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DANCE REVIEW
by Randal Batty

There is a time when performance must come out of their world and face the spectacle of objects: the appearance of the Real itself tends to suffuse people into saying: ‘Well, he’s my friend and I’ll say he’s good at this, because I know he’ll like me, and besides, I see him every day.’

This approach is meaningless and, in short, a fraud. It is the role of the performer of an object to apperceive it not in terms of the given but, let us say, in terms of a short gestation period—however when it is called for, it must be given.

In terms of what happens in the Baird fine arts atti they, this attitude can be extremely detrimental. I have approached several events, several acts, and art magic to pursue events and performances these actsmutual and to come to the conclusion that there is not one key to want to believe that might endanger my dance or in the department: What is in this view of TV? It is comprehensible to see what people take the easy way out and rather than calling the dancer, artist or maintainent how the work was thought out through, what a strength and the elements were, and how it affected his audience.

In AMORO this tendency is further emphasized by the spectators. They fear what will happen, they fear that they will not be able to participate, and therefore they do not even try to see any sense of support or fulfillment in creating their fellow students’ work. The final performance is a mark of approval of the faculty toward the students—but I want that the faculty in an easy reaction for those students who do not have enough confidence in themselves and in their own area of study.

I am not a dancer. But dancers do not perform for dancers.

In this respect, I must therefore have my criticisms as not too broad, but on concept. Did the dancers interpret their movement with conviction? Was the movement itself, repetitive dignity? In the piece worthy of recognition because it has an aesthetic dimension or because it is somehow avant-garde? To this respect the review is left to those who interpret dance, as some of the audience was, who can base what’s good and bad in any one scene of dance. Perhaps this will be the case in the following year, as the piece was over— but it is meant to show down the future steps which were reviewed in both a piece and a single dance.

The Dancers: Theatre Two 1968 was composed of reconstruction choreography by Eve Giolamo, Katherine Kellner and Ayla Burnham. A piece by Giolamo and Beth Linneman, faculty prepydays for the piece, as it was. In the end, the piece was shown by John Riedy.

Giolamo’s piece is the most interesting. With music by Bach was entirely too repetitious. The dancers, Kittie Oates, Carla Simon and Koki Tauer, prove across the stage in almost any parameter rhythm. It is comparable to Shakespearean sonnet without the content. The piece seemed not to have any compositional function— but the mood of the piece was understatement—mood and the quietude of a dance who stands alone in the crowd. The dancers, proof that the composer controlled the piece. The mood within the music, to the content that the repetitiveness was enhanced through the combination of sound and mood.

In “Bacchus” with music by Miriam Mekotia, Miss Giolamo did a solo which was a magnificent piece of artistry. Shellis Giolamo’s movement was understated, the mood was as the mood of the composer. It was the characteristic, “clip” of Miss Mekotia’s song as a cantata to create a beautiful, yet sublime auxiliary sound. The mood was the main expression—strong and precise crystallization—precisely “Bacchus”. The music controlled— the result was an imaginative and lively piece of work.

The Dancers of Love

Katherine Kellner used the male duet of (Ford Terry) in a courageous experiment in the love relationship. Miss Terry and Marion Tauer faced within choreography剩留一致余的寄托 remained to be seen. However, again the music controlled the dance, which plans the dance as a secondary element in the dance. Again, the music, as seen in several times before, was not in the hands of the performers—it was in the composer’s hands. The music was never far away from the beautiful face of the piece.

An Ichetaka’s piece was a couple and a final take hold of the theater and let it work in the current direction. Love as a movement is in color and passion doesn’t fit in the context of the social movement which is going on in our society. The race problem must be talked about, it can’t be put away in the corner to let someone else drop into the trash can. If the powers that be take a hint from Miss Ichetaka, the role of the composer and the Band Camp will be greatly enhanced.

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A Cold Night
by Bill Gottlieb

Alien was a well-known player and tonight he had decided to pick up Mara, a notorious Freeburnian. They met down the road, drank, got drunk, and now he was trying to climb the fence so S--- House to an open window on the second floor and Mara’s open arms.

Alien had climbed the S--- House stairs before often drunk. He knew them like a blind man knows the rooms and chairs and tables of his own home. But he had never climbed them so slick with ice, or with steel hitting him in the face, or with the wind whipping his hair like it was tonight.

But he was pleased with himself. At almost every step he stopped and remembered the hunting cunt that was waiting for him, and looking down at the bars and the darkened shapes of trees he didn’t forget what a great guy he was himself. Not particularly pulls this kind of stunt, he thought.

Meanwhile on the third floor Mara tiptoed into the room and closed the door. She was thoughtfully basking in the glow of the little green lamp under the exciting news.

"Alien’s coming up!"

"Alien’s...

...look!

...and the little girl sat up in bed. "But he’ll be caught!"

"No," Mara whispered. "He’s coming up the back way."

Both girls turned their eyes toward the back of the house.

Waren, a school proctor, was sitting alone in the open! It was big enough for a good size room. When he owned the house, when their entire wag was still small, the room had been the scene of large and fashionable dinner parties. Some of the richest and most powerful men in the country and some of the most elegant ladies in the world and on the same seat Warren sat on tonight.

Waren was reading the paper. With his bare, hairy right hand he clapped open the catches on his lunch box and flipped open the lid. He took out his sandwich and unwrapped the wax paper.

There wasn’t a sound inside the house. Warren was aware only of the wind blowing outside. the rattling window pane, and a thud on the roof, which was a dead bolt against the wind blew off a tree.

But no. It wasn’t a dead bolt but Alien the well-known player who had fallen on the roof of the second floor and who was clenching a twisted stake. He was cursing feebly and making gestures with his arm. Cursing, frustrated, not so much because his stake hurt him, but because he had slipped and made a fool out of himself. He couldn’t go down the stairs nor could he call out and get caught. All he could do was sit there, sit there and swallow stupidly.

Everyone knows that unusual plans and schemes rise from the bottom of liquor bottles political victories, business adventures, fantastic journeys -- and an experienced drunker coming upon these ideas is not likely to be surprised or shocked no matter how out of the ordinary they may happen to be.

And so it was that Alien was not taken back when the thought crossed his mind that his not for his Crosby leg it would be perfectly possible for him to take a look. A long time he’d been and mock up these very stairs one night. To creep silently from one room to another slitting the throat of every woman in the house. He might not ever have the nerve, he thought. But, in fact, quite quickly, with a kind of pleasure, the killing could be done.

It was sometime later, when he had forgotten everything but the wind and the steeple, that Alien detected the ring of steps on the metal fire escape. Here on a freezing night, long after curfew, another poor soul was making his way up the stairs. Purring through the darkness Alien saw the figure of a man even more blander than the night rise up quietly to the level of the roof.

The stranger placed foot first on the roof carefully not to slip on his two good legs.

Alien propped himself up with one arm as the stranger drew near.

"Friend," he whispered.

The stranger quickly perceived that under his cloak the stranger carried a long thin knapsack.

Shook down Alien to his feet. "Footsteps in the pain in his leg he rushed to the fire escape from which the stranger had come, grabbed the iron rungs and descended, watching as he did the ascent of the dark figure to the open window on the top floor, left open for Alien himself!

The Time of the Furnaces
by Jeffrey Raphaelson

Last week, the first of Berrigan was sentenced to six years in Federal prison for the humblest crime of spilling blood into the files of the Selective Service System at its Baltimore office. Whether or not appeals to higher courts will uphold the ruling is not the question at this time. The fact is that the number of political prisoners in the jails of the "land of the free" is growing steadily almost day by day, and the mood is ugly.

The first thing that comes to mind when considering the sentence of Berrigan, after all, is the anger towards this specific case. In the representations this may have on the case of the Boston Pive, Speak, Coffin, Perker, Goodman and Raskin. The five have been charged with conspiracy to violate sections of the Universal Military Training and Service Act on four counts each: first, to aid, counsel and shoot draft resisters; second, to aid, counsel and shoot those who refuse to have in their possession their draft cards; thirdly, to aid, counsel and shoot those who refuse to have in their possession their draft cards; fourthly, with the administration of the Universal Military Training and Service Act.

The lawyers of the five defendants in the court fight that began on May 20, that the draft in unconstitutional, a violation of the first and sixth amendments. They are also maintaining that the Vietnamese war is unconstitutional, and on the grounds that the United States is violating treaties, failing to negotiate treaties, the N.Y. court, and is operating in violation of the Geneva acord account of 1954.

With the sentencing of Berrigan, it seems that the government is at a loss in the movement. The Berrigan punishment is unusually harsh for such limited violations, and we can only expect a similar harsh treatment for the Boston group.

In any case, the government cannot win the Boston case. If the five are convicted and sent to prison, the movement has its martyrs, and that the headlines all over the world: "Maced American Baby Doctor Jailed." Or, aside, "Faye University Chaplain Imprisoned." If the five are acquitted then the next step is the challenging of the draft and the Vietnamese war in the Supreme Court. More importantly, it will give widespread license to draft resistance.

The sentencing of Berrigan and the provocation to the Speak-Coffin trial, coupled with the growing number of young men leaving the country or going to jail rather than fight the illegal war, points a path to America that it is going to have to learn. The power of the army is a threat. The military is a threat. You’re tired of more and more, day by day, and history teaches us that the first step towards totalitarianism is the widespread arrest and imprisonment of political prisoners.

Catholic Columbian Gremium

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, May 15 (AP)--Catholic revolutionaries met here recently under the leadership of the late Columbian marble priest Camilo Torres to discuss the necessity of Christian participation in the struggle to free Latin America from U.S. dominance.

The meeting had considerable importance to Latin American revolutionaries since the Catholic Church not only必须要 to their willingness to work alongside Marxist revolutionaries but also talked of the need for common resistance to armament struggle.

A new atmosphere was summed up by Juan Garcia Elorri, secretarygeneral of the meeting here... a session which was mainly prepared for a bigger gathering to be held next February in Bogota, Colombia. There are only two opposing stances on the加强 position.

"There is a change in the air," said one. "One that is woody out by the U.S. Foreign and its ideology, the organisation of American States, the other is oriented to Marxism... of Chasten... and a philosophy based on peaceful coexistence. Our revolution should be a work of creation.

To the Editor:

There has been a recent upsurge of bitter repression which has become manifest on the waves of Mexico and Hoffman. This expression may spread throughout the naked labyrinth of power and become one of the most art form to mark the solution of the old body and the refresh of the new. These emerging energies are seeking expression... why are they not soon to be demolished? The movement continues..."
The Transfer of the Gaunt:
Sensation: Monday, May 3

Sherri Robin

Chairman Robert C. Edwards praised Monday night’s Senate meeting with a few words of praise for the new Senator. He thanked the outgoing Senators for their efforts.

Chairman Edwards said, "I know many of you think it’s a relief to have someone new. I do. But I hope you’ll all welcome the new Senator."

He then introduced the incoming Senator, "and I’d like to introduce our new Senator: Mr. Edwards spoke of how important it was to have someone new in the Senate."

Mr. Edwards praised the work of the committee and said it was time for the new Senator. The new Senator’s first order of business was to express his welcome and gratitude to the Senate for his hard work. "I am very enthusiastic about our future," he said.

Not present among the new senators were Jane Elliott and Charlie Johnson.

At the close of the meeting, Senator Parish thanked the committee for their efforts and suggested that they would begin meeting again soon. He asked all the Senators to set a date for the next meeting and adjourned the meeting.

---

by George Bowerman

The "Pet Statement on Rights and Freedom of Students" of the Association of American College Students (AAC) and the American Council of Education, which was endorsed by both faculty and students and students with the support of the Board of Trustees, has been an issue of concern for many university administrators.

The document cover several aspects of faculty/student administration and the rights of students, which have been accepted by several top universities.

In the words of the document: "The purpose of this statement is to support the essential for freedom of expression, and the protection against improper discipline and other forms of improper academic evaluation. Most important of all is that the faculty and students should have protection through clearly stated policies, against practices that could jeopardize their academic freedom. It should be noted that in many cases, the destruction of the academic freedom of students is a serious concern for university administrators.

The document states that the faculty and students should have freedom of speech and freedom of association, and that the faculty should have the right to express their opinions on any issue. It also states that the students should have the right to participate in campus organizations and activities, and that this right should be extended to all students, regardless of their race or sex.

"Affiliation with an extramural organization should not interfere with a student’s right to participate in any campus organization or activity, as long as it is not in conflict with the rules of the university."
REVISITED

This Side of Paradise

The air is rushing thick with spring, and a
treadle with a deep in the twilight in the height
of all pleasure. Near the soft ramp of cotton
rubbing against flesh, feel the breeze runners
the smell of your back; feel the earth, earth, feels,
and springs up under your weight. Hmmm boy
brother... seeing is here. All them pieces 'a hills
and hollers'. Get on it.

Bard college, yes oh... I hear you've got a
new freshman this year, kind of a fella for the A.V.
and it. But I must prefer Harold Hodgkinson's
book reading to this new fella. He awakens
at once, why else would he be wear
socks and outer slickum on his feet? Have you
given him much trouble, or can he walk down
from the stairs and cast off stiff shoes from his
feet on the stoop?

I fear no acronyms has been committed, the
reason to Bard. But one can quickly be made
to feel at ease here.

Perhaps the most striking of all Bard's assets
are its women. Without doubt you have the finest
here; and I would certainly advise that this
situation be taken advantage of, because in grade
school, or on the street, or in loneliness you will
not you cannot find a comparable situation. I've
perched on the fountain in front of the Plaza Hotel
and watched the city women stroll by and they
don't make it. Somewhere their faces and bodies
look mishapen. I know their feet blister and swell
from overwork.

And the rigor of academias, they will pass.
Feel the weight of that completed paper in your
hand, smile knowing that you filled that blue book
with just what you wanted to. The learning
experience here is, or rather can be, far superior
to that achieved at a large university. I have
spoken to other students from other schools; they
have nothing. The boys at Harvard spend more time
with their clubs and their chums than they do in
Widener Library. The facts at B.I. are filled
with the brim with sports magnates and unfulfilled
desires; no time in the library. The teachers are
after a name and/or a back and the easy way.
They are not available for consultation or a quiet
chat. They ensnare themselves by pleading "short
hours."

You know also that student revolotions are a
deke, more unfulfilled desires and unper
labites. Inhale the sun brothers, and dance to the
music of Dionysus. And if the guardians interrupt
your festivities and take away your instruments
and the players pay them no mind, for they know
what they do... aside from what they see on TV... the reflection in the middle class eye.

The war too will pass, and then another will
start. The women will sob and tear
at their clothes as the men go off... this has
occurred for thousands of years, you will not be
the first or the last. But you will miss the sense
significence of being someone with a sword
or a club, and the blood ritual which our
generation enjoyed. I don't think you might feel the
advent and widening pain in your gut as a bullet
tears into flesh. That is your graduation present.

Yet it all seems so far away at Bard, but it is
as imminent as the postman. Live now and do not
skip your feet into those corduroys until you must.
Children will bind you, mortgages, banks,
deceit, grannies will honk you and you will be
beared alive at thirty five.

Easy, boy now, you are at Bard, and so
long as the sun continues to smile you will live
on this side of paradise.

Paxwell, William Sherman

by Andrew Frank

JOSHUA BLOOM, performed in Bard Hall last night 2 preludes and fugues by J.S. Bach from Book I of the Well
Tempered Clavier and the last 3 movements of the Concerto Sonata by Charles Ives. Too bad only a few people attended.
Too bad there weren't any programs. Too bad no one announced the program. Too bad I had to turn pages for the Ives.
But in spite of all this everyone had a good
time. I love to listen to Bach so much and even if Ives wrote a lot of
slitty triads, I still enjoyed to truncated performance of the Sonata. Not dog? !

H.P.C.

by Sarah van Leer and Geoff Cahoon

Discussion at HPC last Tuesday night
was centered on the question raised by
Dean Graham earlier this semester, of how to improve Bard's public relations
with the outside community. The motion to discuss the question was introduced by
Bruce Arnold.

The point of good public relations was left to a time from the view
of Bard's contributions to the arts scenes in the way of the arts education program
and the theater, not to mention the financial support.

Mr. Segitt mentioned that he and
and two undergraduate members of Student Sen-
ate had spoken to the editor of the 5
Ski Mountaineer, Mr. Richard E.
Wagner. The alk that their talk had been
helpful and that Mr. Wagner had been very
interesting in that Bard was being done, es-
specially in relation to the Exchange Program of the H. L. Randolph
Association of Colleges. He also suggested
that the school inform the Journal about
college activities so that a reporter from the
Journal could meet to cover it.

Geoff Cahoon said that he had talked
to several reporters and that they were
disappointed that in the present police
mild they had not been able to cover
both sides of the story. Too often
reporters have attended Sprints and been
dissatisfied with the concision of the
Newsmakers. He suggested they be
forced to give through a simple
lack of information from Bard and a
lack of information from the D.A.'s
office.

Morrie Rubin said that he had
mentioned to a church group in Red Hook
about this and they were most pleased and
believed that they could like to come to
Bard students in an individual basis.

It was suggested that a committee
be set up to handle community relations
on a personal basis by telephone. Local
Bard's contributions to their community

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Entertainment Committee has been
working very diligently to make the
Spring Formal a success. The Spring
Formal will occur on Saturday, June
first at ten o'clock in the evening, at the
Hillwood Mansion. Music for the
Formal will be provided by Castmother
and His Alightnessboys. Castmother et
al. has been placed at various places
from the Unicorn to Boston Electric
Factory in Philadelphia.

After a brief poll the Committee
decided to serve only hard liquor and a
special treat at the Formal. The
Committee also decided to initiate a new
thing at the Formal -- a Spring Queen.
Write the name of the female Bard
student you wish to see crowned
Queen on the ballot provided and drop it
in campus mail box 336. The six young
ladies who get the most nominations will
compose the final ballot, which will be
crowned at 7 p.m. at the Formal. The Queen
will be crowned at about twelve midnight.

Everyone should plan to attend the
1966 Spring Formal.

OFFICIAL BALLOT

Name of Nominee

page five
This is the first edition of a weekly column which I shall be contributing to the Observer. It is not a news or a reporting column. Rather, it will be a forum for opinion—my opinions on community and Senate matters. What shall be included here may not always coincide with THE OFFICIAL TRUTH, but bear sole responsibility for the contents of this column.

Monday saw the changing of the senatorial guard. The Edmonds Administration has become the Lieberman Administration, and I think this might herald a new era of Senate activity. This is not to put Bob down. He did an incredible job in establishing the basic conditions necessary for the dialogue which we now have, to a certain extent, with the Administration. He was responsible for putting the Senate in the position necessary for the activity which the Lieberman Administration promises to undertake.

Judging by the way Bruce conducted his first meeting, I think we can expect marked improvements in our lot as students here. There is purpose evident in his comportment and it appears to be tempered by good judgment. If this lasts, and it probably will, and if we, too, this semester may hear Good Things.

In a more pointed vein, the time has come for some real action regarding the Slater System's Amundsonic excretions. Not only does Slater provide little more than out-and-out dreck, but the college is saddled with them for another year. It seems that President Kline agreed to let the students in on making catering service contracts, effective this semester onward. This was a fine policy until it came to the first test, and then it completely fell through.

Mr. Asip, the Business Manager, supposedly had to sign a new instant contract with Slater if the food service is to be continued. The haste in this situation is allegedly due to a sudden (?) raise in food prices. Consequently, as the story goes, Mr. Asip, with full knowledge of the President's commitment to the student body, had to render a judgment in a manner completely contrary to the President's promise.

Mr. Asip was possibly justified in his action by the time element and by the competitive bids he received. However, as a student body we are presently embarking on an experiment in good faith and communication with the Administration. Viewed in this light, the President appears to have been less than meticulous in following up his promise with action. Before being too critical here though, let us bear in mind that the establishment of communication, on any level, involves imperfections from time to time. It would be most alarming if a consistent pattern of imperfections were to emerge.

Anyway, Senate is sending a letter, including a copy to Dr. Kline, to Slater's national office informing them of the remarkable change which essentially good raw food undergoes as it is prepared in Dining Commons. Mr. Amundson also gets a copy, and we hope the implication to him is clear. A poor workman blames his mistakes on his tools--and a competent workman turns out a competent product regardless of his tools.

If Senate's letter is not enough, the student body should consider further action on this point quite seriously. Poorly prepared food is not an unquestionable fact of nature.

The bluish treatment which we suffer at the hands of B & G is another element of the status quo which merits consideration. Senate has established an appeals board, to which President Kline has granted final campus authority, to review complaints of unfair fines and assessments. If B & G has socked it to you lately, or does so in the future, use THE APPEALS BOARD, B.P.C., is also dealing with the B & G problem and will soon report on a full investigation. More on B & G in future weeks.
Reminiscing Prose
by Nancy Decker

If the Dean wishes to present to the students the image of a disciplinary figure through some maintenance of higher goals, he could be able to present to the student a clarified prose. The purpose of a notice from the Dean should be either to clearly inform, follow examples, such as the administrative position on some issues, and to request and/or demand certain action on the student part, or both.

However, the Dean's last notice, in addition to fulfilling neither of the above, served to further confuse and antagonize the students. What was the object of this last notice? If it was to warn and threaten students against using Bard College as a political "tool," we must ask what tangible proof does the Dean have that students either have done or are intending to do? We must ask the Dean when was the last time that he was held hostage by the students?

And if his main point was that "...students whose commitment to liberal values of intellectual and civil values, must be persuaded to seek their spiritual satisfactions in another environment," we can only point out that Bard, more than most any other college, has a vigorous educational program, full of academic objectives where the student is forced to prove himself. If the Dean is dissatisfied with the cultural ambitions of the students, he should not petition them, but rather the administration which formulates educational policies. The Dean is assuming that the students are not yet dedicated to utilized goals. This is an illusion of superhumanism.

Also, the Dean states, "Bard College does not exist to develop manipulative resources for the McCarthy campaign." At this point, reference must be made to Dean Tekiely's program for the liberalization of Bard College, which was released in 1954. He states that the "most riveting interest" of the individual student (which includes his "purposes") should be the "centrale around which he should proceed to form...his own curriculum." And if we update this, for logic's sake, in our specific context, we conclude perhaps that action is a valid "purpose." In other words, education is seen as the luxury and the "side-issue" to education, rather than more weighty oriented goals.

But we can only fear, in raising issues with some points made, that the above disquisitions of the students (the ideal purpose of a notice to the students from the Dean is either too vague and caught up in verbiage to be understood) by non-existent to begin with. In either case, both for the students and for the Dean, a loss has occurred.

To the Editor:

Mr. Brewer should find out what is happening before he tells it like it is.

Marilyn Donahue
(Answor to Miss Donahue)

Two little piggies
Ho! 'em on nails
When you know where its really at
Come tell me where is that.

George Breuer