Evaluations: A Snake in the Grasp?  
Marion Swerdlow

Clearwater On A Stormy Sea  
Book Review: How To Sell A President  
Leary Trial Begins  
Geoff Cahoon

Grades Reform At Brown  
Rick Fitch  
Dr. Hip Pocrates  
Eugene Schoenfeld  
Bombers Busted  
Cat Of Nine Tails  
Mad Mother at Theatre

Washington  
Marion Swerdlow  
Article  
Geoff Cahoon  
Photographs

Student Senate  
Quote From Oscar Wilde  
Cartoon  
Feiffer

Letters  
["... Successful participation of Bard in last weekend's anti-war activities ..."]  
SMC  
Notes On The Eve Of Moratorium Day II, November 1969  
R. Koblitz  
Notes From Behind The 8-Ball  
Michael Ventura

Photos  
YWCA
Clearwater on Stormy Sea...

The Washington March...

Is Evaluation Valid...
EVALUATIONS:

Until last year, student-written faculty evaluation sheets were "a matter of communication and advice to the junior faculty," suggests William Wilson, an untenured member of the Language and Literature Division. "Instead of the present sort of Star Chamber proceedings, the faculty is given a chance to do some reflecting on their own experiences with the teaching staff," said Wilson. "The sheets are used to gather information on the teaching effectiveness of the faculty, and to determine the areas of need for improvement." Wilson believes that these evaluations should be used as an opportunity for self-assessment and professional growth. "The sheets are not intended to be used as a means of punishment or criticism, but rather as a tool for personal development," he said. "They should be treated with respect and openness, and should be used to foster a positive and constructive environment for teaching and learning."
book review: how to save a president

ICPS—If "The Selling of the President 1968" tells us anything, it tells us that despite the recognized need at the time, for a political leader who could "bring us together," Richard Nixon was sold to the American voter through a campaign which soft-peddled white racism and took an ignominious public for granted.

Joe McGinniss should be criticized only for not pestering the American people in some of the "behind scene" matters which played such a dominant role in the election of Richard Nixon as the 37th President of the United States. If Nixon could still do something about it, Nothing and Linus, past could easily be retitled "Understanding Your President" and promoted as a handbook for people who want to know why Nixon is Nixon.

"The Selling of the President 1968" states, without reservation, that the American people were "sold" a bill of goods during the Nixon campaign. Surrounded by an expert team of media manipulators, Richard Nixon won on technique rather than substance. One of those aids is quoted, candidly, in a conversation: "... The most powerful man in the world. And he's (Nixon) going to be elected on what he didn't say. He's created an image of himself through cornball surnsets and WASPy faces and no one operates better than he. Which is gobbly-gook anyway, of course."

When a hint of substance did creep into the Nixon campaign it was carefully engineered to assure maximum results when the voters went to the polls—every detail was examined and evaluated.

A commercial entitled "Vietnam," which included a series of "wounded soldier" pictures backed with the Nixon "non-position" on ending the war, was judged, according to McGinniss, not good enough for showing in the South and Southwest by one of Nixon's media men. "His reasoning was quite simple," states McGinniss. "A picture of a wounded soldier was a reminder that the people who fight wars get hurt. This, he (Nixon) felt, might cause resentment among those Americans who got such a big kick out of chasing for wars from their Legion halls and barrooms half a world away. So bury the dead in silence... before you blow North Carolina."

The major part of Nixon's television campaign was centered around hour long "man in the arena" shows staged by the Nixon media troops. Packed with local members of Republican clubs for effect, and including questions town hall was to be conducted by a panel of average citizens, the shows were geared at regional audiences. It was in this phase of the campaign that McGinniss found the greatest evidence of racism. The feeling among the "engineers" was that a balanced panel was essential.

"First, this meant a Negro. One Negro, not two. Two would be offensive to whites, perhaps to Negroes as well. Two would be trying too hard. One was necessary and safe. Fourteen percent of the population applied to a six or seven member panel, equalled one. Texas would be tricky, though. Do you have a Negro in Texas? This launched a long argument, or, not then which?"

McGinniss recalls in the book a conversation which took place while the "team" was preparing for an area spot that was to be shot in Philadelphia: "... On this we definitely need a Negro. I can add don't think it's necessary to have one in every group of six people, no matter what our ethnic experts say, but in Philadelphia it is. U.S. News and World Report this week says that one of every three votes cast in Philadelphia will be Negro. And goddamn, we're locked into the thing anyway. Once you start it's hard as hell to stop, because the press will pick it up and make a big deal out of why no Negro all of a sudden."

"... I (a local production man) know one in Philadelphia... He's a dynamic type, the head of a self-help organization, that kind of thing. And he is black."

"What do you mean, he's black?"

"I mean he's dark. It will be obvious on television that he's not white."

"You mean we won't have to put a sign around him that says, "This is our Negro?"

"Absolutely not."

"Fine, Call him. Let's get this thing going."

In the still commercials, which became a trademark of the campaign, the undercurrent of racism was also found. McGinniss reports the reaction of one of the creative people in the campaign to "political" changes in his work.

"They had to change something in every single spot. The first commercial originally ended with a picture of a Negro boy staring into the smoldering ruins of what had been his home. That had to go: for political reasons, they said. They [the Nixon advisors] were afraid they'd be accused of trying to stir up sympathy for Negroes who riot. We also had to drop a part of a group of Negroes looking at the same kind of thing. It wasn't bland enough. We had to use unhabitual ruins."

In another still commercial a young black soldier's face filled the screen while Nixon was saying "They provide most of the soldiers who died to keep us free." This remark was intended for "the forgotten Americans" but the Nixon manipulators decided that the black soldier would have to go.

"We can't show a Negro just as RN's saying 'most of the soldiers who die to keep us free'... That's been one of their big claims all along... and what's this about... and this can be interpreted in a way that would make us appear to be taking their side."

Later when the person directing the still commercials wanted to do one on Black Capitalism he encountered something that no one on the Nixon staff could understand. He had sent a photographer out to take some appropriate pictures.

"An hour after he started, the photographer called Gene Jones and said when he started lining up on the street to pose he had been asked by a few young men what he was doing. When he told them he was taking pictures for a Richard Nixon commercial, it was suggested that he remove himself and his camera from the vicinity. Fast."

The head engineer of the Nixon media campaign remarked upon hearing this account: "Gez, isn't that strange... I can't understand an attitude like that."

And so it went. The carefully planned campaign that won Richard Nixon a nation and lost the nation its dignity. But where are the media men now?

It is a well-known fact that Nixon feels ill-at-ease on television and has, at best, a low esteem for the printed media. In view of the immense skills that it would appear the President is faced with at present it would seem that the man who gave the "image" life in the first place should be called back to give a transulucency.

The "now" Nixon of 1968 is rapidly reverting to the Nixon we all knew in 1962. His reluctance to be the "man in the arena" for reporters over the past months indicates that his image-makers really didn't have one.

Their "image" is terribly insecure about his "image."
GRADERS reform at BROWN

PROVIDENCE, R.I. (ICPD) — During the late 1700s, Brown University aided the American Revolution by housing French and American soldiers in its University Hall. Today, another quite different revolution is taking place on Brown’s “country college” campus.

A revolution in education.

Prompted by the demands of zealous student reformers, the alma mater of such statesmen as John Hay and Charles Evans Hughes has adopted what is in many respects the most progressive undergraduate curricular circuitry to be found in any major U.S. institution of higher learning.

Freshmen, once forced to attend huge introductory courses in numerous specialized disciplines in the interest of achieving a “liberal education,” are given new freedom. There are no university-required courses, and, informally, “required” courses, if ever so informal, have been instituted to combat deperacionalization.

“Modes of Thought” courses are interlinked. A course on the subject of revolution, for example, might draw on the eloquent writings of Tolstoy, Sartre and Camus, empirical political theory, history and political philosophy. The courses are taught independently but are linked to departmental sponsorship by individual faculty members who are free to abandon, at particular courses at their wish, the help to inspire enthusiastic instruction.

“Modes of Thought” courses have a 20-student enrollment ceiling.

A co-op王朝 division at Brown no longer have to conform to a pre-established pattern of study. A “Committee of Concentrations” has been formed to aid students in determining study programs tailored to individual needs.

The old concept of “majoring” in one subject and “minoring” in another has been done away with. Students are expected to plunge into the core areas of study more intensively than others, but there are no one-year contracts or the quantity of courses to be taken. Subject to the approval of the committee, a student might fulfill his obligation for “concentrating” in an area by taking four or five courses in it.

The most radical change is in grading—or, rather, in the lack of it. All course work is graded either on an “A, B, C” or “unsatisfactory” basis or simply as “Satisfactory” and “unsatisfactory.” A student may choose the method he prefers. No credit is given for unsatisfactory work, and no notation of a student’s unsatisfactory performance is entered on his transcript.

This reformed curriculum is largely the product of students’ efforts. In 1966, group of Brown students, meeting in an independent study project, set out to examine undergraduate education. Fifteen months later, they released a 450-page report on the shortcomings of higher education in the U.S., with specific recommendations for Brown.

AMERICA — SHOVE IT, OR HEAVE IT, OR WASHINGTON IS OUR NATION’S CAPITAL.

After the Chicago ‘68 convention, I set virtually all my time in my life like smashing its front in. Helpless, inopportune, many thoughts ran through my head as I watched Chicago’s finest

BOMBERS BUSTED

hurl the last of the beaten-demonstrators off into waiting vans. And, as Humphrey was nominated, I settled back into a deep depression trying to envision four years of Nixon as president...

As the campaign progressed it became easier and easier, and my thoughts turned to how to avoid this bastard of Republican thought to some kind of humanitarian viewpoint. In my mind there was little or no possibility, and I saw America disappearing under a massive pile of “old glory” decals...

The Nixon administration continued, and I gave up almost all hope for existence I saw a People’s Park and a Chicago eight fifty-six volume flushed down the great “Law and Order” toilet. Then it was back to Bard, and I heard Superstuffed Quinnian saying he was a personal friend of Nixon’s, and, god help me, I had to believe him.

But October 19th happened, and for a moment there was something to smile about, as high-school kids flashed the V, and handed out pamphlets and arm bands. But sooner than I expected the whole movement disappeared from my eyes and I had to wait, what I thought would be the Washington daughter of the innocents.

In New York last week, four radicals were arrested and charged with being responsible for a series of bombings that have been shaking establishments and centers for the last few weeks. The four were connected with various underground movements in the City. One of the four, John Alpert, works for the Rut, a subterranean newspaper. Among the building’s walls and corridors are the offices of the Criminal Courts Building and four Manhattan skyscrapers, including the headquarters for the Marine Midland Trust.

Two of the accused were arrested as they attempted to plant four dynamite time bombs in National Guard trucks. At first their bomb was placed at 2 million dollars by the U.S. District Commissioner, but two days after his arrest their bomb was re- dined 80% by a Federal Judge. Marvin E. Frankel, who stated that the large amount of the instant ball “cannot stand because it practically to no ball at all, in a case where justification for this extreme result has not been established.”

He went on to say that while the charges were “grave and alarming,” the “premise of innocence is basic among both the statutory and constitutional principles afflicting him.”

The four were arrested by the FBI on Thursday, November 13 and hustled off to jail. The Feds are reportedly still looking for Pet Swinney, another flat employee.

QUESTION: This past summer I enjoyed a fairly trouble-free sex life with several different men. However, somehow along the line I managed to contract gonorrhea. Around June or July I developed vaginal itching, but no discharge, and the other symptoms. I am not sure if I contracted it from an infected individual or if I infected myself. I went to my doctor and got two test tubes of penicillin, O.K., so we’re: both clean, right? Neither of us had other contacts the next month.

Then I saw another boyfriend. (Call him boyfriend No. 2.) The next day I developed a vaginal itching. Again no discharge. A few days later boyfriend No. 3 called and said he had developed a vaginal itch. He had a smear taken, and a positive diagnosis for gonorrhea was made. He said that up until now he had no symptoms or any other contacts.

I am well aware that people are not always related about their sexual antics but I have good reason to believe both those men were telling me the truth about their sex life. As a result of all this I’m becoming extremely paranoid about sex. I can’t have such a worry messing up my head and still enjoy my loving.

My questions are:

1) Is it possible for a male to be a carrier of gonorrhea and have no symptoms?  
2) Is it possible for me to be harboring the bug even after the treatment I had?

ANSWER: Males are usually painfully aware of the symptoms of gonorrhea—discharge of pus, burning, itching and pain while urinating. But some males may have symptoms so minor they are ignored, according to an article in the October 1969, issue of the Journal of the A.M.A.

Gonorrhea and other venereal diseases have become so prevalent no one can afford not to be a physician if anything unusual is noticed. It involves the genitals. Don’t expect your doctor to make a diagnosis by telephone. The symptoms of trichomoniasis, fungus infections and gonorrhea may feel very similar to the patient. While relatively few males are unaware of gonorrhea symptoms, many females contract the disease without knowing it.

Gonorrhea is becoming increasingly resistant to the treatment with penicillin. Dosages which were adequate a few years ago may now be too small. Some cases of gonorrhea have become more resistant to penicillin, necessitating use of other antibiotics. Laboratory examinations should be performed before and after treatment to insure eradication of the disease.

Of all the people mentioned in your letter, only boyfriend No. 2 was party to adequate medical care.

copyright 1969 by eugene schofield

Mad Mother at Theatre

Ann Jellis’s THE SPORT OF MY MAD MOTHER will be featured at the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance at the State University on Tuesday, November 22nd through 25th. Under the direction of William Dieterle, the theatre promises to be a turbulent and audience-pleasing event. Performances will every evening at 8:30 and on Sunday afternoon at 3:30.
Welcome to Washington! Part of the crowd marching from the Capitol to the Washington Monument.

By Marian Swedlow

"A couple of years ago I would have been depressed that people weren't taking it seriously, but instead, I was really glad to see so many people. Once people commit a political act, they become more involved, and more aware. They think differently."

— Laurie Gilbert

If what Laurie Gilbert observes is true, Bardi should now be a more aware and involved community, which should be fairly noticeable. Nearby a third of us were drawn into our nation's capital this weekend for the longest antiwar demonstration yet. Whether we think differently from before, we definitely think differently from one another regarding our experience.

Frank Montafalca was "disappointed" that there weren't more middle-class marchers. "I was hoping there'd be more straight people. Even the middle aged there were hip."

Barry Silkowitz thinks this proved that opposition to the war is a "phenomenon among the young. Perhaps we are a minority after all."

Kathy Dalpino, who was hawking STUDENT MOBILIZER said there were a good number of Veterans for Peace and Mothers for Peace, "people of the 'silent majority' age group. "They contributed the most money—it was like guilt money." Anna Banger felt most of the marchers were "just concerned parents, people of thirty and forty who just like to sing."

"The march was beautiful," said Lisa Bernstein, "as much as I hate to use that word. It was incredible so friendly. The most touching part was everyone singing 'Give Peace a Chance.' And the marshalls were fantastic. Whenever there was any possibility of trouble, they would appear and take care of everything." Bob Mayer said, "It was just like being back at Woodstock again. I believe the whole non-violent attitude made our protest a lot more valid."

By Geoff Cahoon

Friday night, DuPont Circle: The masses were moving. Banners and flags floated over their heads. They were showing that it was their revolution, their fight, and that it was the people who would oust the puppet Saigon regime from its embassy up the street.

Storming down the streets they let forth their cries of anger: Ho, Ho Chi Minh, Viet Cong is gonna win! The streets belonged to the people and tonight the people had taken possession. Pow er to the people. Fuck the pigs. The revolution has come down and given its followers its blessing. The time is now!

Swarming between cars, over cars, they beat out the chant rhythm on the cars they passed. The flags fluttered in the cold air as the acid glare of the headlight made the colors all the more harsh. The vanguard wore helmets and gas-masks but the majority depended on righteous ness for their protection. They knew that their time had come—history was on their side.

Saturday morning, Washington Monument: To the best of muffled applause, ranks of marchers moved to the end of the march route over their heads you could, but more marchers stretching down the avenue in an exercise perspective. The masses had come even greater numbers. Some had through the March Against Death most had just arrived in the city. Flags waved above the ranks but held signs predominated. March the line neat and orderly. Some marchers were militant but no here to ask politics! Give us peace, Mr. President. Pretty no sugar on top?

Near the end of the street, abov e feet from the embassy, the crowd into a trot, cadenced by the drums. Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, V.C. is gonna win! shouted at the top of their lungs. Nothing could stop the joy of the march. How can you stop crops of trodden masses on the march?

Filling by continuously, seem endles, the line of marchers by look more cheerful as the end grew closer. A rally with entertainmen...
The Great Peace March was over. The people had showed the rulers that they wanted peace and now the show proceeded. Peter Yarrow, of PP&M was singing now.

"When the day is done... sing along now..."

Peace had been achieved because we all drove to Washington and walked with 350,000 other people down a long street. Isn't it wonderful what you can do in a democracy?

The police smiled as the marchers went by and would, on occasion, flash a V sign.

The gas finally cleared at the intersection, but when the group reformed the gas was used again. In fact it was used almost every time a group of more than three people formed within range of a grenade thrower. Walking away from your third glass that night you could see the glass of a smashed piggybank littering the street and the glow from a charred hunk that was the remains of a police motor-scooter. Others were burned later. The marchers kept the fight going until late that night.

On Wednesday night, the March Against Death had begun. Walking from Arlington Cemetery the marchers passed single files in front of the White House. Each carried a placard bearing the name of a person killed in the war, or of a village destroyed. As each person passed the President's house they yelled out the name he bore. It was a symbolic protest. Very symbolic. The President was at Cape Kennedy watching America melt forth debrid into space. All the master backs in Washington were calling out the names of the dead, but they were the only ones listening.

A half-dozen Bard students, including Rick DiGoma, participated in a more militant act than the rally, the Conspiracy's demonstration at the Justice Department. "A lot of people needed an outlet for the frustration of marching, of being stopped by a row of buses from passing the White House. We marched with the Weathermen, because we didn't like the football game atmosphere of the rest of the march. When the VC flags started flying, we got a feeling of surpassed power. That's what the people at the Justice Department had-a feeling of power. There were about one thousand to ten thousand. We took down the American flag, but the police put it back up again. When the first rock was thrown, it was a surprise to most of the people there--I know I was surprised. Then there were more rocks, and bottles. We chanted "bullying justice." Most of the people there were sympathetic, but they weren't throwing things. We felt it was a justified, but fruitless action. The cops began to mass and we tried to get out."

Alex Manuel, who was a marshall assigned to the Justice Department for the demonstration, claimed "police didn't try to stop the shouting. Only when the students began throwing rocks and bottles at the police did they use tear gas pellets. They cleared us out for themselves twice, and each time, they returned. The third time, tear gas machines were used."

Manuel said that during the march, he was heckled, and told "Marshall's are no better than pigs."

The Bard students who spent the night in Washington were housed by Saint Stephen's Church of the Incarnation. They participated in a "student mass," which all agreed was a deeply meaningful experience. "Part of it was quieter meeting style," recalled Rick, "we spoke about our feelings about the war and about the march. It was pretty political. Then bread and wine were given out and we were encouraged to feed each other. People were singing, 'Amen.' And 'Take my hand, my friend,' and 'Give Peace a Chance.'-but it was different from the singing on the march. Soon people were dancing, and jumping over gears and hugging each other. It was very spiritual, but it was also a victory celebration."

Monday, Bard students were already looking to the future of the antiwar movement. "The Moro is planning a bigger demonstration in Washington in December, but many Bard students are not enthusiastic. Some felt the militancy of the Weathermen was the trend of the future. Others recall Staugton Lynd's call for civil disobedience back in 1967. In any case, marches can only get bigger, which seems to have made them less more effective. "This was just as perfect as it could have been," said Bruce Warshavsky, "to be any better, it would have to be a different kind of action."

A participant in the March Against Death carries the name of a slain GI.
To the Editor:

We would like to use this letter to thank all the individuals and groups that helped make possible the successful participation of Bard in last weekend's anti-war activities in Washington, D.C. Specifically we would like to thank Stoner, 2466, Miss Randolph and Mrs. Oxlund, the band "Interqs," Sessions & Gould, Inc. (The Newsstand) and St. Stevens Church in D.C. Lastly we thank the 200 or more Bard people who attended the march.

Thank you,
P.S. SMC
Bunch on.

To the Editor:

Notes on the Eve of Moratorium Day II,
November 1969

Let us be clear about this. The issue is not Vietnam or how soon the American colonial armies will get out of Asia. The issue is whether Americans can control their own government. The issue is whether this nation will unleash upon the world a virulent militarism, oppressive and imperialistic. The issue is whether we shall impose upon ourselves an oppressive regime of force and fear.

There are few who look upon Vietnam as our "shining hour" or the men who die there as fighters for freedom and democracy. All men now know, what yesterday only a few foresaw, that America has lost. We have lost boys of our own, more than 40,000. We have lost our wealth, more than $100 billion. We have lost status and power and repute in the world.

Recognizing military defeat—like the Germans in World War I, the French and the Russians—will call it a "stab in the back"—the liberals who began the war and lost it, and the conservatives who were tempted and then disavowed it and now may blunder into possessing it, are now proposing that America extricate itself. They propose the Vietnamization of the war. The "good natives" are to be armed to the hilt, advised and supported by American power. The killing is to go on. This is the liberal proposal, as Humphrey makes clear. There is no difference between Johnson and Nixon.

We must see a much more clear and radical alternative. The war must end in an unequivocal repudiation of militarism and imperialism. The boys who died, and the million Vietnamese they killed, deserve that there be a decisive lesson. We cannot survive having to learn it again and again. Only defeat, defeat of intervention, defeat of colonial policies of white men's burden and American Century, defeat of solution by bombs and napalm and gas and biological weapons and atomic threat, only defeat can indicate the sacrifice and save our country.

The Vietcong stand, as once did the American patriots in the 18th century, to defend their land against foreign soldiers and mercenaries. Their fathers stood as they do now, and the Vietminh defeated the French at Dien Bien Phu. And the Algerians defeated the French. And the Chinese under Mao threw out the corrupt regimes with colonialism and left behind and freed China at last from European and American domination. It is time to see these things and say these things and celebrate freedom and repudiately colonialism. This is the issue.

Now, of course, there will be much wrong with the anti-colonial forces and the "peace" will not always please us. They may even kill each other, but certainly not as cruelly as we have slaughtered them for our own good.

Fifty percent of the nation's federal budget is war, and much more of our economy and culture is involved. Indeed, it will be very, very difficult to disengage ourselves, for disengagement means that we will not have a "safety valve" of distraction overseas to substitute for our own domestic problems. It means that we will have to reassemble our politics.

The issue, then, is not withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam. It is the lesson of defeat. It is the abandonment of policies of intervention—no more Vietnam! It is the removal of the threat of military power in America. Vietnam is but a skirmish, a slogan, and beyond it lies the long fight for a new America and a new design of culture and economics and politics for a free and peaceful society.

-R. Kobitz

To the Editor:

Notes from Behind the 8-Ball

What follows is a fragment. It begins in the middle. For its beginning imagine several paragraphs on bravado, the shallowness of it, the lack it tries to camouflage; and on how our revolution-

corn's next page
from page 6

It is the same with the words “freedom” and “liberty” and “power.” These are complex abstractions. Their real applications require thought and attention. They should be used as tools to educate us about our own possibilities, not as names for being used as bullets. I am sick of these words in their mouths.

And I am afraid for their followers. Deeply afraid. These followers believe their leaders too blindly, simply because they agree with them. They support, very often, actions and ideas they could not dream of doing. Or, dreaming of it, they would be incapable. This is a curious, and dangerous, public enthronement. Have you ever seen a man killed? It can be quick, quicker than anything. There is NOTHING quicker than violence. There is nothing harder, once begun, to control. Even with the best communications, it is almost impossible to control (read a detailed account of any battle). Without these communications, impossibility. There is nothing as incoherent as violence.

And yet so many of us, so many “in” “the movement”, are so hurt by incoherence in ourselves and in our lives. Still, we hear a man proposing the ultimate incoherence and we say “Right on.”

We will burn the world, and with the fiery pieces in our hands we will wonder at the pain. I am not against it. I only want us, I desperately want us, to know what it is we are doing and what it will involve.

Or perhaps that is the attraction: the incoherence of the violent. We are spared, by violence and by violent talk, from knowing ourselves and each other. We are spared from knowing our enemies—that is too great a burden for us. Killing a cop is one thing—killing a man, quite another, even if he is an evil, a foolish man. We are spared, for a little while.

Perhaps that is what we desire. If we can not be spared disaster, we might be spared our own consciousnesses, and its merciless demands.

(And when the snarks cleave and we see what and who is left, what will we have become? What our new freedoms, and what our new bonds? And do our leaders dare to speak to us of this, to speak us quietly, without rhetoric and the weeping of arms? And if they do not, how can they any better than all the others who have led us to war?)

—Michael Ventura

Dr. S. J. (“more fun than a roller-coaster”) Hayakawa of San Francisco State was quoted by some state legislators about a speech in which he told a group of Los Angeles cops:

“If you have to make an arrest, keep a smile on your face as you drag the sons of bitches out.” This, the doc explained, “By using a little vulgarism I achieved a little rapport with those cops.”

The YWCA members, all under 35 years of age, also endorsed in heated sessions: the repeal of all abortion laws, confiscation of all weapons for all species, the Black Manifesto, and the Vietnam Moratorium.

PHOTOS

Photographs by students in Mrs. Elizabeth Berteletti’s Continuing Education class at Bard College will be shown in a rotating exhibition at the Hoffman Memorial Library at the College through December 14. The class, “From Image Seen to Image Photographed,” meets one evening a week, for 15 weeks.

Photographers whose work is currently on display on the main floor and on two upper levels of the Library, are Robert Oline, Ralph Gabriner, Joseph Kelly and Bernard Nathan. These will be followed with pictures by Heyward Croy, Richard Drake, Bernard Erl, John F. Matthews, Robert Pickton and Gordon Wheeler.

The subjects include documentaries, nature close-ups, abstractions, landscapes, and portraits. The photographs now being shown are all black and white but some of those in later groups will be in color.

Students in class come from both sides of the river, scene from Kingston, Saugerties, Millbrook, Hudson and Hyde Park.

The library at Bard is open daily from 9:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m., and area residents are invited to visit the exhibition.