

Bard College
Student Newspaper Archive
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OBSERVER

Vol. 13 No. 2 March 26, 1975

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observer

volume 13 number 2 march 26 1975 TEN CENTS

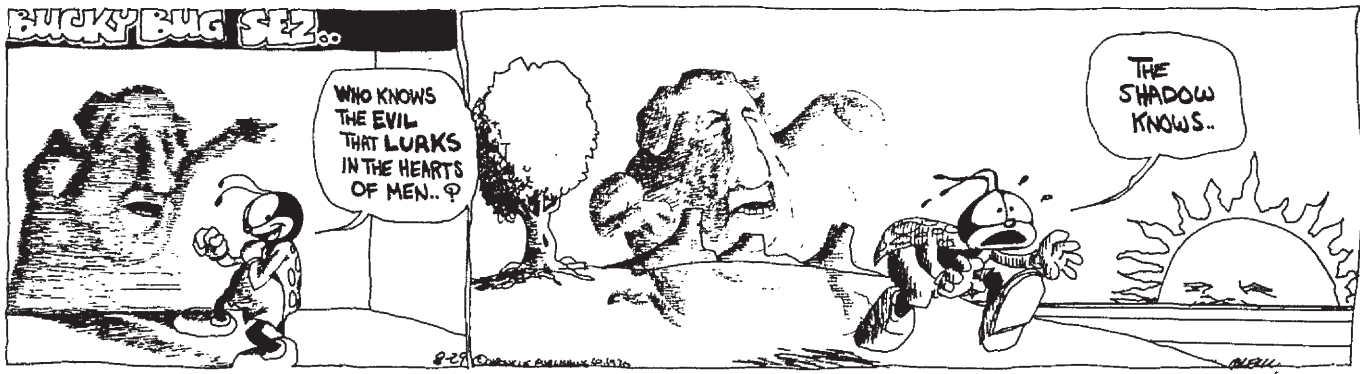
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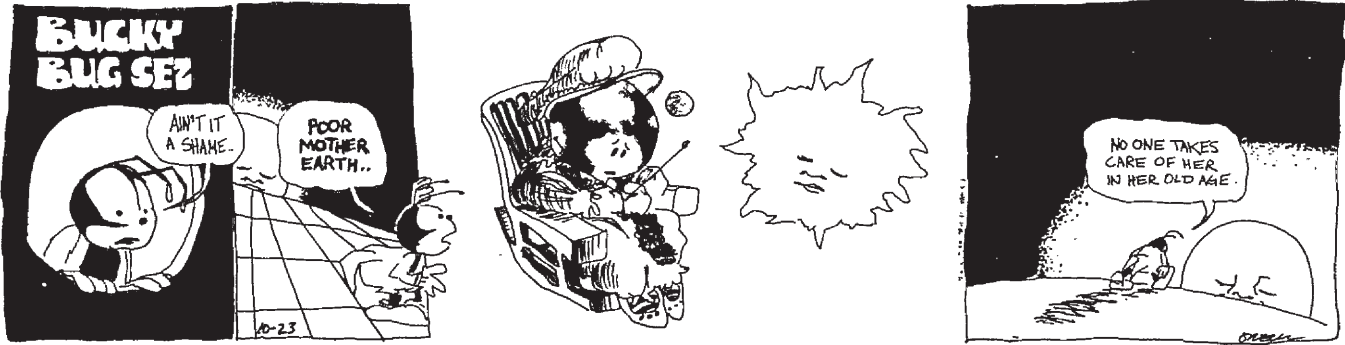
BARD COLLEGE
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COMIX



Selinger Quits

On March 20, Carl Selinger announced his resignation as Dean of the College, effective in early June. He further announced that he had accepted the positions of Professor of Law and Associate Dean at the University of Hawaii Law School in Honolulu and will start there next fall. When he made public his decision he stated, *I have a strong interest in continuing to pursue the study of relationships between the legal concepts and concepts in moral philosophy and the social sciences. I think that I can best pursue that interest in the context of legal education.*

Selinger explained that a permanent appointment of a successor would not be dealt with until President-elect Leon Botstein joined the administration. When questioned if possible conflicts with the incoming Presi-

dent encouraged his decision to leave Bard, he stressed that this was not the case and declared, *The appointment of President Botstein is a very positive step for Bard College. I like him and respect him enormously. One of my main regrets in leaving Bard is that I won't have the opportunity to work with him.*

Dean Selinger, previously a Professor of Law at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, first came to Bard in 1968 when he was offered the position as Dean of the College. At that time, the functions of the Dean included both academic and student interests. Shortly thereafter, the two areas were split into two administrative positions, Selinger remaining as Dean of the College and Mary Sugatt (then Associate Dean of Student Affairs) acquiring the new position of Dean of Students. Presently, Dean Selinger's main

functions include curriculum development, involvement with the faculty committees concerned with appointment, reappointment and tenure of the Bard staff, and aiding students with individual academic problems.

Reflecting on his accomplishments during his stay at Bard, Dean Selinger takes credit in contributing to the formation of various programs newly established on campus, particularly the HEOP program and the "University Without Walls" program. He also felt that he contributed to the well-being of the College on the whole during the past few years, stating, *It's important that Bard came through those very difficult years of political turmoil in the larger society. It came through life-style conflicts without disruption of the educational process which occurred on other campuses. I played a part in Bard coming through those difficult times.*

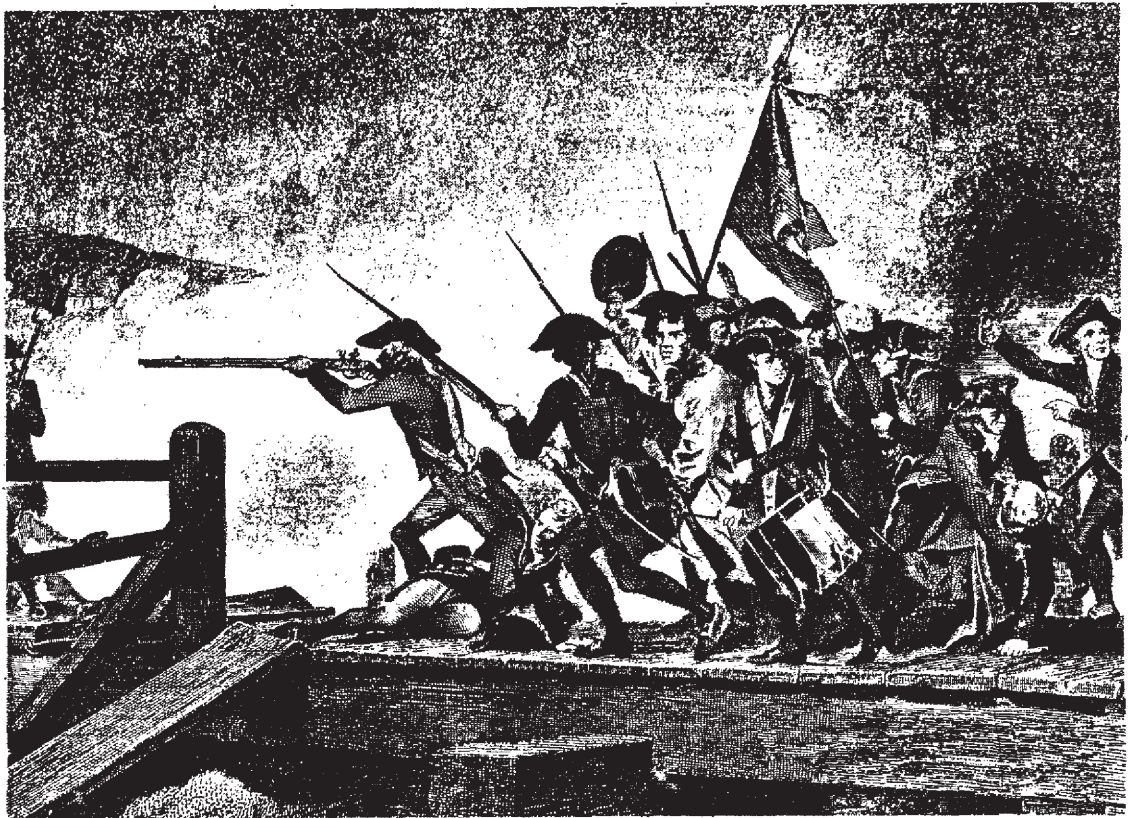
Priscilla Natkins

Trooper Blooper

Bard's policy as regards the presence of policemen on campus has been that if they wish to talk to a student, they are not to enter dormitories, but must conduct their business in Dean Sugatt's office if they come on campus during the day or in the Security office if they arrive at night. It is Security's responsibility to find the student or students involved and to bring them in to be questioned. Last week, in clear violation of that policy, a State Trooper was sent by a member of Security to South Hall in order to question Kelly Polan, a freshman, in connection with the possibility of charges of criminal trespass and theft of services being leveled by Garrison's Garage, a Saab and Fiat dealer on Route 28 in Kingston.

Kelly took her 1973 Fiat into Garrison's on February 25 because the fourth gear seemed to be stripped. When she left the car with the garage, she requested that they give her an estimate on the cost of repairs before she would authorize them to do any work. No official estimate was made at the time (Kelly was told that it would probably come to \$250 plus the cost of parts), and no contract was signed allowing the garage to go ahead with repairs. Kelly repeatedly called Garrison's over the three weeks following and made clear that she did not want the repairs done unless she had okayed the estimate.

On March 11 Garrison's finally called Kelly and told her that all the work had been completed and that the total cost was \$661.95. During the heated conversation which followed they said that they had replaced first, second, third and reverse as well as fourth gear, and had also put in a new clutch. Garrison's said that she would have to pay the total amount in order to reclaim her car in spite of her argument that none of the work had been authorized and that they had never contacted her ahead of time to inform her of the cost or extent of repairs. Kelly then went to Dean Selinger, who referred her to Josh Koplovitz, a lawyer in Woodstock.



According to Kelly, Koplovitz advised her that she could not possibly be held liable for the cost of the repairs, and that the easiest way to clear up the matter would be to steal the car back from the garage; the only charge that might be leveled against her would be criminal trespass. Acting on this advice, Kelly, John Burnett, Rich Emmet and Jeff Watnick went to the garage that evening and recovered the car.

The following evening, State Police Officer Thomas Salmon went to the Campus Security office, where he was given the number to Kelly's room in South Hall. He went there, but did not find Kelly. Kelly's roommate was able to reach her, and she, Burnett, Emmet and Watnick went over to South Hall, where they were questioned by Officer Salmon, who was reportedly very polite up until the point he realized that he was being photographed by an *Observer* staff photographer. No one was taken into custody.

At the time, the four were advised that they might be charged with criminal trespass, but the District Attorney has since stated that he will not prosecute. No charges

were to be filed, and if Garrison's wanted their money they would have to sue Ms. Polan for the amount of the fee.

This incident is not only a clear example of a local business ripping off Bard students. It also shows the Security force's ignorance of, or laxity in enforcing school policy. Dormitory living is to a great extent communal and not like living in isolated apartments. A trooper entering a dorm constitutes a moral invasion of privacy, not only to the person he is looking for, but to the rest of the dorm residents. Richard Starkey, head of Security, told an *Observer* reporter that from now on, Security would be sure to keep all meetings between police and students confined to his office.

Senate Co-Presidents Jamie Fishman and Peter Pratt stated that they would propose that the Senate launch a full scale investigation into the Security office's procedure of handling law enforcement visitors.

David N. Schlesinger

There's Got To Be A Morning After

NEW YORK (LNS)—In 1972, diethylstilbestrol (DES), was banned from cattle feed because minute amounts were found to be cancer producing. But in January, 1974 the Food and Drug Administration approved DES for use as a *morning after* contraceptive drug to be given in amounts 835,000 times higher than the doses banned for cattle.

Recently, another wide-scale misuse of DES has come to light. Even though its effectiveness was never established, DES was widely prescribed as an anti-miscarriage drug from 1945-1970. Daughters of women given DES are now reaching puberty and so far at least 240 of them have developed vaginal cancer.

It is a unique type of vaginal cancer, clear cell adenocarcinoma, which never occurred in the world medical literature before 1970, the year that DES daughters began to reach puberty. One million more daughters will reach puberty in the 1980s and 1990s.

Furthermore, ninety percent of these daughters are now thought to have vaginal adenosis, which is an abnormal cellular growth condition that may be pre-cancerous. No one knows how or if the vaginal adenosis will progress to cancer.

Gynecologists are compounding the problem. Many of the DES daughters who have irregular bleeding, sometimes a symptom of vaginal cancer or adenosis, have been prescribed birth control pills to stop it. The estrogen in the pills acts as a growth hormone for cancer, and can cause latent cancer to enter its propagation stage.

Doctors, especially on university campuses, continue to prescribe DES as a morning after contraceptive without determining the woman's medical history. DES—an estrogen—can cause a pre-cancerous condition to become cancerous. And many DES daughters are college age.

This indiscriminate use of DES has serious implications for women other than DES daughters as well. DES has been associated with the latent development of cancer—that is cancer which takes ten to twenty years to show up—in women who have taken it by their doctors' prescription for gynecological reasons.

A woman should not take the morning after pill if there is a history of breast,

uterine or cervical cancer, diabetes, hypertension or blood clotting in her family. Yet doctors in one survey done by the Ann Arbor, Michigan Advocates for Medical Information in 1969 at the University of Michigan indicated that of 69 women given the morning after pill, only five were warned about a cancer danger to their offspring and none were warned of a cancer danger to themselves.

And late last year, the National Institute of Health awarded ten universities research grants to test the massive dose DES morning after pill on college-age women. This is despite the fact that many of these women who will be used as guinea pigs are DES daughters and may have latent cancer from that exposure.

None of the public health agencies nor the obstetricians who gave DES as an anti-miscarriage drug, have seen fit to recall the 3 million women and test them or even inform them that they were given DES. In fact, there have been many cases of obstetricians and hospitals refusing to give their patients the information as to whether they were given DES during pregnancy.

The National Cancer Institute has consented to set up five testing centers—locations unannounced. These centers will test a total of 1,000 women only to get research data, then shut down. The other 2,999,000 women will have to seek their own testing—if they know to seek it in the first place.

A national sampling of doctors has indicated that most of them are ignorant of the colposcopic examination required and are still advising pap smears, which in no way test for vaginal cancer. Many doctors, in fact, have been refusing to do the needed tests.

In most cases, vaginal cancer and vaginal adenosis are hidden and have no symptoms. Women whose mothers took DES during their pregnancy need the special colposcopic examination which uses a microscope mounted on a light to test for the presence of adenosis lesions. This examination must be repeated at least once a year to check for tissue changes.

Even if adenosis is not found, there is no guarantee that cancer is not present. The Schiller iodine-stain test must also be done to test for the presence of glycogen-containing cells.



breast is best

NEW YORK (LNS)—In Nigeria, billboards depict a cheerful mother bottle-feeding her healthy looking baby. Artificial milk formulas promote "strength and vigor," the advertisements say. In Jamaica, commercial milk sales representatives dressed in nurse costumes, stand outside post-natal clinics and give mothers free samples of artificial milk formulas.

At the same time when mothers in developed countries are discovering that breast-feeding is healthier and more economical than formula-feeding, multinational milk conglomerates are mounting aggressive marketing campaigns to convince mothers in developing countries to feed their babies art-

ificial formulas.

Irresponsible promotion of artificial baby milks has reached such a pitch in Third World countries, that an outright ban is now thought necessary by many medical authorities to prevent disastrous effects on child health and nutrition.

Third World babies are dying because their mothers feed them with western style infant milk, charges a report, *The Baby Killer*, by an independent British agency, War on Want. *Many that do not die are drawn into a vicious cycle of malnutrition and disease that will leave them physically and intellectually stunted for life.*

Although most artificial baby milks

are quite adequate foods when used under optimum conditions, bottle feeding is actually detrimental in communities where the standard of living is low, housing is poor, and mothers do not have access to the basic facilities that the companies take for granted.

Under such conditions, prevalent in Third World nations, the bottle itself becomes a source of dangerous infection. Most milk and baby food advertising is pitched at people whose income permits at least running water and electric cookers, if not refrigerators. Warnings to *sterilize bottles for ten minutes in clean boiling water* or to *keep your unopened baby foods in the fridge*, are meaningless to people who cook on hot embers,

and have only seen refrigerators on advertising billboards in town.

Among mothers too poor to afford sufficient milk for their babies, it is common to find them giving overdiluted feedings. Babies not killed outright by wasting away, become vulnerable to infection.

A laborer in Uganda may need to spend a third of the daily wage to buy milk for his or her baby (in Chile 20%, in Tanzania 50%) reports an article in April 5, 1974 Science Magazine. The packaged dried milk formulas are even more expensive.

Meanwhile, mother's milk is being wasted. In addition to the human consequence—malnourished and starving babies—the Science Magazine article points out that

heard on the radio that the bottled milks are essential.

Not only are milk and baby food advertisements carried on television, in the press, and on advertising boards, but mother and child health centers operating on tight budgets receive colorful posters and free samples.

Mothers, already impressed by the clinic surroundings, are ready to believe that the free samples given to them are products vastly superior to their own milk.

Promotion efforts are often even more sinister. *Mothercare personnel*—company sales women dressed as nurses but definitely not necessarily qualified—dispense advice on baby care in clinics and

geria, the federal government recently published a Food and Drugs Decree which gives authorities the power to control all infant food production among other things.

In Zambia, the nationalized food company which produces *Dawn* powdered milk states clearly in its advertising: *The best food for your child is mother's milk. Don't feed your child artificially unless you are sure you have the money to buy the milk.*

Unlike nationalized companies, however, multi-national competitors care less about the way their product is used or the national interests of the country where they are selling it. *Milk companies exist to make money for their share holders*, explains the War on Want report. *And it is commercial competition that creates many of the problems we have mentioned.*

The report encourages governments to regulate the companies activities, limit their advertising, and ensure that supplies are distributed first to those in need—babies whose mothers cannot breast feed, twins, orphans, etc.

But an intangible problem is the relation of the milk companies to the governments of many of the developing countries, the report points out. *Any government with an economy dependent on cocoa, coffee, tea, sugar and similar crops is clearly in no position to dictate terms to organizations like Nestle and Wyeth, whose parent company is one of the USA's big food corporations.*

The industry's resources are far greater than those of many Third World countries. Nestle's annual turnover, for example, exceeds the Gross National Product of Kenya by over \$1 billion, and Nestle's profits in 1974 exceeded the entire Gross National Product of Liberia, a country with 1.2 million people.

The War on Want report stresses the importance for pressure to be applied on the companies in their home countries. In both Nigeria and Sierra Leone, official sources have expressed their hope that such pressure would help halt the industry's promotion efforts. Already there has been a response in Switzerland, where one group is locked in a legal battle with Nestle.



the national costs of wasting human milks are formidable.

In Kenya, the cost of substituting lost human milk is estimated at \$11.5 million, which is one-fifth of the country's foreign aid. In Chile, where the proportion of children being breast-fed at thirteen months fell down from 95% to 5% during the last decade, the annual loss of human milk is equivalent to that produced by 32,000 cows.

Furthermore, reports point out that not only is mother's milk the cheapest source of protein, but that for most babies, it is more nutritious and wholesome than artificial products. Due to its built-in bacterial effect, even in areas where there is a serious food shortage, breast-fed infants tend to remain healthy and to maintain body weight.

Recent research has shown that Chilean babies who were bottle-fed during the first three months of their life, suffered three times the mortality rate of their brothers and sisters who were exclusively breast-fed. And a survey in Sierra Leone of 717 admissions for malnutrition concluded that the trend toward the early use of milk powder products has contributed heavily to the increase observed in infant malnutrition.

Not only does malnutrition cause immediate suffering, but it causes what many believe to be irreparable damage both physically and mentally.

Despite all of its advantages, breast milk is rapidly losing ground to the inferior artificial substances in many developing countries. While the causes of world-wide decline in breast-feeding are complex (linked to urbanization and contact with the modern way of life), a major role is being played by the food industry and the commercial promotion that it uses.

Advertising has a large effect on changing women's traditional attitudes towards breast-feeding. When asked why they insist on bottle-feeding, often against medical advice, many mothers simply reply that they

during home visits. *Some nurses will be paid a commission on sales results in their area*, stated an industry man as reported in the War on Want investigation. *Sometimes they will also be given the added stick that if they don't meet these objectives, they will be fired.*

Free bottles, samples and gift gimmicks are other common practices employed by most companies.

It's a highly competitive market and the hospital is an obvious place to reach the new mother, asserted Bob. A. Benton, director of nutritional research at Ross Laboratories, a division of Wyeth Laboratories. Wyeth is one of three American baby food companies most active in developing countries.

We don't tell them to bottle feed instead of breast feed, says Benton. *In fact all our nurses are trained to teach all aspects of mothercraft, including breast-feeding, but the problem is, you want to get the woman started off on your product before someone else's.*

The two leading U.S. milk formula producers, Mead Johnson and Company (makers of Enfamil and Prosobee), and Ross Laboratories (Similac and Isomil) are the number two and three largest infant milk suppliers in developing countries behind the Swiss for-runner, Nestle.

Mead Johnson and Ross Laboratories were recently named in an anti-trust suit due to their practices of supplying maternity hospitals in the U.S. with free formulas, in return for hospital staff members agreement to recommend the brand names to the mothers.

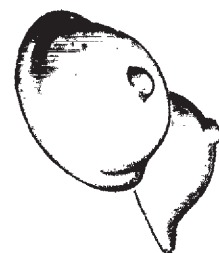
Some countries have taken active steps to protect mothers and children from the attentions of baby food companies. The Nairobi (Kenya) City Council has banned milk nurses from its clinics, and in a number of countries, the nurses have to work outside of the clinics. Niger permits no demonstration or advertising of bottle feeding techniques at mother and child health centers, and in Ni-

get your cookies off

PHILADELPHIA (LNS)--- The Philadelphia archdiocese has announced that church buildings will now be off limits for the 8,000 Girl Scouts who used to hold their meetings and programs there.

The church's withdrawal of its sponsorship is the result of a Scout Council proposal that instruction on contraception, abortion, rape and female anatomy be rewarded with "To Be a Woman" merit badges. And the last straw was when a local Scout leader announced that sex education workshops would take the place of former programs.

The church has now switched to the Camp Fire Girls, whom it hopes will operate in a more "Christian context."



TENDER TIPS
for the gal who can't make it on her own... but would like to! Soft rubber nipple pads FILL you out all the way, just like nature intended! Most NATURAL look and feel in the world, even under see-through tops. Order in No-show Nude. One size fits all.

#4-5082 2 pairs for \$5.50; \$3 each pair

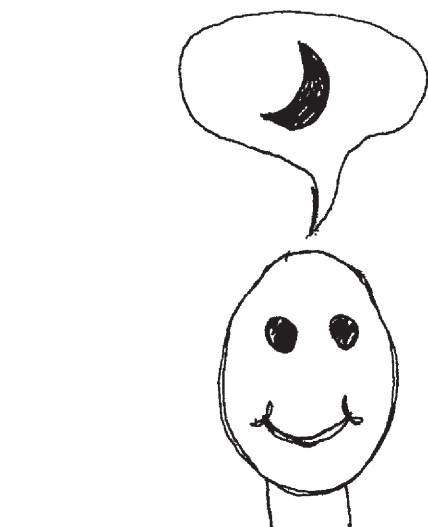
Unification Thought

I trust that those reading my words, can appreciate the fact that it is very difficult to verbalize those feelings which come from inside; that is, my beliefs are founded on what I have experienced, and are therefore what I believe to be true. I hope also that people will accept it when I say that it is necessary that something internal be externalized at this moment in time and space, whether the community is in tune with those beliefs or not.

It is my belief that GOD's form ultimately takes shape through energy, but just as the wind can be felt and seen, it is so vast that it is formless. God is present at all times whether he is manifested on a physical level, encompassing all of our immediate environment, or whether his energy is felt on a spiritual level.

For instance, all physical objects are composed of elements which, atomically, have transformed energy into solid matter. Wood, for example, produces desks, walls, paper, tools, etc. All wood originates with the tree. The tree is grown from a tiny seed, through which certain life processes transform light, water, and minerals into a solid matter—which can then be used to create. Therefore the reverse to Einstein's Law of Energy, is actualized. *Energy is slowed down by certain processes so that it can be loved, molded, and given form by God's substantial image on the Earth-Man.* Man can perform many functions with this wood, but if the true internal essence and beauty of the process cannot be appreciated, then Man's relation to this gift, is but half-realized. If Man forgets the origin of all things, and arrogantly asserts his control over the tree without giving thanks for its existence, then Man forgets to serve and love it as part of an endless variety of physical-spiritual union. *This is what is known as humbling oneself to the creation.*

How many other examples can be used in this context? If the hand and body are the result of an infinite evolution of animal and plant life on this planet, beginning with the one-celled organism, can the artist claim the hand to be his, or rather a part of the creation? Would we have the right to the use of metals and minerals, had not the Earth evolved through trillions of years of slowing down a vast original form of gaseous energy, in correlation with other offshoots of the sun, forming a system of planets, which move more than a thousand miles every minute, with all of us moving with it. Can we claim that man



has survived from worse to better, from lower to higher, from external to internal to external again, without a reason? Can we deny the energy which flows from our own abdomen to all parts of our highly complex body, without feeling the majesty involved in such a being?

Some people, do indeed refuse to believe in religion. They disbelieve because they do not know the reality of God, and cannot find it in themselves to believe in what's eternal. What's more, they allow their minds to become clouded with intellectual confusion, rather than enjoy the simplicity of life; feeling with their heart the joy or sadness of being alive. Love is the only language of the heart—it can only love or hate a situation, because anything less than that diminishes the experience of the spirit. Life is a spiritual journey, in which Life's experience acts as our teacher, our spirit acts as the pupil, our mind acts to sort out what we are learning, and our body acts as an expression of what we have learned.

But however strongly we deny the spiritual reality, it is the nature of man to feel void, empty and uneasy with himself, if he has set the ultimate purpose of life on the external world. *The same is true for devout religious believers, who try to deny the external reality and annihilate the desire for physical happiness, that follows Man like a shadow.* There can be no essential world apart from the phenomenal world, for the two were made to be one with each other, with Man as the mediator.

When Man can fully understand God's nature, then he can begin to enjoy and experience the creation with Love and acceptance—not for himself, but for the creator, who lacks the body with which to experience as man can, the beauty, goodness and truth of his creation. This is what can be considered Man's highest ideal. To live each day, as a re-

ceptacle for the eternal spirit, receiving energy and love from a sea much vaster than that found in the heart of man. Just as man can give his joy and love to the Creator, so can the Father give eternal life to His child. That is His promise.

The give and take of Love is at the very core of everything that we do. As a child loves a flower, as a father loves his child, as a mother loves the two, our love can also be extended to meet the hearts of all of those around us. So, as our desire to harmonize with the creation stems from a desire to "see" as the teachings of Don Juan has told, see the depth and essence of all that we encounter, so our love can lift us to higher and higher spiritual planes; even as we go to school now.

The things that present day man can enjoy as a result of the suffering, misery, and hardships endured by our ancestors, is beyond imagination. Our weakness lies in the internal contradiction which allows us to forget the beauty and simplicity of our existence. Love creates, love heals, love hurts, love lets go of this, takes hold of that; love raises, love lowers, love accepts, love is eternal, love is the way; it is the greatest force in the universe, and to abuse it is the worst sin. No other feeling or emotion can have as positive and as *lasting an effect in our lives as love.*

The relationship between the essential world and the phenomenal world is similar to that between mind and body. It is the relationship between cause and result, internal and external, subjective and objective. Since man can attain perfect personality only when his mind and body become harmonized in perfect oneness, the ideal world can be realized only when the two worlds—the one of essence, the other of phenomena—have been joined in perfect unity.

It may be displeasing to religious believers, especially to Christians to learn that a new expression of the truth must appear. We believe that the Bible that we now have is perfect and absolute in itself. Truth, of course, is unique, eternal, unchangeable, and absolute. The Bible, however, is not the truth itself, but a textbook teaching the truth. Naturally the quality of teaching and the method and extent of giving the truth must vary according to each age, for the truth is given to people of different ages who are at different spiritual and intellectual levels.

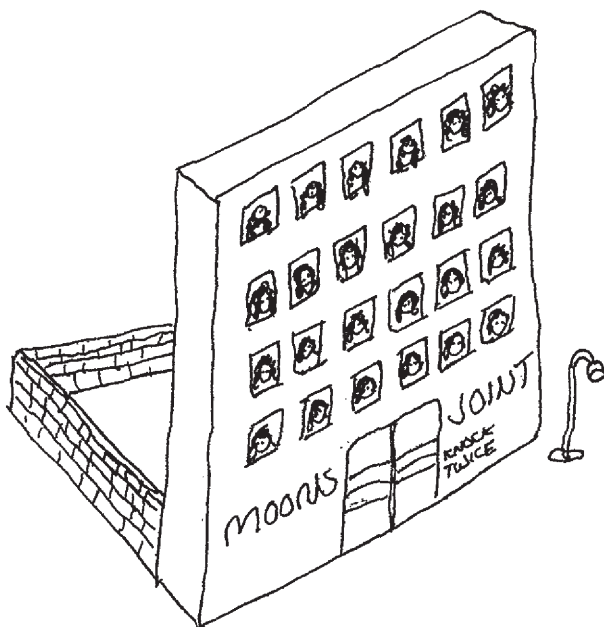
However, Christianity has lost much of its appeal, because it has lost its capacity to interpret the truth, in light of modern day

(continued on page 14)

The Unification Church
Project Unity
One World Crusade
International Cultural Foundation
International Federation For Victory Over Communism

Collegiate Association For The Research of Principles
Freedom Leadership Foundation
The Rising Tide—publication of the Freedom Leadership Foundation
Rising Tide Bookstore—Washington, D.C.
World Freedom Institute
Little Angels of Korea
Little Angels Korean Folk Ballet
Professors Academy for World Peace
Unification Church of New York, Inc.
Unification Church, International
National Prayer and Fast for the Watergate Crisis
Unified Family
International Re-Education Foundation
The Weekly Religion

Front Organizations



The Way of the World
Tongil Seigei Monthly
Tong I (or Tongil) Industry Company
I Wha (or Il Hwa) Pharmaceutical Co.
I Shin (or Il Shin) Stoneworks Company
Tong Wha Titanium Company
Tae Han Rutile Company
American Youth For A Just Peace
Sun Myung Moon Christian Crusade
Korean Folk Ballet
New Hope Singers International
Committee For Responsible Dialogue
Day of Hope Tour
Unification Thought Institute
Unification Church of America
International Conference on Unified Science
Council For Unified Research and Education
D.C. Striders Track Club
International Ideal City Project (S.F.)
Korean Cultural Freedom Foundation

New Education Development Corporation
Center for Ethical Management and Planning



Poetic Justice

On the night of February 25, night of the full moon, and he's a man to be up on such things, Ted Enslin, poet, composer, and naturalist, gave a reading from his work in Bard Hall. George Quasha introduced him as an as yet undiscovered Thoreau, and for many reasons the description fits.

He lives in northwestern Maine, in a six room house with only the kitchen heated and that to only just above freezing. Yet in the bitterness of the Maine winter, Enslin and his wife go half-naked and are perfectly comfortable. He feels that the major human problem is that we *have forgotten the deeper voices of the earth;* that we must become much closer, as we once were, to natural life.

Ted Enslin seems to embody these qualities; he has the looks of a Thoreau or a Walt Whitman. His most remarkable physical features are his eyes - extremely deep-set, bright and active. His hair, salt-and-pepper gray, grows in a long pony tail, and in front a lengthy beard. His broad, high, deeply furrowed forehead is sun-burnt, or wind-burnt. Mr. Quasha said that he's the kind of man you'd expect to drink *lily wine*. His poems (the most recent long series began is called *Ranger*) often concern his long walks through the countryside or the woodlands.

Enslin has published a number of books, the most recent being the last installment of another long serial poem called *Forms*, now complete in five volumes. He believes that a poet produces only one book in his lifetime, a unified life's work. The selections we heard from his life's work were all unpublished— he doesn't like reading things already in print.

He plopped a good-sized fiberboard suitcase onto the table, and took out some thick manilla folders. For the first half of the reading, he selected pieces from a group of short poems, *The Sound of Mountains*. These were concise and direct, very much in the style of William Carlos Williams' short pieces, but with a unique Maine woods flavoring. Then there were two sets of poems called *Districts* and *Areas* in which Enslin tried to re-define these two words, finding them at present very much ill-defined. *Sign post/don't try to teach me.*

Clio & the Archetype

*The Archetype insinuated
His way
Into the web of things
Of time
Refusing to be put off.*

*Someone told them:
"You will see Visions"
And they saw Visions—
They wanted to know if they were mad*

*The Archetype was furious.
"I am your hero." he said.
"I am not
Tissue paper before your shallow eyes
I am
Not the bleeding dreams
Of Marat-Sade."*

*Someone told them:
"It is significant.
You
Dream the dream of the purple
Robe and
The dream of the garret.
You
Are an aristocrat."*

And some of them were satisfied.

*The Archetype was in a rage.
"The chains and the fleeces
And the falling walls are mine.
Though I step beside
Pedestrians
On the shoulder of the road
In many masks
I haven't changed the color of my heart.*

*Those who remained were told:
"It is significant.
You dream
The dream of the cart
And the vinyard.
The dream
Of the cabaret. You
Are the blood and bones
Of Adam."*

*The Archetype cooled
His anger
Retired
To the mountain.*

*He found Clio weeping
Into a brook.*

*"They tore up my
Signature," she said,
"They made a collage out of it.
They think they see
Calligraphy, when it is
The blood on the discarded
Bandages of my sisters."*

*The two remained
Sat on the stone
For a time.*

*"How can they
Be satisfied?" she said.*

*The Archetype answered her:
"We will build
A Bright Linguistic Edifice." he said.*

*And they built it together
In less than a year.*

*They had their wits about
What they were doing too—*

*The structure was
Pretentiously
A rocky uphill climb*

*The fashionable spanning of which
In time became quite
The rage.*

Lori Chips

After a break he read from *Ranger*, of which sections XXI and XXX from Book are anthologized in George Quasha's *Active Anthology*. Enslin is a dynamic reader, punctuating his rhythms with a pointed finger and a bobbing head. Not liking to introduce or in any way clutter a poem with other words, he yet managed to sneak in a few anecdotes.

The set ended with a long moving poem in which blood and rust were confused in the *dark Satanic mills* of an inhuman post-industrial world. It was a call back to health and sanity.

After the reading, Enslin lit his pipe and became even more animated, carrying on ecstatic interchanges with those who gathered round. The man bristled with energy. A slice from Enslin's *Forms*:LXXVII sums up the experience :

*you are a good listener
to have tried
no matter
what
the failure of things as they are.
The poems are, in a sense,
crystals
of that failure,
... the geodes
which rot away from the form
we had planned
leaving
crystals -- the poems.*

Douglas MacLeoud



Behind Closed Doors

It is uncertain whether Bruce Baillie will be teaching film at Bard next semester. He was recently evaluated by the Divisional Evaluation Committee of AMDDF, and, by all accounts, the evaluation was very positive. However, Bruce has expressed a desire for more time to devote to his work (he recently received a \$10,000 grant for his work-in-progress). But he has also said he would continue to teach if he is wanted and/or needed by the community.

Which leads us to a sorry incident which occurred at a meeting attended by People's Dept. Chairman Adolfo Mekas, People's Deputy Paul Arthur, and the three Politburo members, Ellen Rotman, Tim Golbuff, and Jefferson Miller. Apparently the question of Baillie's rehiring was debated. We were told that the majority at the meeting questioned his position in the Dept. and his support from students. Why that issue was brought up in a closed meeting, in lieu of an open discussion, and why no report of it was given to film students are questions that should be answered.

It is evident to us that Bruce has wide support among students, and it is our hope that any future discussions of this sort be aired openly.

And we sincerely hope that Bruce will continue his enormous contribution to the Film Department and to Bard College.

Courtesy of Cinema-Matrix

BARD'S SHORTS

Most people at Bard are familiar with the Bard Newsreel, usually presented before the scheduled movies in Sottery. Generally, they take the form of short films made by members of the community, examining some detail of life at Bard or in the neighboring vicinity.

The majority of film students I spoke to about the Bard Newsreel expressed a hesitancy to participate. Having been confronted with the proposal at one time myself, I could understand this feeling.

The idea of making a film about someone brushing their teeth or getting up in the morning seemed an interruption of our progress toward recording the "noteworthy." We all tend to deny the more mundane moments in our lives. It took some effort on all our parts to humble ourselves to the little newsreel, whose primary function would be to draw the Bard community together. For we film-makers, it represented an integration of our work with our daily lives.

It can help the viewer find a balanced picture of our life at Bard. A film about working in the dish room in Dining Commons, for instance, can create more of an awareness of the place where we eat all our meals. It can make us think twice before leaving our trays behind when we leave. After all, eventually another human being will have to pick them up.

Another good example of a Bard Newsreel occurred earlier this semester. This did not take the form of a film, but a fireworks display in front of Dining Commons one night after dinner. Fourteen people were involved in the actual setting off of the small and large rockets (provided by Bruce Baillie from his travels in January). Everyone at the scene participated in the event in some way. The fact that this newsreel took place when and where it did was essential to its success. Not only did it reflect (as a film might) activities of the Bard population on a typical Friday evening, but a spontaneous celebration was created.

A great variety of events can and will take place under the heading of Bard Newsreel. All are invited to participate.

Kevin Lathrop

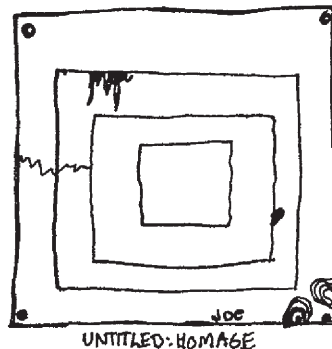
Progress in Art?

On Thursday, February 20 in the Procter Art Center, a lecture was given on "Progress in Art." The speaker was Suzi Gablik, author of a book on Magritte and co-author of *Pop Art Redefined*.

The talk started a bit late as the speaker was delayed by Matt Phillips' magic tricks. She spoke in straight lecture style (with a few interruptions) and had excellent quality color slides.

Her theory of the progress of art was based on Piaget's *Logical Operations of Thought*, linking contemporary art (a small specific segment of it, that is) with art of the past. If one did not have a clear idea of the theories of Piaget, it was even less clear after leaving the lecture. According to the speaker (as taken from the "Piagetian" concepts) the mind of the child works in a process of acquiring knowledge and structuring reality.

She applied the sequence of Pre-logical, Concrete, and Operational thought to the sequence of the Three Mega-Periods (sic) of art history: Ancient-Medieval, Renaissance, and Modern. In Ancient-Medieval art the space is "Pre-logical," visually topological, such as Chinese scrolls and Persian miniatures. Infinity was not implied until the Renaissance development of perspective. Ms. Gablik stated that Donald Judd and Sol LeWitt (contemporary artists) are as much geometrists as artists of the Renaissance.



A slide was then shown. It was a simple drawing of a man holding a spear, an elephant on a hill and a stag. The point was that Zambesian coal miners perceived the elephant as being closer to the man than the stag. At this point Professor J. Grossberg wanted to know why, then, do Bard students draw like that? His idea was (as this cub reporter understood it) that if the lines were widened or thinned then a perception of depth would occur and it had nothing to do with being a Zambesian coal miner. The speaker, failing to give a viable answer, hoped we would all read her book when it came out. Later, Professor Bick said that the Zambesian coal miners were just as well informed as the rest of the world and Ms. Gablik was, in fact, using a fallacy to prove a point. After a few attempts to answer, the speaker again retreated into "do read the book when it comes out."

She then returned to the Mega-Periods of History and Operational thought as was aligned (or maligned) with a certain group of contemporary artists, Sol LeWitt, Dan Flavin, Carl Andre, and Robert Mangold. All these artists are working with modular units which form regular systems. She concluded that "Everyone makes their own model of reality."

During the question and answer period one student wanted to know where contemporary realist artists fit into the Gablik-Piagetian schemata. Ms. Gablik relied that they are "tributaries to the Main River of Art." The end.

The audience was presented with an imperfect, badly explained theory, with specific examples of art chosen to support her thesis, ending with, "I hope you will all get the book when it comes out." It is not known how much the college paid to have her come speak. It was, most evidently, a promotional tour to sell a book that backfired. It is doubtful if anyone (at least the audience who heard the talk) will buy *Progress in Art*.

S. A. Frickson

Politics of Fuck You

Be apathy cliché and a bane, its stronghold at 12504 be undeniable. Let us forgo the back-patting self-indulgence of the Newsreel, lest they show something otherwise unseen. Let us see some tidbits about the behind-the-scenes of the departmental political fuckings. Let us see some scandal. Let us hold up the *National Enquirer* and *True Detective*. Let us not settle for the insipid platitudes of *Look*. Hey, there's Sol Seigel.

And when they build their library and spend their money, and have not enough left for shelves, let us storm the building and burn a book for every minute they hesitate. What are our demands? Who cares? I am sure we can think up something as we go along.

Note: This is not a hate article. I am simply mad about the place; the way she walks and talks and the way she shakes her hips.

Film is a dynamic medium. Even though the nitrate is out these days. That don't mean it still can't burn. Let us aim at ducks only when they are a-laying.

Film isn't: Look where I have been.
Film isn't: Fight by ten glossies.
Film isn't: A tune to hum to.
Film isn't: Myth.
Film isn't: Logic.
Film isn't: Love.
Film isn't: Film.

Let us elevate the medium from hen peckings and factory stencils. Let us rid ourselves of the ATR (no mis-print here), and elevate it back to the structure of craft. Every time I hear the word *culture*, I reach for my Mao

We won't rise with the masses, for the masses, or by the masses, not while we sink in the muddle.

There is no glamour in anarchy. No banners in the breeze, no prophets and no free love. Fuck you means FUCK YOU. You with the pulp in the paw.

Be it evident to most the similarities of the Poconos sleep-over camp and this joint. Bulletin boards proclaim with deadly inaccuracy the deviations and sublimations offered.

Welcome Leon.

Otto Langhanke

PRETZELS 7 DIGESTED

Music Sweet Music

Recently two concerts were given in Bard Hall. The first was given by a group of students from Manhattanville College, who performed a variety of selections from Baroque to contemporary music.

They began with a classical piece by Druschetsky, followed by two contemporary pieces by Joan Tower and Tobias Picker. These pieces didn't provoke much response, due to technical difficulties.

The oboe had a harsh, squeezed-out tone which never blended with the more fluid quality of the strings. The tuning of the violin was off, and the tempos of the performers were not synchronized. In the Druschetsky, I sometimes wondered if they were all playing the same piece.

The two contemporary pieces had a brash quality, as if ejected by unsympathetic performers.

In the second half of the concert, Brahms' *Trio in A minor*, the technical difficulties were less obvious. Characteristically, Brahms has a strong interplay between voices, a melody in one instrument is continued in another. Voices return in varied forms. The musicians brought out this interplay between instruments, and lines were developed which continued throughout the piece. But their approach was timid, as if they weren't quite confident of their own interpretations.

The group obviously had an academic understanding of the score, but the spontaneity was not there, leaving the listener fairly unstimulated.

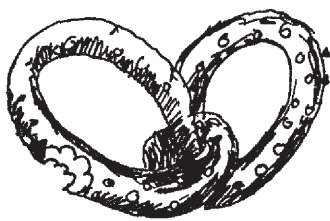
The second concert was given by a professional group. The cellist had a "tough guy" attitude towards the music, and he didn't hesitate to show his strengths, at times digging his bow into the strings. But this approach blended well with Beethoven's *Trio in E flat major*, which naturally has an intense drive and inner force.

Bartok's *Contrasts* was by far the best performance. The rhythms and patterns in the music were emphasized to evoke a real dance-like feeling. The clarinetist was especially sensitive to the subtle changes of color in the music, and had a crisp touch which stressed the moods of the composition, in both the dances and the contrasting "Relaxation" of the middle section.

The third piece on the program was George Crumb's *Vox Balcanae*. Viewers and listeners were attracted to this performance. The musicians wore masks and played under blue lights which suggested an underwater environment. The piece is subtitled "Sea Themes and Variations," the variations being the stages of evolution from the Archeozoic period to the Cenozoic. A flute flutters, then a breathy voice is blown into it. The strings of the piano are plucked to provide a pulsating background, the cello plays harmonics sounding like the weak voice of a falsetto in the distance. Through these devices the development of primitive species and prehistoric time is suggested.

Although the concert was patchy (the violinist was occasionally off-pitch, and weak in contrast to the cellist) it had energy and a fundamental cohesion. A great concert offers more; but in this case, at least faint praise is due.

Kathi Egli



The off-Broadway play, *Pretzels*, a new revue, is a comical and lyrical presentation of life within New York City, consisting of a series of skits and songs depicting situations which most all can relate to, but essentially geared to New Yorkers and their life styles.

The skits themselves, each one all of about ten minutes, give brief insight to people and their reactions or interactions with other people: standing in line at the unemployment office; an encounter with an exhibitionist; boy meets girl at a single's bar.

But even though the subject matter may at times appear a cliché, the presentation of them is what makes it. The skits move fast, almost on the level of impromptu. And the cast, four members, plus utilitarian staging, greatly add to produce a vivacious yet refreshing atmosphere. There are no themes or morals, just a bright and entertaining view of people.

The actors, due to the nature of the play, really displayed versatility in their approaches to roles, anything from a bratty kid clothes shopping with her mother to a waitress who has a Ph.D., but works in a coffee shop. Judy Kahan, also a co-author, displays her many talents, tapdancing, wonderful clarity in singing, and an uninhibited and spontaneous involvement in character portrayal, with such frankness and sincerity that really make this play worth seeing. John Forster, composer of music and lyrics, is another plus, although his direct involvement is seemingly small, reduced to a minor role of on stage piano accompaniment. His solos, "Classical Music," and trio, "Cockroach Song," really exhibit his musical talents.

As a whole, the show is fun and witty; if you're in New York City, take the time to see it.

Melissa Hart

Down Home Country

At almost eleven o'clock one recent, rainy Friday night, the Country Gentlemen arrived in the parking lot of a small Dutchess County bar, the Magdal Inn. They had been driving for about five hours trying to find their way north from New York City without finding their way off the road in the fog.

Fifteen minutes later they were standing on the tiny stage ready to start dealing out some high-energy country music. Opening with Kevin O'Leary on vocals the band shook the chill out of their bones and got the crowd loosened up and dancing. After a few numbers, Michael Simmons joined the band on vocals and together they roared through some of country music's finest songs featuring the excellent guitar and pedal steel of Johnny Keys. Mr. Tex. S. Goldberg supplied rhythm guitar and wowed the ladies in the audience with his smile.

Sirens outside were screaming towards a house fire up the road. Some trouble in the parking lot ended up with an ambulance taking someone off to the hospital and suspicious people began spreading ugly rumors about narcotics agents in the room. But through all the chaos the Gentlemen played their hearts out with amazing energy.

Flashing lights on the fire engines slowly pulled away and headed back to wherever they'd come from. And a lot of people were very tired and more than a little drunk. Slowly the Country Gentlemen packed up their guitars, stopped at the bar to have one last beer, and headed through the muddy parking lot towards their cars and a room to get a little high and a lot of sleep.

Michael Shea

RECORDINGS

Nilsson

Nilsson wraps this album in a reggae-flavored style and tries to give everyone a little of everything. The result is an odd assortment of lyrics and music. Besides stealing the title from Ringo Starr's oldies album, Nilsson also steals Randy Newman's voice on several songs. But this is all besides the point.

By combining reggae/calypso rhythms with diverse lyric matter (Tarzan, Kojak, salmon, the zodiac, and God) and a cast of hundreds, Nilsson has turned out a work with his peculiar and sometimes illegible stamp on it. Not as cute as *The Point*, or as good as Randy Newman, *Duit On Mon Dei* combines commercial appeal and a straining desire to be controversial or at least unusual. "What's Your Sign?" parodies single's bars (which already are a parody), "Good for God" is irreverent and "Kojak Columbo" attacks T.V.

If his blasphemy doesn't attract any attention, he can always wear a Kotex on his head.

Mingus

Recorded in 1957, released in 1962, and re-released in 1975, this album still sounds as fresh as the day it was released. From a bluesy "Dizzy Moods" at the outset to the stirringly beautiful "Flamingo" at the close, everything sounds as good as the first time I heard it. Mingus' bass plays rabbit-and-the-hare with Curtis Porter's sax, Clarence Shaw's trumpet is about as sweet as a trumpet can be, and the ensemble conjures up moods like few sextets can. "Ysabel's Table Dance" transports you to a dusty Tiajuana cafe and when Clarence Shaw stretches out in "Flamingo," the effect is haunting.

If you didn't catch *Tiajuana Moods* the first time, don't miss it this time. If you own it, buy another and give it to your best friend.

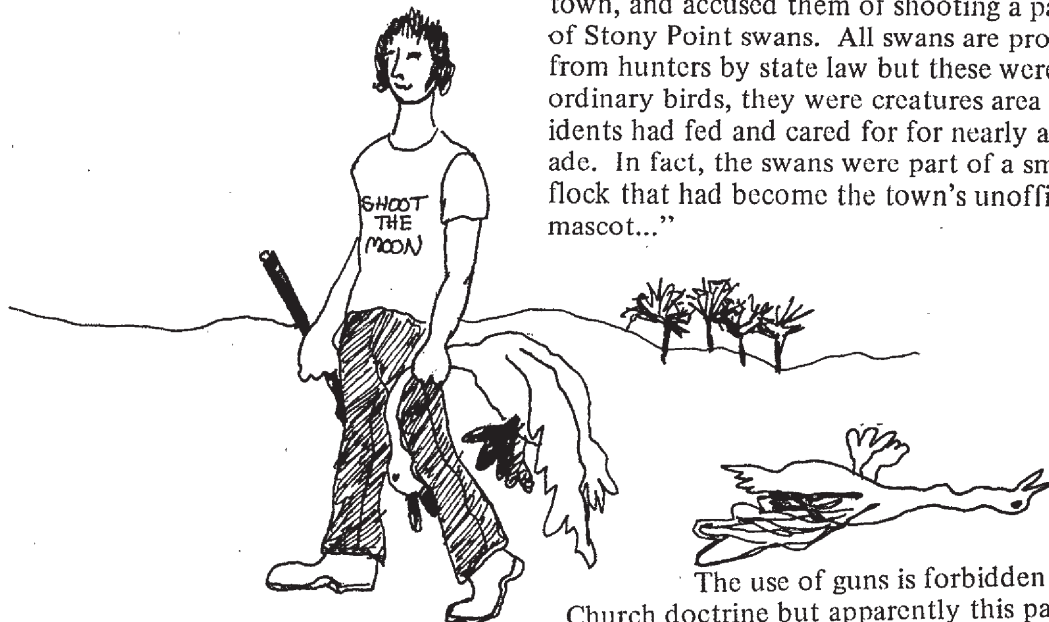
Michael Shea

MORE ON MOON

On Friday March 21, the Collegiate Association for the Research of the Principle held its first meeting. C.A.R.P. is the campus exponent of Sun Moon's Unification Church. The president of the Bard chapter is Steven Pouchie. Mr. Pouchie introduced the speaker, a long time member and self proclaimed ardent follower; who began by telling the 20-30 students present about how Reverend Moon changed his life.

Several students interrupted with calls of *get to the point* etc. while others expressed the urgent desire to ask questions.

What followed for the next three hours, unparalleled in the annals of Moonidom



was a battery of intelligent questions and astonishing answers. Three exchanges are particularly monumental. So overwhelming are they that one might take to calling them revelations.

Revelation 1—In response to the question: *What will the Moonies do to keep Bard from becoming inundated with proselytizers?* came the response that anything goes in terms of getting converts. When the lecturer was asked if he thought Hitler had the same idea, the lecturer responded that Hitler was evil and that Reverend Moon was good.

Revelation 2—The lecturer humbly, frankly, and honestly admitted that the questions asked at Friday night's meeting would not be allowed to be asked at Barrytown. He later rephrased this and said that they could be asked but would not be answered.

Revelation 3—This lecturer, this responsible official of Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, in front of at least 20 witnesses and perhaps in the presence of God and movie cameras, startled all present with the following. The question was asked: *Would you denounce the church if you knew that people were being held in Barrytown against their will?* The answer after a longish silence was: *There have been many instances where people have been kept in Barrytown*

against their wishes because they have been possessed by spirits. Someone else immediately asked, how can you tell when someone is possessed? Answer: *There is a woman there who knows spirits and can tell when people are possessed.*

Another bizarre chapter in the saga of Sun Moon and his band of crusaders, originates in Stony Point, New York. Quoting from the Tarrytown Daily News of October 30, 1974 the story begins as follows: "On Saturday, state police arrested two members of Moon's Unification Church based in Tarrytown, and accused them of shooting a pair of Stony Point swans. All swans are protected from hunters by state law but these weren't ordinary birds, they were creatures area residents had fed and cared for for nearly a decade. In fact, the swans were part of a small flock that had become the town's unofficial mascot..."

The use of guns is forbidden by Church doctrine but apparently this party of Moonies, equipped with hunting licenses as well as shot guns, were allowed to kill... A sacrifice perhaps? The birds were shot at close range from one of Moon's private yachts called the "Flying Phoenix."

One eyewitness, Mrs. Sherma Kelsey reports the incident this way: "My husband started in close enough to read the boat's registration number, and then he asked the men in the boat, 'What do you think you are doing?'"

"Just hunting," was the reply.

"My husband told them hunting swans was against the law, but they just shrugged and continued loading the gun. They had already picked up one of the birds and were heading for the other one when we started for shore."

By the time state police were alerted and reached Moon's Tarrytown installation, "Belvedere," only two men could be found who acknowledged involvement. They were Fang Kil Han, 41 and Kenji Chnuki, 31. One of the men is believed to be the tutor for Moon's children. It could not be determined if Moon was on the boat.

When arrested, both men claimed that they gave the birds first aid and put them back in the river. One state trooper, present at the time of arrest, theorized that the Moonies "probably used mouth to bill resuscitation."

Kingston, New York Deputy Police Chief, William A. Slovo reports that at first the Moonies were welcome in his town. They seemed friendly, obeyed the law and came to his office to get their solicitation permits.

But according to the chief, it would be an understatement to say that they wore out their welcome. "When I realized that everyone in town had a flower (they cost fifty cents and die before you get home) I told them to leave."

They left for that day. But then they just stopped coming to get their solicitation permits. They began to harass local residents and the chief found himself repeatedly having to run them out of town. Now, finally, they come rarely.

Recently, however, Deputy Chief Slovo has learned that the Moonies have repeatedly changed the dates on solicitation permits on a recommendation, and he says that he was conned into giving them.

Facts are now beginning to come to light which indicate that one's mental health may not be the only danger in Barrytown.

According to one Northern Dutchess Hospital administrator, the serious accident rate is appalling. Multiple fractures, contusions, and head injuries abound.

The doctor found these injuries to be particularly frightening in view of the fact that there is allegedly a resident nurse at Barrytown.

Another fact pointed out was that the injury list only included those who used the Unification Church as their address. He noted that there was an unusually high number of out of state listings since the Unification Church moved to Barrytown, but added that there was no way of telling whether or not these were church members.

The doctor also said that the quantity and gravity of the injuries incurred by members of the Unification Church probably could not be matched by a professional football team. He wondered if as a result of these disclosures church officials will now think twice about sending someone to the hospital.

In a related incident, one parent whose son is a Moonie, reports that after talking with Moon's insurance company, she has learned that the Unification Church held health insurance for its members for one month and then dropped it claiming lack of funds. The policy now only covers officers of the Church.

Frank Mellbranche



It's All In The Family

NEW YORK (LNS)—The United Farm Workers Union (UFW) has charged that Gallo's advertising for Madria Madria Sangria misleads customers who might want to boycott Gallo products in support of UFW. In a complaint filed with the Federal Trade Commission (FTC), the UFW pointed out that commercials for Madria Madria do not identify it as a Gallo product, and imply that the drink is made by a *small Spanish-American family winery*.

The commercials feature a young woman who says in a Spanish accent that her husband and uncle make Madria Madria in the



Spanish tradition. The woman is Ofelia Gallo and her husband and uncle are members of the Gallo family. However, the maker of the wine is identified as *Ricardo Madria Madria, Modesto, California.*

That name—which also serves as the only identification on the wine labels—corresponds to no existing person or company.

As of March 10, FTC officials said no steps had been taken to investigate the UFW complaint. The protests have, however, prompted the scheduling of federal hearings on a new bill requiring all food labels to show the maker, packer and distributor. Present law requires that only one of these be on the label.

An Offer You Can't Refuse

NEW HAVEN, Conn. (LNS)—Two women who refused to talk to a Federal grand jury seeking information about two activist fugitives have been jailed in New Haven after Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall refused to overturn a lower court decision holding them in contempt of court.

Ellen Grusse and Terry Turgeon, both active in the New Haven women's movement, were jailed on March 5 and will be held until the grand jury adjourns on April 1st.

Five women—Jill Raymond, Marla Seymour, Gail Cohee, Debbie Hands and Linda Links—and one man—James Carey—were jailed in Lexington, Kentucky on March 8 for refusing to testify before a grand jury investigating the same case. While an appeal has been filed on their behalf, the six cited for contempt in Lexington could be held until April, 1976.

In both New Haven and Lexington the FBI questioned members of the gay and women's communities about fugitives Susan Saxe and Katherine Power, charged with robbery and murder in a 1970 Boston bank hold up in which a guard was killed. The government alleges that Saxe and Power committed the bank robbery to finance anti-war activities. Both are on the FBI's *Ten Most Wanted* list.

What is happening here and in Lexington, explained Cookie Polan, a legal worker for the Grusse and Turgeon defense team, is that people who don't talk to the FBI when they come around get subpoenaed.

Lawyers are arguing that the subpoenas are an illegal use of the grand jury by the FBI, which is not looking for indictments but rather seeking general information that could help them capture Saxe and Power.

The FBI harassment in Lexington has gone beyond using the grand jury as a weapon to try to force people to talk. Besides threatening to subpoena people if they refuse to answer the FBI's questions, agents have been harassing people by informing employers and relatives that they are gay, and by giving friends and relatives of the people subpoenaed false information about them in attempts to induce friends and relatives to cooperate with the FBI.

The FBI does not have general subpoena power and a citizen has the right to refuse to speak with an agent. It is illegal, however, to lie to a federal agent.

The FBI doesn't have a very good record of finding people these days, notes Robert Sedler, one of the lawyers for the six jailed in Lexington. They can't find Saxe and

Power and they're frustrated so they're willing to abuse the law—which is exactly what they are doing in this case.

A friend of Jill Raymond, one of those indicted in Lexington, reported that he was reached in Detroit by FBI agents who offered to pay his way to Kentucky if he would try to persuade Jill to cooperate with the FBI. The friend said that the FBI agents told him that if he didn't do this Jill would be in great trouble.

Similarly, the Michigan Free Press, an alternative paper in Ann Arbor, Michigan, reported that two well known Ann Arbor gay activists were visited by FBI agents on February 20 who showed them photos of Saxe and Power and warned them that harboring fugitives is a federal offense.

What this is about really, said Judith Peterson, another lawyer for the Lexington defendants, is that the Justice Department is using a Federal grand jury to obtain information which would assist the FBI in the apprehension of suspects already under indictment—and that is just not the function of the grand jury.

Imprisonment for contempt before a grand jury can last until the defendant agrees to cooperate with the grand jury or the term of the grand jury expires. In New Haven, the present grand jury will terminate in April unless it is extended to continue its investigation.

The term of the Lexington grand jury extends until April, 1976. Attorneys for the six there feel they will have a decision on appeal they intend to file in less than 30 days.

THE RIGHT REV. SPEAKS:

Friends and Neighbors of the Speckled Bird—

Today I comest to you as a refreshed and a relieved servant. A new and righteous man who hast casteth off the disharmonies of ignorance and donned the diminished fifths of bliss. Yeah, my blessed boboes, I am full of vim and vigor and vitality. And I hear y'all saying at me, *Me, Rev., show me the way to bliss, too.* And friends, I'm gonna point you right, smack at it. But first, lettest me tell y'all just a short tale.

It seemeth that I was perusing through a box-load of my favorite forty-five RPM recordings. Just hundreds and hundreds of songs of faith and inspiration such as I heardeth as a young lamb of God. Now my heart was glad at the sight of these things but was Jesus, my savior happy? I say damn no he wasn't! I heard him whisperingeth into my righteous ear, *Pug, all of these songs for me are just fine but, and I listened on, why don't y'all haveth no songs for my good personal friend, the Rev. Mr. Sun Myung Moon.*

Yeah, I swearth he said it and I knew I had to act so I satteth down and I wrote the following lines of faith (to be sung with an up-tempo rhythm to the tune of *your choice*).

Fly Me To the Moon

*Lord I'm sad and lonely in this cheap hotel
My holy roller's slowing down, my karma's
shot to hell
My guru left me stranded, he went and found
a wife
There's no one left to resurrect my poor lost
after-life*

(chorus)

*So fly me to the Moon and let me sing
Amazin' Grace*

*Let me find eternal bliss in the Reverend's
shinin' face*

*These earthly goods I have keep gettin' in my
heavenly way*

*So fly me to the Moon I want to give it all
away.*

*The Buddhists call me hopeless, Muslims call
me boy*

*Zendoes call me atheist, Jews all call me goy
I can't wait forever Lord, I need salvation soon
It's one small step to Jesus, one giant step to
the Moon*

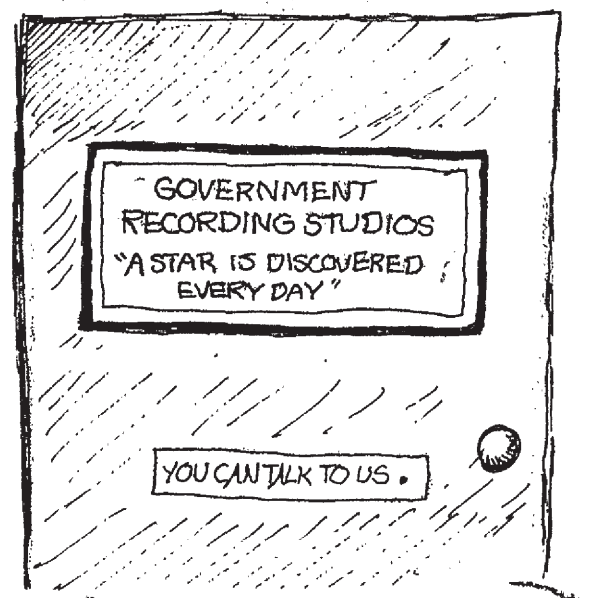
(repeat chorus)

Yes my blissed-out brethren, just the singing of this song will bring reams and acres of musical joy into your rock-hardened hearts. Jesus may have thousands of hits on his side (his current single, *It's Alright Ma, I'm Only Bleedin'*, is No. 29 with a bullet) but now the Rev. Mr. Moon has quality in his corner. So, fellow foot-stools of the Lord, when some stringy-haired twerp tells you to *take a flyin' fuck at the moon*, just sing him a few verses, a chorus, and then turn him right over to the Rev.'s disciples of discipline, and things will be just fine.

Rev. Pug's Flock-Talk: *Friends, are you paying taxes on the wages of sin? Well just pick up the sweet pen of Jesus and write a check of salvation to wipe out the debts of evil.*

Amen!

Michael Shea



The legal team for Grusse and Turgeon is filing a petition for a re-hearing which if approved will give the question of FBI use of grand juries a hearing before the full Supreme Court.

This appeal won't help our clients, explained Cookie Polan for the Grusse and Turgeon defense, since they will be out of jail before it gets to the Supreme Court. But it can bring a full hearing on the issue to the Supreme Court.

We feel it is very important for the women's movement and other political activists to be supportive on this issue, stressed Cookie Polan. We see this as an attack on the women's movement. It is an effort to create distrust among women.

The only way to deal with the FBI and grand juries is for everyone to refuse to talk. Whether you feel you know anything or not, it is an act of solidarity to refuse to talk.

*Cookie Polan is the sister of Kelly Polan, Bard freshman.

The Observer is an independent student publication of the Bard College community. Publication is biweekly during the Bard College academic year. Letters to the Editor and other inquiries should be addressed to Box 85, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, 12504. The contents of the Observer are copyright 1975 by Observer, Inc. unless otherwise stated. The Observer is an Associate Member of the Alternative Press Syndicate, and subscribes to Liberation News Service. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of Bard College or the Editorial staff.

observer

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Cover Photo by John Kisch

S. C. A. R. F.

Publications



PLAIN SPEAKIN'

On a number of stories our staff has been covering we have run into a great resistance from the Administration. They assure us that nothing is wrong, not to rock the boat, not to report what we know for some unspecified harm, which they later protest does exist.

We are told that public airing of local problems will only bring a great hardship to the community. They argue that informal arrangements will be jeopardized.

We cannot agree. The community has a right to know how they are being compromised or put in jeopardy. Informal arrangements are dependent on people. People can change their minds. They provide no guarantee of consistent action. Personnel changes abrogate informal agreements. It is the opinion of the *Observer* that all arrangements should be in writing and promulgated through such journals as the *Student Handbook*.

We regret the omission of the cover photo credit in our last issue, and wish to thank Cleveland Storrs for his fine work.



To the editor:

In the interests of the Bard community as a whole, I feel that the Unification Church should make clear to the student body the meaning of the presence of its members on campus. As I am sure is widely known, many rumors are current concerning brainwashing, physical violence and people being detained against their wills at the Barrytown center. Having been to the CARP meeting on the evening of March 21, where several of these issues were brought up, it is my opinion that the lecturer did not satisfactorily respond to these charges. In fact, many of his answers were clearly evasive, and a number of them even seemed to corroborate the rumors. I personally know of one incident in which 30 British students were held against their wills at a Unification Church center in my home town, Tarrytown, N.Y.

In addition to this, there are also the reports that the Unification Church runs a factory which manufactures M-16 rifles as well as a brainwashing school, both of them in South Korea. These seem to be rather dubious activities for a *Christian* organization to be involved in.

All of these charges were more or less denied by the lecturer at the CARP meeting. I must confess myself unconvinced; judging from the mixture of snickering and groans with which the rest of the audience responded to these denials, I believe that they were unconvinced as well.

Until these rumors have been disproved to the satisfaction of the student body, I feel the Unification Church constitutes a possible menace to members of the Bard community. I would be unwilling to ban these people from the campus; not only would this be an infringement of the right of free speech, but I fear that it would also give the Barrytown center the appeal that any forbidden fruit has.

All I wish is that Rev. Moon's followers would be a little more up-front with their intentions. It is ridiculous to form a *Campus Association to Research the Principle* which insists that one must spend three days *off campus*, in surroundings that can, at this point, only be described as questionable, in order to learn anything of this *Divine Principle*. I am not willing to go into the Barrytown center; I cannot be sure that I would come out again. Assurances to the contrary do not make me feel any better; the ignorance displayed by CARP's lecturer (whether feigned or actual) only serves to increase my suspicions. I have never found the inability to give a straight answer to a straight question an endearing quality. If Rev. Moon must send a speaker, the least that he can do is to send us one who will give these questions a response.

I am not open to the Unification Church because they have not been open with students of Bard. There are too many messiahs around for me to accept this one on his word alone. Rumors are rarely propagated without some grain of truth behind them; but if Rev. Moon can show me that the rumors surrounding his Church are pure fantasy, then perhaps I will change my opinion. But if the Unification Church will not show us where they're at, then I wish that they would leave us alone.

David Schlesinger

To the editor:

1) Michael Shea's concept of the history of jazz is sadly limited. Although my own knowledge is by no means extensive, it appears to me that a number of things are missing, and an equal number incorrect.

a) Jelly Roll Morton did not "invent" jazz. Its sources are many and complex.

b) Satchmo and King Oliver plus Ellington and Basie do not equal swing. Jazz is a folk art; swing is pop music. The Dorseys and Benny Goodman are musicians; Sinatra is an entertainer.

c) The most disturbing errors involve bebop and contemporary jazz. Rather than argue with the romantic picture of cellar dives and uptown clubs, I will merely ask that you listen to Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Bird and Diz, (early) Miles and Sonny Rollins, and then move on to Trane.

d) Lastly, the National Jazz Ensemble are not "a new wave of avant-garde musicians." They are a living archives. I will not go into the validity of such an ensemble, but ask again, that you listen to the avant-garde: Archie Shepp, Roswell Rudd, the Jazz Composer's Orchestra, the work of Charlie Haden and Cecil Taylor (whose big band work is truly an extension of the jazz tradition), ad infinitum.

2) The first issue of the *Observer* for this semester has the quality of a period piece. Before I arrived at Bard, the newspaper was for a while, known as *The Red Tide*. It represented the worst fears of the parents of a college student in the sixties brought to fruition. Communism! Obscenity! Lawlessness! The tone of the latest *Observer* is less frantic, the overall quality of the journalism has improved, but the spirit of the *Red Tide* lurks just below the surface.

I have frankly no idea as to the purpose of a college newspaper. I tend to think there is none. I am writing because you seem to think there is a purpose; because you seem in fact, self-conscious about the image the paper presents, and finally, (surprise) as a gesture of encouragement, because the current *Observer* is far less offensive than it has been in recent years.

Harvey Nosowitz

To the editor:

Once again, people in this community have shown their immaturity. In the past, an individual's childish action generally had an effect only on those immediately involved. This time it affects the whole community. I am talking about the wanton vandalism that took place on the two pinball machines and the jukebox in the recreation room under the gym.

The senselessness of these acts is incredible. By now, everyone should know that the entire profits from these machines (and they can be substantial), will go towards things like scholarships or a student center on campus (where the machines will ultimately be housed). Everyone here stands to benefit from these funds.

The vending machine company has warned us that if this vandalism continues, the machines will be removed. Get your shit together!

Jamie Fishman



An Open Letter to President Botstein

We would first like to congratulate you on your appointment to the presidency of Bard College. Indeed your appointment is a landmark, since you are the first president of this college who is not a minister in the Episcopal Church.

You take over the job at a time when all small private colleges are expecting grave financial difficulties. Bard, we are told, is not as poorly off as many others are. But we still have difficulties. In the next five years, colleges are expected to see a pattern of decreasing enrollments. Bard, not being a heavily endowed school, is dependent on enrollment for its operating capital. If our enrollment drops, or even simply stabilizes at its present level, the school will not be able to meet its day to day bills.

At your address to the community on March 5, you warned us not to expect any new endowments. You further proposed spending more money (venture money) to bring in new high powered temporary faculty. You have mentioned the possibility of mortgaging some of the Bard lands to provide capital for even more new projects.

Bard has a present debt of approximately six hundred thousand dollars and all you propose to do is to spend more, and go into debt even more deeply.

This does not seem like sound fiscal management to us. Rather it seems like a hustle of grand proportions. Indeed, it's vaguely reminiscent of a hustle pulled off at the New England Conservatory of Music a few years back when Gunther Schuller took over as president of that school. There Schuller

brought in top notch people, spending like crazy. The school went heavily into debt only to be pulled out of the fire on the basis of their new national reputation.

It worked at New England, but will it work here? Possibly not. The economy has changed. The money might not be so easy to tap. It seems like a questionable gamble to us.

We at Bard have always been proud of our grounding on individual work and study, enabling students to find just the area of study which interests them the most. It is in this light that we review part of your speech to Grinnell College and find it troubling.

There's only one justifiable reason for collecting people between the ages of 18 and 22 into a unified structure, housing them, and bringing them together with a group of faculty and administration, and that is to attempt to bring them together under what might be manageable circumstances to govern and run a community on a different basis than is evident in the external world...Its objective would be the encouragement of a sense of social political responsibility through the creation of active citizenship.

...The second part of my program would be an active laboratory-integrated science program for everyone, no matter what you knew in science or didn't know in science. Here I borrow from

Army basic training the notion that, until the last man learns it, everybody does it. There would be no physics for the most gifted, physics for the people who had had calculus but didn't remember too much, physics for the people who had only algebra, and physics for non-majors, for poets.

Everybody does the same, but it should be on a level determined by the scientists--that is, acceptable.

We have an educational policy at Bard which is at direct variance with the basic elements of your proposal. We find your speech repugnant. We did not come to Bard to join a kibbutz, we came to get an education. There are many colleges and universities where students may make it through four years and receive their degrees without ever writing one paper. Things like that don't happen here. If many people tend to be off by themselves, it's probably because they are working.

We believe you would be doing yourself and Bard a great favor if you stayed out of all educational policy for the time being.

Further, we call on you to open all administrative committees to student participation, to press the Board of Trustees to add a student to the Board. We realize you have stated your belief in student participation and are looking forward to the new era at Bard.

Finally, we warn you against acting autocratically.

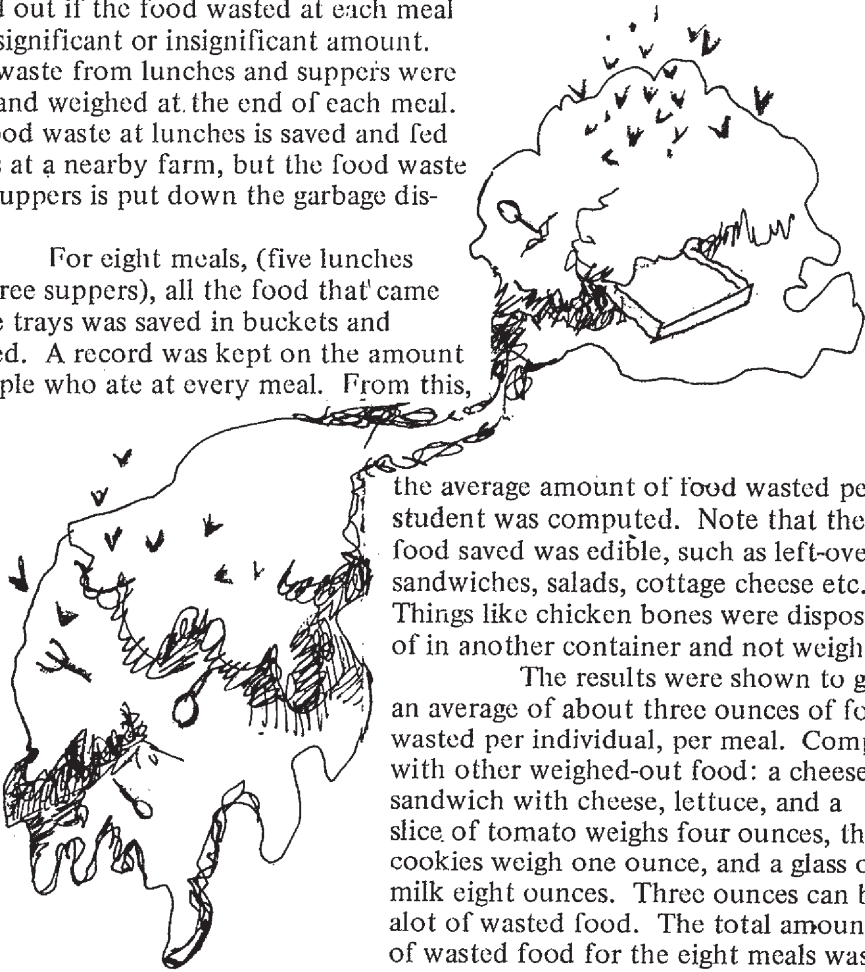
It's the best way we know to get into hot water around here.

Observer

GOOD TRASH

Due to some students' concern about food waste at Bard, it was decided to find out if the food wasted at each meal was a significant or insignificant amount. Food waste from lunches and suppers were saved and weighed at the end of each meal. The food waste at lunches is saved and fed to pigs at a nearby farm, but the food waste from suppers is put down the garbage disposal.

For eight meals, (five lunches and three suppers), all the food that came off the trays was saved in buckets and weighed. A record was kept on the amount of people who ate at every meal. From this,



the average amount of food wasted per student was computed. Note that the food saved was edible, such as left-over sandwiches, salads, cottage cheese etc. Things like chicken bones were disposed of in another container and not weighed. The results were shown to give an average of about three ounces of food wasted per individual, per meal. Compared with other weighed-out food: a cheese sandwich with cheese, lettuce, and a slice of tomato weighs four ounces, three cookies weigh one ounce, and a glass of milk eight ounces. Three ounces can be a lot of wasted food. The total amount of wasted food for the eight meals was 674.5 lbs. The cost of 674.5 lbs. of food

Lunches - February 24 to February 28

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri
Total amount of people	334	542	536	485	473
Food wasted in ounces	776	1008	784	1136	2720
Average food wasted per person in ounces	2.32	1.86	1.46	2.34	5.75

Suppers - February 24 to February 28

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri
Total amount of people	453	463	504	461	366
Food wasted in ounces	*	1648	1520	1200	*
Average food wasted per person in ounces	*	3.56	3.02	2.60	*

* food was not weighed these nights for various reasons

Total amount of food wasted for the eight meals - 674.5 lbs.
Total amount of individuals who ate these meals - 3798.00
It comes out to approximately one pound of wasted food per student at Bard for those eight meals.

(continued on page 15)

SPINDLE,

Most upperclassmen at Bard remember that the Bard application which they completed was comprised of three parts. One part dealt with personal information such as name, address, and social security number. The second part consisted of the applicant's high school scholastic record, including SAT and achievement scores. The last part was comprised of six compulsory essay questions, in which the applicant was required to write, at some length, about personal experiences, hypothetical situations and issues considered to be relevant to a high school student aspiring to spend at least part of his college career at Bard.

For those freshmen who will enter Bard this coming fall, the first two parts of the application remained basically the same except that SATs (long under fire from all corners of higher education) were not required. However, the essay section was dropped entirely, and in its place was substituted "question 15." It reads, *At Bard, a student's education is essentially his/her own, requiring that he/she work for him/herself, for his/her own growth. The first part of this application is composed of standard questions that tell us the facts about you, but little about you as an individual. Is there anything that you feel may help the Admission Committee become better aware of your interests, and ability to take advantage of Bard's personal educational experience.*

This streamlining move has been criticized by faculty and students alike. They feel that dropping compulsory essays eliminates a valuable criterion on which to evaluate incoming students. With the previous essays, came the personal flavor. This separated the Bard application from applications for employment, or even applications for other colleges. The Bard admissions staff believes that the new application does not limit applicant-college communication, but gives the applicant a more meaningful mode of relating what he or she can offer to the college. Alfred Brown, Director of Admissions, said in an interview with Josepha Gutelius, *the response to question 15 has been wonderful. I've been getting tapes, slides, portfolios, poetry, books, graphs, and self-evaluation. Obviously, to receive a work of sculpture from a student who wants to major in sculpture at Bard, is more meaningful than an essay.* Scott McGuire, Assistant Director of Admissions, reports that 95% of all applicants reply to question 15, and that most of them do so in ways that would have been prohibited by the old application.

Both Mr. Brown and Mr. McGuire claim that essays such as those previously used hinder some applicants. Mr. McGuire says that during interviews he had with applicants, many state outright that the essays are burdensome. Says Brown, *My concern is to reach students who might express interest in Bard, but for whom the essays might be a road block. Take a student who gets B's and A's in science and math, but a D in English. I don't want to steer away students who might be interested in us, but who are never given a chance to show us what they have to offer.*

Those who are opposed to the change in the application are not against an applicant's being able to show who he or she is in the most personally relevant manner. However, they do take issue with the admissions staff's neglect for universally accepted standards of written communication. They would favor the incorporation of question 15 into a group of essays designed to illustrate the applicant's ability to think in a mature manner and communicate his or her thoughts clearly.

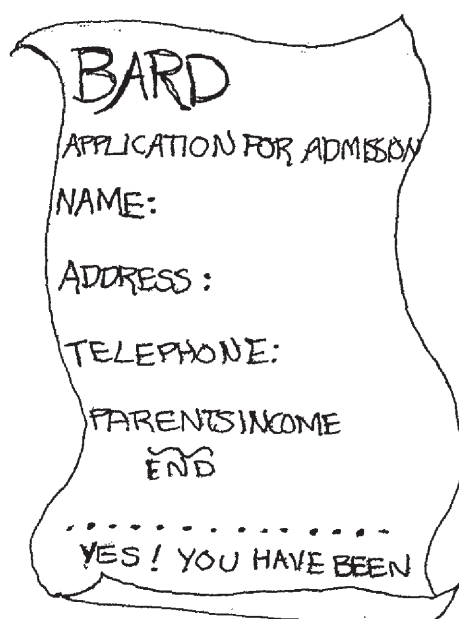
The professor, who prefers to remain anonymous, concedes that Bard has compromised some of its admissions standards, but not as much as have most small, private institutions. He thinks the admissions "problem" will be solved by more publicity, thereby giving the school a larger group from which to choose its 250-300 member freshman class.

The admissions staff feels that selectivity at Bard has remained the same, stating that the Bard applicant is *self-selective*. Mr. Brown says that 250 out of 400 applicants are admitted. That is 62.5%! According to Mr. McGuire, *figures are misleading*. He believes that those who are not applying would not be accepted. That is, through the process of self-selection the applicants do the selecting themselves, thereby saving the admissions staff the trouble of reading their applications. Mr. McGuire feels that it would be fruitless to appeal to 10,000 applicants, only to reject 9,700.

If the number of applications continues to drop, as it has for the past five years, we will reach a point where we won't need applications; the self-selection will have worked so well that we will have the right number of applicants every year. The percentage of applicants admitted, up from 30-35% in 1971 to 62.5% now, will be 100%, and then we can get rid of the admissions staff.

One obstacle to writing a truly objective report on Bard's admissions is obtaining information. The sparse empirical data provided by the Admissions Office was contradictory; other quite pertinent data, such as SAT scores and percentages of applicants accepted over the years, was flatly denied *The Observer*. The reason given for this was that statistics are dangerous in the hands of the wrong people. This implies that the average Bard student will make far-fetched conclusions from apparently damnable data.

MUTILATE

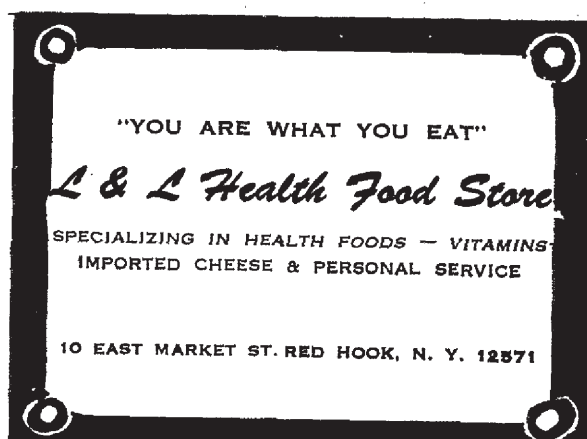
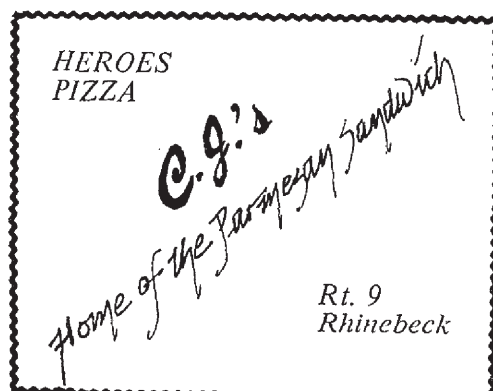


Some faculty members view the applicant who feels overburdened by the essays, to the extent that he or she would not apply to Bard, as quite despicable. They reason that anyone who would forsake the Bard experience for a few hours' thought would probably not exert much effort towards becoming integrated with the Bard community, and probably isn't worth the trouble. One faculty member admitted that the change in the application is actually an offshoot of the movement in all campus policy from idealism to pragmatism.

& FOLD

The admissions staff has good reason to adhere to its secrecy if it has something disturbing to hide, but if the student body is interested in having a more active role in admissions policy, or simply in being informed of the policy by which their numbers are increased, the workings of the Admissions Office must be less covert.

Angelo DePalma



Chemistry in Action

13

Thank God it's finally Saturday. I've been studying all week and I really need some time to relax and get my mind off books and that goddamn rat race. A whole two days to sit around and pick my toenails if I want. Jesus Christ!, high school can be such a drag. I wonder what I'll do tonight; maybe sit home and watch the tube until four in the morning. I could go to a party and get stoned and come home to raid the fridge. Or MAYBE, I'll do that hit of acid I've been saving for so long. I really shouldn't because I promised my mother I wouldn't trip anymore, but then that was a dozen trips ago, so what the hell.

You should never put chemicals in your body because you never know how they're going to affect you. Everybody's metabolism is different you know.

I can still hear her banging her logic into my head the night she found me tripping in my room.

And another thing, you don't know what kind of garbage they stick in those pills; why it could be poison! Are you listening to me?

I was trying to but was more concerned with the walls which had by now turned to a thick paste and were starting to boil.

That was over a year ago and since then every time I'd start to hallucinate I could hear my mother melting the walls. It seems that every time I trip I decide I'll never do it again, but I always do. I remember how burnt out I was after the last one. For three days I was oblivious to everything around me except a stupid parrot singing *Ring around the collar*, and everywhere I looked I saw a test pattern with a big seven in the middle. But I don't think that will happen tonight because I'll call up some friends and we can all drop together. That way I won't find myself paralyzed in

front of the television for twenty-four hours.

Hey Joe, I've got a better idea. I've got two tickets to the late show at the Fillmore tonight. We can trip over to that.

Great, who's playing?

Shit, I don't know, but we'll be so wasted we won't care.

It was agreed that we would split the acid in the 180th St. subway station when we switched trains and then down it with the flask of wine I'd brought. It was a good thing we left early because the trains were running slow that night. The no. 5 was crawling, so an



hour later we had only reached Grand Central. By this time, however, we were both starting to feel the acid and when we reached 23rd St. I was hallucinating heavily. My eyes darted out the window of the now speeding train and suddenly I was in church. I turned around and I was being Bar-Mitzvahed all over again in the back window. Just as I was about to read from the Torah I looked at two soldiers sitting at the other end of the car with two sordid looking women. My first impression was that they were prostitutes and being that I was in a very graphic and illustrative state of mind I couldn't keep it to myself. Before I knew what I was doing I yelled out *Hey Joe*,

look at those two creeps with their fucking whores!

Just as one of them started to get up, the train pulled into Union Square where we got off to change trains again.

The concert was rather boring. The first group was called "The Electric Underground Wastebasket" and after a lengthy intermission the new British blues band "Holy Smokes" played. After listening to their opening cut "The Church is on Fire," we decided to leave. It was only two o'clock, and we hadn't even peaked yet, but I had a sudden flash that if I went to the fountain in Central Park I'd meet my future wife. By now my mind was like a constantly spinning roulette wheel with each number representing an impulse. The wheel would stop and then start up again repeatedly. During the subway ride I was convinced that I had spinal meningitis.

We were walking past the Wollman Skating Rink when I looked up and saw the lights of an airplane that suddenly stopped moving.

Those airlines will go on strike at any time.

Yeah I guess you're right.

We waited for two hours but she didn't show up, and by now it was 4:30. I suddenly realized that my knees were turning into strawberry jelly and legs to peanut butter, the only combination of food (other than liver and onions) that I really despise. As we were leaving the park I felt sharp pains in my stomach and saw Joe hit the pavement. I suddenly remembered why my older brother warned me not to do that acid.

I wouldn't do that, Jamie, if I were you. When acid sits around for that long a time, it can turn to poison.

It was then that I realized I was dead.

Jamie Fishman

Tycho De Brahe

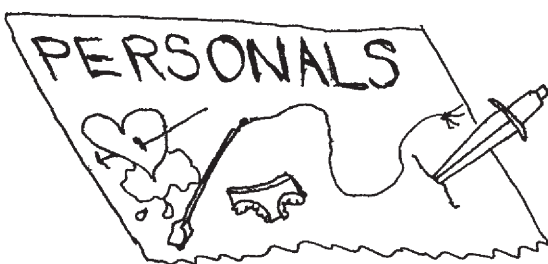
*He eyes the bandaged eye of the eclipse,
His hands draw out the glum maps of the sky,
A few years later, caviar on his lips,
He throws some bones to Jepp and drinks some
Schnapps and sighs:*

*Amidst these clocks, these sundials and these
domes,
And far from Copenhagen's nagging streets,
My gluttony and rudeness makes a home,
Within these walls the heart of harvests beats.*

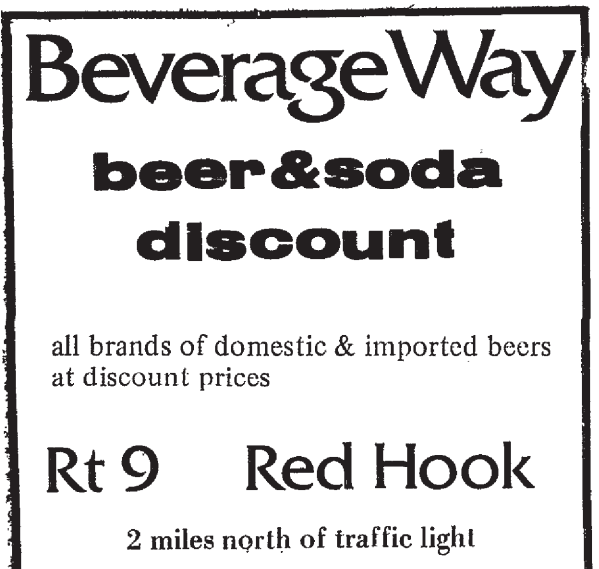
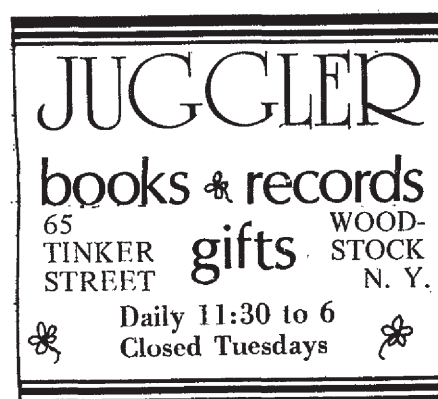
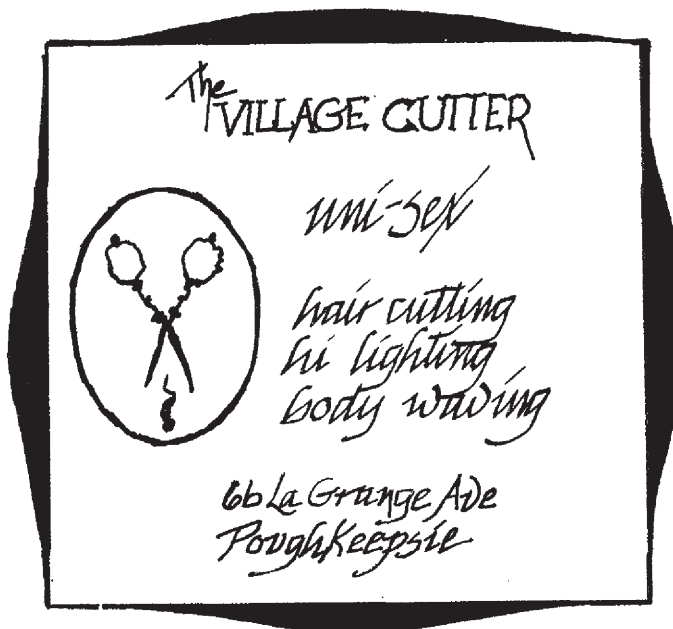
*O chattering dwarf, you can understand,
Whose quiver of quips reins like my sack of
wands,
Receive this bone, this flesh, this breath, this
balm,*

*And wear it like a sarcasm, like a chain.
I've made the sky as solemn as a psalm.
Let me not seem then to have lived in vain.*

Paul Cyrus Bray



C—Are you the boobie? J



(continued from page 4)

thought and lifestyle. Human history, woven of the lives of men who are inclined to both goodness and evil, is filled with a story of struggle. Today much of that struggle is ideological. Although Christians teach and believe that all men are descendants of the same source, many Christians do not like to eat and sit with brothers and sisters of a different color. What these realities mean is that Christianity today is in a state of confusion. Split by the chaotic tide of the present generation, it is unable to do anything for the lives of the people who have been drawn into today's whirlpool of immorality. Therefore, Christianity must once again re-establish its central position in the world as the means to salvation, but can only do so by accepting a new expression of God's truth.

The present generation is undoubtedly experiencing a worldwide reformation, in which many answers are being sought religiously. The whole world is seeking spiritual as well as material growth, as the internal nature is one of our last frontiers. As we approach the Second Millennium, mankind's quest to the cosmos must be enlightened in some way. For us to be frightened and fearful of not just the Divine Principle but any other means of reaching God's heart, is simply foolish.

This community has been spared many of the ills and hardships other people in the world are forced to suffer. There is reason for this, otherwise it would not be so. It goes deeper than college students preparing for a career in this country's capitalist system. As I see it, we are the ones who historically must spearhead the way to a deeper, more meaningful life on earth. We are the ones who must change a 6,000 year history of sinful endeavor which has taught us everything we know, and which therefore makes us indebted to it. We owe a responsibility not only to our ancestors, to ourselves, but most important to the future of the world, to realize a true spiritual growth within our own lifetimes; this process must begin with the individual and expand itself to the family-community-society-nationwide level, as this may work to create a better environment, with God as the absolute center.

When talking about opposing to perpetuate the existing system, the changes which need to be made in man's attitude towards life, need to go deeper than scientific, political or

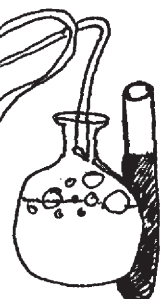
economic reform. It must encompass the Creator within its daily framework. It must realize and substantiate the origin and source of life as the center of our being, and therefore the center of society's being. It must maintain the essence of God and his creation, as the object of our devotion and faith, with man remaining the intermediary between the world of essence and the world of phenomena. It must clarify the Will of the Creator, and the principles which underlie the workings of the universe, and align ourselves with those principles, rather than go against them. We must be willing to sacrifice all that we have, if our generation wishes to have a profound effect on the future of the world.

We hold the ability in our hands to at least set the foundation for the most beautiful world mankind has ever seen, or to see it perish. Do we really have any choice? Did not generations before us go to war or sacrifice other things, that we might enjoy what we have now? It's the same old story. Who shall be the ones to sacrifice themselves for the whole of mankind? Only we know the answer.

Edited by Steven Pouchie.



Red
Hook
Drug
Store, Inc

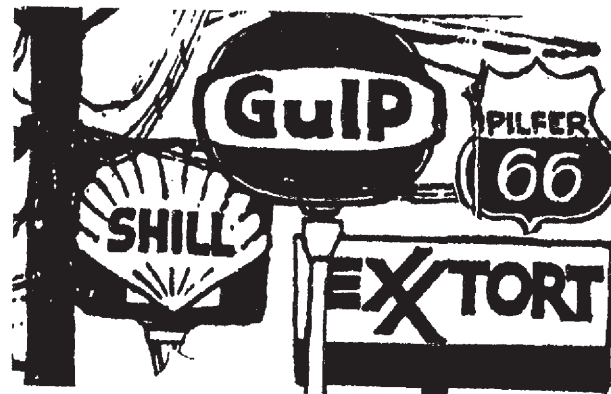


summer in europe

CHARTERS LESS THAN **1/2** REG. ECONOMY FARE

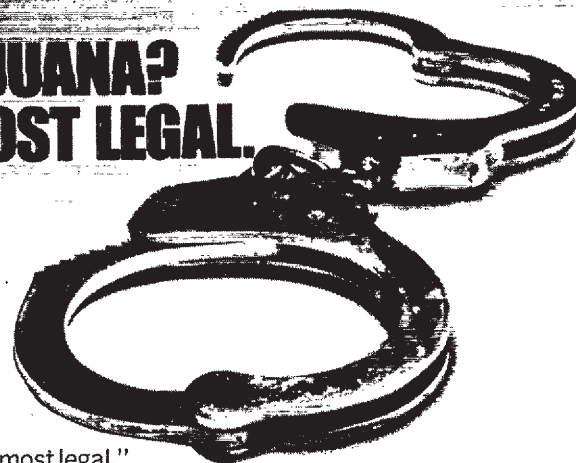
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IT'S ALMOST LEGAL.**

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But now a growing number of Americans are thinking seriously about changing the present marijuana laws. In fact, some laws have already been changed. The state of Oregon has successfully de-criminalized the personal use of marijuana. The American Bar Association, The National Council of Churches, Consumers' Union and The National Education Association have urged other states to do the same. An inevitable chain of events has begun. Become part of that change.

Help us help you.

NORML NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE REFORM OF MARIJUANA LAWS
2317 M STREET, N.W. WASHINGTON, D.C. 20037

☐ I enclose \$15.00 membership fee. (Students and Military \$10.00)
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'cut-offs' (recycled)

7 TINKER ST. (ON THE GREEN)



SAN FRANCISCO—A young man, who was on trial for burglary in a Hall of Justice court got into more trouble when he lit a cigarette in the corridor during a recess. Jim Hennessy, a policeman noticed it, moved closer, sniffed and promptly marched the man up to the sixth floor City Prison and booked him for possession of marijuana.

The Observer has recently learned that Sun Moon is neither the inventor of his Unification Church nor of his Divine Principles. They are the brainchild of an inventor from Pusan, Hyo Wom Yoo, who also considered himself to be the saviour. It is interesting to note that Mr. Yoo is also the inventor of an air rifle (for hunting small game) which has made Moon rich. Yoo died in 1970.

RALEIGH, N.C. (LNS)—The North Carolina State Senate recently approved by a 39 to 5 vote a bill to compel high school students to learn the virtues of capitalism. One of the bill's sponsors, Senator William Mauney told the Senate, *Businessmen are concerned that our young people are not familiar with the free enterprise system and what it accomplished for us...We need to educate our young people so they won't want to nationalize our businesses.*

in the grocery store today is an excessive amount of money. This is paid for by Bard students.

Possible reasons for food waste at Bard:

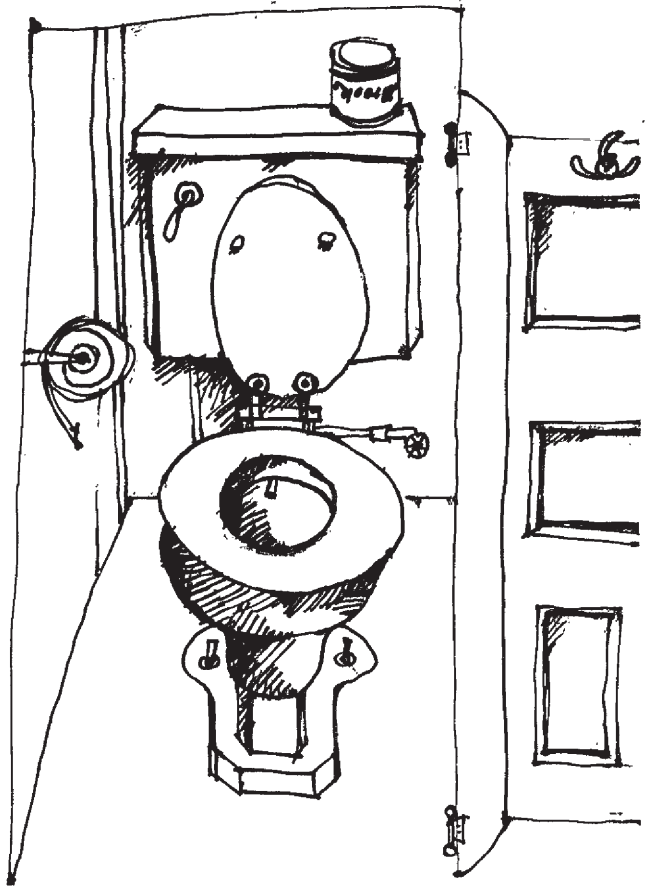
- 1) Food not prepared properly, or just not good
- 2) Server dishes out too much food on plate
- 3) Not knowing how the food tastes until after you get it, then finding out you don't like it
- 4) With meals being set up buffet style, one tends to take too much
- 5) Not caring if the food is wasted

If everyone did care a little, the food waste would probably drop considerably. Then the quantity of food prepared would have to drop, and perhaps the cost of room and board would go down.

Wasted food is only a piece of the pie. Paper goods, electricity, water and gas are being wasted around the Bard campus.

In conclusion, the amount of food wasted at Bard is a significant amount. The solution to the problem is left up to the student body and to the staff at Kline Common's kitchens.

Jeff Connor



NEW YORK (LNS)—*Top executives are increasingly popular marks for terrorists, kidnappers and revolutionaries, Business Week* stated recently. *If you travel to high risk areas or are frequently exposed to large crowds, it advised, you just might want to don a bullet-proof suit or other garment.*

J. Capps & Sohls make a bullet wardrobe out of Kevlar, a synthetic fibre used in tires, according to *Dollars and Sense* magazine. The most popular item is a \$155 evening vest for under a tux.

A University of Toronto study has found that persons who take vitamin C miss work because of sickness about 30 percent less often than those who don't take the vitamin. The study also found that vitamin C users had

about 10 percent fewer head colds. Dr. T. W. Anderson, who headed the research team, said 440 persons took part in the study between January and April, 1974. Some took dummy pills, while others took vitamin C in tablet form.

Anyone who bets on continuing inflation will lose that bet.

—Richard Nixon,
September 26, 1969

The problem of inflation has been defeated...the danger of any recession is nil.

—Gerald Ford,
March 17, 1970

(LNS)

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