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It’s The Amazing Newsshow
Photograph
Hugh Crawford
GRANTED

A considerable amount of concern, and perhaps even suspicion, is directed at the Office of Program Development. Rumors of Gene Mason and his gang of henchmen (pardon, hench-people) come floating into Dining Commons with amazing regularity. Trips to Bolivia, padded expense accounts, secret funds; the list is incredible. These rumors, like most, have no basis in fact and are really quite simple to dispel. A quick visit to the office (first floor, LSD) will provide the pilgrim with more facts than believable rumors. However, given local energy levels, the $722,054 grant money breaks down as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source</th>
<th>Amount of Grant</th>
<th>Time Span</th>
<th>The Federal money breaks down into two separate grants; $49,843 to the Freshman Seminar Series and $99,885 to establish a Bard-based Hudson Valley Studies Program. The Hudson Valley Studies Program will also include Vassar, Marist and Dutchess Community Colleges. Local museums, such as the FDR Library in Hyde Park, will also participate. The purpose of the program is to establish a local archives containing historical and cultural information pertinent to the Hudson Valley area. Money from Lilly is being used for faculty development. The Kellogg grant includes such programs as Student Futures, Community Outreach, Institutional Research and Faculty Development.</th>
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<tr>
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<td>W. K. Kellogg Foundation</td>
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<td><strong>TOTAL as of 10/15/76</strong></td>
<td><strong>$722,054</strong></td>
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**READ THIS!!**

Alert Bard students have certainly noticed the xeroxed sheets proclaiming READ THIS!! which have been placed on Dining Commons bulletin boards and on the mailroom walls. The other six hundred and twenty of us are probably unaware that Con Ed is considering building a nuclear power plant in Upper Red Hook.

An article in the November 18 New York Times explained that the need for water to cool nuclear plants has led to the selection of sites in the Hudson Valley. Environmentalists in the area have voiced their extreme opposition based on their belief that nuclear plants pose serious threats to the safety of community residents, to the aquatic life in the already dangerously polluted Hudson and to the beauty of the region.

A panel discussion will be held the evening of December 14 (see Calendar for further details) to discuss the problems and explore the validity of many of the claims made about nuclear energy. Students who feel strongly about the plant and the question of nuclear energy are urged to attend. This will be an excellent opportunity to hear knowledgeable debate on the subject.

Gail Levinson

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**A Scholarly View**

The scholar in residence at Bard this semester is Senor Enrique Losada. Mr. Losada is known for his role as the Bolivian ambassador to the United States during the early half of the nineteen sixties. For the last ten years Don Enrique has taught and at various institutions throughout the United States. His specialty is political science though he admires a great interest in the arts, particularly, poetry.

Born in a relatively small town in Bolivia, Con Enrique was nursed by a Quechua Indian; it is this fact that resulted in his fluency in the Quechua language, one of the four tongues which he has mastered. Educated in Lausanne, Switzerland, Don Enrique spent much of his youth on the European continent. It was there that, as a young man, he became a pacifist. Don Enrique remembers attending the first exchange of the "peace wounded" P.O.W.s during the First World War. His abhorrence at seeing the crippled and maimed of life war cut so deeply into him that he has since had a strong dis-taste for all militaristic aspects of our civilization. Evidence of the sincerity of this distaste is made obvious by the fact that he refuses to represent his country while it is under military rule.

A prime concern of Mr. Losada's is the future of our world. He believes that the peoples of this planet are at a crucial point in their history. He calls this century the century of "overskill", where mankind has not only realized the complete destruction of the earth, but is capable of destroying it several times over. Don Enrique says that the world's future lies in its youth, that the next few generations will decide the destiny of humanity. For this reason, he is a little troubled by the apparent political apathy of much of the youth of this country.

Don Enrique believes that there is a solution to Armageddon. He says that love, all its forms, is the antidote to annihilation. He cites the Christian proverb: "Love your neighbor as you love yourself." as a good thing to do. And, why not?

Mr. Losada expresses a keen interest in the Quaker sub-culture of the United States; primarily because of the pacifist beliefs that the Quakers hold. He has taught at Quaker schools and has written articles for their periodicals.

Residing in Briarwood, Mr. Losada has an office in the basement of Kellogg Library. His life's experience as a diplomat as well as his interest in the arts and sciences makes him a very interesting and knowledgeable person to talk with. Don Enrique has known many people in the literary and political fields of our world making him a living "mira de oce" of historical value. Being readily accessible and often found in the Dining Commons, Don Enrique is an easy person to meet and talk to. The Bard community is fortunate to have him here, even if only for a semester, and should take advantage of the opportunity to plumb the depths of his life's experience.

Rodolfo Medrano

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Page 1
It certainly is boring now people keep talking about the pet issue. After all, the problem's been going on for years and since the Student Judiciary Board and Senate decided last spring that pets were legal, what's all the fuss about?

Nothing's changed; that's why. The administration is still calling pets illegal and pet owners are still being fined. The latest bomb out of Liddow is that unpaid pet fines will prevent people from having financial clearance next spring and they will be unable to register for classes. We expect diplomas to be withheld next.

The Pet Committee is probably better organized and more efficient than Liddow in this matter. They have their ways of making a consistent effort to enforce them. It is simple to file a complaint and they are acted upon. The Dean's office, however, is somewhat less efficient. They depend upon B&G people to inform them who owns a pet and who does not, and therefore all animals are not turned in. In fact, last spring B&G people were threatened with the loss of their jobs should they fail to turn in animals. For an administration that complaints about authoritarian stereotypes, this secret agent business is curious.

The fact that faculty animals are allowed to roam the campus makes all of this worse. Faculty members who walk their dogs on campus are also an irritant; either the hallowed grounds of the Bard campus are not a pet toilet or they are. The dubious honor of being graced on by a faculty member's dog is no more prestigious than that of being lunch for a student owned canine. In fact, faculty dog dinners are more likely since student dogs are usually leashed.

The final insult is that Theo Jalosky, the man who is responsible for enforcing the administration's pet rules, allows his dog to wander the campus at will. Hang it up, Theo. At a Senate meeting November 12, Miss Buggart complained Theo and I can't control faculty lifestyles. Not even your own, folks?

The double standards have to go. Let's let B&G people give up their swishy status and return to other work. In short, it's time for the administration's pet rules to be abolished and the first to stop. Then we can all talk about something less boring.

**************

To the Editor:

Now that this semester is drawing to an end and thoughts are upon courses and work for the upcoming semester, I would like to inform students of the possibilities of meeting and working with inmates at the Greenehaven State Correctional Facility.

All of us who are working there now have learned and experienced a great deal, and have also widened our knowledge of what our country's institutions and values involve. We are working with members of the NuESP (Nu Black Studies Program). Each of us, however, are doing different projects which range from starting a creative writing workshop for inmates and senior citizens in nursing homes to working with juvenile delinquents from the Brookwood Institution nearby. All projects have been developed by the members of the NuESP and are community-oriented.

If you feel you may have some time next semester to devote to this program, it would be a good idea to begin initiation at this time. If the idea seriously interests you, please make arrangements to visit the prison with us at some point and meet the people we work with. The extent of your commitment amounts to one trip per week (we go on Thursday from 4:30 to about 9:00) and more if you so desire. Going to Greenehaven once does not mean you have committed yourself, but I think you will find yourself wanting to go back.

The experience is genuine, and so are the people. You can get credit from Bard for your work at Greenehaven if you wish to. So please think about it. If you do become interested, contact me or Barbara Morgan, Director of the Community Outreach Program.

Marylou Scofield

To the Editor:

In an effort to provide encouragement and assistance to the sincere men (inmates) of our residence hostel here at the New York Correctional Facility, PROJECT WE CARE is in the process of developing a comprehensive program in the area of inmate correspondence with concerned students, community groups and organizations.

Many of the men here at Eastern are without correspondence except in a business nature. We need your support in writing to men to show them that there is someone who cares. All initial correspondence should be addressed to either Richard Byrd of Sha-la God, the co-founders. We wish to assure a harmonious and cooperative relationship that would further humanity and the accomplishment of our goals.

Thank you for your kind attention.

Richard Byrd
Box R - 13126
Napanoch, NY 12458
Sha-la God
Box R - 7AA-682
Napanoch, NY 12458
Christmas

Before the show went up, a member of the cast of A Long Christmas Dinner described the play to me as a soap opera. She did so without using the term derogatorily, and I was curious how a play could be called a soap in a positive sense. After seeing it, I think I understand what she meant. This well-directed and well-acted production of Thornton Wilder’s play was, for me, an unusually touching piece. It evoked a kind of pathos much in the same way a soap might, but it steered clear of the transparency, the annoying triviality, that is so typical of a soap. Had this play been treated with none of the superiority and condescension, I can understand how it could have become tedious. But this production was handled so well, both by student-director Willis Adelman and by her cast, that fortunately none of this feeling crept into it. The actors were thoroughly engaged with their characters in a very honest sense: they did not stand back from those people and caricature them as they might have. Instead, they worked to take them on as believable, valid people — which was probably not a very easy thing to do since Wilder seemed to have deliberately written them as stereotypes of the American family. The doddering grandmother, the feather-headed wife, the patriarchal father, the rebellious son… they were all there. But something else was there which drew them away from the danger of being obnoxious clichés. To mention only one or two of the actors would not be sufficient: it’s a temptation to say it was particularly intriguing about each one. Their ability to change roles was good, as was the handling of the passage of time and the aging of characters. All in all, it was a truly well-done performance.

Catherine Williams

If only…

In the first place, Anton Chekhov was not Jewish, and although Neil Simon has displayed uncommon affection for the writings of this Russian bard, there is no real reason why The Marriage Proposal should have been played in the manner of The Odd Couple. This is of course not to say that we do not find Chekhov humorous, but rather that we appreciate him for his subtlety and his poignance as much as we do for his good humor. The Marriage Proposal was directed by Karen Shapiro. Visually, the production was quite pleasing with its attractive setting, costume and casting. We were, however, subjected to a conception of the play’s dynamics that surpassed the antic. We watched actors run about the stage in backwards figure-eights, gesturing, mugging, punctuating with the chin. So busy were Ms. Shapiro’s three actors that their characters never had a chance to surface.

The stage was rampant with unrealized potential, most notably in Bud Ruhe’s portrayal of Stepan Stepanowitch. If only he hadn’t been turned into Zero Mostel.

Peter Kosewski

death watch

Jean Genet’s DEATHWATCH was produced as the last segment of a triple bill of student-directed plays just prior to Thanksgiving. If you were able after the tedium of Thornton Wilder and the misunderstanding of Chekhov to bear with the drama department, you experienced theater in a very fine sense.

DEATHWATCH was directed by Ray Benkozy, and with much success. Benkozy created a model of reality that was more than compelling. Under hot lights and in a coffin-shaped stage, three actors showed us the lives of three men, men without dignity, men without any feeling beyond desire. It was a reality in which words described the impalpable and was gesture to the immediate.

Brian Keane played Green Eyes, a condemned man in prison. His last days make a mockery of the act of dying. Green Eyes is condemned to the company of Lefranc and Maurice, played by Brian Bonnar and James Johnston. Lefranc loves Green Eyes for his image, Maurice loves him for his body. And Green Eyes loves Green Eyes only to the regard of Snowball, a black thing in a nearby cell who is more of a man than he is.

Keane’s portrayal of Green Eyes lacked conviction for one reason: Mr. Snowball at one point, sends Green Eyes a token of his esteem, i.e., two cigarettes. This has to be a surprise, a turning point for Green Eyes: the two cigarettes are his symbol of success.

The point of all of this is that we aspire to things that are not real, to things that are no better than what we have. Lefranc and Maurice make a hero of Green Eyes — after all, he killed a girl. But he did it by accident. Green Eyes would have Snowball’s position. But Snowball is just another tough in another cell.

DEATHWATCH had much to recommend it, particularly Benkozy’s directing and Brian Bonnar’s performance. Except in the one instance with Keane, the complex psychology of the play was clearly represented. It was an exciting performance; a deeply-felt, well-thought-out rendering of an extremely difficult play.

Peter Kosewski

POETRY

1976—In A Small Steambath

There were woman looking like avocados, pears
hanging green
nauseate
having just eaten the shower steam
hanging green old steam
reflect all the thighs
I care to fell
So I laugh like a Bolshevik and grab my brown heart
my brown heart
hanging from twine

Good American Stuffed

That’s why she threw me out of her steambath at
at 4 o clock in the morning
the stones I think I cried rolled them over

to bite my face on the ice
incurrent and sad brown eyed like getting lost
in the veins of Mexico
and drowning a large white cat on the great lisppping
belly of my sea

covers the kitchen floor like wings of a huge mongoloid
butterfly chauling fruit
which is what I do when I don’t live to regret it

Basil Steele

Lying in flush green
Embraces my surroundings alone by myself.
The feelings from the leaves fall upon my shoulders

In riches of olive, emerald and ivory,
Self-essence living colors, and breathing, too, and breathing.
In the molecules surrounding me,
All but all gathers itself together
With my body and mind and soul.
One whole grows like moss that not just clings,
But touches, too
Upon the meaning of almost everything...

But what is this?

With my head leaned way I

Watch a lonely leaf wiggle in the breeze,

Trying to do its best,

When jottles swirls set a budbling atop my chest.

I’m breathing, too, and breathing.

Christopher Rushton
showed a particular interest in the fine arts—they are not evil men, but do—as we’ve said before-tend at times to operate rather autonomously if not at times in extremely authoritarian fashion. I speak here of the B&G administration.

Roots of such problems must run to fundamental community schisms since the whole emphasis here does seem to be from the top downward rather than from some reasonable [i.e., Real] foundation...of being Man...upward through our varied fields of study and creative endeavor. Integrated (balanced) man/woman as a contemporary goal gradually supercedes the old linear path to knowledge; Bard falls far behind what is being done all around us in institutions and communities who somehow feel a sense of common purpose and are going about the work of creating some real possibilities for future survival.

Here, if you think Dr. B. is full of shit, as it were, is a basic example. This is a college where too much is provided for you; where T H E Y do it for you. You do not clean up your own room, hallway, toilets and showers. You have nothing whatever to do with the most fundamental chore of man and animal, securing and preparing your daily food needs. You have nothing to do with the political-economic structure which rules your life—it is said these things do not concern you, that you now have time and the rare opportunity to carry on full time with your studies...you are a student. But all this isolates one from the mundane, inescapable realities of everyday life, from which springs all urgency to create, to obtain knowledge. Knowledge, like God, isn’t something other, not something external to selfhood. School is not, cannot be a vacation, all parts of the experience of Becoming must go hand-in-hand, how can it be otherwise? The media which our college contains and which represent Man’s unique voyage did not occur in isolation from daily necessity. We have been the bear and his thoughts in a far-away mountain cave; we have seen his form in the stars. We have cleaned toilets in cellars and aboard ship, washed thousand upon thousands of dishes together and found we are not alone. And from what we have found in those distant and difficult places and times we have made poetry, scientific insight, spiritual revelation.

M.v.B.

TODAY’S BISHERY

Nervous, habitual smoking is an evidence of irrevience in the fledging actor or actress—the body and mind are affected negatively. The actress regards his whole system gratefully, humbly (not timidly), and lovingly as a tool in theatre.

—from notes of Basil Rathbone.

NEXT WEEK

More letters from anxious readers; M. von Bish as film critic; and product reports, space permitting.

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**DR. BISH QUESTIONS & ANSWERS**

Ed. note: Since Dr. Molin and the NY underground have detailed Dr. Bish and a release has not yet been negotiated, Manfred Bish, critic and lecturer-in-residence, will reply to this week’s letters.

**AWARDS AND COMPETITIONS.** Special Achievement Award (from all of us) to Natalie Lunn for years of fantastic service to the community, for brilliance and achievement in the field. Witness her costumes for the recent, Life is a Dream, an extreme demonstration of artistry and craftsmanship. Most Anonymous Postcard Competition. Including points for a neglected category, shapelessness. Send entries to: M.A.P. Competition, G/F Tuffy, RiverV ew Dr., Ft. Bragg, Ca. Prizes will be announced in December.

Dear Dr.:

Why do people drive so fast along Annandale Rd.? There are young children who live and play beside the road, not to mention the students and various animals who walk along the side.

K.

Dear Koncerned:

Thank you for your note. This serious piece of business has been brought to the administration’s attention at least yearly for as long as anyone can recall; the reply, Annandale is a State-controlled road. So what? I say, let’s make some concrete, if they won’t move on it and pour a few bumps to slow down the cars. 25-30 MPH is fast enough.

Dear Dr. Bish:

Why are B&G men so careless about moving sculpture around in the sculpture garden? Several pieces have been broken by the movers.

K. again

Dear K. again:

don’t know, except its fairly well known this division of the college has not always

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**DISHWATER**

SUZI LISHT (a Robbins House resident known as Miss House-dirt) was heard to say at lunch last week, I used to like pea soup until I figured out what it was.

NEWELLE MCDONALD and POLLY CORRAN were on their way to their senior pro-ject performances of Diary of a Sousedam when they were held at the Red Hook A&P for pilfering M&M’s. Their innocence was proved, however, before charges were pressed.

Just in from the Dean’s Office: THEO JOLOSKY was observed shaking his head with lips pursed and eyes crossed. Hmmmm! Our reporter inquired, I’m holding my tongue, said Theo.

And an elegant morose of graffiti from the ever-popular HOFFMAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY TOILET: If you eat a rainbow, you can shit white light.

And for those of you interest-ed in holiday entertaining, we have it from KRISTIN BUND- ESEN’S very good authority that camembert is out this year. (We would have served brie any-way—Ed.)
Although some people might not know it, Bard has a varsity basketball team, which boasts a tough and highly skilled style of play. This year's team is shooting for the league championship and should be the best Bard squad in many years. A good freshman turnout for the team has augmented the returning veterans of last year's season: Aladlo Abreu, Cliff Forrest, Bill Moss, Waverly Robinson, Tony V. elazquez, Rolando Irizarry, Dwight Hill, David Penberg. Rookies Michael Roderick, Mark Ruhston, and Richard Starkie round out a versatile and experienced team.

In the season's opener, the Bard five rolled over Mount Saint Mary College 84-63. As Theo Jolosky, star of the faculty team, said, "We have a good offense and a good defense." It was a great team effort with everybody on the squad seeing plenty of action. Aladlo Abreu was high scorer with 26 points, followed by Cliff Forrest, with 16. Richard Starkie, Jr. had 13 points in his first college game, turning in a fine performance for his father, our beloved head of security. Other scorers were Rolando Irizarry, who dazzled the crowd with quick moves and soft shots, as well as 11 points. Veterans Bill Moss and Waverly Robinson had 2 points each as well as fine defensive performances. Rod Michaels also turned in an excellent performance, with 10 points, as did Jay King, who had 2. Coach Levine, who has devoted a lot of time and effort to the team was thrilled by this year's team: It's a great team, they played a good game, good defense, and they moved the ball around well. The bench did a good job.

Mark Callahan

This year's varsity basketball has been expanded to include a women's team, Charlie's Angels. After a pre-season regime of wind sprints, calisthenics, and scrimmages, the team began its schedule against the Berkshire Christian squad. Coach Patrick is optimistic about her women, but he says it will probably take several years to build up the team. Nevertheless, team members are looking forward to an exciting and demanding season, although they're not sure whether they want spectators.

M. C.

Actually, our team is encouraged by the obvious potential for future success, and we are proud to be pilgrims in expanding the scope of women's athletic involvement at Bard. Spectators are more than welcome — community support is definitely an energizing factor. But, as many of the team members are new to the game, we hope to view kindly and that expectations won't be too high. In addition to the gratification of competition, it is nice to feel the growing group spirit and good will among team members. We hope to establish a precedent for more physical awareness and activity among women on campus, athletic ability among Bard women being essentially an untapped resource. Wish us well — we're on our way.

S. R.

I adore dinners at Dining Commons. It's fun to be escorted by Sunflower to the door and join my friends for a communal feast! I love to watch Pinky, Reginald, and Strawberries [my three very best friends] throwing Rancheros at each other. (A girl can live on perks like that!) Of course, my professors keep asking when I'm working! I'm a success on campus, have lots of loving friends, and I wouldn't trade for V something, and Sunflower, who treats me like a princess. I'm thankful for my life, and much of my support comes from my favorite newspaper. They help me recharge what I want and make dining at the Commons even more exciting. I love that paper! I guess you could say I'm that Observer Girl.

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IT'S THE AMAZING NEWSHOW!

LJ P1J — The city commission Tuesday revoked the license of a sex club, described as a sex talk parlor that the commission claimed defrauded male tourists by promising sex but not delivering. An unidentified Californian visitor said that advertising had lured him to the place. He thought he would get sex but instead found bikini-clad girls reading from sexy books.

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