"I'M NOT A MALE CHAUVINIST PIG."

"I'M A MAN, YOU'RE A WOMAN."

"I HAVE HANG UPS. YOU HAVE HANG UPS."

"WE'RE BOTH VICTIMS OF THE SAME OPPRESSIVE SYSTEM."

"WE'RE BOTH EQUAL PARTIERS IN THE SAME STRUGGLE."

"WE ALL HAVE THE SAME GOALS."

"BUT WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS AFTER FIGHTING ALL DAY TO ACHIEVE THOSE GOALS—"

"WHY DO I HAVE TO COME HOME TO A DIRTY COMMUNE?"
DOES ADOLPH'S ALIENATE?

HEY BRO’ WHAT’S HAPPENING?

What’s going on...
I’ll tell you WHAT’S GOING ON...
PLENTY OR PLENTY OF NOTHING

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS TROUBLE BREWING ON THE NORTH SIDE OF TOWN.

Town, referring to that haven-on-the---Hudson---Annandale Trouble, referring to what went down, happened, occurred, etc., Saturday night at that swinging nightspot situated in the heart of that aforementioned haven. Namely, for those of you not so ‘into’ riddles, ADOLPH’S.

CHECK THIS OUT!

We arrive at Adolph’s around 12:30 P.M. after partying at ‘home’ (Steps-House) for some two hours, (this phenomenon may be known to some of you affectionately as ‘alienating’ ourselves). To get back on the track, we arrive at Adolph’s around 12:30 P.M. ready to party hearty. It would even be safe to say we were going to ‘interact’ (another affectionate euphemism that has come to be part of the articulate vocabulary you have for speaking of us and our doings) with members of the Bard community and the surrounding area.

Lo and behold, a great number of you were even ready to ‘interact’ with us --- approximately 3.

So the scene is set. James Brown comes on with Hot Pants and we begin.

As often happens at Adolph’s, our interaction takes the form of two lines where in one person at a time comes down the lines hips gyrating, feet revolving, and fingers snapping having a good time to the music.

As I mentioned before, or maybe I didn’t, being the place in Annandale, naturally Saturday night is The night. Adolph’s was packed to the gills and students alike all ‘interacting’.

Three cheers for harmonious living, at any rate at the height of our passion.

At this point let me digress and make a few of our feelings clear. Particularly, let me see, how best to put this to you so that you might truly understand.

Dancing is to some of us as smoke is to others, than cats and dogs in dining commons are to some of you.

Therefore, with this in mind, you can imagine our outrage, horror and hurt when Albina appears down the center of our line, hands on hips, from on top, telling us:

"We can’t have all this NOISE!!"

(Granted we’ve noticed the music has been turned off.)

"NOISE! referring to finger poppin’, hands clappin’, singing.

Let me point out that the majority of us were Penguin-ing. This form of tribal dance involves the Shimming of the feet in a rotating manner similar to the old Uncle Wily, both feet firmly planted on the ground. Therefore, NOISE does not even include the ‘stumping of feet’ since for this to have occurred and indeed been part of the racket, we would have fallen flat on our faces.

So back to the formidable figure of authority...

"We can’t have all this NOISE!

We - meaning Albina, since no one else seemed disturbed. In fact, most of the populace there was so glad to see some real ‘interaction’ that a smile of appreciation had crept over formerly blemished faces. Those not touched by alcohol really seemed touched by us and the lively atmosphere good music and good company generated.

Can’t have -- will not put up with, will turn off the music so we will not have to put up with.

As far as putting up with -- I’ve (in my five semesters here) seen Albina put up with more than NOISE. How about breaking glasses with one’s bare hands just to elicit the looks and antics of a truly appreciative audience. How about three glasses in one night, and how about Albina sweeping away the glass with no comment one way or the other.

Aside from the fact that this may show the inability to cope with, don’t have any, with more than Albina sweeping away the glass with no comment one way or the other.

We-- meaning Albina, since no one else seemed touched. By us and the populace there was so glad to see some real ‘interaction’ that a smile of appreciation had crept over formerly blemished faces. Therefore, NOISE! was felt to be uncultured since she didn’t respond with the proper shouts and all, it also shows her to be a woman of some courage and fortitude. And as such, her inability to cope with NOISE casts her in a poor light.

A WORD TO THE WISE...

WATCH YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE ALBINA

BIG BROTHER IS NOT ONLY WATCHING YOU—HIS QUARTERS, NICKELS, DIMES AND DOLLARS PUT YOU WHERE YOU ARE.

Why, you ask, are we so upset by this little incident? Why, we ask, are we so upset when we ‘interact’ (refer to opening paragraph) ourselves?

Aside from this incident dampening our spirits, and being indicative of situations we encounter every day at Bard (check out all the fuss over some of us living and eating together vs. fuss over other common interest groups eating together, i.e. drama table, and remember the good old God Squad?), one could even say our ‘interaction’ was thwarted. Angry, displaced and hurt, we left rather than impose our NOISE on Albina (not to mention that as a result of our deplorable ‘interaction’ the music was turned down so low as to render it nonexistent).

And as we left, we made comments ranging from -- ‘Shit, any time WE congregate and make NOISE they get worried,’ ‘They’re not ready,’ ‘Was it just the NOISE, or the NOISE coming from a bunch of US?’ to ‘Why the hell don’t they open a theological seminar if they don’t want any NOISE.’

In conclusion, LET ME MAKE ONE THING PERFECTLY CLEAR, ADOLPH’S will either have to adapt or respond to the needs of the people it serves, OR, back to the drawing board for another common ground for ‘interaction’ that meets everybody’s needs.

LONG LIVE ALIENATION.

Yours in ‘interaction’, an alienated member of the community.

Linda West
Red Tide is an independent student publication of the Bard College community. Publication is weekly during the Bard College academic year. Letters and other inquiries should be addressed to box 76, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, 12504. The contents of Red Tide are copyright 1971 by The Observer Press, Inc., unless otherwise stated. Red Tide is a Member of the U.S. Student Press Association, an Associate Member of the Underground Press Syndicate, and subscribes to Liberation News Service, and College Press Service. National advertising representative for Red Tide is UPS Ad. Rep. Co., Box 26, Vill, Station, New York, N.Y., 10014. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of Bard College or the Staff.

To the Red Tide:

Congratulations on the content of your last issue. For the time a Bard paper has had the courage and sense to address two major vital issues in this small community, the use of hard drugs as a destructively anti-social habit, and as a tool against radical commitment; and the fashion for a kind of debilitating inertia among the middle-class students. No student who has had to fight either a financial battle or a battle against dwindling convention to come to Bard, could share in this self-destructive fashion for depression and the obscene tinges of racism that seem to accompany it. It is nonsense to suppose that there is neither racial prejudice, sexual prejudice, nor social mobility at Bard. It is bound to contain, in miniature, most of the prejudices of the larger community out of which it springs. But at least we can begin to rid ourselves of these outdated, self-destructive and cruel attitudes by facing them with some shame, and by the realization that they are the by-products of impotence. It is impotence, not strength or style or passion that is exposed— prejudice, by inertia, and often by the attempt to please one's peers inherent in the overuse of drugs. My only question to those who act as reflectively as this is, which year are you planning?

Mary Lee Sattie

---

On October the twenty seventh, a packed house of Bard students were given an honest and realistic look into the oppressed lives of my people. They saw and heard about the causes and effects that the "Whiteman's" oppression has inflicted upon my people. I was there, the "World Community" as Piri Thomas that they, the students were made aware of this pain, depression, exploitation, and the slow execution of not only my people, but of all the so-called "minorities" of the world. And who is responsible, for all this suffering which we as minorities are going through? The "Whiteman" that's who.

And for those of my Brothers and Sisters who attend church, for those of you who spend your time kneeling and praying and looking towards the sky, while the "Whiteman" exploits the very floor on which you are kneeling, wake up. There is no hell after death, because the life you are living is hell. This is hell and the Whiteman is the devil.

What causes a Brother or Sister to shoot dope into their body? Is it because they want to get high for the kick of it, or is it because by getting high, their minds will drift into a world of fantasy where the reality of their meaningless lives in this "Whiteman's" world will be forgotten. What is this reality? It is being forced to live in a rat infested apartment with seven or eight or more brothers and sisters and not having a father because he died, or maybe just got tired of working himself to death and not being able to support his family, he just ran out, and your mother is on welfare, and you are trying to hard to stay in school and at the same time, getting a part-time job to help with the bills, and later if you do make it through high school, you find out that you got a second or maybe even a third rate education because your teachers are all middle class "whites" who don't know how to relate to someone from a "Minority" group and that the only jobs you find are "slave" jobs because of your third rate education, and at the end of each week having to give the most part of your check to Mr. Nixon and his boys, to send men to the moon so that it too can be exploited, as the "Whiteman" has exploited every country on this earth, and to make guns and bombs, to destroy little yellow people because of their beliefs in a different political structure and why? What great crime have we, the "Minority" at our brothers and sisters world committed to deserve the inhuman treatment of this devil, "Whiteman". It is because we have a different culture, or that the color of our skin is different. It is obvious that we want our children to grow up in the same way that the "Whiteman"'s children grow up. We want our children to grow up healthy, have a good education have clothes on their backs, have some good food to put in their stomachs. In short we want what the "Whiteman" has, a chance to live as human beings, and not live a life in which we are treated like animals.

For all of you, who call yourselves liberals, for those of you who feel some kind of guilt and want to do something in order to help us, this is what you can do. Give up your mansions and penthouses to the poor and take the apartments that exist in our slums today.

Many of my Brothers and Sisters have an identity problem, resulting from the fact that their skin color is lighter than most of us or that they have a different class background, finds themselves identified with the "Whiteman" as of a "minority group". Only then will you be able to realize the guilt that you claim you feel now. Only then you can be identified as a liberal.

This has been my own interpretation of what Mr. Piro Thomas was trying to say to you of who you were at his lecture. As far as I am concerned he did an excellent job even though he was not as blunt as I am. I give my personal thanks to having Mr. Thomas here, so to do his thing for our (Minorities) cause.

If you have any points you want to bring out Pro or Con about this article, drop a line in my mailbox which is 240.

Walking Tall

& Forever Latin, Hector Cortijo

Public Relations, Latin American Organization
The Morning-After Pill, or diethylstilbestrol (DES) as it is technically called, has been used by some doctors for many years to prevent conception in women who have had intercourse without any contraceptive protection. DES has also been used in hospitals to protect rape victims. Until now, how DES actually works and what side effects it produces had not been studied. Last week, though, a study on the effectiveness of DES was published in the Journal of the American Medical Association. The physicians who conducted the study were Dr. Lucile K. Kuehne. The results state that of the women who were given DES within 72 hours of intercourse, not one of them became pregnant, and the only side effects known so far are mild nausea, which occurred with a few women. Despite this, DES will not be used as an ordinary sort of contraception because it must be taken twice a day for five days after intercourse, and because doctors are still not certain how it prevents contraception from taking place.

by Carol Denenberg

I thought you'd be interested in this letter I went to the Dean. It is, I hope, self-explanatory.

Susie Van Leuven

October 25, 1971

Dean Seinger,

I attended Bard College for two years several years ago. I left because I failed Moderation. I understand exactly why I didn't pass, and I think I have some idea of your educational aspirations. Clearly I wasn't one of your better students. I am writing now to try and communicate my ideas on education, and compare them to yours. Basng my experience and your catalogue, I have come to the following conclusions.

The Bard student 'should develop a genuine interest in things intellectual and artistic sufficient to motivate continuing self-education in several diverse fields.' (catalogue, p.8, 71-72) I have an interest in literature and my courses in literature became diversified soon after the first semester. My motivation was obliterated by statements from professors. The gist of their conversations and counselling was the following: 'You really aren't made for college. You should be a housewife. None of your work has shown any capacity on your part.' My ideas for continuing education after Bard were somewhat destroyed by a recommendation from one of my teachers. The gist was: "Studying lacks in capacity to learn. Her abilities are limited. We at Bard feel she isn't college material." I felt, at least, that my college education could be developed elsewhere, where people might have difficulty understanding my 'state inapppropriate for learning.' It was no easy task to enroll at Antioch College with that recommendation in the fall of 1969.

My ideas on education are quite to the contrary. Learning is a valuable experience that should never be cooled; conduction is a necessary tool. A person cannot learn by being told what and how to think. He learns by understanding different concepts and evaluating his own ideas. In literature, where the field is so vast and interpretation for each major piece of literary work is so varied, there can be no correct or incorrect evaluation for said work. For Milton books were 'the life-blood of the master spirit.' For me, they were also the soul and very emotions of the writers. Different interpretations were not to be passed lightly away. The moment the door of perception is shut on an exploratory mind, interest and curiosity end. The student no longer finds a possible reinforcer, to put this in behavioral terms. An endless cycle begins the moment a student believes himself to be inadequate. His work shows this, and thusly, he feels worse because of his work. Thus on and on ad infinitum.

I see my role here as a builder of bridges, not a burner of same. I must illuminate certain discrepancies in your educational system. I took an American Literature class at Bard for one year. I notice you are still offering this course. In this "class we studied the written literature of..." early American white writers of the United States. This assumption trans literature can only be what is written negates the possibility of other culture having a strong and traditional oral literature. If the oral literature of the Native Americans and the African-Americans is neglected, as it is their culture. This narrow thinking leads to my second point. What is American literature? Or better yet, what does it mean to be an American? If we look into the history of the United States, and in the present multi-racial, multi-cultural society, we cannot deny that all our peoples are not American. Yet we do. When American literature is studied at Bard the literature, both oral and written, of the Chinese, the Asian-Americans, the Native Americans and the Afro-Americans is forgotten. Do you really mean that the student at Bard 'should have some grasp of the history of mankind and of the broad lines of intellectual, artistic development and achievement?' (catalogue, p.8, 71-72).

The final point of my letter deals with the matter of tuition. How many parents can afford to pay $17,890.00 for four years of college? In this situation you will never have the diversity of culture, thought or ideas which can be found in some state colleges in California. Your student body is limited to a choice and lucky number of students who can afford it, and, unfortunately, are from the same background. If you could combine your knowledge and abilities with a state college and strive to make college available to anyone who wants it, you'll have a better educational system, and better educated graduates. For goodness sake, my tuition for one semester costs less than one year's worth of Community Dues at Bard.

Education is a learning experience to be valued. Growth occurs in the mind and spirit through continuing education. I certainly hope no other student was told they didn't have the ability or the capacity to get a decent college education. They might never convince themselves they still have a chance.

Sincerely yours,

Susanna Van Leuven

State College senior
interview with
Kathleen Cleaver
Liberation News Service
(Editor’s Note: Two and a half years ago Kathleen Cleaver left the United States to live and work in voluntary exile in Algiers in the Black Panther Party’s Ministry of Information. Kathleen was in New York last week, and we had the opportunity to interview her. With the thought that we might be recognized and that many of our readers would be interested in the purpose of her trip to the United States, we asked questions that many of our readers might also ask.

The development of the RPCN is from the experience of the third world and from the experience of the first world, knowing the problems of each. In the third world there are many liberation struggles that are quite advanced, quite developed, like the Eritrean liberation struggle (for independence from Ethiopia), but they have great difficulty in getting the information out. The facilities for communication and media distribution are not there. We’ve been able to get enough equipment together to maintain communication with the struggles in the United States and with the struggles everywhere in the world.

We have a communications room with tape and tape recorders. We get a lot of these programs in from all over the world. We put out a radio program, and we make tapes to send back to the United States. We issue a bulletin which we send all over the world, called Information, which is published in French and English. We also initiated the formation of a new newspaper called Right On.

Right On?
Yes, and now we’re going beyond and putting together a national newspaper that’s independent of anything else, the RPCN newspaper, Babylon.

We provide a type of facility in Algiers for many other Americans — people who find themselves in a position where they don’t want to go to jail, and they’ve exhausted their underground resources, and so they meet some place to go where they can work and live. The number varies, but we have quite a few and we’ll have to provide for them and their families.

I want to get back a little bit to the kinds of things you’ll be talking about on your trip. During the split that occurred in the Black Panther Party in the United States, the International Section was characterized as the militant action of the Party. Through Algiers we’re in contact with all the liberation movements from Africa and Palestine, and many of the governments from revolutionary countries. It’s really an important center where you can collect, exchange and distribute information. But if the information can’t be taken out of Algiers, and if more information can’t be put in, then it’s not benefiting the American revolutionary struggle. It might be good if you could describe what the International Section does.

In September, 1970, we received the status of a liberation movement in Africa-Asian struggles from the Algerian government. We were then given office quarters which we work out of today. It’s interesting that the former occupants of this office were the South Vietnamese. When the PRG was formally recognized by the Algerian government they moved into the same quarters and the Afro-Americans get the building.

In the International Section we do a lot of work in communication because that is the key to maintaining any kind of active role in the struggles. Once you’re in Algiers, there’s a limit to the physical contribution you can make, because you can’t move. So until that situation is alleviated, the most important thing is to maintain contact, maintain communication and distribute as much information as you can.

That raises a question in my mind — what kinds of things you’ll be talking about on this trip? People want to know what you are doing.

A lot of people, specifically in the white movement, have felt confused as to what to do at this point. I think that people are definitely trying to figure some strategy for an action to pick up the gun. Recently, at an ACLU demonstration, someone from the New York Panthers got up and said, “We can’t have anymore demonstrations. This is the last demonstration.”

Well, that’s an incorrect political line. There is a need for demonstrations. People who are engaged in armed struggles cannot attend demonstrations, and you have to recognize that you have to have people working on different levels.

I think that the time is over when you go to a rally and tell people to pick up the gun. That’s not the issue. You go to a rally and deal with the political issues that the people are assembled to deal with. The confusion comes in when people still relate to that unitary structure in which everything is done in one organization — it’s no longer functional.

I want to ask you about urban guerrilla warfare. People want to know how these ideas conceptually relate to the United States.

For instance, two policemen were killed in New York during the summer. It’s not quite clear, that it was a whole set-up job. That they were killed to a specific place just to be killed.

People raise questions like “Who are these two policemen — were they killed specifically?” And some of the people who proclaim militarily about urban guerrilla warfare in the United States don’t deal with their questions. The propaganda that was sent to radio stations after that action didn’t explain in concrete terms what the purpose was.

How do you feel about an action like that? I don’t mean for that to be a loaded question.

It’s definitely loaded.

In terms of the action itself, just as an act — two officers of the repressive forces of the state were killed and whoever killed them got away. That type of action is carried out in any area that is engaging in any type of warfare. Now the United States is very highly urbanized, so you find this type of action taking place in urban areas.

Kathleen Cleaver

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It’s a question of whether you recognize whether you’re in a state of war or not.
It's a question of whether you recognize what you're in as a state of war. The people who raised the question you mentioned didn't define the present situation as a state of war.

There are many people in this country who don't want to be convinced they're in a state of war, who are being persecuted, attacked or dragged into prisoner-of-war camps – the people who are receiving the brunt of repression from the police agencies within this country, if they hear that any member of any of the police agencies are killed, that's positive. That's two less enemies.

There are many other people, many other organizations, who do not recognize themselves to be in a state of war, and all of these people live in the same city and have access to the same information, perhaps might even live on the same block. So it's a whole question that involves level of consciousness, level of participation in the struggle.

The number of people in the U.S. revolutionary movement, or the U.S. progressive movement, that are actually engaging in urban guerrilla warfare at this time is actually very small, and the apparatus to support them, at this point is very weak.

That doesn't mean that there's something wrong with urban guerrilla warfare. That means that the development of urban guerrilla warfare has not reached the point where it can be successful, often enough, that you receive support. Because this is what people will support, your successful activity.

You work in terms of right now, what's happening, how does that fall down, it's a situation thing, it's a whiz-bang thing, it's a political thing, and a lot of opportunism comes in.

So the execution of the police agents, maybe 5 years from now they will be regarded as heroes. Is their action any less heroic now because people can't understand the situation? Maybe 5 years from now, as the situation becomes more and more obviously one of military confrontation, the people who are engaged in guerrilla warfare now may think that if more people had been shot earlier, the situation would be more wonderful.

It's a very complex situation that you're dealing with, especially in New York, and the urban areas, which is why you're going to have a lot of confusion, a lot of problems.

One problem is that when incidents like the one referred to happen, it enables the government to appropriate much more monies to increase the size of the police forces...

We're in a period of transition. Things are falling apart and being put together on a higher level. The people who are continuing to act on the principle that they accepted all along and advancing them to these kind of actions are the ones who are getting caught in a jam right now. But there's nothing wrong with the principle. There's something wrong with the political apparatus, the political organization, the education with...
Two major types of pianos are restored by Larry, those that have automatic expression devices, like the Welte, and those that don't. None of the five companies that make the players make the automatic expression rolls. These rolls were either made by a sensitive machine responding to an actual performance of the music or by plotting the correct hole positions on graph paper, a long and tedious operation. Larry has mastery of both types of player pianos and with equal facility provides expression through volume, tone and tempo adjustments to a Chopin etude or 'Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair.' His vast collection of piano rolls ranges from ragtime to Classical.

Although most of his experience is with player pianos the appreniced for five years to a player piano restorer in Cincinnati and Victoria (of which some in his shop are beautiful museum pieces), Larry will try his hand at restoring anything that appeals to his fancy. Among his current long-term projects are the restoration of an orchestrion purchased from the Lyceum Theatre (a huge Moog-like contraption weighing 3000 pounds incorporating elements of the piano and organ as well as other instruments that was used to provide the musical accompaniment for silent movies), rebuilding a model T Ford which sits in the outbuilding of his home in Clermont, re-building an ornate pot-bellied stove with nickel accoutrements and numerous mica-coated windows purchased from Stockenberg's in Red Hook, and restoring his present home, a fine old farmhouse in nearly mint condition.

At home Laurence Abrams lives rather severely (by modern standards) in nineteenth century style. A pump in the kitchen is his only inside plumbing, and coal burning kitchen and parlor stoves are his only source of heat. He notes that it only costs about $200 to heat his house all winter this way. His shop is also heated by a pot-bellied stove and has no insulation. To live otherwise would be an escape into modernity for Larry, whose only major concession to the present is his addiction to Coca-Cola. Larry lives--a cultural rejuvenation of the past as well. Besides his fine collection of early 78 recordings and player piano roles, he enjoys Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and other nineteenth century operas. Lucius Beebe and Thomas Edison are stars in his pantheon, and he pores over the former's writings and the latter's biography.

While Larry's nightmares are centered around the words 'new,' 'improved,' 'larger,' 'better,' 'faster,' 'more convenient,' his dreams of the day when he can ride to his shop in a horse and buggy, when his shop will be finished in dark-stained wainscoting and function as the showroom for his refinished and restored productions from his own forging, lathing and joining workshop, are full of life.

The wall of his shop is the motto: 'A job well done is a customer won,' a slogan he wishes he had coined. He believes his work is some of the best, and while he has a healthy sense of self-humor, sincerity and diligence are his stock-in-trade. Horatio Alger should have seen the Tivoli Player Piano Shop and its proprietor Laurence Abrams.
Musician Ship
by SOL LOUIS SIEGEL

Mitch Korn once again graced Bard Hall with his presence last Monday night, dem-
monstrating his usual new-empowerment on the guitar and coming on in far bet-
ter voice than he did last spring. His repertoire consisted mainly of the things he
did at that last concert, but they all sounded better this time around, be-
cause his voice, which sounded rather
full last time, was, if not always clear, considerably more powerful. It carried a
lot of conviction behind it, and it made a lot of songs that seemed ordinary last
semester memorable experiences this
time. Another help was Geoff MacAdie's
tas> playing, which added a new dimen-
sion to the instrumental work. (Lou Sil-
ver played harmonies, but I couldn't hear
them, and I was sitting in the first row.)
A new song, 'City Census,' was the high
point. It was a well made protest song,
that was brilliantly pulled off. But some
of the 'songs,' most notably his white-
mans-ant-indian song, 'Such a Friend of
Mine,' and his Indian sunchant song,
which closed the program, were also ex-
traordinarily impressive. In other words, an
all-around good show.
Now for records of various sizes and
dishes.
Mitch asked me to put in a good word
for the Pentangle's new album, REFLEC-
tion (Reprise), which isn't too difficult
to do, since this British group has always
produced a folk-rock music with their
sound of 'rock' that is both exciting
and truly beautiful. Their latest is no
exception. The material is longer and
difficult, but no less rewarding.
Gorgeous!

Another dorm-mate asked me to put in a
good word for PAPA NEBO (Atlantic)
because he has a friend in the group and
because he thinks it's especially good.
I'm willing to admit that this American
tool-rock ensemble does far better work
than 95% of the groups being recorded,
but that other 5% is a lot of groups.
Even so, I find many of Michael Parker's
songs to be quite listenable, and more
importantly, relatable. I'm told that
these recordings were messed up in the
mixing. Knowing our great recording in-
dustry, I wouldn't be surprised.

PLASTIC DREAMS (Atlantic) is the latest
effort of the Modern Jazz Quartet. I was
going to write a lengthy review of it, sing-
ing its praises, then decided that in the
case of this combo, it would be overkill.

And, for you music-hounds out there, Warner
has put out a live double album by Rod
McKuen, consisting primarily of mediocre
music sung by McKuen, who has a less-
than-mediocre voice. Actually, some of
these songs might sound fairly good per-
formed by someone with a voice, but
that's academic here. The thing is called
GRAND TOUR. Forewarned is forearmed.

more

LETTERZ

I try to stay away from the really nice floor
to dance on and I start noticing little
candles kind of stuck into the floor like
baby feet, or something I see this broken bottle
here and there and in between it's the kind
of studied pattern of the flattened car-
nels. You know what broken glass does
to bare feet, or hands? You know.
And I wonder to myself how those people
who could survive it didn't have some-
body to follow along behind them with
shovels and pails. I can see it for horses in
Central Park, but for supposedly intelli-
gent people! What a drag to have to dis-
use it. (We have to discuss it.

P.S. Who me? I didn't do it.

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