

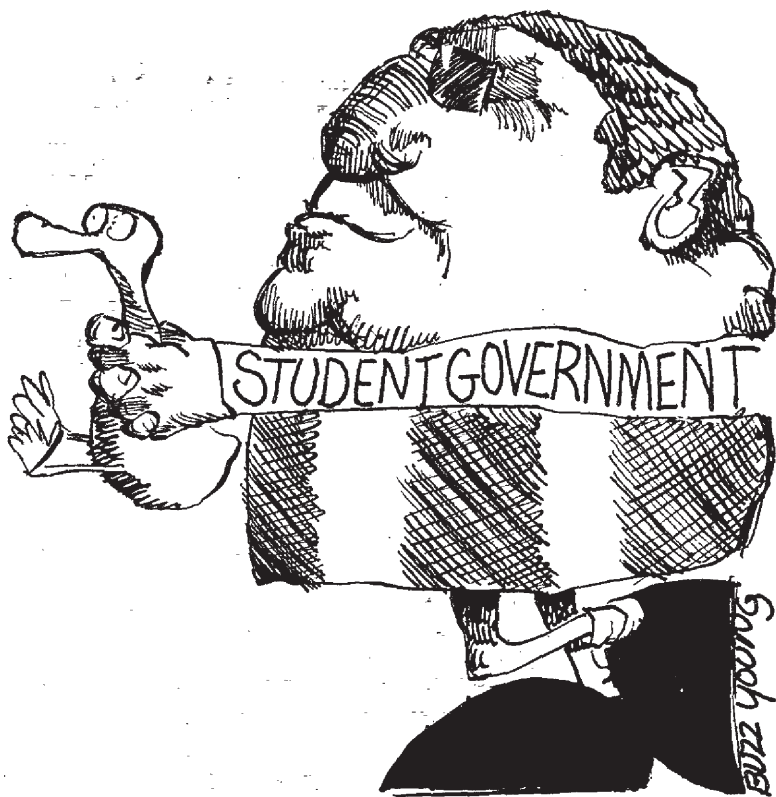
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OBSERVER

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Page 1	Senate Issue Clutching At The Little Rubber Duckie Of Power [Cartoon] Buzz Young A Kind Of Editorial St. Kate Counting Priorities Sol Louis Siegel
Page 2	Contingency! Philip N. Carducci Upcoming Theatre Productions She's Back To All You Animal Lovers Lynn Tepper
Page 3	The Albatross Is A Fortunate Bird: A Reply To Snowballs John James Dalton Fear & Loathing in Albee Social Notes On The Senate Dilemma Lindsay Hill
Page 4	Swiss Protestants Unite! Barbara Whiteman
Page 5	Editorial Note The Senate Reporter Barbara Whiteman Theatre! Burton Brody Reacts To (St. Kate's Reaction To) 'Lear' Burt Brody
Page 6	Mario Donatelli Raps On Theatre Objectives Mario Donatelli
Page 7	Film Speak J. Scher "Yes, It Came!" Sol Louis Siegel The Reliquary
Page 8	Phil Carducci's Sports Varsity Basketball Intramural Basketball Agora Tom Redmond



Clutching At The Little Rubber Duckie of Power



a kind of editorial

Leon St. Kate

It seems that, whenever I write an article whose main purpose is not much-needed conservation or social reform on the Bard campus, I find myself going to bat for the Observer. Last term it was "Going Down for the Third Time," and the topic was student apathy and nonsupport of the newspaper. In fact, this term the topic is... well, that isn't it precisely. The fact remains that we are effectively bankrupt. But put that aside for the moment.

Now the editorial policy of the Observer (in case you were wondering about its presence, absence or nature), as set forward in Going Down, and which we have attempted to practise, is to provide, over and above news, an impartial forum in which any and all community opinion can find expression. Despite the bias of the editorial staff in one matter or another, which you may have noticed our lack of qualms about stating, we realise the obligation to print rebuttals and other material with which we disagree. We do, in fact, even solicit such material for reasons which I mentioned in Going Down—"there is something about a printer's devil that startles clarity out of people," and the necessity of using lucid language which must stand or fall on its own merits makes it possible for the community to observe and evaluate those merits.

Videlicet. In this issue we have articles displaying various shades of opinion about the Student Senate, especially the recent Budget Referendum brouhaha; there is also some writing, much of it cogent and worthy, evoked by my review of Lear. There is a comment, from our new Senate reporter, which would probably have been downright inflamma-

cont. p. 5

WITH

Barbara Whiteman, Burt Brody,
Lindsay Hill, Lynn Tepper, John
Dalton, Mario Donatelli

OBSERVER

VOLUME 18 - No. 3
MARCH 25 1974
(The Year of the Tiger)



SENATE ISSUE

Counting Priorities

by SOL LOUIS SIEGEL

Well, now we have some idea who counts around here and who doesn't. The Film Committee counts, sort of. The Observer doesn't really count too much. The BBSO COUNTS. Matteawan counts. The Folk and Traditional Society hardly seems to count at all.

These and other assumptions can be made following what I would like to think was a fairly careful watching of the budgeting process for this semester. Thanks to a new constitutional amendment, of which I didn't know anything until it was already being implemented, a third of the convocation fees for this semester were allocated by the students themselves by a public choice. It seemed to be a good idea when it was proposed last year, but there was one thing that was overlooked: in such a situation, members of the smaller campus organizations would rush desperately to cover for their own interests, with the result that larger organizations, with greater needs and greater mass appeal, got proportionally less than they might have otherwise. Also involved was the fact that when a student has \$12.50 of convocation money to spend, he might spend it differently than he would if it were \$12.50 out of his own pocket.

The latter was certainly a factor in the student allocation to the Matteawan committee of \$580.00, fairly close to double its budget request. Could they have achieved this total simply by requesting direct donations from the student body? They certainly wouldn't have gotten as much as \$200.00 under previous Budget Committee procedures. It was quite simply the new proce-

cont. p. 4

OBSERVER

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SHE'S BACK My face is red-not that I'm complaining. The prospects I cited for Jenny Oster's coming back in the last issue are now inoperative, and, back at Bard as of 3/18, she has this to say: "I want to thank all the kids for their contributions. It helped a great deal. And I want to thank all my co-workers for visiting when I couldn't get around; and a special thanks to Paul Zarogian for his kindness and help. It feels good to be back--I missed my kids!"

TO ALL YOU ANIMAL LOVERS

CONTINGENCY!

Philip N. Carducci

Contingency, the end of all the student body's worries about what their club will get from Senate. Well I hate to inform the student body, but as of March 13th, 1974, the contingency fund was down to about \$700.

The reason for this low sum of money is that clubs and societies who received a good deal of money from the students are asking for more and saying that they didn't get enough.

For example, one club who will remain nameless received about \$1100 from both the student body and the contingency fund. This club had the gall to come back to Senate and ask for an additional \$500. They only received \$300, but they never gave Senate a clear description of what they were going to do with the money, and what they did describe didn't sound at all feasible.

In contrast, another club came to Senate and described exactly what it wanted extra money for, and they even quoted prices. Their club is basically a new club on campus, but at least they know what honesty is.

The Observer is in the same situation as the above club, lack of money. We have enough for at least one more issue after this one; then we have to go to Senate for contingency funds. By the time we get to go to Senate the contingency fund will probably be \$0. This means we're out of business.

A school without a paper is like watching television without turning on the sound. It's hard to understand what is going on by just looking at the image on the screen, so you would turn up the sound to get a better idea of what's happening. The same is true with a newspaper. We must have a newspaper to realize what a situation means in other people's point of view. You might not always agree with other people's point of view, but it pays to know where you stand.

When you see something on television that you don't like you turn it off. Well, a newspaper is exactly the same; if you don't like what you read you turn the page. The Observer realizes that it doesn't please everybody, but we try our best. We are only human, and if that's a fault, we're sorry.

What we would like from our readers is a sign of support. Such as, if you disagree with an article or have suggestions on how we can serve the Bard community better, let us know. Don't be afraid to write.

Remember, there are only eight persons working on this paper on a full time basis. We do our best, but we need the student body's help. We might be out of business soon, as far as printing a bi-weekly, paper, but we'll still be around this year and back again printing next year.

Contingency is what every club should be on if the student budget is to be distributed fairly. I for one will back any revision of the budget law now in effect. We should all get our fair share, but the way things are now, it's a one sided affair.

UPCOMING THEATRE PRODUCTIONS: March 23-25, in Preston, D&D will present "Social Claustrophobia," an original one-act musical by Ray Gross. This is the first thing of its kind to happen at Bard in some time--an original student work--and all are encouraged to come.

The Bard Community has a reputation and history of being negligent, irresponsible, and cruel to animals. The pathetic thing is that this is not a description of some distant, past Bard Community. It is a present reality. Just last summer one cat died and another almost died of starvation due to, I believe, a student relinquishing his responsibilities. The grim and ghastly statistics of previous summers and field periods reach 10 or 15 abandoned cats and dogs. Some who were not fortunate enough to be taken in by Mrs. Coons, the women in the bookstore, the maids, or someone in Ludlow, met none too pleasant deaths frozen under benches or trapped in rooms.

The Pet Commission does not make rules for the sake of having rules. (Though Richard Tedesco seems to feel this way about rules.) They are guidelines we have drawn from bad past experiences and for the protection of the animals. Right now I foresee sad circumstances come June 1st. The dorms are becoming filled with kittens & puppies--cats and dogs who no doubt will be statistics come Sept. 1st.

****DON'T YOU PEOPLE UNDERSTAND--that kittens and puppies grow up and live for years and years?? That you should not only expect them to be companions but nuisances to other dorm members and your responsibility for as long as you own them? Domesticated cats just don't survive when set loose in their "natural environment." Dogs just don't find new masters. They get run over and if they're lucky, killed instantly. They go hungry--for days--for weeks. They get ill--they get mauled or even eaten by other half-crazed, starving animals. THE PLAIN FACT IS THEY SUFFER... and they can't do anything about it. They are prey to a Bard student's frivolous whim of wanting a "friend." Well, friends shouldn't leave their puppy "friend" outside at 8 weeks old to fend for itself against 10 full grown dogs. Friends don't leave their kitten "friends" crying in their room all day and evening. Friends don't throw their animal "friends" into the hallway or bathroom when they bark, cry, or become an annoyance. Friends don't feed their animal "friends" scraps from Dining Commons and expect them to be getting a nutritional meal.

If you really want to be a friend to animals, if you really love animals--then think about it a long, long time before you get an animal, before you bring he/she up to Bard, and before you abandon he/she up here as another potential dead body.

(Nick Scrimshaw: do you still believe the animals on Bard campus have the best deal?)

Lynn Tepper

The OBSERVER regrets that, due to money and space limitations, a few of the articles submitted for this issue had to be patly cut. We tried to keep the sense intact while doing so and hope the writers will understand...

THE ALBATROSS IS A FORTUNATE BIRD:
A REPLY TO SNOWBALLS

We were rather amazed recently at the loquacious ramblings of one well-known member of the upper college at Bard with respect to snowball rules and noise violations, et cetera.

Being somewhat interested in the subject ourselves, we plunged into Mr. Tedesco's article with considerable concentration, hoping to see the *raison d'être* of such regulations revealed, their facts laid bare, and their perpetrators pinned under the scrutiny of public reprobation.

Needless to say, we were rather disappointed when the timely and controversial subject of Mr. Tedesco's investigation dissipated into sundry personal harangues and conclusions *lux ex non lucendo*.

Our disappointment was, furthermore, paralleled by somewhat stronger emotions when it became evident that his mislaid, non sequitur conclusions resulted from misapplied, and often inaccurate, facts. This unfortunate miscarriage of journalism was compounded by the introduction of Mr. Tedesco's personal fictions and fantasies.

Let us briefly review his confabulation. We initially encounter some cheerful reminiscences about how it was in the good old days at Bard: no pets, no firearms. Oh yes, nobody believed in guns back then and nobody really cared about the animals. With tears in our eyes, we remembered the happy times of Buffy and Cyril-the-lame-basset-hound romping through dinner.

Now our perusal brings us to the bombshell: he asks: "why (do) college administrations have such a propensity for creating useless rules which should never function as rules in any case? Aside from a wince at the sentence structure per se of this question, we were forced to acknowledge the legitimacy and appropriateness of such a notion.

Mr. Tedesco attempts now to guide us through the mysteries of "the long deceptive history of the security office" where, "it is no secret," "Mr. DeFile has students working for him who aren't officially, ethically, working for him." We might raise an eyebrow and question Mr. Tedesco's use of the word "ethically" here, but no, no nitpicking. A serious issue has been raised! Students, not on the college payroll, actually informing on other students? Actually in cahoots with the "FBI-on-the-Hudson?" Mr. Tedesco, however, refrains from explanatory digressions and, aside from briefly touching upon the problem of "the sale of certain substances," and that of the menace of fireworks on campus, he plunges ahead into the matter of noise violations...

The conclusion that Mr. Tedesco reaches we must assume, is implicit in his final diatribe, this one ruminating over albatrosses and "obscurat(s) of priorities."

Now despite Mr. Tedesco's undeniably refined literary and journalistic sensibilities, we were forced to a somewhat different conclusion. That is, that his self-described "unduly critical, grapeshot" was simply unduly inaccurate horse-shit. Experience teaches us that while Mr. Tedesco raises some truly important questions about the style and quality of life at Bard, he simply is unaware of, or chooses to ignore the facts.

Knowing Mr. Tedesco to be a man-about-campus, and one who has had himself some dealings with the administration and especially with Mr. DeFile, we must conclude that he has chosen to ignore and misrepresent the facts.

It is our own opinion that, though rules per se come and go, indeed do so with the whim of our legislators, there exists at Bard one fundamental rule. It is not only a rule of common sense and necessity (Hesiod says: "The gods themselves strive not with necessity"), but one that Mr. DeFile and Dean Sugatt have unswervingly committed themselves to enforcing. That rule

is: THOU SHALT NOT BE AN ASSHOLE. Naturally at a place like Bard, such a rule is violated constantly. But all other rules aside, this one rule is the one we must make as an agreement between peers, that we will not be assholes.

Elucidating the facets and functionings of this rule is beyond the scope of this comment. It might be suggested that if you need such a rule clarified for you, then you are probably in violation of it at this moment. In any case, isn't it reassuring to know that when you ARE an asshole, and that means getting caught too, you have Mr. DeFile and Dean Sugatt to help you back to the paths of virtue (Hesiod says: "The gods put sweat on the paths to virtue.")? Isn't it nice to know that when Pat DeFile busts you, you are not really busted?

As for Mr. Tedesco, it is not our place to judge his actions, past or present. He knows if he is an asshole, and we are certain that Mr. DeFile and Dean Sugatt know it.

Respectfully,
John James Dalton

Fear & Loathing in Albee Social

by lindsay hill

notes on the
senate
dilemma

There are a number of marvelously tempting mistakes one may make when attempting to write an article on the student senate. I have little doubt that I will stumble into a few I have not foreseen but I would, at any rate, like to say a few things about the nature of student senate at Bard.

First I would like to examine Big Mistake #1, which is linguistic, and runs something like this "Democracy cannot work in an atmosphere of apathy. The senate seems to operate in a vacuum; students by and large do not attend meetings. Conclusion: the student body is apathetic." This is senate defence position #1. It has enough truth in it to convince those who wish to be convinced, but, in the main, it is unmitigated garbage. In 3 years here I have been struck by the fact that almost everyone I know is concerned about the quality of life here and would like to somehow act on that concern. With the vast majority of the students involved in drama productions, clubs, and/or committees, it seems silly to say Bard students don't care. With this in mind, I would like to move on to my next point: Big Mistake #2, which also uses language to misrepresent the facts. It goes about like this: "The student senate is a group of elitists who have no further goal in life but to cling to every lousy ounce of authority they can get." There are three wonderfully deranged assumptions here: 1) That no one on the senate was REALLY elected by the student body. 2) That no one on the senate is among those concerned individuals mentioned above, but rather, as of the moment of their election were somehow transformed into adversaries of that concern. And 3) That senators are a megalomaniacal contingent of brats whose only concern in life is to feed the delusion that they are "important."

The terror in all this is that Big Mistake #1 tends to perpetuate Big Mistake #2, and vice versa. The students become disenchanted with the senate, i.e., "student government here is a farce." And the senate becomes disenchanted with the student body, i.e., "The only time we ever see them is when they need money." The question I keep wanting to ask is: "How can the student body and the senate as a single unit transcend this rhetorical crap and get down to the business of making Bard a better place to live?"

When I joined senate this semester it had already gone a long way toward losing all credibility. Needless to say, things have not been helped by the senate's bungling with the budget. As I was as responsible as anyone else, I think I can honestly say the confusion arose out of the senate's sincere desire to do the right thing, but simply not

cont from p 1

dure, combined with the white liberal guilt syndrome (I hate to say it, but it is the truth, isn't it?), which resulted in Matteawan receiving the second highest total in the student allocations, right behind the Film Committee. On the other hand, virtually every large (\$1000 budget or more) organization received extremely low allocations in relation to their budget needs. The extreme example was that of the Musical Activities Group, whose concerts are usually pretty heavily attended--and which received a total of \$214.00 from the student body, perhaps enough to put on one concert. In any case, when the time came for the Budget Committee to allocate the remaining \$8000.00, a handful of groups--the Film Committee, the Black and Latin American organizations--dominated the proceedings to the point of overwhelming them. In most of these cases, these extra allocations, ranging from \$900.00 to \$2200 (for the Entertainment Committee) were necessary simply in order for the groups involved to put on some semblance of a program. (The Spring Formal, for example, will cost something like \$1800 to put on.)

What this all means is that the experimental allocation program must in the end be counted as a failure; some inequities may have been reduced, but on the whole it was a case of an underinformed student body making mistakes that had to be corrected at the whim and will of a necessarily (?) arbitrary Budget Committee.

But that's not all. After this process had finally been completed, the Student Senate had to ratify the budget--which they did in short order--then listen to the complaints of those groups which felt offended by the size of their budgets, or, rather, the lack of size. Most of this business was routinely handled--several clubs, including the OBSERVER, asked for extra money from the Senate's Contingency Fund and got it, although the Marxist Studies group did not. But two pieces of budget business at this Senate meeting could be considered extraordinary.

First, the Traditional Music group, whose allocations totaled less than \$50.00, claimed that there must have been some kind of miscounting of the student allocations ballots because their own members and their friends remembered contributing more than the \$24.75 they were supposed to have received from the students. They also asked for a guarantee of the extra \$100.00 they would need to actually put on a concert this semester. The decision of the Student Senate in this case was that since the issue of miscounting had been raised, it was now the duty of the Folk and Trad. Soc. to go through those ballots and find out how much they actually got--and the issue of letting the group put on a concert was immediately tabled for a week.

The other piece of business for Senate to consider here was a budget appeal by the Black Student Organization, which received a total of \$1300.00 in the allocations and was asking for another \$400.00. A resolution to give them \$300.00 was quickly made and passed; another resolution, to give them the other \$100.00, met with a tie vote but was passed when Kate Wittenstein, presiding over the meeting, used her power to break the tie. What was unusual about this was not only the size of the allocation, but the fact that the BBSO now has the power to spend more money than they could last semester. And, if my memory of the meeting is correct, thesenators did not question the Black request as closely as some of the other students present.

Finally, Folk and Trad. went ahead and recounted those ballots--and discovered that there was a mistake, to the tune of \$40.00. As a result, they were able to go to Senate and get the extra money to put on their concert. But this could not change the fact that the new budget system would have to be

changed back. It's as simple as this--the Student Senate is an elitist group almost by definition, and they're going to foul things up, sometimes quite badly (like right now. That contingency fund is almost gone already.). And nobody has come up yet with a better system to deal out that money. Until somebody does, it's "you lose" either way.

--Sol Louis Siegel

SWISS Protestants UNITE!

A COMMENTARY BY BARBARA WHITEMAN

The Bard Black Students Organization received \$402.70 in student donations and more than twice that amount, \$900, from a Senate allotment. They submitted a budget for \$3,025, the 3rd largest in the school, surpassed only by the Entertainment and Film Committees. They weren't satisfied with 1302.70, and appeared before the Senate to ask for an additional \$400, arguing that they need additional money, to bring black culture to Bard, since they feel that of all Bard students they have been most transplanted from their cultural background. The BBSO was also asked why they needed a phone. They explained that they felt they required it to keep in touch with other black students in the area colleges. (I know the Observer could use one, to do things like call the printers and keep in touch with college newspaper editors in the area, but somehow we manage.)

A question arose about the necessity of having two bands at the last BBSO dance. They explained that a battle of the bands was an "integral part of their culture," and that justified the expense. Well, that at least is something we have in common; battles of the bands are a part of my cultural background too--we had them in that little New England high school I attended.

But as I was saying, the BBSO wanted \$400 more. Their spokesman implied, by saying such things as "I don't know your feelings about discrimination" and "I've had a feeling though I don't want to mention any names" that if the Senate did not give them what they asked they would be demonstrating racism. The Senate was intimidated and gave them the \$400--actually, first allotted them \$300 and later decided to give them another \$100--bringing the BBSO fund to \$1,702.70. The BBSO spokesman walked out before the vote for the second sum was even concluded.

There is a sound rationale for supporting the BBSO. Bard is a small college and minority voices are not heard without a little encouragement, but \$1,702.70 is too much encouragement. Even \$1,302.70 is too much. The Folk and Traditional Music Society, that poor, mistreated minority, has been trying to scrape between \$100 and \$150 together so that they can hire a performer. At last night's meeting the Senate gave them \$60 over the 65.75 the students had donated. At the same meeting they gave the L.A.O. 300.00 to add to a budget already totalling \$1,075.00.

I too have been removed from my cultural background. I chose to come to Bard for just that purpose. But if the BBSO isn't happy with that \$1,702.70 some friends and I would like it because for a long time we've wanted to express our views as a minority. We are going to call ourselves the Swiss Protestant Students Organization and we've been looking for an old Presbyterian Church, white clapboard, with a bell and a steeple with a clock in it, to put in the Blithewood garden. There are towns that will give you one--they usually want to build a parking lot or something--if you pay transportation charges and promise to keep it in repair.

I strongly feel that both the BBSO and the LAO should continue to be supported by the Senate and student body. What I ask is that the Senate stop discriminating against those student groups which are neither black nor Latin American.

cont. from p 1

tory in the Red Tide days (if it had even found print); my hopes are that both the community and the newspaper are mature enough by now to handle all issues as they should be handled, with their minds instead of their Anglo-Saxon vocabularies. (I except the immortal Seymour Shufflers. But then, I apply their kind of language to my editors constantly, the difference being that, when I write, I find it more important to give the reasons for my sentiments.)

So much for what we have had to offer so far. In addition to this function as a forum, the newspaper is a valuable tool for the circulation of information. Excessive sums of money are spent in this school for the printing of memoranda and senatorial expostulations. At least some of these could be shunted into our pages, putting more of the information in a single, less forgettable place; could be, at least, if the funds already set aside for their printing were shunted to us as well, to help us keep going.

Well, the money has to come from somewhere.

Consider this. We are already in debt in the approximate amount of \$400. A staggering \$128 was granted us by such students as bothered to show up for the referendum, another \$400 by Senate, then \$200 more when the editors appeared in ashes and sackcloth at the next meeting. This gives us about \$328 in the red, not counting this issue. At \$175 an 8 page number... well, work it out for yourself.

The only solution at this point seems to be throwing ourselves upon the mercy of the court. If we can reach some kind of reciprocal agreement over notices with the Senate and Ludlow, if people would care to downright give, in cash or in kind (you, too, can list on your income tax "1 gal. rubber cement for Bard Observer, \$6 charitable deduction"), if people will help us with fundraising ideas... maybe we can make it.

And still, most of all, your work is needed. Your opinions, your reactions, your criticisms and you. You may discover, as many already have, that to write your ideas is to find things in your mind that you never even knew were there. And that's one of the most important things we're here for.

Karen E Murray

(Editorial note: This is the first in a continuing-we hope!-column series by our new Senate reporter, Barbara Whiteman. She will be sitting in on Senate meetings weekly, reducing her observations into a combination of factual reportage and comment, in the hopes that the workings of this body may be brought closer to everyone at Bard. As with all articles we print, your comment or inquiry is encouraged.)

THE SENATE REPORTER

with barbara whiteman

What first impresses one on entering the life of the Student Senate is the tremendous bureaucracy of the thing. There are two co-presidents who split a salary, a paid secretary, a treasurer they decided to pay last week although the amount of her salary has not been worked out, and innumerable committees and committee chairpeople who take care of things like pets, parties, budgets and complaints. If you have a problem they know just who to send you to.

Another thing that will strike you is the idealism and sincerity of the senators. At times you may doubt the depth of their insight into the general opinions of the student body, but they are very conscious of their roles as your representatives. They also have a refreshing sense of fairness. Case in point. Shelly Weinstock, the treasurer, after the Senate had already allocated some \$700, contributed some practical sense by reminding everyone that the contingency fund is not bottom-

less and that it should not all be allotted at once. It is, after all, a fund set aside for unexpected expenditures and for clubs unsure of the sums they will need. After the BBSO received \$400, a sum which dipped rather deeply into the fund, the senators naturally became less willing to disperse more; Shelly spoke up again, implying the necessity of balancing the students' needs with fiscal practicality, pointing out that the Senate does not run its allocation system on a first come, first serve basis. To give less to a club merely because they solicit money after you have just spent some \$700 is quite human, but not very fair. There was a brief pause of startled introspection and then the Senate acted on Shelly's suggestion.

But in spite of its large governmental structure and all that fairness and sincerity, the Senate is an inept organization. There are the many little blunders; some sheets being used at one meeting which listed club financial requests and Senate allocations were so incorrect they had to be discarded; the meeting for students to donate their money was so exasperatingly inefficient that it is not surprising some \$2500 was not allocated by the students--the Senate simply made it too difficult to give one's money away.

But Senate ineptness manifests itself in more serious matters. The idea of the referendum which permitted students to allocate 1/3 of their convocation fees was conceived in the Senate and passed by the student body. After this, however, the Senate discovered a clause in the constitution which led them to believe that any amendment to the constitution had to be passed by 2/3 of a quorum of the Senate. (Apparently no one had checked before to see if the referendum was legal.) For this reason the Senate "invalidated or ignored" it. This term however someone found another clause which does permit passage of such an amendment by the student community, and thus the Senate "reinstated or recognized" the referendum.

A serious mistake was made in counting student donations. Bruce Poli, president of the Folk and Traditional Music Soc., concluded after talking with supporters that his club had been given more by students than Senate acknowledged. The Senate figure was 24.75; Bruce believed that it should have been over \$50. He was snickered at, one Senator suggesting that his friends, to save face, might have exaggerated their donations. Bruce was willing to forget the whole thing, wanting only another \$100 so that his club could begin to engage performers as soon as possible. But the Senate had been charged with a serious offense and insisted that the ballots be recounted. Bruce was right. The Folk and Traditional Music Society had been given \$65.75 by the student community.

I heard the outcome of the recount from a friend who shook her head and said "Watergate at Bard." I can't agree with that. The Student Senate as a whole does not want to treat anyone unfairly; it does not have the organization required for such corruption, nor the temperament. That does not excuse their ineptitude, but I'd rather deal with inept sincerity than the hardcore partisanism that breeds Watergates.



BURTON BRODY REACTS TO (St. Kate's reaction to) 'LEAR'...

A bad review, either formal or casual, is more prestigious (for the reviewer) than a good one, and there are even situations where good reviews are a mark of taking the opportunity to conjure bad images but not to

cont. p. 6

appreciate good, and I think the review of "Lear" in the last Observer may be a case in point. To be sure, the review cited some good aspects of the production, but in a generally derogatory frame which I feel derived at least in part from this negative set and from an unresponsive approach to theater.

A clue for me was that the reviewer left early. It is inconceivable to me that someone could leave, especially "Lear." The play is so powerful that only a very bad performance could damage it, which the production at Bard certainly was not. The bare lines would have kept me to the end of the performance, and the various aspects of the particular performance can only enlarge the viewer's perspective.

It is true that Ossian Cameron and the rest of the cast are young Shakespearians, but from whatever experience, Ossian summoned a strong, rich, and consistent Lear - a great, bewildered, primarily frustrated old man. Lynn, Hilaria, Jane, and others also carried their parts with a sensitivity and consistent strength which a Bard colleague, who sees them in class and in dining commons, should have appreciated.

That's another opportunity which the Observer reviewer seems to have missed. That Bard actors are relatively young may often present a potential disadvantage, but that they are peers and colleagues offsets that. The audience, knowing the performers personally, can get inside their heads and more fully appreciate the ramifications of an interpretation processed through familiar channels.

Which brings up another point. One mark of Shakespeare is that he is timeless: he writes of eternal human problems. "Lear" is not destroyed by relinquishing the props of an Elizabethan performance. Staging, motions, and costumes should be dramatic, meaningful, and alive, to enhance the play. They need not reproduce the Globe Theatre.

As for the set, Bill Driver used richly the full possibilities of the unit stage, which one might notice was the basis of all productions last term. This is an economy measure and also a tour de force - to make the most out of what you've got. As with an intricately constrained French verse form, to appreciate this you must be somewhat knowledgeable and willing: if you come to it resentfully you will certainly get nothing from it. Apparently this term that same

space in Preston has been completely reworked into a theater in the round - for the entire term. Both audience and drama-dance students will have the opportunity to explore a different approach to the use of that space.

The symbolic simplicity of the costumes conveyed (in a non-aggressive way) the universal humanity of the characters. This was emphasized by the progressive disrobing of the good guys as the drama approaches its end. In other productions, different length loose robes have served as well.

Finally, Lynn Tepper played Cordelia and the fool very well, and Bill Driver was not revealing something which the wise reader or viewer must realize by himself to have her play both. After all, Cordelia could not become the fool as Edgar becomes Tom o' Bedlam - that isn't possible under the constraints of the story...but the same actor may well have played both parts in Shakespeare's original production. It's a symbolic identification which comes across well as it was done.

I attend most Bard productions and I see mostly the same people in the audience, time after time. Some people may stay away because of the sort of attitude I suggested at the beginning. It's easy enough: be courageous, damn the reviewers (both formal and casual), and try, with an open mind. It's a shame to waste the opportunity. - burt brody

MARIO DONATELLI

← raps on theatre objectives...
← THEATRE! continued →

This is written for the Bard Theatre Department, whoever that may be, in hopes that it will awaken to the fact that the current situation is part of not a natural but a historic process and therefore subject to the laws of change, as long as a certain basic, instinctive movement is not continually denied. The reviews which have appeared in response to Bard productions indicate a serious failure of most of those productions to reach the audience. For anyone interested in theatre this is something which should concern them both least and most. It is certainly not the time to throw the costumes of a whirlwind consciousness about their shoulders and carry on the fine incorruptible, incomprehensible 'tradition'. The sense of fragmentation in the department, as well as the frustration between actors and spectators, should not masquerade as an abominable whim of that devilish theater, but be subject to the same scientific scrutiny on which the department relies when dealing with the anomalies that limp and crawl onstage in the form of student productions. These considerations are the immediate concern of theater, and lamentably seem systematically denied at Bard.

What appears immediately lacking in the reviews is a language enabling the reviewer to respond to that to which he often feels he has been tastelessly subjected. This should give some inkling of the possibilities which theatre possesses right now - the need for language which will span the universe between two lips and two ears. There is not one theatre of entertainment, one of education, one of social comment; there is only one, the language which seizes the spectator's imagination...

Our personalities provide us with sufficient evidence of the disparities which one organism can embody; theatre allows us to see the muscular insistence of human rhythms which we can no longer deny. Not by assuming traits, obscure and arbitrary symbols, but the responsibility which first made theatre a religious ritual, we find in it a place where a breach is made in the limits of human consciousness. In our times that often means a return to some genuineness, some total response from which we live at one remove. The actor's process is therefore performed in isolation, yet he must still be able to listen. The concentration is necessary because of our faith in the competence of language to translate us, while in reality it seems to be for us a falling from error to error.

It is not good for actors to deceive themselves about their capacity to shrug off the yoke of consciousness; if they are actors, they are involved not in showing the spectators their newly acquired freedom, but their movement towards it. They will not assume but expose their humanity. That theatre can so mirror human nature, and the actor embody its movement, allows the audience to assume the freedom which the act and actor have purchased. Theatre cannot help but be committed. Its object is to awaken this freedom, not within the confines of the stage space, but within the personal experience of those attending, within life.

If these dilemmas make themselves felt in every production, why are they the most ignored when the actual work is done? Why are the efforts of students in this direction kept out of classes? If you are going to teach theatre you have to move. The development of an actor's ability should be forwarded by encounter with others, not hopelessly abused by the workings of a "department." So why doesn't the department begin to define what it knows and doesn't know, rather than pretending they got this thing to sell called "theatre"?

It is apparent to me that serious work is being done in Bard theatre. That a large portion of this occurs outside the mainstream of the department is less happy but equally apparent. I

have exposed my convictions about theatre, but even among students with differing opinions I find a great degree of discontent with the way this powerful machinery perpetuates itself without ever questioning its own efficiency. That theatre is at a crossroads is evident; that any one system must exist to the exclusion of others at such a college as Bard, I find difficult to accept.

In one student-directed production in which I was involved the audience was physically affected by what occurred on stage. To the few actors left onstage it seemed as if they were surrounded by the swells of an enraged sea which would at any moment rise and finally crush them. Who was watching who? And who was performing? What had been awakened?

For those with whom I have worked in Bard theatre, I apologize. We share a knowledge of how little we have done, and how much remains to accomplish.

Mario Donatelli

from p. 3

knowing what that was. "The right thing" turns out to be a diluted combination of 1) What the students want 2) What the constitution allows 3) What is plausible. It was plain that the students wanted the new budget system, but the constitution seemed ambiguous on the matter, and the plausibility of the system has been severely questioned by most everyone since its enactment.

The Senate Newsletter, which I have been putting out once a week, has been an attempt to bring back plain dialogue between senate and student body. It is obvious that for this to work the newsletter must be read and that students make their views on issues known by coming to meetings. Perhaps it is possible for all of us to make a fresh beginning (is this Big Mistake #3?) by realizing that we are all trying to get the most we can out of Bard and that the senate is one of a number of organizations designed to make that possible.

-Lindsay Hill

filmSpeak J. SCHER

The other day, in a friend's room, I noticed two boxes of Ektachrome EF 16mm film. Written on each box was the number 15. I asked what they stood for, and he replied that it was the price in dollars that he'd paid for the film at the Bookstore. That's \$15 A ROLL for this film stock. Now, this quite startled me. Kodak lists its suggested retail price for this film at \$7.66/roll, so how does the Bookstore come up with a figure like \$15? This is an approximate 100% markup from retail, and likely 150% from wholesale.

I found this outrageous, and asked the saleswoman at the Bookstore about it. She had no explanation, and was annoyed at my questioning the price. I have been told that the money the Bookstore makes goes toward scholarship funds. However, I question the sort of Robin Hood tactics here employed--ripping off the presumable rich with the justification of giving it back to the poor. Film is so expensive that anyone doing serious film work is poor enough, having spent every cent twice over, that to assume they have money to throw around like that is insulting to say the least. Even worse, to assume students will charge the film, leaving parents to pick up the tab, is certainly unjustifiable.

If the Bookstore is charging these outrageous prices as a result of poor purchasing on their part, then I see no reason to pay them. Order film from Kodak direct and save almost half. Let the bookstore keep its film till either they lower the prices or it rots on the shelves.

***That over with, I'd like to suggest something that doubtless needs little publicity among many but would not suffer from more: Upstate Films. It's located in Rhinebeck, sandwiched between the library and Foster's. What the seats lack in comfort for the posterior the films more than assuage in pleasure for the anterior. The

price, \$1.50, is comforting as well. There should be a new schedule out soon; I'll post a copy on the OBSERVER door should anyone miss it. In any event the phone # is 876-2515 should you wish to call about times or shows.

"YES, IT CAME!"

Not since the dark days of Black February, 1972, has there been such a mess. For those of you who remember, Black February was that awful period when five movies failed to arrive in the mail in time to be shown on schedule in Sottery Hall. The new crisis period began in early March when Two or Three Things I Know About Her, the Godard film, came on time, but the cinemascope lens required to show it with did not. This brought about a wildly comic (in retrospect) attempt to set up Andy Aaron's ancient movie projector, the only one on campus with a 'scope lens that fit, in Sottery--an attempt which failed along with the projector's sound system. The Birds was brought in as a replacement--and the soundtrack on the print turned out to be fouled up during a crucial scene. But at least it could be projected on the regular Sottery projectors.

Less than a week later, Last Holiday got fouled up. Quite simply, it got lost in the mail, which is interesting, because Rashomon was sent from the same place on the same day for a later playdate and came in plenty of time. At this writing, the fate of Last Holiday was still unknown.

The Flim-Flam Man did not get fouled up, but it did come on the last possible mail day before the scheduled showing. And, as if this weren't enough, it suddenly turned out that the Committee couldn't use You Only Live Once on its regular schedule as originally planned because of a mixup with the Film Department, with which they were going to share it. Fortunately, Bruce Baillie had a program of films to show and no time and place to show them due to the breakdown of the 16mm projectors in the film center (two of them at once), and so that slot on the schedule was quickly filled to the satisfaction of just about everyone.

Now it looks like everything has returned to normal for the Committee schedule and we hopefully will not have to go around asking if the night's movie arrived or not. However, there is an important movie in May where the print is privately owned and there's some question as to who's going to bring it up to Bard...
sol louis siegel

THE Reliquary

will return next issue. St. Kate is currently recuperating from this one, cruising to the island of Iona on a boulder.

WHITE HORSE
retail LIQUOR store

74 south Broadway
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domestic & imported
liquors & wines

may 11, 1974

8:30 pm

CASINO NIGHT
AT BARD

\$2 gets you \$200 grand (play money)

(look for further ads)

(Un)classified Ads



Free to members of the Bard Community--
send (brief, please) copy to Box 85

To Whom it may Concern: Last Dec. ('73) a herringbone sport jacket was taken from Annandale Hotel (Down the Road.) Whoever has it or knows of its whereabouts, I am willing to reach a financial settlement. Mike, Box 661

WANTED: People to work at CASINO NIGHT. Waiters, waitresses (paid by tips), house dealers, bookies. Also drivers & artists to help w/arrangements. Contact "Iron Harry" Ferris-Campus Mail

PHIL CARDUCCI'S SPORTS

VARSITY BASKETBALL

The end of the season finally came for the varsity basketball team. There were four games left on the schedule, and the Bard cagers won three of them.

The first of these victories came on the floor of Vassar's gym. Vassar, who at the time was 0-9, needed a win badly. Bard knew this, but couldn't pull away from Vassar until Mike Flaherty entered the game late in the second half and scored four straight baskets to put Bard ahead permanently. Bard won, 76-65.

Two days later, Bard traveled to Mass. to face the Berkshire Christian team. Bard was hurt badly in this game by two things. First, they missed a good many lay-ups, and second, the referees were terrible. Things were so bad that even coach Charlie Patrick received a technical foul. As you can figure out, Bard lost to the Berkshire Knights, 93-87.

Back home for its final game on the campus, our cagers faced a rough St. Rose team. Cliff Forrest sparked the Bard attack, along with Steve Pouchie. Bard won over St. Rose's bad sportsmanship, 105-97.

The final game of the year came against Skidmore College at Skidmore. This was the last game for seniors Frank McCray and Mike Flaherty. The Bard cagers didn't let them down, despite a close game till the closing minutes. Bard won this last match, 75-62.

With that win against Skidmore, Bard finished in second place in the Northeastern Athletic Conference standings, behind Albany College of Pharmacy. Official results of the All-League balloting will be published in the next issue of the Observer.

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

There were fourteen games in the last two weeks, so this reporter is not going to attempt to describe them all. Instead, here are all the scores and nights they happened on.

Feb. 28th -- Stone Row by forfeit over South Hall
Manor vs Off-Campus -- no game
Faculty 65 --- Modulares 23
Mar. 5th --- Modulares by forfeit over South Hall
Manor 42 -- Stone Row 39
Faculty 55 -- Off-Campus 48
Mar. 7th --- Stone Row 66 -- Modulares 64 (overtime)
Off-Campus by forfeit over South Hall
Faculty 46 -- Manor 43
Mar. 12th -- Manor 68 -- Modulares 60
Off-Campus 51 -- Stone Row 44
Faculty by forfeit over South Hall
Mar. 14th -- Off-Campus by forfeit over Modulares
Manor by forfeit over South Hall
Faculty 62 -- Stone Row 53

Final standings and results of the Upper college vs. Lower college game in the next issue of the Observer.

agora

An open column for discussion of religious/philosophical subjects at

Bard. This issue our Staff reporter Tom Redmond appears in his capacity as an organizer in Campus Christians, discussing some essential points of Christian doctrine. Other such campus groups or individuals are invited to submit articles for upcoming issues.

In order to write effectively about a topic, you must know what you're talking about: you must experience it or research it--otherwise you're only writing opinion without any authority. Due to the nature of death, i.e., simply that of dying, the only way to know what it is is to experience it. Obviously, if you experience it, you can't talk about it.

Jesus Christ breaks through all this with the authority to tell us what death is all about. Almost 2000 years ago He died, was buried, and rose again, never to die again. He has experienced it and is alive, able to tell us about it.

To start, He tells us why we must die: we're sinners. When God created man and placed him in the Garden of Eden, man was subject to a simple test of obedience. God tells us we have failed the test; we have sinned against Him, for sin is basically an attitude of wanting to go your way instead of God's way. As a consequence of sin, we must die (Genesis chap. 3, verse 19) for God has said the wages of sin is death (Romans chap. 6, verse 23). The sinful nature of man shows itself in different ways: crime hasn't exactly gone out of style, sexual perversion is still with us.

Jesus also teaches in Matthew 7:13-14 that there are two roads we must choose between: the broad and the narrow. He warns that, though the narrow way leads to eternal life in heaven, few people will find it. It's a hard way to travel, a life of discipline and being prepared to swim against the current, but the rewards are great. Your decision concerning Jesus Christ will determine your eternal destiny, heaven or hell, after you die. Yes, one round at life is all we get. Hebrews 9:27 states that it is appointed for man to die once and then the judgment. Christ makes it very clear about how you go to heaven--"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man comes to the Father but by Me (John 14:6)." Jesus does a significant thing here--He doesn't say "I'm going to show you the way," He doesn't say "I'm going to tell you the way,"--He says "I am the Way. You don't go through Me, you don't go at all.

Jesus is the Way--He took our place on the cross and took the punishment for sin that we deserve (2 Cor. 5:21). He is the Truth--Acts 4:12 says He is the only way we can be saved. Other ways may seem right, but Proverbs warns us not to make a mistake in choosing ways whose ends are eternal death (14:12).

Jesus is the Life--He came to give us life in all its abundance. He came to remove the sin barrier that stands between God and man. His death and resurrection is what Christianity stands on. It is what Easter is all about. Admit the fact that you are a sinner and that Jesus took your place on the cross. Ask Him to forgive you of your and by faith receive Him as your personal Lord and Savior. Be willing to live your new Christian walk under His Lordship. He'll answer you if you do; the book of The Revelation says in the 20th verse of the third chapter that Jesus is standing at the door of your heart, knocking, patiently waiting for you to answer. But don't put it off--do it now. God warns that the time to repent is limited. "Now is the accepted time...now is the day of salvation (2 Cor. 6:2)."

tom redmond