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With this issue the Observer is under new management. Francis Flesworth, the previous editor, created a look for the Observer which will be continued and improved. Every issue will be at least eight pages, with more running to twelve and some sixteen. More and bigger photos, more art work and better graphic design will characterize the format. But the format only serves as a medium with which to convey the message. McLuhan notwithstanding, the message is vital to this publication.

Coverage will be extended to both community events and those world and national events which affect the student. The latter will be news, items and opinions which you won’t find in the establishment press. The Observer won’t pretend to be objective. But anyone who takes exception to any opinion expressed has only to put it on paper. Letters to the editor which express a differing opinion will be given first priority. Its editorial policy will be to express the facts within their context to observe and comment on the way the world is working, to replace the great American plastic dream with the realistic human reality.

Active on the premise that effective student action depends on effective student representation, the Observer will increase its coverage of community politics. Not politics of their own sake, but the issues behind the politics—what’s happening that affects the community. And by community is meant both students and teachers. Hopefully those members of the faculty who have cited the lack of faculty coverage in the Observer will take this as an invitation to report their news, express their views and make their presence felt as members of the community.

The masthead was read: "The Bard Observer is the official publication of the Bard Student Body." No longer true. The Observer is the student publication for the Bard College Community.

On Monday the Bard Student Body voted to retain Bruce Lieberman as President of the Bard College Student Association. The percentage of the vote for Mr. Lieberman was 47%, out of a total of five candidates. This would surely seem to indicate that there is large and united support for Mr. Lieberman to continue his already very effective campaign to give students an effective voice in determining matters that concern them.

Monday night’s Senate meeting, although occasionally running into operational difficulties, efficiently clarified the senate’s by-laws and established a fiduciary atmosphere.

Together with the support shown for Mr. Lieberman and a new constitution, the senate should prove itself to be capable and effective in representing the student body in the coming semester.

The Observer wishes Mr. Lieberman and the Senate the best of luck, and hopes the administration will recognize their effectiveness and the power behind them.

What ever happened to the Curriculum Committee Report? Well, it seems that the faculty didn’t accept it in its present form because it was too constraining—forcing teachers to innovate even if they didn’t want to. So it’s going back to a slightly overhauled Curriculum Committee for revamping. In two meetings to take place in January, the Committee hopes to have an acceptable report ready for presentation to the faculty at the beginning of the Spring Sem-

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**feiffer**
The Community Advisory Board has refrained from taking an action regarding academic reform in the hope that the product of January's meetings will be a positive step toward reform. The Curriculum Committee has selected three students, a freshman, a sophomore, and a junior to participate in the meetings as voting members.

The question arising out of this is whether these students are supposed to represent the student body, and if so why were they selected by the faculty? The answer seems to be that they are not representative of the entire student body, but were selected to contribute to the revision of the report.

The Curriculum Committee is not trying to pull a fast one. They are earnestly working for academic reform. The problem arises in the fact that not all of the faculty is as ready for change as the members of the Committee. If the revised report does not correct the defects of the earlier version, it will again be rejected by the faculty.

But where in this process is the student voice? Surely academic reform is a matter which directly concerns students, If the student representatives to the Committee were elected, it would not materially affect the form of the revised report. Since the faculty are the ones who decide whether or not it is accepted, its form is dictated by what is acceptable to them.

If the students are to have any voice in the academic restructuring of Bard, they must be on an equal footing with the faculty. When the faculty are to vote on the revised report in February they should not have the final say. A general referendum of the student body is in order not to placidly accept the report, but to critically evaluate its contents, just as was done with the revised student life committee report.

The chances are the Curriculum Committee will produce a realistic revision which is acceptable to both faculty and students. But if the report meets undue opposition from the more conservative members of the faculty, there is no reason why the faculty alone should determine the future of the report.

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Cover Artist

Alvin Rosenbaum, this week’s cover artist, is currently having his first major one-man show at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C. Running through December 15, the show includes the cover work.

A recent Bard graduate, Alvin is currently living in Rhinebeck and working as a city planner for Poughkeepsie.

His unique photo etchings are the result of his experimentation in combining the aesthetics of the two media—the exactness and precision of a photograph and the surface and textural excitement of an etching. Mr. Rosenbaum’s developing process begins with 35mm negatives, which he reproduces on large high-contrast film. In some cases areas of the composition are then masked out or images drawn on. Then, normal, unscreened photo engravings are made with standard copper plates. The emulsion on the plates is removed after an original etching in nitric acid bath is made. The plates are then treated as regular etching plates.

Future shows will include an exhibit for the George Eastman House of Photography in Rochester, New York.
To The Editor:

One of the things that attracted me to Bard was the attitude that people should be allowed to do their thing. I thought this an admirable idea until I got here and saw everyone doing it to other people against their will. Not to say that anyone walked up to someone else and stuck a joint in his mouth. It was instead the practice of basically not giving a damn for anyone else’s desire to sleep or work, by going on the theory that they have a divine right to play their stereo and/or electric guitars at any hour they please, at any volume they please. As I write this, the occupants of the room below me have on the Cream at top volume, and an electric bass at the same. It is after the “quiet hours”, when people’s record players, if they’re even on, are supposed to be below the volume at which they can be heard in another room. The bass sets up a nice vibration in my floor lamp, but it rattles, if I ask them to turn it down or (horror!) off, because I want to study. I should go to the library, if it’s open, or to Aspinwall. Forget it if I want to sleep. What I thought about college previous to coming here was that the primary purpose of the students was that of working and studying, and that these should take precedence over some dude’s party or smoking session. I also believed I had the right to work in my room instead of being driven out of it by music so loud that I couldn’t think straight, as has happened on numerous occasions. However, according to most of the people in the dorm, I was wrong.

Since the House President consistently refused to issue well-deserved noise violations, or even request that the noise be lowered a little, I saw Mrs. Sagatt to find out if anything could be done. She told me a couple of things which surprised me, one of which was that any student could give out noise violations, a fact I wish I’d known sooner. She also said that she would support fully the institution of a “quiet dorm” in which no-one would have stereo or electric instruments, and people would be able to study, if they felt like it, at ten Saturday night, or even go to sleep if they wanted to. She told me that five students each in Potter and McVickar, and four each in Noth and South Hoffman had come to her to bitch about the noise. It would be really nice if there were enough students at Bard who cared about being able to study in quiet in their own rooms and being able to sleep at a human hour that they would be willing to stash their stereos away for a semester. In any case it’s damn well time something was done about people who think a good loud record is the be-all and end-all of existence.

Bill Langer

For a long time, students have realized the inadequacy of the student book store. Yes, they carry textbooks and a little bit of everything else—but you can’t even pick up a copy of Life magazine to discover the latest truths about the world. So some unsympathetic type students decided they could fill the literary gap by operating their own book and magazine co-op.

The idea was thought of when a number of students realized the tremendous overload which the Bard Bookstore now works under. In addition to textbooks and other coursebooks, the store has art supplies, stationery, small food items, and toiletries. On top of these items, Mrs. Matthews even tried to get outside interest materials such as small art books, film, poetry, and contemporary literature. But obviously the load is too great. The Bard operation needs a supplement.

The co-op store is designed for just this purpose. We would leave the supplying of textbooks and supplies to the bookstore, while taking the outside materials load upon ourselves.

First: a magazine-newspaper section. There has been interest in foreign publications such as La Monde, Cahiers du Cinema, Sight and Sound, and Czechoslovakian works. Magazines such as Nation, New Republic, Harper’s, Vogue, Saturday Review, Evergreen Review, Ramparts, and newspapers: Avatar, Village Voice, East Village Other could be stocked quite easily.

Second: a large contemporary literature and poetry counter, perhaps some literature review books, student publications from area colleges.

Third: books on the ars-film, dance, drama, out-later in the year, if the project takes hold, a record section can be added and the concession won’t be needed.

Fourth: a lot of students are “in” to mysticism, alchemy, supernaturalism, and magic. Occult publications are quite profuse and not difficult to acquire.

Fifth: an exchange of textbook table where students can sell their old textbooks at reduced prices to incoming students. Also a table for used, not wanted books; someone might need them.

The store will be financed by the students and run by the students. Money will be initially made by a system of selling shares in the ‘Co-op’. For a price of 5-10 dollars, not yet determined, a student belongs and can buy books for wholesale instead of retail price.

The conditions for this have not yet been worked out yet, nor as a home for the store been found. A proposal to senate for help and a proposal to the Dean’s office for a home have been sent to the respective bodies. With the interest shown on the returns of the questionnaire -95% that is, those who will support the store- we have got a pretty strong case for having the administration accept the idea and find us a room so that we can begin operation next semester.

Support is needed-just a small note in Box 149 will do-
There were 1700 freshman crowded in the festival test for orientation at C.W. Post College in the early hours of September, 1967. We were divided into groups of about twenty, each led by an honorable senior. During the half-hour that it took to quiet the animals down before the Dean could speak, there was organized singing, screaming, fighting, and some tears shed by those of us who could pretty well guess what the year was going to be like. Joe, our group leader (a really good guy anyway) told us to take up a chant denouncing group 33, which was led by a friend of his. It went 2-4-6-8, who do we assassinate? Group 33. Group 35, boo, boo. It was Little League all over. Brickland Agency losing the last game of the season to Lox Haven. They answered back something like “Group 54, more shit than ever before.” Led by a 260 lb. Screwtapi named Marty, a few of the guys in our group yelled back “Group 33 blows it out their assholes.” (If you feel like laughing, yeah if you feel like crying) I sat through this, occasionally choking with disbelief and another one of the ushers. “Where’s your freshman spirit?,” said the Joker to the Thief, I said “there’s too much confusion, I can’t find no relief.” He said “boy, beware the black band.”

We had met the black band a few hours earlier, while glorious group 54 was in its classroom, discussing the nine pages of orientation regulations, at which time we were given our freshman beanies, green and yellow, with a big “p” on the front. The black band, we were told, was (and I guess still is) a group of honor students held in high esteem by their fellow fraternity brothers because of their ability to chug a case of beer in an evening at the Four C’s or the Knotty Knee or any of the other “acceptable” social hangouts on the north shore of Long Island. They have absolute power, full administration support, over freshman discipline during orientation and the first few weeks of school, after which, like the Ku Klux Klan at the turn of the century, they go underground.

There was a knock on our door, and in walked one of the guardians of law and order (we want Wallace). He came in, introduced himself, and asked Joe if there were any trouble makers,igger lovers, hippies, dirty wommie rats, bitkis, peace畈ks, fat japs, polacks, kikes, wops, poheads, snootheads, Father stabbers, mother raps, father raps or lilterbugs. Joe (a really good guy anyway) said no, sort of, and winked his eye. The cop walked over to Steve and I, who were hanging out together basically for mutual defense, and said “what’s this?”

After I explained to him what I was, he asked me where my sport jacket was. “I didn’t see we were supposed to wear them,” says wise-ass punk. “Don’t get wise, wise-ass punk freshman, says he, “so, so I really mean it, I didn’t know,” at which time Joe (a really good guy anyway) interceded. But black band was hot. “My, my don’t you look pretty with all that black hair. Listen—we don’t like trouble, but….” And he told us about the freshman who wised off last year and was given a bath-in the toilet. They’re locking them up today, they’re throwing away the key! I wonder who it’ll be tomorrow, you or me?

The highlight of orientation was the bonfire and dance. We had to build the bonfire sixty something feet high, a foot higher than the previous years frosh, or we would have to wear our beanies and name tags (my name is Quinn the Eskimo, C.W. Post class of 71, come all without, come all within) for an extra week. Harry Saperstein fell while throwing that extra foot of lumber on my academic funeral pyre, breaking an arm, three wrists, and twelve legs. The “resistance” now numbered four, including a speed freak from Flushing who spent the evening hallucinating on the fire, and Jane, from Philly, who wanted to go to Goddard or Bard or somewhere but ended up here.

The next Friday set the tone for the entire year. Two marine recruiters were holding court in the cafeteria. One lonely dissenter was quietly discussing their presence with them when two supa-patriots from the football team broke through the lines and broke the dissenter’s jaw. In loyalty to their kind, they cannot tolerate their obstruction. The administration was arossed by this violation of the students right to have marine recruiters to watch while they eat, a complete mixed nausea experience. No action was taken against the football players because, as one informed source put it, we had a very tough season coming. The first game was in two weeks.
OH WOW! THE BLIND MUNCHIES STRIKE AGAIN!

DON'T PANIC, BUTTERFLY CHIPS...

CHOMP!

OH NAAN, BUTTERFLY CHIPS...

I DON'T THINK THERE'S NOODLES IN THIS WORLD THAT TASTES AS GOOD AS BUTTERFLY CHIPS.

YEP, MORE BUTTERFLY CHIPS. MUNCH MUNCH YUM, LAST REDSKIN CHICKEN NATIONAL SWEET.

WAITING FOR FULLNESS.

OH NO, I'M COUG... OH NO! I'M CRAWLING.

COUGH...

OH WOW! THE BLIND MUNCHIES STRIKE AGAIN!
BILLBOARDS USA

TIME ON YOUR HANDS?
WHY NOT HELP THE BOYS IN GREEN
CLEAN UP THAT MESS
IN VIETNAM?
YOUR MARINES:

THEY STIRRED UP THE WATERS
OF SOUTHEAST ASIA----
CAN YOU
HELP TAME THEM?
JOIN THE NAVY:

ARE YOU GOOD ENOUGH
FOR THE ACTION ARMY?
THERE'S A ROUNDED UP
GOING ON IN VIETNAM----
SEE YOUR LOCAL RECRUITER TODAY!

DROP THE BOMBS
ON HANO!
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH A CRUSADE?
GO AIR FORCE!

ALMOST EVERYBODY'S
COME AROUND
TO OUR WAY OF THINKING----
EXCEPT CREEPS---
KILL EM.

Peter Boofey

Love in USA

SAID SUE TO BILL:
"NEXT TIME STAND
A LITTLE CLOSER
TO THE BLADE" 
BURMA SHAVE

Peter Boofey

Weeping After the Man is Gone

(i)
Angels move through
(and Angels)
spaced
From some placid vortex
To some spinning tangent
And I am frozen
To watch them pass.

(ii) Nocturn with light
In green youth flows
From searing skies
Into uncharted voids,

(iii) Smooth warm hands
Lie peaceful saying nothing
With their movements
Torn from the circle and the clock.

(iv) Full
Pure and
sorrow lie static
And all hands are lost in the sea.

v
The King is dead.
The Peace is broken.
Long Live the King
Long may his light burn after him:

For Martin Luther King Jr.
April 1968

Jack Ifeton

the quality
of words

you speak,
well, I mean,
you express
yourself--from
pursed lips,
like a child's
this abstract
of life, a
community,
legs are not
abstract nor
intellectual
nor, often,
even compassionate:
pleasure is
pleasure, a
measure of peace

you speak,
go on

2

in the moonlight,
some... rub
the eyes in answer
to allow words
in worlds of
movement, sooner
would I quit
words, language,
speech
to speak, you go on

Charles Clayton

GENETICS Wayne Robbins

my castor-oil brother
law seeks the wind
cattered the spray
some
un-
manered skunk, sunday in the city
white stripe
antarctica day parade
(see them; stand on
my shoulder)
penguins
in paper hats
saluting multi-starred
ice machines
(that's cool... see them stand)
on my shoulder
he takes his kids
to taffy apple bakeries
and tells them stories about
the IBM plant
and how when he was a kid
when he was a kid
and takes them home
(see them stand on my shoulder.)

Tea
Cupbearer
wherever
not knowing your
gestures have penetrated
me/ These are the instruments
whereby the cup of life is
given
how many years since
our crossing you
are found in your ways
you are found in your ways
wherever

David Alleyne

Drawing by Bob Livingston

CRESCENT

trane was mad they say
picked rags in satan's archdiocese
while crumbling children poured from
the bowling balls around him
copping tales
the late clerk at the albert hotel
puffin' his pipe
and singing sleepy morning jingles
to mad avenue rapid eye movements
used his fork as a comb
and chased long island guppies
thru taxicab showering
and
burped for revile
felt his constipated moth growl
at the sound of a wild horn
twisting thru krouse's great american night
making dark journey's from new york's
eon sewers to
hoboken fruit carts,
painted the brooklyn bridge silver
and watched it melt into
federal reserve greenbacks
all floating back up delacore street for
a crazed wine kick in its own
self-piping cellar.

Wayne Robbins
AT THE BIG WINTER FORMAL

Ringo!

We all had a great time! 1957

HAA!!

CHRIST WAS FOR US ON GOOD FRIDAY

WOW!
More of you people ought to go to Senate to see the kind of service you are getting from your duly elected representatives. One quite easily gets the impression that he is witnessing a political satire, like Dr. Strangelove. At any given meeting the august body can be depended upon to do at least one thing which is wholly ridiculous, and several other things which are really borderline situations. Of recent note in this respect was the motion, which was actually passed for a while, that what was needed for the Budget Committee to learn to do the Convocation these responsibly was a den-mother. The den-mother was to be one of the over-thirty types on the Faculty. His job was to bail the committee out before it made any real mistakes in allocations or to cover for the kiddies when they found fiscal solvency too mysterious to make any sense of. I thought this an affront, but a majority of the Senate was all for relinquishing all of Senate's power and responsibility regarding budgetary matters. Monday night's meeting provided further examples of this sort of perceptual poverty.

The meeting got off to a roaring start as Senate had to choose two students to serve on the Long Range Planning Committee. All of the people who wanted these jobs, and who were present at the meeting, got an opportunity to describe their ideas and qualifications. Several nominees had nothing to say at all, and the rest responded to the call of duty with a tag-team-like burst of the regular cliches which would have eroded Albee social completely away had the discussion not finally been limited. I requested the aspirants to put their rhetoric away and address themselves to the point, and the result was a few ideas, sixty-seven more nose of methane at S.T.P., and one lower college student's timid hope to be able to give the library more priority in the future than the ping-pong tables. Amazing! He was the only person I had heard around here except Mr. Fessler who thought a college needed a library before it needed a Holiday Inn. But not so for Senate. And that is the point, as well as YOUR problem.

Of further entertainment this week was the discussion of the adoption of by-laws by the Senate. It was proposed that the Senate re-accept the "Three Absences Rule," which requires that if a senator misses three or more meetings during any semester of his tenure, and cannot fulfill the responsibilities of the senatorial position when he signs up to run. One can not do what a senator has to do if he does not attend the meetings, and many of the senators do not. The all-seeing Senate, however, saw two problems with this proposal. The first problem was that of whether the Senate, operating by itself, has the right to dismiss delinquents who were popularly elected. It seems to me that not only may the Senate police itself in this way, it must. And this is especially true with the impeachment process being as personality-oriented and procedurally cumbersome as it is. The second reservation was based on the possibility that Senate's defining its own procedural regulations might be an infringement upon the rights of the senators. This statement is all well and good provided these alleged rights are spelled out a little bit, but they were not. The fact of the matter is that a senator only has rights as a senator, so long as his actions according to them do not in any way interfere with his being a senator. To be a senator means to willingly accept certain limitations upon one's actions. The first of these limitations is that of attending the meetings. Not only will the senators not attend the meetings, but they will make no effort to control themselves in this respect in the future. But this is YOUR problem. Like I said earlier, you ought to go and watch the peculiar behavior of your senators.
Frame Tale" uses the much remembered Mr. Mobbins' strip to construct a tale that reads "Once upon a time there was a story that never occurred, and so the people of the world were not troubled by it."

To anybody trying to determine what Barth is going to do next, the last two tales would seem an indication that he is trying to reform the history of Greece in the manner he reformed the History of Maryland in 

FEW FACTOR and the history of the entire world in 

Giles Goat Boy. Exploring the alleys of the historic epic he transforms it into a probably more accurate version than the current romantics one.

"In "Menelaus" Barth follows up on Homer and has the title character relate his post-Troy adventures and tells a tale within a tale within a tale within a tale, and uses a few quotation marks in the process."

If, in "Anonymus" he returns to his goats, his followers will still be denied a sense of familiarity, in this the story of the first author. Barth, with 

Punhouse, tries to establish a dialogue with his readers, and if, in spots, the dialogue is seen to break down, the fault may be laid at the foot of the language and its limitations, Barth in his writing in attempting to change the language and perhaps the reader's understanding of the fact that we're all slow learners.
The secret behind the run-away success of CHEMICAL MACE® non-lethal weapons!

CHEMICAL MACE® non-lethal weapons work! That's the most important single reason for our success.

Sure, we started out back in 1965 with a revolutionary idea. We had pioneered and developed a product to meet the obvious and urgent need for a humane, yet effective, alternative to the traditional police weapons of night stick and firearm.

Sure, the harassed police officer could use a tool that would control and deter violence without the risk of permanent injury. And, sure, everyone agreed that new technology in police weaponry was long overdue.

Our CHEMICAL MACE® non-lethal weapons proved safe and effective in the laboratories. But would they work in routine, everyday police use? At first, results trickled in. An unruly burglary suspect was subdued in one town. A barroom fight was ended in another place. A bank robber was tamed somewhere else.

The famous MK-IV CHEMICAL MACE® non-lethal weapons, the avalanche began. A not averted in one city; unruly demonstrators subdued in another city; a gang of assailants tamed somewhere else; reports of assaults on police officers cut in half while police brutality complaints dropped 80% in another city.

Today, with thousands of police departments and federal and state government agencies using CHEMICAL MACE® non-lethal weapons, we're flooded with scores of success stories daily.

Comments from news media have been gratifying, too. Time magazine says "... For police, the(GOEC) device is the first, if not the final, answer to a nation-wide need — a weapon that disables as effectively as a gun and yet does no permanent injury." And Newsweek magazine adds: "The stunning

The new special issue MK-IX has greater capacity, flow, range. Designed for extreme situations, it can be "ripped" into a crowd.

(GOEC) device is the first operational weapon in what promises to become a new frontier for police technology.

There are imitators, now. But don't let anyone sweet talk you into believing that any other product is "the same thing." Our unique formulation (patent pending) can't be duplicated. And this secret formulation is the thing that makes our product work so well.

On contact, the heavy CHEMICAL MACE® formulation bursts into millions of fine droplets of corrosive tear gas, enveloping an assailant in an incapacitating vapor.

Want our complete Fact File? Phone or write Dept. C-6, and we'll rush it to you.

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