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BARD TIMES

Vol. 20 No. 8 November 15, 1979

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BARD TIMES

Vol. 20 No. 8

The Official Newspaper of the Bard College Community

November 15, 1979



Dr. Elliott Skinner

SKINNER on "The Fall of Andrew Young"

It is a pity that Mr. Randall Batterman distorted my lecture on the "Fall of Andrew Young," and took the opportunity to give his own version of that tragic affair.

Those persons who heard me could judge for themselves the difference between what I hoped was a scholarly discussion of the event, and the vitriolic diatribe of your reporter. My first reaction was to ignore this sophomoric rhetoric, but courtesy to your readers prompted me to request this "right to reply." Rather than tilt with Mr. Batterman I shall list the main points of my discourse for the benefit of those who did not hear it:

1- U.S. Foreign policy has always been made by a small elite. Since blacks have been excluded from that group they have not been able to influence foreign policy (cf. Kissinger's complaint that McGeorge Bundy had always treated him with that mixture of politeness

and distance that the Boston aristocracy has always reserved for exotic peoples).

2- Although black leaders recognized that U.S. Ambassadors to the U.N. such as Adlai Stevenson, Arthur Goldberg and Daniel Moynihan all ran afoul of the Department of State, they applauded President Carter's appointment of Andy Young to that position. They hoped that the Ambassador could improve U.S. relations with Africa (their major foreign policy concern) and the Third World.

3- It was ironic, but dialectically intriguing, that Ambassador Young fell over the Middle Eastern question—an issue which was of professional interest to him and of marginal interest to many blacks, but of great interest to many of our Jewish citizens. When the Ambassador was forced to resign many blacks felt that he was being made a scapegoat by an administration

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RACISM, SEXISM and ALIENATION in the LIBERAL ARTS

by Jonathan Feldman

Contradictions are problems that reveal the foundations on which a society is based. In defining contradictions, we may accept two definitions: (one) the ideology or world view of the ruling class and status quo, (two) the ideology that gets to the root of problems and challenges the definition of the status quo and shows how contradictions and their interpretation by people will shake the foundations of society. In this article I have chosen to define contradictions in the second way. I do not deny the possibility of defining contradictions in ways other than the two described above. Yet, in choosing any but the second definition (in its widest possible meaning) one is likely to leave contradictions in place or accept opinions that objectively serve the status quo (whose very power tends to be based on the existence of contradictions). I will now discuss two contradictions, racism and sexism. The way in which we define them will affect the way in which we will respond to them as political actors, citizens, students, faculty, administration and graduates.

We are a nation founded on the genocide of American Indians. We are a nation whose economic system fosters racism. We are a nation in which the concentration of economic wealth has created a divided society, an exploited working class and an exploiting class. The liberal arts college treats these problems as ideas. Liberal learning is based on abstractions. The society threatened with racism, nuclear genocide and economic exploitation is viewed through the abstraction of academic departments:

politics, history, economics, sociology, science, etc. Do these departments through curriculum and faculty fully respond to society's contradictions?

At Bard, the student population is based on divisions. Economically deprived students, women students, black students and gay students in various ways have unequal opportunities in society as a whole and at Bard as well. While it can be argued that we are regarded as equals by the administration, all of us have different histories before we come here. We also have different economic relationships with Ludlow. When the tuition is raised it affects different Bard students in different ways. For example, the recent tuition hike affected HEOP enrollees in a different way than other students because a large portion of HEOP enrollee tuition funding is dependent on the state. For students whose tuition comes from parents, tuition hikes represent a phenomena whose influence depends on familial income. Therefore, if state policies with regard to HEOP change, some Bard students will be effected more severely than others. In other words, the notion that students at Bard have an "equal opportunity" may be more myth than fact.

Our different personal histories affect the needs we have as students in curriculum and educational policy. Students who belong to groups that are disadvantaged have a need to develop consciousness of their exploitation, its causes, relationships with the larger

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caught trying to change its Middle East policy. Apparently the Israelis and some American Jewish leaders also felt this way. They, therefore, did not ask that Young should resign, but attacked his meeting with the P.L.O., and by inference, U.S. policy. Then when the *New York Post*, which Blacks erroneously believed was the mouthpiece for a segment of the New York Jewish establishment, carried a banner headline stating: "Fire Him!" the issue was joined. The growing breach between the Jews and Blacks caused, in part, by the Bakke and Weber cases widened.

It was unfortunate that black leaders catapulted a domestic issue into the foreign policy arena, and that Reverend Jackson of PUSH and Reverend Lowery of SCLC decided to go to the Middle East. They were allegedly attempting to defend Andrew Young, and to help the U.S. shift its Middle East policy-- a policy which they felt was still supported by many American Jews, but no longer in American national interest. Strung by what they considered to be

that old bromide of "International Jewry" the Jewish leaders naturally protested.

The Israelis complained that the black preachers were out of their depth, and did not understand foreign policy. The black foreign policy experts agree but find it instructive that the result of this unfortunate affair is that they might now have an easier time joining the foreign policy establishment.

4- Israel is in a rather difficult position. She has a debilitating war time economy; galloping inflation; a growing exodus of her people (there might soon be as many Israelis in New York City as in Tel Aviv); and a world which is growing more sympathetic to the Palestinians. These factors all demand a radical change in her foreign policy (note the implication of Foreign Minister Dayan's recent resignation).

5- The U.S. will shift its Middle East policy as a function of its changing position in the evolving global political economy. Arab oil is only one factor as the U.S. tries to accommodate the demand for a New International Economic Order. There is a need for a national consensus over the Middle East and one in which the blacks participate. But once that consensus has been achieved, then the foreign policy experts should be permitted to do their job. One can be sure that foreign states would take advantage of any internal divisions in the U.S., and to the detriment of all its citizens.

It is really sad that Mr. Batterman did not report these main points of my talk. He is concerned about bigotry, and so are we all. The U.S. rejected the Third World's assertion that "Zionism is racism." We must also reject the notion that criticism of Israel's policy or that of Nigeria is bigotry. No, Mr. Batterman the Tiger of bigotry is probably only burning bright in your mind. Do not be like the little boy who cried: "Wolf."

Sincerely,
Elliott P. Skinner
Visiting Professor

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.

BATTERMAN'S Tragic Affair

In response to the letter to the editor from Doctor Elliot Skinner, visiting professor of Anthropology at Bard: The letter purports to be a reply to this reporter's article, which appeared in the October 25th issue of the *Bard Times*. Unhappily, it raises more questions than it answers!

The article, entitled "Tiger at the Gates" was a faithful and indeed scrupulous account of a lecture hosted by Dr. Skinner one October evening at Kline Commons. The lecture was accurate with regard to the facts, and conservative with regard to the malignant impact of the performance.

I had hoped that Dr. Skinner, as an honorable, intelligent man, would carefully re-examine his position and realize its explosive potential.

I was confident that Dr. Skinner, who had, conceivably, suffered from bigotry, would surely grasp the extremely thin membrane separating self righteous intellectual anti-semitism from its more popular brutal manifestation.

I had naively expected a "meo maxima culpa" and a sincere apology, which was to be followed by my relieved acceptance and a grateful handshake. I was wrong.

In his reply, Dr. Skinner has chosen not to defend, recant nor even comment upon the events other than to characterize the reporting of them as "sophomoric, distorted and vitriolic," adjectives which contrast vividly with those he reserves for himself: "courteous and scholarly." He shrugs off my angered reaction as

"crying wolf" and proclaims he will not tilt with me.

I hastily concede that my prose is at the very best sophomoric but am obliged to add that Dr. Skinner's self-styled "scholarly discussion" was sadly not the one he indicates he delivered in his letter. My transcription of the evening, my memory, and the corroboration of other participants is both firm and correct. My only error in reporting was to omit the one of Dr. Skinner's comments which I felt was so outrageously slanderous that it was best left untold. Considering the statement in point three of his letter that the Middle Eastern question was of marginal interest to many blacks, I feel compelled to repeat it now. At the scholarly discussion in question, Dr. Skinner said the Holocaust was also of marginal interest because in contrast with Mussolini whose legions decimated Black Ethiopians, the Blacks were "indifferent" to Hitler's slaughter of White Jews.

As to the five point precise submitted by Dr. Skinner in his letter which he describes as the main point of his discourse, lack of space and time prevents the thorough and thoughtful response they deserve. Failing the emergence of a more competent protagonist, I will cheerfully do so in a later issue. In any event this is not the precise of the discussion we heard.

What I witnessed was not merely a "tragic affair." It was the gospel of the second crucifixion of a twentieth century messiah, Andrew Young, who was nailed by that same old bunch of villains, the Jews.

TO THE EDITORS:

I heard Dr. Elliot Skinner's talk on "The Fall of Andrew Young" on Thursday night, October 4th, from its beginning through the end of the question period, but what I heard was not the talk reported by Randall Batterman in the last issue of the *Bard Times*. I think that it is absolutely essential that the community be given access to the talk that I heard, for the sake of fairness to Dr. Skinner, and for the sake of informing those who have to rely on a newspaper account of an event they were not able to attend in person.

Dr. Skinner made two main points about Andy Young's departure from the U.N. Both were concerned with the nature of the diplomatic service, and neither was remotely related to any issue of anti-Semitism. The first was the point that American foreign policy is made by an Elite, from which blacks have historically been to-

tally excluded and thus denied any experience of its psychology, its procedures and techniques. The second point was that the foreign policy establishment of a modern nation-state has to serve the interests of the nation as a whole, the national interest, not the various interests of the separate groups that comprise the nation.

These two factors, Dr. Skinner was saying, led to Andy Young's so-called "Fall." He did not blame undue Jewish pressure or influence, either in the United States or from Israel, for Young's departure. Indeed, he took some time to describe the sequence of events between Young's meeting with PLO representatives and the final firing, in order to demonstrate that, given the context of the diplomatic service and the way events took place with that framework, Israel was bound to protest, and President

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TO THE EDITORS: Continued

Carter obliged to respond by firing Young.

I heard nothing in the talk in support of the notion that a Jewish-controlled press in America worked to force Young out. On the contrary, Dr. Skinner asked the audience whether it knew who was in charge of the New York Post, and, when no one knew, answered his own question to the effect that Dorothy Schiff had sold the paper several years ago to an Australian (Gentile). This whole question-and-answer was surely designed to demonstrate that very few people know who does own and operate the American press, and that the idea that the press is Jewish-controlled is based on inaccurate information and is not in fact true.

On the disagreement among blacks themselves over Jesse Jackson's meetings with PLO leaders, I did not hear the "warm embraces" or the "cynical economic arguments" that Mr. Batterman did. I did think that Dr. Skinner had an interesting and orig-

inal comment to make-- namely that an approach to the Palestinians is one of the first opportunities blacks have had to participate in American Foreign policy-making, and that Jackson may be using a chance to make the black voice heard.

Here again, the comment was as far removed as possible from issues of Black vs. Jew or anti-Semitism in the black community, in terms of which the Andrew Young firing has unfortunately been much talked about. These issues were in the air around us at Dr. Skinner's talk, but I did not hear them in the talk itself, either stated directly or implied. If anything, Dr. Skinner managed to cool down an overheated subject, and to emerge, like the professional diplomat he is, having treated with respect all of the participants in the affair-- Mr. Young, the U.N., the nation-states involved, and the diplomatic service which he obviously understands and serves.

Ruth Oja

On Spencer's Issues

Dear Sirs;

I'm writing in response to your Oct. 25 article, "Spencer Tackles the Issues." I know it's not really proper for a lady to discuss such things openly, but I feel that in this case I must express myself. I, too, am sick to death of the shameless and sloppy attitude of the students at Bard.

I don't know where the girls here were brought up, but I know my mother would never approve of me running around without, well, proper lingerie underneath my clothes. And the young men! They're certainly not husband material, I can tell you that. What's a girl to do? Unfortunately, it seems the girls here would rather compromise their virtue than do without a boyfriend. Just remember, girls: a man won't buy a cow when he's getting the milk for nothing!

All I can say is, I was glad to see that there's at least one real man on campus. I know I may be out of line to say this, but Mr. Spencer, if I weren't engaged to be married I would certainly be wearing a little extra perfume around you! Of course, I'm not saying that my man is not just as much a man as you are, despite what people may think from outward appearances.

Anyway, I just wanted to say that I for one am glad someone has finally spoken out for morality and the all-American high ideals of yesteryear, "when men were men and women were glad of it." Forget these Bard pansies. Give me a clear-minded, tough-as-nails Cleveland athlete the likes of Paul Spencer any day!

Very truly yours,
Miss Gwen Ellen McKenna


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Bard Freshman Quiz

To be successful at Bard, a student must be aware of certain facts. The following is a test for the freshmen and a review for the rest of us on such topics as music, drugs, graffiti and herb teas.

Choose the *best* answer for each:

- What is a Wanker?
 - Slang for kleenex
 - Instrument used in circumcisions.
 - Leon.
- What is a SAGA meal best used for?
 - Munchies
 - Recreational projectiles
 - Unclogging the drain.
 - Clogging the drain.
- What is morning thunder?
 - A tea, drunk as a stimulant or to induce vomiting.
 - Sex at dawn.
 - The feeling in your head and stomach after tequila night at Adolph's.
- What do these three men have in common: Bob Dylan, Chevy Chase and Art Carlson?
 - Rugged good looks.
 - Beautiful singing voices.
 - Notoriety.
 - All of the above.
- What is the most appropriate attire for a Bard soiree?
 - Blue jeans (fly open).
 - A toga.
 - Saran wrap.
 - Any old thing, just so you don't care what happens to it.
- What is down the Road?
 - Untamed wilderness.
 - The beach.
 - More of the same.
- Why is Bard known as *the little red whorehouse on the Hudson*?
 - Because it's little.
 - Because it's red.
 - Because it's on the Hudson.

Cut out and send with answers to Bard Times, box 85.

not insane presents:

I am not a history student. Do you know why? The reason is simple: Analytical papers do not bother me, but the typing requirement drives me up the wall. I do not like to type and in most cases refuse to do so. I think that the purpose of an education is to learn subjects and not secretarial skills. I know many people, even lit students, who say they imagine their teacher's faces while punching away at those keys.

There are arguments both for and against typing. The person who can type a hundred words per minute or the student who finds it easier to compose his thoughts on a typewriter is not going to handwrite his papers. Some people find typing preferable to their own writing and some type for personal gain. Fine, but the rest, consisting of a large number of people who use the two finger method, are forced to waste endless hours slaving away at a counter-productive activity which has nothing to do with the learning experience. The professor states he cannot read the handwriting of some of his students. I do sympathize, but any pupil who is not willing either to type or print legibly deserves what he gets. Typing a paper, in some cases, is adding insult to injury. One spends many

hours in research and composition; after performing such duties, augmenting the aggravation by adding a menial chore is a slap in the face. In extreme cases, such as mine in high school, the typing requirement instills a dread which causes the person to procrastinate until the deadline forces him to act.

The non-typist is discriminated against. It takes up time that could be used for something intelligent. One can pay to have his paper typed, but this costs money that some of us can ill afford. A friend suggested we handwrite our papers and pay the typing fee to the professor. Somehow, I don't think that would work in this school. Besides, why should we pay for the privilege of someone reading our papers?

My suggestion is simple: there are some sincerely wonderful people, including Burt Brody, who never learned how to write legibly; for them, there are typewriters. Professors have the right to receive material from their pupils which is readable and students would have the right to decide how they want to package their assignments. The compromise is to give the student a choice to either type or print his papers neatly. If this system ever comes into practice at this school, I might even take a history course. Type it yourself next time you're lazy ass.

-the Editors

RACISM, SEXISM and ALIENATION in the LIBERAL ARTS Continued from page one.

political economy, and why they are different because of discrimination. The present faculty and administration may or may not feel that they should respond to these needs. Ultimately, their response will reflect student consciousness and articulation of student needs, as well as student power in influencing educational policy.

Bard should develop courses that respond to society's contradictions and needs of groups who are victims of sexual and racial discrimination. The curriculum should offer a critique of society as it discriminates and should offer the widest range of analytical tools to explain and challenge discrimination. Bard must move toward solving society's contradictions as they appear within the college before it can look with a view towards changing society as a whole through curriculum (or the Bard Center for that matter). The contradiction of racism and sexism is found in the number of black faculty and tenured women faculty. For the most part, the administration is not responsible for the origins of these developments. The discrimination against blacks and women by graduate schools, the fact that women and blacks have had unequal economic opportunities and the limited financial rewards all may explain why there is a shortage of blacks and tenured women faculty at Bard. The administration has argued that there is a serious shortage of blacks with PHD's and thus a shortage of qualified teachers. Since the supply of such faculty is low and the demand high, the possibility for Bard (given its geographical and perhaps its economic position) to attract women and blacks is diminished.¹ However, there are many problems with the administration's position. First, a PHD does not necessarily make a faculty member a good teacher nor does the PHD guarantee the faculty members worth in helping students produce high quality senior projects. Graduate work can help someone to be a good faculty member but the criteria ultimately can be used to explain away (rather than justify) the number of black faculty at a given college. Second, the need for black faculty is a radical need. The need is as severe and important as any other conceivable program or problem that the college faces. Yet, the administration and college as a whole have not responded to the need as if it were radical. The problem, unlike tuition hikes, is not on the

Board of Trustees' agenda. The problem is not one of intentions but the values employed in judging the seriousness of the need. The need to raise consciousness is not met with funds from the John Bard lecture series, nor is there an independent targeted response to the need. What was more important to develop: a Bard Center removed from student control and needs or a targeted response-- on the same scale as the Bard Center-- to the problems of raising consciousness through curriculum?

We can only learn the true contradiction of racism if racism is taught to us by black faculty.² Bard should have faculty and courses that respond fully to both student's and society's contradictions. Colleges must create the consciousness which responds to the needs of students. Can we really argue that philosophy courses that discuss Greek philosophy or Nietzsche's views on Romanticism respond to the needs of economically disadvantaged students, women, blacks or people devoted to radical change? I am not talking about apples and pears and there are certainly women interested in Nietzsche's views. However, the needs of most women are better met by curriculum designed to confront sexism, and the development of such curriculum may require resources that sacrifice other courses, faculty and possibly departments.

Bard has attempted to attract black faculty and develop a women's studies program, yet both attempts

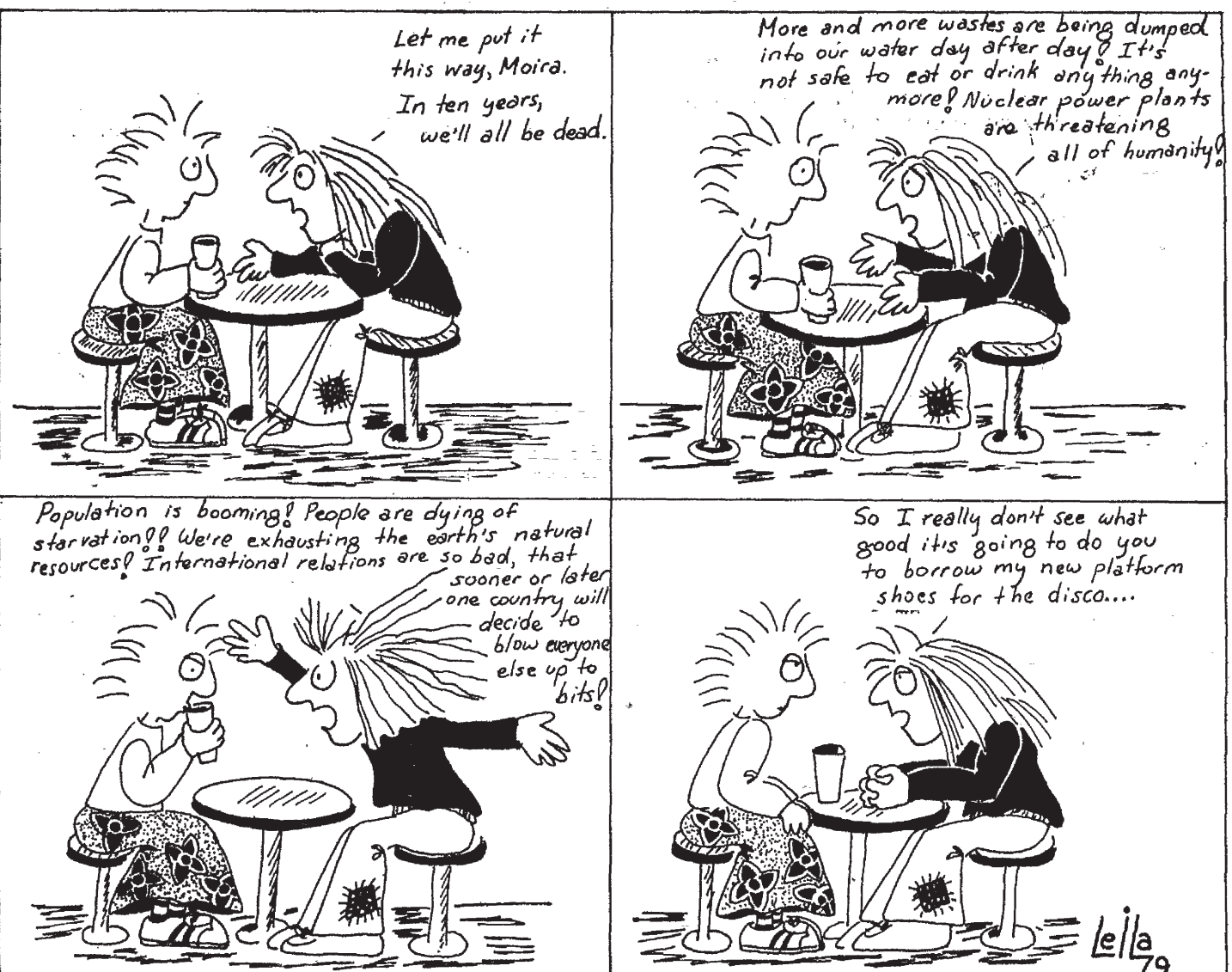
have failed to respond directly to the contradictions of blacks and women in society. Why? The administration, faculty and curriculum responded to the needs of blacks and women through the medium of abstraction i.e. history, literature, anthropology. We not only need history, sociology or literature for blacks and women (or the history, sociology or literature of blacks and women), but a history, sociology or literature that fully responds to the situation of both groups in society in all its complexities (and this may involve whites, males, feminist theory and an analysis of the totality of society in all its interactions).³ The distinction between these two approaches is that the former puts the discipline first and the student second, where the latter makes curriculum a direct function of student needs. If curriculum is developed by students then we may have courses on the economics of discrimination rather than courses on the anthropology of black Africa. Where the former responds to the contradiction of blacks in America, the latter passes over this contradiction and moves into the realm of the black experience as seen through the academic medium.⁴

The lines I have drawn in making distinctions between curriculum of student needs and curriculum of the academic fetish are not entirely clear. Perhaps we can better understand the issues involved by examining why administrative attempts to integrate women's studies

and attract black faculty at Bard have approached tokenism and may be non-existent despite all efforts. Tokenism refers to a situation where a need or demand (in this case students needs) is thought to be satisfied through programs that avoid contradictions and involve a distorted compromise on needs. The need for a consciousness of racism and sexism in society is immediate and concrete. It can only be fulfilled by developing a program of woman's studies that alters the way that women (and men) think about themselves and changes the way they respond to sexism in their lives. It also assumes "that women, as a subject in themselves and as a focus in the study of human phenomena transcend the boundary of a single discipline." Both principles suggest that women's studies will be designed to change people's actions in the most effective and radical way possible. We need a purgative of the self, not just intellectual stimulus! Women studies and courses designed to respond to the racist contradictions depend on the existence of militant, committed and knowledgeable blacks and women who have learned about racism and sexism through struggle. (Struggle means an active engagement and an unobjective stance taken toward problems learned through action). In developing a critical consciousness, we need a critical feminism which insists:

The Liberal Arts...

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Observations of a 4-Year Big Mouth

by Rod Michael

One spring day, acting as the Language and Literature representative at an I.D.P. (Immediate Decision Plan) meeting, a concerned father asked me a very provocative question, "why do a lot of Bard students leave before their four years are over?" To this question, I replied, "Very few students leave Bard because of academics. If you come here looking for astrophotography, then Bard is not your school. The reason is dorm life and its effects on students at Bard."

During my four years at Bard, I've often wondered if dorm life was a way of living or a test of survival. The physical conditions (size, location, etc.) of many of the dorms are rough to begin with but the attitude and actions of many of my fellow residents certainly makes one feel like they are "roughing it".

In 1976, my first residence was Tewksbury Hall. With cinderblock walls, very public bathrooms, and rooms "stacked" on top of each other, (eg. 115, 215, 315), this definitely wasn't a "home away from home". However, very few students gave Tewksbury a chance to be at least a dormitory. There was outrageous noise at all hours, broken telephones and soda machines, (usually from frustration over a lost 10¢ or 35¢) and blatant disrespect for other human beings, especially the maids. To make matters worse, as freshmen, our models of college students were upperclassmen who were popular due to the way they "had a good time", which included breaking mirrors in the bathrooms, smashing furniture in dorm lounges, burning bulletin boards, and a host of other "goodies."

In 1977, my sophomore residence was Robbins (A.K.A. "Animal House"). Besides some rooms nicknamed "closets", Robbins wasn't as physically rough or impersonal as Tewksbury. It had the chance to be a dormitory too. However, it gave the 90 or so students a chance to act their former ages. The kitchen is still "Camp Dispair" noted for the dirty dishes left everywhere. One would think that the more personal bathrooms would be a welcomed addition but when bathtubs have darker rings than me and dogs use the same toilet and shower facilities as you, one tends to think differently.

In 1978, I spent two months in South Hall, which had the best chance of being a dormitory. With only two floors, and 36 people, problems created by students should have been kept to a minimum. Fat chance! When I, as a

junior and concerned resident, called a dorm meeting, my fellow peers--including the peer-counselor--thought I was overstepping my bounds. Not only were problems permitted, but attempts to stop them were met with skepticism.

Soon I moved to Albee to become a peer-counselor. I was known as a dictator, policeman, the NARC, and many other unprintable titles. Albee is where the saying, "I'm doing my own thing" (regardless of who is effected), was the battle cry of certain people in the dorm. For example, two students complained of being "stabbed in the back" because after students in the dorm "rat" on them, Mary Sugatt placed them on Social Probation. Dean Sugatt's reaction was in response to activities which these two students thought they were "cool and hip": burning ashtrays, breaking beer bottles, and playing soccer with ashtrays. Cool? As a student in the dorm, I did not like it and with the recommendation of other students, I as peer-counselor, strongly suggested that they move to Animal House (Robbins) where that kind of "cool" is justified and accepted. They did.

I live in Feitler with ten other people and I must say, at least here, the "class of '79 is doing just fine!" At a recent dorm meeting (called by myself) five residents said, "We know and understand what you're saying." I replied, "Good, then continue showing it to yourselves and the other five students should get the message and we should have no problems." Thus, right now, no problems!

As you can imagine, the effects of "doing your own thing", regardless of others, can lead to a student giving up on Bard. To begin with, you can't sleep well due to noise; you wake up late and miss class; you don't have much of an appetite and you become very irritable. Next, you bitch about the already distasteful food; you begin to complain about that "stupid" course, and later, that stupid teacher. Soon, home is the only place to regain sanity (certainly not your dorm) and you find yourself staying away from your room and dorm as long as possible--which is not comfortable when the snow comes! During your field period when you hear about the "heaven" at your friend's colleges, you begin to seriously consider leaving Bard or never coming back--especially if your friend's college provides more facilities for less money. Think about it.

The Liberal Arts from p.4

...that all the easy chatter about liberation is a vapor, a groundless metaphor, unless it forms part of a theory of human liberation, a social rather than exclusively women's liberation. For if the female individual can indeed "liberate" herself apart from changes in social structure she will not emerge as the new woman but as a character familiar to us all: the old man.

We can only develop and teach the proper programs and courses to respond to contradictions by having faculty members engage in raising consciousness of sexism and racism. Bard has two part time black faculty members and some women faculty who teach courses about women and blacks. Yet, the form of these courses address contradictions (if at all) in the most innocuous fashion. There are not enough faculty members, in dedication and numbers, who are struggling with society's racial and sexual contradictions. However, the problem of contradiction is not a numbers game involving women and blacks, and even passionate individuals are not enough. We must develop a fully articulated program that responds to racism and sexism through the most sophisticated analysis and in the most vigorous fashion. For sexism and racism to be understood and addressed, we need more than courses; we need feminists, feminists theory, black faculty and political ideologies based on radical change

This supply/demand argument may be more applicable to the problem of black faculty than women faculty. The problem of numbers does affect the number of tenured women however.

2For those students who have learned racism or sexism through personal experience, there still remains the problem of seeing both phenomena with all their connections. The problems of discrimination involve issues that go to the root of society itself, thus courses designed within the limited framework of studying discrimination; women or blacks per se fail to recognize the fact that sexism and racism are linked to our political and economic system. Also, employing black faculty provides the best way to learn about blacks.

3The two are not necessarily exclusive.

4I am not suggesting that black anthropology courses are not valuable. Rather, the problem becomes one of the greatest needs given our resources. One can make a similar argument in the case of women's studies, e.g. courses on feminism are needed more than courses dealing with women in literature, sociology, and history. The two may not be exclusive, but any course on women in literature or history must be made through the medium of feminism, otherwise women's studies becomes just another intellectual exercise divorced from contradiction and struggle. I do not mean to criticize faculty members or the women's studies program. Rather I see the efforts made to raise consciousness with their limitations.

* * *

THE MISER

A Review by
Jessica Bayer



Scenes from The Miser.



I was impressed with the Bard theatre production of J.B. Moliere's three act play, *The Miser*. The play deals humorously with the effects a stingy miser has on the people he comes in contact with. Behind the humor, however, is a scathing and satirical view on hoarding money.

The setting and props were excellent, with the starkness and dim light contributing to an overall atmosphere of miserliness, thus enhancing the plot.

Two minor but annoying problems I found were, one, a basic problem in mastering the french accent. What made this weakness even more apparent was the stress and over accentuation on words like marriage and carriage. This affectation was jarring and ridiculous. The second problem was a tendency of the actors to upstage one another at crucial moments of action. From my viewpoint, left of center stage, it seemed like the actors clustered together instead of utilizing their space and providing the audience with at least a profile instead of a back.

Under Neil McKenzies direction most of the cast did a good job. Out of the fifteen person cast, there were three outstanding performances in the major roles and one in a minor role.

The miser, played by Nils Nordal, had perfect control of his characterization conveying his age and person-

ality with the movements of a slightly spastic chicken. This proved an effective interpretation, making his parsimony believable. Nils used this body language even when he wasn't actively speaking in a scene, which was a welcome change from some of the actors who looked bored and anxious to recite their next lines.

Andrew Joffe, who played La Fleche, proved himself to be a versatile and charming presence. He provoked most of the laughs from the audience and like Nils made excellent use of his body and facial expressions. The way that he walked, slightly hunched over, almost tiptoeing, with a furtive look was very comical in itself.

Suzanne List as Mariane radiated a virginal like beauty and calm with seemingly little effort. In fact, she walked through most of her part this way, at perfect ease, exuding a confidence that made her character real.

William Swindler, as Anselme, stole the last half of the third act with his pompous strutt. His accent was more finely polished than most of the other actors and he used it to his best advantage. He was the epitome of a self-centered fop conveying a whole attitude through his stance and gestures.

For a first night performance of a difficult play, Neil McKenzie and his troupe did an admirable job.

ZEE MISER

A Review by
John Kelleher

Zee production of Zee Miser (sic.) by Molière was a treat to behold. Alzough zee production eetself was perhaps slightly zee worse for lack of space zees was not important to zee overall impact on zee audience. Zee acting, especially zee gesturing, was superbe and was complimented by a mise-en-scène wheech was both tasteful and apt.

Monsieur Nordal played a splendid miser, portraying hees niggardly caractère to a 'T'. Monsieur Taylor and Mademoiselle Edelstein were magnifique as young

lovers. Likewise Monsieur Bright and Mademoiselle List. And I theenk zat a star is born in zee person of Monsieur Joffe, whose performance as Lâfleche, a valet, was a tour de force. Zee supporting cast also deed a truly professional job throughout.

Alzough I was not zee only one in zee audience who deed find eet a beet deefeecult to unnerstand all of zee dialogue eet would be my great pleasure to attend any future performances of zee Bard Théâtre of Drama and Dance.

films: Criticism & Review

Robert Altman's "IMAGES" by George Hunka

There is no greater egotist in the world than a critic—he believes that he has something more intelligent and insightful to say than the film itself. Not only are critics guilty of this, Bard's unofficial (they seem to be touchy about the un) literary magazine, *The Light*, claims to have in its possession "an incidental system used by *The Light* to determine that which is in fact cinema and that which is not particularly cinema." Sure fellahs.

I don't claim to have an encyclopedic knowledge of the motion pictures of the world and I am not familiar with many areas of film. The only thing that I can say to justify the presence of my words is that I've seen a lot of films; I know what I like and I know what I don't like. I like to write about films and can sometimes tell what bullshit is when I see it. So these are my own feelings, and only my own. I just happen to have the typer.

Robert Altman's *Images* (1972) ran in Sottery on October 31st. Altman left his usual field,—that of America, its citizens and its slightly distorted sense of morality, to explore something new — the mind and the psyche of an individual. It might have turned out to be Altman's *Interiors* but *Images* is unlike *Interiors* in that *Images* is a success while *Interiors* is a failure.

Altman chooses as his subject a woman named Katherine played by Suzannah York. Katherine is a schizophrenic driven mad by guilt, fear, and memories of the past. The story takes place on three levels: reality, Katherine's fantasy, and the confrontation between the

two halves of Katherine's self. Altman, through hectic but rhythmic cross-cutting, builds the three as a whole — as Katherine. The fact that Altman's cutting and his script cohere and don't confuse is due to the crafted construction of both, making *Images* one of Altman's most concise and intricate films. It's a structured film, (the characters don't go bounding off into other regions of their settings), that sometimes becomes claustrophobic. There is enough humor in the movie to alleviate the tension (the ketchup bottle on the kitchen table while she cleans the blood from the wall is subtle but wildly funny), though it provokes a nervous laughter that never fully conquers the intensity of the movie.

There are some faults and some pretensions but nonetheless it is a fine film. If you have the chance to see this film it will probably be worth your while. See it for Suzannah York's marvelous performance, if nothing else.

Just a short bitch. I went to see Orson Welles' *Mister Arkadin* tonight at 7:30, sat for ten minutes with about fifteen others, and then got word from the would-be projectionist that the film had not come in. I don't know who is at fault, (the distributor?) but somebody on the Film Committee should get his act together and at least announce these things. It is not the first time this has happened. I did get to see the Drama Department's *The Miser*, though a helluva show, so the night wasn't wasted.

The Film Committee, by the way, is making its decisions for next semester's films. Now's the time to nag and bitch. More news on that in the next column.

FILMS IN REVIEW by Elliot Junger, page 8



by Mark Ebner

Harper's bourbon in a glass, and my buddy Joe and I sharing a stucco wall in the elegant lobby of the Beacon Theatre-- waiting for Waits. Jazz is being pumped in through the P.A.: some Benson and some Taj. The concertgoers aged 16 to 60, dressed punk to prep are filing in the gates.

At about 8:30, the curtain opens and Tom's four-piece band starts warming. Minutes later, many a trained "Waits spotting" eye notices and reacts to the glowing head of an Old Gold-- the first part of Waits to appear on stage. From a huge breath of nicotine smoke emerges Tom, wearing a crumpled blue suit. He stalks the frenzied crowd from beneath a fortie's style brim. With a tip of the hat and a gracious "good evening," Tom opens with *Wrong Side of the Road* slouching, crouching, and picking his ass to the mighty sounds of a baritone sax.

The next number is *Step Right up*, with a nice repeat of the featured sax. Tom rhythmically bangs the keys of a cash register to this funky version of one of his most popular tunes.

After calling being in New York again a "prophylactic experience," Tom chain smokes his way through some old favorites like the image making *The Piano Has Been Drinking* (not me) excuse, his homage to burlesque tilted *Pasties and G-String* and the gastronomical *Eggs and Sausage*.

The stage is now set like the back cover of the *Blue Valentines* album-- complete with an old gas pump and a full-scale model of a custom painted T-Bird. From this outpost, Tom tells us about the mysterious California community called *Burma Shave*, reminds the men in the audience that they are *Better off without a Wife*, takes us *Waltzing Matilda*, and soloing on piano, shows us just how happy he is being a *Jitterbug Boy*. Tom has been going strong for well over an hour now, and his voice is as blustering as

ever as he tells the tale of city-tough heroism in his ballad, *Romeo is Bleeding*.

The set becomes a street corner newsstand and we find an early morning Tom improvising humorous headlines from the final edition. He stands with a hunched back and chills the audience with *The Ghosts of Saturday Night*.

Having introduced the band, Arthur Davidson on baritone sax and trumpet, Terry Evans on guitar, Greg Cole on electric bass, and "the big man on the trash can," Big John Thompson on drums-- he shakes eager hands that are groping at him from the front row, accepts a rose, and disappears behind a slow curtain. An immediate standing ovation follows his exit inciting his first encore.

A saxophone is heard and the curtain opens with a "drunken" (drunken?) Waits "scarecrow," slurring a speech "from the edge of a maniac's dream" about a killer called "nightstick," who's hiding out in *Potter's Field*. Tom has "spilled his guts," and now he's twirling his umbrella with his back to the audience. He crouches beneath it and disappears.

In his second encore, a sleepy Tom is born from his embryonic couch. Yawning and stretching to lazy lounge music, he removes his crumpled jacket and dons a sequined scarlet show jacket. He grabs his umbrella, and without uttering a word, improvises a shaky tight-rope walk across the stage. He's beautiful. After his successful crossing, he silently removes his scarlet coat, puts his crumpled blue back on, and retreats to his mother couch with the aid of a lullaby saxophone.

Tom's back at his piano for his third and final encore. Looking lazy, he sings *I Wish I Was In New Orleans*, literally gasping the last few "New Orleans I'll be there's." The band brings his voice and fingers back to life just in time as they bang out some high-spirited Dixieland in appropriate finale.

Bolling Drones Halloween '79

by Cliff Pemsler

Out of restless darkness, a wave of excitement envelopes an all too familiar gym. Everybody is a teenage girl. The audience has an idea of what they want to see, and their anticipation is satisfied when the Bolling Drones file out onto the stage in all the splendor of what promises to be a top-rate student gig. These campus faces, although humorously disguised, are those that we recognize easily.

Jeff Taylor's gestures and facial resemblances of Mick Jagger are remarkable. Jeff sets the stage, and the other band members follow suit. I begin to feel the "60's Groove" crawl down to my hips.

The music begins and the band's pace is rhythmically adopted by the mass of bodies crowding the stage. Musically, the Drones were spectacular. Bill Swindler's (Keith Richard's) expertise, coupled with Knox Chandler's (Brian Jones) almost "too good" guitar work was frighteningly exact, while the drive and pulse was punched out energetically by bass player Drew Shearer (Bill Wyman) and percussionist Glen Carter (Charlie Watts). In his vocal ability Jeff Taylor was more of a

Mick Jagger clone than just a Drone.

The set was brisk, keeping my attention level peaking. About a third of the way through the set appeared the glittering Dronettes -- slick, tuff, and pretty. The Dronettes were Lisa Fields as Dairyanne, Troy Harrison as Kissy, Judy Caplan as Binaca, and Lisa Weinstein as Vibra. The Dronettes added greatly to the professionalism of the performance. They enhanced the show both musically and visually. Their varied dance motifs captured my eye and kept it happy.

Theatrically, the entire performance was consistently hot. The staged death of Brian Jones was quite amusing. Knox died in a kiddie pool (pun intended) with a guitar in hand, only to be replaced by Jim Chambers, (Ron Wood).

With their replacement in gear, the Drones kicked off into a speeded-canned version of "Shattered." The musicians mimed and disco-danced their way through this number.

The show in its entirety came off very well. Not only was it amusing, but the Drones' performance was one of the best Bard gigs ever.



Reefe and Stick take time out for a "boll."

photo/John Bevelino



Watch it Stu, 17 will get you 20!

photo/Kevin Hyde

PICTUS INTERRUPTUS

Ray Metzger, 1977 by Kevin Hyde

This show is the second of a five part series entitled "Documentary Truth/Photographic Illusion." It is made possible by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, and provided by Light Gallery, New York City.

Metzger exploits a mistake common to amateur photography. An object, usually close to the camera and therefore out of focus, blocks the normal picture frame. But Metzger's paper, wood and fingers do not block the lense haphazardly. They are placed by sensitive and intelligent seeing.

The fuzzy-edged objects create unusual qualities of angle, shape, light and texture. Metzger increases the illusions in several images with an additional visual technique. Some images are upside-down or inversions

of 'normal' vision. In all the photographs spatial relationships are distorted. The viewer is deliberately confused. What is foreground? What is background? Which planes are flat? Which recede? Which emerge?

These are not 'normal' photographs containing easily understandable information. They are complicated visual abstractions which create their own special vocabulary. They excite their own unique responses-- sometimes delicate, sometimes harsh. With few exceptions, each image has energy and beauty.

Sit back and let the illusions work. It takes a while for them to sink in. Don't try to 'make sense' of them. You have to do enough thinking in the classroom.

Films in Review

by Elliot Junger

The films shown thus far this semester have run the gamut from the sublime to the sublimely ridiculous. The efforts afforded to bring quality cinema to the Bard campus have been only moderately successful however. The paucity of 'standard' masterpieces (i.e. old stanbys like Dreyer's *Day of Wrath*, Huston's *The Maltese Falcon* and of course, *Psycho* by everyone's favorite puppeteer) has its definite merits; it provides a welcome respite from the spate of "golden oldies" and traditional Hollywood war-horses of the late, somewhat obscure, that is, the lesser shown 'greats,' rather than being bombarded by a nostalgic blitzkrieg. I'm sure I am not the only one who feels that the cherished path down memory lane is getting a trifle worn. I must confess to being disappointed, for I have seen virtually no films at Bard this semester which fit the description of the 'lesser shown greats.' Surely (even if it was meant as a joke which I hope to God it was), the so-called 'lesser greats' could be just a little greater than *Scared to Death*, starring Mr. Has-been himself Bela ("I never drink...wine") Lugosi doing his usual turn as a wax dummy attempting to scale the shaky heights of farcical tragedy and never quite reaching the top, having never left the bottom. Some members of the audience (an invited audience of all of

five people, I am told) might have been scared to death, but yours truly was put to sleep. End of digression.

Looking back on the films this semester (those that arrived), the often embarrassing incongruity of the scheduling (i.e. *How Tasty was my Little Frenchmen* followed two days later by *The Ruling Class*, not that either film is 'bad,' it's merely an awkward sequence), not to mention the total absence of any Chaplin, Keaton Fields or The Marx Brothers, incurred my anger no end. Needless to say, not every film shown on campus is going to please every taste. Certain films are 'musts' for any decent film collection. Several directors whom I am known to favor such as Welles, Dreyer and Desica, I would gladly set aside for another semester's viewing, if only to see some good old-fashioned, knockabout, side-splitting AMERICAN COMEDY!! and to rib those 'aesthetes' among us who consider the latter a four-letter phrase. A number of filmmakers whose representation at Sottery has been minimal to non-existent and whose work I would enjoy seeing more of, are Sturges (Preston), Ford, Kubrick, Capra, Borzage and also some vintage Ealing comedies. Far more good comedy is needed on Bard campus. One can imbibe only so much Bergmanesque tragedy before the tragedy turns to monotony and the introspection to lethargy.

FRAUDULENT PHOTOGRAPHY

by ART CARLSON

The Ray Metzger show now up in Kline Commons is a fine crystallization of the ideological bankruptcy of some trends in modern art. Two of the basic tenets and discoveries of modernity are that art does not have to be pictorial and representational, and that form is so important that it deserves to be explored for its own sake.

When these discoveries were being made they produced some fine liberating art; artists like Picasso and Matisse, with a whole realm of possibilities in front of them, produced prodigiously and creatively. Modernism in art had persuasively triumphed by the late 50's with all the new American bad boy abstract expressionists at the fore and even Life magazine was proclaiming that there really was something in all those little squiggles Jackson Pollack made. But now that there was no picture to talk about, theory became very important, particularly as academia began to take this sort of art very seriously.

Art flew off in all different directions which I would not attempt to categorize beyond saying that a lot of artists became very concerned with formalism, or more precisely, their art was more and more about systems and formal and structural problems. Of course to some extent all art is about these questions; every artist has his systems and methods, and these things are treated differently by different artists. Still I think it is possible to distinguish art that is more formalist than other art; in opposition to form we have, traditionally, content, that is, that which the picture is about. In formalist pictures, moreso than others, the content is the form. I would include early Stella, Kenneth Noland, Ellsworth, Kelly and the Murray Reich mural in Kline Commons as good examples of formalist artists and art.

And Ray Metzger. Right here let me say that one of the big problems with formalism is that it is not enough to merely have an idea and embody it in art; you should make it interesting. I find early Stella and Noland uninteresting compared to the Murray Reich mural. All are roughly about similar things, but Murray shows us his colors in an interesting and subtle way. There is a lot happening in that

mural- he literally does tricks with it and us. It does not yield all of itself on one seeing.

I don't want to push the comparison between photography and painting too far except to provide some possible theoretical groundwork as to why people might make photos that aren't clear, in focus, properly exposed images of people or recognizable things and scenes. I think it is misleading to try and link photography with painting because the unique power of photography is that it does not, like painting, deal with the question of how one is going to make a substance like paint, which looks nothing like a person itself, look like a person. With a photo you just click and there it is, not a representation of reality but reality itself. Unlike reality it does not evolve, so it is a piece of reality. In our photo laden world photographs are accepted with no problem and the rate of image-literacy is very high; the power of the photo is great. Its magic is that it makes us see.

Since photography has this unique and powerful ability, I do not know why people like Metzger make photos that make us not see. In his frames we see blurs, shapes of various clarity, and precious few meaningful images. In the Afterimage interview accompanying the show we are told that these pictures are concerned with unfocused objects in the foreground of pictures. Well, Ray, you really demonstrated that well, but SO WHAT? It is not even interesting to think about that. It would be a case of the Emperor's new clothes, except there is not even an emperor! Ray ain't trying to prove nothing, and he succeeds. These pictures are boring, empty, pretentious, and above all just plain stupid! To pass this off as art that we should be interested in is ridiculous. If he wants to make "abstract" statements he should paint; That stuff looks silly in photographs. The power of photography is in its relation to reality. When you negate that power you negate most of what can be good in a picture. Any mongoloid with a camera can make a blurry, badly focused and exposed photograph. Professionals should spend their time on something better. Theory alone only goes so far. Modernity is no excuse for boring art.

BRUCE "Guts" VENDA: Pulling no Punches

by Charles Lenk

During my stay at Bard, I have had the 'mind-expanding' experience of meeting people of many various political beliefs. There are the anarchists, who believe in arguments that, as far as I can discern, hold water about as well as a can used for their revolutionary target practice; there are the capitalists, who believe that everything is fine as long as it belongs to them; there are the preppies, who believe that, given the vote, they can elect a bottle of scotch to the presidency; and there is the administration, which is a belief all unto itself. But none of these categories confuses me quite as much as the non-sexist, non-racist, non-possessivist, non-realistic people who believe that everyone in the world can live on an equal footing. To those of you who are too stupid or too stoned to know what I'm talking about, they are the MARXISTS.

To be perfectly honest, I have very few personal

gripes with these commie-come-latelies. Some of my favorite people here are Marxists. But their whole goddamn theory annoys the hell out of me. First, they want us to share all our earthly possessions; second, they don't believe in any possessions that aren't fundamental; third, they believe that living in the light of Marxism makes them clean and pure; fourth, they want everybody to be equal. Any of you nerds who deny that this is what you think can sit on my collection of Billy Graham books.

I'd like to begin with the first and fourth theories. I'm a generous person, basically. If I take a woman out to dinner, I'll only make her pay the tip; and I've bought pencils from cripples until they come out my nostrils. But who the hell wants to share everything they have with people they don't know and who don't appreciate it anyway? I have enough trouble making my friends replace the diamond

needles they wear out from misuse of my turntable- I'd burn up if I had to do that myself. I don't want to wake up to find some latter-day Mousie Dung in my bed some night anyway. And as to the last one- well, as it says in *Godspell*, "someone's got to be oppressed." *Godspell* is derived from the Book of Matthew, by the way, and that's a good enough source for me.

As for the theory that Marxism makes one wholesome- well, let me relate the story of two people who lived down the hall from me last year. Jim was a boy who cared how his hair looked; his pimples were few and far between; he went to the church of his choice every other Sunday; his papers were always in on time; he had an affair with an older woman; and he avoided any political beliefs other than in God, Guns, and Guts. Carl, his roommate, had hair that was frequently mistaken by birds for thier nest; his face would have made a pep-

peroni pizza slink away to sulk; Sunday mornings were spent sleeping or roaming campus to find 'acid'; his oldest girlfriend was thirteen. Needless to say, Carl was a Marxist. By the end of the year, Jim was on the Honors List due to his skill in choosing all female teachers who would value more than his academic 'prowess.' Carl, on the other hand, had dropped out in March to pursue a cute guy he had met in a Cuban Studies class. Draw your own conclusions.

The last point to deal with is the one concerning luxuries. Well, I know a lot of 'practicing' Marxists and they're as comfortable as I am. They all drive cars of one sort or another-how many of you poor capitalists can say the same? The other day I went to visit a Marxist friend to borrow an expensive tennis racket 'of all things'. I had to give it back the next day because I couldn't figure out how to turn off the built in burglar alarm. Enough said?

Poetics at Bard the SEXUAL HAMMER

by Daniel Diehl

Due largely to Freud, the idea of latent sexual images has been engraved on us all. Standing in direct contradiction to this are many of the poets now active on the Bard campus. Attending various readings, I find myself beaten about head and shoulder with constant sexual imagery. If this was the poet's intention then it was accomplished without fault. However, my question here concerns, rather, whether it was effective for the listener in its unconcealed state.

The language used for these images is up front and frank. If this is done for shock value, it has none: an axe blade dulled by overuse does not cut sharply but hacks. Personally, I prefer imagery sexual in nature to be more remote; because, at least for me, poetry is a business of the subconscious. I do not wish to speak out against recurring images, symbols or themes. But these

are most artfully accomplished by skillful, subtle weaving. If the images of the poet are born of the subconscious (indeed, many of these poems are written from dreams), then their blunt, insistent renderings will not affect the subconscious of the listener (which, if they did, would be an ideal situation) but rather they will hammer on the conscious levels of awareness. This is ineffective for the listener. Imagery (especially sexual imagery) that plays on the subconscious is very memorable; it is haunting for no readily apparent reason. It is kind of mystery that produces a joyous shiver in a sensitive reader or listener.

Obvious and constant sexual imagery is too easy-- it contains within itself its own end. What could be barely noticeable, passed quietly to the subconscious, is instead thrown with force from the poet to the listener. Isn't this, for the listener, the goal without the conquest? For a traveler in poetry, this is at best a disappointment.

Venda: MARXISM

By Jon Feldman

In response to Mr. Venda's naive notions of Marxism, the following should be noted. First, Marxist theory does not propose that we share all worldly or earthly possessions. What theory suggests is that the means of production be nationalized by the Socialist State. That is, the concentrations of wealth and capital found in corporations and the holdings of the capitalist class should be controlled by the working class, their Socialist movement and their State. Marx had nothing to say about the limited wealth and personal property of individuals in the working and middle classes in terms of their distribution. Although Marx did argue that the fetishism of commodities by individuals in these two classes contributed to the alienation of individuals. Secondly, there are almost no Marxists at Bard. Students who claim to be Marxists have only made a claim, they may have adopted a warped version of Marxist theory, but unlike members of the Democratic or Republican parties, Marxists must have praxis. What is praxis? This is a term which refers to intentional actions taken to transcend or overcome society's contradictions: racism, sexism, imperialism, prejudice. The faculty at Bard may make some small claims to have acted through praxis, and the students who call themselves "Marxists" may have done the same, but neither can truly say that they have taken revolutionary acts. If I read Marx and accept his

conclusions, I am not necessarily a Marxist. Marxism begins when you have put down the book by Marx and have acted in a fashion which puts these ideas into practice. Is teaching praxis? Is talking about Marxism praxis? Is calling one's self a Marxist praxis? Since these are removed from acting directly to help those oppressed, they can hardly be considered praxis.

An analysis of Mr. Venda's article will show that he is generally uninformed or unconcerned with sexist problems; his article is only concerned with a kind of silliness that pervades Bard and especially those students who are not concerned with relevant things like sexism, racism or exploitation at Bard or in the world. This silliness is indicative of a bourgeois society which divorces consciousness from needs. Specifically, because of rationalizations, class interests, bourgeois ideology, and other factors, the consciousness of students, administrators and faculty tend to be divorced from the concrete needs of certain students and sectors of American society that need to combat sexism, racism, worker exploitation. If we had a sense of collective morality, passions, responsibility, and commitment, if we directed our passions and moral sense to solve the collective problems in the world, then perhaps we would not waste our time with silliness and not treat social problems as individual dilemmas.

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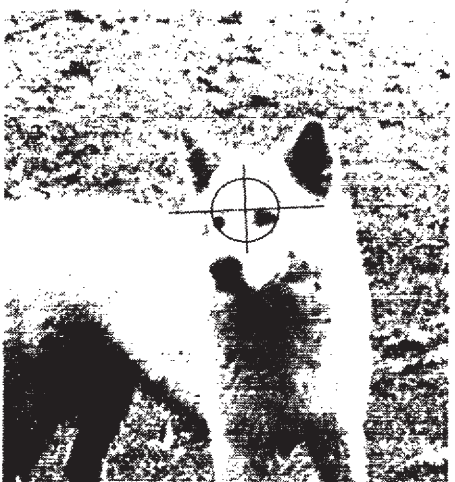
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NOT PICTURED:

Homosexual Beagle- 50 points
The Dalmation- 70 points
Alphonso- 25 points
Edward- 40 points
Roland- 10 points

Red-Headed Dog
Warden- 20 points
Casius- 35 points
Jenny- 75 points
Pooch- 50 points

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BEVEVINO
AND LYNNE GOLDMAN



Octavia
5 points

FIRST ANNUAL BARD PET HUNT

Here's Your Chance...

There has been a lot of controversy over the dogs and cats that run wild on this campus. But come the first of December those problems should end abruptly. Those of you with an appetite for adventure will have the opportunity on that weekend to test your skills in marksmanship and cunning. On Saturday, beginning at 6:00 AM, there will be an "open season" on all non-human animals found on the Bard College Campus.

In light of the recent disputes over this pet peeve, a "dog-shoot" seems to be the most effective and sporting of solutions. Certainly, most pet owners at Bard love their furry friends dearly, but when faced with fines of up to \$300 they most prudently see that student and dog must part. It is a sad but logical decision and those pet owners that see the inevitability of this sporting event and give their full cooperation to those organizing it, should be highly commended.

Above are ten photographs of some of the dogs (and cat) known to frequent this campus. Below each picture is the name of the pet and its point value when eliminated. The point values of each animal varies from

10 to 100. This value represents the relative ease of difficulty involved in eliminating that particular animal. For example, Yecha has a point value of 10 because he is a docile and trusting animal, whereas Stella has the high point value of 100 because she is so sweet and squirmy. All cats have a value of 5 points regardless of their personality or habits.

The First Annual Bard Pet Hunt is not some wild shoot-out. It has many rules and regulations that must be complied with in order to make a participant eligible. For example, a participant may only use a firearm of a particular type specified by the Bard Hunters Club, such as a 30.06 or a 7mm hunting rifle. Shotguns and buckshot will not be permitted except in the elimination of cats. Handguns are not allowed under any circumstances. Details including rules about firearms and ballistic types will be sent to those who apply. An application along with approval are necessary in order to become eligible. Send applications to the Bard Hunters Club, Box 719. Please include a description of your firearm. Applications must be received before Thanksgiving break.

Prizes will be awarded to those who accumulate the highest number of points.

First Prize: A Remington 2007 12-gauge semi-automatic shotgun.

Second Prize: The "kill" of your choice professionally stuffed and mounted on a genuine mahogany base.

Third Prize: All the beer you can drink at Adolph's the evening following the competition.

All non-Bard students are ineligible. Faculty are welcome and encouraged to participate.

Paper CHASTE

by Jed Schwartz

I wanted to get laid so badly one Friday night that I looked up Turabian and asked what she thought about it. Turabian, under 7:357.4, instructed me to read several books on the subject and then subsequently to footnote my affairs properly, using a new ribbon on unruled theme paper, 8½ by 11 inches, leaving a margin 1½ inches on the left and 1 inch on all three other sides of the paper.

So I went to the library; read *The Joy of Sex*, *More Joy of Sex*, and *Leaders of the Bolshevik Revolution*, which served to calm me down a little from the other books. It was Friday night though, and there were not any female people in the library.

So I went to Oswald's where everybody, as they say here in America, 'hangs out.' (Ask them what they're hanging out next time. This is sure to provoke a fight, which Americans love.) The girls danced to songs called *My Sharona*, *Good Girls Don't (But I Do)*, and *Bad Girls*. I tried to dance with them but there was not much room to move my body.

I left the dance floor and sat at a table. I tried to look sexually omniscient but by my own scrutiny in the mirrored ceiling, the effect was comical. So I ordered some pitchers of beer. The waitress was very pretty and very sexy. (Very round hips.) I had trouble naming a beer; I was so nervous. I remembered a one-syllable beer and stammered, "Bud!"

I awoke Monday morning with a very bad feeling in my stomach and a missile which threatened to water my bed. Time for macroeconomics. I scurried along to class with my classmates who were also late to class. Professor Deusenberry was speaking to the same four poindexters

who are never late to class. (They did not look like they had stomach aches.) The professor seemed to defeat the principles of human physiological respiration by speaking for two hours without once gasping for air. I had some tootsie-rolls in my shirt pocket. Breakfast was never so sweet.

A very pretty girl with a long ponytail and braces on her teeth tapped me on the shoulder and asked me what a demand deposit was. I tried to whisper but the tootsie-rolls had this funny syrupy liquid which ran down my throat and threatened to crack my voice. "A-hem," I said. A demand deposit, I explained, was simply just a checking account; a mode of exchange almost as good as money since it could be exchanged for something I wanted. I wondered if I could caress her thighs in exchange for a check. (She had very round thighs.)

I went to lunch to eat something other than tootsie-rolls. There were bologna sandwiches, salami sandwiches or a third category, gook-- nobody ever knew the composition. I chose a bologna sandwich on a roll and a bowl of jello for dessert. I imagined my dessert to be a specific part of female anatomy. I played with it for a little while, teasingly licking just the surface, then deeper, deeper and deeper until I had eaten it all.

Now I have a paper to write in which I must criticize James' *Turn of the Screw* so I can get an A in English Literature, so I can graduate from an American college, so I can get a good paying American job, so I won't have to play with my dessert at lunchtime any more.

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Thursday-Saturday, 12mn-2:30am

ON YOUR OWN

by Kathleen D'Stefano

films

at UPSTATE THEATRE...

Nov. 16-18(Fri-Sun) September 30, 1955
 Nov. 17(Sat) An Evening With Film
Critic Ms. Janet Maslin
 (at 8pm only)
 Nov. 20 & 21(Tue-Wed) Running Fence
 Nov. 20(Tue) Art Historian, Prof. Tom
Wolf presents Running
Fence
 Nov. 23-25(Fri-Sun) Five Easy Pieces
 Nov. 26(Mon) music... The Woodstock
Chamber Players at 8:00pm
 Nov. 27 & 28(Tue-Wed) The Courage of the People
presented by Dr. John Gerassi
 Nov. 29-Dec. 2 Children Of Paradise
 (Thu-Sun) (at 7:30 only)
 Dec. 4 & 5(Tue-Wed) We Are All Arab Jews In Israel

Showtimes: Tue., Wed., Thu., Sun., 7:30pm
 Fri., Sat., 7:30 & 9:30pm
 (unless otherwise noted)

Phone: 876-2515
 Admission: \$2.00 adults
 (schedule subject to change)

at SUNY at New Paltz...

Nov. 16(Fri) The Sound and Rhythm of
 Lecture Center 104 Young Japan
 8:30pm Free
 Nov. 18(Sun) China Syndrome &
 OMB Auditorium Hiroshima
 6:30 & 9:30pm \$1.00
 Lecture Center 102 Legend of Bailiff Sansho
 7:00pm Free
 Nov. 20(Tue) Heart
 Lecture Center 102
 7:00pm Free

More info call 257-2193
 College at New Paltz.

Apocalypse Now 6:45 & 9:30

Ten 7:15 & 9:45

The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh 7:00 & 8:45
 (subject to change on a weekly basis)
 playing at the KINGSTON CINEMA
 Ulster Ave. Mall 336-6077
 Matinee every Sun. 2:00pm
 Admission-\$3.50 for adults

Starting Over 7:10 & 9:20
 (tentatively running 'till 12/1)
 at the MAYFAIR CINEMA
 Kingston 336-5313
 Admission-\$3.50 for adults

Breaking Away
 at the LYCEUM THEATRE
 Redhook 758-3311

Showtime: Mon-Thu 7:00
 Fri-Sat 7:00 & 9:15
 Sun 5:30 & 7:30

Admission: \$1.50

music

at the Last Chance...

Nov. 15 (Thu) Ralph
 Nov. 16 (Fri) Tony Williams &
Dry Jack

Home of the Last Chance Jazz Band
 (every Saturday night)
 phone: 452 1862
 Poughkeepsie

at the Lake ...

Nov. 18 (Sun) Maria Muldaur

Joyous Lake, Woodstock, 679-9300
 Admission to this show app. \$5.00.

at the Bardavon...

Nov. 18 (Sun) 8:00pm The Renart Trio
 Beethoven's "Archduke" Trio

Filigree
 Faure, Giuliani, Persichetti,
 Alwyn.

Bardavon 1869 Opera House
 Poughkeepsie, 473-2072

CATSKILL CENTER FOR PHOTOGRAPHY RECEIVES NTSCA GRANT

The New York State Council for the Arts has awarded the Catskill Center For Photography in Woodstock a \$15,850 grant for the facility's 1979-80 exhibition, workshop and talk programs. A part of the grant is also designated for the photographers in the region. Further information on this program will be available during the winter.

CCFP's fully-equipped, professional darkroom facilities are available for rental Friday through Tuesday from 11am to 4:30pm, and on Monday and Thursday evenings from 7 to 10pm. The rental fee is \$2.75 per hr. Darkroom use is by appointment only. More info: CCFP, 59A Tinker St., Woodstock, 679-9957, Sarah Morthland

PLANNED PARENTHOOD OF DUTCHESS-ULSTER, INC.
 85 MARKET STREET, POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK 12601

CONTACT: Joan Russomano
 PHONE: 471-1530

Planned Parenthood will hold 4 clinic sessions in its 86 Montgomery St., Rhinebeck location in November.

Clinics will be held in the morning, afternoon or evening.

Clinic sessions include pelvic and breast examination, papsmear, counseling and prescription of a birth control method. For app. call the Planned Parenthood office at 876-2322.

Office hours are Monday and Thursday, 8-4.

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