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A wise man once said, "Midgets and sports don't mix, so let's put them in the circus and go have a beer." Not true, P.T. While carousing around Grugor's Island one day I met a most incredible midget, who not only abhors dwarfs but predicts how out the Bard athletic teams will fare. However, this article isn't about midgets, it's about sports, so here goes:

**BARD SPORTS**

The midget was smiling as the now infamous Bard Sandmen took the field Monday against Simons Rock College with a roster that read like a Who's Who in college soccer. This reporter feels this could be the best Bard team since their virtual soccer dynasty of the late 60's. Bards defeated the Hughes Rockies by a score of 4-0. The only opposition standing threat of the game came when one of the Simons girls was knocked down and all 11 Bard players tried to help her up.

As I crawled out from under my rock last Wednesday morning my midget friend was weeping and swinging large toastcups in his mouth. It was not a good sign and tension was in the air as the Sandmen sprinted out against Vassar. The Vassar Bankers continued their dominance of league play with 16 players who don't understand a word each other says until they get on the soccer field. What's happening world?

-Vassar pays its soccer players, Albany is manufacturing DNA, MIT has the Bomb - thank heaven Bard still has Leon and Starkie.

**WORLD SPORTS**

**DATELINE:** Forest Hills, N.Y.

After a rather embarrassing defeat in the first round of the U.S. Open, 6-2, the sensuous Dr. Renee Richards claimed with a touch of sour grapes "I could still beat the shit out of any of those bitches!"

**DATELINE:** Athens, Greece

Greeks are finally discovering American football, however, all is not rosy on the continent. According to Greek officials their team had to forfeit the first game to Italy because no one would play center. Sorry Zeus.

**DATESLINE:** Stockholm, Sweden

The results of the Swedish Suicide Championships have just been released. According to UPI, one is not a good sign and tension was in the air as the Sandmen sprinted out against Vassar. The Vassar Bankers continued their dominance of league play with 16 players who don't understand a word each other says until they get on the soccer field. What's happening world?

-Vassar pays its soccer players, Albany is manufacturing DNA, MIT has the Bomb - thank heaven Bard still has Leon and Starkie.

**FOOTBALL FORECAST**

Despite the fact that it's still very early in the season, I'm going to go out on a limb and say that the team that scores the most points will win the Super Bowl.

**SMALL IDEAS**

-Birds girls are out on the soccer field every day with Coach Patrick at 5 o'clock if any other ladies are interested.

-Plunderers want to thank the fans who braved it through the Vassar game. Next time, blazing Bob O'Neil and the Bard Cross-country team will be running their way into your hearts. Check calendar for home meets. Danbury would like to thank all the little people out there who made this all possible. See you in two weeks and don't take any wooden water towers.

**Acres of Antiques**

Oct. 1, 1977

**Attention: Antique Collectors!**

**DATE:** October 1, 1977 (rain or shine)

**PLACE:** Town of Stanford on the grounds of the Out- cheer Grounds Stanfordville, New York.

**HOURS:** 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**PROCEEDS:** Benefit of Stanford Lions Club Civic Projects Fund

**REFRESHMENTS:** Available on grounds all day

"Look For Acres of Antiques Signs!"

**DONATION:** $1.00-Children 12 and under admitted Free

Mark I. Zeyer

18 East Market St.
Rhinebeck, NY 12572
Phone: (914)876-4028
Peerless Thoughts

On Friday, September 9 an Observer reporter spoke with several of the remaining peer counselors about the firings. Nearly all felt that the program had been badly damaged. Many said that their ability to work with administrators Peter Amato and Mary Sugat was greatly diminished. An overall feeling of distrust characterized their conversations. Statements such as the following were typical:

"I want to get this program started, but I'd like to tell next year's peer counselors what are the pitfalls of being a peer counselor; never assume anything when dealing with the administrators. Get to them to tell you exactly what they mean—and exactly what that means." Another peer counselor remarked:

"I'm feeling betrayed, absolutely betrayed, and betrayed twice since at the meeting Thursday night the peer counselors were promised that the decision would really be reconsidered." Others expressed their distaste for the timing of the action, commenting on the decision being made in the middle of the academic year; it was a "unfortunate" event.

One peer counselor remarked that he had been startled by a statement from Mary Sugat that it was "common knowledge"... that made it difficult for people to speak things aloud. The peer counselors were told that common knowledge, always thought they were just muddling and justifying, not speaking, not talking about the specific action of the adviser. Some of the peer counselors appeared to have a good deal of thought and time to this matter. Each was trying to go beyond the incident and on the therapeutic track; many felt that their job was now much harder.

Although much has been written concerning the Unification Church, very few people are cognizant of the basic theological differences between Reverend Moon and the Unification Church and the churches you and I are familiar with, through the influence of our society.

Therefore, in order that we all know what we're dealing with, the Observer has printed, in compressed form, some of the basic tenets of the Unification Church:

1) According to the beliefs of the Unification Church, Rev. Moon is the second advent of the Messiah.
2) Moonsies believe that their teachings supersede those of the Bible.
3) The members of the Unification Church feel that individuals and nations can be cleansed of good or evil, while Christians believe reverence is applicable to all.

On May 8th of 1977, the Reverend Sun-Yang Moon and ten black-robed companions were arrested by the Rheinbeck State Police in the vicinity of Bard's waterfront after Bard Campus Security phoned in a complaint. (Campus Security do not have the power of arrest.) The "Moongsies" were arrested on a trespass charge which means that the police make no record of the arrest.

When questioned on the matter, the Moonsies stated that they came to see Eri Kirkis, Professor of Natural History and Director of the Field Station. They later recanted this and claimed to be sight-seeing. According to members of the group, the walk-in talks they carried were solely for the purpose of communication with Reverend Moon.

After the arrest and several other unsuccessful attempts to gain access to the campus, primarily through the library and sporting events, the Unification Church threatened to bring suit against Bard College for violation of civil liberties, false arrest and harassment. These plans were announced for the first and only time at a news conference then never again mentioned or acted upon.

The Mooonies had been warned that they were not welcome on campus property unless specifically invited. However, the validity of the warning was rendered null when the status of the Unification Church's property was converted from a depot to a Seminary. The court decision overturned the status of a status and as a result of such knowledge, the responsibility fell upon the college to reiterate the warning. This was never done.

As President of Bard in June, President, this oversight arose because of a previous problems with the Moon organization.

On June 24th the eleven Moon followers were arraigned and the charges were dropped. Moon himself did not appear in court, laying himself open to a citation of contempt on a warrant for his arrest. However, the judge, Assistant D.A. and Moon's attorney had a conference in the judge's chambers after the proceedings. They decided to drop the action against Moon himself.

As Moon did not appear in court due to threats on his life, the case was dismissed. The Moonies reported at the Unification Church's New York City headquarters last week that Moon would never return from his trip. The court proceedings were so important that Moon and a few others were reportedly released at the Unification Church's New York City headquarters last week. The court proceedings were so important that Moon and a few others were reportedly released at the Unification Church's New York City headquarters last week.
Glass

Robin S. Carroll
(Class of ’79)

So you think it’s tough to be a freshman. We’re in the good old days, things were a little different. St. Stephen’s/Bard used to have a more thorough kind of orientation for new students. To make sure that the freshmen knew exactly what to do, the upperclassmen drew up a set of rules, just for freshmen.

1. “Freshmen must wear the prescribed indication of their class within a radius of four miles of campus. This includes Red Hook.”

Each freshman was given a stylish little cap to wear, a green beanie with a red button. Freshmen were therefore called greenies or green campus men.

2. “Freshmen must note the recitation times of their upperclassmen through doorways. Also, freshmen must not sit on campus benches when sophomores and upperclassmen are standing nearby.”

3. “Freshmen may smoke only green fag pipes on campus.”

4. “Freshmen must carry matches or lights for the convenience of sophomore and junior classmates.”

All freshmen are required to take an equal share in a number of duties, designated as ‘freshman work.’ This includes among other duties the following: washing clothes, weekly, and hurrying the coffee. Some freshmen are also required to assist the varsity teams in their sports.

Also, sorting the mail every morning.

6. “Freshmen are required to learn the college songs and cheers within three weeks of their arrival on campus. Song night is held one time during the second week.”

Most of the songs were teaching pieces of praise to the college, full of loyalty and school spirit: “Close beside the glorious Hudson With its banks so green, Stands our noble Alma Mater Stately and serene.”

Dear Bard College how we love thee! Thou art our shield, our home; And thy praises we will render, Here’s to Bard College.

When along life’s path we travel, Through fortune or misfortune, be, Still thy sons will ever cherish Fondest thoughts of thee.

Others were not quite so senile, but their system is cheerfully provided below.

Bring up the old golden bucket With Bard College’s name upon it And it’ll roll up another keg of beer.

For it’s not for knowledge that we Came to college But to raise hell while we’re here.

“A Freshmen who makes himself objectionable by continuing

order to improve the quality with-in the group plan, Greg focuses on specific problems and tries to solve them point by point. Greg plans to meet regularly with the student food committee to hear what students have to say about food ordering, preparation, nutritional content, and various other aspects of the meal program. He will try to make adjustments in the program according to student preferences. He said that his doors are always open to students with honest critiques and constructive suggestions about the food.

As if to prove Greg’s point, Eric, the co-chairman of the food committee, walked into the office. He sat down with Greg and began discussing the problem of the usage of hydrogenated fats as a factor in cholesterol build-up and high blood pressure. Eric found that the margarine being served on the campus was at 15% concentration of hydrogenated fats on the packaging. Eric walked out planning to write the company for the information and report back on it to Greg. Our interest in this problem will need to be in order to analyze the food’s nutritional content.

Greg’s current project is the development of a vegetarian program which will provide adequate protein and menu variety. He is working on a comprehensive menu which will contain about one hundred and ninety different entrees. To get ideas he is studying Natural Foods cookbooks. He hopes to receive a grant from the student government fund to implement the vegetarian and food committees. Greg created a vegetarian program in Menlo Park, California and Greg is sure an entree-based program can be set up at Bard.

Greg is responsible for some changes already in progress. He has asked Buildings and Grounds to construct a new campus kitchen which will be used at lunch, so students can help themselves to a variety of cold cuts, cheeses, rolls and homemade soups. Also under construction is a bulletin board which will be posted food service information. There will be a spot for students’ comments and complaints. Both projects will be completed during the spring semester. In October, weekly menus will be posted in Kline Commons.

As part of the project, Greg thinks that the campus food service is an example of the student’s democracy and says that “has created as many student positions as possible.” He finds that most students are able to work and he will not discrimi-nate against students when hiring. Greg is pleased with his staff of workers at Bard. He says, “penny for penny, pound for pound, they are the best staff he has ever worked with. Greg is looking forward to working with the students and staff to improve the quality of meals served at Bard this year.”
You Say Amato...

LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF

Lisa Foley

The resignation last spring of Associate Dean of Students, Thos Jolosky, led to the search for and appointment of Mr. Amato, and with him the redefinition of Tho's old position. Last year the office of the Associate Dean was new to the Office of the Director of Residential Life, because, in the words of the new position, the name is a more "realistic" description of the job. While the change in semantics from "associate Dean" to "Director of..." Life has brought about, in that office's attitude toward student affairs, semantics can have no more influence on the position than the fact that the new title is accompanied by a new person.

Dean Sagast was looking for someone with sensitivity to students' needs, patience and good humor. When he began his search, the office was set up to interview with candidates for the job. Because she "would never hire anyone to work with students" unless she was sure that both could work togetherness, he was among those on campus that summer.

"He was impressed with the way he was able to work and influence the students," said Peter Amato in so far as they were asked, after speaking with him, whether he had any reservations about his engagement at Bard in April. "He's an advocate of the students who have to leave. The kind of advocate who has the best interest of students at heart."

Amato is on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania State University, was most recently director of Residential Life at Mount Holyoke College. He says, Amato is about twice the size of Bard, and more regulated in student life, Bard "is more intense and closer knit." The "calling" of the people here—students, administration, faculty and staff—attracts Amato, who likes the freedom of the college's setting and the challenge involved in working with a large number of intelligent and creative people. So far, he says, he has been enjoying working with Bard students a "positive experience."

With the employment of a "Director of Residential Life," the next question might be: "in what capacity do Bard students need to be directed?" The job description, drawn up by Sagast and Jolosky, before he left, answers that question.

Amato is in charge of all residential affairs, the Director of Residential Life is to "work closely with the Dean of Students in all areas of academic life," dealing with "all facets and programs of residential life," including "persons and policies and regulations." Dean Sagast told the Observer that the aim is to improve the "quality of life" at Bard, but emphasized that the Director of Residential Life is "closely together as collegues," in as much as they share responsibility for the same area of concern. Amato is in agreement with the goal of the page-long list of his responsibilities and aides, in his own words, that he is basically concerned with the "safety and security" of the students' lives, being available to work out students' problems and meet their academic needs. He maintains the right to carry out all policies while insisting that he is not a "policeman," and will not actively seek evidence of the rule violations. Pet violations, for instance, are dealt with as reports come in from other students, security and building staff. Upon receipt of a pet on the campus room, Amato sends a notice to the resident assistant, to visit the Director's office and inform Amato of what he/She intends to do about the illegal animal. If the student neither shares Amato nor removes the pet within a certain period of time, a fine is levied. Copies of both the initial notice and the notice of fine are sent to Susannah Barch, Security and Building and Grounds, with whom Amato is supposed to be in contact with Bard's Department.

There are, however, some facets of student life which Amato would like to change. Primarily, he is concerned with utilizing the real life spaces in dormitories for various social, intellectual and cultural activities. He specifically warns to see these activities take place in rooms in the halls and on Sundays, giving students reason for staying at Bard rather than leaving on weekends. The Director, who is open to and eager for advice on this matter, is in favor of organizing a joint student and administration lecture committee that meets on a regular basis to increase communication and awareness on housing and teaching needs, and to floor ideas on how to improve the quality of social and intellectual life within the Residential Halls. Peter Amato's real main theme, after seeing that students are finally settled in their rooms and into the halls, is the theme of interaction between himself and the student body, and of involvement in the residential affairs in order to maintain, if not improve, the "quality of life" at Bard. Just how far he is involved, and what his actions are concerning student affairs appears on how students voice their opinions and express to the Office of the Director of Residential Life exactly what they want and what they do not want.

In the wake of the 1960's monetary boom came the recession and "responsibility" of the students. Many private liberal arts colleges suffered because of the incredible increase in tuition rates due to the economic crisis; numerous colleges have been forced to close, and Bard too, was in financial peril. In order to counteract this situation, a search for a new college President began. The man picked was, of course, Leon Botstein, then President of Fanshwa College. He had previously gained national attention as the youngest college president in the nation, but more importantly, his record concerning matters of fiscal stability was superb. He was looking to make upward in the ranks of the intellectual elite, to preside over a more prestigious college.

He has been here for two years now, and the school is officially operating in the black. But since his arrival at Bard, he has undergone a number of changes, many necessary in order to retain economic security. Yet, while changes have not occurred in the name of Bard University, the college, Botstein has seen the complete control of the policy-making process at our college. In the page two years, administrative response to student input has steadily decreased. There has been a tightening of discipline at Bard. Only last week the administration fired two peer counselors for owning pets—by direct contradiction of the philosophy agreed upon by the C.C.L. and the administration, namely that peer counselors are to be considered as students, not representatives of the administration and therefore subject only to the regulations applied to other students. Moreover, the very establishment of the original P.C. program caused a wave of furor, culminating in President Botstein's refusal to acknowledge the results of a student-run referendum on the issue. Clearly, the student government has lost much of its legislative influence, and operates only to allocate convocation funds.

As at least this is the manner in which Mr. Botstein would like to see the Student Senate. "It seems clear to me that the administration has a number of priorities and goals, large and small, which they will carry through regardless of the traditional channels for making and changing policy... and that ultimately they are determined to change the entire liberal arts concur." (at Bard) said Mark Callahan, last year's Senate co-President. His counterpart, Larry Solomon, echoed these sentiments, "with every step that Leidy takes to strengthen his administration he takes away part of the Senate's governing ability."

Botstein has managed this by very simple means. He created the Office of Program Development and placed at its head a close associate from Fanshwa, Gene Maiton. It's from this office that many of our college's new policies and programs, along with many of our curriculum, have been instituted with little or no discussion together with the Student Senate.

Perhaps part of the problem lies with the constitution itself. The constitution does not define precisely the Senate's role in policy-making. Upon reading the constitution it could be assumed that the Senate is to be an advisory board, rather than an organization equipped with definite powers. No balance of power can be discerned between administration and Student Senate. Mark Callahan feels that, "they [the administration] would like people to believe that the Student Senate is guilty of all the wrongs and responsibilities. This is not true, the administration is exercising its legitimate powers to the fullest, aggressively asserting itself in gray areas, and clearly interfering with the intent of avoiding or overlooking Student government."

In fact, in all but one situation, the police program proposed last year by Master and B&B chief Dick Griffiths, the administration has successfully avoided, or overpowered the Senate. Consequently, the Senate has been gulled into its present disarray of yet there has been no presidential election (which should have)

Continued on page 7
The pages preceding this one are filled with a group of stories which seem to be about different issues but most of them describe a single theme: the developing pattern of total $20,000+ on the Bard campus. This perpetual unwillingness to discuss certain decisions on the part of some members of the faculty, the student union council, and the Bard staff is an impediment to the resolution of new problems.

The policy on pets and the recent trial of the over-fertilizing of the most frequent examples of this spreading disease. There has been obvious denial by students that they are willing to exhibit responsibility and experiment with alternatives. There has been no indication that the administrators involved are interested in approaching problems in the same spirit of compromise and understanding.

To the Editor:

What ever happened to the no-smoking room in Ozinga Commons? Last year, the problem was that group of people who disregarded the signs. This year, no signs at all--ashtrays on every table. Is it possible that in order to realize that there are some people who do not smoke, and if they expect a second-class treatment when they wish to smoke, they must relocate their families and refrain from smoking from time to time.

Anybody who knows me, remembers that the no smoking room was my refuge. I realize enough smoke from other people's cigarettes in classes, outside, at Alcosh, and so on. Why must I breathe it when I am having my dinners as well as my no escape?

Gina Moss

To the Editor:

Having been at Bard for 3 weeks now, I feel compelled to comment on a change at Bard. There seems to be a new tone between student and administration, different from the more easygoing relations of last year's students and administration. There are rumors and stories circulating around campus, but I feel that much of the change is a strength of a new one everyday.

Generally I have noticed that some students have a sense of pride in their role to restore Stone Row. Others were about new administrators and their policies. Enforcement, law and order being kept well, at least to my eyes. Still more rumors were heard about Bard employees specifically instructed to report any animals, illegals or other "abnormalities" to the administration.

To the Editor:

Unfortunately the students feel a lot more vocal in their feelings than the administration does. Except for the new freshmen transfers who got the standard answer, "What Bard is about is talk."

The rest of the student body is not nearly as vocal as to what may happen to new new arrivals, or a new administration. It seems to be that almost all the students are doing well. It seems also that the administration has placed more importance in "directing" students' lives and affairs than in academic procedures and programs, as though the students were four years old told to "play nicely and respect your elders."
JUST AS THE ADMINISTRATION FEELS A "SENSE OF BETRAYAL," so too does the administration. "The administration has acted in a way it had no right to, and that the decision to fire the two peer counselors was hasty and ruthless. On one side, they have卫视医疗. "It was firmly agreed by the Dean of Students and the Student Senate that Peer Counselors were not to promote or to enforce office or administrative policy," Mary Sagard explained that the guidelines for the job included upholding the school regulations, this not a direct contradiction in understanding on the part of the students. What about the assertion by the students that "removal of a Peer Counselor would be undertaken only with the advice of the science panel, including the school psychologist and several knowledgeable students?" It is permissible not to have that advice to heart? Some students. They feel they have been harassed and misunderstood."

When I broached this idea to Peter Amato, he seemed to hope it would not be, and that the program would continue as it has, with the administration maintaining its position as employer and offered no new ideas on the program, and seems to be willing to see that turns out.

Whetler students will see changes in the Peer Counseling Program, slight or significant, remains to be seen. It is unfortunate that anger and resentment have been built up over the matter, but it has at least brought things into the open: there is a discrepancy between what the administration believes is going on. The sooner each side seeks to honestly discover what the better the situation will be for all. It may be too late to smooth rough feathers, but the future of not only the Peer Counseling Program, but the future of the school, could be at stake.
NUCLEAR POWER IS NOT SAFE

by Heinz Bertelsmann

In the February issue of the Observer, Professor Burton Brody wrote an article entitled "Is Nuclear Power Safe?". He had hoped that the article would lead to a discussion of the issue. Disappointed that this did not happen, he was somewhat surprised to write a sequel.

Before I begin let me point out that Professor Brody mentions in his article that the neutron damage to a physicist is almost as bad as the radiation damage to a human being. For in the region of human genetics, it is impossible to resist the effects of radiation upon the offspring.

Radiation of nuclear power production is no longer, but even smaller than normal background radiation. The electric field of the nucleus is smaller than the background field of the universe.

I. Physicist Brody states that (1) radiation of nuclear power production is no longer, but even smaller than normal background radiation, and (2) that Japanese scientists have no problem of disease or their offspring greater genetic defects than the rest of the population.

II. The optimistic physicist Brody makes it appear as though we knew how to compact the ever increasing amounts of highly radioactive waste generated by atomic plants. It amounts to 20 tons per reactor each year: that a glass and steel safe can still encapsulate the compacted waste has already been developed and that a safe geological repository had been discovered.

The humanist Brody knows (a) that no waste has been compacted, (b) that no suitable glass has as yet been developed, (c) that the steel tanks now used for storage of non-combustible waste 10% have leaked and that the waste therefore has to be transferred to new tanks after 10 years or so and (d) that no safe radioactive toxic strata has yet been found. Salt mines have been seriously considered for this purpose, but they must not contain material which under the influence of great heat, such as that generated by the waste, will liquify. In addition to the radiation dangers mentioned under (a), the atomic waste is potentially the most dangerous. Most of these wastes remain lethal for at least 250,000 years and longer. This time period amounts to more than 120 times the existence of the United States. What political system will exist long enough to monitor these wastes for that length of time?

III. Physicist Brody is aware of the possibility of a "melt down" of the core of nuclear generating plant, pointing out that this is not the same as the explosion of an atomic bomb, but he more or less minimizes the chances of this occurring.

But the humanist Brody knows that a "melt down" could well involve the loss of many tens of thousands of lives, many more in Japan and eventually by radiation that property losses might amount to more than $100 billion and that the area affected by the radiation would be uninhabitable and the groundwater contaminated for a long, long time. He also aware that the safety measures

V. The optimistic Brody mentioned the "unavoidable increase in personal exposure to radiation from the operation of nuclear power plants" but in relation to this he realizes that even though this radiation is diffused in air and water it becomes concentrated in the food chain and thus comes to humans in the concentrated, rather than the diluted form.

VI. Physicist Brody states that containers of radioactive waste could theoretically be constructed in such a way that they can withstand the impact of a railroad or road accident and then aids that due to the fact that the waste is less bulky (why should it be?) and its impact would be less. The humanist in him answers that what is theoretically possible is most frequently not put into practice and that it is not even possible that such containers exist at all. That the nuclear waste is radioactive whereas coal is not. At the end of the article, after citing at length the nuclear power generating company's contention that there are many greater hazards to human life than atomic generating plants, the humanist Brody fortunately makes a plea for further study of the problem.

A world of my own at the end. Throughout life I have learned that the "solution" of a problem generates one or more new problems. This is also true of the problem of creating additional energy, as the above illustrates.

In my opinion and in that of a fortunately growing number of humans in all parts of the world it is incontestable, for more reasons than given above by the humanist Brody, that at the present state of technology atomic energy is highly dangerous. I like to end with a question: if atomic energy aids 10% to our present energy production would our lives be enhanced so much that it would be worth facing the dangers? Or, putting it differently, does additional energy production give us the opportunity to maximize human happiness and total human fulfillment or are those goals more readily attained by a development of those human potentials which are based on the ever increasing accumulation of largely meaningless material things? I leave it to the individual to believe in the values of a liberal arts education the answer should be clear.
Notes
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, September 5. Students completing teacher preparation programs and advanced degree candidates in specific fields may take the National Teacher Examinations on any of three different test dates in 1977-78. Educational Testing Service, the nonprofit, educational organization that administers this testing program, said today that the tests will be given November 12, 1977, February 16, 1978, and July 15, 1978, at nearly 400 locations throughout the United States.

Results of the National Teacher Examinations are considered by many large school districts as one of the several factors in the selection of new teachers and as a qualifying factor for the credentialing of teachers or licensing of advanced candidates. Some colleges require all seniors preparing to teach to take the examinations.

The Bulletin of Information for Candidates contains a list of test centers and general information about the examinations, as well as a registration form. Copies may be obtained from college placement officers, school personnel departments, or directly from National Teacher Examinations, Educational Testing Service, Princeton, N. J. 08540.

"Although some unidentified flying objects are real, not all UFO's are what they seem," stated Sri Darwin Gup, spiritual leader of Eckankar, the Path of Total Awareness.

The world-renowned Living Eck Master recently shed light on the origin of UFO's and why some people see them and others do not.

"Eckankar," he says, "teaches that there are other worlds and dimensions beyond this physical universe, the first of which is the astral plane of existence. Some beings dwelling in this world can project astral images into our physical universe. Those that can project images of UFO's from the astral world are not very spiritually advanced. If they were, they would be aware of and interested in reaching the God plane where Total Awareness or God Consciousness can be found."

The leader of the worldwide movement claims that those who see UFO's generally have a high I.Q. and possess some clairvoyance which gives them an insight that others do not have. "Flaming engines roar," he pointed out, "and red and green lights flash, and they move with incredible speed but only in the minds of those who see a project and receive the images."

The Eckankar International Office is located in Menlo Park, California and there are Eck Centers in most large cities throughout the world.
These bands all represent a tradition that began with the Byrds and Buffalo Springfield in the sixties and continues with people like Richie Havens, Mesina, Nansan, and the Eagles. The problem, however, with these new albums, except with the exception of the CSN album, is that they have all had a formula. The combination of pretty harmonies, tight arrangements, and an impressive job on the recording is typical of what has been known as the “L.A. sound.” Unfortunately, groups stick to standards according to the “sound” without paying attention to their material, in much the same way a person might become so involved with technique that he fails to think much about the actual image on his plate. The Firefall, Hillman, and Leonard-Georgias Band all give us their versions of love-on-the-ﬂame-wienie-eat-em-brain-entertainment. However, Firefall injects some energy and life into their performance and arrangements, unlike Hillman and the Leonard-Georgias Band who sound like they spent two years writing their songs under a mesquite tree in the desert. Perhaps Colombo is the reason for Firefall’s enthusiasm, a spirit which seems to be lacking in most California bands these days. A nice surprise is the new Crosby, Stills & Nash album. It is a joy to listen to. They have evolved within that tradition, that is a second generation band they belong to. A trap they often fell into with their first album was that of having too much of that of the band providing backup for the writer of the song. Small wonder they have been together long enough to have come tired of making solo records with one another. This album is different, because it is very much a group effort, and at the same time each song displays an individuality that points directly to its writer. Because of this, it is a very strong album.

Musically Crosby, Stills, & Nash has grown—their harmonies are more complicated and less predictable than their earlier efforts, and what is refreshing on this album is that, at a time when symphonies have come to provide most background orchestration they choose to record with an actual orchestra on a few of the cuts.

The lyrics are perhaps the weakest part of the album. Though not as sentimental as their first record, this album will still be relevant to the psyches of high school kids, who do lend some age to the usual themes, as in “Run From Tears”...

The lyrics are quite adequate, however, especially in the context of the music.

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Blood Tie

Blood Tie by Mary Lee Sedell, Houghton Mifflin, 1977 R.Kobritz

The bus from Izmır passed through Ephesus in a rainbow and we didn’t get out to view the remarkable Christian ruins. When we descended to the coast at Bodrum, the afternoon sun was bright and the cruiser’s castle was reflected in the bay from our balcony in the Pension Nereid. It was April 1974 and we came, from want of a better reason, to visit Mary Lee Bettle who was writing a novel about Turkey. Annandale couldn’t have been further away.

Blood Tie takes place in Bosphur, on Turkey’s Aegean coast, once part of the Carian empire, home of Herodotus, the great historian. Later, called Halicarnassus, it was the site of the tomb of King Mausolus, and then of the fortress built from stones taken from the mausoleum by the Knig of St. John, soon to fall into the hands of the Moors under Suleiman. Mary Lee greeted Min and me and introduced us to her Turkish friends and to the small clique of distinguished Americans and to her own restlessness and seeking of these things in her made book.

In a very favorable review, Anatole Broyard in the Times fixed an American expatriates and found them the point of it all. He is wrong, they are often front stage, of course, and to an American reader of insular vision, this may be all worth fighting— as in books of the genre of Ulysses and the tales of Somerset Maugham. I find a closer parallel in Conrad, in Graham Greene, or, most of all in Malcolm Lowry.

As I read Mary Lee’s novel, three years fell away, and I was again in Bir Orum. Here is the harbor and Customs shed, in the shadow of the great ancient castle and the cafe where we sat to wait for Mary Lee to complete her morning’s work on her book. Here we would see Lily, and Naim, who would take us to the island in his boat, Enver-baba, the old hippy, Ismet on his motor bike, Fatma, the refugee sociologist, Peter Bonn and Gordon and Carol and George from the long-term ancient colony, amid changing faces of tourists and sailors settling down from ferries out of Corfu and the bay from the bus which had brought us here. Korzet Restaurant, high above in caves off the winding streets, the bread shops and craft stalls and the exotic ivory markets, everywhere the gentle proud Turks, here more Mediterranean, here Greek, holding their peasant ways against the softness and wealth of the visitors.

Blood Tie evoked more than the brooding past, more than the impoverished provincial present, and more than the aliens cast up here. The book is alive with a passion of which I had been but dimly sensitive three years ago.

The Americans were not simply devoid, but dismembered and suffering. The legends of the past were not dead but, as with Lawrence’s Mexico, ready to strike suddenly and violently. Ariadne, the narrator, is blooded by memories and ﬂight and torn by the effort to belong and the fear which drives her away. It is this lust and this fear that ignites the burning desire which draws me closer to Mary Lee than ever we were in Bodrum.

The high vision of the book is not, I believe, the agony of the lost and exiled and lonely. It is rather the power that stills in Turkey and that is reﬂected in the struggle and ﬂight and death of “Zuma,” the radical young student. I know that the Turkish struggle for freedom and justice matters very much to Mary Lee’s mind; her eyes ﬂashed and her voice was angry and harsh when she told us of her trip to the mountains where she heard the story of how the soldiers brought the fugitive down from the hills. Because Bodrum is not in the end a place for the entertainment of foreigners, Mary Lee is not a voyeur but, like Herodotus, a moralist and a seer. The tension in her novel is the struggle to escape the conﬁnements of her own past, to gain a new identity here, in the great past and the earthly present and the bloody future. For her as a person the quest fails: as a writer she sometimes achieves. That is why Blood Tie is a rich and incalculable story. And in the end it is clarified and unifying, at the place where politics arises and there is struggle and life.
Campus Wars

It was a cool and damp morning as the two students walked down the path from the Commons. They were enveloped in a drenching drizzle. There were few students out now except for the occasional one or two hurrying to make an early class. It was still quite dark as it was just about dawn. Dawn. That’s when it always happened.

The sound came in softly, a low whistle in the distance. One of the students cocked his head as the sound grew to a loud scream. The two students covered their ears and crouched as the noise became deafening. Several yards to their left the ground erupted in a tremendous explosion. The earth shook and the students fell under a shower of dirt and rocks. The explosions came on after another from all sides now. A large maple was uprooted and flew thirty feet in the air then tumbled and the heat became tremendous. One of the students managed to dig his way out from under the dirt and rubble. Looking annoyed, he brushed off his soiled clothes while the other student, who’d managed to pop his head out, looked around bewildered.

"Shit!" said the tall student brushing himself off. "Look, at my uniform! I don’t got time to go back and change now!" He threw himself on the ground as a flaming tree fell a little too close for comfort. He got back to his feet fuming with anger, his uniform all the dirtier. "Oh, what the hell’s the use!" He bent over and helped his friend out.

"That artillery’s a real close. Who do you think it is?" His friend asked.

"Hell if I know! Hell if I care! Could be SUNY. Could be Cornell. Might even be Princeton!" He paused thoughtfully. "Could be a fuc...k all-out offensive for all we know!"

The ground quaked again as one of the Raven Houses took a direct hit. The building disintegrated in a whirlwind of flames, splintered wood and glass.

"Ooo! Dead on target! Nobody survived that one!"

"You know anybody who lived there?"

"Yeah, but he was a jerk any- way."

A prop plane roared overhead. It flew so low it seemed almost within reach. The Princeton seal was clearly marked on its underside.

"It’s Princeton alright."

The plane flew down on its target with a horrifying scream. Every machine gun and antiaircraft emplacements on campus opened up on the big bird of prey. Unscathed, the plane released its bombs and veered off to safety. The chapel split wide open and belched flames. Within seconds all that was left of the building became one enormous inferno. Several students and palace-by were swept up in the flames with no chance of escape. They screamed only momentarily.

"Tiruppuinculous bastards aren’t they?" asked the taller student.

The other just shrugged.

"Ah, don’t worry. We’ll get ’em back. We’ll probably counter-attack tonight."

"Get some rest."

The Bombardment, which had begun so suddenly, ended much the same. The destruction had only lasted several minutes out the afternoon was devastating. Smoke poured from every corner of the campus. Damaged buildings collapsed. Even areas of The Wall had taken heavy punishment and were in need of repair. The fire still spread. The Wounded moaned, some quietly, some loudly. Only the dead remained silent.

The black-clad figures of the Peer Police Force ran in all directions, their heavy boots clomping on the pavement. They were trying to bring about order in a place that now had none. The heavy tanks, the red and white seals of Bard painted brightly on their sides, lumbered down the road, their treads creaking. Slowly they took up their positions in anticipation of a ground attack. This was all routine.

"Well, I gotta get to my biology class."

The tall one looked at his watch. "Oof! Got a class with Von Klentz and I’m gonna be late!

"Ohhoh. What class is it?"

"Demolition 101. We’re working with plastics today."

"That should new excitement. Hey, you wanna get some beer tonight?"

"Hmmm. I got an artillery lab tonight from seven-thirty to nine-thirty but after that I’d be glad to."

"Okay. See you at nine-thirty then."

"Yeah. Take it easy."

Such was the life at Bard during those early years of The College Wars. Before going on with my story I must first discuss the events that led up to our present situation. Those years were very hard and I must urge that only those readers of this book who think of heart and stomach continue.

Next: The Early Years 1. Shift’s Wall

A Question of Balance

Continued from page 3

occurred five weeks before the end of last semester and last week’s election was nullified due to irregularities. At that time the Student Senate is not a viable body for communicating student opinion to the administration.

Nonetheless, the Senate is an extremely important organization within the Bard community. The Senate must be able to fulfill the all important task of balancing the aspirations of our college administration and needs held by the student body. Larry Solomon maintained this point when he said, "the entire student body should realize the necessity for a voice in the policy-making of our school and should take necessary and warranted measures to achieve this voice, anywhere from friendly talks at the President’s teas to major student protests."

It does not matter whether or not one agrees with the policies instituted by the Benevolent Administration. The important issue is that of student’s rights, shall our college’s policy continue to be formulated without real student input? It comes down to a matter of administrative stilettos part of the policymaking at Bard is essential to the student’s experience at Bard and this is what a severely handicapped by the selection Bard appears to be taking.