Students—Beware
A Note From the Security Department:
Pat DeFile and his Staff
No Snowballs:
The Problem Of Noise In Ludlow
Richard Tedesco

["Referring to the article on King Lear: . . ."]
Chuck’n’Bob the Seymour Shufflers
[" . . . Was going to comment . . . Let your eloquent letter speak for itself."]
St. Kate
Phil Carducci’s Sports
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A Note From the Security Dept.:

John Woods, mgr., and Gene Ladrazu, supervisor, of the A&P Supermarket in Red Hook, appreciate students buying at their store. But there has been a problem with some students shoplifting. In the past offenders have been reported to the school or, in some cases, arrested. Is it really worth it to get an arrest record for an eighty-five cent package of cheese? Any kind of arrest record can hurt you if you want to go to law or medical school, or even to get a civil service job. So a word to the wise, if you can't pay for it, leave it alone, don't shoplift.

We thank you for cooperating with us by not parking in front of the gym and vicinity. We hope another tow-away program will not be necessary. Confidentially, any unregistered vehicle and anyone parked in front of the ravine houses will be the next tow-away victims.

It is also illegal to park on a public highway. If two wheels are on the road (Conrad Road, or any other) your car may be ticketed. Civil authorities are handling any of these violations. The most common areas of offense are Dining Commons and down at Adolphs.

Fire extinguishers are very important. Any one caught tampering with one may receive a thirty-five dollar fine. Remember, if there's ever a fire and the extinguishers are empty, the life you could save may be your neighbor's.

Also, warm weather should be upon us soon and many students will be walking along Annadale Road. We have had some cases of harassment in the past. We suggest that you walk in groups, don't hitchhike, and if you are bothered in anyway get the license number and description of the vehicle and report it immediately.

Thank you.
Pat DeFilo and his Staff

NO SNOWBALLS:
THE PROBLEM of NOISE in LUDLOW
by Richard Tedesco

There have been rules at Bard from time to time. Really. I remember them 4 years ago when I first moved to find myself here, there were rules. Nothing extravagant, but rules nonetheless. You can look it up if you don't believe me.

It's true, there were only two: no pets and no firearms. It was difficult at times to understand why these rules existed: they were largely superfluous to the way in which life was conducted here, insofar as there were any detectable patterns about anything. The only genuine report of a gun on campus (before this year) was the case of the rapist from Tivoli who thought he was still in Vietnam when they caught up with him out on Cruger's Island. And back in those days it always seemed as if there were more dogs than people in the D.C. which was fitting enough all things considered, and they were often a source of entertainment for surpassing the limit of conversations in the old commons. (The dogs were kept out these days but the conversations haven't changed much.) The dogs were indeed quite an aspiring couple on 4 years ago, and probably more closely knit than any
A WORD FOR ONE OF Ours

Nota bene, Bard: you now have a chance to show just how deep your social feeling runs. Little red-haired Jenny, it seems, rolled her car up into a tree recently and is apt to be laid up at home for the rest of the semester. Considering the loss of income and American medical costs, this is no joke.

For those of you who don't know who I mean, Jenny is the checker who sat out in front of D.C.'s last semester. She usually didn't post you for your ID because she knew who all of you were. I knew her then better than most because I used to sit there at the check desk, drinking tea and taking the checker at odd moments when she wanted a break. She'd tell me about her kid, her job, her problems, her life, I'd talk about classes, my friends, where I went on weekends. I liked making her laugh and she made me happy, just by being—well, a friend, and a pretty gutsy little lady to boot. Sometimes she wondered out loud if it would be nice to go back to housekeeping. That always ended with, "Well, I'd miss the kids."

She must have meant it. She put up, with enviable equanimity, with being treated like an advanced change-making machine by a lot of you, unreasonably temporary guff about getting into D.C. from several more. I had a friend who got drastically ill one night, and they got in her car and drove her to the clinic. She didn't have to. She came from a stricter, more custom-conscious culture than Bard's, and the tenor of life here sometimes baffled her and even scandalized her a little, but she has the gift—and I may say Bard could use some of it—of seeing that people, even if their clothes and their language seem like what mother always warned you against, are universally the same, needing kindness, deserving respect, and most important, worth having for friends. I kept trying to write her a poem, and she could only come up with Jenny is as brave as a dolphin who takes delight in swimming just as if she had no fear of sharks in the sea.

Which all comes out, I suppose, to saying she's one of the world's good people and could use a hand. There's a collection in the D.C. to help with her expenses—if you don't ask me, ask Paul—and if you can't write her, she's Geneviève Cester, Rt. #1 Box 28, Red Hook, New York 12571.

Thank you, St. Kate

PHIL CARDUCCI'S SPORTS

VARSITY BASKETBALL

During the first half of the Bard basketball season, the Bard cagers showed the other teams in the Northeastern Athletic Conference that they are an up and coming team.

In its second game, against St. Rose College, Bard played aggressive basketball. The first half saw Bard take a 43-39 lead. But the second half was a problem again as our cagers couldn't close up the middle, and St. Rose won the game, 106-94. Steve Pouchie was a high scorer with 28 points and Frank McCray with 23 points.

Things changed as Bard came back to Annandale for its first home game of the season. They were facing a tough Binghamton Christian College from New York. Cecili Chramat was the spark behind our team as he scored 25 points. We led Binghamton by nine points at half time, 36-29. The Christians fought back very strongly, but Bard held on to win its first game of the season, 85-79.

Two days later, and still at home, the Skidmore College team arrived at Bard to be mutilated by our cagers. After the Binghamton game, Bard cagers felt victory. They came out shooting and playing very good offensive, basketball.

Steve Pouchie, Frank McCray, and Robert Millan each had 16 points apiece, and Cecili Chramat had 12. Bard zipped Skidmore, 90-71. Tuesday, December 11, brought our neighbors from Catskill down to the Bard Campus. Columbia-Greene Community College brought a stubborn squad with them. The Bard team thought this was an annex to the Skidmore team, as they took a 53-35, at half time. But they were wrong. Bard had leads of 10, 22, and 19 points at the end, only to see Columbia-Greene fight back to within five or six points each time. Behind the excellent backboard shooting of Robert Millan (32 points), Bard won by seven points to 104-77.

The next day, the cagers took the long trip to Purchase, N.Y., and Manhattanville College. The fatigue of playing two games in two days showed as Bard was beaten very badly, 53-52.
group on campus. Even if everyone hadn't ignored the rule, there was never any notable effort to enforce it. The administration did discourage one woman, affectionately known to denizens of South Hoffman as Zoo Lady, from keeping half-dozed stray beasts she had to shelter in her room. But this was an isolated case, and Pres. Kline's commendation of Bard pet lovers for Father's Day performance 2 years ago heralded the official rejection of the old pet rule.

All of which, aside from being slightly boggling, might tend to make one wonder why college administrations have such a propensity for creating useless rules which should never function as rules in any case. One reason is the insecurity and responsibility which any well-intentioned administrator feels to periodically create regulations. It reaffirms the administrator's identity to tell people where they can't park their cars and when and how they can't make noise.

Now there are more foolish restrictions than the run-of-the-mill parking and noise variety. At Colgate University there's the "snowball" rule; you can't throw one within 25 feet of any building. There aren't any "no snowballs" slogans anywhere, attention, but some hopeless geek of an administrator actually got it into the handbook. But then, Colgate also once changed the days of the week (made Tuesday a Wednesday and vice versa) in the middle of cancelled classes, so the snowball rule isn't entirely out of character. (The dean at Colgate was named Martin, hint that something else entirely.) Of course, Colgate hasn't cornered the market on cretinism in the Liberal Administrative Approach. Take Bard for example. Generally, as you might glean from the pot rule story, at Bard doesn't take a hard line on much of anything. Disciplinary fervor here usually holds more to the form of incidental regulations arbitrarily enforced, until Mary Sugatik strikes on a new ploy or Pat DePile decides to create more rules of his own.

The long deceptive history of the security office is yet to be written and I would certainly make no attempt here. Regrettably, the entire story may never be known in any case since Pat DePile can firm thumb on the little cabinets, as well as on the people who, officially or unofficially, work for that office. It is no secret that Mr. DePile has student workers aren't officially, ethically, working for him. It is no secret that the security office is aware of all those who engage in certain substances which are considered contraband in this state. More than one unimpeachable source has assured me that the security office goes well beyond the call of duty in dictating who can engage in such activities, and how. But perhaps all that is neither nor there, since students generally accept the authority which Mr. DePile imposes. Indeed, the administration is also reluctant to question the jurisdiction of our FBI-on-the-Hudson. According to one reliable source, people in Laidow would just as soon not know the precise nature of security operations at Bard, disconcerting rumors notwithstanding, it would be exceedingly difficult to keep. In fact, the trends in security activities, such as subject they are to Mr. DePile's whims. Last term the burning concern was the use of fireworks on campus. This term they might be bathroom graffiti. Snowball rules are out of vogue, but you never know...

Of late our administration, in the guise of DePile, has taken to issuing edicts which amount to an absurd assertion of their often comically deficient perspective. The new ruling on quiet hours exemplifies the sort of nonsense which can only contribute to making Bard a more dissimilar community than it now, admittedly, is. The necessity of such a ruling implies that there is an absence of the most basic communication between the members of this community. We have all probably experienced at one time or another how noise reached what anyone would reasonably consider intolerable proportions. Rarely have I ever found any individual who could not be dissuaded from a predilection for disruption. In short, those quiet hours are both reasonable—and unnecessary. Why didn't the Administration at least issue some pre-emptive intimation of this regulation? Should it be enacted if the "intolerable" conditions persisted?

I entirely sympathize with those who may be burdened with inconsiderate neighbors, but the factor of "lengthy discussions with many students and with Student Senate" which inspired this decision is unconvincing. Why was the community not consulted more generally? Consultation with the Senate elite is meaningless, particularly if that consultation is intended to imply a characterization of that body as representative of Bard students. It provides an interesting contradiction to see senators purporting to represent student interests, in light of their recent attempt to illegally ignore the mandate of last semester's referendum on budget allocations.

This week the administration has also shown its concern for the safety of students in all phases of campus life. For our own safety we may no longer park Along campus roads, or rain of being lowered. One potential safety factor is the problem of snow removal along that thoroughfare, but the regulation is in effect at all times. Why, then, can't this rule be restricted to those infrequent occasions of snowfalls? Even a lethargic compliance would not impede Bard's renowned snow emergency operations. And why is nothing done to adequately repair the roads here, if the concern for our safety is so acute?

The clearance of halls in the interests of fire safety is the most recent "request" from our mentors, and the intentions are unsatisfactory. But why is there no concern over the problem of fire exits, which are largely non-existent in most buildings at Bard? 2 years ago the fire alarm system at Manor was non-functional and probably still is. Why this concern over trivia with marginal attention to essentials? It is likely to trip over a litter box in the modular hallways, even in an emergency, but one could easily be trampled in those hallways and the distance from a second floor window is respectable.

All of these observations may seem unduly critical, a snapshot aimed at too easy a target. Or you may consider that a very serious deficiency exists in this Administration: its incapacity for dealing off-handedly or arbitrarily, in confused ways, with items which suggest an obscuration of priorities. There is nothing very new about any of this, nothing too unique from the various levels of incompetence apparent in any college administration. But there are already too many albatrosses at Bard, ranging in size from the insignificance of registration procedures and, as the resident constituency of this institution, retain the choice of acting to rid ourselves of these unfettered by allowing them to hang there for as long as it is our lot to remain and endure them. Sheer noise is a problem here, nowhere else, but maybe it will take "No Snowballs" sign to drive that point home.

Richard Tedesco
I'm still not quite sure why Tricontinen-
tal Film Center sent a press screening invita-
tion to the Observer for LUCIA, the Cuban tri-
ology which opened in New York on Feb. 28. 
Perhaps it had something to do with the fact 
that Bard was one of the first colleges to 
rent MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT (shown here 
this past November), the excellent film about 
Cuba under Castro. In any case, I went to 
New York with our co-editor-in-chief to this 
screening only to encounter another mystery: 
what moved the European critics to call LUCIA a masterpiece?

LUCIA deals with three stages of Cuban 
revolution (1955 against Spain, 1933 against 
neo-colonial dictatorship, and 196... against 
the ravages of imperialism), and more speci-
fically with a different Lucia who lives in 
each time period. It was made in 1969 by 
Humberto Solas, then 26, runs close to three 
hours, and was the only film actually shown at 
the Cuban Film Festival in New York a couple 
of years ago before the Treasury Department 
closed it down under the Trading With The 
Enemy Act. It opened in New York after having 
received numerous awards and rave reviews 
abroad. So much for the factual background of 
the movie.

The problem with the movie is that Solas 
was too damned young to make a big movie, and 
that he comes from--well, an underdeveloped 
country. The result of this is that each 
story has some very nice moments, but the writ-
ing is continually contrived and clique', and 
Solas as director continually loses his cine-
matic cool, resorting to melodramatic devices 
when they are totally unnecessary. Take, for 
example, the 1895 story, in which a Spanish 
adventurer seduces our heroine and tricks her 
into betraying her revolutionary brother to 
the Spanish army. There is one fantastic se-
quence in which a group of naked Cubans on 
horseback charge against the attacking Span-
iards, but the rest of the battle scene is 
dominated by crass angles, too-fast camera 
panns, and overly jagged cutting (The editing 
throughout is extremely crude.). When Lucia 
kills the Spaniard at the end of the episode, 
these faults become overwhelming to the point 
where it becomes difficult to tell what's 
going on.

The best section of the three is the mod-
ern story, but it's the most problematical as 
well. It seems that Tomas literally doesn't 
want his new bride Lucia to see any other man, 
but he has to, because the local revolutionary 
committee says that that good-looking teacher 
from Havana has to stay in their house to 
teach Lucia how to read and write. Having 
learned how to do so, Lucia runs out on Tomas, 
who doesn't even want her to go out to work. 
It's slightly above-average Hollywood sitcom, 
pretty well done, but it represents a violent 
change in tone from the epic struggles of the 
éarlier sections of the film (and this movie, 
even at its worst, is an epic!). It seems as

It would seem, in the end, that Solas is 
rejecting artistic formality--a standard reac-
tion in many Communist movies. He made his re-
volutionary film, all right, but while it may 
be revolutionary in its politics, it is artis-
tically reactionary. This, I'm afraid, is 
nothing that Bard's many friends are not 
going to be able to explain away.

TO ALL WOMEN,
You now have a Women's Center on this cam-
pus in Albee between the bath and social rooms. 
It contains various periodicals and books per-
taining to all facets of the movement. 

We hope that we have a central location perhaps the 
Bard Feminists Alliance will achieve a little 
more solidarity. This is a great place to come 
and talk, study, read, etc. But...in order 
for the center to stay open and operate effi-
ciently, we need people desperately. We do have 
energy, let's channel it.

There is a sign-up sheet outside the center so 
please put your name down for the hours you 
can work.

Bard Feminist Alliance

WYANDOTA STUDENTS AT BARD

Wyandota--on the 24th or December 1973, a 
flash fire caused by an exploding boiler com-
pletely destroyed the campus of the State Uni-
versity at Wyandota. The unfortunate students 
were left without a campus, The Board of Re-
gents has arranged for them to continue their 
education at Mid-Hudson area colleges until such 
a time as the Wyandota campus is rebuilt. We 
are happy here at Bard to welcome at this time 
Wyandota students, with hopes of seeing more in 
the future. We join with all Bard students in 
wishing them a pleasant stay here while their 
campus is being rebuilt.

L. McLeod
LARDOZ
A REVIEW by W.T. DICKENS

You will undoubtedly hear much about the film "Sardoz", it's that type of film. However, I doubt that you will hear any two people saying exactly the same thing about it; it's almost like looking at the sky. It's very war, very funny, very disquieting, and very heavy-handed. This much everyone will agree on. However, the degree to which the effect of the film is the result of director John Boorman's efforts (of "Deliverance" fame) as opposed to being the product of his stupidity and lack of sensitivity, will probably be hotly debated. Judging from the reaction of the press and preview audience that I was part of, I'd guess that most will probably believe Boorman to be an insensitive clod. As for me, maybe I've been hanging around Bard Lit. and film majors too much, but I think "Sardoz" falls only one step short of genius.

I saw the movie at the John Jay school in N.Y.C. The fact that they had gone so far as to invite college students to the premiere made me quite surprised at the quality of the film. At first, I was totally enchanted by the richness of the script, the photography, the special effects and the directing. Everything was so original that several of the opening scenes provoked the audience to uneasy laughter. For instance, at the end of one early scene Sean Connery, the leading man, appears with his shoulder length blond hair, wearing a pony-tail, sportng thigh length leather boots, and khaki chinos with crotchet belts for suspenders. He walks in a camera's range with his back turned, picks up a camera, with his right hand, and shoots the audience, and at this point the whole screen goes red. The rest of the film not only continues this type of insanity, but accelerates it. In fact it gets so much worse that I ceased to believe my eyes. Then it struck me: this is too bad for real. In short I didn't believe that director could be that bad by accident. I think I finally convinced myself that there is considerable method behind the apparent madness, and I think with good reason.

Briefly, the plot of the movie, if you want to call it that, is a rather interesting revision of the "years after-the-fall-of-the-world" theme. Back in the 1990's (do you remember them?) the world fell apart. While it was falling apart a group of scientists decided to preserve all the "good things" about human, (i.e. art, music, science) by making themselves immortal, closing themselves off in little fortified enclosed worlds and going on their way while the rest of the world died. But after three hundred years of scientific research and perfecting communication life got to be quite boring and so a whole lot of people turned into catatonic types who do nothing but stand around and stare at walls. People who don't move don't produce much food and despite the fact that everybody was immortal, they all still had to eat. So the people of these mini-utopias (called vortices) were forced to enslave a bunch of brutals to grow food for them. (Brutals are the survivors of the catatonic, they run around in broken down cities wearing torn Brooks Brothers suits, getting shot down by the exterminators who control the brutal population for the people of the vortex. Sean is an exterminator.) In any case Sean liked killing people more than being slave boss on a wheat farm so he decided to find out who was responsible for his change of assignment and to kill them. He then finds his way into the vortex. Once in, the people of the vortex find him quite fascinating. Meanwhile he works to find a way to destroy them. In the end they all find out that it's hopeless to resist fate (the idea being that they'd be doing it now for the first time ever). The whole community ends up helping him destroy the artificial intelligence that maintains the vortex and assures everyone immortality. Now everyone is free to die, and they all do. Once the force field is down, Sean's friends who have been working around outside come charging in and start shooting. The exterminators and all these former catatonic types who are now running around screaming "give me death!" Sean then disappears into the woods with one of the more intelligent women from the place and they go live in a cave and have a kid and world lives again and forever after. If my description seems rather disjointed try the movie.

In any case, the movie comes off as being a big ad for sex and death being the essence of life. Any attempt, by man, at rising above it to become "God" like (there are all sorts of "God" themes running in and out of this film) is futile because immortal man is stagnant man, and stagnant man is dead man, besides that, man's creations mock "God's" in their lack of subtlety. And this is where the heavy handed highly stylised directing comes in. Every inch, every overacted part, every trite piece of photography combined with music, gross we can be. I think this element gets a little overstated and that the degree of overstated detracts from the film, however, that's my only real complaint.

Now for the recommendation. Go see "Sardoz!" Enjoy yourself. Laugh at the bad parts, even if everybody else is too self-consciouslyBoorman know what he was doing when he put the film together and they're there to be laughed at. Take my word for it. Maybe you won't agree with my interpretation, but I would recommend reading this film in this way. It nothing else the film ends with a good light show. So if you get a chance, take it in.

Like life, this movie is probably too serious to be taken seriously. As one of the characters, a magician, says at the end of the very first scene, "After all it's only a movie... but then maybe God's in show business!"

a plague for polypharmacists

Eliquor

Oppressed minorities are ever popular with college students. And难怪, if not conclusive, results have turned up in studies of university denizens willing to contribute to collections for victims of the Venetian blind, the musically deprived, etc., as well as for campaign for such worthy causes and institute rummages and phonathons. So, as I pen these lines, I feel confident that in some tender heart sympathy will be aroused for the plight of this most forgotten minority--the chronic polypharmacist, or musical snob, in the confines of an American college.

Having matured(despite arguments to the contrary) in an atmosphere which included the intro and exodus daily of some 5 to 8 young French Hornists, some exasperatingly excalable, I came early to appreciate the value of silence while acquiring great faculties for dealing with its absence. The French Horn is a formidable instrument, entirely capable of being played loudly in the upper register, of making all the hair fall out of a cat (though that's another story). So it cannot be said that I enter this fray unarmed. I did not run that plait of blossoming Siegfrieds for nothing, and despite the young man who once lived above me--the only person I ever heard capable of making a cello
break wind—or the several guitar pieces I have learnt under duress, as it were, by osmosis, I have nothing against practising musicians. In fact, I am just the kind of musician I imagine you might find in a film like The Man With the Golden Arm. But noise resistance, however sturdy, cannot avail against my intestinal inclinations and I find myself surrounded by the noise of the music world.

Now I am not Jascha Heifetz, who could remove himself from an explosion in any public address system simply by dropping his name, and I will concede that the situation in the Dining Commons is beyond control. But even so, the piercing sound, either from the speakers or from pouring a double malted into the speakers, but I know that, like chickweed or a foot fungus, it would only come back in the same sort of thing on dormitories, however, one experiences such a patch of blood as accompanies the discovery that the foot fungus has crept above one's boot line. But enough of polemics. Join briefly, if you will, in the plight of the polyphonist on a particularly high old evening in the dorm.

Say you have just come in from dinner, surrounded by the discomfort attendant on suicidal pursuits. The telephone is ringing—this is normal—and somewhere in the distance a dog is barking. You decide that, right now, Respighi's Fountains of Rome would be very nice. Along the trees in the Appian Way, the Villa Medici. You get this out, collect a book and put on the phonograph. Now you soften flute and violins do not use amplifiers. As the first chords begin to sound the hall door slams and a someone wearing wooden clogs Doppler in and out of the music's range: "How does it re-2a-be on your own/A complete unknown?" You wonder. You think of rolling a stone down the hall as the inquirer but by now you are no longer in range. You are near the Villa Giulia at dawn and missed the first few rays, and you settle back with your book. You never quite reach the Triton fountain, however, because all some one wishes to find out about news, or weather, and has tuned in a Fourcheeke station.

"Come out of my dreams," exhorts the corridor, "I have your arm round my shoulders.

Inquiries are suddenly made of the wireless owner, from the other end of the building, as to the probability of an expedition down the road. The owner is forthwith turned over to the exchange, producing a hiatus in which you realize that somewhere overhead several people have got out a guitar and are reviving the soulful lyrics of the 1930's:― Scoobie-doo wu-wu

...well, you get the idea.

You become annoyed. You retire the fountain of home and examine Early Brass music, Don Juan (there are great French horn parts) and the French-Military March from the Algerian Suite. The wireless goes up again as you put on the last at an elevated volume. You cuddle up to the book again.

Presently the building shakes. For a moment you think it is the shock of Manhattan, 30 miles away, sliding into the sea like Edgar Cayce again somewhere. Not entirely displeasing. Disappointment. Down the way the building's aspiring rock star has plugged in his electrical guitar and is noodling. (He never plays a melody, he always noodling and he loves it.) He makes out to be a saxophone. You think about this briefly, especially the thumb-screws and the probably cost of a pair. Several rounds of French Lessons start down an Algerian defile, albeit somewhat defiled.

Some minutes pass. Upstairs the scoobie-doo wu-wu-wu (a discrete breed of something, you decide) has come to tap their feet in time to the wu-wu. They too are wearing wooden clogs. The wireless commences to exclaim that it is on top of the world and looking down on creation in four-part harmony and triite rhyme. The guitar ventures a chord just as the trombone section reaches a echo at your left elbow, which is starting to twitch. Then, suddenly, the dam breaks. A returning contingent from Adolph's, somewhere below the window, initiates a faint but unmistakable chorus in 6 different keys of "Follow the Yellow Brick Road."

By this time, you understand, Algeria has capitulated. You look for some instrument of vengeance. No baseball bat. The wireless is trying to explain its condition. There! On the sill is a tangerine which was ready to meet its Maker last week and is now in such condition that its bottom is slowly flattening against the casement. You raise the window, gingerly pick up the missile, and take aim. Suddenly a hall-door opens above and a pair of wooden clogs descends the stair, singing:

Scoobie-doo wu-wu-wu

Reason vanishes. In one bound you achieve the hall, close your eyes and throw. You open them. You have just scored a clean hit on the chest of Proctor.

The picture painted above looks a bit black, it's true. It may be a little discouraging to the few polyphonists at Bard. Still, there is hope. I get up appr'sently 20 by the sun this morning. And there exists in my possession a complete set of Richard Wagner's Gotterdammerung. Like the Bomb, it is chiefly a weapon of detente. But let the public take note.

P.S. All the hair. Even the whiskers.

*From page 2*

Frank McCarrey led the team in scoring, with 16 points. Cecil Chatman was next in line with 16 points.

A rematch between Bard and Albany College of Pharmacy took place the following Friday, this time at Bard. Frank McCarrey led the charge in the first half as Bard was down by nine points 40-29. But the sixty-seven percent shooting of Albany throughout the game held up, as they won by twelve points, 100-88. McCarrey had his highest east total of the season, thus far, 31.

Steve Fouchee had 20, "obert Millan had 15, and Dave Watson had 10 points. Cecil Chatman scored his last game as a Bard cager, scored but a mere 0 points, but his presence on the court will be missed.

The Bard basketball team resumed its schedule with a rough game away in Hudson, N.Y., against Columbia-Greene. Turnovers hurt Bard in this game, who were down at half time, 45-24. Frank McCarrey led Bard with 24 points and Mike Flaherty with 12, as Columbia-Greene took out its revenge with an 86-66 victory over Bard.

Two days later, Bard came home to face its arch enemy, Vassar. Harry Brey sparked the attacks with 22 points, Frank McCarrey with 16, and Cliff Forrest, a newcomer to the varsity team scored 14 points. Bard had control throughout the game with a balanced attack. Bard was victorious, 76-66.

The big game of the week came at home against Manhattanville. After a 30 point defeat earlier in the season, Bard was out to get revenge. Steve Fouchee remembered this defeat and came out shooting. He scored 29 points. Harry Brey had 17 points and Robert Millan had 13, as Bard rolled over Manhattanville, 92-82. This victory evened Bard's record and gave them five losses for the season with four games left to play.

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**INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL**

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<th>Lost</th>
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my first reaction was one of confusion and disbelief. I checked the case in my drawer again and again, thinking that I could have overlooked it. I went through all of my drawers and looked in places that I knew were not places where I would have put it. It was a large sum of money that was to have lasted at least a month and one morning it was simply gone. It was still hard for me to believe that someone had actually come in and taken it until my roommates discovered that they too, had money missing. The person or persons had to have known when all three of us would be out. Besides the total sum of about seventy dollars from all three of us, nothing else was touched. Beyond the feeling of paranoia and uneasiness that comes from knowing that someone was in your room, the part of the campus that is supposed to be your own; there is a feeling of humiliation and anger that also arises. People tell me that I was foolish to have left my door unlocked, while I'm here; I do think of Bard as my home. Perhaps it is corny and idealistic, but I trust people. And when someone takes advantage of your trust it is humiliating. Of course I'm angry that my money is gone never get it back, but I'm also angry that someone among several of the Bard community because of the circumstances has caused me to have to worry about looking at my door and have made me think of other people as potential thieves. It hurts me to think that it was probably done by someone I know.

Before leaving for Winter Field Period, I received a notice in my mailbox warning students not to leave anything valuable in their rooms during the break. Although I was given this warning, circumstances forced me to leave quite a lot of things in my room. Over the field period I was a little worried about coming back and finding everything gone but I knew that I would have no one to blame myself. Perhaps though, if something had been taken, I should have blamed it on Security, in my mind.

What happened to me and my roommates this semester can not really be called a problem of people at Bard or any individuals, or any community in general. People have always been used in relationships and how they become alienated, unable to trust or talk to those whom they once thought of as friends. This sort of breakdown is depressing, but can be dealt with in the open. To me, it's like the first level. It is something that exists in most communities like Bard. Every individual has their own problems and insecurities that cause them to hurt other people, but when you are confronted with a situation like this, it seems you wonder just how deep this alienation really goes. The situation suggests a larger breakdown than just one of social alienation; a breakdown that cannot be fixed by greater security.

I could say that it is just a reflection and outgrowth of what happens every day in outside communities and cities. The difference is that Bard is not a city where most people are strangers to each other without any underlying tie. It is supposed to be a place where people at least have some sort of common interest in intellectual pursuits. But I suppose that it is too idealistic to believe that the higher values and understandings that are normally associated with an academic community, and the people living in it would be strong enough ties to ward off this deterioration.

Beth Aronson

Last Friday, Bruce Baillie, a recent addition to the Bard film department faculty, screened several of his works. Despite horrible conditions and a sound system that was forced to compete with the sound of the projector, I don’t think that I would be too far from the feelings of the audience in saying that his films easily conquered the screening conditions.

The old saying among film makers, that the only problem with film is that it is film, seemed truer than ever when the projector broke down in the midst of "Gastro Street." As a result, Mr. Baillie proposed another screening of his work under better conditions. Though a date remains to be set, when it does arrive there should be no excuse for missing it, short of broken limbs or the like. Mr. Baillie’s screening will undoubtedly be the most important cinematic event of the semester.

Though Bruce Baillie’s west coast sensibilities are very foreign to my own New York ‘bias’, his films make a very strong and beautiful case for his particular vision. His films are very sensitive and are filled with an extraordinary joy, a celebration of nature, light, and life. And more subtly evocative, of a life-style, extremely appealing in his presentation.

I shall speak of Bruce Baillie’s film no more, certainly no words of mine could do justice to his work. All I can do is hope that you will attend his next screening whenever, wherever it occurs and share with me an admiration for a truly great artist, who’s presence we have the honor of.

In this column I wish to call attention to a fact little known outside of Red Balloon circles; that is that every Thursday night there is an open screening at the Balloon, (8:30). So go over new work being done at Bard and bring your own films. It’s an open screening, like I say, so don’t be bashful. There will be 16mm, 8mm, and super eight projection equipment available, bring whatever you’ve got, or come just to see what’s going on.

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