VASSAR BUST!

42 Persons Accused
In Dutchess Dope Raids

Forty-two persons were arrested on charges of criminal sale of a controlled substance after authorities raided drug raids throughout Dutchess County, including Vassar College. State Police described the operation as "the largest of its kind in New York State since the inception of the new drug law."

Among those arrested were six persons eligible for youthful offender status. Two were charged with a Class A felony, carrying a maximum sentence of life in prison, State Police said. The raid netted quantities of heroin, marijuana, amphetamines, and an assortment of pills, State Police said.

Troopers said raids were made at Vassar College and other points in Poughkeepsie, where six students were arrested, and at Beacon and Wappingers Falls. The raids were the result of a four-month investigation by undercover State Police narcotics investigators, troopers said. Resident police in Beacon, Poughkeepsie, and Wappingers Falls also took part.

The above article, taken from the N.Y. Daily News, recounts just one of many dope raids that have taken place in the past 5 months. The reason is the new N.Y. State drug law. This law was made in order to put the "pushers" and "dealers" behind bars for life, never again to hurt society.

The state has put together an all out campaign against those undesirable. For example, the raid at Vassar. When the new law came into effect (Sept. 1, 1973), a majority of the people involved in drugs in one way or another were afraid of the penalties. But, as the months went by, not many busts were made and everyone thought this law was another joke like all the rest. It seems the students at Vassar took this attitude and the narcotic agents made their move.

April, 1968, 24 students were arrested at Bard in a raid by the sheriff's department. Another bust: May, 1969, at 4:45 am, State Police raided Bard and 42 students were arrested. Both these busts occurred during the late '60s when drugs were at a peak. The day of the chemical, at least at Bard, is gone. Just about every student realizes that it's bad business these days.

Pat DeFilie, head of the Security Dept., and his staff are on top of the situation, making sure that the "undesirables" don't infest Bard as they did at Vassar. According to Security, there is no reason for a bust at Bard if everyone "just plays it straight." Remember, the new drug law is for real.

---Phil Carducci

WHY I HATE WINTER FIELD—Judy Mork

As yet, the true reason for Winter field period has eluded me. A month and a half off in the middle of the school year? For Independent Study, I am told; yet I wonder—the extra credit costs extra as of last year, and the new requirements for it are anal enough to discourage any real pursuit of it. Work experience for is discouraged. So what remains? A paper and a lot of research? This would best be done at Bard. In keeping with the logic of the entire affair, one is not allowed to remain on campus.

Another purpose—excuse given for field period is that it is a chance for students to find work and help pay for their schooling expenses or whatever. This two, I find lacking in logic. I wish anyone luck in finding full time employment for a month. Employers must be lied to in terms of the length of employment, in order to originally secure work. Wouldn't the month be far more appropriate at the end of the school year, if work be the activity of the student?

There is then the break in studies at Bard which I find distressing. I am going to have to relearn all the chemistry of the last semester, after having the winter to forget it. Then there are the things that absolutely require one's presence at Bard. Such as film or drama. Where the hell is one supposed to find a movie-ola in Mooselake Maine? So work must stop for a month.

Where do people go? Most seem to go home, to relive the joys of accounting of one's every action to one's parents. To be subjected to American homelife for a month could be termed an educational experience.

There is then the current justification of energy savings, but it is my contention that the entire student body's driving, flying, or whatever to and from Bard would amount to equal the energy required to keep the school going, if not more.

It is my contention that Winter field period is too long, and totally unnecessary. A two week Christmas vacation is far preferable.

SPORTS REPORTS

This spring semester, Bard has a few new athletic teams available for both men and women. They are as follows:

1) Tumbling (men and women)
2) Swimming (at Holy Cross—not a team but a lot of fun anyway)
3) Volleyball (men and women-varsity)
4) Softball (varsity)
5) Womens Basketball (varsity)

Also available are the usual teams; varsity basketball, intramural basketball, varsity tennis, and also tennis lessons from Charlie Patrick.

As for the enrollment of students interested...
SPORTS CONT.

in these sports, Mark Freedman, aas't, A.D.,
referred to it as very successful. Also, any-
one interested in signing up for any of the
above sports, see Charlie or Mark in the athletic
office in the gym.

REMAINING 1974 SCHEDULE

Vassar College ........ Feb. 25
Manhattanville College ... Feb. 22

Home
Home

Away

Berkshire Christian College ... Feb. 27
St. Rose College .......... Mar. 1
Skidmore College ........ Mar. 4

Away
Home
Away

Well, it's movie time again. The Bard
film committee has again done its best to bring
the worst films of the commercial world to
our doorsteps.

Being a total addict of any form of cel-
luloid myself, I am however deeply disappointed
in this year's list.

Out of the forty films to be shown here
this semester, I have seen thirty-two of them
on TV. Twenty of them over the two month field
period, I do not exaggerate.

The film committee has offered us what
any one of us might easily have seen on the
tube. And what does this say about their opinion
of the Bard film goers? Not too much, we are
apparently considered on par with the audiences
of the proverbial idiot box. I think it a total crime and insult to the Bard community
to squander the some $3700 of our convocation fee
on such rubbish. It would be far cheaper to
have purchased a TV set and to have placed it
in some deserted place such as DQ or under the
ping-pong tables in the gym. The same films
(in addition to quiz shows and advertisements,
which most likely did not turn up on the schedule
due to their unavailability) could have been
viewed.

What total outrage! What idiocy! Here
we are in New York State, some two hours from
the hub of the most exciting, new and impor-
tant work being done in film today! And the
film committee chooses to ignore this work,
and to rent the most foul selection of 'art'
films possible. Films churned out from indus-
trial mills, films made for a buck, and films
that made a buck. If you don't know what the
film schedule is missing, I'll tell you:

Ron Rice, Harry Smith, Stan Vanderbeck,
Andrew Kores, Jonas Mekas, Ed Emshwiller, Andy
Warhol, Maya Derew, Robert Breer, Stan and Jane
Brakhage, Bruce Connor, Carmen D'Arino, Ken
Jacobs, Kenneth Anger, Bruce Baillie, Peter
Rymo, the Kuchar Brothers, George Landor,
Michael Snow or Warren Sombert, to mention
but a few.

I personally object to having my money
spent on these films. I object to the crime
of feeding more money into industries through
rentals, which should be destroyed, dead and
buried. I object to taking this money away
from the above mentioned people, to whom rentals
of their films would have meant valuable incomes
that would disappear in further films by them.

The above names are by no means new to
Bard. All of the film makers mentioned above
have had works shown here. Many brought in
by Ken Kelman, and some by the film makers
themselves.

These films will never be shown on TV.
These films will never play at your local movie
house. These films are special. These films
demand to be seen. To have the Film Committee
tell us that they will not be seen is in the
poorest of taste, and the most criminal event
of the campus year. Who the hell do you think
you are?
Far from the Mallering Crowd

Beth Aronson

One of the two young women working in the small boutique called "Sumy's" put down her can of diet root beer when she heard the truck coming near where the music was coming from. She liked the way the lead singer sounded and wondered who he could be. After spending a few minutes describing the possibilities with her coworker, she ran out of the store and into the mall to see for herself.

The live band of high school students playing in the center of the enclosed "climatised" shopping mall was not the only special attraction that day. Surrounding the band were four trucks with displays. Each truck advertised a different branch of the Armed Forces. The Army truck's signs promised great job opportunities, while the Navy truck offered self-fulfillment. "Find yourself in the Navy," read the sign. The Air Force's gimmick was a loudspeaker blaring rock music from an AM radio station. Whenever the live band took a break between songs, the radio music filled that gap. The uniformed servicemen manning the displays were noncommissioned officers with the look of Generals. Obviously, they thought they could lure their juniors into the military with top-tune music.

But they really didn't need the raspberries and the scene of passing by. The trucks with any music were being visited by shoppers of all ages. Besides the middle-aged passers-by stopping at the trucks to pick up literature or joke with the uniformed men, there were many seventeen-through-twenty-five-year-olds gathering around the displays. The harsh reality is that even the young people interested in the colleges were interested in seeing something other than their juniors headed for the military.

What especially interested me was that the Smithhaven Mall on Long Island is only a few miles from the State University at Stony Brook, and acts as a hangout for college students as well as younger teenagers. Their spot is in and around the mall bookstore. There, students who look like they're lef over from the hippie era stand around finding excuses to talk to each other. The stores are the source of many close friendships. You sometimes find in Woodstock, and dote on saying "Can you dig it," after every few words. This section of the mall is also apt to feature a lower sitting on a bench with an acoustic guitar.

I couldn't identify with the people my age gathering around the music in the mall opposite Glamour Magazine. Neither could I identify with the would-be hippies in and around the bookstore, who may have been representative of Stony Brook. People tell me that Bard is an isolated community, a four-year retreat from the "real world." If the scene at this mall is the real world, it makes the sense of isolation offered by Bard the more appreciable.

Dec. 7th—I made my way to Preston Hall last night, principally because, although it is one of my favorite plays, I have never seen a performance of KING LEAR. Unfortunately, although I watched it for an hour and a half, I think I am still truthfully to say that I have not yet witnessed a performance of LEAR. What I endured was a play of some sort, and if I relate it, I am sure that LEAR will be unfair to one of the greatest writers in English and perhaps even to Geoffrey of Monmouth, who started the whole story.

Let me say at the outset that I am not a dramatist. I have never acted in a play, nor have I ever been one. I have never seen a drama, except for some plays I have seen at ease on—baring a curious rung in the ladder, of which more later—was reasonable enough.

The costumes were another matter. Now it is natural that a department as hard hit as Drama should think first of economy, and this is why the designers or require that the costume be nothing new and can be used effectively. But there is an unanswerable unnessess censure upon the appearance of a Shakespearean cast in what resembles long underwear made out of sleeping bags, which does its best to emphasize the promulgent of the buttocks on the one side and the outline of the men's private parts on the other. One cannot help thinking it would be less labourous and more in keeping with the play to use shift-like garments of varying lengths depending on the characters (e.g., long and flowing for the nobility, short and untrammeling for the Fool). However, there was one smug in the set which might have preceded this—that dress of hay that is suspended over the actors' movements, which are the very mood of such a play.

It is essential to remember that there were times when men behaved more differently than they do now. In the movements of the LEAR cast I could see only those of our own crumpled, self-conscious age; when not a focus of attention, actors stood around awkwardly, like spectators.

LEAR is a play about royalty. Now royalty, as some people may still remember, do not comport themselves like common men. A king, when he enters, should bear with him an air of majesty—a part-religious, celebratory solemnity, commanding reverence. This is difficult to do in long underwear. And it is the same when the king has to clamber down a precarious ladder, a piece of silliness which could have been eliminated without any risk of visual monstrosity. If Osian Cameron, as the Fool, remembered nostalgically as a saving grace in TAMBURLAINE and HIPPODAMUS—had, or had been directed with any concept of kingship, he might have been saved. But as it was he handled himself more or less like Osian Cameron. One could not see the weight of a crown on his head nor age on his shoulders. In most occasions when he affected a bow-legged stoop that I assume was meant to express aged frailty. He declared with only echoes of the intensity.
**February**

- **Wed. Feb. 6** | **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**
  - dir. Frank Capra, with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert

- **Fri. Feb. 8** | **LOVE AFFAIR, OR THE CASE OF THE MISSING SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR**
  - by Dusan Makavejev

- **Sun. Feb. 10** | **ODD MAN OUT**
  - dir. Carol Reed, with James Mason

- **Wed. Feb. 13** | **JULES AND JIM**
  - by Francois Truffaut
  - (presented by the French Club)

- **Fri. Feb. 15** | **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD**
  - with Errol Flynn

- **Sun. Feb. 17** | **THE SMALLEST SHOW ON EARTH**
  - with Peter Sellers

- **Wed. Feb. 20** | **SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION**
  - dir. and starring Paul Newman

- **Fri. Feb. 22** | **LOS OLVIDADOS**
  - by Luis Bunuel

- **Sun. Feb. 24** | **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**
  - by Hitchcock

- **Wed. Feb. 27** | **FORBIDDEN GAMES**
  - by Rene Clement

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**March**

- **Fri. Mar. 1** | **TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN**
  - by Woody Allen

- **Sun. Mar. 3** | **to be announced**

- **Wed. Mar. 6** | **OLYMPIA**
  - by Leni Riefenstahl

- **Fri. Mar. 8** | **SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS**
  - by Preston Sturges

- **Sun. Mar. 10** | **WEEKEND**
  - by Godard

- **Wed. Mar. 13** | **LAST HOLIDAY**
  - with Alec Guinness

- **Fri. Mar. 15** | **RASHOMON**
  - by Kurosawa

- **Sun. Mar. 17** | **THE FILM-FLAM MAN**
  - with George C. Scott

- **Wed. Mar. 20** | **YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE**
  - by Fritz Lang, with Henry Fonda

- **Fri. Mar. 22** | **ANIMATION SHOW**

- **Sun. Mar. 24** | **THE BICYCLE THIEF**
  - by Vittorio De Sica

- **Wed. Mar. 27** | **DIRECTOR'S CHOICE**
  - program of shorts to be announced
Mon. Apr. 8  THE LAST HURRAH
dir. John Ford, with Spencer Tracy

Wed. Apr. 10  PLAYTIME
by Jacques Tati

Fri. Apr. 12  JACK JOHNSON
documentary by Jack Clayton

Sat. Apr. 13 and Sun. Apr. 14
THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY
by Sergio Leone, with Clint Eastwood, Eli Wallach,
and Lee Van Cleef

Wed. Apr. 17  THE 400 BLOWS
by Francois Truffaut

Fri. Apr. 19  FIRST MEN IN THE MOON

Sun. Apr. 21  MIDNIGHT COWBOY
dir. John Schlesinger, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman

Wed. Apr. 24  LAW AND ORDER
by Frederick Wiseman

Fri. Apr. 26  THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER
dir. Tony Richardson, with Tom Courtenay

Sun. Apr. 28  ONCE IN A LIFETIME
with Jack Oakie and Zasu Pitts

Wed. May 1  THE AFRICAN QUEEN
dir. John Huston, with Bogart and Katherine Hepburn

Fri. May 3  ADALINE '31
by Bo Widerberg

Sun. May 5  HARAKIRI
by Mosaki Kobayashi

Wed. May 8  THE MAGNIFICENT AMBASSAORS
by Orson Welles

Fri. May 10  I VITELLONI
by Fellini

Sun. May 12  DERBY
by Robert Kaylor

Wed. May 15  THE PRODUCERS
by Mel Brooks, with Zero Mostel and Gene Wilder

Fri. May 17  KANAL
by Andrzej Wajda

Sun. May 19  to be announced

Wed. May 22  TOUCH OF EVIL
by Orson Welles

Fri. May 24  THE GRADUATE
by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman

(schedule is subject to change; watch coffee shop bulletin board for relevant details)
NOTES ON THE CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOSISTIC THEORY

- Ric Baxter

Not long ago I caught the American premier of Egri Bikvar's Bloodless, his latest film. The aesthetic ramifications of his political propagandistic picture cannot be appreciated by the art critical liberal bourgeoise rule of American film critics. They can but approach the film through their own sympathetic and critical aberrations. The question of criticism has long been criticised. Old established auteurs turn in their corkscrews of the old film critics with clan populism in a vogue search for the truly selfless critic. Yet this is a hopeless (but not thankless) task. The younger critics in particular have had great disputes over the merit of such films as R. A. Union's Best Fiend and A. W. Farber's Hickey's Black. Yet the conflict of their own concentrations on the "theory" or "style" too often obscured their personal merits as critics.

It is by far the most amusing scene in Bloodless when the young anarchist turns to his father, a film critic, and states, "I refuse to read any film criticism unless it be made to run through a projector." Bikvar's obsessionalism will not be seen as part evasions attributed to the critics' hostility towards his last film, Bang Guns (a feature length scratch film dedicated to Isou). The insane development which follows the above statement is quite disquieting. The application of this hostile principle is more than funny; it is so true.

When critics have been seen as sympathetic in the avant guard new requirements, were not seen at all as they rocketed to the cosexual adulation of the old film critics getting their reviews ready for opening night are brilliant, last minute spicing of paragraphs, repairing torn or damaged sheets' holes in the paper, having prints made, then the associated with the release of a new review, excerpts replacing PR stills. Many a critic turned in his typewriter at this point in favor of a camera, just for convenience mind you, in accord with the new convention.

Many a critic took his own life when confronted with the mogul of mass media and the indiscriminating public, suddenly finding themselves in the genre of structurism, or becoming obsessed with the public and overcome with a spasm of inferiority.

The great difficulty in talking about cinema and cinema style stems from the fact that there is no need to, "What then is the role of the critic?" asks the wearied man in Bloodless. Having a job to this opening eye of his latest film, "Got me there gal," is his only response, and it comes from the janitor (who is incidentally having an affair with his wife.).

The critic in Bloodless is not unlike the playboy in Kris Korn's epic film, "Bloodletting". When asked his discovery that he had cancer of the right testicle, joins a monstrosity. Critics simply could not cope with their new demands in Bikvar's new flic. It was as if their pedestals suddenly dissolved, and they found themselves immersed in much.
a mere reading of the lines conjures up; if I were Goneril I would not have trusted his curse to dry up the organs of my increase any more readily than the merry maid. Now this must have been the product of a fear of overacting, which is admittedly perilous in so intense and archetypal a character, but I would rather have seen him overact. Kings do sometimes, even off stage.

Then there were the drapeaux, as an instrument to use to give the reason for their presence, but chiefly they tangled up the actors (excepting the Fool-Lynn Pepper-who used hers well.) The symbolism itself was of the heavy-hanging, and common at Bard, and I despised it. When it became apparent that the male characters were expected to use their kirtles as swords in the fight scenes, the result can only be described as awkward. I am afraid that there really is no resemblance between a rattling fight with towels and good Elizabethan fencing, whatever William Driver may think; one imagines Tybalt flogging Mercutio to death with his purse, or someone swatting flies.

The direction, as well, a foolish insistence on stereotyped gestures of the nightmare stage; when Goneril (Hilaria Winfield) and Regan (Jane Gootnick) menace Lear around the set with upraised claws, for all the world like the Purges in THE FLIES, gesticulating and flailing, I gave an extra cringe for the Bard of Avon. I know it is cute and fashionable of late for actors to behave like phantasmasvorgs when portraying the existentially desperate hero. But dammit, English noblemen, however vile--of Lear's time or of Shakespeare's--just don't do that.

It was in the language of the play, however, that the worst brutalities were committed. With the exception of Edmund (Jim Siering), Cornwall (Juel Parkee)--my survival at the production may well be laid at their feet--and Pepper in her Fool role, Shakespeare's vivid words lay in the actors' mouths like so much cold porridge. I blame this only on the lack of a sense of history. It is too easy for many people to recite Elizabethan English, especially verse, with insincere solemnity and detachment; when actually it is one of the most fluid, expressive eras of a language which has fallen on comparatively hard times. Lear's words should be massive, towering things, king-sized, thunderous, even in despair and madness. He recited them. The elder daughters should be seductive and insidious in their speech; except for an occasional glimmer from Jane Gootnick, who certainly did know how to look the part and often move the part, they recited them. Kent (Stewart Arnold) should be passionate and impulsive. He recited, except that at some times he recited louder than at others. And so on. It was worst when the diction became not only wooden, but affected.

Goneril is Goneril, just like it looks. The only textual justification for Cameron's pronunciation is the line calling her "not my daughter, but a disease." Or perhaps this was intended to provoke the audience to slap. Elizabethan men talked, just like everyone else, and Shakespeare wrote the language of his age, albeit in verse. The fact that Siering and Parkee could and did speak it with ease only drew attention to the lack of this ability elsewhere.

Gaward, I must say, had a good conception of his anvilly parts, even more so. He brought it off, and almost did so vocally. One could kick him, far more than one could bend the knee to Lear.

I left at the first intermission, overcome. People tell me I should have stayed for the ending, which was the best part; I can only say that it is the thespian's task, even his duty, to make the introductory portion of a play interesting enough to woo the audience's continued attention. Theater is entertainment, after all; not, as some people seem to think, existential medicine, no endurance contests. I liked Edmund and had more than a little feel-
what movie?

As a public service to those who continually ask that sad question, "Who ever heard of that movie they're showing tonight?", the Film Committee hereby gives you a rundown on some of its more unusual offerings for this semester:

**THE SMALLEST SHOW ON EARTH** (Feb. 17): British comedy—A young couple find themselves in possession of a dilapidated movie house, with Peter Sellers and Margaret Rutherford on its staff.

**FORBIDDEN GAMES** (Feb. 27): In the midst of World War II, a pair of small children play war games of their own in this anti-war classic directed by Rene Clement.

**SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS** (Mar. 8): Preston Sturges' comedy about making socially relevant movies.

**LAST HOLIDAY** (Mar. 13): From J.B. Priestley— Alec Guinness as a man who has six weeks to live, and decides to go enjoy himself while he has the chance.

**YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE** (Mar. 20): Fritz Lang directed this 1937 "Bonnie and Clyde" film, with Henry Fonda.

**PLAYTINE** (Apr. 10): Jacques Tati as Mr. Hulot.

**L&L HEALTH FOOD STORE**
13 East Market Street, Red Hook
Home Baked Products vitamins fruit nuts goat's milk cheese
OPEN TUES-SAT 10am-5pm

**Hoffman's**
FRESH FRUITS
AT 9 - 11 A.M. SAT.
SMALL FARM VEGETABLES
ALSO APPELS ITCHES FRESH EGGS

Humbling about a Paris so ultra-modern that it isn't really different from any other city anymore.

JACK JOHNSON (Apr. 12): Documentary, using rare old footage, on the first black heavyweight champion, whose style of living infuriated the "establishment" of the time.

LAW AND ORDER (Apr. 24): Frederick Wiseman, who made **ATTICUS FOLKWAYS** and **HIGH SCHOOL**, here examines the Kansas City Police Department in another of his documentaries on public institutions.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME (Apr. 28): Rare Hollywood comedy from the Kaufman-Hart stage farce, with Jack Oakie and Zasu Pitts.

**ADALIN '31** (May 3): Bo Widerberg made this film after **ELVIRA MADIGAN**; it concerns a town in Sweden in 1931, and the incident which changed the face of Swedish politics.

**HARAKIRI** (May 5): An "anti-samurai" film by Mosori Kobayashi, who sees the samurai code in a light rather different than that of Kurosawa.


**KANAL** (May 17): Andrzej Wajda's study of the disastrous 1944 uprising of the Polish Resistance, in which an isolated group of fighters is forced to attempt to make its escape from the sewers of Warsaw.

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**Un classified Ads**

Seeing as the New Improved Observer is your paper, we would like to make the Unclassified ads section open to all members of the Bard community. There is no charge; send copy to Box 65, campus mail, just try to keep them on the short side.

Earn $15,000-$25,000 with a film and Record Company. Details 3200 B 0...154 West Ten Ave, Oak Ridge, Tenn 37830

Help Wanted;
$100.00 weekly possible addressing mail for firms-Pull and part time at home-Send stamped self-addressed envelope to COMMAO, BOX 159,
ROUND ROCK, TEXAS, 78664

ATTENTION HOMEWORKERS:
Earn $100.00 weekly or much more addressing and mailing envelopes in your spare time. For details send 25¢ and self addressed stamped envelope to; Felons P.O. Box 149, St. Francisville, La., 70775

Wanted;
one drummer, one bass guitarist, two guitarists (lead and chords) to form ROCK GROUP at BARD must have own equipment. Contact Box 954 if interested.

Wanted;
Rider to share expenses to Pittsburg. Contact through Observer, Box 65. Any weekend.

Notice;
Where is Lee Harry Oswald now that we need him?