Interview with Sheriff Quinlan...
Moratorium comes to Red Hook...
A personal view of the Chicago riots...
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Red Hook
By Norm Pasztenko
College Press Service

CHICAGO—I landed at O'Hare Field in Chicago at 9:30 a.m. Saturday with an assignment to report on the SDS Weatherman demonstration at Haymarket Square. Three hours after my arrival, I was sharing a cell with Mark Rudd and nine other Weathermen.

Trying to find Haymarket square wasn't easy. When I asked people on the street for directions, they either would not talk to me or would mislead me. I finally found it by following a wall of police which formed along what was to be the SDS Weathermen parade route several hours hence. All the police were wearing regular cloth hats.

The human wall led down Dearborn and Randolph streets to the other side of the Chicago River where Haymarket Square, the scene of violent labor riots in the 1890's, is located. A statue honoring police who were killed during those riots stood in the square until last week, when, according to police, it was blown up by left wing groups.

But the police were adequately represented in the square on Saturday. They surrounded it with men, motorcycles and detention vans. A small group, perhaps twenty or thirty demonstrators, was sitting around the pedestal that had supported the statue.

At 12:45 p.m. three brown Plymouth sedans pulled up on the north side of Randolph Street. I assumed, as did most of the onlookers, that the potbellied, T-shirted group piling out of the cars represented some right wing group that had come to violently counter-demonstrate.

The new arrivals quickly walked across the street and began to viciously beat, seemingly without provocation, four or five of the people sitting at the base of the statue. They used chains and clubs.

I did not see any of the victims of the attack actively resist their beatings. Misdraft, caught by surprise and defenseless, they could not resist. The police surrounding the park only watched.

Finally, there was some movement in police lines and a van appeared. One of the victims was yelling "Help police!" and I remember Yotsinien as I saw the hoodlums shoving their victims into the van, realizing that they were police. They're pigs," an onlooker cried, and the crowd was shocked into silence by the horrible double truth.

Tactics became obvious. Uniformed police were acting with perfect restraint. There would be no pictures this time of Chicago's finest beating people. But the police reaction had not really changed from the Chicago of the Democratic Convention—only the uniform.

I began taking pictures. I photographed Daley's phlegmatic squad, euphemistically called the "red squad," beating people. I had pictures of demonstrators, of unmarked cars, of arrests, of violence. One officer screamed an obscenity at me and instructed the police photographer to take my picture. I took his picture. My wispy white liberal blood boiled. I abandoned all pretense of being the objective reporter and yelled "bastard" at a cop as he raised a club over a police officer. He raised his fist at me. I took more pictures. I had used up all my film so I walked back down Randolph Street, where the parade police would allow the march to proceed later in the day, I bought more film and waited behind police lines for the march to start.

An order came down the line and the police all donned riot helmets. A group wearing the uniform of the American Nazi Party ran down the street. The police were perfectly restrained. A few minutes passed, and then came the SDS Weathermen. They were marching ten abreast with linked arms chanting, "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, Viet Cong is gonna win," and "Power to the people, not to the pigs."

The police stood their ground, even as the black flag of anarchy passed, emblazoned with the Soviet emblem. The marchers, numbering approximately 800, were actually led by a police escort of about 25, guided by a wall of police down the legal parade route. Three blocks later, as I followed, the banner broke loose. I saw no incident which would set it off, but within seconds blood was being drawn by the red squad.

I photographed unmarked cops kicking and beating demonstrators with clubs and chains while other cops held them.

By Thomas O'Connell

Community participates in moratorium day

One billy was poked against a lamp post and beaten for over a minute as I watched.

A window broke somewhere. I changed my film and ran down the street to La Salle and Madison where I saw ten plain clothedmen pinning five demonstrators faces down on the hood of a automobile. If one tried to lift his head to breathe, it was immediately shoved down into the hood. The victims did not resist.

"Post Dispatch" reporter Robert Sanford described the action "Police held Jacobs (one of the Weathermen) and half a dozen others bent over the trunk of an automobile."

What Sanford and, for some reason, the entire Chicago press establishment failed to report was that almost all the arrests were made by plain clothedmen in the business suit tradition. They were dirt "hippy" type outfits. They were dressed to make it appear that they were anything but policemen.

Sanford and the press corps reported that many officers were injured. None mentioned the fact that most of them were plain clothedmen. Most of the officers who were injured were engaged in undercover activities. Their victims were not aware that they were police officers.

One officer with a minor facial cut was photographed with blood all over his face. There was never any evidence to show that this cut, which required only a few stitches, was inflicted by a person continued on page two.
continued from page one
involved in unlawful activity.
I was photographing the Madison
and LafSStre£eCeneLle two or three feet
to the car where the deancrew were
being held. I had taken pictures whicb
showed violent police action.
I was not interfering with any activity
when a plainclothes policeman, Michael
O'Shea, was instructed to arrest me. Both
Officer O'Shea and the individual who
instructed O'Shea were dressed in red
squad attire.
O'Shea was civili. He asked for identi-
cation. I identified myself fully. But
even though I had identification showing
that I was a reporter, I was held. Another
officer forcefully threw me into a
conveyor full of bleeding bodies.
Someone had squirted teargas in to the
front of the conveyor. As soon as the
door was shut, a demonstrator passed
around a penny and announced the legal
case number.
I was the first to be picked out of the
conveyor as it arrived at the police
building dock area. We were lined up
five at a time for group photographs.
They then put us into an elevator which
did not work. It took ten minutes for an
doctor to discover that the emergency
button had been pressed.
We were taken upstairs to the tenth floor
and placed in an old courtroom with
fifteen pews. One-by-one they filled
out arrest slips. Most demonstrators
were cooperative. Many even used their
craft cards as identification.
A few refused to give more than their
name and address. One Puerto Rican
gave five or six different names. An Oriental
who was sleeping in the courtroom was
rudely awakened and introduced as Ho Oh
Minh.
While I was waiting in the courtroom, two
of the red squad took me and I asked
them what my case was and they
asked me questions and I answered
them.
"I didn't do anything illegal, I've never
been arrested and I am appalled that
one of your red squad buddies pincushioned
me for taking photographs."
"There's always a first time, Norm," said
the fatty one who's parenthesis I
had challenged earlier.
"Norm," he said, "I've been on the
police force for fifteen years and no one has
ever called me a bastard."
"That's always a first time," I replied.
I never got the officers' names but they
got my film. They destroyed in my
presence over two hundred photographs of
blatant police brutality. I attempted
to complain but I realized I had lost my film—period.
The well started. No one was advised
of his rights. No one had been allowed to
make a phone call. I was never advised
of my rights or allowed to make a phone
or bail call.
Then the march began. They
paraded officers up and down the
cells and your arresting officer had to
identify you and file the complaint. I
was lucky. O'Shea found me and charged
me with obstructing a police officer. He
was almost apologetic.
"Don't worry," he said, "This is only a
minor charge."
Those who were separated from
their friends had more big trouble. The court's
orphans were randomly assigned arrest
officers who proceeded to file felony
charges against persons whom they had
never seen.
After being officially charged, O'Shea and
I were taken up to the 11th floor lockup.
I was taken to the reception desk. I
was searched again. They took my mail
from me (so I couldn't hang myself). They
asked me some questions. I answered them.
We were very cordial. Then I discovered
my camera was missing from its case.
"What a minute, I'm not going anywhere
without my camera", I said.
They tried to deny that I ever had a
camera.
"You guys can't stop crime anywhere
without one", the officers all laughed
and suddenly my camera reappeared. It
was returned by an officer who had taken it
to remove the film.
"How do you open it?" asked
officer O'Shea. 
"The over-weight gentleman downstairs
didn't seem to have any trouble opening it."
I opened it for him and he was
quite disappointed when there was no
film in it.
Officer O'Shea and I went to have our
pictures taken. He complained he had
been on duty for 19 hours straight. I
was fingerprints.
Officer O'Shea said goodbye, telling me
to keep my mouth shut and I wouldn't
get into any trouble.
"They're all nice people up here," he
said. "Just treat them right."
I was now in the custody of officer
Conner. He operated a group of 6 X
8 cages in which prisoners were kept for
future processing.
I looked at the list of prisoners' charges.
Almost all were charged with felonies.
O'Connor looked at my report and
smiled.
"I'd like a first class cell, not with
common hard core criminals," I said. He
then proceeded to put me into a cell
with the ugliest bunch of people. There
were eleven of them in the cage.
As the door shut and I was officially in
jail, the meanest, nastiest one of them
asked me, "What are you in for?"
"Litigating and creating a general
nuisance."
Each of us had four square feet in our
pijig. But we shoved it equally. Still
no one had been allowed to exercise his
rights. It was now 6:00 p.m.
Things lived up half an hour later when
Mark Rudd joined the already over-
crowded cell. Several persons were
removed.
Rudd, who stood out from the rest of
the Weatherman with his short hair
and relatively clean cut appearance, had been
one of those arrested at Haymarket. He
recognized several prisoners and then got
into an interesting discussion with some-
one who had accidentally joined the
demonstration. Rudd spoke quietly but
with left-wing jargon. He was using the
term revolution loosely. But he really
meant revolution.
"From now on commitment to the move-
ment is going to be measured by the
amount of damage people do," he said.
Rudd voiced several opinions about the
afternoon's activities. He said he was
delighted that so many people seemed so
committed. But he expressed dismay
at the Weathermen who had strayed
so far beyond the law to press rules and have a
legal demonstration. He said this left SDS
open for a stick-up.
At this point it appeared that at least
120 persons had been arrested.
One veteran Weatherman estimated that
weight, if not there by Monday. He said that
after Wednesday's demonstrations,
people were kept for several days without
being allowed to make calls. They were
given form letters which they could send
to their relatives.
O'Connor and company then decided
to feed the caged animals. He came to the
cell with spaghetti sandwiches and
ordered each of us to take just one. But
we took them in and passed them to
the back of the cell. We got over 20 sand
wiches. O'Connor could not figure out
how we did it.
At 8:00 p.m. we were taken to the 10th
floor and locked in a large room. There
were 34 of us waiting for our arrange-
mant hearings. The room had benches
around the perimeter and only one door,
which was opened and shut by a Cook
County Sheriff's side.
This was my first SDS meeting. Rudd
took charge of it immediately. One
prisoner stood at the door and said
"shut-up" every time an officer
appeared. Rudd said that he thought
one felony charge would mean jail:
$5000. Two or more would mean
$10,000.
Rudd explained the Illinois system. You
pay only 10 per cent of the bail as bond.
This is returned when you show up for
trial. One by one we were removed from
the large room to the same room where we
were processed earlier that afternoon.
I was among the first to get called. Out
The specific charge against me read:
"Failed to obey a lawful order of dis-
oposal by a person known to him to be a
peace officer under circumstance where
three or more persons are committing
serious acts of disorderly conduct in the
immediate vicinity, which acts are likely
to cause substantial harm or serious
inconvenience."
I did not understand how they could have
expected me to know O'Shea was a
police officer when he was not wearing
anything clearly resembling proper
id legal identification. My lawyer, Arthur
O'Donnell, a volunteer from the Chicago
Bar Association, listened to my case
did a fair job on short notice. He
recommended no bail. But the
prosecuting attorney, a colored lawyer,
asked for $1,000. The judge decided to
happen to have covered the needed $75.
I was liberated.
Chicago—IPS. Television situation comedy has never had it so good as Chicago has it today with the trial of the Chicago Eight. And while the antics are coming from both sides of the bench, Judge Julius Hoffman is steering the show.

At one point, for example, Hoffman called for the trial to proceed, but was enlightened by the defense council to the fact that the jury was not yet seated. "Oh, yes, I forgot about that," the 74 year old Judge said.

Later in the trial, the judge was involved in a discussion with the prosecution about some reprinted matter. "There ought to be a law against xerox machines," he declared.

"Why not, there's one against everything else," Abbie Hoffman retorted.

Abbied was showing off the official "pogram" of the trial: the Chicago Eight vs. "The Washington kangaroo." "Was the program published?" "You can't tell the players without a program," Abbie explained.

About the outcome of the ball game, Abbied said, "We're going to win every day but the bet." Reeve Davies offered his respect for the judge: "He's a fool. They really brought up the best man for this one."

Abbied added, "He's straight out of Central Casting."

The defendants have spent a good deal of their time coming into court. Each defendant has been averaging 500 pieces of mail a day. Abbied has also been reading "Zap" comics in the courtroom.

"We're getting more mail than Perry Como," Hoffman (Abbied) said. "I even got a letter from my ex-wife, and she's going to help."

Jerry Rubin said he didn't expect a mistrial to be called, but expected the trial to last three years in appliance. Davis was not so optimistic: "This is going to end up in a major mess and the result will be that the trial is going to last three years in appliance."

The essay has already been published in the November issue of Bard Alumni Magazine and will come out in pamphlet form.

The main interest of this interdictional/borderland dealing with nature is that "we are consuming the land and turning it into garbage," Mr. Klott makes his paper exemplify how we can "live in harmony with the land." This simplicity of living follows through into his writing style. The summing up of detailed paragraphs ends. "The Earth is our Mother, It is a good earth," or "a place to stand."

About the most technical phrase encountered in this essay is that "there is a map of reference and many misleadingly interesting facts."

The subject matter could very easily suffer from a repetitive tedium if not saved by a constant personal references. The reader is advised to "explore in the cold and the rain and the nights, as well as the summer принял, to know the many moods of the land." Mr. Klott's various explorations result in descriptions from Schuyler House to Kappa Road, where secondary succession, the "accompanying bases of myth."

The account of Bard Lands is non-technical and personal to the extent that it only concerns Bard inhabitants. While it is not earthshaking to know this, grass does not just exist but is an active agent in binding soil together, that under the frozen top of a pond, insects, and slugs can be living in a world with no winds and temperatures above freezing and that white pine are rare because they "must be 500 years old to produce any significant quantity of viable seed."

About the Northern Bank: Savings accounts travel checks drive-in banking member F.D.I.C. p.42-4011

Checking accounts savings accounts traveler's checks drive-in banking member F.D.I.C. p.42-2311

Red Hook SMC (Student Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam) has called a rally to build the Nov. 14 strike and the Nov. 15 march on Washington. Travel arrangements will be discussed and community members will be invited to speak about the war and the actions planned for the Fall Offensive. The rally will be held at 7:00 PM on Thursday 23, in the Gym.

preys:WITHDRAW!

WASHINGTON—IPS. The presidents of some 75 private colleges and universities have appealed for a "step-up timetable" for withdrawal from Vietnam.

The appeal came in the form of a joint statement issued by the presidents, speaking as "individuals who work with young men and women." Their statement concluded, "We urge upon the President of the United States and upon Congress a stepped-up timetable for withdrawal from Vietnam. We believe this to be in our country's highest interest, at home and abroad."

"At accumulated costs of the Vietnam war are not in men and material alone. There are costs too in the effects on young people's hopes and beliefs. Like ourselves, the vast majority of the students with whom we work, still want to believe in a just, honest, and sensitive America. But our military engagement in Vietnam now stands as a demonstration of much that is best in our society... An end to the war will not solve our problems on or off campus. It will however permit us to work more effectively in support of more peaceful priorities."

The statement was mailed to President Nixon and Congressional leaders October 11. The statement did not specify a time limit on withdrawal, but called for a "step-up timetable."

Among those signing are presidents of Brandeis, Oberlin, Columbia, Cornell, Antioch, Swarthmore, Princeton, Tufts, New York University, Boston College, University of Chicago, Amherst, Drexel Institute of Technology, MIT, Fordham, Villanova, and Vassar.

preys:WITHDRAW!
Interview with Sheriff Quinlan

It was surprisingly easy to obtain an interview with Dutchess County Sheriff Lawrence M. Quinlan. We spent almost an hour with him in an office in a building which houses both the Sheriff's Office and the County Jail in Poughkeepsie.

—Marilyn Swordlow

Observer: Sheriff Quinlan, I would like to begin by asking what you were doing when you were our age.

Quinlan: Well, I've been with the Dutchess County Sheriff's Office since I was twenty-one. First I worked in the jail as a guard, then in Poughkeepsie as a general duty officer, plainclothes investigator, then chief investigator. In 1960 I was elected sheriff.

Observer: I understand you are up for re-election this November. Whom are you running against and what are the issues?

Quinlan: I'm running against Marvin Ong. There really are no issues, I stand for law enforcement. This is my life—I'm a professional enforcement officer and official.

Observer: If there really are no issues, then on what basis is he running against you?

Quinlan: I don't know, just that he's a Democrat. That's the way the system works.

Observer: Is Bardi in any way an issue?

Quinlan: I wouldn't have that for the world, no.

Observer: Could I ask some questions regarding your feelings on national issues? What were your feelings about the Moratorium this Wednesday?

Quinlan: I have no feelings. I support our president. He and I are personal friends. I don't like the war. Neither does he. It hurts him more than it does me, I believe. If the Moratorium interfered with his manner of settling the war, then I am against it. I couldn't support the Moratorium, but neither do I condemn it.
I'm sure it's a terribly hard decision for the president, for he has a conscience. But if we pulled out and the communist hordes overrun the country, murdering and slaughtering people, then what would his conscience be? All presidents are great men, and president Nixon is a great man.

It's a terrible thing, but it seems that wars are inevitable. We have to fight for life; it's survival of the fittest. We will have to fight in the future too if we are to maintain our great freedom.

I have to equate marijuana to other drugs and narcotics, for my experience has shown that this is valid.

It's gotten to the point now where our high schools are infested with this problem. I just learned yesterday that a young boy of about thirteen was found in possession of pills of the drug category. Now we don't arrest everybody, we help some too, and we were helping this boy. He told us he'd be called chicken and set aside by his friends if he did not use these pills... I'll try to help these youngsters, to get them away from the use of it, rather than wait until they are caught and we have to arrest them.

 Observer: This may be a bit out of your usual realm, but how do you feel about the laws which limit the situations in which abortions may be performed?

Quinlan: I believe in them. In fact, I think they should be a bit tighter. I'm a Catholic and I like to feel I'm quite religious.

Observer: Some people feel that Nixon's recent reform of the draft law is designed to placate campus militants by creating a draft situation even more favorable to them. How do you feel about this?

Quinlan: The president felt young people's opinion was important enough to heed. I feel this is a great gesture on his part. There's certainly nothing bad about it. Most things are done in some way to appease opinion.

Observer: Two or three days ago, an aide of Nixon's suggested that sanitariness for the use of marijuana be modified. It has been suggested that this too was a move to appease young people, coming a day before the Moratorium.

Quinlan: Of course I don't agree with this. I'm terribly disturbed about drugs, and I'm certain it's right. They are destroying a great portion of the young people of our country. There is no need for them, nothing to be gained from them, only disaster. I'm extremely fond of young people, and I feel very badly about what is happening to them.

Observer: You said you were interested in getting kids away from the use of drugs. Why do you use busts instead of preventive measures?

Quinlan: People get aroused. They say, such and such is going on. These Bard students, they say are driving like madmen, speeding, squealing tires... So you have a road check-up, primarily for traffic violations. If you find drugs you can't overlook them... There are traffic checks day in and day out, but when we have one, some people make them into more than what they are. The press likes to make it into a sensational story...

Observer: I understand, but what has this to do with drugs?

Quinlan: We figure that a lot of these people are under the influence of drugs.

Observer: You said before that you were interested in getting kids away from drugs. Do you think a bust has this effect?

Quinlan: It's not effect we're interested in. If the law is being violated, we have to make an arrest. When we have complaints, we put investigators in to look into it, and take part in the school's life. If the law is being frequently violated, we have no choice but to move in. This is our oath of duty, to enforce the law.

 Observer: Why have you had two major busts at Bard in as many years, and left Marist and Vasser virtually untouched?

Quinlan: We've visited Marist once, but we have more complaints from Bard—from local residents and other sources, we can't divulge.

Observer: And why haven't you visited Vasser?

Quinlan: No comment.

Observer: That makes me really curious.

Quinlan: We haven't had any planned, large visitations, if that's what you mean. But there's no reason to say that it is free from suspicion. The same people go there too.

Observer: Not really. A lot of influential people send their daughters there.

Quinlan: They've got boys in there too now. It's changed the place a lot...

Observer: Do you think that the Bard Administration is in a position to stop the busts?

Quinlan: No, they're powerless. I think the college faculty and administration are subject to what students want. In my relationship with college officials I have found them to be overwhelmingly on the side of the students. They would not allow anything that would cause great discomfort to the students.

(The tone of the interivew was informal, easy friendly. We digressed once or twice to speak of the Mets, John Lindsay, men at Vassar, and other small talk. Towards the end of the hour, Quinlan said, "You know, I'm not the cruel man some think I am. I love people and I love to be alive. Everything is just wonderful. I'm a professional police officer and I have an oath of duty.")
To the Editor:

As a member of Library Committee and as a student I have come up against one of the most disillusioning aspects of community life at Bard. I'd rather say "one of the most disillusioning denials of community life at Bard." I'm talking about the theft of books, records, etc., from the library—amounting to over $20 a day on an average of a seven day school week.

I could talk about the blindness of a student body which loudly censures the kind of denial of community trust represented by an informer at a bart. Which censures the denial of a nation, and of a world community represented by US action in Viet Nam. The library is the center of our community (it sounds trite, but it's true) and some of our brethren are attempting to remove it piece by piece, while we smile the loss away.

If you're not concerned with the hypocrisy, consider the external loss; over $9,000 a year, money desperately needed for books (this semester's Divisional Funds are already spent, for example), or for non-library items such as more washers and driers to alleviate the overuse of those on Stone Row. But I suppose those who steal from their brothers can't be moved by talk of community trust or community needs. I suppose they're interested in themselves. But that's where they're most blind. Because they're stealing from themselves—robbing themselves of the possibility of growth, the possibility of being trusted. The possibility of trusting.

Or are we so ill that some of us don't believe in that?

Thanks for listening.
Kevin O'Brien

To the Editor:

Bard students are not self-indulgent spoiled rich kids. True, we may throw away almost as much meat, bread, vegetables, salads, and milk than we eat or drink. And just because you can't find a place to eat at 1 PM since our fellow students have slobbered their lunches, milk, and cigarette ashes all over their trays and tables and then have simply walked away that doesn't mean we're pigs. We may litter the campus with so much garbage that men must get up at dawn every day to make it neate. But for the present we wake. There are always faggots who still work for a couple of bucks an hour—those old men and women who follow and clean up the classrooms, dining commons, and coffee shop after us. (This is America: some have it and some don't.)

True, we may treat our fellow students like shit. We may blast records at 2 AM oblivious to those sleeping or studying. We may steal clothing, notebooks, and bicycles from each other, and books and records from the community library. Sure, we may subject every fellow student in every dormitory to the threat of arrest, without their say, simply because we like to trash heroin and other drugs in our rooms for personal indulgence. (This is our life style.) Ah, but last Wednesday we applauded our moral righteousness and our dissociation from America's war policies—the United States is acting like a spoiled rich nation stepping on other countries and peoples and leaving its messes for them to live through. And we can clearly see this is wrong—immoral, in fact. (When we grow up America will be different.)

Sure, we moralistic and pacifist weighing Bard students are fat and living off the wealth of parents and a nation that prospers on war and armaments—and we're prosperous on war and armaments—and we've inherited their accompanying traits and attitudes toward other human beings. More chemicals and copulation we may have, but we sure as hell don't live together much better than they do.

The System lives and flourishes at Bard College.

David Schardt

OPEN LETTER TO BARD WRITERS:

We should be accessible to each other. We should have the benefit of each other's work and thought.

As it stands now there is:

cont. on page 7

FEIFFER

POEM OF WAR—Michael Ventura

I shook a hand, a medic's, bound for the war.
He will mount the lactum of the sound.
He will have nothing new to say.
and tests. This in itself is fine and dandy. I suppose. After all, we are students, and traditionally a form in which students are graded is tests and papers, but here at Bard, it strikes me, perhaps something better could be worked out. The trouble with the present system is that the student is really not given a chance to perform. He is generally graded for a whole semester’s work on just two or three marks. And the trouble with the two or three marks that he has received is that he had the same amount of work at the same time in all his courses. Apparently at Bard he could only devote a fraction of his thought and time to each. Invariably someone has to suffer, be it the student who stays up working all week, or the teacher who has to slug through the same series of muddled papers and exams every semester.

So much for the dissertation on midterms. I am trying very hard this week not to alienate any large campus group. Fortunately there is not a hell of a lot to write about this week. One might even say nothing. I suppose the mark of a good journalist is to be able to make something out of nothing. I suppose I should give that a try, but still not alienate anyone. A difficult job, you must admit. That just goes to show all you know...

There is an interview with Quintana, you remember him, in this issue. He comes over like a big friendly bear. But then, how many friendly bears do you know.

I was in Kingston on the morning of Monday of Snowstorm day. It was quite a storm, every store or shop had a little transistor radio going, waiting for the Mets game, I suppose. Over and over there were announcements to the effect of turning on their lights on in protest of theonest. Kingston came down heavy on the side of Millhouse. But the real excitement was provided by the local high school. Classes were being held, but were generally unattended. Instead everyone was outside healing their oats, so to speak. The local hippos were having our forfeits and other paraphernalia, which was rather nice, but the real prize goes to that species, inherent in the Kingston structure, the snowbanks to the 1960’s. Driving around, gaily bedecked in their earmuffs, super-ski, 427 cubic inch, rally stripped, overhead cam, hurt four speed shifter, machine, the locals attempted to break up anything peaceful that was happening. Many blared their horns at the smallest provocation, and many had painted slogans on the sides of their cars, old favorites such as: Better dead than red,” or “Kill a hippie for peace.” Delightful, I thought, and left town quickly. What was interesting was the farm in which these people chose to protest. The manner in which they chose these massive American cars from which they made themselves known. I had always thought that Kingston was little more than a poor imitation of Detroit’s Woodward Avenue, but this really confirmed my beliefs. But the symbolon of the cars can hardly be overlooked. It was extremely fitting that the little people, with their little minds, should have chosen the automobile, the one constant of the American powerstructure.

Beautiful... 

John Katzenbach

1. No “workshop” or “workbead” or whatever where discussion—a technical, general, or of any other variety—may take place. Between us. There must be slots of this somewhere, but I haven’t heard of it, and if its inaccessible to me there may be others for whom it is also inaccessible.

2. No place—and this is strange in a college with so many lit majors—where a sentence or an essay or a spasm of some persistence in the field can be published with enough frequency for there to be a dialogue, or at least an informed repartee. (The Observer’s already been tried, by me anyway; they don’t want my lit columns, but maybe they’d want somebody else’s so somebody else should try.) The Bard Papers happens only once a semester, as does the Lautner Muse, so it wouldn’t serve the function. The poetry magazine shouldn’t be burdened with stuff that would take the focus off the poems, though they’ve been kind enough to print two of my pieces that is, when the mags get to print.)

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Soccer Splits Two

Rebounding from the previous week’s debacle, the Bard soccer team managed bravely to beat the New Paltz freshmen, 4-1. In a game marked by distinct boredom, and with the score tied, the Bard squad suddenly exploded for three goals in the last quarter. The goal-kick, was led by halfbacks Rick Degollado, and Ralph Gabriel, who scored himself, on a tricky europian corner kick. Demonstrated by the outstanding play of goalies Bard players, New Paltz rolled over pathetically and died.

In an away game the soccer team managed to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory, and lose 2-1 to Northb Ridgeville college. The Bard team had forty shots on goal compared to the home team’s eight, but were unable to convert any into scores. The lone goal was scored by Red Griffin, who played a good game, but was unable to shoulder the little Bard team with any inspiration.

The team’s record now stands at 2-3-0. They will have a chance to even the whole thing up this coming weekend, at home.