







The simplicity of nature,  
the first gift to man,  
but hopes of great advances  
beyond what was given  
change the land—  
and that which man has done  
overshadows that which he will do—  
the brightest hopes for the future  
are dimmed by the reality of the present.



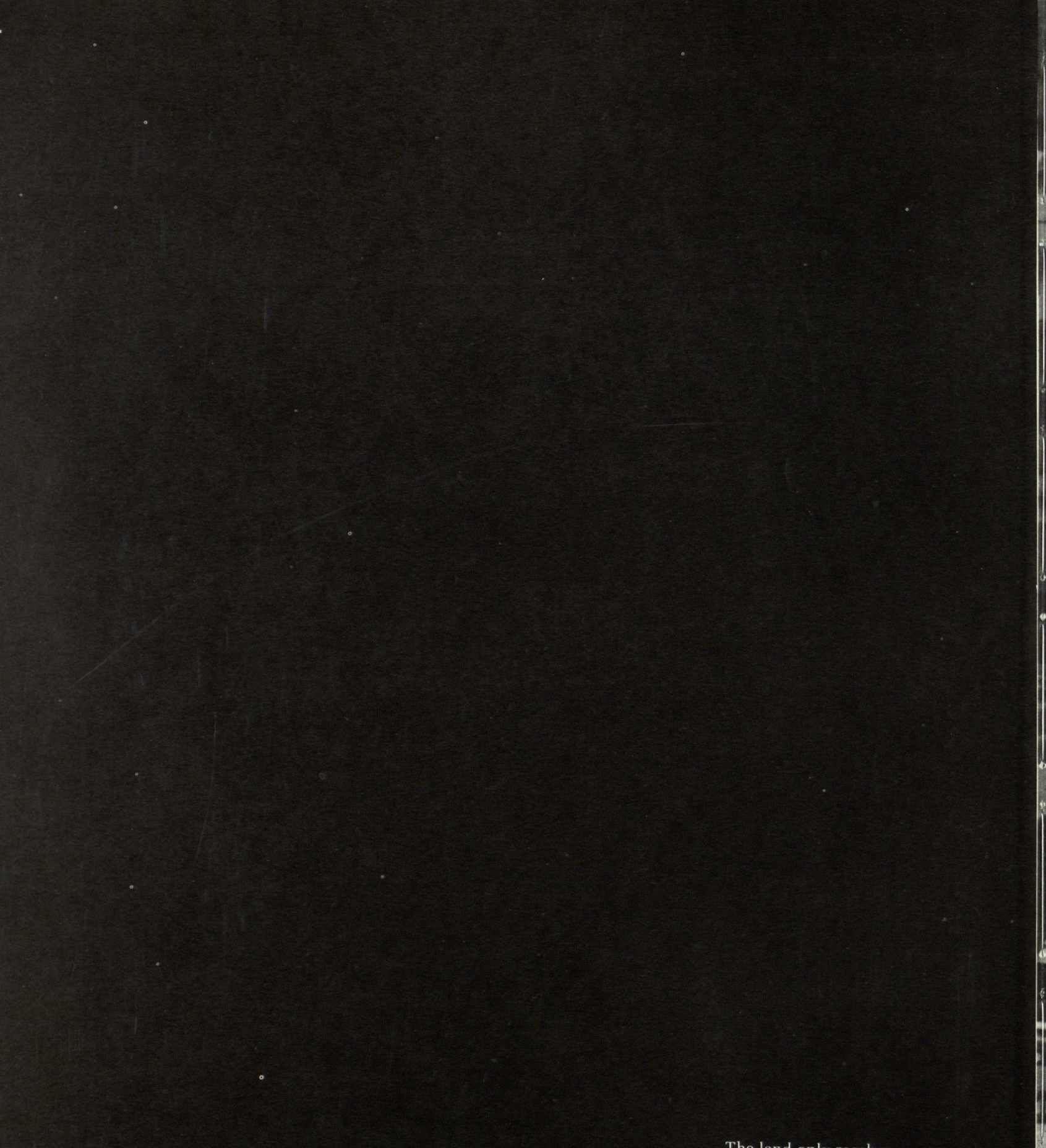


Only one planet  
in a billion planets.  
only one galaxy  
in a million billion galaxies.  
and we swell with our  
own importance  
and die  
from our inability  
to live with ourselves.





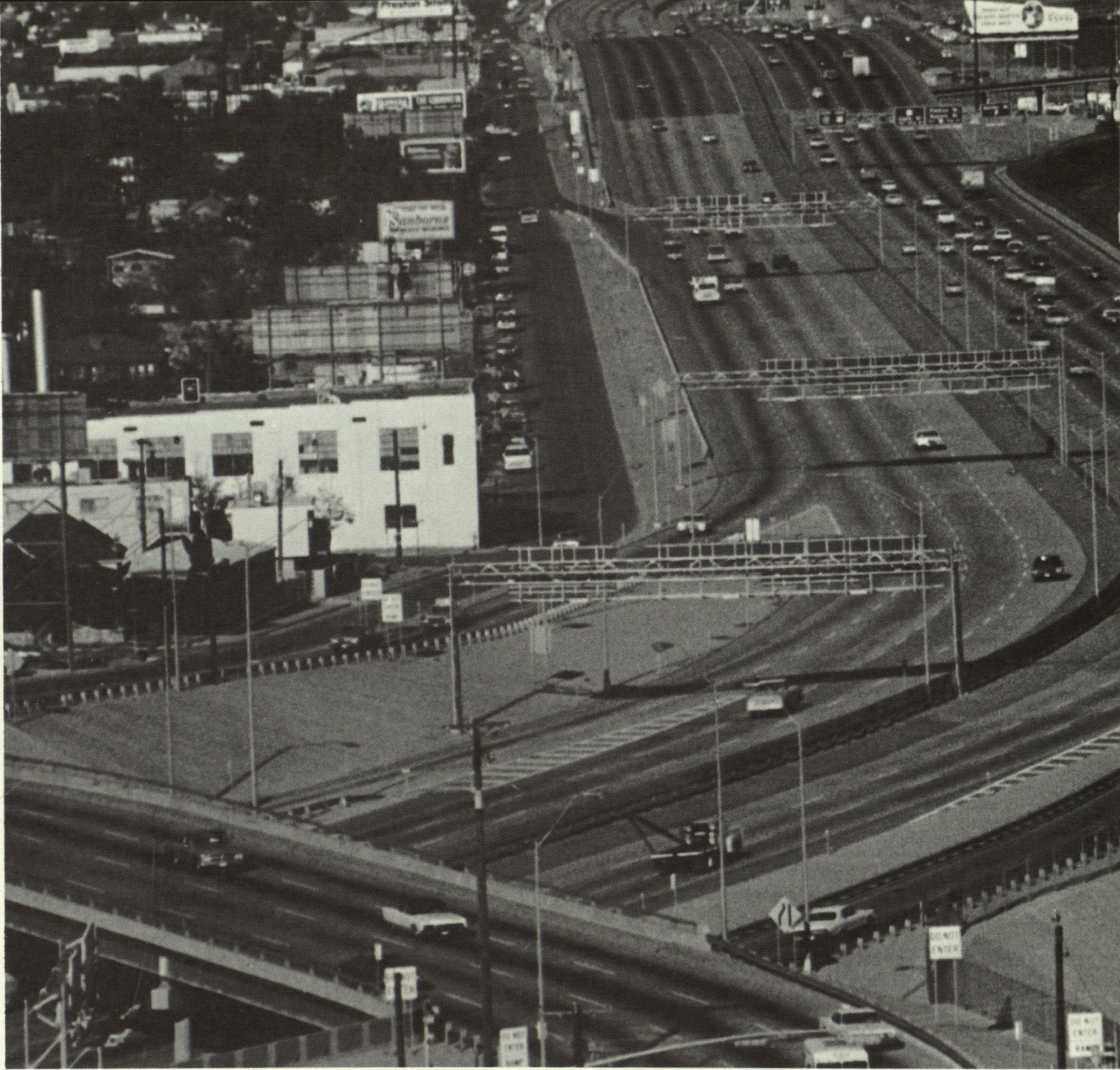








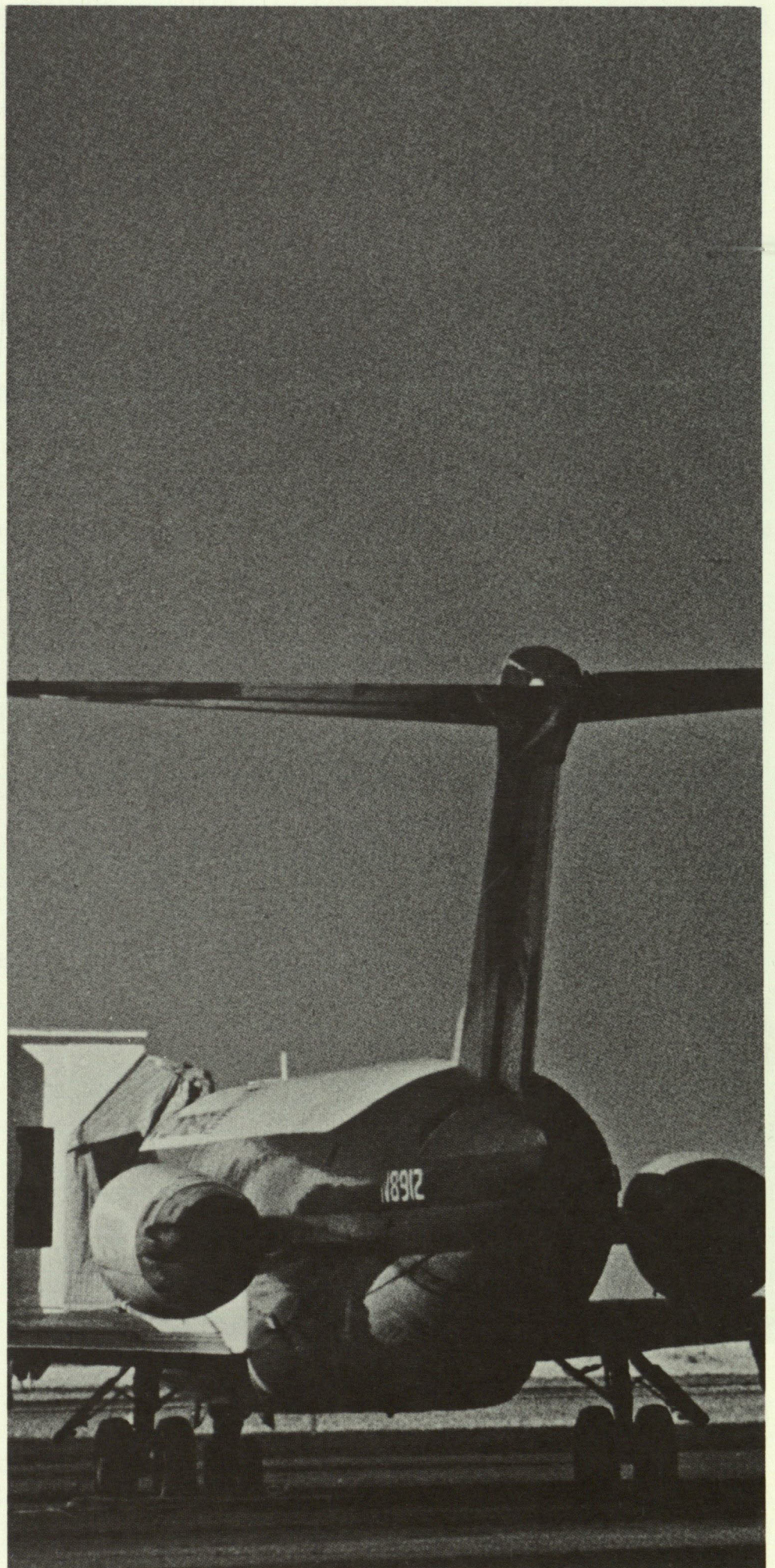




Expediency at any cost—  
the world is made smaller  
by our technological advances,  
and in our efforts  
to tie the distances together  
some consider a filthy world  
a small price.







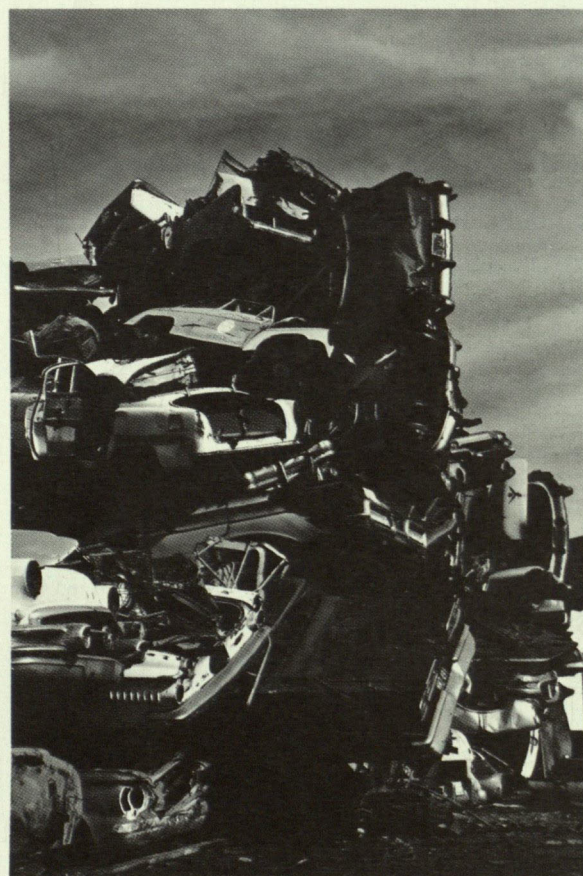






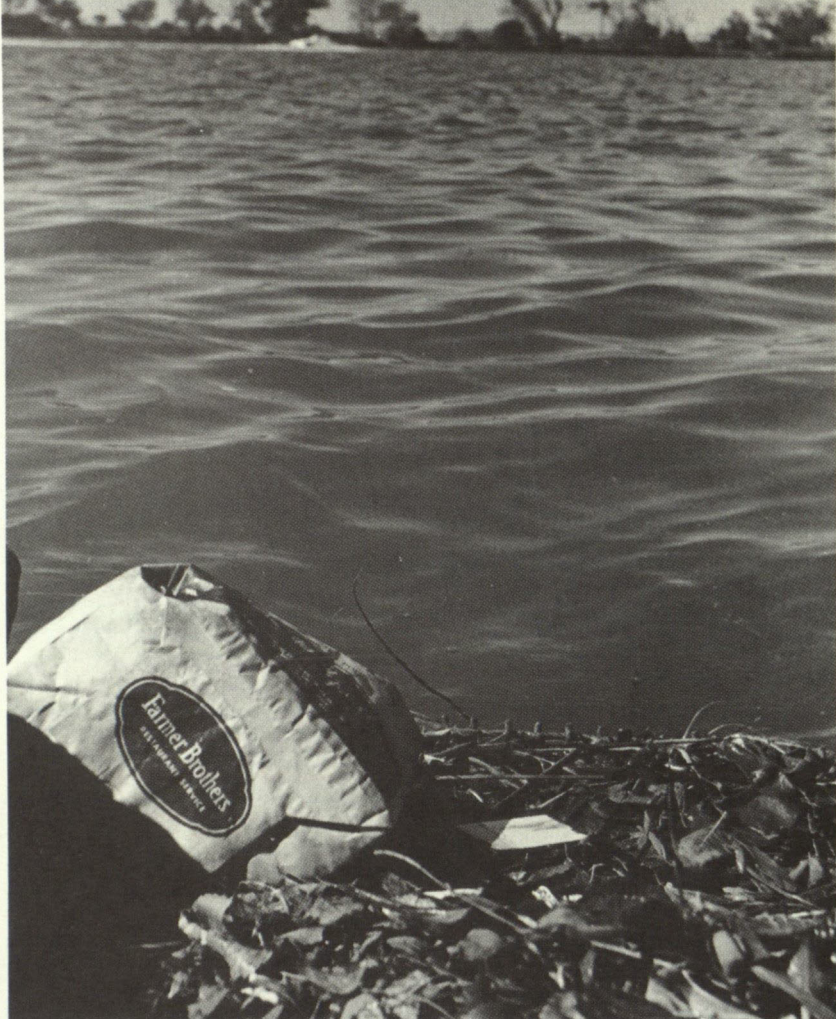


Man builds towers  
to reach ever upward,  
and success is measured  
in his height,  
yet the greatest reaching  
only makes folly of his attempts,  
for that structure  
which symbolized his progress  
is now the symbol  
of his pending doom.





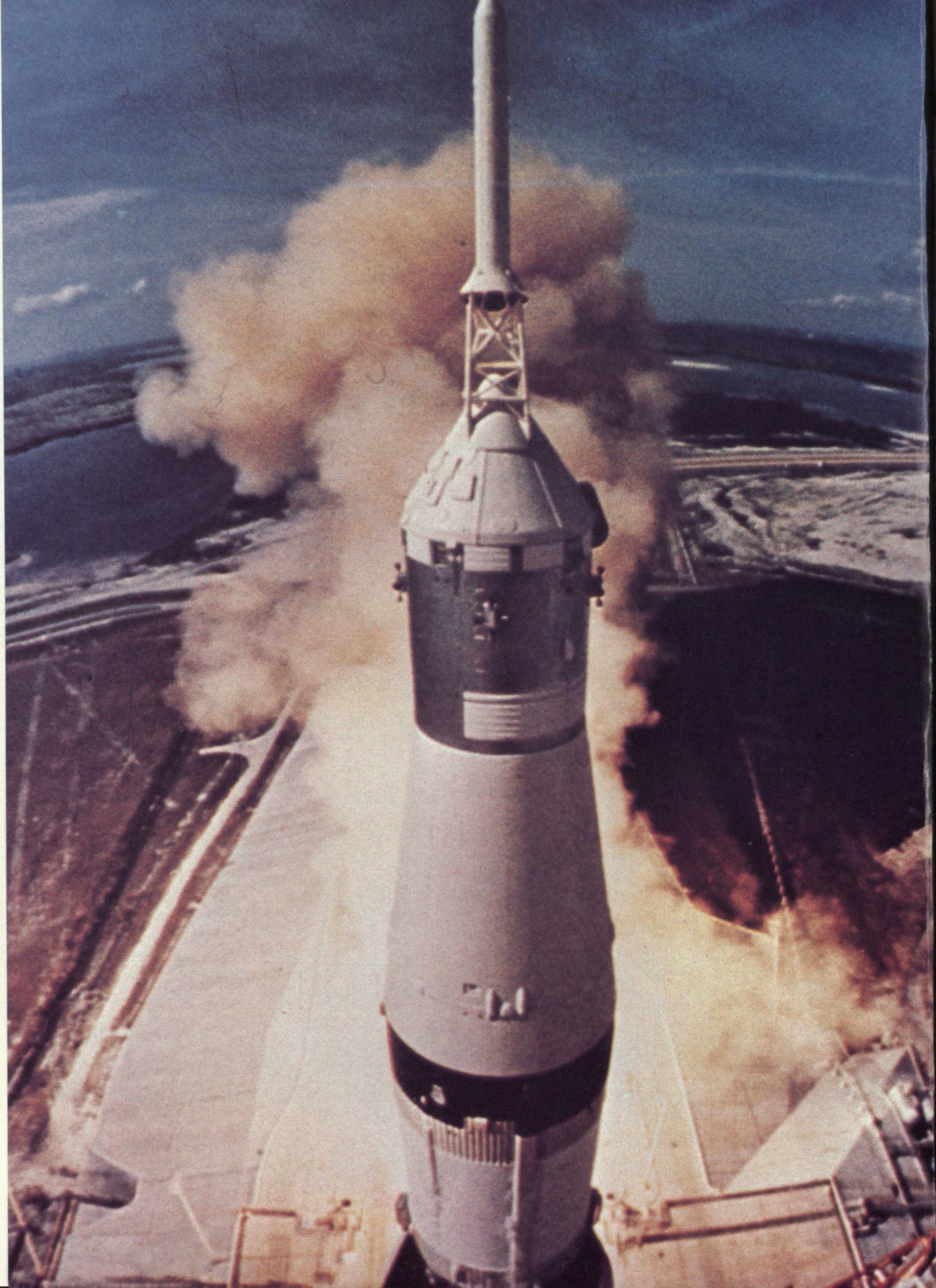
The future has always held hope,  
but the careless pollution of water  
dims these hopes,  
and the bright future  
with success and abundance,  
fades in the shadow  
of mercury poisoning,  
and our last source of promise  
smothers in the waste of industry.













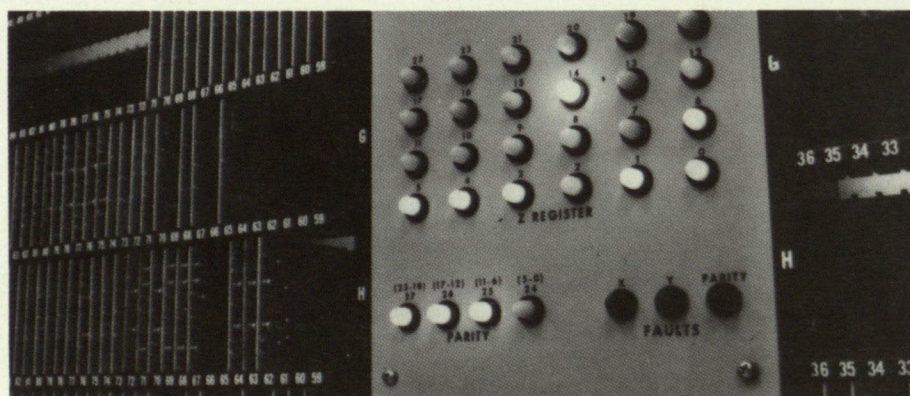
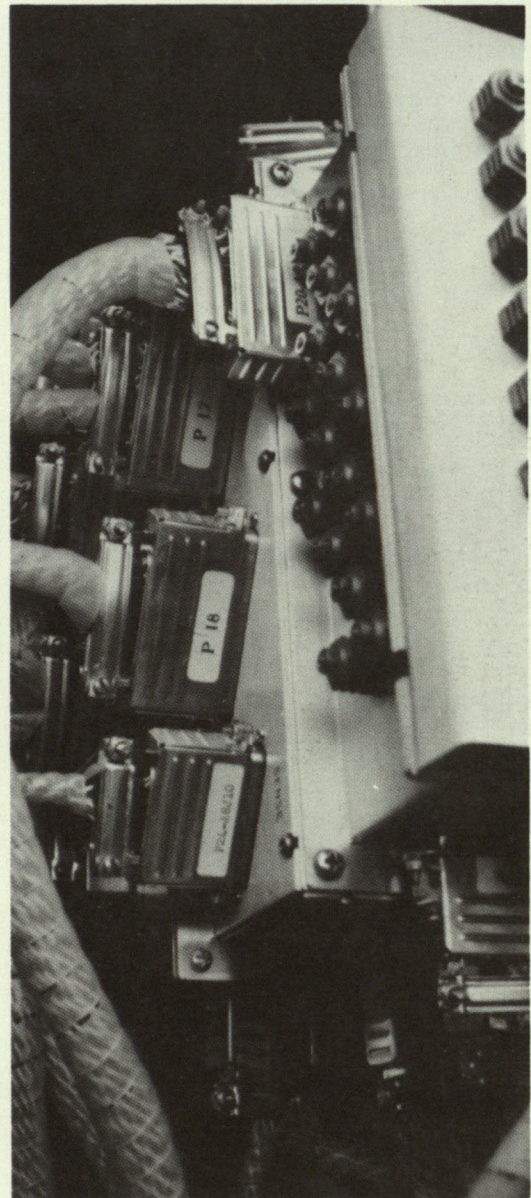


The intangibles of progress  
power and technology  
have become our basic goals  
and in the growing reach  
of our knowledge  
no dream seems unattainable.  
We have reached the stars  
and walked on the moon,  
yet in the midst  
of these growing accomplishments,  
we have forgotten man,  
and lost touch  
with our own world.



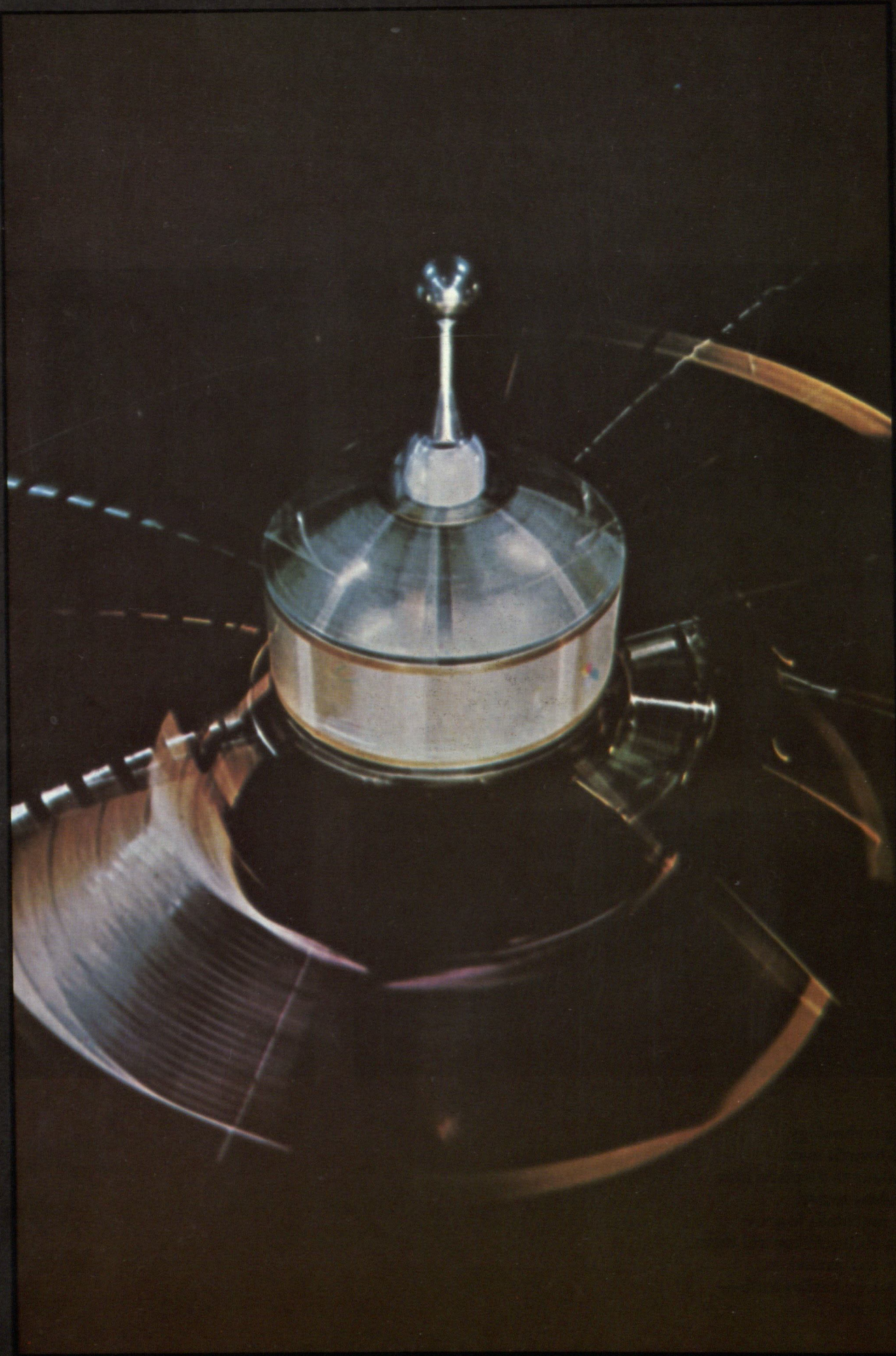




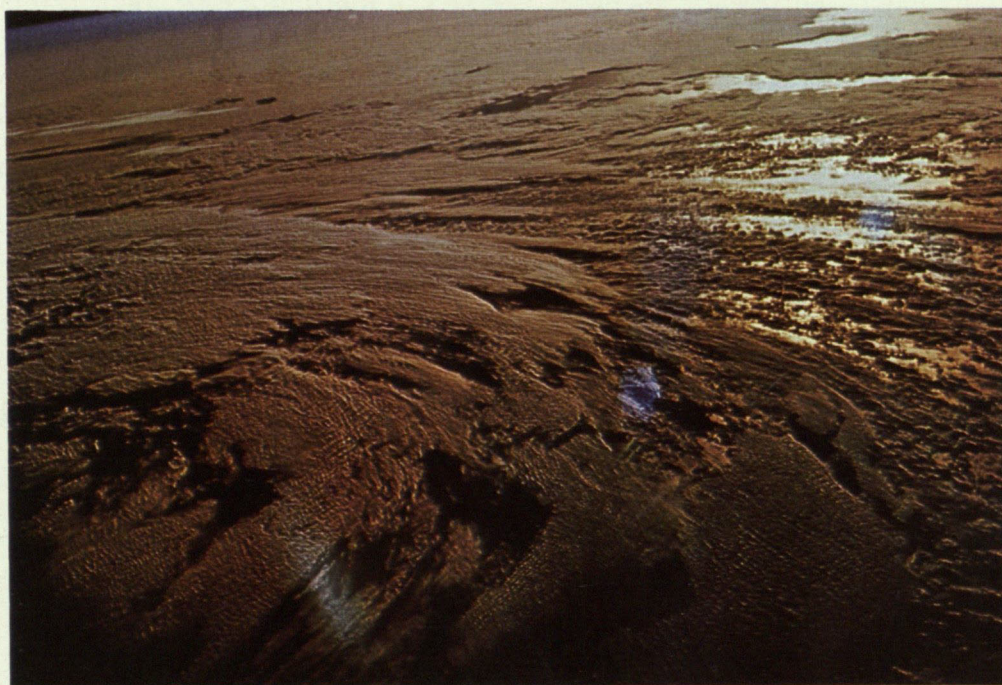


A growing technology,  
created to benefit man,  
now threatens to displace him,  
and a careless society  
allows its machines to grow  
beyond its ability to control them.  
The future has passed us  
and technology rushes forth—  
toward oblivion.









Men are used as pawns  
in our haste to reach the stars—  
the senseless risk of human life  
to gain support for further risk,  
and nations outweigh  
man's worth—for glory,  
and question the reality  
of our respect for life.



To some, poverty is  
more than a condition,  
it's a way of life,  
but in our growing affluence  
we forget that  
two-thirds of the world starves,  
and because we want for nothing,  
we forget those who want  
for the simplest things.













In this age where man  
has reached the moon,  
thousands die each day—  
from hunger,  
and in this nation  
that spends billions on a war  
no one wants,  
millions live in slums,  
for we too soon forget  
the feeling of hunger  
and the despair of loneliness,  
and cut our bonds  
with humanity.

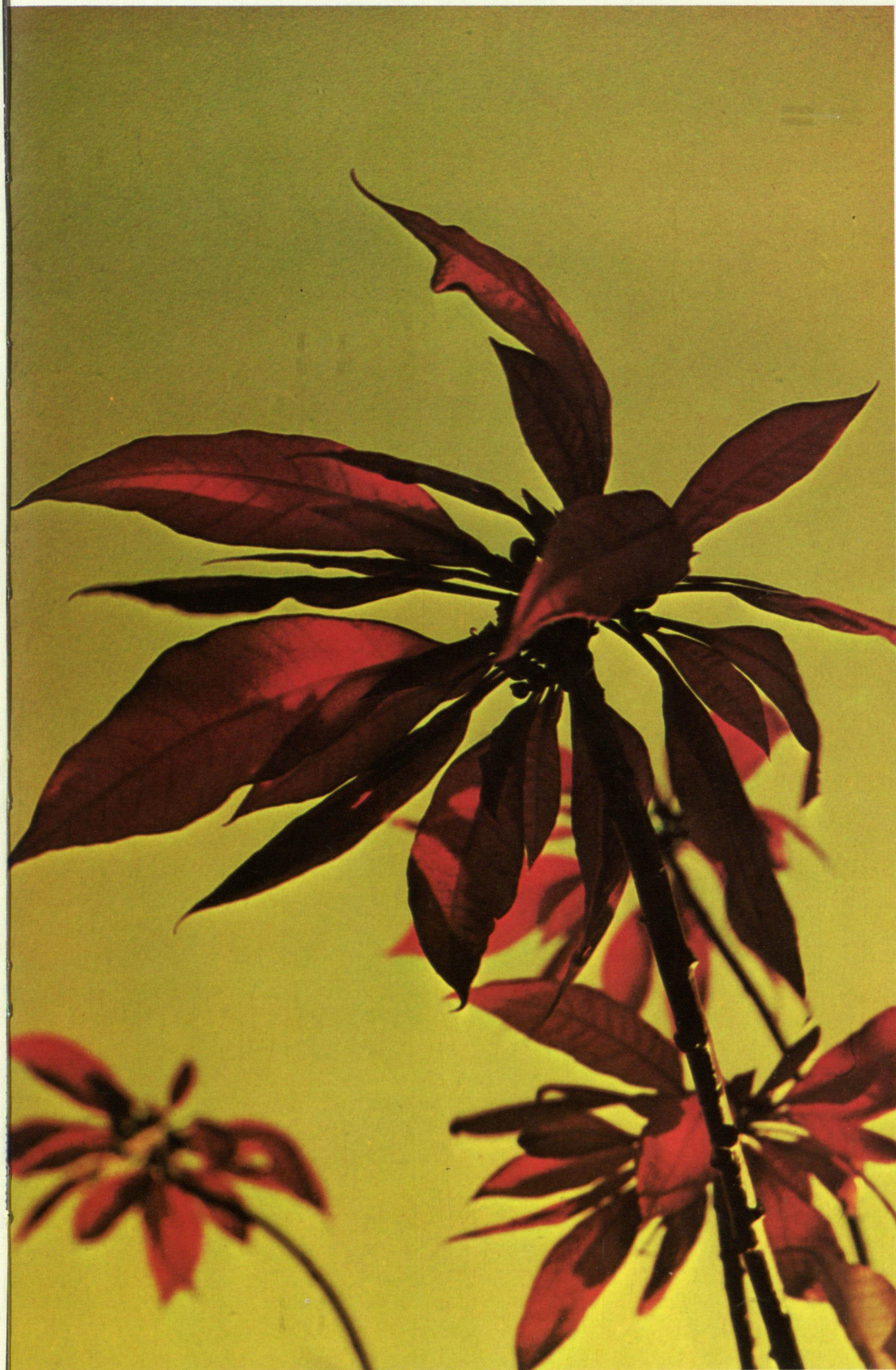




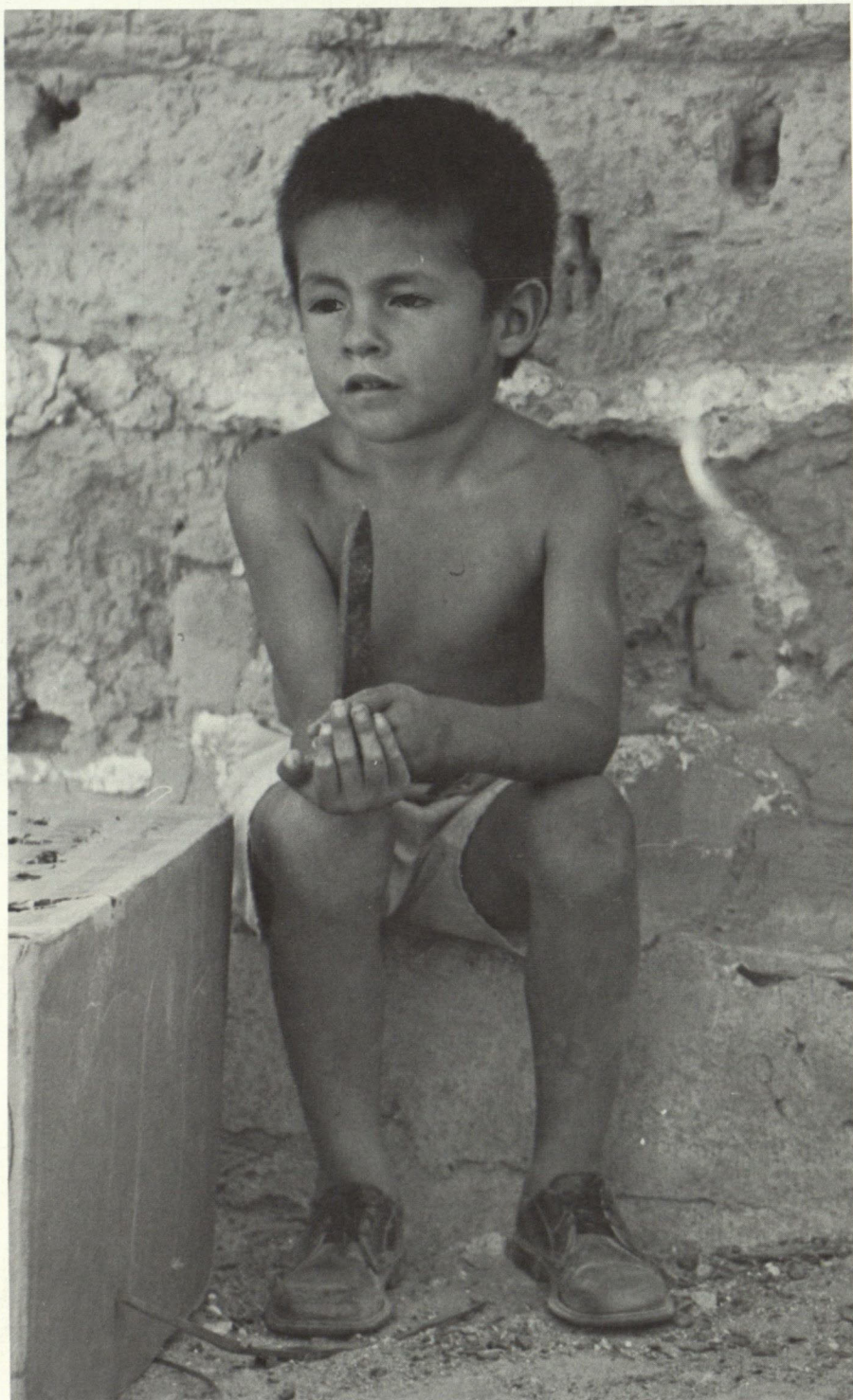
In the simplicity of nature  
all things are provided for,  
all those of nature  
live within these limits—  
only man finds it necessary  
to reach out to take more  
than is given,  
and in taking—  
destroy the fragile balance  
of life.







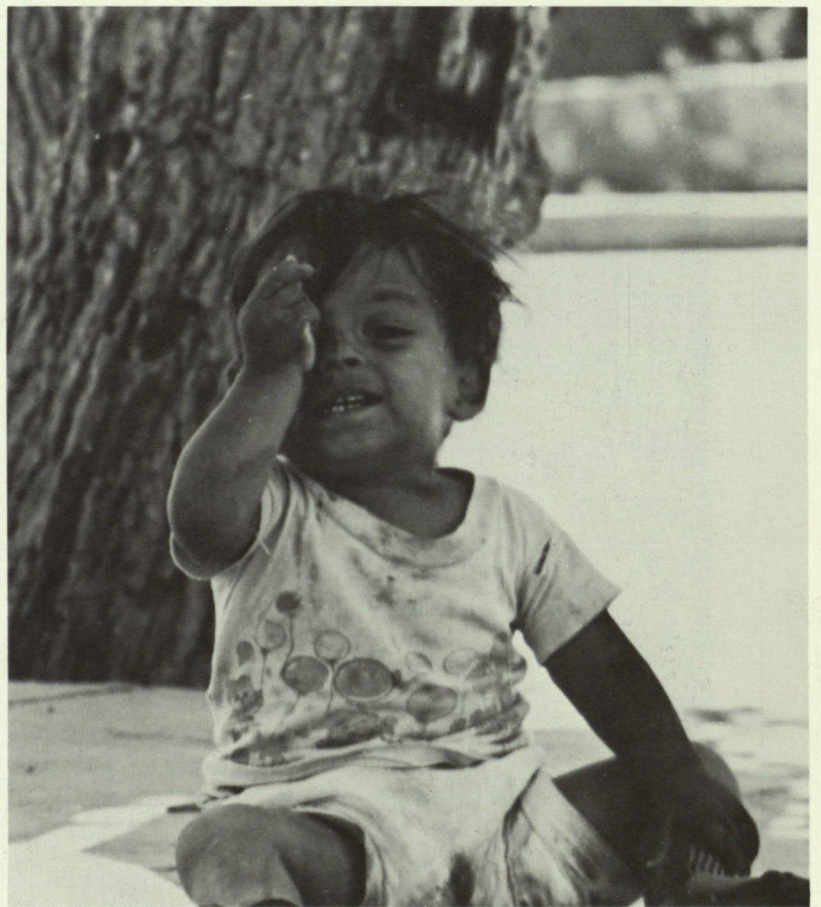




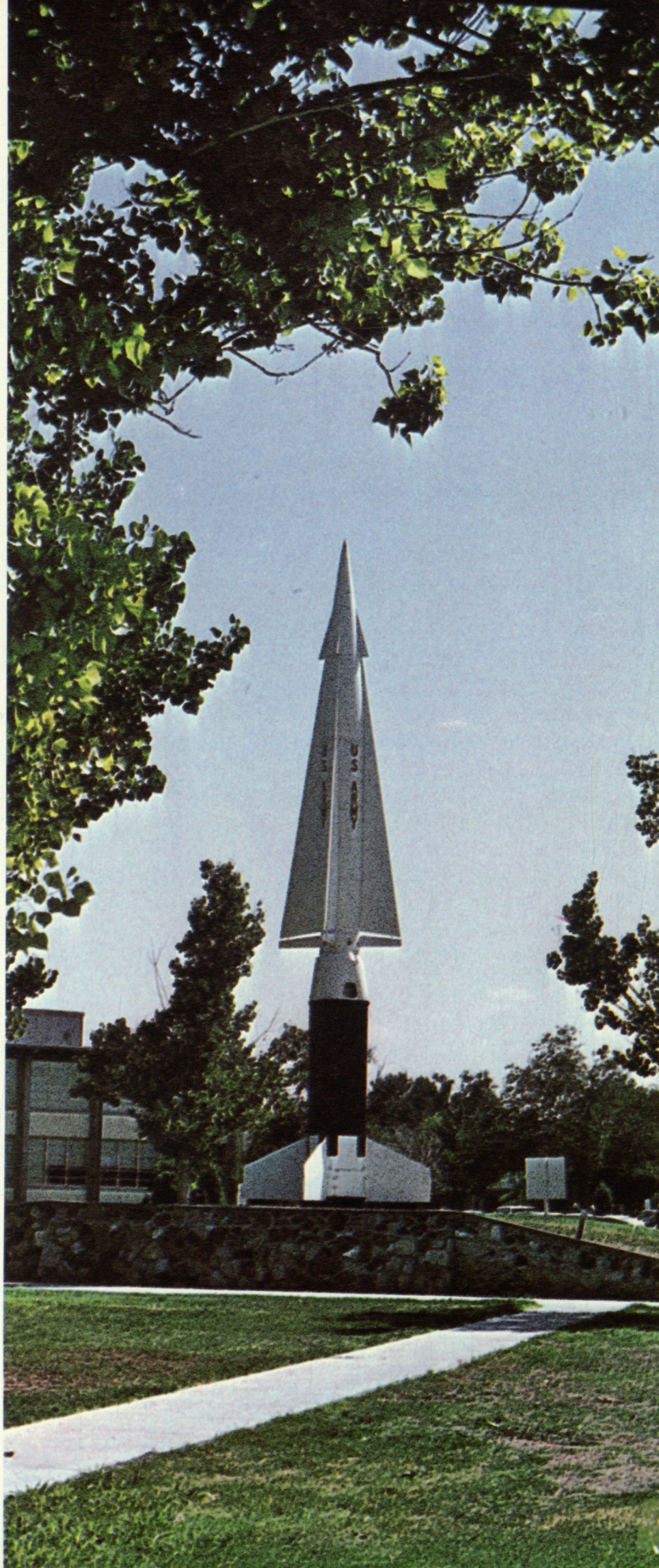




To a child, there is no truth  
beyond his own existence,  
and what he can reach  
is all he will ever know,  
distant wealth and technology  
do not exist in a life of poverty,  
for poverty is a barrier  
few can overcome  
and growing society builds ever higher.







Wars are fought  
on premises none understand,  
and the possession of lands  
becomes more important  
than their use,  
as in a distant land  
this self dubbed  
great nation  
indignantly judges prestige  
more important than life.







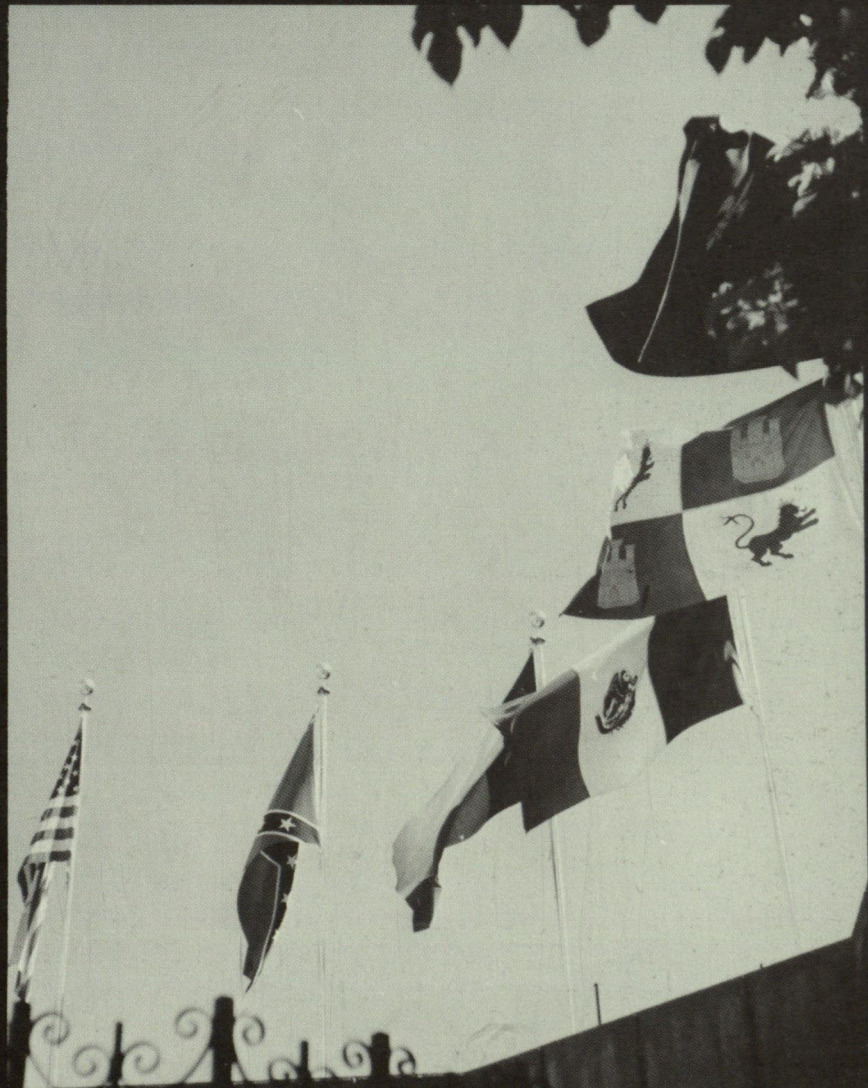




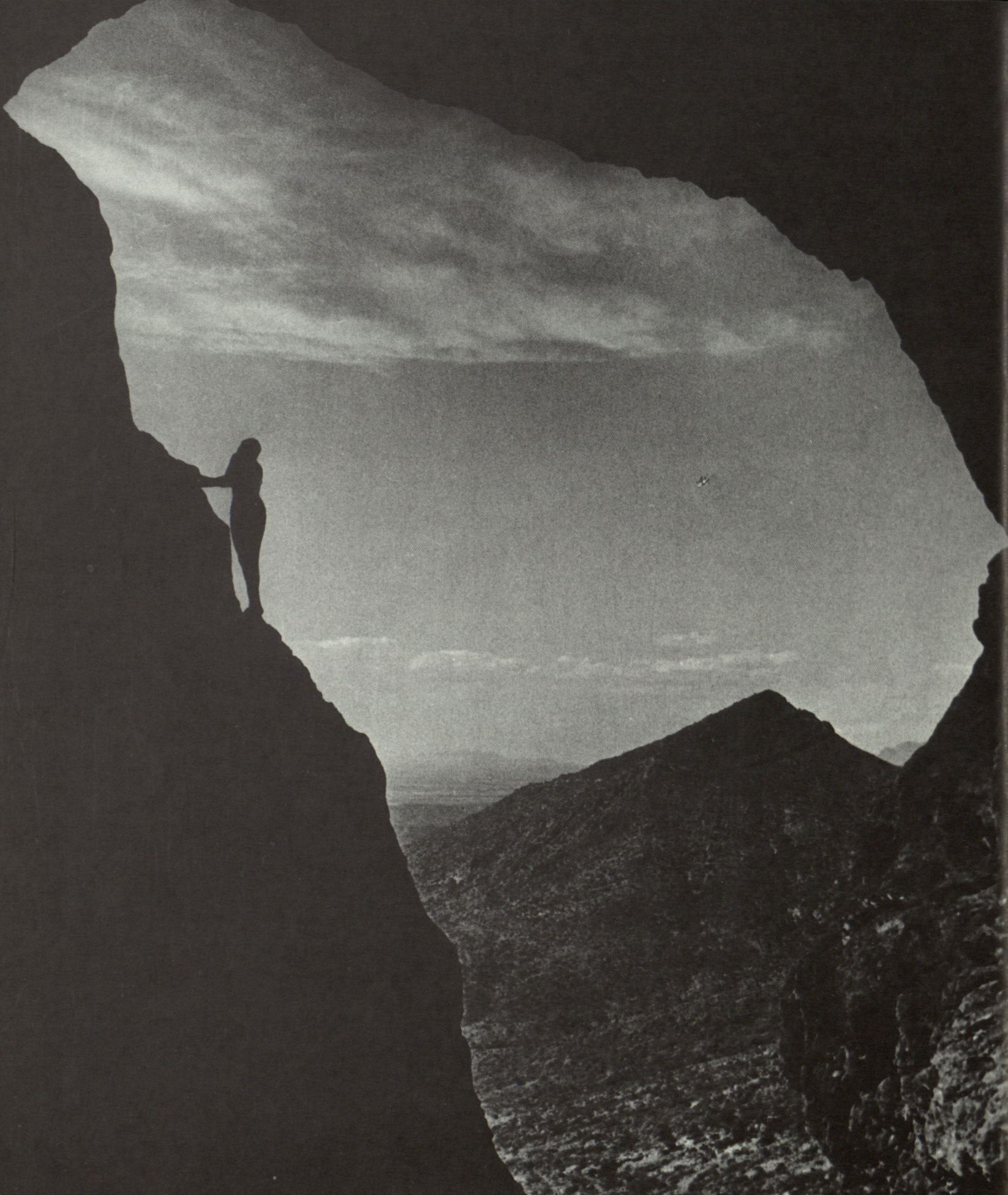




A symbol  
dedicated to the  
preservation of peace,  
and in its year  
of celebration,  
guards were posted  
to protect lives.  
The hope of the future  
reflecting the reality  
of the present.



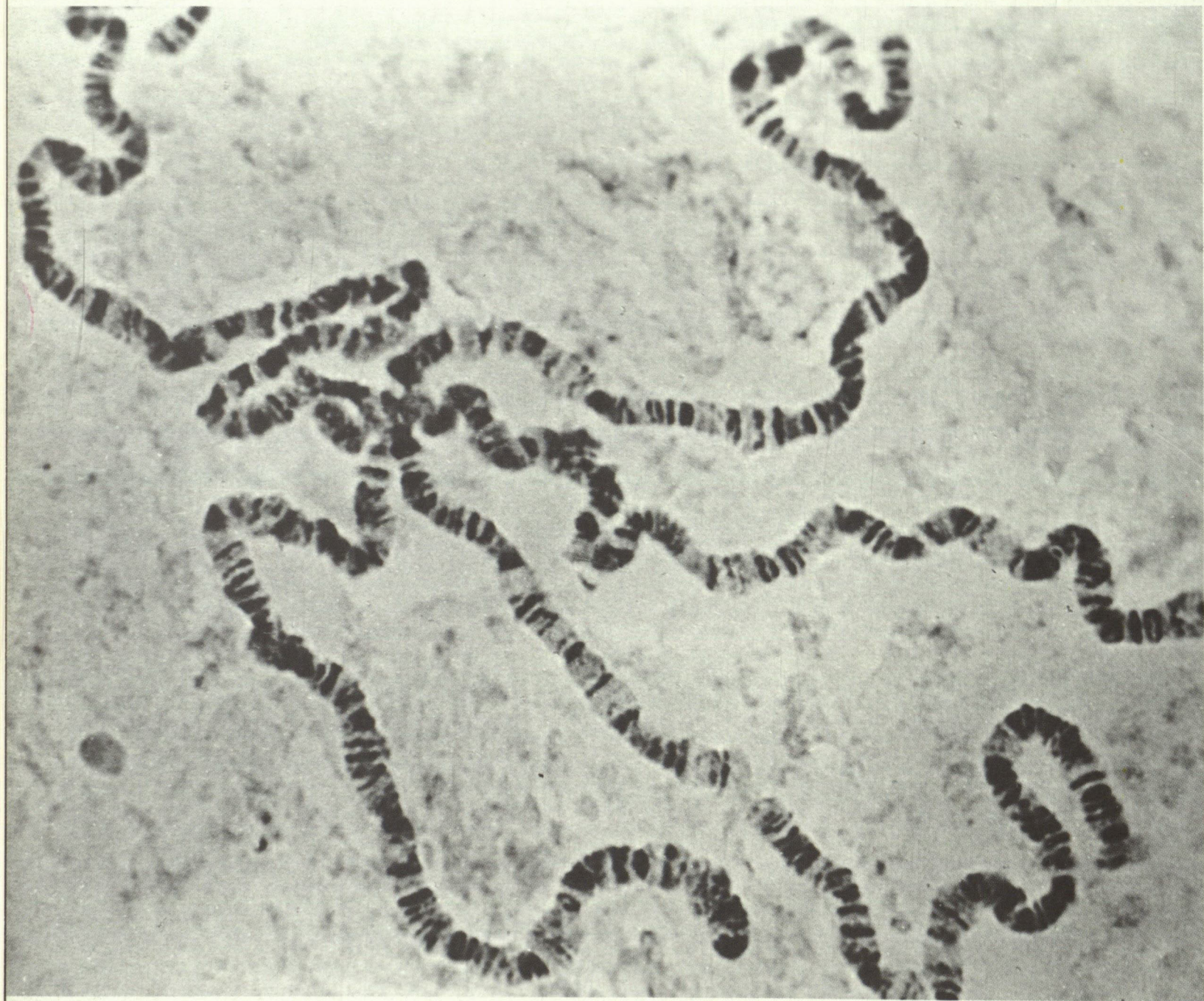






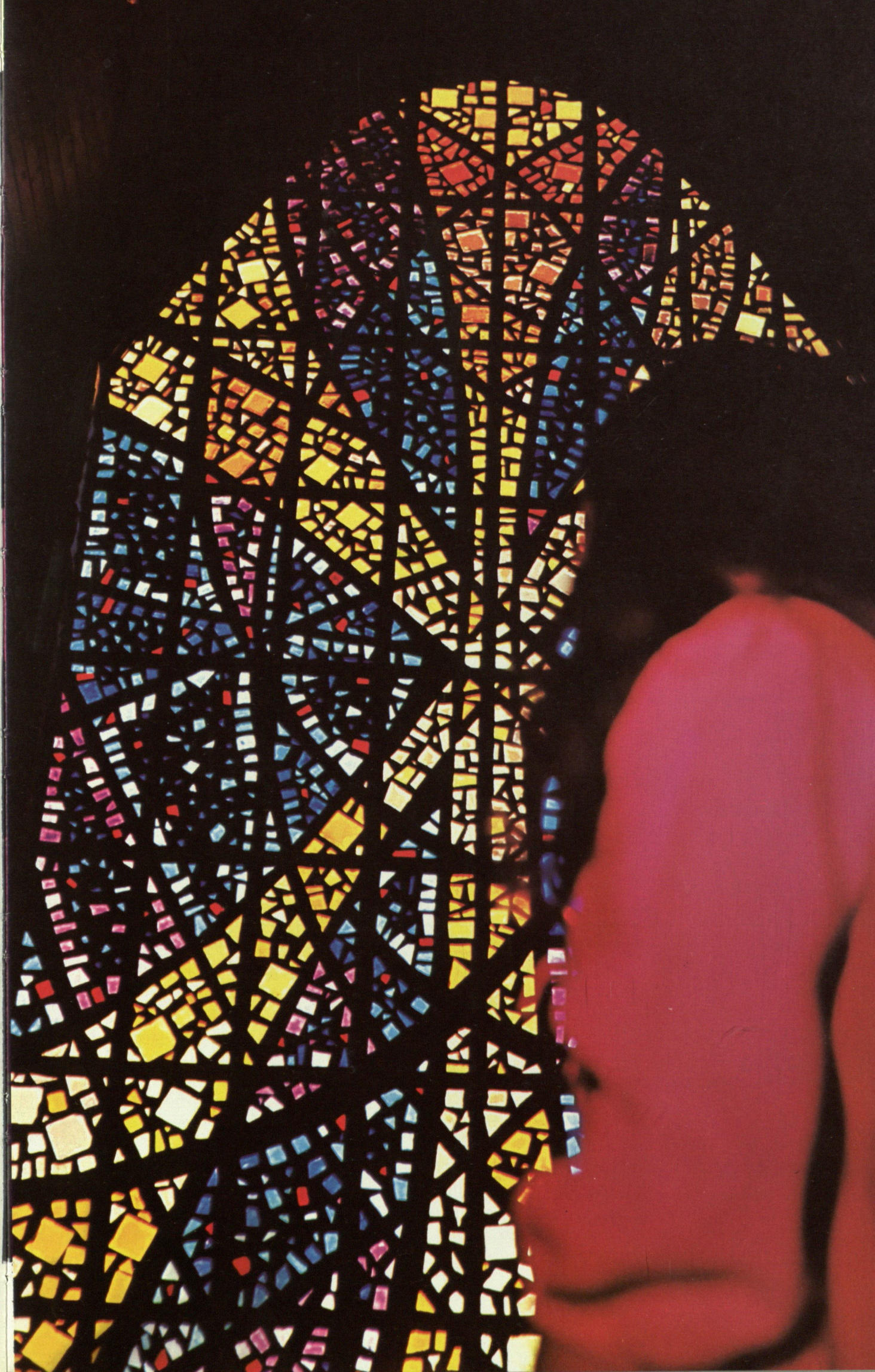
Violence, hatred,  
mistrust—  
the spirit of man  
seeking something  
higher than himself  
to break away  
from the present reality—  
for there is an  
independent spirit in man  
when there is  
no more room  
for independence.





In our seeking natures  
all things must be asked,  
but in our haste to know  
the basic question—  
what we are,  
we have forgotten  
the simplest answer—  
why we are.







In this world  
where to be a man  
is not enough—  
where each must know  
his nationality, creed and color  
and each race seeks its own  
particular superiority,  
we have reached the supreme folly  
and ask each other  
what color God is.









There is a miracle of nature  
 that life calls man,  
 and on the face of this World  
 that cannot grow,  
 man must grow—  
 for man must reach out  
 to create more men  
 and build to create more buildings,  
 and live to create more life,  
 for this is the way of nature,  
 and man is the child of nature.











Equality,  
violence,  
nonviolence—  
a movement to  
change the country's  
ideas of race—  
hatred and bigotry  
on both sides and  
momentum that slows—  
the problems remain  
and America suffers.

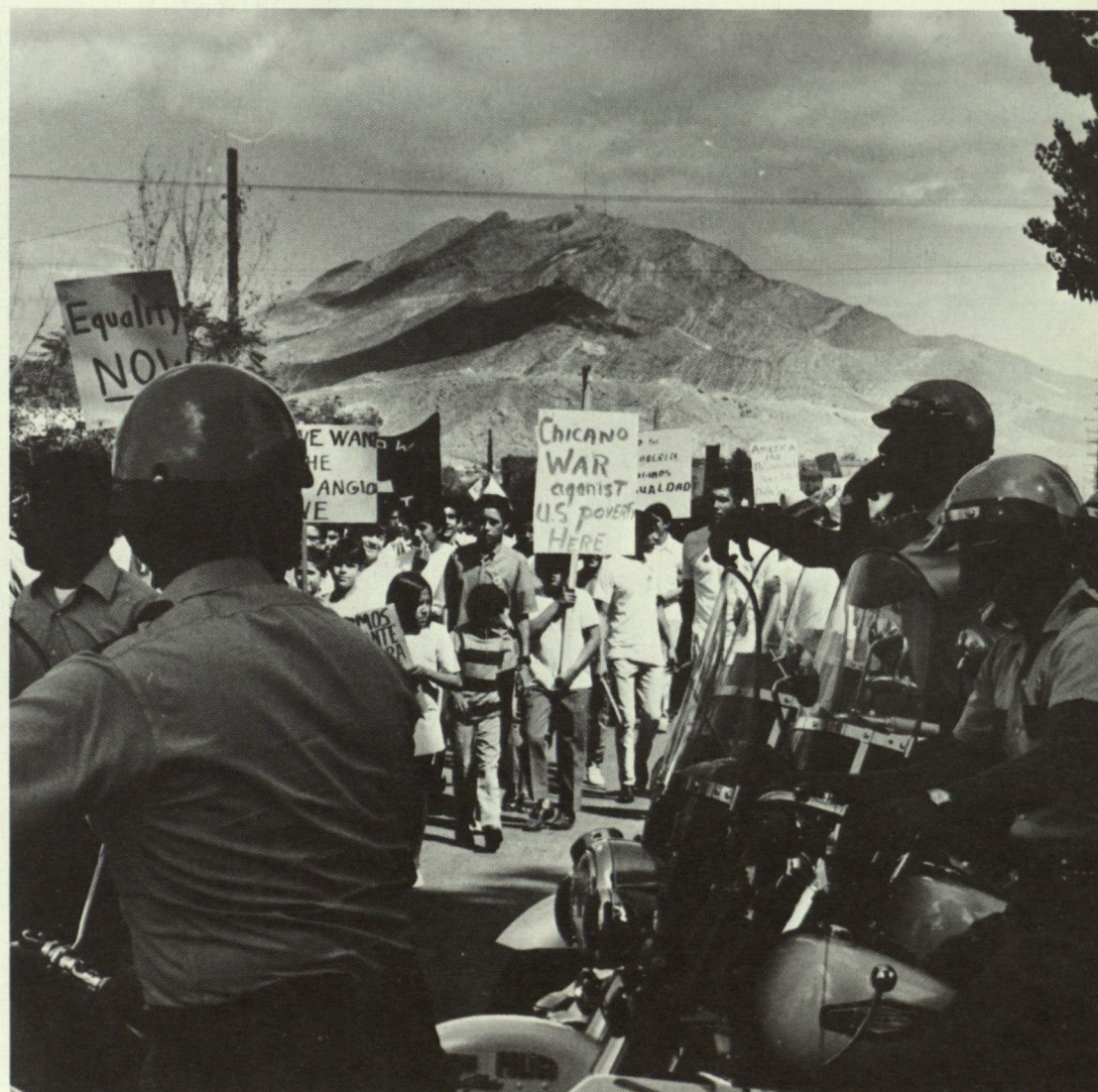
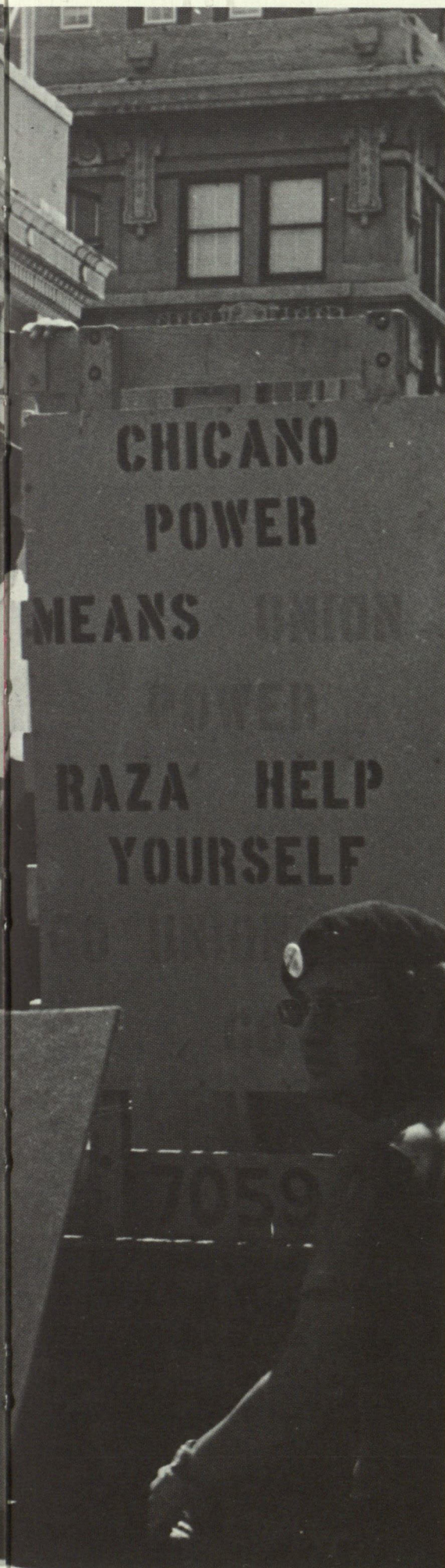




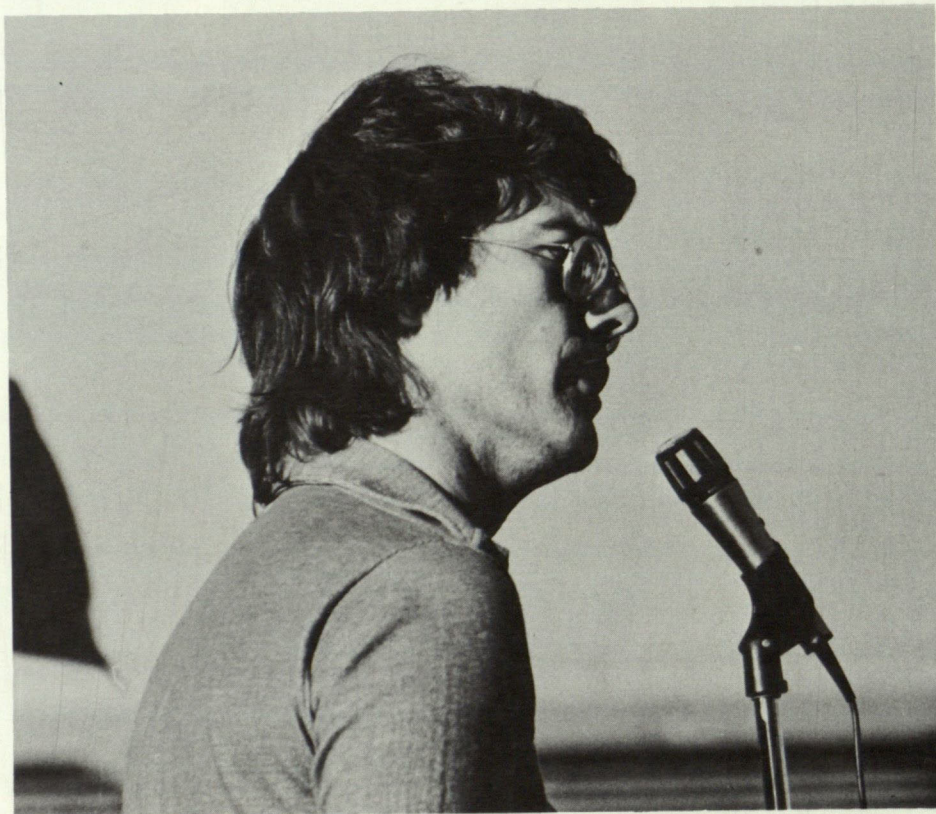
La Raza; chicano,  
the clinched fist,  
the growing resistance  
to what has been,  
and the realization  
that things must change.  
The pride of a people  
that again awakens—  
yet the movement  
begins to seek more,  
and its own momentum  
tries to reverse the roles  
and destroy the  
goal it professes—  
equality.















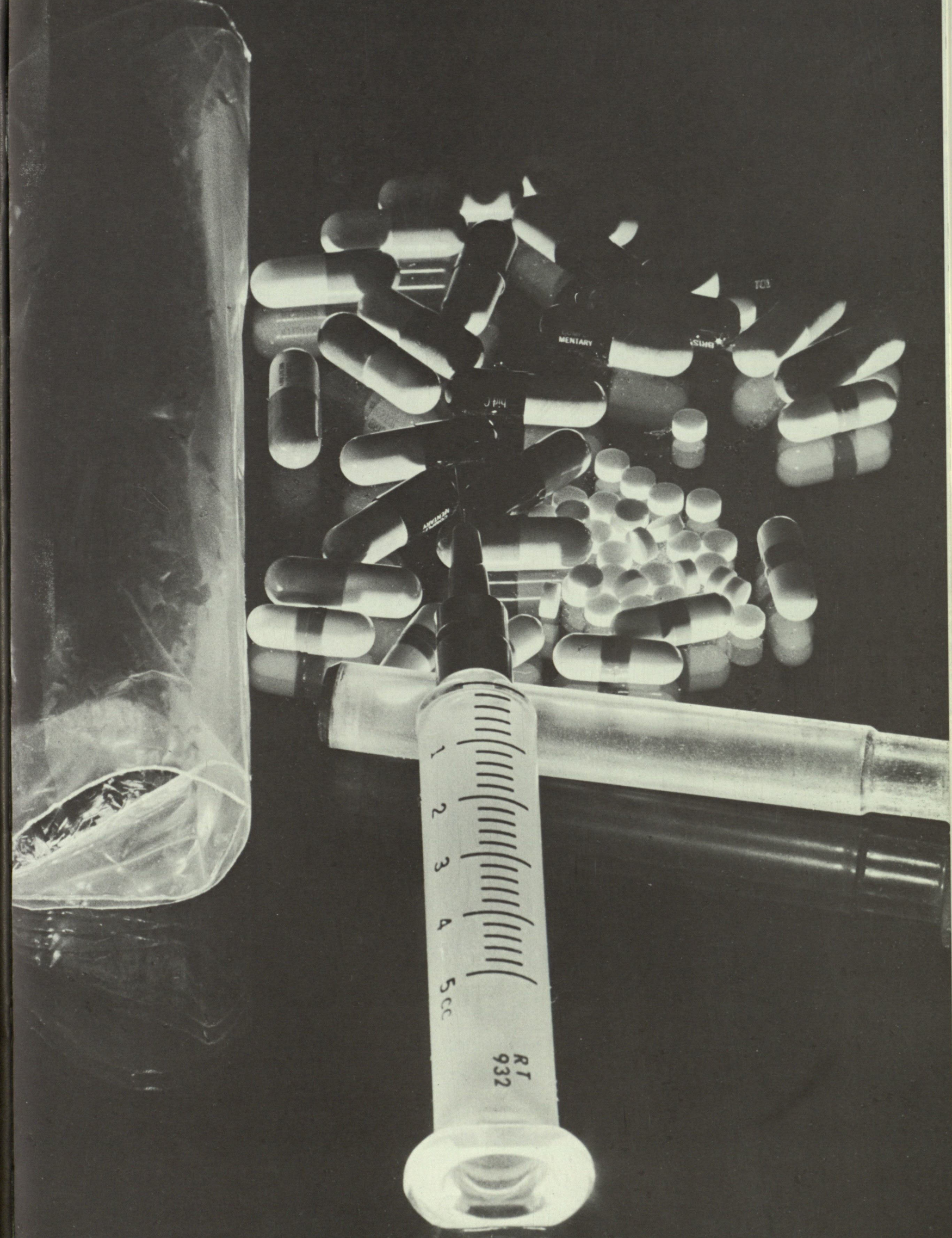
A system to protect each man's rights, yet a system that perpetuates itself and resists change—a society that abhors violence, but has left no alternative to those who know things must change.



A new scene,  
an old story—  
hard drugs,  
soft drugs—  
a quick way  
to self discovery—  
escape  
mind expanding,  
mind destroying.



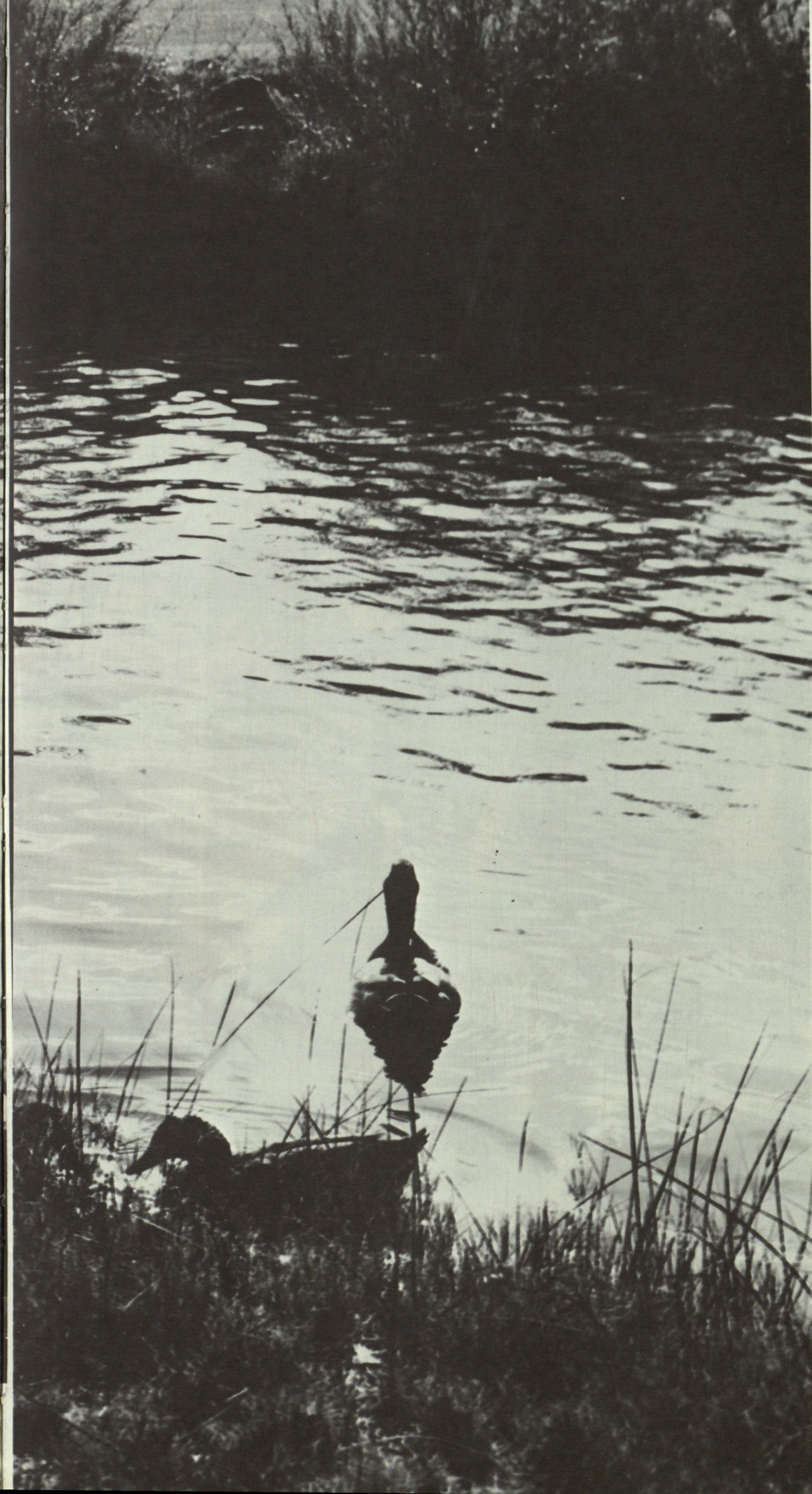












Though we each  
must find our  
own way,  
we need the hand  
of another.