

Bard College
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BARD TIMES

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*It is time to turn the corner
You have been on this street too long
gambled with your paychecks, fought with your plaster
paris halls
meet you in the subway
businessman blue death
architectural boredom in the fountain of youth
lyceum ceilings echo in these empty heavens
O' it's time for a peace war. — Gina Caruso*

BARD TIMES

Vol. 20 No.5

The Official Newspaper of the Bard College Community

March 13, 1980



photo/John Lester

980

by Art Carlson

Another presidential primary season is upon us, and once again, from the revolutionary perspective there is no good candidate, nerds all. Those of us who have advanced from revolution to nihilism, however, see things quite differently. The upcoming elections offer a host of good choices for those who desire armeggedon now. As a nihilist, I root for the political candidate most likely to polarize the country and bring a violent end to civilization as we know it. Usually the American public goes for middle of the roaders, but this year we might end up with the first real Liberal-conservative slugout in years. I am referring to a Kennedy-Reagan race, of course. This would be the ultimate nihil-

istic contest, cause either way you got a winner. Look at Kennedy; the last sound post in the crumbling Liberal edifice. Kennedy's main appeal is that he looks like the sort of hunk one wouldn't mind being alone in the steam room with. It is a well kept secret among Kennedy insiders that the Senator has been addicted to Opiates since the time of his back injury in 1964. This accounts for his frequent public incoherence. Another well kept secret is that Kennedy was actually under the influence of LSD-25 at the time of the Chappaquiddic incident, and the eight hour delay in reporting the incident is the time he spent "coming down" so as not to face the police babbling like a gerbil. Kennedy is one step away from going absolutely off his rocker. He would also demonstrate in classic steps what radicals have always known, namely

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AN INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT BOTSTEIN

by Tom Carroll

Bard Times (BT): One Bard student said recently in the Village Voice that you are trying to turn Bard into a "Harvard-on-the-Hudson". Are you trying to do this?

Leon: The answer to that is no. The phrase "Harvard-on-the-Hudson" can be understood either to mean that Bard is becoming more "classical" or more conventional, or becoming more prestigious, or that Bard is becoming a place of excellence. So if you take the quote at face value, I am interested in helping Bard grow in excellence, in seriousness, in a place where the arts and intellectual matters take place, and I am very committed to that. Am I trying to make Bard resemble Harvard? The answer to that is no, because I have great difficulties with the way Harvard has been over the last 50 years.

BT: You've said that there will be a recruitment problem at colleges in the next ten years. Do you think there will be a recruitment problem here at Bard, and if so, are you trying to change the image of the college to meet the years ahead?

Leon: No, I don't think that the college will have any trouble in recruitment if it continues to be distinctive, of an extremely high quality, providing a program that very few other institutions offer.

BT: So you are trying to forge your own way, rather than try to imitate Harvard?

Leon: Absolutely. The problem is that most institutions are pale imitations of places like Harvard. The problem of recruitment is severe, but the biggest mistake that anybody could make is to make

Continued on Page 4

The Story of Jimmy

by Paul Spencer

Jimmy was a young man of twenty-one, a fun-loving and creative lad. He was quiet, though not shy. He was stimulating when he chose to speak his mind, though never overbearing. His personality made him perfect material for Worm College, a little liberal arts establishment in a scenically woodsy area of the country.

He'd liked the looks of Worm from the first time he'd visited it for his interview. The admissions officer's description of the school had impressed him. This was a small institution in which students and faculty, as well as all the adults at Worm, related to one another on a very personal basis. One was not treated as a number, as in the large universities but as a human being. Everything was done with the personal touch.

What the admission officer

had told him had a great effect upon him and he was very pleased when Worm College accepted him.

The school had been all he had dreamed of, at first. He had stimulating conversations in the hallway of his dorm with fellow students. He always had great fun at the bar just down the street from the school. He enjoyed his classes and felt that he was learning a great deal.

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Letters

Office of the President
Bard College
Annandale-on-Hudson, NY
12504

Dear Sir:


The Humane Society of the United States wishes to add its voice to that of the Columbia-Greene Humane Society, Inc. in protesting the First Annual Bard Pet Hunt ad which appeared in the November 15 issue of the Bard Times. While we suspect that this was a tongue-in-cheek ad, it is a discredit to your fine college. When organizations such as the Columbia-Greene Humane Society and The HSUS are having to contend daily with the tragedy of literally millions of unwanted dogs in this country, we find it not at all amusing that your college newspaper should treat such a subject in such a cavalier manner.

Sincerely,
John A. Hoyt
President
The Humane Society of the United States

Dear Mr. Hoyt:

Thank you for your letter of January 3rd. I am unclear why I am the recipient of your letter. The Bard Times is a student run newspaper and the editorial control and therefore, the content of the newspaper, are entirely in the hands of the students. I agree entirely with you that the advertisement was in the poorest taste. You should, however, understand that the reason for the advertisement was the fact that Bard has had for years a difficult problem with pets. Because of our concern for the humane treatment of animals, we have long regarded possession of pets in the dormitories not in the best interests of the animals and not compatible with the living and dining arrangements of the college.

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Students break the rules, and enforcement of the rules is difficult. Often students believe that the possession of animals, even in inappropriate circumstances, is a right. Members of the community who live on the campus have been faced with packs of running dogs or an abundance of stray cats left from year to year--undesirable circumstances from a humane point of view.

The College recently cracked down on the enforcement of its rules through the use of fines and local officials who are empowered to remove pets. Students have been critical of this effort and attempted to parody the situation. Please be assured that Bard College shares entirely in the goals of the

HSUS and feels that in order to treat an animal humanely a decent, caring and spacious environment is required. The conditions for such an environment are not available in college-owned student housing.

I would suggest that in the future, however, before responding in such a reprimanding and curt fashion, the officials of HSUS take the proper steps of the humane exchange of basic information. A brief inquiry into the situation surrounding the advertisement in the Bard Times might have made your letter of January 3rd less awkward and less insulting and less of an embarrassment for the HSUS. Cordially,
Leon Botstein
President

Bard Times is the official newspaper of the Bard College community. Letters to the editors should be sent to box #85, Bard College, Annandale-On-Hudson, N.Y., 12504. The contents of the Bard Times are © 1980 unless stated otherwise. Opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the editors or staff.

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A VOICE FROM WITHIN

Editor:

The other day, I saw a procession of young women touring our facility (Clinton Correctional Facility in New York); being curious, I inquired as to the nature of their tour, and learned that the ladies were from a nearby college campus.

I too am enrolled in one of the many college programs that compose the educational system of our country, yet I feel alienated from the projects and people of the many campuses that house this educational system. I have often wondered as to what goes on at these campuses and how it feels to be a part of a large coed institution, as I know that at least a few of you there have wondered what it must be like to go to college from within a correctional facility.

One of the main social advantages of being on a large campus is that it allows one to meet new people and experience new ideas. Yet going from within here keeps these things from taking place. The people out there just don't know I exist. I do exist.

I am a young black man, and I am incarcerated. I would like to meet and communicate with sisters of all ages, colors, beliefs and backgrounds. I would also like to provide the campus with a steady flow of news about what takes place in here, on our, "campus."

Although the stereotype prevails that people in here are in here for violence, are savage, etc, I do not fit within this negative criteria. I am an intelligent and understanding individual, and I would like to do my best to destroy the myth of the youth incarcerated, because as long as it exists there will always be alienation, the universities of our states and our country will always be divided into two separate colleges, ours in here, and yours out there, there will be no communication and cooperation between us, and the wall between us will always exist.

Only by overcoming the problems that face us all, as individual races of people and as a society in need of change, will that change ever be initiated. I would like to close by thanking the college for all that it is doing for advancement, upliftment, and education of the brothers here, and also thanking the editor of the campus newspaper for allowing me the space needed for these few lines.

May my words do well in serving as a seed, which, when planted deep within the atmosphere of you all, will grow into a concern for myself as well as for brothers

in my situation, and that you sisters will reach out and form the bond necessary to bring us together so that the seed may grow into the most beautiful of friendships, and, in time, blossom into the greatest of understandings.

Prince Robinson
#77B-1078 Box B
Dannemora, NY 12929

DRAFT REGISTRATION

Editor:

About the draft--as it has done throughout its long history, the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY calls upon all working people, students, senior citizens, etc, to join us in the struggle against efforts to implement conscription. Workers have no interest in sacrificing their living standards, already ravaged by inflation and unemployment, to the designs of militarism.

Workers have no interest in sacrificing their civil liberties to the altar of imperialism. Workers have no interest in lining up behind the same policies that brought the horrors of genocide in Vietnam.

Militarism is part and parcel of a capitalist system based on profit motivated production, the private ownership of the economy by a tiny capitalist minority, and exploitation of workers.

It is the means by which the capitalist minority enforces its political and economic will both home and abroad.

An effective antidote to militarism can be fashioned by a working class movement that organizes workers economically and politically to effect a basic transformation of society.

This is the program of the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY. Enough of capitalism with its wars!

Nathan Pressman
Organizer
Hudson Valley SLP
12 Catherine St. Ellenville, NY, 12428

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REGISTER?

by Jed Schwartz

Now that it is official, we can think about registering for the draft again. Undoubtedly, many of the same old arguments for and against the resumption of registration will be brought up again, but we might as well think about it intelligently and decide individually what our positions on the matter should be.

It would be politically naive to disregard the fact that President Carter made the important decision during an election year, but it would also be unfair to disregard certain global developments in the recent past which might add some weight to the arguments favoring the President's decision. It's been but a few months since we've last heard young men urge a U.S. military reaction in Iran. (One wonders who was to carry out these actions).

Pentagon officials have stated that a major land war in Europe against the Warsaw Pact nations would require 100,000 inductees within two months of the outbreak of the war, and a total of 650,000 within six months. Needless to say, this would be impossible without an efficient and well-organized selective service system.

However, we must ask ourselves whether a major land war is a possibility in a world in which even the most remote corner is a mere 30 minutes away from nuclear destruction. A decision to provoke a war in Europe would have to be made with this possibility in mind. The entire situation becomes very complex and indeed, very scary when one considers the nuclear realities of the world.

Some have suggested that certain Soviet leaders perceived President Carter to be a "weak" President; thus convincing the Soviets to "lend" 100,000 troops to the "legitimate" Afghan government. Whether or not this is true, it probably would have been disastrous, if not catastrophic for the world, if the U.S. troops had been sent to counter the Soviet troops in Afghanistan. I am dubious of the strategy of maintaining huge conventional forces, for I fail to see how once Soviet and U.S. conventional forces met in combat a nuclear war would be avoidable.

President Carter has ordered the system of registration to be reinstated, and he clearly has the Constitutional right to do so if he executes the order via executive authority. Congress, however would have the right if it so desired, to appropriate only two or three hundred dollars for the system (thereby defeating Carter's order), but

this action is politically unlikely. Carter has asked for \$20.5 million in order to get the Selective Service System expanded and revitalized, and this amount is likely to be approved (if it hasn't already been).

According to Carter's order all persons born in 1960 and 1961 would be legally obligated to register for the draft, possibly by as early as July or August of 1980. Beginning January 1, 1981, all persons would be required to register when they turn 18. Defense Secretary Harold Brown has stated that the system would be handled through the Post Office. People will be required to complete forms including basic information such as physical characteristics, current address, and social security number.

The question of whether women should be obligated to register for the draft is an emotionally loaded one, and it threatens to obstruct the implementation of Carter's registration plan.

Legally, women have no constitutional grounds to protest their registration for the draft. A case might even be made about whether women have constitutional grounds for protesting combat duty. There are many American males and but a few American females who believe that equal responsibilities have finally caught up with equal rights. It is not my purpose here to fan the flames of argument; I personally think that killing is immoral.

I wonder if the Selective Service System will have the resources to accurately round up all 18 and 19 year old people. It seems to me that the major and most effective protest against registration will not occur on any college campus or in any protest demonstration, but in the massive apathy or anger which will cause many people to simply say, "I wonder what the final result would be, if both the Russians and Americans openly refused their government's military orders."

MOBILIZE! ANTI-DRAFT
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DAY 100 CELEBRATION
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Jimmy continued...

His first doubts came when he was told that he must move all of his belongings out of his room over the winter break. He lived thousands of miles away and the school would not even supply guaranteed storage for his stereo and T.V.. This disturbed him greatly at the time, but he found that there was nothing he could do; rules were rules. Eventually he no longer bothered over the matter and went back to leading a happy existence at Worm.

The first semester of Jimmy's sophomore year was one of his happiest. He had lots of great friends and many of them lived in his dorm, which was called Rock Court. This was his favorite dorm and everyone who lived in it loved it. It was a beautiful stone building and he and his friends would hang around in front of it when they came back from the bar and would talk and crack jokes for hours. Sometimes they got a little wild--like the time they lit a bonfire and danced around it to loud music. They were caught and had to have wine and cheese with several of the Deans the next night.

Then things started to get bad again. The president of the college and the people in the administration building told Jimmy and his friends that they would have to move out again. This time it wasn't just for vacation though. They were going to tear out the insides of Rock Court so no one could live there.

Jimmy was crushed. He loved his dorm. His friends were sad too. But Jimmy knew that he must abide by the rules--after all, there were so few at Worm College. After that they put Jimmy in a tiny little room in which he could barely move around.

Jimmy felt a little better later on when he got some girlfriends, but they left him after a while to become lesbians because that was the current thing at Worm these days. Jimmy understood this and sadly said good-bye.

When Jimmy became a Junior things got real bad. They gave him an I.D. card and told him that he must always carry it with him. There was an electric gate in the library now that knew when you were stealing books. Sometimes it buzzed and locked even when Jimmy was not stealing books. Jimmy would never steal a book from the library.

Jimmy was becoming disillusioned with Worm. Things were changing. They were lying to him in the administration building and pushing him around. They had said that they would treat him like a human being but they didn't. They said that he could freely choose his

curriculum but now they were adopting mandatory seminar programs. They had said that they would never have a graduate school so that they could give their full attention to undergraduates. But now there was talk of adopting a graduate department in fine arts, and Jimmy knew that it wouldn't stop there. They were lying to him.

Jimmy was depressed as he walked down to the cafeteria. He was depressed about a lot of things and one of them was that they had just begun requiring people to show their I.D. before they could eat. You weren't supposed to get that kind of treatment at Worm. They said that you could only find that at the big universities. It made Jimmy mad.

When he got into the cafeteria they again asked him for his I.D.. He had been told that they would stop this when they got familiar with the student's faces, but it had been weeks now and they still hadn't stopped. The lady who sat by the door was real nice and she knew Jimmy was a student and always let him go by without question. But the man who was second-in-command of the food service was standing over her and making her look at I.D. cards. She didn't like to do this and looked very sad. Jimmy complained to the man that he had shown him his card many times before and that he was getting sick of it. The man rudely informed him that he was acting on the orders of the boss of the food service who always stayed out of sight in an office in the back. Jimmy angrily showed his I.D. card to the man but instead of going in to eat he turned around and went back to his dorm.

Jimmy was fuming when he opened his drawer and took out the .45 calibre automatic he had bought in the city a few weeks before. He stuffed it in his pants, zipped up his coat, making sure he had plenty of clips of ammunition in his pockets, and headed back for the cafeteria.

As he came in the door Jimmy started to have second thoughts. He decided that if the man recognized him this time and let him pass that he wouldn't cause a scene.

As he approached the cafeteria entrance the man barred Jimmy's way.

"I.D., please", the man said in his typical monotone.

Jimmy yanked out the large pistol, leveled it at the man's belly, and squeezed off a round. The man looked surprised as he flew against the far wall. Jimmy marched off to the boss of the food service's office amid a shocked silence.

Continued on Page 5

BOTSTEIN and CARROLL

Continued from p.1

Bard appear and be more like other institutions.

BT: Are you satisfied with the students going to Bard now?

Leon: I'm satisfied with the gifts and the abilities that the students bring.

BT: In your recent article in Harper's Magazine you refer to college students in general as being "illiterate, ignorant, and ill-prepared with little sense of history and cultural tradition."

Leon: That's what they come to college with and most college students have those problems never dealt with. I think we get students here at Bard out of high school that are very poorly trained.

BT: Is Bard dealing with these problems?

Leon: I think we are beginning to deal with them probably better than most institutions. For example, the Sophomore moderation and the Senior Project programs have been effective. I think the freshman year has been weak but has been much strengthened by the Freshman Seminar Program.

BT: There has been criticism of the program because it hasn't been implemented well, and that there isn't enough continuity.

Leon: The criticism of the Freshman program is much less than when it started. This year I think the continuity is better. The first semester was devoted to the study of major works and the goals of society, and this second semester is a careful look at the period of 1789-1848, which is a fundamental period in the creation of modern politics and modern social conditions in the West.

BT: Is there a Master's Program in the works here at Bard?

Leon: There is a Master's of Fine Arts Program being planned by faculty members. It would be, in its present form for holders of a B.A. who have a serious interest in one of the Arts, and would be a program that would take place during the summer months and as an independent study during the year. The program for the individual would run three summers and two intervening years., leading to a M.F.A..

BT: There will be no Master's Program here during the year?

Leon: Not during the year, no.

BT: Will the size of Bard grow in the next five years?

Leon: No. Even after Stone Row is completed we will remain in the area of 700-750.

BT: But Bard is expanding in other areas. Could you tell us what is the situation with Simon's Rock?

Leon: Simon's Rock is now part of Bard College.

BT: It's called "A Unit of Bard College. Isn't that a little demoralising for them?"

Leon: No. If you grow up thinking you can be an autonomous institution, then you are bound to be disappointed by being part of a larger institution. There are people at Simon's Rock who feel demoralized and those who feel exhilarated. Because without Bard, Simon's Rock would have a rougher and less advantageous time of it. But the future of Simon's Rock was in the long run to become part of a larger institution.

BT: Can Simon's Rock become a financial strain on Bard?

Leon: It can't become a strain. Let me clarify so that no one gets the wrong impression. Simon's Rock was made part of Bard with very clear, unchangeable conditions. One of those conditions was that it financially operates with its own resources.

BT: Could that change if it started to go under?

Leon: No, it would only change with trustee action, and that is very unlikely.

BT: What do we the students gain from this merger?

Leon: What we get from Simon's Rock is that we have undertaken something educationally important and given to Bard a substantial increase to its national distinction and importance, which leads to greater financial support. Bard is an innovative institution that takes on important educational problems and tries to solve them. Why is that important to Bard? Because Bard has only 2,000 degreed alumni. Bard has to raise 1 million to 1 million four (1,400,000) each year, and most of that does not come from alumni.

BT: Bard needs to raise that much money each year just to break even?

Leon: Just to maintain the current expense of the institution. The reason we are able to do this is that we have programs, projects, points of view; and we stand for something that is different

from the conventional; that attracts people who are interested in giving for reasons other than nostalgia, their alma mater, or traditional loyalty.

BT: How else might students benefit from Simon's Rock?

Leon: I would hope over the next couple of years that we would be able to bring about student and faculty exchanges.

BT: Do you see an integration in the future?

Leon: No, I don't see an integration because Simon's Rock has a very separate purpose.

"I have never harbored any political ambitions. I have never possessed them. And don't think I'm going to develop them at this late date."

BT: Before you came here in 1975, you said you wanted a work study program here like the one you had at Franconia. Today there are only 15 or so Bard students working in the community. Have you changed your mind about this program?

Leon: No. The problem is a limitation of resources. These things are very difficult to carve out of an existing budget. You need supplementary funding which is harder to get than in the early seventies. There is more going on in the Outreach placement in the summertime and during the Winter Field period than there has been in a long time.

BT: Why not more people working in the community during the school year?

Leon: The reason that hasn't happened has something to do with the Bard image and tradition too. I came here and discovered that there was some snobbishness about that, some academic snobbishness.

BT: That working in the community was not a proper thing to do?

Leon: Yes, that it isn't an academically worthy way to spend time.

BT: Has that changed, or is it still true today?

Leon: That's probably true. I think there has been traditionally a certain prejudice against a work study concept. There are those who feel one oughtn't get credit for those kind of things. There is kind of a cynical response that this is kind of Peace Corps idealism that doesn't amount to a hill of beans. However, we have not lost the sense that this is an important thing to do.

BT: Are you going to direct more students toward working in the community in the future?

Leon: Yes, I would like to strengthen our Community Outreach Program.

BT: You once said that you don't plan on spending the rest of your life as a college president. Can you estimate how long you will remain at Bard?

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eggspeak

by Andrew Joffe

The President of Bard College has been published again.

Merely judged on its content, Leon Botstein's essay, "Outside In: Music on Language," doesn't belong in any anthology entitled The State of the Language. Matters would have been different had Mr. Botstein held to his original topic, namely, "If one were to look at the current state and future of English in America from the perspective of music . . . what could one learn about our language today?" As it is, he warns us that "this essay ends with more in it about music than about language," and then proceeds to ignore both the language as it is used and music as it is listened to currently.

A side remark connecting rock groups with illiteracy is the closest he ever comes to dealing with the current vulgate culture. He is like

a bacteriologist who never actually comes near the filthy germs, but stays outside the sickrooms and writes lofty textbooks, full of soul and theory, signifying very little.

In the first few pages of his essay, Mr. Botstein deems it necessary to show how well read he is by presenting a digest of the great thoughts that certain great thinkers have had about music. It would seem that quoting and paraphrasing great thinkers is one of his favorite hobbies. If there were such a thing as a Merv Griffin show for intellectuals, Mr. B. would be a regular guest. One can envision him telling of "having lunch with Manny Kant . . . isn't he wonderful, folks?" Indeed, one would welcome such refreshing informality. But the author's intellectual name-dropping is dry and dull,

Continued on Page 14

more Jimmy

from p.3

He opened the office door, The man looked up from his desk and asked, "Whaddaya want?" in the same bored monotone as the man at the front door.

"I want you to stop asking for I.D.'s," Jimmy replied in a quiet voice.

"Not a chance," the man replied looking back at the papers on his desk, "Rules are rules."

Jimmy shot him twice in the head.

After Jimmy shot a few more people that he didn't like in the cafeteria he left and went to the library. After putting another clip in his .45 he shot up the gate at the library entrance, putting it out of commission. Then he strolled into the back of the building and shot those which he felt were responsible for its erection. He then left and went to the administration building.

There he shot all the Deans he could find and went to the president's office. He was told by the secretary that the president was at home. He thanked her and headed for the president's house.

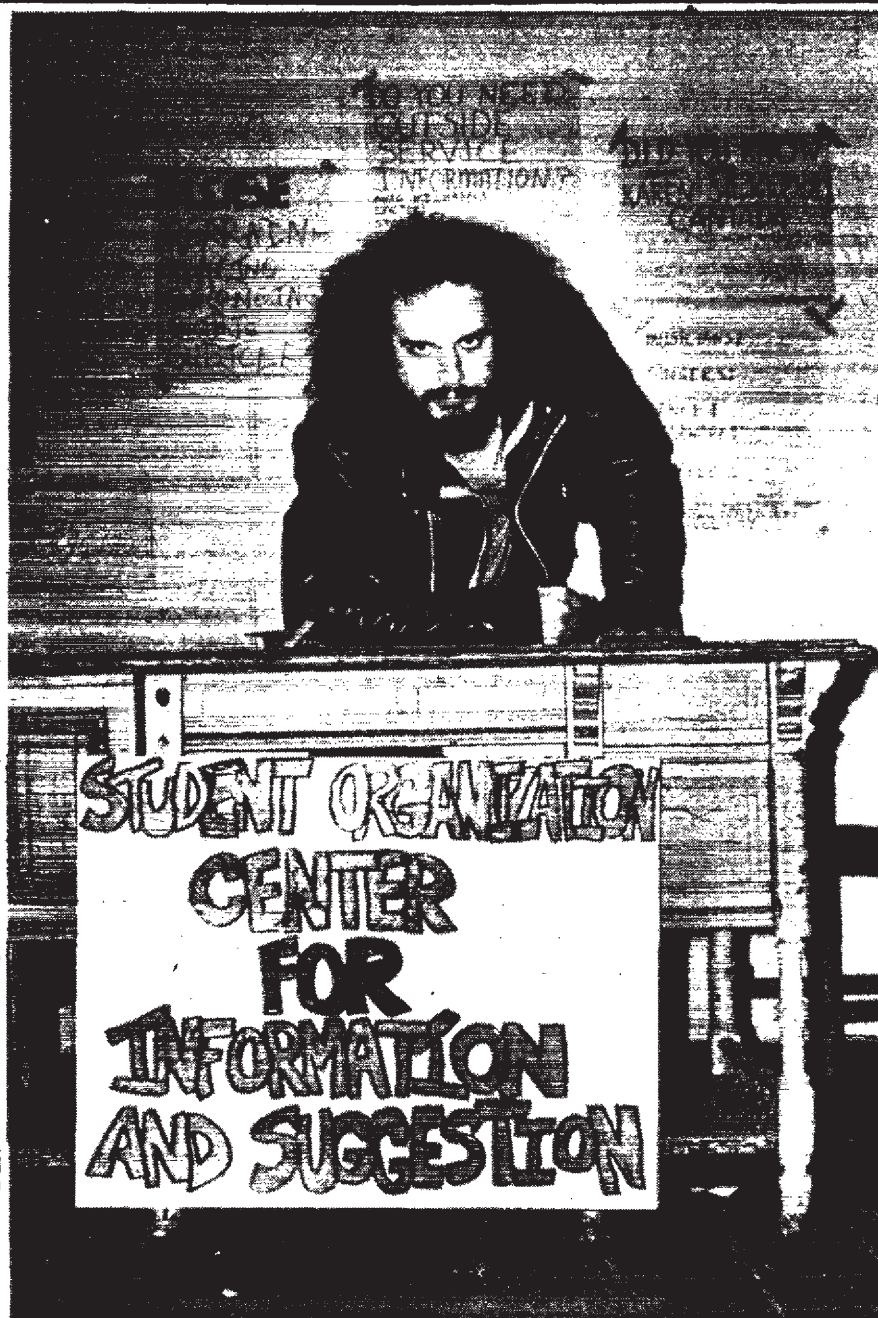
The president was very annoyed when Jimmy walked through his front door and said, "Young man, I am very busy and do not wish to be disturbed at home. If you wish to see me please make an appointment with my secretary."

Jimmy emptied his gun into the president. When Jimmy walked out of the president's house the police were waiting for him and they shot him.

It is well that Jimmy died at that moment for the violent orgy that followed his death would have been too much for him. The students at Worm, who had up to now acted like dull-witted sheep, understood Jimmy's cause and decided to finish it for him. They laid waste to the campus of Worm College and the carnage that occurred was horrifying. Many innocent people were brutally murdered, and after finishing off Worm, the angry band of seven hundred or so bloodthirsty students poured out over the land looking for more innocent adults to devour. They went from city to city, campus to campus, pillaging and destroying. And as they moved, their ranks swelled with more and more angry young people. The orgy of terror ran through the country and overnight the government, and American civilization as we know it, collapsed.

The following day the Russians arrived and finished off all that remained. And since they had no one to stop them they moved on and eventually enslaved the world.

Which just goes to show... You can push a kid only so far. □



Arthur Carlson provides an Information and Suggestion service for all Bard students, old and new.

photo/john beverino

Of course, if you don't like sneakiness there's always John Connally, who makes no bones about having big business run the country, and is also a good bet to die in office.

One reason I emphasize death in office is because Phil Crane has a good shot at the Republican Vice Presidential nomination. Thus far way back of the pack in the primaries, he is a model conservative candidate, my personal favorite, and young. His low standing thus far has in fact thus enabled him to be much more wild and dangerous in his pronouncements thus establishing him as perhaps the most conservative candidate. He is cute besides, an asset to any ticket. Besides, he and his wife have an "open marriage" which means they are well known in Washington social scene for going to parties and picking other people up to have sex with. Apparently they are into groups and swing AC/DC too, which is a natural asset as the campaign grinds on.

And then of course there's always the President. Carter and his hemorrhoids. Too bad he even stands a chance. He is too safe. Too much of a chump. Not extreme enough. No fun. Wasn't it Barry Goldwater who said, "Extremism in pursuit of extremism is no vice"? Well, that's as true today as ever. We don't need dull candidates like Carter of Ford, or Baker. Actually, Carter has a lot in common with George "Push-Push in the Bush" in terms of background, but is a dupe of these people (Trilateral Commission, Rockefeller) instead of a co-conspirator like Bush.

Brown is an interesting case. I'm uncertain as to how nihilistic he is but I'm sure he's full of surprises. At any rate, he is probably the only candidate that us college educated people could have an intelligent conversation with, where we would get each others jokes and everything. At least he would probably be a "fun" president.

John Anderson is another one who might be fun, but he's in the wrong party at the wrong time and probably only says the things he says to be contrary, which is an asset, but would fade as he moved to the front of the pack.

It's still too early to tell, but I would most enjoy seeing a Republican ticket of Reagan and Crane oppose Kennedy (Ted, remember, the half-wit Kennedy brother. First as Tragedy secondly as Farce? with, as the surprise VP nominee, Stevie Nicks of Fleetwood Mac. What a pair.

Meanwhile, the New York State Primary is coming up soon, so don't forget to register. Happy Voting. □

BATTERMAN WANTS KENEDY
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that liberals are the worst fascists of all.

One of the main advantages of a Reagan presidency is that Ronnie would probably croak in office, as have all presidents but one, elected in years ending with a zero since 1860. Reagan wants to "Make America great again" and is now the reigning grand old man of conservatism. He's the sort of person who wants to make it tough on all the scumbag elements, i.e. fornicators, homosexuals, dope fiends, intellectuals, etc. which is great because these scumbag elements have had it too easy for too long. Besides, as I've said, conservatives are at least honest about their fascist leanings, whereas Liberals cloak theirs in humanitarian bullshit.

George Bush, who is "mounting" a strong challenge to Reagan is another choice nihilistic candidate. Just look at his credentials--Republican party, Nixon, CIA, Trilateral Commission, and more. His candidacy is clearly an attempt by the oil companies, the Trilateral Commission, and all the same boys who brought Nixon and Agnew to sneak their man past the American electorate. Bush is Malignant. He has quite vicious and sneaky plans to turn America into a perfect example of corporate multinational democracy.

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THEATRE

Of Mice and Men

Review by Robert Caccamo

Of Mice and Men, a play in three acts by John Steinbeck (adapted for the stage from the author's original novella) was presented to standing room only audiences on both Saturday and Sunday nights February 9th and 10th in the Great Hall of Preston. Directed by Claudia Sherman, the cast was comprised of members of the Winter Field Players, a touring theatre troupe organized by Ms. Sherman, Kristin Bundesen, and Tom Simon. During the Winter Field Period this group independently prepared a mixture of children's and adult shows, getting themselves booked in both local and out of state high schools and colleges. By independently I mean that although they used Bard College as a base of operation all the planning, all the directing, even all the booking was done by the students.

Nit-picking out of the way first, technically the show was poor. I saw the Saturday night production, and that night the light cues were off badly, and when the lights did come on they often didn't help a whole lot. Simple things like pre-setting the stage before you let the audience into the house, or refraining from using your middle finger to say hi to the light booth when changing the set between acts--these things are so easy to avoid. As for the lights, they had to be put up very quickly due to a lack of time in the theatre, so I guess I should not say bad things about the shadows on stage. But there is no excuse for the others' problems, unless you are trying to emphasize that the show is an amateur production. This is the way to make friends and influence enemies, by the way.

The time between the first rehearsal and the first show was incredibly short, something like four or five rehearsals before the first production, and this lack of rehearsal time hurt a lot. There were no problems with lines, or if there were, they were handled smoothly enough so that I never noticed any fumbling for words. But Steinbeck's script, although touching in how it uses real emotions and deals with problems relevant to almost everyone, does so with dialogue that can be viewed as comically colloquial. The play is set in California during the Depression, and the dialogue resembles jargon of the period. In relation

to how we speak here at Bard College today the language is out of date, and so to people who don't appreciate what the author was trying to do the words become something to laugh at in and of themselves. To avoid this interpretation of comedy the lines must be given with a strict seriousness. Such seriousness cannot be developed with a cursory glance at the script, and being realistic, what script can even begin to be explored in only one week of rehearsal? What happened was that the actors, with varying

degrees of success, presented stock character presentations of what they felt were the characters. Tom Simon, for example, was the quintessential bad guy as the Boss, swaggering across the stage, yelling at the underdogs, and glaring at everybody. That's not a person, that is a character. Very possibly Tom was directed like that, told that what he was doing was right. Seeing as how the entire cast consistently gave character performances, it leads me to believe that such was the directional decision, to have the cast portray the characters as images and not as realistic people. Realize that there is nothing wrong with a stock characterization, but it has to emanate from something that is real, and not from what is only a con-

ception of a bad guy, or the picture of a tough. The result on stage will be only as real (or reversely as contrived) as is the work put into it.

Of the two leads, Paul Carter as Lennie and Andrew Joffe as George, both gave performances that were beyond simple stock figures. Of course, these two parts were by far the richest parts in a very rich play. Both men did convey a sense of warmth and sensitivity towards each other, but there were so many strange things going on I had to forget the play as I have read it and simply watch. Lennie is supposed to be extremely stupid, bordering on, possibly even actually, mentally retarded. Yet Paul spoke

Continued on Next Page



Photo/Al Lewis

The cast of "Of Mice and Men," directed by Claudia Sherman, from left to right: top: Thomas Simon as The Boss, Michael Walker as Whit, Kristin Bundesen as Curley's Wife, William Goodrich as Candy, Kevin Foley as Curley; middle: Oliver James as Carlson, Greg Phillips as Crooks, Trevor Vasey as Slim; bottom: Paul Carter as Lennie and Andrew Joffe as George.

as you like it

An Uncompromising Review by Gretchen Lang

On December 18th at Preston Hall I saw Eugene Kalish's production of As You Like It. This play has been in the works all semester, for which reason I had great expectations. These were regrettably unfulfilled, although the evening was not a total loss.

One of the basic problems of the play was some extremely ill-judged casting. An expected handicap in college theatre for which audiences necessarily make allowances is the uniform youth of the performers; it was therefore strange and disconcerting to discover that the part of Adam, faithful retainer of

the disinherited Orlando, was taken by a school employee of some seventy years. Still I would probably have adjusted to this circumstance had not Bill Thomas been a completely wooden actor. His fumbling attempts at physical expression, together with his monotone delivery, made me angry and embarrassed for his dignity; particularly when I heard members of the audience referring to Kalish's choice of him as "really cute."

Greg Phillips, in the very important and difficult role of Orlando, was another bad mistake. He has obviously had very limited experience with Shakespeare, and this

role was a poor choice as a means of teaching him. He does not yet understand Shakespearean English well enough to speak his lines with the natural rhythms and pauses. Thus he would break lines and modulate his voice inaccurately, mutilating the poetry of the verse and destroying any lifelike quality--a hard enough effect to create in the twentieth century, even without this handicap. Add to these problems the fact that he spoke too rapidly, swallowed the ends of lines, and did not project, and the result is a painful performance.

Most of the other actors in the large (23 member) cast were merely mediocre, but there were a few notable performances.

Nils Nordal, in the role of Oliver, had a spirited, ener-

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and moved with a clarity and even distinctness that contradicted the lines that as Lennie he was saying. Consequently he didn't appear to be dumb, rather it was more like a little mind in a very big body, a child. Children are a lot of things, but stupid is not one of them, so by playing Lennie with a feeling of childishness, he throws the meaning of the whole play into some kind of strange farce. Andrew Joffe as George was good, it was obvious he had put thought and work into his character,

opting for the melodrama which is easy to do, and leaving the development to the audience to construe from the lines. Fortunately, they were performing a tremendous script which let them get away with this. Had they tried to put in the same amount of work but with a lesser script, the show would have been bad.

The show pointed out what is not an uncommon flaw in the Drama department, one of inflated expectations, particularly with the student productions. The students



"I ain't meant to live like this, I don't have to stay here... I ain't gonna be run over no more!" -- Curley's Wife.

and of the two Andrew was more faithful to the character as written, but again lack of time was painfully evident. A lot of his scenes in which a certain emotion was needed became flooded with that particular feeling, at times obfuscating the why and who this George person was. In other words, Andrew was very sharp in his acting, too sharp to let you know who he was. He was always working at the character, and taken individual scene by individual scene he was very interesting, but on the whole un-refined.

Of the supporting cast, Bill Goodrich deserves mention as Candy. Although there were times when he relied upon an imposed character-type acting style, I thought that most of the time he did do a good job of bringing a variety of emotions--pain, dignity, eventually despair--to a part that, as much as any of the others, treaded a fine line between melodrama and realism.

For the most part a lot of the other actors in supporting roles went for form,

who comprise the Drama Department should realistically decide what they are interested in and then do that and only that. We do not have enough talented actors nor do we have the technical facilities to do large shows without a lot more work being volunteered by a lot more people. Seeing as how everyone complains of being overworked right now I don't see how it would be possible to get the necessary commitment to expand the number of shows successfully. There is all the difference in the world between putting a show on or doing something you have a right to feel proud of. As for *Of Mice and Men*, it wasn't a bad show, but it should have been a great show. The script is tremendous, and I felt cheated when I saw the production, disappointed that it was only an average show. Maybe that's an unfair criticism, to complain that the show was only average, but if it is indicative of what students are minded to present as theatre, then I think that that is a rather serious problem. Any replies?

Operetta

A Review by Bill Abelson

"All those oysters yesterday, champagne, poulard, ha, ha, cette enchantesse, mimosas, orchids, jewelry and cockatoo, divine, parole d'honneur, that game of baccarat in the club, 13,575 plus 12,830, ha, ha, I gambled it all away, What a night...gypsies..."

"Toooootampaoomooootoo-pa taeteet!"

-Such flows the babble of just two of the bizarre and beguiling personages in what was likely Bard College's most peculiar and inventive production ever, Witold Gombrowicz's *Operetta* performed February 13-17 in the Dance Studio by an extremely eclectic assembly of players.

Operetta is about the vapid and vacuous lifelessness of bourgeois lives and institutions (fortunately their representatives are delightfully ridiculous to watch, not dull and painful); the irrelevance and lie of fashion and style; and the contrasting joy and truth of nudity, both psychic and physical nudity.

Language also takes a whuppin' home from *Operetta*:

"When human affairs can't be squeezed into words, human speech explodes", i.e. when the State's life-lie has become too big, too real to confront, its creations begin saying "Ooeetpootooamma-aaetrootookoolleetakoomabooa" all the time.



BRAVO SWINDLER

Director Bill Swindler has done a brilliant job conceiving and actualizing a thoroughly topical and out-here production of the piece. The actors boogie down to disco-shit & wear punk and other chic or outrageous clothing (bankers and priests in shades and chains was a sight). Jeff Taylor was particularly resplendent in silver top hat, white gloves, monacle and ostrich feather). A cunning touch was the use of lifesize blowups of garish, supposedly "hot" punk fashion models.

The vocal effects (principally wind and thunder) drawn

out by Coach Swindler were stunning. Particularly outstanding were the spectral "winds of history" heard at the end of Act II. Whole eras--primitives, the Dark Ages, Mutant Futuroid, seemed to seep through and swirl about the studio's rafters, casually glide in through the darkened clammy walls.

Bill also adroitly solved the problem of the ambiguous original text of Act III, in which the lackey's blood-thirsty revolutionary fervor seems oddly stilled by the passage of another sweeping storm. In this production, the resolution is decisive; the lackeys at the end become militant guerillas, rigid statues occupying the same space as the frozen bourgeoisie did earlier.

ACT II or THE SPREAD

A bonus and special delight of this production was the party spread offered to the audience before Act II, the "party scene." As we were to learn, however, the liquor, joints, powders and dip were serving a more chilling, Satanic purpose... oh much, much more.

I saw the February 14 show, when the refreshments were embellished by gigantic candied broken hearts, impaled in the table with sharp, bloody butcher knives. The evening became especially enervating during this nerve-frying act, when live LOUD synthesizer-treated DISKO was played by 3 masked members of the Bolling Drones. The actors' dancing became wild, spaced, threatening and abruptly clicked along with the music into spooky, trance-like movements, a glazed parading of spirit-sombies, heightening the horror and dislocation of the already freaked-out, drink-sodden crowd which crawled the walls of the Dance Studio.

THE PLAYERS

Jeff Taylor was winning as the jadeed roue Count Charmant, capturing the character's eccentric narcissism with ease. Matt Gordon was fiendishly biting yet effectively vulnerable as Charmant's arch-rival, Baron Firulet.

Julie Edelstein gave a strong performance as Albertine, the ingenuous yet willing rollerskates-and-gym shorts Kid with the transistor omnipresently plugged to ear. Though she was convincing, it seemed that Julie-as-Albertine's heart could have been more into her dreamy submission to Charmant's courting.

Melanie Brown was captivating as the charming yet gratingly peevish Princess. Jizzum Chambers was vastly entertaining as the bombastic drug-addled Prince, easily upsettable tho occasionally demonstrating an odd, measured calm. Intriguingly both Quimm and Melanie, within

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For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Not Enuf

Review by Tory Bressler

And this is Bard, our intensified reality, and I am embarrassed.

It was not fiction, and it was not hampered by the pretense of caricature. It was the truth as only poetry can convey--truth through the eyes of human experience. It was colors, shapes, and voices that belonged. And I cannot tell you about the performance of individuals because every voice was a We. No 'Great I Ams', no glorification of self, just, "WE ARE", and "this is what we have and this is what we have to share". And if this sounds a bit too impassioned for a newspaper article, it is, but I cannot answer the voices of the seven women who left me sobbing and speechless with cool analysis.

There is a line from this choreopoem that makes a distasteful reference to the abstraction of reality committed by white intellectualism; well, this white intellectual felt. Nothing else. There was not time in all the incense of flowers and sex and tears, and trembling voices of laughter and "music and saturday night", and the magic. There was not time to meditate on the plight of the "colored girl"; there was no place for objectivity. Because the now was real and the now was life and thinking doesn't do a damn bit of good because thinking doesn't have anything to do with a person's heart. And I didn't know if my heart broke or burst then, but today I am sure it has done both; and I am full, and I am alive.

This is what Yvonne A. Peterson, Belinda Moten, Jean Stanford, Ernestine Montalvo, Ursula Cooper, Gayle ML Redic, and Donna



Photo/Al Lewis

The cast of For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Not Enuf, directed by Stephen T. Gerald. From left to right is: Gayle Redic, Donna Ford, Ursula Cooper, Yvonne A. Peterson, Belinda Moten, Jean Stanford, Ernestine Montalvo.

Ford have said to me, and now I know because I am sure from the core of my womb, that the power of their love was the power of every conceivable emotion. And you know, I don't give a goddamn for understandin' nothin' in my poor feeble brain neither--cause the rainbow is enough.

And this is Bard, so riddle me this: Why am I embarrassed to write my feelings? Why am I afraid to say thank-you to every-one-and-any-one who had anything to do with this excellent production? Afraid?--they weren't. □

peers. He seemed to consider himself the Supreme Benefactor to all. Bill's grotesque, held grimace when revealed as a Nazi will remain etched in all of our memories forever.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

On the night of the 14th, the four Lackeys were so taken by spitfire-and-brimstone revolutionary fervor that during the audience's standing ovation they bodily carted off and threw 23 audience members into the desolate concrete of the Bard pool by Saw Mill Creek. Due to cushioning snow, the casualties unfortunately totalled a mere 11 concussions, 3 skull fractures and 1 death, the show thus climaxing its multi-layered self in proving that Art is indeed Life, which leads to Death: Not just tonight, but each and every night.

Meanwhile the Bourgeoise, remaining in character, carresses the Administration audience-members' genitals so subtly, so demurely (except Jizzum, whose brutal, seething handling of ----- drove h-- wild) Ludlowvians in their wombish and paradigm-blasted stupor organically welcomed the grabbing, hoisting warmth of the Lackey's arms, many groaning in blissful orgasmic-relief when heaved through the cold creek bedded air. Are you ready boots? □

as you like it- cont.

from p.6

getic delivery and projected well and clearly. He was watchable, but he seems to be overtrained and his acting was altogether too stylized and grandiose. His gestures were stagey and affected rather than natural, but his energy was nonetheless more of an asset than a detriment to the play.

Celia, played by Kathleen DiStefano, ended up as a mild character whose main function seemed to be a neutral background setting off Tory Bressler's Rosalind. As Celia, Kathleen had amusing moments, but she did little to make the character interesting and as the play progressed, her rather uniform expression of comic perplexity--inreference to the antics of Rosalind--became a bit boring.

Robert Caccamo played the part of Duke Frederick with zest, at least. He had a good understanding of his lines and spoke them well, making an entertaining focus of a secondary role.

In two small parts, Lauren Hamilton and Cindy DiBica were amusing and effective--much more so than some of the more major characters. Lauren, in the role of the rustic Phebe, was very funny and spoke well, with a good variety of gesture and expression to spice her few lines. Cindy, playing Audrey Touchstone's intended, had

Continued on Next Page.

Operetta cont.

character, seemed actually frustrated by their vapid, robotic politesse.

The Marxist insurgent Hufnagel was lovingly portrayed by Scott Lithgow, who made a convincing horse sodomite. Though slightly uncomfortable on stage, Lithgow was mean and wild and conveyed his gnosis of revolutionary didactic perfectly. David Simonds played the Professor, who suffers from incurable spastic vomiting. Tho he fucked up some lines, David's Prof was heartwarmingly self-effacing and bewildered, his cosmic quease splintering the diminished inverted chord-bramble of Forever Professorhood. His puking was divine.

Alan Hidalgo was appropriately dashing and debonaire. as Fior, the Dictator of European fashion, but rather lacked the supreme solipsism one might expect from such a man. I am also not sure if city-boy Alan completely understood the cosmic, relativistic terror of his line "Bench? Where are you charging like a madman?... Everything, these trees and stones, houses and church, is a galloping horse... It's no use! It's no use! I'm racing too!"

John Zuill's Priest was sweaty, collar-tugging and obsessive: a paralyzed, lusty holy man with eerie silver beams reflecting from his eyes. Bill Abelson's cold, Napoleonesque General was very consciously separate and aloof from his societal

AS YOU LIKE IT- Continued...

almost no spoken lines but interpreted the part quite humorously with a very believable look of dippy stupidity and vapid sexual invitation.

The show was, however, undoubtedly stolen by Tory Bressler and Tom Carroll in the respective roles of Rosalind and Touchstone. Tory, although she overdid her expressions a few times (particularly her mooning looks at Orlando) and so fell into caricature, was very good, rendering her considerable lines with spirit and grace and an obviously thorough understanding of the feelings behind them. Both in her delivery and her physical expression she was appropriately witty and continually colorful and interesting; and her unflagging vivacity and joy in the part were infectious. The only shame was that it was absolutely unbelievable that such a passionate, fun-loving lady could fall in love with Greg Phillips' drab Orlando.

Tom Carroll, who is rapidly proving himself a rare gem in the Bard drama department, acquitted himself magnificently in the part of Touchstone. Although the role is inherently very funny he managed to make it unusually accessible to the audience. I have never seen such a natural, believable delivery of Shakespearian lines on the Bard stage. Also, thank God, he did not adopt a fake British accent. He and Tory carried an otherwise limping production.

For the rest, the blocking was at times awkward, but on the whole passable, the lighting was unremarkable, the make-up in some cases careless, and many of the costume distractingly shoddy (i.e.--unhemmed garments dripped ragged threads as long as six inches, and pins were very much in evidence). These things would probably have been less noticeable if the production had not been so draggy in general.

Although the evening cannot be deemed a waste, the play was decidedly a disappointment as a semester-long effort, and not an impressive sample of Gene Kalish's directorial abilities. □



MIND CONTROL

Mind Control...hmm...Mind Control Salsa...hmm...Mind Control Salsa Orchestra. That's what they call themselves. Who are they? Some of them tell me that we are they, or something like that. Anyway, those that I spoke with, (Fidel Castro, Tony Mindcontrole, and Lieutenant Calley), all agreed that Mind Control Salsa is a band consisting of the whole world. Finding that general opinion a bit hard to believe, I asked for specific names of current band members.

The names of the current band members are Ken Die, coronet; Mars, all reed instruments; Donny Deviod, Alto Saxophone; Tony Mindcontrole, bass and "local vocals", Fidel Castro, cigar and "a lit-

SALSA

tle guitar"; Lt. Calley, trumpet; Gary Window, Tenor Sax; Snake, trombone; Peter "Boy Genius" Applebaum, drums and piano; Raymond Charles, organ bass sax and bass clarinet; Peanut Butter, flute and alto sax; and the Jess Gang, vocals.

The band's main claim is that they are a "world music dance band determined to obtain world peace through music." I tend to think of them in more surreal images, but these images are, of course, only personal. The following is an example of what the fans are saying about this extraordinary band that "controls" impassioned audiences from Rosendale to New Paltz..

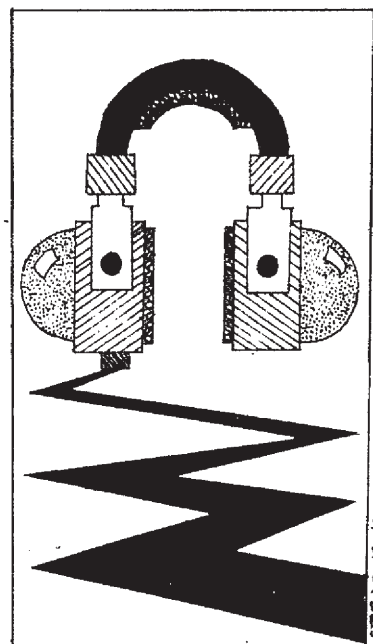
-editor

SALSA

by Michael Stiller

The poster said, "Come dressed to obey". Ten minutes after my arrival the lights started flashing. Amidst occasional cries from Dave Buck (trumpet), through his handheld batterypowered megaphone, and repeated face clutching antics reminiscent of the Vulcan Death Grip, Mind Control began to assemble. Tony Mindcontrole (bass) added to the already militaristic aura of oppression in the room by squawking police-radio style through his air force aviator's headset. Of course this was nothing unexpected or out of the ordinary-----I came ; prepared to obey.

Fifteen minutes of randomly hypnotic noises and then the beat of Mind Control broke through in a will sapping and brain washing wave of horns, bass and percussion. "We command...You obey." The crowd began to move and I felt my feet take on a life of their own. Struggling to regain control I concentrated all of my will to keep my feet in line, but it was a futile attempt. As soon as I succeeded in stifling them, my whole being began to convulse to the gripping Mind Control rhythm..My body had ceased to be ruled by my will and with a certain degree of resignation I let myself go. Everything after that became a blur until I regained consciousness to find myself in a panting, sweating heap on the floor deliriously moaning, "more, more, more...", as the band walked out for a



STEAKS '80



break. I stood up, nonchalantly brushed myself off, straightened my clothing, regained my usual dignified composure, and proceeded to fight through the crowd around the keg, for a cup of flat warm Pabst. I'm not sure of what actually happened but the next thing I knew Mind Control had begun and I was back in a state of apoplectic frenzy which didn't wear off until hours after the performance. □



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CINEMA

Jean Renoir's "GRAND ILLUSIONS"

Review by Elliot Junger

After almost forty years, Jean Renoir's 1937 classic Grand Illusions remains one of the best known French films ever made and certainly one of the finest films in the history of cinema, with good reason. Alongside All Quiet on the Western Front it stands as one of the most moving and humanistic treatments of war yet put on film. Renoir has made a film which is concerned almost solely with the men who fight in war, as men and not as soldiers; the decisions they have to make amongst themselves as men, with or without uniform. The film is refreshingly free from the usual empty-headed, jingoistic clap-trap which one sees all too frequently in the average war film and even the above-average. (I.e. In Which We Serve). Although the language spoken is French, the director and the actors (with the exception of Erich von Stroheim) are French, and for obvious historical reasons the sympathies of the viewer tend towards the French rather than the German side, one is never made to forget that underneath the artificial barriers of speech, clothing and religious faith, are human beings, infinitely greater than the worn officers' clothing they wear with the sort of pride that one would show a dirty dish cloth.

As French soldiers in Germany during the first World

War, their animosity towards the Germans is rampant, and they wind up placed in a number of prisoner-of-war camps, the last of which is run by a General von Rauffenstein, a stiff and bemedled relic from the "old days" when the Prussian army was in its glory. The captain of the French prisoners, Boidleau, and Rauffenstein get to talking one evening (Rauffenstein being a military man, had heard of Boidleau's father, a famous general) and the latter confessed that if he had a choice he would not have been a general, and goes even further in telling a somewhat skeptical Boidleau that he hates war. Boidleau too admits that he wishes that the whole situation were different. In an unsuccessful escape attempt, Boidleau is shot reluctantly by Rauffenstein and later dies, with Rauffenstein at his bedside. In the meantime, two prisoners, Marechal and Rosenthal, escape from camp and after days of running and hiding, stumble upon a farmhouse of a young widow and her child (the husband was presumably killed in action) who, even though she sees that both are French takes them in and offers to put them up for the night. Although they speak barely any German and she no French, both men try to communicate with her through simple acts of kindness which help to remove the stigma of the

"enemy" verses the "good guys". Eventually as the area begins to swarm with German troops, Marechal and Rosenthal are off once more, and after eluding the fire of several soldiers, are last seen as they escape over the Swiss border into free territory.

On its deepest level, the film is not merely, as the title would suggest, about the "grand illusion" of war and the utter absurdity of that illusion in terms of nationalist sentiment alone, but about the breaking down of human barriers. The relationship between Boidleau and Rauffenstein, and between Rosenthal, a Jew, and Marechal, a self-professed "anti-Semite" who in the final test helped carry a starving and weak Rosenthal many miles before reaching the farmhouse, are oddly touching. The farmhouse incident serves as the greatest example in the film of how useless and stupid the barriers imposed by war are when it becomes a matter of human survival. As a German, the woman could have easily turned the two soldiers away or returned them to their captors as any "decent" citizen would have done, but instead she takes them into her house, breaks the little bread she has with them and one suddenly realizes that these are not instances of Germans helping Frenchmen, or Christians helping Jews, but of people helping people.

Renoir's direction throughout the entire film was superb, in its steady emphasis on acting (especially the actors' faces and gestures) and not merely on bland and expressionless cinematography in which the camera tracks aimlessly and pointlessly, cataloguing as opposed to discovering, a trait which marred even as fine a film

as Rules of the Game. He did not make the mistake which some directors have made by injecting the viewer with a fatal overdose of "reality", such as lingering shots of mutilated corpses, exploding shells so "real" that you'd think the screen was going to explode ad nauseum... (While gore was surely not played down, it wasn't exaggerated either). The film's photography was not "spectacular", with its somewhat gray tone, but then since the subject matter of the film was serious rather than sensational, perhaps it is all the better.

The acting was certainly the film's greatest asset, with Jean Gabin as the crusty "anti-semitic" Marechal, whose performance was by far the best in the film. He is a strikingly handsome man, with piercing blue eyes and a face which can change from the roughness of leather to the smoothness of marble, whenever the occasion demands. Pierre Fresnay's Boidleau was elegant but a trifle mannered, and not sufficiently convincing as a man who shoulders the responsibility of both the fate of his men and of his country. Instead, he seemed almost too smooth, more a Paris gigolo than a general. Erich von Stroheim, "the man you love to hate", gave an extremely moving and totally believable performance of a Prussian war-lord of old, whose conscience tells him that wars are bad, but who continues to fight in them anyway because he is actually too weak to resist the urge to be a general, as he remarks to Boidleau earlier. The scene in which he kneels beside Boidleau's deathbed, a curious mixture of gushing pity and an almost studious reserve, might have been the finest single episode in the entire film. So is Grand Illusions a grand film. □

PHOTOGRAPHY

The Incestuous Art of Robert Cumming

Kline Commons Gallery- thru March 24.

Review by Kevin Hyde

This show demonstrates the effect upon sensibility and vision when the artist spends too much time in a studio. Eighteen of the twenty-six images were made in studio or "art" related environments. Thought becomes inverted. The medium is not used to explore a world - either internal or external - but to examine

itself. In Cumming's work the result is "conceptual art", "intellectual" images, often "tongue-in-cheek." In addition, most of the images convey "cute" sarcasms. With few exceptions these are pictures for "artists" - those who, bleary-eyed after tedious hours of painting or printing or practice, begin thinking too hard and start

hallucinating. All at once the workspace, the tools, the medium, the process itself become "new". In a moment of "cosmic revelation" a "new" image is formed - "deus ex machina!" But the artist is too tired and spaced to realize the "holy" presence.

Down to a few specifics. With "Elementary sculptures of wood employing..." , geometric constructions are spotlighted as they sit in a concrete stairway. Praise be to wood and basic forms. One of my favorites, "Operable Cardboard Camera", is a biting satire of the hi-tech pretensions of photographic equipment. Again the spotlight is used, this time on a wrinkled background paper

in a cinderblock room. It is a parody of slick product photography. Cumming is laughing at himself as well - specifically at his use of the 8x10 viewcamera with its ability to create the most classically pure photographic images. If in fact these cardboard cameras can make a photo image, they work with the pin-hole technique. The photos thus produced are fuzzy and dreamy - very soft and romantic.

Again among the better, though still heavy-handed, are two parodies of other commercial applications of photography. In the first, "At a nudist camp in Southern California..." , Cumming

Continued on Next Page

CUMMING Continued...

mocks both the amateur photographer, who snaps those impossible-to-decipher pictures at "important events", and the photo-journalist who is there "for important events", in this case a mock drowning of Nixon. The second parody, "American Bullet Proof vest custom-made..." pokes fun at the use of photography in descriptive, factual communication. The labelled vest, intended as a "war-medallion", becomes a silly symbol of machismo.

There are other fun, "entertaining" aspects of these photographs, (an attempt at anti-capitalistic commentary - "Two objects of oppression..."), and it is important to be able to laugh at ourselves (HAHA). As Shaw satirized Victorian England, and Vonnegut thumbed his nose at the American Dream, Cumming valiantly shows us the absurdity of our "art". La-ti-da, and so it goes. He is a modern man with a sense of humor; mocking the classical and the romantic nonsense of photographic art. However, this un-wittingly creates a new romance, - the romance of self-indulgence. □

\$9.95 ANYONE?

Review by Andrew Joffe

Before he died, Arthur Fiedler recorded an album bearing the somewhat ludicrous (yet inevitable) title, "Saturday Night Fiedler." The album offered the Grand Old Man conducting the Boston Pops in an orchestral suite of the songs featured in "Saturday Night Fever", the film that took disco from the poor, oppressed masses and gave it to the bourgeoisie and upper classes. In the liner notes, Fiedler makes a typically asinine remark about disco being an idiom that lends itself very well to adaptations of classical works. As efforts in this field have proven, this is blatantly untrue; the disco idiom automatically cheapens the original classic. This is not due to any lack of adaptability in the original. (Intelligent, skillful, and musically valid modernizations of classical pieces have been wrought in the past, notably the synthesizer work of Walter/Wendy Carlos). Disco is at fault, having rotted the guts of any classical work it touched, leaving only putrefaction.

The only reason that these crimes on the classics were committed was that disco, at first, didn't know what to do to make itself respectable, so it tried everything

it knew to give itself an air of musicality. The injured classical works included everything from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony to Copland's Fanfare for the Common Man. Fortunately, one revolting possibility was overlooked: a disco version of Chopin's Funeral Sonata, entitled "Disco Death". The coming into its own, as it were, of disco prevented further atrocities; disco realized that it did not have to be respectable to be popular.

In reality, disco is not even an idiom; it is merely a rhythm, and a monotonous one at that. Whoever invented (i.e., first perpetrated) disco did so by recording an 8 bar percussive line on a tape loop, thus enabling it to repeat ad infinitum, ad nauseum. Later, other instrumental lines, equally monotonous, could be laid over the drums. This is disco.

Lyrics in the disco mode are just as repetitious, and even more inane. Usually involving the moving in some manner of a specified and vulgarly euphemistic part of the anatomy, the lyrics also touch upon the following: getting up, getting down, dancing, singing or other noises, various facets of the same sex, and, nearly always, sex itself. In this way, disco is the musical equivalent of rut-

ting, without all the stimulation variations of the real thing.

Many aficionados of disco will claim that its main virtue is its rhythm and its function to provide music for dancing. If this is so, then why bother with words at all? Why not just instrumentals? Further, why not just play the original tape loop? After all, one disco song is interchangeable with another. Why pretend otherwise, that disco is art, or even music? Why the elaborate show of variety, when it all boils down to the same sledgehammer tattoo?

I make no claims that disco is the great evil of our age. It is merely a minor annoyance. It is inflicted on non-discoites through the media of television and film, by friends and merchandisers. Rare is the tavern that does not feature a juke-box offering less than 50% disco songs. Escape at the present time is improbable and difficult.

Yet, looking at history, one can always hope that the rage will pass. The American public is a fickle bunch. As the youth of today is replaced by the youth of tomorrow, chances are that the fever will die and some new ailment come into favor, perhaps less noxious than the present one. At any rate, disco will in all probability survive merely as a K-Tel record offer: \$9.95, anyone?

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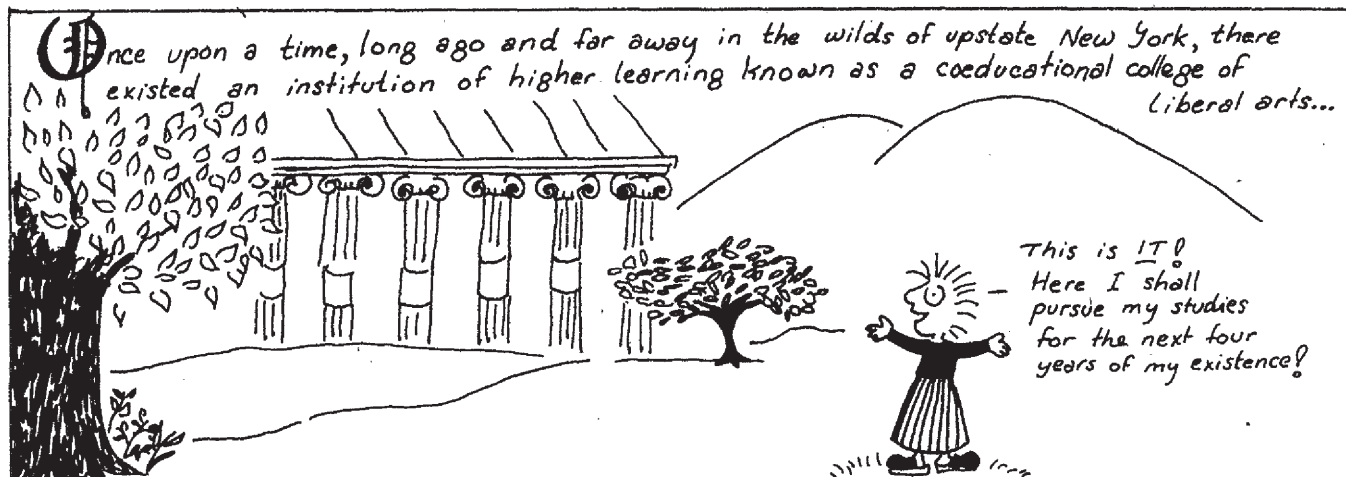
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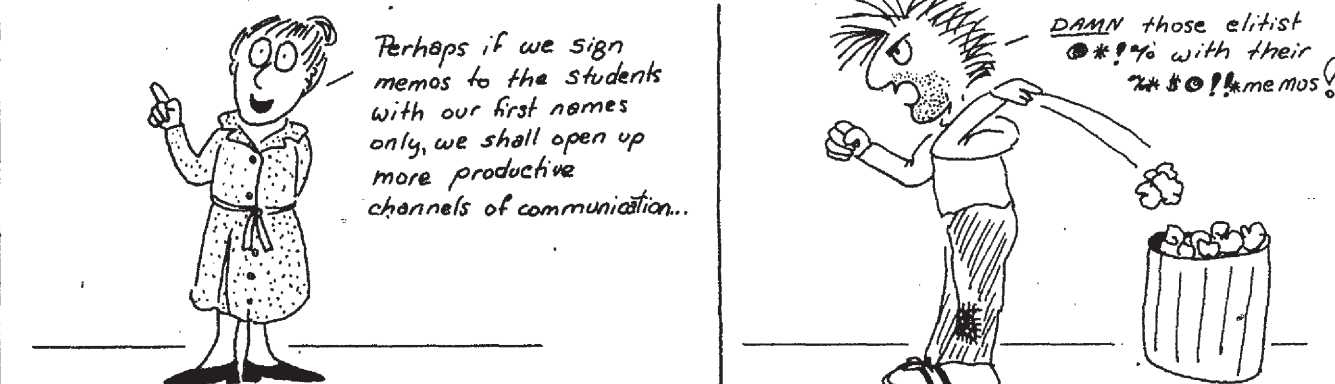
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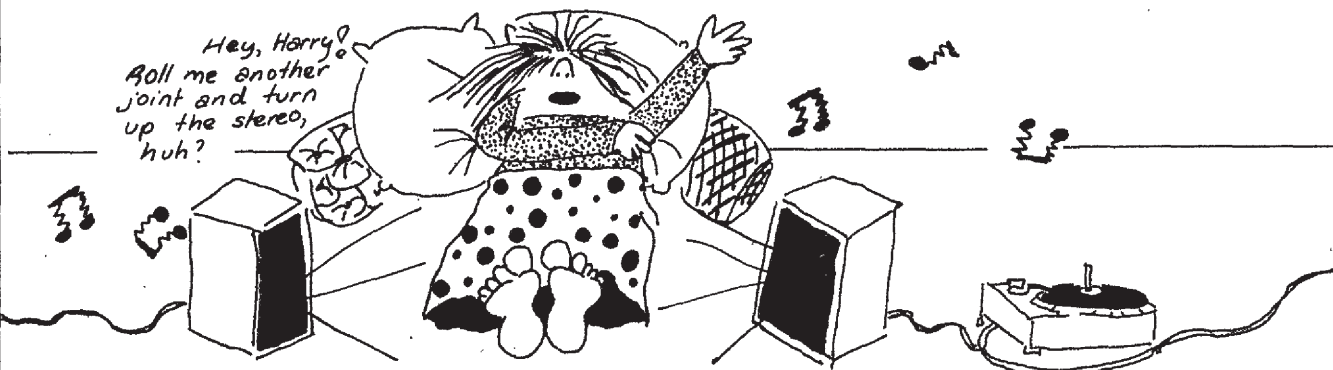
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BOTSTEIN from p.4

The inhabitants of this institution were divided into two clans: the administration, whose concern was to make the rules; and the student body, whose fixation was to break them...



Since rules caused such annoyance and resentment amongst the pupils, the administration finally put its foot down and.... abolished rules.



This arrangement, however, was not ideal to all those concerned. For there were some individuals in the student body who needed peace and quiet to... uh.... study.



These studious students decided they could not survive in the circus-like atmosphere of the residences they inhabited, so they called upon the administration to put a stop to the excessive noise. Determined to give the noisemakers a piece of its mind, the administration marched resolutely to the dorms....



So, the administration made an announcement that insured quick action to rid the school of the noise problem...



Leon: No. I don't expect that I will find myself doing this work for the rest of my life—that's clear to me. But how much longer I would be at Bard seems to me not an answerable question. There is an outside limit, somewhere in the range of 10-15 years; so this is the end of my fifth year, so if you take the lowest figure, I'm just half way. So you're talking about a long enough stretch of time that it does not make sense to talk about it in any detail.

BT: So you're relatively sure you'll be here for three to six years?

Leon: Absolutely.

BT: After that, do you have any political aspirations, to public or appointed office?

"I am at heart probably a teacher. I try to take intellectual and artistic work very seriously in my life, and whether I do it well or not is not the issue—I take it seriously."

Leon: You know what's interesting about these questions, is that somehow in five years at Bard College the way the rumor mill operates, and the talk about me, the administration, the college, it never changes. It never changes. Each question has an implicit answer in it. The questions have in them a whole set of beliefs and assumptions, which I think are wrong, but make it very difficult for me to overturn. The same thing with the political ambitions question. From the moment I got here this was a repeated question.

BT: Now you can respond to it.

Leon: And once more I respond to it in the same way. I have never harbored political ambitions. I have never possessed them. And don't think I'm going to develop them at this late date.

BT: What would you like to do?

Leon: I don't know.

BT: Do you have any dreams, any fantasies of what you'd like to do after you leave Bard?

Leon: My dreams and fantasies are relatively mundane. I have two books I'd like to write. One is the social history of musical life in the turn of the century Vienna. The second is on higher education and the role of the American intellectual. It's called "Diploma Madness". My immediate goal is to do some serious writing, and pursue certain intellectual interests that I have.

Continued on Page 14

STATE OF THE UNION

by Randall Batterman

In a thirty minute speech at Harvard University School of Government that was interrupted dozens of times by enthusiastic applause, Senator Edward Kennedy declared "No president should be re-elected because he happened to be standing there when his foreign policy collapsed around him." He went on to say, "A president can't afford to posture as a high priest of patriotism, he must be a public leader as well as political."

Despite the self-evident truths embodied in these statements and in seeming ignorance of the incredible blunders committed by Carter, compounded ceaselessly to the point where the nation is facing a dual catastrophe of economic collapse and of nuclear holocaust, the returns from the first few electoral tests, in Iowa, Maine and New Hampshire have produced victories if not triumphs for our inept president.

Kennedy has carefully spelled out a well-conceived comprehensive foreign and domestic policy in response to Carter's whining complaints that the nation's problems are too complex to solve and that no one else could do better than he, Kennedy has retorted that "This plea has become a self-fulfilling prophecy."

Carter's failures are legion, his actions in this election year may best be described as a mealy-mouthed melange of blustery posturing, jagged jingoism, timid withdrawal from the harsh realities of our times and a cowardly opportunistic refusal to serve the American people by debating the issues with Kennedy. This man, who claims not to be able to spare a presidential hour or to sway from his "constant attention" to one or another of his self-induced crises in order to debate Kennedy on National Television has been able to find time to salute the gun lobby, appease the anti-abortion forces, dally with Dolly Parton, hail the U.S. Olympic hockey team, and place dozens of telephone calls daily to political

hacks whose virtue lies in their residing in primary states.

While the president has been blooming in the presidential rose garden, the nation has not suffered from the lack of Carters more vocal than Jimmy. We've endured Chip and Amy and Miss Lillian and Rosalyn and, for our sins, Fritz and Vance and Jody and Lance and enough other Georgians to stock a Savannah chain gang. Their messy message has been simplistic; "the country is in trouble", they say, "therefore you must support the President (has anybody else noticed that Carter and Nixon share the need to constantly identify themselves as some nameless "president"?) so that the world may not see a divided America." What trash. The danger implicit in this craven cataclysm is that the voter apparently succumbs easily to the notion that somehow Carter has become the personification of the U.S. or at least some sacred symbol of the nation. This disgusting display of flagrant flag-waving and the incessant appeal the crassest element of the citizen's psyche, has rewarded Jimmy handsomely in Iowa, Maine, and New Hampshire, but in the process it has imperilled the essence of the system. In hiding out and concurrently playing Louis XVI, he mangles the rights of the populace by denying it knowledge of the issues and participation in the formation of political solutions.

"The referendum on our future that we are holding in 1980 is not a secondary sideshow", Mr. Kennedy says, "It is a primary element of our freedom. It is not something for an incumbent to do when he could spare a few moments. For we are not merely determining the policy outlook of the next few months or the political outcome of the next few primaries, but the condition of our country for the next decade and perhaps the next generation."

In a somewhat similar vein the Washington Post asks, "Why should this country re-elect a man it never sees and only hears about from relatives and subordinates who want to keep their jobs,

too?" Contrasting vividly, Carter's refusal to state his positions and his stubborn clinging to the fatigued fallacies which have served to thrust this Earth into a time-bomb significantly set at "self-destruct", has been the muted call to reason of Senator Edward M. Kennedy.

To try to arrest the runaway inflation which if unhampered in its progress will certainly destroy us, he has proposed immediate rationing of gasoline and a 6 month's freeze on wages and prices, to be followed by mandatory controls not only on prices and wages but also on profits, dividends, interest rates and rents. He favors a comprehensive national health program and radical tax reforms by "closing the loopholes for millionaires". His domestic programs include tighter controls of monopoly, gun control, a prohibiting of giant conglomerates from buying up rural lands, a turning away from nuclear power plants and the intelligent use of federal money and power to end urban slums, improve education and reduce the unemployment rate.

He strongly supports an extensive domestic oil exploration program in order to loose the OPEC noose which is bound so tightly around our necks. He strongly opposes the decontrol of oil and gas prices without a concurrent "windfall profits tax" which would be designed to encourage exploration and development of new sources of fuel by providing decent incentives to the producer. His opposition to the draft is vividly clear. He feels it is not warranted by military necessity and what is more telling, impractical. He feels that a draft registration as proposed by Carter is a cheap political ploy aimed at whipping up patriotic fervor in an election year. As to war in the Persian Gulf as tacitly suggested by Carter as a means of protecting the oil fields from foreign incursion or domestic turmoil, he warns us that such an action would mean "a nightly television body count of America's children."

Kennedy blames Carter flatly for the mess in Iran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. "Last fall",

Continued on Page 15

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Washington D.C.--The March 22 National Mobilization Against the Draft (M.A.D.) yesterday announced plans to bring thousands of people from all walks of life to the Capital for a nationwide march and rally against registration and the draft. Michael Harrington, a spokesperson for M.A.D. and chair of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, said "A broad coalition--the left and the right, women's groups, minority organizations, labor unions and peace organizations--will fight the Carter registration proposal. The important thing is that we are all in agreement on the issue of registration. Military intervention is an inappropriate response to a crisis ten thousand miles away," he added.

In a press conference at the East Lounge of the National Press Club yesterday, representatives of M.A.D. spoke to a large gathering of media people. Frank Jackalone of the United States Student Association said, "Carter is making the biggest mistake of his career in pushing his registration proposal."

"This is an overreaction and will lead to another war and possibly annihilation of the world." The U.S.S.A., which represents over three million college students, has pledged to bring its message against registration and the draft to campuses across the country. Already hundreds of demonstrations and teach-ins

Continued on Page 16

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BOTSTEIN

from p.12

BT: In your job as President, do you ever have a clash between what you as an individual want to do and what are the best interests of the school?

Leon: The College presidents job, with all its nice aspects, has certain kinds of problems. One of the problems is that you are held responsible for other people, and sometimes you have to stand up and support what they do. Often it is a matter of supporting things you don't entirely believe in. Or else it is comprising things you hold very dear because they are not possible. It is sometimes a job of having to suffer in a way the terror and anxiety of being held responsible for the consequences for something that is often not of your own making, and often doesn't correspond with your own clearly held beliefs.

BT: Do you think you are succeeding with your vision of what Bard should be?

Leon: I think I am succeeding much more than I ever hoped. I have experienced much more collegiality and cooperation with the faculty than most college presidents are led to believe they will.

BT: Do you think you have a good relationship with the faculty?

Leon: It's very hard to talk in aggregate terms. But I think I can say yes without deluding myself. The faculty often feels dependent on the administration, and therefore resentful. There are always moments of conflict, disagreement, often anger. That's all in the course of running a place like this. If you step back from that part of the daily course of business, I think their enterprise is what this institution is all about. I am at heart probably a teacher. I try to take intellectual and artistic work very seriously in my life, and whether I do it well or not is not the issue. I take it seriously. And whether they may think I am smart or I'm not smart, or I have good ideas or bad ideas I don't think they doubt my seriousness and my commitment to the enterprise, I respect them for what they do and I think some of that respect is returned. There are individual faculty members who probably think I'm the worst thing that ever happened to Bard, and individual faculty members who think I'm quite good for Bard. And a lot of people, for their own health and sanity, I would hope, don't spend a lot of their time thinking about it. □



photo/Michael Heller

and the SAGA Continues...

by Michael Heller

You've probably heard people muttering from time to time about how Bard just isn't the way it used to be, how it's changing not for the better but for the worse. The conversation may include the strange irony that although the student body is the physical majority the majority of the decisions made concerning the student body are made by a "select" group of people who, although they mean well, have no idea what it's like to be a student here and consequently have no subjective basis for

their decisions. Some may argue that indeed these decisions have nothing to do with our welfare and are instead made in quest of personal gains, capitalistic of "otherwise" (infer what you will).

I speak from experience when it comes to the recent issue of the new I.D. program at the dining commons. The idea was originated with Dimitri Papadimitriou (of course) with the intent of putting a stop to large amounts of food getting ripped off. (God knows why that was happening in the

first place). Apparently food was being eaten by those who weren't supposed to eat it, i.e., non-resident students, as well as taken by resident students to non-SAGA chums they had waiting either in the dining room or elsewhere. By having I.D.'s with different colored writing on them (mine has black, as opposed to on-campus red-- think about it) the checkers can tell if you're kosher or not. With this plan, in theory only on-campus residents on the meal plan will be allowed into the entire dining commons area, so only they will have the privilege of eating SAGA carefully prepared menus, right?

I lived on campus for three years, and it's no different now from when I first arrived: dining commons is the place where people socialize during the day. If you are looking for someone, you can be pretty sure they'll be at dining commons for lunch or dinner. Accepted, it is the place to go if you want to be with your friends.

I won't go into it, but socializing must be at least half of every Bard student's life here. In Mary Sugatt's words, when Kline Commons was designed, the coffee shop and the lounge area were designed with the non-residents in mind, so that they might have a place to talk to their friends ("Number 23, your time is up. Visiting hours are over") with the dining area proper being reserved for campus residents. In a similar manner, Larry Wiseman, the current SAGA food director, emoted to me how surprised he was when he came to Bard that we hadn't already implemented the I.D. system. "All the other colleges have them, so it's not an uncommon thing", he quipped.

What he fails to take into consideration is that most of us came to Bard precisely because Bard isn't like all the other colleges. I treasure Bard's uniqueness and irregularity; I'm sure we all do.

eggspeak

from p.4

and flows like molasses. In fact, the entire essay takes on a desert-like quality arid and all-but-endless. The reader stumbles on from one paragraph to another, searching for a point amidst the mountainous dunes of words which the author has formed with gusts of hot air. Just as he feels he has reached an oasis of sense, the reader sees it is just a mirage, a platitude about the dehumanizing aspect of modern recording. (Incidentally, this last is a point that Mr. Botstein first raised in response to criticism of his flawed rendition of Beethoven's "Spring" Sonata, saying, in effect, that modern recording techniques had jaded the average listener's palate and had made live performances unacceptable.) The notes at the end of the essay are written to justify all the sandy waste that has gone before.

Yet the essay is not totally without interest, for it is a prime example of a type of English dialect common to many educators, intellectuals, pseudo-intellectuals, and Marxists. For want of a better term, I call this dialect "eggspeak". Its purpose is to make the most banal idea seem lofty, the most nonsensical thought seem profound, by making it verbally inaccessible to any one other than logicians and cryptologists.

Eggspeak, like most other aspects of the English language, consists of elements taken from other cultures, primarily the German and ancient Greek. Users of eggspeak have grafted a corruption of the tortuous and torturous German sentence structure onto a series of complex Greek-rooted words in order to produce confusion of the first rank. Other diversionary tactics in eggspeak include the German device of running small words together to form larger words, the failure to define important terms, and the inclusion of foreign phrases as parenthetical explanations of the text. The result of eggspeak upon an essay is invariably to clog the reader's mind with verbal pollution (vortdreck).

Do writers use eggspeak merely to mystify readers and camouflage their own banality? The answer is no. Eggspeak can be viewed as a disease to which intellectuals are particularly susceptible and from which many worthy thinkers suffered. Thorstein Veblen (Theory of the Leisure Class, etc.) had a terminal case, and even the leucocytes of revolutionary passion could not save Karl Marx. The worthy thoughts of these and other worthy thinkers are clouded as surely as the mediocrities of pseudo-thinkers; Eggspeak tars with the same brush all who use it. It is a disease that has afflicted many a great mind. Some minds do not actually suffer from the disease, however, but are malingerers; in those cases, it is we, the readers, who suffer. □



Communicator 1

by Vicky Kriete

Bard is a second chance school. We are not all "A" students, and we're too bright to be failures. We're not all ivy, and beyond state university. Most of us deal with rough situations out there "in the real world." In the past we confronted certain aspects of our educations nominally, and excelled in the subjects that gave us intellectual diversion.

Bard, in one sense, is the answer for people who didn't want to be in "be like everybody else" schools. Those who applied out of high school were, perhaps, looking for that answer. Transfers came careening to Bard out of conform schools.

This, among other things, makes for a wide cross section of personalities. We are varied. This is one of the beauties of the place. And though it's occasionally difficult to take, it's from our differences that we derive our spirit.

It's obvious in many ways. Snow art. Missing clocks. Replaced clocks. Authoritative, "SO WHAT'S?"

This is the school of the future. A haven for the unconventional. As such we confront periods of elation and severe depression. A heightened sensation of those high and low points usually results since we are aware of them at the same time.

Occasionally, we explode, all over each other. Individuals running around proving they are what they are tend to collide. Clashing, crashing, and generally mucking about, our personalities fall all over our neighbors, friends and foes alike.

In this controlled experiment, College, we sample some of the reality looming in the distance, Life. Do we accept the challenge to learn? Why yes, certainly. We're in college for that purpose, right?


Part of it goes beyond academia. To put it up front, let's cut the ---- and learn about becoming adults. We're there in many ways already. Anyone who is there in all ways, I'll be the first to shake your hand.

A simple, easy reasoning shaped this bit. We all have a lot in common. And we all have, at Bard, a second chance.

John Galsworthy wrote, "Idealism increases in direct proportion to one's distance from the problem." That statement goes two ways. I wrote this article because I was too much explosion and not enough of an adult to realize it. Understanding the problem and correcting it, slowing mind you, increased my idealism enough to write. □

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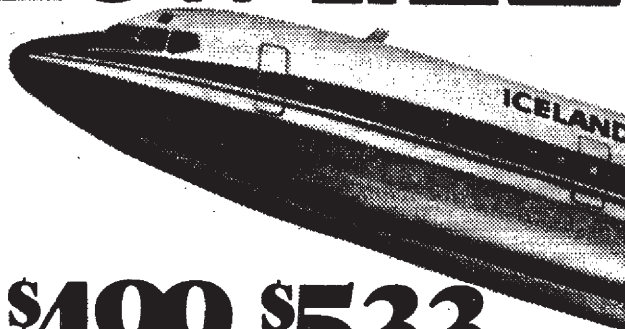
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STATE OF THE UNION Cont...

from p.13

Mr. Kennedy says, "Carter said Soviet combat troops in Cuba were unacceptable but then he changed his mind ... This turnabout in Cuba invited the Afghan invasion." He is harshly critical of Carter's love-hate affair with the Russians. "We must convince the Russians there is reason for fear but also reason for hope."

This is the man who kissed Leonid Brezhnev in Vienna and declared that the Soviet President had the same dedication to peace that we have and then declared himself "relieved and hurt" by his unrequited love as demonstrated by the Afghanistan invasion. The candidate who promised to slash the military budget in 1976 is the same guy who is calling for massive spending increases of over 100 billion dollars over the next five years.

See if each of you can find something to despise in the following arcane chronology. His confidence rating in the polls rose from 20% to 70% as a result of the ensuing actions in Iran. Billions of dollars of the most sophisticated equipment to the Shah ... a Christmas visit to Tehran during which he proclaimed his pleasure in witnessing the great love the Iranian people held for the Shah...a desertion of the same Shah when things got tough...a prevention of a military coup which might have saved his former buddy ...a refusal to permit the Shah to enter the United State...entry granted based upon a flimsy medical pretext... (and here comes the worst blunder of the century) ...not having the foresight to remove the embassy personnel before inviting the Shah in, despite black and white evidence of malicious Iranian intentions to our diplomats...ordering the marine guards to surrender without a struggle even omitting the traditional paper burning which ordinarily accompanies such affairs...ruling out military action to free the hostages... ruling them in again threatening Iran with military retaliation if they should not release the hostages...three fruitless trips to the U.N. ordering the fleet to the Persian Gulf from positions some three weeks away...threatening a blockade...withdrawing threat...threatening sanctions...withdrawing threat... agreeing to a U.N. commission empanelled with the sole purpose of vilifying the U.S. presumably as part of the deal to free the hostages still there despite the humiliation and the saga goes on and on. □

NEW YORK YANKEES STATISTICS
1980

Pitching

Guidry- 20-6
John- 18-10
Tiant- 14-8
Figueroa- 17-9
Underwood- 7-5
Gullett- 5-3
Gosage- 9-4
Davis- 8-3
May- 6-4
Kaat- 4-2

Batting

Brown- .279
Cerohe- .262
Dent- .256
Doyle- .238
Gamble- .294
Guldea- .227
Jackson- .306
Jones- .227
Nettles- .269
Piniella- .287
Randolph- .327
Robinson- .187
Soderholm- .247
Spencer- .283
Watson- .318

FINAL MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS
1980

A.L. East

1. New York Yankees
2. Milwaukee Brewers
3. Baltimore Orioles
4. Detroit Tigers
5. Boston Red Sox
6. Cleveland Indians
7. Toronto Blue Jays

N.L. East

1. Pittsburgh Pirates
2. Montreal Expos
3. Philadelphia Phillies
4. Chicago Cubs
5. St. Louis Cardinals
6. New York Mets

A.L. West

1. California Angels
2. Kansas City Royals
3. Minnesota Twins
4. Texas Rangers
5. Seattle Mariners
6. Chicago White Sox
7. Oakland Athletics

N.L. West

1. Houston Astros
2. L.A. Dodgers
3. Cincinnati Reds
4. San Francisco Giants (in exant)
5. Atlanta Braves
6. San Diego Padres

1980 BIG LEAGUE PREDICTIONS

by Bill Abelson

The Yanks will top the Brewers by three games and the Orioles by six.

Designated hitters Bob Watson and Oscar Gamble will hit 126 RBI's combined. Oscar will start 108 games overall and hit 29 homers. Reggie, happy at last, will have 38 HR's, 124 RBI and hit .306. Ruppert Jones will have 28 HR's and hit .277 with stolen bases but hit poorly in late September and October. Spencer, playing everyday, will hit 34 homers, Nettles 26 with 98 RBI.

Robbie Murcer will be pinch-hitter of the year, hitting .313 out of the duggout but .277 in his rare starting appearances for an overall .277.

Jim Katt will be the winning pitcher in the Series' 7th game which will go 11 innings in Pittsburgh. Roll over, Mazeroski; tell Dick Groat the news.

The Giants' Mike Ivie will cut off his right arm at the elbow by a power saw. A gallant comeback will fail and Willie McCovey, handed the first base job, will hit 47 homers in his stead. □

CHARLIE PATRICK AND WIFE
ALIVE AND TAN

Report by Kevin Hyde

The Patrick family had little trouble adapting to their new life in Florida. Monte Browder and I had dinner with their family on January 10th.

Charlie and June run the pro shop at the Indian Creek Club, a very exclusive tennis club. The security guards check his I.D. everyday. Charlie teaches tennis and some of his days are so hard: "I had to put up with 24 women today." Poor Charlie.

He's rubbing noses with the best of them. He called foot fouls for a match between Tanner and McEnroe. It was held on an indoor Jai-Alai court. He told us how dangerous it was to dodge the speeding balls. On first telling he said they went at "least 95 M.P.H." Two hours later they were up to 120 M.P.H. and gaining.

Charlie's teenage daughter is wonderfully tanned but misses the quiet of the Red Hook schools. But Beany also has new experiences. She ice skated for the first time at a rink in Miami.

June enjoys the pro shop but hesitates to call it "ours". Once Hialeah track opens it will be "her shop" Charlie loves to bet his horses. June insisted on bringing her country furniture from New York, a wise decision. The provincial pine cabinets and chairs beautifully contrast with the glitter typical of Florida condominiums.

Speaking of glitter, the Patricks experienced a new problem with this last Christmas. Wilted tinsel is ugly.

WXBC 620

WXBC is on the air from 4pm until after midnight. It is available everywhere except Feitler, Sands, Gehagan, South Hall, and the Mods. Repairs are underway for the Mods, and South Hall should be functioning by the time of this printing. The telephone number is 758-5508 for complaints and requests. Please report any difficulties with reception to Box 620 campus mail. Something will be done. □

anti-draft

from p.13

have taken place at colleges and in communities throughout the United States:

"M.A.D. is a coalition of many groups already working against registration and the draft," project coordinator Patrick Lacefield said. "We vow to make this election year a political quagmire for anyone taking the view that registration is the answer," Lacefield said. "If Carter is concerned about overreaction, he hasn't seen anything yet."

"Just as the movement of the 1960's and early 1970's said 'no' to President's Johnson and Nixon on the draft and an interventionist policy, so too the movement of the 1980's is turning thumbs down on President Carter's proposal for draft registration," explained Lacefield.

The March 22 action will begin around 12 noon with people gathering at the Elipse in Washington before marching past the White House to a rally on the steps of the Capitol with prominent speakers and music. This mass nonviolent rally will be coordinated with a mass lobby of Congress on the following Monday, March 24, coordinated by the Committee Against Registration and the Draft (CARD) and the Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy among others.

"President Carter came into office with a bible in his hand and now has a neutron bomb in his hand," said Washington DC Councilperson Hilda Mason, in endorsing the March 22 action. "We can have no more Vietnams and corporate profiteering. Our concerns must be human concerns--housing, food, health, and jobs," she added.

Cooperating with the March 22 Mobilization is the Committee Against Registration and the Draft which represents over thirty organizations. Rev. Barry Lynn of the United Church of Christ, chair and spokesperson of CARD, believes the Carter registration proposal can be stopped. "This is a violation of constitutional rights and civil liberties," he stated. "We will work to inform the people about the issue and keep people in touch with the legislative process."

For more information about the action, organizing people to come to Washington, and to order fliers, posters, and buttons promoting the March 22 march and rally, contact: M.A.D., c/o U.S.S.A., 1220 G St., SE, Washington, D.C. 20003 (202) 667-6000 or 853 Broadway, Room 801 New York, N.Y. 10003 (212) 260-3270. □

DAY 100

Report by Kevin Hyde

She said: This is disgusting, really disgusting.

He said: What are you complaining about? It's free beer isn't it?

Art Carlson tells me the keg was provided by the Entertainment Committee. He said the idea was to excite responses to the Iran hostage crisis. "Homage or celebration?", I asked. "A bit of both. It got out alot of repressed feelings and started people talking. Look at it this way, I'll bet those guys in Iran would have killed each other for that keg." □



Carlson, Harrison and Hartunian celebrate on Day 100.

FUNNIEZ!

