

OBSERVER

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observer

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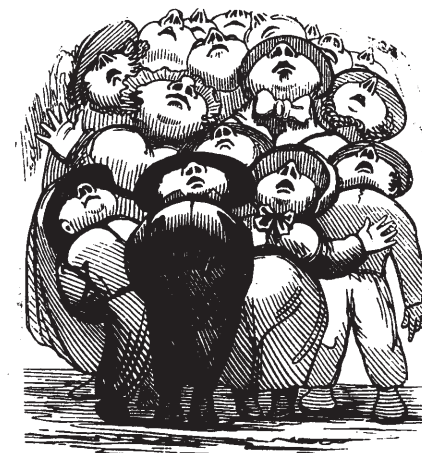
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leeches SUCK student blood

Our Culture is in the Hands of the Corporate Leeches

If you listen to the New Music (and the New Music can be any of the vanguard directions in rock, jazz, classical, or folk), you are probably aware of the large part the record corporations play in producing and presenting the wide variety of artists that are being hustled in the music stores everyday. It is a business that is by no means affected by the "recession" and inflation that has hit the rest of us: the record industry is rapidly growing from a multi-million dollar business (in the late 40's and early 50's) to a multi-billion dollar operation (in the 70's). The end is nowhere in sight: record stores are multiplying like mushrooms, but the whole affair is beginning to take on the form of a true monopoly. In August, it was announced that Elektra Records, which up until then had been one of the few remaining independent companies, had been absorbed by Kinney International Service, Inc., one of the bigger conglomerates. Kinney already owned Atlantic/Atco, Warner Bros./Reprise and Cotillion Records. Elektra was sold for a flat \$10 million. Kinney's assets for 1969 were listed officially at \$451,747,000. And they are just one of the music conglomerates!

This steady expansion of the music companies cannot, and did not, occur without an equally steady expansion of detrimental effects on the music they are selling. The fads that periodically sweep the music world, "rock 'n' roll," "folk-rock," "jazz-rock," "country rock," "acid rock," "Bach rock" and all the rest of it are creations of the three or four major record companies -- RCA, Capitol, Columbia, and the Warner/Reprise/Atlantic/Elektra complex. True, the initial creative impulse is the product of one or two original bands, but once the record companies sense cliché being born, all you will see on the racks in the stores for the next few months is that particular fad. Second-rate-fad bands are hyped-up and pushed on the public so as to profit from the musical taste that the companies themselves were primarily responsible for creating in the first place. Particularly interesting in this respect are the "payolla" scandals that hit the record and radio industry about ten or fifteen years ago. Certain key personalities in the radio world, specific DJ's, were indicted and charged with accepting bribes from record companies, given to insure that their "product" would receive a "sufficient" amount of air-time on radio stations. Without air-time and exposure, the record companies would fold -- how else would the record-buying public "discover" the new releases? Such are the principles of free-enterprise capitalism.

If you think all this is too harsh on the record companies or that it doesn't matter because the music still survives the

pressures of corporate capitalism, let us look at an example of the destructive nature of the industry, right here in our own detached "community." Mitch Korn, a new student this semester, is being sued for \$300,000 by one of the giants among the record companies mentioned above. I cannot reveal the company's name, because the whole affair has yet to be settled and Mitch has been advised that any publicity of his case explicitly identifying this corporation would be used against him in court. I talked with him on Sunday; he had just returned from an uptight day in court on Saturday, a day of "closed hearings" during which the charges against him were read, etc...

The story begins about 2 years ago when Mitch, fresh out of high school, was approached by a man who was to become his agent and who later also revealed himself as a representative for the very same record company now suing Mitch. He was signed to a trial contract as a studio musician, to cut at least five tapes. This arrangement worked to the corporation's advantage, of course, because they could fire Mitch whenever they chose, but he could not leave on his own initiative. In other words, the company owned him as long as they thought it would be favorable to do so -- but there was no security for Mitch. Furthermore, Mitch was given no legal advice at the time he signed his contract because his "agent" was in reality a company-man and was looking out for the company's interests.

Over a period of four months, Mitch cut nine tapes, enough to complete an entire album on his own. According to Mitch, these four months were among the toughest he has ever experienced; besides the physical strain of recording and re-recording music, he fought continuously with the production manager, the engineer, and the advertising and production departments of the company over the right to present the material the way he wished to see it done. On a purely "artistic" level, there could be no agreement -- to quote Mitch, "What they were trying to do was to re-make my music into a commercially-appealing 'package' so as to sell it to as many people as possible." This meant, in purely practical terms, that strings and full-blown orchestration would be added to his music in an attempt to keep it bland and safely within the bounds of mass-appeal. More subtly, the producer would constantly insist that Mitch sing, or play, or add a verse here and there in a certain manner, which would "polish" it up, and create the desired level of unimaginative mediocrity that "sells."

To perfect the "Mitch Korn-image," the production and advertising departments were given a "bio-sheet" on Mitch which they were to use to create a suitable picture of him to foist upon the record-hungry public. Mitch laughs whenever he describes what they did to him and his "image": upon discovering Mitch's average, white middle-class, Long Island background, they decided that they would conjure up a sufficiently lower-class, bitter "angry young man" background for him which would entice the "peace," "political," and "folk-rock" element of the public. Among the people who purchase most of the records in the U.S., the 10-25 crowd, this sort of "image" is a perennial favorite, as least according to the production and advertising departments of the record companies. They not only invented a fictitious past for Mitch (something to the effect that he was brought up in Chicago's rough 'n' tumble south side in the ghetto, etc...) but they claimed he had done things professionally that, in fact, he had never done, such as play at numerous civil rights marches, peace rallies, and other political events. The total effect of Mitch's "image" was a far cry from the

real thing -- a middle-class, Long Island boy suddenly becomes an angry, embittered ghetto youth from Chicago.

Mitch is being sued because the tapes that he cut for the company about two years ago were suddenly bootlegged by a Har-

lem outfit and released in record stores in the City, illegally, and without the knowledge or consent of Mitch. The record company claims that Mitch sold the tapes he had cut for them to another company, in Harlem, thereby 'breaking the terms of

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G.I.'S, UNIONS JOIN IN OCTOBER 31 MARCH



The October 31 anti-war protests, which took place in more than 40 major cities throughout the nation, were a visible reminder to the rulers of this country that the anti-war movement will be not

the anti-war movement will not be bullied into silence by the Nixon-Agnew administration, and its cohorts in Ohio or elsewhere.

Although much smaller in comparison to last October's Moratorium, they were the largest series of demonstrations ever to occur in an election year, and represent a significant step by the National Peace Action Coalition (NPAC), established only four months before these events, to mobilize anti-war sentiment throughout the nation.

The New York City action, attended by approximately 75 Bard students, drew between 5,000 and 8,000 people. After mobilizing at Columbus Circle, the demonstrators marched up Seventh Avenue to the Bryant Park rally.

They were led by members of the 26th Army Band, based at Ft. Wadsworth on Staten Island. This made the action probably the first anti-war march in American history to be led by active-duty Army musicians. These GIs participated in the demonstration even though they have already endured several months of constant harassment by the brass, including punitive transfers to Vietnam, for their anti-war activities. A member of the band addressed the rally at the park, and made an impassioned plea for material and moral support from the student anti-war movement.

A representative of the National Peace Action Coalition reminded those in attendance, that on December 4-6, a national convention of the U.S. anti-war movement will be convened in Chicago. The purpose of the meeting, he stated, was to plan massive anti-war actions this coming spring. He invited everyone who opposes the Vietnam war to attend this conference,

stating that all who register for the convention will have a voice and vote in its resolutions.

One of the highlights of the rally was a speech by Victor Gotbaum, director of District 37 of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, representing over 120,000 workers, the largest trade union in New York.

Gotbaum urged the anti-war movement to extend its base of support by attempting to reach the workers, including hard hats, who "support a war they do not understand." After making this plea, Gotbaum attacked AFL-CIO president George Meany, stating that students "know the god damn frustration of the war. You're out front, not some 76-year-old character who plays golf with the president and claims to represent labor!"

A Kent State student also addressed the rally. He briefly outlined the nature of the grand jury indictments, and made an appeal for national support in their struggle against this repression.

Representatives from the United Auto Workers, the Student Mobilization Committee, and the International Women's League for Peace and Freedom, also addressed the Bryant Park action.

In Austin, Texas, where the 12,000 in attendance represented the largest single demonstration in the nation, more than 400 active-duty GIs led the march to the state capitol. At the rally, speakers representing the Ft. Hood GIs, the Angela Davis Defense Committee, the Gay Liberation Front, La Raza Unida Party and the Student Mobilization Committee addressed the demonstrators.

Five-hundred GIs also joined an anti-war rally at the University of Texas in El Paso. The demonstration of 2,000 was the largest action ever in that area, and was organized by GIs for Peace at Ft. Bliss.

Kurt Hill



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letters...

Dear Editor,

I think this year's Observer is great. What I like most is Jeff Raphaelson's column, which always gets right down to the nitty-gritty of campus grit. I hope his column will continue to appear in the years to come. Also, I'd like to point out to your readership that Oct. 31 is not only Halloween; it is also Reformation Day. I just thought I'd throw that one in. Continue your good work, my mother is very impressed.

Your friend,
 Bruce S. Diamond

To the Editor:

In reading some of the recent articles in the Observer I have begun to wish that time could be speeded up somehow, so that we could reach the point when we don't have to listen to either Agnew or the New Left. For these two voices are sounding so much like each other that they may soon be indistinguishable. An excellent example is the recent article by Professor Koblitiz entitled 'Agnew's Age'. The article is dramatic and full of vivid rhetoric. There is one problem, however: it is not true.

Not that I wish to deny that there are elements of truth in the article. There are. There are particles of truth in everything from Bernadine Dohrn to Robert Shelton. But the overall effect is one of distortion, oversimplification, and plain error. To begin with, the analogy between McCarthy and Agnew is not nearly so precise as Prof. Koblitiz implies (which of course does not excuse Agnew). Korea certainly had a good deal to do with McCarthy's rise, but there were many other factors as well.

It is notable that there is no mention of Czechoslovakia, whose students may well be envying our repression. Whatever the reason for this oversight, Prof. Koblitiz's attempt to tie in racism with foreign wars just doesn't stand up. In the case of Korea the same administration that was engaging in war was also virtually the first in modern times to advocate federal power in behalf of blacks. Perhaps desegregation of the armed forces by Truman was a 'racist' act; but I rather believe, with Richard Hofstadter, that racism has become one catchwords that have had all the meaning washed out of them. The commitment to Vietnam, let us remember, was

substantially increased by a President who was the supposed hero of the poor, the black, and the young.

An even more serious mistake is Prof. Koblitiz's attempt to show that students and protestors have absolutely no responsibility for the negative developments in our national life. According to this view, typical of the screaming Left, a minority of our people, student protestors, are moral paragons. They do not simply have some powerful arguments to make; rather they are totally right, quintessentially, existentially, infallibly. The majority of Americans on the other hand, are mean selfish creatures with no redeeming virtues at all. Now this kind of stuff is plain nonsense. Student protestors have been guilty of violence, intimidation, and the effort to silence opposition to their ideas, and every responsible observer damn well knows it.

The intolerable air of moral superiority assumed by so many of our protestors has not only alienated those whose support it might have won, but even those who originally shared its goals. This last result is a really stellar achievement. It takes real talent to lose friends and allies. As a result, persons who might otherwise have concentrated their criticism on our policies and institutions now have to spend half their time criticizing the protestors.

The effect, then, of Prof. Koblitiz's article is not only to badly garble recent American history but to perpetuate the very kind of thought that is almost certain to prevent meaningful change. It is high time that this arrogant smugness on the part of our pretentious moral elite be challenged, and challenged hard. Change in an open society will never come about so long as a minority believes that the motives of its opponents are *ipso facto* evil while blandly ignoring its own folly and vices. The best way to tame the age of Agnew is to stop imitating him.

Robert L. Morgen

To the Editor:

Two things about Bob Morgan's letter: First, Bob used Mr. Koblitiz's article as a springboard for criticizing political arrogance and Weatherman tactics, neither of which Mr. Koblitiz has engaged in. Second, if Bob wants to avoid oversimplifications, he might start by re-thinking his ideas about what he calls the New Left.

Bruce Warshavsky

access

I've been kind of lazy recently and haven't been catching up on our mail. As a consequence, there's a whole raft of stuff that might be of interest that I'm going to include in this week's column. In order to make it easier on you to wade through all this, here's the order it's coming in: Foundation grant opportunity, announcements from MOMA and the Brooklyn Academy, a book (a weird one at that), and offerings of review tickets to some shows in the City.

The Devereux Foundation has traineeships available as Research Aide, Professional Aide, Resident Treatment Camp Counselor, Day Camp Tutor Counselor. Obviously their drift is towards working with children. If you're interested in further information this notice will be tacked up with others on the bulletin board in the Absurder office.

On to the notices - the Museum of Modern Art (MOMA) has sent us their list of upcoming openings. It sounds interesting with shows of recent design acquisitions, Gertrude Stein and family, prints and proofs of Jasper Johns. The Brooklyn Academy of Music sent us an announcement of the current Merce Cunningham dance series stressing the fact that they offer one dollar tickets to students. Further information is enclosed and will be on the board.

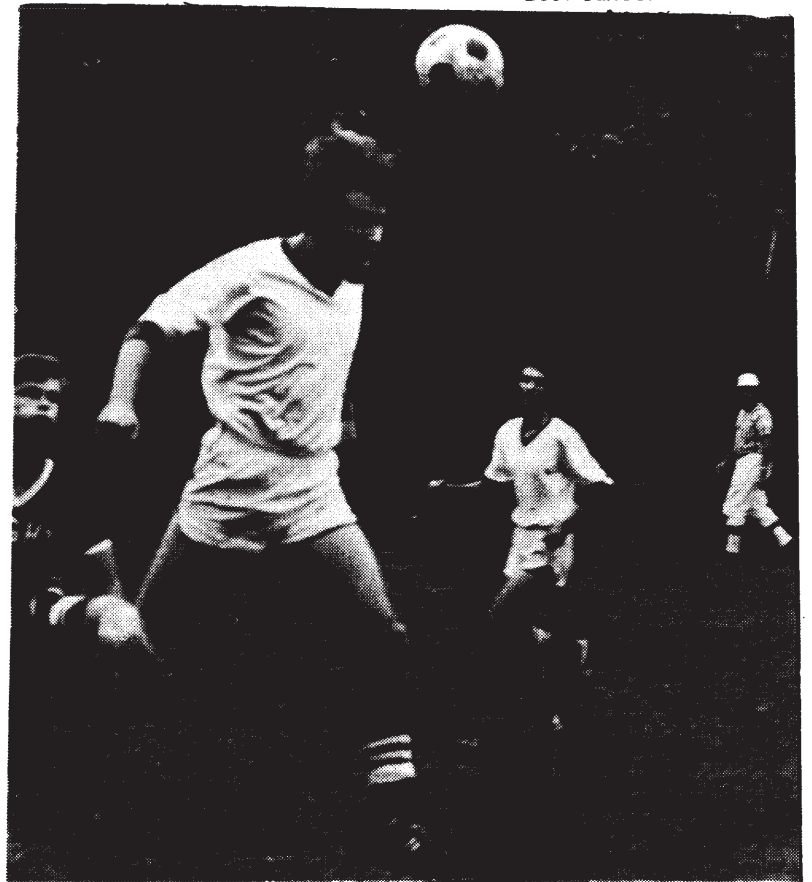
The weird book is entitled Amelia Earheart Lives and is written by an ABC account executive. According to the press release it proves that Amelia Earheart, who was supposed to have died in a mysterious plane crash in 1937, is actually still alive and during World War II was held prisoner by the Japanese. Also, according to the release, the Japanese Zero, was almost identical to a design Earheart and a friend had submitted to the Army a year or so before. The whole thing sounds very reminiscent of some imagined CIA plots. If you want to read the book, ask us and we'll send away for a review copy.

Two offers for review tickets came from a press agency in New York. One for a show called "Trelawny of the 'Wells'," a comedy, the other for "Jack MacGowran in the Works of Beckett," which is presented by the New York Shakespeare Festival. If you want to see either let us know and we'll designate you drama editor for a day, and try to get tickets.

One final item. The Winston Smith Society, an organization trying to raise funds for the Marijuana Civil Liberties Project, is offering 21" high plastic marijuana plants for \$2.00 to help finance their efforts. From the sample we received it would be pretty good looking, if you like plastic dope.

Geof Cahoon

BARD SPORTS



The most powerful soccer dynasty in Bard's history came to a dull conclusion on Nov. 2 as the Bard eleven rolled over their age-old fearsome rival Nyack Missionary. It was a climactic, if not confusing day for Charlie Patrick as his team and Senatorial candidate scored resounding successes.

The game could hardly be rivaled for boredom. The first goal by Bachman was fought for, but then Nyack fell apart, and the rest was history. Ned Griefen, as usual, scored an absurdly high number of goals.

The previous week, Bard played New Paltz J.V. which turned out to be one of the best games of the year. The game began very slowly with New Paltz scoring on a long penalty shot. Then Bard tied it and pulled ahead by a goal - then New Paltz tied it again in the third quarter. Then came the action; trying to reach the ball which was picked up by the goalie, Griefen could not side-step him soon enough - a common occurrence in a game. But the referee thought there was malice involved and ejected Griefen. The score

was tied, and you can imagine how everyone on the team felt.

Well, soccer fans, the rest could be chalked up to that old Chinese proverb which Charlie Patrick chants as he whips the young doughy freaks into temperate steel each season: "When the going gets rough, the rough get going!" Richard Bilangi took that message to heart and scored, to the surprise of his team-mates -- which gave Bard the win, 4-3.

Six wins and three losses, it hardly seemed possible several months ago, but today, a reality! With leadership from men like Gabriner, Daly, Koschir and Griefen - one could expect nothing but success. Humble men -- these fifteen or so that donated so much of their time, so that they might set an example for the rest of the school. Yes, the end of a dynasty -- a dynasty I was proud to be part of. I just want to thank the man whose leadership and continued understanding has molded a hunk of churning raw soccer power in just a few short years. Thanks Charlie.

Kenneth McIntosh-Daly

CARL M. BLACK

'teaching is not testing'

When I interviewed Carl Black a few weeks ago, he made up his own question and then went about trying to answer it, much like he does in class. We spent most of the interview discussing how he feels about teaching.

"I am learning as much as the so-called student. The kind of exploration of teaching takes two people. It compares to writing; but writing is a very lonely exploration. Teaching is the opposite; it's not lonely at all; you're making your discoveries with other people and through them. I've written a great deal but I find that it's not my kind of exploration right now. I've always found that kind of exploration quite painful: not the writing but the lonely search.

People need information, and should perfect the means for getting that information; but the classroom, especially the humanities classroom, is not the place for processing that information. We have electronic equipment now that can store that information, and we need people who can use it. But this information processing is not essentially teaching.

I would love to give a course on how to use a library as a research resource, not our Bard library, but a large one.

There's an interchange even in the role. Before each class I anticipate what I'm going to learn, what the students are going to teach me. Sometimes I feel that I've almost cheated the class because I've probably learned more than they have. I need those students and they need me.

I think the job of the teacher is, through his familiarity with his experience and his life, he is able to say, "Here is a problem, here is a possibility, here is a suggestion, I don't understand this, what's the answer?" A teacher must be a great maker of questions. But the answer must not be out there someplace, the answer must be in the question.

I always come to class with a question, and that question is a highly nervous process with me. I know what material is scheduled for that week. And a few days before the class I start thinking about the question before I even open up the book. Sometimes, beforehand, something will occur to you that seems to be the question, then you come to class, sit down. It's almost like being on stage, where the actor doesn't quite know beforehand how he will attack the part and what the result will be because he doesn't know his audience and he doesn't want it to be an audience, he wants it to be part of the entire experience.

When you get in there, you sit down and you may have thought of five different things you want to present, and suddenly your eye hits the first page and you see a word or you see a sentence and you ask that question and the rest of the two hours is a struggle for that question to give the answer.

And then, of course, there's always the thrill of getting that answer, you know, sometime in those two hours.

Now, students have said to me, and this is a real shocker, "How can we know what you want? That was marvelous, it made sense, it fit together, but how can we know what you wanted?" And suddenly it occurred to me that those students thought I had the answer before that happened and they didn't know that I was struggling with them for the answer.

I wouldn't say to a student, "What's the third person plural of avoir?" I'd say "The third person plural of avoir is ils ont." Teaching is not testing in that sense; who needs to waste time doing that?

If you have the answer to something, give that. That's information already; it's stored up someplace; it's probably in some book. Or if I have it in notes or if I have it in the margin in my book, I say "Look, I discovered such and such." But it wouldn't occur to me to say "What is the answer to such and such?" if I already had the answer.

I think the worst kind of preparation for a teacher is for him to sit down and read the material ahead of time and work out the answers. I never do that. I familiarize myself with the material, but I'm very careful to stop at the point where certain answers are coming. Then I close the book and I live nervously with that until I get into the classroom. There's a tremendous sense of expectation because I can't wait to get to the answer with those students.

There is no teaching without a student, and there's no student without a teacher; there's that exploration.

Writers are masochistic. I don't mean that in a negative sense. You're there with yourself and the paper and a pen. I'm there with 30 or 40 people around me. And I feel very good about that.

Socrates was surrounded by his disciples. Jesus was surrounded by his disciples. The image I have of Jesus is like in the film, "The Gospel According to Saint Matthew," where Jesus is running all over the countryside surrounded by all these men and a few women trailers, perhaps. Socrates was always surrounded by all these people.

There are certain kinds of writers who explore through their writing, but they take off because they can't take it anymore. So then they teach for a while because they can't stand that loneliness. This doesn't mean that a teacher doesn't know moral loneliness, because he does. It's that loneliness in that terrible expectation: will he have a question or won't he?

Then there's the moral loneliness of integrity. One can't know that one is always being truthful, and one can't be sure that one isn't forcing a miscarriage. You're getting an answer that the question's giving birth to a monster.

Lecture has a very interesting facet too. It's the same process but somehow or other you're struggling up there to be convincing. I've done a lot of lecturing at Bard, for instance, you don't have the give-and-take together with the student, but you have the struggle to take up the student, you see. I find it very hard to teach without a blackboard, because a lot of the struggle has to do with the physical movement and a kind of that blackboard is part of the struggle because you're tracing out something.

A lecture is a kind of demonstration of this process. Suddenly you know whether it's convincing or it isn't convincing. And you've gathered your information and you bring it to bear in the struggle. And the more information you have, in some cases, the more fruitful the struggle will be. Too much information can kill the struggle, not only for the birth of the question, but for the birth of the answer.

It's significant, for instance, that in the Socratic dialogues, there's very little information. One almost wonders how much information Socrates had or if he could even read.

I don't have any favorite things to teach. That's why I've enjoyed my three years at Bard so much. I've enjoyed MIT for that matter. I've really never been in a normal academic situation and what I mean by that is that when you teach,

what you teach is a mere pretext. It doesn't matter what you teach, because you can explore anything.

That's what's wonderful about Bard; you can say, well, this year I'd like to explore such and such, linguistics or some aspect of English literature or some novelist or theory of education in Rousseau. It's frightening, because one always has the whole question of competence in one's mind, but the competence is really only the ability to explore. I wish the structure of the place were open enough to allow me to teach Physics one day. I know I could do it, because it's the same thing I've been doing all along.

There's another kind of fun, and that's the feeling of having explored something quite thoroughly."

Teaching as a sense of possessiveness is bad, because it's like a love affair; you cannot teach if you possess it because then it's yours and not theirs.

It's impossible to think even in terms of levels.

confessions of a male chauvinist

My sheets are post-impression paintings, from amorous abuse my poor member is like Dali's clock. The sun sank purple but I was insensible to it all. My eyes were eager for a braless bugaloo, my brain reeking of perfidious thoughts and glossy 8 x 10's, I headed down the road, the very mumbled words bid my worm seek the sun, but it was dark by now.

Once on the scene sophisticates and unknowing libertines glided by me, the means to ease the itch and rouse sweet guilt. To the races pink poney, are you still lame? With two tequillas beside me, my target for the night fell beneath the table, somehow lashing one of the drinks, complete with salt and lemon, into the back of her buxom mouth. I poured the other one down my pants pocket. "Have a seat, mon petite?" The seduction proceeded with such gems as I could coin - "Do you think an honest, purely sexual relationship possible? and, Want a ride home?"

Back at the den the candles flickered and the stereo played out of one speaker. She moaned and arched her dewy thighs, biting my lip I tried to explain that I had this thing, you know, and that..... Before I could really take stock of the situation I was crumpled in the corner with my shoe held as protection where the kickings best while she looked for my belt. When she would land a good one her breasts would quiver and I thought I could feel a twinge or perhaps a tingle, but before consciousness slipped away, like my lover, I realized the delusion of an over-excited imagination.

Papa Pig says it's rough all over
But won't you roll over Rover?
(written by a male Bard student)

After we recieved the above 'confession', we asked a member of Bard Women's Liberation to draft a reply, which follows:

I wouldn't teach any differently if I were teaching a graduate course at Yale or if I were teaching an undergraduate course at Slippery Rock State Teacher's College.

For everything I know, I'm paying with the compensatory thing that I don't know and that I won't see. The dentist knows everything about teeth, but when he looks at some pretty girl's face he's going to see her teeth before he sees her eyes. When a tailor looks at a man, he's looking at the man's suit first.

I don't think there is anything as a "Gay Liberation Front" in the sense that there is a Democratic Party, for instance. It's a spontaneous appearance of something that's going right now, a spiritual evolution and a psychic evolution. There will be much more of it, because for millions of years human beings have engaged in a desperate struggle to survive, so that the main concern was to reproduce one's species.

Childhood really came into it's own for
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ROVER REPLIES:

"A whole class of obscene jokes allows one to infer the presence of a concealed inclination to exhibitionism in their inventors; aggressive tendentious jokes succeed best in people in whose sexuality a powerful sadistic component is demonstrable, which is more or less inhibited in real life."

- Sigmund Freud
Jokes and Their Relation
To the Unconscious

The pertinence of Freud's statement to the preceding "Confession of a Male Chauvinist" is almost painfully obvious. I don't pretend to psychoanalyze the writer, but one can't ignore the sneaking suspicion that he is something more than a witty and dispassionate observer of male chauvinist attitudes. On one level, one can even admire his accuracy and knowledge on the subject of his parody.

But one does feel as if he were reading a real little show of exhibitionism. Not that I am not interested in the condition of his penis after "amorous (and I take it, self -) abuse" or the impressionistic nature of the stains on his sheets; but his embarrassingly candid parody of his suffering abuse by his own hands and at the hands of a kick-wielding possessor of "dewy thighs" is just too much. It is a little sad to see the sadistic element that runs through the "confession" in view of Freud's statement, but not surprising.

The success of the humor of the "confession" hangs on the fact that it is purportedly the work of a reformed or confessed male chauvinist. We are invited to see him as a drooling sex fiend and watch him get his come-uppance when, it seems, he "had this thing, you know" and the "races pink poney" was still lame. He is reduced to impotence, to his mind the final word in degradation for the man, and the poor guy can't even get a "twinge or perhaps a tingle" as she lands a good one "where they kicking's best". Papa Pig is saying a last appeal, "it's rough all over."

Perhaps the saddest thing is that Women's Lib, or rather, liberated women, really threaten this poor schmuck. (I use the term advisedly.) For this fantasy, his "delusion of an over-excited imagination" is that the cost of his real indemnification is his potency or his precious "pink poney" itself.

Tia Sutter

"how often does one have homosexual fantasies?"

People from the Wesleyan GLF visited here last Tuesday. A man from that group gave a brief description of what it's done since it started a few weeks ago. Then someone from Bard GLF gave a general discussion of sexism and the general homosexual revolution.

After the speeches, the group broke into smaller sections for consciousness-raising.

My group had six people. Two women. Everyone had to tell of an early homosexual experience. We were a little nervous at first, because most of us didn't know the other people in the group.

One person related a hitch-hiking experience. "I got picked up by fags before my liberating homophile experience. A guy in this raunchy old car, with greased-down black hair, a totally electric smirk, not too attractive -- I reacted very strangely -- I got in, spread my legs, putting one leg up on the drive shaft. He stared at my crotch. I got really up-tight. He wanted to go to bed with me. I took advantage of him by getting him to take me where I wanted to go. Then I decided to study homosexuality from a psychological view."

The other girl in the group told of an experience she had when she was ten. Her body was very mature for her age. She had two girl friends who were curious; they wondered if the same thing would happen to them too. She became an object for experimentation. The three of them had a very close relationship for about a year.

The next story was another hitch-hiking experience. "I got in the car and put my knapsack in the back seat. When I turned around, I noticed that he had 'gay power' buttons along the dashboard. My first reaction was, 'My God! When do I jump out?' I figured I'd just say no. He was a really nice guy. He got the message. We had a nice discussion for the rest of the trip. I kept my knapsack in my lap."

The Wesleyan visitor in our group had a relationship with a fifteen-year-old friend of his. It lasted until he felt guilty enough to walk out of it and never see his lover again.

Someone else told about a guy who tried to pick him up while he was sitting in the woods. This guy was the supermasculine type who grew aggressive when he didn't get what he wanted.

The last person told a story about a girl he knew very well as a friend. He was visiting her one day and they were in a room playing with each other, and her brother walked in. And he joined in the fun. But he definitely wasn't nearly as interested in his sister as in her boyfriend, who enjoyed the whole thing. Later, he slept with his girlfriend and then her brother.

Then we discussed the insights we had picked up from talking about these experiences. When we were just about finished, several people from some of the other groups joined our group.

"We've all been told you're not supposed to think this way."

"How often does one have homosexual fantasies?"

"In all my relationships, I've been relating much too abstractly. I push people into preconceptions of what they are, without finding out what they really are."

"Once upon a time, when I was really in love with a girl, I was relating on a most abstract level because I expected her to be a very close friend that I tripped with and

I wanted a lover, and I suggested that we carry it further than that and it totally blew her mind. It was one of those situations when you obviously know that the person wants to go to bed with you -- why wouldn't she?"

"A lot of girls when they find that a guy is gay -- say 'oh, what a shame. He's so good-looking,' because they can't have him."

"A woman could possess as much sexuality for a woman as for a man."

"Which is worse, reacting sexistly to people because you aren't attracted to them, or reacting sexistly by not relating to their human qualities, only physical ones?"

"I was hitching to Adolph's, and some guy in a big truck gave me a ride. He had black greased-back hair. He wanted me to go to Kingston with him. But he was obviously acting sexistly, and I reacted sexistly too, and didn't want to go with him. So he let me off at Adolph's."

"My homosexual response is extremely precarious and extremely limited -- very often men are attracted to me as a sexual object and I'm not interested in them for that reason. I can be interested in them as people but it doesn't work because they can't feel that way."



"I don't think sexual response comes from attractiveness. You have to get away from the thing of seeing people as sexual objects first."

After five hours of this, the rest of the meeting ended up in a small kitchen. Three incompetents made salad with lettuce and tomatoes, while a few other people sat talking.

"You're relating to yourself and you want to relate to the others -- but you are left alone. It's a now or never sort of thing and it becomes never."

"As you verbalize your thoughts, you get to see how far alone you are in thinking things through."

And the toast burned.

"You are constantly constructing every experience into a relationship with another experience -- this is as much a fantasy as any other wild trip."

"The males got into these intellectual things as though we were playing chess."

"Only a completely unbrainwashed male can ever re-order the revolution."

"I don't think women will ever get over the programming to be possessed and be taken care of."

"Lesbians are not so hung up on males

physically that they can be conditioned this way. Women, by being aware of each other, can rise above it."

"The day will come when the liberated male will relate to females on this other basis. The women in the women's liberation movement at Bard are enjoying their little game of pursuit -- your whole life means you're being made ready to win a man -- to keep him -- women need to find something from each other to overcome this. Liberated females will not liberate fucked-up males."

"But liberated males cannot liberate the females unless the females liberate themselves. Like parallel lines."

"After the women's liberation meetings, the most vocal women go back to their boyfriends. The women who lead women's liberation have steady boyfriends. They really think they're liberating their men."

"These girls are in a monogamous situation which is hard to relate to."

Someone poured Rosehip tea for everyone.

"There will be a new breed of men who will subvert the male myth -- women can force the men to approach them on a whole new level. They have these theories in their heads which dissipate at Adolph's."

"It's an ingrained part of you to be 'cute.'"

"That's why it has to come from the male side."

"The only men who have the consciousness are the homosexuals."

After this, the people who had stayed drifted off to bed, making comments about the energy of the meeting and the exciting people they had met.

The last two men from Wesleyan who hadn't left decided to stay on campus for the night.

Lydia Ayers, for the Observer

MUNDANITY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE

The Mundane Club is a serious organization dedicated to the preservation and advancement of man's natural mediocrity. Since our conception in the coffee shop last month we have grown by leaps and bounds. To this date, the Mundane Club has sponsored a Gala Artichoke Eating Party and a Bowling Night attended by 15 mediocre men and women. A fun time was had by all.

In structure, the club is a monarchy. King Tom I, whose real identity remains known only to a select, bored few, is our spiritual leader. Eric, James, Sylvia, Ian and Lou make up the rest of the royal court. When any three of these six children (not including Twinkle, resident sex symbol) get together, a meeting can be had. Meetings can be held anytime and anywhere, and anyone may attend. Everyone is in the Mundane Club!! But, as a general rule, meetings are held somewhere in Manor House, Thursdays at 8:00. If you can't find us, we'll find you.

Our as yet uncompleted platform is as follows:

1) The Coffee Shop must be changed to The Malt Shop, and real malt must be added to the shakes. Juke box and swivel chairs are optional.

2) All boys rooms are to be painted blue and all girls rooms pink.

These demands are non-negotiable.

Our future plans include a marshmallow roast and a shuffleboard - tiddly winks weekend festival. Also, sometime in the future, the Royal Court will abdicate and no one will rise to replace it - apathetic anarchy.

The Mundane Club sponsors some very interesting sub-divisions.

a) Short Peoples Lib - "Kick 'em in the shins!" Men: under 5'8" Women: under 5'2"
b) Tall Peoples Lib - "Stomp a shrimp today." Men: over 6'1" Women: over 5'6"
c) Vestal Virgins Society - any comers?
d) The James Gang - Hired Guns - Wear a red carnation - we'll find you.

Get your boredom together - Come to the Mundane Club - We promise to break before bedtime.

STATUS QUO!
FREE ROMAN HRUSKA!
THE MUNDANE CLUB.

Louis Silver

rev. davis: holy blues

Last Thursday evening, the Reverend Gary Davis played in the chapel to an SRO crowd from Bard and the "greater Bard area," in what was perhaps the freest-form religious observance that hall has seen since the demise of the Bard chapter of the Universal Life Church.

As in most of his recent concerts, Reverend Davis stayed mostly with religious tunes. (We understand, however, that at the informal reception following, the Reverend regaled the folks with some spectacularly un-religious material). While the guitar playing for his sacred numbers is generally subdued compared with his renowned rags and dance-tunes, he did let loose with a few sporty licks, the effect of which was not lost on the crowd. Apparently spurred on by the enthusiasm of the audience, he kept up a high energy level all evening, which is not always the case at his live appearances these days.

Besides his exciting singing, his good mood produced some highly entertaining and instructive preaching which, unfortunately was not easily audible throughout the hall.

But when he suggested that "If the shoe hurts your foot," you don't just bitch, but "take it off!" the audience heard -- and roared.

Two other high points of the evening were the playing of the Golden Melody Boys, Phil Terry and Richard Liebersohn (whose choice of material and length of set however seemed to make some of the audience, though not Rev. Davis, uncomfortable), and the Reverend's wife joining him on one song. Mrs. Davis remarked the following day on not having noticed many black students in the audience. This surprised, though it didn't dismay, her.

A thought along the same lines, though, that dismays me a little is the impression I got that some of the predominantly-white audience was there more to gawk and groove on this fellow who personified the Blind Black Blues-man mystique, than to really appreciate the music. This, however, may be a misreading of some of the behavior I saw, coupled with a tenuous comparison of the current vogue to page five



The reaction of the community to Kurosawa's *Yojimbo* reflects something about the way people respond to films. When you think about the films that outrage and offend, you find yourself making a catalogue of fine movies. You might easily say "What good work of art doesn't offend somebody" but the fact remains that pretty nearly the only movies that offend people are good ones. When a piece of junk like *The Dirty Dozen* comes out, audiences respond to the blood and guts, World War II heroism. When a brilliant work of art like *Bonnie and Clyde* comes out, it is time for the New York Times to do an editorial on violence, and for conservative politicians to call for tougher censorship laws.

Yojimbo is a film which works out of the tradition of the Western. Kurosawa has expressed his admiration for the films of John Ford. The film, however, is subversive and ironical towards that tradition even while it constitutes a celebration of it. This dual trend, irony and seriousness, humor and brutality, is a uniquely contemporary phenomenon. It is a way of dealing with the incongruity of our experience. In a sense the film is a series of deliberate incongruities.

Yet if Kurosawa is satirizing the Western, he simultaneously is celebrating the almost Nietzschean power of its central character. Toshiro Mifune, the protagonist of virtually all of Kurosawa's films, is an

AKIRA KUROSAWA'S

Yojimbo

actor capable of great delicacy and subtlety. Here he is sheer animal vitality, or to put it more pretentiously, a force of nature. The tradition of liberal good-guy heroes exemplified by Gary Cooper in *High Noon* (a thoroughly "constructive" and also thoroughly dead film) is obliterated by the first close-up of Mifune's scowling face. His whole attractiveness lies in his contempt for liberal pieties and civilized norms. In this film Kurosawa and Mifune appear to "go too far", but sometimes you have to know that going too far is actually going just far enough.

A number of people expressed the idea that the film is justifying murder and violence. I think that that is mistaken. The film justifies the principle of force, it glorifies action and grace, and as such it is probably a pretty immoral film. What is heroic about the hero is not a matter of mere proficiency with the sword, it is a matter of going it alone and acting out a personal sense of style. Mifune destroys the gangs because he is insulted by them.

They offend his aesthetic sense. The introduction of the gun, the reference to the samurai's growing older, and the whole sense of disintegration throughout the film, indicate that the era when fighting is an index of skill, grace or honor, is ending. The samurai is the last remnant of an older era. The gun presages a time when death will be democratically available to everyone. The mechanics of modern warfare will ultimately render the samurai's code as meaningless. But Kurosawa, a product of the 20th century though he is, has a nagging respect and affection for this kind of individualized and personalized whirlwind.

The fact that Kurosawa laughs and mocks death and heroics makes his films difficult to respond to. Generally we want representatives of a more civilized, earnest, liberal order. But *Yojimbo* demolishes those categories. As Pauline Kael noted about another Kurosawa film, "Action is all, but that is enough."

Larry Gross

IN THE AUTUMN OF MY MADNESS



Savoy Brown may be the perfect prototype for a rock group. Their five albums, including the latest, *Looking In*, have been dedicated to blues music, no hype, no unnecessary noise. The group is gifted with having some of the finest musicians in the business. Kim Simmond, the lead guitarist, just stands there and plays. He doesn't jump around a lot, or continuously go to the amps and fiddle with the knobs to make it look like he knows what he's doing. His riffs are technically superb and above all, interesting. Tone Stevens plays bass and he's got to have the patience of a saint. He's one person who's content to stand in the background and throw out one basic blues line after another, apparently without getting tired or bored.

Vocally the new album is without Chris Youlden, who has left the group. Youlden was always the one who added the flair, who performed in a top hat and racoon coat, who rambled around the stage, and who was the soul of the great Savoy Brown boogie. If you never saw them live with Youlden, you can hear a live boogie on Side two of *A Step Further*. Their boogie makes Canned Heat sound like Paul Revere and the Raiders. But with Youlden gone, and the boogie apparently dead, Lonesome Dave is handling the vocals. He's not as exciting or original as Youlden, but then again, neither is the rest of the group. Lonesome Dave did handle the vocals on Side two of *Blue Matter*, also recorded live, and *Louisiana Blues* from that side is a modern day rock classic, or should be. And to round out the group, Roger Earl is a good drummer, and is one of the few who can handle a solo without getting annoying.

Obviously, I like Savoy Brown, and as far as the new album goes, I like that too. They are a bit different sans Youlden, but it gives Simmond a chance to display his talents for a change. I would have to say,

though, that *A Step Further* still stands as their best album, but on any given day any one of the other four may hit you harder. They're that good.

Santana, like Savoy Brown, is dedicated to one form of music, Latin, which just isn't found anywhere else in the rock field. On the first album, there was a lot of high-energy, super-charged rhythm work which carried almost all of the material, and just a few hints were given to the talents of Carlos Santana, the guitarist, or Gregg Rolle, the organist. The second album, *Abraxas*, is more mellow, more professional, but still right in the middle of the Latin vein. They apparently took a lot more time in preparing this album. The conga drummers have slowed down a bit, and their music reflects more soul and less methadrene. The songs are more directly Spanish and the one song written by Tito Puente (very big among Spanish-speaking people in New York. Probably the first time rock freaks have heard the name), *Oye Come Va*, is the best cut on the album. Gregg Rolle, who is white and from Seattle, I think, writes songs that are more rock and less Latin, but he is an excellent organist and the rhythm section seems to fall-right in. Carlos Santana is a competent guitarist whose versatility, though not obvious here, can be heard on the second, live, *Bloomfield-Kooper* album.

In general, I get the feeling that the group can do more, and eventually all their stored up energy is just going to explode out of your speakers and drive you out of your mind. If you haven't been impressed yet, have patience. Sometimes it takes three or four tries before a group can feel comfortable in a studio. In the meantime, I suggest getting into the music they've got down already so you'll be prepared for the explosion.

Louis Silver

Yet...but all this is untrue of me. I want to marry my deceased wife's sister. I am prepared to prove that your authorized system of medicine is nothing but a debased survival of witchcraft. Your schools are machines for forcing spurious learning on children in order that your universities may stamp them out as educated men when they have finally lost all power to think for themselves. The tall silk hats and starched linen shirts which you force me to wear and without which I cannot successfully practise as a physician, clergyman, schoolmaster, lawyer or merchant are inconvenient, unsanitary, ugly, pompous and offensive. Your temples are devoted to a God in whom I do not believe; and even if I did believe in him I would still regard your popular forms of worship as only redeemed from gross superstition by their obvious insincerity. Science teaches me that my proper food is good bread and good fruit: your boasted food supply offers me cows and pigs instead. Your care for my health consists in tapping the common sewer, with its deadly typhoid gases, into my house, besides discharging its contents into the river, which is my natural bath and fountain. Under color of protecting my person and property you forcibly take my money to support an army of soldiers and policemen for the execution of barbarous and detestable laws: for the waging of wars which I abhor; and for the subjection of my person to those legal rights of property which compel me to sell myself for a wage to a class the maintenance of which I hold to be the greatest evil of our time. Your tyranny makes my very individuality a hindrance to me: I am outdone and outbred by the mediocre, the docile, the time-saving. Evolution under such conditions means degeneracy: therefore I demand the abolition of all these officious compulsions, and proclaim myself an Anarchist.

written to be refuted, G. B. Shaw, 1893

carl black

from page 3

the first time in the nineteenth century, when there was a great obsession with one's own personal past: Rousseau, of course, makes a big point with his childhood and his youth. But, on the whole, the attitude was that you had children in order to propagate your family.

Today we've reached the stage where the question of propagation of the species is surpassed. If anything, the question is how to limit the species. Okay, you have a function which is sexual which is after all the most dynamic and efficacious of human contacts because this is the great source of energy, which made the species come through hell and high water. And suddenly you're left with this function, this dynamo of human energy, of human relationship minus its function to a great extent. So the big struggle at this point will be the transformation of that human will to contact and relate to other people, which minus its biological function must be recreated in something else. The last thing man would want to do is get rid of it because it's too powerful and useful as a sheer source of human energy. But it has to be given whole new sets of motivation and it has to be transformed from a biological function into a spiritual will.

Real revolution is not a political revolution, a social revolution, or an economic revolution, that's all going on now. But much more fundamental is the sexual revolution because that is really getting down to a struggle that man has to cope with, that requires the whole restructur-

ing of society, of behaviour, of the relationship of every human being to every other human being."

Lydia Ayers

The first cracker bakery in the country was built in 1792 by Theodore Pearson in Newburyport, Mass. In commemoration of this event, National Cracker Bakery Solidarity Day will be observed by Students, Street People, and Cracker Lovers from sea to crumbly sea on January Twelfth, 1971. Help build the cracker front!

Holy Blues

from page four

of rural singers, both black and white, with the popularity of "protest" singers ten years ago.

In any case, let me not end on an unfavorable note the account of an evening that was a joy from start to finish; this was a rare and valuable event for Bard, and I think that the organization which provided the money and hospitality to make it possible deserves the community's warm thanks. This was, of all groups, the LIT. Club! Good to see that some folks are actively extending the bounds of their declared field of interest.

Michael Bresler

6 This is the first half of the Educational Policies Committee recommendations to the Divisional Evaluation Committees. They are based on students' written evaluation forms distributed by EPC, as late in the term as was possible, to the teachers' classes of this and last semester. The following ratings are based on a 1-5 number scale. EPC has found that 4.5+ is excellent, 4.0-4.5 good, 3.5-4.0 moderate, 3.0-3.5 mediocre, and below 3.0 poor. The written recommendations are based on the ratings and on comments written on the forms. Copies of all documents considered will soon be on reserve in the library. If you disagree with these summaries, and want to testify, contact immediately the Divisional Evaluation Committees.

1 He/she is always very well prepared for class.

Settle	4.87
Libbin	4.80
Yarden	4.75
O'Reilly	4.54
Karageorge	4.34
Brandstein	4.18
Miller	4.12
La Farge	3.98
Tieger	3.94
Seif	3.50

2 He/she uses techniques which increase comprehension of the subject matter.

Libbin	4.54
Settle	4.53
O'Reilly	4.00
Yarden	3.96
Tieger	3.71
Karageorge	3.62
La Farge	3.53
Miller	3.45
Seif	3.25
Brandstein	3.11

3 His/Her teaching is not boring.

Settle	4.69
Libbin	4.67
Yarden	4.43
O'Reilly	4.23
Tieger	4.07
Karageorge	3.90
Miller	3.64
Brandstein	3.62
La Farge	3.51
Seif	3.25

4 He/she is readily available for consultation.

Brandstein	4.50
Yarden	4.47
Libbin	4.44
Miller	4.37
O'Reilly	4.27
Karageorge	4.21
Settle	4.21
Tieger	4.20
La Farge	4.12
Seif	2.50

5 His/her classroom manner is effective (clear, dynamic, etc.)

Settle	4.72
Libbin	4.62
O'Reilly	4.37
Yarden	4.10
Tieger	3.73
Miller	3.66
Karageorge	3.52
La Farge	3.41
Seif	3.41
Brandstein	3.32

6 If he/she taught another course in a subject of interest to you, would you choose to take it?

Settle	4.52
Libbin	4.33
Yarden	4.18
Tieger	4.07
O'Reilly	4.04
La Farge	3.74
Karageorge	3.43
Seif	3.41
Brandstein	3.28
Miller	3.02

7 If it were possible to do so, would you want to do a project or independent work with him/her?

Settle	4.15
Yarden	4.11
Libbin	3.72
Tieger	3.69
O'Reilly	3.65
La Farge	3.62
Brandstein	3.17
Karageorge	3.10
Seif	3.09
Miller	2.90

8 The readings and assignments are well selected.

Settle	4.32
Yarden	4.27
Karageorge	4.18
Libbin	4.16
Tieger	3.93
La Farge	3.89
Brandstein	3.76
O'Reilly	3.75
Miller	3.50
Seif	3.11

9 He/She provides adequate direction for the class.

Settle	4.68
Yarden	4.40
Libbin	4.39
O'Reilly	4.11
Tieger	3.96
Miller	3.94
Karageorge	3.46
La Farge	3.43
Seif	3.18
Brandstein	3.10

10 He/She is on time for class.

Miller	5.00
O'Reilly	4.98
Libbin	4.97
Settle	4.92
Karageorge	4.92
La Farge	4.89
Seif	4.55
Yarden	4.53
Tieger	4.47
Brandstein	4.41

11 He/She is interested in the material he/she is teaching.

Settle	4.97
Libbin	4.86
Yarden	4.82
Brandstein	4.76
Tieger	4.61
O'Reilly	4.60
Miller	4.58
Karageorge	4.42
La Farge	4.16
Seif	3.25

12 He/she is enthusiastic about his teaching.

Settle	4.90
Libbin	4.72
O'Reilly	4.65
Yarden	4.62
Brandstein	4.36
Karageorge	4.14
Tieger	3.98
Miller	3.79
La Farge	3.73
Seif	2.75

13 He/she relates material of the course to broader contexts of ideas.

Settle	4.79
Libbin	4.45
O'Reilly	4.27
Yarden	4.22
Brandstein	4.11
Tieger	3.94
Karageorge	3.55
La Farge	3.53
Seif	3.45
Miller	3.04

14 His/her comments on assignments, papers and classwork are valuable.

La Farge	4.47
Libbin	4.27
Yarden	4.25
Settle	4.15
O'Reilly	4.03
Tieger	3.80
Brandstein	3.68
Karageorge	3.41
Seif	3.50
Miller	3.05

15 He/She comments valuably on critique sheets.

La Farge	4.75
Settle	4.50
Libbin	4.50
Yarden	4.41
O'Reilly	4.40
Brandstein	4.18
Karageorge	4.15
Tieger	3.93
Seif	3.67
Miller	3.47

16 His/her exams and papers are learning experiences which are valuable.

Yarden	4.52
Settle	4.32
Brandstein	4.27
Libbin	4.04
Karageorge	3.97
Tieger	3.92
Seif	3.63
La Farge	3.56
O'Reilly	3.16
Miller	2.74

17 He/She encourages questions and is willing to use class time to clarify problems.

Settle	4.85
O'Reilly	4.84
Yarden	4.80
Karageorge	4.80
La Farge	4.60
Brandstein	4.55
Tieger	4.55
Libbin	4.52
Miller	4.36
Seif	4.30

EVALUATIONS

brandstein

Because of the complexities of this particular case, Mr. Brandstein's recommendation has been one of the more difficult ones that the committee has had to make. On one hand, Mr. Brandstein's strictly academic work, his courses in Primitive Literature, American Literature, Literature Between the Wars, and Narrative Modes, has not been greatly successful. Students emphasized his difficulties in controlling the class, e.g. keeping discussions together, providing adequate direction, or presenting material effectively. Students were not, as a whole, enthusiastic about taking other courses with him. However, their opinion was extremely strong, almost unanimously favorable, on questions of interpersonal relations, availability, enthusiasm, and acceptance of new ideas. Some felt his academic work would improve, but everyone who worked with him on an individual basis, especially in the Inner College, was very fond of him and felt he was a valuable asset to the community.

EPC feels that this decision could not be made solely on the basis on the evaluations we received, our usual policy, but due to the problems Mr. Brandstein has encountered since his arrival at Bard, other factors had to be taken into consideration.

Mr. Brandstein was hired through the Equal Opportunities Program as a specialist in folklore and mythology. The special circumstances of his hiring and the uniqueness of his field at Bard have clearly been a disadvantage rather than an asset in terms of his position within the Division. At first he was given a short-notice and very little time to prepare his courses. He has repeatedly been teaching in large classroom situations though it was clear from the outset that his methods were geared to small groups in which he was successful.

The Bard Language and Literature Division has always maintained rigid and well-outlined standards for literature. Folklore and mythology clearly did not fit within the confines of this definition. Apparently it was difficult for many faculty members to accept these subjects as valid and worthwhile. The consequences for a teacher working under such unfavorable conditions, can be, and were for Mr. Brandstein, rather dramatic. There is no doubt that Mr. Brandstein does not work well in the formal classroom structure of Bard but because of the obstacles he has encountered within the division it is difficult to specify to what degree these problems have caused his teaching to suffer and to what degree these are his own weaknesses. Clearly, his Narrative Modes class, which he was not hired to teach, falls into the former category.

Although serious difficulties may have affected Mr. Brandstein's teaching, the contrast between his work in the Inner College or on a personal level and his work in the classroom is quite pronounced. It does not indicate, by any means, that Mr. Brandstein is a bad teacher for it may be that classroom set-ups are not a good way to teach. However, if Mr. Brandstein were simply re-hired he would be teaching regular courses again which EPC feels would be a mistake. We feel that Mr. Brandstein should have the opportunity to continue the successful work he has been doing on the level of small groups. We therefore recommend that Mr. Brandstein be granted a special one-year terminal contract to teach full-time in the Inner College. We further specify that Mr. Brandstein's right to evaluation at the end of the year be written into the contract so that should his work there continue to be outstanding a possibility for continuation would not be eliminated.

karageorge

Mr. Karageorge is not recommended for tenure. While there are some favorable responses to him, there is no wide enthusiasm for his teaching. He appears to be an adequate transmitter of knowledge and ideas but fails to generate creative excitement. He receives consistent ratings of

satisfying life-long only excellent student facts Karame, discussion

In his courses with evaluation only: al sen be given evaluation record of the student clarity class ' or 'ex An eq mostly excitir

The general Retro who fe

He/She does not get angry when a student disagrees with him/her.

Settle	4.89
La Farge	4.80
Libbin	4.78
Yarden	4.60
O'Reilly	4.53
Brandstein	4.50
Tieger	4.46
Karageorge	4.38
Seif	4.34
Miller	4.33

The teacher is responsive and open to questions.

Settle	4.90
Libbin	4.82
La Farge	4.79
O'Reilly	4.77
Yarden	4.60
Brandstein	4.59
Tieger	4.51
Karageorge	4.40
Seif	4.20
Miller	4.14

It is not possible to get by in this course without learning.

Settle	4.48
La Farge	4.30
Libbin	4.20
Yarden	4.17
O'Reilly	4.00
Brandstein	3.76
Tieger	3.68
Karageorge	3.63
Seif	3.26
Miller	3.17

He/she is flexible in assignments and responds to students' suggestions about the course.

Settle	4.90
Libbin	4.77
Yarden	4.69
Brandstein	4.50
La Farge	4.42
Tieger	4.42
Seif	4.30
Karageorge	4.28
O'Reilly	4.19
Miller	3.09



to good, but EPC feels that a ching position at Bard should n to those who are clearly ex- prisingly low percentage of rt to do a project or independ- th him. Another significant frequent complaint that Mr. s condescending towards wo- is prejudice emerges in class nd that it intimidates and ali- of his women students.

ntialism and Structuralism sponse was moderate and tement. Only 8 of the 21 labored on his teaching, : these were more than sever- and only one urged that he re. (Only two of the 51 ollected on Mr. Karageorge d that he be re-hired.) Most m came from upper college felt that "organization, ion are lacking," that the hat "no special techniques" liscussions" have occurred. iber of favorable reactions, reshmen, felt that he was an municative, effective teacher.

eling in his Le Temps se, despite several students "excellent," is that it is

"not unusual or especially stimulating." His Basic French classes from last term and this term differed markedly. Last semester there was "nothing special about him," "he has little imagination in teach- ing the course and does not challenge the student at all," "he is a good man and a mediocre teacher -- does not generate creative energy -- but is completely ade- quate in transmitting material." Too many students felt his traditional mode of teaching was not successful and that they did not learn enough. This year it is his most successful class, though this is based on only four replies. "It's very hard to make a basic language class interesting. But he does an excellent job to alleviate that boredom." Students appreciate his concentration on the actual speaking and use of the language.

la farge

EPC does not recommend rehiring or tenure for Mr. La Farge. In the evalua- tions, nobody could quite agree what is wrong with his classes. It appears that he could be an excellent teacher, but that he just isn't working very hard at it. This is born out by the strong num- ber of people who said that he is "sensi- tive and knowledgeable" and at the same

time the rather surprising number of people who complained about his "lack of preparation for class." He is com- mended for being a sensitive advisor and criticized for his lack of enthusiasm in class.

His point ratings were consistently in the range of 3.4-4.8, with no average scores of 5.0.

In his required courses (Lyric and Narra- tive Modes, Divisional Seminar) he is considered to be an adequate teacher. Some of the blame for the lack of ex- citement in the classes was attributed to the material. "The material didn't let him show his talents." Some said the class lacked depth and that they were not learning enough.

His Development of the Novel was the most favorable. Here his classroom techniques were commended, showing that when he does make an effort, it is well received. "Sensitive, but not aggres- sive."

Romantic Imagination received a variety of responses. Complaints concerned lack of structure, lack of enthusiasm and direction, some said he was not prepared, "not creative."

The many positive comments stressed his ability as an advisor, the breadth of his knowledge. He is helpful, tolerant and sensitive.

In light of these comments, it might be well for Mr. La Farge to examine his commitment to teaching, since he ob- viously has ability which he is not using.

libbin

EPC strongly recommends that Richard Libbin be rehired. His overall ratings are the second highest of all the teachers being evaluated. His History of the Human Body course is one of the most popular this term: of 76 returned forms, 66 looked forward to going to class, 3 didn't, and 7 didn't reply -- an exception- al rating for Bard. It is pertinent, how- ever, to keep in mind that this course is almost entirely non-major and should be weighed as such.

His Evolution was overwhelmingly posi- tive and this class is over half biology majors. He is clearly interested in and available to his students. He asks for student suggestions and is extremely open and sensitive to student needs. Several have strongly praised him, urging that he be rehired. Last term his Gener- al Biology and Biology of Mammals re- ceived very favorable ratings and com- ment. His classroom technique of using analogies, relating the subject to every- day life, his interest in the topics and communicating it to the students, were praised.

miller

Mr. Miller is regarded as a knowledgeable and competent man. He has strong per- sonal convictions and is often closed to new ideas. Ideally, this would not mean anything in judging his performance as a teacher. Unfortunately, he does not per- mit this separation. He brings his per- sonality into the classroom to such a great extent that he intimidates or infur- iates a lot of his students. While his teaching is considered good by some of his students, too many of his students react negatively to his teaching and his classes. Therefore, EPC does not recom- mend Mr. Miller for re-hiring. EPC feels that Mr. Miller is much better suited to a small highly specialized group of stu- dents, i.e., a graduate school.

o'reilly

7

EPC recommends the rehiring of Mr. O'Reilly. His overall totals are very high, indicating a positive response on the part of the students to his teaching. "If a sincere student wishes to learn about research psychology, he could ask for no better and helpful teacher than Ed. O'Reilly." A high number would choose to take another course with him, he provides adequate direction for his classes, is enthusiastic about his teaching, encourages questions, and particularly commended for his dynamic presentation.

seif

EPC cannot recommend the re-hiring of Mr. Seif on the basis of the evaluations received. He has done poorly, although this finding is based on only twelve re- plies. No one disputes that he is bright and knows his subject very well. Part of the problem might be that his students frequently cut class and do not keep up with the work. But more significantly, it is his involvement and dedication to teaching. "I don't think that he likes teaching and his students well enough to become a Bard fixture. I think we could and should get somebody who would be more into teaching and responding to students." Admittedly, mathematics may be methodical and dry, that it is not one of the more popular Bard sub- jects, yet EPC feels that teachers should be clearly into teaching.

settle

EPC strongly recommends Mary Lee Settle for tenure.

Miss Settle received the highest evaluation of any teacher this semester. She received uniformly excellent evaluations from all her classes; is an effective teacher for both upper and lower college students, majors and non-majors. In the composite aver- ages, she received no gradings below 4.0, with a good proportion over 4.5.

In the Structure of the Novel course all of the previous comments are true. Singled out for particular comment are Mary Lee's intelligence, vitality, sensitivity, and know- ledge. Also commended were her class- room techniques of breaking the class into small groups for discussion, holding indi- vidual conferences with each student, sensi- tive advising, her patience, and her lack of intimidating qualities. All the students feel they are learning from her. She seems to do extremely well with freshmen.

Narrative Modes averaged a shade lower than the Novel course, but this is consis- tent with the general pattern of lower evaluations for Narrative Modes. Again, her techniques in the classroom were com- mended for variety and ingenuity, her in- telligence and rather broad and deep intel- lectual concerns were mentioned. Some students felt that breadth to be unneces- sary, most found it rewarding.

In her Stendhal major conference, the only question that received a grading be- low 4.5 was her availability for consulta- tion. Part of this may be due to the fact that she is here only 3½ days of the week. No other group remarked on this. Beyond that, this class ranked her superlatively in every respect.

tieger

EPC had a difficult time in making a recommendation for Mr. Tieger. In general, Mr. Tieger comes out as a very competent and adequate teacher. But this average rating consists of some ex-

tieger and yarden cont'd. p. 9

BARD LANDS

Progress on campus:

A month ago I addressed the Long Range Planning Committee about ecological land-use planning at Bard. I made two important points: that development at Bard should take into consideration factors of local and regional ecology as well as engineering and financial considerations, and that the wilder portions of the Bard property should be set aside now as a nature preserve to remain minimally disturbed and undeveloped in perpetuity. Studies of water resources, vegetation and wildlife would show which portions of the property (especially where forested) would be most valuable for preservation. Discussion was good and feelings most favorable. The president said that this was the first time environmental conservation had been discussed by the committee, and he thought that this would initiate a new era of planning at Bard. I was very encouraged by this meeting, and I feel that this is an important step, with the reservation that it is not always easy to adjust development and preservation even when everyone is trying.

The Natural History club has ordered some very useful books which will be available to interested persons. These include books by Rodale on nutrition and organic farming, the Living World series on local mammals (such as The World of the White-Tailed Deer), and Colin Fletcher's The Complete Walker, a guide to hiking and backpacking. Two books on nutrition by Adelle Davis have already arrived. In addition, in conjunction with Bard Women's Liberation, we have ordered copies of the McGill Birth Control Handbook (illustrated for free distribution.

The Natural Foods Co-op is open about 10-4 on weekdays. They would very much like to have the emptied cans, jars and bags returned for re-use, and not have to breed waste by buying new containers.

The Bard Infirmary would like to clean and re-use their medicine bottles. They may be taken directly to the Infirmary, or put in the collection box in the free store (Potter basement). (The free store is out of stock! Don't you have books, clothing, furniture etc. that you no longer use? share with the community and help make buying and stealing obsolete.)

Paper recycling at Bard is not dead. An agreement was reached with B&G to use some of the "garbage" cans in each building for collecting wastepaper - where these cans have been set up. They are clearly labeled, and everybody's cooperation in separating the trash will be appreciated. The salvaged paper goes to Hudson where it is reprocessed. This helps reduce the need to cut trees for pulp and also the stream contamination, air pollution, and other notorious environmental insults of the paper mills. In our coming "space-ship" economy, garbage will be a resource, not a waste. Let's start considering this now - please help. If you segregate all types of paper and cardboard that is clean and dry, and put it in the recycling cans, it will be used again instead of fouling the land at the dump. Plastics, styrofoam, cigarettes, and so on thrown carelessly in the recycling cans make messy work for those of us who are managing the recycling. If you do not live in a dorm you can bring your paper to the special paper cans, in the back corner of the gar-



bage enclosure next to Hegeman back entrance; please cover cans tightly to keep the paper dry.

A plot for an organic garden is being prepared between Blithewood Road and the Sleeper house. The garden will be planted in the spring, to have late-harvesting produce next fall. If you want to learn about organic gardening, or just help with the digging and composting, get in touch with Michael Rivlin.

"...one sees that the open space, food,

population, and pollution crises are inextricably tied up with urban decay, poverty, crime and war. It doesn't make sense to squabble over which crisis is most urgent. The practice of trying to tackle problems one by one is both obsolete and ecologically unsound."

(from The User's Guide to the Protection of the Environment, Paul Swatek, Ballantine/Friends of the Earth, paper .95.)

Erik Kiviat

leeches

from page 1

their contract and also violating the copyright laws that always seem to work to the advantage of the industry. Bootlegging is not a simple act of stealing tapes and releasing them illegally: from what Mitch understands of this particular record company, several of the upper-echelon executives make a habit of stealing tapes to sell to another small outfit, such as the one in Harlem, for their own personal aggrandizement. Then the company attempts to sue the pants off the artist for "breach of contract." Mitch has a good word to describe this business -- "corrupt."

This significance of this sort of action in the music world is enormous. It affects, as Mitch says, primarily the young, inexperienced, idealistic artist, who has no idea of the tricky ways of the companies. If Mitch's story were an exception it would hardly be worth the attention I am giving it. It is, however, the rule of the industry and it affects many hundreds of unknown artists who will never be heard. As it turned out, Mitch was released from his contract after the fights became too exhausting for them to be profitable to the company. Mitch says he fought the intentions of the advertising and production departments with the end result being his having a reputation as a rebel or misfit. His release from the contract could not have suited him better -- he wonders what the quality of his music would be now, if he still had to contend with the "commercializing" effect of the company.

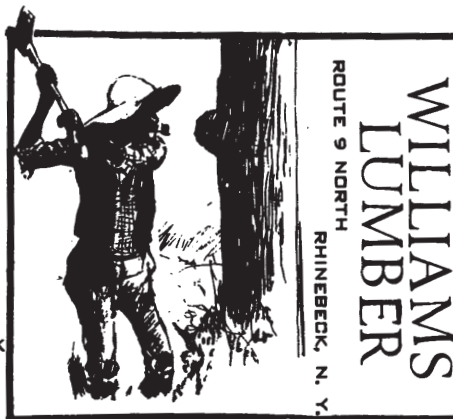
At the moment, Mitch has "only" to deal with the company's extra-slick legal department. They visited him at Bard several weeks ago -- a couple of corporation lawyers in double-breasted pin-striped suits with pink shirts and psychedelic ties with peace medallions -- to formally present him with the suit.

They were only in their late 20's, doped-up, and at least from their outwards appearance, quite "hip-looking." But to use Mitch's words, they were "pigs" all the way, only "jive." His next court hearing is next month in the City.

The lesson that can be learned from this is quite obvious -- the record companies can by no means be considered a friend of the culture. Quite bluntly, they are an enemy for they leech off the culture and our people for their own benefit. No one profits from their action except a few select presidents and executives. Culturally we are degraded and harmed. The alternatives are not obvious -- for the simple reason that not enough energy has been directed towards this all-important problem. Hopefully, our people will devote an increasing amount of their time towards solving this contradiction; our music, our life-line, is in the control and at the mercy of blood-suckers and exploiters. The results of this contradiction are all too evident -- death (Janis and Jimi only most recently), addiction among rock and jazz people, growing outrageous album prices that are soon to rise even

higher, "festivals" that are no more than a crass exploitation of the culture, the ever-expanding "star" system that makes and breaks musicians according to money-making potential, and much more, too much to deal with in this article alone. With our music out of the hands of the corporate parasites, we would witness a burst of creativity that would put what we are now experiencing to shame. And that is something to work for.

Dana Ahlgren



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letters...

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continued

9

To the Editor:

Perhaps one of the most difficult tasks undertaken by a prospective young actor is the obliteration of his inhibitions. When a reviewer fails to be sensitive to this upon viewing a play the actor becomes his scapegoat. I was really appalled by the puerility of the critique of "Antony and Cleopatra" in last week's Observer and offended by its implications. First of all, it is necessary for the critic to offer constructive criticism where failure is obvious so that these flaws have little chance of being repeated. Ripping apart an actor's performance and then hypocritically rebuilding it is neither beneficial to the reviewer nor, more importantly, the actor. I doubt very much that this shell of a critic actually knows the difficulties and pitfalls involved in putting on a play successfully, for she summed up her critique of "Antony and Cleopatra" by saying it was "nice." My apologies to the actors and production people who were at the mercy of that superfluous reviewer.

Leslie Pearlstein

Dear Sir:

Recently, I received a publication from the College which included among the many items of interest, a listing of various campus clubs and organizations. May I say that many of us are saddened to find no mention of The Welcome The Bomb Committee. Perhaps, you are not aware that this fine organization has been recognized as an official Bard College organization since 1962. In that year and for some time thereafter, TWTBC flourished. In the December 3, 1962 edition of your paper there was a story dealing with the effect of the Cuban crisis upon the Com-

mittee's national policy of "Welcome, Welcome, Welcome!"

After our time at Bard, many of us continued to bring the message of The Welcome The Bomb Committee to nonbelievers throughout the world. Even today, there is a great demand for members of the Committee to fill speaking engagements. While it is true that the Test Ban Treaty hampered our activities, the persisting threat of Bomb Use has served to sustain our faith.

Of course, we realize that the years must change the College, that new student generations are not always like the old, but there is still an Art Club, right? We sincerely trust that soon, some right thinking Bard student will pick up the fallen standard of this once mighty Committee and teach all who may have forgotten that The Bomb must be Welcome at Bard, especially in times such as these.

Very truly yours,
for The Welcome The Bomb Committee,

Richard Greener '63

Dear Sirs:

Picked up the Observer to relax into the afternoon (I am not an avid Wednesday-night-dinner reader of the Observer; I let it lie around and it gets read). Looked for the Midnight Rambler, wondered an instant and passed on to Quebec and Narrative Modes, both of which I shall leave alone.

Okay. They've changed Apfelbaum's energies in the creation of the paper. They've taken his pen away from him... many things I found myself strongly dif-

fering with in his column, but he was always a pleasure to read.

"Access" calls the purpose of the column as being "to provide a personalized view of things." Might I be so bold (and academic) as to suggest it is much more than that. John Dryden said the primary purpose of drama is to "delight and instruct." Oddly enough, I feel the objectives of a newspaper are the same, especially one such as yours. The Rambler always delighted me, in the broadest sense of the word -- which Dryden intended. And, if not instructing in THE way, it was always "food for thought."

Before you begin soliciting "suggestions as to how to do something alone that line,"

I'd like a fuller explanation of the death of the Midnight Rambler. I heard something about a questionnaire on the paper in one of the issues last month -- and twenty responses. If that is your explanation please refrain from speaking of justice and fairness in the name of the Observer.

What are you referring to when you say, "Hopefully this will be 'lively and entertaining' and vent various people's frustrations."? Has Bard College witnessed its own brand of political corruption among the students?

You felt maybe Columbia University was stepping on your toes?

James Lubarr

tieger and yarden cont'd.

tremely positive evaluations and some negative ones. Mr. Tieger is a very knowledgeable man who brings a wide range of personal experiences with him. He does an excellent job in a small, specialized class situation. However, the Sociology Department at Bard consists of only two professors, thereby creating a need for somewhat larger and more diversified classes (i.e., The Afro-American). In line with EPC's firm stand on tenure decisions, it was felt that we could not recommend Mr. Tieger for tenure.

yarden

EPC strongly recommends Elie Yarden for tenure.

There was a big difference between the evaluations of him by majors and those by non-majors. His main problem seems to be that because of his intelligence and

deep involvement with the subject he tends to teach above the level of the class. Although the majors recognized this as well as the non-majors, they all felt that they had learned from him. Some of the majors found him boring and ineffective as the result of the level of his teaching.

Mr. Yarden's evaluations show that he is extremely open to questions and willing to clarify problems. He is very helpful and readily available as an advisor. Despite the aforementioned problem with his teaching, many students comment that he is an exceptionally good teacher and valuable to the department. For some students he is their main reason for remaining in the music department.

He is an asset to the school as a whole through his active interest in student affairs and especially because of his work with the Collegium Musicum which has encouraged musical performance by both majors and non-majors.

Ellie Aimone, Francois Caillierec, Ruth Hirsch, Francis Koschir, Knight Landesman, Joe LeMonnier, Liz Mann, Bob Mayer, Frank Weinberg, John Yau.
Ruth Danon, David Schardt, Lis Semel: Senate Co-ordinators.

The second half follows next week.

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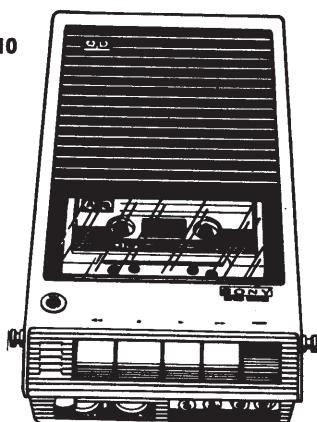
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SAN JOSE, Calif. (LNS) -- "It's time to draw the line," thundered Nixon over national TV the night before elections. "Violence...blah...permissiveness...blah...lawlessness...blah...youth...blah...prisoner in the White House...blah...San Jose."

In a little guerrilla theater of his own, Nixon went to San Jose with his silver screen sidekicks Ronald Reagan and George Murphy Oct. 29 to stage a show-down with the low-down, no-good crazy radicals. The Fearless Fascist walked into a barrage of eggs, rocks and bottles, just to chalk up a few more last-minute votes for repression, racism and recession.

TUSCALOOSA, Ala. (LNS) -- Charles Grimm, a well-known student radical at the University of Alabama campus here, has turned out to be an FBI informer. The revelation was made by three ACLU lawyers who are defending many of the students arrested during last May's national student strike in Tuscaloosa. Grimm admitted to being an agent for both the FBI and the Tuscaloosa police department.

In a trial statement, the ACLU lawyers said that Grimm had told them that his roles in subverting the student movement were varied: "...to infiltrate the student movement on campus, to identify the leaders of the movement, to engage in radical criticism of university officials, to encourage conflict and division within the university community, to provoke students into committing acts of violence, and to make regular reports on [his] activities and the activities of those whom [he] observed."

BERKELEY (LNS) -- "The wire services have interviewed me," he said. "And four TV stations in the Bay area out here in Berkeley. I've been on the Mike Wallace program. The mail has swamped me. And parents have been calling from every part of the country."

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and description of any kid trying to escape from unfriendly parents in a weekly publication called "The National Missing Youth Locator." The Locator is sent free of charge to the juvenile probation department of every single county in the country, 2400 city police departments, 50 state police departments, 1900 private investigators, 41 cities in Mexico and 96 cities in Canada -- 13,000 copies in all.

Ever since he started the Locator three months ago, George Stamper, a California furniture wholesaler and manufacturer, has been tickled to death by the adrenalin his brainchild arouses in every pig who gets his first look at the runaway directory. "Alfred Nelder, chief of Police of San Francisco, wrote to us they are going to refer parents to us from now on, although most police departments have a policy against such referrals. In Berkeley the police keep two copies of the Locator in the squad car that patrols Telegraph Avenue, where the kids hang out."

But Stamper has made just one mistake. In the effort to garner as much free publicity as possible, he has asked the press to publish his office address and phone numbers at the office and at home. He estimates that there are some one million runaways nationally, but he does not seem to realize that they can get together to defend themselves against profiteers like Stamper.

Stamper hoped that his telephone numbers would be put in the hands of the many parents whose kids are getting less and less happy at home; that the parents would record them for future use.

But kids can also record phone numbers for future use (Stamper's numbers, for example, are [415] 525-5023 at the office, and [415] 526-6967 at home.)

Stamper's phones may just get so busy in the next few months that he will be forced to ignore them completely.

Runaway power to the runaway people!

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CROSS-COUNTRY SNOW-SHOEING

A group of Experimental College people went on a mountaineering expedition a few week-ends ago and a few of us decided to start an outing club at Bard.

We are planning to do cross-country snow shoeing in preparation for an assault upon Mt. Adams this December (which will also involve the use of crampons and ice picks).

If any of these winter trips are of interest to you or if you have ideas of your own, notify Joanne Whiting or Allan Fife. Equipment may be borrowed or rented.

Serious, experienced climbers only --- please!

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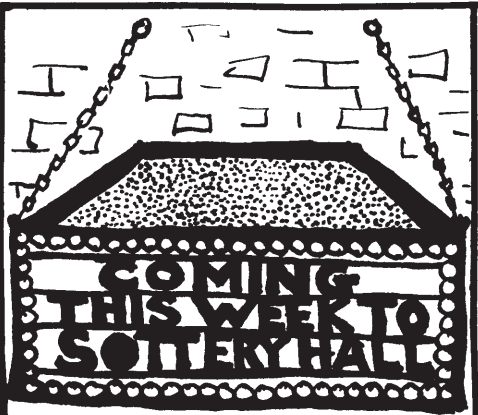
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no red hook aid for migrants

wed.
THE END OF AUGUST AT THE HOTEL OZONE (Jan Schmidt, 1967), 85 min. After World War III, eight women raised in the aftermath seek a sire for the human race. What they find at the Hotel Ozone is ultimately more and less than any had expected.

fri.
IF... (Lindsay Anderson, 1969), 111 min. Life at a repressive English boarding school...

sun.
THE FABULOUS BARON MUNCHHAUSEN (Karel Zeman, 1962), 87 min. Zeman, an admirer of George Méliès, has created what is probably the most elaborate trick film ever made. Live-action, puppetry, color, animation, and special effects depict the imaginations and escapades of Baron Munchausen, the most brilliant liar in literature.

About 950 migrant workers came to Dutchess County this year to work in agriculture. Of these 320 came from local areas for the four-month season. Several hundred others are from out of state (mostly from the southeastern U.S.), and 62 foreign workers have come from Jamaica.

Throughout most of the county, the migrant workers are quite scattered, and programs to help the families are few. But a large number of migrant workers are concentrated in the Red Hook area, and a Day Care Center has been functioning to fulfill basic needs. Last year the Center was located at the Catholic Worker Farm in Tivoli, but this year it has been moved to the Methodist church in downtown Red Hook. Here, it is much more visible and local participation has improved as a result of the new location.

An effort was made to involve the community, and about 18 high school and adult volunteers worked at the Center from July 22 to the end of October. Two junior high school art teachers ran a weekly art program, a music teacher taught music, and there was a manual arts program

too. Valerie Borgess, a second grade teacher from Red Hook, and Roger Allen, an education major from Rhinebeck, also worked with the children. This year, no one from Bard was involved.

The children who used the Center totalled 28, and ranged in age from 8 weeks to 14 years. Living in migrant families has created many problems for the children, not the least of them being education. Some children spent their mornings at the Red Hook High School participating in a remedial reading program. The study of black history was introduced this year and became fairly popular. Many of the children were suspicious of conventional classroom techniques, and a wide variety of activities and games were included in the program.

Evaluating the success of the Day Care Center this year, Mrs. Lewis Privens (see Observer 9/30) of Rhinebeck commented that the program could have been better. Both the pre-school and school-age groups were forced to use the same facilities, because space could not be found for them in the public school buildings. Also, public school bus service could not be obtained,

although any use of local facilities would have been paid for by federal funding. And while the children in the morning remedial reading classes missed the normal free period at the Red Hook Community Swimming Pool, special arrangements for them to use it in the afternoon were denied. On the other hand, Mrs. Privens reports support from apple growers, the Apple Growers' Association, churches, and schools in other areas.

The staff was inexperienced, but learned a good deal that will be of value next year. It is felt that the staff needs more black members (it is mostly white now), and more males who can relate to the older children. Anyone who would like to help out next year is invited to inquire.

Andrew Fitzpatrick

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