Bard College
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Starkie
Past, Present, Future?

by Mark Elner

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

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

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

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

Starkie estimates that he has averaged between 45 and 55 working hours a week as security director—being always on call. For some strange bureaucratic reason, whenever meetings were held they were always scheduled on Starkie's days off. On occasional Saturdays, he'd have to work day shifts, and then stay and work dances until 2 or 3 a.m., having to return at 7 a.m. to work yet another shift. Starkie, not being one to complain, asserts, "At the dances, it's very difficult to remain sober amongst people who are partying. The dance I've gotten most enjoyment out of is the Halloween Dance. The taxiing ones are the Forms where every outsider from fifty miles filters in, and you've got to sort out the good from the bad and keep out the undesirable.

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

Bernice does not appreciate her husband's frequent long absences from home because she also works nights. "I get home later than him and he's sleeping because he has to get up early in the morning...it's like always coming home to nobody...and then when he's sleeping, he'll get called out in the middle of the night, and I have to answer the phone all the time and give it to him. But that's the way it is because we have to make a living. We didn't get a college education," Starkie feels that the most rewarding part of his job is being able to help students out whenever he can. "I've devoted many hours doing a job that's not superior, but it's really like as Stuart Brown said in 1972 when he graduated—"I was an unpaid social worker and psychologist." There was things that I've put into that job that others wouldn't. I made myself available at all times. The rewarding things were that if I could help any kids with any problems that they had, I would. There are a lot of kids walking around completely lost, and I find it rewarding if I can help them get back on the right road."

Starkie's future work time, as mentioned, will be devoted to his family, while in the past, "there was no spare time...never any time for my family because I was always concerned with the problems at Bard. And that is one of the biggest reasons why I am Leaving. I've got two girls, one fifteen one thirteen, at home, and a son who is 21 who said...""You were never around to listen to me? When your own son comes and tells you that it hurts."

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

One of Starkie and Bernice's main loves is in the theater. They've attended and enjoyed about fifty shows in New York City, and "have kept the Playbills from every one. They both feel that they will one day return home to "the city" and watch sports. Good predictions for the current crop of students at Bard. Regarding the freshman class, he says, "they are young, but it's too early to tell how they really are. It will be interesting to see in four years and see how many of the initial 100 will be back."

The returning students, Starkie perceives that "they're becoming more politically active than they have in past years. They sense a little power amongst themselves."

There are no definite "next moves" planned in Starkie's life. He doesn't want to go back to college security, but would consider other work in the field of security. As Starkie contemplates his past few days at Bard, he foretells, "I don't think I'll be returning to Bard..."

In the near future, I want a break from it, and I just want to be alone with my family for awhile."

Levine Institute Wants End to College Dorms

(UPI) Colorado Springs, Aug. LXX, A committee for the Levine Institute for Psychoanalytic Fishery announced today the results of a four year study which proved that residential housing in universities and dormitories caused grave psychological harm. According to the committee chairman, R.J. Levine, "Our tests have shown, again, that the dorms in America cause immoral behavior that leads to venereal disease, long-term deterioration in judgment capacity and mental coordination..." Mr. Levine also proposed continued p.9
BARD TIMES
OCTOBER 4, 1979

CAMPUS GUN CONTROL: A MOCKERY OF FREEDOM
by Paul Spencer

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

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

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

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

Well, if our own Bard Security doesn't even carry sidearms, who can we depend on for protection?

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

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

Now I'm not advocating anarchy. I'm not asking that revolvers be passed out in the dorms. I'm just saying that those students who want to bear arms should be allowed and have the right to do so. But again, I believe in following the law. Those students who want to carry firearms should first have them registered with the State. At the beginning of the academic year when they have their pictures taken and purchase room keys, they can register their firearms with the school as well. It would be a very orderly process.

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

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

Paul Spencer, Chairman, Bard Students for Freedom

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

The first victim was Roscoe Feosora whose windshield wipers on his '76 blue five-speed were mangled.

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

The culprit or culprits are still unknown, and in the mean time we wonder whether, Betty Parker's lot is the safest place to leave one's car.

A NIGHT OF VANDALISM ON CAMPUS

And the culprit or culprits are still unknown, and in the mean time we wonder whether" Betty Parker's lot is the safest place to leave one's car. Antti
THE COPS & ROBBERS COLUMN

I find the issue of Bard Security amusing. The students, almost to a person, believe that security ought to provide the water, phone service, and most "human needs." That, on the surface, is great. But which of the two hundred security guards the students represents student "needs." Let me start by making it clear on the purpose of campus security officials.

Campus security officials exist to give parking tickets that remain unpaid and to prevent rape, murder, and theft. It is not as simple as it seems. Some days ago I found in my box a notice that the college was looking for a new Security Guard. They are looking for a certain kind of person. They are looking for someone who can "act natural" and "smile." But I suspect the job is too much for any one student. It would be as if I could "act natural" and "smile" for the entire school. It isn't possible to do that. It isn't possible to "act natural."

I was born in Louisville...eh? It brings back memories of the Louisville University Police Department, commonly called the DPS. For four years, until I transferred to Bard, I found myself dealing with that organization. My fears proved well grounded in April 1976, when I was obliged to pay sixty-five dollars in fines and to make a court appearance. This was several months after I had published an article in the University newspaper, The Cardinal, explaining how to avoid getting parking tickets by strategies other than the official ones.

The DPS was, for all practical purposes, established in 1969, after a vicious rape-murder on campus. They were given the same reasons as those appearing on the second paragraph above, to keep the place looking like a town.

They do these things with varying degrees of success. They are very good about catching violators, both real and imaginary, and making campus cars.

They are also good at scaring people as they demonstrated some years ago when they pumped bullets into a student who was allegedly trying to break into the library by crawling into the equipment room.

I well remember an occasion when one of the school's vice-presidents was stopped by an officer and informed that he was suspected of breaking into a computer. The vice-president protested and was tossed into jail on a drugging-arrest charge. The Director of Public Safety, a Michiganian who had staffed the department with the cream of his native states police corps, made no apologies for this action.

Indeed, I can see Keller and boys taking over security bars. Within three days there would be a sit-in, as was staged some weeks ago. Keller, behind his mirror sunglasses, would survey the scene, then whisper a, "You go, Son." That would be the end...of the new Summer School.

"Son, whadya t'ing dizzy?" (Translation: "Son, what do you think this is?"")

"Well, uh, Chief Dan, if ah see nothin' ain't ya gonna see nothin' in them holsters, you must be okay. Me and my sister make a living, you know. We tryin' to make a living, chief."

The "understudy's face lights up promptly, he realizes that he exploit worthy boasting about is in the office. 'To mean that they never did!"

"Damnright. Ever' last one of em. Wimmenfolk we let out after coup' o' hours. Menfolk we send up fo' chahlid Sahags."

"The understudy is lost in fancy. 'Yes, mah felhow cildrens, ah toke ah these heem kahmisske chahlid-sodomeh-singul-hand' and em in de rhibh.'"

"Magnez they'll ahv be in foh in it in Edmonville?"

"They, meh ssee 'em in New Yawk. They're-r'hoin' to the avhirst." (Translation: "They're going to "Avhirst.""

"Attica! Cheyenn, we can't do theyun, they're radical people!"

"Waal, now, we gatta figger out how to get 'em t' "Avhirst." (The Kentucky prih-son).

The vision fades out here, and you see that, although the current security people may be inadequate, perhaps they might be replaced by people who are more wise. Once used to use this sort of argument when it explain-
sight into them. Who learned about Rumriddles, Steve's Ice Cream, Plato's Retreat and the significance of Studio 54 from sixth grade map skills? It gave us an overview, but we certainly got short-changed on the inside view.

Yet, childhood fantasy is born of ignorance and the notion that the world or our country is mine for the taking went out in the 1980's. It doesn't make the grade beyond undergrad school these days, rather, it gets cataloged with fond memories of chocolate-stained World Book pages. So I'll forget about Wyoming for another nine years and reminisce over a draft at Pohl's Pub.

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

Having grown up in the 1960's like most of my fellow students, it is a suppose natural that I should be thought of as a "product of the sixties. I assure you, that it is only by chronology that I am such. My freshman year at Bard began in 1976, the same year in which I graduated high school, and the bicentennial. What has transpired in between the first day of freshman map orientation (?!) and the writing of this article, remains difficult to analyze, much less articulate. The difficulties herein, lie precisely in the summing up of four years of college, and more important, putting the moral, social, and intellectual climate of my surroundings into perspective.

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

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

by Jonathan Feldman w/assst. of Roger Rosenthal

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

The recent controversy over security policy and the apportionment of Richardson, as supervisor of security is part of a larger question involving students' rights, power, and freedom. The appointment reflected the transfer of authority to administrators as well as increased power to define our rights, or rather to take them by one specific administrative official. But, more importantly, the controversy relates to the struggle for power, its foundation and operations. In order to fully understand our political relationships with Ludlow, we must recognize that these relationships correspond to the more fundamental realm of social relations. As a student, I belong to the collective and individual strivings and interests of the larger society, it is part of the vast collection of social relationships that have been artificially separated from the realm of man's relations to political and economic institutions.

Social persons who relate to institutions in a political fashion. Generally speaking, social persons fulfill their roles as student, administrator, board member, faculty of other occupational agents. These roles refer to group needs, interests and their relationship to the students as they serve as what sociologist Henri Lefebvre calls the "more of the social whole"...[social relations] serve as intermediary between the foundation or substractive (like productive forces, the division of labor) and the superstructure (institutions, ideologies)..."Henri Lefebvre The Sociology of Marx,1968.

Educational, residential, financial and all other administrative policies affecting students are reflections of an institutional structure. These policies are formed by the administration without student control. We are on campus, but cannot control the mechanism that produces our education. We are on campus, but cannot control the financial or financial life. Our lives as students have been defined as a product of the schooling process, but also suggest a limited definition of our freedoms. The "student" becomes someone who participates in a set of relationships that are limited by law and administrative definition, the former refers to our legal status under 'In loco parentis,' we are the chilen of the Administration. The latter means that only a limited area of social life as student in educational and residential areas has been created from a source outside ourselves. In our social relationships, our freedoms and rights are on the same level as the powerlessness of our state to take the authority of the decision-making from the bureaucratic hierarchy. The sit-in action taken against the Administration in the Griffith's controversy showed the exercise of this power. Our interests are defined collectively, outside the bureaucracy, and within the context of needs that could only be set as being the control of the "security policy" area of our life. Now that we have won in this conflict, it remains for us to explore the other areas of potential freedom.

If freedom is defined by our limited individual life, then the administration of our life appears in the innocuous form of a "decision," the social context in which we operate. If our freedom is defined collectively, then the operation of any segment of our life represents a limit on our freedom to act in the larger world outside the self. Collective freedom represents both a larger definition of the individual's potential as well as the suggestion that we are living in an already constituted political community where the actions of each affect each in a significant material way. Most students at Bard feel they have little or no control over the direction educational policy here. Their influence is limited to a few committees which the end can only advise without the power to actually make decisions. There is a real alienation, a separation between both administrative and student groups. The division already exists in the theory that policy belongs to the constituency of decision-makers rather than the community of students, faculty, and administrators. The administration treats its ideas as things (as policy is ratified), and students as ideas (a traditional constituent group who have no right to define the exalted idea or "Geist" of policy. We may intuit or suggest what the majority of the Policy "wants," but ultimately the administration is reduced to an act of faith in its own values to determine what the "Geist is." Of course, the difference groups within Bard (teaching, Board members, students, administrators and college employees) who have performed different functions. Yet, this does not mean that they should make decisions exclusive of one another. The lack of "Geist," "virtue" of any group does not suggest the need for a corresponding position of power over another group.

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

The materialist doctrine concerning the changing of circumstances and upbuilding forgets that circumstances are changed by men and that it is essential to educate the educator himself. Therefore, in this show, the author bears full responsibility for the content and fully admits to its polemical nature.

WXB REPORTS

On September 21st the Bard Radio Station went back on the air, but not officially. The intent was to be heard by the public. The "policy" was therefore, in their shows. The program this year, quite a few new people have been given air time, so the programming schedule (running 12 on until daylight, seven days a week) is almost full. However, there are a few time slots open for any of you who want to turn on the Bard Community to your music or commentary for a couple of hours a week. (Contact Ivan Stoler or Howard Silverstein.)

In the fall of 1978, WANK radio (later changed to W00C) was built by the persistence and perseverance of Thomas McMahon, Rob Ladue, Charles Moore, Dan Williams and others. Their goal was to reach the entire Bard Campus with a clear signal, and with little money to purchase high quality components, the goal fell short. This semester the staff of W00C will pursue its original goals: a certified engineer has been hired and new equipment ordered; the original goal of reaching the entire campus except Sande, Feltier, Galagen and Schuyler, with a clear signal will be accomplished. Future plans include acquisition of new turntables, and much more, but with little money to purchase the necessary components, the goal falls short.

36 YEAR OLD WHITE MALE would like to meet a lady 28-40, honest and sincere. R. H. Stone, Box 1000-03, Tequesta, Texas 75509

OCTOBER 4, 1979
BARD TIMES

3
ANDREW J.—THE RAVING ARTS REPORTER

Having spent time at the Proctor Art Center, I have been well exposed to what is magnanimously termed "art" at Bard College, and I have come to the conclusion that the majority of art at Bard doesn't work. The true work in creating art is not applying the paint, cutting the stone, or welding the metal and plastic; any hack can do that. The true artist is one
1. has personal vision,
2. can give that vision some intellectual coherence, and
3. can coherently communicate that coherent vision.

At Bard, however, it would seem that only the first requirement is fulfilled; fits, frivolous and somewhat pretentiously at that. It would also seem that Bard art majors are either not very visionary, or are very egocentric, or just don't see the necessity for vision in art. So I say: "Are Gratis Arts (Art for Art's Sake)" may have done well for M-G-M, but at Bard, this philosophy has been disastrous, resulting in a corpus of work that rivals death row on the highway for point and aesthetic sense. (This is not true of all Bard art; many works of merit manage to slip past the faculty unnoticed.)

The student work of the film department bears out my opinion. These films, tarnished "event-vue" for want of a better name, show no sense of montage, and no sense of any other kind. At one such epic, it took the audience myself included, ten minutes to realize that the subject was a naked woman. Not only did this film not move me intellectually, spiritually, emotionally (falling as -art), not only did it not amuse me (failing as entertainment), it also did not sexually arouse me (thus falling as pornography). It succeeded in occupying a qualitative no-man's-land. Film majors in the audience, however, proceeded to transport it to the heavens, having formed a mutual admiration society for the creators of colossal claptrap.

The music department's cardinal sin is that of pretension. It is partially ab-


THE NEW YORK ART SCENE

That insular community of troglobytes clinging on to the near little t-square form ed by 57th Street and Madison Avenue has crowed its claim of being the pulse if not the heart of the art world for decades.

Occasionally this smug boast has been credible due to a variety of reasons. Prominent among these have been the ab-


by Randall Hatterman

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

Alder Galleries has stirred the art world in the past with its French Impressionist, American Primitive, American Impressionist, and other shows, both orthodox and atypical. The painting, "The Jolly Flatboatmen," sent shock waves of disbelief coursing through the international art market and made worldwide headlines.

Equally as surreal was the sale of the American Frederic Church's "New England Landscape" for $230,000, the highest price ever paid for a Frederic Church, Norman Hirschl, director of Hirschl & Adler predicts a great growth of interest for nineteenth century American painters whose works have been long neglected and is most deserving of note. From the forefront of rediscovering for the American public of our American Impressionism,

"His earliest exhibiting the art world was as an apprentice to Frederic Frazier, a man who managed Ehrich galleries in

M.Y. which specialized in Barbizon, late 19th century English painting, (especially the Pre-Raphaelites) and old masters. Mr. Hirschl learned primarily from him the art of selecting, of realizing the great expanse of land comfortably wedged between the Hudson River and the Pacific Ocean so to introduce art to these Hinterlands.

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

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

Mr. Hirschl may well be proud of his pioneering of the brilliant Emil Berhardt of Nabis and Pont Aven fame, and one of the first to exhibit the Synthetists and Neo-Impressionist to America, "Since Peggy Guggenheim sponsored and introduced unknown American artists," Mr. Hirschl tells us, "there has been a great interest in Non-Objective, Abstract Expressionist art. A long standing tradition of the gallery has been its role in promoting Abstract Expressionist painting.

Fairfield Porter, a native of Illinois, is an exciting new American expressionist representing the magnificent works. He is a graduate of Harvard and a frequent in Robert Mother, born in 1925 and Art in America. He has held 16 exhibitions in galleries, museums and colleges. He has appeared in collections in the Metropolitan Museum, Modern Art Museum, The Whitney and the Hirshorn Collection. Porter conveys with every stroke of his brush, a sense of joy and calm sensibility. He reveals an intimate relationship with his surroundings and a fascinating manipulation of light and atmosphere permeating his paintings reinforces Porter's ability to create elements of abstraction with re

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

Another whose works are exhibited in Robert Born...
The career of Erich Von Stroheim was doomed from the start. Ever since he arrived in Hollywood in around 1912, the temperamental young Austrian was viewed by many as a troublemaker, and more often than not, they were right. Indeed, Von Stroheim was a troublemaker, a quarrelsome, tyrannical, embittered individual, forever at the mercy of hack writers and enraged business executives who complained that his films weren't making enough money (which was often the case). Von Stroheim relentlessly maintained his artistic integrity, even as it happened, at the expense of his directorial career.

Von Stroheim was an artist, indeed, who claims that he was the greatest American filmmaker, second only to Welles, of the thirties. Although I will concede that his legendary perfectionism and obsession with mediocrity in all levels of production (as evidenced in Foolish Wives, 1922, where the costuming and palace decor, not to mention the set for Monte Carlo, were tailored and built with almost documentary authenticity and meticulous care, stamp him as a first-rate craftsman if not something less than a master).

The film itself had a rather banal plot, concerning a lascivious Russian nobleman Count Kamarin (played by Stroheim) the American Ambassador to Moscow who has just arrived in Monte Carlo on business. The count, persuaded by his two dubious cousins, learns where the ambassador's wife, is staying and after some deliberation, breaks her out and strikes up a conversation which leads to a semi-affair. Knowing that she is captivated by his swaggering aristocratic manner he tells her that he is completely broke, admitting that he has been living solely off his estate in Russia and needs a considerable sum of money in order to pay off all of his debts. She consents to lend him the money, but meanwhile the count's jealous maid whom he once consented to marry, had overheard the entire conversation between the count and the ambassador's wife and in a fit of jealousy sets fire to the palace and both of them are nearly burned to death. Apparently the shock of the whole episode was too much for the ambassador's wife, and in the end she returns to her husband, realizing that she had been, indeed, a "foolish wife". Literary merit aside, one of the few saving graces of the film was Von Stroheim's wonderfully stylized Kamarin. His performance (monocle and all) was somewhat eclectic, in that his appearance seemed more Prussian than Russian. At times he resembled an Italian officer with his saber-scarred face and stiff carriage, other times, an archtypical European nobleman.

Visually, the film was garish and not very cinematic, except in the storm sequence where the camera of William Daniels (the director's favorite cinematographer) strikingly conveys the feeling of a thunderstorm by photographing the swaying trees against clouds moving swiftly in front of the moon, thus giving the effect of a darkening sky. The use of space was often cramped and almost nowhere do we see Stroheim's feel for people's faces as landscapes in themselves, a characteristic of some of his later work, such as Greed (1924). The characters remained mere stereotypes, with little substance and no development. If in the end, the film fell short of being great, it is because atmosphere alone is never a substitute for personal vision. In any true work of art, Man, not his environment, comes first.
A production of Pefu and Her Friends by Maria Irene Fornes demands unusual discipline and complete concentration. Director Alice Fassloff and her cast of eight women spend hours getting to know each other and themselves better. Much of their warm up period before rehearsal is devoted to exercises specifically created to help in the centering and controlling of the self. Control of the vocal, visual, mental and physical aspects of performance technique are all stressed and restressed. The intimate nature of Pefu makes rehearsal more than just a time for learning one’s lines. In order to interact in a natural way, one must have both self-control and a sense of communication. The resulting effectiveness will be in direct proportion to the cast’s devotion to Ms. Fassloff’s intense method of preparation. The transition from rehearsal to performance is made more difficult by Bard’s super-analytical approach to relationships. The cast must virtually unlearn the Freudian concepts so prevalent in the seventies. In order to satisfy the script Ms. Fassloff has worked with Ms. Fornes on this as well as other plays, and has seen the playwright’s own production recently given at the American Place Theatre. She adds her first-hand perception to the authentic interpretation. The emphasis in the Bard production is on the characters which people Pefu. She claims, “There are no insignificant roles in Pefu, all of them are important.” As for the play itself, it is set in the mid-thirties. The thirties was a time of gloom and a time of affluence. It was an era that provided the worst of some things and the best of others. Fornes chose that ambiguous period for the setting of her play for an important reason. It was her last decade before America’s emergence into Freudian analysis. She believes that relationships then were less self-conscious and more intuitive. The visionary aspects delineated in Pefu are sheer poetry. It is at once real and surreal. The playwright invites us to moments of madness and hallucination as well as to moments of stark reality. We share everything from the playfulness between women to the hatred of one woman for herself. Pefu and Her Friends will have its first performance October 13th at Bishopwood. Featured in the cast are, Melodie Strain as Emma and Kristin Bundesen as Cindy, both fulfilling partial requirements for their senior projects. Others appearing are: Alissa Moser, Katie Hubert, Robin Hardy, Lauren Bufford, Karin D’Stefano, and Judy Kaplan. Certainly the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance’s first production of the year is an ambitious one. But, if the dedication and hard work that I have seen in the rehearsals pay off, the performance of Pefu and Her Friends will be rich, warm and exciting.

Theatre and Dance Productions
Oct. 13,14,15,16- Pefu and Her Friends- Maria Irene Fornes
Oct. 20,21,22,23- Dance Theatre II, Fall 1979
Nov. 3,4,5,6- The Mixer
J.B. Molare
Nov.17,18,19,20- Student Directed Repertory
Artling-Jan Shapard
We’re Done in Eastbourne in 10 Min.- N.J. Simpson
Sperotto- vitold Gombrowicz
Dec. 8,9,10,11- Dance Theatre
1v, Fall 1979
Dec 15,16,17,18- As You Like It-William Shakespeare

HOOKS-NOT SO NEW ROCK & ROLL

The lead guitarist, who writes all of the original material, was derelict and gawky enough with a repertoire of silly, pained facial expressions. The keyboardist looked like a reject from a lounge band- overweight and going back to mom’s house in New Jersey. The drummer was the ethnic spice in the band. I couldn’t tell what nationality he was, but he made a great extra in an epic film on Attila the Hun. The vocalist, Sharon J (are there 6,6, or 10 more like her?), was cute, slender, and wore great clothes. The bass player was the most real and unaffected. He had a quiet, almost refined appearance. Their music was loud rock and roll, quite competent, with obvious Blondie overtones. While the music was nothing to be enthralled about, it was nothing to throw-up at either. Hooky had a good sound, rather good stage presence, and they were great to dance to; everyone seemed to enjoy the evening.

Lucy and Hannah are definitely “hooked”
The party ended at an incredibly early hour for Bard standards. This was due to the only regrettable moment of the night. Everything went well until the pounding of the bass drum literally ripped our speakers to shreds. The entertainment committee ended up paying for the damage. Hooks definitely should have paid.

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

Elsewhere on campus, new bands are rumored to be getting together and indeed, several have already performed. I strongly encourage anyone thinking about doing a band to do it, and not to fart around. Rock and roll is fun to play. Get in the act now.

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FRESHMEN ORIENTATION-WHAT IS IT? by Jessica Bayer

This year's freshmen orientation program was analogous to summer camp, replete with field trips but without the arts and crafts. After three days I started to lose sight of the fact that this is college and not just a week in the country for pre-adolescent fresh kids. All of this fun was toned with a sense of anticipation concerning the rigors of the weeks to come.

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

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

Having just gotten used to a small group of students, the rest of Bard returned, classes began, and the freshmen class was overwhelmed. The returning students, feeling secure at Bard, had their styles firmly held while the freshmen were still trying to shake their highschool hometown fashions. Some upperclassmen organized a re-orientation that revealed a different, perhaps less wholesome side of Bard. The meeting was scheduled for Sunday night when an informal student-to-student meeting was held and the freshmen were told that the administration was not as hip as they seemed and that Leon Botstein has a cat when pets are not allowed to live on campus. Part of this re-orientation was the proscription of Richard Griffiths, where fresh students were given a chance to be angry and say angry things and have fun using it. Love, angry meetings and a passive sit-in accompanied by Hari Krishna chanting were the order of the day.

Another kind of re-orientation is the road, a more unfocused kind of exposure where you can see people at their most liquid and drunken state. The weight of campus life does not exist there. It is easy to get lost, easy to enjoy, to forget about orientation, re-orientation, and believe in the seductive notion that it was all just a dream, that we will never have to go through it again.
If you want to have sex, do not read this article.

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

The Environmentalists will be placing decals next to light switches as reminders to everyone that lights not in use should be turned off. Security personnel have been instructed to turn off unnecessary lights during their rounds. Physical Plant intends to turn off the heat in dormitories on October 15th or earlier if it is necessary.

In the months to come, Richard Griffiths, with his Building and Grounds crew will be engaged in 'energy efficiency' projects. The plans include the lowering of the ceiling in Kline Commons for more efficient heating; they will construct a centralized heating system in Manor and Manor Annex; they will rebuild the electrical systems in many dormitories making them more efficient. The Environmentalists with Building and Grounds will assist any students in storm-prooﬁng their rooms in preparation for the winter months.

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

The Environmentalists
THE BARDONS

SOCCER & X-COUNTRY

by John Stoddart

As you will remember, the Bard soccer team clinched the N.A.C. (Northbound Athletic Conference) title last year with a record of 9 to 2. So far, this season, they are doing well with a record of 2 wins and 1 loss.

The Bard ones took control of the opener with Southern Vermont College right from the beginning. The offense was led by John Callahan and Mike Anderson, who had three goals each. Bard had two goals while single goals were scored by Monte and Alan McPhail. Final Score: Bard-10, Southern Vermont-0. Well, maybe next year, Vermont.

Bard's second game with Columbia Green Community College was a well-balanced match. The Bard ones came from behind to win with goals from John Callahan and Mike Anderson (again). They held on to a 2 to 1 lead throughout the second half with good defensive plays by fullbacks Darley, Ian Wainwright, and John Lester. However, the most significant defensive move was made by Jim Rodewald, who made some touch saves near the end of the game.

With 18 minutes left to play in the third game of the season, Bard was leading Berkshire Community College 3 to 1. Then Berkshire tied it up 3 to 3 to push the game into overtime. So one scored in the first overtime period. In the second period however, Berkshire came on strong with two goals. Final score: 3 to 5. There will be five or six home games in October, so come on out to show the boys how much you love them.

Though Bard's cross country team has not won either of their two meets thus far, they have run well in both of them. The first of the cross country meets was held at the 3.9 mile course at Otawa State Park. Greenfield Community College placed first, Columbia Green Place second, and Bard placed third. The top Bard runner was Dave Willard, who placed 6th with a time of 23:20.

The second meet was with Berkshire Community College in Pittsfield. Bard took 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th, and 11th place out of 15 runners. The best time for the 4.8 mile course was 25:30. That is about a five minute mile, very fast for cross country.

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

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

questions from the editors-

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

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

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

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

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

films

Bread and Chocolate (Italy ’78)
Upstage Films, Rhinebeck
Showtimes: 7:30 and 9:30 pm
Admission: $2. 876-2515

NOON RAKER
Lyceum Theatre, Redhook
Admission: $1.50 758-3112

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

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

Legacy (US ’75)
The Scenic Route (US ’78)
Upstage Films
Blane in Love (US ’73)
Featuring: George Segal, Susan Anspach, Kris Kristofferson, Maria Mason, Shelly Winters, and Mazaruky.

Upstage Films
Things to Come
SUNY College at New Paltz
Showtimes: 7:00 and 9:30 pm

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

lectures

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

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

theatre

Long Days Journey Into Night
Parke Theatre SUNY College at New Paltz. Advanced reservations recommended.
Showtime: 8:00 pm
Further info: 257-2081
Box office: 257-2192

Julius Caesar
Bardavon 1869 Opera House
Poughkeepsie, 473-2072

Much Ado About Nothing
Bardavon 1869 Opera House

Professional Children’s Theatre
Bardavon 1869 Opera House
11:00 am and 2:00 pm

exhibits

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

Photographs by Norma Moore
Opening reception Sun. Oct. 7, 2-5 pm
Barrett House, 55 Naxon St., Poughkeepsie

mid-hudson civic center

America
Poughkeepsie

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

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