

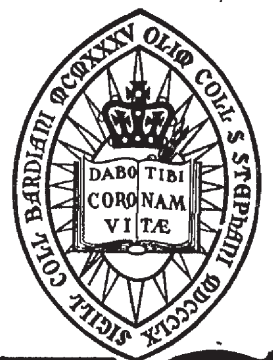
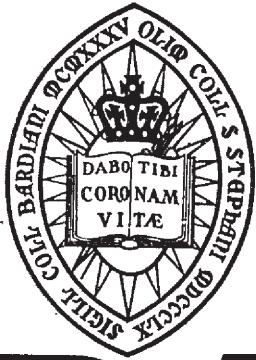
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BARD TIMES

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BARD TIMES

Vol. 20 No. 7

The Official Newspaper of the Bard College Community

October 25, 1979

WHAT IS H.E.O.P? AN INTERVIEW w/STEVE GERALD

BY MARILYN O'CONNOR

To answer this query the obvious person to see is the Director of HEOP (Higher Educational Opportunity Program), Stephen Gerald, also one of the first HEOP enrollees and a Bard graduate. After attending Lehman College, Gerald came to Bard in 1970. Majoring in theater, he graduated in 1973 and went on to receive his Masters in Fine Arts at Rutgers in 1977. Before coming back to Bard, this year, Gerald taught theater and was involved in a remedial skills program at Union College and Jersey City State College.

Gerald says, "The HEOP program is not similar in any other schools; they all must adapt to the personality of the school." The enrollee has to decide, for example, between the huge classes of Columbia or Bard's tutorial system. Gerald believes that "...the rationale behind why Bard exists and what Bard does, is that it creates, supposedly, a better or quality student."

HEOP enrollees are applying to the college and not the program. HEOP's primary function is to provide a service and not financial aid. "...part of the myth is that students who come here aren't paying for their education...people interpret the program as a financial aid program and it is not." It is not primarily a financial aid program, though certainly the HEOP enrollees receive some aid: \$700 per year for tuition and a \$200 per year for books and supplies. The HEOP enrollees also apply to the financial aid services (BEOG, TAP, Bard scholarship).

Clearly HEOP is not here to give away money. It is a service that "...finds students who have the potential to do well in the institutions that have HEOP programs where prior history does not show that those students have the potential. Many of us question the validity of SAT scores. We also learn to question the validity of

high school grades... HEOP asks the question, are there individuals who could probably do extremely well in college but have not the opportunity to do so?" Admissions are based on three things: (1) The enrollee must be an underachiever in the traditional educational system with a high school average lower than 85 and SAT score lower than 550, though neither of these is compulsory, (2) One must be financially unable to meet the cost of the institution, Financial status is decided by complex guidelines (similar to BEOG, TAP guidelines) considering not just income but also the size of the family, property and assets, and (3) The enrollee must be interviewed by the HEOP office to determine a potential for achieving at college-level in the particular institution.

Gerald reports to Michael Simpson but his salary is paid by the state. Once the enrollee is at the institution, "HEOP is involved in probably every aspect of the

college: admissions, financial aid, academic affairs, student life." This year HEOP is providing assistance with writing at three levels: Iska Alter's Essay Writing course; individual laboratory practice with Jean Cook and Alex McKnight; and a Grammar Skills course given by Stephen Gerald. If this program is successful Gerald would like to use the same format for a reading analysis program next year.

As former student, Gerald understands Bard and its problems. One problem is the "tagging" of HEOP enrollees. "HEOP is tagged as students who have underachieved in the traditional educational system, but they are not tagged as potentially bright capable individuals... That's redundant, of course we see that, because that was the condition by which they had to apply to special admissions." The fault of "tagging" lies with the misconceptions of our community and plainly not with HEOP. ■

WOMEN AGAINST PORNOGRAPHY... WHERE WE STAND ON THE FIRST AMENDMENT

BY WENDY KAMINER



photo/Kevin Hyde

THE FEW WHO REMAINED AFTER THE WOMEN AGAINST PORNOGRAPHY'S SLIDE SHOW TO DISCUSS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, WHETHER OR NOT PORNOGRAPHY IS "A CRIME AGAINST WOMEN."

We are a group of feminists speaking out against pornography, because it exploits and encourages violence against women. We are protesting the physical and psychological violence in most pornography and the degradation of women; we do not oppose displays of nudity or erotica.

We do not advocate censorship. We respect First Amendment strictures against the imposition of prior restraints on any form of expression, and we do not wish to deprive pornographers of businesses that deal in pornography or any general prohibitions on the publication of pornographic material. We respect the right of all adults to read or view what they choose in the privacy of their own homes.

We have not put forth any repressive legislative proposals, and we are not carving out any new exceptions to the First Amendment. The Supreme Court has traditionally held that "obscenity" is not protected speech, but the Court has struggled with

Cont. Next Page...

INSIDE!

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
WITH THE BOLLING DRONES

PAUL SPENCER TACKLES THE
THE ISSUES

IS ADOLPHS A BREEDING
GROUND?

W.A.P. CONTINUED...

the formulation of a fair and workable definition of obscenity and an effective constitutional enforcement scheme.

We want to change the definition of obscenity so that it focuses on violence, not sex, but we do not propose to alter the basic process by which obscenity laws must be enforced, in accordance with the procedural guarantees of the First Amendment. We accept the constitutional limitations on official regulation of speech, and we do not expect the government to magically rid us of pornography.

We are working hard, in the exercise of our First Amendment rights, to develop strategies for effective private action against the pornography industry. We are working to make people aware of the implications of the increasingly violent pornography that is becoming an accepted part of our culture.

Most hard-core pornography consists of pictures or graphic descriptions of women being raped, bound, beaten, or mutilated; some of it involves child molestation. Subtler images of women as

passive sexual toys pervade soft-core pornography and legitimate commercial advertising. The message is clear: Sex is power, and women and children are objects for subjugation and abuse.

Pornography is not a harmless outlet for sexual fantasies. It is fascistic, misogynist propaganda that fosters acts of violence against women. It is sexual bondage, not liberation. We believe that the recent growth in violent pornography and the sexual exploitation of children is, in part, a reaction to the Women's Movement by men who cannot accept women as equals.

We do not expect to find any simple solutions to these problems. Pornography is deeply rooted in our culture, and it both shapes and reflects our sexual identities. But the Women's Movement has proven that we can change the way people think—the way men and women view themselves and each other. The fight against pornography is part of this struggle to change and crucial to the sexual liberation of us all. ■



photo/Peter Geissler

IS ADOLPH'S A BREEDING GROUND? by Peter Geissler

What can you get for free while cruising at Adolph's? A viril infection that is spreading among Americans known as Herpes Simplex 2. Type 2 Herpes is a genital infection transferred by skin contact and can infiltrate into your nerve cells quicker than the alcohol on Tequila night. The contact site is prominently displayed by the rash of blisters and pustules permeating the infected area. Subsequent eruptions can be triggered by hormone changes or emotional stress—weeks, months or even years later. However, if you are one of the 5 million Americans infected with "genital herpes"

do not despair; help is on the way. Though Herpes Simplex virus has been successfully dodging medical attempts at controlling it, the Journal of The American Medical Association (June, 1979, page 2798) reports that the sugar-based drug 2-deoxy-D-glucose has been found fairly effective on female patients. (It has not yet been approved by the FDA.) The drug, applied like cold cream, is believed to be relatively non-toxic while also penetrating into most tissues. It is comforting to know that drugs take an average of 34 months to be approved by the FDA. Comforting...unless of course you are a male. ■

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PORNOGRAPHY? an ill-defined question

by Nathan Wagoner

Webster's Dictionary defines "pornography" as "the depiction of erotic behavior (as in pictures or writing) intended to cause sexual excitement." This is also the commonly accepted definition that comes to most of our minds when we encounter the word. Women Against Pornography (WAP) has (or claims to have) a different definition. "Pornography is anti-woman propaganda", says Dolores Alexander, one of WAP's founders. Gloria Steinem says, "It is violence and domination that are pornographic." This is an arbitrary redefinition of a commonly used noun, and, predictably enough, it seems to cause a lot of misunderstandings about the nature of WAP, both within and without the organization.

In the first place, their concerns are only about pornography which relates to women, which is not pornography proper. (There is a great deal of male pornography, equally exploitative and violent.) If their real concern was "pornography" as it is commonly understood, the name "Women Against Pornography" would be a curious kind of feminist snobbery—why not call it "People Against Pornography" instead? Secondly, as I was informed at the Monday night slide show, WAP interprets

pornography as "material that is violent towards women." So really, in plain and proper English, the name of the organization should be "Women Against Pornography that is violent towards women", which is quite a different thing from "Women Against Pornography".

I accuse WAP of deliberately blurring these distinctions, so as to directly indict or implicate as many varieties of explicit material as possible, thereby generating as much public furor as they can. I consider this a very dangerous action, and, if not deliberate, then grossly negligent.

Perhaps you consider this quibbling—I do not. Many works of great artistic merit have been, at one time or another, banned or condemned as "pornographic", and many people, such as myself, have an automatic mistrust of people who throw that word around loosely. Billy Graham does it too, and so did Hitler. Even if one makes such distinctions as I mentioned previously, there are artists such as Les Krims, a photographer, whose work could be (and often has been) misinterpreted in this fashion. (There are examples of Krim's work in quite aside from considering the legitimate claims of pure "erotica", which often,

as we all know, has peculiar kinks, and which, as any reasonable person would admit, is a matter of personal taste. Who will draw those lines, and why should they?

Why am I so worried? WAP's leaders claim to have no interest in legislation "at this time", they simply want to change the climate. Much of the material WAP is concerned about is quite revolting, capable of causing extreme emotional reactions in viewers (it did in me) but from listening to WAP's supporters on Monday night, it is obvious that most people are either incapable or unwilling to think clearly about the issues and their implications. Most of the supporters seemed willing to indict all X-rated films, books, etc. and from there it is but a brief jump to almost anything else, as if condemning all X-rated films is not wrong enough. It is the responsibility of any leaders to set a straight course for those who follow them, something WAP's leaders have not done.

WAP says that they wish only to change the conditions that make such material acceptable. However, even without legislation, a climate created by unchecked hysteria is uncomfortable at best, fascistic at it's worst. I do not advocate

Cont. Next Page...

PORNOGRAPHY CONTINUED...

inactivity, it does not please me to see a magazine cover of a woman put through a meat grinder, but there are right and wrong ways of handling anything, and I see no point in doing one great evil in the name of righting another. ■

LETTERS TO ST. MARK

Dear St. Mark,

In a recent conversation, it was argued that there are now two Bards, an establishment Bard and a non-establishment Bard. And, as might have been expected, the so called establishment Bard referred to the Bard envisioned by the administrative offices of the college, sometimes known simply as 'Them'. While the proper noun, Them, as applied to the Bard management is hardly innovative--it is a name likely to appear in any u-kasic relation--the idea of establishment vs. non-establishment at Bard did have an odor exotic enough to bring a smile to my lips. My amusement was challenged on the spot, and I listened to the following argument. (I reconstruct as best I can.)

There are a number of institutions common to the college such as moderation, lower and upper college, divisional major, senior project, course registration, grades, crite sheets, etc., which are traditional and lend definition to the passage of successive groups of students. In addition, there are those institutions, some relatively stable, which serve the differing concerns of individual students. Such are the community chorus, the coffee-shop, the chapel, tutorials, down-the-road, and the various clubs. This is Bard, the Bard we all know, non-establishment Bard.

But now? Something new has been added; clubs which by their nature determine whether or not you belong to the Bard Establishment. These, for the benefit of neophytes, are listed as:

The Honor Fellowships
The Peer Counselors Assoc.
The Sunday Brunch
The Reception.

The creation of these institutions (it was argued) introduces privilege as a principle to the campus. Whereas previously privilege was contingent, ad hoc, doubtful and usually self-conferred, it now bears insignias, is approved from above--like knighthood--and thus marks an Establishment. I found and continue to find this argument dubious at best and question it on at least two fully independent grounds of usage.

Firstly, the term establishment does carry connotations of tradition, exclusiveness, virtue and power. More importantly, the 'establishment' is something

whose qualities are determined by its members, not invented for them; it is the members of the establishment who decide the criteria of belonging. Here we see the difference. The secret meetings of the Peer Counselors Assoc. in no way resemble those of the Freemasons. The PerFarquhar Fellowship has not even gotten so far as to have it decided for them whether Chateau Rauzan-Gassier, 1959, or Chateau Pichon-Longueville, 1955, will be served at their monthly affairs. Anybody who really wants to can go to the Reception; and a tablet of a Cursus Honorum is yet to be offered up for inspection at a Sunday Brunch.

It seems that establishment institutions do not spring forth, full grown as social facts, from the head of Zeus, the knout of the Czar, or the moves of the Pedagogical Gameplan Committee. Here, as elsewhere, the manipulative engendering of social facts is but a perversion (properly speaking) of the creative impulse, inviting frustration. A more fertile use of this creative energy would find a suitable field for its imagined structures and histories in the making of comic books or in some other art whose 'materials' are more plastic than the minds and bodies of 18-year old adults. Only in history, legend, and myth do customs, mores and institutions have inventors ex machina. Also in summer camps. But! If a liberal education should help us to conceptualize more adequately our notion of reality, then any agency to this end, including the available, abstract, managed exemplifications of an Establishment (which the Bard administration is so good at inventing) should be welcomed. To dub such 'educational' phenomena "the establishment" misses the point of a somewhat artificial lesson.

Secondly, aside from the doubtful use of the word establishment, to characterize that which is at least locally innovative, I question the use of the term, as used in the argument, to suggest the existence of two Bards, E-Bard and nonE-Bard.

Binary sorting is tricky, playing havoc with choice. The objects before me can be sorted into those which are and those which are not green. Those which are not can be sorted into those which are and those which are not yellow. True, but what would I achieve by looking at a painting or at the world in this way? Could I teach myself to see the color "non-yellow"? Possibly. Why would I want to if

LETTERS

I could? What is the difference between perceiving that m is not n and learning to perceive non-n? (These are not questions for managers. They don't have the time.)

By classifying any managerial attempt at social innovation as 'E' and all other social activities as 'non-E', one fails to do justice to the variety of kinds of things that happen without the confines of management programs. These are far too individually interesting to be subsumed in a complimentary 'non-E' class. Why would anyone forgo awareness of the truly wonderful multiplicity of things at Bard by accepting the easy invitation to a binary slicing? Why regard the managed innovations as distinctive against rather than as special among? Do we really need straw men? (Well, sometimes, for fun!)

In fact, there are at Bard very few opportunities for fully-managed participation and some of us (I don't know just who, so don't ask) want this very badly. To have such frames in our environment as 'options' does not make a 1984. Fears of exclusion are ill-founded. It is unlikely that a student with a substantive need to meet some visitor to our campus will be derived of the opportunity because he does not wear the badge of an Honor Fellowship. We do not take intellectual discourse more seriously than that--even at dinner! *Τὴν οὐρανὸν* is a relatively benign disturbance of the human spirit, and if we balk at devoting a wing to its treatment, to deny it a bed seems like mere cruelty.

Keeping a firm rein on our categories, let us continue to innovate even if some of these innovations are importations. If students import Toga-parties, why not administrators import Honor Societies? But if we regard hoeing the garden, having Toga-parties, reading in the library, enjoying a piece of music at a concert as 'non-E' and honor-society banquets or reception as 'E', just because of the accident that the management failed to initiate, for example, Toga-parties, we may be setting ourselves up for welcoming that which we may least desire; categorizations which are external to but determinative of our acts.

I am far from denying a sympathy with those people who imagine an Establishment which they oppose, but I do ask that a distinction be made between the effects of the establishment at Bard, these, there have always been, deriving mainly from

a high school and from graduate school--and the notion that a joinable establishment can exist in Bard. Some, who were present at our conversation, seemed concerned by the image of Bard currently being projected in various Bard publications and announcements to prospective students. But that is irrelevant. That is decided by muscle, not by fantasy.

Fortunately, no single image, however well-projected, will do justice to the multifarious and eventful reality of our work. Concern with reputation counts for less than might be supposed. Even the wounds inflicted by winchell are healed by time.

Graciously yours,
Y

GUN CONTROL RESPONSE

Dear Sirs:

In response to: "Campus Gun Control," a poignant, well approached article from the October 4 issue of 'Bard Times':

From the first day of classes this semester, paranoia has been gnawing at my insides, incessantly. I rarely socialized, and wouldn't even speak to my roommates for fear of being discovered and turned in. I'm a gun enthusiast.

I've carried a "S.W." .357 magnum for the past four years. I sleep with a "Ruger" .44 magnum under my pillow (guns are a part of me.). My strongest belief is: you can never be too careful. I'm from Rockville, Maryland where gun registration isn't mandatory; guns are as much a part of the household as a "Harley Davidson" scooter.

Recently, I read "Campus Gun Control" and found it to be the most reassuring, satisfying student repudiation to materialize thus far at Bard. The article informed me that Bard students aren't only reactionary, but they are also successful activists who'll fight for a worthy cause: "The right to bear firearms." I was overwhelmed to find another lone nut with a twisted dream; you can count on me to be a loyal advocate of your "prevention" organization. We'll consolidate, and abolish the Bard "gun control" ordinance.

In closing, I'd like to suggest an alternate safeguard for Mr. Spencer's personal belongings in his room. Winchester and Remington probably make the best high powered "door guns" on the market.

Simon Feeney

STEVE GERALD RESPONDS

Dear Mark & Tom:

As the director of the Higher Education Opportunity Program, I feel it is important to respond to your queries concerning the "benefits of HEOP. Students have often wondered about Bard HEOP-- what it is and what it does, and for the nine years Bard has had this program, questions about HEOP have surfaced at one time or another in the Bard community's newspapers, forums, or conversations.

Perhaps as director of the program, I should expect student inquiries because HEOP does not directly effect the lives of every Bard student. Naturally, other students are inclined to wonder about what they are missing. Your editorial inquiry, for example, suggests that Bard's HEOP is a benefit program.

From whom, may I ask, did you gather your information about the program? Do the editors of the community's official newspaper, have the right to print erroneous information and mislead its readers? Indeed the editors of newspapers--you--do not.

Students who have been accepted by the college under its HEOP do, in fact, have their convocation fees waived. Do you, as editors, know why? As for your statement, "the freedom to charge any amount of books at the bookstore to the HEOP account," please show proof through fact or retract the statement.

A college newspaper is not and should never be a vehicle for biased reporting or informing. Statements made by you become part of Bard, an institution promoting intellectualism. Other colleges, professors, alumni, or interested individuals read our paper. Please don't humiliate those among us who are trying to be intellectual.

I am very interested in uncloaking HEOP. Perhaps you can set aside a column or page or two so that HEOP might be revealed for all times and Bard Times (sic). Can this be done?

A final word about your terminology. This is Bard College and not HEOP College. Those students who are enrolled under HEOP are Bard students and not HEOP students. For convenience we say "HEOP" students, referring to those unique individuals who have come to Bard with high ideals and the potential for fulfilling them through learning. Perhaps you are, for convenience sake, a HEOP student, too!

Sincerely,
Stephen T. Gerald
Director, HEOP

The editors would like to amend the question which appeared in the last issue of Bard Times. "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?" The last phrase should read "and the freedom to charge up to two hundred dollars in books per year at the bookstore?" We apologize for the misleading wording.

JOURNALISTS!

Thursday, November 15: 4:30-6:00
College/Committee Rooms
Kline Commons.....

"....How can I ever get a job in publishing or journalism or television when I did my senior project on Plato and majored in philosophy?..."

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.

I LOVE BARD

I love Bard and the Bard community. I came to Bard to educate myself so one day I can return to my people and free them from darkness.

Once I have succeeded in educating my people, we will walk with the white man to keep our country free and to love and obey God.

We will not walk in front of you so that we can fall in to a pit of despair, we will not walk behind you to get the last piece of stale bread, but we will walk together, side by side, step by step. So if I fall or you fall, we will fall together.

Do not attempt to stop me from my dream for I will strike like a serpent with venom in its fangs. Except me, Bard, for I am not here to hurt you but to better myself and my community.

I bring you no challenge or competition. I bring with me the eagerness to listen and the potential to learn.

Fear me not, White man, for I will never take from you. Instead, I will suck out all of your knowledge and feed it to my children. My children in return will use it to help the world in which we live.

I wish we were all green so we may not be judged by the color of our skin or by the contents of our minds.

Yvonne Peterson

Dear Mark and Tom,

I think the October 4th issue of THE BARD TIMES is excellent. Congratulations.

Sincerely,
Leon Botstein
President

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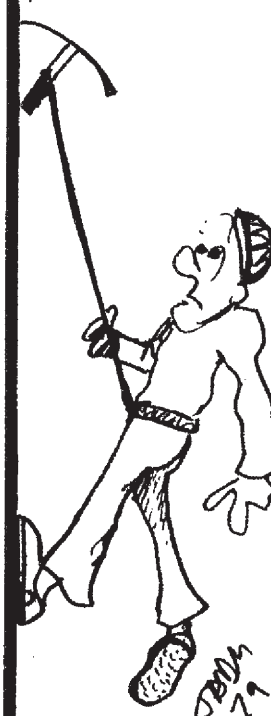
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adolph'



TIGER AT THE GATES

by Randall Batterman



Dr. Elliot Skinner, who is described in a recent "Bard College Center News" as a Bard Center fellow, former U.S. ambassador to Upper Volta and U.S. foreign policy expert, held court Thursday night, October 4th in the Committee Rooms in Kline Commons.

The occasion was a lecture which had been publicized as dealing with "The Fall of Andrew Young". An eclectic audience of several dozen Bardians and visitors received Dr. Skinner's discourse with apparent universal enthusiasm and loud acclaim.

Those of us who declined to join in the cacophonous crescendo of warm approval, limited our chilled reactions to mumbled protests, sotto voice asides and shocked incredulity. Perhaps it was courtesy or more probably fear which muted what should have been our angry protests. Whatever comfortable rationale we may have individually employed to justify our silent passivity was ill-conceived. The time to be heard was then and we blew it. Hopefully it's not too late to be heard now, loud enough to pierce the tolling of the bell.

For the better part of an insufferable hour we were alternately instructed, enlightened and scolded on an eternally sure-fire subject, the foibles and evil practices endemic to a homogeneous blob of single-minded organic matter identified by Dr. Skinner as "The Jews"

This many-headed hydra, well disciplined and dedicated to a unique philosophy of domination, was characterized by him as menacing and malevolent.

No medieval provocateur of Inquisition or Pogrom could have more skillfully recited the naive catechism so reminiscent of "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion".

The Doctor's late twentieth century vision of these abominations was peppered with the flimsy camouflage of the currently fashionable cryptic venom of Jesse Jackson and S.C.L.C. which has elaborated us since Andrew Young's departure from the United Nations.

How relieved the audience

was to hear that the New York Post was on the approved list now that Dorothy Schiff, "a Jew", had vanished as it's proprietor. Small comfort was this one safe harbor when it was revealed that they not only monopolized the media but that their all-embracing influence had seized and held enthralled the domestic and foreign policies of the United States.

We then discovered that contrary to what was termed "popular belief", "they" don't own all the giant multinational corporations. Before the ecstasy generated by this damnable faint praise could intoxicate Dr. Skinner's craven cohorts, they were cruelly defeated by some sobering news.

It appears that Senator Daniel P. Moynihan, and former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg, were cruelly unresponsive to Skinner's perception of the national interest when they served in the post, later to be filled and vacated by Andrew Young. The invocation of the names of Young Young's distinguished predecessors triggered a benign repartee with the audience regarding what Dr. Skinner suggested, oh so cautiously, might be a Jewish malady, "dual loyalty".

The afore mentioned dialogue progressed to a concerned give and take as to how many Jews resided in Metropolitan New York. The good doctor wasn't quite sure, not having personally taken count, but seemingly agreed with a disciple in the audience who had done his demographic homework.

The operative statistic was stipulated as "more than Tel Aviv." That the Big Apple was also home to more Italians than Milan, more Irish than Dublin and more Blacks than any African city was not deemed relevant. The subject, after all was "Them."

The subsequent warning that "They" were hellbent on plunging the U.S. into an "Israeli Vietnam" was followed by a crazy-quilt of opprobrious commentary focusing upon supposed Jewish opposition to quota systems in education, government and commerce. Affirmative Action programs were considered by Skinner to be an anathema to "Them" and it thus followed that "They" were to be considered hostile to Dr. Skinner's next generalized group, "the Blacks."

He then donned the mantle of self-appointed spokesman for what he projected as another well-knit, single-opinioned slice of humanity.

Bayard Rustin, Executive Director of the A. Phillip Randolph Foundation, other great thinkers notwithstanding, and "the Blacks," according to Skinner, all know

that "They" got Andy (Jimmy who? Cyrus who?). This child's version of the decline and fall of Andrew Young carried in it's wake a plea for the cause of P.L.O. terrorism.

He warmly embraced the Lowery/Jackson dogma, one which has been denounced as dangerous drivel by such genuine leaders as Benjamin L. Hooks, Executive Director of the N.A.A.C.P. and Vernon E. Jordan Jr., President of the National Urban League who labels these actions as "sideshows" and "headline grabbers." Jordan goes so far as to say that "Jackson and Lowery show more concern for Yasir Arafat's future than for the future of millions of black kids growing up in poverty." Bayard Rustin says that the meeting with the P.L.O. is tantamount to meeting with the Ku Klux Klan.

Skinner went on to justify this embrace with the type of cynical economic argument recited ad nauseum by Jesse Jackson. The Arab oil producing states having extracted some eighty billion dollars from the American consumer in the last twelve months would surely reward this support for the P.L.O. (which they despise and fear) with handsome financial aid. Furthermore any future oil embargos directed against the U.S. might be selective as to the color of the American victim! This argument clashed harshly with the indignantly moral tone affected by Skinner throughout the evening.

The honored name of the late Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King was invoked several times by Skinner. That Dr. King's whole life's work testifies to what certainly would be his revulsion to Skinner's diatribe, and his unquestioned horror at the ugly spectacle of Skinner's hero's embracing machine-gun waving P.L.O. child butcher, while singing "we shall overcome," was not considered worthy of mention.

The remainder of the evening was larded with cryptic incitements, and vicious mendacities, stated, then hastily withdrawn in the worst tradition of one of our former presidents. The opinions and statements were degrading and insulting to both Jews and Blacks.

It was sixty minutes in a peaceful academic Sleepy Hollow in the Hudson Valley. If you listened carefully you could hear the thud of jack-boots marching on cobble stone Munich streets. O.K. Dr. Skinner, you've made your best pitch and we're not buying it. Somebody should have told you that you're in a Brave New World. You're dishing out yesterdays slop to a generation that has had it up to here with Polish jokes, Italian Mafiosi, Jewish

plots, Irish drunks, and the whole bag of tired, sickening stereotypes. We're mad as hell and we are not going to take it anymore! Ship your whole collection of racial tripe off-campus and rejoin the human race, we'd be glad to welcome you back.

Respect for the rights granted us by the Constitution and its amendments demands that the Doctor Elliot Skinners of this world not be refused their forum. But the time has come for all of us, regardless of race, religion or political beliefs to rid ourselves of the complacency and fear which have conspired to silence our outrage to such poison. The tiger of racial bigotry is at our gates. Destroy it or be ourselves destroyed.

NOT INSANE PRESENTS...

by Spike Henderson

I think Paul Spencer's article on gun control at Bard is wonderful. Ignoring any ethnic overtones, I agree wholeheartedly with his idea, but his plan is too limited in scope. He states: "I'm not asking that revolvers be passed out in the Commons." I disagree. There is a large percentage of students on this campus who cannot afford guns, and it is discriminatory to keep firearms from them. I feel that for \$8,000 a year, each member of the Bard student community, both on and off campus, should be armed with either a handgun or rifle of reasonable quality. Furthermore this school should offer a required two-credit course to teach the proper use, care, and maintenance of guns in general.

Such an arrangement would greatly enhance the educational and social aspects of this college. Proper training in weapons and tactics will open a myriad of new activities to Bard. For example, some new campus organizations could be: The Bard Para-Military Club, The Reactionary Students for Republican Freedom, The Shoot a Squirrel Society, and ROTC.

Guns help release inner tensions by allowing hostile personalities to vent their frustrations in a constructive way. The support of military readiness on this campus would lead to a more cohesive community. Bard apathy would end; sick minds could be weeded out. Undesirables will learn either to toe the line or face dire circumstances. Depressed people could be lined up against the wall if they don't cheer up. In a school with no gloomy people, everyone will be happy. In other words:

AN ARMED BARD WILL BE A
HAPPY BARD.

HELPFUL HINTS by Art Carlson

Writing a paper that will get you a good grade at Bard College is no piece of cake, but on the other hand it is not so difficult for someone with a modicum of intelligence to pick up a good grade now and then when you need one. Notice that I said a paper that will get you a good grade. This does not necessarily mean a good paper; as a mere student, how the hell do you know what a good paper is anyway? The trick is to write the paper that will get the grade; this is every bit as much an art as writing a 'good paper'. Now that I've graduated I feel I can pass on some of the tricks of the trade that brought me such fabulous success in my career as a lit. major.

There are several important considerations to have in your attitude towards your paper. Of course these things vary a bit from teacher to teacher, and if you find something a particular professor likes, the best advice I can give you is stick with it. But still, your attitude is very important. You have to know what kind of paper you are going to write. Now think about it. If you were a teacher what would you want to read?

The first thing you gotta realize is that when college students get old, they go to grad school, (most of your professors have been there) where people are expected to do very serious critical work. Therefore, for almost every subject you can think of for your paper there have been many very serious papers on the same subject and your teacher has undoubtedly read a few. In other words, your beat little undergrad paper doesn't cut shit compared to the real thing.

So, the first thing you must realize is that it's foolish to try for the big one. There probably is not much of anything that you will enlighten anybody on if you write a serious pa-

per. Unless of course you choose some extremely minute subject, like St. Cuthbert maybe, and write an exhaustive study, maybe 5 or 6 pages. This is a possible strategy. But anyway, your professor probably would not enjoy a serious paper. They have a hard enough time as it is wading through some of the shit people hand them. Out of this comes the first rule: Make your paper different. Do whatever your classmates aren't doing (it will be easy enough for you to see their papers under some pretense.) Use unusual metaphors, bizzare formal strategies, argue relentlessly against the common sense interpretations of your classmates. You might cause your professor to pause while he's reading your paper between innings and strain to remember who you are; this is good.

Speaking of metaphors and innuendos, an important thing to keep in mind is that lots of Bard professors are real sports nuts, and when you're in a clinch in your paper, a good earthy sports reference is a good way out. Most teachers at least will see this as evidence that you are an intelligent thinking person. Here's an example from a paper I wrote: "Dante's use of the ladder structure resembles, in many ways, the perfect game Catfish Hunter threw in 1969. Batter after batter, he set down, each one building on the last until the pinnacle of perfection where Beatrice stands was reached at last."

In this same vein it is important to remember that nearly all Bard teachers, no matter what they look like, see themselves at heart as being tough little gutsy macho types. Consequently that is the type of prose that they like to read, ballsy, unforgiving prose that pulls no punches. A lot of people come to

Bard and they write papers where they try to assert a point by beginning "I think that in light of certain evidence to the contrary that it might be plausible to say that maybe blah blah blah..." This is wrong. First, you should never say "I think." I mean, of course you think it. You're the one saying it, right? If you didn't think it you have to footnote it (and there is nothing wrong with this. A few footnotes can change plagiarism into an A.) Either way, it's self evident. You should make strong assertions in your prose, without any hedging. Here the word 'obviously' can be valuable. In one magic word you can throw the full weight of scholarship and common sense behind you. I mean, if something is obvious, you don't have to sit around explaining it. That would be in poor taste, like explaining a joke. It also saves time and enables you to proceed with your argument. Here is an example of a good assertive sentence with which to start a paper. (I already used it though. If you want it, you'll have to footnote it.) "In the Republic it is obvious that Socrates and Plato, whoever the hell he was, are complete chumps."

This example leads nicely into my next point. This is more pertinent to creative-type writing, but hopefully your papers can be creative too, now and then. As I said, your teachers probably prefer ballsy prose. One way to insure this effect is to use lots of cuss words, throw in a fuck and a shit and what ever else you find appropriate. This makes it sound like you mean business. See for yourself which is more powerful prose: Example 1. stop that please. Example 2. You fuckin better stop that shit, motherfucker. Example 2 obviously wins. Your teacher thinks so too.

Of course its important not to go overboard with

these things. You have to remember that since you're not writing a serious paper you still have to write a plausible one. A plausible paper is worth at least a C. You have to understand that a C is quite an honorable grade. It places you firmly in the pack; you aren't a mongoloid, but when those miserable failures come moaning to you, you can say, "Yeah I only got a fuckin' C myself. On the other hand, it shows the smart people that you have more than dope smoke and beer farts between your ears, and your parents, well for them it could go either way. If you're a fuck up then a C is evidence of your good intentions, and if you used to be an over achiever you say "Look, ma, college is hard." Besides, sometimes a C paper can easily get a higher grade if you pack it full of stuff you know the teacher likes.

Some teachers will want you just to regurgitate the class material. In this case you just have to render enough of their ideas in the proper revelatory form and you'll do fine. This is easy and boring. Other teachers will want more serious creative work or research on your part, and this is where most people panic. "What can I possibly do?" they think, and indeed that fear is justified, because as I mentioned before, you can't really do much. But this is actually where you come into greatest control; the paper becomes a creative act and you become caught in one of the basic debates of the liberal education. How to grade the creative act. One can comment on certain formal qualities of a work, but beyond that it becomes a matter of taste and opinion. Hand in anything you can defend. The liberal arts will not let you fall to your death.

Next Week: How to be an Intellectual; 1980 Major League predictions. ■

IMPRESSIONS OF A TRANSFER STUDENT

by Jed Schwartz

Having always been somewhat of a wandering person with a personality searching out others of like nature, I was not surprised to find myself at the tender age of 19 years looking for a college that would stimulate my mind beyond the point of disinterested book-learning.

Indiana University, in Bloomington, Indiana, had for nine long months, failed to fit the bill. It was clear to me that if greener

pastures didn't exist, college was to become a forgotten institution in my life.

Somehow, Bard College entered the picture. The college definitely had some innate and initial qualities. After living in Bloomington, Indiana, (just the name of the town seems to imply boredom, doesn't it?) I was interested in coming back to my home state. And having lived practically all of my physical life in Queens, New

York, a two-hour drive (or one hour as I drive the Thruway) was immensely appealing. It seemed, at least geographically, I could have my Apple and eat it too.

In fact, everything about Bard (even the semi-real town of Annandale) favorably impressed me, except for the tuition. It took about a month to properly throw it about, until I eventually acknowledged some of the plainer facts of life. For

most of us, (and by "most of us" I am referring to those of us without Rockefellerian or Gettysian financial connections), life is a game in which we all at some time or another go into hock for certain things that we want. I decided that if I was going to be thrown in jail for failing to pay certain debts (as I am sure I will some day not too far in the future), I would rather suffer my martyrdom for such honor-

next page...

IMPRESSIONS...

able debts as an unpaid mortgage on my dream-house or on a college education, rather than such plastic uglifications as a Camaro Berlinetta or a messy divorce. And so here I am Lord, at Bard College, in Annandale, writing for the Bard Times. I have chosen this space to give you my first impressions of Bard College, chiefly so that I may in a relatively short time look back upon my observations and laugh at what nonsense I have written in the past. Nobler purposes for writing a column, to my knowledge do not exist.

Beneath the quiet greenery of the Bard campus, and aside from the apparent friendly kookiness of the Bard faculty, exists a student body which is generally inebriated with a subdued but electrokinetic tension. The pressure on this campus is neither to achieve academic excellence, nor is it to conform; rather it centers on not conforming. There is a pressure not to conform to society's general idea of what college students look like and how they behave, which in turn creates a conformity to non-conformity. Thus we often see such illogical inconsistencies as beautiful Bard women dressed like coal miners with handsome Bard males attired in top hats and tails, and vice versa. I even recall the conversation of two seniors at dinner in the Commons, who upon seeing a friend of mine (who, strangely enough, dresses neatly), and thinking him a freshman, burst into laughter. One senior said to the other, "yeah, they always come in looking like that, but they graduate looking weird like us."

In a college of only 750 students, it becomes difficult after only several months in Annandale not to be aware of a few intimate details about people with whom one may have very little acquaintance. I'll admit that already I'm as guilty as the next person of having listened to a few of these tawdry stories of sexual debauchery. One cannot avoid them, nor can one avoid going to class and drawing a gentle mental gasp when one of the mentioned characters walks into the classroom. Of course one must take these puerile accounts for what they are; ridiculous figures such as 10 and 11 inches only make this advice more justified. Sexual utopia, like most other utopias, cannot truly exist when human beings are innately imperfect beings, just like any other animal. Adolph's (a.k.a. "down the road", Hitler's, "the meat market", etc.) seems to be the sexual meeting place for Bard College. There seems something terribly

boring however, about seeing the same people every weekend trying to pick up the same people. This scene is made even more boring when one realizes that all of this goes on chiefly on the main level of Adolph's; where the volume of the music is so loud that most people cannot even hear what they themselves are saying (which is fortunate for most of them anyway). And so it goes on every weekend; superficialities reign; conversation becomes unimportant; the intellectualism of Bard quickly gets sloshed just like any other tired pretension. (But don't let me convince you that the sexual scene at Bard is chaotic or unpleasant; it will only further convince you that I haven't gotten my fair share.) Female Bard students seem to have a deserved reputation for enjoyable sexual experimentation. Even if this is only born of the freedom that generally comes with having money, it still seems pretty positive to me. Basically though, I still prefer the Morey in Tivoli to Adolph's, and anyway, I primarily prefer to get married, live on a farm in Northern Vermont with some English Sheepdogs and the maple trees, and write my books.

Have you ever noticed how physically sick the Bard student body generally seems to be? The professor of my chemistry class constantly tries to speak through a great orchestra of hacking coughs and gale-force sneezes. No sooner does one person cease coughing when another bronchial attack strikes a different person. There may be some truth to the scientific conjecture that Bard students are generally ill because they never sleep and they always seem to be high on something. They also don't seem to eat properly. Which brings on, no matter how hard we and everybody else try to evade the subject, to the subject of Saga food.

Saga, in the interest of terminologies, sucks. Dog food is of higher quality. There is something especially degrading about receiving our dinners from a generally unruly bunch of delinquent high school students, who, for whatever possibly justifiable reasons, hate us. The typical five o'clock scene of a crowd of hungry students crushed together behind a steel gate waiting for food which is usually unappetizing (to say the least) could be made into a slick horror movie and sent to Hollywood as avant-garde footage. For some reason, there is seldom enough of everything (except on Parent's Day) and when there is, nobody really wants to eat it. The whole idea of certain set times for meals in a

school of only 750 students is totally absurd. How can dinner be a pleasant experience when lines stretch for miles like depression era breadlines, because dinner is served only after 5 p.m. and only before 6:30 p.m.? And needless to say, the whole administrative rule that resident students must be on the meal plan reeks of opportunistic capitalism.

Rather than let ourselves be classified as either pessimists or optimists, let's be realists. The shoplifting at the bookstore and the book-lifting at the library dispel any utopian fallacies about Bard. But there is no other college that, to my knowledge (or for my knowledge) I would rather attend than Bard. If there wasn't anything slightly incongruous about Bard College, I most probably wouldn't be here. ■

THE CAPITALIST PIGS ARE BACK By Chia Berzow

There is a new nostalgia underway brought to us by the United States government. It's got elements of the old 50's style McCarthyism with some good old 60's Police Brutality thrown in to add an interesting twist to the proceedings. The revival began on January 29th, when members of the Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP) met to protest against the visit of Chinese Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-Ping, a traitor to the Maoist doctrines, in front of the White House. The demonstration began peacefully but quickly turned violent as the demonstrators encountered a wall of police force as they neared the White House. Their permit to march was evoked because they were becoming "an embarrassment" to the U.S. and Chinese governments. About five minutes of conflict resulted in at least thirty-eight injured demonstrators, thirteen police injuries and seventy-eight arrests.

Here is where the crazy new twists begin- the seventy-eight who were arrested were originally charged with misdemeanors and bail was set at \$300 each. This has been the standard procedure for Public Protest arrests. The next day, however, U.S. Attorney Earl Silbert appeared announcing that their bail was to be raised to \$10,000 and specific allegations would be forthcoming that would raise the charges to felonies (assault on a police officer). As the case stands now, there are seventeen defendants left facing 425 felonies, or 25 charges each. These can lead to 241 year jail sentences for all of these defendants. Why is the government doing this? The chairman of the RCP's Central Committee is Bob Avakian and the U.S.-

that-Be want his ass! These issues were made clear when an RCP representative visited the campus, Tuesday, October 16th. Bill is one of the other 16 standing trial besides Bob Avakian. The way he looks at it, the government must feel very threatened by the RCP in order to try such an obvious railroad maneuver to strip away its leadership. Some of the 425 felony counts read so vaguely as to be fairly ridiculous; e.g. Bob Avakian is charged for aiding and abetting an assault on an unidentified member of the police force.

The RCP is a threat because they are indeed a REVOLUTIONARY organization. They believe passionately in the doctrines of Marxist-Leninist and Maoist thought. Right now they are fighting with the propaganda against the rotting Capitalistic seat of Power. In the future the battle will rage more openly. Many people are fed up with the current class society in the U.S. They are becoming increasingly aware of just how limited our "Freedom" is (the case of Bob Avakian is a perfect example.) People are beginning to look underneath the plastic surface of American life and they aren't finding anything interesting or fulfilling for themselves.

Here at Bard, interest in affairs external to our campus life tends to run very low, almost to the point of nonexistence. This meeting with Bill, the RCP representative, had a very limited attendance, after all it occurred during midterms week. Saturday, Oct. 20th, Bob Avakian is speaking in New York. Only ten students from the entire campus agreed to go. We sit back and separate ourselves from the rest of the country, feeling safe within our apathy. So, let's not be too surprised when graduation rolls around and it's time for us to receive our "Rights" as American Citizens and we find that we really don't have any rights at all. Bard Student Body- get off your complacent rear ends and do something! There will be a rally in Washington D.C. on Nov. 19th, the day that the trial proceedings are scheduled to start against the Maoist Defendants (the RCP). This could be the biggest political trial of the decade. Be there! If you liked the 60's you're gonna love the 80's! ■

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SPENCER TACKLES THE ISSUES

by Paul Spencer

Ecology

This country's gone overboard on the whole ecology kick. I'm not thrilled by pollution, but I can learn to live with it when I look around and see the benefits in convenience and luxury that our industries afford me. I believe that Nature, like the Indians, is there for us to conquer, not pamper and placate. Take the issue on whether or not that big dam out west somewhere should be built. The environmentalists are screaming their heads off that it's going to kill these snail-darter fish. I ask you: who gives a damn about those measly snail-darters? As far as I know the damn things aren't even edible! And speaking of Indians, just when we get the environmentalists off our backs, now there's a bunch of redskins moaning that that's their land! Well, I say, uh-uh chief, we won that land fair and square!

Nuclear Power

There's a lot of loud-mouthed kids running around shouting, "No Nukes!" Well I notice those punks seem to clam-up when you ask them how their stereos and guitar amplifiers are going to work without power. I've got one thing to say to those kind of people. If it wasn't for nuclear energy we might not have won old W-W-2 and we'd probably be speaking Japanese right now! So, "so solly Chahly" I'll take my chances until you can come up with something better!

Women Against Pornography

C'mom girls, don't get all flustered. I think you're all awful cute when you're mad but this is going too far! I just can't understand these broads! Look, if all the women turn against pornography, then there won't be any dames in those pictures anymore--just guys! And that's not only weird and depraved, it's a sin!

Bard's General Appearance

Bard's standing, as far as outward appearances go, isn't too high in my book. Just take a look at the campus. The buildings are old and run-down and have weeds growing all over them. Not one of them is over three or four stories high. We haven't got a big tower with bells in it like all the big schools have. Now take a look at the students. Pretty much the same run-down look. None of them take pride in their appearance. They wear shabby clothes and have dirty ratty hair. And that's not all.

When I go home and some of the fellas ask me where I go to school and I say Bard, they're all taken aback. They're expecting to see some limp-wristed creampuff gabbing about the latest fashions! Well, I'm no limp-wristed creampuff! I consider myself to be a man, and I'm sorry to say we seem to be a dying breed on this campus!

Most of the guys at Bard look and act like school-girls. The girls either dress like men or they're the promiscuous types, - down the road with their faces all painted up, looking for yet another bed to hop into. It turns my stomach. It makes me ashamed of my school.

I'd like something to make me proud to go to Bard. I think this whole school needs a little more pride. And I think I have the answer: Football.

We should put our money in the right place, -not waste it on useless things like women's studies programs and special interest clubs. If we could fire a bunch of unnecessary faculty members (preferably from the Art and Drama departments), and make do with classes that are a bit bigger, we could put together a damn good ballclub! No, I mean it! With all that surplus money we could get ourselves a top-ten football team! We could rank up there with the big boys; Michigan, Ohio State, and Georgia Tech. Can you imagine that? Bard against USC!

I don't see why President Botstein doesn't jump on that idea. With a team like that we'd have all kinds of money flowing into this college. We could expand, get more students, knock down those old buildings, and build big, modern ones. And I could be a runningback!

Parents Day

by Tom Simon

"Is this Ludlow? Is this where I can find Peter Amato?" Mom asks the obvious questions while Dad maintains his icy masculine distance; his fiberglass will glistens with polish and silence. He will remain this way throughout his stay at Parent's Day.

"How do you do Miss Vilardi, pleased to meet you."

How do you do Mr. Rosenbalm, Mrs. Rosenbalm, I've so enjoyed working with your son. He is doing a fine job....." (SHhhhhh, don't tell the parents; image, image.)

"Who is this Miss Vilardi? She works here? I mean, what does she do here?"

Mom and Dad found their kid

and are walking down Stone Row road toward the Commons to catch Steve Andors' lecture on China. The nervous professor lectures to the concerned parents. They nod their heads in the right places with their foreheads crinkled. They think;

"Oh yes, this is college, inspiration!"

Blank, crinkle, crinkle.

"Oh yes, China."

(Patience now parents, patience, it's almost noon.)

I am sitting in on the lecture and taking notes. Not about China, but about the crinkles in the parent's foreheads and the concerned expressions on their faces. Danny Karan walks by and can be heard through the open door, "ridiculous, absurd topics....." (SHhhhhh, don't tell the parents. Image, image.)

"Oh yes, the stock market and the China, Soviet, U.S. triangle is a delicate situation." (Hey! Parent re-orientation, Sottery at 1:30. Let's go get it together kids, c'mon!)

"Yes", says Steve, "I have a hard time yelling at people for being immoral."

After the lecture Mom and Dad are ready to eat lunch at Saga with their kid but the line for the hot meal is too long. Mike O'Brien says it's long because "parents are too orderly; they don't know the ins and outs of institutional meal getting." So, instead of the hot Saga meal, they eat fresh whole fruit; the apples are individually wrapped in white rice paper and packed into crates. The oranges are the kind you can peel and eat in sections. They are juicy and delicious. They get a big plate of different kinds of pastry and bring it to the table. Then, to the salad bar where each fixed a large chef salad on a plate with fresh mushrooms and green peppers and tomatoes and bean salad and potato salad and ~~minuteman~~. Then Mom and Dad and their kid go

to the first Paranoid Room where it is relatively quiet and they enjoy their Saga meal with quiet conversation.

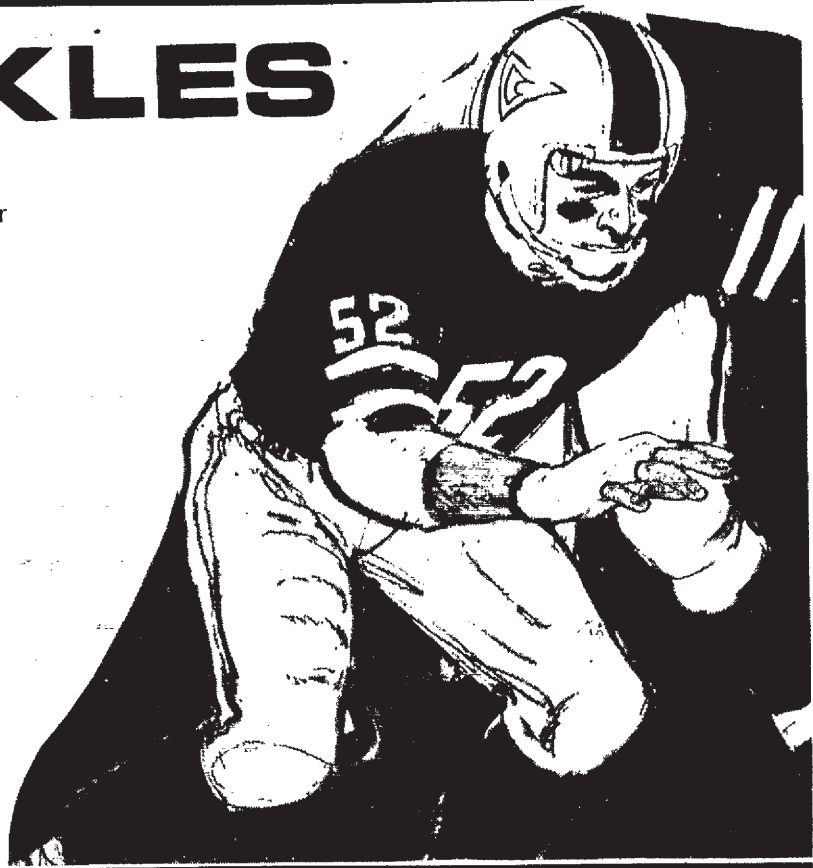
Though Parent's Day did not affect most of us, there is a sense of comradeship among fellow students. Educate the parents is not the common cry as it is when the freshmen come for IDP. It's the image thing that's more prevalent; deliver the parents into the hands of the days activities. Meet Teresa;

walk with Bill Maple, go to Blithewood and see the rose buds in the formal gardens; listen to Leon. Yes, please do listen to Leon. There were close to 200 people at that lecture. Leon arrived late with no notes and delivered the Botstein rap on Liberal Arts, raw, to these parents....Notes:

Young people have lost interest in learning; they come to Bard with mixed expectations and fear about undertaking risks and they are mistrustful. They must take a chance and confront what needs to be done... We must protect the integrity of a private institution... N.Y. State regulations "run counter to high quality education," we are fighting a "political public war." "If we had to write the standards, everyone would flunk, if they write the standards, we don't want to see them." We don't want "sophisticated stupidity." Traditional colleges produce "anti-intellectuals," like pre-meds for instance, where their ambition transcends any open-mindedness to come to terms with the subject matter. "I am a controversial figure as every college president is." Students have "fear and mistrust of the position, the way one mistrusts a sophist." "They think I have power, much more than I really do; I would like the power that the students think I have." (Laughter) "There must be something nefarious about me." (More laughter.)

The good-byes were not

Cont. Next Page, bottom left...



SPORTS...

THE WINNING TRADITION

by PETER GEISSLER

For 22 years Charlie Patrick has managed Bard sports and his final act before leaving Bard on November first, may be to bring another Soccer Championship to Bard. His main responsibilities to the College have been the coaching of inter-collegiate soccer, basketball, and tennis. He also gives tennis lessons to parents of students, does the laundry, and marks the fields without the benefit of an assistant. Charlie has earned a rest.

Charlie was born in Greece in 1923; seven years later his family immigrated to New Paltz, New York settling next to a tennis court. While attending the State University at Cortland, his career in Baseball was cut short due to injuries so Charlie concentrated on tennis, later to become a paid tennis assistant soon after graduation from Cortland and prior to receiving his Masters from Columbia University. Before the age of 30, he became the 150th member of the United States Professional Tennis Association; now an over 3000 member organization.



photo/Peter Geissler

Charlie on the sidelines of the Columbia Green game, October 17.

Charlie was the varsity tennis coach at Hartwick College from 1946 to 1947. Then for six years he owned a restaurant in partnership with his brother on Route 9W called Patrick's. Charlie came to Bard in 1958 with the initial intent of staying only two years and then going on to earn his doctorate in Physical Education. At the time, Charlie says,

"I was the best man they could hire." Among his accomplishments while at Bard was the founding of the intercollegiate tennis, soccer and basketball programs. Though Charlie feels his greatest accomplishments stem from his relationships with athletes who developed into successful doctors, lawyers, and writers.

Charlie sees the Bard student as needing certain qualities not so firmly stressed in other institutions. "The Bard student has to be a certain type of kid, disciplined and a self-starter." While "Bard students haven't changed much over the years," Charlie says, the recurring problems of bad food and too many dogs still annoy, if not at times disgust students in general. A detrimental aspect of the college in his opinion concerns the offering of courses that are not academically solid. "The type of things people used to do in their spare time."

Charlie began teaching when the College enrolled only 250 students and physical education was required of freshman and sophmores. As enrollment expanded it became more difficult for Charlie to attend to the individual student. "I couldn't even keep track of them let alone teach them." Therefore, in 1969, physical education at Bard changed from a requirement to a recreation-- with most of the recreation taking place at Adolph's.

Happy is the man who rejects the world before it rejects him is a suitable epitaph for Charlie Patrick.

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CROSS-COUNTRY BRIEFS

by JOHN STODDART

The Bard Cross-Country Flyers have raced in three meets so far this month. On October 6, they outplaced the runners from Albany College of Pharmacy 26-29, in a close match on our scenic 5.0 mile course. On October 13, the Flyers lost to a strong Vassar team at the 6.0 mile Vassar course. Score: 32-23. On October 15, the Flyers managed a 28-28 tie with Stevens College at the 5.0 mile Stevens course, in spite of going without three of their five top runners. This brings the Flyer's current record to 1-3-1. there will be only one more meet (October 29, home) before the N. A. C. championship at Vassar on November 2.

The second annual Bard-Schuyler run (8.0 miles) will be held on Sunday, November 4. It is open to the Bard community. ■

PARENTS DAY CONTINUED...

hard. It was a tiring day for Mom and Dad what with Bill's walk, Steve's class and Leon's discussion; they were anxious to get back to familiar territory. Their kid was feeling disengaged from the rest of Bard and was anxious to get some work done so that later he might have the time to go down the road. ■

JIM RODEWALD: GOALSTOPPER

by John Stoddart

Credit needs to be given to a special performer at Bard. He is the goalie of the soccer team, Jim Rodewald. Last year Jim led the Bardons to the N.A.C. championship. It is likely that they will win the title again, thanks to the strong defense. So far this season, Jim has allowed only twelve goals in eight games to help the Bardons achieve their 6-1-1 record.

Jim's success is due in part to his daring and aggressive style. He challenges the opponents by hustling after any loose ball in the goal area. In this way, he often gains control before the shot is made. Jim is relentless at stopping shots. He holds the ball with a tenacious grip, and guards it with authority.



there he is

Jim's skill as a goalie is further indicated by his ability to read plays and "play the angle". Playing the angle is learning to position yourself relative to the goal posts and the ball. It can be extremely difficult for a beginning goaltender because one can not always check the posts in back of him while the ball is moving out in front. But "playing the angle" is second nature to Jim. He makes it look easy.

Jim's work does not end at stopping the shots. He sets up plays by throwing to an open man, or by booting the ball far downfield. He frequently talks to his defense during the games. Communication is essential in coordinating a team effort.

Jim Rodewald is the key. His guidance, spirit and enthusiasm boost the Bardons in every game. A commendable job, Jim. Keep it up, keep it up. ■

SOCCER BOX SCORES

SEPT. 20--	BARD--10	SOUTHERN VERMONT--0
SEPT. 24--	BARD--2	COLUMBIA GREEN--1
SEPT. 26--	BARD--3	BERKSHIRE CHRISTIAN--5
OCT. 1--*	BARD--8	SIMON'S ROCK--0
OCT. 6--*	BARD--6	ALBANY COLLEGE OF PHARMACY--4
OCT. 13--*	BARD--2	SKIDMORE--2
OCT. 15--	BARD--5	STEVENS--0
OCT. 17--*	BARD--2	COLUMBIA GREEN--0

*-- INDICATES HOME GAME

Charlie Patrick continued...

"You lose that hustle," by remaining in a place too long. "I feel I have done as much as I can do here."

By no means will Charlie be inactive in the future. He will continue the tennis teaching position he has held for the past 16 summers at the Saratoga Golf and Polo Club, and now during the summer months he will have a comfortable position as a tennis teaching pro in Miami, Florida at the Indian Creek Country Club. A job set up through his connections with the Saratoga racing establishment.

Charlie stresses, "I have never been a loser in my life." This recalls the event when the newly installed Athletic Director was challenged to a tennis match by Bard's President at the time, Jim Case. Standing on the clay courts, now the site of Kline Commons, Charlie contemplated whether or not to defeat his superior. Charlie figured, "...what the heck, ...so I beat him, I beat the hell out of him." ■

Mr. Mike's MONDO VIDEO

A Film Review by Bill Abelson

Michael O'Donoghue is a pretty funny guy. He wrote for "Saturday Night Live" during its best years, and for the National Lampoon in the early seventies. Here, he can express his philosophy and humor better than I: "If I was immortal, then it would be unethical for me to make fun of these pathetic human beings who have coronaries and pitch forward and piss blood on the rug. But as it happens I'm part of them and it's gonna happen to me also, so I really don't care."

Mr. Mike's Mondo Video has a reputation for being, as it brags, "SHOCKING AND REPUGNANT BEYOND BELIEF", not to mention "bizzare" and "pointlessly perverse". All of that is fine with me. Anything truly bizarre or extreme amuses me, and I am helpless to grasp the concept of "taste" except when emotional or physical hurt enters the picture. For instance, I dig Mel Brooks' stuff, except when people get kicked in the balls, and Monty Python films except when limbs get cut off. So I was prepared to thoroughly enjoy Mondo except for wincing and cringing when things got too ghastly.

Unfortunately, I don't find Mondo Video very repugnant, and I also don't find it very funny either. Many of the sequences are not terribly inspired, and most of them suffer from slow pacing. Though it is impossible to tell what is coming next, much of the film is boring. It seems over long, although its running time is only 70 minutes.

The film's style is pretty scattershot. It was originally made for T.V., but ultimately the head N.B.C. censor vowed that its showing would take place "over my dead body." All the commercial lead-ins and lead-outs were left in, so, several times we have to watch Mike say, "You'll see.. when we return to the incredible world of Mondo Video," as well as a hand-held frame reading "COMMERCIAL INSERT #1," subsequently followed by #s 2,3,4,5,6, and 7. Pieces range from skits performed by O'Donoghue's Company, to newsreel footage, to street interviews, to video pieces, to animation.

The most entertaining segments of the film are those featuring Sid Vicious singing an orchestrated "My Way" and Root Boy Slim and the Sex Change Band performing "Boogie 'Til You Puke". Sid, I was surprised to hear, could actually sing pretty well (Rottenesque intonation all the way), and his performance, alone on a ballroom stage was quite exciting. It ends with him "shooting up" the appropriately attired audience and flashing the

finger a few times while stomping up the silver steps t'heaven. "Puke" is exciting rock-boogie with some lyrics about sniffin' glue. For a brief thrilling moment I thought the Sex Change's guitarist was Peter Frampton but it's just a look-alike. After the number, the camera pulls away to pan through a convention of inflatable dolls— one of the few shots I actually laughed at.

For purposes of illustration of the American War Machine; and amusement, I'll mention the sequences that amused me most.

- A series of quickie shots of Saturday Night Live women and starlets who reveal disgusting "men's" habits that turn them on. - "I dig guys who miss the toilet", a sultry Deborah Harry purrs. "When a man blows his nose in his hands and then wipes it on his pants, I just can't say no", reveals another.

- A scene in a Parisian Cafe that caters to tourists who enjoy being treated like dirt. A deadpan waiter treats the foreigners as condescendingly as they deserve while casually running through the menu, which includes raised hog nostrils and the house delicacy of gerbil feed upon which "our chef actually takes a whizz as a topper". Through it all, the Americans know that they are the most perfect idiots on earth, and couldn't be happier about it or more polite.

- Pat Nixon's attendance at a topless African dance, in which a native shakes a bit of ass in her face was worth while, particularly to view Pat's pasted smile interlock with an expression of primordial dread.

- I also enjoyed a brief shot of two Japanese girls taking a bath in dolphin blood.

Inspiration is missing from Mondo. The opening segment shows us a swimming school for cats through which I finally learned that cats can indeed swim. Beyond that, though, it's pointless— my strongest reaction was an initial fear that the cats would drown. The bit continues with slo-mo shots of cats falling, swimming, etc., to classical music. This is faintly pretty, but awfully slow, and the scene goes on too long. I also had a "so what?" reaction to a scene in which Australian women ceremonially leap over a fire pit in their lingerie. The worst bit was newsreel footage of a whale getting harpooned to a dumb, high-pitched "OOO! OWW!" voiceover.

There is some pointed anti-State commentary in the film, and while it's nothing new, I'm glad to see that Mr. Mike feels this way and is spreading the same to a mass audience; in the case of this

film, the audience is a mindless youth crowd, the bulk of whose political philosophy is probably "Ø-let's-party, America-it's what-we've-got-let's-party" or "everything's fucked-let's-party". Yes I am prejudiced. As far as I can see— The Kids Are Fucked. Anyway, these sentiments surface in the Mondo Video crew's repeated attempts to smuggle out a top-secret film that will "expose the threat of the American War Machine"; a dream sequence in which gunmen in Mao masks invade a suburban home, slap daddy's Times business section to the floor, blow away the household appliances, and burn down the house, (while the kids check out Hustler in the bathroom). In the final scene U.S. Planes drop CARE packages onto an island of desperate natives. The awaited parcels contain not food or supplies, but discarded American fads to pre-occupy the savages. Hula hoops, Howdy Doodie Dolls, Blue Cheer Albums— the spectacle is tawdry indeed. As O'Donoghue comments, "These pathetic creatures have forgotten the ways of nature. They no longer sacrifice to the Old God"— rather they genuflect while chanting the Mondo Video theme song. As the final credits scoot across the screen, a couple of kids attending the screening at the West 8th Street Playhouse declaimed, "That Sucked!" "Piece of shit!" Though I hold affection for Mike O'Donoghue and his vision, I'm afraid I agree with their general sentiments about Mondo Video. The murky, settled fluid at the bottom of my popcorn box—an inch of greyish-grease once passed off as butter, was as bizarre gross, and intriguing as most of Mondo Video. ■

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"ON THE SPOT" w/the BOLLING DRONES

Interviewer- Mark Ebner

Interviewees- Stick Waggoner, Reefer Richardson, Fryin Bones, Binaca Waggoner, and Dairy-Ann Wasteful (Not present- Will Byman, Charlie Squats, and Vibra Weinstein)

M.E.- You're the Bolling Drones?

Stick- Yeah, that's what they call us. Why?

M.E.- What are you doing in Red Hook at the Halfway Diner?

Stick- Well it's kind of like this...

Fryin- Orange Juice! Orange Juice!

Reefe- It's been a long night and we came to get some dinner before we turned in for the afternoon.

Stick- We came up here just for a breath of fresh air. You know, like a drive in the country...a jaunt.

M.E.- What was it that brought you upstate?

Stick- Well, actually we came up to see this group called the MADES.

M.E.- The MADES?

Stick- Yes, M-A-D-E-S- the MADES! They'll be playing at Bard College, so we will come and see them, you know?

M.E.- Have you ever been to Bard before?

Reefe- I was up there last year sometime that-that the president, um, Leon was giving a party, and it was there that I met him and his wife, Jill.

We've been keeping in touch a bit. It's nice to come upstate and have a place in-in, here in Red Hook, to stay at, you know.

M.E.- Hey, isn't Fryin Bones dead?

Fryin- I'm not dead!

Reefe- He's just been out for a swim for a few years.

Fryin- I use ten's on my high E's, I use Thirteens on my B string, I use fifteens on my D string...

Stick- Fryin. Fryin! Settle down!

Fryin- I use...

M.E.- Stick, how are things going with you and Binaca these days?

Stick- It's kind of hard to explain, you know? It's like...

Binaca- Shu'up Stick!

Stick- It's like, you know the controversial relationship. Like committed. We're members of, you know...

and like, well, you know, she's been hanging out with Ron Balston... So, like I'm a little jealous, you know...

so I just try and get as many girls as I can.

Binaca- Well, you know, Stick is playing around, like all the time.

M.E.- Reefer, could you tell me about your recent blood change operations?

Reefe- Oh. Well, you know,



REEFER, VIBRA, BINACA, DAIRY-ANN, AND STICK

it's very interesting... It's not as much fun as shooting up, but it's... you get pretty high off it. You get all that new blood, you know, and you get a

a whole lot of fresh new adrenalin. It takes a while, you know. I was in the hospital for a few weeks and they just keep pumping the stuff in as they keep taking it out the other end. You know, they start with your neck, and they take it out of your feet.

Stick- You see, the one thing that he didn't know was that the last blood change that he had was the blood of some cows out on a farm. So he's been feeling a little aggressive lately.

(A redhead comes to the table with some rolling papers)

Reefe- Oh, love, thanks for the papers.

Stick- Thanks for the papers baby. (Whispers to her- "Could you run out and get us like a half an ounce of coke, maybe?")

(The redhead giggles and exits.)

M.E.- I see you have a new addition to your band. Are you the Dronettes that we have heard so little about? Dairy-Ann- What do you mean "that we've heard so little about"?

Binaca- We've been playing with the boys here for years.

Dairy-Ann- We just keep a low profile. That's all. We're not interested in fame...we're just interested in the art, you know?

Binaca- We care about the music, you know? It's just like we really care.

Stick- So, we found them, like, in the middle of the road- milking pumpnickels

Reefe- Stick, (cough, cough), give me a sip of that Perrier. (Stick gives Reefer a sip).

Stick- ...So like we just came by, and they were milking these pumpnickels

you know, so, we just decided that they'd rather be milked by us. They wouldn't have to do the milking, you know. So, we just started milking them...

Binaca- You're sick, Stick. Dairy-Ann- We sing beautifully.

M.E.- Have you been performing together recently?

Stick- Not really a lot. We played a Y.M.C.A in Buffalo.

M.E.- I have to ask this. Have you considered playing at Bard?

Stick- No. Reefer- No.

Fryin- At Bard???

M.E.- Up at Bard, we have a slot open at our Annual Halloween Party, if you'd be interested in playing...

Stick- Well, Halloween night, we've got to play at a cattle meeting in Kansas.

Fryin- I thought it was a coffee conference in Argentina.

M.E.- Well, will you, or will you not play?

Stick- Alright, we'll play on Saturday, November the third, at midnight. We'll play for an hour or so.

Dairy-Ann- I think we should play at Ferncliff- the old folks home.

Stick- Yeah, but if we play at Bard, we could definitely get a gig at Simon's Rock. It's like an affiliate sort of place, and I like the sound of it, you know? Simon's Rock.

Reefe- It's kind of holy sounding.

M.E.- I don't know whether or not you've heard this, but I'm from the Bard Times, which is...

Reefe- Oh, really?

M.E.- ...Bard College's newspaper...

Reefe- Oh, you don't say?

Stick- Fantastic! How's it going?

M.E.- It's going really well Stick...

Stick- Do you know Annie Leibovitz? She's a photo person for the Rolling Stone.

M.E.- You know her?

Stick- Yeah.

M.E.- Thanks, Stick. O.K., Fryin, will you be alive and well enough to perform with the Drones at Bard on the 3rd?

Fryin- Well, it all depends if they come through with the gorilla adrenaline they've been asphyxiating me with. I think it's mighty good stuff. It gets my leads into the sort of right state of mind. I really dig it.

Reefe- Fryin's been playing a little bit recently and he's really sounding hot after the vacation he took for a few years.

M.E.- Speaking of vacations Reefer, what are you doing in the States now?

Reefe- Like I say, I've been up here. Like I've been staying with Jill in Red Hook...and the kids, you know... and we've been playing around, and, it looks like it might be kind of fun playing at Bard.

M.E.- Have you been up to Toronto lately?

Reefe- Whoever said I was going to Toronto?

Stick- I think you were going with Target Rudeaux, weren't you?

Reefe- Oh. I don't want to talk about that whole scene. You know like, I'm not going back there for a long time. I mean even though the government says it's alright, and I've repented for my sins and all that bullshit, I just don't want to go back up there because it's too much of a black page in my life.

Stick- Even though he got to go to a drug rehabilitation program up there every Tuesday night.

M.E.- Well Drones and Dronettes...

Stick- Well, it's been really nice talking to you, but you know, like, we've got to be on our way. We're going to take a tour of Saugerties.

M.E.- You should go up to Olana. It's really beautiful up there.

Stick- Maybe we'll check it out, but what we're really interested in is the industrial strength of Saugerties.

Reefe- We'll take care of the tab, Mark. It's all right.

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by Kathleen D'Stefano

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Nov. 6-8 (Tues.-Thurs.)
Nov. 9-11 (Fri.-Sun.)
Nov. 13-15 (Tues. Thurs.)
Nov. 16-18 (Fri.-Sun.)
Nov. 17 (Sat.)

Nov. 20&21 (Tues.&Wed.)
Nov. 20 (Tues.)

Nov. 22 (Thurs.)
Nov. 23-25 (Fri.-Sun.)
Nov. 26 (Mon.)

Nov. 27&28 (Tues.&Wed.)

Nov. 29-Dec. 2 (Thurs.-Sun.)

Lyceum Theatre, Redhook
758-3311. All seats are \$150
(and the popcorn is great!)

till Oct. 25
Oct. 26 (tentatively)

Showtimes:
Tues. Sun. 7:30pm
Fri. and Sat. 7:30 and
9:30 unless otherwise
noted.

Gaslight
Byes Without a Face
The Crazies
Hamlet
Murder at the Gallop
The Emigrants
September 30, 1955
An evening with film
critic Ms. Janet Maslen at
8pm only
Running Fence
Art Historian, Prof. Tom Wolf
presents, Running Fence
Closed for Thanksgiving
Five Easy Pieces
The Woodstock Chamber
Players at 8pm
The Courage of The People
Dr. John Gerassi
Children of Paradise 7:30pm only

North Dallas Forty
Amityville Horror

music

JOYOUS LAKE, Woodstock: They are in the midst of reorganizing their weekly events. Tues., Fri., and Sat. are disco. Wednesday nights will soon be Free Concert night and Thursdays will be set aside for local bands. The following list is not complete and for more information call the Lake at 679-9300.

Oct. 25
Oct. 31

Nov. 18

One Night Stand
James Cotton Blues Band
and a Halloween party. \$6.00
Maria Muldaur \$5.00

For admission to the discos there is usually a \$2.00 charge. Showtime is 11:00pm, the doors open at 9:30pm.

MID HUDSON CIVIC CENTER, Poughkeepsie.

Oct. 27
Nov. 13

Beverly Sills
Jefferson Starship \$8:50

food, review

CAFE EPICUREAN is in Rhinebeck located on W. Market St. (just down the block from the Health Food Store). A great place for lunch if you like big delicious sandwiches (e.g. turkey, tomatoe, alfalfa sprout, cheese, hard boiled egg on pita bread). They also serve home-made soups and great coffee which includes capucino and expresso. Hours are 10am-3:30pm Monday through Saturday and will go till 4:00 on Saturdays. Wonderful atmosphere complete with sunshine and green plants. Reasonable prices. 876-2442.



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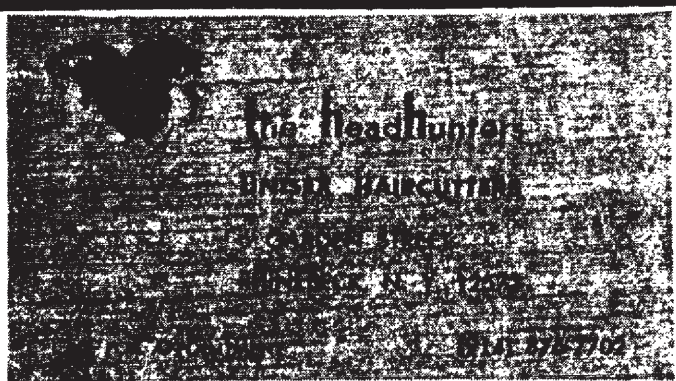
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