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Bloody Math: A Drama in Three Acts, by David J. Marcou.

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***Author's Note:** This play is an historical drama in the sense that Shakespeare's chronicle plays were – they deal with some real, some imagined or slightly altered historical figures and events -- and very little of the historical dialogue was spoken in just the way it is re-presented here. The method is a combination of the descriptive and the telegraphic, and not all the stage directions and character descriptions are precisely detailed, because each production will need some latitude to achieve this drama's goals. But the key thing **Bloody Math** shares with the bard's chronicle plays is, it's hoped, the truthfulness of its ideas, language, characters, and action. Historical events can contain a great deal of drama in and around them – as the bombing at the University of Wisconsin's Sterling Hall did in August 1970. And yet, it takes a good writer to re-present relevant figures, events, dialogue, etc., so they will honestly enlighten future generations about the contexts, impacts, and relevancies to what went before them, and what came after. It is my fondest hope as the writer of this historical drama that viewers will learn from the mistakes of many people in 1970 Madison, including the large human mistakes of the New Year's Gang and the related mistakes of the authorities, and live better lives, as a result. No playwright can ask for anything more.*

Cast of Characters:

Karl Armstrong: The eldest son in his family and New Year's Gang (also called Vanguard of the Revolution) leader.

Don and Ruth Armstrong: Karl's parents.

Dwight Armstrong: Karl's younger brother and comrade-in-arms.

Lynn Schultz: Karl's former girlfriend and driver.

Leo Burt: *Daily Cardinal* senior reporter recruited by the New Year's Gang.

David Fine: *Daily Cardinal* freshman reporter invited into the New Year's Gang by Leo.

Steve McGrew: UW history student, about to start his junior year in August 1970.

Dave McGrew: Steve's dad.

Dan McGrew: Steve's brother.

Brant More: UW Business student about to start his junior year in August 1970, and Steve's roommate.

Paul Soglin: Antiwar protest leader and, later, mayor of Madison.

Jim Rowen: *Daily Cardinal* reporter and antiwar activist who exposes classified work at the Army Mathematics Research Center on the UW-Madison campus.

Susan McGovern Rowen: Jim's wife and the daughter of 1968 Democratic Presidential Nominee George McGovern.

Alan Hunter: President of the UW chapter of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS).

Detective George Croal, aka "Chester White": Trainer of "counteraffinity squads" for the Madison Police Department.

Chief Ralph Hanson: Head of University Protection and Security (P&S).

Harvey Goldberg: UW social historian and pied piper of the Madison Left.

George Mosse: UW cultural historian and a defender of liberal values.

Heinz Barschall: UW physicist-Manhattan Project veteran, whose life's work is tied up in Sterling Hall.

Robert Fassnacht: UW low-temperature physicist at Sterling Hall.

Stephanie Fassnacht: Robert's wife.

Joe Dillinger: Robert's faculty advisor.

Marsh "The Marshall" Shapiro: Owner of the Nitty Gritty bar.

The UW Board of Regents, led by Charles Gelatt, of La Crosse.

Various supernumeraries – of all races, backgrounds, and persuasions.

Settings:

Act I-Scene 1: UW Memorial Union's Great Hall, September 1969.

Act I-Scene 2: The physics lab of Robert Fassnacht, Sterling Hall, October 1969.

Act I-Scene 3: A meeting of the UW Board of Regents, Bascom Hall, January 1970.

Act I-Scene 4: The interior of Sterling Hall, August 1, 1970.

Act I-Scene 5: The Nitty Gritty bar, early August 1970.

Act II-Scene 1: A Farmer's Union Co-op in Baraboo, Wisconsin, Wednesday, August 19, 1970.

Act II-Scene 2: The Eastside Madison home of Don and Ruth Armstrong, Saturday morning, August 22, 1970.

Act II-Scene 3: The apartment of Robert and Stephanie Fassnacht, Saturday night, August 22, 1970.

Act II-Scene 4: Central Wisconsin testing area, very late the night of August 23-24, 1970.

Act II-Scene 5: Madison Police Department, a few minutes later on the night of August 23-August 24, 1970.

Act III-Scene 1: The Lakeshore Dorm room of Steve McGrew and Brant More, 1:30 a.m., Monday, August 24, 1970.

Act III-Scene 2: Physics lab of Robert Fassnacht, Sterling Hall, 3 p.m., August 24, 1970.

Act III-Scene 3: University Avenue, a couple of blocks from Sterling Hall, a few minutes later.

Act III-Scene 4: Dave McGrew's car, going from Lakeshore Dorm toward La Crosse, 1 p.m., August 24, 1970.

Act III-Scene 5: UW's Library Mall, Madison, Summer 1989.

PROLOGUE: The debate in the late 1960s over U.S. involvement in Vietnam was initiated by reporters and unhappy troops, and "clarified" by the protests of college students and more "ordinary" citizens. One university that saw much protest violence then was the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Sporadic protests began there soon after U.S. troops were sent to Vietnam in 1965. By 1969-70, the "pot" had been stirred, heated, and digested, often. A key issue at UW was the role of the Mathematics Research Center in military research. Sterling Hall was where that research occurred, and was to become the site of the worst U.S. campus violence seen during the war. Noted conservative writer George Will later called that bombing "the Hiroshima of the New Left." Your author was a UW undergraduate from 1968 to 1973. He took part in only one protest, and promptly grew alienated from such action by the property loss caused by other protesters, and the threats to human life.

Act I-Scene 1-Action: *The setting is the Great Hall of UW's Memorial Union in September 1969. This is the first "monster meeting" of the fall season, and it's taking place in the third-floor ballroom, which is fitted out in the style of the Doges Palace. The speaker's stage is located at stage-right, and the speakers have not yet begun their work. There are faculty members and students among them. Meanwhile, among those gathering, in the first row of seated spectators, is Jim Rowen, a Daily Cardinal reporter who is from a wealthy Jewish family on the East Coast, and who has recently been writing a series called "Profit Motive 101," which deals with the military business of the UW. Jim Rowen is slightly built, but with a big Afro hairstyle that is appealing, if a shade morose. He, like most of the students who have gathered there, is wearing blue denim jeans and jacket. The other students are in varying degrees of dressed-down style. Jim Rowen's pretty wife, Susan McGovern Rowen, sits next to him, along with David Fine, a small young man and freshman Daily Cardinal reporter who looks like a semi-appealing character from Oliver Twist. Leo Burt, another Daily Cardinal reporter, is also sitting with them. Leo is a well-built man with a slick moustache and wire-rimmed glasses. His hair is slightly wavy but not out of control. Jim is currently talking with Leo and David, while Susan mainly listens.)*

JIM: I'll bet there will be plenty to write about tonight for tomorrow's paper. Leo should be able to produce great rabble-rousing stuff out of this. What do you guys think?

LEO: I'm going to give it a good shot. The demands to be discussed here should put our readers into the knowledge of things, no doubt. (They chuckle at his puns.) If not, then I'll have to retract my previous claims of being a useful *Cardinal* reporter.

SUSAN: You are a rockin' *Cardinal* man, Leo -- isn't he, Jim? Every bit as good as the rest of the staff, and better than most others. If the Revolution is to succeed, we can't ask for much better men than you three, in fact.

DAVID: Yeah, better than most others, without a doubt. My God, I'll bet there's a story *about* all of us soon to be written. Fame is fickle, but the cause is great.

JIM: You're right about fame, my friend. She is very fickle. A lot of what she does for you depends on you, the gods, and other people.

LEO: That's what I'm frightened of... the other people part. I can depend on myself, like I have with the crew, stroking toward heaven, even as hell is cutting loose all around you, and I hope I can depend on God, but it's other people you don't know whether to trust or not.

JIM: I guess other people are about as reliable as the weather – mainly unpredictable, especially in the Midwest. (They all laugh.)

DAVID: Man this dope is good stuff. (David is high on dope, which he's smoking now. The speakers on stage are beginning to wrap up their small talk, and the master of ceremonies moves to the podium. He is Paul Soglin, a young man who looks like a cross between a young Dennis Franz, but with lots of hair, and a young Al Pacino. He is an incomparable speaker among the antiwar students. After the war, he will be elected more than once as mayor of Madison, one who obtains bipartisan support in his campaigns. The *Daily Cardinal* reporters begin to take notes.)

PAUL: Hello, people! (When he shouts, they shout back, "Hello, Paul!") How are you all doing?

VARIOUS CROWD MEMBERS: We're just great. Couldn't be finer. Can't wait for the Revolution to win and the war to end, etc., etc.

PAUL: Good, now here's the thing, people. We're making great strides in energizing our Revolution, that is, the antiwar movement. We're spreading our arms and legs and will throughout this country and around the world. (Shouts of "Great, man, great!" can be heard.) But we've got to make up our mind about something. Do we, as revolutionaries, want our revolution to be militant and perhaps violent, or do we want it to be peaceful and nonviolent? I say, let's see what the coming weeks and months bring. If the bosses want to play even rougher with us than they have so far, then let's be as violent as they are; if they negotiate with us, and bring the Vietnam War to a close soon, then let's negotiate and be peaceful SOB's.

THE CROWD: Right on, Paul, right on!

PAUL: Now, the next few weeks will shed much light on which road we will take. I hope we choose correctly. Much rides on our decisions and on our determination. Next on our agenda, though, is a speaker most of you know about. He is the best history teacher many of you have ever had; and he is a radical. People, I give you Professor Harvey Goldberg, social historian and true socialist, beyond compare.

(The crowd applauds, loud and long. Prof. Harvey Goldberg, a UW historian who is the pied piper for the New Left on campus, strides forward and pulls a piece of paper from his breast-pocket. He is thin and wiry, with long, semi-gray hair, and a casual suit made for him in Paris. The *Daily Cardinal* reporters begin to take notes.)

PROF. GOLDBERG: Greetings, greetings, to one and all. The masses have united. (Cheers and applause.) As most of you know, we are here today, as part of the efforts of the Woody Guthrie Collective, to see to it

that we ratify our demands as key elements of the antiwar movement on campus. I often say to my students, "Truth is radical," and it seems to me now that to be truthful to the movement against U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War, we must accomplish at least three things on this campus. First, we must remove from campus the Army Mathematics Research Center; then, we must remove all ROTC facilities from campus; and finally, we must remove from campus the Land Tenure Center, the U.S.-funded agrarian project in Central America that is helping spearhead U.S. imperialism in that region. Now, I don't think I have to tell anyone here what the elimination of those organizations from our campus would mean to the antiwar movement in this country. It would have a snowball effect on the antiwar movement everywhere. I say this not out of a sense of bourgeois vanity, but because I know that our movement is gaining great momentum everywhere. The world is rallying around our socialist ideals, and it's time the administration of this increasingly great university and country sees that. (More cheers and applause.) I have been around long enough to know that our struggle will not be easy. The capitalist thugs who run our society have known no limits, until now. Today and into the future, we will make decisions and take actions that will disturb the capitalists. (Laughter from the crowd and cheers.), but we will proceed to establish our Revolution as no Revolution before or since. (More applause.) We must move forward to our business in good order, though, so I'll say Happy Revolution to you all, and give the podium over to our next speaker today. He is no stranger to any of you. He is a colleague of mine, and a friend, although a little less of a socialist than me. (Laughter all around.) In any case, I give you Prof. George Mosse, cultural historian beyond compare. George, what do you have to say today?

(Prof. Mosse walks to the podium. He is a medium-tall, somewhat stockily built man of about 60, who wears glasses, is bald, and looks like a friendly, yet shrewd, owl. His accent is a bit German-Jewish. The crowd applauds.)

PROF. MOSSE (Shaking Prof. Goldberg's hand): Thank you, Harvey. I think if I can suggest a few things now, this meeting's issues might become more clarified. (Gathering his thoughts.) First of all, as all of you already know, things are heating up on this campus. There is much turmoil and roiling of philosophical waters. To be sure, the war in Vietnam has had a lot to do with that. But I would suggest to you now that you must not be carried away by the events around you, for while it may be tempting to take violence into your own hands, and while it may be true that truth can be radical sometimes, it is also true that reality is a matter of degree. (The audience is very attentive.) Now, what I mean by this is that while it may be horrible that U.S. aggression in Vietnam is taking so many lives, perhaps even many innocent lives, it is also true and real that the vast American public is not spoiling for a civil war at home. You should know about civil war and its effects, after watching the battle footage on the network news programs, coming out of Vietnam. No one really wants that war, on this campus, but it is also true that people here differ over the ways to bring that war to a close. Do we want peace both in Vietnam and at home, or do we want continuing divisions over the causes and justifications for the war? (Some of the crowd begin to whisper; others simply talk. While Prof. Mosse has been speaking, a handful of young men and women dressed in combat fatigues aggressively enter from the back. They charge up the center aisle carrying National Liberation Front flags, and bump Prof. Mosse out of the way. A bare-chested boy with long, Icelandic blond hair grabs the microphone and prances, Mick Jagger-like, at the front of the stage, while his cohorts strike fierce karate poses, daring the audience to interfere. Someone cries out.)

A VOICE IN THE AUDIENCE: It's Jeff Jones! It's the Weatherman!

OTHERS IN AUDIENCE: Get off the stage! Get off there!

(Jeff Jones is not moved.)

JEFF JONES (with an unconvincing ghetto accent): Look around this stage. What do you see up here? You don't see no motherfuckin' students at no motherfuckin' university. Everybody up here on this stage is a stone communist revolutionary!

(Turmoil among audience members ensues.)

ONE AUDIENCE MEMBER: Shut the fuck up, Jones! Ya don't know what yur talkin' about!

ANOTHER AUDIENCE MEMBER: Yeah, just shut up, Jones! We don't need any of your crew speakin' on our behalf.

A JEFF JONES SUPPORTER IN THE AUDIENCE: Hey! Give the man a chance to dish, will ya?

(The rest of the audience begins to quiet down.)

JEFF JONES: That's better. Now, those among you who still have guts enough for a good fight, let's show the assholes of this world what we're made of.

(In response, several members of the audience simultaneously turn their chairs around and face the other way. Jeff Jones finds himself talking to the back of their heads.)

JEFF JONES: Hey, what's up with you beggars? Give me your ears or I'll give you my finger!

(Not a turned-chair among them turns back to him.)

JEFF JONES: Okay, if that's the way you want it. Keep in mind that you can follow us. We're going to trash the Army Mathematics Research Center! (He begins to chant, and the handful of followers repeats the chant.)

THE WEATHERMEN (Marching through the center aisle, and out, stage-left.): Ho-Ho-Ho Chi Minh, the NLF is going to win. Ho-Ho-Ho Chi Minh, the NLF is going to win. Ho-Ho-Ho Chi Minh, the NLF is going to win. Ho-Ho-Ho Chi Minh... (They are gone.)

(Another remarkable person is in the crowd. He is Mark Baganz, aka "Duroc," a tall, scruffy looking sort, who is a police informer. He is sitting directly behind the *Daily Cardinal* crew. He takes out a small notebook, writes in it, and then puts it away, as another speaker moves to the podium. The speaker is Students for a Democratic Society leader Alan Hunter, a good-looking young man, if a bit seamy, and he is fired up now.)

ALAN HUNTER (First hushing the crowd. Then...): Yes, my friends, you don't need a rectal thermometer to know who the A-holes are. (The audience applauds vigorously. Whistles and laughs can also be heard. The *Daily Cardinal* reporters take more notes.) Remember where our local SDS people stand on all this: The UW SDS does not want violence. We don't feel, now, that we can follow the violent policies of the Chicago office, much as we admire many of its personnel. (More applause.) What we need to do now is take up the agenda we came here to decide on today – the issues surrounding the demands we will be making of the university administration and the Board of Regents. (A few jeers can be heard now.)

A VOICE IN THE AUDIENCE: Tell Harrington we're sick of him!

ANOTHER VOICE IN THE AUDIENCE: Yeah, and tell the Board we're bored with them.

(Laughter now.)

ALAN HUNTER: I will, if you will debate the list of proposed demands – there are six -- and decide which ones we need those people to listen to. I recommend Prof. Goldberg's list of three as all starters.

A WOMAN IN THE AUDIENCE (who obviously knows Alan Hunter well): Yes, my dear Alan. Let's get around to the proposals. (She licks her lips at this, and the audience laughs.)

ALAN HUNTER (Half-embarrassed.): Any... thing you say, Patricia, anything you say... Where was I now?

AUDIENCE MEMBER: You were at the Nitty Gritty last Saturday night, with your favorite broad, making passes like there was no tomorrow.

(The audience again laughs.)

ALAN HUNTER (He relents.): So I was, and so may we all be, if we are lucky this Saturday night....

(Applause and whistles follow, and the lights go out.)

Act I-Scene 2-Action: The basement physics lab where Robert Fassnacht works, in Sterling Hall, in October 1969. There is a rack of hanging ball bearings on his desk, a large blackboard with equations written on it behind the desk, and several devices of a testing nature in front of the desk. A radio on the desk is playing the Peter, Paul, and Mary tune "Leaving on a Jet Plane." There is also a phone on the desk. Robert Fassnacht, a tall, handsome researcher of about 30, who sports short hair and wears glasses, enters through the door, stage-left. He is chatting with Heinz Barschall, an older nuclear physicist and colleague. Barschall speaks with a slight German accent.

HEINZ: So you see, Robert – the research that I was working on with the Manhattan Project is coming to a head, at last. I just hope I have found the correct answers to my physics dilemmas by the end of next year. I'm not going to be around too much longer, and I need to prove my legacy soon.

ROBERT (Smiling): Oh, I suspect you'll be around longer than me, Professor. You know, though, my own research is coming to a head, too, and it could be that I'll also find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow by the end of next year, right here in this lab. (He turns off the radio.)

HEINZ: Let's hope next year proves to be our best ever. I know my family will be pleased to see me stop working 12 hours days, and to come home at a decent hour at night.

ROBERT: Yeah, my Stef and the kids could also use a more regular family man at home.

HEINZ: What do you think about all the commotion these days about our work here, or should I say the work of the Mathematics Research Center?

ROBERT: Yes, the protesters have been around a lot lately. I hope things don't get out of hand. You know, I sympathize with their attitude toward the war. We shouldn't be over there fighting in Vietnam. There are plenty of problems for this country to deal with at home. Still, I hope they don't get much more violent than they already have. Broken windows and teargas is one thing, bloodshed is another.

HEINZ: Yes, it is. But there is plenty to complain about, even at home. Why, I've read that despite the war on poverty that President Johnson began, there are still so many poor people in this country that it's a national disgrace. When will we ever find a solution to poverty, I wonder.

ROBERT: I don't know. And I don't know either how SDS figures to unite the two economic halves of America with the demands they are pressing these days? More violence isn't the answer. Can't they do anything but stir up the waters of discontent here? Surely, Sterling Hall should be a center for research and not a target of abuse – even if we do have a military component in the building.

HEINZ: Yes, I agree, I agree...

(A third man enters, quickly. He is Joe Dillinger, Robert's faculty adviser, a middle-aged man of average height. He is anxious about something.)

JOE: Heinz, Bob, we've got a situation on our hands. The math symposium being held upstairs has been raided by SDS. About a dozen of them turned off the lights up there, and threw bags of red paint on our guests. They were shouting "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh." It was terrible! Be prepared for anything...

(Noises can be heard in the hall.)

SDS MEMBERS: Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh! Down with military imperialism! One-two-three-four, we don't want your fucking war! One-two-three-four, we don't want your fucking war! (They enter Robert Fassnacht's lab. One of them speaks for the rest. His name is Mark, and the others pay attention to him.)

MARK: You motherfuckers are still at it, so here's what we've got to say. Tear down this building and start your lives over. You're the enemy of the American people now. Your research is killing innocent people in Vietnam, and we won't stand for it.

ROBERT (Taken aback, yet prepared all the same.): But the Physics Department's research has nothing to do with the military or with Vietnam. In fact, I don't think most of the research in this building has anything to do with Vietnam whatsoever.

MARK: Oh yeah, well if that's the case, then why is Jim Rowen still writing articles about you guys?

ROBERT: Jim Rowen is writing articles about Army Math, which is only a very small part of the research done in this building. And whether or not you are opposed to the war in Vietnam, it doesn't take a rocket scientist to see that universities have a key role to play in the solution of most of our problems, Vietnam included. After all, you do have a right to protest the war in this country. I just don't think you have to be quite so militant about it.

MARK (Only a little mollified): Well, what you say makes some sense, but we also know that this university, and others like it, harbor certain ideas about capitalism that are anathema to the best interests of our people.

HEINZ: I grew up in Nazi Germany, my friend, and I can assure you capitalism was not our enemy there – national socialism was!

MARK (Gearing up again.): Hey, shut up old man. Where do you get off talkin' ta me that way?

HEINZ: As a man who had something to do with Allied victory in World War II, I feel I've begun to pay my debt to society. What about you, young man?

MARK: World War II, eh? What about Vietnam, where do you stand on that?

HEINZ: I feel that the people of Vietnam do not need to be run into the ground by the communists, which they may very well be, if we leave there too soon.

MARK (Trying to be shrewd): I don't think you're right, old-timer, but I guess you've done a few good things for The People, nonetheless. (Setting the hanging ball bearings into motion.) But I've still got a strong feeling my friends and I are not going to sit by while part of this building is used for military research. The war in Vietnam is a catastrophe for the American people, just like it is for the Vietnamese people. Can't you all see that?

JOE: I understand where you've coming from, my friend, but it still makes sense to reason with people honorably, and not go about throwing red paint and epithets around like there's no tomorrow. You know, there have been men like Washington and Lincoln who have made great sacrifices for people like us to be able to say what's on our minds, don't you think?

MARK: I don't agree with you completely, Professor, especially on Vietnam, but I do respect you guys a little. At least, it may be that you'll be survivors after the Revolution, too, and we may be able to put you to work then, for us.

JOE: Yes, the Revolution... that is a possibility, I'd guess. Meanwhile, why don't you head back upstairs, so I can get somebody to begin cleaning up that mess you left. (Smiling semi-shrewdly now.) My goodness, it wouldn't be college if students weren't making some kind of mess, would it?

MARK: Hey, don't get smart, Professor, or you'll be drinkin' your own blood.

JOE (Combatively, despite what his words say.): Now, I didn't mean anything by my remark.

MARK (Tyrannically.): Just so long as you didn't...

(Mark leads his band of SDS-ers out the door, but says one last thing.)

MARK: In any case, I hope the Revolution makes survivors of us all. There's a lot to be said for that, too -- (Pointedly.) surviving, that is...

THE OTHERS, INCLUDING THE OTHER SDS-ERS (Moving into the hall.): Yes, that's true. No doubt about it.

(After a moment, Robert moves back into the lab, alone.)

ROBERT (Pushing the ball bearings again, so they click harder.): Many things begin with the smallest of gestures, and build to a momentum that keeps going. Even protests like this one may bear fruit for many good people. Speaking of food, I wonder if Stef has supper ready yet. I think I'll give her a call.

(He phones home. Lights out.)

Act I-Section 3-Action: A meeting of the UW Board of Regents at Bascom Hall, in January 1970. Seated at the head of the table is regent president Charles Gelatt, of La Crosse. He is a thin, wiry man of average height, great business acumen, and is as shrewd as a pack of carpenter's nails about everything. To his right and left are the other regents, Messrs. Ziegler, Nellen, Pellisek, Walker, Renk, Sandin, Pasch, and Fish. Paintings of university chancellors line the walls. The men are engaging in "small talk," as they pass the latest copy of the Daily Cardinal around the room. Another man enters. He is Robert Taylor, the university's public relations man. He is a small, careful individual with a pug nose and mouse-brown hair, an unobtrusive administrator who just may endure long after the tigers have gone. He seats himself next to Mr. Gelatt, and whispers to the regent president.

MR. GELATT: Excuse me, gentleman, but Mr. Taylor has brought it to my attention that there is a controversial new editorial included in our always controversial student daily. It was written by Mr. James Rowen, and I've asked Robert to read it to you. Go ahead, Robert.

ROBERT: Thank you, Mr. President. It is entitled, "The End of the Road," and Mr. Rowen, after saying that "All in this society are children of violence," summarizes the peaceful protests that have seemingly failed here. He criticizes the National Guard and the war, generally, too. Then he talks about the recently revealed My Lai Massacre, which you've all heard about by now. His conclusion is the key part of this editorial, though. He writes: "There are some, perhaps many in the movement who see one and only one way of renewing and strengthening the fight for change. Several of those people, whoever they are, were responsible for the fire bombings of the Red Gym, the Primate Lab and the State Selective Service headquarters in the last four days. They call themselves the Vanguard of the Revolution. They are indeed. They have chosen to initiate direct action. They have chosen to show to those both in and outside the movement that the immobile and repressive position taken by this nation can only be countered head on in the streets with bombs and guns. It is a new phenomenon on this campus, that the very men who have passed the repressive laws, called in the National Guard, summoned Dane County Sheriffs and refuse to listen at all to calls for a change, are now very much against the wall, trembling not only for the safety of their institution but for their own safety as well. We can have no sympathy for them. They are receiving the inevitable product of their actions. And if acts as those committed in the last few days are needed to strike

fear into the bodies of once fearless men and rid this campus once and for all of repressive and deadly ideas and institutions, then so be it.”

MR. GELATT: Well done, Robert, well done. Now, gentlemen, I don't know about you, but this sometimes fearless middle-aged man has had fear struck into his body and soul, no doubt, by Mr. Rowen before... (The group laughs a bit.) But this new attack utterly chills me. (The others laugh more loudly as Charles Gelatt's right hand shakes, voluntarily. Then...) I guess the only antidote is to strike a little fear into the movement. (The group listens up.) We should, in my humble opinion, put a little more pressure on our good friend, President Harrington, either to persuade his socialist friends that “the movement” has gone too far -- and the use of more troops could be one vehicle to convince them of that -- or we should persuade him to resign. I doubt there's a good middle way. What do you think?

MR. FISH: You know, Charles, that we may be able to force Harrington out, but it won't stop the student's support of violence by a long shot. For right now, Harrington's the man who can steady the waters. In other words, he still has possibilities for us.

MR. NELLEN: I don't agree. It seems to me that Harrington is the fish that must go, begging your pardon, Mr. Fish, and we can't allow him to tangle our lines much longer.

MR. PELLISEK: I agree with “Doc” Nellen. The sooner we get rid of Harrington, the better.

MR. GELATT: Well, we can't just fire him. Perhaps we can ask him to leave in his good time -- with us giving a little perspective and meaning to him, about what that good time will be. The violence is getting worse, and he is not coming out as strongly against it as he should.

MR. FISH: But as I still see it, we can't force him to leave anytime soon, if we are to use him for leverage. He could be invaluable to us for a while, then.

MR. SANDIN: I agree with Mr. Fish. It's not right to get rid of Harrington, unless and until we have no other option.

MR. GELATT: It may be that events like the firebombing of the Old Red Gym will eventually cause more counterrevolutionary fervor in this community than revolutionary. For now, there's a whole lot of revolutionary heat coming from the students and their teachers, though, and I fear there will have to be some sort of strong act of violence, whether it comes from our side or theirs, that will make the difference in the solution of the issues that confront our university. I hope I'm wrong about that, but we'll have to see. Now, what other business do we have before us today?

MR. TAYLOR: There are still the Three Demands made by SDS, Mr. President. They have been pushing us with all sorts of propaganda in the press, trying to link organizations like Army Math to the war. Of course, you all know that. But what can we do about the demands?

MR. GELATT: How much progress are we making regarding the Army Math demand? How are the media reacting?

MR. TAYLOR: Well, there has been the odd supportive piece in the city dailies, but I'm afraid Army Math is still a large impediment, rightly or wrongly, to the solution of our protest problems on campus.

MR. NELLEN: It would be nice if a few of “The Vanguard” could be persuaded to visit Sterling Hall with us, and find out what really goes on in there. What is it, about two percent of all the research done in that building depends on military interests? My God, talk about nit-picking...

MR. FISH: I'm afraid they don't want to deal with that, Doc. Jim Rowen has really stirred up a hornet's nest with his “Profit Motive 101” series. Rightly or wrongly, his articles stand in the way of our pursuing reconciliation with the movement regarding Sterling Hall and Army Math.

MR. GELATT: It's my opinion that Robert should see if we can arrange to meet with the radicals' leadership, and check out Sterling Hall together. What can you do about that, Robert?

MR. TAYLOR: I'd be happy to, Mr. President, except I broached the idea with them on my own last week, and it was no go from them.

MR. GELATT: In that case, maybe I'll have to sponsor a symposium on how to be a true radical. I doubt I'd make as much money as some of these kids' parents, but you never know.

(Everyone laughs.)

MR. GELATT: I guess it's true that the more money you, or your parents, make, the more say you have in things. I shouldn't be complaining so much about that aspect of life, I guess, even if I am rich enough to speak my piece about many things...

(More laughter.)

MR. GELATT: This still is a democracy, though, that we live in, gentlemen, and whether you're rich or poor, everyone should have a voice. Let's move on to further business, then.

(The group does so, as the lights go out.)

Act I-Scene 4-Action: The interior of Sterling Hall on August 1, 1970. Karl and Dwight Armstrong, and Leo Burt, are casing the building. Karl is a tall, good-looking bald man in his mid-twenties, with a beard and sideburns. He often laughs at life, but gets intense over political issues. His brother, Dwight, is also large, but still has a baby face. Just as the three comrades get off the elevator downstage-right, at the basement level, an old acquaintance of Karl's starts to enter the elevator. He and Karl recognize each other immediately, even though Karl doesn't recall his name.

KARL (Lamely.): Well, if it isn't my old Physics TA.

TA: Yes, and you're Karl Armstrong.

KARL (Surprised.) How do you remember me?

TA: I just do. You were a memorable student, even though you didn't speak up much. And you are a rather large man, too, which is memorable in itself.

KARL: Yeah, I guess so. (Shaking hands.) How have you been?

TA: Same-ol'-same-ol', you know, still hanging around this place. By the way, in case you forgot, my name is James Bensinger.

KARL (Lying.): I know. Are you a professor yet, or what?

JAMES: Yeah, I've not got tenure yet, but I'm faculty, nonetheless. What about you?

KARL: I guess I'm in-between things. I find something to do here, and then I move over there. It never ends, I guess.

JAMES: I know what you mean. Any prospects for the future?

KARL (Shrewdly.): You might say so. I've got my eye on a big venture, if I can find the makings for the deal and get things off the ground.

JAMES: Good, I hope things work out for you and your friends.

KARL: Thanks, I hope so, too.

JAMES (Shaking Karl's hand again.): Well, it was good seeing you. I'll be heading home now. Have a good day.

KARL: Yep, you too. (The elevator closes, and the teacher heads upstairs on it.)

KARL (Breathing more comfortably.): Boy, that was close!

DWIGHT (Smiling.): Yeah, it makes ya want to cry baby tears or somethin'.

LEO: Where do we head now? (Karl points off-left. They find a flashlight and lights come up, stage-left. There is a maze of pipes in front of them.) God Almighty, where do all these go?

KARL: Hard ta say. (Looking.) I expect it would be impossible to get a bomb through this maze, even if we find where they come out. (Karl points the flashlight upstage-right.) Hey, this room's marked "Accelerator Room" and this one "Low-Temperature Research Lab." I know Army Math is upstairs, but I don't know how we can get a bomb up there, much less down here. But there's got to be a way to do some damage...

DWIGHT: I suppose we could just drive a truck up outside and leave it sit there, plumb full of explosives.

KARL (Thinking aloud.) That's not a bad idea, little brother. But what sort of explosives should we use?

LEO: I've heard fertilizer with gasoline works pretty good for some things. Farmers use it all the time for potholing.

KARL: Yeah, it would take a pretty big load to bring this place down.

DWIGHT (Only half naively.): Why is it you said you want to bring this place down anyway, big brother?

KARL (Warming to the subject.): It's both simple and complex, little brother. Like a lot of other people, including Leo and his friend, David Fine, I think the war in Vietnam has got to an end, and soon. I've been dreaming that for a long time, and I can't see any other way around it, except through this bombing. This bombing – it has been my biggest dream lately. I just feel in my gut that it has to be done. There's a lot of shit that has gone by the by, of course, but people like us can help peace along by persuading the U.S. Government that most people in this country are sick of the war. And we make the people sick of the war by making them sick of the U.S. Government. If the Feds can't control us, then who can they control? No one. Capice?

DWIGHT: I guess. Just so we don't get caught anytime soon, that's all I care about. You know, bigger fish than us have been caught for bigger things than this.

KARL: It's a cinch, you worry more than I do about that, don't you, little brother?

LEO: Where are we going to get the materials to bring this place down, then, Karl?

KARL: We'll figure that out when we need to. I trust in God about some things, even though I'm not religious. (Laughing.) Know what I mean, you guys?

LEO: I hope we do. I hope we do.

KARL (Swinging the flashlight back toward the elevator.): Now, let's get out of here, before the security forces move in. Got it?

LEO AND DWIGHT: Got it. Elevator's over here.

KARL: Then, move it, people, move it!

(The three men move into the elevator, as the lights go out.)

Act I-Scene 5-Action: The Nitty Gritty bar in early August 1970. It's a bar the Madison counterculture has learned to love. In the background, the Doors' tune "Riders in the Storm" is playing on the jukebox, and on the TV in the back corner, there is news footage from the war in Vietnam. At tables in one room, away from the wet-bar, Karl and Dwight Armstrong, Leo Burt, and David Fine are sitting. They are discussing the details of their bomb plot.

DAVID: So you want me to case the joint from the outside, right Karl? When do you think we'll be doing this?

KARL: It'll have to be before the students get back the week of the twenty-fourth.

DAVID: And you want me to case the place between the hours of 2 a.m. and 4 a.m., on a Monday morning, to see if that will be good for us to go.

LEO: You will be great at it, kid. You've got the weasel element in your favor.

(They all laugh, gallows-like.)

DWIGHT: I'd guess we better do what we can to cover this thing up, too, or we'll be in deep doo-doo in short order.

KARL: How do you cover up a hole in the ground?

LEO: You don't, you let it cover you.

KARL: Brilliant, my friend Leo. Brilliant!

(A buxom, beautiful blonde enters the room. She's Lynn Shultz, Karl's old girlfriend and driver.)

KARL: Well, look at this. (He gets up and goes over to the blond.)

LYNN (She doesn't make any move toward him.): Hi, Karl. What have you been up to?

KARL: I've been thinking of you, from time to time, and I've been planning more work – for the cause and all.

LYNN: I guess that's good for you. As for me, I'm waiting for my boy friend to show up. He should be here any minute.

KARL: And who's your boyfriend?

LYNN: Sandy Nelson. He hangs out with another guy who runs Golden Freek Enterprises with him, Pete Bobo. You know, they do rock concerts.

KARL: Oh yeah, I guess I've heard of them. (Motioning to the others.) You know my brother, Dwight. The other two are Leo Burt and David Fine; they work for the *Daily Cardinal*. (They all say "hi," and Lynn takes a seat with them.)

LYNN: You boys into something big with Karl?

DWIGHT: You can say that, but we'd deny it.

LYNN: Haven't changed a bit, either of you.

KARL: We're just casin' joints now. Bigger things will have to wait, don't you think, boys?

THE BOYS: Yeah, they'll have to wait.

LYNN: I hope I won't be seeing your faces on a Ten Most Wanted List anytime soon.

KARL: Ya never know about that, my sweet, ya just never know.

LYNN: All I know is that you should never have tried that night-flying stunt with the Molotov cocktails over the Badger Ordnance Works on New Year's. They still blame it on the New Year's Gang, and you probably still like that.

KARL (Smiling widely.): Yep, indeed I do.

LYNN: Is this the New Year's Gang, then?

KARL: Yep, it is, honey.

LYNN (Figuring as much, and fingering her throat.) Have you done anything legitimate since we were going out together?

KARL: A few odds and ends, some railroad work for one thing, but mostly illegitimate. Sold some pot, and that sort of thing.

LYNN: Aren't you ever going to learn, Karl? You'll keep this thing up until they put you away for life, or worse.

DWIGHT: He oughta be put away for life, there's no doubt about that.

(The guys laugh.)

LYNN: Leo Burt and David Fine, eh? I don't read the *Cardinal* much, but I must have seen your names there before. Are you guys for real – I mean journalists, that is?

LEO AND DAVID: Yes, ma'am, we are.

LYNN: What are you going to do after Karl gets you into trouble?

LEO: Haven't gotten that far yet, but we'll think of somethin'.

DAVID: We can always find good-looking blonds to do the hard parts for us.

LYNN: Well, at least you guys still have your wits about ya.

(Lynn looks at her watch.)

LYNN: I wonder where my guys are.

KARL: I used to be your guy, sweetheart. Could be again.

LYNN (Looks into his eyes, then thinks better of it.): I don't think that would be such a good idea, Karl. We had some good things going once; but we were unlucky at others.

KARL: Just thought I'd try, just thought I'd try.

LYNN: Say, if my guys stood me up, I'm going to be real unhappy about it.

KARL (Changing the subject.) Still working at Ray-O-Vac?

LYNN: Nope. Now I'm with Golden Freek. I travel a lot with my guys. We just hit a slow spell, so we stopped off here to touch base with some contacts.

DWIGHT: When do you leave again?

LYNN: Tonight, as soon as they get here. Hope they haven't forgotten me. I may not be the brightest bulb in the pack, but I've got some good things going for me yet. I can provide them with one or two things they need.

(Leo and David are embarrassed.)

LYNN: Didn't mean to put a damper on things; just speaking the facts.

(The bar's owner, who knows Karl, comes over next. Marsh "The Marshall" Shapiro is a short, dark-haired man, with black moustache, who is currently playing both sides of the fence. People can be seen smoking "grass" -- also known as dope, pot, maryjane, weed, etc. -- in the room, but he has to keep a medium-tight rein on those smokers. Usually, he looks the other way, as long as it's not "hard stuff.")

THE MARSHALL: Hey, Karl, it's good to see ya -- and you, too, Lynn.

KARL: Marshall, I hope your live band will be playing some good stuff tonight. I'm always up for good music.

THE MARSHALL: This band will do the job, believe me. What have you been up to, Karl?

KARL: Not much to speak of, just sizing things up for future activities. (Making small-talk and lying.) Know any good jobs around here, these days, I've been out of work a while.

THE MARSHALL: I might need some help around here. I'm short a bouncer. Can you still throw around your weight like you used to?

KARL (Reaching for his back.): I can and I can't. My back has been bothering me lately. Don't know if I can keep up with the youngsters around here any more. Know what I mean?

LYNN: Yeah, you never know when a "youngster" will attack you in here.

(Everyone laughs. The lights dim, and a strobe light comes on. The live band has started up, and they play the Doors' "Light My Fire." Couples start dancing all around them, and Karl stands up next to Lynn.)

KARL: Excuse me, Marshall, I'm feeling my oats, nonetheless. (Looking at Lynn.) Care to dance, my sweet?

LYNN: Oh, why not? It's better than waitin' on forever.

(They begin to dance, and are enjoying it, as the others watch and the lights go out.)

Act II-Scene 1-Action: A Farmers Union Co-op in Baraboo, Wisconsin, Wednesday, August 19. Karl and Leo pull up in the Armstrongs' Corvair, with a U-Haul trailer attached. They are looking to buy some ammonium nitrate, fertilizer, for their bomb. In his clean shirt and bell-bottoms, with his sideburns trimmed and his beard gone, Karl looks like any young farm hand stepping into the office. The owner – a polite, softspoken man named Ron Grotzke, is impressed by Karl's smile. There is a radio on his desk, turned off.

KARL: I work for a guy who owns a sod farm, and he needs a ton of ammonium nitrate. Got any bagged?

RON: I'm sorry. We had a new bagger put in this summer, and it isn't working yet.

KARL: Know where I can get any?

RON: There's a list of co-ops in the area that you can check out on my desk, over there. (Pointing.)

KARL (Also pointing.): Can I use your phone?

RON: Sure, help yourself. If you need the restroom, too, it's right next to the phone.

KARL (Smiling.): No, I'm set, except for the fertilizer. (Just then, plant manager Roger Stieve enters the office.)

RON: Roger, do you know anyplace close-by that has plenty of bagged ammonium nitrate on hand?

ROGER (Looking at Karl.): Can't say as I do. (An idea occurs to him.) Why don't you buy bulk?

KARL: I hadn't really thought about that, but I guess it would do. (Pointing.) Do you think we could get 1,500 pounds of it in that trailer?

ROGER: It would fit in there with no trouble at all.

KARL: How much would it cost for 1,500 pounds?

ROGER (Figuring on paper.): I'd guess... about forty dollars. Can ya swing it?

KARL (Digging in his pants, then counting.): Yeah, I guess we can. OK, we'll buy bulk. (Looking to his friend.) Leo, do you have any money?

LEO (Digging in his pants.): Yeah, ten dollars.

KARL (Looking at Roger.): Do you think we can get another 200 pounds in?

ROGER: Plenty of room. (Getting his paperwork together.) Whose name do you want on the slip?

KARL: Do you want my name or my boss's name? (Roger does not answer.) Make it out to George Reed.

ROGER (Figuring again.): Then your bill comes to \$48.97 for a little more than 1,700 pounds of ammonium nitrate.

(Karl hands him the \$50. Roger gives him his change.)

ROGER: Here's your invoice.

KARL (Looking at it, strangely.): Oh, yeah.

ROGER: Now, we'll get that fertilizer for ya, toots-sweet!

KARL: Maybe I will take you up on that restroom offer, after all. Leo, help him with the fertilizer. I'll be out in a minute.

LEO: Anything you say, Karl. We'll get started, then.

(Roger turns the radio on, and a new song by Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young is playing loudly. The words are prophetic: "All in a dream/All in a dream/The loading had begun/Flying mother nature's silver seed/to a new home in the sun." Roger switches stations after getting a pair of gloves on. Johnny Cash's "I Walk the Line" comes on.)

ROGER: That's better. (Offering.) Want some gum?

LEO: No thanks, I'm good to go. You can have some, though.

ROGER: Right. (He puts a stick of gum in his mouth, sizing up Leo Burt.) You a student?

LEO (A bit nervous.): Was one, but not now.

ROGER: Really, not me. I'm a veteran – just got back from Nam, in fact, last year.

LEO (Treading water.): Oh yeah, how was it?

ROGER: Not much fun, I can tell you.

LEO: I can imagine.

ROGER: Yeah -- saw my best friend cut to smithereens by enemy machine-gun fire. They started by riddling his head apart with it. Ben Simms was a good ol' boy, but not very lucky.

LEO (Taken aback.): Man, that must have been rough.

ROGER: Yeah, it was. Don't ever want to go back there again, even though I know I had to be there when I was – for our country and all.

LEO: Well, a lot of people in a lot of wars must feel that way.

ROGER: I did, and still do. I guess ya weren't drafted, then?

LEO: No, I had a high draft number.

ROGER: Lucked out, then. Everyone has ta play the hand they're dealt, I guess. (Moving to the door.) In any case, it's about time we got started, don't you think?

LEO: Yeah, let's do it.

ROGER: Right, now that was seventeen hundred pounds of fertilizer, wasn't it?

LEO: Yeah, that's right – seventeen hundred.

ROGER: Just checking -- don't want to cheat you boys out o' nothin', ya know?

LEO: Thanks.

(Leo also heads for the door, as the lights go out.)

Act II-Scene 2-Action: The Eastside Madison home of Don and Ruth Armstrong, Karl and Dwight's parents, on Saturday morning, August 22, 1970. Don -- a big, working-class man of rugged good-looks -- is sitting at the kitchen-table with Karl, while Ruth puts the breakfast dishes away. Ruth is a small, but pretty woman, who is humming "Amazing Grace" as she works.

DON: Karl, pass me the paper. I need to check the scores.

KARL (Handing it to him.): Sure, here you go.

DON: Now, why do the Yankees have to keep winning? I hate baseball, but I hate the Yankees most of all among all the teams that play that damned sport.

KARL (Half-sheepish, half-mocking.): Don't know, Dad, they just do.

DON (Still miffed.): Karl, you're behind on your share of the Corvair payments, two months' behind. Got any money?

KARL: Not a cent. I can still use the car until I pay you, can't I?

DON: Nope, I can't say as ya can -- can't say as ya can. (He gets up and walks into the other room.)

KARL (Loudly, getting up and moving toward his dad.): Come on, Dad. (Thinking better of his chances, he turns toward his mother.) Anyway, can I use the Mustang this weekend?

RUTH: It's already half-packed, dear. Your dad and I are going to visit Lorene in Illinois, and we need it.

KARL: Oh, so my little sister rates higher on the food chain than me? So, what else is new?

RUTH: This weekend, she does. By the way, you should be kinder toward your sisters. Lorene and Mira have just as much stress on them as you and Dwight. At least, they go to church regularly.

KARL (Changing the subject.): Can I at least use the Corvair?

RUTH: Nope, not until you pay your father.

KARL: But I'm broke. I promise, Mom, if you let me have the Corvair, I'll apply for that job you were telling me about -- first thing Monday.

(She looks at him, not sure at all that he's telling the truth.)

KARL (Pleading with her.): I've just got to have a car this weekend. Believe me, Mom, it's important.

RUTH: Well, if you've got a big date, then I guess it's all right. You can have the Corvair, but have it back by Monday morning.

KARL: I'll have it back to you before you miss it. (Kissing her.) Thanks, Mom, I can't say that enough.

RUTH: You usually only say thank you when you mean it, so I guess you're welcome, son.

(Karl picks up a newspaper on the table.)

KARL: It looks like the establishment is killing us again. With headlines like "No Limit on U.S. Cambodia Strikes, Air Plan Announced in Saigon" and "Guard Gets New Hard-Hitting Rifles, More Firepower for Riots," what's next? God, isn't Nixon a devil? Does he think we'll forget Kent State?

RUTH: Oh my, you worry too much about events and people you can't control. (Changing the subject.) By the way, how's that apartment of yours doing, downtown?

KARL: Oh, I'll be moving out of there soon. It's just a place to crash, really.

RUTH: Well, I hope you find another place before you leave the present one.

KARL (Teasing her.): Yes, Mom, I'll do the best I can. You know I keep my back covered whenever I can.

DON (Coming back into the kitchen, speaking to Ruth....) Say, honey, we've got to get moving.

RUTH: I'm almost ready. Thank goodness, I packed most of the things we'll need last night. Just give me ten more minutes. (Still busy.)

DON (Moving back into the other room.): Yes, dear.

KARL (To himself.): Jesus, I hope they head out soon.

RUTH: Karl, give me a hand with this cooler, and take it out to the car, will you, dear?

KARL: Sure, Mom, sure. (Again, to himself.) Can't wait until Sunday night!

(Lights out.)

Act II-Scene 3-Action: The home of Robert and Stephanie Fassnacht, Saturday night, August 22, 1970. The children are in bed, upstairs, and the young couple is just sitting down to a romantic moment together. Stephanie is a beautiful blond -- pride of the Physics wives, in fact -- and tonight she has her long hair down. Their apartment is a tastefully decorated unit, with a record player downstage-right, and a couch and chair, upstage-center. Family photos are on the wall, and a lamp is standing next to the couch. Cat Stevens' "Peace Train" is playing.

STEPHANIE: Thank goodness, you were able to get some time off tonight. I know Prof. Dillinger wants you to finish the current phase of your research on low-temperature superconductors soon, but we do deserve a little time to ourselves, too. (Leaning up against him as they sit on the couch.) Why don't you ask him for every Saturday night off?

ROBERT: I would if I could, but I can't. Joe is doing me a big favor by letting me work on this project. It's pretty much my baby, and I want to do it right. (He strokes her cheek.) You can understand that, can't you, honey?

STEPHANIE: I guess. In any case, it's nice that you're home early tonight. (Kissing him.) It's just like it was when we were courting. Remember that? -- when we'd take walks by the lake, and eat ice cream later at Babcock Hall?

ROBERT: Yep, it was nice. And once I finish this project, we'll do it again.

(The record player drops another record down; it's CCR's "Green River", but Robert moves over and pops another record down, in its place -- The Association's "Cherish." Stephanie stands and motions for Robert to dance with her.)

ROBERT: I'll be happy to, dear. It's one of our favorite songs, after all.

(They dance for a moment, without talking. Then, Stephanie speaks.)

STEPHANIE: You know, the first time I heard this song, Bob, you were sitting on the edge of the dance floor at my first dorm party. I didn't even know you, but somehow I did, and when I asked you to dance, it was like magic. It was the first time I'd ever asked a guy to dance. Remember?

ROBERT: Yes, I do. You were wearing a beautiful red dress, and you had your hair up so perfectly. It was love at first sight.

STEPHANIE: Yes, it was for me, too, it truly was.

ROBERT: You do know, of course, that every male professor in Physics would love to be married to you. I don't know how I lucked out. Some of the guys have even said that Kathy Boyer would like to marry you, too, but I've heard that Kathy likes 'em more muscular. (They laugh.) I guess it all depends on what you make of a beautiful relationship.

STEPHANIE: It wasn't something I thought much about, but when I saw you that night, I just knew. We are meant for each other. (She begins to cry.) Gosh, I hope we stay together a long, long time, sweetheart.

ROBERT (Putting his hand under her chin.): And why wouldn't we be able to?

STEPHANIE: I don't know. Sometimes, I think that nothing will ever be able to split us up; other times, I just can't quite believe we are together; it seems too good to be true. Do you know what I mean?

ROBERT: Maybe. But don't think about us not being together. I only think of us BEING together, these days. I can't stop thinking about it, in fact, because I miss you so much when I'm at work. And yet, I know that my work will make so many good things possible for our children and us that we will be able to be happy with our lives, well, forever.

STEPHANIE: I hope you're right, honey. I truly hope so.

ROBERT: In any event, we've got some dancing to do, so let's enjoy the music and the mood, OK?

STEPHANIE: All right, sweetheart, I guess you're right.

ROBERT: Of course, I am. If we weren't going to be together forever, we wouldn't be enjoying this dance so much now, would we?

STEPHANIE: You're right, Robert. I do worry too much about life, these days. Maybe it has to do with the riots and the controversy over Army Math.

ROBERT: That may be true, but, for tonight at least, let's pretend there is no such thing as Army Math, or the riots, OK? By the way, I met a very decent young man at the gym today, a fellow named Steve, Steve McGrew. He is a history student, and one who doesn't think much of the riots.

STEPHANIE: Really, that's nice. I don't think much of the riots either, although Army Math being in your building isn't completely a good thing.

ROBERT: I mainly agree, dear. Now, let's dance.

STEPHANIE: Yes, dear, let's forget about everything, except this dance, please...

(They stop talking and draw close again, dancing to the conclusion of "Cherish," as the lights go out.)

Act II-Scene 4-Action: The conspirators' testing ground, north of Madison, very late on Sunday night, August 23-24, 1970. The four men have just finished adding sticks of dynamite, packed in clay, to each oil-

drum they had earlier loaded with fertilizer and gas. A van they had stolen from the campus earlier is loaded and seems set to go.

KARL (Starting the van's engine, but without being able to move it.): We have no transmission.

DAVID AND LEO: Oh shit, what are we going to do?

(Dwight gives the two friends a dirty look.)

LEO: What do we do now?

(Dwight gets down on his back and wriggles under the van's front axle. Karl gets out and checks the outside of the van.)

DWIGHT: Just as I suspected, with our 2,000-pound blasting system onboard, the gear pin has broken and the shifter is loose. But I can fix this goddamn thing. (Hesitating for a second.) OK, get me a piece of wire.

(Leo looks in the back of the van, finds a piece of wire, and gives it to Dwight.)

DWIGHT: Thanks. (To Leo and David.) You bastards better be happy I'm doin' this, because I wouldn't want any trouble to come down on you that you weren't askin' for.

LEO AND DAVID: No, we're OK with this.

DWIGHT: You'd better be, that's all I can say.

KARL (Who has been checking the tires.): Okay Dwight, have ya got it yet?

DWIGHT: Yep, she's set ta go. Just let her rip, big brother.

KARL: Jump in, then, you collaborators of the Vanguard. We've got work ta do.

DAVID (Before he gets aboard.): First, can you repeat what you want Leo and me to do when we get there?

KARL: Don't worry about Leo. You just worry about yourself, little man. When the van's in place, and I signal you to make the warning call to *Kaleidoscope*, just read it over the phone, and then get the hell off it. Got it?

DAVID: Got ya, Karl. I'm not hanging around for anyone but you guys.

KARL: We'll pick you up a couple of minutes after the blast. Don't make small talk with the pigs, OK? Now, Dwight and David, jump in the Corvair, and let's get moving.

THE OTHERS: Anything you say, Karl. We're on our way.

KARL: Good, don't be too fast moving into town, OK? We can't take a chance on this stuff in the van collapsing, or the stuff exploding early, either. Know what I mean?

DWIGHT AND DAVID: Yep, we'll go slow, too.

KARL: See that ya do. Now Leo, get in the van with me. We've got ta move.

LEO: Let's do it, then.

DWIGHT AND DAVID: Yeah, let's do it.

KARL: Remember: The New Year's Gang is going to make history, tonight, and WE ARE the New Year's Gang!

THE OTHERS: Yes, WE ARE the New Year's Gang!

(The van and the Corvair move out onto the road, as the lights go out.)

Act II-Scene 5-Action: The offices of the Madison Police Department, at the same time as the four conspirators are moving toward Madison with their load of deadly fertilizer, a little past midnight on Monday morning, August 24, 1970. P&S Chief Ralph Hanson is visiting with Detective George Croal, aka "Chester White," who trains the counteraffinity (spy) squads of the MPD. Ralph Hanson is a balding, handsome man who speaks with a Yankee accent. George Croal has less classical looks, but is just as shrewd, in his way, as his friend. The two men are sitting at adjoining desks, with a police/fire scanner overhead, on a shelf.

GEORGE: So, the Guard commander said a few minutes ago that everything looks shipshape, the university is asleep, and we don't even need a special patrol out tonight? What are we becoming, Ralph, a couple of doddering old men?

RALPH: I guess it goes without saying that we may, I say may, just be doing something right for a change. The university administrators have been laying off the heavy talk and the students are on break, so I hope we can take it easy for a few days.

GEORGE: I hope so, too, Ralph.

RALPH: Say, what do you think about us turning on your own personal scanner, and seeing if there's anything out there to see.

GEORGE: Not a bad idea, if I do say so myself.

(George stands and turns the scanner on. He sits down. Static is heard at first; then a call comes in.)

VOICE ON SCANNER: Officer 117 calling.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE: Come in, 117.

OFFICER 117: I've got a bar fight at Chesty's, just off University Avenue. Quite a few of them are going to it inside, looks like. Can I get some backup over here. It's almost bartime, and we'll have to close them soon, anyway.

DISPATCHER: I'll send over three squad-cars. Will that be enough?

OFFICER 117: Should be. I'll call again, if I need more.

DISPATCHER: Just let me know, if you do.

OFFICER 117: Ten-four, then, over and out.

(George stands again, and turns the scanner off.)

GEORGE: Remember when you and I were young coppers, Ralph. You in New England, and me, here. Did ya ever think we'd be protecting the good citizens of Madtown from the likes of Mad Bombers, armies of bar fighters, and all the other crap?

RALPH: No, frankly, I didn't. I just wanted a cushy enough job so I wouldn't have ta worry the wife too much. But ya never know around this town. Boy, it can heat up fast.

GEORGE: Yeah, we've seen more tear gas than you could shake a stick at.

RALPH: What do ya suppose the FBI is doing with all those files on our "radical-friends," these days?

GEORGE: I'd guess they're thinking about using 'em as dart targets. I hope our spy "Duroc" is keeping his ear to the ground, because it seems like something is about ta blow around here. He's done a good job for us ever since he covered that SDS-monster meeting in September, last year. In any case, right now is just like the funny-colored sky between the rainstorm and the tornado. Everything seems safe, and "funny," at the same time.

RALPH: Yeah, it seems a little like that ta me, too. Why don't we take another look at our files? Maybe there's something that'll jog our memories.

GEORGE: Good idea.

(They both stand and go to a nearby filing cabinet. Ralph flips through a few files, as does George. Then, Ralph sees something.)

RALPH: Say, it's probably nothing, but I'm wondering why we didn't follow up on this lead following the Primate Center fire bombing earlier this year. We still haven't done a thorough interview of this Lynn Schultz, whose car was spotted around there then.

GEORGE: Yeah, let's do that soon, maybe tomorrow. Hope it'll keep for a day or two.

RALPH: Those fire bombings – I wonder if they were all done by the same group. There were quite a few, and the communiqués sounded different on some of them. This Vanguard of the Revolution nonsense we keep hearing, though, may be the thing that matches the bomber-slash-bombers to their crimes. We should put Duroc on the Lynn Schultz interview, as soon as he gets back from Oberlin.

GEORGE: OK. We need some good fortune pretty soon, and I don't mean an atomic bomb falling out of the sky on us, either.

RALPH: Got ya there, George. Yeah, we could use a little luck. But it just seems like something's going ta blow, and it may take us a while yet ta solve whatever does.

GEORGE: You may be right, Ralph. In any case, we'll need the help of the public to solve the crimes that continue to happen around here. Hopefully, we'll have the public on our side again soon, if they aren't right now.

RALPH: Yep, let's hope so.

GEORGE: Now, how about you and me going over ta the closest donut shop we know of, ta see if we can coax one or two of them down our soon-to-be-lucky gullets.

RALPH: Sounds good ta me, sounds downright good, in fact.

(The two men rise and exit, as the lights go out.)

Act III-Scene I-Action: The Lakeshore Dorm room of Steve McGrew and Brant More, at the same time, that is, as the conspirators are rumbling into town. Steve and Brant are each in their single bed, talking. Steve is a 19-year-old of average height and in good shape. He wears a moustache and has medium-length, brown hair. Brant is 20, taller, with a slimmer build, and shorter, blonder hair. He goes by the nickname

“B.J.”, because his middle name is James. Both young men are entering their junior year. Both ordinarily wear glasses, which are off at present, and neither is bad-looking.

STEVE: Jeez, I wish I could get to sleep. It seems like I want to stay awake all the time. Ever since I started school in '68, it's been that way. One thing that does put me to sleep, though, is talking about metaphysics and theology, especially metaphysics. Know what I mean, B.J.?

BRANT: I do. I can't get to sleep unless you get to sleep. It's a horrible situation, but that's where we're at with it.

STEVE: You know, my classes are more interesting to me, these days, especially American cultural history, but the riots and other stuff that's been happening on campus used to take a toll on me. I wasn't able to study well, until this summer. I wish something would happen to end the riots, something positive, that is. I marched in one protest, shouted “One-two-three-four, we don't want your fucking war!” a few times, then watched as the “people” I was marching with trashed the buildings all around us. It was a nightmare. I believe in protesting some things, but nonviolently, like Martin Luther King Jr.

BRANT: Yeah, he believed in that, I guess. I didn't like some of his activities, but I thought the people he marched with had legitimate concerns, up to a point.

STEVE: Well, if our generation gets any more violent, the whole place'll burn down. I don't want to see that happen. By the way, I met a nice guy the other day at the gym. His name was Robert, Robert Fassnacht, and he's a graduate student in physics. We talked about the protests, and he said he's against the war, but doesn't like any violence, in Vietnam or on campus. I wish I could say I'm against the war, these days, but I don't think I am anymore.

BRANT (Getting out of bed.): Yeah, neither am I. I've had pretty good luck with school, though. My business classes have been going well ever since freshman year. Knock on wood (He does.), I hope my luck keeps up for a long, long time. I hope Debbie looks as good to me when she gets back to campus as she did when she left. How about you? Will you and Ann be getting together again? (Going through his things on the desk.)

STEVE: Don't know about that. She's due back today. I don't know how I feel about her. We almost broke up last semester, but I guess I just couldn't go through with it.

BRANT (Opening his top dresser drawer.): Well, I think you're nuts not to go steady with here. She's kind of pretty and she's smart as a whip. (Looking at his clock, he changes the subject.) God, it's 1:30. I guess I'm going to take a sleeping pill. I've got to get some sleep. I've got to get used to getting up early soon; I'm going to have three 7:45's a week, this semester. (Motioning with a pill.) Do you want one, too?

STEVE: Maybe I will take one of those. It couldn't hurt. I don't want to get up in two hours and turn the TV on in the den, after all. I've seen enough early morning TV to gag a maggot lately.

BRANT (Knowingly.): I don't want you to do that, either. (Handing him a pill with some water.)

STEVE: Thanks. Don't mind if I do. (He swallows the pill, then some water.) That wasn't so bad.

BRANT (He takes his own pill and some water.) Yeah, it seems to help me a lot, to get to sleep, that is. Don't know what I'd do without them some nights, in fact. Say, wasn't it lucky for us to get into the dorms early this semester. They usually don't allow it, but it's nice to have connections.

STEVE: Yeah, your dad really knows what he is doing. Didn't you say he used to be in the FBI?

BRANT (Returning to bed.): Yep, he was an agent in Philadelphia, when we lived there. One of his partners even got murdered there.

STEVE: Really? What happened?

BRANT: My dad and his partner we're going after a couple of mafia-types, and they got to this building and tried coming in from the alleyway. My dad's partner went first, and that was the last he ever breathed. The mafia-types were waiting for them, and blasted Jim, that was his name, the minute he stepped through the door. My dad got hit in the shoulder, but he held the enemy off until help arrived.

STEVE: Jeez, your dad is a hero, then. Must be great to be around him.

BRANT: What about your dad? He's a meat-cutter, right?

STEVE: Yep, and he's about the best there is at it. He can cut a steak perfectly, and knows how to make a case look good. He takes real pride in it.

BRANT: You sound like your dad's a hero to you, too.

STEVE: Well, he is, even if he does drink too much.

BRANT (Dozing off.): Ah, Drink, just what I could use right now...

STEVE (Himself dozing off.): Yeah, know what you mean. God, that pill is taking effect. I wonder if...

(Both students are at last asleep. Lights out.)

Act III-Scene 2-Action: The Physics Department lab of Robert Fassnacht, very early Monday morning, August 24, 1970. The young physicist is just wrapping up some equations in a notebook, and listening to his radio. The Rolling Stones' "Evening of the Day" is playing. He taps his pencil on the notebook, as he sings along.

ROBERT (Singing.): This is the evening of the da-a-ay. I sit and watch the children pla-a-ay. (Looking at his notebook, something occurs to him. He talks to himself.) This can't be true. (Looking more closely now.) If the equation is right, I've not only got this phase of the project's solution nailed, but I've figured out the whole project's solution. (He can't believe his lucky stars; he stands and dances to the music.) Yes, yes, my God, it's got to be true, and it's about time! This could be a great relief, for Stef and the kids, for the department, for many, many... It may not be "e equals mc squared," but for me, it's close. I've got to tell someone about this. Don't want to wake up Stef just yet, so whom can I find?

(He walks out of the lab, and is gone for a minute or two. While he's gone, the Doors' song "Break on Through" begins to play. A truck or van can be heard pulling up outside. A door can then be heard slamming. In a moment, the young physicist returns, looks out the window, and sees the van.)

ROBERT: I knew I heard a door slam. The driver looks like he's gone. Wonder who that could be. (Thinking better of his interest.) Must be a janitor or some other staffer. It couldn't be anyone else.

ROBERT (Looking at his notebook again, he sings loudly to himself as he sits back down and picks up his pencil.): Break on through to the other side, break on through, break on through, break on through to the other side....

(He taps loudly with his pencil to the music. He feels so good now, he decides on something.)

ROBERT: I'll check my figures at home, and be there for Stef with my good news when she wakes up. This will be great! Can't wait to get there.

(He thinks of something first, though.)

ROBERT: I almost forgot. I've got to pick up some donuts for breakfast. We've got to celebrate. (Digging in his wallet.) I just hope I've got enough money to cover them. (He has no currency on him.) Shoot! I thought I had some money with me. Maybe I've still got my coffee money in here. (He opens one of his drawers, and removes a metal box.)

ROBERT (Opening it.) Let's see what's in here. (Discovering some petty cash.) Thank God, there's enough here for me to take the family out to breakfast. This will be better than great. This will be the best ever! (Looking at his phone.) Should I call Stef now, though? (Looking back at his notebook.) It would be awful if this weren't the correct solution. (Decisively.) I'm heading out. (Going to the corner, where his umbrella is kept.) I'm not sure if it will rain, but I'm always prepared for it (Laughing to himself.), or as prepared as anyone can be...

(Robert grabs his notebook, goes to the window again, and looks outside at the van. He then returns to his desk and the radio, turning it up as he thinks thoughts to himself.)

RADIO (Very loudly.): Break on through to the other side, break on through, break on through, break on through to the other side....

(A very strange expression comes over his face, as he looks back toward the window. Lights out. A tremendous explosion is heard immediately, and the collapse of a building. Then utter silence.)

Act III-Scene 3-Action: A phone booth near Rennebohm's Drugstore, on University Avenue, within minutes after the explosion. David Fine is looking up the street, waiting for Karl and the others to pick him up.

DAVID (To himself.): Come on, Karl, you big oaf! Where are you guys, anyway?

(A car passes in front of him, but it isn't the Corvair.)

DAVID (Again to himself.): This could be a lot worse, couldn't it? I mean we could have bombed the White House. Jeez, what am I saying? We just bombed Army Math. There could even have been people in there.

(Another car passes. David is greatly worried.)

DAVID (Still to himself.): Jeez, Karl, don't be so damned slow. That explosion is going to bring on the cops, and quick! No doubt about it: The only place we'll be safe will be Canada, and maybe not for too long there. Got to be here, guys, got to be here quick! (Thinking over the phone call he has just made.) I hope I got it right. I did read it right, didn't I? (He pulls a piece of paper from his pocket, and reads its message to himself.) "Okay, pigs, now listen and listen good. There's a bomb in the Army Math Research Center, University, set to go off in five minutes. Clear the building. Get everyone out. Warn the hospital. This is no bullshit, man!" (Thinking aloud again.) Man, the damned fertilizer really worked! Are we revolutionary or counterrevolutionary or what? I just don't know. Who does?

(The Corvair pulls up, and the four bombers of Sterling Hall on our their way out of town.)

DAVID: It's about time you guys got here!

THE OTHERS: Yeah, get the hell in fast! The pigs'll be thick around here, and quick!

ALL OF THEM: Long live the Revolution!

(The car pulls away, as sirens blare and the lights go out.)

Act III-Scene 4-Action: Outside Lakeshore Dorm at 1 p.m., later that day. Steve is loading some things into Dave McGrew's car. Steve's dad and his brother, Dan, are helping, too. Dave McGrew, 39, is short and stocky, with black hair and Irish good looks. Dan, 16, is just above average height, with brown hair and sideburns. He is well-put-together.

DAVE: Is that everything, then?

STEVE: Yep, Dad, that's it. I guess I'm ready.

DAN: We'd better head out, then, before it gets nasty around here. It's good the troops are here, because this place could bust wide open in the next couple of days, don't you think, Dad?

DAVE: Yeah, the radio down here was full of the news, and everyone in the state must know about it by now.

STEVE: I hope Ann can get down here in time for classes at the end of the week. She was counting on getting here today and starting work tomorrow, but she said on the phone that all that will have to wait now. Hopefully, I'll be back here by Sunday.

DAVE: First things first, Son. It could be a rotten place to come back to this weekend, not to mention dangerous. We'll have to think about it, long and hard. Now, let's get in.

(The three get into the car, and Dave starts it up. Lights out around the car, as their drive is simulated.)

DAN (Pointing.): Look at the troops over there. Those guys are ready for combat. Every one of them has a gas mask and rifle, and the headgear could put a hole through a bull's eye.

STEVE: Jeez, this place hasn't learned its lesson yet, I guess. The violence is insane. I couldn't believe it this morning when Brant woke me at 6 a.m. and said Sterling Hall had been bombed. And it sure as hell doesn't sound like it was a small bomb either, especially with one man dead. They found him in a foot of bloody water. Have they ID'd him yet?

DAVE (Lighting up a cigarette.) Yeah, they said the dead man was a physicist. What was his name, Dan?

DAN: I think it was Fassnacht – Robert Fassnacht.

STEVE (His face goes white.): My God, you guys, I met Bob Fassnacht at the gym the other day. He seemed like the nicest guy in the world.

DAN: Yeah, well SDS, or whoever bombed Sterling, sure didn't agree. It makes you want to become a cop, and that's what I think I'll be, too, in a few years.

DAVE: It's always someone innocent that gets it, that's my thinking. The enemy can never hit the bad guys on our side. It's always someone who's just doing his job, and has a wife and kids at home to care for.

STEVE: Yeah, I feel sorry for his wife and kids. It really sounded like he loved them a lot. He was hoping to move them into their own home in a year or two, after he got his degree. And he was hoping that home would be right here in Madison. Well, he's found his home, I guess, and I hope it's in heaven.

DAN: Christ, the rats who did this don't have a brain between them. The war may be over in a couple of years, and what did they contribute to it – more violence, bloodshed, and death. I get the feeling we're not going to win in Vietnam, no matter what we do, and you can't honestly say the North Vietnamese commies are noble types, whether you're Jane Fonda or not. That's a hell of a legacy to leave your family and friends when it's time to go.

STEVE: Well, Jane Fonda may be beautiful to look at, but she is one messed up woman. Christ, she went to North Vietnam and everything. What a distinguished patriot she has been. (Noticing something under the front seat.) Say, Dad, is this a shotgun or what?

DAVE: Yeah, Son, we came prepared, didn't we, Dan? (Dan, who is in the back seat, and Dave exchange a smile.)

STEVE: But I didn't even know you owned one, Dad. Where did you get it?

DAVE: I've had it all along; just kept it pretty well hid at home. You never know when you might be needing one.

STEVE: I hope we don't have to use it, but I guess it does give a person a sense of security, nonetheless.

DAN: Yep, I've heard that the Mifflin Street area is armed to the teeth, and I'm not talking about our guys. (Changing the subject.) Where do you think the guys who bombed Sterling Hall are now, Steve?

STEVE: I'd guess they're on the way to Canada, even as we speak. There have been so many draft resisters heading up that way, in the last couple of years, that it's surprising we haven't made it our 51st state.

DAN: I'll bet whoever is commie in Canada will be looking forward to seeing them, too. Jesus, what a world.

STEVE: Say, Dad, how did you get off work today? Monday's always your big day at work. In La Crosse, like everywhere else, Monday is a big day for business.

DAVE: Phil had Jim and Rocky come in for me. I guess he figured it'd take two of them to match me.

(The three laugh.)

DAN: Yeah, Jim and Rocky will deserve tomorrow off after they sub for Dad. In fact, they may need the whole week off after living through this Monday.

DAVE: I know they won't be feeling their feet until tonight, but boy will they feel them then.

STEVE: Speaking of pain, was anyone else hurt in the blast?

DAVE: I heard two or three others, but they're all going to live. It's lucky they weren't killed, too.

DAN: Say, Steve, this Bob Fassnacht, was he involved with the Army Math Research Center?

STEVE: Not as far as I know. He said he was doing research on low-temperature superconductors, and I guess that means he was looking for ways to put electricity and chemistry together into improving our everyday lives. He may have had something to do with computers, too, but I'm not sure about that. He did say, though, that the military uses of what he was working on, lie far into the future.

DAVE: That's a shame. We could have used his research to end the war in Vietnam and at home, if it would have had more present-day uses.

DAN: Poor Bob Fassnacht – he never knew what hit him.

STEVE: Yes, he never knew what hit him... Well, I hope Mom has some good food on the stove when we get home. I'll be famished by then.

DAN: She was talking about making homemade pizza. Isn't that your favorite, Steve?

STEVE: That and steak, either one would be fine.

DAVE: We'll have steak tomorrow. First, we've got to get home in one piece, and you never know about a town like this letting you do that. Let's just hope we get home for supper in good shape. Supper will look a whole lot better, after we've covered the 135 miles between here and La Crosse. We should be there by 4 o'clock, though, unless something happens along the way.

STEVE: Let's hope, then, that nothing happens along the way. (Looking to the right.) It looks like there are some other supporters of Bob Fassnacht out today. There's a picket with a "We Love You Bob, R.I.P." sign there. God, what a shame it is. I hope he can rest in peace now.

DAVE AND DAN: Yes, what a bloody shame, a bloody shame, it is.

DAVE: I hope God can forgive the bastards who did it, but I don't think I ever will.

STEVE AND DAN: We know what you mean, Dad, we know what you mean...

(The lights go out, as the car speeds onward toward La Crosse.)

Act III-Scene 5-Action: A reunion of antiwar protesters in the UW Library Mall, summer 1989. Present on the speakers' stage are Karl Armstrong, David Fine, Mayor Soglin, and Jim and Susan Rowen. The crowd that has gathered – which forms an inverted V, due to a clock-tower that reads 12:10 in their midst, with the V's point directed at the speakers' stage -- seems mellower than the protest crowds of the late '60s and early '70s in Madison. To be sure, though, there is still plenty of dope around, and babies and kids, too, now. The speaker is Mayor Soglin. He has shorter hair than in the opening scene, has put on some weight, but still has his trademark moustache. The others have aged, too. Karl, for one, has gone toward graying hair, but there's even less of that than there was 19 years ago. Also, he wears a white turtleneck sweater, dark dress slacks, and athletic shoes.

MAYOR SOGLIN: Welcome, people, welcome. We are glad you're all here. You know 20 short years ago, many of us were on this mall, protesting that horrible war in Vietnam. A lot took place here then, and a lot is taking place here today. For one thing, U.S. troops exited from Vietnam in 1973 as a direct result of our protests. (Cheers and applause.) For another, our whole generation decided soon after that, that capitalism isn't the worst way to go. In fact, many of you here today are at least semi-capitalistic, middle-class Americans. (More cheers, and one or two jeers.) In any case, there are many things we are thankful for today that we wouldn't have seen come to pass, unless and until there were protests against the war in Vietnam. Jim Rowen, for one, is now a key player at the Milwaukee newspaper. What do they call that paper, anyways, Jim, the Journal, or some such thing. As I recall, outside of his reporting, the closest Jim ever came to an actual journal was the day he found his wife's childhood diary, and then what a mess! (Laughter and cheers.) Moreover, Jim is doing so well with that paper, that I believe they're thinking of making him managing editor! Jeez, what a turnaround. Well, at least it's an employee-run paper. (More cheers.) Needless to say, though, few of us would be here today if we didn't also believe in the value of a certain amount of socialism in our society. After all, Social Security and Medicare are already nice, as will be universal health care, when that comes about someday, in this country. (Applause.) But back to the real reason we are gathered here today. I am fortunate, personally, to be mayor of this great city today, because many of you will recall that the life of a protester was not always easy. There was a lot of hard work, and there was even a certain amount of violence, on both sides. (Cheers and jeers.) We have with us, then, today, two men who took part in the violence that was Madison in those days – Karl Armstrong and David Fine. (Cheers.) You will remember them as one-half of the notorious New Year's Gang, responsible for the bombing at Sterling Hall, a bombing that helped bring an end to the Vietnam War. These two men have since paid their debts to society, by having to flee to Canada and by serving time in American prisons, after they were arrested. (Cheers and jeers.) In my heart, I believe, that despite an innocent man's dying at Sterling Hall, the cause we were fighting for was worth dying for. And I've since heard that Bob Fassnacht was also opposed to U.S. involvement in Vietnam. (Cheers and jeers.) Regardless of where you stand on

the violence of that period, we are all glad that civil conflict has ended in our streets. Today, we can go nearly anywhere in this city and in this country, and feel reasonably safe and secure. We could not do that in the '60s and '70s. (Boos and jeers.) In any event, today we live in a more democratic society, due to the efforts of the people who brought the war in Vietnam to a close. (Cheers.) I'm going to sit down now, and I'm going to let a man who helped our cause in those days say a few words. You all know who Karl Armstrong is. So, without further formality, I present to you an only semi-repentant rebel, Karl "The Mad Bomber" Armstrong. (Cheers and applause.)

KARL (Begging the crowd not to clap as long as they do, with his hands and voice.): Please... please... please... No... I never was much good at bloody math, but this turnout is incredible. That's better. I say that because I don't deserve your applause. In fact, I do not deserve anyone's applause. I did what I thought was right in August of 1970, and whether it was or wasn't in theory, in reality an innocent human being died in that explosion at Sterling Hall. Bob Fassnacht didn't deserve to die, and in some ways today, after serving my sentence of seven years for killing him, I feel I've come to understand what the Fassnacht family has suffered since their husband, father, and son, died in that blast. We may have helped bring the War to an end, but it did require some violence. But we must remember, too, that Robert Fassnacht and his family had a dream, in those days, which our gang changed, dramatically. My own dream then was a bloody dream, and "bloody" can mean many things here; in fact, it was a kind of bloody math. But violence should never beget violence. I think Jesus Christ said something about that. Also, although I wasn't very religious in 1970, I've since come to understand the validity of religion, country, and family, for while none of my siblings or I have been able to stay married to our spouses, as a family, we are still very close to each other, and to our parents. Bob Fassnacht had parents, and he had a lovely wife and three lovely children. They are all doing well, these days. I see Mrs. Fassnacht on the street, from time to time. I've even talked with her. She doesn't seem bitter about what I did, and I say I, because the bombing was my idea, not my three co-conspirators'. She seems, in fact, to be a very forgiving person. I do not deserve her forgiveness, but if the Pope can forgive his would-be assassin, maybe it's possible for Mrs. Fassnacht to forgive me, too. In the end, if I do right in this world now, being as sorry as I am for many things, perhaps it's even possible for God to forgive me. (The crowd has been attentive and perfectly quiet throughout Karl's speech. Mayor Soglin seems to be a bit shocked.) You know, God is a great master. My sisters have long talked about the best part of His law, God's grace. They say that despite a person's sins, God can impart his grace to whomever He pleases, whenever he wishes, whether or not the person actually deserves that grace. Well, I have been granted enough of His grace to say to you: There is power in the meekest soul, just as there is power in the strongest person. When I was in prison, I thought long and hard about what a fool I had been. I'd laughed in the face of the establishment, thought myself superior to all others, and killed an innocent man. If someone would say now that all that had something to do with ending the war in Vietnam, I doubt I'd believe it. There was no really good excuse for me to bomb that building and kill an innocent soul. Maybe none of us can appreciate how great life is, until we are about to lose it, or do lose it. I know I lost mine for a while, in a way, at least, and now I think I've got it back. If you don't believe me, I guess I can understand why, but I do believe in the right of every human being, from the womb to the tomb, to live, safely and securely, while they pass through this world. And at the end of all that life, I hope we all will pass over to some form of heaven. Yes, that's why America is a great nation, because even fools can come to believe, and I now believe. Mayor Soglin, I know some may doubt some of what I say today, but you should know as well as anyone else here that the things we did were not all right, just as not all things in that war were all right. Both sides did wrong, and until we accept that, and accept that a little of each of us was on both sides of the war, we will never mature into people who deserve to live with God at the end of this all. God isn't a spirit who exists in some halo-ridden other world, either. He is a God who has suffered like all of us, and knows the difference between life and death. I've asked Him for another chance, and now I've been given that chance. That's all I've asked for, and now I have spoken and acted more truthfully than I did in 1970, or at any other time in my life until now. Thank you for listening, and may God bless us all!

(Mayor Soglin and the others on the stage go up to Karl and shake his hand and pat him on the back, as the crowd enthusiastically applauds him. Ralph Hanson can be seen in the crowd, talking with George Croal and a minister in uniform. Neither Ralph nor George is wearing a uniform; all three men, knowingly, applaud Karl Armstrong with everyone else. To be sure, "Duroc" can be seen, on the other side of the crowd, taking notes, still at it, as the lights go out and a street guitarist begins to play "Amazing Grace.")

EPILOGUE: It should be observed that the bomb that blew up Sterling Hall packed the same clout as the bomb which blew up a federal building in Oklahoma City three decades later. The difference in the human toll between each, had something to do with when the bombs went off; it also had something to do with the formidable structure that Sterling Hall was. Sterling was built to withstand bombs, as one might expect from a building that housed a unit called Army Math.... Following a memorial service, a few days after the 1970 bombing, for Robert Fassnacht, Madison police and the FBI began a giant manhunt, in which the four bombers were placed on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List. In February 1972, Karl Armstrong was arrested in Canada, and eventually was extradited to the United States, where he plead guilty to second-degree murder and was sent to prison. The noted attorney William Kunstler helped defend him, and "Free Karl" signs went up everywhere in Madison. As the final act indicates, Karl was released, and became a street merchant in Madison. After being arrested in the spring of 1972 in Canada, Dwight Armstrong was sentenced to seven years in prison for second-degree murder. He later was imprisoned for three years at Indiana State Prison for drug manufacturing. In more recent years, he lived with Karl and worked in the produce business. In January 1976, David Fine was arrested in California, and, with the help of Harvey Goldberg, he also received only seven years in prison for second-degree murder. He later earned his law degree from the University of Oregon, but was denied admission to the Oregon bar, because authorities believed he was still withholding information from them. More recently, David Fine worked as a paralegal with a Portland law firm. Officially, Leo Burt still has not been seen or heard from. Of course, the Vietnam War came to a close in 1975, two years after the last American combat troops left. The Sterling Hall Bombing, along with events like the Ohio National Guard's killing of four students at Kent State, played a key role in ending U.S. military involvement in Vietnam, but at what price? Laws are meant to be obeyed and enforced; and the Sterling Hall bombers have paid a moderate price for their crimes. The family of Robert Fassnacht has paid a much heavier price: They lost a son, a husband, and a father. As of 1992, when Tom Bates published Rads, Stephanie Fassnacht had not remarried. She was working for the University of Wisconsin. Her children -- including son Christopher, who is an esteemed physicist -- are successful contributors to society. Their Robert's spirit lives on. May God bless his, their, and all of our immortal souls, and may God bless America and the World, forever.

(End of Drama.)