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Paying to Get Off

To the rising costs of rents, utilities, nd grocery bills, off-campus students are now adding the fee of $240. The off-campus fee, which has been around since 970 seems to be unique to Bard. When I contacted Fronalning, Bennington, Colby, Vassar and Hampshire Colleges, which are all basically residentially based colleges, we found that none of them had off-campus fees.

David Wagner (Vice-President of Finance) explained the charge by offering this history. In 1979, Bard’s tuition was the highest in the country. In 1980, it was the lowest. This trend was also noted in specific purposes. It was necessary to raise additional funds. To make the cost of attendance affordable, a $240 fee was added. This was charged to off-campus students who were receiving some services free, not covered by tuition. Since the channeling of money into specific purposes is largely theoretical, Wagner cited the use of sports facilities, grounds, roads and parking lots as things used by off-campus students that do not come under tuition. The fee of $240 has risen in proportion to tuition, says Wagner, to its present $300. He said that he was considering alternatives such as adding the cost to tuition where it would be shared by the whole student body.

Wagner was candid in admitting that the fee in a sense does not encourage off-campus living. He explained that Bard was basically a residential college, and the dorms could accommodate the off-campus people so the college was potentially losing money.

Of the five colleges surveyed above, none has a damage deposit higher than fifty dollars, and all refunded the money at the end of an academic year. In the case of Bard, the $300 figure was reached. Wagner stated that it was more or less arbitrary. The amount, he said, was determined by consultation between Physical Plant, and Deans Suggett and Wolinsky. Wagner compared the amount to the one-month’s rent security deposit usually charged when renting an apartment, saying it was approximately one-eighth of the dorm and Board charge. Bard’s dorm deposit is refunded at the end of the student’s four years, instead of every year, because the money could not be refunded until July only to be re-deposited in September. Wagner noted the inefficiency of this plan and emphasized that he was more interested in a speedy system of refunding money quickly when student’s leave.

Gail Levinson

In Memorium

Know Hannah Arendt? I didn’t really know Hannah—of course, I knew her and Heilbrich in the sense of being acquainted with them—Heinrich was a colleague, remember, but I didn’t think that anybody really knew her.

So I was given a senior of the Bard faculty when asked about the great scholar and friend of the college. I feel almost embarrassed at never having heard, much less read, of the brilliant woman before her death last December, and hoped to gain some insight into her life by attending last week’s Colloquium—which, interestingly enough, was one of the few college-sponsored activities of scholarly interest this year.

Despite the discomfort of the seats in Bard Hall, coupled with the length of the two keynote speeches, the experience was a rewarding one, and I began to get a brief glimpse of Hannah Arendt’s world through the words of Professor Glen Gray of the Colorado College Philosophy department.

She was a rebellious free spirit, he said, at once both sceptical and romantic. Those words especially opened a small window in my understanding and let some of Hannah’s intellect in. A student of Kert and disciple of Socrates, she followed the path of the great Athenian and others, in her search for the telos, the “end of things,” and the essential though complementary difference between truth and meaning. To Hannah Arendt, truth, beauty, and the idea of right and wrong were not all subjective, but were part of the total meaning, which transcended mere intellect and such the Is which philosophers referred to as the higher illumination. She did not see this, however, as an end to the process of thought, but that it would be found within the thought itself.

We human beings, said Aristotle, suffer from a most blinding, to things which are most evident of all. Hannah Arendt’s life seems to have been a struggle against that blindness, and that, possibly, is the legacy she has left us who celebrate her life rather than mourn her death: a little less darkness than before.

Dianal B. Eddy

Avoiding The Issue

The status of pets on campus is still in the same situation as it was in September. The student senate has ruled that until a workable pet commission is presented to them, and approved, they will uphold the present illegality of pets on campus. As it now stands, if you are found to have a pet on campus you will be fined by Theo Jokolosky and asked to remove the animal. This process will be repeated over and over until either the animal has been found another home, or school enforcement takes effect.

At the same time that senate might declare pets to be legal residents of the Bard campus, the administration says that they will in no way under any circumstances allow pets legally on campus. If student senate does pass and back a pet commission then going to the court of the student body, the clash between the students and administration.

Audrey Fleming

Page One
Playthings

The Real Inspector Hound

About The Real Inspector Hound, the first of two plays put on last Wednesday night by Bard’s Drama department, I have little to say. Mainly because I couldn’t hear any of it. The crisis of one of the "chirping" characters played by Judith Groffman and the conversation of Benett Bolek and Ron Canter was to blame because they tended to cancel each other out. Once the play got going, I could figure out that the two men in the "theatre seats" (Cantor and Bolek) were critics and were looking for someone named Higgins. Stuart Levine was a great dead body, but I wondered why he was on the floor throughout the play when he was only visible to the actors near the end. Little bits of the dialogue informed me that he was the lost Higgins, and that the whole thing was a play within a play and Bolek was the killer. I have yet to figure out why Freddie Kramer and J.C. Brotherhood exchanged roles with Cantor and Bolek. I knew it had something to do with getting Cantor into the play, but other than that... I was the victim of unprompted voices and bad acting. Kramer’s portrayal of the inspector tended to make you feel sorry for Frazee not the inspector, and Ellen Stein came across as nothing more than a snobby version of Ellen Stein. The play reminded me of all those "pajama productions" congested with non-characters. I wanted to leave during the first black out but I unfortunately had to stay.

Shawn Wanzer

Wine and Song

If you want something different to do these nights, a change of pace from Open the Road, try across the bridge.

Ten miles from Bard at 765 Broadway in Kingston, is a place called Upstairs at the Beef House. The atmosphere is cozy, the drinks are good, the prices are moderate and the entertainment is outstanding. Upstairs is run by Roberta Powell, a recent graduate of Bard. She has put together a format guaranteed to mellow you out and fill you with nostalgia. She and the boys (Shane Sawick, Bill Bria, Michael Gallagher) break into song at the drop of a tamina. Favorites from Gershwin to Lennon are sung personally to you. While serving or mixing a drink, their beautiful voices fill the air as Peter Leggieri plays accompaniment on the piano. Roberta opens up at 4:30 daily (except Monday) and stays open until 1:00 am weekdays and Sunday, and until 3:00 am on Friday and Saturday. The past-rarily thick hamburgers are delicious and you have the option of eating an appetizer upstairs and a full meal downstairs.

Mrs. Powell has a gag-a-long by popular demand and features specials such as Polish night and the like from time to time. She recently hired Bill Bria, a Bard student whose tenor voice you may remember from the Baccientennial play last semester.

So, guns put on a jacket for a change, and gas, try wearing a skirt or a nice pair of pants for a few hours. It’s well worth it.

Alexander McKnight, Sr.

The Lover

The second play, The Lover, was introduced well, but this too was barely audible. The acting was better, probably because it was less forced. I could hear Nick Samstag and Carleen Story conversing once the play was under way which was a relief because it verified my original suspicion that my ears were indeed functioning properly.

It was a long, slow play but so was the relationship they were depicting, so that its dryness was a metaphor for the tone of their marriage.

Both plays had some sort of twist to them, but The Lover’s was more clear and a better shock.

When I left Preston, I wondered what my review would be like, and having written it I realize that the plays were the cause of my initial empty reaction.

Shawn Wanzer

Hamlet

The second link in the sextet of Bard’s repertory plays was Shakespeare’s Hamlet. Despite an often brilliant performance by Nicholas Samstag for my part it should have been the missing link.

Everything worked against making this what it might have been. The audience was tired after sitting through a delayed start, a long first play, and an overly long intermission. The actors also seemed to have lost their energy and showed it.

More particularly, the problem was one of interpretation. It is true that no two people agree on how Hamlet should be played, for we are all Hamlet to a certain extent. We identify with all the emotions, we are familiar with all the lines. The performer who dares to play the role is wide open to negative criticism from all the Hamlets of the world.

Nevertheless, the acting was good. If you accepted the limitations that Mr. Samstag accepted, it may have been better than good. Still, this is not all Mr. Samstag and Hamlet might have been to us. They could have been different. It made us suffer Hamlet’s torment.

For me, I wanted to suffer the slings and arrows, at least for the length of the play. For after all, that is what tragedy is all about.

Alexander McKnight, Sr.

continued on next page

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Page Two
Bluebeard

Add a generous supply of cliché and make it Gore Vidal's Gene Wilder in Mel Brooks version of H.G. Wells' Island of Dr. Moreau and you will have a good idea of what the Bard production is like. Charles Ludlam was all about...almost. The plot centers around an ex-med student who, suffering from some "accident", goes mad and retreats to some lonely island. There, he terrorizes and seduces young women, whom he carries out his fantastical experiments in an attempt to create a third human-genital. There are the expected array of characters: two horribly disfigured servants, the senile doctor, a young and elusive leopard woman, the sweet and insinuating niece, her tried-and-true fiancé, and her featherstained chaperone. Eerie organ music, silly stage doors, mysterious formulas, and supernatural overtones abound, and to do other painfully overlooked clichés, yet this performance was extremely amusing.

One obvious Bard innovation was the casting of Ellen Stein in the role of Bluebeard and Benedit Bosek in the role of the foot-wound-woman. This not only adds another member to the play, but also gave both the opportunity to tackle a very difficult assignment. Had they not admirably adapted themselves to the part they would have failed miserably, but both managed these roles with complete ability and consistency. While Ellen's sex appeal is naturally derived from her strong physical mastery of her role, and I am not sure that her animal-like grace fits my own concept of the character of Bluebeard, she maintained a very dramatic, almost regal portrayal. Bertha sunk across the stage with amazing sensuality that was blatant, yet somehow escaped being farcical. Bosek succeeded in making melodramatic characters.

Tom Cantor (Sheehan) and Deborah Nitzburg (Mrs. Maggot) were hunch-backed servants, deformed and hideous, they were snarled, cowled and mauled, through infinite clichés straight from third-rate horror movies. Their cry of "No! Not the House of Pain!" became an expected reaction. While the other characters vacillated through several degrees of hum and satire, they remained firmly rooted in the classic horror aspect of the play - reminding the audience of what it was really "all about."

Judith Cramton was appropriately cast in her role as the "sweet young thing," and handled it well. Gaywood, as the young fiancé, was well cast, very amusing and providing many of the unexpected moments of humor.

Newelle McDonald was hilarious as the Jean Brody (Miss Malarrip) character. She was exceptionally successful with each new interaction with a mindless dignity which in itself created much amusement for the audience. In addition, her ridiculous vocabulary, errors and ability to fly in the face of danger, all culminated to complete sexual abandonment to aloof dignity once more due to laughter from her delighted observers.

Ludlam was having an inner struggle with himself, while half of his mind seemed intent upon creating a rather silly shock-horror thriller, the other half seemed to be keeping this attempt by taking it into ridiculous situations, loose nursery rhymes, and painfully overcome metadrama. The audience was repeatedly drawn and/or left by intensifying emotional buildups, three suddenly slapped in the face with a line such as Don't quip Sybil, You Baron Pre-vert! or Stop in the name of love!

Although I was puzzled by some facets of the performance and irritated by others (the leading dog's sticking, tearing, and threatened caggilis), I was pleased with the acting itself. I also must praise the excellent musical background. The organ music played continuously, yet always managed to fit the exact mood, rising and falling in intensity with the action on stage.

I am rather unsure of the meaning of the end of the play, for the genial fiendishly bestowed upon Bluebeard's lonely abode could only have appeared in a nort-icnicad's wet dream, and the subsequent quick dispossession of all the players left many questions in my mind, but I congratulate the actors for their valiant attempt and fortunate success in fulfilling with a unique and obscure pot-pourri of melodrama and satire.

Shelley Spencer

TomThumb

Henry Fielding's The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great was handled by the Bard Repertory Company with ingenuity, spirit and a pervasive sense of humor on Saturday, April 24th.

From Ron Cantor as the mighty mite to Ellen Stein as the gigantic Glumdalca, the high level of energy projected from the whole company sustained interest despite a rather silly plot line and transformed the thrill of the tolerable and the tragic to magic.

Tom Thumb has the most complicated love marriage in the history of the stage. There are triangles and even quadrangles. Both Arthur is in love with Glumdalca although he is married to Dallafolla. Glumdalca is in love with Tom Thumb who is in love with Runcamica who is in love both with Lord Grizzle and Tom Thumb etc. etc. Now to keep this plot from being totally ridiculous, it must be played with tongue-in-cheek. It has to be overacted and the Bard company managed to walk the thin line of satire and farce without stumbling.

Fielding, who is best known for the epic novel Tom Jones, sets up the elements for a tragedy in Tom Thumb: noble deeds, a suffering hero, and the inevitable death scene. However, it could never be real life.

From the beginning there is no doubt that the hero is anything but a tragedy. The King and Queen enter requisitely, and set the mood for the rest of the play. After that, it is all unlikely character after another until the battle scene and the final, hallucination scene come off everybody.

William Driver's inventive direction provided us with an interesting cohesive counterpoint. A bicyclist player by Nick Samstag acted as a sort of center stage talking variation. Mr. Samstag's timing and his often amusing innovations never distracted, and sometimes added focus to the farce taking place behind him. He ate, he adjusted his glasses, he checked references and somehow never lost a beat. It was a shame that some of his comments were lost when the taped music was played too loudly.

Despite some slow moments and some unnecessary clowning, the overall production was good and most of the cast was excellent, especially Benedit Bosek (King) and Deborah Nitzburg as Queen Dallafolla. The former was often a little Louis Carroll character, and the latter with bitings, mischiefs, and the liquefied flare necessary for the role.

Now as for the theme that is supposed to link the six plays being performed by the company; perhaps it was tragedy, perhaps it was the play within a play. Obviously, one has to see all six plays to be sure.

One thing for sure - this play had a bizarre ending, or should I say epilogue.

Mr. Samstag, the mild mannered scribbler rips off his wig and smog a Z Clark. Kent and emerges as Hamlet the super hero as the rest of the cast walks off with the furniture.

As the thematic linkage was invis-ible, this contrived transition was all too visible - even if the lights were out.

Alexander Mc Knight, Sr.

Lady Bright

The Madness of Lady Bright, by Lanford Wilson, was a very strong and overwhelming production, it was immediately impressed by the set which was entirely closed off except for a miraculous dressing table which divided the world of Leslie Bright, an aging gay queen. The audience viewed Leslie "through the mirror, which symbolized both his isolation from the outer world and his preoccupation with his own feelings of inadequacy, self-hatred, and fear that whatever virtues he does possess are too quickly fading. Behind him was a dirty wall containing the screwed signatures of his various lovers, the most prominent being that of Adams, the one man whom Leslie most adored yet totally failed to protect. This signature comes to symbolize to Leslie the lack of love and loveless relations which forever seem to be out of his reach; in his mind he gives the brief inconsequential encounter with Adam exaggerated importance, and continually fantasizes about his lost love.

Throughout his monologue, Leslie is shown, taunted, and mocked by life, flattered and ridiculed by Miss Morris and Frederick Krane, who appear as cardboard-jacketed images erected in the slowly disintegrating mind of their victim. Their satire symbolizes both Leslie's insensible, self-inflicted torture, and his new approach toward reality. By the end of the play, they have succeeded in tricking, tormented, and completely dominating him; ultimately abandoning him to face his own destiny inside insanity.

Leslie's situation is tragic, violent, and agonizing. His isolation is terrifyingly real, his self-image as a person of security and self-love is such an universal experience that I do doubt the audience could fail to identify with it. Both the author and the actors portrayed the disintegration of Leslie's mind with starkness and a skill which thoroughly overwhelmed me, and their message was deep, causing more of a catharsis than any other Bard production I have seen.

My highest praise must go to Benediti, who revealed a remarkable sensitivity of awareness and intention toward the character. His performance was moving and very, very real, totally excerpting the cliché or absurd. I was especially impressed with his substantial action during the final imaginary ballroom scene, in which he and Fred reenacted Leslie's fondest of dreams being attractive and wildly sought-after. Benediti displayed such a mighty tender vulnerability that I was completely awed.

The Madness of Lady Bright was both in construction and performance, very much a successful and satisfying production.

Sally Spencer

PLAY HIGHLIGHTS

The Madness of Lady Bright, by Lanford Wilson, was a very strong and overwhelming production, it was immediately impressed by the set which was entirely closed off except for a miraculous dressing table which divided the world of Leslie Bright, an aging gay queen. The audience viewed Leslie "through the mirror, which symbolized both his isolation from the outer world and his preoccupation with his own feelings of inadequacy, self-hatred, and fear that whatever virtues he does possess are too quickly fading. Behind him was a dirty wall containing the screwed signatures of his various lovers, the most prominent being that of Adams, the one man whom Leslie most adored yet totally failed to protect. This signature comes to symbolize to Leslie the lack of love and loveless relations which forever seem to be out of his reach; in his mind he gives the brief inconsequential encounter with Adam exaggerated importance, and continually fantasizes about his lost love.

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Sally Spencer

Observation External

Observation Internal

Page Three
BLENDED students and watch them drip dollars is the Bard fund-raising policy. Are our students being tricked by financial aid? A letter to the editor discusses this issue.

EDITORIAL

Blood Money

Dr. George Dubois to the Editor:

Because the Women's Alliance sees health care as a top priority, we have been trying to establish a gynecological clinic on campus. All students we spoke to expressed their desire to deal with a doctor, preferably a woman. We all agreed that the present set-up was not sufficient for the special needs of women.

When we first began working on the idea of a Bard Women's Clinic, our plans were very sketchy. Yet slowly we made contacts in the area and everyone was receptive and helpful. Most encouraging, we had support from the administration in all our efforts.

For instance, we had found an ex-cep-tonial gynecologist in Poughkeepsie, Dr. Florence Grotti. She is a highly experienced and giving person, who was ready to help us. During the last week, before Spring Break, two members of the Alliance and Dean Mann and Sugat met with Dr. Grotti to brainstorm ideas for our clinic. It was an exciting meeting and things looked good for at least a trial clinic one month this spring. The only hitch was in our insurance package. The student insurance does not cover anything under the heading of interventional medicine, somehow our gynecological clinic, through helping to keep people healthy, would come under "prevention." But we felt that even if the students would have to pay a small fee for service at the clinic, we could still save some back from the school which would make it available to everyone. We were assured financing would be worked out somehow.

Finally the Women's Alliance would step out of the shadows and make a statement to the Bard community, some of us imagined. We were ready April 5th to take the first step; the doctor would hold a forum for all interested students who would ask questions and ideas could be exchanged.

What ever happened to the Bard Women's Clinic? We were unanimously ignored. All the work, the information and the planning went down the drain. Without planning and financial support from the administration, the clinic has no future.

The administration says there is no room in the budget for adequate women's health care. We women think there is.

L. Preschel
To the Editor:

A recent editorial in the Observer severely criticized the quality of health care available to Bard students. I was an enrolled student at Northern Dutchess Hospital. I am a freshman who recently became ill for the first time here at school and I would like to comment on the care that I received.

I first noticed that my glands were swollen on Saturday, April 17. Of course the infirmary and I were working on the weekend to the first chance I had to tell anyone with any sort of medical training about my problem was on Monday morning. The nurse in the infirmary took my temperature (which was normal) said, "Well, you've got something, and told me to go to the clinic that evening. I did so, and was told by the doctor to have some blood tests done. This, I also did. On Thursday, I had to call the infirmary to find out if there were any results from the tests. All that I was told was that whatever I had was not mono and not syphilis. This was not very comforting, I was still sick, however, and had been for five days. I had not been given any indication as to the illness and really no advice on the best course of action to make it last as short as possible.

My condition continued to get worse, reaching a peak point at night, eight days after I noticed myself getting ill, where because of headache, muscle aches, nausea, and painfully swollen glands, I was unable to sleep. On Monday, I was admitted to the infirmary where I was given something to relieve the pain somethings that evening. I again awoke the next morning and I was finally told that I had some kind worth. The current enrollment of campus dorm dwellers is 549 students and the capacity of the dorms is alleged to be 650. What should be recalled are the days when Bard did carry that many students on campus and suiting such a number the Row were packed with students in a suite, where two now live unfilled. Overflowing the dorms with students to raise the cash is as basic for comfort would make dorm life more zoolike than it already is. Aren't the students entitled to a decent way of life for their six grand? Every idea of paying the student to live somewhere is a violation of an individual's basic liberty. All adults are entitled to live where they please and how they please. Why should the status of student force us into this subhuman state of having to leave our rights to the hands of college administrators? If one chooses to live at Bard it is only right that they should follow campus regula- tions. They made the choice to live at Bard, that individual's decision should be respected. We came to Bard to earn an education. If upperclassmen (as permitted by the college) choose to live elsewhere, that is certainly one of their basic rights.

The real problem is that Bard is short of money and must exploit every opportunity to raise funds. Raising funds is in the money and will attempt to soak the students at every turn; be dorm deposits, Winter Field Period credit or off-campus living fees. The white kids of Ludlow apparently want to discourage off-campus living and pack the dorms for all they're worth. The current enrollment of campus dorm dwellers is 549 students and the capacity of the dorms is alleged to be 650. What should be recalled are the days when Bard did carry that many students on campus and suiting such a number the Row were packed with students in a suite, where two now live unfilled. Overflowing the dorms with students to raise the cash is as basic for comfort would make dorm life more zoolike than it already is. Aren't the students entitled to a decent way of life for their six grand? Every idea of paying the student to live somewhere is a violation of an individual's basic liberty. All adults are entitled to live where they please and how they please. Why should the status of student force us into this subhuman state of having to leave our rights to the hands of college administrators? If one chooses to live at Bard it is only right that they should follow campus regula- tions. They made the choice to live at Bard, that individual's decision should be respected. We came to Bard to earn an education. If upperclassmen (as permitted by the college) choose to live elsewhere, that is certainly one of their basic rights.

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Underground With Talking Heads

Stay hungry. Stay hungry.

The numbers of the streets recede towards zero. The Bowery Street. First Then Houston Street-wide as a Parisian boulevard. Lined with buses and street punks. Turn at the corner onto The Bowery. First, stop at the red light. Bums scurrying up to stopped cars, the only conversations they have all day are through the panes of glass between them and car passengers. Once on the Bowery, the pattern of open spaces, worn ware-houses and never (ever) comfortable apartment buildings is broken by a white storefront and signs of white evening. C.B.G.B.'s and O.M.F.G.C. Here, neighbor to the decrepit hotels and the vacant buildings sits the home of the New York underground. Here, just past the desolate deserted and angry homes, come performers with names like Suicide, Tuff Darts, Day Old Bread, Television and Talking Heads. Here, on the Bowery, rock n roll throbs every night. Pull it tight. Pull it tighter.

David Byrne, Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth are Talking Heads, the best of the New York underground rock bands. The bands are all post N.Y., dolls, anti-guitar. Talking details is most casual so to. Two guitars and a drum. They are spare, functional, their stage presence barren, slight. In their music post-everything, strained clutches from the wasteland: Atmos Bombo, Girls Want to Be With the Girls, Psycho Killer, Warning Sign, Stay Hungry. What music do you listen to?

David: Our diet's always set at 99%. Chris: W.A.B.C. has gone down since Coastin' Bruce left. Tina: We feel that our music borrows from just about everything. From Floyd to Hot Chocolate. David: Yes, I like You Sexy Thing. Anything with a catchy refrain. Make a motion. Make a motion.

Do you listen to anyone the critics claim as your influences? Morrison, Lou Reed? David: We're somewhere in between all those people. Lou Reed is too cold and The Doors were too hot. And The Velvet Underground's too far out, you know. In the underground. Tina: The Velvet Mus were too much out of the mainstream American youth.

Watching Talking Heads is mostly a painful experience. They stand on stage dressed in black and white, deadly seri- ous, cut-out costumes parts: one. Only David has a sick and fed-up high- pitched monotone. The name of this band is the Talking Heads. It is the voice of someone on the brink; of what we're not sure.

How do you go about writing your songs?

Tina: David does all the words and the lyrics, but we contribute. David: Yes, they come mostly from the newspaper or the inspiration of walking from one place to another. That's the lyrics part, the music is usually written after. Forty hills, mostly bits and pieces, I remember from a long time ago.

Pulpsilion. Pulpsilion.

They open their set. Chris on the drums seems intense in a sizeable band, the obsessiveness with which all the lyrics strikes you, and the violence with which his sticks whisper the air becomes scary.

Does your stage act differ much from how you are while rehearsing?

Tin: It's just that everything is more fuel. David: Yes, I can get quite excited at C.B.G.B.'s with a lot of our friends. One night people have paid money to listen, it's a great hunger and a great responsibility and we like to do the best to please everyone. We hope that they enjoy themselves and will return to see Talking Heads again.

Stay hungry. Stay hungry.

Tina's delicate features are set off by her massive electric bass. Her eyes alight between looking at somewhere and nowhere and looking at David. She looks at him with fear and admiration; looks to nowhere the same way.

Do you see any connection between the kind of detolation you project and being post-Vietnam?

David: Desolation? We feel very joyful when we play.

But you're in opposition to the psycho- delic withdrawals of late 60's music.

Tina: Yes, but the whole thing is in a subliminal way. We don't play our music because we think the Hippies are dead, we try to make our music come out in the music. But of course, we wouldn't be doing it now if we were playing years back we might be doing it today.

David: We're trying to break up the stuff, too. But we're reflecting a more technological orientation. The beat of mechanical living.

David stands up front. Lead guitar and vocals. He politely introduces each song and thanks the audience for all their music. With his short black hair and hands and fame he could be a young ex- ecutive. Until the music starts. Then sometimes, the words jump out of his mouth without his teacher's approval. Or sometimes, he spits them out. Always staccato, always sounding at the edge.

Where do you place yourselves in the N.Y. underground? In the N.Y. rock world?

Chris: Well, we're glad to be part of a movement, but we don't feel we have much in common with the rest of the bands.

How do you mean?

Chris: A lot of them have too much courting on a stage, and are into individual ego trips, doing long guitar riffs. Our guitar riffs.

Tina: Our only awareness of the underground comes when the record companies tell us our music is better surface to the plane of
Wheels Keep Rollin’

Asleep at the Wheel played for an audience of Bard students and Pough-keepsie townspeople two Sunday nights ago at Sal’s Last Chance Saloon. The group came directly from a New York City engagement where, together with Merle Haggard, they filled the Felt Forum with a kind of music quite removed from the urban tensions that prompted the theft of some of their equipment there.

The Village Voice’s ostentatious rock critic, Robert Christgau, calls Asleep At the Wheel, a modern Western swing that brings that of old folk music into an equivocal present. Perhaps they are that, but in the tradition of barrel-room bands, they are at home in a variety of styles. In fact, they can almost be read as a primer on the history of country music, for they play anything from Bob Wills to almost slick ’top 40’ type country.

The Austin-based group has never lived in Texas. Three years ago, they went on a tour from their home in Berkeley and, due to an enthusiastic response to their music as well as filling the immediate country around Austin, decided to make Texas their base. Since then, they have become town heroes, almost as if they had been born there.

Still, they do not fit into a category of music commonly called “progressive country” that Austin has a reputation for harboring. Since this so-called movement is a reaction against the over-refined, introduced-to-well-being attitude of Nashville, it is characterized by a certain incongruity and spontaneity. Asleep at the Wheel are not part of this because they are very calculated and polished and seem to revel in the overly-sentimental aspects of some of today’s country music at the same time they poke fun at it.

They have three albums out which are the same brand of masks. This may or may not reflect the inability of each record company to pigeonhole their style. Their first album, Comin’ At You, embodies a kind of approach that strikes at the roots of country music with songs by Bob Wills, Hank Williams, and members of the band.

At this time, the band consisted of six members, and the band’s performances played on a familiarity with each member’s sensibilities. Since then, two of the original members have left, and they’ve been constantly adding new members. They now total ten people, all of which necessitates that the arrangements of songs be much more formal. In concert, this usually means that it takes a while for the band to get really moving.

Their second album is their longest and shows the band at its nimblest. Not content to just run up old country tunes, on this album they include Count Basie’s Jumpin’ at the Woodside and an old Louis Jordan tune, Choco Choo Choo. Boogie, which quickly became their theme song. No concert is ever finished till this is played. Also included is a Bob Wills’ number, Miss Molly, and two songs, Don’t Ask Me Why I’m Going to Texas and Dead Man, which point to an intriguing facility on the band’s part, with songwriting as well as a new interest in polish and a more “modern” sound.

Their third album, Texas Gold, came out this past summer, and although a fairly strong album, it lacks some of the excitement the band held when it was much smaller and more intimate. It finally establishes Leroy Preston, guitar player and former drummer as a major contributor. (Other than that and the vocals of vocalist and guitarist of the band, the co-written The Letter that John Wesley Roulodon."

Their show on Sunday was partially set on the promotion of their new album which they are in the process of recording. The new songs seemed to be in the best tradition of Asleep at the Wheel – nice, moving melodies with interesting choruses.

The first set saw them taking a little while to warm up. They were unsure of just who their audience was but soon realized it was a very enthusiastic one, especially after the enthusiastic performance of a female band, alumna and her band, Asleep at the Wheel played an old Red Sovine hit, Phantom 309 (I must for any of their concerts) and La Joe Bolden, the influence of one of their more recent additions to the band, Cajun Link Davis, Jr.

I heard that the band was better during the second set, which I unfortunately missed. The performance was remarkable typical of the latest configuration of the band, for even the special New Year’s Eve concert I saw in Austin four months ago seemed to lack some of the magic of a smaller Asleep at the Wheel. But even if you’re a songwriter with his own tunes think I will always enjoy the beer more if they are playing. They are still a damn good band.

Robert B. Levers

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Robert B. Levers
SPORTS
Beavers Place 2nd in NAC Tournament

Columbia-Greene defeated 16-11 Edged by Albany 3-1

On April 24, another wet and rainy Saturday, the softball team opened its season with an away game against Holy Cross. Bard played as best as it could with a handicap of not having soccer shoes. Many easy plays turned into extra base hits, as the field was wet and traction without those shoes was terrible.

But, with all the cards stacked against them, the softball team still had a good game. Mark Callahan hit a grand slam home run and collected five RBI's. Frank Salmon got five hits in five times at bat, Russell Shafe pinch-hit a single in time of need, and the team as a whole, collected 24 hits. The final results were not as good, as Bard lost to Holy Cross, 17-12.

* Note: We finally got the shoes after the game.

In the finals, Bard faced Albany Pharmacy. By the time the championship game started, it had begun to rain. A soggy, rain-soaked Bard team took the field, and little did they know, this would be the best game they ever played. It was a pitcher's dual right from the start. Larry Perlman, having great control, only walked one batter. Mark Callahan hit his second home run of the season in the second inning, tying the score, 1-1. And that's the way it stayed until the sixth inning when Albany scored two runs to go ahead and win the tournament. Final score: Albany 3 - Bard 1.

Phil Carducci

FRISBEE CHAMP: BARRINGER

Despite the gusting wind, overcast conditions and fierce competition, Paul Barringer emerged victorious in the First Annual Bard Frisbee Tournament. Facing five frisbee veterans and two Yale seniors, Mark Callahan and Mark Zagorski, Barringer proved his skill in distance accuracy, unique throwing and form in catching.

The point scoring for the tournament was awarded by judges Tim Godi- buff, Nick Goodman, and Emily Rubin. First place in an event won five points, second place earned three points and third place received one point. Each contestant had two attempts in each category to execute their best form.

Barringer cleared the field by winning trick throws, catching form and accuracy, while his closest competitor, David Casey took the distance event. The wind was definitely a crucial factor in the player's performance, plaguing Callahan and Zagorski throughout the contest.

The final score was Paul Barringer 18 points; David Casey 10 points; Mark Callahan 5 points, and Mark Zagorski 3 points. First prize, awarded by the Ob- server, was a six-pack of the beverage of his choice. Barringer consulted with his disc ringing comrades and chose Lower- brau Beer (light). JW

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