observer scorecard...
kobitz beaten in cell...
bard beats bible...

photo: carolyn carlson
"Can we improve the quality of human life instead of just the quantity?" We need to encourage green plants, use caregivers instead of police, use bicycles instead of cars, live in smaller towns and allow more green areas to survive. We discussed these and other things at the JayCees' ACTION meeting at the Red Hook Jr. High School last week.

Of the four speakers, Erik Kiviat saved electricity by ignoring the microphone, but he didn't speak loud enough for everyone to hear. The other three panelists were Rev. Cruse, the moderator, Mr. Bone, of the Ulster County JayCees and Mr. Greg, of the Advisory Committee to the State Department of Environmental Conservation.

The newly formed Department combines all pollution abatement responsibilities into one department. Commissioner Diamon, who heads this department, has recently banned the following pesticides from further use in New York State except during a certified public health emergency, such as some of the basements of Stone Row, DDE, DDT, endrin, Dieldrin, hexachloroethane, toxaphene, selenite, selenate concentrations, BHC, Strobane and sodium fluorophosphate 1080. The limitations also restrict the purchase and use of about 60 other pesticides.

The Advisory Committee to this department meets about once a month to try to promote some of the things we talk about.' The first meeting only explored, more or less. Mr. Greg didn't write it down as they discussed it. The second meeting will happen in New York City on October 14.

Mr. Greg feels that we need to balance consumer needs against the damage that result from abusing our resources. He thought it was nice that so many (about 16) Bard students came to the meeting, because that's what the meeting is about.

He tries to use pesticides "carefully, wisely, and sparingly because they're expensive and because the operator is exposed to them a thousand times as heavily as the consumer. The tolerances are carefully kept." Unfortunately, the Food and Drug Administration established some tolerances way back in 1968, and many of the regulated chemicals have been replaced with more effective poisons.

"Chemicals have been part of the success of agriculture in this country." Mr. Greg doesn't know how the new pesticide restrictions will affect his farm. He assumes that "it will still be possible to grow most of the crops grown in New York State." But he doesn't think that it's practical to grow crops without chemicals because it requires about three times as much labor.

Fortunately, many of the other members of the Advisory Committee seem to have more of a relationship with the environment than Mr. Greg, who's tired of picking up beer cans from his farm in Red Hook.

The chairman, John Loeb, is an investment banker active in conservation. Harold Gleeson, a bank president, is involved in the Long Island Ecological Development Company. Mr. Paul Foster is a cancer researcher at Harlem Hospital. Dr. Vincent Shafer's a professor of physiologic science at SUNY Albany. T. C. Field does aquatic ecology at the College of Forestry in Syracuse.

Mr. Bone represented the Ecology Committee of the Ulster JayCees, which started last Earth Day (April 22, all of you who have forgotten) to focus on local problems in the Saugerties. Some of the problems that plague them include the electronics plants that throw dets and inorganic sludge into the river, the paper mill that leaks dyes into the river and the people who live along the river and flush their toilets into it.

The JayCees plan to focus on three steps for action: educating themselves, educating others, and specific action projects around the Saugus Creek. In the area of education, they've been pretty well limited to articles in Ecology in the local Saugerties papers. For more concrete action, they have launched the Red Death Project which has unsuccessfully tried to motivate local officials to clean up the creek. They didn't discuss any plans to solve the $500,000 project.

One of the activities the JayCees have planned is a "Love the Eaupeeas Day," which will occur in the Saugerties on October 17. They specifically invited people from Bard to participate in the day's activities.

"Love the Eaupeeas Day" will try to educate the locals and attract them down to the Saugerties Municipal Beach, at the end of Main Street. The Environment Neglect Display will show the "sad story of man, starting with Genesis and showing pictures of the Earth forming." They will illustrate on the sixth day God created man" with pictures of pollution and slaughtered animals. They will show the effects of pollution on waterways.

The final week will look to the worldwide aspect of pollution pointed out in graphic detail, ending with the population bomb. "Breathe deep, while you sleep, breathe deep."

Mr. Robert Derasmo, Chairman of the Red Hook JayCees ACTION Committee, said that the purpose of ACTION is to achieve a rapport between the community and its students. The JayCees were concerned about this and other things. He described the people in Red Hook as "worried about drugs, concerned about their environment, afraid of Bard because it's more liberal than most colleges." The description was provided by Mr. Robert Derasmo.
Ad Hoc

In the aftermath of the student strike of December, 1969, a committee of students, faculty, and a trustee worked, for a long time and in a spirited way, to produce the Walter Committee Report on the Hiring, Firing and Tenure of Faculty. When the report of the D.D. Report (as it is known to many in circles on the report was over, and the document, albeit amended, was passed, I had a feeling of vindication. We had finally, in terms of creating much needed change, won a battle. Now I'm having second thoughts on just how much good these new procedures are going to accomplish.

The procedures outlined in the amended document are not a panacea for all our ills. They provide for a system of decision-making that is equitable both to the students and to the faculty member under scrutiny. What I am beginning to realize is that this is the greatest evil of the old system of decision making in this area was touched upon in this article and in any other documents. I am talking about dirty politics, about personal vendettas, a quality that is all too ubiquitous at Bilk and all the constituent groups of the college.

Though we live in a society that does it all the time, it has been said that morality cannot be legislated. I suppose that to a great extent this is true. The problem with the old Hiring-Firing Document was not so much in its mechanics, but in the fact that so much of the procedures took place behind closed doors where the scrutiny of the community could not act as a moderator. It was felt by many people that the reasons behind decisions had, in many cases, little or nothing to do with the stated criteria - that the faculty had been less decisions on what members of the Junior Faculty would or would not do. This is an issue of sonority factors and amiability, rather than on the merits of teaching or other scholarly work. Doubtless this is an exaggerated charge. But I suspect that such matters did play a part if not to the same extent that some of us felt during the strike. Now I'm beginning to stop such decisions from being made on the same kind of basis under the new procedures. What stops many of the committees from forming judgements on faculty on other than the stated criteria and then rationalizing their way into a defense of their actions. The answer is obvious. Nothing except a sense of commitment to their constituents and some of the same good faith that went into the preparation of the document.

Now by and large I will credit anyone with good faith until they prove me wrong. I'm getting the first signs of bad faith, however, in the air every day. Strange things seem to be happening in the Social Studies Division as to who will and who will not be evaluated. Your faculty were offered contract extensions regardless of the upcoming evaluations - until students protested bitterly. If we are operating on the premise of good faith, then it would seem that no one should attempt to circumvent the process. After all, a man whose teaching is unquestioned should have no fear of facing evaluation, and a man whose teaching may be called into question should not be shielded from the wrath of high standards by his colleagues. Could it be that standards other than those of the document are at work here? At this writing, the issue is still unresolved.

Personal vendetta, a force that seems to be at work in one case in the Division of Art, Music, Drama and Dance, has no place in the evaluation procedure. Pious phrases and rationalizations do not erase the fact that gams are being played. In the end, only the student can suffer from such games, the student and the victim on the faculty.

I feel it difficult to understand motives behind such activity. We are supposed to be in the business of education. Dirty pool and subterfuge are not conducive to that process. More and more, it seems that the shiny-bright new structure is being clouded by the same old problems. The only answer is for the Committees to be profoundly conscious of their responsibilities to the community, their responsibility to operate in absolute good faith.

The Walter Committee's work has begun as the conditional settlement of a strike. If the same kind of machinations that precipitated that strike take place again, the students of Bard College are going to be very angry. We ended the strike to give the faculty a chance to clean its own house. I sincerely hope that they have done so.

Jeffrey Raphaelson

This is going to be short, as most of Access is devoted to the Oberoi Scorecard this week. About that - Please fill it out and return it. We often get complaints about the Oberoi, but without specifics. This is your chance to really rile it up, if you wish. HOWEVER, please be as nonrude as possible. More specific: yes no. Do you think that we should limit our letters to reporting strict news stories, or should we allow them to say what they feel, like we have in the past? yes no. Are the stories too long? yes no. Do they hold your interest? yes no. If you don't like them at all, would you be willing to devote the time and energy to write for the Oberoi? yes no.

One final question. Do you like the artwork that we've run (e.g. drawings of Hendrie) and would you like to see artwork regularly? yes no.

This semester, the Oberoi is being run by five people, whose names you can read to your immediate advantage, that the past we have discovered that the only people who dislike the Oberoi are either Bard students, or local conservatives who find the Oberoi represents the student body, and them, in turn, hate the school. We on the editorial board couldn't care less about the latter, but we are intensely interested in your reactions to the newspaper. You may not agree with us on some points, and you may dislike specific articles, and that is all right with us. But we also feel that if the paper is not read, if it is used for toilet paper as some people have maintained in the past, then we fall in our job.

So, in an effort to discover what you like and dislike, we are running an Oberoi scorecard, much like the faculty scorecard we ran several weeks ago. You may cut it out and return it with your comments, or, if you are unable to be here in person, write your comments, referring to the scorecard, and either bring them to the office (basement of McVicker) or put them in campus mail box 76.

1) These are columns that run regularly in the Oberoi:
   Midnight Rumbles: Like dislike hate intensely don't read
   Ad Hoc: Like dislike hate intensely don't read
   Fifth Column (Women's Lib): Like dislike hate intensely don't read
   Amazing News Show: Like dislike hate intensely don't read
   Bard lands: Like dislike hate intensely don't read
   In Autumn of my Madness (music review): Like dislike hate intensely don't read

2) Format
   What do you think of the layout?
   Like dislike hate intensely don't read
   Do you find the articles fascinatingly appealing?
   Like dislike hate intensely don't read
   Do you feel that they are speaking to good quality
   Like dislike hate intensely don't read
   Would you like less copy, more photos (or vice versa)?
   Less copy More copy

3) Copy
   Would you like to see more of:
   campus news: yes no
   national news: yes no
   international news: yes no
   third world news: yes no
   sports: yes no

We acknowledge that we are slanted towards the left. Do you think that we should try to:
   more objective: yes no
   liberal, wishy-washy: yes no
   less objective: yes no
   more radical: yes no
   less radical: yes no
   stay the way we are: yes no

4) Writing
   In general, what do you think of the writing?
   Like dislike hate intensely don't read
   Should it be more concise:
   yes no
   more specific: yes no
   less verbose: yes no
   Do you think that we should limit our letters to reporting strict news stories, or should we allow them to say what they feel, like we have in the past: yes no
   Are the stories too long: yes no
   Do they hold your interest: yes no
   If you don't like them at all, would you be willing to devote the time and energy to write for the Oberoi: yes no

5) Artwork
   Do you like the artwork that we've run (e.g. drawings of Hendrie) and would you like to see artwork regularly? yes no

6) Access
   This is the special final issue of the Access Special Book of the Week, which undoubtedly will be ignored. Don't you feel sorry for the book, have you no compunctions? Why don't you read it and review it. Anyway, this week we have two of the little devils. Change in Educational Policy is a report from the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education. It describes the processes of change at a number of colleges and institutions and white stuffy in format, it contains a lot of interesting things. The other is called "Theパーパ," it is subtitled "Sex, Money, War Peace." Far be it for us to say that something is rotten, if you read it you may find out what

Geoff Cahoon
In the form of review, and also as an individual, I take the recent John Mayall - It's a Beautiful Day - Fock gig. Again - a list of my prejudices. I never liked Mayall with the Bluebreakers and just bought - an album until Terminal Point, which was a goodie. Before this last year, I'd see Mayall once with Mark and Almond and that bastard from the funny name from Asymptote Dunbar's... I dig Sugarcane Harris and Larry Taylor but not so much Harry Vander. Man. She knows a lot. And the other two is that IABD is supposed to be good and that Flock are loud and not so good. (Up to this time the article was written before the show. The following is what I wrote down afterwards.

OK. This is going to be Part II

Trick No. 1. We got to the door and it said, "Sorry - Sugarcane Harris ain't gonna be here. He had an accident."

Shit. I came all this way and no Sugarcane Harris. Shit. They had the night all set for folkloric folk. I didn't get one, and then Harris. But (ah, oh shit) - no show.

No. 2 - Flock's just bad. There are times when you think that maybe they could develop into something, but 99% of the time it's no go. They use every gimmick in the book and the crowd sorta dug 'em. Figures.

No. 3 - It's a Beautiful Day - Well, let's just say this. They're getting up, they really know how to turn it on. They let out all the stops and the followers' goin' (He's pretty good too) and the drummer's goin' (hit him) and the bassist and the guitarist (hit him) and the organ and the woman too. Yeah. This one's got a woman. She knows about a pretty meager while imitation of Tina Turner with some of the Flock, but the bassist thrown in for good measure. Her voice isn't bad, really, but it's name too strong and that's not good. They're pretty damn good on the whole, but I sure wished someone would have written up on dance. Shit.

No. 4 - Mayall's working with a crisper new band that's lowkey just like the last one. It doesn't lend itself to good old fashioned stomping the way NSRB goes (do again next Sunday. Find me and I'll tell you how to get there.) But Mayall can sure lay down some good quiet music. Larry Taylor's just a fine, fine bassist, damn near the best I've ever seen, and Harvey Mandel - well, let's say Harvey has my feelings. I felt that Mike Bloomfield would have fit in just perfect - oh, well.

When it comes to good taste in musical composition, Mayall's got almost all of them beat. Even when he's well played and the arrangements subtly build the music up thing up professionally and personally. Maybe too good. They need some pizzazz and a little CRASH!! too - maybe a good drummer. No, maybe another bassist. I imagine Mayall with two good bases - far fuckin' out.

Louis Silver

GLF NEWS
BARD GAY LIBERATION FRONT SPEAKS
AT WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY
Gay Liberation Front at Wesleyan University got off to a bang last Wednesday, October 10th. Representatives from BARD GAY LIBERATION FRONT spoke at the meeting. A ten-minute talk by the Bard representatives on homosexuality and solidarity with the goals of GAY LIBERATION FRONT was followed by a question and answer period. Students were extremely attentive. The gathering of 150 men and women broke down last December when four womb men represented the homo- sexual community and caused a furor. One person explained the homo- sexualism to me in terms of homophile sympathies. I told the first story in my group and everyone had to follow it up by relating it to themselves. Each person had to tell a story about someone of the same sex who loved him very much and why he didn't have sex with that person. As one person told me after the three-hour session was finished: "I see they call it GAY." Of course, it's tremendous psychic energy.

WESLEYAN GLF will send representa- tives to Bard in the future for a BARDF GLF meeting.

Joe Palombo

NOTICES
The Bard Black and Latin American Student Organization exists for the pur- pose of enlightenment of the college community, and to serve as a visible source of identification available to, and for, minority students.

Bard Black and Latin American Students

For the first time since last spring's strike Women's Liberation is opening a meeting a half hour after the end of the Bard community. Although the location of the meeting had not yet been decided, it will be held on Thursday night, at 7:30. The importance of this action cannot be minimized; it was integral part of their education to the Bard community.

In the autumn
of my madness

When I think of the Fillmore, I remind me of one thing - New York City. If you can't hack the city, chances are you haven't seen the inside of the Fillmore in years. I fall somewhere short of that. I dislike the city because I live in Queen's and have worked in the city and have had my fill. I'll take the country, thank you. Yet, I find my- self in the city more often than I'd like to admit, often as a direct result of going to the Fillmore.

To continue the analogy - the Fillmore is a music dent for all breeds of not-to-nice people. Like- wise, the Fillmore is loud too. Very loud. And, in case you haven't noticed nearby, New York is loud, too. Very loud.

If you've been following my reasoning, your next question is: Why do you go? And I answer: "I'm fed up." Only rarely does the atmosphere get to me badly enough to leave up the whole night. Take last year's Jefferson Airplane, Manfred Mann concert, for example. The foolishness of the audience could bring themselves to clap for Mann who was more than adequate in his voice bringing some kind of good jazz to the health- en. Then they damn near hoisted Bill Graham off the stage, capitalist though he may be, while he was trying to tell them that he was limiting tickets to take care of the customer. They had all also mysteriously forgotten how they had had coming early in the morning to get those tickets and were now taking their plane to mostly good ones. Then, to cap it all, they cheered while Grace Slick gave one of the most fuck-up speeches I've ever heard there.

While we're on the subject of bad nights, bed audiences, and general bad karma, let us not forget that if it weren't for good Fillmore receptions, trash like Grand Funk and the Who would never have made it into my favorite complaints. The "group's" popularity of the Cream Blind Faith Air Force Delaney & Bonnie Joe Cocker Leon Russell, etc. axels on the abilities of the groups in question to play Sill like the Fillmore and to Madison Square Garden are what the groups go when their age-group following falls under 15 or so.

Other bad moments - having 60 dollars worth of first floor Procol Harum tickets ripped off at kneepoint (sh! don't that sound ominous) by one of the Fill- more's panhandlers on East 4th St. Ah - but here's where the good karma starts. After that low point in my life, I got nothing but good reactions from the Fillmore hierarchy and did finally get most of my seats. And let's be honest. There are moments when I got beautiful nights there in the past and you'll have to admit that there were no better place for good hard core psychedelic is. Where else do you go to see Spirit or the Paul Butterfield Blues Band or String Band? Where else do you meet some manner Mongolia Santana or Saals & Crafts Or Cat Mother, like and Tina Turner, Jeff Beck, Stevie Brown and all the good ones that come on after the shit.

The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to de- stroy the country. Is there any way that we can continue our relationship with the republic in danger. Yes - danger from within and without. We need law and order! Without law and order our nation cannot sur- vive.

Adolf Hitler, 1932

Big, handsome man - You're not one of those crazy women's liberationists, are you? Me: Oh, no, not me. Are you kidding? I think they're crazy!

My first encounter with Women's Liber- ation was the other day at a seminar on women in society. I was invited to an argument with a girl who said derogatory things about the speakers. I defended them as I found them to be an interesting movement for women. Then, about a week afterwards, I took back in the part of the argument that I quoted above. Obviously, my understanding of women's didn't match my expectations at the first sign of censure from a man, I sold myself out.

It is difficult to change myself. I still look upon myself as basically sexual being who is on this earth to make life comfortable for my man. As a man I am living with has an image of a woman, and without realizing it I molded myself to fit it: soft, feminine, pretty, with stylish clothes that fit low on the hips. I was too pretty, not feminine enough, so I reapprop- riated myself. He's started paring his hair in the middle and dressing a little more stylishly - I guess he's trying to fit his image of the man who has the image of a woman.

If I didn't have a man to make life com- fortable for - I'd be looking for one, I'd be very depressed. Because of my sexual re- sorting, wondering I'd be an old maid. For seven years, I've never been without a man. So I've never had to do without one - there was always next one. I've got steady for months with men, simply because they were men, in spite of the fact that they repelled me physically and mentally.

Now I have a man and interests of love relationships I'm completely fulfilled as never before in my life. Me and I'm faced with the fact that I have nothing of my- own. I've hated myself because my every need is not fulfilled by this love relation- ship - because I'm not physically content. A man can't cure a depression that's caused by self-disenchantment, by an inner vacu- um. I want to stay with my man, but I've reached the point where I see now there is something I want to do - a lot of things. I want to attend academic subjects for the first time, and I am in- volved in women's liberation.

Now I know why I am obsessed with a desire to be married, wear a long white dress, and have a ring on my finger. It never occurred to me in all the years I was growing up that I needed anything more than a husband. From the time I wasfive, my life was just a series of boyfriends. I tried to convince myself at least five times that I was in love. I really wasn't. But I didn't have to worry about the lack of fulfillment I felt - because I always believed it was just not the right man.

As long as I have been aware that I am a female, I have fantasized at least one hour of each day about my wedding day. The wedding appeared as the culmination of my femininity, the ultimate achieve- ment of being a woman - all a woman could ever aspire to. I never had the il- lusion the day had as much importance to the man - to him, I realized, it was the day he finally gets over being horn at (at least I believed so until premarital sex became a reality for me).

I have thus begun to question my motiva- tions for virtually everything I do, and have come to believe that the woman's "role" is our oppression that I would realize I needed to be to wanted to be liberated. I see myself as a perfect example - a middle-class girl who never deval- oped interests or used her intelligence to its fullest - because I thought it was super- fluous to what I was supposed to be. Now I am beginning to understand my- self - my history and my present situation. The changes still come slowly and if one is not familiar with the problems of wom- en's liberation, they seem awfully small. But I know now I don't feel guilty anymore about letting the guy I live with do the chores. That's a first step, and for me a big one.

A member of Bard Women's Liberation
Fall winds are beginning to disperse the silver-plumed seeds of the milkweed. The monarch butterflies, whose caterpillars fed on milkweed throughout the summer, are now conspicuous in migration. For a few weeks there were “hot spots” in the west, where migrating butterflies were at their peak, and sallying across main campus and along the edge of the South Bay, stopping to draw nectar from asters, staghorns, and other late composites. Barring a heavy frost, they will probably still be flying through when this article is published.

The monarch is a large bright red butterfly, sharply marked with a network of black. A good example of warning coloration, the adult monarch flies strongly in the open and its brightness advertises its bad taste to insect-eating birds. The caterpillar is conspicuously banded with yellow, black, white, and its exclusive diet of milkweed makes it actually poisonous to birds.

The monarchs are following the late flow- ers and last warm waves across the Gulf states where they will spend the winter. What happens to a few species of butterflies has a seasonal migration; most of them must survive the winter in hibernation, generally not as adults but in another stage of the life cycle (eg, caterpillar, or chrysalis). In California the fall migration of the monarch is gigantic, and vast clouds cover the blue sky as they sleep at night; their collective screech is thought to be helpful in warning off predators. (This phenomenon is depicted in a dramatic in the Museum of Natural History in Manhattan.) In our region the monarchs migrate singly, although it is not uncommon to have several in sight at once on a sunny day.

In early spring the adult monarchs leave their wintering grounds and struggle north, laying their eggs and subsequently dying on the way. The young-of-the-year continue the northward migration and are probably the only ones that reach the northern portion of the species range without stopping in our latitude in about May.

Here egg-laying again occurs, and the second brood reaches maturity in August. A given individual makes the fall migration only once, and it is not known how they find their way.

Probably a stowaway on ships in the egg or chrysalis stage, many other organisms the monarch is being distributed widely throughout the world from its native America. Many of our most serious crop and forest pests have reached us in a similar manner with or without human intervention; among these the gypsy moth, Dutch elm disease, Queen Anne's lace, and house rat.

Bright-colored flowers and the sweet nectars they produce attract butterflies and other insect eaters of sweets, which in turn serve the plants by carrying the pollen that adheres to their body hairs from one flower to another, thus accomplishing cross-pollination. Butterflies possess highly specialized sucking mouth parts, very long and held curled up like a watchspring under the head when not in use. Some feed on other materials in addition to nectar; it is not uncommon, for example, to see butterflies gathering on fresh water.

According to Partridge (Origines), the English word "caterpillar" has its beginning in the Latin phrase "a heavy cat," "chrysa- lis" is from a Greek word signifying "gold" and "butterfly" is from Old English, probably referring to a common yellow species of milkweed.

Erik Kivist

Letters...

To the Editor:

There is, perhaps, a refreshing hint of normalcy in finding dormitory interior decorations much a target for disapp- roval—at least not for lack of space in the Observer—as FBI machines on the Bard campus.

However, as a faculty wife who has had some twenty-five years of experience in making a slender budget somehow pro- vide a few decorative amenities, I find myself resentful that The Observer has seen fit to accuse my friend and colleague Mrs. Kline, of squandering the college’s resources on extravagant furnishings for the new housing.

Far be it from me to argue matters of taste. But I think you should correct the assumption that Mrs. Kline has combed the interior decorator’s catalog to select an assortment of expensive nonsense. Instead, in an attempt to make life at Bard somewhat less Spartan, she has spent considerable time and hours searching out unused furniture and decorations from college attics and storage rooms, and finding ways to refurbish them for current use. I understand only the lamps are "new."

Mrs. Kline does not "issue orders" about furnishings, nor make her expertise in such things available on a volunteer basis. If the results are not completely pleasing to you there might be a more tactful and con- siderate method of making your displeasure known.

Mary Sleeper

To the Editor:

Kurt Hill’s column on the Middle East situation was not at one-sided as its title, “Israel Stands Condemed,” would sug- gest, but it was an entirely fair discussion. It was a more balanced account of the situation in Israel and Arab states, and of the tragic plight of the Arab refu- gees, as contained in a thoughtful article by James Michener in the September 27 issue of the New York Times Magazine.

Two matters raised by Mr. Hill deserve particular attention.

First, it is not at all newsworthy to sub- scribe to the historical or current objec- tives of Zionism, or to endorse the theo- cratic aspects of Israeli law, to recognize that in 1970 “anti-Zionism” has become a racist code-word—like our “law and order” and “crime in the streets”—for the persecution of Jews, not only in the Soviet Union and some countries of Eastern Europe, but also in the Arab Middle East. If Atahfaz has officially declared that in a “liberated” Palestine, only “Jews” who are Jewish permanently in Palestine at the beginning of the Zionist invasion (1917) will be considered Pale- stinians.”

According to this doctrine, two million and 40% of all Jews in Israel, would immediately become refu- gees, assuming that they survived at all. I really do not know that this is what Mr. Hill had in mind when he wrote of free- ing the Jewish people of Israel from the "oppression of Zionism." But it is what Atahfaz has in mind when it attacks "Zionism."

Second, in my judgment, it is insensitive and unrealistic to condemn Israel for being willing to go along with the mis- guided foreign policies of France in North Africa, and later, of the United States in Indochina. The sad, but plain, fact is that the Jewish people of Israel have been engaged for over twenty years in a struggle for survival, and that during this time the only substantial assistance that they have received has come from a few capitalist and other colonialist West- ern nations. Like Mr. Hill, I wish that this were not the case, but it was—and it is. Suppose Israel had denounced the poli- cies of France and the United States (as it has officially denounced the racism of South Africa.) Would the neighboring Arab populations have ceased their an- tivack? Would the African people have joined in Israel’s defense? Would Russia have overcome both its anti-Semitic tradi- tion and its political objectives, and sent aid? Would you have stood with Israel? Poland, with its anti-Semitic tradi- tion? East Germany? The People’s Republic of China?

It seems to me that we have enough work to do in this country to change American attitudes toward an immoral American war in Asia, and that we can, with better grace, leave Israel’s position on Vietnam up to the Israelis—who may, after all, here to suffer the consequences—than their fathers before them—none.

Carl M. Selinger

Dear Editor:

In reference to Kurt Hill’s article on “Is- rael, the oppressor”:

I have found his views on Israel and Zionism hopelessly prejudiced and one-sided. He is attacking a vision of Israel that no really sensible person, pro-Israeli or not, truly believes now—at least the way he puts it. The debate is now over what the terms of recognition of Israel by the Arab’s mil- itary governments are going to be.

The tone of the article is set immediately by Mr. Hill’s first sentence against Isra- el—not a reflection of its standing, but an immediate classification of its support of American imperial- ism. This automatically gives me the idea that he is attacking Israel simply for the purpose of supporting a group of leftist revolutionaries: the Palestinian guerrillas.

This impression is strengthened by his use of researched materials (I’m sorry, but I’ve never heard of Baran before), by his reference to Arab governments (he has set the tone heavily against Israel long be- fore he gives even passing notice to the evils of the Arab military establishment—and, by the way, didn’t Arab feudalism come before Zionism?), and by the simple fact that he uses the last third of his arti- cle to glorify the Palestinians.

And what has Mr. Hill accomplished? He has set up as saviours a group of people who have been bred and nurtured by a bunch of Jew-haters (Jew-killing is, after all, the Great International Pastime) who must now tremble as Jews turn against them. He tries to convince us that these “revolutionaries” are all right and every- one else is all wrong. Finally, he expounds as a solution to all the problems of the Arab world the creation of an ideal state, which the prejudices of Mr. Hill’s one-sided argument do not aim at the sides involved (not to mention those of the Big Powers) make impossible.

I am neither a radical nor a reactionary. I simply do not know what the Jews are know as an insult to the right of Israel to exist to go unanswered.

Sol Lewis Siegel

---

...wasted

Each person in the United States throws away five pounds of paper a week, not to mention other garbage. More and more trees are being cut down to get the paper demand. More and more of our land is being covered with garbage. The pollution problem is serious. Action must be taken.

Everyday at Bard mimeographed messages are printed in each mailbox. The paper is then thrown into the garbage pails, many of us not even reading them. Last spring Mrs. Suquet and Daan Selinger made an attempt to cut down on the amount of junk mail”, but that didn’t work out. One thing which can be done: we can stop it. We can see to it. This is an appeal to all departments to stop having notices mimeographed.

Starting now all notices will be posted on the bulletin board across from the mail boxes. There are a few important mes- sages which will become of necessity that will be mimeographed, but let’s cut down. The weekly schedule will still come out.

We will save time, effort, money, and trees. The administration is with us, so let’s get to it: use recycling boxes.

If anyone is interested in working in a recycling program write to Fred Hook people please contact box 272.

Julie Fein

(upper left) Adult butterfly on a clover bloom after the wings have dried and hardened.
(Left) Egg of butterfly on milkweed.
Dick Griffiths, head of Bard's Buildings and Grounds Department, has sometimes been a controversial figure at Bard. Defended stoutly by some for his work in making B & G into one of the top-rated maintenance operations in New York State colleges, he came under attack from some student quarters for his work as a part-time Deputy Sheriff for Dutchess County Sheriff Lawrence Quinnell. In this interview, conducted by Knight Land man in Griffiths' office last Friday, Griffiths covers these and other topics, such as his involvement with the growth of Bard in the last ten years.

**Observer** - How are the new buildings going? Are B & G men involved?

**Mr. Griffiths** - The dining hall is going fine. I think we’re ahead of schedule on it. I think the quality is exceptionally bet ter than normal, and not just because we are doing so much of the engineering ourselves, that say progress and quality are excellent so far. We have B & G men working there. We have 30 or 40 men on the job, and we only have 50 employees, including maintenance men. In all, we’ll have B & G men and other contractors there. There are some things we can’t do, of course, and keep up our college work too, because any time we move off something we’ve got to get it back in order, and we can’t begin to lay off the number of bricks that’s got to go into that building. We don’t have the forms for pouring large amounts of concrete.

**O** - When do you think it’ll be completed?

**G** - We’re shooting for a date of moving in in field period 1972, about 18 months from the time we started.

**O** - Have students been getting in the way?

**G** - Not at all. The only thing that students have done, perhaps because they didn’t know any different, is that we had a lot of lumber we were saving to use for braces on the forms and so forth, and when we went to use them there weren’t any left. I pre sume they are now being used for book shelves and so forth. Hopefully we won’t get any student theft because that runs the job cost way up. The brick comes out of Texas, and if we run short of brick the cost of the building going to go up, because to get 2 or 3 hundred bricks out of Texas it’s going to cost as much as to get 2 or 3 thousand.

**O** - Will it be a good looking building?

**G** - I think it’s exceptionally good for the money we’re putting into it.

**O** - A lot of people thought the new dorms that were just constructed are unattractive. G - The new dorms went up fast, we signed the contract July 1. We had to open them Labor day. I think if you’re talking about them being unattractive from an aesthetic view, you’re probably right. They look stark, but I think that because there’s no landscaping yet - we’ve got a lot of sprucing up to do. And I think there are other things to be done, like putting blinds or something on the windows...

**How much does vandalism in general cost the college?**

**G** - A great deal. I couldn’t give you a figure right now. For instance, let’s go back to last week. As late as yesterday morning we lost a complete dryer and washer in the basement of Manor House. The times are all knocked off them, and the coin boxes are drilled open with a hammer and chisel so they can’t be replaced. The only thing you can do is re-place the whole time unit and that’s half the cost of the machine. When we were building the auxiliary dorms, we had the dorms open right up until Labor Day. From the time the buildings arrived on the job site until school opened, I can’t pinpoint losing as much as one nail. The first weekend that school was open we lost all the carpet from the hallways in one dorm that hadn’t been put down yet. It was all cut and fitted. However, the carpet came back the weekend we finished the carpet job, but it was already too late because we had ordered more and paid for more. Probably money wise it’s 300 and some dollars. That’s quite a lot. If I go and replace the washer and dryer in Manor House, it’s going to cost $1000. Not to say what was taken out of the coin boxes which has to pay for maintenance of the machines.

**O** - How about other types of vandalism?

**G** - We always have vandalism, for instance of student furnishings. I would guess we probably lost $500 worth of mattresses since school opened, which I think, I don’t have any proof of this. But it’s my opinion they’re migrating to off-campus housing where people rent a house with no furnishing, so at least they can steal a mattress and sleep on it. Mattresses cost us (we buy them through state contracts) $22 a piece. For instance painted a couple of students rooms in Tewksbury - we painted a lot of students rooms since school opened - many, many, I would guess 50 or 60 or better - and the day after the doors were all daubed. This cost money, because we have to go back and paint those doors even if we don’t do it this semester, we go back and paint them and there’s something else we can’t do. In Manor House, one room in particular is covered with paint, the entire walls are smeared. One room is painted black with a red sun right in the center. I’m sure that the student who moves in there doesn’t want his room painted black with a red sun in it, so we’ve got to paint it over, and it’s going to be a job to do it over.

**O** - My room was red, blue and gold.

**G** - A room that was red, black and gold. And blue.

**O** - What would you say is the main reason B & G people leave?

**G** - There is a mandatory retiring age; there are also certain advantages in not working at Bard. I don’t think they can begin to pay what building trades would pay. But by the same token, we’re not that bad off because our employees get a retirement plan, quite liberal ben efits - retirement, sick leave, vacations. I think we’re quite liberal. I think probably we are not quite competitive with some of our competitors in the area. For instance, I think we’re not quite competi tive with Hudson River State Hospital and the O’Connell company. But by the same token, I think we have some excellent employees; I’ll put most of them against any group in the area.

---

**Soccer**, though it appears to be a simple game requiring little more than a ball, some players, a field, and some posts and nets, it actually a serious religious expression. Some countries recognize this fact and have holy wars over the outcome of games. Last Saturday we were fortunate in seeing almost elemental religious forces at work - Northeastern Bible College rep resenting the sophisticated, tampered, repressive forces of Christianity against the deep, elemental, dark forces of Bard.

The game drew forth a following rivaling that of the attendance at Alp hamburg's incantations last year, and had the mytical and transcendental elements to which that reading only aspired. It is one of Coach Patrick and the same awareness of the game's ancient spring that the team could push onto defeat (if only by a single goal) the superlative and transcendent players of Northeastern Bible who fought as these Christian virtues with a common war.

From the outset the Lions had all the apparent advantages — they had a team nickname, seven wholesome, bobbysoxled cheerleaders to incite their student, their virtus, and they had blue uniforms enabling them to blanket the white with the one BLUE POWER (how could we respond, wearing WHITE?). They dedicated the game to God and their coach, raising the game to a level of cosmic import, of which the Bard team, comically and lyrically dancing onto nature's venerable green, was innocently unaware.

The first half passed without incident and consisted of play not carefully analyzed or predicted, but left mostly to chance. The blues scored two hopefully easy goals for themselves, goals which no one on the opposition thought worth while to stop. They also scored one goal for Bard, a debt we courteously repaid in the second half by doubling both their aggregate and final goal. Just at the half, the score was tied after the sudden corner kick goal scored by Terry Bachman (who's father was watch ing) to Jackie Jacob (whose mother was watching) who surreptitiously placed it in the goal.

It was at this moment that Coach Patrick - looking down at his long-haired, beard ed boys - revealed his carefully conceived plan for the background of the music and pagentry that filled the center of the field. Perhaps it was the ritual, both cultural and moral, that was performed by the Donald G. Tewksbury Memorial Recital, entitled The Spirituals of Bard, that gave our team the proper frame

**photo:** ho chi minh
would you buy a used country from these men?
facultty evaluations revised

These faculty are eligible this semester for tenure, or rehires, or dismissal and will be evaluated by their students. At the beginning of their classes this week and next, EPC representatives will distribute evaluation forms and the results will be used by each of the Four Divisional Committees.

It is crucial that students be frank and honest. In the past we have been reluctant and a disappointment to those making the decisions. Not all of the above teachers should or can be given tenure. The Languages and Literature Division would become almost completely tenured and filled for a generation. Other departments would be closed to new blood for decades. Our evaluations will be a considerable basis for determining who belongs at Bard and who doesn't.

Greenwald  Brandstein
Laub    Karageorge
Lipton    Rodewald
Pace    Seltle
Pasloff    La Farge
Reich    Lambert
Reid    Fout
Sullivan    Griffiths
Yarden    Miller
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DICk GRIFFiTHS:

from page 5

G - What do you think the students could do to make a better school for you and your friends?

G - I could go on for hours. Let's take waste of time, which I'm cognizant of. Through the post office any afternoon, and see the amount of waste of paper that's on the floor, I think it's a little better this year than it was last year. But any afternoon or evening, you walk by the front of those dorms, look at the waste out there: dishes, food, and just a general mess entirely. I'd like to emphasize to anyone that lives in the new dorms that if they're at all alert and interested in saving money, with electric heat and individual control in the rooms, they shouldn't leave the heat on and the windows wide open, because that's the biggest waste of fuel there.

O - Has the area that was torn down for the sewer system been replanted yet?

G - Part of it has; eventually I hope to get the area back to their original state.

G - What is your relationship with Sheriff Caudill?

G - Yes, we're very friendly. As far as I'm concerned, the sheriff's a fine gentleman. I know him very well. I don't have anything against him; I don't say I agree with his tactics all the time, but by the same token it's his job and not mine.

O - Are you a deputy sheriff?

G - I sure am.

O - Are you on duty part of the year?

G - My job is a full time job, but I have worked on various patrols when somebody in the northern Dutchess area is off, particularly weekends - Saturday night or Sunday night.

O - Do you think that'll be another bust?

G - I don't have any way of knowing. You see, I don't work on busts, I never will. I never knew when the last ones came until after they happened.

O - Do you feel that Dat DelPhi does a good job?

G - I don't think it's my job to criticize another department, or pass judgement on it. I think Pat's got his job to do, and I've got my job to do.

O - Has there been much change in the ten years you've been here? I guess a lot.

G - I guess there has.

O - For the better?

G - Well, I think it's for the better or I wouldn't be here, actually.

O - Do you ever think of leaving?

G - Oh yes, I've thought of leaving a number of times. I've had some pretty fine job offers, both financially and with less work. I put in a lot of hours around here - lots of days I work 15, 16,17 hours a day. I turned down the job offers at the last minute, because I don't know, there's just something different about Bard, and I kind of grew with Bard too. I was Hamilton for about 11 years and then I came to Bard, which is a different type of institution. At that time Hamilton was considered conservative; maybe it's still considered that way, I don't know. Bard was a fairly small campus, approximately 250 or 300 students, and since that time - well, Schuyler House was one of my first projects. When I came here Sottery Hall was another, the bookstore was another, the post office was another, the water plant was one, the sewage plant was one, we've bought up a number of faculty houses in the area and bought the Whole Back Inn and doubled the lawn area, and so forth, with very little increase in personnel.

O - Do you take pride in that?

G - Well, yes. I don't like cheap publicity, I don't like publicity on anything, but I like to be able to sit back sometimes and say, well, that came out fairly well. I'll be glad to get the dining commons finished. That's going to be a lot of work, extra work on my part - a lot of extra work for everybody concerned. I think when we get all done we'll be able to sit back and say that's an accomplishment. When I came here, Tewksbury basement was nothing but gravel. The psychology department moved in there. We've done over the Chemistry labs, the Biology labs, the Physics rooms and music rooms, and Bard Hall, and completely renovated the Chapel. In fact, we're running out of basement rooms, we don't have anything left to convert.

O - Do you think you will leave Bard?

G - Well, we have a long ways to go yet. There are times when I get disgusted. But there's one thing that will never happen. I'll never leave in the middle of a fight. Once I had a good job offer to leave Bard, but I refused to leave because I was right in the middle of a controversy, let's put it that way.

O - Was that a couple of years ago when you thought you had some connection with the busts?

G - Yes, they thought I had some connection in the paper that they wanted me fired, and I will need some clarification conditions, I'll fight those right to the end. When I leave, it'll be because I want to leave, not because somebody wants me to leave. Especially I won't leave under any conditions that are false. Nobody on the student body in the student body came over to interview me about it. But if you ask me if I'm a deputy sheriff, I'll tell you outright, because I think what I do on my own time is my own business. If you want to go out in the woods somewhere and smoke pot, I couldn't care less, as long as you don't bother me with it. What I want to do on a Saturday night or Sunday afternoon, as long as it doesn't interfere with my job at Bard, I have a right to do it. I want to play golf, I'll go play golf. If I can make a few dollars working on a political somewhere - and I like working with people, maybe some people don't think so, but I do, I help a lot of people when I work at those kind of jobs - I enjoy it. And if I want to do that, I think I have the right to do it, and I don't think there's anybody on the student body or administration, either one, 's to think that if I want to make money I'll go make money. I want to get away from the place, I think I ought to be able to do anything I want when I'm away.

O - Thank you, Mr. Griffiths.

G - Any time.

THE BIBLE

from page 5

of reference in which to play the rest of the game. The band's formation of the eternal circle, their prayer of "the mountaineers, the prairies, and the oceans while with foam," their tribute to the colors of the old flag; their inspiration, and the fans bursting forth a chant (in ten-part harmony) of the mystical OM, could only have made the gods look down on this ancient game and smile.

Soccer, an Aztec game dedicated to the sun god - whose warriors honored him and whose losers were sacrificed to him - was once again demanding the attention of the gods. And it was to the gods that Coach Patrick turned in his moment of need. The plan must have been conceived earlier in the week, for the coach had to have implored all the way from the Sunshine State some Sunkist oranges, so that they would arrive on that sunny Saturday (the Sabbath) in time for the team to imbibe them during the half. Indeed, from that moment of alliance with potent gods the team gathered a kind of Dionysian momentum, ran ecstatically on the field, and goals became dangerously imminent. The chairs picked up - ALL POWER TO THE TEAM - a trumpet (or was it a trombone) rang out in ecstatic joy. NO, NO, CHICAGO, BARD, COLLEGE IS GOING TO WIN - and then from nowhere, a blinding wave from Ralph Gabriner to the prodigal foot of Ned Griefen - a goal. Then again, Griefen - combining the grace of art with the strength of sport as it was with the Greeks - shot through the opposition and delivered an unstoppable goal, then drove recklessly and gloriously into the arms of his teammates, who were no longer boys, but men, heroes of the field, defenders of ancient rites, conquerors of those Olympian opponents now reduced to speeches despair. Their hair became like that of Samson, blowing in the wind; Bachman chaced and accented balls heed-
POETRY READING

Pierre crashed into Albee Social a half hour late last Sunday and sat down at the center table in the full room. He ignored his cigarette with the lighter, then washed his mouth with Alimend wine. Expressions flickered on his reptilian face, raising his eyebrows and feeling with the tongue of a snake. He wore a black sweat er and a tinfoil band, and a padded ring dawning the last finger on his left hand. He exhaled in a melodious and monotonous voice.

One of Pierre's problems is the Tom Jones act. Something about the way he kept groaning, "unh!" every few minutes did not arouse me. Neither did his "Mamal!"

He might have read better if he had not spent so much time getting prepared at Addol's. And if he had selected the poems in advance, he might have chosen a better variety.

The "nameless naked bodies" grew monotonous as they "touched their breasts" and didn't make love. He kept repeating the same women, never letting them be people. The same autumn never finished dropping from the trees.

He did have a few good lines casually scattered through the hour and a half that he read. I liked the poem, "after the rain, mushrooms spring forth from a rat's carcass." And the "poets have drawn quills and fluttered their typewriters" creates an interesting image. I saw the "autumn leaves upon clear rocks in a double scotch."

As for the rest of his poems, most of them sounded too much alike to be considered to have rhyme, rhythm, or punctuation for poetry. He overused words like "mornin", "brick", "sun", "leaves", and "dung." Too much occurency stuff hovered in the shadows.

Some of the distractions in the room, including the barking dog and the backboard on the wall with the Group's logo, were especially interesting than Pierre. A Marlboro package stood on the floor until one of the dogs knocked it over.

The people in the room seemed either bored or hypnotized, or traveling on tangents of their own. Most of them didn't smile until Harvey's fireworks banged through the old words. Four separate staccato cracks woke the room up and drove a few people out. Pierre ad libbed, "poetry ain't nothin' without some serious noise. Unh! Mamal! Pierre ain't nothin' but noise."

Lydia Ayers

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Everything appeared normal as the BOAC jet sped down the runway on a routine flight from New York to London. The cabin was small but there seemed to be a good sized group on their way to foreign universities. People were in good spirits although none could possibly imagine the bizarre events which were to occur momentarily.

Less than half an hour into the flight, just as everyone was settling down for the overseas journey and the pilot had finished his routine speech after lift-off, the captain came back over the intercom with these words, "There is no need for panic and it is important that everyone stay calm. There is a Cuban gentleman in the cockpit with us and he has locked us in. He has a gun and he requests that we go to Cuba. I am complying with this request."

There was a general commotion of surprise, excitement and anxiety in the passenger cabin. But their emotions were instantly stilled by the sound of a greater commotion from within the cockpit. Within moments the voice of the captain was once again heard, "Ladies and gentlemen..."

At this everyone cheered and sighed and hugged each other. Champagne was brought out and served to everyone. However, as relief spread throughout the cabin, two black men winked at each other and left their seats. When they reached the front of the plane one put a knuckle to the throat of a stewardess and the other followed with an automatic pistol. Minutes later, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the captain speaking again. I am so sorry to bother you but we seem to be having further problems up here in the cockpit. More company has arrived and two men have identified themselves as Black Panthers. They regret to inform us that it is essential to their liberation that we fly to Africa. Because our anti-hijack equipment was designed to work only once, and because the men are armed, we will change course again.

The passengers, of course, just about freaked out. Scotch was passed out. Nary a drop was drunk, however. In three, small, dark, pencil moustached types ran down the aisle. The cockpit door was sub-machine gun opened and quite a few rounds were shot. People stood motionless and awaited the clearing of the smoke. The captain spoke, "Back up. We're on our way to Palestine."

By now everyone was settling down to their Scotchies, preparing themselves for more entertainment. "Oh, great," said a Vassar graduate cynically. "Can we stop in Paris for dinner?" A more interesting political discussion was going on in the front, however, by a dozen Rhodes scholars on their way to Oxford. All of them observed the two Palestinians when they brought the bound Cuban through the aisle to the back of the plane. Again the Palestinians were scrutinized when they brought a wounded Panther through the cabin.

The dozen Rhodes scholars looked around at each other and noticed that the two Jewish boys amongst them were small, dark, and had pencil thin moustaches. Everyone nodded at each other. When the two hijackers reappeared with the other wounded Panther they were tripped up and pounced on in typical Ivy League style. One more guerrilla hijacker remained in the cockpit, however. The two Jewish boys changed clothes with the Palestinians and prepared themselves for the tricky maneuver ahead.

As the two entered the cockpit everyone waited outside with intense concern and anxiety. Their disguise did not prove too effective, however, and the two brave scholars were recognized immediately. In the time it took to fire one shot, the two attacked with loud karate shouts. They surprised each other as one landed a perfect chop to the throat and the other a perfect kick to the abdomen. The last hijacker was easily subdued to loud applause from the passengers and the crew. The two boys looked at each other and simultaneously asked each other where they had learned karate so well.

"This is your captain, once again with bad news. It seems as though a strange turn of events have occurred and we are now on our way to Peking...muh..."

Michael Harvey