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BARD TIMES

Vol. 20 No. 4 December 14, 1979

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BARD TIMES

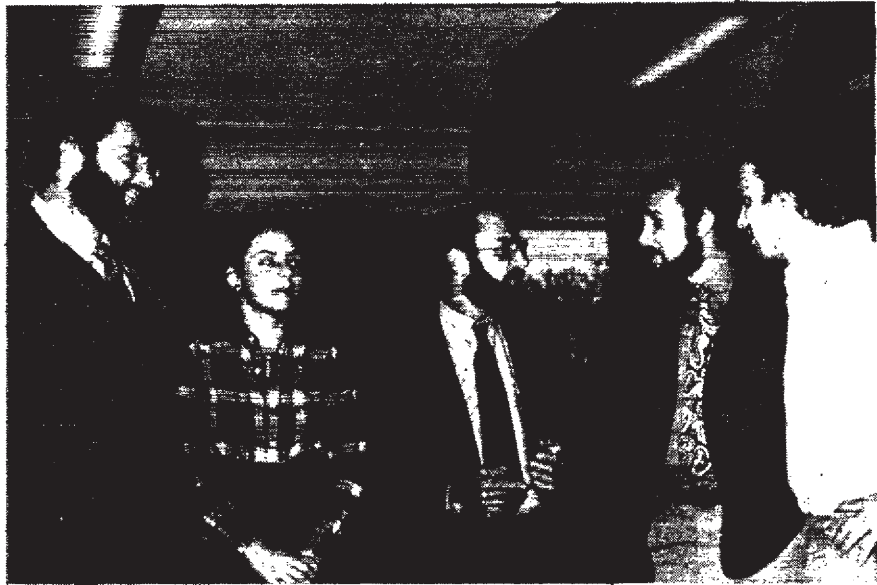
Vol. 20 No. 4

The Official Newspaper of the Bard College Community

December 14, 1979

Bigwigs Bomb at Bard Seminar

BY MARK EBNER



Digby Diehl, Margery Baker, John Wiseman, A. Richard Barber, Mark Ebner

The most successful careers of Bard graduates has been in the field of Communications. Or so says Teresa Vilardi. From that impressive finding came the coordination of a "career issues" colloquium involving a panel of bigwigs from the executive plateau of the publishing and communications world. The executive bigwigs were as follows: John Wiseman, Bard '64- Bureau Chief of T.V. Guide; Margery Baker- Vice President for Public Affairs at C.B.S.; Anson Richard Barber- Editor at Viking Press and Robert 'Digby' Diehl- Editor-in-Chief at Harry N. Abrams Publishing. Ed Sanders was present as the designated moderator of the event.

Ed launched the program by quoting his poet "friend and mentor" Charles Olson, and the late eminent poet John Keats. Ed thinks that the following quotes should be considered by those preparing for a career in communications. The first is from Charles Olson's Bibliography on America, dealing with the concept of the "Saturation Job":

"The best thing to do is to dig one thing or place or man (or woman) until you yourself know more about that than is possible to any other man. It doesn't matter whether it's Barbed Wire or Penniman or Paterson or Iowa. But exhaust it. Saturate it. Beat it.

And then U KNOW everything else very fast: one saturation job (it might take 14 years), And you're in, forever."

The other quote came from a letter dated December 1817, from John Keats to George and Tom Keats. This quote is on the concept of Negative Capability:

"Browne & Dilke walked with me back from the Christmas pantomime. I had not a dispute but a disquisition with

Dilke on various subjects: Several things dovetailed in my mind & at once it struck me, what quality went to form a Man of Achievement especially in Literature & which Shakespeare possessed so enormously-- I mean Negative Capability. That is when man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact & reason-- Coleridge, for instance, would let go by a fine isolated verisimilitude caught from the Penetratium of Mystery, from being incapable of remaining content with half knowledge...."

Ed closed by saying, "I think Keats' Negative Capability is the key to research in a data-retentive civilization. And holding those two concepts, of the Saturation Job and Negative Capability ever in mind, will aid the creative, inquisitive researcher, sleuth, poet investigator, editor, or commentator, in our overbearing gibberish-clouded time."

Ed had thus opened the doors to some cautious inspiration. But with barely enough time for the conceptual digestion of Ed's further comments about training ourselves to "edit reality" in the "data-cluttered era" we're living in, John Wiseman interrupted by posing the "according to agenda" type question, "If someone is interested in journalism, then why the liberal arts?" In a partial answer to the question, turned self-praising commentary, Richard Barber said, "If you're in the media, you have to be a good generalist. You have to have an eclectic mind. The basis of knowledge is in a number of areas... I'm paid to read. It's nice."

Ensuing comments by others again stressed the importance of generalizing and non-specialization at the undergraduate level. This importance spoken of was best exemplified by Digby Diehl's trite references to the liberal arts: "It's all relevant... explore many areas... be open to new experiences..." The by now redundant elevation of the liberal arts as a step to greatness in the career world was soon reduced to a mere half-step as John Wiseman pointed out that "In the journalism field you start out at the bottom."

Bang. Time to face the harsh reality of the cold and cruel world of communications. Said Wiseman on communications:

Poetics at Bard

(OR HOW TO BE A POET) BY DANIEL DIEHL

Does the title surprise you? But I say nay! Nay with thunder! Being a poet is easy. Jeez, everyone knows that. And I am here to offer a few simple rules to get you on the road, a good start on a journey that is not nearly as tough as a few wet-blanket spoil-sports make it out to be. Why climb mountains when I'm giving you the footpath?

Here we go:

1) Always refer to our societal structure as Neo-Fascist. It doesn't matter that you don't live in one, just impress everyone with the fact that you think we do. The amounts of anguished trapped "existentialist" poetry that can be wrenched from this idea are amazing. Like ripe wheat awaiting harvest, it's all yours: and you hold the political scythe. Gosh, somebody has to be honest.
2) When running short of subject matter, always revert to the stark, enclosed room that traps one of your characters. Make sure to in-

clude that "room" rhymes with "tomb" and "womb." The possibilities are endless.

3) Exact speech becomes a worry of the past when you take two vague words and combine them into one really vague word. For instance: "Consciousness-Blur", "dream haze," etc. See? It's easy. Try a few yourself. Leave that listener looking for a synthesis of speech and idea in his own "dream-haze."

4) Write about topical subjects. Fear of Nuclear Destruction, the aforementioned Neo-Fascist Society, and sex repression are always favorites. Why create your own world when this one is good enough? Don't worry that these topics have about as much stability as that possessed by the World War II Fighters still hiding in the jungles; just make sure you're relevant.

5) Word experiments are fodder for the hungry poet.

Pick two words, for instance and exhaust their possibilities by repeating them over

cont. p.3

The Crucible of Hatred by Randall Batterman

In a letter to the editor of the Bard Times, Dr. Frank Skinner has presented what he describes as the "main points of his discourse." I will attempt to reply to these points for his kind invitation.

In his first point, Skinner repeats an apocryphal tale vis-a-vis Kissinger's characterization of McGeorge Bundy and the State Department elite as being reserved in its dealings with "exotic" people. It is certainly no revelation that the good old

boys of the foggy bottom establishment do not and have not embraced quaint parvenus not of their own kind. A reasonable conclusion drawn from this ugly state of affairs is that we "exotics" ought to stick together. It follows that Skinner's "rend assunder" policy is neither pragmatic nor profitable to either group.

In his second point he stated that Blacks applauded Andrew Young's appointment as ambassador to the U.N. because they hoped he could

improve U.S. relations with Africa and the Third World. He then blandly states in his third point that the Middle Eastern question was only of marginal interest to the Blacks.

Since it is apparent that the "Third World", an agglomeration of Arab states, oil dependant weaklings and Soviet lackeys seem to have only one interest, Israel, it is equally apparent that if relationships with this Third World were paramount

cont. p.3

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LETTERS

Dear Sirs:

Now that Bard has a wonderful skating rink, why not convert the campus into a real "winter wonderland" and build a ski slope? It would be easy to do, and fun! Here's how:

Since we're not using Stone Row anyway, B&G could start the slope from the roof. They could just knock the front wall out of the third floor of McVickar, and fit in a long plank that extends over the walkway to the top of that nice sloping hill in front of Stone Row. The plank could be made of old wood from the dump, or even sturdy cardboard. Then...think snow! What a great addition to the Bard catalogue! A ski slope would be sure to attract prospective students, along with our new skating rink, new theater, new swimming pool, and our dormitory renovations. C'mon, kids! What do ya say?

Gwen McKenna

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Editor:

I think the big mud puddle Bard just dug is neat! Maybe in the winter somebody will try to skate on it and fall in and die! But I guess nobody is dumb enough to try it. To add, it would be kept.

Sincerely,
G.M.
age 10

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Dear Sirs:

I am beside myself. I am the mother of a small child, 5-year-old Petunia, and on the morning of December 1st, my daughter and I were walking our family pet (Dee-Dee, a poodle) near the Bard campus. Suddenly a young terrorist leapt from the bushes with a hunting rifle, and ruthlessly

put an end to poor Dee-Dee's life. Then he shouted something about 65 points and scrambled away.

I could tell by his dirty clothes that he was a Bard student, and God only knows what kind of drug he had taken. How could the administration allow such activities to go on? Whatever happened to harmless college

fun, like proms and panty raids? If this was some kind of fraternity prank, I don't think it was very funny. My child has been permanently traumatized, and I think some immediate disciplinary action is called for. I don't have the student's name, but he had long hair and was wearing blue jeans. Whoever you are young man, I'll see to it that somehow you are punished for your dreadful behavior!

Mrs. C.M.
Red Hook, New York

SOME SERIOUS WORDS FROM A BATTERMAN SUPPORTER

Dear Editors:

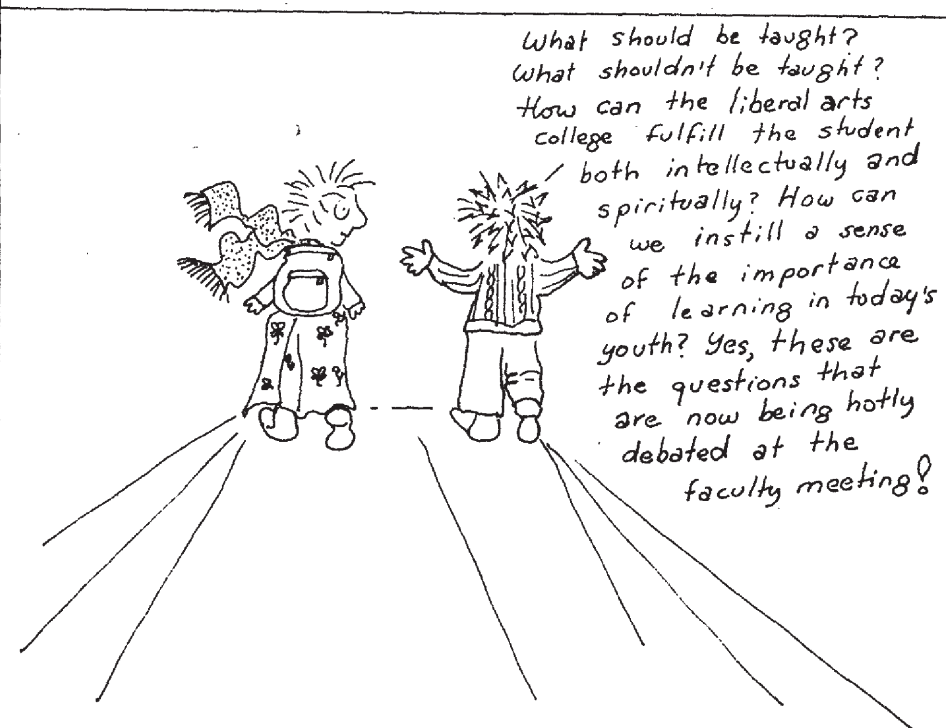
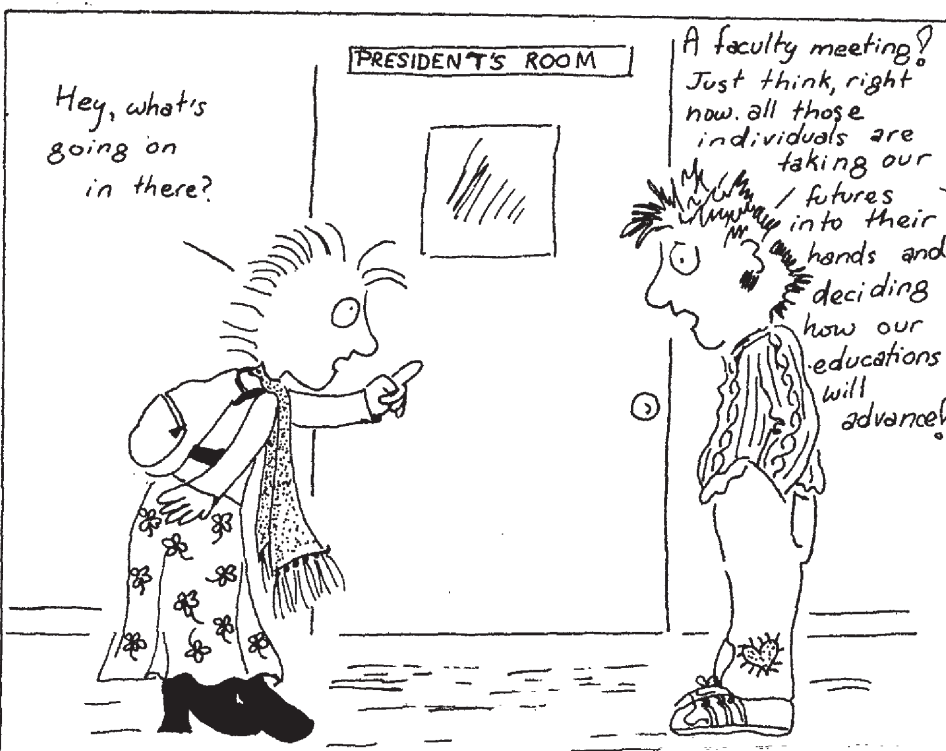
During an otherwise pleasant visit to Bard College, I suffered the agony of hearing the lecture by Dr. Skinner which was criticized by your reporter, Randall Batterman in your October 25th issue.

Mr. Batterman merits the praise of every decent person, black or white, Christian or Jewish for his courage. He spoke out against a dangerous new movement towards bigotry and destruction. He reported accurately Dr. Skinner's words and he caught the filthy mystique of the evening as well. I imagine your paper will be filled with letters such as this. Mine might offer one new perspective, that of a Lebanese Christian Arab, now residing in the United States.

Dr. Skinner preached a crypto-Anti-Semitism, heaped glowing praise upon Jesse Jackson and the SCLC, and warm approval on the band of slimey murderers who call themselves the PLO.

As a practicing Christian I am infuriated by the sight of supposed Christian ministers embracing these cold-blooded assassins and joining them in the singing of Christian hymns.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



LETTER ON SKINNER CONT...

Dr. Skinner might profit by learning a bit about my town of Damour, Lebanon. Jackson strolled through the rubble of Dammour, arm in arm with those PLO killers. It is now a guerilla base used for staging slaughterous attacks on our only friends in a supposedly Christian world, the Isrealis.

In January of 1976 the PLO invaded our little town of thirty thousand. Twelve days later I was one of the few escapees neither slain by them nor drowned escaping in small boats. Thousands of my townsmen and many of my family were not so fortunate.

My cousin, Elias Kanaan, refused to kneel and recite that Mohammed was the true prophet of God. He was castrated and suffocated to death with his own severed genitals stuffed in his mouth. His wife and four children were forced to watch then they were raped and killed!

My Aunt Suzanne Shahine was sodomized and then set on flame with gasoline!

My stepfather, Maroun Iskander was strapped to a car and carried through the streets of Damour with three meat skewers stuck to his head!

The remnant of our people was mercifully saved by the Israelis. They were our only protectors in a world afraid and influenced by Saudi oil.

Do Dr. Skinner and Jesse Jackson want the American Black Community to be friends with the PLO animals? Dr. Skinner and his kind must be stopped before their evil doctrines infect the thinking of others.

Mr. Battermans article is a good beginning.

Christine Iskander
New York University
New York, New York



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COMMUNICATIONS BIGWIGS..

It's a cold-hearted profession-- all of it." But in consolation he added, "The joy is in the research, and that's what the liberal arts education is all about."

Next we got to hear about how this panel of professionals made it to the "top". Digby Deal began with his tale of glory: "For the most part, my success came as a terrific accident." He went on to say that to his father's dismay, he "was determined to study journalism." (His father was a writer who has since "faded into public relations" Being "confused" he took an

American Studies major in college, and upon graduating "discovered that there wasn't a big demand for civilized Americans," so he ended up taking a job at Creative Playthings as an educational researcher.

From college to Playthings was about as far as Digby took us in his incomplete autobiography of how he became Editor-in Chief at Harry Abrams, but I guess that a connection may be assumed to fill the gap between Creative Playthings and the publishing company of such books as "Fairies" and "Giants."

Margery Baker was a political science major, now wishing she had majored in either English or History. She went on to complete her formal education at the Columbia School of Journalism, and considers graduate school to be an "opportunity to

CRUCIBLE OF HATRED...

then the Middle East could not have been marginal.

Skinner then constructs a straw man, a martyred Andrew Young, but refuses to knock it down unequivocally. He seems to indicate concern for confused Anti-Semitic reactions by many, but somehow can't bring himself to a simple clarification; we will try.

A weak president is held hostage to his own appointment of Young by overwhelming political considerations. He allows Young to ride shotgun on an independent foreign policy. He tolerates a stream of humiliating and damaging statements. He outwardly continues to support Young despite his praise of Cuban adventurisms in Africa, denigration of our allies, and extraordinary lack of sensitivity to the Gulags and Russian dissidents. Finally Young goes too far in his escapades. He defies the President and the Secretary of State, and publicly and blatantly lies to them and the nation. He is fired, and neither he nor Vance nor President Carter possess the collective grace to say why.

In his fourth point, Dr.

make mistakes at other people's expense." Looking bored and disinterested, she spoke about television; its limitations and time and space restrictions for hopeful T.V. writers, and the decision making power of Executive Producers. My unanswered question concerning the future of commercial television in America provoked no stimulation in her half-assed attempt at relative rhetoric. Instead, it was brushed aside by Mr. Wiseman, who said that it had nothing to do with the area of careers. As I proceeded to reassert the question to Margery, and explain its indisputable relevance, Wiseman congratulated me for my persistence and left Margery to give me the feeble, non-informative reply: "Commercial television will always be here."

Margery went on to inform us that to "make it" in the television industry, "you've got to be a creative person who has proved himself." Himself, eh? She proceeded to tell us how she marched right in the front door of one of the main executive offices at C.B.S. to get her prestigious job, but warned us not to try the same. She just reinforced the idea that it is better to "get your foot into the door first" and "work your way up from the bottom."

At this point, I was feeling that maybe the provocative questions that I was hearing mumbled from behind like, "Hey, Margery, how

many blow jobs did you have to give to get to the top?" and "How long did it take for you guys to grow such nice beards?", might have added something to this "ho-hum" discussion.

To top off all of this "panel led" debasement of the aspiring anybody, we had to listen to Wiseman tell us that most of the unsolicited material submitted to T.V. guide wasn't good enough for the publication. On that matter, Wiseman is clearly full of much of the same shit that fills the pages of that weekly guide to the tube.

As the uneventful and uninspiring program came to a close, it was fortunately uplifted a bit by some advice and commentary by Ed Sanders. Ed's advice to the freelancer was to "be relentlessly, gently aggressive...be a walking resume...write every day -- seven or eight articles a day and two or three books."

Obviously a freelancing career entails a lot of work and much self-propelled drive, but it can offer a lifetime of satisfaction for the relentless aggressor. It is your own choice; aspire to be an executive in "your" field and find that career desk that you climbed so high for, or assail your future with supreme authority as a freelancer. Ed's career is the inspiring example. Teaching at Bard is his first "job" in fifteen years and he relates, "I've been doing pretty well so far."

Skinner sheds big fat crocodile tears for Israel's "difficult position." He bemoans her inflation rate and wartime economy and claims that these facts demand a new policy. He implies that this policy should be one compatible with what he perceives as a world growing more sympathetic to the Palestinians.

The truth is that there is little sympathy to be wasted on the P.L.O. Dr. Skinner's P.L.O. solution would be the final solution for Israel. The P.L.O. as Skinner most assuredly knows, is a band of killers, non-representative of any real Palestinian group which is not only dedicated to the total destruction of Israel, but is also bound by its charter to "eliminate" the Jews residing there.

In his fifth point, Skinner speaks of a "New International Economic Order" and describes oil as the factor which will create a shift in U.S. policy. He demands a "consensus", one in which blacks participate. Then, he infers, all will be well.

As part of this bright new "Judenrein" policy, aptly described as a "New (economic) Order", does Skinner really

believe that if the U.S. were to bomb Tel-Aviv, poison the wells of Jerusalem and give the P.L.O. two seats in the U.S. Senate, that the Arab oil producers would produce one more drop of oil for one penny less a barrel? Nonsense, Dr. Skinner, childish nonsense! As childish and churlish as those, including Jesse Jackson, who have urged capitulation to Khomeni's blackmail in return for the right to buy their black gold!

Finally, Dr. Skinner states that we should not be so sensitive to what we perceive as bigotry. He accuses us of "crying wolf!"

Rather than crying with our own poor arguments it would be more fitting to quote the response of a great American, the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, to a similarly outrageous statement by a Black leader in 1966*.

"One of the leaders of a fine and militant civil rights group has made an Anti-Semitic remark...I do not view this horrible outburst as anti-Jewish. I see it as anti-man and anti-

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CAMPUS DAY- A CASE OF CENSORSHIP

Prior to the Campus Day held on November 29, Julie Conason, a senior, had her poetry subject to censorship. The two poems, printed in full below, are those that were deemed inappropriate for a Campus Day reading by Professor Benjamin LaFarge. The Admissions Department of Bard College is clearly the motivating force behind Professor LaFarge's censoring actions.

ADMISSION DECISION: BARD POET NEEDS LICENSE

BY MARK EBNER

Ms. Conason understands the matter, in that she views the Admissions Department as the administrative organ that is concerned with "not alienating the parents of prospective students." It is clear that alienation of parents is a threat to the potential income of dollars and students. This understanding Julie speaks of, is not one of compassion, though. She resents being subject to the Department's restrictive intentions in that her work, "not being pornographic, stands on its own merits as poetry."

Here, a certain insensitivity on the part of the Admissions Department in regards to honest representation of Bard students and their work is manifest. Julie points out that the justification of Professor LaFarge's actions under the pressure of the Admissions Department's intentions of being "money oriented," and not concerned with honest representation of student work and the nature of the Liberal Arts education at Bard. Julie relates that Professor LaFarge censored her poetry because "he found that the erotic images in two of the poems would be objected to by Admissions."

Julie gave a reading on Campus Day anyway, but it was restricted to omitting works with erotic images and "offensive" language from her schedule. She ended up reading choice work, but was compelled to inform her audience that some of her work had been deemed "inappropriate for the reading." In retrospect, Julie thinks that her audience that afternoon would have been mature enough to handle the censored material, and "would not have found it offensive."

Julie's resulting attitude regarding Campus Day programs would restrain her from reading again at such a function if she was subject to the unwarranted pressures of censorship. When asked about her present attitude towards the Admissions Department, Julie

replied, "Before this incident, I had very positive feelings about the Admissions Department and their work. Now, I see it as being less interested in presenting aspects of Bard and student work, and more interested in raking in money."

Certain questions are now raised that should be of concern to the Bard Community as a whole: Should the Admissions Department influence Professors into censoring student work so as not to "offend the unknown and presumably conservative sensibilities of our visitors?" Or should the Administration and faculty allow fair and responsible student input into the presentation of Bard as a liberal college that would allow such constitutional rights as "freedom of speech?" Bard Times seeks informative replies from all concerned.

A Woman for Men or Lesbian Dream-Poem

I am a woman for men
but last night I dreamed
about a woman in a school uniform
with a great round belly
hard and smooth
drum-tight, but yielding.
I saw it as I lifted her pleated skirt
by a stream in a field
so clear so green
and I wanted to make love to it
so, so much and I did
and she laughed joyous and teasing
and I didn't know what to do
when she skipped away
through the high grass
bounding with that belly
like a pregnant doe.

Now I am a woman for men
Although women for women
have wanted me otherwise
have danced me in circles
tasting of a thicker love
of smoke-pungence
And the smell of women
O the smell of leaves
moldering on the ground
in wet autumn
That must be the smell of women
But I am a woman for men!
I scream in my sleep
dreaming of round asses
and rounder breasts.

At the Rainbow Room

She strolls into the ballroom
like syrup
Not one, but two men
yes one on either side
trickle in with her.
One, her lover, handsome,
was dark.
"That look", she tinkles
"We've always classified it as dark Jew-boy".
Two, a sandy-haired pudgy businessman
in a leisure suit
is not handsome like Jew boy.
He grabs her, however,
and takes her into the rest-room
for a serious talk, leaving Jew-boy
at the punch-bowl.
Sandy looks at her and says,
"So you want to do it?"
Let's do it.
Please let's do it."
She looks into his eyes briefly
then her head swivels around.
Still looking away, she says with sincerity,
"I can't believe you said that to me.
I would have fucked you.
But that was just too unromantic."

LaFARGE, Le CENSEUR

Julie Conason:

I like very much your poems called "Group Male Portrait" and "A Woman for Men or Lesbian Dream-Poem," and there are good moments in the other two poems as well. Unhappily, the Admissions office feels that it would not be tactful to have anything read which might offend the unknown and presumably conservative sensibilities of our visitors on Thursday, and so I think it would be inadvisable for you to read either the lesbian "dream-poem" or "At the Rainbow Room". If you still would like to read "Poem for Paul" and "Group Male Portrait" together with any other "non-offensive" poems you may have in hand, that would be fine. If this is too restrictive, however, then I suppose it would be better if you did not come to the luncheon reading. I leave it up to you. Please accept my apologies for being so concerned with the propriety of this occasion.

Ben La Farge

CRUCIBLE OF HATRED...

God. It would be a statement to condemn harshly, coming from the lips of a black man. For black people, who have been tortuously burned in the crucible of hatred for centuries, should have become so purified of hate in those scorching flames as to be instinctively intolerant of intolerance."

*The Reverend Doctor Martin Luther King, March 5 1966, "Afro-American."

POETICS AT BARD

and over again with varying stress and breath space patterns. Be innovative and experimental. Or at least sound like it.

Well, there they are. Five rules to practice and assimilate into your writing. Remember: they need not be followed to a tee, and if you can throw in a modicum of original thought, well, that's all to your advantage. Go to it Bard! And good luck!

THE AYATOLLAH SPEAKS

There is only one true Ayatollah and that is me, the Ayatollah Rock-n-Rolla. I am sick and tired of this long-haired barbarian using my name! This "Ayatollah Rubella Kookamonga" fella has gone too far. He comes out of nowhere and all those ignorant savages think he is Marilyn Monroe or something.

Really now, who are these Iranians? Well I'll tell ya, they're one bunch of confused people. What they really are is a bunch of fake Arab Moslems. They go around saying they're not Arabs, just who do they think they are kidding? They sure as hell look and smell like them to me. I can't tell the difference between 'em, can you? I'm willing to bet a case of Old Milwaukee you can't.

What those folks need is a good old dose of American firepower. And I don't mean any lightweight stuff like a neutron bomb or napalm. We should send them a good old fashioned dirty cobalt nuclear type gift, courtesy of me and Ronald Reagan. I mean, first, that no good weirdo in a dress steals my name and then he holds some of our best good ole boys so he can get a poor crippled sick old man. Those people don't drink and they don't even listen to Rock-n-Roll! What good are they anyway? What a bunch of perverts, they probably don't even like baseball. You know, they've probably never heard of Thurman Munson or the Dead Boys!!! Well I gotta go now and get my dose of Old Milwaukee and listen to Sonic Reducer, but I'll be back in time for Spring training when the Yankees take the field. Until then, I remain RED, WHITE and BLUE.

AYATOLLAH ROCK-N-ROLLA

P.S. HAVE FUN!!

NUKE THE WHALES ETC.

By Nancy Ercoli

What is a Bard student? Is he an anachronism, a reactionary, a revolutionary, or just someone uncertain of what he wants to do? The purpose or goal of Bard College (as stated by Leon Botstein in his first speech to the freshmen class) is to widen a student's field of vision. Yet, this conception of growth is often carried too far. Bard College is filled with gurus, who want to nuke the whales, and fight for abortion, while being anti-war, and selling drugs to pay for their tuition. The typical Bard student is a typical to all other college students.

The first step in becoming a "Bard student" is deciding what non-conformist group you want to conform to. The choice is one of many: hippy organic, prep, punk, organic prep, organic punk, punk prep -- and various subheadings that incorporate the ideas of "artiness" or "literariness".

After you have made your decision, you must fulfill the demands of that group by dressing and acting in a certain way. To use just one example, I shall proceed step-by-step in becoming a "punk prep."

1) Clothing - the basics needed are: white jazz shoes, peg pants in purple, turquoise or black and white striped, heartshaped or cat

sunglasses, spandex pants if you are thin enough, a sweater, and an assortment of brightly colored thrift shop buys. When it comes to a discussion of clothing, you must be casual but impressive; lie (or name as many small shops that exist on Canal Street.)

2) Background - you must be from New York City, want to live there, are living there, or have visited it on numerous occasions. The other alternative is to have a foreign background. Your parents should be divorced, or separated -- if they are still married, you may speak of belonging or hoping to belong to the group known as the "intellectual decadent." This group has gone to college and believes in divorce separation, or participation in numerous affairs.

3) Courses taken while at Bard - you must be an Art History, Literature, or Art major. If you are a Science major, you must compensate by wearing leopard-print pants at least three times a week.

It is also very important to own a sketchbook and camera. If you aren't adept in the skills necessary to use charcoals, or take a picture, at least carry them with you when you walk around the campus.

4) Miscellaneous - it is very important to know, like or put down: Joe Jackson,

Roxy Music, Rock-a-Billy, The Doors, The Ramones, The Talking Heads, The Members, Blondie. You must definitely dislike Disco, and parody the songs and style of dancing (i.e. "Talking about Vomit," for "Talking about Bad Girls," "You make me feel like Manson -- I want to knife the night away," for "You make me feel like dancing, I want to dance the night away*," and when you dance with a partner never smile or look as if you might be enjoying yourself). Another must is to be familiar with old movies, unknown American authors and poets, and a smattering of the Impressionist painters. You must smoke, and develop a severe passion for something -- anything. You must use noted or personalized phrases (usually taken out of context from old television shows), and change your outfit at least once during the day.

The final step is to want to travel, to become a curator of a museum, an actress or notorious. You should also believe in established codes of behavior, but make fun of them -- and most of all believe whatever you do you will do with flair, and that you will be accepted by the social elite.

Like to kill little animals? Join the Bard Hunters club. Box 719

RECORD REVIEWS by Ivan Stoler

Okay you rock-n-rollers, you asked for it and yer gonna get it. What yer eyes are feasting upon is the Ayatollah's new column on recent releases in this rockin' land. So if yer not from Amerika or if ya don't rock-n-roll then you best stop here and go on to the old folks column on the next page. Each record is rated by the number of kegs it attains. Five kegs means it's a real nuclear blast; four kegs is a medium size neutron bomb; three kegs is an up and coming cruise missile; two kegs is a dying commie jet "piloted" by a Syrian; and one keg means it's a real lightweight attempt to rock.

The new Sham 69 Lp "Hersham Boys," strays all over the place and doesn't even deliver one decent heart punch. This record is very reminiscent of the Stones record, Black & Blue of a few years back, but look what happened to the Stones. It seems as if Jimmy Pursey and the boys are about to kick the bucket. The best tune is "Money."

Rating: Two Kegs

With his first solo Lp "Alchemy," Richard Lloyd finally steps out from behind

Tom Verlaine's shadow. Lloyd really dished out some tasty tunes on this kick-ass record. Lloyd explores the shadow line which few people attempt to do and even fewer get away with. The best cuts are; "Misty Eyes," "Alchemy," "Dying Words," and "Blue and Gray." This record is a must for any American willing to die for his country.

Rating: Five kegs

On Roy Looney and the Phantom Movers debut album there are large unexpected gaps of energy from these Flamin' Groovies alumni. There are some killer cuts like "San Francisco Girls" and "She Run Away," but then there are some poor tracks like "Scum City." Even though it's an inconsistent album, this band shows a lot of promise, so watch out!

Rating: Three kegs

The second Root Boy Slim and The Sex Change Band Lp "Zoom" is a must for all those who like to do the gator. The arrangements are nice n' sleazy, the energy level high and the lyrics are amazing! The best cuts are "World War II" and "Quarter Movie." I have a funny feeling though

that Root Boy can do better, but this man can explode at any time.

Rating: Four kegs

Last but not least is the new Stiv Bators single out on Bomp records. "It's Cold Outside" is a remake of the Choir's hit out of Cleveland back in 1966. Bators' version is a real energetic romp through the world of power pop that just makes me wanna get up and dance! If this record doesn't hit #1 on your local radio station then bomb it!!!!

Rating: Five kegs and a pony thrown in for good measure.



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Gimme A Break
By Art Carlson

Soo, Bard has a few new rules now... glad to hear it, kudos to the dean's office. This place has too long been run by noisy loudmouth assholes...YA HEAR ME!!!! Personally, I think you need more rules because previously, the only way you could rebel was to be adolescent and paranoid, senselessly opposing whatever changes the administration came up with, no matter how well thought out they were... In this line I think it's shameful that people have been accusing Leon of being paranoid. I mean, give the guy a break! He's a sensible, well educated guy trying to run this institution as best he can. He has access to more info, than we do, so it's no surprise to me that he always ends up characterizing people who question his wisdom, as I do. Adolescent and paranoid (admit it, weren't we?), stupid (aren't we here to be educated after all?), or just plain nuts. I mean hey, this is a crazy kollege, but not like it used to be. Why in my day...what's wrong with you kids anyway? Not enough 'football is one reason' certainly. I shouldn't have to be walking around with a ball in my hand, begging people to play football at my age for chrissake. Lack of leadership is another. I

ART CARLSON



photo: Frank Parrisch

don't mean to criticize the student government or the radio station, or anybody... a big problem is that Bard students are in terrible physical condition. So many of you girls would be simply stunning if you would lose 20 pounds or so...and you boys...the boys are in a little better shape than the girls overall, but if we're yelling at the girls we gotta yell at the guys too. If the girls get all gorgeous they aren't gonna wanna hang out with you creeps unless you get your acts together. Play football, for instance. And do pushups. You may be spending more time in the pushup position than you think. Also Bard students should fight more. Why let those repressed

hostilities seethe? Deal with em! Bard kids apologize too much and are too goddamned polite in general. You walk around the cafeteria for instance and you hear this constant buzz of apology... "Oh, excuse me..." "Oh, I'm sorry..." "Pardon me, oh, I'm so sorry!" Odd truth in all that. It always killed me how ready Bard kids are to apologize for something they didn't even do... You step on them, disrupting their meal, and they apologize to you! K-K-K-Krazy! Another thing I don't understand is why most white kids around here listen to Rock music and Eno and Philip Glass (to name just a few. I know you guys can afford more records than that) and can't stand disco because

it's "boring", "repetitive" and "stupid". I wanna plug here for my radio show- The Alumnae Hours, nothing mellow show- be sure to tune on Wednesday from 6-8. By the way, I liked the new student photo show and apologize for flagrantly deceitful misuse of highly technical language in my last rant. But I still mean it.

Sugar is so bad for you. It is one of the prime mind control drugs employed by the state. I eat it too, but only in coffee and all the things that naturally have sugar in them. Health food nuts take note: honey is just as bad for you and this has been proven beyond reasonable doubt. Sometimes I wanna yell at people and tell em how bad sugar is when I see them pouring it all over the place at SAGA, but heck, freedom includes freedom to kill yourself too. And by the way, Dabo Tibi Coronam Vitae (the Bard motto) does not mean either "Gimme a break" or "If ya got em by the balls their hearts and minds will follow." Aaah, the great sayings of the Nixon administration...remember "I accept the responsibility but not the blame." That's how I feel about what I write for the newspaper...and what about maintaining your deniability! It's too bad Nixon isn't president anymore. The level of political rhetoric has

continued on pg. 7

Dear Editors:

This is the fourth edition of the Bard Times that I have written for, and I think it's about time I told you what I think of the sleazy rag you have the nerve to call "The Official Newspaper of the Bard College Community".

Where do you get off forcing this garbage on us every couple of weeks? Let's take a look at some of the articles. In almost every issue, we find the "reflections" of some jerk-off: "Reflections of a Freshman"; "Reflections of a Senior"; "Reflections of a Transfer Student"; What next? "Reflections of a Nurd?" "Reflections of a B&G Man?" "Reflections of a Big-Man-on-Campus-Who-is-now-a-Beverage-Boy?" Who cares? Who gives a damn about these nobodies' experiences at Bard?

Jewish hysteria runs high throughout the pages of Bard Times. Randall Batterman's life is very dramatic- full of many dangers that lurk around every corner. He heard jackboots on Munich cobblestones when all most people heard was a lecture so boring that even the strongest of us had to struggle to stay awake. I wish I had such an imagination.

And speaking of Jewish hysteria, take a look at Jonathan Feldman. Now that guy is funny. He really keeps me in stitches! He has a very personal brand of Marxist politics, if they can even be

PAUL SPENCER



photo: Peter Geisler

called that. Jonathan's politics seem to stem from some deprived and depraved childhood- a classic case of transference. Perhaps for lack of parental discipline, Jonathan has turned to the "Party Discipline" of the Communist Manifesto. His parents probably didn't pay him enough attention and Jonathan wanted more stimulation, even if it was in the form of abuse. So now he turns to Das Kapital. At any rate, his new ma and pa are now Marx and Lenin. Okay Jon-boy, but do you have to lay your neuroses on us? Elliot Junger. Elliot writes drab reviews of movies that put their audiences to sleep over fifty years ago! Rod Michael seems to think that he's made some powerful and controversial indictment

of the Bard community, and that he's the Woodward and Bernstein of the Bard Times. C'mon Rod! Who really cares?

Art Carlson's is a simple case of a has-been woe who is trying to relive his glory days. Sure, in past years he was something, and was pretty good at corrupting young and innocent minds, but that's all over. Let's face it Art, your days are over. You're a beverage boy now. Nothing more nothing less. You should have gotten out when you could. Now you're stuck. Sooner or later you're going to get one of those tramps behind the counter pregnant and end up marrying her. Then you'll get a full-time job with B&G or Security, and in a few years you'll be the new Dick Staats. Last but not least, we come

to my articles. I write those things in fits of drunkenness, and I'm the first to admit that they are disgusting and irresponsible. But it's really not my fault. I only write the things. You, the editors actually go for that crap and you even publish it! For that there is no excuse.

What I would like to read in the Bard Times is real news. I want to know what's going on behind the scenes. You know, the juicy details. I've got lots of questions. Who's Teresa Vilardi going out with these days? What are some of the seamy details of John Fout's past? Who is Leon's present fave? Is it true that Peter Sourian was a prize fighter and actually killed a man in the ring before turning to literature? Who on campus is gay, and who are the ones that are just faking it? Is Clark Rodewald really a Shaolin priest from China? What are Chris Stansell's matrimonial prospects? And how about that dream-boat Michael Simpson?

These are questions that are on everyone's minds. Why don't you devote more time and space to answering them? Finally, I would like to throw in a prediction: The Cleveland Browns will win the Superbowl.

Sincerely,

Paul Spencer

CARLSON CONTINUED...

been gruesomely low during the late 70's. Except for the extreme right, who continually win my respect, if not my allegiance, by their willingness to play political hardball. But, the fucking 70's are finally over. No more mellowness (rule of thumb for the 80's: don't trust anyone who's mellow). And forthwith, here are some of my predictions for the 80's:....On the political scene, the eighties will start out with a bang when Ayotollah Khomeini has all the hostages killed by firing squad on January 1st, 1980. Look for some war action there, with plenty of able-bodied young unemployed Americans ready to go kill some gooks. (I'd love to join ya boys but my broken ankle isn't quite right yet and I have this fishing trip planned to Canada tomorrow). Ayotollah ya so! In mid-March it will be announced that Carter has cancer of the colon and must drop out of the race, leaving the field open for Kennedy and the long awaited slugout with Ronnie Reagan who will barely beat Phil Crane (no, not Bill Crane) for the G.O.P. belt. Those Conservatives will put up the best fight we've seen since Nixon's heyday and barely lose, paving the way for Kennedy to become the American Ayotollah, finally come to claim that which is rightfully his. He will be blown away but not until he has wreaked havoc on the political system. The eighties will see the return of many Rightful Leaders besides Kennedy... Moshe Dayan will soon be Prime Minister of Israel...and just in time too, cause we're gonna have to do something about those goddamn Arabs. Never trust a religious fanatic, particularly if they are Moslem, Christian, Jewish or Communist. No, the revolution will not happen, but the Left will once again wreck itself in ideological struggle and finally realize the need for something beyond Marxist-Leninism. The Bee-Gees will break up. The Beatles (including George Harrison) will die and a desperate attempt to clone their cells will take place but fail. The Police will be the band of 1980. In sports, the Yankees will win the AL East and the series in 1980, ...and 81, ...82, ...Billy Martin will be the next Manager of the Washington Senators. When Fred Lynn becomes a free agent, the Yankees will sign him and end their center field problems for a decade. The Washington Redskins are the pro football team to watch in the 80's...They might all die in a plane crash. After they win the Super Bowl, of course. At Bard, Leon will move to better things in the early 80's and Lorinda De Roulet will be the next

president of the college... Paul Spencer will be found with his penis and testicles stuffed into his mouth, Viet Cong style. Steve Bennish will be found that way only he will be alive.

Well, my crystal ball just clouded over so that's it for the predictions. The suds are calling me and I must go, but in the holidays I urge you all to have fun and blaspheme whenever necessary.

NOT INSANE PRESENTS...

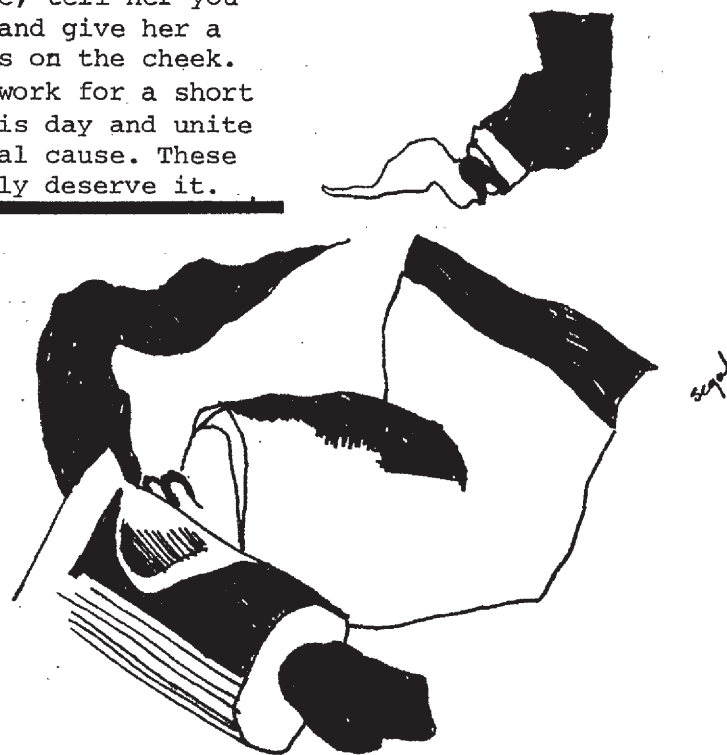
By Spike Henderson

I wish to pay homage to a small, but wonderful minority on this campus: red-haired women. How to do this without being branded a chauvinist, or losing a few friends seems impossible, but here is my attempt. After twenty-five years of Lucille Ball, I have been given the impression that Hollywood, and thereby the world, feels that all redheads are flakes. I do not understand, erythristic women suffer no genetic defects which makes them do insane things. They are the true victims of society: hair color dictates how someone will behave as an adult. Ridiculous. I've heard it all my life: Blondes have more fun, Brunettes are mysterious, and Redheads are flakes. Is this fair?

I know a number of women with this delightful physical trait, and none of them are wacko. Everyone has idiosyncrasies, and I've seen idiocy in people of both sexes with every tint, shape and length of hair. So why should redheaded women suffer discrimination for both their color and sex?

One neat thing about this school is its radical support of minorities and lost causes. The color red has a very special meaning at Bard. Women are fighting for and earning total equality in this institution. Yet, with this strong political base, nothing has been done here to rid us of this silly stereotype. Redheads are first a minority, second red, and third female. Does anyone give them the proper respect, due after so many years of discrimination? No. Bard cannot change the whole world, but within this microcosm things can and must change. This school can show that the redhead is not a flake, but a normal healthy adult. Various student groups should sponsor erythristic colloquia. Redheaded representation, even if it's tokenism, in the student government is a must. To erect a statue in the Commons to commemorate the suffering of red-haired women seems unlikely, but something must be done to tell our red sisters that we truly love them. This is why the Times is initiating Bard's first Appreciate Redheads Day. On Monday,

December 17th, men and women, find the redhead of your choice, tell her you love her, and give her a sloppy kiss on the cheek. Drop your work for a short time on this day and unite on this real cause. These women really deserve it.



BARD STUDENT ART SHOW- review by T. Modern

All really lame. Exactly as stated -- Bard student art. This is the worst of the three semesters I've been doing here. I won't mention any names, as all the work was unworthy. I'll sum it up: no photographs, nothing weighing more than ten pounds, no large paintings, some bad paintings, some "conceptual pieces", some etchings.

One set of paintings looked as if they were puked up to beam from the walls of a dentist's office. They were hastily constructed from wood scraps and plastic and other inexpensive materials. Rauchenberg managed to continue the Duchampian ethic of making art from found objects by turning regular trash runs into collage. This method of making art is I'm sure no reflection on his racial background. And so what?

While R-berg made large pleasant-looking constructions, these tiny bits of painted wood and twigs are mere exercises in materialistic craftsmanship, not the least bit visually stimulating. I note that these art works, as well as all the rest in the show, lacked titles. To me, this indicates a particular lack of focus and articulation on the part of the Artist-Students. If the works have no title, then we must perceive them as "Untitled" works, which means that either the artist has no specific idea or name for the work, or that we should only be aware of how the art looks on the wall, or how it looks at all. Untitled art is un-ambitious.

There are absolutely too many etchings shown of the etching-art-student. The three best ones would have

looked better than all of them, or all twenty. If they were on sale that would be fine, but when showing in a supposed retrospective, an artist must be able to edit his or her own work in order to be best represented.

All in all, all ideas are out-of-date, as depicted by Bard Student Art. I feel that this is a direct result of general lack-of-self-respect which the Bard College generates. While Art can allow a person to be perfect, Bard puts its students who live on campus in a position of helplessness concerning many primary fundamental matters of living. These Art students have chosen to support exploitative multinational corporations, have chosen to become part of a private institution, have chosen to live in an environment which poses no true challenges other than its own absurd conditions. Their food is prepared by slaves and they are the masters, they try and rebel against the values they are supporting.

It strikes me that as Bard gruels for students, it fights a losing battle to maintain integrity. This year is the first year in which the B-stein regime has a "full population." The last group of seniors who knew Bard before B-Stein have left. This is also the first year in which Leon and a gestapo squad made up of the "executive committee" had to tour the freshman dorms and terrorize them into behaving like humans by threatening to put adult supervisors in to monitor their activities. Leon wanted to know why there are these problems to begin with. Well, the obvious answer is that

continued on pg. 8

BAD ART CONTINUED...

the people who are students here are getting dumber and dumber, as Bard accepts them in a day as if they were buying a hamburger.

Another reason the Student Art is so dull is that there are no modern or even decent facilities to make any serious or ambitious art. There is no photo-silkscreen taught, no metal type stuff, just paint, plaster, and wood.

The show demonstrates a lack of concern for social, political, and aesthetic values. At best, I would call the art poor exercises in bourgeois formalism. The sheer lack of ambition reflected in the show echos the wretchedness of the art dept. itself. Both Phillips and Grossberg are frustrated artists slaving over the concerns of the past. Matt didn't like the Beuys show at the Guggenheim because it wasn't happy art. Well, Matt, impressionism is dead and will your paintings ever creep into the Gugg? Nope. Perhaps Bard needs to have visiting guest art teachers who are real functioning modern artists, showing work in contemporary galleries. I mean, abstract pointalism is out too.

All in all, there is not enough sensory input or information around Bard to inspire any good art. The slide collection of paintings is in terrible shape, just ask Jean "Sorry about the poor quality, it really looks different if you see it" French. Then there is the Bard library, which is absolutely tiny and simply does not have enough books about anything. My advice to any serious art-oriented students: Transfer lest ye fester.

Editorial Typist's note -- Unfortunately for the Bard Community, not to mention my humble self, I have never seen any good anything produced by the illustrious author to date. In addition and so in closing, I add the following two pieces of advice to Mr. Modern --

1) Do Your Homework. If I'm not mistaken, Mr. G-berg has shown rather recently in a largish city located approx. 90 mi. so. of Annandale N.Y. 2) On The Subject Of the necessity of sophisticated nouveau art equipt. and facilities to accomodate such advanced specimens of human artist such as Tommy, I must again humbly extend the following invitation to the author: I've just completed nude sculpture for my most Basic Sculpture class. I employed the très refinée tools located at the base of my wrists and immodestly and complexly attached by a intricate network of veins, and some crude and vulgar clay purchased for some five dollars at the bookstore. I guess this may have something

to do with my heritage, but, anyway, I formally invite Mr. Modern to a private showing of this piece which I will even, for his benefit and for fear of appearing noncommittal, title: John La Mancha. (It ain't no Matisse, but fuck them old artists anyhow, what validity can they possibly have to the sophisticated 1979 hepcat college student?) I think it's pretty.

Correction.

Defense Correction: I have seen an example of the man's work. How could I be so etourdie, chérie? Did I not just type up and make grammatically correct this entire piece?

Very Truly Yours,
Cally Old-Fashioned



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TELL ME, WHAT'S THE WORD?



GIL SCOTT-HERON PLAYS BARD

By Robyn Neuman

Never, not even at the peak of dinner hour, did I have to squeeze in, out and between crowds while I walked through the coffee shop to the lounge on the night of the Winter Formal. People, in attire varying from formal suits and ties to formal bathrobes, were everywhere. Some crowded around the candle lit tables in the coffee shop, while others waited on line for free drinks allowed to Bard students.

I followed a drifting mass of people into the lounge where two men were jamming out a lively, improvisational jazz tune. The band itself did not have a name, but both men were members of the Mind Control band that played the previous afternoon. The percussionist, who laterwards introduced himself as Mark, also mastered the piano and oddities, such as a German train horn, with seeming ease. The other half of the duet, a man wearing a coat with long, stud-hemmed tails, managed a full range of saxophones from soprano to concert baritone excellently.

Although the jazz musicians were very good, one could see by scanning the crowd that many people made a concerted effort to enjoy the music in order to pacify their increasing impatience while waiting for the main attraction; Gil Scott-Heron.

Gil was due to start his performance at 10:30. More and more people, faces both familiar and foreign, drifted in and milled about as it

got closer to showtime. I felt the restlessness and anticipation grow while sound checks of Scott-Heron's band could be heard filtering out from the confines of the main dining room. Finally, the doors opened to welcome swarms of people who quickly rushed in and immediately began searching for the perfect seat to see the event.

A roar of applause, whistles and screams rose up as Gil Scott and his band came on stage. Gil greeted his audience congenially and went on to explain "what he is about." His songs are about change; he views change as being inevitable. "Delta Man," one of his latest tunes, started off the set. Scott-Heron's beliefs on change are displayed by the title as well as the lyrics in this song. Delta, besides being a topographical term, also symbolizes change in Greek.

The band is introduced as they appear on stage. I tried to make out the names as best I could over the din of the huge crowd. The two guitar players were Ed Grody, lead, and Robert Gordon played bass. Tony Greene layed a beautiful background beat on the drums while a man whose name I believe is John Cornwell was the combination keyboard and saxophone player. The P.A. system is to blame if I have gotten any of the names wrong.

Gil weaved in well-known analyses as he introduced "Watergate Blues" by explain

ing that there are 500 shades of the blues in the color spectrum. The crowd swayed in unison as the band played "Show Business" with Tony Greene tapping out a steady beat. Again, Gil urged that "each one and each one" in speaking of individuals affected changes in whole populations. This was a prelude to a new song entitled, "Shut 'em Down," protesting against nuclear power. More familiar, "We Almost Lost Detroit" followed in theme. Gil also played even older favorites like "Johannesburg" and "In the Bottle" as an encore.

An insatiable crowd tried hard by clapping in rhythm and shouting "We want Gil!" to tempt Scott-Heron for an encore. It was to no avail. People filtered out of the main dining room easily in spite of the disappointment.

The night was still not over. Students could be seen entertaining themselves on the piano in the lounge, while the coffee shop/bar was still serving drinks. People sat down, unwound and relaxed from the excitement of the Gil Scott-Heron performance, and waited for the disco to begin.

The Winter Formal was a successful evening from beginning to end. Although the focus was on Gil Scott-Heron, the surrounding entertainment was also enjoyable, and the bartenders poured the liquor with a good, heavy hand. I left the dining commons happier than any other time in the past year and a half.

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI'S OPEN CITY

A Film Review by Elliot Junger

Few Italian films made during the war years were as bluntly outspoken (and, to be sure, as strongly biased) in their opposition to the Nazis and Fascism in general as Roberto Rossellini's gripping *Open City*, made in 1945 during the end of the war when Italy was still under the occupation of the Germans. It tells of the heroism of the Italian Resistance, in particular, of a middle aged priest Don Pietro and Manfredi a young resistance fighter in Nazi-occupied Rome, who withstand the threats of the Gestapo and the pleas of friends in order that they may secure certain information vital to the resistance. As both have been under surveillance for quite some time for illegal resistance activities, the Gestapo are particularly interested in their capture. When both are finally caught and refuse to divulge any information of their activities, they are both executed. Don Pietro is shot by a firing squad, and Manfredi is tortured to death.

Cinematically, the film might well be the most "realistic" and least "beautiful" of all the Italian neo-realist films made during

the 1940's. It is practically a documentary, practically, because one can clearly recognize certain actors and actresses. The camera work is gritty black and white with a fragmented gray cast over each scene, therein reinforcing the mood of oppressive tragedy and helplessness which surrounds the characters. Since the photography was an example of simplicity at its best, one was often unaware of the camera and seemed to be following the characters themselves instead of the camera, probably the greatest compliment that one could pay the neo-realist cinema, the camera disappeared. On a similar note, the musical score was omnipresent yet remained unobtrusive; one was scarcely aware of its beginning, only of its enhancement of the film as a whole with its haunting beauty.

And finally a word about the acting. When I remarked that the film was possibly the least beautiful of the early neo-realist films, believe me, I was merely speaking of its visual texture. Anna Mamiagni's Pina had fine restraint. It was remarkably straightforward, unvarnished performance which in its delineation of a sto-

ic and downtrodden woman (who is eventually shot by the Gestapo,) never for a moment lapsed into self pity, but remained earthy and yet gentle and at times affectingly vulnerable as in the scene with her and her husband Francesco when she confesses to him that she is worried about the future and gradually weeps more and more bitterly, unable to maintain her cynical facade any longer. Marcello Pagliero's portrayal of Manfredi, the young courageous resistance fighter who dies brutally at the hands of the Germans, was only adequate in that it lacked sufficient depth of character and rarely seemed to change its rather stock overly "concerned" and contrived delivery. Harry Feist as Bergmann, the brutal Gestapo chief, gave a stuffy, arrogant, effeminate and thoroughly unpleasant performance, which in its subtle allusion to homosexuality in the High Command, nonetheless believably conveyed the barbarism and cruelty which was belied by the icily smooth exterior. Here was no sputtering, guttural, krauty fustian a la Erich Von Stroheim, but frighteningly dispassionate complacency made it all the more

credible. In spite of all these generally fine performances, it is undoubtedly Aldo Fabrizi's Don Pietro which deserves the highest attention. Only in some early Fellini, *La Strada* for example, have I seen the near equal of Fabrizi's acting in this film. The character of Don Pietro was no longer just a film character; he was an archetype, a radiant, earthbound symbol of humanity, neither tempting death nor running away from it, but accepting it. Fabrizi's playing was so immediate and concisely natural, as when he stares unblinkingly with tear-filled eyes at the mutilated body of Manfredi who has just endured the most horrendous torture by the Gestapo, lying in front of him whipped and bleeding, that my eyes too almost started to fill with tears. His humbly beseeching expression at the very end of the film when he must face his executioners and in contrast to the mild, self-deprecating sense of humour he shows at the beginning, for me constitutes one of the most touching and wide-ranging performances of Italian cinema. He dominated the film, a strong and poignant masterpiece.

QUADROPHENIA

A FILM REVIEW by Bill Abelson

Quadrophenia, the new British film based on The Who's 1973 concept album, is a good movie. The colors are razor-sharp and clear, both nighttime and daytime shots. The directing (by Franc Roddam, a 33 yr. old Briton) is very effective, particularly in unfolding the action (streetfight, riot) scenes. The acting is quite good. The story is pretty coherent. But it's not much fun to watch, unless you really get off on despair and senseless violence.

The movie is about 1) the events of a few weeks time, summer '65, in the teenage lives of Jimmy (Phil Daniels) and his peers in Brighton, England, and 2) the violent fighting between the Mod and Rocker gangs of the time.

According to the *Soho Weekly News* of November 8-14, there wasn't a hell of a lot of difference between these two groups. Mods dressed snazzily in zoot suits, jackets and thin ties, and tended to dig the clean, snappy music of Buddy Holly and the Beatles. Rockers were snotty leather-boys, filthy punks, who were more into The Who and Stones. It's a bit ironic that by 1967 The Who themselves were thoroughly Mod in their

dress and their art.

The Mods and Rockers rioted that summer really for no reason but for having nothing better, or more exciting, to do. They weren't violently opposed to each other's philosophies or anything. They were all into the same things; everybody had a bike.

Following the film's major riot (on the beach by a seaside resort community,) Mod Jimmy is thrown into a pad-dywagon filled with Rockers. Whereupon I cringed, expecting them to beat the shit out of him. But they didn't. Everyone sat sullen, wordless. Off the battlefield, the game was over. The kids had succeeded again in disrupting the straight community with wild violence, stirring up some shit. There was nothing more to do.

Why are the kids so frustrated? Because in their lives there is virtually no love, understanding or honesty, even amongst themselves. They're just there and they really don't know how to love.

They're not particularly well educated and they don't care for art, or it never occurs to them to check it out. Their schobls, parents, the media, their environment never made them aware of it.

Their lives consist basically of working at insipid jobs, drinking, doing pills, dancing, and trying to get sex. In the latter, they succeed pretty well for '65, but the ultimate lack of love and sincerity is just a cause of more frustration and rage -- particularly for Jimmy.

*** **

Jimmy's job is working mail delivery for an ad firm. He is incredibly bored, playing cards in the projection room while halfheartedly screening a man-and-woman-in-willowed-grove cigarette ad. The coldness and dishonesty about the place is part of what infuriates Jimmy, though he's not smart enough to connect it or the firm to the inherent sickness of our culture as a whole and co-alesces any kind of revolutionary philosophy or anything.

Jimmy's boss is a tight-assed fascist moron with a pencil-thin mustache. Like Jimmy says, "Wherever you go there's always some cunt with stars and stripes on who wants to push you about. Boss tries to tell Jimmy he ought to be grateful for working for such a firm. Jimmy tells him to shove it up his blood asshole.

Jimmy's parents are boring,

backwards, unable to communicate, and utterly stifled, at least until his Mom eventually kicks him out of the house with anger and venom. He comes in late one night to find them watching TV, his mother staring wide-eyed at it for no particular reason, simply watching with all the anxiety and sadness of her life, feeling helpless to change her lot. The father is dozed out. "Out on yer motorbike -- it's not normal!" she squawks with fear. "O yeh? What's normal then?" retorts Jimmy.

The anti-authority theme also surfaces in the court proceedings held after the riots. The wigged judge is snotty and filled with pompous idiocy about proper respect, with degradation for the filth beneath him. They properly return his disdain.

Quadrophenia, the first step in The Who's growing expansion into film (*The Kids Are Alright* wasn't really their project,) was released by WHO FILMS. It's billed as a Who movie, with Townshend/Daltrey/the Ox as musical directors. But it's no thrilling Who extravaganza. About ten songs from the album are heard, but only fragmentarily. The lack of The Who in

Continued page 12

By John Kelleher

We're Due in Eastbourne in Ten Minutes

We're Due in Eastbourne in Ten Minutes, by N.F. Simpson, directed by Andrew Joffe, ran for five performances on November 17th through 20th. I was witness to the spectacle on its closing night and it ran as if off schedule.

It wasn't entirely the fault of the thespians themselves, whose acting was above par. Nor was it entirely the fault of the script, which was not without its funny moments. Robert Caccaom and Annie O'Keefe as Bro & Middie (the Paradocks) were a perfectly sardonic middle class couple, the proud new owners of an authentic historic pile of rotting manure artistically mounted on an antique end table. Heather Lee Harris and Dan Williams as Martha and Humphery portrayed the quintessence of boredom, a couple of haute bourgeois



The cast of Eastbourne

photo- John Bevevino

guests unable to find anything of aesthetic appeal in a compost heap, with or without an antique end table.

Comic relief was provided by Winslow Grant, resplendent in the uniform of a de-

livery person and Miranda Spencer a sight to behold as a third and unexpected guest who has, literally, just been decorated (with Christmas lights and tinsel). They were both truly absurd.

A major fault in what was only a mediocre presentation appeared as a lack of cohesive acting. Despite an obviously capable job of directing by Mr. Joffe the actors often gesticulated rather mechanically and delivered their lines over-anxiously, often to the detriment of comic effect. Nevertheless the audience was appreciative of the jokes, the burlesque action and the puns. I hope the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance will have the occasion to delve into the existential vaudeville of the theatre of the absurd again in the near future.

As the program notes so aptly said, it was, "barring accidents, not an entirely... successful evening." There were a good many futures on view in the great hall of Preston that night. And in all truth I can not say that it was not funny nor that I didn't enjoy myself.

ACTION!

By Michael Stiller



photo- Kevin Hyde

The cast of Action

Sam Shepard's Action is a play that deals with the inability of the human mind to correctly synthesize reasonable thought when confronted with situations with which it is totally alien and to which it is entirely impotent. The setting is a small building or cottage occupied by four people: Jeep, Lupe, Liza, and Shooter. The relationships between these four men and women are never explained nor is their circumstance one which is rational if thought of in terms we all

understand in modern life. In this instance, the audience is in the same position the characters are. We do not understand any logical sequence of action in the play because there is nothing on which we can base our judgement of behavior. The characters act in seemingly irrational ways. They are suffering from an inability to cope with a situation to which they are alien and in which they seem to exercise but little self-determination. They are in a

state of confusion because they are incapable of rational thought based on irrational realities as summed up in Jeep's closing line, "I had no references for this."

The entire cast did a very good job with what is undoubtedly a very difficult script, and I would like to commend Claudia Sherman for the production of a fine play, which, under the questionable auspices it was placed, seemed doomed to failure.

I think special recognition should go to Tom Carroll for

his excellent portrayal of Shooter, a character which could only be described as a paranoid schizophrenic. His performance was moving in its credibility and consistency. Mark Ebner also did an admirable job in the difficult role of Jeep. He appeared, however, to be forcing and contriving his character at times, and was sometimes lacking in characterizational consistency. All in all, the entire cast did a better job than could have been expected with a play of such incredible difficulty.

- See Mr. Nordal's review on next page



photo- Kevin Hyde

Mark Ebner in "Action"

The Women, by Clare Booth

Review by Andrew Joffe

Directed by Kristin Bundesen

The Women, by Clare Boothe, concerns a woman whose husband is cheating on her, and shows how any chance for reconciliation is nearly ruined by the interference of her friends, who gossip and insinuate and complicate the situation. It is not a feminist play (despite the all-female cast,) nor is it a satire on women. Rather, it deals with human relationships and the games that go on within them. The playwright is saying that ultimately all people, good or bad, have got to play the game.

Chief game-player in the cast is Sylvia, whose nails are appropriately painted "Jungle Red." In this role, Claudia Sherman avoids a stock villain characterization and creates a woman who fills the hollowiness of her life with total involvement in the game. Other players are: Lynn Goldman, who provides a witty portrait of a woman resigned to each new pregnancy; Christy Esposito as a feminist author who is aware that for all her intelligence she is ineffectual; Stephanie Hoffer, as a young

idealistic newlywed, who is unable to handle anything that smells of a crisis; Julie Conason, who gives a funny rendition of a woman who has had six husbands, all of whom have tried to kill her; Katharine Hulbert, in two roles as a maid and an earthy cook in a hotel for divorcees; Paula Clause in five roles, making each character different without use of make-up; and Jody Zepp in a marvelous double role as a gossiping manicurist and the heroine's mother. As Crystal Allen, the "other woman", Susan Freeman gives the right feeling of glamorous yet hard sensuality. The audience also senses that here is an expert game player, but we are never quite sure why she plays the game.

Suzanne List as Mary Haines offers some really effective moments on stage. The phone call where she learns from her husband that he is marrying his mistress is tragic without being hokey. The problem is that the playwright has at times given her awkward moralizing instead of dialogue, which become all the more leaden in

comparison with her brilliant handling of the character.

Other good moments include Katharine Hulbert's tour de force scene as the maid acting out the final fight between Mary and her husband, and a knockdown fight between Sylvia and her ex-husband's wife-to-be, (Joanne Silberman,) which might have had a better build up.

Some of the staging was clumsy, but the small set was generally put to good use, representing as it did many locations. (The set changes were a bit long on

opening night.) The play, set in the 1930's, had the right style without being cloying.

The Women is one of the best scripts ever written because it is well-structured, logical, and bitingly funny. It is one of the worst scripts ever written because of its rather obvious moralizing and stock characters. It could turn out to be either dated melodrama or high camp. This production was neither, and all concerned are to be congratulated.



A demure Christy Esposito listens as Claudia Sherman mouths off



photo- Kevin Hyde

Suzanne List and Noelle Flaherty share an intimate scene

Sam Who? by Nils Nordal

Sam Shepard is a playwright and *Action* is one of his plays-- or so the story goes. The essential problem is that *Action* is a rotten play. The style of the play is basically naturalistic, in the "slice of life" sense of the word. The audience is treated to an evening with a group of crazy people, who, for some inexplicable reason live together in a house. They sit down to eat dinner, break some chairs, filet a fish, and hang the laundry. So what? The events of the play do not flow in any logical progression-- there seems to be no given reason why any scene should follow the one proceeding it. *Action* is poorly structured in that none of the events move the characters and their lives

towards a crisis (climax) and resolution. This lack of structure cannot be passed off as "Theatre of the Absurd." A play like *Waiting for Godot* which in many ways is the personification of absurdism, is a prime example of a well-written play.

None the less, the Bard Theater's student production of *Action* was a serious effort and deserves a serious response. In the theatre we train so that, in at least performance, we may share something about ourselves; whether funny, sad, or ludicrous; and by having the courage to tell these things truthfully, we have the privilege to communicate something about ourselves as human beings. Eric Bentley once said that "Acting is both

artificial and natural yet to the extent that it comes off, to the extent that it is good acting, it is not notably either..."

Keeping this in mind, I was quite struck by Mark Ebner's performance as Jeep. Mr. Ebner distinguished himself from the rest of the cast as the only character I consistently believed in. When he spoke of his past, present, or future, I believed that he meant what he said, and felt what he professed to be feeling without falling into the trap of indicating or "showing". When Mr. Ebner poured a glass of water or dissected a fish, he did just that. Nothing more, nothing less.

As Shooter, Tom Carroll gave a mixed performance. It was evident that he had put much time and thought into his part but I felt that much of his craziness and anxiety was only skin deep-- an imposed madness born of an intellectual decision, rather than an admission of the fear and madness that exists in all of us, and working from the inside out.

As Lupe and Liza, Sue Freeman and Melodie Strain were faced with what may have been the most difficult roles in the play. Nothing is harder than doing nothing on stage, and that is what Lupe and Liza did for the most part. Ms. Freeman and Ms. Strain were faced with roles that, in my opinion, would seem attractive only to someone with a morbid fascination for boredom. At times, they seemed to have mastered their roles and very skillfully brought them to life. Other times they seemed bored with being bored and became boring.

Although I hate the play as a piece of dramatic literature I was pleased to see my fellow students responsibly approaching a very difficult play. Bertold Brecht, the great German Playwright, once said that "we must take responsibility not only for words we speak and write, but for the punctuation as well, right down to the last comma and period." He's right you know. It's the only thing that separates us from the rest of the animals.

QUADROPHENIA CONTINUED

this Who film is frustrating though there are a few thrilling references to the group woven decently well into the story. Other good rock of the era is heard (including a complete "Louie Louie") which compensates a little bit.

In the end, The Who's music doesn't raise, and it's not the main feature of the film. The story is, and The Who weren't necessary for it.

The movie left me with a sick and sorrowful feeling. There have always been frustrated teenagers -- and frustrated people -- in repressive, fulfill-your-role-not-yourself society. Jimmy desperately wants to get away from all the gullshit of his life, but no alternative is apparent, none suggested. *Quadrophenia* makes judgments about the inadequacy of present society (Britain's at the very least), but it shows no way out. In the end, it's left up to Jimmy -- and us -- to find our own meaning, our own way out, or passively accept the unconsciousness, the boredom and slow death of the 9-to-5 world our culture expects us to join.

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"Hey, take those glasses off so I can punch your fuckin' face in!"



Annandale Hotel

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Pat Covert & George Hunka on FILMS

Judging from the rather small attendance at film showings recently, (five people in the audience is considered a large crowd), it would appear that some people are not enthralled with the Film Committee's fare. This naturally brings up the question, "Why?" And a good question it is. The answer, fully apparent to all except the Film Committee, it seems, is that by and large people go to the movies after the day is over to be entertained which in itself is a totally valid and unobjectionable reason.

While films being shown may be of interest to the students of the cinema, this group of people is relatively small, and the films hold no interest for the non-film students. However, the two interests need not be entirely separate from each other. Films of greater import can be appreciated by both groups such as *On the Waterfront*, *Rébel Without a Cause*, or *The Wild One*, for reasons such as performance, social impact, and simple cinematic values.

At the beginning of the year those films which may be loosely classed as "avant-garde" (included in this category are films of French new wave directors, directors of the New German cinema, and early experimental films as

well as films of the American avant-garde) were shown only on Tuesday nights. Unfortunately they have been creeping slowly into the rest of the week. This problem more than any other has served to alienate a large part of the audience. We recall an early overwhelming sense of optimism thanks to the showings of such films as the *Maltese Falcon* and *Psycho*. Surely a steady diet of that type of movie along with the regular Tuesday evening avant-garde shows would keep the majority of students happy.

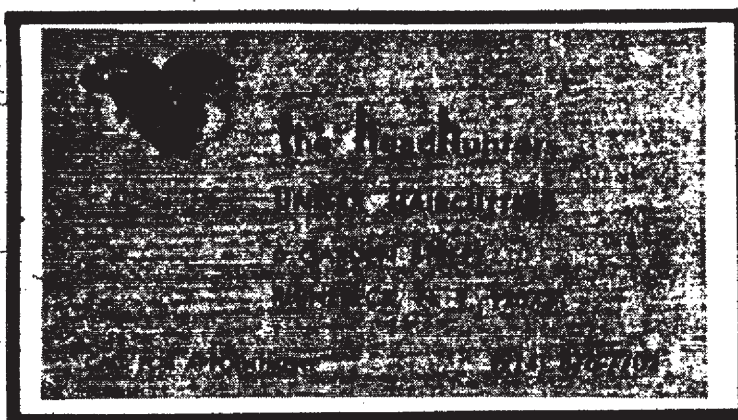
Of course, another factor should be taken into account while considering the poor attendance. Except on rare occasions, what little publicity there is has been centered solely on the director of the film in question. Little, if any, mention has been made of cast, plot or other points of interest. While not expressly uncalled for, the lack of mention of other facets of the film may well contribute to the student disinterest and apathy.

The authors of this article were present at a meeting of the Film Committee several weeks ago. With the ideas mentioned earlier in mind, a populist plea for more accessible films was rudely ignored at this preliminary selection meeting while vague

but vigorous discussion of the New German Cinema and the French Film Noir filled the air around the table. Worthwhile films of wide appeal were rejected out-of-hand in favor of more obscure films.

A financial schizophrenia of some magnitude is also apparent. It is appalling that the same people who would advocate the expenditure of \$300 for a piece of third-rate pornography such as *Maraschino Cherry* would not consider spending a similar amount on a more important work such as *Clockwork Orange*. Better things could be done with the \$5500 that the Film Committee has at its disposal without any decline in the number of films shown.

The Film Committee's movements have been confusing and frustrating at times. There are some moments when the goals that the Film Committee sets for itself have been ignored. In the final analysis, the fact that more people respond to items such as *The Trip* and *Muscle Beach Party* would seem to contradict the goals and ideals of the Film Committee. By and large, the campus would probably like to see movies rather than films. Since the final selection of films for next semester, if it has been made, has not been announced, we have only to fear more of the same.



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