BARD TIMES

Vol. 20  No. 8  November 15, 1979

Page 1  Skinner on “The Fall of Andrew Young”
Elliot Skinner
Racism, Sexism and Alienation in the Liberal Arts
Jonathan Felman

Page 2  Batterman’s Tragic Affair

Page 3  Letters
To The Editors
Ruth Oja
On Spencer’s Issues
Gwen Ellen Mckenna

Bard Freshman Quiz
Not Insane Presents

Page 5  Observations of a 4-Year Big Mouth
Rod Michael

Page 6  The Miser
Jessica Bayer
Zee Miser
John Kelleher
Robert Altman’s “Images”
George Hunka

Page 7  An Evening with Tom Waits: Fri. November 2
Mark Ebner
Bolling Drones Halloween ’79
Cliff Pemsier

Page 8  Pictus Interruptus: Ray Metzger, 1977:
Kevin Hyde
Films in Review
Elliot Junger
Fraudulent Photography
Art Carlson

Page 9  Bruce “Guts” Venda: Pulling Punches
Charles Lank
Poetics at Bard: The Sexual Hammer
Daniel Diehl
Venda: Marxism
Jon Feldman

Page 10  First Annual Bard Pet Hunt

Page 11  Paper Chaste
Jed Schwartz

Page 12  Calendar
SKINNER on "The Fall of Andrew Young"

It is a pity that Mr. Randall Batterman distorted my lecture on the "Fall of Andrew Young," and took the opportunity to give his own version of that tragic affair. Those persons who heard me could judge for themselves the difference between what I hoped was a scholarly discussion of the event, and the vitriolic diatribe of your reporter. My first reaction was to ignore this sophomoric rhetoric, but courtesy to your readers prompted me to request this "right to reply." Rather than sit with Mr. Batterman I shall list the main points of my discourse for the benefit of those who did not hear it:

1. U.S. foreign policy has always been made by a small elite. Since blacks have been excluded from that group they have not been able to influence foreign policy (cf. Kissinger's complaint that McGeorge Bundy had always treated him with that mixture of politeness and distance that the Boston aristocracy has always reserved for exotic peoples).

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

3. It was ironic, but diabolically intriguing, that Ambassador Young fell over the Middle Eastern question - an issue which was of professional interest to him and of marginal interest to many blacks, but of great interest to many of our Jewish citizens. When the ambassador was forced to resign many blacks felt that he was being made a scapegoat by an administration...
In response to the letter to the editor from Doctor Elliot Skinner, visiting professor of Anthropology at Bard: The letter purports to be a reply to the writer's article, which appeared in the October 25th issue of the Bard Times. Unfortunately, it raises more questions than it answers!

The article, entitled "History at the Gates" was a faithful and indeed scrupulous account of a lecture hosted by Dr. Skinner one October evening at Kline Commons. The lecture was accurate with regard to the facts, and conservative with regard to the malignant impact of the performance. I had hoped that Dr. Skinner, as an honorable, intelligent man, would carefully re-examine his position and realize its explosive potential.

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

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

In his reply, Dr. Skinner has chosen not to defend, retract nor even comment upon the events other than to characterize the reporting of them as "sophomoric, distorted and vitriolic," adjectives which contrast vividly with those he reserves for himself: "courteous and scholarly." He shrugs off my anguished reaction as "crying wolf" and proclaims he will not write a stinging commentary that his prose is at the very best sophomoric but so bold as to demand that Dr. Skinner's self-styled "scholarly discussion" was easily not the one he is indicating in his letter. My transcription of the evening, my narrative, and the correspondence of other participants is both firm and correct. My only desire is to have one of Dr. Skinner's comments which I felt was carefully re-examined to admit that it was best left untold. Considering the statement in point three of his letter that the Middle Eastern question was of marginal interest to many blacks, I feel compelled to represent it now. At the scholarly discussion in question, Dr. and Reverend Skinner's position was also of marginal interest, because in contrast with the usually attenuated views of the ancient Black Orientarians, the Blacks were "indifferent" to the suffering of the Jewish people. As to the five points presented in Skinnor's letter which he describes as the main point of his discourse, I believe that space and time prevents the thorough and thoughtful response that deserves your letter.

TO THE EDITORS:

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

Dr. Skinner made two main points about Andrew Young's departure from the U.S. Both were concerned with the nature of the diplomatic service, and neither was remotely related to any issue of anti-Semitism. The first was the point that American foreign policy is made by an elite, from which blacks have historically been totally excluded and thus denied any experience of its psychology, its procedures and techniques. The second point was that the foreign policy establishment is a modern nation-state to serve the interests of the nation as a whole, the national interest, not the various interests of the separate groups that comprise the nation.

These two factors, Dr. Skinner says, led to Andy Young's so-called "Fall." He did not blame undermining Jewish pressure or influence, either in the United States or from Israel, for Young's departure. Indeed, he took some time to describe the sequence of events between Young's meetings with government representatives and the final firing, in order to demonstrate that the context of the diplomatic service and the way events took place was determined by that framework. Israel was bound to protest, and President...
TO THE EDITORS: Continued

Carter obliged to respond by firing Young.
I heard nothing in the talk-in part of the notion that a Jewish-controlled press in America worked to force Young out. On the contrary, Mr. Skinner asked the audience whether it knew he was in charge of the New York Post, and, when no one knew, answered his own question to the effect that Dorothy Schiff had sold the paper several years ago to an Australian. (Cont'd.)

This is the question-and-answer was surely designed to demonstrate that very few people know who does own and operate the American press, and that the idea that the press is Jewish-controlled is based on inaccurate information and is not in fact true.

On the disagreement among blacks themselves over Jesse Jackson's meetings with NGO leaders, I did not hear the "warm embraces" or the "cynical economic arguments" that Mr. Battmanian did. I did think that Dr. Skinner had an interesting and original comment to make—namely, that an approach to the Palestinians is one of the first opportunities blacks have had to participate in American Foreign policy-making, and that Jackson may be using a chance to make the black voice heard.

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

Ruth Oja

On Spencer's Issues

Dear Sir:

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

I don't know where the girls here were brought up, but I know my mother would never let me go around without, well, proper undies underneath my clothes. And I'm a young man. They're certainly not husband material, I can tell you that. What's a girl to do? Unfortunately, it seems the girls here would rather compromise their virtue than do without a boyfriend.

Just remember, girls: men won't buy a cow when he's getting the milk for nothing.

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

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

Very truly yours,
Miss Owen Ellen McKeena

not insane presents:

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

There are arguments both for and against typing. The person who can type a hundred words per minute or the student who finds it easier to compose his thoughts on a typewriter is not going to handwrite his papers. Some people find typing preferable to their own writing and some type for personal gain. Fine, but the rest, consisting of a large number of people who use the two finger method, are forced to waste endless hours slaving away at a counter-productive activity which has nothing to do with the learning experience. The professor states he cannot read the handwriting of some of his students. I do sympathize, but any pupil who is not willing either to type or print legibly deserves what he gets. Typing a paper, in some cases, is adding insult to injury. One spends many hours in research and composition; after performing such duties, the typewriting by adding a mental chore is a slap in the face. In extreme cases, such as mine in high school, the typing requirement instills a dread which causes the person to procrastinate until the deadline forces him to act. The non-typist is discriminated against. It takes up time that could be used for something intelligent. One can pay to have his paper typed, but this costs money that some of us can ill afford.

A friend suggested we handwrite our papers and pay the typist for the fee to the professor. Somehow, I don't think that would work in this school. Besides, why should we pay for the privilege of someone reading our papers?

My suggestion is simple: there are some sincerely wonderful people, including Bart Brody, who never learned how to write legibly; for them, there are typewriters. Professors have the right to receive material from their pupils which is readable and students would have the right to decide how they want to package their assignments. The compromise is to give the student a choice to either type or print his papers neatly. If this system ever comes into practice at this school, I might even take a history course. Typing it yourself next does you any harm.
RACISM, SEXISM AND ALIENATION IN THE LIBERAL ARTS

political economy, and why the analysis of discrimination. The pre- meaning of the terms "sexism" and "sexism" may be not only because faculty and administra- tion respond to the needs of blacks and women through the medium of abstraction or in some way related to the problem of raising consciousness through curriculum. We can only learn the true curriculum of the black faculty and courses that respond fully to both student's and society's con- ditions. Colleges must create the consciousness which responds to the needs of students. Can we really argue that philosophy courses that discuss Greek philosophy or Nietzsche's views on Romanticism respond to the needs of economically disadvantaged students, women, blacks or people devoted to radical change? I am not talking about apes and pears and there are certainly women interested in Nietzsche's views. However, the needs of most women are better met by curriculum designed to confront sexism, and the development of such curriculum may require resources that sacrifice other courses, faculty and possibly departments.

Bard has attempted to attract black faculty and develop a women's studies program, yet both attempts have failed to respond directly to the contradictions of blacks and women in society. Why? The administration, faculty and curriculum responded to the needs of black men and women through the medium of abstraction. Both the history, sociology and literature for blacks and women (or the history, sociology or literature of blacks and women), but a history, sociology or literature that fully responds to the situation of both groups in society in all its complexities (this may involve whites, males, feminist theory and an analysis of the totality of society in all its interactions). The distinction between these two approaches is that the former puts the discipline first and the student second; where the latter makes cur-riculum a direct function of student needs. If curriculum is developed by students then we may have courses that focus on the economics of discrimination rather than courses on the anthropology of black America. Where the former responds to the contradiction of blacks in America, the latter passes over this contradiction and moves in- to the realm of the black experience as seen through the academic medium.

The lines I have drawn in making distinctions between curriculum of student needs and curriculum of the aca- demic fetish are not entirely clear. Perhaps we can better understand the issues involved by examining why administrative attempts to integrate women's studies and attract black faculty at Bard may have approached sexism and may be non-existent despite all efforts. Token- ism refers to a situation: where a need or demand (in this case students needs) is thought to be satisfied through programs that avoid contradictions and involve a distorted compromise on needs. The need for a con- sciousness of racism and sexism in society is immedi- ate and concrete. It can only be fulfilled by develop- ing a program of women's studies that alters the way that women (and men) think about themselves and changes the way they respond to sexism in their lives. It also assumes that women, as a subject in themselves and as a focus in the study of human phenomena transcend the boundary of a single dis- cipline. Both principles suggest that women's studies will be designed by people's actions in the most effective and radical way possible. We need a critical self, not just intellectual stimulus! Women studies and courses designed to respond to the racist con- tradictions depend on the existence of militant, com- mitted and knowledgeable blacks and women who have learned about racism and sexism through experience (Struggle means an active, engaged and uncom- pletive stance taken toward problems learned through action). In developing a critical consciousness, we need a critical feminism which insists:...
The Liberal Arts from p.4

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

We can only develop and teach the proper programs and for review and criticism about the contradictions by having faculty members engaged in radical, non-academic discussions of racism and sexism. There is some talk of faculty courses for women and blacks. Yet, the form of these courses add- to the problem of black faculty members and courses offered in special programs, such as women's studies and black studies. The two are not necessarily exclusive. Rather, they are separate entities, each one of the greatest needs served by faculty members. One can make a parallel argument in the case of women's studies, e.g., courses on feminism are more likely to be exclusive, but any course on women in literature, history, and biology is likely to be exclusive. However, it is not clear why such courses dealing with women in literature and history are not more available. The two may not be exclusive, but any course on women in literature or history should be made through the medium of feminism. Otherwise, women's studies becomes just another intellectual exercise divorced from contradiction and struggle.

Most do not mean to criticize faculty members or the women's studies program. Rather, the efforts made to raise consciousness with their limitations.
I was impressed with the Bard theatre production of J.B. Molière’s three act play, The Miser. The play deals humorously with the effects a stingy miser has on the people he comes in contact with. Behind the humor, however, is a soothing and satirical view on hoarding money.

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

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

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

The miser, played by Nils Nordal, had perfect control of his characterization, conveying his age and personality with the movements of a slightly spastic chicken. This proved an effective interpretation, making his parsimony believable. Nils used this body language even when he wasn’t actively speaking in a scene, which was a welcome change from some of the actors who looked bored and anxious to recite their next lines.

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

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

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

For a first night performance of a difficult plot, Nell McKenzie and her troupe did an admirable job.

---

There is no greater egoist in the world than a critic. One believes that he has something more intelligent and insightful to say than the film itself. Not only is he critically guilty of this, but he is also Bard’s unofficial (they seem to be touchy about the rumor) literary magazine, The Light, claims to have in its possession “an incidental system used by The Light to determine that which is in fact cinema and that which is not particularly cinema, pure fallacy.” I don’t claim to have an encyclopedic knowledge of the motion pictures of the world and I am not familiar with many areas of film. The only thing that I can say to justify the presence of my words is that I’ve seen a lot of films; I know what I like and I know what I don’t like. I like to write about films and can sometimes tell what bullshit is when I see it. So the chances are I am my own feelings, and only my own. I just happen to have the temperament.

Robert Altman’s Images (1972) ran in Botany on October 31st. Altman left his usual field — that of America, its citizens and its slightly distorted sense of morality, to explore something new — the body and the psyche of an individual. It might have turned out to be Altman’s Committee report Images is unlike Interiors in that Images is a success while Interiors is a failure. Altman chooses as his subject a woman named The Miser, played by Suzanne York. Katherine is a schizophrenic driven mad by guilt, dreams and memories of the past.

The story takes place on three levels: reality, Katherine’s fantasy, and the confrontation between the two. Like Monsieur Bright and Madameissie, a star is born in see person, of Monsieur-Joffy, whose performance as LaFleche, a waiter, was a tour de force. See supporting cast also did a truly professional job throughout.

Although I was not see only one in see audience who will find it a best despicable to understand all of see dialogue eat would be my great pleasure to attend any future performances of see Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance.

---

**FILMS IN REVIEW by Elliot Jungreis, page 8**

Robert Altman’s “IMAGES” by George Hunka

There are two halves of Katherine’s self. Altman, through hectic, but cynical cross-cutting, builds the three as as a whole — as Katherine. The fact that Altman’s cutting and his script are so confusing is due to the crafted construction of both, making Images one of Altman’s most concise and intricate films. It’s a structured film. It is not going to bound off into other regions of their settings, anything that something becomes claustrophobic. There is something enough humor in the movie to alleviate the tension. The kettle bottle on the kitchen table while she cleans the blood from the wall is subtle but wildly funny, though it provokes a nervous laughter that never fully conquers the intensity of the movie. There are some faults and some pretensions but nonetheless it is a fine film. It will continue to see this film it will probably be worth your while. See it for Suzanne York’s marvelous performance, if nothing else.

Just a short hitch. I went to see Orion Wallis’ Mister Arkadin tonight at 7:30, sat for ten minutes with about fifteen others, and then got word from the would-be projectionist that the film had not come in. I don’t know who is at fault, (the distributor) but somebody on the Film Committee should get his act together and at least announce these things. It is not as though this has happened. I did get to see the Drama Department’s The Testament of the Theater, played by Suzanne York. Katherine is a schizophrenic driven mad by guilt, dreams and memories of the past. This story takes place on three levels: reality, Katherine’s fantasy, and the confrontation between the two.
Harper's bourbon in a glass, and my buddy Joe and I sharing a stucco wall in the elegant lobby of the Beacon Theatre—waiting for Waits. Jazz is being pumped in on the P.A.; some Benson and some Taj. The concertgoers aged 16 to 60, dressed up and down, are filing in the gates. About 8:30, the curtain opens and Tom's four-piece band starts warming. Minutes later, many a trained "Waits spotting" eye notices and reacts to the glowing head of an Old Gold— the first part of Waits to appear on stage. From the breath of nicotine smoke emerges Tom, wearing a corduroy blue suit. Hisstyle of the hat and a gracious "good evening." Tom opens with "Krong Side of the Road," slouching, crouching, and picking his ass to the mighty sounds of a baritone sax.

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

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

The stage is now set like the back cover of the Blue Valentine album—complete with an old gas pump and a full-scale model of a custom-painted 7-Bird. From this outfit, Tom tells us about the mysterious California country called Burns, Shave, reminds the men in the audience that they are better and without a wife, takes us Waltzing Matilda, and soloing on piano, shows us just how happy he is being a Jitterbug Boy. Tom has been going strong for well over an hour now, and his voice is as blustering as ever as he tells the tale of city-tooth heroism in his ballad, "Romeo Is Bleeding."

The next song becomes a street corner newstand and we find an early morning Tom improvising humorous headlines from the final edition. He stands with a hunched back and chills the audience with The Ghosts of Saturday Night. Having introduced the band, Arthur Davidson on baritone sax and trumpet, Jerry Evans on guitar, Greg Cole on electric bass, and "the big man on the trash can," Big John Thompson on drums—he will go on stage. His words are rougher hands that are grooping at him from the front row, accepts a rose, and disappears behind a slow curtain. An immediate standing ovation follows his exit inciting his first encore. A saxophone is heard and the curtain opens with a "drunken" (drunken?) Waits "scarcrow," slurring a speech "from the edge of a maniac's dream" about a killer called "nightstick," who's hiding out in Potter's Field. Tom has "spilled his guts," and now he's twirling his umbrella with his back to the audience. He crochets beneath it and disappears.

In his second encore, a plucky Tom is born from his embryonic couch. Yawning and stretching to lazy lounge music, he removes his crumpled jacket and dons a sequined scarlet show jacket. He grabs his umbrella, and without uttering a word, improves a shaky tightrope walk across the stage. It's beautiful. After his successful crossing, he silently removes his scarlet coat, puts his crumpled blue back on, and retreats to his mother couch with the aid of a lullaby saxophone. Tom's back at his piano for his third and final encore. Looking lazy, he sings "I Wish I Was in New Orleans," literarily grasping the last few "New Orleans I'll be there," his band brings his voice and fingers back to the chart just in time as they bang out some high-spirited Dixieland in appropriate finale.

Bolling Drones
Halloween '79
by Cliff Pemsl

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

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

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

The set was brisk, keeping my attention level peaking. About a third of the way through the set appeared the glittering Dronesettes -- slick, tough, and pretty. The Dronesettes were Lisa Fields as Dalrymple, Troy Harrison as King, Judy O'Hagan as Alayne, and Lisa Melia in the role of Vivra. The Dronesettes added greatly to the professionalism of the performance. They enhanced the show both musically and visually. Their varied dance motifs captured my eye and kept it happy. Theatrically, the entire performance was consistently hot. The staged death of Brian Jones was quite amusing. Knox died in a kiddie pool (pun intended) with a guitar in hand, only to be replaced by Jim Chambers, (Ron Wood).

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

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

Reef and Sticke take time out for a "boll.

Watch it Sue, 17 will get you 20!
PICTUS INTERRUPTUS

Ray Metzger, 1977

by Kevin Hyde

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

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

The fuzzy-edged objects create unusual qualities of angle, shade and pattern. Metzger increases the illusions in several images with his own visual technique. Some images are upside-down or inversions of 'normal' vision. In all the photographs spatial relationships are distorted. The viewer is deliberately confused. What is foreground? What is background? Which planes are flat? Which are curved? Which are behind what? These are not 'normal' photographs containing entirely understandable information. They are complicat-
ed visual abstractions which create their own special vocabulary. They excite their own unique response -- sometimes delightful, sometimes harrowing. With few exceptions, each image has energy and movement.

The viewer walks back and forth along the illusions. The viewers are asked to sit down. Don't try to 'make sense' of them. You have to do enough thinking in the classroom.

FRAUDULENT PHOTOGRAPHY

by ART CARLSON

The Ray Metzger show now up in Kline Commons is a fine crystallization of the ideological bankruptcy of the medium in its present form. Of course, this is not to say that art does not have to be pictorial and representational, and that form is consequently important that it deserves to be explored for its own sake. When these are false premises, more being made than produced than any of these, there is a certain quality of the classroom.

Films in Review

by Eliot Jungen

Films shown thus far this semester have run the gamut from the sublime to the sublimely ridiculous. The efforts afforded to bring quality cinema to the Bard campus have been only moderately successful however. The paucity of 'standard' masterpieces (i.e. old standbys like Citizen Kane, The Maltese Falcon, Godard's favorite episode) has its definite merits; it provides a welcome respite from the usual 'classics' and traditional Hollywood war-horses of the late, somewhat obscure, that is, the lesser shown 'greats,' rather than being bombarded by a nostalgic bizziness. I'm sure I am not the only one who feels that the cherished path down memory lane is getting a trifle worn. I must confess to being dis- appointed, for I have seen virtually no films at Bard this semester which fit the description of 'classic,' 'lesser shown greats.' Surely (even if it was meant as a joke which I hope to God was not), the so-called 'lesser greats' could be a little greater than feared to Death, starring Mr. Has-been himself Bela ("I never die, believe me, somehow his usual turn as a wax dummy attempting to scale the shadowy heights of Cardinal Tracy and never quite reaching the top, having never left it). Some members of the audience (an invited audience of all five people, I am told) might have been scared to death, but yours truly was put to sleep. End of dig-

CLIPPING

Back on the films this semester (those that arrived), the often embarrassing incongruity of the scheduling (i.e. How Tasty was my Little Frenchmen followed two days later by the Ruling Class, not that either film is 'bad,' it's merely an awkward sequence), not to mention the total absence of any Chaplin, Keaton or any Marx Brothers, incurred my anger no end.

Needless to say, not every film shown on campus is going to please everyone. Certain films are 'musts' for any decent film collection. Several directors whom I am known to favor such as Welles, Dryer and Pascola, I would gladly set aside for another semester's viewing, if only to see some good old-fashioned, knockabout, side-splitting AMERICAN COMEDY! and to rob those 'essentials' among us who consider the latter a four-letter phrase. A number of filmmakers whose representation at Totty has been minimal to non-existent and whose work I would enjoy seeing more of, are Sturges (Preston), Ford, Kubrick, Capra, Hoorapaz, and also some vintage Ealing comedies. Far more good comedy is needed on Bard campus. One can only hope so much Bergmanesque tragedy before the tragedy turns to monotony and the introspec-
tion to lethargy.

November 15, 1979

BARD TIMES
During my stay at Bard, I have had the 'mind-expanding' experience of meeting people of many various political beliefs. There are the Marxists, who believe that capitalism is the source of all evil, and that the only solution is for everyone to own the means of production. Then there are the capitalists, who believe that the free market is the key to progress and prosperity. And finally, there are the free-market capitalists, who believe that the government should not interfere in the economy at all.

As for myself, I believe that the government should play a role in regulating the economy to ensure that everyone has access to basic necessities like food and housing. But I also believe that the free market should be allowed to operate as much as possible, as it is the most efficient way to allocate resources. In short, I am a moderate.

I have also had the opportunity to meet people from all walks of life, and I have learned a lot from them. I have met people who are very intelligent and well-educated, and others who are not so fortunate. But I have also met people who are not very bright, but who are very kind and caring.

Overall, my time at Bard has been a very rewarding experience, and I am grateful to have had the opportunity to meet so many interesting people.
There has been a lot of controversy over the dogs and cats that run wild on this campus. But come the first of December those problems should end abruptly. Those of you with an appetite for adventure will have the opportunity on that weekend to test your skills in marksmanship and cunning. On Saturday, beginning at 6:00 AM, there will be an “open season” on all non-human animals found on the Bard College Campus.

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

Above are ten photographs of some of the dogs (and cat) known to frequent this campus. Below each picture is the name of the pet and its point value when eliminated. The point values of each animal varies from 10 to 100. This value represents the relative ease of difficulty involved in eliminating that particular animal. For example, Yecha has a point value of 10 because he is a docile and trusting animal, whereas Stella has the high point value of 100 because she is so sweet and squirmy. All cats have a value of 5 points regardless of their personality or habits.

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

Photography by John Bevevino and Lynne Goldman

P.S. 85 points

Plato

85 points

Evelyn

10 points

Kathy

45 points

Sasha

90 points

Buffy

55 points

Bones

40 points

Danny

10 points

Belle

35 points

Daisy

25 points

Duke

20 points

ELEPHANT

20 points

FIDO

15 points

Sisu

10 points

Sasha

5 points

Dudley

35 points

Snuffy

25 points

Buster

20 points

Buddy

30 points

Timmy

15 points

Dave

15 points

Doll

10 points

Not Pictured:

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

Red-Headed Dog
Warden - 20 points
Cainer - 15 points
Jenny - 75 points
Pooch - 30 points

Stella

100 points

Octavia

5 points

First Annual
Bard Pet Hunt

Here's Your Chance...

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

First Prize: A Remington 2007 12-gage semi-automatic shotgun.
Second Prize: The “Bill” of your choice professionally milled and mounted on a genuine mahogany base.
Third Prize: All the beer you can drink at Adolph’s the evening following the competition. All non-Bard students are ineligible. Faculty are welcome and encouraged to participate.
Paper CHASTE

by Jef Schwartz

I wanted to get laid so badly one Friday night that I looked up Turnblad and asked what she thought about it. Turnblad, under 7/157.4, suggested we meet at a coffee shop to read newer books on the subject and then subsequently to front notes my affair properly, using a new ribbon on unruled index cards. 8% by 11 inches, leaving a margin 1/4 inches on the left and 1 inch on all three other sides of the page...

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

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

I left the dance floor and sat at a table. I tried to look sexually omnisicient but by my own scrutiny in the mirrored ceiling, the effect was comical. So I ordered a bottle of beer. The waitress was very pretty and very sexy. (Very round hips.) I had trouble naming a beer. I was so nervous. I remembered a one-syllable beer and stamped, "No!"

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

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

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

I went to lunch to eat something other than toastie rolls. There were salami sandwiches, salami sandwiches or a third category, gook—nobody ever knew the composition. I chose a bologna sandwich on a roll and a bowl of jello for dessert. I imagined my dessert to be a specific part of female anatomy. I played with it for a little while, teasingly licking just the surface, then deeper, deeper until I had eaten it all. Now I have a paper to write in which I must criticize James' Turn of the Screw so I can get an A in English literature, so I can graduate from an American college, so I can get a good paying American job, so I won't have to play with my dessert at lunchtime any more.
ON YOUR OWN

films
at UPSTATE THEATRE...

Nov. 16-18 (Fri-Sun)
Nov. 17 (Sat)
Nov. 20 & 21 (Tue-Wed)
Nov. 20 (Tue)
Nov. 23-25 (Fri-Sun)
Nov. 26 (Mon)
Nov. 27 & 28 (Tue-Wed)
Nov. 29-Dec. 2
(Thu-Sun)
Dec. 4 & 5 (Tue-Wed)

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

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

at SUNY at New Paltz...

Nov. 16 (Fri)
Lecture Center 104
8:30pm Free
Nov. 18 (Sun)
ONB Auditorium
6:30 & 9:30pm $1.00
Lecture Center 102
7:00pm Free
Nov. 20 (Tue)
Lecture Center 102
7:00pm Free

More info call 257-2193
College at New Paltz.

CATSKILL CENTER FOR PHOTOGRAPHY RECEIVES NYSCA GRANT

The New York State Council for the Arts has awarded the Catskill Center For Photography in Woodstock a $10,800 grant for the facility’s 1979-80 exhibition, workshops and talk programs. A part of the grant is also designated for the photographers in the region. Further information on this program will be available during the winter.

Catskill’s fully-equipped, professional darkroom facilities are available for rental Friday through Tuesday from 11am to 4:30pm, and on Monday and Thursday evenings from 7 to 10pm. The rental fee is $2.75 per hr. Darkroom use is by appointment only. More info: CCPP, 5th Tinker St., Woodstock, 679-9957, Sarah Northland

Apocalypse Now 6:45 & 9:30
Ben 7:15 & 9:45
The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh 7:00 & 8:45
(subject to change on a weekly basis)

At the KINGSTON CINEMA
Uller Ave. Mall 330-6077
Matinee every Sun. 2:00pm
Admission-$3.50 for adults

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

Breaking Away
at the ICYHOM THEATRE
Redhook 758-3311
Showtime: Mon-Thur. 7:00
Fri-Sat 7:00 & 9:15
Sun 5:30 & 7:30
Admission: $1.50

music
at the Last Chance...

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

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

Poughkeepsie
at the Lake...

Nov. 18 (Sun) Maria Muldaur

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

at the Bardavon...

Nov. 18 (Sun) 8:00pm The Remart Trio
Beethoven’s “Archi Duke” Trio
Pilgrims
Faure, Giuliani, Perichetti, Alwyn.

Bardavon 1869 Opera House
Poughkeepsie, 473-2072

PLANNED PARENTHOOD OF DUTCHESS-ULSTER, INC.
85 Market Street, Poughkeepsie, New York 12601

CONTACT: Joan Russemero
PHONE: 471-1530

Planned Parenthood will hold 4 clinic sessions in its 85 Montgomery St., Rhinebeck location in November. Clinics will be held in the morning, afternoon or evening.

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

Office hours are Monday and Thursday, 8-4.

William and Marian Hodges
Antiques
Seventy-one East Market Street
Rhinebeck, New York 12572

November 15, 1979