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energy crisis

Bard College press release (11/29/73):

Officers of Bard College attended the November 26 meeting in Albany, which the guidelines for the State's educational institutions were set forth.

Following study of the State recommendations, and a careful evaluation of the Bard situation by the College's administrative staff, the following policies have been established:

The College will be closed for Christmas Vacation and the Winter Field Period from December 20 to February 1. Change in Field Period dates is not practical at this point, and such academic calendar changes are not being recommended by governmental or State educational bodies.

All Bard dormitories and most other campus buildings will be closed from December 20 to February 1, with only such minimal heat maintained as is necessary to prevent freezing.

Campus lighting is being reduced as much as is consistent with reasonable security and safety.

Necessary activities over Christmas and Field Period will be concentrated in Heggeman, Aspinwall, Ludlow, and the Library, in which heat will be maintained. Arrangements will be made, if necessary, to assign temporary working space in these buildings to those whose regular places of work are unusable between December 20 and February 1 because of reduced heat.

In order to prevent serious hardship for the College and its members, President Kline has appealed for the cooperation of all students, faculty, and staff in avoiding waste of power and fuel, and made the following specific requests:

* Keep all thermostats at 68° - and turn them down to 65 at night or when the last person leaves the room.

* Close all doors and windows and turn off the lights when you leave a room or building.

* Walk from one destination to another on campus - don't continually move your car between on-campus parking lots.

* Eliminate the use of hot plates and electric heaters in rooms.

Wear warm clothes. Room temperatures everywhere on campus and off campus are going to be lower this winter than we have been used to.

"Almost everyone can do something about one or more of the above," President Kline concluded, "and collectively these suggestions if generally followed should result in the saving the College must make this year in its power and fuel consumption - and to the contribution which Bard must make in the general emergency."

MATTEWAN

Bard volunteers look back

Having spent most of my life as a member of the Bard community, I consider myself an 'observer' of sorts of life at Bard. Working in the mailroom deep in the bowels of Heggeman, I am certainly not immune to all the grumblings and grumblings about the perennial problems of apathy, lack of energy, persistence and commitment. It has been my good fortune to be involved in the Mattewan Prison program, a student program that seems somewhat extraordinary as it is, characterized by a healthy amount of energy and an astonishing amount of commitment. Volunteers involved in the Mattewan program to go to the prison one night each week to teach the inmates everything from home economics to art and literature. There is no room in the program for lack of commitment, for the prisoners that we teach come from environments where there has been a destructive lack of commitment from their families, friends, etc. To miss even one night of teaching, you run the risk of losing some of the inmates or becoming objects of mistrust to others.

The first night Judith Armer and I taught, the prisoners kept asking us if we would really be back the next week, and they seemed almost unable to accept the fact that we would be back, that we wanted to come back, and that we were not getting paid for teaching them.

Teaching at Mattewan can be an incredible experience. It can be frustrating and unpredictable at times, but it can also be a maturating, rewarding experience. The Bard students volunteers should be recognized for the commitment they've shown in their participation.

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LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR, Nov. 27, 1973

I had the pleasure of seeing and listening to TV among others, to the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY candidates for Mayor of New York City (John Bannman) and Governor of New Jersey (Robert Stack) in the recent election. No matter how many votes they received, they presented the program of the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY to the best of their ability and defended the noble principles of Socialism as advanced by the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY.

As the noted writer, George Eliot, said: "A coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing. That's my way, sir; and there are many victories worse than defeat.

Readers who are interested in Socialism are invited to write for free literature to the SLF-P.O. BOX 200-BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11202

(SIGNED)

NATHAN PRESSMAN
12 Catherine St.; Ellenville, N.Y. 12428
(Member of the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY)
Telephone: 914-687-6696

TO THE EDITOR

In the interests of clarification, rather than inciting to riot, I would like to list the controversial events of the past few weeks with just a slight bias. The whole problem began when the first Senate election was contested. Senate, at the time, saw no proof of irrefutability and upheld the election but, in a gesture of friendliness, passed the question to SJB. The entire situation was quite emotionally volatile and mistakes have been made on both sides. SJB (Student Judiciary Board) eventually ruled the election illegal, partially because some idiot voted twice.

Shortly thereafter, the Presidential election was held. The so-called 'Vote of Confidence' was not as futile as it may have seemed. If the NO's have triumphed, we would have had to solicit new candidates and do it all over again, incidentally, the reason you've been seeing coalition presidents with no opposition is that the office is difficult and time consuming which means that two together ease the burden, and not many Senators are ever ready or willing to assume the responsibility.

Meanwhile, this election, the problem with the other election, the Open Letter, and other beliefs combined to inspire a surge of annoyed interest in Senate proceedings. After a rather bitter quarrel, Senate feeling that it never got any help or response (we didn't get a quorum, 365 people, on the budget proposals again) and the petition people feeling that Senate maliciously ignored the interests of the students (it seems we have here is a failure to communicate). Senate voted to rehold the elections and allow all interested persons to supervise them. The next disagreement came on whether the elections should be open to all or merely a revote on the previous candidates. From the posters and notices, you can see how that was resolved.

What will happen next is unpredictable. Some have pointed out that Senate should enjoy the attention, albeit negative, and that's true in some sense. Response is energizing. But what bothers me about it, is that I've seen it enough times before, is that momentary anger or dedication is easy and gone as quickly as it appears.

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letters continued...

What really matters is long-term commitment and the willingness to work, not just with exciting issues like the nature of student government, but on the trivial, detail work which is the unavoidable foundation of most productive efforts, the necessary adjunct to creativity. You can't write to your Congressman if someone forgot to buy the stamps. A silly example but I'm mistrustful and will be somewhat surprised if this energy is maintained longer than it has been. Meanwhile, the people who have always been involved and dedicated, not just Senators either, will still be there, working in a vacuum. To use an old cliché, or two, I'll be pleasantly surprised if proven wrong, or how about, I'll believe it when I see it.

Once again, please remember this is my own interpretation of events and does not necessarily reflect the views of the other Senators, for, recent accusations notwithstanding, Senators are allowed to think for themselves and seem to exercise that option fairly often.

Cheryl Chevins

To the Editor

Beth Aronson's report of "college corresponds day" at the New York Times (The Observer, 26 Oct) does a good job of pointing up the pretentiousness, narcissism, and celebrity-ism that tend to corrupt any such successful enterprise. But, the tone of her report disturbs me. Does she intend to suggest that pride among reporters, editors, and other people in doing a professional job well should be viewed as ridiculous, and that pride in the commitment of an entire organization—a newspaper or even a college—to professional standards of excellence should be similarly scorned? If so, I think that she is wrong.

In my own profession, for example, differences in behavior between a John Mitchell and an Archibald Cox or Elliot Richardson result from something more, I think, than just differences in individual character, and that something more involves differences in pride in discharging important legal responsibilities in a stubbornly professional way. Organizational pride is of value too, even at the Times, to cite just one example here also, it must have had a good deal to do with the paper's decision in the early 60s to keep an honest young reporter, David Haberstam, in Vietnam in the face of President Kennedy's insistence that he be sent home.

Maybe Ms. Aronson's fellow college correspondents were not very "cool" in their open admiration for the work being done at the Times, but as long as one keeps a decently clear head about such things, who cares anymore about being cool?

Sincerely,

Carl M. Selinger

an answer

It seems that Dean Selinger and I are at cross purposes. Without belaboring the point, I only wish to say that while there is nothing ridiculous about pride or professionalism, pretentiousness is pretentiousness wherever it occurs, and no institution, whether it be a newspaper, government, or college is so sacred that its members who lose their perspective as they view the world in a purposely narrow-minded way cannot be criticized.

It was sad to see how most of the other college correspondents were successfully taught in by these airs of pretentiousness and pomposity, for it is the job of a good reporter to maintain "a decently clear head," and be able to see through such airs.

Beth Aronson

An open letter concerning Dining Commons:

Now faced with rising operating costs due to the fuel shortage and high food costs, Zoog, the professor of friends of students, has panicked and promptly presented a campaign unilaterally accusing a large number of off-campus students of regularly dining in the Commons. Obviously these accusations are a devious method for obtaining further funds to meet the rising costs. If the Dining Commons checking system is insufficient, then change it. It is unnecessary to insult the integrity of many off-campus residents in order to account for mismanagement.

Cindy Mirk

An open letter to the student body:

In the past couple of weeks the conversation around my room, my dormitory, the Student Center, Student Activities, and the Senate has centered around the political issues related to elections and the Senate in general. Through all of this my name keeps coming up as an example of the elitism of the Senate; that I haven't extended a hand to the community and thus opened up the process. I want to mention some of my feelings about all of this.

The first few weeks of the semester were devoted to setting up the activities around campus, elections, budget hearings and more. I spent some time trying to get people to help with the elections in any form; some people were pretty helpful (thank you) but the overriding response was one of no-thank you even from people who had done this sort of work before. I really can't blame anyone for not wanting to get involved on such a menial level, but even the Senate itself only began to help with elections after some coercion. So where is the Bard Community when you need it, too busy or too ego oriented to get involved. This campus has sadly lacked community—going beyond yourself, and it has damaged all of us.

So now there is reaction in the community, it is revolutionary, and we are all reactionary, yet when this group is combined with menial work there is a certain grumble of disapproval and this group that tells Senate how different they are and to feel just about the same as anyone else in the situation, not willing to really put out the energy the job requires. So when there is the possibility of extra work they become as bureaucratic as everyone else, try to get around it if it can be done.

So everyone's energy has limits, hell, I understand that. The energy of the new elections committee is really positive, even though the reaction is much the same. A lot of the work that people put out this semester, be it the new elections committee or the Senate, has found its way into the mailbox trash can. If you can believe in the constant flow of energy (what you will give you shall receive) then you will understand why much of the energy from Senate and others has in large part come from a garbage can.

But energy suddenly took a big surge, and people are starting to talk to each other, and it feels great, and it's just possible that we can stop thinking of ourselves away and start to move together. That means the Senate, and that means you, too.

Jeff Crist
On Sunday, December 2, 1973, a date which shall live in infamy (or at least in Red Hook, New York), representatives of the eight colleges of the Mid-Hudson Association met to discuss matters of common interest in student politics, entertainment, Media, and other details. After being greeted by Mary Sugatt and Reamer Kline (an hour late), the various students—plus on faculty representative from Dutchess—set about their work, which followed by a dinner meeting at which the visiting representatives were given a sample of the local cuisine.

Below: reports on some of the goings-on.

GOVERNMENT

At the Student Government Workshop, which this writer attended, one of the key issues was election procedures. Several people said that the voting machines, which the Bard Senators saw as a viable means of eliminating the confusion at the Elections table, Ron Jaw, of New Paltz, went so far as to suggest that in order to guarantee a quorum for the elections, all referenda be held at the beginning of each semester and that registration be held from those who did not vote, assured that the Bard Senators did see some problems in adopting that policy.

The Bard Senators also learned that most of the other Senates had faculty and/or administrative advisors, which we do not, and that all of their committees are separate and independent of the Senate. At Bard, each Senator chairs a committee (except for the elections committee which has recently been taken out of Senate hands), thus less energy can be devoted to legislating on Senate matters because of committee involvements and vice versa.

Cheryl Chevins asked the others about our Senate’s Budget proposal. The reaction was in some ways skeptical, though most people did see the worth of having direct student opinion. A compromise was put forth such that a poll should be taken to determine where students would like to see money allocated rather than giving the students themselves the money to play with. This would serve the same purpose and avoid mistakes and misuse of this power.

Unfortunately, the workshop did not last as long as would have been liked, but all agreed that this was an exciting beginning of a close working and learning relationship with the schools of the Mide-Hudson Student Association.

Debbie ElIan

RADIO

The differences between the schools made for differences between radio policies at the conference. Where Vassar and New Paltz have carrier-current stations, for example, Bard could not set one up because there is too much distance between the dormitories. Money is another problem; smaller schools like Bard and Bentley simply do not have the financial resources to build stations of any kind.

Tom Murphy, who is the head of the audio-visual department at Dutchess and operator of WHVW in Hyde Park, quickly scuttled one hope of the colleges—that a commercial station might be set up by a cooperative effort of the colleges—with the news that there are no more commercial FM frequencies available from the FCC for the Hudson Valley area. However, he repeated an offer which had been refused previously when made to the presidents of the Association colleges: to give a certain amount of time each night for the colleges to use WHVW for their programming. After several hours of discussion, it was decided that this would be the best proposal; however, details of its implementation have yet to be worked out.

John Taylor Nelson

Who Lurks Behind the Walls of Bard?

Who lurks behind the walls of Bard? What evils lie in the catacombs and dungeons of these immortal buildings?

Since this college is located in New York State, it is not surprising that a considerable amount—to the tune of $326—comes from New York (all right, so that isn’t so much compared to a total population of about 750). No other state can make the claim of being a hundred with their population here (don’t as me why they would want to make that claim; I just said that because I need to fill up space). New Jersey comes close, though, with almost 90 people giving four years of their

Explanation to the Other 118

To those who remember a petition being brought around on Monday, Dec. 3, and especially to those who signed it, calling for a referendum on the whole elections argument in the Student Senate, I feel it is my obligation to explain why I chose to withdraw that petition in the Senate meeting that night.

Most of the people in the room were in favor of the idea of bringing this important issue out to the community in the name of mutual involvement. However, because holding a referendum takes much time and effort, the feeling in the room moved from support to skepticism. I withdrew the petition for the reasons that if those people were so anxious to push that election through, rather than labor over bringing it to the community, then the effort of opting for community opinion and involvement became overpoweringly stifled.

I honestly admit that I see the immediate need for the election of new Senators for next semester and agree wholeheartedly with those people on that point. But, let me not then hear talk about the elitism of the Senate, the baucocracy of the Senate, or the distance of the Senate from Bard from those very same people.

Debbie ElIan
(Karen Murray)

Eulogy

Sheltered though our enclave may be, the energy that has hit Bard as hard as anywhere else, reducing the number of printed memos to 20 a week, under-cooking the felfel, and driving down the temperature in the Potter lounge to a shivering 75°F. I personally have witnessed wrathful freshmen cracking the ice in the bowl, and have seen one hapless wrench carried from the shower to the infirmary wrapped in toasted towels, from massive frost-bite. Wending toward the Manor Campus at two in the afternoon, I tremble a little in the gloom, for streetlights no longer dispense the shadow. There are rumors of Encyclopædia Britannica being sighted with a great shroud-like object, purportly by wild theorists to be heat-retaining drapes for the Dining Commons picture-windows, to be hung when it finishes embroidering them to match the homey, tasteful wallpaper them. Even scraps of back issues of the Observer have been found floating from the chimneys of Stone Row—showing what rigorous sacrifices Bard students are willing to make.

But perhaps paramount among our energy concerns—and yet a subject that has barely been touched—is the pressing, imminent squeeze in transportation. Of all energy reserves, motor fuel has been hardest hit. And it is in just this department that the Bard student’s deepest dependence on natural resources is concentrated. As in every other area of the crisis, people will simply have to adjust—but perhaps it is a blessing in disguise, enabling us to make a virtue of necessity by introducing long-needed renovations.

I hereby submit my humble proposal. As everyone knows, a car is indispensable to dwellers in all dormitories excluding Main Campus, forming an essential mode of transport to meals and to classes. It would be unmanageable, in fact unthinkable, to ask the average Ward Manor resident to give up his car for the arduous, time-consuming trek over the high-speed wilderness of Annandale Road; brutal to force Modular residents into the perilous walk over Procter’s parking lot. The spontaneous neighborhood of Bard students may help fill the gap with car pools; but this is still only a partial solution, and a bus system, considering our current fleet of buses, would be difficult to manage and perform prohibitively infrequent. We must look to the future. What is needed—now more urgently than ever—is a solution already hit upon by other major nexus of human endeavor, the solution many have simply considered but never voiced for fear of financial repercussion: mass transit.

The time to move is now. An efficient, modern subway system could be feasibly incorporated into the ongoing process of renewal at Bard, perfectly solving the transportation problem yet without appreciably changing the face of the campus: I envision a system of underground network centered beneath the Dining Commons promenade, the main line following Annandale Road from Ward Manor to Adol’s, with intermediary stops at Robbins, the Barracks, the Studio buildings, and Tewksbury, branch lines to South Hall, Sands House and Elthamwood; a dracena extension could be added later when funds permit. The dormitory dweller would be only seconds away from the bustle of the central campus; with stations in the dormitory basements, he would be saved even from the exertion of trudging pneumatic puddles and ankle-twisting gravel in the parking lot. The IRT or MTA might perhaps be given a franchise in the construction of such a system, and a certain weekly quota of tokens (based on course-load, residence, etc.) could be incorporated with the linen service, thereby encouraging use of the latter facility and saving laundry water and power usage by the scrupulously clean, room-conscious student body. Electrically powered rails and the cost of installation might seem at first to be another wasteful expenditure, but would surely pay for itself in a few semesters by eliminating the cost of running cars and motor-bikes. The constant and efficient bus would cause some inconvenience for all concerned; but how much greater would be the annoyance of regressing permanently to the primitive conveyances at the ends of our leg. For the interim, then, I suggest we resort to the only natural resource of which our campus has an overabundance, and fit out all available sleds, wheeled bedsteads, waggons, etc., with harnesses for braces of dogs. Indeed, this quaint and picturesque mode of transportation might even become popular and a drawing-card to the college; but nonetheless, by 1980 when the subway should be finished (a bit ambitious by Bard standards, to be sure, but not impossible if we start now!), I think most will gladly welcome this long-needed answer to the long-neglected problem of getting around our overcrowned, burgeoning campus.

Rentals possible

Mon-Sat. 52
10-9
John St.
Kingston

House of Plants
philodendrons to dracenas

238-8270
338-8420

338-8270
338-8420
worth it if only one came.
The only other techniques I use are happiness and devotion. I can feel how much they care for me and it is not at all difficult to give them all I can. It is a very special relationship that I have with the women, and I will never regret working there.

Mitchell Rabbin

I teach literature, creative writing, and piano to a woman at Mattewan. Although she hasn't been sentenced yet, she's been in jail for fifteen months. The judges call it a gift of the court, Kama has political connections so she's granted the supreme delight of sleeping in the hallway instead of a claustrophobic, air-tight cell like the rest of the women live in, who is believed to have killed her three children.

Discussing literature and her poetry is a potent experience. She usually isn't allowed to practice piano all week, but she pictures the keyboard in her mind and moves her fingers along her bed, coming as close to the reality as possible. Every week she plays pieces rehearsed in her mind with nearly every note perfect.

The most significant part of the experience is realizing how sane she is, and that she's incarcerated, possibly for life. Then I think of people I know on the outside that will be there possibly for life. The irony overwhelms me.

Amy Kohn

"THEY DIDN'T PUT ME IN HERE—I DID."

Roberta Post and I work at Mattewan Prison for the criminally insane where we are trying to produce a play. The men are quite enthusiastic about acting in a play, thrilled to be off the ward, and semi-eccentric about seeing a few good looking chicks. Often instead of working on a play, we casually fall into some interesting conversations. When we first went to Mattewan, I had many questions of my own, and I was selfishly hoping to learn from my experience there. I naturally assumed there would be a great deal of hostility between the guards and the prisoners. I finally asked one of the inmates, a man who had been very open with me and had confessed that he was in for murder, about this assumed hostility. He answered by saying, "They didn't put me in here, I got myself in here, and now, for the next twenty years, I've got to make the best of it. That's why I'm here tonight." I realized that I was not talking to an insane man, but rather to a very sensitive man who was at one time a victim of society.

There are many aspects of the administration that I do not comprehend, but there is one that I find particularly hard to understand. In the morning, the inmates are given sedatives in their food and then at night, they are shown movies like Shaft and other superviolent, racist movies. I can only conclude that consistency is not a virtue at Mattewan.
Kathleen Mandeville

IT DOESN'T RAIN IN PRISON

Angelo has hard wrinkles and constantly combs his scrub brush hair without a word. He only looks hungrily dreaming.

-Assault and Battery-20 yrs.

Cook is bald with a shag of grey at his temples. His eyes stare slyly also. He can not talk.

-Grand Larceny-33 yrs.

Joe is black and blatant. He writes, he talks, he dominates. He was framed.

-Possession of Marijuana-10 yrs.

Daniel has eyebrows which grow together and a bible. He can't climb up the glass sides of his schizophrenic bottle.

-Rape-30 yrs.

Chuck has a blond shag and high-heeled boots. He won't stop talking for his emptiness is unfilleable.

-Possession of Heroin-10 yrs.

Rudy has a fat, sagging chest and a fear of what he once was and still is.

-Possession of Heroin-15 yrs.

Joe no II is a white old joe who sits immovable cross-legged and handfolded. His fourwalled friends are older than anybody else.

-Homicide-50 yrs.

David is only eighteen but, perhaps, thirty. He tries to live really in the unreal.

-Possession of Hallucinogens-5 yrs.

Toni asks, "Tell me, what is this feeling called love, for I have never felt it?"

He searched for thirty-five years.

-His crime?-Life.

One time they said, "There is rain in your hair. Do you know how long it has been since we've felt rain?"

TEAR DOWN THE WALLS?

One aspect of prison reform movements is that, historically, they have been the work of middle-class professionals and philanthropists who, due to a "bourgeois" sense of morality, were helped to create new forms of repression disguised by liberal rhetoric.

This is a brutal indictment, and a very true one. Humanitarianism has been used as the justification for houses of correction, solitary confinement, conditional release, drug and psychiatric therapy, and the like. Because of this, it is crucial that we guard against the dangers of lending ourselves to the development of various new forms of control, under the guise of reform, which make the prison a more demonstrative and effective tool of pacification. Furthermore, we must remember that we cannot define the prison reform movement only in terms of such political prisoners as Huey Newton, Angela Davis, or the late George Jackson. We cannot lose sight of the fact that there is now, more than ever, an imperative need to go beyond special commutation for individuals and to strive to change the systematic oppression of the ordinary inmate. In other words, we cannot put all our energies into dealing with political dilemmas, for if we did we would be neglecting the individual prisoner who has not been able to assert himself or herself.

Keeping all this in mind, one might wonder if it is even at all possible to initiate any form of social change within the prison system. Many people, like myself, could be called "misguided idealists." In any case, however we are described, what we, and the prison movement in general have resolved to do is to deal with the realities of the prison system, and to work toward changing them. Instead of sitting around and waiting until the "revolution" comes.

Many people have asked me if my goal is to abolish all prisons. "Tear Down the Walls" has become a recurring theme: now that the horrors of the prison system have become so well known, many feel that the answer is to do away with prisons completely. Of course it would be very nice to live in a society where there was no necessity for prisons, but such a society is not yet in existence and probably never will be. Although I recognize the need for a rehabilitative process, one reason why the prison system is cruel and unjust is that it is part of an economic and social system that forces certain classes of people into positions where they will have no choice but to violate the laws or standards of our society and then be punished for doing so. If our society is going to take the responsibility of incarceration, then it must also be able to ensure that when an individual is released, the society to which he or she returns as a "convict" is one in which it will be possible to live and work successfully. The conclusion, therefore, would be that we must strive for a socio-economic system which will not place an individual in the same circumstances which forced him or her to commit a crime in the first place.

And in light of the inequitable social system in which we live, this is certainly a difficult thing to accomplish. The most basic question in the long run isn't how bad or good our prisons are, rather, what can be done to change the social and economic fac-
"THE LONG GOODBYE"

Robert Altman's THE LONG GOODBYE (not Raymond Chandler's, although it was adapted from his novel) isn't really a thriller, but it is an entertaining movie with something to say, and Altman says it without preaching or preachment. Inaugurating a good mystery with comic undertones, it's as good a statement on modern urban alienation as I've seen in recent movies.

Chandler may not be much in evidence, but Philip Marlowe is. Here, he isn't the tough, confident private eye Bogart gave us in MILLION DOLLAR BABY but a bony, effective and faintly pathetic small-timer who sleeps in his clothes and has to take all his calls at the local bar. At the beginning of the film he has two friends (or so he'd like to think): a cat and Terry Lennox, a numbers runner for the mob. He loses the cat early when he can't get his favorite brand of cat food at the all-night market (he tries switching labels but the cat isn't fooled); Lennox disappears from the scene shortly afterwards when Marlowe gets him a lift to the Mexican border, with as it later turns out, $85,000 of the mob's money. It also turns out that Lennox's wife was murdered, and Lennox himself is soon suspected of the suicide. Marlowe doesn't believe that Lennox was either a killer or a suicide, and therein hangs the tale.

Marlowe quickly gets involved with Eileen, a neighbor of Lennox, whose writer husband has disappeared, and with Marty Augustine, a Jewish mobster, who is convinced that Marlowe knows where that money is and is血压 in his girl friend's face as a demonstration of what Marlowe can expect if he doesn't get it. (The young punk given the task of tailing Marlowe is so incompetent that Marty had to give him the address he's going to so he can follow him.) Roger Wade is found quickly enough, and so is a connection between Wade and Mr. Augustine; this sets Marlowe out on the trail after the real culprit in the Lennox case, and at last, to a final, fatal confrontation in Mexico.

Marlowe, as portrayed before, is a faintly pathetic figure, because just about everything in the movie happens around him. In fact, time has passed him by; he tries to live by the code of the quack psychiatrist, and can't stop the quack from humiliating the man in public or the man from killing himself. Marlowe has nothing to do with the recovery of the money, and he drives Eileen Wade away in his zeal to find out what really happened to Lennox. The shot he fires at the end is both the necessary exorcism of a sentence and a cry of anguish at his impotence; as he walks up the road back to town afterwards, he's followed by a group of kids, but he's totally alone.

Altman has, as always, told the story in free-form style, substituting narrative drive with a concentration on the separate incidents which allows them to make their points without too much emphasis. The soundtrack is excellent, with Altman making good use of his marvelous overlapping dialogues; the use of music is imaginative, with only one song which reappears in about a dozen different forms, played by bands, sung by piano players, hummed by characters in the movie, chanted by doorbells. The bit parts are beautifully realized, especially the guard who regales all comers with his imitations of Hollywood stars. The supreme creation here is the group of young female yoga freaks who live next door to Marlowe. Totally oblivious to the outside world, they blythely do their exercises in the nude while Augustine is threatening Marlowe a few feet away; when Marlowe asks if they've seen the cat, they reply that they didn't even know he had a cat. Los Angeles, incidentally, never looked better than in Vilmos Zsigmond's photography.

The acting is variable, because Altman went out to get the brightest possible cast for the movie; the only "sane" piece of casting in the movie, that of Sterling Hayden as Roger Wade, was made because of the sudden death of Dan Blocker. Predictably, Hayden gives the best performance, although Henry Gibson, of "Laugh-in" fame, is startlingly effective as the quack psychiatrist. Mark Rydell, a director who hadn't acted in a decade, is an excellent, soft-keyed Augustine. (He even apologizes when he finds out that Marlowe was telling the truth about the money!) Jim Bouton as Lennox and Nina Van Pallandt as Eileen are less good; they get away with it primarily because they look their parts. Elliot Gould's Marlowe falls in between; he has developed a number of character traits—a cigarette eternally dangling from his lip, a nice self-muttering, an occasional slightly glazed look—traits which make the character believable enough, but leave a vague feeling that some depths haven't been reached.

In the end, this isn't the satire indicated by United Artists' advertising, but a necessary recreation of the mystery movie. The techniques that pushed THE BIG SLEEP forward are too dated to serve with their full power today, and the Bogart portrait of the independent man with a code would look ridiculous in the Age of Watergate when loyalty only gets a man defeated, or in jail, or, sadly, it seems to have. If THE LONG GOODBYE has a specific message, it's that people today don't really give a damn, and the man who does is lucky if he turns out to be an entertaining fool.

Sol Louis Siegel

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TEAR DOWN THE... tors which force thousands of people into them every month. Prison reform will be effective only when we can "tear down the walls" within the prison, and help the men and women committed there to embrace a new sense of hope, an impetus for living.

Having all this in mind, I organized a program for Bard students to work at Mattewan, a prison for the "criminally insane" in Beacon, New York. This prison, now about seventy-five years old, houses 1700 men and 40 women, and is presently under the jurisdiction of both the Correction and the Department of Mental Hygiene. After having worked for more than three years in legal aid, tenant law, reform, etc., I decided last year that I wanted to investigate and work within the prison system. In October, 1972, I applied to the New York State Department of Correction for a volunteer job to work in some relation to law at Mattewan, I was accepted and shortly thereafter began conducting a law class in which I discussed prisoners' general and more important, the individual cases of those who came to me with specific legal problems. Indeed, since I am not yet a lawyer, my scope of knowledge is limited. My frustrations were also increased because I have not had very much help from the organizations and lawyers I have appealed to. I was lucky enough to have, at times, the help of a Mid-Hudson Valley Legal Services attorney, as well as that of an NYU Law School professor and one of his students who is now a law graduate and a candidate for admission to the Bar. Under their guidance I have been able to continue doing my research, as well as accurately showing the prisoners how to begin to bring a federal suit against abuses in prison, and making them aware of their constitutional rights. Despite all the frustrations I encountered in attempting to do this, by January, 1973, I realized that it would be beneficial to all those concerned if more people from the "outside" could work at Mattewan in various fields. Last semester I was able to get thirteen Bard students to work there, and this year we have twenty-three students and other volunteers, as well as a faculty advisor for the program. The classes offered by the volunteers and responded to eagerly by the prisoners give an idea of the void of boredom, frustration, and confusion which needs to be filled.

Anyone who sat in on one of the classes would see that the response evoked by mutual participation were present: usually one officer for every five inmates. The classes are held in school rooms, and the facilities are adequate though we have all must furnish almost all our own supplies. Bard has given us some funds to work with; the rest comes from donations.

Obviously, each person in the program is very important—both to the program and to the prisoners. Of course, the strength and sensitivity needed to work at an institution like Mattewan is also important, and the reason the program is working is that each of the volunteers has these qualities. We have a sense of purpose because we have gotten much support and cooperation from the administrators at the prison.

Throughout our efforts in the program, and in anticipation of it, two obvious and important questions demand answers. First, in view of the existing problems in the prison system, are our efforts merely to

KEN ACCOMPLISHMENTS? And secondly, what does the student gain from doing this volunteer work? To answer these questions, we must first ask ourselves: "What is work?" The men and women in our classes in a positive way, we cannot expect the plight of a released prisoner is going to be dramatically easier because he has learned to write more efficiently while in prison. Nevertheless the seminars are valid in themselves because they make the inmate's life less intolerable, give it an added dimension of purpose, and might, also help to make the outside world more manageable if he or she is released. The inmates lack for the seminars—just as do the volunteers conducting them.

One other thing should be mentioned: the relevancy of this sort of work to the academic program at Bard. The conclusion I have derived from working at Mattewan is that it gives a better perspective on the importance of both school and the environment in which we live. It is my personal feeling—shared by most Bardians—that education should not stop in the classroom, but that working toward social change is an equally important and relevant facet of college life.

I strongly believe that the system of "justice" in this country is flagrantly inconsistent. If a person kills a policeman, he will almost surely get a life sentence, but if he is a pilot napals hundreds of Cambodian women and children he will get the Congressional Medal of Honor. When a man is forced by poverty into the streets to steal, he will most likely be given at least five years in a maximum security state penitentiary, whereas when a government official embezzles hundreds of thousands of dollars, or evades income taxes, he might spend a few years in considerable comfort at a Federal prison. Although we cannot blame any individual, it is obvious to me that what exists is an inherently unjust and violent "judicial" system which perpetually and continually seek to oppress those individuals who refuse to accept roles imposed upon them by society. In accordance with this, what I hope the Mattewan program will continue to do is to attempt to lighten the burden of the men and women there, and to work with them in their continued struggle for justice.

"While there is a lower class I am in it, and while there is a criminal element I am of it, and while there is a soul in prison I am not free." (Eugene Debs)

Ellen Tabechnick

(ftr. p. 4)

Life to Bard, Massachusetts gives a small challenge to that with 63 members. Tom Redmond

STATISTICS

NY....... 326
Mass....... 85
Fla........ 5
N. Y. West.... 42
NC........ 6
NJ........ 88
Mo........ 23
Conn........ 3
Wash., DC.... 4
NH........ 2
VT........ 4
RI........ 11
Ohio..... 11
Calif...... 15
V. I. P. .... 14
I1l........ 10
Kan........ 2
Maine...... 2
Wis.......... 2

Cana.... 1
France.... 1
Canada..... 3
Hawaii.... 2
Viet Nam.... 1
Bahrain.... 1
Israel...... 2
Puerto Rico... 2
Switzerland... 1
RAISIN


RAISIN, at the 46th Street Theatre is not the type of musical that one has been led to expect from Broadway. It does not indulge in the glittering costumes or extravagant set changes that have come to characterize the Broadway musical. Most of the characters wear the same costumes with minor variations throughout the performance and the set remains the same, a structural backdrop of screens and latticework designed by Robert U. Taylor, and a table, chairs, a bed, a couch, and a window still constructed out of wood, painted black. The actors mime the doors and windows, and there are no props except for a single potted plant whose two leaves look like they are about to fall off at any moment.

RAISIN, adapted from Lorraine Hansberry's play, RAISIN IN THE SUN which opened in 1959, is about a black family living on Chicago's Southside in the 1950's and is still relevant today.

Mama awaits her husband's insurance money, a check for 10,000 dollars which puts her in a new income bracket. Each person in the family impatiently awaits the arrival of the money with the expectation of being able to buy his dream—money, says Walter Lee, is freedom and life.

Mama wants to buy a house so the family can live in a clean place without rats and roaches. Her son, Walter Lee, wants to open up a liquor store, Beneatha, his sister, wants to go to medical school, his wife Ruth, is so tied up in the status quo and torn between Mama and Walter Lee that she seems overwhelmed by the whole situation, and Travis, her son, seems pretty comfortable where he is. Each dream depends upon the death of Grandpa and when most of the money is stolen in a crooked deal, everybody learns that he or she has got to be responsible for his or her own future.

The choreography and direction by Donald McKayle, and the music by Judd Wolpin make a good team—the effect is sensual and dramatic. The lyrics by Robert Brittan as a whole don't seem to take off, except for a number where it all comes together, "Not Anymore,"

when the family tells Mama about the visit of Karl Linder, played by Richard Sanders, who is the only white character and actor in the show. He represents the Clarendon Park Improvement Association and has come to persuade the family not to move into the white, middle-class neighborhood he represents. He offers them a fist full of cash. The song is a poke fun at the white liberal who instead of getting rid of blacks, as folks used to do in the old days by lynching, spouts token brotherhood slogans—

Lena Horne's a joy
And that Belafonte boy
The song received whistles and cheers from the audience.

The cast is first-rate with Virginia Gapers as Mama, seeming to be the audience favorite. Ernestine Jackson as Ruth is beautiful to watch and listen to and Deborah Allen as Beneatha is hilarious, and develops quite a character as the play progresses.

Joe Morton as Walter Lee, is good too, with a fine voice and spirit, but somehow I feel I got to know the women better. Perhaps that's Lorraine Hansberry's perspective coming through.

Eleven-year-old Ralph Carter, is likeable and tough, as though he has been around for centuries and can't understand what all the fuss is about.

It's delightful to watch the chorus because each member maintains a striking amount of individuality.

It's refreshing to see actors in a Broadway musical relying on their own sensibilities and being so connected to their bodies, brains and voices. Their sense memory tells us where they are without the use of external indicators. This is especially effective in the subway, bar, and church scenes.

The audience was black as well as white and at the end of the performance it gave the actors a standing ovation.

an original multi-action collage of the last historic battle between the Romans and the Jews in 73 C.E., written and directed by Hal Wicke in collaboration with Anne Wilson, presented at the Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn Heights, on November 9, 10.

MASADA is the kind of joyous theater experience that includes everybody who is willing to part of it. It recounts the story of the last battle between the Romans and the Jews in 73 C.E. Rather than be taken as slaves or killed by the Romans the 960 inhabitants of Masada commit mass suicide. They leave a plentiful supply of food behind as testimony to the Roman conquerors that they did not die because of fear of impending starvation.

The enactment was staged in the school gymnasium. No effort was made to change the environment physically. The audience sat on bleachers or on mats placed on the floor, the lights were operated from scaffolds erected along the walls of the gym, the actors moved around in the center space. A curtain of thin white fabric was suspended along the length of the gym, as a scrim, to suggest the wall through which the Roman soldiers pounded with their machine until they literally broke through and were able to enter Masada. Through this scrim one sees the maneuvers of the soldiers. At intervals, as the action progresses, actors dressed as Roman soldiers pull on a drawstring that moves the scrim closer to the space that the people of Masada occupy until near the end, it has almost pushed them into the audience.
JOURNAL...

The action begins with the women, children and men of Nasada waking up and going about their everyday business. The women attend to the children and work, while the children play, argue and receive their history lessons. Their costumes are particularly pleasing—colorful and harmonious home-sewn clothes. They wear white shawls on their heads, and of a sturdy fabric, which they use for various purposes during the course of the play—hoods, wash cloths, clothes, blankets, table cloths, parcels and shrouds. There are several choreographed dances, most notably one which depicts the women weaving, where they use their own bodies to form the fabric, and another, a folk dance, in which the audience is invited to join. The audience is asked to walk into the playing area at any time to talk to the actors or participate in the action. Some people, especially some of the younger children in the audience, and they seemed to enjoy it.

When the Roman soldiers enter through the gymnasium door and in their tunics of leather and bronze, with shields and swords, bearing eagle standards, the audience as well as the people of Nasada is startled. They take their position behind the white scrims and perform an aggressive dance, displaying their arms and battle techniques replete with war shouts. The sellout crowd of Nasada withdraw to the synagogue. When they realize there is no possible hope of escape and that the Romans will soon break through the wall, they decide to draw lots to determine how they will kill each other in the most organized way, so that no man will have to kill the members of his own family.

The women prepare for the Sabbath dinner, find they will have no time before the Romans will break through, join in a dance in which they bury their sacred writings—the Torah—and display their food so the Romans will find it. When the Roman soldiers finally advance, they charge right over the bodies of the man, women and children, searching for the enemy. The commanding general pauses for a moment to contemplate what has happened.

One gets the impression that idealism is not involved in the fight—It is the simple and inevitable outcome from the nations in the war. The ordinary, the soldier versus the village person. It's the type of thing that happened in Viet-Nam at Khe, in America where the Indians were forced from their lands until they were almost extinguished, in Biafra or Bangladesh. It's the type of thing that happens all the time. It is the type of something proud and noble— but the proud and noble always seem to wind up dead. It's a story that can't be hurt in the retelling—a story in which it is possible for Anne Frank to say in her diary just before the Nazis come to get her and her family.

The time has not yet come, and yet, if I look up into the heavens, I think that it will all come out right, that this cruel battle will end, and that peace and tranquility will return again.

At the end of Nasada one doesn't feel hatred directed at the Roman soldiers, but immense pain. One wonders if this would keep happening if people related to each

SPORTS

VARSITY BASKETBALL

Tuesday, November 20th, Bard played its first game of the 1973-74 basketball season. They travelled to Albany, New York, to take on Albany College of Pharmacy.

The Bardagers looked very impressive through the first half of play, Rebounding, shooting, and doing just about everything right against a much taller Pharmacy team. They came away at half-time tied at 40-40.

The second half was pretty much the same sort of play, with Pharmacy holding a slight edge. Frank McCrory, Steve Pouchele, and Robert Millan were outstanding as Bard continued to hold off Pharmacy. But the last six minutes of the game saw Millan foul out and Pharmacy began shooting at a more accurate pace.

By the end of the game Pharmacy had beaten Bard by 22 points. The final score was Albany College of Pharmacy-62 and Bard-74.

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

It's that time of year again when the students and faculty members play their favorite sport—basketball. The season started Halloween Evening with South Hall winning by forfeit over the Modulares. The eight o'clock game was taken by the Manor-Robbins team, beating Stone Row, 33-27. Stan Corwin had helped Manor pull out the game in the closing minutes with his fine shooting. Nine o'clock brought together the Faculty and the boys from Off Campus. It was a one-sided match all the way. The Faculty won behind the shooting of Mark Friedman, 62-55.

A week later, Stone Row won by forfeit over the Modulares. Then came the slowest game anyone ever played. South Hall played a slow-down ball and beat Off Campus, 30-25. The big game of the night between Manor-Robbins and the Faculty was a tight game until the closing minutes. The Faculty pulled out a win, 52-40. Mark Friedman, along with Bob Bruce, turned around the game for the Faculty.

November 14th, saw two games decided by forfeits. Manor-Robbins over the Modulares, who have yet to field a team, and Stone Row over Off Campus. The only game played was a decisive one. It brought together the two undefeated teams in the standings, the Faculty and South Hall. At half-time the score was a close 19-12, but the Faculty came out shooting in the second half. Bob Bruce starred as the Faculty won 1-92-23.
After Thanksgiving, intramurals began again. Two more forfeits occurred, Manor over South Hall, and Off Campus over the Modulars. The only game played was at nine o'clock, featuring the Faculty against Stone Row. The first half showed everyone watching that this was to be the best game of the season. Stone Row played very good defense throughout the first half, and at half-time, they led, 26-23. The second half was much more of the same except for the fact that the Faculty took a five point lead with ten minutes remaining. But the game wasn't decided until the last seven seconds of the game, as Stone Row battled back to within one point, 45-44. The final score, as time ran out, was 47-44, the Faculty winning and remaining undefeated.

Standings as of November 28th

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<th>Place</th>
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<th>Lost</th>
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<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Manor</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Stone Row</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>South Hall</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Off Campus</td>
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<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Modulars*</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Banished from league for failure to field a team.

The Drama Department is a lot more organized this year compared to last year. The DD is better due to a more organized faculty. The secretarial work—especially in connection with taking ticket orders—is much more effective. The crew work for shows is chosen in advance, not two or three days before a performance. There are assigned people acting as crew chief and making it possible to go to a specific person with any pre-performance problems. The time schedule is on time in getting crit sheets, etc., out; the paperwork system is together.

Classes, however, are more or less the same—not only this year, but throughout the years past as well (how much do professors change their theories and teaching methods?).

The main problem the department has is the same unsolved problem that they had last year: people think the work around there gets done by little gnomes who sneak in at midnight and do it. Well, it ain't so! All in all, one thing remains constant: the theater law of "the show must go on" hasn't changed; the odds concerning that law have—they're getting more and more against the drama department.

Tom Redmond

(adolf's)

(DOWN THE ROAD)

annandale hotel