

Bard College
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BARD TIMES

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"The means and ends moralists or non-doers alway wind up on their ends without any means."

- Saul Alinsky

"...we should not lightly judge people to be evil, for if we believe that people are evil, how can we avoid being dominated by hatred and by hopelessness?"

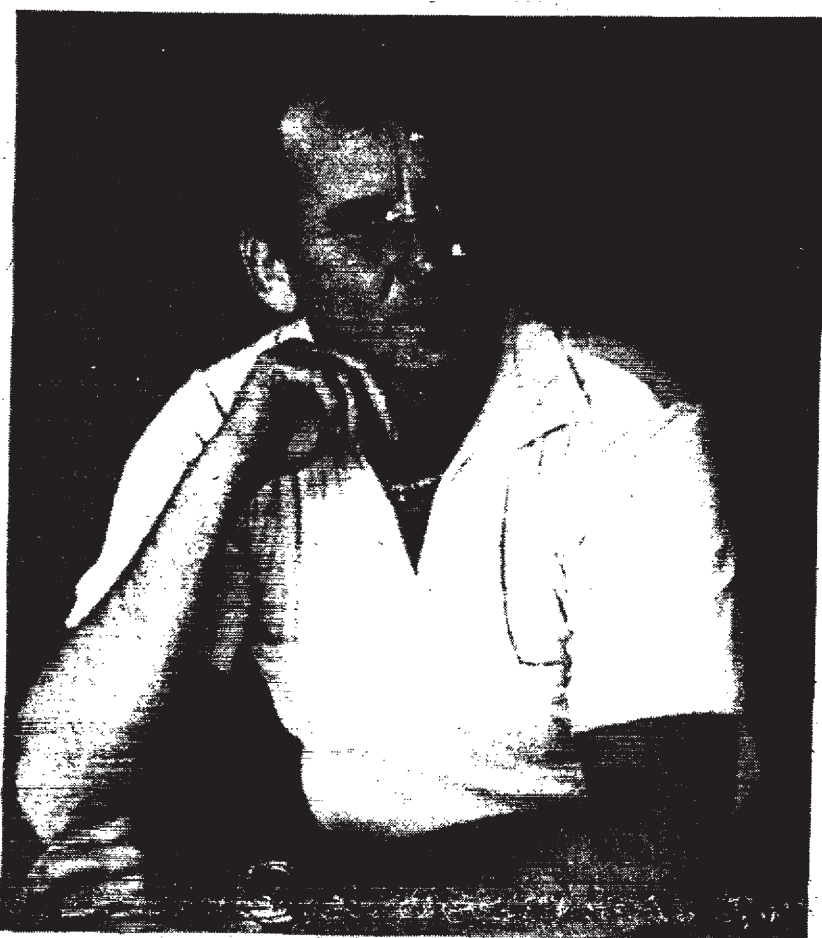
-Glenn Tinder

BARD TIMES

VOL.20 NO.4

THE OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE BARD COLLEGE COMMUNITY

OCTOBER 4, 1979



STARKIE PAST. PRESENT. FUTURE?

by Mark Ebner

Richard Starkie, at the age of 46, has resigned as Director of Security at Bard College to devote a good deal of his time to his family. Starkie will be greatly missed by his many friends in the Bard community. We can't help but be wary as to how that gap in our lives as students in need of friendship and security will be filled.

Starkie, a native New Yorker, has spent most of his years in Queens, N.Y., where he met and married his wonderful wife Bernice. In 21 years of marriage, Dick and Bernice have expanded their family to the lucky number 7- 5 children, (the oldest two are married), Rich who went to Bard, Shelly, who works at Bard, and Tammy, the 13 year old. They are also the proud grandparents of a one year old grandson.

Starkie's employment history began in 1950 in the mail room of the National Industrial Conference Board. From there he joined the Navy for a four year stint. Having two years in Japan with offshore duty on the Battleship New Jersey under his belt, he ended up being stationed on shore in Maine,

After leaving the Navy, armed with an equivalency diploma, Starkie worked in a wire company, became a milkman, operated a coffee truck on Long Island, and eventually ended up in Red Hook as the owner-operator of the Village Restaurant. At Bard, Starkie started as a watchman, and quickly moved up to the position of security officer. He became the Director of Security in 1974.

Starkie estimates that he has averaged between 48 and 55 working hours a week as security director- being always on call. For some strange bureaucratic reason, whenever meetings were held they were always scheduled on Starkie's days off. On occasional Saturdays, he'd have to work day shifts, and then stay and work dances until 2 or 3 a.m., having to return at 7 a.m. to work yet another shift. Starkie, not being one to complain, asserts, "At the dances, it's very difficult to remain sober amongst people who are partying. The dance I've gotten most enjoyment out of is the Halloween Dance. The taxing ones are the Formals where every outsider from fifty miles filters in, and

you've got to sort out the good from the bad and keep out the undesirables.

Starkie has worked nights for so long, that to have weekends off would be "something very rare and unusual, and I probably wouldn't know how to react to it... I'm used to working nights."

Bernice does not appreciate her husbands frequent long absences from home because she also works nights. "I get home later than him and he's sleeping because he has to get up early in the morning... It's like always coming home to nobody... and when he's sleeping, he'll get called out in the middle of the night, and I have to answer the phone all the time and give it to him. But that's the way it is because we have to make a living. We didn't get a college education."

Starkie feels that the most rewarding part of his job is being able to help students out whenever he can. "I've devoted many hours doing a job that's not superior, but it's really like as Stuart Brown said in 1972 when he graduated- "I was an unpaid social worker and psychologist." There was things that I've put into that job that others wouldn't. I made myself available at all times. The rewarding things were that if I could've helped any kids with any problems that they had, I would. There are a lot of kids walking around completely lost, and I find it rewarding if I can help them get back on the right road."

Starkie's future spare time, as mentioned, will be devoted to his family, while in the past, "there never was no spare time... never no time for my family because I was always concerned with the problems at Bard. And that is one of the biggest reasons why I am leaving. I've got two girls, one fifteen one thirteen, at home, and a son who is 21 who said awhile."

"You were never around to listen to me" When your own son comes and tells you that it hurts."

Concerning Bard activities, Starkie still loves to come watch sports contests. Sports are an all time love for him, having once wanted to be a professional athlete when he grew up. He also likes to go "down the road" on rare occasions, but to him and Bernice, "things have definitely changed down there." When Bernice worked at Adolph's about nine years ago, "Kids were different. There were a lot of unique characters. No troubles. No fights. Adolph wouldn't allow any harassing to go on down there." In any case, Starkie does "go down" on occasion, but when he does, he "gets blitzed."

One of Starkie and Bernice's main loves is the theatre. They've attended and enjoyed about fifty shows in New York City, and "have kept the Playbills from every one." They both feel that they will one day return home to "the city!"

Starkie has no solid predictions for the current crop of students at Bard. Regarding the Freshman class, he says, "They are young, but it's too early to tell how they really are. It will be interesting to sit back in four years and see how many of the initial 270 will be left." As for the returning students, Starkie perceives that "they're becoming more politically active than they have in past years. They sense a little power amongst themselves."

There are no definite "next moves" planned in Starkie's life. He doesn't want to go back to college security, but would consider other work in the field of security. As Starkie contemplates his last few days at Bard, he foretells, "I don't think I'll be returning to Bard in the near future. I want a break from it, and I just want to be alone with my family for awhile."

LEVINE INSTITUTE WANTS END TO COLLEGE DORMS

(UPI) Colorado Springs, Aug. LXX, A committee for the Levine Institute for Psycho-analytic Fishery announced today the results of a four year study which proved that residential housing in universities and dormitories caused grave psychological harm. According to the com-

mittee chairman, K.J. Levine, "Our tests have shown, again, and again, that the dorms in America cause immoral behavior that leads to venereal disease, lung cancer, the deterioration in judgment capacity and mental coordination..." Mr. Levine also pro-

continued p.9

CAMPUS GUN CONTROL: A MOCKERY OF FREEDOM

by Paul Spencer

Bard students seem to be more than willing to involve themselves in political movements, whether it be an anti-nuclear power protest or calling for the resignation of Dick Griffiths. That is why I am so amazed by the fact that they have seemingly ignored the greatest infringement on our freedom as students and human beings by the Administration. I am talking about the colleges' rule against firearms on campus.

To begin with, I am of the firm belief that Gun Control is a lot of bullshit—nothing but a mess of hot air cooked up by bleeding-hearts like Ted Kennedy and fat loud-mouthed broads like Bella Abzug to further their political ambitions. It is our right as Americans to bear arms. That's in the Constitution. Guns are a big part of our heritage; without them we couldn't have conquered and tamed this great land we call the United States of America. Why should I have to go through all that nonsense—filling out forms, having my background checked into, getting interviewed, etc.—to get my handgun registered when it's my constitutional right to have one in the first place? I don't know about you, but I don't like the idea of hav-

ing my name on some list in Washington.

But national gun control is not my beef in this editorial. That's something I'll have to live with for the time being—something that's going to be fought over for years in Washington. I'm willing to register my piece if I have to, but I want to be able to carry it anywhere. That includes college campuses.

I got three beauties (a .357 magnum, a Colt .45 Automatic and a 9mm Walther PPK) just sitting in a drawer at home collecting dust. That's a shame! I could certainly use them here at Bard. I, like many Bard students, have a lot of expensive possessions such as a stereo, T.V., and a typewriter which I can't afford to lose to theft. I got a girl who needs warmth and protection. What am I supposed to do if some monster breaks into my room, knocks me over the head, rapes my gal, and makes off with my T.V.? If I had a Colt Python on my bedside table, you can bet that madman wouldn't get too far. You know as well as I do that there are a lot of kooks on college campuses, and I for one would like to have that extra margin of protection and security so I might sleep better nights. Hell, if our own Bard Sec-

urity doesn't even carry sidearms, who can we depend on for protection?

Another thing, it's pretty obvious to me that most of the students here who come from run-down areas like Harlem or the Bronx are armed. I don't know if the majority of them carry switchblades, handguns, or what, but they carry all the same. That's the way they've been raised, and let's face it, the city's a tough place—you gotta kill or be killed. And I don't blame them. I'd like to be carrying a .38 or a .357 right now. But I abide by the rules and it's not fair that others don't. It makes things lopsided.

If more students were allowed to carry handguns legally, much crime could be prevented. Troublemakers would be less likely to make trouble if they knew they might get their heads blown off. In other words, it's "preventative medicine" I'm talking about.

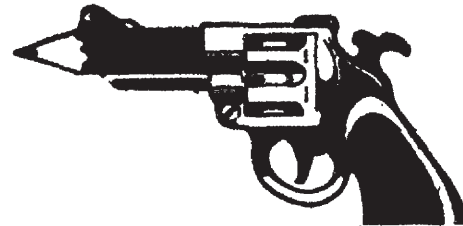
Now I'm not advocating anarchism. I'm not asking that revolvers be passed out in the Commons. I'm just saying that those students who want to bear arms should be allowed and have the right to do so. But again, I believe in following the law. Those students who want to carry firearms should first

have them registered with the State. At the beginning of the academic year when they have their pictures taken and purchase room keys, they can register their firearms with the school as well. It would be a very orderly process.

This is a very important issue, and one that must take a great deal of consideration. I, like most responsible people, want a peaceful campus. But we cannot have peace without security! This is true both of nation and college. This beneficial mixture of peace and security can be had only if the rule against firearms on campus is repealed.

Lest I seem like some lone nut with a twisted dream, I assure you that there are many students like myself. In fact, we are very well organized and will do whatever is necessary to make sure that this issue is not buried by the Administration. We need your support. Write to box #719.

Paul Spencer, Chairman,
Bard Students for Freedom



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Co-Editors-in-Chief- Mark Ebner and Tom Simon

Arts Editor- Kristen Bundesen

Photo Editor- Peter Geissler
Editorial Assistants- John Stoddart, Lisa Durfee, Barri Holker, Carrie Schneider

Layout- Mark Ebner, John Stoddart

Contributors- Randall Batterman, John Stoddart, Andrew Joffe, William Swindler, Paul Spencer, Charles Lenk, The Environmentalists, Jessica Bayer, Debbie Dachis, Robert Nedelkoff, Paula Clause & WXBC, Elliot Junger, Jonathan Feldman, Spike Henderson, Roger Rosenthal, Teresa Vilardi, Tad Markum, Leila Cabib, Kathleen Distefano, Alex McKnight

A NIGHT OF VANDALISM ON CAMPUS

On the 26th of September there were four episodes of automobile vandalism. The following is an account of what happened according to our investigative reporter.

The first victim was Roscoe Pecora whose windshield wipers on his '76 blue firebird were mangled.

At 5:00 A.M. Sharon Gorden's '76 Renault burnt down to the V.W..

steel belts of her radials, which in turn caused the tires and light covers of Robert Nedelkoff's car parked next to her melt.

The last occurrence of vandalism at this date was when Melodie Strain discovered her plugs and wires pulled completely out and her distributor was gone from her '69

The culprit or culprits are still unknown and in the mean time we wonder whether Sottery parking lot is the safest place to leave ones car.



THE COPS&ROB-BERS COLUMN

I find the issue of Bard Security amusing. The students, almost to a person, believe that security ought to be "responsive to students needs." That, on the surface is good. But which of the twenty-five factions among the students represents student "needs"? Let me state my own views on the purpose of campus security officials.

Campus security officials exist to give parking tickets that remain unpaid and to prevent rape, murder, and theft. It is not as simple as it seems. Some days ago I found in my box a notice that the college was looking for a new Security Director. It urged me to send in my resume to such-and-such address. Presumably, students were ranked precisely on all fours with experienced policemen in such applications.

It is a nice gesture, But I suspect the job is too much for any one student. It would take up the hours normally reserved for homework. And then one must remember that hardened criminals don't pay attention to one's personal convenience. I knew some pimps back in Louisville who were as willing to wait in line for a Big Mac as the next person. But when it came to things involving their "business", they were quite impatient, and ready to shoot on sight. Likewise, they were polite towards women they didn't exploit; bestial towards those they did. Not nice people.

Back in Louisville...eh? It brings back memories of the University Of Louisville Department of Public Safety, up as he realizes that an exploit worth boasting about is in the offing. "Yo' mean arres'?"

The DPS was, for all practical purposes, established in 1969, after a vicious rape-murder on campus. They were hired for the same reasons as those appearing on the second paragraph above, except they also tow cars. They do these things with varying degrees of success. They are very good about catching violators, both real and imagined, and about towing cars. They are also good at shooting people as they demonstrated some years ago when they

by Robert Nedelkoff

pumped bullets into a student who was allegedly trying to break into the library by crawling into the overnight book drop. Happily the student survived. As for more serious crimes- there have been a couple of rapes in recent years, and since the rapists were not prominent athletes they were vigorously prosecuted.

The DPS was not available to anyone at the University. I well remember an occasion when one of the school's vice-presidents was stopped by an officer and informed that by entering a certain ramp into one of the parking lots, he had been going the wrong way on a one-way street. The vice-president protested and was tossed into jail on a resisting-arrest charge. The Director of Public Safety, a Mississippian who had staffed the department with the cream of his native states apprentice cops, made no apologies for this action.

Indeed, I can see Keller and his boys taking over security here. Within three days there would be a sit-in, as was staged some weeks ago. Keller, behind his mirror sunglasses, would survey the scene, then whistle. A young understudy from Tuscaloosa would run up.

"Sohn, whahdyo' t'ing diziz?" (Translation: "Son, what do you think this is?")

"Well, ah, Chief Dan, if ah'm-uh nawt mistayukun, it aw looks lahk theyr-uh havin whatchucawls syit-inz."

"Ah do suspect kah-myuniz-tikh noshawns o' this kahnd ahr afoo'. We gon' haftau get tuf'!"

The understudy's face lights up as he realizes that an exploit worth boasting about is in the offing. "Yo' mean arres'?"

"Damright. Ever' las' one of 'em. Wimmenfolk we let out after coup' o' hours. Menfolk we send up fo' chahld sahd'-mee."

The understudy is lost in fancy. "Yes, mah fellow cid-duzens, ah took ahn these heah kamuniztik chahld-sodomahts singul-hand' and sen em all up the ribbah!"

"Magine they'll awl be in foh it in Edduhvil!"

"No, no, son we's in New Yawk. They're-uh goin' to Attica!"

"Attica! Cheyuf, we can't do theyut! Them's radical prisners! They rebel!"

"Waal. now, we gahta fig-gur out how to get 'em t' Eddyvilly (the Kentucky prison)..."

The vision fades out here. So now you see that, although the current Security people may be inadequate, they might be replaced by people who are much worse. Time used to use this sort of argument when it explain-

ed why Idi Amin, while an unpleasant soul to be sure, did not rate the sort of international intervention some argued for. "His successor may well be bloodier." True, this logic didn't work out when Amin, or Macias, or Bokassa were overthrown. But it sufficed to pad out an article.

Allow me a personal example. Recently, an automobile parked next to mine burned to a crisp. It may or may not have been set. Security showed up too late to save that car, but they did use fire extinguishers to put out the areas still flaming. As a result, my car, rather than catching fire in turn and being destroyed, merely had a couple of tires and light covers melted. Security had not let me down, in the final analysis.

Which is more than I can say for prominent Griffiths/Starkie antagonist of German descent. When I related my story, the antagonist replied casually, that such vandalism didn't matter much, since it had occurred all summer. The implication was that it would happen again, and that, perhaps, my car in turn would be immolated. The statement was one of the two great examples of Prussian logic I have come across. The other, (to digress a moment) was related to me by a French teacher at my old school. Once, during the occupation, she was walking down a Paris street with two other friends. At the time, there three Frenchmen could congregate in a public place. At a corner they were halted by a German military policeman.

"I am afraid that you are under arrest for violating the assembly-law," he said. "But," the teacher said, "there's just three of us." The officer chuckled and shook his head. "There's you--and you--and you--and me! That makes four, ja?"

They were quick-minded enough to laugh, so he let them go.

SETTLING FOR A CORNER OF THE SKY by Howard Silverstein

There is a world out there for the taking. Or so they taught us in sixth grade Map Skills. And we ate it all up. That year, I first gained consciousness of the vastness of the globe. We memorized the names of the continents, major countries, the fifty states and their capitals. We really believed that when the time came to settle down-excuse the contradiction in terms-the sky would be the limit.

It was trendy among my classmates to lay claim to a state, or even a country, and to fantasize about moving there and raising a family.

I wanted Montana, but Bruce got it first. So I settled for Wyoming. Phillip took Colorado and used to fight it out with Nancy over

whose territory had more trees. Nobody bothered to inform Nancy that Saudi Arabia did not have much going for it (above ground anyway).

We knew everything about our territories and states-the colors of their flags, their official flowers and trees and nicknames. On rainy days we would drink Nestle's Quik and pour over World Book pictures logging in the Great West, and of calibrated charts of Old Faithful's height over the years.

But by seventh grade we had changed the tune of the games we played-suffice it to say we got more of a thrill looking up other things elsewhere.

A consequence of this change in preoccupations was that from the seventh grade on, I could no longer lull myself to sleep by naming the fifty states and their capitals. For all the memory loss, I did retain that childish notion that-if not the whole world-at least the four corners of the United States were mine for the taking.

In other words, when I came of age I could (and would) pick up and move to the spot on the map that most pleased my fancy. That was what "being one's own keeper" and "leading one's own life" were all about. There was absolutely no reason in the world why I couldn't move to, and settle down in Wyoming.

It occurred to me the other day that there is no reason in the world why I would move to Wyoming. Not only have I not considered living there, I don't think

I've considered its existence in the past nine years.

Obviously, a change in perspective has come about. It causes one to ponder how much childhood fantasy actually matriculates into adult reality. I soul-probed a little asking the question "Why is it that Wyoming is no longer mine for the taking? What have they done to my song?"

The most effective conclusion was that I have nothing against Wyoming, it's just that Boston (and possibly even NYC) is where the action is. They're playing my song back East, that's all.

I have to admit that it's more than just bucks. Bill, for example, has job offers in Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Boston. When I asked him to state his preference he replied, "Cincinnati is where the money is, but who would want to live there?"

His point was well taken. I must confess that it's more than the lure of Eastern soil, but an aversion to that of the West that makes me not consider Wyoming.

The change in perspective does not come from a change in priorities but from in-

continued p.4

sight into them. Who learned about Bunraddies, Steve's Ice Cream, Plato's Retreat and the significance of Studio 54 from sixth grade map skills? It gave us an overview, but we certainly got short-changed on the inside view.

Yes, childhood fantasy is born of ignorance and the notion that the world or our country is mine for the taking went out in the 1800's. It doesn't make the grade beyond undergrad school these days, rather, it gets catalogued with fond memories of chocolate stained World Book pages.

So I'll forget about Wyoming for another nine years and reminisce over a draft at Pooh's Pub.

Such is the true nature of the "widening of one's horizons".

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REFLECTIONS OF A SENIOR

Having grown up in the 1960's

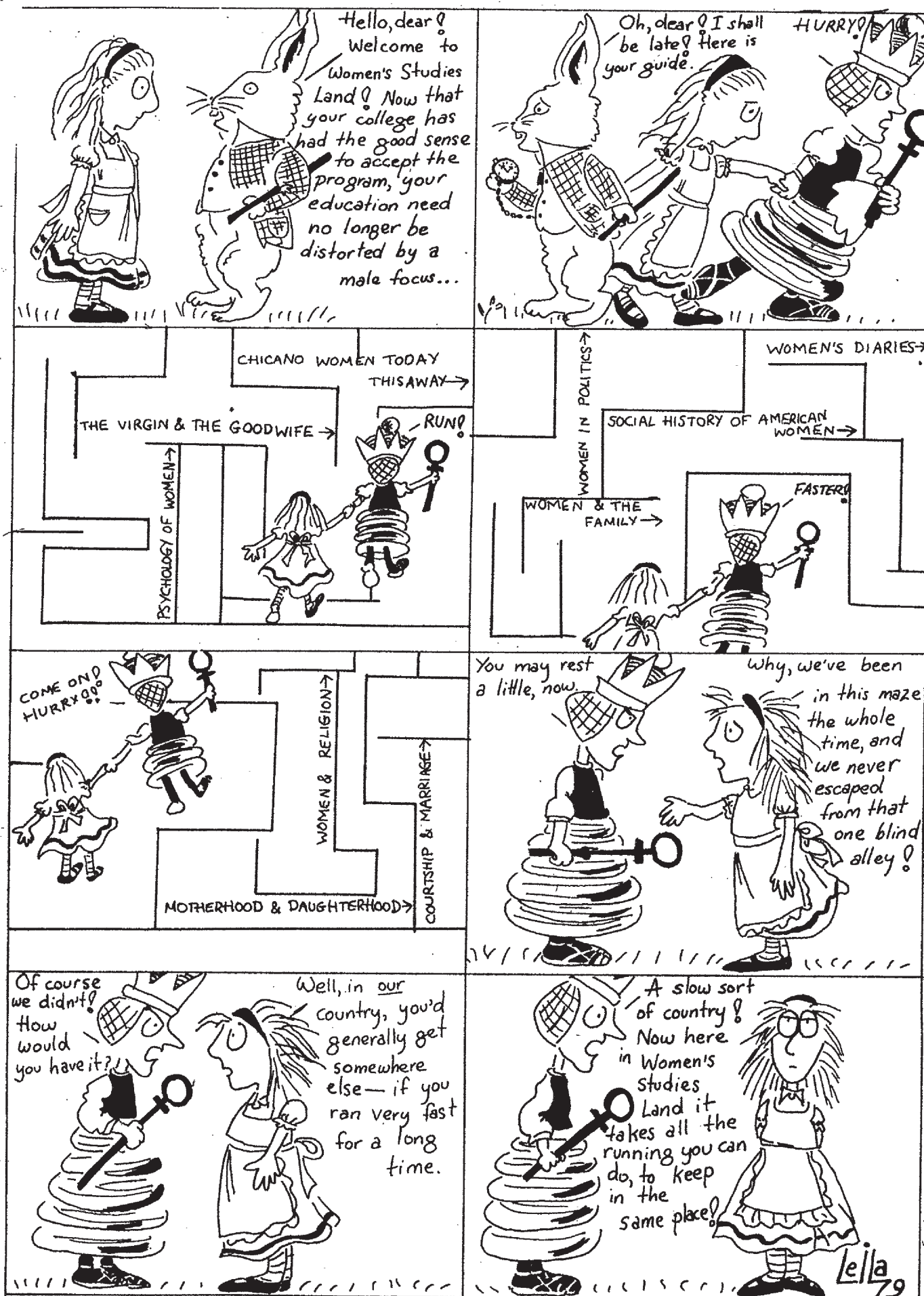
like most of my fellow students, it is I suppose natural that I should be thought of as a "product of the Sixties." I assure you, that it is only by chronology that I am such. My freshman year at Bard began in 1976, the same year in which I graduated high school, and the Bicentennial. What has transpired in between the first day of freshman orientation (?) and the writing of this article, remains difficult to analyze much less articulate. The difficulties herein, lie precisely in the summing up of four years of college, and more important, putting the moral, social, and intellectual climate of my surroundings into perspective.

Upon arriving at Bard, I was struck by (among other things such as an errant baseball) what seemed to me a deceptively relaxed, unhurried atmo-

by Elliot Junger

sphere about the place, such a change I thought, from the hectic pace of high school. That was until I started classes. My misconceptions about college undoubtedly stemmed from a somewhat sheltered urban background, as did the honest delusion that college was an extension of high school. It turned out that those lonely, frenetic years at Franklin High (college placement assistance, and all) had done little in the way of helping to prepare me for college. It was at least an entire 4 1/2 months before I began to realize that college was a great deal more than just the courses I was taking. On the last night of my first semester I succumbed to Adolph's. It is times like those, when I wished I had a quarter for every "I tolja so" that greeted me the following morning.

If one actually learns from his experience, he has learned a great deal indeed. As trite, as it sounds, what I have learned here these past four years which I consider of lasting importance, has virtually nothing to do with academia. Learned knowledge or a learned skill can be acquired by almost anyone, provided he or she is sufficiently motivated. Reconciling the "outside world" with the inner self, on the other hand, is infinitely more difficult, more painful and more challenging. Having observed the changes in Bard parallel with my own, I can say with some assurance that there is no such thing as the "typical" Bard student, despite numerous claims to the contrary. In fact, I will go even further in saying that not only do I completely deny the existence of this mysterious and elusive animal, but I suggest that he could not exist. Bard doesn't mold the student, the student molds Bard. If on occasion, the face which Bard presents (and an ever changing one it is) looks pock-marked and dirty, the fault lies with the student body, fine faculty and spacious campus notwithstanding. My attitude towards Bard has undergone considerable editing and revision during the past few years, ranging from an initially positive one, to occasional (though livid) outbursts of almost cynical disgust, and back to positive again. At present, my feelings are not very positive, because I see something happening which I began to notice at the very beginning of last year, something ineffably stronger than apathy and more pervasive than the "harmless" idiocy of "BARD=GUYANA" scribbled on the walls of the Dining Commons, or the swastikas and "JUDEN VERBOTEN" in the Albee bathrooms. I see in these "isolated incidents" a general contempt for life, not just for the establishment or specific political ideologies, but a hostile indifference towards the sensibilities of others. As the face of Bard gets dirtier and dirtier, I have become increasingly intolerant of this indifference. One reads frequently in journals and newspapers about the "stagnation of the '50's", the political activism of the '60's" and the "torpidity of the '70's", none of which really meant much to me until recently when I started looking around, and seeing the changing faces of the campus, changing too fast. The landscape of any community must necessarily change it's appearance, but for Bard, I do not see it as a change for the better. Instead of growth I see decay. I look with hope towards the future, for after I graduate, many of my friends will continue here. I hope that their future will be a little brighter.



ALIENATION OR COMMITMENT: to an end to scholastic questions

by Jonathan Feldman w/asst. of Roger Rosenthal

The following is the first in a series of articles on what is hoped will be a useful political, economic and social critique of educational institutions under capitalism with Bard College as a model. One goal of the series is to elucidate the roles of students in the educational hierarchy of institutionalized society. The author bears full responsibility for the content and fully admits to its polemical nature.

The recent controversy over security policy and the appointment of Richard Griffiths as supervisor of security is part of a larger question involving student rights, power, and freedom. The appointment reflected the transfer of authority within the administration as well as increased power to define our rights, or perhaps violate them by one specific administration official. But, more importantly, the controversy relates to the larger structure of power, its foundation and operations. In order to fully understand our political relationships with Ludlow, we must recognize that these relationships correspond to the more fundamental realm of social relations. As a student life belongs to the world of private and individual strivings and interests of the larger society, it is part of the vast collection of social relationships that have been artificially separated from the realm of man's relations to political and economic institutions. We are basically social persons who relate to institutions in a political fashion. Generally speaking, social relations refer to our roles as student, administrator, board member, faculty or other employee of the college. These roles refer to group needs, interests and their interaction. Social relations serve as what sociologist Henri Lefebvre calls the "core of the social whole":

... (social relations) serve as intermediary between the foundation or substructure (like productive forces, the division of labor) and the superstructure (institutions, ideologies)... -Henri Lefebvre The Sociology of Marx, 1968.

Educational, residential, financial and all other administrative policies affecting students are abstractions referring to different kinds of power in the administrative bureaucracy. These policies are formed by the administration without student control. We can only advise on committees, but cannot take control of the mechanism that produce our residential, educational or financial life. Our lives as students have been defined as our engagement in the learning process, but also suggest a limited definition of our freedoms. The "student" be-

comes someone who participates in a set of relationships that are limited by law and administrative definition. The former refers to our legal status under "in loco parentis," we are the children of the Administration. The latter means that our life as student in educational and residential areas has been created from a source outside ourselves. In our social relationships, our freedoms and rights are only as great as the power we have to take the authority of the decision-making from the bureaucratic hierarchy. The sit-in action taken against the Administration in the Griffiths controversy showed the exercise of this power. Our interests were defined objectively, outside the bureaucracy, and within the context of needs that could only be met by seizing control of the "security-policy" area of our life. Now that we have won in this conflict, it remains for us to explore the other areas of potential freedom.

If our freedom is defined by our limited individual life, then the administration control of our residential life appears in the innocuous form of a "decision", the objective context in which we operate. If our freedom is defined collectively, then the control of any segment of our life represents a limit on our freedom to act in the larger world outside the self.

Collective freedom represents both a larger definition of the individual's potential as well as the suggestion that we are living in an already constituted political community where the actions of each affect each in a significant material way.

Most students at Bard feel they have little or no control over the direction of educational policy here. Their influence is limited to various committees which in the end can only advise without the power to actually make decisions. There is a real alienation, a separation between both administrative and student groups. The division already exists in the theory that policy belongs to the constituency of educators rather than the community of students, faculty, and administrators. The ad-

The materialist doctrine concerning the changing of circumstances and upbringing forgets that circumstances are changed by men and that it is essential to educate the educator himself. This doctrine must, therefore, divide society into two parts, one of which is superior to society.

The coincidence of the changing of circumstances and of human activity or selfchanging can be conceived and rationally understood only as revolutionary practice.

Thesis on Feuerbach, III, Karl Marx

ministration treats its ideas as things (as policy is ratified), and students as ideas (an abstract constituency group who have no right to define the exalted idea or "Geist" of policy. We may intuit or suggest what the Educational Policy "Geist" is, but ultimately the administration is reduced to an act of faith in its own values to determine what the "Geist" is.) Of course, the different groups within Bard (teachers, Board members, students, administrators and college employees) who have performed different functions. Yet, this does not mean that they should make decisions exclusive of one another. The ability or "virtue" of any group does not suggest the need for a corresponding position of power over another group.

The administration has defined our power as the power to advise. Our speech has been given a political value. However, we can only speak to groups with differing interests. That is, speech only becomes the means in which groups relate to each other. The community at Bard is based on groups in which speech is supported by power. Thus, at a Board of Trustees meeting, Board Members' speech carry more weight than student voices because of the former's relative strength in economic power that has put them in a position where they can become Board members, i.e. the superior position in the educational hierarchy. The power to advise is reduced to a triviality because the decisions which affect educational or Board policy are made in an alienated fashion. Policy is conducted in a situation where students are removed from the arena of decision-making. Thus, policies are made which bear no relationship to the student qua living human beings. Policy is made toward the student as object. There is no relationship of parity. We are, in fact, pariahs when it comes down to the bottom line of where the final decision is made on the substance of our educational life.

WXBC REPORTS

On September 21st the Bard Radio Station, WXBC AM620, went back on the air, but not officially. The intent was to find out what the "kinks" in the system were, and since the radio station uses telephone lines to broadcast, this required the cooperation and assistance of local technicians. New D.J.'s were acquainted with the equipment and given some time to work out the "kinks" in their shows. So far this year, quite a few new people have been given air time, so the programming schedule (running 12 pm until daylight, seven days a week) is almost full. However, there are a few time slots open for any of you who want to turn on the Bard Community to your music or commentary for a couple of hours a week. (Contact Ivan Stoler or Howard Silverstien.)

In the fall of 1978, WANK radio (later changed to WXBC) was built by the hard work and perseverance of Thomas McMahon, Rob Leder, Charles Moore, Dan Williams and others. Their goal was to reach the entire Bard Campus with a clean signal, but with little money to purchase high quality components, the goal fell short.

This semester the staff of WXBC will pursue its original goals. A certified engineer has been hired and new equipment ordered; the original goal of reaching the entire campus except Sands, Feitler, Gahagen and Schuyler, with a clean signal will be accomplished. Future plans include acquisition of new turntables, a cart machine and more records. To support these plans, WXBC is sponsoring a casino night (the licence has already been acquired) and possibly an auction.

The future of the station is promising. Programs are growing in diversity; you can tune into anything from the Reverends of Such to a Requiem by Mozart. So, save those nickles and dimes for an enjoyable evening of gambling and drinking. Donate all those dusty records and crank those radios to WXBC AM620!!!!

36 YEAR OLD WHITE MALE would like to meet a lady 28-40, honest and sincere. Bill Stone, Box 7000-D3, Texarkana, Texas 75501

{ ARTS PAGES }

ANDREW J.—THE RAVING ARTS REPORTER

Having spent time at the Proctor Art Center, I have been well exposed to what is magnanimously termed "art" at Bard College, and I have come to the conclusion that the majority of art at Bard doesn't work. The true work in creating art is not applying the paint, cutting the stone, or welding the metal and plastic; any hack can do that. The true artist is one who:

- 1- has personal vision,
- 2- can give that vision some intellectual coherence, and
- 3- can coherently communicate that coherent vision.

At Bard, however, it would seem that only the first requirement is fulfilled, fitfully and somewhat pretentiously at that. It would also seem that Bard art majors are either not very visionary, or are very astigmatic, or just don't see the necessity for vision in art. To that I say: "Ars

Gratis Artis (Art for Art's Sake)" may have done well for M-G-M, but at Bard, this philosophy has been disastrous, resulting in a corpus of work that rivals dead animals on the highway for point and aesthetic sense. (This is not true of all Bard art; many works of merit manage to slip past the faculty unnoticed.)

The student work of the film department bears out my opinion. These films, termed "avant-garde" for want of a better name, show no sense of montage, and no sense of any other kind. At one such epic, it took the audience, myself included, ten minutes to realize that the subject was a naked woman. Not only did this film not move me intellectually, spiritually, or emotionally (failing as art), not only did it not amuse me (failing as entertainment), it also did not sexually arouse me (thus failing as pornography). It

succeeded in occupying a qualitative no-man's-land. Film majors in the audience however, proceeded to laud it to the heavens, having formed a mutual admiration society for the creators of celluloid claptrap.

The music department's cardinal sin is that of pretension. It is partially absolved by its high degree of technical performance, but not totally. Music is partly a spiritual and philosophic art, and it is in this area that pretension and pomposity, and even self-righteousness abound. Consequently there exists in the department a "cosmic" and very lunatic fringe that very clinically compiles noise and calls it music. Give me the subtlety and melodic genius of a pneumatic drill any day.

The drama department is refreshing in its lack of pretension. Only rarely is the vision inherently flawed. The main problem is an occa-

sional inability to communicate or understand the vision on the part of the director or performers. Still the drama department delivers the highest percentage of quality work. It would seem that the strict hierarchy within a production eliminates that anarchy (called artistic freedom) that promotes pointlessness and confusion. Although I cannot in all good conscience critique the Dance Department, being largely unacquainted with their work what little I have seen exhibits that confusion which is a hall mark of artistic anarchy and lack of discipline.

In short, the majority of art at Bard is a sham, a fake that is easy to perpetrate. For, like the villagers in "The Emperor's New Clothes," most of the Bard Community is afraid of being called ignorant and are awed by the apparent mystery of it all.

THE NEW YORK ART SCENE

by Randall Batterman

That insular community of troglodytes clinging on to the neat little t-square formed by 57th Street and Madison Avenue has crowded its claim of being the pulse if not the heart of the art world for decades.

Occasionally this smug boast has been credible due to a variety of reasons. Prominent among these have been the abdication of Paris and London as important art centers and the sheer weight of the collections at the Big Apple's museums and galleries.

This season, however, appears to have earned the art capital's status for the city for far more positive reasons.

The perennial delights, the Met, Frick, Modern Art, Whitney, and Guggenheim have all refreshed out their permanent collections with exciting new acquisitions and extensive loans. Some of these loans such as the Matisse collection loaned to the Guggenheim by the Baltimore museum are not only comprehensive and invigorating but in their collective impact tend to savage most of the feeble effort tediously dispensed by the Mandarin's as "new art".

Contrasting vigorously with the unclothed emporiums of those "old artists in new bottles" passed off as innovators and even geniuses by the academicians is one new collection.

On June 6, 1978 a nineteenth century American painting done by George Caleb Bingham set an auction record when it was sold for 980,000 to the prestigious international New York art dealers Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th Street.

Hirschl & Adler Galleries has stirred the art world in the past with its French Impressionist, American Primitive, American Impressionist and other shows, both orthodox, adventurous and atypical. The painting, "The Jolly Flatboatmen", sent shockwaves of disbelief coarsing through the international art market and made world-wide headlines.

Equally awesome was the sale of the American Frederic Church's "New England Landscape" for \$230,000, the highest price ever paid for a Frederic Church.

Norman Hirschl, director of Hirschl & Adler predicts a great growth of interest for nineteenth century American painters whose works have been long neglected and is striving to enter into "the forefront of rediscovering for the American public of our own American Impressionism."

Mr. Hirschl's earliest exposure to the art world was as an apprentice to Frederic Frazier, an Englishman who managed Ehrlich galleries in

N.Y. which specialized in Barbizon, late 18th century English painting, (especially the Pre-Raphaelites) and old masters. Mr. Hirschl learned rapidly from him the importance of exploring that great expanse of land comfortably wedged between the Hudson River and the Pacific Ocean so to introduce art to these Hinterlands.

For twelve years, he managed the influential John Levy gallery in New York whose competition included such notable galleries as M. Knoedler and Wildenstein.

When Hirschl and Adler was first established 20 years ago in the Maguery Hotel, 270 Park Avenue, the opening exhibition included works by Eugene Boudin, Maurice LaTour, Richard Wilson, Gilbert Stuart, George Inness, Mary Cassatt, and the marvelous but little appreciated at the time, American Impressionist Childe Hassam, whose present day acceptance may be largely ascribed to Mr. Hirschl's faith and proselytizing efforts.

Mr. Hirschl may well be proud of his pioneering of the brilliant Emile Bernard of Nabis and Pont Aven fame, and one of the first to exhibit the Synthesist and the Neo-Impressionist to America.

"Since Peggy Guggenheim sponsored and introduced many

unknown American artists", Mr. Hirschl tells us, "there has been a great interest in Non-Objective, Abstract Impressionist art". A long standing tradition of the gallery has been its persistence in promoting Abstract Expressionist painting.

Fairfield Porter, a native of Illinois, is an exciting new American expressionist represented by several of his magnificent works. He is a graduate of Harvard and a frequent contributor to *Art News*, *The Nation*, & *Art in America*. He has held 15 exhibitions in galleries, museums and colleges. He has appeared in collections in the Metropolitan Museum, Modern Art Museum, The Whitney and the Hirshorn Collection. Porter conveys with every stroke of his brush a sense of joy and calm serenity. He reveals an intimate rapport with his surroundings and a fascinating style reminiscent of Neo-Impressionistic Matisse. The power of the light and atmosphere permeating his paintings reinforces Porter's ability to weld elements of abstraction with realism.

Havana, Cuba gives us the expressionist Julio Larraz, born in 1944. Larraz is a part of a long tradition of Spanish painting stemming from Velasquez, Goya and Zurbarán.

Another whose works are exhibited is Robert Dash, born

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in N.Y.C. in 1934. He has been involved in a multitude of exhibitions including the Modern Museum of Munich, Germany, and the Parrish Art Museum in Southampton, N.Y.

Also being exhibited is Michael Filmus who, despite the airiness and fragility of his style, fashions his work with a sense of American vitality

which removes it from the trite and bestows upon it an exciting sense of urgency.

In sharp contrast is Robert Kipness, whose dark, slightly mysterious aspect lends an air of the occult to his work.

Other Americans to watch out for are; Ogden Plaesnerr, whose medium is watercolor, Robert Vickrey, a master in the arcane domain of acrylics, and the precision and realism of Ken Davies' still lifes.

Mr. Hirschl predicts that although American Expressionist art has had a slow start, he believes that these artists in a few years will reach a peak of popularity similar to that of the French Impressionist school.

Taken individually, each painting has its own appeal. En masse, the collection is explosive and well worth a trip to New York.

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FOOLISH WIVES

A FILM REVIEW BY ELLIOT JUNGER

The career of Erich Von Stroheim was practically doomed from the start. Ever since he arrived in Hollywood in around 1912, the temperamental young Austrian was viewed by many as a trouble-maker, and more often than not, they were right. Indeed, Von Stroheim was a trouble-maker, a quarrelsome, tyrannical, stubborn individualist. Forever at the mercy of hack cutters and enraged business executives who complained that his films weren't making enough money (which was often the case), Von Stroheim relentlessly maintained his artistic integrity, even, as it happened, at the expense of his directorial career.

Von Stroheim was an artist, indeed, some claim that he was the greatest American filmmaker, second only to Welles. I am not one of them, although I will concede that his legendary perfectionism and abhorrence of mediocrity in all levels of production (as evidenced in *Foolish Wives*, 1924, where the costuming and palace decor, not to mention the set for Monte Carlo were tailored and built with almost documentary authenticity and meticulous care), stamp him as a first-rate craftsman if not something less than a master.

The film itself had a rather

banal plot, concerning a lascivious Russian nobleman Count Kamarzin (played to the hilt by Stroheim) the American Ambassador to Monaco who has just arrived in Monte Carlo on business. The count, persuaded by his two dubious cousins, learns where the ambassador's wife is staying and after some deliberation, seeks her out and strikes up a conversation which leads to a semi-affair. Knowing that she is captivated by his swaggering aristocratic manner he tells her that he is completely broke, admitting that he has been living solely off his estate in Russia and needs a considerable sum of money in order to pay off all of his debts. She consents to lend him the money, but meanwhile the count's jealous maid whom he once consented to marry, had overheard the entire conversation between the count and the ambassador's wife and in a fit of jealousy sets fire to the palace and both of them are nearly burned to death. Apparently the shock of the whole episode was too much for the ambassador's wife, and in the end she returns to her husband, realizing that she had been, indeed, a "foolish wife".

Literary merit aside, one of the few saving graces of the

film was Von Stroheim's wonderfully stylized Kamarzin. His performance (monocle and all) was somewhat eclectic, in that his appearance seemed more Prussian than Russian. At times he resembled an Uhlan officer with his saber-scarred face and stiff carriage, other times, an archtypical European nobleman.

Visually, the film was garish and not very cinematic, except in the storm sequence where the camera of William Daniels (the director's favorite cinematographer) strikingly conveys the feeling of a thunderstorm by photographing the swaying trees against clouds moving swiftly in front of the moon, thus giving the effect of a darkening sky. The use of space was often cramped and almost nowhere do we see Stroheim's feel for people's faces as landscapes in themselves, a characteristic of some of his later work, such as *Greed* (1924). The characters remained mere stereotypes, with little substance and no development. If in the end, the film fell short of being great, it is because atmosphere alone is never a substitute for personal vision. In any true work of art, Man, not his environment, comes first.

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A production of Fefu and Her Friends by Maria Irene Fornes demands unusual discipline and complete concentration. Director Aileen Passloff and her cast of eight women spend hours getting to know each other and themselves better. Much of their warm up period before rehearsal is devoted to exercises specifically created to help in the centering and controlling of the self. Control of the vocal, visual, mental and physical aspects of performance technique are all stressed and restressed.

The intimate nature of Fefu makes rehearsal more than just a time for learning one's lines. In order to interact in a natural way, one must have both self-control and a sense of communication. The resulting effectiveness will be in direct proportion to the cast's devotion to Ms. Passloff's intense method of preparation. The transition from rehearsal to performance is made more difficult by Bard's super-analytical approach to relationships. The cast must virtually unlearn the Freudian concepts so prevalent in the seventies. In order to satisfy the script Ms. Passloff has worked with Ms. Fornes on this as well as other plays, and has seen the playwright's own production recently given at the American Place Theatre. She adds her first-hand perception to the authentic interpretation. The emphasis in the Bard production is on the characters which people Fefu. She claims, "There are no insignificant roles in Fefu, all of them are important."

As for the play itself, it is set in the mid-thirties. The thirties was a time of gloom and a time of affinity. It was an era that provided the worst of some things and the best of others. Fornes chose that ambiguous period for the setting of her play for an important reason. It was to her the last decade before America's emersion in-



in progress... **FEFU and FRIENDS**

by Alex McKnight



to Freudian analysis. She believes that relationships then were less self-conscious and more intuitive.

The visionary aspects delineated in Fefu are sheer poetry. It is at once real and unreal. The playwright invites us to moments of madness and hallucination as well as to moments of stark reality. We share everything from the playfulness between women to the hatred of one woman for herself.

Fefu and Her Friends will have its first performance October 13th at Blithewood. Featured in the cast are, Melodie Strain as Emma and Kristin Bundesen as Cindy, both fulfilling partial requirements for their senior projects. Others appearing are; Alissa Moser, Katie Hulbert, Robin Hardy, Lauren Bufferd, Kathi DiStefano, and Judy Kaplan.

Certainly the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance's first production of the year is an ambitious one. But, if the dedication and hard work that I have seen in the rehearsals pay off, the performance of Fefu and Her Friends will be rich, warm and exciting.

Theatre and Dance Productions

Oct. 13,14,15,16- Fefu and Her Friends- Maria Irene Fornes

Oct. 20,21,22,23- Dance Theatre III Fall 1979

Nov. 3,4,5,6,- The Miser,

J.B. Moliere

Nov.17,18,19,20- Student Directed Repertory:

Action-Sam Shepard

We're Due in Eastbourne in 10 Min.-N.F.Simpson

Operetta- Witold Gombrowicz
Dec 8,9,10,11- Dance Theatre IV, Fall 1979

Dec 15,16,17,18- As You Like It-William Shakespeare

HOOKS-NOT SO NEW ROCK & ROLL

by William Swindler

HOOKS. HOOKS. HOOKS. The first Entertainment Committee sponsored party was held in our beloved gym, featuring the music of Hooks.

I first heard of this band in N.Y.C. when I saw their lavish three-colored posters and their "classy" commercial logo. I thought, this band at least has some money; I wonder what they sound like. Next thing I knew, they were playing at Bard. Hanging out in the gym before the performance, I saw their sales pitch at work. They thrust their hands out to give every one a little button featuring the Hooks logo. "They were from Hollywood?", someone said, "Oh wow".

I heard their warm-up and sound check and, while not sounding bad at all, they still didn't do anything we

haven't heard before. (Big Promo; Big Money- \$900. That's 450 bucks for each 45 minute set.) They had a good, well rehearsed arrangement of pretty ordinary pop rock and roll, four or five chords, and a lot of clichés.

The lead guitarist, who writes all of the original material, was derelict and gawky enough with a repertoire of silly, pained facial expressions. The keyboardist looked like a reject from a lounge band- overweight and



Lucy and Hannah are definitely "hooked"

going back to mom's house in New Jersey. The drummer was the ethnic spice in the band. I couldn't tell what nationality he was, but he would make a great extra in an epic film on Atilla the Hun. The vocalist, Sharon 7, (are there 6,8, or 10 more like her?), was cute, slender, and wore great clothes. The bass player was the most real and unaffected. He had a quiet, almost refined appearance. Their music was loud rock and roll, quite competent, with obvious Blondie overtones. While the music was nothing to be enthralled about, it was nothing to throw-up at either. Hooks had a good sound, rather good stage presence, and they were great to dance to; everyone seemed to enjoy the evening.

next page...

The party ended at an incredibly early hour for Bard standards. This was due to the only regrettable moment of the night. Everything came to a grinding halt when their P.A. person pushed the volume up until the pounding of the bass drum literally ripped our speakers to shreds. The entertainment committee ended up paying for the damage. Hooks definitely should have paid.

I think it truly humorous seeing bands playing the same kind of rock and roll as was played 10 years ago—dressed up in "punkette" fashions and having people leave their shows with the impression that that is what the newer rock and roll is. Their music was not new, nor was it different in any way, and it certainly wasn't "punk", "new wave", or "next wave"—it was more like the same old brown gravy. I'd like to see something more exciting at Bard.

Elsewhere on campus, new bands are rumored to be getting together and indeed, several have already performed. It looks like a good year for home-grown music. I strongly encourage anyone thinking about doing a band to do it, and not to fart around. Rock and roll is fun to play. Get in the act now!

NOT INSANE PRESENTS: 7 NECESSARY NEW WAVE "HITS"

1. T.V.O.D. B/W Warm Leatherette-The Normal- This single has become sufficiently popular to warrant an American pressing. The band consists of two synthesizers, electronic percussion, and vocals. T.V.O.D. is disco influenced punk and Warm Leatherette defies explanation.

2. Butcher Baby- The Plasmatics- Pressed on blood red vinyl, this tune features an instrumental solo using a chain saw to cut the lead guitar in half. The music is amusing.

3. Blatantly Offensive E.P.- Wayne County and the Electric Chairs- County produced something special: all four tunes are very musical, and at the same time filthy. The style is similar to the Fugs.

4. Gacy's Place-The Mentally Ill- Easily one of the least talented singles ever produced. This particular tune is a tribute to John Gacy, the mass homosexual murderer. The cover has a picture of Gacy standing with Rosalyn Carter.

5. Summertime Blues-The Flying Lizards- This perennial classic gets torn to shreds by people who know what they are doing.

6. Telephone Masturbator-The Pork Dukes- Obnoxious and crude, the title speaks for the tune.

7. To Mom On Mother's Day-Monte Cazazza-This gentleman should be placed in a maximum security mental ward. Cazazza's work rests on a single joke; musically it is interesting.

FRESHMEN ORIENTATION- WHAT IS IT? by Jessica Bayer

This year's freshman orientation program was analogous to summer camp, replete with field trips but minus the arts and crafts. After three days I started to lose sight of the fact that this is college and not just a week in the country for opulent fresh air kids. All of this fun was toned with a sense of anticipation concerning the rigors of the weeks to come.

With mostly freshmen on campus, it was easy to see the diversity of the incoming students—punks, teeny boppers, intellectuals, straight hippies and hillbillies. An atmosphere of relaxation was created with the realization that we were all new, and thrown into this situation together. I felt like I do when I travel, very open and interested in people, except the situation was very closed circuit, college being the only basis of talk. At first that was all very exciting; what could be more fascinating than finding out 240 people's majors and course selections? But it only took

me so far and then it began to wear out.

We were subtly pushed into talking to professors in an informal atmosphere of chaos, as many of the freshmen overwhelmed the professors in their efforts to make a good impression and not appear shy. I was happy for the opportunity for some contact with teachers before classes started, but with the time available it amounted to more of a formality than a real gain; we heard a few rushed lines about the course and if you were lucky some encouraging remarks.

Having just gotten used to a small group of students, the rest of Bard returned, classes began, and the freshmen class was overwhelmed. The returning students, feeling secure at Bard, had their styles firmly gelled while the freshmen were still trying to shake their high-school hometown fashions. Some upper classmen organized a re-orientation that revealed a different, perhaps less wholesome side of Bard. The meeting was scheduled for Sunday night when

an informal student-to-student meeting was held and the freshmen were told that the administration was not as hep as they seemed and that Leon Botstein has a cat when pets are not allowed to live on campus. Part of this re-orientation was the prosecution of Richard Griffiths, where fresh students were given a chance to be angry and radical. We saw the power of the student body at work and their ability to have fun using it. Loud angry meetings and a passive sit-in accompanied by Hari Krishna chantings were the order of the day.

Another kind of re-orientation is down the road, a more unrefined kind of exposure where you can see people at their most lucid and drunken state. The weight of campus life does not exist there. It is easy to loosen up and enjoy, to forget about orientation, re-orientation, and being a freshman. Soon, a consoling thought comes, that we will never have to go through it again.

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Discussions on opportunities for liberal arts graduates in the communications field..... Participants include documentary producer for CBS; senior editor at Viking Press; John Weisman, Bureau chief for TV Guide in Washington D.C.

END TO DORMS CONTINUED...

posed a three point plan designed to combat neurotic residences. First, he argued for "a complete end to college dormitories...." Sec-

ondly, all dorms should be converted into solar heated apartments of college employees to save on commuting energy wastes and to end alienation of the socialist variety." And finally, "students should be moved into shared residences with their professors; the Platonic dialogue must take place after hours. We can cut down on immoral behavior if the academics are willing to provide the proper moral example and ego-ideal for the youngsters." Lou Harris reported that over 45% of students of college age approved the plan, with 32% opposed, 3% unsure, and 20% apathetic. The move for dorm conversion was strongly condemned by Lee

Ontology, President of the International Association of College Presidents and Dormitory Lovers. According to Mr. Ontology, "Dorms are for students, narcissism is for off campus students, and I am for all students." Teachers across the country are regarded as being supportive, although with reservation. An NEA poll released yesterday showed that well over 89% of students of doctorate age approved the plan. The controversy over the plan is sure to cause a stir in Washington, since in the words of Jimmy Liverneshky "A dorm is a place that saves money, and onto-

next page...

gists will fight for this at the cost of psychological mediocrity in youth."

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ENVIRONMENTALISTS TO TAKE ACTION WITH "CLEAN FUN"

If you want to have sex, do not read this article.

On Wednesday, September 26th, Mary Sugatt, Peter Amato and Richard Griffiths met with the Bard Environmentalists to discuss the implementation of an on-campus conservation campaign. They believe that with direct action and complete support from the community, excessive energy waste can be eliminated.

The Environmentalists will be placing decals next to light switches as reminders to everyone that lights not in use should be turned off. Security personnel have been instructed to turn off unnecessary lights during their rounds. Physical Plant intends to turn on the heat in dormitories on October 15th or earlier if it is necessary. In the months to come, Richard Griffiths, with his Building and Grounds crew will be engaged in 'energy efficiency' projects. The plans include the lowering of

the ceiling in Kline Commons for more efficient heating; they will construct a centralized heating system in Manor and Manor Annex; they will rebuild the electrical systems in many dormitories making them more efficient. The Environmentalists with Building and Grounds will assist any students in storm-proofing their rooms in preparation for the winter months.

Working together, we can make much progress towards creating an energy efficient community. Read the ESE (Environmentalists for Safe Energy) bulletin board. Rallies, lectures, on campus and off campus projects are in the works. The ESE meets every Wednesday at 7:00 P.M. in Albee Social; come to the meeting and speak out about issues that concern you and your environment.

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THE BARDONS

SOCCER & X-COUNTRY

by John Stoddart

As you will remember, the Bard soccer team clinched the N.A.C. (Northbound Athletic Conference) title last year with a record of 9 to 2. So far, this season, they are doing well with a record of 2 wins and 1 loss. The Bard-ons took command of the opener with Southern Vermont College right from the beginning. The offense was led by John Callahan and Mike Anderson, who had three goals each. Baird had two goals while single goals were scored by Monte and Alan McPheely. Final Score: Bard-10, Southern Vermont-0. Well, maybe next year, Vermont.

Bard's second game with Columbia Green Community College was a well-balanced match. The Bard-ons came from behind to win with goals from John Callahan and Mike Ander-

son (again). They held on to a 2 to 1 lead throughout the second half with good defensive plays by fullbacks Darius, Ian Wainwright, and John Lester. However, the most significant defensive moves were made by Jim Rodewald, who made some touch saves near the end of the game.

With 18 minutes left to play in the 3rd game of the season, Bard was leading Berkshire Community College 3 to 1. Then Berkshire tied it up 3 to 3 to push the game into overtime. No one scored in the first overtime period. In the second period however, Berkshire came on strong with two goals. Final score: 3 to 5.

There will be five or six home games in October, so come on out to show the boys how much you love them.

Though Bard's cross country team has not won either of their two meets thus far, they have run well in both of them. The first of the cross country meets was held at the 3.9 mile course at Olana State Park. Greenfield Community College placed first, Columbia Green place second, and Bard placed third. The top Bard runner was Dave Willard, who place 6th with a time of 23.20.

The second meet was with Berkshire Community College in Pittsfield. Bard took 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th, and 11th place out of 15 runners. The best time for the 4.8 mile course was 25.30. That is a about a five minute mile, very fast for cross country.

According to coach Bill Griffith, the 1979 team appears to have faster runners than the 1974 Bard team that won the N.A.C. championship. While Bard is running faster this year, so is the rest of the league, and from the looks of the first two meets we can look forward to some stiff competition in the weeks to come.

This year's runners are: Dave Willard, Greg Phillips, Jamie Humphrys, Mike Marshall, Terry Allen, John Stoddart, Roque Sanchez, Chad Wysong, and Lisa Durfee. Clear the track for Lisa. She has already set records for the fastest woman's time on each of the two courses run so far and she will certainly be setting a few more.

questions from the editors-

With the radical housing shortage on campus, how long can the school postpone the renovation of Stone Row? Dear Peter, we sympathize, our understanding was that it would be done by this past January.

Why, in the first week of October, when the Planning Committee has fairly much decided on the allocations for the semester, can't Ludlow come through with a definite figure for the convocation fund so the Planning Committee can finalize their disbursements?

We understand that our soccer field has a prominent tilt causing for a great deal of irregular plays. This must be why we have so few home games. Or is it that other schools can't seem to find Bard on the Athletic Map and rather than get lost on their way to to us and our tilted field they would rather we come to them? We hope that the extra energy on our part fosters winning aggressiveness.

How far do the benefits of being a HEOP student go, aside from the waiver of convocation fees and the freedom to charge any amount of books at the bookstore to the HEOP account?

Equal pay for equal work does not appear to be the policy of Building and Grounds. Maids are paid about fifty cents less than Janitors yet the women we have spoken to feel that they work just as hard as the men. The Janitors we have spoken to agree. Is there wage discrimination at Bard College? The maids say yes. Now where do they go from here?



ON YOUR OWN

films

Bread and Chocolate (Italy '78) . . . Oct 4-7
Upstate Films, Rhinebeck
Showtimes: 7:30 and 9:30 pm
Admission: \$2. 876-2515

MOONRAKER . . . Oct 5-11
Lyceum Theatre, Redhook
Admission: \$1.50 758-3311

They Shoot Horses Don't They? . . . Oct 7
SUNY College at New Paltz
Old Main Bldg.
Showtimes: 7:00 and 9:30pm
257-2193

Crime and Punishment . . . Oct 9
Bardavon 1869 Opera House
More info call 473-2072

Legacy (US '75) . . . Oct 9-10
The Scenic Route (US '78)

Upstate Films
Blume in Love (US '73) . . . Oct 11-14
featuring: George Segal;
Susan Anspach; Kris
Kristofferson; Marsha
Mason; Shelly Winters;
and Mazursky.
Upstate Films

Things to Come . . . Oct 10
SUNY College at New Paltz
Showtimes: 7:00 and 9:30 pm

The Male Dancer . . . Oct 23
Among featured artists:
Paul Taylor and Arthur
Mitchell

lectures

Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden will
be speaking with a musical in-
troduction by John Hall, a member
of Musicians United for Safe Energy.
Time: 12:00 noon in the Old Main
Bldg. SUNY College at New Paltz

"An Art Historian Visits China" . . . Oct 11
Illustrated lecture. Dr. Hugo
Munsterberg, Professor Emeritus.
Free, Lecture Center 112 SUNY
College at New Paltz, 8:00 pm

theatre

Long Days Journey Into Night . . . Oct 4-7
Parker Theatre SUNY College
at New Paltz. Advanced reser-
vations recommended.
Showtime: 8:30 pm
Further info: 257-2081
Box office: 257-2192

Julius Caesar . . . Oct 5
Bardavon 1869 Opera House
Poughkeepsie, 473-2072

Much Ado About Nothing . . . Oct 6
Bardavon 1869 Opera House

Professional Children's Theatre . . . Oct 27
Bardavon 1869 Opera House
11:00 am and 2:00 pm

exhibits

Drawings, Prints and Small Sculpture . . . Oct 6-31
Jurors: Frank Alexander, Lily Ente,
Norma Morgan and
Work of Three Jurors
Opening reception Sat. Oct 6, 4-6 pm
28 Tinker St. Woodstock
Info: 679-2940

Photographs by Morna Moore . . . Oct 7-
Opening reception Sun. Oct 7, 2-5 pm Nov 4
Barrett House, 55 Noxon St.
Poughkeepsie

mid-hudson civic center

America . . . Poughkeepsie
Showtime: 8:00 pm Oct 16
tickets \$7.50 and 8.50
More info: 454-5800

25 Years of Rock and Roll . . . Oct 20
Four 1950's bands including The
Coasters, Drifters and The Duprees.
Tickets: \$5.50 and \$6.50

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