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Bigwigs Bomb at Bard Seminar

Poetics at Bard
(OR HOW TO BE A POET) BY DANIEL DIEHL

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

1) Always refer to our social structure as Neo-Pascist. It doesn't matter that you don’t live in one, just impress everyone with the fact that you think we do. The amounts of anguished trapped "existentialist" poetry that can be wrung from this idea are amazing. Like ripe wheat awaiting harvest, you are ripe and you hold the political acythe. Gosh, somebody has to be honest.

2) When running short of subject matter, always revert to the stark, enclosed room that traps one of your characters. Make sure to include that "room" rhymes with "comb" and "bomb"! The possibilities are endless.

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

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

5) Word experiments are fodder for the hungry poet. Pick two words, for instance and exhaust their possibilities by repeating them over and over.

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

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

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

And then you know everything else very fast; one saturation job (it might take 15 years), and you’re in, forever."

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

"Brown and black walked with me back from the Christmas pantomime. I had not a dispute but a dissatisfaction with bilke on various subjects: several things done hard in my mind & at once it struck me, what quality went to form a man of Achievement especially in Literature—which Shakespeare possessed so encomiastically. I mean Negative Capability. That is when man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact & reason. Color me, for instance, would let go by a fine isolated verismilitude caught from the Panopticon of Mystery, from being incapable of remaking content with half knowledge..."

Ed closed by saying, "I think Keats’ Negative Capability is the key to knowing a people no repressive civilization. And holding those two concepts, of the Saturation Job and Negative Capability over in mind, will aid the creative, inquisitive researcher to his goal."

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

Eating comments by others again stressed the importance of generalizing and non-specialization at the undergraduate level. This importance of journalism and its references to its liberal arts: "It’s all relevant...explore many areas...be open to new experiences..."

The by now redundant elevation of the liberal arts as a step to greatness in a career world was soon reduced to a mere half-step as John Wiseman pointed out that "In the journalism field you start at the bottom, long time. The harsh reality of the cold and cruel world of communications. Said Wiseman on communications.

The Crucible of Hatred

by Randall Batterman

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

In his first point, Skinner repeats an apocryphal tale via-a-vis Kissinger’s character-ization of McGeorge Bundy and the State Department elite as being revered in its dealings with "exotic" people. It is certainly no revelation that the good old boys of the foggy bottom establishment do not and have not embraced qualit puraens not of their own mind. A reasonable conclusion drawn from this ugly state of affairs is that we "exoticize" ought to stick together. It follows that Skinner’s "rend assumer" policy is neither pragmatic nor profitable to either group.

In his second point he stated that Blacks applauded Andrew Young’s appointment as ambassador to the U.N. because they hoped he could improve U.S. relations with Africa and the Third World. He then blandly states in his third point that the Middle Eastern question was primarily of marginal interest to the Blacks.

Since it is apparent that the "Third World," an appellation of Arab states, oil dependent weaklings and Soviet jackeys seems to have only one interest, Israel, it is equally apparent that if relationships with this Third World were paramount...
LETTERS

Dear Sirs:

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

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

Gwen McKenna

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Editor:

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

To end, it would be keep.

Sincerely,
G.M.
age 10

Dear Sirs:

I am beside myself. I am the mother of a small child, 5-year-old Petunia, and on the morning of December 26th my daughter and I were walking our family pet (Dee-Dee, a poodle) near the Bard campus. Suddenly a young terrorist leapt from the bushes with a hunting rifle, and ruthlessly put an end to poor Dee-Dee's life. Then he shouted something about 65 points and scrambled away.

I could tell by his dirty clothes that he was a Bard student, and God only knows what kind of drug he had taken. How could the administration allow such activities to go on? Whatever happened to harmless college fun, like proms and party raids? If this was some kind of fraternity prank, I don't think it was very funny. My child has been permanently traumatized, and I think some immediate disciplinary action is called for. I don't have the student's name, but he had long hair and was wearing blue jeans. Whoever you are young man, I'll see to it that somehow you are punished for your dreadful behavior!

Mrs. C.M.
Red Hook, New York

SOME SERIOUS WORDS FROM A BATTERMAN SUPPORTER

Dear Editors:

During an otherwise pleasant visit to Bard College, I suffered the agony of hearing the lecture by Dr. Skinner which was criticized by your reporter, Randall Batterman in your October 26th issue.

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

Dr. Skinner preached a crypto-Anti-Semitism, heaped glorious praise upon Jesus Jackson and the SCLC, and warm approval on the band of HILL NUMBERS who call themselves the PIG.

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

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE
LETTER ON SKINNER CONT... Dr. Skinner might profit by learning a bit about my town of Danville, Lebanon. Jackson strolled through the rubble of paunmous, arm in arm with those PLO killers. It is now quoted by the nationals for staging slaughters. On our only friends in a supposedly Christian world, the Israelis.

In January of 1976 the PLO invaded our little town of thirty thousand. Twelve days later I was one of the few escapees neither slain by them nor drowned escaping in small boats. Thousands of my townspeople and many of my family were not so fortunate. My cousin, Elias Kanaan, refused to kneal and recite that Mohamed was the true prophet of God. He was castigated and suffocated to death with his own severed genitalia stuffed in his mouth. His wife and four children were also killed seven or eight were raped and killed.

My Aunt Suzanne Shalhesh was sodomized and then set on flame with gasoline.

My stepfather, Maroun Iskander was strangled to death in a car and carried through the streets of Danville with three mensekka stuck to his head.

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

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

Mr. Pettibone’s article is a good beginning.

Christina Iskander
New York University
New York, New York

COMMUNICATIONS BIGWIGS...

It’s a cold-hearted profession— all of it. "But in consolation he added, "The field is there for the research, and one’s obligations are the same in that's what the liberal arts education is all about." Next we got to hear about how this panel of professionals made it to the top. Diggby dealt with his tale of glory: "For the most part, my success came as a terrible accident." He went on to say that to his father’s dismay, he was determined to study classics. (His father was a writer who has since "faded into public relations" being "confused" he took an American Studies major in college, and upon graduating he discovered that there wasn’t a big demand for civilized Americans.) So he ended up taking a job at Creative Playthings as an educational researcher.

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

Harry Abrams was a political science major, now wishing he had majored in either English or History. She went on to complete her formal education at the Columbia School of Journalism, and considers graduate school to be an "opportunity to CRUCIBLE OF HATRED then the Middle East could not have been marginal.

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

A weak president is held hostage to his own appointment of Young by overwhelming political considerations. He allows Young to ride shotgun on an expendable foreign policy. He tolerates a stream of humiliating and damaging statements. He outwardly continues to support Young despite his praise of Cuban adventurers in Africa, denigration of our allies, and extraordinary lack of sensitivity to the Gulag and Musulm maelstroms. Finally, Young goes too far in his escapades. He defies the President and the Secretary of State, and publicly and blatantly lies to them and the nation. He is fired, and rather than nor Vancel nor President Carter possess the collateral damage.

In his fourth point, Dr. Skinner sheds big fat crocodile tears for Israel’s "difficult position." He fails to consider her inflation rate and wartime economy and claims that these facts demand a policy. He implies that this policy should be one compatible with what he perceives as a world growing more sympathetic to the Palestinians. The truth is that there is little sympathy to be wasted on the P.L.O. Dr. Skinner’s P.L.O. solution would be the final solution for Israel. The P.L.O. as Skinner most assuredly knows, is a band of killers, non-representative of any real Palestinian group which is not only dedicated to the total destruction of Israel, but is also bound by its chartar to eliminate the Jews residing there.

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

As part of this bright new "Judenrein" policy, apply described as a "New International Economic Order," does Skinner really believe that if the U.S. were to bomb Tel-Aviv, poison the wells of Jericho, and give the P.L.O. two seats in the U.S. Senate, that the Arab oil producers would give one more drop of oil for one penny less a barrel? Nonsense, Skinner, nonsense. As childish and churlish as those, including Jesse Jackson, who have urged capitulation to Khomeini’s blackmail in return for the right to buy their black gold.

Finally, Dr. Skinner states that we should not be so sensitive to what we perceive as bigotry. He accuses those who respond -- rather than respond with our own poor arguments -- would be more fitting to quote the response of a great American, the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., similarly outraged by a statement by a black leader in 1966.

"The leaders of a fine and militant civil rights group had made an extreme effort not to view this horrible outburst as anti-Jewish. I see it as an anti-man and anti-servant."

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ADMISSION DECISION:
BARD POET NEEDS LICENSE
BY MARK EBNER

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

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

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

Julie's resulting attitude regarding Campus Day programs would restrain her from reading again at such a function if she was subject to the unwarranted pressures of censorship. When asked about her present attitude towards the Admissions Department, Julie replied, "Before this incident, I had very positive feelings about the Admissions Department and their work. Now, I see it as being less interested in presenting aspects of Bard and student work, and more interested in raking in money. Certain questions are now raised that should be of concern to the Bard Community as a whole: Should the Admissions Department influence Professors into censoring student work so as not to offend the unknown and presumably conservative sensibilities of our visitors? Or should the Administration and faculty allow fair and responsible student input into the presentation of Bard as a liberal college that would allow such constitutional rights as "freedom of speech?" Bard Times seeks informative replies from all concerned.

A Woman for Men
Lesbian Dream-Poem

I am a woman for men
But last night I dreamed
About a woman in a school uniform
With a great round belly
Hard and smooth
Drum紧, tight, but yielding
I saw it at 1 lifted her pleated skirt by a stream in a field
So clear so green
And I wanted to make love to it so, so much and I did
And she laughed joyously and teasing and I didn't know what to do
When she skipped away
Through the high grass
Bouncing with that belly like a pregnant doe.

Now I am a woman for men,
Although women for women have wanted me otherwise
I have danced in circles,
Tasting of a thicker love
Of smoke-carriage
And the smell of women
O the smell of lafarge
Moldering on the ground
In wet autumn
That must be the smell of women
But I am a woman for men:
I scream in my sleep,
DREAMING OF WOMEN
And rounder breasts.

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

LaFARGE.
Le CENSOR

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

Ben LaFarge
NUKE THE WHALES ETC.

By Nancy Ercoli

Roxxy Music, Rockabilly, The Doors, The Ramones, The Talking Heads, The Members, Blondie. You must definitely dislike disco, and parody the songs and style of dancing i.e. “Talking about Bad Girls,” “You make me feel like Massist in 1960, I want to knife the night away,” for “You make me feel like dancing,” and dance to the night away,” and when you dance with a partner never smile or look ask if you might be enjoying yourself. Another must is to be familiar with old movies, unknown American authors and poets, and a matriculation of the impressionist painters. You must smoke, and develop a severe passion for something anything. You must use noted or personalized phrases (usually taken out of context from old television shows), and change your outfit at least once during the day.

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

Like to kill little animals? Join the Hard Hunters club. Box 729.

RECORD REVIEWS by Ivan Stoler

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

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

Two Keys

With his first solo lp “Alchemy,” Richard Lloyd finally steps out from behind Tom Verlaine’s shadow. Lloyd really dished out some tasty tunes on this kick-ass rec. Lloyd exploits the shadow line which few people attempt to do and even few Dark Side fans get away with. The new cuts are: “Misty Kyes,” “Richies,” “Dying Words,” and “Blue and Grey.” This record is a must for any American willing to die for his country.

Rating: Five Keys

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

Rating: Three Keys

The second Root Boy Slim and the Sex Change Band lp "Zoom" is a must for all those who like to do the gator. The arrangements are nice n’ sleazy, the energy level high, and the lyrics are amazing! The best cuts are "World War II" and "Quarter Movie." I have a funny feeling though that Root Boy can do better, but this man can explode at any instant.

Rating: Four Keys

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

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

ATTAXAHLAN ROCK-N-ROLLA

P.S. HAVE FUN!!

CRUCIFLE OF HATRED...

God, it would be a statement to condemn barhary, coming from the lips of a black man. For black people, who have been tortuously burned in the crucible of hatred for centuries, should have been so purified of hate in those situations as to be instincively intolerant of intolerance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

AYATOLLAH ROCK-N-ROLLA

P.S. HAVE FUN!!
Climb A Break

By Art Carlson

So, Bard has a few new rules now... glad to hear it, kudos to the dean's office. This place has too long been run by noisy loudmouth hes-bones...YA HEAR ME!!!

Personally, I think you need more rules because previously, the only way you could rebel was to be adolescent and paranoid, senselessly opposing whatever changes the administration came up with, no matter how well thought out they were... In this line I think it's shameful that people have been accusing Leon of being paranoid. I mean, give the guy a break! He's a sensible, well educated guy trying to run this institution as best he can. He has access to more resources than we do, so it's no surprise to me that he always ends up characterizing his wisdom, as I do. Adolescent and paranoid (adult it; we're all just feelings and hearts and minds and all), or just plain nuts. I mean, this is a liberal arts college, but not like it used to be. Why in my day...what's wrong with you kids anyway?

Not enough football is one reason certainly. I shouldn't have to be walking around with a ball in my hand, begging people to play football at age for chrissake. Lack of leadership is another. I don't mean to criticize the student government or the radio station, or anybody... a big problem is that Bard students are in terrible physical condition. So many of you girls would be simply stunning if you would lose 20 pounds or so... and you boys... the boys are in a little better shape than the girls overall, but if we're yelling at the girls we gotta yell at the guys too. If the girls get all gorgeous they aren't gonna wanna hang out with you creeps unless you get your acts together. Play football, for instance. And do pushups. You may be spending more time in the pushup position than you think. Also Bard students should fight more. Why let those repressed hostilities seep out? Deal with them! Bard kids apologize too much and are too goddamned polite in general. You walk around the cafeteria forebearance and you hear this constant buzz of apology... "oh, excuse me... "oh, I'm sorry..." "Pardon me, oh, I'm so sorry!" Odd truth in all of that. It always kills me how hard Bard kids are to apologize for something they didn't even do... you step on them, disrupting their meal, and they apologize to you! Nuts - crazy! Another thing I don't understand is why most white kids around here listen to Rock music and Eno and Phillip Glass (to name just a few. I know you guys can afford more records than that) and can't stand disco because it's "boring", "repetitive" and "stupid". I wanna plug here for my radio show - The Almanac Hours, nothing mellow about it be sure to tune on Wednesday from 6-9. By the way, I liked the new student photo show and apologize for flagrantly deceitful misuse of highly technical language in my last rant. But I still mean it. Sugar is so bad for you. It is one of the prime mind control drugs employed by this state. I eat it too, but only in coffee and all the things that naturally have sugar in them. Health food, nuts take note; honey is just as bad for you and this has been proven beyond reasonable doubt. Sometimes I wanna yell at people and tell 'em how bad sugar is when I see them pouring it all over the place at Sack, but heck, freedom includes freedom to kill yourself too. And by the way, Fabo Titi, Corsan Vitalai (the Bard motto) does not mean either "climb a break" or "If ya got'em by the balls ya can hold them all follow." Ahah, the great sayings of the Nixon administration... remember "I accept the responsibility but not the blame." That's how I feel about what I write for the newspaper... and what about maintaining your denialility! It's too bad even the president anymore. The level of political rhetoric has continued on pg. 7.

Dear Editor:

This is the fourth edition of the Bard Times that I write for, and I think it's about time I told you what I think of the sleazy rag you have. You have the nerve to call "The Official Newspaper of the Bard College Community". Where do you get off forcing this garbage on us every couple of weeks? Let's take a look at some of the articles... in almost every issue we find the "Reflections" of some jerk-off: "Reflections of a Freshman"; "Reflections of a Senior"; "Reflections of a Transfer Student"; What next? "Reflections of a Kurd?" "Reflections of a Big-Man-on-Campus-Who-is-now-a-Beaver-Boy?" Who cares? Who gives a damn about these nobodies' experiences at Bard?

Jewish hysteria runs high throughout the pages of Bard Times. Randall Batmaner's life is very dramatic - full of many dangers that lurk around every corner. He heard jackboots on Munich cobblestones when all most people were talking about was little round corners. He heard a lecture so boring that even the strongest of us at any rate, his new ma and dad to stay awake. I wish I had such an imagination. And speaking of Jewish hysteria, take a look at Jonathan's reviews of movies that put their audiences to sleep over fifty years ago! It's odd Michael seems to think that Jonathan's politics seem to stem from some deprived and deprived childhood - a classic case of transference. Perhaps for lack of parental discipline, Jonathan has turned to the "Party Discipline" of the Communist Manifesto. His parents probably didn't pay him enough attention and Jonathan wanted more stimulation, even if it was in the form of abuse. So now he turns toDas Kapital.

Okay Jon-boy, but do you have to lay your neuroses on us? Elliot Jusper. Elliot writes called that. Jonathan's politics seem to stem from some deprived and deprived child- hood - a classic case of transference. Perhaps for lack of parental discipline, Jonathan has turned to the "Party Discipline" of the Communist Manifesto. His parents probably didn't pay him enough attention and Jonathan wanted more stimulation, even if it was in the form of abuse. So now he turns toDas Kapital.

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CARLSON CONTINUED...

been gruesomely low during the late '60s. Except for the exception of the 80's, don't trust anyone who's mellow. And forthwith, here are some of my predictions for the 80's... on the political scene, the eighties will start out with a bang when Ayotollah Khomeini has all the hostages killed by firing squad January 17. Look for some war action there, with plenty of unabashed young unemployed Americans ready to go kill some guns. (I'd love to join you.)

I'm not quite right yet and I have this fishing trip planned to Canada tomorrow. Ayotollah ya so? In mid-March it will be announced that Carter has cancer of the colon and must drop out of the race, leaving the field open for Kennedy and the long awaited slugfest with Ronald Reagan who will barely beat Phil Crane (no, not Bill Cranley) for the G.O.P. belt. Those Conservatives will put up the best fight we've seen since Nelson's heady and barely lose, paving the way for Kennedy to become the American Nostalgie, finally come to claim that which is rightfully his. He will be bloated and bald until he has wreaked havoc on the political system. The eighties will see the return of many Rightful Leaders besides Kennedy... Moshe Dayan will soon be Prime Minister of Israel... and just in time, too, cause we're gonna have to do something about those goddamn Iranians. Religious fanaticism, particularly if they are Moslem, Christian, Jew, or Communist. No, the revolution will not happen, but the Left will continue this mess on itself in ideological struggle and finally realize the need for something beyond Marxist-Leninism. The Bean-Geas will break up. The Beatles (including George Harrison) will die and a desperate attempt to clone them will take place but fail. The Police will be the band of 1980. In sports, the Yankees will win the A. East and the series in 1980... and 81...82...Billy Martin will be the next Manager of the Washington Senators. When Fred Lynn becomes the next Red Sox superstar, the Yankees will sign him and end their center field problem for the decade. The Washington Redskins are the pro football team to watch in the 80's... They might even win a Superbowl. By December 17th, men and women, find the redheads of your choice, tell her you love her, and give her a sloppy kiss on the cheek. Drop your work for a short time on this day and unite for this real cause. These women really deserve it.

NOT INSANE PRESENTS...

By Spike Henderson

I wish to pay homage to a small, but wonderful minority on this campus: red-haired people. How to do this without being branded a chauvinist is not easy, but here is my attempt. After twenty-five years of Lucille Ball, I have been given the impression that Hollywood, and thereby the world, feels that all redheads are flakes. I do not understand, except that a lot of women suffer no genetic defects which makes them do insane things. They are not the true victims of society: hair color dictates how someone will behave as an adult, ridiculous. I've heard it all my life: Blondes have more fun, Brunettes are sympathetic, and Redheads are flakes. In this fair is a number of women with this delightful physical trait, and none of them are enos. Everyone has idiocracies, and I've seen idiocy in people of both sexes with every tint, shape and length of hair. So why should redheaded women suffer discrimination for both their color and sex?

One neat thing about this school is its radical support of minorities and lost causes. The color red has a very special meaning at Bard. Women are fighting for and earning total equality in this institution. Yet, with the exception of political parties, nothing has been done here to rid us of this silly stereotype. Redheads are first minority, second red, and third female. Does anyone give them the proper respect, due after so many years of discrimination? No, Bard cannot change the whole world, but within this microcosm things can and must change. This school can show the redhead is not a flake, but a normal healthy adult. Various student groups should sponsor erysthric colloquia. Redheads are a presentation, even if it's tokenism, in the student government is a must. It is a decade, a beloved status in the Commons to commemorate the suffering of red-haired women unlikely, but something must be done to tell our red sisters that we do care for them. This is why the Times is initiating Bard's first Appreciate Redheads Day. On Monday, December 17th, men and women, find the redhead of your choice, tell her you love her, and give her a sloppy kiss on the cheek. Drop your work for a short time on this day and unite for this real cause. These women really deserve it.
TELL ME, WHAT'S THE WORD?

GIL SCOTT-HERON PLAYS BARD

By Robyn Neuman

Never, not even at the peak of dinner hour, did I have to squeeze in, out and between crowds while I walked through the coffee shop to the lounge on the night of the Winter Formal. People, in attire varying from formal suits and ties to formal bathrobes, were everywhere. Scenic crowds surrounded the handle lit tables in the coffee shop, while others waited on line for free drinks allowed to Bard students. I followed a drifting mass of people into the lounge where two men were jamming out a lively, improvisational tune. The band itself did not have a name, but both men were members of the Mind Control band that played the previous afternoon. The percussor, who later introduced himself as Mark, also mastered the piano and oddities, such as a German train horn, which seemed easy. The other half of the duet, a man wearing a coat with long, studied tails, managed a full range of saxophones from soprano to concert baritone excellently.

Although the jazz musicians were very good, one could see by scanning the crowd that many people made a concerted effort to enjoy the music in order to pacify their increasing impatience while waiting for the main attraction; GIL Scott-Heron. GIL was due to start his performance at 10:30. None and more people, faces both familiar and foreign, drifted in and milled about as it got closer to showtime. I felt the restlessness and anticipation grow while sound checks of Scott-Heron's band could be heard filtering out from the confines of the main dining room. Finally, the doors opened to welcome swarms of people who quickly rushed in and immediately began searching for the perfect seat to see the event. A roar of applause, whistles and screams rose up as Gil Scott and his band came on stage. GIL greeted his audience congenially and went on to explain "what he is about," his latest changes, and changes about change; he views change as being inevitable. "Delta Man," one of his latest tunes, started off the set. Scott-Heron's beliefs on change are displayed by the title as well as the lyrics in this song. Delta, besides being a topographical term, also symbolizes change in Greek.

The band is introduced as they appear on stage. I tried to make out the names as best I could over the din of the huge crowd. The two guitar players were Ed Godry, lead, and Robert Scott, bass. Tony Greens laid a beautiful background beat on the drums while a man whose name I believe is John Cornwell was the combination keyboard and saxophone player. The P.A. system is to blame if I have gotten any of the names wrong. GIL weaved in well-known analyses as he introduced "Watergate Blues" by explaining that there are 500 shades of the blues in the color spectrum. The crowd swayed in unison as the band played "Corporate Business" with Tony Greene tapping out a steady beat. Again, GIL argued that "each one and each one" in speaking of individuals affected changes in whole populations. This was a prelude to a new song entitled, "Shut 'em Down," protesting against nuclear power. More familiar, "We Almost Lost Detroit" followed in theme. GIL also played even older favorites like "Johannesburg" and "In the Bottle." An instable crowd tried hard by clapping in rhythm and shouting "We want GIL" to tempt Scott-Heron for an encore. It was to no avail. People filtered out of the main dining room easily in spite of the disappointment.

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

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

A Film Review by Eliot Junger

Few Italian films made during
the war years were as
bluntly outspoken (and, to
be bluntly blinding) in their
opposition to the Nazi and Fascist
in general as Roberto Rossellini's
grinding Open City, made in 1945
during the end of the war when
the Allies were still occupying
the occupation of the Ger-
amans. It tells of the hero-is
of the Italian Resista-
ance, in particular, of a
middle-aged priest Don
Pietro and his young
resistance fighter in Nazi-
occupied Rome, who with-
stands the threats of
the Gestapo and the pleas of
friends in order that they
may secure certain informa-
tion vital, in the resistance.
As both have been under sur-
veillance for quite some time
for illegal resistance activities,
the Gestapo are particularly interested in
in their capture. They are
both finally caught and refuse to
divulge any information of the
Resistance and are
both executed. Don Pietro is
shot by a firing squad, and
Manfredi is tortured to
death.

Cinematographically, the film
might well be the most
"realistic" and least "beauti-
ful" of all the Italian neo-
realist films made during
the 1940's. It is practically-
ly a documentary, prac-
ically, because one can clearly
recognize the real actors and
actresses. The camera work is
gritty black and white
- which is a testament to the
photography of the period -
but over each scene, therein re-
inforcing the mood of opress-
sion, suffering, and helplessness
which surrounds the characters.
Since the photography is an example of
the simplicity at its best, one
was often unaware of the
room, the camera angles and
seemed to be fol-
loving the characters them-
selves instead of the cam-
era, probably the greatest
compliment that one could pay the neo-realist cinema, the
camera disappeared. On
a similar note, the musical
score was omnipresent yet
remained unobtrusive one
was personally aware of its
beginning, only of its
en-
hancement of the film as a
whole with its haunting
beauty.

And finally a word about
Manfredi. When I read that the film was possibly
the least beautiful of the
early neo-realist films, I
believe me, I was merely speak-
ing of its visual texture.
Anna Magnani's Lina had
fine restraint. It was a
remarkably straightforward,
unvarnished performance which, in
its delination of a sto-
ic and downtrodden woman
(who is eventually shot by
the Gestapo,) never for a
moment lapsed into sickly
sympathy for her. But remaned earthy and yet
gentle and at times affect-
ingly vulnerable as the
scene with her and her hus-
band Francesco when she con-
fronts him to tell him that she is
worried about the future and
gradually weeps more and
more bitterly, unable to
maintain her cynical facade
any longer. Marcello Pagliai's portrayal of
Manfredi, the young courageous
resistance fighter who dies
bravely at the hands of the
Germans, was only adequate
in that it lacked sufficient
depth of character and rare-
ly seemed to change its ra-
ther stodgy overly 'concerned'
and controlled delivery.
Harry Feiszli as the German
brutal Gestapo chief, gave a
stuffy, arrogant, effeminate
and thoroughly unpleasant
performance, which in its subtile allusion to homos-
sexuality in the High Command
nonetheless believably con-
veyed the barbarism and cruel-
ty which was belied by the
articulate smooth exterior. Here
was no sputtering, gutteral,
guttural stylization like Erich
Von Strombech, but frighten-
ingly dispassionate compla-
cency made it all the more
credible. In spite of all these
generally fine perform-
cances, it is undoubtedly
also Fabrizi's acting which
deserves the highest
attention. Only in some ear-
lings does his acting falter.
For example, have I seen the
near equal of Fabrizi's act-
ing in this film. The char-
acter of Don Pietro was no
longer just a film character
... he was an actual person.
His portrayal of Don Pietro
was an articulate, right,
eart, earthbound symbol of hu-
manity, neither temptimg
death nor running away from
it, but accepting it. Fabri-
zi's playing was so immedi-
ate and convincingly natural
as when he stares unblink-

gely with tear-filled eyes at
the mutilated body of Man-
fredi who has just endured
the most horrendous torture
by the Gestapo, lying in front of him whipped and
beleaguered, that my eyes too
almost began to fill with tears.
Nor should I be the first to
express the feeling, there is no
expression at the very end of
the film when he faces his
certain death. In contrast to the mild, self-
suppressing sense of humour
by which he shows at the beginning
for me constitutes one of the
most touching and wide-
ly ranging performances in
Italian cinema. He dominated
the film, a strong and poign-
antly masterpiece.

QUADROPHENIA

A FILM REVIEW BY BILL ALBEISON

Quadrophenia, the new
British film based on The
Who's 1973 concept album,
is a good movie. The colors
are strong, the set design,
both nighttime and daytime
scapes. The directing (by
Pete Townshend at 33 yr. old)
Brontosaurus is very effective,
particularly in unfolding
the action (streetfight)
right scene. This is quite
good. The story is
prety coherent. But it's
not much fun to watch, un-
less you really get off on
despair and senseless vio-

ture.

The movie is about 1) the
events of a few weeks time,
summer 1965, between the
debuts of the two lives of
Jimmy (Phil Daniels) and
his peers in Brighton,
England, and 2) the violent
fighting between the Mods
and Rockers gangs of the
time.

According to the Boho Weekly
News of November 8-14, there
wasn't a hell of a lot of
differences between these
two groups. Mods dressed
snazzy in zoot suits, jackets,
and that ilk, and tended to
dig the clean, snappy music of
Rudie Holly and the Beach Boys.
Rockers were smelly leather-boys,
filthy punks, who were more
into soul music, and lived the
life. It's a bit ironic that by
1967 The Who themselves were
thoroughly Mod in their
dress and their art. The Mods
and Rockers rioted that
summer really for no
reason but for having no
thing better, or more exciting,
to do. They weren't
violently opposed to each
other's philosophies or any-
thing. They were all into
the same thing: everybody
had a bike.

Following the film's major
riot (on the beach at a
series resort community,) Mod
Jimmy is thrown into a padd-
dy-pan filled with Rockers.
Whereupon I cringed, expect-
ing them to beat the shit
out of him. But they didn't.
They simply laughed, word-
less. Off the battlefield, the
game was over. The kids had
succeeded again in
disputing the straight comp-
unity with wild violence,
striking up some shit. There
was nothing more to do.

Why are the kids so frus-
trated? Because in their
lives there is virtually no
love, understanding or
honesty, common amongst
them. They're just there
and they really don't know
how to love. They're not particular-
ly well educated and they don't care for art, or it never
occurred to them to check it
out. Their school, parents,
the media, their environ-
ment never made aware of it.

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

Jimmy's boss is a tight-
assassin fascist moron with
a pencil-thin mustache and
a grey suit. He says,
"Wherever you go there's
always some cunt with
stars and stripes on who
wants to push you about.
Boss tries to tell Jimmy he
ought to be grateful for
working for such a firm.

Jimmy tells him to shove it
and pours his blood alcohol.

Jimmy's parents are horrid,
backwards, unable to com-
unicate, and utterly stifled,
at least until his Mom
en-
volves the house with anger
and venom. He comes in late
one night to find the TV,
his mother staring wide-
eyed at it for no particular
reason, simply watching.

All the anxiety and sadness
of her life, feeling help-
less to change her life, her
father is doused out. "Out on
yer motorbike - it's not
normal!" she squawks with
fear. "O yeh? What's normal?
then?" retorts Jimmy.

The anti-authority there
also surfaces in the court
proceedings held after the
riot. 65, in The Who's story
nobody is smelly and filled
with pom-
pious indignity about proper
re-
pect, with degradation for
the filth beneath them. They
properly return his disdain.

Quadrophenia, the first
step in The Who's growing
expansion into film (The
Kids Are Alright, Half
Speed, The Harder They Fall)
their project,) was released
by WHO FILMS. It's billed as

The Who's Pete Towsnhead/Dalire/get or as musical
directors. But it's no thrill-
ning. It was cut down from
seven songs from the album
are heard, but only fragment-
arily. The lack of The Who's
Continued page 12
By John Kelleher

We're Due in Eastbourne in Ten Minutes

We're Due in Eastbourne in Ten Minutes, by N.P. Simpson, directed by Andrew Joffe, ran for five performances on November 17th through 20th. I was witness to the spectacle on its closing night and it ran as if off schedule. It wasn't entirely the fault of the thespians themselves, whose acting was above par. Nor was it entirely the fault of the script, which was not without its funny moments: Robert Cuccooce and Annie O'Keeffe as Bro & Muddle (the Parodocks) were a perfectly sardonic middle class couple, the proud new owners of an authentic historic pile of rotting manure artistically mounted on an antique end table. Heather Lee Harris and Dan Williams as Martha and Humphrey portrayed the quintessence of boredom, a couple of haute bourgeois guests unable to find anything of aesthetic appeal in a compost heap, with or without an antique end table. Comic relief was provided by Winslow Grant, resplendent in the uniform of a delivery person and Miranda Spencer's glee to behold a third and unexpected guest who has, literally, just been decorated (with Christmas lights and tinsel). They were both truly absurd.

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

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

---

By Michael Stiller

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

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

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

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Sam Shepard's Action is a play that deals with the inability of the human mind to correctly synthesize reasonable thought when confronted with situations with which it is totally alien to which it is entirely impenetrable. The setting is a small building or cottage occupied by four people: Jeep, Lupe, Lisa, and Shopter. The relationships between these four men and women are never explained, and one which is rational if thought of in terms we all understand in modern life. In this instance, the audience is in the same position the characters are. We do not understand any logical sequence of action in the play because there is nothing on which we can base our judgement of behavior. The characters act in seemingly irrational ways. They are suffering from an inability to cope with a situation to which they are alien and in which they seem to exercise but little self-determination. They are in a
The Women. by Clare Booth

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

Chief game-player in the cast is Sylvia, whose nails are appropriately painted "Jungle Red." In this role, Claudia Sherman avoids a stock villain characterization and creates a woman who fills the hollowness of her life with total involvement in the game. Other players are: Lynn Goldman, who provides a witty portrait of a woman resigned to each new pregnancy; Mary Elizabeth Esposito as a feminist author who is aware that for all her intelligence she is ineffective; Stephanie Hoffer, as a young idealistic newlywed, who is unable to handle anything that smells of a crisis; Julie Conson, who gives a funny rendition of a woman who has had six husbands, all of whom have tried to kill her; and Joey Scott, in two roles as a maid and an earthy cook in a hotel for divorcees; Paula Clause in five roles, making each character different without use of makeup; and Judy Zep in a marvelous double role as a gossipy manicurist and the heroine's mother.

As Crystal Allen, the "other woman," Susan Freeman gives the right feeling of glamorous yet hard sensuality. The audience also senses that here is an expert game player, but we are never quite sure why she plays the game.

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

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

Some of the staging was clumsy, but the small set was generally put to good use, representing as it did many locations. (The set changes were a bit long on opening night.) The play, set in the 1910's, had the right style without being cloying.

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

Photo: Kevin Hyde

Suzanne List and Noelle Fishalter share an intimate scene

Opening by Andrew Joffe

Directed by Kristin Bundesen

The review is by Andrew Joffe.
QUADROPHENIA CONTINUED
this Who film is frustrating
though there are a few
thrilling references to the
group woven decently well
into the story. Other good
rock of the era is heard
(including a complete "Louie
Louie" which compensates a
little bit.
In the end, The Who's music
doesn't raise, and it's not
the main feature of the film.
The story is, and The Who
weren't necessary for it.
The movie left me with a
sick and sorrowful feeling.
There have always been frus-
trated teenagers -- and
frustrated people -- in re-
pressive, fulfill-your-role
not-yourself society. Jimmy
desperately wants to get a-
way from all the gullibility
of his life, but no alternative
is apparent, none suggested.
Quadrophenia makes judge-
ments about the inadequacy
of present society (Britain's
at the very least), but
it shows no way out. In the
end, it's left up to Jimmy
and us -- to find our own
meaning, our own way out, or
passively accept the uncon-
sciousness, the boredom and
the death of the 4-to-9
world our culture expects us
to join.

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Hey, take three glasses of ice and
that's what it looks like. But when
you sip it, its delicious.

JUDGING FROM THE RATHER
small attendance at film
showings recently, five people
in the audience is con-
considered a large crowd; it
would appear that some peo-
ple are not enthralled with the
Film Committee's fare.
This naturally brings up the
question, "Why?" And a good
question it is. The answer,
fully apparent in all except
the Film Committee, is that
by and large people go
to the movies after the
day is over to be entertained,
which in itself is a totally
valid and unobjectionable
reason.
While films being shown
may be of interest to the
students of the cinema, this
group of people is relatively
small, and the films hold no
interest for the non-film
students. However, the two
interests need not be entire-
ly separate from each other.
Films of greater import can
be appreciated by both groups
such as On the Waterfront,
Rebel Without a Cause, or
The Wild One, for reasons
such as performance, social
impact, and simple cinematic
values.
At the beginning of the year
those films which may be
loosely classed as "avant-
garde" (included in this categ-
ory are films of French
new wave directors, directors
of the New German cinema,
and early experimental films as
well as films of the American
avant-garde) were shown only
on Tuesday nights. Unfortu-
nately they have been creep-
ing slowly into the rest of
the week. This problem more
than any other has served to al-
iterate most of the audience.
We recall an early
overwhelming sense of optim-
ism thanks to the showings
of such films as the Waltzer,
Falcondo and Psycho. Surely a
steady diet of that type of
movie along with the regular
Tuesday evening avant-garde
shows would keep the majority
of students happy.
Of course, another factor
should be taken into account
while considering the poor
attendance. Weopt on rare oc-
casions, what little publicity
there has been centered solely
on the director of the film
in question. Little, if any,
movement has been made
of cast, plot or other points
of interest. While not express-
ively uncalled for, the lack of
mention of other facets of the
film may well contribute to
the student disinterest and
non-attendance.

The authors of this article
were present at a meeting of
the Film Committee several
weeks ago. With the ideas
mentioned earlier in mind, a
popular plea for more ac-
cessible films was rudely ign-
nored at this preliminary
selecting meeting while vague
but vigorous discussion of
the New German Cinema and
the French Film are bantered
around the table. Worth-
while films of wide appeal
were rejected out-of-hand in
favor of more obscure films.
A financial schizophrenia
of some magnitude is also ap-
parent. It is appalling that
the same people who would
advocate the expenditure of
$300 for a piece of rate
porography such as
Narassichio Cherry would
not consider spending a similar
amount on a more important
work such as Clockwork Orange
Better things could be done
with the $5500 that the Film
Committee has at its disposal
without any decline in the
number of films shown.
The Film Committee's move-
ments have been confusing
and frustrating at times.
There are some moments when
the goals that the Film Com-
mittee sets for itself have
been ignored. In the final
analysis, the film filled the
people respond to items such
as The Trip and Muscle Beach
Party would seem to con-
tradict the goals and ideals of
the Film Committee.
By and
large, the campus would prob-
ably like to see movies rath-
er than films. Since the fin-
al selection of films for
next semester, if it has been
made, has not been announced,
we have only to fear more of
the same.

Pat Covert & George Hunka on FILMS

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