The official results of the Community election for the four seats open on Council this semester were as follows:

MALCOLM McCURRY ............... 158
JEFFREY ROGULIS ................. 125
COLINETTE BARRY ................. 124
DEYORAH TARJON ................. 124
Anita McClellan ................ 113
Kenny Johnson ................... 112
Harvey Fleetwood ................ 108
Bruce Lieberman ................ 103

976 votes were cast.
(I apologize for the mistake in the primary returns last week. I copied down what I thought were the correct figures, but, it seems, that at 10:00 in the morning my eyes just don't function too well.
Ilene Rosen)

To the Editors:

I'm afraid that this letter will do little to restore Mr. Mortimer (author of the commentary "And a Good Time Was Had By All") to his usual fulfilled, riotous old self. I do feel, however, that as one of the persons responsible for the dinner I owe him a sober explanation of those occurrences to which his sense of "boredom, depression, and futility" may have temporarily blinded him.

I also like vodka, too. I also like apple cider, which is considerably less expensive. The ratio of each of these beverages to the other, as well as all other matters pertaining to the punch, came under the personal jurisdiction of Miss Arlene Krebs, who also transported all the cider from Tivoli to the gym. At least part of what she had in mind was the maintenance of sanity and good taste. I understand, from reliable sources, that these qualities were sorely lacking from several previous Bear's Head Dinners, May I refer
evening. Membership in the committee was open to any and all members of the senior class, although we decided to recruit lower classmen (or specifically lower class girls) to serve behind the tables. About a half-dozen people constituted the committee, and most of these really loved, in spite of projects, fellowship applications, interviews and Thanksgiving. One of the members even lives off-campus. But everything about the senior class organization has thus been voluntary, from dinner-planning to the payment of dues.

In the course of our mad last-minute rushing around which might have been avoided with more funds and more members, we (the committee) simply could not lay hands on an amplifying system. We had to make do with louder voices and Gary Burton's stereo set. I could not judge the "projection" of the speakers because I was seated right next to them. Mr. Mortimer and I were, however, equidistant from the entertainers, and we both seem to have heard them well enough to remember what it was they performed. Basically, all of the performers were, in my opinion, amazingly and consistently good. The New Union String Band was given license to perform what it wanted, because it does many things well. I wonder if Mr. Mortimer, also blanched at the word "cointe" in one of Mr. Terry's songs.

If Professor Hochman's speech was that objectionable to Mr. Mortimer, who obviously was "committed" enough to listen, I am surprised that Mr. Mortimer did not "turn off his mind" so to speak. I will admit it was difficult to do so, since Dr. Hochman was an arresting speaker and apparently hit home very directly. I hope that Mr. Mortimer is not too "enlightened" to "turn on the solemnity" at Commencement.

Have a nice Field Period, Jeff, and, above all, don't be bored to tears. We need your gentle, rictous wis to enliven the senior cocktail party and Baccalaureate.

Barry Fruchter
(Senior President)

Dear Editors:

Yes, someone finally went to Kingston and low and behold there is a slum there, BMAC's very own personal slum with real poor people. But what a chance it made me go to Kingston in the first place? First, I had grown tired of waiting for BMAC to inform the student body of how it uses our money; and second, the rather tactless reply from this organization to my earlier article about them, in the Oct. 13 issue of the
Guiltily aroused my curiosity further.

No one has ever heard of BRAC in Kingston. It's members and activities are lost in the mists with other organizations such as C.O.R.E. and K.O.A.P. In Kingston the members of BRAC are simply known as hard students and it is at times difficult to determine when BRAC is involved in or simply innocently watching the activities of its brother organizations. The instances I am about to relate are only those which BRAC members are responsible for or had a hand in. I will also not reveal the names of my sources of information out of respect for these who, as one man put it, do not want hard students "on their books."

As for BRAC headquarters which is rented with conviction funds, it is in all actuality the Kingston office of C.O.R.E. (and K.O.A.P.) -- I wonder why they never told us this? It is here that the so-called tutoring takes place, but as one witness described it it sounds more like a zoo with the children running wildly in and out the door.

BRAC's work in the area of community organization and relocation of ghetto families often takes on the aspects of pure meddling. On certain occasions they have made genuine nuisances of themselves by converging on the Mayor's office and those of the Urban Renewal people. They have prompted the Urban Renewal officials for information, the figures were then interpreted to their own satisfaction and convenience, and finally used to attack the whole Urban Renewal project. One such group of figures they expanded into a report which they sent to Mr. Weaver in Washington. Weaver, to say the least, was quite upset at what he read in the report made the Urban Renewal people look incompetent. I glanced at a part of this report and found a mass of blanket statements with no solutions or constructive ideas -- funny, we were never told this. One of BRAC's pet demands is that there be 100 new housing units instead of the 123 in the Urban Renewal project. It seems strange that experienced and well-educated people with access to the first hand information should make such an expensive error. My, what stupid people the Urban Renewal officials must be, they can't even properly interpret their own figures. BRAC also distributed flyers to ghetto people telling them what rented housing must be like or it violates the law. The circular read like the ten commandments: there must be no cracks in the walls or ceiling; the temperature must be maintained at all times, there must be this and there must be that -- my own home doesn't come up to these standards.

Another little bit of mischief BRAC has gotten into concerns the pay-

ing of rent. It seems that when the Urban Renewal people let families live in buildings which they have bought they collect rent from them. BRAC disapproves of this and has told these people not to pay their rent, but very few people have taken BRAC's law-binding and intelligent advice -- funny, they never told us this.

BRAC does do a little good by relocation of ghetto families in better surroundings, but at the same time they have undermined the similar and much larger and better organized efforts of the Urban Renewal people. Urban Renewal has extensive lists of available housing for families displaced by the Urban Renewal project. Landlords voluntarily notify the Urban Renewal people of available apartments, at least one, did before BRAC stuck its fingers in the pie. BRAC found this a perfect opportunity to do a little witch hunting. The inquisition consisted of testing the landlords for discrimination by first sending a Negro family and then a Negro one to inquire about renting an apartment. The rather obvious result took the form of a shrinking housing list for the Urban Renewal people -- funny, they never told us this. BRAC's activities in this sphere seem to be slightly contradictory and self-defeating. For some strange reason BRAC is more of a hindrance than a help for their own cause.

BRAC has also attempted to organize the poor to enable them to stand up for their rights against those who seemingly take advantage of their ignorance. This project has met with very little success and it is easy to guess why. Visualize an old man, poor and unemployed. He is looking at a nice shiny Volkswagen bus pulls up in front of him and out steps a kid who offers to guide him in finding his rightful place in society when from his appearance the kid doesn't have a place in society for himself -- what an insult, what hypocrisy!

As for BRAC's political ideas and activities, they must yet remain shrouded in mystery. I firmly believe there is a political side to this organization, although it is probably of a very restricted and harmless nature. As I hope, I base my assumption upon the statement of one of BRAC's underprivileged Kingston friends who didn't "approve of BRAC's political ideas." Unfortunately this person did not volunteer any further information and no one else was willing to speak on the matter.

The purpose of this report is not to destroy BRAC but to curb it (I regret having once used the word "damn" in describing my feelings about it). It is also not meant to be a personal attack, but a general criticism. I must emphasize that I represent
no group or organization, but speak only for myself. I have sought only to gather facts and present them through my own perspective. Curiosity sent me to Kingston and what I have learned I now place before the community in whose hands the responsibility for any corrective measures lies.

Sincerely,
Philip Likes

"The Lady doth protest too much"

A LETTER TO AN INNOCENT REVOLUTIONARY

A spectre resides in that so serious appendage of the political establishment, council elections, to wreak havoc, in his recline, upon the colonial policies of the school. He is the fervent herald of the tribune, the professional non-politician who ferments reform. But in all the terror of his glance is there not saintliness; humanity though other-worldly.

"This happened about noon, and my question to him was, 'Would you like a pack of cigarettes or anything else from Dining Commons?"'

Such pity and warmth for the lowly, the weak, who systematically kill the Vietnamese people; in not his feeling profound that he can forgive the unforgivable. But why Quasimodo, in your cyclonic voice, do you rail against the dragon of the frogs, an unknowing tool, who thinks of you as no more than a gargyle. He is wrong for he does not understand the beauty and religiosity of the whirlwind you stir, its center. For you profess, brother, that bread too has a soul and that is where the reformation of Bard must lie.

Hieronymus Bosch
(Steve Kushner)

As this is our final issue of the semester, the editors would like to thank all those people (students, faculty, and administration) who contributed both financially and materially to the "life" of the GADFILY. It has been the primary purpose of this publication to provide the opportunity for genuine engagement of ideas, opinions, and (perhaps humorously) world-views through comment, criticism and satire.

We intend to publish again next semester — so keep us in mind. The GADFILY wishes everyone an enjoyable and productive Field Period.

The Editors.