

Bard College
Student Newspaper Archive
(1895-1999)

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OBSERVER

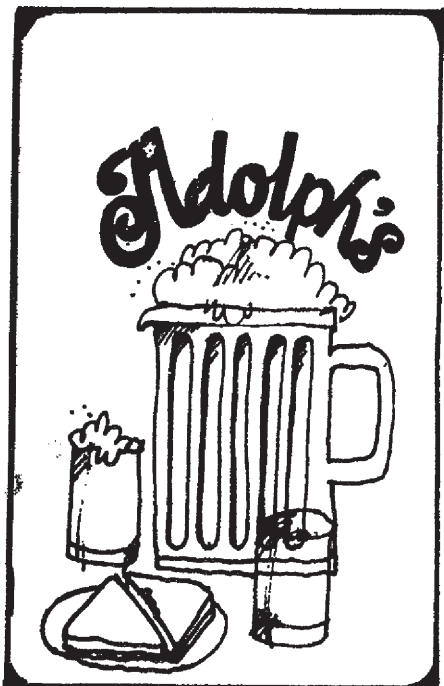
Vol. 12 No. 24 December 10, 1969

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observer

volume twelve number twenty four 10 December 1969

STRIKE!



1
st national
bank of red hook

checking accounts
savings accounts
traveler's checks
drive-in banking
member F.D.I.C.
pl8-2311

BEECKMAN cleaners

red hook: 27 n. broadway
758-1561
drive-up window
open 'til 7 p.m.

rhinebeck: 44 e. market st.
876-3671
open 'til 6 p.m.

RIKERT'S
Auto body shop • route 9
rhinebeck, NY • 876-4740

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SUPPORT the STRIKE demands:

1. CARL BLACK BE REHIRED.
2. ALL FACULTY MEETINGS OPEN TO PUBLIC.
3. MINUTES, OUTLINES & AGENDAS OF ALL PROCEEDINGS BE FURNISHED TO STUDENTS.

Monday night, seven o'clock, a community meeting was called by the recently dissolved EPC concerning the alleged firing of Bard literature professor Carl Black. Due to over-whelming amounts of students the meeting was subsequently moved to the gym to accomodate the over-390 excited students. It was apparent almost immediately that the issue was not simply the case of this one faculty member's mistreatment despite unanimous student support for him and his teaching methods--rather, students became aware that they were actually questioning the whole structure of faculty hiring and firing. The student demand that Mr. Black be

rehired was passed quickly, and students began a discussion of the real problem. Feeling was overwhelmingly in favor of putting an end to the rather mysterious process which had plagued Mr. Black, and the discussion produced several demands: students should be able to attend any and all meetings of the faculty, on any level, and minutes and all relative reports be forwarded to the student government so that they may be distributed to the student body. Also, that the agenda for faculty meetings be distributed to the students and to the community as a whole six days prior to the meetings.

continued on page eight

bard grad makes good

By Birgit Winslow

Blythe Danner, a Bard graduate, is making a name for herself in New York's Theatre world. The entertainment section of this week's Sunday Times ran a sizable spread on her career and news of her wedding this Sunday, December 14th. Blythe is showing in Broadway's "Butterflies Are Free" at the Booth Theatre.

Clive Barnes comments, "it should have audiences laughing for months to come." Blythe's role is that of a 19 year old California divorcee who planned on going to UCLA, "but couldn't find a parking place." The character is rather kooky and quite sexually liberated. Manhattan becomes her abode and she immediately sleeps with the gorgeous, blue-eyed blind boy next door — all in the play's first hour.

Blythe's performance moved Walter Kerr of the Times to comment, "the girl of the particular theatrical year." And Earl Wilson of the Post says, "A young lady at the commencement of a big future." To quote the N.Y. Times, Blythe's friends say she is "a girl who lives up to her name . . . she cooks well, loves her parents, has never tried dope, has never shacked up with her boyfriends . . . smokes only when nervous . . . drinks once a week . . . In fact, she was 'shocked' during her Bard College days when some students around her were high as kites on pot or pills. Yes, she's a regular, star-spangled girl . . ."

Blythe Danner will wed 26 year old Bruce Paltron, the play's co-star. She



Blythe Danner on Broadway

met him last spring during her appearance in an off-Broadway show which he was producing.

Struggle did not scar her in the steps to stardom. She never had to follow the model-Kelly Girl-nude waitress trail. Ever since her performance three years ago in a Boston production of "Marat/Sade" her agent has kept her hopping. Blythe explains, "It's all been like play to me. I guess that's why people say I'm 'nice' . . . I've never had to fight. If I had to fight, I doubt if I'd kept in there."

AS WE GO TO PRESS:

Blythe Danner called President Kline this morning to explain that she did not mean what the Times quoted her as saying about Bard College. She further relayed how press agents pressured and cornered her into other comments which do not convey her actual feelings. It is interesting that she was concerned enough to call Bard. I must admit that the impression which the Time's article lent did not sound like a Bard graduate.

gargoyle staff censured

NEW PALTZ, N.Y. (LNS)—On Dec. 4, the good people of New Paltz and the surrounding territory decided they had just about enough of their local underground paper, The Gargoyle. The citizens who dwell in these quiet old Hudson Valley communities had allowed it to pollute the minds of their children for several months — and it was time to throw freedom of the press to the winds and finish things off once and for all.

But these people are smart. They didn't go directly and stop the paper from publishing. Instead, they went after the people involved in its production, both the readers and the editors. They banned Gargoyle and its publishers from the three campuses in the area which had been its main base — Vassar, Dutchess County Community College and Ulster Community College. And on the same day they served an eviction notice on the offices of the paper.

The actions were the fruit of a campaign led by local radio personality, Harry Thayer of WGHO, Kingston. Thayer had enlisted the support of ministers and church groups to rid the town of the "commie smut-peddlers."

The Gargoyle is not taking this quietly. Having obtained a stay on their conviction until Jan. 23, through legal action, they are continuing operations. With their staff subject to arrest if they so much as walk across any of the campuses (it was unclear what statute, if any, was involved), they are peddling their snut elsewhere and seeking friends to support them in the fight to bring it back to where it once belonged.

But fighting repression takes money. Any contributions will be appreciated and put to good use; send to : Gargoyle, Box 270, Springtown Rd., New Paltz, N.Y. 12561.



DR. HIP POCRATES

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eugene schoenfeld

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld,

I am surprised that medical research can't surmise the reason for a lower left testicle. When we were first married my husband explained it to me. One hangs lower so that in case you have to squeeze your legs together they don't crush each other. As for lefties predominating, I guess all those symmetrical fellows crossed their legs and crushed themselves out of having any progeny.

"P.S. We have six children, (2 singletons, fraternal twin boys and identical twin girls) so my husband knows about being fertile even if he isn't a scientist."

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I read the column in which one of your readers asked why his left testicle hung lower than the right.

"If I remember correctly, this is so because the left spermatic vein empties into the left renal vein at a right angle whereas the right spermatic vein opens into the inferior vena cava at an acute angle.

The result is hydrostatic pressure greater

on the left testicle than on the right."

—San Francisco M.D.

The following letter was postmarked Lagos, Nigeria:

QUESTION: I am a Nigerian, 21 and three-fourths years old with West African School Certificate Grade 2.

Earlier this year, my mother and father caught me smoking pot. My mother started weeping. She said marijuana smoking causes permanent damage to the brain.

She referred to the many Nigerian street lunatics with the allusion that it is the dope that makes them become insane. I started smoking it in the secondary school and that is some 5 years ago. I haven't experienced any brain fatigue but now I am seriously afraid.

- 1) Can marijuana cause brain damage?
- 2) Can pot smoking cause lung cancer, heart disease or any other deadly disease?
- 3) Is it true that smoking marijuana can render me childless?"

ANSWER: The street "lunatics" in

Lagos may be the equivalent of our alcoholic skid row bums. Marijuana seems to be less dangerous than alcohol for most people but, like any drug, can be abused. Marijuana grown in your country is very strong due to favorable weather conditions.

Because marijuana research is not encouraged in my country despite its use by millions of Americans physicians don't know enough about the drug's potential benefits and possible dangers. However, I'll try to answer your questions:

1) Marijuana is not known to cause brain damage. But a study published in May 3rd 1969 issue of NATURE confirmed the observations of most pot users that speech and short term memory is temporarily affected by the drug. Doctors Andrew Weil and Norman Zinberg, who reported one of the first scientific studies of marijuana in humans less than a year ago, also conducted the Nature study.

Weil and Zinberg found that instant or immediate memory was affected by marijuana. The "principal manifestations of this speech difficulty are simply forgetting strong tendency to go off on irrelevant tangents because the line of thought is lost." Most marijuana users, incidentally,

seem to enjoy this effect.

2) Pot smoking is not known to cause lung cancer or any other disease. But widespread marijuana use has occurred in this country only for a few years. Lung cancer caused by cigarettes takes many years to develop.

There is every reason to believe that chronic inhalation of marijuana smoke may be harmful to the lungs. We cannot accumulate the necessary statistics while criminal penalties face marijuana users.

3) Marijuana is not known to render people childless. On the contrary, the drug enhances sexual excitement if the individuals are so inclined.

The universal use of drugs such as alcohol and marijuana indicates to me that man enjoys, perhaps needs to change his mind at times. But as a physician I want to be aware of all possible consequences arising from drug usage.

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5 at your favorite bookstore.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94709.

by Jeanne Le Monnier

If you were at Madison Square Garden for the Stones concert last Friday night and were kicked, poked or shoved by a short gray-haired lady, it was me. You were blocking the view.

If you noticed that one of the louder voices on "Honky-Tonk Women" belonged to some one old enough to be your mother, and wondered what SHE was doing there, let me explain.

There was a time when I couldn't stand the Stones. What self-respecting parent, given something like ten minutes to put a house in order, cook breakfast, feed the dog, and get people out of the house in time for the school bus and the commuter train needs to be reminded: "here comes your 19th nervous breakdown?" And, when you're doing your best to put together a really good dinner, it's pretty rotten to hear some nasty kid whine about Mother's little yellow pills and her lousy cooking.

Worse yet, they sounded horrible. No melody, just a driving beat, meaningless shouting and the same old chords again and again. In addition, they looked dreadful.

However, there came a point when I noticed that the boys living in our house, and the ones who came to visit, weren't looking that much different from the Stones. In fact, compared to some of them, the Stones, on the earlier albums at least, were beginning to look like clean-cut, wholesome American boys. David Eisenhower.

Around that time — partly out of curiosity, in part from self-defense — I stopped trying to shut out the noise, and began to listen. After a while I could even make out some of the words. The sounds sorted themselves out, and it turned out that the Stones were actually playing music. I bought my own copy of *Beggars Banquet*.

STONES



But then, I was told, you had to See Them Live. That's what they had said about The Who and *TOMMY* and they were right. The Fillmore gave me confidence: the music wasn't all that loud, and while I'd hardly pass as a regular and some of the people down there looked quite odd, I didn't mind them, they didn't mind me, and, what is more, we all loved The Who.

The Garden, I knew (although I had never been there) was not the same as the Fillmore, and the Stones might not attract as sedate an audience as The Who. We therefore bought tickets in the loge, where we would be sufficiently remote from those mobs of raving, screaming teeny-boppers who were sure to trample down everybody on their way to the stage. I could look down on them, and simply enjoy the music without being bothered by all that crazy jumping around on the floor.

let it BLEED

But nobody warned me about the crucial difference between a Stones concert and a rock opera. There was the long wait — interminable adjustments of the sound system (in the old days of jazz they just got up and played), all that milling around during the early hours (for Terry Reid, cont. on pg. 9

observer

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an alternative newsmedia project

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Mike Ventura, Luther Douglas
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This issue of the Observer is the last for this semester and the last under my editorship. Beginning with the first issue of next semester, Thom Mount will be Editor-in-Chief. Thom has done a fine job as Managing Editor and I have no doubt he will continue to improve the Observer. I wish him the best of luck in this task. Editing the Observer entails long hours of hard work, much discouragement, and few rewards. The only reason to accept such a job is genuine desire to make Bard a better place. I know Thom feels this way and has many good ideas. But I also know that there are a lot of people and things that will stand in his way.

When I took over as Editor in 1968, I had great hopes for the future of Bard College. I thought it would be enough to call attention to the dogmatism and injustices, the big gaps between what the catalog says and what really exists, and things would improve. But I ran into a strange inertia. Many students with valid criticisms and workable alternatives are thwarted by a combination of forces that result from the nature of the faculty and the administration, and which operate to keep things the way they are. The faculty has great potential power for improving Bard education. But they don't seem to care. They won't work with the students because they refuse to accept students as real people with real ideas. Scorn and mistrust radiate from the faculty, causing a similar reaction from

the students. The faculty feel that students aren't qualified to judge whether their education is effective. But after twenty years of listening to a wide variety of teachers, students are uniquely qualified to judge the effectiveness of a teacher. He may be a great scholar, but if a teacher doesn't come across to the students, he's not contributing to their education.

The faculty is ineffective as a group because of an intense internal political situation. Personal antagonisms play a role in rehiring and tenure decisions, as does the scramble to get funds for each department. Poor teachers are supported for tenure by members of other departments in the hope that the poor teacher will weaken his department, making more money available for other departments. Outstanding teachers are not supported for tenure by members of other departments for fear that a strong teacher will improve his department and thus use more of the already scarce operating budget. Petty self interest overrides consideration of what is best for everyone. The whip of firing and the carrot of tenure creates a high-powered political situation which robs time from the faculty's real function (education, in case you were wondering) and divides the faculty among itself to the point where it is rendered powerless to effect any constructive change.

And of course the administration understands this very well. As long as the faculty is impotent, the administration can run the school the way it thinks it should be run. Efficiency is the big game here. Improving the quality of education calls for spending money rather than making it, so the administration is not interested. The only group that the administration can't control is the students.

Students are the largest and potentially most powerful group on campus. But just because most students realize that education at Bard is a crock of shit, doesn't mean that they can do anything about it. The students are, except for a very few issues, so divided among themselves as to be powerless. Supposedly student government is there to coordinate and lead the student body. Unfortunately it often turns out that, here too, personal interests and pocket-lining are more important than doing something to get this school off its ass. Any student government that deters the students from making progress in the fight to improve this school is acting against the students' best interests.

The potential for effective action is there. It has been used in the past, when student leaders abolished curfew, opened men's dorms, and opened faculty meetings to students. Hopefully the present issue will unite students long enough to get something done. It is long overdue.

The Gargoyle, Ulster County's underground newspaper, has been the target of a series of attacks by Harry Thayer, a member of the Bard Board of Trustees, and an editorial voice of Kingston radio station WGHQ.

Mr. Thayer's rabid diatribes describe the Gargoyle staff as "commie smut peddlers," and his effect is being felt. (See story page 3).

His approach is a familiar one. He calls on the sicknesses of this country for vindication. Commies. Smut. Apple pie gone rancid.

Fortunately for the College, Mr. Thayer's term on the Board expires in the Spring. Renewal of his term would be a real mistake.

letters

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE COMMUNITY ON FACULTY ACCOUNTABILITY

The Bard Student Association Constitution requires that the Educational Policies Committee conduct regular evaluations of faculty members. To assist the senior faculty in its review of junior faculty members and to provide an open airing of student opinion EPC conducted and submitted to the senior faculty evaluations and recommendations on those members being considered for rehiring or tenure. Since then we have received frequent "commendation" and praise for the "tremendous service" EPC has rendered to the "faculty and college" this year. We fail to understand what the hell this means. The student recommendations have disappeared into the dark and secretive labyrinth of faculty ritual: departmental discussion, divisional recommendations, joint committee deliberation, senior faculty caucus, and Presidential eulogy.

Whether decisions are consciously made or whether they just happen seems to be irrelevant. When these decisions are made, how they are made, and who makes them no one seems to know. The rhetorical purpose of all this was originally academic and intellectual freedom for the faculty. The actual result is that the faculty is irresponsible and does not have to account for its actions. The consequence of unaccountability is academic oppression. This means a

to page eight

FEIFFER

IN THE PAST I FAVORED DIALOGUE WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT, BELIEVING THAT IN TIME IT WOULD LEAD, THROUGH A PROCESS OF CONCESSIONS, TO A GRADUAL ACCEPTANCE OF RADICAL CHANGE. THESE VIEWS NOTWITHSTANDING, MY EARLY DIALOGUES WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT PROVED WHOLLY DISAPPOINTING. THE OTHER SIDE ARGUING THAT THE AIRING OF DIFFERENCES WAS PROGRESS ENOUGH, MY SIDE HOLDING OUT FOR MEANINGFUL CHANGE. FURTHER DIALOGUES LED ONLY TO FURTHER MIS-UNDERSTANDINGS WHICH BECAME THE



SUBJECT FOR NEW DIALOGUES DURING WHICH PREVIOUS POSITIONS WERE RESTATED AND PREVIOUS CONCESSIONS REAFFIRMED, AND ONCE MORE NOT CARRIED OUT. SINCE DIALOGUES ARE MEANT TO SERVE AS A SAFETY VALVE AGAINST VIOLENCE, I WONDERED WHY THE MORE WE TALKED THE MORE I FELT BRUTALIZED, EVENTUALLY HAVING NO CHOICE BUT TO TURN INARTICULATE BECAUSE I WAS UNWILLING TO ADMIT THAT THE ONLY WORD I COULD THINK OF SAYING WAS: "KILL."



FINALLY I WAS FORCED TO STOP TALKING IN ORDER NOT TO START KILLING. THE ESTABLISHMENT BLAMES THE COLLAPSE OF OUR DIALOGUES ON A BREAKDOWN IN COMMUNICATION.



FOR THEIR SAKE I HOPE THEY DO NOT SUCCEED IN REESTABLISHING CONTACT.



LIKE MAN Y'KNOW.



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Ingeborg ten Haeff

Ten Haeff: Martin Luther King: portrait of the assassination and gospel, 1968.



MUSEUM SH

RELEVANCY AND THE VISUAL ARTS

Anita Schnee
West Side Drive-Henry Hudson Parkway-Riverdale Ave.-Warburton Ave.: from New York City, by plush Riverdale, and into Yonkers — of all places for a new museum—

Downtown Yonkers is quite the slum. The closest you can get to the Hudson River there is past Sears Roebuck, through the grimiest factories (beats New Jersey), and down a piece. Get lost trying to find the Hudson River Museum and see scenic Yonkers.

Slug it out through Warburton Ave., though, voluntarily, for the museum will pay you well for the effort.

Architecturally, it's of the same calibre as the Whitney. The geographical location has everybody beat. This is Yonkers? On the grounds of an old country estate on the Hudson, in conjunction with the original Victorian edifice, Yonkers has built one of the most distinguished examples of contemporary architecture.

Walk in and you leave Yonkers far behind. The juxtaposition of the rough-hewn, poured-concrete textures of the walls with a sweeping view of the river through smoked glass, combine to create a feeling of vast serenity. The local ghetto kids go there to do their homework.

The second exhibition in the new museum's brief history was conceived and executed by Carl Black, a French professor here at Bard. It is comprised of works by contemporary German painters Ingeborg ten Haeff and Herbert Bayer.

Black, in January 1968, was a consultant to John Everett, president of the New School, in connection with that institution's plans for a new art center. In conjunction with a panel of architects, painters, photographers, and art historians, Black set forth a series of recommendations which, if put into effect, could become the vanguard in the contemporary structure of the exhibition aspect of the art world.

In general, there are two categories of art exhibition. One is the museum, the other, the gallery. In the past, a museum has served as something of a corporate body whose object is the establishment of a permanent collection, whether it be

concerned with history or the present. A museum, obviously, isn't the occasional new piece, the extent of the excitement the Modern or the British Museum offering more flexibility in view of the tradition is still very much survival and current

Black and his panel analysis of the function of the institution: that it is an agent between art and the outlook towards the relationship became: "... that the take a pragmatic serious agent of social moral evolution." the rarified status places moral and squarely in the domain of the artist must become social problems of a responsibility of

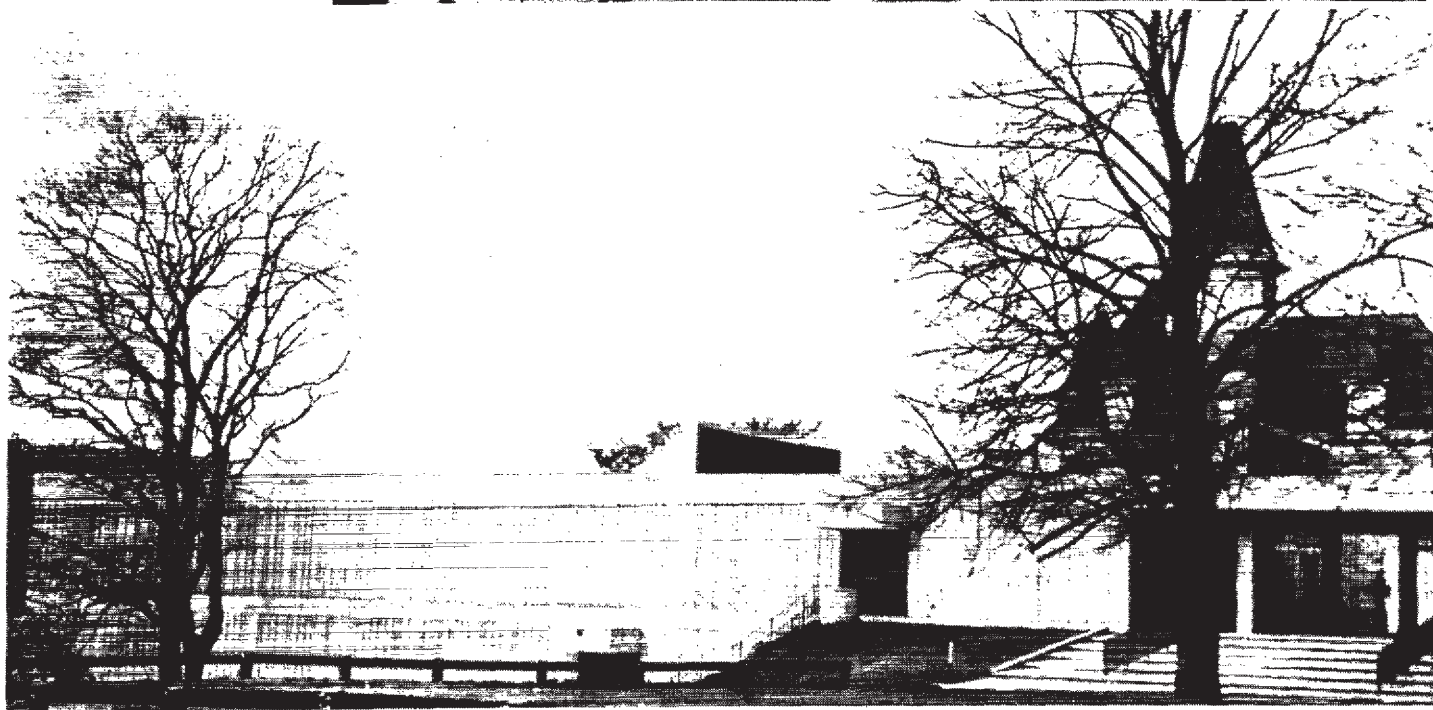
As the world becomes universalized through communications systems, traditional boundaries of art be eliminated. Film must take on painting; electronic painting and sculpture the classical aspect new, artistic impulse

These are the cornerstones of the fledgling Hudson River Museum, adopted, in an attempt to bring the community into the museum must have reached because I was there with 4,000 of the

Whether the Cubist hair curlers went to the planetarium show, is irrelevant. The and were exposed instead of the Sun

The ten Haeff-Bayer exhibition is rather difficult to see there were four corners to it. Herbert Bayer's intellectual and social influence of Dad's Bauhaus precision, on the other hand, is much

The Hudson River Museum with original building in upper right corner.



HOW ^{carl}by BLACK

historical genres or those permanent collection, too flexible. An occurrence will more or less be the statement, and what new compete with the Met or the National Gallery or even? A gallery, while flexibility than a museum inscience of its works, bound by commercial ent vogue.

mel began from a basic nction of an exhibiting t serves as the mediating ist and public. Their the artist's role in this me essentially function- public be educated to view of the artist as a social improvement and This removes art from s of art for art's sake and social responsibility omain of the artist. The ne committed to the f the modern world: f relevance.

omes more and more ough massive commun- so must the convey- of particular media in according to Black. n equal importance with ic and "technological" pture must stand beside ts. Science takes on a ortance.

cepts, in general, which on River Museum, has tempt to draw the the museum. And it d the people of Yonkers, ere one Sunday afternoon em.

Scouts and mothers in to see the Apollo 12 or that of Carl Black's, fact was that they came d to art and science nday football game.

ayer exhibit itself was a ne, in the sense that or five distinct aspects yer's work is deeply cientific, bearing the aism, surrealism, and n. ten Haëff's, on the uch more aesthetic (if

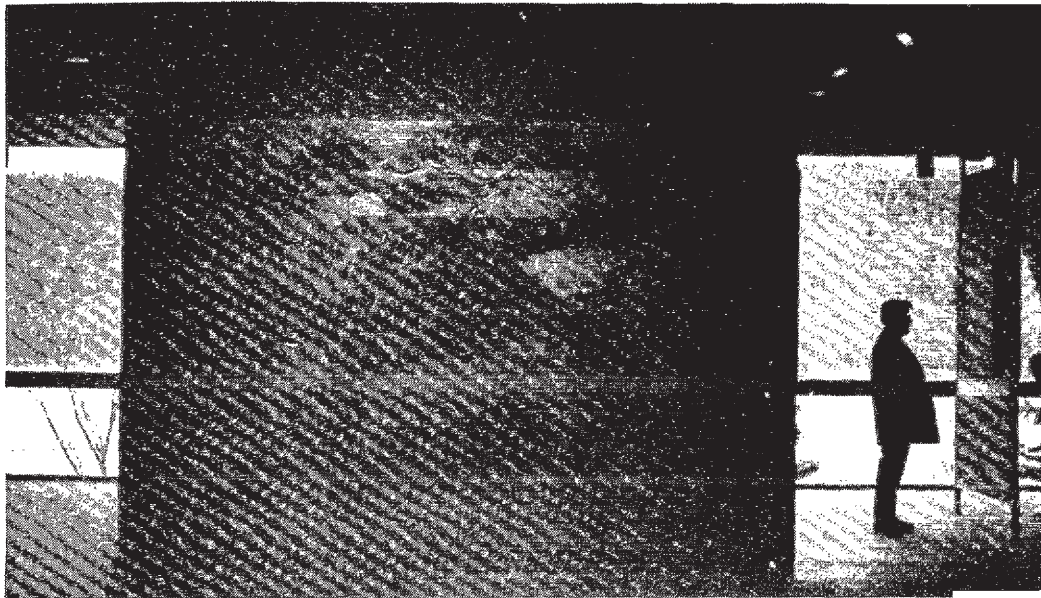
you will), more based on an emotional perusal of philosophic questions than on the analytical and coldly rational as is Bayer's.

One might view the exhibition completely subjectively: I like this one, not that one, etc. One may not "like" either painter's style. One may use Black's monograph in the exhibition catalogue as a guide: then certainly the philosophical aspects of the exhibition become clear. (This becomes rather tortuous if attempted while trying to view the exhibition at the same time because Black hasn't followed any discernible order of paintings in his discussion.)

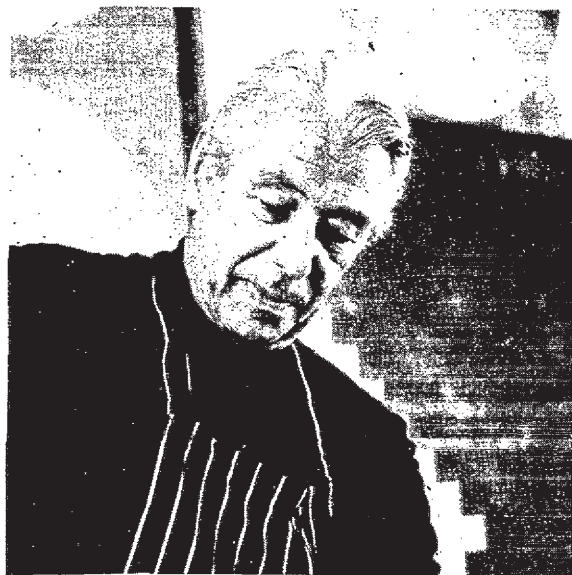
Unless one studies the catalogue, and really applies oneself to the problem, it is hard to see just how the two painters deal with socially relevant issues. Certainly harder in ten Haëff's case than in Bayer's. But in spite of the wide stylistic difference between the two painters, their philosophical attitudes are similar. Each painter depicts an opposite spiritual movement in man: Bayer's is one of technological fantasy outwards through outer space — " . . . to the stars through weather, atmosphere, and cosmos;" and ten Haëff's depicts an extended downward spiral into the interior psyche. Though each takes a different route, they arrive at the same conclusion: "The point of common axis for all worlds is man."

Though this sounds pretty heavy for Yonkers, everyone may take something for themselves from this exhibit — whether simply aesthetic pleasure, or disgust, or a vague feeling of discomfort, or whatever.

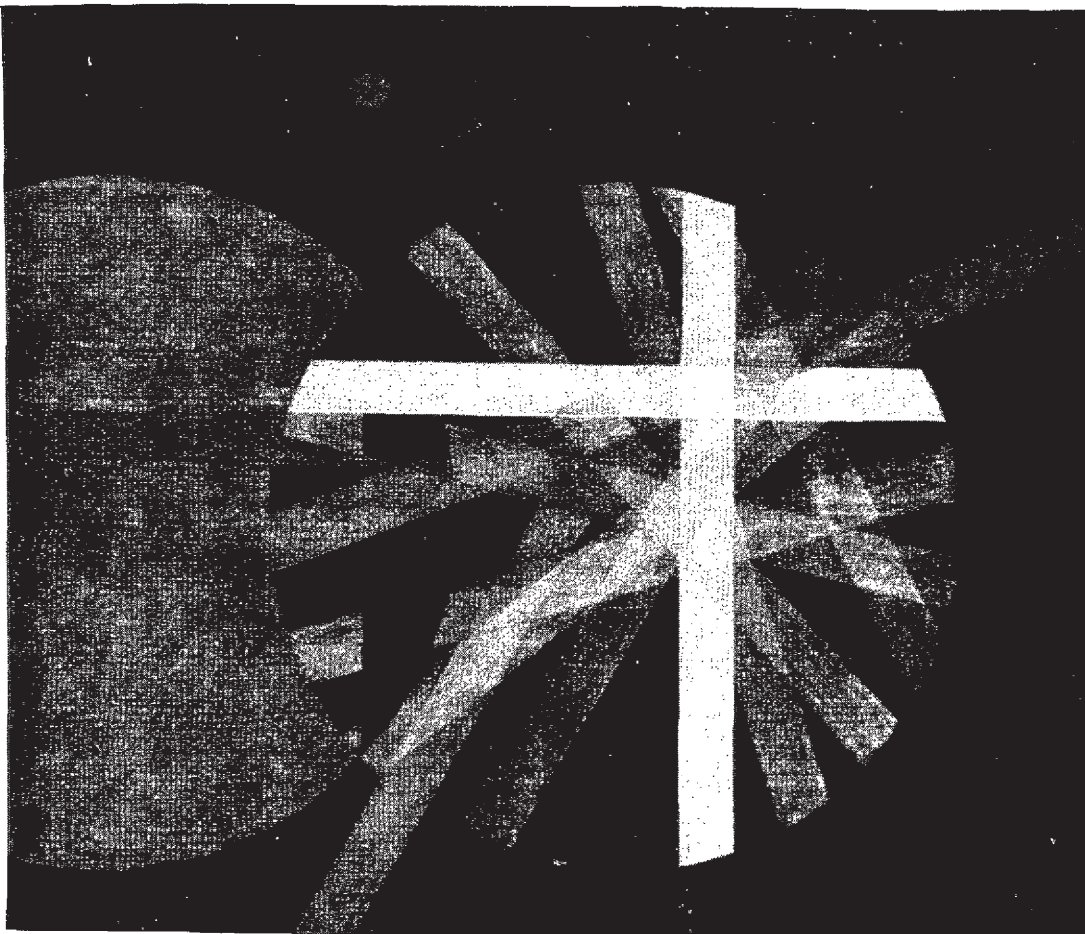
You missed the show — it closed Dec. 7. But go see the museum. The psychedelic planetarium will appeal to anyone of that spiritual bent.



part of view from exhibition room.



Herbert Bayer



Bayer: event 1962, Guggenheim museum, New York.

DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF FOLLY . . . or, YOURS IS NOT TO REASON WHY, ETC.

First off, I must apologize for not presenting a column last week. The reason is very simple, bloated with turkey, I was unable to put enough impetus forward to battle the thick snowstorm that was swirling about my un-snow tired wheels. I believe almost a half-inch accumulated . . .



The semester is almost over, and by the time you read this, visions of sugar-plum fairies should be dancing through your heads. I really don't have too much that is extremely relevant to say about present events or future, so, brimming over with the yuletide spirit, I thought that I would devote this particular column to some sort of review of this fall semester, Bard College, circa 1969. Remember, when we return it will be a whole new year, 1970 to be exact, and there is no telling what new year's resolutions I might possibly make.

The first column that I wrote this semester was called 'Welcome to the Zoo.' By now I'm sure you are all familiar with exactly what I meant by that. This fall has been a zoo. You were introduced to the local authorities fast enough, and their particular brand of zooism. But we were all able to shrug that off, with little or no howls of anxiety (one might say, wait until spring), and get on with what we thought, no, knew, was the real business of living here at Bard. Anyway, the sheriff would get his, come the revolution, which we all knew was coming on October 15th. It came in and went out, in much the same manner, those dedicated few at Bard, drumming up support right and left, support which was rarely longer than fifteen minutes, leading the throng to and from Red Hook, that notorious bastion of conservative thinking. When it was beginning it was in the vogue to wear an armband, and we all did it. When it was over, we all slipped gently back into midterms and dope and sex and the rest of the stuff that makes life meaningful here at Bard.

In other words, things continued just as they had been, and probably will be for the rest of the year. People started to complain again, although were never specific enough to warrant any kind of attention. There's a lot to complain about. It would be nice if people would all get together and complain about the same things. Not Liberian students, though. You can always complain about the Observer.

So there we all were, waiting for something to happen, and oddly enough, something did. The march on Washington. Like the Moratorium, it came and went, but in between, for a change something happened, and we all came back, and sat around reading the newspapers, and feeling proud that we'd finally done something, other than get arrested.

So, still proud and happy, everyone split for the great turkey, which was

fine. It got colder outside, and Red Hook got out its Christmas decorations, and we drove about surrounded by smiling Santas, and walked into Aspinwall, where some thoughtful person had put up little decorations on the doors.

Everyone remembered education again, and went to all their classes, and introduced themselves to the teachers whose classes they'd cut all semester. And everyone realized that it was almost over, but no one was quite sure what 'it' was, or is. Maybe everyone means the fall semester, that could be 'it.' Or else they just mean Bard, in general. 'It' could be almost anything. Anyway, whatever it is, it's almost over.

So we will all go away, field period in the East Village, or whatever is planned. And we'll all come back, or at least some of us, and there will be new people to welcome to the zoo.

More or less, that was it. Whoopee.

But what does that leave us with? For twenty thousand dollars, can you answer the question, before the clock strikes midnight and we all turn back into white mice or pumpkins? Answer; the same as before, nothing new.

Bong, twelve times.

Life continues on at Bard, much like the never-ending saga of Peyton Place. Where do we go from here? No where. But we can all get together and hate something. The school? The faculty? The students? How about the Observer? As good as anything else, I suppose.

We try. Not everyone else does. It is difficult, and we all wish it were better. So much for apologies. Despite what everyone thinks, the only people who don't like the Observer are those people whom the Observer is trying to please. Kind of a double jeopardy. The office gets cold, and it is difficult to be a student as well as a member of the Observer staff. But, rest assured, Virginia, we will keep trying, much like don't give up the ship. So much for the Observer. Now comes your own Christmas message, from me, which you may feel free to cherish as you see fit.

Brimming with good cheer, feeling much like the ghost of Christmas come, let me hope that your respective families fill your Christmas stockings with all kinds of new gifts. Don't worry about anything, because there is nothing to worry about. Things will be taken care of by others, and you can just float with the stream, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream. I, like MacArthur, shall return.

However, I suppose, when people do get together, Bard quickly metamorphasizes into a real experience. Take Carl Black's case, for an example. It gladdens the hearts of every right-on activist around here. But what is sad is that those people in power to change things, those people who could listen to the voice of the students, choose rather to ignore. That, and that alone, is what precipitates a strike (!) Education is a series of compromises, and the sooner that that is realized, the better. If we are to change Bard, if it is to remain in the forefront of Liberal educational institutions, then it has to listen to its students, for when one gets right down to the basis of education, one has to find the student. He suffers, and excels, he is maligned, yet has the beauty to accept most with a needed grain of salt. Above all, he is human, and should be treated as such. That is all anyone is asking, that when we, the silent majority here at Bard (if I can use the term) finally has the presence of mind to stand up and fight for an individual and a concept which we believe in, then we should be treated as responsible human beings. It is not too much to ask.

More or less, that's it. Whoopee.

by John Katzenbach

from page one

From this, a discussion of tactics ensued. It was then decided to first notify the administration and faculty of the demands, and then to strike against all classes, starting at high noon on Tuesday, and continuing until the demands are met. Feeling was that if the response was not positive to the demands, then stronger, more forceful measures would have to be taken. The students then proceeded in an orderly fashion to the President's house. There they were met by President Kline, and the demands were respectfully submitted by Senate president Jeff Raphaelson. The president was then questioned by many of the students present who were attempting to clarify the administration's stance on the whole series of demands. Finally, after considerable debate, Dr. Kline reluctantly revealed that the administration would support the senior faculty members' decision on Mr. Black. He took no position on the student demands other than that concerning Mr. Black, but implied that he would again back the faculty stance. Within an hour after the meeting with the President, Senate had distributed a sheet explaining the demands, and what exactly the stu-

dents planned to do.

That is what happened Monday night. What will happen after is up to the students and faculty. But do not let this appear to be as cut and dried as it might seem. The whole action of Monday night served to raise questions, and provide answers to some of the problems concerning Bard as an institution. It cannot be passed over lightly that for the first time, Bard students were concerned about someone other than themselves, and that, exercising that concern, they stumbled upon the problems that have so often been covered up. For once students together in a cohesive manner. They exercised force upon the school, and with remarkable aplomb. In the midst of the apathy and the pablum of Bard College, people finally stood up, and it is a very important thing that they did. It is much like a coming of age, where the students, surrounded by the activism on other campuses, finally discovered their own latent strength. If anything at all comes out of this action, it should be the realization that this is not an act in itself, but the beginning of many such actions.

John Katzenbach

BLACK'S RESPONSE

When reached for comment as regards Monday night's occurrences, Carl Black's initial response was one of dismay. "Oh no," he said, "they'll (the administration and senior faculty) hang me at dawn!" No-one had seen fit to inform Mr. Black of the action taken by the student body in his behalf, and he had been peacefully unaware that the question of his tenure had become a public issue.

But as he became familiar with the facts, rather than expressing personal gratitude, Black's reaction was one of commendation to the students for their long-overdue protest of faculty actions. He stated that, while he did not particularly wish for his status to become a cause celebre, he was enthusiastic that the question of a closer student-faculty working relationship was becoming a possibility, if only through this display of student concern.

letters

from page five

homogeneous, self-perpetuating faculty-oligarchy where there is no intellectual confrontation, creativity, or dialogue.

We demand immediate accountability. We demand an open community. The faculty must open their doors. They must open their meeting and their procedures. They must open their minds . . . to students, to junior faculty, to each other.

Since our work as a committee proved singularly ineffective we are hereby resigning and disbanding EPC as it is an anachronistic and useless organization. We all have better things to do with our time.

This semester's EPC faculty review was accepted, commended and ignored. Faculty deliberation is not over. We demand that faculty proceedings be immediately opened to the community and that their decisions and their justifications be recorded publicly and honestly.

The faculty may interpret this as a request, a demand, or a threat. That doesn't matter. This semester is ending, but it is not over yet . . . and next semester is right around the corner.

Lis Semel
EPC Chairman

Ruth Danon
Tom Villano
Languages and Literature

Paula Lockard
Ken Daly
AMDD

David Mydans
Charles Johnson
Social Studies

Bob Mayer
Jim Weinberg
Natural Sciences



FRED HAMPTON: 1948-1969 deputy chairman, Illinois chapter Black Panther Party

stones

STONES from p.4

no great loss, but B.B. King deserved better, and that's when I started pushing), relative peace during Tina Turner and all those sequins, more work on the equipment, the mass migration into the aisle and up to the stage, then finally, finally, after four hours THE ROLLING STONES and BANG into "Jumping Jack Flash."

The first part consisted of magnificent music and Mick Jagger, and let the rock critics and the pop sociologists worry about that. The teenyboppers seemed under control (only one made it to the stage and she was promptly hauled off), no screaming, and only enough shouting at the beginning to get people to sit down. When it suited the music they clapped, and I remembered reading about

a Benny Goodman concert at Carnegie Hall in the '30s when the kids actually stamped their feet and it was reported as news — bad news. I hadn't expected to, but I found that I was clapping too. The Garden had a little bit of the flavor of the old tv sing-alongs, even though the music was infinitely better. So far, so good.

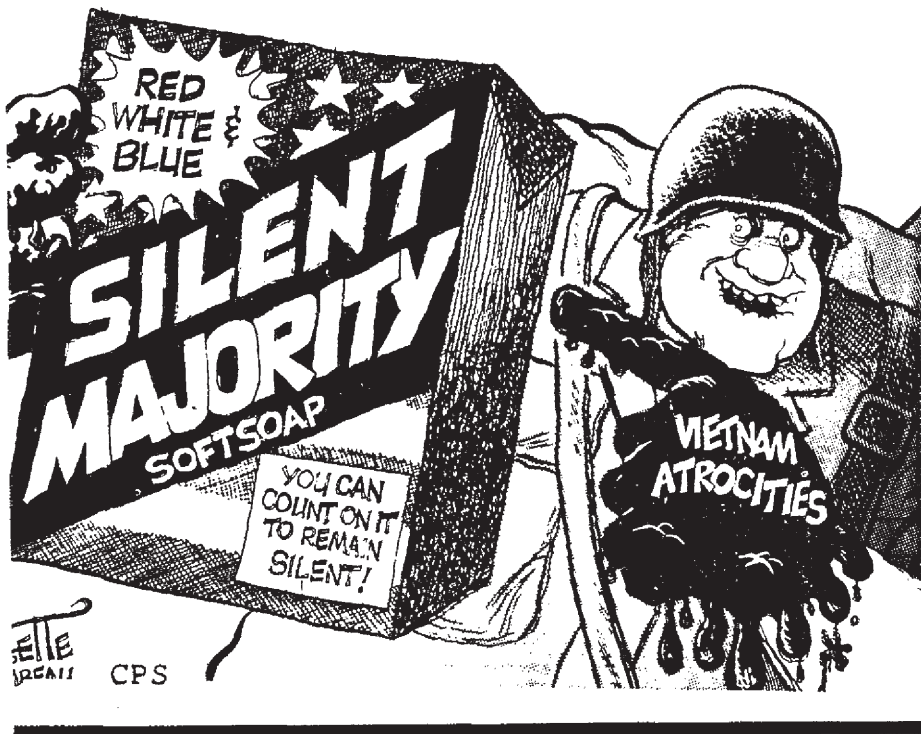
But then the lights were turned up "so I can see New York City," and Jagger suggested: "If you've got room to move your ass, you can shake it." They didn't, but they did, and I sat back and watched. Before long, I was on my feet too. If "Satisfaction" didn't get you up and moving with the music, you had to be dead. If, by "Honky-Tonk Women" you weren't up AND singing as loud as you could, you had to be dead and gagged.

It was great. However, somewhere in the middle of "Street Fighting Man" it was almost a relief to realize that this number was the ender.

The Who was a church service; the Stones a revival meeting. This kind of intense, active, physical and emotional involvement was something new, and thoroughly exhausting. After a certain age, it is too much. But, with electricity generated by five magnificent musicians and 16,000 people, it is impossible to resist it and simply listen.

The Stones, in person, are indeed more exciting than they are on the turntable. Live is better. But on records, you last longer.

ONLY ONE THING CAN GET THESE HANDS CLEAN...



order of draft drawing

1 Sept. 14	67 July 25	133 May 12	195 Sept. 24	258 Mar. 23	313 May 31
2 April 24	68 Feb. 12	134 June 11	196 Oct. 24	259 Mar. 13	314 Dec. 12
3 Dec. 30	69 June 13	135 Dec. 20	197 May 9	260 April 17	315 Sept. 30
4 Feb. 14	70 Dec. 21	136 Mar. 11	198 Aug. 14	261 Aug. 3	316 April 22
5 Oct. 18	71 Sept. 10	137 June 25	199 Jan. 8	262 April 28	317 Mar. 9
6 Sept. 6	72 Oct. 12	138 Oct. 13	200 Mar. 19	263 Sept. 9	318 Jan. 13
7 Oct. 26	73 June 17	139 Mar. 6	201 Oct. 23	264 Oct. 27	319 May 23
8 Sept. 7	74 April 27	140 Jan. 18	202 Oct. 4	265 Mar. 22	320 Dec. 15
9 Nov. 22	75 May 19	141 Aug. 18	203 Nov. 19	266 Nov. 4	321 May 8
10 Dec. 6	76 Nov. 6	142 Aug. 12	204 Sept. 21	267 Mar. 3	322 July 15
11 Aug. 31	77 Jan. 28	143 Nov. 17	205 Feb. 27	268 Mar. 27	323 Mar. 10
12 Dec. 7	78 Dec. 27	144 Feb. 2	206 June 10	269 April 5	324 Aug. 11
13 July 8	79 Oct. 31	145 Aug. 4	207 Sept. 16	270 July 29	325 Jan. 10
14 April 11	80 Nov. 9	146 Nov. 18	208 April 30	271 April 2	326 May 22
15 July 12	81 April 4	147 April 7	209 June 30	272 June 12	327 July 6
16 Dec. 29	82 Sept. 5	148 April 16	210 Feb. 4	273 April 15	328 Dec. 2
17 Jan. 15	83 April 3	149 Sept. 25	211 Jan. 31	274 June 16	329 Jan. 11
18 Sept. 28	84 Dec. 25	150 Feb. 11	212 Feb. 16	275 Mar. 4	330 May 1
19 Nov. 1	85 June 7	151 Sept. 29	213 Mar. 8	276 May 9	331 July 14
20 June 4	86 Feb. 1	152 Feb. 13	214 Feb. 5	277 July 9	332 Mar. 18
21 Aug. 10	87 Oct. 6	153 July 22	215 Jan. 4	278 May 18	333 Aug. 30
22 June 26	88 July 28	154 Aug. 17	216 Feb. 10	279 July 4	334 Mar. 21
23 July 24	89 Feb. 15	155 May 6	217 Mar. 30	280 Jan. 20	335 June 9
24 Oct. 5	90 April 18	156 Nov. 21	218 April 10	281 Nov. 28	336 April 19
25 Feb. 19	91 Feb. 7	157 Dec. 3	219 April 9	282 Nov. 10	337 Jan. 22
26 Dec. 14	92 Jan. 26	158 Sept. 11	220 Oct. 10	283 Oct. 8	338 Feb. 9
27 July 21	93 July 1	159 Jan. 2	221 Jan. 12	284 July 10	339 Aug. 22
28 June 5	94 Oct. 28	160 Sept. 22	222 Jan. 28	285 Feb. 29	340 April 26
29 Mar. 2	95 Dec. 24	161 Sept. 2	223 Mar. 28	286 Aug. 25	341 June 18
30 Mar. 31	96 Dec. 16	162 Dec. 23	224 Jan. 6	287 July 30	342 Oct. 9
31 May 24	97 Nov. 8	163 Dec. 13	225 Sept. 1	288 Oct. 17	343 Mar. 25
32 April 1	98 July 17	164 Jan. 30	226 May 29	289 July 27	344 Aug. 20
33 Mar. 17	99 Nov. 29	165 Dec. 4	227 July 19	290 Feb. 22	345 April 20
34 Nov. 2	100 Dec. 31	166 Mar. 16	228 June 2	291 Aug. 21	346 April 12
35 May 7	101 Jan. 5	167 Aug. 28	229 Oct. 29	292 Feb. 18	347 Feb. 6
36 Aug. 24	102 Aug. 15	168 Aug. 7	230 Nov. 24	293 Mar. 5	348 Nov. 3
37 May 11	103 May 30	169 Mar. 15	231 April 14	294 Oct. 14	349 Jan. 29
38 Oct. 30	104 June 19	170 Mar. 26	232 Sept. 4	295 May 13	350 July 2
39 Dec. 11	105 Dec. 8	171 Oct. 15	233 Sept. 27	296 May 27	351 April 25
40 May 3	106 Aug. 9	172 July 23	234 Oct. 7	297 Feb. 3	352 Aug. 27
41 Dec. 10	107 Nov. 16	173 Dec. 26	235 Jan. 17	298 May 2	353 June 29
42 July 13	108 March 1	174 Nov. 30	236 Feb. 24	299 Feb. 28	354 Mar. 14
43 Dec. 9	109 June 23	175 Sept. 13	237 Oct. 11	300 Mar. 12	355 Jan. 27
44 Aug. 16	110 June 6	176 Oct. 25	238 Jan. 14	301 June 3	356 June 14
45 Aug. 2	111 Aug. 1	177 Sept. 19	239 Mar. 20	302 Feb. 20	357 May 26
46 Nov. 11	112 May 17	178 May 14	240 Dec. 19	303 July 26	358 June 24
47 Nov. 27	113 Sept. 16	179 Feb. 25	241 Oct. 19	304 Dec. 17	359 Oct. 1
48 Aug. 8	114 Aug. 6	180 June 15	242 Sept. 12	305 Jan. 1	360 June 20
49 Sept. 3	115 July 3	181 Feb. 8	243 Oct. 21	306 Jan. 7	361 May 25
50 July 7	116 Aug. 23	182 Nov. 23	244 Oct. 3	307 Aug. 13	362 Mar. 29
51 Nov. 7	117 Oct. 22	183 May 20	245 Aug. 26	308 Nov. 28	363 Feb. 21
52 Jan. 26	118 Jan. 23	184 Sept. 8	246 Sept. 18	309 Nov. 8	364 May 5
53 Dec. 22	119 Sept. 23	185 Nov. 20	247 June 22	310 Aug. 19	365 Feb. 26
54 Aug. 5	120 July 16	186 Jan. 21	248 July 11	311 April 8	366 June 8
55 May 16	121 Jan. 16	187 July 5	249 June 1		
56 Dec. 5	122 Mar. 7	188 Feb. 17	250 May 21		
57 Feb. 23	123 Dec. 28	189 July 18	251 Jan. 8		
58 Jan. 19	124 April 13	190 April 20	252 April 23		
59 Jan. 24	125 Oct. 2	191 Oct. 20	253 April 6		
60 June 21	126 Nov. 13	192 Oct. 16	254 Oct. 16		
61 Aug. 29	127 Nov. 14	193 July 31	255 Sept. 17		
62 April 21	128 Dec. 1	194 Jan. 9			
63 Sept. 20	129 Dec. 1				
64 June 27	130 May 15				
65 May 10	131 Nov. 15				
66 Nov. 12	132 Nov. 25				



new SS director

By Floyd Norris

LOS ANGELES—(CPS)—“Perhaps it’s time for a younger man. I feel a little more choleric, a little more frustrated as the years go by with some of the more asinine antics of some young people.”
—Dr. George C. S. Benson

After 23 years as President of Claremont Men’s College, Dr. George C. S. Benson last May announced he was stepping down because it was time for a younger man. But now, if press speculation can be believed, Benson is about to take over the leadership of the Selective Service System, finally lost by General Lewis B. Hershey.

Benson supposedly is being appointed because President Nixon wants an educator who would fit in with his administration. Benson fills the bill. Long active in Republican politics, he was co-chairman of a 1960 group called “Southern California Scholars for Nixon-Lodge.”

He had long coupled a basic conservatism with strong support for the military. Despite this, he is generally respected on the campus he began.

Paul Resnick, editor of the campus newspaper, says that “Benson was very conservative, but he was always fair and honest. Students had a lot of respect for him.”

When Benson first came to Claremont in 1946, CMC had not yet opened its doors and assets were less than \$50,000. When he left this September, there were 800 students and assets had climbed to \$25 million. CMC is frequently recognized as one of the 10 best independent colleges in the country.

Benson long favored cracking down on students, and while Benson never did hand out overly punitive sentences, he made it clear he wished he could. Speaking last May, he looked back over his career:

“Students have changed, and there’s been a shift in the balance of power. 15 years ago, if we heard there was a threat of a panty raid, I’d go out and could tell the students ‘If you go down to the women’s dorm, I’ll throw you out.’

“Now the President is reduced to something like a political leader. He can’t suspend or expel students. It goes

art at vassar

The works of Jon Colburn, now on display in the Vassar College Art Gallery, comprise the fourth in the current series of exhibitions, FORECAST 69-70. Mr. Colburn has exhibited extensively in Oregon and California, but this is his first show on the East Coast.

The exhibition includes twelve major paintings and a selection of forty studies. The paintings, each comprising the motif of circles within a square and produced, in part, mechanically, demonstrate the possibility of depicting motion and three-dimensionality through only the juxtaposition of certain colors and shapes rather than traditional perspective lines.

Mr. Colburn’s show runs through January 11, 1970. The Art Gallery is open from 9 to 5 Monday through Friday and from 2 to 5 on Sunday. The Gallery will be closed from December 20 through January 4 for Christmas vacation.

through the faculty-student tribunal.

“The faculty has more power, and until the faculties stiffen up, the disruption on campuses will continue. It’s a question of toughness. You know, do you have backbone.”

Despite the fact that he holds a Ph.D. in Political Science, and taught at Harvard, Chicago, Michigan and Northwestern, faculties never were among his favorite groups. In December, 1948, having been president of CMC for over two years, Benson waded into the fight over communism on the campus, issuing something less than a ringing defense of academic freedom.

scientist quits

PASADENA, California (LNS)—A leading geologist is quitting the moon program because he believes the moon exploration going on now could have been done three or four years ago at one-fifth the cost with unmanned flights.

Eugene Shoemaker, who is principal investigator of field geology for the Apollo program, is one of several scientists to leave Apollo in recent months.

Many scientists have implicitly pointed out that the whole Apollo mission is less a scientific achievement than it is a public relations mission for the American way of life.

dow drops napalm

MIDLAND, Mich.—(CPS)—Dow Chemical, sparkplug for countless demonstrations on university campuses in the last three years, has stopped making napalm.

Company spokesmen said the American government awarded the contract for the jellied gasoline several weeks ago to another company, American Electric of Los Angeles, when Dow was an unsuccessful bidder for the new contract.

Last year, Dow’s board chairman Carl Gerstacker pledged that the Company would continue to make napalm as long as the government needed it.

The contract was worth about \$10,000,000.

cornell ombudsman

ITHACA, N.Y.—(CPS)—Cornell University has named its first ombudsman, Mrs. Alice H. Cook, an authority on trade unions and professor of industrial and labor relations.

The office of ombudsman will be independent of any existing university agency. The ombudsman theoretically will receive grievances from anyone in the Cornell community — students, faculty, and administration. She then will mediate between the person filing the grievance and the appropriate university office. She will serve as a fact-finder, mediator and information-giver.

Following is the order of the alphabet to be applied to the first letter of last names in determining the order of call for inductees with the same birth dates:
J, G, D, K, N, O, Z, T, W, P,
Q, Y, U, C, F, I, K, H, S, L,
M, A, R, E, B, V

ANTIOCH EXPANDS BOARD

YELLOW SPRINGS, Ohio — CPS — Trustees of Antioch College have elected three new members to the board — a Catholic nun, a Negro economist, and an environmental designer. The new trustees were chosen deliberately to broaden minority group representation on the board and to reflect increasing interest among students in the arts and effects of environment on society.

Antioch's board of trustees, which now includes alumni, six faculty of other academic institutions, three women, several members of minority groups as well as lawyers, industrialists and government agency officials, is probably as atypical as any in the country.

However, it does not include student and faculty members. Offered that opportunity by trustees last spring, student and faculty councils turned it down. They said the suggestion was inadvisable and unnecessary — inadvisable because the board is already large and unnecessary because meetings are open to all community members, for participation.

PRISONER DIES IN PLUNGE

CHICAGO (LNS) — The Chicago Sun Times has printed photographs which show a Vietnamese war prisoner plummeting to his death after being pushed from a U.S. Army helicopter. The newspaper also printed the letter and the photo captions written by the pilot-photographer who took the pictures.

The letter begins:

"Enclosed are two prize pictures, by far the best I've shot in a long time. I was on flying escort for that C.C. (Command and Control) ship.

"Anyway, the guy was picked up along with two others in a tunnel complex under a rice paddy. They called us in to destroy it with rockets and miniguns.

"They took these three jokers up in our C.C. ship for interrogation. This guy wouldn't talk, so out he went. Funny, the other two didn't stop talking after that, and a lot of valuable information was gained."

The first photo shows the prisoner dangling head down from the open hatch of the helicopter. The photographer's caption reads:

"'Uncle Nguyen' takes a look at the world from 5000 feet — upside down. I would imagine he's a little upset about now — but not as upset as he'll be in a few minutes. I was in radio contact with the C & C (Command and Control) ship, and John the pilot was keeping me informed. I could hear that guy screaming in my earphones when John keyed up his mike."

The second photo, showing the prisoner falling to his death, bears the caption by the photographer:

"And here he takes a sky dive without a parachute. Instant paratrooper. My ship followed him down and we found him. The picture isn't too pretty — but the whole episode had good results as the other two 'Charlies' told us everything we wanted to know. I bet they were nervous. The next day four arms caches were found as a result of this incident."

INDIANS CLAIM ALCATRAZ

ALCATRAZ ISLAND, Cal. — (CPS) — It was a joke two weeks ago but now the scene isn't quite so funny. The 50 Indians (mostly students) who "occupied" Alcatraz Island and claimed it under law of prior discovery have rattled officials all the way from San Francisco to Washington.

The Island has been the center of continuing controversy ever since it was abandoned as a federal prison in 1963.

Each year the maintenance costs of the island increase, and the city of San Francisco became desperate this year to get rid of the 12-acre oddity.

Plans were being finalized by the county board of supervisors to sell the island, lock, stock, and gallows to billionaire H.L. Hunt who had plans to develop it into another "Disneyland."

But conservation groups deluged the board with more than 100,000 signatures of irate citizens who didn't want to see the natural bird sanctuary replaced by roller coasters. The board retracted its offer to Hunt and was in the process of considering new alternatives when the Indians occupied the land.

After one day they left the island, escorted by federal officials on coast guard boats, but returned several days later. They claim the property under an old treaty that gives the Indians right to lands unused by the federal government. A similar attempt several years ago, however, failed to withstand judicial scrutiny in federal courts here.

Richard Oakes, a Mohawk spokesman and student at UCLA, said the island is a "rocky, isolated, rundown, non-productive small island and . . . for these reasons Indians can feel right at home on it."

But Oakes and his compatriots from 30 different tribes are dead serious, and Interior Secretary Walter Hickel flushed red cheeks to newsmen this weekend by ordering the federal government not to evict the occupiers. A coast guard embargo of the island continues, however, allowing only necessary supplies onto the island.

The island has no fresh water.

In downtown San Francisco an official office has been opened where supplies are donated for the 50 island inhabitants. Physicians have donated their services as have numerous fishing trawlers and others. Volunteers at the office headquarters have sent off thousands of telegrams and

petitions to Congressmen and other government officials.

Hickel has even agreed to meet the Indians on the condition they rescind their demand he sign over the island to them "within two weeks." At the same time, though, Hickel says the island is presently under the auspices of the General Services Administration (GSA) and he thus has no real authority to deal with the matter.

The GSA had announced it would evict the occupiers, but was apparently detained by Hickel's memorandum after the Secretary received numerous phone calls and telegrams and pressure from some Congressmen.

Many conservation groups are supporting the Indian's action as the only viable alternative for keeping the land in its semi-virgin state.

The Indians have already begun basic construction out of the old prison. Oakes said the Indians have become so familiar with the island in the San Francisco Bay that they could escape the scrutiny of any federal officials by hiding in the many secret corridors and dungeons of the old prison.



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