Toward Parity

by Catherine Williams

For those of you who thought that Bard was going to be purged, in general, and the Feminist Alliance at Bard in particular, were merely a result of some transitory stirrings in the female populace, I’ve got news for you. Not only has the Feminist Alliance continued to function as an active organization for its members, but it has also managed to sustain its goals in working towards changes in this community. Despite the persistent controversy and confusion that has surrounded the organization, the Feminist Alliance has held onto its identity; its influence has by no means died out.

Changes in attitude are difficult to measure; the shift takes place slowly and the change might seem infinitesimal. But I think that a new perspective on women has been gradually taking shape, and in part that perspective has been generated out of a very specific source.

Lisa Preschel and Gina Moss are the two women who function as organizers for the Alliance. They stress the fact that the Alliance of functions on a cooperative basis—an attempt to avoid the traditional patronizing stances of the chairman, holding precedence over the entire group. They identify themselves as militant feminists rather than radical feminists. They feel that the term radical feminism is being abused and manipulated so often that it has acquired the wrong connotation, that of radical lesbianism.

Lesbianism should not be automatically considered a threat to feminism. Although one may include the other within its concerns, there is no reason for feminism to be restricted to the narrow definition of defending women from men. At the moment the Alliance is working on a variety of projects. As a result of their sponsorship, Rita Mae Brown, author of Ruby Fruit Jungle (one of the first novels to have as its central character a female heroin who is a lesbian), will be at Bard on April 27 to give a lecture and talk. They have also scheduled a performance late in May for a women’s dance company called The Waterflower Order. An ex-Bardian, Kris Keefar, is a member of the group.

In addition to the speakers and events that the Alliance has sponsored and continues to sponsor (out of their own rather meager budget), they also address themselves to meeting the problems and deficiencies which are present in the Bard community of women. One of the things they are trying to establish on a regular basis is a refereed newsletter. They hope to get feedback from women about the doctors and services available in this area, so that they will be able then to pass on suggestions or give advice to those women who need it. They feel that there is a complicity deficiency in the existing women’s health care service -— a deficiency that needs to be addressed with feminism. One of the ways in which they are doing this is by trying to get women to help themselves to critical eye. At a college like Bard, where the establishment of personal ethics is a priority, it is important to provide a wide variety of options to encourage a well-deliberated and rational picture of society. This is not accomplished until women’s contributions are recognized and evaluated for their real worth. Something that might be seen as an incidental influence of the Alliance is perhaps one of its most important functions, that of creating a supportive atmosphere towards women here. It’s one thing to be a single voice apprehensively raising individual complaints. It’s another thing altogether to have those complaints heard and acted upon by a group of supportive women who have agreed that the issue is not only valid, but it is indicative of a general problem which is being felt. The Alliance meets every Monday at 12:30 (during lunch) in the Committee Room. The meetings, which revolve around specific projects and concerns of its members, are open to anyone.

Music; Music!

by Catherine Williams

Word has it that in the not-too-distant future, Bard is going to be inundated, perpetually, positively, with music. On May 6th and 7th, the College is to be the meeting place for musicians from colleges throughout the North-east; a spring festival that will hopefully involve all of Bard and the surrounding community in a multitude of musical events. There are a good many things about this festival that have already made it a unique endeavor; foremost is the fact that the festival has been generated out of student interest. All the planning, the push and the wrangling necessary in getting an event of this scope off the ground has been shouldered by two Bard students. When asked about the purposes and goals of the festival, they responded enthusiastically with a number of ideas—not only for the success of the event in musical terms, but also for the benefits to have on the Bard community as a whole.

Larry: To the Bard community, it’s going to mean in their daily activities, they’re going to be confronted with music making in various areas of the campus, in front of the Commons, behind the Commons, in lounges and so on.

Bruce: All over the place. Not to the point, we hope, of being obnoxious about it. Music making is going to be encouraged on campus. People will be aware that it is a special time when they can get a unique type of focus on music.

Is the weekend going to be a mixture of performance and workshop activities, or primarily performance?

Bruce: Definitely a mixture. The amazing thing about this, if it comes off the way we envision it, is that the performers will be drawn from the audience, and the audience will be performers.

The general tone of the weekend is to be, in Larry’s words, “informal to very informal.” The faculty of the music department have all donated their time to the festival as participants; both Bruce and Larry made it clear that they are interested in the aid of other members as well as in the music majors or not, to participate in sessions and get-togethers. Larry mentioned that the Bard String Orchestra will be used as a nucleus; he was also toying with the possibility of using the Manhattan String Quartet, “...who’ve I yet to see. They’re supposed to be in residence.”

The bulk of the funding for this festival has come from student conviction fees. The all-inclusive fee, after some persuasion, has also agreed to absorb some of the costs. A registration fee will be charged to people outside of Bard who want to participate, and a package deal on room and board is being offered to people who come from far away and need a place to stay. To meet the rest of the costs for the weekend, certain Bard musicians have volunteered to do concerts in Red Hook (for high school students) to raise money. The major problem they are having at the moment seems to be that of housing the 50 - 75 people who will be staying at Bard. They were hoping to house people right on campus, but putting people in modular lounges and such requires the cooperation of a good many more Bard students.

Larry: I see it as a problem only in the sense that we don’t have a solution for it yet. In all of Bard, I’ve never seen that kind of communal spirit. And you know it’s unfortunate, because this is a small school but it seems that the difference disciplines never run into each other. I know cases of faculty members not meeting each other for a decade on campus. Doing something like this, it’s kind of an experiment to see if the people of the community would be interested in pulling this kind of thing off as an investment in the future benefit of the community.

So one of your goals is to get the whole college to respond to an event which is being sponsored by a particular area or discipline?

Larry: Definedly. It could have the potential for bringing the Bard community together in a very positive, long range way.

Bruce: Activities are most meaningful when they’re generated out of the things that interest you, instead of when they’re forced upon you by people who tell you you’re supposed to like it. I think that’s behind the whole philosophy of Bard. It has a lot to do with why we’re doing this.

Would you like to see other divisions follow suit?

Larry: Absolutely.

Bruce: Not on the same weekend though.

Continued on Page 2
by Stephanie Carrow

Streams of color that bounce, like billiard balls, against the boundaries of a red field, then diffuse into to particles and scatter out a broad window, into the open air beyond. A fleeting quartet whose individual instruments produce sounds which blend so harmoniously with each other, it is as though a new, unique sound were created by an invisible, fifth instrument. These are only two of the many ways in which artist Murray Reich sees his own creation at Kline Commons, and looking at the wide, floor-to-ceiling mural, one cannot help but agree with his assessment. To the students and faculty at Bard, to the employees at the Commons, it would serve as a wonderful breath of fresh air for the eye; to Mr. Reich, it represents parts of a drawing process, already twenty years in length, of learning and understanding and exploring the basic things in art and nature.

Murray Reich is an articulate, intense man with a slightly gaunt, yet smiling, who uses words as eloquently as he applies paint to canvas, when discussing his work and the ideas on art. He admits to being able to get a little uptight when discussing art. ("All artists do," he says with a grin), he never seems to run out of things to say, and he appears to take great pleasure in enlightening anyone about his work and painting. In an interview with him on March 17th, with the mural nearing completion (and as yet, untitle), Mr. Reich spoke candidly and eagerly about his painting, the circumstances which led to its creation, his objectives in art and his goals of similar mural paintings in the future.

The amount of time spent in the actual creation of the mural was about three months, the two weeks of planning and designing on paper, and two weeks of painting, which began "a full assembly," took up almost every spare moment of Reich's time. But Reich was not to disregard the twenty years of Reich's artistic growth, of which the present project is developing his variation on pointillism, a technique which should still take into account the many months of thought, decision-making and searching that went into the mural's preparation. Reich had begun to feel that his canvases—which dealt with themes of color and light and similar murals in the future—needed to be expanded to a larger surface, which would give his colors more area in which to interact and alter in appearance, and which would allow his paintings to achieve a sense of color and light. On a trip to Italy last summer, he had begun to think about how he could make the paintings help to solidify the idea of expanding his work into a full- scale mural. Returning to Bard, Reich conferred with President Bottstein and Vice-President David Wagner on the prospect of using a wall in one of the campus buildings for this purpose, and he was instructed to tell him to choose the wall he wished to paint, and after searching the campus, he finally decided upon the wall in Kline Commons.

The Commons wall seemed to fit perfectly the criteria which Reich had set up for the placement of his mural: it was a large, uninterrupted space; would not be blocked by furniture, as in the library or main dining room; would be on open display to the public, with sufficient space for people to stand back and view the painting in its entirety; and it would exist within the proper physical environment necessary to interact with the painting. In the case of the Commons, the floor-to-ceiling windows adjacent of the mural allow the additional advantage of interior action with the external environment. Indeed, the "Aquatone" acrylic paint needed for the mural, which would cost a few hundred dollars, were donated by its manufacturer, Leonard Bocour; the print shop which should provide the college community with a great deal of visual pleasure has not cost Bard anything. (Mr. Reich notes with some smile that he has managed to get free meals and coffee during the times he has been at work on the mural.)

Murray Reich calls his style of pointillism "primary painting," he works from a single color, (red, yellow, green and blue) and applies its multiple colors using the simplest, most primary marks, the dot. But Reich's paintings are no more about a single color, he says, than a single note. They are merely the vehicle through which a symphony of colors is presented. In Reich's paintings, it is the expression of the phenomena of color and light, and of changing dimensions, as they occur naturally. Although he works out a basic design beforehand, he has no idea exactly how a painting will turn out, because he "follows" the colors as they interact according to their natural properties. Connected with this is the interesting phenomenon of optical mixing: the juxtaposition of the colored dots causes our eyes to blend them into a new color—orange, violet, turquoise, even white; but absolutely no mixing of colors is done on the mural itself. Similarly, the color value of the red background changes as different colored dots are applied to it. In the same sense of "following," Reich allows the dimensions of the diagonal strips of color to behave naturally, getting narrower toward the center of the mural, wider at the ends.

Reich sees his mural as an intellectual undertaking, a search for truth in art. He has worked to create a relationship not only between the colors in the painting but also between the painting and its environment (for example, he took into consideration the green of the field beside when he chose the complementary color, red for the mural's background). But Reich has also tried to achieve a sense of energy in the bounding streams of colored light, and he observes that unless the painting delivers an emotional impact to its viewers, it doesn't work as art. It is further interesting to note that, despite the feeling of freedom which the painting evokes, it actually has a definite symmetry; a small red rectangle in the middle of the "white area is the exact center of the painting."

Perhaps the most personally heartening discovery Murray Reich made while painting his mural was, as he explains it himself, the reaction of the college community to his work. Until this past month, Reich had always painted in the privacy of his studio, and he conceives that he didn't know what to expect from the crowds who would gather daily to scrutinize his work. But, Reich notes with evident appreciation, the reaction from everyone has been "incredibly moving." People, he says, whether they have understood his painting or not, have been "warm and encouraging." There has also been so much interest expressed in his painting that he is thinking of doing a public talk at the Commons, when the mural is completed, to explain his painting and to answer any questions about it.

Considering the positive reaction of the public and Reich's obvious personal satisfaction with his mural, it is easy to understand why he is very hopeful about receiving commissions for further mural paintings elsewhere. Indeed, Reich speaks earnestly about his interest in achieving truth in art, rather than creating merely a "pretty" picture. Out of truth, however, beauty is sure to emerge, and we have only to look at the murals in Kline Commons to understand the basic principle of this future, if we are lucky, we will see many more murals by Murray Reich.

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Music

by Slotoan Silaj

Many students at Bard have been wondering about the Office of Program Development, the name of Gene Mason, who is the head of this Office, has been heard a lot, but community residents often don't know what he does or stands for. Politics, rumor and discussion have confused the definition even more.

The Office of Program Development and Special Projects has the responsibility of developing and funding new programs at Bard. This means finding sources of aid for various academic, administrative and non-academic programs.

The objectives of the aid and Bard interests must be compatible. In other words, funding not in line with Bard's philosophy, would not be acceptable for program development. The office also examines and evaluates nongrant programs and their potential use for the Bard community. Examples of these are the Higher Education Opportunity Program (HEOP), the Independent Studies Program and the year round use of Bard facilities.

Any program, which can be used to further the Bard community, be it administrative or faculty development, or Academic or non academic development is searched for and evaluated. Grants obtained by the Office are usually for future use, not present. The explanation for this is that the money should be used for development, not for already existing program.

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Continued from Page 1

Do you foresee any other inconveniences that the festival might present?

Brue: Negligible.

Lary: I just don't see a string quartet playing a Beethoven quartet in front of the lawn on a sunny day as being an annoyance.

Any other thoughts on the festival?

Lary: When it happens, we're also looking towards the future. We're hoping to get it as an annual event, that will eventually rival the Marlborough Music Festival. (chuckle, chuckle, jeer)
Mingus

by Peter Kosewski

Chekov described The Seagull as "a comedy, three female parts, six male, four acts, landscape (view of a lake); lots of talk about literature, little action, five tons of love." It is an accurate enough description of this tragicomical farce set at a country house in Russia in the late 1890's. The personas we watch in Chehkov's drama are, in a very gentle way, eccentricities, or humorous characters: each has a little tic or compulsion that is effectively, and though critical opinion might disagree with me here, not altogether realistically displayed. "Why do you always wear black," Medvedenko asks of Masha, his beloved, "I am mourning for my life," he replies. The setting is realistic, the dramatis persona plausible, but the dialogue in The Seagull go beyond realism, and it is not insignificant that Treplev, the aspiring symbolist playwright, and young lover, states that, "I must represent life as it is and not as it should be, but as it appears in dreams."
The tone of this statement is important, for it explains fairly the interpersonal atmosphere that brings out the effective, the symbolic and the comic in Chekov's "characters. Enough said."

The bard production of The Seagull directed by Larry Sacharow's direction, suffered from a lack of this prevailing atmosphere, so that Treplev's furious exit, Arkadina's sudden change of heart regarding her son, and every scene seemed oddly unmotivated.

In all fairness, I suspect that this tonal inadequacy was due not so much to the actors as it was to various problems. As the setting, attractive unto itself, was rather small, and broken up into a number of small surfaces that were not very conducive to our sense of open space in the very important half of the play that takes place outside. Too, those broken surfaces were not used very consistently, and thus it seemed that the garden, instead of having a specific geography, was arbitrarily terraced. Another problem, and a serious one, was the nature of the costumes: the clothing as a whole was baggy, the lines were folded down, and pieces of dress could be singled out for use in plays from the years 1776 to 1950. What I am trying to suggest, is that in a play where the establishment of tone is so very important, the Bard actors had a great deal of visual disruption to overcome before we could begin to appreciate their individual performances and the production as an ensemble effort.

Carol Wood, as Arkadina, and Robert Mason, as Dorn, provided the most compelling performances of the evening, but it was not until quite late in the play that James Cawter and Polly Corman, as Treplev and Nina, were suf


Lives of Three

In many ways the title of this play by Mata Irene Forges might have well been "The Rarely Successful Life of 3". Not so much because of the plot or theme but because of the playwright's limited abilities. Using a format reminiscent of Beckett's, Ms. Forges can only suffer by comparison.

The superior efforts of the "3", however, almost overcame the inferior material. Garwood, Carol Wood, and Budi Ruhe performed above and beyond the normal call of duty. Their timing, flawless delivery and expressive grasping was a credit to Director Dana Burgos and almost made the second half of this evening's double feature bearable.

The beginning was successful, the middle was mediocre and the ending, was an insult. A few laughs early on (credited to not so great performances) and a few more downright impolite yawns. The problem was that the point of these ten little blackouts was elusive. If it was literal; then it was trivial, it was symbolic, then it was obscure.

The final insult to the audience was the epilogue. In what we contrived to be a satirical and small-production like setting of verse, the actors recited an "apology" for the play. Ms. Forges owes us all an apology.
Towards Liberal Arts

Bard is on the verge of large and unique changes. Next year the tuition will reach a new high of $6500 and many students are wonder whether a Bard education is worth this enormous sum of money. The tuition rate at between seven and eight percent, with professionals, MA's, and Ph.D's out of work, students face a dismal world outside. We will have to save the bowels to feed ourselves. An undergraduate degree is certainly no guarantee of meaningful work and with that realization comes another: that we must have some reason for attending this or any institution.

Why do any of us go to college? What will, can, and should a college education give to us that will enable us to be responsible participants in society? This question is immediately being explored among us and other liberal arts institutions. Questions of methodology seem to prevail, with philosophical and ideological trends being hammered into forms.

President Bostein has written several articles in national publications. Harper’s Magazine regularly carries his thematic charges. New York Times higher education. The most recent faculty seminar given by Professor Burton Brotz, proposed several far reaching ideas. Among them was the establishment of a committee to look directly into curricular issues. (The Educational Policies Committee has also expressed a desire for a student/faculty committee charged with that function.) Does this perhaps return to a form of "general education" would be. The President in his introductory remarks noted that perhaps a great deal of "real world" learning occurs outside of the classroom. (The President in his introductory remarks noted that perhaps a great deal of "real world" learning occurs outside of the classroom.)

Other ideas available for a core curriculum are: the humanities, the arts, and the social sciences. It is an interesting question how this ties in with the administration of massive quantities of factual information. It is an opinion that the interplay of this information to the world an educational approach to the world.

St. John's graduates seem to be as much in the world as they are in the classroom. They work in the field and they are as much in the world as they are in the classroom. They work in the field and they are. St. John's graduates seem to be in the world as much for the fact that they know and no, not the facts, but the students do not know the facts. This seems to stem from the rigorous course of study that must follow. Everyone knows the students and there is little outside perspective or interest in outside issues. When asked why so many St. John's students are elsewhere St. John's one student St. John's graduate said, "It's just unthunkable to live in this world with someone or else think the way you do." This lack of perspective and ability to take educational risks stems from the very narrow, sheltered, ideological approach to the curriculum.

Ideologies are necessarily amoral. With a system of rules available to the individual, he need only compartmentalize his experiences in the rules and out will popul into a direction in which to head. All will happen without confrontation with the epistemological fabric need to struggle with issues. If Bard is to encourage morality it must not trap itself into the narrowness of ideological approaches to the curriculum.

In order to encourage a confrontation with moral issues in this curriculum we suggest a major revision. President Bostein College rejected a three-week long outdoor education program for all entering freshmen. We therefore propose a program to resolve this issue of revision.

This program stressed group problem solving and confrontation with individual emotional and physical strengths and weaknesses. Through challenging outdoor experiences students learned to be part of a larger whole and had a social responsibility. They also learned their own needs to be just as real and important as other members of the community. This confrontation with self and an immediate community can be enormously valuable in the development of self-respect and direction. A similar program for Bard would be useful.

In terms of curricular changes, we agree with the Bennington Futures Report that there needs to be a deemphasis of quantification and majoring in one field. The Futures Report suggests that students do major work in two opposite fields such as Print and Art or Restored and Chemistry. We believe this would be a sound program except that we may perhaps have little time to explore the breadth of the college. Breadth could be attained by re- structuring the course work to be more broadened. For example, in freshman physics, the examination of the epistemological basis for mechanics in chemistry, the reading of Mach and Poincaré. In the other disciplines similar broadening steps could be taken.

Certainly the debate should continue. The proposals outlined are only the first step. Curricular changes must occur to meet changing times. We endorse the formation of a student/faculty committee to explore what possible changes should occur. We also strongly support the idea of a residential campus with faculty living on campus in low rent housing. We believe that the presence of faculty on campus encourages intellectual debate. Perhaps most important in encouraging students to confront knowledge is the presence of faculty who confront them. In order to guarantee the high quality of campus Bard is accustomed to, and now enjoys, we strongly urge a close look at the Walter's document by the Faculty Senate and E.P.C. A closer integration of curriculum programming, Bard should be able to actualize itself and maintain it to be a very fine liberal arts institution.

"To justify a course of policy in its largest dimensions is to predict what will happen if that course is not taken, to predict by laying before society the consequences of its present passivity. It is to ask society to form its own principles, to acquire a sense of knowledge or project reality, and then act on the speculations and intuitive guesses that result. This enthusiasm is reflected in Albert Einstein's famous speech, and he was asked why the physicists could not tell society what to do. He said 'that politics is much harder than physics.'"

RICHARD N. GOODWIN
TRUMPETER, TRAGICAL
BATTLESHIP, VICTORY

Page 4
Letters

To the Editor:

It is my opinion that the only thing that is missing is an educated hydraulic. Bard seems to have a super-abundance of these creatures. I was recently coerced by a couple of these borderline cases into signing a petition entitled "Beaches for Bard." The petition is in support of a proposal to move the Hudson Valley to the Caribbean, or was it the Caribbean to the Hudson Valley? I haven't remembered which.

Now come off it your guys, what is this game your playing. First you know as well as I do that petitions as instruments of reform are worth jack-shit for getting anything done. Shared ignorance doesn't produce enlightenment. Secondly the logistics of turning the whole project over in mind are hogging.

An informed source from the physics department explained the problem to me in these knowledgely terms. Ousted Mr. Tom M. Talpey.

"Look at it like this. If you took an infinite number of mental mutants equip with an infinite number of plastic buckets, it would take about sixty years to raise any river by any more than a few inches."

I pedaled indecisively at the door. Inside, someone moaned.

Sounded like a goat, I thought. Tree Root dissolved operating as a musician. He longed for official endorsement, or at least someone to share the blame with, if something went wrong. But, even if he hadn't been suspended from the force, everyone thought that he was insane, suffering from paranoid anomalous delusions. He didn't want their pity. He wanted their help. After all, he was working to save the world from extraterrestrial domination! A global purge would be far more effective than his pitiful one man crusade.

His jaw set, he overcame his insecurity and went into action. He kicked the door in and shot the first thing that moved. The boiler ham dropped dead in its tracks.

Downstairs, Tree Root realized, the whole thing was completely dialing 911. He reassured himself that his stormtrooper tactics would gain him enough strategic advantage to offset what they cost him in time.

"Alright, everyone, where can I see you?" he ordered, standing still and speaking in the hall. He could see a black and white television set, showing a Roadrunner cartoon. From behind a few doors a faint whisper, a voice that was as familiar as the voice of a woman's voice, said, "Please, don't shoot us," a woman's voice pleaded, "We're unarmed." She began to cry. He tempered his reply, hoping to coax her out gently.

Many thanks for this learned point of view. Now I don't know what all you are into but if this kind of bureaucratic salvation is your idea of a good time, then by all means, put down those plastic buckets and let's find you some appropriate toys for you then please.

Hey, Leonard, man this is a big one.

J.C.

To the Editor:

As the co-chair persons of the Beaches for Bard Club, we would like to take this opportunity to form a dramatic backup. Our cause and have helped raise the political consciousness of the community. We were gravely insulted by the editor's statement that Maysur and Drunks & Dams were a hit. We both had stink drinks at the insidental news. There are people here who have heard of Bill Amin and Dave Schultz.

Some may think that our issue is both futile and childish. We agree, but it is no sillier than the local TV's allowed on campus. Some have made the mistake that our cause is symbolic and that we are reacting to the tuition hike. We care more than an hypnotic and class than transitory economic discussion. We stand for nothing, but we don't stand against anything either.

We assume that Leonard has contacted the Army Corps Engineers and can report to us after the strike of April 1-10. We realize that we probably won't get the Caribbean till next year, at the earliest, because of immense amount of paper work.

It is a human trait to lose our humors and become rather serious and "mature" in traumatic times. We both realize that some people are daily traumatized, and that humor, however subtle, is difficult to muster. However, we should all forget our burdens and unite for one brief moment. The Caribbean (sic) soothes both intellectual moobs and drunks.

Pat Cone & Martha Toomey Co-Chairpersons for Beaches For Bard

Tales of Courage

TREEROOT: The Seemingly Endless Continuing Excerpt from "An Exercise For Own Sake" by Andy Abbatepaulo

"Three flights up, on the right, Apartment 3C. Can’t miss it," he said, "the fireplace dazed he had a view.

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"I just want to ask you a few questions," he promised, emptying a round into Wit E. Coyote for punctuation. He decided it was time to enter, with the smoke from the demolished television swirling to form a dramatic backdrop. He closed the door quietly and looked around.

On the floor to his right cringed a small woman, her face hidden in a discolored white slip, at the GQ corner of a monopoly board. As she passed the 18th New York Avenue, stood a recently shaved goat, staring at him from under a black leather gambler's visor. The goat had more property, and appeared to be winning.

Across the room, between the smoking ham and the defunct television, sat an impossibly uprooted cabbage plant, fully three feet in diameter. Over it, at eye level, was an embarrassingly wall-hanging depicting Edwin's birth. Each doctor and nurse was holding two fire extinguishers each, and his mother wielded the claw hammer herself. A life-size portrait of Edwin, in living color, started malevolently. Tree Root felt from his left, he shuddered when once again his gaze met his own, and he returned to the business-at-hand with renewed vitality.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"Cathy," she wept back.

"No!" I don't want to hurt you," he comforted the tormented creature," but I will if I have to. Just need a few answers to a few questions. First, where did he come from?

"Who - Boss?" I squawked, pointing at the goat nervously.

"No, Him!" he pointed at Edwin's portrait, "Your boyfriend!"

"Oh, Edwin," she dissolved in tears," he died in a train crash.

I know that! I want to know where he came from?" he shouted.

"I don't know what you mean. He was born in Boston -...", he stopped when she saw the look on Tree Root's face.

To Hell with Boston! What planet was he from? Who sent him - and why?" he was confused.

I knew that she was concealing something, and he was determined to have it.

"You're crazy," she whispered under her breath, as if she only just arrived at that conclusion. It was not the right thing to say, even, with what had just happened. Tree Root had heard her and was very upset. Eragged was not the word.

He fired at the monopoly board, taking out Marvin Gardens and most of Boggie Works.

At the sound of her anguish, the door burst open - again. Two policemen tackled Tree Root, disarming him and wrestling him to the floor. They handcuffed his hands behind his back and a third man administered a sedative. While they waited for the drug to take effect, they strapped him securely into a stretch- er. Outside, an unmarked ambulance idled patiently. As they carried him out, he shouted warnings at the top of his lungs. He told them to beware the treacheries of that alien woman, that the world was being taken over by sentient cabbages, that inanimate objects could no longer be trusted, and on and on. They ignored him.

The plainclothes detective, who had given Tree Root the injection, turned to address Cathy as he closed the door on the captured lunatic's ravings.

"Double X-one," he announced meaningfully.

Excuse me," she apologized politely.

"Double X-one," he reaffirmed.

She was thoroughly tired of all this odd talk. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid that I don't understand you," she went on. "What I'd like to know is: Who's going to pay for my TV - and my monopoly? Not 'dou- bleX one. Don't feed me that shit!"

I'm not talking to you any more until he'd been incidentally re- alizing how many men had seen her in it. Modestly aside, it was dirty, she thought.

I wonder, how correct I was in my assumption that Tree Root was not a 'doubleX one?"

In that case, can you tell me exactly what happened before we got here?"

In a minute. Pardon me while I throw something on. I'll be right back," she got up off the floor, and the goat crossed the room to sniff at the cabbage.

Inspector Notaman discovered his error in a flash of intuition. While she left the room in search of a bath- robe, he redirected his attack. By the time he had returned, he had established telepathic contact with his superior officer. Not 'Boss? I weep, the goat. Not for the first time, he thanked his many years of training as he simultaneously carried off his tedious duties of his role as police inspector, while accepting "Boss? I weep, the Local Coordinator's Report, recounting all pertinent occur- rences since the Local Sector - Administrator's Review.

Tree Root would surely have given his goat's report as the contents of Local Sector Coordinator "Boss? I weep, the goat's knowledge to humans everywhere. Remember him next issue, as you are made privy to that information. In the meantime, beware of sentient cabbages!"
It was a good feeling to be a member of the 1976-1977 Bard basketball team. As a freshman, I can only imagine the frustration and embarrassment the coach, the upperclassmen, and the players must have felt in the years before. Our team was not only a symbol of enthusiasm for the game and the players but it created an excitement and a harmonious feeling among the Bard community, students, and faculty alike. However, despite this enthusiasm and excitement, I have personal sentiments about the team's performance below, but to be fair, I had to mention the highlight of the 1976-1977 season: my first time I felt excited about Bard. I'm considering Bard as my college for the next four years, the athletic atmosphere strikes me as being equally exciting. According to the Bard Bulletin (76-77), "...the sports program has been a source of tension from the academic life." This was exactly what I had in mind. To be an athlete for me, began with choose-up games after dinner. These were games where the pressure to really produce didn't exist. The emphasis was on playing and not so much on winning. So when the team tried out, I answered it and made the squad. My concept of a team is a group of players striving to reach a common goal - to become a solid unit. This would take a strong coach, a motivational director, and the understanding of the goal. However, I feel this understanding never materialized and thus began my disillusionment of basketball at Bard. In the beginning, the upperclassmen starting five were habitually late, while I made concerted efforts to be on time daily. This not only angered me but it caused a division among the rest of the team on the ground. These upperclassmen players felt that they were better than the other players. They also knew that the coach was not going to pertinent to the team. Thus, an irresponsible attitude on the part of these players coupled with a lack of team spirit led to a split among team members. Numerous talks and meetings were made, but no avail. The upperclassmen continued to take advantage of the situation. The beginning of the season brought a feeling of uncertainty about what to expect. At practice sessions, the coach divided the team into shirts and skins but this division went deeper than just fabric and flesh, it was a social division among the rest of the team. These upperclassmen players felt that they were better than the others. These are questions the next potential ballplayers will have to answer. To the numerous fans and other fans who asked me, "What happened at the playoff game?" I will simply state that the "Boys" just wanted it with the starting five. This was often, we would sit and wait. Then I asked myself, "Am I part of this team?" Thus, I began to think about quitting but decided to stay on for my own personal reasons. When playing on, I adopted the same "me first, team second" attitude that the upperclassmen had. Mid-season exemplified the bad result of winning. The more we won, the more the coach's "win at all costs" attitude seemed effective and that to even play time for the guy on the bench. This question of playing time is one which was debated by the coach and myself. I felt that since it was a not a big-time college of high school basketball league, every man should have a decent amount of playing time especially at home games. However, as coach, the final decision was up to him and as your fans witnessed at home, my feelings were taken like a grain of salt. We continued to win and this feeling of wasting my time began to spread to other guys on the bench. The end of the season caused a sudden rise of pressure coming from the upperclassmen of the starting five. They began to lecture me and others, on the do's and don'ts of a championship team. All of a sudden, it wasn't fashionable to come to practice late...so was it cool to be late for the bus. These upperclassmen ballplayers who, months ago, were doing the same exact things, were not saying one word to me. With this expected turn around, I began to think. We started off this season without dedication, without caring, and without pressure but how they want myself and other guys on the bench to shape-up...I wondered, is this the same athletic atmosphere I sensed at the beginning? Is this "win at all costs" attitude the attitude of BARD? Will it continue as the next sign of a strong team? These are questions the next potential ballplayers will have to answer. To the numerous fans who asked me, "What happened at the playoff game?" I will simply state that the "Boys" just wanted it with the starting five.
P.S. I hope your stay in Mexico with the lovely Senorita was good for you. The sun and Senoritas have amazing healing graces.

Dear Sleeper,

Your doctor recommends a deliberate, week-long exercise in going to bed at a similar hour—without exception—and getting up 7 hours later. When you wake, get up. Not suddenly, don’t startle your slowed-down system. Prepare yourself the night before by first sitting quietly in the dark or by candlelight, breathing steadily, the lower abdomen, mouth closed, tongue lightly on the roof of mouth... back straight, legs comfortable beneath you, yoga-style, or on a stool or chair—whatever suits you best. Count from 1 to 10 your exhaled breaths, then begin again. Pacing mental imagery, thought material, etc., will arise—let it go. Concentrate on lowering your energy from the head and shoulder area to the abdomen. If you allow your nervous system to slow down, one way or another, and do not eat too near bedtime, as well as getting right up in the morning you should sleep more soundly and require less rest. You might bring it to 5 hours—each of us varies in this aspect a great deal. Also advise short rest and/or nap midday for everyone—take 2 hrs. out if possible. Midday rest with feet elevated. Also note, fresh air in room, reduce coffee, harsh tea, spicy foods, too much sugar, smoking, alcohol. Take, however, a bit of something before bed. You might find love-making a nice way to retire. Finally, my Tai Chi teacher gives a long dissertation on the bed itself, since, he says, we spend one-third of our lives in it. He recommends cotton sheets, firm mattress, etc.

Dear Uncle William,

A short note re: an absolutely great sewing machine, see ad below. Not sure if the Domestic mig. over there in England, but you know more later. Enjoyed the translated material of Taitama et Taital... source omitted, apparently: Edith Whitehead Simpson, Har- vard Lamp Lighter, Vol. VII, April, ‘35. Reminds me to share certain new finds with you for the Bish Egyptology collection next visit.

Sidney Bish
New Gate Commons
London 5, G.B.

Dear Dr. Bish;

In response to the Egyptian scribe, Taitama el Taital, 4th dynasty: I agree with the basic premise of his idea that we should find what is truly constant: God/Reality instead of attaching ourselves to that which changes; personality, situation, material goods, but on the other hand we do not have to find that each human, especially those we love, are in fact speaking the truth, and when a promise is made that it comes from the heart and from the Real rather than from the ego which bears rejection, disappointment, etc.

In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. St. John 1:1

I must also bring attention to the misspelling of my name. It is The Green Mamba, not Mambat.

Thank you.

What I am trying to say is that we are the mouth-pieces for the truth: it is the special duty and capability of human beings to reveal and make manifest the truth and therefore take an active part in creation. The whole thing will go stale without our help: we are the salt of the earth.

Dear Ms. Mambat,

Thank you again for writing and pursuing the topics we generally categorized as “romance,” I believe. Dr. Bish sometimes forgets what were our topics from last issue.

Regarding your earlier letter which concerned questions on violence, a few thoughts arise during the night. It’s a tough problem to trace all the way along when one isn’t entirely lucid due to other tasks, etc., but it seems to me violence does spring from a sense of separation—perhaps a deluded sense but nevertheless a most common and fundamental part of the mental makeup of most mankind. Let’s go into it more as time goes on. Another note from the middle of the night: “Go with violence, never against it.” If you can maintain a base of loving (i.e., a true sense of whom one is as opposed to separateness), you will not “believe” the violence and it will dispel itself and/or you will re-route it (see, principles of Aikido for example, or any other serious discipline for that matter).

DR. BISH

Thousands of readers have written, asking, “Well where were you last night?”

Dr. Bish has returned to Bard, and has been down with the flu. “From notes during a month in and out of bed—allowing my hand to follow my intuitive mind, writing my own prescription—a joy in me, or not exactly distinguishable, both within and without—in the trees, and shapes and sounds, the air between the forms. I have all the urges, I think of the wandering mongols who seeks a secluded shelter and deeper meditation, less distraction, and spring snow turns to rain and thunder making animals look back astonished, they become vulnerable as memory hearing Shadows.”

Dear Dr. Bish,

Why do I need so much sleep? I could get so much more done if I slept less. I feel like I need 9 hrs. to feel good. I know some people function on 4 or 5. I go thru phases when I can, which makes me wonder why the 9 hrs. Perhaps you could suggest to me better ways to prep for sleep and to maintain & obtain a deeper sleep. Much of my life would become easier if I could knock off about 2 hrs. a night. — Snore: Z — Z — Z — Z

Ms. Sleepyhead.

“1977”

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TODAY'S BISHERY
Note of congratulations to the Bard Basketball team, coaching staff, and fans. We all thank you for an excellent season...

Note to Lori re: the Black Knight, look in usual place.

NEXT WEEK
Coming soon:
Dr. Bish's presidential platform (reform) for Bard, “An Unacceptable Policy”, and this year’s Billy Bish Awards.

Send your thoughts, problems, comments, etc. Use the media, shape your own life.