

Bard College  
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# OBSERVER

Vol. 13      No. 19      October 14, 1970

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# observer

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photo: carolyn carlson



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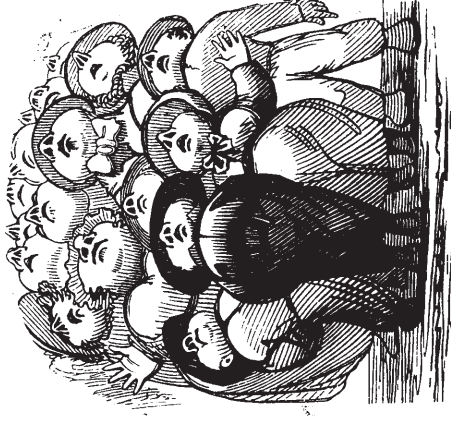
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# KOBLITZ BEATEN IN CELL



Photo Courtesy of Robert Koblitz

Last week Pvts. Neal Koblitz and Steve Wenger were transferred from the Fort Belvoir stockade to the Army Correctional Unit at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania. This seemingly innocuous move by the military is not merely an administrative procedure, but fits in as an integral part of political repression in the U.S. Army. People familiar with current military repression had predicted this transfer to

Indiantown Gap at the time of Neal's and Steve's conviction. Both had been sentenced to six months at hard labor for the crime of distributing anti-imperialist literature at Fort Eustis, Va. (See Sept. 15 Observer).

Critically examining the military's handling of Neal and Steve after their conviction will illustrate their attempts at stifling political dissent. After their trial,

Neal and Steve were transferred to Fort Belvoir to serve their six months. At the Belvoir stockade they continued to discuss with other prisoners the oppressive role and reactionary policies of the Army. In the stockade other politically conscious GIs were expressing their politics with symbols of dissent on their caps, like Black Power and anti-war buttons. Neal and Steve decided to put red stars on their caps (a symbol of their party affiliation - Progressive Labor.) Within a few days 15 other prisoners were wearing the red star.

It was at this sign of success that the brass decided to come down on Neal and Steve. A sergeant was seen talking to four prisoners who were under very great pressure (because of dope charges or other vulnerability) about co-operating with the army. Within two weeks these same four soldiers attacked Neal and Steve and roughed them up. Once this act was done the brass was able to rationalize a transfer to solitary confinement "for their own protection." It was a week and a half later that the two PLers were transferred to Indiantown Gap.

At this point it is important to understand Indiantown Gap and the role it plays in military repression. It was created, during the 50's as a result of Joe McCarthy and his "red scare" to serve as a detention center for subversives. The actual legislation that established it as a concentration camp was created by none other than Hubert H. Humphrey. Out of this illustrious history the Army is creating Indiantown Gap as one of the first specialized segregation camps for political dissidents.

The Army seems to be operating in a pattern of taking all politically active prisoners in their stockade system and

transferring them to the Gap. This way the military hopes to keep activists from contaminating the politically unaware prisoners. This definitely seems to be the case with Neal and Steve. Though they were convicted with three other GIs for the same charges they are the only two to be transferred to the Gap. The fact that they were the only two with any party affiliation of any sort is not a coincidence.

There are a few facts which are indicative of the type of mentality that repression breeds and can be expected to appear outside of military life as repression increases. The fact that the brass at Belvoir forced GIs to assault Neal and Steve rather than use MP's is significant. By keeping the enlisted men divided it is much easier to keep them in their suppressed state. Neal is sure, and it seems obvious that, the brass has planted at least one informer among the inmates at the Gap. In describing the Gap, Neal stated that while there isn't strict segregation there is a tendency to keep all the black prisoners in maximum security. This racist move is understandable and is a reflection of how racism has been used as a divisive force in society as a whole. Keeping politically conscious GIs segregated is a basic tactic which has already appeared in a civilian context.

As far as the effectiveness of the repression in this case goes, Dr. Robert Koblitz, who visited his son this past weekend, feels that while these experiences may have sobered Neal towards his personal position, they have not changed his determination or altered the ideological base from which he is operating.

Frank Montafia

## ACTION runs in murky water

"Can we improve the quality of human life instead of just the quantity?" We need to encourage green plants, use canoes instead of speedboats, 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. Grieg, 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. DDD, TDE; DDT; endrin; Bandane; mercury compounds; toxaphene; selenite, selenate concentrations; BHC; Strobane and sodium flouracetate 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. Grieg didn't say what they discussed. The second meeting will happen in New York City on October 14.

Mr. Grieg feels that we need to balance consumer needs against the damages

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 made the meeting."

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 1908, 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. Grieg 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. Grieg, 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 Gleason, a bank president, is involved in the Long Island Ecological Development Company. Dr. Pearle Foster is a cancer researcher at Harlem Hospital. Dr. Vincent Shaefer's a professor of atmospheric science at SUNY Albany. T. C. Field does aquatic ecology at the College of Forestry in Syracuse.



photo: jerry bone

Mr. Bone represented the Ecology Committee of the Ulster JayCees, which started last Earth Day (April 22, for all of you who have forgotten) to focus on local problems in the Saugerties. Some of the problems that plague the area include the electronics plants that throws detergents and iron filings 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 Esopus Creek. In the area of education, they have been pretty well limited to articles in EcoLines 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 other two problems.

One of the activities the JayCees have planned is a "Love the Esopus 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 Esopus Day" will try to educate the locals and attract them down to the Saugerties Municipal Beach, at the end of Partition Street. The Environmental 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 affects of pollution on waterways.

The finale will include the worldwide aspects of pollution pointed out in graphic detail, ending with the population bomb. "Breathe deep, while you sleep, breathe deep."

Mr. Robert Desmono, Chairman of the Red Hook JayCee ACTION Committee, said the general purpose of ACTION is to achieve a rapport between the community and us students. The JayCees hope to make this a nationwide big deal.

He described the people in Red Hook as "worried about drugs, concerned about 'communist influences' and probably afraid of Bard because it's more liberal than most colleges." The description

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# observer

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an alternative newsmedia project

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# scorecard

This semester, the Observer is being run by five people, whose names you can read to your immediate left. In the past we have discovered that the only people who dislike the Observer are either Bard students, or local conservatives who find the Observer represents the student body, and then, 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 are failing our job.

So, in an effort to discover what you like and dislike, we are running an Observer 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 somewhat laconic, write out your comments, referring to the scorecard, and either bring them to the office (basement of McVickar) or put them in campus mail, box 76.

## 1) These are columns that run regularly in the Observer:

Midnight Rambler: 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 \_\_\_\_.  
Access: Like \_\_\_\_; dislike \_\_\_\_; hate intensely \_\_\_\_; don't read \_\_\_\_.  
In the 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 layout visually appealing?

Like \_\_\_\_; dislike \_\_\_\_; hate intensely \_\_\_\_; don't read \_\_\_\_.

Do you feel that the photos are of 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 \_\_\_\_ in the Observer:

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 be:

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 \_\_\_\_

other: \_\_\_\_\_

## 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 writers 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 Observer? yes \_\_\_\_ no \_\_\_\_

## 5) One final question

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

# access

This is going to be short, as most of Access is devoted to the Observer Scorecard this week. About that - Please fill it out and return it. We often get complaints about the Observer, but without specifics. This is your chance to really lay it on us, HOWEVER, please think about your answers. I mean, would you really know what to make of one of these that came back marked Eat Shit, beyond the fact that somebody out there doesn't like you?

Next, we need photos. If you take them, talk to Jackie Keveson, our Photo Editor, or come to our Wednesday night staff meetings (5:30 in the basement of McVickar). We particularly want pictures of Bard events, places and people. These need not necessarily be related to stories, although we sure would like it if they were -- in any case please come in and volunteer. We give photo credits, and if this appeal doesn't work we may give Green Stamps.

Last, before the Book of the Week, I just wanted to let you know that we, along

with the rest of the country, are sinking financially. As a consequence of this we are cutting back to eight pages every other week. We hope that we'll be able to pull some more money out of somebody's hat, and if we do we'll resume publishing twelve pages.

And here, folks, is the Extra Special Book of the Week, which undoubtedly will be ignored. Don't you feel sorry for the book, have you no compassion? 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 while stuffy in format, it contains a lot of interesting things. The other book is by Don H. Parker, called Schooling for What, it is subtitled "Sex, Money, War, Peace." Parker feels that something is rotten, if you read it you may find out what.

Geof Cahoon

# Ad Hoc

In the aftermath of the student strike of December, 1969, a committee of students, faculty, an administrator and a trustee worked, for a long time and in a spirit of absolute good faith, to produce the Walter Committee Report on the Hiring, Firing and Tenure of Faculty. When the Great Debate (called a circus in many 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 the new procedures are going to accomplish.

The procedures outlined in the amended document are, in themselves, good ones. 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 the greatest evil of the old system of decision making in this area was not touched upon in this or in any other document. I'm talking about dirty politics, about personal vindictiveness, a quality that is all too plentiful at Bard in 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 Senior Faculty had based its decisions on what members of the Junior Faculty would or would not join the club on personality 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, pray, what is going to stop such decisions from being made on the same kind of basis under the new procedures? What will stop members 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. Four 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 might 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 games are being played. In the end, only the student can suffer from such games, the student and the victims 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 student 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



# IN THE AUTUMN OF MY MADNESS

## A REVIEW OF THE FILLMORE EAST

When I think of the Fillmore, it reminds 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, very much so, mostly because I live in Queens and have worked in the city and have had my fill. I'll take the country, thank you. Yet, I find myself 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 dirty, crowded, smelly and a haven for all breeds of not-so-nice people. Likewise, New York City. Oh, yes. The Fillmore is loud, too. Very loud. And, in case you haven't noticed recently, New York is loud, too. Very loud.

If you've been following my reasoning, your next question is: Why then do you go, fool, and I answer: music, mostly. Only rarely does the atmosphere get to me badly enough to louse up the whole night. Take last year's Jefferson Airplane-Manfred Mann concert, for example. The fools in the audience could barely bring themselves to clap for Mann who was making definite advances towards bringing some kind of good jazz to the heathens. Then they damn near hooted Bill Graham off the stage, capitalist though he may be, while he was trying to tell them that he was limiting ticket sales to 10 per customer. They had all also mysteriously forgotten how they had come early in the morning to get those tickets and would have kissed his pig ass to get good ones. Then, to cap it all, they cheered while Grace Slick gave one of the most fucked-up raps I've ever heard there.

While we're on the subject of bad nights, bad audiences, and general bad karma, let us not forget that if it weren't for good Fillmore receptions, trash like Grand Funk just couldn't survive. Oh yes - another one of my favorite complaints. The "groupee" popularity of the Cream-Blind Faith-Air Force-Delany & Bonnie-Joe Cocker-Leon Russel, etc. axis rests on the ability of big names to bring in the crowds to places like the Fillmore and to Madison Square Garden, where the groups go when their age-group following falls under 15 or so.

Other bad moments - having 60 dollars worth of first row Procol-Harum tickets ripped-off at knifepoint (shit -- doesn't that sound ominous) by one of the Fillmore's own 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 many of us who've had beautiful nights there in the past and you'll have to admit that sometimes there's no better place for good hard core psychedelia. Where else do you get to see Spirit or the Incredible String Band or for that matter Mongo Santamaria or Seals & Crofts. Or Cat Mother, Ike and Tina Turner, Jeff Beck, Savvy Brown and all the good ones that come on after the shit.



In the form of review, and also as an individual case study, take the recent John Mayall - Its' a Beautiful Day - Fock gig. Again - a list of my prejudices. I never liked Mayall with the Bluesbreakers and never bought an album until Turning Point, which was a goodie. Before this last one, I'd see Mayall once with Mark and Almond and that bassist with the funny name from Aynsley Dunbar's group. I dig Sugarcane Harris and Larry Taylor but not so much Harvey Mandel. All I know about the other two is that IABD is supposed to be good and that Flock is big and loud and not so good. (Up to this point, the article was written before the show. The following is what I wrote immediately following it.)

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 fiddlers, too. Flock's got one, IABD's got one, and then Harris. But (Ah, ha) (Oh shit) -- no show.

No. 2 - Flock's just bad. There are times when you think that maybe they could develop into something, but 95% 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 - when they get going, they really know how to turn it on. They let out all the stops and the fiddlers goin' (He's pretty good too) and the drummer's goin' (liked him) and the bassist and the guitarist is goin' and the organ and a woman too. Yeah. This one's got a woman. She comes on like a pretty meager white imitation of Tina Turner with some of Bonnie Bramlett thrown in for good measure. Her voice isn't bad, really, but it's none too strong and that's not good. They're pretty damn good on the whole, but I sure wished someone would have gotten up to dance. Shit.

No. 4 - Mayall's working with a crippled new band that's low keyed just like the last one. It doesn't lend itself to good old fashioned foot stomping the way NRBO does (go 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 his moments. 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. Every theme is well played and the arrangements subtly build the whole thing up neatly and professionally. Maybe too good though. They need some pizzazz and a little CRASH! too - maybe a good drummer. No, maybe another bassist. Imagine Mayall with two good basses - far fucking out.

Louis Silver

The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might and the republic is in danger. Yes --- danger from within and without. We need law and order! Without law and order our nation cannot survive.

Adolf Hitler, 1932

# GLF NEWS

BARD GAY LIBERATION FRONT  
SPEAKS.....  
AT WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

Gay Liberation Front at Wesleyan University got off to a bang last Wednesday, October 7th. Representatives from BARD GAY LIBERATION FRONT spoke at the meeting. A ten-minute talk by the Bard representatives on homosexuality and the goals of GAY LIBERATION was followed by a question-and-answer period. Students were extremely attentive. The gathering of 150 men and women broke up into smaller consciousness-raising groups. One person explained the homosexual customs of his Indian tribe. 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 why they call it 'GAY.'" Of course, it's tremendous psychic energy.

WESLEYAN GLF will send representatives to Bard in the near future for a BARD GLF meeting.

Joe Palombo

# bard and WOMEN'S LIBERATION

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 Liberation was last December when four women from Boston Female Liberation spoke here. I was excited enough to have an argument with a girl who said derogatory things about the speakers. I defended them as if I'd been in the movement for years. Then, about a week afterwards, I took part in the bit of conversation quoted above. Obviously, my understanding didn't match my excitement, because 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 a primarily sexual being who is on this earth to make life comfortable for my man. The man I'm 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 gutsy, not feminine enough - so I reapporioned myself. He's started parting 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-woman I am.

If I didn't have a man to make life comfortable for - I'd be looking for one, I'd be very depressed, questioning my sexuality, wondering if 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 a next one. I'd go steady for months with men, simply because they were men, in spite of the fact that they repulsed me physically and mentally.

Now I have a man and in terms of love relationships I'm completely fulfilled as never before in my life. But 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 relationship, because I'm not totally content. A man can't cure a depression that's caused by self-disenchantment, by an inner vacuum. I want to stay with my man, but

# NOTICES

The Bard Black and Latin American Student Organization exists for the purpose of enlightenment of the college community, and to serve as a relevant 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 to the male members of the community. Although the location of the meeting has not yet been decided, it will be held on Thursday night, at 7:30. The importance of this action cannot be minimized; it is an integral part of their education of the Bard community.

I've reached the point where I see now there is something I want to do - a lot of things I want to do - I enjoy my academic subjects for the first time, and I am involved 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 was eleven, 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 achievement of being a woman - all a woman could ever aspire to. I never had the illusion the day had as much importance to the man - to him, I realized, it was the day he finally gets over being horny (at least I believed so until premarital sex became a reality for me).

I have thus begun to question my motivations for virtually everything I do, and everything I have believed to be true. It was inevitable that once I knew that women are equal and learned that our "role" is our oppression that I would realize I needed to be and wanted to be liberated. I see myself as a perfect example: a middle-class girl who never developed interests or used her intelligence to its fullest - because I thought it was superfluous to what I was supposed to be.

Now I am beginning to understand myself - my history and my present situation. The changes still come slowly and if one is not sensitive to the problems of women's liberation, they seem awfully small. But now I don't feel guilty anymore about letting the guy I live with do the dishes. That's a first step, and for me a big one.

A member of Bard Women's Liberation



# BARD LANDS

Fall winds are beginning to disperse the silver-plumed seeds of the milkweed. The monarch butterflies, whose caterpillars fed on milkweed leaves earlier in the season, are now conspicuous in migration. For a few weeks many have been flapping and sailing across main campus and along the edge of the South Bay, stopping to draw nectar from asters, starthistles, 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, and white; its exclusive diet of milkweed makes it actually poisonous to birds.

The monarchs are following the late flowers and last warm weather south to the Gulf states where they will spend the winter. Relatively few species of butterflies have a seasonal migration; rather most survive the winter in hibernation, generally not as adults but in another stage of the life cycle (egg, caterpillar, or chrysalis). In California the fall migration of the monarch is gregarious, and vast numbers cover the bushes where they sleep at night; their collective scent is thought to be helpful in warning off predators. (This phenomenon is depicted in a diorama 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 straggle 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 in Canada, appearing 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 as a stowaway on ships in the egg or chrysalis stage, like many other organisms the monarch is being distributed widely through 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 intention; among these the gypsy moth, Dutch elm disease, Queen Anne's lace, starling, 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-fertilization. Butterflies possess highly specialized sucking mouthparts, 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 dung.

According to Partridge (*Origins*), the English word 'caterpillar' has its beginning in the Latin phrase 'a hairy cat', 'chrysalis' is from a Greek word signifying 'gold', and 'butterfly' is from Old English, probably referring to a common yellow species.

Erik Kiviat

## ...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 meet the paper demand. More and more of our land is being covered with garbage. The pollution problem is serious. Action must be taken.

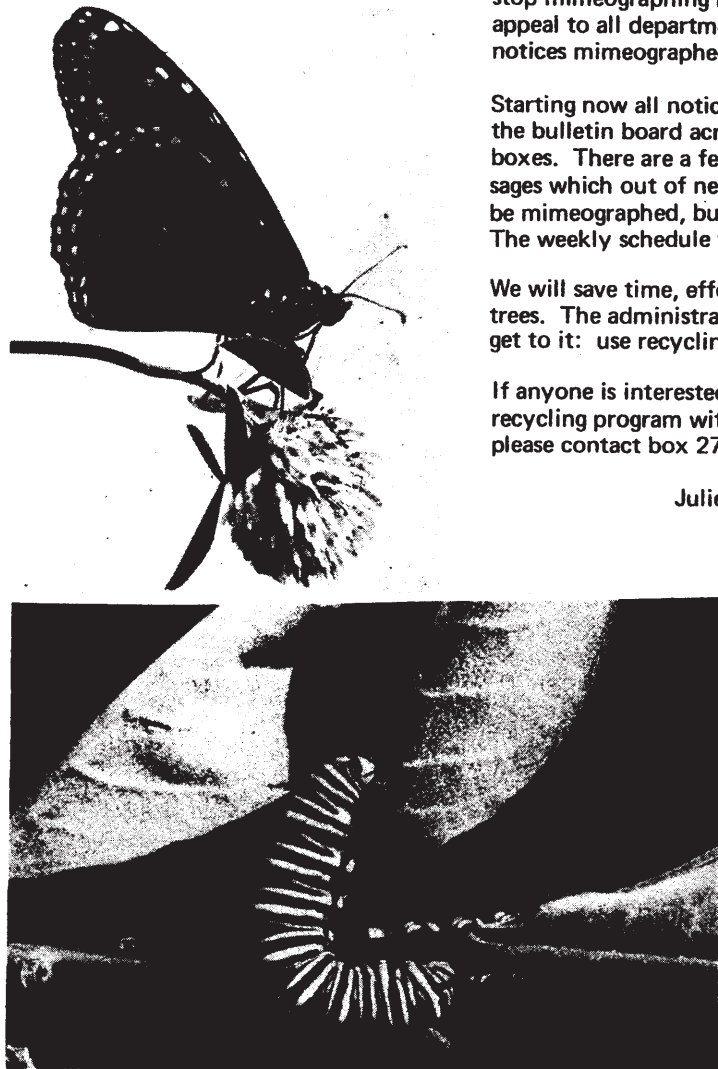
Everyday at Bard mimeographed messages are placed in each mailbox. The paper is then thrown into the garbage pails, many of us not even reading them. Last spring Mrs. Sugatt and Dean Selinger made an attempt to cut down on the amount of "junk mail," but there were no results. One thing which can be done: we can stop mimeographing notices. 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 mailboxes. There are a few important messages which out of necessity will have to 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, let's get to it: use recycling boxes.

If anyone is interested in working in a recycling program with Red Hook people please contact box 272.

Julie Fein



(Upper left) Adult butterfly on a clover blossom after the wings have dried and hardened.

(Left) Egg of butterfly on milkweed.

## Letters...

To the Editor:

There is, perhaps, a refreshing hint of normalcy in finding dormitory interior decoration is as much a target for disapproval -- at least in sharing front page space in The Observer -- as FBI machinations on the Bard campus.

However, as a faculty wife who has had some twenty-five years of experience in making a slender budget somehow provide 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 catalogs to select an assortment of expensive accessories. Instead, in an attempt to make life at Bard somewhat less Spartan, she has spent countless -- and unpaid -- hours searching out unused furniture and decorations from college attics and store-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, but rather makes her expertise in such things available on a volunteer basis. If the results are unpleasing to you there might be a more tactful and considerate method of making your displeasure known.

Mary Sleeper

To the Editor:

Kurt Hill's column on the Middle East situation was not as one-sided as its title, "Israel Stands Condemned," would suggest, but it was not an entirely fair discussion either. (A more balanced account of the conflicting Arab and Israeli claims, and of the tragic plight of the Arab refugees, can be found 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 necessary to subscribe to the historical or current objectives of Zionism, or to endorse the theocratic 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. Al Fatah has officially declared that in a "liberated" Palestine, only "Jews who were living permanently in Palestine at the beginning of the Zionist invasion (1917) will be considered Palestinians." According to this doctrine, two million Israeli Jews, 80% of all Jews in Israel, would immediately become refugees, assuming that they survived at all. I really do not think that this is what Mr. Hill had in mind when he wrote of freeing the Jewish people of Israel from the "oppression of Zionism." But it is what Al Fatah has in mind when its attacks "Zionism."

Second, in my judgment, it is insensitive and unrealistic to condemn Israel for being willing to go along with the misguided 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 often colonialist Western nations. Like Mr. Hill, I wish that this were not the case, but it was -- and is. Suppose Israel had denounced the policies of France and the United States (as it has officially denounced the racism of South Africa.) Would the neighboring Arab populations have ceased their attacks? Would the Algerian people have joined in Israel's defense? Would Russia have overcome both its anti-Semitic tradition and its political objectives, and sent aid? Who would have stood with Israel? Poland, with its anti-Semitic tradition? 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, have to suffer the consequences ... as their fathers before them ... alone.

Carl M. Selinger

Dear Editor:

In reference to Kurt Hill's article on "Israel, the oppressor":

I 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 Arabs' military governments are going to be.

The tone of the article is set immediately by Mr. Hill's first complaint against Israel -- not a reference to its shabby, racist treatment of its minorities (which, of course, is all too real), but a condemnation of its support of American imperialism. 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 *Davar* before), by his reference to Arab governments (he has set the tone heavily against Israel long before 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 article 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 everyone else is all wrong. Finally, he espouses as a solution to the whole mess the creation of an ideal state, which the prejudices and ambitions of the sides involved (not to mention those of the Big Powers) make impossible.

I am neither a radical nor a reactionary. I simply could not allow what I thought was an insult to the right of Israel to exist to go unanswered.

Sol Louis Siegel



# DICK GRIFFITHS:

## "I KIND OF GREW WITH BARD"

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 Quinlan. In this interview, conducted by Knight Landesman 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 better than normal, and not just because we are doing it --- I've had engineering reports that say progress and quality are excellent, so far. We have B & G men working there, we have some outside contractors working there. There are certain things we can't do, of course, and keep up our college work too, because any time we move off something else, something's got to suffer, and we only have 50 employees, including maids and everything. All in all, we'll have more B & G and more contractors there. There are some things we can't do; we can't set steel, for instance. We can't begin to lay 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 16 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 bookshelves 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's 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 sterile, but I think that's 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...

O - 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 timers 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 replace the whole timer 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. We for instance painted a couple of students rooms in Tewksbury - we've 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 defaced. This costs 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 - We had rooms last year at Robbins House that had a community bathroom all smeared with paint too, which we had to scrape off and scrub off, and so forth, which you have to do before you can do a decent job on it. Put these things all together and they add up to a great deal.

O - What would you say most B & G people think about Bard students?

G - I don't think there's any problem at all.

O - But they have some problems with particular students?

G - Oh yeah, anybody does. I have some problems with particular students. I would guess that if I have to give you an honest evaluation the Bard students are pretty good people, except for a few. Every time you get a bushel of apples, you're going to get a bad one, right?

O - People don't leave B & G because they don't like the students that go here?

G - Oh no, I can't think of a single incident when an employee has left for that reason, explicitly.

O - Some kind of for that reason?

G - Well, I think probably that we've had -- I've been here ten years this January -- I think we've had times in the past ten years that I've had some employees say they can't live here -- not recently because I think people are getting used to social change that is going on in the country and in the world. I think you'll find that B & G people may not agree with the students in all cases; in fact I know that many times they don't agree with them. And I know particular students and particular incidents that I wouldn't agree with either. But I don't think I would criticize the entire student body for the acts of one or two people. I don't believe in that. I think that there are times when the entire student body suffers because of the noise of a small group or faction. I particularly emphasize the student strike last year. I can't really believe that there was emphasis enough on that student strike by the majority of students that would cause a strike of that magnitude. Perhaps there's good leadership along that line if they get a good following.

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 as far as pay goes. We can't begin to pay what building trades would pay. But by the same token, we're not that bad off because our employees get a fair rate; they get quite liberal benefits -- 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 competitive with Hudson River State Hospital and the Parkway Commission. But by the same token, I think we have some excellent employees; I'll put most of them against any group in the area.

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# BARD BEATS BIBLE

Soccer, though it appears to be a simple game requiring little more than a ball, some players, a field, and some posts and nets, is 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 representing the sophisticated, tamed, repressive forces of Christianity against the deep, elemental, dark forces of Bard.

The game drew forth a following rivalled in numbers the attendance at Allen Ginsberg's incantations last year, and had the mystical and transcendental elements to which that reading only aspired. It is only in Coach Patrick's deep and sensitive awareness of the game's ancient springs that the team could push onto defeat (if only by a single goal) the fierce and frantic players of Northeastern Bible who fought as should Christian soldiers going into war.

From the outset the Lancers had all the apparent advantages --- they had a team nickname, seven wholesome, bobbysocked cheerleaders to endlessly proclaim their virtue, and they had blue uniforms enabling them to break huddle with the cry 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, calmly 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 hopelessly easy goals for themselves, goals which no one on the opposition thought were worthwhile to stop. The blues also scored one goal for Bard, a debt we courteously repaid in the second half -- giving them their easiest and final goal. Just at the half, the score was tied after a fortuitous corner kick by Terry Bachman (whose father was watching) to Jeff Wilde (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, be-bearded boys -- revealed his carefully conceived plan against the background of the music and pageantry that filled the center of the field. Perhaps it was the ritual, both cultural and mystical, that was performed by the Donald G. Tewksbury Memorial Marching Society and Brockwurst Festival Band, that gave our team the proper frame

photo: ho chi minh

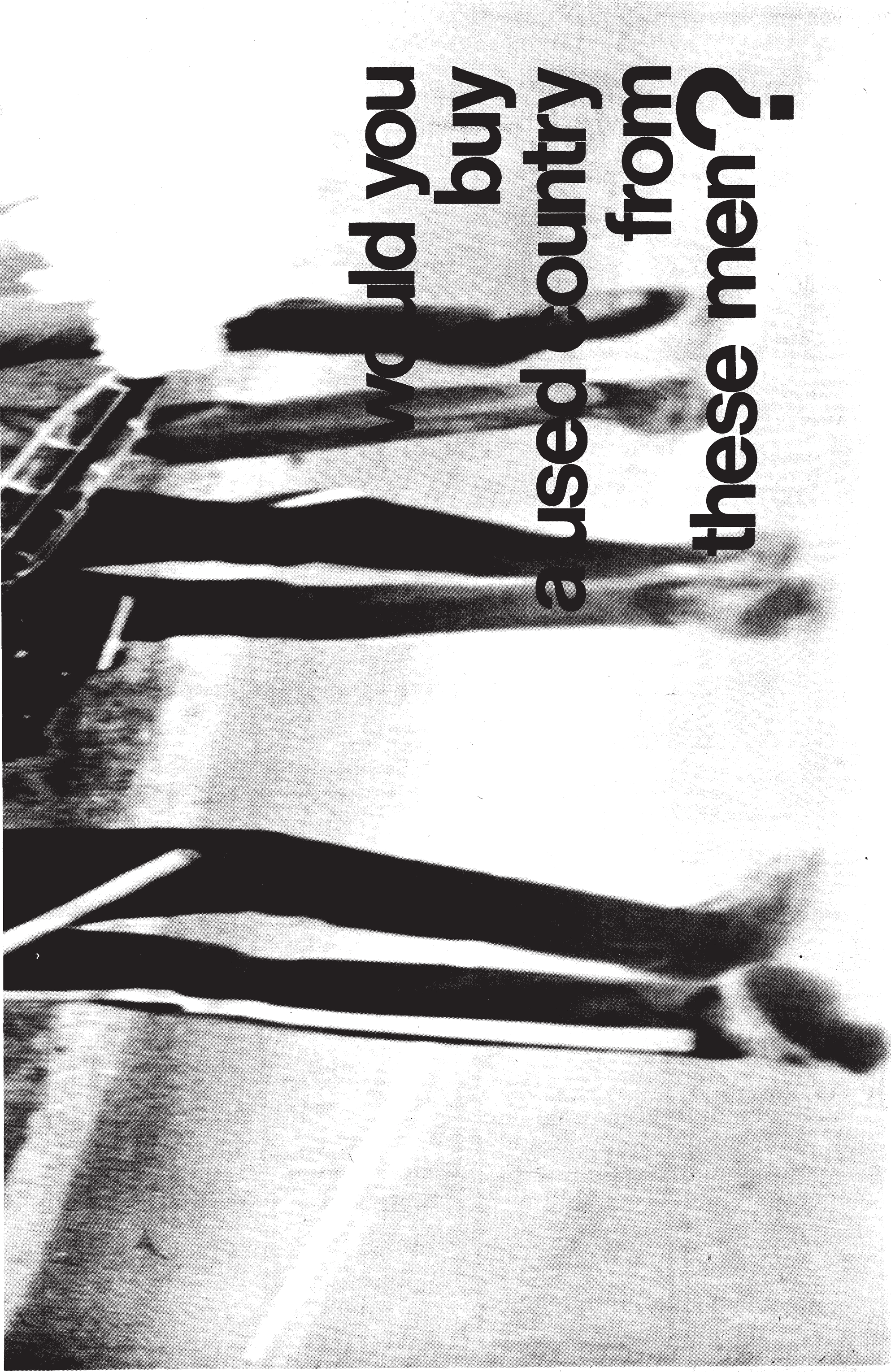
to page 9







would you  
buy  
a used country  
from  
these men?







**Sausage-Wielding Bandits**  
N.Y. TIMES - ANTWERP

A local resident told the police that he had been robbed at sausage-point. Otto Ofenbock said that two men had approached him as he walked home at night, shoved a sausage into his mouth and made him bite off a big chunk, and then disappeared. At home, Mr. Ofenbock discovered that they had also taken his wallet containing about \$100.

**N.Y. TIMES**

President Nixon was asked today to disclose the name of the nation's chief censor, a private citizen now on standby duty who would assume office in a national emergency.

An official of the Office of Emergency Preparedness, which is responsible for maintaining the stand-by censorship program, was unable to explain the reasons for keeping the censor's identity secret.

"That is classified because there was an executive decision that it should be," he said. "There is a long classified history of why it should be classified."

In Vietnam, newsmen have submitted to self-censorship under written guidelines put out by the United States headquarters in Saigon. They have been asked to delete information of tactical military value to the enemy.

Although the Vietnam program is voluntary, there have been instances of correspondents' credentials being revoked when the men were charged with violating the guidelines.

**N.Y. TIMES**

In an unusually outspoken indictment of the nation's public schools, a three-and-a-half year study commissioned by the Carnegie Corporation has found that most schools not only fail to educate children adequately but also are 'oppressive', 'grim, and joyless'...

It contends, among other things, that most schools are preoccupied with order, control, and routine for the sake of routine; that students essentially are subjugated by the schools; that by practicing systematic repression, the schools create many of their own discipline problems; and that they promote docility, passivity, and conformity in their students.

Further, the report charges that students in most classes are taught in a uniform manner, without regard to the individual child's understanding of or interest in a subject; and that despite attempts at reform during the late 1950's and early 1960's, the curriculum in use is often characterized by "banality" and "triviality."

One result of all this, says the report, "is to destroy students' curiosity along with their ability -- more serious, their desire -- to think and act for themselves."

**N.Y. TIMES - HUDIKSVALL, SWEDEN**

The police had to rescue a man who became stuck in a garbage chute of an apartment house as he tried to get to a woman friend's apartment on the third floor, but had no key.

## faculty evaluations revised

These faculty are eligible this semester for tenure, or re-hire, 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.

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Laub  
Lipton  
Pace  
Passloff  
Reich  
Reid  
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Yarden  
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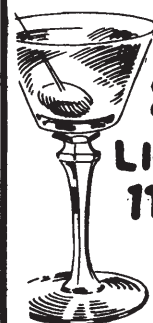
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## TYPEWRITERS



# DICK GRIFFITHS:

from page 5

O - What do you think the students could do to make a better school?

G - I could go on for hours. Let's take waste of time, which I'm cognizant of. Walk through the post office any afternoon, and see the amount of waste, for instance, 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 dining commons, 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 is.

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 areas back to their original state.

O - What is your relationship with Sheriff Quinlan? Friends?

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 Bard 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 there'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 Pat DeFile 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 far 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 Whaleback 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 it 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 people thought you had some connection with the bust?

G - Yes, they thought I had some connection and then it came out in the paper that they wanted me fired, and I will never leave under those 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, and I think what you do on your own time is your 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 patrol 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 a perfect right to do it, and I don't think there's anybody on the student body or administration, either one, that should stop me. If I want relaxation, if 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.

## BARD AND 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 praise of "the mountains, the prairies, and the oceans white with foam," their tribute to the colors of the grand 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 winners 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 imported 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 past gods the team gathered a kind of Dionysian momentum, ran raucously to and fro on the field, and goals became dangerously imminent. The cheers picked up -- ALL POWER TO THE TEAM -- a trumpet (or was it a trombone) rang out in ecstatic joy - HO HO HO CHI MINH: BARD COLLEGE IS GOING TO WIN -- and then from nowhere, a blinding pass from Ralph Gabriner to the prodigious 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 the ancient rites, conquerors of those Apollonian opponents now reduced to speechless despair. Their hair became like that of Samson, blowing in the wind. Bachman chased and accosted balls head-



photo: carolyn carlson

ed off the hallowed field, Hal Cohen dove valiently after escaping moments of possession, Skarstrom and Montafia raced headlong into the fray and sent dangerous balls back into safer territory, and the "little goalie," Scot Baron, seemed at one with the ball, bouncing out of the goal and downfield to Bard's front lines. Soon the count backward started and out of the frenzy Bard emerged victorious.

Mentally and physically exhausted, the team passed from the land of their con-

quest and went down the road only to perform feats the like of which have not been seen at Bard since. This reporter stayed near the scene of the newly won battle for some time, recalled the win against Western Connecticut, anticipated new encounters (next time against monks?) and just happened, just barely happened, to notice out of the corner of one eye, two or three of those Dyonesian revellers lurking quietly at the end of the field -- sucking leftover oranges.

Nottingham Hotspur Peleador



## for want of a metal box

The paper recycling project had to move out of the Free Store because the insurance company claimed that vast amounts of paper, stored in cardboard boxes, created a fire hazard. They would allow us to store it in a large metal container until we could take it to the recycling company. If anyone knows where to get metal boxes, please talk to Erik Kiviat, who usually works in the Biology Department.

**ELECTIONS WILL BE HELD WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY FOR THE COLLEGE REVIEW BOARD. 51% OF THE STUDENT BODY IS NEEDED. PLEASE VOTE.**

"When Fascism comes to the United States, it will come in the guise of anti-Fascism."

Huey Long, 1934

Next Monday night's ACTION meeting will feature Bard professor Robert Koblitz and student Frank Montafia, talking on Southeast Asia.

The meeting starts at 7:30, Linden Avenue School, Red Hook.

## ACTION

from page 1

fitted the attitude of the nurse in Rhinebeck, who opposes the "all volunteer army, because it won't get the bums off the streets." That kind of community needs some relations.

Imagine walking three or four blocks in Manhattan. Remember the dogshit, spit and glass? And the smog inversions? Why do people drive from Robbins House to Dining Commons when they can walk or bike through the woods?

People need to become more familiar with what's left of the natural world. We should try to "know the remaining living waterways before there are more rivers that people never understood before they killed them." This is especially important with children, because they need to grow up with an awareness of what life means, instead of a knowledge of only cold concrete buildings.

Lydia Ayers

## POETRY READING

Pierre crashed into Albee Social a half hour late last Tuesday and sat down at the center table in the full room. He ignited his cigarette with the lighter, then washed his mouth with Almaden wine. Expressions flickered on his reptilian face, raising his eyebrows and feeling with the tongue of a snake. He wore a black sweater and a tin pendant, and a jaded tin ring dwarfing the last finger on his left hand. He emoted in a melodique but 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 "Mama!"

He might have read better if he had not spent so much time getting prepared at Adolph'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 fucked 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 like prose when they seemed to be made of sentences instead of just word chains. His introduction stung out unrelated words too punctuated for poetry. He overused words like "moon" "black" "sun" "leaves" and "dung." Too much occultified stuff hovered in the shadows.

Some of the distractions in the room, including the barking dogs and the blackboard decorated by the Gay Liberation people, seemed periodically more 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 stale 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! Mama!" Pierre ain't nothin' but noise.

Lydia Ayers

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Wednesday—  
SEE YOU AT MAO Jean-Luc Godard 1969

Ian Quarrier was the producer of "Sympathy for the Devil". He made so many changes in the movie which were objectionable to the director that last year at a British Film Festival Godard punched Quarrier in the mouth. Soon afterwards Godard did "See You At Mao," in part to make up for the shortcomings of "Sympathy."

Friday—  
SPELLBOUND Alfred Hitchcock 1945 104 minutes

A murder mystery built around the theme of psychoanalysis. Complete with a dream sequence designed by Salvador Dali. Screenplay by Ben Hecht. Starring Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Leo G. Carroll.

Sunday—  
Due to a shortage of convocation funds, "The Fly" has been cancelled. Also cancelled are "Legend of the Lone Ranger" (12/6) and "General Spanky" (12/13).

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# **RAMBLER** midnight

Everything appeared normal as the BOAC jet sped down the runway on a routine flight from New York to London. The passenger list 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 liftoff, 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. I am proud, as a captain of BOAC airlines, to announce to you that for the first time in airline history BOAC has successfully thwarted, with BOAC's newest anti-hijack equipment, the latest attempt of political plane hijacking. You were a part of this one and without your cooperation BOAC would not have been able to succeed. You did not panic and left your faith in BOAC. For this, BOAC thanks you and we will proceed, without further inconvenience to London airport. Remember, 'flying with BOAC is the safest'."

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 knife to the throat of a stewardess and the other followed with an automatic pistol. Moments later, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the captain speaking again. I'm 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 these 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, when 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, "Buck up. We're on our way to Palestine."

By now everyone was settling down to their Scotches, 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 up 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.

"Hamilton Hall, Columbia '68." "Harvard Square, Harvard '69." They shook hands in the traditional revolutionary handshake and embraced each other as they heard the captain, on the intercom, "Ladies and gentlemen. It is BOAC's pleasure to announce that everything is once again under control. Thanks to these two brave boys I doubt that there will be any further complications. We will now resume our flight pattern to London and BOAC wishes you a pleasant trip. Remember, 'flying with BOAC is the safest'."

The two campus veterans heard the propaganda of the pilot and looked at each other in mutual sickness. And then they looked at the guns in their hands which they had just confiscated from the unlucky hijacker.

"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..."

Michael Harvey


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