

Bard College
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OBSERVER

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observer

vol 13 no 22 november 18 1970

editorial on
page one



Non-Profit Organization
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BUCKY BUG'S CONJECTURE

I WAS BORN WITH MEH!

IT'S TRUE!

I DON'T ASK FOR LUNGS

BUCKY DIDN'T ASK FOR LUNGS.
HE WAS BORN WITH THEM. SO HE
ASSUMES HE OWNS THEM.
"THERE ARE MY LUNGS," HE
SAYS. "PUTTING HIS SIDES...
"MY LUNGS." "YES." THAT'S
HOW HE FEELS... BUT THAT'S
NOT ALL... HE ASSUMES HIS
LUNGS OWN THE AIR THEY
BREATHE..

WHAT ABOUT?

THERE IS SYNDROMA IN MY AIR!

4-1

A cartoon illustration of a man in a suit and tie running away from a large, dark, multi-story building. A sign on the building reads "NOW! SCOLDY! 40% OFF! ONLY HALF LEAD CUT YOUR POISON IN HALF! TODAY!". The man is running towards the left, away from the building. The building has many windows and a sign that says "SCOLDY'S". The man is wearing a suit and tie. The illustration is in a simple, bold line style.

The Jefferson Airplane played at the Capitol Theater in Portchester on Friday night, their first N.Y. appearance this season. I can't praise the Airplane enough; they are a totally new band from what they were 3,2 even 1 year ago. The concert opened with a short

Added to all this came the worst part for both of us: never had we seen so many stoned-out kids flat on their backs, drugged to the gills, on every and any kind of stimulant and hallucinogen imaginable. And this was no pretty sight. Combining downs with wine, with a



set by what seemed to be a local Westchester group, called E Pluribus Unum, featuring a female lead singer who attempted to combine the vocal skills of Janis and Grace but resulted in sounding embarrassingly plastic and forced. In fact, the whole band, their sound and their presence, were so obnoxious, both Lis and I had to leave.

It was at that point that we began to realize the character of the crowd in the Capitol. Several months ago we went to see the Dead at the Capitol, and although the atmosphere was far from ideal, it at least was much more loose and natural than the Fillmore East. The kids were loud and inconsiderate, it is true, but to a much lesser degree than in the City. Besides, the Capitol is much smaller than the Fillmore. But in the space of several months, the disposition of the rock crowd has changed for the worse.

In the men's bathroom, groups of kids were huddled around toking on a joint; several narcotic agents regularly patrol the rest of the theater, now, and a number of busts for possession happened just last week there. In one of the toilet stalls two junkies were shooting up, in full view of everyone else. Despite their bravado, all I could sense in the hall was an underlying sense of paranoia and fear to make matters worse, 2 uniformed, old, short-haired policemen patrolled the aisles of the theater with flashlights, shoving kids back into their seats, ordering them to put out their cigarettes and generally creating a most unhealthy feeling.

little speed to keep you going, then some grass or hash, a bit of acid or mescaline, or maybe even some psilocybin - plus a touch of junk for good measure. And this is no exaggeration - acquaintances of mine in the area confirmed our impressions. There's a crazy thirst for anything that will get you off, the weirder the combination, the better. All we saw as a result were a lot of dulled uncomprehending stares. It frightened me unlike anything I've felt in quite some time.

In contrast to this morass in which we found ourselves, on stage the most beautiful, most creative rock group of them all played for close to four hours. The Airplane's set opened with Jack Cassidy, the bassist, Jorma Kankonen, lead guitar and vocals, Marty Balin, vocals and tambourine, and Joey Covington, drums, appearing as Hot Tuna, the Airplane's off-shoot group. If you're familiar with Hot Tuna's first LP, released in July this year, you know how inspired it is. Hot Tuna has expanded since the release of that album, and the additions to the group are Papa John, an ancient, skinny, black, electric violinist who puts more humor and feeling into one lick than I've heard out of any prominent rock musician in a long time, and Will Scarlet, a remarkably expressive and fluent harpman from the Bay Area. In all, Hot Tuna cooked for about 2 hours, 6 of the best musicians in 1970 rock, playing with the dedication and the intensity that usually characterizes the best performances of the vanguard jazz scene.

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classiscene

In America, at least, "classical" music is in trouble. The older audiences die off and the kids don't seem to give a damn. There isn't a single musical institution in the United States that runs on a profit. (The Philadelphia Orchestra is considered well-off with an annual deficit of \$150,000.) Classical record sales are increasing numerically, but their percentage of the total market has shrunk to the vanishing point - 2% at last count.

What is wrong? Well, I could take up a whole Observer outlining the problems today's orchestras face, but it would make for a rather boring Observer, so I'll try to give you a general idea.

First, ours is the only nation that does not subsidize its orchestras. If the federal government would grant its orchestras and opera companies and ballet groups money, as does every other government of a nation that has orchestras, opera companies, and ballet groups, music in America would be a lot better off. And orchestras need all the solidarity they can get in these days of 52-week seasons, spiralling labor costs, and a shortage of orchestral musicians.

Who runs American orchestras today? According to Elliot Fleishman, director of CBS Masterworks in Europe, writing in High Fidelity, January, 1970, "the U.S.A. is the only country in the world today where the fortunes of most symphony orchestras depend on the generosity, the wisdom, the enthusiasm, indeed the musical tastes and policies of bankers, oilmen, meat packers, merchants, and housewives. Which immediately...makes one ask whether musicians should be entrusted with the running of banks, oil corporations, meat-packing companies, department stores, and even households...There is a more acute need than ever for the highest professional skill and imagination in the management of the orchestras' affairs. Can this professional skill be supplied by the present type of orchestral board, eminent people but most of them chiefly engaged in commercial and industrial pursuits? The answer must be an unqualified 'no!' "

The trouble with these boards is, while they can get money, they can't deal with musicians. Stokowski left the Philadelphia Orchestra because he couldn't get along with the president of the board.

editorial

The Educational Policies Committee of the Student Senate has decided to suspend for the time being the publication of the second half of their teacher evaluations after the disappointment we've experienced over the response to last week's installment.

We feel that our original reasons for printing the EPC recommendations have been lost in the emotional and academic repercussions in the community and that, until the issues have been clarified and settled, the immediate continuation of the remaining evaluations would only inflame and confuse an already out-of-control situation.

EPC and the Editorial Board of the Observer believe in and support the original reasons for printing these evaluations of public record, reasons which were perhaps inadequately presented and certainly widely misunderstood.

1. That EPC is accountable to the student body. Students elected representatives to conduct and prepare comprehensive evaluations and they have a right to know what is presented in their name.
2. That wide, immediate, and accurate knowledge of these results would balance the limited nature of the evaluations. EPC knows that their work does not cover all considerations. Students who felt that a particular recommendation had overlooked, exaggerated, or underplayed aspects of a teacher's work could contact the divisional evaluation committees, as, in fact, they were advised to do at the beginning of last week's article, and as they have done since last Wednesday. Many of the hearings were being held last week so the fastest and widest medium was chosen to relay information: the Observer. We didn't want students to say later in the term: "I didn't know."

However, our motives upon impact were differently regarded. We have been accused of fostering blocs of students against faculty, of intimidating the divisional evaluation committees, of threatening to drag rational selection into the streets, of splashing confidential and classified documents across our pages, of playing one teacher against another, of publicly humiliating human beings in a race for power and vengeance.

We desire only to keep EPC open, honest, and responsible and to ensure that the greatest range of student opinion is available for the divisional evaluation committees' deliberations.

Intimidation, threat, or manipulation is NOT our intent. EPC documents are public record according to the student constitution. The teachers were ranked according to numerical score because their results are not absolute but relative.

We are aware that publication of their evaluations did embarrass and hurt some professors. We do not take this lightly. Indeed, this was an important factor in our decision to stay further publication until our principles were further explained and explored. But we did not feel then that one version be given to committees and another to students.

continued on page two

Erich Leinsdorf left the Boston Symphony because his board simply overworked him. The Philadelphia board has always wanted Ormandy to conduct an inhumanly large percentage of the orchestra's concerts. This is only the beginning of the list of things that lay boards do to American orchestras.

Another big factor is the lack of new repertory, or the supposed lack of it. Actually, there is a good deal of new "serious" music being written, but very little of it is catching on; that is, not many of these pieces are played by an orchestra more than once. Also, a lot of people don't like this new music. (Ormandy's recent performances in Philadelphia and New York of Krzysztof Penderecki's experimental Slavonic Mass were accompanied by noisy departures by members of the audience, hisses, catcalls, and threats to cancel subscriptions.) What's worse is that a lot of those people hold the purse-strings for the orchestras. As Emily Coleman put it (also in the January, 1970 issue of High Fidelity), "In Boston, the wealthy ladies wear hats to the fashionable matinees. In Philadelphia, they wear hair nets and tweed suits. They expect the suits to last twenty

seven years, and they expect the repertory to wear just as well. To them, the Philadelphia is a house orchestra, which in their mind's eye plays in their Main Line drawing rooms once a week. You wouldn't want anything new there, would you?" The ladies are perfectly content to stick with Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, etc.

So are the record companies, and this is important, because far more people are acquainted with music through recordings than through concerts. The big producers of classical recordings in America put out countless recordings of things like the Beethoven Fifth (the latest Schwann Catalogue lists 32 different versions of that), all aimed for a classical market that is dying out. What has happened to the generation of music lovers that should have followed?

James Goodfriend wrote in Stereo Review that "today's dying classical market is what it is because no one attempted to instill a love for classical music fifteen years ago in the then impressionable

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observer

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Ad Hoc

The publication of faculty evaluations, by the EPC in last week's Observer, is the origin of a thoroughly nasty business. If any good result can be found it is only that the Educational Policies Committee has demonstrated its own uselessness.

In more than one case this year, the EPC recommendation had little or nothing to do with the actual report that a professor received from students. In the case of Mr. Tieger, for example, inadequate evidence was used to condemn him in EPC while the vast majority of students testifying in the Divisional Committee supported him. Although EPC considered its verdict as difficult to render, the verdict was ordered nonetheless and the decision was quite different at the Divisional Committee level.

The very act of publication raises several issues. The Walter Committee document specifically states that all materials used by the Evaluation Committees shall remain confidential and shall be shown to the faculty member concerned so that he may gain from the criticisms. If the Walter Committee document, a joint student-faculty-administrative commitment, supercedes all other legislation, then the EPC processes are a part of the Walter Committee deliberations, and the publication of those "confidential" materials is not only a matter of bad taste, but a violation of the good faith of the Walter report.

The continuance of EPC in operation, after the implementation of the Walter document, is somewhat analogous to the situation had the Senior faculty continued voting among themselves on tenure and then handing its results to the Walter Committee for use as evidence. EPC has become a busywork committee. Little thought has been wasted in the last few years on the value of it, and now that it is not really needed, no one has suggested that it might be wise to disband the committee. I advance such a notion now. The joint committees of the Walter document, with freely elected student representation to the same proportions as EPC (two students per division), makes EPC's job obsolete. I say Abolish EPC.

It is not so easy to abolish committees as it once was. The senate is very concerned with visible government and with keeping people other than themselves

busy that only much student pressure could force them to abolish anything. A senate that blithely announces its intention to violate the constitution because "it's really too much hassle to change it. No one will really mind," a senate that sees no inherent contradiction in the assignment of legislative powers to a judicial body and which is indignant at the slightest disagreement is not going to abolish EPC. Indeed, I don't think Senate will be found abolishing work or duties for anyone except themselves, so loathe are the members of that body to taking responsibility.

When the issues regarding the Black and Latin dormitory were raised, the Senate took its stand without conducting open meetings among the student body at large. Consequently, no one really knew what was going on, and both the Black and Latin students and the general student body were screwed for it. This was because the Senate was too lazy to consult its constituents.

Now the question of co-ed dormitories is to be raised. The Senate has directed the Student Judicial Board to conduct open hearings. (It would seem that Senate, having learned to hold the hearings, still doesn't want to do the job itself.) Pointed out to the senate that the hearings are its own responsibility, not that of the Judicial Board, the senate feels that SJB should be given something to do, even if that something is in violation of constitutional function. Busy work is created, and committees that no longer are useful are resurrected.

The Marcus administration of student government pledged itself at election time to be in favor of closer contact between itself and the student population at large. In a great burst of enthusiasm at the end of last term they outlined a great plan of action for senate. Now, the Marcus government seems bent on perpetuating, indeed, upon strengthening, a bureaucratic system that feeds on the energies of concerned students, draining effort from the real concerns and desires of students and rechanneling that energy into committee work. The committees rise like Rube Goldberg machines into the sky, and the Marcus Senate wants to give the judicial board a "little something to do."

access

First off - please read the editorial. You may have noticed that we don't normally run editorials, when we do we feel it's important. Next, Bobbi Grey, a member of the Bard Board of Trustees, has asked me to write about the "under 40" honorary degree to be given in June. This degree was instituted last year with its first recipient being Julian Bond. She'd like suggestions from all segments of the population of Bard, she'd also like biographies and reasons why. The Alumni Association would also like some suggestions for their Honorary degree. In addition to this, she asked me to point out that graduation is a student affair and that she would like to see more student involvement in it, which after all, is a reasonable argument.

Thought you'd like to see some of the real junk mail that comes in here. We've received notice that United Artists has just released a brand new movie about

the Life of Tchaikovsky, called "Tchaikovsky." It stars Richard Chamberlain.

The Museum of Modern Art, who has us on their mailing list and sends us two copies of everything they print it seems, sends us news of the beginning of the "What's Happening" series. It's devoted to films on pressing social and political problems. The schedule can be seen anytime the Observer office is open.

One last thing - Radio Havana Cuba has announced the "Radio Havana Cuba's Tenth Anniversary Contest" with the eight winners receiving All Expense Paid Trips to Cuba. The participants must answer in 500 words or less the question: "What is the significance of Cuba's victory at Playa Giron to Latin America." Entry blanks can be obtained at the Observer office.

geof cahoon

EDITORIAL

continued from page one

This year's EPC evaluations are the most comprehensive and objective ever gathered at Bard. The committee members ran themselves ragged preparing them. They labored long weeks, vigilant against any trace of bias or carelessness, to produce recommendations based upon all and only available student testimony. The community will have an opportunity to judge their accuracy and fairness when they are placed on reserve in the library.

Finally, we would like to defend David Schardt, who has been the individual singled out for most of the resentment and bitterness. This has been unjust. As a member of both EPC and the Observer he has naturally acted as liaison and implemented only the decisions of both organizations. The entire Editorial Board stands behind its policy and it is the editor who is ultimately responsible for its contents.

Geof Cahoon

letters

Dear Sir:

In editing the CARL M. BLACK interview, thank you for giving my name the Archangelic flourish of M; for Mystery and other beauteous wonders. It was a delicious surprise, a homage.

Sincerely,
carl J. black

If changes are to be made, if committees are to remain in existence after they serve their function with new functions (whether the new function is in violation of the constitution or not), let the students decide. A complete reorganization, if not abolition of EPC is needed now that the Walter document has passed. The judicial board must be re-examined so as to determine whether or not its current matters of concern are constitutional. More than anything else, the Senate must be made to realize that they must abide by the constitution, not walk around it...If they want to change the constitution, fine. But no longer can we just ignore it. The Student Senate has broken good faith, not just with the faculty in the case of EPC but with the student body as a whole in regard to its own irresponsibility.

jeffrey raphaelson

STUDENT JUDICIARY BOARD

The S.J.B. was reinstated as a functioning organizational body by the student senate with the election of 4 new members last week. They include Rick Weinberg, Henry Jones, Julie Gelfand, Kurt Hill, and senate appointed chairman of S.J.B. Geoff Cahoon. The purpose of the board will be to make rulings on the constitutionality of student senate decisions and to hear cases regarding disciplinary action by the administration related to a student. Their powers derive from the constitution.

They first dealt with the question of co-ed housing in their first case, which they heard last night; cases may follow that will include the "animal situation" and the constitutionality of previous decisions including blue laws (social regulations) and its own jurisdictional powers.

If there are any complaints regarding rules and regulations, or difficulties concerning life styles of a conflicting nature, the S.J.B. will hold an open session every Tuesday night in Aspinwall 304 before the regular closed session hears a case.

'i am the black flute'

"He better show up, he better show up soon, and he better be good," I thought at exactly quarter of eleven, last Thursday night while I was sitting in the Bard Theater waiting for Gylan Kain, the poet, to show up. He should have been there at 8:00, but due to unalterable circumstances, he was late.

At eleven, somebody remarked, "They should charge half price." The drummer played with his spray-painted drums for a while, setting them up slowly. The lights dimmed and brightened and flickered. Some people tried to play with the organ.

Gylan strode on stage and acted like he was afraid to apologize. "I've been late, but not for a gig. Not like this. But we're here now. And I asked about your curfews because I saw so many upset faces. And I'm a very nasty motherfucker and I have to stand up here and apologize. Well, I hope we can get it together -- y'all together? I mean, you're all so beautiful to look at but I felt a certain air of constipation. Well, I'm here, motherfucker!"

His body rocked to the accompaniment as his hand twirled. AAAoww! He yelled a death scream.

pants with a bright green handkerchief, and sauntered back, then came forth and stuttered, "You walk...You're walking through an alley and for the first time in your whole life...you're walkin' through and you check Mickey Mouse and he say you got to go around and you say 'Oh, Wow!' " he moaned "and there's a whole fuckin' lot of dogs and cats and there's shit on the walls and you nine or ten...Que pasa? Que pasa? he screamed. "The circus is in town; the circus is in town; and you never get out of town!"

"Far be it from me to get into your thing," he taunted the audience again. "I'm just on stage with a light. We're reaching total theater where nobody listens to anybody."

Performing a palpitating belly dance, he shrieked, "Open up your legs and scream, Lucy!...Talkin' about the pitch black bitch from the green room!" Most of the people in the audience clapped quick accents and yelled at the end of that one.

"You know what organs are, man, they's a bitch!" he quipped when the organist had trouble with the organ. Then he grinned a canary-swallowing smile. He played a spiteful, angry, defiant Wolly Armstrong talking about a "Co-

She sang another song, "If my body was a drum, and you tapped my skin, Got my mind messed up, baby..." Her pouting expression gently projected pain.



photo by Zachary Bregman

"When the evening willow weeps, and night comes tapping at my window, I take three pills to make me sleep...You've been sleeping for a long time, baby, wake up" she moaned for a finish.

Gylan regained the stage, squirmed through "black bastard!" Screamed, stuttered, gesticulated, "I ain't black!" He guitarred and twitched, using his belt buckle for the hole in the guitar. His voice even squeaked up and down like a guitar, then accused, "You white motherfucker!" then whined, "I ain't white!" and twitched his pelvis, pounded his hands and jumped up and down like a puppet in a tantrum.

"Anyway," he sighed, "I love you children out there, but I got some nasty things to say. I don't know if you're ready for it." Half the audience chanted, "Say it!" and someone said, "Don't say it." He froze into a statue and contemplated it. "All right! All right!"

"Janis Joplin," he screeched, crossing himself, "Silly lookin' bitch ridin' on her broomstick tryin' to get next to some magic...Mother of the blues -- what the hell was that?"

"Motherfuckers buyin' tickets to the puppet show and don't even know they're in it!" He conducted the drummer as he drew the circles with his arm. "My soul was on fire!" he kneaded the air with his hands.

Lydia Ayers

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Harlem was an idea
Projected out of the skulls of pretentious gray matter
Institutionalized make believe

Harlem was in fact a home for the mentally ill
A graveyard of underground spooks
Who momentarily transcended death by way of fucking themselves
With a needle or a joint or a bottle
Or lying themselves prostrate before some fabricated alter
Yelling and falling and bleeding and groaning
Until some hippy enters them rolls them
Deadly to the pall night
And then with this low I go with you always
And so they walk around
Eat sleep talk with that shit inside always

Harlem is a bright-colored graveyard
Where feeling good is being dead
And getting high is dreams of things dead always

Harlem is that happy home
where the wretched turned tricks for a vision
The dope is there, the church is there, the bar is there
And riches in magical credits
All in saran-wrapped packaged lies
To tell the blind "things are not as they seem" in Harlem

"What's Bard College noted for?" The audience tittered. "Hmm. I wouldn't want to live here." "Hey, man, nothin' fast tonight.. I'm strokin' a woman. And I like to have a woman to talk to."

The flute drifted up and down while he told, "We make love in the burning tene-ment and you scream...I fall against your back like a panther in heat." The flute softly caressed the room. "Pain-glass woman I look into your face as into a mirror, but you shatter as so much glass."

"I am the black flute your vulgar lips refuse to play. I knock at your door... Come out; I am not Flash Gordon nor the silver chalis."

His shirt stood like the tissue of a fuschia lady slipper, slashed in a V neck with the perspiration crying, buttoned with two seeds.

"You are not starvation's child, for your cup runneth over as love's river and the fire engines fade as we run into the mirror." The audience applauded. "That was polite of you," he taunted. "I'm going to change the program. I anticipated a river of people with the waves running together."

"You motherfuckers come to college to study alienation. I'm going to tell you what alienation is." He dusted off his

caine Lady with outstretched hand caressing the white powder...And the truth is God on a white horse living inside you...Little Willy Armstrong-Jones dancing on the edge of a knife..." The bongo drummer swayed back and forth. Gylan was smug. "But I don't worry," he sniffed, "I don't worry about a damn thing...Have a little mercy and reach out for me..." he beseeched, contorting twice. He sent out waves of sound and waves of movement.

"In the beginning," the organ and drums crashed, "was the word." He pulsated and panted. "I am cloud, I am rain, I am tears of my sun, I grow into you." He rowed with his body across the water of the stage. Screamed "Wow!"

His belt buckle reflected silver patterns on the floor. "And the child is the pain, I cry," his words stroked the air.

Gail Martin sang, "I'm just a sanctified woman spirit movin' crazy through my bone." The organ played with and against her voice. She was relaxed, easy, soft, gentle. "Bye, bye, pretty baby, movin' on down the line," it picked up and the audience picked up and clapped. "Got a tasty lover; Got a symbiotic relationship: I keep him hot, He keeps me fit...If you're salt pork daddy, I ain't your bacon rind."

if...

"When are we going to live, that's what I want to know" - Malcom McDowell as Travis, in *If...*

In the last year or two Hollywood has tried futilely to reach the vast "youth" market, with a number of films about student activists. These films, characterized by one cynical critic as "tear-gas romances", such as "Getting Straight", "The Strawberry Statement" and "RPM" have reduced the complexity of our contemporary situation, and have emasculated the real force of student protest. Basically those films are just Andy Hardy flicks brought superficially up to date. The kids are sweet, lovable, and gentle, and the authorities are good too. With love and understanding all will be well, etc., etc.

Lindsay Anderson's *If* is a daring effort in a different direction. Although I don't consider it a complete success as a work of art, it has the sort of genuine intensity, and integrity, which makes most American efforts in this vein look sick.

First of all, the film does not approach the problem of student discontent from a political point of view. True, posters of Che and Mao are obliquely in evidence. But the heroes have no explicit political consciousness. They revolting against a system which is inorganic, sterile, and lifeless. This psychological rationale seems to me, to be a very perceptive metaphor for the more explicitly political rebellions we have seen on campus.

Anderson is strongest in his depiction of the claustrophobic school atmosphere. He shows the sadism of the "Whips" and at the same time the sadism of the stu-

Just in case you were wondering, the tune used as the school song in "If" is in reality, the hymn, "The Day of Resurrection".

dents towards one another. These scenes have a chilling intensity which is heightened by the homosexual references. The image of one of the whips caressing his cane, the various brutalities of the priest in Geometry class, these have an accumulated weight which is very effective. Anderson's direction is marvelously controlled and the material has a resonance, aided by the superb camerawork (by a Czech, Miroslav Ondricek).

But this clinical and rather cold artistry, isn't right for the various attempts at lyricism. That damned old equation between motor-cycles and freedom is a bit tired by now. At that stage, Anderson is depressingly unoriginal. The sense of liberation that we're supposed to feel doesn't really come off. The one exception is the beautiful slow motion shots of Wallace on the high bar. That one scene has more transcendence and beauty, than an hour of motorcycling around in green fields.

The mixture of realism and fantasy just doesn't make it, in my opinion. Anderson's hand is too heavy for scenes that are supposed to express anarchic freedom. But the ending does work. It has a kind of logical inevitability. Anderson doesn't cop out. In order to affirm themselves the heroes must destroy; it is this paradox which the film presents. The time for "reason" is out the window. I think it is important to realize that the heroes we're applauding are shooting their fellow students as well as their teachers. They have gone beyond politics. Their revolution is finally a cry of despair.

Larry Gross

The Inner College isn't the only place at this school where creative energy runs rampant: seniors are doing senior projects. Usually students have to wait until the spring senior project burning to discover the marvels that Bard seniors had been working on all year. But this time we're not going to let that happen. Here, in this issue, we have printed (and illustrated) a random list of some of the projects now in the works. You'll notice in reading this article that some seniors wasted all their creativity on their summaries, and that others wisely conserved their creative powers for the project itself. Some seniors will notice in reading this article that we lost several of the summaries submitted to us, and have either omitted or badly distorted these.

Senior projects



Ligand Substitutions Involving Optically Active Trans - 1,2 - cyclohexanediamine - N, N, N', N' - tetraacetate

Bob Mayer

The European-American's first failure to relate to an alien culture/peoples. What in the make-up and lifestyles of the conqueror precluded healthy relationships with the tribes and nations they encountered and led to an action policy of violence, appropriation, and death. What rationalizations they constructed, what events changed these, what new rationalizations emerged to explain a history contradictory to their religion and their ideals. The fascination with the noble savage. The remnants and effects of this sorry confrontation that remain still in American life and myth.

David Schardt



There really isn't much I can say about my "project" - it's essentially a continuation of my work, which is making music.

Marilyn Bontempo

I can't really tell anything about what my project will be, because it is going to be an experiment and I am planning on using Bard students as the subjects.

Bonnie Marcus

I am studying the theme of art in *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* - how it is portrayed in certain major characters. How it is developed in the structure of the novel in relation to the narrator's final realization of himself and how he too will be an artist.

Ellie Aimone

It's about an English historian of the 19th century - Thomas B. Macaulay. Macaulay was really the spokesman of his age when he wrote the classic account of English history from 1688-1702. He let his Victorian prejudices motivate the handling of this period. Somehow I am trying to pinpoint these prejudices and relate them to the intellectual milieu of Victorian England. The project thus will be both a biography and a study in intellectual history. I hope!

Eliot Rowlands

Senior project? It's an awfully sen point. Most recently I've been cor ing doing a participant observer stu a suicide pact...

Back in May, I thought I would do study of radicalization: How do c ary people become radicals, I aske through being bombed, or being t or being fired, or seeing on televisi or seeing in person or reading in a I was interested in radicalizing pec and I wanted to know HOW TO.

I can't really remember why I gav up...Maybe there were too many t to define (definition is the graveya many hopes).

Pretty soon I had a new baby: He does the present radicalization dif from the radicalization of the 193 Now in this one I had a secret axe grind: I wanted to prove that eve though the last radicalization had zled, this one would bring a revol FOR SURE NO SHIT.

That one died when I realized afte about six weeks and seven propos that my formal question had noth whatever to do with my secret axe



rock screws women

THE GREAT PRETENDERS: The whole star trip in rock is another realm where macho reigns supreme. At the center of the rock universe is the star - flooded in light, offset by the light show, and the source of incredible volumes of sound. The audience remains totally in darkness: the Stones kept thousands waiting several hours till nightfall before they would come on stage at Altamont. The stage is set for the men to parade around acting out violence/sex fantasies, sometimes fucking their guitars then smashing them, writhing bare chested with leather fringe flying, while the whole spectacle is enlarged 100 times on a movie screen behind them. And watching a group like the Mothers of Invention perform is a lesson in totalitarianism - seeing Frank Zappa define sound and silence with a mere gesture of his hand. There is no psychic or visual or auditory space for any one but the performer - even if 400,000 are gathered. This intensity could be fantastic but it is abused - I remember Jesse Colin Young of the Youngbloods turning to his audience with disdain "the least you could do is clap along." First you force the audience into passivity and then you imply that they are fucked up for not moving.

SMILE ON YOUR BROTHER: Something else about the audience even after I realized women were barred from any active participation in rock

music, it took me a while to see that we weren't even considered a real part of the listening audience. At first I thought I was being paranoid, but then I heard so many musicians address the audience as if it were all male - "I know yhou all want to find a good woman", "When you take your ol' lady home tonight..." "This is what you do with a no good woman..." etc. etc. It was clear that the concerts were directed only to men, and the women were not considered people but more on the level of exotic domestic animals that come with their masters or come to find masters. Only men are assumed smart enough to understand the intricacies of the music. Frank Zappa laid it out when he said that men come to hear the music and chicks come for sex thrills. Dig it!

It was a real shock to put this all together and realize rock music itself - all the way from performing artist to listener - refuses to allow any valid place for women. And yet I know there would never be rock festivals and concerts if women weren't there - even though we have nothing to do with the music. Somehow we're very necessary to rock culture.

Women are required at rock events to pay homage to the rock world - a world made up of thousands of

men, usually found in groups of fours at Homage paid by offering sexual accessibility, applause, group worship, gang bangs at Altamont. The whole rock scene (as opposed to rock depends on us being there. Women are needed in these places of worship so that, in between, the real audience (men) can be assured of getting a woman they're told about in the lyrics. And that woman supposed to be like? Well it's not to be just a plain old cunt - we have to be beautiful and even that's not enough - we've got to be sexy - you know, not uptight, not demanding, not clinging or strong or smart or anything but in a way that never cuts back on a man's face. And so women remain the last legitimate property that the brothers can share in a cool world. Can't have a tribal gathering without and dope and beautiful groovy chicks.

For the musicians themselves there is this special property - groupies. As one groupie said "Being a groupie is a full-time gig. Sort of like being a musician... you have two or three girlfriends hang out with and you stay as high intellectually enlightened as a group of men. You've got to if you're going to have any offer... you are a non-profit call girl, geisha, housekeeper whatever the musician needs."

This total disregard and disrespect for women is constant in the rock world and has no exceptions. Not even Janis Joplin, the all time queen of rock, made her pain evident in all her blues - the pain that made them real. And the male rock world will never pay for that vulnerability in countless ways. Women don't get to play the instruments,



grinder.

So I decided to do a history of the contemporary student movement. But another senior (an editor of this very newspaper) was doing that topic already. So I will have to content myself with the question "Why did SDS fall apart?" I have already met two second semester seniors who have done their projects on this subject, and my advisor has already asked me to define "apart"...

Marian Swerdlow

What I'm working with is rhythm. I make this rhythm with shapes on big canvases (about 4' x 6' or larger when I get some money). I'm also thinking that I might have some movies as part of my project where people create this same kind of rhythm, or animated movies. There are two parts to painting (and same with films), form and content. The main part of my project will be the changes that happen in the form, from one work to the next. Content is really the important part and it means emotion, humour and other things you can't talk about.

Gail Vachon

I'm doing a creative (?) project that consists of stories about the Bard community. The model for this is Joyce's The Dubliners, centering on the idea of individuals forming a representative picture of the entire society. If that sounds pretentious or phony then I'd say that there are enough odd remembrances of my own to keep a reader interested for a hundred some odd pages. Various people I've known for a number of years here have expressed an interest in this thing, no doubt expecting themselves to be glorified in what they can only hope is memorable prose, as examples of the free and beautiful and/or weird. If this is the reason for their interest I would venture to guess that they will be disappointed. I do not intend this as a picture of the absurd, or as the height of the "now" (ugh) generation. Rather I hope to give some sense of what it was like to be here among certain people in a special time.

John Hershey



Camus...blah blah...Existentialism...
Bozno...

Mark Winters

Senior project is about Ezra Pound--
confused but enthusiastic.

Carla Bolte



and secluded agonies everywhere in the histories of each one of us. And when that collides with the joy we never before were permitted there is a force unleashed that is glorious and wild. A force that will change the world. Tigresses gone mad with pain and made sane again through sharing -- a beginning from which to move on the craziness of the world -- that we see from the destruction of Vietnam to the destruction of the planet.

I feel only awe at our possibility, wondering where our unhampered feelings can lead us to -- what culture, what society, what education, what music and dance, what ways of living will be ours? We have no way of knowing. The new culture begins as soon as women meet together, learning that the seemingly private and isolated thoughts each one of us have been feeling all this time are things that all women share. It started out shy and tentative and awkward when we first all met together. And it grew into a fury and a power and a joy that was more intense than anything I've ever experienced. And now there is no reason for us to go back into the alienation and isolation of Woodstock Nation. Not in Woodstock Nation or in any of the other cultures men have forced and will try to force on women. It can't be now. We don't want to force a culture on any one -- we want to make space for every human being to be real in. But we have been told until we too believed it that we are crazy and weak and dependent and irrational and frivolous and unattractive and stupid. In culture after culture men have destroyed our minds and fucked over our bodies. And governments of men have napalmed and lynched and murdered and starved all of us who didn't have the power to resist. It can't be now.

Now we are reclaiming. Reclaiming the Janis Joplin and the Billie Holidays and the Marilyn Monroes that belong to us and have always belonged to us even if we didn't always see it. As Billie Holiday said, "It's the easiest thing in the world to say every broad for herself -- saying it and acting that way is one thing that has kept some of us behind the eight ball where we have been living for years." It can't be anymore. Because we are learning how to share with each other and learn from each other and make music and make love with each other and dance together without any competing and conquering and ego-tripping bullshit ways of human beings dealing with each other.

from RAT / LNS



they're always on stage with nothing to relate to but the microphone, and nothing between them and the audience but their own bodies. So it is not surprising that Janis became an incredible sex object and was related to as a cunt with an outasite voice. Almost everyone even vaguely connected to rock heard malicious stories about how easy she was to fuck. This became part of her legend and no level of stardom could protect her because when you get down to it she was just a woman.

AND WHO COULD BE FOOLIN' ME? And whoever thought this was all the brothers were offering us when they rapped about the revolution? Why do we stick with it? Women identified with youth culture as the only alternative to our parents' uptight and unhappy way of life. We linked up with rock and never saw how it fucked us over. Partly this was because we had no sense of being women together with other women. Partly because it was impossible to think of ourselves as performing as exhibitionists in macho sex roles, so we didn't wonder why there weren't more of us on stage. Partly because we identified with the men and not other women when we heard lyrics that put women down. And alot because we have been completely cut off from perceiving what and who really are on our side and what and who don't want to see us as whole people.

In a world of men, Janis sang our stories. When she died, one of the few ties that I still had left with rock snapped. It can't be that women are a people without a culture.



N.Y. TIMES -- LIMA, Peru -- Thieves broke into a Lima residence and, finding nothing else of value, stole the two watchdogs left by their owners.

N.Y. TIMES -- JOHANNESBURG, South Africa -- After Sam Spector died, authorities needed 26 truckloads to clear the elderly man's home of more than a million newspapers he left stacked in every room and in the garage. Under the mound of paper in the garage they found an old automobile.

N.Y. TIMES -- ANACA, Venezuela -- Jose Bonzaes, 38 years old, never lost his cool for a moment when the police arrested him for walking down the street in the nude. "What do you want me to do, die of the heat?" he protested. It was 104 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade at the time.

LNS -- The following is a verbatim Associated Press dispatch from San Francisco, September 18:
"The city school district has adopted a deliberate policy of discrimination against girls.
"From now on, girls who want to attend Lowell High School, which caters to the district's top scholars, must have a 3.25 grade point average. Boys must have 3.0.
"Until this year, the 3.0 average applied to both boys and girls. The change was adopted, said Ralph Kayer, asst. superintendent of the district, to keep girls from overrunning Lowell."

WILMAR, Minnesota -- Oct. 26 -- Last Saturday night in a daring raid somebody ripped off all the 1-A files of the Wilmar Draft Board. The Wilmar Draft Board is located in the same building as the Police Department which is open 24 hours a day.



wed.
THE MAGICIAN (Ingmar Bergman, 1958), 101 min.
Max Von Sydow and the best of Bergman's repertory company are in this film, set in the 19th century, which deals with the confrontation between a magician-artist (Von Sydow) and a man of science (Gunnar Bjornstand).

fri.
DUCK SOUP (Marx Brothers, 1933), 72 min.
Perhaps the finest of all Marx Bros. comedies. This one has Groucho as the king of Fredonia. A brilliant political satire, free of dewy-eyed Kitty Carlisle.

sun.
DON QUIXOTE (Grigory Kozintsev, 1957), 110 min.
An excellent film portrayal of Cervantes' classic. Nikolai Cherkassov plays "The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure", and Yuri Tolubeyev is Sancho Panza.

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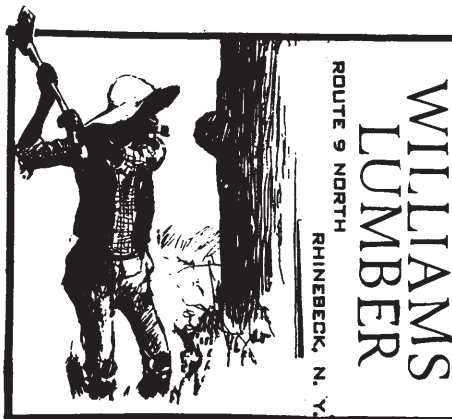
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TYPEWRITERS



aeroplane

from page one

classiscene from page one

children who have today become the market. Our generation was brought up on the slick "entertainment" of television, whose general use by Madison Avenue Hubert Humphrey has called "an inexcusable waste," and on all the pop radio stations. Classical music requires a different kind of attention from its listeners than rock, and our current TV, radio, and records don't help much toward developing an "ear" for the classics. Then, of course, there is the shadow of the Almighty Buck. For record companies to keep feeding us rock is cheaper, easier and more profitable than their going to the trouble of developing a new market for the classics.

Which brings us back to repertory. The current philosophy behind classical recording seems to be that the companies should stick to Beethoven and Co. until they stop selling altogether, then drop them. In an article in the September 13, 1970 New York Times, Charles Wuorinen the winner of the 1970 Pulitzer Prize for music, claims that the only way to save classical music is with a new repertory: modern music. Writes Wuorinen, "Who is the new public that the new repertoire will reach? It is precisely those young people that the record companies failed to influence as children to respect and require serious music, but are now making handsome profits on rock and the like. Many of us engaged with contemporary music now share the conviction that this group of impressionable and relatively unprejudiced youth can easily become patrons of serious new music, and in vast numbers." (As a matter of fact, I've noticed that rarely does anyone in this age group reject this music on a first hearing. Just today, one of the kids across the hall from me came in and asked me what that "weird" music I was playing was. He seemed to be quite impressed with Berio's 1969 Sinfonia.)

"The present moment," Wuorinen continues, "offers unique possibilities to the record companies, for now commercial self-interest and cultural responsibility can be made to intersect. There is a large public, the young, who will respond to serious new music. The companies have the means to bring it to them... People do not reject the good or the demanding because they dislike it; it is difficulty of access that puts them off... That is why [recordings] offer for the first time a chance to make serious new music available on a huge scale. I pray that the large record companies will awaken to their opportunity, and pursue it with the arsenal of persuasion they now direct to selling the merely popular."

Certainly such an "arsenal of persuasion" would work; after all, a DJ on WNEW-FM in New York played pieces by Stockhausen and Praetorius just for fun, and sales of these records suddenly spurted. Stockhausen is a contemporary Praetorius was a contemporary of Shakespeare. If one disc jockey could do something like that, what would happen if they "big" companies went out on the same tack?

That question is rhetorical. Given the state of the record industry today, we're not too likely to find out the answer too quickly. The classics are too great a music to die by themselves; they have to be killed off. It is up to us to try and save them. It can still be done.

Sol Louis Siegal

BOOK REVIEW:

YOU READ IT HERE FIRST!

It's probably safe to say that few people on this campus were aware (until now) of the fact that the first national Corn Husking Championship in America was held on December 1, 1924, on a farm in Polk County, Iowa. To reprint here the name and score of the winner would be merely to destroy the delicious suspense in which the reader now finds itself. But the answer to this and many other questions of equal or slightly less significance can be found in an important new book by Joseph Nathan Kane, entitled The Pocket Book of Famous First Facts. The significance of this taut, well-written volume is that it's the first popular-priced (tho unfortunately, abridged) edition of the trivia classic which originally appeared in hard-cover in 1933.

While the continuity of this work would probably leave the heavily plot-minded reader cold, those with a taste for episodic, contrast-filled epics will find this book a real joy. In point of fact, is there one whose heart would not quicken its pace at the stirring tale of Senaa Samma, "an Indian juggler from Madras," and the first sword swallower presented to the American public? What pathos, what tense drama in the beautifully understated sentence, "Samma swallowed 'a sword manufactured by Mr. William Pyle of New York as a substitute for the one lately stolen from him by some villain.'" Here Mr. Kane's skillful use of original quotes to enrich his prose is beautifully demonstrated.

In a quieter vein, but of no less significance, are such facts as the date of the invention by Robert Chesebrough of Vaseline (1878), and the marketing, in 1857, of "Gayetty's Medicated Paper - a perfectly pure article for the toilet and for the prevention of piles." Those who heard Dr. Ryan Drum's lecture a few weeks back will recognize immediately the significance of this event, and anyone who's heard of Freud can do something with the fact that Mr. Gayetty's name was watermarked on each sheet.

It is to Mr. Kane's credit that he can handle, with one straightforward narrative style, items of such widely diverse emotional content as the first street parade held by a mystic society (the Cowbellian de Rakian Society, in Mobile in 1830), and the first flea circus ("Extraordinary Exhibition of the Industrious Fleas" in 1835).

One could continue with these items until the cows go home, but I feel that the examples thus far offered aptly portray the ambience of this consciousness-raising book. The only criticisms I would offer are that 1) Mr. Kane limits his purview to strictly American "firsts," thus denying the international, indeed cosmic, nature of all human experience, and 2) most of the book is frightfully boring.

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Grace Slick and Paul Kanter, the missing members of the Airplane up to this point, arrived to rousing cheers on the part of the audience, as if Grace Slick was the only reason they came in the first place. In case you haven't heard, Grace and Paul Kanter (rhythm guitar and vocals) are having a baby any day now. (They are planning to name it "God"). I was surprised she even decided to appear on stage. She was literally 9 months pregnant, and yet, despite the enormous strain of singing for several hours over the astounding volume of the band, she managed to pull it off admirably. The band went through almost entirely new, intense, free-form music from their upcoming album, Emergency. A special surprise for me was the emergence of Joey Covington, the new drummer, as a blue-eyed soul singer of surprising ability; his singing lessons in Oakland really show - the result sounds like a mixture of Frank Zappa's voice and Mick Jagger's. As you can imagine, Joey adds a new, unexpected dimension both to the Airplane's stage presence (he constantly laughs and fucks around) and to their vocal sound (with Joey's voice, that makes for an even greater degree of fullness and flexibility in the Airplane's vocal sound). Furthermore, his style of drumming, added to the way he has his tom-toms and bass drum miked, gives the Airplane's instrumental sound a distinctly more aggressive and effective rhythm.

"Starship", one of the songs from Paul Kanter's soon-to-appear solo album, was a prime example of the Airplane's new level of perfection. Vocally, the Airplane have never been more impressive, with Paul's voice underpinning Grace's free experiments in tone and phrasing floating over Marty's direct cresting. The instrumental core of the group, Jack, Jorma and Joey, provided a musical foundation that can only be described as a definitive example of vanguard free-form rock. Jack's bass shook the entire theater; his playing is without doubt reaching towards other planets and levels of energy. Jorma couldn't play badly if he wanted to; his duets, interaction and trade-offs with Jack are as exciting visually as they are musically. The Airplane aren't standing still.

We couldn't help but be totally sucked into the positive energy that the Airplane and Hot Tuna created, but I wonder how many in the audience were physically able to enjoy the music. Such a large percentage of the crowd, and rock crowds everywhere, are so wiped-out on bad combinations of drugs that it's hard to say how many are actually able to hear the music they went to see. The use of junk among hip people, black and white, is growing everyday - we know people, you know people who are getting turned on to it - and, as Allan Ginsberg has been saying for some time now, the only reason there's a junk problem is because of the high degree of police and Mafia complicity in importing junk from Mexico and France. There would be no junk problem if the police weren't corrupted to as such a high degree as they are. If you don't believe that, just three days ago, in the Sunday Times, Former Chief Justice Earl Warren was quoted as saying that police corruption and corruption in high places of the law enforcement agencies of this country are responsible for the growing availability of junk to every young kid in the country. And that can only keep us down - every young junkie decreases proportionally the possibility for a truly liberating culture for everyone to enjoy. One of our most immediate goals must be the elimination of junk from the ghettos, campuses and hip communities everywhere. Otherwise our oppression will be all but impossible to overcome.

Dana Ahlgren