OBSERVER

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Cover Page  [Drawing]
Back Page  Bucky Bug's Conjecture  
           Dan O'Neill
Page 1  "The Jefferson Airplane played at the Capitol Theater in Portchester on Friday . . ."
           Dana Ahlgren
           Classiscene
           Sol Louis Siegel
           Editorial
           Geof Cahoon
Page 2  Ad Hoc
           Access
           Geof Cahoon
           Letters
           " . . . Thank you for giving my name the Archangelic flourish of M; . . ."
           Carl M. Black
           "If changes are to be made, . . . Let the students decide."
           Jeffrey Raphaelson
           Student Judiciary Board
Page 3  I Am The Black Flute
           Lydia Ayers
           [Photograph]
           Zachary Bregman
           If . . .
           Larry Gross
Page 4  Senior Projects
           Rock Screws Women
           RAT/LNS
Page 6  It's The Amazing Newshow
           And Be Sure Not To Miss . . .
Page 7  Book Review:
           You Read It Here First!
           M. I. Bresler
The Jefferson Airplane played at the Capitol Theater on the night of Friday night, their first N.Y. appearance this season. I rate it a success. Though not quite as loud as we expected, and though the majority of the audience was too sensibly dressed to take part in the usual kind of stimulant and hallucinogenic imbibition, and was therefore not quite so drunk and rowdy, they seemed quite happy. One of them added that this was the worst part of the show, as they had never seen a more lively and enthusiastic crowd.

The concert opened with a short set by what seemed to be a local Westchester group. They consisted of a lead singer who was quite good, a bass player who was very good, and a drummer who was excellent but not quite as good as the others. They played a few numbers that were quite interesting, and they were well received by the audience.

The Jefferson Airplane then took the stage, with their usual array of instruments, including guitars, bass, drums, and keyboards. They played a few numbers from their latest album, and the audience was quite enthusiastic. They played with a lot of energy and enthusiasm, and the audience responded accordingly. The set closed with a encore, and the audience was not ready to leave.

Erich Leinsdorf left the Boston Symphony Orchestra last week to conduct an American premiere of Poulenc's Les Mamelles de Tirésias. Although the orchestra was not at its best, the audience was enthusiastic and responded well to Leinsdorf's direction.

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The publication of faculty evaluations, by the EPC in last week's observer, is the origin of a thoroughly nasty business. If any good result can be found it is only that the Educational Policies Committee has demonstrated its own uselessness.

In more than one case this year, the EPC recommendation had little or nothing to do with the actual report that a professor received from students. In the case of Mr. Tier, for example, inadequate evidence was used to condemn him in EPC while the vast majority of students testifying in the Divisional Committee supported him. Although EPC considered its verdict as difficult to render, the verdict was endorsed nonetheless and the decision was quite different at the Divisional Committee level.

The very act of publication raises several issues. The Walter Committee document specifically states that all materials used by the Evaluation Committee shall remain confidential and shall be shown to the faculty member concerned so that he may gain from the criticisms. If the Walter Committee document, a joint student-faculty administrative committee, supersedes all other legislation, then the EPC processes are a part of the Walter Committee deliberations, and the publication of these "confidential" materials is not only a matter of bad taste, but a violation of the good faith of the Walter report.

The unreliability of EPC in operation, after the implementation of the Walter document, is somewhat analogous to the situation had the Senior faculty continued voting among themselves on tenure and then handing its result to the Walter Committee for use as evidence. EPC has become a byword for incompetence. Little thought has been wasted in the last few years on the value of evidence and now that it is not really needed, no one has suggested that it might be wise to disband the committee. I am, however, in favor of doing so.

The joint committees of the Walter document, with freely elected student representatives to the same proportions as EPC, tend to produce results that are much more useful. Consider EPC's job obituary, I say Abolish EPC.

It is not so easy to abolish committees as it once was. The senate is very concerned with wasting valuable time and laboring with keeping people other than themselves busy only that much student pressure could force it to abolish anything. A senate that blithely announces its intention to abolish the constitution because "it's really too much hassle to change it. No one will really mind," a senate that sees no inherent contradiction in the assignment of legislative powers to a judicial body and which is indifferent at the slightest disagreement is not going to abolish EPC. Indeed, I don't think Senate will be found abolishing work or duties for anyone except themselves, so lose the members of that body to taking responsibility.

When the issues regarding the Black and Latin dormitory were raised, the Senate took its stand without conducting open meetings among the student body at large. Consequently, no one really knew what was going on, and both the Black and Latin students and the general student body were screwed for it. This was because the Senate was too lazy to con- struct its constitutes.

Now the question of co-ed dormitories is to be raised. The Senate has directed the Student Judicial Board to conduct open hearings. (It would seem that Senate, having learned to hold the hearings, still doesn't want to do the job itself.) Pointed out to the senate that the hearings are its own responsibility, not that of the Judicial Board, the senate feels that Senate should be given something to do, even if that something is in violation of constitutional function. Busy work is created, and committees that no longer are useful are resurrected.

The Marcus administration of student government pleased itself at election time to be in favor of closer contact between itself and the student population at large. In a great burst of enthusiasm at the end of last term they outlined a great plan of student participation for the student senate. Now, the Marcus government seems bent on perpetuating the same system, a system strengthening, a bureaucratic system that feeds on the energies of concerned students, draining away the very real concerns and desires of students and channelling that energy into committees. The committees rise like Rube Goldberg machines into the sky, and the Marcus Senate wants to give the judicial board a "little something to do."

First off - please read the editorial. You may have noticed that we don't normally run editorials, when we do we feel it's important. Next, Robert Bigby, a member of the Bard Board of Trustees, has asked me to write about the "under 40" honorary degree to be given in June. This degree was instituted last year with its first recipient being Judi Bari. She'd like suggestions from all segments of the population of Bard, she'd also like biographies and reasons why. The Alumni Association would also like some suggestions for their Honorary Degree. In addition to this, she asked me to point out that graduation is a student affair and that she would like to see more student involvement in it, which after all, is a reasonable argument.

Thought you'd like to see some of the real junk mail that comes in here. We've received notice that United Artists has just released a brand new movie about the life of Tchaikovsky, called "Tchaikovsky." It stars Richard Chamberlin.

The Museum of Modern Art, who has us on their mailing list and sends us two copies of everything they print it seems, sends us news of the beginning of the "What's Happening" series. It's devoted to films on pressing social and political problems. The schedule can be seen anytime the Observer office is open.

One last thing - Radio Havana Cuba has announced the "Radio Havana Cuba's Ten Anniversary Contest" with the eight winners receiving All Expense Paid Trips to Cuba. The participants must answer in 500 words or less the question: "What is the significance of Cuba's victory at Playa Giron on Latin America. "Entry blanks can be obtained at the Observer office.
"He better show up, he better show up soon, and he better be good," I thought at exactly quarter of eleven last Thursday night while I was sitting in the Bard Theater waiting for Gylan Kain, the poet, to show up. I should have been there at 9:00 but due to unavoidable circumstances, he was late.

At eleven, somebody remarked, "They should charge half price." The drummer played with his head down and drums for a while, setting them up slowly. The lights dimmed and brightened and flickered. Some people tried to play with the organ.

Gylan strode on stage and acted like he was afraid to apologize. "I’ve been late, but not for a gig. Not like this. But we’re here now. And I asked about your curfew because I saw so many up-set faces. And I’m a very nasty motherfucker and I have to stand up here and apologize. Well, I hope we can get it together—yeah together. I don’t know if you’re all so beautiful to look at but I felt a certain air of constipation. Well, I’m here, motherfucker!"

His body rocked to the accompaniment as he moved forward. "AAAnow! He yelled a death scream.

Harlem was an idea
Projected out of the skulls of pretentious gray matter
institutionalized make believe

Harlem was in fact a home for the mentally ill
A graveyard of underground spooks
Who momentarily transcended death by way of fucking themselves
With a needle or a joint or a bottle

Of trying themselves prostrate before some fabricated after
Yellow and falling black and gray and graying
Until some hippy enters them rolls them
Deadly to thenelly
And then with this low go with you always
And so they walk around
Eat sleep talk with their mind inside always

Harlem is a bright-colored graveyard
Where feeling is good being dead
And getting high is dreams of things dead always

Harlem is that happy home
where the wretched and tricks for a vision
The dope is there, the church is there, the bar is there
And in school in our pocket
All in snared-wrapped packages lies
To tell the blind "things are not as they seem" in Harlem

“What’s Bard College noted for?”
The audience tilted. "How. I wouldn’t want to live here," "Hey, man, nothin’ fast tonight," "I’m a woman. And I like to have a woman to talk to."

The flute drifted up and down while he told,
"We make love in the burning tene-
ment and you scream...I fall against your back like a panther in heat." The flute softly caressed the room. "Poisoned woman I look into your face as into a mirror, but you shutter as she so much glass"

"I am the black flute your vulgar lips re-fuse to play on your face"
"Come out! I am not Flash Gordon nor your rock star."

His shirt stood like the tissue of a fuchsia lady slipper, slashed in a V neck with the perspiration crying, buttoned with two gold clasps.

"You are not starvation’s child, for your cup runneth over as love’s river and the first golden face that you saw was the mor-
or. The audience applauded. "That was poetry of you," he lauded. "I’m going to change the palm. I anticipated with any river of people with the waves run-
ing together."

"You motherfuckers come to college to study alienation, I’m going to tell you what alienation is. He distasteful off his pants with a bright green handkerchief, and sauntered back, then came forth and stuttered, "You walk...You’re walking through an alley and for the first time in your whole life, you’re walkin’ through and you check Mickey Mouse and see how you get to go around and say, Oh, Wow!" He mumbled and then with a whole fuckin’ lot of dogs and cats and their shit on the walls you and nine or ten...Gee passa? Gee passa he screamed. "The circus is in town; the circus is in town; and you never get out of town!"

"Far be it from me to get into your thing," he taunted the audience again, "I’m just on stage with a light. We’re reaching total theater where nobody lis-
tens to anybody."

Performing a palliatiing belly dance, he shrieked, "Open up your legs and scream, Lucifer...Talkin’ to the pitch black bitch from the green room!" Most of the people in the audience clapped quick and grinning. All of the hip people in the audience clapped quick and grinning. "You know what organs are, man, they’re a bitch!" he quipped when the organist had trouble with the organ. Then he grinned a canary-swallowing smile. He played a sinful, angry, defiant Wally Armstrong talking about a “Co-

She sang another song, "If my body was a drum, and you tapped my skin, God only messed up, baby..." Her love-

"When the evening willow weeps, and night comes tapping at my window, I can see the night is, I’ve been sleeping for a long time, baby, wake up!" Gylan screamed through the stage, squirmed through "black bastard!" Screamed, stuttered, gesticulated, "I ain’t black!" He gurgled and twirled with his beat buckle for the hole in the guitar. His voice even squeaked up and down like a guitar, then accused, "You white motherfuckers!" then whimpered, "ain’t white!" and twisted his pelvis, pounded his hands and jumped up and down like a puppet in a pantomime.

"Anyway," he sighed, "I love you chil-
dren out there, but I got some nasty things to say. I don’t know if you’re ready for it." Half the audience chanted, "Say it!" and someone said, "Don’t say it!" It filtered into a stance and contempla-
ted it. "All right! All right!"

"Janis Joplin," he screamed, crossing himself, "Filly lookin’ bitch ridin’ on her broomstick tryin’ to get next to some magic...Mother of the blues — what the hell is that?"

"Motherfuckers buyin’ tickets to the puppet show and don’t even know they’re in it."

He conducted the drum solo as he drew the circles with his arm. "My soul was on fire!" he knoed the air with his hands.

Lydia Ayers

"When are we going to live, that’s what I want to know?" — Malcolm McDowell as Travis, in If..."

In the last year or two Hollywood has tried furiously to reach the vast "youth" market, with a number of films about student activists. These films, character-
ized by one cynical critic as "teen-gar-romances," such as "Getting Straight," "The Strawberry Statement" and "RPM" have reduced the complexity of our contemporary situation, and have emus-
culated the real force of student protest. Basically these films are just Andy Hardy flicks brought superficially up to date. The kids are sweet, lovable, and gentle, and the authorities are good too. With love and understanding all will be well, etc., etc.

Linden Anderson’s I’m a darling is a different direction. Although I don’t consider it a complete success as a work of art, it has the sort of genuine intensity, and integrity, which makes most American efforts in this vein look sick!"

First of all, the film does not approach the problem of student discontent from a political point of view. True, posters of Che and Mao are obvi-
ously in evidence. But the heroes have no explicit political consciousness. They revolting against a system which is Inorganic, sterile, and lifes. This psychological realism fades out, to be a very concep-
tive metaphor for the more explicitly political rebellions we have seen on campus.

Anderson is strongest in his depiction of the claustrophobic school atmosphere. He shows the students in their "Whips" and at the same time the sadism of the stu-
dents towards one another. These scenes have a chilling intensity which is heightened by the importance of such de-
fining references. The image of one of the white girls raping her come, the various brutality of the priest in Geometry class, these have an accumulated weight which is very effective. Anderson’s direction is marvelously controlled and the material is handled by the actor (especially Lloyd by the Czech, Milosz Ondrias).

But this clinical and rather cold artistry, isn’t right for the various attempts at lyricism. That damned old equation be-

tween motor-cycles and freedom is a bit tired by now. At that stage, Anderson is depressingly unoriginal. The sense of liberation that we’re supposed to feel doesn’t really come off. The one excep-
tion is the beautiful slow motion shots of Wallace on the high bar. That one scene has more than a sense of beauty, than an hour of motorcycling around in green fields.

The mixture of realism and fantasy just doesn’t make it, in my opinion. Anderson’s hand is too heavy for scenes that are supposed to express anarchic free-

"The four corners of the earth, the valley of Ashness, the battle-cornery (which by the Czech, Milosz Ondrias).

Tony Gross
rock screws women

THE GREAT PRETENDERS: The whole star trip in rock is another realm where macho reigns supreme. At the center of the rock universe is the star — flooded in light, offset by the light show, and the source of incredible volumes of sound. The audience remains totally in darkness: the Stones kept thousands waiting several hours till midnight before they would come on stage at Altamont. The stage is set for the men to parade around acting out violence/sex fantasies, sometimes fucking their guitars then smashing them, writhing bare chested with leather fringe flying, while the whole spectacle is enlarged 100 times on a movie screen behind them. And watching a group like the Mothers of Invention perform is a lesson in totalitarianism — seeing Frank Zappa define sound and silence with a mere gesture of his hand. There is no psychic or visual or auditory space for any one but the performer — even if 400,000 are gathered. The intensity could be fantastic but it is abused — I remember seeing a group of Youths turn to their audience with disdain: “The least you could do is clap along.”

First you force the audience into passivity and then you imply that they are fucked up for not moving.

SMILE ON YOUR BROTHER: Something nice about the audience — even after I realized women were barred from any active participation in rock music, it took me a while to see that we weren’t even considered a real part of the listening audience. At first I thought I was being paranoid, but then I heard so many musicians address the audience as if it were all male — “I know you all want to find a good woman”, “When you take your oflady home tonight...” “This is what you do with a good woman...” etc. etc. It was clear that the concerts were directed only to men, and the women were not considered people but more on the level of exotic domestic animals that come with their masters or come to find masters. Only men are assumed smart enough to understand the intricacies of the music. Frank Zappa laid it out when he said that men come to hear the music and chicks for sex thrills. Dig it!

It was a real shock to put this all together and realize rock music itself — all the way from a big-time performing artist to listener — refuses to allow any valid place for women. And yet I know there would never be rock festivals and concerts if women weren’t there — even though we have nothing to do with the music. Somehow we’re very necessary to rock music.

Women are required at rock events to pay homage to the rock world — a world made up of thousands of men, usually found in groups of fours at Homage paid by offering sexual accessibility, applause, group worship, gang bangs at A. The whole rock scene (as opposed to rock) depends on us being there. Women are neat these places of worship so that, in between the real audience (men) can be assured of getting a woman they’re told about in the lyrics. And that woman supposed to be like well it’s not to just be a plain old cunt — we have to be (and even) that’s not enough — we’ve got to be you know, not uptight, not demanding, no or clinging or strong or smart or anything in a way that never cuts back on a man’s I And so women remain the last legitimate property that the male can share in a or world. Can’t have a tribal gathering within and dope and beautiful groovy chicks.

For the musicians themselves there is it special property — groups. As one group “Being a group is a full-time gig. Sort of like musician... you have two or three girls hang out with you and you stay as high intellectually enlightened as a group of it. You’ve got to if you’re going to have an offer... you are a non-profit call girl, girlie housekeeper whatever the musician needs.”

This total disregard and disrespect for 18 constant in the rock world and has no ex Not even Janis Joplin, the all time queen of made her pain evident in all her blues — the made them real. And the male rock world paid for that vulnerability in countless we women don’t get to play the instruments, etc.

Ligand Substitutions Involving Optically Active Trans - 1,2-cyclohexanediamine- N, N', N" - tetrasulfate

There really isn’t much I can say about my "project" — it’s essentially a continuation of my work, which is making music.

Marilyn Bon Tempo

Bob Mayer

The European-American’s first failure to relate to an alien culture/peoples. What in the makeup and lifestyles of the conquerors preceded healthy relationships with the tribes and nations they encountered and led to an action policy of violence, appropriation, and death. What rationalizations they constructed; what events changed them, what new relationships emerged to explain a history contradictory to their religion and their ideals. The fascinations with the noble savage. The remnants and effects of this sorry confrontation that remain still in American life and myth.

David Schirchi

Senior projects? It’s an awfully sen point. Most recently I’ve been cor doing a participant observer st a suicide part... Back in May, I thought I would do study of rationalization: How do c ary people become suicides, I seek through being bombed, or being t or being fired, or seeing on television or seeing in person or reading in a I was interested in rationalizing pec and I wanted to know HOW T0...

I can’t really remember why I’m up...Maybe there were too many t to define (definition is the gravy many hopes).

Pretty soon I had a new baby: He does the present rationalization dif point. I have a new man to care for now. I had to be a graduate of my work. I wanted to prove that even though the last rationalization had failed, this one would bring a revol. FOR SURE, NO SHT.

That one died after I realized al about six weeks and seven propos that my formal question had nothing to do with my secret av
I'm doing a creative (?) project that consists of stories about the Bard community. The model for this is Joyce's The Dubliners, centering on the idea of individuals forming a representative picture of the entire society. If that sounds pretentious or phonish then I'd say that there are enough odd remembrances of my own to keep a reader interested for a hundred some odd pages. Various people I've known for a number of years have expressed an interest in this thing, so doubt expecting themselves to be glorified in what they can only hope is memorable prose, as examples of the free and beautiful and/or weird. If this is the reason for their interest I would venture to guess that they will be disappointed. I do not intend this as a picture of the absurd, or as the height of the "now" (ugh) generation. Rather, I hope to give some sense of what it was like to be here among certain people in a special time.

John Hershey

grinder.

So I decided to do a history of the con-
temporary student movement. But another senior (an editor of this very newspaper) was doing that topic already. So I will have to content myself with the question: "Why did SDS fall apart?" I have already met two second semester seniors who have done their projects on this subject, and my advisor has already asked me to define "apart."...

Marian Swedlow

What I'm working with is rhythm. I make this rhythm with shapes on big canvases (about 4' x 6' or larger when I get some money). I'm also thinking that I might have some movies as part of my project where people create this same kind of rhythm, or animated movies. There are two parts to painting (and same with films), form and content. The main part of my project will be the changes that happen in the form, from one work to the next. Content is really the important part and it means emotion, humour and other things you can't talk about.

Gail Vachon

they're always on stage with nothing to relate to but the microphone, and nothing between them and the audience but their own bodies. So it is not surprising that Janis became an incredible sex object and was related to as a cunt with an obscene voice. Almost everyone even vaguely connected to rock heard malicious stories about how easy she was to fuck. This became part of her legend and no level of stardom could protect her because when you get down to it she was just a woman.

AND WHO COULD BE FOOLIN' ME? And whoever thought this was all the brothers were offering us when they rapped about the revolution? Why do we stick with it? Women identified with youth culture as the only alternative to our parents' uptight and unhappily way of life. We linked up with rock and never saw how it fucked us over. Partly this was because we had no sense of being women together with other women. Partly because it was impossible to think of ourselves as performing as exhibitionists in macho sex roles, so we didn't wonder why there weren't more of us on stage. Partly because we identified with the men and not other women when we heard lyrics that put women down. And also because we have been completely cut off from perceiving what and who really are on our side and what and who don't want to see us as whole people.

In a world of men, Janis sang our stories. When she died, one of the few ties that I still had left with rock snapped. It can't be that women are a people without a culture.

Camus...blah blah...Existentialism...Bosno...

Mark Winters

Senior project is about Ezra Pound-- confused but enthusiastic.

Carla Botte

and secluded agonies everywhere in the histories of each one of us. And when that collides with the joy we never before were permitted there is a force unleashed that is glorious and wild. A force that will change the world. Tigers come mad with pain and make sense again through sharing -- a beginning from which to move on the craziness of the world -- that we see from the destruction of Vietnam to the destruction of the planet.

I feel only awe at our possibility, wondering where our unhampered feelings can lead us to -- what culture, what society, what education, what music and dance, what ways of living will be ours? We have no way of knowing. The new culture begins as soon as women meet together, learning that the seemingly private and isolated thoughts each one of us have been feeling all this time are things that all women share. It started out shy and tentative and awkward when we first met all together. And it grew into a fury and a power and a joy that was more intense than anything I've ever experienced. And now there is no reason for us to go back into the alienation and isolation of Woodstock Nation. Not in Woodstock Nation or in any of the other cultures men have forced and will try to force on women. It can't be now. We don't want to force a culture on any one -- we want to make space for every human being to be real in. But we have been told until we too believed it that we are crazy and weak and dependent and irrational and frivolous and unattractive and stupid.

In culture after culture men have destroyed our minds and fucked over our bodies. And governments of men have napalmed and lynchched and murdered and starved all of us who didn't have the power to resist. It can't be now.

Now we are reclaiming. Reclaiming the Janis Joplins and the Billie Holidays and the Marilyn Monroes that belong to us and have always belonged to us even if we didn't always see it. As Billie Holiday said, "It's the easiest thing in the world to say every broad for herself, saying it and acting that way is one thing that has kept some of us behind the eight ball where we have been living for years." It can't be anymore. Because we are learning how to share with each other and learn from each other and make music and make love with each other and dance together without any competing and conquering and ego-tripping bullshit ways of human beings dealing with each other.

from RAT / LNS
N.Y. TIMES – LIMA, Peru – Thieves broke into a Lima residence and, finding nothing else of value, stole the two watchdogs left by their owners.

N.Y. TIMES – JOHANNESBURG, South Africa – After Sam Spector died, authorities needed 26 truckloads to clear the elderly man's home of more than a million newspapers he left stacked in every room and in the garage. Under the mound of paper in the garage they found an old automobile.

N.Y. TIMES – ANACA, Venezuela – Jose Bonales, 38 years old, never lost his cool for a moment when the police arrested him for walking down the street in the nude. "What do you want me to do, die of the heat?" he protested. It was 104 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade at the time.

LNS – The following is a verbatim Associated Press dispatch from San Francisco, September 18: "The city school district has adopted a deliberate policy of discrimination against girls. "From now on, girls who want to attend Lowell High School, which caters to the district's top scholars, must have a 3.25 grade-point average. Boys must have 3.0. "Until this year, the 3.0 average applied to both boys and girls. The change was adopted, said Ralph Kayer, assistant superintendent of the district, to keep girls from overwhelming Lowell."

WILMAR, Minnesota – Oct. 26 – Last Saturday night in a daring raid somebody ripped off the 1-14 Films of the Wilmar Draft Board. The Wilmar Draft Board is located in the same building as the Police Department which is open 24 hours a day.

N.Y. TIMES – The major national organization of liberal Roman Catholic laymen, in what it called the first detailed study of available diocesan financial records, asserted yesterday that reports on church finances were either impossible to come by, or inadequate, misleading and self-serving. The National Association of Laymen said its study of the financial records of 23 of the nation's 160 dioceses and archdioceses indicated a "reluctance of church leaders to give full and complete financial accounting," and that "this reluctance verges on major scandal."

FOLKS: Fondling of the international variety is being offered every Saturday night at 7:30 in the gym. No experience is necessary, only the desire to have a good time.

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new seventy
70 Saab Demo–6000 mi–2 left, 300 off list 2100
70 Saab Demo–4444 mi–2 new 95's 260 off list 2050

AND MANY MANY MORE

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69 Cortina–2 door 1095
67 Dodge Dart GT–Auto, buckets 1395
67 Chevii–4 door, stick shift 995
69 Triumph GT 6 2195
66 Chevii Bel Air–4 door, 8 auto 966
new seventy
70 Saab Demo–6000 mi–2 left, 300 off list 2100
70 Saab Demo–4444 mi–2 new 95's 260 off list 2050

AND MANY MANY MORE

St. 26, Kingston, N.Y. Phone : 331-0641

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BOOK REVIEW:

You read it Here First!

It's probably safe to say that few people on this campus were aware (until now) of the fact that the first national Corn Husking Championship in America was held on December 1, 1924, on a farm in Polk County, Iowa. To reprint here the name and score of the winner would be merely to destroy the delicious suspense in which the reader now finds itself. But the answer to this and many other questions of equal or slightly less significance can be found in an important new book by Joseph Nathan Kane, entitled The Pocket Book of Famous First Facts. The significance of this fact, well-written volume is that it's the first popular-priced (this unfortunately, esteemed) edition of the trifles classic which originally appeared in hardcover in 1933.

While the continuity of this work would probably leave the heavily plot-mined reader cold, those with a taste for episodic, contrast-filledslice of life can find this book a real joy. In the case of cases, there is nothing more heart-wrenching than the rippling, eternally unfulfilled promise of a dream. Kane’s skillful use of original quotes to enrich his prose is beautifully demonstrated.

M.J. Brestler

In a quieter vein, but of no less significance, are such facts as the date of the invention by Robert Cheseborough of Vaseline (1878), and the marketing, in 1887, of "Gayetty's Medicinal Paper - a perfectly pure article for the toilet and for the prevention of piles." Those who heard Dr. Ryan Drum's lecture a few weeks back will recognize immediately the significance of this event, and anyone who's heard of Freud can do something with the fact that Mr. Gayetty's name was watermarked on each sheet.

It is to Mr. Kane's credit that he can handle, with one straightforward narrative style, items of such widely diverse emotional content as the first street panda led by a mystic society (the Covellite de Rakian Society, in Mobile in 1920), and the first flics circus ("Extra Ordinary Exhibition of the Industrious Flier" in 1835).

One could continue with these items until the cows come home, but I feel that the examples thus far offered apolyphor the ambiance of this consciousness raising book. The only criticism I would offer is that the long list of authors limits his purview to strictly American "firsts" thus denying the international, indeed cosmic, nature of all human experience, and 2) most of the book is friggin boring.

Grace Slick and Paul Kantner, the missing members of the Airplane up to this point, arrived to rousing cheers on the part of the audience. They have, if Grace Slick was the only reason they came in the first place. In case you haven’t heard, Grace and Paul Kantner (guitar and vocals) are having a baby any day now, and are planning to name it "God!". I was surprised the even decided to appear on stage. They are usually 9 months pregnant, and yet, despite the Thornton strain of singing for several hours over the astounding volume of the band, the managed to pull it off admirably. The band went through most entirely new, intense, free-form music from their upcoming album, Emergency. A special surprise for me was the emergence of Joey Covington, the new drummer, as a blue-eyed soul singer of surprising ability. His singing lessons in Oakland really show - the result sounds like a mixture of Frank Zappa’s voice and Mick Jagger’s. As you can imagine, Joe’s unexpected dimension both to the Airplane’s stage presence (he constantly laughs and fuchs around) and to their vocal style (with Joey’s voice, that makes for an even greater degree of fluidity and flexibility in the Airplane’s vocal sound). Furthermore, his style of drumming, added to the way he has his tom-toms and drum sticks leaves the Airplane’s instrument sound a distinctively more aggressive and effective rhythm.

"Starship," one of the songs from Paul Kantner’s soon-to-appear solo album, and a particular favorite of my new found Airplane’s new level of perfection. Vocally, the Airplane is more advanced, more innovative, with Paul’s voice underpinning Garcia’s free experiments in tone and phrasing. The new album’s perspective, with Paul’s voice underpinning Garcia’s free experiments in tone and phrasing.

The instrumental core of the group, Jack, Jorma and Joey, provided a musical foundation that can only bedescribed as "marvelous." The new album’s perspective, with Paul’s voice underpinning Garcia’s free experiments in tone and phrasing.

We couldn’t help but be totally sucked into the positive energy that the Airplane and Hot Tuna created, but I wonder how many of my friends who were physically able to enjoy the music. Such a large percentage of the crowd, the rock and roll crowd everywhere, are so wiped out by combinations of drugs that it’s hard to say how many are actually able to hear the music they went to see. This use of junk among this people, black and white, is growing everyday - we know people, you know people who are getting turned on to it - and, as Allan Ginsberg has been saying for some time now, the only reason there’s a junk problem is because of the high degree of police and Mafia complication; importing junk from Mexico, Stockhausen and Praetorius just for fun, and sales of these records suddenly soared. Stockhausen is a contemporary Praetorius was a contemporary of Shakespeare. If one of the jokes you could do something like that, what would happen if they “buzz” companies went out on the same tack.

That question is rhetorical. Given the state of the record industry today, we’re not only locked to the answer to quickly. The classics are too great a music to do things by themselves; they have to be killed off. It is up to us try and save them. It can still be done.

Sol Louis Siegel

7

aeroplane
from page one

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