In response to Mr. Wayne Thomas, . . .

Gerry Pierre

[The Observer]

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LETTERS

An Open Letter to the Community

In response to Mr. Wayne Thomas, I have decided to make the following statements public.

I have never had any intimate or friendly rapport with Mr. Thomas. I have always been very formal with him since he and I are of two different types. Nevertheless, I have never attacked him either verbally or physically, although I have had many reasonable arguments. This is why I will mention only a few cases: Last semester Mr. Thomas sat at my desk as I was getting into the car of someone who had offered me a lift, in back of which was already sitting. Thinking he was drunk, I said and did nothing to him although he attacked me once I had gotten into the car. 2) On Fri. Feb. 15, I decided, with my own money, to throw a party for some close friends. Without my invitation he showed up. Do you think he would behave? No. He went to the refrigerator and stole Carleen Stowe's food. I reproached him, and he got angry. 3) On Sunday Jan. 11, around 8:30 am, he and one of his friends broke my windows and he broke into my room; frightened, I called at DePille to tell him of the incident. (My window is still broken.) 4) It would be superfluous to recount this entire incident. If you haven't already heard about it, you can ask me or another witness. Anyway, on a Sunday, after he was released from jail, Mr. Thomas came to my room and asked me to forgive him for what he had done (i.e., pulling the knife) and not to bring the matter to the attention of school officials. I told him I would have to bring this, Pat DePille showed up, and asked him if he had gotten a knife from Cliff Forrest. He said yes. Pat said: "You've lied to me; you didn't tell me you had had a knife," Pat took him out of my room.

Last Wednesday, returning to my room from a Senate meeting, I found someone had broken through my window. Worse (there was no theft), my personal phone had been put out of order. When Security came to check it, they confirmed that someone had opened my phone; to be fair, I have no proof of who did it.

Contrary to the statements of Wayne's letter, I have never been his friend nor will I be as long as I live. He has talked to me and sent people to talk to me, to persuade or intimidate me. He has contended that Dean Selinger was using me as a black man, as a weapon against another black man. My comment to that is: I am from Haiti, an entire black nation; I have learned to deal with people as individuals, simply, no matter what racial prejudices. I told Mr. Thomas he was making no sense, that before I came to Bard I knew I was entering a largely white school but that this made no difference to me.

I feel that Mr. Thomas is a danger to this community. He has threatened Bob Fleming, thrown plates of food at Elliott Kroll, and told Marlene Rubins he would burn her dorm.

Dean Selinger knows of many of the above incidents since I have complained to him.

For further corroboration you can contact anyone mentioned in any part of this statement. I will gladly answer questions if you wish to make inquiries and can be reached on 10-11:30 am at 758-6035. Thank you for your time and attention in reading this statement.

Sincerely, Gerry

Editor's note: Unfortunately, much of us on the OBSERVER staff never even encountered the letter to which Gerry is responding. (Perhaps another argument for sending things by snail mail instead.) At any rate, we encourage cool heads. It is a shame that in a community this size anyone should feel threatened by anybody else; or, instead, to create new problems. We have enough without looking for more...

FROM THE PRESIDENT

I have been invited by Karen Murray to contribute to this semester's final Observer any reminiscences I might have after 16 years, or any forward-looking comments which I might wish to share with the paper's readers.

As for the past 16 years, Mrs. Kline and I would like to thank all the people of Bard for many relationships and for the privilege of all the rewarding work we have done together. Over these years Bard has been our life and work and home, and it has brought rich rewards of happiness in each of these relationships.

But even more important than the happiness of any past or present years that lie ahead. The coming of a new President will almost certainly mean changes at Bard. The College often takes a great leap forward at such a time, because the purposes and goals, to measure these against contemporary needs and interests, and then to make major advances in life and program.

For Bard we look forward to such a new burst of vision, and under a new President many new paths appear for a college which has long looked forward, not back.

Karen Kline

TOM REDMOND

Of course, I have my own opinion about the President, the Senate and the impeachment. Impeachment is a legal question; necessity therefore calls for legal considerations. And, according to our legal system, a person is innocent until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. Therefore, until the House of Representatives impeaches the President and the Senate convicts him, Nixon is still President of the United States and legally innocent (though under grave suspicion).

A summary of what I want to say was well expressed in The New York Times recently. "This is a Constitutional matter and we have the Constitutional procedure." However, certain aspects of the proceedings will make it difficult to see that justice is done.

For example, the Watergate grand jury hearings mocked the name of Justice. Any grand jury hearing is to be conducted behind closed doors, not on national television. The reason is simple: the grand jury's purpose is to determine if there is sufficient evidence to warrant a trial. They were de-
CONSTITUTION

HASSLES

We have a grave problem here at Bard which every student is involved with, one way or another. The problem, Student Government and its branches. The Senate is elected to represent the Student Body to the best of its ability. It has not done so during the last two semesters. Not that every senator is not doing his or her job, but there are a few who think that being on Senate is time for fun and games. Elections to the Senate are nothing but popularity contests, the person with the most friends is the winner. Students who vote for the whole 300 of them, instead of knowing the candidate for what he or she has done, they tend to vote for the name they associate with the most during the course of the day, namely their friends.

So, as a result, you have a Senate full of people who say they are dedicated to the community but are just enjoying their power to make fools out of their fellow students and the Administration. For example, we have a senator, this semester, who at every meeting gives a fictitious report to the Senate on the work his committee has done during the previous week. He even states his report as if he made-up because there isn't any committee for him to run, so as a result he gives his own opinion.

This is not representation when a senator takes it in his own hands to give a false report as to what students are thinking. This is not a Senate if it allows a person to get away with this type of fabrication. Also, the Senate should realize now that it has another semester of double-talking from this one senator and should state its policy toward solving this problem.

Another branch of the student represented government which has followed suit in not being fair in the judgment toward particular cases brought on the Student Senate. The SJD, except for its chairwoman, is made up of people who, when a case is coming up, listen to everyone’s opinion instead of following the law, the Constitution.

As an example of this, I would like to state a personal experience which just recently happened. The problem was the last senate elections, was it constitutional or not? Well, the case was lost before it began, because of the people sitting on this board. This was not just some sort of prejudice involved with each one of these people. Two of them were candidates in the last election; one of them made it and the other did not. The one who didn’t always seems jealous of the people who have won over her. Being that I was one of these people she continued to put her, snobbish, jealous attitude.

The winner was more worried about his seat than he was about anything else. If a new election was to be held he might be the one to lose because he was so close to the bottom of the list.

Another person on this board is a girl-friend to one of the winners of the last election. She also was worried about his losing his seat. But the main reason was that she was interested in an ingenius plan for him to run for Senate. This plan never did come off but it did help prejudice the case.

And finally we come to the person who is such a good friends with the current president of Senate. These two people discussed this case before it ever came up to the SJD, and they decided it would be best not to hold the elections over again. One reason is that the president is graduating soon and she doesn’t really care if someone is complaining, she’s getting out soon. So as a result of their discussion the members of the board came in to the hearing with his decision already in his head.

Students listen close, the Constitution was violated and nothing was done. I personally am not bitter because there wasn’t another election, but I am disappointed that student government cannot judge something constitutional or not. What are all of us to do when something worse happens, and because of prejudice an unfair judgment is made and the Constitution is by-passed.

I rest my case, in as much as this semester is over and there’s nothing I can do. But next year, when the Senate or SJD does allow its own Constitution, this newspaper will make it public to the Student Body. No matter how small the matter, we will tell all.

Phil Carducci
I’ve been to a marvelous party, and I couldn’t have liked it more. Noel Coward’s Blithe Spirit, which opened at the 42nd Street Theatre on Thursday, is the first Blithe Spirit production I have ever attended, and although I have not seen the original production, I can vouch for its excellence.

The production is an outstanding example of the wit and wisdom of Noel Coward. The script is cleverly constructed, and the acting is superb. The characters are well-defined, and the dialogue is witty and enjoyable.

The director, the set design, and the lighting all add to the overall effect of the production. The set design is particularly effective, with a combination of realism and stylization.

The performance of the actors is outstanding. Each character is brought to life with great skill, and the chemistry between the cast members is evident.

All in all, Blithe Spirit is a wonderful production that I highly recommend. If you’re a fan of Noel Coward, or just looking for a good laugh, this is a must-see performance.
well convey my opinion to the Film Committee, or whenever it may concern. I assume that, since I watch the selections you've made for my enjoyment (and realizing that this is no easy task of pleasing all), you would be interested in my likes and dislikes. However, no surveys or polls have to my knowledge, been taken to allow such things to be known. Thus, though I'm not saying this is so, the only other alternative seems to be that whoever picks the films picks what they want. Now there's nothing wrong with that—if the audience is members of the Film Committee.

So my suggestion is to reduce the number of foreign films, presently the largest group with nearly a dozen members, to a more reasonable amount. And, because not everybody has the time nor desire to select films, organize some kind of informal survey.

So from a Brooklyn Boy, an Apostate Saint and a Creative Fundamentalist, you want the "Wall Street Journal" maybe?

(Have a good summer)

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO (Bardian, May 1960)

I deeply appreciate this opportunity, offered me by the editors of the Bardian, to greet the Bard community, and to tell you how happy I am at the prospect of coming to live on the campus, and of working among you in the years ahead.

Particularly I want to thank a great number of you for your many expressions of encouragement, support, and friendship, as expressed particularly by the faculty in their informal vote after I met with them; and in the stimulating and very interesting meetings I had with members of the senior and junior classes. Perhaps the chief characteristics of Bard are that stand out in my mind after these visits, are intellectual keenness, complete frankness, and honesty. I like all three!

As I try to learn the ways of a college president, I must count on yours loyalty, your cooperation, and your patience. I think we shall get along well together, and I hope that in not too long, you will come to know me and to trust me, and to think of me as your friend.

Now about Bard in the days immediately ahead. Since all of you have been so very kind to me, I want to be honest with you. More than anything else, I have been asked about a tension which some people fear between the present free spirit of Bard, and the convictions of the Episcopal Church. "Is Bard still going to be the Bard we love," some people have asked, "or is it going to be an Episcopal college?" I do not think if it is a case of "either or," but a case of "both and." I believe that many people at Bard are very different in the way they think about things, and I hope that in the months to come, they will find ways to work out their differences and to work for the good of our college. I think the best way to do this is to continue to work at the things we all care about, and to try to understand and respect each other's points of view.

In the end, I believe that Bard will continue to be a college that is unique in the world. It is a place where students and faculty work together to create a community that is based on shared values and beliefs. I look forward to working with you all in the years ahead.
Further food blues

I have staring me in the face this article客户的supercilious periodicals the OBSERVER receives gratis, sententiously titled "You Are What You Eat." Mostly it is a rather dreary piece about feeding, coming out to the conclusion that the best of diets is diluted, sometimes harmfully, by such a preponderance of sugar and sweets as is typical of the American diet. Given food, man flies in for some heavy trouncing, and natural-food freaks, who probably know all about it, can stop right off. They know all they want to, no doubt, about undernourished rats.

What this has to do with Bard College should be fairly obvious. Unusual as it is for your humble servant to be serious about anything, if I ever am that earnest about something it is about stuffing my face. I know that, like the weather, everyone complains about Saga. The hitches of overmass production can't be helped, but it seems that nutritional content can, and I feel a little noise should be made.

Now it is difficult to get very hot under the collar about sheet cake, but I might as well start on sheet cake. I don't eat the stuff myself, but there's not much flavor to it and a whole lot of sugar and shortening, and it's the last thing basically sedentary Bardians need to tuck away. I said so too the other night, seven or more moons ago, and suggested that abolishing it in favor of servings of the presumably more expensive pie might be in order. The dessert budget might not stretch as far, but who said dessert every night was vital? In short, I think we are entitled to a choice between continuous supplies of tripe, whose constant presence in our system is perhaps less than salutary, and slightly sparser supplies of something rather more nutritious. Not everyone must show up at Food Committee meetings, but we can all get our cars in somehow.

The point is, of course, that it doesn't stop with sheet cake. Any number of over-sweet, carbohydrate-saturated fillers go down the hatch at Bard because of lazy habits, because there's supposed to be something on the plate. It gets to be absurd when I find myself lecturing a graduating senior in a continuous state of depressed nerves and physical exhaustion about tomatoes, while he cuts away mashed potatoes, noodle casserole, pudding and the sheet cake. You don't have to be an organic health nut to know about that. I've found myself in that position more than once; I could probably live high off the hog dealing Geritol.

So, pick up a good book on nutrition, or use some common sense, and if you decide it makes a difference to you (but you're not about to start living on peanut butter, salad and cottage cheese), make a noise. Dump incendiary notes on Paul Zaroogian's desk (he, after all, needs to know where the pressure is.) Refuse to eat things that clutter up your bloodstream. The message will get across.

It's not entirely altruism, of course, or even the Jewish mother surfacing (I'm Scottish, okay?), I have self-interests. As I implied, there's nothing like poor nutrition to make people depressed and grumpy. And depressed grumpy people are a bore. They rattle. And for some unknown reason, every time I skin the cat out of a tree two feet in front of their faces, they seem to scream.

St. Kate

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Hello. I'm a Bard student, and I tried on my own, to come up with a copy of the Red Tide in the old Dining Commons one bright Friday morning. To my delight and somewhat disappointment, I read the article by one R. Jones, scholar, entrepreneur, and, general 9-M.C. It was quite a charming welcome to and description of Bard to the Freshman populace, which (due to some mild inconsistencies concerning Bard explained by Mr. Jones), might explain a good number of Freshman, or maybe a Soph or Junior. (Not excluding the Senior of course, but from my impression, I gather that they couldn't care less where they are.)

In order to try and set aight the problems one might face because of the article, I believe an explanation of the "Bard Scene" is in order.

Being somewhat of the spiritual sort, and blaming legends and their implications, I, before Bard last year, decided to do some research on the school's pre-history, which I discovered to be quite interesting. So interesting, in fact, I decided to submit the findings as a sort of "Term Paper" for my high school history class. The teacher failed me, though, not because of the "bad grammar" of the paper (as she so well put it) but because we were supposed to concern ourselves with the Social-Economic implications of the East 86th St. Gimbel's--but no matter.

The actual story was quite way back in the misty primeval past, and involved a now extinct Indian tribe which inhabited the very land we are now on. It seems that, at first, there wasn't any tribe. The land was, for a time, quite peaceful. Wild animals, including Deer, Muskrat, Fitch, the now extinct North American Sinking Catfish (named so because of its terrible walking posture), and assorted variety of Dog. All these wild woodland creatures living in perfect harmony.

Then, slowly, drip by drip, the Redman appeared on the scene. It turns out that an obscure Indian was thrown off his tribe, a bit further to the south, around what is now called New Palz. Reasons for expulsion are not exactly clear, but it is known that he had a habit of picking the flowers and weeds about the camp-ground, and using them for other than decorative purposes. His wanderings took him to the Hudson River. There, on the banks of that mighty Eustury, he befriended an old man who would ferry people back and forth from bank to isle. The old man seemed to have a strange infatuation with the river, supposedly hearing voices and seeing life in its deep blue depths.1

1(Red book no two in Mr. Jones's required reading, by H Hesse)

The Ol' Man River (as he was affectionately known by the people), agreed to take the young brave as far north as he dared, to the outer reaches of the old man's world. And when the party arrived at "Cruger's Island" (named after the Indian god, Tamahonah Cruger), the old ferryman, realizing that the place was so distant from any road, remarked, "This place is far out," he did.

The man departed, leaving the brave to his devices. The young brave, at first grew very lonely and tired of his solitude, and looked for amusement. At this time, the game of one-man Rugby was invented, and he realized that the more aesthetic life was suited to the surroundings, so he built up some greasy baskets he weaved, walking about, sleeping, and engaging in friendly romps in the woods with the deer and wild sheep. A pleasant life.

A number of months later, a band of eleven young noble Indian maid's paddled up in search of the infamed brave. (By now, the entire Hudson Valley was aware of his ways) The brave, contrary to his teachings, the distinctions was human, and proceeded to have large family.

Generation upon generation grew and prospered, thereby following the ways of the Founding Father. They ate, roamed, slept. Some were content, but newcomers, after spending a year with the tribe, began to go quite insane. They wondered if there was anything else to the tribe the natives didn't know, at least they weren't sure. In fact, no one was, about anything. The newcomers weren't answered, (for no one knew), and often would jump into the Hudson or climb the tallest Pine Tree until they vanished from sight.

At this point I believe it necessary to describe the actual surroundings of the area at the time:

There seems to have been one cluster of group of bandons (Tepees, ones that, even today would rival the home-made counter-cultural model, or even the nylon Abrecombie & Fitch version). There was, approximately at the new Dining Commons site, a sacrificial fire altar where the tribe, after gathering the fruits and nuts of the day, would, throw them into a raging fire and see what remained after the fire died. Some anthropologists postulate that the tribe believed what was left was worth eating, while others proposed that this was an early form of "foodstuffs alchemy" whereby the Indians hoped a better crop would come from the shrimp jubilee would result. None the less, the tribe was quite insane. Some of the members of the tribe had,

continued
signed so that the courts wouldn’t waste valuable time (not necessarily suggesting courts don’t do this). Furthermore, the grand jury has no power to determine the guilt or innocence of a person and, though this may be a matter of opinion, many times this is what some of the jury’s members did with selected witnesses. Theoretically, none of the evidence examined by the grand jury can be used due to the national broadcast and publication.

The April issue of TIME had as its cover Nixon’s tax return. This seems to be going so well, Mr. Nixon has been forced to make a matter most citizens consider private. If the justification for this is because he is a public official, then why aren’t additional requirements made for all public officials including members of the Congressional Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation?

A rather frequent example is members of Congress have commented on whether they believe Nixon to be guilty or innocent. Some Senators obviously don’t know their Constitution (which is frightening enough in itself) as they have tried to start impeachment proceedings when it specifically states that the House of Representatives does this. Now, the men who may determine Nixon’s political future are tentatively deciding the matter before the facts are in. No one knows at this time what the evidence will be against Nixon if he is impeached and no one will know until the trial.

Just mention Nixon’s name in conversation and the general thought will probably be impeachment—pronto. Some are probably asking, “How can he possibly be innocent with all the evidence?” That’s up to the courts to decide. And the burden of proof lies entirely on the prosecution—the defense, if he chooses, never even has to open his mouth.

In the name of justice, let’s not “give him a fair trial tonight, hang him tomorrow.” Yes, let’s watch this national crisis closely and hold opinions. Yes, let’s take the proper steps to prevent another Watergate. And, yes, let’s remember—especially on such a serious issue as impeachment—that until trial is held we are only holding opinions however strongly we believe them. Let’s not take those opinions into the jury box and start playing with fire. If he proves guilty, let’s find him so in the proper way. If he proves innocent, let’s not have this turn into one of the darkest blots America has known.

Tom Redmond

from page 1 to 2

to their own, a “magic fountain” where, if one drank from it, one would experience a dulting of the senses, a certain “intoxicated” effect. These members could be seen at dusk, rhythmically walking “down the path”, thumbing outstretched, as a sort of pre-remembered right. They would return in the morning, walking a bit peculiarly back to the main area.

Others had meetings where the only thing that would be discussed would “why should a discussion be held.”

Some would never come out of their respective Tepees.

And some would never stop doing what they decided they would do when they were but papoose.

And, in a very obscure way, this was the end of the life of the tribe. Back to the story.

After a number of generations, being totally out of touch with anything, the tribe died out.

But a very interesting story preceded the demise of the tribe.

One ancient medicine man, upon hearing of the suicide of his son because of the tribe, gathered together all his potions and powers, and in one bound, called the tribe and the land forever. He then proceeded to drop to the ground, very dead.

The actual curse is not known, but the gist of it doomed the land to always have the same sort of insanity occur with each successive tribe forever and ever.

Many years passed, and, in the Year of our Lord, 1860, St. Stephen’s College for the Good Book, the spiritually handicapped, and the Lord, God, was created. In less than seventy years, St. Stephen’s simply disappeared. No one knows exactly what happened to the school, but a few of the former students did “r’-’s-a name with themselves. Bish ‘Nace, for one, and his ramblings through the desert.

Cardinal Dozitsky, better known as the Krazy Kardinal of the Kremea.

Then Bard took over. Nice, bright young Columbia men with some fairly good ideas on how a school should be run. A nice beginning, but inevitably, the curse of the land came out.

At their respective homes, Bard students are a nice bunch of young people. But, because of the curse, they began, like magic, to imitate the life styles of their forebears. Freshmen would come every year, and fall innocent victims. Sophs, and juniors would commit suicide, and Seniors would get drunk.

But, please, please don’t worry, dear reader. If you find yourself getting bit insane and lonesome, and Bard starts to reveal it’s true self, don’t despair! It’s not your fault.

You just happen to be cursed.
PHIL CARDUCCI'S SPORTS

VARSITY SOFTBALL

Varsity softball came and went very quickly. The team played seven regular season games, plus a game against the Faculty. The varsity lost their first six games before winning. Their win came in the Northeastern Athletic Conference Playoff Games held in Albany on May 11th. Bard lost the first game of the playoff to Albany College of Pharmacy, 11-0. But in the second game, or should I call it a free-for-all, Bard out-slugged St. Rose, 24-23. Albany College won the playoffs, while Bard placed third.

On May 16th, the varsity played the Faculty. It was the most defensive minded games played by the varsity this season. Fielding was almost perfect, hitting came at the right moments, and everyone played smart softball. The results turned out for the best, the varsity beat the Faculty, very definitely, 5-0.

During the season these team members were the most outstanding. Danny Tietje, Golden Glove award winner for the fewest errors committed, G. Stan Corkin and Joe Rechen, top two batters on the team, .563 and .563 batting averages, respectively. Scott Baron, home run king, one for the season. Stan Corkin and Steve Levine, co-winners of the Lead Glove award for the most errors, 10. And finally, Hardy Platt, the award for the best looking member of the team (and being the only woman).

POOL TOURNAMENT RESULTS

The last few weeks, Bard's pool tables have been very busy due to the Pool Tournament held. Eighteen players signed up and were matched up in a draw shot elimination. Al Matlin and Mike Turner turned out to be the ones to beat, as they both eliminated everybody they played. They faced each other in the final round and Mike Turner came out victorious. As a result of winning this tournament, the Observer would like to crown Mike, the Hustler of Bard College.

CROSS COUNTRY

A new coach has been named to take charge of the Bard cross country team next fall. He is Prof. Wm. Griffith of our own community. Prof. Griffith's experience comes from his personal experience, as he was a runner himself. The Observer staff would like to wish Prof. Griffith good luck in the coming season, along with a healthy and successful one.

TENNIS

A word from the coach, "No strings were broken."

THANKS... CHARLIE & MARK FOR A GREAT YEAR

Free to members of the Bard Community—send (brief, please) copy to Box 85

BICYCLES AND SUMMER JOBS AVAILABLE IN EUROPE

Summer jobs are available in Europe. Any student interested in seeing Europe on a low cost, or earn-as-you-go basis might look into the various student services offered by Student Overseas Services (SOS) of Luxembourg, Europe. Two of these services are temporary (8-12 wks) paying jobs in Europe, and new and used bikes. SOS also offers a bicycle tour with a new 10-speed European touring bike included in the deal that students can put on the plane and take home with them.

Interested students may obtain free information, job applications, descriptions and listings, and the SOS Program Handbook by sending their name and address to SOS—Student Overseas Services, 22 Ave. de la Liberté, Luxembourg, Europe, or to SOS, Box 5173, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93108.

If you know of a house with at least 2 bedrooms, in a fairly secluded, wooded area no more than a 15 min. drive from Bard, available to rent beginning Sep. 1 of this year—drop a note in box 180 or come up to the 3rd floor of Seymour-thanks, Jeremy.

Anyone knowing of someone willing to share an apt. in Poughkeepsie for the summer, contact box 257.

"If you want it, I've got it." —J. Levine

special thanks

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