It is time to turn the corner
You have been on this street too long
Gambling with your paychecks, fought with your plaster parts half
Meet you in the subway
Businessman blue death
Architectural boredom in the Fountain of Youth
Lyceum Collage echo in these empty lecture halls
O’it’s time for a peace war.
— Gino Curuso

BARD TIMES
Vol. 20 No.5
The Official Newspaper of the Bard College Community
March 13, 1980

AN INTERVIEW WITH
PRESIDENT BOTSTEIN

by Tom Carroll

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

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

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

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

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

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

Continued on Page 4

The Story of Jimmy

by Paul Spencer

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

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

What the admissions officer had told him had a great effect upon him and he was very pleased when W & C accepted him.

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

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INSIDE!

EGGSPEAK
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ROBERT CUMMING
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STATE OF THE UNION
by Randall Batterman P.13

ANTI-DRAFT RALLY
Washington D.C. P.13
Students break the rules, and enforcement of the rules is difficult. Often students believe that the possession of animals, even in inappropriate circumstances, is a right. Members of the community who live on the campus have been faced with packs of running dogs or an abundance of stray cats left from year to year—undesirable circumstances from a humane point of view.

The College recently cracked down on the enforcement of its rules through the use of fines and local officials who are empowered to remove pets. Students have been critical of this effort and attempted to parody the situation. Please be assured that Bard College shares entirely in the goals of the HSUS and feels that in order to treat an animal humanely a decent, caring and spacious environment is required. The conditions for such an environment are not available in college-owned student housing. I would suggest that in the future, however, before responding in such a reprimanding and curt fashion, the officials of HSUS take the proper steps of the humane exchange of basic information. A brief inquiry into the situation surrounding the advertisement in the Bard Times might have made your letter of January 3rd less awkward and more insulting and less of an embarrassment for the HSUS.

Sincerely,

Leon Botstein
President

Bard Times is the official newspaper of the Bard College community. Letters to the editors should be sent to box #85, Bard College, Annadale-on-Hudson, N.Y., 12504.

A VOICE FROM WITHIN

Editor

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

I too am enrolled in one of the many college programs that compose the educational system of our country, yet I feel alienated from the projects and people of the many campuses that house this educational system.

I have often wondered as to what goes on at these campuses and how it feels to be a part of a large coed institution, as I know that at least a few of you there have wondered what it must be like to go to college from within a correctional facility.

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

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

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

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

May my words do well in serving as a seed, which, when planted deep within the atmosphere of you all, will grow into a concern for myself as well as for brothers in my situation, and that you sisters will reach out and form the bond necessary to bring us together so that the seed may grow into the most beautiful of friendships, and in time, blossom into the greatest of understandings.

Prince Robinson
778-1078 Box B
Dannemora, NY 12929

DRAFT REGISTRATION

Editor

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

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

Militarism is part and parcel of a capitalist system based on profit motivated production, the private ownership of the economy by a tiny capitalist minority, and exploitation of workers. It is the means by which the capitalist minority enforces its political and economic will both home and abroad.

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

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

Nathan Pressman
Organizer

38 Hudson Valley SLP
12 Catherine St., Ellenville, NY, 12420

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28 West Market St., Red Hook
758-2111

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Country Denim Shop

LEES TOP SHIRTS & ACCESSORIES
REGISTER

by fed Schwartz

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

It would be politically naïve to overlook the fact that President Carter made the important decision during an election year, but it would also be unfair to disregard certain global developments which might add some weight to the arguments favoring the President's decision. It's been but a few months since we've last heard young Lewis, the 1960s I.D. military reaction in Iran. (One wonders who was to carry out these actions).

Pentagon officials have stated that a major land war in Iran next year or the next few Pact nations would require 1,000,000 inductees within two months of the outbreak of war, and a total of 650,000 within six months. Needless to say, this would be impossible in the absence of an efficient and well-organized selective service system.

However, we must ask ourselves whether a major land war is a possibility in a world in which even the most remote corner is a mere 30 minutes away from nuclear destruction. A decision to provoke a war in Europe would have to be made with full appreciation of the fact that the entire situation becomes very complex and indeed, very small decisions or even accidental missteps in the nuclear realities of the world.

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

President Carter has ordered the system of registration to be reinstated, and he clearly has the Constitutional right to do so if he executes the order via executive authority. Congress, however, would have the right if it so desired, to appropriate only two or three hundred dollars for the system (thereby defeating Carter's order); but this action is politically unlikely. Carter has asked for $20.5 million in order to get the Selective Service system expanded and revitalized, and that amount is likely to be approved (if it hasn't already been).

According to Carter's order all persons born in 1960 and 1961 would be legally obligated to register for the draft, possibly as early as July or August of 1980. Beginning January 1, 1981, all men would be required to register when they turn 18. Defense Secretary Harold Brown said the system would be handled through the Post Office. Legal women have no constitutional grounds to protest their registration for the draft. A case might even be made about whether women have constitutional grounds for protesting combat duty. There are many American males and but a few American females who believe that equal responsibilities have finally caught up with equal rights. It is not my purpose here to fan the flames of argument; I personally think that killing in immoral.

I wonder if the Selective Service System will have the resources to accurately round up all 18 and 19 year old people. It seems to me that the major and most effective protest against registration will not occur on any college campus or in any protest demonstration. The protest registration will not occur on any college campus or in any protest demonstration. The protest registration will not occur on any college campus or in any protest demonstration. The protest registration will not occur on any college campus or in any protest demonstration. The protest registration will not occur on any college campus or in any protest demonstration. The protest registration will not occur on any college campus or in any protest demonstration. The protest registration will not occur on any college campus or in any protest demonstration.

MOBILIZE! ANTI-DRAFT

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DAY 100 CELEBRATION

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JIMMY continued...

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

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

Then things started to get bad again. The president of the college and the president of the board in the administration building told Jimmy and his friends that they would have to move out again. This time it wasn't just for vacation though. They were going to tear out the insides of Rock Rock so no one could live there. Jimmy was crushed. He loved his dorm. His friends were sad too. But Jimmy knew in his heart that he must abide by the rules—after all, they were students of the same college campus.
BOTSTEIN and CARROLL

Bard appear and be more like other institutions.

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

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

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

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

BT: Is Bard dealing with these problems?

Leon: I think we are beginning to deal with them probably better than most institutions. For example, the Sophomore moderation and the Senior project programs have been very effective. I think the freshman year in Bard has been very good and has been much strengthen ed by the Freshman seminar program.

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

Leon: The criticism of the Freshman program is much less than when it started. This year I think the continuity is better. The first semester was devoted to the study of major works and the goals of society, and this second semester is a careful look at the period of 1769-1848, which is a fundamental period in the creation of modern politics and modern social conditions in the West.

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

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

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

Leon: Not during the year, no.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BT: What do the students gain from this merger?

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

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

Leon: Just to maintain the current expense of the institution. The reason we are able to do this is that we have programs, projects, points of view; and we stand for something that is different from the conventional; that attracts people who are interested in giving for reasons other than nostalgia, their alma mater, or traditional loyalty.

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

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

BT: Do you see an integration in the future?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A slide remark connecting rock groups with illiteracy in the closest he ever comes, to dealing with the current vulgar culture. He is like a bacteriologist who never actually comes near the filthy barns, but stays outside the sickrooms and writes lofty textbooks, full of soul and theory, signifying very little.

In the first few pages of his essay, Mr. Botstein seems it necessary to show how well read he is by presenting a digest of the great thoughts that certain great thinkers have had about music. It would seem that the quoting and paraphrasing great thinkers is one of his favorite hobbies.

If there were such a thing as a Mark Goffin show for intellectuals, Mr. B. would be a regular guest. One can envision him telling of "having lunch with Nanny Kant... isn't he wonderful, folks? Indeed, one would welcome such refreshment of information. Unfortunately, the author's intellectual名牌 dressing is dry and dull.
more Jimmy

He opened the office door. The man looked up from his desk and asked, "Whaddaya want?" in the same bored monotone as the man at the front door. "I want you to stop asking for I.D.'s," Jimmy replied in a quiet voice. "Not a chance," the man replied looking back at the papers on his desk, "rules are rules." Jimmy shot him twice in the head.

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

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

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

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

It is well that Jimmy died at that moment for the violent orgy that followed his death would have been too much for him. The students at St. Bonaventure have acted like dull-witted sheep, understood Jimmy's cause and decided to finish it for him. They laid waste to the campus of Worn College and the carnage that occurred was horrifying. Many innocent people were brutally murdered, and after finishing off Worn, the angry band of seven hundred or so bloodthirsty students polished out over the land looking for more innocent adults to devour. They went from city to city, campus to campus, pillaging and destroying. And as they moved, they even called armed police more and more angry young people.

The orgy of terror ran through the country and overnight the government, and American civilization as we know it, collapsed. The following day the Russians arrived and finished off all that remained. And since they had no one to stop them they moved on and eventually enslaved the world. Which just goes to show... You can push a kid only so far.

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

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RED HOOK ARMY and NAVY STORE
THE CLOTHES YOU NEED FOR THE RED HOOK BUSTLE
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The Bookshop
AN ALTERNATIVE BOOKSTORE

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BATTERMAN WANTS KENNEDY
"State of the Union"
Page 13, Column 1
THEATRE

Of Mice and Men

Review by Robert Cacchino

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

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

The time between the first rehearsal and the first show was incredibly short, something like four or five rehearsals before the first production, and this lack of rehearsal time hurt a lot. There were no problems with lines, or if there were, they were handled smoothly enough so that I never noticed any fumbling for words. But Steinbeck's script, although toning down in how it uses real emotions and deals with problems relevant to almost everyone, does so with dialogue that can be viewed as comically colloquial. The play is set in California during the Depression, and the dialogue resembles jargon of the period. In relation to how we speak here at Bard College today the language is out of date, and so to people who don't appreciate what the author was trying to do the words become something to laugh at in and of themselves. I avoid this interpretation of comedy the lines must be given with a strict seriousness. Such seriousness cannot be developed with a cursory glance at the script, and being realistic, what script can even begin to be explored in only one week of rehearsal? This happened was that the actors, with varying degrees of success, presented stock character presentations of what they felt were the characters. Tom Simon, for example, was the quintessential bad guy as the Boss, mesmerizing across the stage, yelling at the undanagers, and glaring at everybody. That's not a person, that is a character. Very possibly Tom was directed like that, that told what he was doing was right. Seeing how the entire cast consistently gave character performances, it leads me to believe that such was the decision, to have the cast portray the characters as imps and not as realistic people. Realize that there is nothing wrong with a stock characterization, but it has to emanate from someone that is cool, and not from what is only a conception of a bad guy, or the picture of a tough. The result on stage will be only as real (or reversely as contrived) as is the work put into it.

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

as you like it

An Uncompromising Review by Gretchen Lang

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

One of the basic problems of the play was a extremely ill-judged casting. An expected handicap in college theatre for which audiences necessarily make allowances is the uniform youth of the performers; it was therefore strange and disconcerting to discover that the part of Adam, faithful retainer of the disheartened Orlando, was taken by a school employ-ee of some seventy years. Still I would probably have adjusted to this circumstance had not Bill Thomas been a completely wooden actor. His fumbling attempts at physical expression, together with his monotone delivery, made me angry and embarrassed for his dignity; particularly when I heard members of the audience referring to Kollah's choice of him as "really cute." Greg Phillips, in the very important and difficult role of Orlando, was another bad mistake. He has obviously had very limited experience with Shakespeare, and this role was a poor choice as a means of teaching him. He does not yet understand Shakespearean English well enough to speak his lines with the natural rhythms and pauses. Thus he would break lines and modulate his voice inaccurately, mutilating the poetry of the verse and destroying any lifelike quality—a hard enough effect to create in the twentieth century, even without this handicap. Add to these problems the fact that he spoke too rapidly, swallowed the ends of lines, and did not project, and the result is a painful performance.

Most of the other actors in the large (23 member) cast were merely mediocre, but a few notable performances. Kils Nordal, in the role of Oliver, had a spirited, ener- Continued on Page 8.
March 13, 1980

Bard Times

Pg.7

and moved with a clarity and even distinctness that contradicted the lines that as James he was saying. Consequently he didn't appear to be dumb, rather it was more like a little mind in a very big body, a child. Children are a lot of things, but stupid is not one of them, so by playing James with a feeling of childishness, he throws the meaning of the whole play into some kind of strange farce. Andrew Joffe as George was good, it was obvious he had put thought and work into his character, opting for the melodrama which is easy to do, and leaving the development to the audience to construe from the lines. Fortunately, they were performing a tremendous script which let them do just this, and while they tried to put in the same amount of work but with a lesser skill, the show would have been bad.

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

Operetta

A Review by Bill Abelson

"All those oysters yesterday, champagne, souffle, ha, ha, cette, enchantees, nimos, orchids, jewelry andcockatoos, divine, pa role d'honneur, that game of baccarat in the club, 13, 575 plus 12,830, ha, ha, I gamed it all away. What a night...yuppies..." "Moostopamoombootco pe teaeteeit!" -Such flows the babble of just two of the bizarre and beguiling personages in what was likely Bard College's most peculiar and inventive production ever, Witsold Cmbrvovic's Operetta performed February 22-27 in the Dance Studio by an extremely eclectic assembly of players.

Operetta is about the vulgar and vacuous lifelessness of bourgeois lives and institutions (fortunately their representatives are delightfully ridiculous to watch, not dull and painful) the irrelevance and lie of fashion and style; and the contrasting joy and truth of nudity, both psychic and physical nudity. Language also takes a whuppin' home from Operetta: "When human affairs can't be squeezed into words, human speech explodes", i.e. when the State's life is has become too big, too real to confront, its creations begin saying "Ooootootooomama aeetouwolooletoomoomooboo all the time.

Language also takes a whuppin' home from Operetta: "When human affairs can't be squeezed into words, human speech explodes", i.e. when the State's life is has become too big, too real to confront, its creations begin saying "Ooootootooomama aeetouwolooletoomoomooboo all the time.

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

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

For the most part a lot of the other actors in supporting roles went for form, who comprise the Drama Department should realistically decide what they are interested in and then do that and only that. We do not have enough talented actors nor do we have the technical facilities to do large shows without a lot more work being volunteered by a lot more people. Seeing as how everyone complains of being overworked right now I don't see how it would be possible to yet the necessary commitment to expand the number of shows successfully.

In the world between putting a show on or doing something you have a right to feel proud of. As for Of Mice and Men, it wasn't a bad show, but it should have been a great show. The script is tremendous, and I felt cheated when I saw the production, disappointed that it was only an average show. Maybe that's an unfair criticism, to complain that the show was only average, but if it is indicative of what situations are minded to present as theatre, then I think that that is a rather serious problem. Any replies?

BRAVO SHNELLER

Director Bill Swindler has done a brilliant job conceiving and actualizing a thoroughly topical and out-and-out production of the piece. The actors boogie down to disco-shite jazz punk and other chic or outrageous clothing (bankers and priests in shades and chains was a nice). Jeff Taylor was particularly reprehensible in silver top hat, white gloves, monocle and ostrich feathers). A cunning touch was the use of life-size blowups of garish, supposedly "hot" punk fashion models. The vocal effects (principally wind and thunder) drawn

by Coach Swindler were stunning. Particularly outstanding were the spectral "whispers of hell" at the end of Act II. Whole eras—primitives, the Dark Ages, Mutant Futurism, and a seeping through of Arnold Schwarzenegger in the studio's rafters, casually glide in through the darkness, and then leave.

Bill also admirably solved the problem of the ambiguous "Orion Project" in Act III in which the lackey's blood-thirsty revolutionary fervor seems oddly still at the passage of another sweeping storm. In this production, the revolution is decided, the lackeys at the end become militant guerrillas, rigid statues occupying the same space as the frozen bourgeois died earlier.

ACT II THE CODE

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

I saw the February 14 show when the refreshments were embellished by gigantic candied broken hearts, impaled in the table with sharp, bloody butcher knives. The evening became especially enervating during this nerve-wracking act, and the synthesizer DISKO was played by 3 masked members of the audience. The actors' dancing were wild, spaced, threatening and abruptly clicked along with the music into spooky, trance-like movements, a glazed and morbidly sickly-sweet, heightening the horror and dislocation of the already freaked-out audience. The walls crawled the walls of the Dance Studio.

THE PLAYERS

Jeff Taylor was winning as the jaded roustabout Charmer, capturing the character's eccentric narcissism with ease. Matt Gordon was refreshingly bitting yet affectively vulnerable as Charmer's arch-rival, Baron Pirurut.

Julie Edelson gave a strong performance as Albericia, the long-suffering yel ling rollerskate-and-gym shorts kid with the transistor tees eminently played to ear. Though she was convincing, it seemed that Julie-as-Albertine's heart should have been more into her dreamy submission to Charmer's courting.

Melania Brown was captivating as the charming yet gravely pensive Princess. Juzin Chuans' character was entertaining as the bombastic drug-added Prince, easily upstaged the occasionally demonstrating an odd, measured calm. Intriguingly both Quin and Melanie, within...
For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Not Enuf

Review by Tory Bressler

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

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

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

This is Yvonne A. Peterson, Belinda Moten, Jean Stanford, Ernestine Montalvo, Ursula Cooper, Gayle Mt. Redio, and Donna Ford have said to me, and now I know because I am sure from the core of my womb, that the power of their love was the power of every conceivable emotion. And you know, I don't give a goddamn for understanding, nothin' in my poor feeble brain neither—cause the rainbow is enough.

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

As you like it—cont.

from p.d.

getic delivery and projected well and clearly. He was watchable, but he seemed to be out of character and was acting and doing the complete opposite of what he should be doing. The gestures were stagey and affected, but not natural, but his energy was nonetheless more of an asset than a detriment to the play.

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

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

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

Continued on Next Page.
AS YOU LIKE IT- Continued...

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

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

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

Fortunately, the blocking was at times awkward, but on the whole passable, the lighting was unremarkable, the makeup in some cases careless, and many of the costume distracting if not unseemly (i.e., unhemmed garments draped ragged threads as long as six inches, and pins were very much in evidence). These things would probably have been less noticeable if the production had not been so druggy in general.

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

Kline Commons Gallery - thru March 24.

Review by Kevin Hyde

This show demonstrates the effect upon sensibility and vision when the artist spends too much time in a studio. Eighteen of the twenty-six images were made in studio or "art" related environments. Thought becomes inverted. The medium is not used to invoke a world - either internal or external - but to examine itself. In Cumming's work the result is "conceptual art", "intellectual" images, often "compositional." In addition, most of the images convey "cut" sarcasm. With few exceptions these are pictures for "artistic" "whoa, bleary-eyed after tedious hours of painting or writing or practice, begin thinking too hard and start hallucinating. All at once the workspace, the tools, the medium, the process itself become "new." In a moment of "cosmic revelation" a new image is formed "deus ex machina!" But the artist is too tired and spaced to realize the "holiness" presence. Down to a few specifics. With "elementary sculptures of wood employing...", "geometric constructions are spotlighted as they sit in a concrete stable. Purely personal to wood and basic forms. One of my favorites, "Operable Cardboard Camera", is a bit "lighting satyr of the hi-tech pretensions of photographic equipment. Again the spotlight is used, this time on a wrinkled background paper in a cinderblock room. It is a parody of slick product photography, Cumming laughing at himself as well-specifically at his use of equipment." The artist's ability to create the most classically pure photographic images. If in fact these cardboard cameras can make a photo image, they work with the pin-hole technique, urge to be a general, as he remarks to Boldieu earlier. The scene in which as outside Boldieu's deathbed, a curious mixture of empty pity and an almost Gebbys reserve, might have been the finest single episode in the entire film. So is Grand Illusions a grand film.
$9.95 ANYONE?

Review by Andrew Joffe

Before he died, Arthur Fiedler was bearing the somewhat ludicrous (yet inevitable) title of "Conductor of the Boston Pops," a post he held for 51 years. The album offered the Grand Old Man conducting the Boston Pops in an orchestral suite of the songs featured in "Saturday Night Fever," the film that took disco from the poor, oppressed masses and gave it to the bourgeoisie and upper classes. In the liner notes, Fiedler makes a typically asinine remark about disco being an idiom that lends itself very well to adaptations of classical works. As efforts in this field have proven, this is blatantly untrue: the disco idiom automatically cheapens the original classic. This is not due to any lack of adaptability in the original - intelligent, skillful, and musically valid modernizations of classical pieces have been wrought in this past, notably the synthesizer work of Walter/Wendy Carlos and 'Hamy's at Fault' having rotted the nuts of any classical work it touched, leaving only pretzification.

The only reason that these crimes on the classics were committed was that disco, at first, didn't know what to do to make itself respectable, so it tried everything it knew to give itself an air of musicality. The infirmed classical works included everything from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony to Copland's 'Fanfare for the Common Man.' Fortunately, one revolting possibility was overlooked: a disco version of Chopin's 'Etude No. 7.' The coming into its own, as it were, of disco prevented further atrocities; disco realized that it did not have to be respectable to be popular.

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

Lyrics in the disco mode are just as repetitious, and even more inane. Usually involving the moving in some manner of a specified and vulgarly euphemistic part of the anatomy, the lyrics also touch upon the following: getting up, getting down, dancing, singing or other noises, various facets of the same sex, and, nearly always, sex itself. In this way, disco is the musical equivalent of rutting, without all the stimulation variations of the real thing. Many aficionados of disco claim that its main virtue is its rhythm and its function to provide music for dancing. If this is so, then why bother with words at all? Why not just instrumental? Perhaps we should not just play the original tape loop? After all, one disco song is identical to another. Why pretend otherwise, that disco is art, or even music? Why the elaborated show of variety; when it all boils down to the same sledgehammer tattoo?

I make no claims that disco is the great evil of our age. It is merely a minor annoyance. It is inflicted on non-discotequers through the media of television and film, by friends and merchandisers. Rare is the tavern that does not feature a jukebox offering less than 20% disco songs. Escape at the present time is improbable and difficult. Yet, looking at history, one can always hope that the rage will pass. The American public is a fickle bunch. As the youth of today is replaced by the youth of tomorrow, chances are that the fever will die and some new allometry come into favor, perhaps less noxious than the present one. At any rate, disco will in all probability survive merely as a novelty record offer: $9.95, anyone?
BOTSTEIN  ·  from p.4

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

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

Leon: Absolutely.

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

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

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

BF: Now you can respond to it.

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

BF: What would you like to do?

Leon: I don't know.

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

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

by Randall Battenman

In a thirty minute speech at Harvard University School of Government that was interrupted dozens of times by DEAA enthusiastic applause, Senator Edward Kennedy declared: "President should be on the ticket; he happened to be standing there when his foreign policy collapsed around him."

"A president can't afford to posture as a high priest of the Iraq war when he must be a public leader as well as political."

Carter's failures, evident truths embodied in these statements and in seeming ignorance of the incredible blunders committed by Carter, compounded ceaselessly to the point at which it appeared to be facing a dual catastrophe: economic collapse and of nuclear holocaust, the return from the next few elections tests, in Iowa, Maine and New Hampshire have produced some clear-cut triumphs for our inexcusable President.

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

Carter's failures are legion, his actions in this election year may best be described as "the deeply molassesed blundering, jumbled jingoism, the return to the harsh realities of our time and a cowardly opportunistic refusal to serve the American people by debating the issues with Kennedy. This man, who was unable to spare a presidential hour or to away from his "constant attention" to one, or another of his self-induced crises in order to debate Kennedy on National Television has been able to find time to salute the gun lobby, appease the anti-abortion forces, daily with Dolly Parton, hail the U.S. Olympic hockey team, and place hundreds of telephone calls daily to political, banks whose virtue lies in their residing in our primary status.

While the president has been blooming in the presidential rose garden, the nation has not suffered from the lack of Carter's vocal than Jimmy. He's endured Chip and Amy and Miss Jillian and Rosalyn and, for our sins, Fritz and Vance and Jody and Lance and enough other Georgians to attack a Savannah chair. Their message has been simplistic: "the country is in trouble," they say, "therefore you must support the President (has anybody else noticed that Carter and Nixon share the need to constantly identify themselves as some nameless "president") so that the world may not see a divided America."

The Death in this very catalytic in that the voter apparently miscalcull to the notion that somehow Carter has become the personification of the U.S. or at least some sacred symbol of the nation. This disgusting display of flagrant flag-waving and the incessant appeal the crassest element of the citizen's psyche, has rewarded Jimmy hour after hour, in Iowa, Maine, and New Hampshire, but in the process it has imperiled the survival of the system. In hiding out and concurrently playing Louis XVI, he manages the righthand of the populace by denying it knowledge of the issues and participation in the formation of political solutions.

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

In a somewhat similar vein the Washington Post asks "why should this country elect a man it never sees and only hears about from relatives and subroutine who want to keep their jobs, too?" Contracting vividly, Carter's refusal to state his position, and his stubborn clinging to the fatigued fallacies which have served to thrust this Earth into a time-bomb significantly set at "self-destruct," has been the muted call to reason of Senator Edward Kennedy. To try to arrest the runaway inflation which if unhampered in its progress will certainly destroy us, he has proposed immediate rationing of gasoline and a 6 month's freeze on wages and prices, to be followed by mandatory controls not only on prices and wages but also on profits, dividends, interest rates and rents. He favors a comprehensive national health program and radical tax reform by "closing the loopholes for millionaires,"

His domestic programs include tighter controls of monopoly, put controls, prohibiting of giant conglomerates from buying up rural lands, a running away from nuclear power plants and the intelligent use of federal money and power to urban slums, improve education and reduce the unemployment rate.

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

Kennedy blames Carter flatly for the mess in Iran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. "If it were up to me, I would not have signed the Camp David Accords," he said.

Continued on Page 15

March 13, 1980
Bard Times

Page 13

Mobilized anti-draft

MARCH 22 NATIONAL MOBILIZATION AGAINST THE DRAFT 5/03

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Washington, D.C.—The March 22 National Mobilization Against the Draft (N.M.A.D.) yesterday announced plans to bring thousands of people from all walks of life to the capital for a nationwide march and rally against registration and the draft.

Michael Harrington, a spokesman for the group and chair of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, said "Our broad coalition—the left and the right, women's groups, minority organizations, labor unions and peace organizations—will fight the Carter regime."

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

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Continued on Page 16

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

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

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

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

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

and the SAGA Continues...

by Michael Heller

You've probably heard people moaning from time to time about how Bard just isn't the way it used to be, searching for a point amidst the mountainous dunes of words which the author has thrown to the gale of biting wind. Just as he feels he has reached an oasis of some sort, the reader sees that it is just a mirage, a platitudinous dehumanizing aspect of modern recording. Incidentally, this last is a point that Mr. Botstein first raised in his response to criticism of his flawed rendition of Beethoven's "Spring" Sonata, saying, in effect, that modern recording techniques had done to the average listener's palatte and had made live performances unacceptable. The notes at the end of the essay are written to justify all the sandy waste that has gone before.

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

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

Do writers use eggspoke merely to mystify readers and camouflage their own baldness? The answer is no. Eggspoke can be viewed as a disease to which intellectuals are particularly susceptible and from which many worthy thinkers suffered. Thorstein Veblen (Theory of the Leisure Class, etc.) had a terminal case, and even the weary and barren revolutionaries could not save Karl Marx. The worthy thoughts of these and other worthy thinkers are clouded as surely as the mediocrities of pseudo-thinkers. Eggspokes are as well kept as is the rest of our language. Unfortunately, in the eggspoke world, even the most solid language is lost in the sea of words. It is a disease that has inflicted many a great mind. Some minds do not actually suffer from the disease, however, but are merely carriers; in those cases, it is we, the readers, who suffer.
Communicator I
by Vicky Kriete

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

STATE OF THE UNION Cont...

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

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

See if each of you can find something to despise in the following arcane chronology. His confidence rating in the polls rose from 20% to 70% as a result of the ensuing actions in Iran. Billions of dollars of the most sophisticated equipment to the Shah ... a Christmas visit to Tehran during which he proclaimed his pleasure in witnessing the great love the Iranian people held for the Shah ... a desertion of the same Shah when things got tough ... a prevention of a military coup which might have saved his former buddy ... a refusal to permit the Shah to enter the United State ... entry granted based upon a film's medical pretense ... (and here comes the worst blunder of the century) ... not having the foresight to remove the embassy personnel before inviting the Shah in, despite black and white allegations of ominous Iranian intentions to our diplomats ... ordering the marine guards to surrender without a struggle even omitting the traditional paper burning which ordinarily accompanies such affairs ... ruling out military action to free the hostages ... ruling them in again threatening Iran with military retaliation if they should not release the hostages ... three fruitless trips to the U.N. ordering the fleet to the Persian Gulf from positions some three weeks away ... threatening a blockade ... withdrawing threat ... threatening sanctions ... withdrawing threat again ... agreeing to a U.N. commission empowered with the sole purpose of verifying the U.S. presumably as part of the deal to free the hostages still there despite the humiliation and the saga goes on and on.
NEW YORK YANKEES STATISTICS
1980

Pitching
Galby: 20-6
Johnson: 18-10
Tate: 14-6
Figure: 12-7
Underwood: 7-4
Gaffney: 5-0
Goosey: 3-4
Dane: 5-3
May: 5-5
Kast: 4-2
Batting
New Colorado
Brown: 279
Catcher: 222
Davis: 216
Donz: 206
Bambas: 204
Goosey: 202
Jackson: 106
Jenks: 227
Nieto: 209
Pindy: 287
Rambus: 227
Robinson: 187
Santana: 247
Spencer: 283
Watson: 318

FINA! MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS
1980

A.L. East
1. New York Yankees
2. Milwaukee Brewers
3. Baltimore Orioles
4. Boston Red Sox
5. California Angels
6. Texas Rangers

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

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

N.L. West
1. Houston Astros
2. L.A. Dodgers
3. Cincinnati Reds
4. San Francisco Giants
5. Atlanta Braves
6. San Diego Padres

1980 BIG LEAGUE PREDICTIONS
by Bill Abele

The Yanks will top the Brewers by three games and the Orioles by six. Designated hitters Bob Watson and Oscar Gamble will hit 126 and 133 combined. Oscar will start 108 games overall and hit 29 homers. Reggie, happy at last, will have 38 HRs, 124 RBI and hit .306. Rupert Jones will have 28 HRs and 127 with 116 bases but hit poorly in late September and October. Speaker, playing everyday, will hit 34 homers, .330 with 98 RBI.

Robbie Hurley will pinch-hitter of the year, hitting .313 out of the dugout but .279 in his rare starting appearances for an overall .277.

Jim Krik will be the winning pitcher in the Series’ 7th game which will go 11 innings in Pittsburgh. Roll over, Maz TWRR; tell Dick Groat the news.

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

CHARLIE PATRICK and WIFE ALIVE AND TAN
- Report by Kris Hidy

The Patrick family had little trouble adapting to their new life in Florida. Monte Brow- dier and I had dinner with their family on January 19th. Charlie and June run the pro shop at the Indian Creek Club, a very exclusive tennis club. The security guards check his I.D. everyday. Charlie teaches tennis and some of his days are so hard: “I had to put up with 24 women today.” Poor Charlie.

He’s rubbing noses with the best of them. He called foot socks for a match between Tanner and McEnroe. He went on an indoor I-Jalali court. He told us how dangerous it was to dodge the spooling balls. On first telling he said they went at least 95 K.P.H. Two hours later they were up to 120 M.P.H. and gaining.

Charlie’s teenage daughter is wonderfully tanned but misses the quiet of the Red Hook schools. By Beatty also has hit. She is skated for the first time at a rink in Miami.

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

Speaking of glitter, the Patricks experienced a new problem with this last Christ mas. Milled tinsel is ugly.

WXBC 620
WXBC is on the air from 4pm until after midnight. It is available everywhere except Feiler, Sands, Gehegan, South Hall, and the Labs. Repairs are underway for the Labs, and South Hall should be functioning by the time of this printing. The telephone number is 758-5508 for complaints and requests.

Please report any difficulties with reception to Box 620 campus mall. Something will be done.

anti-draft DAY 100
- Report by Kevin Hyde

She said: This is disgusting, really disgusting. He said: What are you com- plaining about? It’s free speech isn’t it?

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

FUNNIEZ!

I wish you didn’t mean me to think your waffle if you’re sick!

CARLTON, HARMON AND HARRISON CELEBRATE ON DAY 100.

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