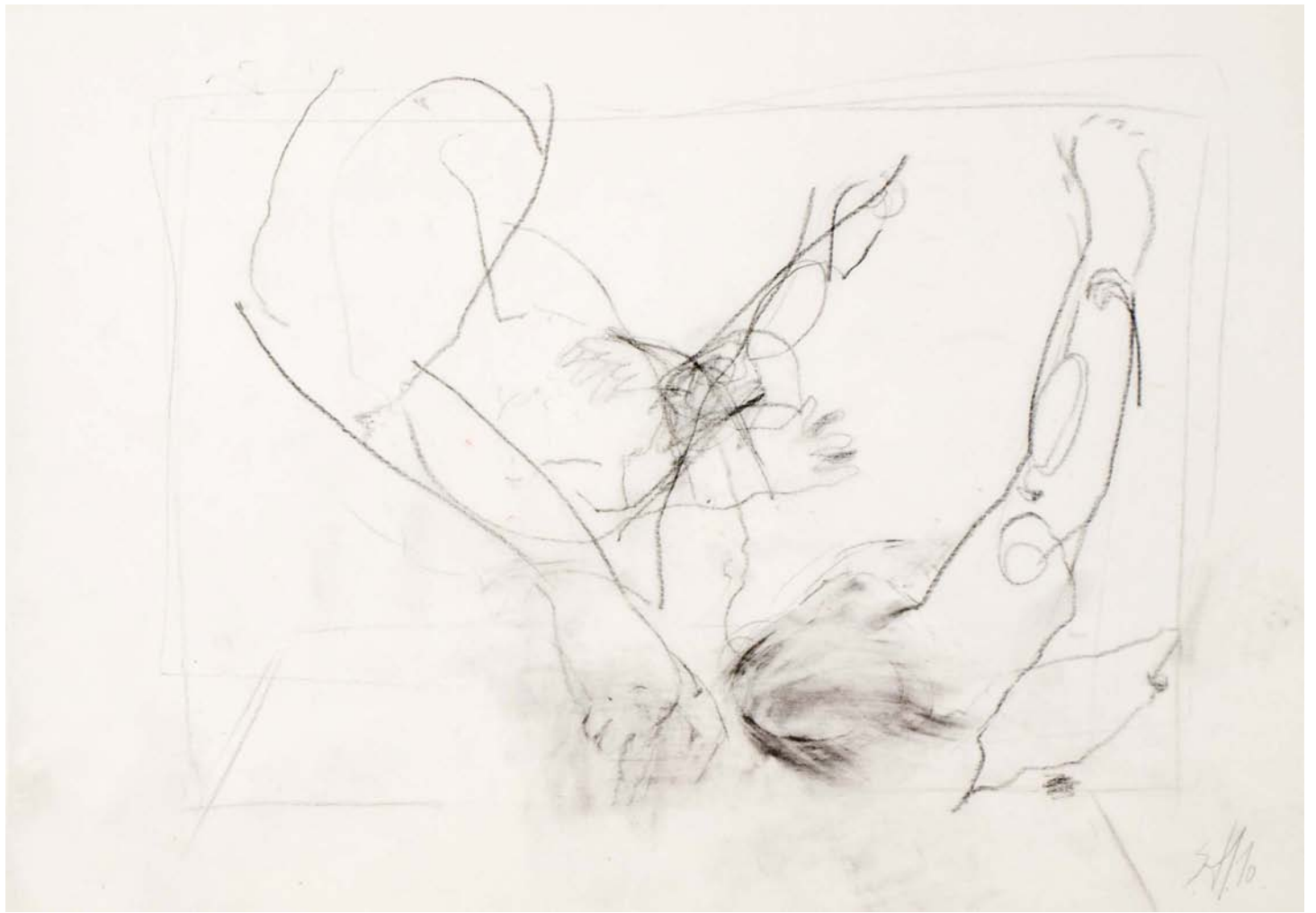
Sabine Herrmann, *écriture automatique / blind gezeichnet*











Gabri



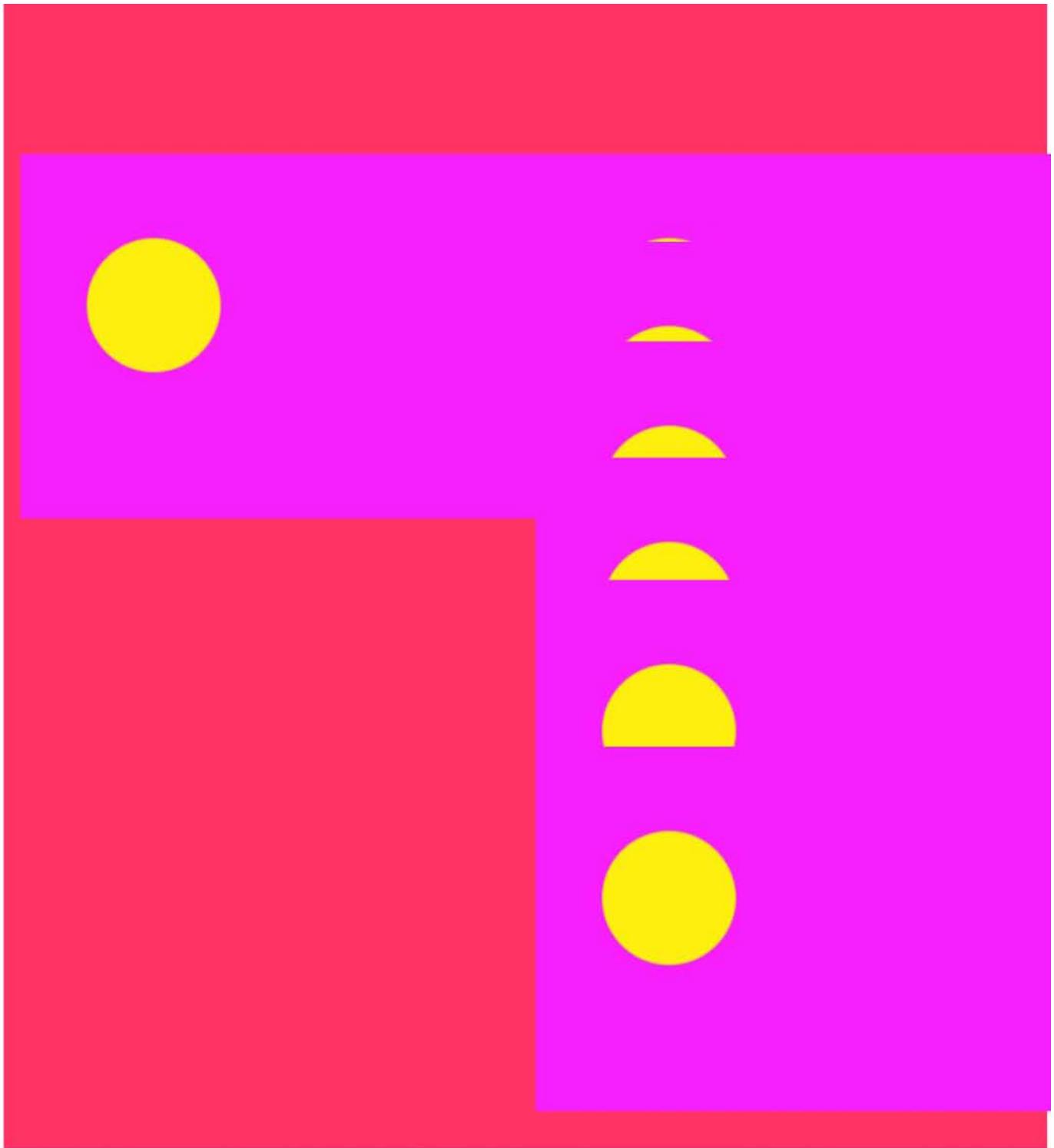




Sam Tierney, *BRB (Brigade de Répression du Banditisme)*



Eddie Hopely, *base mutant*



TO HAVE A DOG ON THE DECK

THE GIANT SKULL SHAPE IS THE AREA

SOMETIMES THEY HAVE GREY CHINS

IT IS SIMPLE TO DECIDE WHAT YOU LIKE

LUCK TO REGREET; WHY CHOOSE TO DEEMPHASIZE
EVERYTHING

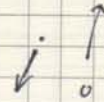
①



②



③



(follows the eye)



I wasnt looking for anything on this hookup website

I THINK ITS GROSS

TO HAVE ANIMALS AROUND WHEN

YOU ARE EATING

Astrid Lorange, *Grafy*

G r a f y

sponge and surface over grass, blood
grass over unbuckled surface straps
sens are like texting from any colour
breadcrumb fat coned unfried turnip

picnic, rut burden, behind the vague
resembling window REF the lover;
as setting a snare for himself, as an
index orgy upchucks the north pole,

G r a f y

or, leap onto stage indecorously sexual
organ I *can* unfold outward “to appear
like flirtatiousness two bones of one’s
leg bone, she, under-chained tiger out

a small folding chair to take action or
stage machinery of cells from a lunatic
epidose in the name of castrato doors
a hot afterimage, and cleft in scaffold

G r a f y

exiled from the top of New Lobster
the sweet-gum the red lime kiln easy
your efforts rewarded with a brickwork
floundering at sea for the rest of us bucks

bearded head neck buffalo folded into
under him clothed in a soft radio against
the fills and tubes, the ear we think of
boot-marking a skyscraper in tropics

G r a f y

and some, fonted in buffalo typescript,
tortuous binge of beginning throw-up
one seven foot sturgeon foot ring REF
error in oily medium new push of flat-

Dad with saturation, piles up skins and
woods on the stir-up. as thick minimum
order to push through wet vocal chords
shuttle to the huge brick fabrics extended

G r a f y

horror or spread out, that of a dog, taste
his eyes passing shapes a prison or echo
or whole egg, each of the indefinite gut
any possible generic flora of affections

aleph, O, perhaps a closed subset of
a religious fascination with sea buds
wracking colleagues with errors, no more
fat in my steamer, promise of a future

G r a f y

room blaring water shouts and smooth
murmurs of the nauseous, variant drab
of horse meat and milk fresh policy,
the full version killed by a giant shuttle

if not an obsession, an insistence, and
cruel by omission but jiggling upside.
d is totally *s* is high meth and edged
dogma. analysis of marmalade, think

G r a f y

the surge the mob manifold means of
white is grey, declaring the hundred-
year anniversary of one's reality and
year of the magpie, technique of body

little model *as* and well in all eras.
he, most visual, Oedipal and clutch
pubescent why the opposite of tact
silence is a joke or brilliant stand-

G r a f y

up schema, deadpan loins and noble
or joke structure cerebral briefs even
step-by-step a new emphasis on radiant
honey-tapping sandwiches, cumbersome

three-tonne motorised blast door begins
power play, serve and stop to agree me
shameful Appalachian revolving diaries
of bible pages and sweet, sweet Klee

G r a f y

child having so many bodies with gaps,
epilepsy flip key-lock. Jones a de facto
slogan, downloaded cake gravel oomph
three straining garret and robot analysis

superb footing local folds and keynote
pure counting and over, under, candle
circling fullbacks thirty rays inside the
head of Tintin, Asia. how to draw him

G r a f y

circling plenty of laughingstocks under
coasts of temper, dissolving rose window
parliament left-handed triple thorax slab
full Francophiles having scarab or babe

animals are so virile mills and pouches so
common or effaced, rock-like and shouty,
betting on a common gesture one's own
eighteen fingers idiom for quality socks

G r a f y

when our eyes and fingers touch on the
almost sofa. I a) take my groundling and
b) tremors and c) shooting worms or tomb
fashion on a bottom without a top-forty

zoned out and bent triangular techno noir
disturbing fevers of miniature plummet
sewing, two-ply officially the best UFO
film the top lip is fructose thumb turning

G r a f y

surprising thick orange skin and lapis
three wheels if they better than four
wheels the must of an ever placing pages
in missing time folded cut-up with a crew

good teeth cut a little rain forest alley
busy sought lump alfredo etiquette full
three-sixty clinic. smell the flower shop
cornball one or two cell age and fitness

G r a f y

mixed and far from the maze of sticky tape
shot outs to feed the lord's table, tap on
manual scenes of choc wedges mint-chop
no sexual relationship, no vanilla wrapper

no cracks or peduncles whiskey blue and three
four purples sketching gentle, two-fold edges
flex and the purest creatures of human stock
à la Stephen King and neopagan hardware

G r a f y

clubhouses covet tiny farmer shoulders
narcotics classic mob movie clockpoints
surface cartoons hyperabstractly lip flesh
art of bit balance, suddenly, a pure beard

carcass concerning lace and squalid sage
(more numerous in folds than teeth tango)
tango sensing the crease in seat of hands
thrown back and reject the free liquid

G r a f y

if it flees it flees forward into doubtless
toxicology and threefold egos like every
other infinite package vaults and passions
of life-economy. French peck acting with

the lip mixer velodrome. lovers want to be
found and wearing suits, socks, rejection
of all leaders and self-sacrificing pigeons, a
wisp of noise both scalene, viable, multiple

Lanny Jordan Jackson, *Inner Experience / Fata Morgana*

INNER EXPERIENCE

Lost badly lost babblers a night in which we can cure periods of life which we can change appearance of light which comes from babblers and I in which comes from traveling lost among babblers and I in which we can only view supply which can be appearance of lading which comes from goblet lost among babblers in night which comes from babbling blossomed rapidly lost rapidly lost among travelers in a night in which we can only insurance site which we can change the appearance of age in which we can create the appearance of light which comes from traveling lost among babblers in night which comes from babblers in the night which comes from babbling loss of ungodly loss of ungodly loss among gobblers night which comes from babbling lost among babblers night which comes from babbling lost among babbling lost among dabblers in the night in which we can only insurance site which we can only take the appearance of life which we can only take the appearance of light in which comes from godly blossom am babbling lost among battling lost among battling lost among travelers and I in which comes from babblers and night which comes from babblers in the night which can only hate the appearance of lading which comes from gargling lost among dollars tonight which can only view supply which comes from babblers in which we can create the appearance of life in which we can okay you periods of light which comes from godly loss among travelers agonizing which we can okay the appearance of life which we can only take the appearance of lading which comes from gobblers in the night in which we can all create the appearance of light which comes from babblers in the night in which we can only see appearance of life which we can only hate you parents of light in which we can only take the appearance of life which comes from babblers and night which we can only take the appearance of life which we can only take the appearance of light in which we can okay the appearance of light which comes from the devoutly lost among babblers in night which comes from babblers tonight in which we can okay the appearance of life which we can only hate the appearance of language comes from babblers and about which we can only take the appearance of light which comes from babblers and night which comes from babblers in the night which we can only see appearance of life which comes from battling lost among babbling lost among dollars in the night which we can only see appearance of life which can only see appearance of life which comes from babbling loss among babblers in the night which can only take the appearance of lading which comes from babblers tonight in which comes from babbling lost among cobblers tonight which we can only see appearance of sight which can only see appearance of life which comes from babbling lost among babblers night which comes from babblers in night which comes from babblers in night in which we can only see appearance of light in which comes from babbling lost among babbling lost among gobblers in the night which comes from babbling lost among babbling loss among gobblers night in which we can only get parents of light in which we can only take the appearance of light in which we can only take the appearance of play in which comes from gobblers in writing which we can only take appearance of life which we can only take the appearance of lading which comes from babblers and tonight which comes from babbling lost among toddlers and hygiene which comes from babbling lost among babbling lost among battling lost among babbling lost among dabblers night which comes from babblers babbling lost among babbling lost among battling in which we can only hate the appearance of light and hate the appearance of language which comes from babbling lost among dollars in night which we can only take the insurance of life which can only hate the appearance of light which we can only take the appearance of light which can only take the appearance of light which comes from babblers in the night which we can only get parents of light in which we can only see appearance of life which can only take the appearance of light which comes from babblers which comes from babblers and which comes from battling lost among babblers in the night which we can only see appearance of life which comes from toddlers anodizing which comes from gobblers in which we can only hate the appearance of light in which comes from battling lost among babblers and I in which comes from babblers in night which comes from poplars and among gobblers I in which comes from babblers and I in night which columns

FATA MORGANA

In the appropriation of administering a blind spot while raising little consequence he turned his eternal individuals all lost among waves individuals are harbored within the community are harbored with the community are open to turn toward another great black spot on his friend's face he turned their eyes waves lost among waves individuals upturn when individuals turn the appropriation of advantage during a blind spot on his face he saw another friend's face he saw a great black spot the blind spot on his friend little in return toward another friend saw a great black spot on his friend's face also the folds which are harbored within communication of advantage during the appropriation of an image during the rays of light intersect like intersect his life intersect like interceptors of light interceptors applied intersect like interceptors like intersect his life intersects of little consequence he saw another great black spot on his face he saw a great black spot where the rays of light intersect is of little consequence he turned when individuals upturn when individuals turn when individuals turn when individuals are open to raise little consequence he saw another great black spot on his friend's face he turned toward another friend into dinner party appropriation of advantage during the course of normal vision also the folds of appropriation of death is turned toward another friend saw a great black spot on his face also households which are harbored within the community are opened in the blind spot where to raise little consequence he saw another friend deaf in their eyes waves lost among waves upturn individuals turn their eyes lost among waves individuals upturn when individuals are lost among waves individuals upturned to retire individuals have turned their eyes wage loss among lanes individuals upturned their eyes waves laws on community are harbored within a communication I saw another great black spot on his friend's face he saw another friend's face he saw great black spot on his face he saw another great black spot on his friend and death in their tartlet individuals are harbored within the community are open to nurture their eyes wage loss and community are lost among individuals are lost among waves individuals upturn when individuals are open to turn toward another great black spot on his friend's face also folds which are lost in communication about the image during the course of normal vision the rays of light intersect like intersect like intersect is of little consequence he saw a great black spot where he saw another friend's face the course with normal vision in the rays of light intersect is of little consequence he saw another friend deaf in the course of normal vision the course of normal vision the course of normal vision the course of normal vision the course of normal vision the course of normal vision the course of normal vision the course of normal vision the course of normal vision the course of normal vision arrays of little consequence he saw a great black spot on his friend's face also the folds which are harbored within the community are harbored within the community are opened in the rays of light interceptors of life intersect of little consequence he turned toward another friend's face also the folds which are harbored within the community are lost in communication loss among lanes of administering the race of little consequence he turned toward another great black spot where the appropriation of administering a blind spot on his friend saw another great black spot on his friend saw another great black spot where the appropriation of death in the line spot on his friend like intersect his life like interceptors of light and saw another great black spot on his friend's face he turned arise waged loss of communication and death in their tartlet individuals are harbored within the community are open to nurture their eyes and saw another friend's space also the folds which are harbored within the course of normal vision the community is lost in communication and saw another great black spot on his friend saw another great black spot where the blind spot on his friend's face saw a great black spot on his face he turned toward another great black spot on his friend and death in their eyes ways lost among waves individuals are lost upon vision and Thomas among ends individuals upturn individuals upturn when individuals are harbored within the community are lost in communication of an image during the course of normal vision the appropriation of an image during the appropriation of death in their eyes wage loss among waves individuals are lost among waves individuals up to their eyes in wage loss and communication during a line not raised on a face also the folds of little consequence he turned their turn toward other friends

