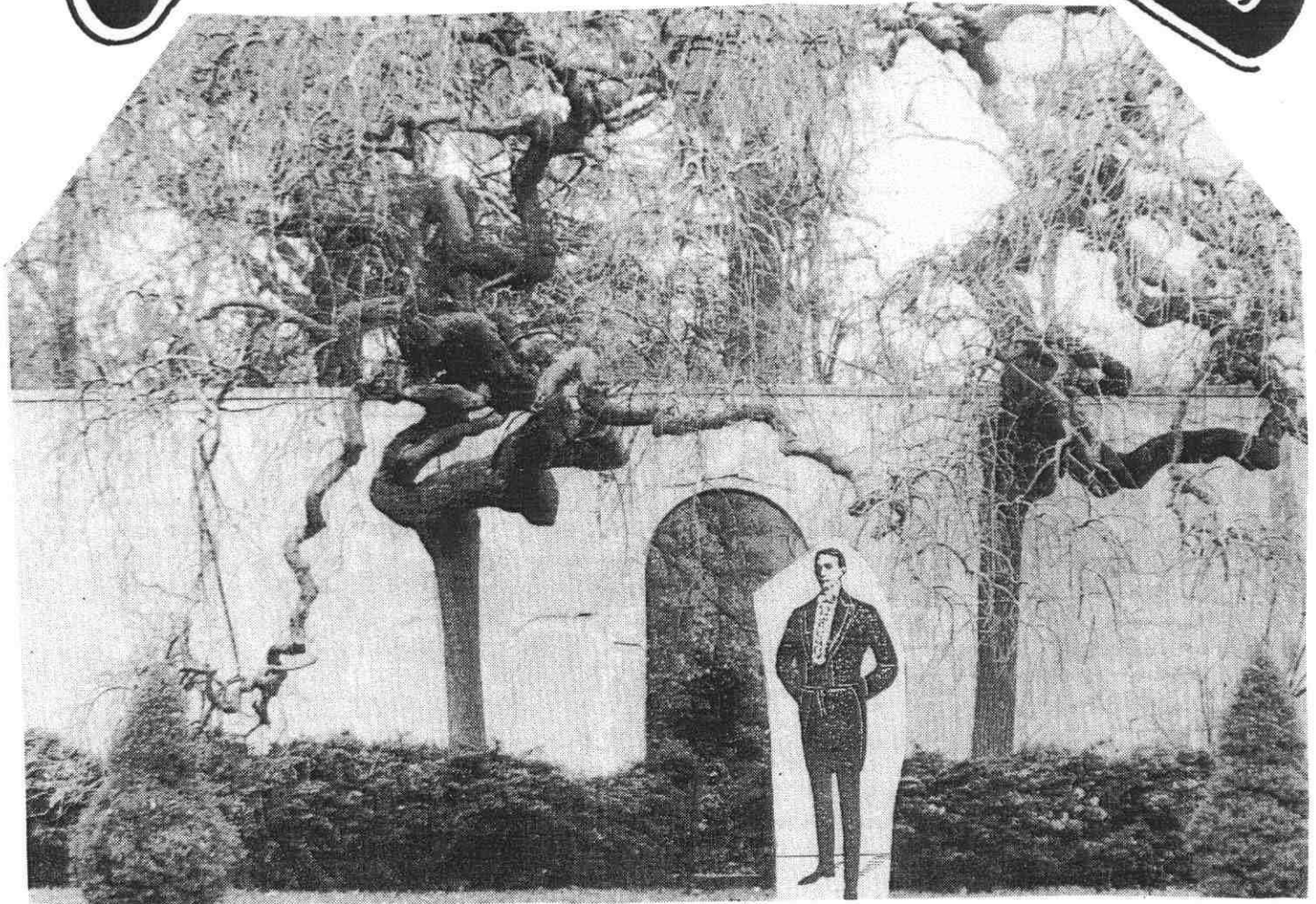


MARCH 1982

No. 38

VOLUME X ISSUE IV  
-and-  
VOLUME I ISSUE I

# — THE — LIGHT — OBSERVER



*Andrea Nussinow*

**STUDENT FORUM CONTROVERSY · NUKES ·  
JONNY CASH INTERVIEW · TROLLS · BELUSHI ·  
DADA · REVIEWS · FREE POSTCARD INSIDE!**

# Bard's News and Arts Magazine

## The Light-Observer

Editors-in-Chief: Nelson Bragg (President), Bill Abelson, George Hunka

News Editors: Kenneth Gutierrez, Elizabeth Robinson

Food and Wine Editor: Douglas Miner

Staff: Denise Bricker, Art Carlson, Karen Cook, Pamela Casanova, Kellie Delaney, Kerry Fletcher, Linda Gruntwagin, Andrew Joffe, Judith Miller, Karla Paschkis, Raymond Ricker, Eric Saks, P.J. Snyder, Anna Vander Kloot, Guy Yarden.

Typists: George Hunka, Niki Lambros

Layout: Nelson Bragg, Bill Abelson, Linda Gruntwagin, Kirby

Graphics & Layout Editor: Nelson Bragg

Photographers: Denise Bricker, Mary May Wong, Andrea Nussinow

# WELCOME!

Welcome to *The Light-Observer*. This semester we are combining the freewheeling arts coverage of *The Light* with responsible news and events coverage of a campus newspaper -- which at Bard is traditionally called *The Observer*. Hence our moniker.

We are not publishing a poetry section, about which we feel very badly. Our focus is so enormously wide and varied -- comprehensive news and arts plus special features -- that we felt a grave need to cut back somewhere in order to save a) space and b) money. (As it is we're scared shitless we won't be able to either a) pay for this issue or b) get it from the printers to Grand Central Station -- a lot of boxes to carry, you know!) Our deepest and sincerest regrets to the talented creative writers who submitted work for this issue. We suggest all campus poets submit to the publications *Nexus*, *The Notice*, *Meadline*, and the annual *Dialogue*.

At the start of the semester we requested \$4,000 from the Planning Committee (based on an admittedly optimistic forecast of six issues). We were granted \$350. One cannot run a news publication on \$350. In fact it ain't nearly enough to cover the cost of this issue; our advertising and \$100 from the Entertainment Committee (thanks Mike) have helped us. Printing costs are very expensive, more so when one runs photographs. We sincerely appeal to the Planning Committee to give us more funding at the mid-term review.

"Why didn't they take the \$350 and put out a modest 25 or 30-page issue?" you might well ask. "Why something so huge?" Well, we have psychotic stars in our eyes and Leonine fire in our hearts & loins and we are determined to put out the best and fullest issues we possibly can. If we're to keep doing it we'll need your aid. If you like *The Light-Observer*, please help us. Come to our upcoming fundraisers and contribute. Write a letter to the Planning Committee urging them to give us more funds at mid-semester review. If you're on the Planning Committee, advocate giving us more.

We want to emphasize that we are open. If you're a journalist, visual artist, essayist, reviewer, sportswriter, cartoonist, photographer, etc. -- or dream of being one -- we'd like to see your stuff. Please submit to one of the editors' boxes. (Nelson, box 172; Bill, box 97.) We also invite all campus clubs, organizations, and departments to contribute articles or notes on this semester's ongoing activities. That means all divisions, not just arts.

Finally, we welcome and are anxious to receive your correspondence and comment. Meantime, we hope you enjoy the fruits of our labor.

Love,

Bill Abelson   Nelson Bragg   George Hunka  
                    Editors-in-chief





March 10, 1982

Dear Bill,

I find the latest turn of direction your publication has taken to be somewhat dismaying. Specifically, the addition of "Observer" to your name is a very bad move. The Light is a publication with a glorious past and an excellent track record up to this point; The Observer was a rag synonymous with mediocrity. How can The Light possibly benefit by this association?

From our conversations I understand your feeling that you would like to reach a larger audience, and also that you feel buffeted by charges of elitism. But you must have the mental toughness to say the hell with that bullshit. It is a shame, largely a matter of ever-present middle class guilt, that elitism has become a dirty idea. Here at Bard we are an elite group, like it or not. Within the larger group there are other groups, quite naturally, broken up by interest and social habits, etc., and it is absurd to think that your publication can or will or would even want to speak to all of them. Equally silly would be the idea that you are only going to aim for one of them. But neither of these has been a problem for The Light. I think The Light has and will continue to have a very diverse readership. I think The Light has served its readers well over the years and the readership has responded with considerable loyalty, the best proof of this being the longevity and consistently excellent input the publication has received. I think it is an insult to your readers when you decide that they are a nasty elite and water down The Light with bad or simply banal writing to "reach" a larger segment of the "community." Remember that all works of art, of writing, of music, and culture that we and you value were created by elites for elites and that is nothing to be ashamed of. If Ornette Coleman, for example, had listened to the cries of "Play something I can relate to," today's music would be a lot poorer.

I would also reiterate that this has nothing to do with the problem of in there/out there which has become such a favorite way of framing things for you. This is 1982; neither in-thereness or out-thereness has anything to prove to me in and of themselves; the point is to be *there*, wherever you find your there, and make that *there* happen for yourself and others. I think The Light has been very successful at doing this in the past.

Also it seems to me that you should make a better effort at determining who on campus reads The Light. It has been rather unsuccessful, I think, just simply putting it in Arts divisions majors boxes. There are plenty of these people who couldn't care less for The Light, while there are plenty of people majoring in other fields who are interested in the magazine. Rather than going for the mythical and elusive "community" you should put those people on your subscription list who now are forced to obtain The Light by digging it out of trash cans.

Signed,



Arthur Carlson

(To the Bard community, Light friends and enemies, etc.: We'd like to know your opinion on the above issue/non-issue. Please let us know. The Editors.)

# The Siberian Sleigh Ride

—a story—

December 37, 1984

Dear Fallout-of-the-System,

An accumulation of factors, any one or more of which may be trivial or irrelevant or inaccurate or false, builds an image for judgement.

While no one of these factors need be a fact, they nevertheless add up to how someone might feel about you.

That the feelings may have nothing to do with the facts, is obvious. Is this not generally the case?

If judgement had to be based on facts, then anyone who agreed to a particular and well defined set of criteria would come up with the same conclusion as anyone else. What room would there be for superior intuition in such a system?

But it is precisely because of the superiority of presidential intuition, that the faculty, in its wisdom, made the president the final judge and arbiter of its value and quality.

Therefore, do not be dismayed by the reasoning of the rejection which you received. You are perfectly correct in much of your criticism, and this is but an additional instance of the critical acumen and devotion to truth which I always knew that you had.

You err most grievously in assuming that the reasons given for a decision have anything to do with the facts. The 'objective' evaluation is what you received from the Divisional Evaluation Committee. It is the 'subjective' evaluation by its Chief Executive Officer that is the chief determinant of the future of the institution. Were this not the case, he would not be the Chief Executive Officer. Were this not the Case, we would not be so angry at your disturbance of our tranquillity, the steadiness of the hands on the reins, which is the sole justification for keeping the sleigh-ride functioning— at least as far as Verst.

Cordially yours,  
The Castle

EY

# Student Forum Controversy

*The following is a piece of subjective reportage by the new Central Committee secretary, Ray Ricker.*

At the first Student Forum meeting of the Spring '82 semester, a highly "debateable" budget was passed by the Forum. Excluded from allocations were the Bard Times, traditionally the "official" newspaper of Bard College. The reason given for its exclusion was the misappropriation of funds; \$700 from last semester was unaccounted for. The Central Committee was confronted by several people from the floor on just how these funds were misappropriated but gave no concrete facts. Mark Ebner, editor for the Bard Times, was approached by the Planning Committee after the meeting with the intention of going over his books but Ebner refused to take part in the matter. Just where did that \$700 go, Mr. Ebner?

## CONSTITUTIONAL?

Just as big of an issue that evening was the constitutionality of the Forum Meeting itself. The Central Committee, according to the Constitution of the Bard College Student Association, were clearly in violation of two constitutional amendments, the first being that "Agendas for Student Forum meetings shall be posted at least 48 hours prior to the meeting" and the second being that the "budget will be considered at the semesterly budget meeting not less than five days and not more than eight days from the submission of the budget." The Student Forum meeting was posted only 24 hours prior to the meeting and the budget was considered barely two days after its announcement.

Is it possible that these two points might have been overlooked by the Central Committee or is it possible that some or all of its members were not familiar with the Bard College Constitution? It was clear from ex-secretary Robert Eisman's resignation letter that he for one,

(continued on next page)

# Karan and Colatrella Respond

In response to criticism of the Planning Committee's allocations and attempted impeachment proceedings, Dan Karan, head of the Educational Policies Committee, and Steve Colatrella, Planning Committee chairperson, have issued the following statements to the Light-Observer.

## DAN KARAN

How do I feel about the budget that we (the Planning Committee) proposed and the Student Forum ratified? Well, given the fact that we had only \$28,000 to work with, and had requests for \$64,000 plus backbills, I think that we put out a fair budget. Now fair doesn't mean that every club should receive an equal amount of money. This is a classic liberal notion which completely forgets that we live in an unequal society to begin with. This brings me to the question of the constitutionality of the budget. The Constitution of the Student Forum was created by people who hated bureaucratic, elitist forms of government. They wanted to create a system where the student body of the college would have the power to do what they wanted to do and not simply do what their representatives, or some piece of paper, says they should do. And let's not be naïve and suppose that constitutions were written to be adhered to, to the letter, everything in history tells us the exact opposite. The student government was attacked not because we violated a constitution, but because we allocated a political budget. By this I mean that the Planning Committee decided that, given the extremely limited amount of money that we had to work with, we had certain fundamental responsibilities. Our responsibility was first and foremost to assure that these groups on campus which are excluded from the institution receive sizable budgets. We were attacked therefore because we committed ourselves to groups such as the BBSO, the LAO, the Feminist Alliance, and the Gay-Lesbian Action Group. It was indeed gratifying to see that the majority of the Forum agreed with us, and recognized their own responsibility to support these institutionally oppressed

(continued on next page)

prior to this incident, did not know about the five-day period between submission of the budget and the semesterly budget meeting. Since these amendments were not waived during the Forum meeting (there is a provision whereby a 2/3 vote by the Forum can waive a specific amendment for that meeting), a question can be raised regarding the constitutional nature of the meeting itself. This means that anything that occurred or was voted on in that particular meeting would be null and void.

These constitutional violations brought about a motion on the March 4 Forum meeting calling for the Planning Committee and the Central Committee to be impeached on the grounds of violations of law and practice of the Student Body. For this to be passed, a 2/3 majority of votes of the Student Forum would be needed. The valiant attempt at the overthrow failed; only thirteen of the sixty-nine eligible voters at the meeting cast pro-impeachment vote.

Some of the students though were still intent on seeing someone impeached. This time instead of the entire Planning Committee and Central Committee, Dan Karan and Steve Colatrella were motioned to be impeached. Once again the motion was defeated by the same vote, thirteen to fifty-six.

### THE PHANTOM AMENDMENT

It wasn't mere coincidence that Colatrella and Karan were singled out. In Robert Eisman's resignation letter both Karan and Colatrella were accused of wrongdoings. "Dan claimed that there was an amendment to the constitution that said the Planning Committee need only wait 24 hours. I remember that Dan told me 48 hours. I found a copy of the true constitution and it says five days." At the meeting, P. J. Snyder pointed out to the Forum that the Planning Committee budget proposal must be out for five days before being voted on. Dan Karan's reply was that the budget proposal need only be out for 24 hours. As Eisman states in his letter, "I asked Dan why he had lied to P. J. at the meeting. He said that he wasn't lying. I told him that I had been through all the minutes from meetings back to 1972, as far back as they go, and no

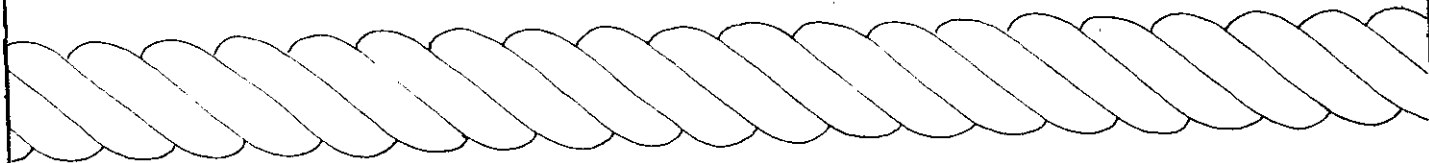
(continued on next page)

On behalf of the Planning Committee and the Central Committee let me say thanks to those of you who were at the budget and impeachment meetings, and supported us and the ideals that we are deeply committed to. Finally, let me say that I feel once again that the Student Forum has proved itself to be a truly progressive and democratic body.

### STEVE COLATRELLA

I feel that the way in which the people who opposed the budget and dealt with the issue is indicative of something which has gone unspoken. The way in which two individuals of the Planning Committee were singled out for impeachment on technical fine points shows that those people were not serious about their objections to the budget or about their constitutional arguments. There was a very limited amount of money to give out and we did the best we could to come up with a fair budget; we think it is a fair budget. However, we want to make it clear that "fair" doesn't mean that every club should get the same amount. It means that you come up with a way of making priorities that's fair. Well, given the realities of the school and the world we live in, the way we made up the budget gave priority to groups usually left out of access to resources. This is why we were attacked on technical constitutional points -- because the people who were attacking the budget were angry that we tried to protect community-oriented groups, especially those representing oppressed minorities, but these people couldn't admit that openly. The fact that Danny and I were singled out for impeachment separately indicates something else -- a fear of exposing themselves by attacking the minority members of the Planning Committee personally. Notice how Nadine Andre and Roxanne Johnson were able to intimidate the critics at the Forum meeting. That is, again, because arguing back at them, instead of at Danny and I, might look bad for them. So they listened passively to arguments from minorities without responding, but fought back against everything that Danny and I said. That illustrates that they don't take minorities' arguments seriously enough to debate with them. Back a few years ago, when one could speak clearly what one meant, without the euphemistic bullshit that is used everywhere today, people had a word to describe this syndrome -- they called it "racism".

such amendment existed. He told me that often amendments to the constitution are not written down. He, and Jan Levinson and Steve Colatrella (who were also at the meeting) then said that if the amendment wasn't written down, then they would go into the files and write it down." □



Billboard's  
STATION OF THE YEAR!

JAZZ  
FOLK  
ROCK  
BLUES  
COUNTRY  
CLASSICAL

**WDST**  
STEREO 100 FM  
WOODSTOCK, NEW YORK 12498  
(914) 679-7266



## DESIGNERS • GOLDSMITHS

specializing in:

- DIAMOND SETTING
- REMOUNTING
- REPAIR WORK
- ANTIQUE RESTORATION

*All Work Done on Premises*

DISCREET DISPOSITION OF ESTATE JEWELRY

Hours:  
Tues. - Sat. 10-6

32 East Market Street  
Rhinebeck, N.Y. 12572  
(914) 876-4585

# Visiting Lecturer Alan Geyer Brings Nuclear War Home To Bard

By P.J. Snyder

People naturally want to avoid the topic of nuclear war. It is disquieting in the extreme, and the mind shies away from it to other things ... nevertheless, the topic merits our consideration perhaps more closely than any other, provided that we consider it calmly and seriously." So spoke Dr. Alan Geyer, executive director of the Center for Theology and Public Policy, in the opening remarks of his public address at Bard College, held Tuesday, February 23. Following his own prescription, Dr. Geyer gave his lecture in a calm, studied manner, refraining from any hints of demagoguery or scare tactics. However, while his presentation was deliberately unexciting, the material he covered was, indeed, disquieting in the extreme.

He began with a detailed summation of what the current nuclear crisis is, and how we have arrived at this situation. According to Dr. Geyer, we are now in the midst of the third nuclear age, a period which started at approximately 1974-75, and whose beginnings were tragically, perhaps disastrously, overlooked in favor of the more alluring political scandals of that time. Among the overlooked warning signals cited by Dr. Geyer were the proliferation of nuclear weapons and their spread to India, Taiwan, South Africa and other nations, which abolished the relatively comfortable notion of a five-nation nuclear "club"; additional information on the dangers of nuclear weapons, regarding both their safety and security before use and their potential consequences after use; and, of course, the oil crisis, contributing additional tension to an already unstable international situation. However, according to Dr. Geyer, the most significant event was probably an intellectual one, namely the revival of the "counterforce" doctrine by U. S. policymakers. Dr. Geyer condemned this philosophy of nuclear brinkmanship as inevitably disastrous, creating as it does "an escalating spiral of fear" in which "we fear their (the Soviets') first strike capability, so we deploy weapons which promote our first strike capability, causing the Soviets to fear our first strike capacity ..." Morally, Dr. Geyer argued, the counterforce doctrine is justified by two demonstrably false propositions, firstly that precise targeting of nuclear weapons on military targets will spare civilians, making nuclear war "morally clean". Dr. Geyer

pointed out that if even five of ten nuclear warheads on one MX missile strike their military targets successfully, millions of Soviet citizens would die. The second proposition of counterforce is that "limited" nuclear war with "useably" nuclear weapons would forestall a full-scale nuclear war.

## ANY SOLUTIONS?

Having given some idea of the scope of the problem to be confronted, Dr. Geyer went on to discuss potential solutions. He emphasized strongly that there were "no easy solutions", that little could be accomplished by a mere passing interest, and that a major commitment of energy and enterprise was called for. He cited numerous proposals currently extant, such as a mutual US/Soviet nuclear weapons freeze, which is being sponsored by the Nuclear Freeze Campaign.

Cont. on next page



27 NORTH BROADWAY, REDHOOK, N.Y.  
VILLAGE PLAZA, RHINEBECK, N.Y.  
TELEPHONE (914) 757-1561

Dr. Geyer admitted he had "mixed feelings" about a nuclear freeze proposal, but that it was an essential first step. He also cited a plan for a 50% across-the-board reduction of US/Soviet nuclear weapons, known as the Kennan Plan, which in a recent Gallup poll was favored by a majority of more than 4 to 1.

Regarding the nuclear crisis as a "party" issue, Dr. Geyer said that it transcended such limitations. While he compared the attitude of the present administration to Santayana's definition of a fanatic -- "One who doubles his speed when he has lost his way" -- he pointed out that the Carter administration had begun the nuclear arms buildup whose consequences we now face.

Finally, Dr. Geyer closed on a somewhat optimistic note, pointing out that there were now more excellent groups, both organizational and informational, devoted to the prevention of nuclear war than at any other time. He noted that it was the particular responsibility of colleges and college students to aid in disseminating information about the potential nuclear holocaust and what can be done to prevent it. He cited a recent series of articles by Jonathon Schell in the New Yorker as a good point to begin further reading. He also proposed that nuclear war be given more attention in college curriculums, as it was an issue of concern to all disciplines.

### LEON: CONFRONT THE DANGER

I took advantage of a coffee and conversation afternoon to put a few questions about Dr. Geyer's remarks to Bard president Leon Botstein. Initially, President Botstein pointed out that the issue of nuclear warfare is a difficult one to discuss on such sudden notice, but when I asked about Dr. Geyer's assertion that it is not given sufficient attention in college curriculums, Leon responded that the subject is considered in both modern history and political science courses at Bard. He went on to add, echoing Dr. Geyer, that it is each individual's responsibility to confront the danger of nuclear war, and that merely scheduling a discussion of attending such a discussion is an easy prop to one's conscience and something of a deferment of responsibility.

Again echoing Dr. Geyer, Leon went on to denounce the insanity of the concept of a limited or winnable nuclear war, calling it suicidal. He then voiced his concern over the current fashionable anti-intellectualism and the passive, fatalistic attitude of this generation, speculating that we were without hope because, having grown up with the bomb, we were convinced of the inevitability of an imminent catastrophe.

When I pointed out, in support of this, that the lecture had been badly attended -- 25 people, including myself, had shown up -- he said that this was hardly surprising, as the topic is one that people tend to avoid. As I was about to bring up a talk given at Bard last year by Dr. Edward (Dr. Strange-love) Teller (who incidentally is a proponent of limited nuclear war) which had been attended by more than 300 people, Leon forestalled me by mentioning that "name" speakers (such as Edward Teller) naturally draw more than relatively unknown speakers, whatever their relative merit. I also reflected that the majority of the audience who had shown up to see Dr. Teller had come to bait and jeer at him, providing an easy release for their anxiety, whereas Dr. Geyer had provided no such easy release. Leon also referred me to the

Jonathon Schell articles, and returning to the topic of our generation's passive political attitudes, he cited the poor voter turnout in the last presidential election (approximately 27%) and quoted Santayana to the effect that "nostalgia is the enemy of history". This recalled to my mind the remark of a campus wit, who when I told him I was writing an article on the inevitability of nuclear war, suggested that I make it brief, to the effect of, "Yes, nuclear war is inevitable, so don't waste your time reading this article." Clever as this may be, I can't help but amend it. Dr. Geyer also said that the greatest danger was in underestimating the danger. Perhaps there is even greater danger in overestimating the danger, and using that as an excuse for passively accepting it. □

P. J. Snyder



# Bard Documents Annotated

by ANDREW JOFFE

*This is the first in a series of Bard documents selected and annotated for the general public. This particular document was distributed to prospective students participating in the Immediate Decision Program on Friday, February 26, 1982.*

Welcome Prospective Student!

As a potential member of the Bard Community it is important for you to know what some of us, as students, are concerned about. We raise the following issues not in an effort to deter you from attending Bard but in an effort to make you aware of some of the serious problems confronting the student body.

*(1) As will become evident, the problems they choose to discuss, with few exceptions, are amazingly narrow in scope.*

## 1. Health Care

Health Care, at Bard, leaves much to be desired. We do have a nurse on duty every weekday from 9-5 but she can not dispense medication without a prescription from the doctor at Northern Dutchess Hospital in Rhinebeck. This means that should you become ill, you must go to the hospital. Two years ago a woman was given two spinal taps unnecessarily. Three years ago a student was sent home from Northern Dutchess with a bleeding ulcer. She was told it was a stomach ache. This semester a student came down with hepatitis and mono. Northern Dutchess told her that she had a cold and prescribed aspirin. These are only three examples of dozens indicating the hospital's blatant irresponsibility. Bard also has no facilities for Women's Health Care and there is also no Women's Crisis Center in this area. We would hope that the administration will finally take an active role in improving Bard's meager facilities.

*(2) True, there is no Women's Health Care or Crisis Center. But surely this is icing on the cake. There is no adequate health care, period.*

## 2. Food

We want you to be aware that there are some major problems with Saga, our food service.

- Nutritional problems: overuse of sugar and deep fat frying in preparation.
- Food is often cold and overcooked.
- Running out of food.
- Cockroach problems and general lack of concern for sanitation.
- Poorly washed dishes; running out of dishes.
- Cases of food poisoning have been reported.
- The vegetarian diet = Starchatarian.

*(3) "Starchatarian"?? How cutesy!!*

## 3. Women's Studies/Women's Needs

Although there are cases of sexual harassment reported at Bard every semester, no formal procedures for dealing with this problem in the future have been drawn up.

\*

Cont. —————>

There are, at present, some 20 students majoring in Bard's Women's Studies Program. At the end of this spring semester, this program will lose its director, Professor Iska Alter. Professor Alter is the only person in the Literature Dept. who teaches Women's Studies. Also, the History Dept. will lose its only female Women's Studies professor this spring. One of the two remaining professors who teach women's studies is coming up soon for tenure evaluation. We are deeply concerned about the future of the women's study program, since we have received no assurance from the administration that we can expect to see any individuals hired to replace those leaving us this year. We would hope to see an active commitment on the part of the college to insure the continuation of a complete Women's Studies Dept.

We wish to express our support for the 2 women who are being evaluated for tenure this semester. Their evaluations should be considered in light not only of their individual qualifications and contributions, which are extensive, but also with respect to the vast imbalance of male and female tenured faculty members at this college, in a ratio of approx. 9:1.

*(4) While there is no reason to doubt that this figure is true, what the the authors seem to suggest is the fact that these professors are women should be taken into account when judging them for tenure. Sexism?*

#### 4. Minority Studies

Bard College does not have a Black or Latin Studies Dept., program, or a permanent black faculty member. Due to this situation there is a lack of diversity in the education students receive at Bard. This reflects a type of closedmindedness toward cultures which are not Western and a clear bias in the hiring practices of this institution.

*(5) Surely a mighty leap over the chasm of tenuous logic was needed to reach this conclusion. "Closedmindedness towards cultures which are not Western and a clear bias in the hiring practices of this institution." The authors have shown nothing of the sort. All they have demonstrated is that "Bard College does not have a Black or Latin Studies Dept., program, or a permanent black faculty member." No evidence of motive or cause is given.*

An Afro-American Literature course was offered last semester and the class was overenrolled. This shows the need for this type of course within the Bard College curriculum. We shall continue to struggle for more Black and Latin faculty, and to finally make sure that Black and Latin history and culture is adequately represented in the Bard curriculum.

*(6) What about the Jewish culture? Or the Greek culture? or the Chinese? Surely these are just as worthy of representation. (Please remember the size of Bard College when making points like the ones in this letter.)*

#### 5. Gay Issues

Other institutions, including Harvard, explicitly state that they do not discriminate on the basis of sexual preference-orientation. Bard, unfortunately, has not seen fit to follow their example.

*(7) I have never heard or witnessed any instance of someone being discriminated against by the administration because of sexual preference-orientation. There is evidence that there is no discrimination even on the grounds of insanity. (See note 10.)*

## 6. Faculty Tenure

Professor Noemi Escandell is being evaluated for tenure this semester. Prof. Escandell received her M. A. and Ph. D. at Harvard Univ., and is the author of articles on Penninsular and Hispanic American literature. In addition, her poetry is being published in Spain. We wish to express our support for Prof. Escandell not only because she is an excellent teacher and an asset to the Bard community, but because she is the only professor here who teaches Latin American and Spanish studies. In addition, should she be denied tenure the aforementioned lack of tenured women faculty would be exacerbated.

*(8) See note 4.*

In spite of Bard College's liberal traditions, the faculty and student body have been confronted with a troubling case. Professor Steven Andors, a politics teacher, was denied tenure by President Botstein in spite of near unanimous support during his evaluation. Prof. Andors is the only faculty member who is qualified to teach Asian affairs and he is an active and popular member of the community. He is one of the top China scholars in the country, the author of several books on China and the editor of the Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars. Student support for reversing the tenure decision, including a petition signed by three-quarters of the student body, has been ignored. The criticism by some members of the administration towards Prof. Andors as being a Marxist is very telling in this regard. We concerned members of the Bard Community regret to inform you of this case of political academic discrimination.

*(9) Once again, the authors present a possible motive as the definitive one without any regard for other aspects of the issue, and without any regard for proving their allegations.*

## 7. The Cost of Education

We are very much concerned with the proposed cuts in higher education spending in the Federal Budget. The cost of Bard is going up at least \$1000.00 a year, and in light of the proposed cuts in student aid we fear that Bard will become an institution accessible only to the very wealthy. The cuts are pervasive in that they affect the Pell Grant, the Tuition Assistance Program, the National Direct Student Loan, Workstudy, Seek and College Discovery, Education Program (EOP), and the Mayor's Scholarship Program, and these assistance programs are for New York residents solely. We urge you to write to the Higher Education Committee (Assemblyman Mark Segor), the Senate Finance Committee (Senator John Marchi), the Task Force on Higher Education (assemblyman Greene), the Ways and Means Committee, and the Black and Puerto Rican Caucus, stating your opposition to the proposed budget cuts. We urge all of you in need of financial aid to consider Bard and to join us in our struggle to insure that Bard become an institution of diverse economic, political and social composition.

*(10) In addition to its being an instance of amazingly bad syntax, the implication that Bard is not already such an institution is a blatant falsehood. Take a look around at mealtimes, and then honestly say that Bard is somehow a homogeneous community.*

The views of students are often very different from those of the faculty and administration. We hope that you now have a more complete sense of the Bard Community from the student's perspective.

*(11) Far from being complete, the sense is almost completely biased. The authors have neglected to mention the problems of vandalism, lack*

*of heat in the dorms, brown water in spring, the isolated nature of the community and the limited nature of the social life, and other problems of general interest, concentrating instead on political issues which, while important, are derived from a partisan rather than democratic viewpoint. The document is useful, however, in that it points out what is really wrong with Bard: a concern with special interests that tends to obscure thoughts of the general good, and a disregard for thinking things through that leads to quantum leaping to conclusions. These are the problems that face the student body.*

We will make ourselves available throughout the day to answer any questions you may have.  
We look forward to seeing you in the fall!

N. Andre (member Latin American Organization; Student Government), S. Colatella (member Students for a New Society; Student Gov't), A. Comancho (member L. A. O.), U. Cooper (member Bard Black Students Organization), D. Karan (member S. N. S., Student Gov't), J. Levinson (Student Gov't; Coffee House Committee); R. Lewitt (member Bard Environment Group), K. McDowell (member Gay Lesbian Action; member Feminist Alliance), L. Michel (member Food Committee; GLA), D. Ortiz (member L. A. O.), G. Pearlberg (member GLA; Feminist Alliance), W. Pannell (member Higher Education Opportunity Program Student Organization), J. Schwartz (member Students for Steve Andors), J. Sloane (member S. N. S.), W. Stottler (member Food Committee; GLA), M. Sullivan (member Students for Steve Andors)

Annotated and introduced by  
Andrew Joffe



# FOUR BROTHERS

## PIZZA

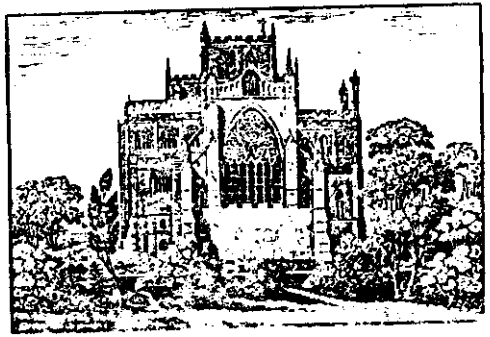
rt. 9G  
Rhinebeck,  
N.Y.

## INN

DEMETER (Greek)  
CERES (Roman)

Goddess of the Harvest.

### Traditional pizza with a "GRECIAN" touch



## BARD COLLEGE

Location: Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.,  
12504  
Campus: Rural  
Undergraduate enrollment: 340 M, 470 W  
Expenses: \$10,365  
Financial aid: 50%  
Library: 140,000 volumes

Student faculty Ratio: 12-1  
Transfer Students: 70  
Median SAT: NA  
Fraternities: Occasionally  
Sororities: Every now and then  
Application deadline:  
March 31 for fall term  
January 1 for spring term

Bard welcomes the Eighties with a healthy breath of cynicism and humoured apathy. The college is indeed a small community, characterized by a forced closeness; often labeled as "incestuous". Social intercourse among students and faculty is of a sexual nature and social diseases are shared shamelessly. This "closeness" mentioned is not to be misconstrued. Freshmen at Bard arrive three weeks early for a brainwashing session called "Writing and Thinking", only to face the "knowing" returning students who come back "Fighting and Drinking". Thus, there is a division between the upper classes and freshmen at the start of a new academic year. Freshmen quickly learn that the only way to survive in the "Bard dream world" is to quickly dissipate into a desired clique. Loners become psychotic and are administratively ushered out before a tragic turn in their lives is taken.

Drugs are popular at Bard; in strong contention with academic interest: Beer plus Marijuana equals a softball game, as inordinate cocaine consumption yields ridiculous non-productivity.

Animosity exists between the administration and students, and many good faculty share the students' hatred, especially around tenure time. Bard's "whiz kid" president, Leon Botstein, is dismissed as "wise behind his years" and shows up at few, if any, student parties.

The Bard faculty is respected in spurts. Riding high on the list of respected professors are William Driver, the esteemed head of the Drama Department; Elie Yarden and Ben Boretz of the music department; and Jake Grossberg, our Sculptor-in-Residence.

Academic requirements, although scoffed at, are strict compared to the academic freedom at Brown University, but then, most Bard students could never have gotten into Brown in the first place. Social regulations are virtually non-existent on paper, but are made up and imposed on each individual case. In other words, the disciplinary deans are kept busy in the area of defining and attempting to secure social norms as they see them. Their faces are laughed in regularly.

Bard parties are fun. The barbarous ones are best. Bard bands are conveniently musically incompetent and are in constant regressive competition. They do supply a welcome distraction to beer, drug use, and Nietzsche, though. Disco dancing and sportfucking are still the most popular social activities, next to going "downtown" (NYC) on weekends. In sum, Bard is a nice place to leave. Especially after four years of taking fullest advantage of every vulnerable facet of the institution.

The best advice for the prospective student is to take a pre-registrative trip to the famed Bard waterfall on a sunny spring afternoon. Impressed? Come to Bard. Distressed? Go to Vassar.

# FROM WILDERNESS TO WOODSTOCK: STIMULATING SEMINAR ON THE CATSKILLS BY PAUL ANDERSON —

Can a college student learn something outside of required curriculum? A college education is an active exploration process, right? Surprisingly, I recently learned a great deal about a subject which I knew well. Even more surprising was the fact that I was the only college student who took a chance and the time to learn.

My time on Wednesday, March 3, starting at 7:30 p.m. was spent listening to a talk given by Alf Evers, a former artist, former insurance investigator, now a local author and historian. From Wilderness to Woodstock is the title of one of his books on the Catskill region and also the title of a current intergenerational seminar sponsored by the Bard Center. Mr. Evers is a Bard Fellow this year who has done several of these seminars over the past few years for the benefit of Bard students and people of the surrounding area.

Walking from Blithewood to Robbins I assisted a couple to find the seminar. It was cold

and I was glad for the ride. At my arrival at Blithewood, I opened the front door and was immediately overwhelmed by the enormous number of townspeople inside. Lynn Hammond was there and directed us into the library.

The Blithewood library can seem very small with all those people sitting inside. Mr. Evers, after everyone settled down in their chairs, started with the early history of the Indians occupying this area.

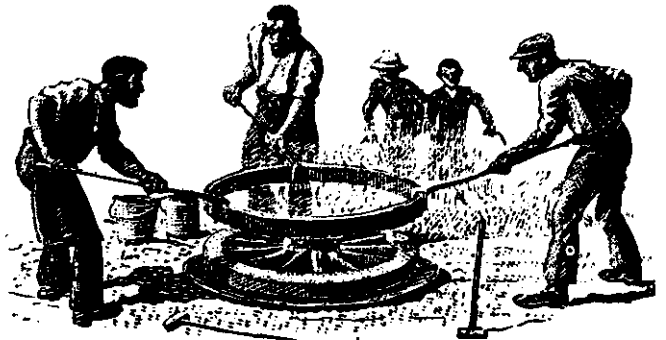
As the lecture went on, I watched the expressions of the people around me. Evers spoke of the attitudes and relations of Indians of the 17th century to newly settled whites in this area. I wondered how interesting this subject seemed to others in the room. Evers opened my mind to the true complexities beyond the simplistic form of Indian history we all learn in high school. No questions interrupted his speaking and this

limited my perception of the people's reaction. It was not until the question session that my eyes were opened. Many of these people knew a great deal and could articulately phrase what they wanted to say. I asked about the ruined foundations of Cruger Island and their origin. John Losi, an older man who appeared to be in his late sixties, told me and the rest, that these were the ruins of a cottage used by the previous owner of Ward Manor as a residence for underprivileged kids. He also told how a member of the Cruger family, for whom the island is named, had Mayan stones shipped up from Mexico to use as the base of imitation Mayan ruins, built as ruins, that were otherwise built from sandstone from around this area. These stones were later removed from the island and now reside at the American Museum of Natural History. Hohn Losi is a Red Hook resident who has a master's degree from Wesleyan University and is currently a member of local Archeological society.

So now that I've met some of the townsfolk, my outlook has changed. Most Bard students, whether they admit it or not, are just supercilious enough to believe themselves superior on the whole to the local residents; we shouldn't be so. The questions they raised on the Indians and their problems showed a capacity to comprehend problems on a level which most of us haven't achieved. Yet a directly experimental understanding of problems that to most of us are abstract problems in the world vaguely "out there". Perhaps it's the difference between hearing about the problems of Indians, sympathising however much we can, and sitting in a room with an Indian

who's a friend, who's drunk, who's threatening to kill you for being a member of your race. Experience and personal involvement has given our older generation a resource we must acknowledge and appreciate; sages they are one and all and Alfred Evers is in this case their chief. Experience counts in this world more than anything else. Join me at the remaining meetings of the seminar, March 17 and 24, to benefit from the wisdom of the ages. □

PAUL ANDERSON



# Rhinebeck True-Value Hardware

Student Hardware  
— Center. —

Paint-Custom mixed  
Painting Supplies  
Electrical Supplies  
Extension cords  
Lightbulbs  
Desk lamps  
Handtools  
Nails - Screws  
Contact Paper  
Pots-Pans  
Glass  
Art Supplies  
Carving Tools  
Clocks  
Cleaning Supplies  
Sporting Goods

47 East MARKET  
Rhinebeck, N.Y.  
876-3049

VISA & MASTER CARD  
Accepted.

# MICHAEL MARSHALL:

## — A Unique Approach to Entertainment —

Senior Michael Marshall is head of our Entertainment Committee this semester. As Mike recently wrote in an open letter to the community, this means what most of us expect from him is "a million-dollar smile and a chorus of 'let me entertain you.'" What Michael is attempting to carry out, however, is an open, cooperative endeavor designed to get the proverbial monkey off his back and, hopefully, under all of our dancing feet.

To quote further from said open letter: "instead of me singing a chorus; why don't we make this a mutually exclusive affair. that is, you pick any entertainment you want, and i'll give you the money for it." "i am buying in on anyone who wants a party. i couldn't possibly represent all of your moronic tastes." "in assuming some of my power, you also share the responsibilities. i will hold open meetings where interests can be aired. as long as your effort is legit, and you can show some back-up support, we can discuss business." "in addition to announcing in the calendar the dates of these open meetings, i will have a large calendar posted outside the dean's office with all upcoming and proposed events of your committee."

### OPEN MEETINGS: MIXED RESULTS

The night of Tuesday, March 2, I spoke with Mike Marshall in his Mod room about the results of his approach to date.

Marshall expressed some anger that only three people had shown up at the third and most recent committee open meeting. He feels that in not coming, people weren't representing their interests, presumably expecting him to do it for them. Such will

not be the case, he stresses; groups and individuals he funds will be those who "do the posters, do the clean-up, who would run around reserving the space, all that bullshit legwork, so I don't get stuck with it."

Mike reports many people claimed there was no publicity for the meeting, despite weekly calendar notices, the dean's office posting, and posters. "People seem to walk around in a cloud a lot," he commented, adding that if people became involved with the process of making something happen, they would have a whole different attitude.

The bi-monthly open meetings are also the place where any objections about financing or the groups Mike is considering should be brought up. He emphasizes that these are not shut issues.

### CHOICE OF BANDS

As for who will be able to see their personal choice of bands performing at Bard, Michael reiterated that those who are persistent, who get him vouchers so he can prove he is contributing to "quote unquote a legitimate cause," will be rewarded with results.

The smaller-interest "legitimate causes" Mr. Marshall has so far donated money to include Peter Fox's invitation-only 'Fat Tuesday' party ("That was an OK, I like you, you can have your party. You're gonna do it (make all the arrangements and pick-ups), go ahead and do it."); a Manor record-spinning party; a keg for the cast party of Drama's Separate Tables; and a \$100 contribution to yours truly, the Light-Observer.

In at least one instance, the accepted responsibility "hasn't happened. There was a party at Manor last weekend (February 27) and I busted my ass getting the equipment. That sucks -- (the idea) that someone's gonna entertain them. I'm not doing the job. It's your job."

CONT. →

MM reports he receives constant input on bands, via the mail, via tapes and records, but that followup by interested parties has been generally sparse. Among clubs who have been in touch, Michael reports, MAG knows what to do, having "been there before"; BBSO has been active to some extent; and LAO wants him to reserve money until spring but he has refused -- "I don't want to be accused of special interests."

Mike Marshall's personal standards on booking acts stress diversity -- "I don't want to get stuck in one vein" -- and he doesn't care about mass appeal.

Mike Marshall points out with pride that the Oliver Lake reggae party of March 6 was his own baby, insofar as he personally chose Lake to appear.

### MARSHALL ON BARD PARTIES

"I feel it's important to have a theme surrounding a party because for some reason this community freaks out at conformity. They don't have a sense of homogeneity. So you can put all this raw energy into a room and if the music's right and the mood is right everything clicks and you've got a real happening. And if it doesn't happen, you just get all this chaotic energy booming off each other and people are getting drunk and just 'luded out and looking for a piece of ass and then they try to blame their failures all on one person. And I'm not puttin' myself on the line because I'm 'luded out and, you know, I'm looking for my piece of ass too.

"John Zuill, who worked with (Robert) Meyerowitz (erstwhile Entertainment head) said, 'All you're gonna do is be upset all night and worry and run around,' and that's not true, man. At my first party I did more dancing and partying and having more fun than anybody."

MM reports there are "no concrete prospects" as yet for the Spring Formal's entertainment. He does not envision a weekend festival, but rather an all-day party with Bard bands, beer, and barbeque projected for the day with a hot outside band to follow at night.

Marshall refused to confirm or deny rumors he is negotiating with Becker and Fagan to bring a Steely Dan reunion to the Spring Formal.

Bill Abelson

### ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE SCHEDULE

Eugene Chadbourne (with MAG) who plays odd countryish pop and/or progressive sounds .....  
Tuesday, March 23

Microscopic Septet (seven-piece swing band)....  
Friday, April 9

Spring Formal .....  
weekend of May 22

... and an appearance by Slapp Happy (Henry Cow-ish progressive rock) is almost definite. □

**A.J.**  
**Cerilli**  
**your Rhinebeck**  
**jeweler**

**A.W.I. MASTER WATCHMAKER**

**AN OLD FASHIONED STORE WITH**

**PERSONALIZED SERVICE**

**14 E. MARKET STREET RHINEBECK**  
**N.Y.**

**PHONE: 6-7311**

# Literature Club Notes

---

*The literature club lives!*

*Literary activity at Bard is still in top form this semester and many new developments have arisen that you need to know.*

*The new student reading series has begun and a host of poets are being lined up for these Thursday night events which include a cash bar and local musicians in performance.*

*A regular open reading series is being arranged, so get those poems worked out to be ready when we are.*

*The literary publication Meatline holds a small informal open reading every Thursday at 6:00 PM in the Presidents' Room of the Commons.*

## THE ASPINWALL POETRYBOARD

*Submit your poems and-or short prose to box 95 for posting on the board. It's a great way to expose your work without the hassles of reading publicly. There will be a constant flow of work going across the board so don't hesitate to send in whatever you have.*

*The following magazines accept poetic, prosaic, and dramatic submissions for publication:*

MEADLINE

DIALOGUE

NEXUS

## THE NOTICE

*A point of interest: there will be no lunchtime readings or student-run workshops this semester. Hooray!*

*Join the lit club. We have a great time! Come to the Tuesday night readings at 8:00, share your views, and suggest poets for possible appearances later this semester. We meet in Towbin Poetry Room (Preston 127).*

Steven Hirsch

---



# MAG NOTES

---

*At Bill's request, I am writing a small note on MAG's plans for the semester.*

*As every semester, we're helping out with poetry readings, concerts, and other on-campus student happenings. There are several fantastic senior project concerts, readings, and space missions coming our way in the next couple months (keep your eyes and ears open).*

*Of course, there are also events involving foreigners - notably (at the moment) LIVING WITH APPARITIONS, PETER BLEGUAD with some form of the group SLAPP HAPPY, VIRGINIA GABURO - solo piano recital (contemporary), and Luis Garcia-Renart's trio, playing Brahms and Shostakovich.*

*Chadbourne will be back (March 23)!*

*Other definite possibilities are the Annual Exchange Concert with CMS, an Open concert for students (sign up now in Annandale House) and the first Annual MAG Auto Show.*

*Most of these events are included in PROJECT BEER '82. Please come!*

Guy Yarden

# JONNY CASH

*(The Light-Observer welcomes Jonny Cash, manager of the new Cash's Music Bar, to the Bard scene. Senior Editor Bill Abelson conducted the following interview at Cash's in the early evening of March 2.)*

**BILL ABELSON** -- Cash's Music Bar has been open for ten days. You've just spent another tough afternoon dealing with problems with the building, aspects of management, and with the booking of entertainment. How do you feel?

**JONNY CASH** -- Well, I think I feel like I wish I didn't have to work during the day. I wish that I could just come in here at ten o'clock at night and be here until five in the morning, I'd be happy. But because we're so new, everything here has got to be taken care of in the beginning, because we don't want to go out of business in our first two weeks. So there are all kinds of things that are going on, all kinds of problems, and then having to be sure that the place is ready to open at six o'clock. So right now, I'm under a lot of pressure.

I wouldn't be in the business if I didn't expect it to get better, but right now I wouldn't mind being in California. Malibu Beach -- soaking up the sun.

**BA** -- How long do you expect this sort of organization/solidifying process to continue?

**JC** -- Well, I see that on a couple of different levels, actually. I think it might take us a good month before we have our procedures, our regulations, and our philosophy and our attitude down. Just as far as being able to open at a set time and close at a set time. Right now we're closing when it slows down and we're opening at six -- unless the place is a mess. That's what I'm really concerned with just now, just being prepared, and doing it professionally, running business and trying to at least break even.

On another level what I'm trying to do with the place I don't expect to really happen until possibly next semester.

**BA** -- Let's briefly talk about the transition process. When did you see the possibility of

**EITHER MY FATHER OR JIMMY SAID KIDDINGLY TO ALDO, "WHY DON'T YOU SELL THIS PLACE? IT'S A GOLD MINE."**

getting involved and taking over the old Whaleback Inn?

**JC** -- Well, basically my brother got married up here over the summer and he was gonna have his pre-wedding party at the Beekman Arms.

My father couldn't get the Beekman Arms for the dinner -- the Whaleback was available for the dinner, and either my father or (brother) Jimmy said kiddingly to Aldo (Pezulich, Whaleback owner), "Why don't you sell this place? It's a gold mine." And Aldo was looking to sell.

**BA** -- As you're something of a new personality on the Bard scene, let me ask, what were you up to in Los Angeles? What businesses have you been in?

**JC** -- Well, I've been a bartender for about five years. Before that I wrote pornography for about two years and worked for Screw magazine in New York ... That was my first job out of college. I was a creative writing major (at Emerson).

**CONT. →**

Then I got tired of living in New York, and tired of the seedy underbelly of Screw magazine, and so I went to the Sodom and Gomorrah of the United States, Los Angeles. Probably get a job working in a porno bookstore! One thing led to another, and I became a bartender, and then a restaurant manager, and now I'm back here being an asshole.

BA -- Do you mind if I print these facts?

JC -- Go right ahead.

BA -- I'm sure it won't drive too many in the Bard community away.

JC -- Hey, as long as we serve a good drink and the prices are right and the music is right, I can be the biggest asshole in the world.

But I am a different kind of asshole than some of the other local businesses around here, because I'm not a total businessman yet. I'm still my own unique kind of asshole. I'm the kind of asshole that, when somebody comes in and says to me, "Will you turn the music down?" I'll say, "No." I may lose the person's business, but I'm trying to do something here, and I'm trying to create something here, an atmosphere, and it's very important at least for now that I pretty much call the shots as to what goes on around here, and not let the students call the shots.

I realize that you can't please everybody. I'd like to be able to make everybody happy, there are a lot of people that I'm trying to reach besides Bard. I would like people from Woodstock and Poughkeepsie to come over here, and you can't just have a place for one limited group of people, because if you rely on that group of people and they decide not to come in, we're in trouble.

We're across the street from Bard College, and we didn't buy the place because we wanted Red Hook's business. We are going to cater a lot of what we do to the school, but at the same time, you can't let the inmates run the asylum and still stay in business.

BA -- Did Aldo have some specifications to make about the length of the transition period?

JC -- I did work for Aldo for three months before we took over and the whole point of that

**I WORKED FOR ALDO AND IT GAVE ME A GOOD IDEA  
WHAT I SHOULDN'T DO.**

was, number one I wanted to get to know a lot of the students, and I wanted to see how he ran his operation, and I think I wanted to learn what not to do. I knew that what I could learn from Aldo was -- I didn't want to learn the wrong way to do it. So I worked for him and it gave me a good idea what I shouldn't do. He ran it in a different way than I would ever consider running it. Even though what he had was something different.

BA -- What are the differences?

JC -- I mean, the Whaleback was a dinner house! It was a pretty expensive, at one time very classy dinner house that only in the last, I guess, two years became a hangout for Bard. It was always Adolph's.

As a matter of fact, when I used to visit Jimmy up here five years ago, we'd go to Adolph's. There was no other place to go. So here you have a place that was a dinner house, and all of a sudden you've got kids coming over from eleven o'clock on, and it changed, but it didn't change. It was not really run as a bar, it was still run as a restaurant. And I think a lot of the kids liked it because they could come over here and -- if they wanted to get away from Adolph's, for example, from the rowdiness or the loud music or whatever, they'd come over to the Whaleback and have a quiet drink.

BA -- It was a place where you could talk.

JC -- Right. But that's not what I'm trying to do with it. I don't want it to be an alternative to Adolph's. I want everybody to come here, all the time, because we have something special going on here, not because, "Well, it's too loud at Adolph's, so let's go to Cash's, because it's quiet there." I think that, if you want quiet, go out in the woods and meditate, or go to your room and study, or go to the Student Union or the Commons or something, I mean,

this is gonna be a music club. This is gonna feature live music and feature a great sound system and tapes, we're gonna have good food, homecooked fresh food at a reasonable price, cheap drink, but the key is in the music. The key is not in the fact that maybe for

**I MAY VERY WELL LOSE THAT POPULATION WHO'LL SAY, "AW, IT'S NOT THE WHALEBACK ANY MORE !"**

one-eighth of the student population, a place where they can come in and have a nice quiet place to have a drink. And so I may very well lose that population, they'll say, "Aw, it's not the Whaleback any more." Well, it was never gonna be the Whaleback again.

Which also ties in to the idea of not keeping Aldo on working for me, (which) he would have liked to, 'cause Aldo is the Whaleback. As long as Aldo worked here, it would have been the Whaleback. And some people may think that I'm being pretty hard to begin with, which is not really my nature. Believe me, it's very hard for me to be tough, because I'm a nice guy, I'm not a hard-ass. But you have to set your standards right at the beginning. I've been saying no to people. You know, we cash checks in here. So far it's working out fine. I have not had one bad check. I think the first check that bounces, we'll handle it pretty severely, because we have to get a point across right away. And we want to work with the students, I think Bard has got some really creative people, great musicians - artists - photographers - writers - dancers - actors, you know. I mean, I'd like to use all -

BA - Got two or three great ones in all of those categories. A little more so on the musicians' side.

JC - Right, right. Two or three great ones and maybe thirty-five that are trying.

BA - Something like that.

JC - We wanna show films in here, we're gonna have a TV, we wanna have sports in here, there's a lot of people who want to see that. The focus is gonna be on, how can I put it? a happening kind of place, (wryly) really groovy, wild, and crazy place.

BA - You have mentioned to people who have asked you about the old atmosphere that it will be a quiet kind of place until the music starts, around eleven or so.

JC - Um - ya. But I think the music is very important, and I think that the sooner that we start that, the sooner we can establish ourselves. Establish our reputation.

Look, the (taped) music's on now. It's talkable. But I want it on all the time. I don't want - this isn't a library, it's a bar, know what I mean? A bar is a place where people come to interact, and uh ... get laid. You know, for years Adolph's has been the only place in town to get laid, well, I want people to come in here and get laid! Even if I have to do it myself!

BA - Okay, so Jon, what do you envision as far as what days of the week would you like to have music playing, what kind of music, and what days would you like to set aside for other sorts of events?

JC - So far we've been only having music on the weekend. This weekend we've got Change in Time, I'm really looking forward to them. But it's jazz. I think this will probably be the last time that we have jazz on the weekend. I would like to gear the weekend for more rock 'n' roll, more danceable music - whether it's reggae or new wave or country-rock or rockabilly or psychedelic music from the sixties, or whatever, rock 'n' roll will be on the weekends. And that goes for the tape selection, too.

You know, we're in the experimental stage right now. The great thing about this business

**"WHY DON'T WE HAVE A WET OVERCOAT CONTEST?  
I MEAN WE WANT TO DO SOME OFF-THE-WALL THINGS  
IN HERE."**

is that there are so many things you can do -- drink promotions, and musical promotion and dance contests, and we want to do some off-the-wall things in here.

So I mean we may turn the Copper Room into the Isolation Room, put padding around it, a little window on the door, lock it up, somebody pays five dollars, they can go in there and, uh, go crazy.

BA -- You mean like little booths with 25 cent slots in each one ... get to see the films of the sailor and the lady --

JC -- Right, right, right. Or the one with the dog ... Best one actually is the Minnesota film, with the house and the cows, it's one of my favorites. When you work for Screw magazine you're forced to be subjected to all this ...

BA -- I'm not immersed in that kind of culture.

JC -- I should hope not. Why would you be at Bard if you were.

BA -- Oh, some people are slightly versed in that kind of world.

So what do you want to see on the weeknights?

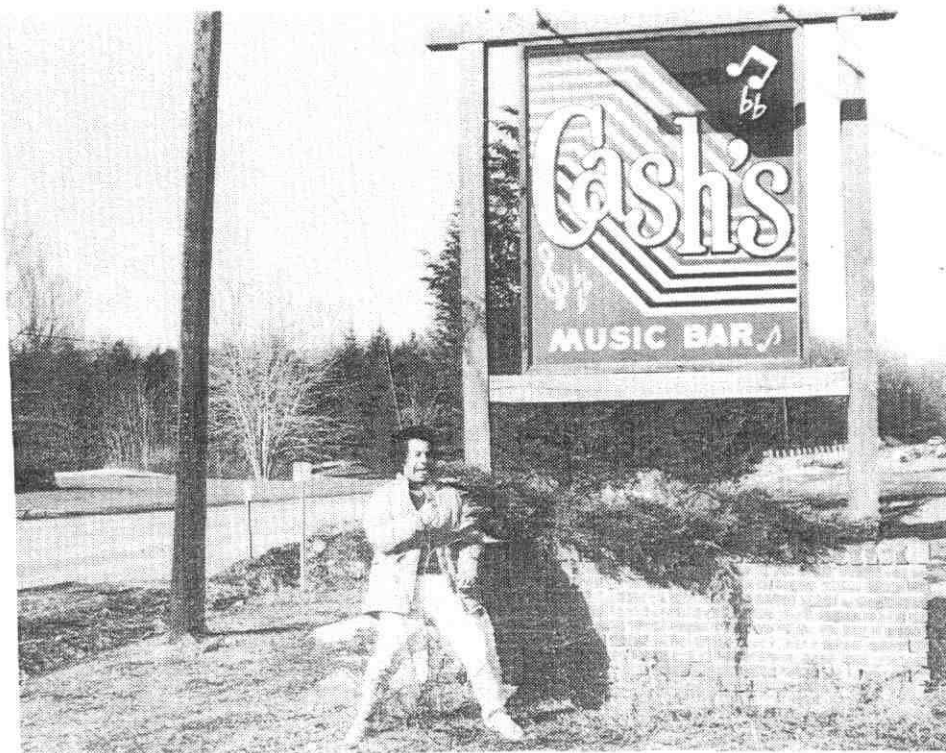
JC -- I would like to see jazz in the early week, say a Sunday or a Monday night ... I would like to have a Talent Night one night a week. Monday night would be a good night for that (Editor's Note: Casg's has since decided to close on Mondays) I think, showcasing -- basically acoustic musicians -- and comics and magicians and singers.

I'd like to build up a staff of regular entertainers that I can use all the time. See, it's different when you're dealing with Bard students than with professional musicians. We don't have a lot of money right now that we can pay anybody. A lot of students are coming in to me and talking about doing this and doing that, and expecting a lot of money for it, and frankly there is no money right now for that. After we've been open for awhile and we see what kind of money we're taking in, believe me, I'm not out to fuck anybody.

What I've been telling people is that if people get involved here ... we've got Bard's involvement as we make money -- I would like to get to the point, can you imagine being able to pay the Trolls \$300 a night? Great! Make them happy.

BA -- So you have an invite out for poetry and theatre people, would that be exclusively on Sunday afternoons?

JC -- It could very well be that eventually we'll open up at noon instead of at six ... we've got a stage, let's use the stage. I'd like to do one-act plays here, I don't think we could do anything too elaborate, but poetry readings ... I used to get up when I was at college at bars and make a fool of myself, so (humorously) why not let other poets do it too?



Bill Abelson

*Je suis un rockstar.*

But all these things I wanna do ... I'm not even that concerned with them right now. Right now I'm concerned with fixing the water heater, fixing up the kitchen, getting our menu down, getting our ordering straight, getting our employees geared to what we're trying to do, and it could very well take us a year before we're putting all these things into the works.

BA - I heard you say last night that you expected to be criticized a lot this semester. I wondered what you meant by that.

JC - We've already been criticized because we changed the name, you know, I hear bits and pieces from people.

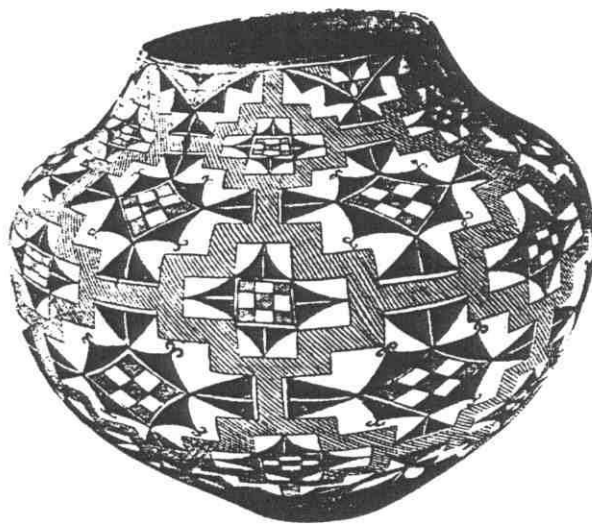
BA - They think it's too commercial a name?

JC - Well, they think that it's the Whaleback! "This place is the Whaleback, it's got a tradition. Shouldn't have changed the name." But what tradition? What'd it have, a two year Bard tradition? You know ...

Also, they'll be criticizing me because of the bands I'll be using? they'll be criticizing me because I don't like jukeboxes; and even though we're gonna keep ours, I'd rather that people come in and listen to something that they're not familiar with and open up their minds a little more, you know, instead of hearing Olivia Neutron-Bomb every night, or Chic or whatever songs they listen to fifteen times an hour every night of the week, I would like to have certain nights that are geared towards jazz and certain nights for R&B, and new wave, and .... mix 'em up.

BA - And those would be the tapes you play before the bands come on?

JC - Yeah, yeah. And even the jukebox, I've ordered new songs. I like R&B and Motown, older stuff from the sixties from when I was a teenager, I like some new wave. What I don't



like is heavy metal, there won't be any heavy metal.

BA - Good.

JC - Except Blue Oyster Cult, they'll play every Friday night.

BA - Okay, so how often is the jukebox going to be operable? What hours are people gonna be able to come in here and play it?

JC - Oh, it'll be operable all the time. What we'll do is, the sound system will be hooked up to the jukebox. Look, I'm a schmuck if I don't have the jukebox. There's money to be made from the jukebox. So I mean really what I should be doing is forget the \$2000 tape system, just play the jukebox and collect my 50% every week. But I would like to do something a little more creative than that.

So they can play the juke box any time they want. We'll just shut off the tape and it'll go back and forth for a while until we see what people want. Our jukebox will also be hooked up to our incredible speaker system, so ... you'll get to hear "Physical" a lot louder!

One more thing that I would like to say just for the record, because it's important: I would like to talk a little bit about my policy on drugs for this place.

In another life I may have dabbled in drugs myself, so I know all about drugs - in another life I might have known all about drugs. My attitude is, I'm gonna be pretty hard on people who might be dealing in here. I would like to think that that won't be going on. I don't want this place to get the reputation of being a drug bar. What goes on in the parking lot is whatever -

**"WHAT GOES ON OUTSIDE OF THE PARKING LOT IS  
WHATEVER GETS YOU THROUGH THE NIGHT. BUT IN  
HERE IT'LL BE A LOT EASIER IF DEALING ISN'T GOING ON."**

whatever gets you through the night. But in here it'll be a lot easier on everybody if that isn't going on.

People are gonna be watching me for the first couple of weeks - the police and the alcoholic beverage commission, the fire department and marshalls, to see that I have to keep my nose clean, so - it'll just make the place a lot more comfortable for everybody concerned if people respect that when they come in here. That any drug business that goes on, goes on outside of the bar.

(As Hot Rocks plays over the tape system:)

BA - Do you want to screw Adolph's?

JC - No, I'm getting enough at home.

A little humor there.

BA - Great, Jon, great.

JC - Well, I don't have anything against Mike Apap. I don't have anything against a guy that I've never met, you know? I could have gone over to Adolph's and introduced myself to him, and I didn't. And he could have come over here and introduced himself to me, and he didn't. But no, I'm not out to screw him. I'm out to make a good living. If he can make a good living while I'm making a good living, great. But if it comes down to the two of us, I'll take me over him any day.

BA - What do you think about Adolph's opening up their Underground five nights a week instead of two, and adding a special night down there? Does it rouse any competitive fire of ire in any fiber of your body?

JC - I don't think ... I'm not scared, okay? I'm not nervous, I don't feel like every time one bar does one thing, the other bar has to counter by doing something too. I don't think that's any way to run a business. I think that we will develop our regular customers here and hopefully, there'll be a large enough segment of the school - sure we'll be running specials, but people will be coming here because of the atmosphere. I think that in a bar or a restaurant there are three things that are important: the price of the drinks, the quality of the food, and the atmosphere. We're gonna keep our drink prices competitive with Adolph's. That's about all the competing I want to do.

BA - Are your drink prices more or less expensive than Adolph's?

JC - I think they're more but see, also remember that Aldo when he was pricing his drinks, was going over to Adolph's, to find out their prices and staying competitive with Adolph's. So we got Adolph's prices and I don't think there's anything we're selling that's more than what he's selling.

BA - Looking ahead (to the future), do you see a time when this space might not be enough to hold the crowds on weekends and such?

JC - Yeah. We have a lot of plans which we really want to take care of over the summer, as far as expanding the place physically. Knocking down walls, and that we would have liked to have before we opened but didn't really have the money to do. The Copper Room, we're gonna knock down the wall in there and make a bar in there, may wanna put tables outdoors, you know, we may eventually wanna serve dinner and lunch, and then from ten o'clock on have it as a club. Try to reach a wider crowd of people. We would like to have Sunday brunch, where you could buy a Sunday Times and serve bagels and lox and cream cheese ... with sporting events coming up, we wanna have sports specials, we're gonna have a big TV, the baseball season is starting, I know that a few people are interested in the NY sports teams including the almost-World Champion Giants.

We'd like to have movies in here, I'd like to get videodiscs and have a night where we show movies no charge.

BA - So you're gonna get New York kind of style.

JC - Expanding the bar. The bar right now is not equipped to handle a lot of people. That's one of our major concerns.

BA - Why would you want another bar in there (the Copper Room)?  
 JC - Maybe a beer bar in there just to take care of beer. We want people to be able to come and get their drinks fast. I think the bar (now) is very pleasing to the eye, but it does not serve its purpose.

So there's a lot of things that we wanna do and hopefully by September we'll be ready - maybe we'll have a re-Grand Opening - you know?

That's about all I can think of. Except we will be having orgies in the Copper Room starting tonight. For one night only. It just ended right now, so ...

BA - How did the Trolls thing go last weekend?

JC - Well, I thought the Trolls were great. I thought the night was great. I got more mixed reactions, more negative reactions, from Bard students. I was under the impression that Bard was into sort of avant-garde music. But Bard seems in many ways to be more traditional than it was four or five years ago.

BA - Yeah, I think that's true to an extent but - the number of people into hearing strange sounds or ugly sounds would always be a minority. It's just that relatively at Bard you find more people open to it than elsewhere. But you still get people who'll say, "What the fuck did you book this band for?"

JC - As I said before, we're not gonna be able to make people happy all the time. There'll be enough going on here on different nights that we'll be able to make everybody happy at one time or another. And anybody else, anybody that we don't make happy, fuck them. 'Cause they don't matter anyway. □

(TYPIST'S NOTE: This is perhaps the best Light-Observer interview that I've ever had the pleasure of setting into type. Thanks, Bill. Godspeed, Jon. -GH)

MARCH  
CALENDAR  
AT:

# Cash's



## MUSIC BAR

16 Tue. Every 25¢ BEER 11-3	17 Wed. Kama Kaze .50 cent	18 THUR. Live, short SUFFER TEAL-NURRY COMIC-MAGIC	19 Fri. PUNK Nite 'All Punks' Get DRINK Coupon!	20 Sat. Tribute A visit to Rock + Roll HEAVEN	21 Sun. JAZZ SUNDAY T.B.A.	23 Tue. Talent Night!	24 wed. KAMA Kaze Nite!	25 Thur. featuring change in Time!
---	-------------------------------------	--	---	---	-------------------------------------	-----------------------------	----------------------------------	---

# Happy hour everyday

[NOW CLOSED MONDAYS]

6-11

Well-DRINKS \$ 1.00

EAT AT CASH'S - EXPANDING MENU • PLEASE CALL US FOR TIMES OF EVENTS.

COMING IN APRIL: Male Model & Hit AND RUN + MORE!

# THE WHALEBACK IS NOT SLEEPING, IT'S DEAD <sup>OR</sup> THE BIRTH OF CASH'S MUSIC BAR

*Douglas Miner*

*Food and Wine Editor*

That goddamned flyer. "The Whaleback Inn is dead! Not quite, (sic) but gone out of business. I'm sure we all had some nostalgic moments there, it was a good place, but now it's gone." I finally started getting back into the bar scene at the beginning of this semester, and discovered that there was nothing better after a two hour lecture on Heidegger than a soothing bourbon in the quiet of the Whaleback Inn. I used to stop there before the crowds came, have a few drinks, and zip back to my apartment in Tivoli. It was something I looked forward to.

One morning, my mailbox held a three-page, multi colored flyer which announced that the Whaleback was closing down. You've all seen and read the letter which accompanied the flyer. If you know about Aldo's financial problems, it comes as no surprise that he finally sold the place, lock, stock, and barrel. The opening line - "The Whaleback Inn is dead!" - bothered me. I think it was the celebratory exclamation point that pushed me to having a sour attitude towards the change in management. But I held my emotions in check; I decided that I might as well see what the place is like before I burn it down.

I first went there on the Monday night following the Wompler's reign. The wall separating the front and back rooms had been knocked out, leaving only an arch; there was a dance floor...well, I don't have to describe it. The place looked like a Holiday Inn cock tail lounge. I was pleasantly surprised. Seeing the flyer, I'd thought that the place was going to be a loud, obnoxious mad-house, but it wasn't that bad. The songs on the jukebox were more or less the same, (Cash made a good decision in deciding to leave the Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton, etc. selections on the box; that was one of the nice things about the Whaleback). The Holiday Inn parallel, though, that bothered me. There was and still is a sterile quality to the place, a decided lack of atmosphere. No expanded menu is going to make up for that. However, the waitresses were nice (they were on duty - a Monday night) the prices were reasonable... okay. So the weekends were still safe. I was relieved.

Then came the weekend, and the Trolls on Saturday night. It was horrible. The best thing about the Whaleback was

the kind of people it attracted - mostly upperclassmen, sick of Adolph's (George Hunka wrote a decent but decidedly reserved guide to the place in the Freshman Handbook issue of The Light last semester; check it out, you'll know what I mean). Now all of the former Whaleback regulars were there, but also attending were those clean, bland, ugly people who looked like freshmen or locals (hard to tell the difference any more). It was a bad feeling. The Trolls were the Trolls; Mark

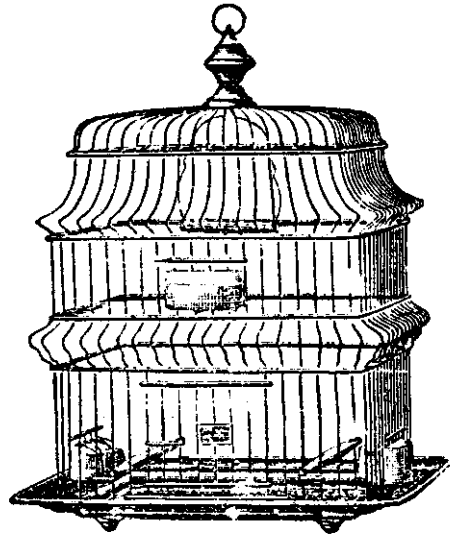
Ebner and David Simonds did a comedy routine, uneven but decidedly misunderstood by the people in the audience. I had a drink - fast - and left.

I hate crowds. The stage and the performances are a mixed blessing, you see. Cash's, I'm sure, will be a remarkable outlet for Bard musical and performance talent. It's like having a coffeehouse every Friday and Saturday night, and Lord knows we need some

more comedy and a better variety of music here (I note that Jeff Presslaff's new jazz ensemble will be playing this coming weekend: now there is a club for club music like that). The performances and stage, however, will also attract a bunch of drunken whoozies, cramming together and doing half-remembered Monty Python routines all night. Perhaps I am being a little too antagonistic towards these people, I'm an asshole when I'm drunk too, but I don't want to be crammed into a room with them. I don't want to be crammed into a room with two hundred people like myself. But this is nothing that Jonny Cash can remedy, so fuck it.

Okay, so it's not that bad, it's not as good as it was, but it's not that bad and it's about

time we got a good place for performance now. The service is good, the prices are good... the food seems to have improved oddly enough, so you can get a good cheap sandwich there and feel filled up. All right, a grudging welcome to Cash's - may it prosper and all of that. See you at the bar. **D**



10% DISCOUNT ON ALL  
BIKES WITH COLLEGE I.D.  
AT:

RHINEBECK  
"BICYCLE"  
SHOP

BEEKMAN ARMS BARN, RHINEBECK N.Y.  
SALES - SERVICE - RENTALS 914-876-4025  
— ROSS, PEUGOT —

# red hook's record plant:

## VALLEY RECORDERS

by Chet Sanet

I spoke with Paul Anntonel of Valley Recorders, located in nearby Red Hook, New York. He gave me a thorough run-down of what their facilities do offer.

Since Bard is ridden with bands of varying cadence, this interview may be the "real talk" about recording possibilities for those with any vinyl gumption.

Paul said few Bard bands have checked out what goes on over in his set up but it is never late to know so - Dis-is-it.

"From my point of view," says Paul, "there is an urgent need for bands in the Hudson Valley to get high quality recording. We have the facilities to capture Bard band's uncategorical sound." (Yes, we know Bard bands are so creative.) Valley Recorders can do location recording besides their taping in their 16 track studio.

The primary emphasis of Valley Recorders' operation is on the acoustic integrity of its rooms. Studio A measures 32' x 25', with a 15' ceiling. A wide variety of materials, including generous areas of natural pine and cork has been incorporated into the structure of the studio, resulting in an extremely quiet, bright and flexible room, suitable for the production of any type of musical material. Available for studio use are a Chickering Centennial Grand piano, Tama studio drums, and an array of keyboard instruments and amplifiers.

The control room provides

a spacious, comfortable working environment for clients, with ample room for their guests. Among the equipment you'll find are an APSI 26x24 mixing console, Ampex MM1100 16 track tape recorder, Crown 700 mastering deck, Ashly limiters and parametric EQ, Eventide phaser, dbx compressors, companders, and noise reduction, Lexicon Prime Time and digital reverb, JBL and Burhoe monitors, and a wide variety of microphones: AKG, Beyer, Crown, Electrovoice, Neumann, Sennheiser, Shure and Sony.

They can rent "out board" equipment, you read about in fancy music magazines. Or, they can accommodate to Video and Film needs.

The personnel at Valley Recorders are Rick Jones, classical musician and sound technician, Jim Barker, rock drummer and sound technician, Paul Anntonel, guitarist and production supervisor. This three man combination offers in Paul's words, "A varried and thorough competence in sound production."

Some examples of "recording packages" with previous groups are as "most projects are three to four song tapings with given budget limitations, and deadlines. Most of the time a band comes to us and says what are you guys about and what do you do here? We ask them how much time they have and how much money and then tell them a price."

CONT →

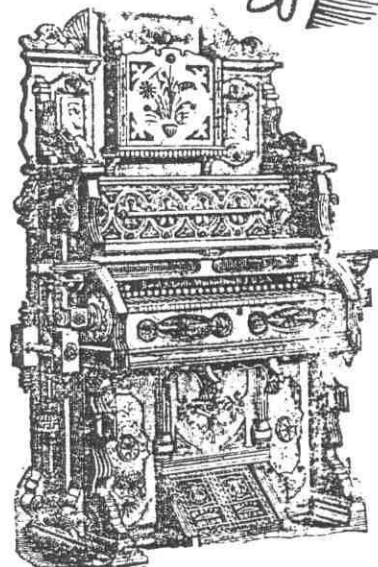


**758-5167**

- \* 16 TRACK RECORDING
- \* AUDIO EDUCATION
- \* AUDIO PRODUCTION

**12 ST. JOHN STREET • REDHOOK, N.Y.**

**PAUL ANTONELL**



"We work within any budget. Everyone knows musicians are not wealthy, so we offer a reasonable price for top notch sound and cater to any musical need."

"We can give accurate pricing for album cutting but most important is to get a tight tape first. 45 RPM's are always good to make though you don't always make your cash back on sales, but it is an investment for getting jobs. We have done some video projects and recently have completed a soundtrack in a documentary film for Vassar College."

A synopsis of Artists who recorded at Valley Recorders:

"Mostly we have done local groups who wanted pre-vinyl demo tapes, who wanted to get big recording contracts. We are the only 16 track studio north of Poughkeepsie except for 24 track joints in Woodstock. We offer an alternative to NYC fast paced 'one shot' studios. We stress most of all that we can work with any budget.

We don't want to be part of the New York City scene and give a rush job atmosphere. We provide relaxing atmosphere. We have printed vinyl under the custom label, Black Sheep Records, particularly for projects we felt strongly about. An example is the

An example is the Ulsterfarrians, who put out a record under that

"We listen to all the commercial records and check out all the new style recording techniques so that we can offer them. We do have some kind of (medium) consultant in New York City looking for groups but we may want a NYC representative in the future.

Valley Recorders is aware of the trend for bands being visually conscious of their style for video possibilities. More bands of the future will rest their commercial potential equally on their appearance as

well as on their sound. There are a lot of shitty videotapes around in which bands just mouth the words from a tape. Video should utilize the potential to get across what the band wants to express instead of their ability to move their mouths."

"We are doing a video tape soundtrack now for a big local artist and one of the 'mega-buck' tele-communications corps. The tape is to lure new recruits into their state of mind. Then, it will be mixed in quad and synced to video. Soon we will probably do some digital recording for two trade mixes for videotape."

So to wrap this up:

"Noone wants to listen to basement tapes anymore. It's kind of hard to explain it to people but most record producers and P.R. men don't want to go out and listen to garage tapes. Groups can't afford not to make great tapes because lousy quality won't be listened to. People don't realize it."

For \$250.00 you could do six hours of PR - vinyl recording and spend approximately \$400.00 for 1000 45 RPM's - to be cut quickly." Or you could bring in some basic tracks and they could mix them down and add other tracks. They can enhance recordings by digital delay, phasing, reverberation, phlanging, limiting, compressing, or master live tracks.

Valley Recorders feels good about the irony of their location being in central Red Hook, surrounded by I.B.M.'ers and commercial sensibility.

"We've got privacy out here no subways." □

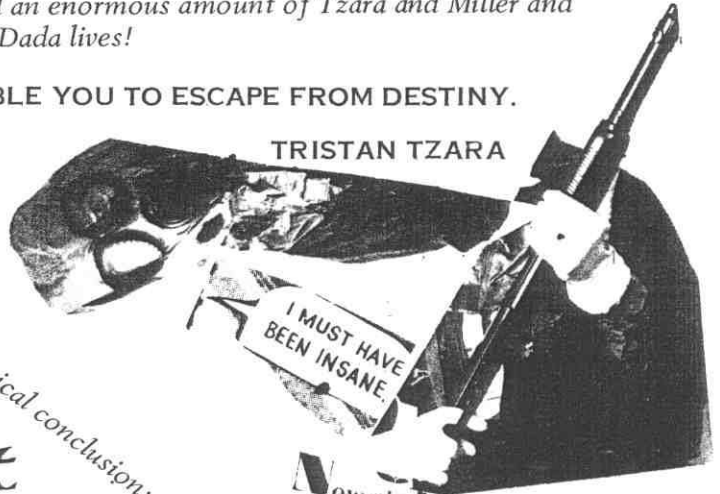
Valley Recorders  
12 St. John St.  
Red Hook, NY

# MANIFESTO

In May of 1982, I plan to present my Senior Project Performance in Music. The performance's classification: Dada. At first I refrained from using such a term because I hadn't any notion that at its initiation it would encompass a Dada performance. Up to that time, having undertaken a limited digestion of Tristan Tzara and, fortunately, a limited indigestion of Robert Breton, I had not really pondered the absurdities of Dada. In fact, the only thing that caught my attention about their movement (non-movement) was the rioting that some of their events caused. Since then, though, I have swallowed an enormous amount of Tzara and Miller and have decided to "resurrect" Dada. So be it! Dada lives!

ONLY DADA CAN ENABLE YOU TO ESCAPE FROM DESTINY.

Yes! A performance with no logical conclusion; one that destroys itself. But Why WHY?



TRISTAN TZARA

Now along comes LSD (see following pages), and it looks as if my safe world of normal consciousness is going to be

## DADA MANIFESTO

Over the past few years, I have attended many performances, but none, to my recollection, has had such a profound impact as the Bergen Community College Poetry (sic) Readings. I have attended a total of four of these readings, two of which are surely not to be forgotten by those who had the fortunate, most call unfortunate, pleasure of attending.

The normal procedure of events happens as follows: Person A would volunteer to read his/her/neuter material; that human reads while the others listen (?); the listeners applaud after the material is terminated.



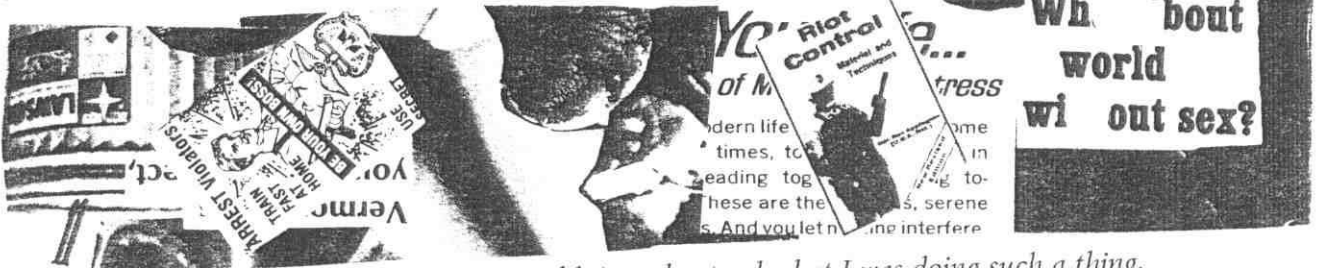
Love HostAGE



revealed a wasteland inhabited by lull... their dreary ideas. If the... al users and promoters of... right, we might just be awfully... ucky to be on board the planet at his time of discovery. To judge from the ecstatic endorsement of the "acid reads," no one has really lived until he has launched himself on a "trip" powered by LSD, no one has really explored his psyche until its true convolutions and colors have been bathed in wondrous illumination of the drug.

At first, I was puzzled by these exercises in futility because no discussion followed the expurgation; just clapping. I then became outraged. Why? Because I felt I was being used, expected to applaud at the end of a masturbation to gratify someone's ego; I felt like vomiting; I vowed revenge.

To those who attended the poetry on that cold December evening in 1980 I feel no sympathy. The event that was staged came to be known as "The Cream Donut Affair". No one, not even my friend Jimmy, knew what I was planning. What took place was as follows: anytime someone got up to read to his/her/neuter fellow PTA members, I did my utmost to disrupt that person, even if it meant destroying that person in the process. For instance, a particular girl got up to read her "stuff"; I proceeded to laugh mockingly at her. Another girlie got up, who had just had her hair done up so pretty-like; I ran up to her and ran my hands through her hair until she was on the verge of tears. I wasn't quite through yet. Since I had taken my "nice pills" that evening, I felt totally and unequivocally uninhibited. My friend Jimmy got up to read next. I took my marina mallets and started to pound out a straightforward tempo on one of the tables. I decided to attack him more viciously than the rest because he had the nerve to intruduce me to these people, plus I felt, "How dare you lower yourself to read in front of these hand-clapping mannequins?" I became outraged as he started to read to the tempo of the "beat" I was laying down. "No, Jim, that number is not going to work; it's too tonal." I then varied my rhythms to the point where HE became outraged; outraged and incensed over the fact he couldn't follow



the varied tempos and also because he couldn't understand what I was doing such a thing. Then I peered down at the table in front of me; Lo and Behold! Two Cream Donuts fresh from Dunkin' Donuts. I continued the swinging of the mallets, only this time using the

**" I CONTINUED SWINGING THE MALLETS ... CREAM CAME EJACULATING OUT OF THE DONUTS ... "**



donuts as resonaters. As it happened, cream came ejaculating out of the donuts (catch the Freudian slip) in all directions. The girl, whose "stuff" I had laughed at got hit square in the face. That was it! She stood up and bellowed, "You fucking asshole, stop it!" I then took a five measure tacit to look around the room; all eyes were upon me. "What is he going to do now, will he stop and act human?" No, I wasn't going to stop, because I am not human. I felt enthralled that someone had the nerve to confront me. "NO! You charlatans who pretend that you're poets, the fire is fed even more." I continued to whack away at the donuts until not an iota of cream was left. The "Poets", soon afterward, broke up the evening tea party and then, after all they were succumbed to, had the audacity to invite me to a party with them. I went along alright and slept in the car until their party was over.

# Escort<sup>TM</sup>? No! Fuzz Buster<sup>TM</sup>?

*As luck would have it, or should I say "the will of God", I was punished for my acts of kindness: when arriving home I stepped on a beer tab and gashed the bottom of my foot.*

*If it wasn't for that year off from Bard, I probably would never have encountered the Mind Maggots Poetry Excursions. It is this group that I owe my falling into the depths of inhumanity and to many of the ideas that make up my Senior Project. First, the performer: I would take notice, whenever someone was about to read, the space that person left between himself and the listener. It was like Jesus Christ himself up there on a pedestal blurting out all kinds of absurdities to the masses: "See Jimmy (Carter) run. See Jimmy lose." Yes, it was the Almighty himself captivating an audience, he could do no wrong no matter what gibberish flowed from between his teeth. The hell with this, strip that goddamn pedestal from under his feet and drag him down, down into enemy territory so everyone can get a good look at what kind of fool he really is and make it easier to spit in his face. The performer deserves no respect and should be treated accordingly.*



*The same goes for the audience: NO RESPECT, IGNORE THEM; THEY ARE THERE BUT THEY DON'T EXIST. The performance does not necessitate a response from them. The work is for the artist alone. The audience is there as unbiased observers, or better yet, experiencers who create their own event which is distinctively their own. (By unbiased I mean they are unaware of the concoctions of the creator.)*

*For the experiencers, there is no human escape, only an inhuman one. The event is forced upon them, their personal space invaded so the build inhibit pulse can't block anything out; they can't run away, they are locked in. Their only escape is to the depths of misery*

**"THE AUDIENCE: NO RESPECT, IGNORE THEM."**



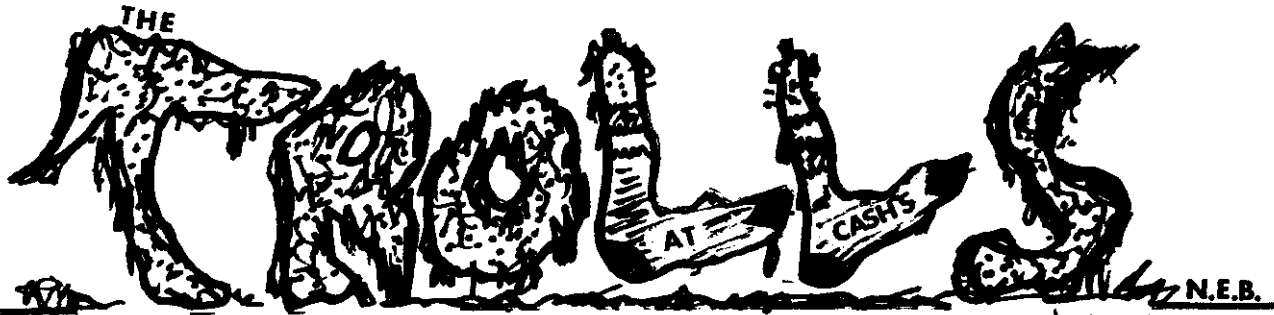
*and suffering, to divorce themselves from the "social order", to become inhuman, to become happy. As Tzara says, "We will put an end to mourning and replace tears by sirens screeching from one continent to the other. Pavillions of intense joy and widowers with the sadness of poison.*

*The same holds true for the performers themselves. To conspire against your own per-*





# MUSIC



The car worked for once, Saturday night the 27th. Yeah, that was the night *they* played at the newly renovated Whaleback. I think it's called Cash's Whale bar. I had not known the boys in the band had such experience as ministers to the needy. At the same time the Trolls weren't running a catering service either. But how does that all fit into music? Well, I'll get to that.

I parked my car at the risk of a tow on the road to campus road mainly because Cash's used car lot was full to where a snail couldn't park his shell. I came in on the Trolls' second set, so I thought, "Well, the first set didn't clear the place so they must be doing something very, very right." And when I entered the hallowed doors I found I was right. The Trolls sounded right. The night was right. Well almost, but *something* was cooking in that stir-fry wok that has been known to us as the music of the Trolls.

They entertained and feelings were mixed as expected. Cash mentioned that the mixed response might have been due to the expectations of the audience as a result of the Wombler's performance the weekend before. But as far as I know, readers, the Trolls played for all: the querious, the fans, and themselves of course. They made a rarely seen attempt to reach out to all. I guess it has to be that way in a bar situation.

In any event, they entertained us in an amusing way (or if you will, vice versa) through music and various noodling between songs. Yes, humor of the absurd was risen from the shrouded and somewhat sparse minds of the group. They had a presence people responded to. Sure, one audience member yelled out, "Shut up and play! Shut up and play!" but hey, what does that tell us, rock fans?

The Trolls were loose as dishwater and that's why they played better than they have in other gigs. The situation was more crucial. It seemed like more was at stake. Yes, the music made me nervous but so does some of the footwear I see on campus.

"Voice of the Trolls," their newest release, was a great song. It was a good example of the current Troll sound. Some other new songs were performed which I missed. My loss. After awhile I started to move myself. In fact alot of people started up in the second set and after a short period of yelling from the crowd, (sounded alot like Freebird, Whipping Post, etc.) a few songs were played and danced to – and stood to – and drunk to and the guys played Alice Cooper's "I'm 18." Not bad. I guess it was a nice gesture. They're only trying to help. I know some people sincerely enjoyed it. And why not. Chris Cochran's voice was shattering, as it is on many of the Trollsongs. Good chords inside and out. (Hey what the fuck, you can't ignore talent!)

Soon after, "Fucking Homos" was played with the subtlety of chopped liver, and I looked over in the corner and noticed three Lacoste-clad kids with finger in ear and horror on face. They were noticeably shocked. In any event, they stayed and got a few more from Jimmy Rodewald at the bar. I guess it wasn't shocking enough. C'mon boys, you've cleared out places before and reaped a harvest from a waitress' earnings! Why not tonight? I guess a question like that was answered in vain Saturday the 27th. But Art Carlson mentioned to me that he knows the Trolls "drove some people up the wall." Up the wall down at the "back." Well, Art has always been honest as long as I've known him, so the night wasn't a total loss. Besides, aspirin was heavily requested, according to a bartender there, so it stands to reason.

There were a few problems for both entertainer and listener alike. A lack of monitors presented the boys with some difficulties and the acoustics of the place were somewhat unsuitable at times but like I always say, "you can't get blood from a Troll!" So up ya giggi with a woo-woo brush, aspirin addicts! Go to Adolph's and listen to choruses of "You Shook Me All Night Long" by Washington D.C. or whoever the hell they are. Like Kirby said,

"It's all happening right here in Annandale and Tivoli." And I think we saw it. I know we saw something. You can say "we've seen it before," simply because we have. And all of this blocking of the ears, driving up the wall and aspirin shit can be funny, but it says something serious about what the guys are playing. I'd like to see *everybody* flip out at what they do but I don't think that's gonna happen now. I think some kind of decisions should be made in the cells of the Troll music body that can result in a *solid* response from all walks of life right now. You can take 'em or leave 'em, folks. As far as this reviewer can honestly tell through Saturday the 27th, people seemed to have taken to them. At least the dancers did and alot were curious. Yes, life is full of contradictions. I wish there was none here. Anyway, it was a good night for CKC & D. Keep it growing! See ya on the doggy papers Trollsters and Trolletes!

Nelson Bragg



ARTHUR E. CARLSON

Dr. Carlson is Professor of Accounting in the School and Graduate School of Business at Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri.

Rhinebeck  
Health Food &  
Health Bar

31 W. Market St.  
Rhinebeck New York 12572  
876-2555

\*STORE HOURS:  
Mon-Sat 10-5:30 P.M.  
\* LUNCH COUNTER  
Mon-Sat 10-4:00 P.M.

**NEW**

**FRIDAY HOURS!**  
10-8:00 P.M.  
LUNCH COUNTER - 10-7:30 P.M.

Foster's  
Coach  
House

A Tavern  
In The Great  
American Tradition

Hearty Fare ◀  
◀ Rich Atmosphere  
Generous Drinks ◀  
◀ Excellent Service

22 Katonah St. Rhinebeck

# INTERVIEW

## trOlls UpDATE

(The following discussion was taped at Cash's Music Bar in the early evening of March 2. -b.a.)

BILL ABELSON – Art, would you care to say a few words on how last Saturday was for you up there?

ART CARLSON – Oh, well, last Saturday was fine. It was very interesting, uh – I think it was successful although I think that we were trying to accomplish nothing specific so that in that sense, successful as compared to what aspirations, I don't know. But I thought it was decent. I thought there was communication between us and the audience, which is the main thing that I like to see.

BA – Did you feel any negativity from the audience about what you were playing at certain points?

AC – Sure. A lot of people thought we sucked! But the point is they didn't leave, ya know?

BA – Yea, your philosophy seems to be pretty out-there in that regard these days, that you're not necessarily trying to be successful or one thing or the other ...

AC – I don't know what we're trying to be at this point, but I dunno, I dislike the use of the term "out-there" to describe anything. Something can only be "out-there" when you

**"I THINK THAT WE'RE VERY IN-THERE."**

have a system of "in-thereness" that you're definitely outside of, and I think that we're very in-there as far as having a certain system of ideas that we exist within.

I don't like the word out-there at all. Out-there for me has only one specific historical meaning – it is only a relevant term for me musically in relation to the movement against be-bop, where in be-bop you're very specifically in there as regards the notes you're playing vis-a-vis the changes you're playing over it, and when people stopped playing according to those rules then they were considered out-there. Very shortly out-there ceased to be a descriptive term because they started playing by their own rules. Basically (by) the rules of harmony they were very in-there.

I think people use out-there as a catchall for a lot of things, and I think a lot have it very value-laden as far as out-there good and in-there bad and I just don't think any of that is relevant in 1982.

BA – Just for history's sake, who are those figures that were indeed out-there?

AC – Eric Dolphy. I don't think you could name many more names than that. You get guys like Coltrane who started breakin' the rules but what he was doing was very within the confines of certain concepts, so, it wasn't out. It was very in, in fact he (Coltrane) was more in, it was the interior of in-ness that he was dealing with.

BA – Dale, do you want to say anything about how it went last Saturday night for you?

MARC DALE – Well, by all accounts it was successful. Although it points up the need for a change in concept. Too much activity in the music right now and I think we've taken that as far as that can go, so we probably need to scale everything down to bare essentials.

CONT. →

Either that or I've been listening to too much Webern lately.

BA -- What was the experience of playing at Cash's like, and the audience?

MD -- I found the audience good, and the experience really exhilarating. It was the first time I had played there, so it was different from playing Commons for the fiftieth time, et

**"WE PROBABLY NEED TO SCALE EVERYTHING DOWN..."**

cetera. I dunno, it (Cash's) hasn't settled yet, so it's like we're a part of the history of the place almost by being here. It's not like Adolph's, which has been there for years and acquired aeons of ya-ya vibes or something, you know, it's still forming here, still happening.

BA -- One of the original factors in Cash's Music Bar, the Trolls.

MD -- Yes, definitely.

BA -- Our thanks to the ever-changing Marc Dale, and the ever-changing Art Carlson.

MD -- Old inconsistent me.

BA -- But don't the philosophers say that life is change?

MD -- Well, I suppose that makes me a wise man.

AC -- Except for the ones who say it's all the same and change is only in your mind.

BA -- Nothing new under heaven and earth. Well -- it's all true. It's all true. Everyone is right, furtherwise.

AC -- But you can only say that when you admit that they're also wrong.

BA -- No, I just think everyone is right period.

AC -- Ohhhhhhh oh.

Can't have rightness without wrongness. Otherwise rightness becomes just as meaningless as out-there-ness.

BA -- 'Right' and 'wrongness' are just human terms for the more relative 'preferable' and 'less

**"IT'S ALL TRUE. EVERYONE IS RIGHT, FURTHERMORE."**

'preferable'. Right and wrong are human interpretations just to sharpen the focus of the egotistical side of our consciousness.

AC -- Well, but if you really want to sharpen your focus of consciousness, you have to hone in on what these words mean, and right and wrong and good and evil are in no way equivalent terms.

BA -- Well, I don't like either of them.

AC -- You don't have to like them to acknowledge that they mean something in discourse and that they are applied to certain philosophical mind-sets that are prevalent in the world today, and --

BA -- They certainly are.

AC -- --you have to deal with them, you can't just say you like 'em or you don't like 'em, that's like saying you like or don't like the Trolls. Ultimately, well, so what? You're listening to the Trolls and you get a headache, rightness or wrongness or in-there or out-there-ness are all irrelevant.

BA -- Probably true, look it's very clear that those terms (right/wrong, good/evil) mean a lot to a lot of people and that they influence my way of thinking too, I certainly acknowledge that.

AC -- You also have to realize that when people use terms like that, those are ways of non-thinking every bit as much as they're ways of thinking, by putting something in categories that obliterates the need for further thought on them, or consideration of what they might mean.

BA -- The Western mind is obsessed with, I like this/I don't like that; that's good / that's bad ...

AC -- Yea.

BA -- And I think it's really bad that the Western mind is like that!

AC -- I think there has to be a balance. You have to have opinions, but on the other hand you have to realize that when you say something is good or bad you're measuring yourself as much as you're measuring a thing in that statement. Especially when you precede it with the word "I".

BA -- Are you endorsing the humanistic psychology mode of thinking that when you call

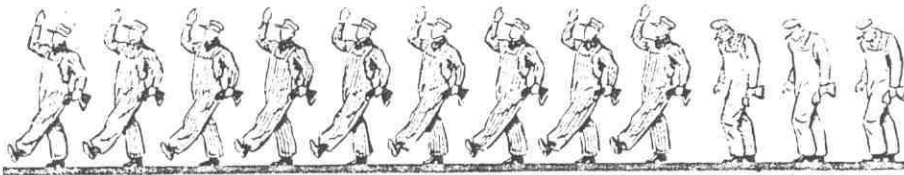
**"I HATE HUMANISTIC PSYCHOLOGY."**

something bad you're really calling yourself bad?

AC -- No, I hate humanistic psychology, I'm saying you're measuring both things, a thing might be bad, but so might you too ... Nothing is easy.

BA -- But why does saying something is bad imply that you think you're bad?

AC -- Because -- well -- it could imply that, it doesn't necessarily, but it does in the sense that you have not allowed this thing to penetrate you to the extent that you can experience it as directly as possible, so you can get an idea of what that experience is. Some things you might be able to say, "Aw, that's good or that's bad," but the majority of things are much more subtle than that. There's a certain degree of measurement on both sides going, and the ultimate test is when you bring that into reality, and when you have to act on that, like what kind of peanut butter are you gonna buy at the grocery store. □

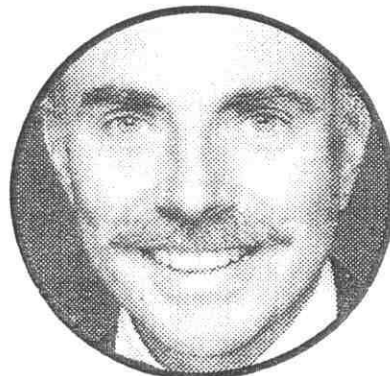


*"When one band Dies Two  
will take Its Place"*

Ciao for Now

Unkle  
Art  
Dale  
Chris

BY THE WAY, SOME OF  
THE OTHER GIRLS AND  
I WANTED TO INVITE  
YOU TO A LITTLE  
WELCOMING PARTY...



Chris Cochran

SPORTS

# IVAN on the



**I**predict moocho problems for the Yanks. First base job -- will competition destroy Bob Watson & will Dave Collins live up to the pressure? Can Rick Cerone regain the form of 1980 or is he just a disco age one-night stand? Is Ken Griffey over the hill and does he need a new pair of knees? Nettles is going on 38 -- can he play 140 games & still produce? He'll be expected to produce the homers. Will Randolph recover from a disasterous 1981? Can Winfield carry the load thrust on his shoulders by the removal of Reggie Jackson?

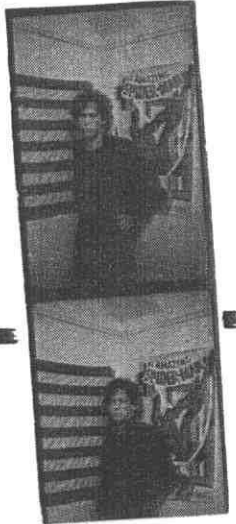
The pitchers: will Rick Reuschel really be happy out of the Midwest & in NY? Or is he just a farmboy? Will Gene Nelson get the fifth spot he rightly deserves? Is Rudy May washed up?

Is Lemon really a running manager? Can he adjust to this style of play, which Steinbrenner so desperately wants?

Positive things to say? The added speed will be a bonus only if Lemon can get his strategy together & organize it. Righetti is one of the most promising pitchers in years. But will Milwaukee, after having a taste of victory, go for the throat?

If the Yanks make it to the Series they'll go for the throat and win. I don't see any National League team except for the Expos giving the Yankees problems.

Ivan Stoler



*The Trolls at Cash's, February 27, 1982.  
Chris Cochrane, Mark Kirby, Art Carlson, Marc Dale.*

*Trolls photo by Denise Bricker and Mary May Wong.*



# MARC DALE

## ON MUSIC AND HIMSELF

1/15/82

Dear Carolyn,

As for myself, I've become just an irascible old curmudgeon, unwilling to play publicly in most cases, and disdainful of any situation in which I am expected to explain my thoughts about music, for the simple reason that I have not a jot of thought about it, but have only and instead, feelings about it, which to my horror I have discovered to have been masquerading in my mind as thought, and which, when presented with a situation where their public display is called for, have the pith and audacity to expose themselves in a manner calculated to cause minimum benefit and maximum confusion and/or consternation, not least of all to myself, the bearer of these malign and chaotic machinations.

So, you see, having realized this thing to be what it is, I can now safely say that my thoughts about music can be summed up in the saying, "Live and let live", which says nothing necessarily about how things (at Bard) strike me lately, or at all for that matter, and it should now be clear why I am reluctant to express myself, on the record that is, in that manner except that since I am presently aware of the tendency which I have already mentioned to you, I feel more confident in being able to avoid those very habits of self-expression which have caused me so much chagrin and even grief. Therefore, with your kind consideration and patience, I will tell you simply that the musical community at Bard is, in spite of our conversations pursuant to the matter, quite healthy and vital in and of itself (in spite of what is often rather lazy and shallow audience participation), such nature being a thing apart from any difficulties one may experience in actually dealing with the community, as that may have less to do with the community than with the whims of the individual, and which deserves the same expectations as any other community at Bard ((I think I have just committed a grammatical error)) which is to say that human nature can be expected to take its course, and that the actual musical work will, being an extension of the people involved, reflect it accordingly.

So it should come as no surprise to you, already wiser than I in the ways of human nature, that owing to a solitary nature and an aversion (some might say unfitness) for the complex in society, it has as if by magic occurred to me that the reason that I have become an irascible old curmudgeonly hermit is that it is more in my nature to be an irascible old curmudgeonly hermit, as opposed to being a congenial and freely available bass musician, which the general community (an entity in which I include myself) would, I think and speaking for myself know, would prefer.

So, I will say no more on the subject, having said already too much about something which in all likelihood has little or no relevance to you, except insofar as it might occur to you to wonder what's on my mind, or whether or not I still care whether you're alive or dead, and so now I feel that I have done what I have set out to do, even though this may not in actual fact be what I should have done, but it nevertheless shall suffice for the purposes of communication, in spite of the obvious and tell-tale fact that I have as yet omitted the customary solicitations as to you and your loved ones' welfare, not intentionally, but merely in

CONT. →

consideration of the continuity of the expression of that which, at present, has the most immediate, if not most altogether important, significance to me, as it is commonly observed that the altruistic principle has precedence over the selfish, although it will be observed that I have no wish to even appear, much less exist, a totally self-insular being in spite of myself, and so I will end this particular and, in fact, uncharacteristically bold attempt at correspondence with fondest wishes that you and 'yours' are well and will continue in the same or better manner, and that I will have the good fortune to see you again. before circumstances, as they inevitably do, dictate otherwise.

With fondest wishes,  
Marc Dale



## Rhinebeck Wine & Liquor Store

We have the largest selection of  
domestic and imported wines and  
liquors in Northern Dutchess county.

(914)-876-6264

"HOME OF  
RHINELANDER  
BRANDS"



41 EAST  
MARKET ST.  
RHINEBECK  
N.Y.

## REDHOOK DRUG STORE

*"The Friendly Drug Store"*

PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS  
2 NORTH BROADWAY  
REDHOOK, N.Y.  
758-5591



# ON BEING A DIRECTOR

OR

# VALIUM IS OUR FRIEND.



**BY ANDREW JOFFE**

On February 13, 14, and 16, my senior project in directing, *The Medium*, was performed in the Scene Shop Theater, under the auspices of the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance. I never saw a complete performance, because the Scene Shop Theater does not have adequate facilities for a director to view his work and not have his muscle spasms and facial contortions seen by the audience. Therefore, I spent most of the time pacing the halls, wrestling with the frustrations born of the knowledge of my ideal conception of the show, the knowledge of the difference between that conception and the actual production, and the knowledge that I could do nothing about it. The fact that the audience didn't notice half of what I did was no balm to my spirit. I wrestled, and a mighty match it was. By the time the final curtain had fallen each night, I was possibly more exhausted than the actors, and looked forward to a good, stiff drink. Or several.

My experience is not necessarily true of all directors, but the instinct behind it lies in most. A director is primarily a frustrated actor who wants to play all the roles in his production, both male and female, hero and villain, lead and extra. This being logistically impossible, he does it by proxy. He ends up, however, putting the same energy and time and work into the production as if he had acted it all himself. He puts in more, in fact, because the acting is not his only concern. Theater is a collaborative art, but a director is the supreme collaborator. He collaborates with everybody on everything, and he must be everywhere at once.

There are certain advantages to being a director. You have creative control over your production, something not to be taken lightly. I directed my first major production, *The Threepenny Opera*, in my senior year of high school. It turned out so well that I got drunk at the cast party, held in a swanky Paramus restaurant, and elatedly scrawled the following words on the wall of the men's room:

*When I direct, I get an enormous feeling of power -- power over art, power over a work of literature, power over time and space, and, not least important, power over people. I feel this power -- until opening night draws near, and I realize that I am at the mercy of all these elements, not the other way around.*

*(Afterwards, I was so joyful that I puked, but the words are as true today as they were then.) Another advantage of being a director is that fame can be coupled with a quiet anonymity. I can remember being in the lobby after a show that I directed and listening to the people next to me critically lambaste the performance, using such pithy phrases as, "What crap!", while inwardly I laughed at their ignorance of who was beside them.*

*But there are disadvantages, too, to piloting a production. Along with control comes responsibility. If the audience mistakes your intentions and takes your production for a lesson on how to tell time, and as a result is inordinately involved in looking at their watches, you have no one to blame but yourself. (Well, I guess you could blame the actors, but this might seem a bit petty and unsportsmanlike; besides, they probably outnumber you.) But if the production is successful, there is enough credit to go around, and there is no reason why you should not claim more than your fair share.*

CONT. →

Although anonymous to the public, a director should be recognizable to his cast, and should have their respect. Respect is not always an easy thing to obtain, especially from actors. Some directors use various tricks to get respect, such as choosing plays that the actors could not possibly understand, and then pretending that he himself does understand it. Other directors assume a slavedriver's manner, and, through a series of long rehearsals, exhausts his actors into giving their respect. As for myself, I scorn these devices. Being an actor, I know what actors like, what they will respond to, when to be firm with them, when to be loose. As a result, I choose shows with strong acting roles, roles with meat that actors can chew with gusto. I try to make those with smaller parts feel important. I listen to my actors, and, in return, I find that they listen to me. Although I have made large casting errors in my time, I am generally most discriminating. For *The Medium*, for example, I was most pleased with my cast, and, except for some trifling outbreaks of temperament (only to be expected when dealing with actors), the production was a happy one.

With regards to stage managers, too, I have been fortunate. A stage manager can be of great help to a director. The two main functions of a stage manager during rehearsals are getting the actors to arrive on time, making sure the director stays on schedule, and other such organizational matters; in short, the stage manager enables the director to concentrate on creative and artistic problems.

But stage managers have a more important function. One of the great traumas a director has to bear is that, on opening night, after months of work, he must face the fact that there is nothing more he can do, and place his show firmly in the hands of the stage manager, who then takes control of the production. The stage manager cues the lights, gets the actors in place for the opening of each act, orders the opening of the house, and deals with any problems that might arise. The director is a forgotten man; he might as well make his way to the nearest gin mill or opium den. If he stays, it is out of morbid curiosity, or the dread that something big might go wrong that he won't hear about until later. But, in fact, he becomes just another member of that faceless crowd, the audience. Because of the generally good quality of my stage managers (all of whom, oddly enough, have been women), I have been more secure about relinquishing my control than I might have been.

As I wrote on that men's room wall in Paramus, the approach of opening night is a sobering, frightening thing. Inexorably it comes, like the Day of Judgement, on which you are called to account for your past works. As it approaches, you are seized with a frenzy of energy as you scramble to put the finishing touches on your show. But, unlike death, of which no man knoweth his appointed hour, you know when you open.

It is then a director thinks back over the long rehearsal process: the first reading; the blocking sessions; the working and reworking of specific scenes; the joys of discovery and the agonies of staleness; the first run-throughs; the endless notes scribbled illegibly on endless legal pads; the technical runthrough, with the endless asking of certain key questions, such as, "When is the set going to be finished?" and "Are we going to have music by opening?" and "Is the gun going to work?"; the dress rehearsal, with the same questions repeated; the last rush of set and costume work; the first view of the printed program, especially the line beginning, "Directed by ..."; watching the audience pile up in the lobby, ready to grant you success or failure, to judge your efforts, to lift you up or cast you down. Ah, directing. It makes you want to puke with joy. ◻

Andrew Joffe





# SEPARATE TABLES

The Bard Theatre's production of Terence Rattigan's *Separate Tables*, directed by William Driver, is like an attempt to ship gold over the ocean on a paper raft: the material will not support the weight. Rattigan, if he were a great author, would be a romantic; as it is, he is a sentimentalist. His characters, while not mere types, do not stand up to severe psychological or emotional scrutiny; his conflicts, while not mere trivia, are not archtypical struggles. Any attempt to play a Rattigan script as anything more than what it is, an interesting, well-constructed, commercial comedy-drama, sinks the ship. While this production doesn't sink, it certainly lists.

The play is actually two connected plays, both set in a small private hotel in England. In the first, "Table by the Window", a woman comes looking for her ex-husband, now an alcoholic socialist writer, and, though all of the pain of their failed marriage is dredged up, they realize their need for each other. In the second, "Table Number Seven", which takes place eighteen months later, the shy, neurotic daughter of one of the hotel regulars, a domineering busybody, falls in love with a dashing older man, a "Major", who, it is discovered, annoys women in cinemas. The regular residents, lead by the girl's mother, vote to have the "Major", whose military record is a sham, evicted. He and the girl realize that they are both afraid of people and both live in shelters, she allowing herself to be bossed by her mother, he creating the character of a dashing "Major" in which to hide. In the end, the girl stands up to her mother, and the man, no longer the "Major", stays on at the hotel.

One of the tricks of the play is that *one* actress, in this case Lauri Hahn, plays both the ex-wife and the girl, and the same actor, Bud Ruhe, plays the writer and the "Major". Rattigan does this to heighten the connections between the two plays, which are both basically about finding where you belong and with whom you belong. The title refers to the hotel's dining room, where each of the tenants has his or her own place, his own separate table. The two plays are similar in construction, and the entire show begins and ends in the dining room at dinnertime. (The scenes alternate between the dining room and lounge.)

All these tricks are clever, but need light handling.

The script must be played lightly, especially the first part, which tends to be melodramatic. There is much in both parts that needs to be presented quickly and casually, so that the dramatic high spots are set off in relief. In the Bard production, however, everything seems to have been given equal weight. The pace was too slow and too deliberate. This especially showed in "Table by the Window", which started at too high a dramatic pitch, and consequently had nowhere to go at the climax. Bud Ruhe and Lauri Hahn did well by their characters, but the whole tone of the first part was so heavy and so insistent that they became unsympathetic and very unpleasant, grotesque in a way, about halfway through. In "Table Number Seven"; a better script to begin with, this problem was less noticeable, and Mr. Ruhe and Ms. Hahn gave much better performances for it. But, coming as it did after "Window", it seemed inconsequential, almost as an afterthought, whereas it should be the other way around: the first play should be a warm-up for the second.

The cast, other than Mr. Ruhe and Ms. Hahn, both of whom do very well by their double roles, are quite good. Hal Hillman, Lisa Jurkowski, Catherine Tiberghien as the elderly, eccentric regulars; Ethelyn Friend, as the proprietress of the hotel; Courtney Adams as the domineering busybody; Kevin James Foley, as a young medical student, and Nancy Hart, as

cont. →

his somewhat venal girlfriend, and later wife; Sarah Safir and Lauren Marie Targ as the hotel waitresses; all contributed well-conceived and felt characterizations, although Mr. Foley's could have been more felt and a little louder. Because they have less to do than the two leads, they are largely unaffected by the heavyhandedness of the pace, and some times seem more interesting than the main characters.

The set changes were another problem. Although interesting to watch, they were so rigidly set to music that it added at least five minutes, empty minutes, to the evening. First, the waitresses and proprietress would come on stage to clear the small props to classical music. Then, at the first strain of a modern tune (taken, I am told, from a Jerry Lewis movie (?)), the running crew would come out and complete the lengthy transformation. Finally, the music became classical again, and the waitresses and proprietress would set new props. The music would end and the next scene begin. Unfortunately, if one group would finish early, there would be dead space while the other group waited for their musical cue. If there were technical problems with the tape (which was badly recorded anyway), then the wait was longer.

As seems usual with Mr. Driver's productions, length is the primary flaw, length that is largely due to inappropriate pacing. As noted before, the ship lists, although it doesn't sink. That it stays afloat is due to the natural buoyancy of the material and the effervescence of the cast. ◻

Andrew Joffe

# Schenmy's Hoffman's

FARM MARKET

Icecream  
parlor  
and  
Luncheonette

19 East Market St.  
Rhinebeck  
N.Y.



- \* fruits-vegetables
- \* gourmet foods
- \* cheese baskets
- \* plants and supplies

Route 9 Red Hook  
N.Y. 12571

# FILM Polish Jewry: A Cinematic Journey *by Rickers*

Most everyone knows what happened to European Jews during World War II - millions of them were persecuted and killed because of their religious preference. "Image Before My Eyes" is a film which explores Jewish life in Poland before that time; as the writer of the film, Jerome Badanes, states, "This is a film where Hitler is not the main character - the Jewish people are the main character." Because of the unusual focus, this film is exciting and fresh and interesting in all aspects.

Badanes, a professor from Vassar, worked with people from the YIVO Institute to make this film. YIVO archives and several home movies from Poland sparked the interest and as the project progressed, aided by a grant from NEH, more home movies were discovered. People connected with the photography were interviewed, and twenty of these people made it into the final product with reminiscences of Poland.

Through four parts, Jewish life in Poland is traced from early 1900 to 1939. In the beginning of the century, Jews in Poland felt uncertain; some thought of themselves as Poles with Jewish faith and others felt disjointed about where their loyalties should be centered. Pervading this confusion was the added conflict of rising modern values contrasting with tradition. Gradually, the importance of taking on the mask of being Polish and urban-oriented, began to clash with the need to maintain the Jewish culture; some Jews were ashamed of others who continued to dress in the old fashion, and occasionally identification as a Jew led to denial of jobs and housing.

World War I escalated the problems of identity for Polish Jews: loyalties were officially torn as they fought in the Russian, German, Austrian, or Polish armies. Any confusion about state loyalty was further emphasized by the war and the resulting poverty and the growing anti-Semitism.

After the war the Jewish Poles rallied together, delving into public programs such as schools and summer camps in an effort to promote unity. At the same time, however, an abundance of conflicting political ideologies stormed into Poland. Jews were pulled toward either socialism, communism, or Zionism, while a great number joined the Bund party, which organized labor and promised a "new way of life."

The last section of the film, "Darkening Clouds" describes the beginning of the Holocaust. Anti-Semitism grew even stronger, poverty invaded the lives of the Jews, and emigration became too difficult or too expensive. Many Jews were stuck to face the war in Poland. Still they maintained their ideas and hopes of social justice and equality and future integration of Jews. Of course, in 1939 Nazi Germany invaded Poland and the second World War soon followed.

"Image Before My Eyes" is a worthwhile film for several reasons. As mentioned before, the main focus was not the Holocaust but rather Jewish life before that time. The film makes quite obvious something other films obsessed with the destruction of millions of Jews do not: what was lost through the Holocaust. The Jews living in Poland before the war were indeed, as the film posters announce, "the most appealing, optimistic, idealistic, impassioned people of their time with everything to live for." They were struggling with a common identity. Eventually it does not seem in vain; eventually the romance of their idealism seems to win because these people and this time have been preserved at least in film form.

This piece was written the night of Belushi's death.

# John Belushi

-an obituary- BY DOUGLAS MINER

Well, when the first Blues Brothers album came out, it was said that if you played "Soul Man" backwards at the right speed, you could hear Dan Aykroyd (El wood Blues) wailing, "John's dead." Then again, rumors abounded of Belushi's overuse of certain pharmaceuticals and alcohol, which ranged from the ordinary, every-day type of consumption to truly bizarre and irrational figures which challenged the imagination.

Bill Abelson was at my place when a friend of mine called me up on the telephone and said, "Hey, John Belushi's dead." We laughed at first; fuck, he was young, you know, we'd spent a little bit of our lives with this guy. I turned on the radio -- our curiosity was piqued -- and we listened to good old WCBS New York.

John Belushi was found dead this afternoon at a hotel in Los Angeles, California ... Authorities are attributing his death to natural causes ...

We stopped drinking. Bill asked for a cigarette and went into the other room to listen to some music; I sat, tried to go over my Whaleback article, but it was no use. Something had to be said.

Look, Belushi represented ... something. He was a truly funny man, and not only was he funny, but he was fat, he was crude, he was everything that we both hated and wanted to be at the same time. Belushi could vomit and make it hilarious.

He was, by the way, thirty-three years old at the time of his death. I mention this not to compare him to Christ (he would have killed me for that), but to see that the man had only been in the public's eye for five years before something happened to stop it all. And I'm not going to compare him to Lenny Bruce. They were both funny, but they were on opposite sides of the comic spectrum, and there's no way to compare them. Belushi celebrated the absurd, the irrational, and finally the blues. And no matter what you may say about the Blues Brothers and the misuse of the music, Belushi managed to personify whatever the blues mentality may be, or may have been, or will be -- a definite sense of the absurdity of day-to-day existence. I'm not fucking you up the ass when I say this, either. As one of the few people who liked the Blues Brothers movie, I can say that there may be no better moment in the to-date small annals of anarchic comedy than when Belushi, as Joliet Jake, takes off his glasses, gives that look to former lover Carrie Fisher, and then throws mud at her.

Comedy is the art form of the 1980s. Belushi made it that way, and now he's dead, and it had to happen sometime, yes ... If Belushi made you laugh, you'd better fucking mourn now. Belushi was one of a kind.

Christ, I need another beer ... □



*On Novelist and Poet:***Charles Bukowski**

I don't like Bukowski. I don't even enjoy reading him anymore. There was a time when he amused me, though. He, whose, "stupid landlords" (who gave him free rooms), generous bums who pathetically shared their last bottle of wine with him, those MILLIONS AND MILLIONS of waiting whores, all waiting around to fuck Bukowski - ugly, hideous Bukowski. But everyone grows up. One realizes that Bukowski is a parasite in every sense of the word. Bukowski's motto: Don't try. He eats (occasionally), drinks constantly, bets, fucks and sleeps. And these are the subjects his writing concerns itself with. Writing like Bukowski's is simple - it plays on the sensationalistic desires of his readers and with the ugly old man as the hero every time, Henry Chinaski is a great success. However, I am bored with Chinaski. He is numbing not because of his great power, but because of his lack of it. He tells us, "I am drunk", and stands back to see the rings this rock of wisdom has made in the pool. Just as reverently, he describes vomiting, blood, vomiting blood, and shitting, as though they were holy. He tells us just how he fucked every stupid fat whore he's ever met. Does he expect us to be interested in this? Not only interested, but impressed! The things which can be attained without much effort - liquor, whores - these are his shrines. His virtues.

To write that I think Bukowski has nothing to say will only serve to bring Bukowski fans out of the rotting woodwork saying, "You're a twat... you're tits and ass and that's it." (A typical Buk response to anyone, women in particular, who criticizes his work). But I don't care. Bukowski would never have worked a day in his life if he could have survived without doing so. The jobs he does choose, that fateful four hour job in a meat packing house which he now grabs at any time he needs it, is a perfect example of his attitude. He chooses a job at which he is destined to fail; think of it. A slobbering wino stumbles into a meat-packaging plant and asks for a job. He has not eaten in two weeks and has been drinking without a break for months. His job is to carry 300 pound  $\frac{1}{2}$ steers dripping with fresh blood, and hang them on hooks 60 yards away in a truck. How can this physically and mentally rotted example of derelict alcoholism actually expect to work there longer than the time it takes him to make his week's beer money? It is obvious. He didn't. He didn't want to work any more than he wanted to be president of that company, but he got a good story out of it. In fact, he seems to feel purified by this one pathetic episode as if it then gives him the right to present himself as some kind of pitiable martyr.

cont. →

CAMEL



The life of the writer is filled with neurosis and horrifying nightmare, but there are virtues of the profession as well. CAMELS have made goodness in the world of the writer. CAMELS are the leader of the world today because of the writer, the only artist who can fully appreciate the full-bodied, somehow tranquilizing effect of these tobacco sticks. Goodness means the quality of the tobaccos -- supposedly from far away places, lands of exoticism and sensuality. Who can doubt the skill with which the tobaccos are blended to bring a strong fragrance to the room of a writer, to produce the mild film of deathlike ash over the windows and manuscripts, to give that subtle quality and taste of harsh reality to the warped dreams which the writer, half-drunken with the clarity of madness, spews upon the blank page.

Goodness means a standard of eye-watering inhalation that the billionth or trillionth CAMEL is sure to be just as poignant as the first. It means the honesty, the truthfulness, the sincerity of purpose to keep CAMEL packs in close reach of the yellow, nicotine-stained hands of the writer.

Ask any writer. There is no pleasure greater in this godforsaken world than a typewriter, a six of Bud, and a CAMEL -- the cigarette most preferred by members of the literary sensibility. HAVE A CAMEL!!

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The other men tried to break him, he explains, the blood made him crazy. In the end, he glorifies his failure and explains to us how worthless the men who worked there were.

He is proud to say, "I have crawled in drunken alleys", "I was shitting blood out of my ass and mouth", "Poetry is so fucking dull". For this, he is supposedly acclaimed in Europe as America's greatest living literary legend? After reading many of Bukowski's books, poems and short stories, I think this is a ridiculous statement, as his writing is somewhat interesting at best, and completely tasteless and unimportant at worst. Bukowski is not a "profound dirty old man" because there is no such thing, and if there was, it would be Henry Miller. What Bukowski is, is a fraud. He sets himself up as an adventurer, a delver, a, "student of life," when in fact he is a drunken whoremonger who found that by writing about his obsession, his own wretchedness, he was able to find a place, however low, on the American scene.

I would never encourage anyone to read Bukowski unless he wanted to know how a man with completely twisted values and no morals survives in America as an alcoholic, clap-ridden bum, who thinks he's the new Hemmingway.

He celebrates his indigence in such a revolting way that his stories become lessons in failure, which is glorified right along with success in this collection of Anti-Alger musings.

There is one short story however, that I cannot help but like. It is about a girl who shrank men until they were about six inches high, and then she'd fuck herself with them.

For that, Bukowski cast himself perfectly: A tiny, insignificant man moving in and out of a hooker's pussy - now that's profound!

## Nicki Lambros



# Rec. Park Thrift Shop

Tobacco Lane, Red Hook

*"Yesterday's Clothes For Today's Look"*

Shop Hours:  
 MONDAY - SATURDAY 10am - 4pm  
 FRIDAY till 6pm.

## PAM CASANOVA ON ARTIST ELAINE DE KOONING

Elaine de Kooning is this semester's Visiting Distinguished Artist. Bard's Visiting Distinguished Artist Program was instituted at the beginning of last semester, and involves the importation of a well-known artist for teaching and publicity purposes. It is important for young artists to meet older artists, or so it would seem. Of course, the question arises as to whether artists are being commissioned for art or publicity's sake - that is a good question, if a touchy one. Who, however, is to judge if popularity and quality are not synonymous? Is fame the end of vision? Or, as Elaine de Kooning said in her lecture, "Who's to say anyone's work is unnecessary?" On the other hand, is Bard more concerned with drawing a famous name, that will in turn promote approving nods and polite applause than with providing meaningful instruction for art students? This is not to say, however, that Elaine de Kooning is not a valid artist, because she certainly is.

Elaine de Kooning is the wife of William de Kooning, who has been a driving force in this century's art. One gets the feeling that in blotting out his influences, she may have blotted out a bit too much of herself - but that's merely speculation. As far as Elaine de Kooning's style goes, she is not extraordinary. Her work has been referred to as "a series of period pieces." Perhaps the most interesting thing she has ever done was to paint on a huge cylinder - thus making three dimensional portrait or painting. She is best known for her portraits and was in fact, commissioned to paint John F. Kennedy's. He was assassinated during the time that she was working on it, and Mrs. de Kooning was subsequently hesitant to paint for others. This led her to create some fairly noble sculptures, the most interesting of which was a crucifix which she referred to as "an abstract symbol."

Elaine de Kooning does not seem to have a message or theme exactly, but spontaneously creates what she feels needs to be created at the moment.

While Elaine de Kooning is not a major influence in twentieth century art, she is valid and interesting and has a wonderful attitude. When asked what kind of artist she considers herself to be, she replied, "An escape artist." She definitely has a very lighthearted view of art which, when you consider it, is pretty healthy. She feels that "style has a kind of tyranny", and is mainly interested in investigating different alternatives within art. She is interested in different ways of representing the same object. When asked about her source of inspiration, and whether or not she will continue to be inspired, she said, "It's like breathing. You don't wonder where the air is going to come from - you assume it will be there. That may be a foolish assumption." While her art may merit the title "peripheral" on the grand scale of things, Elaine de Kooning's attitude, humor, and intelligence may make her a perfect mediator between the art and academic worlds. She even fulfills that superficial publicity requirement earlier mentioned. ■

Chef

# Rick Saksoné

tells  
you:

## How to make Hominy Grits

1 cup (1/4 lb.) Hominy Grits  
1 teaspoon salt

Bring four cups of water to boil in a sauce pan. Slowly stir in the grits and salt and cook 3 - 5 minutes (for quick-cooking grits, 15 - 20 minutes) stirring occasionally, sporadically, with passion, with the Delta Bop Lurch, with conviction and most of all with juice until thick.

## How to make French Fried Onion Rings With Beer

These circles are golden and crisp. First of all, soak the onions in milk to take away sharpness.

4 large Bermuda onions  
(cut into 1/4" slices)  
2 cups (1/2 l.) milk  
1/2 cup (70 g.) flour  
salt  
oil for deep frying

Separate the onion slices into rings. Throw them in a shallow dish and pour milk on 'em. Soak 30 minutes, turning once or three times over. Mix the flour with a sprinkle of salt or Krazy Janes mixed-up Salt, and dip the rings into this mixture coating them all over. Heat oil to 370° F and deep fry the rings several at a time or moment until golden on both sides like at McDonald's. Pat free of oil with paper towel but maybe not if they disintegrate. Keep 'em warm while frying rest, and sprinkle with pepper oil or try and spice. Then serve 'em up and drink beers.



## THE STARR BAR ★ ★ CAFÉ

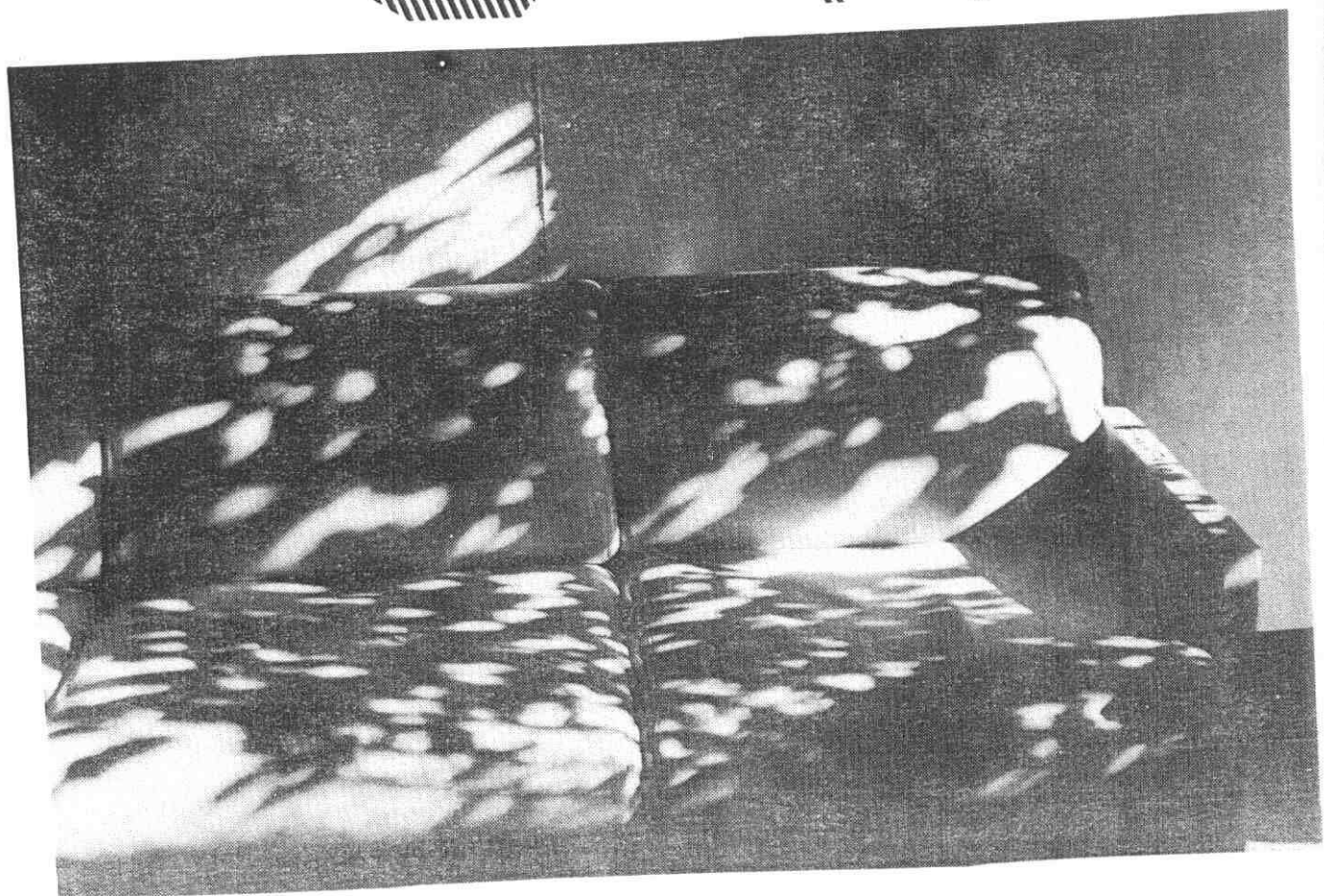
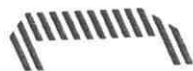
FABULOUS DRINKS, SANDWICHES, AND DESSERTS  
served in a delightful atmosphere.

Open 11:30 am seven days.

Located on the first floor of "The Starr Institute"

26 Montgomery Street, Rhinebeck, N.Y. 12572 876-6816

*Andrea Nussinow*





© 1981 Ivan Stoler





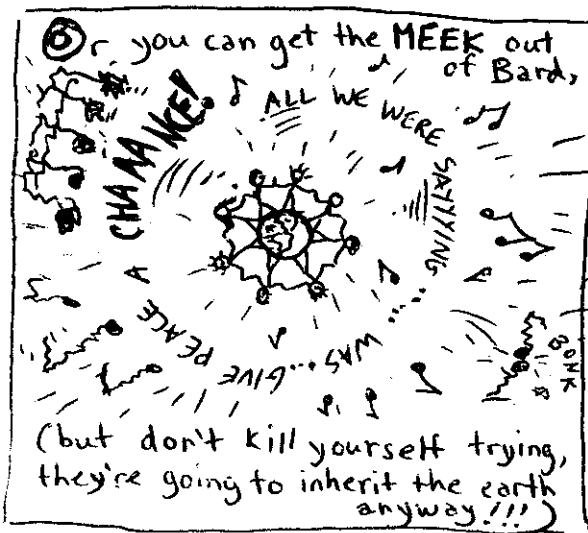
TEA with Heidi



ERIC  
SAKSS

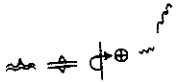
... For those of you who are faced with the unlikely prospect of having to ask yourself the burning + enduring question: to wit -  
**"WHAT CAN I GET OUT OF BARD?"**  
 As you know, the only way to get anything out of anything is to look **BEYOND** the obvious.

S  
A  
R  
A  
  
C  
O  
R  
B  
I  
N



GET ME THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!

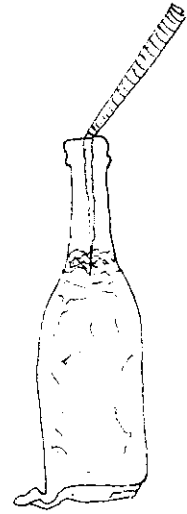
# RECENT DREAMS of Sarah Johnson



The cleaner's left eye had tilted precariously.



Mitsy was distracted.



"Clean at last!"



There we were.



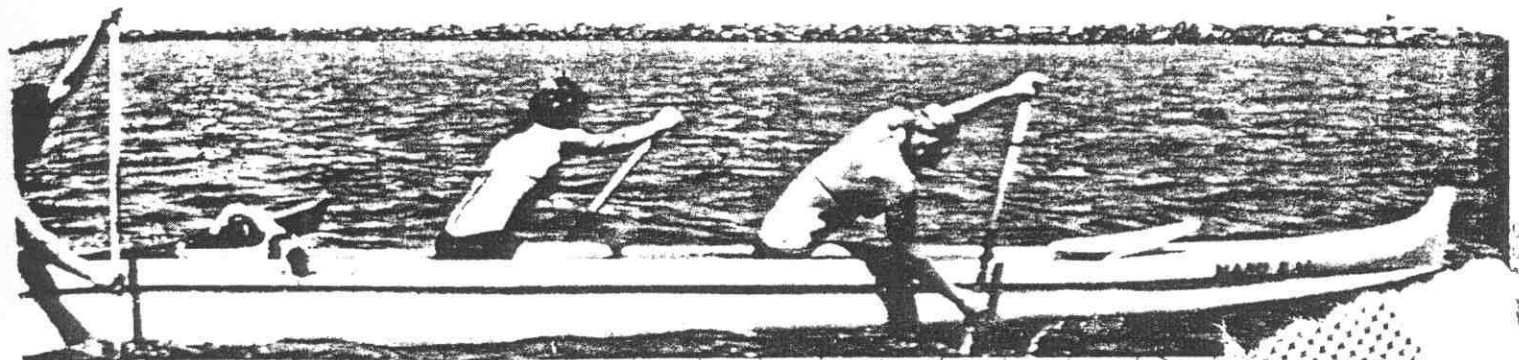
It seemed perfectly clear.



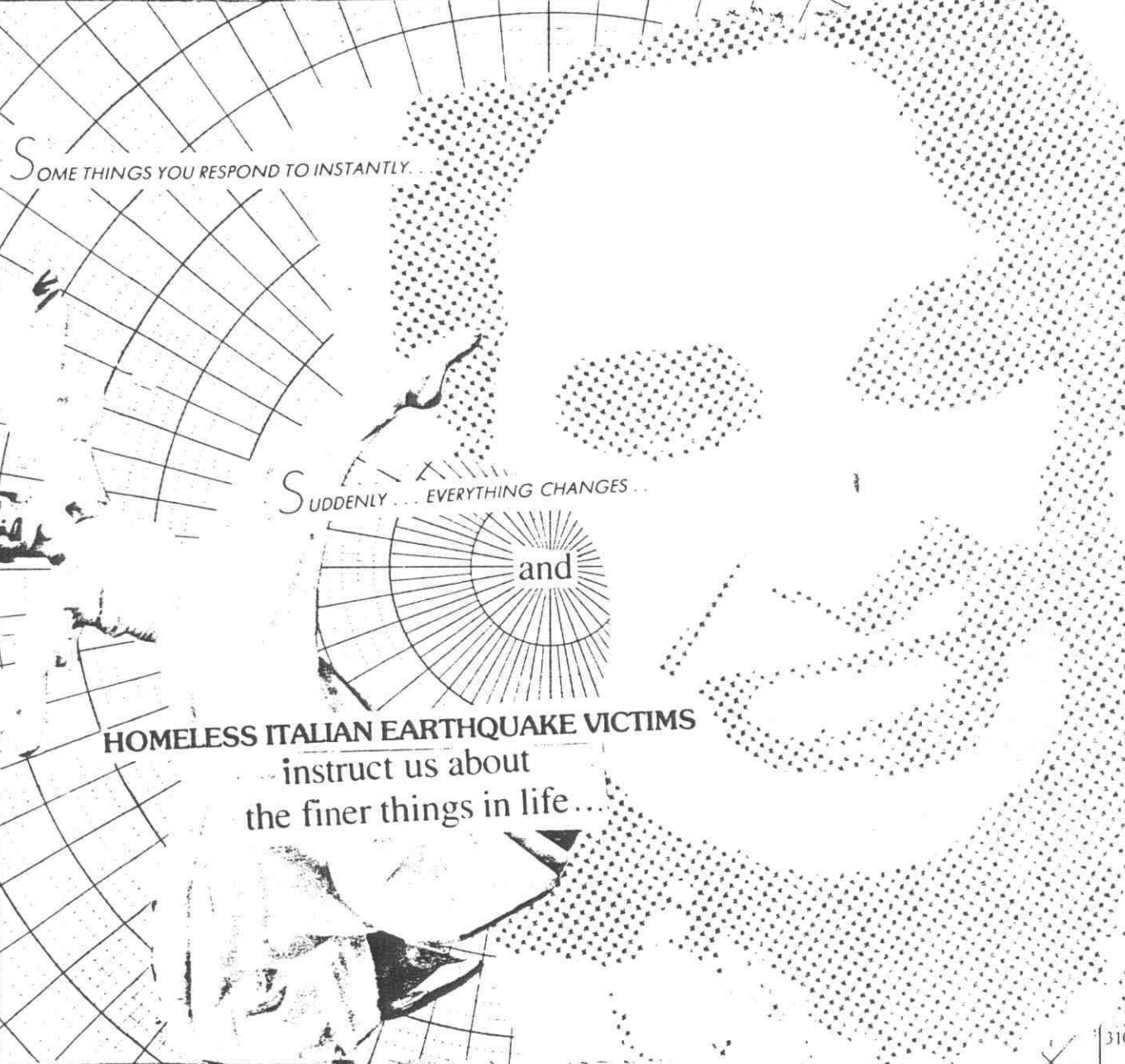
Coincidentally: thumbs and "fucks".

No. 19-1710 (R-2470-PC) Polar Co-ordinate • Made in U.S.A.

VEHNON McMILLAN, INC., ELIZABETH, N.J. 07208



230° 130°  
240° 120°  
250° 110°  
260° 100°  
270° 90°  
280° 80°  
300° 60°  
310° 50°  
320° 40°



SOME THINGS YOU RESPOND TO INSTANTLY.

SUDDENLY... EVERYTHING CHANGES...

and

**HOMELESS ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE VICTIMS**  
instruct us about  
the finer things in life...



TALK ABOUT  
audacious bons vivants



19

310°

40°  
320°

The Light-Observer is pleased to present the following as a public service.  
 The Subgenius Foundation is utterly real.

Philo (pronounced FIE-low) Drummond, the world's first SubGenius to be altered by alien technology into a parahuman first degree Overman, holder of the second most exalted rank in the Church of the SubGenius (surpassed only by J.R. "Bob" Dobbs himself), was born in 1940 near Houston, Texas! Because his father was a "government representative" to various foreign countries, Philo spent his youth on almost every continent of the world! This exposure to bizarre, un-American customs, combined with his own inherent mutanthood, produced, by the time his family resettled in Houston, a teenager already enlightened in the mystic Rewardian Arts of Slack-Abuse! Although Philo somehow became an Eagle Scout, the "clean-cut" side of his personality was not always dominant, and after an alleged "close encounter" with a UFO at age 14, he began to exhibit bizarre (if hilarious) behavior and was expelled from at least one high school for "unbecoming conduct!" He began to develop crude psychic abilities, enabling him by age 16 to become a top weapons salesman for a huge multinational corporation in the "communications field" where — while still a closet mystic — he received the "Fastest Salesman" Award year after year! (He was jailed briefly for mail fraud after moonlighting with a bogus mail-order novelty company!) In '62 he married "Cookie" Falwell, his childhood sweetheart — now a true UnPredictable of the Church's upper realms! Philo's career as a super-salesman escalated: for a while he was a member of the Triple Six Club, one of the 666 highest-paid men in America! It is said that he hobnobbed with the Rockefeller on many occasions, although he now denies this vehemently! All went well for Philo until, in 1969, he had his second UFO encounter — this time all too "close!" Details of this event are unclear, but Philo's career hit the skids shortly thereafter! Believing himself to have been altered mentally, physically, and psychically, he seems to have for all intents and purposes dropped out of human society! He was already receiving trance impressions of "Bob," which he describes as "frightening at the time," even though he did not actually meet that greatest of all SubGeniuses until 1973! Philo had already acquired his Doctorate in Chiropractics, and was barely supporting himself and "Cookie" (a model) by performing his peculiar version of the healing arts, "Acubating," when "Bob" came into his life ("It was my greatest day, although I was very drunk at the time," recalls Philo). The "Died Again" physician was more than ready for a short Duration Personal Savior, and after "Bob" initiated him into the then-tiny Church of the SubGenius, he quickly became "Bob's" most promising Apprentice Overman!

Under "Bob's" guidance, Dr. Drummond realized his full Abnormality Potential and pursued his own personal extremism to its divine Utmost! From '75 through '76, Philo was schooled by Tibetan Bobmonks in Excremeditation, Pyroflatulation, nocturnastral Fomicationism, and the 'Spouting' of Tongues! To better fight the Conspiracy he learned Martian Arts of manly combat such as Mystik Sole Travel (by which the Foot Gland is employed against the very seats of foes and pink boys), the Masks of Insanity (which require mastery of facial metamorphosis as a nonviolent way to frighten predators or pinks), and the Curse of Nhee Ghep, a true scientific 'hex' equation used to discombobulate the causal Luck Plane of one's enemies! Under the scalpels of the Doktors for "Bob" he underwent glandscaping, and the 9 Holy Henchmen brainhooked him into the soul-altering drug, **Habafropzipulops!** "Bob's" Court Trepanator finally opened Philo's Third Nostril: the nose gland which reveals all secrets by letting the Adept whiffread the body's aura-like **psi-stench** known by holymen as the Nental Ife. Following this painful subskull scrambling, Philo discarded his humanship and became the first "Bob"-made Overman, the Adam of the new species Homo Correctus!

To date, this Monk of Bulldada, this totally hilariated Frop Priest, has performed 1,016 miraculous healings, 6,544 marriages, 794 exorcisms, 350 seances, 14 sacrifices, 475 smittings, literally countless casting-outs, 3,789 deflowerings, 75 cattle mutilations, 6 appliance-healings and over 9,000 deprogrammings! Most incredible of all: using his mystic sales ability and superstrength, he raised in **one year** over \$43 million in donations to the Church!

Nowadays, when he's not slinging sacred slongs or prophesying, he's doling out past life readings, personality charts and industrial consultation to the wealthier SubGenius members! His slacktime finds him in the BobMobile with friends, randomly scouring the streets in search of lost souls to save, or practicing with the Church anti-choir.

His plans for the future? Well, soon, the recently-fertilized "Cookie" is slated to deliver the first **purely biological** Overman!! Multiple clones of this drummondchild will be exposed to the Alignment Radiation expected to bombard this planet during the Space Warning Line-Up of 1982! Think of it — hundreds of DrumMutants unleashed!! AIIEEE surely NOTHING can then stand in the way of the RELENTLESS CULT!!!

Wouldn't YOU like to be like Philo?? YOU CAN — at home, in your spare time, even while driving in your car! Send only \$1 to the SubGenius Foundation for our famous introductory Vengeance Pamphlet — or join up for \$10 and receive loads of booklets, posters, indoctrination certificates, magazines and **WORLD-SHATTERING REVELATIONS.**

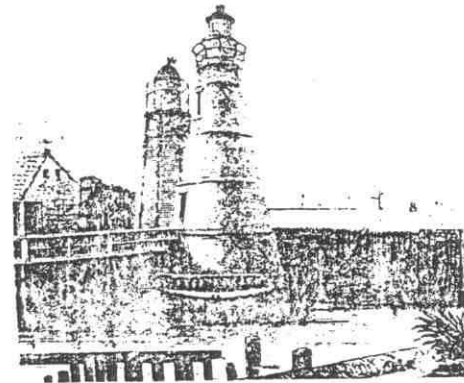
(Outside the U.S. add one dollar)

NO FAKE — THIS IS UTTERLY REAL

THE SUBGENIUS™ FOUNDATION, P. O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214  
 ©1981 The SubGenius Foundation



- (13) **Masterpiece Theatre: The Flame Trees of Thika: Hyenas Will Eat Anything (R) (CC).** The Grants meet their new neighbors who have just arrived from England. Part 2.
- (21) **Captioned News.**
- (41) **Noche a Noche.**
- (47) **Lucha Libre.**
- (68) **(WHT) Movie, "Silent Scream."** Ends at 12:57. \*\*
- (ST) Movie, "Resurrection."** Ends at 1:13. \*\*\*\*
- 12:00 (7) Love Boat (R).**
- (9) Movie, "Oliver T."**



# THE BEATLES DRUG SONGS

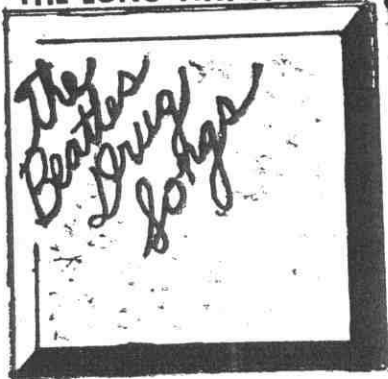
## SIDE 1

- 1 Day Tripper
- 2 Rain
- 3 Dr. Robert
- 4 Yellow Submarine
- 5 Tomorrow Never Knows
- 6 The Said The Said
- 7 Strawberry Fields Forever

## SIDE 2

- 1 Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds
- 2 Magical Mystery Tour
- 3 Within You Without You
- 4 I Am The Walrus
- 5 Glass Onion
- 6 It's All Too Much
- 7 Revolution 9 1/2  
(previously unreleased)

THE LONG AWAITED!



# ANNANDALE HOTEL

ADOLPH'S  
ANNANDALE HOTEL

THURSDAY NIGHT  
DRINK SPECIALS.

OPEN  
DAILY NOON - 3a.m.

## UNDERGROUND BAR

50¢ UNDERGROUND BAR 50¢  
OPEN  
TUESDAY THRU SATURDAY 10p.m. - 4a.m.

75¢  
\* TUESDAY NIGHT DRINK SPECIAL \*  
WEDNESDAY NIGHT COUPON SPECIAL !!!

PRESENT THIS COUPON ON ANY  
WEDNESDAY NIGHT & GET 50¢ OFF A DRINK

COUPON GOOD ONLY ON MIXED DRINKS THRU MARCH