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OBSERVER

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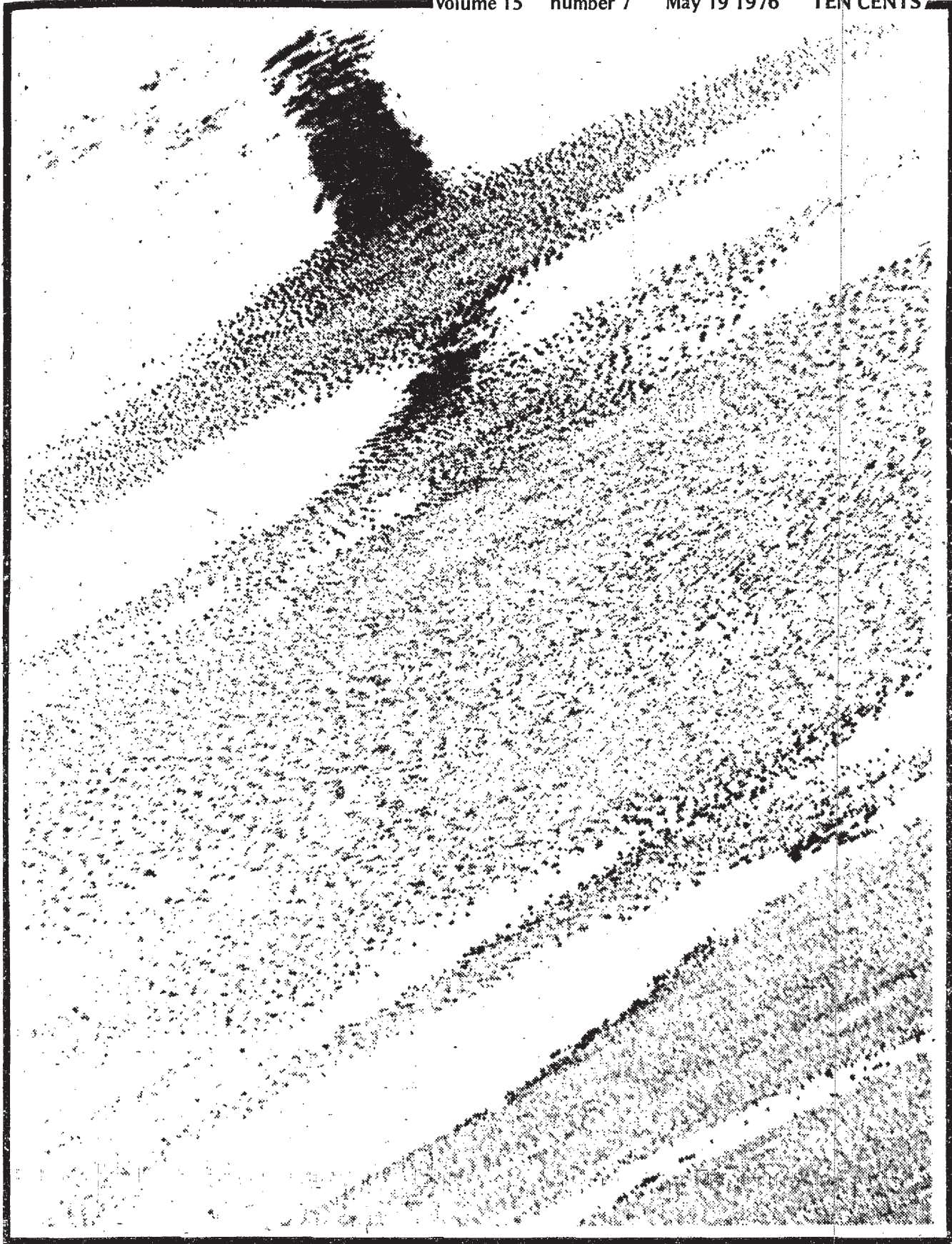
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observer

volume 15 number 7 May 19 1976 TEN CENTS



What Ever Happened to the Bard Radio Station?

If you had been at Bard in the late 60's and lived on Stone Row, chances are you might have listened to WXBC, Bard's radio station. If you lived in Blithewood or Manor, the chances are smaller that you would have heard it, unless the wind was good, because the station was only 5 watts. This low wattage was actually an asset because it exempted from the need to acquire an FCC license. It was adequate enough to allow them to broadcast a mixture of rock, classical, 50's, 60's, and 70's music, news, discussions, and a Bard version of the Firesign Theatre on a somewhat erratic basis. The station underwent financial problems and WXBC's radio signal faded from the air waves.

Last spring a group of people began plans for a 1970's version of WXBC. The constitution they presented to Senate explained it would provide music, entertainment, and public service broadcasts for the residents of the Bard community and provide an opportunity for anyone who is interested to learn various basics involved in operating a radio station. Senate approved the request and allocated the radio station five hundred dollars of the three thousand it had requested.

The following week the radio station returned to Senate to explain the additional \$2500 was necessary for its operation and that they had a chance to get a very good price on some secondhand equipment being re-built for them by a Kingston engineer. After lengthy debate, Senate unanimously voted the money to the station.

The remainder of the spring was spent on finding a room for a studio, talking to engineers about setting up the station, and building the studio. Although members of the radio station continually expressed their hopes of broadcasting by early May the station never went on the air.

In early October, committee co-chairman John Burnett came to Senate to explain that the verbal contract with the Kingston engineer who was to have built the transmitter and slave units had fallen through. This would necessitate an additional \$1000 to buy the units from a dealer. After checking into the possibility of a link-up with cable TV lines near Bard, which is unfeasible because it runs on a different kind of current, the Senate voted another \$1000 to the station

in order that the previously allotted \$3000 not be wasted.

In late November, the station found a new obstacle. They had planned to run on carrier current which requires that each individual building be wired to serve as an antenna and picks up signals by proximity. After consultation with a large Pennsylvania supplier of broadcast equipment, the senior who was acting as advising engineer stated that carrier current was very uneconomical for Bard's campus with its many dormitories spread so far apart.

Questioned as to why he had not foreseen this, the engineer explained that he had been called in as a consultant after the initial decisions had been made. He expressed his dissatisfaction with the carrier current system but though the deal with the Kingston engineer was such a good deal that it would lower the high costs of the system. John Burnett and Kelly Polan completely denied this statement saying carrier current was totally the engineers idea. Faculty sponsor Burt Brody said that the initial suggestion appeared fine although subsequent research proved it to be inefficient and explained that he served as an advisor but tried not to be a direct participant.

In February of this year the general manager, program director, and head technical director (Fall 1976) of the Wesleyan University Radio Station came to Bard, at Dean Mary Sugatt's invitation, to survey the campus and give advice. Wesleyan has the oldest college radio station in the country. They were unable to provide much information concerning the establishment of a station but offered much advice on the day-to-day management of the station.

At the present time several grave considerations face the radio station if it is to be put in operation. The first of these is money. Estimates of most of the people involved generally come to around \$10,000 to get the station set up and on its feet. Very little of the money allotted to the committee has actually spent. \$1500 was returned to Senate at the end of Spring 1975 and another \$1000 - \$1200 will be given back this spring. Both Planning Committee Chairman Bill Moss and John Burnett (Co-Chairman of the radio station in 1975) agree that Student Senate cannot supply the funds because they have too

many clubs to provide money for. At the moment, radio systems grants are 'impossible to get' according to the Wesleyan radio station people and everyone else consulted. Kelly Polan (Co-Chairman of the radio station in 1975) suggested the money come from the Senate, the Alumni, and the Administration together.

If all else fails, the equipment which consists of two slightly used turntables, a brand new mixdown board, a few extra tone arms, cartridges and a record collection can probably be re-sold at sufficient value for the college to regain some of its investment.

Even if the money should be found, it will not satisfy all of the station's needs. Burt Brody said that student involvement would be a major problem; a radio station demands an immense commitment of time and energy and a sustained level of active interest and involvement. I'm willing to invest time and effort of my own as long as it will make it. I do have better uses for my time if it won't.

The past co-chairmen agree that few people are willing to participate in the administrative end, which is enormously time consuming. What student support there has been is from people who are interested in serving as disc jockeys. They submitted schedules detailing the kind of work they are interested in but few showed up the day that the Radio Station's basement room had to be emptied of books. It is feared that if the station does come into existence WXBC will face what most college Radio Stations face - disenchantment and boredom of its disc jockeys.

A still more serious problem concerns the lack of technicians. Brody said that he doesn't know of a fund of people and it appears doubtful that many people have the necessary FCC licensing required of broadcast engineers, although Burt expressed his willingness to train interested parties. Several other people who have been involved with the station agreed that most of the interested people are involved with the actual broadcasting and not the technical angle.

These major difficulties must be overcome if WXBC is to fill the air of Bard with music and madness once again. Ruby Dolin, present head of the Radio Station committee, will welcome all the real help she can get. Otherwise, there's always the Kingston disco stations.

Gail Levinson

Quality of Life Report

Approximately 50 people have been involved this semester in working on the Quality of Campus Living Committee. The general goal has been to come up with creative, practical recommendations for improvement in the areas of student life at Bard College. In order to achieve this goal, the committee as a whole was divided into nine sub-groups. The sub-groups, with the progress to date, are briefly described below. Final reports have been requested from each subgroup chairperson: from these, a total report on the semester's activities will be written over the summer. Finally, it is hoped that some forum - although probably structured differently - will exist and function all next year in order to continue to explore the important issue of improving the quality of life here at Bard.

1. Personal Advising

Recommendation: To institute a peer counseling system at Bard beginning Fall, 1976.

Status: 16 Peer Counselors have been chosen by a selection board comprised of students, faculty, and staff.

2. Academic Advising

Recommendations: To use upper college students in academic counseling; to have sophomores who will moderate meet with appropriate faculty members early during the semester of moderation.

Status: Discussions are going on with the Dean of the College.

Other Activities: Have begun and will

continue to explore special program designs, trial majors, how advisors and advisees are matched up, and information flow between advisors and advisees.

3. Dormitory Life

Recommendations: To institute a peer counseling system at Bard beginning Fall, 1976; to gradually better mix the four classes within dormitories.

Status: 16 Peer Counselors have been chosen by a selection board comprised of students, faculty, and staff. A one-day training session has occurred this semester, and a three-day training period for next fall will be planned this summer. Bluecher and Bartlett have been opened up for all four classes.

Other Activities: Has sent out a Dorm Survey Questionnaire. The results have been tabulated and will be a part of the final report issued this summer.

4. Career Counseling

Recommendations: To have one faculty member in each department take responsibility for obtaining information about graduate school and/or career possibilities in her/his field and in related fields; to encourage seniors to share related information they may have with appropriate faculty; to encourage and support faculty participation in professional organizations to keep faculty further in touch with current developments in their fields

and to increase Bard's external visibility.

Status: Discussions are going on with the Dean of the College

Other Activities: Is exploring the possibility of securing outside funding for the improvement of career counseling services (personnel, materials) at Bard.

5. Student-to-Student Relationships

Current Activities: Is exploring the possibility of improving communication through the publication of an all-campus pictorial directory.

6. Student Meeting Places

Recommendation: To develop and institute a Bard Student Center somewhere on or near the campus (not the current Coffee Shop); to improve the current campus facilities until a permanent Student Center is developed.

Status: Discussions are going on as to possible locations for such a Center. Over the summer, improvements (plants, furniture) will be made to the current Coffee Shop.

Other Activities: Has sent out a questionnaire to the student body inquiring into student attitudes concerning present facilities and ideas for change and improvement.

7. Athletics

Recommendations: To make additions to the current athletic facilities at Bard.

Status: Over the summer, an outdoor

cont. on page 2

Bruce Baillie, won't you please come home?



Bruce Baillie is not an easy man to write about - he is a complex person with complex views.

He seems to be a very elusive person. As Film-maker in Residence, he has no classes or fixed working hours.

He has no phone.

He lives in a shack in the woods beyond Ward Manor.

He has his own ideas about interviews. Once started, he will talk freely for hours, but he dislikes direct questions - they make it difficult for him to be himself.

Pad and tape recorder in hand, I set out to interview Bruce Baillie. It was a dark, rainy afternoon when I arrived at the small pump-house that he has converted into his living quarters. I walked in: a jumble of impressions. Small (10 by 10?), dim, candles lit . . . clean, but disorderly, low dresser (one drawer missing) overflowing with things, shelf full of books . . . plywood walls covered with prints, postcards, photographs . . . iron stove (for heat in winter), pipe curling up to ceiling where insulation peeps through . . . two windows with screens, bike hanging from hook . . . large German Shepherd sleeping in the corner . . . well-worn braided rug, old piece of carpeting . . . casual, lived-in, comfortable. And Bruce himself - sitting comfortably cross-legged, back straight, on a folded foam mattress covered with an Indian blanket. He offers me a glass of cherry juice and a cushion on the floor - as in a Japanese house, everything here is low, oriented towards the ground.

The interview begins. How did he come to Bard?

Two years ago, he explains, the school wrote to him, saying that he was needed here. He wasn't sure. Then I walked around with it in the woods every day, and oddly, it began to dawn on me that maybe I was supposed to say yes.

He meant to teach for one semester only, but the administration persuaded him to remain for the rest of the year. It was then that Bruce began to see his task as something more than teaching 'film-making'. He became very concerned with the problems of separation at Bard - the isolation between students, faculty, administration, security, Building and Grounds, SAGA, . . .

'I was aware that a big part of teaching is getting acquainted, especially nowadays where people don't trust each other so readily . . . that whole semester was just getting a little trust going.'

He instituted a film course open to all students, entitled *The Initiation of Movement*. It was in many ways a course in relating to life.

'Since human beings are born into the world in which they must move and act, then it seems essential to learn what movement is about, what working in the world is about, what initiating an act is about.'

He had a woman come in once a week to teach them T'ai chi chuan, an ancient form of Chinese exercise. He also required his students to spend a few hours each week with B&G, so that they would develop a sense of how Bard functions. He is very concerned that students should consider Bard as a community, a society in microcosm, rather than just a place to spend four years.

'People are encouraged to believe that this is not a society, that this is a time out of real life, that we're just at college, and that I don't participate here; I don't live here; you're not my neighbor; you're not my brother or sister; you're not anything to me.'

He talked for some time about this problem; it was a recurring motif in our conversation, and obviously something he felt strongly about.

I brought the subject back to his work - how did he become an artist in residence?

After the year of teaching, he said, he was ready to leave; in fact, he handed in a letter of resignation. But then a deal was worked out. With his own films to work on, he had no time for classes, but he was willing to remain as Film-maker in Residence. In return for the use of the pump-house and the

small studio he has in Manor, he works with independent study people, and gives showings of his films.

As afternoon became evening, Bruce began preparations for dinner. Outside, in a small stone-encircled pit, he lit a fire, and showed me how to cut some vegetables into a pan.

And now, I asked, what was the situation? Was he leaving? Maybe so, he told me. His year was up, and unless he received a written invitation from the administration . . . Also, there was a problem with the Manor Studio. It would need a de-humidifier and air-conditioner to keep his films safe from the summer heat and dampness. *'I have five years worth of films down there.'*

While the vegetables were cooking over the fire, several students - film majors - dropped by. Bruce invited them in, and lit a Coleman lamp. We all sat down to dinner, arranging ourselves on the floor around the pan of vegetables that were now mixed with millet. At Bruce's suggestion, we joined hands for a moment and sat quietly. *'A sort of communion'*, he said. You could almost feel a sensation of warmth and peacefulness flowing through the circle of people. I was reminded of a group of disciples sitting around their teacher or guru.

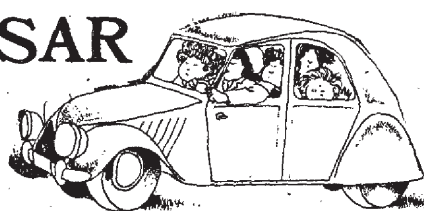
The next day, Bruce showed me two letters. One was from Ohio University: an invitation to be their artist in residence in film. *'We can meet your space, privacy, and security requirements without difficulty . . . if you can participate in a screening of your work and a seminar with film students, I am able to offer an honorarium of \$500 . . .'*

The other letter was a memo from Dean Wiles. It was an invitation for Bruce to remain at Bard, written in response to student pressure on the administration, and a unanimous letter of support from the AMDDF faculty. Bruce was welcome to stay if he wished, the memo said, but *'As for your request for air-conditioning and dehumidification, I'm afraid the budgetary constraints of the College will not allow such installation. What that may mean for the storage of your film, I do not know. There is no objection at this point from the administration for your staying on and working here, but I'm afraid the support must be rather minimal.'*

In a short time, I felt I got to know Bruce Baillie fairly well. If in fact he does leave, I think Bard will be the poorer for it. He's the kind of person that enriches the campus with his presence, and I for one will be sorry to see him go.

Robin J. Carroll

VASSAR



BUSSING PLAN

- 1) Minimum of ten students required to use college vehicles.
- 2) Responsibility rests with students to stir up interest in cross-registration at Vassar.
- 3) If students show interest, Dean Sugatt would be happy to meet with them to determine whether or not a busing program would work.
- 4) Bus could only go for one trip on a day, not taking a ten o'clock class over, coming back and then leaving again with a one-fifteen class, etc.

Tom Redmond

Q.of L. cont. from page 1

basketball court will be built and volleyball nets will be installed at Tewksbury and in the Robbins/Manor area.

8. Food Services

Current Activities: Working with other interested students through the Student Senate, has divided up into four sub-groups: (a) improving the present Food Service; (b) improving nutritional value of food; (c) looking at alternative food services; and (d) establishing a "Bard Garden."

9. Student Activities

Recommendations: To improve current facilities or develop new ones so that a relaxed, informal gathering place may exist for use each night; to hold political discussion groups on campus; to have regularly scheduled chartered trips to New York City; to publish a Bard Yearbook.

Status: Discussions are going on with the Dean of Students office and plans are being made for the Fall Semester.

Other Activities: Is exploring the need to structure campus activities in such a way to encourage students to stay on campus during weekends. Is also exploring the notion that the nature of current student activities be changed to consider and plan activities which bring people together in more of an interactive sense.

Theo Jolosky



SENATE DECLARES PETS LEGAL

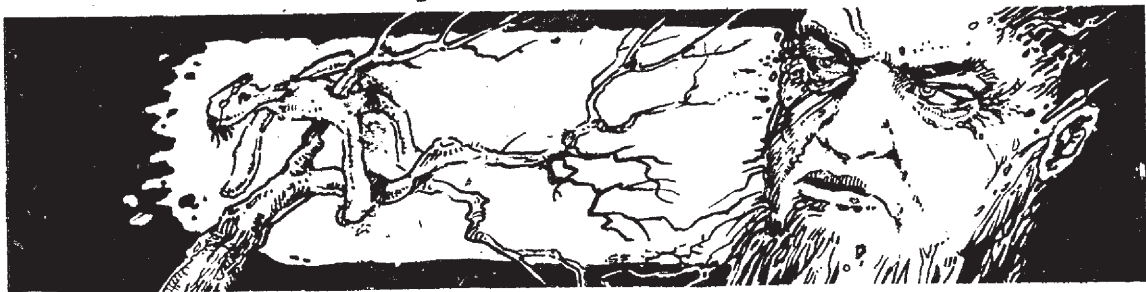
On Wed. May 12, the Student Senate voted to accept the Pet Committee to regulate pets and their owners on campus next year. The Pet Committee consists of Jody Wishe, Troy Harrison, Janice Keller, Lisa Narducci, Jessica Abrams, and Noel Sturgeon. The Committee's purpose is to control the pet situation at Bard so that it is comfortable for people who don't want pets on campus, people who do, and the pets themselves.

A copy of the Pet Regulations will be distributed to the community shortly. Registration of pets will take place in the beginning of next semester.

Anyone who wishes may join the Pet Committee, and we would welcome any suggestions. We are here for your benefit.

The Administration still contends that pets are illegal.

Noel Sturgeon



In the Haunted Forest

Why is the deserted village deserted? What horrible menace shadowed the once thriving metropolis long ago, leaving desolation? Between the trees, great wrecks lurk, caved-in and a-ground; they loom dark and sudden against the sky, like broken prows of lost ships. What whirling catastrophe has lifted all these Kansas-houseboats and dumped them in the witch-filled woods, leaving them in disarray along the long pale road to stare so glassless and eloquent at the setting sun? Time is the culprit, who waits among the ruins of 'Bungalow Hill', tittering and giggling as, at Bard, seniors leave each May and freshmen arrive each Fall.

Ever-haunted by the spectre of the 'village' and the questions it posed, I set out in the week of May 10, 1976 to find some answers. Surely the octogenarians of Tivoli would know something, hint furtively from dark porches of the strange noises in the woods. Why was Erik Kiviat so pale and quiet whenever the strangely bloated amphibians of Cruger's Island were mentioned? Armed with a pen and the back of the Bard College Calendar, I intrepidly strode towards what I considered possibly a stronghold, a beacon against the dark power, in the timeless island of Bard; the back office of the bookstore.

Actually, I had been referred there by Mr. Richard Griffiths. Mrs. Elinor Mathews, a nice, not particularly sinister lady who works there, told me the following, *true story* of the 'deserted village'.

In 1926, her father-in-law, William H. Mathews, bought about 1000 acres of land along with William B. Ward, owner of Ward Baking Company. The manor on that land had been built a decade and a half before by 18 year-old Hammersly, who abandoned it after the First World War. It became Ward Manor. Mr. Mathews was given about a million dollars by Ward to fix it up, and it was made into a sort of posh guest home for recuperating patients. Robbins was built for roughly the same purpose. Further towards the river, Ward and Mathews built a vacation resort for the 'forgotten man': families not poor enough to get help easily, but not well off enough to have a place to go to on vacations. Twenty-six bungalows were built, and, for a joke, Mr. Mathews named each of them after a big hotel in New York, so that families could later say, 'We stayed at The Ritz!', or, 'We spent our vacation at the Biltmore!'. There was the Sherry Netherland, the Pennsylvania; many of them were on 'Bungalow Hill'. Two houses did not have hotel names: the Rip Van Winkle and Randall Towers (named after a friend). Today, Randall Towers is Bruce Baillie's ashram and is still in fairly good shape with two small rooms and a magnificent view.

A tennis court, a baseball field, a playground, and a swimming pool that Mrs. Mathews thinks might still be usable were built for the vacationers. There were horses and a donkey to ride. The neat 3-story white house with caved-in floors and obscenely graffiti'd upper story rooms had been the 'Kidd House' (Mrs. Mathews says 'just ask in the Tivoli hotel about Mr. Kidd!'). It became 'Ward Lea'. It was staffed with superintendents and cooks - convalescent ambulatory patients lived there. Those who died were buried in the private cemetery nearby, between Manor and the village.

It cost the people at the resort 10 dollars a week (food not included) to stay at the bungalows. It was such a popular place that each family could only stay for two weeks. But many came back year after year and still visit. Mrs. Mathews to show her their kids. 'It was a good time', she says.

Down on Cruger's Island there was a boy's camp for poor city kids. All the way to Tivoli road there were bungalows. The big grey barn was used for polo ponies and there was a field for Herford cows.

Mrs. Mathews herself lived in Grey Cottage, which now must be about two hundred

years old. Robert Fulton lived there while he was building the Clermont. Before then, the land was well populated by Indians. Cruger's Island is catacombed with graves and supposedly the Nine Nations War was fought there.

Since the deal on the camps and nursing homes was only a handshake agreement, when Mr. Mathews died The Community Service Society, with whom Mathews had worked, could say it was no longer interested in the project.

I have heard that the old people had to be moved, and that most of them died soon after from the shock. The bungalows had to be abandoned about fifteen years ago. Bard bought Manor and Robbins. Then Central Hudson Utility bought the rest of the land, with the intention of making it an underground nuclear plant! That company took borings, but has never done anything about their project, perhaps because of the universal love of nuclear reactors in one's backyard, perhaps because of taxes. They now lease the land to Bard College for students to wander in.

And so the land stands, growing wild, plants and earth taking over the 'village'. Mrs. Mathews says she's glad it did not get commercialized and full of houses. Possibly in a few years it will be a place of parking lots and a MacDonald's. But now it stands quiet, its sole resident Charlie King, who, following in the tradition of Robert Fulton, is building his extraordinary concrete boat in the polo-pony barn.

And so, dear reader, as you wander through the enchanted forest, through bush, through briar, forget not the 'deserted village'; and as you stray among the fallen walls, succumb to spring and fall to the grass, enjoying the quiet and discreet remoteness from your school, catch in the flower-scented breeze of May that terrible, wonderful breath of Time and all things' fate: decay.

Paul Carroll

Antique Show

Interested in antique furniture, decorations and paintings? In porcelains, glass, pottery and metal work of Oriental, American and European origin? Knick-knacks, curiosities, jewelry, books, maps or prints? Try the Bard College Bicentennial Antiques Show on June 11, 12 and 13.

Fifty exhibitors from seven states will display antiques to interested collectors. Among them will be Fred J. Johnson of Kingston, N.Y., who has not shown his early American country and formal pieces in a public show since a New York City exhibit in 1958. He has, however, sold to prominent museums.

Diane Pilgrim, Associate Curator in Charge, Department of Decorative Arts, Brooklyn Museum, has assembled a loan exhibition of furniture, paintings, and decorative objects of Hudson Valley origin. Most of the pieces are from local private collections and have never been exhibited before. She has prepared an illustrated catalogue which will be available for purchase at the show.

The show, which is being co-managed by Mr. William Walter and Mr. Deram Mizrakjian, of Deram Advertising Associates, has been nationally advertised in antique magazines. It is hoped that the show will further theatre construction and Bard's good relationship with the community. The show is also part of the campaign to use the Bard campus over the summer.

A special Gala Patrons' Preview will be held the evening before the Show opens to the public for the Friends of Bard. The ad-

mission cost of fifteen dollars covers the admission to the Preview Gala (where you may buy), a Champagne/Buffer supper, re-admission to the show on June 11, 12 and 13, and a preview of the loan exhibition of Hudson Valley furniture and paintings. Checks can be made payable to the Bard College Antiques Show, Box 73, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. Include the full mailing address to which tickets can be mailed.

Sponsors such as alumnist Chevvey Chase (Bard '68) are enthusiastically backing the show which is expected to combine the educational with the pleasureable, the valuable, and the unusual.

College for Rent

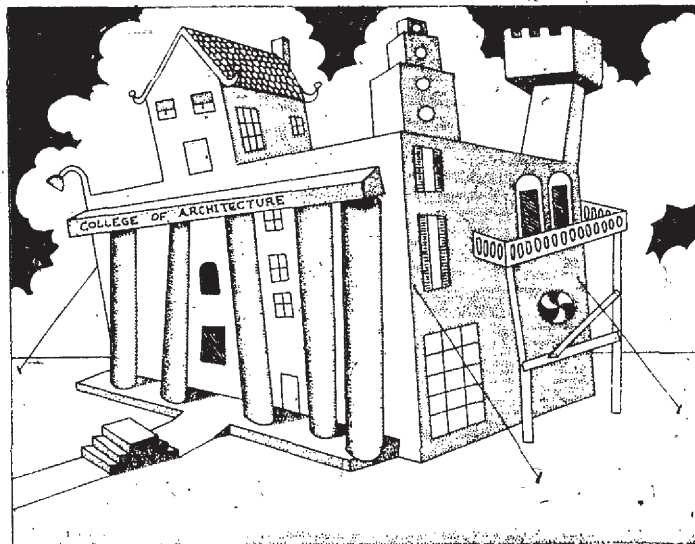
This summer at Bard, activities will be scheduled from mid-June until the last weeks of August. Most are group-sponsored, and if you are interested in them, speak to members of that particular group to find out how to get involved. As for staying on campus throughout the summer, requests must be made to the administration: *if enough people express this interest, arrangements for dorm space and food will be made.* (Kline Commons will be open during most of the summer.)

There will be several one-day events, such as weddings and family reunions as well as dinners, dances and parties sponsored by local civic and church groups. There will also be two summer programs for high school students. The first, a six-week program, involves local students with low incomes who wish to supplement their high school studies. It is known as *Upward Bound* and will involve approximately 60 students. The second is a four-week program sponsored by HEOP that is geared specifically for low-income, high-school students who plan to attend Bard in the near future. Both programs will be utilizing most of the Bard dorms for rooming facilities.

In addition to the programs, the Department of Environmental Conservation is planning a conference to discuss the formation of a Hudson River Research Institute and there is also a tentatively planned meeting of the Association of Chamber Music Players. Other scheduled events are:

- Mid-June to Mid-July:** Union Graduate School orientation for those entering a non-resident Ph.D. program. (Students from across the country are involved; various college campuses are to be used.)
- June 20-26:** Northeast Craft Fair. Dorms will be used by several hundred craftsmen and women who will be exhibiting throughout the week in Rhinebeck.
- 1st 2 weeks of July:** Swami Chinmayananda, Indian guru, will bring approximately 150 students here for a special program.
- August:** New York diocese of Episcopalian Youth Groups will hold a summer session.

Sheila Spencer



In the beginning there was just God. And God, at length becoming faced with his exquisite if somewhat static oneness, chose to make life interesting and he separated himself from himself. And each part was free. So chance and play were born. And, eventually the universe. And still later, people.

From here the story becomes less clear. Some claim that the universe became so varied because in their play God and the universe are intermingled in such an exquisite way, and the delight was so magnificent that they separated time and time again. Others say that the universe self-enclosed and strove with God to claim alone the oneness they were both a part of. And that the further separations were a flight from or flight with God; and that the creation was the even further division of the universe from God.

Chance and play remained in both stories. In the first story, chance was beloved as the heart of changes; and play, was found to delight in chance. And the energy that found the players was called love.

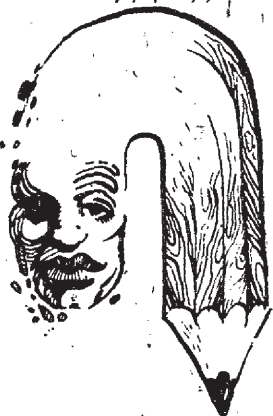
In the second, chance was feared, and great battlements were built to exile it. Its inevitable incursions shook the very base of these great structures and it came to be called destiny. In the lives of men it produced tragedy. And play became a form to remind men of the presence of destiny in the lives of men. And man lived in fear of chance; and in fascination of plays.

Playing pervaded every level of the universe; and where both stories were told it was the source of great liberation. Where the first story was told, it was through playing that chance was sought after, and so some degree of mastery arose.

Where the second story was told, playing became the source of revelation; the chance to speak what could not directly be spoken, the exploring of what was hidden by the great walls of selfhood and fear. This is what I think was the theme of Bill Driver's six drama productions: *The Uses of Play Acting*.

Hamlet *plays* mad so that he can speak the truth which in any other form would be outrageous and inexcusable. The *play* doesn't even fold the truth in metaphor: because it is a play (i.e. not "real"), it can be devastatingly forthright. The exhilaration of this liberation is enormous. Ophelia: "You are keen tonight my lord, you are keen." Hamlet: "It would take a groaning for you to dull mine edge."

But as the furious clean madness of Hamlet becomes rare, the wealth of deceit becomes labyrinthine. Play acting then becomes the ways in which the hidden can be played out without revealing, without threatening the boundaries of the 'real' world and its marking fabric. The players here become complicit in their own lies. When at the end of *Lovers*, the woman accepts her husband's desire to 'play' in order to make love, it is a final and devastating admission that they cannot honestly express desire or need. The final sigh is the certain that falls between the sexuality that will be liberated by play, and any form of

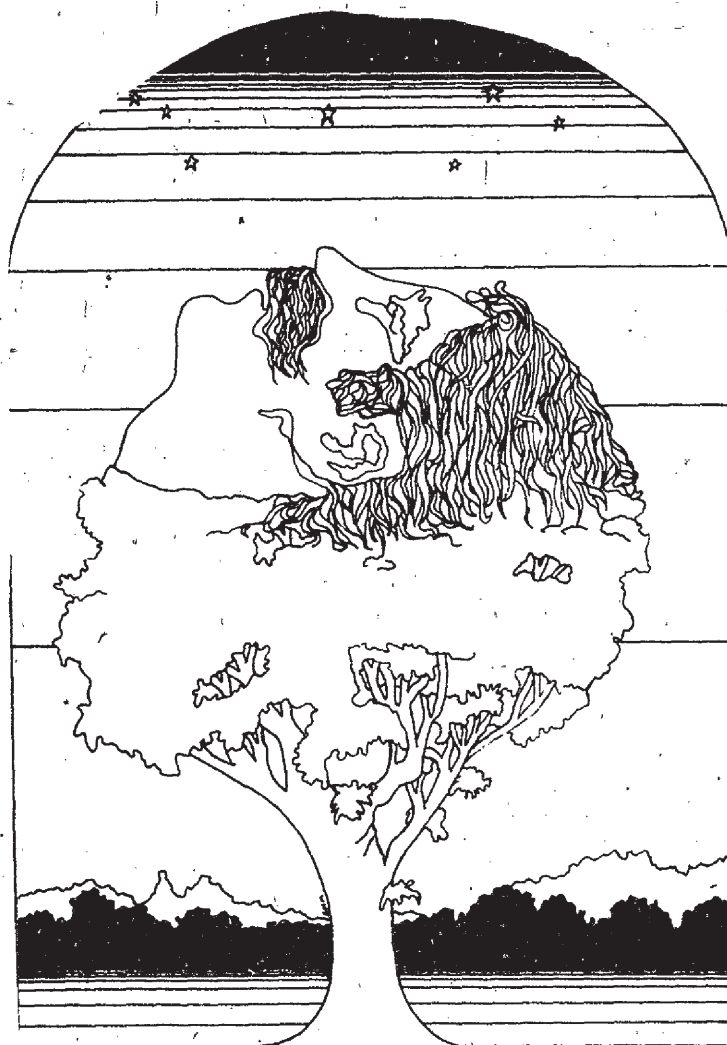


al vulnerability that might link it to love. forthright for a mess of pottage anyone? Isie Bright has used playing so often to any reality; that the uncontrollable eruption of his 'actual' situation (the boy and girl), fight it as he may by playing fantasies, uses madness.

But the ultimate unity of 'play' and 'real' always asserts itself. Where the story creation as delight is told, play is perded by this unity. Separateness rises and is like waves, to break on the exquisite rning points of chance. The *real* is the *relationship*, the 'play' between separate entities. The unity of all things is self-evident.

Where the tale of division and opacity is

Sometimes



A Great Notion

told, this inherent unity is denied. Opposing entities (us and them, strong and weak, rich and poor) no longer willingly submit to the play of chance. They seek dominance over each other and the elimination of the 'other'. play becomes a separated form, a known and reliable pattern, a stiff grace. Lives become secret theatre in which finding friends is finding a supporting cast. Here the opposites divide, — play-real, truth-lie, wisdom-folly — exclude each other, resist every transition, hide in each other's semblance: the weak masquerades as the strong, the emperor struts in his new clothes.

The tragic eye sees this situation as inevitable, and so always runs the danger of becoming a monumental form of self pity. The comic eye sees beyond distinctions; unity shows as kind a face as troubled souls can bear.

There is an extremely subtle and devastating irony in *Tom Thumb*. The characters are stupid and amusing, and so when they are all killed off it is almost a relief that this insanity is so swiftly and suitably terminated. On the other hand, are not these characters more like us than the great tragic roles? Do we not see more tipsy Dollalollas and henpecked Arthurs, more flighty Hunkamunkas and obliviously heroic Tom-Thumbes, than Hamlets, Ophelias, and Horatios?

And just as tragedy devolves through division towards madness, so does comedy devolve through uncanny connections to madness. While *The Real Inspector Hound* may seem delightful to us, were we more identified with the two critics, these uncanny transitions and the exposures they engender would seem like the worst of Kafka.

And so comedy, while it breaks all the social rules, retains one: either save all the good guys and make it nice, or, make the characters expendable, so that their undoing is our delight, and not our despair. The realization that most of us and our vanities are highly expendable, that our self-important tragedies are a cosmic joke, must come slowly. Let us be most gentle, with a graceful and amusing form, so that which is planted in laughter, can sprout in time of strength. This awareness is too vast, to devastating for anyone to open to it except in his or her own time.

Sometimes, the strength to open is pro-

vided when we can see openness. My greatest sense of lack in the six plays was that they were all from the second tale. Were we to have an example of play as liberation and coming together, the 'Uses of Play-Acting' would have been more complete. I have rarely experienced greater delight than when I have seen or been part of good improvisation. What incredibly full and intricate play!

And the opening occurs; and once it starts, the same acceleration which accompanied the fallen division and creation, now guides the opening to unity: ever stronger, ever wider. See it, as a play passes through rehearsals and performances to its final peak. Listen to it gather in a choir, until even inhalations sing; as the eagle rises even as he raises his wings. Exuberance in bliss!

But how is it that what in different divisions so finely wrought, so highly conscious, so self-enclosed? How is it that we hear weekly readings of such expansive vision, and come together and read our own visions to each other; that as soon as the last word is read, a filled room is emptied. Have we not been deeply moved? If not, why have we gathered?

Me: "Where did everyone go?"

Seth: "To see the Godard film, it starts in five minutes."

Are we cultural consumers? I feel foolish. I have allowed my soul to be moved by vanity. Or is it that these branches are still uncertain and it is easier to flower than to touch. I walk to the Godard film. Its content is so Mickey Mouse compared with the student's poetry that I am angered at how well it is made.

Sometimes I am amazed at our acceptance of the fallen universe. We seem intent on failing, on aggravating, if not actually creating the agents of our own destruction. We open, like Rena Smolski at the end of her dance, strong and vulnerable, for a moment, then close all the more strongly. The more the art form moves to spontaneity, the less exalted it seems in content. And the more art form comes from the openings of solitude, the more expansive the vision. Can they come together? Are art and life, play and reality forever banished from each others' presence?

At some level I feel like it's just silly. Just a bunch of people who are afraid to play. And most of what we do is like an outrageous



excuse for being afraid to play: to lose as well as win, to be foolish as well as wise. Why is it when we are most silly we appear most imposing. So sports become a struggle, and all that might be learned is lost in the shadows of what is feared. Error becomes failure instead of lesson and victory is vanity and leaves the bitter aftertaste of resentment and envy. What if we used our skill to enhance the *play* rather than the players?

I look again and see what seems like nonchalance. On my floor, we call it being mellow. That was a mellow frisbee throw that carried through two doors, silent like a hawk. And yet I see little mellowness where it would seem most appropriate: when the sexes meet for instance. And so much nonchalance where it seems least appropriate, as in when they fail to meet.

Why do we criticize when we don't understand. There is such a vast difference between understanding and perceiving ways something could be better, and not understanding, but knowing what parts we dislike. It is the same difference as criticizing because we care and criticizing because we don't care. The distinction is so important, I think; but all around I see people deny the existence of any context but their own unimpeachable selves. And so criticism comes not from caring and understanding, but fear of whatever does not fit into our self-enclosed worlds.

When you listen or look at art, are you

Continued on next page

Capitalists, Communists, Clash

Within the past two weeks or so, Bard College or associations thereof have sponsored the presentation of the two opposing political philosophies of Liberal Capitalism and Marxist-Leninist socialism. Speaking in favor of liberal capitalism was noted Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith, author of such works as *The Liberal Hour* and *The New Industrial State*. Speaking in opposition to liberal capitalism and in favor of Marxist-Leninist socialism was Gus Hall, General Secretary and Presidential candidate for the Communist Party of the United States.

Mr. Galbraith whose record of government work goes back to the wage-price policies that he administered during the Roosevelt administration, offered solutions to what he sees as the main problems that face American society. In order to counteract inflation, Mr. Galbraith offers the thirty-year-old suggestion of wage and price controls. And in order to deal with problems of the poor, unemployed and a generally under-productive economy, Mr. Galbraith offers the suggestion of some kind of income redistribution policy. Quite simply, for John Kenneth Galbraith the ultimate goal of American society is the establishment and maintenance of price equilibrium and full employment.

Mr. Galbraith is an avowed disciple of the principle of reform. He believes, however, that a policy of income redistribution and wage-price controls are somehow revolutionary within the perspective of past economic



reformist movements. Mr. Galbraith contends that such reforms will far outstrip the impact of such movements as *the so-called Keynesian Revolution*. To use his own terminology, Galbraith's proposals to *prop up* the economy and maintain the status-quo and the inequities that are intrinsic to that strategy, are more *revolutionary* than the previous attempts to maintain capitalism through various measures designed to truncate the *business cycle*.

On the other end of the political spectrum sits Gus Hall, a man with an eighth grade education who emerged from the American Labor Movement to become a respected member of the socialist community. Mr. Hall has in this capacity befriended world leaders such as Mao Tse-Tung, Kim Il Sung, and Ho Chi Minh in the east, as well as Breshnev, Berlinguer, and Haneker in the west.

Speaking on May 12, Mr. Hall advocated a sensible change in the fundamental underpinning of American society. A socialist and absolutely unqualified defender of the values of personal liberty outlined in the Bill of Rights (he has personally experienced persecution for his own ideas in the form of an eight-year prison term in Leavenworth), Mr. Hall outlined a socialist program for the United States that would be independent of all socialist movements elsewhere. Each nation, according to Mr. Hall, must in its own way design a socialism in accordance with its own values and historical experiences.

Along these lines, Mr. Hall declared the independence of his party from Moscow. Mr. Hall, who frequently claims that he has openly differed with Moscow on many im-

portant issues, failed to show us specific and substantive points of departure from the Moscow party line in regard to international affairs. On crucial international issues, such as the invasion of Czechoslovakia, Mr. Hall is in complete agreement with Soviet imperialism. He wrote the official policy justifying the action taken by the Soviet aggressors — an odd stance in light of Mr. Hall's self-categorization as a scientific socialist, based on some tenuous theories of fascism. Mr. Hall also berated the Peoples' Republic of China for siding with the fascist regime in Chile and for perpetuating a cultist and nationalistic regime. Although I agree with Mr. Hall on the first count, I disagree with the second two. It seems to me that if one is going to be tolerant of the national character of various socialist movements, one will also be tolerant of the national character of the Chinese who have been cultists and sinocentrists for thousands of years prior to the 1949 revolution.

Although I am in whole-hearted disagreement with Gus Hall on international affairs, I am in complete agreement with him on domestic matters. Speaking to our sensibilities and not to our sense of passion, Mr. Hall outlined the nine-point domestic platform of the Communist Party USA. The Communists platform advocates full employment through a cut in the work week (at the present rate of pay) and guaranteed jobs for the alienated youth of the ghetto. The platform also advocates the abolition of all anti-democratic, repressive and discriminatory laws, comprehensive national health insurance, reform of many of our social services, the liberation of Puerto Rico, and an 80% cut in military spending, the money to be allocated to job-producing re-construction of cities and construction of new housing, schools and hospitals.

One of Mr. Hall's main critiques of American politics was the difficulty that minority political parties have in terms of getting on ballots in many of the states. The Democratic and Republican parties (the parties that according to Mr. Hall are the *stooges* of big business) have an oligopoly on electoral politics in this nation through such institutions as the media and the discriminatory law.

Hopefully students will come to realize that *democracy*, as Whitman said, *is only of use there that it may pass on, and come to its flower and fruits in manner, in the highest form of interaction between men and their beliefs — in colleges, in schools, and in literature*. With this in mind, we can see politics as a reflection of the economic framework of our society, the nexus between ourselves and this framework in determining our perceptions and roles that we consequently take within our society and the permanence of politics in every aspect of our lives.

Joel Asa Miller

Great Notion Continued from page four

demanding that it wiggle its way through the narrow chinks of your cavern, or will you let it draw you out into the open? When we criticize, are we expanding and perfecting the vision, or are we complaining that it did not make it to us? Art walks a fine line between vanity and communication. We do not help when we approach it as vanity.

The Seabirds of Isabella is a very powerful play. I walk back to Tewksbury with new feelings and thoughts, new connections to absorb and process. Is this family's patterns a precious ecological balance I must tread so lightly to preserve? Four magnificent entities enveloped in pain: every use to exaltation denied. Is this family's insanity an expression of a law of nature? And if I draw back far enough will I, as is Cousteau, be awed and enthralled by it?

I remember coming back home the night before and because two people complained of stereo noise, I took a walk through the halls. Loud stereos, open doors, empty rooms. One is on the phone, one in a friend's room. They greet my astonishment with nonchalance. *'It doesn't bother anyone.'*

How do we become so oblivious?

On my floor, a game of killer frisbee. *'Can you guys play with the lighter frisbees so there is less chance of breaking a light?'* I am told I am making an outrageous request and should stop playing with my power. What delicate balance am I threatening?

There seems to be some deep investment in being oblivious — almost as if by ignoring, we eliminate. But the greatest block to learning is assuming we already know; the greatest block to maturing is assuming we are already mature. As a six year old said to me: *'Don't tell me how to throw a frisbee. I've been playing for three years you know.'*

When I first came to Tewksbury, there was a great stir. When most realized I was not going to be a police agent, they were reassured and accepting. But some expressed the feeling that it was enough of a disgrace to live in Tewksbury without being the only ones on campus to have a wet nurse. What is the prevailing atmosphere that this anxiety is generated by my arrival? Why do we feel compelled to act as if we are fully formed self-sufficient entities? Why is it a logical or inevitable or profitable choice to live in a universe of mutual exclusion rather than inclusion. That which is not vulnerable does not live!

So everything goes awry. We withdraw into self-righteousness, anger, eventual emptiness or madness. The opposites are threatened by and resent each other: black and white, strong and weak, majority and minority, man and woman, academic and performing arts, performer and critic, play and real, game and truth. We chose continually that they shall be in conflict and not harmony.

It is not inevitable that we must live like seabirds. As Chomsky says, language is a mental organ, a psychic tongue. We must speak out. And there are more such organs; we are magnificently endowed: Let us use these gifts. Let us discover and develop more. Nature has compensated birds for their life of fear with physical wings; we are earthbound but we can learn. I think I heard Chomsky say there are no principles to learning. I wonder if he has read the Proverbs of Hell.

If we chose to make the tongue a weapon, and our social condition similar to Seabirds, at least let us be aware that we so *chose*. There is nothing more deadly than complicity. You know that I know that you know that we know that life is a bitter struggle and everything we possess goes into that. No. I don't know that.

Richard Landes

THE UN-COLLEGE

(CPS)-- In the sixties, school was busted wide open. Academic anarchists, tired of grades, required courses and multiple-choice exams, made angry noises for a while and then marched off campus to found their own curricula of batiks and potters' wheels.

The rest of academia churned on as usual.

Everyone was happy with their separate reality. The new schools enjoyed academic freedom; the old, academic respect. Eventually, however, some of the philosophy of the new schools seeped under the old ivy walls, and liberal educators, with a nod to Summerhill, devised ways to open up mainstream education.

The result has been a melange of unorthodox ways to earn an accredited college degree. At the heart of this unorthodoxy is the principle that learning can take place outside the four walls of the classroom.

If attendance at a college is the only road to college credentials, those who have acquired knowledge and skills through other sources will be denied the recognition to which they are entitled, announced the President of the University of New York, as he unveiled his alternative degree plan. *Neither the state nor the nation can afford such waste, nor should they tolerate such inequity.*

With this idea in mind, New York
Continued on page ten

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EDITORIAL

Flight of the Phoenix

The Phoenix rose out of its ashes to once again take flight. So has the *Observer*. At the end of last semester, the *Observer* ceased to exist. It was deeply in debt, advertisers withheld their support, few students would write for it, and most importantly, it lacked credibility in the community. This semester, with a little help from its friends, the *Observer* has grown to become a distinct voice on the Bard campus, a source of student information and a forum for public opinion. The impact it has had on community life is quite apparent.

The furor raised over the medical services at Northern Dutchess Hospital brought forth the existence of evening lab technicians to take throat cultures before antibiotics are administered and a desire on the part of Northern Dutchess officials to meet with a committee of students to discuss the health care. Letters have since brought students' mistrust and bad experiences with the hospital out into the open.

The softball team received the soccer shoes they were protesting for and thanks to a letter to the editor, the Dining Commons is now open 24 hours a day.

Attention to the dorm deposit and the off-campus living fee resulted in the Senate investigation of both fees. There is a good possibility that the dorm deposit will be decreased and the off-campus fee will be reevaluated for the year after next by the financial office. The pinball machines, alas, are still bonging away at the telephones in Dining Commons, hang it up Theo.

The *Observer* is exiting strong, and that is good. It means the paper stayed alive because you wanted it to be and worked for it. Thank you Gail. Thank you Phil. Thank you Lora. Frank, Linda, Evan. Thank you for suffering the numbness of all-nighters and sacrificing huge chunks of your time to keep it all going. The Phoenix has risen and is winging its way toward the sun.

Galbraith Goof-up

Someone chickened out. To avoid a possible embarrassment of not having a packed house during the lecture of the noted Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith, the lecture site was changed from the spacious dining room in Kline Commons to the relatively tiny Committee Room. Obviously, whoever planned this lacked the conviction that students would be interested enough to fill the bigger room. The results were disastrous. Students were squashed into the Committee Room to hear a speaker who was not even provided with any amplification system to aid in carrying sound through the dense space. An overflow of students spilled out beyond the doorway into the hall, discouraging prospective listeners with the view of straining necks and arched backs.

Neighboring townfolk expressed disappointment at the lack of local publicity the event received. Many area residents who usually do not attend functions at Bard mentioned that they would have come for this; after all, it was John Kenneth Galbraith. Why one would assume that Alger Hiss could draw a crowd to fill the dining room and John Kenneth Galbraith could not remains a mystery. Pointing a finger of blame at any particular parties at this time would be aggravating a moot issue. It is important, however, to take note of this fiasco so that it does not occur again.

To the Editor:

We think that your recent editorial regarding the Hospital and Doctor was unfair and inaccurate. Perhaps you are unaware that the contract between the College and the Hospital is an agreement to provide medical attention to Bard students on a *clinic* basis. Most Bard students are accustomed to seeing their own family doctor as *private* patients which, of course, is impossible to arrange in a college setting.

It may interest you to know that a prominent New York City doctor, who teaches in a prestigious medical school and is also the father of a Bard student, served on the College Health Committee two years ago partly because of his concern about health services for his daughter. As a member of that committee, he spent many hours at the hospital, saw all their facilities and procedures, talked at length with their personnel and reported back to the College that, in his *professional* opinion, the hospital was one of the best small hospitals he had seen. He further informed us that he was happy that such a facility was available to his daughter should she need medical attention while at Bard.

Sincerely yours,

Mary Sugatt
Dean of Students

To the Editor:

This is an open letter to the community voicing my concern about the doctor assigned to the Bard clinic. In the course of this '75-'76 year, two very disturbing instances have occurred around the issue of certain drugs which were prescribed to me and which I feel were wrongly prescribed and may have done me damage if I had continued to take them.

The first instance occurred in late September when I went to Northern Dutchess requesting a blood test for possible anemia. I told the doctor that I had been feeling tired and weak. Within the course of a five minute conversation he looked at my past medical records and asked me if I was depressed to which I replied in the negative. I presume that he must have looked at my medical records and seen that up until my coming to Bard I had been seeing a psychiatrist for two years who was treating me for depression. I was also taking sleeping pills prescribed by my



LETTERS

psychiatrist at home. The clinic doctor suggested that perhaps I was tired from taking sleeping pills and to take a new drug which he was going to prescribe for me. I asked him what the name of the drug was and what its purpose was. The doctor said something to the effect of *don't worry about what it is*. It was clear to me that he did not want to discuss the matter; I leaned over his shoulder and saw that he had prescribed *Tofrinal*. From my knowledge, *Tofrinal* is a very strong drug used to treat psychosis. I was rather shocked and said *that's a drug for psychosis* to which he replied by laughing as if I were a three year old and 'reassuring' me by suggesting that I just take it, as the next patient was being quickly whisked in. I was left to ponder uneasily this new drug under the frozen glare of the fluorescent lights, old *Time* magazines, and the sterile atmosphere of plate glass windows and cold linoleum floors of the waiting room.

Suffice to say, that I hesitantly took the pill after spending about five dollars for the prescription and was up all night in what seemed to be a waking nightmare. As I later found out, the drug sometimes has the unfortunate side effect of causing insomnia. It was a miserable night as I lay tossing and turning, staring at my white walls, smoking and becoming increasingly depressed as the hours wore on. I called my psychiatrist at home a few days later and he advised me not to take it anymore.

The second incident occurred in late April when I went to get a prescription refilled. When I spoke to the doctor at the clinic, he informed me that he didn't know much about the drug but that he didn't think I should continue using it because it *contains cortizone which can cause serious damage such as diabetes, high blood pressure, etc.* He prescribed a

new drug *Synlar*. Due to past experience with drugs prescribed by this doctor, I felt confused and I didn't feel confident about his advice. I decided to contact my doctor at home who had originally prescribed the drug I was trying to get refilled. My doctor wrote me back saying: *There must be some mistake, since Desquamex is not a steroid and has no side effects such as you have mentioned. As a matter of fact, the side effects you mentioned would be due to the systemic use, that is taking pills which contain steroids, but not application to the skin. In any event, Desquamex is not a steroid. However, Synlar is. Do not use it on your face!!* —Sincerely, Paul Gross M.D.

I felt I should submit this letter because the doctor at the clinic made a drastic goof. An error like this could cause serious problems for other people.

Sincerely,

Mary Sternbach

To the Editor and the Community:

I would like to say some things about the coffee shop. A lot of people come through the coffee shop, sometimes only to use its vending machines, and nobody particularly thinks too much about the place. Well, I think about it a lot. I work there. I've worked there since the first day I got back in September, and I've got quite a few things to say about the place, most of which are worth listening to, I think.

The first thing has to do with my behavior and your behavior. I try to be as nice as possible to people - I'll recite all the yogurt and ice cream flavors several times for you and I'll even make suggestions if you look undecided. Many times I've taken the time to fix some odd combination that someone asked for. I honestly think that I don't act rude or nasty - although sometimes I can be sick or tired and just not up to the job. But I don't usually act unpleasant without a good reason. The thing is, often that good reason is YOU. Wouldn't you get annoyed if someone asked what flavors ice cream there were, and you said there was strawberry, chocolate, vanilla and coffee, and then the person yelled: *Do you have maple walnut? You don't have maple walnut??* I mean, did I say maple walnut? Did the person think I would keep it from him? Would I lie about maple walnut?

EDITORIAL

Senate Sell-Out

It is hard to know who to blame more - Theo Jolosky for proposing questionable programs or the Student Senate for letting him get away with it. The word has come to this desk of yet another successful attempt by the Administration in the person of Mr. Jolosky to bridge the gap between students and administration by having the administration manipulate our lives.

Under a plan proposed by Theo and the dorm-life subcommittee, 16 students will be paid 200 dollars a semester to be peer counselors. These counselors include present Student Senators and one of the co-presidents as well as two of next year's senators. Could this be why there was silence on the part of the Student Senate concerning this issue? Whatever, it is clearly a blatant conflict of interest.

One senator said he was only *in it for the bucks* while another said it was because they would be given the best dorm rooms and when he found out he would also receive money it made him happier.

The Student Senate did not even vote on the issue of Peer Counseling in their failure

to recognize the fact that the principle of peer counseling is highly objectionable to many students. Bard has prized itself on being a *'different kind of college'*, *'what you make it'*. Unfortunately, Bard is becoming what the administration is making it.

Over the past year the administration has taken the time not only to bring in a Resident Attendant to Tewksbury but also to tack on a hundred dollar room deposit to prevent what has only been suggested as wanton destruction of college property. This plan makes it a necessity that individuals turn in dorm members who are breaking things or have the money taken out of their deposit to pay for the damage. Big Brother in action! And again the Student Senate did nothing.

Scott Porter, next year's co-president, said that in December, the idea of the deposit would be evaluated and if deemed too much it would be reduced to 50 dollars. This unfortunately is a sad try and fails to solve the problem - *the idea of the deposit is morally wrong and must be abolished*. Perhaps the 4,500 dollars worth of damage could be paid for with the 6,400 dollars which Theo is using to pay Peer Counselors.

The Peer Counseling is the latest action by the administration which has merited rejection by the students through senate. The idea of paying a total of 6,400 dollars on an untried program to decrease the attrition rate at Bard is incredible. I've heard that this year's attrition rate is lower.

The problems of a small college in the middle of nowhere are not solved by pushing Peer Counselors into Freshman Dorms with the ambiguous task of helping them cope with the transition from high school. The program will not make the freshman closer to the upper-classmen, it will do the opposite. They feel inferior, as though they are expected to *need assistance*, *not mature enough* to handle college without Mom (or Big Brother).

It is time that we ask more from our Student Senate. They are here for our benefit and to consider the needs of the school and the student body as a whole rather than their own pecuniary wants.

Lewis Schaffer

Letters Continued ...

ice cream? For pete's sake.

Let me tell you some other crazy things you guys do. One Sunday afternoon last semester I was working alone, and it got extremely busy - there was a very long line. I was working as fast as I could, and even to my own surprise, I hadn't made any mistakes. When you're alone and it's busy, though, it is a little hard to keep the coffee and hot water pots filled (among other things). Well, I was still going at top speed when I turned to someone who is a professor here and asked if I could help him. He asked for a cup of coffee and I turned to get it, but then I saw that the new pot was just filling up and all the others were empty. So I explained the situation to this man and said that he'd just have to wait about sixty seconds or so, and was that alright? This man proceeded to scream at me then, all about how long he'd been waiting and how he wanted his coffee NOW! Well, I just told him I was doing my best, and went on to the next person, but I ask you if that seems called for? Certainly if that man had kept his eyes open while he waited he'd have seen that I was alone and going as fast as possible.

But I've been yelled at for other things, too. Sometimes you've brought things back and demanded replacements just because you didn't like those things - not because there was anything wrong with them. You've also yelled at me about the prices of things (especially about the five cent honey packets) when I keep trying to tell you that I don't set the prices. Some of you yell at me when the vending machines don't work, and sometimes you demand that I give you your money back. Well, the machines have nothing to do with me - they're not my responsibility - so please don't yell at me, o.k.? And I can't give out money so please don't ask me. I don't even know any more than you do about whether the machines are broken that night or not, so why ask me?

And please don't ask me for *extras* either. Don't ask me for extra ice cream in your shake, because I'm supposed to charge for more ice cream. I'd like to know why you even think you can ask for a *nice* sandwich or a thicker shake? I have rules to follow that I don't make, so everybody's sandwich is nice and everyone's shake is the same.

I wish coffee shop customers would imagine being coffee shop workers. I promise that if you'll be nice to me I'll be nice to you. It's just that I don't think I'm asking for very much to hope that you can tell me - without my asking - whether you want a small or large coffee with milk or not, or whether your stuff is to take out. I get so tired of asking the same questions over and over again. I don't think it is too much to expect that you have your money dug out from the bottom of that purse, or that you keep your cigarette smoke out of my face

and off of other folks' food, but you folks just can't seem to manage this stuff. I also don't think it is too outrageous of me to expect that you'll pick up your garbage when you leave - I have to clean up before I can go home; did you know that? So if you say you want *just one thing* and I say we're closed, please don't harass me. I have to go out and clean the tables which means I get to undo the little houses you make with the pop tops and cups and stirrers. I get to pick cigarette butts out of washable coffee cups and I get to clean up globs of ketchup along with the thousand pieces you tear the cups into. Sometimes I even get to wash the graffiti off the chessboards; *so-and-so is an asshole* it said last time, *so-and-so* being a good friend of mind.

One more thing. Maybe it is easier than I think to catch me being grouchy to someone. Well if you see me act annoyed, remember something that might be behind it. Remember how many times all year you needed an extra nickel or dime and how you promised ever so enthusiastically to pay me back the next day. Remember that because not one of you has paid me back all year, and nickels and dimes all year can add up.

So you tell me if these things happening all the time wouldn't drive you crazy? Sometimes you guys come across as so many greedy little children, eager to get something for nothing. Anyway, this letter is much too long by now, but I wanted to say these things because I guess they're true for the other people who work in the coffee shop, too; I'm not sure. And I still have to go to work tomorrow, but it would be kind of nice if one or two of you could at least tell us we make *good* egg creams; you know?

Sincerely,
Jean Antonucci

To the Editor:

Renown visitors are an important aspect of any college program. Their presence is exciting and their ideas provocative and stimulating. I had the good fortune of spending most of the day with Dr. Galbraith when he was up here, and I was quite upset with several things that happened.

After a long drive up from the city we took Dr. Galbraith to his Hotel room. It was 1:30 and despite this, his room was not made up from the night before.

The afternoon activities went well and from what I understand so did dinner. The lecture, however, was a disaster. Dr. Galbraith, probably the most renown speaker who has been at Bard in my four years here was scheduled into a small room in dining commons. Despite poor publicity, many people showed up filling the room and spilling out into the hall. These people were doubly inconvenienced by having to stand and strain their ears to hear Mr. Galbraith who wasn't provided with a P.A. system. Despite all

this, the audience was tremendously attentive.

The final disappointment was the reception. Dr. Galbraith was fed stale cookies and kool-aid.

I very much enjoyed the day and I learned a lot from listening. It would certainly be a pity if future students don't get opportunities like this because the school has a bad reputation for the way it treats its guests.

Sincerely,
Bill Dickens

To the Editor:

Sexism, classism, racism, ageism - and now there is looksism. Looksism means defining or judging people by the way they look - because they are blond, redhead, blue-eyed, well-tanned, well-hung, tall, short, thin - or fat, which is the topic I'd like to speak about.

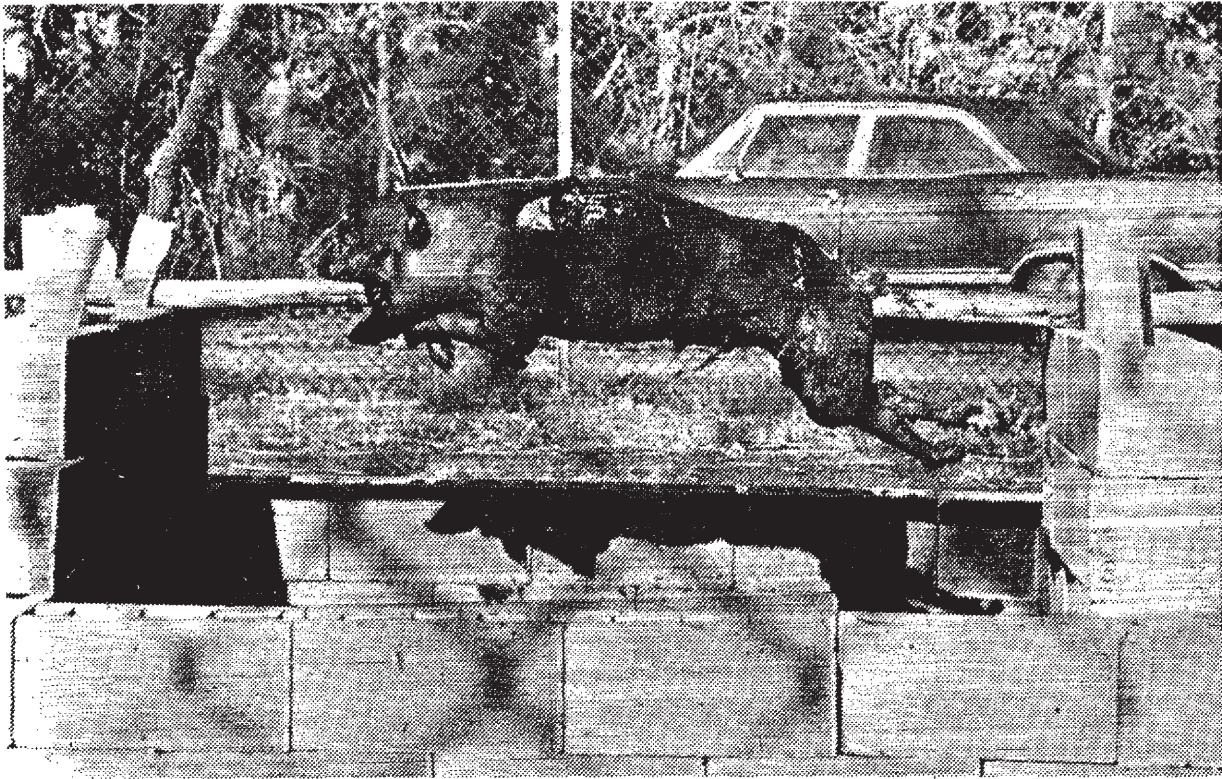
Looksism tells us that it is bad to be fat. What's implied is that fat people are self-destructive, have no self control, are unhappy, etc. The truth about fat people is that they are fat - no other accurate generalizations can be made.

In Amerika we are taught that to be thin is to be desired. We are constantly bombarded by the media with images of how we should look. The "beauty businesses" of Amerika make millions from diet and exercise products, constantly exhorting us to be thin. People say that fat people are sexually undesirable. Part of their reasoning is that fat is unhealthy and self-destructive. The other reason is many people think fat is unattractive. On the first point, fat is unhealthy, *but so is drinking and smoking*. So theoretically it should be as hard for someone who smokes or drinks to find a lover as it is a fat person. But in reality, this is not true. Smoking, aside from being unhealthy, also makes the smoker's breath stink. But we don't see smokers not getting kisses due to this fact.

On the second point, that fat is unattractive, we must realize that in some societies that is not true. We say this because we have been presented by society with a standard of beauty for wimmin long hair, thin body, big breasts and being fashionable (whatever fashionable means to you). Don't buy that standard of beauty; it's sexist. Start looking at people's energy, their auras and their personalities to judge their beauty. That is true beauty; an internal beauty that projects itself outward. So let's get the word "looksism" out of the vocabulary as quickly as it came in. Get it out by making the meaning something non-existent that therefore does not need to be named. Of course we notice people's looks, but to judge them by their looks is destructive to wimmin and other people too.

Nancy Schiff

Continued on page ten



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If Med School Says No

Medical Jobs: Variations on the M.D. Obsession

(CPS) --Anxiety is running at fever pitch in biology labs and chemistry classes around the country these days as the nation's medical schools send rejections to the thousands of pre-med students who didn't make the final cut.

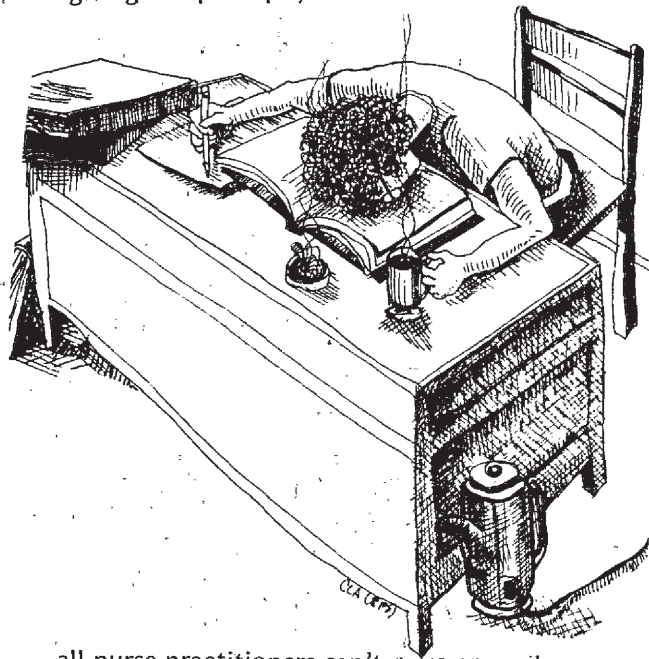
Getting into med school is tougher than ever. Four years ago there were only two applicants for each position, but this year a record 43,000 students applied for the 15,000 freshman places in U.S. medical schools, according to the American Medical Association.

Most rejected students view their med school turndown as a personal failure, a sure sign they should hang up health care and enlist for a stint in grad school. Yet 75% of the rejected med school applicants have the skill to successfully graduate from medical school, according to a recent study by the American Association of Medical Schools.

There is a way to bypass the med school admissions bottleneck. Although medical doctors control the market in salary and social prestige, a number of new health professions rival the M.D. monopoly in the opportunity to deal directly with patients.

Here's a rundown of new or little-known health professions.

Nurse Practitioner: One step beyond registered nursing, this new field allows nurses to work with their own case load of patients, caring for them quite independently, although under the supervision of a physician. Many nurse practitioners work in pediatrics, geriatrics or gynecology, dealing directly with patients, diagnosing their problems and giving complete physical examinations. About



all nurse practitioners can't do is prescribe drugs or perform surgery. Some work as old-time mid-wives and deliver babies. Training is about a year beyond R.N. schooling, which includes several months of clinical work. Salaries start at about \$12,000, a couple thousand above R.N. base pay. For information, call up the nursing schools in your area.

Emergency Medical Technician: This is a new field, originally designed to make use of the skills of para-medics back from Vietnam. Emergency medical technicians (EMT) work in hospital emergency rooms, rescue units or as ambulance attendants, and operate advanced life support systems. There are two levels of EMT's: the first allows technicians to manually aid patients--to treat shock and wounds, for instance; advanced EMT para-medics use sophisticated equipment such as cardiac monitors and may even administer drugs, while in radio contact with physicians.

Most EMT programs require that students be over 18 and have jobs as ambulance attendants. Job opportunities vary greatly from state to state. Starting salaries usually begin at \$8,000, although some cities and small towns depend on the services of volunteers. Interested students should beware of school programs for operating room technicians, as this occupation has little direct contact with patients. Write to the Department of Transportation, National Highway Traffic Administration, Washington D.C., 20590 and ask for brochures on EMT training.

Physicians' Assistants: These people work in hospital clinics or with privately-practicing physicians in orthopedic,

ophthamology, pediatrics or other medical specialties. Physicians' assistants also work under the supervision of physicians, but can do much of the medical work a doctor does. Most school programs, offered in medical schools, require that applicants complete two years of undergraduate school, including a year each of biology, physiology and chemistry. Students then study from two to five years in a specialized field. Starting salaries are about \$14,000 a year. These programs are brand new and may take some digging to find. Contact medical schools in your area. Beware of jobs labeled Medical Assistant: these are secretarial assistants to physicians.

Chiropractor: Chiropractors are the closest thing to M.D.'s in the sense that they work out of their own offices, without a M.D.'s supervision. Chiropractic is a medical profession based on spinal manipulation. Since the nerves connected to the spine control all body functions, a misaligned backbone can upset body metabolism like digestion and immunity responses, as well as foul up posture and cause chronic back pain. Chiropractors work to realign the spine and allow the body to better heal itself.

Prerequisites for chiropractic students are two years of undergraduate school, including at least six credit hours of biology or organic chemistry. Students then go on to four years of chiropractic schools, costing about \$2,000 a year, before they can tackle the state boards. Starting pay is \$14,000, which increases to an average of \$24,000. Although there are 13 chiropractic colleges in the U.S. only four have been accredited so far. Most states require practicing chiropractors to be graduates of accredited schools. For more information and the addresses of accredited schools, contact:

Council on Chiropractic Education, 2200 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa, 50312.

LETTERS

cont. from page 7

To the Editor:

I write in response to, and disagreement with, Daniel B. Eddy's *In Memorium* of the May 5, 1976 issue.

It is not so much that I take exception with Mr. Eddy's praise of Hannah Arendt, it is rather that I disagree with the framework within which Mr. Eddy treats Ms. Arendt, her life and her works.

Taking Mr. Eddy's thesis point by point, I question first off, the credibility and then the ability of one who has admittedly never read any of Ms. Arendt's work to praise her as a *brilliant* and *great scholar*. Such indiscriminate praise has to offend any one with any kind of respect for responsible scholarship. One of the more positive aspects of the colloquium held in celebration of Ms. Arendt's interment at Bard was that there was offered some criticism of Ms. Arendt's work -- criticism that was qualitatively insignificant but served as criticism nonetheless.

In honor of Ms. Arendt's memory, I too offer criticism of her work (I have read *On Violence*, *On Revolution*, and parts of *Eichmann in Jerusalem*). To me, Hannah Arendt was not an omniscient goddess worthy of unquestionable praise, nor was she a prophet -- the messenger of some Divine Word. Hannah Arendt, on the contrary, was a human being with great human limitations. Her work is often petty and sentimental, she showed a talent for vulgarly superficial political analysis in her treatments of man's propensity for a class involvement with evil, violence, and totalitarianism.

It is my belief that good scholarship bears in every respect a one-to-one correspondence with reality, that one conceptualizes through that which reality has to offer, instead of myopically constructing paper dreams that twist reality into conformity with those dreams. Emotion has a place in political science; sentimentality does not. Emotion fuels the mind, giving it a reason for being and a motive for functioning. Sentimentality is simply another coercive opiate, used as an oversimplification of problems resulting in a distraction of

people away from the substantive realities of our lives, while they expel their emotional energies on false issues.

But this disagreement is minor, for although I obviously stand by these valid criticisms, I still maintain the utmost respect for the life and profound achievements of Hannah Arendt. My main criticism of the Eddy article is directed against the underlying assumption made within the article, that because Ms. Arendt worked within the tradition of Kant, Socrates and (although not mentioned by Mr. Eddy) Marx; because she contemplated questions of *truth*, *beauty* and *total meaning* she is one of the great pillars of academia and the discipline of social thought. Since Mr. Eddy hasn't read Arendt, one can only assume that the aspects of her life that he finds worthy of note are his criteria for *great* and *brilliant* scholarship.

This assumption is horrifyingly elitist. It does not help to reconcile the social disparity between the scholar and the layman, and thus it helps to perpetuate the dominant anti-intellectual social order. Not only is this assumption patently elitist, but it is above all disgustingly anti-intellectual. It threatens to further reduce scholarship to dogmatism, pseudo-intellectualism, and intellectual commodity fetishism: in a word, academic pretentiousness.

Good scholarship, as previously contended, does not consist of the selective straw-man dreams of Ph.D.'s; it is not the contemplation of a metaphysical matrix of the world. Instead, it is the recognition of social forces that are reduceable to food, shit, sweat, blood, reproduction, and production. In other words, the hard-core mundane realities that shape the intellectual, metaphysical and transmetaphysical penumbra of human societies.

Joel Asa Miller

Un-College

Continued from page five

set out to bridge the gap between old and new style education. The Regents External Degree program has modified the old digestive approach to learning--swallowing information and regurgitating it on tests. Now there's no swallowing, just tests. No classroom attendance is required. No age, residence or high school diploma requirements are set up by the Regents. The program is offered to anyone from anywhere in the world.

Students who sign up with the program pay a \$50 enrollment fee, and then are evaluated by a committee which determines the amount of credit they already earned. This credit may be stockpiled through college work at other institutions, CLEP exams, military exams, work experiences or any other way a student feels he has learned.

After the evaluation, if the student still needs more credits to meet his diploma quota, he sits down to a long series of tests. Students outside of New York can take the standardized tests at their local universities. Tests run about \$25 each, and range from three to forty credits. The average cost of a B.A.: \$400.

So far, nearly 3,000 people have graduated with one of the seven Regents degrees. Graduates have gone on to law and medical school and have secured good jobs, say program personnel. For information on the program, write to Regents External Degree, 99 Washington Ave. Room 1919, Albany, New York. 12230.

Another nationwide program for people who feel the need for the B.A.'s stamp of approval is University Without Walls (UWW). There are 28 UWW's across the country, and some accept students who live in other cities. While the Regents Degree program uses purely test-out approach to higher education, UWW incorporates a free-wheeling mix of internships, work, independent study, seminars, formal courses and group projects.

In most UWW programs, the student works with an advisor and draws

TAKE A BOW

The Mozart Requiem

*Want a ride to campus?
Yeah. You in the concert or are you
ushering?
Ushering. You look very nice.
Thanks.
So how's it gonna be?
Not perfect. But good.*

REQUIEM KV 626
by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
presented by the
BARD COLLEGE COMMUNITY CHOIR

Jim Marvin, in tails, sets up chairs for his orchestra. Everyone else sets up extra chairs for the audience. *It's gonna be packed, everyone says to everyone else.*

President Botstein comes inspecting the situation. *At 8:20 I want you to light the candles.* And we all swallow hard because all the aisles are blocked by extra chairs in a building with only one way out. People commence to arrive.

*Good Evening. Hi. Welcome.
May I have a program?
Certainly.
Listen, there are no more seats in there.
Good Evening. I'm afraid you'll have to stand.
So what?*

with members of the
HUDSON VALLEY PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

and soloists
JANET WHEELER, soprano
JOAN LA FALCE, alto
HENRY NIEMAN, tenor
PHILIP LARSON, bass
conducted by Jameson Marvin

Everyone is aware that something special is happening. There are at least one hundred well-dressed people running around and they all have a sense of purpose. Something's happening. The Community is out en force. The College (traditionally fashionably late) must stand outside the door until the Choir is seated. It's more of an event than we imagined.

The familiar sounds of an orchestra tuning itself: a single A fans out into recognizable harmonic patterns.

Three strikes of Marvin's baton. Pause. A pensive orchestral introduction and

*Requiem aeternum dona eis Domine:
et lux perpetua luceat eis.*

*Hey, the orchestra's not bad!
Orchestra! Listen to the Choir: they've got a good blend.
They're really dynamic.
I wish I could see.*

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth. An excited older woman in the vestibule hears the first quartet, the *Tuba Mirum*, and closes her eyes. She doesn't need to see. Her hands are clenched as though she is gripping the very sound of the Choir.

*King of majesty tremendous
Think, kind Jesus, my salvation
When the wicked are confounded
Ah that day of tears and mourning*

Break.

The orchestra stops to re-tune before the Offertory. Someone slips outside to chase away the dogs who are oblivious to the special nature of this night. And five more people try to slip in. The older woman in the vestibule has momentarily left ecstasy behind for mere reverie. *I hope your whole College is here tonight,* she says. *We had to turn some of them away,* is the reply. Older woman sighs a sympathetic sigh.

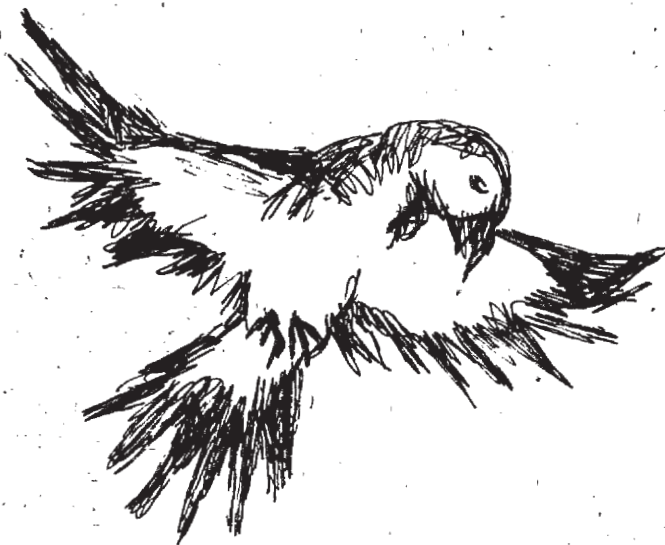
*Requiem aeternum dona eis Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.*

The concert is through, applause commences, much applause. Much good feeling. The College and the Community mix well.

It takes half an hour for everyone to leave. No one hurries. Such a positive experience. *It couldn't have happened a few years ago.*

Quem quaeritis?
The Bard College Community Choir.

Peter Kosewski



Schechter's Seabird Success

There is no way that Bela Bartok, Jacques Cousteau and David Schechter could collaborate... except in the imaginative mind of David Schechter.

For David and the members of this play, it all began with the music of Bartok; hearing the music, learning the music and ultimately, feeling the music—then, through the genius of the director/choreographer Schechter, combining Cousteau's script and the music with action.

There was dance that came from the movements of the seabirds and the score of the fourth quartet. There were personalities that developed from the characteristics of the winged stars of the Cousteau special. All in all, it was a fascinating amalgam of the elements of theatre and music.

Considering the importance of movement in this piece, it was amazing that character development was so well defined. Gigi Alvera was Cousteau invading the world of the seabirds. The others were the family of birds metamorphosing back and forth from humanlike creatures to the seabirds that they were. Wendy Elman appeared as the Scarlet Frigate, Michelle Shulman as the Blue-Footed Boobie, and Mark Zagaeski as the Diving Brown Boobie.

Nothing seemed forced; even the use of colored lights and kitchen equipment worked naturally. The basement of Tremblay, as unlikely as it seemed, provided the intimacy of domesticity and the ambiance of theatre. None of the audience felt uncomfortable sitting on the floor, for everyone seemed lost in this special world for an hour.

The cast of four were all good and Michelle Shulman impressed me as the best away from the action actor I've seen of late. Despite the focus often being elsewhere, she was always doing something relevant. Her uncanny skill of cracking eggs in rhythm to the music gave the illusion that even eggs can drip on beat.

Perhaps the warm-up incorporated into this play was not as interesting as it might have been. I thought it set up the theme well but missed the pace, and to me, timing was the essence of the rest of the performance.

Although there were more performances of this play than any other in recent Bard history (fourteen in all), there was no way that all of the Bard Community and its friends could see it. The seating capacity of twenty-two made that impossible. Too bad! It will be a long time before the quality of this work will be equaled at Bard—David Schechter is graduating.

Alexander McKnight, Sr.

Chomsky's Organ

Since this was to be my first John Bard Seminar, I approached it with skepticism; an overdose of lectures at the beginning of this year had cooled my enthusiasm to a large extent, and I was inwardly telling myself that *this had better be good*.

Mr. Chomsky was introduced by Mr. Frederic Grab, whose humor, familiar to me began the evening on a pleasant note. (He outlined a few of Chomsky's theories, and added his own observations; in response to Chomsky's statement that *'the mind is always working'*, he remarked that it was a discouraging thought, since you *'can't ever shut the damn thing off'*.)

Then appeared Mr. Chomsky, a man of average height and features, who began his lecture with a large amount of self-consciousness, despite his apparent experience in public speaking. His sentences often seemed to be memorized exactly rather than recalled, and his voice, during the first part of the lecture, tended to be monotonous. It was not until the actual questioning period following the lecture that he seemed to be able to relax and communicate with more assurance.

His lecture was very tedious at times, but this was largely due to the fact that he is accustomed to using a blackboard in illustrating his point. His examples of word usage were repeated often in order to keep them in the audience's mind, but at times I felt that he was being unnecessarily redundant. With proper equipment and a more assertive approach, I am sure that his two and one half hour lecture could have been shortened considerably, which would have made it much more enjoyable.

His ideas themselves were fascinating; he compared the functions of the mind to organs which make up a biological system, emphasizing his point that study of the actual structure or character of the brain itself has no relevance to the functions of this mental system. He describes these *mental organs* as genetically inherent capacities to develop rules, systems, and principles. These capacities vary from species to species, but are the same in members of a certain group; environment has a minimal effect upon the capacity itself, though it may inhibit to a large extent the actual degree to which the capacity is filled.

Chomsky also refuted the classical Freudian concept that all mental processes are accessible to contemplation by the individual, once he has *broken through the barriers*. He feels that such functions as the instantaneous mental computations which are necessary to form a sentence can never be examined, since they are too complex. He also noted that the present methods of *examining* mental processes in humans can't rightly be considered *scientific*, since they are not conducted in a logical manner. Our ethical principles prevent us from direct examination and experimentation with the human mind, and there is no reason to assume that study of mammalian organisms will result in an accurate explanation of human mental processes.

In his description of language, Chomsky explained it as an organ of the mental system which instinctively recognizes principles and systems and is able to adapt them to a vocabulary. Word systems are finite, but their combinations into sentences are infinite. Our language *organ* can instantaneously make these combinations according to the rules it possesses, and is immediately aware if the rules are not properly followed.

The ideas are interesting ones, though Chomsky's presentation of them was not as effective as it could have been. However, I did have a curiosity as to whether he appreciated the chants of the drama club workshop which were drifting through the walls from the coffee shop. While they may have been less intelligible than his words, they unfortunately seemed to draw more attention and interest than his lecture as the night progressed.

Shelia Spencer

RECORDS

Will Success Spoil The Wailers?

RASTAMAN VIBRATIONS
BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS
ISLAND RECORDS (ILPS 9383)

The popularity of reggae music is on the upswing in the United States. Reggae music itself, however, is in a state of decline. *Rastaman Vibration* is a sad testament to that fact, for with this album, Bob Marley has made the transformation from musical figurehead of a way of life to pop singer. It was a bridge that spanned one of many rivers, but one which was not inevitably crossed.

In case you are unfamiliar with reggae music, it is a blend of calypso music, African rhythms, and 50's rock n' roll that coalesced in Jamaica some years ago. It is quite often political in tone, but the specific lyrics are not outwardly important - they are always warped to fit the music. It seems that causes are an excuse to make the music.

The success of *Bob Marley and the Wailers* has changed the nature of the band. First of all, due to all the attention given to Marley, the band has become a mere backup band. They used to be billed simply as the *Wailers*. It's as if Marley was the sole purpose of the band now.

Next, reggae has traditionally been played on cheap instruments which produce a sound that people with good equipment are uninterested in reproducing. It is a youthful, poor man's music that is not recognized by the affluent Jamaica, except by those who feed and make a living off of it. Financial success has bought the *Wailers* Gibson guitars, fancy synthesizers, and a new set of clothes, all serving to separate them from their roots.

Also, now the music is at a point of slickness where the words are given a prominence not enjoyed before. The lyrics fail this attention. Marley, who writes most of their songs, feels compelled to continue writing political songs. I suspect that this is because of survival; revolution and politics being something he thinks that people expect of the *Wailers*. But, he is so specific with his causes and hazy with their details that the listener is left totally confused. He may speak to oppression in Mozambique,

THE ROLLING STONES
BLACK AND BLUE
ROLLING STONES RECORDS (COC 79104)

When the incredible musical energy which emanates from the minds of Mick Jagger and Keith Richard begins at times to dissipate, when its taste becomes stale and its nourishment leaves them starving, the two creative geniuses behind the Rolling Stones have always tended to turn outward and seek their sustenance from sources external (and far too often inferior) to themselves. The resulting creative decline has always been followed by a more intense soul-searching effort than ever before, each time giving birth to a prototype Rolling Stones album saturated with brilliance and power.

Aftermath, their first such album, was a slingshot product of the years spent emulating their black predecessors (i.e. Chuck Berry) and white contemporaries (i.e. The Beatles). Shifting their focus to delve into their own identity, they recorded what was to be the epitome of Stones' albums for years to come.

1967, a year of drug busts coupled with the gradual decline of Brian Jones' usefulness as a creative force, forced the Stones to look outside themselves again. They embraced psychedelic music, or acid rock, and self-produced the shaky and derivative *Their Satanic Majesties Request*. Afterwards, stung by the widespread critical rejection of the album and the accusations that it was only a pale imitation of The Beatles' *Sgt. Peppers*, the Stones returned to the studio with a new producer and turned inward once more. A year later, *Beggars Banquet* was released and was immediately acclaimed as the definitive Rolling Stones album, their masterpiece, containing such cuts as *Sympathy for the Devil* and *Street Fighting Man*.

This strange cycle has manifested itself again. *Black and Blue* is a latter-day *Satanic Majesties*, replete with misjudged self-production and incompetent attempts at Stone-izing today's musical fashions, disco in particular.

but nothing he provides the listener with is quite believable. He ends up blaming the "system" for a variety of misfortunes.

The *Wailers* are on tour now to promote the new album, and promoting it they are. They came to New York for two nights at the Beacon Theatre. During their show they presented most of the songs from *Rastaman Vibration*. It was spiced with songs from three previous American albums (they have recorded many albums that were never released in this country.)

I got the impression that it was a highly contrived act designed to play on our expectations of what we thought was a semi-revolutionary group from a foreign country.



Wendi E. Lombardi

Also funk. And reggae. And when they can't make up their minds, as on *Hey Negrita* (a song about an overpriced whore that is downright unpleasant to listen to) it comes out sounding like a mutation of all three gone amuck.

Blues for the Stones

It's supposed to sound like the *Ohio Players*, Jagger says of *Hot Stuff*, which opens the album. What it is is a weak distillation of the entire structure of the song *Fin-gerprint File*, from *It's only Rock 'n' Roll*, and it's the worst opening cut the Stones have ever recorded.

Hand of Fate, one of the only two rock songs on *Black and Blue*, is one of the better cuts on the album, but the riff is a bit ragged and the formula too obvious for it to be considered a superior performance. Guest guitarist Wayne Perkins does a solo here which sounds like something the departed Mick Taylor might have scribbled off on a slow day.

Eric Donaldson's *Cherry Oh Baby*, the reggae number, came off as mediocre in one of its two concert performances last summer and the studio version makes it sound worse. It serves as an excellent example of how the Stones can overreach themselves and fail dismally while doing it.

Most of the material on Side Two is just as dismissable. (An objective producer would have fought like hell to keep *Melody*, a Jagger-Richards composition, off the L.P.; it doesn't sound anything like the Rolling Stones and it should have been put on the new Billy Preston album instead). *Fool to Cry*, the single, is a country sort of ballad with effective string synthesizer work from Nicky Hopkins, the highly noticeable missing link in the Stones sound of late. Ever since *She's a Rainbow*, Nicky, more than anyone else, has really been the sixth Stone.

The seven-minute *Memory Motel*, the album's production piece, closes Side One

Since it wasn't a revolution in our own country, it had an exciting air that beckoned a casual participation. But it was too professional. At certain points in the concert different backdrops would appear and disappear while the stage was lit up with the Jamaican national colors.

Even though Marley was really high, he conducted the concert like a real showman. Apparently, he is not sufficiently acquainted with the tradition of the encore, a reward for the audience's enthusiasm. He played two more new songs and then finished with *Get Up, Stand Up* from the *Burnin'* album. The excited crowd didn't really know how to deal with the new material.

Well, back to the album. If one looks this as a pop album, it contains some interesting uses of common devices. A group of female singers called the *I-Threes* sing backup. Their vocal harmonies are beautiful and sometimes they engage in call and response with Marley that is very nice. The latter is really evident in the song *Who the Cap Fit*, where they imitate the clucking of fowl. Marley even tries his hand at some scat on *Crazy Baldhead*, singing in his Jamaican accent. It actually comes off. I would like to hear him indulge a little more in this direction.

The use of a mellotron to simulate strings, as well as the confused lyrics, really destroys the beautiful straightforwardness of the melody in *Johnny Was*. Weighing down the melody here is also the *I-Threes*. However, Marley demonstrates in this song that his voice has become richer and his range wider.

A funny thing about reggae is that it occasionally finds a need to celebrate itself as the object of songs. *Roots, Rock, Reggae* is one of these songs. I find that it is one of the better ones on the album because the lyrics just manage to survive the close scrutiny described earlier. It also moves along at a good pace.

So, the *Wailers* are faced with a challenge: how to deal with their success. At this point, it is hard to say what will happen. *Rastaman Vibration* is pleasant enough, but it lacks the balls and enthusiasm of their last studio effort, *Natty Dread*. Jamaica farewell?

Robert Levers

and is easily one of the record's two best cuts. With genuine affection in his voice, Jagger tells of a girl with hazel eyes who soon rejects him as she takes his guitar and herself sings:

*You're just a memory
Of a love that used to be
You're just a memory
Of a love that used to mean so much
to me*

As it becomes Jagger's turn to do the rejecting, he yelps out the very same words that the girl once sang to him, half-choking on the lines and becoming more desperate by the minute. *You're just a memory, girl...* It is ironic to find Jagger straining for the power of his past, to put under his thumb the girl who once had him down. The *sha-la-la-la* vocal harmonies which close this song suggest a distinct similarity of mood between it and much of the *Aftermath* album. Now, however, ten years after *Under My Thumb*, Jagger feels no need to pretend that he has matters under control. His repeated insistences that she is *just a memory* give way to — *admiration!* The song's closing lines, which Jagger perhaps could not bring himself to say, are sung by Keith Richard;

*She's got a mind of her own
She's one of a kind
And she use it well.*

Like so many other Stones album closers, *Crazy Mama* offers an exhilarating release for both the musicians and the listener. It's a *Tumbling Dice* sort of rocker and, after repeated listenings, it still stands up as the best cut on the album. Keith Richard's guitar work dominates the song as Charlie Watts' incessant cymbal smashing perfectly undercuts Jagger's don't-give-a-shit-at-all vocal.

Continued on page 15

FILM



All the President's Men

Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman as reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein outside the Washington Post building for a scene in "ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN," a Wildwood Production for Warner Bros., directed by Alan Pakula, produced by William Goldman.

I went to see *Family Plot*, the new Hitchcock film, expecting to experience the gradual and inexorable build-up of tension for which Hitchcock is famous. I was disappointed. The film was melodramatic and superficial and provoked no tension.

A few days later I saw *All The President's Men*. It is basically the story of two political reporters digging up a story. There is very little action of the Hollywood sort yet there is much tension and excitement in the film.

Hoffman and Redford were successful in portraying the two young reporters, Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward, who did not know what they were on to. As they realize the full impact of Watergate, so does the viewer who is perhaps re-impressed by the Watergate affair with all its implications. At one point, Woodward (Redford) meets with his secret informant Deep Throat (Holbrook) in an empty parking lot. Deep Throat not his usual evasive self, tells Woodward all. Walking back from the meeting, Woodward, who for the first time realizes the full impact of Watergate, begins to walk faster and faster and then to run. He whirls around in panic to discover that he is in an empty street. This simple yet powerful scene embodies all the fear evoked by a crumbling democracy.

The actual Watergate break-in was first discovered by the security guard at the hotel, a man named Frank Wills. Wills appears in the film portraying himself. This trivial realism adds nothing to the film. Wills is only on camera for a few seconds and says nothing.

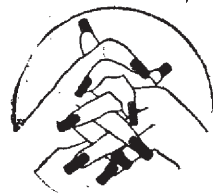
The film deals with the miasma of Watergate conspirators with a fair amount of clarity. All the names that we've all heard so often are endowed with faces and actions. It is fairly simple to discern exactly who did what. I was struck by the fact that John Dean was omitted, yet I do not see this omission as a negative aspect of the film. It is, I believe, permissible to sacrifice some detail for the sake of the film as entertainment. Including Dean in the film would mean including whole new segments whose content would necessarily be very similar to those segments dealing with Colson, Segretti, and Sloan. We see thoroughly, and perhaps to the point of boredom, Woodward and Bernstein grilling and digging about

those conspirators who were dealt with.

The resignation of Nixon was dealt with in the finale - a series of close-ups of the keys of a typewriter banging out news of the resignation. The sound of the keys was as "close" as the visuals; explosions marked every letter. The sound of a gavel striking a desk repeated in an ominous echo behind the sound of the keys. The pace was fast and it was here that all the tension constructed within the film reaches a climactic point.

One can imagine Clive Barnes leaving the film and offhandedly calling it *powerful*, nevertheless, this is true. *All the President's Men* is a well done film.

Lee Kessler



BOOKS Smile When You Say That?

The entire concept of est is fascinating in its absurdity. Organized by Werner Hans Erhard (pseudonym), est has attracted well over 80,000 people, all of whom have paid \$250 for the privilege of being locked into a room and screamed at for 60 hours.

The title *est* is an abbreviation for *Erhard Seminars Training* but is always, printed in lower case to emphasize its Latin meaning, *It is*. Basically, that is the whole concept behind the program, since its purpose is to teach the idea that everything simply is what it is, and while our present life shouldn't be underestimated, we have a very real responsibility for determining what our future life will be.

The idea is logical enough, but since Erhard also feels that dependence upon reason, logic, belief and understanding is

the worst way to live, his goal must be to remove these processes from the minds of his trainees as thoroughly as possible. For two weekends, the trainees are locked in a large, mirrorless, windowless room and instructed to never move from their straight-backed chairs. They cannot eat, smoke, chew gum or relieve themselves except during one specified break during each 15 hour stint. No time-pieces or means of recording the training procedure are allowed, and the only way to *escape* is by sleep. For 60 hours they are verbally abused, humiliated, starved, exhausted and terrified by trainers until they have come to the profound realization that they are responsible for what they choose to do with their life.

The method is obviously a sophisticated approach to brainwashing, which the founder never attempts to deny. He explains the screaming, cursing and personally directed sarcasm as necessary, since *by making you uncomfortable, the trainer is able to more quickly press through your natural defenses in order to get in touch with the real you.*

Most people (knowing what the *training* involves) would never enroll, but during promotion of it the trainers are carefully instructed never to reveal the training process itself. They only promise it will give you *a new life and solve all your problems*, and they give personal accounts of their own success. They are *skillful in acknowledging questions without really answering them*, and one comes away feeling that *it made sense at the time, but upon reflection, it seemed to leave all of the questions unanswered*. Ground rules are explained as existing *because they work* and the advised procedure to follow during an emergency is to *experience it*.

Nevertheless, many people *do* enroll. They come from all age groups and social levels, and their reasons range from family pressure (one man, married to an ex-trainee, was threatened with divorce if he refused to enroll), to a search for new dates. But all trainees have two things in common: extra cash and the driving hope that est will fulfill its promise to solve all their problems.

Most people, strangely enough, feel that est has improved their life, and personality tests do show a definite change, especially in the women. Whether this is a result of a new outlook on life or of being brainwashed into thinking so cannot be answered. The people who didn't gain anything from the experience seem to become even more depressed, and usually feel that *I didn't get anything; there must be something wrong with me.*

The author himself is a former trainee, and thus was able to describe the entire program from close range. But though he was straightforward and factual about high-pressure sales techniques, costs, requirements and the amount of hunger, humiliation and bewilderment he endured in training, his perceptions seem numb when he attempts to describe the results of the course. Throughout the book he seemed unenchanted with, even skeptical, of the program and the devices it utilized. When he tries to describe its effect, he slips into meaningless praise, *I can't explain how, but it's changed my whole life. It's wonderful etc.* This was very unsettling to me, for I had assumed his lucidity concerning the training procedures meant that he had miraculously escaped being brainwashed as his contemporaries had been. But the final sections of the book imply that while his memory may be unimpaired, there is some kind of block which prevents him from seeing the value of the training in its true light. Everyone whose personal statements appeared in the book seemed convinced that whether their life has changed for the better or worse, est is unquestionably a godsend.

I, however, remain skeptical. I have neither the \$250 nor the desire to shell it out in order to satisfy my masochistic tendencies. I suggest a cup of hot chocolate and a letter to Dear Abby - it's more relaxing and much less expensive.

Shelia Spencer



WILL TAP FUNDS DRY UP?

Editorial comment: A few weeks ago the author accompanied John Walsh, Mary Nathan, Wendy Jackson, Laura Hitt and President Botstein to a special legislative seminar at the State Capitol in Albany organized by the CICU under the direction of Leon Botstein, Chairman of the Student Relations Committee. This is what we found out.

Bard College, like all other private colleges and universities in New York State, depends on the state for direct financial assistance. TAP, the Tuition Assistance Plan, provides pecuniary aid directly to Bard Students. Last year, the BUNDY program provided the College with \$800 for each Bachelor degree it conferred. Many of the loans which enable students to attend private colleges are funded or guaranteed by the State of New York. These facts come as a surprise to most students at Bard. The same is true across the State. This is unfortunate because legislators in Albany must decide the fate of these programs without benefit of the opinions of students affected by them.

The Commission on Independent Colleges and Universities (CICU) is an independent organization made up of professional educators and interested persons, which seeks to protect and nourish the private sector of higher educational institutions. In mid-February, the CICU with the help of its public system counterparts, succeeded in persuading the Albany legislature to reject Governor Carey's request for a 10 percent across-the-board cut in tuition assistance awards, and maintain the level of BUNDY aid support to independent sector institutions.

On April 13 of this year, student leaders from New York's independent colleges and universities gathered in Albany for an all-day Legislative Seminar sponsored by CICU. Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson and Assembly Speaker Stanley Steingut led off a series of panel discussions and question-answer periods between students and governmental and educational leaders from the State. The purpose of the seminar was to familiarize student leaders with the issues of State Legislation that affect them and their fellow students, and to provide a forum within which students might decide whether or not they wished to enter into a statewide arrangement to influence the outcome of these issues. Before the close of the day's activities, select students from each college and university, including Laura Hitt from Bard, set up a steering committee to determine the shape of such an arrangement. The steering committee's first meeting took place recently in New York City and a second is planned for mid-June in Syracuse. Information from the first meeting will be available soon. The State systems, SUNY and CUNY, already have a powerful student association which retains attorneys and professional lobbyists in Albany. This may well be the shape of the steering committee's plan. Like it or not, lobbying is probably the most effective way of influencing legislators. Well conceived personal letters are of great value, especially in large numbers, but a full-time lobbyist, paid to plead his client's case, can provide the clarification and reassurance necessary to persuade legislators to support our position.

Whatever the shape of the steering committee's early planning, it deserves the full support of Bard students. This may mean helping to finance a lobbying team out of student funds, supplying delegates to state or regional meetings, demonstrating at the Capitol, providing a meeting place for student leaders from other colleges in the state, or other activities. The purpose of this article is simply to inform the student body at Bard about the existence of the CICU, the legislative seminar which took place on the 13th of April and about the opportunity for commitment which will face next year's Senate and student body.

In the meanwhile, it is important for

Bard students to take an active role in learning about legislative issues which affect Bard and its students. Maintaining the status quo is not enough. Inflation has eroded the significance of BUNDY money. The state is in the midst of important changes in the mix of public and private educational facilities. Now is the time for the private sector to assert its claim for no-strings-attached state support for the task of educating the state's citizens at a lower cost than the public system. Be aware, be informed. Be in touch with your legislative representatives in Albany. Let them know how you feel about aid to Bard and Bard students.

David Twadell

Movie Trivia Quiz

1. As one of the few movies really deserving of the term 'classic', *The Kid* was perhaps Charlie Chaplin's definitive work. What child actor played 'the kid'?
2. Everyone should know this: What was Marilyn Monroe's real name?
3. Arthur Stanley Jefferson, a British comedian, teamed with an American comedian described as a 'figure of genteel pomposity' to form one of the best and most profound comedy teams of all times. Name the comedy team that made over fifty films.
4. Marlon Brando won an Oscar for his 1972 performance in *The Godfather*. What young woman made the 'unacceptance' speech for Brando, stating that he had rejected the award for best actor?
5. In the 1932 movie *Night After Night*, Mae West made her screen debut. In one scene, actress Alison Skipworth turns to Mae West and notes, 'Goodness, what lovely diamonds.' What was Mae's reply?
6. Trevor Howard starred in the 1962 version, but who played Captain Bligh in the 1935 version of *Mutiny on the Bounty*?
7. His first screen test report stated that he 'can't act, can dance a little.' He proved this to be an understatement. In numerous films and on television since 1933, he became sufficiently successful to be able to publish an autobiography in 1960 entitled *Steps in Time*. Who is he?
8. What was the name of the dog in the *Our Gang* movie serials?
9. Actor Errol Flynn fought a sword duel on the screen with actor Basil Rathbone in two different movies. Name either.
10. 'It was you made me a bum, Charlie. I could'a had class. I could'a been a contender.' These memorable lines were spoken by what actor to what actor in the back of a taxi in what movie?

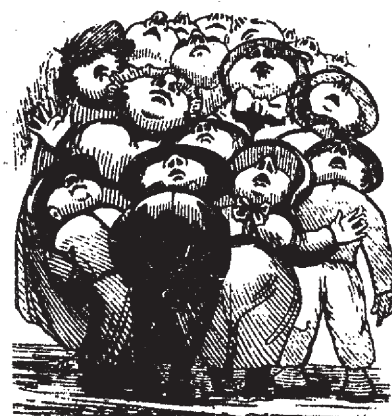
EDITORS' SPECIAL (answer both and win a pizza)

1. What was the name of Sky King's airplane?
2. What was the name of Dudley Do-Right's horse?

1. Jackie Coogan
2. Norma Jean Mortenson
3. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy
4. Sachsean Littlefeather
5. 'Goodness had nothing to do with it, honey.'
6. Charles Laughton
7. Fred Astaire
8. Pete
9. *Captain Blood; The Adventures of Robin Hood*
10. Marlon Brando (as Terry Malloy) to Rod Steiger (as Charlie Malloy) in *On the Waterfront*

ANSWERS

Unclassified Ads



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SPORTS

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Since its second place finish in the NAC Tournament, Bard has had only one win in its last five games. Losing to John Marr, 12-1; Annandale Hotel, 13-2; Steiners, 7-1; and Columbia-Greene, 11-1.

The one win was against Steiners in the second games of a doubleheader. Lewis Schaffer, star pitcher, was the winner (his second win - and Bard's only two wins). Scattering twelve hits, Bard seemed to be taking advantage of the many walks and mistakes by the Steiners team. Mike Riter (Steiners) was the hitting star in this double header, (2 home runs, 5 RBI's). Frank Salamon was Bard's great one, (double, triple, 4 hits, 3 RBI's). Final score: Bard, 10 - Steiners, 8.

Soccer

John Walsh - MVP
Doug Milman - Runner-Up

Basketball

Steve Pouchie - MVP
Cliff Forrest - Runner-Up

Cross - Country

Phil Carducci - MVP
Steve Pouchie - Runner-Up

VARSITY ATHLETIC DINNER

On an overcast, warm Sunday, May 16th, the annual Athletic Awards Dinner was held at Charlie Patrick's house. A total of 23 varsity letters and 20 certificates were given out to those who earned them. Also, some new honors were bestowed, thanks to the Varsity Club. This honor was the Most Valuable Player Award and MVP Runner-Up Award. The recipients of these beautiful trophies were chosen by the coaches of their respective sport. The winners were:

Phil Carducci

Un-College Continued from Page 10

up a learning program for each semester. For instance, a legal-aid worker, majoring in pre-law, may decide to draw the bulk of her semester's credits from her job, enroll in an English lit class at a local university, study pottery under a local craftsman and devise a program for teaching legal skills to high school students. In addition, she can receive college credit for past learning experiences-- anything from learning to scuba dive to reading science fiction.

Her studies, which are documented in a portfolio, are reviewed periodically by her advisor and any off-campus resource persons she may have worked with-- such as an attorney from her law firm and her pottery instructor. When she's ready to graduate, she will receive her B.A. from the college that hosts her UWW program.

UWW's flexibility make for a good way to sidestep the 9-to-5 job, night school approach to earning a college degree. A UWW degree costs more than a Regents Degree, however, between \$600 to \$2500 a year, depending on the tuition of the individual sponsor institution.

For a rundown on the various UWW's, write to the Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities, 930 Corry Street, Yellow Springs Ohio, 45387.

Besides these two national programs, a rash of state and college programs exist. The Board of Governors BA Program in Illinois, for instance, is set up like the New York Regents Degree program, although students are required to enroll in a minimum of 15 hours from any of the five Board of Governors' universities. For information on more than 250 alternative programs, check out the *Guide to Alternative Colleges and Universities*, Beacon Press, 1974.

Stones Continued from page 12

Well, you're crazy, Mama
With your ball and chain
And your sawed-off shotgun
You blowin' my brains
'Cause if you really think you can push it
I'm gonna bust your knees with a bullet.
You're crazy, Mama.

As a Rolling Stones album, *Black and Blue* is a mistake, but perhaps it is a very necessary mistake. The excesses and inadequacies that have been accumulating on every Stones album since *Sticky Fingers* have thundered to a climax on this one. There is too much self-indulgence here, too few decent melodies, too much Billy Preston, and precious little Keith Richard. If the Stones are on friendly terms with Jimmy Miller, their producer from *Beggars Banquet* through *Goat's Head Soup*, it might be a good idea to ask him back. He guided them through a string of classics and never produced anything as bad as this.

It is now time for the Stones to turn

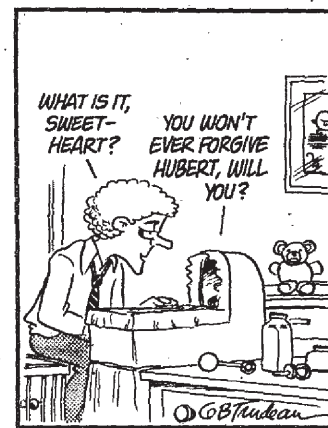
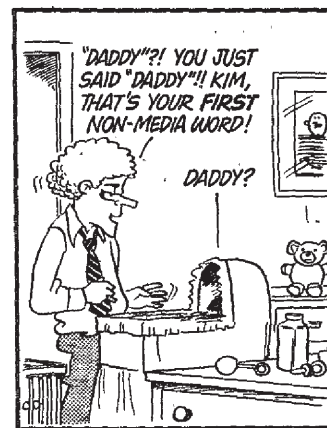
inward again. Jagger does it to a certain extent on *Memory Motel*, when he openly experiences the new-found maturity which replaces his role-playing of the past, but it is only one song. More is needed.

The first time Jagger looked into himself he realized an icy bitterness for women and a fiery drive for revenge. A few years later he found within himself a child molester (*Stray Cat Blues*), a psychotic killer (*Midnight Rambler*), and the Devil. Does *Memory Motel* express the discovery of his darkest side yet, a maturity and adaptability that is everything the anti-hero shouldn't be? If so, then it's really all right. If it's real and it's in there, it can be made to work.

David Reff

All lyrics by Keith Richard & Mick Jagger (PRS)
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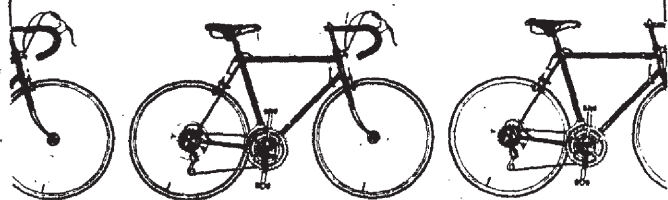
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