On March 8, last Monday, Richie Perez, a member of the Popular Front of the Young Lords Party and the managing editor of El Barrio, came to Bard to educate this community about the oppression of the Puerto Rican/Latino American community in the United States and the history of the struggle of the Puerto Rican people, its origin by Spanish and its subsequent conquest by the United States. His lecture was part of the general expansionist thrust of 1985 (the Spanish-American War), which continues in and around. Richie did not have to refer to excessive rhetorical devices in order to effectively make his point to his listeners. As a public speaker, he was comfortable and calm, confident of his own consciousness and eager to share his thoughts and beliefs with others. His involvement in and dedication to the fight against the oppression of all peoples, particularly the Puerto Rican people, was clearly evident throughout his talk. In these days of political confusion and disillusionment among white radicals, this talk surging a surrounding atmosphere a refreshing positivity and forward-looking glow.

For most of these present, the immediate need was to be informed about the nature and character of the Young Lords Party itself: its origins and goals. Richie emphasized, above all else, that the Young Lords had learned from and followed the example of other revolutionary organizations in the United States, particularly the Black Panther Party, the White Panthers, and the Weathermen. He characterized this statement by adding that the Lords adopt the principles developed by the Panthers and other groups in a positive and critical manner. In other words, the Lords study and learn the mistakes of others so as not to repeat the errors that have been made in the past. This critical study of both domestic and foreign revolutionary movements has resulted, even at this early stage in the Lords' development, in an extremely realistic and well thought-out program for organizing the oppressed Latino communities, both here and in Puerto Rico.

The Lords have much in common with other advanced revolutionary organizations in the United States; they share an exploited, poverty-stricken background similar to the black community. They are very much aware of the fact that (drawing on Lenin), it has been the most advanced and the most revolutionary and the most advanced in revolutionary thought and action. The Lords recognize that black people in the United States have traditionally been relegated to the lowest positions in society. Hence the Lords have looked primarily to the Black Panther Party for inspiration and guidance. The Lords as an organization are young—they were formally founded only two years ago, in 1969. Yet even in such a short space of time, they show definite signs of becoming the most together and forward-looking party in the United States.

In discussion after his talk, Richie explained what he sees to be the primary difference between the Lords and the Panthers. The Lords are a "democratic centralist" party, as opposed to the automatic "centralists" we believe are evidenced within the Black Panther Party. He used several specific instances to explain this point. When the Panthers National Leadership decided on a course of action, for instance, to drive out the rampant male chauvinism that exists within the organization (and from within the Party itself), the directive is simply issued from the top down. There appears to be no consultation of the Party membership or of the community at large. As a result, a split develops between what the goals of the Party are stated to be, and the reality that is evident both in the Panther rank and file and the community. Sexism remains a major problem, despite the best intentions of the Panther leadership, because the directives issued from above are not consistent in the community. Action in the streets is often in contradiction with the general membership of the Party, and, as a result, the Party does not speak with a single voice. It is this manner of the voice of the people can be heard and that it will be expressed prior to any action by the leadership of the community. (As Richie put it, it is to, "serve the people") is to take. Whereas the tendency in the Panther Party has been much more idealism and rhetoric with little actual action, the Lords point to their own success in reversing this trend, by direct, democratically, involving all the people in the Lords' program.

Richie expressed what is obviously becoming the dominant belief among radical groups in this country: that armed struggle will ultimately determine the fate of the United States. The time for non-violent resistance and protest is over. Richie's words (and those of the leadership of the Panthers, as Richie put it, it is to, "serve the people") is to take. Whereas the tendency in the Panther Party has been much more idealism and rhetoric with little actual action, the Lords point to their own success in reversing this trend, by direct, democratically, involving all the people in the Lords' program.

A regional anti-war conference held at Vassar College March 13, has resulted in the formation of the Mid-Hudson Coalition for Peace, and organization which will strives to "unite all who oppose war..." and still the war goes on...

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FILM

The Museum of Modern Art Department of Film is presenting a series of films at 11:30 every Saturday from Feb. 6, 1971 to July 15, 1971. On March 27, they will show four Chaplin films, THE HAMLET (1915), A WOMAN (1915), THE BANK (1915) and POLICE (1916). The University Film Association will award six scholarships to film students when it gathers for its annual convention in August, 1971. These scholarships should encourage students in the pursuit of careers in film production, writing, teaching, history, aesthetics or criticism. Professor Howard Sabur said in announcing the competition. Winners of the four $500 scholarships and two $1000 scholarships will be chosen on the basis of film or written work submitted. Obtain information and application forms from Professor Sabur, c/o UCLA Motion Picture Division, Los Angeles, California, 90024.

The University Film Study Center is planning two weekend film history symposiums: "Screenplay and French Documentaries," April 15-17 at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; and "Film and Modern Art," May 7-9 at Yale University, New Haven, Conn. "Screenplay and French Documentary Films" traces the artistic and social development of screenplays in documentary films from Bunuel and Vigo through Renoir, Carole Browne and El Lotar to Georges Franju, Alain Resnais, Agnes Varda, Jean Rouch, Jean Luc Godard and Chris Marker. Mr. Rouch will present his new film, "Petit a Petit."

The Yale Symposium will examine the exchange of ideas, talent and influence between modern art and film from World War I through the '20s. Two lectures on the Soviet Cinema will be given.

Attendees are open to the interested public. A $5.00 registration fee allows free entry to all events. For more information, contact: Hugh Evans, University Film Study Center, Box 275, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD LAWS

We have been informed that two students are presently under investigation by the Red Hook Telephone Company for the illegal use of a credit card number. If you indulge in this criminal activity, first be cool, and second, know the law! The following are excerpts from the New York State Penal Code.

2. "Credit card" means any instrument, whether known as a credit card, credit ticket, charge card, or by any other name, which purports to evidence an undertaking to pay for property or services delivered or rendered or to or upon the order of a designated person, and:

3. Sec. 164.5 Theft of services when:

1. With intent to defraud, he obtains or attempts to obtain a service, or induces or attempts to induce the supplier of a rendered service to agree to payment therefor on a credit basis, by the use of a credit card which he knows to be stolen, forged, revoked, cancelled, unauthorized, or in any way invalid for the purpose;

2. With intent to avoid payment therefor by himself or another person of the lawful charge for any telecommunications service, he obtains or attempts to obtain such service or abides or attempts to avoid payment therefor by himself or another person by means of (a) tampering or making connection with the equipment of the supplier, whether by mechanical, electrical, acoustical or other means, or (b) any interference of fact with which he knows to be false, or (c) any other artifice, trick, deception, device or fraud;

5. With intent to avoid payment by himself or another person for a prospective or already rendered service the charge or compensation for which is measured by a meter or other mechanical device, he tampers with or interferes with such meter or other equipment related thereto, or in any manner attempts to enter or cause entry into the meter or other device from performing its measuring function, without the consent of the supplier of the service, a person to whom the supplier renders service, or device from performing its measuring function, without the consent of the supplier of the service. A person to whom the service is rendered to do so with intent to avoid, or to enable another to avoid, payment for the service involved.

David Harris, who had been imprisoned for refusing military induction with his wife, Joan Baez, and their 16-month-old son, Gabriel, at airport at El Paso, Tex. Mr. Harris, who began his term in August, 1969, was freed by order of parole board. He was paroled from the maximum term in the Vietnam war. La Tuna Federal Correctional Institution released him.

THEATER

A Shakespeare Festival is now in progress at SUNY College at New Paltz. A few of the remaining performances include "Hamlet" (Thurs., through Sun.), "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Friday, film), Harry Levin's lecture on "Shakespeare and the Revolution of the Times" and Paul Beving's workshop and performance. Further information is available in the Observer office or by calling the Festival Office at New Paltz (914) 297-2181.

BOOKS


THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER, Terence Love Smith. "A young man bored by marriage and a nine-to-five job suddenly decides to do something about it, and finds an exciting new career as the number-one jeweler of Chicago's North Shore society."

Lidia Ayers

Dear Sir:

I take exception to Lis Lemel's description of Red Hook as "a very depressed community, a community that is really in trouble." In reality, the Red Hook community is a very depressed community, a community that is really in trouble. It has more persons receiving food stamps than all of Red Hook has a greater drug problem than Red Hook; and, although the Red Hook community represents a tenth of the Red Hook population, it probably accounts for over 70% of the police actions in our local courts with charges ranging from drug use and sale, traffic violations, to shoplifting by our local merchants.

On the other hand, while many communities are desperately in need of child day care centers, Red Hook has an excellent facility lacking applicants. We have negligible welfare rolls; we have the lowest tax rate in Dutchess County; and, we have one of the best public school systems in the area. In this "bedroom" community we have a high proportion of professional people who have chosen to live here for these reasons.

While the Red Hook community may find Red Hook depressing, it is certainly not depressed.

Very truly yours, 
(Mrs. Shirley K. Stelman)
Red Hook, New York

Letter to the Editor:

Adam Thorne's lantern "Memorandum to the Sport" was disgusting enough for its neurosis but Thorne even further by passing off material stolen from others as his own. "Eat pork" the only humorous words in the article, were coined by Frank McCarter. The rest was parroting from a bootlegged copy of Kim Agnew's diary. Only one grain of truth was found: Thorne's glib alcoholic ex-prizefighter. 

Britt Jones
On Wednesday, March 3rd, 1971, the tardy, after many months of uncertainty, approved the first step towards Bard's involvement in the University Without Walls program. What prompted this acceptance? Money...but also determined faculty involvement with both a clarification of what Bard's involvement in the U.W.W. framework will be.

The following is the introductory paragraph of the proposal submitted to the faculty by Mr. Oja (together with Mr. Tienger and Dr. Foust):

"Bard belongs to a consortium of eighteen colleges called The Union for Experimenting with Colleges. The officers of the Union have drafted a grant proposal for a program called University Without Walls. Thus far, funds totaling approximately $800,000 have been granted...to support a developmental year for the U.W.W. Not all the colleges and universities in the Union are participating nor are all the participating colleges and universities members of the Union. The question is: should Bard accept a grant of $40,000 to plan and design a Bard unit of the U.W.W.?"

These funds awarded to the Union are quite recent: The U.S. Office of Education grant was made in December totaling $418,000, the Ford Foundation grant came through a few weeks ago, on Feb. 16, totaling $400,000. Therefore, it is only now that serious committed efforts can be made for the program at Bard, thanks to this outside financing.

Strong doubts existed in the minds of the Bard representatives involved in the U.W.W. preliminaries last semester. These fears have been somewhat dissipated: This is partly due to the fact that these individuals are not the ones concerned with the U.W.W.

Last semester's group consisted of the Dean (still in the group this semester), Mr. Walter, Mr. Wilson, Pam Fairbanks, and Michael Lieberman. This semester the committed faculty to date are Mr. Oja, Mr. Tienger, Dr. Foust. These students kept fully informed and taking some part in dialogue have been Li Semel, as Student Senate President, and Herb Ritten, Marquise Review, and myself as Chairman of E.P.C.

Even in the minds of these new people there are still certain doubts about the validity of the U.W.W. at Bard. However, two facts, aside from the money, helped this group come to the conclusion that the developmental year should be gone with:

- The approval of this initial developmental year in no way binds Bard to go through with what plans would be devised during the developmental year. As a result, these proposed in-depth and thoroughly studied plans will have to be approved by the faculty once this year is through. (During this period, no student will be enrolled in the program.)

- Every unit of the U.W.W. is very independent. Bard will have almost complete autonomy to set up whatever innovative and radical educational experience it feels like.

The natural overall guidelines for the U.W.W. program as a whole must be vague and general if they are to allow for flexibility of each of the U.W.W. sub-units. Within what framework or theme should such subunits evolve? This is Bard's understanding of it: (Again from Mr. Oja's proposal)

The task during a developmental year would be to design a specific new program of study which would lead to either a U.W.W. or a stand degree. The new program would be developed within the following broad framework:

1) Abandonment of the usual format of college as four years in residence for 124 credits in classes, laboratory and studio work in a prescribed curriculum by 18 to 22 year olds being taught by a fixed resident faculty.

2) Progress toward a degree at the student's own pace with guidance and tuition of a faculty teacher-advisor whose only fixed responsibility would be to maintain contact and interaction with approximately thirty students.

3) Emphasis upon flexibility in meeting the student's educational needs and goals. Students could progress toward a degree with a "bread mix" of educational experiences, neither including, but not limited to, traditional courses at nearby colleges, independent study, seminars in the field, telecourses, programmed instruction, videotape playbacks, special seminars at Bard, in-service training, correspondence, internship programs, etc....

The conclusion comes as a reiteration of the independence given to Bard for its particular U.W.W. program and states what task is at hand for the study group:

"It is obvious that the U.W.W. program is at this time extremely open and general. To forge any kind of specific program, and to evaluate its desirability and feasibility, require the utilization of many resources (human and material) of a college. The developmental year of the U.W.W. was funded by Ford and U.S.O.E. To compensate the individuals and the institution for such preliminary work."

In response to what was somewhat of a misunderstanding on Mr. Dewosnin's part, Mr. Oja, supporting the vagueness of the whole program, pointing out the flexibility entailed closed the diverse U.W.W. programs already planned by the more advanced units:

- Goddard plans an expansion of their adult education programs.
- Antioch plans to set up small Antiochos all over the country, comparable to our Inner College.
- State Island Community College plans a non-resident, Griffins Milling program for disadvantaged students.
- Stevens College plans to set up a program for their alumni without a B.A. to be able to go back to College and get one.

It should be clear therefore that Bard has no specific plans as of yet for its unit, whatever its program might be. Of course, rumors have leaped atop oozed in various Bard milieus about the prospective program. These are for the most part wild speculations and it's far too early for there to be any truth to them. As Mr. Tienger stated just before the question was called and the motion passed overwhelmingly:

"We can do almost anything we can live with."

After the motion was passed, the question was asked as it had been earlier why no students were included on the proposed U.W.W. planning committee. In the discussion which followed, Mr. Oja voiced his disagreement with this idea. However, a varied group of faculty members support the student representation (Rosenberg, Faciacc, Dewosnin, Griffins Milling (Black) and this motion carried 21 to 12)

I think the underlying harmony and state of mind in which the U.W.W. was approved came from Professor Bertolino, when he pointed out very wisely: "How can a College like Bard which claims to be for experimentation not even investigate the possibilities of this program especially when it is self-funded?"

Now we are going to investigate it at least, faculty and students together. Bard can claim a growing interest in exploring whatever the future may hold regardless of whether or better for the world. And what is important is that first there was the Inner College, now we have this initial study year for the U.W.W, as well as a spate run courses such as Women's Studies...

Francis Cailliau
"Blows Against the Empire" — Paul Kantner
"If I could only remember my name" — David Crosby

In the last four months, two albums have been released which indicate that rock music is far from stagnating further into self-indulgence, has in fact been rejuvenated by a broad cross-fertilization of talents and energies. Paul Kantner’s and David Crosby’s solo LP’s are collective efforts by the most important and creative musicians on the West Coast. As such, the two records cannot be separated; they are both infused with the same vision.

As all the musicians involved would agree, the current trend towards musical inter-communism began with D Watkins & Bonnie; the idea of having a band made up entirely of “friends” who drop in to play for as long as they wish, then leave to develop other interests. In a sense, however, this idea of free-floating band is indigenous to the San Francisco area itself, where the new movement is taking place. The “traditional” top three bands there, the Airplane, the Dead and Quicksilver have always remained close, jamming together and trading musical ideas among one another. Until now, the relationship has been quite informal; the musicians would get together when they could, for personal enjoyment. With the release of these two LP’s a change has clearly been indicated. Although the individual bands will most likely continue to function for some time, the definite way of the future lies in a free-form, always evolving, community of artists, as typified by these “solo” records. As the new generation of “soloists” gains in eminence, the activity of “musicians” will be less restricted than it has been in the past, and as well as collective, talents will be given a greater opportunity to develop. The whole concept of a community of musicians suggests new, untried possibilities, with many social, as well as artistic, implications.

On one level, this free interchange of musical energies, if accompanied by a developed recording program, could signal the beginning of the end of the corporate than the "renegade" group. In the past, and continuing at the present time, the major record companies and single artists has a large degree prevented the unrestricted, creative collaboration of many musicians. In great part, this has been due to the inevitable monopolization of music industry under capitalism. Today, three or four principal record companies control the entire music business. In the 1960’s and even the early ’70s, there were numerous “independents” who were still able to compete (however haphazardly) with the larger corporations. Indeed, the independents determined, at the time of the rise of rock ‘n’ roll, the very direction of rock. The independents were the only companies who would handle “race music,” as it was called, or even the white crooners. Soon, when it became evident that rock ‘n’ roll was here to stay (Elvis Presley), the larger corporations moved in, buying out contracts and copyrights. It’s no coincidence that rock ’n’ roll was “tamed” and degenerated at roughly the same time the major companies took it over: in 1961-1968 the Great Commercialization began to take place. Up the charts went Fabian, Paul Anka and Presley, and the songs that the Beatles and the Stones from England to boost a dying, if not dead, art to its full creative potential once again. The Beatles can be understood, on one level at least, as a necessary alternative to the producer, company-controlled music of the Paul and Paula ilk. The companies reacted to this new development in a suitably underhanded fashion; recognizing that the music of the Beatles and Stones sold in large quantities, the companies were willing to accept the new creativity of individual groups, and relinquish their former role of musical director and producer. The groups could, to a large degree, determine their own musical content, but with subtle strings attached.

The corporation ad-departments, the nerve-center of the “entertainment industry,” now produce records; the “English Sounds,” the “surf” and hot rod sounds, the “Mountain Sound,” the “San Francisco Sound,” etc. The companies could, by creating the “new sounds,” manipulate which artists “will” and “become successful,” and which artists would be doomed to “failure” and “only local,” as opposed to national or even international fame. This was and is an easy process—merely push certain singles and LP’s to the key radio stations, sign the same people who make the records in the first place and take out ads in “Rolling Stone” or “16” magazine. What initially appeared as a positive development (the raucous, body-oriented energy of the early Beatles and Stones soon was twisted by the companies into the opposite of what it was (a repressive, commercial-oriented music “industry”). The recent John Lennon discipline in “Holl-i- land” and the breakup of the Beatles over business concerns, are only two examples of this. The fun was gone from music; it became exclusively a business affair.

By contrast, the San Francisco bands have developed more closely along the lines of being “people’s bands”—bands whose primary concern is its audience and its needs. Benefits and free concerts were a regular part of their schedule, a tendency that made most record executives and managers shudder. If a bust was pulled in the community, these bands would play a benefit to provide bail money; at rallies and marches the same musicians would often be present. This was all in direct conflict with the traditional role of bands and musicians in the political context. This is not to say that these bands have not been interested in earning money and becoming famous. One can judge their actions only relative to what is going on elsewhere in the “music industry.” The direction these bands are taking is, once more, far ahead of the work being produced by most of their fellow-musicians in the United States and England. The plans that this family (which consists mainly of the Airplane, the Dead, Quicksilver, and C.S.N.& Y) is putting together now include tours by the entire communal band, films to be conceived, directed, and executed by various members of the family, and further experiments in song and music (such as we are now treated to in the Kantner and Crosby LP’s). If these two records are any real indication of where these people are headed, they are in a good way indeed.

Paul Kantner’s LP, because he and Grace Slick determined the underlying theme of the work, is more overtly politically-orientated than David Crosby’s. Crosby’s record is, on the other hand, a slightly less pedestrian, more personal (but nonetheless forceful) collection. The theme first taken up by "Wooden Ships," a Crosby/Kantner collaboration, is, in Kantner’s LP, most explicitly developed: "Hijack the Starship" — explores the outer realms of space (inner and outer), self-determination for all. What makes this music so impressive in the end is the involvement of the musicians: Jerry Garcia and Jorma Kaukonen alternating on lead, Phil Lesh or Jack Casady on bass, Crosby, Kantner, Slick, David Freiberg (of Quicksilver) and Neal Young on Rhythm guitar, Joe Covington, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman drumming, and a most diverse crew providing back-up vocals. There are simply no extra-super cuts on these LP’s; indeed, one is inclined to as being most outstanding. All the material is important and excellent and fits together to give the records a fullness and coherence.

What distinguishes this group of musicians, poets, visionaries, and crazies, though, is their unique (among musically-inclined people) involvement with those they play for. They are political in that they reflect the needs of their "constituency," young America. In conjunction with the revolutionary organizations in the United States; these musicians may very well prove to be among the most valuable people we have. The connections between these musicians and the more obviously "political" Panthers and Young Lords is already beginning to show itself. "The journey of a thousand miles begins with the first step." — Dana Aligheri

**MUSICIAN SHIP**

Our Very Own Mitch Korn sang and played guitar for an hour at Bard Hall last Saturday in front of a very nice-sized crowd. Lord knows, we’ve got enough talent around this place, and it’s a nice way to see some of it on display. Mitch is a folk performer in whom I found traces of Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, and Neil Young: perhaps because taped for them. His main strength lies in his guitar playing, which on this night was just short of unbelievable, and since I’ve heard Dic Watson and I’ve been both live, I think I should have a vague idea of what great guitar playing is. The most exciting single moment in his concert, in fact, was a piece of music not taped on an Indian chant, in which he speeded up and suddenly slowed the tempo and went from loud to soft—a great effect. His own material is simple and melodic, though, if not particularly memorable. His voice tended to go a bit flat on occasion, and even in a way he gets his message across. All in all, a very enjoyable way to spend an hour; I hope we’ll have more of the same.

Moving on to records, Capitol has put out an album by a British rock group called McGuinn and drummer Hughie Flint, but mostly of the songs were written by guitarist Graham Lyle and bass bass and keyboard player Dennis Coulson occasionally getting in the act. The group’s style is simple, but it is never simple-minded, they make music, not organized noises. There are some gorgeous lyrical numbers, while other cuts remain street music in their knee-slapping rhythms; nothing I know of can beat their hit single, “When I’m Dead and Gone,” for sheer rythmic excitement. This album seems to be getting lost in the shuffle with the recent Apple albums by John Lennon and George Harrison and the new albums by Chicago and the Grateful Dead, which is a shame, because in McGuinn Flinns, Capitol has put out one of the really great records of British rock.

Sol Louis Siegel
I III - THE DECEPTION OF ANATOLY KUZNETSOV

“Some young people do not want to hear anything about war and politics and just want to dance and love - to live in short. It is fine to live, to dance and to love; but do you know what I would add to this? I would add, on the strength of my own experience, everybody's experience, reflection and anxiety - to who for him forgets politics neither days.”

Anatoly Kuznetsov (from Babu Yar)

You have all heard or read the stories: Patarenko and Goloshkein's trial by the Soviet government after winning Nobel Prize; their work banned. Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel sent to prison camps for "telling" (They told the truth about Stalin); Yuli Daniel, sentenced for denouncing the invasion of Czechoslovakia while Pravda daily scores American intervention in Indochina. We have all heard the stories.

But these sensational events, widely reported by the Western press, give only the vague shadow of what it is like to write in Russia. Perhaps the best description has been given by Anatoly Kuznetsov, author of such works as Babu Yar, a "documentary novel", describing the two years of his childhood in Kiev during which the city was held by the Nazis.

According to Kuznetsov, there are three classes of citizens in the U.S.S.R. - those who actively co-operate with the KGB (secret police), those who want nothing to do with them, and those who oppose them. The first class gains from the Bolshevik invention. The second class has a hard outlook as well, the third (naturally) ends up in Siberia.

Kuznetsov had his first taste of this life in 1934 when he was preparing to make his first trip abroad, with a delegation of Soviet writers, to Paris. (Getting permission to leave the Soviet Union in the first place is a long process wrapped up in an incredible amount of red tape.) Shortly before he was to leave, he was politely informed by Russian officials that he would have to cooperate with the "comrade" (a KGB man) who would accompany the group, telling him that any other behaviour, that talked to whom, and who wanted to stay be.

When he objected, he was told that if he didn't co-operate, he wouldn't get to Paris. Kuznetsov co-operated.

After the trip he filed a required long report on his journey, but some body in Moscow didn't like it for some reason. Kuznetsov wasn't allowed to go abroad again until 1962.

After he returned to Russia, he was constantly visited by the "comrades" who wanted to know what he was doing, what colleagues were doing, what he thought of their work. Finally, he told them to get out and he heard of an anti-Soviet plot, he would let them know.

After this, Kuznetsov's life changed - for the worse. His phone was tapped, his mail opened. Wherever he was away from his house for any period of time, he circled around his return that there were signs that someone had been in his study. That study mysteriously caught fire one night while he was away, and his manuscripts survived only because he had mov- ed them a few days before. When he took a room at Trotsky's estate to do work on a novel, he was constantly watched, and a woman working for the KGB lost her job when she couldn't find a "real reason" for his presence there. On top of this, he was given endless re- minders that he was under such surveil- lance.

But the horrors Kuznetsov faced personally pale in the face of artistic depriv- ation. Kuznetsov claims that his works were mangled beyond recognition when they were put out by the state publishing house. After the fire in his house, he stored his manuscripts in jars buried in his yard. He was subjected to the usual "criticism" by Pravda, Babu Yar, for instance, supposedly chronicled the Nazi murders of Jews while failing to place proper emphasis on the Russian and Ukrainians victims of the war. "Wrote Kuz- netsov, "I turn over in my mind what I have written and what I would like to write and what I could write... I feel as an ant, centered up in the founda- tions of a house. All around them is no- thing but stone, walls, and darkness. To live to the end of my life with this feeling of being stifled, in this state of being buried alive..."

Eventually Kuznetsov gets to the point in his novel VANDENBERG, recently- published by Stein and Day.

I have believed for years in the injustice of the American people to few off an armchair, and that it should be even more so whenever I think of America, I think of a person that has "given" me physically and mentally, and events of recent years serve only to strengthen that impression. A man who calls himself Oliver Lange obviously agrees with me on this point in his novel VANDENBERG, recently published by Stein and Day.

Lange is an unusual person, if you can believe the book's "news" jacket, which states that Oliver Lange is a real name for a man who moved with his family to a place in New Mexico six miles from the nearest phone, with no running water or electricity, where he "can do his thing," which I presume, includes writing novels. Lange, as it is, is a sort of contemptuous, a sort of contemptuous of what would happen to him in a certain possible but improbable situation, and the result is VANDENBERG.

Gene Vandenberg is a 50-year-old painter who has had moderate success: he is living with his wife and a small, raised on a ranch in New Mexico, making a living, perfectly happily with being able to pay the bills, extra in the field, and off at all by the further lack of running water and electricity at his place is in the middle of nowhere. Then the Russians wipe his wife off the screen. He is left with a family of three and a baby. The picture here is the same as those with pictures of Vandenberg as an independent and introspective person, the new Soviet military Government has him arrested and sent to a special camp where men are made to conform to Soviet standards by means of drugs, shipped into the food, and tamping with the bread. His replies, however, holding out in the mountains, where he coyly to be the first of a series of guerrillas with the intention of blowing up the prison camp. This leads him to a new situation, where he is, of course, the climate of the novel.

VANDENBERG works on two levels: first, as an adventure novel, and secondly, as a sort of social tract. The adventure part comes off fine; it is very fast-paced and very well written, and everything comes off like clock-work. The characters, for the most part, are well etched, although Vandenberg is the only one to emerge in real detail and fact that the character of Vandenberg completely dominates the book certainly helps my argument that Vandenberg is really Lange in fictional dress. As a social statement, considering the American people as "the most simpleminded people to walk the face of the earth," is, I think, a success. Lange states his views through "excerpts" from "Vandenberg's" "journals" that occasionally interrupt the action of the novel; after a while, they tend to get monotonous. Also, Lange gives a rather mild description of life under Soviet rules that comes closer to what I have heard, but not to the extent where nothing real should happen. In reality, you can't really show why we should get off our rears to fight the Russians in the first place.

Vandenberg's keeps on making money, then get it - or, better yet, wait for the money to keep on moving. He is a bit of a weirdo who has a rather passive self and no subjectively inclusive involvement of the viewer. The book is a bit slow.

Author: Oliver Lange

Photograph by Althea Segal

Despite their flaws, however, I enjoyed this book immensely. My advice: wait for the paperback, then get it - or, better yet, wait for the money to keep on moving.
The trial finally gets down to the nitty-gritty, or the object of the force. "Now punk, did you or did you not murder this poor, helpless, frail, defenseless, small flower of womanhood... this beautiful young girl?"

"Jove is, by now, confused," would you repeat the question?" and Doc objucts, "Sir, the question is unfair. Why, it just smacks of self-incrimination?"

"Hatchet says, "But it's the law, Councillor," he said. He became the executo, saying, "Greenface, die you must..." as he strangles Jove.

In the preface, Kenneth Kitch, one of the clergymen who wrote it, writes, "it is the allegorical life of the play that gives it its richness. Around the central toilet - the fountain and the water, the fountain and the water, the fountain and the water - is a complex of interwoven, harmonious, and curving of men in the frenzied grip of institutions they have created, institutions which in turn are striving to make things comprehensible and workable, which, like everly luxuriant foliage, have spread and risen to choke the garden. In the midst of the pomp of the church and the circumference of the state, the toilet stands like a black flower whose meaning is, after all, man is a shining animal, so who, my children, is kidding whom?"

For performance information, write to Barbirwis Theatre, 108 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Lydia Ayers

Juno and Paycock

from page 5

viewer is an important part of any art. There is nothing natural rule of thumb. Those people who express themselves in a way that inspires, frightens, amuses, or involves us, etc. gain us as viewers because we are attracted to them.

I wonder what attracted me to the Theatre Saturday night? I could have gone to the Sick Hop and gushed myself and got ripped and had a scene with "the fuuuu" and smashed Settory's door, but No! I went to Juno and The Py. cock by Sean O'Casey. In spite of the fact that it was opening night. I had seen the show before. In terms of what occurred on stage, the play seemed to me to be more about the director Charles Katakakis than about Sean O'Casey or the Irish Revolution.

The director while coordinating and shaping a play to express his own particular vision, is also dealing with the intent of the author. He also must "contemplate" his production, and that is he must speak in some way to the immediate present. Finally the show should be an organic and natural expression of the director's artistic vision-

entirely out of proportion. While I don't see that much theater, it seems to me that the general flow of the play was a somewhat stilted reenactment of a past show. From the main tempo of the first scene to the climactic throbbing of a post in one of the last scenes. (You old record lovers will remember Caruso's dense in Awoon and Awoon). It is no discredit to the actors that by the later scenes they have slowed down enough to catch up to their audience. While most of the actors appeared comfortable it seemed to be only in spite of imposed infinities. Jove had a bird in his throat; Mrs. Madigan's steal had a lecture-like declamatory quality. Roy Grass's performance, while admirable for its attempt, seems to be an unfitted exploitation. No conservation of energy. All the same dynamic level. So, where's the director? Why the arbitrary infinities?

Why not, I suppose, but there was still something nagging, as if the actors were poured into great character molds. I would not say this if I had not seen other shows. Awoon and Awoon specifically, that used the same actors for what seems to me to be the same characters.

In this respect I think that the actors to a greater and lesser degree followed the direction and acted out the characters intended by the director. I sometimes missed themselves in their characters, or even feared that they were becoming their characters. The solidification of a part is a malling with the tool. I don't mean that the actor thinks he is the character off stage when he "acts", he always plays this part or a variation of it.

To a degree this is unavoidable, but when the assembly is not often stamped on the mirrors of the mind the man is blind and will see only what was himself - perhaps a caricature, but more likely a stereotype of the parts he has played.

Then the best compliment I can honestly give is that the performance was sustained. Captain Jack was sustained. If it was not for the arbitrary ulterior factors that influenced the production, I think I would have enjoyed the final scenes with Jove and his daughter, and with Jove and Captain Jack.

It is not to the actor's discredit that they perhaps unintentionally came to make something other than the intended naturalism to fill their direction. In fact the last scene was downright untruth. Perhaps the director meant that too.

On a serious note, a bright spot in the show was the lighting. Its flat green contrasted through to the last scene of the show that rendered much of Fausits being dragged off hell.

These are my reactions to Juno and the Paycock. It's arguments are at times impressive; but I can say this clearly, for I am tired of these plays. Some artists try to paint the same picture many times; but it is time to paint a new picture.

John Juhl
The American Indian has not yet learned to inhabit photographs. Nor history textbooks, cultural schema, archeological graphs, or the Western intellect. The charming sons and daughters of the earth who caught the eye of the first European money barons and intellectuals, the deadly savages who threatened righteous civilization, and the nowallen and drained curiosities heaving our 19th centuries and payne, have all in the end sublided the understanding of our culture.

Many thousands of years span the expansive reckoned now only by glacial epochs, extinct boas, scattered footprints, rooted bones, and charred feast-sites, the races separated. Families of Mongoloid-Caucasian blood dropped from the marching step of historical time advancing westward across Asia into Europe. Instead they streamed through a lush green plain towards the rising sun and slipped into a different life-space, another dimension.

Brilliant in their harmonizing with the immense climatic changes of the last 10,000 years—probably the most brilliant of man's short long history of living together with nature's resources—the thousands of bands of American Indians enjoyed unrivalled lives of freedom, richness, and health. Eventually their beginnings would be forgotten, but faithfully they would encounter their past brothers of blood still marching westward, now creatures of a different order.

Now fanatics for space objects shrewdly bound to exclude other living things, the Europeans were people obsessed with written laws, forces, precise land deeds, commandments, blessed social classes, multiple-layered clothing, and stunning and exact sense of time extending back to Adam, Evil and Abraham; and were people armed with a technology of iron and abstraction that was nourished by a complex division of labor and the eventual misery of millions.

The European from the beginning tried to convert the American Indian to "civilization," to the life-space and reality of the Old World. The first response of the intellectual to news of a race in a new continent was the attempt to place them in the Biblical-Western time sequence: the Indians were actually one of the Lost Tribes of Israel and, hence, nothing new or alien. Later during the Renaissance, scholars would combine their classical authors for references to lost races or lands to account for or de-mystify the savage red men.

When the North American continent began to be systematically divided and conquered, the Indian was sometimes considered to be climbing slower up the ladder of culture and civilization because he did not have the properties and property-prin

The archaeologist's shove! None have found him. He still inhabits a different life-space and all the blood and anguish of trying to cross, wrench, or drag him "back" or "up" have only crippled him and destroyed something in ourselves.

The following does little justice to the Indians, unites you would like to be re-membered, judged, and valued by your decomposing skull cap, your22 rifle shells, and a hammer. They left no books, journals, records, or documents. They had thousands of languages—or more, in fact, than all the rest of the world combined—but no writing. (One language is so abstract—the Achmiftin of Calaveria—that Kain's Critique of Pure Reason would be more easily translated into it than English.) This is only a vague sketch of some of what modern science thinks it knows about them. Regrettably, this leaves not too much of their rich life, their mythologies, their rituals, their wisdom. What it does try to do is give a few highlights out of many from the Bering Strait to the advent of the white men.

Sometime during the glacial epoch or Postocene period, maybe 20,000 years ago, a living web of plants, animals, and humans was moving eastward. The 120 foot deep waters of the Bering Strait had been soaked up by the huge glaciers resting over the northern half of the continent. Indeed, the Bering Sea is the smoothest surface in the world, sloping at 3-4 degrees a mile, and at one point may have exposed a 1300 mile long broad gravel plain. So many of the animal (floral) life are identical in both Asia and America that this green corridor must have been open for ages at a stretch to allow such a rich complex and selection of interdependent life to wander over.

How long ago? No one will ever know. Blood group studies of living Indians have recorded the purest type A group, in the world, as well as the only known populations entirely lacking A; the purest O groups in the world; and the purest B group in the world. An eminent geograph-er concludes that the basic peopling of the Americas may indeed have taken place "before the primordial blood streams of mankind became mingled." If this is so, then the American Indian is by far the oldest known race on earth. Others think the red men are part of the Mongolian stock that included the Chinese, Japanese, Burmese, Tibetans, Siamese, Malays, Eskimos, Lapps, Finns, Magyars, and Turks.

Predictably, though there is a current accepted date for the first emigrant, it is only speculation with contradictory evidence. Most scientists prefer roughly 18,000 BC, because it fits best within their theoretical framework of cultural development. Incidentally, however, Indians left much more ancient campsites deep within America. One, a little north of the present-day Dallas, contains the remnants of a man who lived on the High Plains of the Plow Corporation Laboratory's Carbon-14 dating process—it was more than 35,000 years old! What may prove to be the New World's most spectacular find is a 66-foot long fragment of Watson's pelvis, which was unearthed in 1959 near Mexico City. It is generally agreed that...
The exact time of arrival is, of course, immaterial. It is the Western intellect’s mania to debate such calculations. The families may have followed the mammoth, the four-horned antelope, the giant bear, the wolf, the camel, the llama, or the giant beaver who were following the vegetation which was slowly being blown or carried farther towards the East. The first and continuing immigrants were probably simply living within the best ecological conditions. They were exclusively large game hunters with the skills of fire and stone tools and weapons.

The great central plain of Alaska was ice-free during this time (due to low precipitation only the mountains were glaciated) and the migrant hunters slowly moved across it and towards the southeast to the Mackenzie River and down the long corridor along the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains into the vast heart of the North American continent. Subsequently another route opened along the Upper Yukon and its tributaries, the Liard and the Peace, to the coast. Still later another route became available into the Great Basin of Utah and Nevada.

There has been little, if any remains found along these paths due, in part, to their treacherous and difficult conditions.

Some of the Indians continued to Mexico. In Nicaragua petrified footprints are found alongside the tracks of bison which have been extinct for millennia. Cre- mation burials of men with the bones of the ground sloth and horse have been discovered within an extinct volcano crater at the southern tip of South America dated 6500 BC.

Others spread across the plains to the southern Mississippi and eastward. After the retreat of the ice sheets (circa 10,000 BC) many undoubtedly spread eastward across what is now southern Canada, settling in the Great Lakes region or going on to the New England area.

Modern anthropologists divide the history of the American Indian into many cultural phases, based on their relics left in the earth. What these stages are depend upon the individual scientist. Few are coordinated chronologically or spatially. One may have occurred only in one area, another in many areas but at many different times. The stages are basically Paleo-Indian or Lithic, Archaic Woodland; and Mississippian. Each of the may have sub-stages of Early, Middle, or Late, depending upon who you are talking to.

Most of the two centuries were first pioneered and explored on the cultural stage called Paleo-Indian or Lithic. Life consisted of hunting the huge now-extinct mammals, which were feeding on the rich plant life of glacial fertility, with large and heavy chipped stone arrow and spear (called Clovis points). The points were fluted, that is, were made with a long groove down one side which drew more blood out and were deadlier than a smooth arrow. These hunting cultures appear at the earliest the
The greatest number of Clovis points have been found in the Mississippi Valley and Eastern United States; unfortunately few have been found with other evidence that could be dated. The wide almost continental distribution does not indicate simultaneous or even related cultures. What it does mean is that bands of American Indians using generally comparable weapons suited for large game wandered over all the known United States.

Indeed, the wide dissemination of their arrows and their broad range of diet indicate that Paleo-Indian hunters enjoyed nearly a condition of free wandering in search of food in an unoccupied country as has ever existed in the history of man. No permanent homes and few deep refuse deposits have ever been found for the cultural milieu of the Clovis hunter.

In time, the desiccation of the period between glaciers made the Plains so dry and arid that it drove the larger mammals eastward towards a better watered and moist climate, followed by the Clovis hunter. Meanwhile, the hardy bison survived the dryness of the Plains and were hunted by a succeeding Indian culture using a lighter arrow called FOLSOM. Later Folsom points are scattered in a more northerly pattern suggesting a northward drift of animals, man, and the melting glacier.

Our part of the country, the Northeast, was not entered early. A bleak and forbidding terrain of thick spruce and fir and enormous glacial lakes, it was still the abode of the fearsome mastodon. But very slowly Clovis hunters entered her virgin forests. Traces of flint correlated with the recession of the glacial lakes indicates a scanty occupation of the Northeast by Paleo-Indian hunters during a relatively brief and recent interval falling somewhere between 3800 BC and 6000 BC.
The Lithic culture reached its peak somewhere before 3600 BC. An indetermi-
10  bate break occurred before the next stage, the Archaic. No clear continuity has

been demonstrated between them. Some theorists that vast new migrations from Asia with a more “advanced” tech-
nology superseded, or more likely, assim-
ated the existing cultures. Whatever, by 3600 BC most regions of the continent were more or less sparsely peopled by semi nomadic hunting-fishing-gathering bands.

The change in culture was also due to the changing environment. With the melting of the last glacier, many of the large ani-

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mals such as the mastodon, horse, elk,

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sheep, large bear, boar, and carib dis-
ppeared, leaving smaller and more familiar game like deer, moose, and fission. In some areas like the drier Southwest sur-
vival could not depend only upon the

chas.

The differences between Paleo-Indian and Archaic are striking. The American Indian was now developing seasonal economies based on seasonal localities and resources. It is here that the first settlements are found (although they were not permanent). It is here that the red men began living in and with the forests and waters.

Confronted with a new environment, their techniques and goals changed. New tools and skills evolved. Full built fortifications. Fishing emerged as an important source of food, hunting through new tools like the har-

poon, fishhook, and canoe. Setting traps, snares, weirs, seines, perhaps poisoning fish with local plants in the Southeast; gathering nuts and seeds and grinds in mortars; in all these ways the Indians were accomplishing things familiar with natural sources of food and with the best materials and techniques for obtaining them.

Other cultural activities have been first disccred in the Archaic period: ceremon-
10  ial buffels; pipes for smoking tobacco; artifacts from human skeletons; copper jewelry, etc. The first inhabitants of South Cruger’s island were Indians of the Archaic phase. Radiocarbon samples give the earliest date of occupation as c. 2500 BC. Ar-

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facts reveal a food-gathering economy, with a major emphasis on hunting, a reason related to the need and little depen-
dence on wild vegetal foods, in a humid forested environment. Polished stone implements, a pipe, and a small cemetery of five burials with stone slabs placed over their graves have been uncovered on the island.

Humiliated, but still bravely daunt, one of Chief Joseph’s Nez Perces posed for this picture after their 1877 defeat in Montana about 600 AD. In the Pueblo Villages of 1600-1650, Indian men were not yet allowed to colonize, agriculture was wide spread and an essential part of Indian culture. Ironically, it also saved the first colonists from starvation.

True to the form of the first Europeans are the Indian’s today, but did not know how to be the ones who created it. Instead of seeing virtuous farmers, they saw beasts and wild men and women as rapacious, wasting potential farmland and re-
sources.

by David Schrart

The American Indians were probably the greatest agriculturists in the history of the world. They have contributed over half our staple plant foods, including corn, potatoes, manioc (from which come tapi-
oca), garlic, onions, pineapple, avoc-
daes, artichokes, peanuts, cultivated

strawberries, lima beans, frijole beans, kidney beans, tonka beans, squash, pump-
kkins, chocolate, rubber, quinine, cocaine, and tobacco. There are over forty types of fish which were first developed and cul-
tivated by the red man — for example, mops, maple sugar, peacans, brazili nuts, fllard nuts, and sauraparta.

The domestication of maize or corn was probably the most remarkable and diffi-
cult agricultural event in the history of man. Maize is different from the other cereals in the wide gap which seems to separate it from its uncultivated ancestors.

It occurs in a great variety of forms in many kinds of habitats, but it is always dependent on the protection of man. I left to take care of itself, in competition with other plants and at the mercy of other organisms which feed on it, even the hardiest variety can survive for scarce-
ly more than a few generations.

This biological helplessness is inherent in the way it produces its seeds and the dif-
llicity with which they may be dispersed. It is very convenient to be able to harvest such a compact and well wrapped package of grain at a single operation, but these same qualities spell the plant’s doom in nature. The seeds will not normally fall or if they do, they do not scatter or survive.

Not only did the Indians domesticate it, but they developed hundreds of varieties for every possible climate and terrain — an incredible feat of intelligence and skill. This is partially the result of their inclination for collecting. They did not have beasts of burden or metal tools. However, they threaded each plant and used individually and became familiar with it.

The earliest example of corn was found in Bell Cee, New Mexico, dated circa 4000 BC. (For comparison, grain domest-

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ication in the Old World is dated 3000 BC to 5000 BC.) It had the size of strawberries, which united the character-

istics of both poporn and wheat. The original domestecation is supposed to have been first farther south and to have been a key factor in the rise of the city-

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cultivations of the Aztecs, Mayas, and Incas.

Agriculture spread slowly up through the North American continent and caused dramatic cultural changes. The first predominately farming period began

The basic conflict in the movie is good and evil. (This has been as beasts to death as the routine boy meets girl in the recent cinem a.) But, with all this return to romance shit (i.e. Love Story) the story-line had to include the artificial relationship between Candice Bergen and Peter Strauss (Soldier Blue). Candice is the aggressive, hardened bitch, who had been a squaw to the tribe’s chief. Strauss is the naive, young, and innocent soldier boy who knows that America is always right. Candy has seen the butchery of the white man and also his butchering. Soldier Blue has seen only the savage In-

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dians with his scalpels. Both are the only survivors of the Indian attack. Consequent-
ly they find themselves companions in what they can only be called an ‘Incredible Journey’. They make love, undress, look for socks, kill an Indian, get captured by an old man who sells guns to the sav-

ages, escape, and Soldier boy destroys them. WOW! How’s that for spiffy action?

Finally we see that Candy is the more re-
sourceful of the pair in the wilderness but our soldier learns quickly and decides to

quickens their relations. Candy gets back to the fort and surprised! She sees her fiancé, another army man. Soldier Blue arrives at the fort and reports the massacre and that the “Injuns” are pre-

paring for war. So the general gets right on the scene. The Indians already signed a peace pact with the white man and want to talk peace. Candy, meanwhile has already arrived at her old Indian home and is dressed as a redskin. She allows the soldiers a chance to save their lives.

by Michael May

Arthur Miller’s dramatic efforts in Sol-
dier Blue seem to be lacking any imagina-
tion except for his obsession with the gory details of the U.S. calvary’s grimmest battle techniques against the Indians. This aspect of the movie is both the most ap-

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pealing and yet the most effective. When the movie begins we see the archetypical redskin brutally murder an entire reg-
niment of U.S. calvarymen — _Shit!_ (the Indians, as everyone well knows, killed not for the hell of it. So this typical massacre really had little effect upon the audience. (As American audiences are accustomed to violence depicted as films and television). The audience also knows that the Indians will get the shit kicked out of them before the ‘movie ends. So it is quite likely that this movie is not so different. And they’re right. But it is by no means typical. Soldier Blue goes to the extreme of real-

ism and refreshingly enough: truth.

The Soldiers of the 2nd Infantry, 1861-1865.

The first and foremost of these campaigns is the War with Mexico. The fighting that took place there during the Civil War was the most active and the most extensive of all the Civil War campaigns.

The War with Mexico was fought between the United States and Mexico from 1861 to 1868. The main aim of the war was to gain control of the territories in the Southwestern United States, which were previously part of Mexico. The United States wanted to add these territories to its own territory, while Mexico wanted to keep them as its own.

The war started when the American forces, led by General Ben Butler, invaded what is now the state of Texas. The Mexican forces, led by General Tomás O’Farril, fought back, and the two sides met in battle at the Battle of the Alamo. The battle was a major victory for the Mexicans, who emerged victorious.

The war continued, and the United States won control of the territories in the Southwestern United States. The war ended with the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848. The treaty officially transferred control of the territories to the United States.

The war had a significant impact on the history of the United States. It expanded the country’s territory, and it also helped to shape the country’s political and economic landscape. The war also had a significant impact on American military strategy, as it marked the transition from a land-based army to a sea-based navy.
BLOW-UP is a poetic investigation of a man searching for meaning in his life, for something real.

David Hemmings moves through his life as a photographer without finding any substance. We meet him leaving a factory in which he has spent 24 hours, the night witnessing the suffering of his camera. But he sheds his clothes, film, and experience with the lack of concern that one behaves most of the time without relationship. See him disappear again.

That he is looking for something seems obvious. A spiritual deficiency worse than a moral one, is very present in him, and he is vague and aware of it: he talks to his friend Ron about freedom and yet he had just disillusioned the girl in the antique shop. He tells the tempo-boppers that he has no time; he fabricates his life to Vanessa Redgrave and then admits it as a lie. Using his camera as his weapon, he attempts to "find something to hold onto," as the artist said.

He is drawn to a park; a timeless place where the only evidence of the commercial world behind is a neon sign. He sees him chasing birds with his camera. Their freedom is elusive, they fly away. Hemmings is, for the first time, clearly happy as he follows the lovers to a small field where his camera becomes an intrusion into someone else's life (and death). Against the wind in the leaves, the sound of the shutter clicking is alien. His camera is also there to protect him; he hides behind it when Redgrave confronts him, his first reaction is to use it as a defense. When she kneels, it is to the camera.

In the brilliantly filmed evolution of his discovery of the murder, Hemmings becomes engrossed in the realization of death, directly. He is faced with something more important than a photograph: an ultimate reality, a physical reality that prompts a commitment of the mind. He returns to the park without his camera. In an awesome visual image he approaches the body, his white pants glowing and making clear that it is his second intrusion, as he touches the corpse.

Hemmings is stripped of his camera. His photographs are gone, the death is between him and the corpse. He needs to make a decision, attempts, but succumbs to the ease of drugs.

In the morning, illuminated by real light, the park is empty of the body. His camera is useless. He withdraws into himself. The mime troupe enact their fantasy. The murderer is unprepared, the more so for the remaining photograph. Just as the factory was shattered by the mime troupe, the picture-camera is shattered by the mime's tennis. He cannot capture life, he is confined to fantasy that can only be meaningless, while he doesn't believe in them.

NOTE OF OPTIMISM: the mime troupe is a very nice fantasy.

For the most of us in the audience the photographe's behavior is so coercive and human that our interest in him dies up completely. We spend the whole movie clutching at him for being empty and cruel and exploitative, and we go out feeling superior, because after all we're real human beings.

So much of the footage in and around the city is overloaded with perception, the way that has no "meaning," no moral, and litte "information." But the "information" that it falls down is when Hemmings defends himself and we're back to meaning.

In those brief moments however Antonioni is in full control. He is fascinated with the process of observation and he exploits (as Hitchcock likes to do) the essentially voyeuristic nature of the film medium he watch the photographer while he watches the couple. But then there are those damned birds (freedom, fluidity, purity?) there with the gay chattering.

It is one thing to make an abstract film purely concerned with properties of space and perception, and I have no doubt that Antonioni could do a great one. But why all this social and moral commentary, unless he's interested in involving us in some genuine humanity. Characters like the two groupie teenagers are so ruthlessly characterized, that Antonioni's moral disguise goes right out the window. How can we feel disgust and indignation, which is clearly the emotion desired, when these people aren't human? When the mode of perception is inhuman.

The other strong sequence is the one where the photographs are blow-up. Here again Antonioni is clearly fascinated by the process of reproduction, the way in which the piece come together to reveal a reality that isn't mostly more emotional force in those stills of Vanessa Redgrave and Ron's head in the film, and it's not just her emotions it is Ron's voice which is involved. Coincidentally this scene and the one in the park are the only one's in which Antonioni's perspective is at one with the photographer's. We feel him in those moments concerned and fascinated, and hence we are as well. But these moments strong together cannot relieve our sense that part of the story hasn't been told, that the director is holding back some sort of his relation to the material.

Scenes like the rock concert and the dope party, aside from the gaudiness of their introduction into the story, are so uncompromising and at the same time overloaded with signs of omnicomence and decadence that we may want to laugh. It is hard to believe that someone with such a great eye, demonstrated in his choice of words and pieces, is capable of such simple-mindedness, such blatant poverty of imagination.

Unfortunately, Blow-Up is the kind of film which everyone can take to three days; either you grove on the colors and ignore the poor sociological and analysis or you weave elaborate theories about the levels of meaning. It is a sort of intellectual game which few more to do with make-up clothes than it does with art. One has to ask oneself very honestly whether watching this film whether we are seeing is ambiguity and complexity; in other words difficulty for valid formal reasons or whether it is really just as empty as the world it is criticizing.

Blow-Up is so self-consciously "beautiful" so full of over-reproduced effects and little points, that it fails in a very interesting way. It dulls the senses.
MODERATION FANTASIES

by paul marjols

The old order changes. One by one, the last vestiges of Old Bard pass away unnoticed. It was as if the venerable institution, Moderation, was about to submit to the inevitable.

Timing in this situation is critical. After so many years, Moderation has become too deeply ingrained in Bard's structure to be casually cast aside. On the other hand, too much of a delay in cutting the Moderation umbilicus could cause the Harley Talent to be disrupted by such raucous events as "TWO, SIX, EIGHT, YOU CAN'T MAKE US MORDERATE!" An unfortunate situation in either case.

What is needed is a gradual shift from the old to the new.

The solution I propose is not only logical and simple, but reasonable to the point of utterance and, in the end, the whole thing after the ubiquitous bar or bars mitzvah.

To be sure, it is a ritual steeped in tradition, plus an examination of sorts. Such is not to prove an admirable replacement for the present Puritan Ethico-Moral Basis of Bard concerning Bard's ethnic makeup.

Before you put this down in disgust or seek true humor from Fat Freddy's Cat, consider this modest proposal for a few moments. With a few alterations ensuring relevance, the basic rite is eminently suitable for today's Bard student.

The greatest difference between the Old Moderation and the new would be the elimination of the three teacher board and its auto de fe in executions. Such stufy academic methods might have been good enough in the old days, but are totally irrelevant in today's educational milieu.

Rather than being compelled to demonstrate particular ability, the candidate's suitability for passage at the Upper Common is to be examined. Now, as in the ancient Hebraic tradition, it would not be a matter of putting on a token performance before teachers, friends, and whomever else might care to be present.

One can imagine Moderations becoming gala affairs, as well they deserve to be. In good weather they could be held in the Blithewoods groves or otherwise in the chapel. Invitations to such affairs would be honored bestowed upon a select few of the candidate's friends and relatives.

For the Moderation itself a good deal of freedom is allowed the individual candidate. Depending upon the department in which he or she is to be housed, the candidate might choose to read original literary works, perform a dramatic piece, or choloriform and dissect a rat.

At the completion of the moderation, the chairman of the particular department would confer a handshak and a certificate of Moderation, much as an admission to university is offered in the upper echelons of Bard academia. The entire procedure would be quite painless, depending upon one's associations with academics. Since this does draw heavily on the bar mitzvah precedent, the consent or failure would be dispensed with.

A reception would follow the Moderation. The intention would be to keep it as simple and tasty as possible. However, if this would not be possible means to construct a rule out catering or gift giving on the candidate and structure it: hor d'oeuvres, flowing champagnes. Now that's the way to get an education. Nice, it's bit bourgeo.

If the above seems to prolong unnecessarily the existence of an institution of dubious merit, another option exists. Bard could simply be made more available to the winds and get along nicely without it. Most schools manage to... it isn't really all that significant to have weathered two years at Bard.

What the crisis has fostered and spread fear that athletes in a high school locker room. Many colleges have no moderation at all. Even frendly hazing is frowned upon. We face the disgusting spectacles of entire generation paying globalized misguided of a national epidemic of identity loss, sexual, confusion, frustration, penis envy and socialized medicine.

How shall we change Moderation? Forget it, runt. Before we can have a biological, visually visible Moderation we need a biologically viable Bard community. Put a Bard student through a suitable ordeal, such as tying his limbs to four Volkswagen, and he'll fall miserably.

A long hard transition period is in order. To start, the Dining Commons would switch to an exclusive menu of steak and beer for all three meals. After a semester or so of this, Bard would look like a convention of sumo wrestlers. I also suggest a program of intramural fast- and adding a few Rhodes babbos to the faculty.

It is futile to think that Moderation can be treated as the school while we continue to remain oblivious to our animal nature. Our administration ignores the Moderative Imperative as its per. The line is in the camp of the Deuteronomy that will rattle with cheers of howls and howls and the Bard community will come into the night to claim its heritage.

The Naked Moderation

"Moderation... is not a virtue."—Barry Goldwater 1964 Republican Convention

The gentler tradition of Moderation is well overdue for just that — Fought! The whole business has become as absurd and unreal as The Moderation by Frank Kafka, in which Student E. wanders through a labyrinth of offices preparing for a Moderation in a subject unknown to him and is finally run over by a Proctor box. The real thing is scarcely better. A student writes up a condensed version of Monarch Notes and does an academic vaudeville performance for a committee of balding pedants. Failing Moderation yields as much status as a complete collection of Grand Funk Railroad. It is any wonder that to most students Moderation is just another example of the annoying aspects of Bard life, like move sub titles, and dog hair in the yogurt?

The root of the problem lies in the Bard community's falling victim to popular fantasy, the current puritanic whispers of maudlin sociologists andUintarian discussion groups. I suppose, my dear child, that you think Moderation is a scholastic structure, the discover the forbidden fruit. Poppycock! Science proves that the urge to Moderation is a primitive biological imperative, as deeply mined in the human psyche as sex and capitalism.

Anthropologists call this primal drive the Moderative Imperative. To stick it out in the battle for survival, every wily creature must make the leap from the stage of Youth to the stage of Adult. This requires a distinct, rugged coming of age — in other words, Moderation. For man to phase out a jumble of Moderation process is as feasible as caterpillars trying to be butterflies with- out going through cocoons.

Take a look at the Moderation practices in a band of Rhodesian baboons. The young baboon must prove himself before a committee of silver-tined elders. First he must confront a parlor of few, he plucked from a leopards, goillas, water buffalo or whatever. This involves division which portion of the tribe it seeks to conquer. Then the baboon flies into an intricate series of ganging, gay-bar-screaming, sneaking and abrupting — the baboon mode of expressing an individu- al status. The adult baboon then ex- amines qualifications further by lumping on the times the baboon is in a condition to be... which reach us effectively. For example, Antonio is hired as a detective by a committee is satisfied that the candidate passes and enters the upper echelons of the group. If a baboon fails, it may keep trying until the next rainy season. Flunkies are thrown to the croc- coidiles.

The Amazon River Basin catfish, the desert tahr, the Armenian ground Required a volume of examples could be cited, all following the common pat- tern of trophy: testimony: calculation. To calculate in each cases to ensure fitness.

Primitive man understood the Moderative Imperative. Supreme value was placed on it by the Australoid aborigines, that Old Stone Age people who managed to survive until today, thanks to anthropo- logical research grants. You wouldn't catch a teen-age aborigine reaching maturity by writing a paper on Meteor rich or doing a scene from Volpone. The adult commits part in a baboon by typical ordeals, ending by taking them to secret ground and crouching, them. This would be impractical for Bard Moderation due to the college's ethnic composition.

We turned those instinctive Moderation patterns into a bloodless academic for- mality. The process is so estranged from its biological basis that the Moderative Imperative is repressed and atrophied. Anguish Bard students, tormented by seething drives they do not understand, make foolishly bids for status, as drinking sitter coffee and visiting the Deserted Village at night in altered states of consciousness.

The hero of Francois Truffaut's STOLEN KISSES, Antoine Doinel is the same Antoine who appeared in Truffaut's first film, THE FOUR HUNDRED BLOWS. Here's his most recent film, THE 4TH OF JULY. Board discovered the then ten-year-old Jean-Pierre Leaud biological imperative of Bard. At eleven, Doinel is a reasonably beautiful first film, and it is now that same Leaud who has grown right with Truffaut. The Truffau trilogy is basically autobiographical in its attempt to free from the Jean-Louis of character, char- acters are so much "conventional", is one of the particular virtues of Truffaut's best films, and STOLEN KISSES shows us how realistic and transcendent of them, that he is able to view the char-acters with irony as well as love.

STOLEN KISSES shows us Antoine as he is kicked out of the army and then tries, falling each time, to find work. We also see him attempting to renew a relation- ship with his girl, Claude (Juliet Berto), and falling head over heels for an older woman (Delphine Seyrig).

In substance and plot, STOLEN KISSES is no more than a modern Education Sentimentale and if one is cynical I sus- pect it could be compared to THE GRA- DUATE. But Truffaut is able to transform this rather banal material through his sup- perbly intense of his character.

This intensity is difficult to talk about because it is not brooding or somber, everything takes place in Paris which is light and lyrical. At the same time there are issues which emotional depth and feeling which reach us effectively. For example, Antoine is hired as a detective by a committee is satisfied that the candidate passes and enters the upper echelons of the group. If a baboon fails, it may keep trying until the next rainy season. Flunkies are thrown to the crocodile.

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The leap from laughter to terror is extra- ordinarily deft, and we are bewildered, untielt. It doesn't seem to me, how- ever, that the blend of comedy and tragedy is fraudulent but seems to arise naturally out of the action.

Of all the modern French directors, Truffaut is perhaps the most clearly the hair of the tradition of Jean-Louis of character. He edges as are Renoir's, his camera style is extremely and unhusked as is Renoir's, his Improves in the same manner that Re- noir did, fitting his players have a wide latitude. Where they differ, it seems to me, is in the effect of Truffaut's world. Renoir's temperament is perhaps the most serious of all great modern artists, but with Truffaut the juxtaposition of humor and horror is ultimately more disarming.

In his attitude towards men and women this is particularly so. In this film, the happy ending might be viewed as nothing more than sheer accident. And in particul- lar, there is one scene where Leaud stands in front of a mirror and shouts repeatedly his own name, the name of his girl-friend, and the name of the married woman with whom he is infatuated. In that mar- velsome scene, which owes its quality to Leaud, but perhaps more importantly to Truffaut's faith in Leaud, some of the most... It is the kind of sexual thing which I think happens to me in a shared ex- perience.

We, as Renoir, respond to Truffaut's films because they are affirmations which do not ignore or negate the chaos of ex- istence. The mixed nature of our experi- ence is revealed in all its ambiguity, sen- sity and Larry Gross.
Watch for early spring phenomena:

Stoneflies are a group of insects which spend their early life on the rocky bottoms of swift streams, where they are a part of the staple diet of trout. One species matures in March and the smoke-grey winged adults may be seen crawling on the melting snows looking for mates, sometimes in great numbers. Look for them on the bank of the Sawkill near the swimming pool when the air temperature is above freezing. (Further reading: Anna H. Morgan, FIELD BOOK OF PONDS AND STREAMS.)

If you go at dusk or on a moonlit night to the edge of the wet meadow behind the gym, you may hear the courtship ritual of the male woodcock, a swamp-dwelling member of the sandpiper family. He alternately struts around a small area of wet ground, making a nasal "peent" sound every few seconds, and flies in great loops making a whistling sound. At the climax of the flight, just before dropping back to the ground, a third and very beautiful call is given which is a fine to describe. The woodcock stays with us from March to November, probing in the soil for earthworms with its long bill. (Arthur C. Bent, LIFE HISTORIES OF NORTH AMERICAN SHOREBIRDS.)

The lower Cruger Island Road is a good place to observe the flowering of the willows. Along with the alders and redmaple, these are the first trees and shrubs to flower. Willows have the male - (pollen bearing) and female - (seed forming) flowers on different individuals. The male catkins (elongated clusters of minute flowers) are the familiar "pussies" which, allowed to develop, soon become large and golden with pollen. The female catkins are quite different, and somewhat resemble large green caterpillars. Several weeks after fertilization, the mature fruit capsules open by curling back on two sides like a flower de lilt to release silky plummed seeds into the wind. (Water Rogers, TREEFLOWERS.)

This is a plea for people to turn lights off when they are not needed, and to otherwise use less electricity. Why? Electricity is generated by three major methods:

1) Hydroelectric. Rivers are dammed to impound large reservoirs which provide a dependable controlled source of water to turn turbine generators. These reservoirs often destroy fertile floodplain areas which are valuable for wildlife habitat or agriculture; some dams flood areas of great scenic beauty like Glen Canyon. Anadromous fish such as salmon moving upstream to spawn have tremendous difficulties; even if fish-ladders are provided that allow them to climb around the dam, they are then confronted with still water which disorients them. The young of these fish on the return trip downstream must either be washed over the spillways or pass through the turbines.

2) Fossil fuel. Coal or oil are burned to heat water, and the resultant steam drives turbines. Two thirds of the electric power in the mid-Hudson region comes from the ship of horrors

Utilities companies are converting to the nuclear process as fast as they can, all over the country. Until public opinion and government control forces research and development of ecologically suitable methods of generating electricity such as the conversion of sun, wind, tide, and geothermal energy, try to remember that every kilowatt-hour of electricity that makes life easier for us makes it harder for the fishes and everybody else that doesn't want to turn night into day. Do you feel good about that?

(Further reading: Richard Curtis and Elizabeth Rogers, PERILS OF THE PEACEFUL ATOM; Paul Swatok, USER'S GUIDE TO THE PROTECTION OF THE ENVIRONMENT; many articles on phases of power production and use in Environment cabinet, slots 3 and 4.)

Central Hudson's Danskammer plant on the Hudson near Newburgh. Great damage is caused by the mining of fossil fuels, for example, oil spills and the Pennsylvania abandoned coal-mine fires. Fossil fuel operated power plants are serious air polluters. Transmission lines and pumped-storage facilities constructed to store energy from fossil fuel plants deface the landscape and disbelievemountain.

3) Nuclear. Controlled nuclear fission in an atomic reactor heats water, etc. By-products are Thermal pollution of waterways by waste heat, discharge of radioactive isotopes into waterways, and highly radioactive spent reactor fuel that is probably impossible to dispose of with complete safety.

One by one they died. They bashed their heads and bodies against crammed cages, opening deep gashes and cracking limbs. But the ship of horror rode on, carrying its cargo of wild animals over rough and tumbling seas. Their destination: America 2005. But only 14 of the beasts survived, out of the 27 that had started out from Africa.

Most of those that didn't make it were tossed over the side -- a giraffe, gazelle, a zebra. The carcasses of nine animals formed a sickening pile of lifeless flesh in the Atlantic Ocean. When the whaler zebra, the 10,000 ton freighter New City of Westminster, arrived in New York, harbor, another animal - the 10th - died. The final two succumbed in quarantine, after leaving the vessel.

"The animals were so beautiful in Africa, but once they were in their cages at sea they started to become sad and morose," said a 22-year-old British crewman on the ship, engineer James Cassidy. Cassidy, who snapped pictures of the animals during their month-long odyssey, said, "They were quite lifelike and seemed to give up the will to live."

"About a week out of Mombasa (East Africa), a giraffe we called him Engilbert just died quietly, for no apparent reason. But his skin was broken and torn where he had repeatedly fallen against the bars of his cage. He was dumped overboard with a derrick.

"The animals couldn't move while in the crates. Their cages seemed much too small for them. They injured themselves against the bars when the ship rolled, throwing them about. They died off, one by one. They looked so pathetic standing there, day after day, without even enough room for them to sit down."

"The zebras literally wore great holes in their sides and bellies trying to sit down or turn around."

"The whole voyage was horrifying and sickening. It was complete and utter misery for the animals, and agony for the crew, having to watch them die, then push them over the side. I never want to sail on a zoo ship again."

John Stephen, cargo manager for State Marine Lines of New York, which charted the ship, blamed the deaths on "rough weather during the major part of the ship's run from Mombasa. "We lost a giraffe, two zebras, (one in New York harbor) and seven gazelles on the ship," Stephen said. "Some of the animals fell down in their crates and injured themselves with their sharp hoofs and were killed," he said.

"And we had to shoot one because it hit its head and was just destroying itself in the cage."
WORST NEWS OF THE YEAR

Khi, Pakistan, March 10 (Reuters) — Pakistani students were reportedly beaten by police after a mass protest against the death of Muhammad Ali. One local newspaper, The Sun, said the students were told that Ali's death was "the worst news possible of the year."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY ON DOPE

Washington, D.C. — The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs expects to spend an average of $25,000 per drug user's arrest during the current fiscal year, the bureau's director, John Ingersoll, told the House appropriations subcommittee. The high cost of arrests stems partly from the cost of purchasing drugs for evidence, Ingersoll explained, and partly from the high prices charged by high-level dealers, some of whom get $50,000 or more in a single case.

A youth arrested in a dormitory room in Indiana State University for illegal possession of marijuana was sent to jail for 180 days at the state farm and fined $524 after pleading guilty before Judge Robert Shaw of the United States District Court. The judge sentenced the youth to "the most serious crime I have seen since taking the bench nearly two years ago."

THE REAL MC COY

After making his debut in San Francisco under a quasi-legal private club arrangement, genuine hard-core pornographic movies have reached New York. At least one theatre in the Times Square area has been screening two-hour programs of relatively high-quality X-rated explicit sex films that make no pretense of being either artistic or educational. The theatre was reportedly grossing about $40,000 a week.

FATHER OF THE YEAR

Clifton, Virginia — When Representative Louis Wyman (R-New Hampshire) learned that his 19-year-old son, Louis Wyman II, had been arrested for possession of marijuana, he at first refused to post bond, saying that some jail time wouldn't do any harm. Six days later, the senior Wyman relented and paid $2500, but not until he had obtained a signed contract in which Louis II promised to get his hair cut, keep shaved, visit a barber every ten days, go to school, avoid drugs, not wear hippie clothes and stop living in a commune.

Newark, March 8— A Federal Judge dismissed a suit seeking to restrain the New Jersey State Police from allegedly harassing long-haired youths driving on state highways.

Judge Robert Shaw of the United States District Court ruled that the suit, brought by the American Civil Liberties Union, should have been heard first in State Court.

The suit was brought on behalf of 37 plaintiffs, charged the State Police with stopping cars driven by youths with long hair of hair or unusual clothes and searching the cars and their occupants. The suit contended, "constitutes a comprehensive deprivation of Fourth Amendment rights."

Frank Ashen, an A.C.L.U. lawyer said he would appeal the decision to the Third Circuit Court of Appeals.

Fore-Madison, Iowa (UPI) — Kevin Ficket, 15 years old, ate 136 prunes in the Fort Madison Community High School cafeteria and claimed a new world record for swallowing the most prunes in one sitting. The old record, Mr. Flicker said, was set in 1968 by an Englishman named Edward Baxter, who ate 130 prunes.

OWN CAH RUNS OVER BRITON

Stansted Mountfitchet, England (UPI) — Alfred Burton was hospitalized after being knocked down by his own automobile. The car would not start, Mr. Burton said, so he got out and began to crank it by hand — forgetting it was in gear.

Hotel Gambles on Weather

London (Canadian Press) — A new London hotel, the American, is showing unusual faith in the British climate. If it rains for more than one hour in a day, the hotel charges only a single rate for a double room.
anti-war conference

from page 1

six or 10, demanding "U.S. out now!"
The group also voted support for
the conference of the Vietnam Veterans for
Peace, which will be meeting in Washing-
ton, D.C. that week.

APRIL 24 The coalition pledged itself
to build support for the mass march
on Washington and San Francisco, demand-
ing the immediate withdrawal of all
American forces from Indochina. The
group also voted support for the demands
of welfare groups which will be participat-
ing in the demonstrations that day, demand-
ing a guaranteed annual income of $5,500
and demanded that all political prisoners
in the U.S. be freed.

MAY 5 To commemorate the massacre
of students at Kent and Jackson States,
the coalition will plan demonstrations on
campus and in communities, demanding
an immediate end to the war. The group
also endorsed the actions being planned
for May 5 in Washington opposing non-violent
civil disobedience and a continuation of the
People's Lobby.

MAY 16 Solidarity Day with anti-war
GIs and demonstrations at military bases,
we also endorsed the conferees.

In addition to supporting these anti-war
activities, the conference pledged itself
to set up a regional system of draft coun-
seger centers as an alternative method of
opposing the government's policies. Also,
the group also endorsed the People's Peace
Treaty as another method of com-
municating the anti-war message to the
American people.

Kurt Hill

APPROPRIATE SHIPS IN EUROPE

Spend a year or two year apprentice-
ship period in Norway or Germany and return
in the United States as a skilled crafts-
man with European training. Brew prep-
arrations for good pairing jobs, technology
studies, or language skills. Also college
grades, Orientation course, travel, inter-
national language training abroad, paperwork
all arranged for you. Nor, brewers, bugs, etc.
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Auto loans

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Checking accounts

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Safe deposit boxes

Member FDIC

Discount beer & soda

20 miles north of

Red Hook traffic light

COKE $1.69

Case of 24 DEPOSIT bottles

We sell

DEPOSIT bottles

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